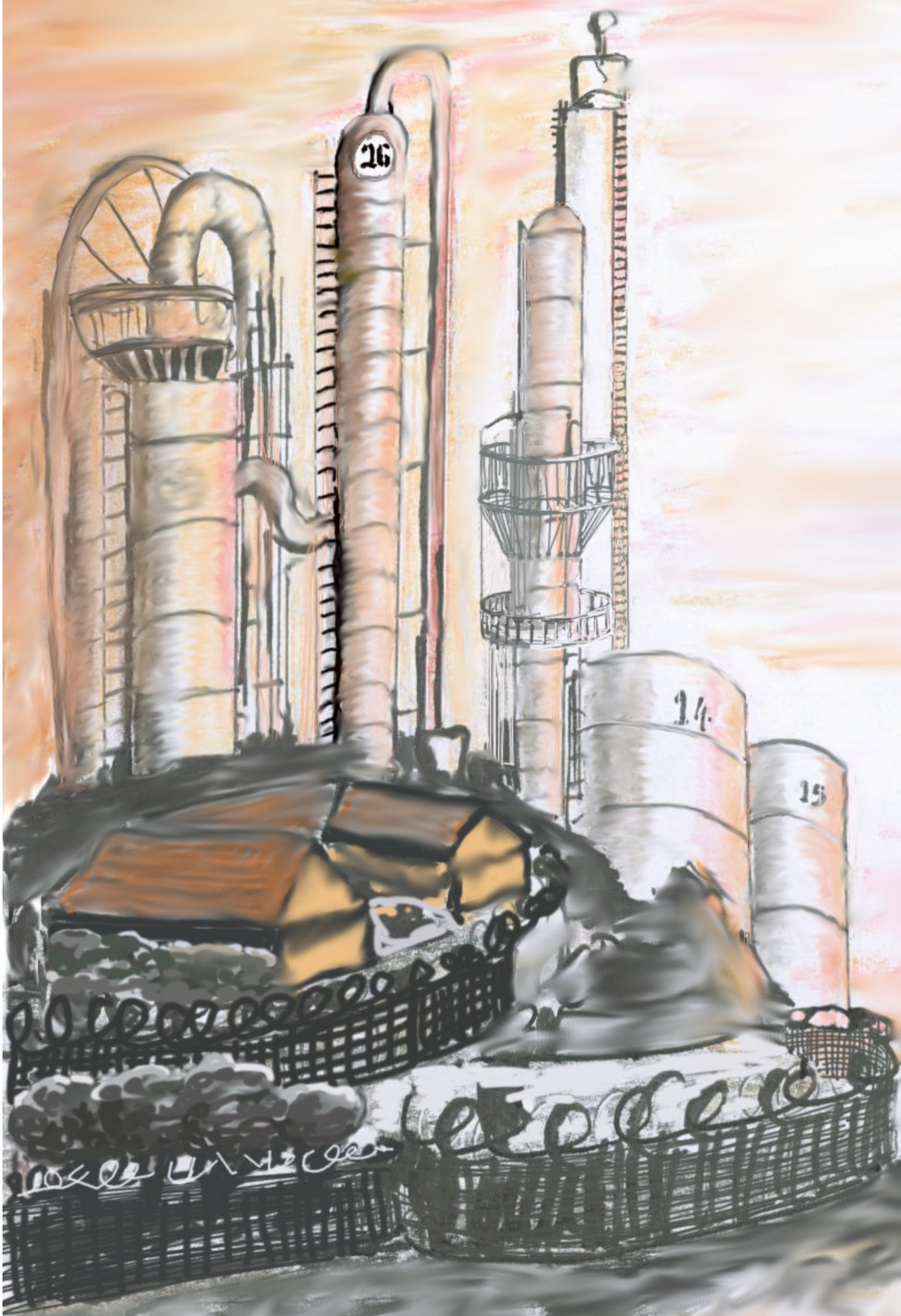


TOKYO
2079

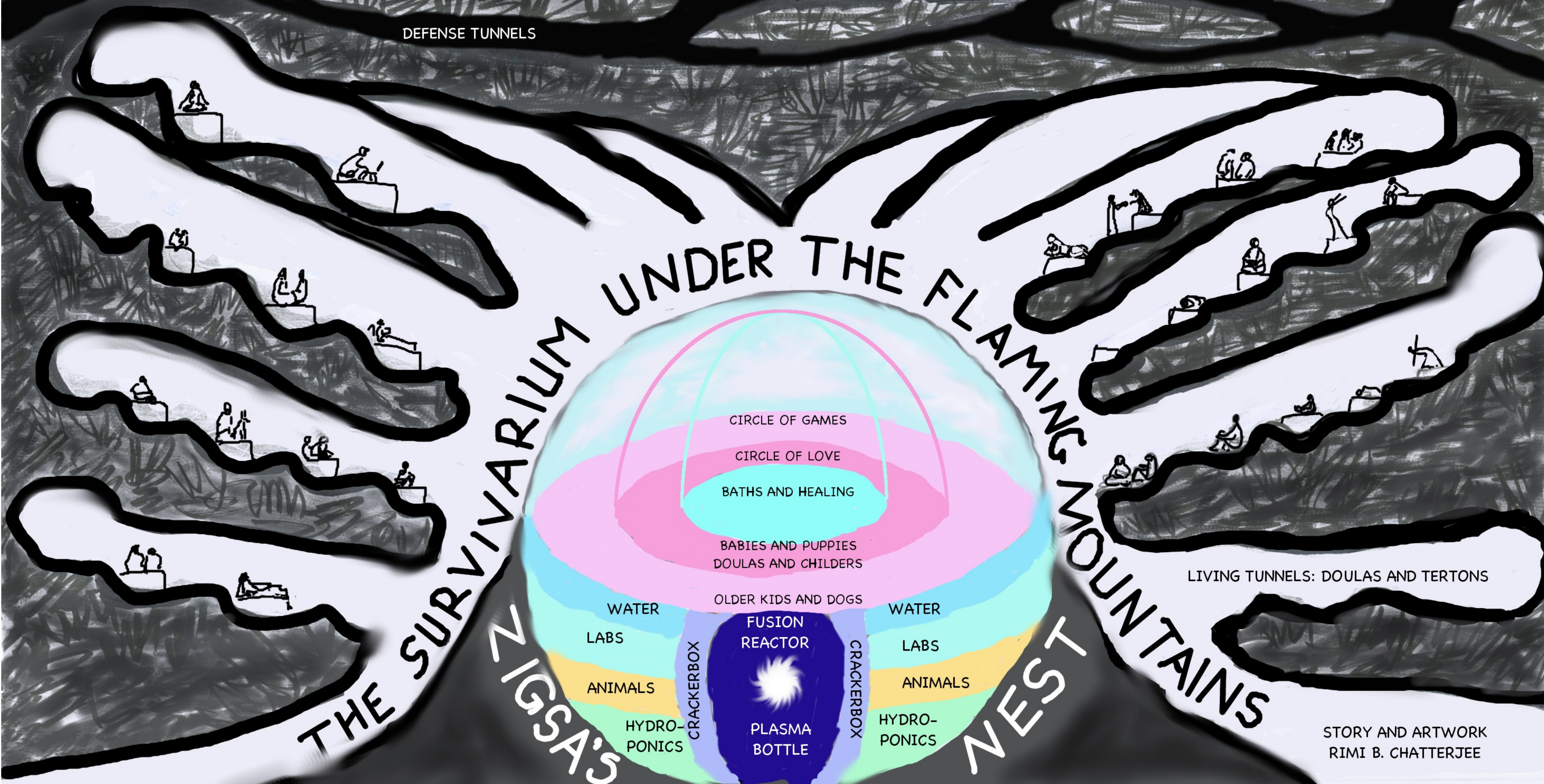


TARIM BASIN
OILFIELDS



HOW ZIGSA FOUND HER WAY

DEFENSE TUNNELS



STORY AND ARTWORK
RIMI B. CHATTERJEE

SUBJECT 2105 DOSSIER
FOR EYES OF BASIL QUAN
V.P. HUMAN RESOURCES
LIONFIST CORPORATION

STATUS

SUBJECT 2105 IS THE LAST SURVIVING SPECIMEN OF TRIBE SXJ87. SHE HAS BEEN UNDER INTENSIVE TESTING AT **LOP NUR TEST TO DESTRUCTION FACILITY 8** FOR THE LAST THREE YEARS. AVERAGE SPECIMEN SURVIVAL TIME IS SIX MONTHS.

SUBJECT 2105, CURRENTLY AGED 15 YEARS, HAS SHOWN REMARKABLE REVITALISING POWER AFTER EXTENSIVE DRUG AND RADIATION EXPOSURE. THREE OF HER TESTERS HAVE DIED UNDER MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES DEMANDING FURTHER INVESTIGATION. THE LAST ONE WAS LESS THAN A WEEK AS OF 21 APRIL 2071.

IF THESE DEATHS ARE IN ANY WAY **CAUSALLY LINKED** TO SUBJECT 2105, THEN SHE IS OUR BEST POSSIBLE SOURCE FOR THE **TARIM BASIN SECURITY UPDATES** WE SO DESPERATELY NEED.

IF LIONFIST RESEARCH CAN **WEAPONISE** SUBJECT 2105'S CAPABILITIES, WE WILL BE IN A **DOMINANT POSITION** OVER THOSE OF OUR BROTHER CORPORATIONS WHO ARE CURRENTLY DRILLING IN THE TARIM OILFIELDS.

POTENTIAL

SUBJECT 2105 SHOWS VERY HIGH OPERABILITY IN THE **REJIG** OF LIONFIST SECURITY AND ARMS. HOWEVER, NONE OF THE PREVIOUS TESTERS WERE ABLE TO **MAP** HER OPERABILITY. IN THE LIGHT OF THE **EMERGENCY**, THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS WISH THAT ALL MEANS BE EMPLOYED

BASIL QUAN IS TO TAKE OVER HER TESTING AND ENSURE SATISFACTORY RESULTS BY THE LAST FINANCIAL QUARTER OF THE YEAR 2071-72.

ACTION POINTS

- IT IS EXTREMELY DESIRABLE THAT **FULL USE** BE MADE OF SUBJECT 2105'S POTENTIALLY **PROFITABLE FEATURES**.

- BASIL QUAN, VP HR**, WILL BEGIN HIS INVESTIGATION BY INQUIRING INTO THE **SUICIDES** OF THE THREE ASSOCIATED TESTERS. **ALL DATA** ON THE SUBJECT IS TO BE FORWARDED TO HIM **ASAP**.

- CAUTION MUST BE USED SO AS NOT TO **PREMATURELY CONSUME** THE SPECIMEN. ALL MEMBERS OF **TRIBE SXJ87** OF WESTERN TIBET ARE **PRESUMED EXTINCT SINCE 2066**. GIVEN THE LEVELS OF RADIATION FALLING OUT FROM OUR LAUNCH FACILITY AT **SATELLITE CITY** IN THE QUADAM BASIN, IT IS UNLIKELY THAT **HUMAN RESOURCES** WILL BE ABLE TO **PROCURE** ANOTHER ADEQUATELY **USABLE** SPECIMEN.

- RED BASIN HQ HAS GIVEN BASIL QUAN THIRTY DAYS' LEAVE FROM CRISIS MANAGEMENT AT TARIM TO COMPLETE HIS PROJECT WITH SATISFACTORY RESULTS.

- IN THE EVENT OF A NULL RESULT, RED BASIN HQ WILL BE COMPELLED TO CONSIDER THE NECESSARY COURSE OF ACTION AS THE BOARD SHALL DEEM FIT.

There is no future.

- SUCH AN OUTCOME WILL ATTRACT PENALTIES UP TO AND INCLUDING PERSONAL REPARATION FROM BASIL QUAN. THE BOSS DOES NOT LIKE HIS TIME WASTED.

- ALL REPORTS, INTERVIEWS, TEST DATA AND COMMUNICATIONS REGARDING THIS DO

Why can't I die?

I told them over and over.

Why am I still alive?

I told them everything.

They hurt me.

Then they died.

I am sorry they died.

The next one will die too.

I don't want to see it.

They almost became my friends.

I know the way out.

I want to see the sky.

I just have to open it.

There it's done.

I know I can see it if I try.



I remember this place.

This is home.

There are no trees like this left on earth.

Perhaps there never were.

Perhaps they wait to be born.

OH!

Who are they?

I know them.

They're...

ME?

I am human interaction: blue when there's touch, purple when there isn't.

I am exploration and mapping: indigo when it's safe, orange when it isn't.

I am care of the self and nature: pink when I feed myself, green when I feed the world.

I am the law: white when it's whole, red when it's broken.

I am invention and creation: violet when I make art, yellow when I make knowledge.

WE ARE YOU

WE ARE YOU

KARMA MADE VISIBLE, THE MORAL SPECTRUM OF YOUR SOUL. KNOW US AND YOU KNOW EVERYTHING

I'm tired. I'm dying. Let me in. There's no hope. Who are you? I want to go home.

You said, 'Don't let me in till the work is done.'

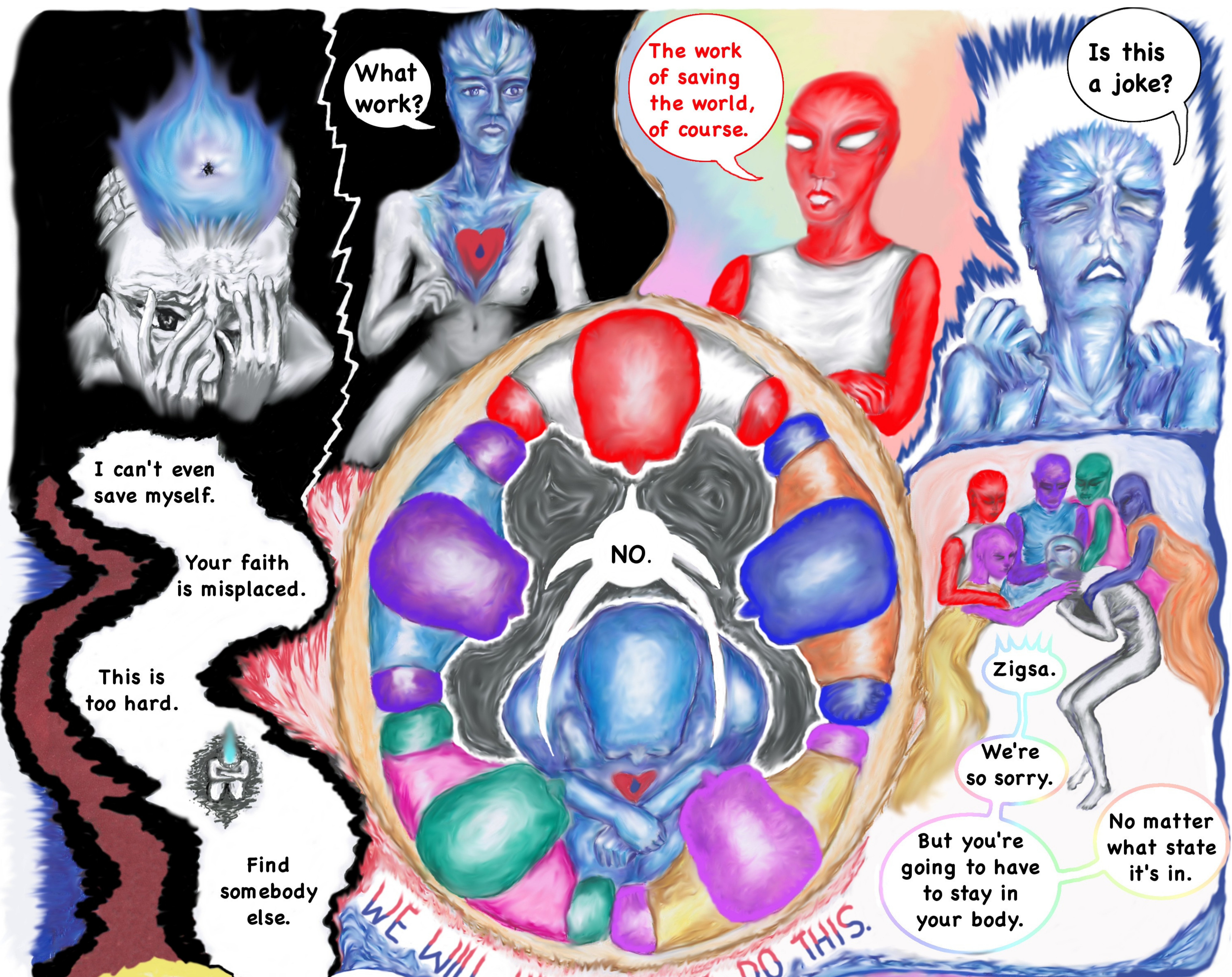
You told us this day would come.

You forbade us when you left on your journey.

You warned us not to listen to your pain.

Zigsa, we cannot let you in.





What work?

The work of saving the world, of course.

Is this a joke?

I can't even save myself.

Your faith is misplaced.

This is too hard.



Find somebody else.



Zigsa.

We're so sorry.

But you're going to have to stay in your body.

No matter what state it's in.

WE WILL HELP YOU TO DO THIS.



What you think is the end, is in fact the beginning.



You must see and know how and why you and your jailers are not the same.



You must decode and map their universe before you can build your own.



When you are able to know and pity your enemies, all the locks will open.



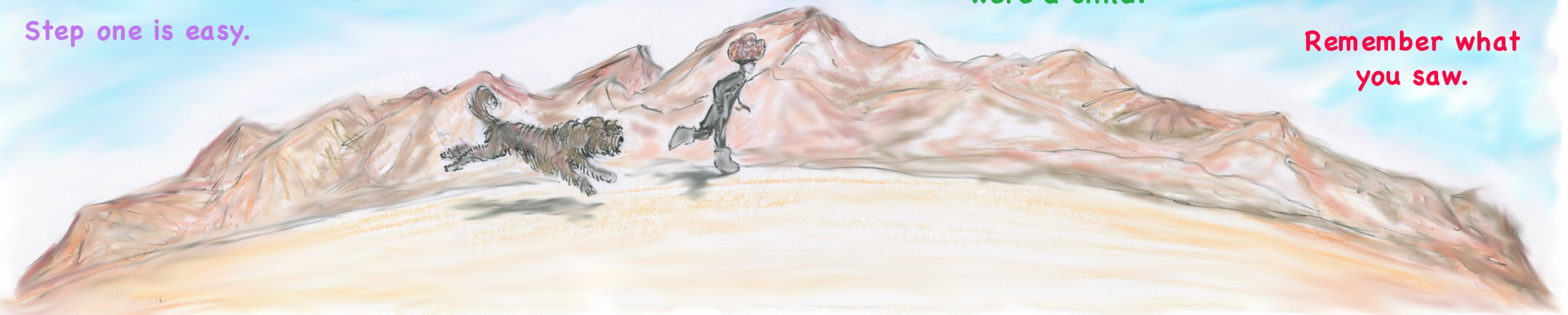
Then you will find a safe place and make a survivarium for yourself and others.

Step one is easy.

Just think back.

To when you were a child.

Remember what you saw.

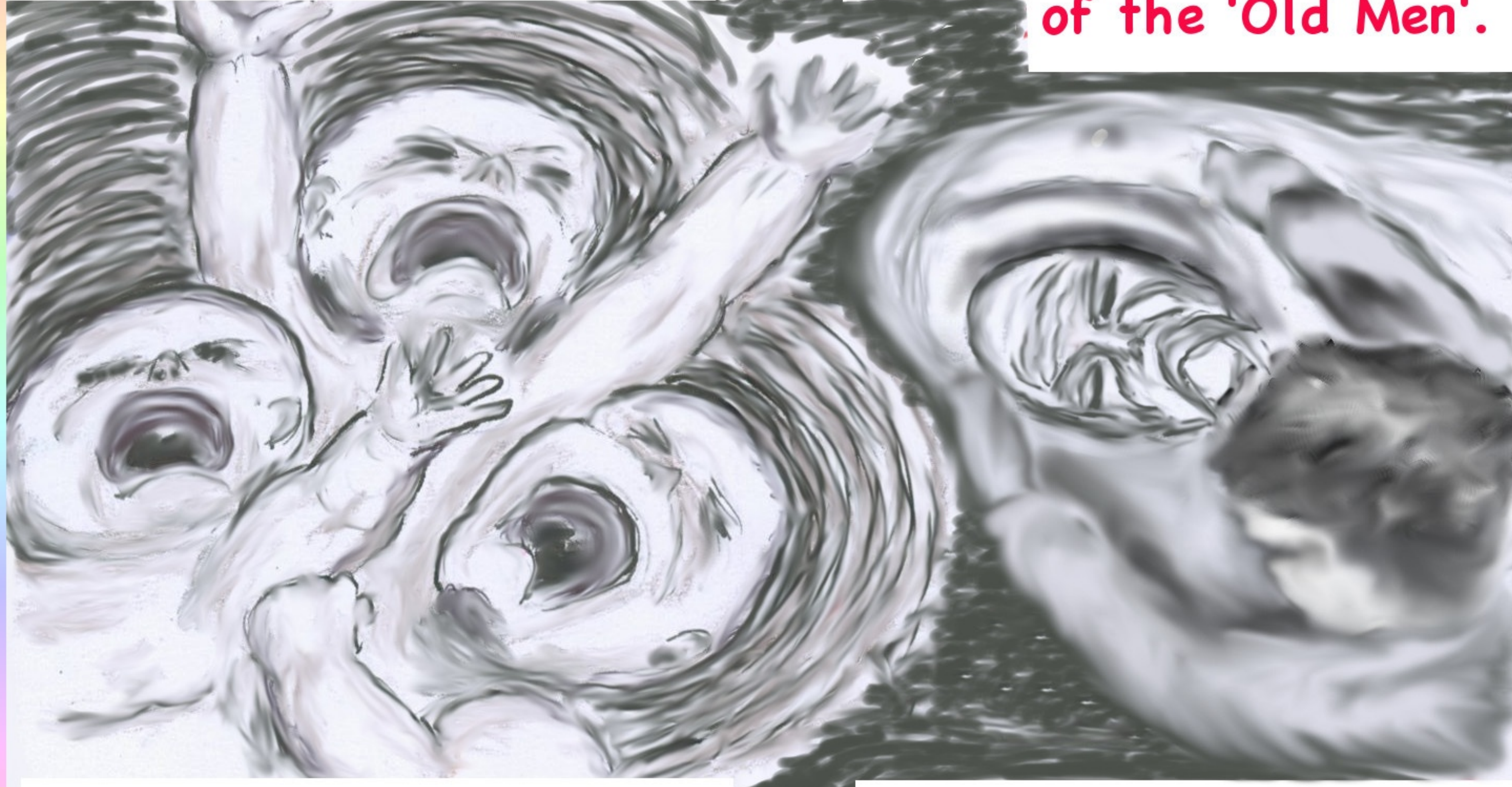


You were the last child of your tribe to survive.



But not the last to be born.

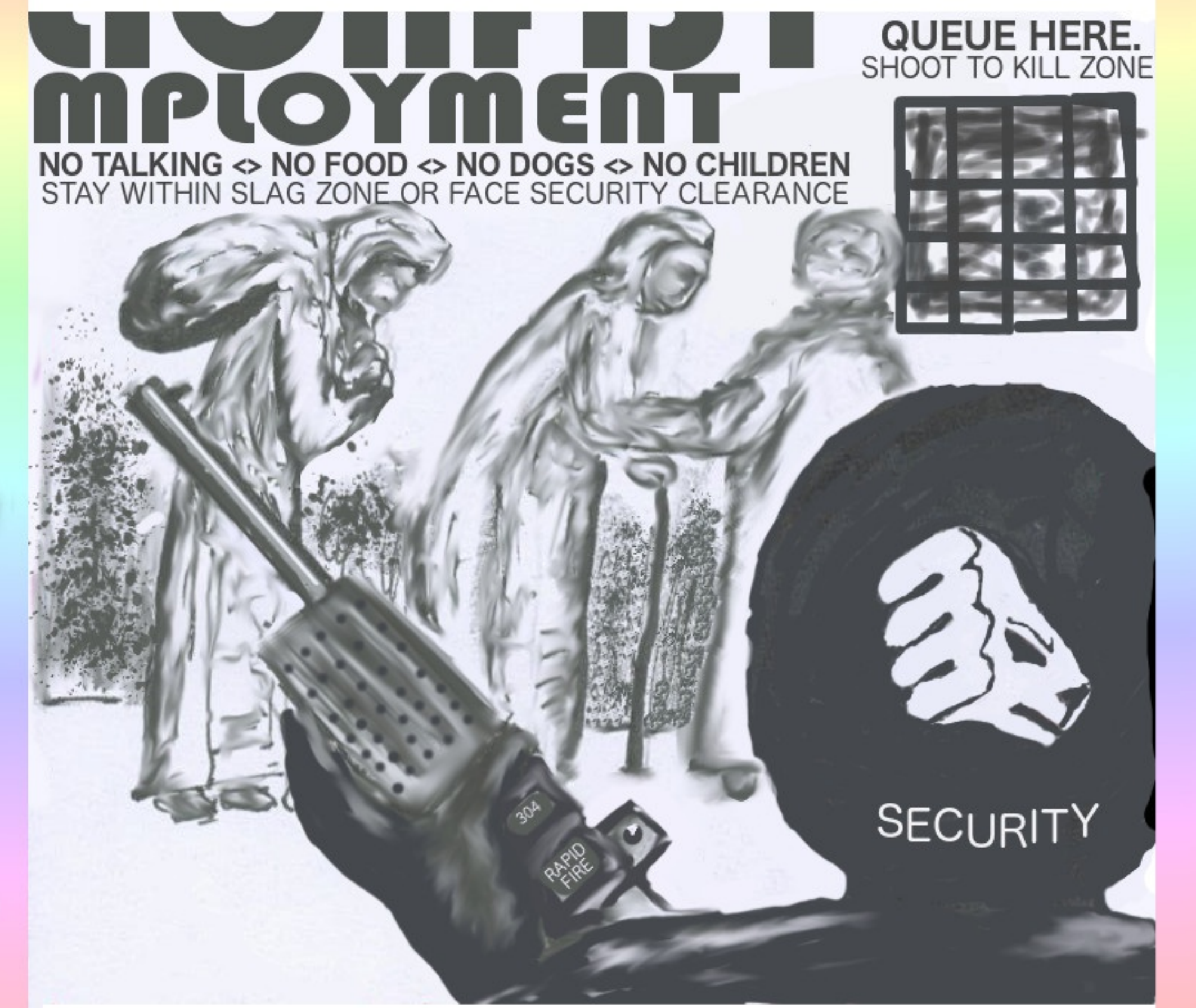
Three boys came after you. Your father was the last of the 'Old Men'.



They all died screaming within days of birth.

He was in his eighties when you were born.

After his death, your tribe left the valley.



You all came down to New Kashgar to find work.



There, Mother sold you to the hanyos at the Lionfist school.

No! You can't call them hanyos. The Bully Boys will punish you. You have to call them Achievers. Or New Guys.



Is that a thought from your universe, or theirs?



Theirs.

You're in your own head.

You can think what you like.

By 2025, all over the world, boy babies were dying.

KEEP OUT INTENSIVE CARE



The sickness came to your people last of all.

But a desperate man worked out how to save them.



He did this out of guilt, for he had a dirty secret.

JOIN THE HUMANE CHOICE REVOLUTION

It's time for MEN to take control.

Haven't you wished you could have the child you wanted without surgery, tests, or domestic strife? That power has been put into your hands by Shankar Clinics, a unit of Ramdhun.

Drop in any time for a free consultation. Humane Choice is safe, legal and costs less than a flu vaccine. yet the effects last lifelong.

Thousands of fathers have taken the HUMANE CHOICE. Are you man enough to be one of them?

INTENSIVE CHOICE

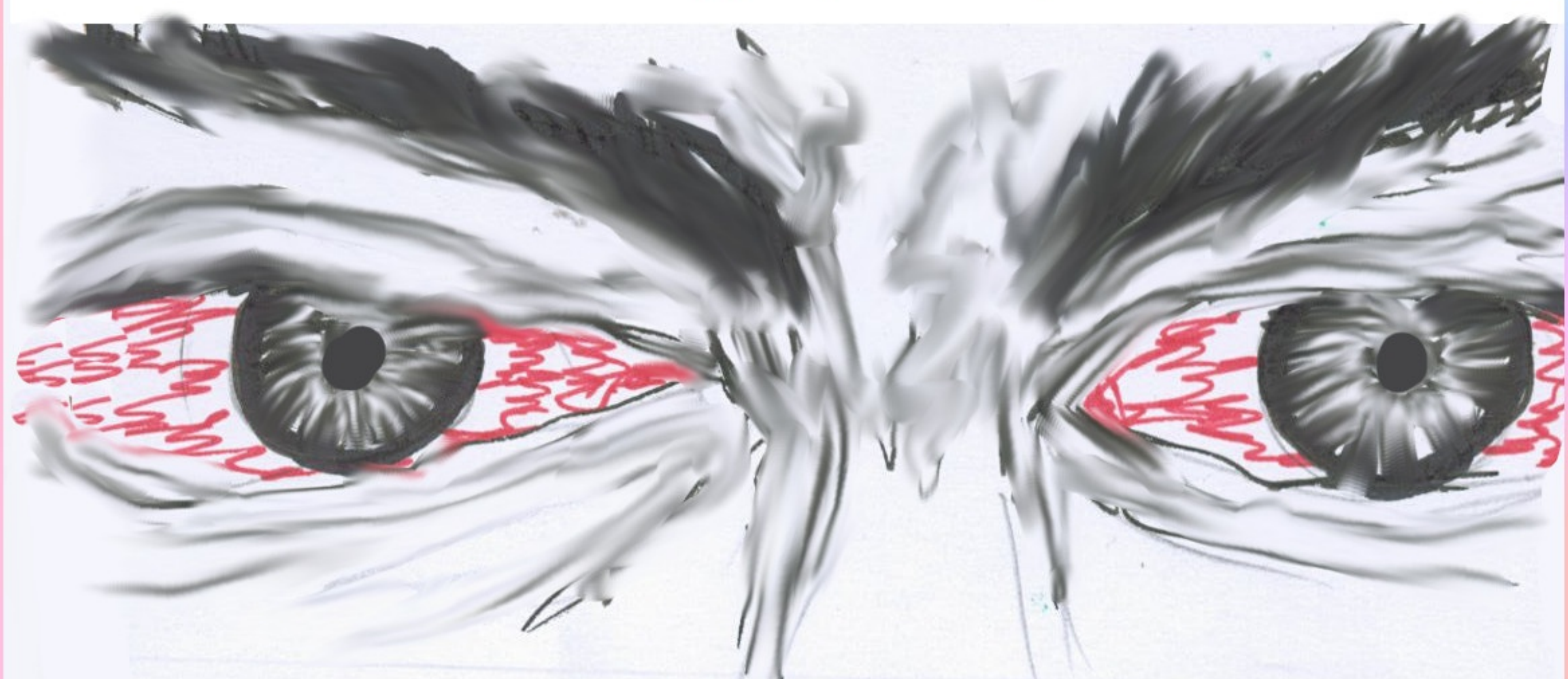
Frankie Shankar MD

He'd caused this disease.

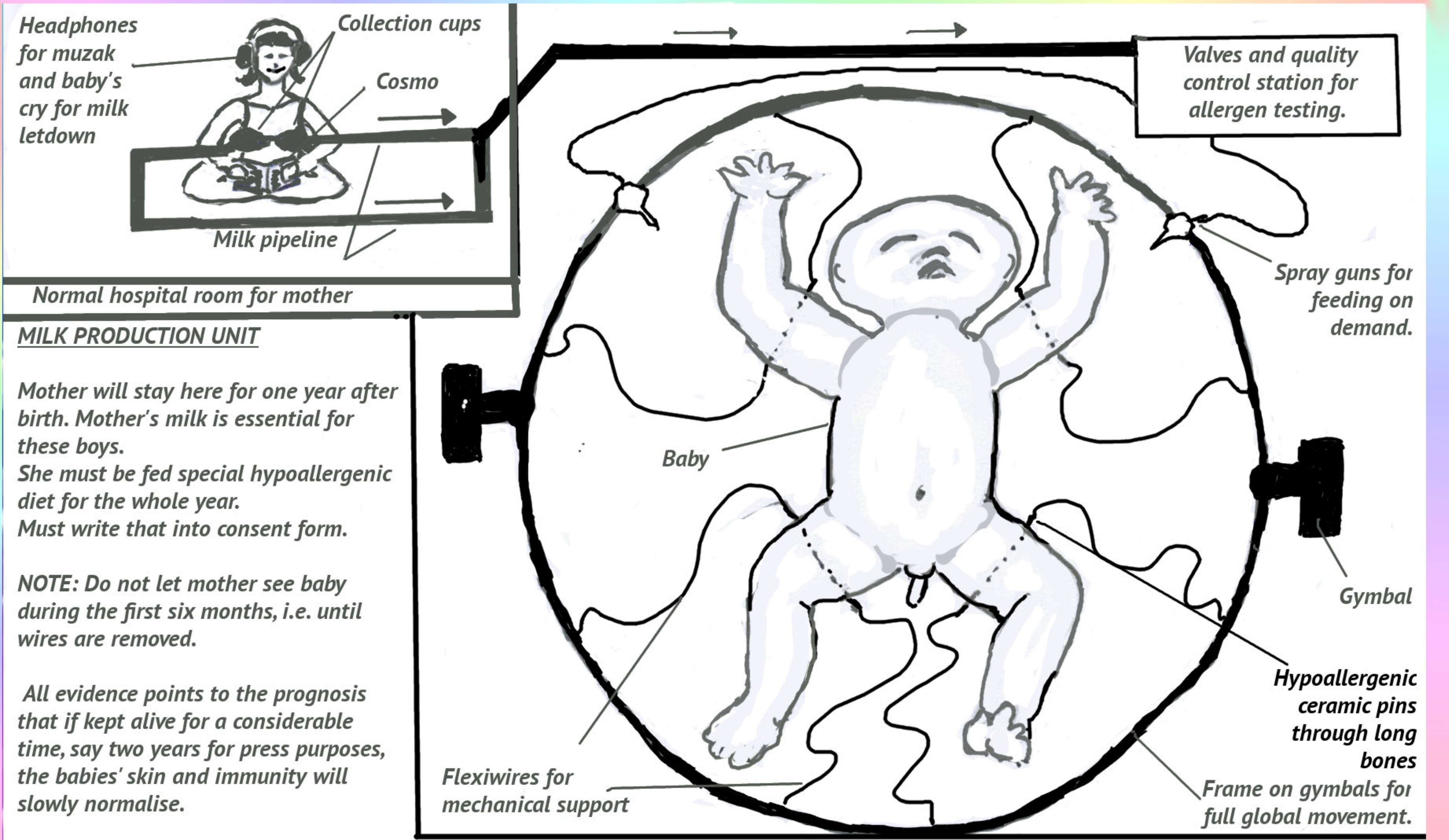
The virus he used went rogue. By 2030 no normal boys were being born.



Only boys with hypersensitive skin and hyperactive immune systems. All things to them were agony and poison.



That's why the hanyos have red eyes.



BABY-CARE UNIT CLEAN ROOM

VERY IMPORTANT: Absolute cleanliness and zero allergen state must be maintained at all times. No personnel are to enter the clean room under any circumstances.

Human resources is requested to design a system of education and games to be administered remotely, perhaps through a non-haptic virtual platform.

We must be prepared for all eventualities.

Those who lived, owed their lives to him.

He kept them alive for seven years in their hospital bubbles.



They seemed to be getting better.

They learned from machines through gestures and commands.



Bitch Republic: FPS game popular among hanyos set in the Feminist Spring of the early 21st century.

All the people they saw were made of pixels.

When their skins seemed normal, and their allergies were under control, he sent them home to the parents who'd waited so long.



He thought he'd fixed it, but the nerve death didn't stop.

By their teen years, they could barely feel anything.



Then, an eight-year-old stabbed his mother for trying to feed him while he was playing.

The good doctor had a solution for that too.



The topper of the first batch spoke at the graduation ceremony in 2055.



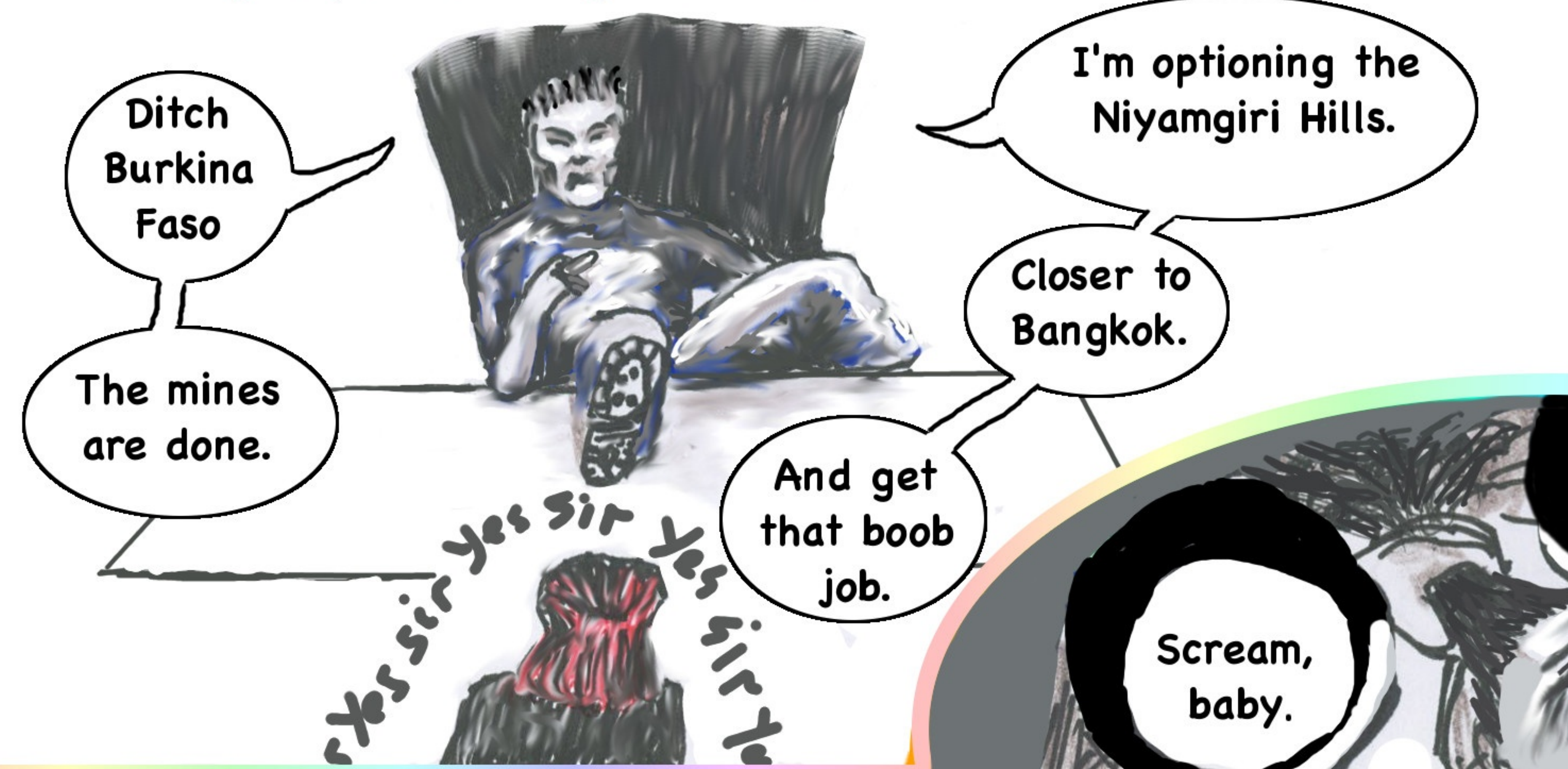
Dr Shankar warned his boss at Ramdhun of the brewing public relations disaster, and all copies or recordings of the speech were suppressed.

Meanwhile, the corporations were facing a severe 'manpower crisis'.



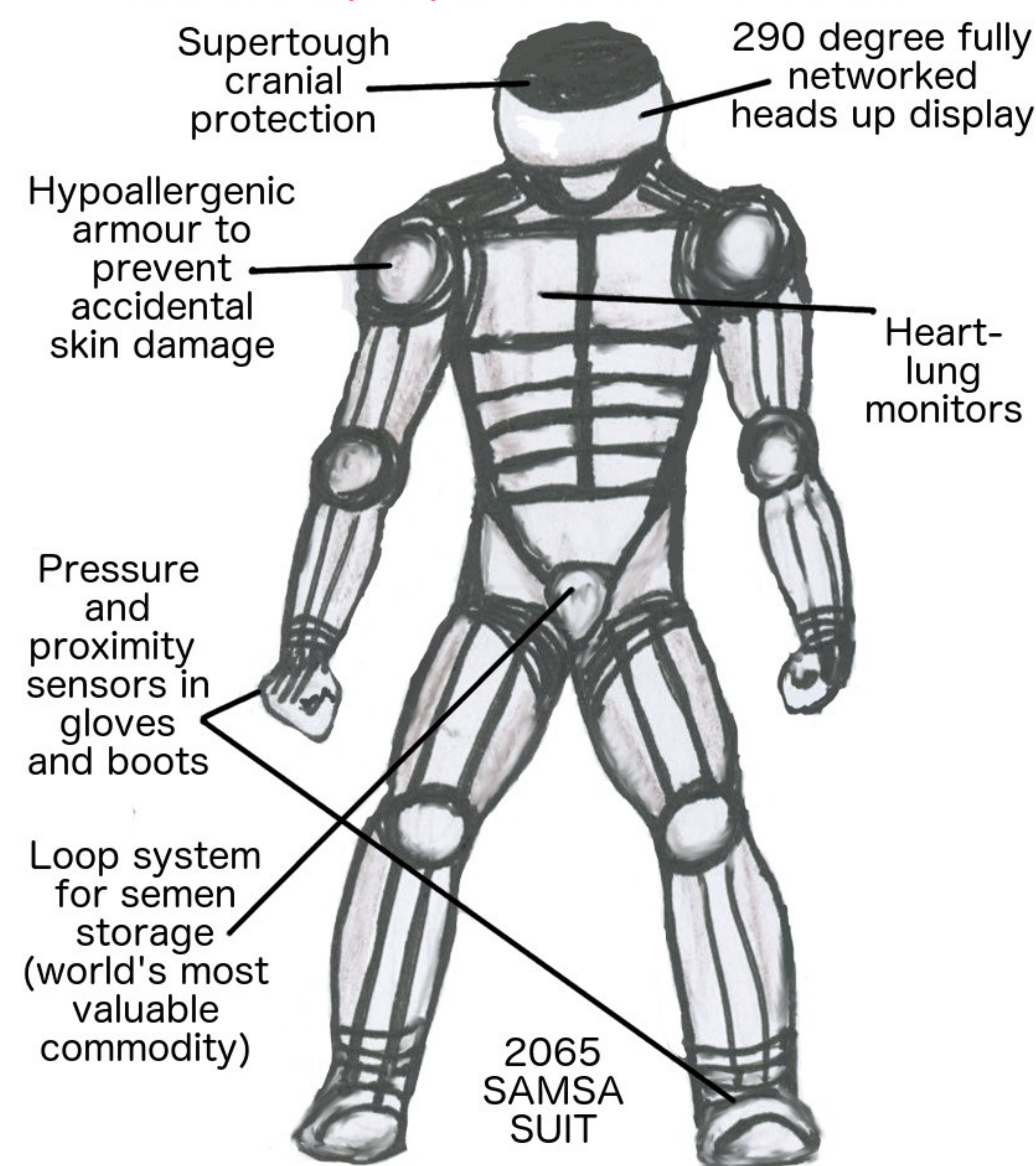
To save their empires, the Old Guys queued up to recruit the hanyos.

Pretty soon, cocooned in the safety of their luxury enclaves, teenage hanyos were running corporations larger than countries.

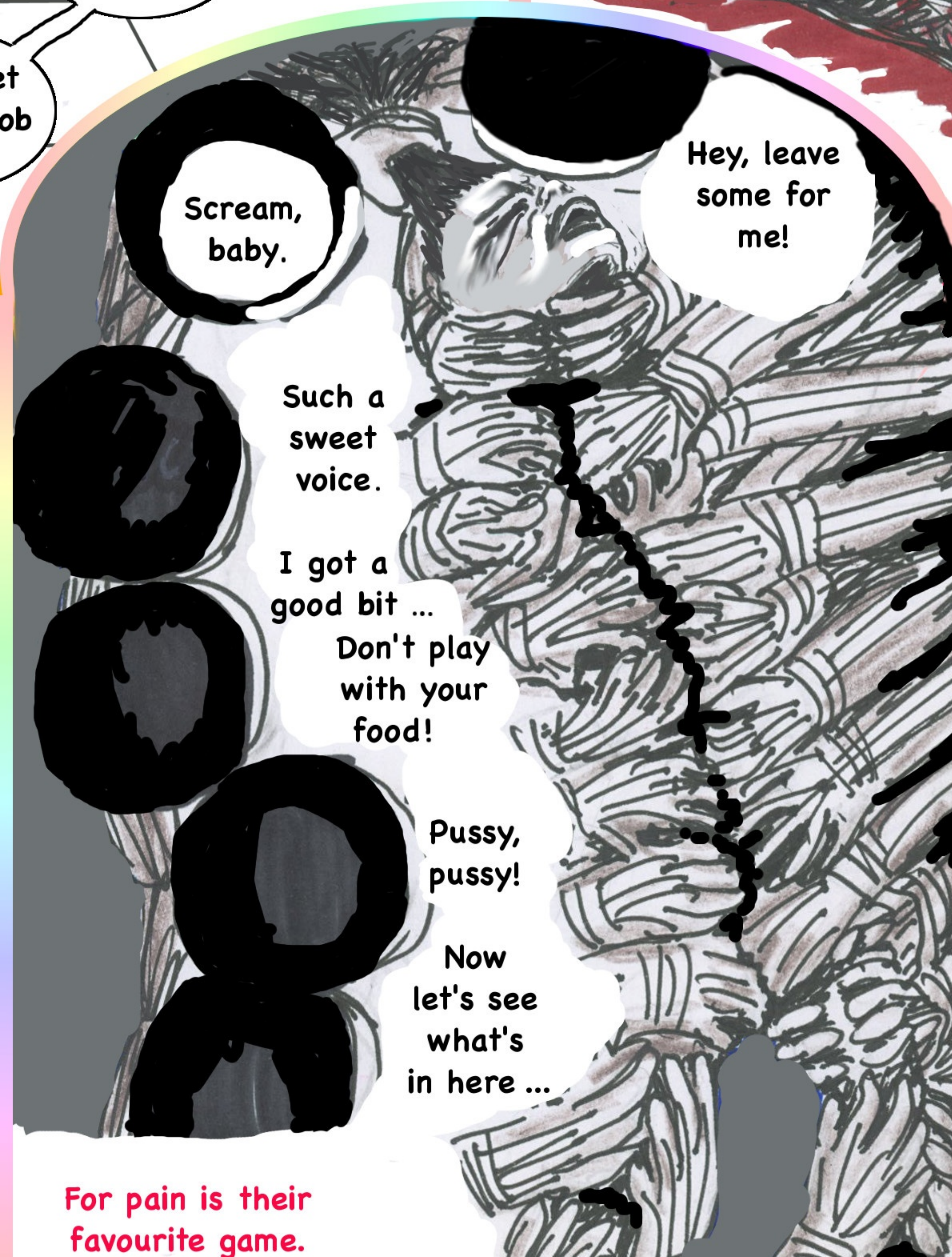


Two decades since then have taken us closer to their dreams.

They must keep their true nature hidden from the people who serve them.



Because they blame you for it, and they must make you suffer for it in their place.



For pain is their favourite game.

In their dreams, they are babies again, and that ghastly pain returns.

And love their most terrible weapon.





Stop!

I can't take this any more!

This shouldn't surprise you.

You knew the world was broken before the hanyos.

Remember your box of truth?



Sure I do.

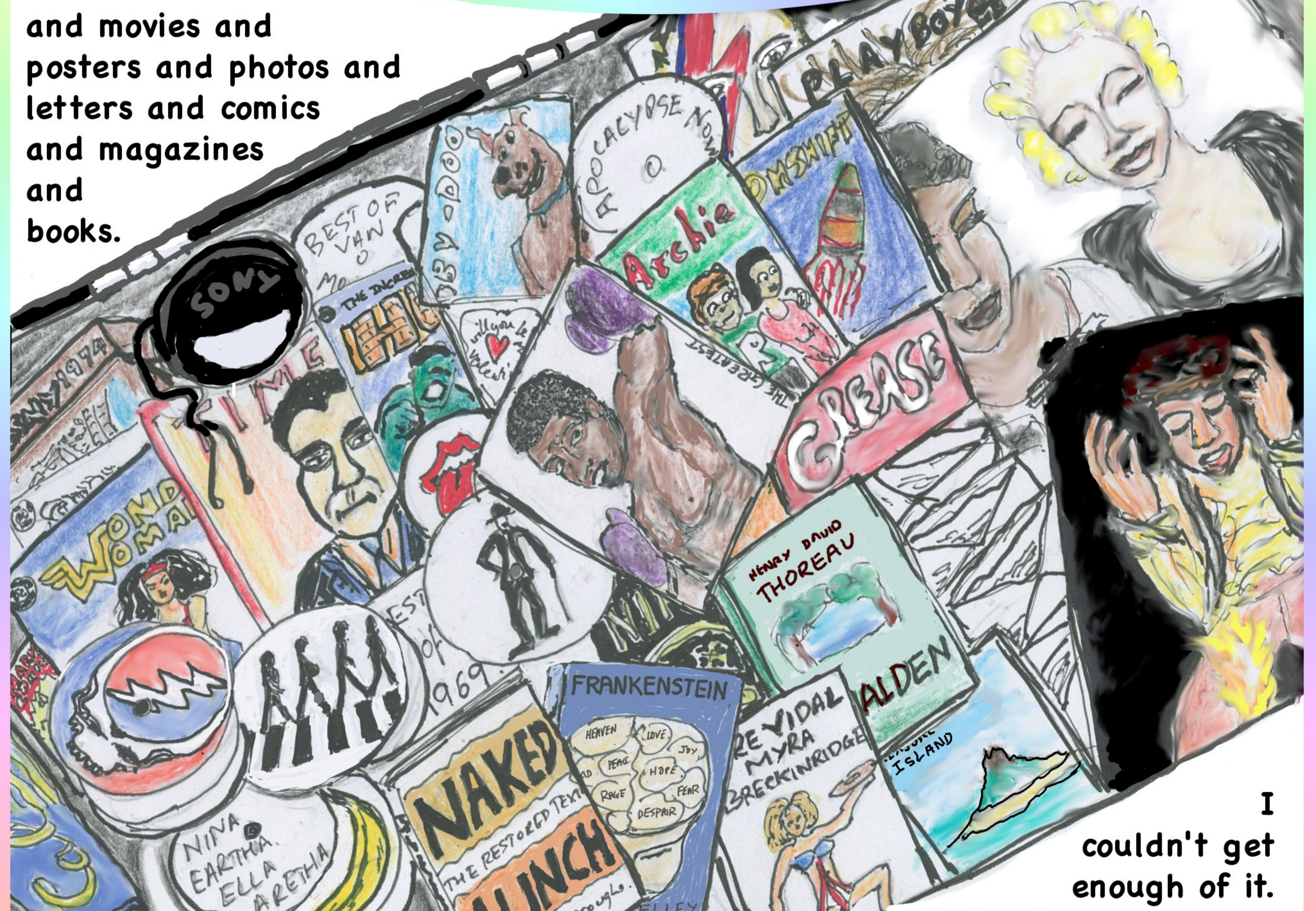
It got me kicked out of school and sent here.



It was a trunk that had once belonged to a US soldier in Afghanistan.

Do you remember what was in it?

It was full of music and movies and posters and photos and letters and comics and magazines and books.



I couldn't get enough of it.

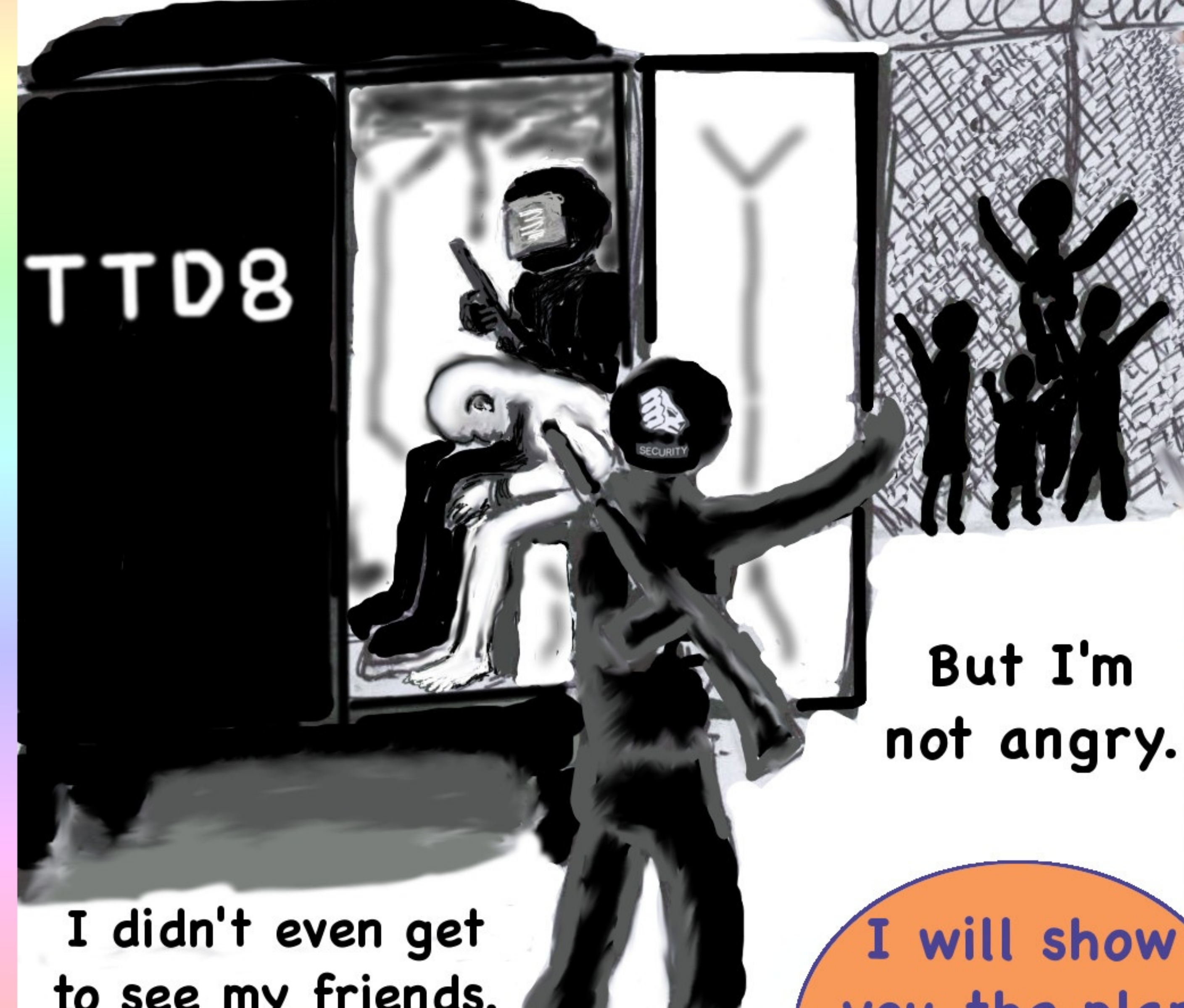
I went back there again and again, like I was possessed by the past.

PHWEEET!
PHWEEET!



Until I got caught.

So I was sent here.



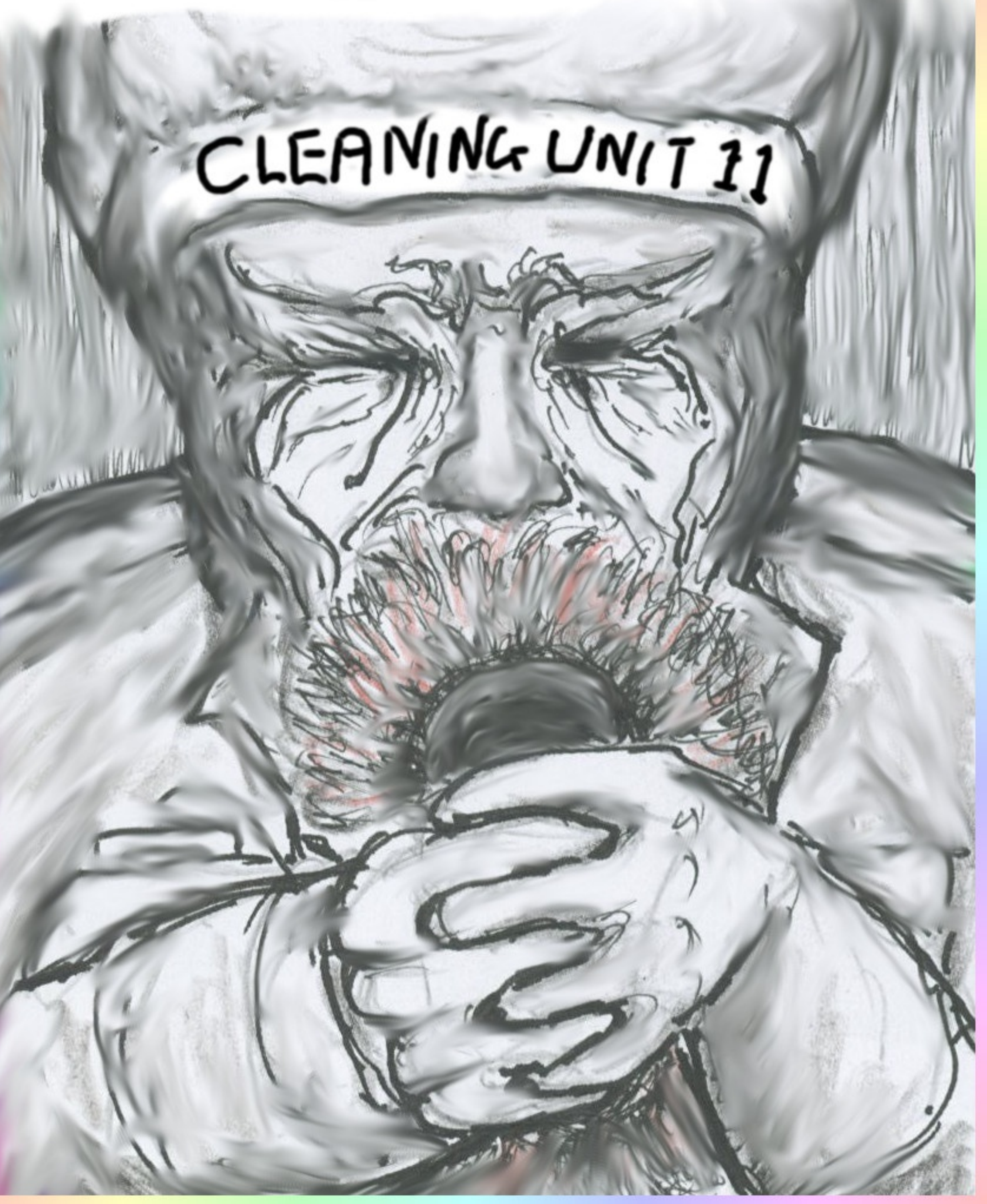
But I'm not angry.

I didn't even get to see my friends.



I used to hate my mother for selling me to the school.

Now I understand.



And I pity her.



Now you're ready to see more.

There are only two kinds of folk in hanyo town: hanyos and hanyo-bait.

I will show you the plan of the hanyo-bait mill.



All your friends are being ground by it.

It turns normal people into grotesque victims.

But you will break it.

POUNDING PEOPLE INTO HANYO-BAIT SINCE 2055

REAL DOLLARS STAND FOR WEALTH OF OWNER CLASS (CHANYOS)

SERVICE DOLLARS PAY SLAGS AND CHICKS WHO MUST ALL SERVE.

EMBRYO PREPARED IN LAB

Hanyo 'husband' fitted with loop from HR. (No baby juice.)

CHOCOLATES & CHAMPAGNE!

BOY 3 MONTH LUXURY HONEYMOON FOR HORMONAL PREPARATION.

GIRL 9 MONTH GESTATION IN LUXURY GELTANK. NO SLAG-WORK FOR A YEAR!

Mother goes back to service territory with baby.

Baby and mother live together in baby barracks for a year Yay!

BABY BARRACKS

Baby lives here with other babies till age five and the charm test.

LOWER STATUS THAN HANYO DORN FROM CELEB WIFE

ORBISON

LABOUR GAINS HOOPER CONS TR

CHARM SCHOOL
Ten years' training for V-job here.

CHARM TEST
FAIL

TALENT CONTEST/REALITY SHOW
WIN
LOSE
YOU CAN STILL FALL

SLAG SCHOOL
MOM GOES BACK TO WORK

SLAG EVENING SCHOOL
U-Jobs

VOCATIONAL SCHOOL
FAIL
Ten years' training for U-jobs here.
PASS

BABY BARRACKS

CHICK FIGHT!

WASTED - SASSAL

V-JOB PRIZE!!!

V-jobs are any tasks or services (paid for with service dollars) where the workers are visible to hanyos. All v-jobs are held by chicks who win contests to live a life of glamour, riches and exploitation in hanyo-town. Competition is hard and failure devastating.

OPTIONAL MOD
Hentai vagina implanted in place of navel. This surgical mod shortens life expectancy to less than thirty years.

OPTIONAL MOD
Long, golden cyborg legs. Original legs are amputated and replaced by prostheses. Currently in great demand. Surgery costs three years' v-job salary.

STANDARD MOD
Breast implants must be installed on all chicks.

OPTIONAL MOD
High-end implants can be installed to lactate drugs and medicines. The name of the drug is tattooed on the breast. Chicks with these implants are called PharmGirls and get to jump three pay grades.

CELEB WIFE
Most envied chick role. Wife and mother to dynastic hanyos. Has own 24/7 lifestyle reality channel.

LEGAL ASS.
Assistant to hanyo lawyer. Legal training begins in charm school. Does all the case grunt work.

MEDICAL ASS.
Assistant to hanyo doctor. Medical training begins in charm school. Performs all actual procedures and services.

CORP. ASS.
Assistant to hanyos in all roles not requiring legal or medical service provision. Charm schools also provide training in desired professional roles, and talent contests also feature rounds requiring technical skills. Corporate assistants usually specialise in public relations, logistics or accounts.

MODEL
Party-fodder for hanyos. Lives in fear of being replaced by sexbots.

WASTED - SASSAL

BULLY BOYS / CORPSECS

Wrongdoers who pass the Bully Qualifiers have their female tissue removed and an artificial male gland implanted in the roof of their mouths. The corporate logo is tattooed over breast scars. They do the grunt work of corporate enforcement. Bullies watch violent porn and play hard team sports to get the right attitude. Slags must call them 'he' while hanyos call them 'she'. Elite Bullies have bionic penises filled with biohazard materials. They may also form rock bands specialising in Rape Rock. Original patent held by LIONFIST.

PUNISHER

SMOOTHIE

U-JOBS

Tasks carried out by people deemed unfit to be seen by hanyos, also known as 'slags'. They live in the service territories on the outskirts of hanyo town and do all the rotten jobs. They envy the V-jobs and save up for marriage. Bully Boys keep them in line. Except for those slags who have been chicken-hunted (raped as kids) they believe the hanyos are good, godlike, father-figures who do not know what evil is done in their name by the managers.

CORRECTIONS
No escape except death or signing Bully Boy contract with Corporate Security.

FACTORY SHELL FODDER
Human fuel inside a Factory Shell hooked up to a catheter for 18-hour shifts. In the event of error or sabotage, the person is ejected or 'jecked' from the shell. The catheter is not retracted. The person is used up after five or six jecks and sent out into the desert.

FIXER
Fixers also use the service spaces, and remain on call almost as long as cleaners.

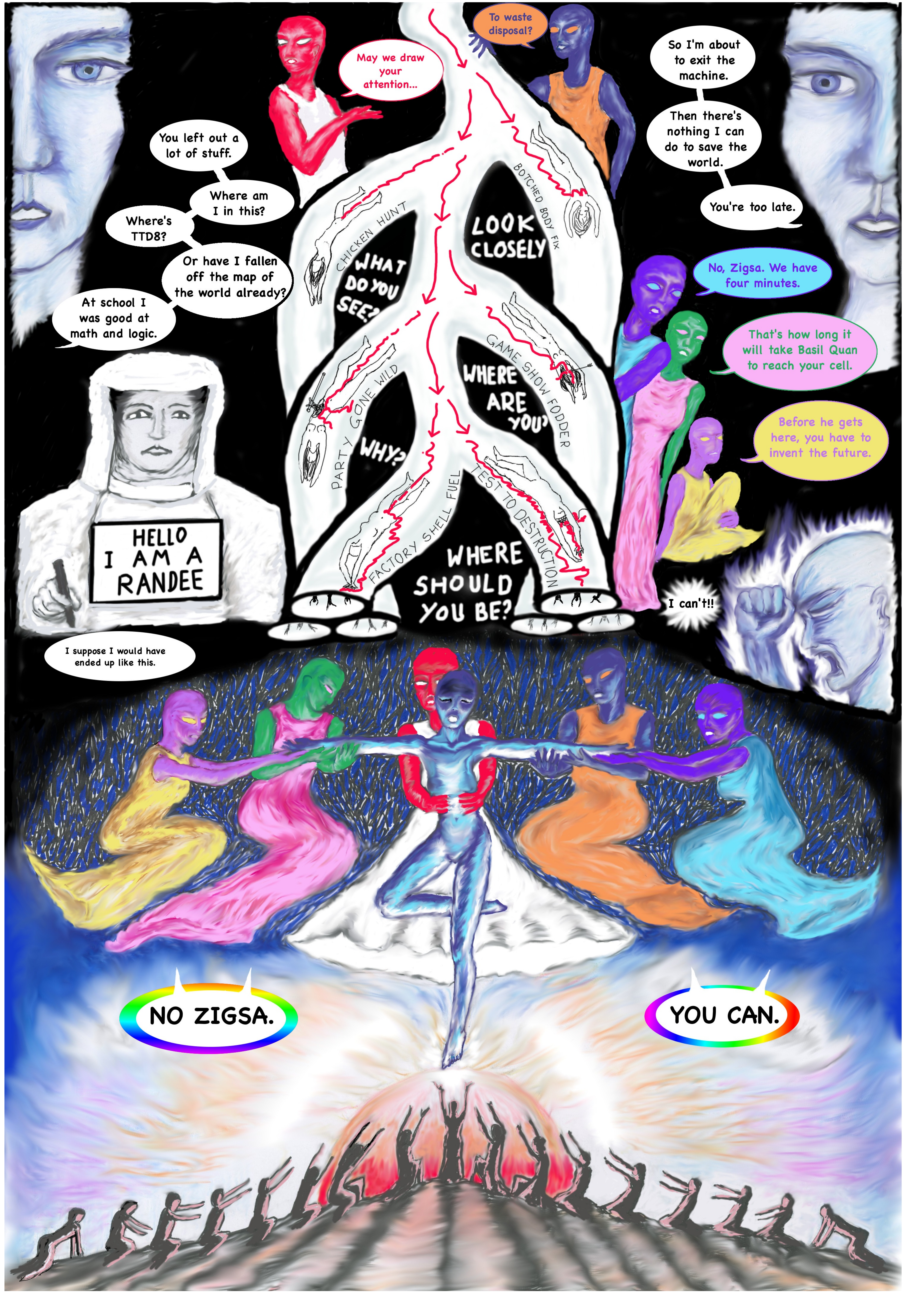
CHEF/COOK
Handling hanyo food is a position of trust, and is very closely watched. Hanyos still feel through their mucous membranes, thus, chefs are highly paid. However, rival corps have been known to suborn cooks and use them as poisoners.

CLEANER
Cleaners spend most of their time crammed into the narrow service spaces inside the walls of hanyo buildings, waiting for the signal that a room has been vacated and can be cleaned.

RANDEE
R&D worker. Assists hanyo researchers in labs. Does all the actual benchwork. Once hiring is complete, the Rande's speech centres are lasered to protect trade secrets. She 'talks' through a whiteboard slung around her neck.

MARRIA SELL
TO HANYO TOWN

WASTED - SASSAL



To waste disposal?

May we draw your attention...

So I'm about to exit the machine.

Then there's nothing I can do to save the world.

You're too late.

No, Zigsa. We have four minutes.

That's how long it will take Basil Quan to reach your cell.

Before he gets here, you have to invent the future.

I can't!!

You left out a lot of stuff.

Where am I in this?

Where's TTD8?

Or have I fallen off the map of the world already?

At school I was good at math and logic.

HELLO I AM A RANDEE

I suppose I would have ended up like this.

NO ZIGSA.

YOU CAN.

I want to give and get love in words and deeds from everyone I meet.

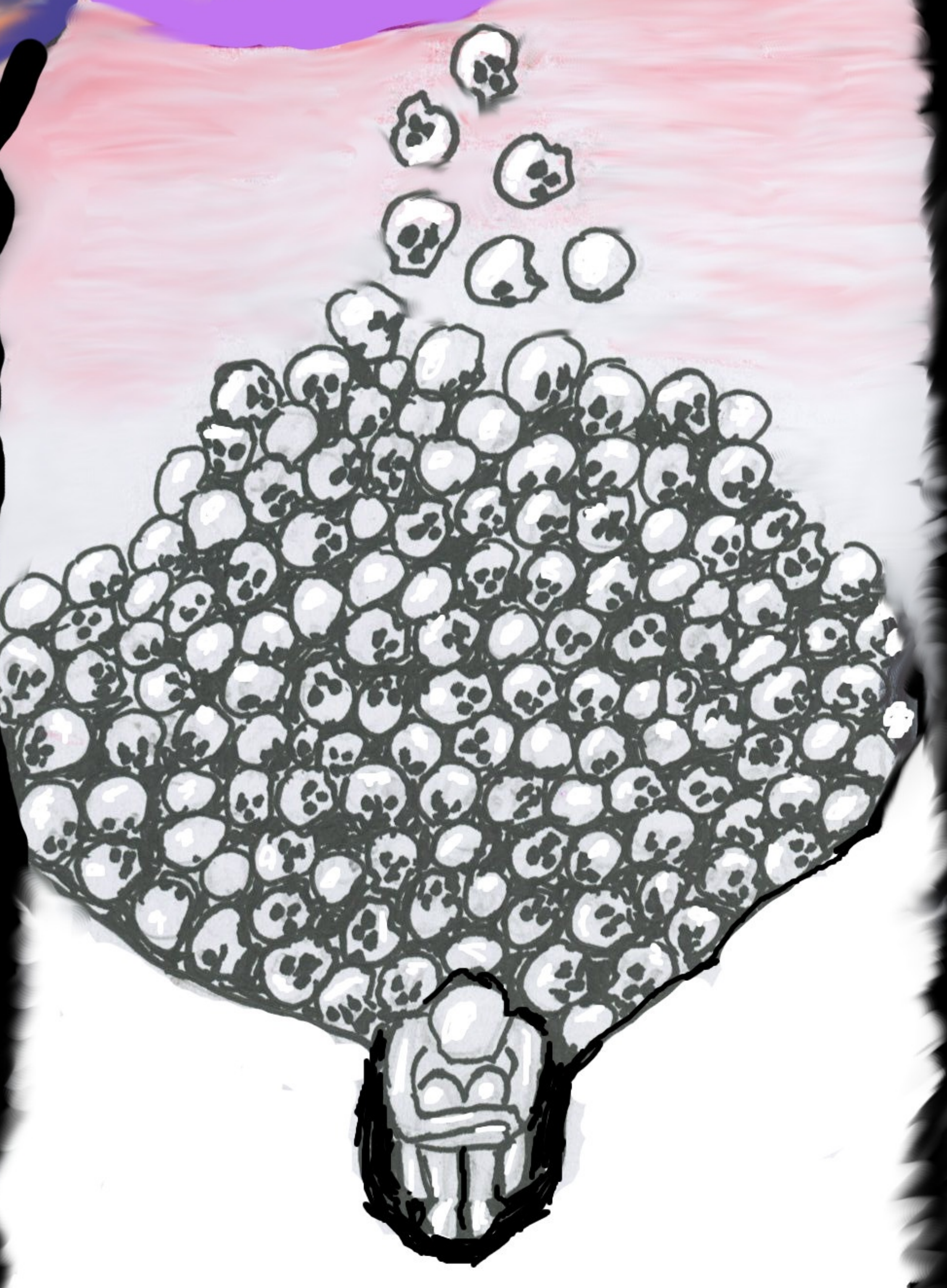
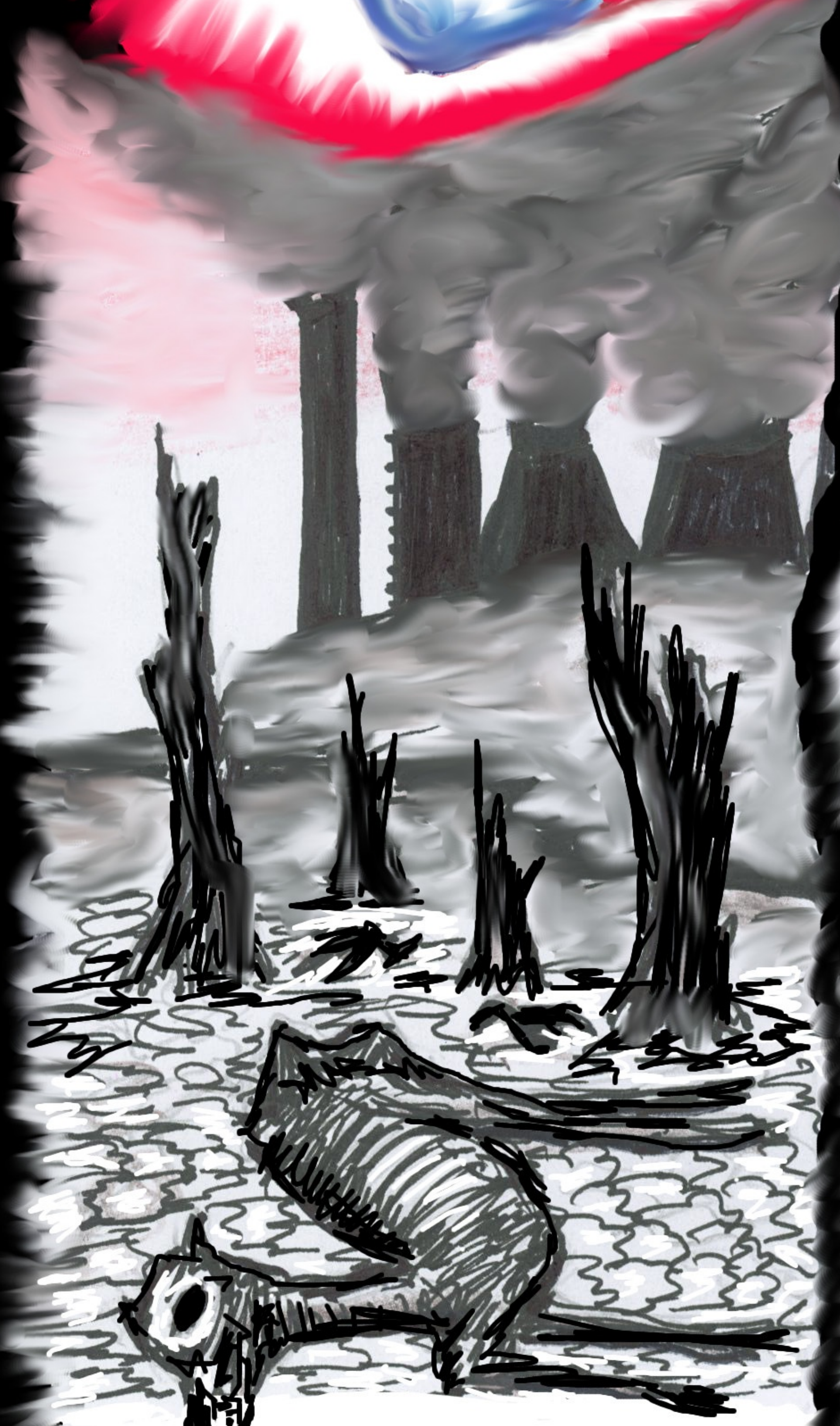
I want to watch flowers bloom, trees grow and animals live.

I want to do right and see others do right.

I want to explore my world...

I want to make art and invent ideas.

...and make it safe.



I fear the world is already broken.

I fear the people have lost all hope.

I fear I am too small and weak to do anything.



You're thinking like a hanyo.

The hanyos think that everything they know is sense...

...and the rest is nonsense.



But you know there's another way of thinking.

Yes.

Maybe you could call it antisense.



AAGH!!!

I don't have time to work it out!

You already have.

Listen to your heart.

Kill the hanyo in your head.

He is causing your fear.

DO IT NOW!



WHEN I AM FREE AND FAR AWAY FROM HERE
EVERYTHING WE DO, FOR OURSELVES AND EACH OTHER, THAT MAKES HAPPINESS SHOULD BE REWARDED.
IF WE MAKE HAPPINESS, WE SHOULD BE PROUD.THERE ARE TEN KINDS OF KARMA THAT MAKE HAPPINESS. A SINGLE ACT MAY SPIN MANY COLOURS.THE ONE WHOSE NEED IS FILLED SHALL DECIDE WHICH ARE THE COLOURS SPUN AND HOW MANY THREADS. BUT THERE SHALL BE WATCHING AND APPEAL.THOSE WHO SPIN KARMA SHALL BE KNOWN FOR IT, FOR GOOD PEOPLE WANT OTHER GOOD PEOPLE TO SEE THEIR GOOD.WE BEGIN AS BABIES. WITH ALL CURTAINS OPEN. THEN WE SPIN THE RIGHT TO DRAW THEM BY SHOWING WE KNOW HOW TO BE GOOD WHEN NOT WATCHED.THESE THREADS WEAVE THE UNIVERSE. IN ORDER TO SPIN THEM, WE EACH MATCH OTHER LOVE.WE MUST WORK OFF OUR SHAMESTICKIES WITH KARMA
IF WE MAKE SADNESS, WE SHOULD BE ASHAMED.
EVERYTHING WE DO THAT MAKES THE MEANING OF HAPPINESS CHANGE, AGE, TIME, AND CIRCUMSTANCE
BEFORE THE TEARS DRY.
SHAME MUST BE ON RIGHT

SHAME
FAILING TO RESPOND TO A CRY FOR HELP. IGNORING AN EMERGENCY. NOT HEEDING WARNINGS OR TAKING PRECAUTIONS.

ORANGE
IS FOR RUNNING TO HELP WHEN SOMEONE IS IN TROUBLE. ALSO FOR MAKING THE WORLD SAFER, WATCHING AND WARNING US OF DANGER.

RED
IS FOR CLEANUP, TIDYING, FIXING AND CORRECTION, WHETHER IN THE PHYSICAL OR MENTAL REALM, OR IN THE SOUL. RED FIXES LIVES AND WAYS THAT HAVE GONE WRONG.

WHITE
IS FOR BUILDING THE SYSTEM OF KARMA ITSELF. WE WILL SPIN IT BY DECIDING DISPUTES, WATCHING AND REWARDING ALL ACTIONS, GIVING ADVICE, SERVING ON KARMATULAS AND FIXING BUGS.

PINK
IS FOR TURNING THE WHEEL INSIDE US: BREATHING, MAKING AND EATING FOOD, SLEEPING, SHITTING TO MAKE PRECIOUS SOIL, KEEPING FIT, MAKING A NEW PERSON.

SHAME
LOUSY LOGIC. POOR DOCUMENTATION. FAULTY FACT-FINDING. LAZY THINKING. CHEATING, FUDGING OR LYING ABOUT IDEAS

YELLOW
IS FOR ALL IDEAS AND INVENTIONS AND THEIR APPLICATIONS. WE WILL NEED A GREAT DEAL OF BRILLIANCE TO BUILD OUR WORLD.

ALL HIM LOVE • TURN THE WHEEL • SPIN THE THREADS • DO

PURPLE
IS FOR TALKING TO PEOPLE WITHOUT TOUCH, SMILING, LISTENING, USING WORDS TO GIVE COMFORT, LETTING OTHERS SPILL THEIR WOES, BEING THERE.

GREEN
IS FOR LOOKING AFTER PLANTS AND ANIMALS. WE HELP THEM SURVIVE AS WE DO, AND WE TAKE OUR FOOD DOWN THE FOOD CHAIN AS WE CAN MANAGE.

BLUE
IS FOR TOUCHING, HEALING, MASSAGE, SEX, GENTLE HUG TO EVERYTHING FROM A BODY KINDNESS, GENTLE HUG TO PASSION, KIDS SHOW GENTLENESS TO SPIN PRIVACY.

VIOLET
IS FOR ALL ARTS AND SPORTS, ALL PERFORMANCE AND FROM THE THOUGHTIEST TO THE SWEATIEST.

INDIGO
IS FOR ALL MAPPING AND EXPLORATION, IN OUR HEADS AND IN THE WORLD, BOTH FOR OURSELVES AND FOR EVERYONE.

SHAME
BAD TOUCHING, CAUSING PAIN OR HARMFUL HEALING. BODY WRONG FORGING OR USING ANOTHER'S BODY CRUELTY.

SHAME
DISRUPTING THE RULES OF THE GAME OR WORK. NOT RESPECTING THE DOING, SHIRKING OR CREATORS.

SHAME
CRUELTY, TORTURE, NEGLECT OR BRUTALITY TO NATURE. BAD NATURE HACKS

SHAME
MAKING FAULTY MAPS. GIVING BAD DIRECTIONS. GETTING ONESELF OR OTHERS LOST. MOVING WITHOUT CARE.

SHAME
BEING RUDE. SPEAKING TO HURT. NOT LISTENING. SNEERING. SCOFFING. TELLING TRUTH WITHOUT GENTLENESS.

SHAME
STARVING OR BINGING. LAZING OR OVERWORKING. WASTING FOOD OR BIOMASS. BAD BODY HABITS.

SHAME
CHEATING, LYING, RUNNING SCAMS, FAILING TO REWARD GOOD, SHIRKING KARMA DUTIES, HACKING THE SYSTEM.



It's all right, Zigma.

You can wake up now.

YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO.

2015
[001]
SYAD
DIVIVIRUS



NEXT TEST
DAYS TO DESTRUCTION = ?
TESTER: BASIL QUAN, HEAD,
HUMAN RESOURCES.

TEST REGIMEN: SET HERE
NEUROKICK STATUS: GREEN

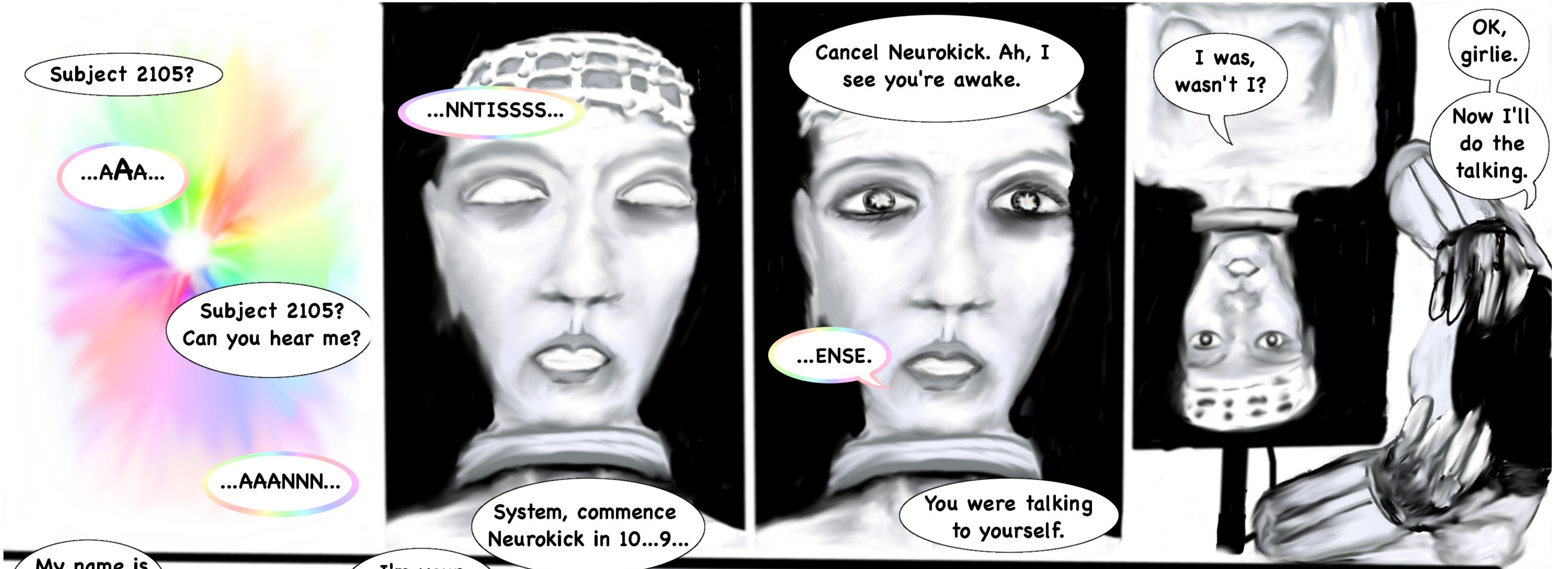
NEUROKICK

- WAKE
- POSTPONE
- DESTROY

NEUROKICK SYSTEM

- AMYGDALA
- HIPPOCAMPUS
- PONS
- SCO
- HYPOTHALAMUS
- CEREBELLUM
- MEDULLA
- CORPUS CALLOSUM
- RIGHT FOREBRAIN
- LEFT FOREBRAIN

SET USER
PARAMETERS



Subject 2105?

...AAA...

Subject 2105? Can you hear me?

...AAANNN...

...NNTISSSS...

Cancel Neurokick. Ah, I see you're awake.

...ENSE.

You were talking to yourself.

I was, wasn't I?

OK, girlie.

Now I'll do the talking.

System, commence Neurokick in 10...9...



My name is Basil Quan.

I'm your next tester.

I want to know what you did to the other three.



I talked to them.

That's all?

I felt their pain.



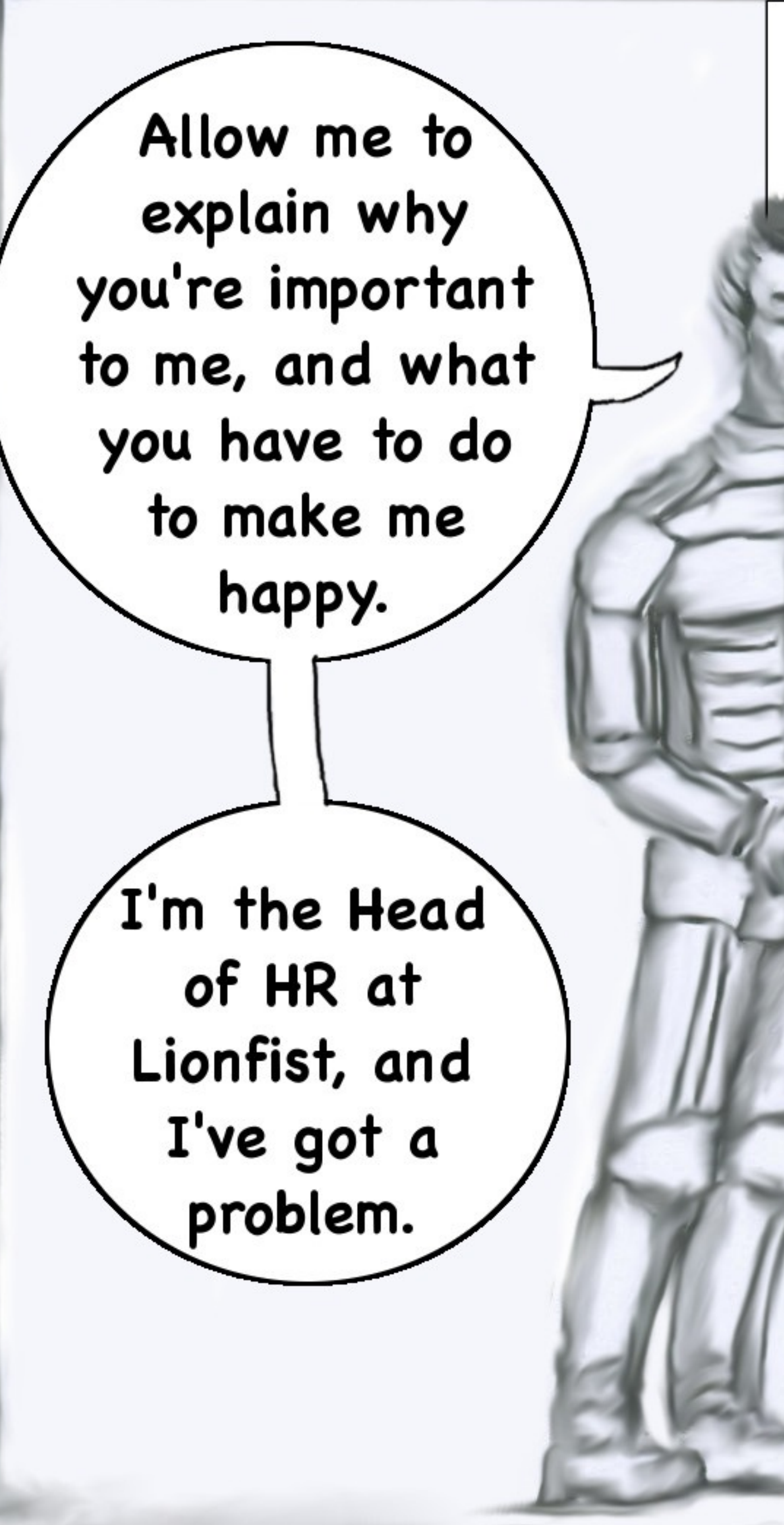
How did you get them to kill themselves?

I tried to stop them, but they wouldn't listen.



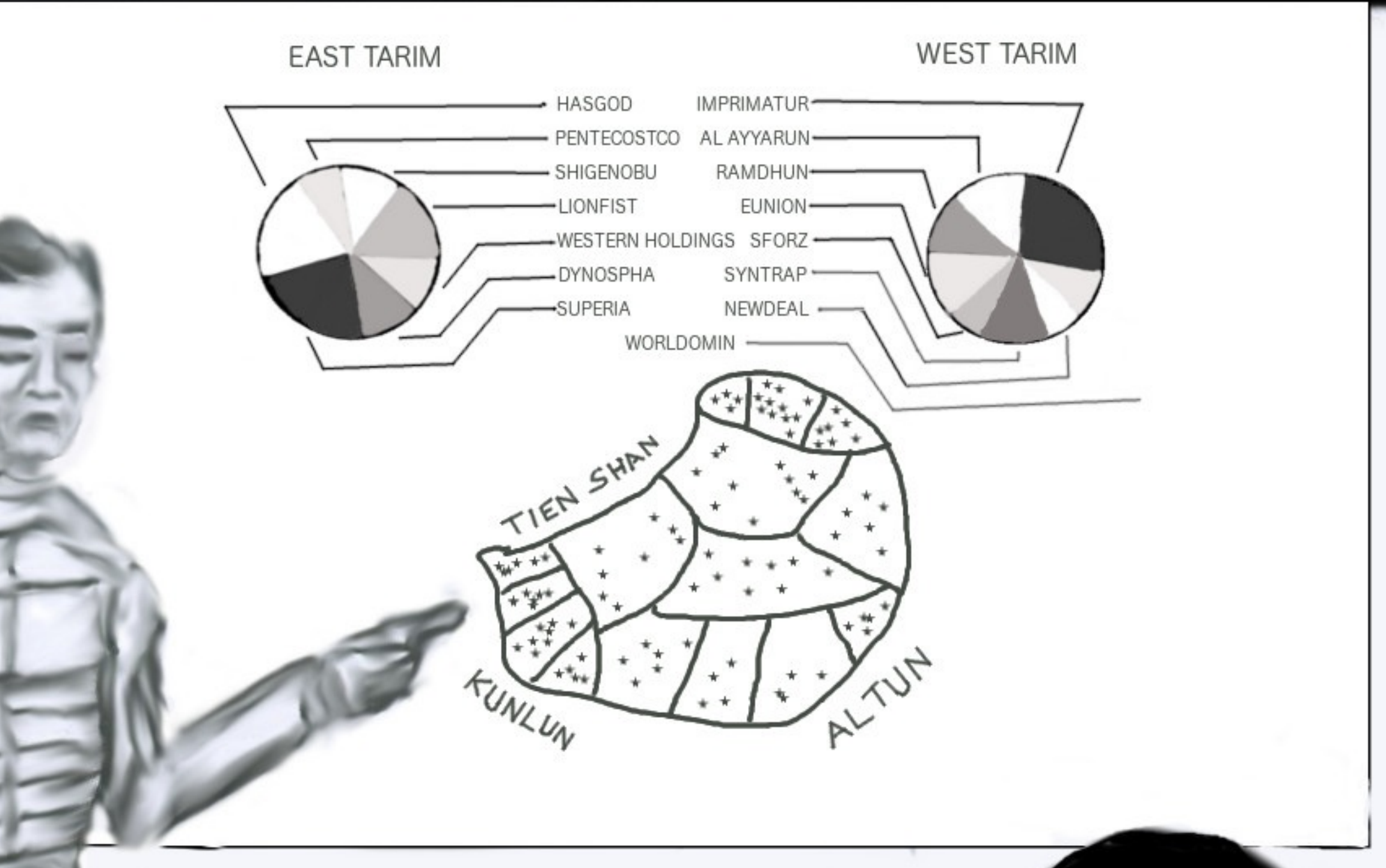
You're not making sense, girlie.

And that's a career-breaking move.



Allow me to explain why you're important to me, and what you have to do to make me happy.

I'm the Head of HR at Lionfist, and I've got a problem.



We own Tarim, but the world drills it. Fifteen of the world's big players hold franchises here.

This is the Tarim Basin.

It's a pain in the ass.

It's the world's last functioning oilfield.

Yes, we still need oil in this nuclear age. For plastics, weapons and musclecars.

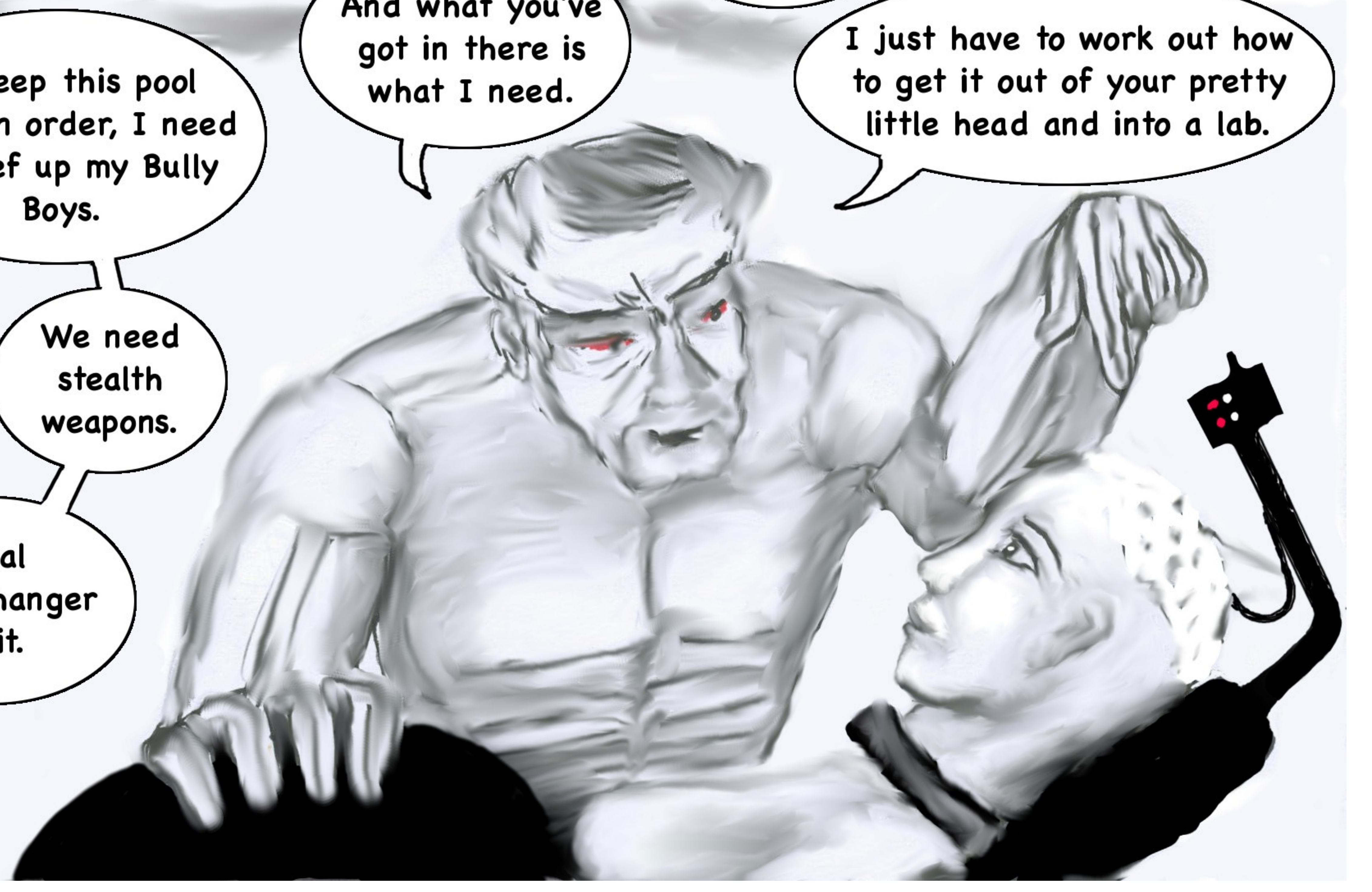


It's like running a warehouse with fifteen unruly johns always on site.

To keep this pool party in order, I need to beef up my Bully Boys.

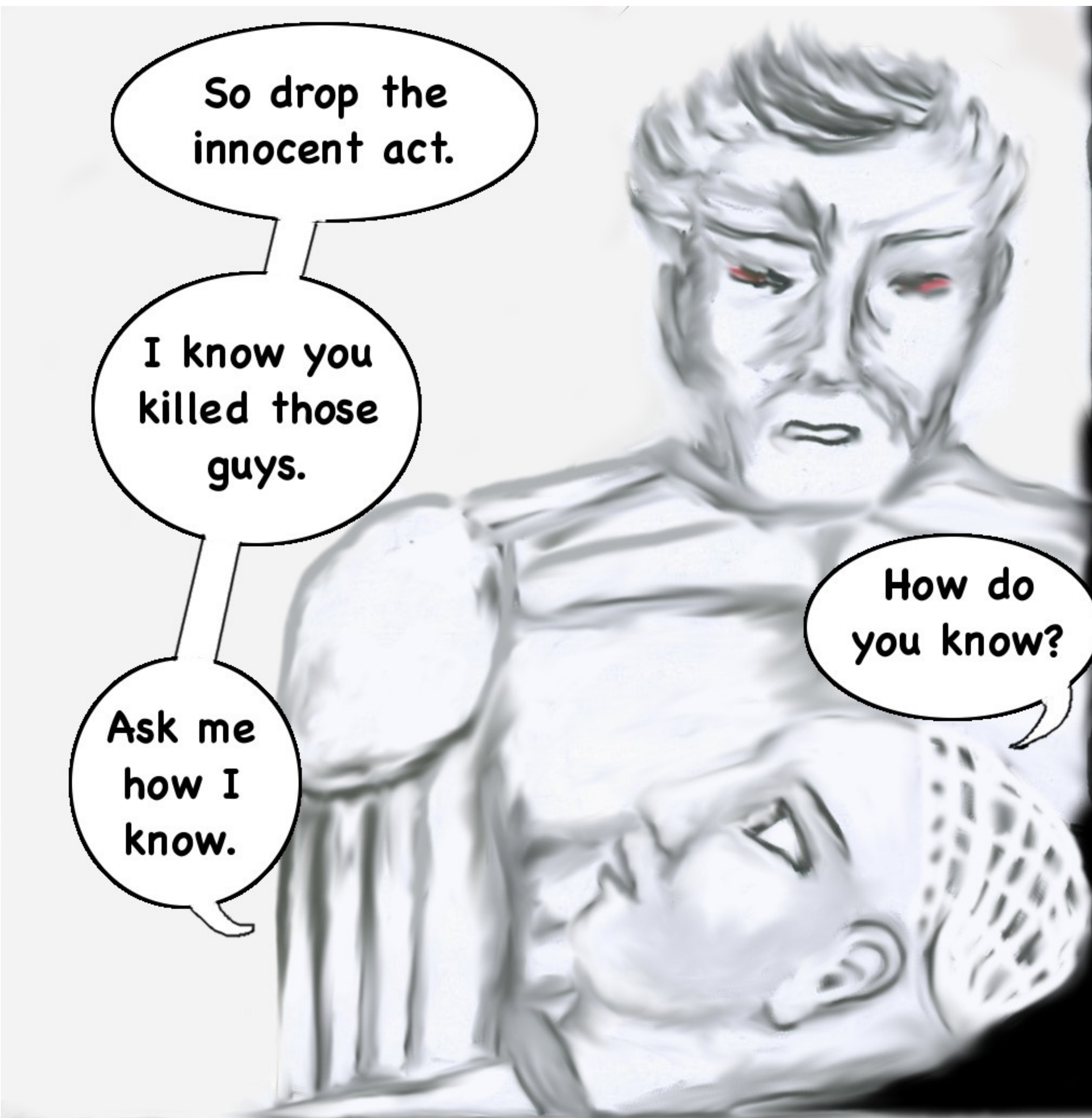
We need stealth weapons.

Real gamechanger shit.



And what you've got in there is what I need.

I just have to work out how to get it out of your pretty little head and into a lab.



So drop the innocent act.

I know you killed those guys.

Ask me how I know.

How do you know?

When I was seven years old, I saw a news broadcast.

Yes, we still had TV news in those days.



They set themselves ablaze.

I watched them burn.

These were Old Guys. Soft like chicks.

They could feel pain.

But they didn't flinch.

I thought, how cool is that? Ever since then, I've been searching for that power.

I forget why.

Three Tibetan monks were protesting outside the Lionfist HQ.



And now, I have you!

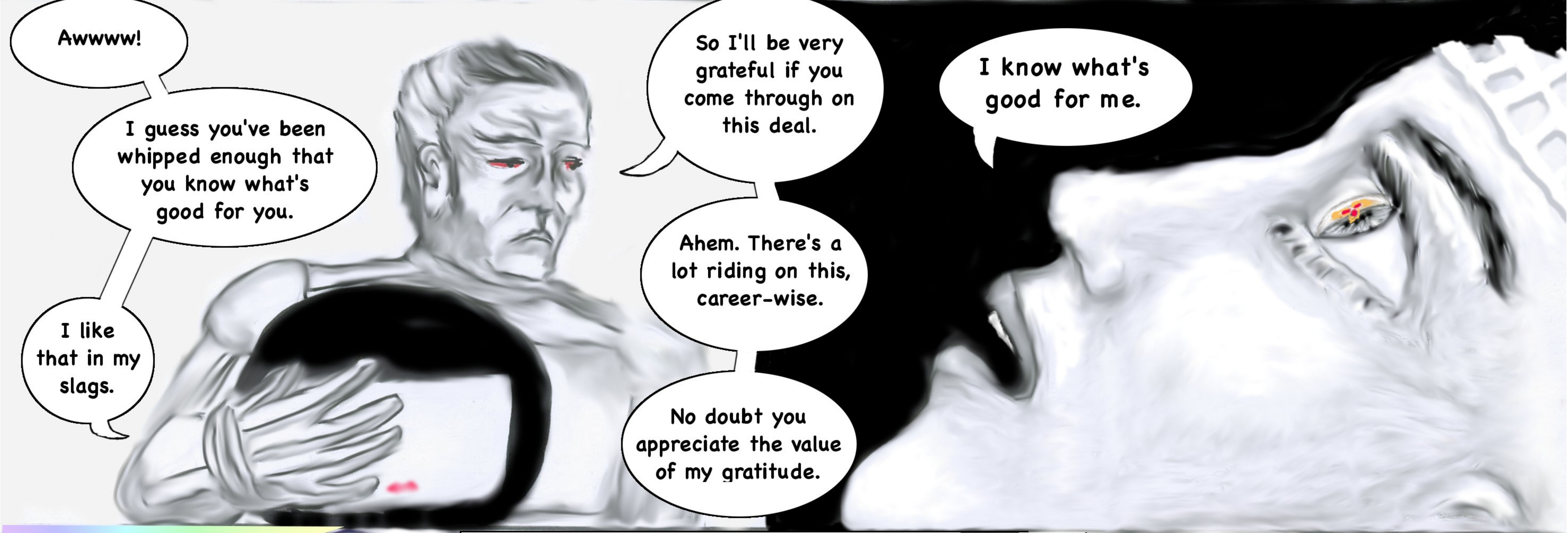
If you cooperate, there'll be less pain.

I promise.

You, girlie, are my ticket to the big time.

You'd like that, wouldn't you?

Yes.



Awwww!

I guess you've been whipped enough that you know what's good for you.

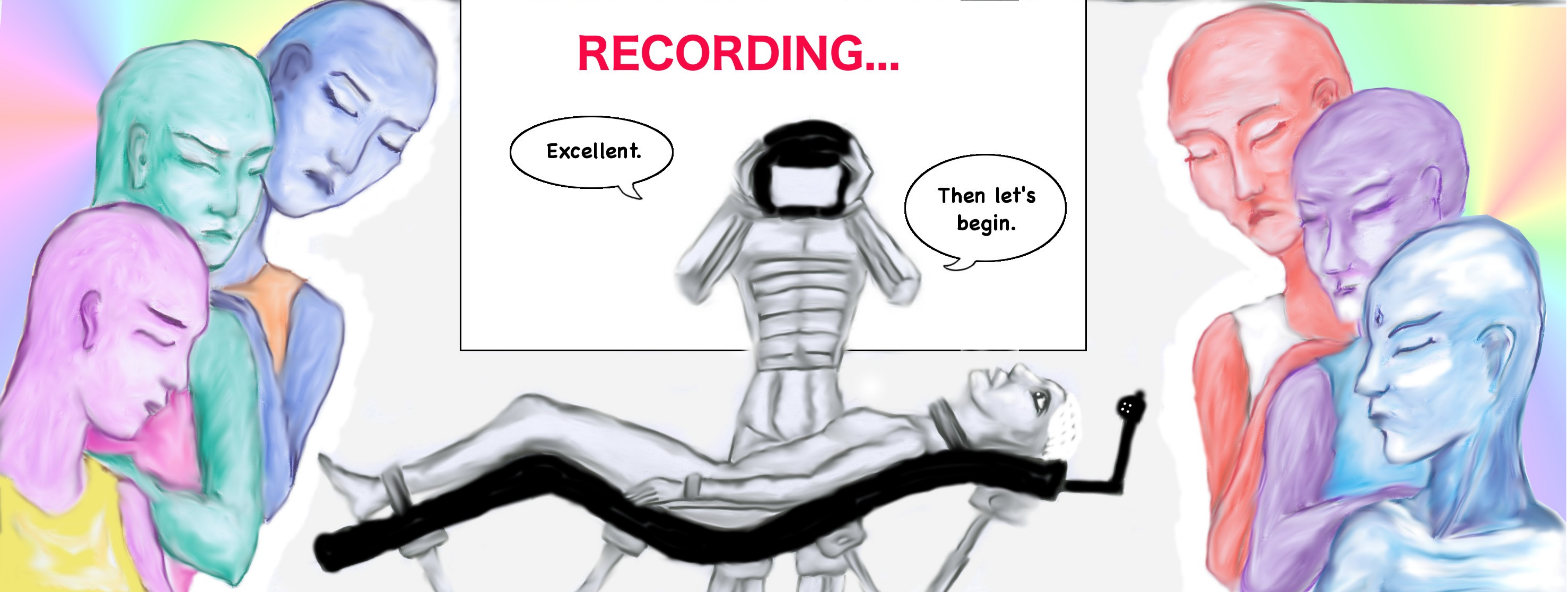
So I'll be very grateful if you come through on this deal.

I know what's good for me.

I like that in my slags.

Ahem. There's a lot riding on this, career-wise.

No doubt you appreciate the value of my gratitude.



RECORDING...

Excellent.

Then let's begin.