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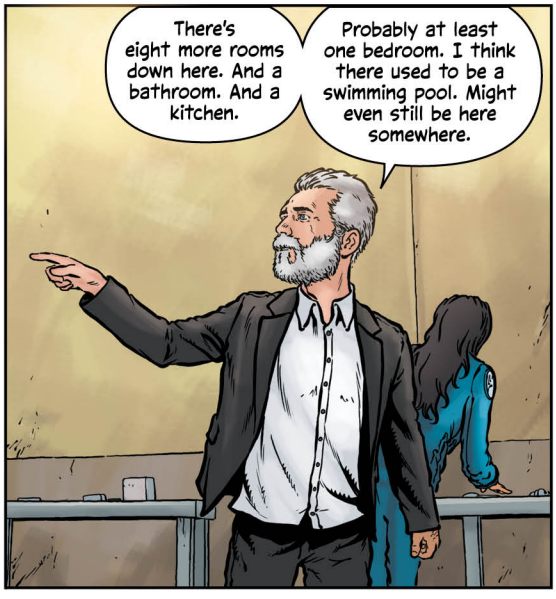
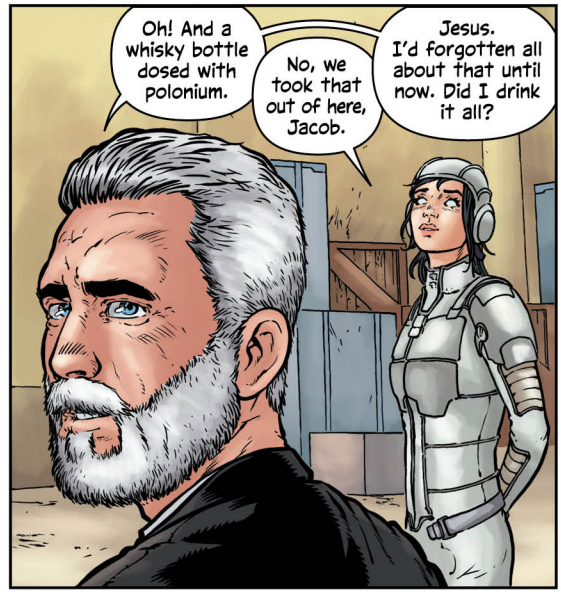
Holy crap.

Where are we?
Not telling. Private secure location is all you need to know.
Adrianna will jump you in every day. Call her, and she'll jump you back to the house.
I don't like making you be my taxi service.
Yeah. What did I actually see?
I really don't mind. Did you have your eyes open when we jumped here?
The Bleed. I want to look at it all the time. Helping you get in and out of here is really no chore.
If you're sure.
Very sure.
Thank you, Adrianna.
So this is...your lab?

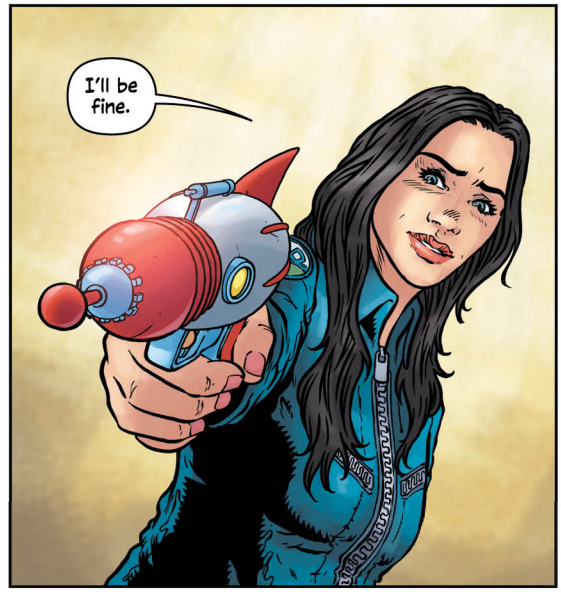
Lab. Storehouse. Treasure chest. Loot crate. Money bin.
Fresh clothes. I just kind of guessed your size and what would be useful.

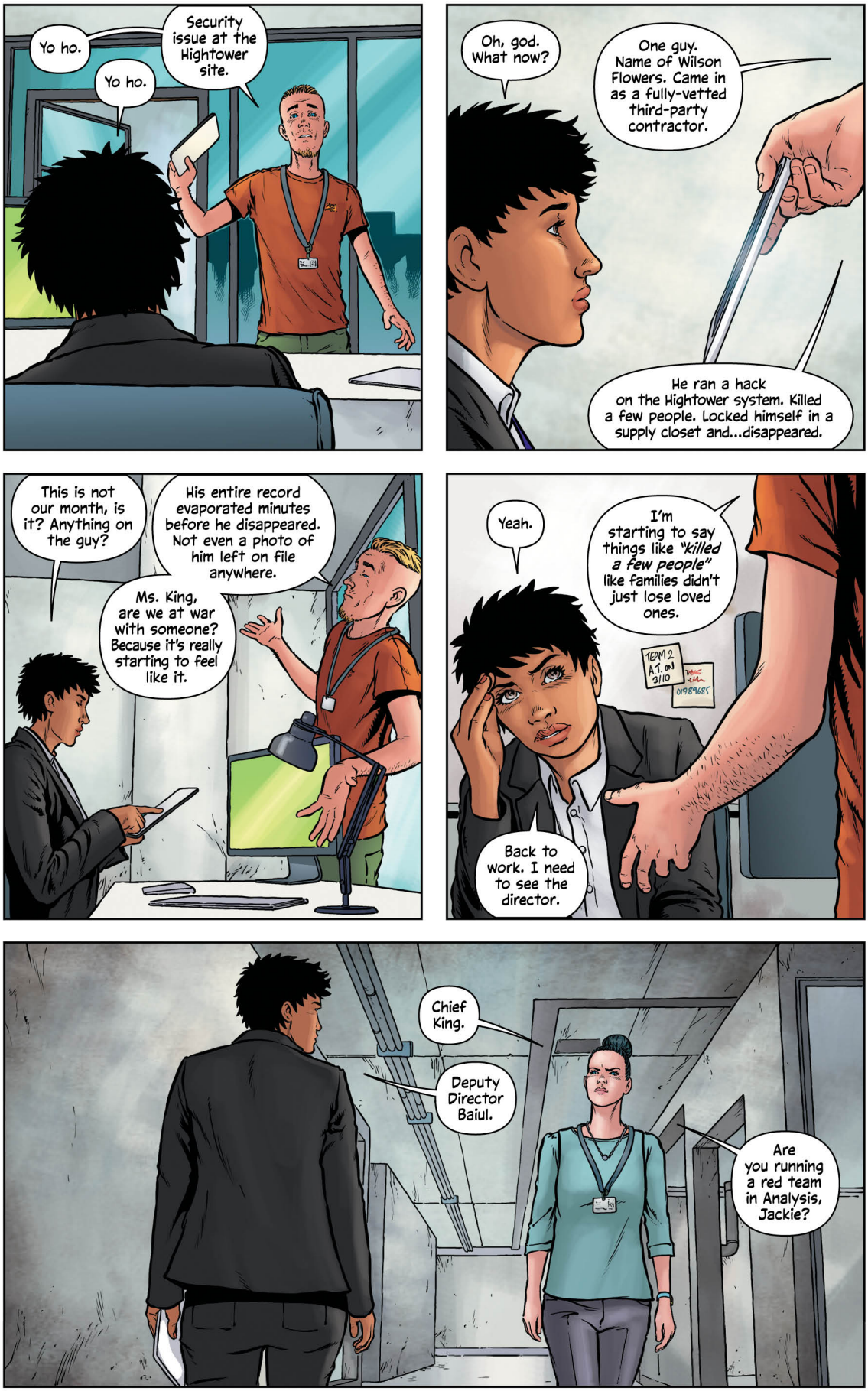
Even I can't immediately see what some of this stuff is. Where did you find it all?
No, don't tell me. Space alien stuff. Don't need it in my head right now.


There's eight more rooms down here. And a bathroom. And a kitchen.
Probably at least one bedroom. I think there used to be a swimming pool. Might even still be here somewhere.


Oh! And a whisky bottle dosed with polonium.
No, we took that out of here, Jacob.
Jesus. I'd forgotten all about that until now. Did I drink it all?

That reminds me. I had a full-bore field medical kit brought down here, and there's more in the next room along.
I'd rather you saw a doctor, but I'm guessing you're not going to be okay with that.


I'll be fine.


Yo ho.
Yo ho.
Security issue at the Hightower site.
Oh, god. What now?
One guy. Name of Wilson Flowers. Came in as a fully-vetted third-party contractor.
He ran a hack on the Hightower system. Killed a few people. Locked himself in a supply closet and...disappeared.
This is not our month, is it? Anything on the guy?
His entire record evaporated minutes before he disappeared. Not even a photo of him left on file anywhere.
Ms. King, are we at war with someone? Because it's really starting to feel like it.
Yeah.
I'm starting to say things like *"killed a few people"* like families didn't just lose loved ones.
Back to work. I need to see the director.
Chief King.
Deputy Director Baiul.
Are you running a red team in Analysis, Jackie?

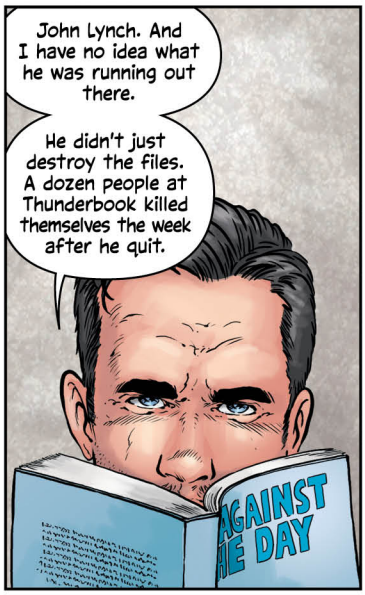
I often run red teams. Problems need solving.
An airgapped red team with event shielding?
I run my department's activities in any way I deem fit, Deputy Director.

But what you want to say is that you answer directly to Craven, not me.
It's okay. I made sure he knows what you're doing.

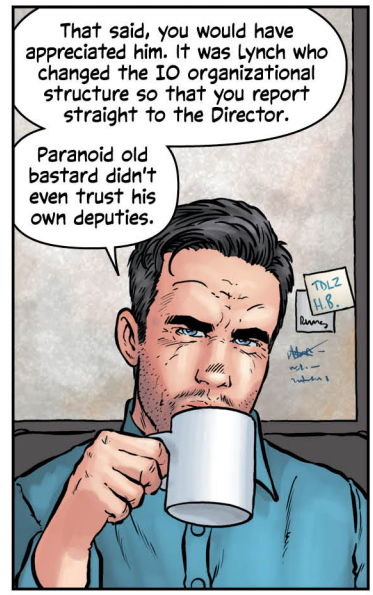
Miles? I'm going over the old file on this Cash character.
He seems to have been trained briefly at something called Project Thunderbook, but I can't find any details on it.
Thunderbook is Director's Eyes Only.
AGAINST THE DAY

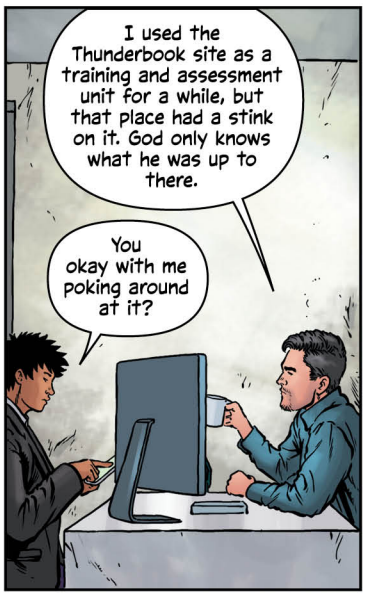
Come on, Miles. I can't do my job when you pull this crap.
When I say that, I mean the previous Director.

John Lynch?


John Lynch. And I have no idea what he was running out there.
He didn't just destroy the files. A dozen people at Thunderbook killed themselves the week after he quit.
AGAINST
HE DAY

And three of their buildings mysteriously burned down.
John Lynch scared the hell out of me, if I'm completely honest.


That said, you would have appreciated him. It was Lynch who changed the IO organizational structure so that you report straight to the Director.
Paranoid old bastard didn't even trust his own deputies.


I used the Thunderbook site as a training and assessment unit for a while, but that place had a stink on it. God only knows what he was up to there.
You okay with me poking around at it?

Sure. What about this event-shielded room in Analysis that Ivana was hissing in my ear about?
I'm gaming something out. Why does she care?

She doesn't like not knowing what's going on in every room in this place. Gaming what?
You don't want to know.

Jackie. Gaming what?
Okay, fine. Every couple of years I wonder how to get data out of the Skywatch station without them knowing.

Just a game?
Sure.

Be very careful, Jackie. Don't do anything without talking to me first.