



*In the future, I must look for a better way to hold the men's loyalty. I don't know what stung me the most...*



*Was it the way a portion of my crew cheer on this man who wants to rip me apart?*



*The way a portion of my crew have turned my fight for survival into a sport to be wagered upon?*



*The way a portion of my crew wished they could be the ones inflicting pain on me?*

*No. It was none of those.*







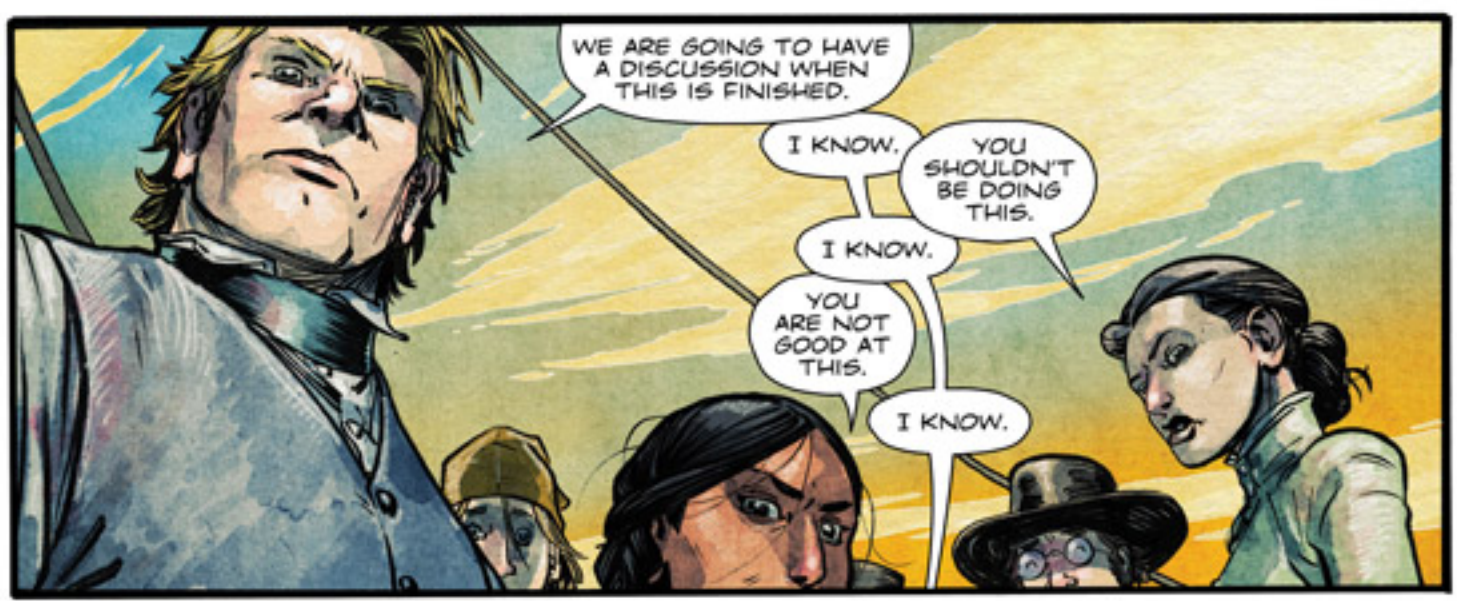
I suppose the most pain came from Fricke's fists.



They are quite large and quite solid. Like two hams made of iron.



HOW... HOW'M I DOING?



WE ARE GOING TO HAVE A DISCUSSION WHEN THIS IS FINISHED.

I KNOW.

YOU SHOULDN'T BE DOING THIS.

I KNOW.

YOU ARE NOT GOOD AT THIS.

I KNOW.



THERE'S A Mallet ON THE DECK, SIX STEPS TO YOUR RIGHT.

THANK YOU.

YOU'RE WELCOME.