

August 2nd, 2003

I spoke with Contact again today, back at that old smoke-filled restaurant.

L: "I got hurt badly, Contact. I don't want to do this."

C: "Look, here's your money. And some bonus pay for the wife as you to pay the bills for the hospital, we good now?"

L: "I want out of the contract."

C: "You can't do that. You know about the special children, right? You can't just get out."

L: "It's not worth it. That thing..."

C: "You saw a thing? Oh... Oh! You mean one of those animal things, don'tcha? Oooh. You got it on tape?"

L: "Yes, I did, but -"

C: "No, no! That's good! Oh, now you gotta stay with us. First one to see one of em, you are! You're so special to us! You attract these kiddos like magnets, AND you can see 'em! Now, just take your time and stay alert! Ready to let us know when another fucked up mind comes your way, right?"

L: "Please, please don't talk about my patients that way. They're children. They have lives, and just circumstances of birth or raising. They have no ~~less~~ more problems than you or I..."