



... I told him, "I signed on to bend bar, and *only* to bend bar. I don't do backroom work." You know, serving them's bad enough, I'm sure not going to Puck them ...

OK, so guess what that bastard says? He says, "I need backroom more than I need another full-time bar. You should reconsider ... if you're still interested in working here."

People warned me Leo was an asshole ... I don't think I can change his mind on this, so I guess I look for another job. Again. Fourth time in a year ...

Why are they like this? Why is everybody running a club a complete dick?



Stinks, huh?

Whoa! Where'd you come from?

Why not fix the problem instead of just sucking it up?



Oh, sure, I'll just go say, "hey, Leo, have you tried not being a dick?" and that'll work.

No, no, silly! I'm talking about *direct action*.

Change him. Change anything that needs changing.

Uh, look, I don't know who you are but--

You have the ability. Everybody does. They don't want you to know that. It's a *biiliiiiig* secret. I'm spilling the beans! I'm so evil!

I don't-- It's not my space, I can't just alter it, I can't just alter somebody else ... it doesn't work like that ...



But you can.

That's the big secret.

Those permissions and such? They don't really matter. They never did.

It's a contest. The person with the stronger willpower, with the better imagination, gets to win. You can change *anything* if you want it hard enough.

Do you have things you want to change hard enough?



Oh, yeah, I sure do!

There we are! On our way to a better world!

Uh ... Hanne ... is this a good idea?



Now, don't spoil her Pun!

There are so many things about this place that need to be fixed.

Can't you think of some? I'm sure you can.



Whee!

Oh, yeah.

Now, put those superpowers to good use, OK?



THE TALENTED #1

STORY AND IMAGES BY TRILBY

THE PERSONAL SPACE OF RUBY'S FORMER FRIEND AND LOVER DOREEN DRAKE.



... Well, I'm here.

You want an award?

Don't worry, this won't take long.

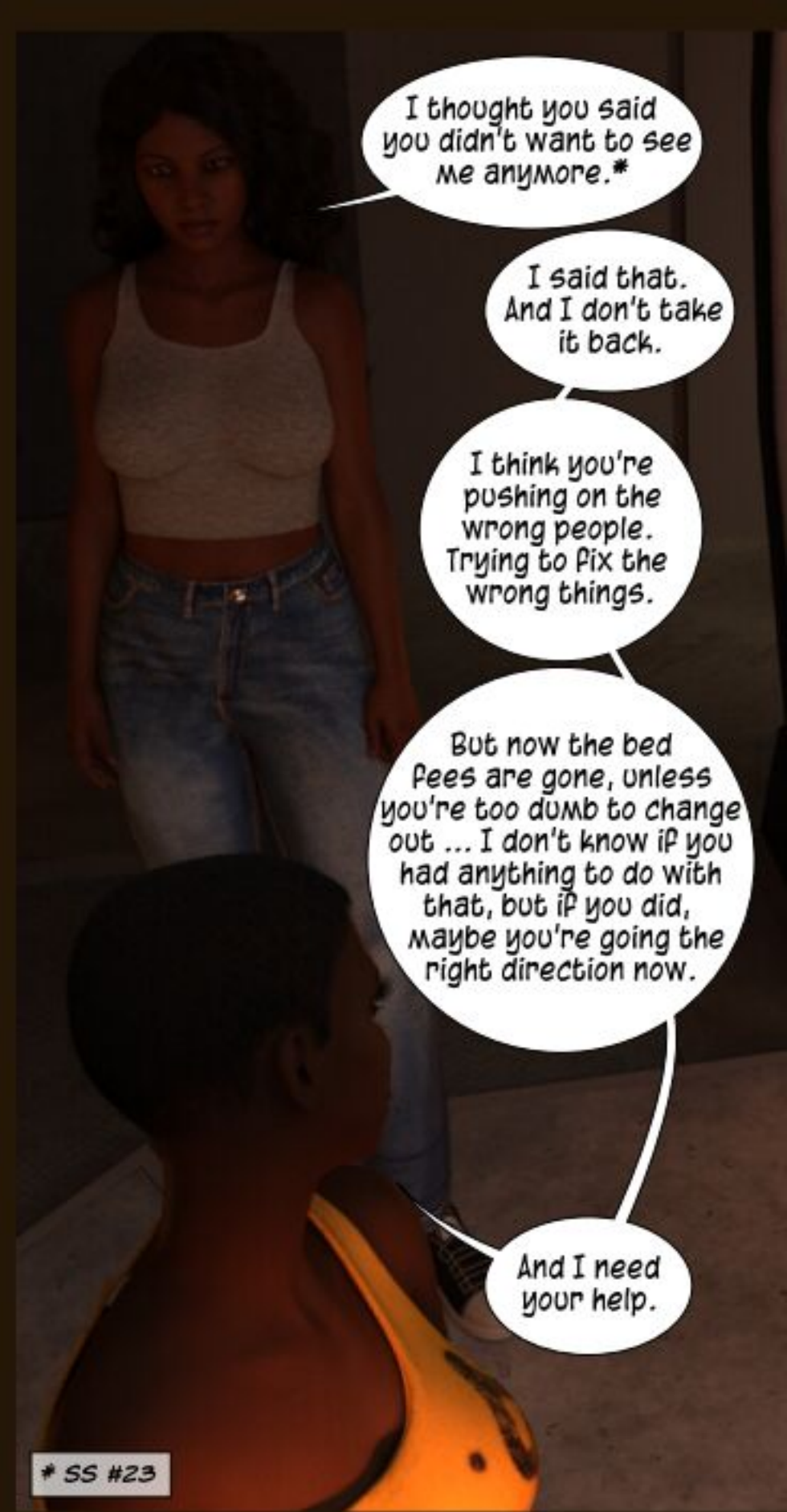


You deleted your apartment? Don't tell me you sleep in that thing.

Not yet.

I didn't need any of that stuff.

... and I haven't been sleeping much.



I thought you said you didn't want to see me anymore.*

I said that. And I don't take it back.

I think you're pushing on the wrong people. Trying to fix the wrong things.

But now the bed pees are gone, unless you're too dumb to change out ... I don't know if you had anything to do with that, but if you did, maybe you're going the right direction now.

And I need your help.

*SS #23



I still want what I want, Ruby. That hasn't changed.

I want to be out of it. Completely out. Like Bliss, but I don't want it to end. There's nothing out here I want to see or hear or do. Not anymore.

I'm not one of those designers--algorithmists? Is that the word?--but when I was turning people into grays, I realized that was bullshit. People can make a lot more things than they think they can. If I could make the gun to do that, then I could make something for myself.

This is it. It's finished. Ready for me. I just have one problem.

I can't turn it on while I'm in it.



You want me to--

No! No way.

You can't ask me to do that to you, Doreen!



I'm not asking you to do shit, Ruby.

One button. I want you to press one fucking button. And you can't even do that for me?

You didn't get it last time and you still don't. This is what I want.

I know it's not what you want, but you don't get a say. That must be tough for you, huh?

-- sigh --

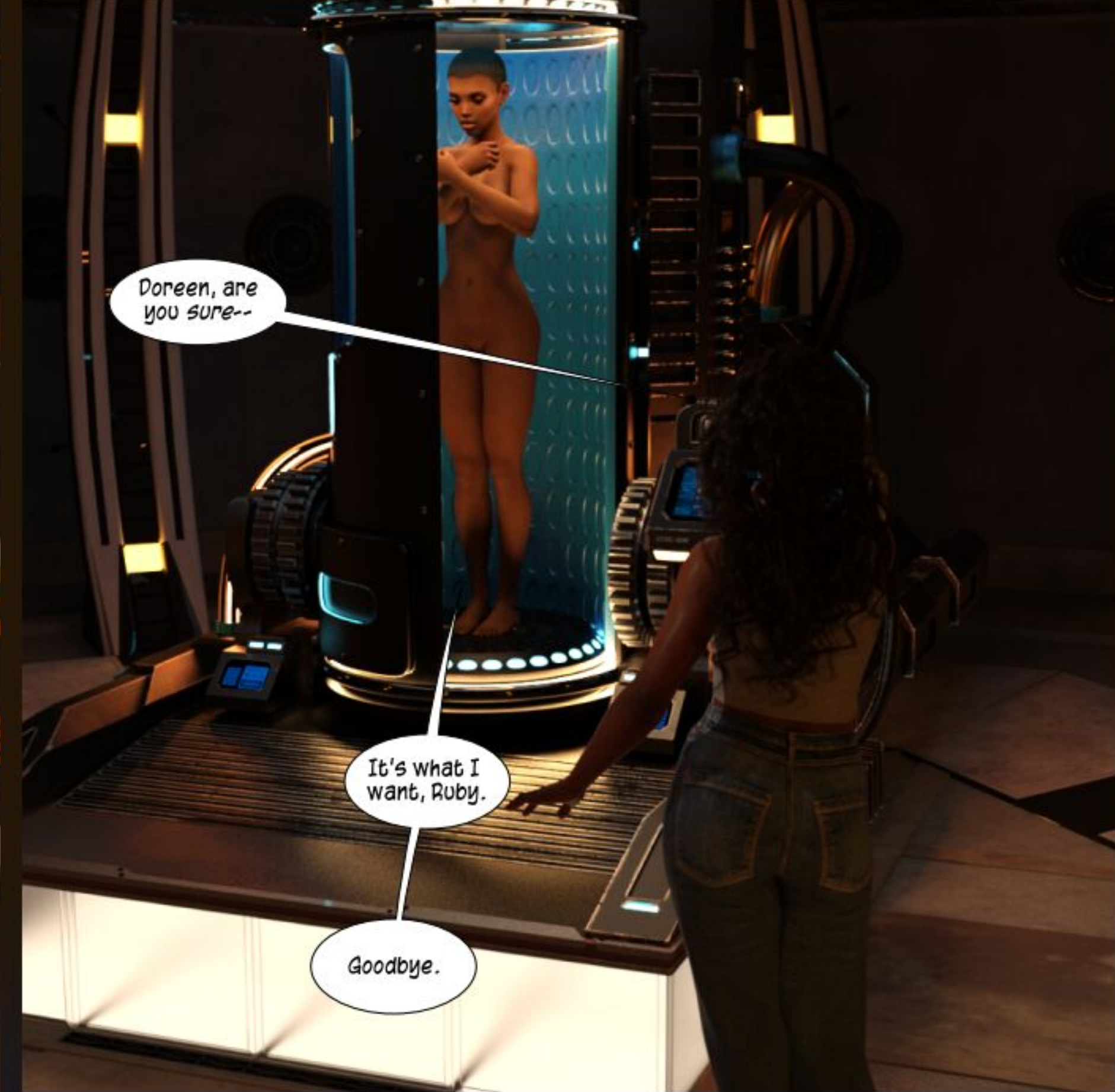
Look, I know it's because you care about me. OK. You really want to help me?

This is how you help me.



... what do I have to do.

When I get in, close the door. Then just press the big circle.



Doreen, are you sure--

It's what I want, Ruby.

Goodbye.



Goodbye, Doreen.

GINA AND ESPERANZA ARE AT THE "GOLDEN BOX" NIGHTCLUB. THEY DON'T LOOK PLEASED TO BE THERE, BUT THEN, THEY'RE NOT THERE FOR ENTERTAINMENT.



I don't like this. It reminds me of Percy's place. Not just sleazy. Sinister.

Bianca was worse.

But yeah.

I'd feel better with my equipment. I'd love to pull data on some of these people.

Visors and jump packs would kind of stand out. Anyway, we've got those earpieces. Let's see if they're as good as Leyna promised.

Just so you know, if Adler turns around I may have to do something sudden. He might remember my face, and I don't need that.



... once they started catching on about the bed pees, I couldn't keep anybody to save my life.

Nobody wants to work now. They want to fuck around and have fun, but who's gonna run the places they go have fun? They don't think about that.

But the thing is, with the street politics the way it is, you can slip past. Nobody's really paying attention, see?

So this is my way to get some, ah, employee retention. It's working great. And I don't have to pay them much.

Haven't done it to everybody yet. Just the ones who need it. For instance, I've got a bartender who doesn't want to play nice. Next time she comes in, I'm going to set her up. She'll be fine after that.



Why, look at Joel here. Joel's a *MUCH* better person now after I made a few changes.

Isn't that right, Joel?

Yes, my darling.



Well, you make ... ah ... a very compelling case. But if the word gets out ... you could find you retain employees, but no customer will go near the place.

I'm not worried. Even if the word does get out, most people wouldn't believe it. And I'd just say my competition was trying to smear me.

I'm telling you, Will, it's a jungle now. Worse than it was. Another year and everybody will be forced to do shit like this.



Hanne? What are you doing here? You're not on tonight ...

You'll see!

Loud and clear.

Yeah. Definitely unacceptable.

I don't think we should try to confront him ourselves, though.

Oh, hell, no. He'd probably just mind-control us too. We'll message Leyna and Ruby.

I hope they can take him down soon, because if Adler gets interested, that's really bad. Leo only has this sleazy club. Adler's got Five.

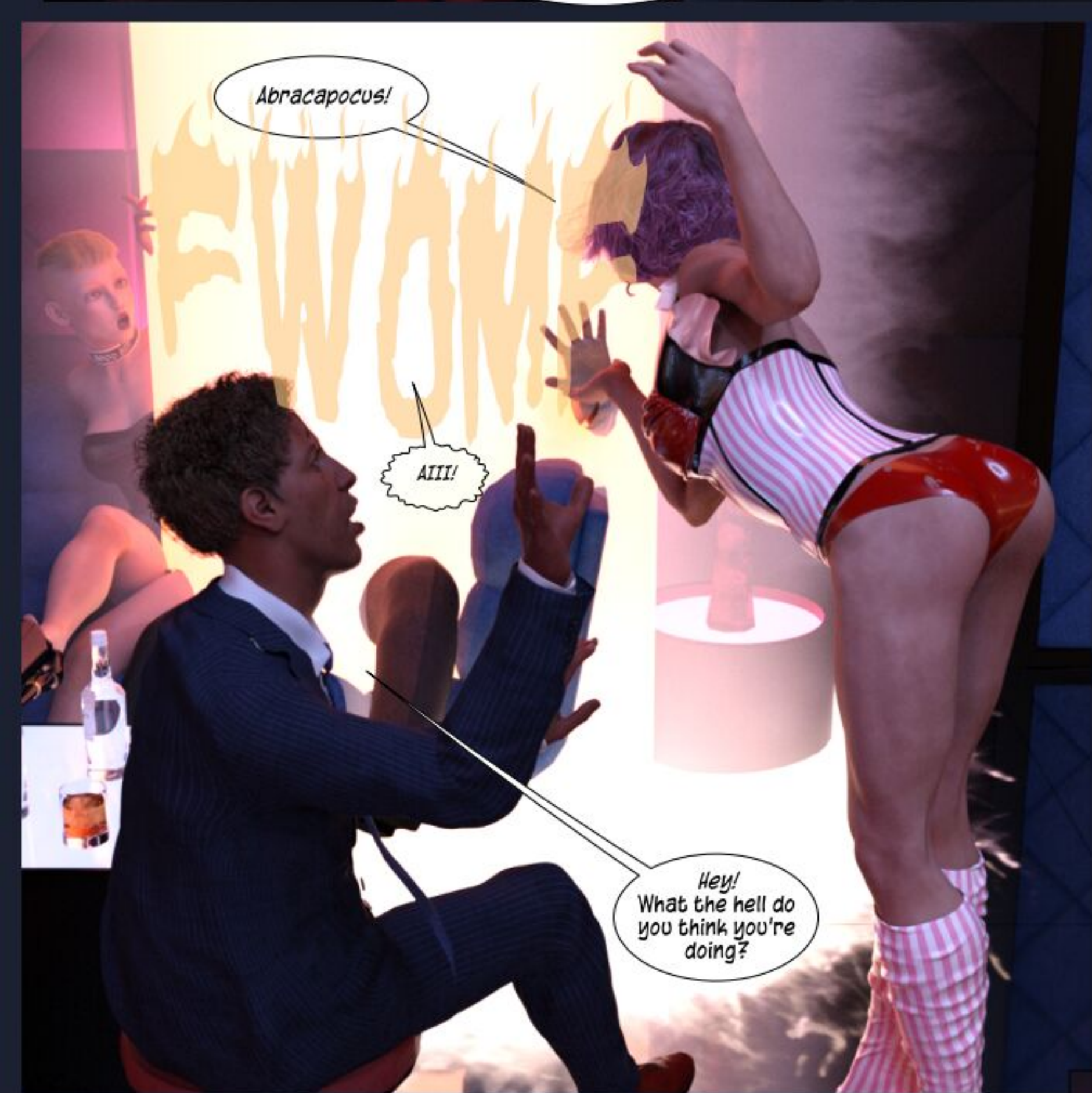


Hanne. Nice outfit. Is this you saying you're willing to do backroom shifts after all?

'Cause you should have said yes the first time and now you're going to have to do something to get back in good--

Oh, no, Leo! No, no, no! Silly man!

This is me saying it's past time to make some *changes!*



Abracapocus!

AIII!

Hey! What the hell do you think you're doing?



Don't be impatient! You're next.

-- Mmph! --



... We should intervene.

No, we shouldn't.

'Ranza! Come on.

I know Leo and Adler are both shits, but ... I mean ... she's doing the same things ... if we're going to go after people messing with other people's minds against their will then we can't ignore--

--the ones we happen to agree with.

OK, fine.



Thank yew, thank yew! I'll be here all week!

hahahaha

CLAPCLAPCLAPCLAP

-- SACH --



Uh, excuse Me ...

Look, not saying they don't deserve it, but ... this is a bad idea.

It's going to Make trouble for you ... not to mention if he gets out of it he's going to be nasty ...

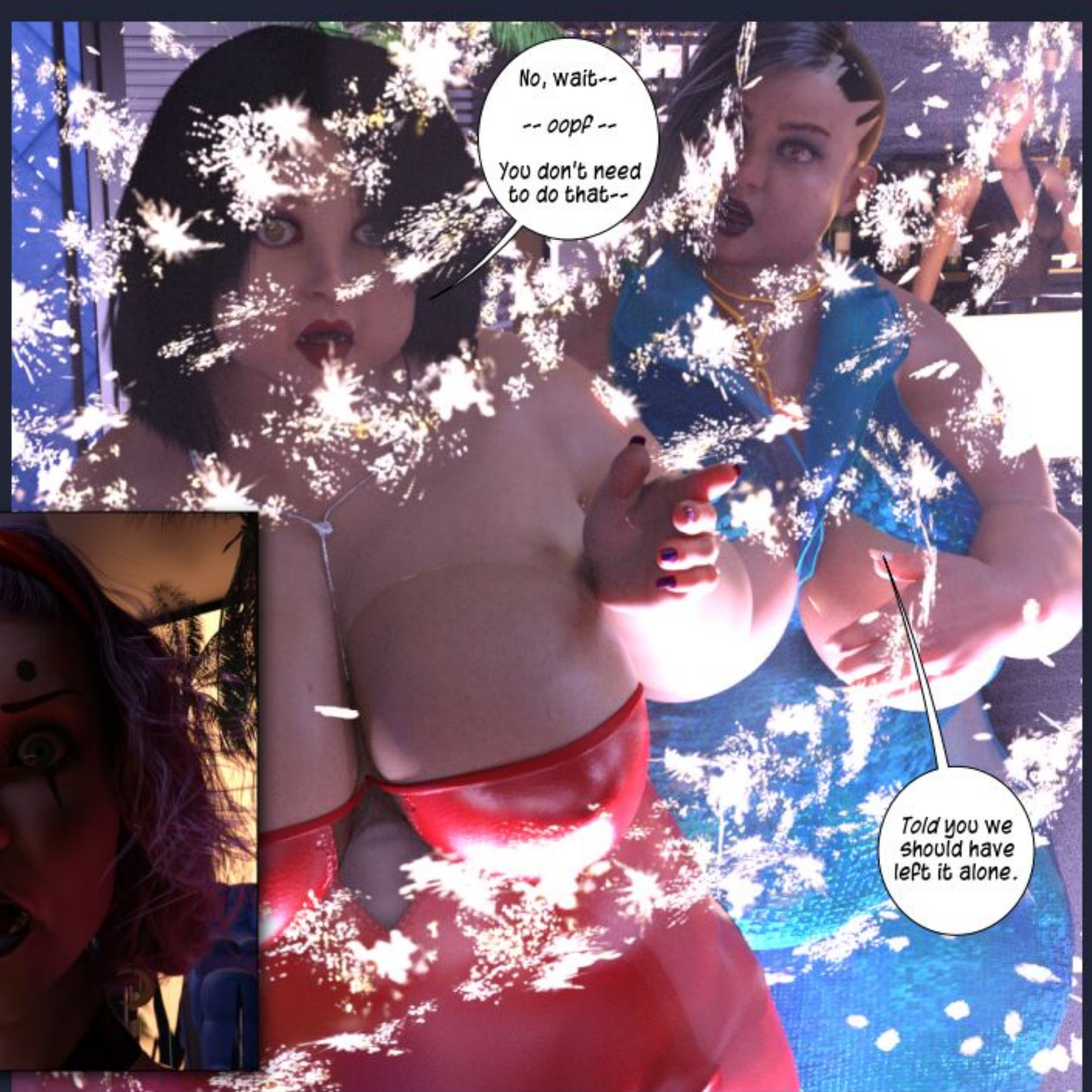
-- squint! --

You're trying to spoil all the Fun!

Well, I'm not going to let you!

Hokuscadabra!

It Might be -- hee -- Might be better if you don't try to talk, darling.



No, wait-- -- oopf --

You don't need to do that--

Told you we should have left it alone.



-- hrrhmm! --

-- mmp! --



Roll those two out and push them down Grade Alley. I'm going to go set Leo here up in a back room.

Hurry back, now! We're going to redecorate!



urgh

When we tell Leyna and Ruby ... let's leave that part out.

Damn it! We're not reverting all the way.

Lucky we reverted any at all. What's the problem? Just change back.

I stink at it. You saw how long it took me just to have different hair ...



I'll have to recall and restore a preset.

Or you could wait on that and we could go home and Pool around.

You're kidding.

I think you look kind of hot like that.

And it's something I've never tried.

... OK, but I want a shower first.

Oh, definitely. I don't think that puddle you landed in was water.





-- sucked in.

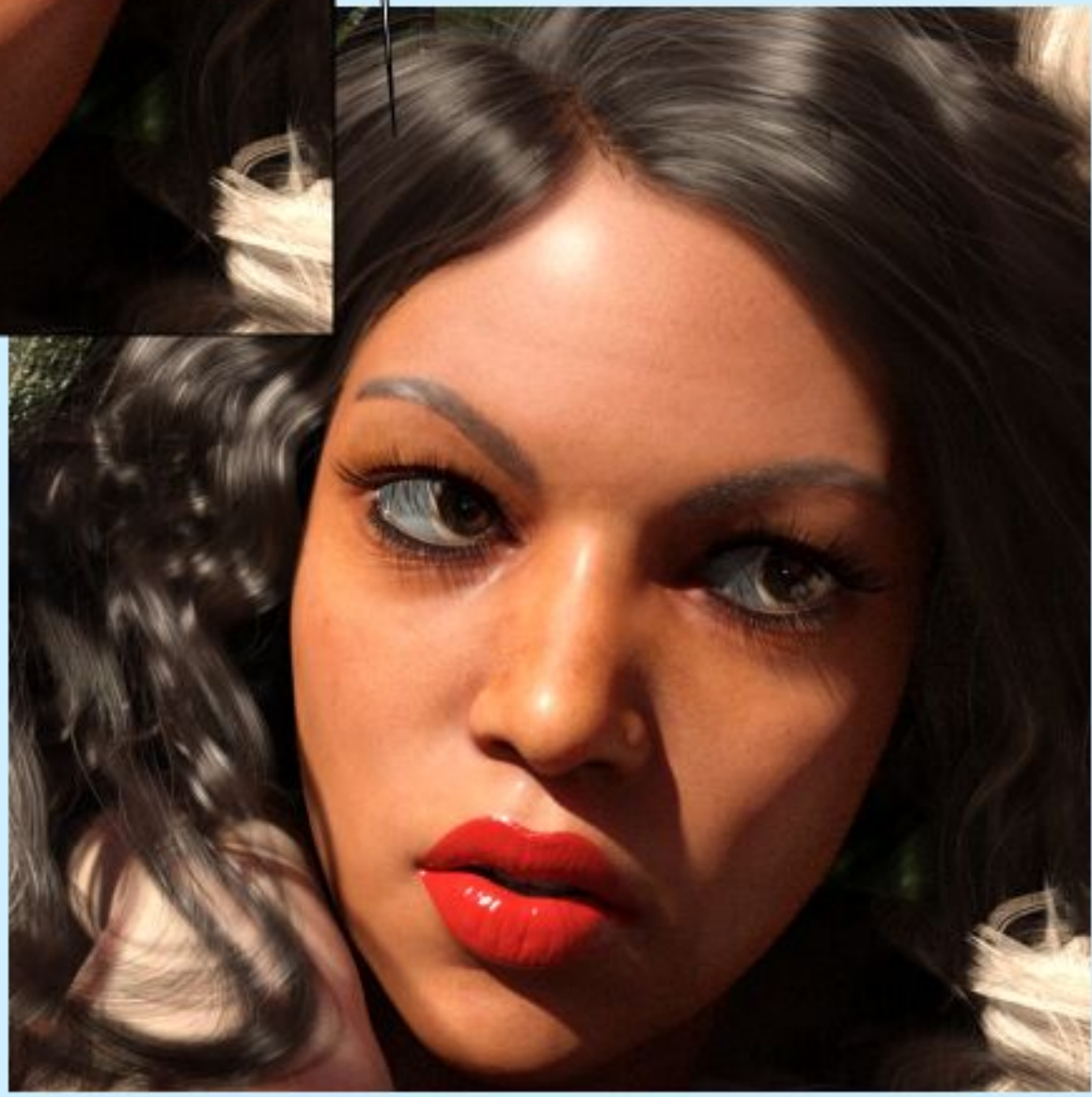
-- sigh --



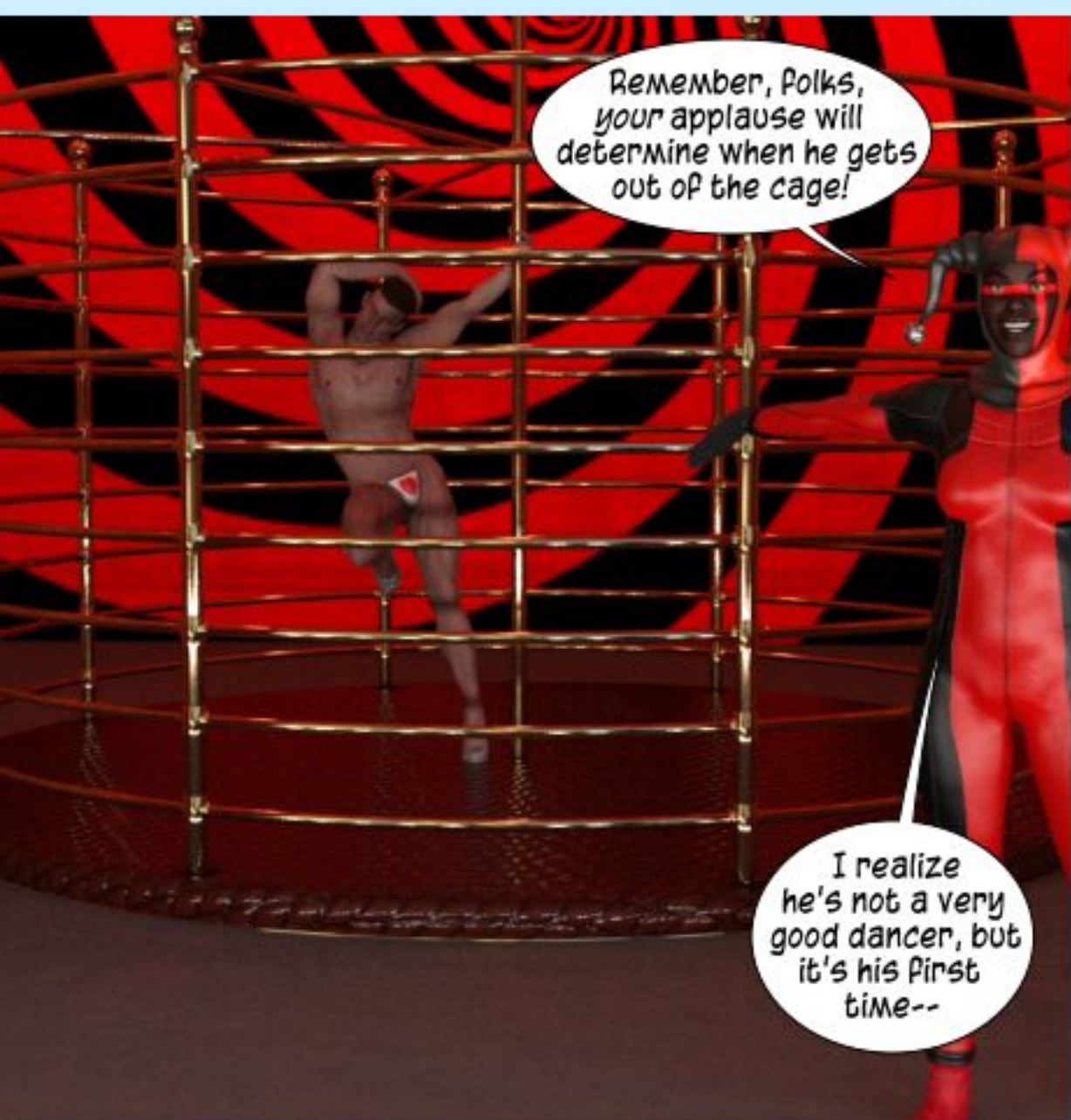
Trish.

C'mon, Trish, snap out of it.

It's just a scenario. Break character.

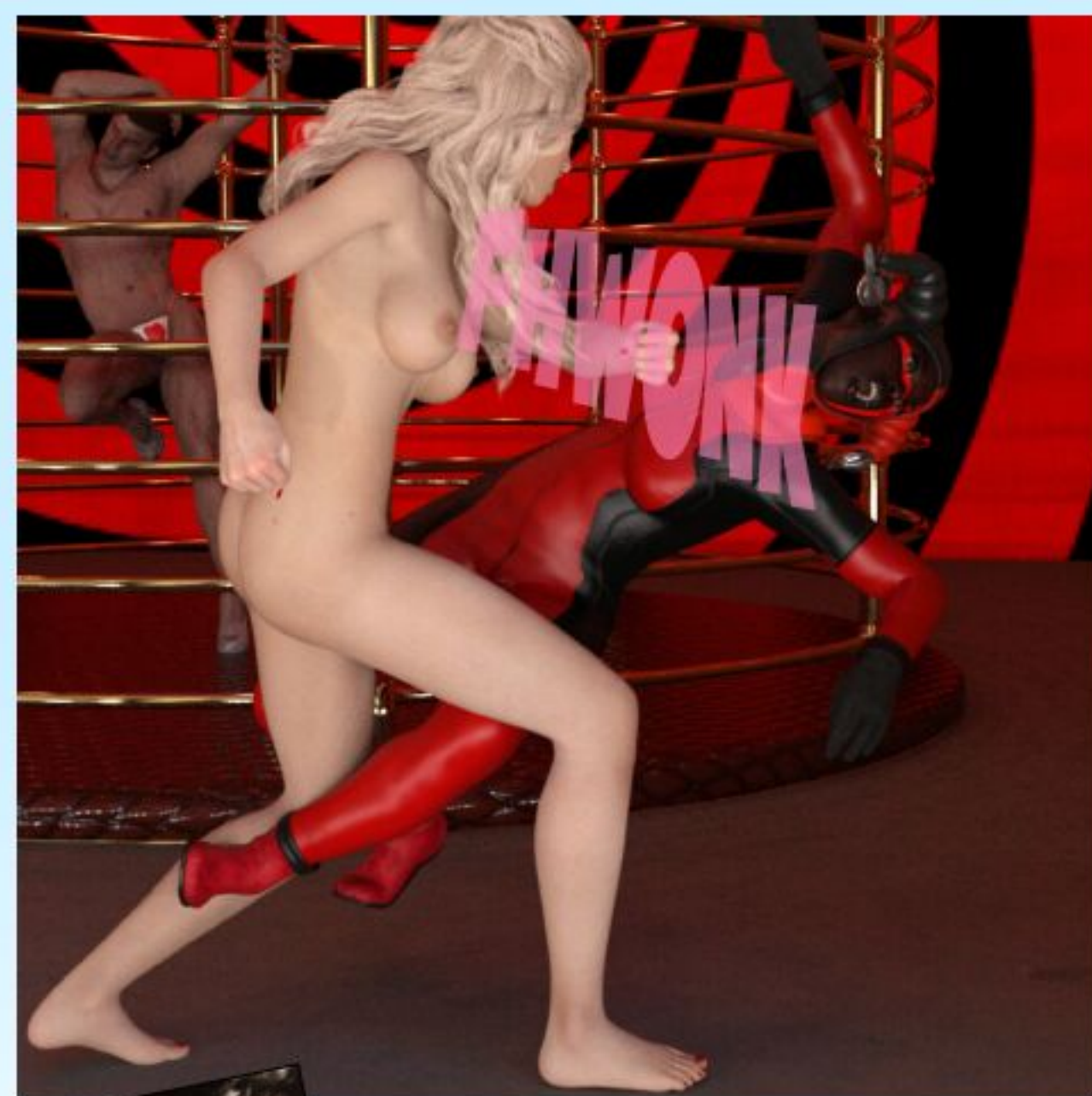


... you know, my scenarios don't do this kind of thing.



Remember, Polks, your applause will determine when he gets out of the cage!

I realize he's not a very good dancer, but it's his first time--



AAAA!

Nice Porn.

Thanks.

What happens next? I'm new at this.

Psst.
You have about three seconds to recall before the shouting starts.



uhhhh?



... oh.



That was very charitable of you.

Eh. I guess I'm just Peeling Forgiving.

Besides, it's not like I could really do much to her. Having her realize that people get pissed off when you do things like that ... it might be good enough to keep her from doing it again.

On it isn't, and she'll end up as our next supervillain. Who the hell knows?

Throw on some clothes. We still need to talk these four down.

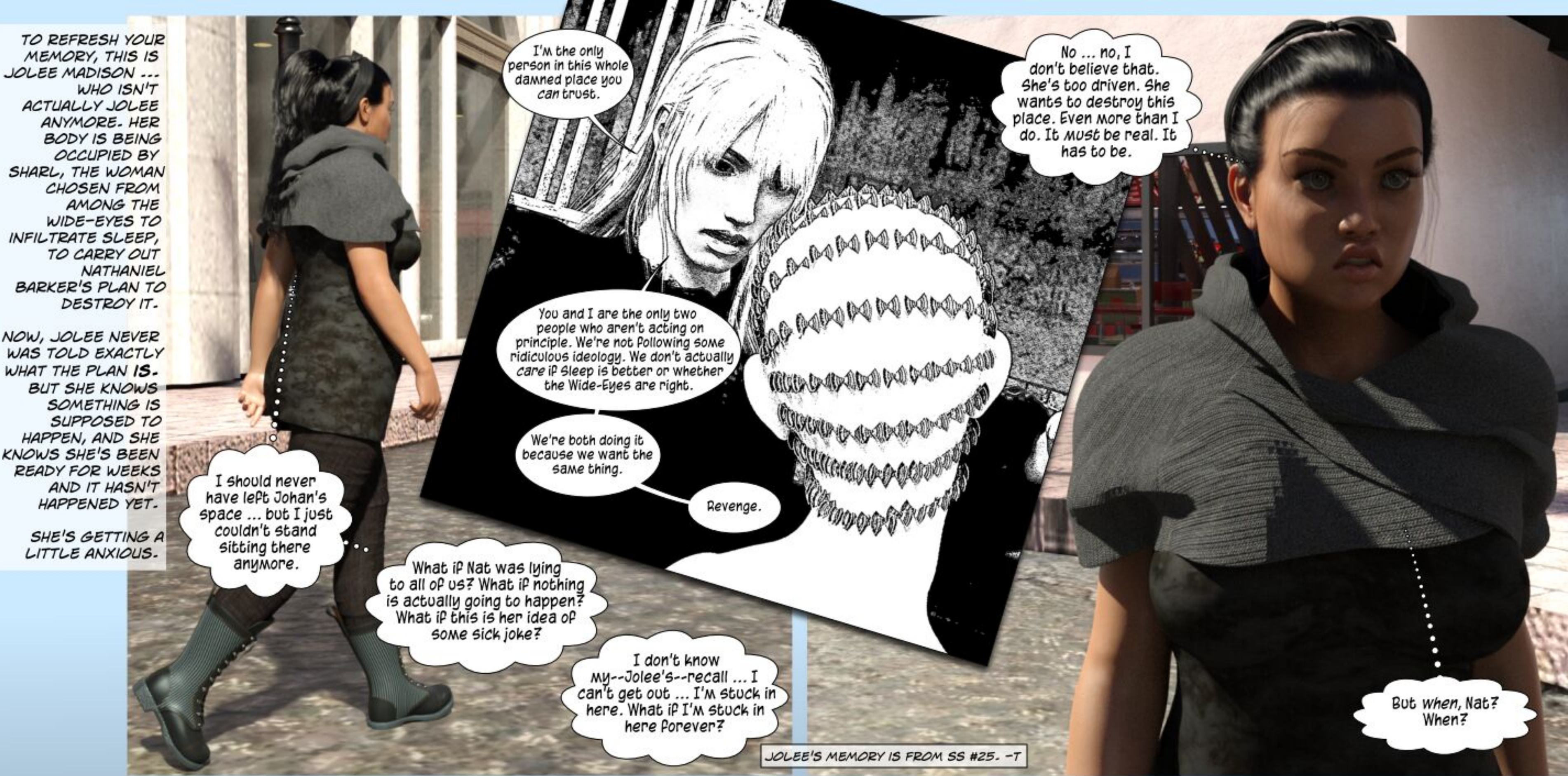


..... This is such a strange place.

TO REFRESH YOUR MEMORY, THIS IS JOLEE MADISON ... WHO ISN'T ACTUALLY JOLEE ANYMORE. HER BODY IS BEING OCCUPIED BY SHARL, THE WOMAN CHOSEN FROM AMONG THE WIDE-EYES TO INFILTRATE SLEEP, TO CARRY OUT NATHANIEL BARKER'S PLAN TO DESTROY IT.

NOW, JOLEE NEVER WAS TOLD EXACTLY WHAT THE PLAN IS. BUT SHE KNOWS SOMETHING IS SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN, AND SHE KNOWS SHE'S BEEN READY FOR WEEKS AND IT HASN'T HAPPENED YET.

SHE'S GETTING A LITTLE ANXIOUS.



I'm the only person in this whole damned place you can trust.

No ... no, I don't believe that. She's too driven. She wants to destroy this place. Even more than I do. It must be real. It has to be.

You and I are the only two people who aren't acting on principle. We're not following some ridiculous ideology. We don't actually care if Sleep is better or whether the Wide-Eyes are right.

We're both doing it because we want the same thing.

Revenge.

I should never have left Johan's space ... but I just couldn't stand sitting there anymore.

What if Nat was lying to all of us? What if nothing is actually going to happen? What if this is her idea of some sick joke?

I don't know my--Jolee's--recall ... I can't get out ... I'm stuck in here. What if I'm stuck in here forever?

But when, Nat? When?

JOLEE'S MEMORY IS FROM SS #25. -T

THE BARKER BOARDROOM.



I shouldn't be here ... It's a waste of time anyway. They won't come.

Oh, you never know.

Maybe they'll have enough sense to realize showing up is in their interests.



Whose interests?

I think you'll lose that bet, Serene. I hope you will. Especially since if Clayton doesn't show I've told him I'm going to find him and break his arms.

Hello, Monica. Ezekiel -- I figured you might show. But I'm betting Clayton and Brendan won't.



Talking about me? I'm not the one you should ask about. Brendan doesn't want to be in the same room as me.

I don't want to be in the same room as you, you son-of-a-bitch. Lucius is in a coma because of your bomb--did you even bother to know that?

The only reason I'm not throwing you through a wall right now is your great-aunt here, who's bought you a little time. Be sure to thank her.



Oh, look, the gang's all here. Even Clayton.

Fuck you too, Brendan.

Monica, is that you? Barely recognized you. All kinds of surprises.

Like Aunt Ruth showing up at my door and forcing me to come.

You make it sound like I held a gun to your head, Brendan.

Might as well have. All right, so I'm here. Can we get this over with?

We can't yet. We're still waiting on someone.

Who?



We're not sitting at the table today?

Josiah!

Josiah, I'm going to need proof of identity. I don't think I've ever seen you wearing anything but that same damned suit.

I hate that suit, Pauline. But there's such a thing as decorum. Today, I didn't want to be here anyway, so I decided being comfortable was preferable.

So why are you here?

Because my mother asked me.



Some of you are too young to remember Jeanne very well, and I think Ezekiel may never even have seen her.

And one person here has worked with me but was unaware of who I was. I'm sorry I didn't tell you, Leyna. I never intended to come back to the Family--I moved on. But you've all made it necessary.



Yeah, speaking of that. Who is this Leyna person, and what's she doing here?

She's one of Serene's snoops, Clayton. She was fucking with you a long time back. You just didn't notice.

Oh, well, thanks a lot for telling me. Some partnership.

If I'd told you, would you have believed me?

Anyway, I agree. She shouldn't be here. This is Family business.



And I'm entitled to be here, because I'm Family.

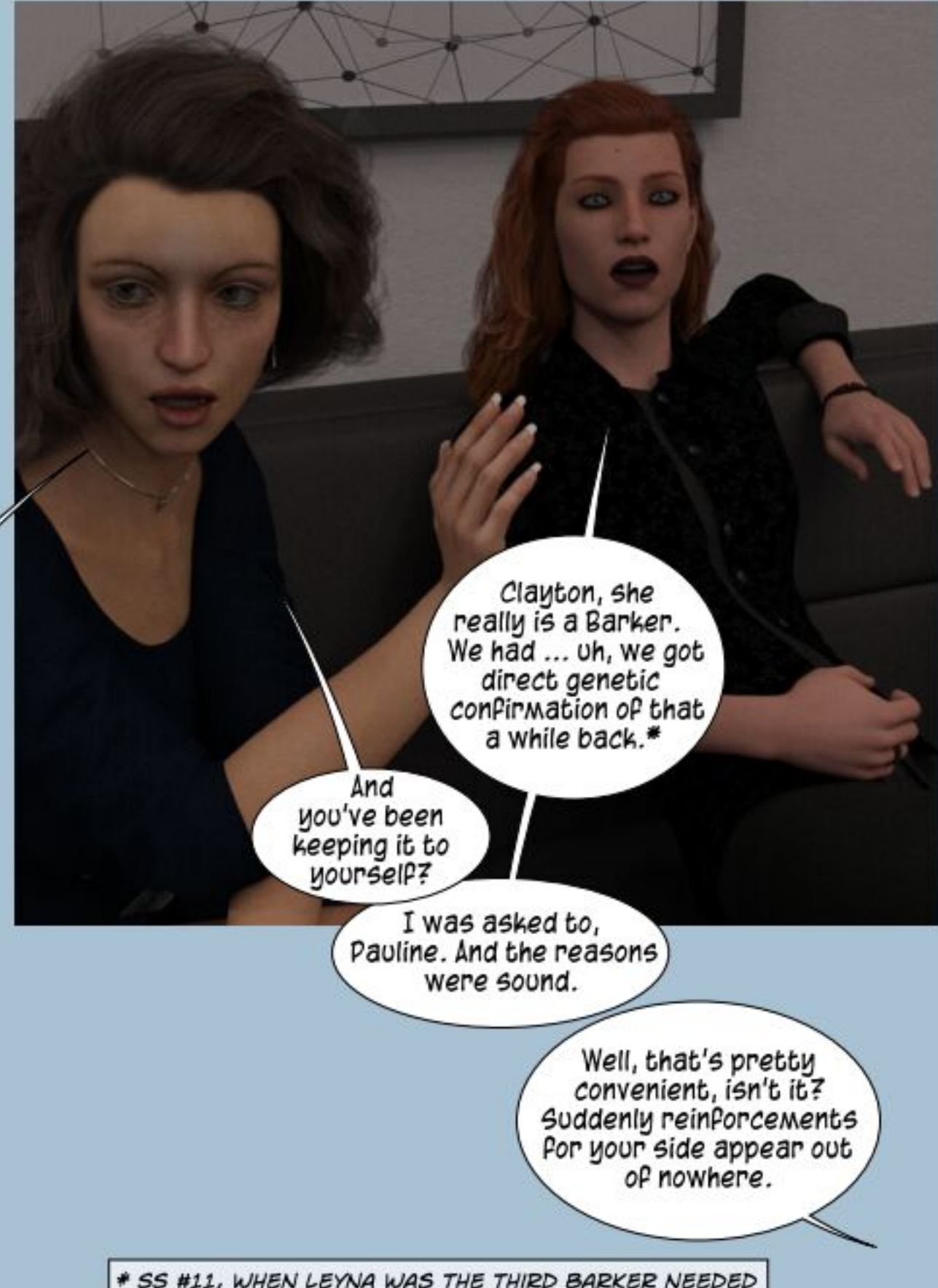
I'm a Barker.

Uh ...

Bullshit!

Honestly, all of you. Do your eyes work? I knew she was a Barker the day I met her. Look at her. She might as well have "Samuel and Serene's Child" written on her face.

... To be fair, Leah, some of them have never actually seen me before.

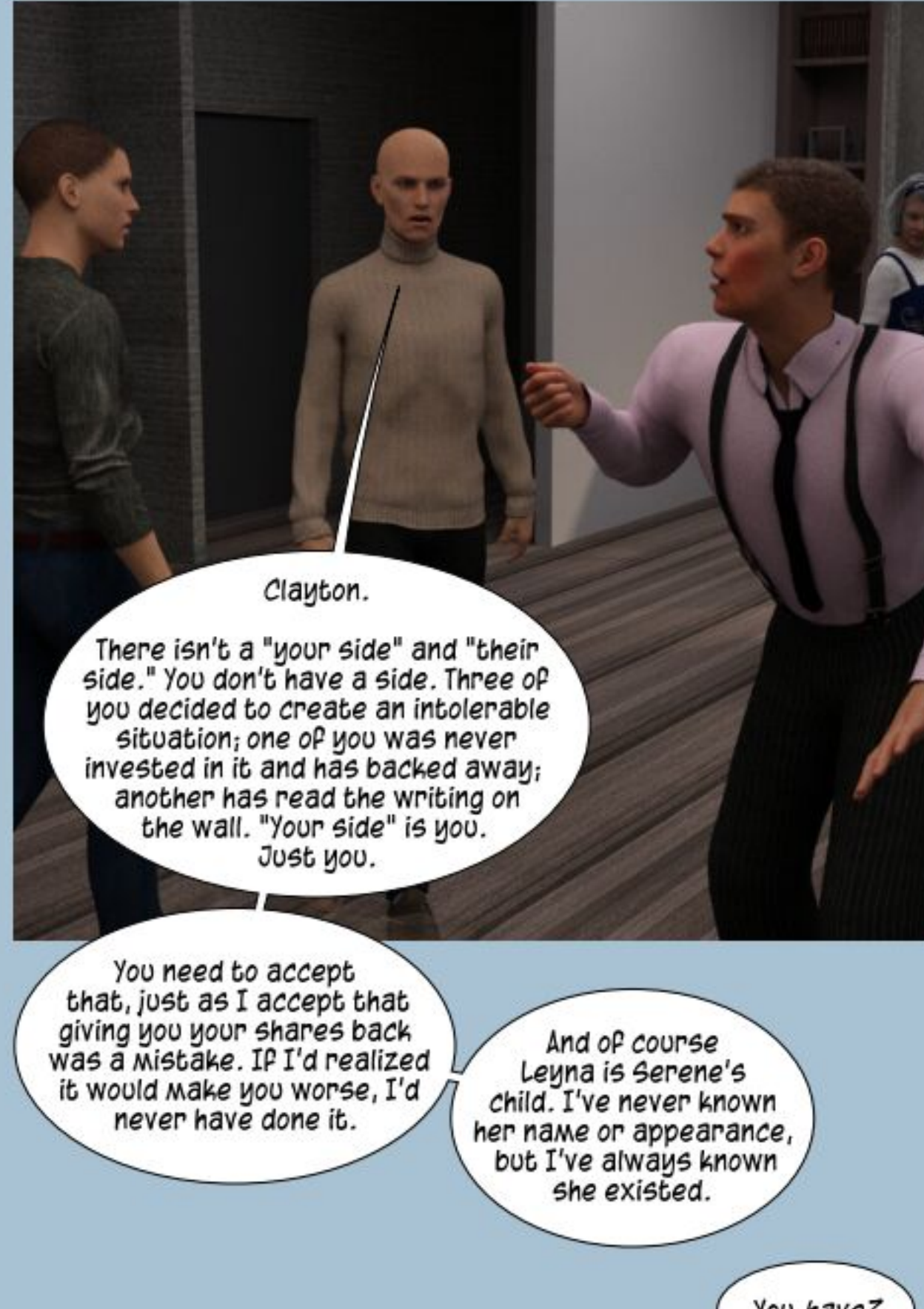


Clayton, she really is a Barker. We had ... uh, we got direct genetic confirmation of that a while back.*

And you've been keeping it to yourself?

I was asked to, Pauline. And the reasons were sound.

Well, that's pretty convenient, isn't it? Suddenly reinforcements for your side appear out of nowhere.



Clayton.

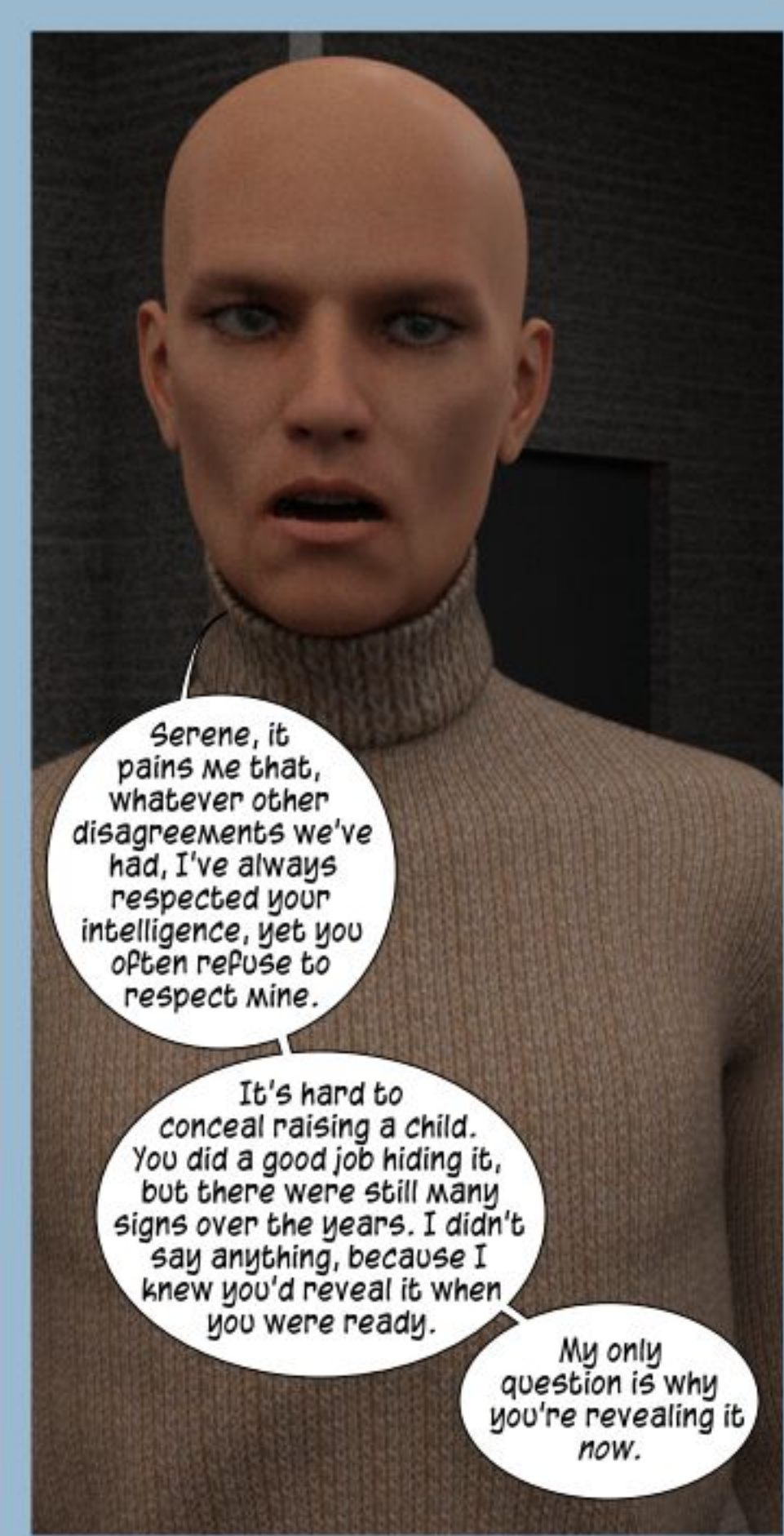
There isn't a "your side" and "their side." You don't have a side. Three of you decided to create an intolerable situation; one of you was never invested in it and has backed away; another has read the writing on the wall. "Your side" is you. Just you.

You need to accept that, just as I accept that giving you your shares back was a mistake. If I'd realized it would make you worse, I'd never have done it.

And of course Leyna is Serene's child. I've never known her name or appearance, but I've always known she existed.

* SS #11, WHEN LEYNA WAS THE THIRD BARKER NEEDED TO OPEN THE DOOR TO THE ROOT CONSOLE. -T

You have?



Serene, it pains me that, whatever other disagreements we've had, I've always respected your intelligence, yet you often refuse to respect mine.

It's hard to conceal raising a child. You did a good job hiding it, but there were still many signs over the years. I didn't say anything, because I knew you'd reveal it when you were ready.

My only question is why you're revealing it now.

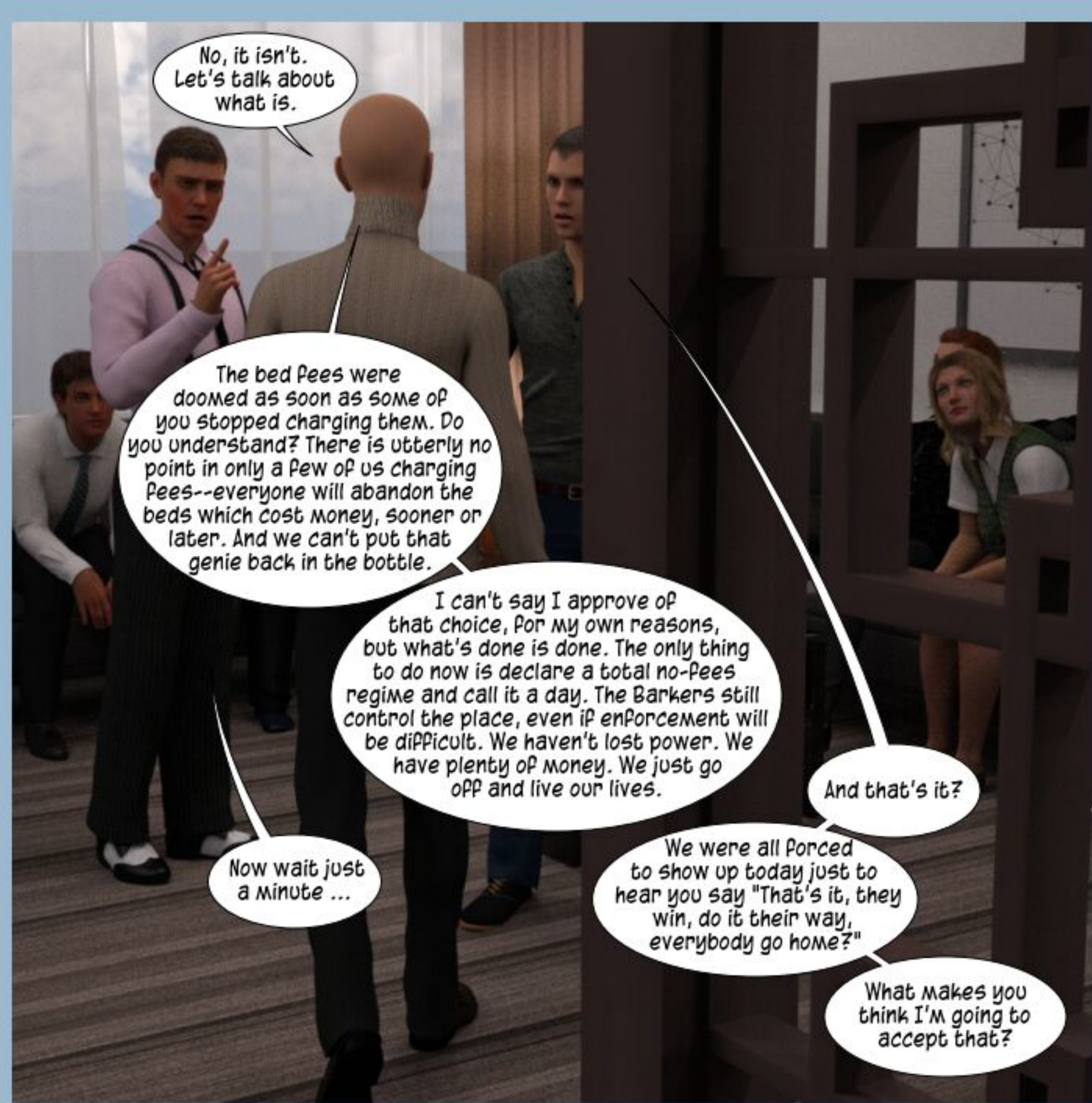


Because it's the right time.

I have a sense of how this is going to go, and I think it'll make things easier to have it in the open.

For example, I don't intend to stop trying to deal with people making trouble ... maybe you'll be more OK with it if you know it's someone in the family doing the policing?

But, ah, that's not really on point at the moment.



No, it isn't. Let's talk about what is.

The bed Pees were doomed as soon as some of you stopped charging them. Do you understand? There is utterly no point in only a few of us charging Pees--everyone will abandon the beds which cost money, sooner or later. And we can't put that genie back in the bottle.

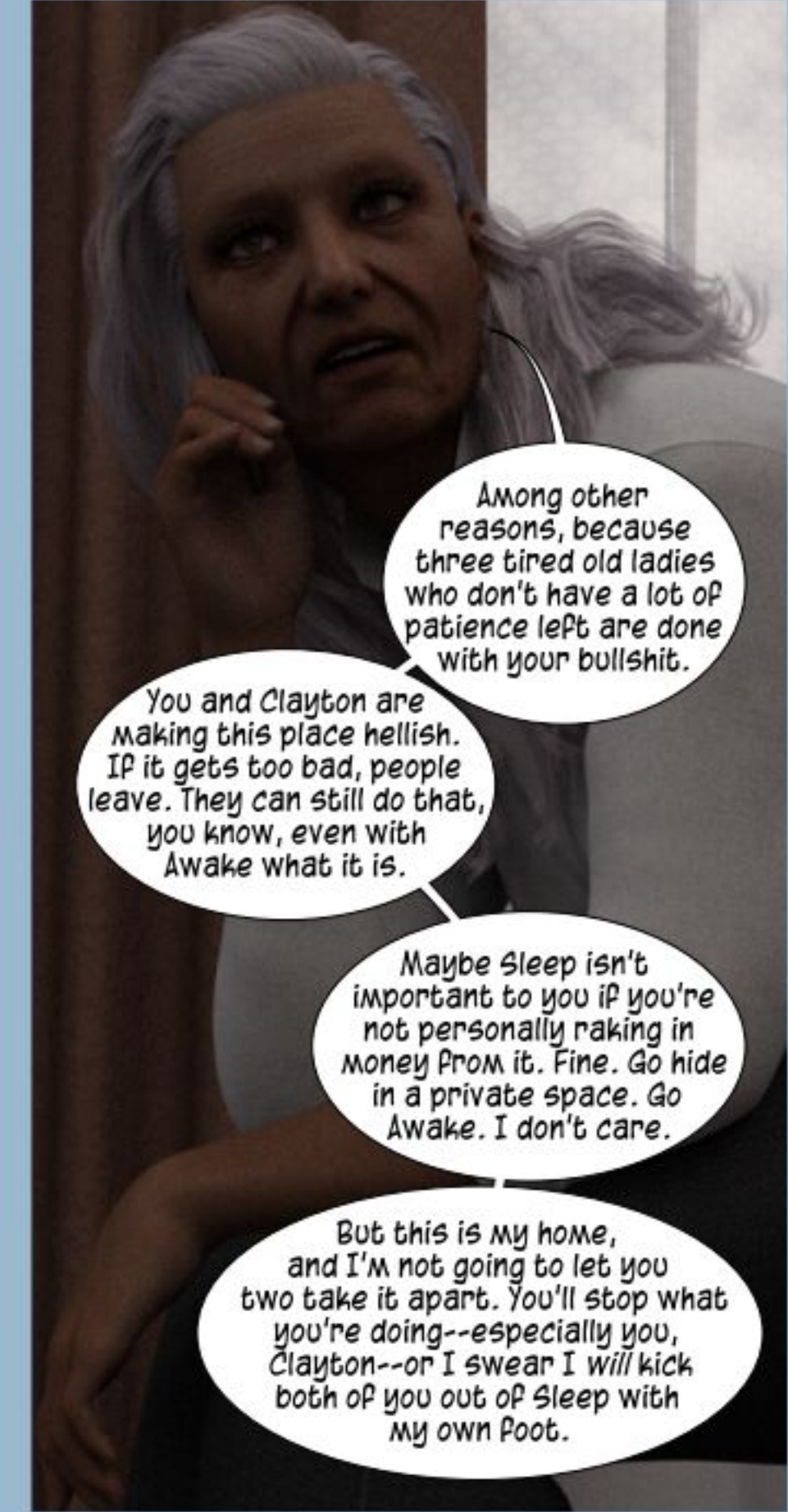
I can't say I approve of that choice, for my own reasons, but what's done is done. The only thing to do now is declare a total no-Pees regime and call it a day. The Barkers still control the place, even if enforcement will be difficult. We haven't lost power. We have plenty of money. We just go off and live our lives.

And that's it?

We were all forced to show up today just to hear you say "That's it, they win, do it their way, everybody go home?"

What makes you think I'm going to accept that?

Now wait just a minute ...

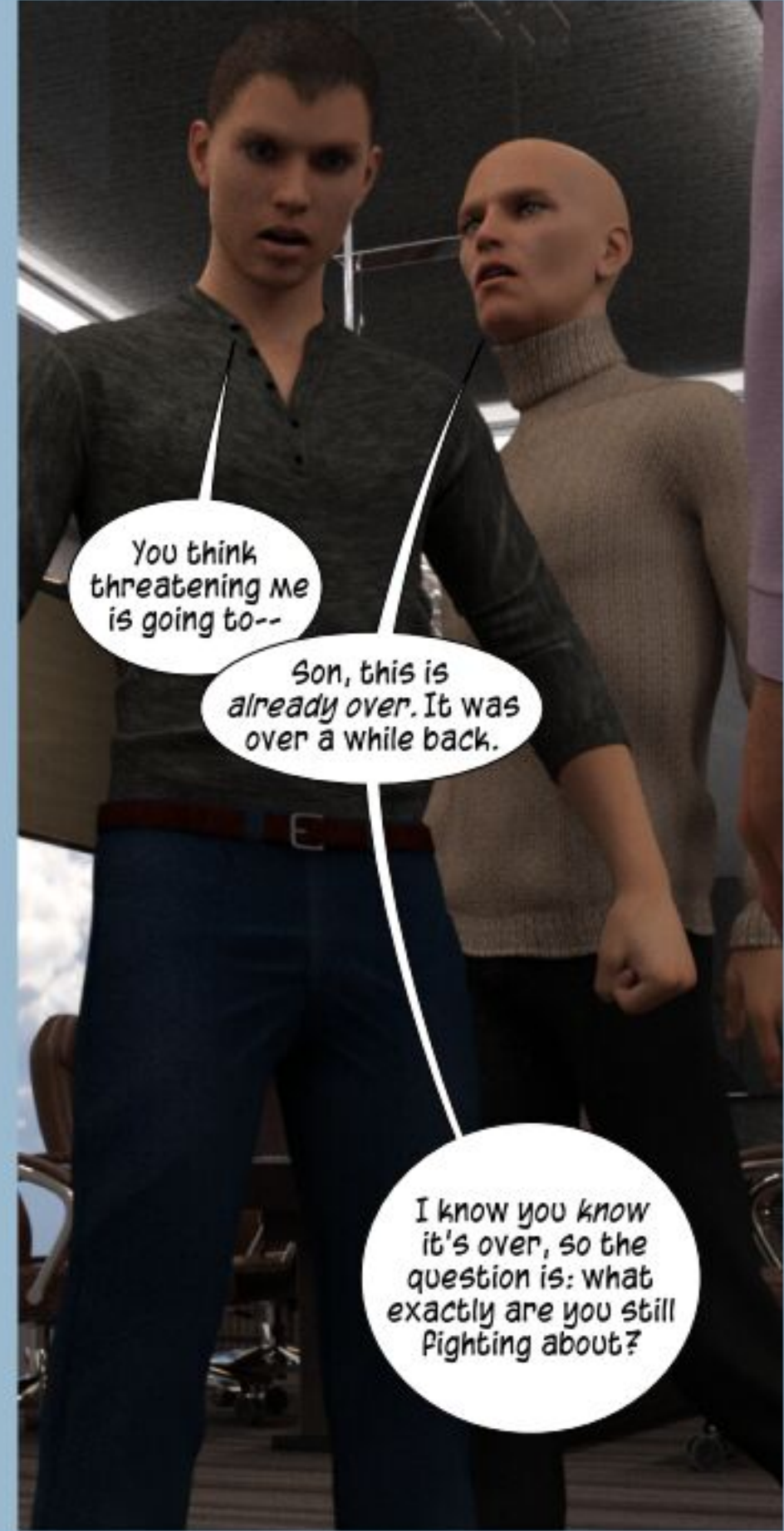


Among other reasons, because three tired old ladies who don't have a lot of patience left are done with your bullshit.

You and Clayton are making this place hellish. If it gets too bad, people leave. They can still do that, you know, even with Awake what it is.

Maybe Sleep isn't important to you if you're not personally raking in money from it. Fine. Go hide in a private space. Go Awake. I don't care.

But this is my home, and I'm not going to let you two take it apart. You'll stop what you're doing--especially you, Clayton--or I swear I will kick both of you out of Sleep with my own foot.



You think threatening me is going to--

Son, this is already over. It was over a while back.

I know you know it's over, so the question is: what exactly are you still fighting about?



... Did you just call me "son"?

Apparently.

You are my son, after all, and I do love you. I just wish you didn't piss me off quite so often.



Aw. How touching.

But I'm not your son, and neither a good word from you nor any amount of talk from the old lady here is going to convince me.

Oh, we know, Clayton. Nothing convinces you.

Are you proud of that?



We weren't going to welcome you back anyway. In fact, I made it a personal condition. I won't have anything further to do with you. Ever.

You crossed a line, Clayton. Lucius is in a coma. And you can't convince me you give a damn about it.

We're not going to try to take back your shares. And we don't give a damn what you do, as long as you stop making trouble.

But you're not part of this family.

You've always said you weren't part of it, and you've never wanted to be part of it, so I don't imagine this is going to be all that big a deal for you.

And because you're not part of it, none of us is going to have a problem with seriously fucking you up if you don't stop what you're doing.



You know what? You're right.

I don't want to be part of this.

This place is hopeless as long as you idiots are running it. You could have a hell of a world, but you won't do it.

I'm going to go make my own world, and you can all fuck off.

Don't worry. You won't see me or hear from me again. Do me a favor and don't try to.

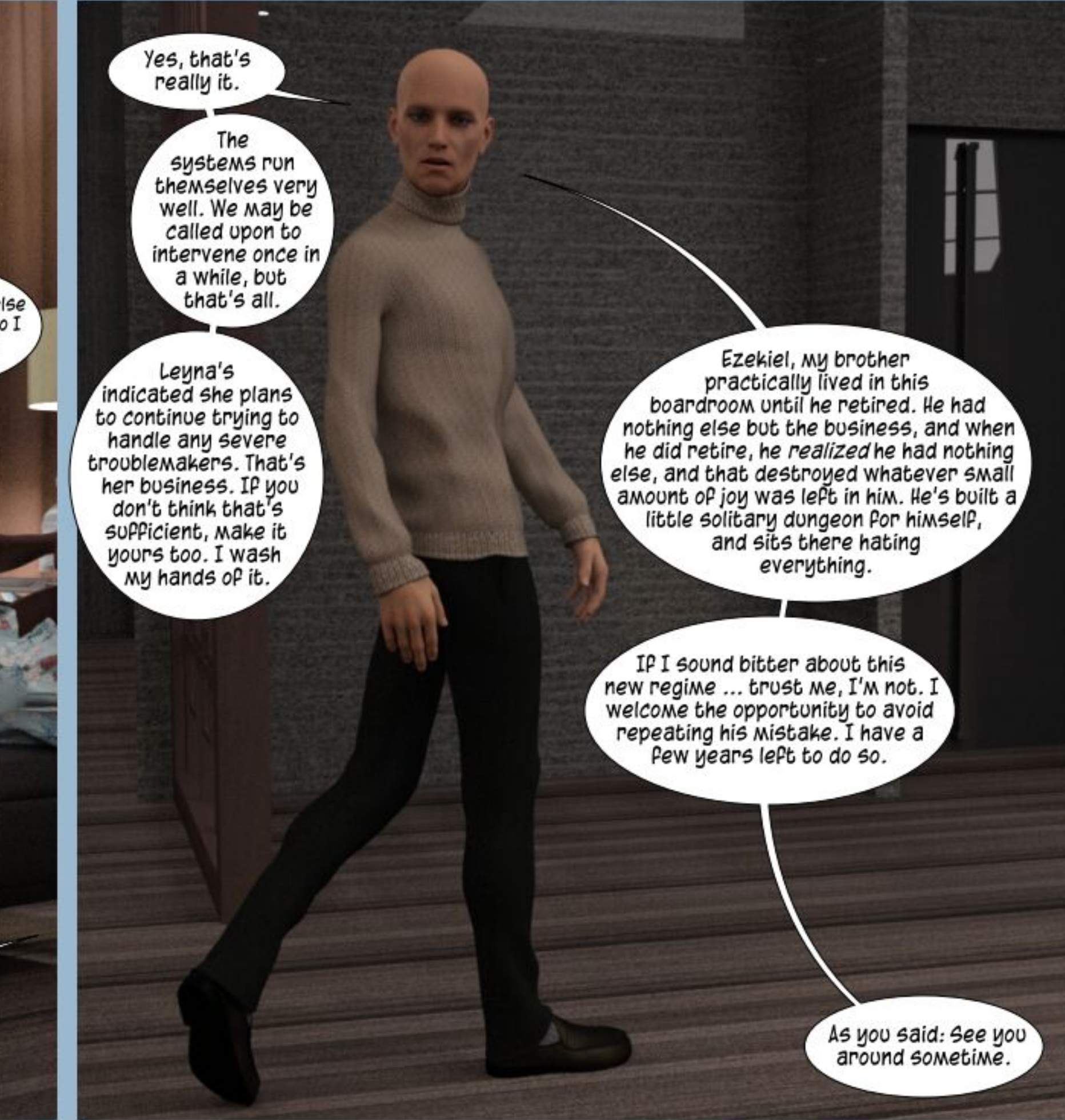


So that's really it? "Game over, everybody go home, have fun, see you around sometime?"

I shudder to think what Clayton's private world will look like.

I don't think he'll get anyone else to join him in it, so I don't guess it matters!

What did you want, Zeke? Fireworks?



Yes, that's really it.

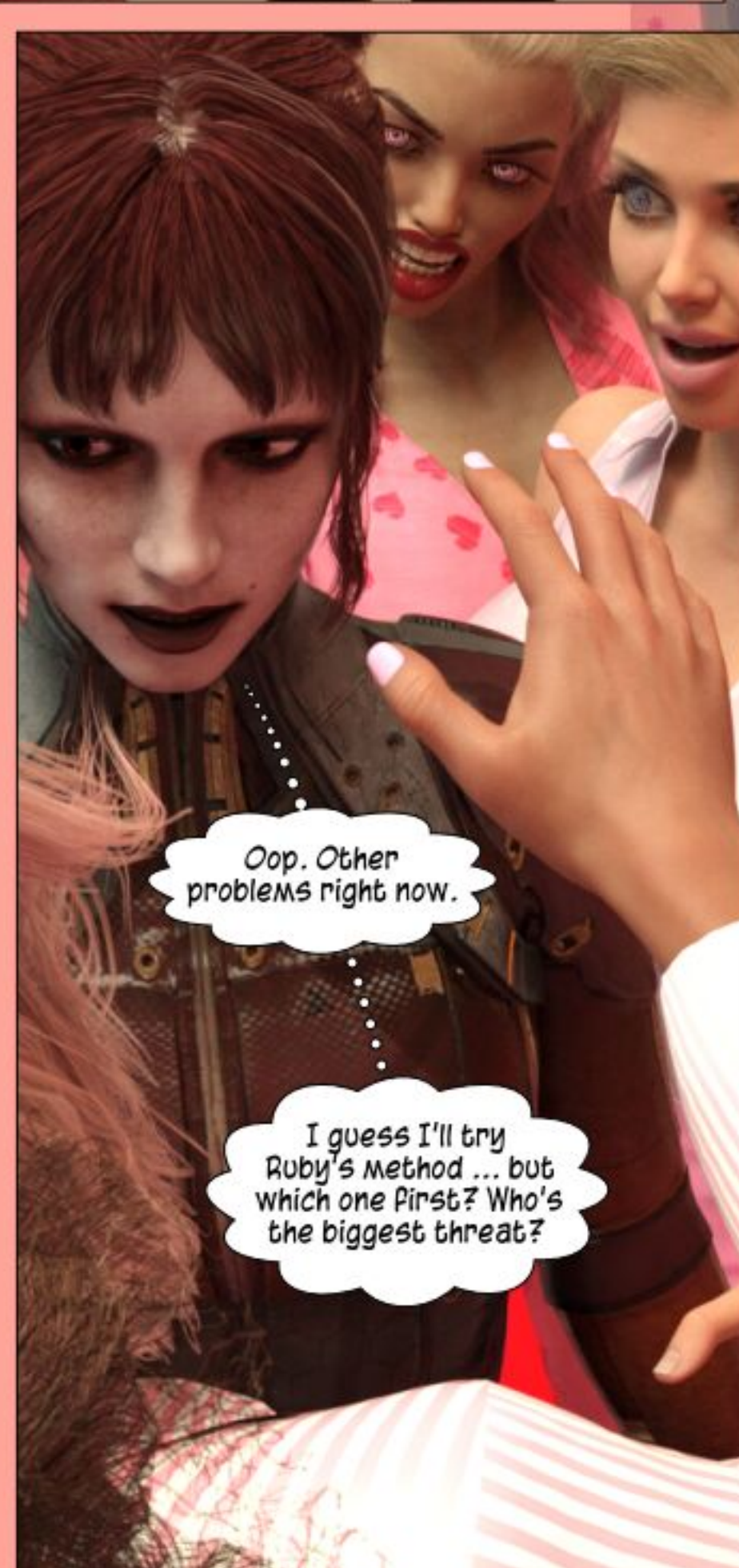
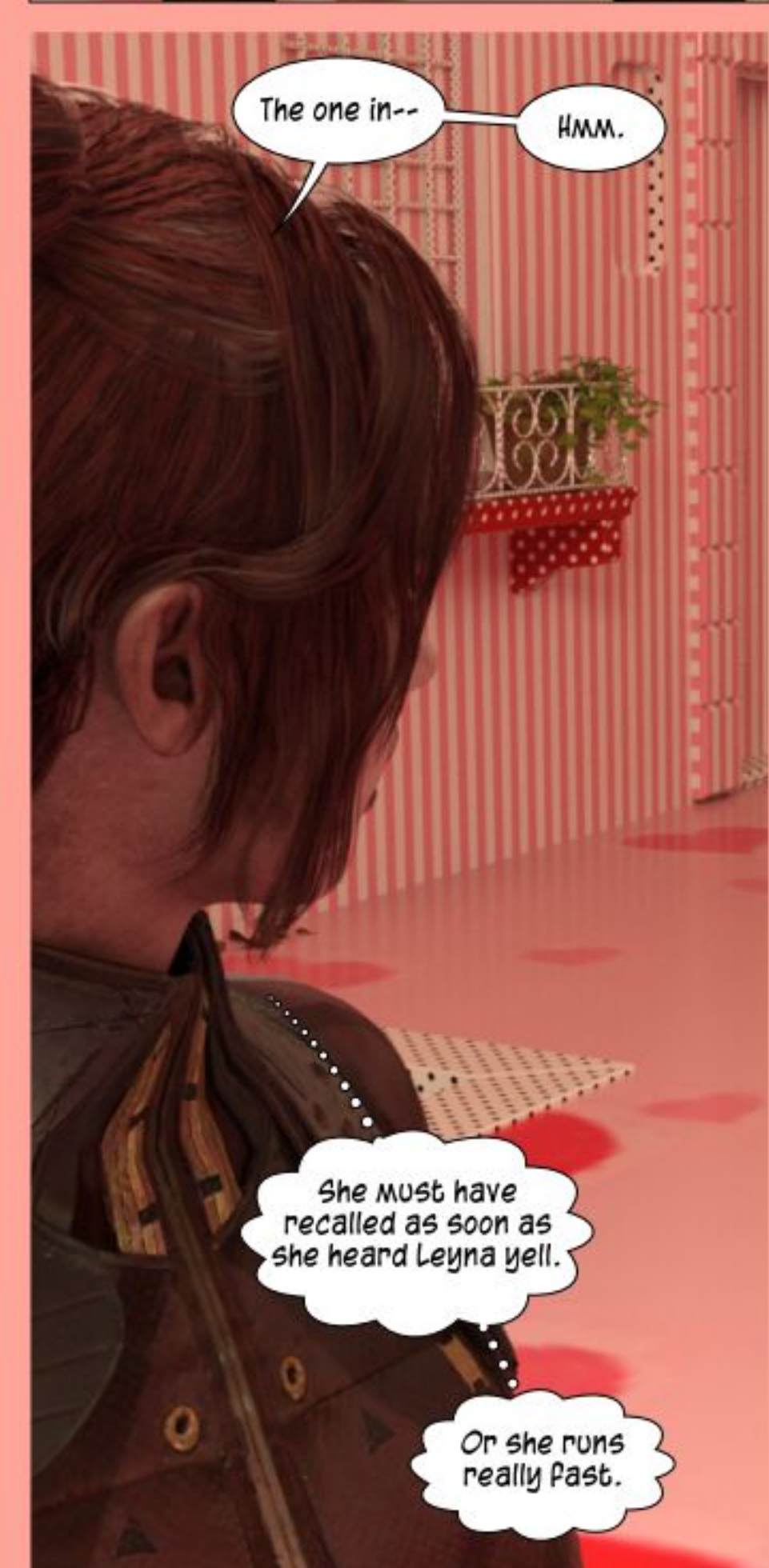
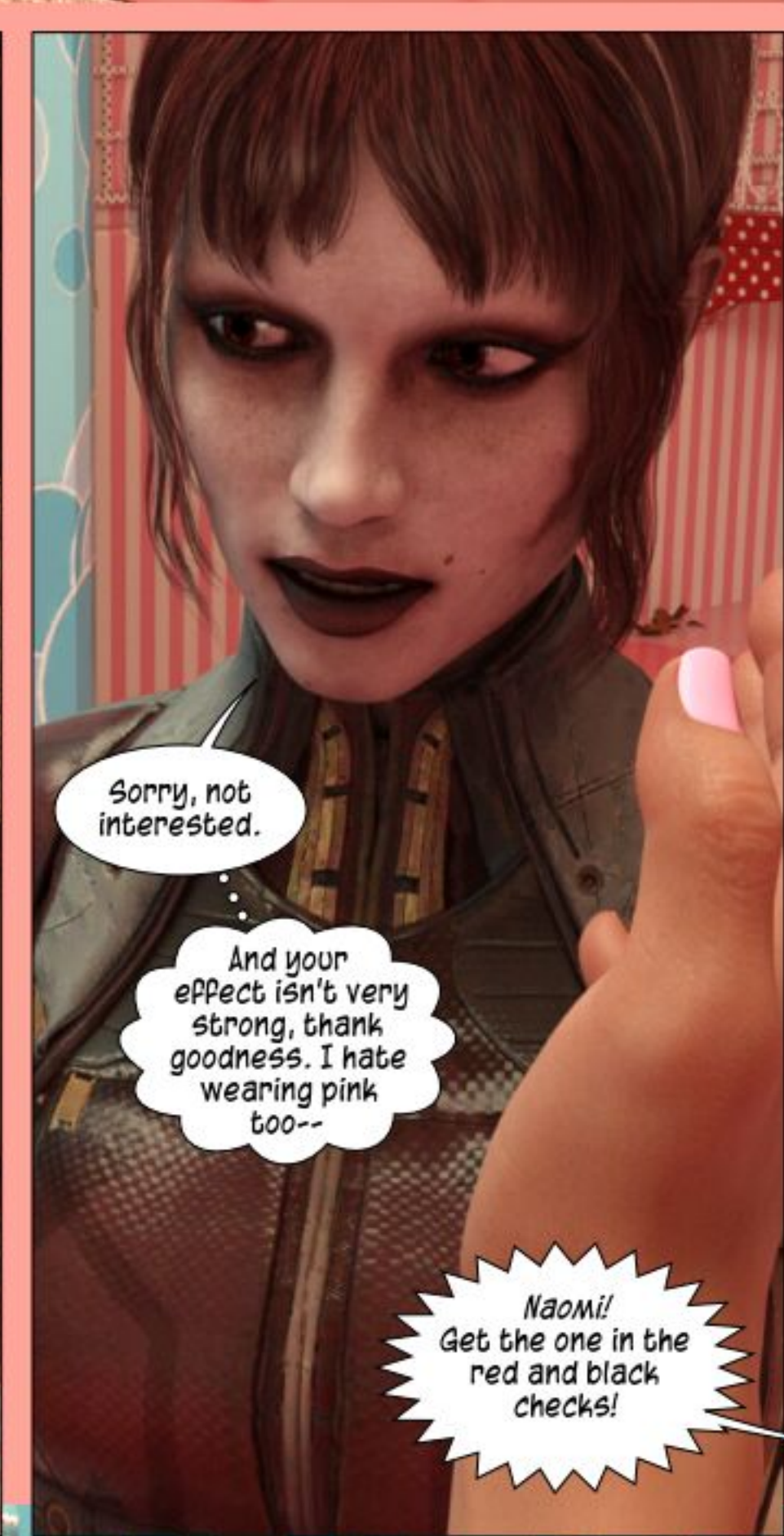
The systems run themselves very well. We may be called upon to intervene once in a while, but that's all.

Leyna's indicated she plans to continue trying to handle any severe troublemakers. That's her business. If you don't think that's sufficient, make it yours too. I wash my hands of it.

Ezekiel, my brother practically lived in this boardroom until he retired. He had nothing else but the business, and when he did retire, he realized he had nothing else, and that destroyed whatever small amount of joy was left in him. He's built a little solitary dungeon for himself, and sits there hating everything.

If I sound bitter about this new regime ... trust me, I'm not. I welcome the opportunity to avoid repeating his mistake. I have a few years left to do so.

As you said: See you around sometime.





Excellent timing.

Not really.

I'd have liked to have gotten here in time to have a talk with Forbes.

hkk

And you have your suit on, so it took me a while to even realize it was you.



Suit might have been a brilliant move, though. Tell you later.

OK, Polks. I know you weren't really in control of it once it started, but starting it was a really bad idea. Are you getting that now, maybe?

You could have set off a wave! You know how fast something like that can spread? It's Pun for a while, sure, but ...

And look at the collateral effects! I need you to put everything back the way it was, right now.

Even though the polka dots everywhere are kind of nice.



Uh ... well, see ...

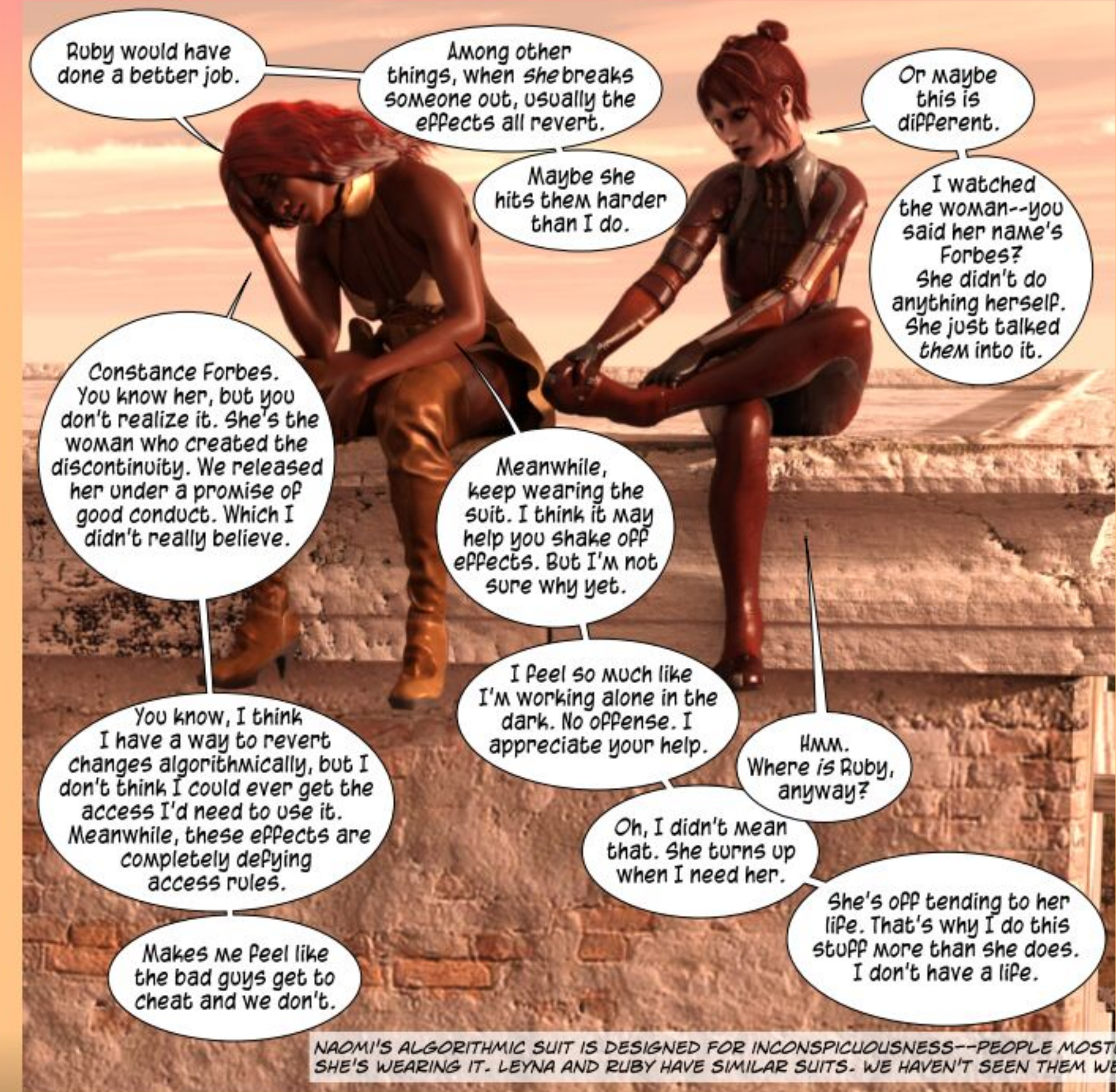
You don't know how.

-- sigh --

I hope you like those bodies, then, because unless you can figure that part out or you've got a preset, you're stuck in them.

Go on, get out of here.

And in the future, don't take advice from strange clowns, OK?



Ruby would have done a better job.

Among other things, when she breaks someone out, usually the effects all revert.

Maybe she hits them harder than I do.

Or maybe this is different.

I watched the woman--you said her name's Forbes? She didn't do anything herself. She just talked them into it.

Constance Forbes. You know her, but you don't realize it. She's the woman who created the discontinuity. We released her under a promise of good conduct. Which I didn't really believe.

Meanwhile, keep wearing the suit. I think it may help you shake off effects. But I'm not sure why yet.

I feel so much like I'm working alone in the dark. No offense. I appreciate your help.

HMM. Where is Ruby, anyway?

Oh, I didn't mean that. She turns up when I need her.

She's off tending to her life. That's why I do this stuff more than she does. I don't have a life.

You know, I think I have a way to revert changes algorithmically, but I don't think I could ever get the access I'd need to use it. Meanwhile, these effects are completely defying access rules.

Makes me feel like the bad guys get to cheat and we don't.

NAOMI'S ALGORITHMIC SUIT IS DESIGNED FOR INCONSPICUOUSNESS--PEOPLE MOSTLY IGNORE HER WHEN SHE'S WEARING IT. LEYNA AND RUBY HAVE SIMILAR SUITS. WE HAVEN'T SEEN THEM IN A WHILE. -T



No, that's not fair. I have a relationship and I like it a lot. I should probably do more with Lou.

What about you? It just now occurs to me I've never asked.

What, relationships?

I'm ... not always good with other people.

I've had a couple, but they didn't last and they take a lot of energy. If someone comes along and I decide to, I will.

Meanwhile, I don't lose sleep over it. I don't get lonely. Or at least I never have yet.

ORCHID HAS SURPRISED RUBY BY INVITING HER TO COME OUT DANCING ... AND RUBY HAS SURPRISED HERSELF A BIT BY ACCEPTING.



So, what do you think of Lori?

She's hilarious! I like her a lot.

Are you two ... you know, serious?

Be right back, thirsty people!

Oh, no. I don't think either one of us is looking for that right now. When we're both free, we go out and do something fun, then we pool around. That's it.

Well, I'm glad you asked me to come.

I'm glad you came. I wasn't sure you would. I didn't know whether you really meant what you said, about still wanting to do things.*

And I'm glad you're having fun.

* SS #23

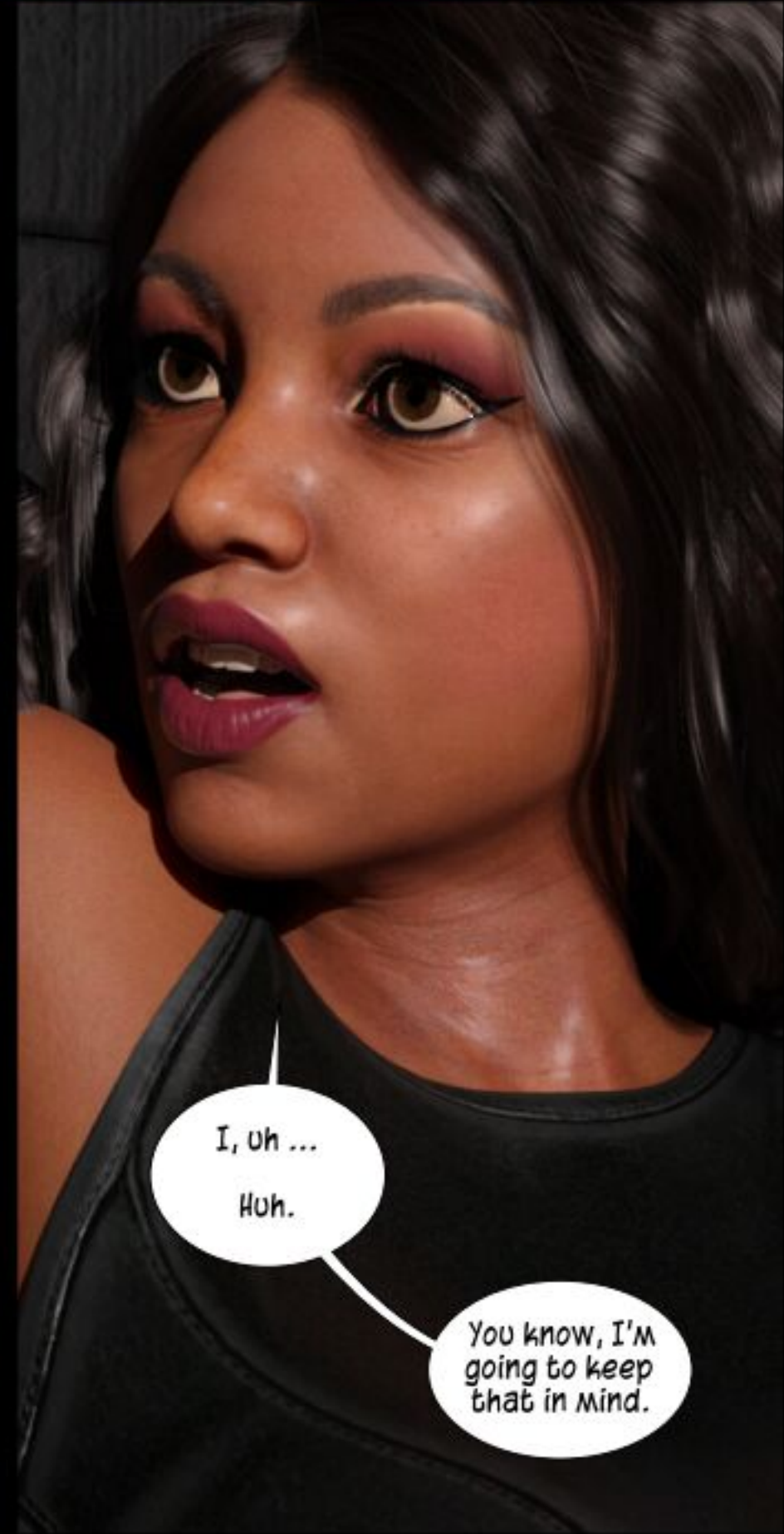


Ruby ... I know I can't go at your speed. Even if you were too sweet to say so.

And you've got all this saving the world shit to think about, or whatever you call what you do when you're not making scenarios or passives.

I know you want somebody who is on your level, and I get that. But I also want you to have somebody you can have fun with.

I think sometimes you forget to have fun.



I, uh ...

Huh.

You know, I'm going to keep that in mind.



A little help?

You know how hard it is to carry three of these at the same time?

hahahahaha

Oops! I'm coming. Hang on!



Penny for your thoughts.



Well ... I'm getting so I don't like to go into my private space anymore. It ...

I don't know. I just don't like the way it feels now.

I can change it, of course, but I was wondering ... Oh, if you'd like to share a space.



That might not be the best idea.

I don't say that for commitment reasons. I'm happy to share space with you. But I also believe everybody should have their own bed. Just in case. And sometimes we keep very different hours.

But I have an alternate idea I think you'd like. Give me a day or two to look into it.

Now, please tell me that working up the nerve to ask about that isn't what's got you in this mood.



No, not really.

At the meeting, Josiah said, almost in so few words, that if I wanted to keep investigating and handling manipulators and so forth, fine with him, but he wasn't going to offer any help.

None of the others will either. Pauline and Momma will throw their weight at something if I ask them, but they won't help with the groundwork. And I feel like I'm the only one who actually gives a damn.

I'm just tired of doing all this alone, and not just that, feeling like no one else cares ... and I wonder a lot lately why I'm even bothering. Let people take this place apart if they want.

I should do like Josiah and just wash my hands of it.



I don't think you're the only person who cares. I think a lot of people would suddenly care a great deal if something got too bad to ignore.

It's always difficult being the one who has to watch for things and stop them before they get bad. It's thankless. There are never enough people who want to do it.

But you do have a team, you know. A growing one. As far as I've seen, they're happy to help. You just have to remember to ask them. You're not always good at that.

If it really gets so you can't stand it anymore ... you can walk away from it. You have that option.

But, honestly, I can't picture you doing that.



Spread far and wide! Make this place better! Teach others the truth!

No one will be able to stop you!



Constance, we need to have a serious talk.

And don't you dare recall, or I swear, I'll wake up, go to your sleep bed, and drag your ass out of it.



You broke your promise.

I've done no such thing! I haven't altered anything, haven't even tried. All I've done is talk to people. Ask your friend! She's been watching me.



Here's the thing: Somewhere in there, maybe even while I wasn't in my right mind, I realized everything was a lie. A really nasty lie.

All those rules about who can change what and where--they're fake. You want people to believe they're real, because that way only people like you have power.

You can change anything you want and the rest of us just have to suffer. That's the way you like it.

I'm going to make sure everybody knows. I want people making changes in so many places all the time that you can't possibly control it.

But don't worry! I'm keeping my promise! All I'm doing is telling the truth!



Talking people into dangerous manipulation is just as bad as doing it yourself--

Dangerous for whom?

Anyway, it's not. It's completely different. One is bad behavior, by your rules. The other is just spreading ideas. You don't have a rule about that.

Sure, you could shut me down for an idea, but that'd be awfully fascist of you, wouldn't it?

I don't think you'd do that, because it's important to you to believe you're the good guys.



Now what are you going to do?

It's a conundrum!

'Bye!

Well, hell.

I wonder if I can use that algorithmic stuff I've been looking at to undo a lot of changes in bulk ...

I think I could probably make the case that this is severe enough to get permission to use it.

That doesn't solve the problem right now, though. We're going to have to go find them all and slap some sense into them one-by-one. What a pain in the ass.

Why bother?



Ruby ...

You know how it makes me feel to be accused of shilling for Barkers.

Maybe she's right. Maybe we should just let it happen.

The access controls are there for a good reason, and it has nothing to do with keeping power. She's full of shit, Ruby!

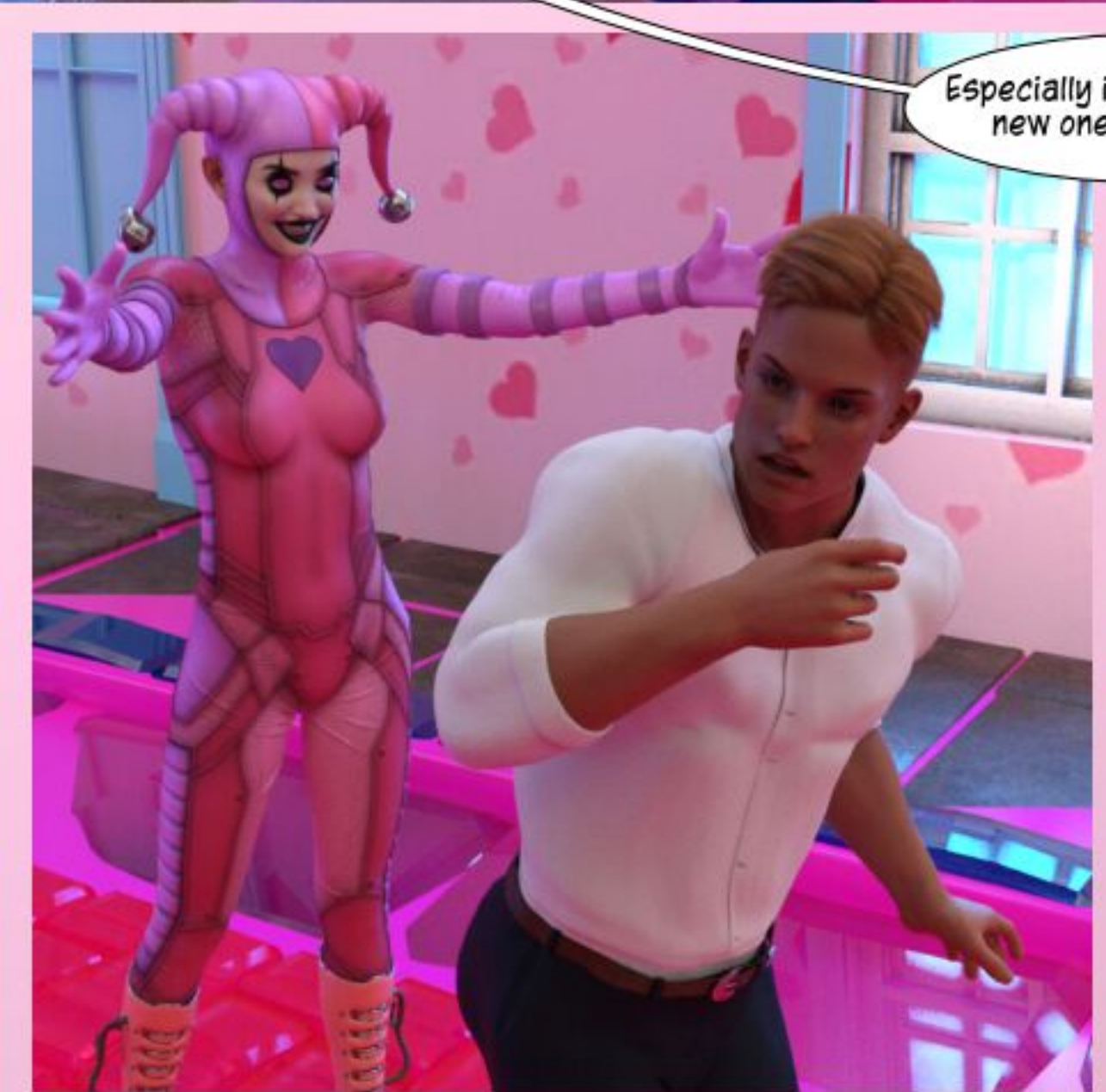
This is about keeping people from inflicting their will on other people without their consent. This is about not letting people force other people into things. That's *always* what it's been about. I don't care about what the Family wants.

... No, you don't.

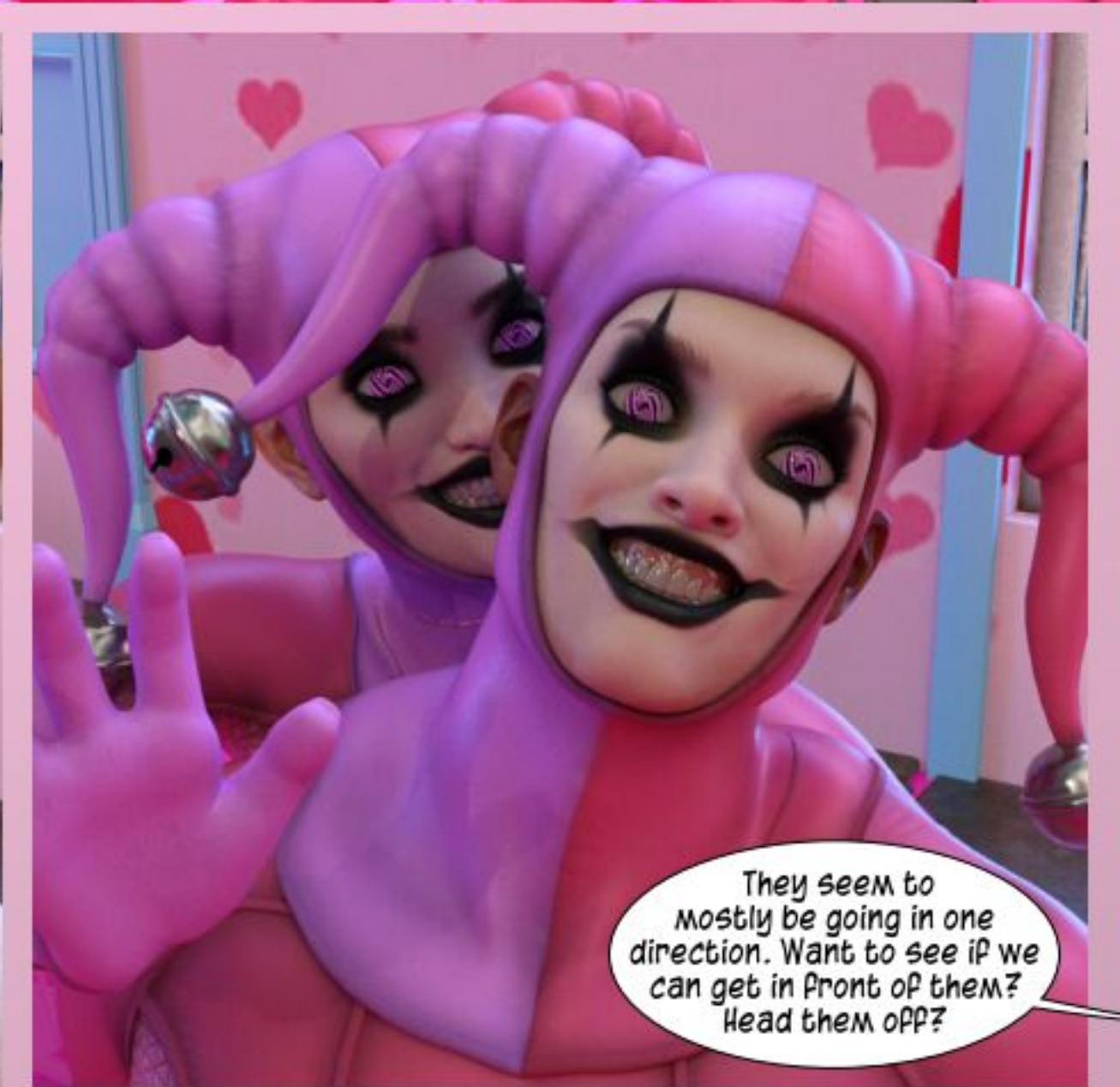
It's one of the things I like most about you.



We may have to do an awful lot of slapping, though.



Especially if they can recruit new ones that fast ...



They seem to mostly be going in one direction. Want to see if we can get in front of them? Head them off?



Oop. You're right, it's going to be a lot--



Wait, what?

When did they get here?



Did not see that coming.

Not in the least.

The Euphorics are going to win this. The Conundrums are trying to do their thing verbally, and you and I both know you can't hear shit in those suits the Euphorics wear.

Don't remind me. I still have dreams about that sometimes.

We should do something. I mean, I don't want the clowns to take over, but they probably don't want to be Euphorics either ...

-- sigh --
 Couldn't we just let the Euphorics win? At least they're quiet ...

Ruby.



Whoa!
 The looners are out too?

Guess so. Looks like they don't like Euphorics much.

LAST SAW THE LOONERS IN #24 TOO.

They don't like the Conundrums much either.

I think they just don't like commotion. They want peace and quiet.

This is a complete mess! We need to do something!

... I'm open to suggestions.

Gotta say, I sympathize.



MEANWHILE ---

Why do I Peel gross all of a sudden?

I thought people didn't get sick in here ...

My head ...

oooogh!!

Head Peels like it's gonna explode!

What's happening? What's wrong with me?

I ...



OK, what just happened?

You're asking me? Looks like the space got deleted ...

Common spaces don't get deleted.

... oh, shit.