



T MY PARENTS NEVER TOLD ANYONE ABOUT THE INCREDIBLE THINGS THEY KNEW.

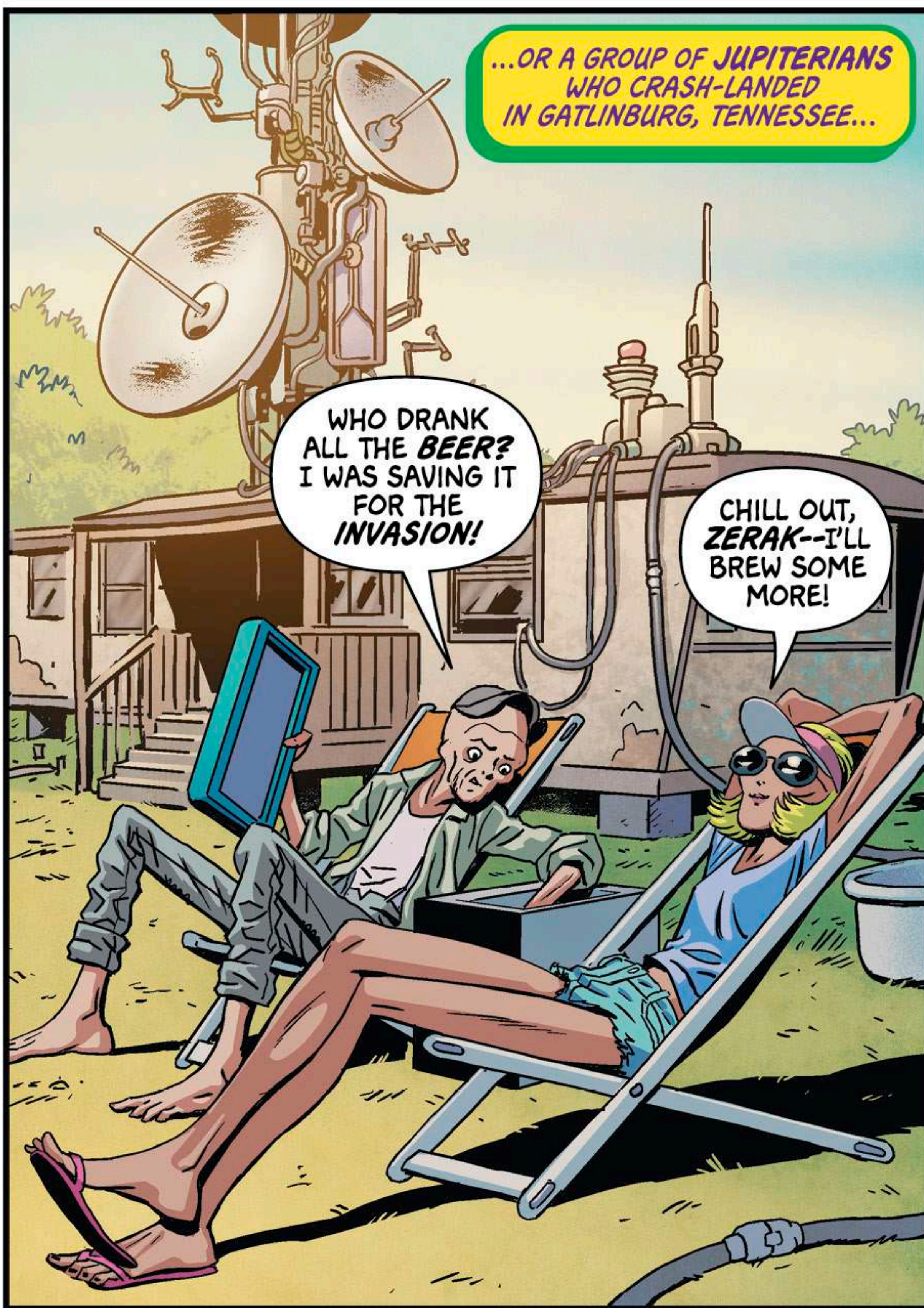
BUT I FOUND THEIR FILES.

TURNS OUT THERE ARE LOTS OF PEOPLE HIDING AMAZING SECRETS BEHIND NORMAL EVERYDAY LIVES.



LIKE THIS ONE: A FAMILY FROM THE FUTURE...

...LAYING LOW SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST...



...OR A GROUP OF JUPITERIANS WHO CRASH-LANDED IN GATLINBURG, TENNESSEE...

WHO DRANK ALL THE BEER? I WAS SAVING IT FOR THE INVASION!

CHILL OUT, ZERAK--I'LL BREW SOME MORE!

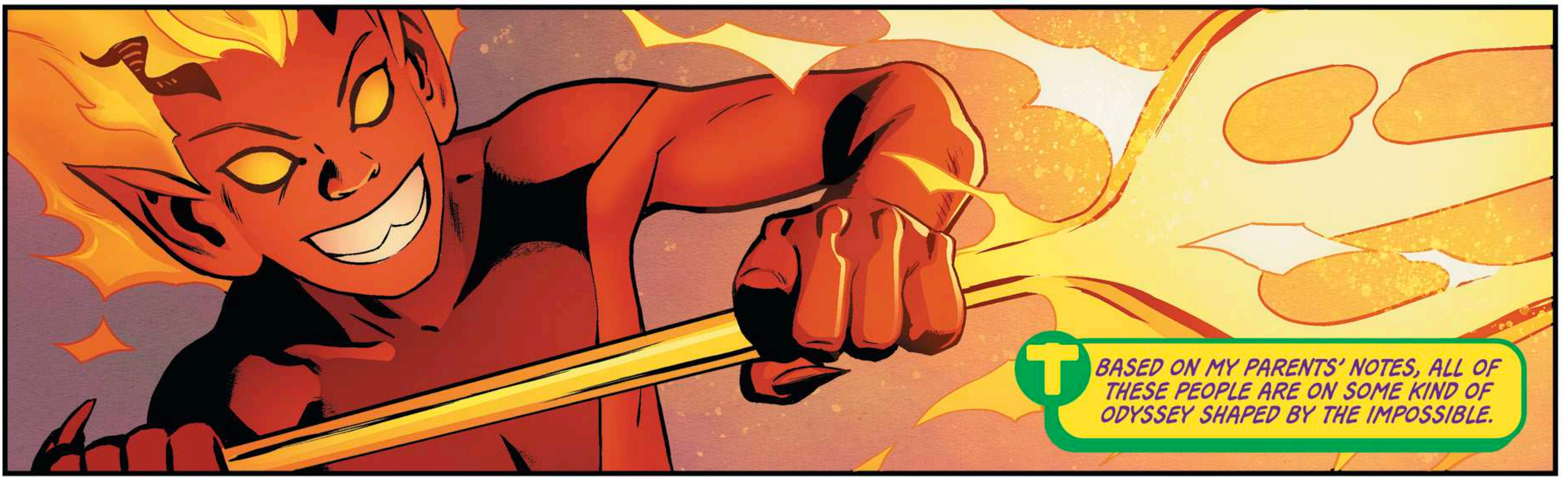


AND ONE OF THE NEWEST CASES BEING REPORTED JUST SO HAPPENS TO BE THE CRAZIEST.

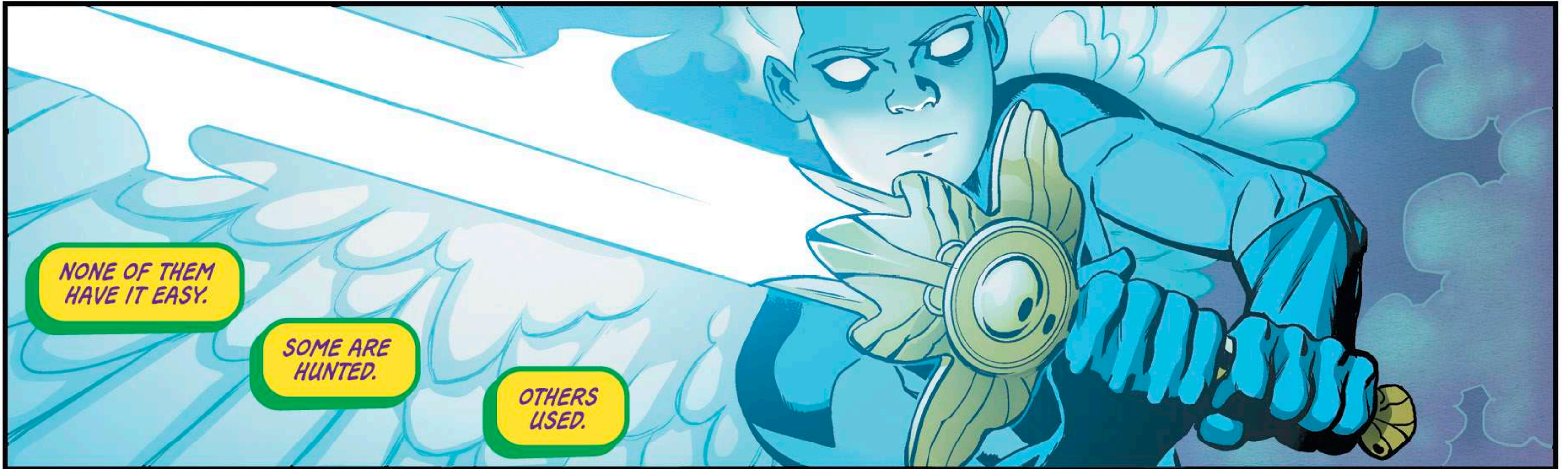
T ACCORDING TO SOME EYEWITNESSES WHO DON'T WANT TO BE IDENTIFIED, HEAVEN AND HELL HAVE BEEN LIGHTING UP THE STREETS AND SKY IN UPSTATE NEW YORK...



...AND NO ONE KNOWS WHY.



T BASED ON MY PARENTS' NOTES, ALL OF THESE PEOPLE ARE ON SOME KIND OF ODYSSEY SHAPED BY THE IMPOSSIBLE.



NONE OF THEM HAVE IT EASY.

SOME ARE HUNTED.

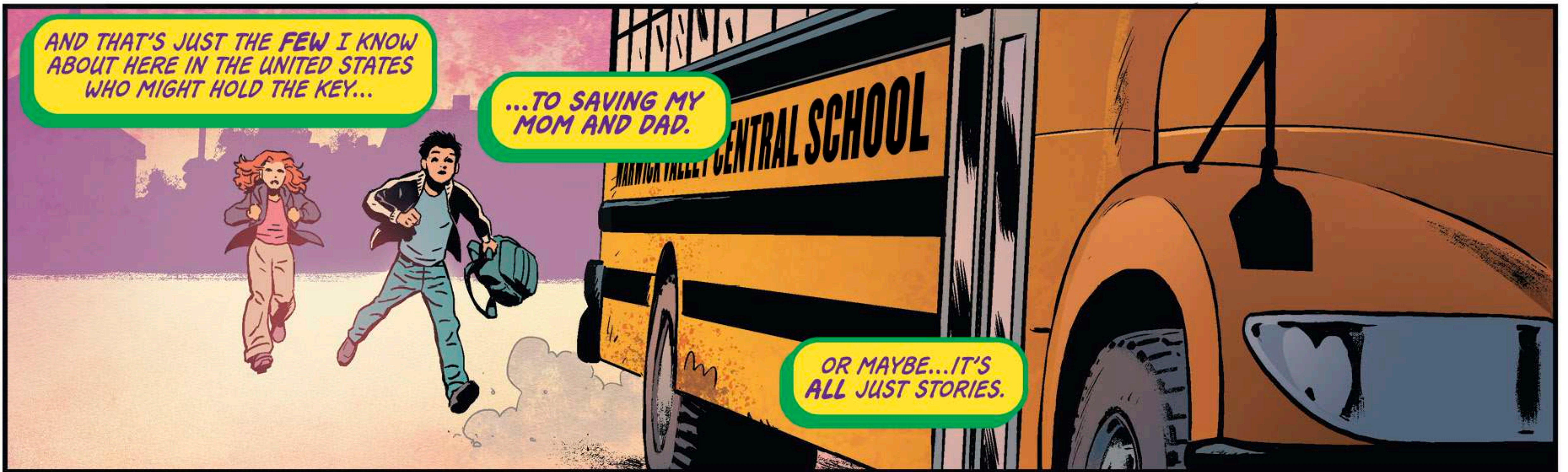
OTHERS USED.



MY PARENTS CALLED THEM...

THE UNBELIEVABLES

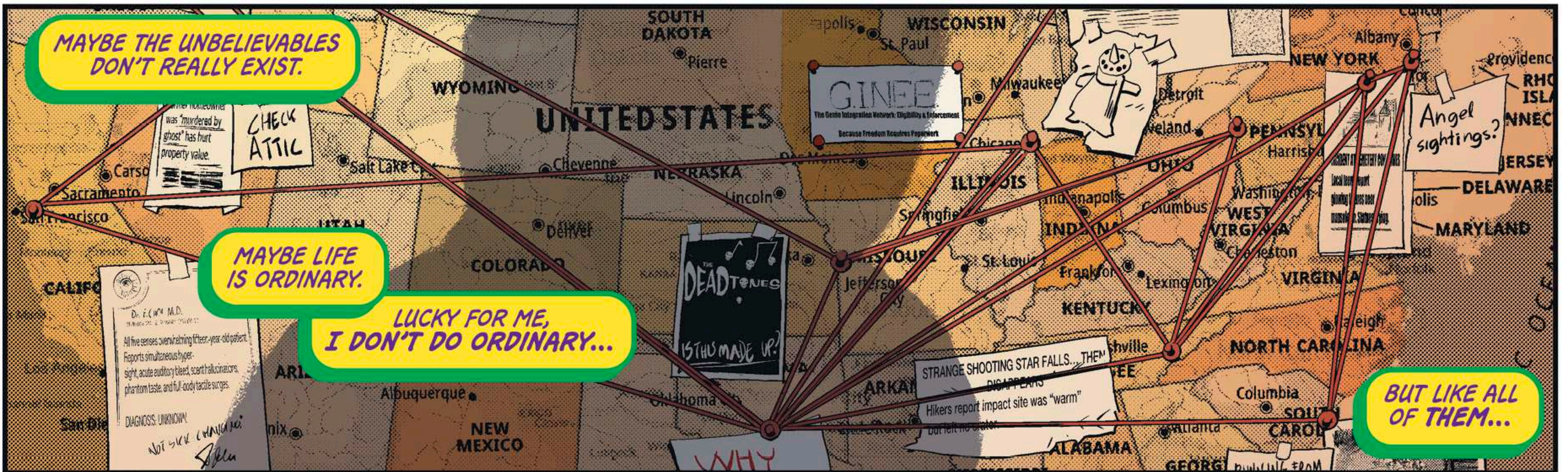
THEY HIDE IN PLAIN SIGHT.



AND THAT'S JUST THE FEW I KNOW ABOUT HERE IN THE UNITED STATES WHO MIGHT HOLD THE KEY...

...TO SAVING MY MOM AND DAD.

OR MAYBE...IT'S ALL JUST STORIES.



MAYBE THE UNBELIEVABLES DON'T REALLY EXIST.

MAYBE LIFE IS ORDINARY.

LUCKY FOR ME, I DON'T DO ORDINARY...

BUT LIKE ALL OF THEM...

CHECK ATTIL

G.I.N.E.E

Angel sightings?

THE DEAD TONES

STRANGE SHOOTING STAR FALLS... THEN?

WHY

Dr. E. C. M.D.
Reports simultaneous hyper-sight, acute auditory bleed, scent hallucinations, phantom taste, and full-body tactile surges.
DIAGNOSIS: UNKNOWN
NOT SICK (MAYBE)

T ...I'M ON AN ODYSSEY OF MY OWN JUST THE SAME.

Brooklyn, New York.

Metropolitan Detention Center.

...IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU CAME BACK FOR A VISIT...IT'S BEEN FIVE DAYS, ZACH.



HAD TO WAIT FOR THE WEEKEND-- I GOT SCHOOL, Y'KNOW.

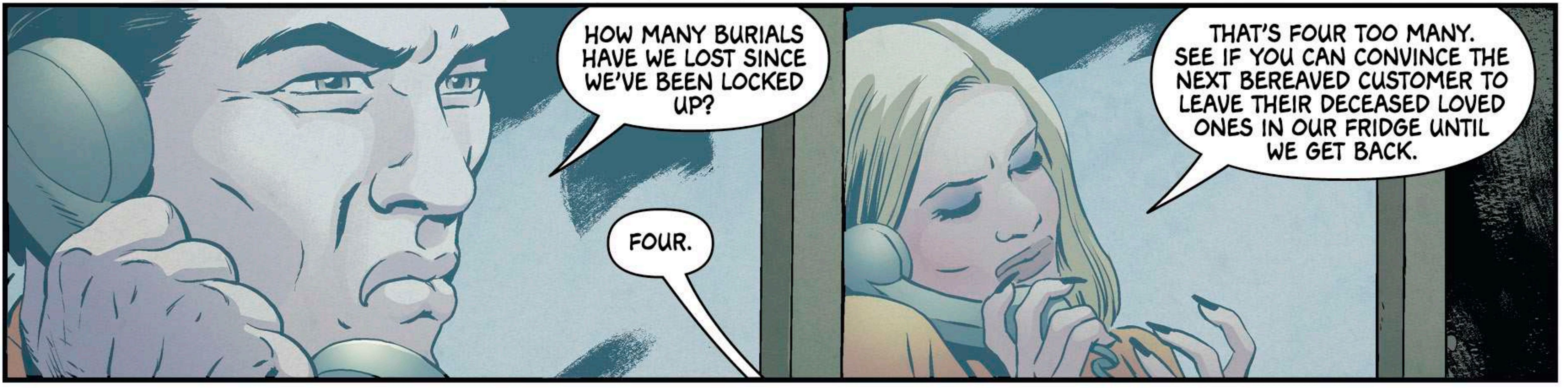
BLOW IT OFF NEXT TIME. YOUR PARENTS ARE MORE IMPORTANT THAN SCHOOL.



WHEN ARE YOU BOTH GETTING OUT?

ONCE THESE TRUMPED-UP CHARGES ARE QUASHED--SOON--VERY SOON.

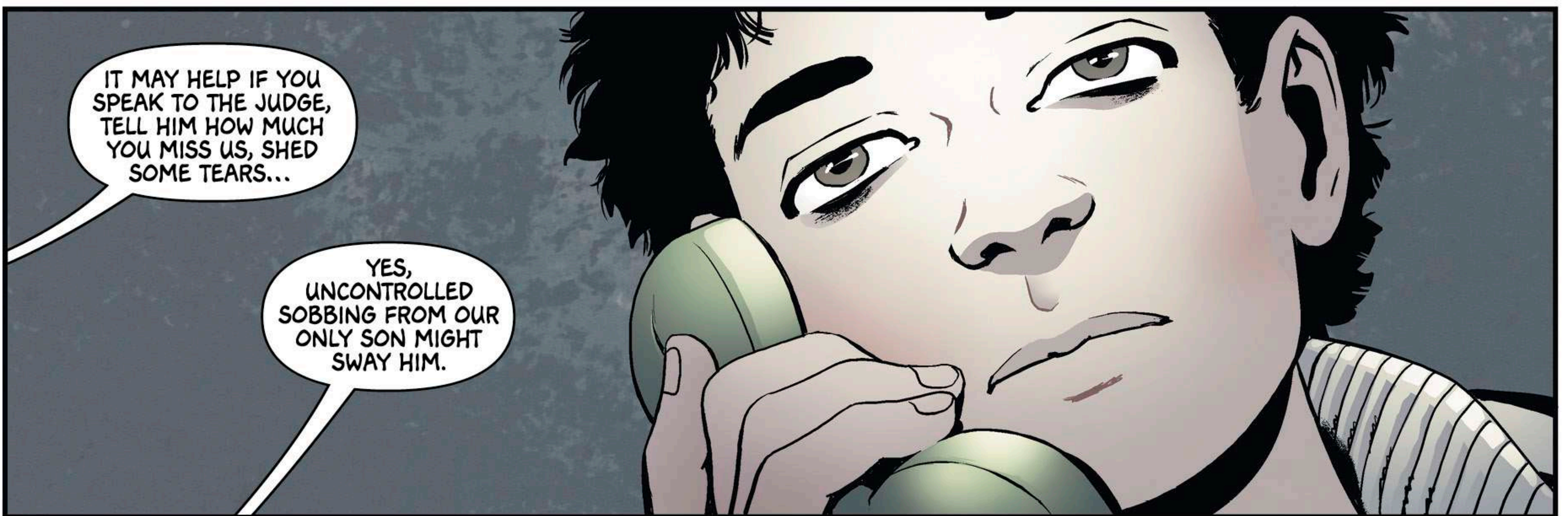
...LEAST THEY COULD DO IS GIVE ME A BELT SO I CAN CINCH THE WAIST OF THIS UGLY JUMPSUIT.



HOW MANY BURIALS HAVE WE LOST SINCE WE'VE BEEN LOCKED UP?

FOUR.

THAT'S FOUR TOO MANY. SEE IF YOU CAN CONVINCE THE NEXT BEREAVED CUSTOMER TO LEAVE THEIR DECEASED LOVED ONES IN OUR FRIDGE UNTIL WE GET BACK.



IT MAY HELP IF YOU SPEAK TO THE JUDGE, TELL HIM HOW MUCH YOU MISS US, SHED SOME TEARS...

YES, UNCONTROLLED SOBBING FROM OUR ONLY SON MIGHT SWAY HIM.