

I was going to say no, that I  
wouldn't be continuing.

But I felt a hand on my shoulder, it  
was Contact.

"Mebbie yous innt cut out for workin  
on the child recruitin'. Mebbie you'd be  
better at hookin' the ~~patients~~ parents  
instead?"

He had a manilla folder with my name  
on it. He set it on the counter, on top  
of my form.

"Seys here yous got a degree in web  
design. Well now, how'd you like to  
make a website for our pretty little  
hospital, eh, Lockwood?"

I said yes.

Now... now I'm working ~~for~~ for the pattern  
as the website designer.

I have no idea what to do now.  
I just don't know.