

36,000 FEET UP.

FIRST CLASS ALL THE WAY.

EXCUSE ME--  
DO YOU KNOW WHERE  
YOUR FRIEND WENT? NONE  
OF THE LAVATORIES  
ARE OCCUPIED, AND  
HE'S NOT BACK IN  
COACH.

COACH?  
WIZORD WOULDN'T  
BE CAUGHT DEAD IN  
COACH. HE JUST, UH,  
STEPPED OUT FOR  
A SECOND.

I'M  
SURE HE'LL  
BE BACK  
ANY--



MARGARET!

ZABRAT!



QUICK! THE  
CLOSEST PLACE I CAN  
POWER UP--TELL ME,  
RIGHT NOW!

WHAT? WIZORD,  
WHAT'S HAPPENING?  
DID YOU STOP THAT  
TSUNAMI?

FORGET  
THE TSUNAMI,  
MARGARET! I NEED  
POWER AND I NEED  
IT NOW!



WELL,  
WE'RE ACTUALLY  
RIGHT ABOVE A  
PLACE WHERE YOU  
COULD GET A  
PRETTY NICE  
BUMP.

BUT  
WHAT'S THE RUSH,  
WIZORD? I'VE NEVER  
SEEN YOU LIKE  
THIS.



THE NEXT ASSASSIN  
IS HERE, AND I'M  
TAPPED OUT.

I COULD BARELY  
KILL THOSE FOOLS,  
MUCH LESS ONE OF  
THE NINE.

UH...  
WHAT?

WHO IS IT?  
WHO DID SIZZAJEE  
SEND?



IT'S...  
IT'S...

CRUUUUUBY  
STITCH!

SKRITCH!



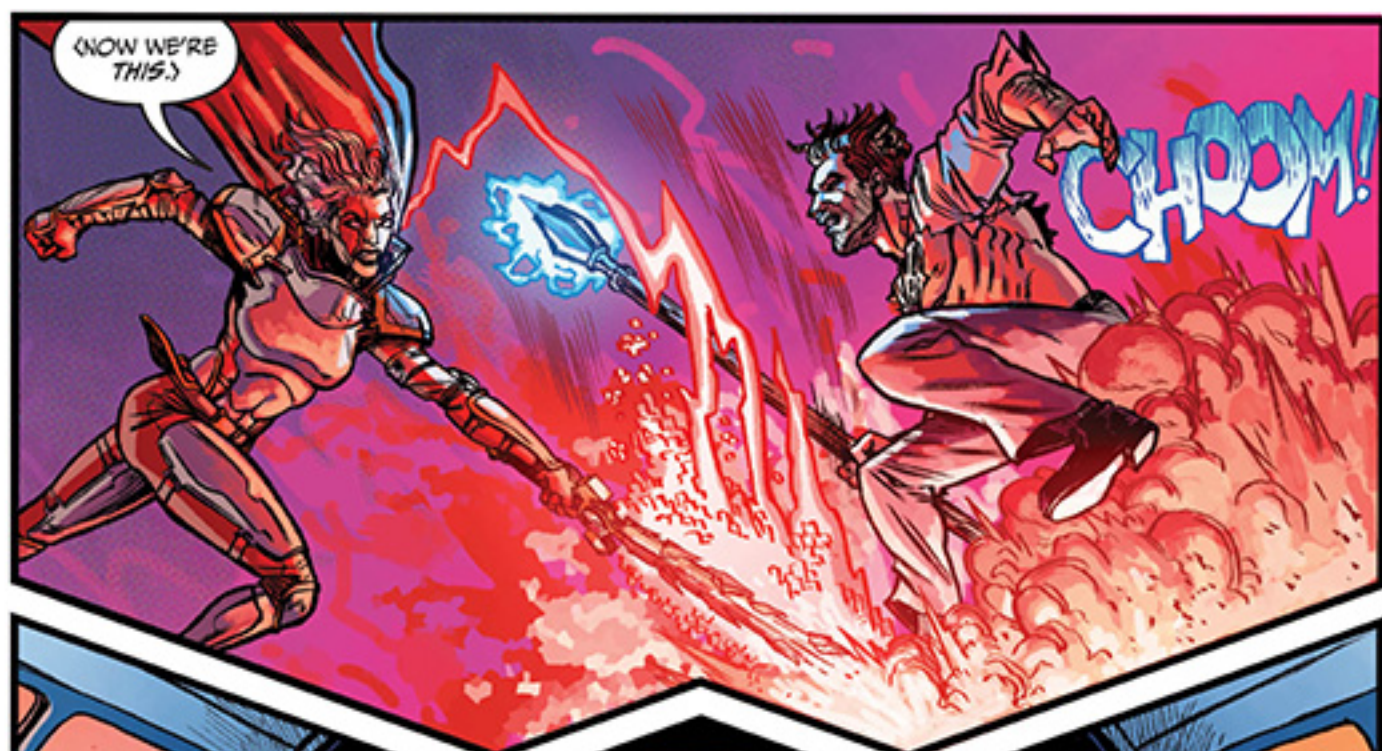
(YOU CAN'T GET AWAY FROM ME, WIZORD. I'VE GOT YOUR SCENT NOW.)

(ANYWHERE YOU GO, I'LL BE RIGHT THERE. ALL UP IN YOUR BUSINESS.)

(YOU KNOW, RUBY... USED TO BE THAT WAS A GOOD THING.)

(WE USED TO BE A LOT OF THINGS, WIZORD.)





(NOW WE'RE THIS.)

CRASH!



AWW, CRIPES.

STAY IN THE AIR, DAMN YOU... I GOT OVER TWO HUNDRED PEOPLE ON THIS THING.

STAY IN THE AIR!



AWW...



...CRIPES!



AAAAAH!



NNNGH!

CRIT!



WIZORD!



OH NO. NO!





WIZOOOORD!

BY CHARLES SOULE & RYAN BROWNE  
WITH MICHAEL GARLAND & CHRIS CRANK