

LPR Cup

11.s06.e04

Hint 1

Hans stood in the shadow of the stall, watching the noisy market crowd. The sun was already high enough, and the shadows of passersby, like the hands of a sundial, were vanishing before his eyes, heralding noon and the end of the workday for the local merchants, porters, and rickshaws.

A wide-brimmed hat hid Hans's face from the curious glances of passersby, who kept casting sidelong looks at the man in clothes strange for these parts. This didn't bother the master in the least, as he was sure he wouldn't be staying here for long. His innate optimism told him that the seemingly unsolvable task of finding fuel and repairing the optical element of his Ganz Patent-Motorwagen was well within his abilities, and once the little machine hit 88 miles per hour, all that would be left of them would be a trail of burnt rubber on the ground.

Hans knew for certain that when you get into such scrapes, the main thing is to look for chances and opportunities, and when (not if) they come your way, to grab hold of them and never let go. He carefully studied the noisy stream of people, not fully understanding what exactly he was looking for, but feeling that he was in the right place at the right time.

He was watching the passersby when suddenly his gaze fell on a tall figure in a sun-faded robe. Something about this person caught his attention, but Hans didn't immediately realize what it was. Trying not to lose sight of the figure, the master peeled himself away from the wall and began to make his way through the crowd, following the stranger.

The shadow. That was what had caught his attention. In this place and at this time of day, there simply couldn't be any, but the mysterious figure was casting one, against all the laws of physics. Moreover, at one point Hans had the impression that it wasn't the shadow following the person, but rather the stranger, as if on a short leash, was following it.

Hans quickened his pace to close the distance and make sure he didn't lose this strange pair in the noisy crowd of the City. For a while, the figure moved from one stall to another, clearly uninterested in what was displayed and sold there, then suddenly sped up and disappeared into one of the dark alleys adjoining the market square.

Cursing under his breath, Hans began pushing through the crowd, making his way toward the alley. Once inside, he saw the figure enter one of the inconspicuous side doors of a building. Picking up his pace, he ran up to it and tried to push or pull it open. The door wouldn't budge. Without hesitation, Hans pulled a set of lockpicks from one of his many pockets and, after fiddling with the lock for a while, was rewarded with the long-awaited click of the latch.

The door opened, and [Hans stepped inside](#).