



AND SOMETIMES, I  
JUST SURRENDER  
MYSELF TO GRAVITY.

MILLION-DOLLAR BOUNTY  
ON MY HEAD? LOOKS PRETTY  
SMALL FROM UP HERE.

WEIGHT OF BEING A  
FAILED PARENT?  
CAN'T FEEL IT.

THAT'S ME. STEALING A FEW  
PRECIOUS SECONDS OF  
IRRESPONSIBLY WHILE MY  
BUTTHEAD SON IS OUT THERE  
SOMEWHERE FOLLOWING IN MY  
CRIME-FIGHTING FOOTSTEPS.

HE CALLS HIMSELF  
"GHOST FOX."

I CALL HIM "KID WHO  
WAS CLEARLY NOT  
BROUGHT UP RIGHT."

SIGH.

I GOTTA FIND  
THAT BOY.

SHINJI IS SEVENTEEN, AND HE THINKS HE HAS TO SAVE THE WORLD. I GET THAT. IT RUINS IN THE FAMILY. MY FATHER, ME...

...BUT I'VE REACHED AN AGE WHERE I JUST CAN'T DO IT ANYMORE. I WANT THE WORLD TO SAVE ITSELF FOR A MINIMUM OF A FEW MONTHS SO I CAN MAKE MYSELF A BETTER HUSBAND, A BETTER FATHER.

AND I WANT MY KID TO BE SMARTER THAN I WAS. NOT TO LOOK FOR HAPPINESS AND PEACE IN A RIGHT CROSS TO SOME BAD GUY'S FACE.

I WANT OUT OF THE GAME. JUST FOR A WHILE.

BUT IT DOESN'T SEEM TO WORK LIKE THAT.

APPARENTLY, AND SUCKTASTICALLY, I HAVE TO PLAY THE HERO UNTIL THE DAY I DIE.

WHICH, OWING TO THE AFOREMENTIONED MILLION-DOLLAR BOUNTY, COULD WELL HAPPEN--

KAFF!  
SHUCCH!  
KAFF!

WHUGH.

--ANY TIME NOW.





WORRLD RRRUBBERRY.

HEARING'S ALL THIRRSTY.

CAN'T FEEL MY FACE.  
BRAIN CORNED, LIKE BEEF.



BRAIN CORNED  
BRAIN CORNED  
BRAIN CORNED--

DONT TORTURE  
YOURSELF, MY LUCRATIVE  
TARGET! YOU ARE NOT GOING  
MAD! YOU HAVE MERELY  
FALLEN VICTIM TO ONE OF  
THE MANY MALEVOLENT  
MISTS OF--



--THE  
GASSER!

**KLOP**

I HAVE  
THE WORST  
ROGUES'  
GALLERY.

HAVE A CARE, MASKED MAN! ALL WHO MOCK THE GASSER PAY WITH THEIR MINDS!

PSYCHOPHARMACOLOGICAL GENIUS AND PINPOINT AIM COMBINE TO MAKE THE GASSER INTO THE MOST FORBIDDING FOEMAN OF ALL!

I'MMM GOING TO CALL YOU THE MUMMBLER 'CAUSE I CANN'T HEAR YOU THROUGH THAAAAT MAAASK.

AGAIN YOU AFFRONT THE GASSER!

WHAT? SPEAK UP!

BUT THE GASSER FINDS NO SHAME IN REFERRING TO THE GASSER IN THE THIRD PERSON!

DON'T WANT TO TALK TO-- WHAT'S HIS NAME, MISTER MFFTFMFF--NO MORE.

I WANT MY SONNN.

