

YOU
REALIZE...

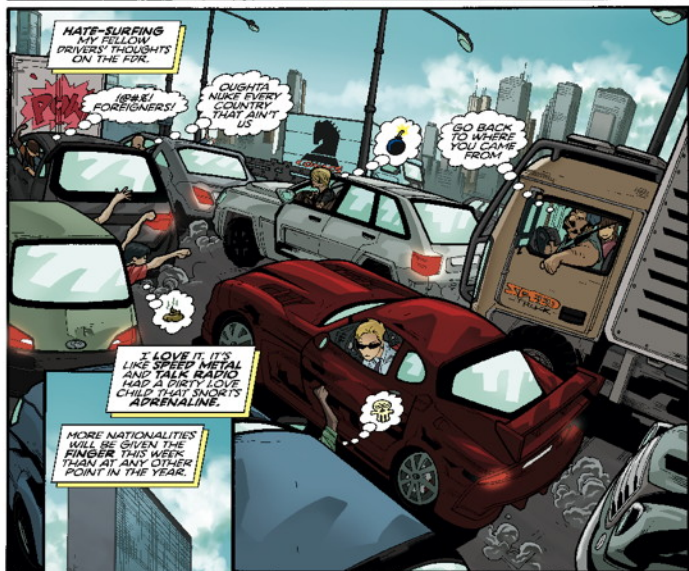
...I GOT
YOU RIGHT
WHERE I
WANT
YOU?

*THIS IS
HOW
MY DAY
ENDS.*





THIS IS HOW IT BEGAN!



HATE-SURFING MY FELLOW DRIVERS' THOUGHTS ON THE FDR.

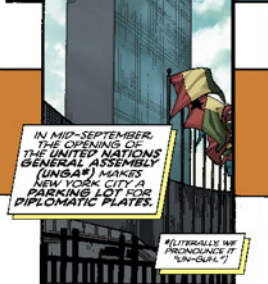
[(#)#! FOREIGNERS!]

COUGHTA NUKE EVERY COUNTRY THAT AIN'T US

GO BACK TO WHERE YOU CAME FROM

I LOVE IT. IT'S LIKE SPEED METAL AND TALK RADIO HAD A DIRTY LOVE CHILD THAT SNORTS ADRENALINE.

MORE NATIONALITIES WILL BE GIVEN THE FINGER THIS WEEK THAN AT ANY OTHER POINT IN THE YEAR.



IN MID-SEPTEMBER, THE OPENING OF THE UNITED NATIONS GENERAL ASSEMBLY (UNGA#) MAKES NEW YORK CITY A PARKING LOT FOR DIPLOMATIC PLATES.

*(LITERALLY WE PRONOUNCE IT "UN-GUHL.")

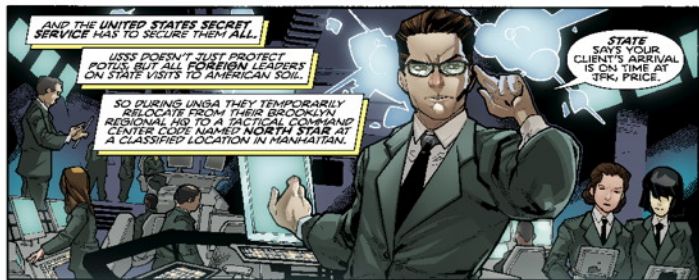


IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS, OVER 900 AIRCRAFT WILL FLY IN AND OUT OF JFK, PROPPING OFF MOST OF THE WORLD'S MAJOR LEADERS AND ASSORTED DIGNITARIES.

SPECIAL AGENT PRICE, THIS IS NORTH STAR. COPYZ

THIS IS PRICE. GO AHEAD, NORTH STAR.

THERE WILL BE MORE THAN 250 OFFICIAL STATE DINNERS, PARTIES, BALLS, SPEECHES, AND RELATED EVENTS.



NEW YORK CITY IS LITTERED WITH FAUX-IRISH PUBS THAT MIGHT AS WELL ALL BE CALLED "PADDY McLEPRECHAUN'S."

THIS ONE REEKS OF MOP WATER AND BAD IDEAS.

BRAIN BOY.

THE PEOPLE WHO READ YOUR E-MAIL INSTEAD OF YOUR MIND TO KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING CALL ME "BRAIN BOY."

IT'S NOT A TERM OF ENDEARMENT.

THANKS FOR COMING. I'M--

GERARD BOPELL, CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY.

I READ MINDS. REMEMBER?

YOUR MYSTERY TEXT GOT ME HERE.

YOUR MOUTH HAS TWO MINUTES TO TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT BEFORE I SCOOP IT OUT OF YOUR BRAIN.

UNKNOWN CALLER

If you want to know what Albright isn't telling you meet me at

THE AGENCY KNOWS YOU'VE BEEN ASSIGNED TO PRESIDENT RICORTA'S DETAIL AT LINGA.

THE AGENCY MAAAAAY HAVE HAD A LITTLE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT.

THE AGENCY WOULD LIKE YOU TO--

NO.

NO?

NO. I WON'T PEEK INTO HIS SKULL FOR YOU.

SECRET SERVICE AND CIA HAVE AN UNDERSTANDING. WE DON'T SPY ON CLIENTS. WE CAN'T PROTECT THEM UNLESS THEY HAVE ABSOLUTE TRUST IN US.

WHAT DO YOU CARE? NOT LIKE YOU'RE REAL USSS ANYWAY.

MAYBE I JUST DON'T LIKE YOU. YOU SPENT YOUR LIFE SLACKMAILING EMBASSY OFFICIALS FOR BEING GAY. IT FILLS MY HEART WITH JOY TO MAKE YOUR KIND OBSOLETE.

AWWWW. THAT HURTS MY FEELINGS. YOU DIDN'T EVEN ASK WHAT WE'RE OFFERING IN RETURN.



THAAAAT'S RIGHT, I'M THINKING IT RIGHT NOW.

YOU HELP THE AGENCY OUT— WE'LL GIVE YOU THE FILE WE HAVE ON YOUR PARENTS.

DO YOU EVEN KNOW THEIR NAMES?

OR DID YOU THINK THEY WERE A TURKEY BASTER AND A PETRI DISH IN SOME ALRIGHT LAB SOMEWHERE?



I DON'T NEED YOUR PERMISSION TO SEE—

DON'T YOU, NOW?

READING MINDS ISN'T LIKE SEARCHING WIKIPEDIA.

YOUR PSYCHE IS A HOT MESS OF IMAGES, HOPES, FEARS, DESIRES, LIES, AND OPINIONS.

YOU DON'T KNOW, DO YOU? THEY DIDN'T TELL YOU ON PURPOSE.

YOU KNOW A GUY WHO KNOWS A GUY WHO KNOWS A GUY WHO KNOWS.

A DAISY CHAIN IT'D TAKE ME DAYS TO FOLLOW.



TRY WEEKS. TIME YOU DON'T GOT.

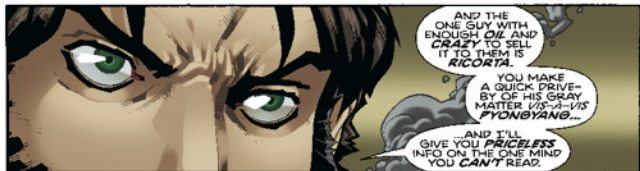
SEEZ WE 1.0 SPOOKS STILL GOT A FEW TRICKS LEFT IN THE BAG.

NOW TAKE A SANDER AT THE FILE IN FRONT OF YOU.

YOU ARE LOOKING AT NORTH KOREA'S NEW INTER-CONTINENTAL MISSILE SYSTEM.

THEY GOT A BRAND-NEW, BABY-FACED DICTATOR, NOT YET THIRTY WHO THINKS HE CAN MAKE HIS JOHNSON GROW BY LOBBING NUKES INTO DOWNTOWN ST. LOUIS.

ONE THING THEY'RE MISSING IS THE REFINED FUEL TO MAKE THEIR BIRDIES FLY.



AND THE ONE GUY WITH ENOUGH *OH* AND *CRAZY* TO SELL IT TO THEM IS *RICORTA*.

YOU MAKE A QUICK DRIVE-BY OF HIS GRAY MATTER *VIS-A-VIS* *PYONGYANG...*

...AND I'LL GIVE YOU *PRICELESS* INFO ON THE ONE MIND YOU *CAN'T* READ.



YOURS.

MY PARENTS WERE ALBRIGHT RESEARCHERS.

THEY DIED WHEN THEIR CAR DROVE OVER A DOWNED ELECTRICAL LINE BEFORE MY FIRST BIRTHDAY.



SURE, KID. SURE THEY DID.

IF YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND, I JUST THOUGHT THE ADDRESS WHERE I'M GOING TO BE SPENDING THE WEEKEND. IT'S A "GENTLEMEN'S CLUB." SEE IT?



IT'S MOTHER'S DAY ALREADY, *BODELL*?

I WISH. I'D GET A *DISCOUNT*.



PLEASURE DOING BUSINESS WITH YOU...

...*"BRAIN BOY."*

GO TO HELL.



HE'S LYING.

HE'S JUST STRINGING ME ALONG.

MANIPULATING ME.

IT'S HOW THE GAME IS PLAYED.