



Let me see.



Jesus Christ.

He was right.

Ridley
what-is-name
was right.



Who?
About
what?

The [redacted]
government.
About people
being [redacted]
idiots.



This is a
PANSY.

This seeded from
somebody's flower beds.
They bought it in packets
from a bloody garden centre
and it went to seed and
got caught on the wind
and grew somewhere
else.



It's not
THE black
flower. It's
A black
flower.

And you just
saw a black flower,
and, half-equipped
with data you didn't
understand properly,
panicked.



This is
a black pansy.
The word *pansy* is
supposed to come
from the French
word for thought.
Brilliant.

Well,
I --



You
THOUGHT?
Really? That's
what you're
going to say?

No. You
didn't think.
You reacted.
Like [redacted]
livestock.



I can't tell you how disgusted I am.

The government aren't right about anything. They mismanage everything. London's a ruin. I'm terrified to go back there.

And then you prove them right.



What would you do if you found your black flowers here?

Oh my god. You don't stop, do you?

Tell me.



What I'd do? I'd have proper, wide-scale, sustained research done on the things.

If it were up to me, a station would be mounted up here, and we'd conduct experimental measures to arrest their growth while finding out what they really are.



The only research done so far was pursued by a madman in a cabin lab in the Arctic. We don't know nearly enough.

And before you start crying about bombs again -- bombs might only disperse viable seed. Or however the hell it is they propagate.

