

The Isles of Los Angeles, 2089.

A SONG ABOUT A HAPPY ELEPHANT  
ECHOES THROUGH A FRESH SMEAR  
OF GREY MIST ON THE CANALS.

MEAT HERPERS PLAYING  
SOFT MUSIC TO LAKE  
CURIOUS CHILDREN.

I LOVED THIS  
SONG AS A KID.

YOU REMEMBER,  
TEPPY?

-SHUFFS-

BACK WHEN THESE LOW  
CANALS USED TO BE  
OUR SANCTUARY.

WE USED TO  
SWIM ALL DAY.

NOW THE WATER'S  
SO TOXIC IT'D  
MELT YOUR SKIN.

EVEN IF IT WEREN'T--  
NO ONE HAS FUN LIKE  
THAT ANYMORE.

TOO BUSY AVOIDING REALITY,  
ALL TUCKED AWAY INSIDE  
ELECTRONIC OPTIM PENS.

LEAVING ME HERE--

--THE ONLY TECH-FREE OBSERVER  
TO THIS ILLUSTRIOUS GROUP APATHY.

QUATTA  
MY WAY,  
NUTBAG!

CH-CH

SLOP

BUT I HAVE ONE  
THING LEFT.

-SHUFFS-

THE THING THAT'S  
KEPT ME ALIVE.

ONE BIG  
PLUMB  
DREAM.

AND TODAY IT  
COMES TRUE.

TODAY, AFTER THIS  
ONE LAST JOB--





--I'M GETTING US OUT OF HERE.

YOU, PENT!

HEYA, RALPHIE.

CONSTABLE LED PENT-- YOU STILL GIVE 'EM THE FEAR, BABY.

THE CONSTABLES ARE THE ONLY THING BETWEEN THE SHEEP AND THE WOLVES.

NANO-JAICED THINGS PROTECTING FLAK CORP'S AUDIENCE.

AIN' NOTHING'S MORE VALUABLE THAN RATINGS.

GOT TWO SECS TA HELP US WITH A THING?

I AIN' HELPIN' YOU WITH

GOOP NEWS--AIN'T A [REDACTED] NEEDS HELP.

RALPHIE IS SMALL TIME.

IT'S HIS BOSS, PAVEY TRAUMA, WE'RE AFTER.

WELL, YOURS MIGHT IF YOU KEEP WITH THE STABBIN'.

PAVEY MASSACRED THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE LAST WEEK.

NO REASON.

SNK









NOTHIN' HURTS LIKE WATCHING THE MAN YOU LOVE DISAPPEAR.

LEAVIN' ME STUCK OUT HERE IN THE REAL, HOLPIN' HIM TOGETHER.

BUT I DO.

FER YEARS NOW.









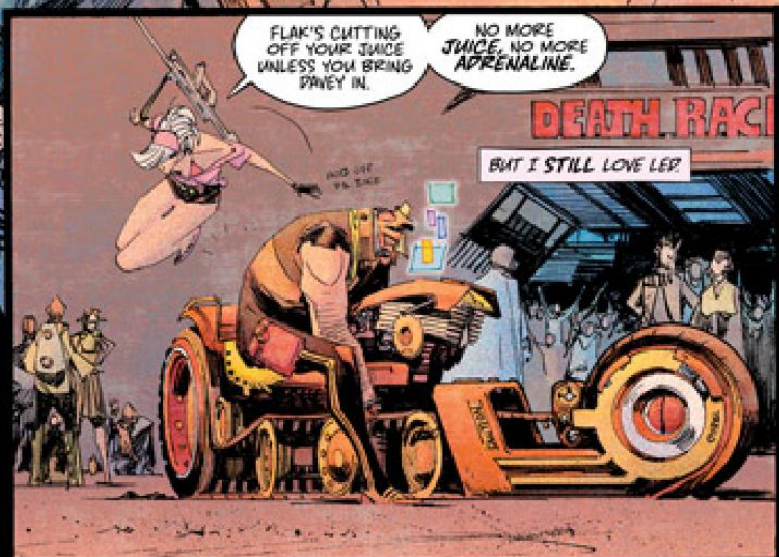


SOURCE SAYS GRISTLE'S INSIDE.

DOLLARS TO DONAGHANTS HE'LL KNOW WHERE WE CAN FIND PAVEY.

EXHAUST-FILLED HUMIDITY LEAVES AN ALKALINE TINGLE IN MY MOUTH.

THE DEATH RACES. LAST SPORT PLAYED OUTSIDE THE NET.



FLAK'S CUTTING OFF YOUR JUICE UNLESS YOU BRING PAVEY IN.

NO MORE JUICE. NO MORE ADRENALINE.

BUT I STILL LOVE LER



NO MORE MUSCLES.

NO MORE INFINITE WEB.

YOU MIGHT HAVE TO ACTUALLY TALK TO ME.

DON'T JUDGE.



YOU'D HATE TO SEE WHAT HE'S BECOME, TEPPI.

SELF-INVOLVER

APATHETIC.

ADDICTED TO THE POWER.





ONLY THING EXCITIN' ENOUGH TO GET PEOPLE OFF THEIR COUCHES.

REPRESSING.

I'M MISSIN' YA SOMETHIN' CRAZY TONIGHT, TEPPEY.

NEED YOU HERE TO LAUGH AT IT ALL WITH ME.

YOU ALWAYS MADE IT ENDURABLE.

HE'S ALL I HAVE LEFT IN THE WORLD.

STUPID!

TURN OFF THE FEEDS-- TIME FOR WORK!

EMOTION INDICATOR:  
 90% Fed up  
 8% Grog  
 4% unknown  
 100% in love

Knock! Knock!

Remember sucks at riting comic! He shud go back to drawing. (grogg)

THE SINGULARITY'S OVER BUT DIGITAL MIND PHRASES ARE STILL SEEPING YOUR BRAIN TO GROW THESE ARTIFICIAL INTELLECT--

--SEVENTY NEW JARLAP PULLERS--

THERE'S A GOOD MAN INSIDE THERE WHO NEEDS ME.

--CAN THE RONDANGO PISTOLERS BEAT CHIF CANNONERA IN THE BLOOD-BALL FINAL--

--YOU'VE BEEN MENTIONED IN A VIP ON METARE--

IT.

I'LL GO.

EMOTION INDICATOR:  
 90% Fed up  
 8% Grog  
 4% unknown  
 100% in love

Remember sucks at riting comic! He shud go back to drawing. (grogg)

Murphy has gon downhill since Park Rock Jesus. At least Hollingsworth w "ix" his art in this book.

--NECROPHILIA GROSS HAS IMPLANTED NEW GAME SACKS--

DISTRACTED FROM THE SEWER AROUND US WITH A CONSTANT STREAM OF

HE'S SO FULL OF JUICE SO MANY TINY NANOROBOTS RELEASING SO MANY CHEMICALS ALTERING EVERY PART OF HIM...

OLD FUSION REPAIRMENT LOOKS MORE LIKE MUDY FLYING TO ME. HOW-TOW-IE?

HEH.