

A large comic panel showing a man with glasses and a goatee, wearing a dark hoodie, sitting at a desk in a server room. He is looking at a laptop with a concerned expression. His hands are on the keyboard. On the desk are a glass of water and a mug with the equation $E=mc^2$ on it. The background shows server racks and fluorescent lights.

SNEAKING IN FOR A
SIMPLE DATA STEAL IS
WHAT LED ME HERE.

TEN YEARS AGO. BACKDOORING
INTO LEX LUTHOR'S PRIVATE
SERVER. FIGURED I'D SCORE SOME
SWEET BLACKMAIL MATERIAL. GET
RICH OR SHOW THE WORLD.
THAT KIND OF DEAL.

BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING
ELSE. BURIED DEEP INSIDE
SOME SEEMINGLY INNOCENT
FINANCIAL RECORDS. CODE I
HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE.

I COULDN'T HELP
MYSELF. I COPIED
IT AND BOOKED.

SINCE THEN, SEEMS LIKE
EVERYWHERE I LOOK I FIND MORE
PIECES OF THAT WEIRD CODE.
HIDDEN IN THE FILES OF EVERY BIG
BANK AND MAJOR CORP. THE
SECRET ORBITAL DATAFARMS OF
THE BIGGEST SOCIAL MEDIA
PLATFORM ON THE PLANET.

YOU WANT TO
TALK ABOUT THE
ILLUMINATI?
THIS IS IT.

AND AS FAR AS I CAN
TELL, THE PIECE I'M
DOWNLOADING NOW IS THE
LAST OF IT. FOUND IT
BURIED DEEP IN A HIP-HOP
PRODUCER'S PRENUP, IF
YOU CAN BELIEVE THAT.

THIS HAS GOTTA
BE BIG. LIKE, WORLD-
DOMINATION BIG.

A smaller panel showing a close-up of Moses Barber. He is wearing his signature glasses and is focused on writing with a pen on a piece of paper. A window with a cityscape is visible in the background.

AND I'M THE ONLY
ONE WITH THE SKILL, THE
TALENT, THE TENACITY, TO
BLOW THE LID SKY-HIGH.

A panel showing a close-up of a hand holding a pen, writing on a document. The document has some scribbles and the letters 'SS' are visible.

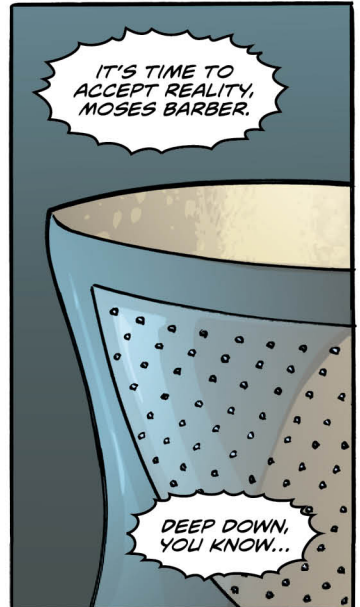
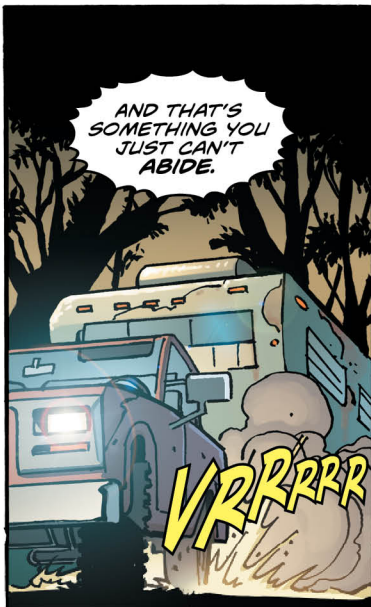
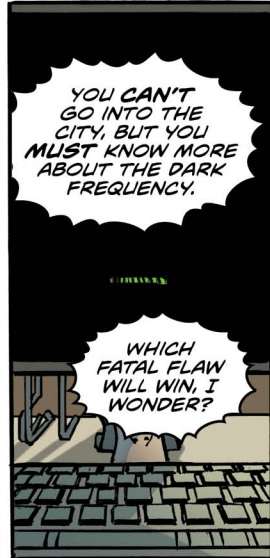
AND THEY'LL
NEVER SEE IT
CO--

BZEW...
POP

UHM...

A panel showing Moses Barber from behind, sitting at a desk in a server room. He is looking at a computer monitor. The room is dimly lit with server racks and lights in the background.

MOSES
BARBER.



"...YOU'RE
OUT OF YOUR
DEPTH."

≡GGGNNNNN!≡

**THE EDGE OF THE WORLD.
NOW.**

NEXT
TIME, PROF,
YOU GOTTA
SEND MORE
BULLETS!

BECAUSE
THE ONES YOU
HAD...~~IRRVNNE~~...
WORKED SO WELL
LAST TIME,
BETHANY!

I CAN DO
BETTER THAN
BULLETS.

I'M UPLOADING
HIGH-PRESSURE
DIVING SUITS THROUGH
YOUR HOURGLASSES.

THAT
IDEA JUST
OCCURRED
TO YOU?

I'VE
INCLUDED
SOME...DEFENSIVE
UPGRADES.

UNFORTUNATELY,
ONE OF YOUR
TEAMMATES IS
OUT OF RANGE.

VIIP

YEAH,
WHERE IS
KRUNCH?

HE MUST'VE
BEEN PULLED
UNDER!

YOUR
HOURGLASS
CAN BE
USED AS A
RELAY.

IF
YOU GET
CLOSER I
CAN--

VIIP
VIIP
VIIP

I KNOW
WHAT A
RELAY IS.

≡MMMNNN!≡

≡MM-
NNNNN!≡

I'M NOT SURE
WHAT YOU'RE
TRYING TO SAY,
KRUNCH...

...BUT I HOPE THOSE
ARE SOUNDS OF
GRATITUDE.

≡FFFFKNNMMM!≡



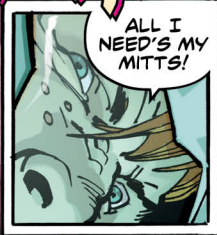
YEAH, THESE UPGRADES'LL DO.

GRAHHH!

YOU CAN HAVE THE GUNS, LADY...

VIIP VIIP

THWOOM!



SHOOOOOSH

FEWER, MOMENTARILY!

