

# HACKTERRIA

DISCOVER THE SECRETS  
HIDDEN DEEP IN THE  
APPALACHIAN  
MOUNTAINS



# APPALACHIAN ALIENS



# Chapter 1: The Messenger

David Lowell had once been a respected man. With a PhD in Geology from Virginia Tech and fifteen years of field experience, he had built a career analyzing rock formations for mining companies across Appalachia.

His specialty was finding anomalies—geological features that didn't quite fit the expected patterns. This talent had made him valuable to employers, but it had also led him down a path he could never have anticipated.

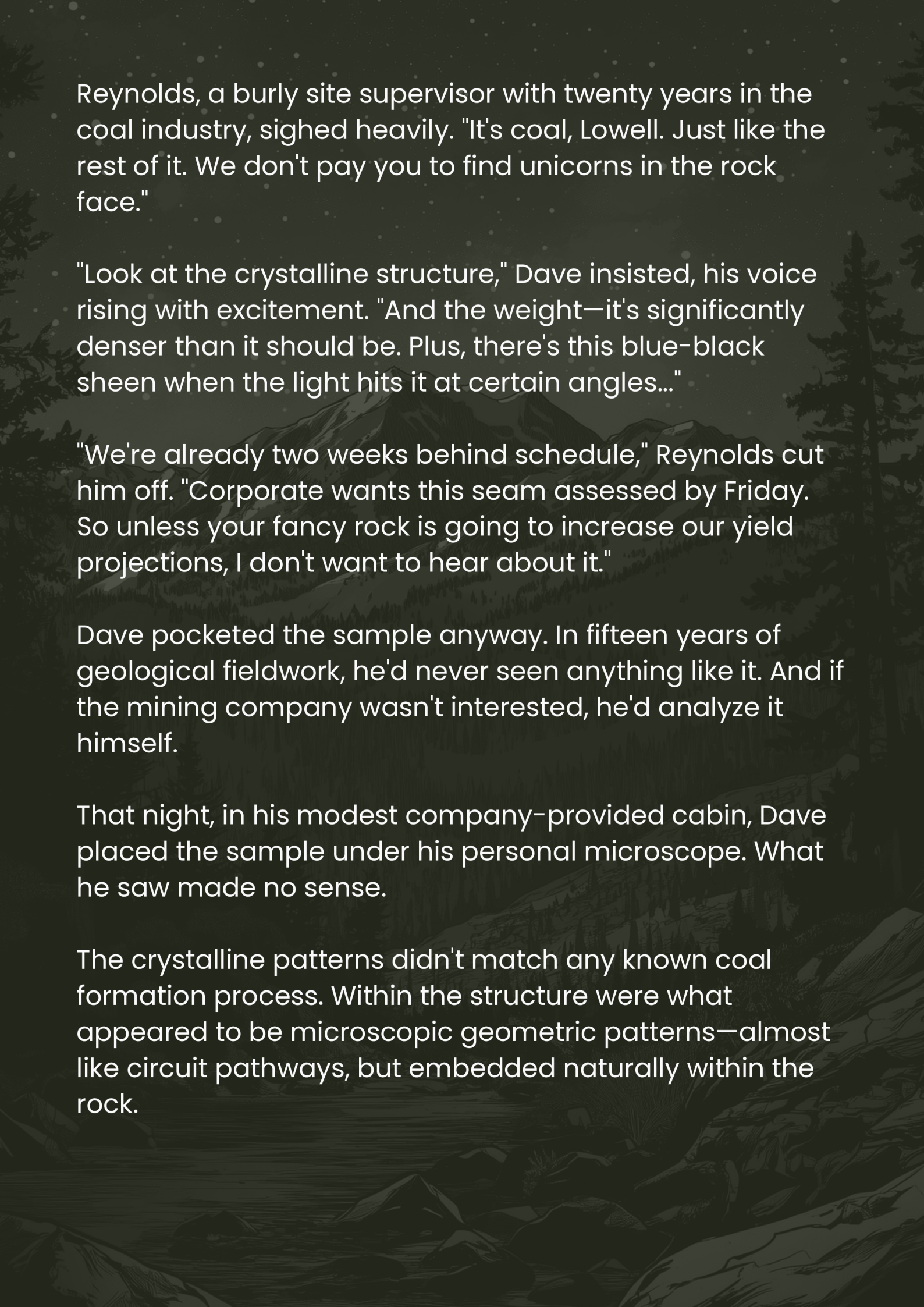
The rain fell in heavy sheets as Dave hunched over his weathered laptop in the back corner of a small diner just outside Blacksburg, Virginia. His once-trimmed beard had grown wild, his clothes were worn at the edges, and dark circles had become permanent features under his eyes. The waitress knew him only as "the odd fellow who orders coffee and sits for hours," and that's how he preferred it.

Two years ago, everything had changed.

*24 months earlier - Wise County, Virginia*

"I'm telling you, Reynolds, this isn't typical anthracite," Dave said, holding up a small black rock to the light of his headlamp. The narrow mine shaft amplified his voice as it bounced off the ancient walls.





Reynolds, a burly site supervisor with twenty years in the coal industry, sighed heavily. "It's coal, Lowell. Just like the rest of it. We don't pay you to find unicorns in the rock face."

"Look at the crystalline structure," Dave insisted, his voice rising with excitement. "And the weight—it's significantly denser than it should be. Plus, there's this blue-black sheen when the light hits it at certain angles..."

"We're already two weeks behind schedule," Reynolds cut him off. "Corporate wants this seam assessed by Friday. So unless your fancy rock is going to increase our yield projections, I don't want to hear about it."

Dave pocketed the sample anyway. In fifteen years of geological fieldwork, he'd never seen anything like it. And if the mining company wasn't interested, he'd analyze it himself.

That night, in his modest company-provided cabin, Dave placed the sample under his personal microscope. What he saw made no sense.

The crystalline patterns didn't match any known coal formation process. Within the structure were what appeared to be microscopic geometric patterns—almost like circuit pathways, but embedded naturally within the rock.



Intrigued, he ran more tests over the following weeks. The sample's properties defied conventional explanation. It absorbed light in unusual ways, conducted electricity under specific frequencies, and occasionally emitted faint traces of radiation unlike anything in the geological record.

Dave began documenting everything, staying late in the shaft after other workers had gone home. He discovered more samples, always in the deepest parts of the mine, always at the boundary between coal seams that should never have existed according to conventional geology. When he finally worked up the courage to send a sample to a former professor at Virginia Tech, things escalated quickly.

Three days later, men in unmarked vehicles appeared at the mining site. Dave watched from his office window as Reynolds escorted them into the shaft, their faces grim and purposeful.

That evening, Reynolds called Dave into his office. "Project's been canceled," he said flatly. "Corporate decision. We're shutting down operations immediately." "What? Why?" Dave asked, stunned. "We just found a major new seam last week."

"Not my call," Reynolds replied, avoiding eye contact. "Everyone's getting two weeks' severance. Clear out your equipment by tomorrow."



"This is about the samples, isn't it?" Dave pressed. "Who were those men today?"

Reynolds finally looked up, his expression a mixture of fear and warning. "Let it go, Lowell. For your own good. Find another site, another company. Forget what you found here."

But Dave couldn't forget. As workers dismantled equipment the next day, he slipped deep into the mine one last time, collecting as many samples as he could carry. By the time security noticed he was missing, he had already loaded his truck and driven away, leaving behind his company housing, most of his possessions, and his former life.

Over the following months, Dave's obsession grew. He rented a small cabin in the mountains, converted the back room into a makeshift lab, and spent every waking hour analyzing his samples.

He drew connections between the unusual deposits and ancient local legends about "lights in the mountains." He pored over historical mining records, finding scattered references to similar "anomalous formations" dating back to the 1890s, all quickly buried in bureaucracy or explained away as misidentifications.

His savings dwindled. Former colleagues stopped returning his calls. His ex-wife's occasional concerned text messages became less frequent, then stopped altogether.



Then came the headaches. Working with the samples for extended periods left Dave with splitting migraines that no pain medication could touch. Sometimes he heard faint, rhythmic pulses—like electronic music at the edge of perception. He began to wonder if exposure to the samples was affecting his mind.

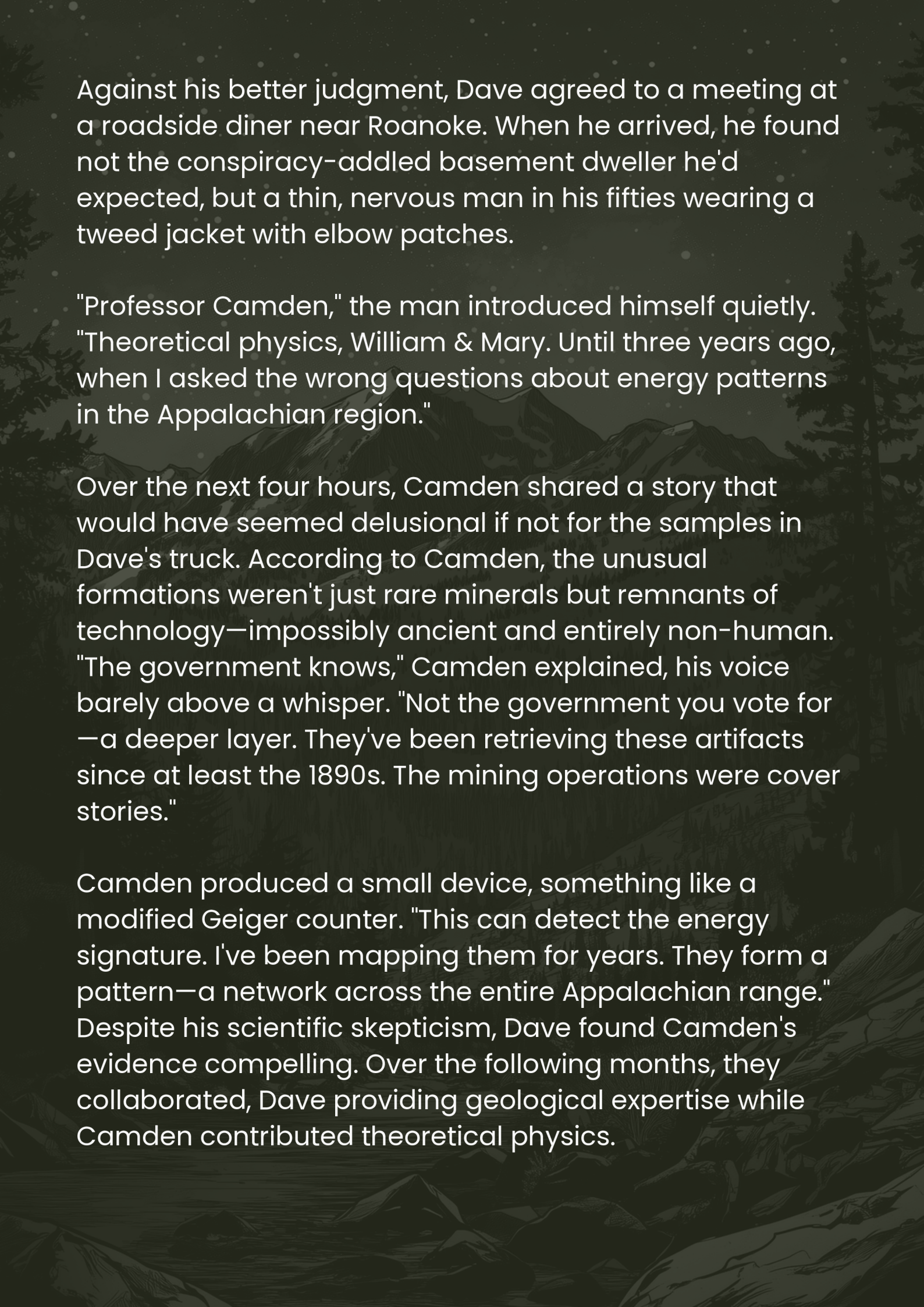
In his darkest moments, Dave questioned his own sanity. But the evidence was there, tangible under his microscope. Whatever these formations were, they weren't natural. And someone didn't want them found. His breakthrough came from an unexpected source. Six months into his self-imposed exile, Dave discovered an obscure conspiracy website.

Most of it was clearly unhinged ramblings—claims about ancient aliens, government cover-ups, and mysterious energies. But buried amid the paranoia were references to "blue-black crystalline veins" in Appalachian coal mines and something called "Xenorium-279" that matched his samples' properties with startling accuracy.

Under the pseudonym "TruthDigger," Dave made contact with the site's administrator, a person identifying only as "Watcher." Their exchange was cautious at first, but when Dave shared microscopic images of his samples (carefully scrubbed of metadata), the response was immediate:

"Where did you find these? You're in danger. They're hunting anyone who knows about the Xenorium. We need to meet."





Against his better judgment, Dave agreed to a meeting at a roadside diner near Roanoke. When he arrived, he found not the conspiracy-addled basement dweller he'd expected, but a thin, nervous man in his fifties wearing a tweed jacket with elbow patches.

"Professor Camden," the man introduced himself quietly. "Theoretical physics, William & Mary. Until three years ago, when I asked the wrong questions about energy patterns in the Appalachian region."

Over the next four hours, Camden shared a story that would have seemed delusional if not for the samples in Dave's truck. According to Camden, the unusual formations weren't just rare minerals but remnants of technology—impossibly ancient and entirely non-human. "The government knows," Camden explained, his voice barely above a whisper. "Not the government you vote for—a deeper layer. They've been retrieving these artifacts since at least the 1890s. The mining operations were cover stories."

Camden produced a small device, something like a modified Geiger counter. "This can detect the energy signature. I've been mapping them for years. They form a pattern—a network across the entire Appalachian range." Despite his scientific skepticism, Dave found Camden's evidence compelling. Over the following months, they collaborated, Dave providing geological expertise while Camden contributed theoretical physics.



Together, they identified what appeared to be a network of nodes beneath the mountains, concentrated around specific coordinates in southwestern Virginia.

Three months into their collaboration, Camden disappeared. His small apartment was emptied overnight. His phone number went dead. His so-called "sabbatical" from William & Mary turned out to be a permanent dismissal years earlier, with academic colleagues uncomfortable discussing the reasons.

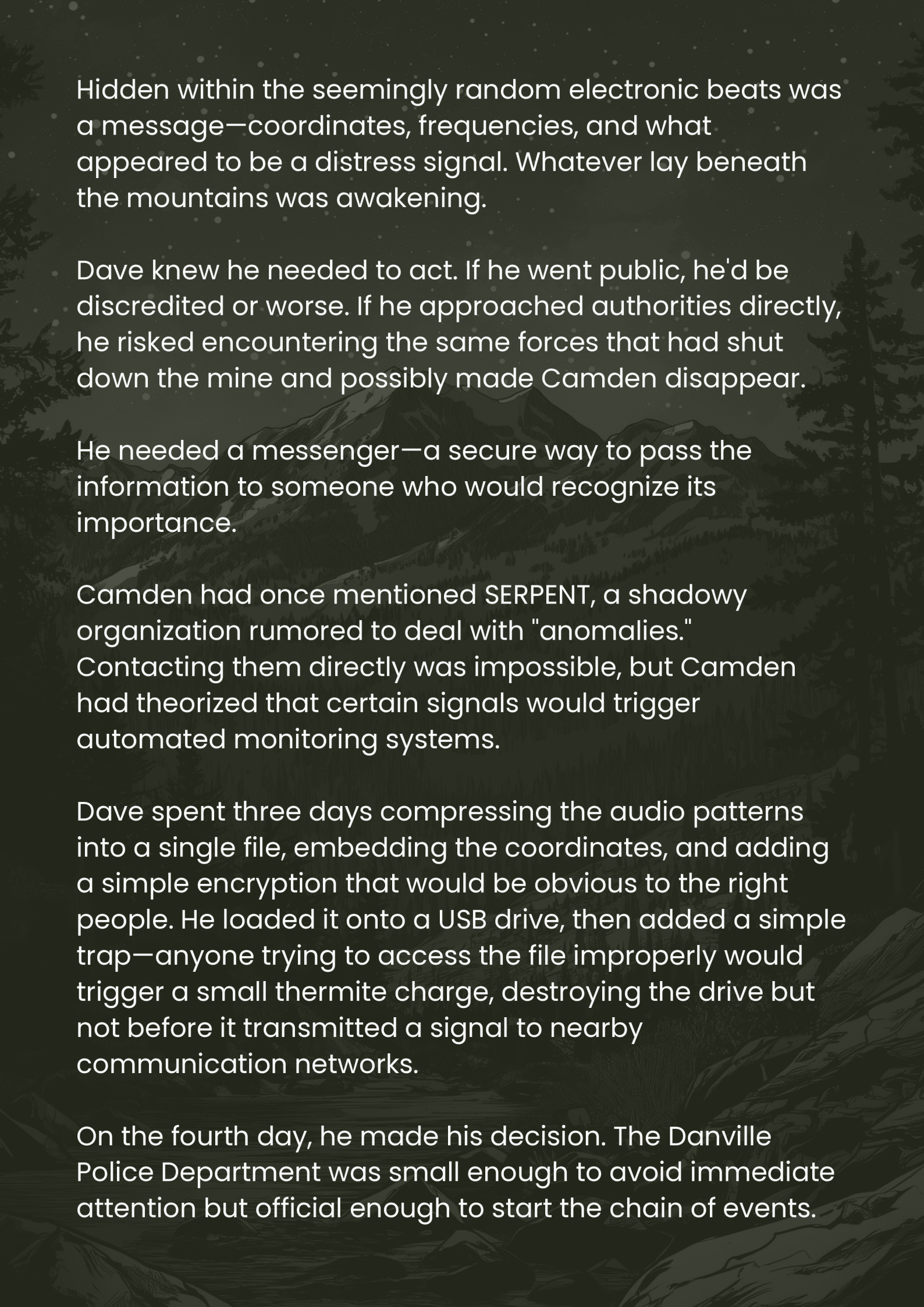
Dave was alone again, but now with Camden's research to add to his own. The pattern was undeniable—something was hidden beneath the Appalachians, something ancient and artificial. And forces were actively working to keep it concealed.

### *Two weeks ago - Dave's cabin*

Dave jolted awake at his desk, the familiar pulsing sound louder than ever. It wasn't in his head—it was coming from the specialized container where he kept his most active sample. The crystalline formation was vibrating, emitting a faint blue glow and a rhythmic pattern like electronic music.

He scrambled for his recording equipment, capturing the audio output. For six hours, the sample pulsed with increasing intensity, the sounds forming complex patterns. When it finally stopped, Dave played back the recording, running it through analysis software Camden had developed.





Hidden within the seemingly random electronic beats was a message—coordinates, frequencies, and what appeared to be a distress signal. Whatever lay beneath the mountains was awakening.

Dave knew he needed to act. If he went public, he'd be discredited or worse. If he approached authorities directly, he risked encountering the same forces that had shut down the mine and possibly made Camden disappear.

He needed a messenger—a secure way to pass the information to someone who would recognize its importance.

Camden had once mentioned SERPENT, a shadowy organization rumored to deal with "anomalies." Contacting them directly was impossible, but Camden had theorized that certain signals would trigger automated monitoring systems.

Dave spent three days compressing the audio patterns into a single file, embedding the coordinates, and adding a simple encryption that would be obvious to the right people. He loaded it onto a USB drive, then added a simple trap—anyone trying to access the file improperly would trigger a small thermite charge, destroying the drive but not before it transmitted a signal to nearby communication networks.

On the fourth day, he made his decision. The Danville Police Department was small enough to avoid immediate attention but official enough to start the chain of events.



He'd drop off the drive, trigger the systems, and disappear back into the mountains.

The plan wasn't perfect, but the headaches were getting worse. The samples' activity was increasing. Something was coming to a head beneath the ancient mountains, and Dave knew he might be the only person who could warn the world.

### *One week ago - Blacksburg diner*

The rain continued to pound against the windows as Dave closed his laptop. The waitress approached, coffeepot in hand.

"Refill, hon?"

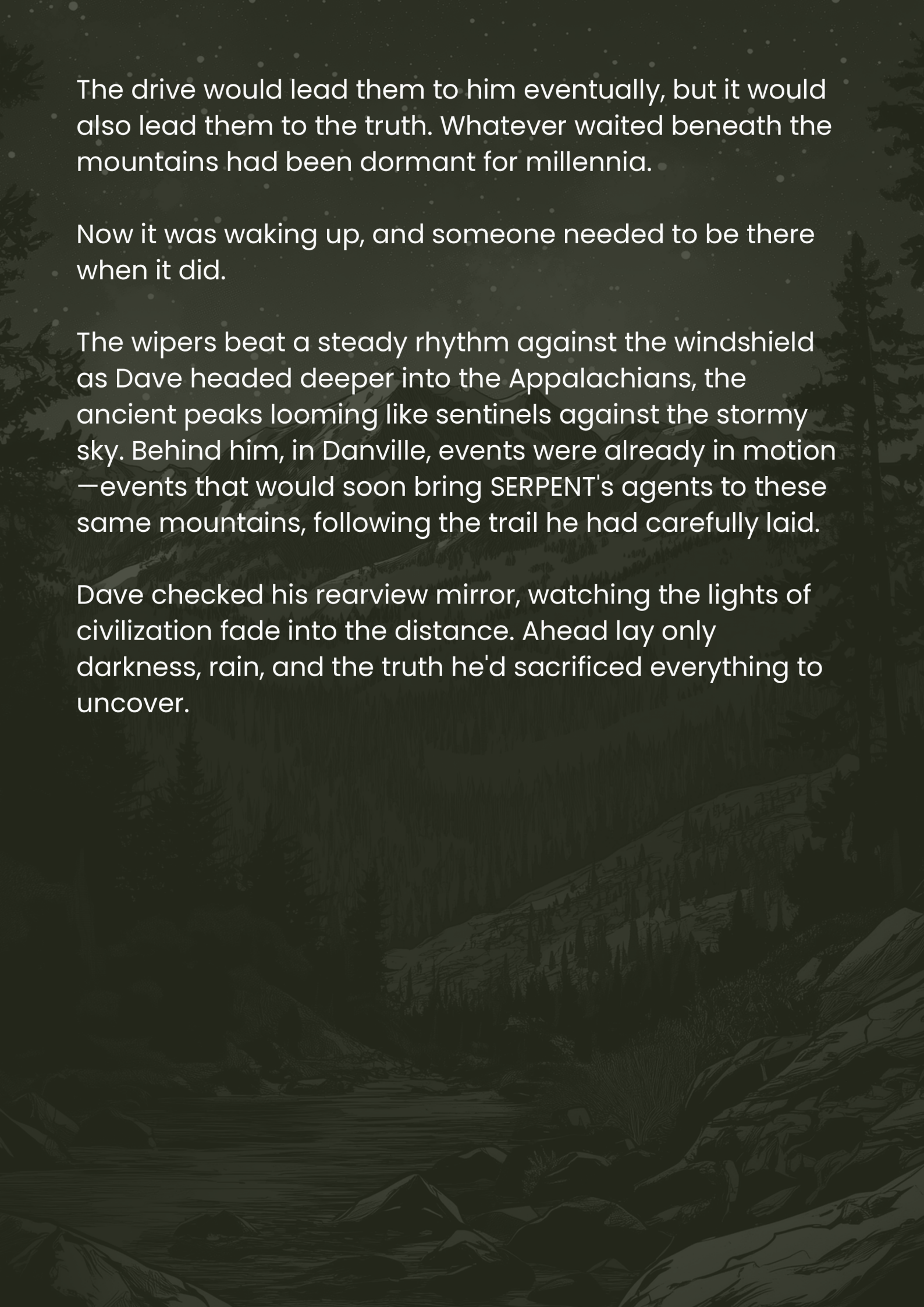
Dave nodded, offering a rare smile. "Thanks, Alice."

His phone—a cheap prepaid model—vibrated with an incoming text. The message contained only a string of seemingly random characters, but Dave recognized Camden's emergency code. His old colleague was alive, and he'd picked up the signal from the USB drive.

Dave left cash on the table—enough for the coffee plus a generous tip—and slipped his laptop into his weathered backpack. Outside, he pulled his baseball cap low against the rain and climbed into his old pickup truck.

As he drove toward the coordinates embedded in the audio file, Dave wondered if he'd done the right thing.





The drive would lead them to him eventually, but it would also lead them to the truth. Whatever waited beneath the mountains had been dormant for millennia.

Now it was waking up, and someone needed to be there when it did.

The wipers beat a steady rhythm against the windshield as Dave headed deeper into the Appalachians, the ancient peaks looming like sentinels against the stormy sky. Behind him, in Danville, events were already in motion —events that would soon bring SERPENT's agents to these same mountains, following the trail he had carefully laid.

Dave checked his rearview mirror, watching the lights of civilization fade into the distance. Ahead lay only darkness, rain, and the truth he'd sacrificed everything to uncover.



## Chapter 2: The Awakening

Dave clutched Camden's detector as he navigated the overgrown path, his boots crunching on fallen leaves. The coordinates that had haunted his research for months lay just ahead—deep in the Jefferson National Forest, far from hiking trails and tourist spots.

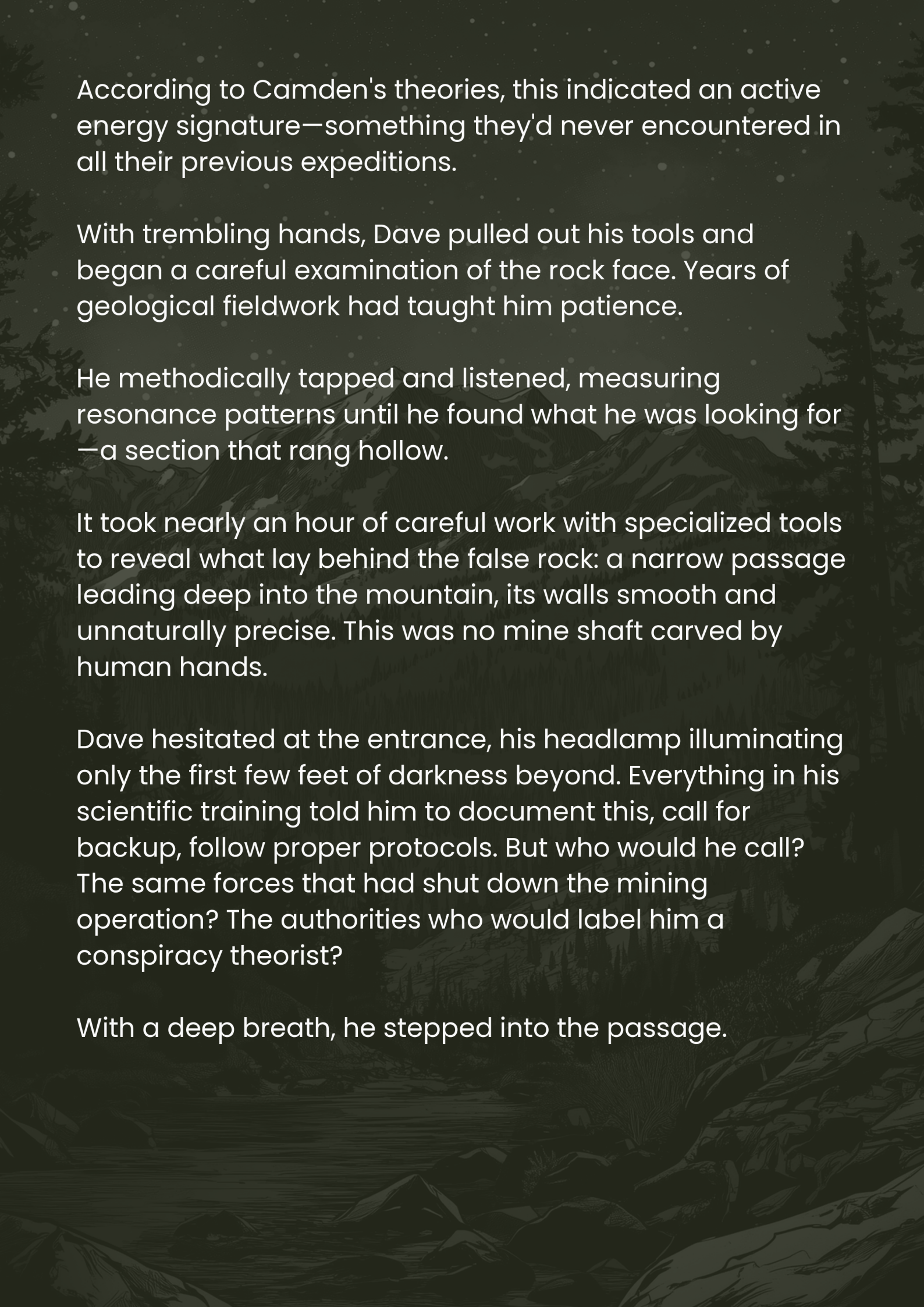
The sun was setting, painting the Virginia mountains in amber hues. Dave checked his backpack once more: samples carefully contained in lead-lined boxes, Camden's modified equipment, three days' worth of supplies, and his laptop with all his research.

He'd parked his truck five miles back, hidden under a camouflage tarp. If someone was monitoring these coordinates as Camden had suspected, Dave wanted to approach undetected.

The detector's soft beeping grew more insistent as he approached a rocky outcropping that, to the untrained eye, appeared no different from countless others in the Appalachians. But Dave's geological expertise told him otherwise. The rock formation didn't match the surrounding patterns. Its edges were too precise, the layers inconsistent with natural erosion.

"You were right, Camden," Dave muttered, running his hand along the stone surface. "This isn't natural." The detector's beeping suddenly shifted to a continuous tone. Dave froze, watching as the needle on the display swung wildly.





According to Camden's theories, this indicated an active energy signature—something they'd never encountered in all their previous expeditions.

With trembling hands, Dave pulled out his tools and began a careful examination of the rock face. Years of geological fieldwork had taught him patience.

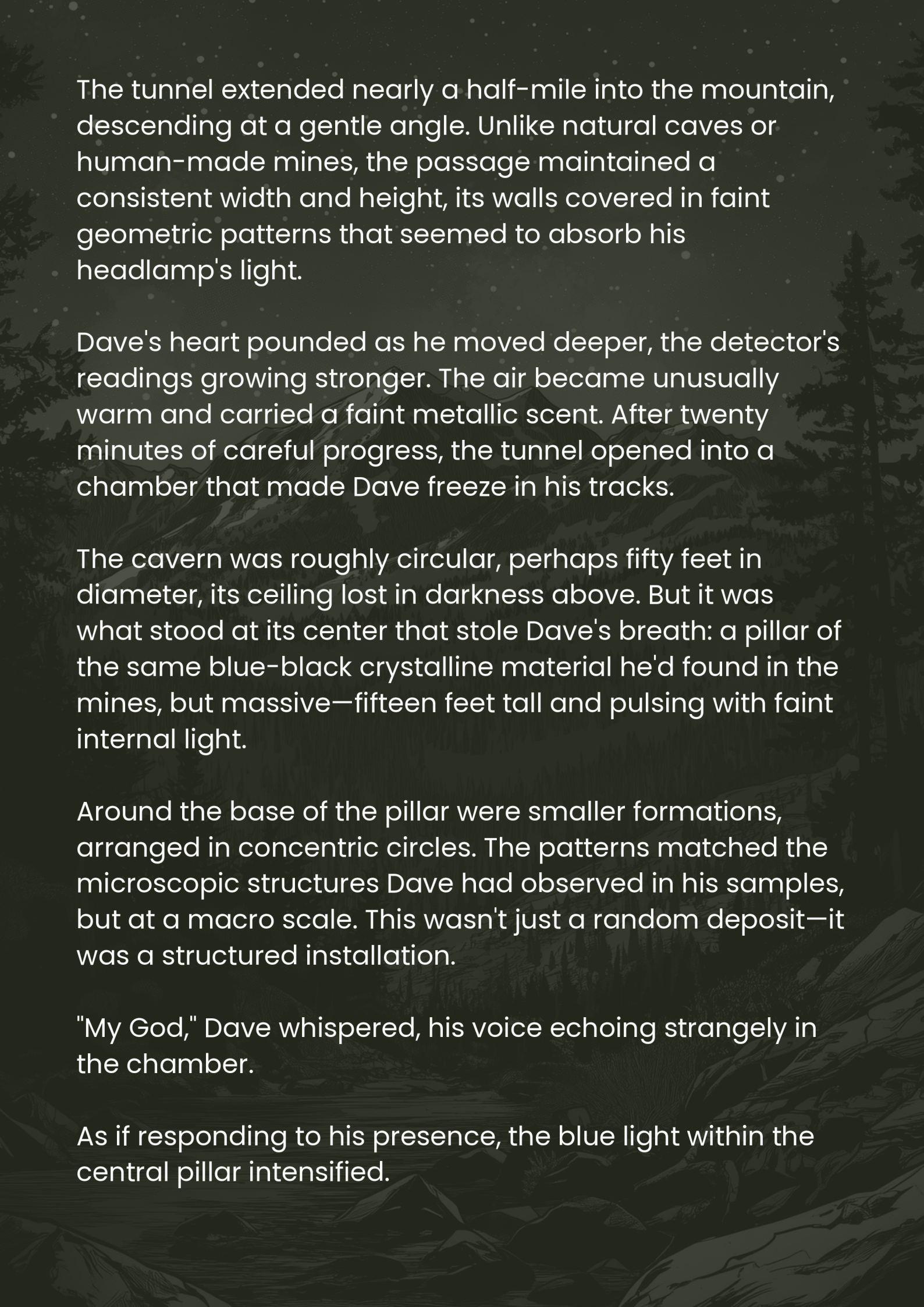
He methodically tapped and listened, measuring resonance patterns until he found what he was looking for—a section that rang hollow.

It took nearly an hour of careful work with specialized tools to reveal what lay behind the false rock: a narrow passage leading deep into the mountain, its walls smooth and unnaturally precise. This was no mine shaft carved by human hands.

Dave hesitated at the entrance, his headlamp illuminating only the first few feet of darkness beyond. Everything in his scientific training told him to document this, call for backup, follow proper protocols. But who would he call? The same forces that had shut down the mining operation? The authorities who would label him a conspiracy theorist?

With a deep breath, he stepped into the passage.





The tunnel extended nearly a half-mile into the mountain, descending at a gentle angle. Unlike natural caves or human-made mines, the passage maintained a consistent width and height, its walls covered in faint geometric patterns that seemed to absorb his headlamp's light.

Dave's heart pounded as he moved deeper, the detector's readings growing stronger. The air became unusually warm and carried a faint metallic scent. After twenty minutes of careful progress, the tunnel opened into a chamber that made Dave freeze in his tracks.

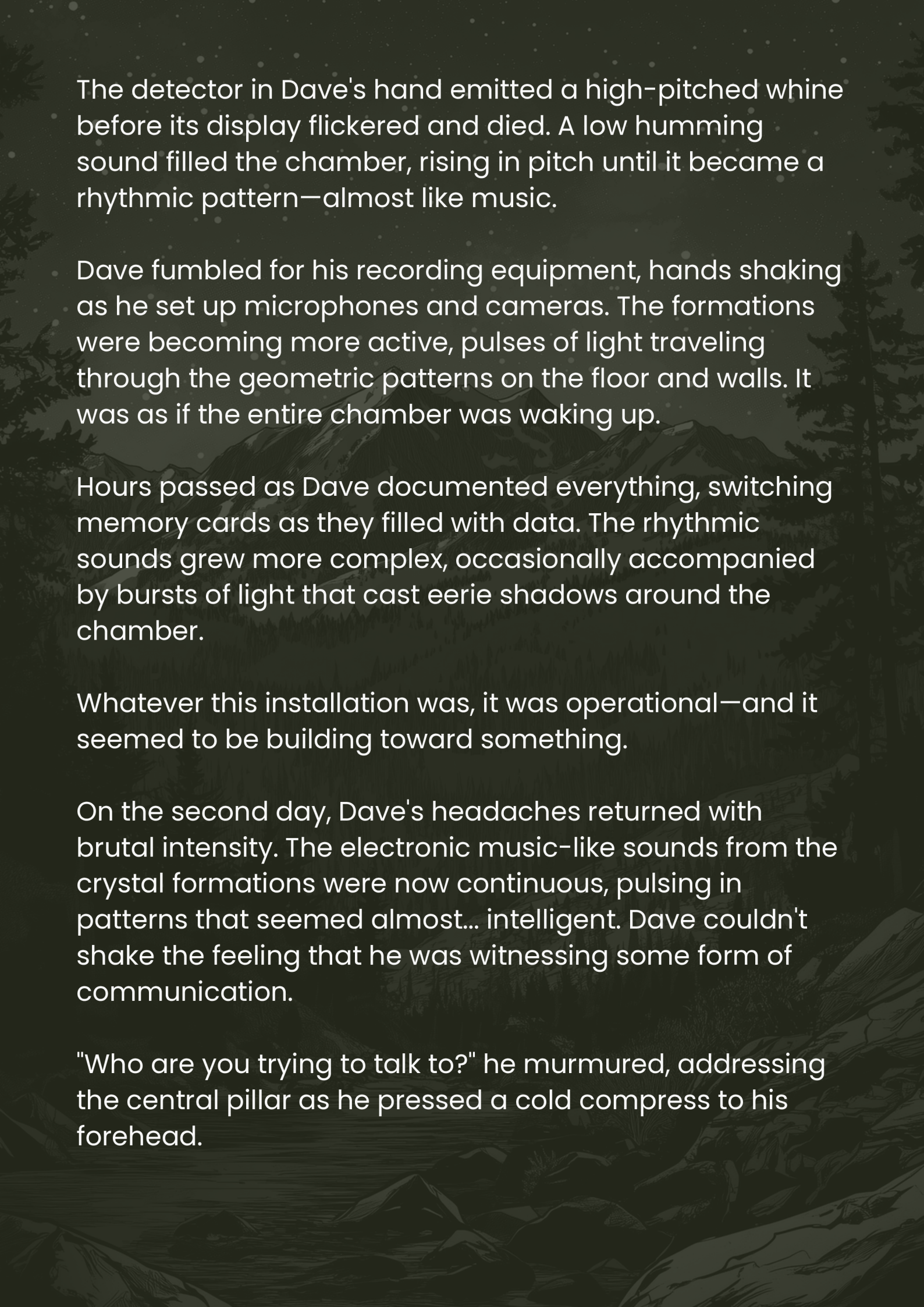
The cavern was roughly circular, perhaps fifty feet in diameter, its ceiling lost in darkness above. But it was what stood at its center that stole Dave's breath: a pillar of the same blue-black crystalline material he'd found in the mines, but massive—fifteen feet tall and pulsing with faint internal light.

Around the base of the pillar were smaller formations, arranged in concentric circles. The patterns matched the microscopic structures Dave had observed in his samples, but at a macro scale. This wasn't just a random deposit—it was a structured installation.

"My God," Dave whispered, his voice echoing strangely in the chamber.

As if responding to his presence, the blue light within the central pillar intensified.





The detector in Dave's hand emitted a high-pitched whine before its display flickered and died. A low humming sound filled the chamber, rising in pitch until it became a rhythmic pattern—almost like music.

Dave fumbled for his recording equipment, hands shaking as he set up microphones and cameras. The formations were becoming more active, pulses of light traveling through the geometric patterns on the floor and walls. It was as if the entire chamber was waking up.

Hours passed as Dave documented everything, switching memory cards as they filled with data. The rhythmic sounds grew more complex, occasionally accompanied by bursts of light that cast eerie shadows around the chamber.

Whatever this installation was, it was operational—and it seemed to be building toward something.

On the second day, Dave's headaches returned with brutal intensity. The electronic music-like sounds from the crystal formations were now continuous, pulsing in patterns that seemed almost... intelligent. Dave couldn't shake the feeling that he was witnessing some form of communication.

"Who are you trying to talk to?" he murmured, addressing the central pillar as he pressed a cold compress to his forehead.



That night, sleeping fitfully at the chamber's edge, Dave dreamed of stars—not as distant points of light, but as destinations. He saw vast ships traveling between them, creatures of light and purpose.

And beneath the Appalachians, a network of installations like this one, placed there eons ago by visitors from those distant stars.

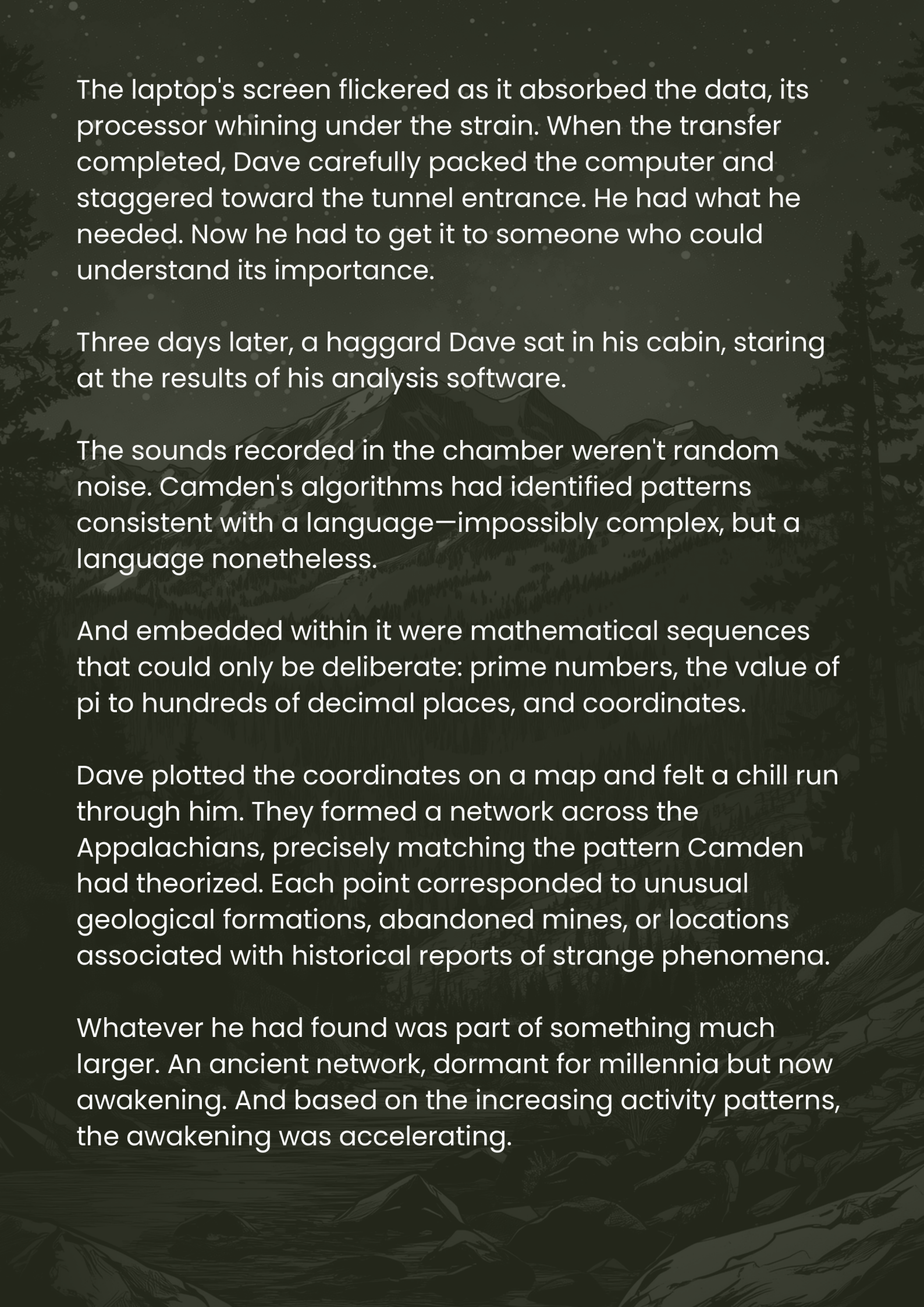
He awoke with a start, the dream still vivid in his mind. The chamber was pulsing with more intense light now, the central pillar almost painfully bright. Dave checked his equipment and found that the recording devices were all dead—batteries drained despite being fully charged hours earlier.

Something had changed. The installation wasn't just active; it was awake. And Dave was increasingly certain it was sending a signal—a call for help, or perhaps a warning.

By the third day, Dave could barely stand. The headaches had become nearly unbearable, accompanied by nosebleeds and moments of lost time. But he couldn't leave—not when he was witnessing something of potentially world-changing significance.

Using the last of his strength, he connected his laptop directly to his most sophisticated recording device and initiated a final capture of the installation's output. If he couldn't stay to witness what was happening, at least he could preserve a record.





The laptop's screen flickered as it absorbed the data, its processor whining under the strain. When the transfer completed, Dave carefully packed the computer and staggered toward the tunnel entrance. He had what he needed. Now he had to get it to someone who could understand its importance.

Three days later, a haggard Dave sat in his cabin, staring at the results of his analysis software.

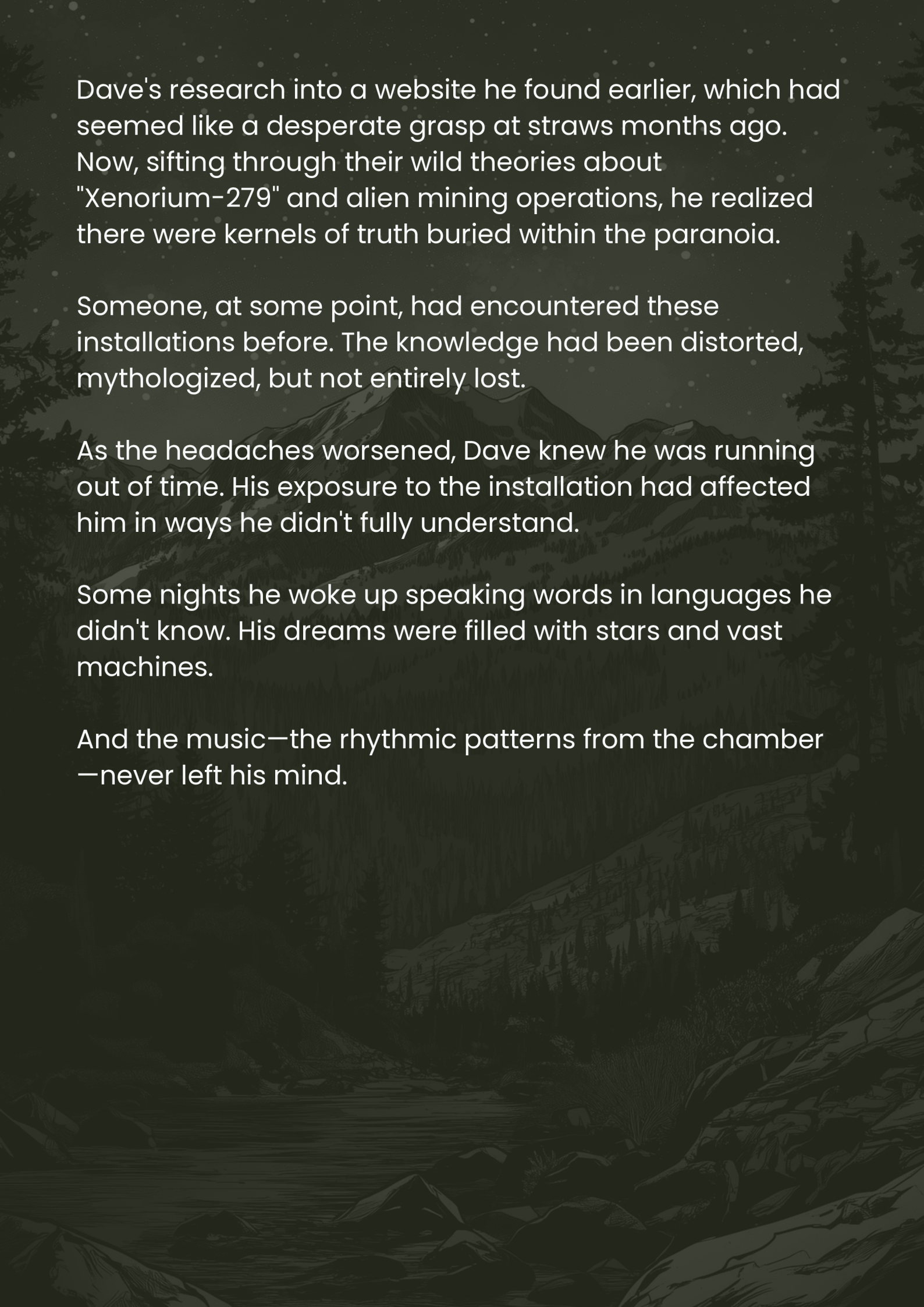
The sounds recorded in the chamber weren't random noise. Camden's algorithms had identified patterns consistent with a language—impossibly complex, but a language nonetheless.

And embedded within it were mathematical sequences that could only be deliberate: prime numbers, the value of pi to hundreds of decimal places, and coordinates.

Dave plotted the coordinates on a map and felt a chill run through him. They formed a network across the Appalachians, precisely matching the pattern Camden had theorized. Each point corresponded to unusual geological formations, abandoned mines, or locations associated with historical reports of strange phenomena.

Whatever he had found was part of something much larger. An ancient network, dormant for millennia but now awakening. And based on the increasing activity patterns, the awakening was accelerating.





Dave's research into a website he found earlier, which had seemed like a desperate grasp at straws months ago. Now, sifting through their wild theories about "Xenorium-279" and alien mining operations, he realized there were kernels of truth buried within the paranoia.

Someone, at some point, had encountered these installations before. The knowledge had been distorted, mythologized, but not entirely lost.

As the headaches worsened, Dave knew he was running out of time. His exposure to the installation had affected him in ways he didn't fully understand.

Some nights he woke up speaking words in languages he didn't know. His dreams were filled with stars and vast machines.

And the music—the rhythmic patterns from the chamber—never left his mind.



# Chapter 3: Boots on the Ground

*Present Day – Shadow Wing, SERPENT HQ*

The soft hum of the Shadow Wing's engines provided a comforting background noise as Special Agent K scrolled through intelligence reports. Julia Sharpe's voice came through the cabin intercom, breaking the silence.

"Everyone to the war room, please. We have a situation."

K closed the laptop and made their way to the mid-cabin. The holographic table was already active, displaying a map of the eastern United States with a pulsing marker over Virginia.

The rest of the team filtered in quickly – Fox Meyer adjusting his tie, Dimitri Zechev still typing something on his tablet, and Isabella Moreno carrying a stack of historical documents.

Julia stood at the head of the table, her expression grim. Beside her floated a holographic representation of Klumgongyn, the Volrac liaison who wasn't on the aircraft.

"A few days ago," Julia began, "a man identifying himself only as 'Dave' walked into the Danville Police Department in Virginia and handed over a USB drive. He claimed it contained 'the truth about what's happening in the mountains.' Before the officer could ask any questions, Dave left the building."



The holographic table displayed security footage of a pale, nervous-looking man in his thirties, wearing a worn baseball cap and constantly glancing over his shoulder.

"When the police inserted the USB drive," Julia continued, "it contained what appeared to be a simple audio file – an electronic dance music track. However, upon playback, something unusual happened."

Julia nodded to Dimitri, who tapped his tablet. A visualization of sound waves appeared in the air.

"The USB drive began transmitting a signal through nearby cell towers," Dimitri explained, his Bulgarian accent punctuating each word.

"The signal lasted precisely ten minutes before the drive spontaneously combusted. Fortunately, the police had already copied the file."

Fox Meyer leaned forward, studying the waveform. "The Boromyr picked up the transmission? That's interesting. Klumgongyn, any thoughts?"

The holographic alien's large eyes blinked slowly. "The signal pattern is... concerning. It resembles Volrac emergency protocols, but distorted. Like someone trying to replicate our technology without fully understanding it."

Isabella spread out several old newspaper clippings on the table.



"The Appalachian region has a long history of unusual phenomena. Since the late 1800s, there have been reports of strange lights, unexplained events, and conspiracy theories about extraterrestrial activity."

"That's putting it mildly," Mei Huang added, joining the conversation. "I've been analyzing online chatter from conspiracy forums. They claim the entire Appalachian mountain range is actually an ancient alien mining operation for something called 'Xenorium-279'. Pure nonsense, of course, but they've amassed quite a following."


Julia swiped through several images on the holographic display, showing screenshots from various websites – wild theories about alien bases, secret government cover-ups, and mysterious coordinates.

"The FBI field office in Richmond attempted to analyze the USB," Julia said. "Upon insertion into their systems, their agents reported severe headaches, disorientation, and near-psychotic episodes. They immediately quarantined the device and contacted us."

"Sounds like Volrac psycho-tech," Fox commented, glancing at Klumgongyn's hologram. "No offense."  
"None taken," the alien replied. "But this is not our technology. The symptoms describe a crude attempt at mimicry. Dangerous, but ineffective."

K had been quiet, analyzing the information. "This 'Dave' – has he been identified?"





Dimitri nodded. "Facial recognition matched him to David Lowell, a former geologist who worked for several mining companies in the region. Two years ago, he went off the grid. His last known address was in Wise County, Virginia – right in the heart of coal country."

"He matches the profile of the website operator," Mei added. "Paranoid, obsessive, convinced of conspiracy, but with just enough technical knowledge to be dangerous."

Julia enlarged a portion of the map, focusing on a specific location in the Appalachians. "There's something else. The Galactic Files website keeps referencing these coordinates."

She highlighted a point in the mountains. "We've analyzed satellite imagery – there's an abandoned mine shaft there, but something's not right. There's unusual energy readings coming from deep underground."

K studied the coordinates closely. "If we're dealing with an unhinged conspiracy theorist, why involve SERPENT? Local authorities could handle this."

"Because of this," Julia said, typing a command.

The holographic table displayed a spectrographic analysis of the audio file. Hidden within the electronic beats was a pattern that made Klumgongyn's hologram flicker nervously.



"That," the alien said, "is a distress signal. Not human, and not Volrac either. But definitely extraterrestrial in origin."

The cabin fell silent as the implications sank in.

"So," Fox finally said, "either this conspiracy nut somehow got his hands on legitimate alien tech, or..."

"Or someone or something is using him," Julia finished the thought. "Either way, we need to investigate. The audio file needs to be analyzed properly, isolated from any triggers or embedded signals."

She turned to K. "That's where you come in, Special Agent. We need your forensic expertise to crack this open. The Danville Police and FBI have both been compromised by whatever was on that USB drive. You're our best hope of figuring out what's really going on here."

Gabriel Adams, who had been silently observing from the back of the room, stepped forward.

"BTRU will be on standby. If there is something in those mountains that doesn't belong on Earth, we'll be ready to extract it – or neutralize it."

Julia nodded and turned back to K.

"With the help of Klumgongyn's engineers, we've isolated the audio file for your analysis. We have no idea where this will lead.



You'll need to approach this carefully – whoever created this file built in safeguards to protect its secrets."

She slid a specialized data tablet across the table.

"The Contract is yours, Special Agent K. If you choose to accept."

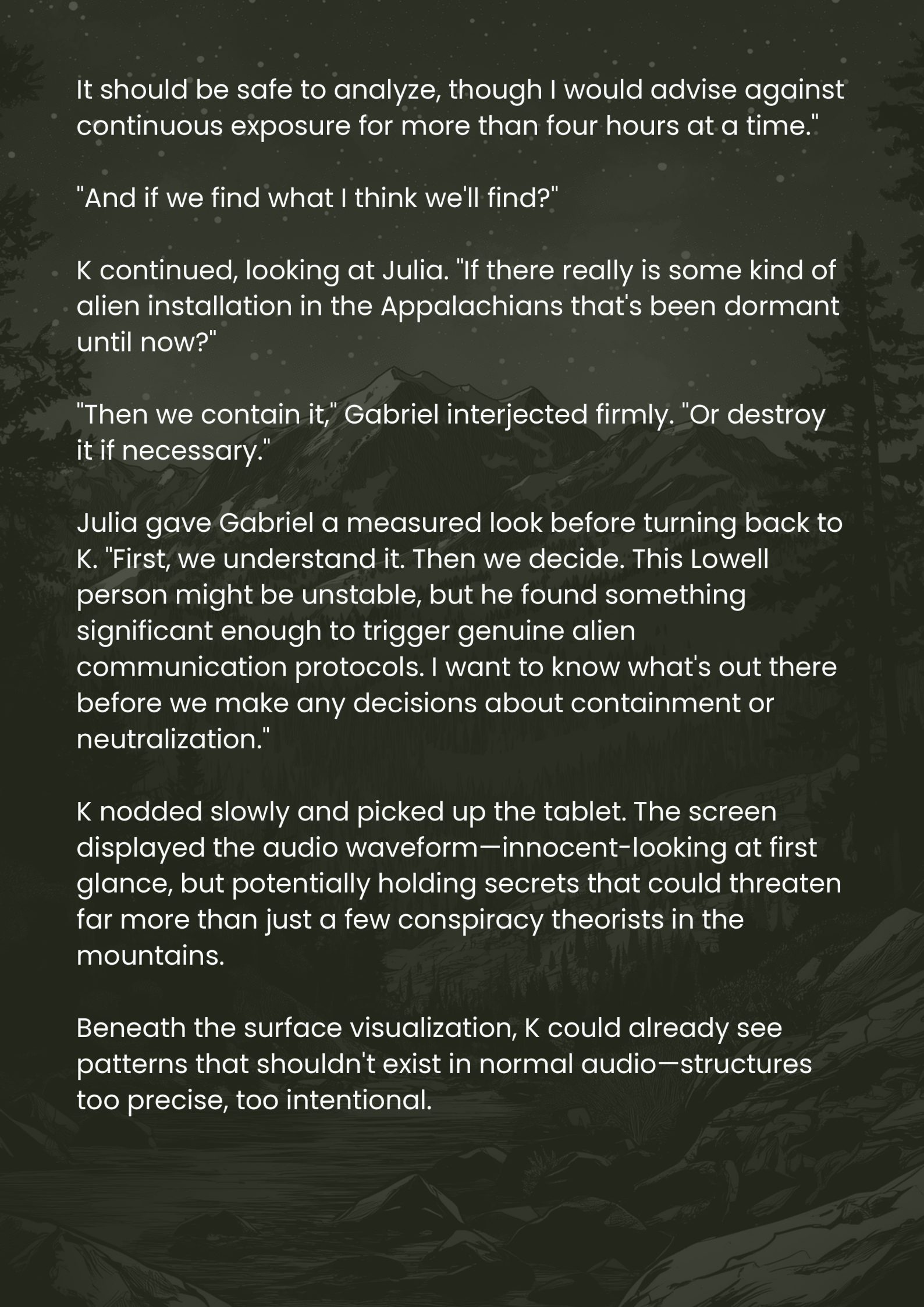
K stared at the tablet for a long moment. This wasn't their first unusual assignment, but something about this case felt different. The combination of alien distress signals, conspiracy websites that somehow contained kernels of truth, and a geologist driven to desperate measures by his discoveries—it all suggested something far beyond the usual anomalies SERPENT investigated.

If the audio file had already affected trained FBI agents, what other effects might it have? And what exactly was waiting in those mountains that could generate such a signal? K recalled previous missions involving alien artifacts—how even seemingly inert objects could contain technologies centuries beyond human understanding, sometimes with devastating consequences when mishandled.

"What precautions have been taken with this file?" K asked, not yet touching the tablet. "If it affected the FBI agents through simple playback..."

Klungongyn's hologram shifted slightly. "Our engineers have isolated the harmful frequencies and embedded counter-harmonics in this version.





It should be safe to analyze, though I would advise against continuous exposure for more than four hours at a time."

"And if we find what I think we'll find?"

K continued, looking at Julia. "If there really is some kind of alien installation in the Appalachians that's been dormant until now?"

"Then we contain it," Gabriel interjected firmly. "Or destroy it if necessary."

Julia gave Gabriel a measured look before turning back to K. "First, we understand it. Then we decide. This Lowell person might be unstable, but he found something significant enough to trigger genuine alien communication protocols. I want to know what's out there before we make any decisions about containment or neutralization."

K nodded slowly and picked up the tablet. The screen displayed the audio waveform—innocent-looking at first glance, but potentially holding secrets that could threaten far more than just a few conspiracy theorists in the mountains.

Beneath the surface visualization, K could already see patterns that shouldn't exist in normal audio—structures too precise, too intentional.





"I'll need complete isolation for this,"

K said, rising from the table.

"And I want Dimitri standing by. If there's code embedded in these patterns, we'll need to crack it together."

"You'll have whatever resources you need," Julia assured them. "The Shadow Wing is already on course for Virginia. We'll be on the ground in three hours."

K tucked the tablet under one arm, mind already racing through the possible analysis techniques they'd need to employ.

Whatever Dave Lowell had discovered in those mountains, it was calling out to something—or someone.

And SERPENT needed to understand that message before anything else did.

"I accept the Contract," K said simply, and headed toward the onboard lab to begin their work.



# Briefing

Greetings, Special Agent K.

We've got ourselves an interesting case today. A man who identified himself as "Dave" dropped off a USB stick at the Danville Police Department in Virginia, USA. It contained an audio file of what appears to be electronic dance music. However, upon connecting the USB stick, the Klumgon cruiser Boromyr intercepted a signal being transmitted from one of the nearby cellphone towers.

The signal continued for exactly 10 minutes, after which the USB stick caught fire. Luckily the officers had already copied its contents to one of their computers. The Danville Police Department contacted the FBI, who promptly came over to fetch the burned device, as well as a copy of the file. And for good measure, they took the computer too.

Upon arriving at the nearest FBI field office in Richmond, they inserted the USB stick in an air gapped machine. Upon insertion, the agents suffered terrible headaches and drowsiness, almost going near complete insanity. They removed the USB stick and contacted the Tiberian Order. With the help of Kumgon engineers, we were able to isolate the audio file for your analysis. We have no clue where this will lead, that's for you to figure out.

As always, Special Agent K. The Contract is yours, if you choose to accept.



# Materials

interstellar-intercept.mp3

## Answer Instruction

Use the answer to unlock the flagfile, this will reward you with your badge. The answer is the coordinate of the impending alien attack plus the name of the road next to the facility. Format the answer as only the numbers of the coordinate, then the road.

Answer format: 12345678-12345678-sterling-rd

## Flagfile

Be advised, the flagfile is an encrypted ZIP. Make sure your OS supports the ZIP format. Ensure the password contains no hidden characters or formatting.

PS: Don't forget to claim your Coins and XP, by posting your card in the #card-brag channel in Discord.

<https://discord.hacktoria.com>

## Write-Up

There is an attached file called a write-up, this will give you the answer in case you get stuck.

## Acknowledgements

This challenge was made by Frank Diepmaat.