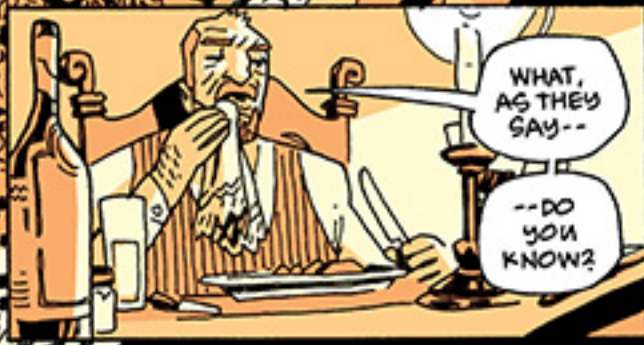
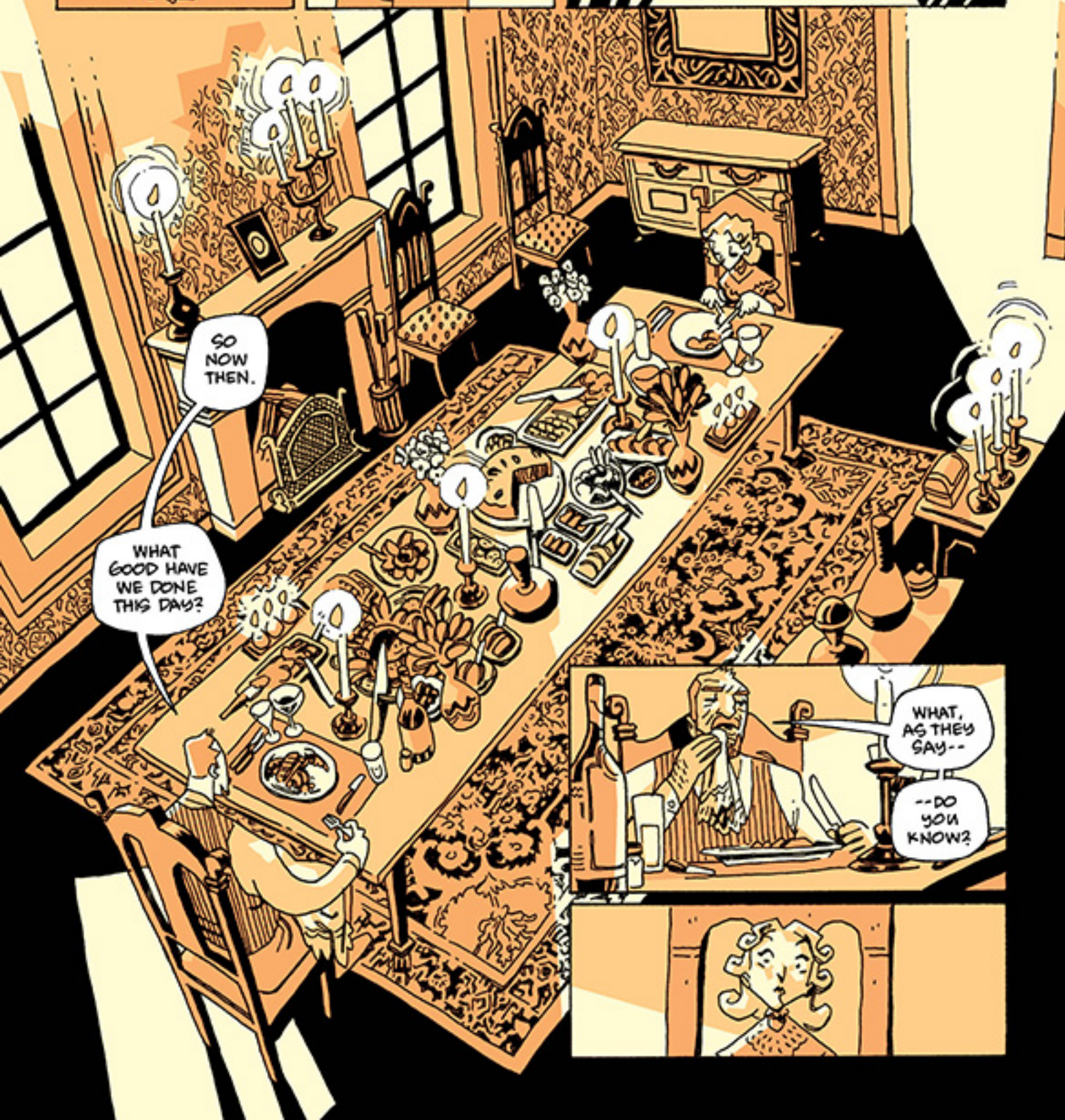




MS. BOUTIQUE...?

YOUR FATHER
WANTS YOU AT
THE DINNER
TABLE.



AS DWORKIN B. BRANE-HOPS ACROSS PROBABILITY FOLDS TOWARD THE MAXIMUM LIKELIHOOD OF OUR TIMELINE...

... SO YOU CAN JUST GO BACK TO GALEN AND TELL HIM I'M FINE.

GALEN'S NOT ASKING.

MARA, I NOTICED YOU'RE BLINKING FREQUENTLY, SQUEEZING YOUR EYES SHUT.

IT HAPPENS SOMETIMES, WITH CHRONTS.

YOU EFFECTIVELY HAVE 9×10^{81} PAIRS OF EYES THAT ARE ALWAYS SEEING EVERYTHING, EVERYWHERE, ALL AT ONCE.

YOU MUST WRESTLE CONSTANTLY WITH THE URGE TO PICK UP A SCREWDRIVER AND POKE THEM OUT OF THEIR SOCKETS.

RRRIIIIP!

GNAR GNAR

WOW, I WAS SO CLOSE TO ACTUALLY ALMOST KIND OF LIKING YOU RIGHT THERE, BUT YOU HAD TO GO AND EAT A LOG AGAIN.

MMF.

GNAR GNAR

THE BOY. YOUR SON. HE'S...

IN A M.O.T.T.-RUN SECURITY DECOHERENCE. IT'S LIKE...

A BOX WHERE NOWHERE MEETS NEVER. ONLY IT EXISTS.

YEAH, IT EXISTS. BUT I CAN'T SEE HIM.

WELL, NOT WITH YOUR EYES.

RIGHT.

HEY, YOU KNOW WHAT, DUDE? FORGET THE [REDACTED] M-VELOPE FOR ONCE.

EAT YOUR LOG.

ARE YOU... I... REALLY?

WHATEVER, I CAN HANDLE IT...