

# Just Outlive The Bastards

The last person who directly remembered what I did, and who I did it to, died three weeks ago. Of natural causes, might I add. When you commit to playing the long game, *commit*.

I spent those three weeks waiting to see if the old guy had warned somebody about me, but apparently not. I guess he thought somebody else was keeping an eye on the doddering old scullion, *still* washing dishes after sixty-two years, five months, and three weeks. But nobody was. And now I'm gone. I picked my chains *decades* ago.

Now, back to where I left off!

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