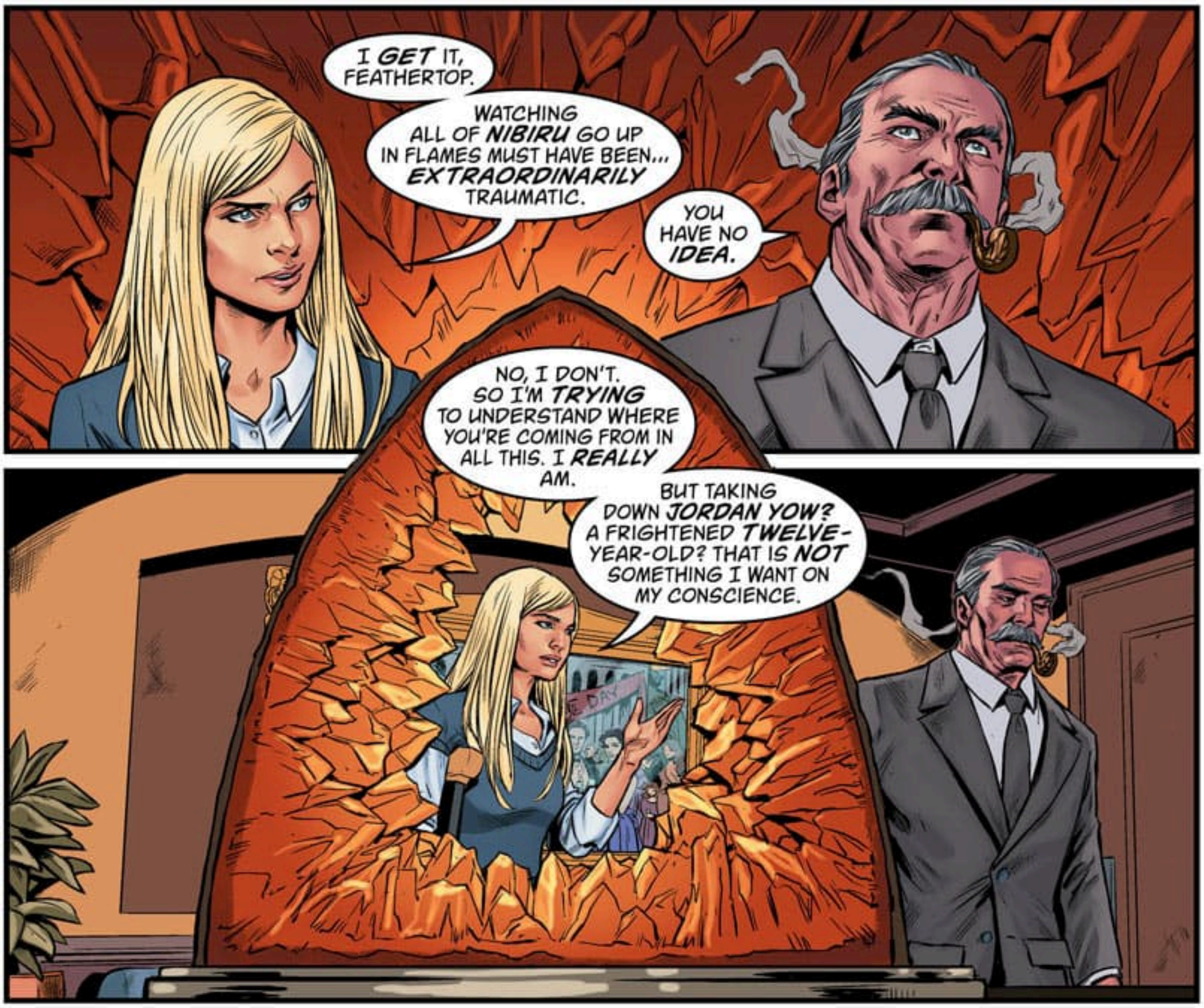
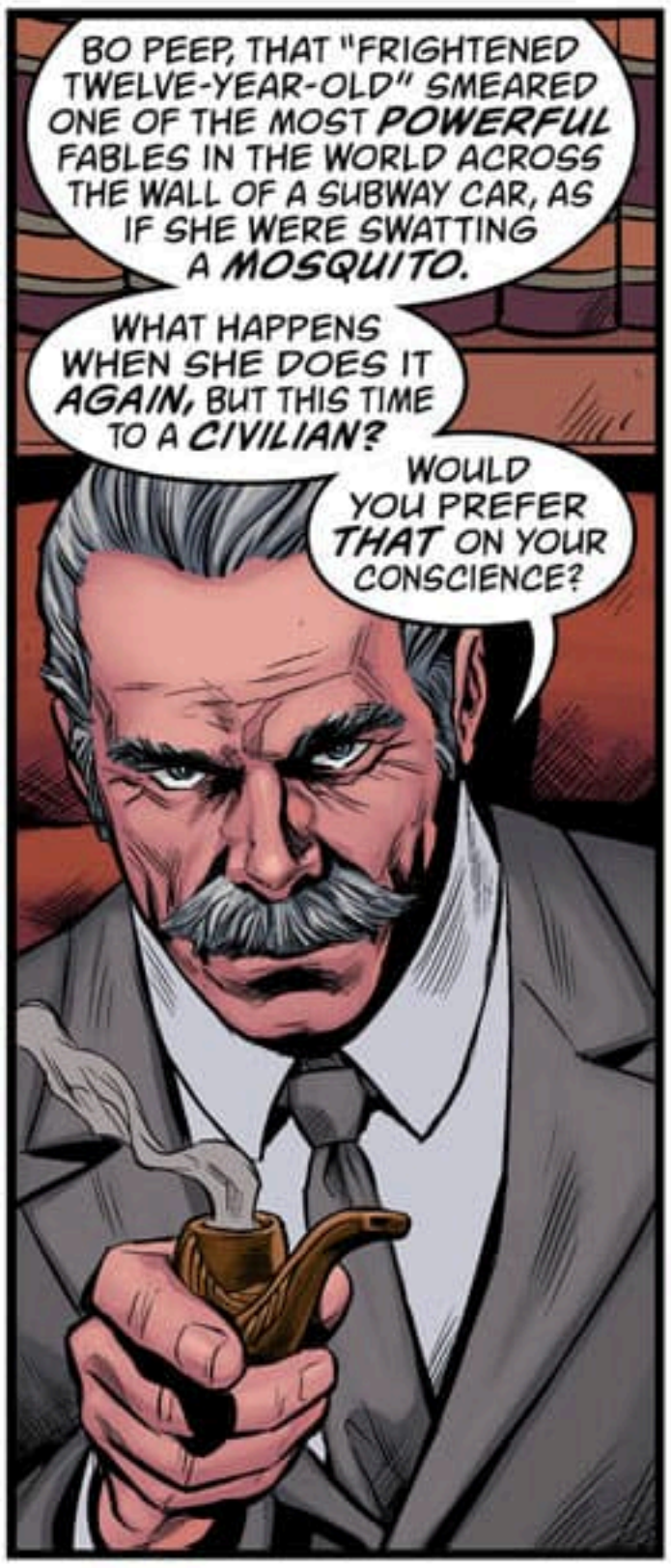
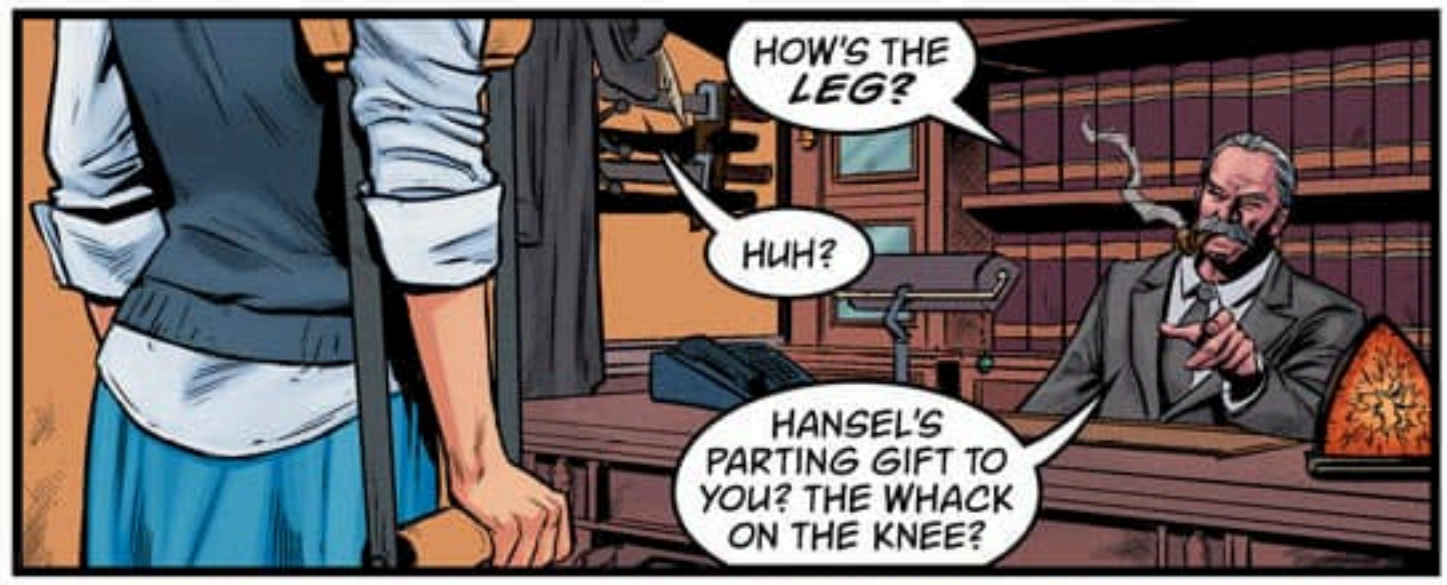
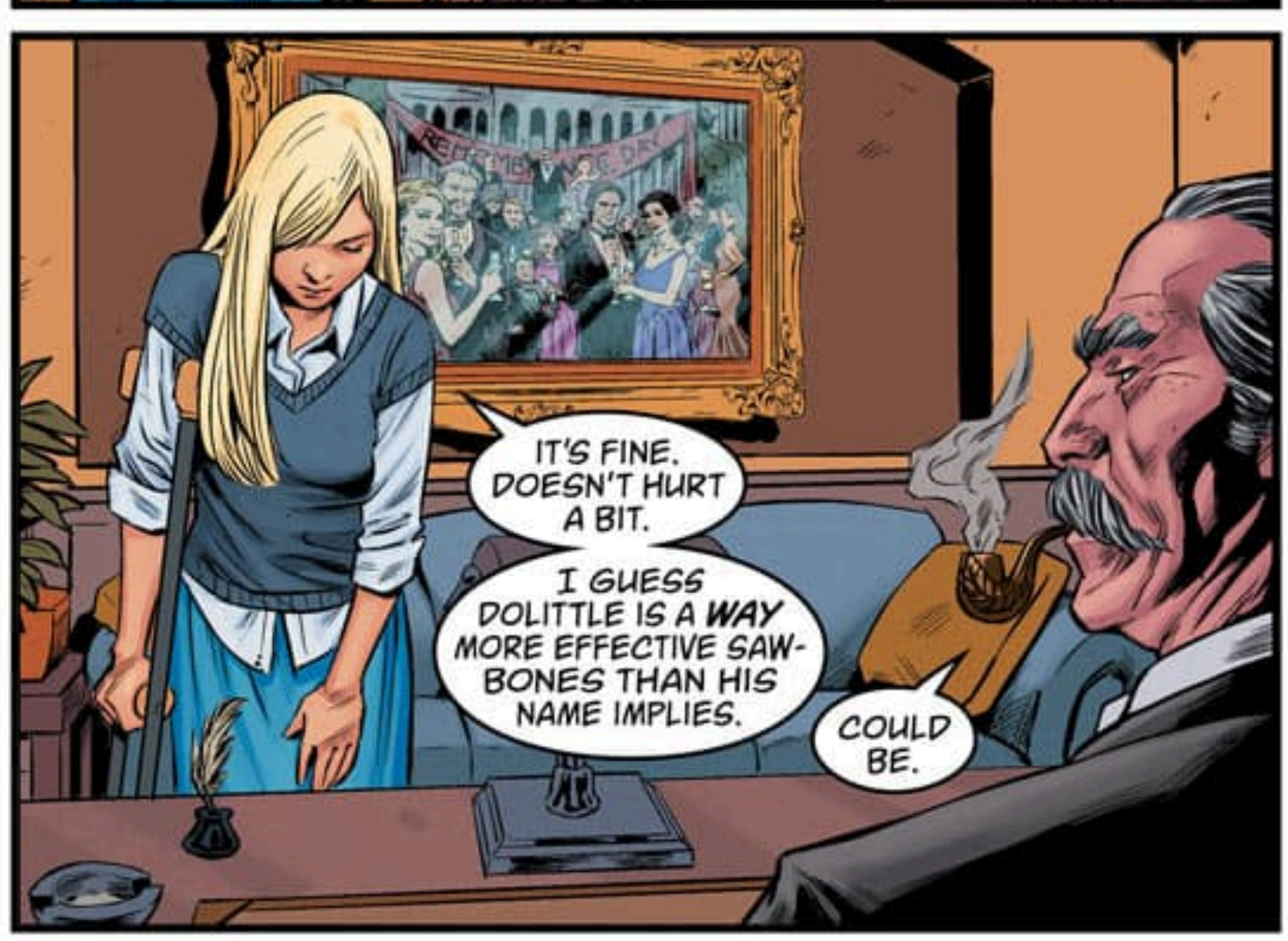
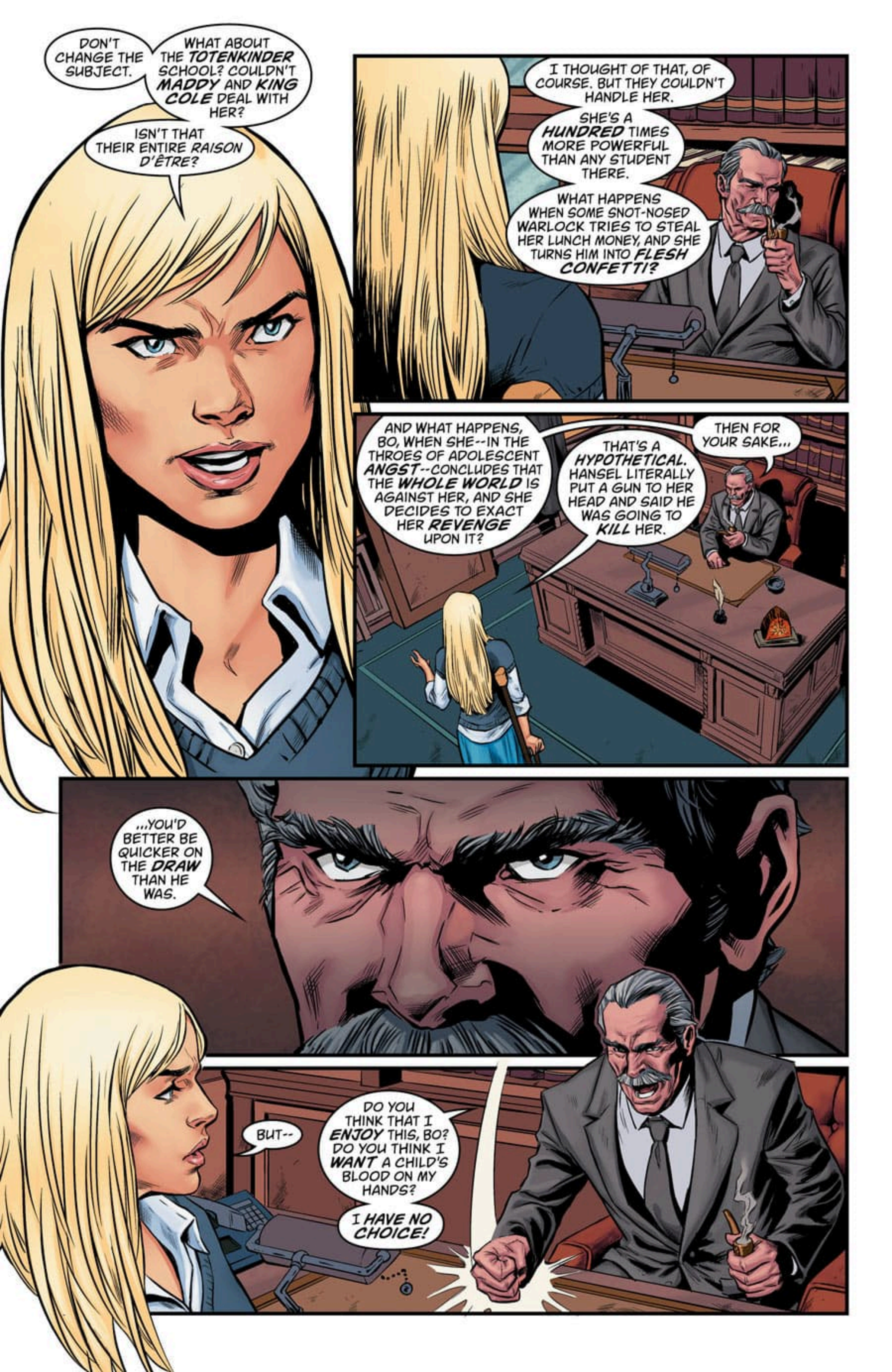

I GET IT, FEATHERTOP.
WATCHING ALL OF NIBIRU GO UP IN FLAMES MUST HAVE BEEN... EXTRAORDINARILY TRAUMATIC.
YOU HAVE NO IDEA.
NO, I DON'T. SO I'M TRYING TO UNDERSTAND WHERE YOU'RE COMING FROM IN ALL THIS. I REALLY AM.
BUT TAKING DOWN JORDAN YOW? A FRIGHTENED TWELVE-YEAR-OLD? THAT IS NOT SOMETHING I WANT ON MY CONSCIENCE.


BO PEEP, THAT "FRIGHTENED TWELVE-YEAR-OLD" SMEARED ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL FABLES IN THE WORLD ACROSS THE WALL OF A SUBWAY CAR, AS IF SHE WERE SWATTING A MOSQUITO.
WHAT HAPPENS WHEN SHE DOES IT AGAIN, BUT THIS TIME TO A CIVILIAN?
WOULD YOU PREFER THAT ON YOUR CONSCIENCE?


HOW'S THE LEG?
HUH?
HANSEL'S PARTING GIFT TO YOU? THE WHACK ON THE KNEE?


IT'S FINE. DOESN'T HURT A BIT.
I GUESS DOLITTLE IS A WAY MORE EFFECTIVE SAW-BONES THAN HIS NAME IMPLIES.
COULD BE.


DON'T CHANGE THE SUBJECT.
WHAT ABOUT THE TOTENKINDER SCHOOL? COULDN'T MADDY AND KING COLE DEAL WITH HER?
ISN'T THAT THEIR ENTIRE RAISON D'ÊTRE?
I THOUGHT OF THAT, OF COURSE. BUT THEY COULDN'T HANDLE HER.
SHE'S A HUNDRED TIMES MORE POWERFUL THAN ANY STUDENT THERE.
WHAT HAPPENS WHEN SOME SNOT-NOSED WARLOCK TRIES TO STEAL HER LUNCH MONEY, AND SHE TURNS HIM INTO FLESH CONFETTI?
AND WHAT HAPPENS, BO, WHEN SHE--IN THE THROES OF ADOLESCENT ANGST--CONCLUDES THAT THE WHOLE WORLD IS AGAINST HER, AND SHE DECIDES TO EXACT HER REVENGE UPON IT?
THAT'S A HYPOTHETICAL. HANSEL LITERALLY PUT A GUN TO HER HEAD AND SAID HE WAS GOING TO KILL HER.
THEN FOR YOUR SAKE...
...YOU'D BETTER BE QUICKER ON THE DRAW THAN HE WAS.
BUT--
DO YOU THINK THAT I ENJOY THIS, BO? DO YOU THINK I WANT A CHILD'S BLOOD ON MY HANDS?
I HAVE NO CHOICE!

"IN NIBIRU I WATCHED AS THOUSANDS OF ***INNOCENTS*** DIED, HELPLESS TO DO A THING ABOUT IT.

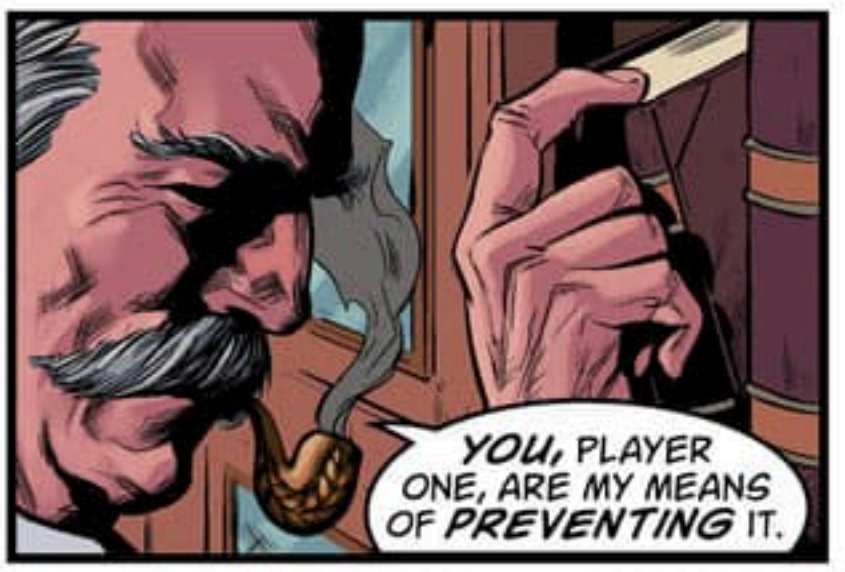
"AT NIGHT I CAN STILL HEAR THE CHILDREN ***SHRIEKING.*** I CAN STILL SMELL THEIR SEARING ***FLESH!***

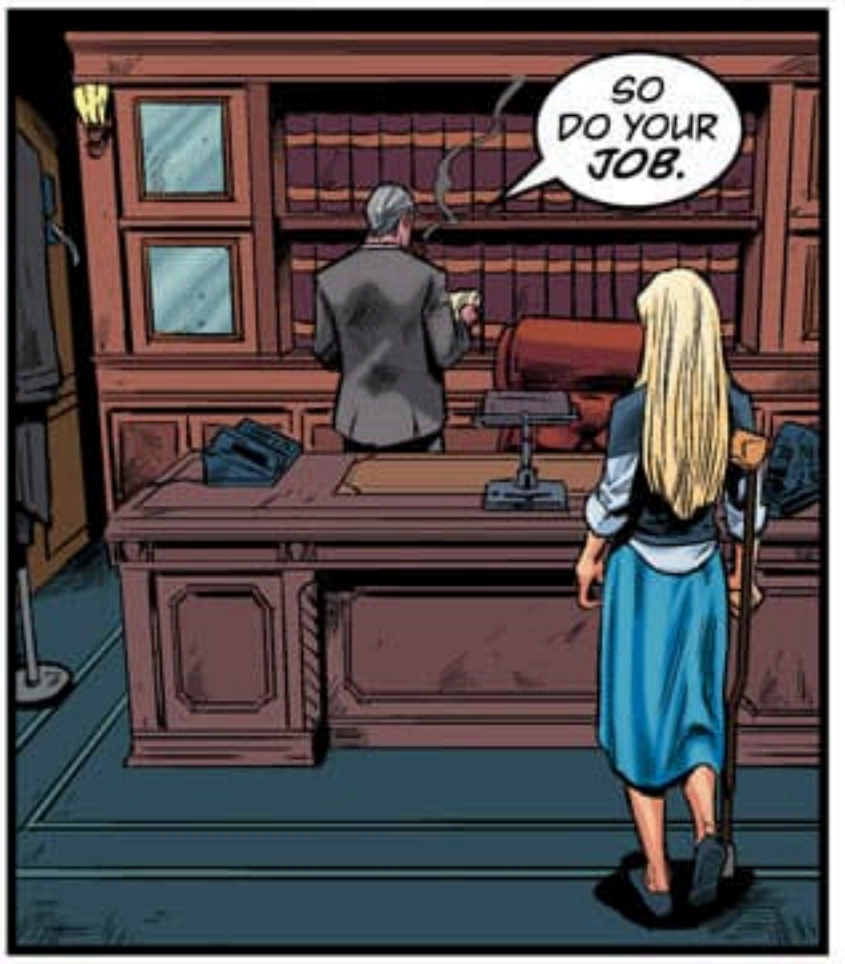
"AND WHEN IT'S NOT THE CHILDREN OF NIBIRU IN MY DREAMS, IT'S THE CHILDREN OF ***THIS*** WORLD. OF THE ***MUNDY!***

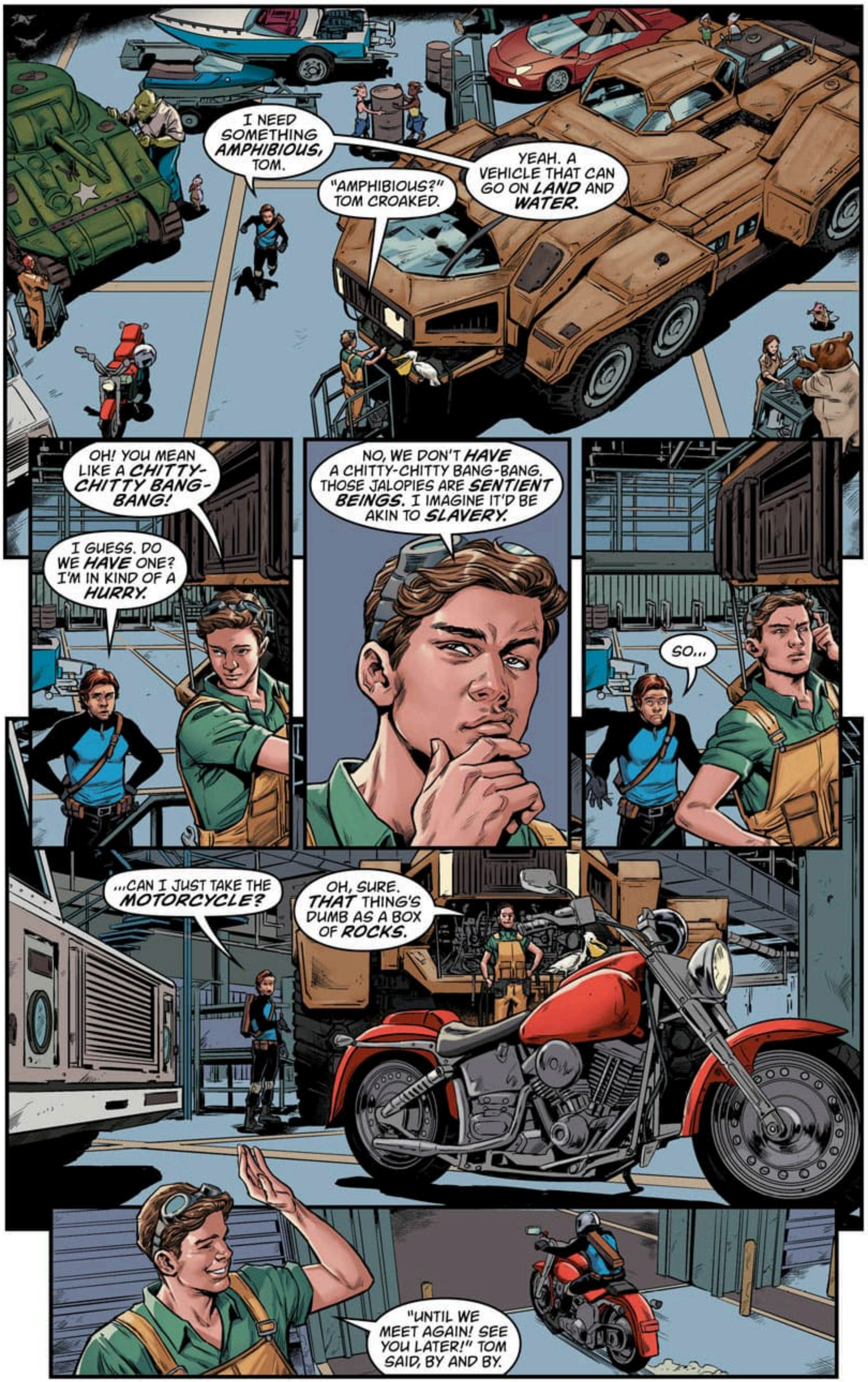
"THEIR LIQUEFYING EYES ON ME, THEIR DESTRUCTION ***INEVITABLE,*** BEGGING TO KNOW WHY I DID NOTHING TO ***PREVENT*** IT."

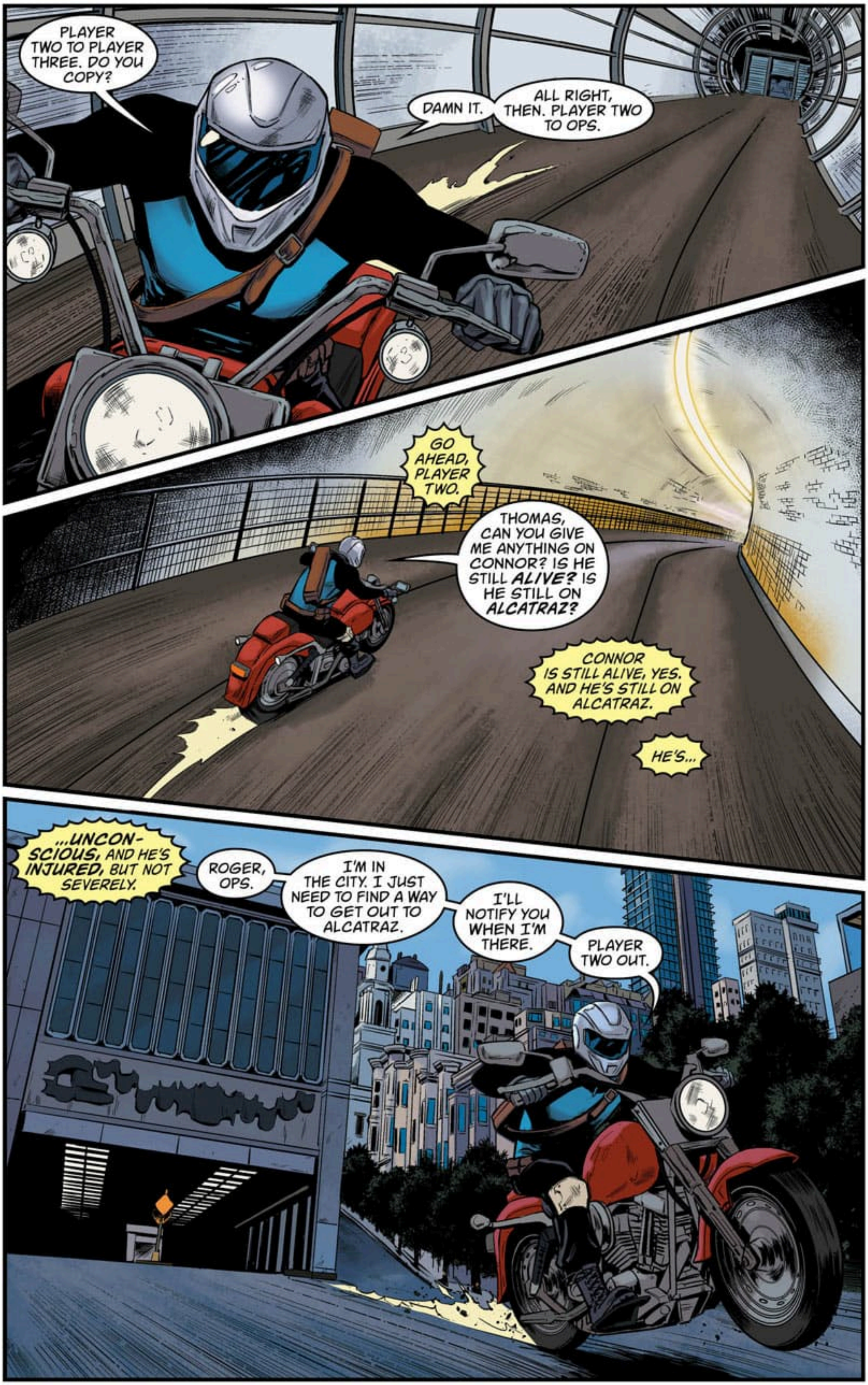
YOU ***KNEW*** THIS COULD HAPPEN.

I ***TRUSTED*** YOU.






I NEED SOMETHING AMPHIBIOUS, TOM.
"AMPHIBIOUS?" TOM CROAKED.
YEAH. A VEHICLE THAT CAN GO ON LAND AND WATER.
OH! YOU MEAN LIKE A CHITTY-CHITTY BANG-BANG!
I GUESS. DO WE HAVE ONE? I'M IN KIND OF A HURRY.
NO, WE DON'T HAVE A CHITTY-CHITTY BANG-BANG. THOSE JALOPIES ARE SENTIENT BEINGS. I IMAGINE IT'D BE AKIN TO SLAVERY.
SO...
...CAN I JUST TAKE THE MOTORCYCLE?
OH, SURE. THAT THING'S DUMB AS A BOX OF ROCKS.
"UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN! SEE YOU LATER!" TOM SAID, BY AND BY.


PLAYER TWO TO PLAYER THREE. DO YOU COPY?
DAMN IT.
ALL RIGHT, THEN. PLAYER TWO TO OPS.
GO AHEAD, PLAYER TWO.
THOMAS, CAN YOU GIVE ME ANYTHING ON CONNOR? IS HE STILL ALIVE? IS HE STILL ON ALCATRAZ?
CONNOR IS STILL ALIVE, YES. AND HE'S STILL ON ALCATRAZ.
HE'S...
...UNCONSCIOUS, AND HE'S INJURED, BUT NOT SEVERELY.
ROGER, OPS.
I'M IN THE CITY. I JUST NEED TO FIND A WAY TO GET OUT TO ALCATRAZ.
I'LL NOTIFY YOU WHEN I'M THERE.
PLAYER TWO OUT.