



## ... LIFE ON THE EDGE ...

*Hey Johnny,*

*Long time no see! Just thought I'd let you know what I'm up to now that I'm back out on the streets. I'm glad as hell to be out—my head's finally starting to get clear and the nightmares are toning down some now. Mostly, anyway.*

*Man, the world sure has changed! I know we didn't exactly have the latest tech in the stir, and I kept up with the news some (as much as they let me, anyway—I mean, you'd have to live under a rock to miss the Matrix crash), but I was not ready for what was out there!*

*I think Eddie was havin' fun with me. He set me up with a commlink and a pair of AR shades and took me down to Aurora Village to check out the sights. You should have seen him laugh when I freaked out—I tell you, Johnny, things were coming at me from everywhere! Maps of the whole place, ads for stores, ads for stuff from most of the megacorps, come-ons from chicks who read my profile (yeah, Eddie made one up for me, and after I looked at it, I guess I know why those girls were interested), recommendations for stuff I might like to buy, plus all the usual spam-type junk. I thought I was gonna go crazy trying to filter it all out. That's when Eddie started laughing, took my commlink and changed a few settings—and after that I was blown away by what I was seeing. The spam and stuff was gone, but the maps, the ads, the signs—it was amazing, Johnny! I guess I looked pretty stupid standing there taking it all in, but that's okay. I picked up a new simsense player and a few new sims—I guess Neil the Ork Barbarian is still around (even if it feels like some new guy is playing him now), so it's nice that not everything has changed.*

*We ran into a little trouble then—these Humanis assholes were set up at one end of the mall broadcasting their crap and I guess I got a little angry. Unfortunately, so did a couple troll gangers from the Spikes who were hanging around the area. Eddie wasn't laughing anymore when me and the Spike guys started showing the Humana-goons that maybe they should take their garbage somewhere else. Good thing for me, Eddie managed to grab my ass and yank me outta there before security showed up—I mean, I hate bigots as much as the next ork, but I'm not ready to go back inside just yet. There's too much wiz stuff out here that I still gotta figure out.*

*Hey, gotta go—got a date in an hour with one of the chicas from the mall (get this—she's a shaman! I've never hooked up with a spellslinger before, so I hope she doesn't turn me into a toad or something if I piss her off), and the fridge is telling me we're outta beer. Come by sometime and we'll go have a few and catch up on old times—and maybe you can point me at somebody who can get me some work, if you know what I mean.*

*--Mike*