



OKAY. WE CAN FIX THIS. HOW LONG DO YOU THINK IT WILL TAKE TO WRITE A NEW THESIS?

ARE YOU KIDDING ME? I'M NOT REWRITING ANYTHING. I BELIEVE IN MY WORK, GRACE.



BUT YOUR DEGREE—THE JOB. THAT'S IMPORTANT TO YOU.

██████████  
KENOWYK.  
AND ██████████  
THAT JOB.



WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? THAT'S YEARS OF YOUR LIFE! EVERYTHING YOU'VE PLANNED! EVERYTHING **WE'VE** PLANNED.



GRACE, LISTEN. SPENCER'S TECHNIQUES **WORK**. HE CAN DO AMAZING THINGS, AND HE'S BEEN TEACHING ME TO DO THEM. I DON'T CARE IF KENOWYK'S TOO STUPID TO SEE IT. I NEED TO LEARN AS MUCH AS I CAN FROM SPENCER. THAT'S WHAT I NEED.

YOU REMEMBER YOUR PLAYOFF GAME? I TRIED TO USE SPENCER'S TECHNIQUES TO GET YOU THE WIN, BUT I ██████████ IT UP. IT'S SO HARD, GRACE, BUT I'M LEARNING. I'M **LEARNING**.

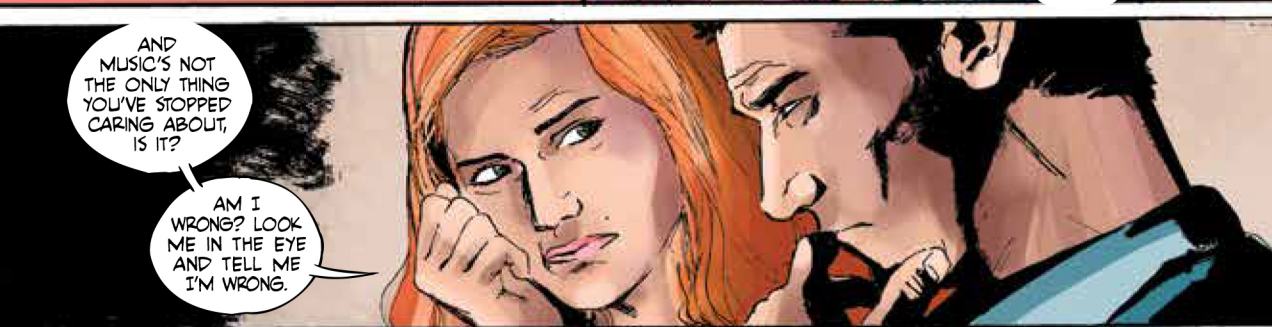
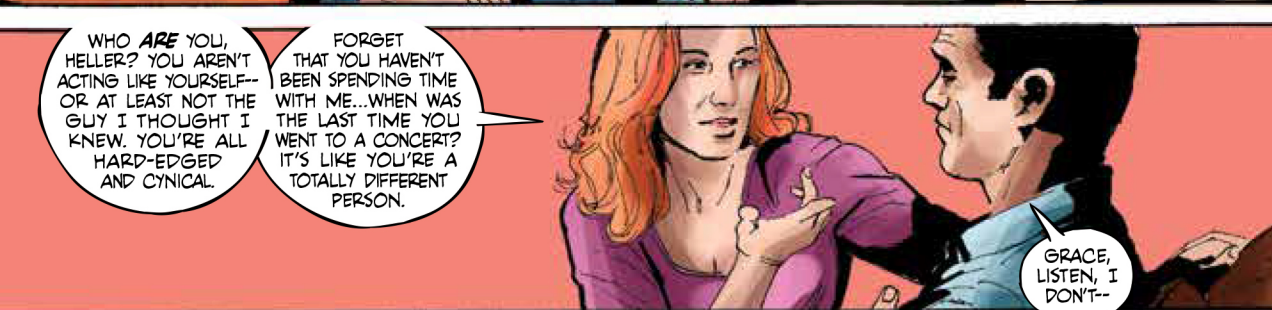


HELLER, LISTEN TO YOURSELF. WE LOST THAT GAME BECAUSE MY GOALIE MISSED A WEIRD, ONE-IN-A-MILLION SHOT. IT HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH YOU. IT WAS JUST BAD LUCK.



HEH. NO SUCH THING.



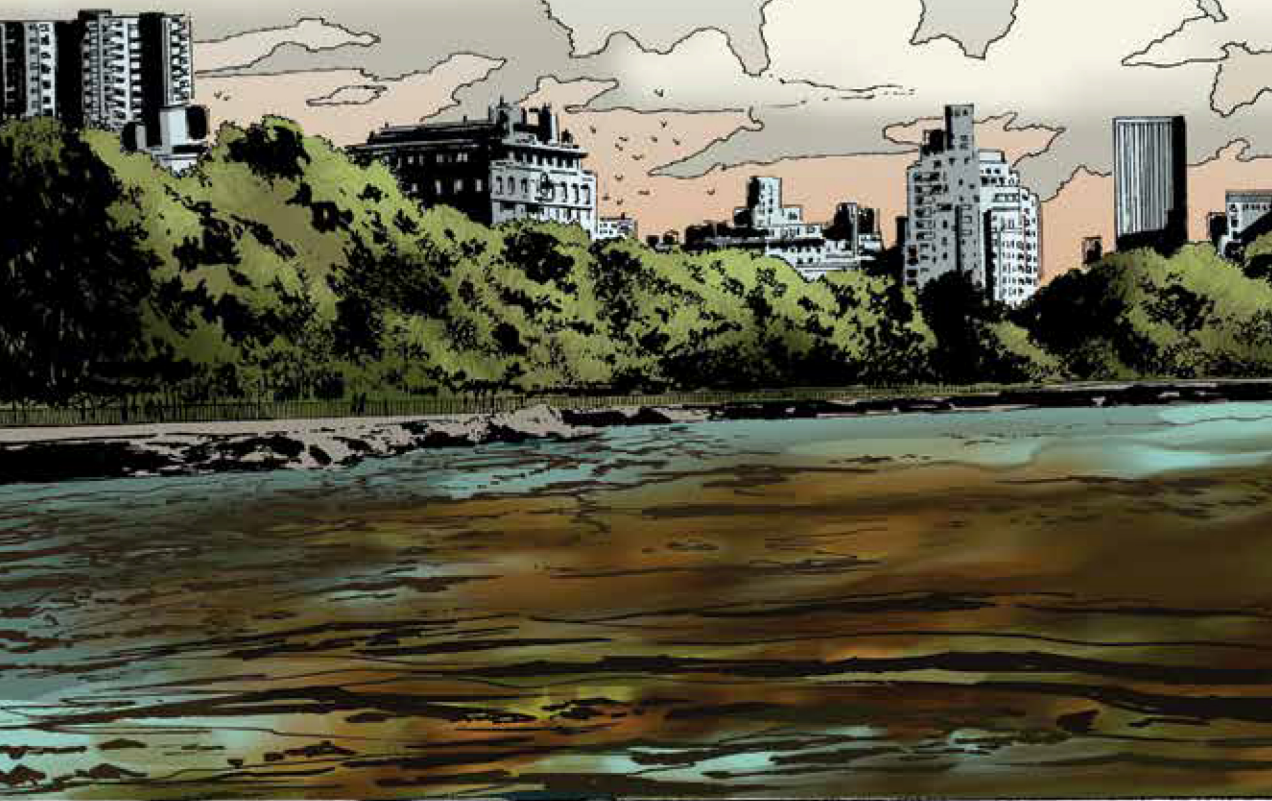








CENTRAL PARK,  
JACQUELINE KENNEDY  
ONASSIS RESERVOIR.



JESUS, IS  
THAT SEWAGE?  
IT SMELLS LIKE...  
OH GOD, I'M  
GOING TO  
BE SICK.



THE CITY IS  
DEATHLY ILL, MISTER WILSON.  
I'VE SEEN THIS BEFORE. THE  
LINES UNDER THE RESERVOIR  
HAVE CROSSED, AND SEWAGE  
IS BACKFLOWING INTO  
THE WATER.

IT HAPPENED  
IN 1981, JUST BEFORE  
I WAS ABLE TO SUCCESS-  
FULLY COMPLETE MY FIRST  
MAJOR ADJUSTMENT FOR  
THE CITY. IT'S A VERY  
BAD SIGN.



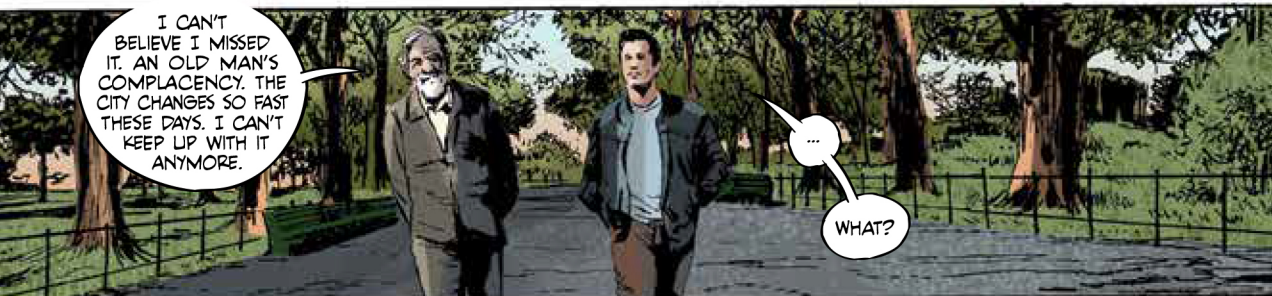




DO WE  
HAVE TO STAND  
HERE? IT SMELLS  
REVOLTING.

NO, NO, OF  
COURSE NOT. I  
WANTED YOU TO SEE  
WHAT WE'RE DEALING  
WITH. COME ALONG.  
THERE'S NOT A  
MOMENT TO  
BE LOST.

GREAT.



I CAN'T  
BELIEVE I MISSED  
IT. AN OLD MAN'S  
COMPLACENCY. THE  
CITY CHANGES SO FAST  
THESE DAYS. I CAN'T  
KEEP UP WITH IT  
ANYMORE.

...

WHAT?



THE CITY, MISTER  
WILSON. IT NEEDS A  
MAJOR CORRECTION,  
AND IT NEEDS IT NOW. I  
THOUGHT WE HAD YEARS  
TO PREPARE. I WAS  
WRONG. WE'VE GOT  
DAYS, AT BEST.

I DON'T THINK  
SO, DOCTOR  
BROWNFIELD.



PLEASE,  
MISTER WILSON,  
DON'T TRY TO QUIT  
AGAIN. IT GROWS  
TIREDSOME.



WILL YOU  
JUST LISTEN TO  
ME? I DON'T HAVE  
TIME FOR THIS  
ANYMORE.



AND  
WHY IS  
THAT?