

MEMO TO: LANCE CORPORAL LINK MORRISON
FROM: PRIVATE DARREN JAMES
RE: ON-GOING INVESTIGATION UNIT398
ST. JUDE'S CHURCH DESECRATION "DOROTHY GALE"

Sir,

Following your request for any files relating to ST. JUDE'S CHURCH, please find enclosed hard copy of an ICMG report. The Archivists are rather anxious to get it back, as it hasn't been entered on the computer system yet. I've marked it FYA as SUBJECT1's description matches that of the suspect caught on camera during the incident.

Transcript follows:

ICMG07: As yet, no sign of

CONTROL: You are aware I have to transcribe all this . . . ?

ICMG07:

CONTROL: Descriptions?

ICMG07: SUBJECT1 is male, short - say five seven - dark hair, grey eyes, best guess around forty. No, ninety. Say hard to pin down. He's got a hat and a scarf, a dark jacket and some kind of . . . I think it's an umbrella. Not much else it could be.

CONTROL: Logged. And the second?

ICMG07: Can't see: she's hidden behind SUBJECT1.

CONTROL: Try and get close enough for a positive ID. Carefully.

ICMG07: They're right by the graveside. Hold on, I'll see how close I can get. Can you pick them up, or do I need to relay for you?

CONTROL:

SUBJECT1: . . . my fault.

CONTROL: I have them. Stay quiet, Pete.

SUBJECT2: Well what did you think you were doing? If you'd have kept your nose out of it, everything would've been fine. As long as you didn't look, you didn't know. And if you didn't know, you could fiddle about with the timelines to your heart's content. Without risking a paradox.

SUBJECT1: But if I didn't know, how could I know to do something about it?

SUBJECT2: Humph. You were lucky this time.

ICMG07: Control?

CONTROL: Shh.

SUBJECT1: I don't suppose you're here to give me a little clue about what happens, are you?

SUBJECT2: Would you want me to if I was?

SUBJECT1:

ICMG07: I have a visual on SUBJECT2. You're not going to believe this.

CONTROL: Hold fire, oh-seven.

SUBJECT2: . . . novelty factor, I s'pose. You have to admit, you would if you could.

SUBJECT1: I have, on occasions.

SUBJECT2: Figures.

SUBJECT1: Of course, you being here could be seen as a sign.

SUBJECT2: That . . ?

SUBJECT1: Everything works out for the best.

SUBJECT2: I s'pose. Or you could take it as a sign that you messed up big time, and the universe is unravelling about our ears.

SUBJECT1: There is that way of looking at it.

SUBJECT2: I'd better go.

SUBJECT1: You won't stay?

SUBJECT2: It'll only get depressing. See you later. Hopefully.

CONTROL: Oh-seven? What's happening?

ICMG07: SUBJECT2 is leaving.

CONTROL: Give me that description.

ICMG07: It's crazy. She's

CONTROL: Do it properly, Private. For the record.

ICMG07: Yes, sir. Sorry . . . SUBJECT2 is female, roughly five ten, approximately thirty years old. Long brown hair in a . . . what do you call them? Ponytail? She's wearing a long leather coat and it looks like she's got a hunchback. I think she's got some kind of device on her back, under the coat.

CONTROL: Logged.

ICMG07: Did the victim have a sister?

CONTROL: You know she didn't.

ICMG07: Well in that case I don't want to think about it. Dave, she's the victim. They're just about to bury her and she's walking around happy as Larry and a good ten years older. Do you want me to follow? Control?