



FROM THE
PERSONAL
JOURNAL OF
ASSESSOR
B'TAY.
ENTRY #5:

"THE FORMAL
CRUELTY OF THE
EXOTIC HABITAT
CONTINUES TO
REPULSE AND
ENTHRALL ME.



"EVERY ORGANISM
IN THIS PLACE, FROM
FRUITING FUNGUS TO
WHOOPIING PRIMATE,
IMPROVES ITSELF
THROUGH A PROCESS
OF CONTINUOUS
VIOLENT NEGATION.



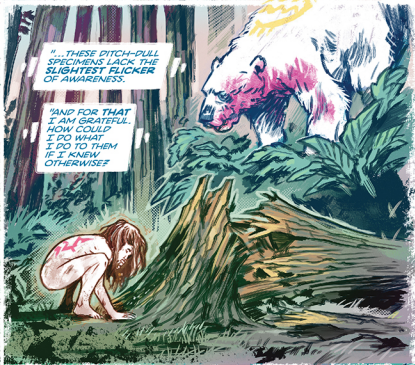
"TO PUT IT ANOTHER
WAY, IT EITHER
ADAPTS OR IT DIES.

"THERE IS NO
MERCY HERE,
ONLY CHANGE."

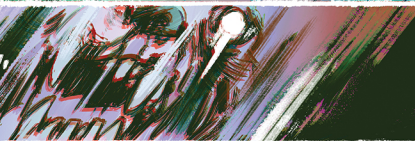
"NO. I LIE. THERE IS A SLIVER OF KINDNESS IN THIS REELING, RUTTING, BLIND AND SCUTTling HELL, AND IT IS SIMPLY THIS..."

"...THESE DITCH-DULL SPECIMENS LACK THE SLIGHTEST FLICKER OF AWARENESS."

"AND FOR THAT I AM GRATEFUL. HOW COULD I DO WHAT I DO TO THEM IF I KNEW OTHERWISE?"



"IN MY NIGHTMARES, I IMAGINE MYSELF ONE OF THEM—A MOIL OF INSTINCT AND STIFFENING FUR."



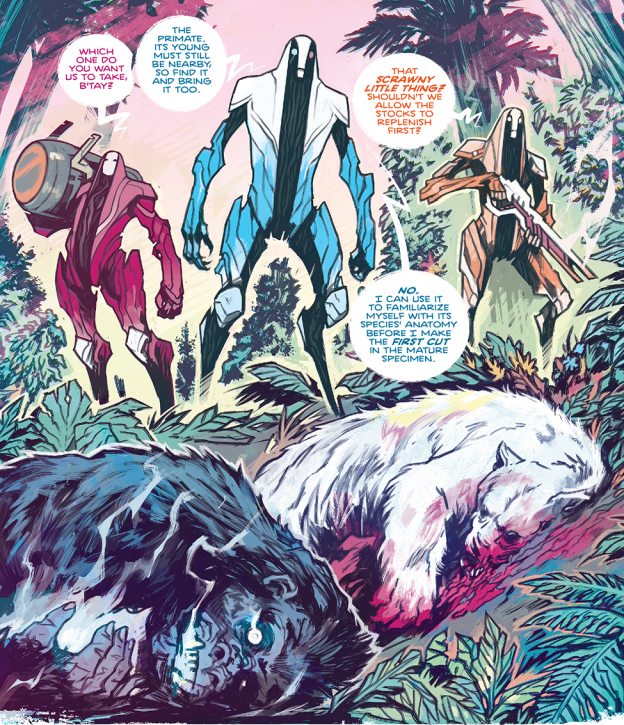
"I SEE MY ENEMY ACROSS AN INTERVAL OF TIME AND DIRT AND MY HORMONES SURGE, MAKING ME INVINCIBLE."



"I DEFECCATE WITH EXCITEMENT."







WHICH ONE DO YOU WANT US TO TAKE, BTAYZ?

THE PRIMATE, ITS YOUNG MUST STILL BE NEARBY, SO FIND IT AND BRING IT TOO.

THAT SCRAWNY LITTLE THING? SHOULDN'T WE ALLOW THE STOCKS TO REPLENISH FIRST?

NO, I CAN USE IT TO FAMILIARIZE MYSELF WITH ITS SPECIES' ANATOMY BEFORE I MAKE THE FIRST CUT IN THE MATURE SPECIMEN.



BESIDES, IT'S DEAD ANYWAY.

I SEE NO MERIT IN PROLONGING THE INEVITABLE.