

# KAYLESS

IN 1967, THE CIA  
SENT ASTRONAUTS  
INTO SPACE...AND  
LOST THEM.

Welcome to  
**EARTH**  
We've Missed you!

UNTIL TODAY WHEN  
SCOTT ANDERS CRASHES  
TO THE GROUND!

**ANAHEIM,  
CALIFORNIA**

NOW  
BATTING FOR  
THE ANGELS, LEFT  
FIELDER NUMBER  
SEVEN, JACKSON  
BEHR!

I HAD A  
VISION LAST  
NIGHT, SAMIR. I  
KNOW YOU GUYS  
ARE BIG ON  
THOSE...

...AND THIS  
ONE WAS *SO*  
TRIPPY.

I HAVE  
THAT POSTER IN  
MY ROOM OF THE  
KITTEN, DANGLING  
FROM THE CLOTHES-  
LINE. SO CUTE,  
RIGHT?

WELL, LAST  
NIGHT IT *SPOKE* TO  
ME. "NO MORE HANGIN',  
BABY! MAKE THIS THING  
*GOOOOO!*"

**STRIKE  
ONE!**

*PATIENCE*, MY SON.  
REMEMBER, IT'S ABOUT  
THE *LESSON*.

WE STRIKE  
TOO SOON, AND  
THE *LESSON* WILL  
BE *LOST*.

CAN WE TRUST  
THAT YOU'LL BE  
PATIENT UNTIL THE  
RIGHT MOMENT?

**STEEERIKE  
TWO!**

YOU SAYING  
YOU CAN'T TRUST  
ME NOW? WHAT DO  
I HAVE TO DO TO  
PROVE MYSELF?  
I'M *READY*.

I'VE BEEN  
READY FOR...HOW  
LONG NOW? I'M  
NOT THE ONE  
STOPPING US.

AH, SO YOU  
QUESTION *OUR*  
RESOLVE, KALIQ?  
I'LL SAY IT AGAIN--  
WE'LL ONLY HAVE  
ONE CHANCE TO  
SUCCEED.

NOT THIS  
AGAIN...

**CRACK**

THE BOMBS WILL ALREADY  
BE IN PLACE IN THE STADIUM  
WHEN YOU BEGIN, BUT YOU  
MUST KNOW *EXACTLY*  
WHERE THEY ARE...

I KNOW  
ALL THE WHERE'S,  
ALL THE HOW'S. I  
DON'T KNOW THE  
*WHEN*.

DUDE, THE  
PLAYOFFS START  
IN A WEEK! *PLEASE*  
TELL ME IT'LL HAPPEN  
DURING THE PLAYOFFS.

WITH  
SOLDIERS LIKE  
YOU IN OUR CAUSE,  
WE CANNOT FAIL. YOU  
KNOW WE MEAN  
THAT, DON'T YOU?

BUT KALIQ,  
HOLD ONTO YOUR  
FAITH. ESPECIALLY  
NOW, AT THE END.

"I'LL TELL YOU AGAIN, SAMIR.  
IT'S NOT ABOUT FAITH FOR ME.  
IT'S ABOUT THE VIEW.

"I JUST WANT THE  
BEST SEAT IN THE  
HOUSE..."

"...WHEN WE BURN IT  
TO THE *GROUND*."

# THE WHEEL COMES 'ROUND

## CHAPTER 1

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YOU DIDN'T FORGET, DID YOU?



IT DIDN'T JUST SLIP YOUR MIND?



THE SEQUOIA PATIO FURNITURE ANNUAL BLOWOUT. WITH THREE SOUTHERN ARIZONA LOCATIONS TO SERVE YOU.

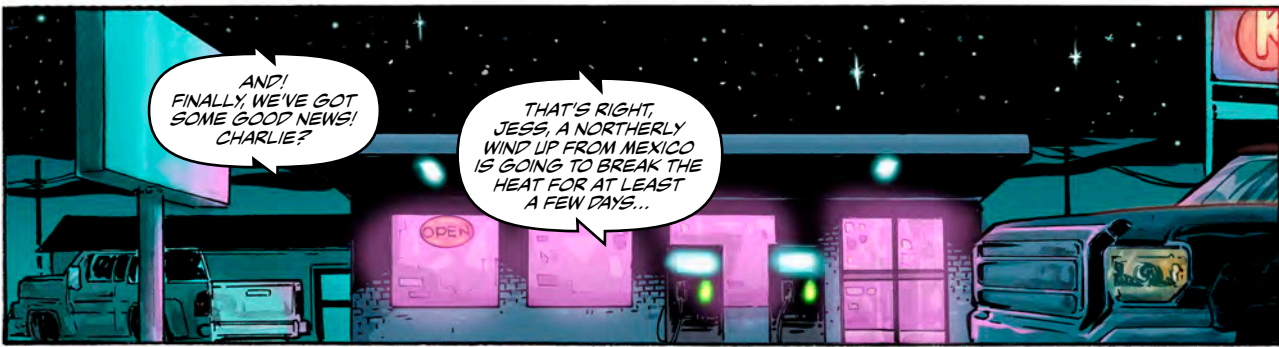


YOU DON'T KNOW...HOW LOW WE'LL GO!



HELLO, AND WELCOME BACK.

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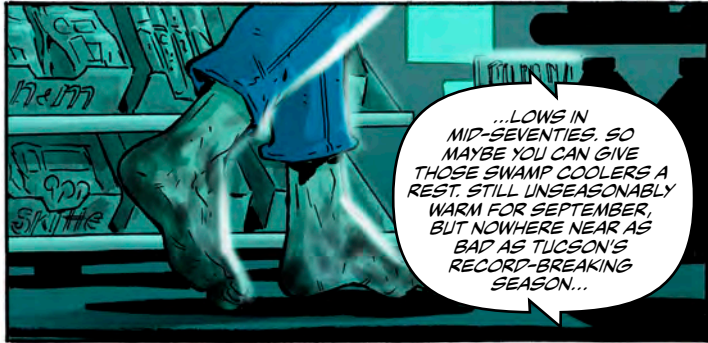
AND! FINALLY, WE'VE GOT SOME GOOD NEWS! CHARLIE?

THAT'S RIGHT, JESS, A NORTHERLY WIND UP FROM MEXICO IS GOING TO BREAK THE HEAT FOR AT LEAST A FEW DAYS...

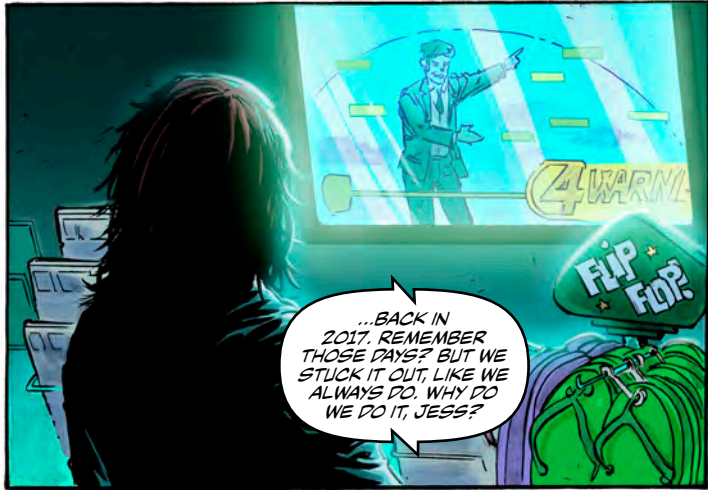


**BING**

...AND WE'LL GET SOME FALL WEATHER FOR A BIT, AS YOU CAN SEE, HIGH TEMPERATURES IN THE HIGH NINETIES...



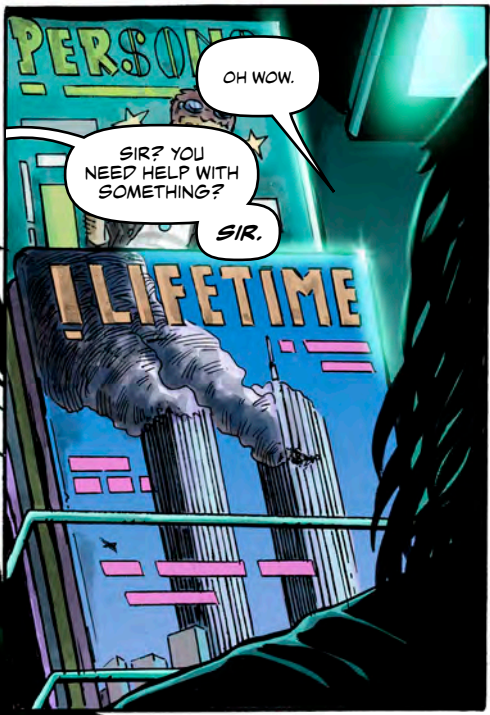
...LOWS IN MID-SEVENTIES. SO MAYBE YOU CAN GIVE THOSE SWAMP COOLERS A REST. STILL UNSEASONABLY WARM FOR SEPTEMBER, BUT NOWHERE NEAR AS BAD AS TUCSON'S RECORD-BREAKING SEASON...



...BACK IN 2017, REMEMBER THOSE DAYS? BUT WE STUCK IT OUT, LIKE WE ALWAYS DO. WHY DO WE DO IT, JESS?



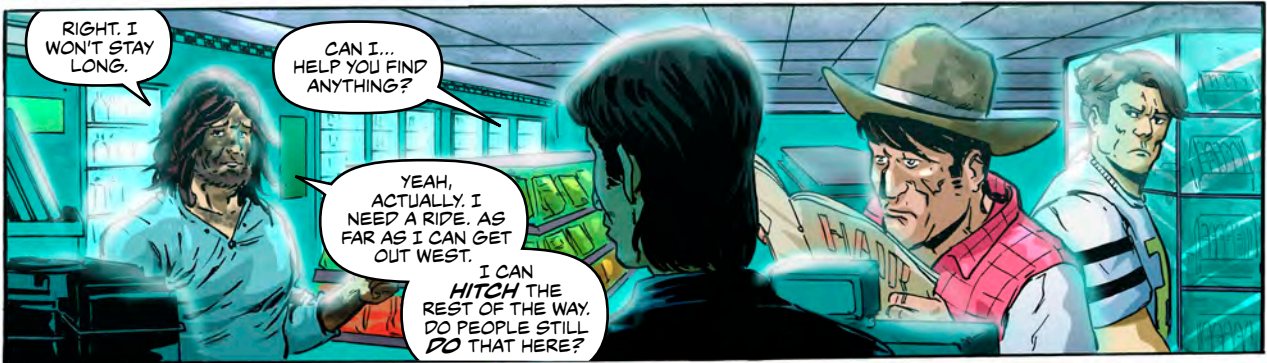
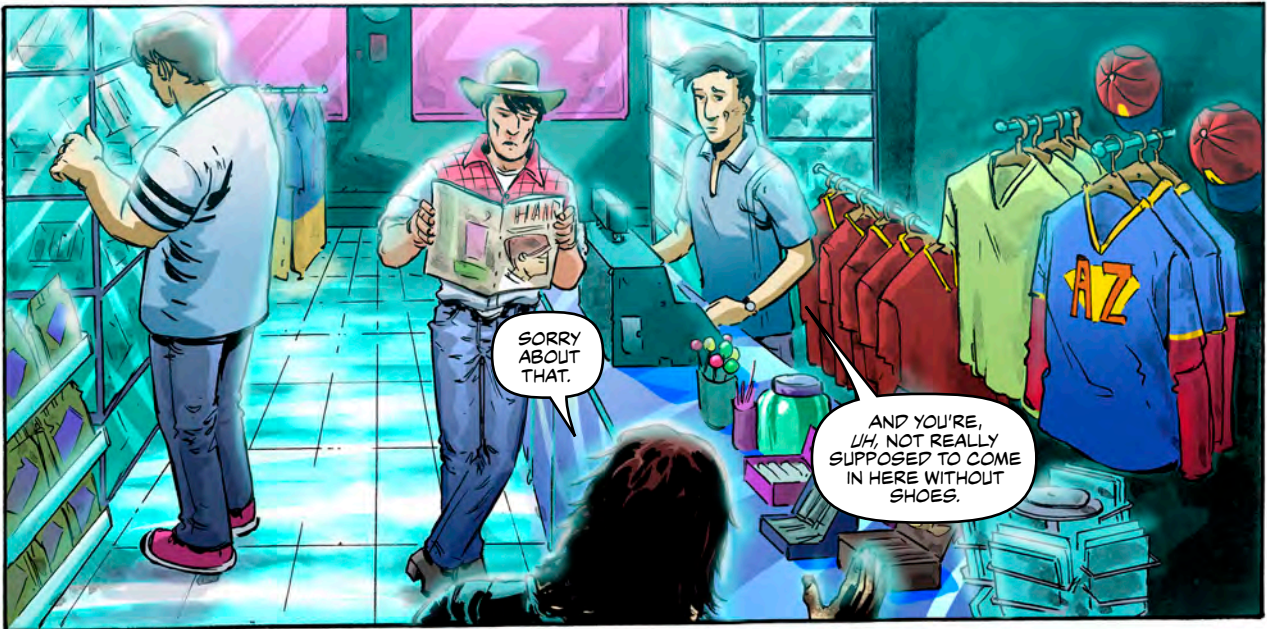
JUST ANOTHER OF ARIZONA'S LITTLE MYSTERIES. AND OF COURSE, DON'T FORGET, LOCAL FIREWATCHES ARE STILL IN EFFECT...



OH WOW.

SIR? YOU NEED HELP WITH SOMETHING?

SIR.





OKAY, HERO, GET OVER HERE! WHAT ARE YOU, A COP?

SOME KINDA... UNDERCOVER HOMELESS GUY OR SOMETHING? YOU PACKING?

UH, NO...I DIDN'T PACK. I GOT THESE OFF A CLOTHESLINE, TO BE--

A GUN, YOU DUMB HOBO COP! YOU GOT A GUN?

KID... DO YOU THINK I COULD FIT A GUN IN THESE PANTS?



NOW, SIR, IS THAT YOUR TRUCK? I CAN'T OVERSTATE HOW IMPORTANT--

YOU LISTENING TO ME?! YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE!



SO SHUT UP AND GET OVER HERE, I SAID! OR YOU...OR SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES!

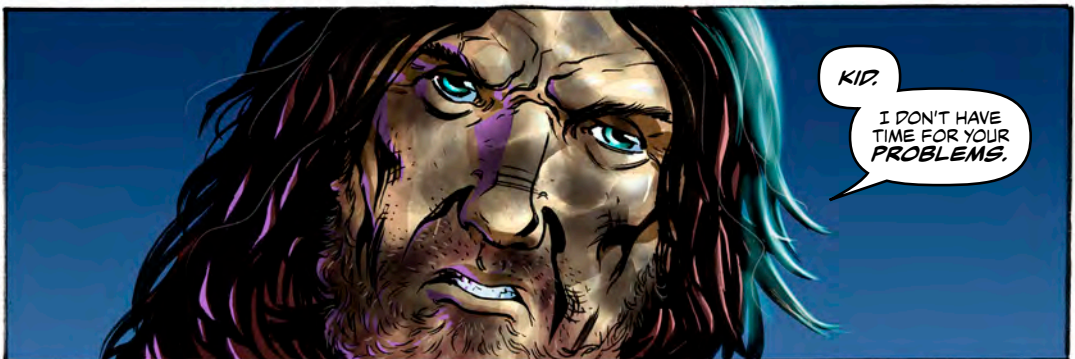


DON'T BE STUPID, SCOTTY. THAT'S YOUR MOM'S PROBLEM.

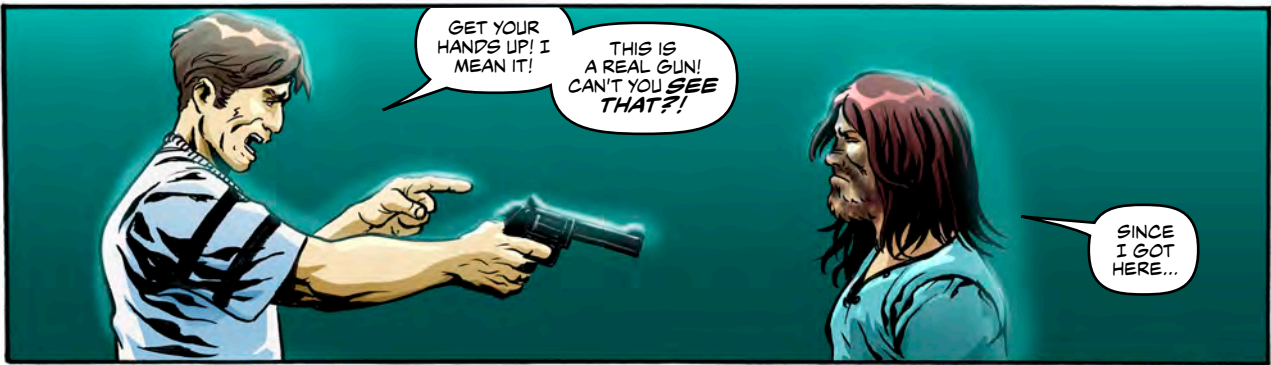
THAT THICK KRAUT SKULL OF HERS MAKES IT HARD TO GET THROUGH SOMETIMES.

I KNOW YOU FEEL THE NEED TO GET IN BETWEEN HER AND ME SOMETIMES. BUT I'M YOUR DAD.

SO YOU KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT AND BE SMART. OR SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES.



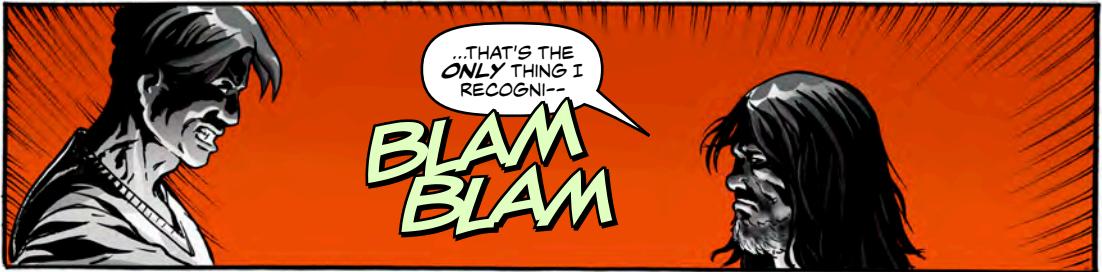
KID. I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR YOUR PROBLEMS.



GET YOUR HANDS UP! I MEAN IT!

THIS IS A REAL GUN! CAN'T YOU SEE THAT?!

SINCE I GOT HERE...



...THAT'S THE ONLY THING I RECOGNI--

**BLAM  
BLAM**



UH...

OH MY GOD!  
YOU...



**EEEEEE!**

**CRACK**

OH MY GOD!



YOU LOADED YOUR GUN WITH BLANKS? YOU WERE HOLDING US UP WITH **BLANKS**, YOU PRICK!

JUST A GUN. NOT SURE WHAT I WAS EXPECTING. SIR, I DON'T WISH TO BEAT A DEAD HORSE.

UH, SORRY. THAT'S MY BEATER OUT THERE. I DON'T THINK IT'D MAKE THE TRIP.





HEY, BUTCH CASSIDY IS THAT YOUR TRUCK OUT THERE?

GO TO HAH! YEAH, YEAH, IT'S MY TRUCK! HEY, WHAT'RE YOU DOING, YOU PERV...



OKAY, RODNEY. I'M TAKING YOUR TRUCK. CONSIDER IT MY FEE FOR PUTTING UP WITH YOUR NONSENSE.

I'LL LEAVE IT SOMEWHERE FOR THE COPS TO FIND.

MY DADDY...

HMMM?

MY DAD'S AN IMPORTANT MAN. HE'S GOING TO GET YOU FOR THIS.



NOBODY MESSSES WITH OUR FAMILY. YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING SOMEWHERE, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO MAKE IT OUT OF TOWN, YOU LITTLE...



HURG!

I BELIEVE YOU. SO I NEED YOU TO TELL THIS TO DADDY. VERBATIM. THAT MEANS, WORD FOR WORD.

I'VE GOT SOMEWHERE TO BE. IT'S BIGGER THAN YOUR LITTLE PEA BRAIN CAN COMPREHEND. YOUR CORNER OF THE WORLD HERE IS NOTHING TO ME.

BUT IF YOU DO ANYTHING TO GET IN MY WAY...



...I'LL COME BACK AND MAKE YOU DISAPPEAR.

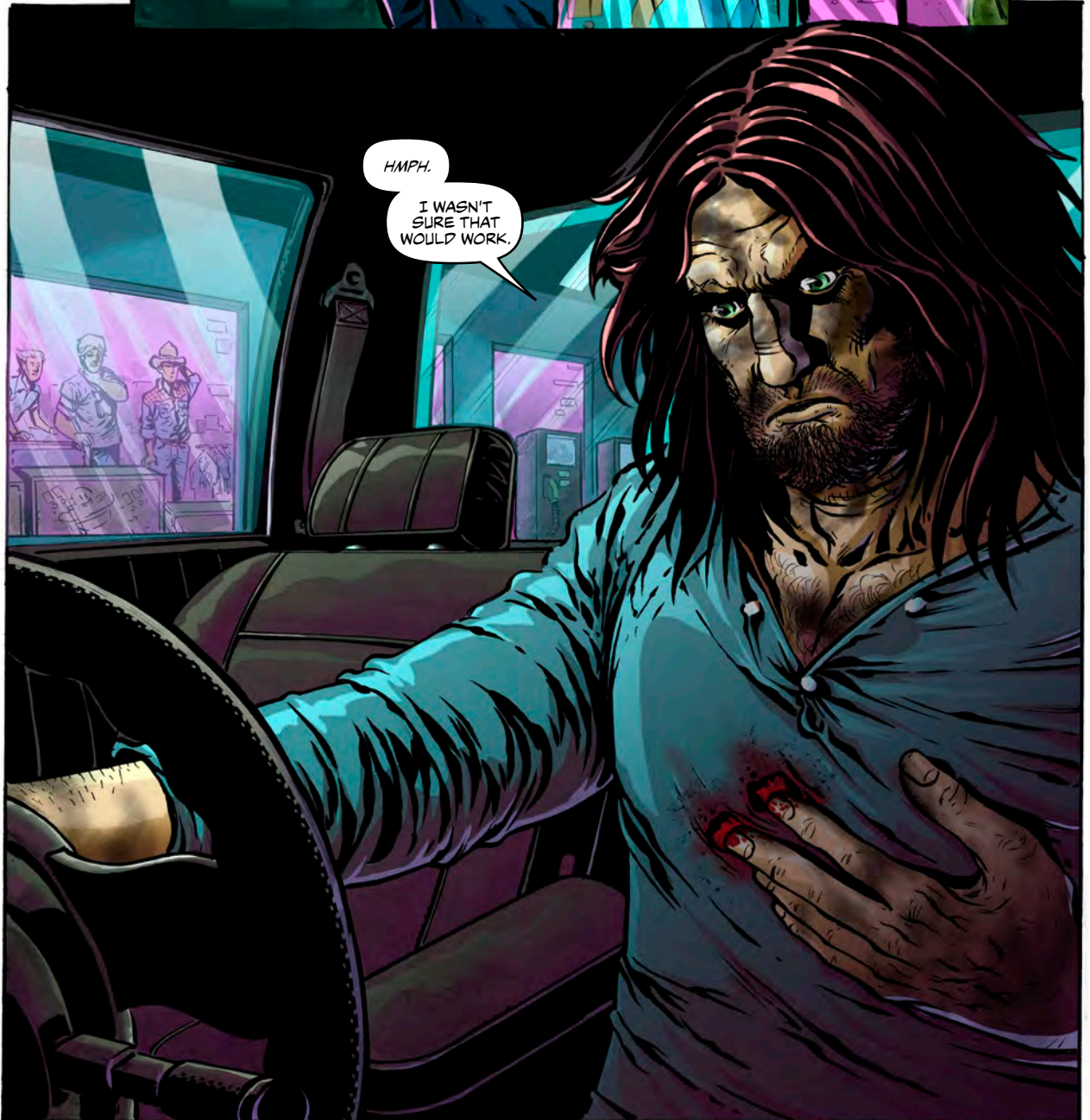
YOU'LL BE ONE OF ARIZONA'S LITTLE MYSTERIES. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

~GLG!~

THANKS FOR BEING REASONABLE. NOW JUST ONE MORE QUESTION.

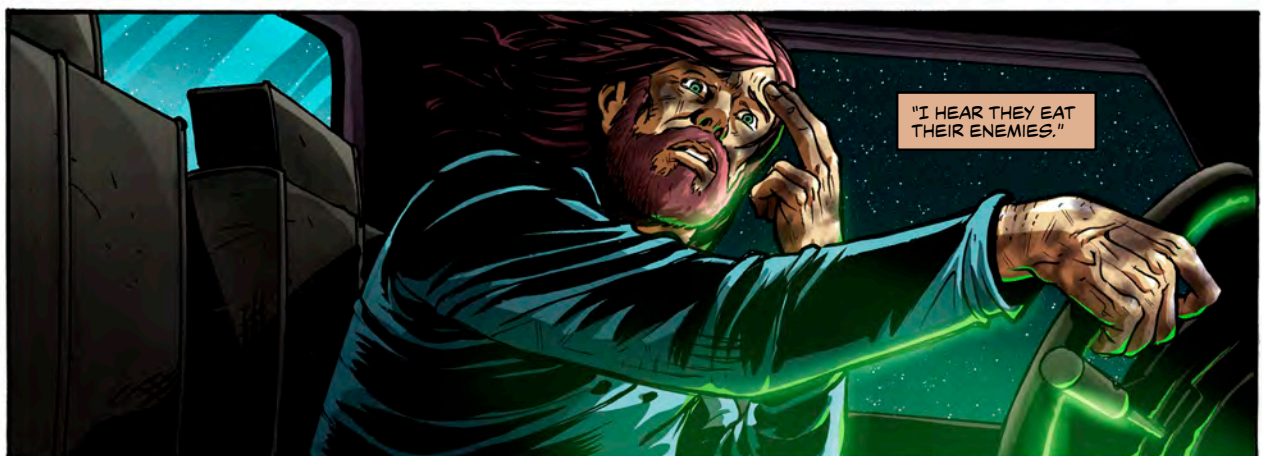
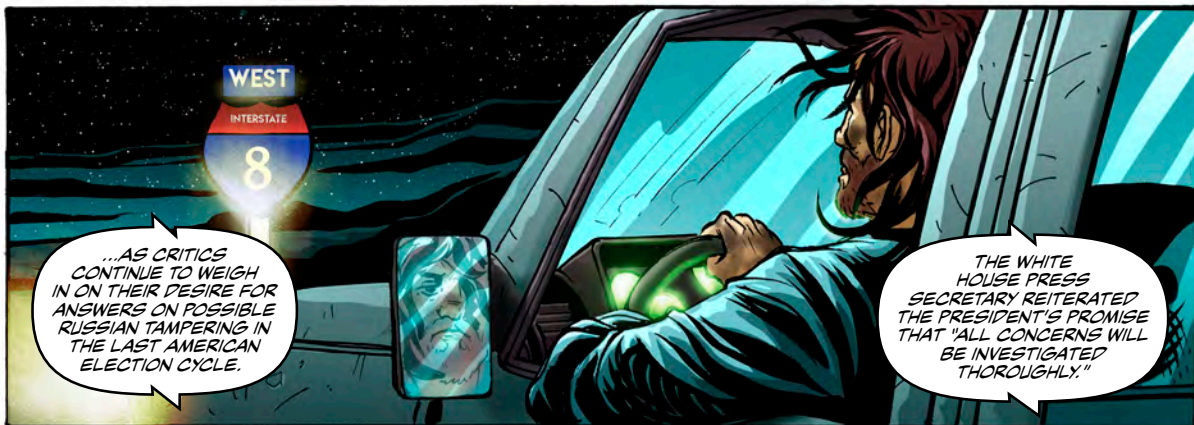
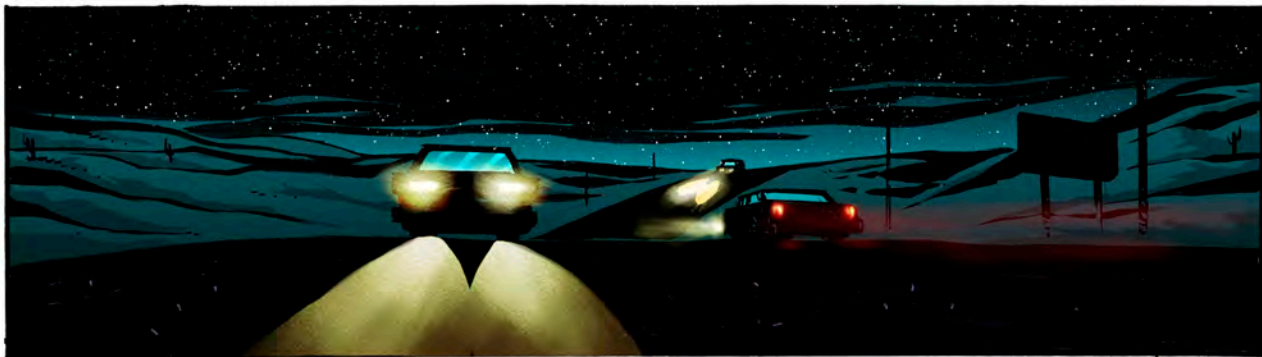


WHICH WAY IS CALIFORNIA?



HMPH.

I WASN'T SURE THAT WOULD WORK.





THAT'S CRAZY.

NO, IT'S NOT! MY OLD MAN TOLD ME.



HE SAYS, IN BATTLE, AFTER THEY, YOU KNOW, SHOOT YOU, THEY CUT YOUR HEART OUT AND THROW IT IN A STIR FRY. WITH RICE.

ROOSEVELT DISCLOSES JAP SUBS JOINED ON ATTACK IN HAWAII



YOUR OLD MAN'S ALL WET.

HE'S JUST TRYING TO SCARE YOU SO YOU WOULDN'T COME OUT HERE, DUMMY!



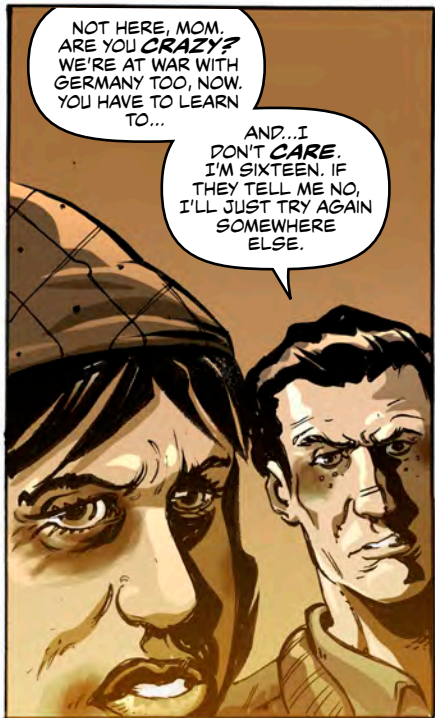
SO HE CAN KEEP YOU HOME WITH THE REST OF THE KIDDIES!

OH NO.



SCOTTY.

DU BIST ZU JUNG.



NOT HERE, MOM. ARE YOU **CRAZY**? WE'RE AT WAR WITH GERMANY TOO, NOW. YOU HAVE TO LEARN TO...

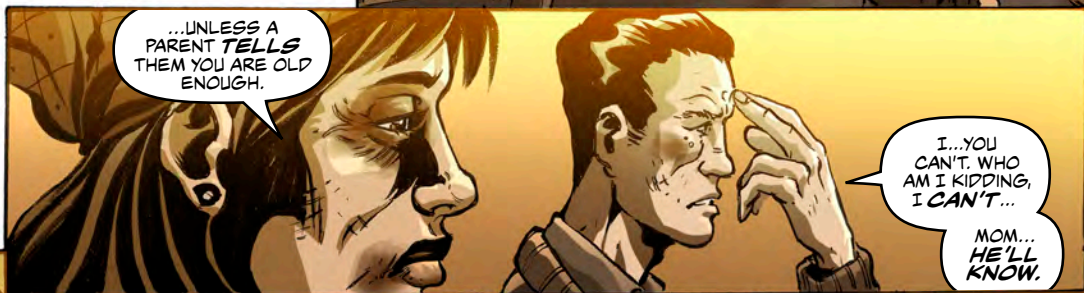
AND...I DON'T **CARE**. I'M SIXTEEN. IF THEY TELL ME NO, I'LL JUST TRY AGAIN SOMEWHERE ELSE.



I'M NOT GOING TO HIDE ANYMORE. I HAVE TO DO WHAT I THINK IS RIGHT. AND **THIS** IS RIGHT.

DU...YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND ME, SCOTTY.

YOU ARE TOO YOUNG. THEY WILL NOT LET YOU JOIN THE ARMY...



...UNLESS A PARENT **TELLS** THEM YOU ARE OLD ENOUGH.

I..YOU CAN'T WHO AM I KIDDING, I **CAN'T**...

MOM... HE'LL **KNOW**.



IT IS NO LONGER YOUR JOB TO PROTECT ME. IT NEVER WAS.

IT WAS MY JOB TO PROTECT **YOU** FROM THAT **HURENSOHN**.

AND NOW HE SEES YOU ARE OLDER AND HE IS AFRAID, SO HE WILL PUSH HARDER.

IT WILL BE BETTER WHEN YOU ARE GONE. MAYBE BETTER FOR US BOTH.

MOM...



SCOTTY, LISTEN TO ME. THE MEN WHO LEAD THIS COUNTRY. THEY WANT TO PUT YOU IN DANGER.

JUST...BE CAREFUL. THEY MEAN TO DO THE RIGHT THING. BUT THEY WILL NOT CARE FOR YOU.

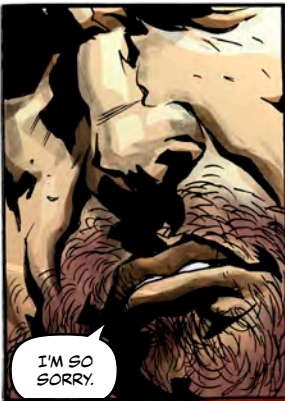
YOU HAVE TO DO THAT FOR YOURSELF.



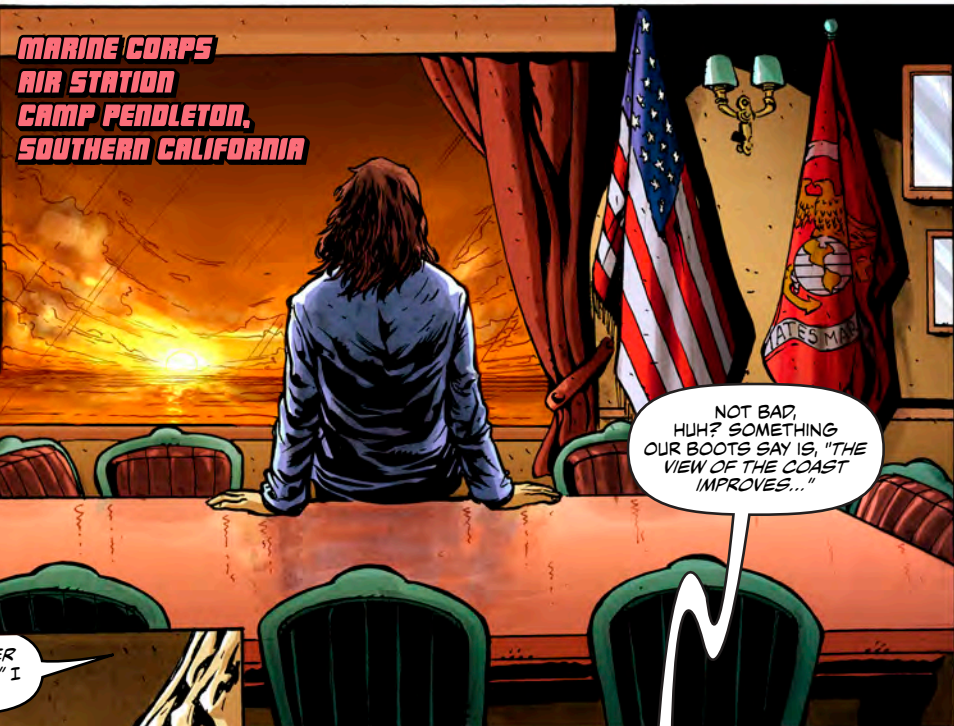
I KNOW. I WILL. I WISH...

I'M SORRY, MOM.

**MARINE CORPS  
AIR STATION  
CAMP PENDLETON,  
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA**



I'M SO SORRY.



NOT BAD, HUH? SOMETHING OUR BOOTS SAY IS, "THE VIEW OF THE COAST IMPROVES..."

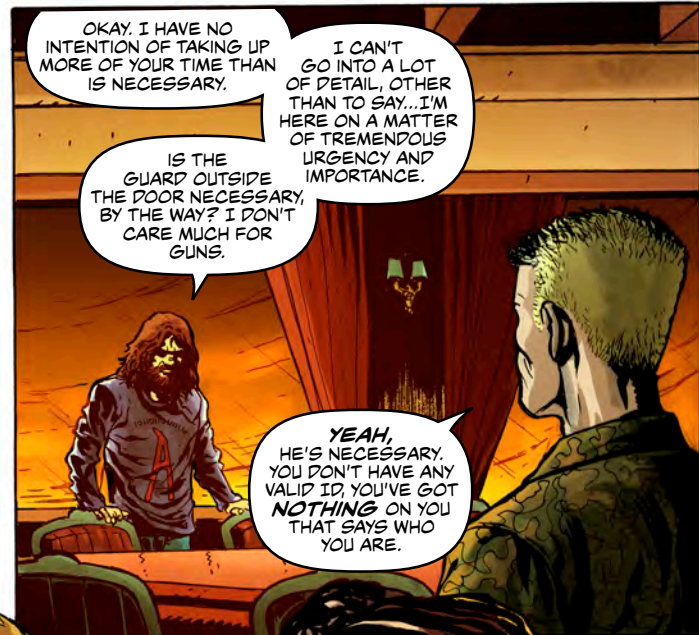


"...THE FURTHER AWAY YOU GET." I REMEMBER.

OKAAY...

I'M MAJOR DAWKINS, THIS IS MAJOR CASTILLO. WE'RE IN CHARGE OF SECURITY FOR THIS INSTALLATION.

WE'VE ONLY GOT A FEW MINUTES, SO...WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU?



OKAY. I HAVE NO INTENTION OF TAKING UP MORE OF YOUR TIME THAN IS NECESSARY.

I CAN'T GO INTO A LOT OF DETAIL, OTHER THAN TO SAY...I'M HERE ON A MATTER OF TREMENDOUS URGENCY AND IMPORTANCE.

IS THE GUARD OUTSIDE THE DOOR NECESSARY, BY THE WAY? I DON'T CARE MUCH FOR GUNS.

**YEAH,** HE'S NECESSARY. YOU DON'T HAVE ANY VALID ID, YOU'VE GOT **NOTHING** ON YOU THAT SAYS WHO YOU ARE.



IN FACT, MAJOR CASTILLO HERE'S BEEN SUPERVISING A SEARCH ON YOU SINCE YOU ARRIVED.

WHAT'D YOU FIND, MAJOR?

EVERY MILITARY, LAW ENFORCEMENT, GOVERNMENT DATABASE, FACIAL RECOGNITION, ALL OF IT.

A HALF HOUR LATER AND WE HAVE ABSOLUTELY NOTHING ON YOU, MR...?

YEAH. RIGHT. YOU SAID YOUR NAME IS... ANDERS?



IT'S COLONEL, ACTUALLY. COLONEL SCOTT ANDERS. UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS.

I'VE BEEN DRIVING ALL NIGHT. THE LAST 72 HOURS IN PARTICULAR HAVE BEEN...DIFFICULT. SO HERE'S WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT ME.

MY BIRTHDAY IS MAY 1ST. I EMIGRATED WITH MY MOTHER FROM HEIDELBERG, GERMANY, GREW UP IN MIAMI, AND I HAD AN ENGLISH BULLDOG NAMED BAYLISS. THAT SHOULD GET YOU STARTED.

AND THEN, MAJORS, I NEED TO USE THE RED PHONE.

LET ME START OVER.

WE RAN A SEARCH. YOU ARE NOT IN OUR SYSTEM. YOU'RE NOT IN ANY SYSTEM.

THEREFORE... YOU AREN'T A COLONEL, YOU'RE NOT A MARINE. HELL, YOU'RE NOT PET FRIENDLY UNTIL WE SAY SO...

BATMAN...



...THE RED PHONE, FROM THE OLD BATMAN TV SHOW, RIGHT?

THAT'S RIGHT, YEAH.

YOU... DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT BEYOND THAT, DO YOU?



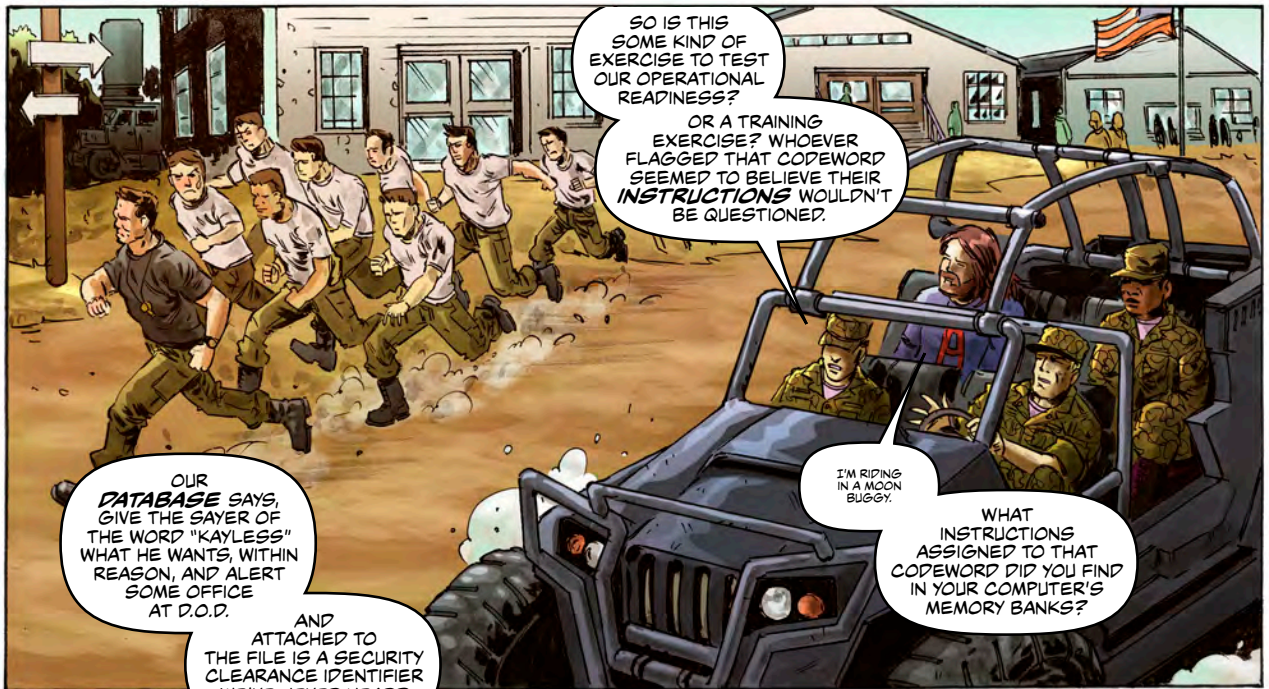
NO RED PHONE. THAT'S A PROBLEM.

AND NOT YOUR ONLY ONE. I'D BE OKAY WITH KICKING YOU LOOSE TO THE CIVILIAN AUTHORITIES.

YOU CAN CALL YOUR LAWYER FROM THE RED PHONE.

EXCEPT FOR WHAT YOU SAID TO THE GUARD BACK AT THE GATE. IT WAS FLAGGED ON OUR NETWORK.

KAYLESS. WHAT DOES IT MEAN?



SO IS THIS SOME KIND OF EXERCISE TO TEST OUR OPERATIONAL READINESS?

OR A TRAINING EXERCISE? WHOEVER FLAGGED THAT CODEWORD SEEMED TO BELIEVE THEIR INSTRUCTIONS WOULDN'T BE QUESTIONED.

OUR DATABASE SAYS, GIVE THE SAYER OF THE WORD "KAYLESS" WHAT HE WANTS, WITHIN REASON, AND ALERT SOME OFFICE AT D.O.D.

AND ATTACHED TO THE FILE IS A SECURITY CLEARANCE IDENTIFIER WE'VE NEVER HEARD OF.

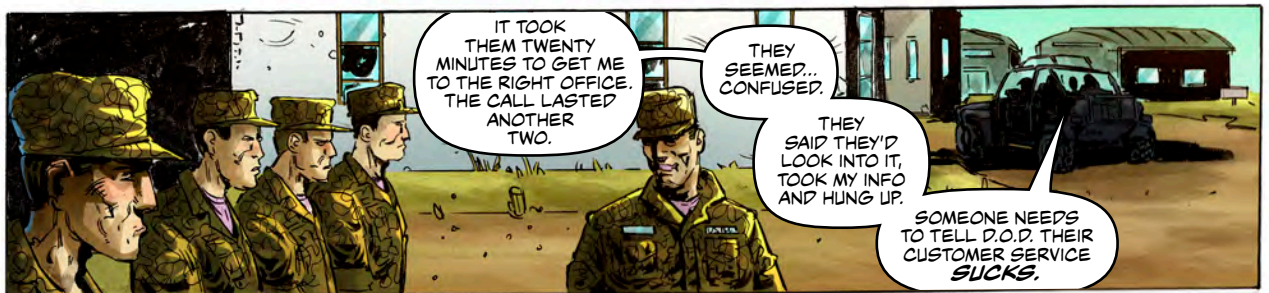
I'M RIDING IN A MOON BUGGY.

WHAT INSTRUCTIONS ASSIGNED TO THAT CODEWORD DID YOU FIND IN YOUR COMPUTER'S MEMORY BANKS?



AND WHAT DID D.O.D. SAY?

HOW ABOUT WE ASK THE QUESTIONS...



IT TOOK THEM TWENTY MINUTES TO GET ME TO THE RIGHT OFFICE. THE CALL LASTED ANOTHER TWO.

THEY SEEMED... CONFUSED.

THEY SAID THEY'D LOOK INTO IT, TOOK MY INFO AND HUNG UP.

SOMEONE NEEDS TO TELL D.O.D. THEIR CUSTOMER SERVICE SUCKS.



WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE?

THE FLAG IN OUR SYSTEM CROSS-REFERENCED THIS PLACE, WE CALL IT THE MUSEUM.

PENDLETON'S BEEN AROUND SINCE THE EARLY '40S. SOME OF THAT HISTORY GOT COLLECTED.

SEEMS LIKE A STRANGE PLACE TO END A SCAVENGER HUNT, THOUGH.



WHAT'RE WE GOING TO FIND HERE, MR. ANDERS?

A NOTE SAYING, "CONGRATULATIONS. YOUR SECURITY PROTOCOLS ARE SECURE. ENJOY A FREE SODA AT THE MCX?"

NO, MAJOR. THAT'S NOT WHAT IT'S GOING TO SAY.

AH, THERE YOU ARE.

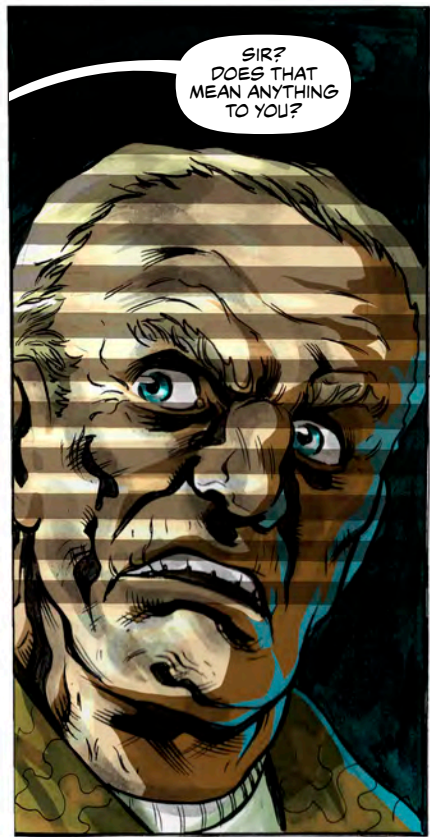




COLONEL HERRON.

MAJORS, CORPORAL, AND... OTHER.

APOLOGIES, COLONEL. I'M OUT OF UNIFORM TODAY.  
COLONEL SCOTT ANDERS, FORMERLY STATIONED HERE AT PENDLETON.



SIR? DOES THAT MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?



AH. HERRON. NOW I REMEMBER.

COLONEL... YOU'RE COLONEL ANDERS. BUT...HOW CAN...?

WOW. I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN **SOMETHING** LIKE THIS WOULD HAPPEN. EVENTUALLY.



SIR, WHEN THIS MAN SHOWED UP AT THE ONOFRE GATE AN HOUR AGO, HE SAID A WORD. **KAYLESS**. IS THERE ANYTHING HERE THAT SHEDS LIGHT ON IT?

GENERAL THOMPSON ASKED US TO LOOK INTO IT. WE REALIZE IT WON'T BE AS EASY AS PRODUCING A FOLDER WITH A STAMP ON IT BUT WE WERE HOPING YOU COULD AT LEAST...

OUR CAMP COMMANDER WANTS ANSWERS.



WELL, FOR ONCE, I MAY BE THE ONLY ONE WHO'S GOT 'EM.  
HERE YOU GO, BOYS AND GIRLS. THE REASON FOR MY CONTINUED EXISTENCE ON THIS BASE.



"EYES ONLY." THIS IS DATED 1967. WHAT IS THIS, COLD WAR CRAP?

SOMETHING LIKE THAT, MAJOR.

YOU READ IT? DO YOU HAVE THAT KIND OF CLEARANCE, SIR?

CLEARANCE? PAH! I WAS **THERE**, MAJOR. OR, MORE SPECIFICALLY, I WAS **HERE**.



THAT WHOLE BACK ROOM IS FULL OF PLAIN OL' **STUFF**. SOME OF IT MILDLY INTERESTING. MOST OF IT DUSTY, FORGOTTEN JUNK.

I DON'T KNOW IF ANYONE OUTSIDE THIS ROOM CARES ABOUT THE CONTENTS OF THAT FOLDER ANYMORE.

BUT SOMEONE ONCE THOUGHT IT WAS IMPORTANT ENOUGH TO KEEP MY SLOWLY-PRUNING ASS AROUND THIS LONG JUST TO **BABYSIT** IT.



THEY REFUSED TO DIGITIZE IT. THEY NEEDED SOMEONE WHO **REMEMBERS**.

OR THEY **DID**, BUT YOU'RE **BACK**, COLONEL ANDERS, SO I GUESS THE JACK'S SPRUNG FROM THAT BOX, HASN'T IT?

CORPORAL EXLEY...



...PLACE THIS MAN UNDER ARREST.

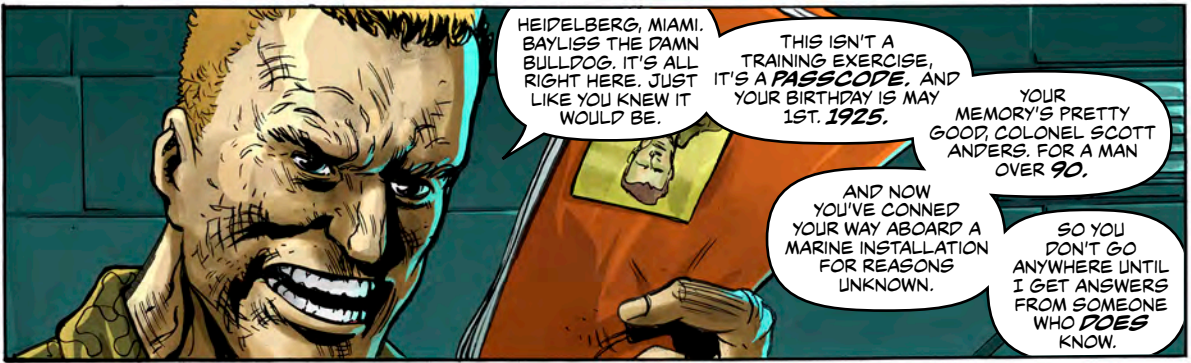


PUT YOUR HANDS UP!

MAJOR! WHAT IS IT? HE'S NOT DOING ANYTHING!

SIR! I SAID PUT YOUR HANDS UP! MA'AM, PLEASE STEP AWAY!

BRAD!



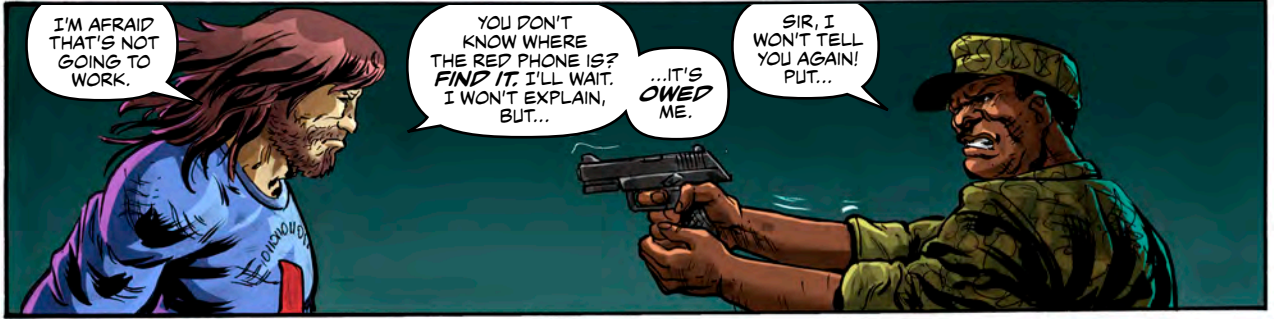
HEIDELBERG, MIAMI. BAYLISS THE DAMN BULLDOG. IT'S ALL RIGHT HERE. JUST LIKE YOU KNEW IT WOULD BE.

THIS ISN'T A TRAINING EXERCISE, IT'S A *PASSSCOPE*. AND YOUR BIRTHDAY IS MAY 1ST. 1925.

YOUR MEMORY'S PRETTY GOOD, COLONEL SCOTT ANDERS. FOR A MAN OVER 90.

AND NOW YOU'VE CONNED YOUR WAY ABOARD A MARINE INSTALLATION FOR REASONS UNKNOWN.

SO YOU DON'T GO ANYWHERE UNTIL I GET ANSWERS FROM SOMEONE WHO *DOES* KNOW.



I'M AFRAID THAT'S NOT GOING TO WORK.

YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE THE RED PHONE IS? *FIND IT*. I'LL WAIT. I WON'T EXPLAIN, BUT...

...IT'S *OWED* ME.

SIR, I WON'T TELL YOU AGAIN! PUT...



**BLAM**



FEEL BETTER NOW? BECAUSE--



**BLAM**  
**BLAM**



OW.

UH...  
I MEAN IT.  
HANDS UP OR  
I'LL SHOOT.  
AGAIN.



GIVE ME  
THAT!  
YOU'LL HURT  
SOMEBODY.

CRACK

WHU-UH!



GET ON THE GROUND!  
GET ON THE GROUND  
RIGHT NOW OR  
I SWEAR...

BRAD SHUT  
UP. WE DON'T KNOW  
WHAT THAT'LL DO.  
THE RICOCHET  
MIGHT...

I DON'T  
RICOCHET. I'M NOT  
ROBBY THE  
ROBOT.

BRIIIING

COLONEL  
ANDERS?  
IT'S FOR  
YOU.



WHO IS THIS? IDENTIFY YOURSELF.

NO, THIS IS MAJOR DAWKINS COLONEL... ANDERS IS IN MY CUSTODY. I...



BUT, SIR. HE... SOME HOMELESS GUY WANDERS IN AND I'M SUPPOSED TO...YES. FROM THE LOOKS OF IT.

YES, OF COURSE, SIR. I APOLOGIZE.

YES, CERTAINLY. HERE HE IS, RIGHT HERE.



SIRS... MA'AM, WE HEARD GUNFIRE... WHAT'S...

WE'RE FINE, CORPORAL. TAKE PRIVATE EXLEY OUT OF HERE, PLEASE. MAYBE GET HIM SOME ICE.

HELLO.



YES. "FLOATING OAK."

NOW, CAN WE GET DOWN TO IT? WHO IS THIS I'M SPEAKING WITH?

VERY WELL, SIR. I'M READY TO DEBRIEF YOU IMMEDIATELY...



SIR, I NEED TO IMPRESS ON YOU...

NO, KAYLESS IS STILL VIABLE. IT'S MORE CRITICAL THAN EVER. I CAN'T... I CANNOT OVERSTATE ITS IMPORTANCE.

NO, SIR, I DO NOT UNDERSTAND...



PLEASE, SIR, I'M... I APOLOGIZE, I'M NOT BEING CLEAR, THIS IS VERY HARD TO DO OVER THE PHONE.

PLEASE LISTEN TO ME... THERE ARE **COUNTLESS** LIVES AT STAKE.

BRING ME IN, I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING, THERE'S...A WEALTH, INCREDIBLE WEALTH OF INTELLIGENCE I HAVE TO SHARE, BUT WE CAN'T WASTE ANOTHER MINUTE...**WE HAVE TO MOVE ON THIS IMMEDIATELY...**



YES SIR.

WHAT...WHAT DO I DO IN THE MEANTIME?



I'M DONE HERE.

COLONEL. THERE'S A SMALL BOX BACK THERE, LABELED "JACK FLASH." SOME OF MY PERSONAL EFFECTS.



WAIT A MINUTE.

NO.

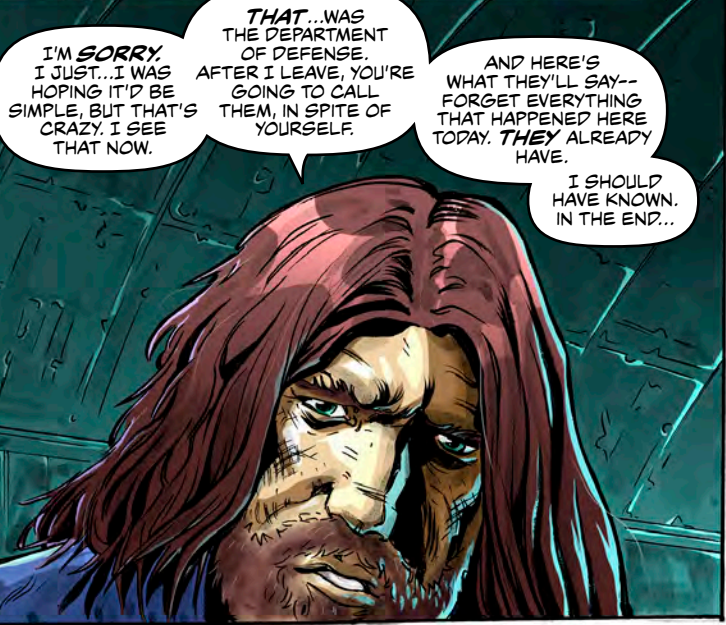
YOU WERE JUST SHOT **POINT BLANK.**

**NO.** IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT, MAJOR, FEEL FREE TO TAKE **ANOTHER.**



YOU CAN GO TO HELL, **ANDERS.**

WE'VE GOT ORDERS FROM OUR CHAIN OF COMMAND, AND UNLESS THAT WAS **GOD** ON THE PHONE, WE NEED AN EXPLANATION FOR WHAT'S HAPPENING. **NOW.**



I'M **SORRY.** I JUST...I WAS HOPING IT'D BE SIMPLE, BUT THAT'S CRAZY. I SEE THAT NOW.

**THAT...** WAS THE DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE. AFTER I LEAVE, YOU'RE GOING TO CALL THEM, IN SPIRE OF YOURSELF.

AND HERE'S WHAT THEY'LL SAY-- FORGET EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED HERE TODAY. **THEY** ALREADY HAVE.

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN. IN THE END...



"...NOTHING'S CHANGED AT ALL."

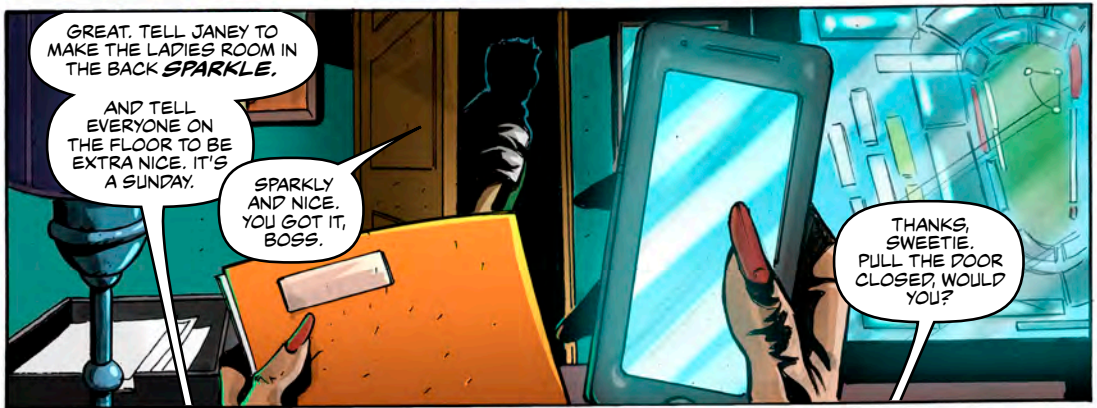
**SOMEWHERE IN MIDDLE AMERICA...**

BILL SAYS HE NEEDS A SPECIAL PART.



OH COME ON. WE HAVE A **HARDWARE DEPARTMENT**. HOW LONG DOES HE NEED?

MAYBE 45 MINUTES TO THE PLUMBING STORE AND BACK. THEN ANOTHER HOUR TO FIX.



GREAT. TELL JANEY TO MAKE THE LADIES ROOM IN THE BACK **SPARKLE**.

AND TELL EVERYONE ON THE FLOOR TO BE EXTRA NICE. IT'S A SUNDAY.

SPARKLY AND NICE. YOU GOT IT, BOSS.

THANKS, SWEETIE. PULL THE DOOR CLOSED, WOULD YOU?



MURPHY'S AUTO REPAIR.

G7 AZOR.

IT'S TIME TO ACTIVATE THE KALIQ ASSET.



YOU'RE KIDDING.

ARE WE FINALLY GOING TO DO IT THIS TIME?

NO MORE WAITING. OUR COUNTDOWN CLOCK JUST STARTED.

**TO BE CONTINUED...**

# The Creators

**Brent Larson** grew up in southern Arizona.

He graduated from Northern Arizona University with a communication degree, which he chose because math and science were already taken. Since then he's written books, pamphlets, curricula, corporate communication, a web series, pretty much everything but technical manuals, because he doesn't know how anything works. He eventually settled into his current occupation, writing and producing short narrative films. He has made films in such far flung places as South Africa, Russia, Ukraine, Spain, and Shreveport. You can see some of his work at [vimeo.com/brokenphonebooth](https://vimeo.com/brokenphonebooth). His comic-writing education is grounded firmly in his frequent purchasing of them since he was a kid. Kayless is his first creator-owned comic book, and so far it's turning out much better



than he imagined. Brent lives and works in Orlando, Florida with his sci-fi movie-loving wife, which makes him feel like, face it, tiger, he hit the jackpot.



**Luis Czerniawski** is a freelance artist from Buenos Aires and has done books and illustrations for Avatar Press, Zenoscope Entertainment, IDW, Amigo Comics, Mohaw Media, Hopus Focus, Calvin Sands, Sqpinc, Moonstone Books, John Carnahan, many independent publishers, storyboards, RPG games, advertising, etc. Luis has loved comics since his childhood and his influences can be from Jack Kirby to Moebius.

**Leandro Huergo** is a versatile freelance teacher and illustrator.

He has worked as a children's illustrator for companies such as Unicef Argentina, drawings for institutional videos for Coca-Cola Femsa Argentina, among others. He makes the art and design of numerous musical bands and fantasy illustrations. As a colorist he participated with flats in several issues of *Mice Templar* and *Bad Dog* for image comics. And independent publishers like *Elyce* and *Fields* with Calvin Sands. He is also co-founder of the studio "Torre Nómade Art Studio." You can see his portfolio at: [www.artstation.com/leandrohuergo](http://www.artstation.com/leandrohuergo).



Find him also at: [www.instagram.com/leandrohuergo/](https://www.instagram.com/leandrohuergo/)



**Wes Locher** has written comics for numerous publishers, including Alterna Comics (*Unit 44*, 2019), Titan Comics (*Adrift*, 2015), Markosia Enterprises (*The Undoubtables*, 2014), Arcana Studios (*Chambers*, 2013), Primary Target Press (*Hipsters VS. Rednecks*, *Edison*, *The Temporal*, *Maintenance*, 2015-2017), and has contributed short comics to anthologies too countless to name. At Silverline he's finally stretching his editorial muscles, which ironically

enough, are the only muscles he truly has.