PROMETHEA

Forge's

N°87

BODIE$$$
THE Booming Organ Market

Spilling the Beans with Lor:
***5 Ways** to Perk Up Your Business*

Atlas Aghast:
Strongfork Losing His Stash?

OCTAVIO:
BUSINESS GENUS

Super Successful
DIRTY THIRTY

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Worthy Reader,

Business on Promethea is booming (quite literally, what with the orbital lasers)! But one man's loss is another woman's cheap real estate! Entertainment and retail have never been more important for propping up the veil that helps us forget life is temporary, painful, and not all that exciting!

As sure as morning smog, Promethea stays afloat—and besides, a little friendly competition has always been good for market growth. Blood is more nutrient-rich than water, after all. Throw in some chia seeds, a little lemongrass, and you've got breakfast!

Promethea's endless hordes of brave entrepreneurs strain their gaze upward, dreaming of a better life living in a car or—imagine—a studio apartment! One where the walls aren't covered with the previous tenant's filth, their last words scrawled in bodily fluids on the bathroom mirror in an exceptionally unified yet foreboding cursive.

Industry! Commerce! Innovation! New episodes of Sink or Swim on Wednesday! Prosperity! Life isn't perfect on Promethea, but it is always promising! And what better evidence than in the stories of our planet's marketplace, the successes and failures of every size that shape our daily lives?

Jormund Forge.

Jormund Forge, Editor-in-Chief

SPILLING THE BEANS WITH LOR

Recently I had the pleasure of patronizing Promethea's popular No Roast for the Wicked cafe, owned and operated by the equally notorious Lor, our favorite barista-turned-freedom-fighter-turned-entrepreneur. As I sipped the strongest and smoothest coffee of my life, Lor regaled me with sage business advice.

SHOW UP AND DO THE WORK

You've probably heard the saying 'Love what you do and you'll never work a day in your life.' Well, accordingly to Lor that's "a trite piece of cack."

"Work is work and loving what you do doesn't make it less hard," he said. "Sometimes it makes it harder because you actually bloody care!"

Instead, Lor suggests employing an alternate mantra, especially on the hard days: "You have to want to be there. When things get hard, dodgy, or bloody, you have to remind yourself why you do what you do and why you are where you are. Crack on and want to be there!"

PROVIDE GOODS AND SERVICES

Most businesses offer either a good or a service. Lor suggests doing both. "In my case, it's bullets (that's the service, mate) and brew," he said. "But it's more than that. My customers know they can trust me to pour them the best cuppa on the whole of Promethea, yeah, but they also know I have their backs. I'm one of them."

> "WORK IS WORK AND LOVING WHAT YOU DO DOESN'T MAKE IT LESS HARD"

PREPARE FOR CHANGE

According to Lor, the only constant is change.
"It's trite, but on Promethea, it's also bloody true" Lor states emphatically. "You can't muck about and get too comfortable. You have to roll with the punches, both metaphorical and literal.
"The business that survive here?" Lor says as his hand notably but also subconsciously moves to rest on his gun, "They're owned by folks who can adapt to change."

KNOW WHO YOUR FRIENDS ARE

Just as businesses have competitors, Lor suggests they also have allies.
"Take Fran's Frogurts for example," says Lor. "Fran knows what she's about. She's the 'Fists and Frogurt' to my 'Bullets and Brew.'
"We look after one another. I send business her way and she sends it mine. We keep our eyes and ears open to the chatter around town and keep one another informed.
"To survive around here, you have to have allies—know the folks who'll stand beside you when things get grim."

STAND YOUR GROUND

"Most importantly," says Lor, "You can't let the competition get to you. I mean, there's cheek and then there's cheeky, yeah? You have to know the difference."
When asked to explain the difference, Lor narrowed his eyes at me and asked if I was giving him cheek. I could only reply "I don't know, that's why I'm asking."
It was at this point that our interview was brought to an unceremonious conclusion as Lor tossed me out of No Roast for the Wicked, called me a "cheeky git" and then closed the cafe doors behind him.

MORGUE IS WHERE THE HEART IS WITH KEEPER OF THE DEAD

Most people who die on Promethea are buried with all their internal organs—like suckers. Only a scant few are aware that within their simple cadavers lie precious hearts, lungs, and gallbladders all waiting to be sold for a tidy sum!

"Most of the time, I collect the entire profit," says Keeper of the Dead, proprietor and renowned merchant of Promethea's hottest morgue, The Morgue. "On account of the donor is usually too dead to spend it."

Ever the savvy businesswoman, Keeper of The Dead squeezes every dollar out of her bioproducts (often literally).

"Harvested organs produce all sorts of bodily fluids. We in the business call that 'premium streaming content.' Some people love streamed content; It's... their thing. I'm not here to judge. I'm here to harvest. And milk glands for streaming content."

Keeper of the Dead has managed The Morgue for over ten planet revolutions, an impressive feat on a planet fraught with planetary insurrections, riots, and violent corporate invasions. How does she do it?

"I don't do anything," she replies modestly. "Literally nothing," she insists even more modestly. "This planet is constantly killing people, so I just... wait and let the dead bodies roll in." Sure ya do, Keeper, sure ya do.

Speaking of Keeper, what's up with the name Keeper of the Dead? Does it have any relation to her job... keeping the dead?

"Y'know, I never made that connection. But now that you point it out, I can see why someone might think that," she laughs, "coincidence, I guess." Keeper reflects, "My father, Eater of the Dead, named me Keeper. I think he just liked how it sounded."

It was Eater of the Dead who passed The Morgue to Keeper. Thus, it's no surprise that the most charming part about The Morgue isn't the jarred and pickled body parts, or the corpses hanging on meat hooks. No, the secret to its charm is that it's a family business. "That's the key to everything here," Keeper says with gravity. "Run the business like a family. Treat the customers like a family. Cut open lots of dead bodies...like a family." Truer words were never spoken.

But it's not just her customers that keep Keeper of the Dead keepin' on. "My biggest priority? My kids and paying their way through college," she says. "Success stretches a long line in the Of the Dead family: Lover of the Dead, Squeezer of the Dead, Eater of the Dead, Keeper of the Dead, and one day my two daughters, Amanda and Lin. Their father named them," Keeper points out with a mild shrug.

"That's what lights the coal in my cremation furnace," Keeper confides, choking up. "Well, fire lights the coal in my cremation furnace. But I really mean here." Keeper sobs, pounding her heart, "this cremation furnace."

> **"RUN THE BUSINESS LIKE A FAMILY. TREAT THE CUSTOMERS LIKE A FAMILY. CUT OPEN LOTS OF DEAD BODIES...LIKE A FAMILY"**

Witnessing the dedication to her family, her customers, and her craft, this reporter has no doubt that Keeper will thrive and pay her daughters' way through college. This reporter, also, has no doubt that Keeper is cradling a number 22 scalpel and is now suspiciously eyeing his pancreas.

That's all for now! Keep sharp for next holo-issue where I rank the galaxy's fifty sexiest space buffalo!

- Joran Duffleman, Journalist, Author, Human Shield

OCTAVIO DHAR-WALLACE:
BUSINESS GENUS

Thank you for taking the time to be interviewed, Mister Dhar-Wallace.

Hey, I should be thanking YOU! It's an honor to be chosen as one of Forge Magazine's Dirty Thirty.

Of course. Our pre-interview banter is complete, and now I will begin the interview questions. What is your dream place to live?

Probably one of those suborbital Turbo Mansions that used to be all the rage. Hovering in the skies above Eden-5, smiling down at my adoring fans. But in a cool, relatable way.

What is the secret of your success?

Confidence. And brevity.

...Has anything else contributed to your meteoric rise in the industry of whatever-it-is-you-do? Perhaps your co-workers or friends?

Oh! Right. Yes. Sorry. L0U13, my best friend and assassin bot, helps keep me safe on the streets. My boss, Fran, gave me the confidence to succeed and was also mean enough that I felt like I had to leave, which was a pretty big step for me.

Yes. L0U13 sounds useful, and arguably the only reason your skull is in a single, relatively un-punctured piece.

Dial it back, L0U13. A real Forge interviewer wouldn't talk like that.

A real Forge interviewer would not be caught within the same solar system as us. You are an irrelevant, would-be entrepreneur with delusions of grandeur, and I am a robot who shoots people for a living.

That's right—I'm grandeur as hell. Now, more questions, please.

If you insist. What of your sister, Anuradha?

What about her? Hey—she's a great friend to have around if you like to be helicoptered and overthink everything, but she doesn't remember what life on the street is like, you know? She doesn't have dirt between her fingernails. I mean, not that I have dirt between my fingernails. I clean them. But I get dirt in them. Before they're cleaned.

What, exactly, do you do for a living?

Technically, I work at Fran's Frogurts. Technically. In reality, I'm a small businessman, an entrepreneur, a maker of deals, a finder of objects, an influencer...

Octavio. I am your friend, yet this interview is making me like you less.

Well, what do you want me to say? That I got nothing to my name and nobody close to me who isn't made outta metal? That I wanna make something of myself, but every time I try to get something off the ground, I end up broke or bleeding or both? That I'm terrified of dying penniless down here while my sister floats above it all with her cushy corporate job and condescending facial expressions? You think that's what Forge Magazine wants to hear?

No. Likely not. Still, I like you slightly more now.

Well. That's something.

ATLAS AGHAST: STRONGFORK LOSING HIS STASH?

FRAUD ALERT!!!

Who's the CEO with one bionic thumb and nowhere left to turn? Atlas CEO Rhys Strongfork.

This mustachioed bum is still looking to rebuild Atlas HQ from the ground up after being ground-up and outgunned by sheer Maliwan firepower. First task for his construction crew? Adding more corners in his corner office to hide in!

Losing battles in the public eye is always bad for business, and that goes double when battles are your business. The so-called weapons manufacturer might have been a whiz with a digistructor in his early days, but all he's whizzing now are his $50,000 pants. Strongfork is looking weak, weak, weak, and no one can feel the walls closing in more than the man without a plan himself, as our reporters caught up with him last week.

Recently planet-side, the visibly flustered, embattled CEO waved off press, sputtering "I have a plan! BIG plans! How many companies do YOU have, anyway? I've never even read a magazine—I mean, YOUR MAGAZINE. Ugh. I KNOW HOW TO RUN A COMPANY, OKAY?"

Okay, Strongfork. You know how to run a company—right into the ground! How much longer until another company swoops in for the final kill (Tediore, I'm begging you, do us a favor here!)? Do hold your breath, Strongfork, because it may be yours (and Atlas') last.

By Crim Jamer

Anu works for this goofus...

Do you have an unresolvable grievance and the disposal income to match?

Do you look down on talk therapy and de-escalation techniques?

Then Assassination Bots are for you!

Don't delay - Submit your hit to the Assassination Bot's Guild today!*

~Ask about our Party Packages~

*Date of death subject to availability, rush fees apply.

OBITUARIES (BUSINESSES)

For every thriving new capital venture, Promethea sees countless failed businesses. Here's a look back at just a few of the last financial quarter's what-ifs and has-beens.

Skag Milk

SLOGAN:
It's definitely milk!

FAILED BECAUSE:
It was definitely not milk.

> And I thought my ideas were bad lollll

SlapFancy

SLOGAN:
'Luxury Gloves for the Pettiest Disputes'

FAILED BECAUSE:
Falsified claims that gloves were made of real bullymong leather. Were not particularly fancy.

> but damn there's something to slapfancy hmmm.....

Fridgistruct

SLOGAN:
For the savvy ice-sculpture enthusiast on a budget.Themed parties! Classy cocktails! Other things we won't judge you for! The possibilities are endless. Fridgistruct!

FAILED BECAUSE:
Went under after lawsuit surrounding "frozen nuts" confusion.

NGT's: Non-Gungible Tokens

SLOGAN:
Most forms of currency in the borderlands can be exchanged for guns. NGT's are unique in that they cannot! Wow!

FAILED BECAUSE:
An acute lack of gun.

Car-Mech-Damage

SLOGAN:
'We fix cars and kill people also as well!'

FAILED BECAUSE:
Confusing brand. Assassinated too many clients by accident, repaired too few cars on purpose.

DirtBagz

SLOGAN:
'Dirt in every bag, guaranteed!'

FAILED BECAUSE:
Dirt was 90% glass.