

BAY RIDGE, BROOKLYN.



S: you could be HERE, studying with me.

THE GREAT LAWN, CENTRAL PARK.



I don't trust you to keep your mind--and your hands--on the schoolwork, K.

'Sides, it's beautiful here, and my iPad's all full of nasty med school stuff. Why waste it?



I don't think being with you anywhere, anytime is a waste.



So come here, boy.



Damn.

All my books--and my notes are still handwritt--



AYEEIIIIII!

SHAYA? TEXT
KEY FAILURE,
OR ARE YOU
PUNKING ME?

GIRL KNOWS HOW
TO GET ME TO
DO WHATEVER
SHE WANTS.



NOW SHE EXPECTS ME TO
COME RUNNING, LIKE
THE WORLD WAS ENDING.



WOMEN!

ARGHHHHH

AYEEIIII!

MARCH OF THE MUMMIES

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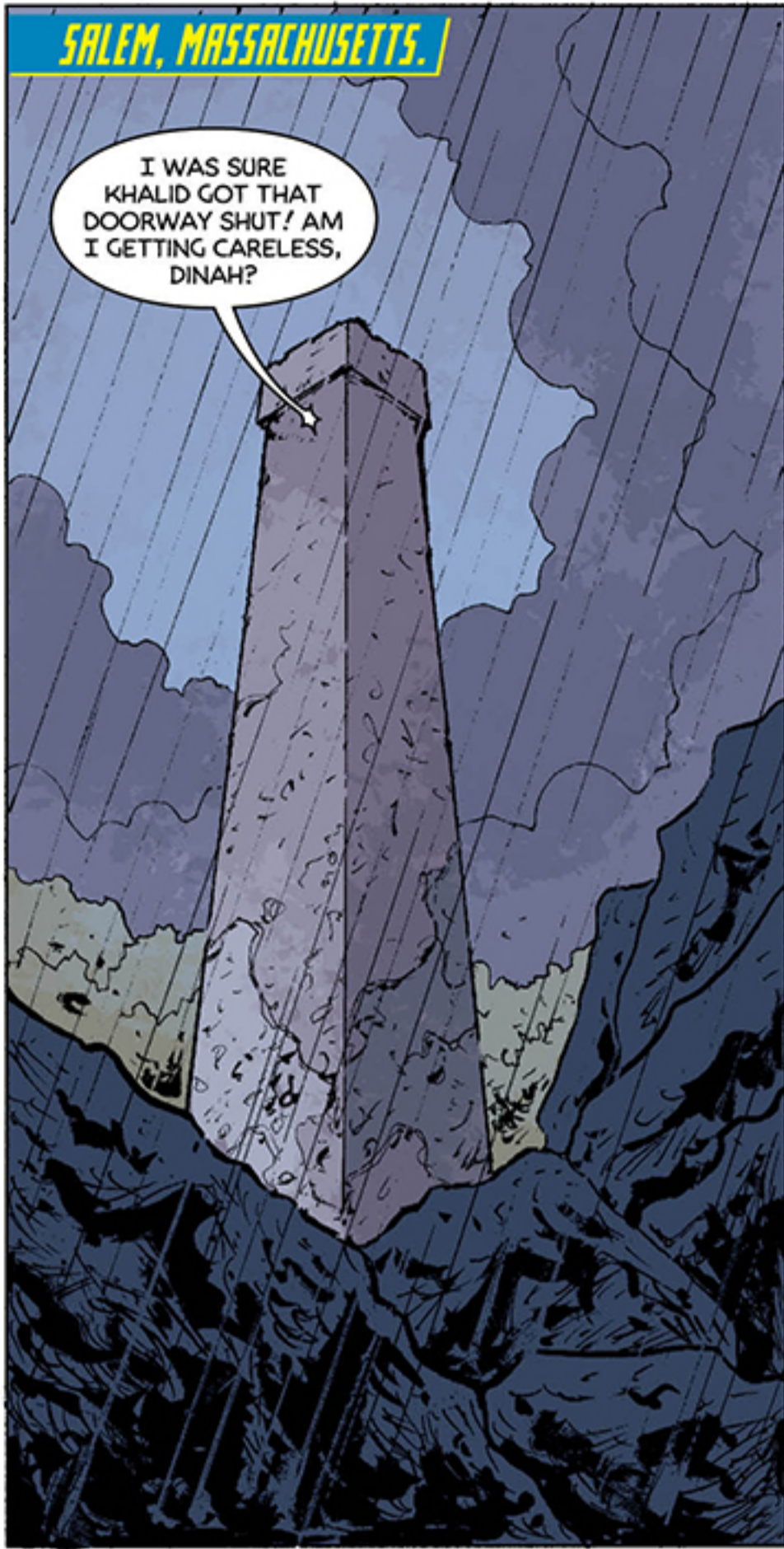
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I WAS SURE KHALID GOT THAT DOORWAY SHUT! AM I GETTING CARELESS, DINAH?



IGNORING ME AS USUAL.

AFTER I DID THE SPELL THAT REFILLS YOUR BOWL AUTOMATICALLY AT SUPPERTIME, YOU DECIDED I WAS UNNECESSARY. I *COULD* UNDO THAT SPELL, Y'KNOW, CAT.

MEOW



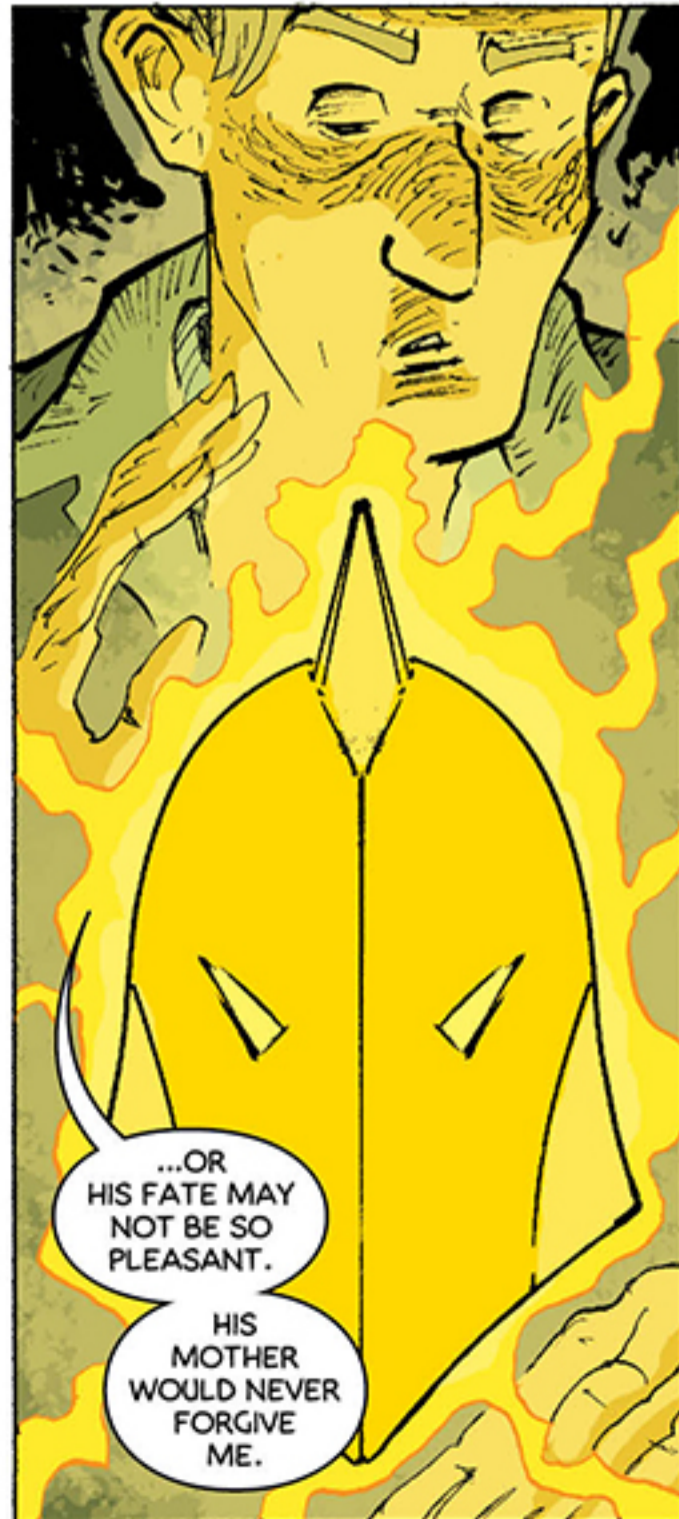
BUT WHATEVER'S GOING ON IN NEW YORK, I MIGHT NOT BE BACK FOR DINNER... OR AT ALL.

THE DARK ENERGIES FLOWING FROM THERE ARE MUCH WORSE THAN AN AFREET COULD CAUSE... OR I CAN TRUST KHALID TO BE ABLE TO HANDLE.



I'LL NEED THE HELMET FOR THIS...OR AT LEAST THE REASONABLE FACSIMILE I CAN CONJURE MYSELF.

I SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT THE REAL THING IN KHALID'S HANDS, BUT HE NEEDS ALL THE HELP I CAN GIVE...



...OR HIS FATE MAY NOT BE SO PLEASANT.

HIS MOTHER WOULD NEVER FORGIVE ME.



AND *THAT* IS A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH.



SO MUCH FOR SUNDAY IN THE PARK, UNLESS ONE OF THESE GUYS WAS NAMED GEORGE.

NOT A VERY TRADITIONAL EGYPTIAN NAME THOUGH. TRYING TO REMEMBER FROM MY MIDDLE SCHOOL PROJECT...WHAT WAS IT?

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.



ONE OF THEM WAS WHAT...SENBI II, OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT?

BUT THEY WERE ALL REALLY, REALLY DEAD.



OF COURSE, I WAS DEAD, TOO...AND NOW I'M NOT.

IT WAS NOT YOUR FATE TO BURN. YOU HAVE MUCH TO DO YET, YOUTH.



JUST LOVE THAT AMBIGUOUS ENCOURAGEMENT, NABU.

I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU HAVE ANYTHING USEFUL TO OFFER-- LIKE DIRECTIONS TO WHERE SHAYA IS?

'COURSE NOT.

EKKKK!

