

Report for Client A

Jonas Schropp

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Dear Buck Mulligan, PhD,

Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed. A yellow dressinggown, ungingled, was sustained gently behind him on the mild morning air. He held the bowl aloft and intoned:

—Introibo ad altare Dei.

Halted, he peered down the dark winding stairs and called out coarsely:

—Come up, Kinch! Come up, you fearful jesuit!

Project 1

Solemnly he came forward and mounted the round gunrest. He faced about and blessed gravely thrice the tower, the surrounding land and the awaking mountains. Then, catching sight of Stephen Dedalus, he bent towards him and made rapid crosses in the air, gurgling in his throat and shaking his head.

January

Stephen Dedalus, displeased and sleepy, leaned his arms on the top of the staircase and looked coldly at the shaking gurgling face that blessed him, equine in its length, and at the light untousured hair, grained and hued like pale oak.

Task	Hours	Compensation	Total	Remaining
data analysis	4	360	360	14640
predictive modeling	5	450	810	14190

February

Buck Mulligan peeped an instant under the mirror and then covered the bowl smartly.

—Back to barracks! he said sternly.

Task	Hours	Compensation	Total	Remaining
data analysis	28	2520	2520	11670
reporting	5	450	2970	11220

March

He added in a preacher's tone:

—For this, O dearly beloved, is the genuine Christine: body and soul and blood and ouns. Slow music, please. Shut your eyes, gents. One moment. A little trouble about those white corpuscles. Silence, all.

Task	Hours	Compensation	Total	Remaining
meeting	15	1350	1350	9870
predictive modeling	6	540	1890	9330
reporting	14	1260	3150	8070

April

He peered sideways up and gave a long slow whistle of call, then paused awhile in rapt attention, his even white teeth glistening here and there with gold points. Chrysostomos. Two strong shrill whistles answered through the calm.

Task	Hours	Compensation	Total	Remaining
meeting	4	360	360	7710
NLP	14	1260	1620	6450

Project 2

—Thanks, old chap, he cried briskly. That will do nicely. Switch off the current, will you?

January

He skipped off the gunrest and looked gravely at his watcher, gathering about his legs the loose folds of his gown. The plump shadowed face and sullen oval jowl recalled a prelate, patron of arts in the middle ages. A pleasant smile broke quietly over his lips.

Task	Hours	Compensation	Total	Remaining
reporting	22	1980	1980	8020

February

—The mockery of it! he said gaily. Your absurd name, an ancient Greek!

Task	Hours	Compensation	Total	Remaining
NLP	9	810	810	7210
predictive modeling	15	1350	2160	5860

March

He pointed his finger in friendly jest and went over to the parapet, laughing to himself. Stephen Dedalus stepped up, followed him wearily halfway and sat down on the edge of the gunrest, watching him still as he propped his mirror on the parapet, dipped the brush in the bowl and lathered cheeks and neck.

Buck Mulligan's gay voice went on.

Task	Hours	Compensation	Total	Remaining
data analysis	5	450	450	5410
meeting	7	630	1080	4780
NLP	13	1170	2250	3610
reporting	7	630	2880	2980

—My name is absurd too: Malachi Mulligan, two dactyls. But it has a Hellenic ring, hasn't it? Tripping and sunny like the buck himself. We must go to Athens. Will you come if I can get the aunt to fork out twenty quid?

April

He laid the brush aside and, laughing with delight, cried:

Task	Hours	Compensation	Total	Remaining
data analysis	7	630	630	2350
NLP	17	1530	2160	820