AGENT.LOG #0.001.1516.2.12.0425
Alright fucker I'm only doing this cause you're doing me a favor.
Donno how that I supposed to help anything. Not like I'm going
cyberpsycho, who the fuck needs therapy when you're not over the
Edge. Fucking ARES and his Beaverville ideas.

DATA.LOG #0.002.1516.2.17.2215
[SPEATCH..DETECTED]
[FINING DATA BASE...FOUND]
[RECORDING NEW DATA LOG..#0.002.1516.2.17.2215]

Is it working? Yea there we go.
I've made this whole 'Logging' situation easier by making a robot
for it. Meet Data, this little things gonna record my rambling.
Find the idea of Logging still shit, but it could be good for
keeping track of shit I make.
Maybe I should add some compartments to it, would make carrying the
heavy shit easier.

DATA stop log.

[START MANUAL CLOSING LOG SEQUENCE]
[LOG SEQUENCE #0.002.1516.2.17.2215 CLOSED]

DATA.LOG #0.0012.1516.3.4.1548
[SPEATCH..DETECTED]
[FINDING DATA BASE... FOUND]
[RECORDING NEW DATA LOG..#0.0012.1516.3.4.1548]

Laughed right in my face she did, Zita that is. She somehow got
wind that I have a 'Therapy Bot'. Things just keeps my logs. Bitch
should be happy I chose her as my scrap dealer, or she'd be out of
business.
At least she gave me my shit before I turned and left. Can get
working on those compartments.

DATA stop log and open new one.
[START MANUAL CLOSING LOG SEQUENCE]
[LOG SEQUENCE #0.0012.1516.3.4.1548 CLOSED]

DATA.LOG #0.018.1516.3.14.0118

[SPEATCH..DETECTED]
[FINDING DATA BASE... FOUND]
[RECORDING NEW DATA LOG..#0.0012.1516.3.4.1548]

J3N came by today, had the fuck-up idea of adding a remote
flamethrower to a Roomba bot. Said she wanted to install it as her
new security system. Why she just doesn't get a fucking gun is
beyond me. To be honest it's one of her milder idea's.

[CLOSING LOG SEQUENCE]

DATA.LOG #0.066.1516.5.11.0257
Did you know that a flock of Vultures is called a wake? They
definitely felt like that, always circling their territory looking
for cadavers to pick clean. A social gathering to view the bodies,
used to call it that.
Thought I saw our sign today, turned out to be just a regular neon
spray. Eyes must've glitched out or something, probably should get

them check out.

DATA.LOG #0.067.1516.5.11.0328
Sometimes I wonder why RAV3N picked me up. That scrawny little
thing, surrounded by blood and shot-up bodies and somehow
completely fine. Most would just have left me there, another rat
for the streets.

Kreturu, was anything but a kind city. Gangs fought for themselves
and the rest, the rest for their survival. Everything was a hard as
the sand storms we used to have. HA, Don't miss those.

I hope that the ones that survived got to safety. On-one messes
with The Vultures unscratched and Stephan isn't going to be a
special case, just because he has a golden spoon shoved up his ass.

DATA.LOG #0.094.1516.6.6
Got me another upgrade, some nice EMP Threads for a special
occasion. W1ll0W used to love that shit when I made them for her.
Upgrade, after upgrade, gadget after gadget. RAV3N used to tell me
to watch out, that she was willing to go over the Edge. Should have
listened to him, he had to flatline her after she went cyberpsycho
after her last upgrade. To heavy of a ware for her.

Anyway, I'm gonna get smashed up. ARES promised me free drinks,
I'll see who many I can milk out of him.

DATA.LOG #0.105.1516.6.17