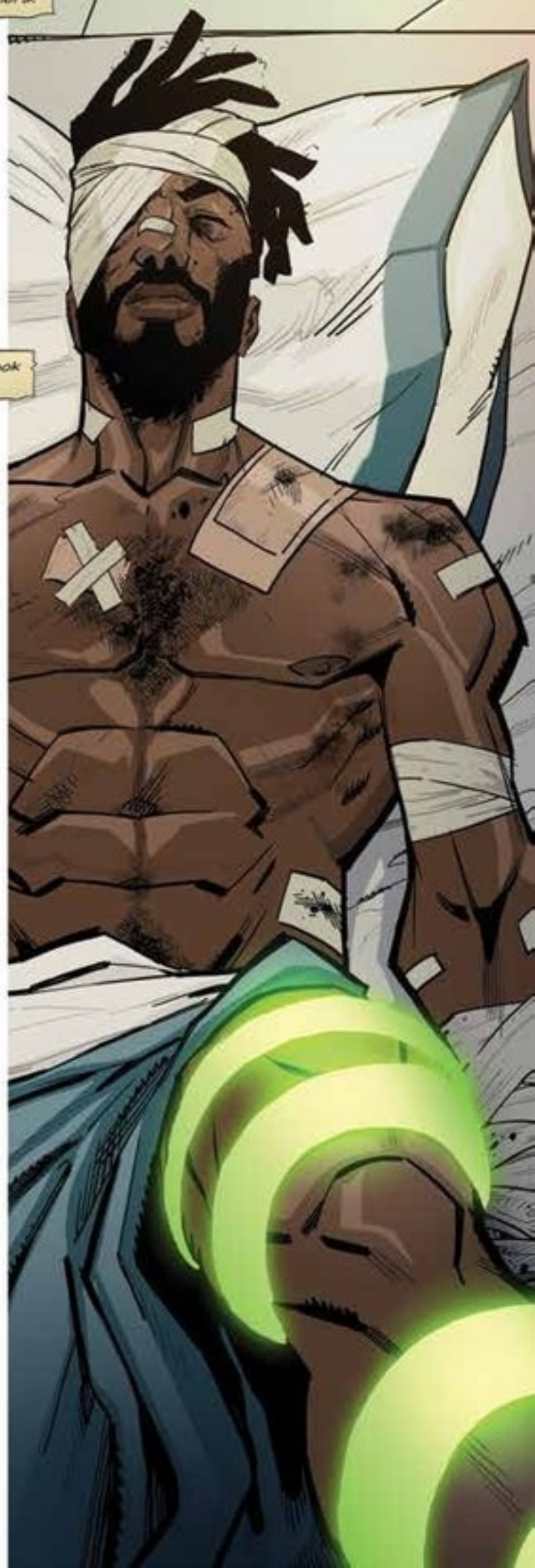


THE AEGIS.
COLUMN ONE, NEW YORK CITY, NY
MEDICAL WING, ROOM #16A

We were supposed to be brothers.

MEDICAL WING, ROOM #22C

Now look at us.





I swear to you--I don't remember exactly what happened.

Not all of it anyway.



For the first time in my entire life, I'm just left with these--flashes. These blurs.

Is this how memory works for the rest of you...? Some things you keep, and some things you just--don't? Lost somewhere in the fog.



How we supposed to manage this life...if we can't even trust our own minds to hold onto the things that matter the absolute most?



What I do remember, though—colors. All of a sudden, there was all this color smashed together.

Magic representin' every single spectrum and class rank we had any knowledge of.

Even if we weren't supposed to have it. Even if we wasn't allowed to have it.


What Aaron had done--having "inappropriate" contact with his Charge? It was always put to us as the worst possible violation that a Patron could ever be guilty of.

But something like this, using spells we're not allowed? A real close second, if I'm remembering things right. Which I might not be, given what's happened.

GNNGG~

SEE, SPENCE--THAT'S WHAT THE [REDACTED] I'M TALKING ABOUT--

Past that, think trying to steal [REDACTED] from the secure vaults probably comes next on the big list of Spencer Dale's long-ass list a' violations.




*You must
be so proud.
Your two boys,
Agitators,
both.*

YOU'RE NOT
EVEN SUPPOSED
TO KNOW THAT
SPELL.



YEAH,
WELL...



NEITHER
ARE YOU.

NOW
DROP
THAT
WAND!