

Outside I can hear it pumping. The Disco.

My finger rests on the trigger of an old Lumps rifle. Smoker made.

#261 is 40ft above a crowd of over 200 Lumps in the main square. They're praising him like a Slime Ear. But he's just a musician.

Maybe the greatest musician of all time, mind.

I can't stand the Disco anymore. But as you've probably guessed - Lumps are addicted to it. And #261 gives them their fix better than any Lump in history. He's laughing and joking with #118, who's hosting the festivities, and turning the volume higher with every beat. It's intense.

Underneath his alter-like stage, the crowd look up to him through a glass platform. Many of them have travelled miles to be there. Conveyor belts are running through the crowd at arm level, with food and drink and god knows what else offered free of charge. Anything to keep them dancing.

It's not just celebrities like #261 and #118 who give this week its status. You've got Robo Lumps down there. #195, even. Gold-stacked, robo suited royalty. I saw him talking to #1 earlier today on Lumps World News - crazy.

Lumps World fashion week never used to be a big deal.

But shit's been getting bad lately. Real bad.

The Mohawks are causing all sorts of disturbances downtown and in the fields and it's starting to raise suspicion. You might think an earth shattering explosion every few hours would ensure suspicion... but this is Lumps World. Things have gotta be pretty bad to distract us from fast food, video games and reactor chests. But they are pretty bad.

What's this got to do with Lumps World fashion week?

Hm.

#7.

Remember him? He's the Lump who's bankrolling this event. He's providing the speakers, the food, the lights, the... entertainment. He's the one who's booked #261 and #188. No doubt he's the reason that robo-royalty like #1 are being seen here.

And that's just it.

The louder his little mohawk experiments get out in the field... the bigger distraction he needs in the main square.

Course, it works. All of my liaisons have cancelled this month. As soon as I agree a meet up with an informer - boom. Suddenly they've been invited to the opening ceremony of Lumps World Fashion Week. Inconvenient isn't it? It's almost like someone doesn't want me looking into The Rapture. I wonder why.

I'm going pretty crazy in here. My grip tightens on the gun, I peer through the scope again.

The Disco is blasting through the walls of my little hideout. The cold air is seeping into my eye as I stare through my little gap and down into the party.

I'm in the attic of #292's main square residence. She's a very old acquaintance of #147. A smoker with real heart. Old as the hills. After I escaped from the fields last week I came here. She answered the door wearing a gold cuckoo hat. Could get killed for wearing that.

It's nice of her to let me base myself up here - but, shit, it's dark... and I'm going a bit mad.

Lumps World is facing a cataclysm.

#7 wants to open up portals into realities from the Lumps past and the future. The Voodoo Realm, The Quantum Realm.

He's playing God and he doesn't care what becomes of us. What devils will we find beyond those doors? Who will die in the process of this Crazy goal?

But we don't care. We'd rather dance our lives away to deafening disco, drunkenly debating which of her robo suits #1 will wear to Lumps World Fashion Week. While he plays with our existence...

I cock the gun, safety catch removed.

A red dot appears on #7's forehead...

Not on my watch, you bastard.

I take a breathe and steady myself. I've never killed a Lump before.