

FREZZATO! CAZA! PRADO!

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GALLERY

Gil Bruvel



MIDNIGHT

THE REALITY OF A DREAMER

Gil Bruvel knew from early on that his destiny was to be an artist. After moving from Sydney, Australia to the town of Istres in the south of France, Gil devoted most of his time to his artistic abilities. He was so engrossed in his art that he left his studies at a private boarding school in order to pursue what would become his life's work. Bruvel got much of his inspiration from master restorer Laurent De Montcassin of the Louvre's Master Restoration Workshop whom he spent many intense years studying under. It was not until his late teens that Gil made it on his own. At sixteen years of age, the gifted artist displayed his "visionary" style paintings at the Musee de Baux-de-Provence, in Baux-de-Provence, France. The show got rave reviews.



BALANCED UPON THE TIP OF THE FINGER

Bruvel likes for his work to be considered "visionary", since his inspiration comes from a state of mind rather than being thought of as "surrealistic". According to Gil, surrealism is based solely on dreams and he feels his ability to "dream up" the images he uses in his paintings is solely a result of using his conscious imagination. This style of art has made him an enormous success worldwide. His art has been displayed in the United States, Japan, and many European nations. Bruvel is one of the youngest recipients of the notable Palais des Congres award, given by the Minister of Culture of France.



MEMORY

INFINITESIMAL CITY





THE NIGHT



THE HALLUCINATED CITY

In Gil's work, you can often recognize the familiar. However, because of his visionary style, Gil often transforms ordinary things, such as fruit and wine glasses into new concepts with their own space and volume, changing them into something greater.

Bruvel believes it is important to see beyond the obvious, to realize that things are not always what they appear to be.

Through his work, you may possibly recognize something from nature such as a shell that has been transformed into a gate. Bruvel often enjoys leaving the reality of his visions to the viewer, to discover...

THE REALITY OF A DREAMER.

You can now purchase some of Gil Bruvel's work. Turn to page 24 for ordering details.



AWAKENING



And so this is the bard charged with recounting my exploits in the four corners of the kingdom!

I imagined you'd be more robust... more virile, too!
I hope at least you sing well!?



Well, um, Lord Amergin!? What was your question!?



I asked you if you sing well?



You are not ignorant of the harsh discipline which envelopes our teaching! Also...

Wait a second! What the hell happens if I offend you...?



You'd regret that! But it's necessary that you become accustomed to the rudeness of our language. You see we are warriors!



Make peace and seat yourselves.

I know that the heroes would be nothing... that they would remain unknown... if the bards were not so talented at performing their service!



So, will you do it?





Now then, tell me what you have thought of today's developments! Did you cry at the battle?

... and above all, what portrait did you paint of me?



To sing praises of you, my Lord, I'll have to see your deeds! Now...



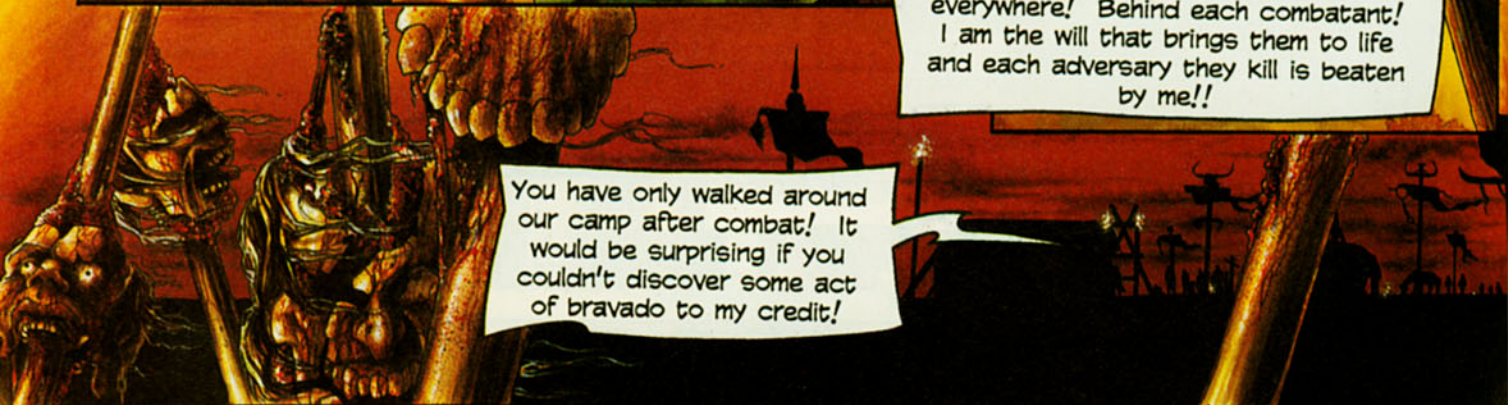
Because you only have faith in appearances!

SILENCE! Or I will have to become offensive! Moreover, you are wrong...



I am chief of this army, isn't that right? The kind which all of the knights... even the most minor hunter depends on me... and my decisions!

On the field of battle, you will see me everywhere! Behind each combatant! I am the will that brings them to life and each adversary they kill is beaten by me!!



You have only walked around our camp after combat! It would be surprising if you couldn't discover some act of bravado to my credit!



What are you trying to...



I'm not stupid! Why would you be interested in praising the merits of an unknown? Tell me! What benefit... what prestige would fall back upon you?!

... Then came our last battle, our Lord and Master, Amergin the Conqueror found himself isolated in the midst of enemy troops!

The elite knight's enemies flung themselves at him... like a pack of dogs closing in for the kill, eyes wide and foaming at the mouth!

There were more than a hundred of them who wished to tear him to pieces.

Our Lord, always himself, waited calmly for them, leaning against a rock so that they could not surround him!

CLANG



ТЧУАК



They came at him like a crashing wave! But however gigantic it was, it could not beat down the cliff against which it smashed, so they retreated leaving behind their blood!!

The army, after an aborted attempt, were defeated and retreated... Our Lord, then, sounded the alarm. And the cowards were massacred, down to the last one! Not a...



NO!
NO!
NO!

So you don't understand anything? In the eyes of what fanatics does the extermination of prisoners of war have valor? In whose eyes, tell me, can a genocide pass for a glorious conquest?



I thought...

Do you want future generations to remember me as a dreadful torturer?



They say that your conscience makes you suffer!

My conscience?!
Ha! Ha! Ha!



There are so many things that common mortals just can't comprehend! Staying ignorant is one of the best things man can do!





Amergin the Sublime spread civilization and peace everywhere he made his conquests, only imbeciles do not know that! Even those who fight relentlessly against him have nothing to fear from him because his clemency is infinite!



I know everything relevant there is to say on this subject! Everything is false! Pure slander of wrens envious of his fabulous martial success, of his unmatched glory! Pure jealousy!

No one knows this better than I! I have seen him treat the loser with extreme compassion, women and children...

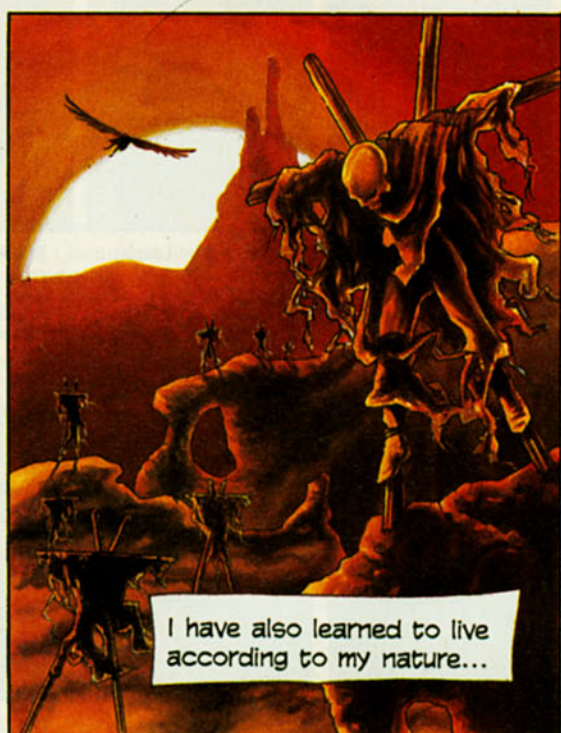
His rare attacks of wrath are another target of the traitors and liars!



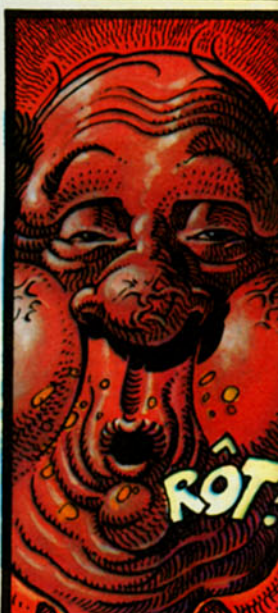
You see what becomes of the world under his rule! A dream studded with stars! With green and serene valleys, in the midst of which run enchanted rivers! Look towards the horizon! Don't you see the halo of light around everything!

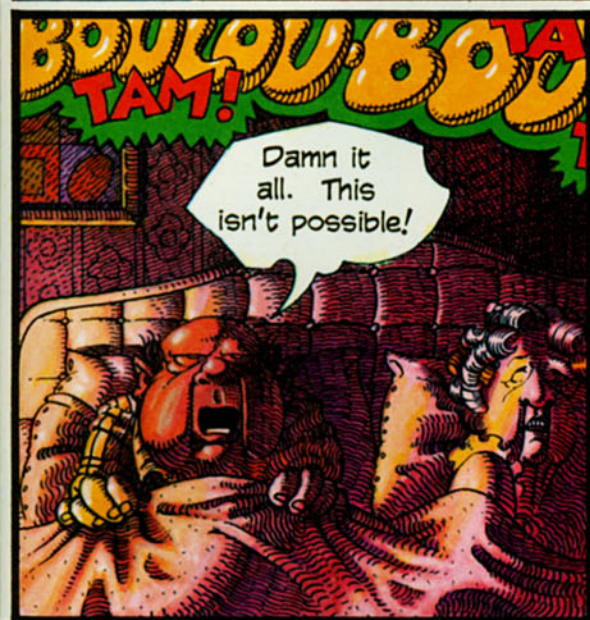
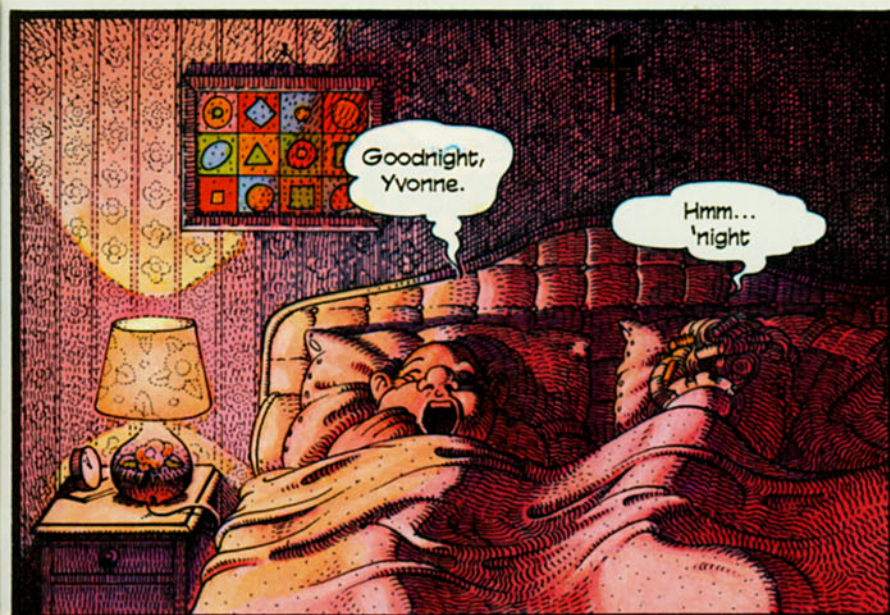


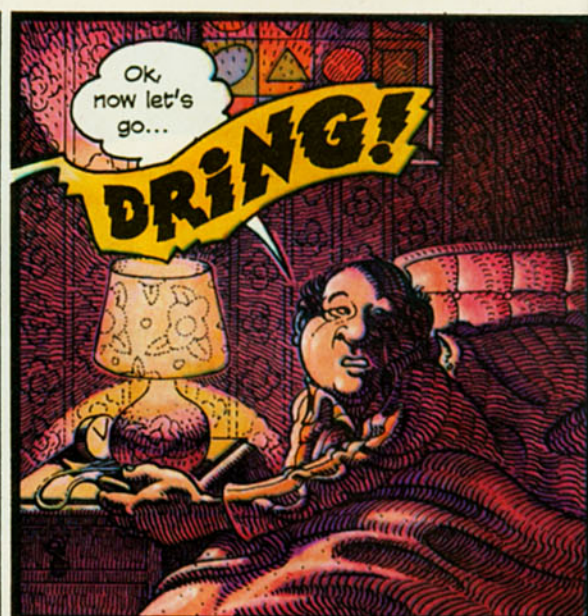




Noise From The Ceiling Again









This is the smell of 2017. Industrial waste is first class compared to what you breathe in Detroit, but for the immigrants this is paradise.



Every night, by the thousands, they try to penetrate into the urban area, with the delusion of leaving behind their classification zero...



Perhaps they won't have a great future...

... but often they don't even question it.



Careful where you put your feet.



There are sensors all over the place!



I am detecting classification zero in the second sector. Coordinates 4 B6... I request ground intervention!



Detroit City Hall—
Mayor Castor
and his advisors
are in a meeting.



Mayor, the situation is critical. The tension of the classification zero is rising. Every day there are thousands of attempts by immigrants, and it risks becoming a big threat to the elections.



Do you have the statistics on the election projections?



They indicate we lose with 70% of the voters against—that's a big number and we can't deny it.

The opposition is pressing and the sabotaging of the computer network is wearing out our economy. The big companies are fighting with each other and we can't keep neutral any longer.



To hell with that! The opposition can always be silenced.



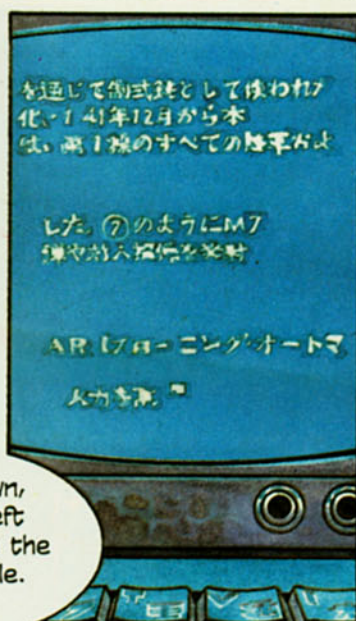
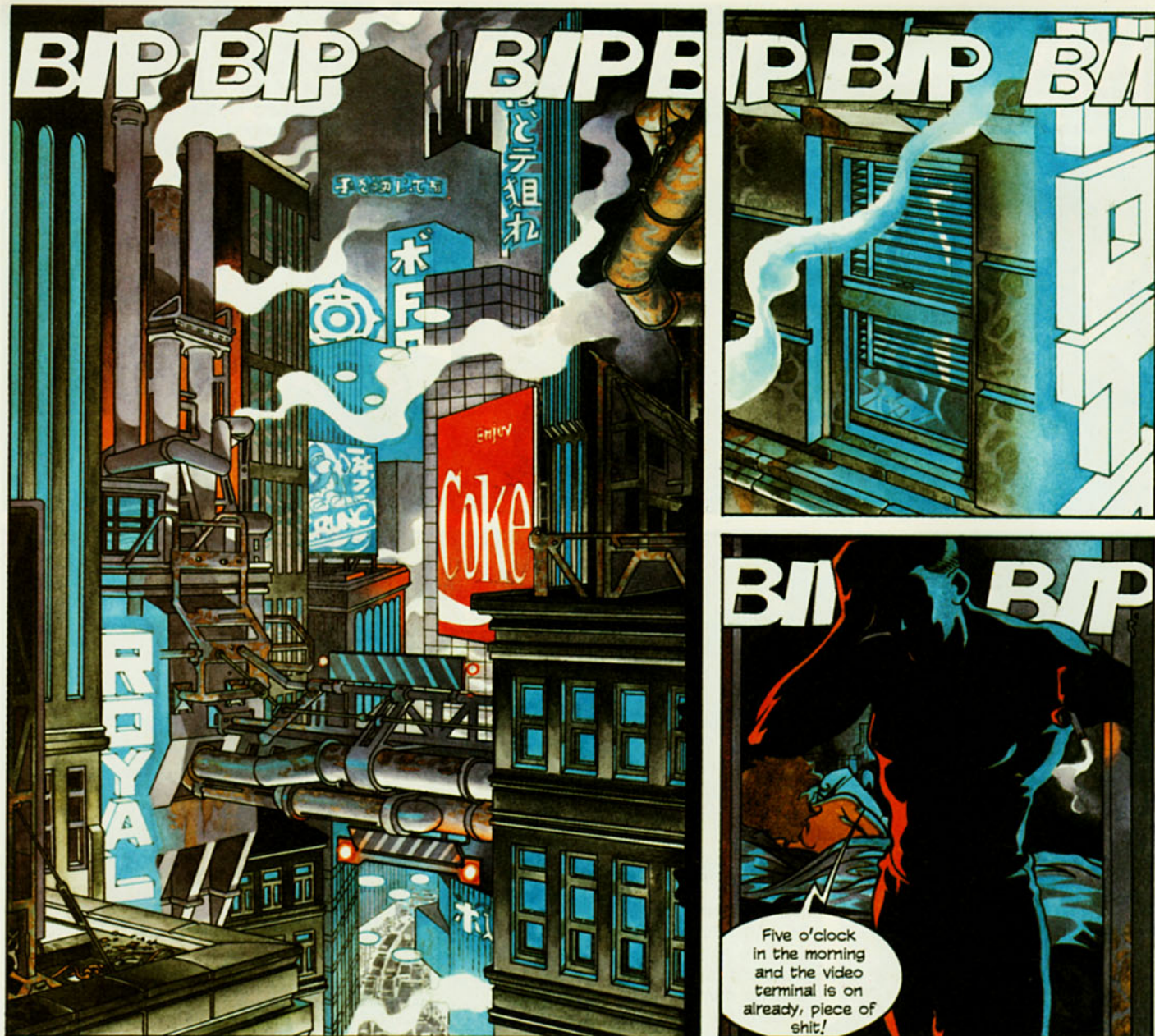
In a constitutional system tied to electronic systems, consent is really only a formality: what matters is success in the manipulation of the controlling circuits at the right moment.

At this point what do you suggest?



The alliances on which our administration rests need to be verified; we must identify what economic interests are hidden behind this pending electoral turn.







In case you didn't notice, I'm leaving...

Umm... yeah, and try to stay away for awhile. I have quite a mess on my hands here, and I'll need a few days to solve it all. Bye, babe.

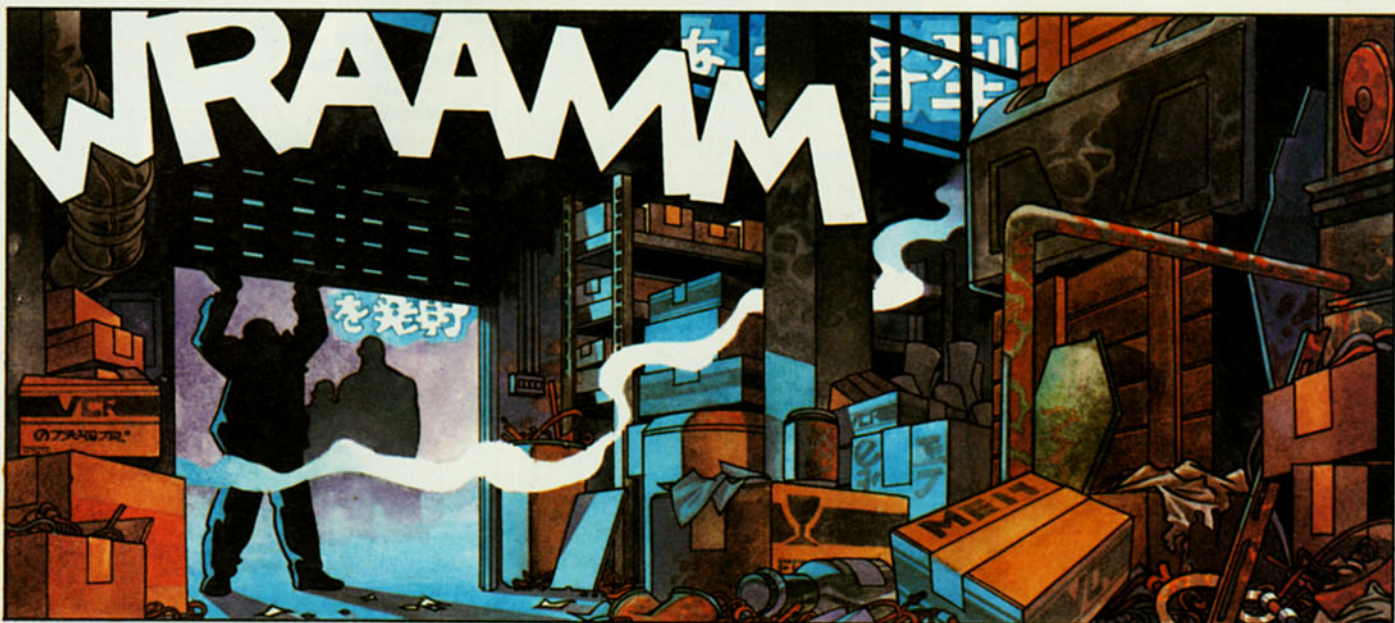


This is the world war of the integrated systems... and I'm just a mercenary.



Todd, this is J.T. Hey, dude, I'm talking to you. I need two magnetic interactors... and a coffee too.

Right now? Do you know that I was sleeping, jerk?...



Since you got my ass out of bed, I'm going to show you something you're going to have to buy. Meanwhile, Manibal is going to get you the interactors.

OK, boss.

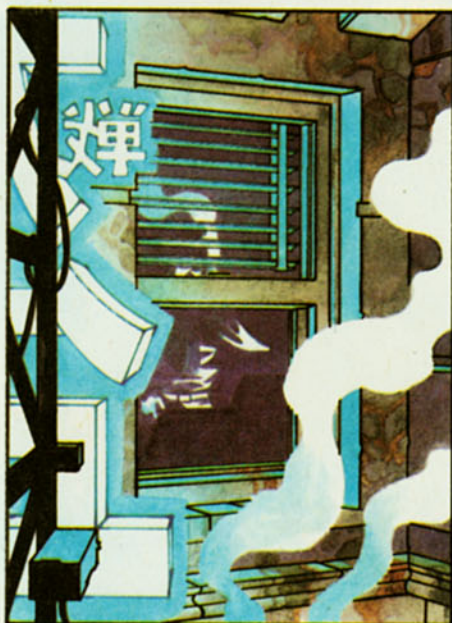
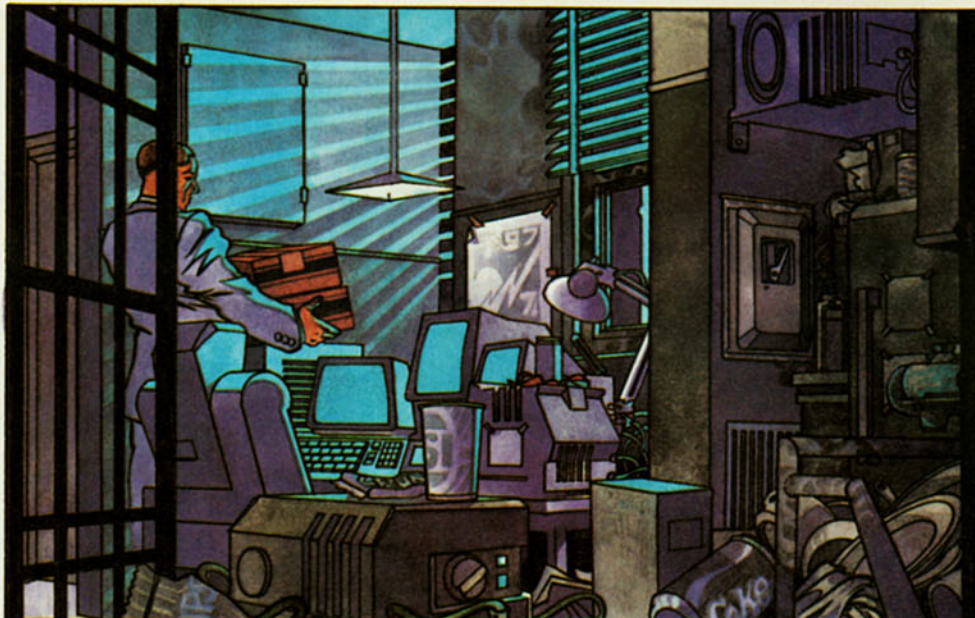


C'mon fool. Good manners are really a waste on you. I have a gadget here that will give you some fun.

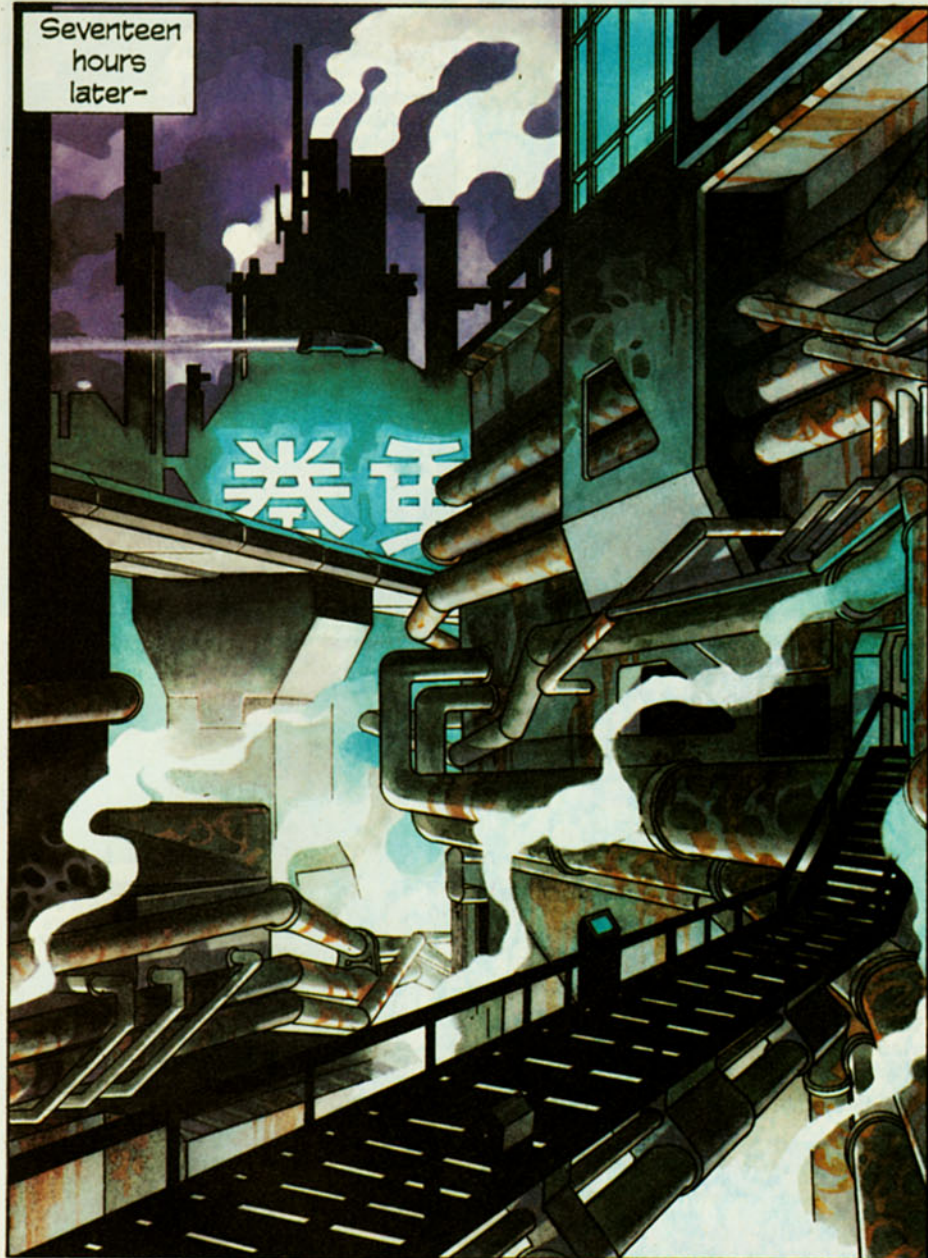


Todd, let it be. I would never be able to pull the trigger.

You know what I don't like about you, genius? That you still believe you have a hope in Silicon Valley. J.T., you haven't been pure for awhile now.



Seventeen
hours
later-



We're about
to enter the
alignment, the radar
shields should hold
to 83%.



No one
to greet us,
for now... prepare
the soporific bullets.



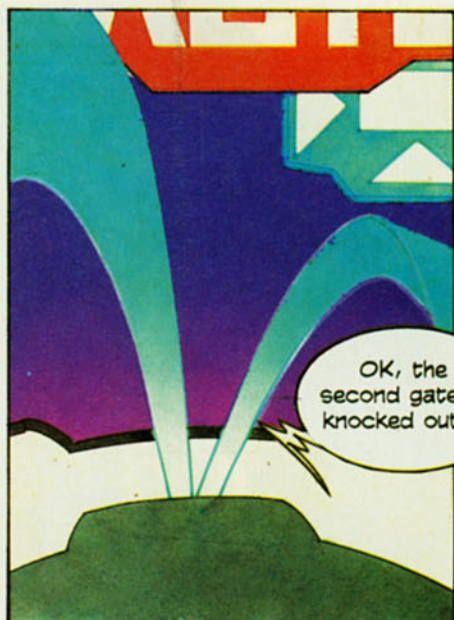
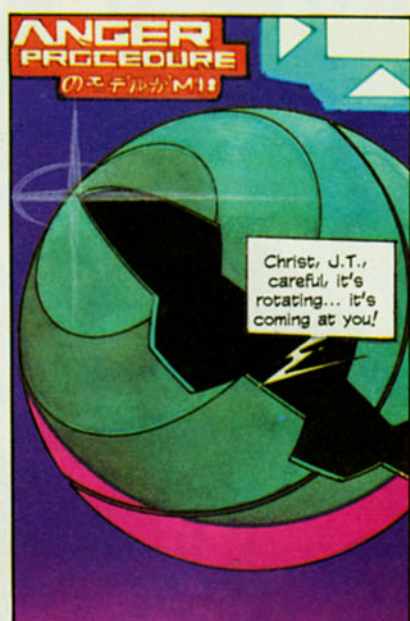
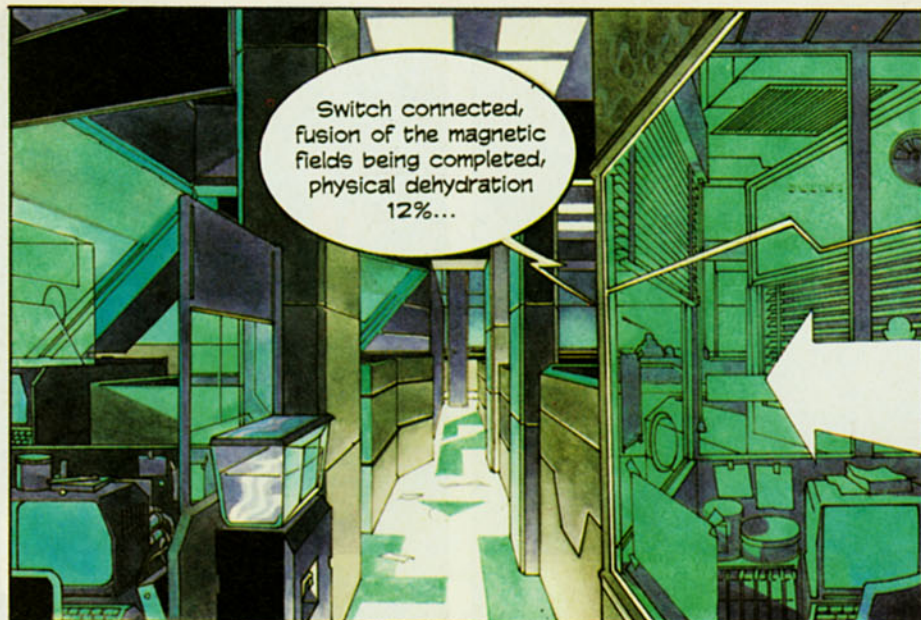
zzz...



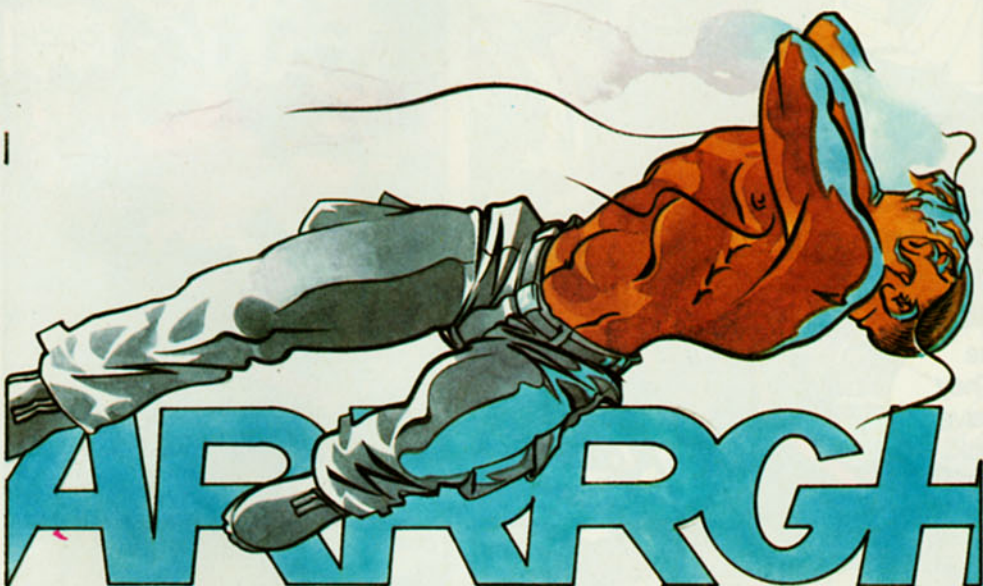
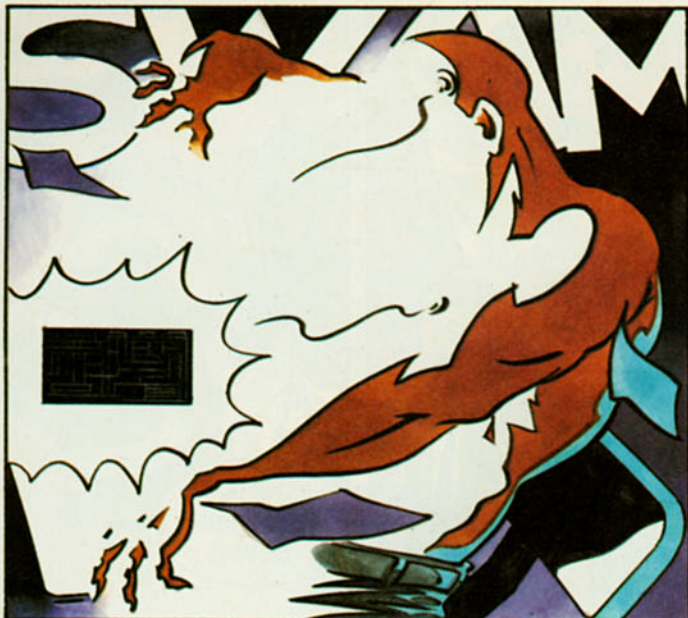
Let's
go in
here.



7



*Electronic Intrusion Counter Assault.





That bastard is not alone.
Code 4.



Keep your head down!



Hit the pilot. They can't leave the deck.



Keep covered down there!



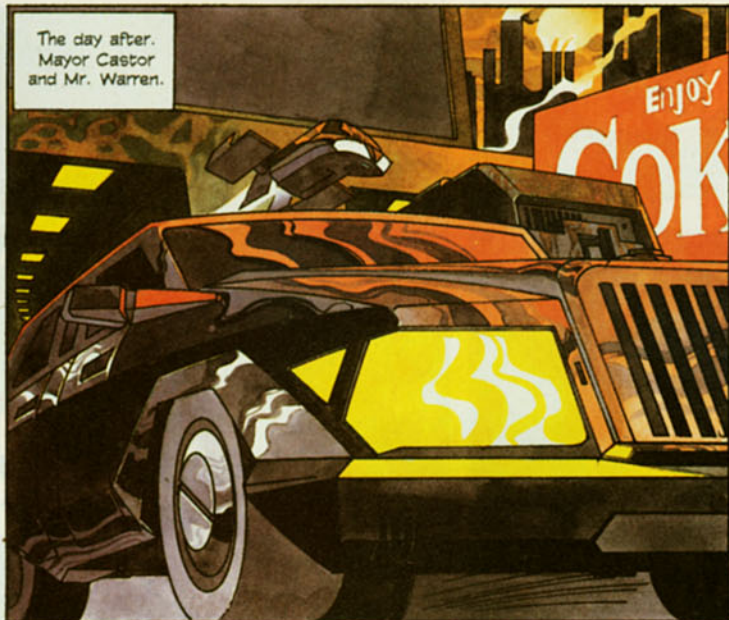
Who can hear the Captain?... We have to call in air cover, if it's not too late.



I'm going to take you to my place, we'll be safe.

10

The day after.
Mayor Castor
and Mr. Warren.



As a
shareholder of the
Warren Corporation, I
cannot hide my
concern. Those
destructive men breached
the division too easily.



It wasn't a
normal sabotage to
the data bank, but a
direct attack on a very
specific target. I think
our enemies have declared
open war.



Luckily they
didn't find us
unprepared, and with an action
like this they have exposed
themselves. This is the work
of the Zalbatzu.* Soon they
will try another attack
on the
corporation.

It will be
necessary to
find them again
and make sure
of what they're
up to!

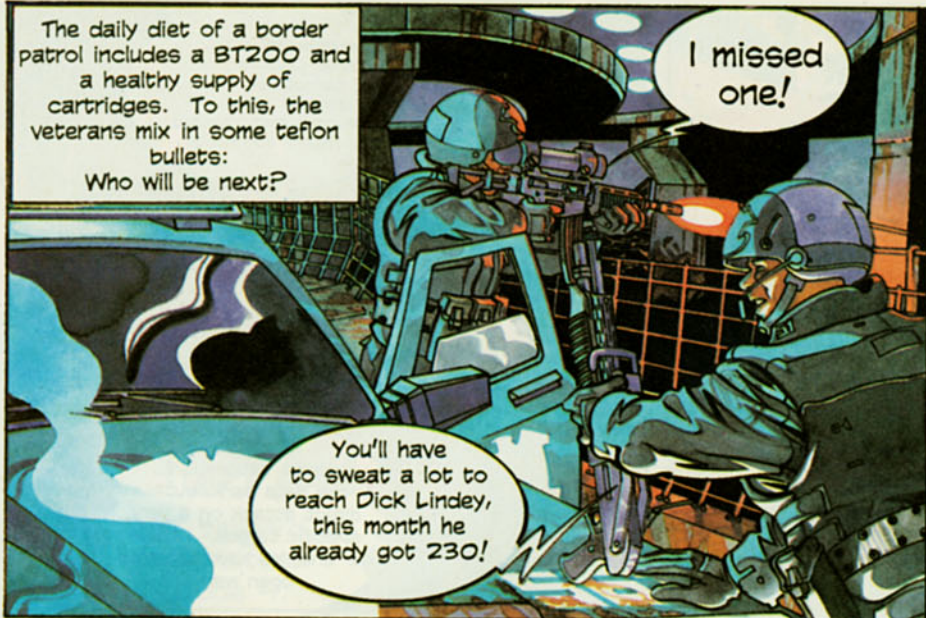


I don't think
they will be that
useful, probably the only
one we could have gotten
anything out of got his
brain fried.



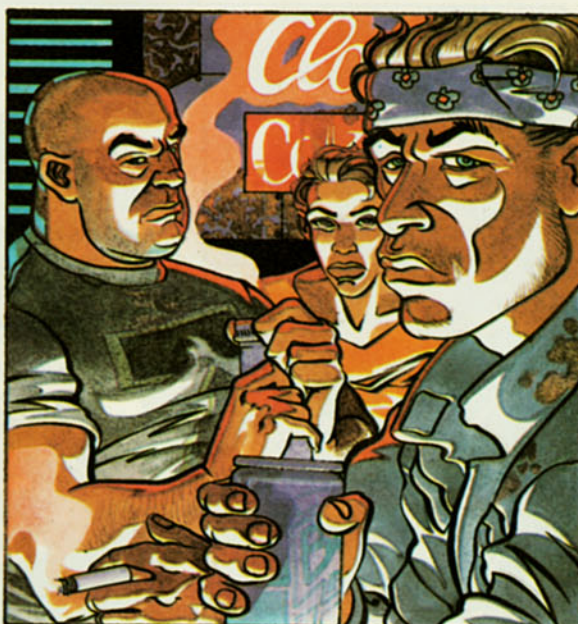
Multinational Japanese.

The daily diet of a border patrol includes a BT200 and a healthy supply of cartridges. To this, the veterans mix in some teflon bullets: Who will be next?



I missed one!

You'll have to sweat a lot to reach Dick Lindey, this month he already got 230!



What do you think you'll find outside of Limbo?... It's not all bad here.

Volker, when they find out about your connection to the food franchise cartel, you'll change your mind.



You have your business... but we don't have a damn thing!



Well, if you really want to go, I know someone who can help you. As long as I can get something out of it.





A few days later.

He's coming to.



What a disgusting nightmare...

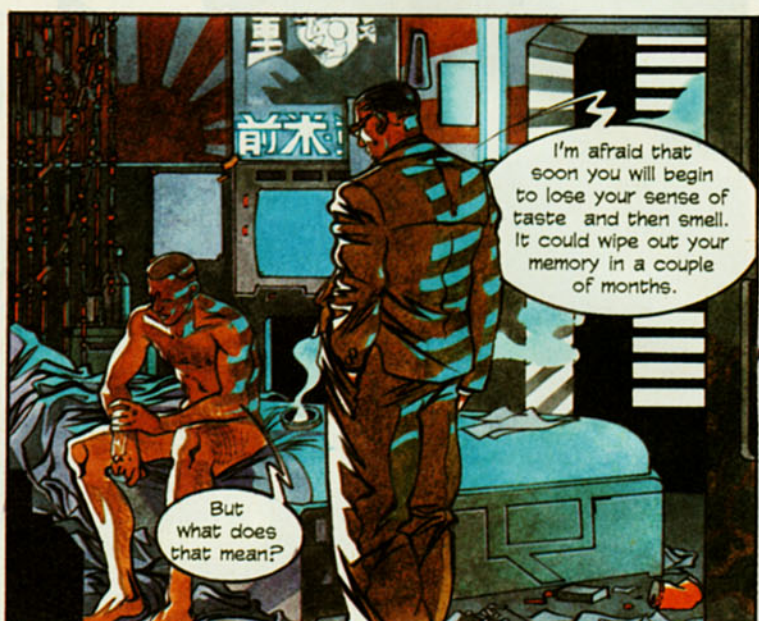
An EICA nightmare that lasted for a week.



Anyway, it's over but it would be best if I talk to the doctor.



I have confirmed that it's brain damage in the hippocampus region, and the lesion is swelling quickly. There is neurological damage to thousands of cells.



I'm afraid that soon you will begin to lose your sense of taste and then smell. It could wipe out your memory in a couple of months.

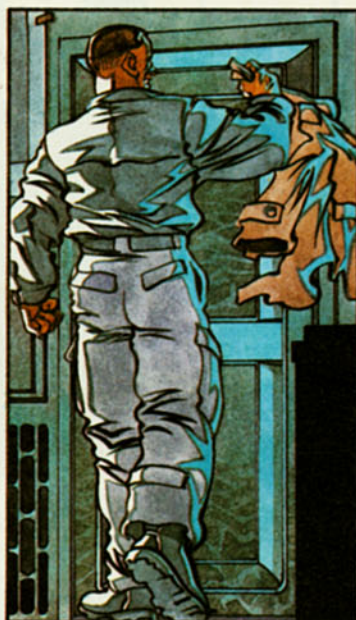
But what does that mean?

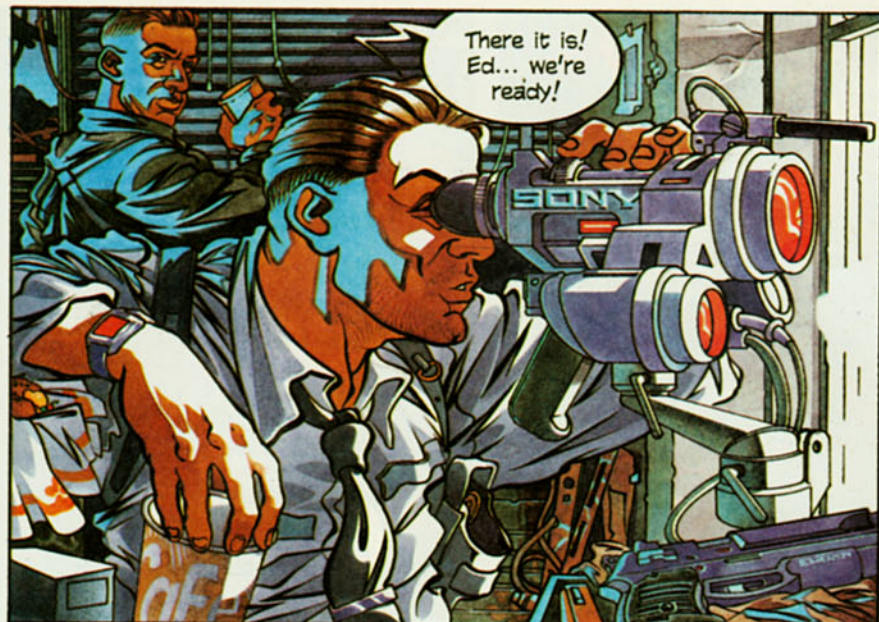


What? There must be something... a drug...

I've never seen anything like it, I don't know...





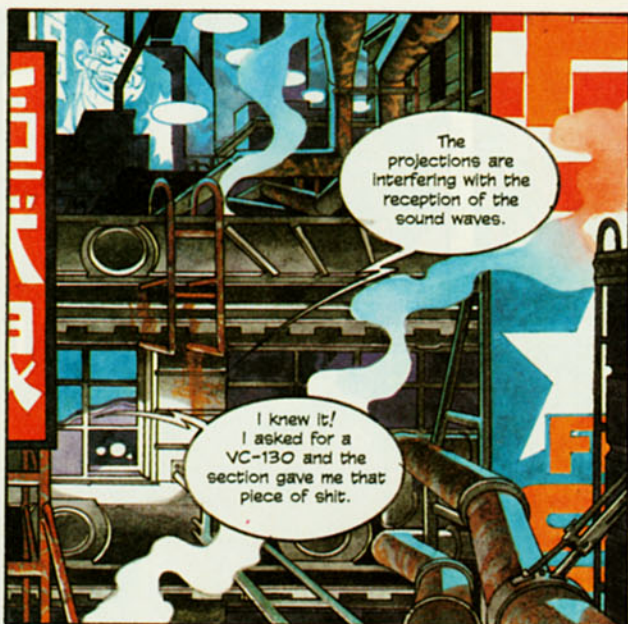


There it is!
Ed... we're
ready!



Can you
hear what
they're
saying?

I'm
afraid
not...



The
projections are
interfering with the
reception of the
sound waves.

I knew it!
I asked for a
VC-130 and the
section gave me that
piece of shit.



Briggs, what
do you want?

Captain,
we've isolated
him.



He's talking to
one of the thieves
of the Tiodrom,
shall we go get
them?



No, wait for
a couple of hours,
when he will be totally
"cooked", you will
have less difficulty.

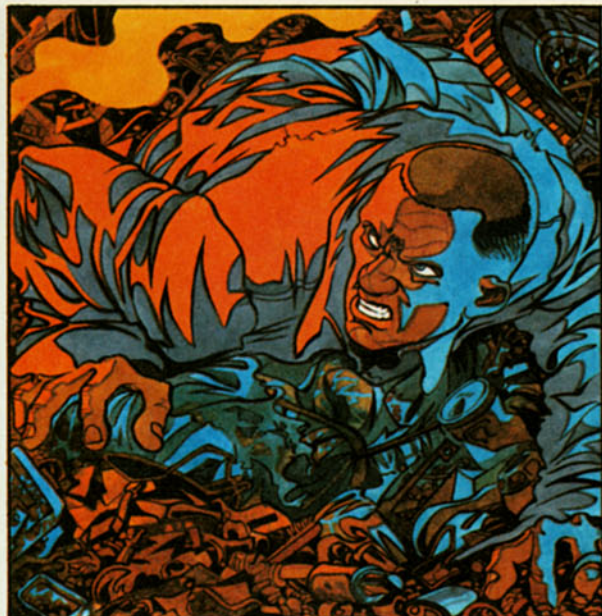


I want you
to do a
clean job.

Yes,
sir.











You took your time... Who the hell is this idiot?

This guy is a friend in trouble, he'll be around for awhile!



The cops were on his tail all night long!



We're coming along anyway, we are tired of waiting.



Since he escaped, there are more cops out on the street. Do what you like, but from the way you stink you couldn't make it 30 yards into District 3!

Why did this asshole have to come tonight?



Cut it out, and for \$3000 you bring me just this piece of shit, asshole?

Go fuck yourself, Volker. If you're not interested I can always find other buyers.



Come on up, follow us and no tricks!

21



Sorry,
Mister
Warren...



... Can you
come into the
laboratory, I think
it's important.

I'm going to
change. I'll be right
back, Professor
Reinhart.



... There has been an
unexpected development, if we use
our counter-virus it may be possible
to affect the human psyche. If the
RDS (Research Division Security) finds
him, we can start testing the hypothesis!

Don't
worry, you'll soon
have your guinea
pig!



At The
Police
Precinct.

Idiots! You
should have
followed them!

Captain,
not on my life
would I go down
there!



It's not just your
ass, Briggs, it's
a question of my
ass too!



I hope you have
good news for
me.

Unfortunately
not. We have an
accomplice but we
haven't been able
to make him
talk yet!



Forget about
it, bring him
here, we'll
take care
of him.

Whatever
you say, sir.

* RESEARCH DIVISION SECURITY.



... In the election, Senator John Bryan is also out of the running. The third candidate of the Independent Labor Party was part of a conspiracy of the Zaibatsu to infiltrate the city's administration...

Bullshit!



It's those fucking Nazis again!



Take it easy! The 4th Reich is giving you a break today.



That's him! Do what you have to do and let's get out of here!

Identification established. Activate the conductor beams.



Senator John Bryan answered to the charges by the accusations declaring, "I am the victim of a conspiracy against me by Mayor Henry Castor," but the evidence against him is overwhelming...

Do you always get this bullshit from the other side?

And far worse.





Quickly... this way... it's Clemence. She has a fever... and she's been laying down for several days... with no appetite...



There she is Doctor... Clemence...

A cow?



This is obscene! I'm a doctor, not a veterinarian!

But... around here we've always only had a single doctor for everyone.



"EVERYONE" does not include cows, little man.



Look, old man, we don't have a veterinarian here, you know that we're far away from any good services. But if you want to sleep in your bed tonight, get to work on Clemence.

Ok... ok... calm down.



I think she has an infection in her organs...

Well put. We've got to administer antibiotics... I assume they know you at the pharmacy...

Thank you, doctor. Now if you would be so kind as to check the redhead. She has pains when she pees... just next door.

OK...

Hello... I'm the doctor... where can I find the redhead, please?

Oh, hello doctor. Olympia Gomez, the redhead, at your service...

Jeez!

Look, I have pain here, and like the television says, we have to watch out, so...

Umm... of course...

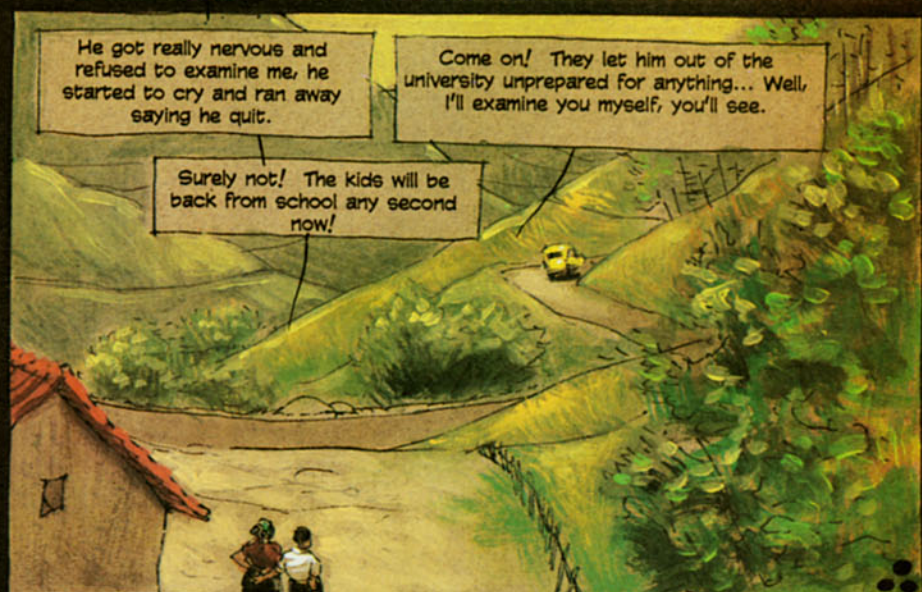
It's more on the left.

No... I don't feel anything special... We've got to... got to ex- explore more.

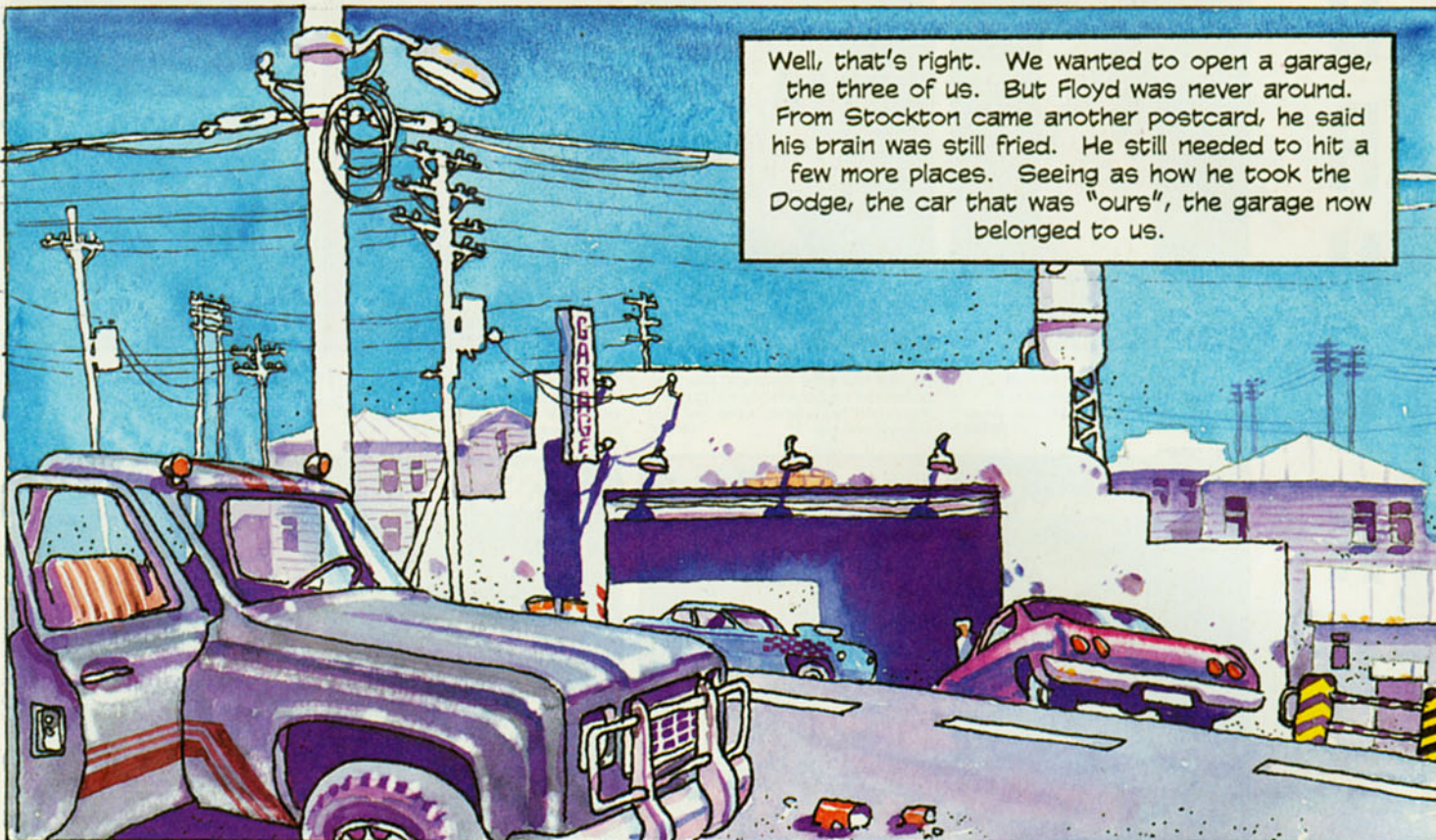
Explore... explore...

N... no... it's surely nothing serious... d... do you take contraception pills?

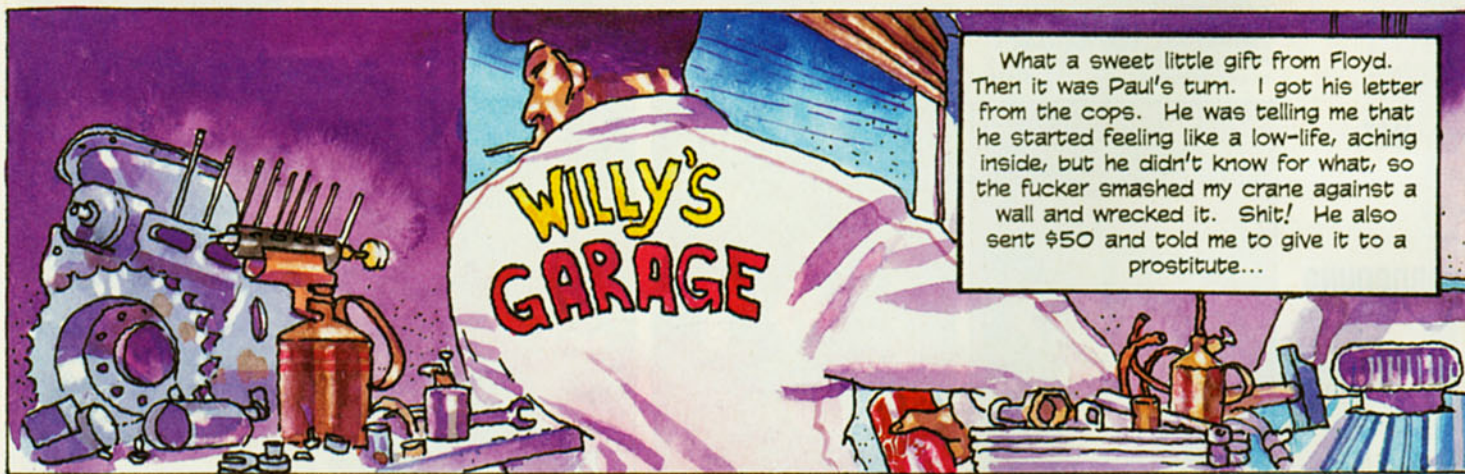
Yes, Doctor! We already had three kids and by the time they were running around...



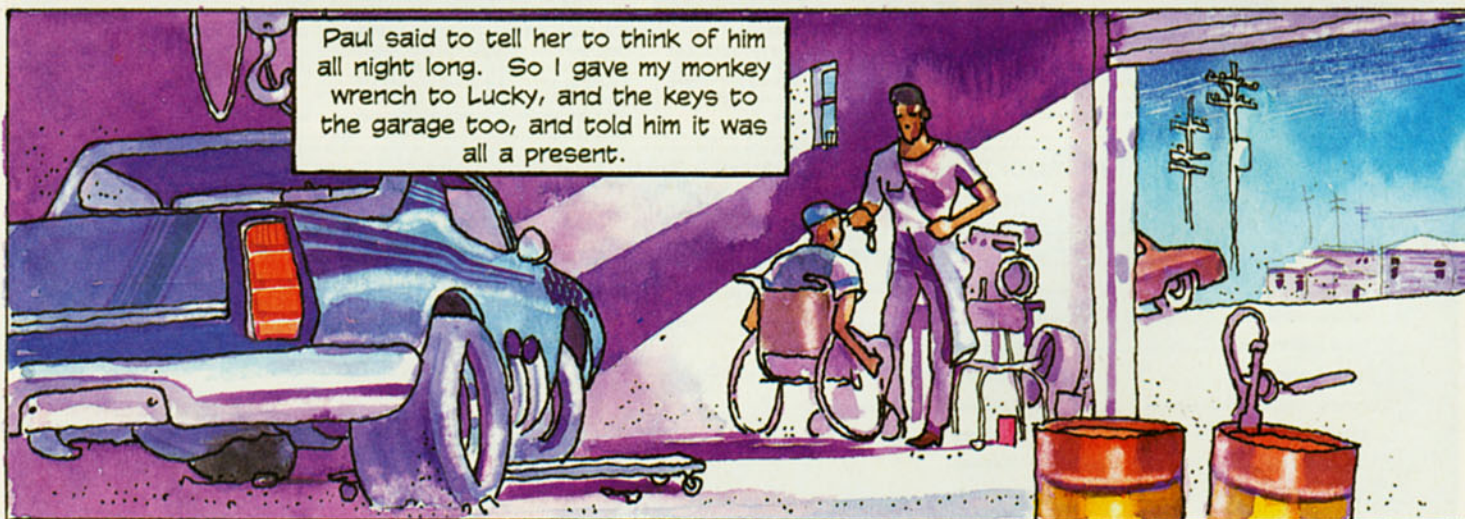
WILLY'S GARAGE



Well, that's right. We wanted to open a garage, the three of us. But Floyd was never around. From Stockton came another postcard, he said his brain was still fried. He still needed to hit a few more places. Seeing as how he took the Dodge, the car that was "ours", the garage now belonged to us.



What a sweet little gift from Floyd. Then it was Paul's turn. I got his letter from the cops. He was telling me that he started feeling like a low-life, aching inside, but he didn't know for what, so the fucker smashed my crane against a wall and wrecked it. Shit! He also sent \$50 and told me to give it to a prostitute...



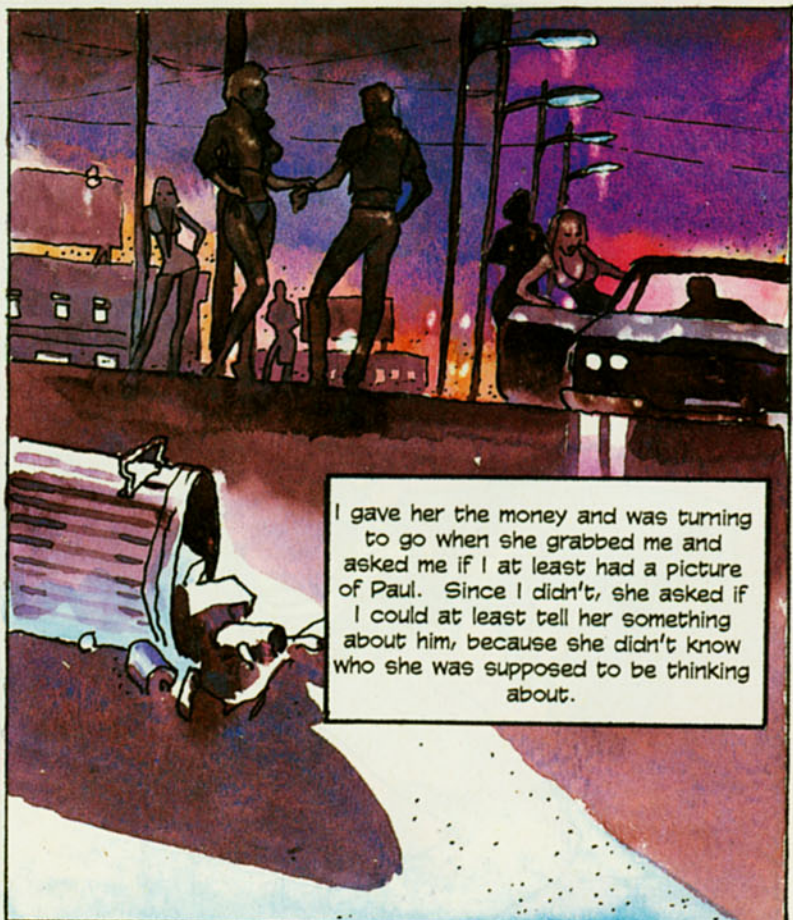
Paul said to tell her to think of him all night long. So I gave my monkey wrench to Lucky, and the keys to the garage too, and told him it was all a present.



He started laughing, but when he saw I was serious and wasn't coming back, he looked up at me like a little puppy. I knew he was watching me all the way down the street, and I felt a little bitter exhaust spewing up behind me as I walked away.



By nightfall I had already found her. Paul would have definitely liked her. I told her what he wanted done. She didn't seem surprised, she laughed.



I gave her the money and was turning to go when she grabbed me and asked me if I at least had a picture of Paul. Since I didn't, she asked if I could at least tell her something about him, because she didn't know who she was supposed to be thinking about.

So we stayed the night together in her hovel. I told her Paul's story. Suddenly, she stopped me and said, "You have a heart just like Paul's, and I'm sure he wouldn't mind if you fucked me. Besides, \$50 just to think of him is a little too much!"



And with tears in her eyes, she got undressed.

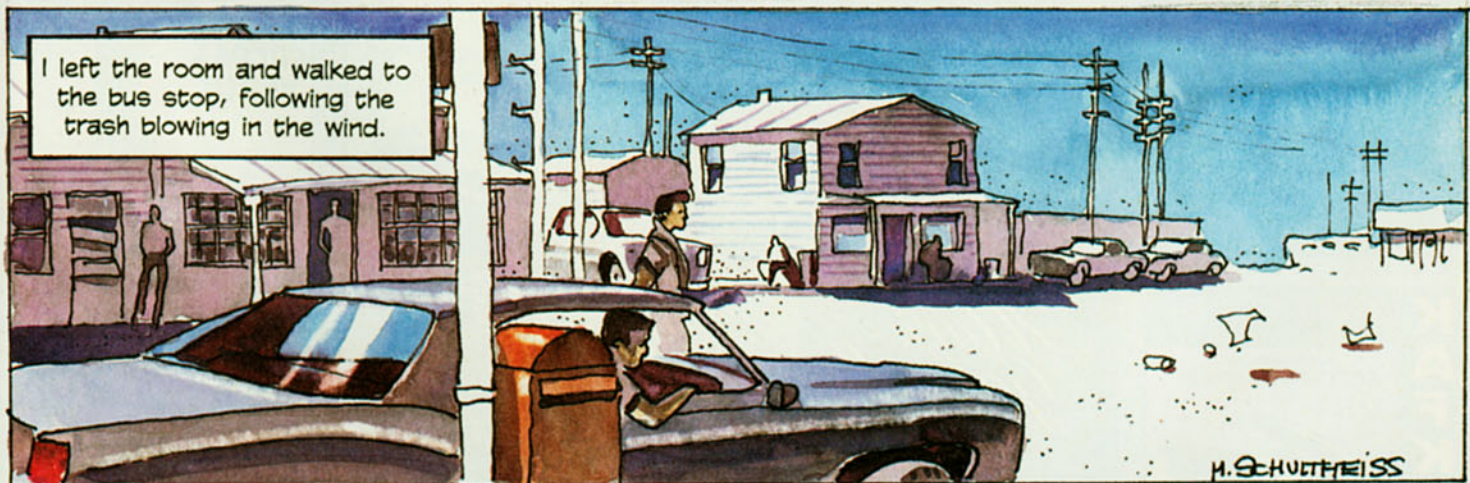




And that
was that.

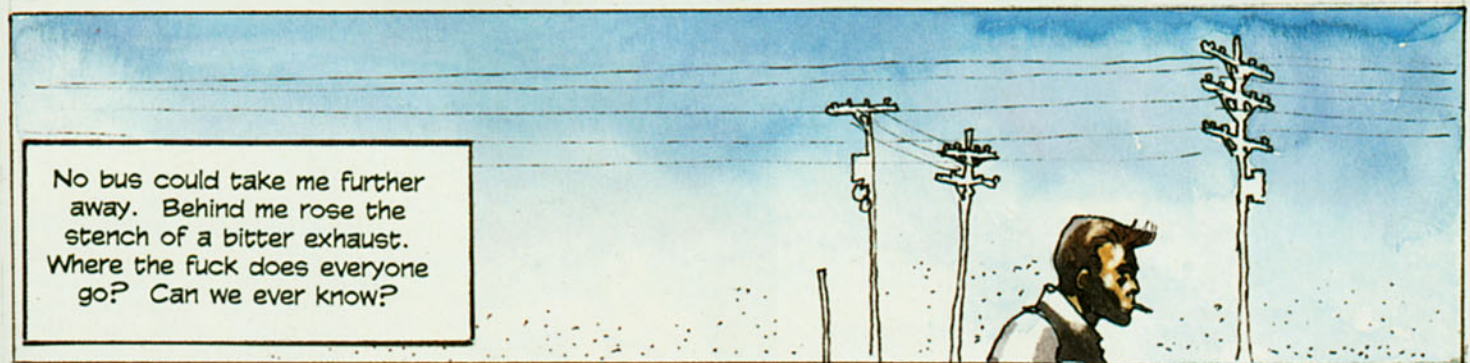


The next morning, when I got up, she
was gone. Of course everybody leaves
at sometime to go somewhere. But
where the hell had everybody gone this
time?? At first I wanted to drop Paul
some lines, but what was there really
to say?



I left the room and walked to
the bus stop, following the
trash blowing in the wind.

M. SCHULTHEISS



No bus could take me further
away. Behind me rose the
stench of a bitter exhaust.
Where the fuck does everyone
go? Can we ever know?

THE PLEASURE OF LOVE

Marisa, a splendid creature, hot stuff at night.

I would get lost in the vents of her skirt...



I was trying. I was really trying! I was stalking her all the time...

As for her, zero! She didn't give an inch...



You have to stick it out and I sure did!...

And there she is, the little bitch... the guy with the cool shades...

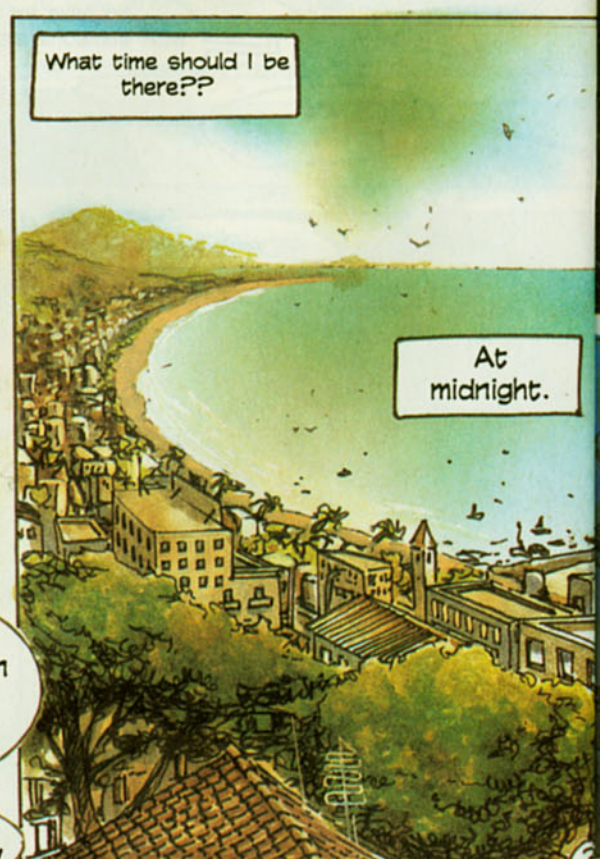
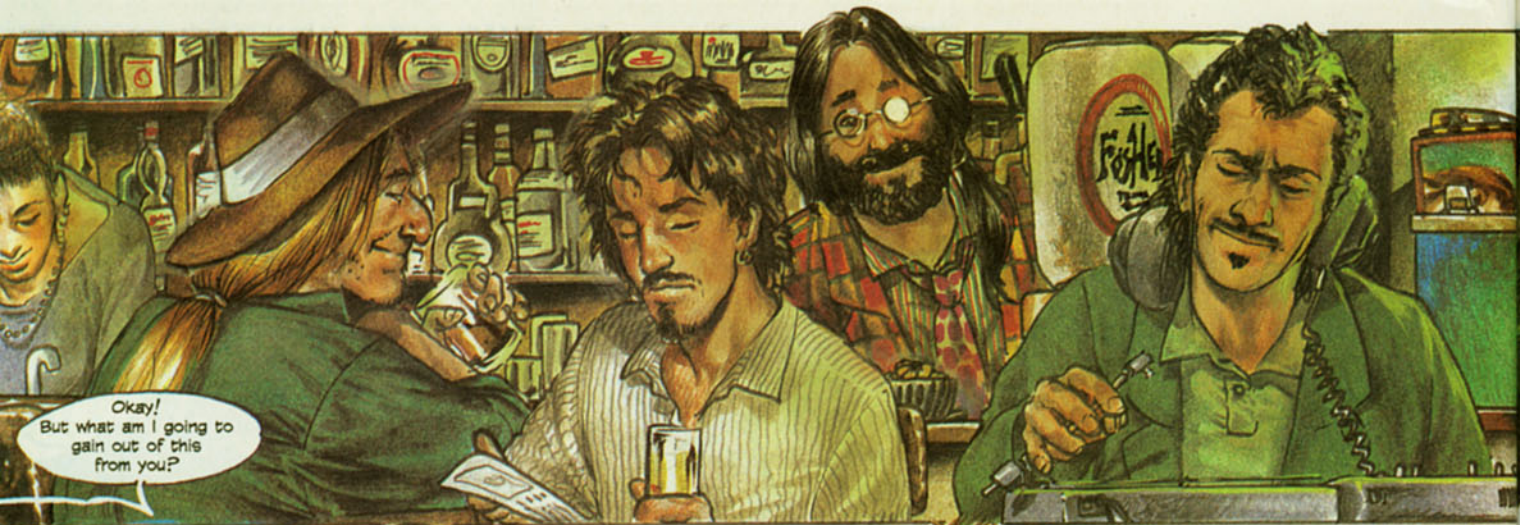
It's me! But how can she resist me?

Listen, Giorgio...

Yes?







11:41 pm

I'm afraid
Marisa, then what
if...

What's wrong
now? You were the
one who launched the
idea to get rid of your
virginity problem!

Yes, I
know, but...

But nothing! You were the one who wanted
to do it for the first time with someone you
didn't know. And I found him for you! And
he's not bad by the way. Now enough!
Stay here and wait!...

12:01 am

Let's hope she
is really sexy! This should
be the window!



Not bad
at all!



The following day

At the beginning he was a little clumsy, but then he was very sweet! And you should see what kind of "equipment" he's got! It was great!... A fantastic thing!...

... Now you must introduce us, please... I'm already in love with him!

... but our agreement was not to...

I don't care what the agreement was, now I want to meet him!

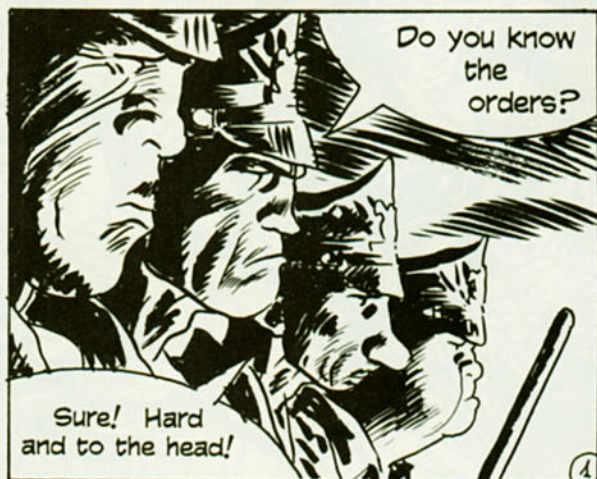
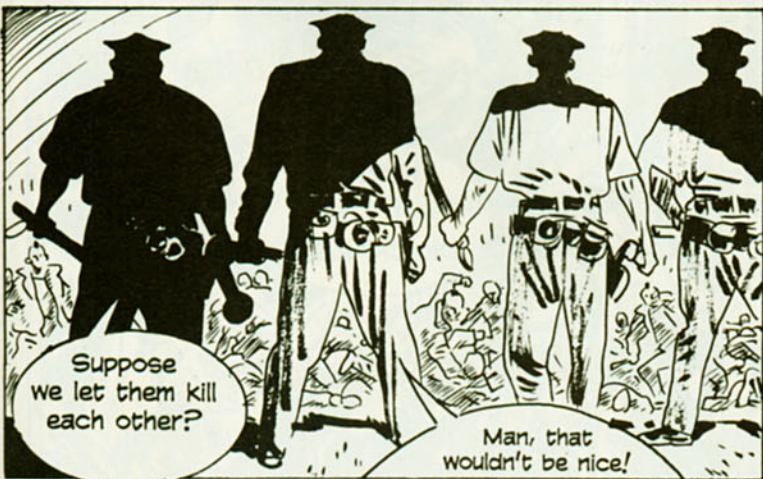
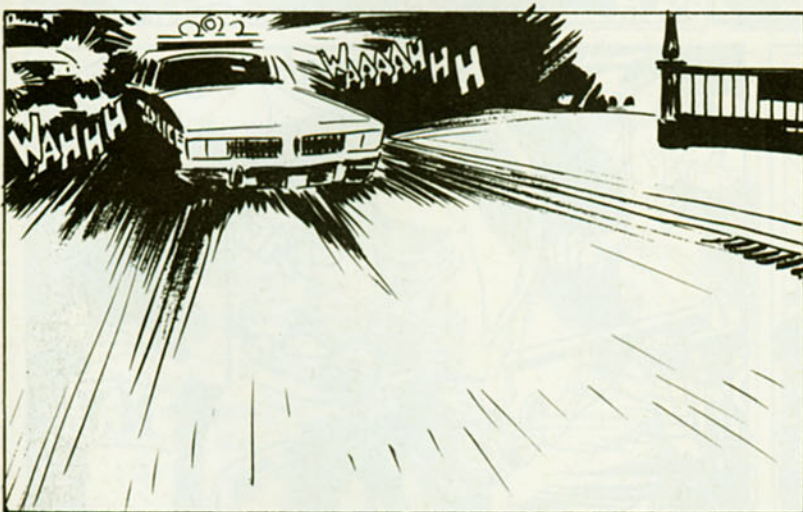
OKAY! Whatever you want!

Hi Marisa!

Hi, Silvia!
SMACK

But... you know each other?

Why shouldn't we know each other? He is my brother!... Now tell me, who is he?



Only as the last resort!



O.K.









Park Charles The Reunion



It was a rainy afternoon. I didn't have to meet anyone at the bar near Eye-of-the-Needle Park. I don't know what made me go to that maze-like neighborhood. I was trying to think when...



Aitana...



Miss Aitana!



Ah! It's you! What do you want?

I believe you owe me an explanation. I've tried to come see you but no one ever answered at your apartment. I thought you had finally left Europe...



I don't understand what I have to explain to you. It's you who owe me some explanations. You should never have opened that window!



You know very well that if I didn't disobey, you wouldn't be here talking to me!

I don't know what you are talking about! Excuse me, I'm late...



Aitana!...



... I've got to know! Please!



Fine! Come with me. I'll see what I can do for your... curiosity...



I'm going to a party at some friends' house. Hurry up, I don't want to be late...

We're going by foot?

Yes, it's in the neighborhood.

I don't know how far we've walked, nor how many detours we made, but within a few minutes I was completely disoriented.

Aitana didn't say anything and when we were finally before the old house, I began to regret coming with her...



Night fell and the drizzle turned into showers.

I forgot to tell you, it's a masquerade ball.

But I'm dressed like...

That's unimportant. You are disguised as an ordinary man... it works.

Enter...

You'll have to explain...

Shh. There will be time later. Now, let's have some fun.

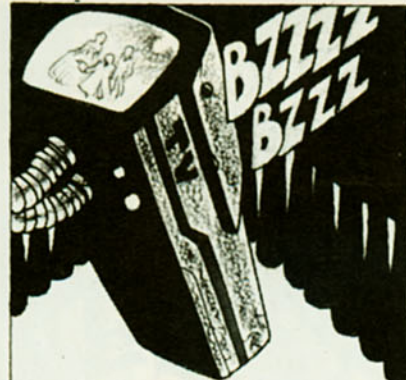
Ah! My dear Altana! Finally, you've come to one of my parties! And to what do I owe the honor?

Always the same, Giacomo! Chivalrous and charming!

How do you expect me to act when before such a beauty?

Don't try so hard! You shouldn't expect anything of me. You are so frivolous and libidinous as well as charming. You're not my type, Giacomo!

Frivolous? Libidinous? Those aren't my faults! They are typical masculine qualities! What are you accusing me of? Of being a man?



In any case, you're not the man of my dreams...



That's not a problem, my dear... The men that you love only exist in your dreams...



Listen! Those are the fireworks! The parade is going to begin!



Everyone on the terrace!
The parade is beginning!

The terrace?



Come on! The show will be magnificent!

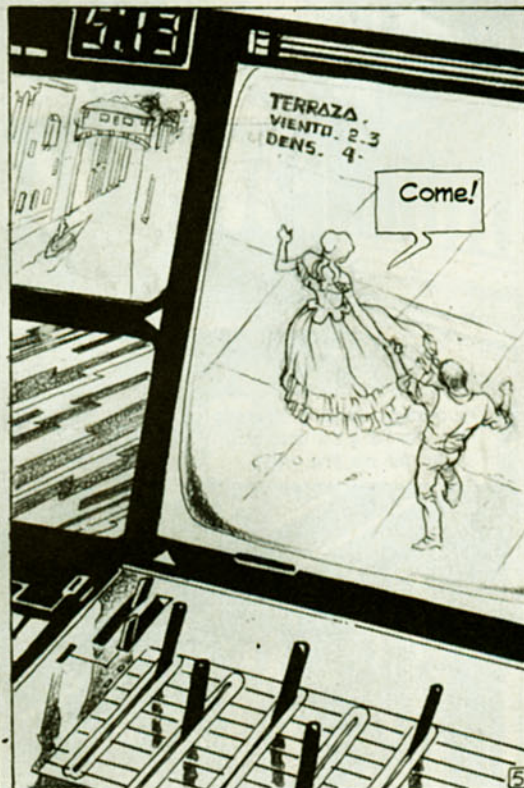
The parade doesn't interest me. I'm here so that you can tell me the truth.

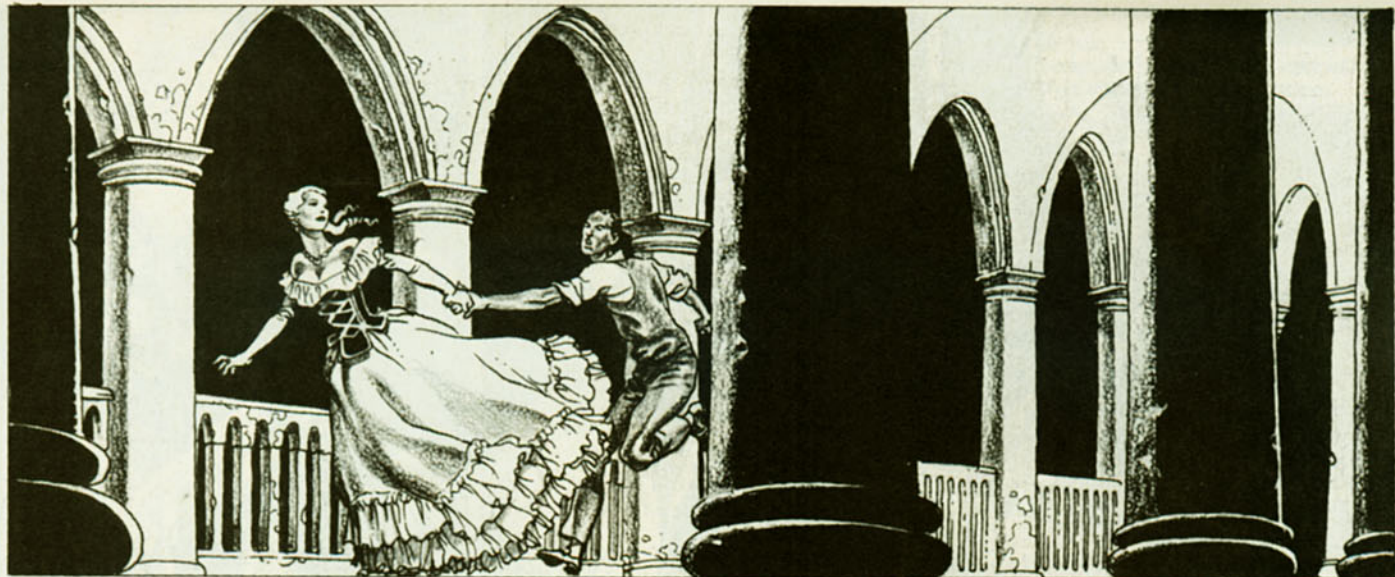


You're not going to spoil my evening!



Hurry up... or we'll miss the first gondola!





Fine. We're alone here. What do you desire to know?

Everything! The story behind the window in your apartment. Where is the secret subway station? Who attacks the children in the plaza? The story of the vampire car? How the terrace of a building opens up onto a Venetian canal from the 17th century?



All knowledge has its price..
caress my breasts...

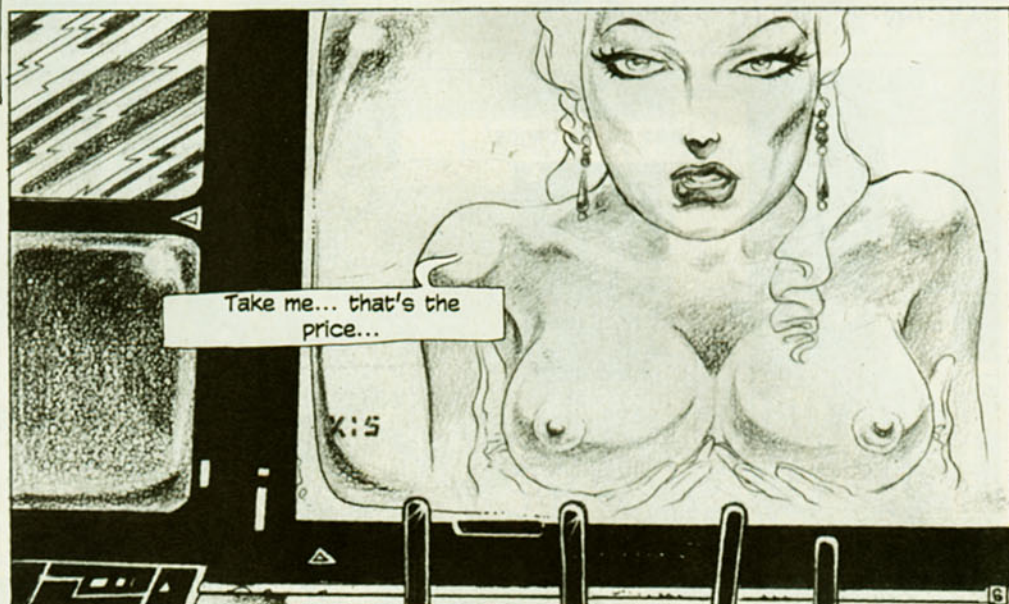
I...



Touch my
breasts...



Take me... that's the
price...

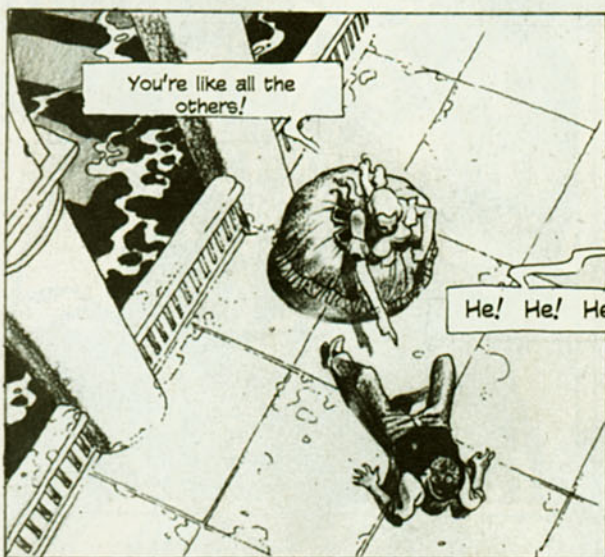




Decide... the truth or me... an explanation or my body...



Get away!



You're like all the others!

He! He! He!

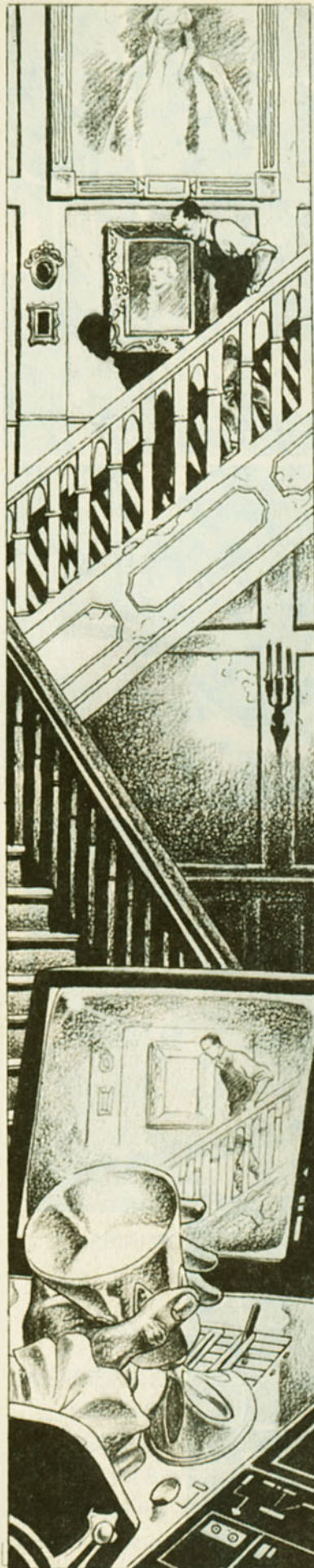


I told you! Men are all the same! There always arrives a time when our brilliant intelligence becomes something perfectly testicular!



Lead me to dance!





Why do you look so sad?

Aitana... this time everything is over... definitely...

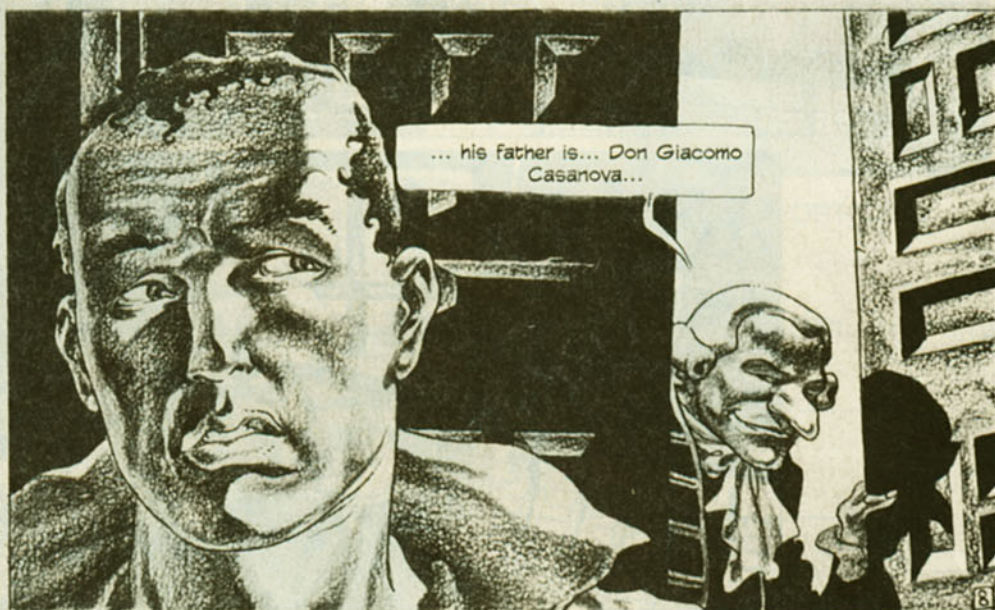
In the human measure of time, only death is definite. Why say it's "over" when she only said she was going to dance, not going to bed...

It's the same thing... She left with him...

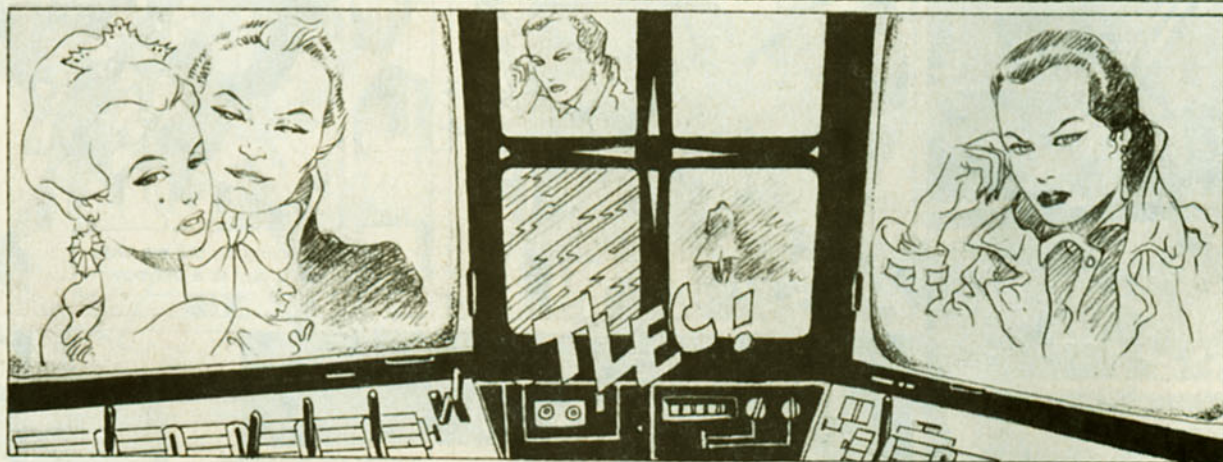


If it's only that... there are not many who can resist our host, and I can assure you that Miss Aitana is like a thorn in his throat...

Are you trying to tell me that effeminate guy is a playboy?



... his father is... Don Giacomo Casanova...



Pee Pee

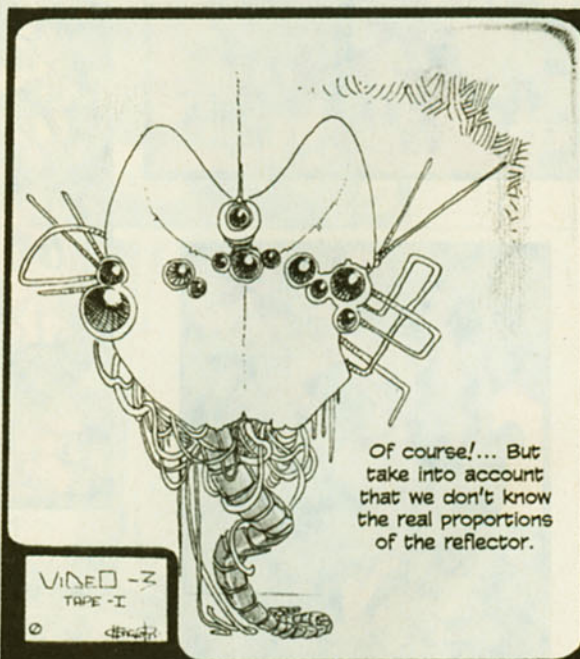
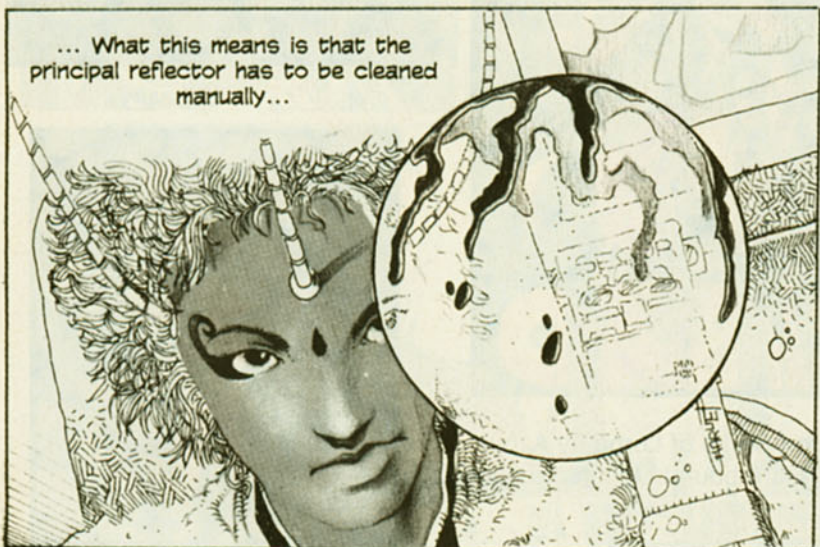
FREZZATO M.

Steen, do you read me?... I haven't been able to establish the real proportions of the planet on which our ancestors left the reflector years ago... but I'll do some tests to determine if the glitches in the secondary reflector are caused by technical factors...



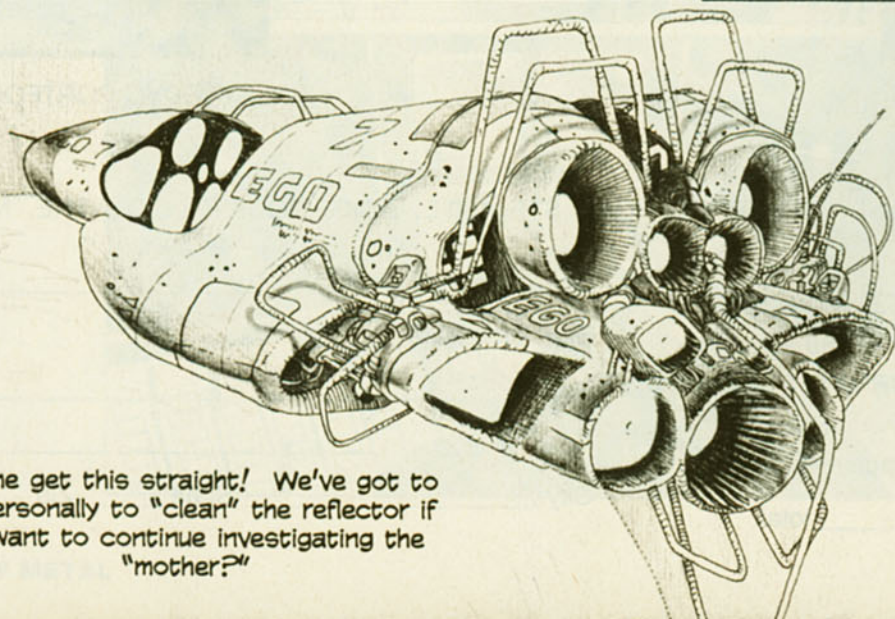
... The tests have established that the glitches are due to deterioration in the secondary reflector, unless something is in contact with its "mother", the principal reflector...

... What this means is that the principal reflector has to be cleaned manually...



Of course!... But take into account that we don't know the real proportions of the reflector.

VIDEO - Z
TAPE - I

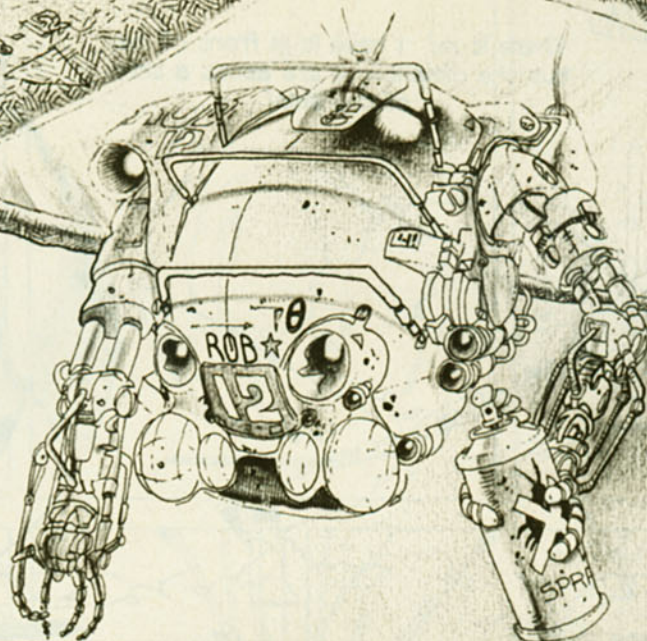


Exactly, Steen... There's no other solution... At least you won't have to go in person to send us the data collected on the "mother"... remaining there for months and months!

Let me get this straight! We've got to go personally to "clean" the reflector if we want to continue investigating the "mother?"

Stop talking! While we've been discussing this I got into the cabin of the PROTOROB and booted up Computer 12... we're going down to "mother!"

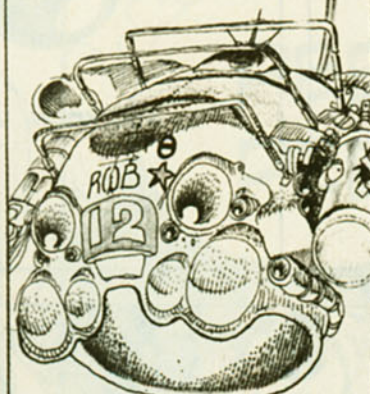
OK, Steen!
Good luck!



Yasuo Motomura BS

Thanks!... Ah! I should tell you that I took along a can of disinfectant... In case I discover the glitches on the reflector are due to some strange colony of special insects...

The force of gravity is enormous! Activate circuit Anti-G...

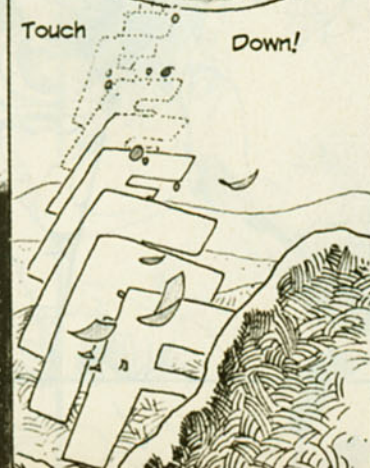


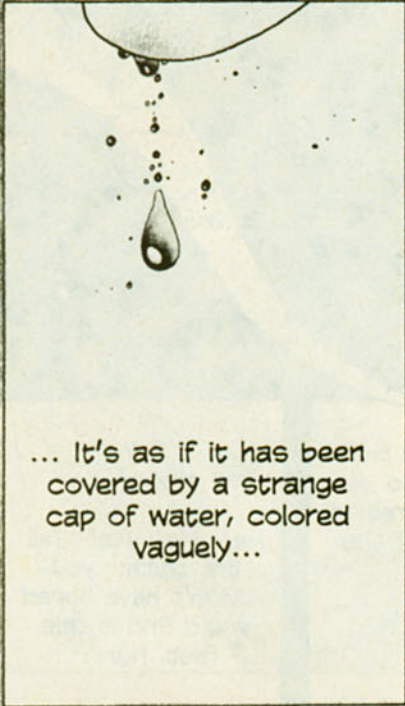
Touch Down!

I've activated the detector to establish the precise coordinates of the reflector.


... It's very close!

He! He! He! Tell the truth: you couldn't have hoped you'd find it this fast, right?

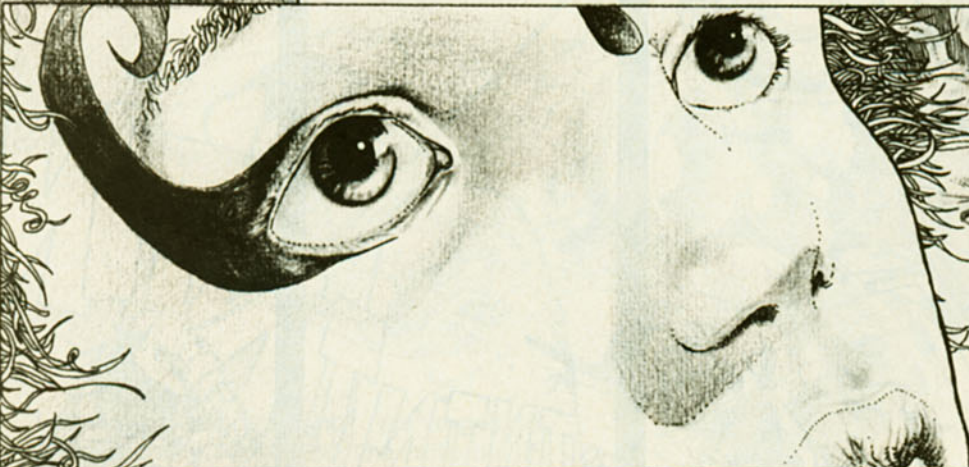




... You know, urine?



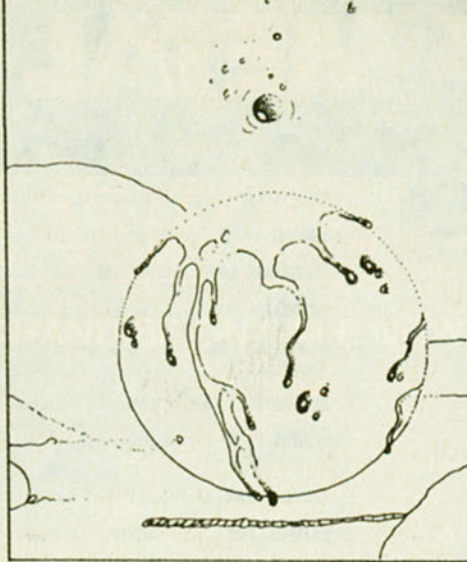
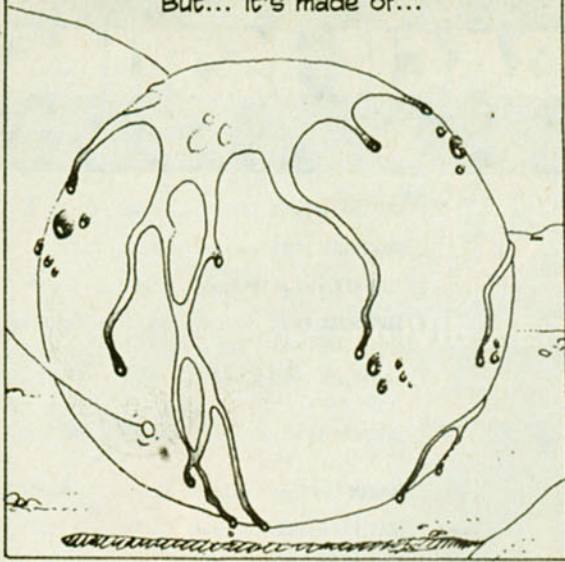
... Yes!!!



... There, now the computer has analyzed the liquid and calculated the data.

YF5220095

But... it's made of...



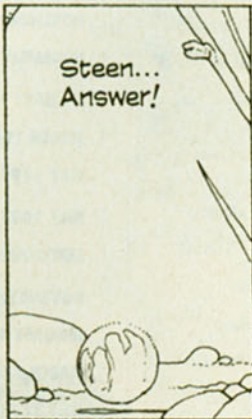
Yes? What's it made of?...



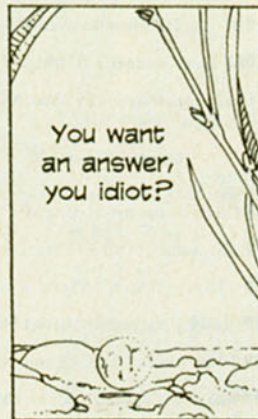
Steen, do you read me?



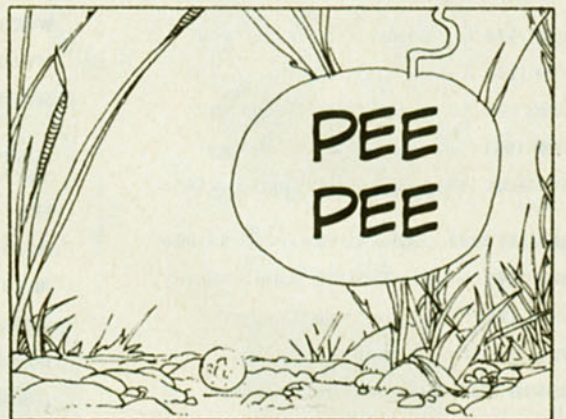
Steen... Answer!



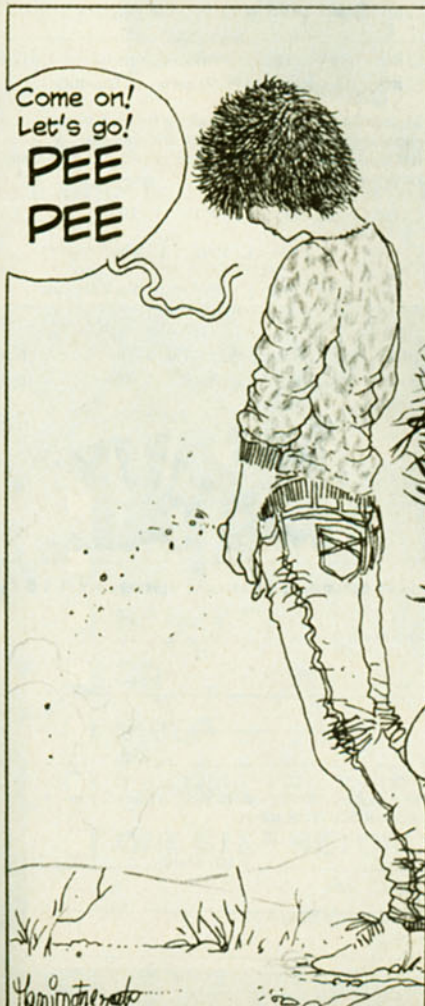
You want an answer, you idiot?



PEE
PEE



Come on!
Let's go!
PEE
PEE

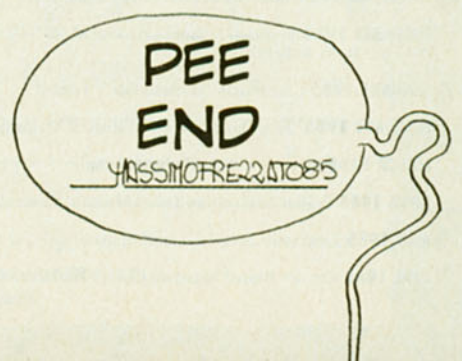


PEE
PEE



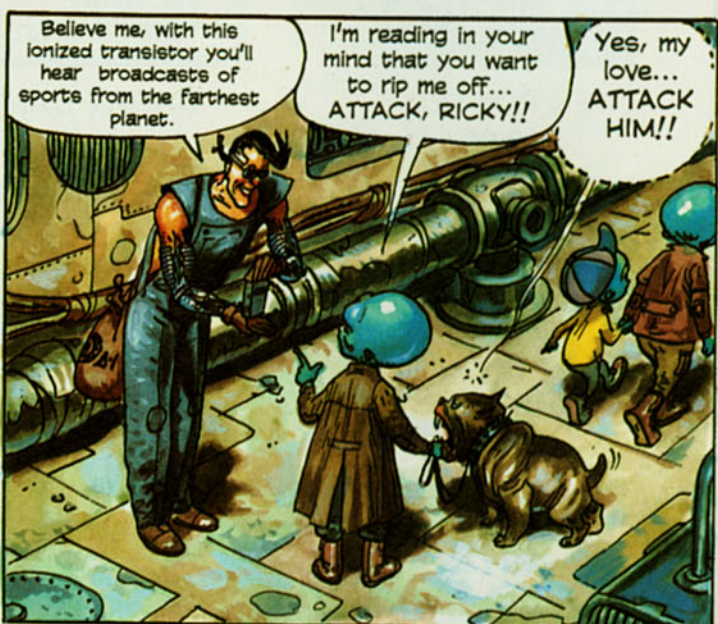
PEE
END

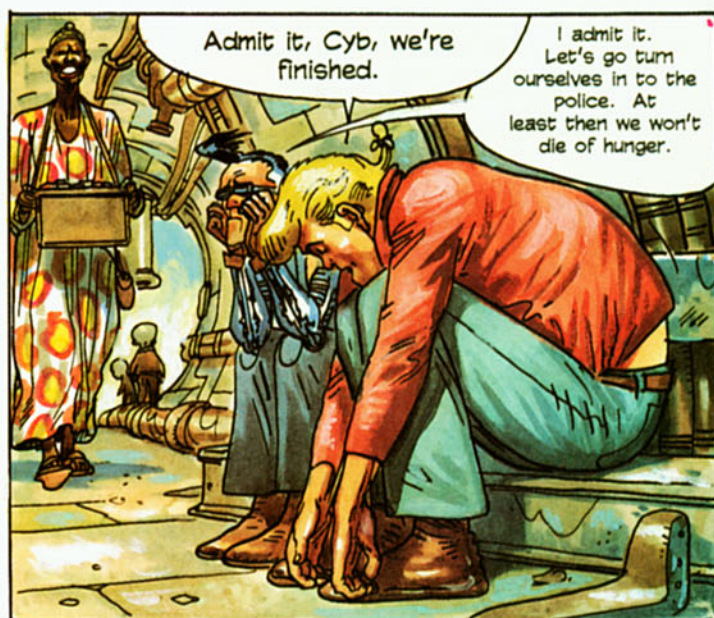
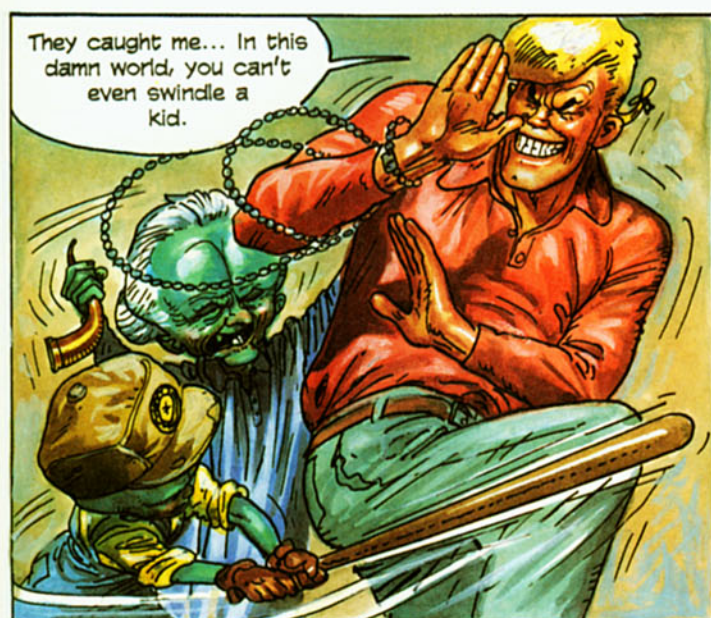
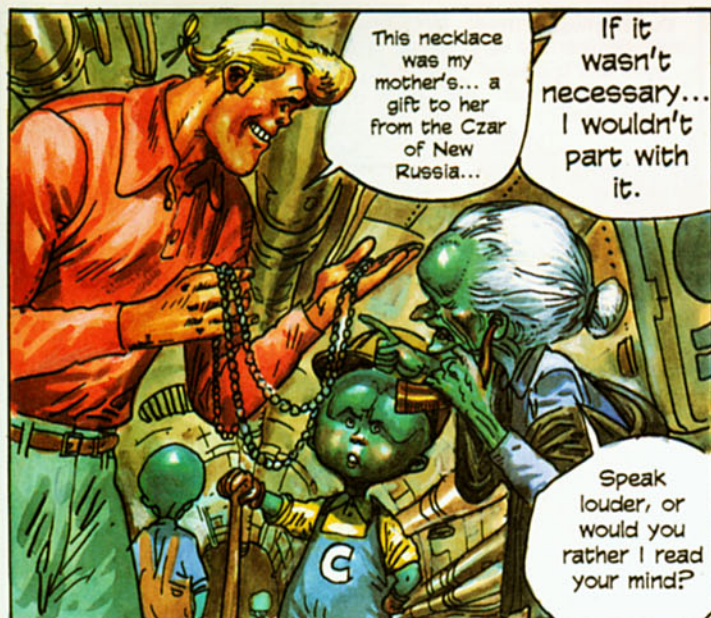
YASSIMOTRE221085

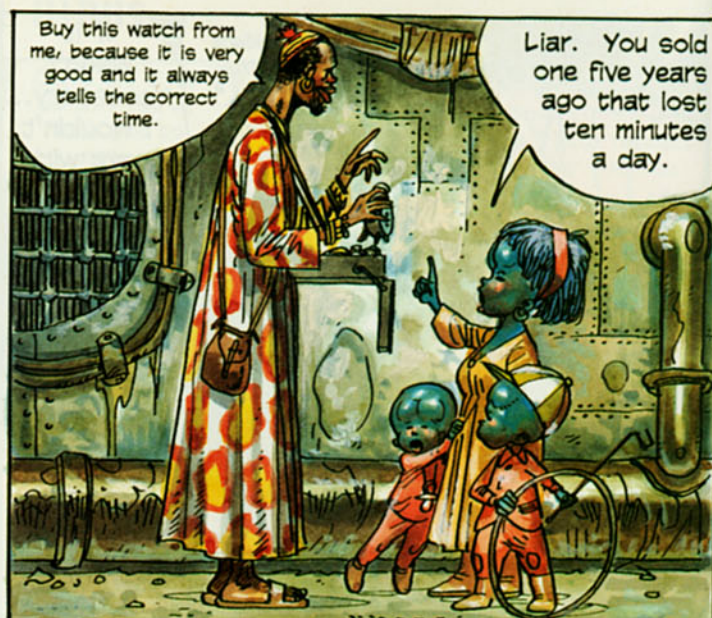


Yamamoto

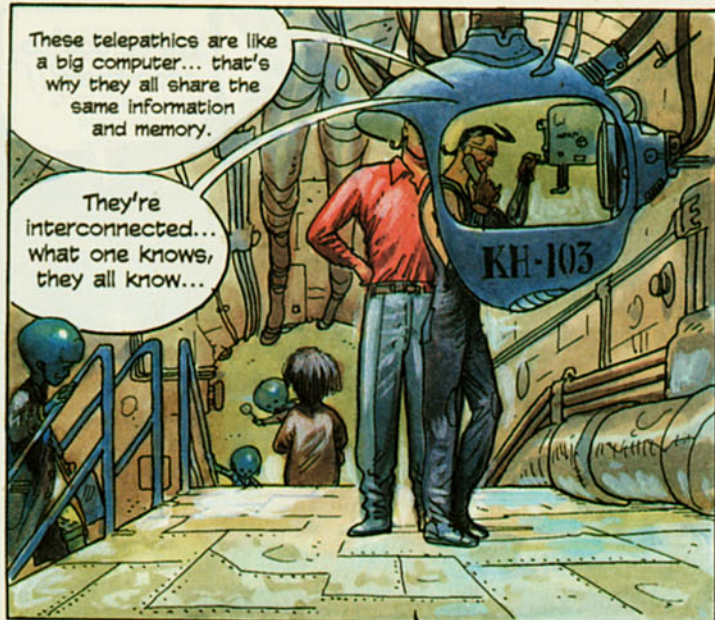
BURTON & CYB- THE MENTAL MUSICAL VIRUS





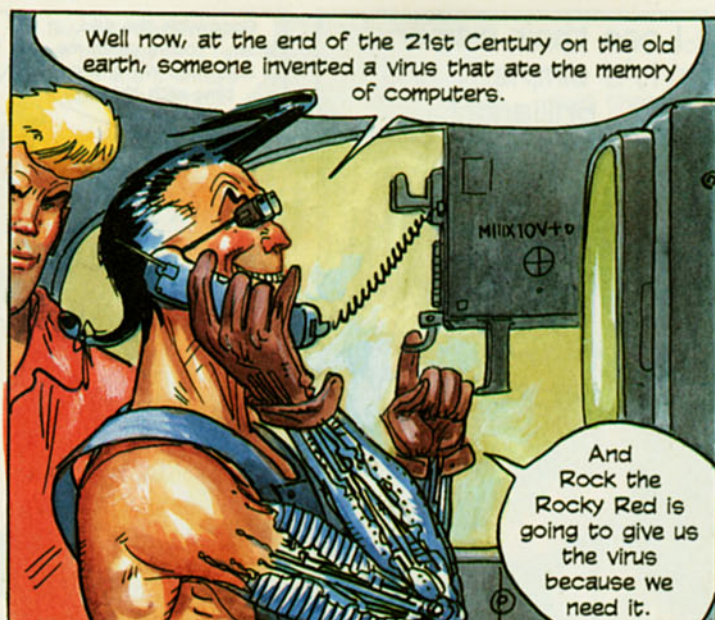






These telepathics are like a big computer... that's why they all share the same information and memory.

They're interconnected... what one knows, they all know...



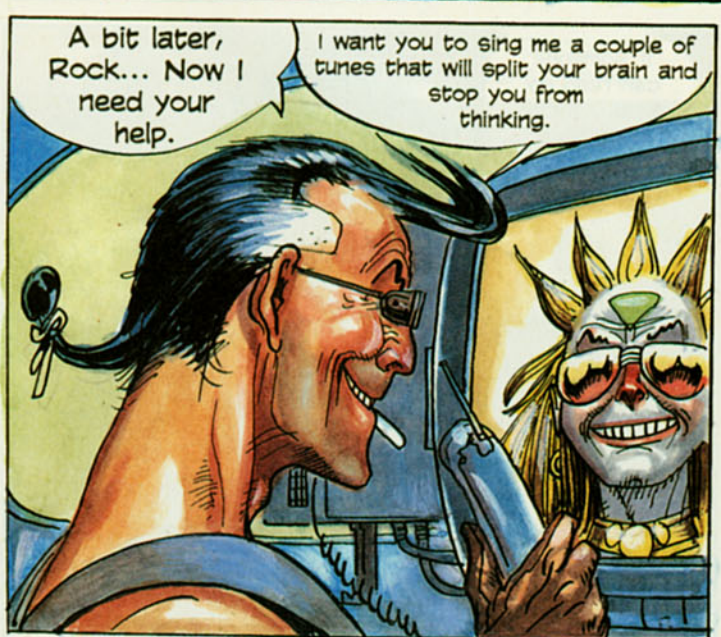
Well now, at the end of the 21st Century on the old earth, someone invented a virus that ate the memory of computers.

And Rock the Rocky Red is going to give us the virus because we need it.



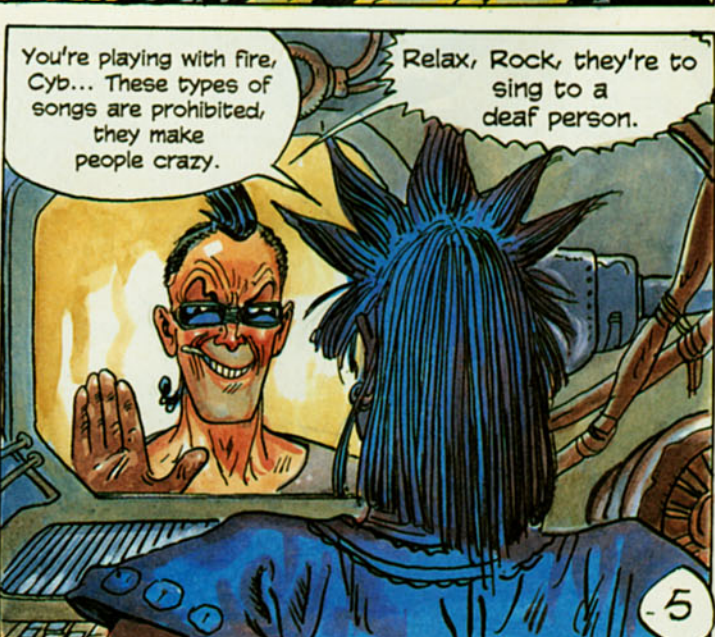
I'm happy to see you, you chunk of walking junk... I hope to see you at my next concert...

If you make it, I'll stop by to give you a trumpet solo... what do you say?



A bit later, Rock... Now I need your help.

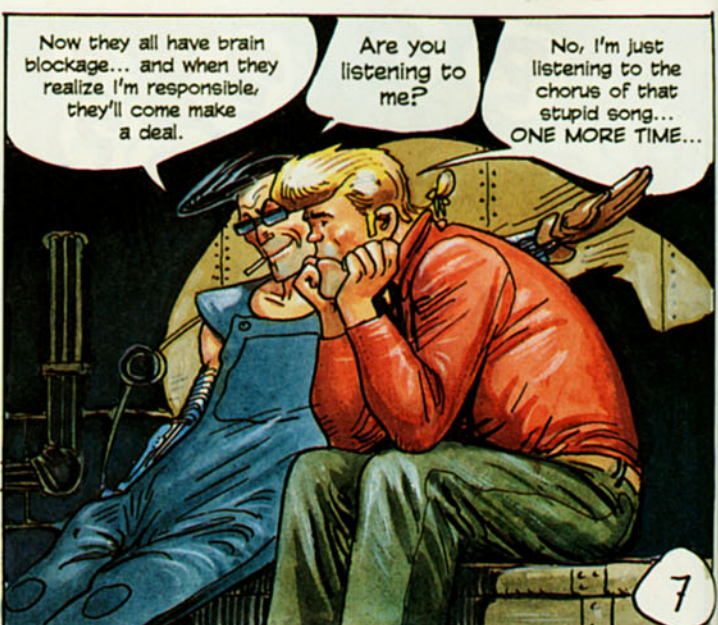
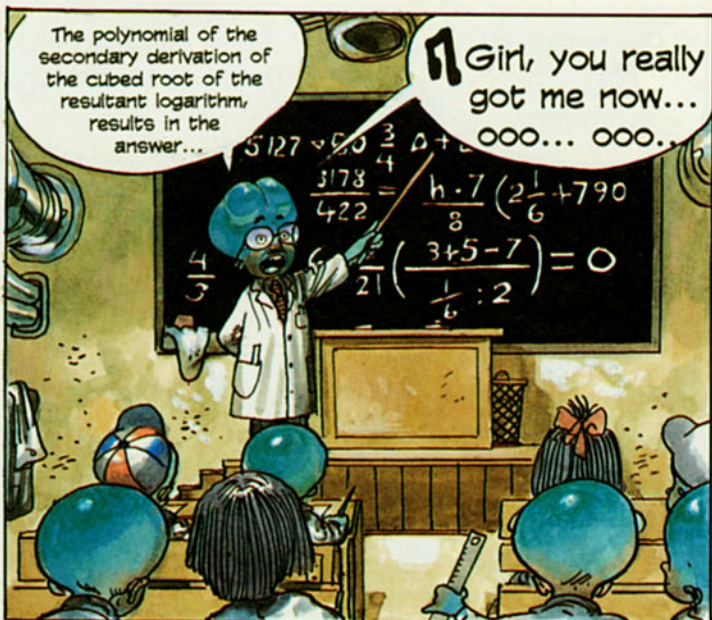
I want you to sing me a couple of tunes that will split your brain and stop you from thinking.



You're playing with fire, Cyb... These types of songs are prohibited, they make people crazy.

Relax, Rock, they're to sing to a deaf person.





It was clear they wanted to see us disintegrated, but this was something I couldn't permit.

Prepare your weapons and remember: I want them dead.

And stop mentally singing that damn song!



But if I sing another one that I know... it will remain in your memory until...

... you die. And if you don't believe me, I dare you to read my mind.



Before you have us disintegrated, I want to clarify a couple of points...

The song that is eating at you will erase your brains in just less than a month.



Don't do it, Lieutenant... If you do it, I'll kill myself right here...

And I've had enough of... Girl, you really got me... ooo...



I believe you, Mister... What are your conditions? We will accept them...

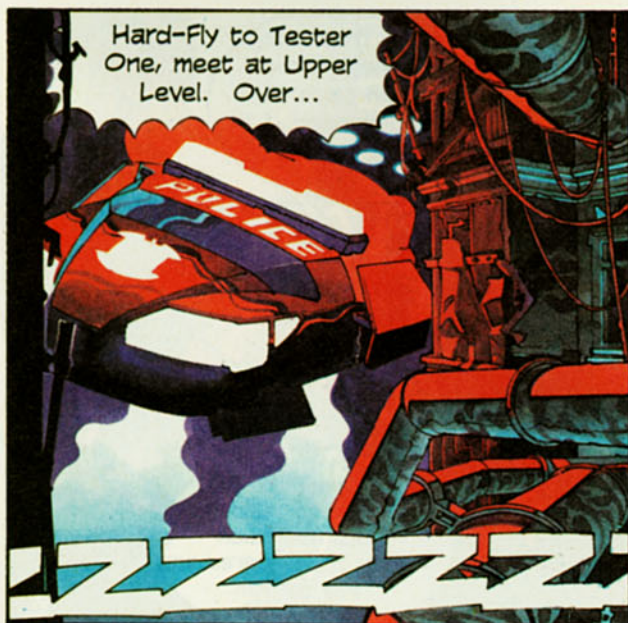
... in advance, but please don't sing!!!



The telepathics paid us one hundred thousand intergalactic credits, and something more precious: a document certifying that we had swindled those that claimed they could not be swindled.



FIN
8











This is the second collection point, the next junction should be it.



You're late... that's a bad start!



I don't know what your orders are, but if you play any games this G11 will knock your heads off!



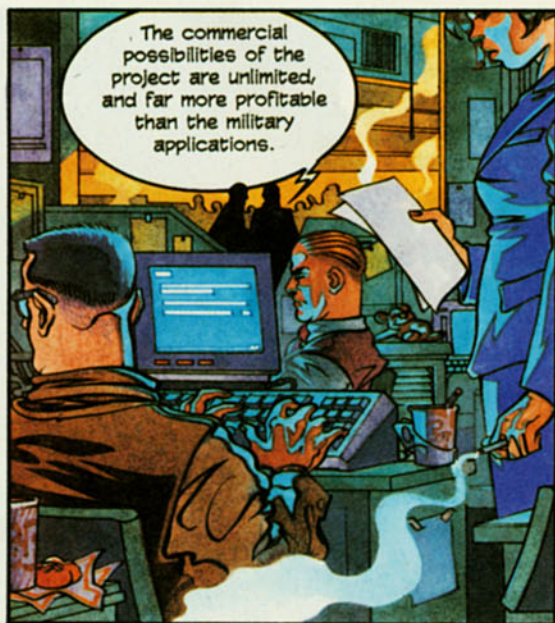
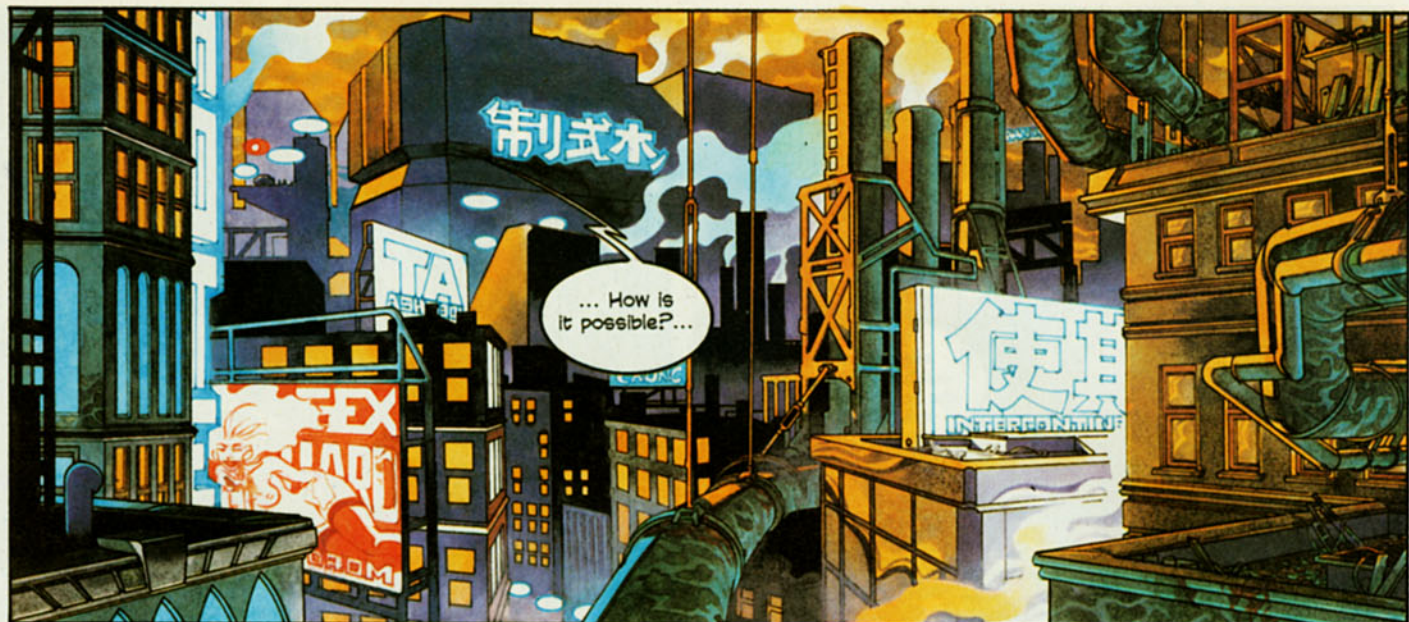
Here is the money, monkey-face! Anyway, you and your friend over there will never get to spend it!



Let's move! I don't want to stay here all night!



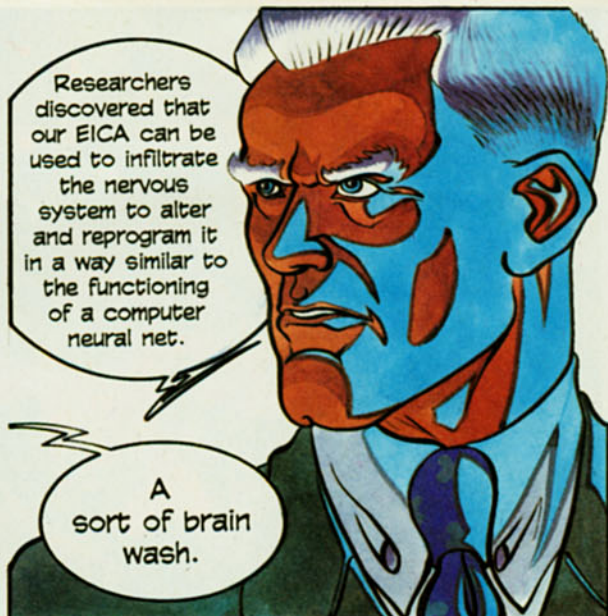
We did it, J.T. would never have thought he was worth that much.





There still remains the problem of the public order in the suburbs.

We are performing some tests with a German multinational that will supply its labs in absence of gravity.



Researchers discovered that our EICA can be used to infiltrate the nervous system to alter and reprogram it in a way similar to the functioning of a computer neural net.

A sort of brain wash.



Let's say that it's an amplification of the physical and mental capabilities that are indispensable in making our men work in the Limbo.

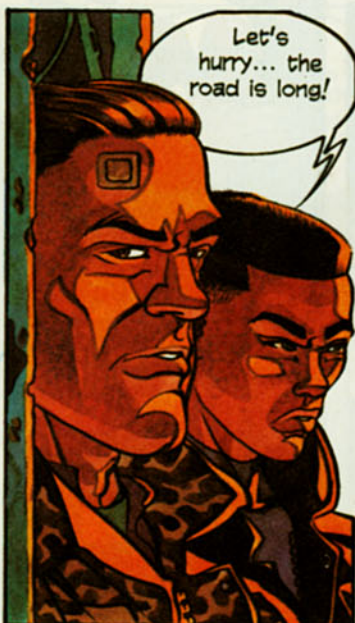
The political support that I gave you so far seems minimal in comparison.



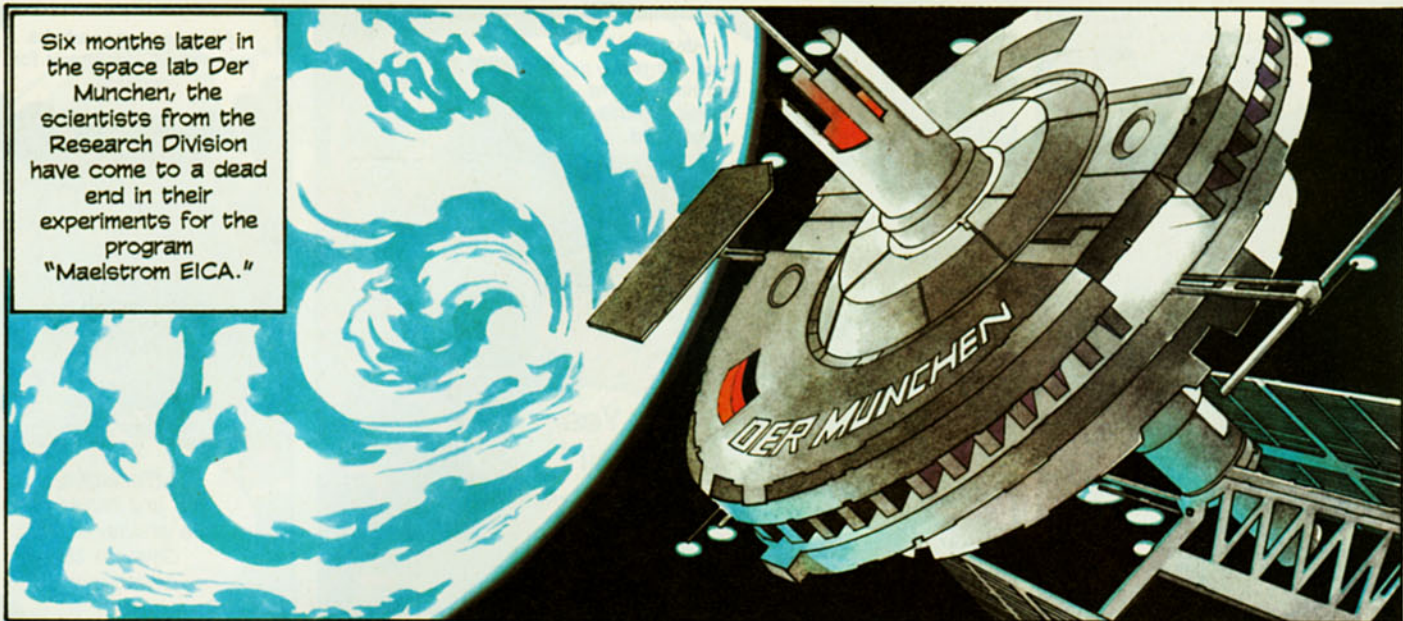
Also, the Research Division benefits from it. We reserve all the rights to the exploitation of the program.



It seems reasonable to me!



Six months later in the space lab Der Munchen, the scientists from the Research Division have come to a dead end in their experiments for the program "Maelstrom EICA."



It's useless to go forward, it doesn't react to the beams of conductive light.



We will implant the generator directly into the cortex to avoid the energy dispersion and reduce the stimulus causing the secretion of that strange hormone.

The microgenerators will arrive with the next shuttle.



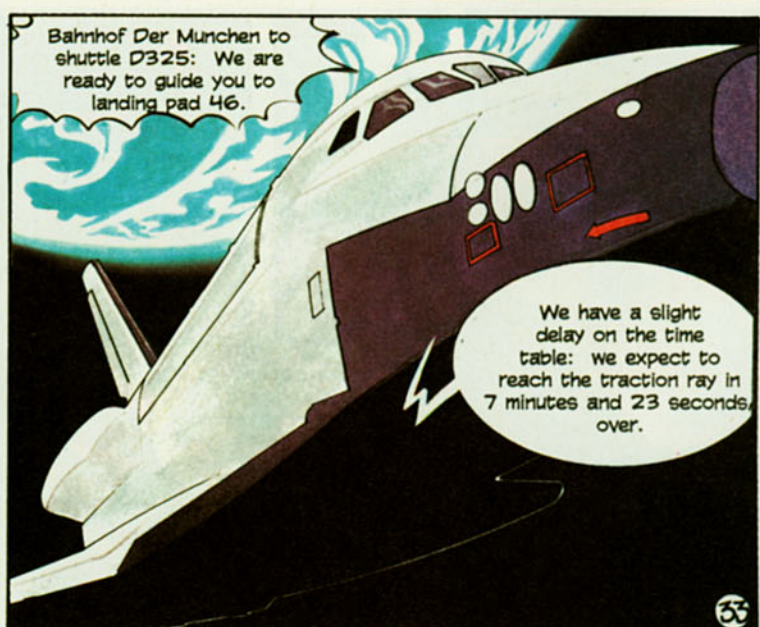
Let's hope that the excess of Nordrenalina won't ruin this attempt.

We'll find out soon.



The shuttle is scheduled to arrive in one hour and twelve minutes.

Come on, over there! Let's check the discharge sections one more time.

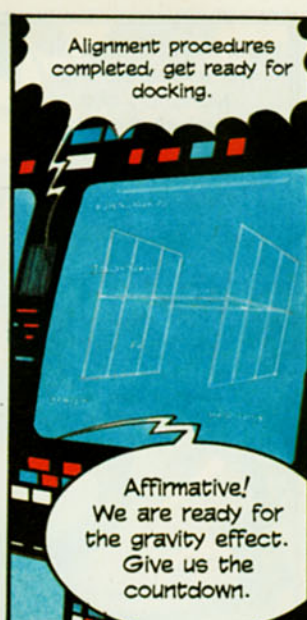


Bahnhof Der Munchen to shuttle D325: We are ready to guide you to landing pad 46.

We have a slight delay on the time table: we expect to reach the traction ray in 7 minutes and 23 seconds over.



Yes,
sir!

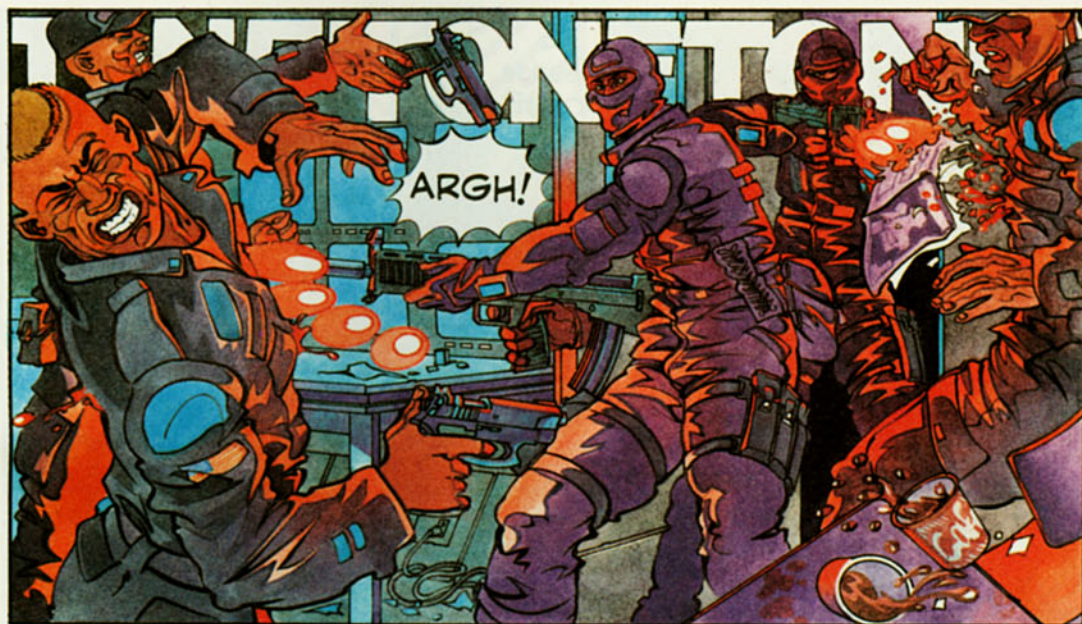


Affirmative!
We are ready for
the gravity effect.
Give us the
countdown.



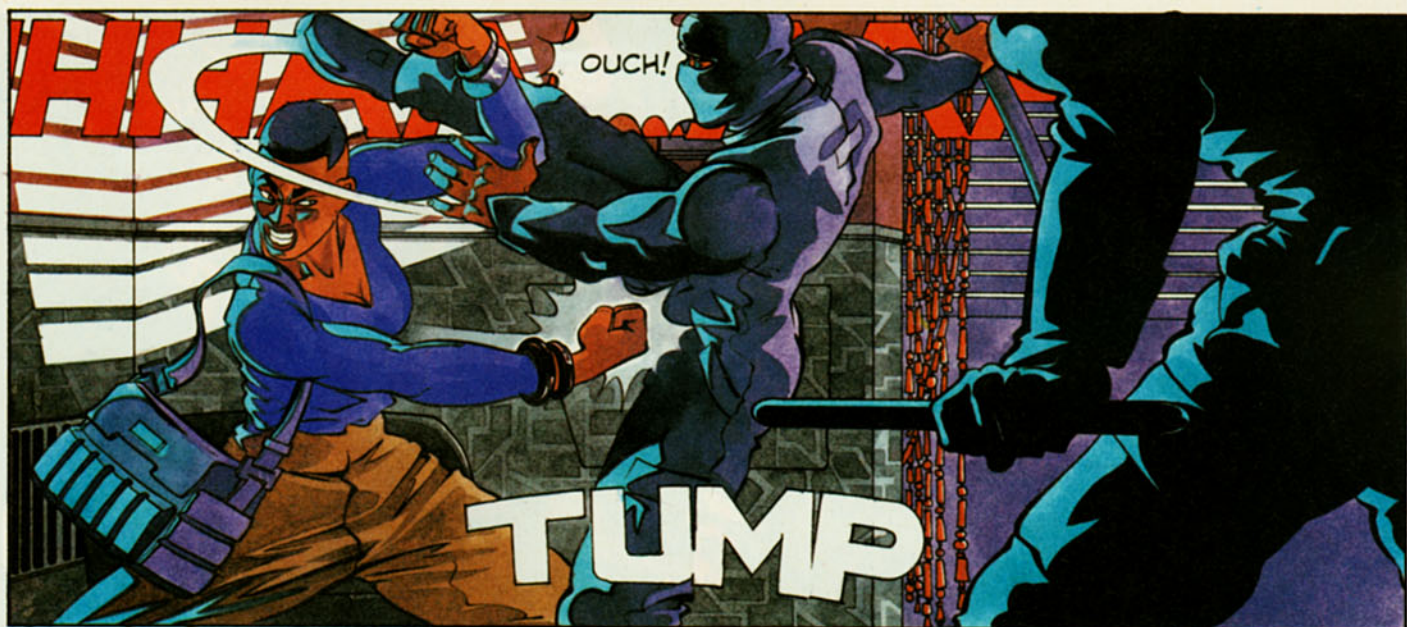
Permission
granted. Welcome
to station
Per Munchen.

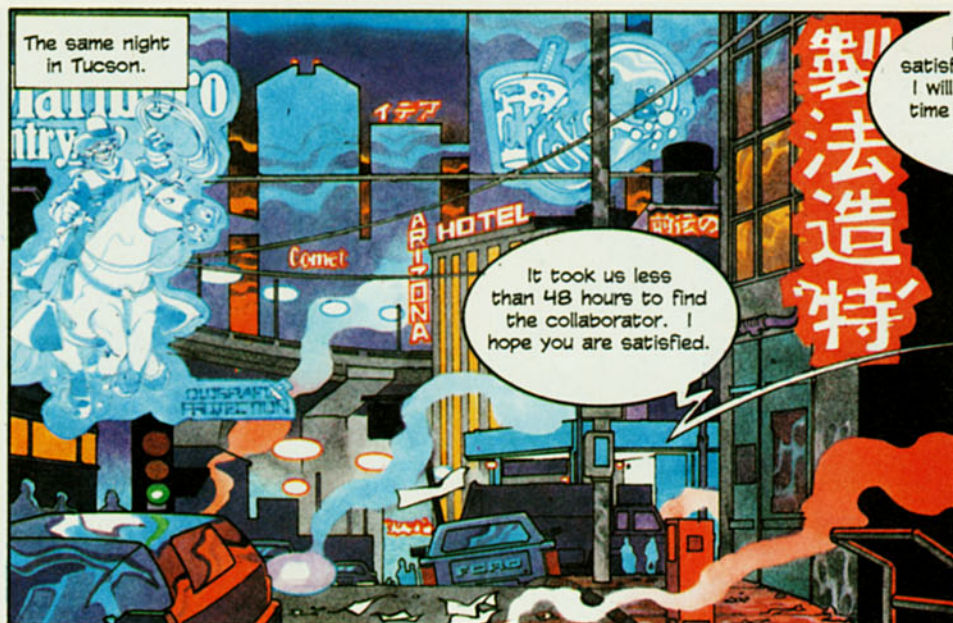




Tijuana, forty days later. Only the tourists can stand the heat of the streets in the early afternoon.

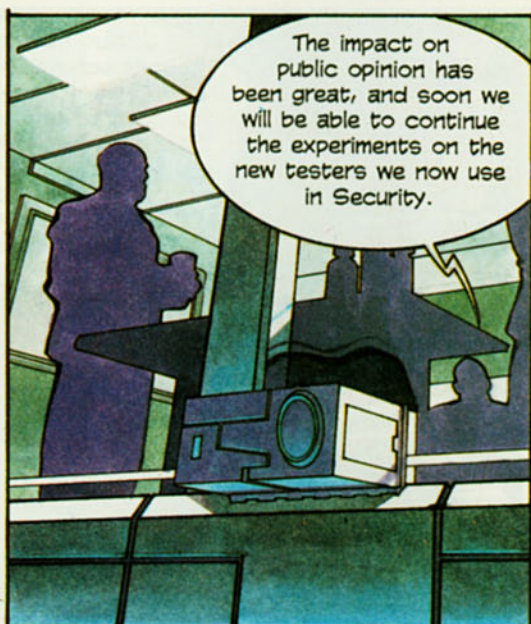






More than satisfied Mr. Osuko. I will also have the time to balance my accounts.







Ten days later heading towards Detroit.



And so after ten months the Subaru Enterprise wants us to finish the work.

Not exactly, it's a question of forcing the control circuits. It seems they are the only ones capable of dealing with the EICA. That's because the hormone my suprarenal capsules produce...



...The labs have not been able to synthesize it on time to distribute it. I don't like this and I constantly need someone to count on!

And you screwed me!



Listen, monkey, nobody screws me more than once, for all I know you could be on their side. Anything you might do against me will only cause you epileptic attacks. I could have done something worse to you!



So, I should thank you!

Quiet, we are at the entrance!



We must check your entrance visas, please!



Here, sergeant... what terrible weather!

A hell of a day. Sir, your passes are in order. You may go!



Where will we work?

In the second compartment of the first sector. There is an apartment with the equipment already installed...



Welcome,
Mr.
Turner.

The gift package,
beside the assault
terminal with
incorporated
interactor,
includes 3 men
whose
assignments can
range, according
to your needs,
from bodyguards
to jailers.



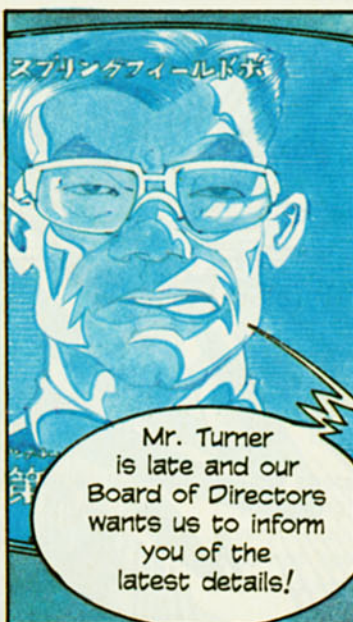
Finally!
Mr. Osuko has
already called
twice.

He can go to
hell! Where is the
installation? I
want to
see it!



Great!
They didn't spare
expenses, it's not
even like that big
chain we used in
Kyoto!

BIP



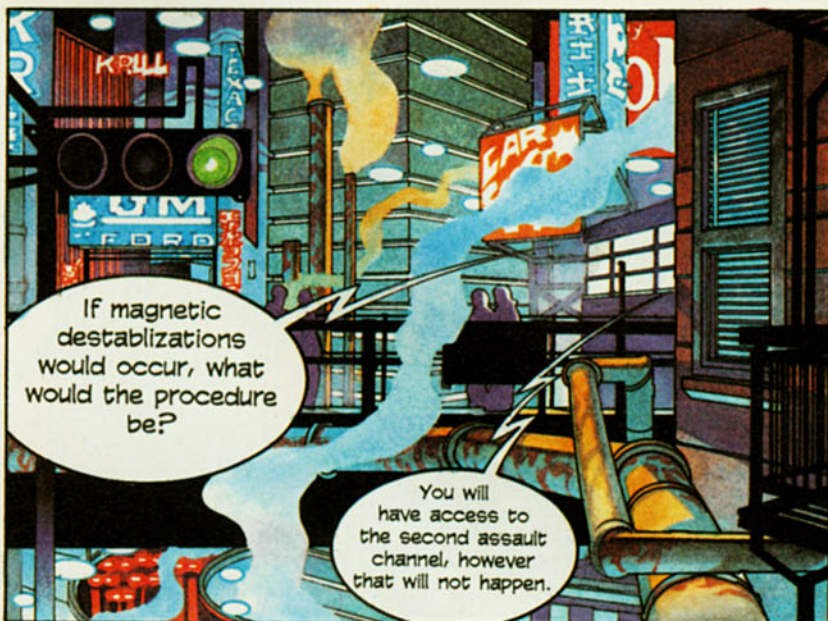
スプリングフィールドボ

Mr. Turner
is late and our
Board of Directors
wants us to inform
you of the
latest details!



I am all
ears!

You will have
to make contact at
7:00 am and keep in
contact for the time necessary
to raise the 40% of the votes,
about 2 hours and 23 minutes.
Our program will take care
of the rest.



If magnetic
destabilizations
would occur, what
would the procedure
be?

You will
have access to
the second assault
channel, however
that will not happen.



Don't forget that
your absolute power
on the EICA is
temporary. Any
initiative that would
damage, even
indirectly the
Subaru Enterprise
will cost you plenty.

Time 7:00am in the cyberspace.

We got it, we are inside.

Keep going, by now you are in contact with the EICA!

There he is, now we'll see what he can do.

EICA is operative, be careful!

Fuck!

Access to the circuits is ours. I'll take care of the alarm signals right away.

As soon as you are finished, disable the communication system with the electromagnetic field!

Now the second assault channel should be open. Activate the reserve virus!

Eh, J.T. but what the hell do you want to do?

To finish a certain job!



After 57 minutes at the Research Division, a bomb is about to explode.



Mr. Warren, the peripheral net is dissolving! We have tried to stem the virus but at this pace it will corrode the matrix in a short time!

What a son of a bitch! You can go, I'll take care of it!

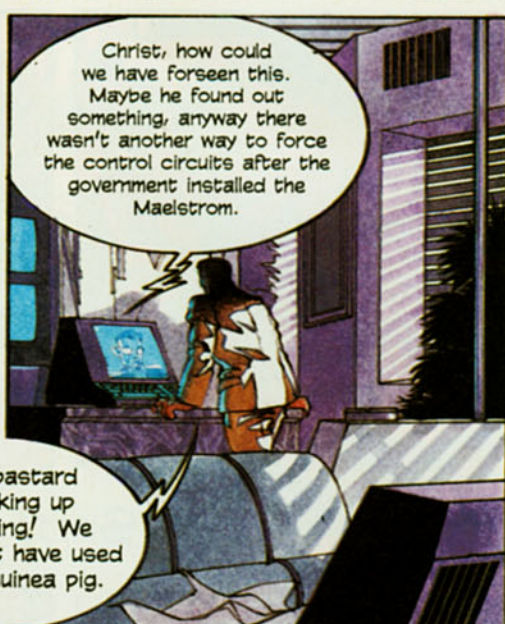


Osuko... what are they doing in the second compartment? I thought you would need our data bank not a pile of carbonized silicon!

You have gone mad, Mr. Warren, I don't know what you are talking about!



That bastard is fucking up everything! We should not have used such a guinea pig.



Christ, how could we have foreseen this. Maybe he found out something, anyway there wasn't another way to force the control circuits after the government installed the Maelstrom.

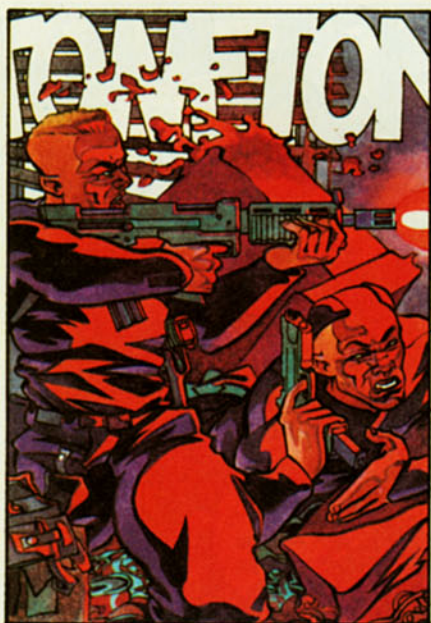


It was better to sacrifice that buffoon from Castor and to run the risk of having a Mayor from the government. We could have always paid him off...

Be quiet!... I can't connect with their apartment... they must have isolated it...



Fantastic! I hand over to you information for thousands of yens, yet in the end, if I don't want to end up with my ass on the floor, I must manage by myself. I will send a team!

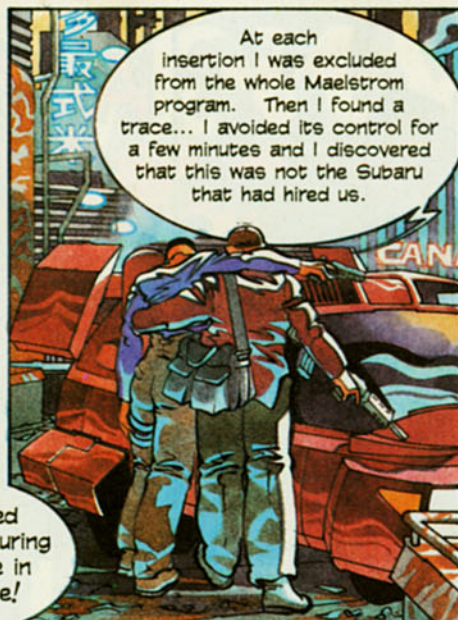






Now that we are in serious trouble, I would like to know the reason why.

It happened in Kyoto... during an exercise in cyberspace!



At each insertion I was excluded from the whole Maelstrom program. Then I found a trace... I avoided its control for a few minutes and I discovered that this was not the Subaru that had hired us.

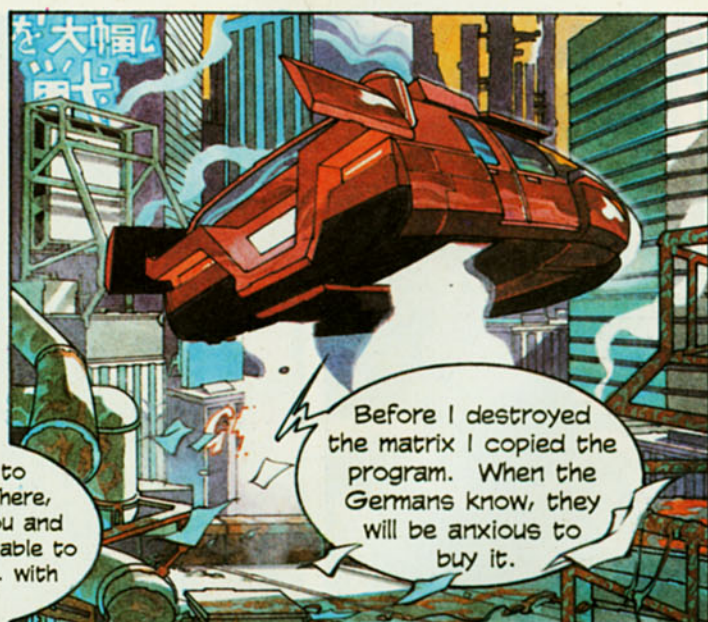


The Mogadiscio company is really a waste terminal from the Warren Corp. Those bastards used me to test their EICA... like a guinea pig!!



OK baby, you had your revenge, but now the RDS and the Japanese will hunt us. We have no money and I'm exhausted.

We will go to Honduras. There, they will fix you and then we will be able to make money... with this!!!



Before I destroyed the matrix I copied the program. When the Germans know, they will be anxious to buy it.



Later

As you see, Mr. Ozuko, everything is really fucked up!



Also, Warren got burned and Castor won't be reelected. Now the Department of the Internal Affairs will be after you and their work will be much more difficult.



THE END