



A SPOON TOO SHORT, CHAPTER 4
STAKEOUT!



I didn't cheat.




It wasn't my fault.



They begged me. My roommate, MacDuff. The others.


They all begged me to do it.



I was just trying to teach them a lesson.

That they shouldn't be so credulous.


They shouldn't be so desperate to believe.



My position has always been consistent.

I am not now, nor have I ever been...

...telepathic.



That I sleep-talk is not a superpower.

...OPENING UP OF
TRADE ROUTES TO THE
->MUMBLE->MUMBLE->
WAS THE TURNING POINT FOR THE
GROWTH OF EMPIRE IN THE
->SNORE FOOTLE MUMBLE->
DISCUSSSSSSZZZZ...

?

Not even if my credulous
roommate thinks that I'm
psychosomatically predicting
final examination questions.

Not even if, upon persuasion
and payment of a reasonable
fee, I agree to have my
sleep-talking transcribed and
sealed in an envelope for
safekeeping till after finals.

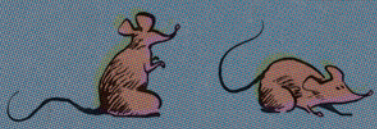
What was the
harm in that?

THE
TECTONIC...
->MURMUR->
OF THE...

...BOTTLE
FLY...
ZZZZZZ.

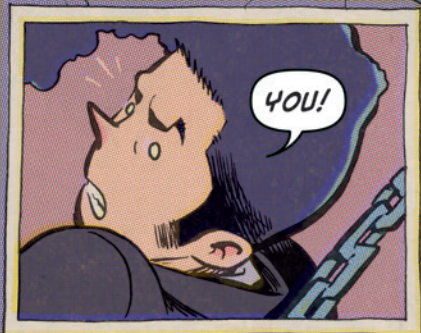
And not even if, on
further persuasion
and payment of a
more substantial
fee, I agreed to let
a few people unseal
the envelope...

...What could
be the harm?



After all, I am not now, nor have I ever been, psychic.

STILL DENYING YOUR GIFTS?



HAVE YOU COME TO GLOAT?

AFTER ALL, THIS IS HOW YOU LIKE ME.

BEHIND BARS.



TIME TO COME IN, SVLAD—

THAT ISN'T MY NAME ANYMORE.

IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO TAKE RESPONSIBILITY FOR YOURSELF.

STOP RUNNING.

STOP DENYING WHAT YOU CAN DO.

STOP DENYING WHAT YOU ARE.



