



So how do we get in?

First, cut these off. That's the deal.



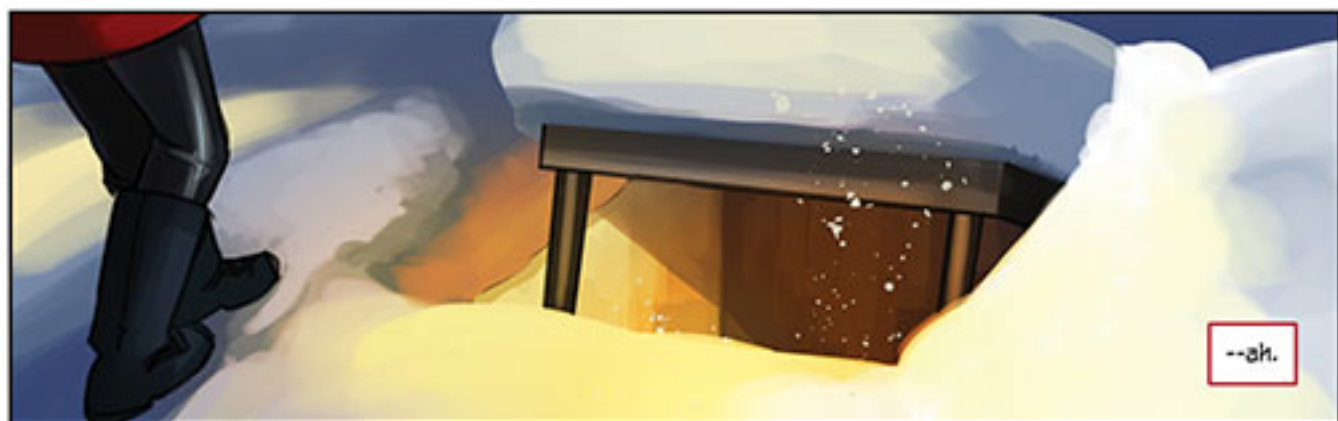
All right, but don't even think of taking a gamble. Tonight I'm running the table, and this deck is most *certainly* stacked.

Perish the thought.



Too primitive for retinal ID or even palm scanning. Just a good old-fashioned entry code.

But where's the--



--ah.



Your signal is weakening, Baboushka. Are you OK?

Fine, Gyorgy. But I have a feeling I'm going to be out of range for a while. This place is encased in steel and rock...



...although I see you restored the power, at least.

It was already running. The station has its own renewable energy to power minimum vital systems.

Interesting.



I wonder if they're all like that.

I wouldn't know. So now what?

Now you take me to the main control room.

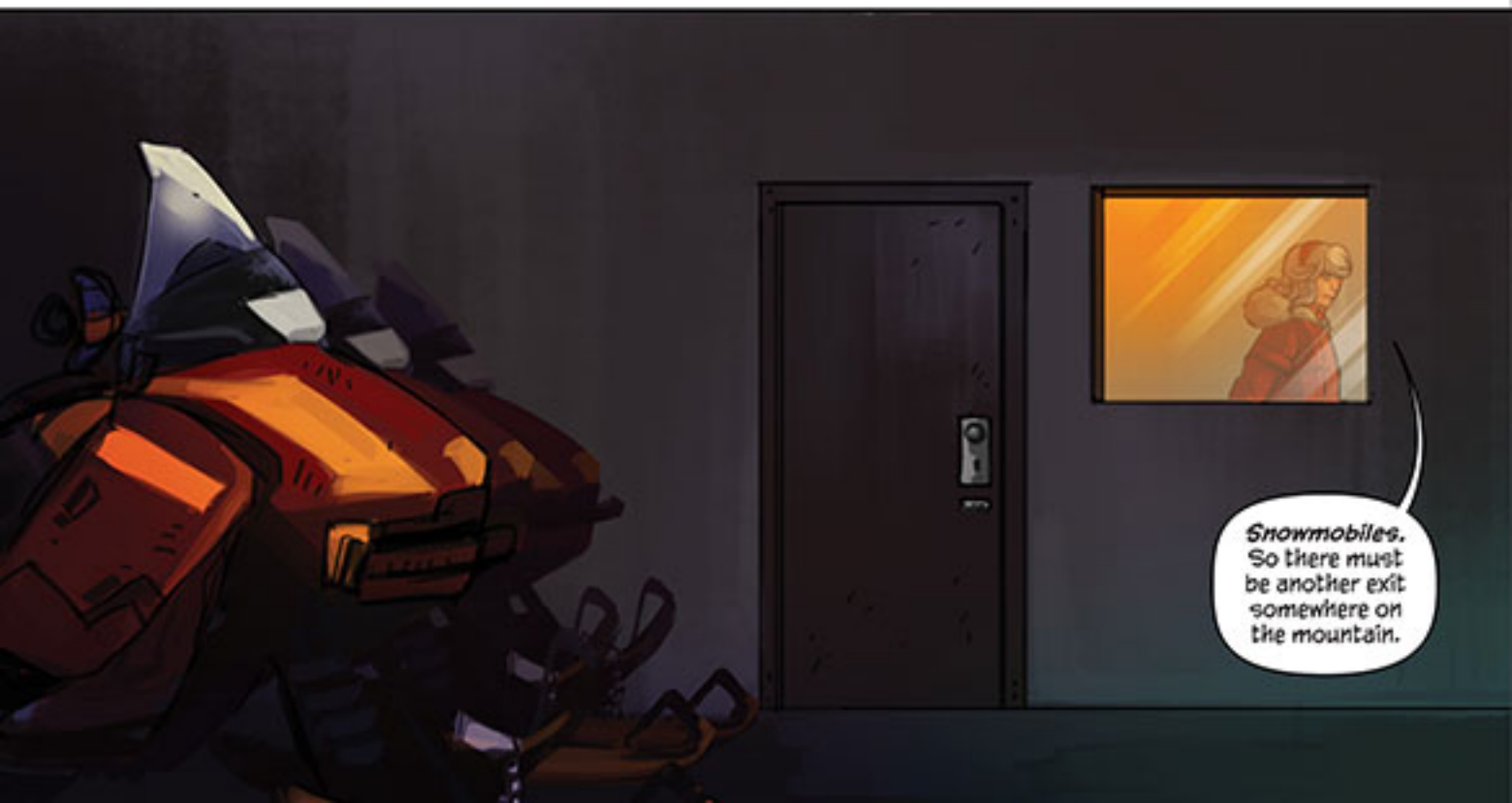
Whatever Temple's up to, I expect we'll find it there.



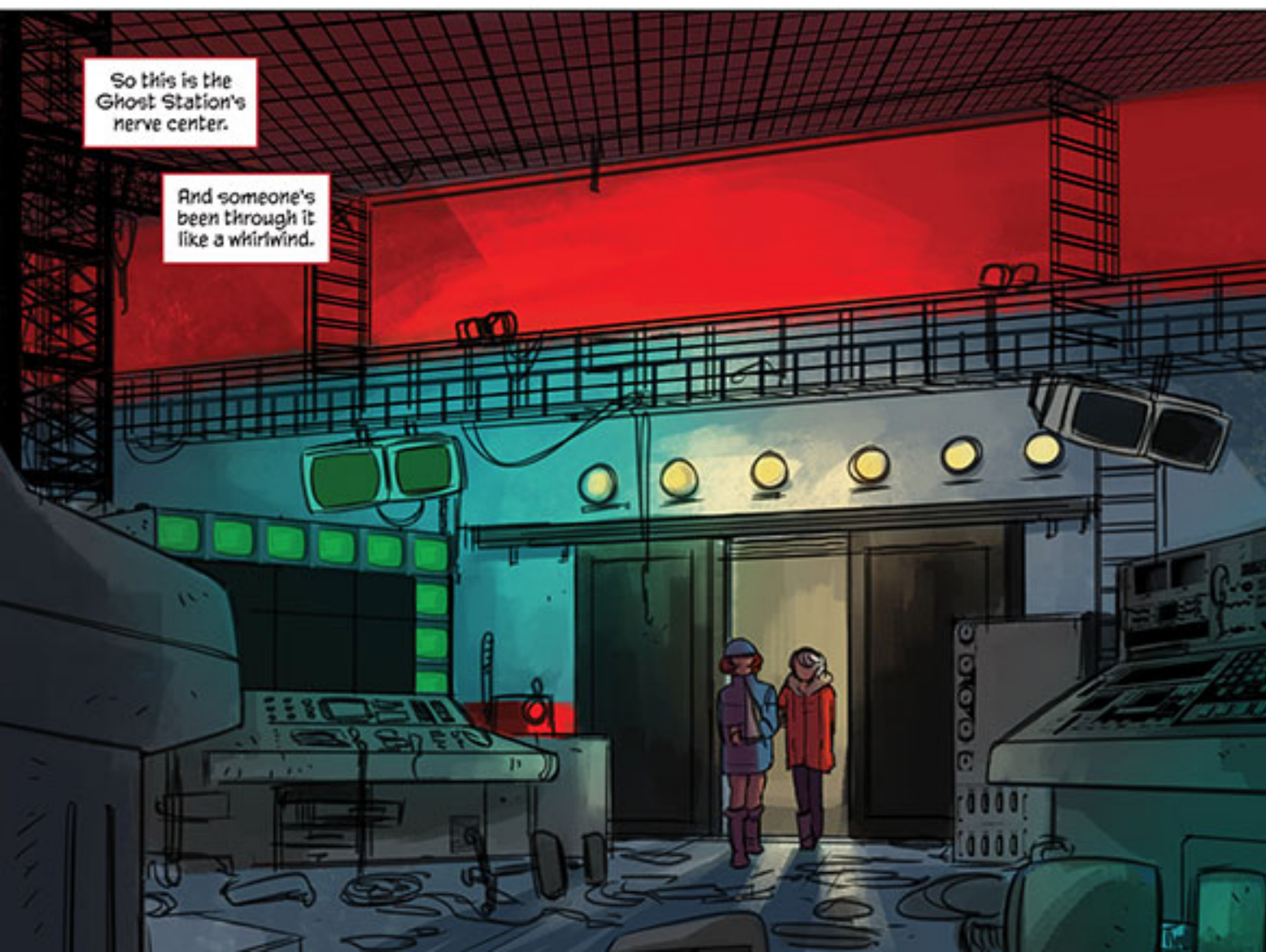
This way.



Wait a moment, what's that...?



Snowmobiles. So there must be another exit somewhere on the mountain.





What on earth was Temple looking for in here? What possible use could there be in a decades-old Cold War bunker?

No, don't say it. "You wouldn't know."



Wait a moment...



This is Jeffrey Barrall! But you said--



KALUNK!



HELGA AAAA!

Dammit. She waited for me to find Barrall's body, then slipped away while I was distracted--and locked me in here!



This must have been her contingency. Lead me to the control room, trap me inside, and leave me to die. Just like Barrall.

But it still doesn't explain why Temple's so interested in the station, or what he was looking for down here.



They're shut tight--going to take more than muscle to prise these open--

Hello, *Contessa*...or should I say, *"Baboushka."*

What the--?