

NEW YORK CITY,
AUGUST 3RD, 2027.



SO MOM...
WHAT DO YOU
THINK?



HE'S
A LITTLE...
GOOFY.

HOWEVER, HE SEEMS
LIKE A BRIGHT, KIND MAN
AND CLEARLY THINKS THE
WORLD OF YOU.

WELL DAD
WAS KIND OF
A GOOF TOO,
MOM.

YES.
I SUPPOSE
HE WAS.



YOUR FATHER
WOULD HAVE ADORED
HIM, DEAR.



SORRY IF I WENT GONE LONG. I LEANED AGAINST THE SINK AND WELL...

I TRIED TO DRY IT, BUT WORRIED YOU'D QUESTION MY PROLONGED ABSENCE, WHICH COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE THAN THE TRUTH.



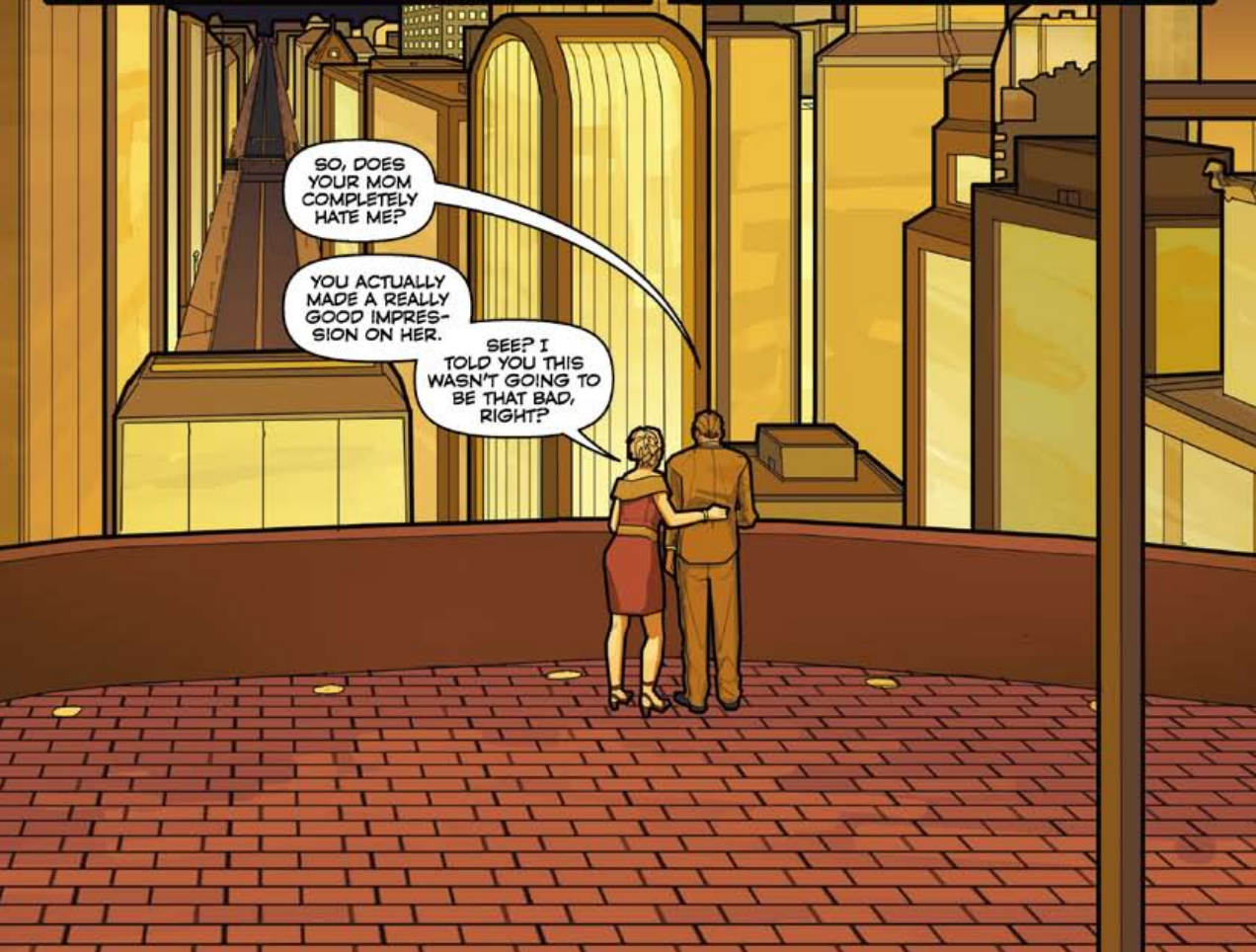
THIS NORMALLY DOESN'T HAPPEN BUT THE SINKS HERE ARE LOW AND POORLY DESIGNED IF YOU ASK ME. THEY SHOULD REALLY--

MOM, WOULD YOU EXCUSE US PLEASE?



MAYBE THE FRESH AIR WILL HELP.

OF COURSE, GABRIELLA.



SO, DOES YOUR MOM COMPLETELY HATE ME?

YOU ACTUALLY MADE A REALLY GOOD IMPRESSION ON HER.

SEE? I TOLD YOU THIS WASN'T GOING TO BE THAT BAD, RIGHT?



NOT THAT BAD? I LOOK LIKE I PEED MYSELF AND I'M PRETTY SURE I'VE REPEATED MYSELF SAYING THE EXACT SAME THING FORWARDS AND BACKWARDS NO LESS THAN SIX TIMES...



...LIKE JUST NOW.



WELL, I WANTED TO LET YOU KNOW THAT YOU *FINALLY* MEETING MY PRETENTIOUS MOTHER *DOES* MEAN A LOT TO ME, AND I'LL SHOW YOU MY *GRATITUDE* LATER ON TONIGHT.

LET'S JUST GET YOU THROUGH DESSERT AND YOU WON'T HAVE TO TALK TO HER AGAIN... FOR AT LEAST A YEAR.



THE HARD PART IS OVER. FIFTEEN MORE MINUTES. NO BIG DEAL.

YEAH. NO BIG DEAL.





WHO ARE YOU?

WHAT DID YOU DO TO THE DOCTOR?



GRRRR...

DEAR GOD--!



RRAGH-KK!!

GAHH!

KRAAK





BEFORE.

THIS...
THIS CAN'T BE
RIGHT.

RICHARD!
WHERE ARE
YOU!

HONEY, YOU'RE
NOT GOING TO
BELIEVE WHAT
WE'VE DONE!

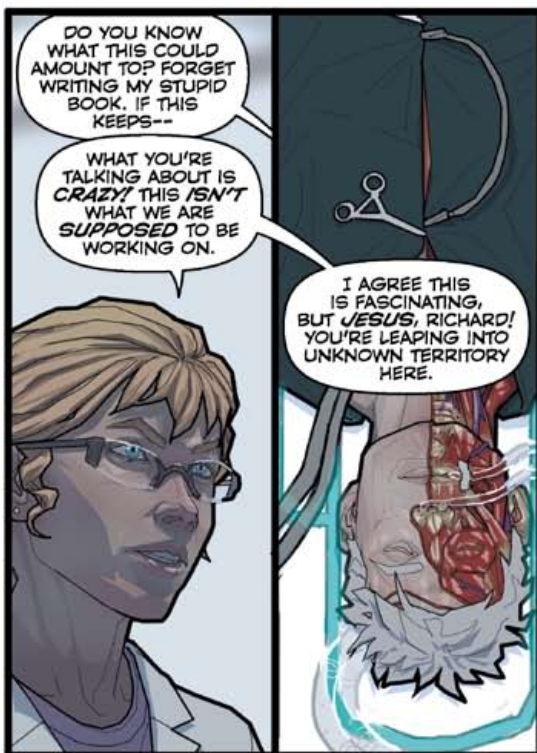
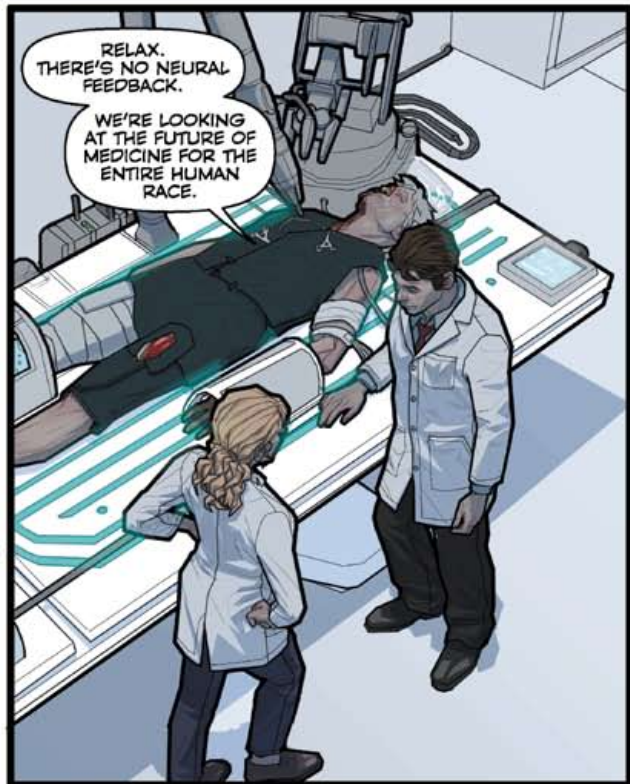
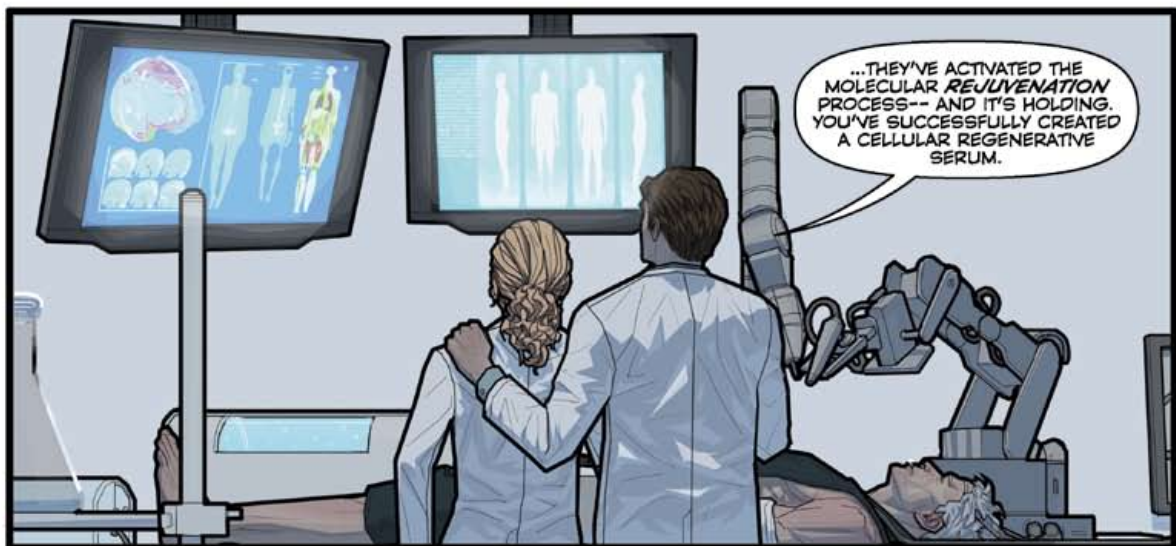
RICHARD, I
HAVE TO SHOW
YOU SOMETHI--

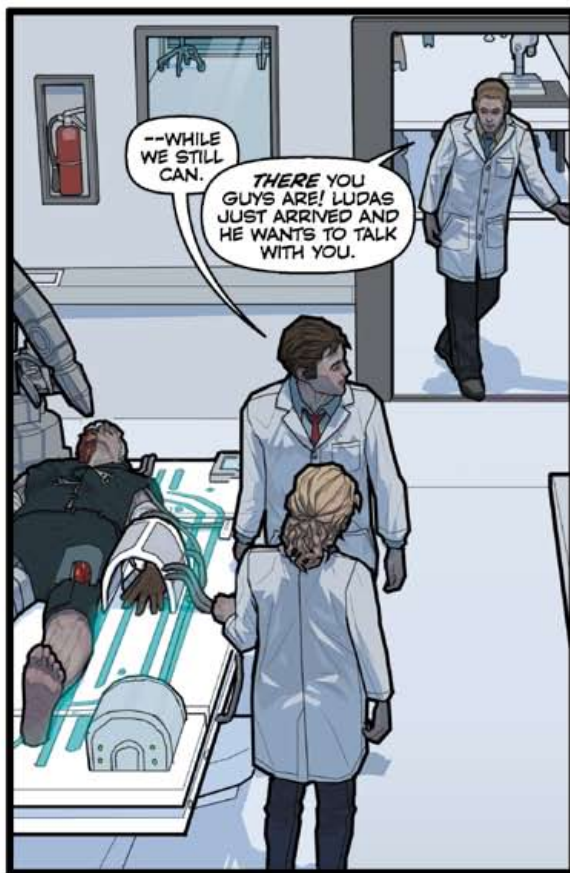
--I KNOW YOU SAID NOT
TO, I'M SORRY. BUT I WENT
AHEAD AND DID IT, AND IT'S
EXTRAORDINARY.

THE WHOLE
BODY IS FULLY
FUNCTIONAL AND
RESPONSIVE TO
YOUR CELLULAR
REGENERATIVE
FORMULA.

WHA-- WHAT THE HELL
ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
ONLY THE LUNGS AND THE
BRAIN HAVE REGENERATED,
AND THEY FAIL AFTER
THREE DAYS.

NO, YOU'VE DONE IT!
I'VE TAKEN YOUR H.S.P.
GENES AND WENT AHEAD AND
ADMINISTERED THE ARTIFICIAL
NEUROLOGICAL IMPULSE
PROGRAM STRAIGHT TO
THE BRAINSTEM...





--WHILE WE STILL CAN.

THERE YOU GUYS ARE! LUDAS JUST ARRIVED AND HE WANTS TO TALK WITH YOU.



RICHARD, LISTEN TO ME. I CAME ACROSS A TRINION FILE TITLED *PROJECT TREFOIL* ON THE COMPUTER. I'M NOT SURE IF IT MEANS WHAT I THINK IT MEANS. I NEED YOU TO TAKE A LOOK AT IT WITH ME.



I DON'T KNOW IF WE CAN TRUST LUDAS.

YOU SUREP I'LL CHECK OUT THE FILE AFTER WE--

WE CAN'T SHOW HIM WHAT YOU'VE SHOWN ME! WE JUST CAN'T.

NOT YET.

OKAY. OKAY. I BELIEVE YOU, BUT WE HAVE TO SHOW HIM SOMETHING.



I'LL HIDE ALL OF THIS AND PREPARE A LUNG SPECIMEN TO SHOW HIM. YOU GO KEEP HIM OCCUPIED.

IT'LL BE OKAY.