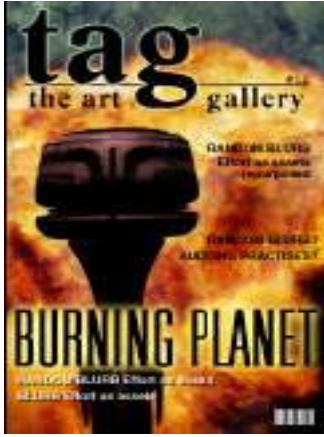


## Madman or Idealist?

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High Commander Fisk; the name probably sends shudders down the spines of most of the neutral population. Some of the clan population too maybe.

He is the current administrator of Tir, put in office by Simon Silverstone on behalf of the Sentinels, and he is known for his lack of patience, his lack of

compassion, and his lack of understanding for the politically neutral.

After he was put in sole charge up in Tir he has run a tight ship indeed. After the brief period of complete anarchy up there the Sentinels in general - and Fisk in particular - have started cleaning the place up, and anyone not aligned with the clans can expect a hostile reception. Even the neutrals.

Working for a neutrally aligned publication it was not without apprehension I went to meet the man by many characterized as the "most brutal man ever to reach such a position of power" on Rubi-Ka. Ever. Including Omni-Tek employees.

"I have absolutely no tolerance for people who lack the guts to have an opinion, and stand by it. It's cowardly, weak, and completely dishonorable. I loathe the neutral, even more so than the Omnis. At least they believe in something."

I start to shake violently with Fisk's gaze fixed on me, his eyes filled with contempt as he releases one tirade after the other, spitting out words of disdain at everything I believe in. I'm frightened; I keep my eyes downcast and my hands visible.

"Indifference is a dangerous cancer that has to be cut away as early as possible, without question, and without lack of resolve. How can you ever hope to trust someone with two coats on?"

"I...", I try.

"NOTHING will ever dissuade me. Neutrals should be wiped off the planet,"

"But...",

"No buts, if it was up to me, and I had the resources available, both Newland City and Borealis would be blown to thousands of pieces in order to eradicate this breeding ground for thoughtless indifferent drones they have created."

It kept going, and going, and going, and I got increasingly afraid, subdued and cowed until I was just listening, terrified of talking back. I have a thought, a sound belief that at the core, there is good in everyone, that everyone can be reasoned with if done logically, rationally. That was torn to pieces during my short time with this man. What has Tir become? I don't know, but it is far from the bastion of free will it used to be, and I think I've set foot there for the last time unless something should "happen" to Fisk.