

NORTHERN SPAIN, 1813.
THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON
HAS PLACED HIS BROTHER
ON THE SPANISH THRONE.
BRITISH TROOPS STRUGGLE
TO FREE THE PENINSULA.
IT HAS NOT GONE WELL...

(WORRISOME--

IT'S
COMPLICATED,
MAN-RS.* HIDING OUT
IN THE CHAOS OF BATTLE
MIGHT NOT'VE BEEN THE
STROKE OF GENIUS
I THOUGHT
IT WAS.

JUST TELL
ME I LOST THE
GOON SQUAD, OR
YOU'VE FIGURED OUT
HOW THEY'RE FOLLOWING
ME. THE LONGER I HAVE
TO DODGE THEM, THE
LESS CHANCE WE HAVE
OF TRACKING DOWN
WHATSOEVER'S
DISRUPTING
TIME.

*PRONOUNCED
"MANNERS."



BAD NEWS, SIR. YOUR ARRIVAL IN 1813 WAS SHORTLY FOLLOWED BY SEVERAL CHRONAL SPIKES, MOST LIKELY YOUR ADVERSARIES. I AM ATTEMPTING TO PINPOINT THEIR CURRENT LOCATION.

EYES ON THEM NOW. GO SILENT. THAT'S AN ORDER.

BUT MRS--

ALL HAIL THE KING!

DID YOU REALLY THINK YOU WERE DONE WITH US, ROOK?

NEVER MIND, MAN-RS.



WHERE IS YOUR CASTLE, KING OF TIME? EVERY GOOD KING HAS A CASTLE!



LOCK, YOU KNOW IT WON'T WORK FOR ANYONE BUT ME. YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE A MACHINE ANYMORE. THIS ERA'S TECHNOLOGY CAN'T EVEN CREATE THE TECHNOLOGY YOU'D NEED TO BUILD ANOTHER ONE.

SO HOW ABOUT DIALING DOWN THE HOSTILITY AND PRAYING I DON'T STRAND YOU CRAZIES HERE?



IF YOU *COULD*, YOU'D HAVE DONE IT ALREADY. POOR LITTLE ROOK, ALL HOLLOW THREATS AND NO ADVANTAGE.



DO YOU IMAGINE WE *NEED* YOU? TRUST ME, PIECES OF YOU WILL DO JUST FINE. THE *REST* OF YOU WILL MAKE THE PERFECT HORS D'OEUVRE BEFORE ALL OF TIME BECOMES MY ENDLESS FEAST.



YEAH, I DON'T THINK THAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN.

GUN!

DON'T PANIC! HE'S THE ROOK! HE WON'T POLLUTE HIS PRECIOUS FEAST WITH ANACHRONISTIC TECHNOLOGY!




YOU NEVER KNOW, BLEEDING OUT MIGHT SHAKE MY RESOLVE SOME. DESPERATE PEOPLE, DESPERATE THINGS AND ALL THAT. BY ALL MEANS, FEEL FREE TO COME FIND OUT.

VOL-GARIAN! HURRY UP!

WHY ARE YOU HOLDING BACK? HE'S BLUFFING! AFTER HIM!

HA. LET OTHERS SWEAT AND TOIL AND CHASE LIKE MINDLESS LITTLE ANTS. THERE ARE MORE ENTERTAINING WAYS TO FEEL YOUR FREY.



SITUATION'S WORSE, MAN-RS. SEEMS MR. LOCK AND THE VOL-GARIAN HAVE RECRUITED INQUISIDOR, DEADPAN, AND DOWNTOWN ABBY INTO THE FOLD. I'M GETTING WAY THE HELL OUTNUMBERED.

YOU HAVE MADE MANY ENEMIES IN YOUR TRAVELS, SIR.

NO KIDDING, SO LET'S FIND A WAY TO END THIS BEFORE THEY PICK UP MORE.

SIR, I ASSURE YOU I MEANT NOTHING HUMOROUS--

COLLOQUIALISMS, MAN-RS. ANY PROGRESS ON OUR TIME DISRUPTION?



ITS NATURE BECOMES LESS CLEAR THE CLOSER WE GET TO IT, BUT IT NOW APPEARS TO BE CENTERED IN 2015.

THAT'S... CURIOUS, AND DISCONCERTING.



2015'S WHERE I WAS JUST ABOUT TO GO ANYWAY.



YOU LAZY, COWARDLY IDIOTS! YOU PROMISED ME HIS HEAD!

INSTEAD, HE'S GETTING AWAY!



ENOUGH, ALL OF YOU. WOMAN, KNOW YOUR PLACE. IN MY TIME, THAT WOULD'VE BEEN AT THE DINNER TABLE.

DON'T IMAGINE YOUR PRESENCE OR YOUR LIFE INDISPENSABLE. YOU'RE THE ROOK'S GREATEST FAILURE, THAT'S ALL.



AND WHOSE SHOULDERS SHOULD BEAR THAT SIN?

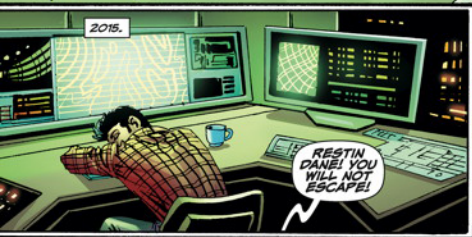


YOU ADD A CERTAIN...UMAMI... TO HIS TORMENT, BUT NOT ENOUGH FOR ME TO TOLERATE YOUR WHINING.

ALL OF YOU, BELIEVE WHAT I TELL YOU! OUR VENGEANCE IS PERFECT--HIS END AT OUR HANDS INEVITABLE!

HE IS TOO STUPID TO GRASP THAT HE HIMSELF IS OUR MODE OF TRANSPORT, WHERE HE GOES, WE GO.

HE CANNOT ESCAPE!



2015.

RESTIN DANE! YOU WILL NOT ESCAPE!



YOUR TIME HAS COME--

The Rook

"No Future"

Part 1 of 4: SAVE YOURSELF



--TO PARTY!

THAT HURTS!

SUZE, I DON'T HAVE TIME TO FOOL AROUND. MY DOCTORAL THESIS, REMEMBER? I'M ALMOST THERE! I JUST HAVE TO FIGURE OUT THE MATH.



STOP LYING TO YOURSELF! YOU'VE SAID THE SAME THING EVERY DAY FOR MONTHS AND YOU'RE STILL NO CLOSER TO HACKING TIME!

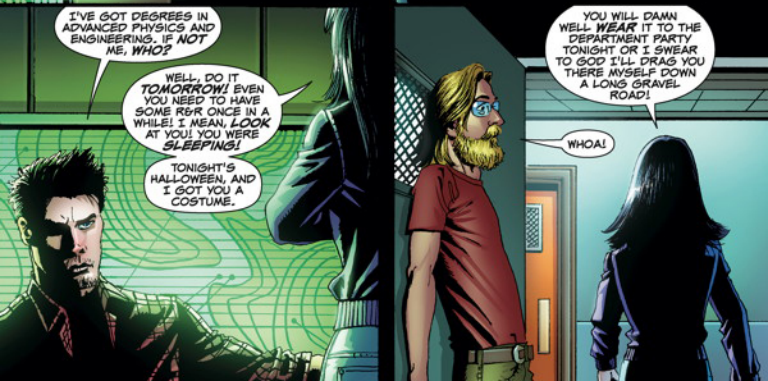
JUST BECAUSE YOUR GREAT-WHATEVER-GRANDFATHER WROTE SOME TRASH NOVEL ABOUT TIME MACHINES DOESN'T MEAN HE MADE ONE, OR YOU CAN.

IT'S NOT FICTION--



OH, WISE UP. IT WAS THE VICTORIAN AGE. EVERYONE WAS WRITING THEM. I MEAN, MY GOD, IT READS LIKE A HALF-ASSED H. G. WELLS KNOCK-OFF, WITHOUT THE STYLE.

SAV IT'S TRUE. SO WHAT? YOU ONLY HAVE HALF OF IT. I KNOW YOU'RE SOME KIND OF GENIUS, BUT THAT'S AN AWFUL LOT TO FILL IN.



I'VE GOT DEGREES IN ADVANCED PHYSICS AND ENGINEERING. IF NOT ME, WHO?

WELL, DO IT TOMORROW! EVEN YOU NEED TO HAVE SOME R&R ONCE IN A WHILE! I MEAN, LOOK AT YOU! YOU WERE SLEEPING!

TONIGHT'S HALLOWEEN, AND I GOT YOU A COSTUME.

YOU WILL DAMN WELL WEAR IT TO THE DEPARTMENT PARTY TONIGHT OR I SWEAR TO GOD I'LL DRAG YOU THERE MYSELF DOWN A LONG GRAVEL ROAD!

WHOA!

