

HAICV TORIA



PEEPEEKUN

SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THE WEIRD
LITTLE PENISES THAT KEEP SHOWING
UP IN ODD PLACES



Chapter 1: The Shadow Prank

The gentle hum of the Bombardier Global 8000's engines provided a comforting white noise as Special Agent K stared at the computer screen, typing the final details of the Kotova and Schneider surveillance report.

The Shadow Wing, SERPENT's mobile command center, cruised at 41,000 feet somewhere over the Atlantic Ocean. The mission had been straightforward enough—monitor the activities of two suspected arms dealers without direct intervention—but the paperwork was still tedious.

K stretched and reached for the coffee mug, finding it disappointingly empty. Just as K stood to refill it, the aircraft's PA system crackled to life.

"SNRRRK—mmmph—SNOOOOORT—" The unmistakable sound of heavy snoring filled the cabin, followed by a mumbled, "No, Gabriel, I didn't eat your protein bars..." The voice belonged to Liam Irwin, the Australian BTRU member and survival expert. K froze in place, cup still in hand, as the recording continued with more snoring interspersed with sleep-talking about crocodiles and proper knife-handling techniques.

The recording cut to another voice. "I'm the king of the world! Woaaaaa!" It was James Brown, the British espionage expert, apparently talking in his sleep during their last transatlantic flight.



From the adjacent workstation, Isabella Moreno looked up from her historical texts and removed her reading glasses. "What in the name of Montezuma is that?"

K placed the empty mug down and sighed. "Dimitri."

As if summoned by the mention of his name, Dimitri Zechev appeared from the tech bay, his lanky frame folded into silent laughter as he clutched a tablet controlling the PA system. The Bulgarian hacker's eyes sparkled with mischief.

"April Fools, my friends!" Dimitri announced, his accent thickening with his excitement. "I have been collecting these sleep recordings for months. Everyone on this plane talks in their sleep! Even you, K."

K's eyes widened. "You didn't."

"Not yet," Dimitri winked. "Yours are saved for later. Much more... revealing."

Before K could respond, a commotion from the front of the cabin drew everyone's attention. Fox Meyer, their extraterrestrial liaison officer, was frantically waving his arms at Klumgongyn, the Volrac representative who rarely ventured onto Shadow Wing.

"No, no, no! That's not what I meant by 'recalibrating' the machine!" Fox shouted.



Klumgongyn's large, expressive eyes blinked rapidly as his slender fingers worked at the internal components of the aircraft's coffee machine, which was now emitting an alarming purple vapor and making sounds reminiscent of a dial-up modem.

"But you said Earthlings enjoy surprises on this 'April Fools' day," Klumgongyn replied, his voice melodic yet confused. "The Ragnox brew from Varnyr's southern hemisphere provides an excellent surprise. It temporarily turns your tongue blue and enhances mental acuity for exactly 3.7 Earth hours."

Fox ran his hands through his hair. "I meant like, changing the sugar for salt, or putting plastic wrap over the toilet seat—normal Earth pranks!"

"Your Earth pranks seem remarkably uncreative," Klumgongyn observed, continuing his modifications. "On Varnyr, our annual Festival of Deception involves complex molecular reconfiguration of everyday items. Last cycle, I convinced my colleague that they had spontaneously developed opposable thumbs on their feet."

The coffee machine gave a final, ominous gurgle before spewing a jet of iridescent purple liquid across the cabin, splattering the front of Mei Huang's pristine white blouse as she emerged from her workspace.

The Chinese psychologist and linguistics expert looked down at the spreading stain, which was beginning to glow faintly.



"Fascinating," she said with remarkable calm, dabbing at the spot with a tissue. "Does this substance have psychoactive properties, Klumgongyn? I'm experiencing a tingling sensation and suddenly understand Cantonese opera on a much deeper level."

"A minor side effect," Klumgongyn assured her. "Your pineal gland is merely being stimulated. It will subside once you experience the mandatory hallucination of your ancestors dancing with cosmic jellyfish."

The chaos escalated further when Amir Hussaini and Mikko Häyhä from the BTRU rushed in, foam fire extinguishers at the ready, having misinterpreted the purple smoke as a potential threat. Gabriel Adams was close behind, barking orders about securing the perimeter of the spill.

As foam began mixing with purple liquid, Cassandra Laurent stepped delicately around the growing puddle, somehow maintaining her diplomatic composure.

"Perhaps," she suggested, "we should implement some protocols for April Fools pranks next year?"

The calamity reached its crescendo when the PA system switched to a recording of Cassandra herself, whispering French poetry in her sleep with surprising passion.

The cabin door slid open with a hydraulic hiss, and a sudden, weighted silence fell over the room.



Overseer Julia Sharpe stood in the doorway, her expression unreadable as she surveyed the scene: purple liquid dripping from the ceiling, foam covering the floor, Mei beginning to sway slightly as she hummed a Cantonese melody, and Dimitri frantically trying to shut off his tablet as Cassandra's sleep-poetry continued to play.

Julia's gaze swept the room, making eye contact with each team member before finally settling on K. One eyebrow raised ever so slightly—her equivalent of extreme disapproval.

"When you're all quite finished," she said, her crisp British accent cutting through the silence, "I have some news that might interest you more than whatever... this... is."

She held up a small metallic disc with a pulsing blue light.

"S.I.S.U. has sent us a message. And I believe they're calling us out."



Chapter 2: Rivalry Rekindled

The war room of Shadow Wing had been hastily cleaned of purple liquid and fire-extinguisher foam. Mei Huang had stopped hallucinating cosmic jellyfish, though she occasionally hummed snippets of Cantonese opera under her breath. The team gathered around the holographic command table as Julia Sharpe placed the metallic disc at its center.

"This arrived via secure courier while we were on the ground in Lisbon," Julia explained, activating the disc with a precise touch.

A holographic emblem materialized above the disc—a stylized owl with a magnifying glass, the symbol of the Strategic Intelligence and Surveillance Unit.

"S.I.S.U.," James Brown muttered, straightening his already impeccable tie. "Those smug, uptight—"

"Highly competent intelligence professionals," Julia cut in smoothly, "who thoroughly embarrassed us in last year's inter-agency exercise."

The hologram shifted to display a short message: "SERPENT: Ready for round two? Or still nursing wounds from last year? -PPK"

Gabriel Adams slammed his fist on the table. "PeePeeKun," he growled. "I still have nightmares about those thirty-six hours in the Mongolian wilderness."



K watched the reactions around the table. Isabella Moreno looked intrigued, Dimitri excited, and Mikko just sharpened his combat knife with methodical precision, his Finnish stoicism betraying nothing.

"For those newer to the team," Julia continued, "S.I.S.U. is roughly our counterpart in size and scope, though they operate under more... conventional parameters. No extraterrestrials or time travel in their repertoire."

"They're basically us without the cool toys," Fox interjected, earning a disapproving glance from Klumgongyn.

"Your species' obsession with 'cool toys' is precisely why the Galactic Council limits your access to Varnyr technology," the alien observed.

Isabella adjusted her glasses and cleared her throat. "Perhaps a brief history would help our newer colleagues understand the significance of this challenge?"

Julia nodded, and Isabella's historian instincts took over as she stepped forward.

"The SERPENT-S.I.S.U. rivalry began five years ago during Operation Glass Castle in Prague," she began, her voice taking on the cadence of a practiced lecturer. "Both our organizations were tracking the same target—a former Soviet scientist with knowledge of experimental cold war bioweapons. We weren't aware of each other's presence until..."



"Until I literally bumped into their lead analyst while picking a lock," James interrupted, looking pained at the memory. "Blew both our covers. The target escaped, though we eventually caught up with him in Bucharest." "The incident sparked an informal competition between our agencies," Isabella continued.

"What began as professional friction evolved into an annual training exercise. Each year, one agency creates an elaborate series of challenges for the other—intelligence gathering, code-breaking, tactical scenarios."

"Last year was S.I.S.U.'s turn to challenge us," Gabriel added grimly. "They airdropped our team into Mongolia with minimal equipment and a series of nearly impossible objectives."

"We failed spectacularly," Dimitri said with unexpected cheerfulness. "I got frostbite on my—"

"Yes, thank you, Dimitri," Julia interjected. "The point is, this year it's our turn to challenge them. Or so we thought."

"What do you mean?" K asked, noticing Julia's carefully measured expression.

"It appears they've decided to ignore the established pattern. The message suggests they're challenging us again," Julia replied. "And 'PPK' can only refer to—"

"PeePeeKun," several voices groaned in unison.

"Who exactly is PeePeeKun?" K asked. "I've heard the codename, but never met them."



Mei Huang, seemingly recovered from her hallucination, stepped forward. "S.I.S.U.'s lead analyst. Identity unknown, gender unknown, nationality suspected but unconfirmed. A psychological enigma wrapped in bureaucratic clearances."

"I've developed twelve different psychological profiles based on their past operations," she continued. "The most consistent traits are: exceptional pattern recognition, obsessive attention to detail, unpredictable creative leaps, and a peculiar fixation on internet meme culture despite being likely in their late thirties to early forties."

"And they're a colossal pain in the ass," Gabriel added helpfully.

The hologram suddenly flickered, the S.I.S.U. message replaced by a series of rapidly changing images: a rubber duck, a sequence of numbers, fragments of code, and finally, a crude stick figure drawing of what appeared to be the Shadow Wing with a smiley face.

"What the—" Dimitri lunged for his tablet, fingers flying across the screen. "That's not coming from the disc. Someone's hacking our system!"

The hologram stabilized on a final image: the S.I.S.U. owl emblem, now wearing a party hat with the text: "Look around you. The game has already begun."



Pablo Iglesias burst into the war room, slightly out of breath. "Someone's been in the cockpit," the Chilean pilot reported. "The flight plan has been altered, and there's a rubber duck sitting in my seat with a note that says 'Quack, quack, motherduckers.'"

"Impossible," Liam said. "We're at 41,000 feet!"

"Check the aircraft," Julia ordered, her voice calm but commanding. "All of you. Now."

As the team dispersed, K lingered behind with Julia. "How could they possibly access Shadow Wing mid-flight?" K asked.

Julia's expression remained neutral, but a hint of competitive fire flickered in her eyes.

"That, Special Agent, is exactly what we need to find out. And why we need to win this time."



Chapter 3: The Game is Afoot

Shadow Wing buzzed with activity as the SERPENT team conducted a thorough sweep of the aircraft. Gabriel Adams had activated full security protocols, much to the annoyance of everyone trying to move between compartments with newly restricted access.

"Found another one!" Cassandra called from the diplomatic communications suite. She held up a small rubber duck with a French beret glued to its head. Taped to its bottom was a QR code and the message: "Liberté, Égalité, Canardité."

Dimitri groaned from his workstation where he was running diagnostics on Shadow Wing's security systems. "That's the seventh duck! They're everywhere!"

K carefully collected the duck from Cassandra, adding it to the growing collection on the holographic command table. "Each one is customized for the finder," K observed. "Cassandra gets the French one, Pablo found the pilot duck wearing aviators, Mei's had Chinese characters..." "Mine had a sniper scope and the message 'Duck hunt champion,'" Mikko added quietly, appearing so suddenly behind K that it caused a startled jump.

"How do you DO that?" K asked the Finnish sniper, who merely shrugged and disappeared again with ghostlike stealth.



Isabella was examining the ducks with scholarly intensity. "The customization suggests extensive knowledge of our team. The question is: how did they get aboard to plant these?"

"They didn't," Dimitri announced, looking up from his tablet with a mixture of irritation and admiration.

"At least, not physically. I've found the breach—they hacked into our 3D printer in the engineering bay and remotely programmed it to create these ducks while we were all sleeping last night."

"That's... actually impressive," K admitted.

"It gets worse," Dimitri continued. "They've been gathering data. The printer is connected to our internal network for practical purposes. They've used it as a backdoor to access non-classified information about our recent movements."

Julia, who had been silently observing, spoke up. "So the challenge has already begun. Without our knowledge or consent. Typical S.I.S.U. arrogance."

"Or brilliant strategy," Mei countered. "Psychologically, they've already established dominance by infiltrating our space and forcing us to play catch-up."

Fox Meyer jogged into the war room, looking concerned.



"I've checked with Klumgongyn. He swears this isn't a Varnyr-style prank, but he did mention sensing an 'unusual temporal disturbance' near the cargo hold last night."

"Temporal disturbance?" Julia raised an eyebrow.

"His words, not mine," Fox shrugged. "He said it reminded him of the chronometric fluctuations from our mission in Budapest last year, when we encountered that rogue time traveler selling Soviet-era weapons to Renaissance Italy." Amir Hussaini, who had been systematically checking the aircraft for more tangible security breaches, joined them with a small electronic device in his gloved hand.

"Found this attached to the exterior hull, near the auxiliary power unit," the Iraqi breacher reported. "It's not explosive, but it's not one of ours either."

K examined the device without touching it. "Looks like a custom atmospheric sampler. They're tracking our location by analyzing air composition and pollution patterns."

"Which means they know exactly where we are," Gabriel concluded, "and possibly where we're headed."

The PA system suddenly crackled to life, but instead of Dimitri's sleep-recording pranks, an unfamiliar, digitally distorted voice filled the cabin.



"Greetings, SERPENT. Enjoying our little gifts? Consider them a warm-up. Your Easter egg hunt continues at the coordinates already entered in your navigation system. Don't be late—the foolishness waits for no one. Yours truly, PeePeeKun."

All eyes turned to Pablo and Peter, the pilots, who looked at each other with confusion.

"We've checked the navigation system," Peter explained, his Dutch accent more pronounced under stress. "The altered coordinates lead to a private airfield outside Helsinki, Finland."

"Finland?" several voices asked simultaneously, while Mikko merely raised an eyebrow.

"Home field advantage for our resident sniper," Julia noted. "Interesting choice."

K was piecing together the clues: the rubber ducks, the hacked systems, the coordinates.

"It's all connected," K said slowly. "Rubber ducks are a hacker symbol—a reference to 'rubber duck debugging' where programmers explain their code to a rubber duck to find errors. The Finnish connection... 'PeePeeKun' sounds like 'piparkakku'—Finnish for gingerbread cookie." The team stared at K, varying degrees of confusion on their faces.



"Sorry," K shrugged. "I dated a Finnish exchange student in college. Learned some random vocabulary."

"That... actually makes sense," Mikko admitted, materializing from the shadows again. "April 1st is known as 'aprillipäivä' in Finland—a day of practical jokes similar to your April Fools. And ducks—'ankka' in Finnish—are associated with spring."

"So we're dealing with an elaborate, Finnish-themed April Fools challenge," Julia summarized. "With rubber ducks as the primary motif."

"And gingerbread cookies, apparently," James added dryly.

The holographic table suddenly displayed a countdown clock: 3 hours, 42 minutes, and 17 seconds, ticking down. "I didn't do that," Dimitri said quickly, hands raised defensively.

"They want us in Finland by this deadline," Gabriel concluded. "Pablo, Peter—can we make it?"

The pilots exchanged a quick glance. "With favorable winds and pushing the engines a bit, yes," Pablo confirmed. "But just barely."

"Then we proceed to the coordinates," Julia decided.



"Gabriel, I want the BTRU ready for anything when we land. Dimitri, continue analyzing those ducks for hidden data. Isabella, research any historical significance of ducks in Finnish culture or intelligence operations. Mei, develop a psychological approach for dealing with PeePeeKun. The rest of you, prepare equipment for cold-weather operations."

As the team dispersed to their assignments, Julia gestured for K to remain behind.

"Special Agent," she said quietly, "I need your OSINT skills focused on identifying PeePeeKun. We've never managed to uncover their true identity, despite five years of competition. If we can get ahead of them there, we might finally gain the upper hand."

K nodded, already mentally cataloging approaches for unmasking the mysterious analyst.

"And K," Julia added, the faintest hint of a smile playing at the corners of her mouth, "make sure you sleep silently tonight. We wouldn't want Dimitri to have more material for his pranks, would we?"

Three hours later, Shadow Wing began its descent toward the private airfield outside Helsinki. The team had gathered once more in the war room, equipment checked and rechecked, strategies discussed and refined.



The rubber ducks had yielded additional clues through QR codes and microdots hidden in their design, painting a picture of an elaborate training exercise that would test every skill in SERPENT's considerable arsenal.

As the aircraft's landing gear deployed with a mechanical whine, Julia stood at the head of the table, surveying her team with quiet confidence.

"Whatever challenges await us," she said, "remember that we are SERPENT. We've faced alien invasions, time paradoxes, and international conspiracies. We will not be outdone by rubber ducks and gingerbread."

A chorus of determined agreement met her words.

"Upon landing, we'll receive the full briefing on what S.I.S.U. has prepared for us," Julia continued. "I expect everyone to —"

The cabin lights suddenly flickered, plunging the aircraft into momentary darkness before emergency lighting activated. On every screen throughout Shadow Wing, the same image appeared: the S.I.S.U. owl, animated to waddle like a duck, with text scrolling beneath it.

"Welcome to Finland, SERPENT. Your mission, should you choose to accept it, begins now. Don't duck your responsibilities!"



The landing gear touched down with a gentle bump as Shadow Wing arrived at its destination.

Through the windows, the team could see a solitary figure standing on the tarmac, holding what appeared to be—of course—a giant rubber duck.

Julia straightened her jacket and took a deep breath. "Well then," she said with determination, "let's not keep our hosts waiting."

The SERPENT team moved toward the exit ramp.

Ready to face whatever bizarre challenges the mysterious PeePeeKun had devised for this most unusual April Fools Day.



Briefing

Greetings, Special Agent.

For now, Kotova and Schneider are on the back burner, as they're under active surveillance. The case is under control, meaning your unit has time to participate in our yearly April training exercise. This year we've chosen to partner with the S.I.S.U. group. An elite group of analysts, roughly the size of one of SERPENT.

They're skilled and only use their skills for good. This year, they've agreed to partner with SERPENT on a training exercise. We've prepared a training event for them, and they've done the same for us. Creating a series of intricate puzzles and exercises to get through.

Now I'm not saying this is a match, but obviously there will be some inter-agency rivalry involved. It's your team's task to complete the assignment as quickly as possible. Or not, but I know you couldn't stand the other teams beating you. Also, what the hell does "peepeekun" mean?!

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



Materials

pee-pee-kun-start.zip
the-vault-pee-pee-kun.zip

Answer Instruction

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

To open the vault file: Use the first word of each what3words location. Example: ball.sky.book

The flag will be a secret you extract from an image, you will know it 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.

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