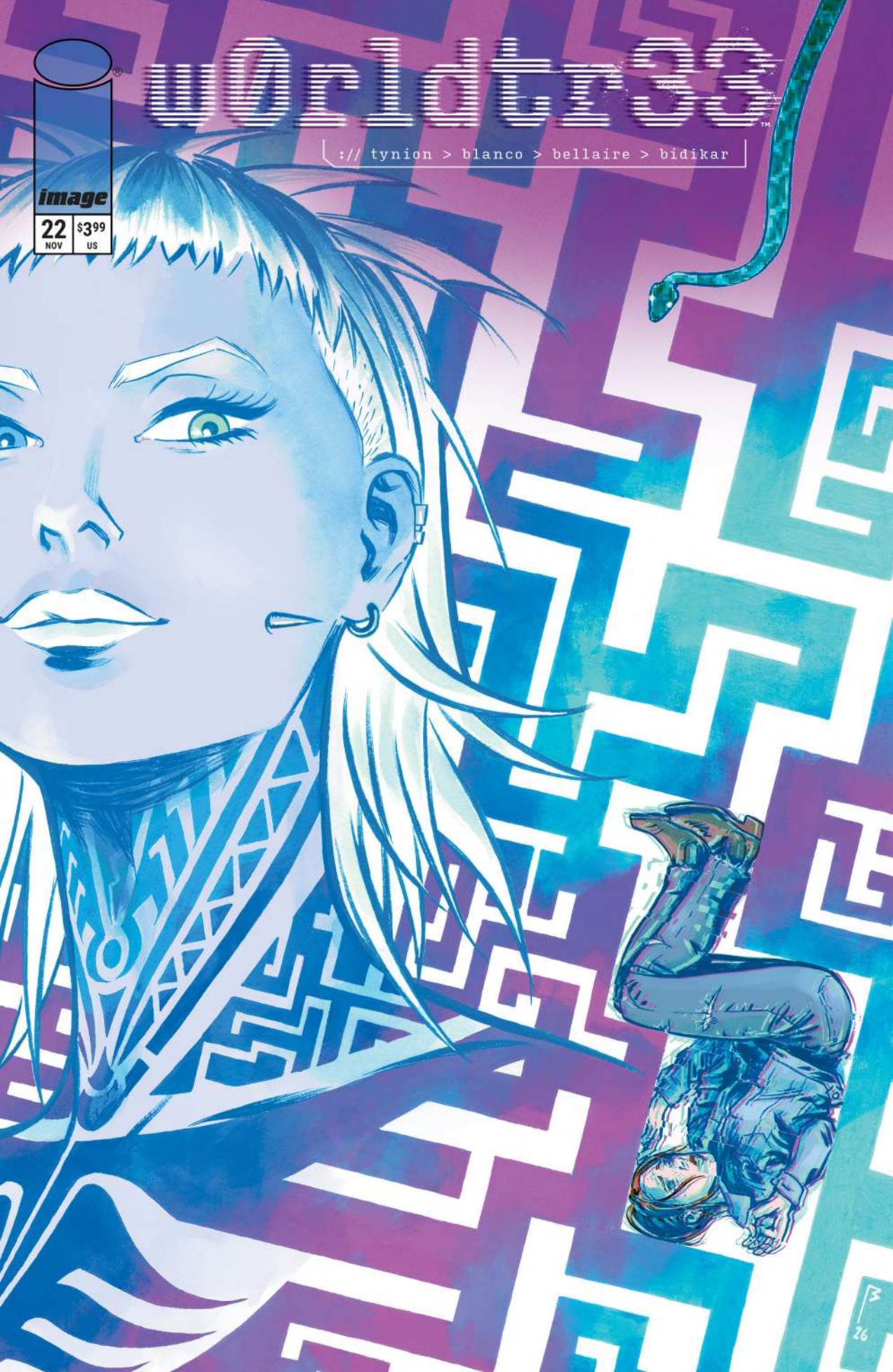

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...LOTS OF BAD SHIT HAPPENING AROUND HERE RIGHT NOW.
EVERYONE PLUGGED THEIR SECURITY SYSTEMS INTO THE GODDAMN INTERNET AND THEY'D HAVE BEEN BETTER OFF JUST GETTING A SECOND DEADLOCK, REINFORCING THE DOORS, AND BUYING A HANDGUN.
BUT TELL THAT TO SOME LIMP-WRISTED CODER AND THEY JUST STARE INTO THE MIDDLE DISTANCE.
I'M PROBABLY BIASED. THAT'S MY BUSINESS. ANALOG. DID YOU FILE A POLICE REPORT?
I'D RATHER THE MORE PRACTICAL SOLUTION.
SCARY HAVING SOMEONE IN YOUR SPACE, GOING THROUGH YOUR THINGS. YOU LIVE ALONE IN HERE?
I DO.
THIS IS A BIG HOUSE TO BE IN BY YOURSELF.
I MANAGE.
DO YOU HAVE A GUN?
YES.


RIGHT. WELL. IF SOMEBODY MANAGES TO GET THROUGH THIS ONE, I'LL REFUND THE WHOLE THING AND REPLACE IT FOR YOU.
THANK YOU. I'M GETTING A CALL. YOU'LL SEE YOURSELF OUT?
YEAH.
THIS IS BRANT.
I HAVE A QUESTION.
Ms. WALLACE.
IS THIS A SAFE LINE? CAN I TALK?
THIS IS A PRIVILEGED CONVERSATION, BUT I CERTAINLY CAN'T GUARANTEE THAT NOBODY IS LISTENING.
AS YOUR LAWYER, I'D RECOMMEND WE MEET FACE TO FACE IF THERE ARE DIFFICULT SUBJECTS YOU'D LIKE TO DISCUSS.
I THINK YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS KNOW WHERE I LIVE.
YEAH. SORRY ABOUT THAT.
DO YOU WANT TO MEET IN PERSON?
AMANDA
I THINK THIS IS OKAY.

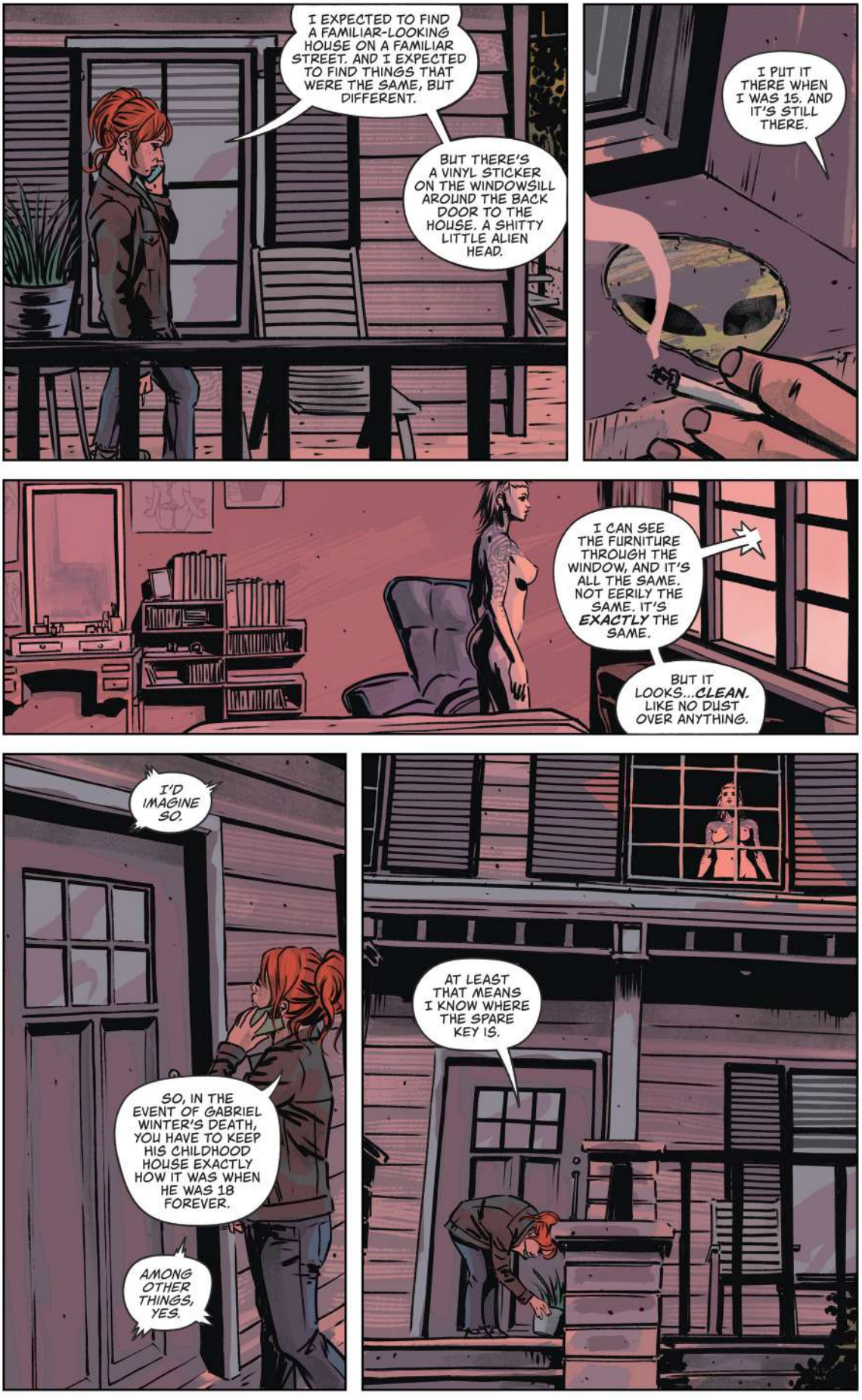

THERE'S THAT FEELING YOU GET WHEN YOU GO BACK TO A PLACE. SOMEWHERE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN IN A LONG TIME.
WALKING THROUGH FAMILIAR SPACES, ALL THE OLD MEMORIES BUILD UP.


WHEN MY EX WAS BUILDING HIS COMPANY, WE WOULD GO TO THESE SHITTY LITTLE CONFERENCES IN SHITTY LITTLE HOTELS IN MID-SIZED CITIES ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.
THEY'D ALL BLEND TOGETHER, SO YOU DON'T THINK ABOUT IT MUCH WHEN YOU LEAVE, BUT WHEN YOU GO BACK TO THEM, IT'S LIKE YOUR BRAIN ORIENTS ITSELF ON AN OLD INTERNAL MAP.


YOU REMEMBER WHERE THE BATHROOM IS OFF THE LOBBY BAR, AND THE RIGHT ELEVATOR TO USE TO SKIP THE CROWD AT THE END OF THE DAY.
BUT WHEN IT'S BEEN A REALLY LONG TIME, SHIT CHANGES, RIGHT? YOU GET THE OLD ORIENTATION, BUT SUDDENLY THERE'S A WALL WHERE THERE USED TO BE A LITTLE SEATING AREA.


IT'S OKAY, BECAUSE IT'S JUST NEW DATA OVERWRITING THE OLD FILE IN YOUR HEAD. YOU NOTICE WHEN IT'S HAPPENING, BUT WE ALL KNOW THAT THINGS CHANGE.
I'M NOT SURE WHAT YOU'RE TRYING TO SAY TO ME.


1317 VALERO WAY.
Ah.


I EXPECTED TO FIND A FAMILIAR-LOOKING HOUSE ON A FAMILIAR STREET. AND I EXPECTED TO FIND THINGS THAT WERE THE SAME, BUT DIFFERENT.
BUT THERE'S A VINYL STICKER ON THE WINDOWSILL AROUND THE BACK DOOR TO THE HOUSE. A SHITTY LITTLE ALIEN HEAD.
I PUT IT THERE WHEN I WAS 15. AND IT'S STILL THERE.
I CAN SEE THE FURNITURE THROUGH THE WINDOW, AND IT'S ALL THE SAME. NOT EERILY THE SAME. IT'S *EXACTLY* THE SAME.
BUT IT LOOKS...*CLEAN*, LIKE NO DUST OVER ANYTHING.
I'D IMAGINE SO.
SO, IN THE EVENT OF GABRIEL WINTER'S DEATH, YOU HAVE TO KEEP HIS CHILDHOOD HOUSE EXACTLY HOW IT WAS WHEN HE WAS 18 FOREVER.
AMONG OTHER THINGS, YES.
AT LEAST THAT MEANS I KNOW WHERE THE SPARE KEY IS.