





"NO ONE'S EVER
TRIED TO PUNCH
THE SUN."

I KNOW
IT'S NOT THE
REAL SUN.

BUT
ISN'T IT...
YOU KNOW?
HOT?

OH YEAH.
IT'S HOT AS
BLAZES.

GOOD. HE'S
GOT A LITTLE
PAIN COMING
TO HIM.

AAAH!

I DON'T
TRUST
ROGER.

SEEING AS
HOW HE'S TRIED
TO KILL ME
MULTIPLE TIMES,
I AGREE WITH
YOU.

IT'S
OKAY.

IT MOST
CERTAINLY
IS NOT.

WE NEED HIM.
ROGER BARROW IS
OUR ONLY CHANCE
TO SAVE CHICAGO
NOW.



ARE EITHER OF YOU GOING TO TRY AND HELP FIND A WAY OUT OF HERE?

WHY, WHEN YOU'RE DOING SUCH A GREAT JOB ON YOUR OWN?



I WANTED TO GET CLOSE, SEE IF THERE WERE DUCTS OR VENTING SYSTEMS WE COULD SLIP THROUGH.

THERE WEREN'T.

AND YOU NEEDED TO PUNCH IT JUST TO MAKE SURE?

WHAT? NO, THAT'S ABSURD. I PUNCHED IT BECAUSE I WAS ANGRY AND IT FELT GOOD.

AT THE TIME.



THERE'S A WAY OUT OF HERE. WE JUST NEED TO FIND IT.

YEP. WE SURE DO. SO LET'S START ACTUALLY LOOKING, INSTEAD OF PUNCHING SHINY THINGS.

THERE ISN'T A WAY OUT. I'VE LOOKED EVERYWHERE.



THAT'S CLEARLY NOT THE CASE.

ROGER BARROW. STILL AS CONDESCENDING AS EVER. WHAT MY HUSBAND EVER SAW IN YOU...

HE SAW A PEER. A MENTAL EQUAL. SOMEONE WHO COULD CHALLENGE HIM.

AND APPARENTLY, SOMEONE WHO HAD MORE FAITH IN HIM THAN YOU DO.



THAT'S IT--