

## Flip Ch 1

*From the diary/case log of Edward Jones, widely suspected to be Peter Hansen, felon charged with Criminal Desertion, amongst a slew of other charges.*

It comes out of the sewers down here, this sludge, and whatever it is, the scientists from Topside are down here all the time now. The junkies call it Flip and they take it raw, whole gangs of these zombies take the manholes out and climb down. When they come up, there's nothing left of them in their eyes. Spaced way the hell out, pale as a ghost, bobbing from side to side and falling over in the gutters. Whatever it is, it gets them good and buzzed like nothing I've seen roll through the streets and alleys down here. Poor bastards. This is why I stick to whiskey and smokes.

The scientists came yesterday again, at night. Not like the corporation to do things in the dark. They don't announce themselves, try to blend in, dressed like junkies. It doesn't hold up though. I passed by a group of them whispering yesterday, and all of their hands were manicured. When was the last time you saw a junkie with clean fingernails? I sat across the street from them last night, pretending to rummage through a pile of scrap. They have some kind of tech. Scientific equipment for testing or something that they keep hidden under their coats. I caught the faint glow of the screens on their faces. When they come again I'll see if I can get closer, see what all those nervous glances and excited whispers are about.

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Today there were more scientists, couldn't get close enough to see if they were the same group or not. Right across the street, broad daylight, they were interrogating some junkie, high as all hell on this Flip stuff. Couldn't make out much of the conversation, except one of the bigger guys, dressed a little different (Merc from down here? Topside Police? Contracted Security from god knows where) started shouting "Where is the Flip?" A few minutes passed, and then the big guy pulls out some kind of silenced weapon. Shot the junkie dead right in the street. They got rid of the body in the sewer. The blood stain is still fresh on the roadway

as I'm writing now. I'll have to be careful when I approach. The corporation doesn't kill like this. What the hell is going on?

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Last night the big guy with the gun wasn't there, so I threw on some tattered old clothes and a trench coat. Decided to leave my revolver at home; don't need to go outing myself as a former Topsider like that. I rubbed some dirt on my face, took a few slugs of whiskey for nerves, swished it around my mouth to get it on my breath. Then I went out through the back of my building and snuck around to the front. I waited till they all had their backs turned, working with whatever tech they brought down. I got to about ten yards away before one of them whipped around and pointed a pistol at me. "This is our score, man. Get your own." These guys don't understand it down here. Nobody has guns down here. I have a gun, but I ain't nobody.

I scampered off, snuck back in and watched them from my darkened windows, drinking whiskey. They were still at it when I fell asleep. What the hell is Flip? And why the hell are these scientists sneaking around. The Corp doesn't sneak. They take what they want from us. This isn't normal.

## Ch. 2

The scientists are gone, haven't seen them for two days now. The junkies are out by the dozens now that the heat is off. Even as I'm writing in my office, there's six of them gathered around a manhole waiting for their buddy to come up. Their eyes are sunken way into their faces, and they all look like they haven't showered in about a hundred years. Everyone down here is a little dirty from the dust and all the runoff from topside, but these Flip junkies are something else. Feel like I can smell them through the closed window.

I hadn't seen a scientist (before they came snooping around my neighborhood this week) since I left the city myself. Desertion, they call it, like in the armies of the old days, and it's a capitol offence. Of course the Company Line is nobody dies under them, any of them. They say they re-brand you and send you off

to some other corp for desertion. I don't buy it. Cheaper just to kill deserters, and who would know anyhow?

Anyways, I see topsiders down here from time to time. Thrillseekers that come down for the brothels, or buying junk-drugs or beating the hell out of some poor sod who can't defend themselves for no good reason at all. Usually they'll beat them to death and leave them in the streets. Usually women or old men. Of course, all the good whores and drugs and fights are Topside, but some people need the threat of venereal disease or bathtub-chemistry narcotics, or murder to feel alive; to feel anything other than the bliss of that horrible city in the sky. It's not something they'd discuss with their friends either. Bad business, getting caught down here with us poor bastards. Trust me, I know.

I felt something like that, that horrible boredom, when I was a Topsider. I was a big shot too. A celebrity in my own right. I was a detective up there also, or at least what passes for a detective, before I faked my death. I would expose the petty personal scandals of mostly innocent people and film them when I went and ruined their lives for the entertainment of others. In the old times, before Corpatria and the Company Line and all that jack-boot profit over life bullshit, I could have passed for a journalist. I doubt there's more than a handful of people left who even know what journalism is. It's all company ads and reality TV, whatever reality means to those people. Not that the times were any better way back when, from what I've read. Nobody knows for sure I guess, but from the soil and the poisoned water and the domes I can gather the people back then destroyed the planet pretty good. I hear all kinds of stories about why. War, Disease, Global Warming... Aliens. Heard some guy near where the factory stiffs retire thinks some demon did it all to us. None of these are true as far as I'm concerned, and it doesn't matter. The whole planet turned on us, doesn't matter why. Then the corps put this hell of a mess together.

I loved my life Topside for a long time. Not sure what happened, nothing big that I remember, but I got this itch like a good life with no qualms or serious worries wasn't really a life at all. I'd get to feeling depressed, like a ghost, like I never really touched anything at all. I started sneaking into the lower city at

night to get drunk at some tiny hole in the wall with home made gin, rub shoulders with the poor sods down here. Play poker, eat the rotten food they give them all, knock knees with some of the prettier whores—It was a good time and I felt real again. Alive. I made friends I actually liked talking to. Never could scratch that itch away, and soon enough my life Topside didn't mean anything to me at all. I arranged for my own downfall. I took video of myself messing around with a lower city hooker, an ugly one with no teeth and wrinkles and the clear track marks of an opiate addict down her arms. For whatever reason, up there it's worse if the girl isn't pretty. I plastered the video, anonymously, all over the net. I was ruined.

Everywhere I went the men avoided eye contact and the women spoke in terse whispers, covering their mouths and speaking out both sides of it. Up there, where they have "manners" they might as well have spat in my face and kicked me in the balls. So I let that go on for a few weeks, making sure to look morose and depressed in public, told some coworkers I wanted to die, etc. etc. I snuck a body, some poor junkie that froze in one of the Freon storms, Topside. I knocked it's teeth out, beat it to a pulp with a metal rod, lit it on fire, and sent it sailing over my balcony to splatter over a busy street. I'm not proud of all that business, but I was finally a dead man, and my "suicide" made big waves. Very entertaining for all those rich, hollow jackals up there. Anyways, those skills as a professional asshole Topside transferred when I got down here. Edward Jones: Private Eye. Not a great living, and mostly I'm just finding cheating spouses and tracking down stolen goods, but a man's gotta eat, and I definitely gotta drink. I holed up down here in the Over The Rhine district because the interference from the cooling units and wiring doesn't let the drones fly here.

The neighborhood's gone to shit. It was big business when I moved down here. The Topside Boys were running everything then. Real douchebags, The Topside boys, with their hand-me-down high fashion from the topside. They looked ridiculous, but they kept the peace, and they weren't one of the more violent gangs. About ten years back, I guess business dried up, and they moved up the hills to what used to be called Mt. Adams. Nobody's in control here now. It's a blood bath.

I live on a road that was called Central in the Old Times. Read somewhere that Central used to be a canal. Fresh water right in the middle of the city! Anyways, there were a bunch of immigrants from somewhere called Germany that settled one side of the canal, and there was a river in Germany called the Rhine. So they nicknamed the canal "The Rhine." So if you were headed to the German side of town, you were going "Over The Rhine," and that's how the neighborhood got its name. I'm chock full of useless tidbits like that. Getting late. Might turn in. Gotta drum up some business before I run out of food and booze.

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Can't find a case to save my life right now. I've been trying to interrogate the junkies around town. They're all too gone to be of any help. All I can gather is Flip affects people differently. Some speed way the hell up like they've just mainlined the purest Topside amphetamines. Some go catatonic, eyes open, staring nowhere and at nothing. Some go all goofy, start chattering and laughing like they can't stop till they can't breathe. No joke I had to knock one of those ones out I was so worried he'd suffocate from laughing his ass off and talking about how funny squirrels are. Others get mad, crazy mad, and start swinging at anything that moves. Had to knock one of them out too. Strong little bastard. Had to use the butt of my gun to shut him up. For others still, it's like that clean and amped opiate they give to bored housewives up Top for pain or boredom, the stuff that's like 100 times morphine-strength. That stuff with the dumb slogan. Can't remember the name anymore.

Of course, the company line is there is no drug problem Topside. Everyone up there is high out of their gourds, difference is up there the pushers are doctors with fat prescription pads and those posh little medicine bars, and the drugs aren't made in bathtubs by half-cooked amateur chemists. They got pills for hangovers and overdoses too up Top. Wish I could get my hands on some of those hangover pills. The cheap whiskey down here makes for a rough morning usually.

It's easy to look down on them, the junkies, but here I am, 11AM, in my underwear, on my sixth water and whiskey. If I don't get something to eat soon I'll start spitting blood and pissing my pants. The hell do they put in these food bars

anyways? Tastes like cardboard and looks like candy. Probably better not to know what's in them. I don't ask how they make this rot-gut whiskey (if you can call it that) either. There's an old saying—Ignorance is bliss. Plenty of bliss to go around these days. Especially on this side of town.

Anyways, the scientists are still gone. They've either got what they wanted or found a bigger score. Dead End.

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### **Ch 3**

I had a client come in today. Topside must have purged their meat refrigeration systems, cause it was snowing. It doesn't really snow ever since the domes went up, but Central and most of Over The Rhine is right below a massive cooling unit, and when they purge it, the Freon freezes the condensation from the unit, and it comes down as a grey snow and the temp drops by 30 degrees. No warning, either. I read there used to be seasons, whole months of cold and hot, with some nice weather in between. Sounds nice.

Anyways, she came in, snow in her hair, spring dress clinging to her form, drop dead gorgeous besides the mascara running down her cheeks. I said "What can I help you with, miss?"

"My brother isn't answering any of his coms," she said, "I'm worried about him."

"Coms? Are you some Re-Brand spy down here to mess with the riff raff? Not a ton of tech around here."

"No. Nothing like that. My brother built them himself out of scraps from the old car lots and parking garages."

"Sounds like a smart kid. Never heard of anyone down here being decent with tech."

She welled up a little. "Dad taught him everything, it's a family tradition I never really took to."

"How long since you last heard from him? Your Brother?"

"Two weeks," and she started crying.

I sat her down and poured some of my nice whiskey I save for clients, the topside stuff that's real hard to come by down here. I used the last of my ice too, and she settled down after a few belts.

"No chance he's staying with a friend or met a woman?"

"He would have told me. We've been close ever since dad died."

"You're sure."

"He's got himself in trouble somehow, he's been messing with some Topsiders. They're acting like drug fiends, but I saw one of them, a big guy, had a gun on him."

I sat up in my seat, straightened my tie, and said "Yeah, I've seen them around."

"He was going on and on about something called Flip. He said all hell's gonna break loose when it hits the markets. Said there might be a coup all the way up to the CEO."

I almost spit out my whiskey. No more dead ends here.

"Did he say how?" I said, trying to keep cool.

"No, just that I should lay low until everything sorts out. Please, Mr. Jones. You have to help me. I don't know what else to do. I'm afraid to go to his house alone. I never saw a gun before."

"What's your name, miss?"

"Vivian."

"Okay, Viv, let's go over to his house, make sure his coms aren't out. Maybe it's nothing," I said, lying right through my teeth. My insides went cold. I already knew something bad happened.

We had some more whiskey and then walked across town, staying off the main streets and checking every corner for these boogeyman scientists. I snuck my gun into my shoulder holster when Viv wasn't looking, no use in freaking her out. Only ones with guns are re-brands and thrillseeker Topsiders, and me. We came to his house, old style ranch with a foundation for a basement on the other side of Over the Rhine, just past what used to be called Liberty. Piles of junk in the back yard, junk everywhere really. We hung back, watching for a while. I didn't see

any movement, nothing out of place from across the street. I told Viv to stay put, don't make a sound. I said run if you hear anything, and don't come back. Who knows what these assholes are capable of?

When I got to the front door, I noticed the frame was cracked around the lock, looked like someone broke in and tried to put it back together. I pulled my gun out and shoved the door with my shoulder. Swung right open, and the frame fell apart and clattered to the floor.

"Hello?" I shouted, "I'm Edward Jones, a private detective sent by your sister Vivian." No reply. Everything was covered in dust. Nobody'd been in the house for a while now.

I crept through the foyer, gun ready, and made my way through the first floor room by room. No sign of a struggle, no notes, nothing. I heard the floor creak behind me. I turned and pointed my gun right at Viv. Don't get me wrong, I love a woman who can't follow directions, but she scared the hell out of me. I could have killed her I was so on edge. She eyed my gun, suddenly real suspicious of me.

"It was a gift," I whispered, "I'm not one of them and I don't have time to explain. Stay close, and for fuck's sake, stay quiet."

The door to the basement was locked with an old padlock. I pulled my crowbar from my bag and broke it open. The smell hit me immediately. Decay, rotten flesh, that sugary smell of dried blood—pure sweat and death. Viv held back a gag.

"Stay put. I mean it." I said, and covered my nose and mouth with my handkerchief.

I took the steps slow, ready to blow the hell out of anything moving. I rounded the corner at the bottom of the steps and there he was. I never get used to bodies, gives me the creeps, and by the looks of it, he'd been there for at least a week, maybe more. I don't get a lot of bodies in my line of work, but often enough to keep my cool. He was splayed on the floor in his underwear. His throat had been cut, ear to ear, mouth open, eyes glazed over and terrified over a pool of dried blood. The rats had got to him too. Parts of his face and torso missing, bits of flesh down to



the bone. Fuck, I thought. I don't like giving bad news. I'm not so good with empathy and all that.

I got in close. The gash in his neck was rough, uneven, crude—brute force job. Bruising on the wrists and ankles—he was tied up before they killed him. Blue in the lips—suffocation, no surprise there. Ribs and eyes bruised to hell too, they were trying to beat something out of him. Looks like he didn't give it up easily, if he did at all. I turned my attention to the room. Old tech and trash piled up around the workbench, found the dull serrated blade they used on his neck; what a painful way to go. I searched the workbench for anything useful. One of the drawers had its lock busted open. Whatever they wanted from him, they got it. That's when I heard Viv wailing.

She was at the bottom of the steps. She ran and crumpled over her brother, sobbing and apologizing. I grabbed her from behind and said "There's nothing we can do. He's gone. We have to get out of here now."

No effect, so I put her on her feet and spun her around. "I know you want to grieve, but right now I need you to turn it off. We're not safe here."

I walked her upstairs and she washed her face off in the bathroom sink. Poor girl. Not many have close family like that down here. Mostly because people die all the time in the lower city, especially around here where there's nobody in charge. No close ties, nothing to grieve I suppose.

I didn't think I'd get her back to her senses, but to her credit, when Viv came out of the bathroom her jaw was set and her eyes were fierce with hatred. "Ed, you find the guys who did this, and I want you to use that gun on every last one of them."

I'm not an assassin, but what was I going to say? I told her sure, and we made our way back across town to my office, looking over our shoulders every step of the way, hand at the ready for my gun and ready to shoot the first poor sap that tried to stop us. No telling if anyone followed but we're in my office again. Viv cried herself to sleep on the couch. I gave her some whiskey and a blanket, and shut the lights off. I'm on watch now. We might have to get out of this part of town, lie

low for a while. No telling what these scientists and thugs are up to. No sleep tonight, and I should go easier on the drinking. Need my head clear.

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It's well after dark now. A man in a trench coat is standing down an alley, been there for at least an hour now. Could be a junkie, but he ain't moving.

Scratch that, he lit a smoke, and in the glow of it I saw his face. It's the big guy, the one with the gun. It's time for us to leave. We'll go out through the back and stay low.

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It's morning. I, we, me and Viv are at a little mom and pop diner across town. Only ones in here. Whose coat is this? Head's burning and I can't focus. Not hungry, the food is full of worms or maggots I think. No, I'm still not straight. Seeing things, hearing things. Blood on my tie wells up like it's gonna cry. Is that my blood? No, I can hear my blood safe inside me still. The room is breathing. Colors are all wrong. I see his face every time I close my eyes. Can't stop grinding my teeth, feel like I'm in a moving train. Side to side. Up is down, left is right. Am I shaking? Did I say that out loud? Christ. I'm trying to get my head together. Coffee isn't helping. Gin I ordered making it worse. I feel sick. I killed a man. I killed a man last night, in the alley. What happened? Was that real? The way Viv is looking at me now I know it's real. How did we get here? How long have we been sitting here? I only remember bits of it, like watching it happen on a screen, like someone else's hands did it.

I remember seeing the big guy, and then I am in the back alley with Viv. He is standing at the end of the alley then. What happens then? What did I do now? I tried to-

Had to puke. The sound of it in the toilet like machines breaking, like my insides are all broken gears. I'm coughing smoke and the floor is hot like a radiator. Burns my hands like acid. Need a cigarette. Need to calm down. All I see is his broken face, and blood and blood, and how his stomach opened up and everything came out like spaghetti. Red sauce. It's just red sauce on me. No blood. No screaming. I killed him. Breathe. Can't think. I'm sick again. Like rats in my

insides. Rats and maggots are coming out of my mouth and they're gonna fill up the diner. Gonna crush us to death and there's nothing to do about it.

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It's been a few hours now, and I'm mostly back to normal besides the room breathing in and out. What a headache I've got though, wish I hadn't left my sunglasses in the office. Still holed up in the diner, trying to figure out what to do next. Viv is afraid of me now. I'm afraid of myself, too.

We went out of the back door to my office last night, and tried to sneak out of the back alley. I rounded the corner and a bullet whizzed by my face. I saw the muzzle flash, but didn't hear the gun. Big guy was standing there, pointing that silenced gun right at me.

"Heard you paid our friend a visit earlier today, Jones," he said, "Why'd you have to go and do something like that. I didn't wanna hurt the girl."

"I don't know what you're talking about, please let us go!" I had to try that first.

Big guy pulled some kind of audio device from his coat and played it. It crackled to life and I heard Viv sobbing and myself saying "There's nothing we can do. He's gone. We have to get out of here now. I know you want to grieve, but right now I need you to turn it off. We're not safe here." They had the basement bugged. I was sloppy. Should've guessed they'd have tech all over the damn place.

The big guy laughed and said, "Well who the hell was that in his basement then, Ed? Listen. I'll cut you a deal: give me that girl and I won't kill you, just cut your tongue out."

"Fat chance, guy. Let us go or there's about to be a hell of a lot of noise in this alley." I yelled, then turned the corner and fired my revolver till it was empty. I don't know how he did it. The big guy was quick. Superhuman fast. Got around the corner before I even had my first shot off. Those were my last .38 cal bullets. We were in real trouble.

He turned the corner and approached. I told Viv to run but she froze in place. I didn't know what to do, so I charged the big guy and tackled him to the ground. His gun skittered off to the side and went down a sewer grate. We

struggled for a while, the big guy was going for something in his belt. I thought it was another weapon. He got to it, and pulled a syringe from his belt. I grabbed for it. Somehow, in the struggle, the syringe went into my bicep and the plunger went down.

First I felt all the blood in my body rush into my head. Heard explosions from the insides of my ears. The alley welled up with color, then everything went red and I felt stronger than I've ever felt in my life. Lightning fast I rolled over on top of the big guy and folded his arms back like they were made of cardboard. I pulled down on his arms till I felt his shoulders dislocate, both of them in one motion. Then, spitting and foaming at the mouth I was so mad, I took my thumbs and pressed them into his eyes hard. I felt them pop open, felt warm fluid squirt into my hands, and heard the guy screaming bloody murder. I couldn't control myself. I took a shard of glass from nearby and split his stomach open vertically. Everything came right out of him. The screaming got worse. I felt his heart beating inside my own head. That screaming made me raving mad. I wanted to kill him, and I wanted him to suffer. I remember digging my hands into his open belly, reaching up, tearing through muscle until I felt something beating. I ripped his heart clean out of his body, and the screaming stopped. God, I'm so sorry. I ate it. I took a bite out of the man's heart. Then nothing. Just bits and pieces from there on. Wish I could forget it all. I still feel sick. I found pieces of his heart in the toilet when I puked earlier.

Viv says I started laughing like a madman for a while. Then stood up and started walking. She took the guy's coat and draped it over me to hide the mess, then dug in the sewer for his gun. I suppose I walked all the way here. Viv cleaned me up and told the owners of the diner I'd been assaulted by a stranger. Told them I was concussed. Good thinking, Viv's smarter than she looks, I was probably a madman when we got here.

Man walking into diner now— Viv hands me the gun from under the table.

Well, we ain't in the dark anymore. Back at the diner, the man who walked in came right up to me, and he says "I know who you are, Peter Hansen."

I went cold, he had me pegged by my old name when I was a professional asshole on Topside. I kept quiet, hand on the gun Viv dug out of the sewers. Cat's out of the bag now, I thought. Just as I was about to raise up and shoot this guy in the head, he says "Don't worry, right now I'm the only friend you've got in the world. Come with me."

"I'm not done with my food." I said.

The guy opened his coat and showed us the gun in his belt line. I showed him mine from under the table.

"Listen up Hansen, we're either about to have a shootout, or a conversation. I think you'll want to hear what I have to say."

Viv and I stood up, and walked down some alleys and streets till we came to an old storm shelter style basement door in one of the old factories down near the river. He knocked some goofy code into the door, and it opened up. Very cloak and dagger stuff. Down we went.

The smell inside was chemical, like chlorine and sulfur and formaldehyde wrapped up in rubber gloves, and it was busy. I'm guessing the outfit could be over a hundred people. Nothing that big goes on in the under city.

Mystery man led us past some kind of labs, side-eyed glances at us the whole way through, everyone going quiet as we walked by, covering up whatever they're working on. We came to an office at the end of a long hall. The man sat down at his desk, left Viv and I standing there, wide-eyed and probably looking dumb as hell.

"Welcome," the man said, "to Flip Inc. I'm Apollo, CEO of Under City Ops."

"Jeesh," I said, "thought your office would be bigger, Apollo."

"Funny, Hansen."

"I go by Jones now, in case you haven't heard"

"There's nothing down here that I haven't heard. Including that you ripped the still beating heart directly out of one of my men last night. It's okay. He

was an asshole. He wasn't supposed to kill your brother, Vivian, just get his notes on Flip synthesis and keep him quiet. I'm sorry, but you've taken care of his execution for me, so in that way I owe you."

Viv was turning red, and finally she exploded "So you're the assholes that killed my brother?!" She launched over the desk and tried to choke Apollo. I caught her and whispered "We're outnumbered Viv. Be cool." Viv circled the desk and sat with a thud in one of the office chairs in the corner, eyes like she was ready to pounce again.

"So Apollo, any reason you and half a neighborhood are hiding underground pretending to be Greek Gods?"

"Opportunity, Jones. These are exciting times. Flip is about to turn the whole world upside down."

"You got any whiskey?" I said.

Apollo, whoever he really is, got us some Topside whiskey with pure ice, not the purified water that reeks like iodine. I might've liked the guy if he didn't still have his gun pointed at me. He stood and walked. We followed him through the compound.

"I work for a group from Topside that's interested in changing up the corporate structure, a hostile takeover if you will, and it's all possible because of Flip."

"What is it, this Flip stuff?" I said.

"It's sewage, Ed, raw sewage from topside that falls down through the clogged pipes over the years, turning into something else on its way down to us. To ask 'what is flip' is the wrong question. The right question is what *isn't* Flip."

We came to a smaller lab, expensive Topside testing materials all over the table, Bunsen burners heating glass elements full of raw Flip, gadgets that do hell knows what spread out all over the room.

"Flip is the most chemically complex substance ever discovered by mankind. Sure, it's sewage, but in the high pressure of the pipe systems and constant heating and cooling as it passes through various parts of the city on its way

down here bind it into something entirely new. Around here, we like to joke that the chemical structure is so complex it's almost sentient."

"Hilarious," I said, "sounds like a real fun group of guys here."

We walked into a larger lab, with people sitting in chairs hooked up to IV's. They all looked zonked out of their minds.

"Through different synthesis methods and implementations, we can create versions of Flip that can do anything you can imagine. It's not just a drug, though we've synthesized powerful hallucinogens, opiates, amphetamines, and a slew of other narcotics. We've also created medicines, food, industrial glues that hold like nothing else on the market, fibrous membranes for clothing—"

"I get the gist," I said.

"Our employers are hoping to bankrupt Cincinnati Corpatria and take over leadership of the entire Corp. They got us set up here with their considerable resources in order to aid them towards this goal. We have other plans."

We rounded another corner into some kind of control room, and through the little window two men in Hazmat suits were placing a clear plastic box filled with a glowing green ooze in it on a small pedestal. They left the room, and some red lights started flashing inside.

"And here's the best part. We're going to use Flip to get rid of them all." Apollo said, standing in front of the window with his arms outstretched.

There was a flash of light from inside the room, a deep boom, fire, smoke; and Apollo was enshrined in white light for a moment.

"You're building a bomb?" Viv said.

"It's time, Vivian and Ed, for the reign of the corporation to end. Flip is our key to snuffing them out permanently, taking out the entire city and giving the power back to the people!"

"Lemme guess, you and your goons will be in charge after that." I went to light a cigarette.

"Don't!" Apollo yelled. "Don't light that in here." Apollo regained his composure, and said "of course, someone will need to maintain order after the bomb, and Flip Inc. is prepared to take that responsibility."

"Same shit, different owners." I said. "I suppose you didn't waste your breath telling us this because you're going to kill us? What exactly is it that you want from us, Apollo?"

"You're going Topside again, Ed. You can bring the girl with you if you want to. You'll be leaving tonight."

"And what's gonna stop me from blowing your little power-grab and telling the courts Topside all about your bomb?" I said.

"So glad you asked," Apollo said and snapped his fingers. Two guys grabbed me and forced my head down on the table. Another grabbed Vivian and held her back. I felt a sharp pain in the base of my neck.

"Call it an insurance policy, Ed," Apollo said.

The guys let me go and I stood up. "What the hell was that?" I said.

"It's a micro-explosive device that will instantly sever the connection between your spinal column from your brains by blowing them all over the street at the press of a button. You will be watched. I'd get some rest, you two. You're going to be Topside in four hours, where you will receive further instruction. Your papers and identification will be provided for you. Congratulations. You're both high society now."

"Thanks a bunch," I said.

They led us down to the hall to a room with a couch in it. They led us in and locked the door behind us. Viv whirled around and slapped me.

"What the hell is wrong with you?!" She said, "these guys are going to burn the Corp down and all you can do is crack half-assed jokes. We could end this, Ed. We can be free!"

"Are you out of your mind, Viv? These are the guys that killed your brother. Nothing good is going to come of this."

"You heard Apollo, it was that big guy that killed him on his own, he wasn't with them, he's Topside. That didn't have anything to do with Flip Inc. These guys want to give us a chance to live."

"Viv. Where will the food come from? Flip? Who has all the Flip? It's them. How many innocent people are going to die up there in the explosion? How



many of us are going to starve to death when there's no food left, or if the Flip runs out? Apollo is just another corporate tool, like any of the rest of them, doesn't matter that he's from down here. The problem is nobody who wants power does it for the people. It's all greed. Nothing changes his way, except a lot of people die, and there will be war down here for decades in the aftermath."

"Then we'll take him and anyone else we have to down after we take down the Corp." Viv said, squaring her shoulders and glaring at me. Shame. I thought she was just starting to get warm on me.

"Anarchy isn't better than what we've got, Viv. You think I love the Corp? I left because I hated them, hated that life. But like it or not, more people get to live with them in power. I don't like it, but sometimes the right thing to do ain't god damn easy. I'd love to see the Corp fall, but not like this. Not with all this cloak and dagger, bloody revolution shit."

"You don't have a choice with that thing in your neck, Ed."

"Yeah," I said, "I know."

Viv is asleep now. My neck is killing me. What a mess. Never thought I'd see topside again. I'm gonna take a shower, try to figure this out.

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## Ch. 5

I'm topside now, with Viv. They set us up in some kind of swanky apartment just outside some construction zone in the central entertainment district. Red brick walls in the apartment. It's funny, up here these jackals will kill each other for brick walls in their modern little flats. Back home, back in the under city, there's barely any plaster or drywall left. Everything down there is brick and cinderblock and corrugated metals they couldn't bother to recycle from up here. Fully stocked bar in this place at least. They've got us under guard, some lower city grunts and a topside security guy with a badge I don't recognize. Logo is a snake eating its own tail, trident going through it.

Viv hasn't shut up about this god damn plan since we got here. I thought she'd be excited, wide-eyed like a puppy up here in the city proper, but she isn't. She just sits there muttering to herself how it's all gonna burn, and soon these

people will all be dust. I gave up trying to explain to her how it's all going to go down. She's convinced it's not Apollo and his merry band of assholes that killed her brother. The way she tells it, they pulled the trigger, sure, but it's topside that kills everyone down there. "We can end that, Ed," she keeps saying, eyes full of tears and vodka.

I thought I'd be happy, you know? When someone finally took down top side, but I can't be. Not like this. I always thought it would just happen gradual, like everyone would kind of wake up over time, and we'd try to get the planet back together. I just thought there's no way we can go on this damn stupid forever. Shows what I know, I guess.

Apollo is just another CEO. I know the type. Seen em my whole life. The minute top side is gone, the food runs out for all of us. Ain't no way to get real farms up and running that quickly, and even if Flip can be made into food how long will that last? Apollo will use the shortage to instate some sort of martial law, make the dissidents enemies of his new State. He'll take over production of the food first. Give it out like some kinda humanitarian cause, he'll say the only way to safety is through him. It'll be anarchy for years, and then it'll be another damn Corp with Apollo at the head after the warfare in the streets settles down. How many millions will die? The Corp, the company line, all that stuff really makes me sick but it's better than what will happen if they set off Topside like a firecracker.

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Been here for a week drinking in the apartment. Word finally came in from Apollo this morning, through one of his muscle goons, and he made sure that the Topside goon couldn't hear any of this. I know why I'm up here now. He ain't so all-knowing as he leads on. He doesn't know who the "head of the snake", as he called it, is. He needs a private eye to find out who is running the show up here. Lucky him, I happened to walk right into his god damn compound. Now that I know he's in the dark too, that levels out the playing field a bit.

From what I can tell about this bomb in my neck, it records audio but there's no video, so I'm safe to write in my notebook. Viv goes out every day, just

walks around, eyeing everything with fire in her eyes. Don't know if she's realized it yet, but they want us up here when they blow Topside to hell. We're meant to go down with the ship. I don't think it'd matter to her. She's went full on revolutionary now. She's ready to be a martyr, acts like her brother never existed. As for my part, I stopped talking the minute I realized I was being recorded. I just drink and sit on the sofa, watching TV. It's as dull as I remember it being, but I found out that big building they're putting up across the street is going to be a theater. A real theater, like with actors or an orchestra. Opening night is going to be some kind of ballet. Always liked the theater, liked the arts. It's about the only real thing left up here. If Topside is still here by the time it opens, who knows, maybe I'll catch a show.

Anyhow I'm stuck working for Apollo till I can get this god damn thing out of my neck. I think some kind of EM pulse might knock it out, but I don't know about how to get some tech that would do it without outing myself. Gonna need a weapon too. The goons took mine the minute we got here.

I remember this guy from up here, works with cults and the occult. Secret societies and the like. His name is Phil. He always thought we were friends. I hated the prick. He's dull as could be, but if anyone has an idea or even a clue about what's going on with the takeover, it'll be him. He's a real Company Line type. It's not like I can just walk in through the front door and say "Hey it's Hansen, you know, the guy that killed himself twenty some years ago, you got any information on a secret society hell-bent on a corporate takeover?" Hope he still lives in the same place over in the market district. Gonna have to break in to get what I need. Not sure how I'm gonna get myself and Viv out of this mess. Need a plan. Anways, I'll break in tomorrow while Phil is at work. Gotta buy some time, get Apollo some kind of result before he gets bored, presses that button, and blows my brains all over these nice brick walls.

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## Ch. 6

I've got the information I need, but the whole operation didn't go so smoothly. I hung around the market district for a few hours, early, staking out the house. I saw Phil leaving, recognized him immediately even though he dyes his hair

now and shows some pretty obvious work done on his face. I wondered if he'd recognize me, but I doubt it. Living below with all the saps takes a toll on you, all that cheap whiskey and nicotine turned my skin to leather, and my hair is almost all grey now.

Anyways, Phil locked up his house, and then was on his way to work, or whatever the hell he does all day. I skulked around for a while longer watching the house. No movement inside, all the lights out, so I figured what the hell, I should try to break in. I snuck down an alleyway next to the house, looking in through windows. Still nothing stirring in the house, so I walked around back. I noticed cameras, but they were placed so that if I stayed right along the back wall of the house they wouldn't see me. I got to the back door and tried the handle. Unlocked. I made my way inside, and started snooping around, looking for Phil's office. I was wishing I'd even once taken Phil up on his weekly offers to hang around his house back before I faked my death, the place was huge.

I found the office after some trial and error, on the second floor. Big faux-mahogany desk, chair, bookshelf, armoire—the whole nine yards, even the floor. Smelled like mahogany too, but it was obviously being pumped in through the air vents. I rifled through his desk for a while, not really coming up with much of anything. Just page after page about all the cult, occult, and “secret” society (what the hell is with those anyways? Anyone who is a member of a secret society can never seem to shut up about it). Turned the whole place over, not finding much of anything, and then I heard the floor boards creaking from down the hall.

I tried to bolt, but only made it to the bathroom before the door opened, so I went in. The footsteps were getting closer. I figured I was definitely going to be found, so I had to come up with a reason to be there. There was some kind of decorative wrench in the toilet (I say decorative because there's no way in hell Phil would be caught dead doing any kind of physical labor), so I picked it up, and started loosening nuts on the sink till water started spurting out. Just then the door swung open, and Phil's very pregnant wife burst in.

“Sorry ma'am,” I said, “didn't think anyone was home. I'm just fixing up this pipe here.”

Her eyes were red from crying, hair sticking out every which way. She said "I didn't order any services. If Phil is having people in without asking me I'll kill him."

"Automated request from your home's system, ma'am." And I re-tightened the bolts. The water stopped, and I looked back up "Good as new. Sorry for the disturbance."

Her demeanor changed suddenly, from ice cold to soft and warm. "I'm sorry if I seemed hostile just then, you know, I was just shocked to find you in my home in the middle of the day."

"It's okay, I didn't know you were h—"

She cut me off, saying "I just, if I'd have known I'd have company, I'd have made myself a bit more presentable," and she slid her leg out from behind her robe and her eyes flashed something carnal at me. "I'm not used to having strange men in the house."

I was quiet for a minute, not really sure that what I thought was happening was happening.

You know I'm not really one to kiss and tell, even here, so let's just say I never made it with a pregnant woman before then. I figured this was the best way to keep her quiet. No way she'll go blabbing to Phil after that. After her and I were done, I was getting my clothes back on in her bedroom, she was telling me I could stay a while longer. That maybe we could go again. The woman never shut up, even during the deed she was still going on about how the market was too crowded at lunch and how she can't take her medicine with the baby so she's been going nuts, and some lady named Kennedy she had some petty rivalry with. I was about fed up with her.

She pulled this broach out, and started turning it over in her hands. "You know, my husband hasn't made love to me since I started gaining weight from the baby, he just buys me things and tells me I look beautiful, but a woman needs proof from time to time."

"It's a nice broach," I said.

She scoffed, "he gives it to me and he says it emits an EM field, that it's supposed to be good for the baby, because I'm always so cold. I don't think he meant to hurt me, but what the hell kind of way is that to talk to your wife? "

My ears perked up. As it just so happened, a small EM battery is exactly what I'm looking for to get this bomb out of my neck. If you overload it the right way, it'll make just a big enough pulse. So I slipped back into bed, holding this horrible woman while she cried.

She kept talking about her club, called the KKK (can you believe that?), and how Kennedy O'hara was always in her way, and how the sun was too hot midday, and how she just wanted her opiate laced medicine back because it's just too hard, and how she's so ugly because she's pregnant. By the end I felt kind of bad for her. None of it is really her fault, the way she is, people up here are just that way. It's the way they've been told to be. Not like they had a choice. Finally, she set the broach down on the bedside table and rolled over. "You should go," she said. "Finally," I thought. So I snuck the broach into my pocket, and stood up.

"What should I do?" she said as I was about to close the door.

"Well, for one thing," I said, "you're gonna want to rename your little club. The KKK is from the old times. Racists that killed a lot of black people. Maybe pick up a god damn book from time to time and you wouldn't be so bored." Then I shut the door and kept walking. I heard her start to cry again.

On my way out, I was thirsty, so I grabbed some water from the fridge. When I closed the door, there it was. An invitation to an all-night mask party near one of the fancier office blocks, and right at the bottom, that same symbol. The snake eating its tail with a trident through it, signed "Neptune." Jackpot.

The party is in a few days. When I got back to the apartment, I called up Apollo on a secure line. "I've got a lead. The name Neptune mean anything to you?" I said. Apollo said "No, I need you to find him, and I need to know their plan. The revolution is counting on you, Ed. Try not to lose your head about it," and he hung up with a laugh.

Anyways, looks like I've got a party to go to in a few days. The password is "Dionysus lives inside me."

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## Ch 7

Nothing of note for the past few days, except Viv invited herself along to the party. I've found it's not much use arguing with her, so we went out shopping for masks and party clothes. I gotta say, I forgot how good I look in a clean tuxedo, and Viv, just wow. She looks great, like she'd fit in with the prettiest trophy wives in all of Topside. You know, if she weren't laser focused on blowing them all to smithereens.

These mask parties are a hedonistic playground for the well off up here. Anonymous sex, drugs, I even went to one in my Topside days where they brought junkies up from the Lower City, tied them naked to posts, and took turns throwing darts at them. It's a real lowlife affair, but it also happens to be the perfect place for a dead man to snoop around with a mask on. The party is tomorrow night.

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I thought it would be bad, but I never imagined it would be this bad. Viv and I got to the party just after dark. Two big guys with masks on were guarding the door, so I walked up and I said "Dionysus lives inside me," and they let us right into the lobby. Everything plated with gold, gaudy as all get-out. The ceiling was lit with holographic cherubs and flying horses and every manner of ridiculous creature. On the far wall, probably a hundred feet uninterrupted of platters of food, drink, and drugs. Each side room seemed to have a different theme, naked women and men milling about in each, no doubt prostitutes taken from the lower city and cleaned up. The lights were low, and smoke from cigars and who knows what else was hovering in the air just above head-level. Low chatter and laughter filled the room. Guess we got there early, because it certainly got crazy after that.

Viv went hard at the Vodka, kept sidling over to me saying "can you believe these *animals*?" and "just think, Ed, we're gonna take all these bastards out." I said "listen don't get too drunk and blow our cover here." I sipped some scotch, lit a cigar, and hung in the shadows, trying to figure out which one of these masked idiots was Neptune. These guys, the CEO hostile takeover types, aren't really the

schmooze and flatter type, so I started walking down the halls looking for VIP rooms or something like it. Just near one of the restrooms, there was a staircase with four heavy-set guards, guns and all, standing eyes forward, not moving at all. Inhumanly still. Re-brands, no doubt about it. So I went to the bathroom and took a leak.

When I came out, I thought maybe I'd try just walking through. Maybe if I was confident enough they would assume I belonged. No go, I got within 10 feet and all four guards turned and, almost in unison, said "This is a VIP area sir, turn back."

So I went back to the party, which by that time had gotten considerably out of hand. Most everyone was walking around naked, having sex right out in the open or passed out from drink or drugs on the plush couches surrounding the lobby. A few people were sitting in the chocolate fountain like it was a bathtub. Viv came up behind me. "Can you believe this?" she said.

"Yeah, I used to live like this," I said, "listen, I need some kinda distraction in the main hall to get some gaurds out of the way. Re-brands."

"How do you expect me to do that?" Viv said.

"I dunno, just do something to get them distracted so I can get up the steps." I said, "I'm gonna sneak around behind them. In five minutes, walk down the hall and distract them. You can't miss em."

So I started walking through offices and side rooms until I found another hallway that came out just behind the stairs where the guards were, and waited.

"Ma'am," the gaurds said in that eerie Re-brand unison, "This is a VIP area."

Viv shot back, "Do you know who the HELL I am?! Who is your boss? I'm damn sure I can have you thrown down into the slums by the end of the night! I will end you! Oh-Oh I don't feel well... I think... I'm gonna," then I heard Viv fall to the floor. The gaurds rushed to her, saying "Ma'am? Ma'am wake up!" She did great.

I slipped up the stairs and hugged the walls, trying to blend into the shadows. At the top of the steps I heard laughter coming from a corner office. I snuck up to the door, crouching just outside of it. The laughter grew louder, and I



peeked around the corner. In the middle of the room, they had some poor junkie tied up. He was sweating and looked sick as could be.

"This," said a masked man with a Trident on his robes, "is our future, gentlemen."

"This junkie? You called us all the way up here to watch some junkie tweak out on the floor?" said another masked man.

"Neptune, what is this all about?" another called out.

"You may have heard whispers of a new drug worming its way up from the sewers. This, gentlemen, is Flip, and this is how we will install ourselves into the head of the new corporate structure."

"It's just some drug, Neptune. Stuff like this has come out before."

"Nothing like this," Neptune said, "observe."

They took the gag from the junkies mouth, and instantly he started screaming "Listen, listen, just one more hit. Please god I'll do anything."

"Flip has many applications, but this specific synthesis technique creates a substance so wholly addictive, that a person will do anything for more, will obey any order for another 'hit.' " Neptune circled the man, then threw a knife to the floor. He cleared his throat, "You'll do anything for more?"

The junkie put his hands together begging, "anything. Please I'm in pain. You have to help me."

"Cut off your own balls, and put them in this cup," Neptune said, slamming a metal chalice onto a coffee table.

The junkie stammered, and finally spit out "you can't be serious."

Neptune took a syringe out from his pocket, "do you want the Flip or not?"

"Surely, there's got to be something else. Please." The junkie was openly weeping.

Neptune crossed to the window and opened it. He prepared to throw the syringe out.

"No! Wait!" The junkie sputtered, "Okay."

"Okay, what?" Neptune said, towering over the junkie.

"I'll do it."

"You'll do what?" Neptune spat.

"I'll cut them off," the junkie said, starting to sob.

"And you'll put them where?"

"I- In the cup."

"Well, there's no time like the present," Neptune said, kicking the knife closer to the junkie.

The junkie grabbed the knife. I couldn't look, but I heard the screaming. When I looked again, there was blood all over the floor, and Neptune was injecting the syringe into the junkie's arm. The junkie just whimpered "thank you, thank you, thank you," then passed out.

"They are going to hand us the corporate leadership, because we are going to get this highly addictive synthesis into the water supply gentlemen. In three days flat after it is circulated, the addiction will be so strong that the citizens will beg us to take over, as long as we can get them more Flip. No bloodshed, no hostile takeover, they will hand us the reigns gladly. We will have complete and utter control, and it all starts on opening night of the ballet. It will be pumped up from the sewers before intermission into our basement lab, and by the end of the show, our power will be absolute. Guards!"

I heard footsteps coming from the stairs, so I ducked into an empty office and slipped out of a window onto an awning. I made my way to the front of the building in a daze, where I saw Vivian arguing with one of the guards out front.

I walked up to them and said "It appears my wife has had too much to drink, I'll take her home. Thanks for finding her, chief"

When we got away from the building, Viv said "So did you find anything?"

"It's bad, Viv, it's really bad."

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The thing about Corp guys is they love to talk. So massive is their ego they'll spit their whole plan out. I gave Apollo the news via a secure com. He was

thrilled, couldn't believe they were going to spread the explosive all over the city for them. He said he'd get me and Viv tickets to the ballet on opening night of the new theatre. I have a plan, but it's dangerous

I spent some time chatting up an architect the other day, asking about the building and where this basement lab was. She was a little hesitant at first, so I started getting drinks and shots and food, just playing like I wanted to get into architecture, and I was just ever so curious about sewage systems. Finally I got her to bring up some schematics of the building, and she pointed me right to an access point for the sewers. It's a straight line direct from Apollo's lab to Neptune's. Supposedly out of service. Bingo. Found a weapon too, sleek little laser pistol I bought from a broker downtown that offers discreet services- no paper trail. I've taken apart the broach I lifted from Kalen and have the EM battery set to overload at the press of a button.

The plan is simple. Well, maybe not simple, but it should work at least. On the night of the ballet, Viv and I will attend. During the first and second acts, Apollo will be pumping the explosive Flip up through the sewers to Neptune's lab in the basement of his corporate building. During intermission, I figure there will be enough of the explosive in the lab to blow it up, and the explosion will travel down through the pipes back to Apollo's lab. Deactivate this bomb in my neck, then I'll find a reason to leave, somehow getting past our guards; wait for a distraction of some kind, then sneak my way over to the lab. I'm guessing it will be under guard, so I fight my way in, make my way to the sewer access in the lab, light it up and run like hell. Boom. Two birds with one stone, as the old saying goes. After that, I'll do the only thing I can to make sure this doesn't happen again. I'm going straight to the courts, turning myself in, and I'm going to give Flip to the Corpatria so they can control it. Easy peasy, right?

That's the only way this plays out. With the Corp actually relying on something from the Under City, who knows? They'll use it for everything, and the only place to get it is from down below. Maybe relations will open up, or improve some way. Maybe that slow sea-change to equality starts with Flip. It won't be overnight. It could take hundreds of years. It may never work out at all. This is the

way that the least amount of innocent people die though, and it's the right thing to do. I'm going to leave Viv out of this one. With Apollo and Neptune gone, there's nothing to stop her from staying up here, working on the inside to try to change minds, level the playing field, or whatever she wants to do. Maybe I'll stick around too, help her out with all of that. She'll hate me for this, of course. I only hope in time she can come to see that I'm right about this. You can't change hearts and minds with a bomb. You can't find freedom in the throes of civil warfare. You don't gain it by throwing your trust in violent revolutionaries who will oppress you in the new order they build. Freedom is a painfully slow process, and anyone who says otherwise is just an oppressor that hasn't risen to power yet.

Must be getting old and sentimental, getting on the soapbox like that. It ain't like me to get caught up in caring about anyone but myself. Anyways. The ballet is in a few days. The construction equipment by the new theatre is out, and they're putting the final touches on it. All I have left to do before then is get my tuxedo dry cleaned.

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## **Ch 8**

The plan went off, but not without a hitch. It's getting hot in here, and I don't know how much time I have left before the fire or the smoke gets to me. No way out. The fire spread so quick, I couldn't get out ahead of it. There's a window, but it's a long way down and there aren't any footholds. I'm trapped.

Viv and I went to the ballet, some propaganda piece for the Corp, but the music was good. I drank a few glasses of scotch to keep my nerves under control, waiting for a distraction. At the end of the second act, just before intermission, Viv leaned over and whispered in my ear.

"I know you're planning something, Ed." She said.

I stared back at her, not saying anything.

"I read your journal last night while you slept. Don't get yourself killed." She said, and she kissed my cheek, "I'll be at the apartment when you get back, and we can get started on turning this whole mess around. Okay?"

I should have told her then that I love her, that I'm sorry we were on separate sides of this thing for so long. That we should just make a run for it right then and there, open a farm up on the less populated areas of the banks of the Ohio River. Instead, I nodded, and just as I was about to turn back to the ballet, there was a flash of light, and screaming. The lead dancer was up in flames, rolling around on the floor.

"Was that you?" Viv said.

I shook my head no.

"Go," Viv said.

I pulled the EM battery from my coat pocket, held it to my neck, and pressed the button. I felt the device loosen up in my neck, stood, and whirled around to our guards. I pulled my pistol, and one of the guards pressed the button that was supposed to blow my head clean off. Nothing. At least I knew the EM battery worked. I fired three shots, one for each guard, and they dropped to the ground. Getting out of the building was easy with all of the confusion and panic.

I made my way across town to Neptune's building, walked up to the glass doors, wrapped my suit jacket around my hand and punched until the glass broke. The noise attracted guards, a lot of them. Not sure how many I put down by the end of it, but I never had a firefight like that. I made my way to the lab, no more security to deal with.

When I entered the lab, there was a flurry of activity inside. Had to be at least fifty guys, mostly Re-brand workers and a few supervisors of some kind. A tall man with a familiar voice called out to me. Neptune.

"You don't know what you're up against here, son, why don't you just walk out of here and we'll forget this ever happened, huh?"

"Fat chance," I said, and I leveled my pistol and fired.

The laser caught Neptune directly between the eyes, and he fell to the floor. The workers kept working as if nothing had happened, with that deadly scary focus the Re-brands have. I tried yelling a few times, telling everyone to get the hell out. Nothing. I didn't have any time left, so I lit a cigarette and walked to the far end of the lab, where the bright green Flip was gushing from the sewers into containers.

I took a few more drags off my cigarette, and then flicked it, lit, into the open sewer. The reaction was immediate. A blast of white hot wind knocked me off of my feet, and I went unconscious.

When I came to, it was too late. I heard the explosions rocketing down the sewer towards Apollo's lab. The plan worked for the most part. The Re-brands were still working, most of them on fire and still at it. I tried every exit, no luck. So I jumped into this side office and shut the door, and here I am. The heat is getting unbearable. Looks like I won't be making it to the courts, won't make it back to Vivian, won't get the farm or any of that. Funny thing, life is. Twenty some years ago, I faked my suicide by sailing a body out a window. Here I am, about to go sailing through a window myself now. This notebook has to survive. If you are reading this, turn this notebook into the courts immediately. Flip has to hit the markets. Flip will destroy everything unless it is controlled by the Corpatria.

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