



VALIANT

Ivar Anni-Padda, the eldest of an ancient clan of legendary adventurers, has spent his life tracking time arcs - portals that allow him to travel to different periods in Earth's history with the help of his Tachyon Compass. He is brilliant, cunning, charming, and more than a little devious. He is...

Ivar, Timewalker

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The story so far...

Ivar came crashing into the life of scientist Neela Sethi seconds before she discovered time travel, taking her on a chase through time itself!



He sought to prevent her from trying to change history to save her father's life, an action with dire repercussions for space-time. Neela deserted Ivar, joining his enemies, the Prometheans, and their leader - Neela from a distant future - to change history forever!



Aware that Neela's plans could destroy the very fabric of time and with it, our universe, Ivar rallied his brother, Gilad, the Eternal Warrior, to join in on his mission to stop the Prometheans and rescue Neela from herself. But Gilad's not the only person Ivar's brought in on his plans.



He also traveled to modern day 2015 to get his brother, the super strong and super drunk Armstrong. The problem? Gilad and Armstrong hate each other.



**ROTFL. IVAR NEEDS MORE HELP.
SSDD. WELCOME TO:**

BREAKING HISTORY

PART TWO

T.H. MEMORIAL SPACE
ELEVATOR STATION,
UNITED HUMANITY
PROTECTORATE OF
BORNEO. C.E. 5480.

ALL RIGHT,
"LURKER"...

...I'LL
NEED EVERY
MEMBER
CONSCIOUSNESS
OF THE 15,000
ENGINEERS
AGGREGATED
INTO YOUR
COLLECTIVE
MIND.

YOU *SURE*
YOU CAN DO
THIS?

TL;DR

UGH. LOOK--
IT'S A SMALL
CRAFT POWERED
BY HELIOSPHERIC
CURRENTS.

BUT IT HAS
TO HAVE MICRO-
PRECISION
CONTROL.

RUDDER
MANUFACTURING
HAS TO BE
FLAWLESS, AS
WELL AS THESE
MICROFILAMENT
ATTACHMENTS.

SO IF YOU
DON'T THINK
YOU'RE UP TO
IT, TELL ME
NOW, SO I CAN
FIND SOMEONE
ELSE.

I'LL *BLOW* YOUR HEAD
OFF IF YOU SAY NO OR
IF YOU *FAIL*, SO *THINK*
FOR A CHANGE BEFORE
ANSWERING.

CHILL
TEH F OUT,
OLD-PIG.
SRSLY.

WILL BUILD YOUR
TOY, OR U CAN REMOVE
MY FAP HAND.

"DOUBLE-UGH," AS NEELA
MIGHT SAY.

PRETEND
YOU HAVE SOME
SLIGHT SLIVER OF
MATURITY, OR
I MIGHT JUST BLOW
YOUR HEAD OFF
ANYWAY.

ZOMG
U R HI

WERE
IMMATURE?

BOUT THEM?

IT'S "WE'RE," DAMN IT. I CAN HEAR YOU LEAVE OUT THE APOSTROPHE.

QUIT IT!

HOLD STILL!

I SWEAR BY ALL THE GEOMANCERS, IF YOU DON'T LET GO I'LL--

YOU'RE THE ONE MAKING THIS HARD ON YOURSELF, BABY BRO!

BROS

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WARREN SIMONS · EDITOR IN CHIEF



THEY'RE THE GOLD STANDARD OF IMMATURITY. THAT'S HOW I KNOW IT WHEN I SEE IT.

PLUS, THEY'RE FAMILY.

THERE ARE NUMEROUS MILLENNIA-OLD SOCIAL TABOOS AGAINST ME MURDERING THEM.



TABOOS I STRUGGLE AGAINST VIOLATING DAILY.

PUNK

OW!



HUH. OKAY, I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT.

IT'S NOT A DYE-JOB.

WHY WOULD I DYE MY HAIR WHITE?!



TO MAKE YOURSELF LOOK MORE DISTINGUISHED.

YOU VALUE YOUR OPINION OF ME MUCH, MUCH MORE HIGHLY THAN I DO.

DON'T GIMME THAT. IT'S BEEN A BUTTLOAD OF EPOCHS SINCE THE LAST TIME THE ANNI-PADDA BROTHERS WENT A-VENTURIN' TOGETHER--

--MAYBE YOU FIGURED THE MORE YOU LOOKED LIKE UNCLE GIZZEL, THE LESS WE'D BUST YOUR ETERNAL CAJONES.



UNCLE GIZZEL? UNCLE GIZZEL WAS THE VILLAGE IDIOT!

OH, WAIT. YOU'RE RIGHT.



YOU DO LOOK A LOT LIKE UNCLE GIZZEL ANYWAY...



I WILL MURDER YOUR FACE!!

HA! C'MON, YOU WALKED RIGHT INTO THAT ONE!



GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN, PLEASE!

WE'VE ALMOST REACHED THE DRYDOCK--



NIMBUS RING UNJOINED DEPORTATION POINT ALPHA.

--AND WE NEED TO PUT ON OUR BEST BEHAVIOR.



THE VEINS POPPING ON YOUR FOREHEADS WILL PREVENT YOU FROM DONNING THESE ZELIG CHIPS.

