

PAUL TOBIN • JEFF JOHNSON • ANTHONY DIECIDUE

BORNHOME

#1 OF 4



November 14, 3535:
Rigel Kentaurus System:
Planet TR-1138

TIMI,
YOU BETTER
DUCK!

TING

"HAHI NOT EVEN
CLOSE! YOU THROW
LIKE A BABY!"

"AT LEAST I'M
NOT HIDING."

"WHO SAYS I'M
HIDING? I'M BEING
STRATEGIC."

"NO WAY YOU HIDE
LIKE A BABY."

"WHAT? THAT
DOESN'T EVEN
MAKE SENSE."

"HEY, I'S THINKING.
YOU WANNA GO TO
THE CRATER
DISTRICT LATER?"

"SHANE'LL
GET MAD."

"SO?
WANNA
GO?"

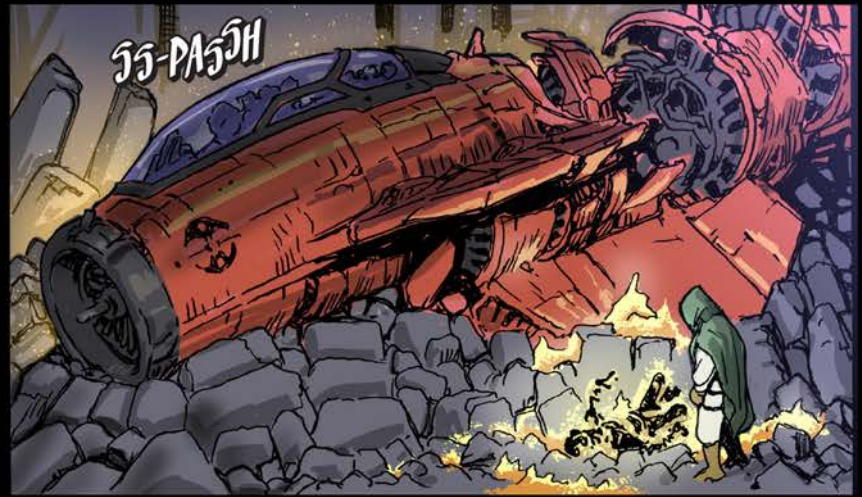
"YEAH,
BUT, HEY...HEY,
MOKE!"

"WHAT?"

"DUCK!"







سب-پاشی



SON OF A BITCH!



KNOCKED OUT OF THE DAMN FIGHT!
SHIT!



EHH?







AND WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING AROUND THIS PLACE? LOOKS DEAD AROUND HERE.

I MEAN... LOOKS ABANDONED AROUND HERE.

EVERYTHING'S ABANDONED AROUND HERE. BEEN THAT WAY FOR MAYBE A HUNDRED YEARS OR SO, I DUNNO.



YOU AND...UH, YOUR FRIEND, WERE YOU TWO ORPHANS OR SOMETHING?

EVERYONE IS, I THINK.

NOT SURE IF THAT WAS PHILOSOPHY OR WHAT, BUT... LISTEN...

WE SHOULD GET YOU HOME.



"THIS PLACE DOESN'T SEEM SAFE."



NOTHING'S SAFE NOWHERE HERE, MR. LANGER. NOT FOR A HUNDRED YEARS OR SO, I DUNNO.

AND HOW'D YOU GET SO OLD?



OLD? ME? I'M ONLY THIRTY-SIX.

THAT ISN'T SO OLD.



THAT'S REAL OLD.

IS IT? OKAY, I GUESS. PROBABLY FELT THE SAME WAY WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE.

NOW, LEAD THE WAY HOME. I'LL GET YOU THERE. LEAST I CAN DO AFTER THE...



WELL, WASN'T MUCH I COULD HAVE DONE ABOUT IT, BUT...

DAMN, KID. I'M SORRY. I'LL GET YOU HOME.



IT'S THIS WAY.

YOU HAVE TO BE QUIET, THOUGH. WE ALWAYS HAVE TO BE QUIET.

AT LEAST FOR THE LAST HUNDRED YEARS OR SO, I DUNNO.



YOU'RE STUCK ON THAT HUNDRED YEARS THING. WHAT'S UP WITH THAT?

IT'S WHEN ALL THE STORIES SAY IT WENT WRONG. GOT DRIED UP.

A HUNDRED YEARS IS A LONG TIME, THOUGH, AIN'T IT?



WELL, IT'S A HUNDRED YEARS, SO... YEAH.

I DUNNO, I GUESS.

HOW YOU'D FALL FROM THE SKY?

WHAT HAPPENED?