

A LOT OF ORIGIN STORIES START WITH A CHILD BEING ORPHANED AT A TRAGICALLY YOUNG AGE.

BUT LOSING MY PARENTS WASN'T WHAT MADE ME, FAITH HERBERT, INTO A HERO.

THEY DIDN'T LEAVE ME WITH BILLIONS OF DOLLARS OR A LIST OF NAMES. NO LIGHTSABER OR LETTER TO HOGWARTS FOR ME.

BUT THEY DID LEAVE ME THE STORIES THEY LOVED. STORIES THAT SHOWED ME HOW PEOPLE COULD MAKE THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE.

AND THEN I MET A GUY NAMED PETER STANCHEK AND HE HELPED ME DISCOVER I HAD SUPERPOWERS.

CRAZY, RIGHT?

IT TURNS OUT I'M WHAT'S CALLED A PSIOT. IT'S A WHOLE...THING.

I CAN FLY AND CARRY OTHER PEOPLE OR OBJECTS IN MY COMPANION FIELD.

(THE CAKE IS A LIE!)



I TOOK THE SUPERHERO NAME ZEPHYR (COOL, RIGHT?) I WAS PART OF THIS AMAZING PSIOT SUPERHERO TEAM. WE CALLED OURSELVES THE RENEGADES.

WE SAVED THE WORLD.



BUT IT WASN'T EASY. WE LOST FRIENDS ALONG THE WAY.



SOMETIMES THINGS DON'T GO THE WAY YOU EXPECT. YOU DON'T GET THE HAPPY ENDING. TEAMS FALL APART.

SOMETIMES RELATIONSHIPS DO, TOO.



AND SOMETIMES IT TAKES SOME TRIAL AND ERROR TO FIGURE OUT WHERE YOU BELONG.



FOR RIGHT NOW THAT SEEMS TO BE SUNNY LOS ANGELES.



MOST RECENTLY, I SAVED THE CITY FROM A REVENGE-SEEKING ALIEN CELEBRITY DEATH CULT.

(THEY WERE KIND OF JERKS.)



I EVEN HAD A FIRST DATE WITH A GUY I LIKE.

(AND THEN WE HAD AN ACTUAL DATE WITH SLIGHTLY LESS PUNCHING.)



FOR NOW, I'M LIVING LIFE AS SUMMER SMITH, MILD-MANNERED CONTENT WRITER FOR THE WEBSITE ZIPLINE.

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN MY DREAM JOB IF I HADN'T GOTTEN SUPERPOWERS. NOW IT'S A WAY TO HIDE IN PLAIN SIGHT.

BALANCING BEING BOTH A NORMAL GEEK AND A SUPERHERO ISN'T EASY. BUT I'M READY FOR WHATEVER COMES MY WAY...

I THOUGHT THINGS WERE FALLING INTO PLACE. MY LIFE HERE IN L.A. WAS FINALLY STARTING TO FEEL REAL.



I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT WOULDN'T BE THAT EASY.



AS GREAT AS BEING A SUPERHERO IS, NOTHING'S BEEN EASY SINCE I GOT THESE POWERS.



YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN...

...WHEN...

...THAT GUY WAS DOING CRIME, WASN'T HE?



LUCKILY, MY COMPANION FIELD MAKES GRABBING THE BAD GUYS EASIER THAN A GAME OF OPERATION.

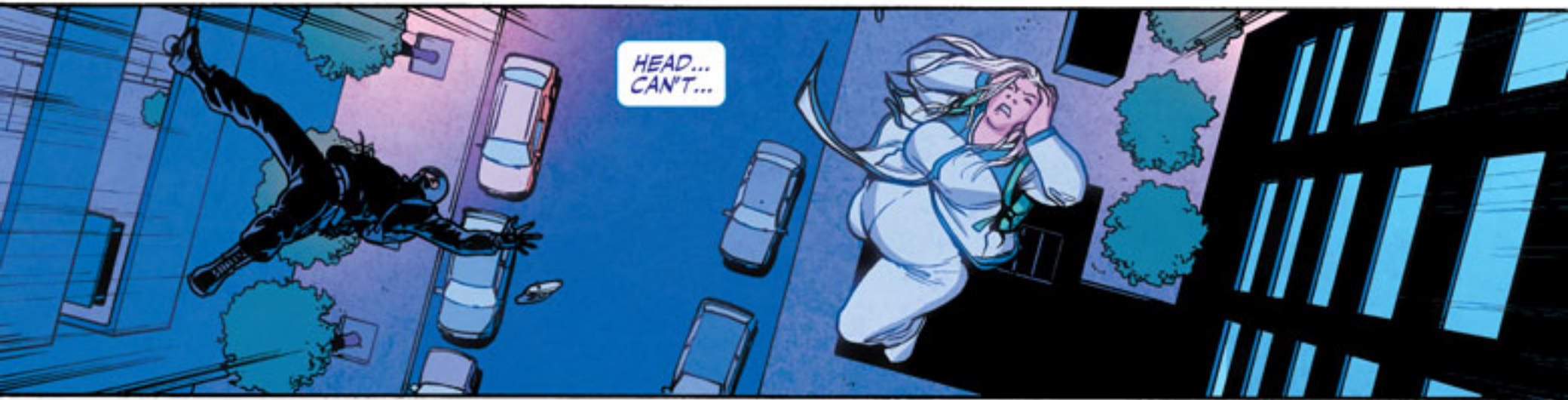
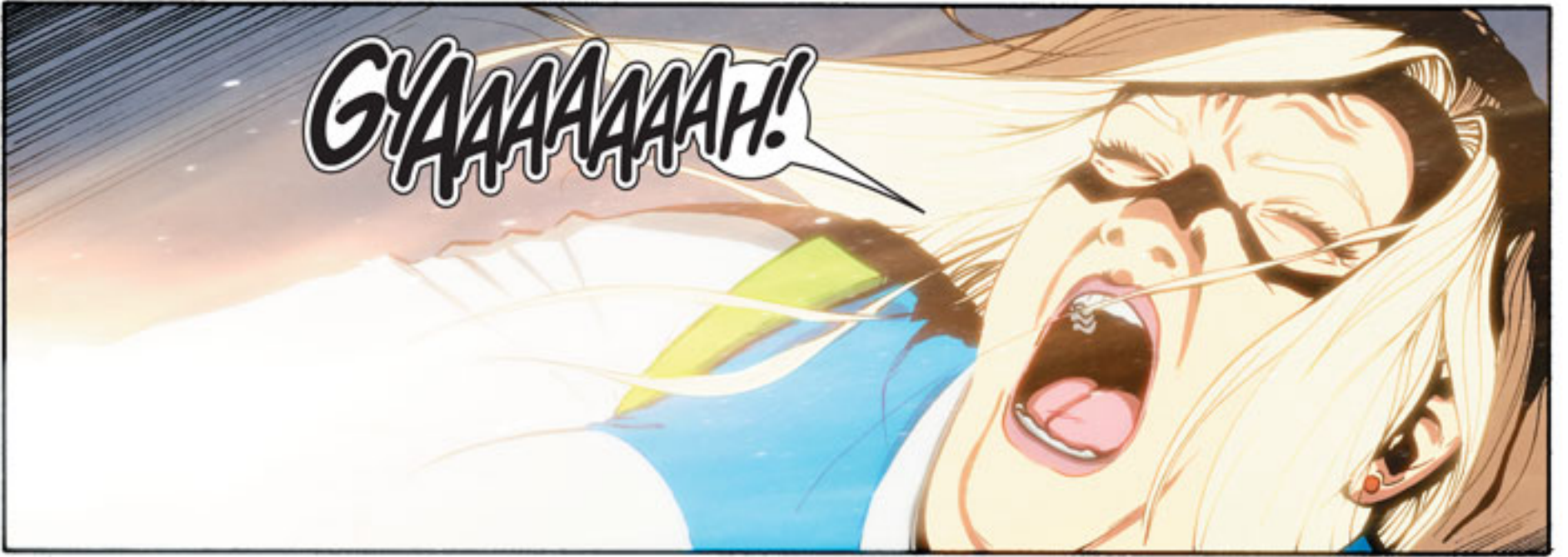
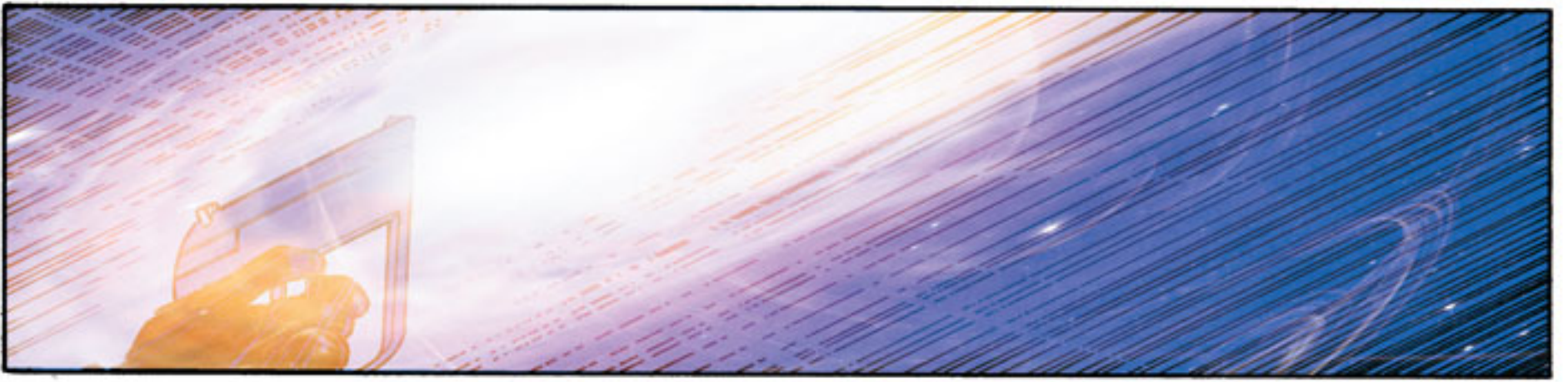
I DON'T THINK THAT WINDOW BELONGS TO YOU.

SMART.



BUT NOT THAT SMART.

WHA--





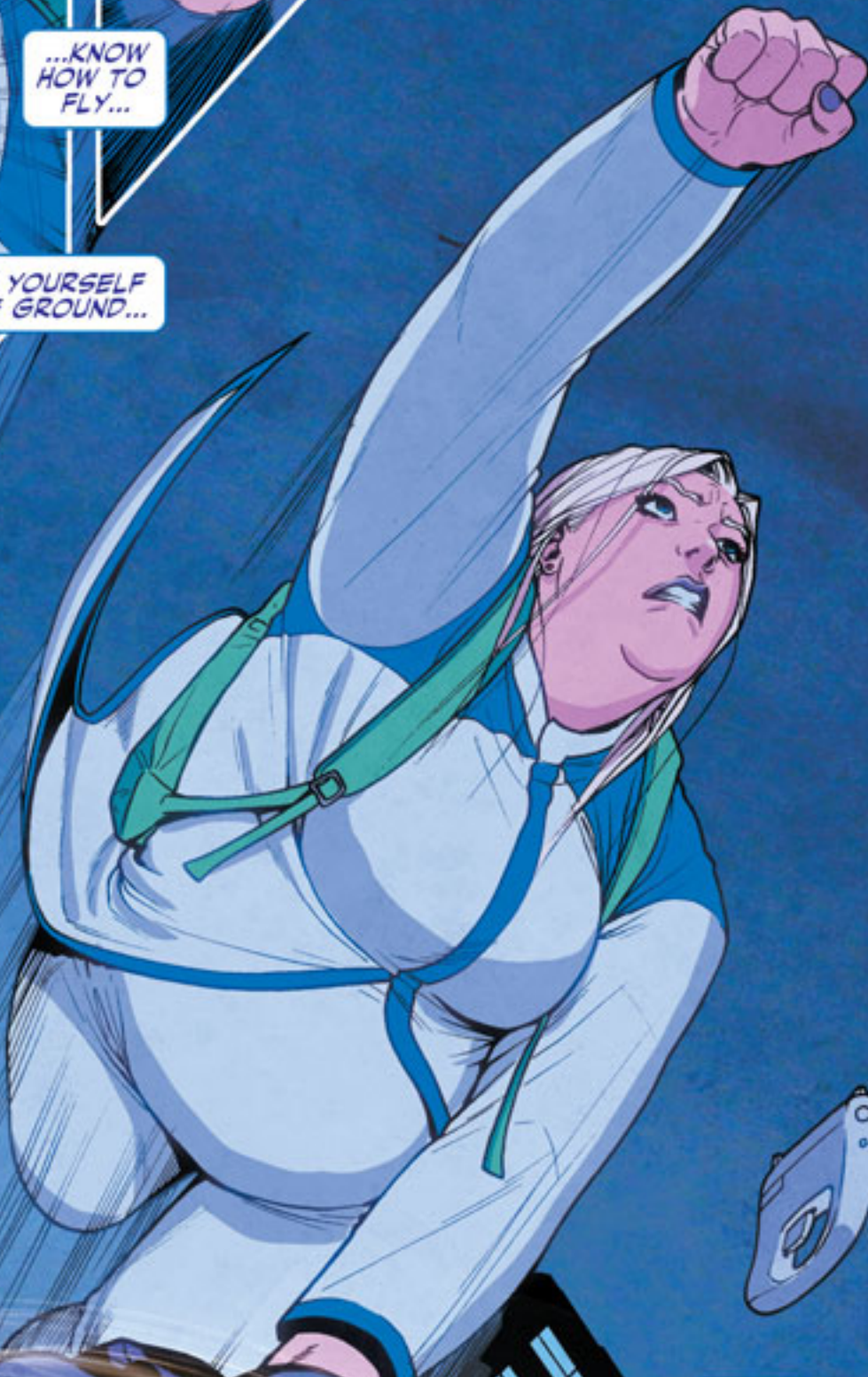
PUSH...
PAST PAIN...



...KNOW
HOW TO
FLY...



THROW YOURSELF
AT THE GROUND...



...AND
MISS!

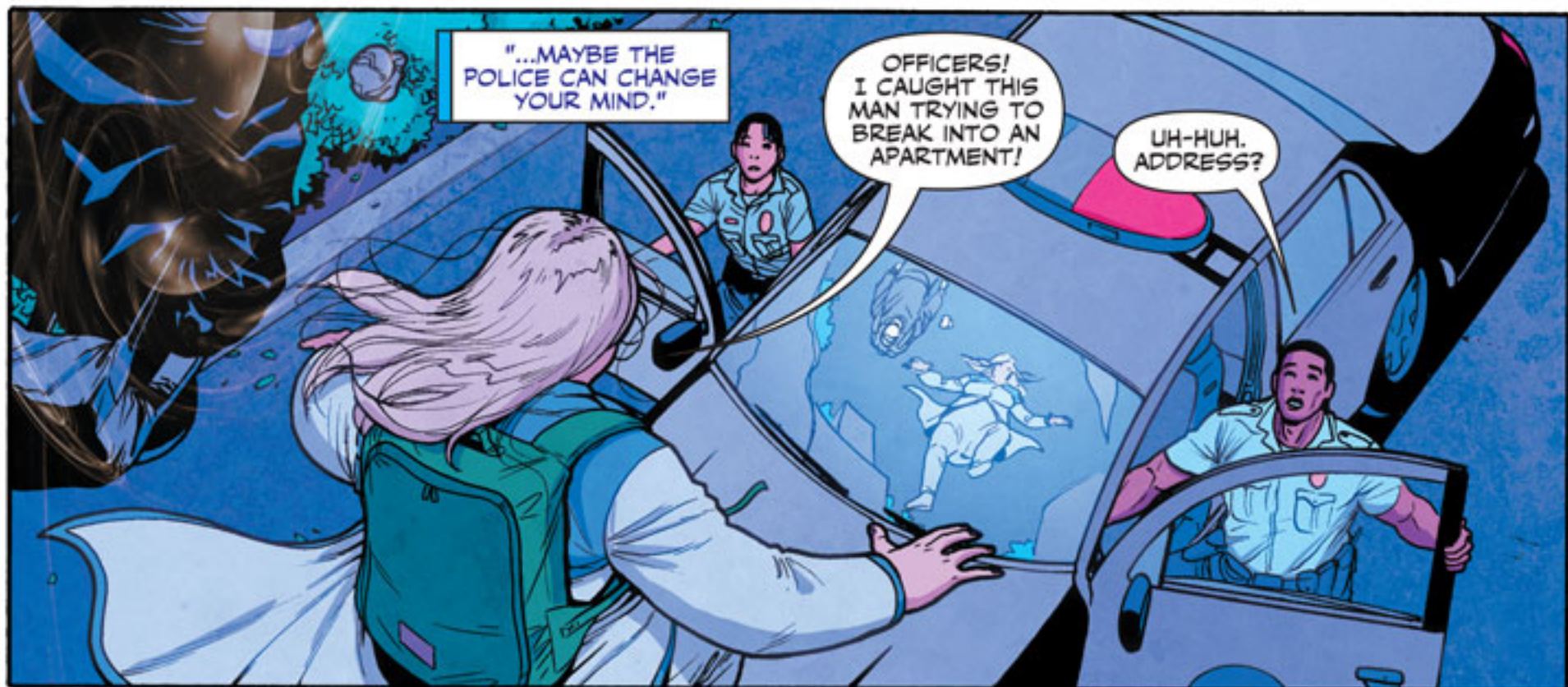
WHAT IN
MITHROS'
NAME
WAS THAT
ABOUT?



I AIN'T
TALKING.



SUIT
YOURSELF...



"...MAYBE THE POLICE CAN CHANGE YOUR MIND."

OFFICERS! I CAUGHT THIS MAN TRYING TO BREAK INTO AN APARTMENT!

UH-HUH. ADDRESS?



I...DIDN'T GET IT.

I WAS JUST HEADED TO A COSTUME PARTY, OFFICERS. PROMISE.



THEN WHY DID YOU TRY TO SHOOT ME WITH THIS?!

LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE'S PHONE FELL IN A GARBAGE DISPOSAL.



LOOK SWEETHEART, WE CAN TAKE HIM IN FOR QUESTIONING. THERE HAVE BEEN A LOT OF BURGLARIES IN THE AREA.

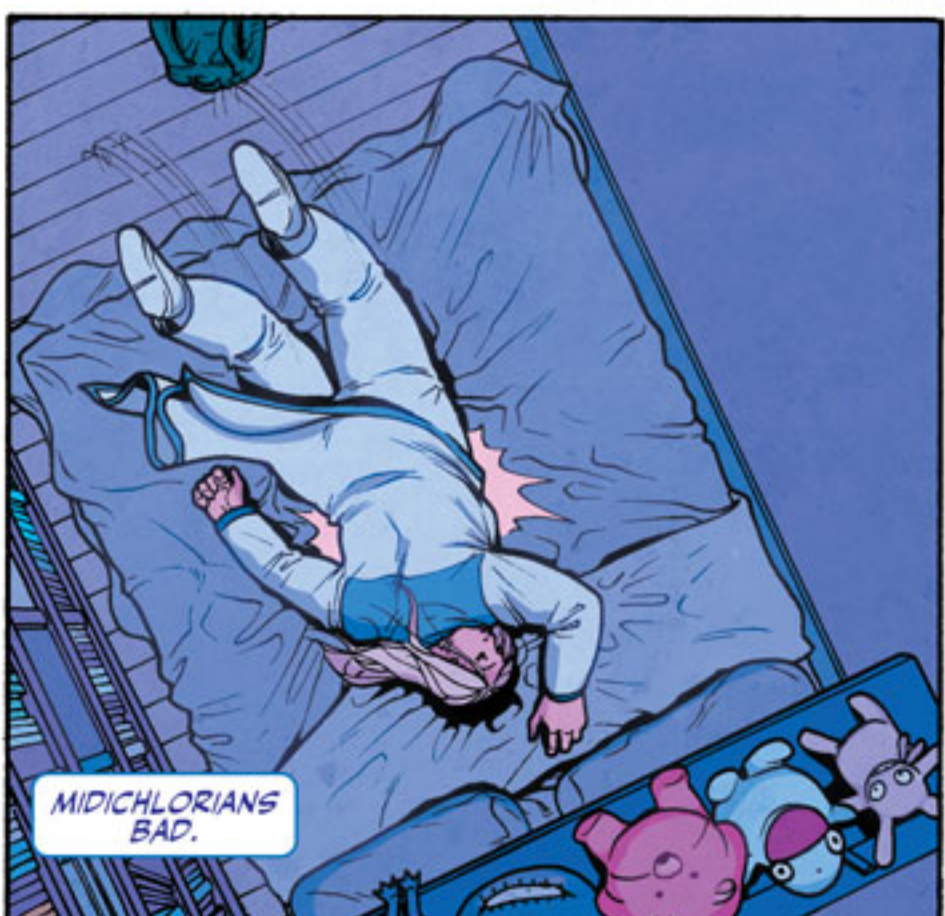
BUT WITHOUT ANY EVIDENCE, DOUBT THEY'LL WANT TO PRESS CHARGES.

I... UNDERSTAND, OFFICER.



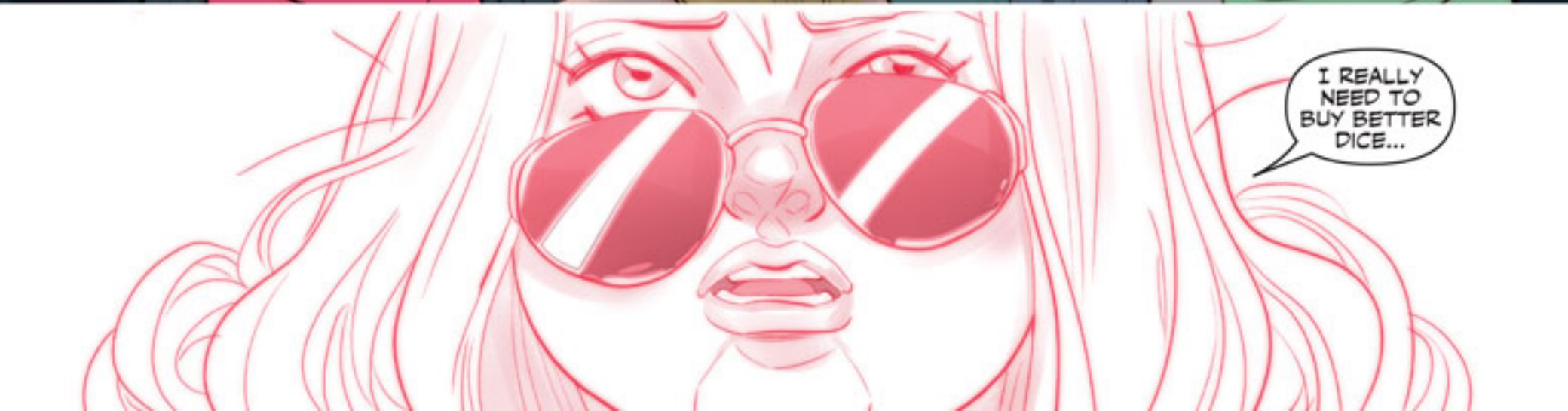
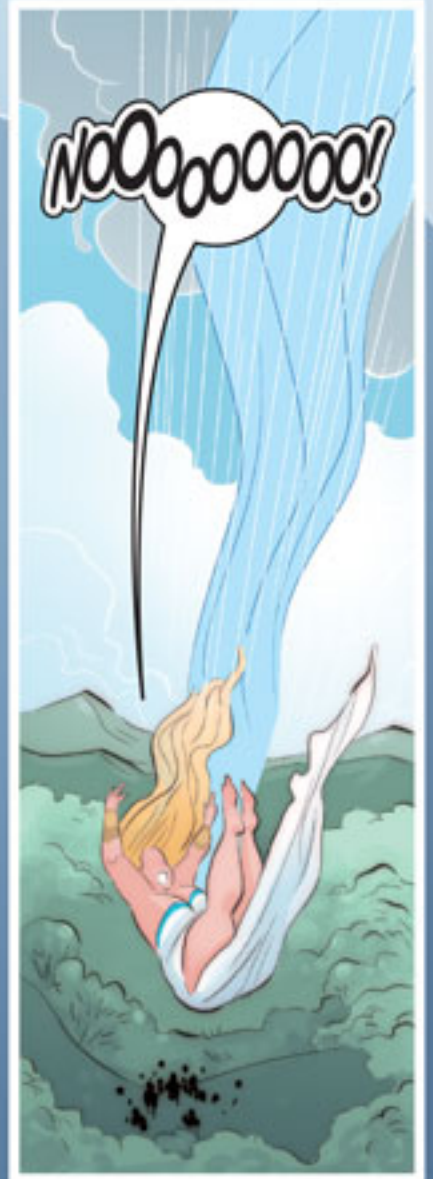
"YOU HAVE A NICE NIGHT, NOW."

THIS IS THE WORST NIGHT.



MIDICHLORIANS BAD.

HOPEFULLY TOMORROW WILL BE MORE OF AN EPISODE VII DAY...

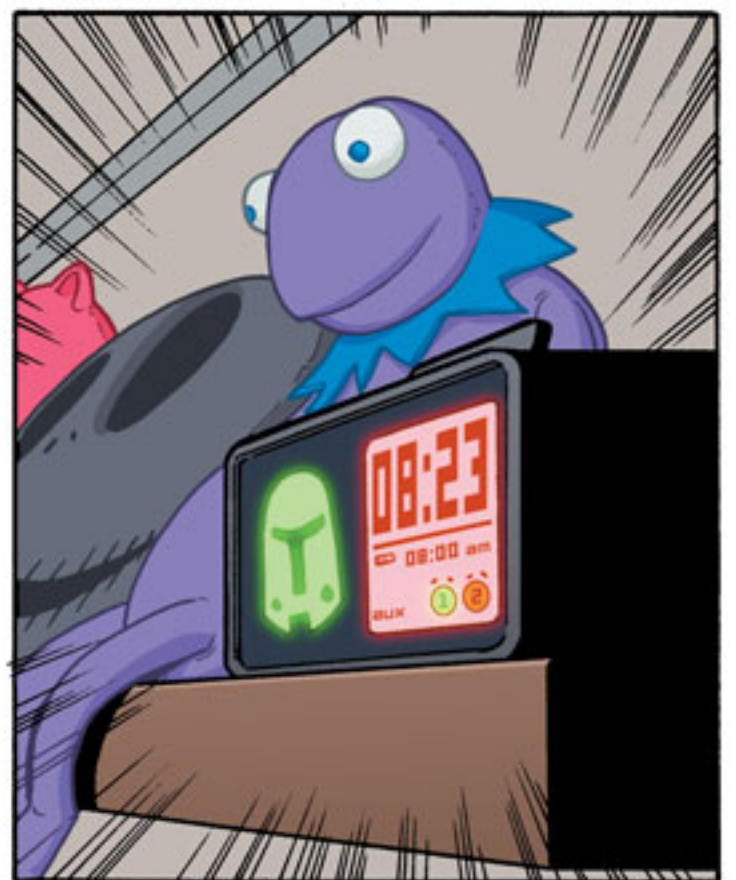




NGH, 'BOUT TIME GANDALF. THE TROLLS WERE...



WAAAAAIT. THIS ISN'T MIDDLE EARTH. THIS IS EARTH EARTH.



OH CÍRDAN'S BEARD!

LATE LATE LATE LATE LATE!