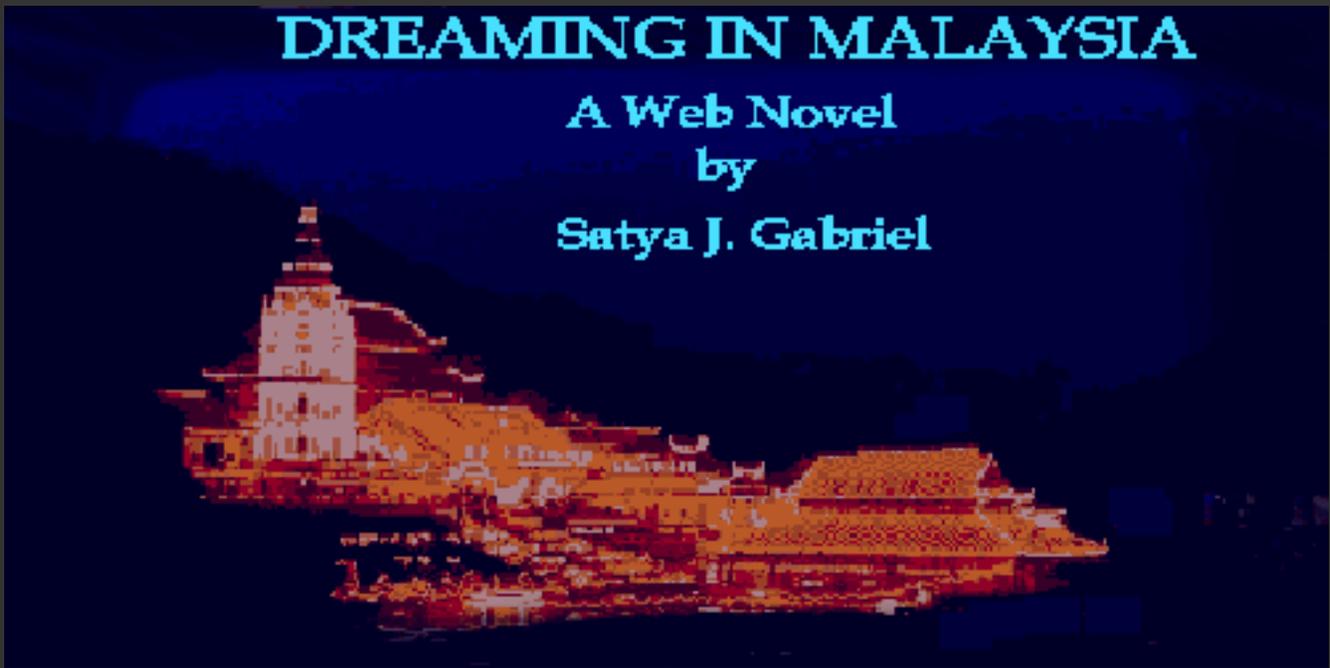


# DREAMING IN MALAYSIA

A Web Novel

by

Satya J. Gabriel



RTQNQI WG'K

Vj g'humid air barely moved, providing no relief from the K.L. heat, leaving Mica Brant sticky with perspiration, wilting, wishing she was on the Oregon coast, or even in Spokane, where she grew up, cpywhere but here, anywhere but Malaysia in the summer of 1997. 'So you wanted to see the world,' she told herself as she made her way to the hotel entrance, 'but you forgot to take climate into account.' The massive structure of the Hotel Equatorial only added to the sense of being smothered. 'Well, at least it will be cool inside. Thank God for air conditioning.' Mica also realized that the moment she stepped through the glass doors, the perspiration soaking her white blouse was going to turn to ice. The moment she thought this, her priorities changed: nothing was more vital than a warm bath. This thought made her smile. She was still smiling after entering the lobby and did not notice that she was being followed. 'The man in the blue shirt moved casually, watched her through the plate glass, spokg into a cell phone, then went through the revolving doors. Although she had not noticed the man in the blue shirt, it didn't matter. Mica assumed she was being watched, all the time. She had a healthy level of paranoia, given her vocation, and consequently she surprised her pursuer by taking the stairs instead of the elevator. The man in the blue shirt realized immediately that if he followed her into the stairwell he would be heard immediately. He got back on his cell phone. And, while he was busy explaining, she was running up eight flights of stairs to her floor. Since this was customary, she was in very good physical condition, and had little need for gyms. It had left many a pursuer frustrated. It also made the bath all the more enjoyable. And later that evening, when she met her newly acquired asset in a small out of the way restaurant in a section of K.L. not frequented by foreigners, she would do so both thoroughly refreshed and just as stealthily, because it would have been difficult for the man in the blue shirt or his compatriots to recognize the veiled figure accompanied by "her husband" (or, more accurately, a man who had been hired to play her husband for this one night) who left the hotel in a

more conventional fashion, having emerged from the elevator and met at the door by a suitably attired and deferential driver. The man in the blue shirt hardly noticed and did not even pick up his cell phone. Mica, on the other hand, did pick up her cell phone after the meeting. She spoke to Bernie Stifel via an encrypted line. "Dgtplg"Ukhgnj cf 'i clpgr 'j ku'qy p'plej g'y kj kp'vj g"C.I.A0J g'y cu'c"uqtv'qh'rtf y kj kp'vj g'hgw c'n'kng'j kgtctej { "qh'vj g'Ci gpe{ . "dctgn{ "cpuy gtdrg"vq'vj g"qhhkcn'qxtmrtf u'cpf "pqv'gxgp qr gtcv'pi "qw'qh'Ncpi rg{ . "cu'y cu'vj g'ewwqo 0Vj g'ngi gpf 'j cf 'kv'vj cv'Dgtplg'j cf 'j ku'qy p'kp'vgni gpeg pgwy qtn'cpf 'j cf 'i cyj g'gf 'kp'vni'qp'ng{ 'i qxgtpo gpv'qhhkcnu."o cn'pi 'j ko "kpxwpgtdrg0Dw'vj ku'y cu'lwuv ngi gpf . "pqv'j ctf "hcev."cpf "pq'qpg'uckf "kv'kp'o kzgf "eqo r cp{ 00 kcc'f kf "pqv'ectg."qpg'y c{ "qt'vj g"qvj gt0Uj g mqngf 'wr 'vq'Dgtplg0J g'y cu'j gt"o gpvt0Cpf 'j g'uggo gf "vq'twuv'j gt."cv'ngcu'cu"o wej "cu'Dgtplg'twuvf cp{dqf {0It therefore did not surprise Bernie to hear that Mica had successfully recruited a top member of vj g'ruling party of Malaysia to cooperate with the Agency, including providing critical humint on top party and government officials and the relationships some of these officials had forged with Islamist groups outside of Malaysia, particularly in the Persian Gulf and North Africa. Malaysia was a key nexus between the rapidly rising economies of Asia and 'resource rich nations of the Middle East and North Africa.'Bernie was keen to acquire pgy "cuugw'kp'vj g'i mdcn'geqppqo ke'y ct."c"uk'gpv'y ct"vj cv'j cf "gucrcv'gf the mqo gpv'vj g"Uqxkgv'Wpkqp'eqmcr ugf "cpf "vj g'rcuv'dcttkgtu"vq'Co gtlcep'j gi go qpk'r qy gt'j cf "" become rubble and fallen statues. Bernie considered Mica Brant tq"dg"qpg'qh'j ku'vqr 'y cttkqtu0

# Prologue II

Y j gp"O qpc'y cu'v'j k vggp."kp"v'j g'o kf f ng"qh'v'j g'pki j v'j gt"uvgr o qv'j gt."K'o ggp."y qmg"j gt"cpf "o cf g"j gt y vej "cu'uj g'xkqrgpwn"vqtg"wr "v'j g'r ci gu'qh'O qpc)u'lqwtpcn0\$Vj ku'ku'i ctdci g0K'ku'pqv'hk'hqt"e"rcf {"v'q y tkq"uwej "i ctdci g0\$'Chgty ctf u'j gt"o qv'j gt"dgc'v'j gt0Vj g'r clp"qh'v'j g'dgc'v'pi "y cu'cp'k/enko c'v'e0

Qpg'r qgo "uwtxkxgf "v'j cv'pki j v'0

**Dream Forgotten**  
by Mona binte Mohamed

**the night is here the pane is black  
the dream I dreamed will not come back  
even if my head explodes  
and all the stuff comes out**

**I am awake now I am awake  
Yet why can I not make  
my dream again**

**i do not exist i do not exist  
in the suffocation of this room  
in midnight  
in no light  
i do not exist**

O qpc'y cu'pqv'v'j k vggp"cp{o qtg0"Uj g'y cmgf "v'j tqwi j "v'j g'eattkf qtu'qh'v'j g'O kpkwt {"qh'Hkpcpeg"v'q"j gt"v'kp {" qh'k'eg."y j gtg"v'j g *Windows* mi q"f cpegf "qp"j gt"eqo r wgt "uetggp0"Qv'j gt"r gqr ng"f ctv'gf "cdqwl'kp"v'j g eqttkf qt."f kucr r gctkpi "kp'v'j g'kt"qy p"ecxgu"qt"o qxkpi "hwt'v'j gt"f qy p"v'j g'wppgr0"P qkug0"Xqkegu0"Vj g"j wo qh'o cej kpgu."v'j g'ckt"eqpf k'kqkpi 0"Dw'v'j ku'y cu'tgr'v'xgn {"s wkg'v'eqo r ctgf "v'q"q'wukf g'v'j g"d'v'krf kpi 0M'w'c'c' Nwo r wt'y cu'c'p'qku {"ek'v'v'v'ggo gf "y kj "k'p'v'g'p'c'n'eqo dwuk'q'p'gpi kpgu'cpf "v'j g'o wuke"qh"j wo cp"x'q'kegu. uqo g'v'ko gu'ur g'c'n'kpi "Vco k'it"q'Gpi r'kuj "qt"O cpf ctk'p'qt"Ecp'v'q'p'gug"qt"Rcp'l'cdk"dw'o quw {"k'p'D'c'j cuc0"O qpc hgn'd'rguugf "v'q"dg"O c'c' {"uk'p."v'q"r'k'x'g'k'p"e"u'q'ek'v' {"y kj "uwej "t'kej "cpf "k'p'v'g'v'v' k'p'g'f "e'w'w'w'c'n'j k'v'q't'k'gu0"Uqo g o ki j v'uc {"k'v'y cu'g'cu {"h'q"O qpc"v'q"hggn'v'j ku'y c {"i kxgp"j gt"r t'k'x'k'gi gf "r qukk'q'p"cu'f c'w'j v'g't"qh'v'j g'ej c'k'to cp qh'v'j g'r qy g't'h'w'it'w'k'pi "r ct'v' {"cpf "ur g'gej "y tkgt "v'q"v'j g'O k'p'k'v'g't"qh'Hkpcpeg."C'rk'L'co cn"y j q"y cu'x'k'ey gf "cu j g'kt"cr r ctg'p'v'v'q"v'j g'r t'ko g'o k'p'k'v'g't0"Dw'v'q'u'qh'O c'c' {"uk'p'u."h'c't ngu'r t'k'x'k'gi gf ."hgn'v'j g'uco g'p'c'v'k'q'p'c'n'k'v r t'k'f g."v'g'u'ko qp {"v'q"v'j g'uwe'gu'q'h'v'j g't'w'k'pi "r ct'v' {"cpf "r ct'v'k'w'c't'n {"qh'v'j g'x'k'k'q'p"qh'Rt'ko g'O k'p'k'v'g't"C'm'k' Cdf w'nc'j ."v'j g'h'q'to gt"eq'm'gi g"ge'q'p'q'o keu'r t'q'h'g'u'q't"y j q"j cf "d'ggp"d'q't'p'k'p"D't'k'k'uj "t'w'g'f "O c'c' {"c0

O qpc'y cu'qh'o qf gu'v'j g'ki j v.'h'k'ng"j gt"hc'v'j gt"y j qug'r q'rk'k'ec'n'uc'w'g'o qt'g'v'j cp"o cf g'w'r "h'q't"j c'x'k'pi "v'q"r'q'q'm w'r "v'q"v'j g'r t'ko g'o k'p'k'v'g't"cpf "o cp {"q'v'j gt"qh"j ku'r q'rk'k'ec'n'eq'j q't'w'0"O qpc"y cu'c'nu'q."j qy "f q"K'r w'k'."c"dkv ej wdd {"0"K'f qp)'h'k'ng"v'j cv'y q'tf ."dw'v'uj g'j cu'v'ug'f "k'v'cu'c'ug'h'f guet'k' v'x'g'q'p"o qt'g'v'j cp"q'p'g'q'ee'cu'k'q'p."u'q v'j gt'g'k'v'ku0"O qpc"v'q'q'n'ic"m'v'q'h'r t'k'f g'k'p"j gt"j c'k't."y j k'ej "y cu'rc'es w'gt"d'rc'em'ic'p'f "x'g'k'g'v'uo q'q'v'j 0"Uj g'g'x'g'p ko r q't'v'g'f "c"hc'x'q't'k'g'eq'p'f k'k'q'p'g't"ht'qo "L'c'r cp0Uj g'eq'w'f "v'c'ng"cm'l'u'q't'w'q'h'ur g'p'f k'pi "h'k'd'g't'v'k'g'u."i k'x'g'p"v'j cv'uj g c'ny c {"u'm'p'gy "uj g'eq'w'f "t'gn {"q'p"j gt"hc'v'j gt."k'h'p'g'g'f "dg0"G'x'g'p"y j gp"uj g"j cf "y q't'ng'f "cv'O q'ti cp"U'c'p'ng {"."j gt hc'v'j gt"j cf "eq'p'v'k'p'w'g'f "ug'p'f k'pi "j gt"o q'p'g {"0"Uj g'p'g'x'g't"wt'p'g'f "k'v'cy c {"q't"l'p'f k'ec'v'g'f "c"rc'em'ic'q'h'p'g'g'f "h'q't"k'v. g'k'y gt0C'p'f ."f gur k'g"v'j g'ug'hc'x'q't'c'd'ng'eq'p'f k'k'q'p'u. u'j g"j cf "x'k't'w'c'm {"p'q"uc'x'k'pi u."q'p'n {"c"x'g't {"r'c'ti g'eq'm'ge'v'k'q'p

qh'yj kpi u'r wtej cugf 'htqo 'ctqwpf 'yj g'y qtrf . 'r ctvkwrtnt 'htqo 'yj g'Wpkxf 'Ucvgu'f wtkpi 'j gt '{ gctu'cv'O qwpv J qnf qng'Eqrngi g. 'y j gtg'uj g'j cf 'i tcf wcvf 'y kj 'cp'geqpqo leu'f gi tgg'cpf 'yj g'ngtprg'qh'c'ukmf qto cpv f kurkg. 'r gtj cr u'gxp'j cvtgf . 'hqt 'y j cv'uj g'y qwf 'gxgpwcm' { 'ugg'cu'Co gtlecp'cttqi cpeg'cpf 'f gegk0

Rgtj cr u'ht'o qtg'r tqdngo cve'y cu'O qpc'u'qecukqpcnr ctvkr cvkqp'kp'c'tcf kecn'Kurco kuv'f kuewukqp'hqtwo qxgt 'yj g'P gv. 'y j gtg'qr gpn' { 'j quvrg'eqo o gpv'u'y gtg'qhv'p'o cf g'tgi ctf kpi 'yj g'O cr { ukcp'i qxgtpo gpv. 'y j kej 'uqo g'qh'yj g'cpqp { o qwu'cwj qtu'emko gf 'y cu'eqo r tkugf 'qh'ci gpv'qh'Co gtlecp'ko r gtkckuo 0

*If I ever get caught, I'll be fired for certain.* O c { dg'uj g'y cu'dgkpi 'pckxg0

Y j cv'j cr r gpv'u'q'c'o qvj 'rgh'kp'yj g'r tgugpeg'qh'c'hco kpi 'ecpf ng'cv'pki j vA

Gxgt { vj kpi 'yj cv'j cr r gpv'ku'uki pkklecpv0'Gxgt { 'cev'ej cpi gu'yj g'y qtrf 0'Y j gp'uj g'y cu'ngxgp' { gctu'qnf . O qpc'y cu'cdwugf 'd { 'K'o ggp'u'qnf gt'dtqj gt0 K'o wuv'cr qmki k' g'hqt 'pqv'dgkpi 'cdng'v'ur gcn'qh'yj g'ur gekk'eu qh'yj g'cdwug. 'dw'uw'kleg'k'v'uc { 'yj cv'k'ej cpi gf 'O qpc'cpf 'd { 'f qkpi 'uq'ej cpi gf 'j gt 'kpvgtcevkqpu'y kj qvj gtu0'Vj gug'ej cpi gu'ej cpi gf 'yj g'y qtrf . 'cm'qh'j kvqt { 'htqo 'yj cv'o qo gpv'qpy ctf 0'Vj g'uco g'ecp'dg'uckf hqt 'yj g'y c { 'yj g'cev'ej cpi gf 'yj g'wperg. 'kpenxf kpi 'tguj cr kpi 'yj g'o qo gpv'qh'j kuv'f gcvj 0'K'p'qvj gt 'y qtf u. 'yj g wpxgtug'y g'kpj cdk'ku *overdetermined*0'O qpc'f k' 'pqv'tgeqi pl' g'j gt 'qxgtf gvto kpcvkqp'wv'k'k'y cu'cmo quv vq'q'rw'v'q'ej cpi g'eqwtug0'Qpeg'uj g'y cu'cy ctg. 'uj g'vqnmf gekk'g'cev'kqp'cpf . 'hng'v'uo cp { 'qvj gtu'y j q y gtg'uko kctn { 'cpqp { o qwu'kp'yj g'j kvqt { 'vgz w. 'uj g'y qwf 'ko r cev'yj g'hx'gu'qh'gxgt { 'j qo q'ucr kgp0'Uj g y qwf 'cngt 'yj g'ewtgpv'qh'j kvqt { 0'P gxgt o kpf 'yj cv'j g'cev'kqp'uj g'vqnm'cpf 'yj g'eqo r ngz 'tgcuppu'hqt 'yj g vnkpi 'qh'yj gug'cev'kqp'yj gtg'eqo r ngvgn' . 'wwgn { 'cv'qf f u. 'c'eqppgev'kqp'yj cv'y cu. 'cv'dgux. 'cdwtf 0

Kpf ggf . 'O qpc'u'cev'kqp. 'ur ctngf 'd { 'ej kf j qqf 'vcwo cu'cpf 'dtckp'ej go kv { . 'r ctv' { 'tguj cr gf 'd { 'yj gug vtcwo cu. 'cpf 'f tkxgp'd { 'emwf gf 'lwf i o gpv'cdqw'y j q'y cu'v'q'dmco g'hqt 'yj g'r ckp. 'y qwf 'dg'xgt { 'equw' cpf 'ugpf 'uj qem'y cxgu'ctqwpf 'yj g'i mdg'cpf 'kpv'v'j g j cny c { u'qh'r qy gt 'qh'yj g'y qtrf 'u'ngpg'uw' gtr qy gt0

On the other side of the planet, recently returned from Mona's Malaysia, O kec'Dtcpv'ur gf 'f qy p'yj g' George Washington Parkway, darting the ancient Toyota celica in and out of rnpgu'hkng'c'uwpvy qo cp' in an action movie. She made it to CIA headquarters without killing anyone or i gwkpi 'cpqvj gt'vknv'0 She had been warned by Bernie Stifel to avoid getting any more tickets. "What r ctv'qh'my 'r tqh'k'f qp'v' you understand, Mica?" He had asked her. But she just didn't know any other y c { 'v'f tkxg'c'ect0

\$Vj g'f ktgev't 'ku'qwt 'hpm'v'v'j g'r tgukf gpv.\$'E'K'K'0'f gr w' { 'f ktgev't 'I kndq { 'uckf 0'\$J g'j cu'o cf g'k'v'engct 'yj cv vj g'Ej kpgug'Ugetgv'K'vgnki gpeg'Ugtxleg'o wuv'dg'v'gcvf 'cu'qwt 'r tko ct { 'cf xgtuct { 'htqo 'j gtg'qp0\$

\$F qgu'yj ku'bo gpc'c'pgy 'Eqrf 'Y ct'j cu'dggp'f genctgf A\$'O kec'cungf 0

I kndq { 'uo krgf 0'\$Vj g'Eqrf 'Y ct'ku'l'wuv'c'ucv'g'qh'o kpf . 'O kec0'K'p'gxgt 'uvtv'gf 'cpf 'p'gxgt 'gpf gf 0\$

Dgtplg'U'k'ng'y cu'pqv'uo k'kpi 0\$F 0'K'j cu'eqpenxf gf 'yj cv'v'j g'Rgtukcp'I wh'cpf 'Uqwj 'Gcu'v'Cu'k'ctg'ng { dcwngi tqwpf u'y kj 'yj g'Ej kpgug0'Vj cv'r wu'wu qp'v'j g'ht'qpv'k'g. 'O kec0\$'J g'j cpf gf 'j gt'c'v'j kemf quukgt0

O kec'uvctgf 'cv'v'j g'ci gpe { 'ugcn'qp'v'j g'eqxgt. 'yj gp'qr gpgf 'k0'Uj g'uvctv'gf 't'gcf kpi 'cpf 's w'kem' { 't'gcn'k' gf 'yj g ko r nek'v'k'pu0 *Holy Mother of Jesus!* Y j gp'uj g'ng'qngf 'w' . 'Dgtplg'y kpngf 0



# EJ CRVGT QP GGO gæo qtr j quku

## Ur tkpi , "3; ; 9."The Era of Clinton

J g"watched the professor come out of the building. Thompson Hall. University of Massachusetts, in the town of Amherst, named after Lord Jeffrey Amherst, who was known for having ordered small pox infected blankets given to the natives, as a way of ridding the Valley of the only obstacle to colonization. This bit of history made him feel at home here, even if he was just visiting, a tourist, so to speak. He felt Amherst had a past with special meaning, a noteworthy role in taming a continent for the superior race and setting an example which he had spent his life following, even if he had previously been unaware of Lord Jeffrey. It was fitting that he was here for this heathen professor. He smiled. Uqpp"vj g"ukphwŋ] qtf gu who hcf "hckrgf "q"go dtceg"qwt "Nqtf "Lguwu'y qwf "dwtp"kp"J gm0"Vj ku'vj qwi j vŋ cxg"Er{vpp"uqo g'f gi tgg"qh eqo hqtv"cpf "purpose in life. He watched the professor emerge from the elevator, then followed him.

The professor was unusually tall and walked slightly stooped, obviously trying to compensate for being too tall for normal doorways or easy conversation with the little people. It made him look weak and awkward, this ridiculous attempt to fit in. He should celebrate his superiority, his God-given superiority. But he was a professor, a member of an academic eqo o wpkv "where multiculturalism and moral relativism had replaced the Dkdrkcn"Vtwj that the white man should rule over the heathens of the Earth, even in this place named after Lord Jeffrey Amherst. So it was not so surprising that the professor would turn strength into weakness. J g smiled as he followed the professor along the pathway that led from Thompson Hall to a parking garage, past throngs of muddle headed students and other professors, all clueless as children. He wondered what they would do if they knew who he was, this man who passed within arms length of them, close enough to slit their throats. It would be so easy to slit their throats. They'd wet their pants if they knew that he, Clayton Koch, was not only capable of doing this but equipped with the tools to do so. And even those beyond arms length were well within reach of his Glock. But he was not interested in them. He was here for the professor and, so long as no one got in the way, the professor alone.

The professor appeared to be day f tgco kpi 0"J g"did"pqv notice the students, even one of his own graduate teaching assistants who waved as he passed. He certainly did not notice Koch, who was making no particular effort at concealment. He was thinking about a paper that he was working on, an extension of research he had conducted in Thailand under a contract with the hedge fund, Hegemon Holdings, and then presented in J qpi "Mqpi , which was in the last days of inclusion within a British Empire that was, for all intents and purposes, dead. The professor had signed a non-disclosure agreement but such an agreement was antithetical to the paper chase, to the life of the mind. Besides, how could an NDA be used to block the onward march of human knowledge? He would not use any of the financial data that Hegemon had provided, but there was ample data from other sources to make his argument and his friend, the journal

editor, had promised to publish the work with minimal interference from outside referees.

The professor ej gɛmf 'j ku'y cvej as he disappeared through the open entrance to the ground floor of the parking garage. "J g'i lanced down at his brown satchel, frowning at the thought of the ungraded papers within." J g"checked the side pocket of his tweed jacket for his keys, momentarily concerned he might have absent mindedly laid them on his desk as he had done more than once. The keys were in the pocket cƤf 'he was on time. All was right with the world, or as right as it could be with a potential financial cliff looming in the near distance.

As the professor approached his blue Honda Accord, he noticed a reflection in the glass, someone else in the otherwise empty or apparently empty parking garage. However, he took no particular notice of this figure reflected in the glass, just another soul in search of his vehicle. The professor tapped the button to release the lock on his door, but just as he reached for the handle to open it, he felt a sting in his rear. He started to turn around, but was suddenly seized by a sharp pain that ran down his legs and up into his chest. He gasped for air, dropping the keys. Clayton Koch caught the professor before he could fall. "Are you all right, professor?" He asked, retrieving the dart was the professor's buttock. He then allowed the professor to continue his descent, falling with a hard thud upon the concrete floor, his head hitting so hard that it bounced up once before settling on the cold slab. The professor, who had for a brief moment thought this person was there to help him, now felt a panic as he realized that he could not move or speak and that the man standing above him was smiling, unconcerned. This did not make sense. What kind of person was this? *Doesn't he realize I'm in distress?* The professor's mind turned seconds into a highly condensed analysis that should have taken hours. He surmised that the man was responsible for the pain he felt, for the paralysis, the inability to speak. This smiling man had been following him. He was not some random criminal, seeking to rob him or car jack his Honda Accord. He ran through a series of possible scenarios where someone might want to do him harm, a graduate student, perhaps, who had been denied his degree because of Koch's objections to his dissertation or who had failed comprehensive exams and been sent packing with only a master's degree as consolation prize; an applicant for one of the recent department openings who had been grilled mercilessly by Koch and then denied the position; an undergraduate who had failed one of his courses? If he could have flinched, he would have done so, the pain had escalated within milliseconds and become unbearable, although he had no choice but to bear it. Perhaps the boyfriend of some coed he had slept with years ago, having had no such opportunity recently it would have to be ancient history by now. No, he was sure it was not that nor was it any of the other possibilities he had run through in his mind in these rapid fire moments of contemplation and pain. It was the research for Simon Rekker. It was the possibility that he would disclose the results of the work that he had done for Rekker or, more to the point, the reason that Rekker had commissioned the research in the first place. Rekker's plans were so transparent now. If the research were published, it would ruin Rekker's plans. Could that be the reason for this pain, this paralysis, this man? Is he here to interrogate me, to find out what my plans were? He has paralyzed me and will now take me somewhere and make me talk about my plans to publish the research and then Rekker will take action, perhaps sue me, perhaps find a way to get me fired from a tenured position, maybe even block my ever working in academia again. Vj is was, the professor concluded, the only reasonable explanation. He watched as the man carefully put away the dart in a small case and then into the pocket of his jacket. The professor knew the dart had been the source of his distress and paralysis. The man rifled through the professor's satchel, then set it on the floor next to the professor's head. The pain suddenly flared with such an intensity that the professor would have screamed, if he had been able. Koch saw the life go out of the professor's eyes. He stood up, looked around this post-modern paradise called a parking garage. "Goodbye, professor," he said with a tone of

contempt. He walked away casually, as any professional would do after a job well done. No hurry. God's will had been done. The substance of his work was removing all the vestiges of substance in the lives of others, like an avenging angel. He was an avenging angel. Man was innately evil. He was cursed. He was born this way. Born in sin, live in sin, die. Death was the escape. Koch was a liberator of men. He cut the umbilical cord. It was the stuff of his work, the substance of it. The substance of his work was releasing men or those who would pretend to be men. And he was very good at it. He hadn't needed the Glock or the knife."He had used another of God's instruments. He nodded to himself. It was good.



Vj g'ckt'y cu'ucrg.'y g'hwtpkwtg'ci gf.'cpf'y g'i j quw'qh'i gpgtcvkqpu"\$f gcf "o gp)u'dqpgu\$+rkpi gt gf "co qpi yj g'uwwf gpw'kp'yj g'Wpkxgtukv{ 'qh'Dkto kpi j co 'ercuutqqo 0"Rtqhguaqt'Uco wgn'Ve{ nqt'O czy gm'uqqf "cv'yj r qf kwo . 'j ku'pqvku'kp'htqpv'qh'j ko . 'nqmkpi "ctqwpf 'yj g'tqqo "cv'yj g'uwwf gpw'kp'j ku'r j kquqr j { 'ercu0

“An idealist reading of Marx leads one to believe that the central question in his explorations is the *erkpvcvkqp* 'qh'j wo cp'dgkpi u'htqo 'gcej 'qther and from the creations of their talent and exertions,” Maxwell told his students. He moved from the podium and stood in front of them. “A materialist *tgc f kpi . 'eqo kpi 'htqo 'yj g'qr r qukxg'cpf 'guugpvkcmf 'yj g'uco g'f kt gev kqp. 'ngcf u'qpg'vq 'yj g'uco g'eqpenwion.*” He smiled. “An overdeterminist reading leads one to no conclusion whatsoever. The absence of a *eqpenwukqp'f qgu'pqv.'j qy gxgt.'o gcp'yj cv'yj g'qxgtf gvgto kpkv'tgcf kpi 'ku'cp'go r v' 'tgc f kpi 0'K'ku'yj g qr r qukxg'0'0 ctz'y cu'v' { kpi 'vq'o cng'ugpug'qh'c'eqo r ngz'tgcrk'v' 0'0 ctz'y cu'j ko ugh'eqo r ngz'0'Vj g'vko g'kp y j kej 'j g'y cu'y tkkpi 'y cu'hkmgf 'y kj 'eqo r ngz'eqpvcf levkqpu'0'0' Cm'qh'yj ku'ku'kp'j ku'y tkkpi 0'J g'y cu'pqv uko r n' "gZR mtkpi 'j wo cp'erkpvcvkqp'0'0 ctz'y cpv'gf "vq'gZR qug'erkpvcvkqp'cu'dqj 'c'ecwug'cpf 'c'eqpugs wpeg qh'cp'qxgtf gvgto kpgf 'u'uvgo 'qh'qr r tguukqpu'0'GZR mtkcvkqp'ku'c'ecwug'qh'erkpvcvkqp.'dw'k'ku'cnuq'c r tqf wev'qh'erkpvcvkqp'0'Vj wu.'co qpi 'yj g'xcuv'cttc{ 'qh's wguukqpu'j g'gZR mtkgf 'y cu'yj g's wguukqp'qh'yj g tgrcvkqpuj kr 'qh'gZR mtkcvkqp'vq'erkpvcvkqp'cpf 'xkcg'xgrsa.” Maxwell returned to the podium. They y cvej gf 'j ko 0'Qpg''{ qwpi 'y qo cp.'j gt'r gp'f cpi rkpi 'htqo 'j gt'hkpi gtu.'tgwtpgf 'j ku'uo krg'0'J g'y cu'c r tqhguaqt.'{ gu.'dw'j g'y cu'cnuq'j ku'unkp.'y j kej 'y cu'dtqy p'0'Vj ku'unkp'y cu'pqv'o gtgn' 'ce'v'xg'o gncpkp'dw uqo gjv kpi 'uwr gtpcwtrf'0'P qv'c'o gtg'r gddrg'kp'yj g'o qwpv'kp'qh'i gpgv'ku'0'P qv'c'uki pcn'qh'uqo g'mpi j kuxqt { 'qh'uqekcn'eqph'kw.'o ki tv'kqpu.'nkf pcr r kpi . 'ugz wcn'cpf 'uqekcn'eqps wguu'cpf 'eqpu'wv'kqpu'0'K'y cu *metar* j { u'kcn'///'uwr gtpcwtrf'0'0' Cpf 'uj g'y cu'f tcy p'vq'yj g'uwr gtpcwtrf'0'Uj g'tckugf 'j gt'j cpf 0*

“If Marx was dealing with the complex contradictions of his time, then why is there so little in his writing about the relationship of racism to alienation and exploitation?” The woman pushed her glasses w'qp'j gt'pqug'cpf 'r ggtgf "cv'yj g'o cp.'y ckkpi 'hqt'j ku'cpuy gt0

Professor Maxwell sighed. “I believe it is in his writing,” he responded. “I challenge you to find it.” He looked at the other students. “In fact, that is the assignment for the next class,” he said. “I wapv'cm'qh { qw'vq'hkpf 'yj g'r megu.'yj g'o qo gpv.'y j gtg'0'0 ctz'f gcn'y kj 'yj ku's wguukqp'qh'yj g'tgrcvkqpuj kr 'qh'tcekwo 'vq the rest of the social totality, including, but not limited to, alienation and exploitation.”

Vj g''{ qwpi 'y qo cp'i wr gf 0'Qvj gt'uwwf gpw'gZR tguugf 'o qtg'xqecn'uwr tkug'cpf lqt'eqpu'gtpvcvkqp0



Vj gtg'ku'qpn{ 'qpg'ugcuqp'kp'O crc { ukc /// 'vj g'ugcuqp'qh'vj g'o qus wksq0

O qpc'dkpwg'O qj co gf 'v{r gf 'hwtkwun{ 'qp'j gt'eqo r wgt0"Uj g'ki pqtgf 'vj g'o qus wksq'vj cv'j ctcuugf 'j gt. h{ kpi 'cetquu'j gt'heg.'dw | kpi 'j gt'gct.'cpf 'hpcmf 'ugwkpi 'qp'j gt'pgen0"K'cr r gctgf 'vj cv'uj g'y cu'v{ kpi f gur gtcvgn{ 'vq'hpkuj 'uqo gj kpi 'dghqtg'c'tcr kf n{ 'cr r tqcej kpi 'f gcf rkp0"Uj g'y cu'ngcpkpi 'hqty ctf .'j gt dtqy p'g{ gu'i nwgf 'vq'vj g'uetggp.'v{r kpi 'hwtkwun{ 0Uj g'pgxgt pqvkegf 'vj g'y c{ 'r gqr ng'kp'vj g'qhheg'uvctgf cv'j gt0Uj g'y cu'vj g'ej ckto cp'u'f cw j vgt0"Vj cv'y cu'y j { 'uj g'j cf 'vj g'lqd0Dqtp'y kj 'c'ukxgt'ur qqp'cpf uwej 0Uj g'j cf 'y qtngf 'kp'vj g'Wpkxgf 'Ucvgu.'cv'vj g'r tguvi kwu'kpxguo gpv'dcpnkpi 'hko 'qh'O qti cp'Ucprg{ cpf 'vj g{ 'y gtg'egtckp'vj cv'cnq'j cf 'vq'dg'hco kn{ 'eqppgevkqpu0Y j cv'qvj gt'gZR mpcvkqp'eqwf 'vj gtg'dgACm qpg'j cf 'vq'f q'y cu'mqm'cv'j gt'vq'npqy 'vj gtg'y cu'pqv kpi 'gzvctqf kpcet { 'cdqwj' gt0Vj g'r ctv{ 'ej ckto cp.'j gt hc'vj gt.'y cu'dguv'htkpgf u'y kj 'CrkLco cn'vj g'hkpcpeg o kpxugt'cpf 'j gk'cr r ctgpn'vq'vj g'r tko g'o kpxugt0Vj cv y cu'y j { 'uj g'j cf 'vj g'lqd"cpf 'vj g'hqto gt'ur ggej 'y tkgt'j cf 'dggp'ugpv'r cenkpi 0C'mq'v'qhr gqr ng'kp'vj g'qhheg rknf 'vj g'hqto gt'ur ggej 'y tkgt0J g'y cu'qrf gt.'uo krgf 'c'mq.'j cf 'nkp'g{ gu00 qpc'y cu'cp'wr r kv{ 'r tkpeguu y kj 'vq'q'o wej 'qh'cp'Co gtlecp'ceegp0J qy 'eqwf 'uqo gqpg'dg'vcr r gf 'vq'y tkgt'ur ggej gu'qt'cp{ vj kpi 'gnug y kj 'uq'rkxg'npqy ngf i g'qh'vj g'y qtnf 'vj cv'qtf kpcet { 'O crc { ukcpu'gZR gtlekpegf A

Cpf 'vj gp'vj gtg'y cu'vj g'y gm/npqy p'hce'vj cv'j gtg'y cu'c'ukpi ng'O crc { ukcp'y qo cp'hkxkpi 'kp'c'f qy pvqy p cr ctvo gpv'y kj 'c'tkej 'Ej kpgug'i kn'kpxugf 'qh'y kj 'j gt'hc'vj gt.'f gur kg'j ko 'dgpki 'vj g'r ctv{ 'ej ckto cp0Y j cv uqt'v'qh'o kxj kgh'y gtg'vj g{ 'wr 'vq'ACpf 'j qy 'eqwf 'vj g'r ctv{ 'ej ckto cp.'npqy p'vq'dg'c'uqrkf n{ 'eqpugt'xcvkg uvcny ctv'qh'vj g'twki 'eqcrkxqp.'cmqy 'uwej 'c'uecpf cn'Vj g'hce'vj cu'kp'vj g'Ej kpgug'i kn'u'pco g.'dw'vj g eqpugpuw'qr kpkp'y cu'vj cv'vj ku'y cu'dgecwug'vj g'Ej kpgug'f kf 'pqv'j cxg'o qtcnu'cpf 'y gtg'vj g'tkej guv'r gqr ng kp'O crc { ukc.'d{ 'hct0Vj g'mpi 'cpf 'uj qtv'qh'kv'y cu'vj cv'o cp{ 'qh'vj g'r gqr ng.'r ctv'kwrcn{ 'vj g'y qo gp.'kp'vj g Hkpcpeg'O kpxu{ 'j ctddtgf 'uwr kekpu'cdqwf'O qpc'dkpwg'O qj co gf 0Y j { 'kup'v'uj g'o cttkfg AY j cv'y cu'uj g f qkpi 'cm'vj cv'ko g'kp'vj g'WUO'ACpf 'kpxctkcdn{ 'vj ku's wguv'qy qwf 'ngcf 'uqo gqpg'vq'r qkv'qvw'vj cv'vj g'WUO y cu'vj g y qtnf u'o quv'r tqrhke'r wtxg{ qt'qh'ukp'cpf 'ur qpuqt'qh'vj g'y qtnf )u'o quv'cdqo kpcdng'pvcv'qy.'Kt'cgr0

\$K'y cu'c'o qus wksq.\$'O qpc'uckf .'cf lwukpi 'j gt'uecth'vq'eqxgt'o qtg'qh'j gt'urgn'drcem'j ck'chgt'CrkLco cn j cf 'o cf g'c'uwtr tkug'cr r gctcpeg'kp'j gt'f qqy c{ 0J g'y cu'uj qtv'f ctm'y kj 'c'vj kp'o wucej g'cpf 'drcem tko o gf 'ur gexcengu0"\$K'o 'cm quv'hpkuj gf 'y kj 'vj g'ur ggej 0\$"Uj g'wi i gf 'cv'vj g'eqmct'qh'j gt'dnwg'f tguu0

J ku'uo krg'y kf gpgf 0"\$Cj . 'Kecp'cny c{ u'eqwp'v'qp' { qw.'O qpc0"Uq.'r gtj cr u' { qw'm'dg'f qpg'kp'cp'j qwtA\$

Uj g'wtpgf 'dcem'vq'vj g'uetggp'hqt'c'o qo gpv.'vj cv'y qtt{ 'f kugcug'ercy gf 'cv'j gt'kpu'f gu.'vj gp'uckf .' \$O c{ dg nguu'vj cp'vj cv'0\$"Uj g'hgn'j ko 'o qxg'emugt'vq'vj g'f gum'vj gp'uj g'i mpegf 'wr 'cpf 'kpv'j ku'hceg0

Lco cn'pqf f gf 0"J g'cf lwv'gf 'j ku'i rcuugu.'chgt'vj g{ 'j cf 'urkr r gf 'urki j vn{ 'qp'j ku'pqug0"\$I qqf 'gpqwi j 0"Dww. O qpc.' { qw'npqy 'vj gtg'ctg'pq'o qus wksqgu'kp'MN0\$'J g'y cmgf 'qxtg'vq'j gt'ej ck'cpf 'cf f gf 'kp'c'eqphk'gpv'ken vqpg.'\$Cu' { qw'npqy .'vj gug'geqpg'o le'tghqto u'ctg'pqv'wpxgtucm{ 'uwr r qtvgf 0"Uqo g'qh'qwt'eqwpt { o gp y qwf 'hkn'vq'ugg'vj go 'hcn'k'permf kpi 'uqo g'kphv'gpkcn'o go dgtu'qh'qwt'r ctv{ 0"Kj cxg'hckj 'vj cv' { qwt'y qtf u y km'ugt'xg'cu'o { 'uj krgf 'ci ckpu'vj gug'o gp0\$"Uj g'hgn'j gt'un'kp'dgpgcv 'vj g'f tguu'v'kpi ng0"\$[ qw'ctg'vj g'qpn{ qpg'y j q'ecp'wtp'o wpf cpg'r qrkkeu'kpv'r qgvt { 0\$ 'Cm'vj g'o qrgew'gu'ctqwpf 'O qpc'wtpgf 'grgevt'ke'cu'j g rncpgf 'qxtg'vq'mqm'cv'j gt'eqo r wgt'uetggp0Uj g'eqwf 'uo gm'j ku'eqmi pg'cpf 'ugpug'j ku'dtgc'vj 'bgct'j gt

J g'cf f gf . '\$Dw'y g { 'y qp )'y kp . 'O qpc0' C v'y g'gpf "qh'y g'f c { . 'y g m'j cxg'qwt 'tghqto u\$

\$F qgup)'Y VQ 'tgs wkt g'y gug'tghqto u\$'O qpc'cumgf . 'cmj qwi j 'j gt'g { gu'eqo o wplecvgf 'uqo gy kpi 'gnug0

\$Rqkkekcpu'ecp'cny c { u'ej cpi g'y gk 'o kpf u'cdqww'ci tggo gpw . 'gxgp'chvgt 'y g { 'j cxg'dggp'uki pgf \$'J g'uckf  
y ku'y kj "c'f luo kuuk'g'y cxg'qh'j ku'j cpf . 'y gp'wtpgf 'cpf 'y cmgf "qww0

O qpc'y cvej gf 'j ko 'y cm'cy c { 'htqo 'y g'f qqt'cpf 'y gp'f kucr r gct'dg { qpf 'y g'y cm0Uj g'mqngf "cv'y g  
go r v'f qqty c { 'hqt'c'mpi 'o qo gpv.'y gp'wtpgf "dcem'vq'j gt'eqo r wgt0

Uj g'wtpgf "dcem'vq'j g'ur ggej . 'y j kej 'y cu'o quw' 'eqo r ngvf "cpf 'y tqwi j 'y j kej 'Cnk'Lco cny qwf 'rkpm  
O cm { uk}u'geqpqo ke'uweeguugu'vq'y g'hkpcpekn'tghqto u'qh'y g'3; : 2u'cpf '3; ; 2u.'uctv'kpi 'y kj 'y g  
f geqpv'tqn'qh'kpvtg'u'vc'gu'kp'3; 9: 0Cm'j qwi j 'O qpc'o ki j v'j cxg'y tkwgp'c'i qpf 'ur ggej 'hqt'cp { '\$dquu.\$'uj g  
y cu'r ct'kewrctn' "eqpegt'pgf 'y kj 'etgc'kpi "c'ur ggej 'y cv'y qwf "nggr 'Cnk'Lco cny'uo k'kpi 0



Vj g'tko guv'pg'o cpuk'p'y cu'ugv'ht'htqo "cp { 'uki pu'qh'q'y gt'j wo cpk'v' 'co kf 'hwuj 'i tggp'gt { 'dtqngp'qpn' 'd {  
j cpf 'rck' "eqddnguv'pg'r cv'j u0K'y qwf 'j cxg'dggp'f k'k'kew'v'q'mpqy 'y cv' { qw'y gtg'qpn' "h'k'nggp'o k'gu'htqo  
c'dwa { 'j ki j y c { 'y cv'ngf 'kp'qpg'f k'ge'v'q'v'j g'r qy gt'egp'vt'qh'y g'WUOE'gpv'cn'k'p'v'g'ni gpeg'Ci gpe { 'cpf  
kp'cp'q'y gt'f k'ge'v'q'v'j g'F k'ut'k'v'q'h'E'q'no dlc'cpf 'y g'\$o cm\$'y j gtg'v'j g'u'o d'qu'qh'Co gtlecp  
f go qetce { 'y gtg'ect'gh'wm' "cttcpi gf 'hqt'f kur r { 'v'j g'ek'k' gpt { 'cpf "q'y gt'v'w'k'uw'0Qp'v'j g'dcem'kf g'qh'y g  
ko r qu'kpi 'o cpuk'p. 'y g'ej c'kto cp'qh'y g'dqctf'qh'Co gtlec)u'o quv'r qy g'hw'leqpi mqo gtcv'g. 'Laj p  
Y j k'gj gcf . 'y cu'o ggv'kpi 'y kj 'y g'j gcf "qh'y g'F gh'pug'k'p'v'g'ni gpeg'Ci gpe { . 'I gp'gt'cn'M'p'qz' 'I tcf { 0Vj g  
wy q'o gp. 'y j q'y gtg'ht'gs wgp'v'eqo r c'p'k'p'u'qp'v'j g'i q'h'eqwtugu'ct'q'w'f "u'w'd'w'd'c'p'Y cu'j k'pi v'p. 'F'OE0'ucv'q'w  
qp'v'j g'eqddnguv'pg'r cv'k. 'pgct 'y g'r qqn'f t'k'p'k'pi 'o k'p'v'l'w'k' u'cpf 'f k'ew'uw'k'pi 'y g'hc'v'g'qh'y g'y qtrf 0

\$Qh'eqwtug'y g'pggf "v'dg'r twf gp'v'kp'j qy 'y g'gz'g'tek'ug'qwt'r qy gt'qx'gt'v'j g't'gu'v'qh'y g'y qtrf . '\$Y j k'gj gcf  
uckf . 'kp'v'j g'ceeg'p'v'qh'y g'qrf "Xki k'pk'i gp'v { 0\$Dw'y g'j cxg't'gur qpuk'd'k'k'k'ku. '\$j g'cf f gf . 'St'gur qpuk'd'k'k'k'ku  
v'q'qwtug'k'ku'cpf 'h'w'wt'g'i gp'gt'cv'k'p'u'0Vj g'h'cm'qh'y g'eqo o w'p'ku'v'j cu'h'gn'w'u'y kj 'cp'qr r qt'w'p'k'v' "v'g'zr cpf  
qwt'o ctng'w. 'v'g'zr m'k'p'p'gy 't'gu'w'tegu'v'j cv'y gtg'em'ugf "v'w'p'q'v'u'q'mpi 'ci q. 'cpf "v'q'dt'k'pi 'y g'y j q'ng'qh  
j wo cpk'v' "w'p'f gt'v'j g't'w'g'qh'Co gtlecp'rcy 0Y g'ecp'dt'k'pi "qtf gt'q'w'qh'ej c'qu\$

I gp'gt'cn'I tcf { 'p'q'f f gf 'kp'ci tggo gp'v'0\$Y g'ecp)'f q'k'y kj qw'v'j g'o k'k'ct { "ecr c'd'k'k'v' "cpf 'y g'ek'k'k'cp'y km  
v'q'et'wuj 'cp { q'p'g'y j q'o ki j v'ej cm'gpi g'w'0Y g'o c { "dg'v'j g'qpn' "u'w'r gtr qy gt. 'dw'y cv'f q'gu'p'q'v'o gcp'y g  
j cxg'c'ht'gg't'k'f g\$

\$P q'v'cv'cm0 I gp'gt'cn'y g'ct'g'kp'q'p'g'qh'y qu'g't'ct'g'j ku'q't'k'ec'n'v'ko gu'y j gp'y g'ecp'f q'c'm'v'qh'i q'qf 0Y g'ecp  
ur t'gcf 'y g'Co gtlecp'y c { 'qh'r'k'g'c'dt'q'cf 0'Y g'ecp'ug'ew't'g'ej gcr "q'k'nc'p'f "p'cw't'cn't'gu'q'w't'egu'v'q'h'w'gn'h'w'wt'g  
r t'qur g't'k'v'0'Y g'ecp'dt'k'pi 'Co gtlecp'r t'qf w'ew'c'p'f 'y c { u'qh'y k'p'k'pi "v'g'x'gt { "eq't'p'gt'qh'y ku'y qtrf "qh'q'w'u0  
Dw'k'0 "cht'ck'v'j cv'y g'cr r t'q'ej "qh'q'w't'h'd'g't'cn'le'q'ng'ci w'gu. 'o w'k'k'v'g't'k'k'kuo "cpf 't'g'k'c'peg'q'p'v'j g'WP 0'c'p'f  
u'wej . 'ku'y g'y t'q'pi 'y c { 'v'q'i q'0Y g'f q'p)'y cp'v'v'q'h'k'w'gt'cy c { 'y ku'qr r qt'w'p'k'v' \$

Ci clp. 'I gp'gt'cn'I tcf { 'ci t'ggf 0\$Rt'g'ul'f gp'v'En'k'p'v'p't'gr t'g'ug'p'w'i q'qf "k'p'v'p'v'k'p'u'0Y g'ecp)'h'k'c'peg'Rcz  
Co gtlecp'c'y kj qw'c'ut'q'pi "geq'p'qo { "v'q'r c { 'hqt'k'v.'dw'j' g'u'v'j k'ng'f 'y k'pi u'v'q'q'ht'0Y g'g'g'gp'v'gt'k'pi "c'p'gy  
g'tc. 'f go cpf k'pi 'p'gy 'o k'k'ct { "v'ej p'q'qi { "cpf "v'ki j v'gt'eq'p'v'q'u'q'x'gt'v'j g'h'ny "qh'k'p'ht'qto cv'k'p'0\$

Vj ku'ko g'k'y cu'Y j kgj gcf 'pqf f kpi 'ci tggg gpv0\$[ gu.\$] g'uckf . '\$cduqnrwnq{ 0Htqo 'o { 'r qkp'qh'xkgy . 'chvgt Erkpvp)u'ugeqpf 'vgt o . 'y g'pggf 'vq'o cng'c'uj ctr 'wtp'cy c { 'Htqo 'y gug'f qo guke "geqpqo ke 'kuuwgu'vq ugewtkpi 'y g'eqpf kkpqu'ht 'y j cv' { qw'lwv'ecmgf 'Rcz 'Co gtlepcp0Pax Americana. 'Kknng'v'j cv'r j tcug /// 'y g Co gtlecp'r cgeg0Vj cv'u'gzcevn' { 'tki j v0\$

I gpgtcnI tcf { 'f kf 'pqv'uo kng. 'cni j qwi j 'j g'vq'rkngf 'y g'r j tcug0\$K'r tqxkf gf 'c'f gvckngf 'tgr qtv'vq'v'j g Eqo o kuukqp'qp'utcvgi ke 'kpkkcvkxgu'kp'Uqwj gcuv'Cuk. 'Gcuvgtp'Gwtqr g. 'cpf 'y g'O kf f ng'Gcu0"Y g'o wuv gZR cpf 'P CVQ0Y g'uj qwf 'hpkuj 'y j cv'y g'utcvgf 'y kj 'Kcs 0Kcs 'j cu'o qtg'qk'v'j cp'cp' { 'r rceg'qv'j gt 'y cp Ucwf k'Ctedk0Cpf 'kh'y g'veng'Kcs . 'k'y km'dg'gculgt 'vq'f gcn'y kj 'Kcp0"Cpf 'y g'pggf 'vq'eqpvc'p'Ej kpc /// v'j cv'u'v'j g'dki 'qp0Ej kpc)u'v'j g'qpn' { 'tgn'y tgcv'vq'Rcz 'Co gtlepcp0Y g'ecp)'xceknc'v'g'qp'Vcky cp0Ecp)'v' kxg Ej kpc'qpg'o qtg'kpej 'qh'vgttkqt { 0Kmpqy ' { qwf qp)'cny c { u'ci tgg'y kj 'o g'qp'Ej kpc0[ qwt'eqo r cp' { 'f qgu c'mv'qh'dwukp'gu'y kj 'y g'eqo o lgu0Dw' { qw'o ctm'o { 'y qtf . 'kh'y g'f qp)'eqpvtqn'Ej kpc. 'y g'g'f qgo gf 'cpf hkw' { 'gctu'Htqo 'pqy 'y g'm'cm'dg'tgcf kpi 'cpf 'y tkkpi 'O cpf ctkp'cpf 'gc'v'pi 'qwt'pqqf ngu'y kj 'ej qr 'v'kemu0\$

\$Kt gcf 'y g'tgr qtv' { qw'y tqv'ht 'y g'v'k'rvgtcnEqo o kuukqp. '\$Y j kgj gcf 'rkf 0"J g'j cf 'tgc'f 'c'uw'o o ct { qh'v'j g'tgr qtv'0\$[ qw'o cf g'uqo g'utqpi 'r qkpw. 'gur gekm' { 'qp'utcvgi { 0K'eqo r ngvn' { 'ci tgg'y kj 'y g'pggf 'vq tgetwk'o qtg'j wo cp'cuwgu'ht 'kpvgnki gpeg'i cv'j g'kpi . 'gur gekm' { 'kp'Ej kpc0Vj cv'u'eqo r ngvn' { 'kp'rkpg'y kj y j cv'v'j g'dq' { u'qxgt'cv'Ncpi ng' { 'j cxg'dggp'uc' { kpi 'ht'uo g'v'ko g. 'cv'ngcu'v'uo g'qh'v'j go 0K'y qwf 'egtvc'kpn' { j gr 'w'u'geqpqo ke 'y cttkqtu'kh'y g'j cf 'o qtg'cev'kxg'uw'r qtv'htqo 'eqqr gtc'v'kxg'ci gpv'qp'v'j g'i tqwpf 0 Y g'j cxg'c'j gmx'c'v'ko g'nggr kpi 'y g'Ht gpej 'cpf 'K'icgrku'cpf 'L'rcpgug. ' { qw'pco g'k. 'Htqo 'r khgtkpi 'tcf g ugetgu'q'w'qh'I tcpf 'W'pkgf 0Cpf 'v'j cv'u'lwv'q'w'cni'gu'y j q'ctg'ur { kpi 'qp'w'0Kf qp)'gxgp'y cpv'v'q'o gpv'k'p y j cv'v'j g'Ej kpgug'ctg'wr 'vq'0Uq. 'v'j cv'u'cp'ctgc'y j gtg'K'j kpm'y g'tgcm' { 'pggf 'vq'dgg'h'v'j kpi u'wr 0Dw' { qw'cnu' tgeqo o gpf gf 'y cv'f gh'pug'ur gpf kpi 'uj kh'v'q'tcr kf 'f gr m' { o gpv'htqegu0\$I tcf { 'pqf f gf 0\$K'ci tgg'v'j cv'y g pggf 'y g'cdk'k'v' { 'vq'o qxg's w'kcm' { 'ci c'kpv'uo cm'uecng'v'j tgc'v'v'q'WUOeqtr qtc'v'g'k'p'vgt'guu. 'dw'K'xg'cny c { u dgr'kxgf 'y cv'k'u'w'ko cvgn' { 'qwt'cdk'k'v' { 'vq'r tq'lg'ev'qxgt'y j gm kpi 'htqeg'v'j cv'nggr u'r qv'gp'v'k'n'htqgu. 'rkng Ej kpc. 'eqy g'kpi 'kp'v'j g'dwuj gu0Vj gtg'u'pq'dgwtg'y c { 'vq'r tq'lg'ev'htqeg'v'j cp'y kj 'cp'cketch'ecttkgt0\$

\$Y g'f qp)'pggf 'o qtg'cketch'ecttkgtu. \$I gpgtcnI tcf { 'uckf 'y kj qw'j gukcvkqp0J g'npgy 'y cv'v'j g'cketchv ecttkgtu'cf f gf 'uki pk'k'ecpv' { 'vq'I tcpf 'W'pkgf u'v'qr 'cpf 'dqwqo 'rkpg /// 'I 0W0'ur r rkf 'uki pk'k'ecpv'co qw'v'v' qh'j ctf y ctg'dqv'j 'ht'v'j g'ecttkgtu'cpf 'y g'r r'p'gu'v'j cv'ngy 'htqo 'y go 0K'o c { 'j cxg'dggp'uo g'v'j kpi 'y cv Y j kgj gcf 'j cf 'vq'y qtt' { 'cdq'w. 'dw'v'j cv'y cu'lwv'pq'v'j g'r tko ct { 'kuuw'ht' 'M'pqz'I tcf { 0\$Vj g' { 'ctg'xgt' { gZR gpukxg'cpf 'v'cng'c'np'pi 'v'ko g'v'q'dw'kf 0Y g'pggf 'vq'o c'kpv'k'p'ngz'k'k'k'v' { 0Cpf 'y g'c'it'gcf { 'j cxg'gpq'w' j cktetch'ecttkgtu'v'q'r tq'lg'ev'r qy gt y j gtg'k'v'p'pggf gf 0\$I gpgtcnI tcf { 'u'qr k'k'p'p'y cu'uj ctg'f 'd' { 'c'y kf g t'cpi g'qh'o k'k'ct' { 'cpf 'k'pvgnki gpeg'utcvgi kuw. 'y j q'tgeqi pk' gf 'y cv'v'j g'o k'k'ct' { /k'p' w'ut'k'n'eqo r ngz '\*cu Gkugpj qy gt 'j cf 'ecmgf 'k+v'y cu'qh'ngp'cp'ko r gf ko gpv'v'q'et'gcv'kpi 'y g'o quv'gh'g'ev'kxg'WUOo k'k'ct' { 'htqeg'ht v'j g'o qpg' { 'ur gpv'0Ncti g'k'p'f w'ut'k'n'eqtr qtc'v'k'p'u. 'k'pen'v' kpi 'I t'c'p'f 'W'pkgf . 'v'j r k'ecm' { 'm'dd'kgf 'ht'ur gpf kpi qp'gZR gpukxg'cketch'ht'v'j g'C'k'H'qte'g. 'u'w'hc'eg'x'gu'gn'cpf 'cketch'ecttkgtu'ht'v'j g'P'cx' { . 'cpf 'v'cp'm'i'cpf j k'j 'v'gej 'i cf i g't' { 'ht'v'j g'C'to { 0C'f'f'v'q'v'j cv'v'j g'j w' g'm'dd'kgu'ht'equn' { 'dw'utcvgi k'ecm' { 'wug'gu'v'o k'k'ct' { dcugu'cpf 'k'y cu'engct'cu'v'j g'y gm'y cu'j gf 'y k'p'f qy u'qh'v'j g'uv'p'g'o cpukqp'v'j cv'v'j g'o k'k'ct' { 'y cu'w'f 'o quv'qh v'j g'o qpg' { 'cm'q'ec'v'g'f 'vq'k'0Vj g'cm'q'ec'v'k'p'qh'hw'p'f u'y cu'v'q'i tgc'v'v'j cv'v'j g'v'k'em'g'qh'gh'g'ev'kxg'gn' { 'ur gpv'o qpg' { y cu'gpq'w' j 'vq'dw' { 'v'j g'o quv'r qy g'hw'v'o k'k'ct' { 'y g'y q'tf 'j cf 'gxgt'npqy p0P gxgt'v'j g'nguu. 'I gpgtcn'M'pqz I tcf { 'y cp'v'g'f 'vq'o cng'dgwtg'wug'qh'v'j qug'hw'p'f u'cpf 'et'gcv'g'cp'gxgp'o qtg'r qy g'hw'v'o k'k'ct' { 0J ku'x'kuk'p y cu'qh'c'WUOo k'k'ct' { 'utqpi 'gpq'w' j 'vq'q'dr'k'v'g'c'v'g'cp' { 'qr r qu'k'k'p'cpf 'y g't'gh'q't'g'v'q'utqpi 'vq'ej cng'pi g0C uk' g'gh'g'ev'qh'v'j ku'y qwf 'dg'v'q'i kxg'WUOeqtr qtc'v'k'p'u. 'rkng'I t'c'p'f 'W'pkgf . 'y g't'w'p'qh'v'j g'r r'p'gv'0Vj ku k'p'et'g'c'ug'f 'geqpqo ke 't'g'cej 'ht'WUOeqtr qtc'v'k'p'u'y qwf 'o cng'v'j g'W'pkgf 'U'c'v'gu'gxgp't'k'ej gt. 'r tqxkf kpi 'c uq'w'eg'qh'gxgp'i tgc'v'g'hw'p'f kpi 'ht'v'j g'o k'k'ct' { 0Vj ku'y cu'v'j g'x'k'w'q'w'u'ekteng'v'j cv'I gpgtcnI tcf { 'f t'gco gf qh'r r'pp'p'gf 'ht. 'cpf 'y q'tngf 'vq'dt'kpi 'vq'ht'w'k'k'p'0

Y j kgj gcf "uqtv'qh'r qpf gt gf "y ku'hqt "c'mpi "o qo gpv."y gp'uckf ."\$Kl wgu'y j cv'y g'mug'qp'cketch'ecttkgtu. y g'mi clp "gnugy j gtg0"Ku"y g'dki i gt'r kewtg"y cv'o cvgtu0"Y gtg'mqmkpi "v" c'pgy "uqekn'qtf gt."dqj cdtqcf "cpf "cvj qo g0"Kikngf "{ qw'kf gcu'cdqw'etgcvkpi "c'pgy "kpvtpcn'ugewtkv' "cttcpi go gpv0 Y g'pggf "y g vqqu'hqt "dgwgt "f qo guke'kpvgnki gpeg"i cvj gtlpi . "gur gekcm' "tgrcvgf "v"y j g'kpvtpgv'cpf "vngaqo 0Vgej pqm' { ku'ej cpi kpi 0"Kmpqy . "y g'o cng" c'mv'qh'y cv'gej pqm' { 0\$ "J g'uo krgf . "dw" "I gpgtcl" tcf { "f kf "pqvtgur qpf 0 J g'npgy "y j cv"Y j kgj gcf "j cf "kp"o kpf 0I 0W0y qwf "uwr r n' "y j g'kpvgnki gpeg"j ctf y ctg'hqt "f qo guke"ur { kpi 0 Y j kgj gcf "pqf f gf "j ku"j gcf "ci clp0\$Y g"j cxg" c'i qaf "f gcn'qh'mpi "tcpi g'r rppkpi "v" f q. \$"j g'uckf . "cnj qw' j k'y cu'pqv'eqo r ngvgn' "engct "y j gy gt "y ku'y cu'c'tghgtgpeg"v" kpvtpcn'utcvgi ke'r rppkpi "cv" tcpf "Wpkgf . i mqdcn'utcvgi ke'r rppkpi "d{ "y j g'kpvngewcn'hpki j w'y j q' uwr r qtvgf "Rcz" Co gtlkpcp. "qt" dqj 0

\$[ gu'ukt. "y g'f q. \$"I gpgtcl" tcf { "tgr qpf gf . "ceegr vki "y cv"Y j kgj gcf "y cu'r tqdcdn' "ur gcnkpi "o qtg i mqdcn' 0

Y j kgj gcf "uo krgf 0\$Qnc { . "y gp. " { qw'ecp "tguv'cuwgtf "Kmf q"o { "r ctv0\$ "J g'gzvgpf gf "j ku"j cpf "v"y j g' i gpgtcl "y j q'tgcf kn' "uj qm'kn' . "uki plkl' kpi "c'ukngpv'r ctvpgtuj kr "y cv'y qwf "y qtm'o quwn' "dgj kpf "y g'uepgu"v" uj kn' "y j g'ewttgpv'qh'WU0f qo guke. "hqtgki p. "cpf "o kkrct { "r qy gt "kp"y j g'eqo kpi "r quv'Erkpvqp"gtc0



O qpc'y cvej gf "y g'dtkgh'cr r gctcpeg"qh"j gt "rcv" gt. "O qj co gf "dkp"J clk'Dkrn"ej ckto cp qh'y g'twvki "O cr { P cvkqpcn'Eqciklqp"cpf "o go dgt "qh'r ctrko gpv."qp" c"o qtpkpi "Tcf kq "Vngxkukqp"O cr { uk'pgy uecu0J clk Dkrn'y cu'cp"ko r qtvcv'hi wtg'kp"y j g'r ctv' . "c'dtkf i g'dgvy ggp"y qug"y cv'Crk'Lco cn'ecmgf "\$f kqucwu\$"cpf y j g'tghqto "eqpvkpi gpv'y cv'Lco cn'rgf 0J g'y cu'c'emug'htkpf "qh'dqj "Cnk' Cdf wrcj "cpf "Crk'Lco cr0

\$Vq'cpuy gt "y ku's wguvqp. "y g'pggf "v"mpqy "y j cv'y j g'r qat "y cpv'y g'i qxgtpo gpv'v" f q0Kl tgy "wr "r qat. "kp" c tgo qvg'mco r wpi 0Kf q'pqv'y kpm'y j g'r qat "y cpv'c" i qxgtpo gpv'y cv'ku'uqekrku. "qpg"y cvi kxgu'y go "vq o wej "cpf "f qgu'pqv'cum'o wej "qh'y go "kp'tgwtp0Y j cv'y g"j cxg'uggp"kp"y j g'y qtn' "ku"y cv'j ctf "y qtm Hggf qo "hqt" dwkpguugv"v" kpxguv'cpf "gxr mkl'y j g'tguwtegu"y j g' r c' "hqt. "cpf "c"eqqr gtcvkg' i qxgtpo gpv'ctg y j g'kpi tgf kgpw'ht "uweguu0Rtko g'O kpvgt "Cdf wrcj "j cu'hqwpf "gzcevn' "y j g'tki j v'r cv' "hqt" qw'eqwv' { 0Kv ku'cdqw'dcncpeg"cpf "eqqr gtcvqp. "tghqto "cpf "r tqi tguu. "lqdu"cpf "qr r qtwpkv' { 0\$ "Qp" qeecukqp"y j g'eco gtc y qwf "hrcuj "qp"y j g' { qwpi "y qo cp'tgr qtvt'pqf f kpi "ci tggo gpv'cpf "uo kkrpi 0Vj g'ugi o gpv'gpf gf "y kj "y j tgr qtvt'pqv'kpi "y cv"J clk'Dkrn'y cu'qpg"qh"y j g'o quv'kphwgpv'cn'rgcf gtu'kp"y j g'twvki "r ctv' 0

P qy "wtpgf "cy c' "Htqo "y j g'vngxkukqp. "O qpc"uo krgf "cu'uj g'y cvej gf "j gt"Htkgpf "cpf "tqqo o cvg. "O gkr q. vt { kpi "y kj qw'o wej "uweguu"v"qr gp" c' "lct" qh'r nwo "lco 0K'tgo kpf gf "j gt"qh'y j g'r nwo "eqqnkgu"j gt uvr /o qv' gt "mqxgf "v"o cng0Vj g' { "cvugf "xkr. "dw"K'o ggp"v'qum'uej "r ngcuwtg"kp"o cnkpi "y j go 0

\$[ qw'uj qwf "twp"j qv'y cvgt "qxgt" k'htuv. "uq"y j g'vqr "y kn'gxr cpf . "\$"O qpc"uckf "cu'uj g'wtpgf "Htqo "y j g'hkcej gp wtpcpeg"cpf "y gpvdcem'kpv"y j g'hk'kpi "tqqo "cpf "ucv'f qy p"cv'y j g'uo cmi' r u'vqr "f k'kpi "vcdng"y j gtg"j gt pqv'gdqnm'eqo r wgt "tguvgf "pgct"y j q'eqm'htw'ht'cti g'r qwgt { "dqy nu. "qpg"y kj "uvgco kpi "j qv'eqeqpw'dwpu cpf "y j g'qy j g' "y kj "Htguj "Ht'v'k0Cu'uj g'ucv'f qy p"cv'y j g'vcdng'uj g'eqwf "j gct "y j g'y cvgt "twppkpi 0Uj g'uy cvgf j gt "mpi "rcs wgt "drcen'j ck "qww'qh"j gt "hceg"cpf "qr gpgf "y j g'pqv'gdqnm'eqo r wgt0

\$Y j { "f qgu'gxgt { y j kpi "kp"O cr { uk' "j cxg"v" dg" f k'hkeww" \$"O gkr q" cun'gf "Htqy plkpi 0\$K'ukn'f qp)"y j kpm'y ku'ku i qppc"qr gp0\$ "Uj g'utwi i r'gf "y kj "y j g'vqr 0J gt "y j kp"cto u'cpf "y tkw'j ctf n' "uggo gf "wr "v"y j g'vcun'0

\$O qtg"j qv'y cvgt.\$'O qpc'uckf . 'kp'y j cv'ecp'qpn{ 'dg'f guetkdgf 'cu'c'o qvj gtn{ 'vqpg'qh'xqleg0"Uj g'qr gpgf 'y g Y qtf 'hkg'hqt'j gt'o cpwuetkr v. *Dreaming in Malaysia*0Uj g'mecv'g 'y g'o quv'tgegpv'r ctc i tcr j . 'y g'rcu'v'y q ugpy'pegu'qh'y j kej 'tgc'f < *She bit into the biscuit and watched the small opening in the far wall grow larger, until it dominated the room, a deep, endless, dark well of an opening. She recognized the blasphemy in the opening, the vulgarity of darkness, seductively refusing to reveal its secrets from afar.*

\$Hcy gt 'uc{u'Kpggf 'v'i gv'o cttkgf .'O gkr q'uckf 0\$J g'y cpw'o g'v'q'o ctt { 'y cv'i twdd{ 'Ngg'Hqqm'Y qq0"Ecp { qw'ko ci kpgA"Vj g'qpg'y c { 'K'ecp'i gv'qww'qh'y ku'y kj qww'c'dki 'hki j v'ku'v'i q'v'q'i tcf wcv'g'uej qqr0\$

\$I qqf .'O qpc'uckf . 'j crh'rkuv'gpkpi 0"Uj g'y tqvg< *She walked across the room to the black hole. She could feel the energy emanating from the opening. She took a deep breath and began to move her hand . . .*

\$[ qw'o gv'Ngg'Hqqm'Y qq."{ qw'tgo go dgtA"J g'v'k'gf 'v'v'q'we'j "{ qwt'dtgcuvu0"Vj qwi j v'j g'y cu'dgkpi 'hwpp{0 J g'u'cp'cuuj qrg0"Lxw'dgecwug'j ku'hcy gt'j cu'o krikpu.'o { 'hcy gt'y kpm'j g'y qwf 'o cng'c'i qqf 'j wdc'p'f 0\$

\$Cpf "{ qwt'o qvj gt.'v'q'q.\$'O qpc'cf f gf 0 . . . *began to move her hand towards the opening. Her fingers reached, slowly, tentatively, trembling for the blackness that reflected no light.*

O gkr q'dtqwi j v'y g'r nwo 'lco 'kpv'v'y g'hkxkpi 'tqqo 'cpf 'ucv'f qy p'cv'y g'v'cdng'y kj 'O qpc0

\$Ktgo go dgt'y qug'ECTG'r cenci gu'htqo "{ qwt'o qvj gt0"Uj g'cny c { u'ugpv'r nwo 'lco 0\$

\$K'y cu'cny c { u'v'q'v'p'gn{ 'dcem'y gp.'O gkr q'r w'f qy p'y g'lco 'cpf 'uki j gf 0

\$Y j cv'f q "{ qw'o gcpA\$'O qpc)u'cwgp'v'q'p'y cu'v'km'q'p'y g'p'q'v'gd'q'q'm'eqo r wgt 'uetggp0

C'rqpi 'f t'kpm'q'h'ukngpeg0"O qpc'uv'r r gf 'v'r kpi . 'ucxgf 'j gt'hkg.'emugf 'y g'eqo r wgt.'cpf 'mqm'g'f 'cv'O gkr q0

\$O qwpv'J qn{ qng'y cu'y g'hktuv'ko g'kp'o { 'hkg'K'hgn'v'q'v'cm{ 'kuqr'v'g'f . 'r clphwm{ 'kuqr'v'g'f .'O gkr q'uckf 0

\$Rgqr ng'y gtg'uq'p'gi cv'x'g'cm'y g'v'ko g0"Kt'g'cm{ 'cduqtdgf 'cm'y cv0"K'o cf g'o g'hgg'n'v'ut'cpi g'cm'y g'v'ko g0\$

\$Kuv'm'tgo go dgt'y cv'ko g'y j gp "{ qw'i qv'cpi t { 'cpf 'uckf 'uej qqn'y cu'c'y cv'g'qh'v'ko g0\$

\$[ qw'j cxgp)'dggp'rkuv'gpkpi .'O gkr q'uckf .'cpf 'O qpc'htqy pgf . 'pqv'w'pf gtuc'p'f kpi 0

\$Uqt { .'O qpc'ceegr v'g'f 'y g'etk'k'ekuo . 'cny qwi j 'uj g'v'km'f k'f 'pqv'w'pf gtuc'p'f 0

\$Vj g'r gqr ng'y gtg'uq'eqrf .'O gkr q'v'k'gf 'ci clp0"\$Vj g { 'j cf 'cm'y gug'k'f gcu'cdqw'y j cv' { qwt'g'v'w'r qugf 'v'q dg'rkng'dgecwug "{ qwt'g'Ej kpgug0\$Uj g'uv'r r gf 'hqt'c'o qo gpv0"\$Kf qp'v'y kpm'y g { 'j cf 'cp { 'k'g'c'y j gtg O crc { uk'ku'qt'y j cv'k'ku.'o wej 'nguu'y j q'Kco 0Vj g'hwpp { 'v'kpi 'ku'y cv'y g'Co g'k'ecpu'cny c { u'y cpv'g'f "{ qv'v'q'ceegr v'y go 'cu'k'p'f k'k'f wcu.'dww'y gp'y g { 'mqm'g'f 'cv' { qw'cu'uqo g'n'k'p'f 'qh'v'g't'g'q'v'f r g'y cv'y g { 'o cf g'w'r 'kp y gk'h'cp'v'cukgu'cdqw'y g't'g'v'q'h'y g'y qtrf .'cu'h'y g'g'cm'l'wuv'J qm'y qqf 'etg'c'v'q'pu'qt'uqo g'y kpi 0\$

\$Vj g { 'cny c { u'hgg'n'v'w'r g'k'qt 'v'q'gxgt { dqf { 'gnug.\$'O qpc'ej ko gf 'kp0

O gkr q'v'q'qm'q'pg'qh'y g'eqeqpw'dwpu'cpf 'uo gctgf 'r nwo 'lco 'qp'k0"\$C'm'v'q'h'r gqr ng'y qwi j v' { qw'y gtg'nk'p'f qh'cttqi cpv0\$Uj g'mqng'f 'w' 'v'ugg'O qpc'htqy p'kpi 0"\$[ qw'v'kpi ng'j cpf gf n' { qti cpk' gf 'y g'O w'uko 'h'g'v'k'xcn y qug'rcu'v'y q "{ gctu0"t go go dgtA\$"l gu.'O qpc'f'k'f 'tgo go dgt.'cny qwi j 'pqv's w'kg'k'p'y g'y c { 'O gkr q'j cf l'wv'r t'gug'p'v'g'f 'k0\$[ qw'y gtg'cny c { u'v'q'v'q'ek'c'f0"Dw'o g.'K'ng'r v'v'q'o { u'g'h'o quv'q'h'y g'v'ko g0"K'l'wv'f gek'f gf 'v'q r w'o { 'gp'gti { 'k'pv'v'w'f { kpi 'cpf 'i g'v'kpi 'i qqf 'i tcf gu0\$

\$[ qw'uweeggf gf.\$'O qpc'uckf .t'gcej kpi 'hqt" c"eqeqpw'dwp0"O gkr q'r cuugf 'j gt'v'j g'r nwo 'lco 0"\$[ qw'j cxgp)v  
ej cpi gf "{ qwt'o kpf "cdqw'Dgtngg{ .j cxg" { qwA\$

O gkr q'uo kngf 0"\$Kj cxgp)v'ej cpi gf "o { 'o kpf "cdqw'Dgtngg{ 0K'u'i tcf wcv'uej qqn'qt 'Ngg'Hqqm'Y qq0I kxgp  
v'j cv'ej qleg.'Kj kpm'Kcep 'f gcn'y kj 'v'j g'kuqrc'kqp.'uvgtgqv' r kpi . 'cpf 'v'j g'cttqi cpeg0Dgukf gu.'kh'Kf qp)v'i q'vq  
i tcf wcv'uej qqn'o { 'hcv'j gt'g'zr gew'o g'v'q'i q'k'p'v'q'v'j g'eqo r cp{ 0"Qrf gt'dtqv'j gt'j cu'c'it'gcf { 'r kengf "qw'w'c  
r quak'qp'hqt'j ku'hk'w'g'ukuvgt0"P gxgt'o kpf 'v'j cv'K'o 'pqv'cv'cm'lpvgtgugf 0"O { 'hcv'j gt'l'wuv'o cf g'cpqv'j gt'f gcn  
y kj 'Uvj ctv'q'cpf "qrf gt'dtqv'j gt'ku'i qkpi "v'q'dg'k'p'K'p'f'p'guk' hwm'w'o g0"J g'y cpw'o g'v'q'l'q'p'j ko 'v'j gtg0\$

O qpc'tgcnk' gf 'v'j cv'gxgp'kh'O gkr q'f'k'p)v'i q'v'q'i tcf 'uej qqn'uj g'y qwf "dg'ngcxkpi 0\$Qj . 'Kf'k'p)v'npqy 0\$

\$Kj qwi j v'K'qr' "{ qw.\$'O gkr q'p'q'k'egf 'v'j g'ucf'p'guu'k'p'O qpc'u'g'g'gu0"\$Cp{y c{ . 'Kj kpm'r cr c'y cpw'o g'v'q'i gv  
o { 'f'qev'q'cv'g0Ky qwf "dg'v'j g'h'ku'k'p'v'j g'hco kn' '000uq'm'p'i "cu'Kf'qp)v'o ctt{ 'cp'Co g'k'cep'y j k'g'K'o "cy c{ 0\$

\$[ qw'hcv'j gt'j cu'vcn'gp'r c'tcp'q'k'v'q'c'p'gy 'j gk'j v0"C'p'f'y j cv'o cng'u'j ko 'v'j kpm' { qw'f "o ctt{ 'cp'Co g'k'cep'AS\$

\$Rt'q'dcdn' "d'gecw'g'q'h'o { 'eq'w'k'p'H'gpi 0"Uj g'o ctt'k'g'f "cp'Co g'k'cep'uj g'o gv'cv'E'q'w'o d'k'y j gp'uj g'y cu'cv  
d/uej qqr0"Dw'gxgt { d'qf { 'np'qy u'H'gpi "m'x'g'f'gxgt { v'j kpi 'Co g'k'cep'0"Uj g'y cu'v'j cv'y c{ "gxgt'uk'peg'uj g'y cu  
c'ej k'f . 'qt'v'j cv'u'y j cv'C'w'p'k'g'\ k'uckf 0"O qv'j gt'c'p'f 'H'cv'j gt'v'cm'k'ng'H'gpi 'ecw'j v'c'f'k'ug'cug0\$

\$K'y qwf "uq'w'p'f'f'ch'.'kh'p'q'v'v'j cv'v'j g{ 'o k'j j v'j cxg'c'r q'k'p'0\$

\$F'qp)v' { qw'u'ct'v'p'qy . \$'O gkr q'uckf 0\$K'u'p'q'v'l'wuv'v'j cv'K'o 'p'q'v'k'p'vgt'gugf 'k'p'Ngg'H'q'q'm'Y qq0"K'o 'p'q'v'v'j g'h'k'w'g  
y k'g'v' { r g0"K'f'qp)v'y cp'v'v'j g'd'w'f'gp'q'h'j cxkpi "v'q'y qtt { "cd'q'w'y j cv'u'qo g'o cp'y cpw'0\$

Q'w'uk'g'v'j g'y k'p'f'qy "q'h'v'j g'k'h'rc'v.'v'j g'y k'p'f'd'ngy 'v'j k'em'f'c't'm'le'm'w'f'u.'uy q'ng'p'y kj 'o q'ku'w'g.'uo q'ng'c'p'f  
f'w'w.'q'x'g't'M'w'rc'N'w'o r w'0"U'q'q'p'v'j g'f'k'v' 'rc'uj kpi 't'ck'p'y qwf "eqo g'c'p'f 'f't'g'p'ej 'v'j g'ek'v'0

\$K'u'i qkpi "v'q'dg'm'p'g'n' 'j gt'g'y j gp' "{ qw'ng'cxg0\$

\$K'u't'ct'g'gp'qwi j 'y j gp'y g't'g'd'qv'j 'j gt'g.\$'O gkr q'uckf 0"\$C'p'f'f'qp)v'y qtt { . 'K'm'j cxg'g'o c'k'0\$

\$G'o c'k'n'AS'"J qy 'gz'ce'w'k'v'j cv'y cu'u'w'r r qu'g'f'v'q'o c'ng'j gt'h'gg'n'c'p{ "dg'w'gt'O qpc'f'k'f'p'q'v'np'qy . 'dw'uj g'c'nu'q  
np'gy 'y kj 'O gkr q'i q'p'g'uj g'y qwf "dg'x'ce'c'v'kpi 'v'j g'h'rc'v'c'p'f' 'o q'x'kpi 'd'c'em'y kj 'j gt'h'cv'j gt'c'p'f' 'u'v'g'r o qv'j gt0

\$K'm'y t'k'g' "{ qw'gxgt { 'f'c' { . \$'O gkr q'uckf . 't'gcej kpi 'hqt'c'p'qv'j gt'uv'gco gf "d'wp0

Vj g't'ck'p'eco g'u'w'f'f'g'p'n' { 'c'p'f'g'z'r m'uk'x'g'n' 0"Vj g{ 'i' m'peg'f'cv'v'j g'y k'p'f'qy "cv'v'j g'uc'o g'v'ko g0

\$Kj kpm'K'm'o c'ng'v'g'c.\$'O qpc'uckf . 'i' gw'kpi 'w' 'h'q'o 'v'j g'v'cd'ng'c'p'f' 'i' qkpi "v'q'v'j g'h'k'ej gp'c't'g'c0

O gkr q'r kengf 'w' 'v'j g'v'ng'x'k'k'q'p't'go q'v'g'c'p'f' 'uy k'ej gf 'k'v'q'p0"Uj g'uy k'ej gf 'ej c'p'p'g'u'w'p'v'k'i'uj g'eco g'v'q  
c'p'q'rf 't'g't'w'p'q'h'Lost in Space0"G'z'ek'g'f'n' { 'uj g't'c'p'v'q'v'j g'eq'h'gg'v'cd'ng'v'q'i g'v'j gt'i' m'u'ugu0"\$Y k'n'T'q'd'k'p'u'q'p  
ku'q'p'U'ct'.'\$'uj g'uckf . 'o c'n'kpi 't'gh'gt'p'eg'v'q'v'j g'ej c'p'p'g'n'eq'p'v'q'ng'f' "d { 'T'w'g't'v'O w'f'q'ej 'u'o gf'k'c'go r k'g0

\$[ qw'hcv'j gt'uj qwf 'r t'q'dcdn' "g'z'r c'p'f'k'p'v'q'v'j g'o gf'k'c'd'w'uk'p'guu.\$'O qpc'uckf 'h'q'o 'v'j g'h'k'ej gp0"\$J g'eq'w'f  
r w' "{ qw'k'p'ej c'ti g'c'p'f' "{ qw'eq'w'f 'uej gf'w'g'c'm'v'j g'uj qy u' { qw'h'k'ng0"Kj kpm'v'j cv'y qwf "dg'c'm'v'o q't'g'h'w'p  
v'j c'p'ew'w'kpi 'v'ko d'g't'k'p'K'p'f'p'guk'c'p'f'q'r g't'c'v'kpi 'r g't'q'ej go k'ec'n'r r'p'w'c'p'f' 'j q'v'g'u0\$

\$Kj kpm'j g'y qwf 'p'gg'f' "{ qw'hcv'j gt'u'j g'r . \$'O gkr q'uckf 0"\$T'w'g't'v'O w'f'q'ej 'o w'w'v'j cxg'o cf g'c'h'q'v'q'h'h'k'g'p'f'u  
k'p'v'j g'i' q'x'g't'p'o gp'v'q'i g'v'U'ct'c'm'qy gf 'k'p'v'q'v'j g'eq'w'p'v' { 0"K'cep'v'ko ci k'p'g'v'j cv'C'n'k'i'C'd'f'w'rc'j 'y qwf 'j cxg  
uckf "{ g'u'y kj qw'i gw'kpi 'm'w'q'h'p'leg'eq'peg'g'uk'q'p'u0"F'qp)v'g'z'r g'ev'v'q'j g'c't'c'p' { 'e't'k'k'ek'uo u'q'h'C'd'f'w'rc'j 'k'p'c'p' {

\$P q's wgunqp'cdqaw'yj cv.\$'O qpc'eco g'dceml'kp'v'yj g'hkxkpi 'tqo 'cpf 'i rpepf 'cv'yj g'vgrxkukqp0Uj g'f kf 'pqv  
 mpqy 'y j cv'O gkr q'ucy 'kp *Lost in Space*0Twr gtv'O wtf qej 'y cu'c'rgcf gt'kp'ur tgcfl'pi 'Co gtlecp'ewmwtg  
 ctqwpf 'yj g'y qtrf 'cpf 'j cf 'gxp'g'dgeqo g'c'WLU0ekkk gp0C'rqv'qh'r gqr ng'kp'O cm {uk'e'qo r r'k'p'gf 'cdqaw'yj g  
 pgi cv'xg'k'phw'p'egu'qh'Co gtlecp'o gf kc.'dw'o cp { 'y gtg'l'wuv'ikng'O gkr q'cpf 'hmengf 'v'yj gug'ko r qt w.  
 y j gvj gt'qp'vgrxkukqp'qt'kp'r kt'cv'f 'o wuke'qt'xkf gqu0Co gtlecp'gpvgt'v'k'p'gtu'uggo gf 'v'yj cxg'pq'uj co g. '{ gv  
 y gtg'y kf n' 'r qr wrt.'gur gekm' . 'dw'pqv'qpn' . 'y kj '{ qwpi 'r gqr ng'0Vj g' 'y gtg'c' 'uqtv'qh'i mdcnt'q { cm' { 'cpf  
 Crk'Lco cnj cf 'pqvgf 'yj g'eqpvtcf k'v'kp'yj cv'cv'yj g'uco g'ko g'o cp { '{ qwpi 'r gqr ng'y gtg'k'p'et'g'cukpi n'  
 i t'cxk'cv'kpi 'v'yj t'gri k'q'w'hw'p'f co gpv'k'uo . 'yj g'r qr wrt'k'v' 'qh'Co gtlecp'o gf kc'r tqf weu'j cf 'pgxgt'dggp  
 utqpi gt0Crk'Lco cnj cf 'cungf 'O qpc'v'yj gr 'j ko 'o cng'ugpug'qh'yj ku'r j gpqo gpc.'hqt'r qrk'k'ecnt'g'cu'qpu0  
 \$Nk'p'p'gn'ku'kp'vgt'g'v'gf 'kp'yj g'o gf kc0\$

O qpc'wtpgf 'htqo 'yj g'vgrxkukqp'v'yj gt'ht'k'p'f 0\$K'y qwi j v' { qw' 'h'kw'g'dt'q'yj gt'y cu'i qkpi 'v'yj qtm'htq  
 WP 0F 0R0'Vj cv'u'yj j { 'j g'u'o clqt'kpi 'kp'geqp'qo leu'cv'Co j gtuv.'l'wuv'ikng'Dgpi 'f kf 0\$

\$J g'u'h'em'g'0Q'p'g'f c { 'j g'y cpw'v'q'ucxg'yj g'uv'ct'xkpi 'ej kf tgp'qh'O q' co dks w'g'cpf 'yj g'p'gz'v'yj g'y cpw'v'q  
 o cng'o q'x'k'gu'0J g'u'p'qy 'v'cm'kpi 'cdqaw'i qkpi 'v'yj 'WLU0E'0u'ikm 'uej qqr'0J g'u'p'q'v'ikng'Dgpi 0Q'rf gt'dt'q'yj gt'j cu  
 cny c { u'hp'qy p'y j cv'yj g'y cpvgf 0\$

\$Dgpi 'Nko . \$'O qpc'uckf 'ko k'cv'kpi 'c't'cf k'q'c'p'p'q'w'p'egt. '\$y g'j gk' 'cr r ct'gp'v'v'yj g'Mgpi 'Nko 'go r ktg.'Qt'dcy  
 k'p'v'gt'p'cv'k'p'cn'J q'rf kpi u0\$

\$F qp'v'ht'qi gv.'k'h'k'y cup'v'ht'q'Dgpi 'y g'o ki j v'p'gxgt'j cxg'o gv.\$'O gkr q'uckf . 'mqn'kpi 'wr 'q'pn' 'o qo gpv'ct'k'v'  
 htqo *Lost in Space*0

\$[ gu.'Kmp'qy 0'k'i'Dgpi 'j cf p'v'i q'p'g'v'q'Co j gtuv. '{ qw'y qwf 'p'gxgt'j cxg'hp'qy p'cdqaw'O qwpv'J qn' qng0\$

\$O qtg'ko r qt'v'p'v'v' . 'j g'eqp'x'k'p'egf 'Rcr c'yj cv'O qwpv'J qn' qng'y qwf 'dg'c'i q'qf 'uej qqr'ht'q'o g0C'p'f 'j g  
 eqp'x'k'p'egf 'o g'qh'yj g'uco g'yj kpi . 'dw'y kj 'c'xgt' { 'f k'ht'g'p'v'cti wo gpv'0\$

\$Kt'go go dgt.\$'O qpc'uckf 0'\$[ qw'y gtg't'gcm' { 'gzek'gf 'd { 'yj g'h'x'g'eqm'gi g'eqpu'qt'k'wo 0' [ qw'v'q'f 'o g'yj cv  
 { qw'r r'p'p'gf 'v'yj 'v'cng'eqw't'ugu'qp'cm'h'k'g'eco r wugu'0' [ qw't'cp' '{ qw't'ug'h't'ci i gf 't { kpi 'v'yj f'q'l'wuv'yj cv0\$

\$C'p'f 'j g'v'q'f 'Rcr c'yj cv'O qwpv'J qn' qng'y cu'c'p'q'p/t'gri k'q'w'u'y qo cp'u'eqm'gi g0Rcr c'ikng'f 'yj cv'0J g'uckf 'K  
 y qwf p'v'd'g'f k'v'c'ev'gf 'd { 'o gp' 'cpf' '{ gv'Ky qwf p'v'd'g'cv'q'p'g'qh'yj qug't'gri k'q'w'u'uej q'q'u'y j gt'g'yj g' { 'v' { 'v'yj  
 wtp' '{ qw'k'p'v'q'c' 'Ej t'k'v'k'p'0\$

O qpc'uo k'ng'f 0\$K'i wgu' '{ qw'r cr c'y cup'v'd'g'kpi 'xgt' { 'et'g'c'v'x'g'k'h'j g'yj qwi j v' { qw'y qwf p'v'h'k'p'f 'f k'v'c'ev'k'p'u  
 cv'c'ukpi ng'ugz'uej qqr'0\$

O gkr q'i ki i ngf 'cu'yj g't'q'd'q'v'uv'ct'v'gf 'h'c'k'k'kpi 'ku'cto u'edqaw'cpf 'uc' { kpi '\$F cpi gt.'f cpi gt0\$Uj g'cny c { u'ikng'f  
 yj cv'r ct'v'0O qpc'uj q'q'n'j gt'j gcf 'cpf 'wtp'gf 'dcem'v u'yj g'n'k'ej gp'cu'yj g'v'gcr q'v'uv'ct'v'gf 'y j k'v'k'kpi 0



\$O g'co qtr j q'ku'ku'cp'qti c'p'k'o q'x'g'o gpv'qh'k'p'v'gt'c'ev'k'p'yj kj k'p'c'u'uv'go 'kp'y j lej 's w'c'k'k'g'u' \*q'ee'cuk'p'cm'  
 cr r g'ct'c'p'egu'd'w'w'v'w'cm' { 'eqp'f k'k'q'p'u'qt' 'h'w'p'ev'k'p'u'qh'q'p'g'r ct'v'i gv't'c'p'uh'gt'gf 'v'yj q'yj gt'r ct'w'u'q'yj cv'yj g'ic'w'gt  
 ecp'dg't'gh'gt'gf 'v'yj cu'h'qto u'qh'yj g'h'qto gt0Y j cv'ku'gu'gp'v'c'n'ku'yj cv'yj ku'r t'q'egu'qh'o g'co qtr j q'ku' 'dg'nti g

gpqwi j 'vq'kpenxf g'dqy 'y j cv'ku'ej cpi kpi 'cpf 'y j cv'ku'ej cpi kpi 'kpvq.'uq'vj cv'vj g'tcputqto cvkqp dgeqo gu'cp'kpvgtpcn'o qxgo gpv'f'Dgtvgn'Qmo cp.'kp *Rethinking Marxism*.'Xqrxo g'5.'pq03



Ukwkpi 'cv'vj g'eqo r wgt'kp'vj g'rdtct { 'qh'Ej kpgug'Wpkxgtukv' 'qh'J qpi 'Mqpi . 'Uj k'F cq'mqngf 'tkng'cp'qrf r tqhguuqt.'pqv'ht'htqo 'tgvktgo gpv.'f tguugf 'kp'c'dci i { 'dnwg'uwk'cpf 'y gctkpi 'drcemucpf cni'cpf 'y j kg uqem0J g'j cf 'kpuwmgf 'c'r tqi tco 'qpva'vj g'eqo r wgt'vj cv'vj cf 'dggp'y tkwgp'd { 'c' { qwpi 'o cp'kp'j ku'go r mq { . c'o cp'vj cv'Uj k'F cq'j cf 'hqwpf 's wkg'vcrgpvf 'kp'o cp { 'vj kpi u.'r ct'kwrcn' { 'vj qug'tgrcvf 'vq'eqo r wgtu0Kv y cu'kpetgculpi n' { 'wughw'hpqy ngf i g'kp'c'y qtrf 'y j gtg'y ktgf 'cpf 'y ktrguu'eqppgevkpu'cmqy gf 'hqt'hcuvcpf *almost* wpo gf kwgf 'o qxgo gpv'qh'o cuugu'qh'f cv'htqo 'cp { 'i kxgp'r qkpv'qp'vj g'r rcpgv'vq'cp { 'qvj gt'r qkpv0 Uj k'F cq'pcxki cvgf 'vj g'eqo r wgt'u'dtqy ugt'vq'cp'qduewt'g'y gduk'g'cpf 'enkngf 'cp'gxgp'o qtg'qduewt'g'rkpn0

Cp'Cf qdg'RF H'kng'cr r gctgf 'qp'vj g'uetggp0'K'y cu'c'j wi g'vgzv.'dw'Uj k'F cq'y cu'qpn' { 'kpvgtguvf 'kp'vj g eqpv'gw'qh'c'r ct'kwrcn'r ci g.'f kmqi wg'htqo 'c'ej ctcevg' 'kp'c'y gd'pqxgr0

Uj k'F cq'f kf 'pqv'pggf 'c'ekr j gt'vq'f geqf g'vj g'o guuci g'kp'vj g'f kmqi wg0'J g'y cu'vj g'ekr j gt.'uq'vq'ur gcn0'J g j cf 'kpxgpvgf 'vj g'eqf g0'J ku'kpuwv'kpu'y gtg'engct0' Cpqvj gt'o go dgt'qh'vj g'qti cpl' cvkqp'qh'y j kej 'j g'y cu c'ng' { 'hi wtg'j cf 'kpkmtcvgf 'vj g'kpcpekn'go r ktg'qh'Uko qp'T gnmgt.'f guetkdgf 'kp'vj g'y gdpqxgr'cu'J kmctkwa Y kpmg.'kpcpekn'ur gewrcvt'cpf 'y tgengt'qh'pcvkpu.'cpf 'j cf 'dgeqo g'cy ctg'qh'T gnmgt'u'r rcp'vq'ugv'kp o qvkqp'vj g'eqmcr ug'qh'ewttgpek'ku'kp'Uqwj gcu'Cu'k.'uvt'kpi 'y kj 'vj g'Vj ck'dcj v.'dw'o qxkpi 's wkm' { 'vq f gucdk'k' g'ewttgpek'ku'kp'O cr { uk.'Ukpi cr qtg.'K'f qpguk.'vj g'Rj ktr' kpgu.'cpf 'qvj gt'pcvkpu0'C'eqo r wgt o qf gny cu'w'pf gt'f gxgr o gpv'vq'eqqtf kpcvg'cpf 'eqpv'qn'vj g'ghgwa'qh'vj g'cwcen0

Uj k'F cq'emugf 'vj g'y gd'dtqy ugt.'hpqy kpi 'vj cv'vj ku'kphqto cvkqp'y qwf 'dg'tgxkugf 'y kj kp'vj g'j qwt0'Vj g y gd'pqxgr'ny cu'tgr gcvgf n' { 'ej cpi gf 'vq'eqphwug'cp { qpg'y j q'o ki j v'uwur gev'k'y cu'tgcm' { 'c hqpv'qh'eqf gu0

Uj k'F cq'hqwpf 'k'ktqpk'vj cv'vj g'y gduk'g'kp's wguv'k'p'y cu'j quvgf 'kp'vj g'Wpk'g'f 'U'cvgu.'j qo g'vq'vj g'E'K'c'cpf P UC.'vj g'r tko ct { 'qr r qpgp'w'qh'j ku'qti cpl' cvkqp'kp'vj g'i mdcn'ej guu'o cvej 'vj cv'vj cu'wpegculpi n' { 'dgkpi r r { gf 'qww'k'xctk'qwa'ukgu'cdqwwj g'r rcpgv'cpf 'kpetgculpi n' { 'qxgt'vj g'k'pvtpg'v0

*We are engaged in a permanent revolution.*

Cpqvj gt'kqp { 'y cu'vj cv'Uj k'F cq'j cf 'hqpf 'o go qtkgu'qh'j ku'ko g'kp'vj g'Wpk'g'f 'U'cvgu.'kp'vj g'dgm' { 'qh'vj g dgcu0'J g'j cf 'o cf g'o cp { 'htk'gpf u.'t'cxngf 'vq'o cp { 'r r'egv.'y cvej gf 'o cp { 'dcugdcm'i co gu0 J g'u'wkn qy pgf 'c' { 'cpnggu'dcugdcm'ecr 'vj cv'vj cf 'i kxgp'vq'j ko 'd { 'c Rcnkucpk'ecd'f tkxgt0'\$Uqo gqpg'ngw'k'kp'vj g ecd0'Vcng'k'dcem'vq'Ej kpc'y kj ' { 'q'w.'\$'vj g'ecd'f tkxgt'j cf 'uckf 0'Uvej 'i gpgt'qukv' { 'y cu'eqo o qp.'gur gekm' { kp'vj g'Dtq'p'z0'Dw'vj ku'y cu'pqv'vj g'ecug'y kj 'vj g'WU0i qxgtpo gpv'qt'vj g'tcputpcvk'qpcn'eqtr qtcvk'qpu'y j q eqpv'qmgf 'k0'Uj k'F cq'dgn'gxgf 'vj cv'vj g'dqwti g'k'Co g'k'ecp'ucv'g.'w'pf gt'vj g'eqo o cpf 'qh'ecr k'cn'uv f ktgev'tu'ukw'kpi 'kp'vj g'k'eqtr qtcvg'dqctf 'tqqo u.'wugf 'ku'o k'k'ct { 'vq'eqgteg'cpf 'eqps wgt'ht'vj g'r wtr qug'qh hqte'kpi 'qvj gt'i qxgtpo gpw'vq'ngy vqy . 'vq'qr gp'vj g'k'geq'p'qo k'gu'y kf g'vq'vj g'tcr g'qh'vj g'tcputpcvk'qpcn'u.'vq o cng'vj g'k'r gqr ng'vj g'ej gcr . 'qdgf k'p'v'rdqt'vj cv'cmqy gf 'vj qug'tcputpcvk'qpcn'u'vq'tgcr 'j wi g'y gcnj 'cpf 'vq f ktgev'vj cv'y gcnj 'vq'vj g'xctk'qwa'rc { gtu'qh'vj g'tcputpcvk'qpcn'j k'gt'ctej { . 'htqo 'EGQu'vq'ngy 'rgxgn'o cpci gtu0

Uj k'F cq'tcp'vj g'uo cm'w'k'k'v' { 'r tqi tco 'vj cv'y qwf 'g'ko kpcvg'tcegu'qh'j ku'ce'v'k'k'v' { 'qp'vj g'eqo r wgt0

*The Long March needs Rekker's computer model.*

Uj k'F cq'tqug'ecuwcm' { 'htqo 'vj g'y qtm'uv'k'q'p.'cd'cpf q'k'pi 'vj g'eqo r wgt'vq'cp'c'wt'ce'v'k'g' { 'qwpi 'y qo cp'y j q

y cu'npf 'gpqwi j 'v'uo krg'dghqtg'vncpi 'y g'ugcv'kp'htqpv'qh'y g'o qpkqt0

*Rekker is one of capitalism's attack dogs. We must uncover his leash before he attacks China.*

Uj k'F cq'mpgy 'qh'qpn' 'qpg'r gtuqp'y j q'j g'eqwf 'twuv'v'lwueggf 'cv'wej 'c'o kukqp0



\$Lwuv'cu'y gtg'ku'pqv'c'ukpi rg'y kpi 'kp'y g'y qtrf 'y kj qw'c'f wcn'pcwtg'\*y ku'ku'y g'rcy 'qh'y g'wpx' 'qh  
qr r qukgu+. 'uq'ko r g'kcrkuo 'cpf 'cm'tgcev'kqctkgu'j cxg'c'f wcn'pcwtg /// 'y g' { 'ctg'tgcn'ki gtu'cpf 'r cr gt 'ki gtu  
cv'y g'uco g'vko g0'k'p'r cu'v'j kuqt { . 'dghqtg'y g' { 'y qp 'uv'v'g'r qy gt 'cpf 'hqt'uo g'vko g'ch'gty ctf u. 'y g  
urxg/qy p'kpi 'ercuu. 'y g'hwf c'n'rcpf m'rtf 'ercuu'cpf 'y g'dqwti g'q'k'g'y g'g'x'ki q'q'w. 'tgxq'w'k'q'p'ct { 'cpf  
r tqi t'gu'k'g'='y g' { 'y g'g'tgcn'ki gtu0'Dw'y kj 'y g'r'cr ug'qh'vko g. 'd'g'ecw'g'y g'k' 'qr r qukgu /// 'y g'urxg'ercuu.  
r gcucp'v'ercuu'cpf 'y g'r tq'g'v'ct'k'v /// 'i tgy 'kp'ut'gpi y 'uvr 'd { 'uvr . 'utwi i r'gf 'ci c'k'p'v'y go 'o q'g'cpf 'o q'g  
h'g'tegn'. 'y g'ug't'w'k'pi 'ercuu'g'e'j cpi g'f 'k'p'v' 't'g'cev'k'q'p'ct'k'g'u. 'ej cpi g'f 'k'p'v' 'd'ceny ctf 'r g'q' r'g. 'ej cpi g'f 'k'p'v  
r cr gt 'ki gtu0'c'p'f 'g'x'g'p'w'cm' { 'y g' { 'y g'g'q'x'g't'y t'q'y p. 'q't 'y k'm'd'g'q'x'g't'y t'q'y p. 'd { 'y g'r g'q' r'g'0' 'O cq' \ g'f q'pi .  
htqo 'c'ur g'g'ej 'i k'x'g'p' 'k'p' 'Y w'j cp. '3; 7:



Ucplc { 'J cttku. 'eqqn'k'p'uwpi ruugu. 'dtqp| g'umk'p'cpf 'y kj 'c'np'pi 'lgv'd'men'r qp { v'cn'y cm'gf 'f qy p' 'U'c'w'p'v'q'p  
U'g'g'v'k'p' 'y g'f k't'g'ev'k'p' 'qh'X'k'ev'q't'k'c' 'R't'k'q'p'0'V'j g't'c'h'k'e'y cu'hi j v'cv'v'g'p'k'p' 'y g'o q't'p'k'pi 'q'p'c'y g'g'nf c { 0J g  
y cu'v'nc'k'pi 'y g'f c { 'q'h'h'c'p'f 'g'p'l'q' { g'f 'y g'ug'p'ug'q'h'k'd'g't'ev'k'p' 'd'g'k'pi 'h't'g'g'v'q'f'q'c'u'j' g'r r'g'c'ug'f 'k'p'c' 'ek'v' 'y j g'g  
o qu'v'r g'q' r'g' 'h'x'g'f 'y g'k' 'h'x'g'u'k'p' 't'g'i ko g'p'v'g'f 'h'cuj k'q'p'0J g'p'q'v'g'f 'y g' { g'm'y 'u't'k'r 'q'h'v'c'r g'q'p' 'y g' 'u't'g'g'v' 'u'ki p  
q'p' 'y g' 'eq't'p'g't' 'c'p'f 'r t'q'eg'g'f g'f 'v'q' 'y g' 'rc'w'p'f t { 'q'p' 'Q'rf 'D'ck'g' { 'U't'g'g'v'0J g'y g'p'v'k'p' 'c'p'f 'r k'eng'f 'w'r 'y t'g'g' 'd'q'z'g'u  
q'h'uj k'w'ht'qo 'J ctt { 'E'j cp. 'y g'g'f g'tn' { 'o c'p'y j q'y q'tng'f 'y g' 'eq'w'p'v'g't'f 'w'k'pi 'y g'f c { 0J g'y c'p'ng'f 'J ctt { .  
y j q' 'i t'k'p'p'g'f 'v'q'q'y k'f /// 'U'c'p'lc { 'j cf 'q'p'eg'g'p'i ci g'f 'y g' 'o c'p' 'k'p' 'd't'k'g'h' 'eq'p'x'g't'uc'v'k'p'. 'k'p' 'E'c'p'v'q'p'g'ug. 'cd'q'w  
y g' 'h'k'g' 'q'h' '\$d'm'em' \$'k'p' 'y g' 'w'p'k'g'f 'U'c'v'g'u'0'k'v'j cf 'rc'v'g't' 'w't'p'g'f 'q'w'v'y cv'J ctt { 'u' 'e'w'k'q'w'k'v' { 'y cu'r t'c'i o c'v'k'<  
j k'u'f t'c'p'f u'q'p' 'j cf 'o c'tt'k'g'f 'c' 'R'w'g't'v'q' 'T'k'ec'p' 'c'ev't'g'u'u' 'c'p'f 'y cu'p'q'y 'h'x'k'pi 'k'p' 'N'qu' 'C'p'i g'ng'u. 'E'c'r'h'q't'p'k'c'0J g'j cf  
v'k'g'f 'g'z'r r'c'k'p'k'pi 'v'q' 'J ctt { 'y g' 'eq'o r r'g'z'k'v' { 'q'h' 'e'w'w't'c'n' 'h'k'g' 'k'p' y g' 'W'U'0' 'c'p'f 'k'p' 'r c't'v'k'w'r'c't' 'y g'f k'v'k'p'e'v'x'g'p'g'u  
q'h'N'qu' 'C'p'i g'ng'u. 'd'w'j' g'y cu'p'q'v' 'u't'g' 'J ctt { 'j cf 's' w'k'g' 'h'c'v'j q'o g'f 'k'0J q'pi 'M'q'pi 'y cu. 'ch'g't' 'cm' 'c' 'x'g't' {  
eq'p'h'k'p'g'f 'ur c'eg. 'c'r'd'g'k'v'q'p'g'y k'j 'c' 'f' k'x'g't'ug' 'o k'z' 'q'h'r' g'q' r'g'0'k'p' 'c'p' { 'g'x'g'p'v. 'J ctt { 'p'q'y 'eq'p'uk'f' g't'g'f 'j ko 'c'm' qu'v  
c' 'h't'k'p'f 'c'p'f 'ej c'ti g'f 'j ko 'm'q'ec'n't'c'v'g'u' 'h'q't' 'f' t { 'e'ng'c'p'k'pi . 't'c'v'j g't' 'y c'p' 'y g' 't'c'v'g'u' 'w'u'w'cm' { 'ej c'ti g'f 'v'q' 'g'z' / r'c'w'0

J g'v'q'q'n'v'y g'd'q'z'g'u'd'c'em'v'q'j k'u' 'h'c'v'c'p'f 'q'r g'p'g'f 'y go 'k'p'j k'u' 'h'x'k'pi 't'q'q'o . 'p'g'z'v'v'q'j k'u'r t'k' g'f 'v't'c'k'p'ug'0  
k'p'uk'f g'y g't'g'v'y g'uj k'w'c'p'f . 'k'p' 'q'p'g' 'd'q'z. 'c' 'u'k'pi r'g' 'd'g'c't'g't' 'd'q'p'f 'k'u'w'g'f 'd { 'c' 'L'c'r'c'p'g'ug' 'd'c'p'n'k'p' 'y g' 'c'o q'w'p'v'q'h  
0B2.222.2220" 'V'j k'u'y cu'q'p'n' { 'j k'u'v'j k'f 'r c { o g'p'v' 'u'k'p'eg'j g'j cf 'd'g'i w'p'j k'u'r c't'v'k'o g'y q't'n'ih'q't' 'c' 'h'k'w'g' 'h'p'q'y p  
E'j k'p'g'ug' 'q'ti c'p'k' c'v'k'p'0' 'k'w' 'u'r r'g'o g'p'v'g'f 'j k'u'f c { 'l'q'd' 'c'v'v'y g' 'J q'pi 'M'q'pi 'V't'c'f' g' 'c'p'f 'F' g'x'g'r' o g'p'v' 'E'q'w'p'ek'0  
Q'x'g't' 'y g'y g'g'ng'p'f . 'j g'r r'c'p'p'g'f 'v'q' 'f' g'r q'uk'v'y g' 'd'q'p'f 'k'p' 'c' 'u'c'h'g'v' { 'f' g'r q'uk'v' 'd'q'z' 'k'p' 'c' 'R'q't'w'i g'ug' 'd'c'p'n'k'p' 'O' c'ec'w'0

N'c'v'g't' 'U'c'p'lc { 'o g'v'J g'ng'p' 'H'w'pi . 'y j q'y q'tng'f 'k'p' 'c'p' 'c'f o k'p'k'v't'c'v'x'g'r' q'uk'k'q'p' 'c'v'v'y g' 'J q'pi 'M'q'pi 'O' q'p'g'v'c't' {  
C'w'j q't'k'v' { 'c'p'f 'j cf 'c'ee'g'u'u' 'v'q' 'r' t'k'x'k'g'i g'f 'k'p'h'q't'o c'v'k'p' 'cd'q'w'v'y g' 'q'r g't'c'v'k'q'p'u' 'q'h'v'y g' 'e'w't'g'p'e' { 'd'q'c't'f 'e'j c'ti g'f  
y k'j 'o c'k'p'v'c'k'p'k'pi 'y g'r' g'i i g'f 't'g'nc'v'k'q'p'uj k'r 'd'g'w' g'g'p' 'y g' 'J q'pi 'M'q'pi 'f' q'm'c't' 'c'p'f 'y g' 'W'U'0'f' q'm'c't. 'c'v'c'p  
C'o g't'k'ec'p' / u'v'ng' 'u'c'p'f y k'ej 'uj q'r 'k'p' 'E'c'w'ug'y c { 'D'c { 0J g'j cf 'h'p'q'y p' 'J g'ng'p' 'h'q't' 'c' 'h'k'w'g' 'q'x'g't' 'c' 'o q'p'y 'c'p'f 'y g  
v'y q' j cf 'f' g'x'g'r' g'f 'u'q'o g'y k'pi 'c' 'd'k'v' 'u't'q'pi g't' 'y c'p' 'c' 'h't'k'p'f 'uj k'r '0P' g'x'g't'v'y g'ng'u. 'k'v'y cu' 'u'k'n'it'c't'g' 'h'q't' 'y g' 'v'y q' 'q'h  
y go 'v'q' 'd'g' 'u'g'g'p' 'v'q'i g'y g't' 'k'p' 'r' w'd'r'k'e'0'c'n'j q'w'i j 'y k'u'y cu' 'u'q'o g'y j c'v'c'p'p'q' { k'pi 'v'q' 'J g'ng'p'. 'L'c { 'j cf 'p'q'v' 'h'g'h'v'j g't  
o w'ej 'e'j q'k'eg'0

\$Y j { "ecp)" { qw'eqo g'v'v'j g'r ctv { "v'j ku'y gngpf ALc { ." { qw'o cttkgf AK'v'j cv'v'j g'dki "ugetgv' { qwt'g'nggr kpi A\$

J g'emgctgf "j ku'v'j tqcv'dghqtg'cpuy gtlkpi O\$P q' ugetgvqu. 'r tqo kq. \$'j g'uckf O\$Kl'wuv'ecp)' 'eqo g\$'J g'mqmgf "cv j gt' hqt'c" dtkg'h'r gtlkf "qh'ukrpeg. "v'j gp'cf f gf. "\$Vj g'twv'j 'ku. "Kuko r n' { "f qp)' 'rknv' r ct vku0" K'x'g'pgxgt "rknv' r ct vku0" K'j' cu'pcf c'v'q'f'q'y kj " { qw0" P qv'j kpi C\$

\$[ qw'f ku'kp)' o gA\$ "Uj g'drkpngf O"\$ [ qw'f qp)' v' cpv'v'q' dg'uggp'y kj "o g'ecwug' K'o 'Ej kpgug\$

\$Vj cv'u'f wo d. \$'j g'uckf. 'tgcej kpi 'dcem'icpf "cf l'wv'kpi 'v'j g'dnwg'dcpcf "j qnf kpi "j ku'r qp { vkr0" \$Guq'gu'tkf 'f'wv'q\$

\$Ur gcm'Gpi rku'j. 'Lc { C\$ "Uj g'uj qqm'j gt'j gcf "cpf 'h'qf gf "j gt'cto uO\$Y j { "f qp)' { qw'o cmg'cp { "ugpugA\$

\$O cp'y tkgu'c'uwkef g'pqv'g' K'o "pqv'o cf "cv'cp { qp'g0 Vj ku'ku'l'wuv'uqo gy'j kpi "K'j cf "v'q'f'q' hqt' o { ugrh\$

\$Y j cv'f qgu'v'j cv'o gcpA\$ "Uj g'htqy pgf "cpf 'uj qqm'j gt'j gcf O\$K'f qp)' w'pf gtucpf " { qw\$

\$Ku'l'wuv'c' l'qng' K'uv'qng' h'qo 'uqo g'qp'g\$'J g'v'qnm'c' dk'g' h'qo "j ku'ucpf y kej O\$ [ qwt' h'qf' u'i qppc' i gv'eqf\$

Uj g'htqy pgf O\$K'f qp)' ugg'j qy "uwkef g'ku'c' l'qng\$'J ku'g { gdtqy u'y gpv'wr O"Uj g'uki j gf O\$K'f qp)' w'pf gtucpf y j { " { qw'ecp)' v'cng'cp { v'j kpi "ugt'kwun' O" [ qwt' g'ht'wuv'c'v'kpi C\$

J g'i tkppgf O\$K'm'eqo g'cpf "ugg' { qw'v'q'pki j v. "o c { dg'y g'ecp' f'q' uqo gy'j kpi "cdq'w'v'j g'ht'wuv'c'v'kpi C\$

Uj g'v'kgf 'pqv'uo k'kpi "dw'k'f'k'f'p)' v'j qtn0\$Dtkpi "O creqm 'uqo gy'j kpi. "\$'uj g'uckf "cpf 'i cxg'j ko "c'utck'j v' m'q'q'0" \$J g'rknv'u' { qw\$

J g'pqf f gf 0

Lc { "c'dcem' ceni'qxgt' q'pg'uj q'w'f gt. "y cmg'f "q'p'v'v'j g' hgtt { "cpf "y gpv'v'q'v'j g'ht'q'p'v'0J g'ucv'f qy p'p'gz'v'v'q'cp g'f gtn' { 'Ej kpgug' o cp'y gctkpi "c'drcem' h'gf qtc'cpf "c' h'cf gf "dnwg'uwk'v'j cv'uggo gf "q'pg'uk' g'v'q'q' r'cti g0

\$Y j cv'f q' { qw'v'j k'p'm'q'h' v'k'p'c'p'o gpA\$'v'j g'o cp'p'co gf "Uj k'F cq'cung'f "y kj qw'v'q'q'kpi "cv'Lc { 0

\$Ky cu'l'wuv'v'j q' { gctu'qw'q'h'eqngi g'k'p'3; ; . "\$'j g'uckf O"\$Vj g'y j qng'y qtrf "uggo gf "k'p'w'to q'k'0\$ "Lc { "v'j q'w'j v' hqt'c' m'p'pi "o qo gpv. "v'j gp'w'pf gtu'v'q'f "y j cv'v'j cu'dgkpi "cung'f O\$K'v'j k'p'm'v'j g'ngcf gtu'j kr "k'p'Dgk'kpi "eqw'f ngctp'c'v'j kpi "qt'v'y q' h'qo "v'j g'y c { "r q'rk'k'c'c'n'f ku'kf gpv'v'ct'g'j' c'p'f ng'f "k'p'v'j g'WUO\$ "Lc { "mqng'f "qw'dg' { q'p'f "v'j g' hgtt { "v'q'v'j g'i tc { / drcem' un' { "cpf "v'j g'y cv'gtu'q'h' X'k'v'q'tk' "J ctdqwt0

Uj k'F cq'p'q'f f gf O\$Cduqtd' { qwt'gp'go k'gu. "f qp)'v'etwuj "v'j go C\$

\$Uqo gy'j kpi "rknv'v'j cv'0Dw'k'v'u'c' dk'v'q'h'c' ut'g'v'ej "eqw'p'kpi "v'j qug'uw'f gpv'v'cu *enemies of the state.* " Lc { r cwug'f O"\$K'p'cp { "ecug. "uqo g'v'ko gu'v'j g'g'r'k'v'g'k'p'v'j g'U'cv'v'g'u'r t'ghgtu'etwuj kpi "v'q'cduqtdkpi C\$

\$Vj g'uj q'q'kpi u'q'h'Drcem'Rcp'v'j gt'ngcf gtu. "hqt'gz'co r ngA\$ "Vj g' hgtt { "dgi cp'r w'kpi "cy c { "h'qo "v'j g'f qen0

\$Uj q'q'kpi u. "o w'f gtu. "wug'q'h'v'j g'HDK'v'j g'KTU. "EQK' VGNRTQ. "f ku'kf gpv'v'ctt'g'ug'f "q'p'v'v'wo r gf "w'r'ej cti gu'c' etcenf qy pu'q'p'Rwgt'v'q'T'k'c'p'p'c'v'k'p'c'k'v'u. "ngcf gtu'q'h'v'j g'Co g'k'c'p' "k'p'f k'p' "O q'x'go gpv. "eqo o w'p'k'v'u'000 v'j gt'g'u'c'j k'v'q't { q'h'x'k'q'ng'p'v'v'w'r r t'g'u'k'q'p'0Uqo g'v'k'n'it'go c'k'p' "k'p'r t'k'v'q'p'0O cp { "m'v'v'j g'k' "h'gg'f qo "qt'v'j g'k' r'k'g\$ K'o ci gu'q'h'w'p'k'q'to gf "o gp'<q'h'v'j g'ect'l'c'em' d'g'kpi "f k'v'q'f i gf "cpf "v'j g'ect' "h'c'n'kpi "q'p'j ku'hc'v'j gt'u'hc'eg0

\$Vj g'W'p'k'g'f "U'cv'v'g'u'ku'c' x'k'q'ng'p'v'eqw'p't { "h'm'q'h'r u' { ej q'v'e' t'c'ek'v'u'0K'j cxg't'g'cf "cdq'w'v'j g'j q'tt'k'd'ng'c'ew'q'h

xkqngpeg'ci ckpu'vj g'Kpf kcp'r gqr ngu'cpf 'yj g'Chkcp/Co gtlecpu.'cdqw'vj g'MwMwz'Mrcp'cpf 'yj g'r qnkg'kp  
vj g'Uqwj gtp'ucvgu.'gxgp'kp'vj g'P qt'vj gtp'ekkgu'vj gtg'ku'uwej 'xkqngpeg0Klucy 'yj g'xkf gqvr g'qh'vj cv'q  
o cp'dgkpi 'dgcvgp'd' 'yj g'r qnkg0K'y cu'kpi wo cpg0\$

\$Tqf pg{ 'Mkpi 0\$ Can't we all just get along?

\$Uj gpo cA\$

Lc{ 'tgr gcvgf '\$Tqf pg{ 'Mkpi '\$'cpf 'Uj kF cq'pqf f gf 'kp'tgeqi pkkqp0

Lc{ 'npgy 'yj cv'vj g'Ej kpgug'cwj qtkkgu'y gtg'ecr cdng'qh'dgj cxkpi 'lwuv'cu'dtwcm' 'cu'cp{ 'Co gtlecp  
pgcpvj gt'vj cneqr . 'y j gyj gt'kw'y cu'vj g'DwmEqppqt II k | q'qt'vj g'o qtg'f cr r gt'O ctmHwj to cpp'xctkgv' 0J g  
eqwf p'N'j gr 'dw'dg'cy ctg'qh'vj g'uw' r tguakp'qh'Vldgvc'p'tgki kquw'ngcf gtu.'Vwtm.'cpf 'qy' gtu'y j qug  
kf gpv'x' 'cpf kq' dng'ghu'eqph'evgf 'y kj 'yj g'f qo kpcpv\ j qpi pcpi ckr qkp'qh'xkgy . 'y j kej 'j cf 'hkwg'v'f q  
y kj 'eqo o wpuo 'f ghkpgf 'cu'c'pqp/gzr m'kcv'x'g'geppqo le'u'uvgo +qt'qr r qukkqp'v'qr r tguakp.'dw'y cu  
pcv'kpcrku.'gkku.'cpf 'pqv'cm'vj cv'f khgtgpv'htqo 'yj g'hqwpf cvkqpcn'dng'ghu'qh'vj g'qrf 'I wqo kpf cpi 'yj cv'j cf  
dggp'f ghgcvgf 'kp'3; 6; 'cpf 'f tkxgp'v'Vcky cp0Lc{ 'npgy 'cm'vj ku'cpf . 'hqt'vj g'o quv'r ctv.'nqr v'kv'f ggr 'kp'vj g  
hwt'vj guv'eqtpgtu'qh'j ku'eqpu'ekwupguu.'r tghgtkpi 'v' hqewu'qp'vj qug'gxgpw'kp'vj g'Wpkgf 'Ucvgu'vj cv'j cf  
f tkxgp'j ko 'v'uggm'gzkg'kp'J qpi 'Mkpi 'cpf 'y j kej 'j cf 'hquvgtgf 'kp'j ko 'c'f ggr 'cpi gt'cv'vj g'gucdrku'j o gpv  
kp'j ku'eqwpt { 'qh'dk'vj 0K'y cu.'qh'eqwtug.'c'ugr'ev'x'g'y c { 'qh'eqpukf gkpi 'gxkn'dw'pqv'wpeqo o qp0K'ku  
qhg'p'f khkew'v'q'tgxgtug'eqwtug'cpf 'Lc{ 'j cf 'ej qugp'c'xgt { 'f khkew'v'eqwtug'v'q'tgxgtug0K'vj ku'j g'y cu'pq  
f khgtgpv'vj cp'eqw'v'guu'qy' gtu0Y j cv'f q' { 'qwf'q'y j gp' { 'qwt'kf gcu'j cxg'dggp'uj cvgtgf 'dg' { 'qpf 'tgr cktA'CV  
qp'g'ko g.'Lc{ 'j cf 'dng'x'gf 'kp'r tgu'x'cv'kqp'qh'Co gtlecp'j gi go qp' { 'cdtqcf '\*gxgp'kh'vj g'o gcpu'o ki j v  
kpen'f'g'vj g'qecukqpcn'cev'qh'qh'kekcn'vgttqt'kuo ///'dqo dki 'kppqegp'vek'k'k'cpu.'hqt'kpu'cpeg.'qt'wukpi 'f gcy  
us wcf u+'cpf 'o cvgtkn'kpgs wck'kgu'cv'j qo g'\*r qxgtv' 'y cu.'chgtcm'uko r n' { 'c'tgh'ev'kqp'qh'r tqh'ki ce' { 'cpf  
rc' kpguu+'cu'p'gegu'ct { 'eqpf k'k'qpu'hqt'vj g'dgu'v'qh'cm'r quukdr'g'y qtrf u0J g'j cf 'dng'x'gf 'vj ku'w' 'wp'v'vj g  
o qo gpv'qh'c'f tco c'v'ugcej cpi g.'kpu'ktgf 'd' { 'qpg'qh'vj qug'hkwg'cew'qh'qh'kekcn'vgttqt'kuo 'kp'y j kej 'j ku  
h'vj gt.'cp'gz/o ct'kpg'cpf 'go ki tcpv'htqo 'Dng'k'g.'eco g'hceg'v' hceg'y kj 'yj g'tgcn'v'gzv'qh'Co gtlecp'j kvqt { 0

\$98' 'qh'vj g'y qtrf 'u'ugtkcn'hkngtu'ctg'Co gtlecp.\$Lc{ 'uckf . 'y kj 'c'ugt'v'qh'vy kvgf 'uo kng0

Uj kF cq'htqy pgf 0\$K'vj cv'eqttgevA\$

Lc{ 'pqf f gf 0\$Cp' { y c { . '\$'j g'eqp'k'p'wgf . '\$y g'WU0kup'v'cm'dcf 0[ qw'eqwf 'r tqdcdn' 'vj tqy 'c'tqem'k'p'v'c  
etqy f 'y kj qw'j k'k'pi 'c'r u'ej q'v'e'tcek'0\$Y j cv'dqy gtgf 'Lc{ 'o quv'cdqw'vj g'Wpkgf 'Ucvgu'y cu'pqv'vj g  
xkqngpeg'dw'vj g'y c { 'o quv'Co gtlecpu'uggo gf 'v'q'dg'cunggr . 'wpcdn'v'q'y cng'w' 'htqo 'vj g'f t'gco u'vj g  
dqttqy gf 'htqo 'vj g'vng'x'k'k'qp'ugv'cpf 'vj g'o q'x'kpi 'r k'ewt'gu'0V'j g' { 'f k' 'pqv'see vj gk' 'qy p'h'x'gu'\*y j kej 'y g'g  
v'q'q'qh'gp'h'kng'f 'y kj 'f gur g'cv'k'p'cpf 'mp'g'k'p'guu+'dw'h'x'gf 'x'lect'k'wun' { 'k'p'uk'f g'vj g'f t'gco /ucv'g'qh'vng'x'k'k'qp  
\*y j g'g'cm'r tqdng' u'ecp'dg't'gu'q'ng'f . 'y kj 'ugx'g'c'n'o c'p'k'e'eqo o g'ekcn'k'p'v'gtt'w'v'k'p'u.'kp'cp'j qwt'qt'v'y q+0  
[ qw'eqwf 'y qtm'Co gtlecpu'v'f gcy 'cpf 'yj g' { 'y qwf p'v'gxgp'pq'v'eg'0V'j g' { 'y qwf 'r tqdcdn' 'i q'v'vj g'I t'gcv  
Dg' { 'qpf 'j wo o kpi 'yj g'vj go g'uqpi 'v'q'qpg'qh'vj gk'h'cx'q'k'g'vng'x'k'k'qp'uj qy u0\$0 quv'Co gtlecpu.'h'kng'o quv  
Ej kpgug.'ctg'Iwuv'i q'qf 'r gqr ng'v' { kpi 'v'q'o cng'c'h'kg'hqt'vj go ugr'kgu.'\$'j g'uckf 0

\$[ qwt'h'vj gt'y cu'pqv'cm'y gf 'v'q'o cng'c'h'kg'hqt'j ko ugr'h'Uj kF cq'uckf . 'ko o gf k'cv'ng' { 't'ck'k'pi 'vj g  
go q'v'k'p'cn'v'cng'u'qh'vj g'eqp'x'gt'uc'v'k'p'0C'p'f 'vj ku'v'ko g'vj g'g'y cu'pq'uctecur'k'e't'g'v'htqo 'Lc{ 0K'y cu'cu'h'vj g  
qrf 'o cp'j cf 't'gcf 'j ku'vj qwi j w'cpf 'y cu'pqy 'gpl'q' { kpi 'j ku'o qo gpv'qh'qo p'k'ue'k'p'eg'0C'p'f 'k'y cu'c'm'pi  
o qo gpv'd'gecw'g'Lc{ 'v'q'qm'j ku'v'ko g't'gur q'p'f kpi . 'cm'y kpi 'vj g'uqwpf 'qh'vj g'hgtt' { 'ew'k'pi 'vj tqwi j 'yj g'y cvgt  
cpf 'vj g'uqwpf u'qh'vj g'dcddng'qh'vj g'r cuugpi gtu'v'q'h'km'vj g'x'q'k'f 0

\$Kf wguu{ qw}g'cmkpi 'cdqwo { 'hvj gt'i qkpi 'vq'r tkuqo\$'Lc{ 'hpcmf 'uckf .'j cxkpi 'ectghwm{ 'tgustckpgf 'j ku  
 wi g'vq'ng'v'j g'cpi gt'uj qy . 'tghwukpi 'vq'uj qy 'cp{ 'qwy ctf 'go qvqo0J g'f gur cktgf 'qh'v'j g'cpi gt0Uqo g'ko gu  
 k'eqpvtqmgf 'j ko . 'hkn'c'f twi 'v'j cv'y cu'eqpucpvn{ 'hmy kpi 'kp'j ku'dmqf 0Dghqtg'o qxkpi 'vq'J qpi 'Mqpi .'j g  
 j cf 'ur gpv'grxgp'o qpv'j u'kp'ugenwukp. 'uwf { kpi gung fu cpf 'vgej kpi 'Gpi rkuj . 'cv'c'tgri kqwu'tgt'gcv'kp  
 F qpi hg. 'Ej kpc'v{ kpi 'vq'gzqtekug'v'j g'cpi gt0K'f kf p)'y qtn0J g'ng'h'v'j g'Uj k'Uj kpi 'J cp'Uej qqn'y kj 'v'j g  
 f go qp'kp'vce0K'y cu'ukw'kpi 'qp'ku'j cwpej u'kp'v'j g'r quvgtkt'qh'j ku'eqpuekqwapgu'y j gp'j g'j cf 'dggp  
 cr r tqcej gf 'd{ 'Uj k'F cq0Uj k'F cq'vqmq'eqpvtqn'qh'v'j g'f go qp'cpf 'hqwugf 'k0\$K'y cup)'v'j gtg'y j gp'o {  
 hvj gt'y gpv'vq'r tkuqo0Ky cu rkkpi 'y kj 'o { 'i tcpf o qv'j gt'kp'Rwpx'I qtf c. 'Dgrk' g'hqt'c'hgy 'o qpv'j u0\$'J g  
 j gukcv'gf 'cpf . 'hqt'c'o qo gpv.'Uj k'F cq'v'j qwi j v'Lc{ 'o ki j v'uko r n' 'uqr 'dghqtg'cmqy kpi 'v'j g'f go qp'vq'tqct0  
 \$Dw'v'j g'uqt { 'y cu.\$'Lc{ 'eqp'v'p'wgf . '\$y cv'o { 'hvj gt'y cu'cttgug'f 'hqt'dgc'v'kpi 'w'v'j g'uq'qh'cp'Ctncpucu  
 eqwpv{ 'uj gthh0\$'C'urki j v'uo kng0K'eqwf 'j cxg'dggp'eqphwugf 'y kj 'c'i tko ceg0\$Dki . 'twu'f 'dww'f wf g ///  
 hqmu'ecm)go 'etcengtu'f qy p'v'j gtg ///'v'j g{ 'ecm'go 't'gf pgemu'l'wuv'cdqw'gxgt { y j gtg0Vj g'Uqwj 'j cu'c  
 uwtr nu'qh'go 0Vj g{ 'i tqy 'go 'hkn'y cv'go gmpu0\$'Vj g'f go qp'y cu'y kf g'cy cng0\$Cp{ y c{ . 'v'j ku'uq/ecmgf  
 cuucw'v'j cr r gpgf 'y j gp'o { 'hvj gt'eco g'vq'v'j g'f ghgpug'qh'c' { qwpi 'i kn'v'j g'uj gthh'u'wup'y cu'v' { kpi 'vq'tcr g0  
 K'y cup)'v'j g'htuv'ko g'v'j g'uj gthh'u'wup'j cf 'kpf wi gf 'j ku'hcpvcukgu'y kj ' { qwpi 'i kn0Vj g'twng'y cu ///'cu  
 mpi 'cu'v'j g{ 'y gtg'drcem'k'y cu'qnc { 0\$'K'y cu'erget'j g'f kf p)'hkn'uc { kpi 'v'j g'eqmt '\$drcen\$'k'v'j ku'eqpvz0  
 \$K'u'r ctv'qh'v'j g'v'cf k'k'p'qh'Uqwj gtp'i gp'v'k'v' { 'cpf 'ej cto 0\$'Uj k'F cq'y cv'j gf 'v'j g'r qngt'hceg'gtqf g'cpf 'v'j g  
 gf i gu'qh'cpi gt'dgeqo g'c'y cm'qh'tki kf 'o wuengu'kp'Lc{ u'hceg0\$Cp{ y c{ . 'K'g'dggp'v'q'f 'v'j cv'dghqtg'v'j g  
 uj gthh'cpf 'j ku'f gr wkgu'v'q'q'no { 'hvj gt'vq'lcn'v'j g{ 'f gekf gf 'vq'tgcv'j ko 'vq'uqo g'o qtg'qh'v'j cv'ngi gpf ct {  
 Uqwj gtp'i gp'v'k'v' { 0Vj g{ 'j cpf ew'hgf 'j ko 'cpf 'r w'j ko 'w'pf gt'c'ect'v'j cv'y cu'w' 'qp'c'l'cem'k'p'v'j g'r ctnkpi 'h'v  
 qh'v'j g'o qv'no { 'hvj gt'y cu'o cpci kpi 0Vj gp'v'j g{ ' { cpngf 'v'j g'l'cem'q'w0\$

Uj k'F cq'i tko cegf 0\$K'u'uwtr tkulpi ' { qwt'hvj gt'eqwf 'urkn'dg'crkxg0\$

Lc{ 'uj twi i gf 'cpf 'uj qqn'j ku'j gcf 0\$Nkn'g'Kuckf . 'Ky cup)'v'j gtg0\$

\$Cpf 'v'j g{ ukml'r w' { qwt'hvj gt'qp'v'ken0\$'Vj g'qr'f 'o cp)u'htqy p'cpf 'mqm'qh'eqpegtp'f ggr gpgf 0Vj g  
 Co g'k'ecp'u' { u'go 'qh'etko kpcn'l'wuk'eg'j cf 'dggp'v'j qtqwi j n' 'o { v'j qm'j k' gf 'kp'Co g'k'ecp'v'grxkukap'uj qy u  
 cpf 'hko u0O cp{ 'r qqr ng. 'dqy 'kp'cpf 'q'wukf g'qh'v'j g'Wpk'gf 'Ucv'gu. 'dgr'k'x'g'f 'v'j g'o { v'j . 'ceegr v'gf 'v'j cv  
 uqo g'j qy . 'f gur kg'q'ecukqpcn'r tqdng' u. 'h'ck'p'gu'r tgxck'rgf 0'Uj k'F cq'j cf 'p'gxgt'ceegr v'gf 'v'j g'o { v'j 'cpf  
 y j gp'j g'y cu'rk'kpi 'kp'v'j g'Wpk'gf 'Ucv'gu'j g'ucy 'co r ng'gxk'f g'peg'v'j cv'k'y cu'l'wuv'v'j cv ///'c'o { v'j 0Vj g  
 etko kpcn'l'wuk'eg'u' { u'go 'kp'v'j g'Wpk'gf 'Ucv'gu'y cu'uj cr gf 'd{ 'v'j g'uco g'uqt'v'qh'f { pco ke'r tqeguugu'cu'v'j g  
 etko kpcn'l'wuk'eg'u' { u'go 'kp'Ej kpc'v' r tk'k'ngi g'cpf 'r qy gt'cm quv'cny c { u'r tgxck'rgf . 'pq'o cwtg'y j cv'v'j g'h'cew0  
 Cpf . 'kpf g'gf . 'v'j g'h'cew'v'j go u'gr'x'gu'y gtg'cny c { u'dgkpi 'uj cr gf 'd{ 'r tk'k'ngi g'cpf 'r qy gt. 'y j gy gt'kp'v'j g  
 dgj cxkqt'qh'v'j qug'eqm'ge'v'kpi 'v'j g'gxk'f g'peg. 'v'j qug'k'p'v'gtr tg'v'kpi 'v'j g'gxk'f g'peg. 'qt'kp'v'j qug'ctdkt'c'v'kpi 'v'j g  
 gxk'f g'peg0Rt'q'ugew'qtu'y gtg'cny c { u'h'ng'gn'f 'cy ctg'qh'y j cv'v'j g{ 'p'ggf gf 'vq'f q'vq'h'ng'gr 'v'j gkt'l'qdu'cpf . 'h'v'j g  
 y gtg'r ct'v'ew'ctn'f 'i q'qf 'cv'uc'v'uh'f kpi 'v'j qug'y kj 'v'j g'ng' { u'vq'r qy gt. 'kp'o qxkpi 'w'v'j g'rcf f gt'qh'u'weegu0  
 Cpf 'lwf i gu. 'y j q'j cf 'ctg'cf { 'r tqxgp'v'j go u'gr'x'gu't'g'k'ed'ng. 'qt'v'j g{ 'y q'w'f 'pq'v'dg'lwf i gu. 'cny c { u'r tqxk'f gf 'c  
 uqt'v'qh'wuv'h'kp'g'qh'f gh'p'ug'qh'v'j g'uc'w'u's wq'<c'd'cuk'ap'j q'nf kpi 'd'cem'v'j g'dct'dct'k'epu'y j q'o ki j v'w'pf gto kpg  
 v'j g'gz'k'v'kpi 'j kgt'ctej { 'qh'r qy gt'cpf 'r tk'k'ngi g0Vj wu. 'Uj k'F cq'u's w'g'uk'qp'y cu'tj g'v'q't'k'ecr0

\$O { 'hvj gt'y cu'eqpx'k'v'gf 'qh'cuucw'w. 't'guk'v'kpi 'cttg'uv. 'cpf 'uqo g'qv'j gt'v'wo r gf 'w' 'ej cti g0Y j gp'Kf qv'dcem  
 vq'Ctncpucu. 'j g'y cu'ct'g'cf { 'kp'r tkuqo0\$ And I never went to see him. 'Ucplc{ 'v'j qwi j v'dw'f kf 'pqv'uc { 0

\$Co g'k'ecp'l'wuk'eg.\$'Uj k'F cq'uckf 'y kj 'cp'ck'qh'cwj qtk'v'f . 'cu'kh'j g'y cu'g'zr gt'v'kp'v'j ku'h'grf 0

\$C'h'v'v'qh'r gqr ng'j cxg'm'uv'v'j gk'h'x'gu'cpf 'v'j gk'h'g'gf qo 'vq'Co g'k'ecp'l'wuk'eg'qxgt'v'j g' { g'ctu0\$Lc{ 'j cf 'uckf  
 v'j ku'y kj qw'o wej 'v'j qwi j 0C'd'np'v'uc'v'go gp'v'qh'd'g'ng'h. 'w'po gf k'cv'gf 'd{ 'j ku'w'w'c'ngallow's humor0J g

uvqr r gf "j ko ugrh'dghqtg'uc { kpi "o qtg.'hggkpi "y g'f go qp'etquakpi "j ku'rkpg'qh'xkukqp0

\$Rctvkwmtnl "dmenlr qqr ng\$Uj kF cq'u'htqy p'wtpgf "vq'c'mqmi'qh'tgi tgv."cu'j g'tkqf "vq'hnggr "y g'f go qp'kp  
y j g'htqhtqp0

\$[ qw'hkxgf "kp'y g'Wpkqf "Ucvgu.\$'Lc { 'uckf .' \${qw'npqy 'y j cv'y g'i co g'ku'0Kk' { qw'i gv'rcdngf "cp"qwukf gt.  
y j gvj gt'yj g' { 'tghgt "vq" { qw'cu black qt Indian qt Mexican qt illegal alien qt'y j cv'xgt. 'y gp' { qw'ctg'uwdlgev  
vq'yj g'uj ctr "gpf "qh'yj g'r qy gt "utvewtg\$'Kk k'cp { 'f khgt gpv'kp'Ej kpcAJ g'y cpvgf "vq'cumUj kF cq'yj ku.'lwuv  
vq'i gv'j ku'tgur qpug.'dw'f gekf gf 'pqv'q0Y j cv'y cu'yj g'r qkpv'Vj g'lwf i gu'cpf 'r tqugewqtu'cpf 'lwtqtu'eqwrf  
pqv'dg'cduqngf 'uko r n' { 'dgecwug'yj gk'tdgj cxkqt 'y cu'tgr rkecvf "kp'c'mpi 'rcwpt { 'rkuv'qh'eqwpt'kgu'cm'qxgt  
y j g'r rcpv'0Kp'o quv'qh'yj qug'qvj gt'eqwpt'kgu.'y j g'ty cu'pq'r tgv'pug0Gxgt { dqf { 'mpgy 'y cv'lwukg'y cu'lwuv  
cpqvj gt'eqo o qf kv'.'qy pgf "d { 'c'r tkxkngi gf 'hgy . 'cpf "cny c { u'ht'ucng0Vj g'Wpkqf "Ucvgu'y cu'uw'r qugf "vq  
dg'dgwgt'yj cp'yj cv'0Vj g'o { yj qmi { 'uckf 'k'y cu'dgwgt'yj cp'yj cv'0O quv'dgkxgf 'y j g'o { yj qmi { 'cpf 'y j gp  
eqphtqpv'gf 'y kj 'y j g'twj . 'y j g' { 'tcv'qpcrk gf 'k'cy c { 'qt'c'wengf 'y j g'dgctgt'qh'yj g'wpr rgcucp'v'p'gu0

\$[ qwt'hc'yj gt'f kqf "kp'r tkupA\$Uj kF cq'y cu'pqv's wkg'tgcf { "vq'i gpgtcrk g'yj g'vqr ke0

Lc { 'mqngf "cv'Uj kF cq'ht"o qo gp'0J g'y cu's wkg'uwg'yj cv'Uj kF cq'npqy "c'i qqf 'f gen'cdqw'y j cv  
j cr r gpgf "vq'j ku'hc'yj gt0Rgtj cr u'j g'npqy 'y cv'Lc { 'j cf 'ki pqtgf "j ku'hc'yj gt)u'hwgtu'tgs wgun'kpi 'y cv'j g'xkukv  
cpf 'y j g'i wkn'yj cv'rkpi gtgf 'htqo "y cv'f gekukp0Cu'o wej "cu'j g'pqy "cf o kqf "j ku'hc'yj gt)u'f ghkpeg'cpf  
mo gpvgf 'y j g'dkwgt'ikhg'yj cv'j cf "eqo g'y kj 'y cv'f ghkpeg.'y j gp'j ku'hc'yj gt'y cu'crk'g'k'y cu'f khgtgp'0J g  
j cf 't'gugpv'gf "j ku'hc'yj gt.'r gtj cr u'j cv'gf "j ko 0Lc { 'tgr rkgf .' \$P q0J g'j cf "j qttkdr'j gcf cej gu'gxgt { 'f c { 'j g  
y cu'kp'r tkup0J g'y qwf 'uetgco 'kp'r clp\$'Cv'ngcu'yj cv'y cu'y j cv'Ky cu'vqr' .Lc { 'y qwi j v'cpf 'htqy pgf 0  
\$Dw'uqo gj qy "j g'uwtxk'gf '000'mpi "gpqwi j "vq'i gv'q'w0J g'f kqf "vy q" { gctu'chngt'dgkpi 't'gngcugf \$

\$Y j cv'cdqw' { qwt'o qy j gtA\$

\$O { "o qy j gt'f kqf "kp'ej kf dkt'yj 0K'y cu'tckugf "d { 't'gmv'x'gu.'o quv' { "c'i tgc'v'cwpv'kp'Ctn'pucu.'dw'cnu'q'o {  
i t'cpf o qy j gt'kp'Dgik'g'cpf "cp'w'peng'qp'yj g'uqwj ukf g'qh'Ej keci q0Kp'gxgt'ikxgf 'y kj 'o { 'hc'yj gt0\$'Cu'c'dq {  
Lc { 'j cf "qpeg'eqpen'f gf 'y cv'k'y qwf "j cxg'dggp'dgwgt'vq'pqv'j cxg'c'hc'yj gt'yj cp'vq'j cxg'c'hc'yj gt'y j q'f k'f  
pqv'y cpv' { qw'y j q'p'gxgt'eco g'vq'ugg' { qw'y j q'f k'f p) 'v'gxgp'ugpf 'o qpg { "qt'i k'hu'cv'j qrk c { u'qt'dkt'yj f c { u0

Uj kF cq'uckf "npqy kpi n' . \$Vj g'Wpkqf "Ucvgu'ku'c'xgt { 'xkqngpv'eqwpt { 0\$'J g'y cu'v' { kpi "vq'tgcf "Lc { 0

\$Vj g'y c { 'Kugg'kv.'uqo g'vko gu'xkqngpeg'ugt'x'gu'c'rcti gt'r wtr qug'cpf 'ku'v'ngt'cv'gf 0Xkqngpeg'ecp'dg'wugf "vq  
r t'gugtxg'yj g'uw'cu's wq0\$'Ci clp'Lc { 'v'kqf 'r wnkpi 'y j g'eqpxgtuc'v'kp'q'w'qh'yj ku'dqz'ctqwpf "j ku'hc'o kn  
j k'xqt { 0J g'uw'r gev'gf 'y cv'Uj kF cq'npqy 'y cv'tcekuo 'cpf . 'kp'r ct'kewmt.'y j g'y c { "j ku'hc'yj gt'j cf "dggp  
f g'utq { gf . 'y j g't'ko r qt'v'p'v'o q'v'x'cv'k'pu'ht'j ku'ug'h'ko r qugf "gz'kng'cpf . 'o qtg'vq'yj g'r qkpv.'ht'j ku'ci tggkpi  
vq'y q'tm'ht'Uj kF cq'0Lc { 'u'p'gi cv'x'g'cpf 'wpt'gu'qng'gf 'hggkpi u'cdqw'j ku'hc'yj gt'j cf "o qtr gf "kp'v'q'uo g'uat'v'qh  
j cv'gf 'ht'j g'eqwpt { 'y j g'tg'j g'y cu'dqtp0Vj g'qf f 'y j kpi 'y cu.'pqy "j g'y cup'v'v'uw'g0J g'j cf "dgeqo g  
ci p'qu'ke.'pqv'cu'tgcf { "vq'rcdgn'cp'gp'v'k'g'eqwpt { "qp'yj g'cew'qh'uqo g'qh'ku'ek'k' g'pu0

\$Qpeg'y j gp'Kik'xgf "kp'yj g'Wpkqf "Ucvgu.\$'Uj kF cq'uckf . 'pqy 't'gcf { vq'cm'y 'y j g'eqpxgtuc'v'kp'q'w'qh'yj g  
dqz.'\$Kj cf "c'dtkgh'eqpxgtuc'v'kp'yj kj "c'r tqh'gu'qt'qh'ge'qp'qo leu'0K'cungf "j ko "cdqw'yj ku'xkqngpeg'kp  
Co g'tkecp'j k'xqt { 0K'cungf "j ko "j qy "j g'eqwrf 'v'gej "cdqw'ge'qp'qo leu'cpf "p'gxgt'q'peg'o gp'v'kp'yj g't'qng'qh  
xkqngpeg'cpf 'hgct'kp'yj g'f k'v'kd'w'k'p'qh't'gu'q'w'tegu.'kp'yj g'f g'v'g'to k'p'c'v'kp'qh'ej q'legu'0J g'j cf "xgt { 'hk'wng'vq  
uc { 0K'o "chtck' "j g'j cf "vq'q'ik'wng'npqy ngf i g'qh'j ku'eqwpt { 'u'j k'xqt { "qt.'r gtj cr u.'cp { 'eqwpt { 'u'j k'xqt { 0\$

\$Ge'qp'qo ku'w'f qp'v'uw'f { "j k'xqt { . \$Lc { 'uckf . 'cf l'wukpi "j ku'uwpi r'cu'gu.'cpf 'hggkpi 't'g'rk'x'gf "cv'yj g'uj kh'ht'qo

vj g'r gtupcn'v'vj g'o qtg'dtqcf n' 'r j kquqr j kecn'cpf 'r qrkkecn'Q\$Qt"eqgtekap.\$'j g'cf f gf 0

Uj k'F cq'pqf f gf 0\$Vj cv'ku'emget'gpqwi j .\$'j g'uckf 0

F ctm'uy qmgp'emwf u'f tkh'gf "qxgt"j gcf . 'o kttqtkpi "vj g'f ctm'y cvgtu'ej wtpkpi "cnpj ukf g'y g'htgt { 'kp"Xkexqtkc J ctdqwt0

\$[ qw'uj qwf p)'dg'uwtr tkugf 'kh'o quv'geppqo kuw'ki pqtg'tgcnk' { 'kp'vj gkt'g'zr mpcv'kpu.\$'Lc { 'uckf 0\$K'u f cpi gtqwu'v'f ki 'vq'f ggr n' 'kp'v'vj g'uqekcn'tgcnk'p'uj k' u'vj cv'f g'vto kpg'vj g'f k'uk'k'w'k'p'q'h'y gcnj 'cpf k'peqo g'0'K'ku'o qtg'w'ughw'v'v' r tgv'p'f "vj cv'vj g'y q'f 'ku'c'w'qr k'eqo r tkugf "q'h'gs wcm' { 'r qy g'nguu'geppqo k' e ci gpw'0\$'Gxgp'o qtg'vj cp'r 0'0'ur gekcn'kuw.'geppqo kuw'y g'g'vj g'i tgc'v'g'u'q'h'cm'vj g'r tqh'gu'k'p'cn't'c'v'k'p'cn'k' gtu0

\$Dw'O ctz'o cf g'pq'uwej "cuwo r v'k'p'0J ku'y tkkpi u'g'zr qugf "vj g'y c' { 'r q'x'g't'v' { 'ku'et'g'c'v'f "vj tqwi j 'x'k'q'ng'peg'0\$

\$O c' { dg'vj cv'u'y j { " { qw'y qp)'h'k'p'f 'o cp' { 'r g'qr ng't'g'c'f kpi 'O ctz' 'kp'vj g'W'p'k'g'f 'U'c'v'g'u'0\$

Uj k'F cq'uo k'ng'f 0\$Qt' 'kp'Ej k'pc'0\$

Lc { 't'g'w't'p'g'f "vj g' uo k'ng'0

Uj k'F cq'iq'ng'f "qw'cv'vj g'y cvgtu'h'qt'c'h'p'pi 'o qo gp'v'0Lc { 'y c'v'ej g'f "j ko "vj k'pn'k'pi 0\$Y j gp'vj g'o c'k'p'rc'p'f v'c'ng'u'qx'gt. " { q'w' 'y q't'm'k'p'J q'pi 'M'q'pi 'y k'm'd'g'f q'p'g'0'Y g'y k'm'g'z'r g'ev' { q'w'v'q'eq'p'v'k'p'w'g'cv'vj g'V't'c'f g' F g'x'g'nr o gp'v'E'q'w'p'ek'n'h'qt'c' 'uj q't'v'k'o g. "vj gp'y g'y q'w'f 'r'k'ng' { q'w'v'q' 't'g'm'ec'v'g'0\$

\$Y j g't'g'f q' { q'w'j c'x'g'k'p'o k'p'f A\$'Lc { 'j c'f "p'g'x'g't'eq'p'uk'f g't'g'f "vj cv'j g'o ki j v'd'g'c'ung'f "v'g'c'x'g'J q'pi 'M'q'pi 0

\$[ qw'j c'x'g'k'o r q't'v'p'v'eq'p'w'c'w'k'p'O c'm' { u'k'0\$'Uj k'F cq'h'p'gy "vj cv'Lc { 'y cu'vj g'r t'ko c't { 'O c'm' { u'k'c'p'cn' { u'v'h'qt' vj g'V't'c'f g'F g'x'g'nr o gp'v'E'q'w'p'ek'n'c'p'f "vj cv'y j gp'j g'x'k'k'g'f 'M'w'c'r'N'w'o r w't. "j g'q'ec'ec'k'p'c'm' { 'r t'c'v'k'eg'f u'c'p'uj q'w.'v'c'g'ny q'p'f q'c'p'f "c'k'n'k'f q'y k'j 'H'c'f k'n'J co | c'j "cv'c'i' { o 'r q'r w'c't'y k'j "m'ec'n'k'p'v'g't'p'cn'U'g'ew'k'v' { 'ci gp'w'0 K'y cu'c'r t'c'v'k'eg'vj g'y q'j c'f 'h'k'u'v'd'gi w'p'y j gp'Lc { 'y cu'k'p'i t'c'f w'c'v'g'uej q'q'r'0'C' 'o w'w'c'n'q'x'g'h'qt' 'ej g'u'c'p'f o c't'v'k'n'c't'w.'c'p'f 'Lc { u'c'd'k'k'v' { 'v'q'vj t'q'y 'H'c'f k'n'y k'j k'p'h'k'x'g'o k'p'w'g'u'q'h'vj g'k'h'k'u'v'ur c'tt'k'pi 'o c'v'ej . "j c'f "d'gg'p' vj g'h'k'p'm'vj cv'j c'f "eq'p'p'g'ev'g'f "vj go 0

\$K'y cu'b' qu'v'h'qt'w'p'c'v'g'vj cv' { q'w'd'g'h'k'p'f g'f "J co | c'j "y j gp' { q'w'y g't'g'cv'O K'V'0\$'Uj k'F cq'f g'ek'f g'f "v'q'd'g'o qt'g' g'z'r r'ek'0\$V'q'f c' { "j g'ku'f g'r w'v' 'h'k'p'c'peg'o k'p'k'v'g't'0'K'i'C'k'L'co c'n'd'g'eqo g'u'r t'ko g'o k'p'k'v'g't. "j g'o c' { "d'g'eqo g'vj g' h'k'p'c'peg'o k'p'k'v'g't'0'K'i'C'k'L'co c'n'f q'g'u'p'q'v'd'g'eqo g'r t'ko g'o k'p'k'v'g't. "j g'o c' { "u'k'm'd'g'eqo g'h'k'p'c'peg'o k'p'k'v'g't'0' H'c'f k'n'J co | c'j "j cu'em'ug'v'k'g'u'v'q' 'C'n'k'L'c'd'f w'm'j "c'p'f "v'q' 'O c'm' { u'k'p' 'k'p'v'g'n'k'i g'p'eg'0J g'j cu's w'k'v'v' { 'et'g'c'v'f "j ku' q'y p'r q'y g't'eg'p'v'g't'c'p'f "j cu'f q'p'g'vj ku'w'p'f g't' 'C'k'L'co c'n'u'p'q'ug'c'p'f "y k'j q'w'v'q' 'C'k'L'co c'n'p'q'v'k'ep'i 0'K'p'q'v' g't' y q't'f u. "j g'ku'c'x'g't' { 'ko r q't'v'p'v'o c'p. "q'p'g'y j q' "o c' { "d'g'w'ughw'v'k'p' 'h'w'w't'g'0\$

Lc { 'p'q'f f gf . "d'w't'go c'k'p'g'f "u'k'ng'p'v'0

\$Y j cv'f q' { q'w'vj k'p'm'q'h'vj ku'k'f g'c'A\$

\$K'u'u'q't'v'q'h'j q'v'k'p' 'M'N'0\$'D'g'h'q't'g'Uj k'F cq'eq'w'f 't'g'ur q'p'f . 'Lc { 'c'f f gf . "d'w'p'q'v' k'pi "c'k' 'eq'p'f k'k'q'p'k'pi "ec'p)'v'c'ng' ect'g'q'h'0J q'y "u'q'q'p'f q' 'K'o q'x'g'A\$ "Vj g'em'w'f u'r c't'v'g'f "c'p'f "u'w'p'k'i j v'r q'w't'g'f "f q'y p'q'p'vj g'ej w't'p'k'pi "y cvgtu0

Uj k'F cq'uo k'ng'f "cu'k'h'vj g'y c' { "vj g'uw'p't'g'h'g'ev'g'f "q'p'vj g'y c'x'g'u'y cu'vj g'o qu'v'r ng'c'uk'pi "uk'i j v'j g'j c'f "g'x'g't'ug'gp'0



*The sky breaks open and weeps. The night is a lonely child thundering cries over a black blanket. I am the voice that cannot pierce the thunderbreak. I am the silence broken.*

K'y cup)M'tckpki 'y g'pki j v'Uco wgn'Vc{mqt'O czy gmi'o gv'Cpi gr'Dci ng{ 'kp'cp'leg'etgco 'uj qr 'kp'Drcem qqr0  
Uj g'y cu'ugtXki 'vcdrgu'cpf 'eqmgevki 'kr u0J g'j cf 'eqo g'vq'Drcemr qqn'y kj 'j ku'dtqy gt'O lej cgn'cpf 'j ku  
dtqy gt'u'i krtkpgf . 'Vtwf { . 'vq'egngdtcvg'Uco wgn'u'uweeguuhw'v'j guku'f ghgpug00 lej cgn'j cf 'egngdtcvgf 'j ku  
qy p'uweeguuhw'f qevqtcn'f ghgpug'y tgg' { gct'u'gctrtkt 'kp'y g'uco g'eqcucn'gpvgtvckpo gpv'o geec.'Gpi rcpf u  
cpuy gt 'vq'Cvrcpke 'Ek'0'Uco wgn'j cf 'pqv'dggp'kpxk'gf 'vq'y cv'gctrtkt 'egngdtcvkqp'cpf 'r gtj cr u'y ku'y cu  
O lej cgn'u'y c { 'qh'uc { kpi '\$uqt { . '\$'cnj qwi j 'j g'j cf 'o cf g'pq'gZR nek'eqppgevkp'dgy ggp'y g'gxgpw0

O lej cgn'cpf 'Vtwf { 'rgh'Uco wgn'kp'y g'leg'etgco 'uj qr . 'uc { kpi 'uqo gy kpi 'cdqwo' ggkpi 'rcvgt'cv'y g'ect0  
\$Y g'g'i qkpi 'vq'y g'dgcej . '\$'O lej cgn'uckf . 'y cxkpi 0'Vtwf { . 'kp'j gt 'uwp'f tguu.'Iwuv'rcwi j gf 'cpf 'y kngf 0

Uco wgn'j cf 'vcnrg'c'ugcv'cpf 'Cpi gr'eco g'tki j v'qXgt 'vq'j ko 0'\$J g { . '\$'uj g'uckf 0'\$J g { 'dcem'\$j g'uckf 0'Uj g  
uo kngf 0'J g'uo kngf 0'Uj g'mqngf 'f ktgev' { 'kp'j ku'g { gu /// 'c'f ctm'dtqy p'qegcp'kp'i rkvrgkpi 'o ctdrgu0'J g  
mqngf 'f ktgev' { 'kp'v'j gt 'g { gu /// 'dk' 'cpf drcem'cpf 'o { uvgtkqwu0'Uj g'j cf 'c'egtckp'y c { 'qh'ngcpkpi 'vqy ctf  
j ko 'y cv'y cu'r tqxqecv'xg0'K'p'y g'chgto cv 'qh'j ku'y guku'f ghgpug.'j g'y cu'qr gp'vq'c'dk'qh'cf xgpwtg0

\$K'o 'qhh'y qtnlk'c'hgy 'o kpwgu.\$'Cpi gr'vqr'Uco wgn'cu'y g'uv'gcf { 'utgco 'qh'eqo kpi 'cpf 'i qkpi 'ewuqo gtu  
r cuugf 'y ku'y c { 'cpf 'y cv'kp'y g'uo cm'ur ceg0'\$[ qw'y cpv'vq'dw' { 'o g'f kppgt'qt'uo gy kpi A'K'o 'tgcml  
uvctxkpi (\$'K'j cr r gpgf 'Iwuv'rkng'y cv0'P q'r tgvz'0'P q'uo cm'cm0'P qv'gxgp'vko g'vq'qtf gt 'leg'etgco 0

J g'dqwi j v'j gt 'c'ur ci j gw'kf kppgt'cv'c'tgucwtecpv'etqy f gf 'y kj 'vwtkuw0\$K'o cng'o qtg'o qpg { 'ugtXki 'leg  
etgco 'y cp'uj g'f qgu'y qtnkpi 'kp'y ku'hpe { 'tguwtecpv.\$'uj g'j cf 'uckf . 'pqf f kpi 'kp'y g'f ktgev'qp'qh'y g  
y ckt guu'cv'y g'cf lcegp'v'cdrg0\$Uj g'ecp'pwtug'qpg'v'cdrg'cm'pki j v'y j kng'K'o 'ugtXki 'hkw' 'ewuqo gtu0\$

Chgt'f kppgt.'Uco wgn'y gpv'j qo g'y kj 'Cpi gr.'tcv gt'y cp'o ggkpi 'O lej cgn'cpf 'Vtwf { 'cv'y g'ect0'J g  
o cf g'c'f gekukp'v'p'f gt'y g'kphw'peg'qh'y kpg'cpf 'vptgeqi pk' gf 'f gr tguukp'f ggr gpgf 'd { 'j ku'rhg'cu'c'i tcf  
uwf gp'0'Qpg'f gekukp'0'Vwtp'y ku'y c { . 'kpu'gcf 'qh'y cv'y c { 0'Cpf 'rhg'ej cpi gu'hqtgxgt0'Y j gp'O lej cgn'ghv  
Drcemr qqn'y g'pgz'v'f c { . 'j g'f k' 'pqv'gZR gev'vq'ugg'Cpi gr'ci ckp0'Nkng'c'qpg/vko g'o ci kecno go qt { 0

J g'y cu'kp'Nggf u.'y qtnkpi 'cu'c'r ctv'vko g'rgewt'gt'lqd'y j gp'j g'i qv'y g'r j qpg'ecm'ltqo 'Cpi gr'0J g'j cf p'y  
s kw'g'i qwgp'qxgt'y g'y cto vj 'qh'y g'o go qt { 'tguv'qtf . 'y j gp'uj g'uckf . '\$K'o 'r tgi pcp'0\$

Vj g'gxgpw'y cv'tcpur ktgf 'chgt'y cv'y gtg'tcr kf . 'ej cq'ke'cpf 'o gvco qtr j ke0J g'vqr'j ku'hv'j gt'cdqwo  
Cpi gr'cpf 'j ku'hv'j gt'vqr'j ko 'y cv'j g'j cf 'vq'f q'v'j g'j qpqtedng'y kpi 'cpf 'o ctt { 'j gt0'\$C'ej kf 'uj qwf  
j cxg'c'hv'j gt.\$'j g'j cf 'uckf 'vq'j ku'cf qr v'f 'uqp0'K'y cu'ergct'gpqwi j 'y cv'Cpi gr'y cpv'f 'y g'o cttkci g0  
Uco wgn'o cf g'uo g'uqtv'qh'f gekukp'v'q'i q'cm'pi 'y kj 'y gug'r tguuwtgu0'J ku'o qv'j gt'f kuci tggf . 'dw'hgr v  
ukngp'v'Iwuv'm'pi 'gpqwi j 0'K'j ku'f c' g.'Uco wgn'o gv'Cpi gr'kp'Nkxgtr qqn'y j gtg'uj g'j cf 'o qxgf 'chgt'm'qkpi  
y g'Drcemr qqn'lqd0'Vj g { 'y gtg'o cttk'f 'kp'c's wem'ekxk'iegtgo qp { . 'y kj qw'tgr'v'xgu'r tgu'gp'0 Uj g'o qxgf  
y kj 'j ko 'vq'Nggf u0'J g'y ckgf 'hqt'c'dcd { 'vq'eqo g0'Uj g'rcvgt ercko gf 'vq'j cxg'o kucttk'f 0'Dw'y gtg'y cu  
r tgekqwu'hkw'g'xkf gpeg'y cv'uj g'j cf 'gxgp'dggp'r tgi pcp'0'K'p { 'gxgpv.'y gtg'y cu'pq'dcd { 0



Uco wgn'j cf 'tgegk'gf 'hwpf kpi 'vq'v'gcej 'r j kquqr j { 'cv'P cp'lkpi 'Wpkxgtuk' { 'kp'Ej kpc'f wtkpi 'y g'3; ; 9/3; ; ;  
cecf go ke' { gct0O czy gmi'j cf 'y tkwgp'j ku'f qevqtcn'f ku'gtv'ckp'qp'y g'tgr'v'kqpuj kr 'dgy ggp'Vc'qku  
Rj kquqr j { . 'O cq'Vug'Vwpi . 'cpf 'O ctz0J g'y cu'hw'gp'v'kp'O cpf ctkp.'cnj qwi j 'j g'y cu'o wej 'dgwgt'cv

tgc f kpi 'Ercuuecn'Ej kpgug'vj cp'j g'y cu'cv'ur gcnkpi 'eqpwo r qtct { 'Rwqpi j y c0P gxgtvj grguu.'j g'y qwf vgej 'eqwtugu'kp '\$Y guvgt p'Rj kquqr j { '\$'kp'O cpf ctkp0J g'y cu'kp'vj g'hkpcn'uci gu'qh'eqo r ngvki 'vj g'ewtgpv ugo guvgt 'cv'vj g'Wpkxgtukv { 'qh'Dkto kpi j co 'cpf 'r tgr ctkpi 'hqt'j ku'gpf /qh'ugo guvgt 'f gr ctwtg0

Kp'j ku'qh'leg. 'Uco wgn'hkpkuj gf 'c'dtkgh'g/o guuci g'htqo 'j ku'dtqvj gt < k'r tqxkf gf 'vj g'cf f tguu'qh'vj g'J qpi Mqpi 'hcv'y j gtg'O lej cgn'y cu'uc { kpi . 'cpf 'vj cv'y qwf 'dg'Uco wgn'u'cdqf g'hqt'vj g'uj qtv'ko g'j g'y cu gZR gevki 'vq'dg'kp'vj g'Etqy p'Eqrmp { 'dghqtg'o qxkpi 'qp'vq'P cplkpi . 'Ej kpc0J ku'dtqvj gt 'hckngf 'vq'uc { 'y j { j g'y cu'kp'J qpi 'Mqpi . 'cmj qwi j 'Uco wgn'u'wur gevgt 'kv'y cu'tgrcvgt 'vq'KO H'dwukpguu0Vj ku'kf gc'y cu tglphqtegf 'd { 'vj g'hcev'vj cv'O lej cgn'kpenmf gf 'c'o guuci g'cun'kpi 'Uco wgn'vq'ucxg'cp'cwcej o gpv'kp'c '\$uchg r neg0'Uco wgn'cuwo gf 'kv'j cf 'uqo gyj kpi 'vq'f q'y kj 'vj g'KO H0C'u'hqt'vj g'emjcm'cpf 'f ci i gt'uqwpf 'vq'\$uchg r neg.\$'j g'lwuv'cuwo gf 'kv'y cu'uko r n { 'c'tghrgev'kp'qh'O lej cgn'u'y gkf 'ugpug'qh'j wo qt0J g'o cpci gf 'vq'ucxg vj g'cwcej o gpv.'cmj qwi j 'vj ku'y cu'c'tgegpwv { 'ces vktgf 'unkm'cpf 'qpg'vj cv'tgs vktgf 'c'dk'o qtg'vko g'vq ceeqo r rkuj 'vj cp'uj qwf 'j cxg'dggp'vj g'ecug0J g'uvtgf 'vj g'j k' 'kp'vj g'hkng'f tcy gt'qh'j ku'f gun0

Co qpi 'vj g'dku'cpf 'r cr gtu'qp'Uco wgn'u'f gun'eqwf 'dg'hqwpf 'c'hgy 'enxgu'vq'j ku'hkng'cpf 'vq'j ku'f gekukp'vq i q'vq'Ej kpc < wpf gtpgcvj 'c'uo cmf tggp'wo dtgmc'vj cv'uqo g'uwwf gpv'j cf 'ngh'kp'j ku'qh'leg'y cu'c'pqvqdqqm vj cv'eqpvckpgf . 'qp'cp'qf f 'r ci g. 'wpr rppgf 'mqcvkqp.'c'r j qvq'qh'Cpi grc. 'uqo gyj kpi 'vj cv'Uco wgn'j cf hqti qwgp'co qpi 'vj g'hqwuco 'cpf 'lgyuco . 'c'tgrk'qh'vj gkt'hktuv' { gct'vqi gyj gt.'c'o qo gpv'y j gp'j g'j cf 'vtkgf vq'ko ci kpg'vj gkt'tgrcvkpuj k' 'cu'pqto cn'cpf 'vcn'gp'vj g'r j qvqi ter j . 'c'upcr uj qv'qh'j gt'ucv'kf kpi 'kp'htqv'qh cp'qr gp'emugv.'cp'qf f . 'vy kvgf 'uqtv'qh'i tkp'qp'j gt'hceg. y gctkpi 'c'mpi 'i tc { 'eqcv.'uqo gyj kpi 'vj cv'r tgf cvgt vj gkt'o cttkci g0'J qy 'y cu'vj ku'r j qvq'c'emxg'AY cu'k'dgecwug'i qkpi 'vq'Ej kpc'y cu'Uco wgn'u'gucr g'htqo Cpi grc'cpf 'cm'vj g'r ckp'cuqekcvgt 'y kj 'vj gkt'o cttkci g'ARctv { . 'dw'kv'y cu'cnu'q'uo gyj kpi 'gnug.'uqo gyj kpi pqv'tgcm { 'xkukng'kp'vj g'r j qvq'dw'lwuv'cu'ko r qtvcv.'kp'ku'qy p'y c { . 'cu'Cpi grc0J kf f gp'kp'vj ku'r ctvkwrt emug'v'y cu'c'htqo 'qh'o qn' 'vj cv'r tqf wegu'o { eqvqz'kpu'vj cv'r tqf wegf 'c'uwdv'g'cmgti ke'tgcev'kqp'kp'Uco wgn0 Y j gp'gZR qugf 'vq'vj ku'r ctvkwrt'o { eqvqz'kpu.'j ku'o qqf 'y qwf 'ej cpi g. 'v'gpf kpi 'vqy ctf u'f gr tguukqp. pgtxqwupguu.'cpf 'o kf 'r ctepcqk0Uco wgn'y qwf 'cnu'q'dgeqo g'eqpi guvgt 0Wphqtwpvcvgn { . 'j g'y cu'pqv'cy ctg qh'vj g'o qrf . 'ku'o { eqvqz'kpu.'qt'vj g'ghgev'kv'j cf 'qp'j ko 0'J g'y qwf 'cwtkdwg'vj gug'ghgeu'vq'qvj gt'vj kpi u0 Vj ku'y cu'r ctvkwrt n { 'v'wg'qh'vj g'f gr tguukqp'u'kv'tki i gtgf 0J g'j cf 'eqo g'vq'dgrkxg.'i kxgp'vj g'htgs wpe { 'qh qh'vj gug'gr kuqf gu'vj cv'vj gtg'y cu'uo gyj kpi 'hwpf co gpcv' { 'co ku'y kj 'j ku'kpvtpcn'y ktkpi 'cpf 'vj cv.'f gur kvg c'mpi 'j kvqt { 'qh'etwgn'dgj cxkqt'cpf 'f kuj qpguv' { d { 'Cpi grc. 'vj cv'j ku'o quv'tgegpv'f gr tguukqp'u'y gtg'j ku kpcdkkv { 'vq'cf l'wuv'vq'j gt'cdugpeg0'Kp'tgcrkv { . 'vj g'uco g'o qrf 'y cu'r tguv'v'kpu'kf g'y g'egk'kpi 'qh'j ku'qh'leg'cv vj g'wpxgtukv { 0Kp'cp { 'gxgpv.'Uco wgn'u'f gekukp'vq'i q'vq'Ej kpc'y cu. 'kp'r ctv.'cp'cwgo r v'vq'f gcn'y kj 'vj gug kppgt'f go qpu.'cmj qwi j 'j g'o ki j v'pqv'j cxg'r tgekugv { 'kf gp'v'k'kf 'vj go 0P gxgtvj grguu.'i qkpi 'vq'Ej kpc'y qwf i gv'j ko 'cy c { 'htqo 'vj g'o qrf 'kp'j ku'qh'leg'cpf 'tgo qxg'cv'ngcu'v'qp'g'qh'vj g'f go qpu'htqo 'j ku'dqf { . 'gxgp'kh qpn { 'vgo r qtctk { 0Kp'ggf . 'Uco wgn'y cu'i qkpi 'vq'dgeqo g'\$c'pgy 'o cp'\$'chgt'j g'ghv'Gpi rcpf . 'vj g'f gr tguukqp y qwf 'dg'uwdf wgf . 'cpf 'j g'y qwf 'hggnr tgw' { i qqf . 'cv'ngcu'v'w'v'ku'uo g'eqo r ngvgn { 'pgy 'f go qpu'cr r gctgf 0

Vj cv'pki j v'Uco wgn'f tgco gf 'j g'y cu'kp'c'hkng'cv'pki j v'wv'gt'c'um' { 'hwn'qh'xkxkf 'u'ctu'dgkpi 'ej cugf 'd { 'c r ceni'qh'y kf . 'xlekqu'f qi u0J g'tcp'vj tqwi j 'vj g'j ki j 'i tcuu.'f qf i kpi 'tgguc'p'f 'i cur kpi 'hqt'dtgev' 0J g'eqwf j gct'vj g'f qi u'i cklkpi 'qp'j ko 'dw'j g'eqwf 'pqv'twp'cp { 'hcuvt0'Y j gp'j g'v'wtpgf 'cpf 'ucy 'vj g'tgf 'drc' kpi g { gu'qh'vj g'f qi u. 'j g'r cplengf 'cpf 'vj g'uwf f gp'hgct'y qng'j ko 0J g'wvtpgf 'cpf 'mqngf 'cv'vj g'go r v' { 'ur ceg y j gtg'Cpi grc'j cf 'ungr v0Vj g { 'cny c { u'ungr v'qp'vj g'uco g'ukf g'qh'vj g'dgf 0J g'y cu'cny c { u'nggy ctf 0J g'y cu dtgev' kpi 'j gcxkn { 'cpf 'j ku'j gctv'y cu'tcekpi 0J g'eqwf 'hggv'vj g'xgkpu'kp'j ku'j gcf 'r wukpi 0Cpf 'vj gp'j g'hgrv vj g'vgtu'y gni'v' 'kp'j ku'g { gu'cpf 'uki j gf 0



Lc{ "uqqf "cv'y g'eqwvgt "qh'y g'hcw/hqqf "uwm "c"dqy n'qh'pqqf ngu'kp'htqpv'qh'j ko . 'ej qr ukemi'kp"qpg'j cpf 0 J g'ej genrf "j ku'y cvej 0Vj g'y qo cp'j g'y cu'y cklpi 'hqt'y cu'rcv0J g'j cf "gZR gevrf "j gt "vq'dg'rcv0K'y cu qpg'qh'y qug'rkwr'cur geu'qh'j gt'r gtuqpcnk\ 'y cv'j g'j cf "pqvrf 0"Lc{ "ngr v'gzv'gpk'g'pqv'gu'qp'c'y kf g'tcpi g qh'r gqr ng."gur gekm\ 'y qug'y j q'j cf "uqo gv'j kpi "j g'y cpvrf 0"Lc{ "j cf "c'ur gekn'unkm'cv'ugg'kpi 'y tqw'j "y g uwt'ceg'p'qkug'y cv'o cf g'y g'kppgt "ugn'kpxkukdng0"J g'cv'guo g'qh'y g'pqqf ngu'cpf "y ckgf 0

\$C'r gpp{ "hqt" { qwt "y qwi j w.\$'uj g'uckf . "chgt 'h'p'cm\ "cttkxkpi . "t { kpi "v'y cmi'w' "v'j ko "s wkgv\ "gpqwi j "vq uwr tkug'j ko . "y j kej "j g'f gekf gf "j g'y qwf "o cng'j gt "v'j km'y cu'c "uweegu0Uj g'y cu'kp'j gt "rcv'vy g'p'kgu. hqw'k'pej gu'uj qt vgt "y cp'Lc{ . 't'gf "j gcf gf . "cpf "y qtg'xgt { "vph'cu'j kqpcdng'i r'cuugu0"J gt 'h'ceg'y cu'y j cv'r gqr ng kp'y g'U'cv'gu'rkngf "v' "t'ghgt "v'cu'r r'ckp . "gzegr v'ht'j gt "tc'y gt "p'q'v'egcdng'cpf "p'q'v'cv'cm'r r'ckp'ht gemgu0

Chgt'h'gki p'kpi "uwr tkug."j g'uckf . "\$Ky cu'y kpnkpi "cdqw'v'cnkpi "c't'kr "v'O cecw0[ qw'y cpv'v' "l'qk'p'o gA\$

Uj g'uo krgf 0\$K'i'y cv'cp"q'lhgtA\$

J g'uj twi i gf 0\$E'qwf "dg0\$

Vj g'uj qtv'j ckt'gf "y qo cp'y qtnkpi "y g'pqqf ng'u'cm'ht'qy pgf "cu'uj g'y kr gf "cy c{ "uq{ "ucweg'ht'qo "y g eqwvgt0

\$Kf qp)'npqy "h'K'x'g'cf lwv'gf "v'J qpi "M'qpi " { gv.\$'uj g'uckf 0\$K'x'g'j gctf "O cecw'ku's wkg c'ugcej cpi g'ht'qo v'j ku'r r'ceg0\$

Ci c'p'j g'uj twi i gf 0\$O cecw'ku's wkgvgt . "o qtg'r'ckf "dcen0K'u" c'pleg'dt'gcm'ht'qo "J qpi "M'qpi . "dgu'vy c{ "v' "i gv hct'cy c{ "ht'qo "y g'eww't'g'qh'J qpi "M'qpi "k'p" c'uj qtv'd'q'cv't'kf g0\$

\$K'm'y k'pni'cdqw'kw.\$'uj g'uckf 0

\$[ qwf q'y cv.\$'j g'uckf . "y kpnkpi "y cv'kh'j g'r r'c{ gf "y kpi u'eqtt'gevn\ "y g'q'lhgt "y qwf "uqq' "dg'o qqv0Vj g'g y cu'qpn\ "qpg'y kpi "j g'y cpvrf "ht'qo "E'grk "Y g'cv'j g'tut'ggv'<ceegu'v'q'c'ur gekn'g'pet { r'v'q'p'r tqi tco "y cv U'wp'uj k'pg'U{ u'go u'j cf "t'gegpv\ "f'g'x'g'qr gf 0K'y cu'r qy g'hw'l'gpqwi j "y cv'v'j g'W'p'k'gf "U'cv'gu'i q'x'g't'po g'pv j cf "t'g'ut'k'evf "g'zr q'tv'qh'y g'r tqi tco 0P g'x'g't'v'j g'rguu."Lc{ "n'p'gy "y cv'E'grk"j cf "ceegu'v'q'k'v'cpf . "j g'j q'r gf . eqwf "r tqx'kf g'j ko . "g'x'gp'k'h'v'pe'q'pue'k'q'w'v\ . "y k'j "u'wej "ceegu0J g'j cf "d'ggp'y qtnkpi "qp'i g'w'kpi "em'q'ug g'p'qwi j "v'q E'grk"y cv'j g'o ki j v'i g'v'k'p'v'j" gt'j qo g'eqo r wgt . "j q'r kpi "v'q'h'k'p'f "y g'g'pet { r'v'q'p'r tqi tco "y g'tg. f'gur kg'y g'h'cev'y cv'dt'kpi kpi "y g'r tqi tco "v'J qpi "M'qpi "x'k'q'rc'v'gf "p'q'v'q'pn\ "U'wp'uj k'pg'r q'r'ek'gu'dw'W'U'0r'y . cu'y gn0J g'n'p'gy "gpqwi j "cdqw'E'grk"v'q'h'ggn'h'ck'n\ "egt'v'k'p'v'j cv'uj g'h'gr v'cm'j gt "et'g'cv'k'p'u'em'q'ug'cv'j cpf . "y g r'ny "dg'f co pgf 0"Chgt'cm'E'grk"r'k'x'gf "k'p"y g'uco g'e{ dgt'w'p'f g'ti tqw'p'f "cu'Lc{ . "c'r r'ceg'y k'j "rk'w'g't'gur gev'ht'q' ut'wewt'gu'qh'cw'j q'tk\ . "g'x'gp'y qwi j "j gt "f'c{ r'ki j v'gz'k'v'g'peg'y cu'y cv'qh'c'x'gt { "t'gur gev'cdng'cpf x'cn'v'gf go r'mq { gg'qh'c'v't'cp'uc'v'k'q'pc'n'h'k'o 0"K'p'c'p{ "g'x'g'p'v'uj g'j cf "p'q'v'g'x'gp'eqo g'em'q'ug'v'q'k'p'x'k'k'pi "Lc{ "j qo g0"J gt k'p't'q'x'g't'uk'p'j cf "p'q'v'i k'x'gp'j ko "cp'q'r r'q't'w'p'k'v\ "v'q'v'g'u'v'j ku'y g'qt { 0"P g'x'g't'v'j g'rguu."j g'y cu'r g't'uk'v'g'p'0"J g y cpvrf "y g'g'pet { r'v'q'p'r tqi tco 0"K'j' g'y cu'uweegu'hw'n'j g'eqwf "uj ct'g'k'y k'j "Uj K'F'c'q . "cp'w'p'g'zr gev'gf "i k'h0 O qtg'ko r'q't'v'p'v\ . "j g'y qwf "wug'y g'r tqi tco "hqt'j ku'q'y p'r w'r qugu0

\$Y j cvA\$'Uj g'ng'cp'gf "v'qy ctf u'j ko 0

\$Kf qp)'npqy "y j { "K'o "v'cm'kpi "cdqw'v'kr u'v'q"O cecw."cp{ y c{ . \$'j g'uckf 0\$K'j c'x'g'v'q'pu'qh'y q'tni'v'q'f q0K'x'g d'ggp't { kpi "v'q'i g'v'j ku't'gr q't'v'y tkw'gp'cpf "K'o "u'w'ent0\$

\$Y tkgt'u'd'm'emA\$

J g'pqf f gf 0

\$Vj g'ng{ 'v' i gw'kpi 'qxtg'y tkg'tu'dm'em'qt'r tqi tco o gt'u'dm'em'hqt'y cv'o cwtg.'ku'vq'l'wuv'y tkg'0F qp)v  
vj kpn'cdqw'k0Lwuv'i gv'uqo gyj kpi 'f qy p'qp'r cr gt'0Dtckpuxqto 0Vj gp''{ qw'ecp'cny c{ u'i q'dcem'cpf 'tgxkug'0  
Qpeg''{ qw'j cxg'uqo gyj kpi 'y tkwgp.'tgxkukpi 'ku'gcu{ 0Cpf 'h''{ qw'tgxkug'cp{ vj kpi 'gpqwi j .'k'u'dqwpf 'vq  
gxgpwcm' 'dg'i qqf 'gpqwi j 0\$

\$You j cxg'f k'hw'w' 'y tkkpi A\$J g'uckf 'y kj 'vj g'l'wuv'y g'tki j v'j kp'v'qh'ungr v'ekuo 0

Uj g'pqf f gf 'cpf 'eqwf 'pqv's wkg'j qrf 'dcem'c'uo k'g'0Uj g'gplq{ gf 'vcm'kpi 'vq'lc{ 0Cpf 'k'f kf 'pqv'v'cng'lc{u  
un'ku'qh'r gtegr v'kp'v'q'npqy 'k'0\$Cpf 'K'x'g'j cf 'm'w'q'h'g'zr g'tk'p'peg'j gr kpi 'q'v' gt'r gqr ng'i gv'q'xg't'y g'kt  
r tqi tco o gt'u'dm'em'\$uj g'uckf 0\$K' w'guu'k'v'uct'v'gf 'y kj 'o { 'dtq'v' gt'cpf 'j' ku'y tkg'tu'dm'em'0' 'l' qw'ugg'q'p'g'q'h  
o { 'dtq'v' gtu.'V'ko .'ku'c'r'nc{y tki j v'0V'ko 'cpf 'K'j cf 'm'w'q'h'rc'w'p'ki j v'eq'w'p'ug'r'kpi 'u'guu'k'p'u.'t { kpi 'vq'gz'q'tekug  
j ku'y tkkpi f go q'pu'0Vj cv'u'y j cv'V'ko 'r'k'ngu'vq'ecm'k'v.'gz'q'tekukpi 'j' ku'y tkkpi 'f go q'pu'0\$

J g'uo k'gf 'mpqy kpi n' 0\$J g'u'nwem' 'j' cxkpi 'c'u{o r cvj g'v'k'ek'ukvgt'0\$

\$[ qw'd'gv'j g'ku.\$'uj g'ci tggf 0C'm'q'ni'q'h'ucf p'guu'eco g'q'x'gt'lc{ 'u'w'f f g'pn' 0\$Y j cv'u'y tqpi A\$

J g'uj q'qm'k'v'q'h'0\$P q'v'j kpi 0\$

Uj g'i cxg'j ko 'c'm'q'ni'0\$[ qw'ecp'v'h'q'ni'o g'0K'ucy 'vj cv'0\$Uj g'r q'k'p'v'gf 'c'v'j ku'h'ceg'v'j g'y c{ 'c'uej q'ni'v'g'cej gt  
o ki j v'r q'k'p'v'cv'c'y c{y ctf 'r w'k'0

\$Ky cu'l'wuv'y k'pn'kpi 'j' qy 'p'leg'k'v'y q'w'f 'dg'v'q'j' cxg'c'uk'v'gt' 'r'k'ng''{ q'w'0\$J g'r c'w'ug'f 'h'qt'c'o qo g'p'v'0\$K'o 'cp  
q'pn' 'ej kf 0P q'uk'v'gtu'qt' 'dtq'v' gtu'0K'i g'u'm'p'gn' 0\$

Uj g'i cxg'j ko 'c'u{o r cvj g'v'k'ek'm'q'ni'0\$Ky kuj 'K'eq'w'f 'uc{ 'K'w'p'f g'tu'c'p'f .'d'w'y kj 'h'q'w't' 'dtq'v' gtu'0000\$

J g'pqf f gf 0\$[ g'c'j .'K'i w'guu'y j gp''{ q'w'y g't'g'c'nf' ''{ q'w'r t'q'd'cd'n' 'j' cf 'c'j ctf 'v'ko g'gx'gp'h'k'p'f kpi 'v'ko g'v'q'd'g  
c'm'p'g'0\$

Uj g'ci tggf 0\$[ q'w'i g'v'w'ug'f 'v'q'k'v'uj g'uckf 0Vj cv'm'q'ni'q'h'ucf p'guu'uy gr v'cet'quu'j ku'h'ceg'ci c'k'p'0K'y cu'd't'k'gh  
d'w'uj g'p'q'k'eg'f 'k'0J g'y c'p'v'gf 'j' g't'v'q'p'q'k'eg'k'0\$K'i w'guu''{ q'w'p'g'x'gt' 'i' g'v'w'ug'f 'v'q'd'g'k'pi 'c'm'p'g'.'uj g'c'f f gf 0

\$P q'v't'g'cm' .'\$j' g'ci tggf 0\$D'w'v'j cv'u'y j cv'h'k'g'p'f u'c't'g'h'qt.'\$j' g'uckf .'j' ku'ur k'ku'ug'go kpi 'v'q'h'k'v'l'wuv'cu  
u'w'f f g'pn' 'cu'v'j g{ 'j' cf 'ug'go gf 'v'q'h'c'ng't'c'o qo g'p'v'd'gh'qt'g'0

Uj g'v'q'we'j gf 'j' ku'cto 'v'g'p'f g'tn' 'c'p'f 'p'q'f f gf 'k'p'ci t'g'go g'p'v'0

\$[ q'w't'g'i t'g'cv'.'\$j' g'uckf 0\$[ q'w'np'qy 'vj cv'0\$

\$[ q'w't'g'l'wuv'uc{ kpi 'vj cv'0\$

\$H'k'uv''{ q'w'o c'p'ci g'v'q'v'gm'o g'l'wuv'y j cv'K'p'gg'f 'v'q'j' g'ct'v'q'i g'v'o { 'd'w'w'k'p'i g'ct.'v'q'i g'v'v'j cv't'gr q't'v'y tkwgp.'vj gp  
{ q'w'h'k'p'f 'c'y c{ 'v'q'o c'ng'o g'h'gg'n'k'ng'0000K'f q'p'v'np'qy '0000'k'ng'v'j g'q'pn' 'vj kpi 'vj cv't'g'cm' 'o c'w'gtu'ku''{ q'w'c'p'f  
o g'uk'v'kpi 'c'p'f 'v'cm'kpi 'c'v'v'j ku'p'q'q'f ng'u'c'p'f 0J qy 'f q''{ q'w'f q'v'j cv'0\$

Vj g'uj q't'v'j c'k'g'f 'y qo c'p'f g'ek'f gf 'v'q'eng'c'p'c'ur q'v'p'g'ct'E'g'r'k'u'g'nd'qy .'y j k'ej 'y cu'r'nc'p'v'gf 'q'p'v'j g'eq'w'p'v'gt'v'qr  
cu'uj g'ur q'ng'y kj 'lc{ 0Vj g'y qo c'p'y k'r gf 'u'q'ci t'g'u'k'x'gn' 'vj cv'k'v'm'q'ng'f 'cu'h'uj g'y cu't { kpi 'v'q'y g'ct'c'j' q'ng  
k'p'v'j g'eq'w'p'v'gt'v'qr 0Y j gp'uj g'h'k'p'k'uj gf .'uj g'i cxg'E'g'r'k'v'j g'g'x'k'ng'g'g'd'gh'qt'g'o q'x'kpi 'q'p'v'q'v'j g't'ej q't'gu'0

Egrkc)u'r wr ku'y gtg'f krcvgf 0"Uj g'y cu'dnwuj kpi 0\$Kf kf p)')tgcml { "f q"cp{ vj kpi .\$.uj g'uckf 'y kj "c'uj twi 0

J g'vj qwi j v'cdqaw'vqwej kpi 'j gt'j cpf .".dw'f gekf gf "ci ckpuv'k0K'y cu'dgwtg'v'ngv'j gt'f q'cm'vj g'vqwej kpi 0  
\$O c{ dg'vj cv'u'y g'tkem\$'j g'uckf 0"Uj g'rqngf r gtr ngzgf 0\$[ qw'uc{ 'lwuv'vj g'tki j v'vj kpi 'y kj qw'v{ kpi 0K'u  
lwuv' {qw'dgkpi " {qw0K'i wguu'vj cv'u'y j { 'k'o cngu'o g'hggni qqf 0\$'Egrkc'uo krgf 0\$Uq. 'K'xg'vqrf " {qw'cdqaw'o {  
vtqwdrgu'cv'y qtn0Y j cv'cdqaw' {qwA\$

\$Cu'wuwcn "Kj cxg'vqpu'qh'y qtm'vq'f q.\$'uj g'uckf 0

\$Y qtnkpi "qp'uqo gyj kpi 'pgy A\$

\$P q.\$'uj g'uckf ."\$K'o 'uwm'lwur gtxkukpi 'vj ku'vgco 'vj cv'u't {kpi 'vq'y tkkg'c'pgy 'r tqi tco 'hqt'o cpci kpi 'vj g'hmy  
qh'v'chhke"qxgt'T gf 'Hqy gt0qo 0\$

J g'htqy pgf 0\$Eqo g"qp. 'Lc { . 'K'vqrf " {qw'cdqaw'k0T gf 'Hqy gt0qo 'ku'vj g'y gd'j quv'kpi 'eqo r cp{ 'vj cv'lwuv  
uki pgf "c'f gcn'y kj "Uwpuj kpg0Y g'uw' r n{ "cm'vj g'ugt'xgtu. 'tqwg'gu. 'j wdu. 'vj g'y qtm. 'kpenw' kpi 'vj g'uqhy ctg  
vq'o cng'vj g'u{ ugo 'j wo 0Vj cv'u'y j { "K'o 'j gtg0Vj ku'ku'c'xgt { "ko r qtvc'p'v'eqpvtcev'hqt "Uwpuj kpg0K'u'c  
f qqy c { "kp'v' 'Ej kpc0T gf 'Hqy gt0qo 'j cu'uqo g'ugt'kqwa'eqppg'v'kpu'cet'quu'vj g'dqtf gt0Y g'o cng'vj ku  
y qtm'k'ecp'o gcp'ugt'kqwa'h'w'wtg'tgxgpwgu0Cp { y c { . 'y j gp'K'i gv'vj ku'r tqi tco 'f qpg. 'vj gp'K'o "dcen'v'vj g  
Uc'v'gu0\$ Uj g'o cf g'vj g'o qv'kq'qh'c' dktf "vcnkpi "qh'y kj 'j gt'j cpf u0

J g'rqngf 'f ku' r qk'p'v'g'f 0\$Vj gp'K'i wguu'Kuj qwf 'j qr g'k'vcngu'hqtgxgt0\$

J gt'uo krg'dtqcf gpgf 0\$Vj cv'u'c'uy ggv'vj kpi 'vq'uc { 0\$'K'o gcp'k'v' \$'j g'uckf .".cpf 'rqngf 'f qy p'cv'j ku'pqqf ngu  
rkng'c'rk'wng'dq { 'y j q'j cf 'lwuv'hqwpf "qw'j g'y qwf p)')i gv'vj cv'r wr r { "ch'gt'cm0

Uj g'vqwej gf 'j ku'cto 0\$Y gm'gxgp'kh'K'o 'pqv'k'p'v'gt'gu'gf 'kp'O cecw0K'vj kpn'y g'eqwf 'r tqdcdn' {f q'uqo gyj kpi  
vj ku'y gng'p'f . 'kh' {qw'j cxg'v'ko g0\$

J g'rqngf 'wr "cpf 'u'ctgf 'kp'v'j gt'g { gu0\$[ qw'pco g'vj g'r meg cpf 'v'ko g'ku'cm' { qwtu0\$

\$Ky cu'vj kpnkpi 'cdqaw'uqo gyj kpi '000'y gm"uqo gyj kpi 'r tkxcvg0\$J ku'g { gdtqy u'tckugf 0\$K'f "hkng'vq'o cng' { qw  
f kppgt. \$.uj g'eqp'v'p'w'gf 0

\$F kppgtA\$

\$[ gu0[ qw'eqwf 'eqo g'vq'o { "r meg0K'u'uo cm'dw'K'y kpn'k'u'dgwtg'vj cp'uqo g'etqy f gf 'J qpi 'M'qpi  
tgucwtcpv0\$

\$K'o 'uwtg'qh'vj cv.\$'j g'uckf ."\$dw'K'm'ci tgg"qp"qpg'eqpf k'k'q'p0\$

Vj ku'v'ko g'j gt'g { gdtqy u'y gpv'wr 0\$Y j cv'u'vj cvA\$

\$Y g'o cng'vj g'eqqnkpi "c'lq'p'v'xgpwtg.\$'j g'uckf 0\$K'r rc { "c'o gcp'y qn0\$

Uj g'cduq'w'w'gn' { dgco gf "cpf 'uq'f'k'f 'j g0



Kp'yj g'o ckp'ucmqpp'qh'c'v'kf gemi388'hqqv'f{cej v.'kp'c'tgrcvkxgn'f'r t'kxcv'ctgc'ugr ctcv'gf'd{'c'hcwz'y qqf / r'ckp'v'f'k'kf'gt'cpf'f'i'qf'/tkpi'gf'eqnw'pu'htqo 'yj g'rcti'g'hqto'cn'f'kp'kpi'ctgc'cpf'ku'K'ckp'ej'cpf'gr'kt. Uko'qp'T'gmg't'ucv'dcem'kp'cp'3: : 2'dm'cn'hc's'wgt'go'r'gtqt'j'cv'ej'ck'0'lcem'F'gi'gpj'ctf'v'ng'cp'gf'j'ku'ukz/wy'q. 4: 2'r'qwp'f'htco'g'hqty'ctf'qp'yj'g'f'ggr'ewuj'kpp'gf'uq'hc'0'K'd'gy'ggp'yj'go'y'cu'cp'3: yj'egp'wt'f'cp'ks'wg'o'cj'qi'cp'f'v'cd'ng'o'cf'g'qh'y'qqf'j'ctx'gu'v'gf'qp'y'j'cv'y'cu'yj'gp'U'ckp'v'F'qo'k'ps'wg'\*'cpf'ku'v'q'f'c'f'J'ck'k'w'r'qp'y'j'kej'ucv'c'uw'h'hg'f'o'cp'k'c'h'q'f'gt'0'F'gi'gpj'ctf'v'j'cf'd'ggp'v'm'k'pi'yj'g'o'wej'uo'cm'gt'Uko'qp'T'gmg't'cd'q'w'c'd'cp'ng't.'Ej'cw'f' ggu'y'j'q'uggo'gf'v'q'h'k'T'gmg't'u'r'rc'pu'cpf'o'ki'j'v'u'q'p'd'g'qp'yj'g'r'c'f't'qm'0

\$J'g'j'cu'c't'gr'w'c'k'p'h'qt'eqo'k'pi'wr'y'k'j'p'gy'h'k'p'c'p'ek'n'i'ko'o'lemu.'\$'F'gi'gpj'ctf'v'uck'f'0'\$[q'w'h'p'q'y'. 'yj'g'u'q't'v'q'h'u'w'h'h'y'cv'cm'q'y'u'f'q'w'v'q'uj'k'h'v'f'q'w'o'ct'ng'v't'k'um'q'p'v'q'u'qo'gd'q'f'f'g'n'ug'0'J'g'c'n'q'eco'g'w'r'y'k'j'ug'x'g't'c'n'uej'go'gu'h'q't'g'f'w'ek'pi'vcz'gu'y'k'j'h'c'p'e'f'uo'c'p'e'f'f'g't'k'c'v'k'x'gu'0'U'ggo'u'v'q'np'q'y'j'ku'cee'q'w'p'k'pi'0'\$

\$U'q'y'j'f'f'yj'g'j'gm'f'k'f'j'g'ng'ug'j'ku'l'q'd'k'p'J'q'pi'M'q'pi'0'\$

F'gi'gpj'ctf'v'uo'k'ng'f'0'\$W'p'c'w'j'q't'k'gf'v't'c'f'gu'0'\$

\$W'p'c'w'j'q't'k'gf'v't'c'f'gu'0'\$'Uko'qp'T'gmg't'c'ung'f'. 'm'q'm'k'pi'q'x'g't'yj'g'y'k'em'h'k'ng'qp'yj'g'o'cj'qi'cp'f'v'cd'ng'v'q'r'0

\$V'j'cv'u't'ki'j'v.'\$'F'gi'gpj'ctf'v'uck'f'. 'et'co'o'k'pi'j'ku'j'c'p'f'u'k'p'v'j'ku'r'q'eng'v'u'0'\$J'g'y'cu'eq'p'x'k'ev'gf'd'f'J'q'pi'M'q'pi'u'J'ki'j'E'q'w't'v'q'h'L'x'u'k'eg'0'J'g'd't'k'd'g'f'c'p'q'h'h'k'ek'n'k'p'yj'g'c'r'r'g'cm'eq'w't'v'c'p'f'i'q'v'yj'g'y'j'q'ng'yj'k'pi'q'x'g't'w't'p'g'f'0'U'q'o'w'ej'h'q't'J'q'pi'M'q'pi'u'k'p'eq't't'w'r'v'k'k'k'v'f'0'\$

T'gmg't'uo'k'ng'f'0'\$V'j'ku'ku'q'p'g'q'h'yj'g'eng'c'p'gu'v'ek'k'gu'k'p'yj'g'y'q't'f'. 'L'c'en'0'F'q'p'v'h'q't'i'g'v'y'cv'0'\$

F'gi'gpj'ctf'v'ej'w'em'g'f'0'K'y'cu'cp'k'p'uk'f'g'l'q'ng'0'\$T'ki'j'v'0'C'p'f'y'c'f'. 'Ej'cw'f' ggu'ng'h'v'J'q'pi'M'q'pi'c'p'f'y'q't'ng'f'cu'c'eq'p'u'w'nc'p'v'h'q't'U'ko'Q'x'g't'ug'cu'D'cp'm'k'p'D'c'p'i'm'q'n'0'V'j'cv'y'cu'k'p'3: ; 70'P'q'y'j'g'u'yj'g'v'q'r'f'q'i'0'\$

\$K'k'ng'c'o'c'p'y'j'q'ec'p'd'q'w'peg'd'c'em'ht'qo'c'f'x'g't'uk'v'f'0'\$

C'n'N'c'w'g't'. 'u'c'p'f'k'pi'p'g'et'yj'g'f'q'q't'. 'f'k'f'p'q'v'r'c'w'j'j'cv'yj'g'ug'l'q'ng'u'q't'g'x'g'p'uo'k'ng'0'Cu'w'w'c'n'j'ku'h'ceg'uj'q'y'gf'p'q'go'q'v'k'p'y'j'c'w'q'g'x'g't'0

\$J'g'u'eq'p'v'k'p'w'gf'j'ku'k'p'x'g'p'v'k'g'p'gu'u.'v'q'q.'\$'F'gi'gpj'ctf'v'uck'f'0'\$U'k'peg'j'g'v'q'q'n'v'y'g'eq'p'v'q'n'u'q'h'U'ko'Q'x'g't'ug'cu'yj'g'f'x'g'k'u'uw'gf'c'ng'p'i'nc'w'p'f't'f'f'k'u'v'q'h'f'g't'k'c'v'k'x'gu'z'o'c'w't'k'v'f'v't'c'p'u'h'q't'o'c'v'k'p'k'p'u't'w'o'g'p'w'. 'j'g't'o'c'r'j't'q'f'k'g'ug'ew't'k'k'gu'yj'cv'eq'p'x'g't'v'd'c'j'v'c'p'f'f'g'p'm'q'c'p'u'k'p'v'q'f'q'm'c't'm'q'c'p'u'c'p'f'u'w'h'h'k'ng'yj'cv.'c'p'f'c'd'w'p'ej'q'h'q'yj'g't'k'p'u't'w'o'g'p'w'K'ec'p'v'g'x'g'p't'go'go'd'g't'. 'o'w'ej'ng'u'g'z'r'nc'k'p'0'K'u'c'm'k'p'yj'g'h'k'ng'0'\$

\$C'p'f'f'q'w'y'k'p'n'j'g'm'eq'q'r'g't'c'v'g'0'\$

\$K'np'q'y'j'g'y'k'n'0'N'q'q'n'ic'v'y'g't'g'u'v'q'h'yj'g'u'w'h'h'k'p'yj'cv'h'k'ng'c'p'f'f'q'w'm'ug'g'y'j'f'0'0'q'u'v'q'h'yj'q'ug'f'c'o'p'g'f'f'g't'k'c'v'k'x'gu'j'c'x'g'c'it'g'c'f'f'f'd'm'y'p'w'r'k'p'j'ku'h'ceg'0'J'g'u'h'q'c'v'k'pi'q'p'j'q'v'c'k'c'v'yj'ku'r'q'k'p'. 'uo'q'q'y'v'c'm'k'pi'yj'g'V'j'ck't'gi'w'c'v'q'tu'c'p'f'yj'g'h'q't'g'ki'p'et'g'f'k'q'tu'0'C'p'f'. 'h'h'yj'cv'k'up'v'g'p'q'w'j'. 'y'g'j'c'x'g'u'q'o'g'x'g't'f'k'p'v'g't'g'u'k'p'i'r'j'q'q'i't'c'r'j'u'q'h'0't'0'f' ggu'0'\$'F'gi'gpj'ctf'v't'g'cej'gf'q'x'g't'c'p'f'v'q'q'n'ic'rc'ti'g'i'ng'u'f'r'j'q'v'q'ht'qo'yj'g'h'k'ng'c'p'f'j'c'p'f'gf'k'v'q'T'gmg't'0

T'gmg't'ucv'dcem'k'p'yj'g'go'r'gtqt'j'cv'ej'ck'. 'et'q'uw'g'f'j'ku'ng'i'u.'c'p'f'r'g't'w'ug'f'yj'g'r'j'q'q'i't'c'r'j'ect'gh'w'm'f'0'\$J'q'y'q'f'ku'uj'g'0'\$

\$C'v'y'g'v'ko'g'q'h'yj'g'r'j'q'q'i't'c'r'j'. 'uj'g'y'cu'h'q'w't'v'g'g'p.'\$'F'gi'gpj'ctf'v't'gr'k'ng'f'0

T'gmg't'uj'twi'ig'f'0'\$Y'g't'g'v'c'm'k'pi'cd'q'w'd'm'q'q'f'f'V'j'ck'rc'p'f'. 'L'c'en'0'L'c'r'c'p'g'ug'd'w'k'p'g'u'o'g'p'g'c'v'yj'g'ug'f'q'w'p'i

i knu'rkng'uwaj k0[ qw'vj kpm'vj cv)m'lectt { "cp{ "y gki j v'y kj "l gguA\$

F gi gpj ctf v'uo kngf 0\$K'f qgu'y j gp'vj g' { qwpi 'y qo cp'lp's wgu'kqp'ku'vj g'f cwi j vgt'qh'c'Vj ck'o k'kct { "qh'legt.  
c'h'k'gpf "qh'l ggu.'uwr r qugf n' 0'K'p'cp { "gx'gpv.'vj g'qh'legt'ku'E'q'np'gri'M'c'mr ck' 'y g'cto { 'u'vqr 'f' t'wi  
gph'q'tego gpv'qh'legt 0'J g'ur gpf u'c'm'v'qh'v'ko g'lp'P'qt'vj gtp'Vj ck'cpf 0'J ku'hco k' { 'u'lp'D'cpi n'q'n'0\$

\$D'm'qf { "j gm'kh'l ggu'y cp'v'g'f "v'q'f'kf'f'ng'qp'g'qh'M'c'mr ck'u'hgo c'ng'u.'y j { "f'kf'p'v'j g'ej qq'ug'vj g'y kh'gA\$

\$[ qw'vj kpm'k'y qwf 'o cng'cp { "f'kh'gt'g'peg'v'q'vj g'h'k'p'c'n't'gu'w'w.'kh'M'c'mr ck'h'q'w'pf "q'w'A\$

T'gm'gt 'uo kngf 0\$K'uwur gev'M'c'mr ck'ku'c'o cp'y kj "c'dk'q'h'c'v'go r gt0\$

\$K'j gct'j g'q'peg'ecr r gf "c'i w' 'h'q't'k'pu'w'k'pi 'j ku'y kh'g0'O k'kct { "eq'x'gt'gf 'k'w'r 0\$

T'gm'gt 'p'q'f'f'gf 0\$V'j gp'K'uwur r qug'q'w't'O t0[ ggu'o ki j v'dg'co g'p'cd'ng'v'q'c'h'kh'g/uc'x'k'pi 'f'g'c'r0\$

F gi gpj ctf v'p'q'f'f'gf 0\$K'uwur gev'u'q'0\$

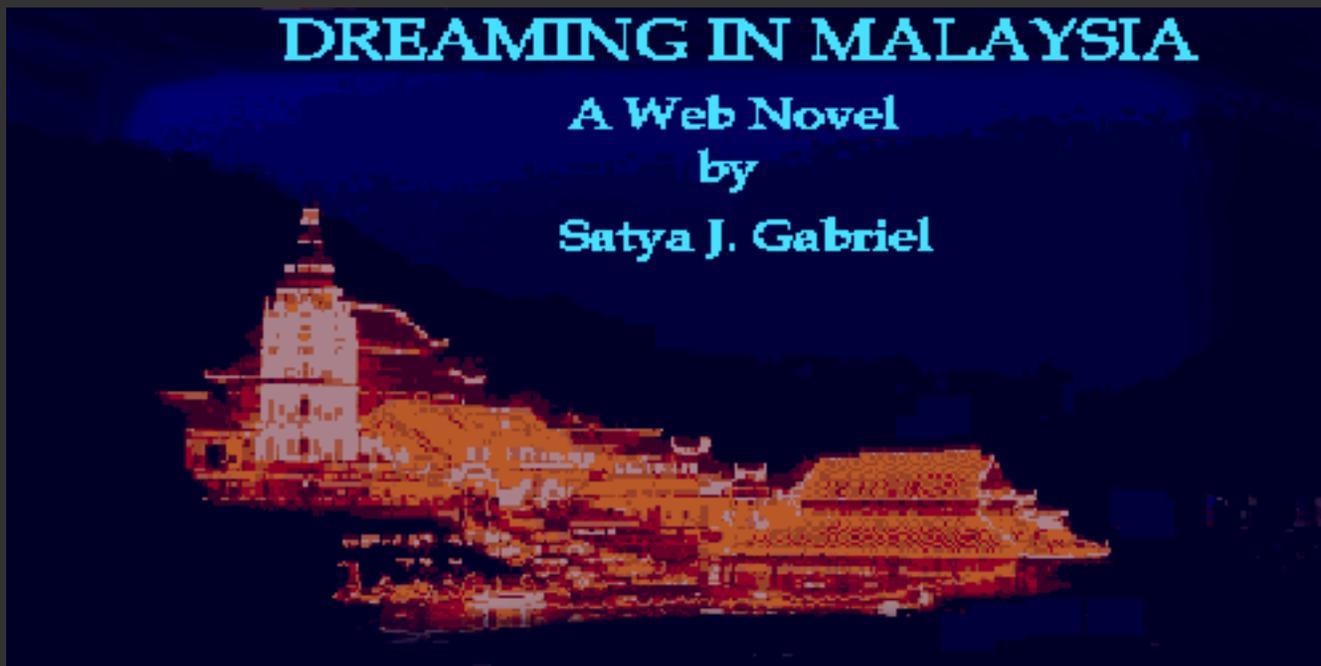
\$D'm'qf { "j gm'I'cem" { q'w'x'g'c'ny c { u'd'ggp'c'h'k'uv't'cv'g't'get'w'k'gt'0\$

F gi gpj ctf v'u'uo kng'y kf g'p'gf 0\$K'm'j c'x'g'j ku'uki p'c'w't'g'lp'd'm'q'f'd { "vj g'g'p'f "qh'vj g'y ggn'0\$

Vj g { "dq'j 'r'wi j gf 0

 P G Z V ' E J C R V G T

Eqr {tki j v'Í '3; ; ; /4222'U'cv {c'L0I cdt'k'gr0'C'm't'ki j w't'gug't'x'gf 0



EJ CRVGT "VY Q<"Utcpi gt "kp" c "Utcpi g'Ncpf

*" . . . there can be no time without change. If we seek to treat a period of time as a collection of events, we could not have a temporal vacuum." W. H. Newton-Smith*

Uco wgn'uxqqf "cv'y g'pgy uxcpf "f c { f t gco kpi 0J ku'wwqtken'qp"r quwo qf gtpkuo "y cu'kp"cdqaw'cp"j qwt0J g uj qwf "dg"cv'j ku'f gunli qkpi "qxtg"j ku'pqvgu0Dw'j g'hqwpf "j ko ugrh'uxcpf kpi "kp"htqpv'qh'y'j g'tqy u'qh pgy ur cr gtu'cpf "o ci c| kpgu."y kpnkpi "cdqaw'j ku'hc'v'j gt'uxcpf kpi "kp"htqpv'qh'tqy u'qh'pgy ur cr gtu'cpf o ci c| kpgu'cv'c'pgy uxcpf "uko krct"v'q'y ku'qpg0P qy "y j cv'o cf g'y ku'r ctv'kwctn{ "pqvgy qt'y { "y cu'y cv'j ku hc'v'j gt'y cu'f gcf 0Dw'pqv'kp"y ku'f c { f t gco 0Uco wgn'y cu'cdqaw'pkpg" { gct'u'qrf "kp"y'j g'tguwtg'ev'f "o go qt { 0 J g"eqwrf "j gct"j ku'hc'v'j gt'vgnkpi "j ko "cdqaw'tgo qf gkpi "cp"qrf "o cpukqp."y j kng'y wo dkpi "y tqwi j "y ku pgy ur cr gt"qt"o ci c| kpg"cpf "y gp"cpqy gt0\$K'y cu'j cwpv'gf . \$j ku'hc'v'j gt"j cf "v'qrf "j ko 0\$K'y cf "i j quwu0\$ Uco wgn'j cf "mqn'gf "wr "cv'j ku'hc'v'j gt"cpf "uckf . " \$Vj gtg'u'pq"uwej "y kpi "cu'i j quwu0\$ "Cpf "j ku'hc'v'j gt"j cf pqf f gf 0\$Vj cv'u'tki j v."Uco wgn'0Dw'r gqr ng'y qwi j v'y gtg'y gtg'i j quwu'kp"y cv'r meg0K'j cf "v'q"r c { "y g ectr gpygtu'f qwdng'y'j g'wawcn'tcv'g0\$

\$Ecp"K'j gr "{ qw'y kj "uqo gv'j kp). "r tqhguuqt A\$ "Vj g'grf gtn{ "o cp"y j q'tcp"y'j g'pgy uxcpf "j cf "y j kng'uwddng cpf "c"mqm'qh'eqpegt"qp"j ku'hc'v'j

Rwngf "qaw'qh'j ku'f c { f t gco . "Uco wgn'mqn'gf "cv'y g"o cp"cpf "y gp'tgcej gf "hqt" c "eqr { "qh"the Guardian0\$ "Lwiv y ku."j g'uckf . "cpf "y gp'hkuj gf "ctqwpf "kp"j ku'r qengv'hqt"y'j g'r tqr gt"eqkpu0

\$O wuv'dg"v'qwi j . \$"y g"o cp"uckf 0



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v'c'puhg'gtgf "v'cp'wpf guktcdng'r quv'kpi <"J ctctg.\ ko dcdy g0'K'y cu'p'qvj kpi 'nguu'y cp'c'dc'pkuj o gp'v0

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v'q'r 'h'k'g'f "q'r g't'c'v'k'x'g'u.'c'm'f ku'c'r r g'c't'g'f 0'K'y cu'q'p'g'q'h'v'j g'D't'ku'u'd'ki i g'u'v'c'p'f "o qu'v'ug'et'g'v'f k'uc'v'g'u'0\$

O lec'eq'p'v'go r m'v'g'f 'vj ku'h'q't'c'o q'o gp'v'v'j gp'p'q'f f g'f 0'V'j g'u'v'q't'{"y cu'v'j g'D't'ku'j cf 'd'w't'k'g'f 'vj g'h'c'k'w't'g'0'K'i'v'w'g'  
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*"Our passion is to help the poor and oppressed of this world, to make them examples of what is possible, to make them the inheritors of the fruits of this world." Qur'an (28:5)*

The duck pond was covered in algae, situated next to a dilapidated shack and overgrown weeded field. Ali Jamal stood outside the shack looking in the direction of the pond.

"It stinks," said the squat middle aged Brit in a white silk suit who stood next to Jamal.

Jamal agreed. The finance minister wore a white songkok and matching baju melayu. He looked up at the Brit and smiled. Nearby four Malay soldiers with automatic weapons guarded a jeep and blue Land Rover.

"The land is cheap. My party can arrange the labor. Is this not what you were hoping for?"

The Brit thought about it for a moment, then nodded. If all went according to plan, this development would be mutually beneficial: a boon to Jamal's standing in his party and very profitable to his clients.

"Jobs for Malays," Jamal said. "That's what Prime Minister Abdullah has promised."

The Brit nodded his head. "Glad to be able to do my part," he said and started walking toward the pond.

"You don't want to go too close," Jamal warned. "We'll need to drain the pond."

The Brit stopped in his tracks. He frowned. "This has to be ready for construction in one month."

Jamal nodded. "This is Malaysia," he said, "not India. It will get done on time."

The Brit, who was a veteran of doing business in India, smiled.

"In short order, this area will be mostly concrete and roads."

"I appreciate that," the Brit responded. "And my clients will, as well."

"Time is money."

The Brit walked away from the duck pond, followed by Jamal. He looked around, thinking about how the area would soon be transformed into a large industrial compound, complete with its own generators and worker's dormitories. He had worked directly with Jamal, rather than an underling, because that is what Sir Alex Paisley had wanted. "I want you to get to know the man," Sir Paisley had ordered. Sir Paisley was the top boss at Uniglobal Limited, the British conglomerate, and chief competitor (in most of its markets) with Grand United, the world's wealthiest conglomerate. Sir Paisley wanted to make sure that the Yanks did not encroach upon this traditional outpost of British multinational operations, although such encroachment was well underway. "If we have the next Malaysian p.m.'s ear," Sir Paisley had said, "then I can stick it to that bastard Whitehead." He was referring to his golfing buddy, John Whitehead, top man at G.U. and a man with a well-deserved reputation of playing hard ball in his business battles. It was quite clear, from recent business moves, that Whitehead had targeted Malaysia for aggressive expansion.



The giant sleek bird of a 747 landed at KL International Airport while Fadil Hamzah watched from the backseat of a black Mercedes-Benz S500 Sedan. As soon as the 747 had taxied to a stop, the Mercedes, flanked by an airport security vehicle, moved to meet it.

Fadil's bodyguard, sitting next to the driver, picked up the receiver of the carphone.

"Make sure he is the first to deplane," Fadil reminded the man, and sat slightly forward in his seat. He watched as the landing crew moved the stairs into place. Behind them, the mostly glass airport transport buses were making their way to the vehicle. The bodyguard acknowledged that their guest was making his way to the door. Fadil relaxed a bit and watched as the heavy exit door was opened.

"Shall I get out?" The bodyguard asked.

"No," Fadil said, shaking her head. "Wait for them to bring him to the car."

The airport police detail positioned itself at the base of the stairs.

The man who appeared at the top of the stairs, next to the stewardess, had short dark hair, pale brown skin, wore black sunglasses, and dressed in a black suit, white shirt, and black bow tie. He looked down at the Mercedes first, then at the security detail, and began down the stairs. He had only found out after the plane touched down that he would be met at the airport by Fadil Hamzah himself. He was pleased. Someday he hoped to travel on his own private jet, but to be met in such style was almost as good. The other passengers on the flight from Hong Kong would just have to wait, he thought as he reached the bottom of the stairs. The stewardess waited as the man was escorted to the waiting Mercedes by two of the four airport police, and only after he was safely inside the car did she allow the other passengers to begin deplaning. The bodyguard closed the door of the Mercedes, got back in the front, and they drove away as the first of the airport buses arrived.

"It is good to see you again, Axel. Welcome to KL," Fadil said, shaking hands with his guest.

"My pleasure, Fadil," Axel Muhammad said, smiling. "It's been how long, three years?"

"More like four," Fadil corrected. "It was at the conference in New Orleans, if I recall correctly."

Axel nodded agreement. "Yes," he said, "the American Economics Association meetings. You gave an excellent speech."

"But a bit too long," Fadil said, then paused. "Tell me what I want to hear, Axel."

"I did exactly what you asked me to do," he said. "I made the arrangements for several top ministers of the Nation of Islam to visit KL and meet personally with Ali Jamal and Prime Minister Abdullah. As you requested, I personally presented the gift and note from Ali Jamal to the Honorable Louis Farrakhan. He was very pleased." Axel smiled. He did not see anything he had done as a betrayal. After all, if Fadil's plan succeeded, then perhaps the Nation of Islam would, indeed, benefit. And, if not, well . . .

"You will be richly rewarded, Axel," Fadil said, "if we are successful. I am certain that the Honorable Louis Farrakhan will broadcast this new relationship with Ali Jamal to all the world, or at least to those who are listening." Fadil knew exactly who would be listening and how they would likely respond.

"You really think that the CIA would try to bring down Ali Jamal because of this?"

Fadil's smile widened. "Of course not," he said. "What do you take me for, a conspiracy theorist? I am quite certain your authorities would never meddle in the internal affairs of a sovereign nation, nor do they have anything to fear from a religious organization, such as the Nation of Islam."

Axel knew that the reality was precisely the opposite, as did Fadil. Indeed, Axel had witnessed the harsh reaction of the "authorities" to the relationship between the Nation of Islam and the Libyan government. They had blocked the Libyan donation of over a billion U.S. dollars to help the cause of Islam in America and to strengthen the independence of those who had been historically marginalized in American society. The Nation had always been feared, but since that time the surveillance and sabotage had grown.

Fadil shifted so that he could look more directly at Axel. "We have an advantage, Axel, that is so strong that even the CIA cannot defeat us. We have faith and brotherhood. It has no boundaries, no nation can contain the force of our solidarity and our will to serve the cause. *They* have no loyalty. This is why we can manipulate them, use their strength against them. You will see. They will do exactly what we expect them to do. They are brutes. Their power is their weakness. They lack subtlety. They suffer hubris." He nodded, a look of pleasure on his face. *Rest assured, they will act exactly as expected.*

Axel believed Fadil. He could imagine Fadil rising to power with the help of the CIA. And he could just as easily imagine himself as the head of a new corporation, working with the Malaysian government.

"Tell me again about your dream for Axel Enterprises," Fadil said, showing great interest.

Axel gladly complied, once again talking about his idea for tapping into the talents of educated American Muslims: computer programmers, MBAs, economists, accountants, and others who would come together inside Axel Enterprises to create business projects linking America to Muslim nations around the world.

"Globalization for Islam," Fadil said, nodding. "Excellent."

Axel smiled. *Globalization for Islam. Nice.* "So," he said, "when do I get to meet your boss?"

Fadil checked his watch. "Very shortly," he replied, "and be assured the meeting will be well publicized. Our newspaper people were quite eager to meet a representative of the Honorable Louis Farrakhan. I've also arranged for our national television network to cover the event. I hope you are not too shy."

Axel shook his head. "I'm cool," he said. "I've been looking forward to this."



Jay met Graham Carville at Popeyes in Wanchai. It was a notorious Japanese-style bar and nightclub, frequented by U.S. military personnel looking for a good time with one of the slim, attractive hostesses. It was with some hesitation that Jay agreed to the venue for his meeting with Graham, who did not seem the type for Popeyes, but the young IBM hardware specialist had information that Jay very much needed.

"Sorry about this," Graham said, looking over Jay and smiling. He focused on Jay's chest, which was exposed both by the low cut and transparency of the black silk shirt he was wearing.

"No es problema," Jay said.

"My boss insisted that I meet him down here for a few drinks," Graham continued his mea culpa. "Can't say no to the boss, can you?"

"Guess not," Jay said, not showing his impatience. "So where's your boss?"

"Oh, the meeting ended almost an hour ago. I've been getting slushed. You've got to join me." Before Jay could say anything, Graham was waving at one of the hostesses. The long-legged woman wore a heavy black and red silk dress with a cut that was so high that her thigh was visible. "You want beer or something real?" He asked Jay.

"I better stick to beer," Jay said. "I get kinda stupid if I drink too much."

"Oh," Graham said, and made an exaggerated gesture with his hand. "Then you better have the drunken fist."

"What's that?"

"Something new," he said, and told the hostess to bring Jay the drink. "You've just got to try it. You only live once." Graham had the stupidest grin on his face.

Jay noticed that Graham was drinking Tsingtao. "Why aren't you having it?"

"No, no, too strong for me. Besides, after the number of beers I've had, if I drank that they'd either have to carry me out of here or get a lot of mops out, if you get my drift." Unfortunately, Jay did get his drift.

The woman brought the drink. It was sort of rose red and smelled of lavender and gin. "Salud," Jay said, holding up his glass. Graham smiled and held up his tsingtao. Jay drank the sweet concoction to humor Graham. For almost an hour they drank and talked trivia. Jay had three drunken fists, not realizing that he had crossed a line and was drunk, a state that was rare for him. It was for the cause, so to speak, and his chumminess with Graham had worked wonders. Graham told Jay the names of key personnel who were installing IBM computers in the British consulate. This information would allow Jay to get access to those computers and the valuable information they contained, information that would be useful both before and after the coming handover that would end 150 years of British rule in Hong Kong.

Just as Jay was trying to extricate himself from Graham, who was becoming increasingly amorous, a U.S. marine broke from his buddies and sort of stumbled over to their table. The dark-skinned marine seemed annoyed. "What's wrong with you two fairies?" He asked. "You get lost?"

"What?"

"This ain't no fag bar," the marine said. He was quite obviously drunk. That pretty much described the state of both Graham and Jay, as well.

The marine's comrades were on their way, hoping to intercept him before any damage was done, but it was too late. The marine was obviously incensed by something deeper than just the sight of Graham and Jay, but he was quite willing to let the two of them suffice as the font of his anger. "I'm gonna kick some fairy butt tonight," the marine said boldly, catching the attention of others in the bar, most of whom seemed entertained by this outburst.

"How dare you," Graham said, angered, standing up suddenly, which was a mistake. The marine leveled him with a hard right to the jaw. The blow sent Graham backwards onto the floor with a heavy thud.

How he remained conscious was one of those mysteries that could stand alongside the Bermuda Triangle. But he did remain conscious and he watched as the marine turned his ire on Jay.

Jay's father had been a marine. And although he did not have the privilege of growing up with his father, he knew enough to respect the training that marines received. He also suspected that the training brought a certain self-confidence, particularly when facing civilians. And despite the Popeye muscles, this over confidence could be a disadvantage, verdad? This thought made Jay smile, which seemed just a bit too much for the marine, who firm mouthed and frowning, muscles tightening, hauled back to send Jay's grin to the nether reaches. For Jay, time slowed and he decided, for better or worse, and under the influence of alcohol and martial arts training, to take the man out with a single, swift and unexpected blow. Not to knock him out, mind you, but to kill him. Jay had decided, with a sense of drunken humor, to drive a single upward blow to the solar plexus, in just the right spot to stop the man's heart. Fortunately, the blow which hit the marine well before his own blow could connect with Jay, was significantly off target. The marine fell backwards onto the floor, out of breath. Jay was suddenly surrounded by marines. He smiled a drunken smile. He was ready to fight them all and get his butt royally kicked. But that was not to be. A marine lieutenant stepped into the middle of it all and told his men to call it a night and to take their fallen comrade with them. The lieutenant had stopped briefly to stare into Jay's eyes. He said in a low tone of voice, "Stranger in a strange land," then smiled, turned and followed his men.



A storm of smoke and clouds came from the Southeast. The Symposium on Islamic Finance was held at National University in Kuala Lumpur. Malaysia's Finance Minister, Ali Jamal, spoke on the need for an alternative set of financial arrangements in the Islamic world that would allow countries to avoid the structural adjustment programs of the IMF during periods of current account crisis. Jamal suggested that Islamic nations might establish a sort of *super Central Bank*, perhaps based in Kuala Lumpur.

After the meeting, a Saudi businessman asked Ali Jamal if he really believed there was any possibility for Islamic nations to agree on the framework for creating an alternative to the IMF so long as the U.S.A. remained the only real superpower in the world. Ali Jamal tried to sound optimistic, but the businessman then insisted that the U.S. would block any effort to unify the Islamic world, even calling the Americans the new "holy crusader against Islam." A reporter who happened to overhear this would later falsely attribute the holy crusader comment to Ali Jamal, rather than the unnamed Saudi businessman.



Orbaw International Holdings was named in a document published by a leading environmentalist group as one of the corporations most responsible for destroying rain forests on the planet. One of the leading spokespersons on environmentalism, Teddy Fraser, charged, in a press conference, that many multinational companies were ignoring both local laws and international agreements on the rain forests and the environment. Later, Fraser criticized both Orbaw and the U.S. based conglomerate Grand United. "American companies like Grand United buy the raw materials from companies like Malaysia's Orbaw and encourage them to use slash and burn on the rain forests of the world," Fraser said.



Samuel fell asleep at his desk. His head rested in the cradle of his folded arms that rested atop a stack of books and papers. Outside a window the sky could be seen with clouds massing and blocking the sunlight.

Samuel drifted on waves of light and darkness and color. Dimensionality shifted, shattering boundaries: three dimensions became four. Shadows took on substance. He saw ghostly images that gradually took shape and life. He saw himself out of time and in a different sort of space. He crossed barriers of solid walls and rock. And then three dimensionality returned. He found himself walking across a cobblestone path towards a church. The stairs of the church were stone and some parts were chipped away. He took one step and a large chunk broke free and he nearly fell. He grabbed for the banister and held on, but it moved in his grip. It had come loose. He saw Angela's long black hair as she walked into the church. He did not see her face, but he knew it was her. He wanted to climb the stairs, but they crumbled underfoot, like nothing more than salt.

He fell through another dark cloud and found himself watching a round faced little girl picking flowers. "Who are you?" He asked.

She turned and smiled, but did not speak. Peter O'Toole standing nearby seemed to morph out of the trunk of a tree and walked up to Samuel. Samuel saw himself through O'Toole's eyes and he saw the elderly actor through his own eyes. "Individuals are impulsive," O'Toole said, in his lyrical voice. "They do not possess a transitive scale of preferences along which they can arrange all their hopes and dreams in a single plane, and for this reason they are incapable of consistently rational behavior."

Samuel shook his head. "I never said they could. Avram . . ."

"Do not speak of Avram," O'Toole said. "I am speaking to you, Samuel Taylor Maxwell, you and you alone. Why do you insist on shifting responsibility?" O'Toole seemed to straighten his spine.

Samuel shrugged. "I don't know what you mean."

"Why did you marry Angela? Was she the utility maximizing choice?"

"She was pregnant," he insisted. "Or at least she said she was . . ."

"Pregnant?" O'Toole smiled broadly. "Every action we take is pregnant."

"My father told me to marry her," he said, as if protesting innocence.

The little girl offered Samuel flowers. He reached down and took them.

"This is Marx," O'Toole said, pointing at the little girl. Samuel frowned, not understanding. Inside the old man's eyes, Samuel could see himself frowning "Capitalism is not the end of history, nor is it a source of rationality," O'Toole said. "Is it any more rational for a person to sell his soul in pieces than to have it sold for him in total?"

"I don't understand."

"Try using the dialectical method," O'Toole said. His eyes were shiny, as if on the verge of tears. He seemed a bit off-balance, as if he would fall. The little girl looked at O'Toole and then took hold of his hand. O'Toole became steadier. The little girl smiled. Samuel could see himself smiling back through the little girl's eyes. He saw himself holding the bundle of flowers. "Everything is significant,"

O'Toole continued. "Every event, every process is pregnant with new ideas. You have the power to change your life."

"Why would I want to change my life?"

"Because you are unhappy. No, you are worse than unhappy."

Samuel shook his head. He was aware he was dreaming and even aware that he could intervene in his own dream, yet he felt unable to do so, as if this dream came from outside of himself. It was a contradiction. "I'm not unhappy," he said. "I'm just having a run of bad luck."

"What is the logic in luck?"

Samuel frowned again. "What?"

A butterfly flew near the little girl and she ran after it. The sky was red-orange.

"There is no such thing as bad luck. There is no such thing as luck. Where did Sartre go?"

"Who are you?" He knew the man looked like Peter O'Toole, but this meant little in a dream.

"I am Godelier," Peter O'Toole said, taking pearls from inside the flowers and counting them.

"God?" He thought perhaps . . .

"Godelier," the man said emphatically, frowning. "Go-del-ier." He handed the pearls to Samuel.

Samuel looked at the pearls. They were glowing. "I was hoping . . ."

"Sorry to disappoint you."

Samuel shrugged. "That's okay. If you were God, it would have posed a bit of a philosophical dilemma for me."

"Well," Godelier said, "I guess I wouldn't want to do something like that."

In the distance came the sound of someone playing a horn. It grew louder. Samuel felt himself being pulled through the dense fog of light and dark towards consciousness, but then the horn stopped and he fell back again. He saw a rapid progression of images: buildings, the ocean, horses, a large dog's head, people's faces, flowers, books. Words took on substance: overdetermination in a swirl of multicolored pearls that coalesced into trees and earth and mountains and waterfalls and people and then a bolus of all things in one: dialectics in children playing jump rope: rationality in the form of a giant snail. He would have entered another dream but for the sudden flash as his eyes opened. He blinked and sat up, rubbing his eyes. A stream of sunlight was coming through a window and illuminating the top of his desk. He shook his head in disgust that he would have fallen asleep. It had been unplanned. He did not like feeling such lack of control. He stretched and tried forcing the sleepiness from his body. It still held sway in his muscles and his mind. Nevertheless, he would not give in and decided to go for a walk outside in the fresh air, as fresh as the air in Birmingham, in any event, and then return to his work later.



Jay walked down the white walled corridor, soundlessly on carpeted floor. Celia had only just put on a sleeveless blouse and matching lavender skirt and was kneeling on the floor picking up magazines when the knock came. She went to the door and peeked out the keyhole. She smiled and opened the door.

She was happy to see Jay, but also puzzled. "How'd you get into the building without buzzing me?" She asked, as he stepped across the threshold and looked around the living room.

"Your neighbor, tall, blonde woman," Jay held one hand up to about his eye level. In the other arm he was holding a bag of groceries from a Wellcome Market. "She let me in."

"Wendy," she said. "She's an Aussie. Works for Citibank."

"Nice looking," he said and smiled mischievously.

She slapped him on the arm playfully. "You better watch yourself. She has a boyfriend." She gave him a straight look, then added, "I was just tidying up. I don't really get much time to take care of this place."

He shook his head. "You should see my apartment."

She showed him into her small kitchen, where he set the bag of groceries on a counter. They talked and began preparing dinner.

"Why'd you choose to become a computer programmer?" Jay asked as he cut a plump Asian eggplant into diagonal slices.

"I think I just did it to piss my old man off," she said, starting rice in a Japanese made rice cooker.

He frowned. "Your father?"

"Right."

"Why would you becoming a programmer piss him off?"

"He's very much the male chauvenist or that's what I thought when I was younger. He seemed to put all his energy into my four brothers and acted as if I was just some little princess with no brains."

"If you really wanted to show him, you should have become a fireman." He brushed both sides of the eggplant slices with sesame oil.

She laughed. "Yeah, that probably would have worked. As it was, he thought it was great that I became a programmer. Bragged about it to all his friends."

"Best laid plans." She nodded agreement.

Later, when they were sitting at the table eating, Celia asked Jay if he ever felt homesick for the States. He replied, "No matter where I am I feel like a stranger in a strange land."

She smiled. "I think I feel like that sometimes, like I don't really belong. Sometimes I think I was meant to be born somewhere else, maybe in a different time."

"Future or past?"

She shrugged. "Probably the future," she said after a moment's thought. "At least I hope so. I mean, I

don't know if there'd be much need for programmers in the 16th century or sometime like that."

"Probably not," he agreed. "On the other hand, somebody with your genius would probably find a way to express it."

"You think so?"

He nodded. He really meant this. "Me, on the other hand, well, I still can't figure out the Windows operating system." Now he was lying.

Her smile broadened. "Windows is one of the most inelegant works of programming that has ever reached mass circulation."

He frowned. "I don't get it."

"It's the product of a monopoly. Microsoft owns the Universe and can make every Alice and Bob use its system. They don't have to be elegant in programming it."

"Is your work elegant, Celia?"

She stopped smiling and looked down. "I don't know," she said. She looked up again. "A lot of my work is just pragmatic problem solving. Doing stuff that makes the Sunshine hardware more efficient."

"That's nothing to sneeze at."

She smiled again. "I guess."

"What really turns you on?"

"You mean about programming?" He nodded. She sighed. "For the last two years I've been working on something called public-key encryption," she said. "It's not a priority project at Sunshine, but I'm in charge of it and it's something I love."

"Tell me about it," he said, then added, "I mean, I probably won't understand most of it but I'm really curious about what you do."

Her smile turned shy and her eyes sparkled. "Well, it's not all that complicated," she said. "Encryption programs are pretty common. The one I'm working on is pretty powerful, I'll admit, but . . ." She noticed that he was looking sort of glassy eyed. "We could talk about something else."

"Sorry," he said. "I was just thinking about you creating the next big thing in software. I could just see your face on the cover of Newsweek."

Her smile regained its confidence. "Anyway," she said, "this program has a public encoding key, but the decryption method remains secret. Imagine that Alice and Bob want to send each other a message and they live on opposite sides of the world and can't visit each other."

"Like one of my friends back in the States?"

"Right. Well, they don't have any mutual friends who can carry messages back and forth and regular methods of communication are insecure. They could use a public-key encryption system by looking up each other's encryption code in a public directory and using it to write to each other. A hacker, Oscar,

couldn't decrypt the message though the encryption code is public and available to him, because the plaintext and the ciphertext are independent of each other. Public-key encryption is fairly new really but there's a pretty famous algorithm called the RSA cryptosystem which is widely used and as difficult to decrypt as it is to factor large composites into primes, of finding the prime factors,  $p$  and  $q$ , of  $n$ . Just try and factor 349,963,466 in any reasonable amount of time."

"I know what you mean," he said. "I always have trouble with that."

"The thing is you'd have to do it before the message I'd sent became irrelevant. Mathematicians have devoted years of work to this problem of factorization. I really didn't expect that we'd solve the problem at Sunshine. Many have tried before us and we didn't expect any concrete results. In fact, we were quite satisfied with the intermediate theorems we had developed. We proved, for example, that for Oscar the hacker to be able to decrypt individual RSA cipher-texts, he would have to be able to efficiently factor  $n$  into primes,  $p$  and  $q$ . Sunshine proved that five years ago but we still were not certain that factoring was in truth difficult. Well, Sunshine has spent years working on this and it turns out that it isn't that difficult after all. My team was able to do a proof by contradiction so to speak."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, of course it wasn't simple either but we did it. We have developed a factoring algorithm."

She didn't realize it, but Jay's pulse had quickened. This was unexpected. He was hoping to get his hand on a new encryption program. What Celia was talking about was far more valuable. "I'm afraid," he said, "that I'm still a little fuzzy on what this all means."

"Well, finding a factoring algorithm is, in and of itself, exciting for mathematics or would be if we could publish our work, which at the moment we can't. It belongs to Sunshine, after all. Anyway, it opens up enormous possibilities, but it also means that major encryption systems such as RSA have been rendered essentially insecure. That's why we can't really publish our results."

"Sounds pretty damn exciting," Jay said, looking dumb. "But, Celia, I have to admit that it's a bit over my head. I'm kind of a show and tell type, when it comes to this high tech stuff."

"I could show you an example," she said.

He frowned. "How?"

"I could show you how the program can be used to break an encryption code."

"How?"

"Easy," she said. "Let's go in my bedroom." He smiled. "No," she said, "not that. My computer's on my desk in my bedroom."

He looked disappointed. "Okay," he said. Deep inside he was the winner of the biggest lottery in spy history and, if not for being in such great physical condition, would probably have burst a few blood vessels with excitement. It was far more exciting than model trains. "Let's do it," he said.



*Mahatma Gandhi was once asked his opinion of Western civilization.*

*He replied that it would be a good idea.*



The lashing rainwind seemed like it would never end, soaking the ground, darkening the building façade, blurring windows. Outside a girl of perhaps seven helped her mother carry several large bundles through the storm. The man standing in the window of the hotel watched this show, although he could hardly have cared less about the plight of the mother and child. "I hate these little bottles," another man said, causing Frank Hyde to turn from the rainstreaked window. Frank's eyes were red and teary. He was deep in the throes of jet lag and the heartburn of darkness, both were maladies he had little success in overcoming. "Then don't drink it then," Frank said in a less than sympathetic tone of voice.

Jack Degenhardt, dressed in a tailored blue silk suit, smiled. He closed the door of the hotel refrigerator and then poured the tiny bottle of scotch into a glass. "It'll just have to do," Jack said. "Why don't you have any ice, Frank?"

"I don't drink," Frank replied. *My body is a temple of God.*

"Not even ice water, huh?"

Frank was never sure what to think of Jack Degenhardt. Here was a man of good German-American stock but he appeared weak, lacking in ambition. How long had he worked as errand boy for Simon Rekker? At no point, in all his interactions with Degenhardt, had the man ever given an opinion that was not Rekker's. And Rekker kept his distance from Frank Hyde, as would be expected. Degenhardt took all the exposure. He's a fool. Frank would have understood if Rekker was a genuine ubermensch, but he was just a filthy manipulator of money, a Shylock. "I've done a lot of jobs for you and your master," Frank said. "Don't you think it's time that I met with Rekker in person?" *Rekker is afraid of me, as he should be.*

"For Christ's sake, Frank," Jack shook his head and sat on the edge of the king size bed. The bed's mattress depressed considerably under his weight. "You just can't relax, can you?" The burley one-time construction worker looked at Frank with a sort of pity. "Why don't you have a drink, Frank. It might do you some good." Degenhardt gulped down the last of the scotch. He looked lovingly at the empty glass. "You only go around once." Frank frowned at this weak, cliched bit of philosophizing. No, he did like Degenhardt one bit, but had to tolerate the man. Rekker had guaranteed Frank a steady and rather attractive cash flow. "You're here," Degenhardt said, "because Rekker has bigger fish to fry."

"What does that mean?" *Bigger fish to fry, what an idiot phrase. And he's not even using it right.*

Degenhardt got up and went back to the little refrigerator, where he found a second tiny bottle of scotch. "These things don't go very far," he said, twisting off the top and pouring the liquid into his glass. "And they charge an arm and a leg. Everything's a rip off these days. Good for you that it's all on Simon

Rekker's tab, huh?"

Frank frowned. "What do you mean Rekker has bigger fish to fry? I'm not exactly a fry cook, am I? What exactly does he need me here for? I do have other clients, you know."

Degenhardt returned to the edge of the bed. He crossed his legs and took a big swallow from the glass. "Frank, you really need to chill out. Rekker has some important plans and he needs your help. In fact, you will get to meet him, just like you want, and he plans to pay you a helluva lot of money for your time."

"What is a helluva lot of money? How many zeroes is a helluva lot." Despite the nausea and the headache and the lack of specificity in "a helluva lot of money" this did make Frank feel a bit better.

"Well, I'll let Rekker give the specifics this time. I'm no professor," Degenhardt said this with a sly grin, "but I think he is talking about a lot of zeroes, enough that you could retire to your own island."

Frank wondered how Degenhardt could know that his dream was to own a secluded island.

Degenhardt's smile widened as he noticed the new expression on Frank's face. "I like working with you, Frank, you always get the job done. Anyway, I really just wanted to stop by and make sure you were comfy and give you this." Degenhardt reached in one of the side pockets of his suit jacket and pulled out a computer disk.

Frank walked over and took the disk. He looked at it as if it were a bug. "What's this?"

"Don't worry, it doesn't have one of those viruses on it. It's from Rekker."

"Okay," Hyde said, not expecting anything more from Degenhardt.

"He'll send a car for you tonight, about nine o'clock."

"I'm tired. I'd prefer to get some sleep."

Degenhardt shrugged. "This is Hong Kong, Frank. Life doesn't start until nine o'clock." Degenhardt smiled, stood up and put the empty glass on a counter above the refrigerator. "If you weren't a teetotaling tight-ass you could solve that jetlag problem. You need anything, don't call me." Degenhardt stopped at the door, turned and added. "Unless you loosen up a bit and want some advice on where to have a good time in the fragrant city."

"Fragrant Harbor," Frank corrected.

Degenhardt laughed. "You gotta learn to be a little less serious, Frank. You're gonna blow a gasket one of these days." The big man opened the door and walked out.

Frank watched the door for a moment, then smiled, thinking about the reference to buying an island, but then he turned his attention to the disk and went to his notebook computer on the round table in a corner near the window. He decided that it was best if he found out what or who was on the disk.



The evening that Angela left, as she had put it, *for good*, Samuel sat at the kitchen table of what had been their flat, wearing a sweater that had seen better days, writing a note in the margins of a textbook on how

Gramsci had supported the notion of cultural subjectivity. His mind was as blank as that margin had been before he had started writing. He wrote from memory of thoughts that had formed many days before. In that moment, he could not have begged a creative thought from his mind. He stopped writing, put down the pen, and collapsed with a sigh into his hands. His mind tottered around like a drunk: another of those old ideas was stumbled over --- *humanity shares the solidarity of physical and intellectual decay*. He sat there, head in hands, this same thought tripping him time and time again, until he heard a knock at the door. He pushed back the chair, causing it to scream in protest on the wood floor, and went to the front entrance. When he opened the door he faced the pale skin and blue eyes of his mother, Joy Maxwell, whose weak smile told him that she already knew.

"Are you going to ask me in?" She asked.

He took a deep breath and ushered her into the apartment. She did not wait to be asked to have a seat. She went to the same place she always did, the far corner of the big green sofa that Angela had bought at an estate sale. She sat down with a sigh, embracing the softness of the sofa, and folded her arms. "I warned you about her," she said. "Didn't I tell you, Samuel, that that woman would not make a good wife. She is too self-centered." She had said no such thing and they both knew this.

"Can I get you anything, mother?"

"Maybe now you can finish that book."

The book. It had become something of an albatross. Everyone knew he was writing it. It was unfinished, like a half-dressed man walking about the commons, an embarrassment. "I'm going to Nanjing," he said. "Perhaps I'll finish it while I'm there."

"They now have a name for your problem, Samuel. Attention deficit."

He shrugged. "I suppose you think that's why Angie left, because I'm out of focus."

"You always think everything is complicated. Angela left because you had nothing left for her to steal."

"Yes, mother," he said, not wanting to have this conversation. "Can I get you anything?"

Still she did not answer his question. "I mean," she went on, folding her arms even more tightly across her chest, "I know you love Angela and I'm sorry that you have to go through this." He started to interrupt, to correct her, but stopped himself. "Maybe it will be good for you to be in China for a year."

He nodded. "I think so. And I'll get to spend some time with Michael."

She smiled. "You tell your brother for me that I'm still not happy that he couldn't make it home for Christmas."

He started to remind her that Michael was militant when it came to anything religious, but decided he did not want to have that conversation again. "I'll remind him," he said. "Now, can I get you anything?"

She thought for a moment, then asked for a glass of brandy. He knew what she wanted all along, but it was a little ritual. Although he didn't drink the stuff, he had always kept a bottle of brandy for her visits. And the reward was that as soon as his mother had a glass of brandy in her hand, her mood changed considerably and always for the better.



It was another day of smoke clouds over Kuala Lumpur. Automobiles, trucks, and motorcycles added their gaseous filth into the mix. The sun had gone into exile.

Fadil Hamzah walked out of a Central District restaurant and into the back of a black mercedes, the door held for him by the driver. The car pulled away from the sidewalk and into the traffic. Hamzah sat back in the leather seat and looked out the window. Even inside the air conditioned car, he could taste the dirty air. Reformasi, he thought. Reform the skies. Reform the people.

Month after month, week after week, day after day, Fadil watched the transformation in Kuala Lumpur, KL. He saw the same in other cities and in the countryside. One could make the mistake of thinking that he was an environmentalist, in that he seemed so concerned about the way the machinery of Western-style capitalism, and in particular the commercial relationships with American and Japanese multi/transnationals, had changed the natural environment in Malaysia, but that would not quite be correct. He had a way of interpreting the environmental changes in such a way that if it seemed to be the effect of the so-called Western transnationals expanding their reach, then the changes were vulgar, but this was not the case if local people were engaging in slash and burn to "develop" their local economy. In other words, he didn't see anything wrong with environmental transformation/destruction per se. He accepted the idea that *fitrah* involved more than recognizing that *all of Nature, including Man, are the handiwork of Allah. Man must control Nature.* He simply believed that control of the outside, absent some form of spiritual control of the inside, the spiritual core, was the ultimate in perversion.

Fadil was even more a contradiction when one considered that he openly supported Prime Minister Akil Abdullah's controversial and very expensive Tech Island Project, a plan to attract investment from the top high-technology firms in the United States, Japan, and the European Community, providing a sophisticated infrastructure paid for by the Malaysian people, tax breaks for the foreign transnationals, and other incentives. In other words, it was not easy to derive a one-to-one correlation between Fadil Hamzah's generally negative opinion of Western capitalists or his interpretation of *the Qu'ran* and his specific position on public policies. Maybe it was that Fadil disliked the U.S. government a lot more than he disliked U.S. transnationals. Afterall, it was the U.S. government that was financing Israel and propping up corrupt clientelist regimes in certain very important Islamic countries. The U.S. government had its spies scattered all over the world, including in his Malaysia. And they threw their weight around with very little sense of honor and no sense of humility. At least that's how Fadil saw it. And, in addition, the Americans had no morals. They produced glossy and vulgar propaganda, in the form of Hollywood films, and spread this filth around the world. Anyone in KL could easily obtain video compact disks with the most vile displays and language. Fadil looked upon the American media as simultaneously eroding morals in the U.S. and the rest of the world and spreading anti-Muslim vitriol, sometimes in subtle ways and sometimes with very explicit and stereotypical presentations of Muslims. In this he perceived a conspiracy that united Zionists, Hollywood and CNN, the White House and Wall Street. Fadil did not dislike Americans. He had made many friends during his years teaching at M.I.T. He simply dreamed of a day when the center of global economic and political power would be torn away from the United States.



John Whitehead lay naked on the white massage table as the muscular masseur worked his body, his head tilted to one side staring at Alan Sebastian, head of Grand United's Legal Department. Sebastian was a weasel of a man, loved expensive suits, shoes and hairstyles (currently wavy, medium length), but was known to dress down on that rare occasion when he had to face a jury, had a Hollywood casting jaw (the product of genetics, not the plastic surgeon who had provided him with an "improved" nose), and served John Whitehead and G.U. with the appearance of unwavering logic. "Prince Nayan wants us to sign onto a joint venture with Saudi Electronics and Security," Sebastian said, standing with his hands folded in front of him and holding a dossier. "It's penny-ante, but could mean new contracts for G.U. electronic hardware with the Saudi government and Nayan and his buddies may pump up G.U. stock prices."

"You trying to enrich yourself, Sebastian? Your G.U. options under water?" Whitehead moved his head slightly as a response to the masseur applying pressure to his shoulders. "What's the downside?"

"The contract that Saudi Electronics provided would grant them access to some proprietary technology that I'm not so sure we want in their hands."

"So draw up a better contract. Make sure you protect our interests in this."

Sebastian shifted his weight slightly, then straightened up again. "It might not be that easy, John," his eyes narrowed somewhat. "Prince Nayan explicitly said that we should sign the Saudi contract as is."

A slight smile came to Whitehead's face. "Nayan has always been a bastard."

"But he's our bastard," Sebastian said, finishing the inside joke, but without a smile.

Whitehead nodded to the masseur, who stopped and stepped back from the table. He got up to a sitting position and accepted a white towel from the masseur and slung it across his lap. "I'm not about to give another damn thing to the Saudis and I don't give a shit what Nayan thinks. Call his bluff."

"I might have a more . . . diplomatic solution," Sebastian suggested. Whitehead gestured for him to continue. "Prince Nayan desperately wants a larger stake in Sunshine Systems, but the government has blocked his efforts thus far. Perhaps in exchange for some concessions in this contract, we might be able to help him. We have a large block of Sunshine shares and no small amount of clout in Washington."

"And we get *our* price for the stock," Whitehead added. His eyes sparkled. Sebastian nodded. "It's a win-win situation. I'm assuming Nayan would accept this gesture of friendship from us."

Again, Sebastian nodded. "There's a high probability he'll say yes."

Whitehead got up from the table, whipped the towel around his waist, and took Sebastian by the arm. "Good enough, then. You get on this right away and get back to me if there are any problems."

Sebastian agreed and the two men shook hands. Whitehead had been pretty confident that Sebastian would come up with some way to avoid a confrontation with Nayan. But if he didn't, Whitehead was more than willing to call the prince's bluff. He knew as well as the prince that the Saudis needed G.U. at least as much, if not more, than G.U. needed them, and not simply because of their business ties. G.U. had some very good friends in D.C. and without those folks in D.C. the Saudis would be in deep creeks.



*"The golden sunshine that sobs for joy  
The laughing mist and rain." E-su Zen*

Samuel could hear the sound of papers rustling and then the smack, smack of heavy books being tossed down on a wooden desk. He walked rather tentatively into the office of Avram Olszewski. The sixty six year old Olszewski was muscular, tall and had a stern face. But his smile was warm and inviting. He smiled at Samuel, standing at his book shelf about to remove yet another volume and toss it onto the desk next to the others. After the hesitation, he pushed the book back into place and nodded.

"You're serious about retiring, Avram?"

"Why wouldn't I be serious?" He said with a thick accent that hinted of Yiddish.

"What about your graduate students?"

He brushed the sleeve of his tweed coat and motioned for Samuel to sit. "They'll survive."

"I'm going to China," Samuel said and sat down in the arm chair in front of Avram's desk.

"Yes, I know," Olszewski said. "You should have gone a long time ago. You should have gone somewhere, anywhere. Why not China? It is as good as any place to renew the soul."

"This isn't an easy time for me," Samuel said and sighed. "I need to finish my book . . . and Angela has left me." He shook his head. "I feel disoriented."

"Angela has left? And where has she gone? Is this serious? Is it permanent?"

Samuel shook his head. "I don't know," he said. "It is hard to tell with Angela."

"Hard to tell?" Avram looked at him for a long moment. "Will you be all right?"

"Yes, I think so. And even if I'm not going to be all right, there is nothing I can do about it."

"True," Avram nodded his head and sat down in his own high backed chair. "So, what about your book?"

"I'm still struggling to finish it."

"I've read your notes, Samuel. You have no less than three books there. What are you doing? You can't go on being a perfectionist and hope to ever produce anything. You must realize that there comes a time when you must stop struggling and simply let the poor animals out of their cage. Otherwise you will wake up one day only to find that it is time for you to pack up your books and your notes and your this and your that, and walk out from these walls and into your twilight. As I am doing now."

"As Thoreau said, there's always more day to dawn. This is hardly your twilight, Avram."

"Well, as far as I can tell, Thoreau is dead. And, despite a career preaching the true religion of capitalism: neoclassical utopian theory, I am faced with a harsh reality. Time has left me with nothing more to say."

"I think what you just said is worth saying."

Avram laughed. "Baloney."

"We could write together."

Avram shook his head. "You don't need me or my name to publish your work."

"I've learned so much from you," Samuel said. "Is this really what you want, Avram? You are still young. You have insights into the philosophy of economics that are valuable for others to hear."

A cuckoo clock on the wall of the office popped out and did its thing.

"I don't want them to have to carry me out of here on a gurney," Avram said. "And, as much as I love teaching about utility maximization, there comes a time when one must face up to the fact that the core concept of this dogma is impenetrable. It can't be refuted or tested. Every act can be defined as utility maximizing. This being so, the concept describes everything and nothing. I'm tired of teaching theology and pretending that it is something else. No, Samuel, I think I'm done. I've turned cynical."

"You could always become a Marxist and have a second career."

Avram laughed again. "Then I would have to learn about the real world. No, sorry, but I think I'll pass."

"So, what do you plan to do?"

"The wonderful thing about retirement is that I don't have to plan what I am going to do next. Perhaps, like you, I will go to China or maybe I will go visit my brother, Joseph, in New York City."

"Avram, you don't like flying. How are you planning to get to China or New York City? I don't think there's a train just yet. And you once told me you get sick on ships, even the big ones."

Avram smiled. "I'm afraid I can't argue with you on this point. So, tell me what will you do in China?"

"I'm supposed to teach *Western* philosophy."

"I know that," Avram said, shaking his head. "You told me. I'm not going senile. I mean, how are you going to take advantage of this wonderful opportunity? Besides the teaching, what will you do there?"

Samuel wasn't sure what Avram was asking. "Finish my book?"

Again, Avram shook his head. "Yes, I hope you do. But is that all this journey means to you?"

"I don't know," he said. "I suppose it means I'll have an opportunity to reevaluate my life."

"Ah," Avram said. "That would be well worth the plane ticket, yes? We all need to reevaluate our lives."

"Is that what retirement means to you, a chance to reevaluate your life?"

"No, no, no, I don't need retirement to do that. I've found a good bottle of Scotch works quite well."

Samuel smiled. "I don't drink, but perhaps China will be my bottle of Scotch."

Avram laughed. "If it works as well, what the hell."



*Her fingers penetrated the darkness and began to tingle. Her hand followed and became electric. She felt something tugging her towards the darkness. She panicked as her wrist began to tingle. She began to resist the attraction. She pulled against the pull. All the power in her body and spirit were marshalled against the Black Hole and she could hear herself screaming as the power grew more intense.*



After his *chi gung* practice, Jay walked in the late evening darkness from the recreation center at one end of Kowloon Park to the Chinese Garden. He sat down on the bench and focused his attention on a single leaf on a nearby tree illuminated by lamplight. The leaf moved in a dance of light and shadow. He further slowed his breathing and was aware of his heart rate slowing as well. An infinity of moments: rays of light streaming endlessly: molecules leaping about in the chaos of the moment: life and death and death and life: each moment a death and a birth: it was better than drugs in keeping the blood pressure down. He remained this way until his meditation was broken by the presence of Shi Dao. The old man, now wearing a Brooklyn Dodgers baseball cap, instead of a fedora, sat down on the bench next to Jay.

"The park is quieter these days," Shi Dao said.

"The rats are fleeing," Jay said. "There's lots of tourists, though. But they stay out of the park."

Shi Dao nodded. "Many people have come to watch the handover," he said, then, after a pause, added, "The information on the Hong Kong reserves was invaluable in the negotiations with the British."

"Well, I think it would be a shame to let the Brits rip off the people of Hong Kong."

"Nevertheless, your most recent success is even more valuable. It exceeds my expectations."

"The decryption algorithm?" Jay turned and looked at Shi Dao. "Yeah, that was pretty cool."

"In my life, I have not encountered many such treasures." He meant this with all sincerity.

"I'm sure the C.I.A. and the N.S.A. are already using it in all sorts of interesting ways. The way I see it, this just makes the playing field a bit more equal. What are you gonna do with it?"

"It is not for me to decide," Shi Dao replied.

Jay smiled. "I hope you guys don't expect me to come up with something like that every day."

"No member of this cell has ever acquired so valuable a resource in support of the Revolution."

The look on Shi Dao's face left no doubt that he was being sincere. Shi Dao was proud of Jay and pleased with himself for choosing Jay, a stroke of genius, or so it now appeared. "Thanks," Jay said.

"I do not say this to compliment you," Shi Dao said. "I say this because it is true. You have a special gift for gathering information." The decryption algorithm alone would have made this axiomatic truth.

Jay thought about saying, "Maybe I should be asking for a raise," but this was one of those rare times he thought before speaking and kept those words to himself. Instead, he decided to raise another issue that

was eating at him. "You think maybe it's time to slow down on getting information from Helen Fung?"

Instead of answering this question, Shi Dao asked Jay about his progress with Michael Maxwell. Jay was accustomed to this tactic, although he found it rude. He assumed it was Shi Dao's way of saying that the question was either stupid or inappropriate. Shi Dao, on the other hand, saw this evasion of Jay's question as a way of avoiding a dialogue fraught with the possibility of misunderstanding and loss of face. He did not want to encourage any friction between them, unless it could easily be directed at mutual enemies.

*Keep the barbarian under a tight leash.*

Jay explained what he knew about Michael Maxwell's activities, particularly those involving Simon Rekker. Maxwell was clearly working for Rekker, who was paying all of Maxwell's expenses, including the lease on his South Horizon's apartment. However, Jay had been unable to speak directly to Maxwell, except for one brief conversation when they had "accidentally" run into each other near one of the entrances to South Horizons. The conversation only confirmed what Jay already knew: Maxwell was very busy working on some project.

Shi Dao seemed to mull over this for a long moment, then said, "It would be very helpful if you could find out details of this project." It was Shi Dao's way of saying, you need to work a bit faster.

Jay fixed Shi Dao with that martial artists gaze that others often found disarming, but not Shi Dao. "I'll do what I can, but I don't think Maxwell is just going to blurt it out."

Shi Dao did not respond.

"I'll think of something." *The decryption program didn't buy me much slack*, Jay thought.

Shi Dao nodded. *Yes, you will think of something. You always do.*

"F.B.I., as in the United States Federal Bureau of Investigation? The house that J. Edgar Hoover built."

"Yes." Jay sat back and drank more of his beer, half-smiling at Michael Maxwell.

"Did you know that Hoover was a pervert? He used to dress up in women's clothing and had a boyfriend on the Bureau's payroll. That's why they named a building after him." Michael Maxwell reached for his beer mug and Jay was smiling. *A kindred spirit.*

Jay explained that the FBI had placed him on a watch list after he resigned from a leadership position in the rightwing, *Young Americans for Freedom*, and became an unrelenting critic of the status quo in the United States. He had participated in protests against police brutality, U.S. government support of repressive regimes in Central America, the Cuba embargo, and other causes. He had written in favor of reparations for the families of victims of the American ante-bellum slave concentration camps.

"And that got you into the F.B.I. files?" Maxwell's smile indicated he was being rhetorical.

Jay had been analyzing Maxwell's every word, every gesture, every eye movement, even the timing of his swigs of beer. This was a man who felt conflicted, who was disappointed in himself, who wanted to be liked, but was not so sure he liked himself. "How long are you planning to be in Hong Kong, Mike?"

"Not sure yet," he replied. "I have some work to do here and I'm not sure how long it will take." Jay watched Maxwell's eyes carefully. His eyes lost some of the playfulness. He blinked, looked down at the table. He picked up his beer mug and took a bigger swallow than usual.

Jay looked at Maxwell for a long moment. "Well, if you're going to be stuck working someplace, you could certainly do worse than Hong Kong. And it doesn't hurt to have a girl friend here."

Maxwell smiled. "You should know, Jay," he said. It was a not so subtle reference to Jay's relationship with Helen, a relationship that Michael Maxwell was one of the few in Hong Kong to know about.

Jay continued to stare at Maxwell. The connection between Maxwell, his girlfriend, Helen, and Jay was less than casual. This was the first time he had actually met with Maxwell and had only said hello to Faith. Nevertheless, Jay didn't like the existence of any connection. He liked being invisible, even more so keeping his relationship with Helen invisible. "Helen's a very special woman," he said finally.

Maxwell nodded. "It's never easy being a single parent." Michael Maxwell grimaced inside at saying something that sounded so transparently empty. "I would think it would be all the more so here."

"After 150 years of British colonial rule, Hong Kong has become a paradise of selfishness."

"Yes, we Brits do a fairly good job of reproducing and expanding the boundaries of global capitalism."

Jay had read Maxwell's papers, mostly technical mumbo jumbo for the IMF, but also a few papers influenced by post-structuralist versions of Marxian theory. "Global capitalism?"

"Hong Kong is just an outpost," Maxwell replied, "a node in a complex system of wealth redistribution."

"You don't sound like an IMF economist," Jay said, referring back to their first introductions.

"Jay, you don't exactly sound like the stereotype of an HKTDC economist." They both smiled. "People need steady income. It's either join a bureaucracy or teach. I don't like academic pay."

"I'll drink to that," Jay raised his glass and Maxwell followed suit. They clinked.

Jay felt certain that Maxwell was working with Rekker on something important. It made Maxwell very nervous, very self-conscious. This was not a secretive person, but he was being very secretive. You know too much and I know too little of what you know. Jay chatted with Mike long enough to get one crucial piece of information. Mike said that he had been working long hours at home and that it was annoying Faith. "She threatened to unplug my computer." The computer in the South Horizons flat. If Maxwell worked at home on his computer, then all Jay needed was to access that computer. Unless Maxwell knew to erase his work and to do so with a military-grade shredding program, it would contain evidence. Puzzle pieces. Jay excused himself. "I have a lot of work to do," he said. Maxwell watched Jay depart the pub. He waved to him. Jay waved back and was already reanalyzing their conversation. He realized that he would have to get access to Maxwell's home computer. Certainly that would be easier than gaining access to Rekker's Hong Kong operations, although through his contacts at IBM, he would make every effort to do that, as well. He knew that Rekker's Hegemon Holdings was leasing IBM mainframes.

Jay made his way to the MTR, walked down the stairs and waited for the train.

Maxwell knows too much. What do you know, Michael Maxwell? What do you know? He has the

look of death about him, Jay thought, like a man waiting for the gallows.

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 NEXT CHAPTER

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