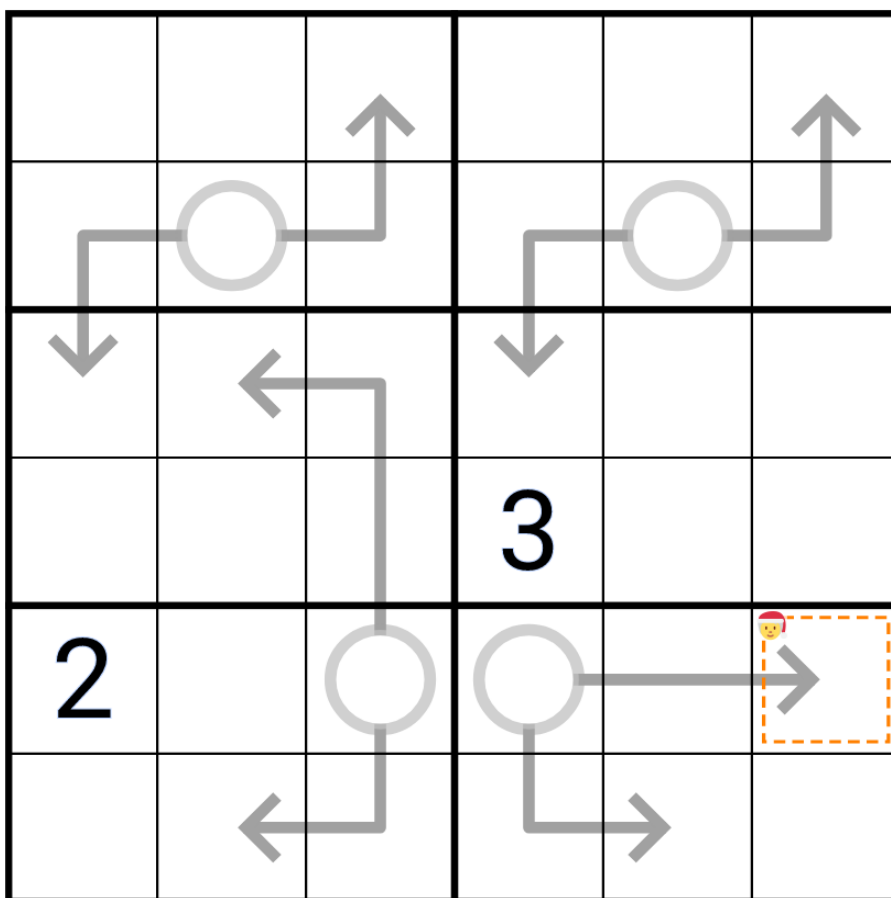


Day 18

You scramble to your feet and press your face to the wall, eye up to the crack, and there they are, seemingly swaying to music that you cannot hear. Your breath catches in your throat as they start to walk away; you call out but either they cannot hear you, or else they are ignoring you. You beg and plead for them to return, but soon they seem to have vanished into the light which still seeps out of the crack in the wall. Sobbing, you sit at the table and bury your head in your arms. It was *something*, or was it just *someone*? You're not quite sure, and slowly, as you calm down, you doze off.

Breathing in deeply, you begin to surface from what must have only been a short nap, but you feel better. Surely if there was someone then they would return? They did in a week this time; perhaps next time they'll come back sooner. Hope is a dangerous thing, but you've been alone for so long with just the toys, and the rumbling beneath, and the voices, that any sign of life is welcome. As you fully awaken, you realise that you can hear music. It's not any kind of music you have heard before, but you recognise the tempo — it must be the music that the being was hearing before. You rush back to the wall and look as hard as you can through the crack. As your eye adjusts to the light from the other side, you can see whoever it was and yes, they are definitely not human; and yes, they are moving to the music, lost in it. You giggle as you watch the... [Alien Dancing](#).



Digits along arrow lines must sum to the digit in the circle at the start of the arrow.