

In Arts Hall today, there is a function. Important faculty members from across the University have gathered to drink free coffee and eat stale pastries. The windows have been repaired and all the chairs and tables have been returned to their proper places. Hanging over the event is a proud banner. It reads "THREE DAYS SINCE A FUNCTION IN THIS HALL WAS BROKEN UP BY A VIOLENT BRAWL BETWEEN A MEMBER OF THE SCHOOL AND A TERMINATOR."

That's when you and the Terminator make your entrance. Your spear tackle catches the Terminator in the stomach and the two of you plough into a table of scones and fruit salad. The gathered academics scream. The Terminator picks up a professor of linguistics and throws him at you. You parry the throw with a chair and then throw the chair back at the Terminator. The professor of linguistics groans, "this has given me a terrific idea for an analogy I could use to explain interlinguistic translation to my second years!"

The Terminator catches the chair in one hand and bends it in half with the other. He runs at you and tackles you out the window. You land hard on the grass outside.

The Terminator stands up and puts his boot on your chest. You fumble for the brick again, but it's out of reach. Then, the Terminator looks up and sees the time on the clocktower. It's 2:45.

"I'll be back," he says and runs off towards Union House.

"Oh," you say, "that's when he said that."

You realise where he's running. You know what he's about to do. You pick up the brick and The Device and run after him. You run past a chemistry class. They're studying a series of chemicals. The Device starts to buzz.

"No," you plead, "I have to save

Chlorine trifluoride 1,2-dimethyl cyclohexane Beryllium fluoride Z But-2-ene Aluminium trichloride Z 1,2-dichloroethene Chlorine dioxide Benzene [Propadiene. Xenon difluoride. Oxazine. Pyridine (E But-2-ene, 2-Methyl-2-butene)] Naphthalene Z 1,2-dibromoethene Bromine trifluoride 1,2-dimethyl cyclopropane E 1-Bromo-2-chloroethene Nitrogen trichloride