

POST-
CAP-
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IST

**stanley
lieber**

3,500,000,000 BCE.

France.

"To sell crack: First, raise consciousness. Next, take direct action. Distribute the product."

Thomas sat down in the pool of black water. Small waves buffeted his chest. He ignored the obvious.

"I'm raising awareness."

Piro started to speak but then closed his mouth. His question had been answered. Besides, Thomas' croaker sack had slipped beneath the surface of the dark lake.

The rising lake.

"Life here is hard," Thomas remarked.

"Life is life," countered Piro. "We get in where we fit in."

Thomas could only nod his head in recognition of his own words as the waves lapped around his shoulders.

Then, he flashed on the root of the problem.

"There are no customers."

"The work of building a new nation capable of supporting the drug trade will be a long, tedious slog. Do you really think you're up for this?"

Thomas considered the situation. Life here had just begun. The possibilities were literally — *figuratively* — endless. Impossible to map. The worst that could happen would be that their venture would fail. He adjusted his visor and examined the black murk that gathered around his chin. Working...

"I have an idea," he finally said, and scooped some of the black water into a pouch that suddenly appeared in his hand.

Piro smiled, inwardly steeling himself for commerce.

Presently, the RAGNAROK broke radio silence.