

She asks me
if I've ever
worn a mask.

Then adds
another.

<Welcome
to Tech-Chi.
We manufacture
tomorrow,
today...>

Mr. Pitts. So
happy to have you
visit Tech-Chi.

Chan, you didn't
have to bring out
the troops.

We know how
important this
launch is for PLUM.
For you.

<Workers, be happy to
have this job. Remember,
others are waiting to
take your place...>

The cool rice
tickles my skin
as her hot legs
straddle.

She tells me that to
be a *nyotaimori* model
you must block out
the distractions. The
crowds. The voices...

<It's not
overtime if you're
underperforming.
You are currently
underperforming...>

"Mr. Pitts, you
are the future.
Please, guide us
to prosperity--"

AAIIIEEE!

But the
voices
are always
calling...





You people *disgust* me. You once ruled the world with innovation. Gunpowder, calligraphy, the compass...

The only things you're inventing now are excuses.

Our facility is running twenty-four-seven, what more can we do?

<Please, Mr. Pitts, I haven't seen my children in months-->

<Get back to work!>



"Keep them at their stations *working* and away from the rooftops."

Until the three of us...



"It's impossible. There are too many workers."

<No, I have rights!>

<Please, I only want to quit! Just let me go!>



"Trust me. There's an app for that."

...merge into one.



If we could simply improve the working conditions--

I could give a *████* about your working conditions. But your *not-working-conditions* won't be tolerated.

Make the deadline. At any cost.

OPPRESSION

for everyone



RENATO JONES
justicier de luxe