

# Welcome to the Future!

In a world ravaged by a sequence of pandemics, those athletes that did survive are too debilitated to put on much of a show, but the desire for competitive sport remains unabated. And so, it has been left up to the weak, the clumsy and the otherwise indifferent to carry on the tradition of blowhards bloviating on ESPN and lucrative marketing deals.

While the audiences weren't particularly enamored with watching [Teams](#) of Librarians race to shelve titles with ambiguous Dewey Decimal Classifications, or Land Surveyors get that slope's grade "just right", there was nothing else on TV to "wooo" at, so "wooo" they did. — *I turned on the TV the other night and saw the audience "wooing" at a giant Pachinko machine, satire is dead in the Trump era.*

One of the spookier offshoots of this trend is the rise of competitive [Mediumship](#) and team séances. Which brings us to the upcoming Battle Royale, where the nation's top six [Teams](#) compete to wrest the truth from the spirit world, and solve a one hundred and twenty-six year old mystery.

Soon, we will observe them gather at Warwick Manor, an estate recently purchased by the CEO of the event's sponsor: [Best Maid Sour Pickle Beer](#). Over a century ago, the Count of Warwick's man-servant was murdered on the grounds, but the police were unable to solve the crime. He haunts the place to this day, unable to rest until the identity of the foul perpetrator is discovered. Our sponsor would be over the moon if he were able to move back into the Manor for which he so handsomely paid.



On Sunday, September 6th, the séancing will begin at the stroke of midnight (Yekaterinburg Time). Each team will have seven hours until dawn in which to use their powers to summon Visions to reveal the culprit, where the murder occurred and the motive behind the deed.