

# Directions

*To solve this puzzle, all you have to do is follow the directions. But have you completed all of the necessary preparation before you start your trip?*

Boss and I were assigned to write uplifting articles for the California Tech, since finals week was always a little depressing for students. We decided to cast a wide net for finding stories, but most everyone was studying, and we couldn't get any good ones from our usual sources.

Really, the only way to successfully churn this paper out (and get my own finals done!) was to find a visitor who had stories to tell and wanted to tell them. Luckily, while wandering around campus, we found a nice old lady who introduced herself as Irene Cooper. She struck a deal with us: she would trade stories with us for directions to where she wanted to go.

"All right, start by writing down her initials, title, and 'TS'" instructed Boss, perhaps a little too loudly. "Why 'TS'?" I asked, a little confused. "Is that supposed to stand for something?"

Irene interrupted Boss before he could explain. "Let the young'un do the job," she chided. "This one sounds smart enough to figure it out." She then leaned in towards me and whispered, "If you weren't paying attention, I was a Doctor of Osteopathic Medicine before retiring." She straightened up again.

"Let's see, stories...well, you all know Mr. Feynman, seems he's mighty famous 'round here. He told me once that everything boils down to making things short and then counting them. Anytime you're stuck. And he was such a joker! You should really add a BS mark to everything he said to make sure things turn up correctly." I glanced at Boss in confusion. Was I really supposed to follow this? Boss nodded along, but I barely wrote everything down as Irene started another story. "Have you heard the one where he played with swords as exercise? The one time he kept track, he ended up tripling the score. Wait, even more than that. I think you might have to add my title (one letter to each digit!) and that result would be right."

"Look here, that man was even good at geology!" exclaimed Irene, starting over yet again. "He made a fair amount of money from knowing what rocks to sell to which people. I heard he once took a fellow laureate's ID and left a rock in its place!" Irene finally paused a bit, reminiscing. "It was very involved. I think he even had to switch the order of the numbers on the price tag to get the result he wanted."

"Enough stories for today, I think. You said you'd help me find the place I was headed?" said Irene, as I scrambled to finish transcribing what could only be gibberish. I turned to Boss. "Is this really enough? This doesn't seem clear at all, and she didn't even finish any of her stories..." Boss put up a hand to silence me, "We have plenty to string together. These stories start from every which way, but they all end up in the same place: just take what was left unused and sum it up with everything and anythin'!" He then turned toward Irene, holding her arm, "Now, let's take you to your final destination."