

LEP CHRONICLES

FEAR

TORTHA

CHAPTER FOUR

Fear

As the ship continued its voyage through space, the main deck became a hub of focused activity, Elder Lep, John, and Frank were engrossed in a detailed holographic map that illuminated the room with a soft blue light. They were meticulously planning their infiltration into the heavily fortified base on the block, John usually reserved, spoke up with unexpected confidence.

"Ah, Block 00371400! I know this place; I used to pack and deliver supplies for this exact block back in Block 00544600, there are some things we can use to our advantage" he said, pointing to a section of the hologram.

The others leaned in, listening intently as John highlighted key features of the structure.



"There's a secondary entrance here, used mainly for maintenance crews... It's less guarded, especially during shift changes. I remember the schedule; we can time our entry with the changeover." he zoomed in on a part of the structure.

"This is the main storage area... It's heavily guarded, but I know its layout like the back of my hand, there's a network of service tunnels underneath that we can use to move around unnoticed."

Frank, impressed by the young crew member's knowledge, nodded in approval.

"This is invaluable information, John... Your familiarity with the block could be the edge we need."

Elder Lep observed the young crew member with a thoughtful gaze.

"It seems we have more hidden talents among us than we realized," said Elder Lep.

The planning continued, with John's insights proving crucial in formulating a strategy that maximized their chances of success while minimizing risks. The crew's morale was bolstered by this newfound hope, each member feeling a renewed sense of purpose as they prepared for the daunting task ahead.

Meanwhile, in the ship's workshop, Ripper stood alone, surrounded by the tools and components she had gathered for the journey, but her attention was elsewhere, she was deeply entangled in her thoughts, a storm of emotions swirling within her.

"How do I tell them? How do I confess that I was once a part of the very force we're fighting against?" she pondered, her hands absently fidgeting with a tool.

She thought back to her time in 0037's army, the rigorous training under 1482, her ruthless mentorship.

"He taught me everything I know... but at what cost?"

Her mind replayed scenes of the rigorous and often merciless training sessions in the block they were now planning to infiltrate, anxiety clouded her head, a rehearsal of the confession she was dreading to make.

"Guys, there's something I need to tell you. I... I was part of 0037's army, I trained under 1482 himself," she imagined their shocked faces, the disappointment in their eyes, especially Dr. Alice's.

"Why didn't I say anything earlier? Why did I even agree to this mission? I didn't want to let you down, Alice. You brought me into this crew, believed in me..."

Her loyalty to Dr. Alice was unwavering, but the fear of rejection by the rest of the crew cast a long shadow over her resolve; her thoughts were a jumble of fear and self-reproach.

"They might never trust me again... They'll see me as the enemy, but I'm not that person anymore... I have to make them see that."

Ripper's gaze shifted to the tools in her hands, symbols of her current life, far removed from her past, she took a deep breath, steeling herself, the truth would come out; it had to. She just hoped the crew would understand that her past didn't define her, that she was no longer a soldier; she was a rebel with a cause, a cause she believed in with all her heart.



With a final, determined nod to herself, she stepped out of the workshop, ready to face whatever consequences her confession might bring, as she made

her way upwards to the main deck, Dr. Alice stepped into the room with a sense of purpose.

“Here, I synthesized these serums from the remnants of the ones I made for Sarah and Gonzo. They will turn you into zombies again, but due to the lack of ingredients, I could only make three, your time will be very limited; you have two hours to complete your objectives and return to the ship,” she firmly asserted.

Frank, intently listening, exclaimed.

“We will have to be quick and efficient... No room for mistakes.”

As he spoke, Ripper entered the deck, her expression fraught with nervous tension, the room fell silent as she announced.

“I have something to confess.”

Ripper's voice trembled slightly as she delved deeper into her past, her eyes reflecting a turmoil that had been buried for years.

"It started when I was just a young punk," she began, her gaze distant.

"Our block was peaceful, a haven amidst the chaos, until 0037's army stormed in. They enslaved us ruthlessly, my friends, my family, they turned them into mindless zombies before my eyes." She paused, collecting her thoughts.

"I couldn't stand it... I confronted 1482 the leader of the siege, though I had no real strength to fight, I remember shouting at him, telling him he was a monster."

The memory seemed to transport her back to that fateful encounter, in her mind, the harsh, grating voice of 1482 echoed.

"You've got spirit, kid, but spirit alone won't save you here." 1482 affirmed after giving her a big smack on the face.

0037, having witnessed her defiance, saw potential in her rebellious nature.

"This one, she could be useful. Train her, make her one of us," he said to 1482 in a cold, calculating tone.

Ripper recounted the gruelling training under 1482, the indoctrination sessions, the torture preparation and the combat drills.

"I was being moulded into something I despised, but in a strange way, I wanted to prove myself, to survive, to maybe find a way to fight back from the inside" she admitted.

She spoke of her rapid rise within the ranks, her skills honed to perfection under 1482's ruthless guidance.

"You're becoming quite the warrior; 0037 has high hopes for you," 1482 once remarked, a rare note of approval in his voice. The higher she climbed, the more the reality of her situation weighed on her.

"I was living a lie. The more I saw, the more I realized I couldn't be a part of it. The torment of my thoughts, the memories of what I had lost... it became too much," she said, anger in her voice.

Her decision to flee was a turning point. "Leaving was the hardest thing I've ever done... I

abandoned everything I knew, lived in the shadows, haunted by my past."



Ripper's story revealed a young life caught in the crossfire of a larger conflict, a struggle for identity and redemption amidst a backdrop of tyranny and oppression. Her confession, raw and heartfelt, left the crew in a sombre silence, each member grappling with the complexities of her past and what it meant for their shared future, Frank's initial reaction was a mix of anger and betrayal.

"How can we trust you now?"

Dr. Alice, her face in shock and disappointment, she struggled with her emotions, the trust she had placed in Ripper felt misplaced now.

"Why did you keep this from us... from me?" she asked, her voice pained.

Before Ripper could respond, Elder Lep brought calm to the brewing storm.

"It is not our past that defines us... What matters is what we choose to do now, how we shape our future and walk the streets of life together."

Before anyone could react, Sarah's voice came over the intercom, breaking the tension.

"We're approaching Block 00371400," she announced, bringing the crew back to the urgency of their mission.



The revelation of Ripper's past hung heavily in the air, a complex mix of emotions swirling among the crew, despite the uncertainty, Elder Lep's words resonated with them, a reminder that redemption and change were always possible. With their destination nearing, the crew had to set aside their doubts and focus on the mission at hand, the future of their cause, and of Lep himself, depended on it.

Frank, sensing the shift in the room following Ripper's revelation, knew it was time to refocus the crew

on the mission at hand. He stood up, his presence commanding the attention of everyone in the room.

"Alright, we need to stay focused, our mission depends on it. Ripper, your knowledge of the base is vital... You're with us on this, time to prove your commitment to the cause. We need every advantage we can get" his voice firm yet understanding.

He turned to John, whose face showed a mix of relief and disappointment.

"John, your insights have been invaluable, but I need you to stay here with Elder Lep, Dr. Alice, and Gonzo... We need a strong team ready on the ship."

John nodded, understanding the weight of the decision, Elder Lep placed a reassuring hand on the young crew member's shoulder, a silent gesture of support. Frank then addressed Sarah.

"Your combat skills might be crucial if things go south, I need you with us on the ground."

Sarah gave a curt nod, her face set in a determined expression; She was always ready for a fight, her resilience and bravery unquestioned.

Finally, he looked at Gonzo, who had been quietly listening to the exchange.

"Gonzo, you're our eyes and ears here... Keep the ship ready for immediate departure; we might need to leave in a hurry."

Gonzo flashed a thumbs-up, his usual humour subdued by the gravity of the situation.

"You got it, boss; we'll be ready to jet the moment you're back."

With the roles assigned and the team in agreement, the atmosphere aboard the ship shifted from one of emotional revelation to one of tactical preparation, Frank took a moment to look around at his crew, a diverse group united by a common cause; Despite the revelations and the underlying tensions, they were a team, each member playing a critical role in their shared struggle.

As the ship neared Block 00371400, the small infiltration team geared up, each member aware of the dangers that lay ahead but resolute in their commitment, they were ready to face whatever challenges awaited them, together.

Dr. Alice stood with a tray of small, ominous-looking vials, the crew gathered around, their expressions a blend of determination and apprehension.

"Listen up, these are the serums I've synthesized. They'll disguise you as zombies just as they did for Sarah and Gonzo—perfect for blending in" said Dr. Alice, her voice carrying a tone of seriousness that demanded attention. She handed out the vials, her gaze meeting each of her crewmates.

"There's a catch. These will only last for two hours... After that, the effects will start to wear off. That means you have exactly two hours to get in, find what we need, and get out... No dilly-dallying!"

Frank took his vial, weighing it in his hand as he nodded in understanding.

"Two hours. We'll make it count."

Sarah took her serum with a grim nod, her mind already dreading the transformation.

As Ripper accepted her vial, her hand was steady, but her mind raced with the memories her confession had stirred, Dr. Alice's eyes lingered on each of them for a moment longer.

"Remember, timing is crucial... We can't afford any mistakes, once the serum wears off, you'll be exposed, and we can't risk that."

The crew members exchanged glances, a silent agreement passing between them. They understood the risks, the tight timeframe, and the importance of their mission, with a collective sense of resolve, they injected themselves with the vials.

In the ship's cockpit, the atmosphere was one of focused concentration as Ripper relayed useful info to Gonzo; she leaned over the console, her voice steady despite the rising tension.

"Each control post has its own set of access codes... Here, these are the ones you'll need! They change them frequently, but these should still be current. The codes have embedded fake information about our purpose in Block 00371400." She handed over the data pad.

As Ripper handed over the crucial codes to Gonzo, the tension in the cockpit was palpable. Gonzo, however, couldn't resist the opportunity to lighten the mood.

"Ah! Secret codes, eh? Feels like I'm an agent now... or something" he said, wagging the data pad.

Ripper couldn't help but crack a small smile despite the seriousness of the situation.

"Just make sure you use the right codes at the right time..."

Gonzo grinned, tapping the pad.



"Don't worry, I'll save my best agent impression for later; A word before you leave... We all make mistakes in this fuckery of a life, don't let those define you; we oversee our own destiny."

As the ship approached the first checkpoint, Gonzo's fingers danced over the control panel, transmitting the first set of codes to the looming control tower, a moment of silence followed, Gonzo holding his breath as they waited for a response. The control tower's voice crackled through the intercom, a hint of boredom in the operator's tone.

"Access granted. Proceed."

A sigh of relief was felt throughout the ship. Gonzo moved on to the next checkpoint, equally smooth in his

execution, the control tower's responses remained disinterested, a sign that their disguise was holding up.

“Please proceed.”

As the ship neared the final checkpoint before the landing bay, a voice from the control tower crackled through the intercom, breaking the pattern of routine confirmations.

"State the purpose of your trip," demanded the operator with a hint of suspicion in his tone.

Gonzo's heart skipped a beat. He glanced at the control panel and realized, to his horror, that the ship's original serial number was not encrypted, a number that REVEN had likely flagged, thinking quickly, he responded.

"Bringing organic materials from Block 110110, transmitting admittance codes now"

While maintaining a calm demeanour, his fingers flew over the controls, deftly coding a disguised serial number to display on the screen, there was a tense pause as the control tower processed the information; the seconds stretched, each one heavy with the threat of exposure. Finally, the operator's voice returned, disinterested as before.

"Confirmed... Proceed to landing bay 4156."

Gonzo exhaled slowly, the relief palpable in the cockpit. He had averted a near disaster with quick thinking and a steady hand.

"We land in two minutes, be ready!" he announced to the crew, his voice steady but the underlying tension evident.

The crew, unaware of the close call, readied themselves for the mission, they were now minutes away from touching down in enemy territory, their fate hanging on the success of their stealth and the effectiveness of their disguises; as the ship descended toward the landing bay, the reality of their situation was clearer than ever, they were deep in the heart of enemy territory, relying on their wits and each other to survive.

As the rear hatch of the ship slowly opened, the crew was met with the sight of REVEN's rigid orderliness. Marching pelotons of soulless zombie soldiers moved in unison, their steps echoing through the vast loading bay, rows of combat ships, sleek and menacing, lined the area, a testament to REVEN's military prowess.



Disguised as zombies themselves thanks to Dr. Alice's serum, the crew disembarked the ship and blended into the grim parade; they moved with purpose, their gait mimicking the undead soldiers around them as they headed toward the main entrance of the base, their objective was clear; reach the Assembly warehouse and find the flux capacitor.

As they navigated through the outer sectors of the base, connecting the loading bay to adjacent buildings, they encountered a small patrol unit, the danger of being discovered loomed over them like a dark cloud.

"Leave this to me," whispered Ripper, stepping forward.

Her familiarity with REVEN's operations was evident in her confident approach. Frank, despite the recent revelations about her past, nodded in agreement, trusting in her expertise, with precision and quick thinking, Ripper deftly handled the situation, neutralizing the potential threat without raising any alarms, a powerful reassurance of her allegiance to the crew and their mission.

Moving swiftly through the area connecting the loading bay to the Assembly warehouse, they reached the backdoor; just as John had informed them, the last checkpoint was deserted due to the shift change, the backdoor to the warehouse stood unguarded, an open gate to their objective. They slipped through unnoticed, the tension of their mission momentarily eased by this stroke of luck; In the expanse of the Assembly warehouse, Sarah located the sorting computer with a focused intensity.

Her fingers flew over the keyboard as she accessed the system, bypassing security protocols with surprising ease, Frank and Ripper watched in astonishment as she deftly navigated through the digital labyrinth.

"Got it, the flux capacitor is in the lower ground, aisle 3, capacitors section" Sarah announced triumphantly.

"Leave it with me... I'll get it. See what else you can find in their system," responded Ripper with determination.

Without hesitation, she vaulted over the railing, her body cutting through the air as she plunged two stories down to the ground floor, she landed with a roll, immediately darting off towards her target; Frank and Sarah exchanged impressed glances before turning their attention back to their respective tasks.

Sarah continued to mine the sorting computer for information, she quickly uncovered a wealth of data; repair logs, mission details, and even crucial information about Block 006900, but there was no time to discuss. She quickly pulled out a small hard drive to store the information, the knowledge gleaned from these files would prove invaluable for their ongoing mission and future endeavours against REVEN.

Frank, not one to waste time, moved to the weapons rack, his eyes scanned the array of artillery, selecting pieces that would enhance their firepower; he gathered an assortment of weapons, carefully considering the needs of each crew member, his choices were strategic, ensuring that they would be better armed and prepared for any unforeseen challenges.

The warehouse, a treasure trove of resources, offered them more than just the flux capacitor; it provided them with information and armaments that could tip the scales in their favour against REVEN. As each crew member focused on their task, they worked with the knowledge that every second counted, their zombie disguises a ticking time bomb that could expose their mission.

The moment Ripper's hand closed around the flux capacitor; a sense of urgency spiked through the air as the main door to the assembly warehouse began to open, Frank's voice crackled through the communicator, urgent and low.

"Hide! Quick!"



1482, a looming figure of menace, stepped into the warehouse, his presence was commanding, a blend of raw power and calculated malice.

He paused just inside the doorway, his eyes scanning the vast interior, it was clear he suspected something was wrong; his personal guard had alerted him that someone had accessed the computer system, an anomaly on a day when the warehouse was supposed to be inactive due to the peloton march.

In a swift, fluid motion, Ripper ducked into one of the maintenance tunnels beneath the floor, disappearing just as 1482's gaze swept over the area where she had been moments before. Meanwhile, Frank and Sarah made a split-second decision, they darted towards a nearby window, leaping through it onto the roof of the warehouse; they crouched close to the wall, just out of sight from anyone outside, their eyes peering through the window, fixated on the main door and the ominous figure of 1482.

"I know you are here... spread and find this scum!" he commanded to the guards.

From their vantage point, Frank and Sarah could see 1482 moving slowly through the warehouse, his steps measured and purposeful; Every so often, he paused, as if listening or sensing something out of place.

"I can smell your fear, no point in hiding now..." 1482 said as he sniffed the air.

Below ground, Ripper navigated the maintenance tunnels with a mix of urgency and caution, she knew the layout well, a remnant of her past that now served as an invaluable asset in their perilous situation; The scene was a tense tableau of cat and mouse, with the crew's mission hanging by a thread.

On the roof, Frank whispered to Sarah.

"We need to create a distraction, give Ripper a chance to get out."

But before they could act, the situation inside the warehouse escalated dramatically, Ripper, emerging from the maintenance tunnels, stood resolutely a few meters behind 1482; the warehouse was silent except for their presence, a stark contrast to the chaos that had preceded their infiltration. 1482, sensing a presence, slowly turned around, his eyes narrowing as he recognized the figure behind him.

"I knew it was you... Traitor! Your disguise doesn't deceive me; I know what you smell like, and I never forget the smell of a punk," he said, his voice a low growl.

Ripper stood her ground, her expression unyielding even under the serum's effect, she was ready to confront her past, to face the man who had shaped much of her life, for better or worse; Once a disciple, now a rebel, she faced off against 1482, her former mentor turned adversary, the air was thick with tension, each aware of the other's capabilities, each understanding the stakes of their confrontation.

1482, with a twisted smile, began to speak, his words laced with psychological venom intended to unnerve her.

"Ah, my dear protégé, look how you've fallen, once the pride of REVEN, now just a mere shadow, skulking in the darkness. How does it feel to betray everything you were trained to be?" he taunted, his voice dripping with disdain.

Ripper's fists clenched at her sides, her anger simmering just below the surface.

"I never betrayed my principles. I only left behind a corrupt and murderous system that I could no longer be a part of" she shot back, trying to keep her composure.

1482 chuckled, clearly enjoying her discomfort.

"Corrupt, or too challenging for you? You were always too emotional, too attached... It was your weakness then, and it will be your downfall now."



He stepped closer, his axe gleaming in the dim light.

"Remember the missions we completed together, the power you wielded, the respect you commanded? You threw it all away..."

With each word, Ripper felt her control slipping, her past colliding violently with her present, the memories of her time under 1482's command, the

things she had done, the choices she had made, it all came rushing back, fuelling her growing rage.

"And now look at you, playing hero with a crew of rebels... Do you think they'd have accepted you if they knew the real you? The you that I trained, the warrior who showed no mercy?" 1482 taunted wittingly.

Ripper's eyes blazed with fury.

"I am not who I was. I've changed... I fight for something real now, not the twisted visions of a madman."

1482's eyes glinted with malice.

"Hatred suits you, my dear... It always was your most defining trait. Let it out! Show me that fire again."

His words were a calculated assault, aiming to break her resolve, to bring back the soldier she once was. Ripper, filled with a blinding mix of anger and hatred, struggled to stay focused, the tense standoff between them erupted into a fierce battle, a dance of fury and skill within the confines of the warehouse.

1482 lunged forward with his axe, a weapon he wielded with deadly precision, each swing was a lethal arc, meant to incapacitate or kill. Ripper, driven by a mixture of rage and determination, evaded his initial attacks with agility honed from her training under him, she knew she couldn't match his brute strength, so she relied on her speed and tactical knowledge.

Rushing between aisles and equipment, she grabbed a shock baton from a nearby rack, the weapon hummed to life in her hands, its electric blue glow casting eerie shadows around them; Their battle was a chaotic symphony of moves and countermoves; 1482's axe

crashed down, splintering the concrete where Ripper had stood just a moment before, she responded with a quick jab of the baton, aiming for his exposed areas, but he deftly parried, his reflexes sharp despite his bulk.

Ripper realized she needed to be more unpredictable, faster; she feinted left, then rolled right, coming up behind 1482, she swung the baton with all her might, landing a solid hit on his upper back. The shock sent him stumbling forward, but he quickly regained his balance, letting out a growl of frustration; Ripper manoeuvred around a stack of crates, grabbing a pair of magnetic chains, she threw them at 1482, hoping to bind him, but he smashed them mid-air with a swing of his axe.

1482, now visibly enraged, intensified his attacks, his swings became more aggressive, less precise but more dangerous. Ripper realized she was being driven into a corner, she needed to end this quickly; Spotting a high-pressure gas cylinder, she kicked it towards 1482, as it rolled across the floor, she shot it with a plasma pistol she had snatched from another rack, the canister exploded upon impact, engulfing 1482 in a fiery blast.

The explosion rocked the warehouse, and for a moment, Ripper feared she had gone too far; as the smoke cleared, 1482 emerged from behind, raising his axe for a final, deadly strike at Ripper's head.

Time seemed to stand still as the sharp blade descended toward her, but before it could meet its mark, Elder Lep appeared as if out of thin air, his hands

catching the axe mid-swing, his intervention was both shocking and awe-inspiring.

"We meet again, 1482. How much you've changed..." said Elder Lep with a calm but powerful voice, his eyes steady and unwavering, locked onto 1482's.

The surprise on 1482's face was quickly replaced by a snarl of rage, he retracted his axe and attacked Elder Lep with renewed ferocity; The two were locked in fierce combat, a clash of brute strength against serene power.

"You stand no chance, old punk!" 1482 sneered as he recovered his posture.

Elder Lep moved with a grace, each motion fluid and purposeful; he dodged 1482's swings with ease, his movements almost blurring into the surroundings.

Then, with a swift and precise motion, he delivered a powerful palm strike to 1482's chest, sending him reeling backward.

"Too slow," affirmed Elder Lep.

1482, struggling to regain his balance, looked up just in time to see Elder Lep closing his eyes in deep concentration, in that moment, Elder Lep's presence seemed to expand, filling the warehouse with an almost tangible force. Then, in an instant, Elder Lep reopened his eyes, now glowing with a mysterious energy, he extended his hands, the air around him shimmering with power. With a focused effort, he reached out with his mind, locating the rest of the crew.

Frank and Sarah watched in amazement from their rooftop vantage point as all this unfolded; below them, Ripper, still recovering from the near-fatal attack,

looked up in awe; Suddenly, they all felt a strange sensation, as if the very fabric of reality was bending around them, in the blink of an eye, they were no longer in the warehouse but found themselves standing on the main deck of their ship.

Elder Lep, standing among them, lowered his hands, his breathing steady despite the exertion of his powers. The crew looked around, disoriented but unharmed, their minds reeling from the rapid turn of events, Frank's mind raced with questions about what had just happened, but he knew this was neither the time nor the place for inquiries—they were still in immediate danger.

Sarah and Ripper were visibly shaken, their expressions a mix of shock and disbelief. The experience of being teleported was disorienting, leaving them momentarily unsteady. Gonzo, ever the quick thinker, realized they had to move fast, already at the pilot's seat, his hands flying over the controls.

"Hang on! This is going to be rough" he announced through the intercom, his voice laced with urgency.

With skilful precision, he powered up the ship and lifted it off the ground; the ship's engines roared to life, breaking the momentary stillness that had enveloped the crew, outside, the situation was escalating rapidly. 1482, furious and vengeful, had alerted the loading bay's control tower; the bay doors began to close, and the sound of gunfire echoed as shots were fired at them by some of the troops on the ground.

Gonzo manoeuvred the ship toward the main entrance, swerving and dodging incoming fire; The ship

jolted and shuddered as it narrowly avoided the blasts, each crew member bracing themselves, gripping whatever they could find for stability. The ship, now a blur of motion, raced toward the rapidly closing doors of the loading bay, Gonzo executed a series of complex movements to guide the ship through the narrowing escape route.

As they neared the doors, the crew held their breath, the tension palpable in the air; With only moments to spare, Gonzo pushed the ship to its limits, squeezing through the closing gap just in time, the ship burst out of the loading bay, leaving behind the chaos and gunfire.



As the ship hurtled away from the base, Ripper quickly regained her composure, the confusion from the teleportation faded, replaced by a sense of urgency, she knew the damaged flux capacitor was their priority if they were to have any hope of escaping REVEN's

clutches permanently; without hesitation, she moved toward the ship's engine bay to begin repairs.

Meanwhile, Frank approached Elder Lep, a look of gratitude etched on his face.

"Thanks, you saved us back there... We owe you one," he said, his voice earnest.

Elder Lep simply nodded, his gaze steady, there was a mutual understanding that their fight was far from over.

In the cockpit, Sarah joined Gonzo, taking up the co-pilot's seat.

"Welcome back, skip... Let me handle this while you assist," Gonzo said, his eyes focused on the path ahead.

The cockpit was a flurry of activity as they worked in tandem, skilfully navigating the ship through the tight landing bay spaces.

Back at the warehouse, 1482 watched the ship disappear into the distance, his expression was one of calculated calmness, belying the anger that simmered beneath; he raised a hand, signalling a crew of interceptors that had scrambled in response to the alert.

"Let them go... for now," he ordered, his voice cold and controlled.

"I know where they are going... We will have our time... Get me Vick, NOW!" His eyes glinted with a mix of rage and anticipation.

This was not the end of the chase, but merely a strategic pause, 1482 was already planning his next move—a move that would bring him face-to-face with his adversaries once more.