



RHOMBUS

PRESS RELEASE

[Fiction, Satire] The Rhombus Project announces the Heart of Mt. Rhom gemstone has been found!

November 21, 2021. The valley floor was an expansive moonscape with a dried lake bed at its center. The dried lake went on for miles salt and peppered with giant boulders of quartz that in the sunset was a mystical walk through a pink, red, and violet maze. The woman who was working her way to its center was almost there.

She came from a family of adventures, accustomed to searching for things that label them fools to spend their energy, intellect, and fortune to find.

She was statuesque to the point of distraction. Her hair was red and short with skin that was coppertone to an exotic sheen that drew one to want to touch her. Her body was toned as if track and field was in her past. Her speed served her well as the sun was almost behind some distant mountains and she needed to get to the center before the temperatures in the valley would drop to freezing.

She moved in and out and around the boulders as if controlled by a joystick in pursuit of a high score.

Finally near the center, she observed an open path. At the center, she allowed herself to pant, to draw full her lungs with the air that seemed to be neglected in her hurry to arrive at this spot.

The spot held a small campsite. The small campsite held a sitting wrinkled man whose clothes were weathered. In his hand, he had a small card which he tossed to her expectant outreached hand which she then immediately slipped into her pocket. With less time than spent in a convenience store, she left the campsite to a night sky spectacle of stars.

This woman's thoughts were clearly elsewhere as the shimmering moonlight on the quartz boulders were no comfort to her anxiousness to get to her next location. Her eyes searched for her next vector. In the distance, at the far side of the dried lake with some trees were structures that could be the famous retreat of Tiglee. The retreat was spoken of as a legend, but it was no myth.

Sophie M. Rand was from money, not just upper middle-class money, but the type of money that makes more money in quantities that can not be easily spent. She tried the wild side that wealth afforded her, but came to the realization that having a purpose was much better than having a hangover. So, she took up the family business, treasure hunting.

Tiglee was a ultra-rich wine vineyard owner who built his retreat at the base of Mt. Rhom. The county that was at the base of Mt. Rhom was very happy that the businessman would build his retreat there, because the construction work would employ nearly every available worker for nearly 14 months. However, the retreat was never opened to the public because while constructing an observatory on Mt. Rhom that would be just above the completed retreat to allow for after dinner stargazing, a wondrous gemstone called the Heart of Mt. Rhom was discovered. The gemstone was described as a large faceted oval; its brilliance shone like a starlight bubblegum-pink river inside a purple ocean. The gemstone was said to have the power to bring sobriety to any who touched it.

When the Heart of Mt. Rhom was placed in Tiglee's hand, he immediately had no desire to drink alcohol. The power of the Mt. Rhom gemstone frightened Tiglee to the core of his business acumen. He ordered the gemstone to be rehidden and never opened the retreat to the public.

Sophie had found the Tiglee retreat, which was still somewhat mysterious by any measure. Sophie was satisfied with the gossip of the Heart of Mt. Rhom still being at the retreat was true. Its exact location was a hidden secret she'd have to discover.

While the Tiglee retreat wasn't open to the public, it appeared to be a fully functional facility. She needed a reason to be there, as uninvited guests were not wanted.

She was undeterred. With the confidence of old money in an election year, she made her way to the front gate and asked for an audience with the retreat Director. For a price, she would train his staff in the art of Hawaiian Lomi Lomi massage.

The proposition at the gate of the mysterious retreat was not as far-fetched as many unsolicited offers may seem. Sophie's reputation precedes her as her tick-tock videos and instagram stories made her world famous, even known at the footsteps of Mt. Rhom. She encouraged a test to show the Director her technique as there must be a client in need of a massage. The long rhythmic strokes with her elbows from the neck to the toes impressed the Director of Lomi Lomi massage's merit. Sophie's real reason for requesting employment at the retreat was to be given a valid justification to remain there while she searched for the hidden location of the Heart of Mt. Rhom. Then a disruption in her plan materialized in the office of the Director after her impressive demonstration. Devon Ceniza made a video call offer to the Director.

Devon Ceniza was an expat business woman who operated out of Hong Kong. She was a voluptuous tick-tock competitor well-known to Sophie. Her African Rungu Massage offer exceeded Sophie's because it included already trained staff from overseas at a minimum wage and with transportation and the necessary work visas included. Devon Ceniza herself would

also be among the first staff in exchange for being allowed to make videos at the retreat while keeping any staff or clients' identity anonymous.

Sophie didn't try to deprecate the reputation or outbid the wily Devon Ceniza because this would have been to Devon's eventual advantage. Sophie's goal was the Heart of Mt. Rhom. The Director said that he'll need to make a consultation before making the decision. Which could not be done until the next day. This infuriated the impatient Devon Ceniza, but was exactly what Sophie needed, as Sophie smiled. She knew she had to find the gemstone and leave before the Director made up his mind.

This sparsely populated retreat was now filled with nervous energy as perhaps the retreat could be opened to the public with one of these deals.

At the first opportunity Sophie made her way to the observatory like a cat in pursuit of a newly smelled mouse. She went up winding stone stairs into a large open foyer. Unlike the rest of the retreat the observatory foyer lacked attention for years as if some fearful plague held sway beyond the entrance of the structure. Something shimmering caught her attention. It was a full-wall silk tapestry telling the story of Heart of Mt. Rhom. Somewhere in this observatory was the Heart of Mt. Rhom unless all the rumors are fanciful babble.

Sophie passed through large french doors into a broad rotunda with a plexi-glass ceiling. A huge gold leaf telescope was at the center of the room. The custom-made telescope was a treasure in and of itself. If it would have fit into her pocket, she would have taken it. Her thoughts of the value of the Heart of Mt. Rhom and of holding the story-filled gemstone in her hands made her chest pulse with anticipation.

Behind the telescope was a narrow hallway with minimalist art on the walls. She peeked down it and saw two potential directions. One direction was empty, the other had a door with more gold leaf that matched the telescope.

Once inside she started to scan the room for where the gemstone could be hidden. Her time was limited and a full grid search of the entire observatory was out of the question. She knew Devon Ceniza's offer would be accepted. Devon would eventually find and take the Heart of Mt. Rhom for herself, and then abandons the deal offered to the retreat Director.

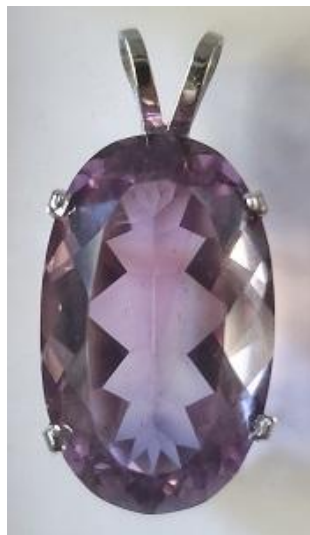
She examined the walls for a secret door. With the gentlest touch at the right location, a wall panel silently flung as if opened by a child expecting a package on Christmas Day. But as presents aren't usually delivered on Christmas, this secret chamber was empty.

Upon hearing the faint howl of a flying machine, she left the observatory. She tussled with her nature to hide or pursue this puzzling sound in the middle of the night. She chose to pursue it. Upon reaching what was a lite-up helipad, the sounds were clearly departing. Helicopters don't come and go without leaving a person behind. A new human presence was unmistakable.

There was the light lingering perfume scent of a known nemesis, Devon Ceniza was now at the retreat.

Returning to her guest bungalow, she gazes down at the shimmering tiles on the balcony in the moonlight briefly wondering the purpose of the secret chamber. But, the utility of rich men's architectural predilections wasn't her problem. She needed to find the gemstone before Devon's offer was accepted, as Devon would then insist the Director have her leave immediately. However, her few experiences as an opportunist smuggler kept coming back to a simple rule that secret rooms have secrets.

A thought came to her, and she grabbed a bottle of wine from a rack. Daringly she ran back to the observatory. Entering the secret chamber she spilled the wine on the floor. A seam in the tiles exposed itself by the bubbles of flowing wine. She knelt down and pushed the wine out of the seam with the card she acquired from the wrinkled man at the campsite. The card was a key that opened a panel on the stone tile floor. The Heart of Mt. Rhom gemstone was within, and to herself she said, "It's time to leave."



About Rhombus

Rhombus is a decentralized and privacy-focused, untraceable, Proof-of-Stake cryptocurrency ecosystem. It is built on top of Bitcoin Core. The Rhombus team's goal is to take the additional steps to protect users anonymity and security. Get more information at our website, www.rhom.com or via our general email address, info@rhom.com.