

You sure you don't want me to wait for you?

No. Go ahead. Would rather just do this on my own.



Are you going to tell them... everything?

I don't know. I'd like to.



I'll get a cab. See you at the airport in a couple hours.



Are you... are you okay to drive? Your eyes... I never asked...



Yeah. I've adapted... using an aggregate of visual information taken from every living thing around me to form a picture. Crowdsourced vision, much like Duncan's ability to—



Okay, okay. I got it.



See you at the airport.







Guangzhou, China. Now.



We need to give them something they won't expect, right? This is why we came to you.

I know all about you, Willie Hunter. Ex-Mind Management agent.



"You had an incredible gift. A memory that wouldn't...couldn't forget, am I right? You spent months reading the entire history of the world in the Mind Management library."



"You had all the known history of humanity in your head all at once."



"It was too much for you. You could see the entire history of the world spread out in front of you like a too-familiar story."



"You tried to escape through a game. But even that became a flimsy refuge. A game with a seemingly endless string of possibilities became finite to you."



You began playing matches—not to win—but simply as a cry for help...

Your moves elaborately and publicly calculated through tournament matches.



Clever means to convey a simple message...



We're here to help you, Willie. If you still need it. But first, we need your help. Will you help us?



