

Nevertheless Empire

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Pestilent fumes had tainted the atmosphere of the suburbs so that little by little passers-by began to steer clear. But some remained, unafraid, while the epidemic continued to spread. Such was the case with private investigator K9: his thoughts were haunted by a woman of the worst kind.

She ran a brothel.

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He used to run an out-of-town osteopathic clinic, took on a few drugged patients for three large ones a week.

As you know, the epidemic was swiftly killing off the hired help. Our workers were spilling all over the lino, you understand, liquified bones softening the flesh.

It was all going from bad to worse. We were hiring younger and younger recruits, but it was no good.

We were about to shut up shop, before we had the idea: the graft.

We had some failures. Yes. Automutilation with fan blades. In short, it turned against itself.

So we eventually discovered that female parts are much more co-operative than male. Accordingly, as you will understand, the very best grafts come from domesticated animals ... '







































