

January 12th, 2011

Contact came to my door last night, bleeding. His throat had been cut. He tried to explain what had happened, but he was too weak to say anything. I performed first aid as best I could, his throat wasn't cut too deep, thank god. I heard a knock on the door.

S Doctor Shane was there, as were Contact's comrades.
"Oh, Mister Lockwood, I didn't realize this was your home. See, someone we have been trying to get a hold of is apparently in your house... Is anyone in there? Are you alright?"

L "He's in my house. I won't let you in, I won't let you hurt him. He's saved my life, I owe him, I won't let him die! You're a doctor like I am - what about our ~~Hippocratic~~ Hippocratic Oath!"

S Doctor Shane shook his head. "Business is business, Mister Lockwood. He's got a big mouth, and that needs to be fixed. If you ~~get~~ refuse to get out of the way, well... I suppose we'll have to fix that problem as well." One of the other men stepped forward.

Then the world went black, off and on flashes of a struggle, and finally Contact being dragged out the door.