

BURNOW ISLAND.

WE'RE
KOFF
RUNNING OUT
OF TIME.

HOW
LONG?

WEEKS...
DAYS...
HOURS... WHO
KNOWS?

SO
WHAT ARE
WE GONNA
KOFF
DO?

WHATEVER
IT IS, WE
HAVE TO DO
IT FAST.

BUT...
HOW?

IF WE'RE
GONNA
KOFF
SURVIVE...

...BY ANY
MEANS
NECESSARY.



NICE OF YOU TO FINALLY GET HERE, DONATELLO. MY CABLE GUY GIVES ME A MORE ACCURATE ARRIVAL WINDOW.

WAIT— YOU GOT A CABLE GUY?

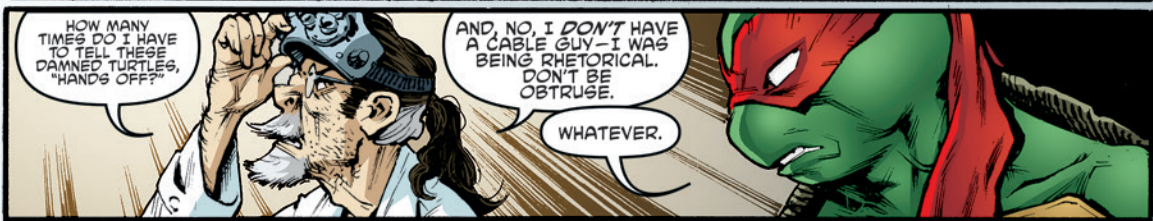
WHOOA!



CHECK IT OUT, DONNIE. IT'S YOU BEFORE YOU BLEW YOURSELF UP AND BECAME, WELL... YOU AGAIN.*

DON'T TOUCH THAT!

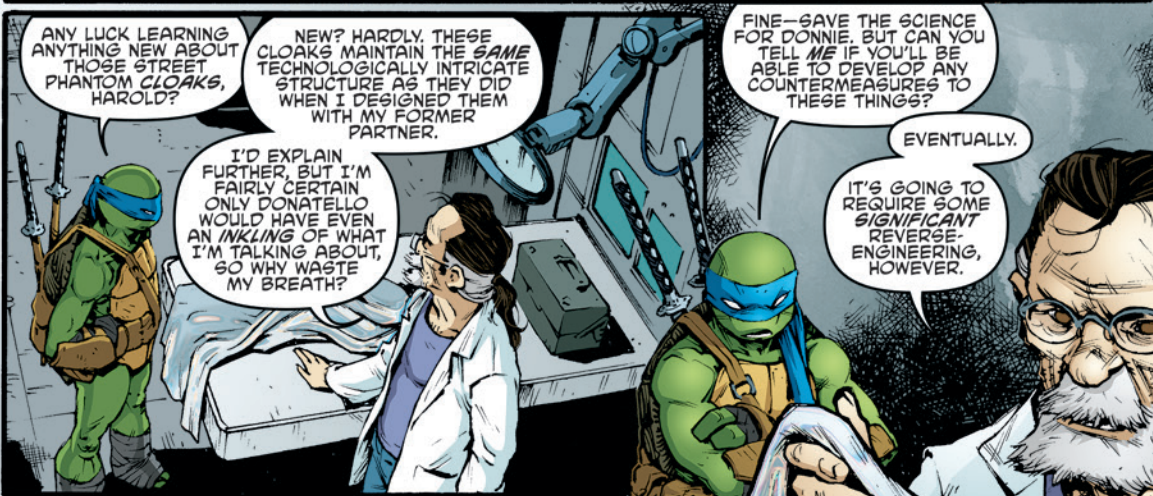
*See TMNT #50 - B.C.



HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL THESE DAMNED TURTLES, "HANDS OFF?"

AND, NO, I DON'T HAVE A CABLE GUY—I WAS BEING RHETORICAL. DON'T BE OBTUSE.

WHATEVER.



ANY LUCK LEARNING ANYTHING NEW ABOUT THOSE STREET PHANTOM CLOAKS, HAROLD?

NEW? HARDLY. THESE CLOAKS MAINTAIN THE SAME TECHNOLOGICALLY INTRICATE STRUCTURE AS THEY DID WHEN I DESIGNED THEM WITH MY FORMER PARTNER.

I'D EXPLAIN FURTHER, BUT I'M FAIRLY CERTAIN ONLY DONATELLO WOULD HAVE EVEN AN INKLING OF WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT, SO WHY WASTE MY BREATH?

FINE—SAVE THE SCIENCE FOR DONNIE. BUT CAN YOU TELL ME IF YOU'LL BE ABLE TO DEVELOP ANY COUNTERMEASURES TO THESE THINGS?

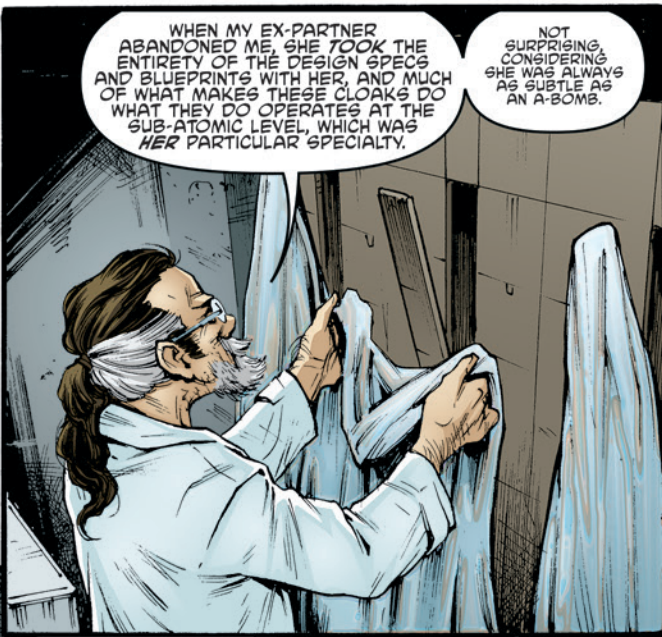
EVENTUALLY.

IT'S GOING TO REQUIRE SOME SIGNIFICANT REVERSE-ENGINEERING, HOWEVER.

WHEN MY EX-PARTNER ABANDONED ME, SHE TOOK THE ENTIRETY OF THE DESIGN SPECS AND BLUEPRINTS WITH HER, AND MUCH OF WHAT MAKES THESE CLOAKS DO WHAT THEY DO OPERATES AT THE SUB-ATOMIC LEVEL, WHICH WAS HER PARTICULAR SPECIALTY.

NOT SURPRISING, CONSIDERING SHE WAS ALWAYS AS SUBTLE AS AN A-BOMB.

ANYWAY, THAT'S NOT WHY YOU'RE HERE. HONEYCUTT SENT THESE OVER FROM BURNOW ISLAND. APPARENTLY THE ATMOSPHERE'S DEGRADED THERE TO THE POINT WHERE YOU'LL NEED TO WEAR THESE AT ALL TIMES.



GREAT—I JUST LOVE CLAUSTROPHOBIA.

YOU KNOW, GUYS, YOU REALLY DON'T HAVE TO GO IF YOU DON'T WANT TO.



WHAT—AND MISS A CHANCE TO HANG WITH OUR LOST LITTLE LAMB HERE? NO WAY.

YEAH, THINGS JUST HAVEN'T BEEN THE SAME WITHOUT MIKEY AROUND.

AWW... THANKS, FELLAS. I MISS HANGIN' WITH YOU ALL, TOO. THIS SHOULD BE FUN.

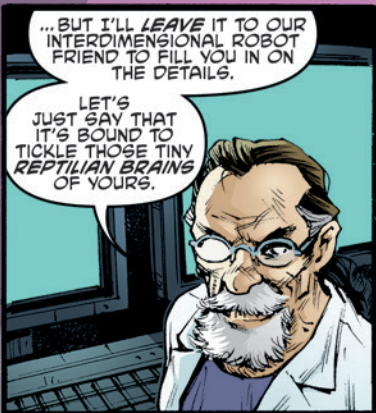
YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO KNOW WHAT FUGITOID HAS IN STORE FOR US, WOULD YOU, HAROLD?

OH, I KNOW, ALL RIGHT...



...BUT I'LL LEAVE IT TO OUR INTERDIMENSIONAL ROBOT FRIEND TO FILL YOU IN ON THE DETAILS.

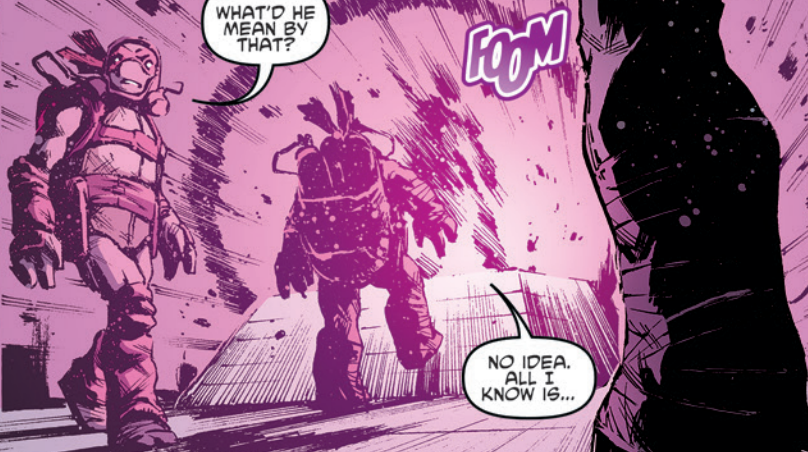
LET'S JUST SAY THAT IT'S BOUND TO TICKLE THOSE TINY REPTILIAN BRAINS OF YOURS.



WHAT'D HE MEAN BY THAT?

Foom

NO IDEA. ALL I KNOW IS...



"...THAT'S ONE CREEPY DUDE."

HELLO, DEAR SISTER.

AH, BROTHER. HOW VERY TYPICAL OF YOU TO APPEAR UNEXPECTEDLY.

UNINVITED.

SINCEREST APOLOGIES, SISTER, BUT I COULDN'T RESIST.

I'VE BEEN SUBJECTED TO THAT BENEVOLENT BORE AKA RECENTLY AND I'VE CRAVED MORE STIMULATING COMPANY.*

*See TMNT: CASEY & APRIL - B.C.

AND HOW IS OUR GOOD SISTER?

OH, AS DISAPPOINTINGLY NEUTRAL AS EVER. A VERITABLE SWITZERLAND WITH WINGS.

QUITE THE IMPRESSIVE RENDERING YOU'VE COMPOSED HERE, BY THE WAY...

...NEARLY AS IMPRESSIVE AS YOUR MOST RECENT MOVES, KITSUNE. UNLIKE OUR WINGED SISTER, YOU CERTAINLY EMBRACE THE GAME WITH GUSTO.

AND YOU, RAT KING—BRINGING THE HUMAN CHILDREN SO INTIMATELY INTO THE FRAY? BOLD INDEED.

YES, WELL, I NEEDED SOMETHING TO AMUSE MYSELF IN THAT INFERNAL DESERT.

AND NOW, SADLY, I MUST BID YOU ADIEU, FAIR SISTER. I'VE ONLY JUST RETURNED TO THE CITY AND I HAVE MUCH TO DO.

THEN FAREWELL, BROTHER. AND DO NOT BE SO LONG BETWEEN VISITS IN THE FUTURE. I DO SO MISS MY FAMILY.

OH, I THINK YOU'LL BE SEEING PLENTY OF US VERY SOON... SOME SOONER THAN OTHERS.

AS FOR ME? WELL...

"... YOU JUST NEVER KNOW WHEN I'LL SUDDENLY POP IN AGAIN."

I HAVE COME AS YOU COMMANDED, MASTER SPLINTER.

PLEASE, JENNIKA... SIT.

THANK YOU FOR JOINING ME, CHILD.

I LIVE TO SERVE THE FOOT CLAN, MASTER.

YES—AND YOU HAVE DONE SO QUITE WELL SINCE YOUR DEMOTION FROM THE ASSASSIN CASTE.*

MY CHUNIN TELL ME YOU APPROACH ALL YOUR DUTIES WITH THE UTMOST DILIGENCE AND MOTIVATION, REGARDLESS OF WHAT THEY MIGHT BE.

I SWEAR TO YOU, MASTER, I WILL CONTINUE TO DO WHATEVER IT TAKES TO REGAIN MY HONOR AND STANDING IN YOUR EYES.

*See TMNT: #52 - B.C.

AND THAT IS WHY I HAVE ASKED YOU HERE TODAY, CHILD.

I HAVE A VERY SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT FOR YOU—A DUTY THAT, ON THE SURFACE, MAY APPEAR MENIAL BUT IS, IN TRUTH, OF THE HIGHEST IMPORTANCE.

ANYTHING, MASTER SPLINTER. I ONLY AWAIT YOUR COMMAND.

VERY WELL. I WOULD HAVE YOU TAKE CHARGE OF A MOST CRITICAL GUARD DETAIL, JENNIKA—

—TO PROTECT THE TOMB OF YOUR FORMER MASTER, THE SHREDDER.

"ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THIS?"