



DOCUMENT: 2405

DESCRIPTION: Transcription of audio conversation between Brother Ajax and "TY". Files recovered from Brother Ajax, Post Conversion.

AJAX

I think I've got this—shit, I think I've got the address right. No time—I'm just gonna dump this behind the firewall and hope it's the server you cracked and that you pick it up.

[to the people pounding on the door] Shut up!

Shit. It's never easy to find open nodes to get online with. Cops are always scanning. . .doesn't matter.

More Monks on my ass, it's like I'm in *their* system now. Whenever one of the bastards scans me an alarm goes off—I can't go anywhere without one of them noticing me and coming over. "Hello Ajax. How are you, Ajax. You're looking a little worried, Ajax, maybe you need forever to contemplate your sins, what do you say?"

They all look alike, so I can't fucking tell them apart myself.

This node's hot, I can feel it, and the last thing I need is a System Pig's boot on my neck this morning.

AJAX



Hey, Ty Glad to hear you're still kicking. Things have calmed down here a little; I paid my fucking tab and we're all friends again.

You remember there was this guy, Tiki Remner, I knew. You know, we called him the Old Man, must have been thirty if he was a day--around the age you start feeling sorry for people. I wake up today, and Tiki is now Brother Remner. He made the rounds, creepy plastic face and reflective glasses and all. Called me Ajax, told me he was so happy, invited me to look into it. Shit.

I remember, Remner couldn't shut up about how he hated the Monks. The Electric Church were evil motherfuckers. We had to shut him up about it all the time. But here he is, prancing around in his new robot body, preaching Mulkuer Codecks. This shit is getting crazy.

I dunno, Ty, you ever get the feeling the world is getting small around you? Shit, you feel like, come 'round and buy me a drink. I could use a friendly face.

AJAX

Hey Ty. Picked up your message--glad to hear you're okay. Shit, man you are never going to believe this--yesterday who do you think came to my rescue? The System Pigs. The S-S-F.

Yesterday I guess the cops had had a bad day, and they went after the Monks that have been bugging me. Just ran them off, yelling about street permits or some such bullshit--the cops make that shit up as they need to, quoting regs that were



passed twenty freaking years ago and no one remembers. But hell, today I'm sitting here having some terrible gin and damned if it's almost peaceful. I'm still starving, but for the first time ever I'm glad the SSF is around.

You must have heard-

Shit!

[static]

AJAX

Hey man-hope you're still checking this node; I've been out of circulation-I've been pissing in the corner of a Blank Room ever since, getting beaten twice a day by a huge motherfucker they all called "Mongo" and generally fucked with. Fucking cops.

So I get back to my little scrap of the world and not only have the Monks doubled since I was scooped, but I lost my pathetic little apartment too. Shared it with six other assholes, and they thought I was dead, or more likely didn't think about it at all. My small number of possessions sold, too, and that yen long gone. Shit. I had to lift this Reccer just to make this for ya. I'm homeless, so buzz me back on this same address, okay? I might need to touch you for a loan.

[static]

AJAX



(whispering)

Hey my brother. Things are bad. Things are *messed up*. I'm in some ancient Safe Room, hiding from this balls-out crazy Monk that's been, I've been in here for like *hours*, quiet as a mouse, but I think it's still out there, in the building, sweeping for me. Why? The fuck I know. It just suddenly shouted my name and started following me around, laying that Mulker Codecks bullshit on me. Everywhere I went, there it was. I'm homeless, though, I got nowhere to go, so I'm just shifting around, trying to shake it, but the fucking Tin Man is unshakable. I know they're supposed to be harmless and all, but I ain't ashamed to admit I'm fucking terrified.

I'm starting to worry that I'm never getting out of here. This isn't even live—the Tin Man would see the signal, so I'm just reccing this to stay sane. You get this, Ty—shit, nothing you can do, but come find me, man. Don't leave me to rot in here like my friend back there.

[static]

AJAX

I fell asleep. I think the Monk's gone, so I'm about to poke my head out and see if it gets blown off. Man, you know me, you know I'm not muscle. I don't carry, I don't make trouble. This shit is crazy. Biggest deal I ever managed was chickenshit five hundred thousand yen, like barely enough money to live it up for a few weeks, right? This isn't right. I don't deserve this.



Fuck. This is the System, suck it up. Everyone gets a gun pushed in their face now and then.

I'm heading out. I'd rather get shot in the face by some fucking cyborg monster telling me about eternal life than starve in here like this guy. I'm setting this recer to transmit on a five minute delay just in case it's still around, sweeping for me, but hopefully you'll hear from me before you get this. You see me, buy a damn drink, right?

[static]

AJAX

Ty, man, it was good to hear from you. Thanks for the positive vibe, but things have settled down. I haven't seen that Monk of mine in a few days, so I'm starting to relax.

Man, know who I *did* see, though? You're friend, Moonie. Or what's left of him. Did you know he went Monk? I was down on West 4th again and there were Monks, of course, preaching, preaching from their little black boxes. Then one of them plops right in front of me and sez, hey AJ! How are you! So good to see you! It's Moonie, your old pal!

And Ty, I shit you not: The motherfucker paid me what he owed.

Just slapped his credit dongle in my hand and told me to take what was due, and then, of course, lay into me about being a mere mortal and all that jazz. A trail of endless sunsets and all



the rest. I couldn't get away from him fast enough.

And now I think ole' Moonie's following me. It's hard to say since all the Monks look alike, but I think it's him, always a half block away, keeping tabs on me. Moonie was a pussy, but. . .is he still *Moonie*? Shit.

[static]

AJAX

This is getting freaky, man. Every goddamn Monk in the goddamn city knows my name. I walk down the street, I get "Good day, Mr. Ajax" over and over again. I sit down for a drink at Pick's and there's a Monk behind me, smiling, wanting to talk to me about the true nature of salvation.

I know what you said about the Monks not hurting anyone ever on record, but I'm not so sure. Officially some fat fucking cop named Mongo didn't tune me up for a few days last month, right? Officially the Monks are peaceful. But I'm being hunted, man. I've been hunted enough to fucking know.

Don't feel safe here. I'm gonna go find someplace new to crash. I'll be in touch.

[static]

AJAX

[whispering]



Ty, man, I need help. I'm uploading this to anywhere you might check. I'm in the fucking sewers. Fuck if I know where I am now; I've been running for hours.

They followed me down. Ty, it's pitch black but they can see me just fine. Fine enough to shoot me in the goddamn thigh.

I can hear them, creeping towards me. Not long now, buddy. Fuck, I was never any good, I know it. None of us are. None of us *can be*. This fucking world. But this shit—I do not deserve this shit.

[coughs wetly]

Ty, I'm gonna set this to autorecord after I upload this. One last thing—if you meet me, if a Monk walks up to you and says it's me and wants to show you all about eternal life, don't fucking believe it. Don't you fucking—

BROTHER EPHRON

Mr. Ajax, let me show you an endless trail of sunsets. Let me save you.

[gunshot]