

PHILADELPHIA,  
PENNSYLVANIA,  
USA.



PAT?  
GINA? WHAT'S  
THE *UNIFORM*  
REPORT?

PARTIAL  
EXSANGUINATION,  
CAPTAIN. NO DEFENSIVE  
WOUNDS, BUT WE DO  
HAVE *PUNCTURE*  
WOUNDS WITH...



A *CERTAIN*  
SIGNATURE.



WHAT, YOU  
WRITING A  
NOVEL? WE  
DON'T HAVE  
*VAMPIRES*  
IN PHILLY,  
GINA.

WE'VE GOT *MURDER*,  
CAPTAIN. AND NO DOUBT  
*SOMEONE* WANTED TO  
SAY *SOMETHING* WITH  
MARKS LIKE THAT...

BUT  
THIS ISN'T *IT*.  
SOMETHING'S JUST...  
*OFF*. SOMETHING'S  
*MISSING*. I FEEL IT  
IN MY *STOMACH*.  
PAT AGREES...



ACTUALLY...*ME*  
*TOO*. TAKE *SEVEN*,  
YEAH? FRESH AIR,  
FRESH EYES...MAYBE  
WE'LL FIND WHAT'S  
MISSING.

YOU  
*COMING*,  
PAT?

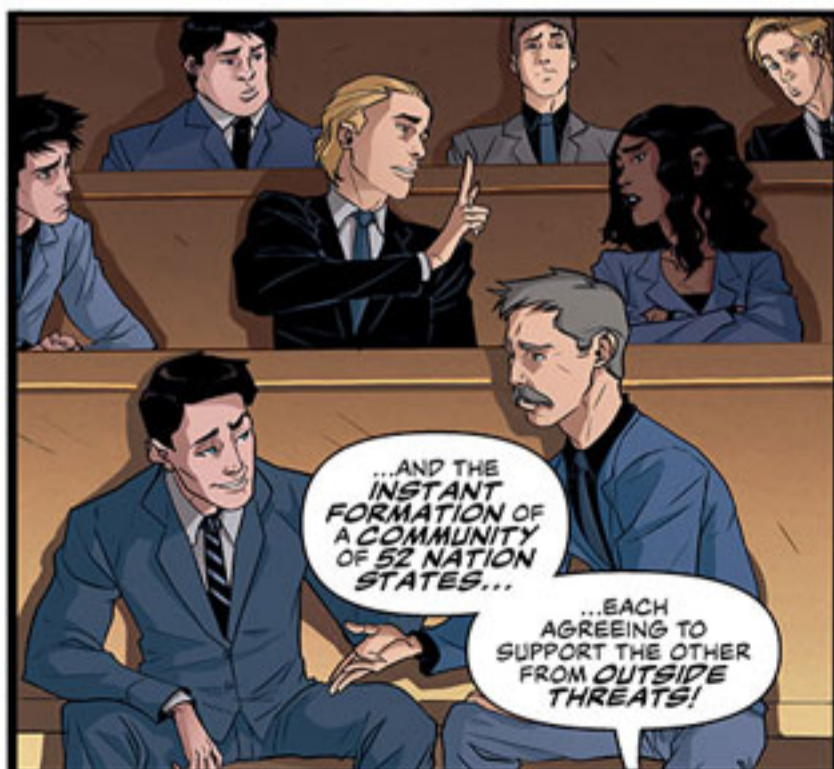
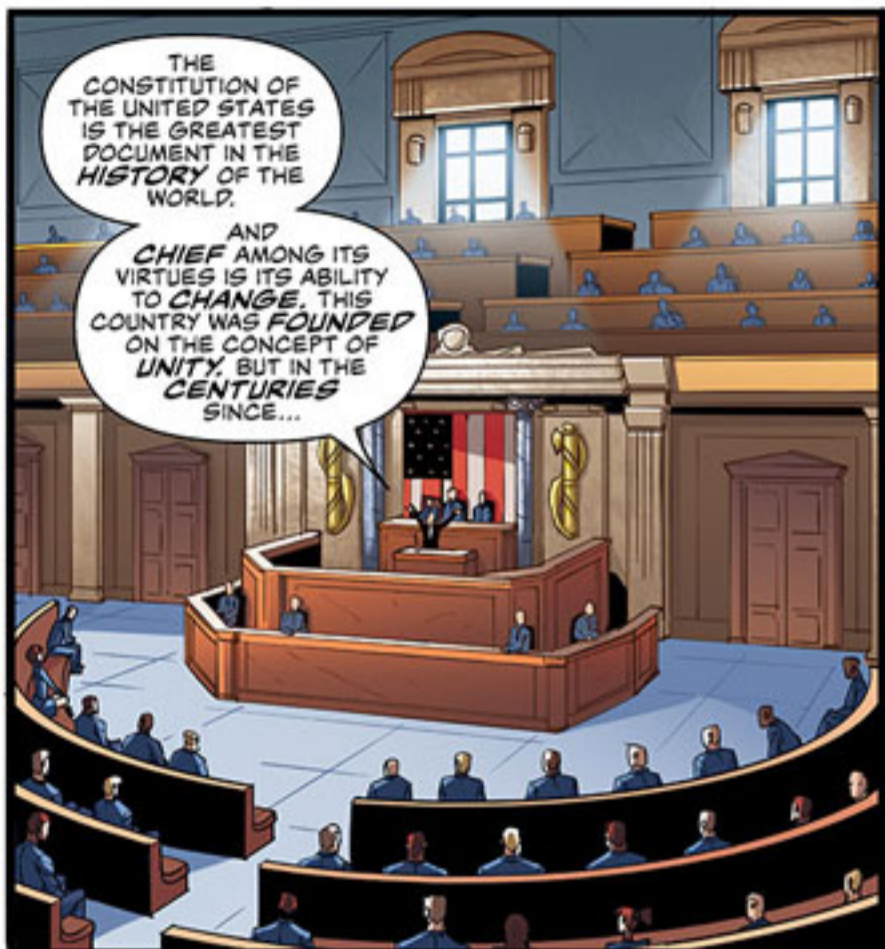


RIGHT  
BEHIND YOU,  
CAP.

...RIGHT  
BEHIND  
YOU.



RE-CONFIRMING:  
YES, THAT'S THE  
IDEA...IT'S DONE.  
IT'S DEAD...



"BY REDEFINING  
OUR PRESENT."

**ALERT!  
CRISIS ALERT!  
CRISIS--**

**DEET**

THIS IS  
FRONTIER.  
GO AHEAD,  
I'M ON.

## THE THINK TANK

NINA!  
IT'S NOAH!  
WHERE'VE YOU  
BEEN?

A  
THOUSAND AND  
ONE THOUGHTS  
AWAY, PRIZEFIGHTER.  
BUT NOW YOU'VE  
GOT MY ATTENTION.  
CRISIS ALERT'S  
SHOWING...

**THIEVES,  
NINA! MIND  
MUGGERS  
FROM SEVENTY  
SEVEN YEARS  
FROM NOW!**

**THEY'RE  
STEALING  
EMOTIONS!  
NO HOPE LEFT  
IN THE FUTURE SO  
THEY'RE TAKING  
OURS!**

**HOPE?  
THEY SHOULD'VE  
GONE FARTHER  
BACK.**

WE NEED  
YOU OUT HERE,  
NINA! WE NEED  
FRONTIER!

YOU'VE  
GOT MY  
TOOLS, NOAH.  
THE FLASHY  
FIELDWORK'S  
NOT MY JOB  
ANYMORE.

THE SAVES?  
THE APPLAUSE?

THAT BELONGS  
TO YOU AND THE

# CRISIS COMMAND™

**Originator.**  
Innovates Vocabulary.  
Alters Reality.

**Sawbones.**  
Action Surgeon.

**Prizefighter.**  
As Strong As The  
Crowds Hope He Is.

**Seer.**  
Quantum God.  
One Minute At A Time.

