



Inside the gelltubes, the members of Team Blue floated oblivious to the hazardous forces of the final deceleration shifts of the vessel. When it arrived at the plotted marker the cruise control took over from the long-range autopilot. It also automatically switched to super stealth flight, having entered Cluster space. It was time to wake the crew.

Slowly the gelltubes were drained and life-support was transferred back to the team members. Finally, one by one the gelltubes opened and banked vertically to an 'easy exit' position. Then the passengers were awakened with a short electric pulse through their waist binders.

Joanna Brooks slowly opened her eyes. She had trouble realizing where she was. Recovering from hibernated stasis was like waking up from a life long sleep. It was her first time and it didn't feel natural at all. She checked herself by moving her limbs and flexing her muscles.

Dosed electric shocks through the gel prevented atrophy in the muscles, but still made them feel stiff. Through the transparent tubes she could see the other crew climb out. They all seemed weary and sleepy.

"Good afternoon, people," said Colonel Reed Ingun, leader of Team Blue. "I hope you all had a nice nap. Let's get dressed and ready. Burton and Shima, prepare the meals. Brooks, check our bio-status reports and James, I want a full flight report in ten. The rest prepare our gear."

"Aye, sir," the troopers hollered.

Fifteen minutes later they were gathered back in the room where they had hibernated for four days. The room was changed into a mess room with a metal table in the center of it. On it stood seven meals and the troopers ate quietly, mentally recovering from the trip and preparing themselves for the mission ahead.

"Alright ladies and gentlemen," said Ingun. "In three hours we will arrive at the service station near Ganymede. We will split up into two groups. One group will locate the tug and the other conceals our ship and prepares it for quick-evac. We will then regroup at the tug and fly to Ganymede."

"Shima?" Ingun said

"Yes, sir," Shima responded with a mouth full.

"You prepare the tug and enter the landing clearance codes."

Shima responded by saluting with his fork.

"I want everybody ready and alert when we arrive at the service station," continued Ingun. "We will certainly be noticed since this station hasn't been used for a while according to our informant.

I authorize all means necessary to prevent exposure or worse, capture. Is this clear?"

"Aye, sir!" the group acknowledged.

"On Ganymede," Ingun continued, "we separate into three groups. You will present yourselves as representatives of the Independent miners and you are looking for Mikiyaka Oshiro to propose a business alliance. If or when you discover his whereabouts, contact me and I'll order the regroup at the landing zone."

"Questions?" Ingun asked.

Brooks had one. "Aren't we supposed to look for the people that were kidnapped from the *Yakoura II*?"

She asked, hoping not to sound ignorant.

"True," said Ingun. "But Oshiro most likely know where they are. We will try to capture him and force him to tell us where we can find them. He will be negotiating for his life."

This surprised the group. Some stopped chewing, while others exchanged glances.

"Understand this," Ingun said, "the senate refuses to believe that the Cluster, or at least Oshiro is responsible for the act of aggression at the *Yakoura II*. SA recovered the surveillance tapes from the remains of the station. They evidently saw Oshiro leaving the station minutes before the attack. SA suspects Oshiro is operating on his own. They put him on their most-wanted list."

"Again, any questions?" he asked.

Nobody responded and finished their meals.

"Good," Ingun said. "When you're done here, run a full weapons and gear check. We land in ... two hours and thirty-six minutes."

Ingun looked at the men and women around the table and started smiling.

"Who are we?" he shouted.

The Team's response seriously took Brooks by surprise, resulting in nearly choking on her food.

"Blue! Blue! Blue!" chanted the group, slamming their metal cups in the table.

The man had found her, despite her carefulness not to be followed. He crossed the street and stepped into the bar. His dark long hair shadowed his face until he sat down at her table, where the candlelight revealed it.

"Miss La Guilla?" he asked, speaking with a soft deep voice.

"Yes. Who are you and why am I here?"

La Guilla's uneasiness was obvious.

"Before I tell you anything you must promise to never reveal your source to anyone. I already put myself in great danger by coming here. If you speak of me, I will definitely be excommunicated; probably to the penal colony on the North Pole."

"Okay, I promise," La Guilla said.

"Can I trust you?" he asked.

"Yes, you can, Mister...?"

"I work for the Astrology Research Laboratory. I will not reveal my name, of course. Can I have a drink?"

"Sure. What?"

"Vodka lime, please" he said.

When the waitress had brought their drinks La Guilla sat back and said, "I'm listening."

The man took a gulp from his glass, set it down and coughed nervously into his hands.

"Mind if I smoke?" he asked.

"Go ahead." La Guilla said, getting agitated.

"Three weeks ago," the man started, "we examined recordings made by our deep space transceivers. Especially, the subspace transmissions that were picked up prior to the attack on the *Yakoura II*. We had to search thousands of frequencies after they were processed by our..."

"What did you find?" La Guilla interrupted.

"Sorry." the man apologized. "We found a short transmission from one of the shuttles that engaged the attack to someone onboard the station. It was hard to understand what they were saying, but we could clearly hear a name.

"Who?" La Guilla said, as she leaned her elbows on the table to get closer to him.

"Oshiro," he whispered. "They addressed the receiver with 'Oshiro San'.

La Guilla gazed out the window and balled her hand into a fist.

"Damn it. I knew the bastard was involved," she said, slamming her fist on the table.

"From the gibberish," the man continued, "We could also hear them say to Oshiro to leave the station."

"I want to nail that son-of-a-bitch so bad. But, I can't if I don't have any proof. Can you get me a copy of that recording?" she asked.

"I will see what I can do. I tried to bring it with me, but the archive is heavily secured. I need time to get to it. I promise to send you a copy, but only if you don't say a word about our meeting, or how you got the recording."

"You have a deal. I'm going to speak with the Supreme Senate about this. You can rest assured you are safe, unlike Oshiro. He's in for a world of trouble."

A man and a woman stepped into the room when Dunn was about to try on a pair of boots he found in the bootracks.

"Who are you" the woman asked Dunn.

Dunn rose to his feet slowly and gave them a friendly smile.

"I'm Guzman. Who are you?" he asked calmly.

"You're not from here," she said. "Which freighter company do you work for?"

"I'm new here," Dunn said. "I transferred from the loading crew on station four."

The couple looked somewhat puzzled. The man removed his gloves as he approached Dunn.

"Can I see some identification?" he asked.

"Sure, I've got it right here," he said and reached in his side pocket.

The woman stepped closer. "Slowly," she said.

Dunn reached in his pocket, acted surprised and went through his other pockets.

"Damn it. I guess I left it in my other jacket back on the ship." Dunn said, trying to sound goofy.

"Alright. Come with us so we can sort this out," the woman said, ignorantly grabbing Dunn's shoulder.

When she motioned towards the door Dunn kicked her on the inside of her knee. The heel of his boot sunk in deep. She screamed loudly as he pulled her backwards making her fall on her back.

"I'm sorry for this." Dunn said and silenced her with a severe chopping blow on her chest.

Leaving her gasping for air Dunn jumped up to his feet. The woman's partner was reaching for his stunbaton, attached to his belt.

"Oh no you don't," Dunn said, swinging his fist at the man's face.

Blood shot out of his mouth as he fell back, hitting his head against the wall. To Dunn's surprise the man was unconscious. He stepped over the choking woman, grabbing a helmet and oxygen pack.

Opposite to the door where these guards came in, were two other doors.

As Dunn walked over to the doors he heard footsteps coming towards him. He quickly opened the door on the right and stepped through it.

"Shit," he said, realizing he was in a decompression chamber.

A couple of small windows revealed various hills and rocky plains that apparently surrounded the spaceport. Moments later he was outside and started walking along the structure, heading towards a small shuttleport at the far end.

There he tried to keep a low profile, but it was quite busy so he didn't stand out. He walked over to a couple of men operating a loader trolley.

"Hi guys. How can I get to the nearest settlements?" he asked them.

They turned around and looked at him skeptically.

One man said, "You're new here aren't you?"

Dunn nodded.

"Well when I'm done loading this baby," the man continued, "I'm flying over to C-Five and C-Six. You can ride with me if that's all right with your loading officer. You can give us a hand in the meantime," he smiled.

Dunn waded the offer and nodded again. He figured that he was wearing a loading crew jumpsuit and acting dumb would keep him out of trouble.

"You don't say much, do you?" the man asked.

"Not really," Dunn replied.

The man extended his hand.

"Rocco," he said.

"What?"

"That's my name."

"Ah, my name is Guzman," Dunn said.

He helped the men getting the cargopods out of a large container and into the small racks mounted on the bottom of the freightboat.

When the last pod was loaded, the other freightboats took off.

"Where are they going?" Dunn asked.

"To the other colonies. We must hurry. The next freighter will arrive in four hours and I have to deliver this load and bring a shipment of raw ore back here before they start making new transport rosters."

He jumped onto the entry steps and climbed into the cockpit. Dunn followed him and strapped himself into the chair next to Rocco. Through the canopy he could see a group of men stepping into the loading hangar.

They walked over to a man that looked like the manager of this enterprise.

He turned to Rocco and said, "Okay, I'm ready. Let's go!"

"Sure thing," Rocco said. "We have to hurry. If I don't screw up this time, they might extend my license for another year."

He worked the controls and the boat lifted silently. He eased it out of the hangar and picked up speed.

"How long before we get to C-Six?" Dunn asked.

"We go to Five first. That takes about ten minutes. Then we..."

"Okay, what can we find at C-Five?" Dunn interrupted.

The man sat back in the chair and let the boat fly itself.

"Well, you have your basic needs there. The residential and industrial domes are situated around the central commercial dome. About five thousand people live and work there - mostly miners and ore processors with their families. Calli-Six is about the same, but bigger."

"Any good places to eat?" asked Dunn.

"Five has a few good taverns where you can have a good meal. Don't eat any fish, though. Veggies and rice is what I prefer," he smiled, pointing his thumb to his chest.

Dunn looked out the canopy to the morbid landscape.

"How much for a meal?" he asked.

"Well, the average price for a decent meal is about five credits. Ten for a beer and thirty for cigarettes."

"I don't smoke," Dunn mumbled.

"You're a weird fellow, Guzman. Look, if you help me unload this cargo at Calli-Five I'll pay you one credit for each pod you help me with."

"Two."

Rocco looked at Dunn, who was still gazing outside.

"Look, I don't make a wealthy profit, so..."

"Two credits," Dunn interrupted.

"Fine, mister Guzman. But, you better unload quickly without screwing up, you hear?"

Dunn didn't respond.

"What company do you work for anyway? And where are you from? Rocco demanded.

"None of your business," Dunn snarled, looking at him.  
The rest of the trip they didn't speak.

Onboard the command station, Mikiyaka Oshiro sat in his office. The illumination reflected his mood – dark and depressing. He sat in his comfortable black leather sofa. He leaned his elbows on the armrests with his fingers crossed in front of his face. Gazing at the stars, he was worrying about the situation: Dunn had escaped and the men at the drill-site on Europa and their rescue team had disappeared. His plans were falling apart just when he was getting used to things going his way, one of the major amenities of becoming Grand-Director of Operations. However, his plans to subdue and colonize Europa were heading towards a disaster.

"Oshiro San?" his secretary called on the console.

"What is it?" he replied.

"I have a long-range transmission for you from the Terra Force. It was encrypted and prioritized as classified and extremely urgent, sir." she said.

"Okay, okay. Transfer it so my console."

A few moments later Ousha La Guilla and five members of the Supreme Senate appeared on the screen.

"Ugh, crap!" Oshiro uttered.

"Mister Oshiro. I will be brief and to the point," La Guilla started. "After carefully examining the surveillance recordings of the *Yakoura II*, we have reason to believe that you are involved, or even responsible for the traitorous act of bombing and destroying the space station to intervene with the negotiations."

"You do, huh?" Oshiro smirked.

"Therefore the senate gives you twenty-four hours to respond to our following demands: the immediate release of all prisoners and a payment of seventy-nine billion standard Terran credits. Or, the equivalent amount in water, ores or other valuable minerals," La Guilla said, reading the demands from a small screen in front of her.

"Have they lost their fucking minds?" Oshiro exclaimed.

"This payment will cover a small part of the damages of the *Yakoura II* and compensation for the families that have lost their beloved. You will transfer all financial means to our bank accounts at the Galaxy Mining Trade Center. Contingent minerals should be delivered at our cargo import bays, also at the Trade Center within five weeks.

If you choose to ignore these demands, severe measures will be taken against you and the civilization of the Far Station Cluster."

The screen went blank as La Guilla's words still echoed through Oshiro's office. He burst out in a hysterical and frantic laughter involuntarily expressing his panic and desperation.

He tabbed the console to contact his secretary. When she responded he yelled, "Bring me Tagoya!"

Near Ganymede, Team Blue's pilot Kai Shima, carefully steered a small tug away from the old service station. Following the plotted course towards the moon's surface. The rest of the team sat in the rear of the tug, packed and ready for their mission. Their equipment and weapons were carefully concealed in plain looking backpacks. Reed Ingun sat in the cockpit next to Shima. Through the microphone in his helmet he contacted the spaceport on Ganymede. After a short debate about the tug's destination and origin, he received approval for landing. Ingun told the flight control operator at the spaceport that he represented a new cargo relocation company and that they were looking for business.

Ingun turned around and yelled, "We're cleared to land. We should land in twenty minutes. Hang on to your seats, this will be a rough ride."

Vince Burton sat next to Joanna Brooks. He was starting to turn a bit pale and little beads of sweat appeared on his face.

Burton had a bad experience with descents when he and his fellow trainees at the Marines bootcamp had just returned from zero-g training. During the descent to the spaceport, the landingcraft's primary and back-up propulsion systems malfunctioned. The pilot was able to divert the vessel to the Mexican Gulf. Utilizing the repulsor-lift systems to reduce the free-fall impact, he was able to crash-land the vessel without any casualties and save the hardware. After that Burton hated descents.

Brooks noticed Burton's condition and released her safetybelt. She wrapped her arm around him and felt his body trembling.

"We're gonna be fine, big guy," she whispered in his ears. "It's just like the blast-rides at the amusement parks back home."

He balled his fists to fight his anxiety.

"Kai is a good pilot." Brooks continued, "He will land this piece of crap safely like a bird."

Burton squeezed her hand when the tug shuddered as it landed.

Caution lights were activated and the men and women strapped on their oxygen packs. The side hatch opened and the tug's interior decompressed. After they had exited the tug and walked on the landing stage Burton put his hand on Brook's shoulder.

"Thanks for what you did back there," he said through his facemask.

"No problem." she said.

As the group approached the spaceport's customs and logistics manager, Ingun rounded up his team. "I saw a small settlement about ten miles away from here." Ingun yelled through his mask. "We will take the first commuter bus into town. There we split up and try to get as much information as we can. We regroup here in five hours. Try to blend in. If you are not here we will wait for thirty minutes, tops. Then you're on your own getting back to the service station. Understood?" Everybody gave him thumbs up.

Onboard a class three executive starcruiser, Mike O'Reilly and his administrator, Simmy, worked on new contracts and trade regulations that they wanted to present to Bruce Hunt, head of Terra Force Commerce and Industry. It had been five days since they left the Trace Center. The meeting with Hunt would take place on the largest and most powerful battle cruiser in Terra Force's fleet, called the *TF Bermuda*. It flew back and forth between the outer waypoint stations and Earth's Moon in a star-like pattern.

"We must succeed this time," Simmy said. "Our sales have dropped and the independent miners are afraid to come to the station. Even I don't feel safe there. Who knows what those terrorists will do next?" "I know," O'Reilly said. "If these negotiations are successful I will ask Mister Hunt if Terra Force can offer the Trade Center some protection."

The starcruiser's autopilot alarmed the proximity of the *Bermuda* and warned O'Reilly.

"Come on, Simmy. Let's get dressed for the occasion."

The *Bermuda* slowed down to let the tractorbeam pull the starcruiser safely into its shuttlebay. When it was secured, the entrance ramp lowered itself and the guests walked down. O'Reilly was dressed in a brown jacket, black leisure pants and black boots. Simmy was wearing a traditional Greek garment, with black and white patches.

Four Elite Guardsmen and a bald man in a dark blue robe awaited them.

The bald man bowed.

"Welcome," he said. "Please follow me to your quarters. Mister Hunt will meet with you shortly. I will be at your service for the rest of your visit."

The man spoke in a calm and humble manner. He gestured to the guards and they trotted off.

Walking through several shuttlebays and past occupied battle stations Simmy tapped O'Reilly on the shoulder.

"Is it me, or is it somewhat busy here?" he wondered.

O'Reilly responded by lifting his shoulder and eyebrows. He looked back at Simmy and said, "Maybe they are always this prepared."

Moments later they arrived at their quarters.

"I will come for you when Mister Hunt is ready to see you," the bald man said.

O'Reilly and Simmy stepped inside and the door closed.

"What a creep," Simmy grinned.

"Now, now, Simmy." O'Reilly said, hiding a smile. "A little more respect for our host, please."

"He's still a creep," Simmy said, taking off his coat.

"Yes, he is."

The men laughed.

Simmy opened his bag and pulled out a data-board that contained the contracts and proposals. They had been working on them for the past six days.

"I'd like to review that last paragraph of article three," O'Reilly said, reaching out his hand to receive the data-board.

"Why, what's wrong with it?" Simmy asked.

"Nothing, really. I just want to be sure we are making Mister Hunt an offer he can't refuse."

On Ganymede, Team Blue arrived in the settlement called Daiippo. It was the first settlement on Ganymede after Callisto was successfully colonized as a result of the Big Journey.

The modules and compartments for the settlement were manufactured onboard several of the first space stations that took part in the Big Journey.

The team exited the commuter bus and walked through the docking hatches. This led them directly onto the main promenade of the central module. From an elevated deck they observed a street-like passageway. It ran from a gateway on one side of the module to the other side. It was much more crowded than the team had expected. They took off their helmets and walked to the stairways to get to ground level.

On Ingun's sign they split up and mixed with the crowd. Ingun and Shima walked over to the nearest café. They were almost run over by two bulky droids when they crossed the passageway.

Droids weren't used on Earth since they much rather depended on human skills. Here in the Far Station Cluster droids were a very common sight, since eighty percent of the colonists were Japanese. Japan was famous for its robotics and cybernetics in the late twentieth century.

Ingun stopped to marvel at the droids, but Shima pulled the colonel into the bar.

"Sorry for that," Shima apologized.

"No problem. I just hadn't seen one before. Let's mingle and see if we can squeeze something from these people."

Sonja Amesz and Timo Meeks - Team Blue's scout and medic - walked to the south gateway into what appeared to be the residential module. Brooks, Burton and Vincent James, their explosives specialist, headed towards the other gateway.

In the residential module it was less busy. In-between the stacked houses that looked like little metal sheds were narrow walkways. Amesz and Meeks found themselves that they were numbered. At every small intersection hung small sign with hand written numbers. They encountered mainly women and children. Amesz figured that the men probably were working in the mines outside the modules. She walked over to a couple of women sitting in front of their 'sheds'. Little kids sat on their knees on the floor playing with their toys.

"Excuse me," she started.

The women were startled.

"Can you tell me where we can find the settlement's administration office?" Amesz asked politely.

The women were discussing among themselves in a foreign language. One of them picked up her son and scurried away.

"No, no. Don't know." the other woman said. She sounded alarmed. Almost as if she was scared to be seen talking to strangers.

"Ehh, thanks," Amesz said and turned to Meeks. "Let's get out of here."

When Dunn and Rocco arrived in Calli-Five with the freightboat, they unloaded the cargopods from the racks. They had circled the colony and landed on a small platform adjacent to one of the three outer domes.

The domes were connected to the main dome with fortified pipes. These supported rapid cargo and passenger transit system, to and from the central dome. The outer domes were almost two miles in diameter, whereas the main dome nearly reached five miles across.

Dunn was hoping to buy or, if necessary, steal equipment to send a message home. He would need a powerful subspace transmitter array and a communications computer to encrypt the message and broadcast it on the correct frequencies. If successful, it would be picked up by the Terra Force Space Control Center on Earth's Moon.

All over the Moon stood large sensor arrays and energy receptors for deep space communications, making the Moon one big transceiver.

Rocco had walked off to the cargobay manager, a friend of him he said, leaving Dunn with the freightboat. Dunn thought of taking it and fly away, but he dismissed the idea, thinking it would be better not to cause trouble. Not yet anyway.

The loader returned and handed Dunn a thin metallic card.

"What's this?" Dunn asked surprised, examining the little gift.

"This holds sixty credits. You can pay for food and a place to sleep. It will last you about two or three days so you better find yourself a job soon. I talked to my friend there. If you want, you can work here and earn some more credits."

"Thank you," Dunn said, "I much appreciate it."

Rocco glanced at his wristpad and said, "Look, I've got to go. Take care, Guzman."

"You too," Dunn said and watched the loader get back into his freightboat.

He turned around and walked into the cargobay. When he walked past the manager's office a hand slapped him on the shoulder to stop him. It startled him and he turned to face a big, burly and very fat man. His outfit was clearly too tight as it stretched around his huge waist.

"We don't want your kind here," the brute barked at him.

"And what kind would that be?" Dunn asked as he took a few steps back.

"The begging and free loading kind. Always looking for handouts and taking advantage of the kind hearted, like Rocco."

"Look, I'm not that kind. Just leave me alone and I won't get in your way either," Dunn pleaded.

"We'll be watching you, mister." The man said, pointing his finger at Dunn.

"Don't waist your time."

Dunn took another step back slowly and turned around to enter the dome.

Inside it was a whole different world than Dunn had ever seen before. He had visited small settlements on the Moon and boarded dozens of space stations. Calli-Five was a complete new and strange place all together. The presence of many droids and an extremely dense population were the obvious differences, but the way the interior was built really caught Dunn's attention. It seemed as if scrap metal from old space stations was used to build the small structures inside the main dome. The lights at the ceiling were soft and gloom pervaded the dome. He stood staring at the streets and buildings around him, becoming aware of a distinct aroma of food that separated itself from the heavy, stale odor that filled the air.

A small door opening provided him a glance inside a tavern across the street. Occasionally one or more people entered and left the tavern. He felt restrained to have a look inside, but his appetite prevailed.

Once inside he saw several tables along the wall and an improvised bar on the other side. It wasn't crowded and he sat down on a stool at the far end of the bar.

"What will it be, sir?" the bartender asked.

"Anything cold will do fine. And something to eat if that is possible," Dunn replied.

"Well, we stopped serving lunch, but I can get you some sushi," suggested the friendly looking man.

"No, no fish, please. Rice perhaps. With some lettuce or beans," Dunn tried.

"Rice we have, but only with tofu and broccoli. A beer with that?"

"Okay. Make that an extra large order, please. I'm famished."

The man walked off to the kitchen and returned to the bar to serve him a beer.

Twenty minutes later the bartender gave him his meal and charged his credit card.

"You idiot!" Oshiro yelled at Tagoya. "You assured me that there would be no evidence or any kind of proof that would link me to it."

"I don't understand how they were able to recover the recordings from the wreckage." Tagoya defended himself. "After they had launched the rockets to disable the station, they boarded it, took hostages and scanned everything for audio and visual recording equipment. Then they blew up the rest when they left."

"They failed," Oshiro roared, gritting his teeth and slamming his fist on the table. "If you make another mistake like this, it will be a fatal one, do you understand?"

Tagoya avoided looking at him and nodded.

"Now, gather your men and help those other idiots find Colonel Dunn."

Tagoya rushed out of the room, glad to be alive. Oshiro was known for his ruthless leadership, which had cost several men their lives.

Oshiro sat down behind his desk, buttoned his shirt and fashioned his hair. He tabbed the console and called his secretary.

"Yes, Oshiro San?" she responded.

"Open a channel to Earth. I wish to speak with Ousha La Guilla."

Five minutes later, the Terra Force emblem appeared on his holoscreen.

"Hello, Mister Oshiro," La Guilla said formally.

"I have talked with my advisors," Oshiro began, ignoring La Guilla's greeting, "We are not aware of any orders or initiatives to attack any station or even to take hostages. Thus, we do not wish to claim or admit responsibility for the severe tragedy that has come on your path."

Oshiro leaned back and waited for the transmission to arrive on Earth. He could see La Guilla biting her teeth and turning red in the face.

"Listen, you animal," La Guilla growled, "You can try to fool the senate or anybody else, but I'm on to you."

Oshiro kept a straight face, almost as if he was smiling.

"I find your accusations very hostile, Madam La Guilla. I have no desire to ruin our prosperous relationship with Terra Force. Our civilizations depend on each other to survive. I sympathize greatly for the families and friends who lost a loved one. It is a great tragedy that..."

"Oh, please," La Guilla interrupted. "You can't delude me with your hollow diplomatic phrases. I will note your response and address the senate. I will include my personal findings as well. You will be notified of the consequences. I think you could be preparing for war by the end of tomorrow. Good day Mister Oshiro," she concluded.

The Terra Force emblem appeared again and the screen turned idle a few seconds later, leaving Oshiro furious at his desk.

--- End of episode 4 ---