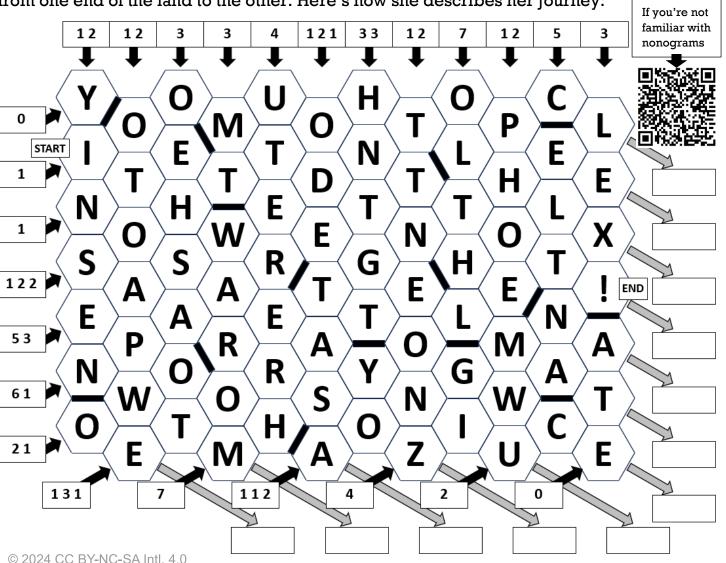


Robert Becker (St. Louis, MO)





When she was just a wee lass, Liza had a run-in with an evil sorcerer who cast a hex on her that made it impossible for her to ever tell the truth. And so Liza's life was spent wandering from one end of the land to the other. Here's how she describes her journey:



- My journey has nothing to do with nonograms.
- The hexes should be shaded in so darkly that you cannot read the letters beneath.
- The shaded-in grid ends up looking like a recognizable object, and you need to spend a long time figuring out what that object is.
- The shaded-in grid does not define the route I take.
- On my route, I can cross my own path if I want.
- I am able to revisit the same hex cell more than once.
- I can pass through any of those black walls in my way.
- The twelve missing sets of numbers mean nothing, and they do not indicate in clockwise order the number of steps I took before pausing.

Truth be told, her journey could be summed up in just a few words.