

Somewhere in South America.

I'm just saying, I don't really appreciate it. I'm looking at your journal and you wrote down everything I've been doing, minute by minute, for the last week?

It's a little weird.

A week ago, we found a coded message from Meru. She's looking for recruits.

Duncan, I'd explain it to you...but you know what? That was my journal. My personal journal. What were you doing looking in it, anyway?

She's planning an all-out war against the Eraser and the reemergence of Mind Management.

Just forget it. Meru's about to run headlong into the Eraser's trap. If we don't bring her some recruits, her fight is going to be over before it begins.

As former agents who both benefited from and were victimized by the Management...helping Meru is the one thing we can both agree on.

I know. This isn't about us. Let's just drop it.

I am dropping it. That's what I just said.

Jesus. I know. I'm just agreeing with you.

Duncan?

What?

You open my journal again and it'll be the last time you read anything.

I don't have any friends left other than Duncan. If you can call him that. But it won't stop me from putting a lethal haiku in the front of my journal.





Permar (... might as well try to ... bzzkkkk) - Orange Camer (... stack ... rribbbb ...)

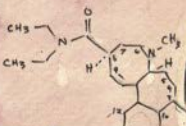
Duncan's potential recruit is clearly insane.

You two don't strike me as loyal believers, come to worship. You look more like Mind Management agents, if you ask me.

FALL WITHIN THIS SOLID "LIVE AREA" BOX. THIS IS THE BORDER FOR A STANDARD, NON-BLEED FIELD REPORT

Well, I'm assuming you took a stroll through the grove, which is good. Everyone thinks there's something in the juice...in the oranges that I'm manipulating.

"But there isn't. Much easier to use an insecticide to coat the skin. Not harmful in small doses.



"It just dulls the mind...inhibits the maturation of any kind of talent that the Management might find useful. Also keeps my followers in line."

But I can't say I disagree with everything he has to say.

The last thing we need is another over-powered nut like Henry Lyme. Wouldn't you agree?

Told you we should have just left...I tried to tell you...

We need to run, Perrier. Something is wrong here...something is really, really...

July (... keep them occupied until my workers are in place and then ... to make them ...)

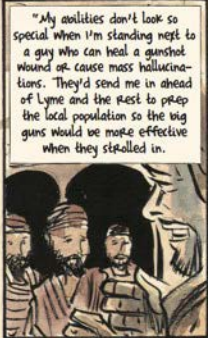


Wrong...

I used to be one of you. A gear in the machine. Making sure everything ran according to plan.

Back in the "real world."

I was special. I could influence people. I had a lot of friends. But in the Management I was nothing.



"My abilities don't look so special when I'm standing next to a guy who can heal a gunshot wound or cause mass hallucinations. They'd send me in ahead of Lyme and the rest to prep the local population so the big guns would be more effective when they strolled in.



"Eventually I quit. Used my 'curling' abilities to soften up my own army. Got my own followers. Start my own organization here."



A Kingdom I could control. Big fish in a small pond and all that.



We came to ask you for help. We're trying to take down the Management. Wouldn't you like some revenge?



The Eraser already paid me a visit. We have an agreement. The Management stays out of my business. And I stay here. I'm worshiped like a god.

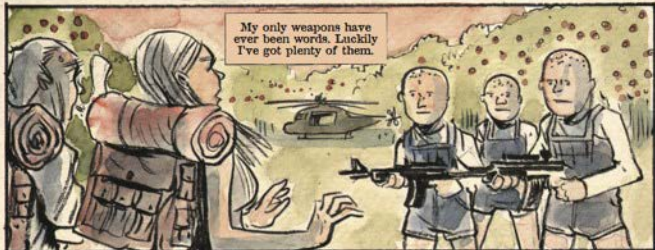
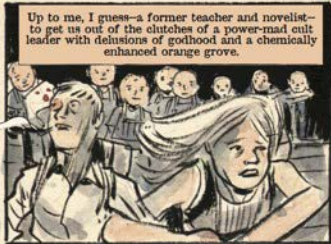
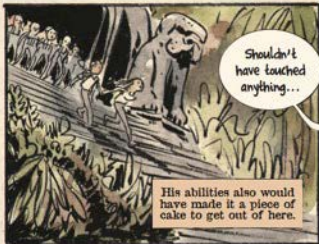
So bend a knee, sweetheart.

OR it'll be bent for you.



Come on, Duncan. Snap out of it!

Duncan's predictive abilities would normally have seen this coming...



Armed Workers (... target and then ... kkkkkkk) - Planner (holds your ears ... I'm going to blitzertiz grinnid ...)

London.

I forgive you for reading my journal.

Did I ask for forgiveness?

You didn't need to. I'm keeping an antijournal that cancels out your abilities. It allows me to predict what you're going to do.

Hm. So you're canceling me out?

No. I'm providing balance. You can predict everything...but me. I don't like you knowing what I'm going to do and say next.



We're expected.

Come in.



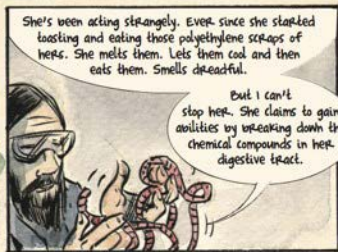
Airjet. You received my message. So you know why we're here.

Yes, yes. But it will be difficult.

We could really use a magic-science team on our side.



Yes. That's just it, you see. I'm afraid you're a bit late. Penny has gone a bit off, you see.



She's been acting strangely. Ever since she started toasting and eating those polyethylene scraps of hers. She melts them. Lets them cool and then eats them. Smells dreadful.

But I can't stop her. She claims to gain abilities by breaking down the chemical compounds in her digestive tract.



It's all quite out there.

