



Ridin'
round, and
round,
and round
again...

We've been
chasin' the sun
for two days.
How much
longer 'til
we find my
son?

Because
I'm almost
outta
patience.



Soon.
Soon. Soon.
You'll see.
You've got to
be believing
me.

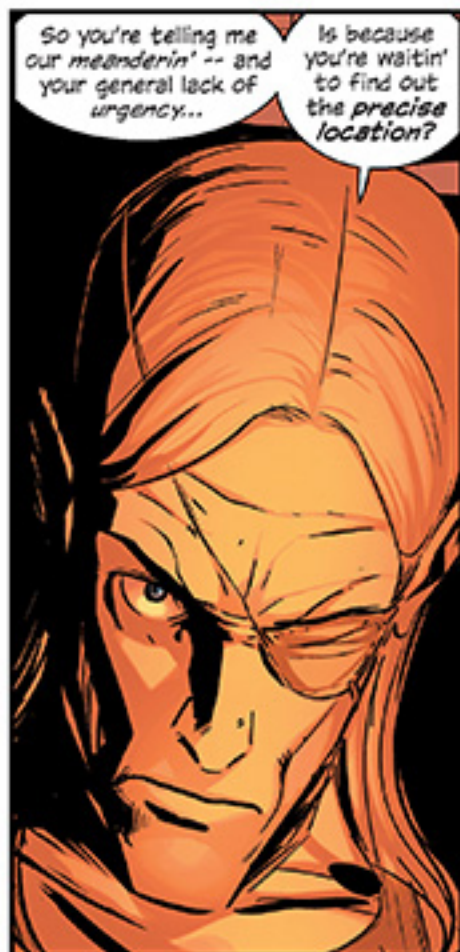


That rotting
corpse you left
in the bar?
His body's
networked, and
can still see
far.

I am he,
and we are one.
The tracker's
search is
almost done.



When they
report, then
we'll know.
Exactly where...
and we can
go.



So you're telling me
our meanderin' -- and
your general lack of
urgency...

Is because
you're waitin'
to find out
the precise
location?



Yes! Yes!
That's the 'why.'
Pure of heart
is this eye!

If they
find him,
and
report...

Then it's *too
late*. We have to
be there first. At
the very least, we
have to be there
when the scouts
find him.

Oh, my.
You're right.
What amazing
foresight.
I'm embarrassed --
so *obtus*.
Our time could've
been put to
better use.



Useless
son of a
bitch.

