



"A man who makes
trouble for others..."

"...is also making
it for himself."

Chinua Achebe.
Things Fall Apart.

Two little problems
with that quote, applied
to *this* situation.





First? In this case, the trouble isn't just mano y mano. Whole *city's* going to feel *this*.

Second?

I'm the one causing the trouble. Just by existing.

But what else is new?

Space Sector Some Number, Nobody Ever Bothered to Tell Me.

Far. The farthest of the Guardians' 3,600 sectors. Maybe farther. Maybe it doesn't *have* a number.

I--I'd heard, but...didn't BELIEVE.

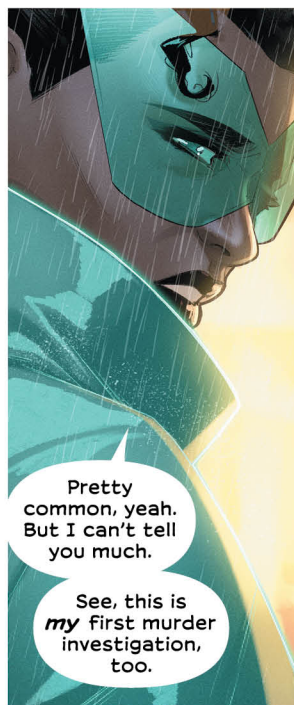
Platform Ever Forward. Yes, that's a name.

Is it too much to hope you folks have assault-specialized forensics?

Wait. Of course you don't. You don't have *assaults*.

כְּחַל צוֹרֵחַ מִן הַיָּם

KAF





There was more I could've told him. Her. Them. I'm here to help, after all.

But sometimes help means letting people learn from experience.

And this city, twenty *billion* citizens deep, is just going to have to get used to this...

...because I'm pretty sure it won't be the last time somebody dies ugly in *the City Enduring*.

