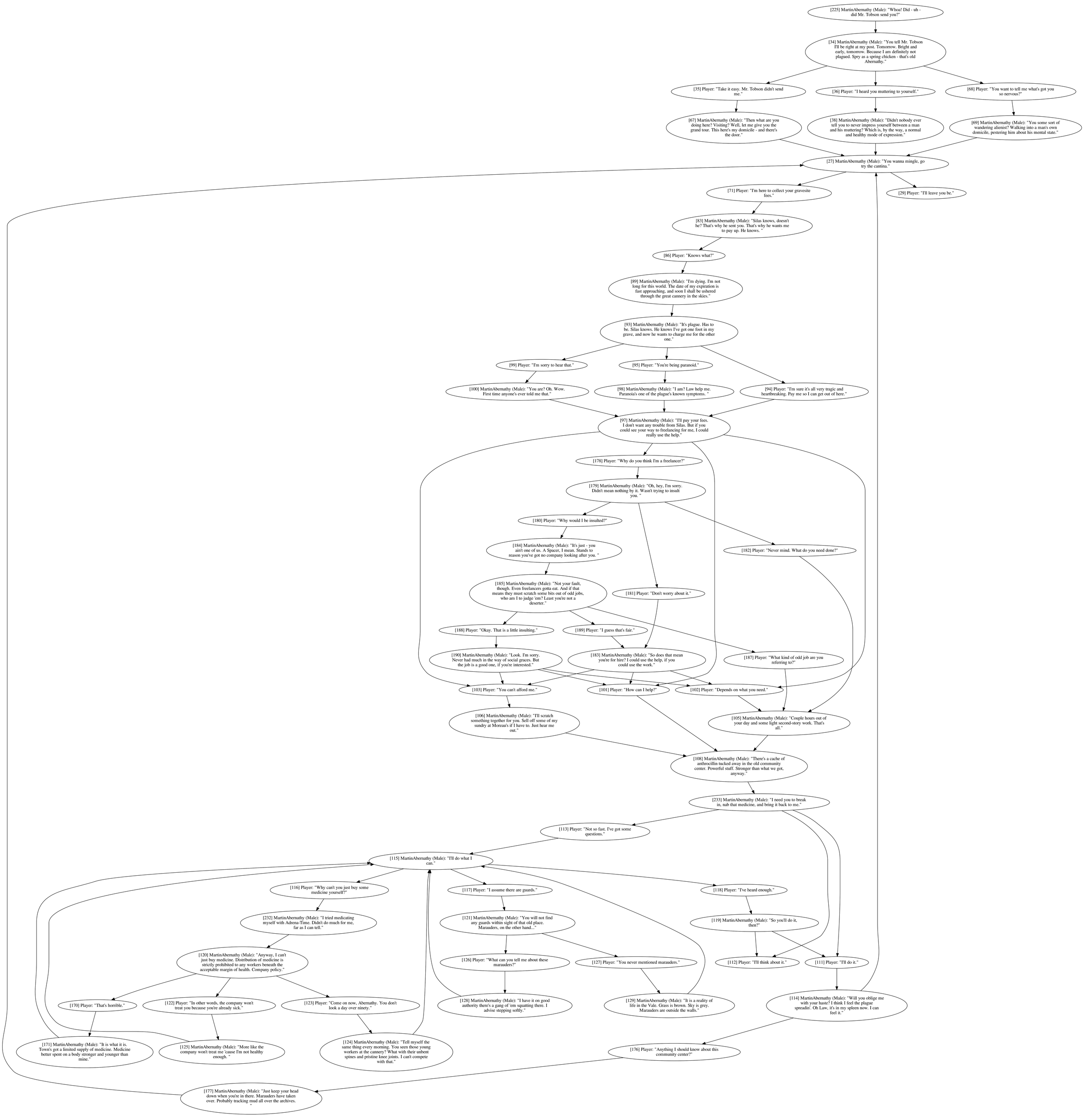
[225] MartinAbernathy (Male): "Whoa! Did - uh - did Mr. Tobson send you?"
[34] MartinAbernathy (Male): "You tell Mr. Tobson I'll be right at my post. Tomorrow. Bright and early, tomorrow. Because I am definitely not plagued. Spry as a spring chicken - that's old Abernathy."
[35] Player: "Take it easy. Mr. Tobson didn't send me."
[36] Player: "I heard you muttering to yourself."
[68] Player: "You want to tell me what's got you so nervous?"
[67] MartinAbernathy (Male): "Then what are you doing here? Visiting? Well, let me give you the grand tour. This here's my domicile - and there's the door."
[38] MartinAbernathy (Male): "Didn't nobody ever tell you to never impress yourself between a man and his muttering? Which is, by the way, a normal and healthy mode of expression."
[69] MartinAbernathy (Male): "You some sort of wandering alienist? Walking into a man's own domicile, pestering him about his mental state."
[27] MartinAbernathy (Male): "You wanna mingle, go try the cantina."
[71] Player: "I'm here to collect your gravesite fees."
[29] Player: "I'll leave you be."
[83] MartinAbernathy (Male): "Silas knows, doesn't he? That's why he sent you. That's why he wants me to pay up. He knows. "
[86] Player: "Knows what?"
[89] MartinAbernathy (Male): "I'm dying. I'm not long for this world. The date of my expiration is fast approaching, and soon I shall be ushered through the great cannery in the skies."
[93] MartinAbernathy (Male): "It's plague. Has to be. Silas knows. He knows I've got one foot in my grave, and now he wants to charge me for the other one."
[99] Player: "I'm sorry to hear that."
[95] Player: "You're being paranoid."
[100] MartinAbernathy (Male): "You are? Oh. Wow. First time anyone's ever told me that."
[98] MartinAbernathy (Male): "I am? Law help me. Paranoia's one of the plague's known symptoms. "
[94] Player: "I'm sure it's all very tragic and heartbreaking. Pay me so I can get out of here."
[97] MartinAbernathy (Male): "I'll pay your fees. I don't want any trouble from Silas. But if you could see your way to freelancing for me, I could really use the help."
[178] Player: "Why do you think I'm a freelancer?"
[179] MartinAbernathy (Male): "Oh, hey, I'm sorry. Didn't mean nothing by it. Wasn't trying to insult you. "
[180] Player: "Why would I be insulted?"
[182] Player: "Never mind. What do you need done?"
[184] MartinAbernathy (Male): "It's just - you ain't one of us. A Spacer, I mean. Stands to reason you've got no company looking after you. "
[185] MartinAbernathy (Male): "Not your fault, though. Even freelancers gotta eat. And if that means they must scratch some bits out of odd jobs, who am I to judge 'em? Least you're not a deserter."
[181] Player: "Don't worry about it."
[188] Player: "Okay. That is a little insulting."
[189] Player: "I guess that's fair."
[190] MartinAbernathy (Male): "Look. I'm sorry. Never had much in the way of social graces. But the job is a good one, if you're interested."
[183] MartinAbernathy (Male): "So does that mean you're for hire? I could use the help, if you could use the work."
[187] Player: "What kind of odd job are you referring to?"
[103] Player: "You can't afford me."
[101] Player: "How can I help?"
[102] Player: "Depends on what you need."
[106] MartinAbernathy (Male): "I'll scratch something together for you. Sell off some of my sundry at Moreau's if I have to. Just hear me out."
[105] MartinAbernathy (Male): "Couple hours out of your day and some light second-story work. That's all."
[108] MartinAbernathy (Male): "There's a cache of anthrocillin tucked away in the old community center. Powerful stuff. Stronger than what we got, anyway."
[233] MartinAbernathy (Male): "I need you to break in, nab that medicine, and bring it back to me."
[113] Player: "Not so fast. I've got some questions."
[115] MartinAbernathy (Male): "I'll do what I can."
[116] Player: "Why can't you just buy some medicine yourself?"
[117] Player: "I assume there are guards."
[118] Player: "I've heard enough."
[232] MartinAbernathy (Male): "I tried medicating myself with Adrena-Time. Didn't do much for me, far as I can tell."
[121] MartinAbernathy (Male): "You will not find any guards within sight of that old place. Marauders, on the other hand..."
[119] MartinAbernathy (Male): "So you'll do it, then?"
[120] MartinAbernathy (Male): "Anyway, I can't just buy medicine. Distribution of medicine is strictly prohibited to any workers beneath the acceptable margin of health. Company policy."
[126] Player: "What can you tell me about these marauders?"
[127] Player: "You never mentioned marauders."
[112] Player: "I'll think about it."
[111] Player: "I'll do it."
[170] Player: "That's horrible."
[122] Player: "In other words, the company won't treat you because you're already sick."
[123] Player: "Come on now, Abernathy. You don't look a day over ninety."
[128] MartinAbernathy (Male): "I have it on good authority there's a gang of 'em squatting there. I advise stepping softly."
[129] MartinAbernathy (Male): "It is a reality of life in the Vale. Grass is brown. Sky is grey. Marauders are outside the walls."
[114] MartinAbernathy (Male): "Will you oblige me with your haste? I think I feel the plague spreadin'. Oh Law, it's in my spleen now. I can feel it."
[171] MartinAbernathy (Male): "It is what it is. Town's got a limited supply of medicine. Medicine better spent on a body stronger and younger than mine."
[125] MartinAbernathy (Male): "More like the company won't treat me 'cause I'm not healthy enough. "
[124] MartinAbernathy (Male): "Tell myself the same thing every morning. You seen those young workers at the cannery? What with their unbent spines and pristine knee joints. I can't compete with that."
[176] Player: "Anything I should know about this community center?"
[177] MartinAbernathy (Male): "Just keep your head down when you're in there. Marauders have taken over. Probably tracking mud all over the archives. "