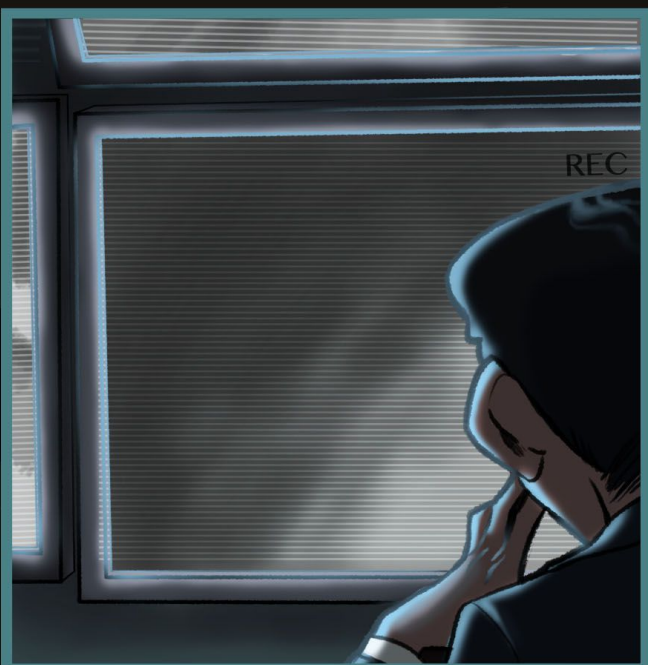
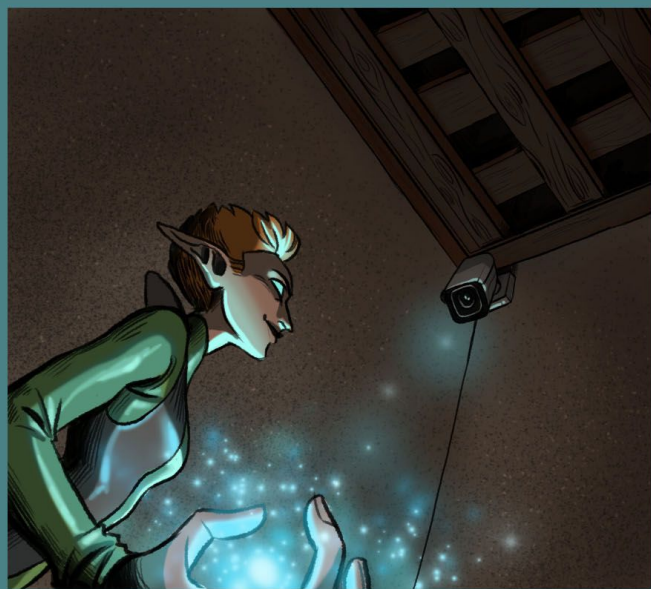
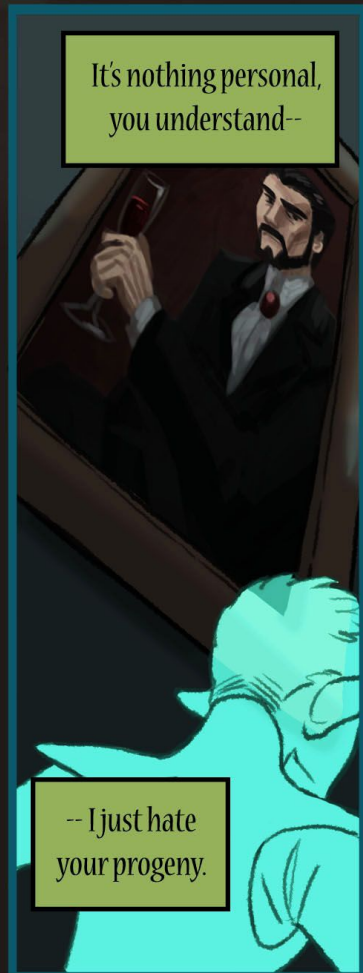
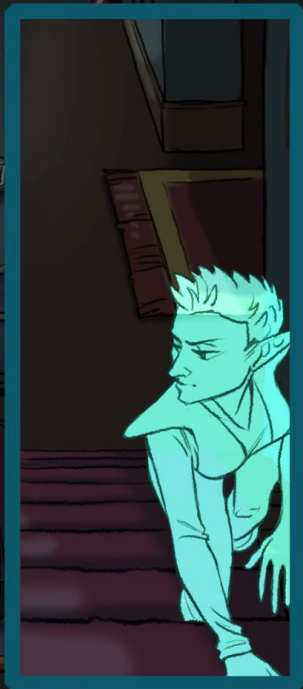


I forgot how *good*
running hot feels.

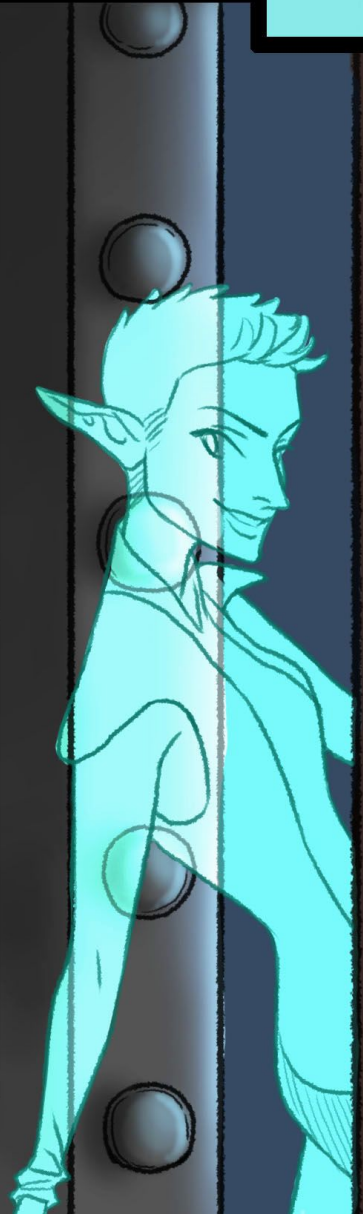
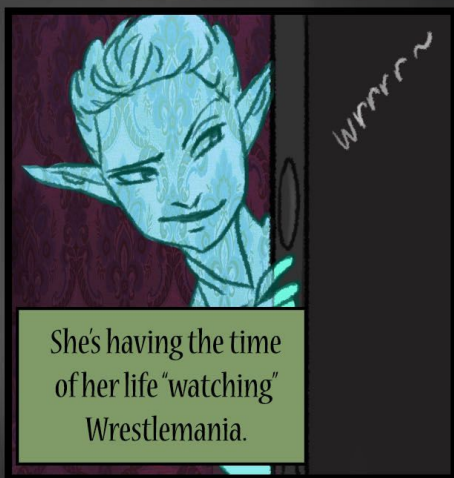
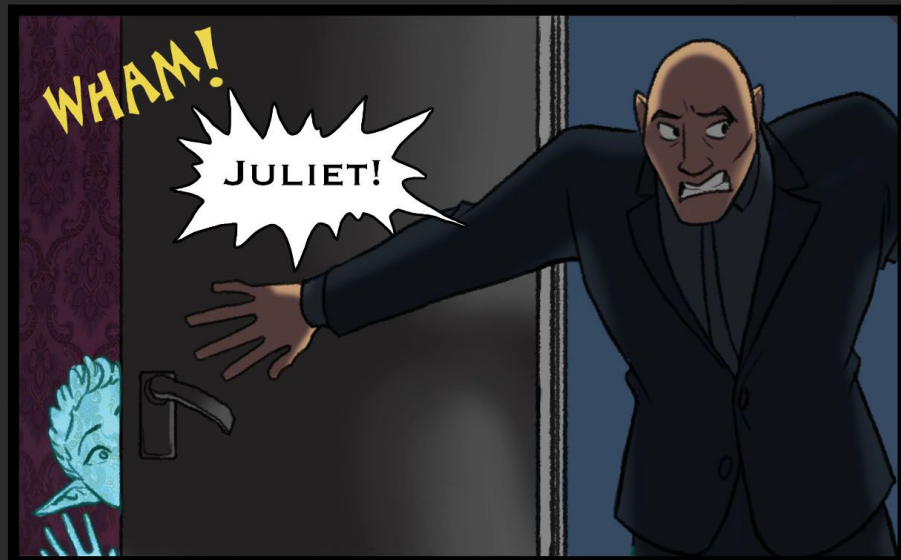




It's nothing personal,
you understand--

-- I just hate
your progeny.

I'm going to torch
the lot of you when I get back
my Neutrino.





Since we're through with the theatrics...

click
You are, of course, still bound by your promises earlier tonight.



So your situation, in essence, hasn't changed.

You are still my hostage.

Yeah, yeah.

Thank Frond. The visor is still attached.

-- revolving frequencies.

Holly, if you can hear me, **take cover.**

