



BILL, I
THINK YOU'RE
THE ONLY PERSON
LEFT IN THE WORLD
WHO WRITES
ANYTHING DOWN
ON PAPER.

ONE BIG
POWER FAILURE
AND BOOM...WE'RE
BACK TO FLINT
ROCKS AND
SUNDIALS.



GOOD EVENING, MR. CARVER. I'VE
CONTACTED THE YELLOW TAXICAB
COMPANY AND NOTIFIED THEM OF
YOUR LOCATION.

THANK
YOU.







LEDGE...

WHAT'S UP?

"WE'VE BEEN FRIENDS FOR WHAT...TEN YEARS? AND YOU FEEL AS WE CAN TALK ABOUT ANYTHING?"

"OF COURSE."

"WHAT WAS AGNI SHELTON DOING IN YOUR OFFICE TODAY?"

"I'M SURPRISED YOU RECOGNIZED HIM. HE HASN'T BEEN TO THE SURFACE FOR OVER TEN YEARS."

"WHEN YOU'VE WORKED WITH THE CENTRAL LENS NETWORK FOR AS LONG AS I HAVE YOU COME ACROSS CERTAIN IMAGES."

"HE WANTED TO TALK ABOUT A BUSINESS PROPOSAL."

"WHAT KIND?"

UFF, PARDON ME.

"THEY WANT US TO CONSIDER WORKING AS A GOVERNMENT AGENCY, PART OF THE DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE."

"YOU SAID NO, RIGHT?"

"FORMULA MEDIA IS AN INFORMATION ORGANIZATION NOT A WEAPON. YOU KNOW I FEEL THAT WAY."

HOLD YOUR FIRE.

"SO THEN THAT'S NO, RIGHT?"

I'M SORRY, SIR. I REALLY DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING BY IT.



