

You've heard too many weird things about Farnsworth to follow him into a secret passageway. He motions to you to follow with his hand and you shake your head. You start toward the Control Room.

"Have it your way," Farnsworth says. He retreats in the passageway and shuts the door. There is no sign he was ever even there.

You move slow and silent to the Control Room door. You press your ear to the door but hear nothing. You push it open and walk in.

The room is pitch black. Even with the lights out, the room should be bathed in the cool blue of computer screens.

The door slams shut behind you, cutting off the little bit of light that was leaking in.

You spin around in the dark trying to get your bearings. A pair of hands grabs your shoulders from behind and pulls you back. You stumble and fall. Another set of hands grabs your feet and hoists you into the air.

You are slammed down on a table and a bright light flashes on directly above your face. It is blinding. You squint and look around. There is a fat shirtless skinhead holding your feet down and another holding down your arms. They tie your limbs to the table legs.

Two people spring up on your left and right. One is a woman with two bright blue spikes on each side of her head, twisting up like horns. The other is a man with a green Mohawk and a surgical mask covering his face. They are both dressed all in black.

"He is unchanged," says the man wearing the surgical mask, "immediate surgery is required."

He raises his hand and you see he is holding a scalpel. The skinhead above you grabs your head.

The man starts slicing along your hair line on each side of your head. The blade digs in hard and you can feel it scrape bone. You scream as your blood soaks the table.

The man stops. "I can't work under these conditions.