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DATE: 2319ce-FEBRUARY-18-TUESDAY  
TIME: 02:30zulu (local 25:54pst)

On Second Hand, Victoria's friends and family had a blast with the Nefer Key, and of all the photos that hit social media it was the videos of Chell's kids acting out a few choice action sequences from Jurassic Park, with Luc and Alexi, that blew all of their approval metrics through the roof. The one scene where they get caught and eaten alive by the juvenile raptors was the biggest hit of all when their mock screams turned into hysterical laughter—because the kids mercilessly tickled the crap out of them with their teeth and claws.

Many in the general public had concerns about the Nefer Key, but any lingering doubts have died with these antics.

On Sunday, Wednesday here at 83-Tau, Jessica and Michelle delivered everyone to the Jacoby's Stump airfield and left, but on the way out Jessie kicked two of their six ghost droids overboard. It was Maggie and Paleo's job to guard Victoria, with orders to stay out of sight while shadowing her—and no one else.

Jessica and Seth assured Maria that Victoria was going to be fine but Maria wanted to be doubly sure about her safety. They didn't clue her in on what was going to happen to Piper because that would have made a colossal mess of things.

So, the die has been cast.

Jessica had clearance to fly low over the Queensland Vista on the way out, and with Michelle piloting they enter Julia's Other Creek, a seventy-kilometer long by twenty-five wide valley in the middle of the savanna that's five-hundred kilometers north of New Brisbane. At low speed, they are following a lazy-shallow river that snakes down the entire length of the valley.

At this moment it's high noon here on Prypiat, in the middle of Twilight 360, so it's surprisingly easy for Michelle to fly in VFR mode but Jessica, with eyes closed, has cleared her mind for this admittedly odd search. What surprises Jessica is that it took only a handful of quick seconds for her to zero in on the Jabberwocky's and then link into Blue Boy's mind, "One o'clock, Guns, an' Piper was right! There are four of 'em, maybe thirty-clicks out?"

"I see 'em." Michelle has locked onto them with her scope so, knowing the extent of Jessica's abilities, she asks, "What do you see?"

"Us, from Blue Boy's eyes. They're like mantis-shrimp eyes, an' their vision is crazy as shit! I'll let you path this when we're out."

"What's he thinking?"

Jessica opens her eyes and looks up at Michelle, saying, "Plotting, patience...meticulous and, oh shit, Piper was right again! They can't spot anyone in her Ghillie suits!"

"Don't the beasts see in infrared?"

"Yes, but they can only spot the residual heat at close range, and they can also sense movement." Jessica looks away, digging, "They're here for the Pale One, that's what they call Piper." She looks back up, "He's gonna come at her out of the clouds, straight down!"

"Why'd the Alter send us out here if we can't say shit?"

Jessica blinks her eyes, looks at Michelle and slowly shakes her head, "We're here for my benefit."

"I don't get it?"

"A lot is riding on this. You'll know when it happens."

Michelle turns to watch the video feed from the optical scope that continues to track the animals as they whiz by, with Jessica pointing out, "The smaller one, the one on the right, that's Blue Boy's daughter. And, just so you know, her name is also Pale One."

Michelle blinks and, "One can deduce a lot from that."

"Yea...the short of it is, she's why I'm here."

"Anything you can tell me?"

"No, but you can watch it all for yourself. You'll be there!"

"Whatever there is...fair enough."

A minute later they slip out of the valley, and as they climb towards space, Michelle asks, "You seeing David anytime soon?"

"Next week. You tryin' to get a hold of him?" With Michelle nodding, yes, Jessica asks, "What's the message?"

Michelle thinks about it, "Keep it to yourself?"

"You have to ask?"

"I know, stupid question. Look, the Family Kiel is kickin' up a fuck-ton dust-fuss about my safety."

Jessica huffs a laugh, "I spook 'em that bad?"

"Yea, ya sure as shit did. You have that effect on people." Michelle hands control of the ship back to Jessica, "Got it?"

Jessica nods, "Got it."

Michelle continues, "On 54-Tau, he and I became...close?"

Jessica smiles, "One can deduce a lot from that."

"And all that it implies." Michelle throws caution to the wind, "Okay, can we keep this between us?"

Jessica nods, yes, "What's got you so spooked?"

"Do you remember, awhile back, when I told you it took a couple of months for me to figure out I was having Brie?"

"Mom said you didn't show for shit...wait a second, you and he did it?" Jessica already knew this was coming, but acts surprised when Michelle nods, yes, so after a fit of laughter Jessica sighs big, "What a lucky kid!"

Michelle wonders, "Ya think so?"

"Yea, Dave's is gonna dig it!"

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Here on the southernmost third of Julia's Other Creek, just three kilometers from a huge s-bend in the river, where many species of animals come to drink, we have Piper's personal dropship silently landing on top of a long sloping rise.

It's late night Wagyl day, just a mere 18 minutes short of local midnight when the clocks roll over to Prypiat-Thursday—as compared to the SNN and act-zulu clocks that are showing 2:30 hours (gmt) early Tuesday morning. Right now on the Queensland Vista they've just past the darkest part of night, with the glow from the star, Zmeu, building in the far off western horizon. It takes quite a long time, seven hours in total, to transition from Nautical Dawn to full-on sunrise with the far distant 83-Tau breaking free of that horizon.

The dropship is an HWG41 Dragonfly<sup>LT</sup> that has been tricked out with an aftermarket *safari mod* config, designed by Piper, and serves as her mobile hunting lodge. With the ramp in the back slowly

opening, the interior emits a faint blue light that is absorbed by the landscape instead of reflecting off of it.

Victoria, along with two RaSP guards, step down the ramp in Piper's custom fast breakaway Ghillie suits—each with an SA, BR1-M2 rail gun in hand in 8.80mm. All three are tied into the ships Security Services N2 tactical system that scans the valley and outputs real time data. From their visual cortex one can touch any data tag and get instant thermal or direct starlight video of the object.

Here it's tracking local fauna.

Hundreds of two legged bactrosaurus like creatures, what the people here call *bumbles*, are in the valley with most heading towards the river following many hours of grazing on the grassy scrub off the valley floor. After a few seconds of them surveying the area, Piper comes out of the ship in lite desert pixelated-camo BDUs which makes her stand out all because tonight, Piper is the bait.

In Piper's hands is an antique Barrett's M95 bolt-action rifle that fires the old .50BMG round. On the housing above the pistol grip she has the word VORPAL etched in a Gothic script, "Well, Vic, I 'ave about five of these rifles but this one is my favorite. All twenty of the Jabbers I've bagged was with old Vorpal here." She turns to the RaSP agents and, "Okay, you two stud muffins stay a football's pitch behind and don't crowd us. Now, don't mind me, I'm in my element, you're here to cover Vic. On this outing, it's Vic who covers me!"

The lead RaSP, an ex SAS operator, says, "Righty'o mum!"

"Now, I'm gunning for Blue Boy, Bobby I like to call 'im, so after I bag Bobby the rest are yours!" Piper points to Vic while saying to the RaSP, "Let Vic get her shots in. Stick your tockley out only if they're about to eat her."

"That's affirmative, mum!"

"Their's a good lad!" Piper gestures up river, "They're killing one human around Julia's Other Creek every orbit during night-night, but not eating 'em. They've been comin' to the river to feed. They kill four jar-jars a week—and they've been doing that in a string along the bank of the river, each about a klick apart. The bumbles steer clear of the kills so the Jabbers naturally do this, but they started at the top of the valley four months ago, and kept to tha' pattern, which brings us to this bend here."

Victoria asks, "Seriously, you think this is premeditated?"

"They're not dumb animals, love. I'm the only Jabber hunter still alive. They bagged the other two while they were hunting banders up north. Oh, the Jabbs also hunt banders, for the fun of it!"

"For the fun of it?"

Piper nods, "We got video of 'em capturing a bander and tearing it up slower than slow, then pinching a big shite on the corpse."

"Bloody fucking brilliant!"

Piper smiles, "We're of hive mind, we both hate the banders!" She then announces, "Okay all, I'll not be on the N2 so don't clue me in or help me no matter what happens out there."

The RaSP agent is shocked, "That'll be crazy talk, mum!"

"Bobby and family are here for me and...well, they deserve a fair shot at it. It's time to lock an' load and hit the road!"

They check their side arms first, with Victoria and the RaSP agents cycling their 10mm long-slide breezeblocks while Piper loads an ancient revolver she has in a chest hugging cross-draw holster. From it she pulls a Ruger-Alaskan snub nosed in .454 Casull and drops in six cartridges with fat 360-grain flat wide-nose bullets.

With the three charging their M2s into battery, Piper stuffs a five-shot magazine into her rifle, then pulls a green and white tipped round from a pocket that she holds up for them to see, "First up we'll opt for a Raufoss, for those intimate moments, and when taking a long shot I'll cycle past it for a proper ball cartridge."

With the RaSP agents nodding, impressed by her, Victoria says to them, "Told ya tha' woman is hard core, aye?"

Piper drives the round into the chamber and starts to lead them out, "That's enough gobbing off, you chatter boxes!"

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The two RaSP agents set up sniper positions a half-kilometer from the bend, and with Piper and Victoria approaching the bank, we have Victoria quietly telling her a story from under the hood of the Ghillie suit, "I so adore pipes and drums, it's a beautiful racket it is."

Piper nods and says, "I love 'em too, but I have to admit the drums tend to be a little tinny for my ear."

"I so agree, but when you're the queen you can never get away from it all! Anyway, last August I was inspecting the guard at Balmoral, like I do every summer, but the year before, in a private moment, I mentioned to the Argyll Colonel that all the pipe bands can get wearisome, and I pray for some cheeky pillock to surprise us all by whipping out a penny-whistle or a kazoo as a changeup."

"So that's why that happened! I saw the footage."

"The entire corps brandished penny-whistles and kazoos, and I was laughing so hard I don't remember what they were playing!"

"Ye Banks and Braes, if I recall?"

"Yes! Then a dash of Scotland the Brave to finish it off!"

Piper snorts a quiet little laugh while she scans the sky and, "It caused a stink! I 'eard a fair majority wanted his head on a pike."

"They did, but he 'ad his twenty years in so I hired him onto my staff! First day on board I walk into his office to invite him to high tea, and there he was shagging my secretary! ...The little trollop."

"The first day you say?"

Victoria nods, yes, "The Colonel an' she are getting married next summer so he'll be making an honest trollop out of her."

"Good man!" Piper motions for them to stop, and gestures towards the north with a huge grin, "There be dragons, says I."

Highlighted against the glow of the star Zmeu, bouncing off the distant mountains in the north, they see three of the Jabberwocks spiraling in to land on a small hill by the river. They are just four kilometers away but out of reach of Piper's Barrett.

Victoria pulls up the N2 feed and opts for the starlight scope from the dropship. A window pops up in the vision center of her brain and, like in the bright of day, the three land on top of the hill and then turn to look directly towards them, "You were right, Piper."

Piper snorts, "That'll be a first!"

"They're watching our every move 'ere. I believe you're right! These are not dumb animals."

Piper looks around and asks, "You 'ear it?"

Victoria thinks about it and, "It's like I've got tinnitus all of a sudden. That them?"

Piper nods, "It's not a steady pitch like with echolocation, it fluctuates. It's jumbled up, much like a conversation, so it makes me wonder if they communicate in the ultrasonic range?" Piper smiles big, "If so that means they're living up to their namesake!"

"Which one?"

"Hum...take your pick!" Piper's smile fades as she ponders, "Okay dearie, drop down by me and crawl fifteen north to those rocks for a hunker down. I'll move out west about forty." Piper takes three steps, stops and looks back at Victoria, "Ol' Bobby is going to come at me low from any quarter those three are not." She then nods with an eerie realization that, "Methinks I'm the one being hunted."

Victoria urges her to, "Keep your head on a spindle, love."

Piper nods with a big smile, "Sage advice!" And as she steps away she adds, "You best keep 'ur head down, Vic, or they'll lop it off."

With Piper heading out to the riverbank, Victoria has the video zoom in on the three Jabberwockys—and she is suddenly taken aback by how unreal they look. The bumbles with the eye-stalks on top of their heads are surreal enough, but these monsters are clearly on a different evolutionary path. From a distance they look like what you would imagine a run of the mill flying dragon would be, *a la* huge bat wings glued onto a Utahraptor, but when the camera zooms in on these creatures is when Victoria realizes the Fibonacci sequence may have stepped things up just a tad more than necessary.

It's got that Utahraptor vibe, yes, but here it's with four eyes and four huge ears, along with four arms and four legs! Two arms are massive bat like wings with five fingers in the wing structure, and three clawed-grasping fingers at the pivot-point midway up the wing. The second set of arms that sprout from their chest are small and have a combination of five fingers and three thumbs that are obviously for grasping and stabbing and tearing...oh my! The primary pair of legs appear normal enough for running, jumping, kicking and slashing, but the back pair, mounted high up on their hips, evolved into a trailing set of wings that are one-third the size of the arm-mounted wings, and appear to serve for lift, trim and maneuvering.

On Earth these beasts wouldn't be able to fly for shit, walking would be troublesome at best and running would be totally out of the question, but here in the low gravity and dense atmosphere of Prypiat you get a completely different set of performance points as a result.

Victoria, now sitting in front of the rocks, having practiced Piper's breakaway technique from the Ghillie suit yesterday, is ready to spring into action at a second's notice. She hears the increasing whir of the insect life from the Vista buzzing around her, and she thanks god that Piper had each of them drink that beaker of apple-cider vinegar before stepping out of the ship. The bugs are now steering clear of her because of the acidic now leaching out of her pores.

Watching Piper, Victoria sees that her head is indeed on a spindle, where she methodically checks each dark quadrant while simultaneously tracking the three Jabbers. Victoria then sweeps the area with the N2 where she notices the bumbles winding their way through the low brush towards the bend. She realizes that this may be a problem—or a blessing depending on how it plays out?

Victoria also realizes that if Blue Boy is as smart as Piper says he is, then he would want the bumbles here to make a mess of things and distract Piper enough for him to take his shot.

After twenty minutes the Pale One lifts off from their hill and leaps straight up into the sky, and it only takes five huge pumps from her powerful wings to get airborne. She swings out wide, around the bend, and towards the slice of Zmeu that is now peeking over the horizon in the distant west. Against the light of the star the Pale One does a handful of figure-eights over the valley floor. On the fifth one the beast pulls off a couple of axial rolls followed by a barrel roll and finishes off her performance with a tight corkscrew. Obviously, these acrobatics are to draw Piper's attention away from the east.

Piper doesn't fall for it and keeps an eye out.

The increased buzzing in Victoria's ears from their ultrasonic banter is probably them communicating this to Blue Boy.

Victoria links in with her RaSP team, "You watching this?"

From the N2 her RaSP team leader openly worries, saying, ["Your Majesty, I don't know how you roped us into letting you do this, but it's not safe 'ere. Not by a long shot!"]

Victoria smiles, "That may be, Corporal, but right now the safest place to be is right where we are."

["That it would be, mum! So, would you do us a kind favor and not twitch a muscle? Tha'd be a-might helpful!"]

"You gents don't see 'im?"

["No, the beast has to be somewhere in the clouds."]

"Have to agree...that is unless he walks in with the bumbles."

["Mum, the story of this Blue Boy walking in and biting that Big Gamey's head off in camp, I find that a little hard to swallow."]

With the Pale One landing back on the hill, Victoria tells them, "Yet, that's how the Xhemal managed to get into Orpheus Eyot."

The other RaSP laughs, ["You can't be serious, mum!"]

"Shared a pint with the breach team, I did!"

["Well I be gobsmaked!"]

"Let's keep our eyes peeled, gentlemen."

After ten minutes of the beasts watching them, they give a shrill call, that Victoria can feel in her face. One of the medium sized male Jabbers lifts off and takes a quick three-minute lap around their perimeter, again out of range of Piper's rifle. Even though this forces Piper to keep an eye on both where he is and where he's not, she maintains calm and effectively scans the sky in all directions with an open ear—without showing any panic whatsoever.



When the Jabber lands back with his friends the RaSP leader comes on line, ["Mum, your friend out there wears trousers of steel! In her shoes my knees would be knocking like castanets by now."]

Victoria gives a little huff of a laugh, then, "Steel they are, Corporal, but I kinda feel something may be amiss here?"

["What would that be, mum?"]

"The way that Jabber was playfully drifting and skidding on that lap has got me thinking...but I can't put my bloody finger on it!"

["Please share when it comes to mind!"]

After another fifteen minutes, with the bumbles now trapesing through Piper's killing zone, making their smelly way towards the bank of the river for a drink, Victoria can hear Piper getting annoyed when she calls out in frustration, "Come-on ya fickle cunt, where ye be?"

Suddenly there is a huge ultrasonic burst that Victoria can again feel, which tickles her nose, but this time she can't tell where it came from to trace a vector. The three far off Jabbers launch into the air with the two big males orbiting out west, and the littler Pale One heading north then looping back around towards the east.

The bumbles recognize this sound so, in their confusion, they frantically start to stampede and dive into the river. Piper has to weave between and around these panicking animals or be trampled by them. With the noise and dust kicked up her situational awareness has just been greatly reduced to a mere thirty meters at best.

Now, down here in the valley it's still dark, but above them the clouds are bright enough to throw your eyesight out of whack so Piper has been scanning above through her peripheral vision. With all the activity down here Piper and Victoria are not able to pick up on a low-pitched whooshing sound that is building up until just now—and it is at this very second they both realize the attack was not coming from the horizontal, like they expected, but the vertical.

In only a few quick seconds, Piper stumbles back as she looks up towards Blue Boy just as his wings snap open to break his fall. The beast lands hard but this breaking maneuver stops him from pile driving into the ground. He was expecting Piper to be under his feet to help cushion the landing, but here he is face to face with Piper.

Piper realizes she can't get the Barrett around for an aimed shot so, as it starts to lunge at her she pulls the weapon back along the side of her body for a sloppy retention shot and fires.

The concussion slams her onto the ground just as the Raufoss bullet hits the prominent *latissimus dorsi* muscular structure under his left wing and explodes in a half-meter wide fireball.

The almost silent high-pitched shriek that Blue Boy emits, mostly out of anger, rattles Victoria's face as she watches him engulf Piper's head in his mouth. With his teeth slamming into her ribcage below the collarbone, and in her back across her shoulder blades, he starts to lift her up with the intention of shaking her apart.

Victoria has already pulled her BR1 up to fire on Blue Boy's center of mass but, realizing the concussion would kill Piper, she pulls down on his lower torso. On the first snap of his head against Piper's body, his body twists around, so Victoria's shot misses his core pelvic region—but the beast's back left wing explodes into spiraling tatters.

With that, Blue Boy stops shaking Piper to see where that shot came from, but this gives Piper the opportunity she needed.

While in his mouth, Piper pulls the Ruger revolver, shoves it up to contact, and starts yanking on the trigger. The first bullet blows through his neck, the next one punches him under the jaw and rips out his eye socket, but the third shot blows up through the top of Bobby's skull where his body goes slack and drops like a sack of bricks.

Victoria is already up on her feet, having pulled the Ghillie suit away with her free hand, just as the two males land a few short meters away with the intent of shredding Piper. With Piper continuing to fire the last three shots from the Ruger, Victoria pulls down on the first one and lets it rip into his midsection. The explosive bolt blows his legs out from under him, and as they go flying away the upper half of his body drops straight to the ground.

The second male turns towards her just as she places the shot in the middle of his chest—which leaves only empty space behind as his detached head and two short arms swirl lazily through the air.

The first beast she shot is left screeching and clawing at the air for her, so Victoria snorts, "Get pegged, tosser!"

The bolt she fires here completely vaporizes his head.

Victoria can hear her two RaSP agents call for the dropship to launch as they high tail it for the bend but, just twelve meters in front of her the small female, the Pale One, lands with outstretched wings and threatens her by bearing her teeth and claws.

Victoria shouts, "Get outta here!"

The beast takes a menacing step so Victoria fires the weapon into the ground in front of her—where the blast from the explosive bolt knocks the Jabberwocky backwards three whole meters.

As the beast rights itself, regaining her foothold, Victoria takes two steps forward and pulls down on her with the BR1, while gesturing with her head and shouting, "Go on, git!"

While shrieking, the Pale One drops her head in submission.

Victoria links up to the RaSP agents on the N2 and orders, "Don't shoot this one! I'm letting her go. We're going to let 'er live."

The beast glances back at her dead father, Blue Boy, then starts to slink away backwards, and when she puts fifteen more meters between them, Victoria shouts, "Now, shove off ya slag!"

The Pale One turns and launches into the sky just as the RaSP leader reaches Victoria after a dead run. Satisfied that she is flying away, Victoria says to the huffing agent, "Cover me."

Victoria turns for Piper and kneels down beside the mess that was made of her new friend. Piper is still pulling on the trigger of the revolver, with the hammer dropping on empty cartridges in the cylinder, so Victoria puts her hand on Piper's to calm her.

Piper looks up, "Oi, Vic! Did we get the beastie?"

With Victoria lifting her head, "Yes, you did. You got Bobby."

"I 'eard more shots and splodies, did you bag any?"

"Two, but I let the little Jabber get away."

"That's right sporting of you! She was a might pretty one at that, with her blue and green scales." Piper's eyes look around, taking stock and then realizing, "I take it we're to perform a death scene now, oh how bloody dreadful." She then sniffs the air and dares to ask if, "Did I soil myself, madam?"

Victoria smiles grimly, "No, Blue gutted ya."

"Good to know, saved me some embarrassment." She then smiles, "It appears to be a race between bleeding out and me lungs collapsing. Care to make a wager?"

Victoria's voice breaks, "I'm sorry, Piper."

"Good heavens, whatever for?"

"I should have known they had vertical in their bag of tricks."

"Oh tosh, dear, we both should have. Live an' learn they say. Well, you at least." Piper then grasps at Victoria, trying to hold on, "Thank you for being a friend, love."

With tears welling up, Victoria says, "One of me best."

Breathing hard and shallow, Piper adds, "Tell Easy to run."

"I'll let her know."

"She should run. Let all the girls know...I adore them, and tell Boxy he's been a godsend. He must finish what we started."

"I'll see to it."

"Me life with Boxter has been tits, but putting Blue Boy down is more like...giggling tits." Victoria smiles at Piper's wit, but with Piper fading fast she adds, "My love will understand."

Victoria leans in and gives her a kiss on the cheek, then says, "I'm here with you, Piper." A few seconds later, with the Dragonfly coming in silently to land on the riverbank close to them, Victoria asks, "The dropship is touching down, think you can hold on?"

"No...but I didn't think checking out would take...this...long."

And that's it.

Her pupils blow and quickly glaze over, and while Victoria quietly sobs over her, Piper's body goes into full shut down with the obvious signs being the cessation of agonal breathing and her muscles going completely slack inside a short minute.

After another minute, Victoria manages to collect herself and gently lays her head down. She gives Piper another kiss then stands with her own hands and legs drenched in Piper's blood.

With the dropship crew and EMT standing by to collect the body, Victoria turns and says to her RaSP team, "Corporal, this lady is to receive full honors. Please relay my wishes to Colonel Bean."

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Just fifty meters away, near the rocks Victoria was sitting in front of, are the two ghost droids piloted by Maggie and Paleo. With the light from Zmeu starting to fill the lowest parts of the valley floor they switch from *shadow á la mode* to active cloaking.

Maggie continues to track the Jabberwocky female and search for targets as Paleo says, ["The marshal is pathing the file now."]

Up close, one can see Maggie perceptively nod in the suit then shake her head as she says, ["What a cluster-fuck."]

After watching them scrape Piper up, and then carry her into the ship, followed by Victoria and the RaSP team, they notice another ship coming in to take the remains of the dead animals, and it's here Maria gets on channel, ["Where's Vic now?"]

Maggie goes, ["She's on the ship and they're leaving."]

Maria says, ["Good. Did the SEG guys take a shot?"]

Paleo grumbles, ["Yes, but they didn't connect. Their shots grazed the animal as he went for Missis Hartcourt."]

Maggie adds, ["No human alive could have gotten a snap shot like that off in the time they had."]

["We're crazy overclocked! We could have taken him—"]

Maria cuts him off, ["It pains me to say this but thank you for staying on task. Still tracking the female?"]

Maggie says, ["She's thirty clicks north, at twelve hundred an' coasting at about eighty knots. Give or take?"]

Paleo asks, ["Follow and dust her?"]

["Yup! Go follow her and find her tribe or coven, or whatever the fuck they are, and dust three of 'em. Make sure you dust her, then a male and an elder! ...Or, a shaman if they have one?"]

Paleo laughs, ["The fuck, a shaman?"]

Maggie starts chuckling and, ["Okay boss, can do *if* we can have a little of what you're smoking."]

Maria snarls at them, ["Just do it! I am in no position to say what's going on...no, on second thought, I'll fill ya in when I get back tomorrow. I'm gonna need you two as part of this little enterprise going forward! Okay?"]

Maggie and Paleo both go, ["Okay!"]

["And since I got my CXi hat on I got a lil' side-job for ya..."]

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