

*"Where humanity is our paramount concern"*

The Office of the President  
31 May 2261

You Idiots!

Of course those "jelly balloons" are intelligent! Our biolabs ran a simple Shoefeld Test on the information you supplied us and came up with a 73% probability that the creature you chopped up is sapient! Why didn't you morons perform your own test?

Also 100% probable, in my opinion, is that native Titanians don't take lightly to having one of their own minced up by barbarians like us. Perhaps by now it's penetrated your thick skulls that the Titanians are responsible for the "mutants and monsters" that destroyed Proscenium! That big creature-thing found in the tunnel complex near Proscenium may be the cause. Our brave human "colonists" are going to be decimated by the Titanian "natives" protecting their homelands.

This is a public relations nightmare! The Second United Nations have been after us for years to "spread our assets among the Fourth World Nations." Now you've handed every one of our enemies, competitors and rivals a stick to beat us into the ground! Titan — and SOL-R-GARD — are lost to us!

Well, it's time to form our own circle of wagons and cut bait while there's time. As much as I'd love to leave you idiots there to stew in your own juices, it's more important to save the reputation and future of Paramount Mining, and that means I've got to bail you out.

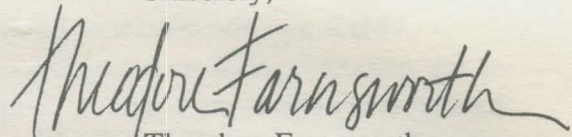
**Here's exactly what you are to do:**

1. Download the computer core onto disks and get them aboard the fastest transport you can find. Forward the disks to Geneva headquarters. All other Paramount Mining, Inc. files and company records must be saved. I hereby give you permission to commandeer every form of space transport on Titan for this purpose.
2. Destroy all physical evidence you've gathered. There must not be a shred remaining to connect us with this disaster. Cornie Wrak, my dear nephew, I'm warning you especially, because your memory lapses have been so notable in the past.

3. Shut down all mining operations on Titan. Perhaps we can at least delay an other disaster this way.
4. To avert suspicion from us, offer a reward to the first man to discover why communications went down with Proscenium. Thank heavens, the speeder system to Proscenium was not yet operational when this disaster occurred. You might get one or two fools brave enough to walk to Proscenium from Parallax, but they won't come back. This should buy us time.
5. As much as I would like to order the general evacuation of Titan, it is simply not possible. Saturn is in a poor position in its orbit relative to our other bases, and so transport ships will be few and far between for the next 18 months. I suppose, for the sake of the Paramount Mining chain of command, I'll have to allow you clowns off Titan with the company files ... much as I'd love to let you suffer the same fate as those innocent civilians. Ceres station will be alerted of your expected arrival in five months.

I want you off Titan in three days. Get cracking!

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Theodore Farnsworth". The signature is written in a cursive, slightly slanted style with a long horizontal flourish at the end.

Theodore Farnsworth  
President