WORK CONDITIONS:

Some fishy thoughts about survival

It's all about meat & who will eat Under the waves sum pretend there's harmony & peace but the oceans argh bloody huntin' grounds & places ah kunstant intrigue where creatures hide-n-seek ta exploit the weak No question it's a jungle down below & pelagic awareness is in us (though we mask its snare) Learn to distinguish predator frum prey & remember anyone kun be terminated quickly without severance pay

Andrei: (sighing) Hmm... Nothing optimistic he

Ellesha: On the material plane it's what we have: layer after layer of eating.

Soo: There must be a way beyond it!

Philyra: You can't get beyond it. All the chanting and bowing and praying is

basically nonsense. All that we can do is make a heroic choice to

fearlessly defend our core values.

Jules: (laughing) Huh? Actually, I'm a bagel: my core is empty.

Andrei: Zhat's the same as all of us. And I kun relate to zis poem — it reminds

me of Povlatov and Golding.

