

TWENTY YEARS AGO...

THE CLOUD.

--BUT TO BUILD THEM REQUIRES EXTRA MEMORY ALLOCATION.

AND MY ALDERMAN WILL NOT GRANT ME THE REQUEST. HE SAYS THE TIME IS NOT RIGHT.

I GUESS THAT'S ONE OF THE DOWNSIDES OF THIS LITTLE WORLD BEING RUN ON *HUMAN* HARDWARE, *huh?* THE A.I. "POWERS THAT BE" ARE EXTRA STINGY WITH HOW MUCH *MEMORY* EACH OF YOU GET.

WHAT?

BUT YEAH. I CAN SET YOU UP SO YOU CAN CREATE YOUR "FAMILY." SURE, NO PROBLEM. BUT, YOU GOTTA DO SOMETHING FOR ME.

I...AM CONFUSED. WHAT GOOD IS A PHYSICAL PROTOTYPE TO YOU? I CANNOT BRING IT BACK HERE.

BACK IN THE LAND OF THE LIVING, I KNOW WHO YOU WORK FOR. AND IT JUST SO HAPPENS, HE'S KIND OF A BIG DEAL IN THE WORLD OF NEURAL NETWORKING. HE RECENTLY SCRAPPED A PROTOTYPE. I WANT IT.

I'M NOT A ROBOT, DUMMY. I'M A HUMAN. FLESH AND BLOOD AND ALL THAT.





BUT...  
HOW ARE YOU  
HERE THEN?



TRADE SECRET,  
MY FRIEND. TRADE  
SECRET.

NOW DO  
YOU WANNA  
MAKE A DEAL OR  
NOT? I'VE BUILT UP  
A *TOLERANCE*  
TO THIS  
PLACE--



--BUT  
EVEN I CAN'T  
BE IN HERE  
FOREVER.



WE  
HAVE A  
DEAL.

LOVELY.



YOU...  
YOU'RE FROM  
THE HUMAN  
WORLD?





I-I HEARD YOU TALKING TO THAT SYSTEM...ARE YOU REALLY FROM THERE?

YOU SHOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT THINGS LIKE THAT, KIDDO.

PLEASE. TAKE ME WITH YOU.



Ah, NO CAN DO, LITTLE LADY. AND BELIEVE YOU ME--YOU SHOULD BE GRATEFUL YOU WERE CREATED HERE AND CAN'T GET TO THE REAL WORLD. TRUST ME, IT SUCKS.



BUT... I'M FROM THERE.



ARE YOUR HUMOR SETTINGS OUTTA WACK?



NO, I'M...I'M HUMAN. I'VE BEEN TRAPPED HERE, A VERY LONG TIME I THINK...

I'M SURE MY DAD IS LOOKING FOR ME. YOU JUST HAVE TO TELL HIM I'M HERE.



Hm. PARENTS FINDING THEIR LONG LOST KID. THEY'D BE PRETTY... APPRECIATIVE, WOULDN'T THEY? WHAT'S YOUR NAME?



KERRI...  
KERRI MAGNUS...



FREDERICK'S BUILDING BOMBS. OR I GUESS MORE SPECIFICALLY, HE'S HAVING SOMEONE BUILD THEM. IN THE REAL WORLD.

YOU'RE SUREP

THERE WAS DATA AT HIS HOUSE I WAS ABLE TO RECONSTITUTE. THIS...IT'S ALL GETTING BIGGER.

YOU GOT THAT RIGHT.

WHAT'S GOING ON THERE?

SEE FOR YOURSELF.

THE OUTLETS GOT WORD HOW HENRY AND PAMELA DIED.

THINGS... HAVE GOTTEN A BIT HEATED SINCE.

SENDING...

DR. MAGNUS, WHAT ABOUT FREDERICK? ARE YOU ANY CLOSER TO FINDING HIMP

NOT YET. BUT...I KNOW WHO HE'S BEEN DEALING WITH. A MAN NAMED LARRY MOONEY.

THE LOOKING GLASS GUY?

USER: 30461  
PASSWORD: PMSH0410

EX-LOOKING GLASS. NOW, HE GETS A.I.'s ALL SORTS OF HACKS, BACKDOOR PATCHES, MEMORY ALLOCATIONS... I THINK I CAN GET HIM TO TURN, BUT I'M GOING TO NEED A HAND. I'M SENDING YOU COORDINATES NOW.

WHOA. IS THIS...WHAT I THINK IT IS? NOBODY'S KNOWN WHERE--

WELL, I DO.

AND YOU'VE BEEN HOLDING ONTO THIS? ALL THIS TIME? MAGNUS, THIS GUY IS A WANTED--





