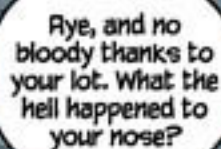
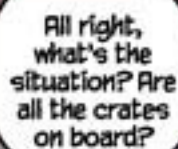


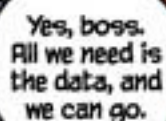
Boss!
You have the
woman!



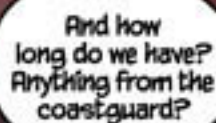
Aye, and no
bloody thanks to
your lot. What the
hell happened to
your nose?



All right,
what's the
situation? Are
all the crates
on board?



Yes, boss.
All we need is
the data, and
we can go.



And how
long do we have?
Anything from the
coastguard?



No, boss. They're just talking about some Madagascan fishing boat in the wrong waters.

Wait, Madagascar? Did they say *border dispute*?



It--maybe, I wasn't really...

Give me that!



...reports of a Madagascan fishing vessel disputing maritime borders. All stations be notified...

Dammit! They're not talking about a fisherman, you idiot--that's code for *vessel boarded illegally!*

They're onto us!



How the hell did they figure it out? Are you sure this scrambler's working?

I activated it myself!



Right now, laddie, that doesn't fill me with confidence!



It must have been Baboushk-- --ah.



Au contraire, Seamus. Your scrambler was already up and running before I figured out you'd hired the pirates to help you steal Felton's data.

Cheaper than buying it, I suppose?



Dirt cheap. How did you work it out?



You almost fooled me, by killing your own men. But when I told you the piracy was a smokescreen, you didn't even blink.

And how convenient that you were the only concave member not being tortured.



Apart from you, of course.

Yes, but darling...I already knew it wasn't me.

So what now?



