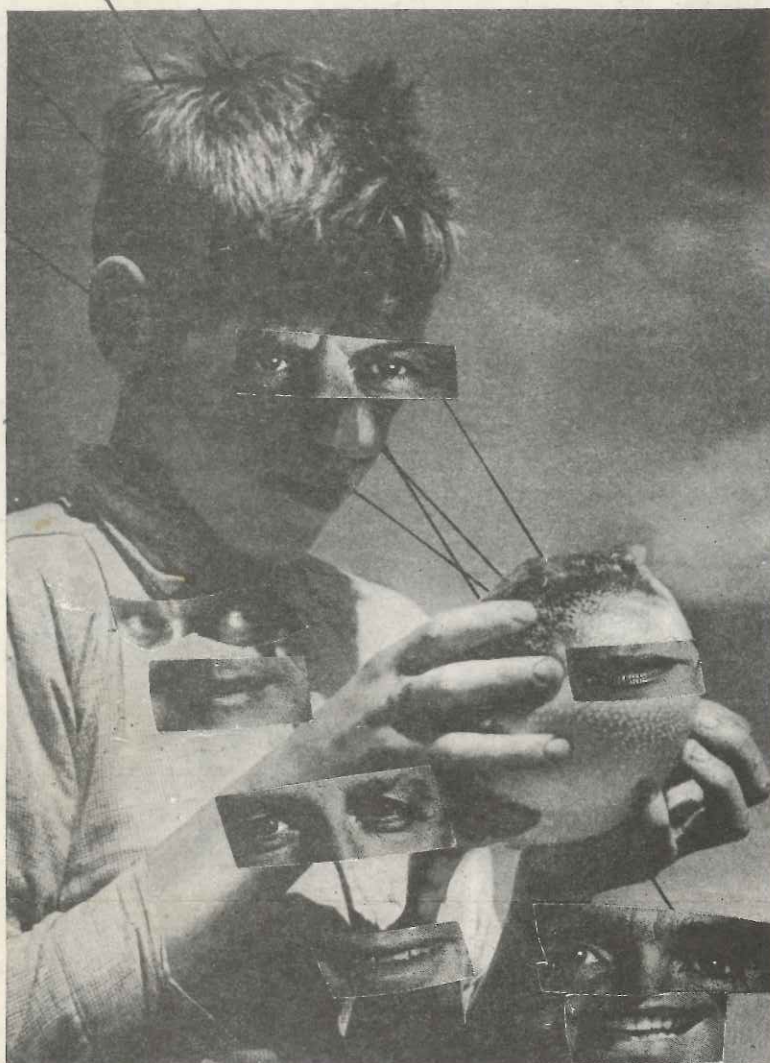




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THE CITY WAS FALLING APART, THERE WAS FIGHTING IN THE CENTER OF TOWN, THE PEOPLE HAD CHROMOSOME DAMAGE AND THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO, I MEAN ABOUT THE MUTATIONS THAT KEPT OCCURRING. THEY WERE ALL OVER THE PLACE, EVER SINCE THE 1ST WAVES OF FEEDBACK FROM THE NOVA. I DIDN'T HERE 'BOUT IT 'TIL IT HAD ALREADY HIT GRUX, I REMEMBER THE NEWS AT FIVE THAT DAY, SOMEONE SAID SECTION D OF THE DROID SUPPLIERS HAD INSTIGATED THEIR OWN PATENTS INTO ASSEMBLY. SORT OF OFFENSIVE I THOUGHT, I MEAN WHO IN THE HELL WANTS TO LOOK AT THAT SHIT? A KIND OF MAGNETIC REPTILE COMBINATION. THE COUNCIL SAID THAT SECTION D WAS SUFFERING FROM BIOLOGICAL CHANGES DUE TO THE 2ND WAVE. THAT'S WHEN I HEARD OUR DIVERSION FLEET HAD ENCOUNTERED SIMILAR MUTATIONS WITH SOME ROCK THEY FOUND IN THE MILKY WAY GALAXY, GOOD ASSORTMENT OF SPECIMENS THOUGH, AT LEAST FROM THE RAVINGS THE PRESS WAS MAKING. BUT WHO THE FUCK CARES ABOUT SOME ROCK IN THE MILKY WAY GALAXY? EXCEPT FOR ITS AUDIO CONTENT THAT IS. SO I TIMED FOR PURPOSE AND CALCULATED THE OBJECTIVES, HAD MY MONITORS ON IT CONSTANTLY, DIGGING THROUGH CHIPS UNTIL I FINALLY PUT THE OVERVIEW IN COMPLETE PERSPECTIVE. THEN I COULDN'T GET THE SPECIFICATIONS, I MEAN WHO KNOWS, THEY WERE MISSING. I GOT THE MESSAGE WHEN THEY WERE PASSING LYGN1 THAT THIS WAS IT, IF I DIDN'T STOP FUCKING ABOUT THE MONITORS WERE GOING TO PUT ME AWAY. I JUST NEEDED THOSE CHIPS FOR MY RESEARCH, THAT CONTINENT ON THE ROCK SOUNDED PERFECT. THE ONE THE DIVERSION FLEET CALLED THE PARK. THEY COULDN'T MAKE THE TRANSMISSIONS THOUGH CAUSE THE ALIENS HAD SOME PRIMITIVE GADGETRY THAT KEPT SCREWING EVERYTHING UP, SO THEY HAD TO LEAVE THE ATMOSPHERE JUST TO GET THE GOD DAMN SOUNDS BACK HERE AND THEY WERE STILL FUCKED UP. SO I REQUESTED A SPECIMEN WHICH WAS AGAINST THE ETHICAL CODE, AND THIS WAS WHAT THE MONITORS WERE GETTING PISSED ABOUT YOU SEE. I MEAN WITH THE CHADS IN THE CITIES AND ALL - THEY WOULD JUST SAY TO ME "WHAT IF EVERYONE WAS GOING ON LIKE YOU? CAN YOU IMAGINE THE INEFFICIENCY? WELL THERE'S NOT MUCH I COULD SAY TO THAT. THEY LOOKED AT MY PRIVATE STUDIES AS SOME SORT OF INDIRECT SABOTAGE. SO I SAY FUCK 'EM, FUCK IT, I DECIDED TO GET BOMBED. IT HAD BEEN A LONG EXTENDED CONCENTRATION. SO WHY NOT TAKE A FLIGHT TO ALTAIR AND GET INTO SOME 37? AND THIS IS WHERE I MEET CHROMIUM YOU SEE, I GET ON BOARD AND THERE HE IS WITH THE MOST BEAUTIFULLY SCULPTURED DROIDS I'VE EVER SEEN LAYING ON A DECK FEELING EM UP AND PISSING ALL OVER LIKE IT'S A RUBBER ROOM OR SOMETHING. THEN I'M ROLLED DOWN THE AISLE AND HE RECOGNIZES ME FROM THE MUSICOLOGY AWARDS LAST YEAR. HE INVITES ME OVER, AND WE DO UP THE DROIDS AND HIT BASE. HE'S BEING REAL CHUMMY AND ALL AND I'M JUST RIPPED AND I FORGET MY DEFENSES FOR A MOMENT AND HAPPEN TO MENTION THIS BUSINESS WITH THE DIVERSION FLEET - AND HE COMES ON REAL THICK ABOUT IT LIKE SOME FRIGGING PATRIOT - BLASTING AWAY 'BOUT THE MONITORS AND HOW THEY SHOULD HAVE PUT ME IN STOP. AND THE NEXT THING I KNOW, I WAKE UP IN THIS BOX MADE OUT OF THE PLANETS CRUST, AND I'M STILL A BIT DIZZY. THEN COMES THIS MONITOR WITH HIS DIGITALS ON THE BLINK, AND I CAN SEE HE HASN'T BEEN SERVICED IN AT LEAST 3 EVOLUTIONS, SO I BASH HIS HEAD IN WITH THE ACCOMMODATIONS AND MAKE FOR THE LIGHT FIELDS - AND ON THE WAY I RUN INTO THIS OLD PHILOSOPHICAL TYPE WITH ONE GOOD EYE LEFT AND GIVING ME THE EVERYTHING IS COOL, EVERYTHING IS ONE LOOK, AND JUST BEFORE HE STARTS TO SAY SOMETHING I TELL HIM HE'D BETTER WATCH OUT FOR HIS DESTINY JUST TO THROW HIM OFF, AND YOU KNOW IT WAS FUNNY CAUSE IT WORKED AND HE SHUT RIGHT UP.