



THIS IS IT, BOYS.

EVERYTHING YOUR OLD MAN WORKED FOR COMES DOWN TO ONE MOMENT.

YOU READY, CLARA?

MORE THAN I EVER HAVE BEEN, EMMETT. BUT...

JUNE 12, 1893.



...HAVE YOU LAID SUFFICIENT TRACKS?

LAST TIME, YOU REQUIRED FAR MORE DISTANCE TO GET UP TO SPEED.

GOOD QUESTION, CLARA...

IT WAS A DAY I EXPECTED TO BE ONE OF THE HIGHLIGHTS OF MY LIFE.



...BUT I'VE REFINED THE PRESTO LOGS WE USED TO GET MARTY BACK TO HIS TIME...

...AND THESE TRACKS ARE ALIGNED WITH A RAILWAY THAT WILL BE BUILT IN THE 1950S—

—STILL IN USE IN 1985, WHERE WE'LL PICK UP EINSTEIN.



DOESN'T YOUR DOGGIE MISS YOU?

FROM HIS POINT OF VIEW, I'VE ONLY BEEN GONE A FEW HOURS, JULES.

PLUS HE'S USED TO MY ECCENTRICITIES.



AT ANY RATE, ONCE WE HAVE EINSTEIN ONBOARD...

...WHERE WE'RE GOING, WE WON'T NEED TRACKS.

WELL, WE WILL NEED THEM, BUT WE WON'T HAVE THEM, SO WE'LL FIGURE OUT A WAY TO NOT NEED THEM.



PLEASE, EMMETT. NO MORE DELAYS.

I'M READY TO TRAVEL!



JUST SO!

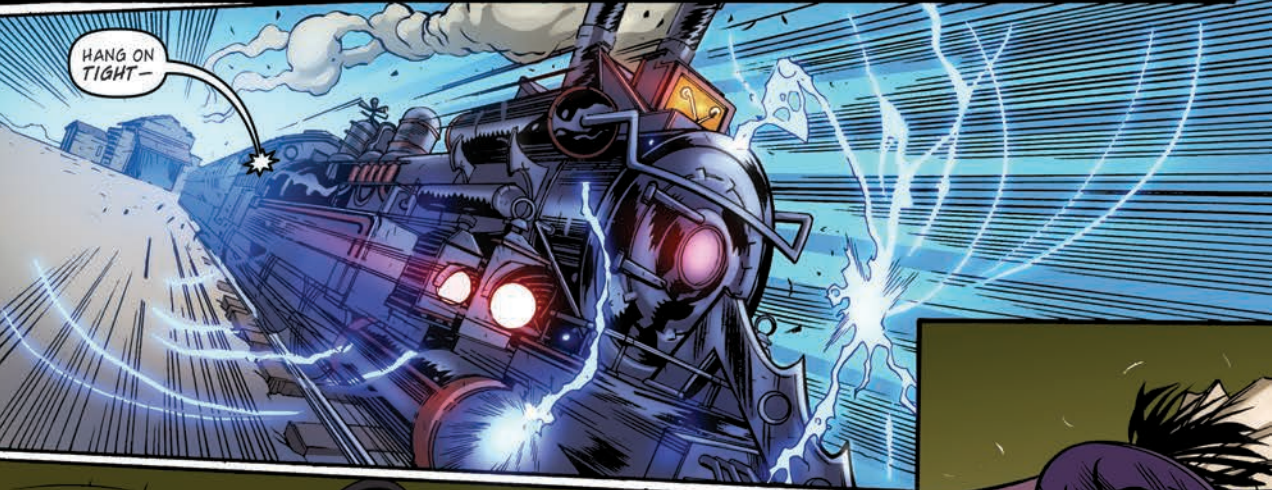
THE FUTURE AWAITS!



WHAT'S DOC DOING, PA?
I ASSURE YOU THE DOCTOR HAS A PLAN, SON.



HOWEVER... I HAVEN'T THE FOGGIEST WHAT IT MIGHT BE.



HANG ON TIGHT—



—THIS IS ABOUT TO GET SERIOUS!

I FEEL I MUST PAUSE HERE, AND TAKE A MOMENT TO EXPLAIN MY FEELINGS AT THAT MOMENT.

FOR IT OCCURS TO ME THAT, WHILE YOU MIGHT KNOW MY ACTIONS IN THIS SAGA...

OCT 25 1855

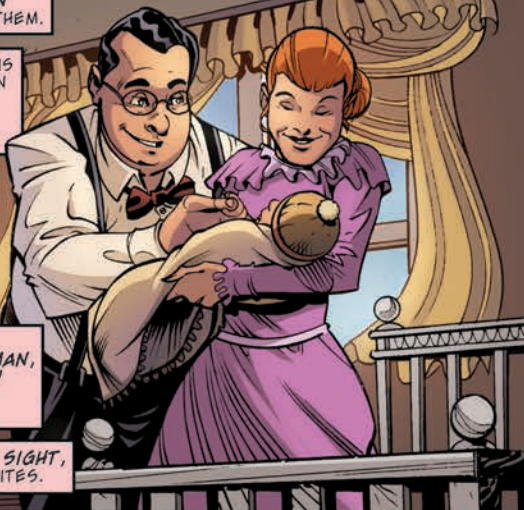
...YOU KNOW LITTLE OF THE WOMAN PARTAKING IN THEM.

SO IF YOU'LL PARDON THIS DIGRESSION, I WAS BORN IN NEW JERSEY, THE DAUGHTER OF MARTHA AND DANIEL CLAYTON.

MY FATHER WAS MILD AND INTROSPECTIVE.

HE MET MY MOTHER, A ROUGH FRONTIERSWOMAN, WHILE ON A BUTTERFLY EXPEDITION IN THE WESTERN TERRITORIES.

IT WAS LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT, THIS MEETING OF OPPOSITES.



I'M TOLD I TOOK AFTER MY MOTHER—WHICH WAS, OF THIS I AM SURE, A CHALLENGE.



I BELIEVE MY ESCAPADES CONVINCED MY PARENTS THAT ONE CHILD WAS MORE THAN ENOUGH.



BUT I FOUND A SENSE OF PURPOSE WHEN I WAS ELEVEN, AFTER CONTRACTING DIPHTHERIA.

IN RETROSPECT I WAS LUCKY TO SURVIVE THE DISEASE, THOUGH I DIDN'T FEEL LUCKY...



...UNTIL MY FATHER BROUGHT THE GIFT THAT OPENED UP MY WORLD.

TO THIS DAY, I KNOW NOT IF HE MEANT THE TELESCOPE TO BE AN OBJECT OF OBSERVING CHILDREN AT PLAY...



...TO DRAW ME CLOSER TO THEM.



I FEEL CERTAIN HE DID NOT EXPECT ME TO FOREGO SLEEP IN FAVOR OF STARGAZING.



THE WORLD OF THE SKY, OF OUTER SPACE, WAS PREVIOUSLY UNKNOWN TO ME...

...IT WAS A FRONTIER UNCROSSED, AND I FOUND THE IMPLICIT POSSIBILITIES INTOXICATING.



I LEARNED I WAS NOT ALONE IN MY CONSIDERATION OF THE PROMISES OF THE COSMIC AETHER.

I FOUND A DEEP KINSHIP WITH A MAN MANY YEARS MY SENIOR, ONE WHOM I NEVER MET NOR SPOKE TO, BUT WHOSE WORDS SPOKE TO ME.

JULES VERNE'S IDEAS LIFTED MY HEART AND—MORE IMPORTANT—INFLAMED MY MIND.



I EAGERLY AWAITED EACH NEW RELEASE FROM MONSIEUR VERNE—A PRACTICE I STILL MAINTAIN.

IT WAS WARMING... MEANINGFUL.



SOMEONE UNDERSTOOD ME.

MEANWHILE, THE CHILDREN AROUND ME GREW AND OFFERED ME LITTLE INTEREST.



OF COURSE, I OFFERED LITTLE TO THEM.



I BELIEVED THEN, AS I DO NOW, THAT PEOPLE SHOULD TELL THE TRUTH.

YET SO MUCH OF WHAT PASSES AS A RELATIONSHIP WITH OTHERS HAS ITS FOUNDATION IN HALF-TRUTHS OR OUTHRIGHT LIES.



LIES OF POLITENESS, OF PROPRIETY, OF SOCIETY.

MY MOTHER, TRYING TO FIT IN WITH A CIVILIZATION THAT TAMED HER WILD NATURE, UNDERSTOOD.



FATHER ATTEMPTED TO INTRODUCE ME TO YOUNG MEN FROM GOOD FAMILIES...

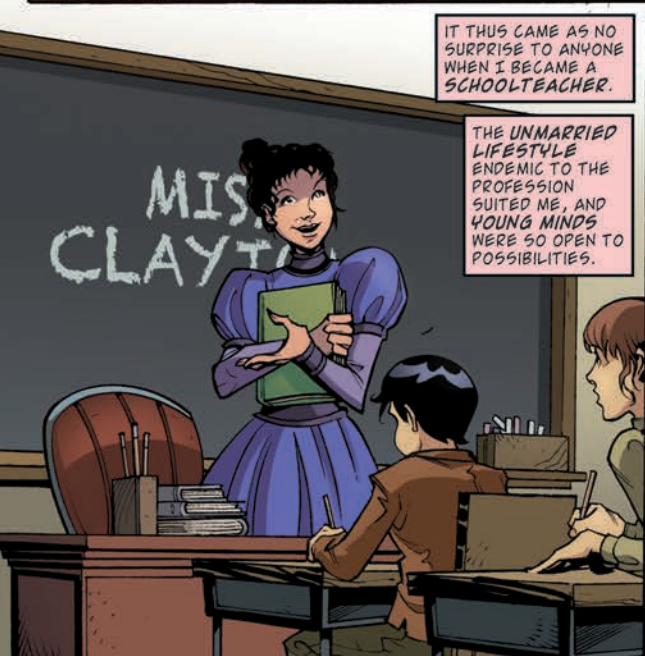


...BUT THESE NEVER LASTED LONG OR ENDED SATISFACTORILY.



IT THUS CAME AS NO SURPRISE TO ANYONE WHEN I BECAME A SCHOOLTEACHER.

THE UNMARRIED LIFESTYLE ENDEMIC TO THE PROFESSION SUITED ME, AND YOUNG MINDS WERE SO OPEN TO POSSIBILITIES.



TRUTHFUL AND IMAGINATIVE, MUCH LIKE JULES VERNE.



OR MYSELF.

