

Because of the Americans, too.



"Missbrauch has a plan," says the hidden man. "A secret. Protect me, and I will tell you what I know."

The ceiling crumbles.



I can just about make out something monstrous in the rubble.

All at once, the order is restored. The totenkopfs bring torches.



I recognize the man in the ceiling.

He's a metamorph, like Tigrefax.

One of those "radium mutants" Missbrauch mentioned. I have a file on him at the institute.

His real name is Gregor Samsa...

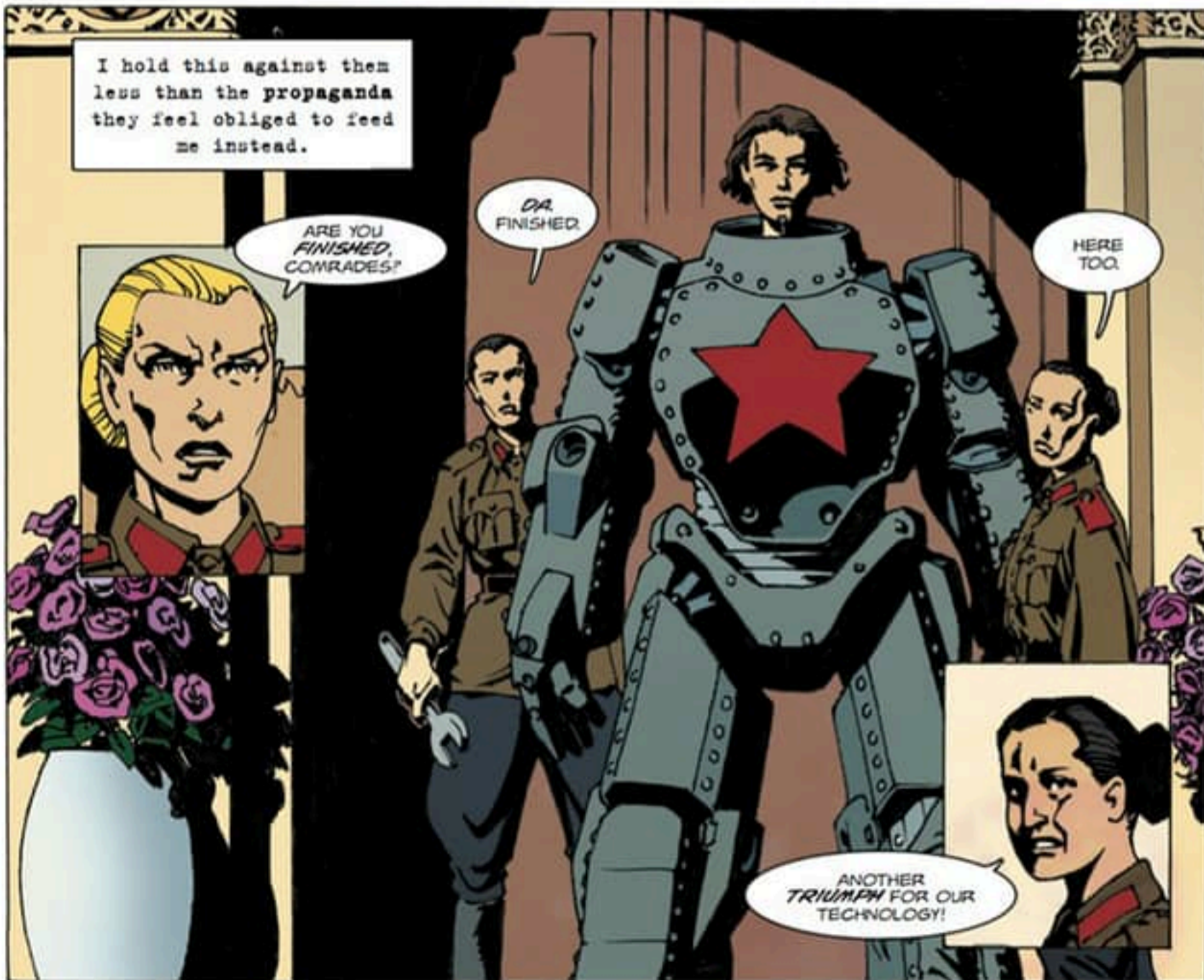


September 30, 1938.
Audio notes of
Irène Joliot-Curie.

Delegates from the organization
known as "We" have managed to
smuggle me into the city,
just as planned.



They've offered me the use of one
of their mechanoids. At first glance
it seems to be an armored suit with
high-performance kinetic amplifiers.
I'd like to examine it more closely,
but the women around me, with their
hard stares, avoid my questions.



I hold this against them
less than the propaganda
they feel obliged to feed
me instead.

ARE YOU
FINISHED,
COMRADES?

DR.
FINISHED.

HERE
TOO.

ANOTHER
TRIUMPH FOR OUR
TECHNOLOGY!

