

# HACKTIVIA

**ANALYSE DISTURBING  
BODYCAM FOOTAGE AND  
UNCOVER THE TRUTH  
BEHIND THIS HAUNTED  
VIDEO EVIDENCE**

# NIGHTMARE FUEL

A woman with dark hair styled in an updo, wearing a light blue, low-cut, sleeveless dress. Her eyes are glowing with a bright blue light, and she has a serious, intense expression. She is standing against a dark, textured background that looks like a wall or a door.



# Chapter 1: Shadows in Brownsville

The streetlights in Brownsville flickered as they always did, casting uneven shadows across the cracked pavement. Mrs. Luisa Diaz stood at her kitchen window, dish towel in hand, staring at the abandoned building across the street.

Three stories of faded brick and boarded windows, it had been empty for two years now, ever since the previous owner had died without heirs.

But not entirely empty.

Mrs. Diaz squinted, her weathered face creasing further. There it was again—a soft blue glow emanating from a second-floor window. The boards were still in place, but light seeped through the cracks, pulsing gently.

"Ay, otra vez," she muttered, reaching for her phone. She'd called the police before, but by the time they arrived, the lights were always gone. Tonight, she wouldn't call them. Tonight, she would record it.

She pressed record on her security camera app and zoomed in on the window. The blue light flickered, then intensified. For a moment, Mrs. Diaz thought she saw a silhouette—tall, slender, moving with an unnatural grace.



Five thousand miles away, in a Bombardier Global 8000 flying over the Atlantic, Isabella Moreno sat surrounded by holographic displays. The Shadow Wing's muted interior lighting cast a soft glow on her concentrated face as she studied patterns of missing persons reports from several urban centers.

"Dimitri," she called, "I'm seeing something unusual in the Brownsville data."

Across the war room, Dimitri Zechev looked up from his workstation. The Bulgarian hacker's fingers never stopped moving across his keyboard as he turned his attention to Isabella.

"What kind of unusual?" he asked, his accent slightly thickening his words.

Isabella gestured to one of her displays, and with a flick of her wrist, sent it floating across the room to hover before Dimitri.

"Seven people reported missing in the last six months. All from within a three-block radius. That's statistically improbable."

Dimitri's eyes narrowed as he studied the data.

"Could be coincidence. Could be something else." He cracked his knuckles. "Let me see what I can find."



Within minutes, Dimitri had infiltrated the local surveillance network. Traffic cameras, ATMs, private security systems—all became his eyes. He scanned through weeks of footage, letting his custom algorithms search for patterns.

"Isabella," he called after an hour of silent work. "I think I found something."

He projected a series of video clips onto the central holographic display. Seven different people, entering the same abandoned building on different days. None of them ever came out.

"Send this to Mei," Isabella said, her historian's mind already cataloging similar patterns from the past.

"This reminds me of the Hannover Incident in 1984."

In the adjacent compartment, Mei Huang was reviewing psychological profiles of the missing persons. The Chinese psychologist had already noticed something unusual—the witnesses who had reported the disappearances described seeing a "woman in white" in the vicinity, but their descriptions varied wildly.

Some described her as young, others as elderly. Some claimed she was tall, others short. The only consistent elements were the white clothing and the feeling of unease the witnesses reported.



"Interesting," Mei murmured as Dimitri's footage appeared on her screen. She tapped her comm link.

"Overseer, I believe we may have a situation developing in Brownsville."

Julia Sharpe's calm voice responded immediately. "Level of concern?"

"Yellow, possibly orange," Mei replied. "The pattern is... familiar."

"Keep monitoring," Julia instructed. "I'll alert the BTRU to be ready."

In Brownsville, Mrs. Diaz's phone buzzed with an incoming call. She answered without looking away from the window.

"Luisa, it's Carol from across the street. I just saw police cars pull up."

Mrs. Diaz looked down to see two NYPD patrol cars parking in front of the abandoned building. Four officers emerged, flashlights cutting through the darkness.

"They're going in," she whispered, adjusting her camera to capture the scene.

The officers approached cautiously, their training evident in their movements. One spoke into his radio, another tried the door. Finding it unlocked, they exchanged glances before entering, weapons drawn.



Mrs. Diaz held her breath, her camera still recording. Five minutes passed. Ten. Then, a flash of blue light illuminated all the windows simultaneously. The officers didn't emerge.

At precisely that moment, aboard Shadow Wing, all of Dimitri's surveillance feeds from Brownsville went dark. "Что за чертовщина?" Dimitri swore, his fingers flying across his keyboards.

"What happened?"

Isabella asked, moving to his station.

"Everything's down. Camera feeds, cellular networks, everything within a six-block radius of that building just went dark."

On the central display, Mei Huang's concerned face appeared. "The NYPD just dispatched additional units to the location. Something's happening."

Isabella's eyes met Dimitri's.

"I think we need Special Agent K on this one."



## Chapter 2: Dead Air

Fox Meyer was in the middle of his morning coffee when his secure phone chirped with a distinctive tone—one reserved for his contacts within terrestrial law enforcement. The extraterrestrial liaison frowned, setting down his mug in the Shadow Wing's small galley.

"Meyer," he answered, keeping his voice low.

"Fox, it's Rodriguez at NYPD. We've got something... unusual. Thought you might want to know before it hits official channels."

Fox's posture straightened. Detective Rodriguez was not one to overreact, having been vetted as a reliable contact after several joint operations.

"I'm listening."

"Two of our officers entered an abandoned building in Brownsville last night. They had body cams running. What they captured..." Rodriguez's voice trailed off.

"Go on," Fox prompted.

"The video shows them encountering a woman in white at the end of a hallway. But here's the weird part—the audio track is completely missing. Not corrupted, not static. Just... absent. Like a vacuum. And when the backup team arrived, they couldn't find the woman, despite the building being completely sealed."



Fox felt a familiar chill run down his spine. "Send me the footage, secure channel."

"Already did. Fox... this reminds me of the Staten Island case from last year."

"I'll take it from here," Fox assured him. "Keep this quiet for now."

He ended the call and immediately headed for the Overseer's office, passing James Brown in the corridor.

"You look like you've seen a ghost," the British operative remarked.

"Maybe I have," Fox replied, not slowing his pace.

"Find Special Agent K. We're going to need them."

Special Agent K was analyzing crime scene photos from a completely different case when the call came in. The images—showing peculiar geometric patterns burned into the floor of a Wyoming farmhouse—disappeared from their screen, replaced by Julia Sharpe's face.

"Special Agent K, I need you to drop everything and report to the command center immediately."

K noted the tension in the Overseer's usually composed features. "New priority?"



"Potentially. Fox has received some concerning footage from NYPD. It has certain... signatures we need to evaluate."

Five minutes later, Special Agent K entered the command center to find a full tactical team assembled. Gabriel Adams and his BTRU members stood in a tight cluster, reviewing equipment manifests. Mei Huang and Isabella Moreno were deep in conversation, occasionally gesturing to data points on the main display. Dimitri was hunched over his workstation, cursing softly in Bulgarian.

And at the center of it all, Fox Meyer was queuing up a video file.

"What we're about to see came directly from NYPD bodycam footage," Fox explained as K took a seat.

"Two officers responding to reports of trespassing at an abandoned building in Brownsville."

The video began playing on the main screen. The jerky movements of the bodycam showed the officers entering the building, flashlights illuminating peeling wallpaper and debris-strewn floors. They moved methodically through the ground floor, finding nothing unusual.

Then, as they ascended to the second floor, something changed.



The temperature in the command center seemed to drop several degrees as they watched. At the end of a long hallway, barely visible in the flashlight beam, a figure in white moved across the frame. The officer carrying the bodycam called out, but no sound came from the video.

"The audio is completely missing," Fox explained. "Not damaged, not corrupted—simply not there."

The footage continued as the officers approached a door at the end of the hallway. Their flashlights revealed a woman in a white nightgown standing just inside the doorway. She turned slowly, her face obscured by long, dark hair, then retreated deeper into the room. The officers followed, and then—

The video feed cut to static.

"That's all we have," Fox said quietly. "When backup arrived, they found no trace of the woman, despite the building being completely sealed."

Special Agent K leaned forward, studying the frozen frame of static.

"Has anyone analyzed the white noise pattern?"

Dimitri nodded. "I've run it through every algorithm I have. It's not normal electromagnetic interference. It's... structured."



"Meanwhile," James Brown interjected, stepping into the command center,

"I've just returned from the NYPD precinct. The officers who entered the building are being treated for unexplained hearing loss. Temporary, the doctors say, but concerning nonetheless."

Cassandra Laurent, who had been quietly observing from the back of the room, stepped forward.

"I've already spoken with the NYPD Commissioner. They've agreed to classify this as a national security matter. We have jurisdiction."

"Good," Julia Sharpe said, rising from her seat.

"Because I believe we're dealing with something far beyond standard police work."

Special Agent K turned to the Overseer.

"What are you thinking?"

Julia's expression was grim.

"I'm thinking we need to consider all possibilities. Including non-terrestrial ones."



## Chapter 3: Time for Action

The Shadow Wing banked smoothly over New York City, its stealth systems ensuring it remained invisible to conventional radar. In the cargo hold, Gabriel Adams and his BTRU team were methodically checking their equipment.

"Breaching charges?" Gabriel asked, his voice carrying the calm authority that had earned him command of the tactical unit.

"Ready," Amir Hussaini replied, patting the specialized case at his feet. The Iraqi-born breacher had modified the charges himself, designed to be both effective and minimal in terms of collateral damage.

"Sniper overwatch positions?" Gabriel continued. Mikko Häyhä nodded, his Finnish accent subtle but present. "I've identified three potential locations with clear lines of sight to all entrances."

"Survival gear?" Gabriel turned to the final member of his team.

Liam Irwin, the Australian survival expert, grinned.

"Ready for anything from urban warfare to underground bunkers, mate."



Gabriel nodded, satisfied. "We move on the Overseer's command. But remember—this is reconnaissance first. We need to understand what we're dealing with before we engage."

In the pilot's cabin, Pablo Iglesias and Peter Jansen were preparing for landing at a private airfield outside the city.

"Unusual flight plan," Peter remarked, adjusting their approach vector.

Pablo nodded, his Chilean features set in concentration. "Julia wants us on standby for rapid extraction. Whatever they found in that building has her concerned."

"Since when do we get called in for squatters?" Peter asked.

"Since those squatters make officers disappear and corrupt electronic recordings," Pablo replied grimly.

In the secure communication room at the rear of the aircraft, an unusual conversation was taking place. Fox Meyer sat across from Klumgongyn, the Volrac's large, expressive eyes blinking slowly as he processed the information.

"The temporal signatures in the video are... concerning," Klumgongyn said, his voice a melodious hum.



"They resemble patterns we've seen during timeline disruptions."

Fox leaned forward. "You think we're dealing with a temporal anomaly?"

"Not exactly," Klumgongyn's textured skin shifted slightly—the Volrac equivalent of a frown. "More like... a thinning of the barriers between realities. The absence of sound is particularly telling."

"Telling of what?" Fox pressed.

Klumgongyn's gaze seemed to focus on something distant. "On Varnyr, we have legends of places where the fabric of reality wears thin. Where echoes of other times and places bleed through. We call them 'silent spaces' because sound cannot exist there—it falls into the void between worlds."

Fox felt a chill run down his spine.

"Are they dangerous?"

"That depends," Klumgongyn replied, "on what's on the other side."

In the command center, Special Agent K had been analyzing the bodycam footage frame by frame.



Something about the woman's movements seemed off—not just unusual, but physically impossible. In one frame, her hand appeared to be in two places at once.

"Dimitri," K called, "can you enhance sectors 3-B through 3-D?"

The Bulgarian hacker's fingers flew across his keyboard, and the requested sections of the video expanded on the main display.

"Боже мой," Dimitri whispered. "How did I miss that?"

The enhanced footage showed the woman's form slightly out of sync with itself—a fraction of a second both ahead and behind her primary movement. Like an echo, but visual rather than auditory.

"Mei," K called, "have you ever seen anything like this in your profiles?"

The Chinese psychologist studied the footage, her analytical mind cataloging the anomalies. "Never in a human subject. This type of movement pattern defies normal physiology."

Isabella Moreno approached the display, her historian's eye picking up on something else. "The architectural details in that hallway... they don't match the building plans we have on file. Look at the molding, the doorframes—they're from a different era entirely."



The door to the command center slid open, and Julia Sharpe entered, her presence immediately commanding attention. Behind her, Fox Meyer and Klumgongyn followed, their expressions grave.

"Report," Julia said simply.

Special Agent K stood. "We've identified several anomalies in the footage. The woman's movements are physically impossible, exhibiting what appears to be temporal displacement at the microsecond level. And according to Isabella, the interior architecture doesn't match the building's known history."

Julia nodded, unsurprised. "Fox and Klumgongyn have identified similar concerns. This may be more than a simple haunting or squatter situation."

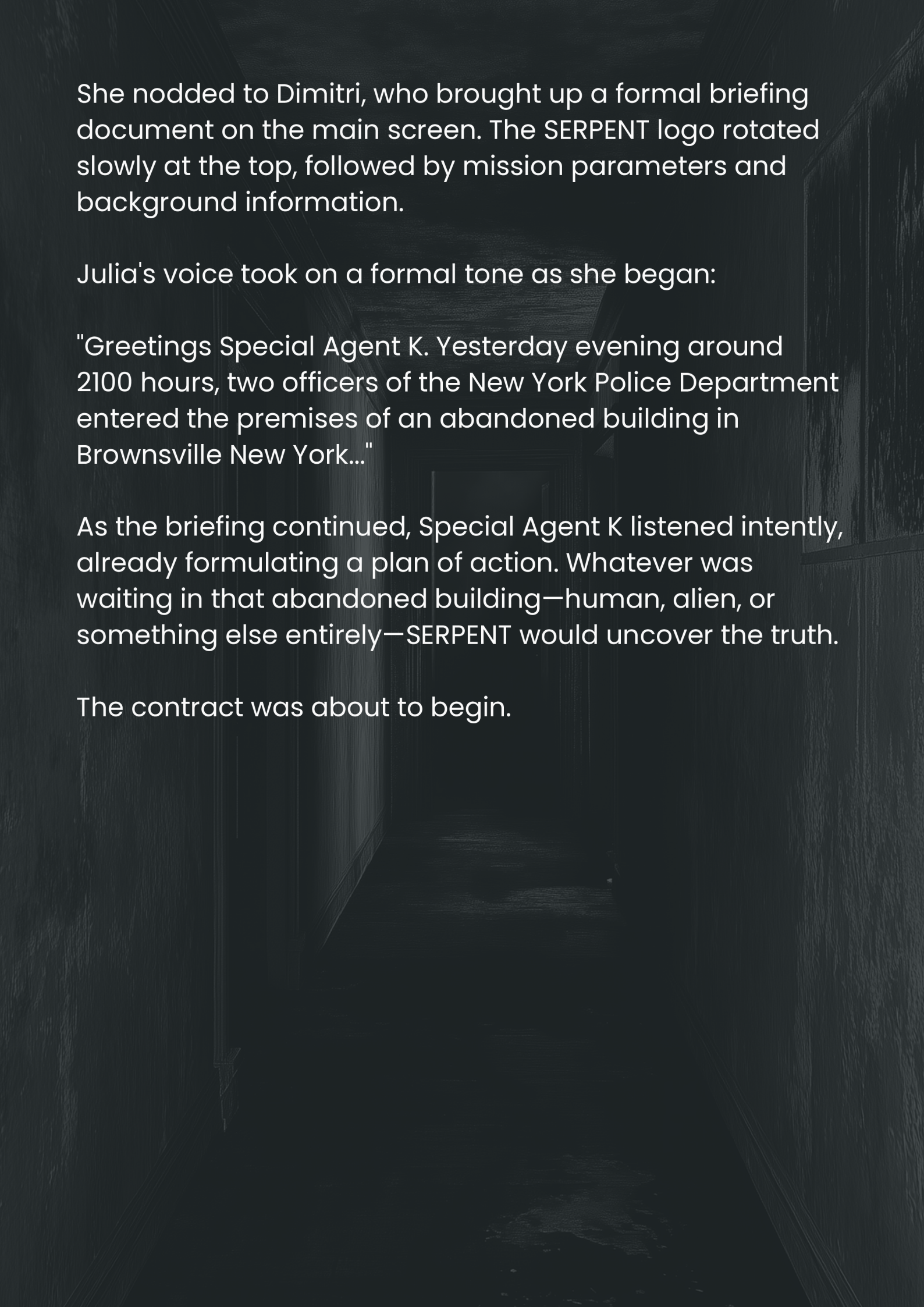
"A thin place," Klumgongyn said softly. "A place where the barriers between realities have worn down."

The command center fell silent as the implications sank in. Finally, Julia Sharpe straightened, her decision made.

"We need to investigate this thoroughly before proceeding with any tactical response."

She turned to K. "Special Agent K, given your expertise in forensic analysis and your previous experience with similar anomalies, I'm assigning you as lead on this contract."





She nodded to Dimitri, who brought up a formal briefing document on the main screen. The SERPENT logo rotated slowly at the top, followed by mission parameters and background information.

Julia's voice took on a formal tone as she began:

"Greetings Special Agent K. Yesterday evening around 2100 hours, two officers of the New York Police Department entered the premises of an abandoned building in Brownsville New York..."

As the briefing continued, Special Agent K listened intently, already formulating a plan of action. Whatever was waiting in that abandoned building—human, alien, or something else entirely—SERPENT would uncover the truth.

The contract was about to begin.



# Briefing

Greetings Special Agent K.

Yesterday evening around 2100 hours, two NYPD officers entered an abandoned building in Brownsville following neighbor complaints about a squatting woman and strange noises.

What drew NYPD's attention was security footage showing multiple people entering the building but never leaving, despite all windows being sealed and only one entrance under surveillance.

During their search, officers spotted someone at the end of a hallway who retreated behind a door. When they approached, they briefly saw a woman move past the doorframe. Despite commands, she disappeared completely.

A subsequent sweep by twelve officers and a K-9 unit found no one - not even a scent trail.

Most concerning, the body cam footage is missing audio entirely. We need you to analyze this video and determine what happened.

As always, Special Agent K, the contract is yours, if you choose to accept.



# Materials

bodycam-officer-1.mp4

## Answer Instruction

Use the answer to unlock the flagfile, this will reward you with your badge.

The answer will be visible as a long string of different characters, you'll know when you see it.

## 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.