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[TRANSCRIPT BEGINS]

Good morning citizens, it is I, Matthew Absolom, your voice of freedom on the airwaves. It looks to be a bright shiny morning in paradise, but first I'd like to wish a happy birthday to Mrs Bradwell who is seventy-five years young today. And we all know what that means. I think I speak for everyone when I say: we'll miss you Angela. Now, I've heard tell that some of you out there are thinking about playing hero and planning a little protest at 5th and Main around noon tomorrow. I urge you not to follow through with something so ill advised. Sources tell me that the Supremo Overlord has recently finished assembling a new- hang on, I want to get the name right- a new 'crowd suppression vehicle,' and I bet he's just itching to use it. Dan, didn't- didn't you say you saw some trucks carrying cannons into the- Dan's nodding his head. Whatever this is, folks, it's got cannons, so be careful out there. Once again, this is Matthew Absolom, your voice of the people.

It is five past the hour, brothers and sisters, and now is the time which always brings a tear to my heart; the time to

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remember our Fallen. Yesterday evening Wilma Hemingway was taken from this life in her sixty-fourth year by her beloved husband Jordan, whose life was cut short at the hands of Brittany and Maxine Greensburg. The sisters Greensburg, 17 and 18 respectively, lost their lives to an accident along with Martina and Zachary Bremmer, both 33. The Bremmers were survived on Martina's side by the Calloway family until shortly before three this morning when they were sadly removed from this world by a bus driven by the recently departed Franklin Wight, 42, who was missed briefly by his wife Martha, now deceased.

And, uhh, also if- if we're sounding different, if our signal quality is worse than it usually is, that's because we were recently forced to relocate. I, uhh, I guess Our Sovereign Overlord isn't as deaf as we thought. There I was, sitting in bed- not sleeping; the ever vigilant Matthew Absolom never sleeps- I was sitting in bed when lo, what do I hear but the faint tinkling of the Blue Trucks. So I- so I jump to my feet and Dan and I grabbed as much equipment as we could and we just ran. We- we made it out okay, but, uhh, but Thomas, our- our field reporter, he wanted to stay and see if he could hold them off; buy us some time. When I looked back I saw the Quartermen shoot him down like a dog.

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We may not have field reports for a while, but Thomas' sacrifice will be written of in the days to come. Thomas' fight is over, but we must fight on. Friends, watch out for the Blue Trucks.

And speaking of things to watch out for, I- I am holding in my hand today's issue of The Daily Rapture; the so called 'News of the Free' that claims to be printed by freedom fighters like you or I. I say again, citizens, that this is nothing more than a tract of lies penned by the hand of Our Overlord and spread by his spies to trick and confuse. How many loved ones have we lost when following the advice given by these pages? Too many. Remember what happened at the docks last winter? Or at Royal Hope just last month? Both at the encouragement of the Rapture. But no more. They think we're idiots; that every time they wave a piece of cheese we'll chase it all the way into the belly of a cat. But I say to you now: we are not fools. Friends, have you noticed how nice the paper is? I wonder where I could get paper like that. And the ink! My my, that ink is pretty nifty. It doesn't smudge or rub onto my fingers. They say that- excuse me folks, Dan's talking into my ear. Luckily, you can't hear him. They say... alright folks, Dan's telling me that we're picking up a bit of interference on the band. Probably one

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of the Grand Overlord's Air Eaters trying to keep us quiet. Keep us from speaking the truth. I'd like to see them try. No one, not even the Overlord himself, citizen, can silence Matthew Absolom. You can't stop the truth. You can't stop the s-

Are we in? Listen to me everyone, we don't have much time. My name is Thomas Bradwell and Matthew Absolom is not your friend. Do not trust his lies. Now, what do you do with the last tree in the forest? I repeat, what do you do with the last tree in the forest? Good luck, everyone.

And I'm, ha ha, I'm sorry, friends, you're- you're back in the safe hands of Matthew Absolom once again. We, uhh, we seem to have been, uhh, temporarily hijacked, but I can assure you that it will not happen again. Listen to me, friends, I know what you must be thinking, but I saw the Quartermen shoot Thomas- shoot my friend- and paint the walls with his insides. Thomas was a hero and now they're using his voice to call me a- a liar!

So before we listen to the voice of a dead man and do something that will destroy everything we've worked towards, I ask we all just take a deep breath. Just in... And out.

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Now, a- a wise man once said. "Pick your battles, for the sword that is rarely used stays sharpest the longest," and this- this certainly applies today. Friends, if we tire ourselves at the whim of a- a ghost on the airwaves, then how will we find strength to overcome when the Lion seals his jaws around us? That is why I urge you not to take action. For now, at least. We must be a well tended machine. We are all parts, friend, of the grand machine that will lift us higher than we have ever been.

This is Matthew Absolom saying: the choice is yours.

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