

Eep!

Blit!

Gigig!

IMAGINE A BOY WHOSE FATHER NEVER CAME HOME...

IMAGINE A GIRL WHOSE FATHER NEVER CAME HOME...



WHOA! NOT YOU GUYS AGAIN!  
GOT BITTEN BY ANOTHER RADIOACTIVE GAME OF TWISTER?

**PLOWN**

HEY, I KNOW! YOU LIKE CONFETTI?

I'M...I'M NOT SURE I KNOW HOW TO TELL THIS. IT'S PRETTY COMPLICATED.



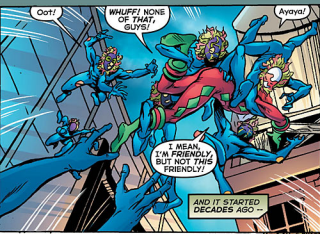
EVERYONE LIKES CONFETTI!

Gb!

**THKASSH**

BUT IT STARTED WHEN JACK-IN-THE-BOX WAS FIGHTING THE WEIRDIES --

# What I Did on My Vacation...



IT WASN'T MY VACATION YET, IT WAS ONLY MAY, BUT I WAS ALMOST DONE WITH HIGH SCHOOL, AND IT FELT LIKE OPEN DAYS, OPEN SKIES, AN OPEN FUTURE.

SO LIVE WITH IT.

AND IT STARTED --

-- IT STARTED ON TORRES ISLAND, AT A HISTORICAL DIG BEING DONE FOR THE CITY, FUNDED BY THE TROUBLE BOYS FOUNDATION.

HERE Y'GO, IKE.



I'M JEROME ISAAC JOHNSON, NAMED AFTER MY MOM'S FATHER. DAD DIDN'T LIKE IT, BUT MOM DUG HER HEELS IN.

SO DAD CALLED ME "IKE," AND IT STUCK.

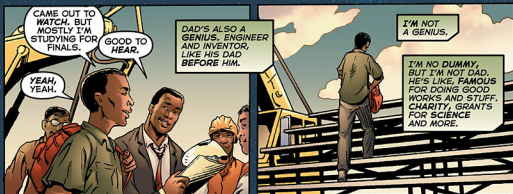
THAT'S MY DAD OVER THERE, RUNNING THE SHOW.

IKE!

SEE?

DAD'S THE FOUNDER AND CEO OF Z.J. TOYS, AND A BIGWIG ON THE TROUBLE BOYS FOUNDATION, AND EVERYONE KNOWS HE'S DOING THIS DIG TO EXPLORE ASTRO CITY'S FORGOTTEN HISTORY.





CAME OUT TO WATCH, BUT MOSTLY I'M STUDYING FOR FINALS.

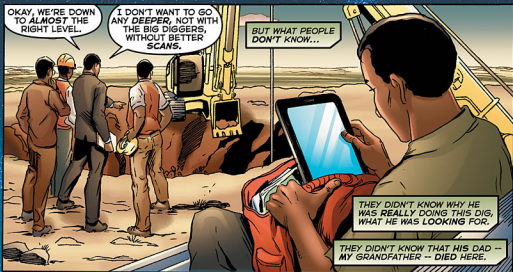
GOOD TO HEAR.

YEAH, YEAH.

DAD'S ALSO A GENIUS, ENGINEER AND INVENTOR, LIKE HIS DAD BEFORE HIM.

I'M NOT A GENIUS.

I'M NO DUMMY, BUT I'M NOT DAD. HE'S LIKE, FAMOUS FOR DOING GOOD WORKS AND GRANTS FOR SCIENCE AND MORE.



OKAY, WE'RE DOWN TO ALMOST THE RIGHT LEVEL.

I DON'T WANT TO GO ANY DEEPER, NOT WITH THE BIG DIGGERS, WITHOUT BETTER SCANS.

BUT WHAT PEOPLE DON'T KNOW...

THEY DIDN'T KNOW WHY HE WAS REALLY DOING THIS DIG, WHAT HE WAS LOOKING FOR.

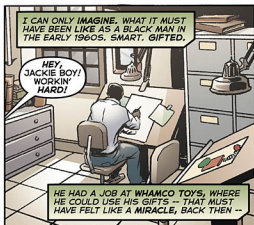
THEY DIDN'T KNOW THAT HIS DAD -- MY GRANDFATHER -- DIED HERE.



MY GRANDFATHER JACK, THE ORIGINAL JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

TECH GENIUS, INVENTOR, SUPERHERO.

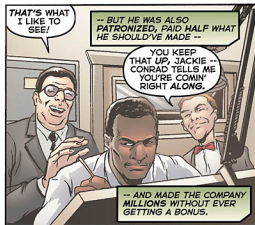
I THINK ABOUT HIM A LOT. ABOUT WHAT IT MUST HAVE BEEN LIKE. WE HAVE HIS JOURNALS, BUT THEY DON'T TELL THE WHOLE STORY. THEY CAN'T.



I CAN ONLY IMAGINE. WHAT IT MUST HAVE BEEN LIKE AS A BLACK MAN IN THE EARLY 1960S. SMART. GIFTED.

HEY, JACKIE BOY! WORKIN' HARD!

HE HAD A JOB AT WHAMCO TOYS, WHERE HE COULD USE HIS GIFTS -- THAT MUST HAVE FELT LIKE A MIRACLE, BACK THEN --

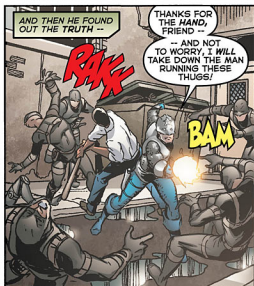


THAT'S WHAT I LIKE TO SEE!

-- BUT HE WAS ALSO PATRONIZED, PAID HALF WHAT HE SHOULD'VE MADE --

YOU KEEP THAT UP, JACKIE -- CONRAD TELLS ME YOU'RE COMIN' RIGHT ALONG.

-- AND MADE THE COMPANY MILLIONS WITHOUT EVER GETTING A BONUS.



AND THEN HE FOUND OUT THE TRUTH --

THANKS FOR THE HAND, FRIEND --

-- AND NOT TO WORRY, I WILL TAKE DOWN THE MAN RUNNING THESE THUGS!

RAK

BAM



WAIT HERE FOR THE POLICE, WILL YOU?

-- THAT THEY'D BEEN USING HIS DESIGNS TO MAKE WEAPONS, MAKING EVEN MORE MILLIONS SUPPLYING WARLORDS AND CRIMINALS.

BUT -- THESE EMITTERS -- THIS IS MY WORK --



HE PROTESTED -- AND WOUND UP FIRED, DISGRACED, AND WITH ONLY ONE WAY TO FIGHT BACK.

HE USED HIS DESIGNS, CUSTOMIZED THEM. THE TOYMAKER BECAME A HUMAN TOY --