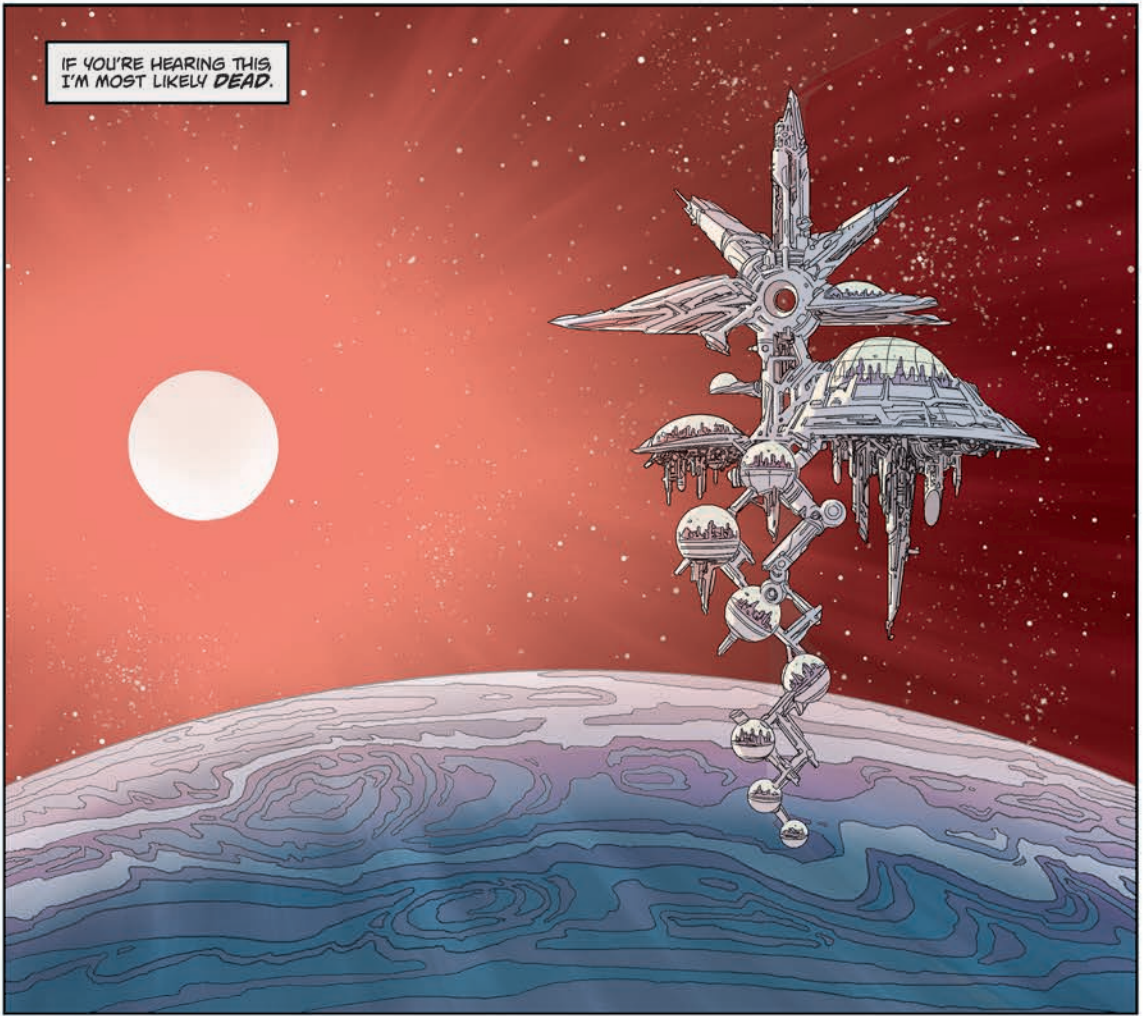


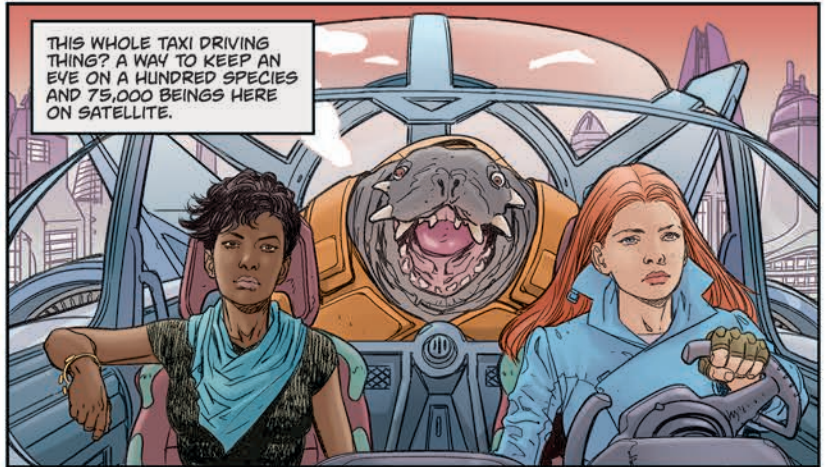
IF YOU'RE HEARING THIS,
I'M MOST LIKELY DEAD.



WELL, NOT REALLY. I
ALWAYS WANTED TO START
A THOUGHT-RECORDING
LIKE THAT. ANYWAY, THIS
IS FOR YOU, EVA.



THIS WHOLE TAXI DRIVING
THING? A WAY TO KEEP AN
EYE ON A HUNDRED SPECIES
AND 75,000 BEINGS HERE
ON SATELLITE.

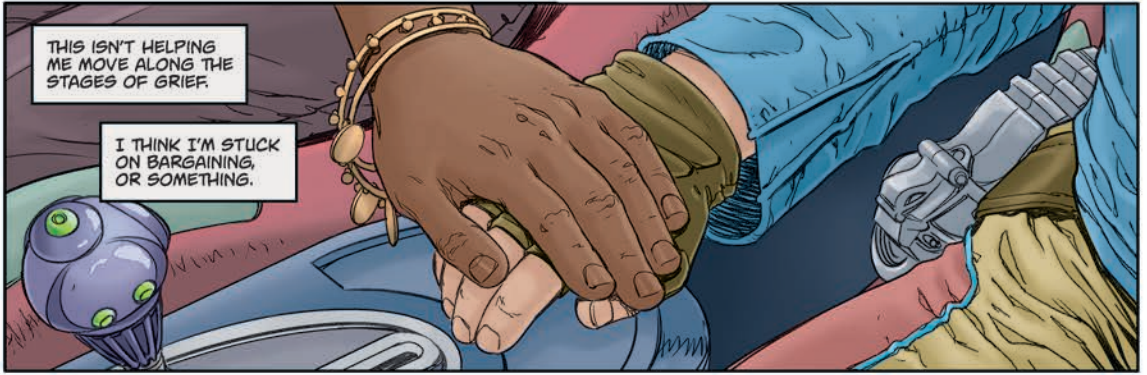


YOU'LL BE AMAZED AT WHAT
PEOPLE TELL THEIR CABBIE.





I TALK TO YOU—I *SEE* YOU, STILL. MAYBE THIS RECORDING IS AN EXTENSION OF THAT.



THIS ISN'T HELPING ME MOVE ALONG THE STAGES OF GRIEF.

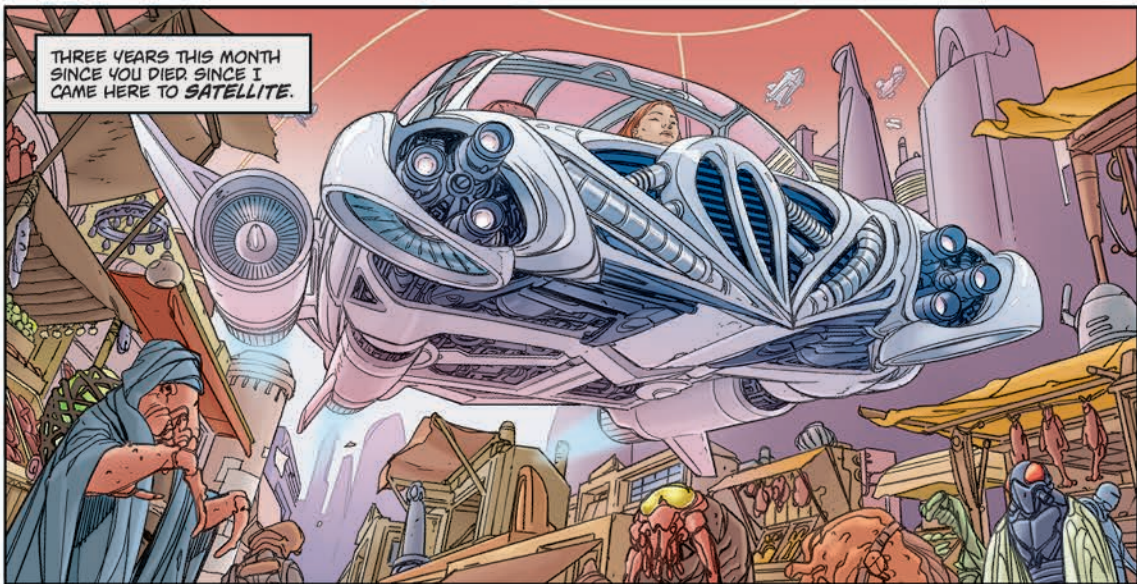
I THINK I'M STUCK ON BARGAINING, OR SOMETHING.



I NEED TO MOVE ON FROM MY OLD LIFE. FROM YOU.



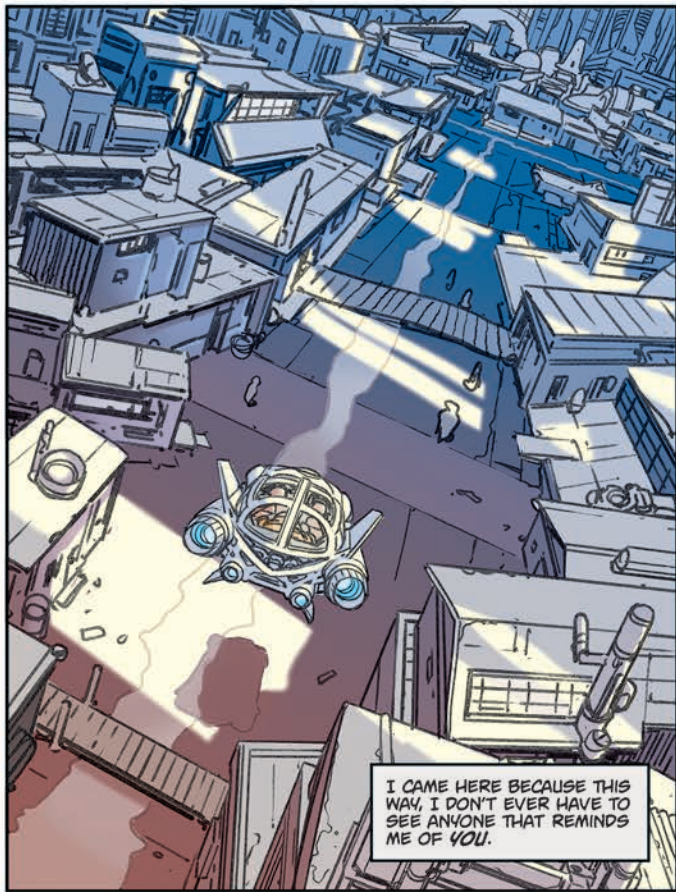
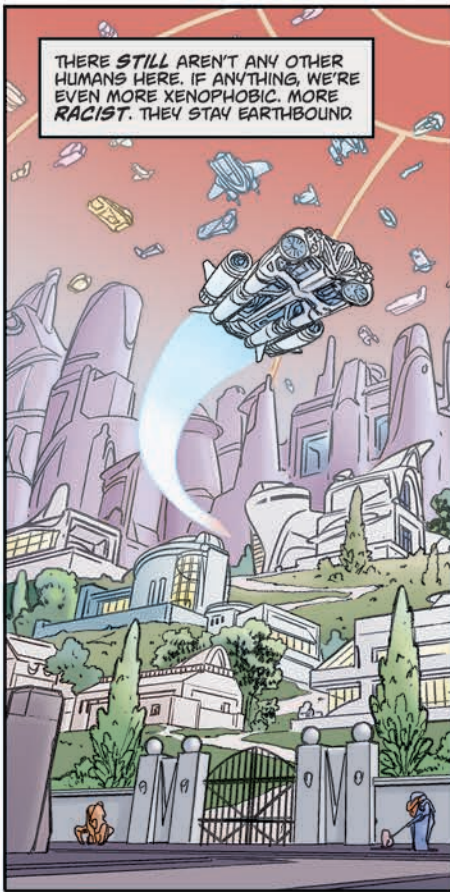
THREE YEARS THIS MONTH
SINCE YOU DIED SINCE I
CAME HERE TO **SATELLITE**.



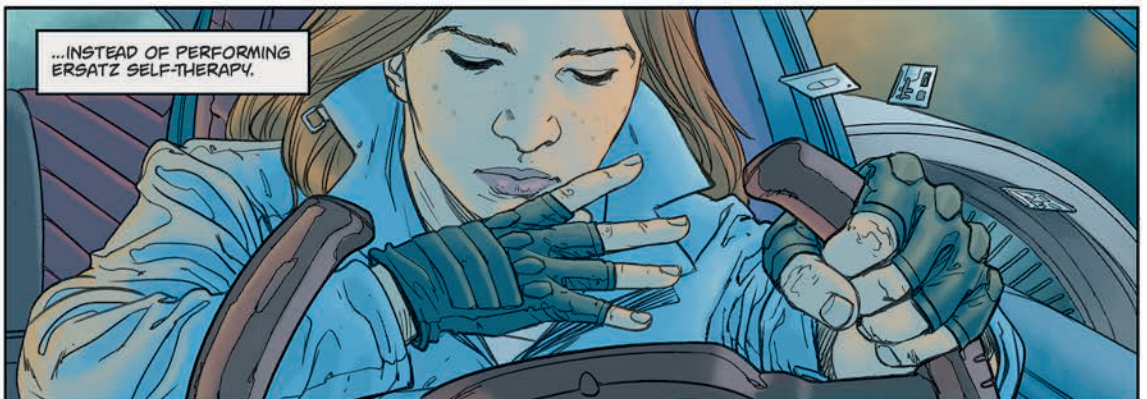
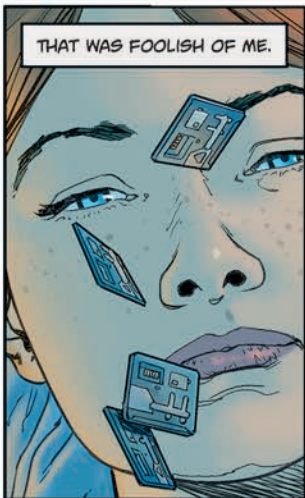
SINCE I MADE THE
BIGGEST CHANGE I
COULD POSSIBLY MAKE.

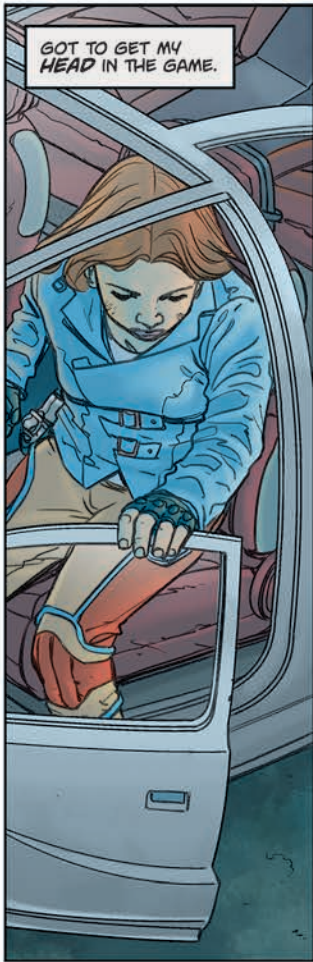


THERE **STILL** AREN'T ANY OTHER
HUMANS HERE. IF ANYTHING, WE'RE
EVEN MORE XENOPHOBIC. MORE
RACIST. THEY STAY EARTHBOUND.



I CAME HERE BECAUSE THIS
WAY, I DON'T EVER HAVE TO
SEE ANYONE THAT REMINDS
ME OF **YOU**.





GOT TO GET MY
HEAD IN THE GAME.



STULFOSH IS WANTED
FOR FIVE MURDERS.



I HUNT PEOPLE
FOR MONEY, EVA.

MY REAL JOB.

I'VE NEVER TOLD
YOU UNTIL NOW.



I HUNT AS A DIFFERENT
BEING, ALWAYS.

NO TRACE. NO EVIDENCE.

AND I NEVER HAVE
TO FACE MYSELF.

END THOUGHT RECORDING.