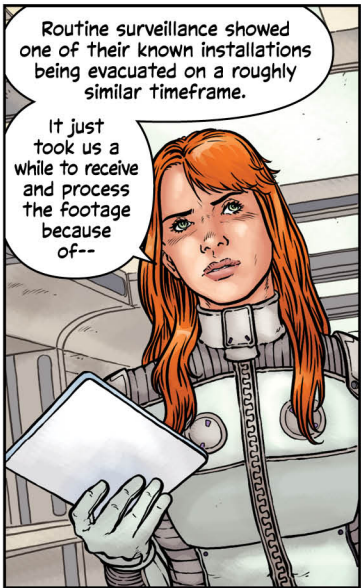


What do you want to do, Henry?

I want to wear Craven's skin while I spray his family with nerve gas at Christmas. Do we know where their Hightower station is?



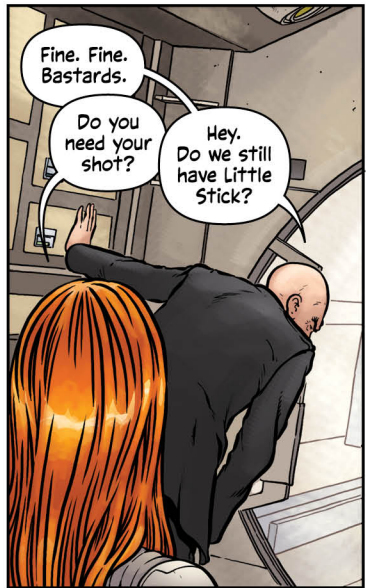
Routine surveillance showed one of their known installations being evacuated on a roughly similar timeframe.

It just took us a while to receive and process the footage because of--



--Because of their own bot attack, yes, yes. And we've definitely taken no action against it? None of your spook units have--

We didn't do it, Henry.



Fine. Fine. Bastards.

Do you need your shot?

Hey. Do we still have Little Stick?



I don't know what that is.

We were playing with it in the Eighties. It's a diamond rod, about a foot long. Radar invisible.

We literally just drop Little Stick. Insert it into the atmosphere.



As it drops, it gets hotter and hotter, builds up more and more energy.

And lands like a meteorite strike. Like a tac-nuke.

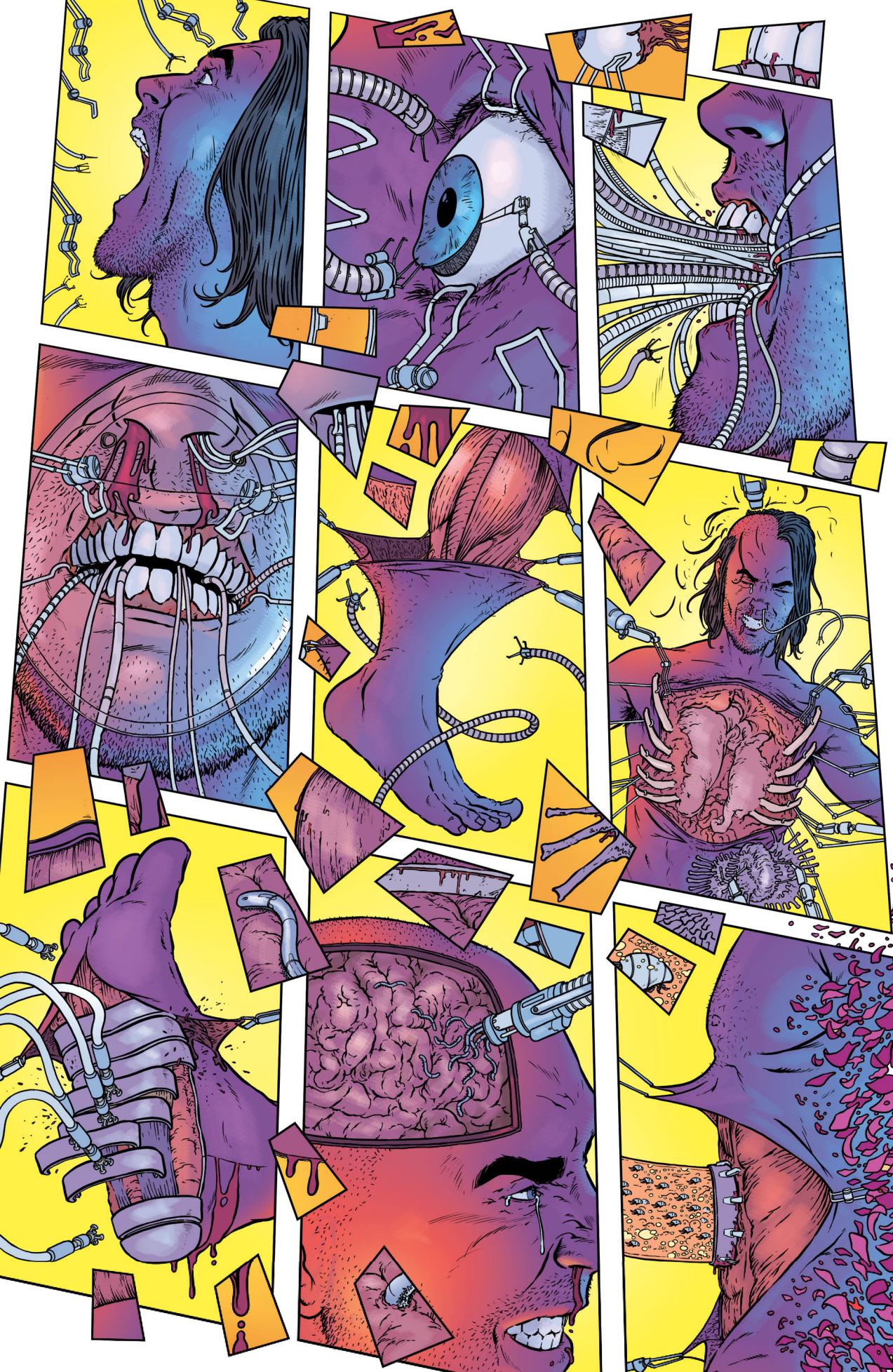
No radiation. Just pollution and heat and shockwaves and a big hole.

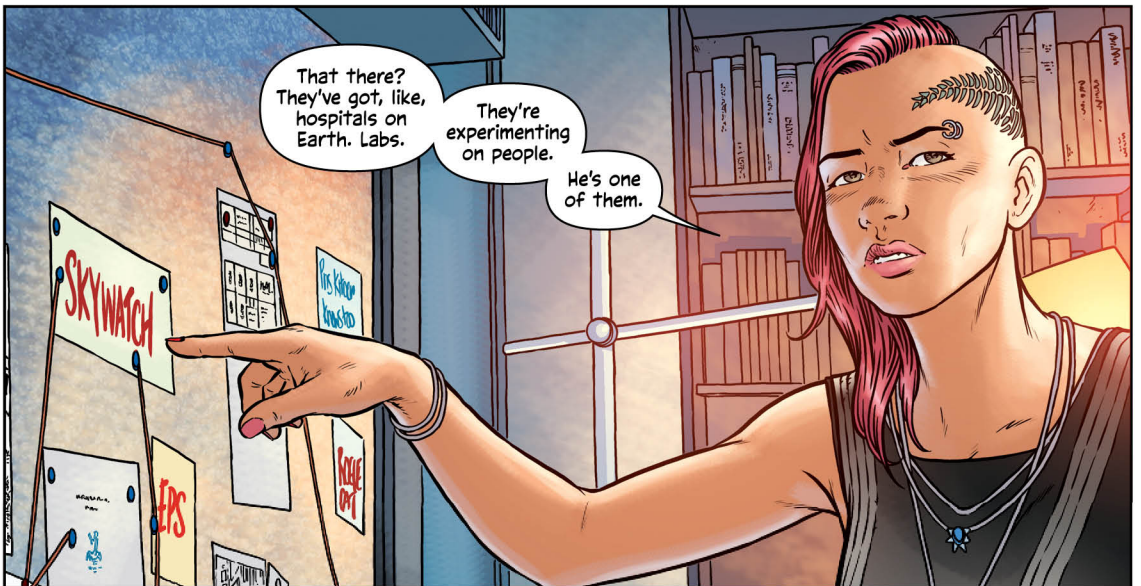
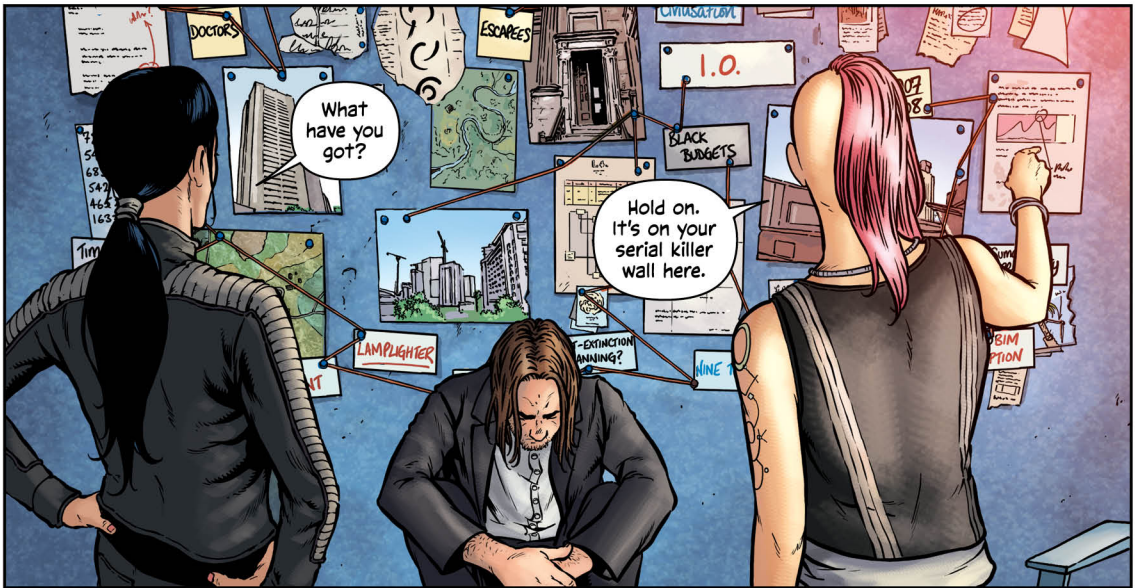
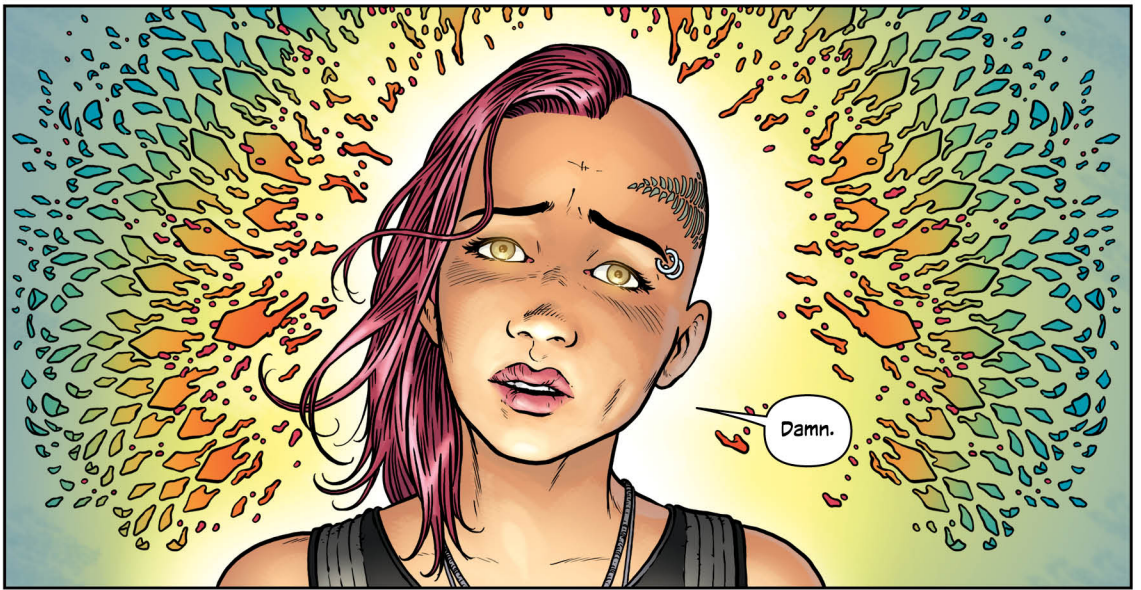


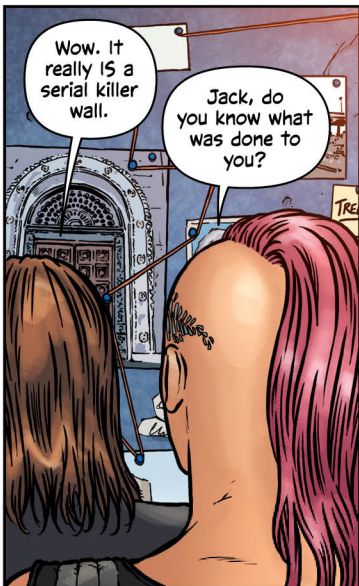
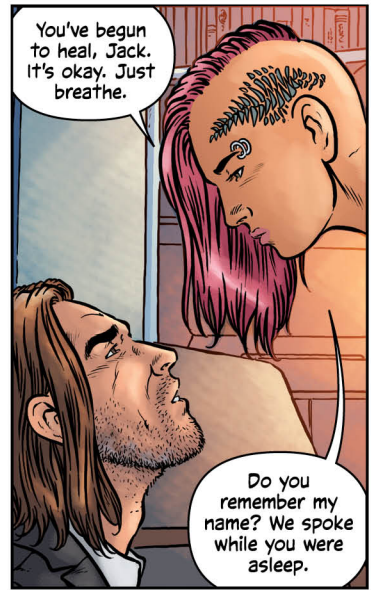
Go talk to Sideways Bob in the magazine.

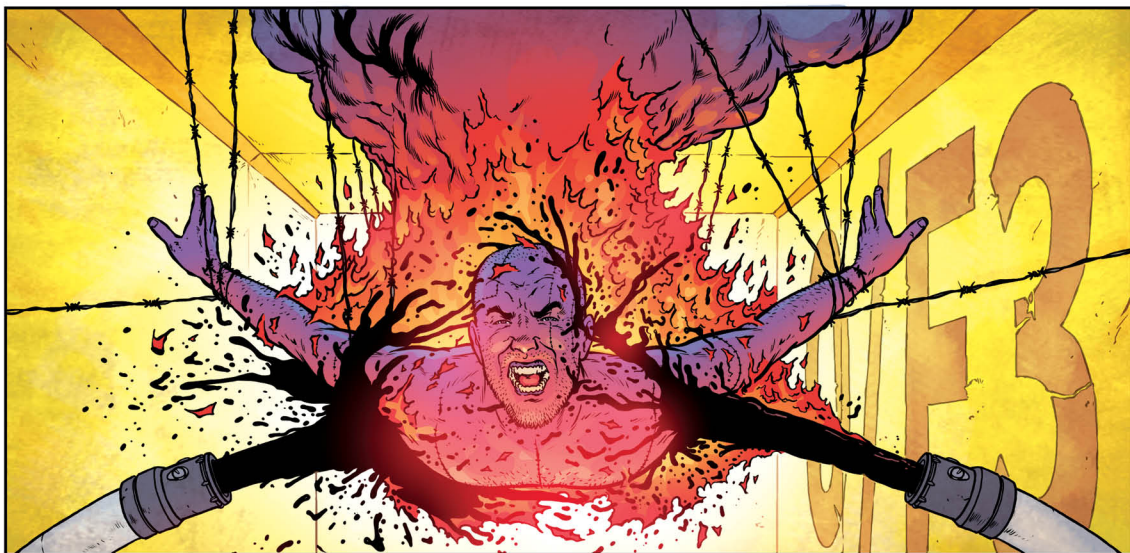
I hate that guy. He put lipstick on the faceplate of that empty spacesuit he sings to all the damn time.

Go talk to Bob. Tell him we're throwing a Little Stick at Hightower.









THE WILD STORM - CHAPTER FIFTEEN

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