

"Nothing, 'cept we know he works for those revolting fairies o'Leviathan. Without Ike, who's to stop them from taking all o'Ilium over for themselves. Punks! I can't wait to get the goods on 'em. Yeah," his eyes roll. "Then we'll let the State fry 'em in the ole chair."

"Ah, here's the Doc," sighs Murphy.

Hopkins arrives, hurriedly zipping up, stuffing dishevelled shirt tails into white stained slacks.

"Mat, this is Sargeant O'Conner, forty-fourth precinct; he's got a classic in Ward C that I think you should..."

"Hi Doc, Jake."

"Pleased, Mathew Hopkins, the eighth." Intoned. "Had a rough one in the psyche ward."

"Psyche eh? We gotta political assasin. Suffered a few dents while resisting ya know."

"Sink or swim?" Hopkins matter-of-factly asks.

"Fr'crissakes swim! He's got to swim for Leviathan as far as the hot plate, haw, haw."

"Leviathan?" with a worried look.

"Is everybody deaf? Look," O'Conner motions, close, "just put him back together proper, and with a smile, you know, pretty for the press. We don't want any of that delerium insanity plea crap. Got it? An' remember," he squeezes knuckles red, "we want him down at the forty-fourth first!"

"First...Murphy? We'll use some of my patented Arthur's wig serum. Murphy! Get down to C. Leave it to us Sargeant," he nods toward the exit. "Murphy, get your ass down there! We have a patient who needs the treatment!"

...shadows

blackblurred bird falling sky-scraping walls of concrete steel glass canyon sun gives way to cold flanks of rigid passing forms here screeching reaching crushing eyes beneath weight of height and in this deep white corridor path once