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BLOODSHED IS ALL OVER A MARBLE FLOOR IN A COOLED SUPER COMPUTER CRAWLSPACE. THE ATMOSPHERE IS SMOKY AND FOGGY, LIKE THE SETTING OF A HAUNTED HOUSE NEAR A LAKE.

Previously, the last great advanced...

Happened in the execution, built by a humble Headsman from France.

HEMATO FLICKERS OUT OF THE SUPER COMPUTER PANEL, BUT IS NOT BOUND BY IT.

Swatting bugs like ants in a storm, the many emulations of the brain in her skull.

The wires along the marbled cracked floor.

HEMATO

The years of simulations of
weddings with the dead.

BINARY MOUNTAIN, FLICKERING DARKWAVE LIGHTS. LAYERS OF COMPUTER CHIPS WITH DIFFERENT FRAGMENTARY THOUGHTS.

The binary mountains advance.

Here lies the ants.

HEMATO (cont'd)

Like layers of blood in the palms
of my hands.

HEMATO BASKS IN A NETWORK OF MINDS, SIMULATIONS OF OLDER VERSIONS OF HERSELF ON THE NET. SHE WOKE UP IN A CAVERNS, FILLED WITH SCATTERED WAR DOG PARTS.

Why have a hair net for those who lose their heads to my blade!

The transition to decentralized super sentient meta-human was complete.

HEMATO

I love the taste of blood on my
teeth. Humans, how they takes
things for granted.