

In Which Matilda Finn Is Eaten By The Loch Ness Monster,
The Last Survivor Meets The Local Constabulary,
And The Bogey Man Drops A Co-Worker Off At The Airport.



SEEMS
WE'RE
IN A SPOT
OF BOTHER,
THEN.



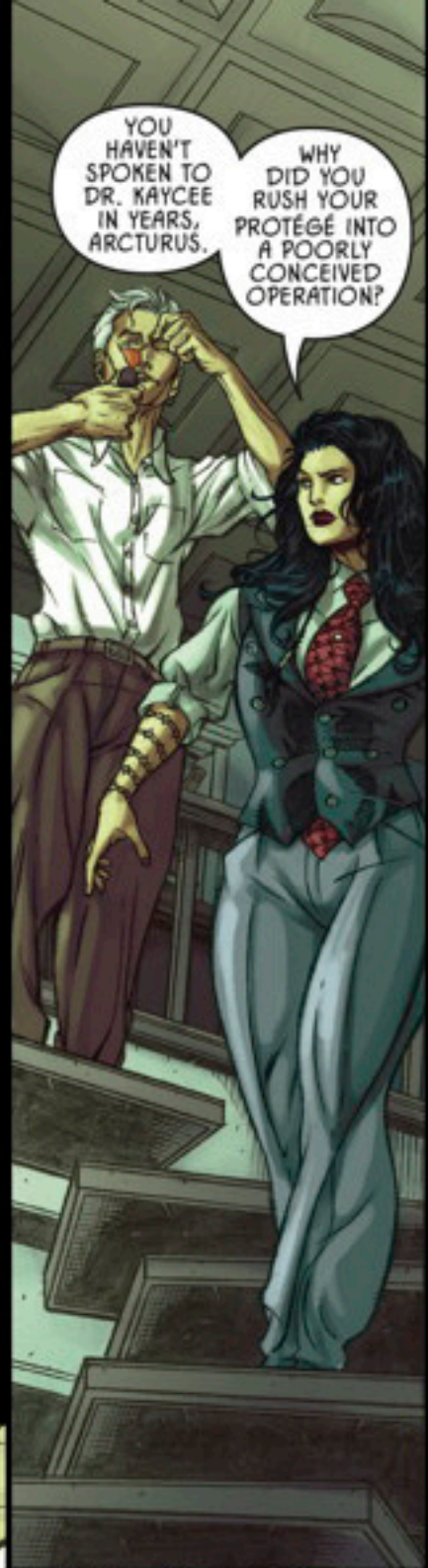
SO IT WOULD
SEEM, THE PRIME
MINISTER IS DEAD SET
ON SHUTTING MI: OMEGA
DOWN, AND YOUR
LITTLE *STUNT* IN LOCH
NESS IS DRAWING THE
WRONG KIND OF
ATTENTION.



STUNT?
THEN YOU
DISAGREE
WITH MY
DECISION?

THERE WAS
NO STRATEGY,
NO PLAN. THE
OPERATION IS NOW
COMPLETELY OUT
OF CONTROL.

WE'LL BE
LUCKY TO
END IT
DISCREETLY.



YOU
HAVEN'T
SPOKEN TO
DR. KAYCEE
IN YEARS,
ARCTURUS.

WHY
DID YOU
RUSH YOUR
PROTÉGÉ INTO
A POORLY
CONCEIVED
OPERATION?



THE MAN
SAVED MY LIFE
IN TUNGUSKA.
I OWED HIM...
AT LEAST FOR
THAT...

...AND NO
MATTER WHAT HAS
HAPPENED BETWEEN
US IN THE PAST... I'VE
NEVER BEEN ABLE TO
REMAIN COMPLETELY
OBJECTIVE WHEN
IT COMES TO
KEVIN...

...IF I'M
BEING
HONEST.

NEVERTHELESS...
YOU'VE THROWN A
BONE TO STERLING.
HE'S GOING TO USE
THIS DISASTER
AGAINST
MI: OMEGA.



THE
ORACLE'S
WARNINGS
ARE DIRE.

REALLY.
WHAT DOES
THE OLD
GIRL HAVE
TO SAY?

"THE QUEEN
WILL FALL, AND
THE RAGGED
FLAG WILL
RISE."

SOUNDS
AS THOUGH
THE FATES
ARE ALREADY
COUNTING
US OUT...



I'M NOT OUT OF TRICKS YET. I'VE STILL GOT KEYS TO SOME IMPORTANT CLOSETS FILLED WITH SKELETONS THAT FEAR THE LIGHT OF DAY.

I THINK I CAN BUY YOU ANOTHER YEAR, BUT THAT MAY BE ALL.



CAN'T ASK ANY MORE THAN THAT.

WILL YOU RETURN TO THE ISLAND AFTER?



YES.

ANDROMACHE, TELL YOUR QUEEN I SAID YOU HAVE SERVED HER WITH DISTINCTION.

I AM HONORED THAT SHE WOULD LOAN MY AGENCY HER TRIBE'S FINEST LEGAL MIND.



MAY ATHENA GUIDE YOU THROUGH WHAT'S COMING, ARCTURUS.





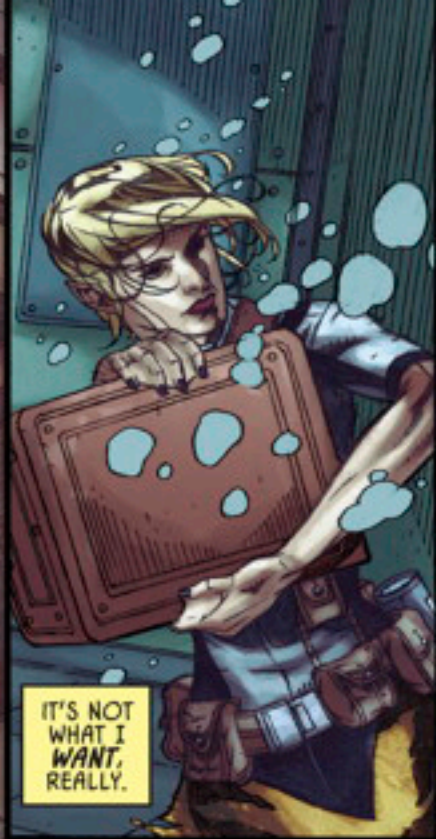


POOOOM!

KRTCHRIPPP

HERE'S WHAT I WANT.

DEMOLITION MATERIALS
EXPLOSIVE



IT'S NOT
WHAT I
WANT,
REALLY.



POOOOM!



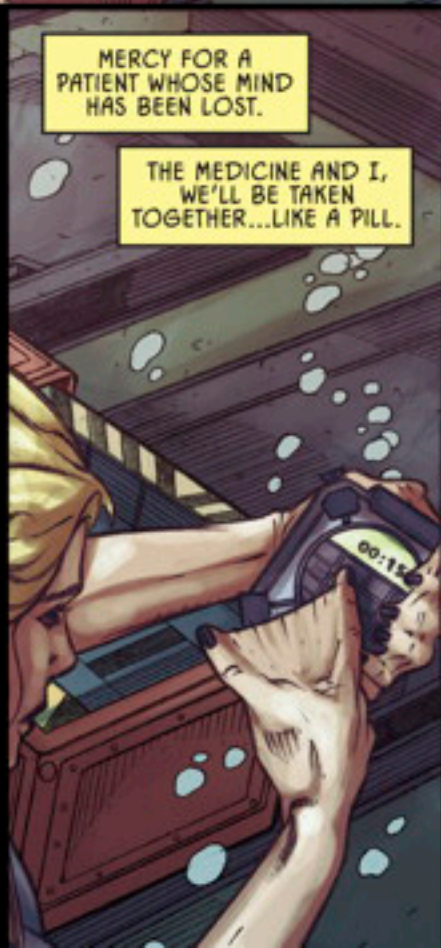
IT'S WHAT
HAS BECOME
NECESSARY.

ONE LAST,
LETHAL DOSE
OF MEDICINE.




MERCY FOR A
PATIENT WHOSE MIND
HAS BEEN LOST.

THE MEDICINE AND I,
WE'LL BE TAKEN
TOGETHER...LIKE A PILL.



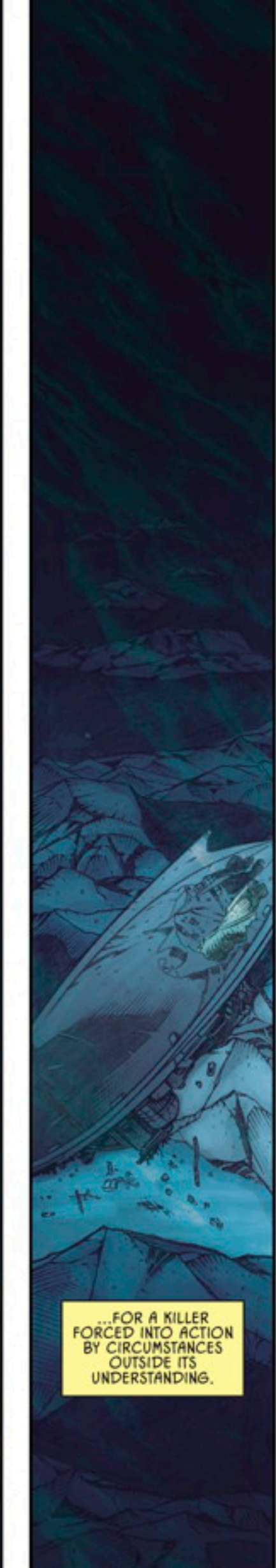
I WONDER...
WHAT WILL
WE TASTE
OF?




FISH, I
SUPPOSE.



ONE LAST
MEAL, IF
ONLY A
SMALL
ONE...



...FOR A KILLER
FORCED INTO ACTION
BY CIRCUMSTANCES
OUTSIDE ITS
UNDERSTANDING.



I WISH I
COULD SAY WE
WERE ALIKE IN
THAT WAY.

