



IT WAS EARLY.

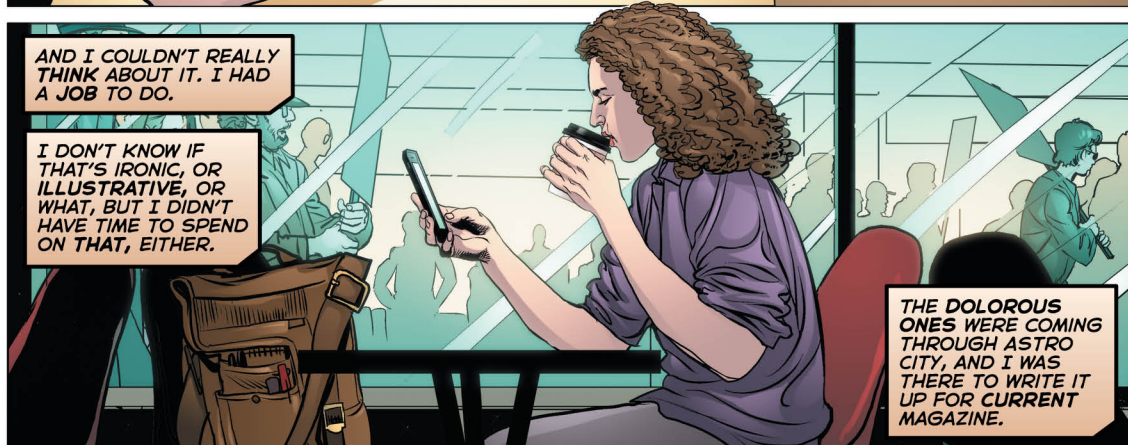
I WAS TIRED.

I HADN'T GOTTEN MUCH SLEEP,
AND I THOUGHT MAYBE SANDY
AND I HAD JUST BROKEN UP.



HE DIDN'T MIND MY
PRIORITIZING MY JOB OVER
OUR RELATIONSHIP,
EXACTLY. IT'S THAT I DO IT
WITHOUT THINKING TWICE.

WHICH IS FAIR, I GUESS.
HE MOVED WHENEVER I GOT
A BETTER JOB SOMEWHERE,
BUT WOULD I DO IT FOR
HIM? I DON'T KNOW.



AND I COULDN'T REALLY
THINK ABOUT IT. I HAD
A JOB TO DO.

I DON'T KNOW IF
THAT'S IRONIC, OR
ILLUSTRATIVE, OR
WHAT, BUT I DIDN'T
HAVE TIME TO SPEND
ON THAT, EITHER.

THE DOLOROUS
ONES WERE COMING
THROUGH ASTRO
CITY, AND I WAS
THERE TO WRITE IT
UP FOR CURRENT
MAGAZINE.



THEY WERE ESCAPEES FROM AN
ALIEN SLAVE CAMP, WHO'D
STOLEN A SHIP AND FLED, HIDING
THEMSELVES ON EARTH.

THEIR CAPTORS --
IMPERION'S
PEOPLE -- FOUND
THEM, AND SET
OUT TO DRAG
THEM BACK. IT
BECAME A THING.
HONOR GUARD,
THE FIRST FAMILY.



CHICAGO, TORONTO
AND REYKJAVIK ALL
GOT DAMAGED. PEOPLE
DIED. AND THE SHIP
THE DOLOROUS ONES
HAD BEEN LIVING IN
GOT DESTROYED.

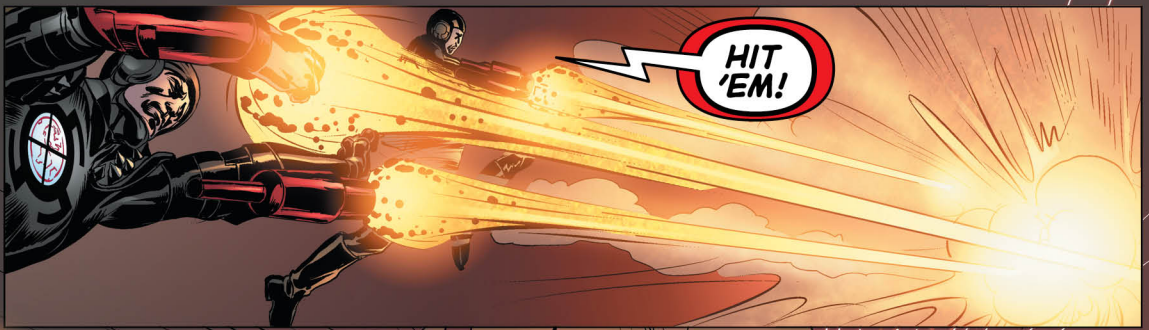
WHICH MEANT THEY NEEDED
SOMEWHERE TO STAY, AT LEAST
UNTIL THINGS GOT WORKED OUT
POLITICALLY, OUT IN SPACE.

WHICH TURNED
OUT TO MEAN A
CAMP NOT FAR
WEST OF HERE.



RESISTANCE





I KNEW EARTHPRIDE -- WHITE SUPREMACIST YAHOOOS WHO COULDN'T WAIT TO EXPAND TO FULL-ON XENOPHOBIA. LOUD, STUPID AND DEADLY.

BUT RESISTOR -- I'D NEVER SEEN HIM BEFORE. OR HER, DEPENDING ON WHO GOT TRANSFORMED.

I SAID NO.
NO ONE DIES.

Go Back To VACUUM

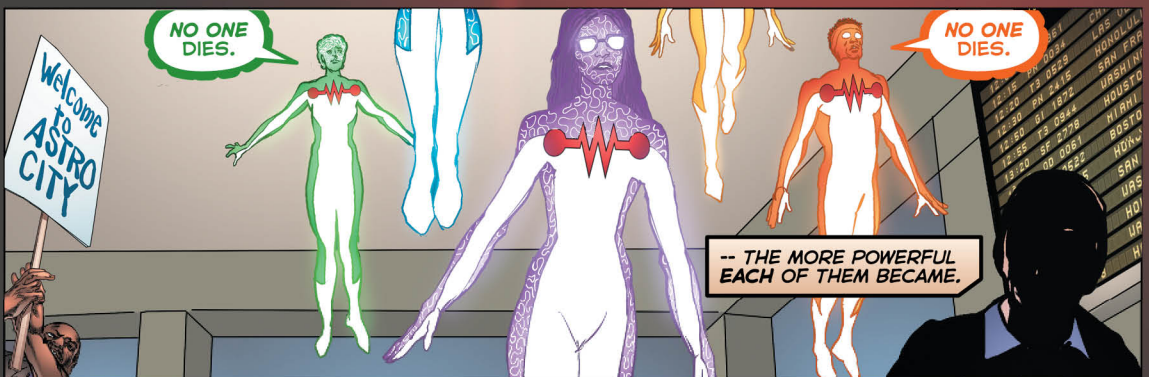
NO ALIEN SPIES



NO ONE DIES.

NO ONE DIES.

BUT IT WAS TRUE, WHAT I'D HEARD. THERE WAS NEVER JUST ONE. AND THE MORE THERE WERE --



NO ONE DIES.

NO ONE DIES.

-- THE MORE POWERFUL EACH OF THEM BECAME.

I TRIED TO
TAKE IT ALL IN.

I WANTED TO CAPTURE
ALL OF IT, IN IMAGES,
IN WORDS --

BUT -- I TOOK
IN RAGE --

DETERMINATION --

HOPE --

SCORCHING
METAL --

H-huh?

SHOUTING,
AND --

A LAUGH -- AN OLD,
ALMOST-FORGOTTEN
LAUGH --

THE SMELL OF -- OF
PIPE TOBACCO --

-- AND LEMON
DROPS --

DAD...?

WANT ONE,
LULU?

WE'LL
SHOW 'EM
TODAY, HUH,
KID? WE'LL
SHOW THOSE
GREEDY
SO-AND-
SOS...!

MY FATHER. IT WAS
LIKE -- LIKE I COULD
FEEL HIS PRESENCE.
LIKE HE WAS THERE.
IT DIDN'T MAKE
ANY SENSE.

NO
War
For
OIL