

Meanwhile, somewhere else, far away...Turn to 401.

401

The black wispy mass writhes, its undulations becoming increasingly frenetic, until finally, the cocoon starts to morph into a more recognisable form. A cluster of figures face it — they look furious and one says,

‘What happened to leaving the experiment to run its course? No interference, you said! Just observations, you said!’

‘Altering variables can be a valid option given the right circumstances.’ It responds defensively and somewhat, weakly. ‘I just wanted to give this one a chance. Jezebeth was being... Well, you know.’

There is a snort from the Cluster, then one of them bangs their fist down on the table and states vehemently:

‘It’s my turn now!’