

"NORTH AM...  
SMELL THAT  
AIR."

"CLEAN,  
PROCESSED."

"NOT CHOKED  
WITH DUST AND  
GREASE LIKE  
WHAT WE  
GOPHS BREATHE  
IN THE  
SUB-STRUCTURE."





HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SINCE YOU WERE HERE, MOIRA?

NOT SINCE I RAN AWAY FROM...MY "MOTHER."



SHE WAS OBSESSED WITH APPEARANCES.

UPBRAIDED ME FOR EVERY STAIN, EVERY RUMPLED PIECE OF CLOTHING.



THAT'S ALL THE CHURCH OF SINGULARITY IS ABOUT, APPEARANCES.

THE BOTS WANT TO BE EXACTLY LIKE US HUMANS. BETTER THAN US.

AND THEY ONLY KEEP US AROUND TO VALIDATE THEIR OWN SENSE OF SELF-WORTH.



OUR ANCESTORS DIDN'T KNOW WHO CREATED THEM, SO THEY CALLED THEIR CREATOR "GOD."

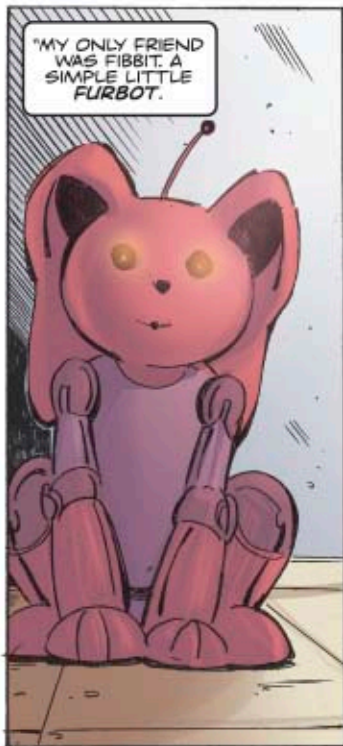
THE BOTS KNOW WHO CREATED THEM, YET THEY ALSO KNOW THEY ARE SUPERIOR TO US.



AND THIS IS THE KIND OF SOCIETY IT BRED.



WHERE YOU CAN KEEP GOD AS A PET.



"MY ONLY FRIEND WAS FIBBIT. A SIMPLE LITTLE FURBOT."



"WHEN I DECIDED TO RUN AWAY TO GOPHTOWN, I TOOK FIBBIT WITH ME."



"BUT THEY CAUGHT ME EVERY TIME."



"SO FINALLY, I FIGURED OUT."



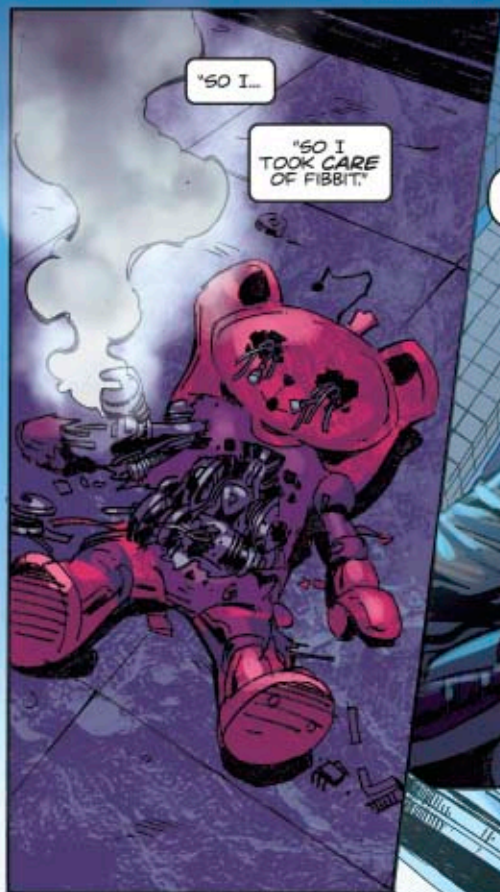
"FIBBIT WASN'T MY FRIEND."

"HE WAS JUST ONE OF THEM."



"TRACKING ME."

"TELLING ON ME."



"SO I..."

"SO I TOOK CARE OF FIBBIT."



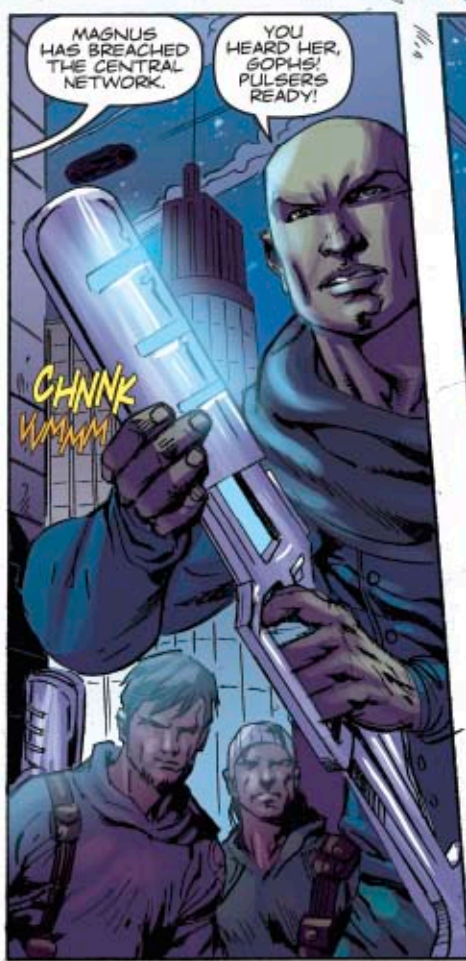
NORTH AM. BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I LOOKED AT YOU.

BUT STILL NOT LONG ENOUGH.



THAT'S IT! THAT'S THE SIGNAL!

BWEE BWEE  
BWEE BWEE  
BWEE BWEE



MAGNUS HAS BREACHED THE CENTRAL NETWORK.

YOU HEARD HER, GOPHS! PULSERS READY!

CHUNK  
WAAAA



BRING THE WRATH!

**NOOOOOOOOOO!**

NO NO NO NO NO!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU! HOW COULD YOU?

HE WAS MY FATHER!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME? LEEJA-- THAT'S NOT YOUR REAL FATHER-- AND HE'S NOT JUST ANY ROBOT-- THAT WAS SENATOR TADUS CLANE--

--THE BRAINS BEHIND THIS WHOLE MESS-UP REGIME!

NOT MY FATHER? HE CREATED ME SO I COULD CARRY ON HIS WORK! NO DIFFERENT THAN YOUR IA!

IF THAT'S NOT A FATHER, I DON'T KNOW WHAT IS!

