

THE FOX™

SEE, THIS IS WHAT I WOULD CONSIDER NORMAL.

FILL THE BAG, HONEY, OR YOU'RE NEXT!

MY NORMAL SON AND I ARE NORMAL BYSTANDERS AT A NORMAL BANK ROBBERY. THAT THE PERP IS JUST A GUY AND ISN'T DRESSED AS A PLAYING CARD OR A GIANT ROBOT FEELS LIKE VICTORY.

IT MEANS MY FREAK MAGNET--I.E., MY UNWANTED POWER TO ATTRACT THE MASKED, THE MAGICAL AND THE MONSTROUS--IS BLINKING OUT, MAYBE FOR GOOD.

--AND THAT MEANS I CAN FINALLY QUIT PLAYING THE RELUCTANT VIGILANTE...

...AND BECOME THE OVERBEARING HELICOPTER PARENT I KNOW I CAN BE.

DAD.

LET THE POLICE TRACK DOWN THIS LOSER. THEY'RE PAID TO WORRY THEIR FAMILIES.



DAD, ISN'T *THIS* THE CLUE FOR YOU TO HURL OFF YOUR OUTER GARMENTS AND BURST INTO A FRENZY OF STREET-FIGHTING MOVIES?

SHINTI, SHUSH, WE TALKED ABOUT THIS. I AM *DONE* BEING THE FOX.



DON'T TAKE ALL DAY, SWEETIE, OR I *SWEAR* YOU'LL GET WHAT THE GUARD GOT.

RIGHT BETWEEN YOUR PRETTY EYES.



DAD, HE'S THREATENING TO *KILL* THAT TELLER...!

THAT MAD DOG ROUTINE'S A FAKE. HE GAVE THE GUARD A *FLESH WOUND*. BESIDES, IF I STOP HIM, WE'LL SPEND HALF THE DAY TIED UP WITH THE POLICE.

WE'LL MISS THE MUSEUM EXHIBIT. YOU'LL NEVER ABSORB THE PRINCIPLES OF NARRATIVE PHOTOGRAPHY. YOU'LL END UP IN SOME DEAD-END JOB, RESENTING ME.



DAD, THAT'S *NUTS*. I'LL *NEVER* RESENT YOU. OUR TRIP TO BEAVER KILL OPENED MY EYES. *SEEING* THE FOX IN ACTION, INSTEAD OF JUST *HEARING* ABOUT IT--

--YOU REALLY *INSPIRED* ME.

INSPIRED...?

...WAIT. TO DO *WHAT* ...?



WATCH.



YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE! THIS KID'S NOT THE SCHLUB YOU'RE LOOKING FOR!

I'M THE--

WHARAAAM

ASIDE! BUG!

DAD!

JUST WHEN MY STOMACH WAS STARTING TO SETTLE.

LIKE IT WOULD HELP. WHAT'S GOT ME PUKING ISN'T FOOD POISONING.

KRAASH

I HOPE I LAND IN A TRUCK FULL OF MAALOX.

IT'S THE SHOCK OF THE IRREFUTABLE TRUTH.

THAT MY LIFE ISN'T MINE AFTER ALL. IT REALLY DOES BELONG TO THE FOX.

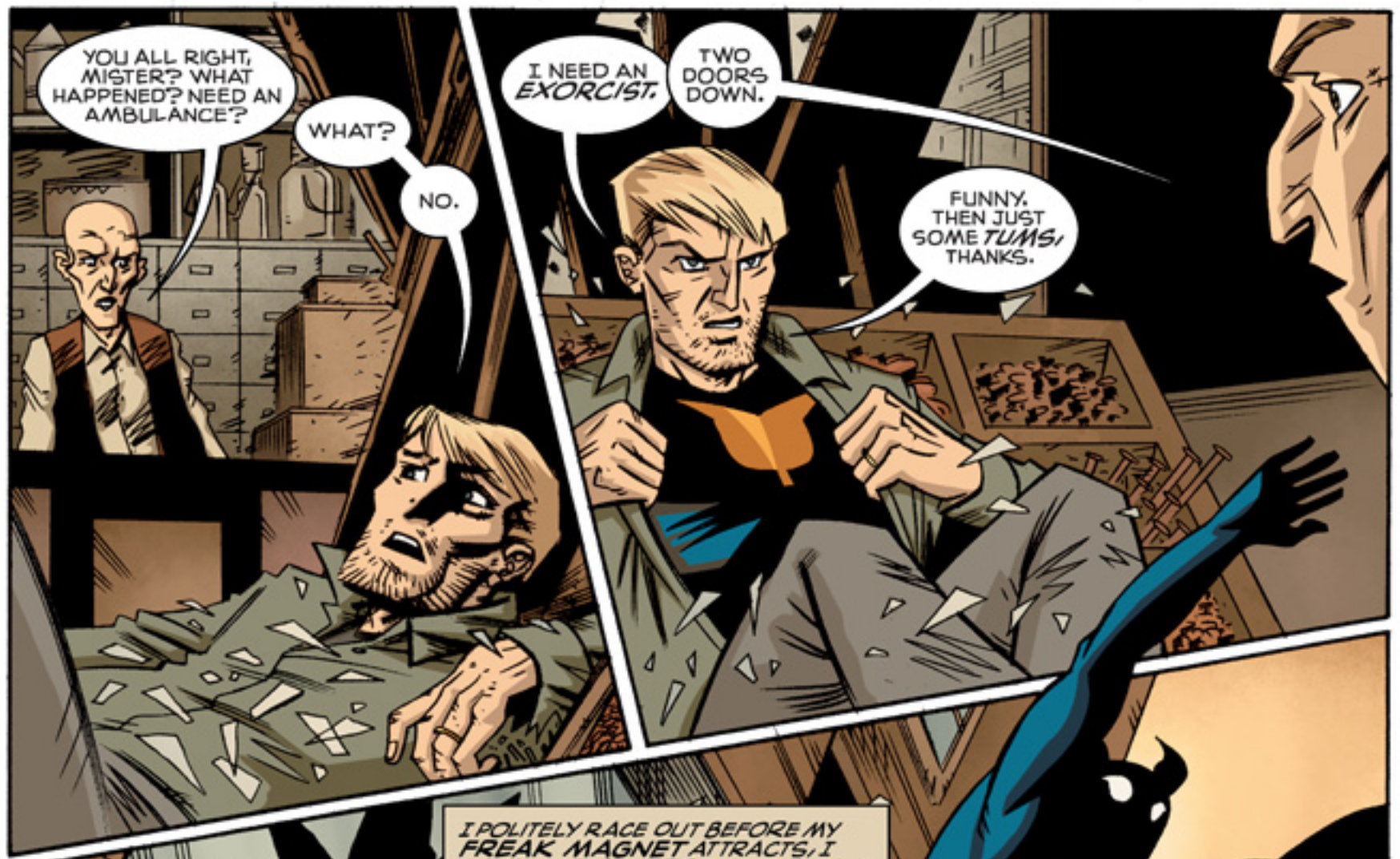
NO MATTER HOW I TRY TO CARVE A LITTLE BIT OF IT OUT FOR ME, MY WIFE, AND SON--

--A MONSTER WILL INEVITABLY EXPLODE OUT OF A ROBBER AND PITCH ME THROUGH A WINDOW.

KSSSH

OW.

TWO WINDOWS.



YOU ALL RIGHT, MISTER? WHAT HAPPENED? NEED AN AMBULANCE?

WHAT?

NO.

I NEED AN EXORCIST.

TWO DOORS DOWN.

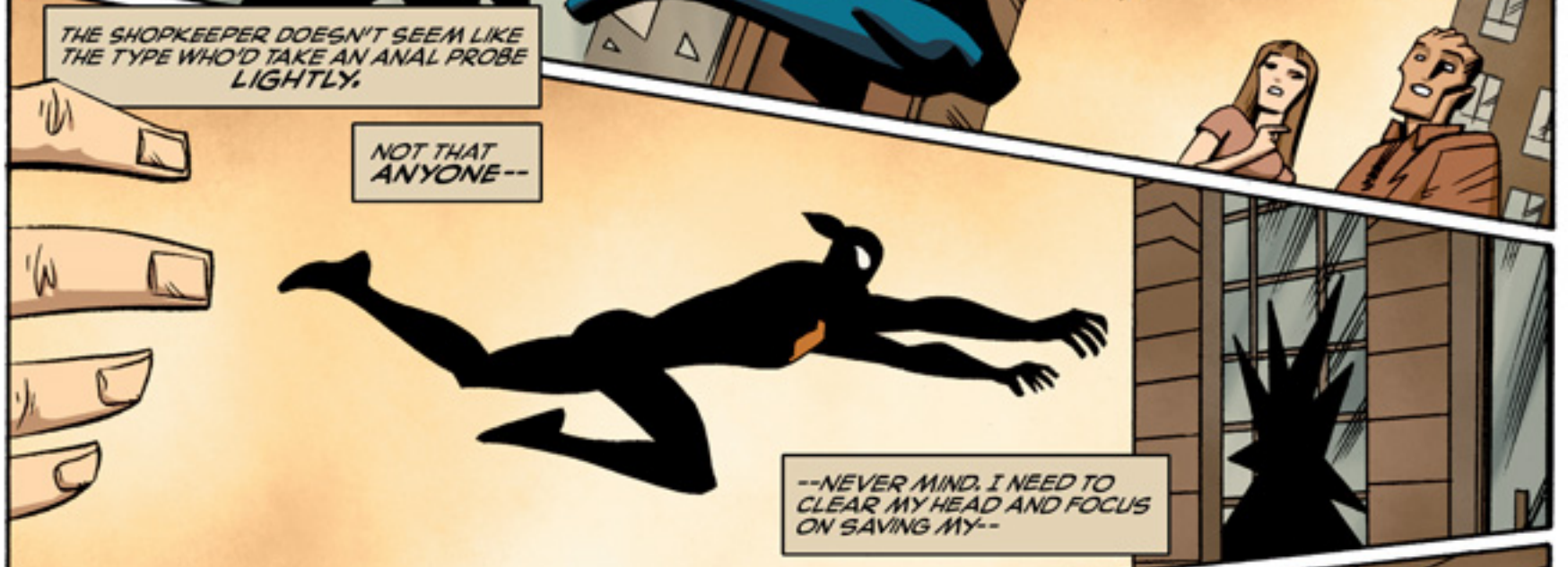
FUNNY. THEN JUST SOME TUMS! THANKS.

I POLITELY RACE OUT BEFORE MY FREAK MAGNET ATTRACTS, I DON'T KNOW, A UFO OR SOMETHING.

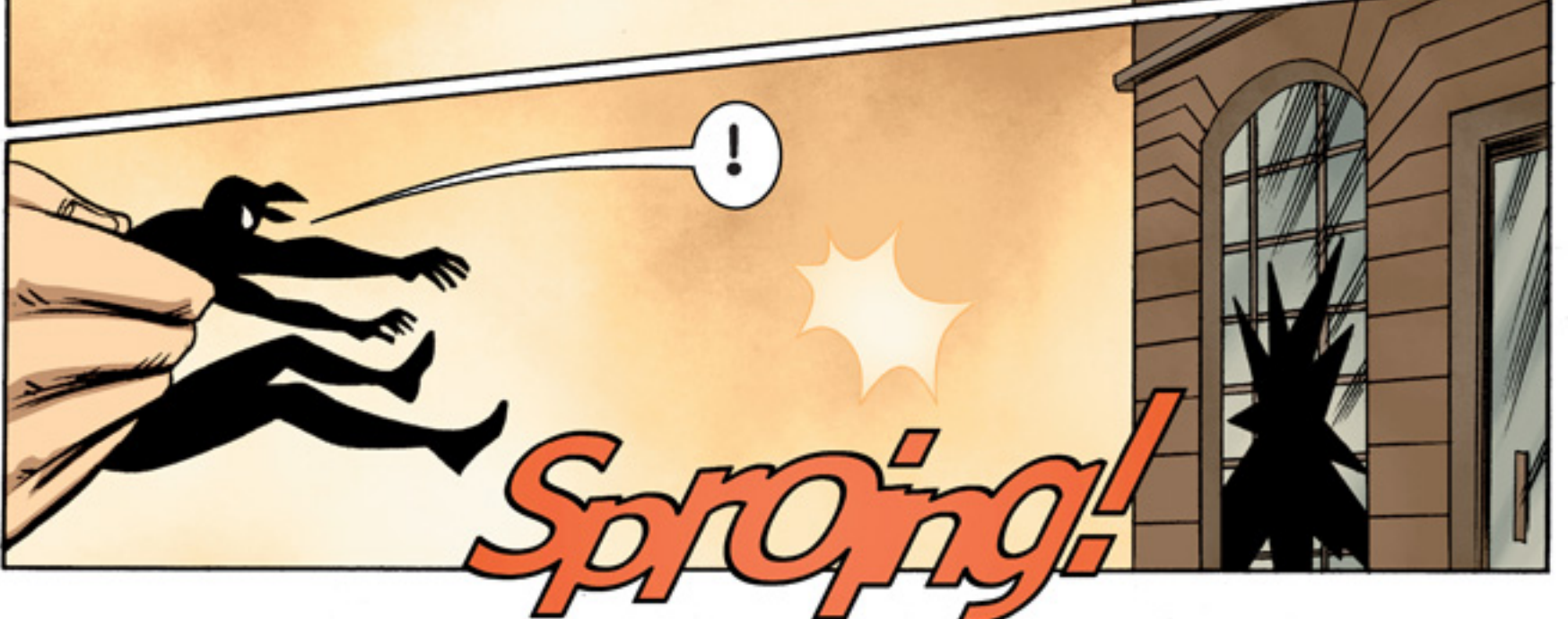


THE SHOPKEEPER DOESN'T SEEM LIKE THE TYPE WHO'D TAKE AN ANAL PROBE LIGHTLY.

NOT THAT ANYONE--



--NEVER MIND, I NEED TO CLEAR MY HEAD AND FOCUS ON SAVING MY--



!

Sproing!



AAAAH!

DAD!

THIS IS IMPACT CITY'S LAUDED CHAMPION? ONE WHO MEWLS LIKE A PUP WHEN THE PRESSURE IS ON? IT'S GETTING HARDER TO BELIEVE THERE'S A MILLION-DOLLAR PRICE ON SUCH A HELPLESS HEAD.

THAT DOESN'T... SOUND RIGHT TO ME, EITHER. BUT IF... MY HEAD'S WORTH THAT MUCH... YOU SHOULD PROBABLY... STOP SQUEEZING...

DOESN'T MATTER. IT'S DEAD OR ALIVE. BUT IN THE INCREASINGLY LIKELY EVENT I'VE SOMEHOW BEEN HOAXED--



--I WILL AVAIL MYSELF OF THE CASH AT HAND SO MY DAY ISN'T WASTED.

OWW!

KRAANCH