




...and I'm one of the janitors that's still mopping up the mess.

WELCOME
BACK TO
NEWARK.


ANYTHING
TO DECLARE,
MR. MCGINNIS?

YEAH, IT'S
BEEN A ROUGH
COUPLE OF DAYS,
AND THE JAPANESE
AREN'T AS POLITE
AS YOU MIGHT'VE
HEARD.




On the way out of Japan
I managed to pick up a
package that was bound
for the port in Newark.


Whatever paper I'm
carrying is probably
gonna be loaded onto
a ship for the next
leg of its journey.




The shipping container
doesn't get enough
credit for changing
the world.



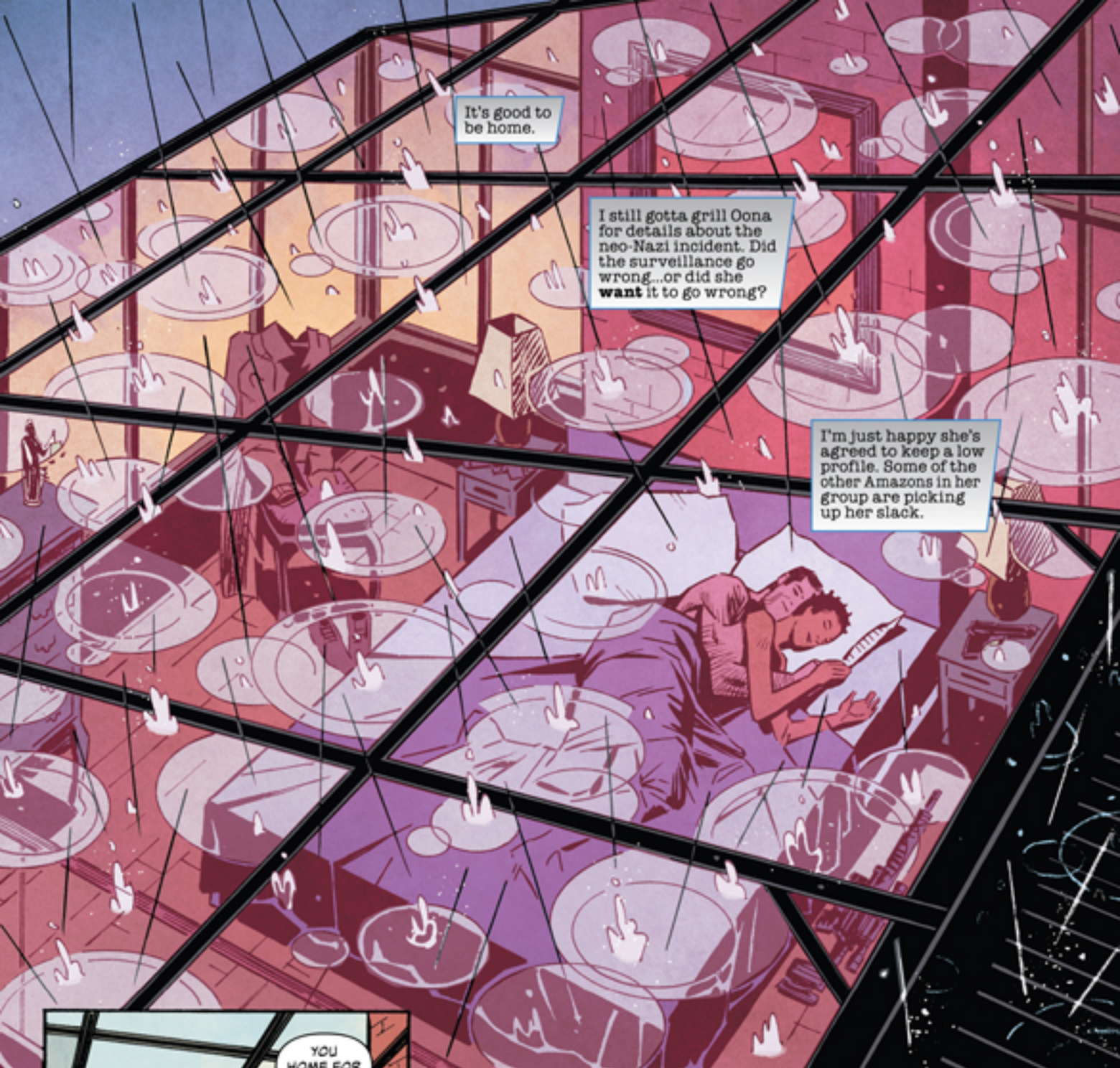
When these big metal
boxes arrived, the
factories in America
began to close...



...and reopened around
the globe where the
labor was cheaper.



Every metal box that
goes around the world
changes it a little bit.



It's good to be home.

I still gotta grill Oona for details about the neo-Nazi incident. Did the surveillance go wrong...or did she want it to go wrong?

I'm just happy she's agreed to keep a low profile. Some of the other Amazons in her group are picking up her slack.



YOU HOME FOR A WHILE?

YEAH! SORRY I WOKE YOU. I'M GOING OUT FOR A FEW AND I'LL BE BACK WITH SOME BRUNCH.



I should hit the pub and then check in on my old man.

I'm sure he's still pissed his flop was ventilated.

When you go Analog,
the world changes.

You don't have a phone to stare
into, you have to talk to people
and think for yourself. I only
know today is Sunday because
the **food marches** are the first
weekend of every month.

3 COURTHOUSE 3

MARCH FOR
FOOD
DECEMBER



