



...but at least while I'm here, I am going to have some fun.





**TWELVE
HOURS
EARLIER**

WE SHOULD HAVE FLOWN.

SURE, SPIKE. AND HOW WOULD WE GET A SIX FEET TALL BARBARIAN FROM THE HYBORIAN AGE THROUGH AIRPORT SECURITY? SHE IS ALL OVER THE FEDS' RADAR EVER SINCE A MONSTER DESTROYED HALF OF MANHATTAN.

WORTH A SHOT...

CAREFUL, HOLLY! THIS IS MY UNCLE'S RIDE!

IT'S NICE OF HIM TO LET US DRIVE IT TO CALIFORNIA.

I TOLD HIM WE WERE GOING TO NEWARK SO LET'S TRY TO KEEP IT ONE PIECE, OKAY?

IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT, WHY DON'T YOU DRIVE? OH, RIGHT. YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO.

BORN AND BRED IN THE BRONX. WHY DRIVE WHEN YOU GOT THE SUBWAY?

SO THIS IS THE STANFORD PROFESSOR WE'RE LOOKING FOR. YOU THINK HE CAN HELP US?

PROFESSOR WALLACE IS THE DEFINITIVE EXPERT ON THE HYBORIAN AGE. HE'S THE ONLY DOUBLE PH.D. IN PHYSICS AND HISTORY. IF ANYONE CAN FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO IN THIS SITUATION, IT'S HIM



My new friends believe I wish to go home. That perhaps I am homesick.

COUNTRY ROAD...

THESE BOOTS ARE MADE FOR WALKIN'...

But there is still so much to explore.

THIS PLACE IS PURE MAGIC.

DON'T TELL ME WE'RE LOST.

FOR GOD'S SAKE, SPIKE. WE'RE NOT LOST. WE NEED GAS, AND I NEED TO GO.

GO WHERE?

IT'S JUST AN EXPRESSION, SONJA.

BEST STOP

SONJA, HONEY, BETTER LEAVE THAT.

I ALWAYS CARRY A WEAPON.

TRUST US. THAT'LL ATTRACT MORE ATTENTION THAN WE NEED RIGHT NOW.

IT'S GETTING DARK. LET'S FIND A PLACE TO CRASH.

I CAN KEEP GOING. I JUST NEED ANOTHER COFFEE.