

May 11th, 2003

Contact and I discussed the details of this odd hospital. I brought a recorder with me, to make sure I could catch everything. It was all a bit cliché. Meeting in a seedy, smoke-filled restaurant. We were both drinking, but I did my best to stay sober.

L "Hello Contact. It's nice to meet you again."

C "Skip the pleasantries. You said you was questioning us."

L "Ahem. Yes, I was. You said you needed my business because you are just starting out."

[here I produced the information I had gathered.]

L "But you've been in business for a long time. So. Why the scam? What's going on?"

C "You know how we found you? Didja notice - yer therapist... asking you a lot of questions lately? Questions about your patients?"

L "Yes, but I don't understand -"

C "Shush, hush. Shhh. Lemme finish, 'right? We knows your patients. Wes... very interested in them. They's - special, hear me? All X-men, mutants or some shit. Crazy stuff about those kiddies."

[he coughs]

L "Right. Well then, are you done speaking? Okay. Can you... be a bit more specific, Contact?"