

Eddie,

If you're reading this, that means I'm probably dead. I don't know how I died, or who killed me. I've installed a transmitter in my skull. If my brain's activity ceases, then a signal goes out to a group of couriers to pick up this letter from a safe-deposit box in Mexico City and send it to you. I've discovered a lot of stuff going on down here, so much more than what they're letting me say.

Eddie, if there's anything you can take away from this letter, I just want you to know that you were right all along. You were always right. I was a damn fool for not sticking up for you when that Palbanks thing went down. I was too technical, too bogged down in the system and the narrative to see what was going on. Kleinburg can go to hell, him and all his little suck-up friends at the Chronicle. I hate this paper, I hate the bullshit that they make me print. I hate it all. Whatever those rat bastards tell you is going on in Mexico, take it with a grain of salt. They tell me how I'm going to spin a story before it gets printed. If I'm dead, they've probably spun the hell out of that too.

There's so much crazy stuff going on down here that it would blow your mind. I can't even begin to write it in this letter. I don't know who I can trust anymore. The best I can do is tell you what to do so you can see it all yourself and hopefully tell the world the truth. The past couple of nights, I've been tossing and turning in my bed because I'm so sick of all the lies. I keep thinking back to that night before you went public with the Palbanks story, how I told you there might be trouble if you snuck it past the editors. I remember how adamant you were, so insistent that the truth had to be spoken. I thought you were wrong, breaking the rules of the paper. But it turns out I was wrong, since we were breaking the rules of honest journalism. You know what I took away from that night, Eddie? I took away the fact that Edward Sunderland was one of the bravest sons of bitches in all of New York. You were strong enough to dig your heels in and stand up for what you believed in. That's why right now, you're the only one hearing from me that I'm dead.

I'm sure you're wondering why you never got invited to my funeral. I made it a specific point to leave you out of it, and for that I'm truly sorry. I was worried if you showed up, or were a part of my will, whoever killed me would suspect you might know something. They may already suspect my family, God forgive me. They don't know anything, and I think it's better that way. If they had known what I've seen, they would go mad. I've witnessed so many horrible things, so many atrocities and depravities. And worst of all, I helped cover them all up.

That's where you come in. I want you to do what you did with the Palbanks story: I want you to find the truth, and I want you to tell the world. I want everyone to know the truth about our government, the Mexican government, about Kleinburg, about the cartels, Panopticon and Michimaru, the Manhattan Brotherhood, Tijuana, Tiberon Island, all of it. There's so much going on in Mexico, so much that the world needs to know about. I've tried to tell the stories, but evidently, someone shut me up. You need to do what I couldn't, Eddie.

Here's what you need to do. First, quit your job. Make sure you also have your shots: Your eating habits aren't great as it is and Montezuma's Revenge isn't fun. If you can, buy a universal translator. It's a lot cheaper than getting a Rosetta Stone Implant like I did. Then buy a one-way ticket to Corpus Christi, Texas. Take all the money you have and transfer it to cryptocredit, put that on a hard drive. Pack it with your laptop, but keep wireless dead until you're in Mexico. Same with your phone. Don't bring anything else anyone can use to track you. Don't pack too heavily, make sure you can keep everything all on your person. Dress warm, obviously.

When you get to Corpus Christi, there's a truck stop not too far from the airport called "Leo's". Go to the diner there and order a meal with a "One-eyed Jack" as a side. The waitress will let you pay in Cryptocoin, and the back of your receipt will have a truck's license plate written on the back along with the name of the

trucker. He'll give you a ride across the border into Mexico. Before you do this, you should probably buy yourself a knife or another weapon, in case the trucker tries to rob you.

Once you're in Mexico, figure out where you are. Call the "Red Hot 7" Casino and Hotel in Mexico City. Ask for Manuel and say you're calling on my behalf. They'll give you another number to call, make sure you've got it. That's a secure alternative when no one is listening in. When Manuel picks up, tell him who you are and where the trucker will drop you off. He'll ask you if you need a lift. Tell him you want to go to the moon, that's your password. Manuel will figure out how to get you to the Red Hot 7. Follow his instructions.

The Red Hot 7 is owned by the Granado family, who have bought off the police in Mexico City. You'll be safe there, but don't bother with the gambling, since it's all rigged. The Granados have given me an indefinite stay at Room 214. You have a keycard for it. If I was killed in my room or someone else has my keycard, they'll move you to a new one. You can trust the Granados: they're just as sickened with what's happening here as I am. They've been a great help to me and I'm sure they'll help you out too.

Also, keep in mind that the Mexican police is not the same as their military police. The Granados own the former, not the latter. Do not under any circumstances trust the military. If it wasn't for the outside threat of the cartels and the rebels, they'd love to declare a coup and take over the country for themselves. They're ruthless and brutal. Avoid them whenever possible. One other thing: if you see a man with a scorpion tattooed on his back, keep away from him at all costs.

I'm entrusting you with a big job here, Eddie. This story got me killed. I need you to finish what I've started. Don't do it for me, do it for the truth. Do it for the sake of good journalism. I couldn't think of anyone better to tell this story than you. I need you to go out there and show the world what's happening. We can't look away from all of this. It's much too large to ignore. We have a duty as journalists to go out and shine a light on the dark corners of the world, and show humanity what they'd like to ignore. I've always believed that, and I know you believe it still. You sacrificed your career for that ideal, and I now I've given my life.

This will be the last time you'll ever hear from me. I want you to know that you were without a doubt the best friend I ever had. If it weren't for you I'd have burnt out years ago, back in college. You were an inspiration to me, with your passion and zeal. I owe all my success to you. When the Chronicle fired you, I was considering resigning in protest. Had I ever gotten the ability to start my own publication, you'd have been the first man I'd have hired. I know you've had a rough life, far worse than anything I've been through. But I want you to know that you are a damn good journalist, even better than me. There were so many nights where I wanted to quit and give it all up, only to remember that you wouldn't dare do so.

I'm sorry about stabbing you in the back at the Chronicle. I'm sorry we never got to say goodbye before I left for Mexico. I'm sorry I didn't invite you to my funeral. I'm sorry I never got the chance to make it all up to you. I'm sorry the last message I'm sending to you is such a burden. I'm sorry I won't be able to help you with the task I've just dumped on you. I'm sorry that I won't be there to congratulate you and sing your praises when you finally tell the world. I'm so sorry about everything.

You've got a heart of gold, Eddie. Don't let anyone try to take that from you.

Sincerely,

Jeremy Robinson