

GC-code	Name	Owner	Diff	Terr	Size	Swe	Eng
GC442GG	Flaggor	TFLC	★★★★☆	★★★★☆	Mic	Web	-
GC442GJ	Gamarna	TFLC	★★★★☆	★★★★☆	Sma	s 3	-
GC486HH	Indianer	FamiljenSjodin	★★★★☆	★★★★☆	Sma	s 3	-
GC442GK	Litteratur	TFLC	★★★★★	★★★★☆	Sma	s 4	-
GC4528V	Max Bolly håller låda	fredrikr	★★★★☆	★★★★☆	Mic	s 5	p 3
GC450HQ	Ohmligan IV	fredrikr	★★★★☆	★★★★☆	Sma	s 1	p 1
GC452H2	Siffror	team@	★★★★☆	★★★★☆	Mic	s 5	p 3
GC3JED2	Tvåhundra sextiofyra	fredrikr	★★★★☆	★★★★☆	Reg	s 5	p 4

## Ohmligan IV i Guldsbogen (MMDO13)

GC-code: **GC450HQ**

Coordinates: N 59° 19.500 E 017° 49.050

Attributes: Not available during winter

### Police stuck

Police now admit that the investigation of the woman suspected of planning the activities of the infamous Ohm gang, has come to a dead end. The woman, who is in her twenties, is currently serving a five year sentence at the Svartsjöanstalten penitentiary outside Stockholm, for riding a bike at night without the correct bicycle lighting.

- We suspect that she takes care of the planning from within the prison, said Commissioner Dan Kling, national director of PAFFA, the police unit for devastating attacks, while he opens a twelve pack of Danish pastries. His colleague, Commissioner Roger Klang, newly appointed head of PAFEV, the police unit for extreme weapons use, puts two Danish pastries in his mouth, and adds, barely intelligible between bites: - She has sent letters to a video game company, which she claims are drafts for level designs for a new game, but we suspect it is actually instructions for that blasted Ohm gang. Klang fingers nervously on the Negev LMG which he carries in a sleek leather holster on his right side.

- The last time we were on to the Ohm gang, we made great progress thanks to the massive reconnaissance work that I and Klang put in, says Kling, and perhaps to some extent also due to the tip we got from a private investigator that we call JonLin. This time, we don't have much to work with, so I don't know what to do. If nothing useful comes up within a week, I think we'll have to close the investigation for lack of leads. Klang nods, as he demonstratively and quickly pulls out the chrome Desert Eagle he wears in a shoulder holster, and aims at the newspaper's photographer, before he puts the gun back in the holster again. - Bang bang, he says. That's how I would put a stop to the Ohm gang if I got hold of them.

- We believe that the material the woman has been sending to the game company is relevant, but we don't know how, continues Kling. For lack of better ideas, maybe you can print the last letter she sent in the newspaper?



## Max Bolly håller låda i Guldkogen (MMDO13)

GC-code: **GC4528V**

Coordinates: N 59° 19.700 E 017° 48.900

Attributes: Available during winter

My good friend Max Bolly recently made a visit to Sweden. He comes from the small peaceful Kingdom Siluria, situated between Albania and Macedonia. Here at Lovö, Max and I took long walks in the woods. Since both of us are interested in geocaching and more specifically mystery caches, we talked a lot about mathematics and coordinates. After a while Max stopped and asked me: Have you always used these illogical words to express numbers? I mean, for example, the word twenty. It expresses two times ten, and yet neither the word for two or ten is present in twenty, at least not in any recognizable form. In Siluria we have a saying: "Two scoops of ice cream can never feed a pig." It means ... well, it is difficult to translate. Anyway, what I want to say is that in Silurian, we have entirely logical numerals. As logical as our digits, although for historical reasons, there is an important difference between our digits and our spoken numerals. You should learn from us. Then Max took out a small plastic container from his pocket, placed it in the environment, looked at his GPS and said: "Now, if I would like to tell some other Silurian where this container is, I would just say in Silurian "not kobiwankokobi grat biwankokobi dutt kokowawankowanko est biwankobibibi grat kowankoko dutt kobibibiwawankokowanko". So simple and logical. After this little conversation, we headed back to the cabin for a hot cup of tea.

Two days later, Max went home to Siluria again. It's always so much fun to see him. I really hope he comes back soon.

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## Siffror i Guldkogen (MMDO13)

GC-code **GC452H2**

Coordinates: N 59° 19.650 E 017° 48.600

Attributes: Available at all times, No tree climbing, No field mystery.

N59 2A2B2C2D2E2F3G103/1000 E17 2I2J2K17L353/1000

## **Tvåhundrasextiofyra i Guldkogen (MMDO13)**

GC-code: **GC3JED2**

Coordinates: N 59° 19.650 E 017° 48.768

Attributes: Not Available During Winter

I am a bibliophile. Yeah, you know, one of those people who collect books. And it's a bit like birdwatching - at any time, someone might call and say they have seen just that book that they know you are looking for, and then you have to act fast.

For me there has always been a book I've wanted to get hold of more than any other, and it's August Strindberg's first book, *From the Town and Gown*, the first edition from 1877. And, wouldn't you know it, last saturday, a friend in Nyköping called and said that he had seen it at a local bookstore. Unfortunately, it was over a month ago, but he had become suddenly ill and had not come to call until now. I was of course excited and immediately called up the bookstore in question. They said that they indeed had had it, but they had sold it to a small bookstore in Mariefred. I called the bookstore, and the owner told me that he remembered the book very well, but the day after he got it he had sold it to a famous collector from Norrköping. I called this collector, only to be told that he had sold the book to a bookstore in Örebro on the same day he bought it. Of course I called the Örebro bookstore, but they had sold the book on to a bookstore in Eskilstuna. It went on like this, through bookstores in Mariefred (but not the same), Uppsala, Malmö, Västerås and Tingsryd. Then the book had gone to Kristianstad, then Mönsterås, Skövde and Burträsk. By now I had begun to give up hope, but when I rang up the bookstore in Burträsk, it turned out they had actually sold it to a bookstore in Stockholm, where I live! I called them, and what do you know - they still had it! The price was also quite reasonable, so of course I bought it. What a story, huh?