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## Bruce Hindsight Consultant's Report

**Patient:** David Kee

**Date of Birth:** 25.12.1984

**Consulting Psychiatrist:** Dr G H Frunt

**Second Opinion Appointed Doctor:** Dr B Hindsight

**Diagnosis:** Depression

**Detained under section:** Section 31

**Date of Section:** 23.12.2015

### Summary:

David was admitted to Croxleyhall Ward at Acton Hospital late at night on 17 December 2015. On admission he was in a nonresponsive state. His trousers were damp and muddy and he was carrying a saxophone.

David had been attending the clinic for some years and since 1996 has been obsessed with constructing an Armchair Treasure Hunt and getting more teams participating. This obsession intensified when he was given the slot for the 2015 hunt. Shortly before admission David produced the completed hunt but subsequently destroyed most of it.

David shows signs of obsessive behaviour, occasional delusions of grandeur, and depression. He is known to have lived through the end of the world and may also be experiencing consequent posttraumatic stress. On the ward he has mostly not communicated with the other patients except by occasionally saying "Yes there really is buried treasure out there!" and by playing the saxophone. He spends most of his time monopolizing the remote in the TV room, but shows interest only in a little TV, particularly the weather forecast.

### Treatment:

The treatment has been to involve David with various searches made for the treasure with the aim of showing David where the treasure box is buried.

### Review of Treatment:

I just want to tell you how he's feeling. In my opinion David is suffering from bipolar disorder, as he shows signs of mania as well as depression. The Hunt has been a focus of mania for David and so far from being shown the solution he should be isolated from all mention of it. I've got to make you understand.

In particular, he should be encouraged to give up his habit of poring over maps, despite his protestation that he will never do so. This seems to agitate him: we have observed him running around the room in great circles, muttering incomprehensible sequences of letters under his breath and humming snatches of rock music. I understand from the optician's report that it is also damaging his previously exceptional eyesight and that he will soon be too blind to see without optical aids.

David should be rehabilitated into normal activities and helped to relax. Perhaps a holiday is called for (although he should avoid long ocean cruises), or at least walks in the woods with his beagle.

We're no strangers to love. You know the rules and so do I. It is recommended that David is given sessions with a sax therapist and be discouraged from hanging around railway stations.

My notes on the hunt follow, but for the reasons above should on no account be shown to the patient.

## Bruce Hindsight Trip Report, First trip, Monday 20151221

So off we [NB, RIT, TJJ] set, arriving Rickmansworth High Street at 07:45 to check the newsagent window for the postcard from the Bugged Journey. Lo: a moai on a yellow card with caption "Happy Christmas to all Hunters, wishing you a successful New Year", and a QR code for "Keep Looking". Nothing else relevant was apparent, there or in the Brown Sugar Deli next door. We did not replace this card with an image of Rick Astley.

Then to Croxleyhall Woods, arriving around 09:10. We were acutely aware that the team hadn't found any specific instructions of what to do at the woods, except for bringing remote controls. So we wandered separately through the woods, pointing remote controls at trees and pressing buttons, for about an hour, searching for trees or a scene resembling the picture on page 1, or for anything else ATHthemed or related. We did find, some tens of metres NE of the centre of our region of doubt, at least two pieces of paper stapled to trees, showing strange codes (we have photos). However, these appeared to have been in place for a long time, and bore no ATH indications or stylistic markers (for example, moai), so we are inclined to dismiss them.

Then one of us (RIT) found, about fifty metres south of the centre of our region of doubt, a bird box fastened to a tree, at  $51^{\circ}38'32.0''N$   $0^{\circ}27'11.2''W$ . Unlike the many other bird boxes on trees in the wood, this one is brand new, has a clear window where the entrance would be, a number of holes drilled on the front (in a pattern resembling a Logica L) and an eye drawn (with the window positioned as pupil).

Pointing any of our remote controls at this bird box and pressing any button caused the window and holes to illuminate yellow for about 90 seconds. The illumination wasn't steady, but flickered slightly. The flickering didn't appear to have any particular pattern (not in morse or similar). The behaviour did not appear to depend on which remote control was used or which button or buttons were pressed. We took a video.

Having no further instructions or directions, we spent perhaps an hour searching the area within about ten metres of this bird box, and found nothing of interest. Nothing seemed to happen when we activated the bird box. Nothing else responded to remote controls. Some tree limbs to the East formed a shape which we could convince ourselves vaguely resembled a fivemetre saxophone from a particular angle. Nothing appeared to have been disturbed: one of us (NB) opined that if anybody beat us to this then they must have known exactly what to do next.

The bird box did not appear to advertise wifi or bluetooth. It was high enough up that it looked like we shouldn't disturb it, but we did prod the lid with a stick and it did not open.

The bird box tree did not much resemble any of the trees on page 1, and the area did not much resemble the picture. Neither did any other tree or area in the wood (although the general feel of the wood was such that it didn't feel unlikely that we'd find an exact match). Several trees around did have big marks (scars of limbs lost long ago) resembling enormous eyes.

At about 11:30 we called it a day, and two of us retired to the Brown Sugar deli for brunch (including some quite good poached eggs on granary toast).

## Bruce Hindsight Trip Report, Second trip, Wednesday 20151223

Tim and I (MW) paid another visit to Rickmansworth. Despite having essentially made no progress on any puzzles since the first visit, it seemed worth giving it another try. Surely having found the bird box or Eye in the Tree, we must be very close.

Having been there before, Tim didn't have too much difficulty finding the birdbox again, though it was not completely straightforward. Seeing the large and fairly homogeneous woods I marvel that the

advance party ever found this box at all (though it's almost equally remarkable that they then didn't find the treasure).

Anyway, Tim navigated us to the box and I made some searches round about in a desultory way because the advance guard, I am sure, had already done them all more thoroughly. I had formed a theory inspired by the pink puzzle, or amusebouche, about the light in the attic: perhaps the signal that leads you to the treasure, though set off by the birdbox, cannot be discerned if you are standing by the latter. I assumed from the cover picture that it was in the direction indicated by the 'eye', so I walked about fifty yards in that direction, instructed Tim to zap the box, and looked and listened carefully around.

Nothing happened.

I started walking back through the trees, calling out to Tim to remind myself which direction I'd come from. As I came up on him (I was about ten yards from the eye tree), I heard faintly a familiar few notes and looking up saw Tim fiddling with his phone. I thought 'Ah, he is trying to see if playing the sax jingle at the box does anything. That's never going to work.' So I said 'What are you doing?' and he said 'I'm trying to take a video of the box flashing'. Oh, I said, that wasn't you playing the sax music? And he said, what sax music?

Ignoring the look on his face suggesting he thought I might benefit from a spell in the care of Dr Frunt, I led him back a few paces, from where we could both distinctly hear it. I thought it was coming from somewhere over on the left; Tim was equally sure it was over on the right. We both followed our respective ears only to find the sound peter out. Eventually, after consulting a passing dogwalker about whether he'd heard any strange music (he hadn't), we realised that at the point where we had both heard it we were standing on top of it.

After we had dug up the box, claimed our treasure, replaced it carefully in its allotted space and covered it over with earth and leaves, we tested the system again. The saxophone was now distinctly louder and could be clearly heard from the tree. It's not quite clear why, but it's likely that future searchers will have an easier time of it. They will not experience the piquant pleasure of finding the Eye only to have the treasure elude them and have to make a second site visit, but they will probably not miss it very much.

## The Psychologicals Croxleyhall Wood Diary

### Sunday, 20th December 2015 (cloudy):

Annika's friend takes a photo of the postcard in the newsagent's window for us.

### Tuesday, 29th December 2015 (sunny):

After listening to the "Bugged Sound File" we had quickly worked out that David's postcard must be in the newsagent directly next to the Brown Sugar deli café in Rickmansworth. Luckily one of our team members had a friend local to the area, and she had got her boyfriend to take a picture of the newsagent's window for us. We had spotted the familiar Moai on yellow background, but the message "Keep Looking" had not helped us very much. A few days later, however, we had managed to get the instructions from summing up the 6 codes and plotted the great circles on Google Earth. That had given us Croxley Hall Woods, east of Rickmansworth, as the general area to search in.

So on a sunny morning, after all the Christmas distractions were over, two of us drove to Rickmansworth and parked at the southern end of Croxley Hall Woods. We brought a selection of remote controls and spare batteries, and started exploring the woodland, looking for a tree that looked

similar to the one on the front page of the hunt. And we kept pressing our remote controls and listening for the saxophone tune. But at that point we were not sure where the tune would come from, and where exactly the receiver for the remote signal would be located. We walked around the perimeter of the woodland, then criss-crossed through the middle a few times and even checked on the other side of the railway line. But we did not find anything. We expected the tree to be a beech, because of the smooth grey bark on the picture. There were not that many beech trees in the area where the great circles crossed, though. And our plotting of the circles wasn't too exact, anyway. We did one more zig zag through the part of the woodland that seemed most likely as the location from our great circles, but then ran out of time and had to head back home (especially as we saw a massive traffic jam on the M25 on the way.....). While following a small path back towards the car, we spotted a big beech tree that had a bird box strapped to it. We joked and said that this is the right tree, even pointed our remote controls at it, but it didn't look like the tree on the front page, and we could not hear a sound (nor see the yellow lights, because it was sunny and we were looking towards the sun and from the side of the box.....). So we returned empty handed that day. But at least we had a better idea of what the woodland looked like.

**Thursday, 31st December 2015 (cloudy):**

I decided to take my dog for a walk to Croxley Hall Woods to explore the area following clues which pin pointed this area as the treasure location.

We entered the wood from the entrance by Harvey Road and headed along one of two circular walks looking for an old beech tree that was mentioned on a map of the woods provided on the hearts link.org website. Believing the ancient beech tree was one of the trees on the front page.

After talking with a local dog walker, exchanging pleasantries, we found the old tree and tried to match surrounding trees to match the front page looking for trunks with eyes in them and possibly loggia L signs that traditionally confirm the spot.

Gave up on this location and expanded the search and found another old tree. Funny that in an old wood. This tree had a large L shaped concrete wall foundation with a post sticking out of it and a rusty old spade. Jumped to conclusions that this was treasure hunt related but nothing found but wet leaves and lots of mud.

Then we doubled back crossing over the bridge to cross the railway line so we could explore the other side of the woods which as it turned out was the right area where the bird / bat box was found. But we did not find it until other members of the team returned the next day. As I walked along a path with a safety fence between the wood and railway lines I thought I saw a bird box but did not cross my mind to investigate it, for some reason I thought it might be for bats and decided to keep away as the map mentioned bats live there.

We left the woods and decided to head home (when I say we I mean the dog and I decided to go home).

**Friday, 1st January 2016 (cloudy):**

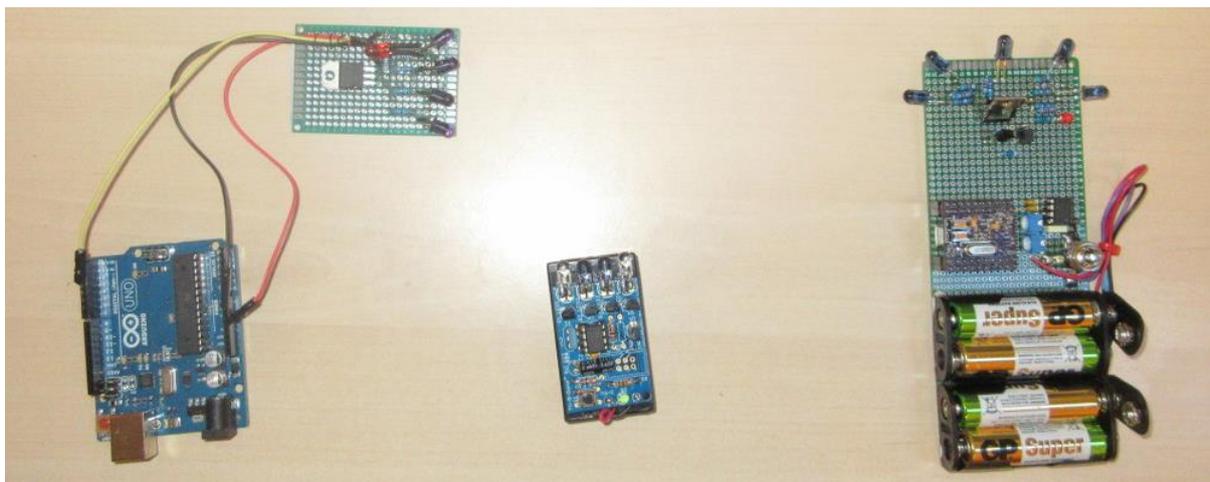
We had now plotted the great circles as precisely as possible and the most likely location was still in the same part of the woodland that we had searched before. This time we were a team of 6 remote controllers. We parked in Rickmansworth and walked along the muddy disused railway line, the Ebury Way, and then climbed up the hill to Croxley Hall Woods. It didn't take long until we came across the big beech that we had noticed during our first visit, and we gave it another check over. It was a cold and cloudy day, and we suddenly noticed the little yellow lights on the front of the bird box. We weren't sure if our remote controls had switched them on, but then we saw the eye which had been drawn onto the box, and that was the confirmer we needed. The yellow lights went out again after a while, so we pressed our remote and yes, it switched on the lights. But where was the music we

had expected to hear? There was no sound coming from the box, and we couldn't see any other eyes, nor any box at the base of the tree. So we decided to increase the search radius. The bird box and the eye on it were facing east, so we followed that "line of sight", and about 10 steps from the tree, in a little clearing between small trees, we finally heard the familiar saxophone tune. But where was it coming from? It was very difficult to place. It almost seemed to come from the direction of the tree, but we knew that it couldn't be heard there. Or did we activate another receiver with our remotes? After twisting and turning our heads for a while, we realised that the music was coming from below our feet. We started digging and soon discovered a wooden box. The music was now much louder, and increased in volume even more once we had carefully lifted the lid of the box. We were worried the music might attract any other treasure hunters that might be in the area, but we didn't know how to switch it off. After a while it stopped automatically, though.

The treasure chest and all the technology were attached to the lid of the box, and inside the treasure chest we found a lot of international coins and a small bag with a letter and the tickets. We had placed bets at which ticket we would find, and number 4 was what we had hoped and expected.....but we were very happy to see that we actually got ticket number 2! Our young team members chose a coin each to take home, and after admiring the clever technology and effort that had gone into this hunt for another while, and taking some photos, we put the lid back on and covered the box with soil and leaf litter just as we had found it. Then we walked back to Rickmansworth along the Grand Union Canal and visited the newsagent and Brown Sugar. The café was closed, but the newsagent was open and we bought a good supply of chocolate and other unhealthy snacks.

## Alcoholus Lubricatum Trip Reports

We made at least eleven trips to Croxley Hall Wood at its environs, starting on the morning of 22 December. (We may even have lost count.) We expected a tree to respond to one of our many and various remote controls, probably by playing the saxophone door chime that is in page 1 of the main hunt. We started by searching up and down All Saints Lane and in the narrow target area suggested by the [Intersection](#) calculation, and then branched out further. However, we did not find any tree, or any other device, that wanted to communicate with us via our remote controls, so we had to retire to our armchairs and think about what we might have missed in the hunt that would have given us a more precise location to search. On some occasions we took a selection of ordinary remote controls, and on others we took some stronger special purpose devices that emitted 940nm infrared with a carrier frequency of 38 kHz, cycling through various possible codes.



Part of our collection of home-built infrared transmitters

Some of our trips were more targeted at finding locations that looked like the page 1 cover image, with a grass clearing and a suitable skyline. On other trips we were just firing remote controls in the target area and in the wider woods. On a couple of occasions we branched out to explore the canal

area south of the woods, and on one occasion we visited Fortune Common next to the woods, since that seemed like an appropriate place to bury treasure. Unsurprisingly, we also had various theories about Bury Lane, and other Ebury-related places.

We were a bit confused as to whether the page 1 cover image was accurate, or just artistic licence. It didn't seem possible to find a grassy clearing as pictured in the target area of the woods as given by the great circle intersections, though we did try searching the playing fields off to the north east as they seemed to give the best chance of something looking a bit like page 1, while being not that far from the target area.

During our travels, we did find some suspicious-looking signs pinned to posts and trees, such as these:

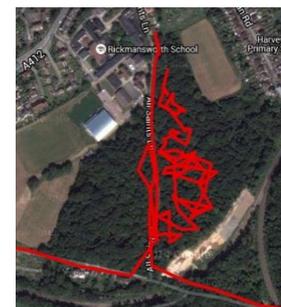


but, intriguing as they were, we thought these were probably not (our) hunt-related as they didn't come with the moai branding. We do wonder about the red/white signs though, because they look like retroreflective "safe water" navigation marks, and so fit with the sea navigation theme.

There are also lots of short lengths of red and white tape tied to random bits of tree and branch in a significant area to the east of All Saints Lane. It's clearly done deliberately and the ties seem to be spaced so that you can see another. If you follow them for a while they plausibly lead to nice wooden 'tent'. The tape caught our attention because they could conceivably be what the tree

garland on the cover page is depicting.

The GPS trace of one of our trips looked like this but even this spaghettified search proved unsuccessful. (The west of All Saints Lane and playing field areas were also explored extensively on other occasions.)



## Apotheniacs Anonymous Captain's Log

Dear Dr G.H. Frunt,

Well, after running around in great circles from Day 1 to Day 26, our journey has ultimately ended in failure and we have been unable to navigate a path to our final station.

After some great distress initially on learning of David's unfortunate non-responsive state, we nevertheless set about helping him on the PATH to recovery.

We have found much that is hidden in the various PDFs, we have followed the bugged journey to Rickmansworth, and have answered enough of the questions to give us some clue as to what we need to do to find the treasure. We have pored over records of the Beagle's 1741 day journey, we have asked for many extensions, we have drunk hot coffee in Rickmansworth, and we have evolved tempers as short as that of Robert Fitzroy (although thankfully have not been driven to the same drastic end as that founder of what is now the Met Office).

We have combined the latitudes and longitudes of railway stations with those of the various dates of Beagle berthing specified by the question numbers in every way possible, and spent many hours, days and weeks drawing great circles around the globe. We so nearly crossed many lines. We have a whole fleet of IR remote control phone devices armed and ready to point at the box, but alas the batteries all remain fully charged.

We can only hope that our endeavours will have encouraged Mr Kee and that he is recovering at a sufficient rate to join us to raise a glass to his efforts, if not ours. We swore that we were never gonna give it up, and despite our ultimate failure, we trust that David will not view us as fair-weather ATHers. But ultimately, we must confess to being no y-ser.

Yours sincerely,

**Mark Abbott** (on behalf of *Apopheniacs Anonymous*)

### Chiltern Fellowship "*Our hunt for the treasure*"

Having deduced early on the likely location of the treasure as being within the Rickmansworth Aquadrome near to the endpoint of Dave's bugged journey, we undertook several speculative field trips before we had solved the final instructions to help us find the treasure. An initial attempt in appalling weather before Christmas focused on the south side of Bury Lake and did not prevent Kevin peering under as many likely places as he could:



Further attempts both before and after Christmas looked more on the northern side of Bury Lake and yielded little except the sighting of a card near the car park, similar in format to one of those in the shop window by the Brown Sugar café, which had been clearly placed by the setters to encourage hunters:



We note that the QR code on the card reads “Keep Looking”. The card was still in place at our final visit on Sunday 10<sup>th</sup> January.

Further exploration revealed trees with boles that resemble the “eyes” shown on the Hunt cover and the sketch on page 8 such as the example below:



This tree was not in the Aquadrome. Our hunter walked down Bury Lane from the Café and had a very quick look around the trees south of it, where he spotted the tree, and then walked down Riverside Drive towards Travis Perkins (which had been mentioned on the bugged journey recording in the Brown Sugar café, apparently by a waitress). There are similar trees to the north and south of Riverside Drive which he considered might be worth a full survey for the treasure and/or IR remote triggered assistance as they seemed less likely to be stumbled upon by visitors to the Aquadrome.

We made a further visit on the sunny Sunday 10<sup>th</sup> January where we were surprised at quite how crowded the Aquadrome was, emphasising the necessity for the treasure being hidden well away from the main footpaths. We made a thorough survey of the Riverside Drive area,

the Playground area and the various clearings in the Aquadrome, including those shaped a little like Logica "L"s, with extensive use of our IR remote control. This yielded a few funny looks and we must have got near to the 20,100 click limit for the day (ha ha).

Following our unexpected success in the Enigma hunt where our brute force approach unexpectedly yielded the treasure, we could not resist extensive scouring of Rickmansworth Aquadrome, especially given its proximity to several of the team's homes, but to no avail. Maybe we deserve a prize for persistence in the face of wilful ignorance?

## Dave Williams

I think Dr Frunt is the bad boy here, not David Kee. He removes all the audio that must have been recorded between planting the bug and the start of the journey, and also the audio between the end of the journey and retrieval of the bug. Then he spends ages blanking out all the station name announcements apart from the ones at the beginning, and also a bit of loud phone conversation in the café that might have indicated the location. Why, it's as if he doesn't want David to find the box, contrary to what he says in the letter.

He invents a fake department in Acton, using as a template a genuine scan of a blank page of Chelsea and Westminster Healthcare, of vintage prior to 2014 when the telephone number changed. There are traces of typing in reverse, probably from long contact with other pages.

At the bottom of his letter is a huge picture of Julius Caesar, displayed very small beside KLQ-EBOB, no doubt to tell us that these letters are Caesar-encoded, and yes, shift them by 3 and we get NOT-HERE. As Dr Frunt's intentions seem contrary to his words, I wouldn't be at all surprised to find the treasure box is at Acton - the start of David's journey rather than the end, especially as I didn't hear any digging.

As there were 1741 questions according to the poster, and an average of 6 per page, there must have been about 290 pages, of which Dr Frunt gives us a mere 13.

The QR code at extreme top-right of the cover says "THE POSTER THE LETTER AND THE THIRTEEN SHEETS INDICATE IT IS WORTH ROLLING THE LIFEBOATS". But David did not know that Dr Frunt would write a letter and save 13 sheets, so Dr Frunt must have doctored the front to add the code.

I looked at David's 2000 ATH to see if it would give me a clue as to his methods, even although Dr Frunt said that David wanted to create an ATH since 2006. I found that David used a method of adding the values of letters together to get other letters. This allowed me to solve the Sudoku/QR puzzle on page 7.

This gave "The poster, the letter and this pdf are all important to your quest. Keep looking, listening, summing".

THIS PDF??? The puzzle is meant to be on A4 paper and burnt. Again the letter is mentioned although it didn't even exist when David composed the puzzle.

My eyes have been opened - Dr Frunt does not exist. He is actually you, David Kee. There never were more than 13 pages. They never were printed on paper as the microscopic QR's on the cover could never have been read.

Anyway...

Before I set out my answers to collect a few points, I would also like to complain about the photo on page 13 of a satnav in a car. It is a stock photo present on many websites, and does not represent any location pertaining to the hunt. It is in fact taken from inside a Subaru Forrester, 2007 vintage, driving along Polwarth Gardens, Edinburgh, where I went to school. For your interest this is Google's Streetview of it.



## **Lady Strange and the Earl of Yarborough**

**25 Dec 2015**

Andy (my husband) and I went to the woods on Christmas Day, with 7 remote controls. It was cold and wet. We believe we calculated the intersection of the circles correctly (and noted that outliers need to be removed).

We spent an hour walking around pointing remote controls, and we wondered if the rain would have resulted in the detection method not working.

I realise, of course, that we may not have “got it”, but just in case we have actually worked out exactly where to go, but were unlucky regarding the weather, I thought I would drop you a line.

We were also looking for the “ls” but it was just too wet and dark (at 2pm in the afternoon we could not see anything, but that was because of the weather not the light).

(PS – another team told me that they have “been there” 4 times .... But we were very cagey about how we discussed things, so I don’t know if they know about the need to take a remote control)

**4 Jan 2016**

No further progress. Went to woods today with Jonathan. Spent just over 4 hours searching and found nothing.

## **Life on Marr’s**

Our team has found the hunt particularly difficult this year and it is the first time in five years (and only the second time in seven years) that we have failed to find the treasure. We were considering

not even submitting an entry at one point but in the end we decided that hopefully the clues we have solved can go some way to helping Dave recover from his illness. We don't expect to be very high up the leaderboard this year though and certainly won't be living up to our past glories when we were joint winners of the Best Solution prize in 2011.

Despite the hunt being somewhat challenging, it has still been very enjoyable nonetheless. We have all learnt more than we care to know about stations, the voyage of the Beagle and Saxophone notations and at times we thought that we would be joining Dave in the mental health ward but we have just about pulled through with our sanity intact! We are all eagerly awaiting the publication of the solution to find out where we went wrong and will of course be back next year in the hope of more success in finding the treasure!

### **PATHfinders 'Understanding'**

'Lack of understanding' might be more appropriate: not for the first time, we reach the end of an ATH with much solved, but with the route to the box still eluding us. We are concerned that David Kee may have to spend the rest of his days in a padded cell; hopefully another team will have helped him out.

### **Team Poirot find a more thematic café**

I think this is the Chalfont and Latimer station. He has to stay on the Metropolitan line at Harrow-on-the-hill but changes direction. It is 8 stations away and roughly 25 minutes according to route planners. Struggling to find the cafe and shop/window on google maps though. Hidden Tea Shop visible across the street.



Chalfont and Latimer station has a large car park. Is there something special about parking space 87? Maybe there's a town map there etc. I tried zooming in but it wasn't sharp enough to see anything... I'll try finding parking lot number 87 in another way

Team Poirot were distracted at the time of their entry submission by event's in another David's life:

Dear Dr. Frunt,

*Sad days for David's fans: Little wonder, all the young dudes in Team Poirot feel like kooks and absolute beginners. With sorrow, we missed many of this year's sound and vision clues: the shape of things, a small plot of land ...*

*Under pressure and with a sense of doubt, we enjoyed looking for satellites, travelling from station to station and the golden years of that diamond dog The Beagle. It ain't easy and we don't expect to win so there'll be no fame and no dancing in the streets.*

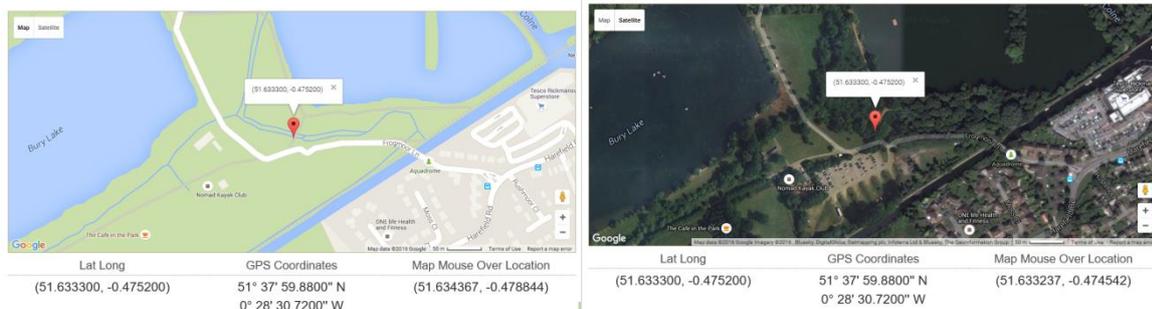
*Where are we now? Our investigations are available here. No changes will be made to the site which, as fashion dictates, has sub-pages for each aspect investigated.*

*Love you till Tuesday*

Team Poirot

## The Slow Learners know where the treasure is

We believe the location of the treasure is at Rickmansworth Aquadrome, at the coordinates of **latitude 51.6333°, longitude -0.4752°**. These place the treasure in a clump of trees a little to the north of the Aquadrome car park, heading towards Batchworth Lake.



## Twelevepack Understand the Problems

We could foresee a number of problems. The first is accuracy - these are all fixed locations - how well will they produce one crossing point? A related issue was the relative inaccuracy of the the HMS Beagle locations. They are only recorded to the nearest minute of arc. Also, we found issues on some pages due to multiple ship locations being recorded for the associated days. And finally, the longitude for the ship location on page 10 is in error on the website. We changed the value to keep the same latitude but moved the longitude to be at the coast of Sydney, Australia.

We figured that trying to draw great circle would produce even more error, so instead we calculated the intersection points of each circle with every other circle using the

tools available at <http://www.movable-type.co.uk/scripts/latlong.html> . We then plotted all of these points [Google maps](#) to see if a statistical approach would yield results. There is a wide spread in locations, as we expected, but there was a concentration of points in Croxleyhall Wood (Figure 16) in Rickmansworth. The good news is that this location is within walking distance of the Brown Sugar Deli, we thought that this was likely the correct vicinity. There is also the connection of Rickmansworth and rickrolling both starting with "rick."

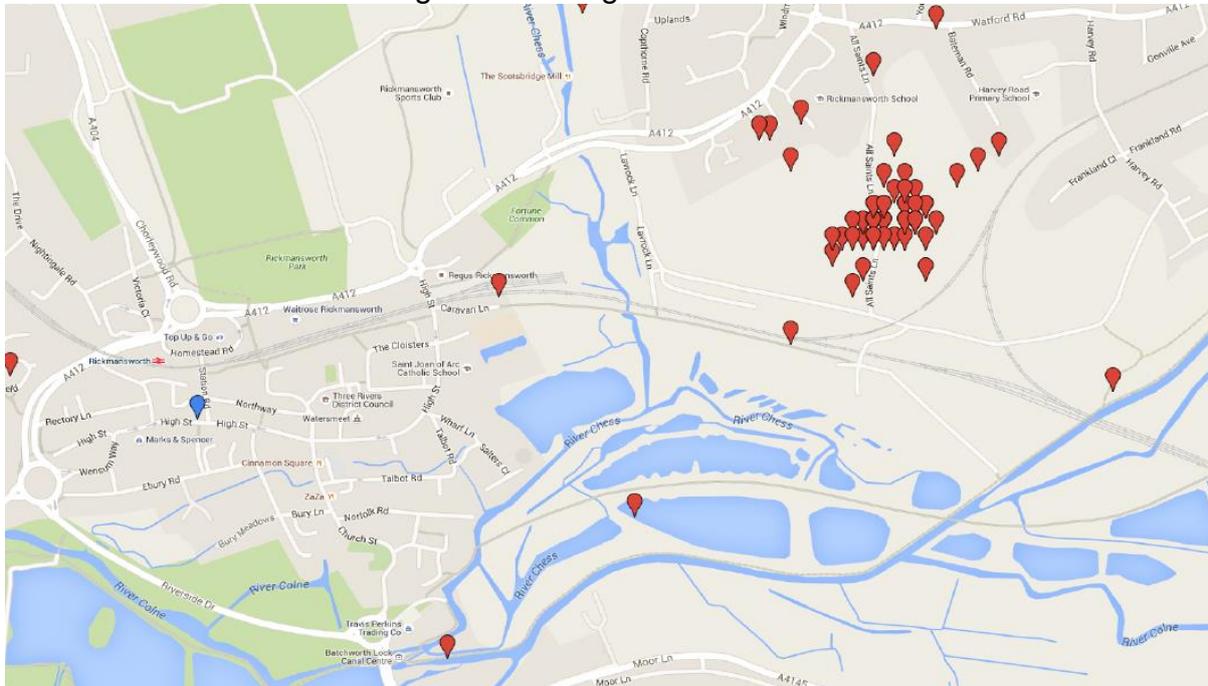


Fig. 16. | Intersection points of great circles concentrated in Croxleyhall Woods.

We even found a map of trails in a [brochure](#). The brochure even shows some red campion flowers that might be the type of flowers shown on page 1 of the Hunt pdf. We assume given the drawing on page 1 of the Hunt pdf that the treasure is located in a knothole of one of the trees, and it wouldn't surprise us at all if that tree was near the railway tracks.

But alas, we were not able to retrieve the treasure, or find out what the remote controls were for. Bummer.

### **No Management Potential also take the red herring**

You certainly stumped us this time. We were Rick-rolled to death; we think that the treasure might be buried in the Rickmansworth area (although that might be another Rick Roll), maybe in the Aquadrome near Bury Lake, perhaps in a grove of Aspen trees. But without any firm confirmation of that or detailed directions, we have not uncovered it.

### **Mind the Gap (in our Answers)**

Dear Dr Frunt,

We have decided to answer your plea for any assistance with David's sad condition although we are concerned that our very poor performance this year may lead to a relapse on his part. In fact the whole team is considering checking into a clinic to treat our depression at how badly we've done (we couldn't even find a Sean Bean question). There are lots of interesting leads in there but we just couldn't seem to get far enough in to make any significant progress. I'm very intrigued to know what the white outlines mean (why do they remind me of the Ood from Dr Who?).

Thanks for keeping us busy this holiday.

### Unattributed Messages to the Setters

My wife is outside Blacks newsagent in Rickmansworth High Street, trying to read the QR code from the card in the window. Unfortunately the dirt on the newsagent's window, combined with the reflection of the shop across the road, makes the QR code unreadable with the technology available to her and various passers-by who she's asked for help. She's now managed to drop and break her phone, so she's now gone in search of a mobile phone shop, to buy a new phone and try that.

I don't suppose I could persuade you to just tell me what the QR code says, so that she can come home again?

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Dear Dr Frunt

Thanks for the message and a Happy New Year to you. We are still stalled and have made little progress apart from filling in a few more of the numbered questions. We had wondered whether actonhospital.co.uk would have another clue as it is now 2016, but it seems unchanged so we remain ignorant of the importance of summing & modular arithmetic. I suppose we should be relieved that we have not been destroyed by Vogons.

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Dear Dr Frunt

You appear to be under the mistaken impression that David Kee has only just celebrated his 31<sup>st</sup> birthday.

I believe him to be twice that age, so I would be very interested to understand how he has been able to maintain such youthful looks to make it possible to delude you.

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Hello Dr Frunt,

Our team is enjoying the hunt very much, and we hope that you had a pleasant Christmas holiday.

Dave Kee's date of birth of 25.12.1984 doesn't seem like it could be right, unless he was a child prodigy who set the 1996 puzzle at age 11. Can you clarify for us?

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Pass on my best wishes to David, we are not a little concerned for him... hope we can help him out, though I suspect he is destined to spend Xmas and New Year in a straightjacket, knowing our record with his previous hunts.

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*My daughter has been really enjoying decoding the QR and Morse codes (she marvelled at the intricacy of it all) though was genuinely sad to hear about Dave (a crazy man burning his stuff in a hospital, in her words) until she realised that she might just be the most gullible person in the world... We also laughed a lot at the unexpected Rickrolling on the "route to the treasure box" link.*

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Ah yes, I remember the days when Christmas was about things like relaxing and presents rather than staring in bafflement at various sheets of paper or a computer screen.

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## Log of Treasure Box activations by IR Remotes

When teams pointed an activated IR remote at the bird box the Logica L on the front illuminated and the saxophone could be heard coming from the treasure box buried in the ground a few feet away. The illuminated L indicated to the teams that found the bird box that they were in the right place and the saxophone told them where to dig.

Some teams did activate the box but never saw the illuminated L or heard the saxophone. We know this both from the teams themselves and our log of bird box activations. Each time the box was activated an SMS message was sent to the setters. We recorded the following activations:

Date	Day	Time	SMS count
21-Dec-15	Monday	10:40	2
22-Dec-15	Tuesday	15:48	1
23-Dec-15	Wednesday	15:26	5
31-Dec-15	Thursday	12:49	1
31-Dec-15	Thursday	15:23	1
01-Jan-16	Friday	11:32	6

On January 6th in the morning the main battery in the bird box was changed to ensure that there was power until the end of the hunt. This was probably an unnecessary change, both from a power requirement and teams getting close. Unfortunately whilst I was atop a wobbly ladder putting in the new battery the power lead to the SMS generator was dislodged and from that point on none were generated. We did test everything when we left but assumed that the absence of an SMS message was an O<sub>2</sub> network fault. We had to leave in a hurry because of the progress of a "Capture the Castle" event. This was something to do with the red and white tapes scattered around the wood and the "tent" structure. It involved lots of kids from the adjacent school running all over the wood. Something they seemed to do every time we went to the wood.