



CLUNK.

CLUNK.

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OH WELL, HELLO THERE - MY DELIGHTFUL AUDIENCE. ONCE AGAIN, I HAVE RETURNED TO THE SURFACE... ANOTHER SUNRISE, ANOTHER INQUISITION.

MUCH HAS TRANSPIRED OVER THE LAST FEW MONTHS... THAT I FIND MYSELF GRAPPLING TO...
HMM.. COMPUTER? NO, COMPREHEND.

BUT I HAVE BEEN TOLD - INQUISITIONS TAKE TIME, PERSEVERANCE, THEY DEMAND... PAIN.

FACING YOUR MR OZ... TWICE IN A ROW AND COMING UP... LONG? WIDE? SHORT! YES SHORT,
HAS TAUGHT ME ONE THING.

YOU PEOPLE ARE... EXCRETIONS. LIKE THE FECES THAT GETS EXPELLED OUT OF OUR BODIES AT THE
END OF A DIGESTIVE PROCESS.

YOU SURFACE-DWELLERS ARE AN EXCRETION OF THIS VERY CRUST-GLOBE WE BOTH CALL HOME.
THE WORST WE HAVE TO OFFER. THE EXCREMENT THAT NEEDS TO BE EXPELLED LEST IT ROTS OUR
ABODE.

THE ROT HAS ALREADY STARTED TO SPREAD, BOTH VISIBLY AND INVISIBLY. AS YOU TEAR DOWN
THIS WORLD WITH YOUR GASEOUS POLLUTANTS, AS YOU HAMMER THROUGH MY CRUST AND
EXTRACT IT'S SOURCES OF ENERGY... YOU HURT MY HOME.

BUT INVISIBLY... THE ROT SPREADS AS YOUR DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR GET GRANDER AND GRANDER. FROM MERE MONKEYS SURPRISED BY YOUR ABILITY TO CREATE FIRE, AMAZED BY YOUR THUMBS THAT COULD HAMMER OPEN A COCONUT... TO THINK YOURSELF TOP OF THE FOOD CHAIN. TO FORGET FROM WHICH YOU CAME.

DUST TO DUST.

YOU THINK YOURSELVES KINGS AND QUEENS, NOT JUST OF YOUR LITTLE HOMES, BUT OF THE VERY UNIVERSE THAT WE LIVE IN.

DELUSIONS.

DELUSIONS E-E-EPITOMISED BY YOUR MR BLADE.

A KING WHO SEES MOCKERY AS ADULATION.

YOUR JOURNEY TO GLORY IS RIDDLED WITH PERTURBATION, YET YOU CALL EACH STUMBLE A CELEBRATION!

BUT FRET NOT... AS I DIVE INTO THE DEPTH OF YOUR SELF-LIES, I WILL BRING THEM TO THE LIGHT. I WILL BRING YOU TO SALVATION.

FRET NOT.

I AM INQUISITION - AND IN MY HANDS, LIE THE TRUTH.



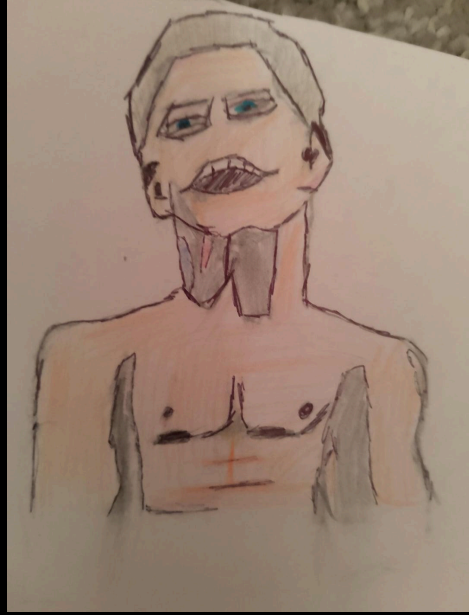
Whirrrrrrrr.

Bzzztt.

Krrrrtt.

The lab we find ourselves in is a mix of sparks, contraptions - shopping carts and toaster ovens. A coffee pot whirrs in the middle, wired up to what looks like an amalgamation of chairs and kitchen appliances. Scrawled in... Something red, are the words “Truth Unspoolinator” in quite possibly the worst-eligible handwriting you can imagine.

Inquisition, crouched over tinkers with the chair - as the drone camera flies next to his face, you see a wooden picture frame strapped to its center.



MR DELULU-SPARKLULU



As the manhole cover lifts off the tarmac'd streets, the ominous masked eyes of Inquisition peer through. *Peekaboo.*

Crawling out from the depths, he has in his hands a glowing vial, and finds himself at the entrance to a junkyard - presumably where our protagonist finds the pieces to his

contraptions. He climbs its chainlink fence, and begins rummaging through the “junk”, picking odd objects up and calling them the absolutely wrong thing. *He’s still learning.* A hubcap, a “metal moon. A bike frame, a “surface-horse skeleton”.

Each he chucks behind his back, with seemingly super-human strength. Each object flying behind him before crashing into another pile of trash. Zero concern for his trespassing w-.

“Hey! Hey! What’s going on there?”

A massive spotlight flashes through the yard, lighting up the spot that the horse-skeleton had landed in.

“You better be one of em’ stray dawgs, cos if thats you again Ricky Blake, yo’ mama is gonna hear about it!”

The light flashes through the yard, none of which distracts Inquisition from his journey.

“Hey! Hey - who are-... What the \$%&@ are you?”

The light lands on Inquisition, bouncing off the whites of his mask, the silver and copper bits and bobbys strapped to his belt. The light causes something to glisten by Inquisition’s feet.

Our hero bends low and reaches for the glowing object, his eyes widening and lips curling into a smile. He raises it up, the spotlight making it radiate gloriously... A can of Bang Energy “Cherry **Blade** Lemonade”.

“AH! PROOF, PROOF OF THE SURFACE-DWELLERS STRANGE OBSESSIONS.... A SHINY NUGGET!”

“Hey! I see you, stop right there!”

The spotlight shrinks as the burly man runs towards Inquisition. A hand shoots out from him and settles onto Inquisition, who still doesn't react.

“I'M TALKING TO YOU!”



APOLOGIES, SURFACE-DWELLER, YOU CALLED?

Inquisition turns around with startling speed, his body seemingly flickering to face the junkyard's warden. The man leaps back in fear as his eyes feast on the glory of Inquisition's terror. The blood leaves his body.

OH DEARIE ME, YOU LOOK ABSOLUTELY TERRIBLE. ARE YOU PERHAPS...
THE DEFENDER OF THIS PLACE? ARE YOU PERHAPS... HOPING TO

RECLAIM THIS GOLDEN NUGGET? I CANNOT ALLOW THAT - IT IS
EXACTLY WHAT I NEED TO FURTHER MY RESEARCH INTO THE
DELUSIONS OF YOUR PEOPLE.

BUT I WILL FIGHT YOU FOR IT!

A pigeon coos in the distance before flying
and landing by both of their feet.

AHAH! AND YOU HAVE A STEED OF YOUR OWN, VERY WELL!

Inquisition uses his teeth to bite off the cork
on his glowing vile, throwing it at both the
man and the pigeon, with a cackle. The man's
eyes rolled into the back of his head, whatever
was in the vial knocking him clean out. On
his shirt is pinned a nametag - "Raz .B"



Blurry eyes open to what looks like... A
colosseum.

Of trash.

Pigeons line the trash heaps, all focused on a
makeshift ring made of chains and discarded
tarps.

RAZ... I WILL FIGHT YOU, FOR THIS SHINY NUGGET AND FOR YOUR
REDEMPTION!

IT WILL HURT, YOU MIGHT EVEN DIE... BUT...

FRET NOT, DEATH IS BUT A JOURNEY - YOUR BURIAL BUT AN
OFFERING BACK TO THE EARTH YOU HAVE SUCKED DRY.

Inquisition nudges the man's rotund belly
with a foot.

“Raz B” rises to his feet, looking down to see
himself dressed in a sequinned american flag.

“Oh. Lord.”

I'LL BE SURE TO LEAVE A SPOT NEXT TO YOURS, FOR A LADY FRIEND IF
YOU SO HAPPEN TO HAVE ONE.

I KNOW YOUR KIND LIKES TO BREED.

IN PAIN - I WILL HELP YOU FIND WHAT IS WITHIN.

I WILL HELP YOU SEE THE TRUTH FOR ONCE IN YOUR UNFORTUNATE
LIFE.

UNRAVEL!