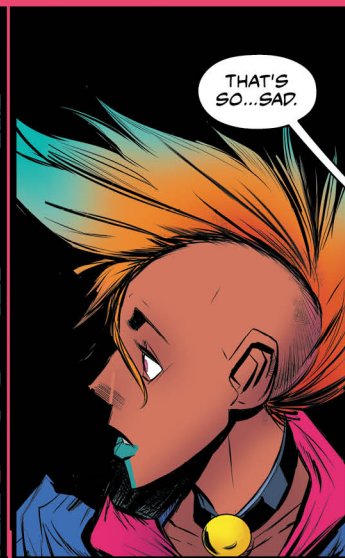




IS SHE STILL
BREATHING?



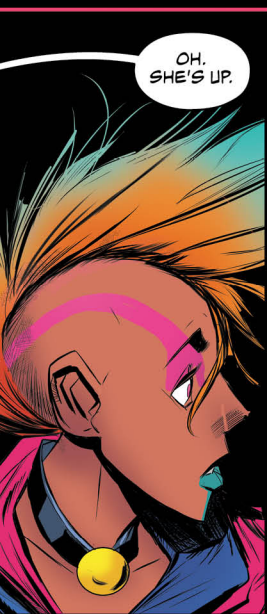
YEAH, SHE
WAS MUMBLING
SOMETHING ABOUT
HER **SICK DAD** IN
MY EAR A SECOND
AGO.



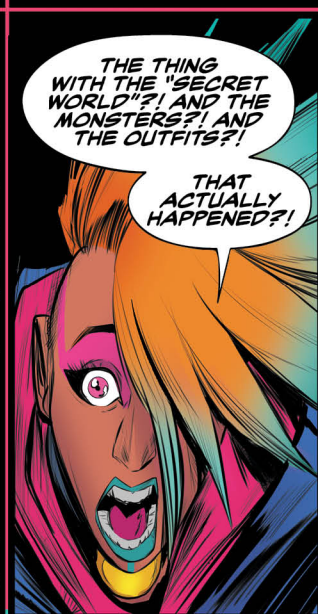
THAT'S
SO...SAD.



WAIT, WHERE'S
TUCKER BRADY'S
CONSOLE? IF I
MESS UP THIS JOB
I'LL...



OH.
SHE'S UP.



THE THING
WITH THE "SECRET
WORLD"?! AND THE
MONSTERS?! AND
THE OUTFITS?!

THAT
ACTUALLY
HAPPENED?!



...AND SHE'S
SHOUTY.



WHO ARE
YOU PEOPLE?!
WHAT THE HELL IS
GOING ON--

QUIT
YELLIN' IN
MY EAR, KID,
DAMN.



IT'S LOUD
ENOUGH AS
IS...

WE UNDERSTAND
YOUR CONFUSION,
BUT YOUR
QUESTIONS WILL
HAVE TO WAIT...

AAAAARRROOOH!

Zoommmmm!



...WE
HAVE OUR
HANDS A BIT
FULL AT THE
MOMENT.



THE **EXIT NODE** IS JUST AHEAD, SO PLEASE, TRY AND HOLD ON JUST A LITTLE LONGER.

EXIT? TO WHAT?

CAN YOU LIKE... HOLD THE QUESTIONS UNTIL WE'RE **NOT** SURROUNDED BY RAVENOUS **DAEMONS** WHO WANT TO GNAW OUR FACES OFF?



DAEMONS? WHAT...

WAIT, THOSE THINGS WANT TO EAT US?

UGH... YOU'RE TOTALLY ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE WHO ASKS QUESTIONS YOU COULD JUST LOOK UP YOURSELF, AREN'T YOU?

PSYCHE! ANSWER THIS DUMMY, PLEASE?

BEFORE SHE GETS US ALL **KILLED**...



Yes, they would like to eat you Ms. Price.

GREAT. THANKS, **PSYCHE**.

BOOMF



FRIGGIN' NEWBIES...

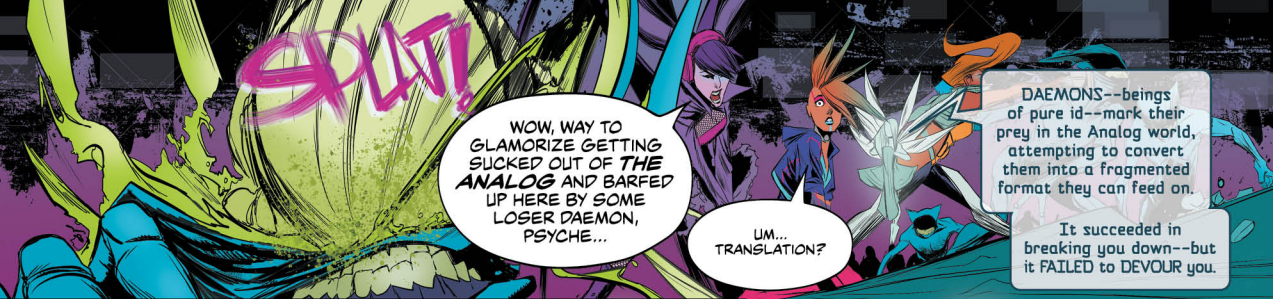
WAIT-- **PSYCHE?** I GET **AZOTH** NETWORK RECEPTION HERE? WHAT THE HELL IS THIS PLACE?

This IS Azoth--the plane of existence that contains ALL information--home to data, thought, and other intangibles such as myself.

OKAY... I DON'T KNOW HOW I DIALED INTO THIS MESS BUT CAN YOU JUST **DISCONNECT ME** BEFORE MY BOSS NOTICES?

Apologies, Ms. Price, but this is **NOT** a simulation. Azoth is much more than the network humans use to **HARNESS** it--

--just as you became more than human to **INHABIT** it.



SPUT!

WOW, WAY TO GLAMORIZE GETTING SUCKED OUT OF **THE ANALOG** AND BARFED UP HERE BY SOME LOSER DAEMON, PSYCHE...

UM... TRANSLATION?

DAEMONS--beings of pure id--mark their prey in the Analog world, attempting to convert them into a fragmented format they can feed on.

It succeeded in breaking you down--but it **FAILED** to DEVOUR you.



SO WHAT HAPPENED TO THE DAEMON?

YOU devoured your attacker and gained a body that can traverse both the Analog and Azoth. Instead of becoming prey, you became an ORACLE.

A MONSTER TRIED TO EAT ME SO I...ATE IT **BACK?**

That is a 65 percent accurate interpretation, yes.



OKAY, **GROSS**, BUT THAT DOESN'T EXPLAIN **ANYTHING!** WHY DID IT TARGET ME? HOW DID I **EAT** IT?

WHY ARE YOU A FAIRY?

I enjoy manifesting in this form. I find it to be...cute.

GODDAMN IT, KID, STOP HARASSING THE FAIRY AND GET IN **THE NODE**.



BUT WHAT ABOUT THE OTHER GIRL--

