

GINA AND ESPERANZA ARE ON A MISSION TO THE COBBLES. NEITHER OF THEM HAVE BEEN THERE BEFORE. (SO, DEAR READER, YOU AND THEY HAVE SOMETHING IN COMMON.)

They sure put that portal in the worst place ...

We're lucky they allow a set portal from Serenity at all.

Yeah, I definitely Peel like we're in hostile territory.

Not really our style either. Why isn't Ruby doing this?

Leyna said Ruby and Beaubille don't like each other. Something about a past job ...

Hey! Space ladies!

Nice outPits! You two interested in some custom?

I can give you a two-for-one special ...

Not today, thanks.

OK, but, I mean, where do we even start?

Remember that sleazy producer who helped us all catch Melinda?

Beaubille's an actor. There aren't many people doing that in this block. She may have gone to him.

AAGH!

CRUNK!

Whoa!

You can't do this! I'll ... I'll go to the Boss!

And what do you think he'll do?

He'll tell you to suck it up, that's what. He'll tell you to come kick my ass if you want your business back. That's the Free Market in action.

There's only one rule in the Cobbles, Urby: "The Boss always gets his cut." He don't give a shit about anything else.

And he's gonna like the cut I give him better. You let your people have too much of the take. I'm changing that.

You're Pucking what?

Urby already takes too much for not doing shit, and you want to take more, asshole?

Fuck you. I'm not working for you. And when I tell the others, they're not going to want to work for you either.

You-- Who the hell do you think you are? You can't just--

ooog!

Here's the Pucking Free Market in action.

Both of you can go Puck yourselves.

Damned well going to make sure nobody else around here does.

Fun place.

Little too much.



Ready?



You know, I've never caught a mermaid before ...

Mmghh!  
Mhrr!

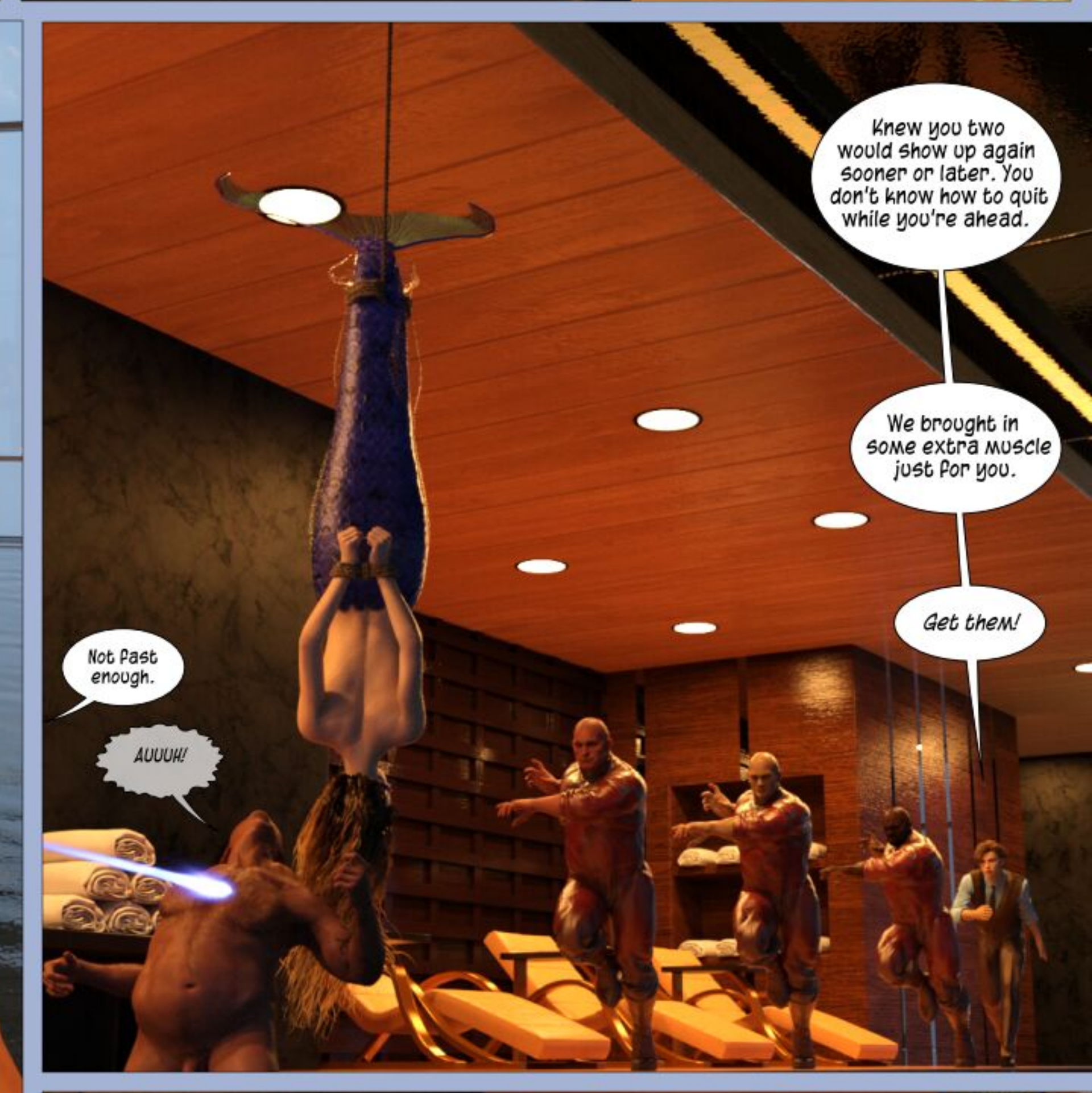
YOU MIGHT WANT TO REVIEW WHAT WE SAW ASH AND MAIRE DOING LAST ISSUE ... BUT IT'LL ALSO ALL BECOME CLEAR AS WE GO.



Sir?

I'm going to have to ask you to step away from the Catch of the Day.

What the--?



Not Past enough.

AUUUH!

Knew you two would show up again sooner or later. You don't know how to quit while you're ahead.

We brought in some extra muscle just for you.

Get them!



We can take them.

Hang on. I want to try something first.

OK, stand down! Everybody who's able to, leave the room quietly, don't make a fuss, and don't come back in!



Wow.

Mhrrrrrr!



Guess that proves it for sure ...

Yep.

uurgh...



Feeling any better? Head clearer? Usually it's pretty fast, as soon as we leave the building ...

You ... I ... I don't understand ... Why was I even there? What's going on?

Hold still, I'm trying to get this tail off ...

I guess that means you weren't "working" for Thurmer voluntarily. No surprise; you're the sixth we've pulled out and none of them were.

He's using some kind of mental control on people.



You should probably recall.

'Course, if you want to go back to working for Thurmer, now that your head's clear, we won't stop you ...

Go back? No way! I'm never going anywhere near that place again.

... Glad to hear it.



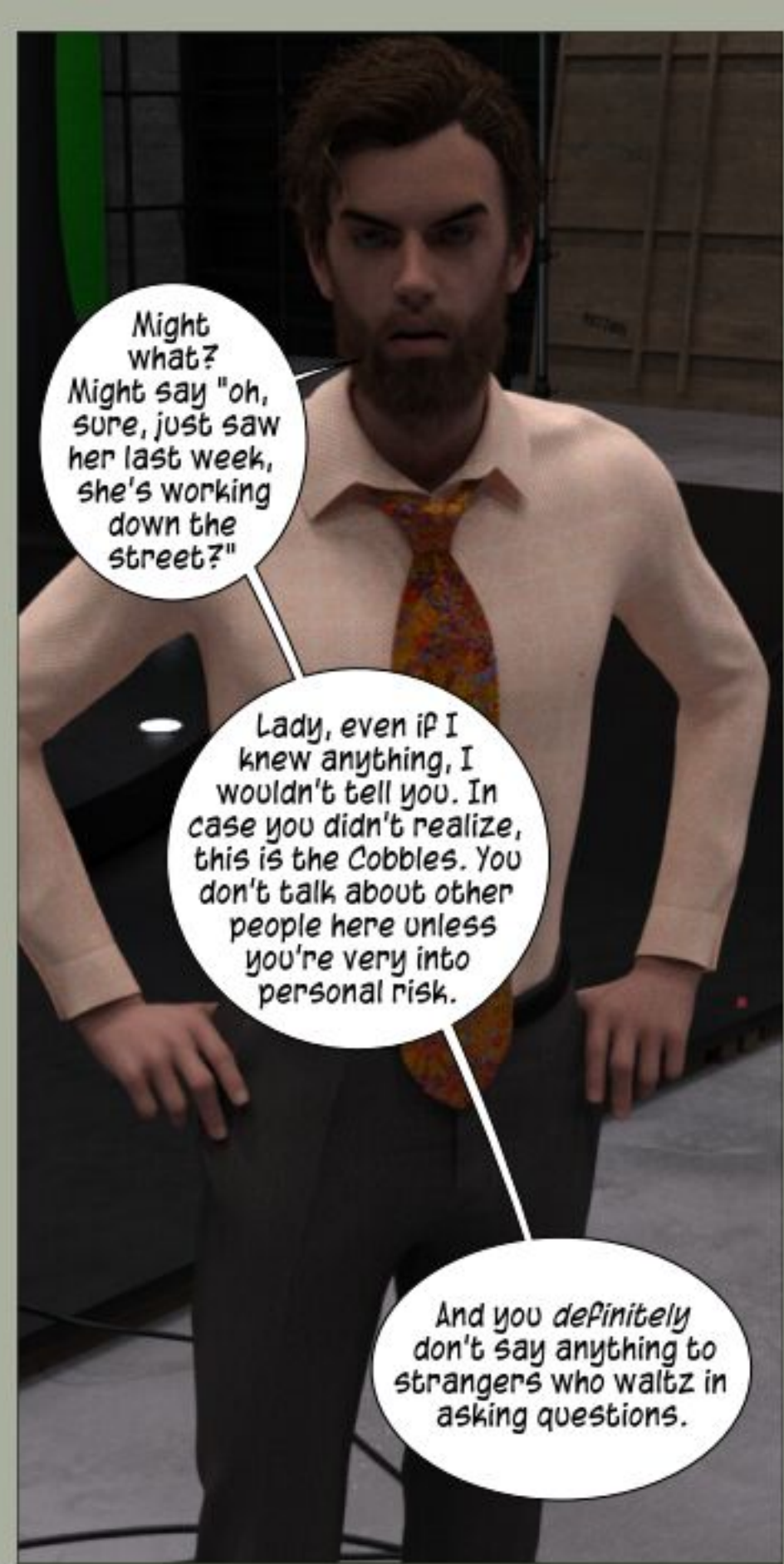
Set should be up already and it isn't even started ... not that it matters if I can't--

Ben Cobermayer?

Not hiring. Unless you can replace my flake of an actor. Do you do triple penetration?

Uh ... not usually.

We're trying to find a woman named Shani Beaubille and we hoped you might--



Might what? Might say "oh, sure, just saw her last week, she's working down the street?"

Lady, even if I knew anything, I wouldn't tell you. In case you didn't realize, this is the Cobbles. You don't talk about other people here unless you're very into personal risk.

And you definitely don't say anything to strangers who waltz in asking questions.



Though ... Aren't you Gina Howard? Used to do front-of-house for Bianca Zildan? Whatever happened to her, anyway?

No idea.

And you worked with us a few years ago, but you may not have known it. We were part of the team who tracked and caught Melinda Shannon.\*

Oh, that bunch--

Um. You work for Ruby Martinez?

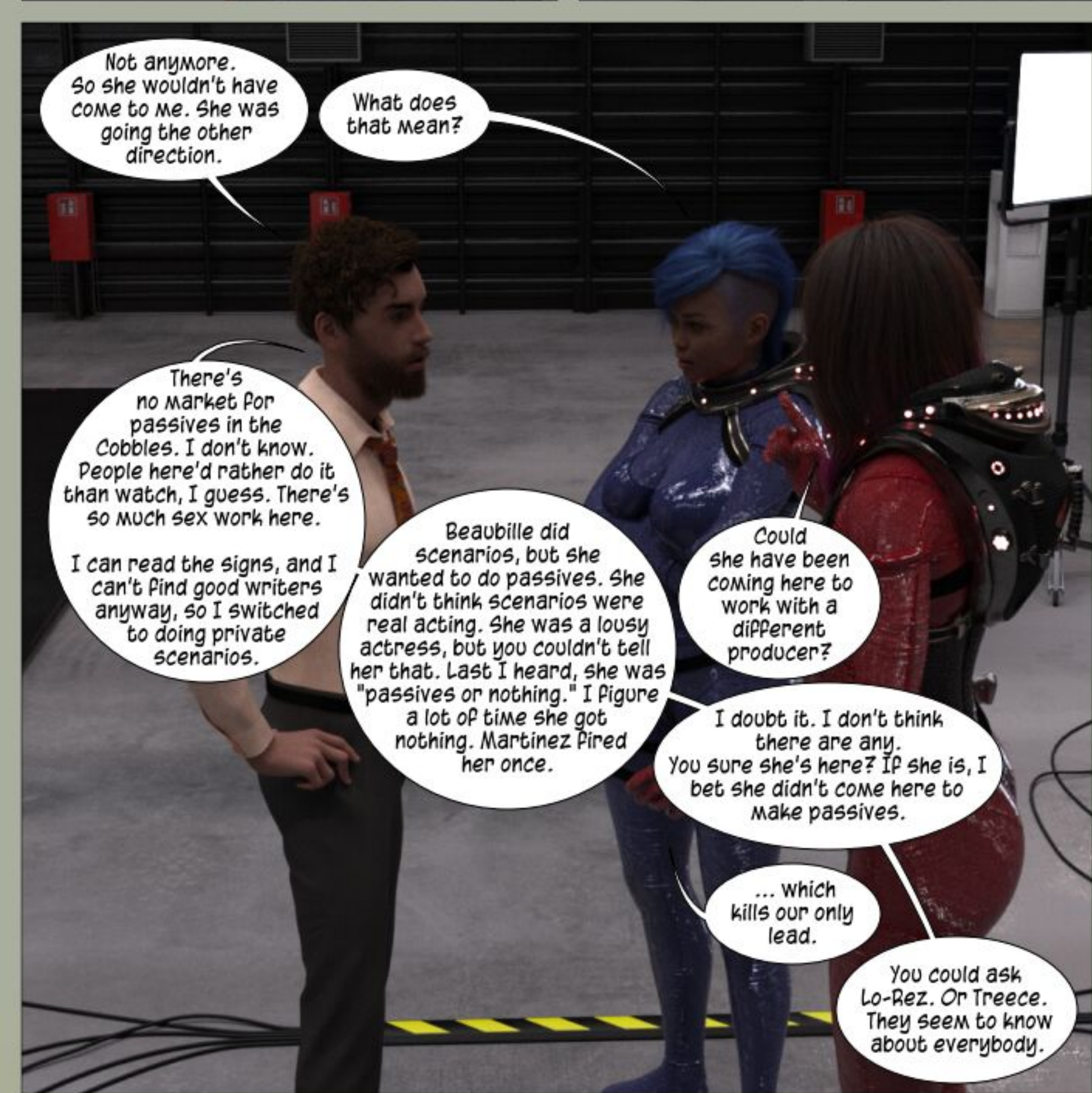
We're looking for Beaubille on her behalf.

OK, ah ... sorry about the cold shoulder. Let's just pretend that didn't happen ...

But I don't know anything. I haven't seen Beaubille in years. Why come to me?

Baubille's an actor. You're one of the only people here making passives, right?

\* ISSUE #28.



Not anymore. So she wouldn't have come to me. She was going the other direction.

What does that mean?

There's no market for passives in the Cobbles. I don't know. People here'd rather do it than watch, I guess. There's so much sex work here.

I can read the signs, and I can't find good writers anyway, so I switched to doing private scenarios.

Baubille did scenarios, but she wanted to do passives. She didn't think scenarios were real acting. She was a lousy actress, but you couldn't tell her that. Last I heard, she was "passives or nothing." I figure a lot of time she got nothing. Martinez fired her once.

Could she have been coming here to work with a different producer?

I doubt it. I don't think there are any. You sure she's here? If she is, I bet she didn't come here to make passives.

... which kills our only lead.

You could ask Lo-Rez. Or Treece. They seem to know about everybody.



Who are they?

Huh. Haven't been around here much, have you?

Treece is the Boss' enforcer. She collects his cut, spies for him, beats up people who don't cooperate.

Lo-Rez ... let's see. He runs a turning racket, a protection racket, he's an information broker ... and anything else he can get away with.



Lovely people.

Uh-huh. Where can we find them?

Lo-Rez has an office over by the wharf. Ask anybody.

Treece ... Ah, as far as I can tell, you don't find her. She finds you.



You're calling it in now?

No warning at all? At least give me a little time to go find a job!

That's the thing, Jerome. You don't have any income, and you didn't have any when you started patronizing my place.

Where do you think this job is suddenly going to come from, if it hasn't come along in six months?



I did warn you. I warned you at the beginning. I also told you the limits. You kept running up the debt anyway. I appreciate that you like my house, but ...

Good news is, I have a job for you! You can work off your debt! And once you do that, no hard feelings, you want to come back and start running it up again, that's your business!

You want me to ... to ...

You got it!

Hang on, I've got a gadget here to get you started.



Yeow!!

Sorry. Don't get a lot of customers for guys. I've got one male in the house and he's bored to tears most nights.

Now, go see Gail, she'll get you set up and show you the ropes.



Don't worry! You'll be paid off before you know it!



You owe for two weeks.

C'mon, Treece. I'm down three people. I only just now got a replacement for one of them ...



You've always got an excuse. I don't want to hear any more of them.

One day's grace. One. Money, tomorrow, or I break things.

OK! OK. Don't lose your shit.



Come back when you can stay longer!

Don't pucker with me, Lo-Rez. I don't have a sense of humor.



Who the hell are you?

We're looking for a woman named Shani Beaubille. She's gone missing.

You didn't answer my question. And I care because ...?

Because we're told you might know something about it?

I don't know who told you that, but they should have also told you I don't give information for free. What are you prepared to offer?



How about not beating the shit out of you? We heard some of that conversation just then. Sounded like you take that as payment.

You look pretty out of shape and we've got guns. I'm willing to give it a try.

--sigh-- No one wants to let a man earn a living these days ...

All right, all right.

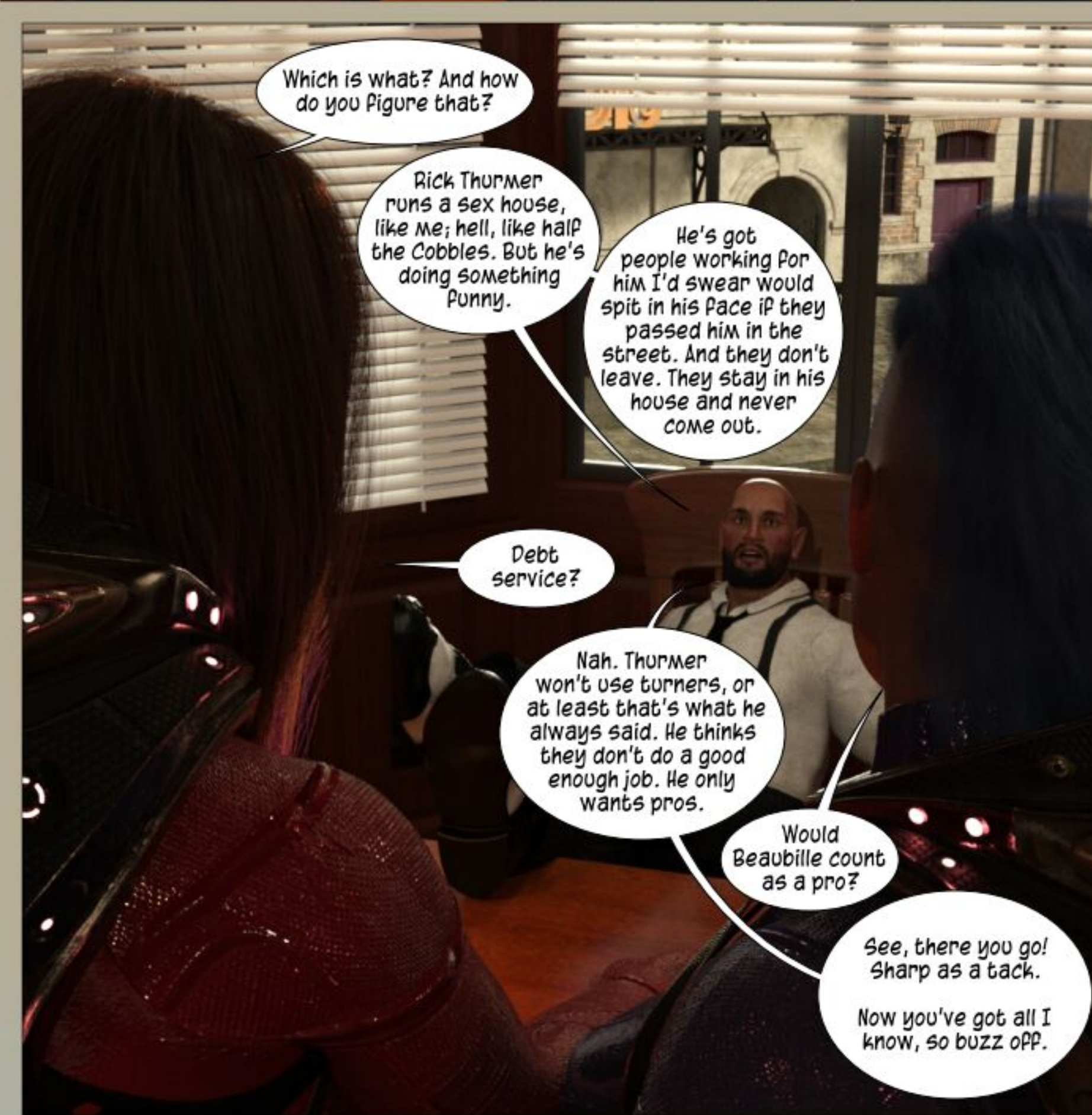


She came to the Cobbles a couple of months ago.

Looking for work, I thought. Don't think she found any. Not sure what she was after.

I haven't seen or heard anything in more than a month. I figured she'd gone back to Serenity. But if you say she's missing, she didn't leave ...

Probably means she's at Thurmer's.



Which is what? And how do you figure that?

Rick Thurmer runs a sex house, like me; hell, like half the Cobbles. But he's doing something funny.

He's got people working for him I'd swear would spit in his face if they passed him in the street. And they don't leave. They stay in his house and never come out.

Debt service?

Nah. Thurmer won't use turners, or at least that's what he always said. He thinks they don't do a good enough job. He only wants pros.

Would Beaubille count as a pro?

See, there you go! Sharp as a tack.

Now you've got all I know, so buzz off.



You know you won't get shit out of Thurmer. He'll tell you to go to hell and then sic his muscle on you.

Find some other way.



It's unacceptable!

Six times now!

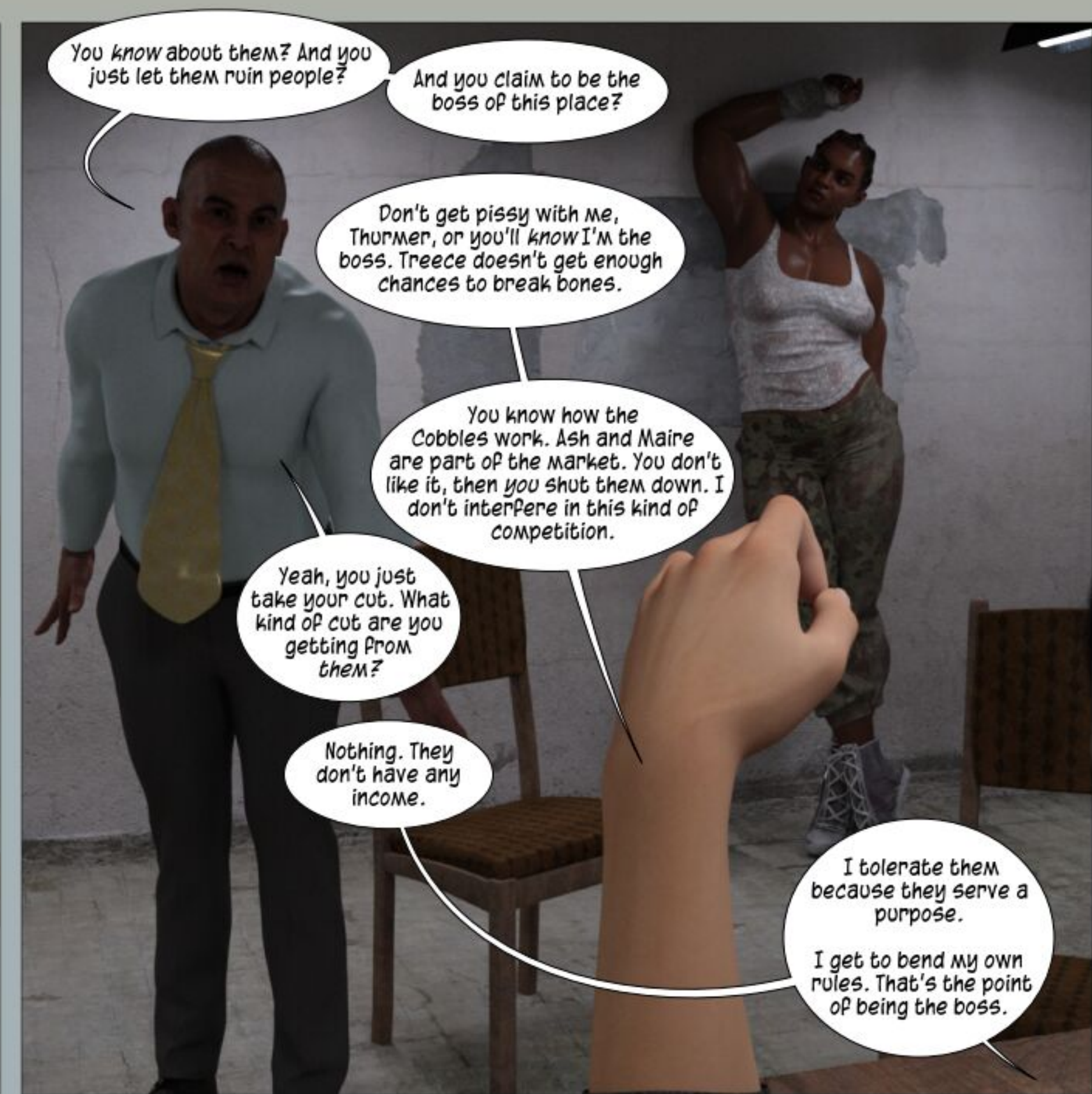
Six times these two crazy women have come in and kidnapped my staff.

I've put on more guards, I've kept watch ... nothing stops them. Is this what you call a healthy business climate?

Ash and Maire.

Sorry?

Their names are Ash and Maire. Ash is the one with the blue and white hair.



You know about them? And you just let them ruin people?

And you claim to be the boss of this place?

Don't get pissy with me, Thurmer, or you'll know I'm the boss. Treece doesn't get enough chances to break bones.

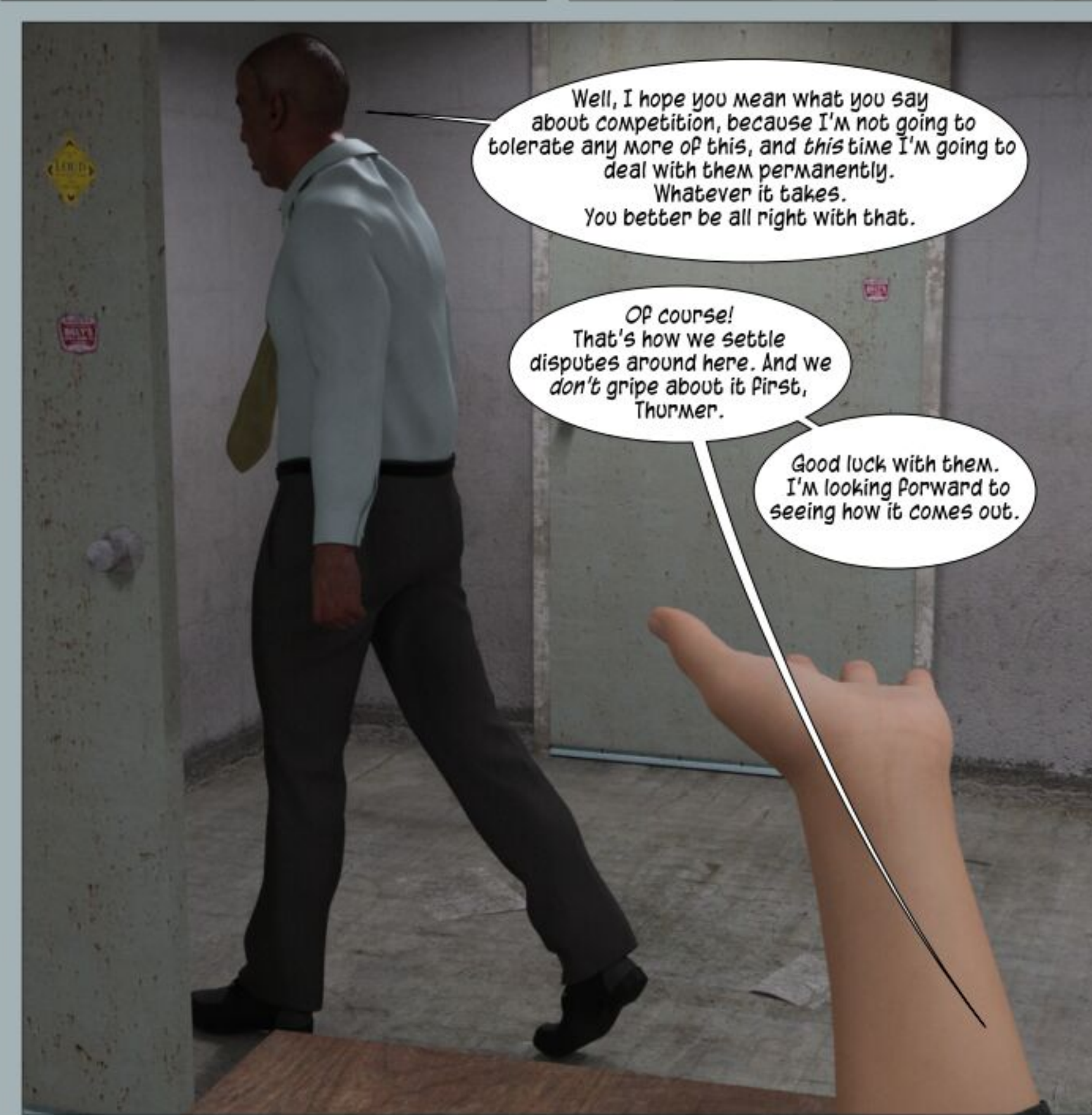
You know how the Cobbles work. Ash and Maire are part of the market. You don't like it, then you shut them down. I don't interfere in this kind of competition.

Yeah, you just take your cut. What kind of cut are you getting from them?

Nothing. They don't have any income.

I tolerate them because they serve a purpose.

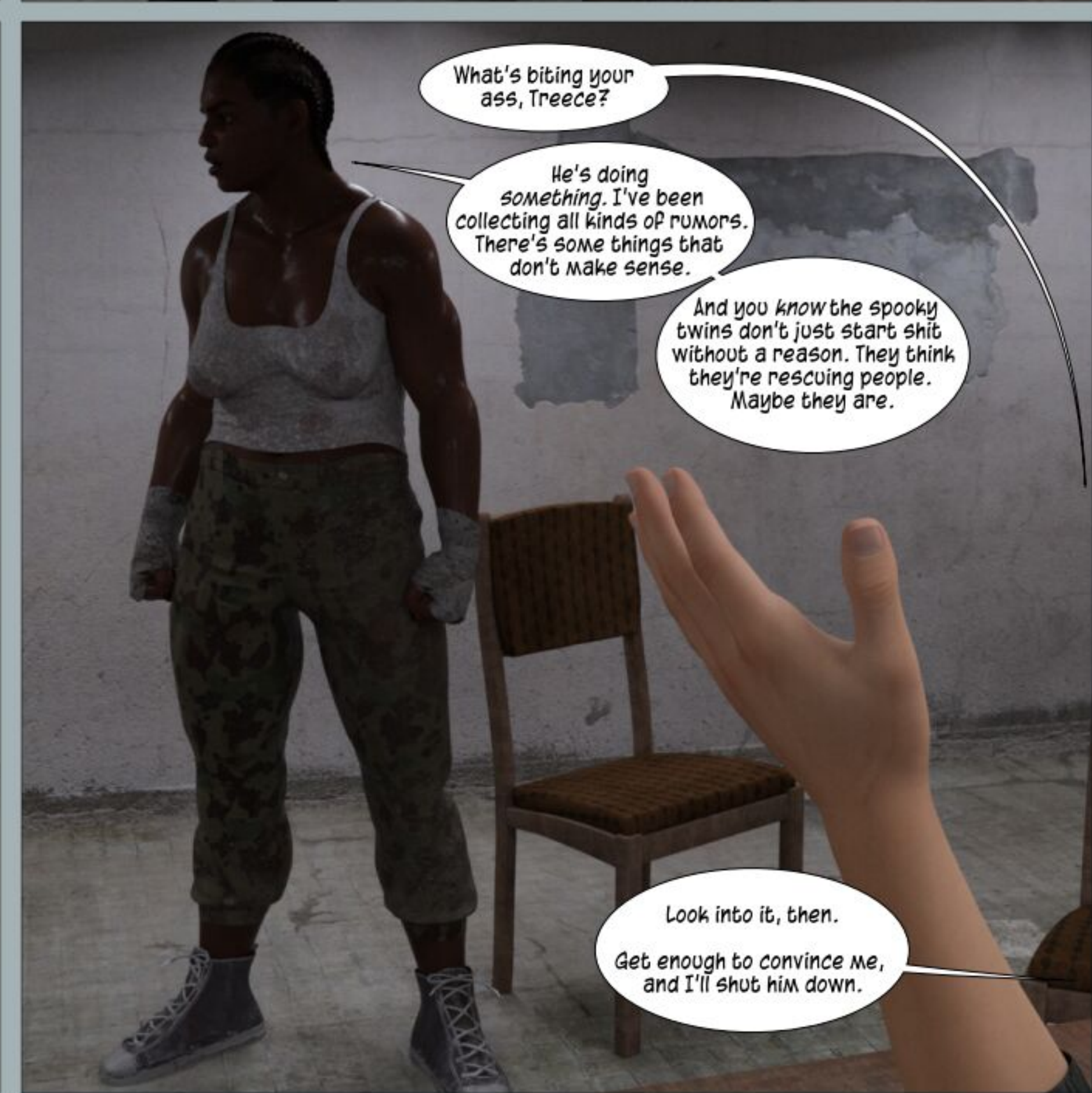
I get to bend my own rules. That's the point of being the boss.



Well, I hope you mean what you say about competition, because I'm not going to tolerate any more of this, and this time I'm going to deal with them permanently. Whatever it takes. You better be all right with that.

Of course! That's how we settle disputes around here. And we don't gripe about it first, Thurmer.

Good luck with them. I'm looking forward to seeing how it comes out.



What's biting your ass, Treece?

He's doing something. I've been collecting all kinds of rumors. There's some things that don't make sense.

And you know the spooky twins don't just start shit without a reason. They think they're rescuing people. Maybe they are.

Look into it, then. Get enough to convince me, and I'll shut him down.



Mr. Church.

Ms. Lee.

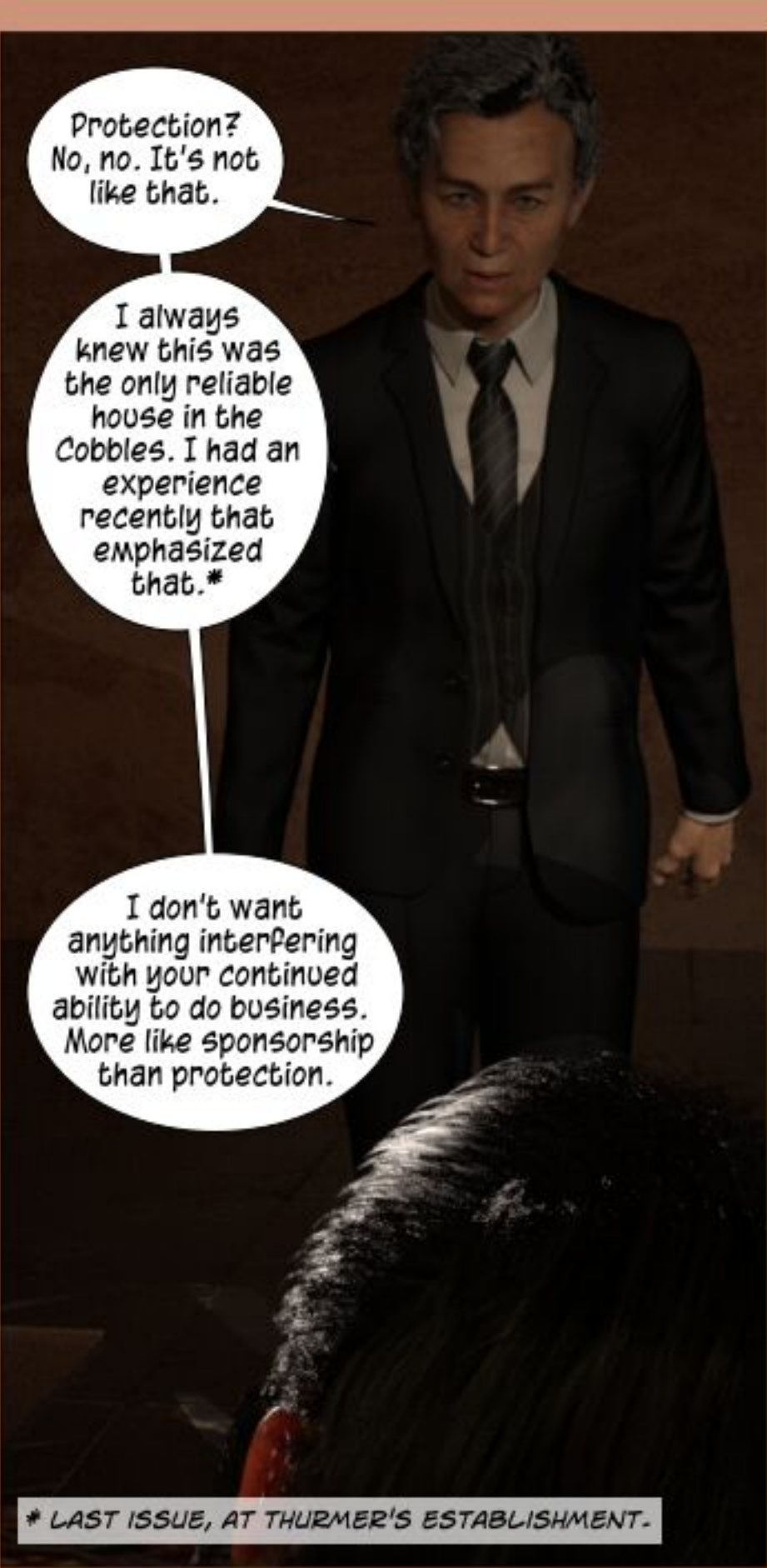
I'll have Dorie get you a drink. What would you like?

Nothing, thank you. I just came to ask whether you've reached a decision on my offer.



I reached a decision as soon as you made it. You were the one who insisted on giving me "a few days to think about it."

Honestly, I'm still surprised you made the offer at all. Protection isn't one of your usual ... business areas.



Protection? No, no. It's not like that.

I always knew this was the only reliable house in the Cobles. I had an experience recently that emphasized that.\*

I don't want anything interfering with your continued ability to do business. More like sponsorship than protection.

\* LAST ISSUE, AT THURMER'S ESTABLISHMENT.



I suppose that's sweet of you. I mean, I appreciate the thought.

But I don't need sponsorship any more than I need protection. And, actually, you taking this business under your wing might make the situation worse.

We have defenses, but no one knows that. They don't leave us alone because they think we're tough; they leave us alone because we're neutral.

They can all come to my house safely. It's a haven. I run it clean and safe, and I don't play any of their little games.

If you come in, then I've taken a side--you see?

But, as I say, I do appreciate the thought ... and to show my appreciation, I'd like to offer you something on the house this evening.

Dorie!!



You ... ah ... you appear to have done your research.

I always do.

It's important to know one's customers' tastes.



Damn.

Hmm?

We can see into most of the upstairs halls. I was hoping to be able to get some ID's in the helmet display by looking in the windows.

But I can't get clean readings. Too far, too much in the way.



You knew that wasn't going to work before you tried it.

Well ... yes. But it was worth a shot. Spotting Beaubille Prom out here would save us a lot of pain.

We don't even know Beaubille's in there.

No, we don't. And we have to find out. And we can't just ask, Lo-Rez was probably right about that.

That means one of us is going to have to go in.

... OK. Rock, paper, scissors?



Maybe not.

I didn't expect Cobermayer to remember me from Bianca's club. That ...

I mean, what if there are other people who remember?

There's two plays here. We can do "customer looking for a specific thing" or "sex worker looking for a job" ... and either way, if someone knows me from Bianca's it could punch a hole in my story.

You kept a lower profile in those days than I did.

\*THOSE DAYS\* = ISSUE #6. IN STORY TERMS, FIVE YEARS AGO, MORE OR LESS. A LOT HAS HAPPENED TO THEM SINCE THEN.



Not that low.

But I'll take the hot seat if it makes you jumpy. I don't mind.

Just keep an eye on me in case you need to push me out, all right?

Of course!

-- Sigh --  
If we keep doing this kind of thing, we're going to have to start changing our appearance for jobs.

Ruby's been telling me that for a while now.

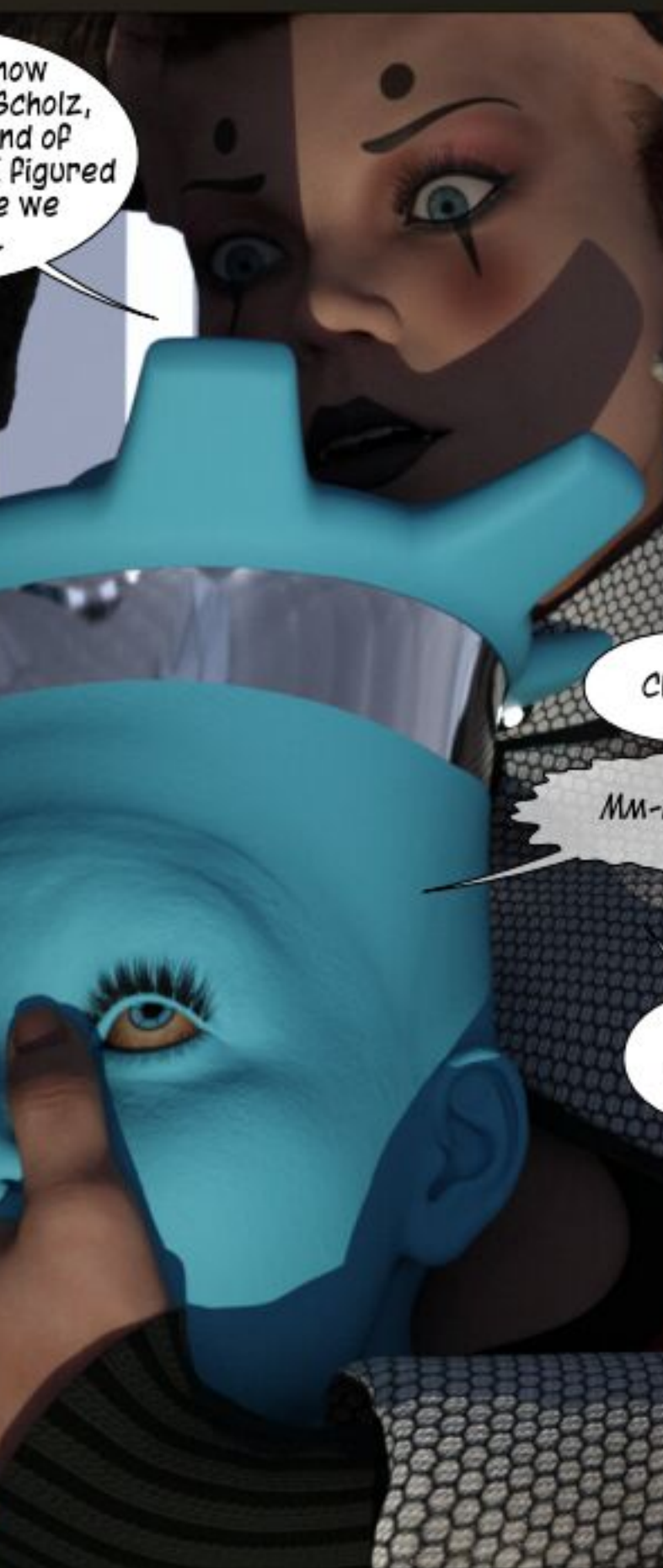
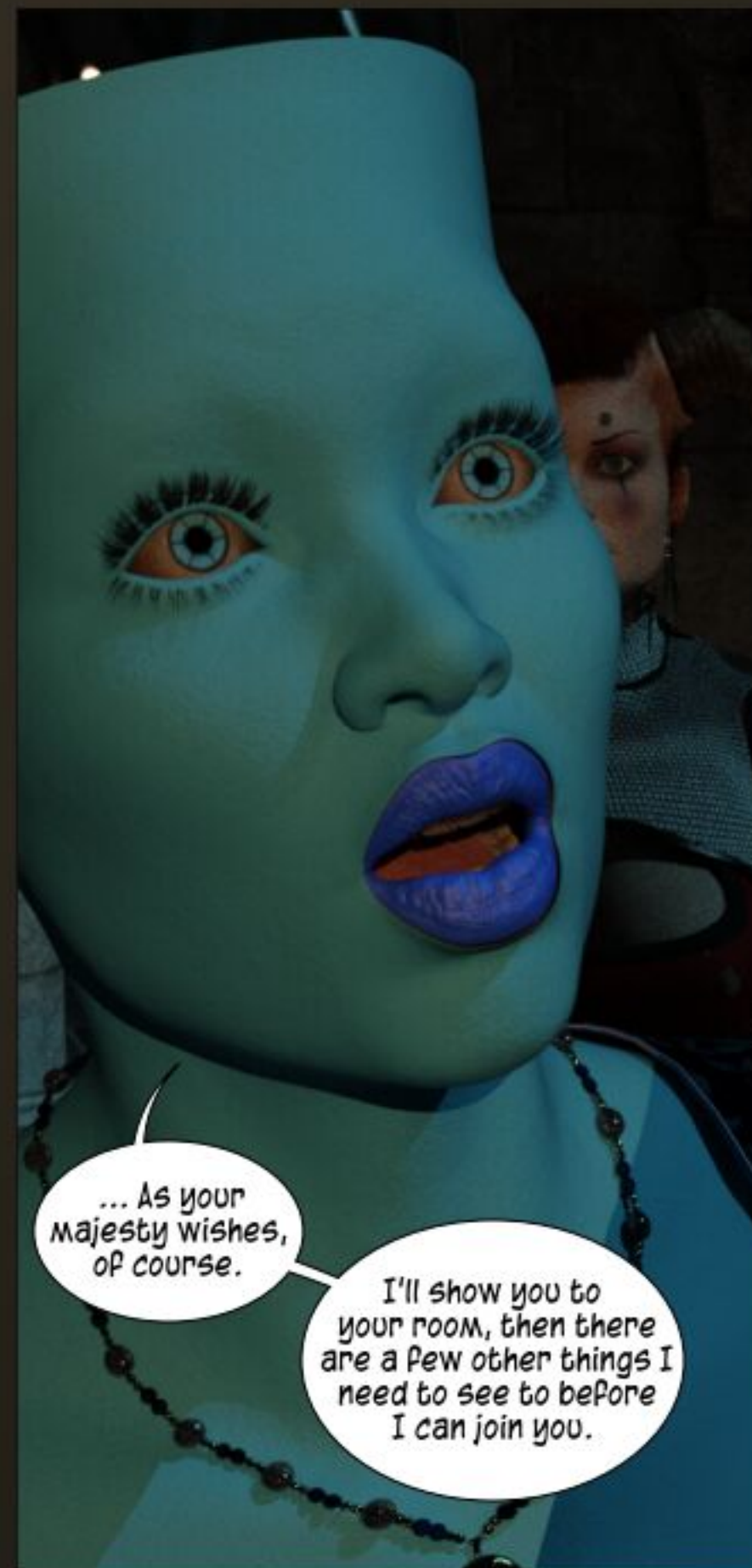
Which way do you want to play it?

I'll try the customer approach. I don't think I want to work for Thurmer.

Let me go see what I've got to wear.

INTERLUDE.

THE SCHOLZ ESTATE, HIGHPOINT.





Ms. Costello?  
My name's  
Alexander. Floor  
manager.

Hello,  
Alexander.  
Is there a  
problem?

Well ... I'm  
worried we will have  
some trouble  
accommodating you. We  
don't get very many  
female customers  
here at all.

Why, I'm  
surprised at you.  
You should know  
better than to make  
any assumptions about  
what's under my skirt.

Especially in a  
place like this.

... Ah ... yes.  
Good point.

But you also  
seem to have a  
special request. Can  
you tell me a little  
about that?

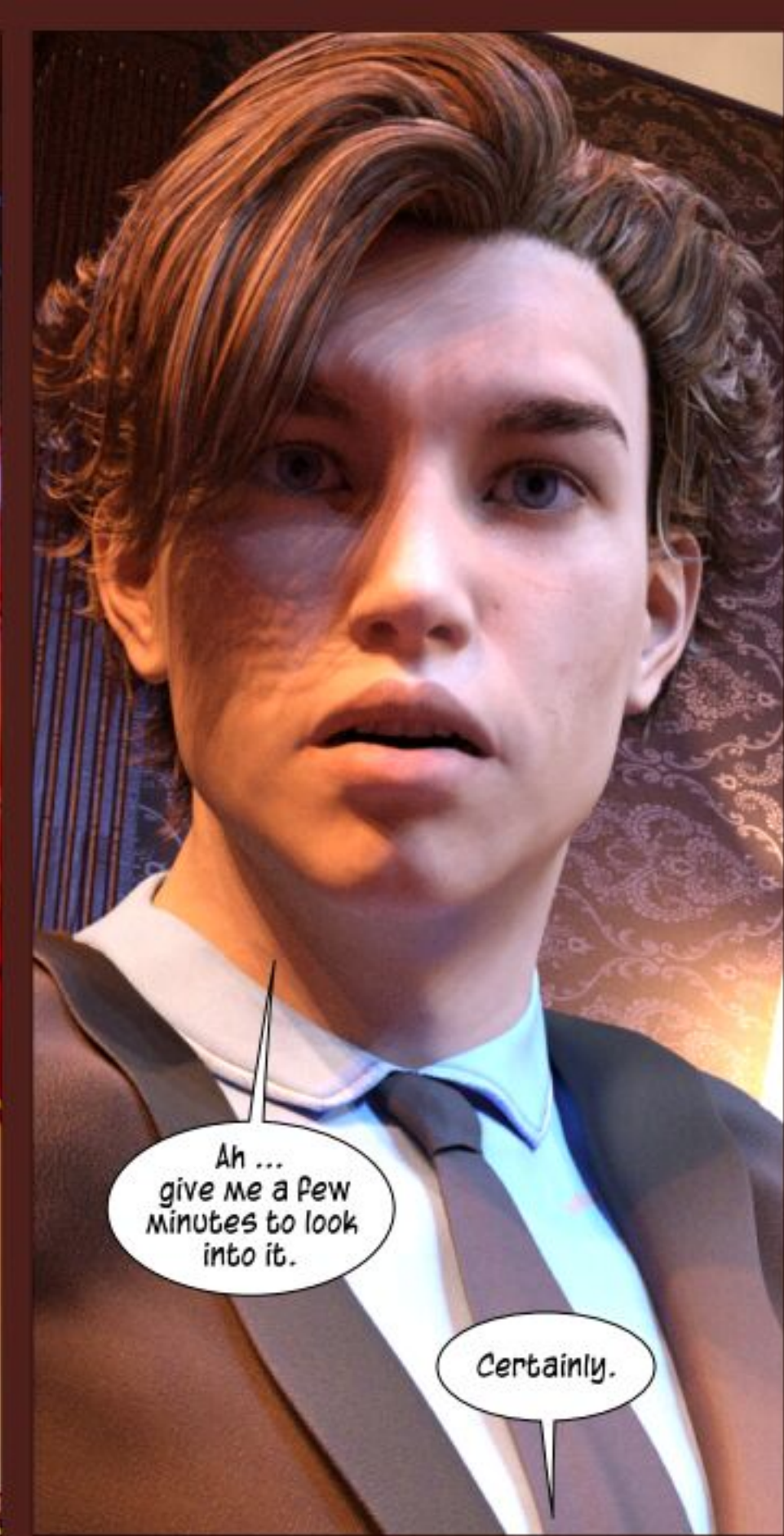


It's really very  
simple. I heard a  
rumor that Shani  
Beaubille is among  
your staff.

Shani and I go  
way back. Longer than I  
like, if I'm honest. She  
has always been a pain in the  
ass. Full of herself,  
y'know?

I'm not going to do  
anything horrible to her,  
don't worry. I just want to  
... startle her a little.

If it's  
possible, of  
course.



Ah ...  
give me a few  
minutes to look  
into it.

Certainly.



You told him  
your name was  
Costello. But your  
name is Castillo.  
Esperanza  
Castillo.

Maybe he  
heard me  
wrong.

Who wants  
to know?

Rick  
Thurmer.

Oh!  
The owner.  
Pleased to  
meet you.

I doubt  
that.



A few years ago, you were  
Percy Furlough's best sub.  
Practically co-running the place.\*  
When Percy vanished, so did you.  
Now you turn up in my club.

Habits  
change.

Not that  
much.

I need a good sub.  
I've been having some  
personnel issues.

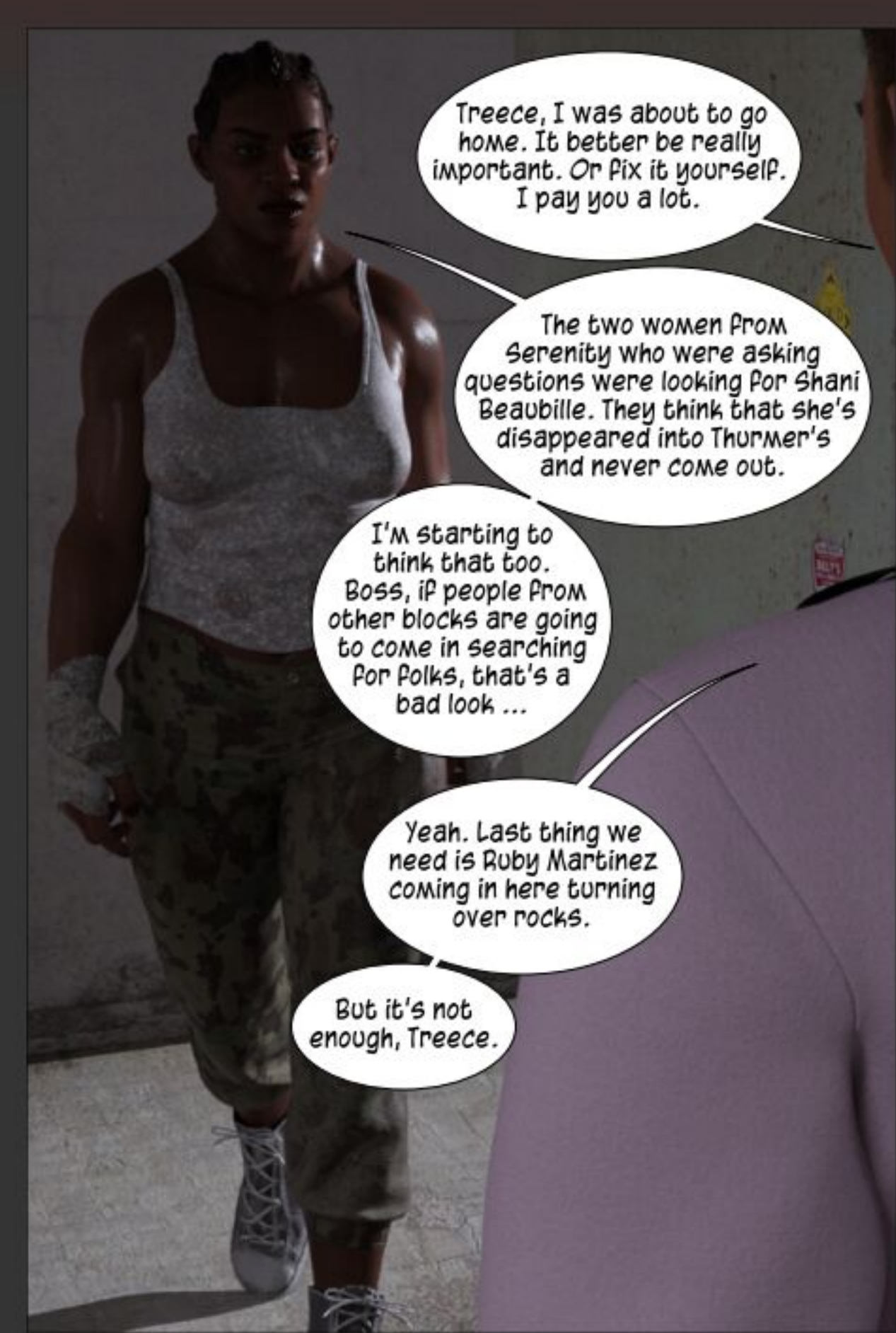
I think you should  
come work for me.

Starting right now.



Uh ...  
... All right?

\*ALSO ISSUE #6, SAME AS GINA  
WORKING FOR BIANCA.



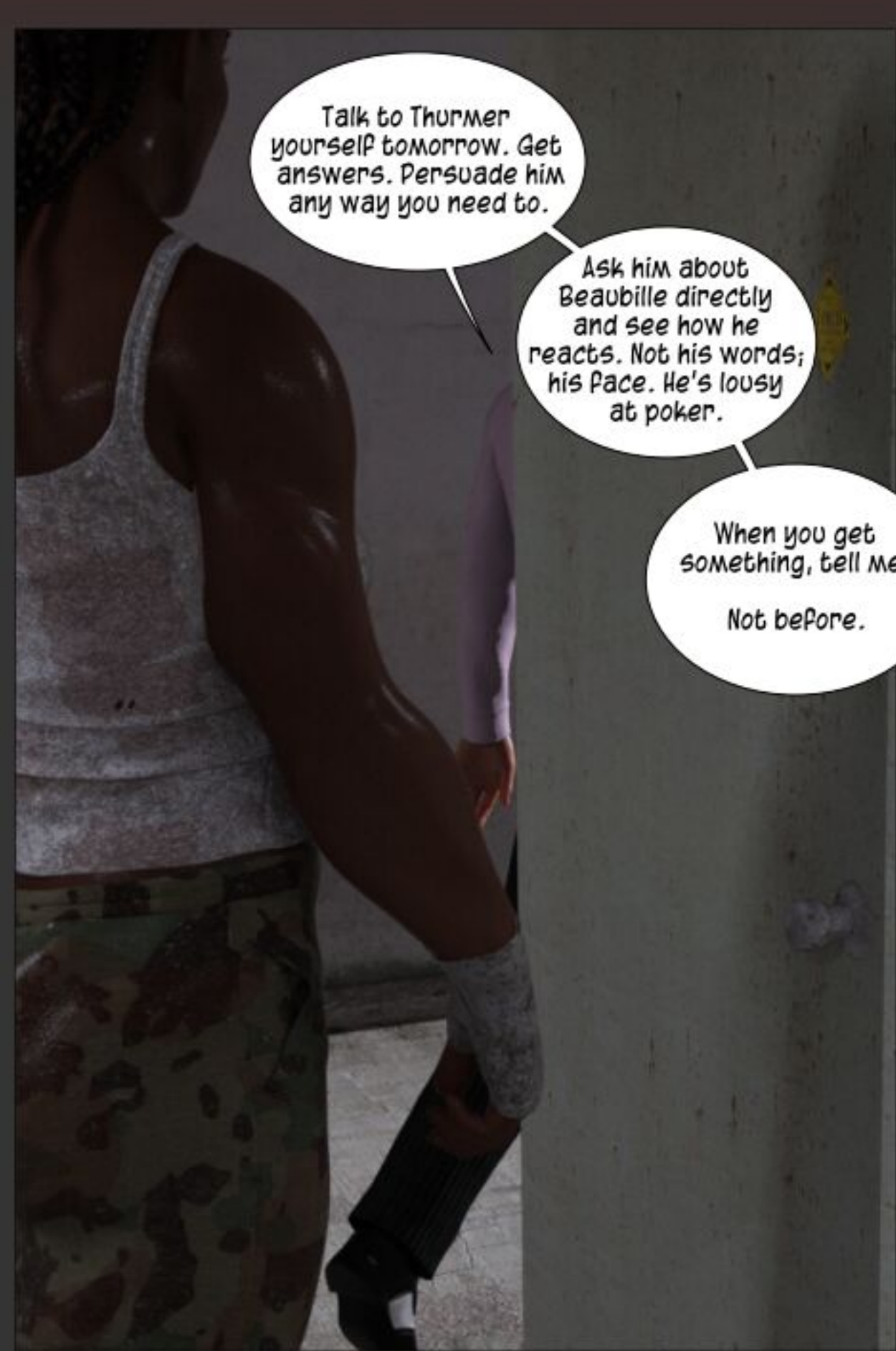
Treece, I was about to go  
home. It better be really  
important. Or fix it yourself.  
I pay you a lot.

The two women from  
Serenity who were asking  
questions were looking for Shani  
Beaubille. They think that she's  
disappeared into Thurmer's  
and never come out.

I'm starting to  
think that too.  
Boss, if people from  
other blocks are going  
to come in searching  
for Polks, that's a  
bad look ...

Yeah. Last thing we  
need is Ruby Martinez  
coming in here turning  
over rocks.

But it's not  
enough, Treece.



Talk to Thurmer  
yourself tomorrow. Get  
answers. Persuade him  
any way you need to.

Ask him about  
Beaubille directly  
and see how he  
reacts. Not his words;  
his face. He's lousy  
at poker.

When you get  
something, tell me.  
Not before.



Hello, honey!  
I've got your  
bourbon ready!

A sight for  
sore eyes.

MMMM!  
-- giggle --  
Me, or the  
drink?

Both.

Hey, are  
you going to  
starve to  
death?

... we could  
always eat  
afterwards.



Oooooh!  
Yes!!

Oh, yes!!



Hey, old man.

Don't call me "old man," you young punk.

How come you never clean up this place?

Like it this way.



God, I hate having to wear these things ...

I'm serious, you know, Fil. Your pizza doesn't have to leave boxes everywhere. It's an expectation.

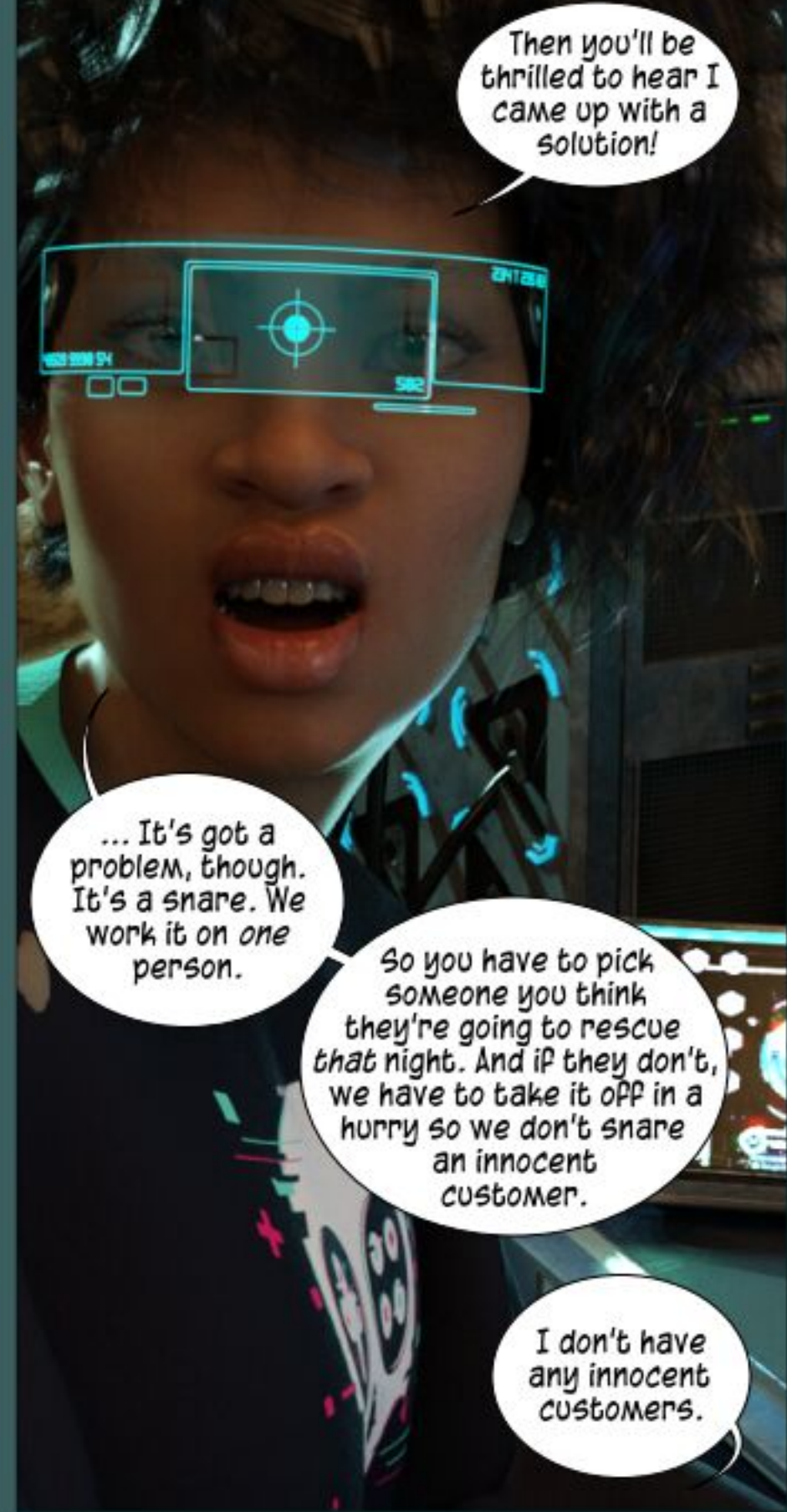
Also, this place is totally out of line with the Cobble look.

I hate that Medieval shit. And this is what this place is supposed to look like.

Did you have a bad day or something?

Not really. Found a replacement Por Pell unexpectedly. Trying her out tonight.

But we still need to deal with the Rescuers ...



Then you'll be thrilled to hear I came up with a solution!

... It's got a problem, though. It's a snare. We work it on one person.

So you have to pick someone you think they're going to rescue that night. And if they don't, we have to take it off in a hurry so we don't snare an innocent customer.

I don't have any innocent customers.



I think I know how to work that ... That's great news!

Oh, good. Then show your appreciation.

We're not at my place ... we don't both fit on your bed.

Then you'll just have to fuck me on the floor.

Old man.



Well, that's a view ...

Right?

I've put out a crop, there, on her back. There's other equipment in the closet if you need it.



Damn, she's wet! Is she into this?

Who can tell? Subs are strange people. I didn't ask.

Doesn't really matter, though, does it?



I hope you're not, though. I don't want you to enjoy it.

I don't like it when people lie to me.



All right. Follow the rules, now. Don't break her.

Have Fun.





I honestly don't know how to proceed ... should have planned better ...

Gina?

What brings you to the Cobbles? Please tell me it doesn't have something to do with that building.



Maire. Ash. It's been ages.

We're looking for a missing person and the trail looks like it leads to Thurmer's. Ranza went in incognito to ask questions ... and she hasn't come out.

Gina, Thurmer uses Mind control! All his staff aren't in their right minds. He probably did something to her--it's not safe in there!

We were wondering about that. But it's hard to influence someone if they're prepared for it ...

OK. Any ideas on how to get her out?

Oh sure. We raid the place just about every night. First let's take a pass around and see if we can spot her in any of the windows.



There she is!

We can't go in that window, though, it's way too small. We'll need to go in through one of the bigger rooms and then go through the halls.



Should be around this corner and down a ways ...



Are you ladies half as tired of me as I am of you?

Why don't you just surrender and save everyone trouble?



I've got a better idea.

Why don't you all leave the area quietly and forget you saw us. How's that sound?

Also it would be really great if you could only make chicken noises for the rest of the night.



B-buc buc?

B-kaw!



That's a good trick.

We'll explain once we're outside.



Ew.

Don't worry. She's seen a lot worse.



Hey!

MMMMMM ...

Yeah, I know. I'd give you longer to enjoy it, but we need to get out of here.

Oh, no. You're going to stay on that bed and be good until we leave.

And when you leave, you're going to act like you didn't see any of this.



I'm sorry you had to get dragged into that.

Oh, it was fine. I hadn't had a good whipping in a while.

I should probably remove the physical effects, though, or I won't be able to sit for a week.

So everybody in there is suggestible? StAFF, customers, all of them?

Everyone but Thurmer, we think.



And us. That guy asked us to surrender and none of us bit.

What I don't understand is how they did it. They didn't do anything! I mean, nobody waved a watch in front of me or asked me to stand in a suspicious machine ... I don't think my drink was drugged, I watched her make it ...

I was sitting there and Thurmer came up and said "work for me now" and I said yes. That was it.

Yeah, that's the big puzzle. It's got to be something really persistent ... the only way we know of to shake off the effect is to take someone out of the building.

Which probably means the whole building is rigged with whatever-it-is.



Wait, I know!

You have your inPo goggles and we have helmets ... Thurmer wears glasses and he obviously doesn't need to ... and I wasn't wearing my helmet when they got me ...

It's something visual. Like, in the lights, maybe. Our gear blocks the effect.



That'd be a hell of a trick ... but it makes sense.

Doesn't help us, though. We really want to close down Thurmer completely. Rescuing workers isn't doing it; he just "hires" new ones.

We're not going to be able to get him unless we can take out whatever it is he's using ... and I don't think we can go in there and rip out all the wiring ...



He'd just rebuild anyway. All he has to do is reboot the club.

I don't know. Maybe when we get back to Serenity we can find someone who has enough clout with the Boss to shut Thurmer down.

Whoever he is.

Meanwhile, though, we can fix one problem. Beaubille's in there. I saw her. Can we get her out?

Sure. We'll make her our target for tomorrow night.

NEXT MORNING-



Twice I called on you clowns to do the job I paid you for and twice you failed completely!

All three of you are fired! Get out of here!

And you, Alexander, my floor manager--walking around clucking like a chicken, confusing the customers--

I obviously can't trust you with anything! I'm just going to have to deal with those two myself!



... Treece!

A pleasure to see you.

No, it isn't.

I've got some questions for you, Thurmer, and I want some real answers.



Does Shani Beaubille work for you?

Ah ... as a matter of fact, yes.

What do you pay her?

I don't see how that's any of your--

Do you pay her?



I'm not going to answer that, Treece.

And what you're going to do, you're going to leave now, and stop asking me questions you don't have the right to have answers to.



Wow.

I didn't know you had that much influence with her.

I don't.

She'll be back as soon as she thinks better of it.

I need to come up with something before then.

You know, it's funny, she was asking about Beaubille ...

So?

That's who the woman last night was asking for. You know, the one who lied?

Hmm.



I really should tell Alexander about the controls. He's a smart kid. It's not fair to him.

The problem is, I just don't trust him enough ...



Hey! I was just about to come find you. It's ready.

Have you figured out who you want to be the snare?

As a matter of fact, I have.

INTERLUDE.

SERENITY.

Now close it ... good!

I think you've got it.

Normally you won't have to worry about closing it--portals all close themselves after you use them. But if you open one and don't use it right away, close it. Don't leave it open.

The Sprue doesn't like open portals. Bad things can happen.

Sprue's alive?

We don't know! But probably not. Leyna thinks it's a very sophisticated virus.

It wants the data to be fragmented. It's continually trying to eat away any connections between data blocks. Portals are connections. If it sees them, it tries to destroy them.

Anyway, you're good for the set portals now. Cast portals will take a lot longer, I'm afraid.

Like you did in Highpoint? Han't work same?

Not really.

There's three kinds of portal.

Set portals are algorithmic. They have physical equipment, like this thing you're sitting on. They always connect the same two points, and permissions aren't an issue because both ends had to give consent to set the thing up. So anyone can use them if they know how to activate them.

Cast portals are ... well, they're personal. Usually you can only cast one to somewhere you've already been, and you also have to be able to visualize the location well enough. A lot of people can't do it.

And Leyna can do it another way entirely ... she can visualize locations based on their data, not what they look like, which means sometimes she can portal places she hasn't been. And she can cheat on the rights sometimes, and portal places she's not allowed to. But it's tricky, and she needs a good reason to cheat.

You can bypass permission with cast portals sometimes. I certainly don't have permission to jump directly into the Delp estate. I had to sneak in a different way first. Once I had, a couple of times, I could portal there.

Recall portals are when you recall and you say "remember where I just was so I can portal back to it when I want." Anybody can do those, but they're subject to permissions.

If you tried to set a recall portal to my living room, because I haven't given you access to my house, it wouldn't let you. But you could set one outside the Pront door.

Soooo ... changing the subject ... What's eating you?

An't know what you mean.

I've seen you twice since you got back and both times you were definitely down. Were the Yards that bad an experience?

No! Liked it. Wan't boring, orcs are fun, cusk was good ...

But they fight. Not just push-fight; they do battles. An't like that none.

They think it's a joke. They han't been street. Han't seen Polk get shot or jagged or tacked all the ePPr time.

Yeah, I know exactly what you mean.

It's why I hate doing scenarios with real physical violence.

Most people here have never been Awake. They don't understand. And we're never going to get them to understand.

Also, honestly? Everybody's bored. They're looking for new thrills all the time.

That why Polk into all this rosh shit?

Well ... like what, specifically?

Play being things they an't ... orcs and Pauns and all ...

Lot of it seems like's about cusk ... you want cusk, just go do it. Why all the games?

Well, remember, Awake it's hard enough to find a safe place and partners for sex that usually "hey, let's Puck while we can" is all you need.

There are some people who are that direct here, but mostly people have gotten to where they have a little more imagination.

"Hey, let's Puck" is way too easy in Sleep.

Can't say I mind. If it weren't the way it is, I wouldn't have had a career.

Anyway, I think you'll probably get used to it.

THAT NIGHT.



Her customer isn't here yet. This will be easy.

In that case let's open the door instead of crashing through it, this time.

You're no Pun.



Are you my customers?

Ah ... no. We've come to get you out of here. People are looking for you.

Are you my customers?

No, no, I don't think you understand--we're here to--



Forget it, Maire. Look at her eyes. She's been deeply messed with.

We're just going to have to carry her out.

It'd be a lot easier if we didn't ...

OK, you know what? Sure.

We're your customers.



Oh goodness



Shoot her! Shoot her!

I can't! I can't get to my gun!



We have to urgrlgigi!

gurglgigi

Finally, a positive development.



What I'd really like to do is just let you turn all the way into goo creatures.

But that seems like a waste. So I'm going to take opp these damned goggles, and give you new jobs--



AUUUH!



Hi! We're Plan B.



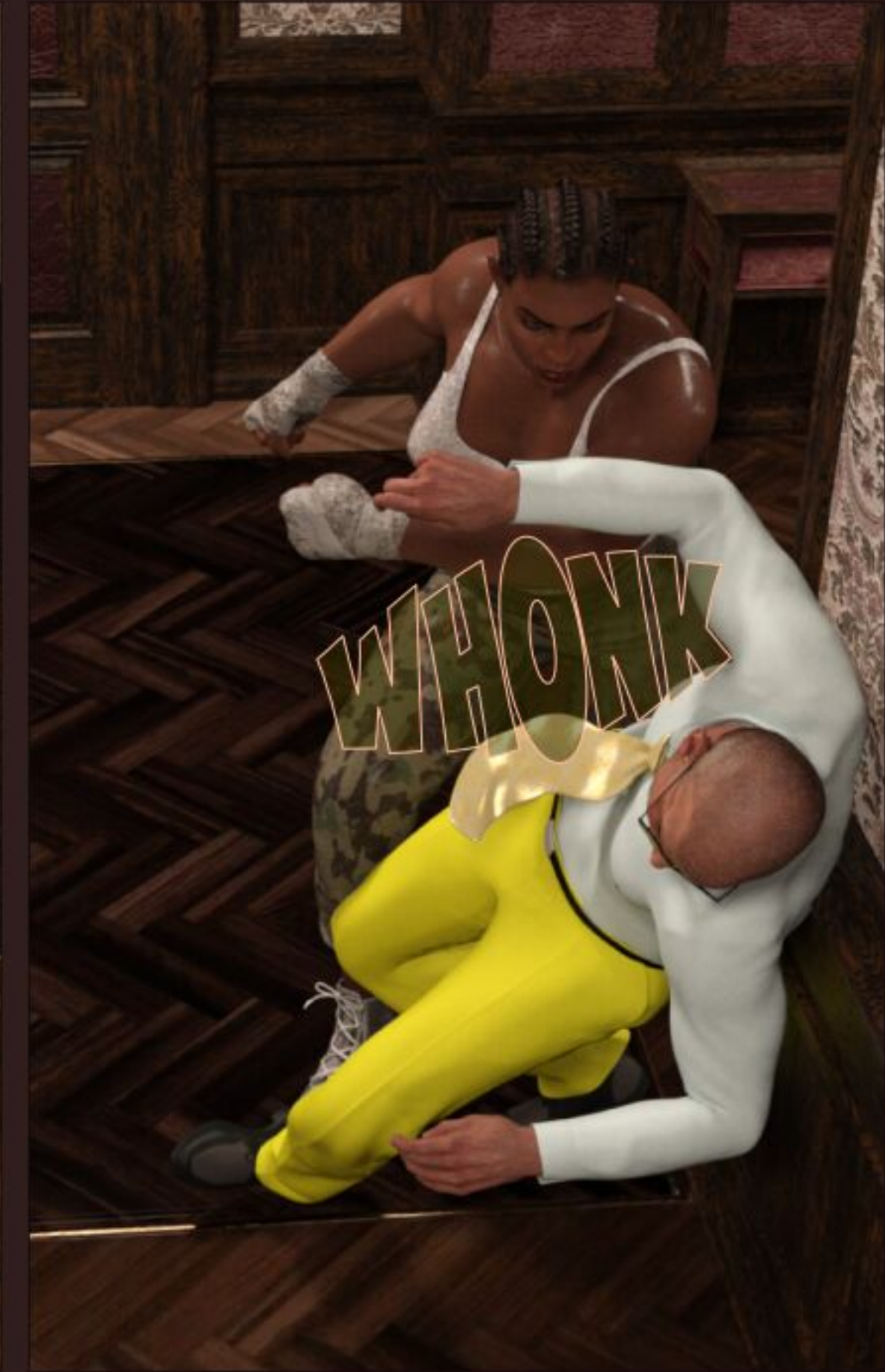
Do we just try to pull them out?

... I don't think we should touch that. It might suck us in too.

Well, we need to do something fast.

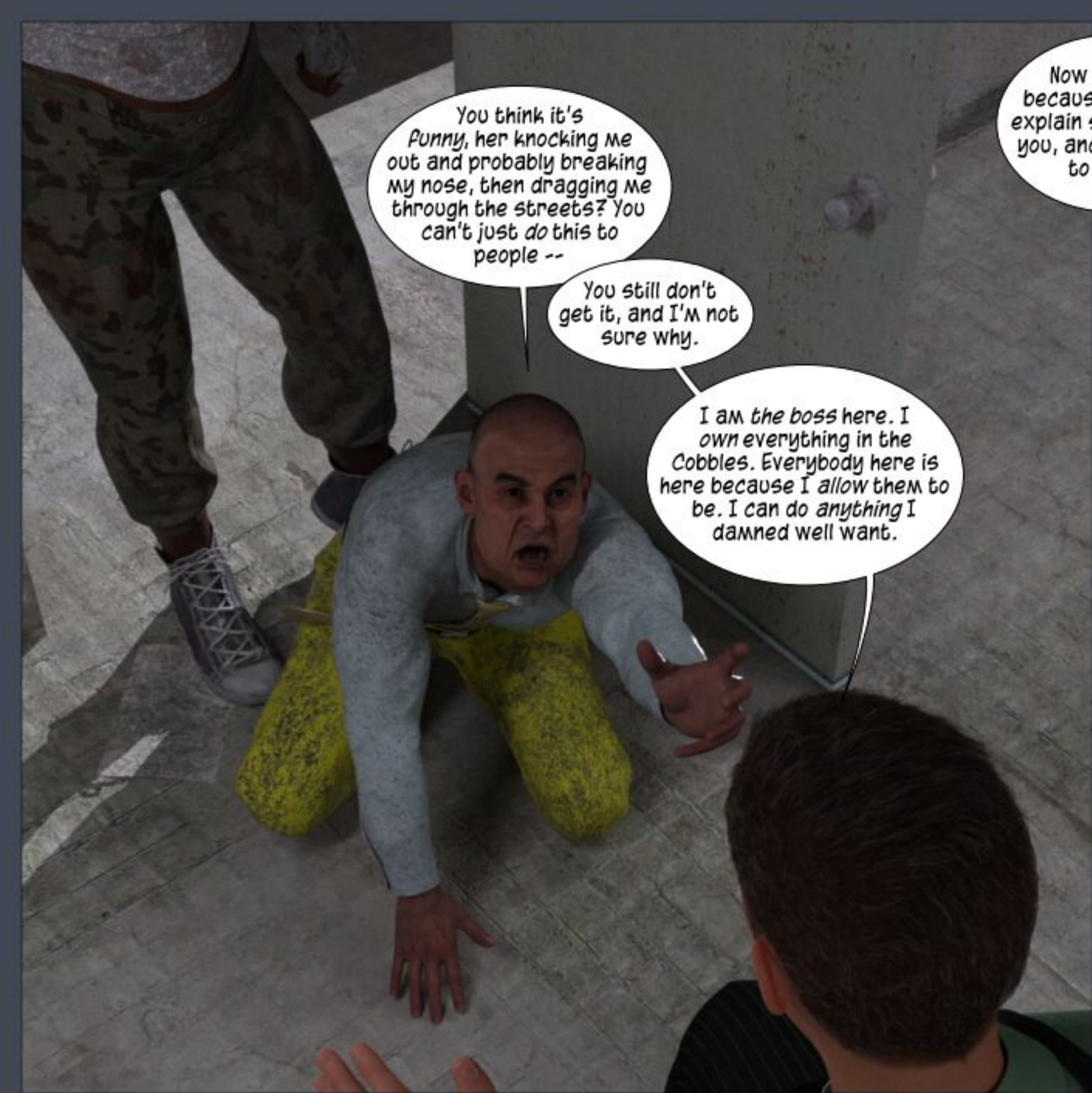
Let's try disrupting the monster. The guns dispel a lot of things.

OK, here goes ...



WHONK





You think it's funny, her knocking me out and probably breaking my nose, then dragging me through the streets? You can't just do this to people --

You still don't get it, and I'm not sure why.

I am the boss here. I own everything in the Cobbles. Everybody here is here because I allow them to be. I can do anything I damned well want.



Now shut up, because I need to explain something to you, and I want you to listen.

You know the one rule of the Cobbles: "The Boss always gets his cut." But there's really two rules. The second one's a secret.

It's "no mind control." I don't like people messing with other people's heads.



How the hell are we expected to follow a rule if we don't know it exists?

Maybe I think you should follow that one without needing to be told.

Maybe I think even sleazeballs like you should have some standards.



Anyway, I don't give grace on that one.

I'm deleting your data. Your business is closed.

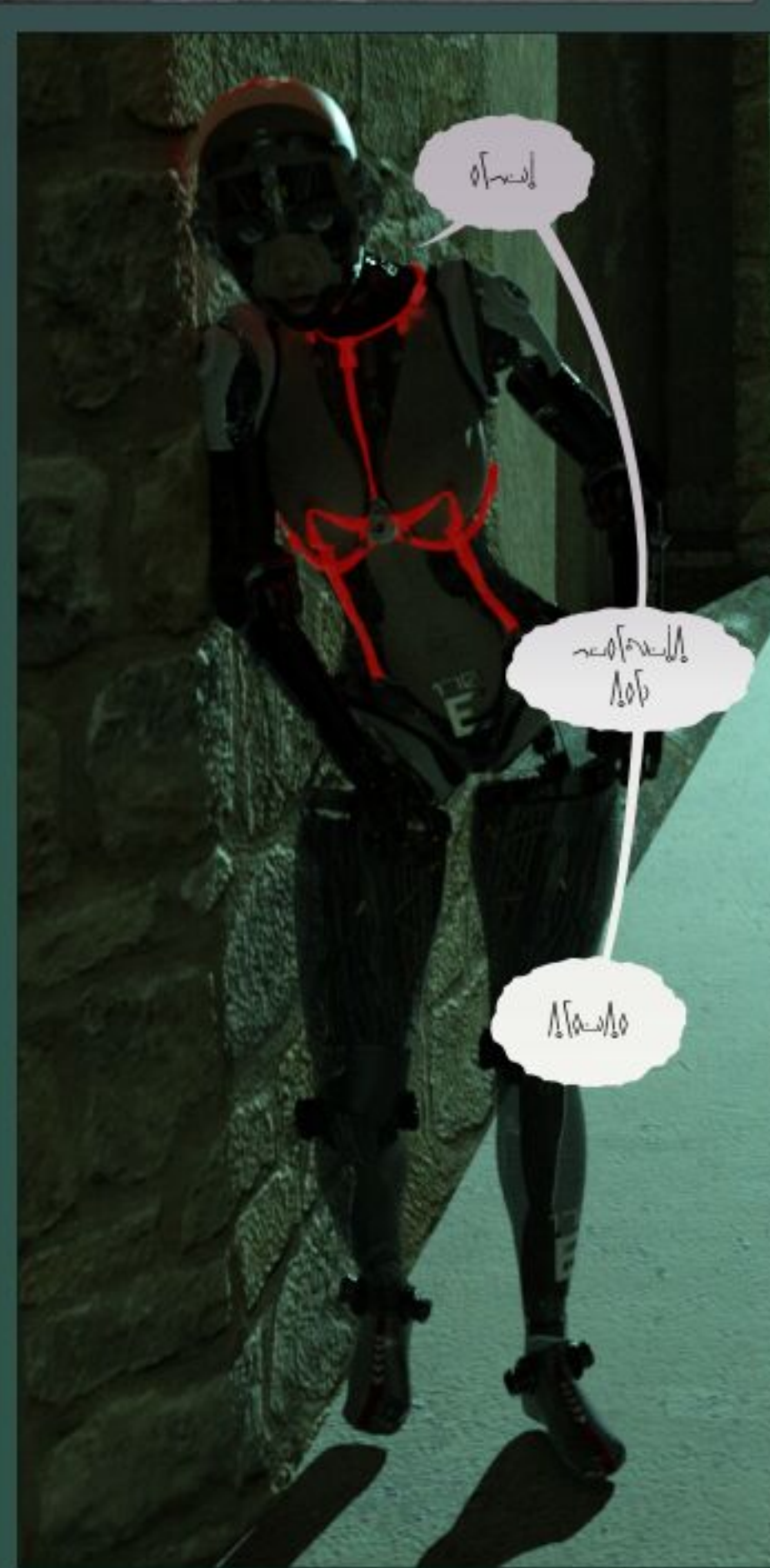
If I ever see you in the Cobbles again, or get word that you've so much as stuck your nose back in, I'll make you wish you had never been born.

No, wait--!



--ugh-- Crazy bastard ... haven't heard the last of me ...

Wah wah



What?

What?

What?



What?

What?

What?

What?



Wah wah



Hey! Are you all right?

Hello?

Can you hear me?

Wah wah



What? SERENITY SERENITY

Wah wah L L LAY Wah

HELP

NEXT: GOING VIRAL