

- ☐ **Crime Scene Berlin: Where is "Fefe"?** **Felix** Thu, 05 Jun 2025 13:04:34 GMT No. 157614

JPG 880×495 71.4k



Berlin, a web of data streams and dark secrets. When renowned IT blogger Felix von Leitner – known as "Fefe" – disappears without a trace, Chief Inspector Robert Karow is drawn into a maelstrom of conspiracies and virtual shadow worlds.

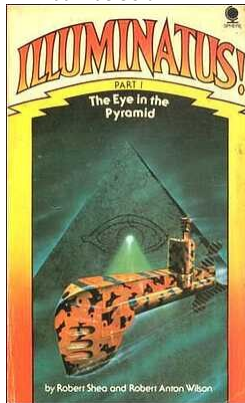
In his search for answers, Karow discovers parallels to another mysterious case: the disappearance of Karsten Koch, another key figure in the digital scene. Are the two cases connected? Is someone deliberately out to silence the tech world's leading voices?

With his relentless approach, Karow sifts through the dark thicket of cybercrime, political intrigue, and old rivalries. The deeper he digs, the more dangerous it becomes – because whoever uncovers the truth could soon be gone themselves.

**Sunday, 8:15 p.m. on Das Erste – a crime scene that shakes up more than just the digital world!**

- ☐ **Felix** Thu, 05 Jun 2025 13:23:00 GMT #157615

JPG 299×493 38.0k



While Karow and his team comb through the missing man's apartment, which is filled with Linux laptops, they come across a puzzling detail: Several old, worn copies of the "Illuminatus!" trilogy lie scattered on tables and shelves. But what immediately catches the eye are the strange, dark red stains on the pages—traces of Refosco, an Italian red wine known among connoisseurs for its bitter, almost mystical character.

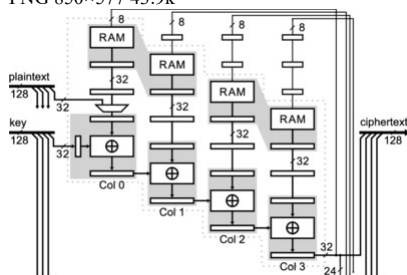
For Karow, it's more than a coincidence. Koch, who once toyed with Illuminati theories, and now Felix von Leitner—both disappeared, both deeply rooted in the digital scene. Did they communicate with someone? Did they leave hidden messages? And who else was in these apartments, with a glass of Refosco in hand and possibly knowledge that no one else should possess?

The investigation takes a sinister turn when Karow finds a handwritten note in the cover of one of the comics: "The truth lies in the network, but those who dig too deep will be swallowed up."

Were they too close? Was this a clue or a warning? The digital shadows are growing thicker, and the hunt for the truth could become more dangerous for Karow than he ever imagined.

- ☐ **Felix** Thu, 05 Jun 2025 13:34:53 GMT #157617

PNG 850×577 43.9k



As Karow delves deeper into the digital traces, he comes across a cryptic commit in Felix's CVS—a seemingly innocuous entry, but with a signature that makes him suspicious. It's not just a simple code change, but a piece of the puzzle in a much bigger picture. But what exactly was Felix trying to say?

To gain clarity, Karow visits the Chaos Computer Club,

where he turns to an old confidant of Felix's. But the contact reacts noticeably defensively. "I don't know anything about it," he says hastily, as he lets his gaze wander over the neon lights of the hackerspace workshop. A reflex that tells Karow there's more to it.

Felix had recently been working on a radical security concept: a function prototype for his own C standard library, inspired by libsodium. What particularly occupied him, however, was the implementation of AEGIS-128 for dietlibc—a state-of-the-art authenticated cipher considered faster and more secure than AES and ChaCha20-Poly1305. But why this project? What had Felix discovered that challenged established cryptography?

Karow begins to understand that Felix didn't just want to develop another security tool—he had identified a threat. One buried deep within the networks. A vulnerability that endangered not only his own code, but the entire foundation of digital communication. And someone wanted to prevent him from sharing this knowledge.

As Karow investigates further, he discovers a connection to Koch. Not only were their disappearances similar—they had both been working on something too explosive to go unnoticed. Someone, or something, had silenced them.

But Karow knows: if he continues to dig for the truth, he's putting himself at risk. Because not everything in the digital world remains virtual—some shadows reach out to those who know too much.

- ☐ **Felix** Thu, 05 Jun 2025 13:44:02 GMT #157618



As Karow re-enters the apartment, he doesn't miss the telltale flash of a telephoto lens behind the curtain of the apartment opposite. The reflection is visible for only a moment—but it's enough to confirm his suspicion: someone is watching him.

Instinctively, he steps out onto the street, where he catches two men in dark jumpsuits hastily dismantling their surveillance equipment. Karow confronts them directly, but before he can get a response, he feels a sudden blow to the back of his head. His vision blurs,

the ground tilts beneath him, and then... darkness.

He awakens groggy, the air damp and stale. His arms feel heavy—numb. The world around him sways slightly, as if he's been administered a sedative. The room is sparse, a basement, dimly lit by a bare lightbulb. The masked men stand before him, their voices muffled but insistent. They demand to know what he's discovered.

Karow answers without hesitation—no tricks, no games. He knows he can't bluff in this situation. But his honesty surprises the men. One of them takes a step back, as if he'd heard something. Seconds later, the door is flung open—the alarm cry of a passerby who looked through the light shaft and called the police.

Chaos erupts. The figures hastily flee through a side exit, not without first removing all evidence. When Karow is freed by his colleagues, the room is empty—nothing to indicate the perpetrators. The surveillance equipment, the notes, even the footprints on the dusty floor are gone.

When Karow collapses later at the station, he senses the gravity of the situation. Someone had gone to great lengths to cover their tracks. Someone with resources, with experience,

with a reason to take him out of the picture.

But Karow knows one thing: Anyone who wants to silence him is afraid of what he might find out.

- ☐ **Felix** Thu, 05 Jun 2025 13:54:17 GMT #157619

JPG 500×537 53.9k



Karow leans back, the golden wheat beer swirling slowly in his glass, as he browses the dark corners of the internet. The silence of his apartment is broken only by the quiet hum of his laptop as he digs through countless threads on an obscure image board. Among the most absurd theories and digital noise, one name keeps popping up: "Zuse." The board's admin, a phantom of the online world—knowing, but cautious.

As weeks pass and Felix's blog's HTTPS certificate expires without a reissue, the masses only slowly begin to realize that he's truly gone. But the theories are wild, full of FUD, directed by those who want to obscure the truth. Nothing forms a clear picture.

In search of answers, Karow seeks out another Berlin blogger, an old rival of Felix's. But the reception is icy. "Felix? I didn't like him," he hisses, slamming the door. But in the silence that follows, a faint whisper penetrates the wood: "They did the same thing to me back then."

Karow pauses.

The voice behind the door continues, muffled, as if afraid of being overheard. The blogger had once worked on a cryptophone—a system designed to make communication truly secure. But his project was wiped out, by the university, by the supervising professor. Vanished from the face of the earth, as if it had never existed.

Now there is no longer any doubt: Felix was not the first, and he will not be the last. The trail leads Karow deep into the basement of the IT department of the Chair of Cybersecurity, where knowledge is not only stored but also silenced.

But in these dark corridors lurk not only answers—but also those who want to prevent them from ever seeing the light of day.

- ☐ **Felix** Thu, 05 Jun 2025 14:04:55 GMT #157621

PNG 1440×780 1.1M



The air in the university basement is heavy and smells of mold. The plaster is crumbling in places, and the neon lights flicker erratically as Karow walks down the narrow corridor. Room 0.101. The professor's name is still emblazoned on the door, but everything about the place feels deserted. He knocks twice.

"Come in!" The voice is squeaky, thin, but firm.

The door opens with a soft creak, and Karow steps in. In front of him sits a young man at an imposing workstation, three screens illuminating his pale face. He's hunched over, his gaze flickering over the lines of code, but Karow's presence barely seems to touch him.

"The professor?" Karow asks cautiously.

The student shakes his head. "He's been gone for a long time. Called to greater things." He speaks without enthusiasm, as if it were a matter of fact.

"Greater things?"

"Direct promotion to Pullach. No... back to Berlin now." Then, almost casually, as if it were a bad joke fragment: "Project Teufelsberg 2.0." He laughs—but it sounds wrong, almost mechanical, for no discernible reason.

Karow realizes he won't get out of here. The young man is already immersed in his work again, typing with stoic calm, as if Karow had never been there. So Karow thanks him and leaves the room, but the words echo in his head.

Teufelsberg. The old American ECHELON station. But it's been closed for a long time, dilapidated, a relic of the Cold War. Why is it being mentioned again now?

Later, as Karow sits in his car, the dark Berlin cityscape passing by, he knows he has no choice. It's no longer a mere lead—it's an invitation. A warning. A challenge.

And so he sets out into the night. Into the ruins. Into the shadows. Perhaps there he would find answers that would open up a new trail. But maybe something that would have been better left hidden.

- ☐ **Felix** Thu, 05 Jun 2025 14:16:10 GMT #157622

JPG 1200×800 112.3k



Night hangs heavy over the ruins as Karow slowly brings his old BMW 320ci convertible to a stop. The engine dies, but the flickering light of a fire casts shadows on the walls of the old listening station. The punks at the barrel notice him immediately, and the leader—a gaunt guy wearing a tattered leather jacket—grimaces in annoyance.

"Oh, a NARC," he calls out mockingly. "You can't have us, our weed is legal. Grow club on Boxhagener Straße, haha."

Karow remains calm. He reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a 50-euro note. The punk looks at him briefly, then shakes his shoulders. "Sorry... bro. I don't swing that way."

His girlfriend laughs shrilly, her eyes glassy, then spits at his feet. Karow doesn't bat an eyelid. Instead, he pulls out a 100-euro note. The punk pauses, his face changing. "Are you deaf, cop?" he asks, his voice suddenly sharper.

Karow lowers his head slightly. "For information on Felix's disappearance."

The punk blinks. For the first time, a trace of unease appears in his features. "Felix...?" His hand unconsciously runs over the rough folds of his trousers. "What about him? He hasn't been here in a long time."

"When was the last time?" Karow asks.

"Weeks. Months. No idea." The punk wrestles with himself. "He always sat quietly next to us, programming, watching the stars. Cool guy."



"Did he mention anyone?" Karow's voice remains calm but firm. "Or talk about Teufelsberg 2.0?"

The fire crackles, but the atmosphere between them suddenly becomes heavy. The punk swallows audibly, his gaze wandering for a moment into the darkness of the night. His fingers tremble slightly, as if touching an unconscious memory.

"Felix sometimes muttered... about people who asked him questions. About codes that weren't meant to be deciphered. And once..." he pauses, shakes his head almost imperceptibly, "once he said, 'Some things aren't meant for the stars.'"

Karow feels the tension tightening in his chest. He knows that feeling. The truth lies here somewhere among the shadows, hidden in old data and fleeting memories. But the crucial clue? Perhaps it's waiting somewhere in the ruins of Teufelsberg—or it will find him before he can find it.

- ☐ **Felix** Thu, 05 Jun 2025 14:52:26 GMT #157623

JPG 1024×683 383.0k



The dark silhouette of the ruin looms against the starry sky as Karow cautiously makes his way upwards. The wind whistles through the broken windows, and somewhere in the distance, a loose metal plate clinks. His heart beats faster. He knows he'll find something—he just doesn't know what.

Using his smartphone's flashlight, he scans the walls of the upper level. The beams dance over crumbling plaster and rusty struts until something glimmers faintly in the masonry. He steps closer. A small, dark notch—and inside, firmly embedded, a USB stick.

Karow stares at the tiny storage device. No ordinary hiding place. A dead drop. Felix used a sneakernet. Not a digital data transfer, not an encrypted upload—a physical exchange, hidden in the old ruin.

But the stick is stuck. Cursing, Karow grabs an old heating pipe lying next to the broken remains of a control cabinet. With careful lever movements, he loosens the old red bricks until the USB stick finally comes free. Not a scratch. Perfectly preserved.

He hastily stuffs the small device into his sock when a familiar sound resonates down at the foot of Teufelsberg. Engines. Wheels on gravel. The van is back – silent, without headlights, as if creeping through the night.

Instinct kicks in. Karow sprints, dodging the debris, running through the dense undergrowth. Not a look back. He knows the darkness is his only protection. Only when he escapes into the lit streets of Berlin does he gasp, adrenaline still pulsing in his veins.

A taxi stops. He gets in, briefly says "Kommissariat" – not home, no, someone might be waiting for him there.

Later, in the safety of his office, he plugs in the USB stick. The drive lights up frantically.

A single directory appears: "\_PROJECT\_HOG."

He clicks. And then he sees what Felix has hidden.

- ☐ **Felix** Thu, 05 Jun 2025 15:49:31 GMT #157624

JPG 500×500 86.6k



Karow stares at the screen. The "\_PROJECT\_HOG" directory reveals itself with a cryptic collection of subfolders—each one a puzzle piece of a larger network whose significance is only slowly becoming clear to him.

"mix-network"—a system for obfuscating sender and receiver, a concept similar to the Tor network, but with finer, more impenetrable structures. "tls1.4-aegis-aead-ref-fvl"—an experimental cryptography implementation, possibly a radical upgrade to existing transport ciphers. "GNU-taler-fork"—an adaptation of

the Taler digital payment system with sweeping changes, perhaps an attempt to bring anonymized financial transactions into a new era. "garlic-hog-salami-routing"—a term completely foreign to Karow. A derivative of Garlic Routing, but with an added layer of untraceability. "refosco-store-n-forward"—an offline-capable, storage-based forwarding method. A hint of a network that exists completely independently of direct digital connections?

He taps hesitantly at the keyboard, searching for connections via DuckDuckGo, but the results are sparse. Then he stumbles upon scattered discussions in niche forums: ring signatures, Pedersen commitments, secret addresses for privacy—all of this sounds like a radically advanced promise of what once began with Bitcoin. But Felix had taken it further—beyond the established principle of financial anonymity.

Was he the new Icarus? A man who had flown too close to the digital sun? Or was he a modern-day Prometheus, a voice of truth seeking to unleash a force more powerful than any firewall?

Karow feels a vague restlessness rising within him. Felix had created something—something that couldn't fall into the wrong hands. And if his disappearance had anything to do with it, then the forces at work here were far greater than a simple conspiracy.

He knows he's come to the right place. But at the same time, he also knows someone has already taken notice.

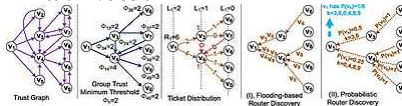
A muffled noise interrupts his thoughts. His gaze flicks to the door of his office. The neon lights are humming, but in the distance he hears footsteps. Slow ones. Careful ones.

His heart rate increases. He hastily closes the laptop. It's too late to go back. But it's also too late to stop.

He must find out now what Felix has really discovered. And who else is looking for it.

- ☐ **Felix** Thu, 05 Jun 2025 16:09:29 GMT #157625

JPG 690×178 53.9k



Karow knew he couldn't hesitate for a second. The night before leaving the office, he had copied the USB stick to his GrapheneOS smartphone via OTG—a redundant backup, an additional safeguard against exactly what had now happened. The stick itself was gone, but the data wasn't lost.

The Chaos Computer Club had already received the first copy the evening before. The

members were alarmed, but cautious—no public statements, no hasty conclusions. They analyzed the code, checked the structure. The cryptic projects under “\_PROJECT\_HOG” slowly began to paint a picture: Felix had developed something that went beyond mere data protection mechanisms. A network that not only enabled anonymized communication but also evaded any state control.

But it wasn't just the technology. It was the idea. A concept for true digital autonomy.

Karow stared at his smartphone, his fingers over the file that still lay untouched on it. Now he knew they were watching him. That they knew he was searching. But he also knew they were already too late.

Felix's code still existed. And there were people who understood what it meant.

Now the only question remained: What exactly were “they” planning to do to prevent this? And how long would it take before they struck again?

- ☐ **Felix** Thu, 05 Jun 2025 16:25:15 GMT #157626

JPG 445×267 27.1k



Karow sits motionless in the sterile conference room while the atmosphere around him becomes more oppressive. The police chief has spoken. The case is closed. The missing person has “surfaced.” But Karow knows: This isn't a police decision. It's an order from above.

The men in their immaculate suits have no official badges, no recognizable affiliations. But their presence alone betrays that they are no ordinary officers. They know him. They know what he's found out. And above all: They want to make sure he doesn't do anything else.

A punch on the table breaks the silence. “Are you hard of hearing? You do what we tell you.” The man next to the police chief speaks with a firmness that leaves no room for contradiction. But Karow doesn't contradict him. Not yet.

He's thinking intensely. The men in the van. The scene at the university. The aggressive blogger whose crypto phone was wiped out. Then suddenly, scales fall from his eyes.

The photo in the university basement. The professor who had been “promoted.” He's sitting right here, next to the police chief.

Karow feels a cold realization creeping through his thoughts. It was never just a police investigation. It was never just Felix. It was an operation. A targeted control over what is thought, developed, and ultimately never published in certain circles.

Without another word, Karow signs the preprinted report. Every line meticulously censored, every sentence formulated to conceal the true course of events. His name is underneath, but what's written in it has nothing to do with reality. While he

's still in the office, a drill smashes his smartphone. His personal laptop and his police laptop follow. A drug test is conducted, a direct measure to secure his leave of absence. The fact that his kidnappers had drugged him is pointedly ignored. “Sit it out,” they say. “Look forward to your imminent promotion.”

Later, as Karow sits in his apartment with a still wheat beer, the city around him feels

empty. Felix is alive, somewhere. His project awaits. But he himself? He has nothing left in his hands.

Then, as he empties his mailbox, he pauses. A collection of the "Illuminatus!" trilogy.

No return address. No comment. Just the book, carefully placed there.

A message. A sign that the truth hadn't been erased. Not completely.

And maybe—just maybe—it wasn't over yet.

**/End of episode.**