

FIELD REPORT 27.76.093.
AGENT JURY QUIRE,
UNDER LEVEL 7 SEAL.

THE PRISON BREAK HAVING
BEEN LARGELY UNSUCCESSFUL,
I WAS FALLING TO MY DEATH.

MY NEW ALLY, BARBARELLA
(SEE REPORT 27.13.422 ANNEX),
WAS SIMILARLY COMPROMISED...

...BUT SEEMED PREPARED
TO WORK AROUND THAT
UNWELCOME FACT.

GRAB MY
LEG!

JURY!

THE RAZOR-DOVE WAS
NOW CARRYING SOME 270
POUNDS OF EXTRA WEIGHT.

IT BEGAN TO LOSE ALTITUDE,
UNFORTUNATELY BANKING TO
TAKE US BACK TOWARDS THE
CENTER OF THE CITY.

UFFF!



I SCANNED BARBARELLA WHEN I MET HER, AS PER PROTOCOL. HER BODY MATRIX CONFORMS CLOSELY TO HUMAN NORMS, BUT THERE WERE ANOMALIES.

IN COMBAT, A RAZOR-DOVE'S ENGINE COWLING HEATS UP TO AROUND A HUNDRED CELSIUS.

SHE DIDN'T FLINCH.

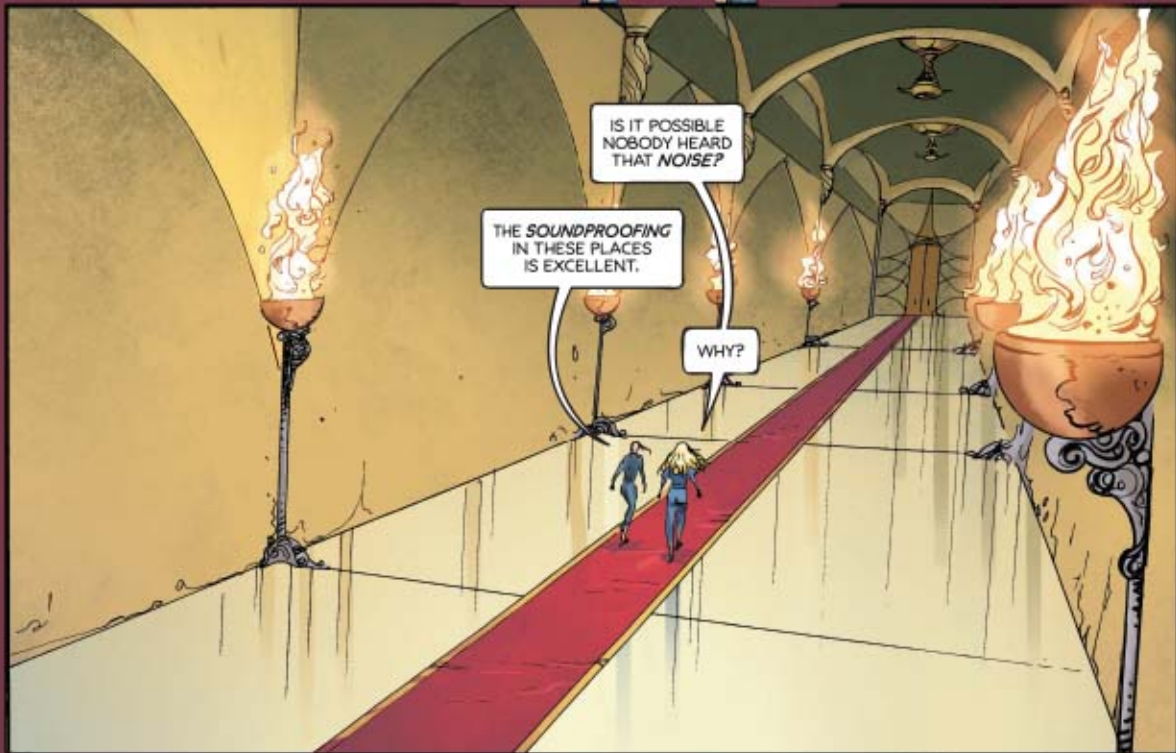
AND HER STRENGTH AND AGILITY WERE MORE THAN A LITTLE SURPRISING, GIVEN THE PAIN SHE HAD TO BE IN.

GIVEN THE LACK OF TIME TO THINK AND REACT.

AND GIVEN OUR SITUATION, IN THE HEART OF ENEMY TERRITORY.

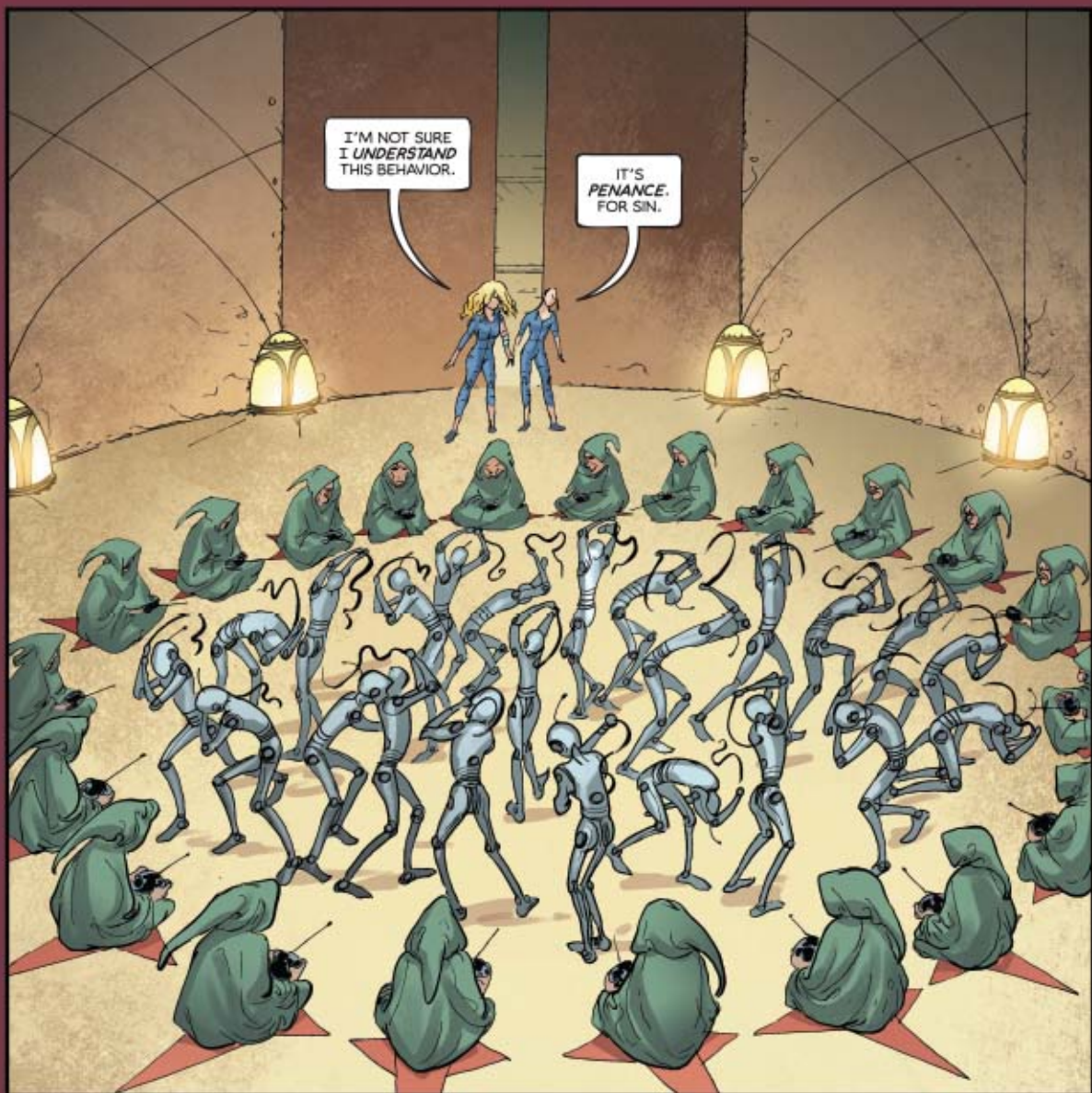
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IF NOT ITS VERY SOUL.



I'M NOT SURE I UNDERSTAND THIS BEHAVIOR.

IT'S PENANCE. FOR SIN.



THE ROBOTS FEEL GUILT?

NO. THE ROBOTS FLAGELLATE THEMSELVES, AND THE PAIN IS PASSED VIA NEURAL CONDUITS TO THE HUMAN END-USERS.

IT'S FULLY IMMERSIVE. THEY WON'T NOTICE US AS WE SLIP BY.

THIS IS... UNSETTLING.

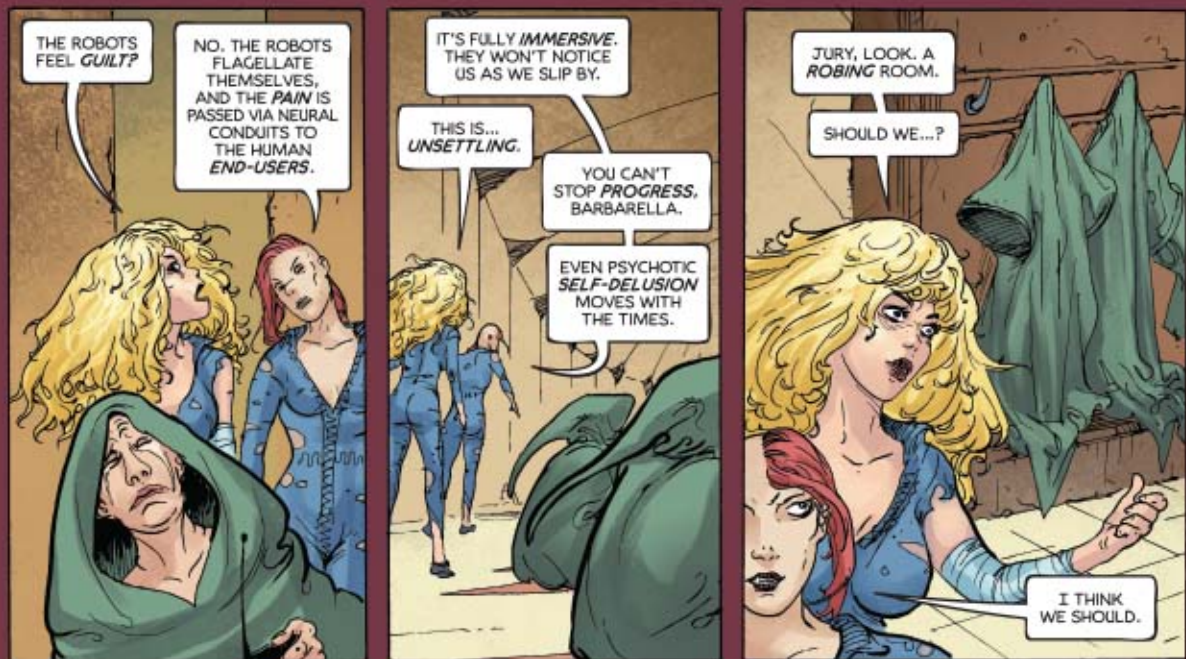
YOU CAN'T STOP PROGRESS, BARBARELLA.

EVEN PSYCHOTIC SELF-DELUSION MOVES WITH THE TIMES.

JURY, LOOK. A ROBING ROOM.

SHOULD WE...?

I THINK WE SHOULD.





LOUD HOSANNAS, SISTERS.

YES. HOSANNAS TO YOU, TOO. LOUD ONES.

DEAFENING.



WHAT NOW?

NOW I MAKE CONTACT WITH ANOTHER CELL. MY OWN WAS WIPED OUT.

WE NEED TO FIND SOMEWHERE WHERE WE CAN WAIT FOR A WHILE WITHOUT BEING NOTICED.



JURY, THIS CITY IS NOT WHAT I EXPECTED.

THE WAR HAS TAKEN ITS TOLL.

OF COURSE, BUT-- HORSE-DRAWN WAGONS? CATTLE IN THE STREETS? THESE PEOPLE HAVE STARSHIPS!



LEGACY TECH. TOO MANY OF THEIR SCIENTISTS TURNED OUT TO BE HERETICS. ATHEISTS. FREE THINKERS.

THEY DON'T INNOVATE ANYMORE, AND THEY DON'T MANUFACTURE. THEY MAKE DO AND MEND.