



SOMETIMES, REALITY  
CAN SEEM CRUEL.

I HOPE I  
DIDN'T KEEP  
YOU WAITING  
LONG.



THANK YOU  
FOR COMING,  
MICHAEL.

A FEW YEARS  
AGO, I WAS  
CALLED INTO THE  
MORGUE OF OUR  
LOCAL HOSPITAL.





**T**

A WOMAN HAD BEEN KILLED IN A CAR ACCIDENT.

THANK YOU FOR COMING, DR. HOLT.

I HAVE TO WARN YOU, SHE SUFFERED SIGNIFICANT TRAUMA TO HER FACE.

YOU MAY NOT BE--

PLEASE... THERE'S NO NEED.

AS SOON AS I SAW THE CRISSCROSS SCAR BETWEEN HER INDEX FINGER AND THUMB, I KNEW.

IT'S HER.

IT'S MY WIFE PAULA.

DESPITE APPEARANCES, HOWEVER, REALITY ISN'T CRUEL.

IT'S CONVOLUTED.

MY TEAM AND I RECENTLY DISCOVERED A WHOLE OTHER UNIVERSE OUT THERE, ONE THAT'S A FACSIMILE OF OUR OWN IN ALMOST EVERY WAY.

ONLY IN THAT UNIVERSE--

MIND IF I--?

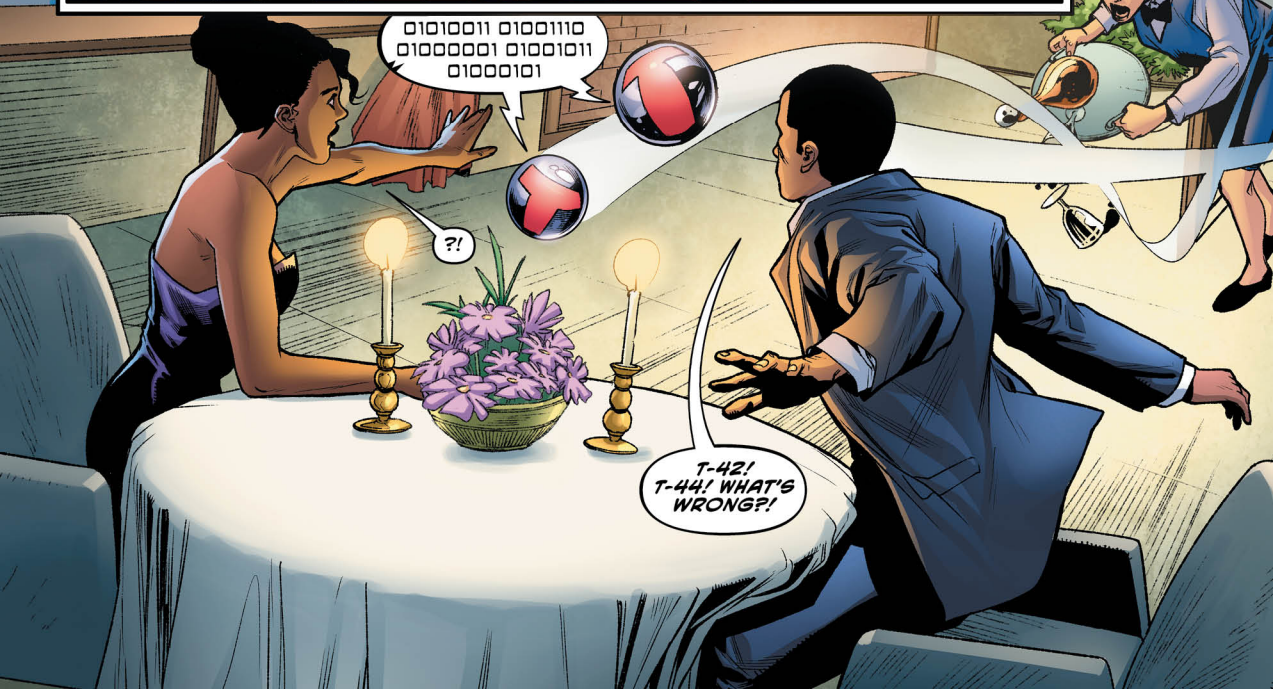
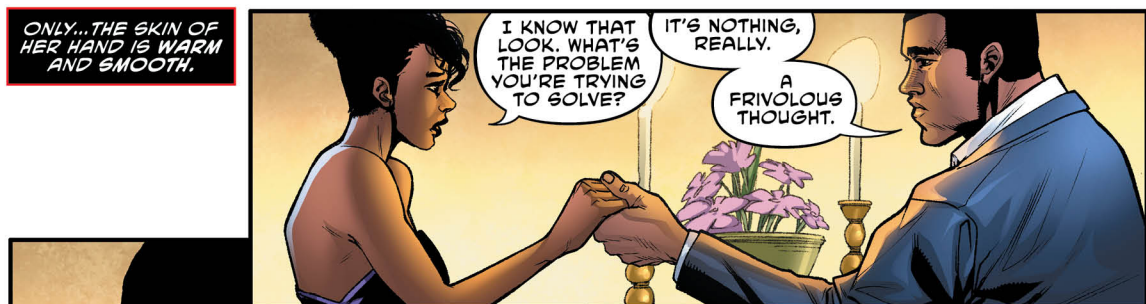
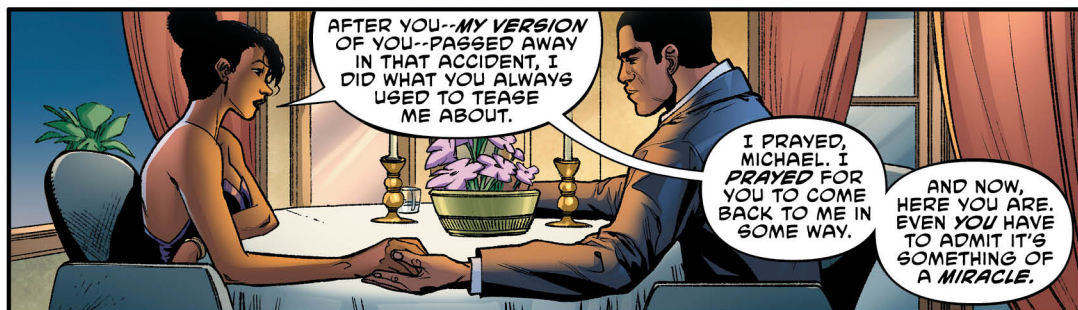
BE MY GUEST.

A GLASS OF SAUVIGNON LOCAL IPA FOR ME.

YOUR HOPPIEST LOCAL IPA FOR HIM.

--PAULA HOLT IS ALIVE.







**THE STAGG INDUSTRIES CAMPUS.**







YEOW!

GOTCHA.

MR. T!  
WHERE'VE YOU  
BEEN?!

ON A  
DATE.

WITH  
PAULA?  
HOW'D  
IT GO?

LATER, BRING  
ME UP TO  
SPEED.

NOT MUCH TO  
IT, REALLY--THAT  
SNAKE CAME OUTTA  
LITERALLY NOWHERE  
AND WRAPPED ITSELF  
AROUND BUILDING N!

DON'T WORRY,  
MR. TERRIFIC!  
METAMORPHO AND  
I GOT IT HANDLED!  
LIKE THAT OLD  
SAYING GOES--

--YOU  
GOTTA FIGHT  
SNAKES WITH  
SNAKES!

THAT'S  
NOT HOW IT  
GOES, YA GUM  
CLOWN!