

# XINO



MAXIMIZE ATTENTION  
MAXIMIZE ATTENTION  
MAXIMIZE ATTENTION  
MAXIMIZE ATTENTION  
MAXIMIZE ATTENTION  
MAXIMIZE ATTENTION  
MAXIMIZE ATTENTION

PROMOTE ABOVE ALL ELSE

MORE IS NOT ENOUGH  
MORE IS NOT ENOUGH

LESS IS NONE

CONTENT  
CONTENT  
CONTENT  
CONTENT

SUBSCRIBE  
SUBSCRIBE  
SUBSCRIBE

YES?

CLEAN

ADD

CHILL - BODY

NOW?

PRESS Y TO COMPLETE

"IF YOU PREFER YOUR SCI-FI WITH A DOSE OF PSYCHEDELIA, XINO IS FOR YOU."  
-IGN

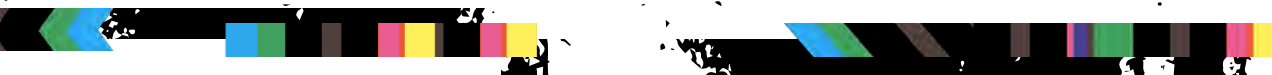
IGN TECHNOLOGY 2022 100%



INCOMING  
TRANSMISSION...

AN  
**ON**  
PRESS PUBLICATION





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MATT LESNIEWSKI & RICO RENZI

MATT LESNIEWSKI 2025



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DR



KTND

MAXIMIZE ATTENTION  
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PRODUCT ABOVE ALL ELSE

MORE IS NOT ENOUGH  
MORE IS NOT ENOUGH

LESS IS NONE

CONTENT  
CONTENT  
CONTENT  
CONTENT

SUBSCRIBE  
SUBSCRIBE  
SUBSCRIBE

YES?

ADULT

SWITCH TIME

NOW

PRESS Y TO COMP

TO

NOTE: LANSBURYKAT 2002 © 1999

# THE CHIP.

"YOU ARE HERE, MR. PEABODY, BECAUSE OF THIS."

"I THOUGHT I WAS HERE TO TEST A NEW GAMING SYSTEM..."

"THIS IS THE GAMING SYSTEM."

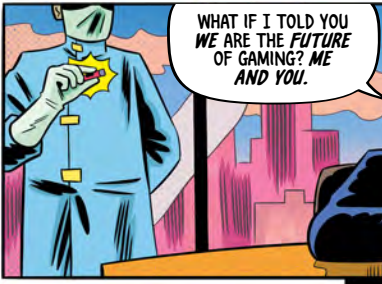
"YOU'RE A TWITCH STAR AND GAMING COMPETITION CHAMPION, ALWAYS AT THE FOREFRONT OF GAMING'S FUTURE."

"YEAH..."

"THAT MAKES YOU THE PERFECT CANDIDATE."



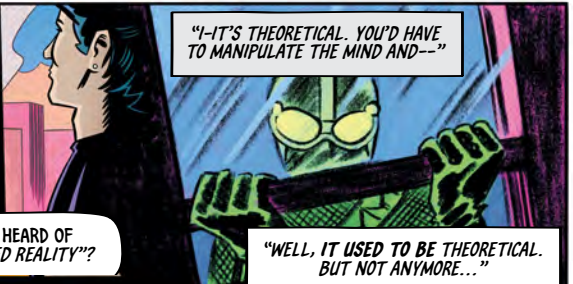
Written by Chris CONDON  
Illustrated by Nick CAGNETTI  
Lettered by Jim CAMPBELL



WHAT IF I TOLD YOU WE ARE THE FUTURE OF GAMING? ME AND YOU.

I'D SAY... HOW?

EVER HEARD OF "ALTERED REALITY"?



"I--IT'S THEORETICAL. YOU'D HAVE TO MANIPULATE THE MIND AND--"

"WELL, IT USED TO BE THEORETICAL. BUT NOT ANYMORE..."



WE CALL IT "PROJECT MORPHEUS," INTERNALLY NICKNAMED "THE CHIP."

IT'S ESSENTIALLY AN INDUCED DREAM STATE, MAKING YOU--THE PLAYER--YOUR VERY OWN CONSOLE.



"WE INJECT A MICROCHIP 'PATHOGEN' INTO YOUR BLOODSTREAM THAT 'INFECTS' YOU WITH PRELOADED GAMING SCENARIOS."

"HALLUCINATIONS..."

"GAMING SCENARIOS, MR. PEABODY."



WHILE IT'S A PREDETERMINED SCENARIO, EACH PLAYER'S EXPERIENCE IS WHOLLY UNIQUE AS IT'S YOUR BRAIN CREATING THAT WORLD. YOU MAY HAVE--

AH-AH. YOU CAN STOP THERE.

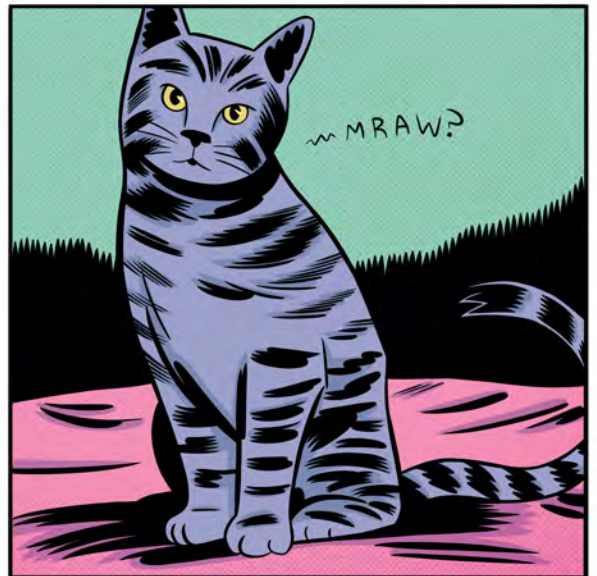


"I DON'T GIVE A SHIT WHAT IT IS..."



...JUST PUT IT IN MY VEINS.

EXCELLENT. HAPPY GAMING, GAVIN.





TV ON, RANDOM CHANNEL, VOLUME TWELVE.

YES, GAVIN.



HEY, DUDE. YEEEAH. IT WAS NUTS. IT WAS LIKE...LIKE A SUPER VIVID FUCKED-UP DREAM.



FUTURA GAMING HAS SEEN ITS FAIR SHARE OF CONTROVERSY OF LATE--

MM-HMM.



YEAH, DUDE. FELT... I DON'T KNOW. REAL. IT WAS WILD. I PLAYED AS AN ASSASSIN--

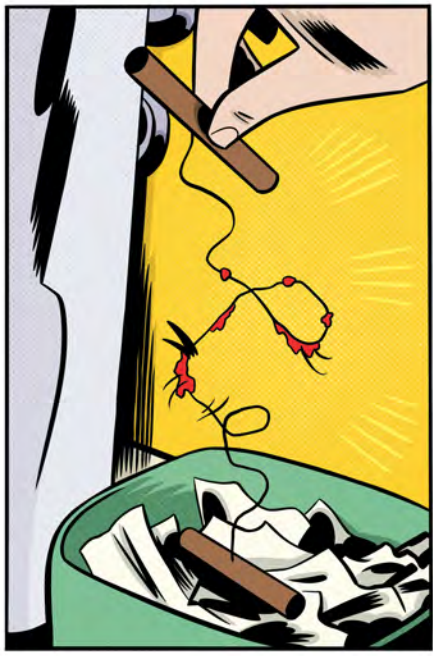
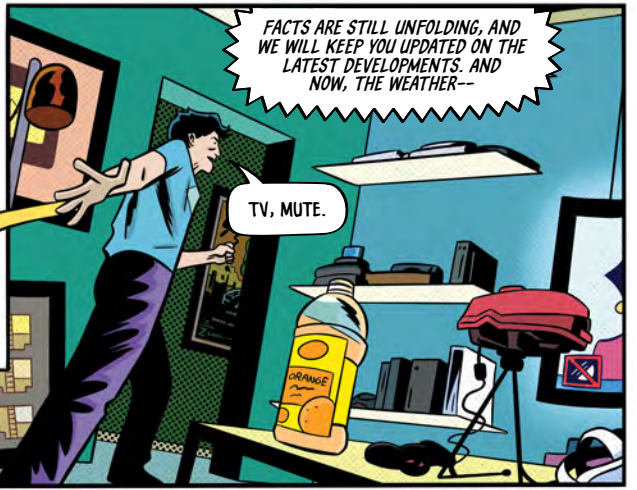
**GAMING WHISTLEBLOWER**  
--BUT NONE AS MACABRE AS THIS LATEST TURN OF EVENTS.

CHAD GROSS, WHO WAS EXPECTED TO TESTIFY AGAINST THE GAMING GIANT, HAS BEEN FOUND DEAD IN HIS HOME.



A SOURCE WITHIN THE DEPARTMENT SAYS THAT GROSS'S HUSBAND FOUND HIM EARLY THIS MORNING IN BED, UNRESPONSIVE-- APPARENTLY STRANGLED IN HIS SLEEP.

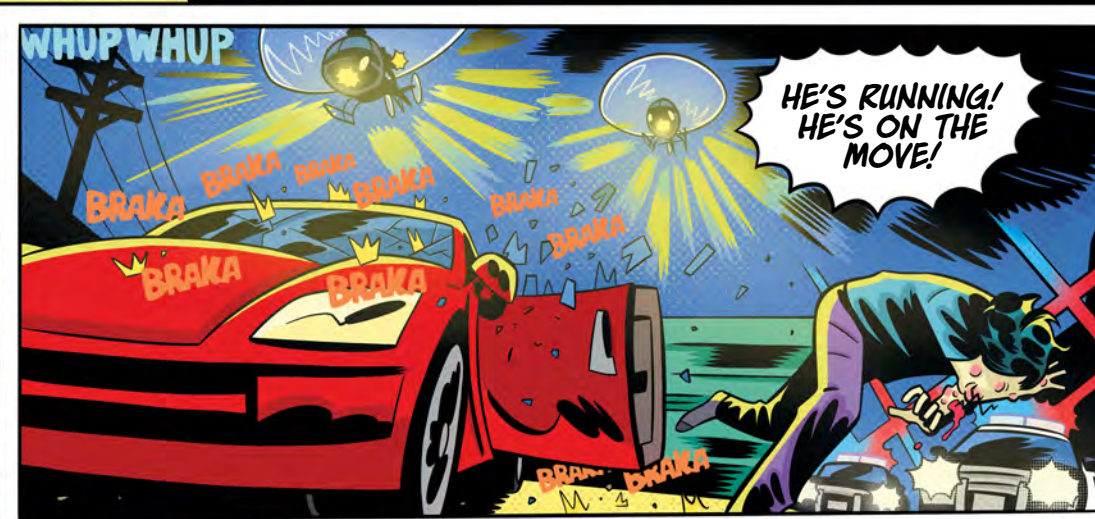
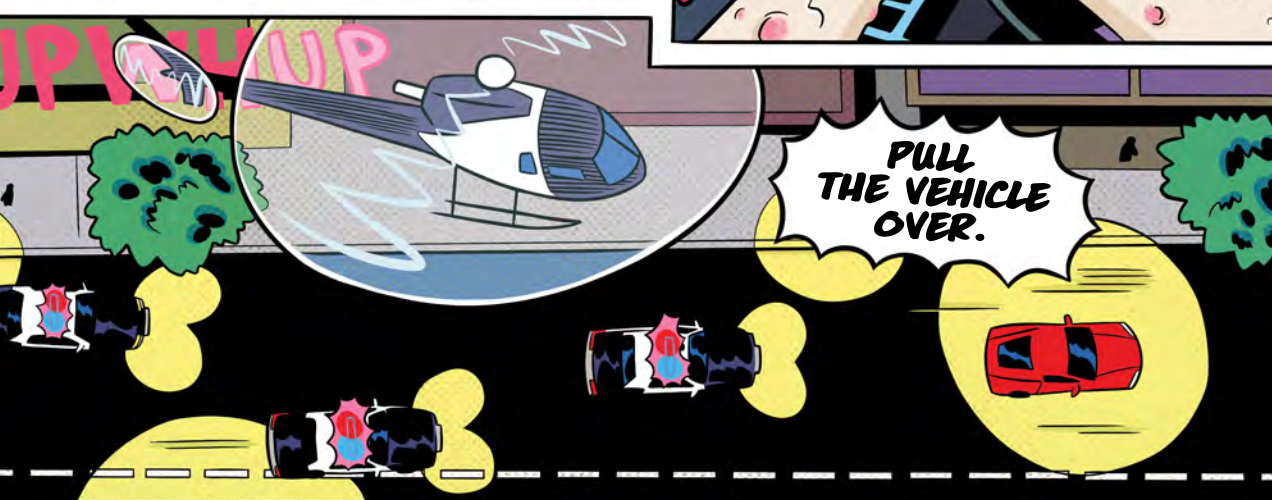
CHAD GROSS















GO! GO! GO!





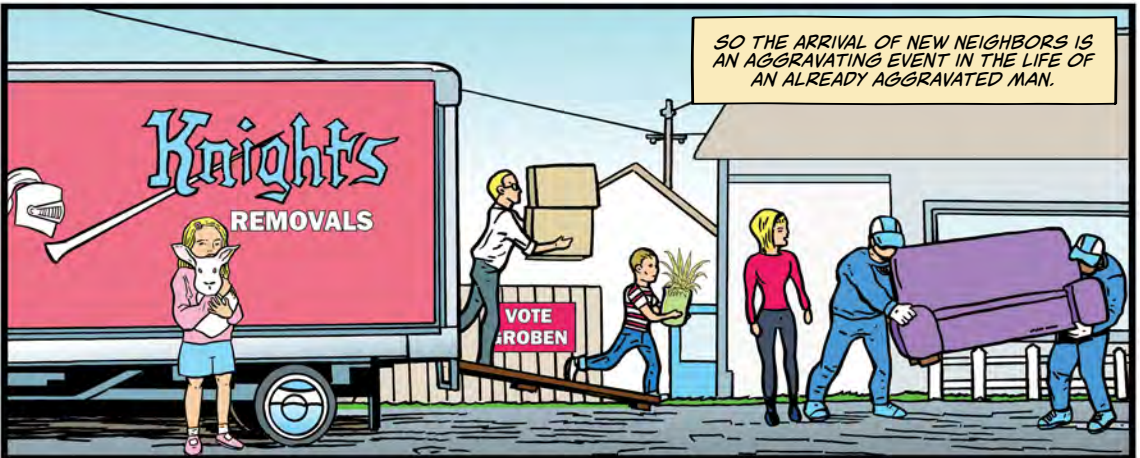
THE GOOD OL' U.S. OF A. 1963.

# Rabbit Trap

Written by Jordan THOMAS  
Illustrated by Shaky KANE  
Lettered by Jim CAMPBELL

ALBERT RASKIN, LIKE MANY AT THE TIME WHO HAD BEEN FED A STEADY DOSE OF TELEVISION AND MCCARTHYISM, HAS AN UNYIELDING OBSESSION WITH THE IDEA THAT COMMUNISTS COULD BE ANYWHERE.

SO THE ARRIVAL OF NEW NEIGHBORS IS AN AGGRAVATING EVENT IN THE LIFE OF AN ALREADY AGGRAVATED MAN.



KIDS. Hmm... COULD BE WORSE. LEAST THEY LOOK AMERICAN...



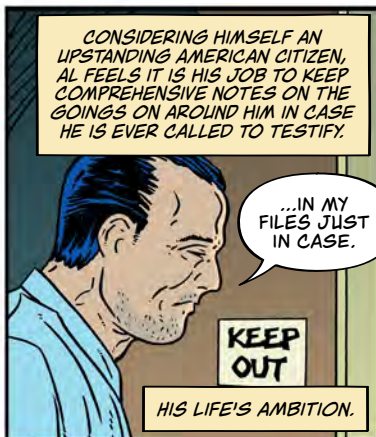
...AY HECTOR? AHWO.



STILL, IT'S BEST THAT I...



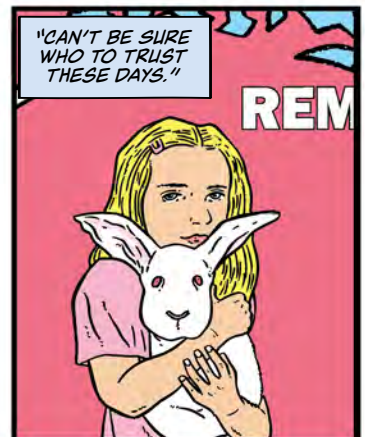
...GET EVERYTHING NOTED DOWN...



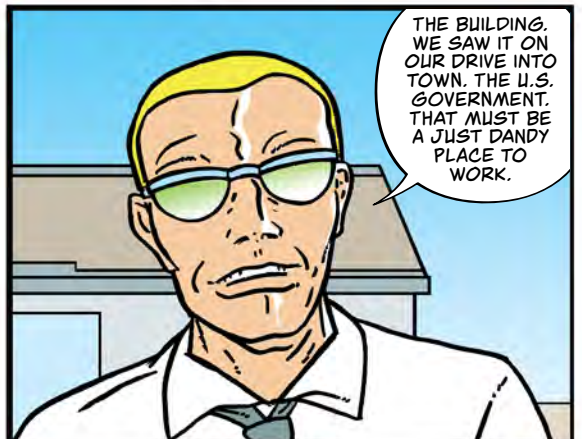
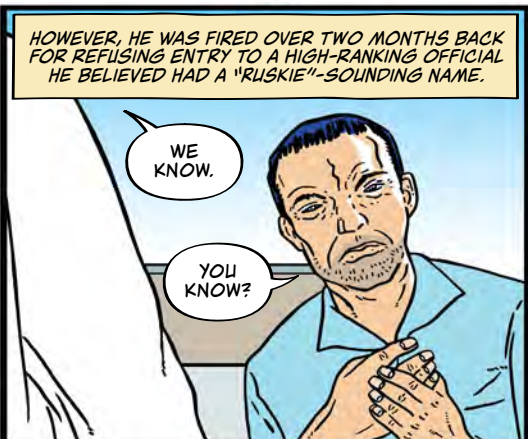
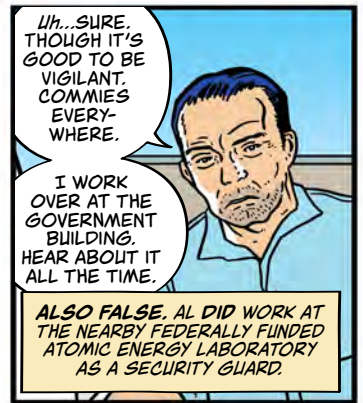
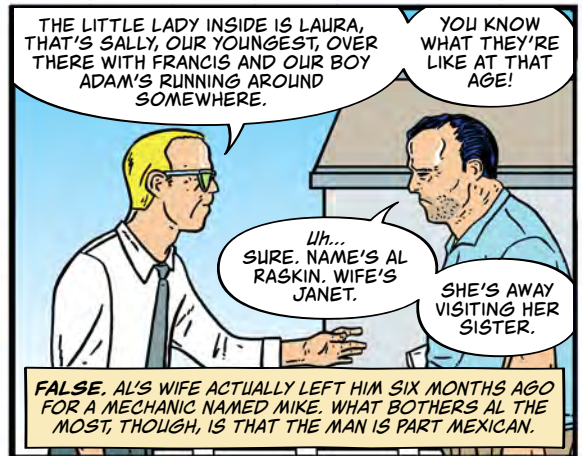
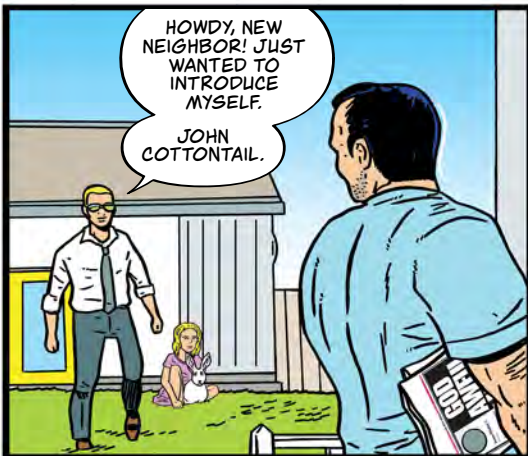
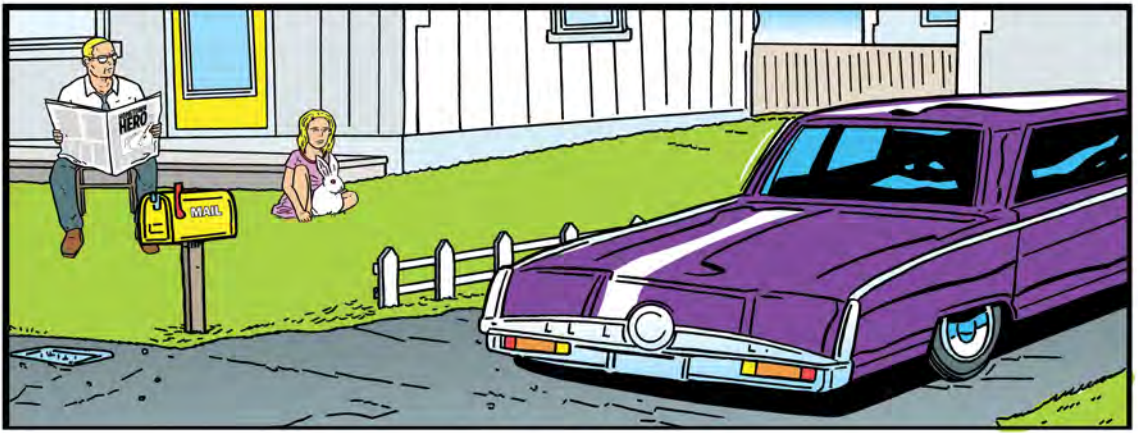
CONSIDERING HIMSELF AN UPSTANDING AMERICAN CITIZEN, AL FEELS IT IS HIS JOB TO KEEP COMPREHENSIVE NOTES ON THE GOINGS ON AROUND HIM IN CASE HE IS EVER CALLED TO TESTIFY.

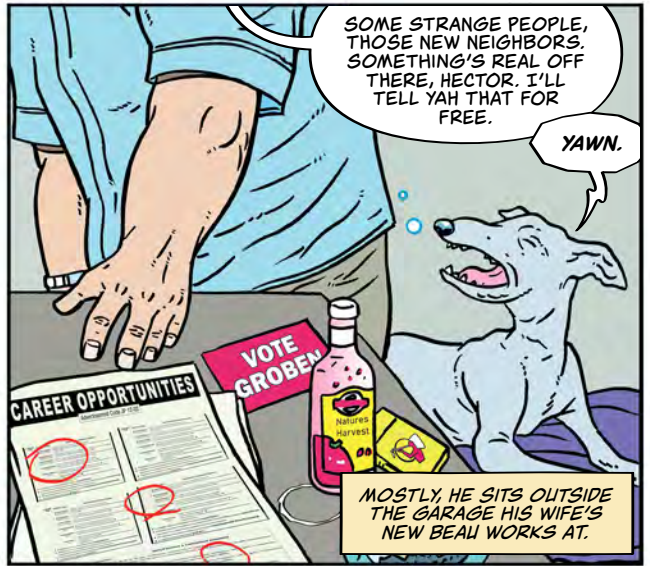
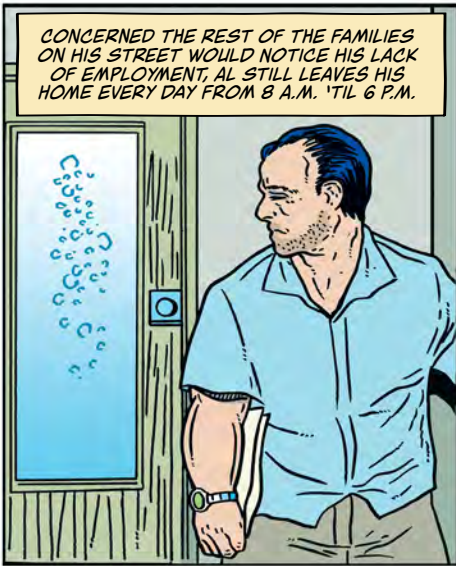
...IN MY FILES JUST IN CASE.

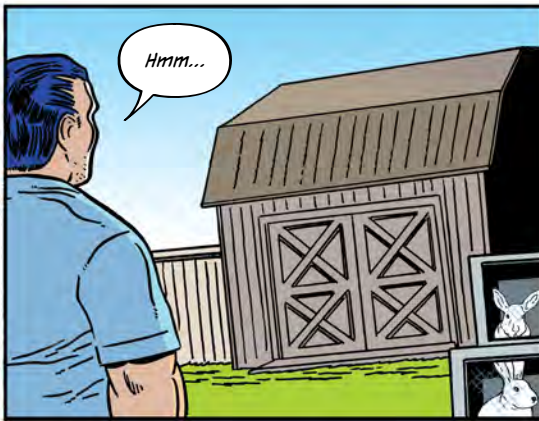
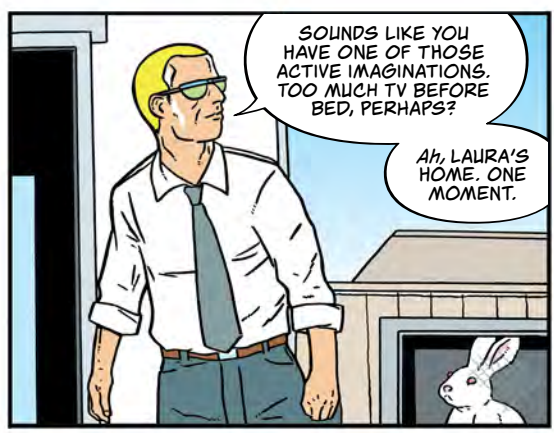
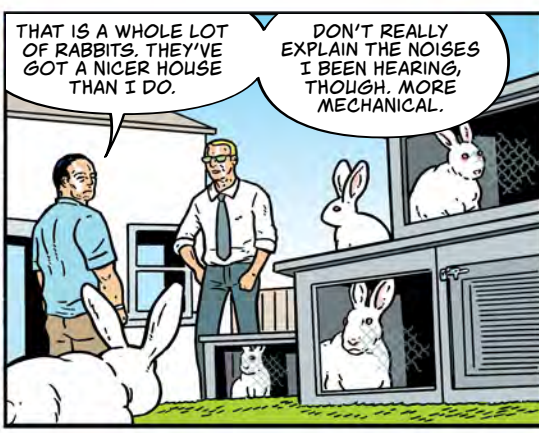
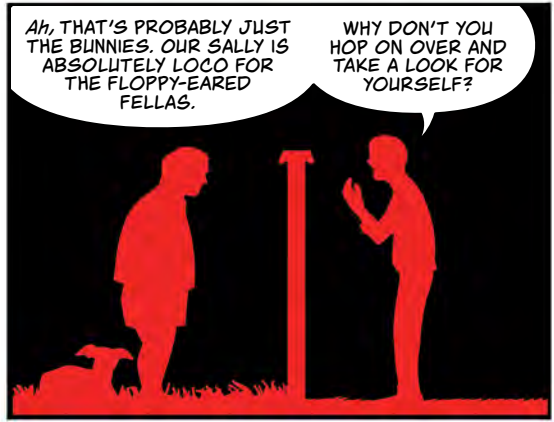
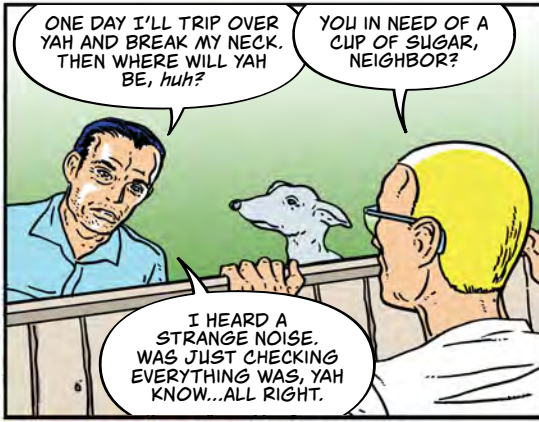
HIS LIFE'S AMBITION.



"CAN'T BE SURE WHO TO TRUST THESE DAYS."









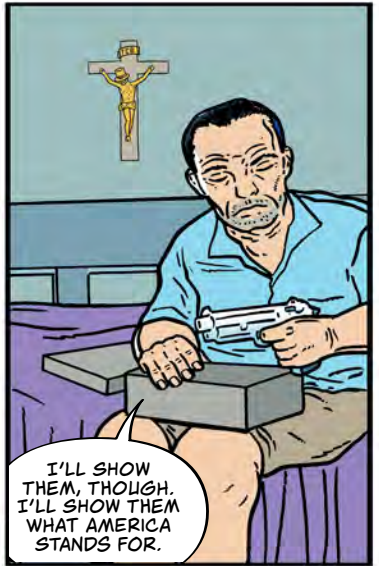


THEY TOOK HECTOR. I KNOW IT. COMMIES. ALL OF THEM.



JANET RAN OFF WITH THAT DAMN COMMIE. COMMIES IN THE OFFICE. COMMIES AT THE BANK TRYING TO TAKE MY HOME.

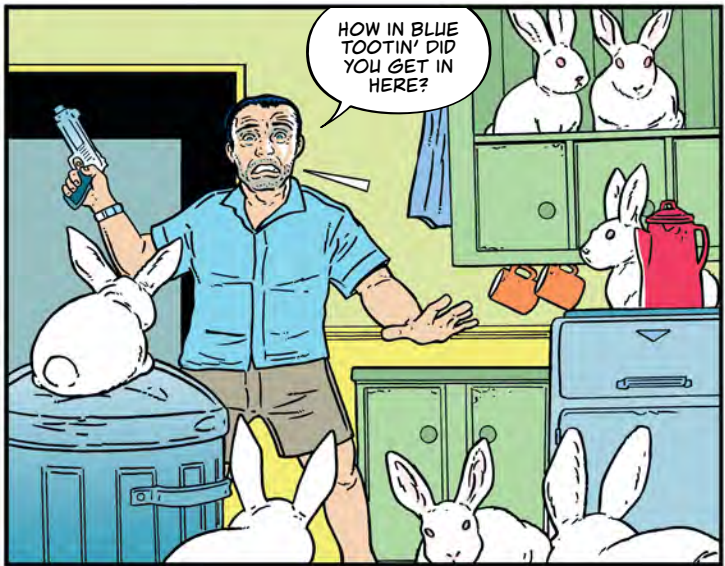
NOW COMMIES LIVING NEXT DOOR. NO ESCAPE.



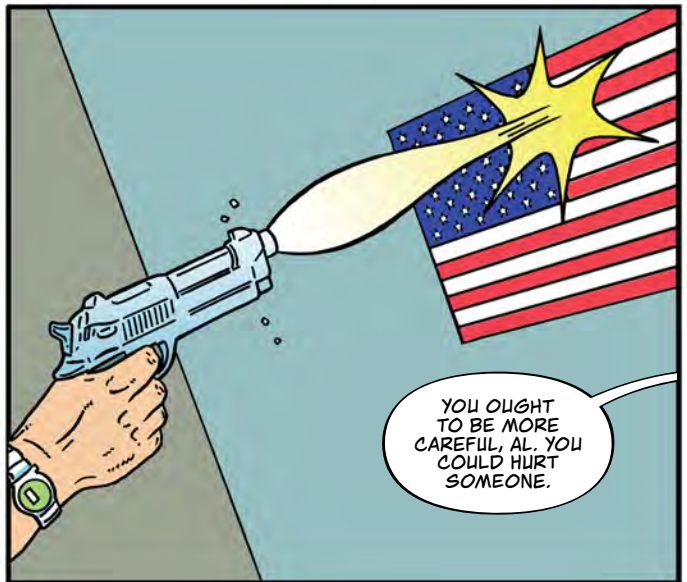
I'LL SHOW THEM, THOUGH. I'LL SHOW THEM WHAT AMERICA STANDS FOR.



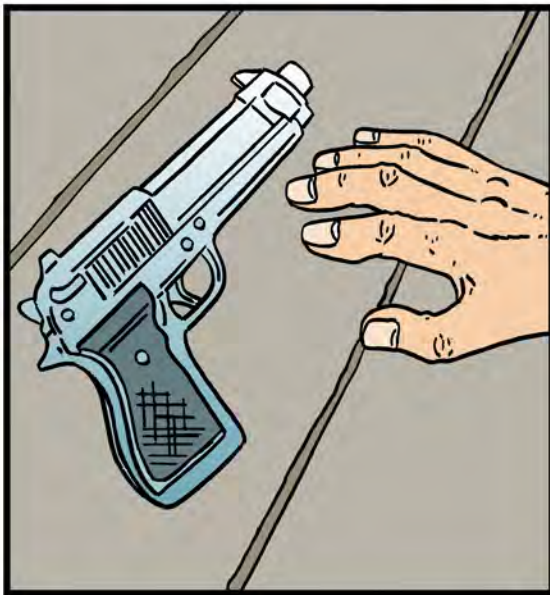
Huh?

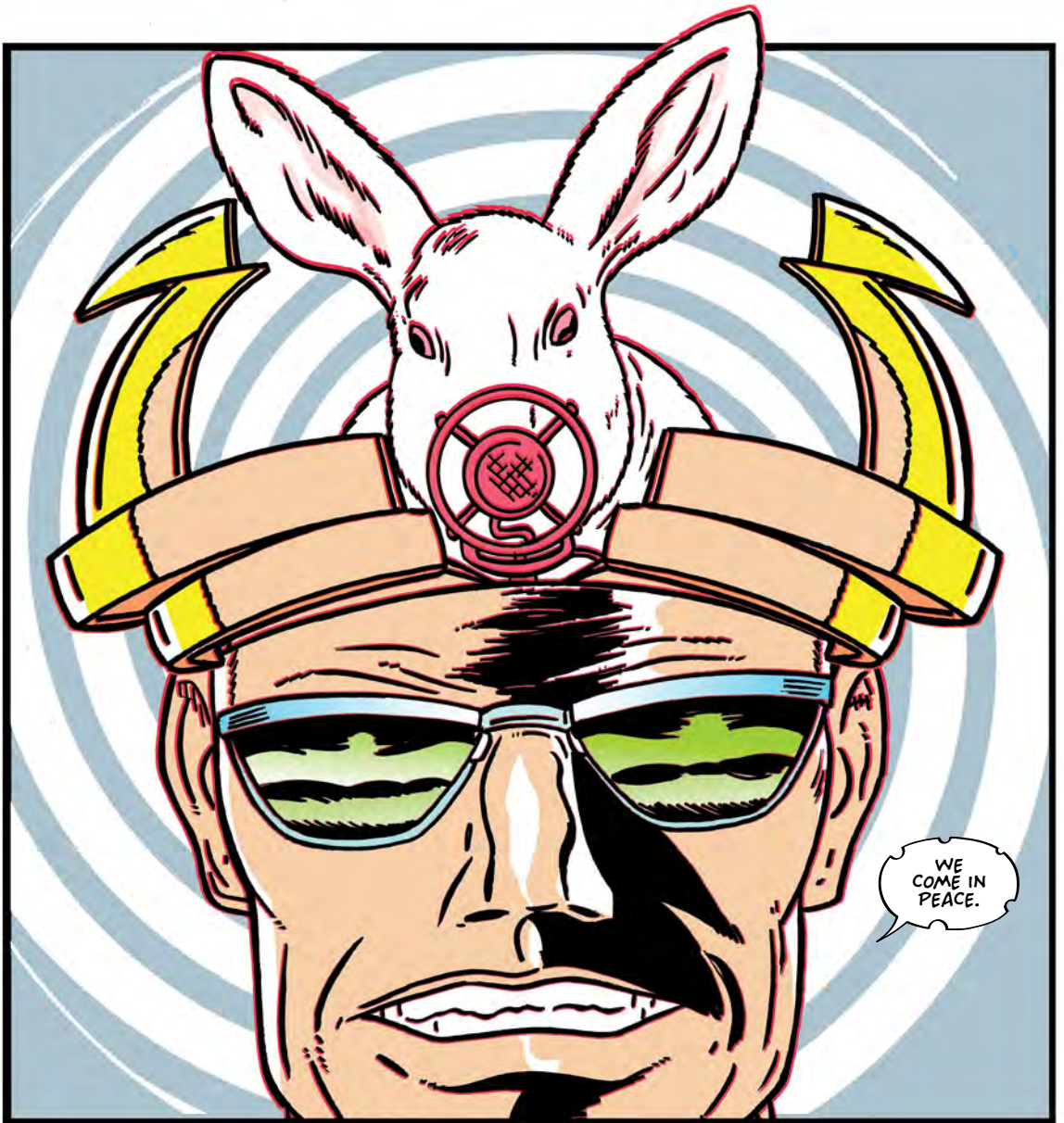


HOW IN BLUE TOOTIN' DID YOU GET IN HERE?

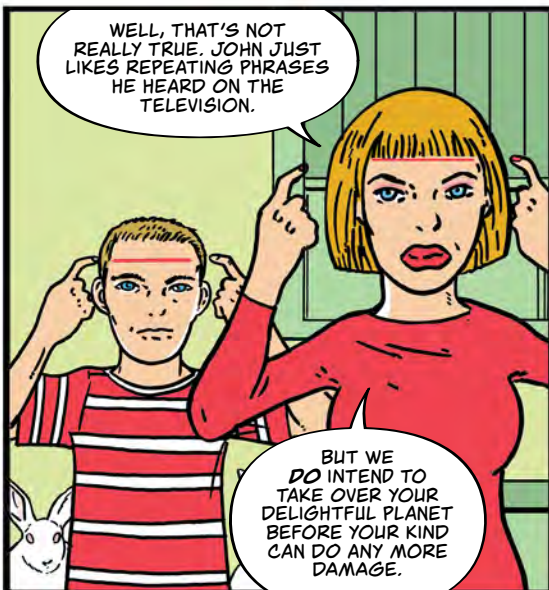


YOU OUGHT TO BE MORE CAREFUL, AL. YOU COULD HURT SOMEONE.





WE  
COME IN  
PEACE.



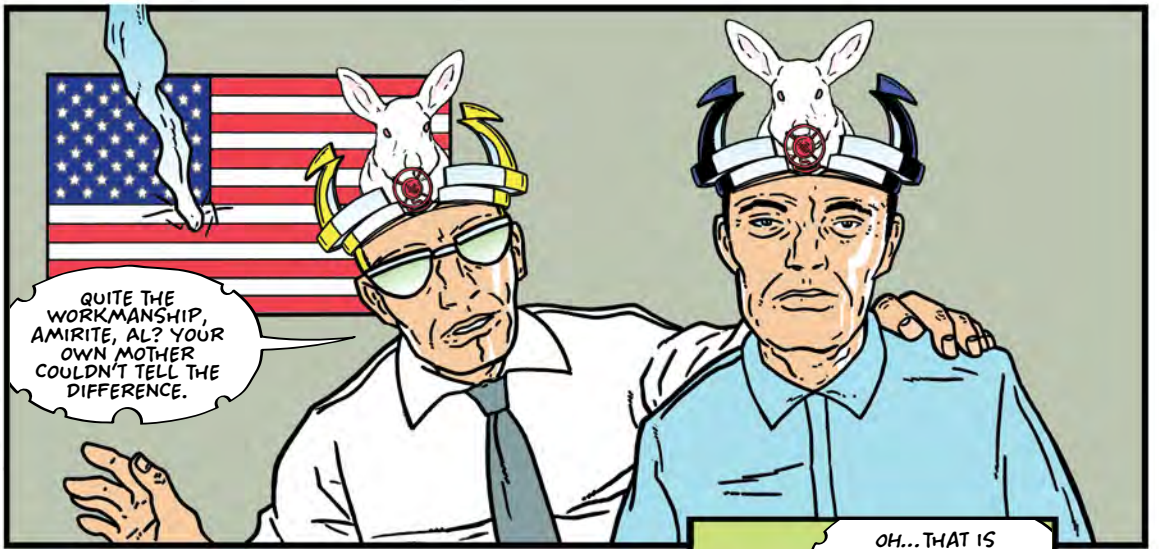
WELL, THAT'S NOT  
REALLY TRUE. JOHN JUST  
LIKES REPEATING PHRASES  
HE HEARD ON THE  
TELEVISION.

BUT WE  
DO INTEND TO  
TAKE OVER YOUR  
DELIGHTFUL PLANET  
BEFORE YOUR KIND  
CAN DO ANY MORE  
DAMAGE.



YOU'RE GIVEN THIS  
PERFECT WORLD, AND  
ALL YOU WANT TO DO IS  
TEAR IT APART.

SO, IN ORDER  
TO STOP YOU FROM  
HURTING YOURSELVES,  
WE WILL INFILTRATE YOUR  
GOVERNMENT AND TAKE IT  
OVER VIA OUR SUBSTITUTES.  
LIKE THIS ONE OF YOU THAT  
FRANCIS IS PILOTING.



QUITE THE WORKMANSHIP, AMIRITE, AL? YOUR OWN MOTHER COULDN'T TELL THE DIFFERENCE.

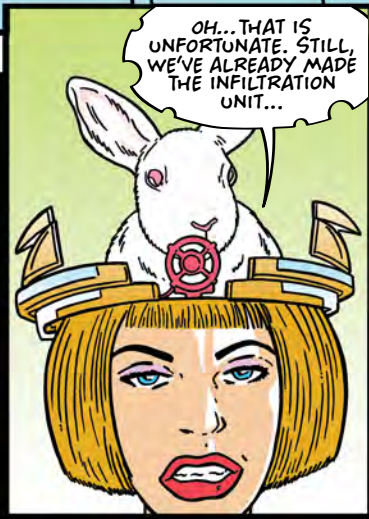
OH... THAT IS UNFORTUNATE. STILL, WE'VE ALREADY MADE THE INFILTRATION UNIT...



THAT'S WHAT YOU'VE BEEN BUILDING OUT THERE, ME!

CORRECTO-MUNDO.

JOKE'S ON YOU, I GOT FIRED WEEKS AGO.

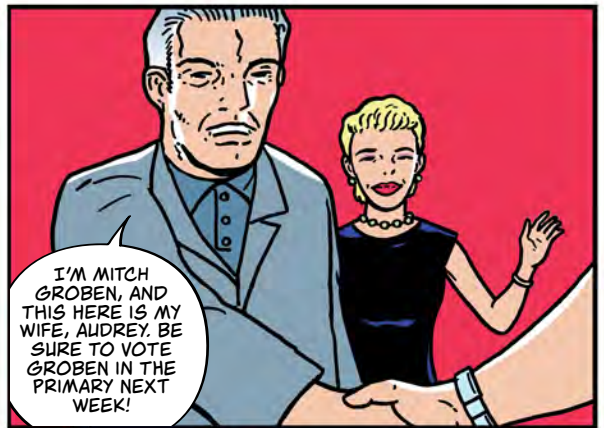
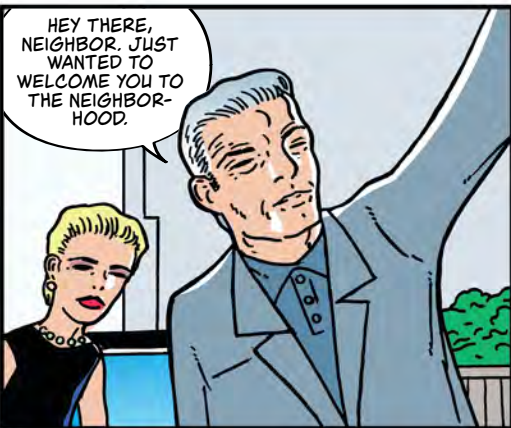
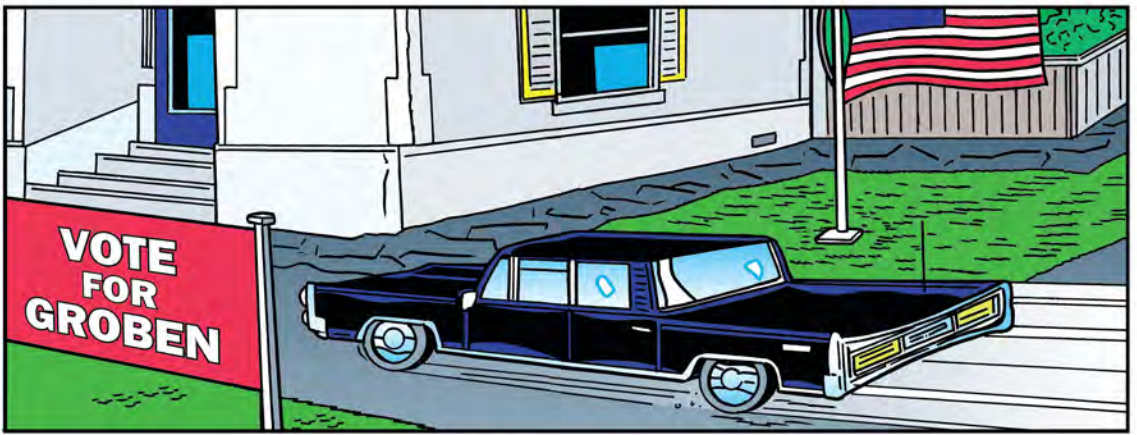


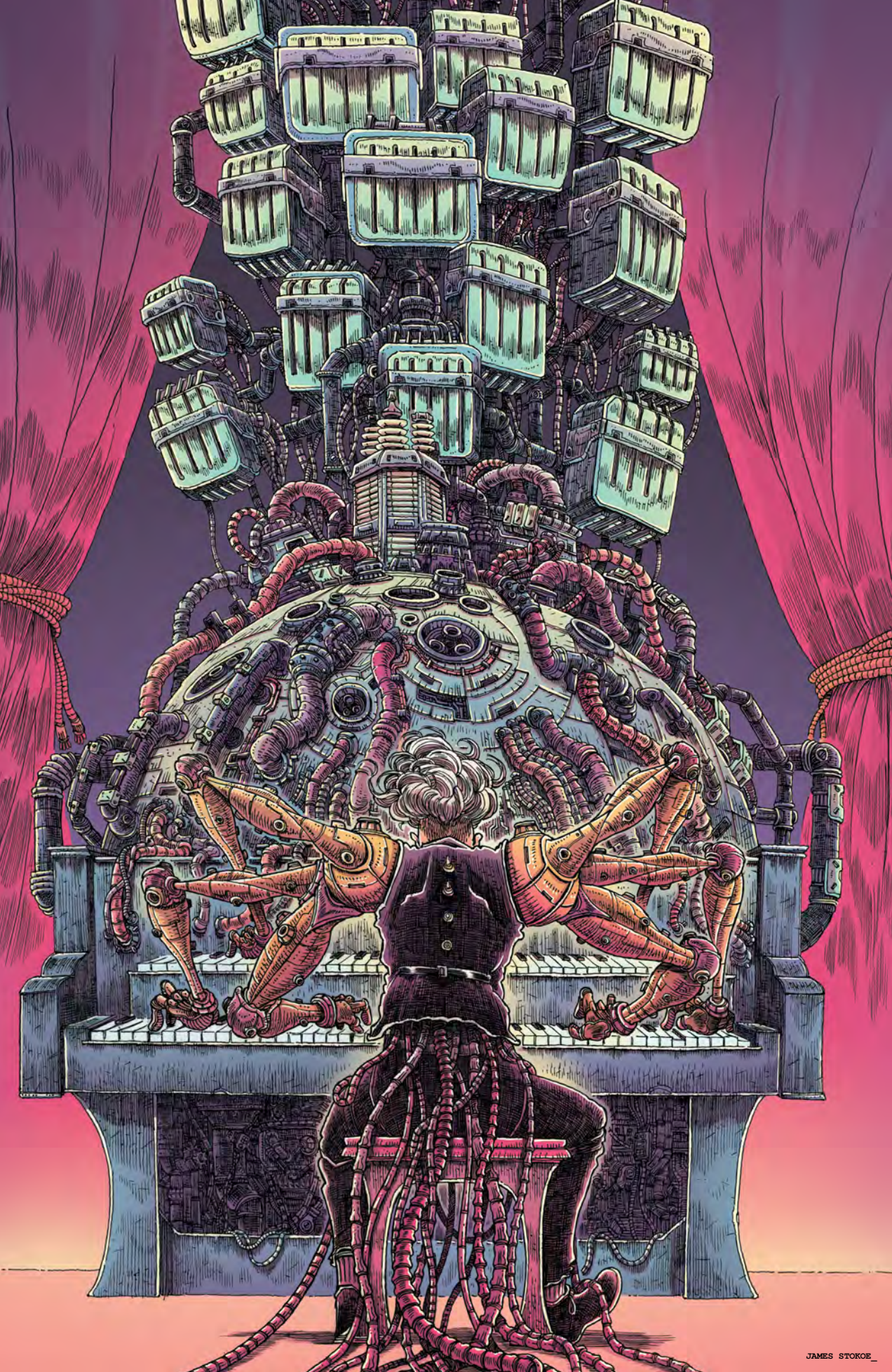
...SO YOU'LL STILL HAVE TO GO.

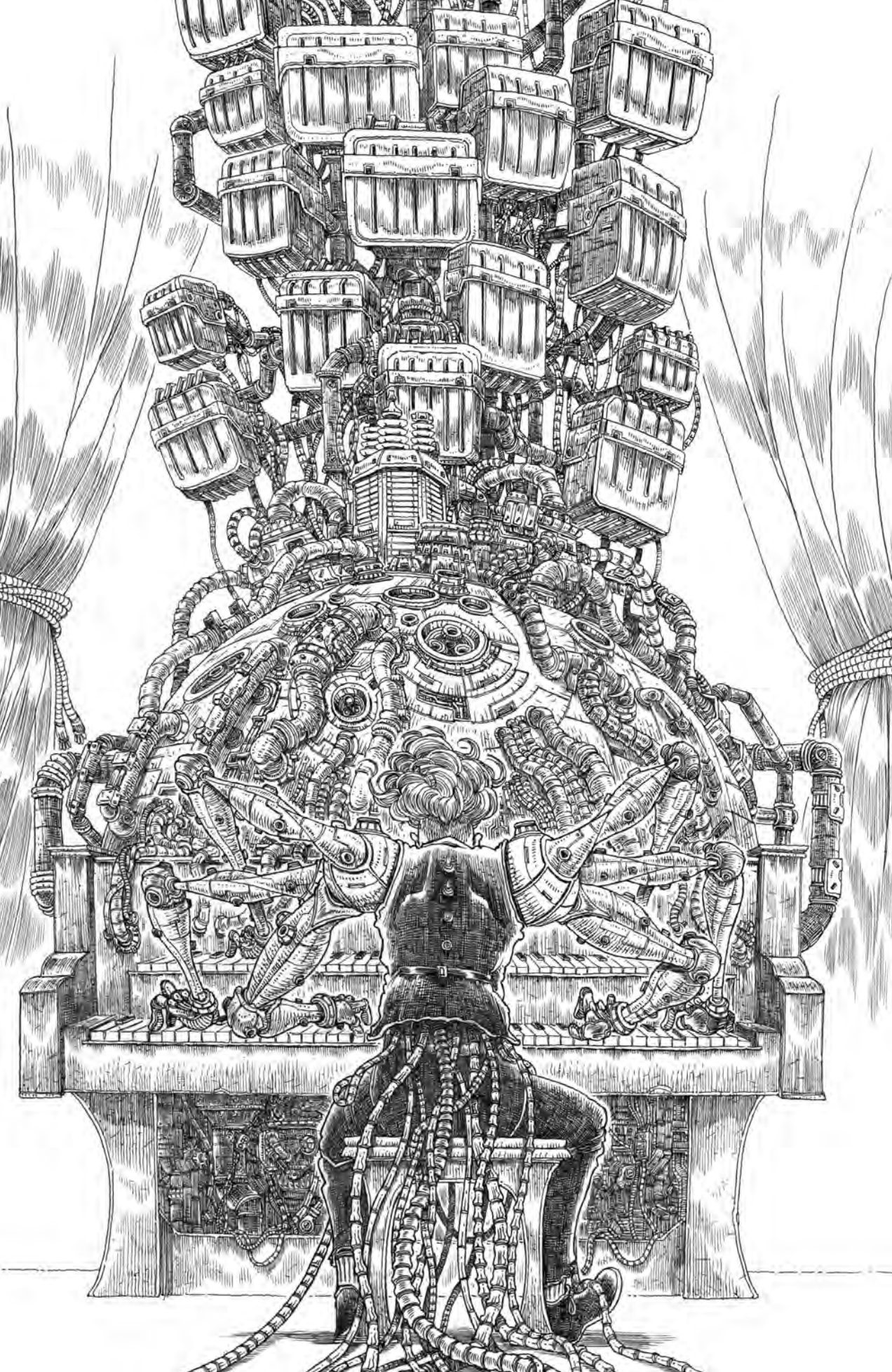
HHHEEELLLLPPP--  
**AHHHH!**

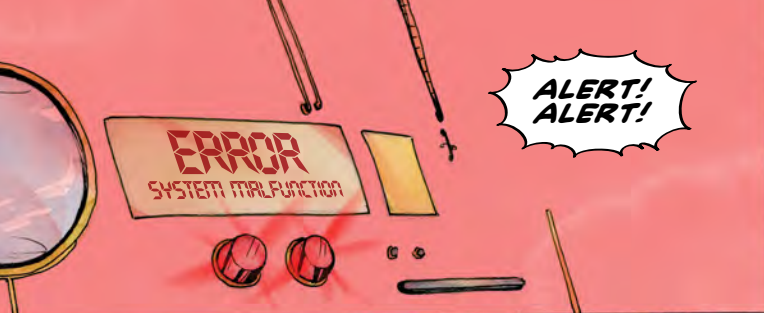
WASTE NOT, WANT NOT, GOOD BUDDY.

WHY COULDN'T THEY HAVE JUST BEEN COMMIES?









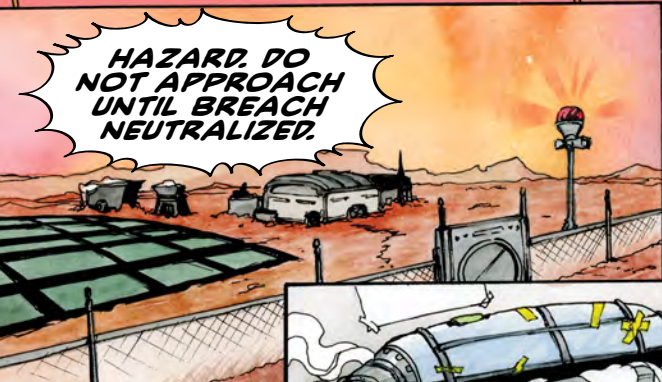
**ALERT!  
ALERT!**



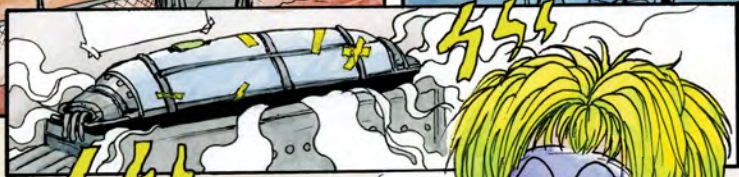
**MELTDOWN  
IMMINENT.**

NO...  
IT CAN'T  
BE.

**CODE DB!  
TO YOUR  
STATIONS!**



**HAZARD. DO  
NOT APPROACH  
UNTIL BREACH  
NEUTRALIZED.**



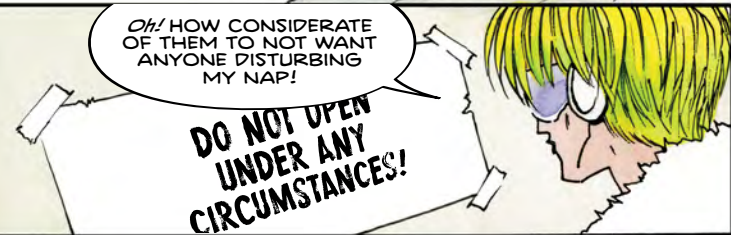
=YAWN=

GOOD  
MORNING,  
MARS!

THAT WAS  
QUITE THE TRIP,  
I FEEL LIKE I'VE  
SLEPT FOR A  
MILLENNIA! NO  
WAKE-UP  
CALL?

# B&B

By Alissa SALLAH  
Lettered by Jim CAMPBELL



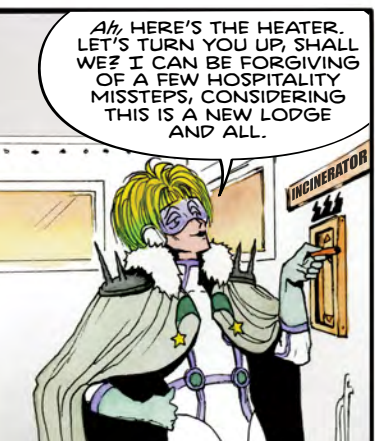
Oh! HOW CONSIDERATE  
OF THEM TO NOT WANT  
ANYONE DISTURBING  
MY NAP!

**DO NOT OPEN  
UNDER ANY  
CIRCUMSTANCES!**

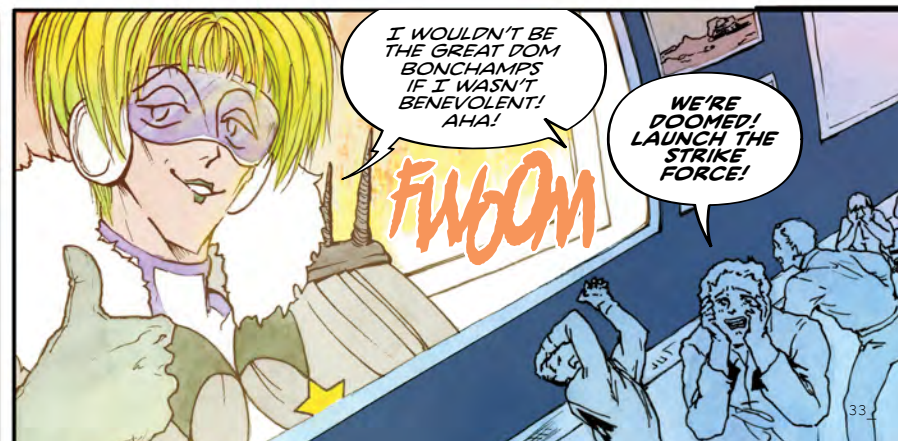


WELL, WE  
WON'T BE  
NEEDING THIS  
ANYMORE.

GRACES,  
IT'S FAR  
TOO COLD  
IN HERE.



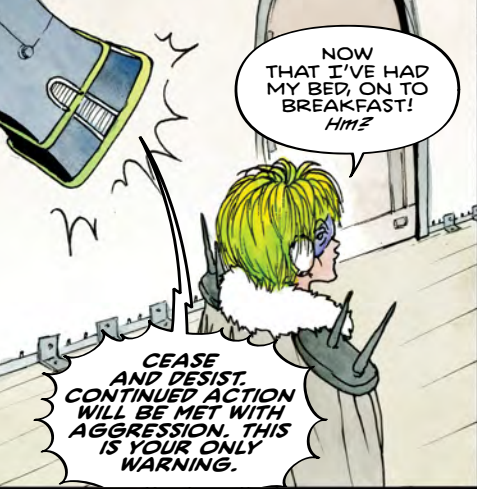
Ah, HERE'S THE HEATER.  
LET'S TURN YOU UP, SHALL  
WE? I CAN BE FORGIVING  
OF A FEW HOSPITALITY  
MISSTEPS, CONSIDERING  
THIS IS A NEW LODGE  
AND ALL.



I WOULDN'T BE  
THE GREAT DOM  
BONCHAMPS  
IF I WASN'T  
BENEVOLENT!  
AHA!

# FUBON

**WE'RE  
DOOMED!  
LAUNCH THE  
STRIKE  
FORCE!**

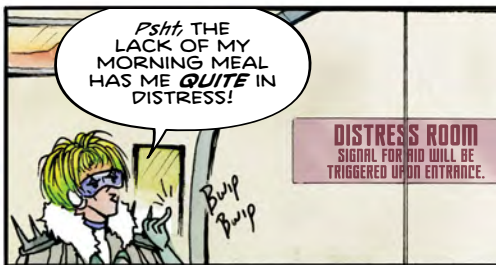


NOW THAT I'VE HAD MY BED, ON TO BREAKFAST!  
HMM?



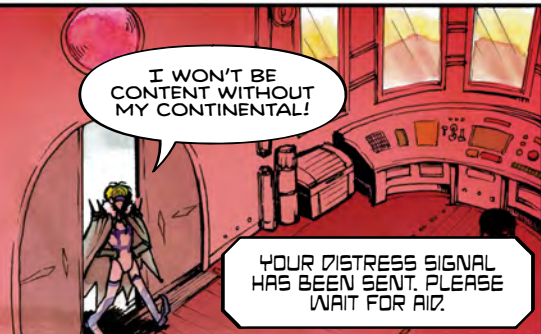
THEIR SECURITY SYSTEM MUST BE ON THE FRITZ.  
H-HEY!! WE MEAN IT!

**DISTRESS ROOM**  
SIGNAL FOR AID WILL BE TRIGGERED UPON ENTRANCE.



Pshh! THE LACK OF MY MORNING MEAL HAS ME QUITE IN DISTRESS!

**DISTRESS ROOM**  
SIGNAL FOR AID WILL BE TRIGGERED UPON ENTRANCE.



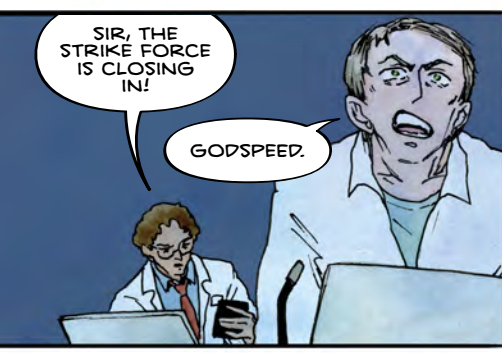
I WON'T BE CONTENT WITHOUT MY CONTINENTAL!

YOUR DISTRESS SIGNAL HAS BEEN SENT. PLEASE WAIT FOR AID.



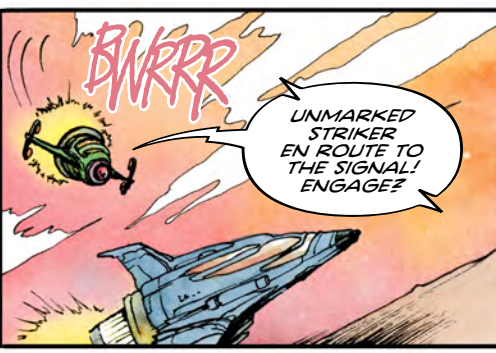
WE JUST RECEIVED A DISTRESS SIGNAL FROM THE MARS POWER PLANT.

I THOUGHT THAT PLACE WAS ABANDONED? LET'S CHECK IT OUT.



SIR, THE STRIKE FORCE IS CLOSING IN!

GODSPEED.



BWRRR

UNMARKED STRIKER EN ROUTE TO THE SIGNAL! ENGAGE?



IT'LL WIPE OUT THE ENERGY SUPPLY FOR MILLIONS ON EARTH!

FIRE!



RATATATA



WHO THE--Z DROP YOUR ATTACK!



HELLOOOOZ! BREAKFAST?! THE SERVICE HERE IS TERRIBLE!



BREAK... BZZT... FAST...!

?! THEY'RE THREATENING US!



WE'VE CALLED IN OUR LAST RESORT, SIR. THE EXPERT...



BÉNÉDICTINE BRANDY!



HAND ME YOUR MIC.

EXPERT? DOES THAT MEAN YOU HAVE THIS UNDER CONTROL?

NO.



OUR ODDS HAVE SIMPLY GONE FROM NULL TO SLIM.

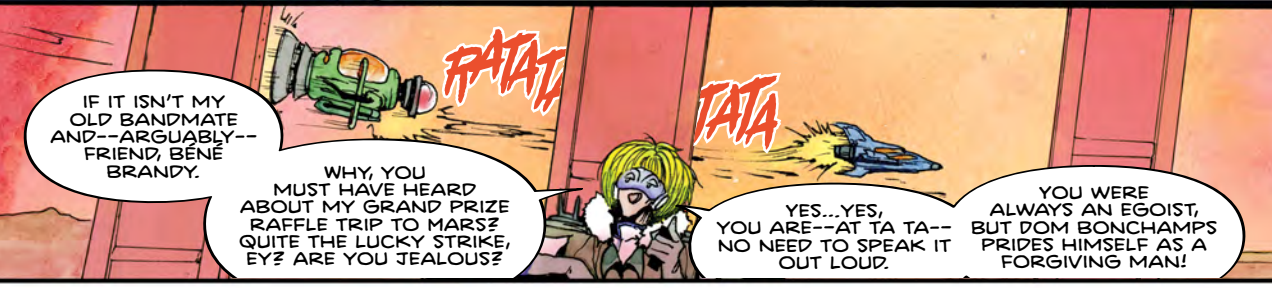
SNATCH



DOM BONCHAMPS, FREEZE WHERE YOU STAND.



WELL. WELL. WELL.

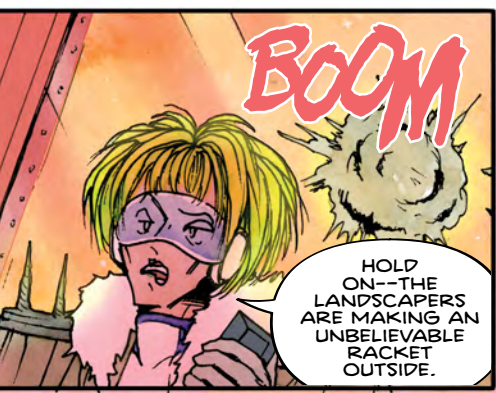


IF IT ISN'T MY OLD BANDMATE AND--ARGUABLY--FRIEND, BENE BRANDY.

WHY, YOU MUST HAVE HEARD ABOUT MY GRAND PRIZE RAFFLE TRIP TO MARSZ QUITE THE LUCKY STRIKE, EYZ ARE YOU JEALOUS?

YES... YES, YOU ARE--AT TA TAA-- NO NEED TO SPEAK IT OUT LOUD.

YOU WERE ALWAYS AN EGOIST, BUT DOM BONCHAMPS PRIDES HIMSELF AS A FORGIVING MAN!



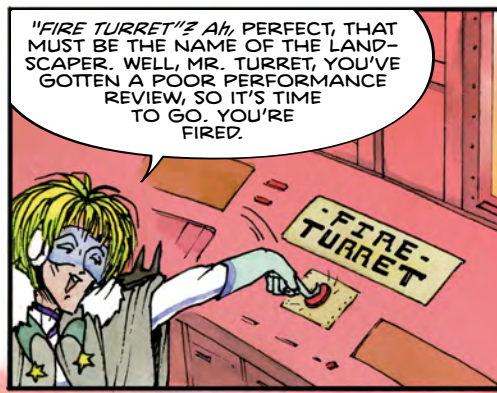
BOOM

HOLD ON--THE LANDSCAPERS ARE MAKING AN UNBELIEVABLE RACKET OUTSIDE.

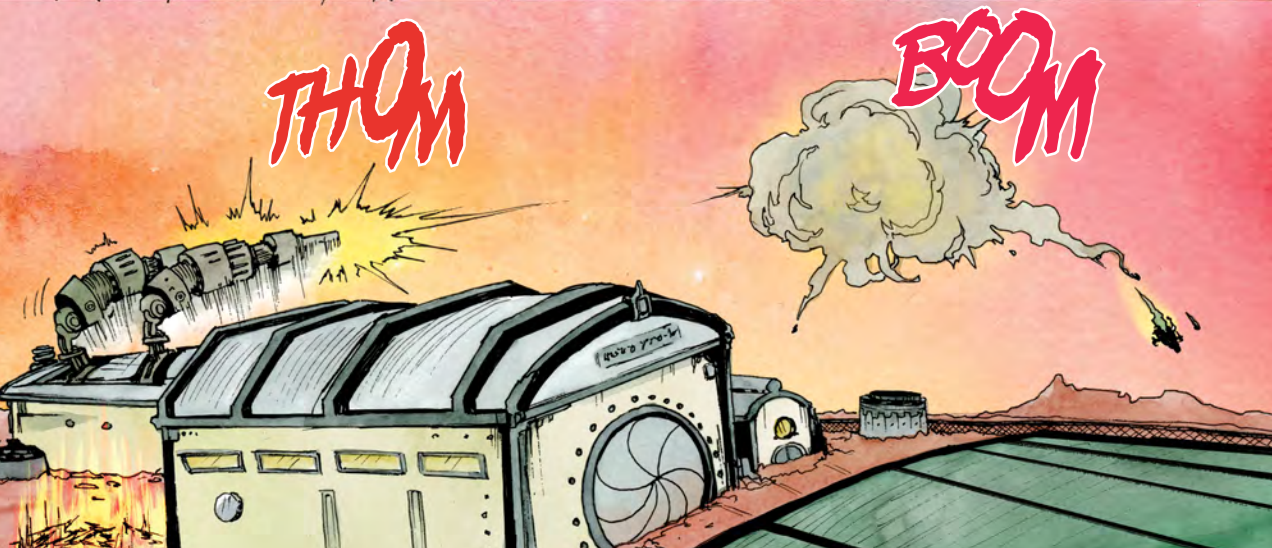


WE DID IT! WE SAVED THE MARS BASE!

NOW LET'S GO RESCUE THE DISTRESS CALLER!



"FIRE TURRET"? Ah, PERFECT, THAT MUST BE THE NAME OF THE LANDSCAPER. WELL, MR. TURRET, YOU'VE GOTTEN A POOR PERFORMANCE REVIEW, SO IT'S TIME TO GO. YOU'RE FIRED.



THOM

BOOM



MUCH BETTER!  
Ooh, RATIONS! I GUESS THAT WILL DO UNTIL I FIND THE ROOM SERVICE.

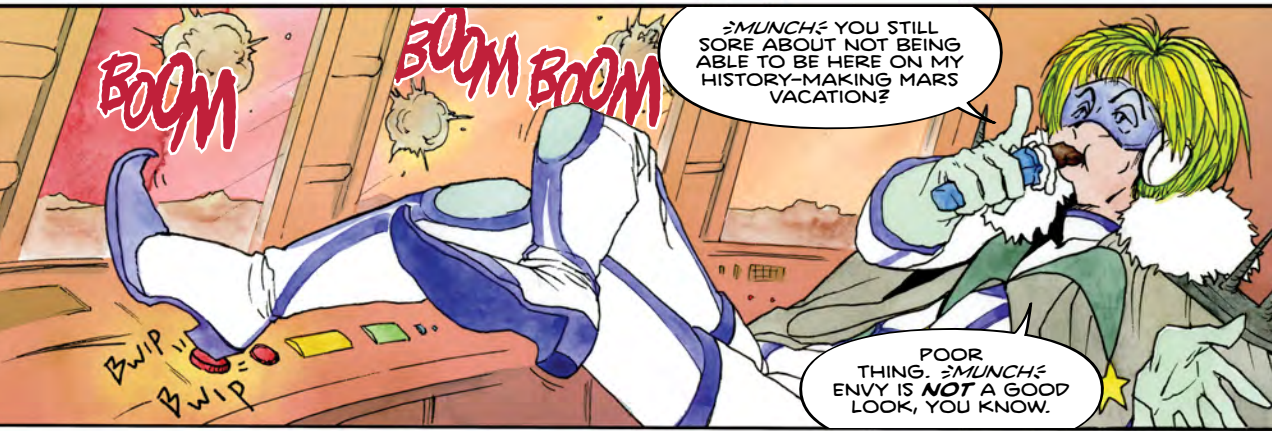
...



YOU MAY TAKE OFFENSE TO THE SUDDEN FIRING OF THE LANDSCAPER, BUT SOMETIMES IT'S JUST NOT A GOOD FIT, NOTHING PERSONAL.

I EVEN SPARED HIM THE SHAME OF NOT FACING ME--HIS SHAME--DIRECTLY, OL' DOM BONCHAMPS IS NOTHING IF NOT AFFABLE!

PLEASE, STOP TOUCHING THINGS.



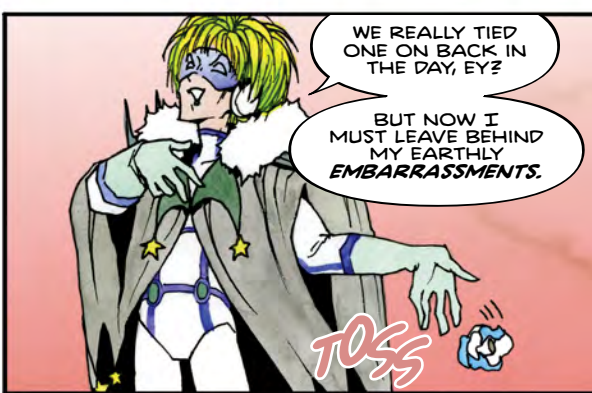
BOOM BOOM BOOM

≡MUNCH≡ YOU STILL SORE ABOUT NOT BEING ABLE TO BE HERE ON MY HISTORY-MAKING MARS VACATION?

POOR THING. ≡MUNCH≡ ENVY IS NOT A GOOD LOOK, YOU KNOW.



≡MUNCH≡ EMBARRASSING, ACTUALLY.



WE REALLY TIED ONE ON BACK IN THE DAY, EY?

BUT NOW I MUST LEAVE BEHIND MY EARTHLY EMBARRASMENTS.

TOSS



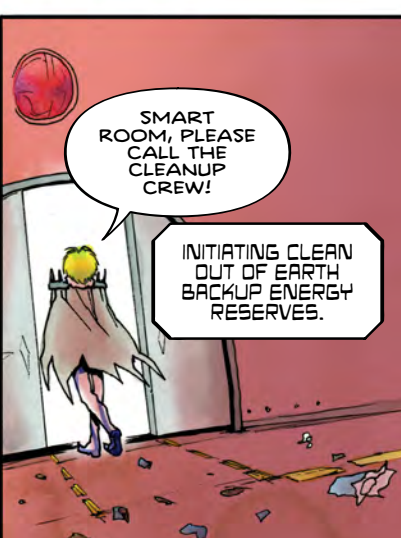
SHUT UP, YOU... CLOWN!

YOU ARE A MENACE, BONCHAMPS! HEAR ME? A WALKING NATURAL DISASTER! I'VE CURSED THE GODS SINCE THE MOMENT I MET YOU!



YIKES, MORE LIKE "VINDICT-INE BRANDY."

AND WHO LEFT ALL THIS TRASH IN HERE?



SMART ROOM, PLEASE CALL THE CLEANUP CREW!

INITIATING CLEAN OUT OF EARTH BACKUP ENERGY RESERVES.

**EMERGENCY  
PRESSURE SUIT**

Ooh! THERE WE ARE, A REAL SPACESUIT!

STAY WHERE YOU ARE, BONCHAMPS!

YOU'VE REALLY BECOME QUITE THE WET RAG LATELY, EY?

I'LL BE LEAVING NOW!

STOP!

CALL ME AGAIN ONCE YOU'VE FOUND A THERAPIST FOR THAT UNFORTUNATE PETTINESS OF YOURS!

DOM BONCHAMPS IS A STRONG BELIEVER IN PERSONAL GROWTH!

Ah, THE CALM POWER OF THE MARTIAN TUNDRA. ONLY ONE WITH SUCH ASTUTE EYES AS MYSELF CAN APPRECIATE THE SHEER MAGNIFICENCE OF A SIGHT LIKE THIS.

I AM REALLY THE WORLD'S FIRST, TRUE MARTIAN MAN! Aha!

MAYBE I'LL EVEN DISCOVER SOME UNKNOWN ALIEN SPECIES, oh MY!

HOW CAN ONE MAN CAUSE SO MUCH DESTRUCTION? IS HE SOME KIND OF EVIL GENIUS?

HE'S A FUCKING IDIOT.

THAT MAN IS SIMULTANEOUSLY THE LUCKIEST AND UNLUCKIEST BEING ON EARTH. CARNAGE IS GUARANTEED TO FOLLOW IN HIS WAKE, YET HE'S UNKILLABLE.

"WE THOUGHT FREEZING HIM AND SENDING HIM AS FAR FROM EARTH AS POSSIBLE WOULD SAVE US, BUT NOW..."

DOOT DOOT DOOT, MARTIAN MAAAAAN!

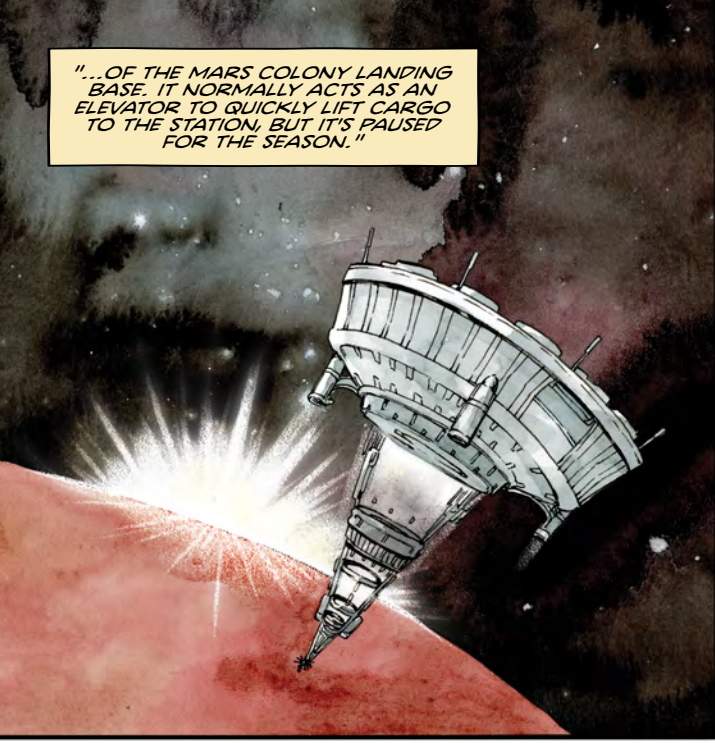
SSSSHHH

HRMZ! WHAT'S ALL THIS, THEN? AN UGLY CAR ACCIDENT RUINING MY VIEW?!

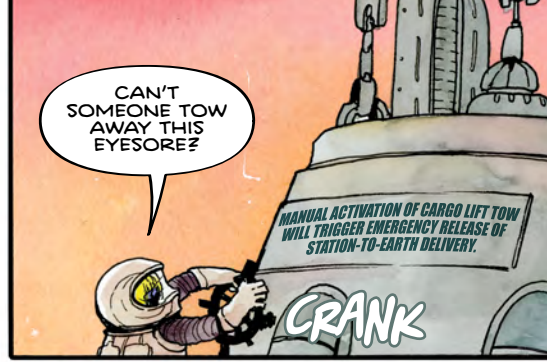
HOLD ON, WHAT IS THAT?

IT'S THE ANCHOR...

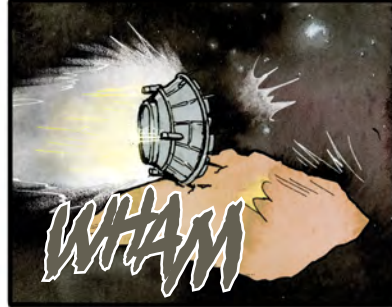
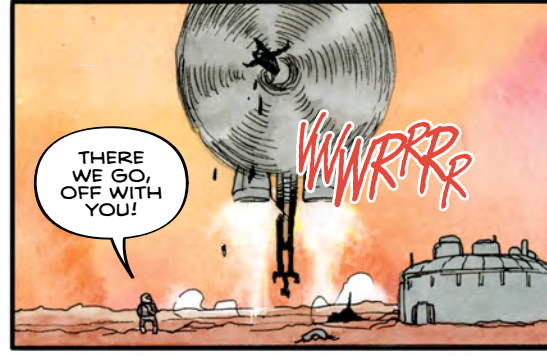
"...OF THE MARS COLONY LANDING BASE. IT NORMALLY ACTS AS AN ELEVATOR TO QUICKLY LIFT CARGO TO THE STATION, BUT IT'S PAUSED FOR THE SEASON."



CAN'T SOMEONE TOW AWAY THIS EYESORE?!



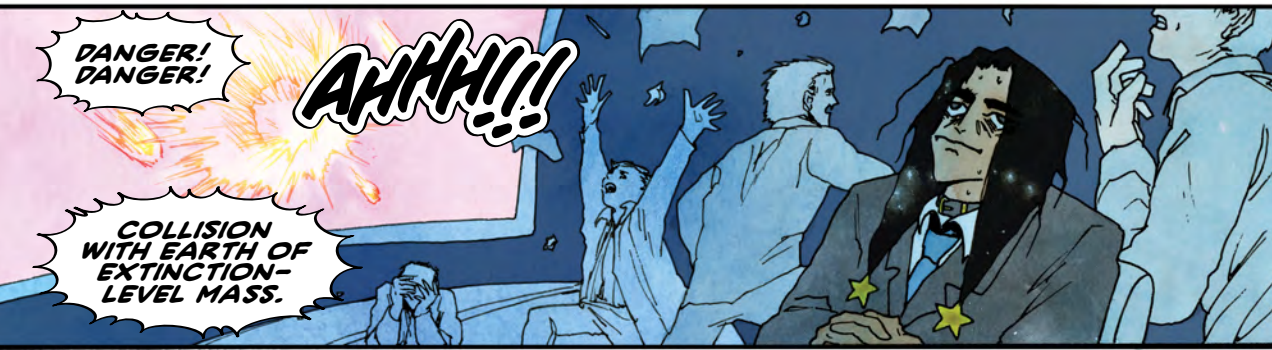
THERE WE GO, OFF WITH YOU!



DANGER!  
DANGER!

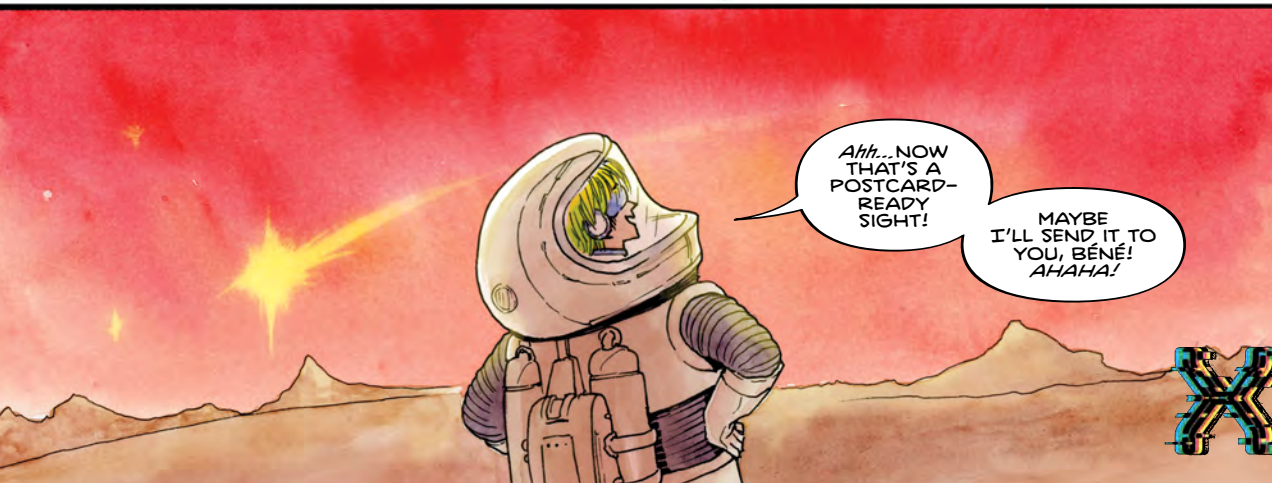
AHHH!!!

COLLISION WITH EARTH OF EXTINCTION-LEVEL MASS.



Ahh...NOW THAT'S A POSTCARD-READY SIGHT!

MAYBE I'LL SEND IT TO YOU, BÉNÉ!  
AHAHA!



# VISCERAL

Written by Justin JORDAN  
Illustrated by Molly MENDOZA  
Lettered by Jim CAMPBELL

"We're lost."

I THINK WE'VE ESTABLISHED THAT. IT WOULDN'T BE A DEATH HIKE WITHOUT SOME CALAMITY.

ONE, I REALLY WISH YOU AND CIARAN WOULDN'T CALL THEM THAT. TWO, I MEAN WE'RE LOST LOST.

TERRIFIC. I AM ONCE AGAIN REMINDED WHY WE ONLY DO THESE EVERY COUPLE YEARS.

THIS IS WRONG.

THE TRAIL ISN'T WHERE IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE.

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

IT MEANS THE MAP IS WRONG.

OR YOU'RE READING IT WRONG.

SHE ISN'T. THE GPS IS WRONG, TOO.

WHERE IT TELLS ME WE ARE, WHAT WE SHOULD SEE... THIS ISN'T IT.

AGAIN, WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

IT MEANS WE'VE GOT A PROBLEM.

IF YOU GUYS CAN TAKE A BREAK FROM THE BICKERING, THERE'S SOMETHING... WELL, COME SEE.

OKAY...



THAT'S...

WRONG. THERE SHOULDN'T BE A TOWN HERE.

WELL, THERE'S DEFINITELY A TOWN HERE.

APPARENTLY WE'RE A LOT MORE LOST THAN WE THINK.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

SOMETHING MORE SENSIBLE THAN WANDERING ABOUT IN THE WOODS.

DID YOU EVER WONDER WHY WE'RE YOUR ONLY FRIENDS?

*>>SIGH<<*  
HOLD UP, I'M COMING.



LOOK AT THIS PLACE. IT'S...WRONG. WHERE DO THE ROADS GO?

I KNOW. IT HAS TO BE... MAYBE SOME KIND OF TRAINING PLACE? OR A TEST?

LIKE THE FAKE TOWN THEY TESTED ATOMIC BOMBS ON.

AND YOU WANT TO GO DOWN THERE?

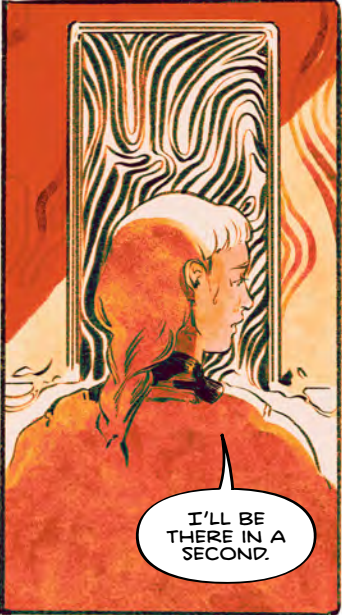
"WANT" DOESN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT.

WE'RE LOST, WE'RE ALMOST OUT OF FOOD, AND THE BOYS HAVE ALREADY MADE A DECISION. YOU STAY UP THERE IF YOU WANT.



SHIT.



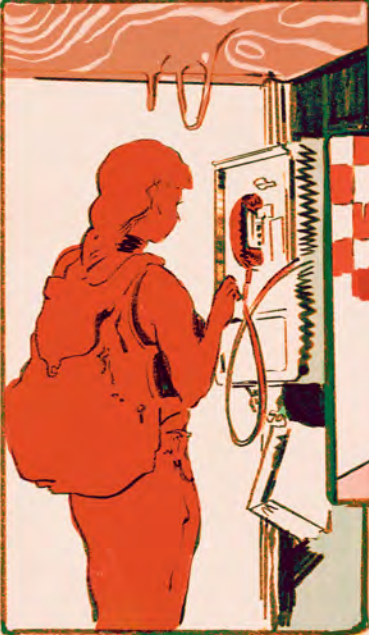




THAT'S DISAPPOINTING.

OKAY, WHAT THE FUCK?

I DON'T LIKE THIS.



HOPEFULLY THE PHONE WORKS.



THIS ISN'T FOOD. IT FEELS LIKE... BONE?



THIS MENU... IT'S PART OF THE COUNTER.



WHAT THE...



...HELL?



THIS ISN'T A PHONE.



THE WRITING ON THIS IS GIBBERISH. NOTHING IN THIS TOWN MAKES SENSE...



DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING. IT'S--



"Alive."



AHHH

HAHH



NO.



MORGAN!



NO, NO, NO.



PLEASE!



Oh...



"Oh God."



"...TRAP!"



THE LONG-DORMANT SANDS OF TIME WERE ONCE AGAIN BEGINNING TO SWIRL.

BIG THINGS WERE HAPPENING.

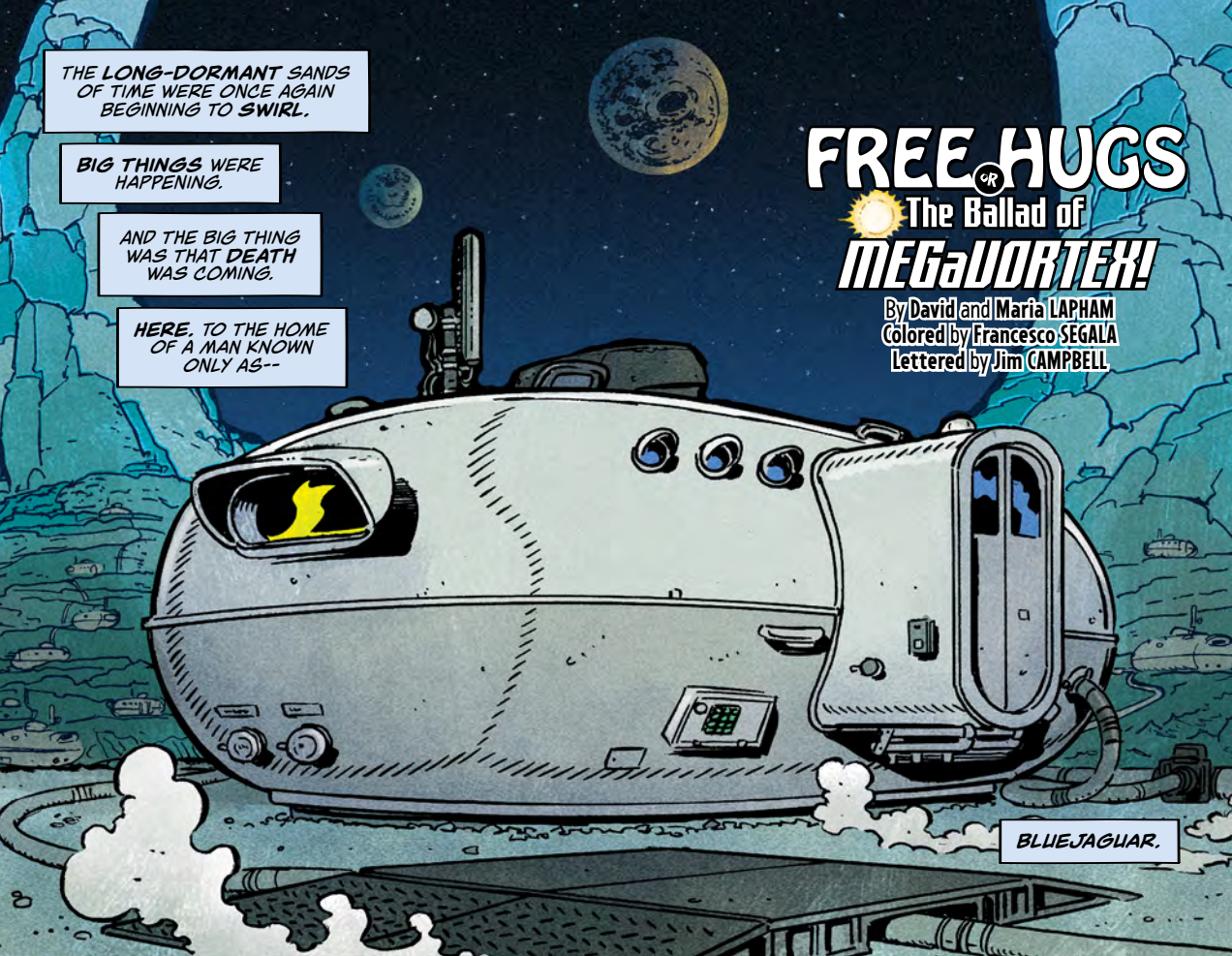
AND THE BIG THING WAS THAT DEATH WAS COMING.

HERE, TO THE HOME OF A MAN KNOWN ONLY AS--

# FREE <sup>OR</sup> HUGS

## The Ballad of MEGAVORTEX!

By David and Maria LAPHAM  
Colored by Francesco SEGALA  
Lettered by Jim CAMPBELL



BLUEJAGUAR.

**TRIAL NAME CHANGE PORTAL**

**Your Selections:**

- MEGAVORTEX      HOLDING...
- RenegadeTheGOD      HOLDING...

Your selections will be held for  
**24:57...**

Select only one.

Please confirm final choice & complete name change form.

**BLUE "FREAKIN'" JAGUAR**

**CONFIRM**

I WAS SIX WHEN I CHOSE IT.

WHEN MY FAVORITE COLOR MET MY FAVORITE ANIMAL.

I THINK I HAVE A STRAY SOCK THAT'S BLUE.

AND I'M ALLERGIC TO CATS.

OR SO THE HIST-O-MATIC TELLS ME.

THIS IS WITHOUT A DOUBT THE MOST MONUMENTAL DECISION OF MY LIFE.

**CONFIRM**



PASSWORDS, AVATARS,  
USERNAMES...

FEEES!

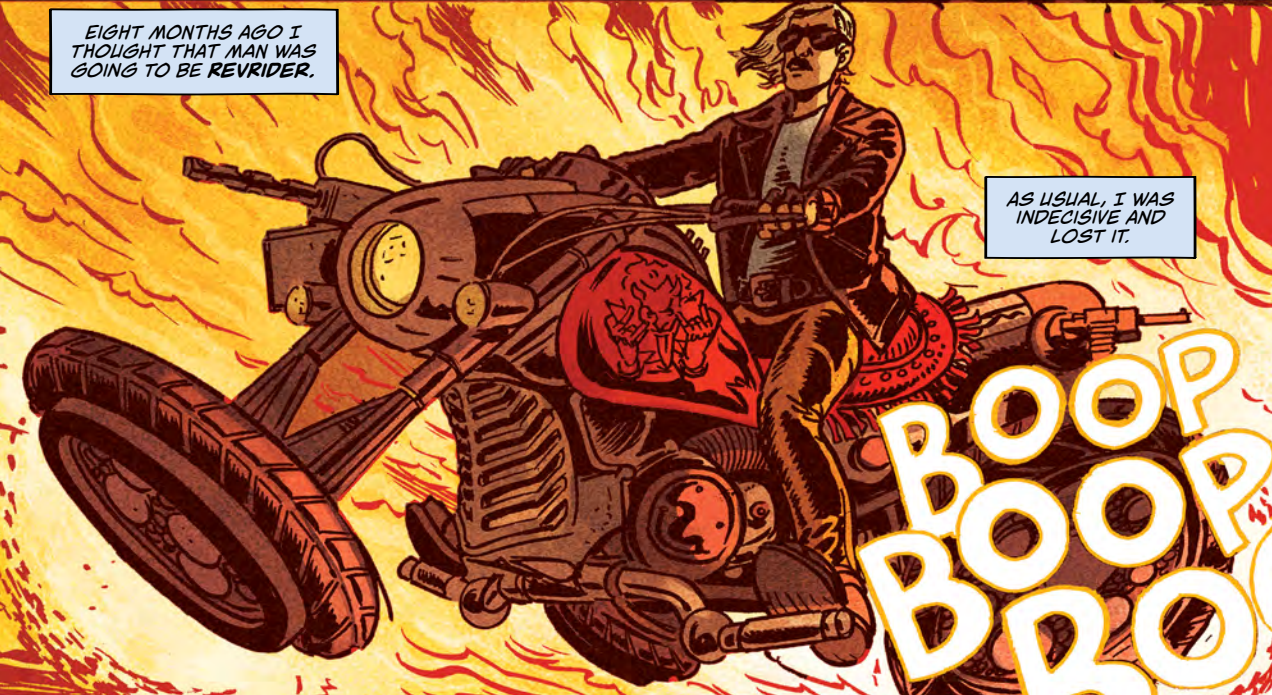
YOU CAN'T JUST GO  
CHANGING THIS STUFF  
WILLY-NILLY.

NOT WITHOUT PISSING  
EVERYONE OFF.

BUT I'M ABOUT TO TURN  
THIRTY, GET MARRIED,  
AND HAVE A BABY.

IT'S TIME FOR  
BLUEJAGUAR TO DIE,  
AND FROM THE ASHES,  
A NEW MAN SPAWN!

100%LUCKYLEMONS  
DESERVES TO KNOW  
WHAT KIND OF MAN  
SHE'S GETTING.



EIGHT MONTHS AGO I  
THOUGHT THAT MAN WAS  
GOING TO BE REVRIDER.

AS USUAL, I WAS  
INDECISIVE AND  
LOST IT.

BOOP  
BOOP  
BOOP



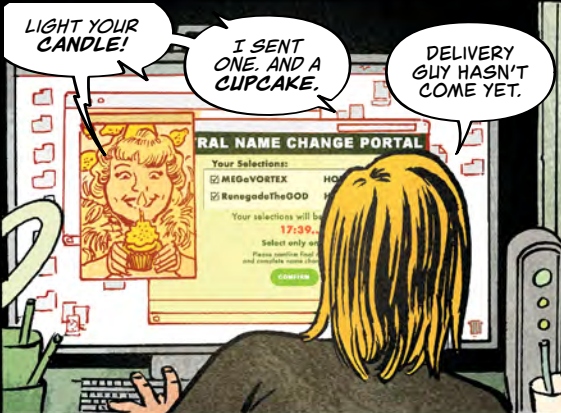
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, SWEETIE!



IT'S NOT TILL TOMORROW, LEMONS.

THAT'S WHAT MAKES IT A SURPRISE.

SURPRISE!



LIGHT YOUR CANDLE!

I SENT ONE, AND A CUPCAKE.

DELIVERY GUY HASN'T COME YET.

**VIRTUAL NAME CHANGE PORTAL**  
Your Selections:  
 MEG-VORTEX  
 RenegadeTheOOD  
Your selections will be...  
17:28...  
Select only one.  
Please confirm first and complete name change.



Oh, P.O.O. I WAS TOO EARLY.

I'LL CALL YOU BACK WHEN--

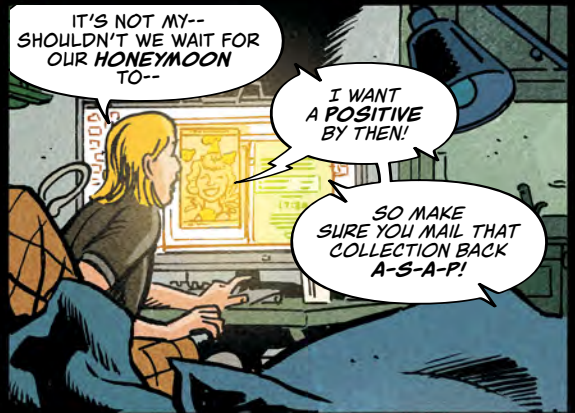
DID YOU GET THE BABY BANG KIT?



Um...SUPPOSED TO ARRIVE TODAY.

WITH MY CUPCAKE!

IT'S GOING TO BE A SPICY BIRTHDAY FOR YOU!



IT'S NOT MY-- SHOULD'N'T WE WAIT FOR OUR HONEYMOON TO--

I WANT A POSITIVE BY THEN!

SO MAKE SURE YOU MAIL THAT COLLECTION BACK A-S-A-P!



IS SKIING EVEN HEALTHY FOR A BABY?

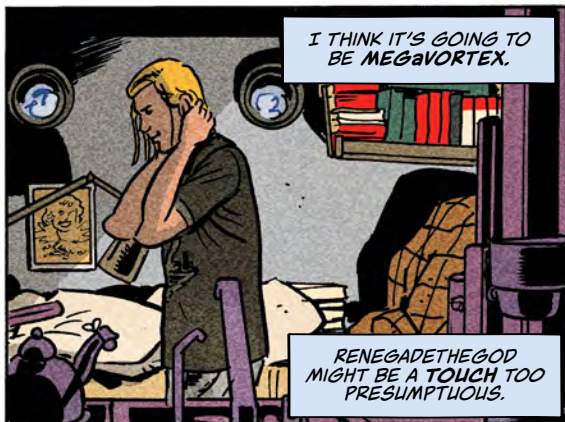
I THINK A BABY CAN HANDLE VIRTUAL SKIING, BEEJ.



**BING BONG**

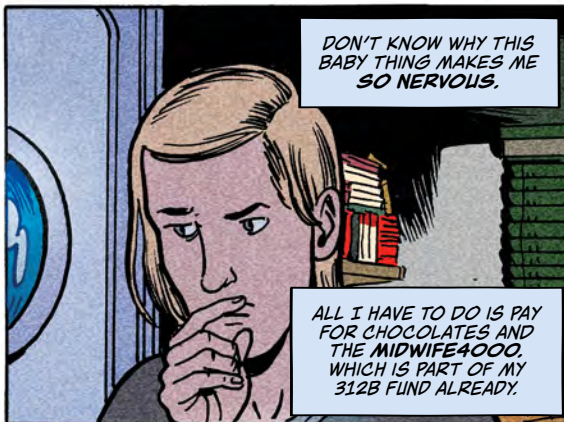
Oh, THAT'S THE DELIVERY GUY. CALL YOU LATER.

**KLIK**



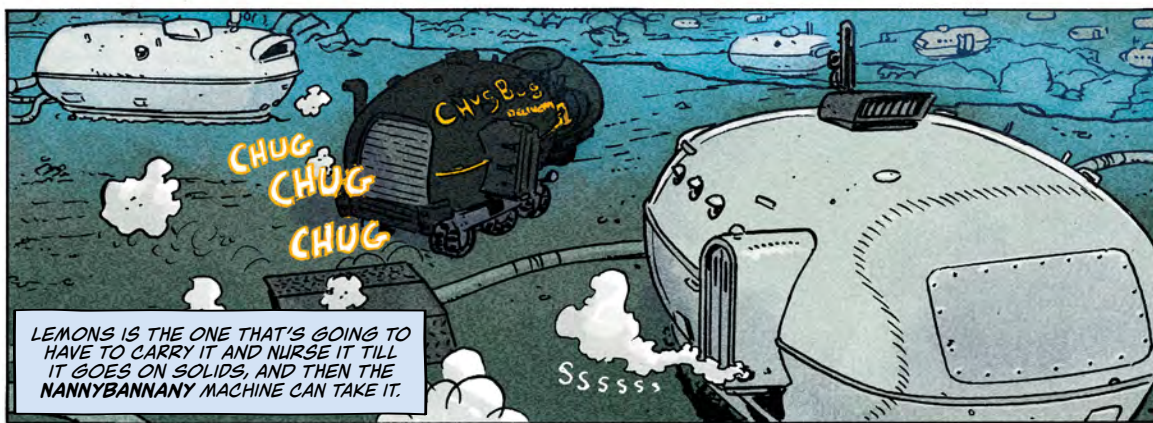
I THINK IT'S GOING TO BE MEGAVORTEX.

RENEGADETHEGOD MIGHT BE A TOUCH TOO PRESUMPTUOUS.



DON'T KNOW WHY THIS BABY THING MAKES ME SO NERVOUS.

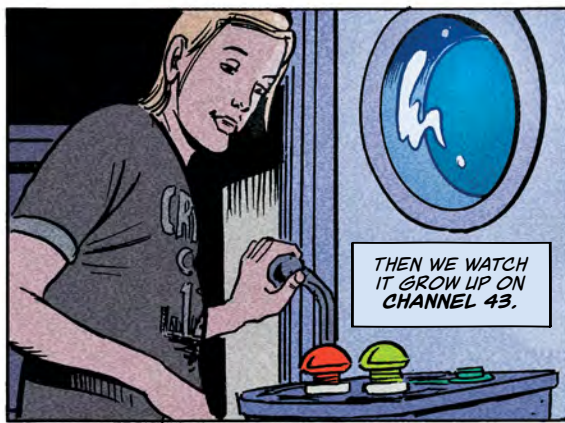
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS PAY FOR CHOCOLATES AND THE MIDWIFE400, WHICH IS PART OF MY 312B FUND ALREADY.



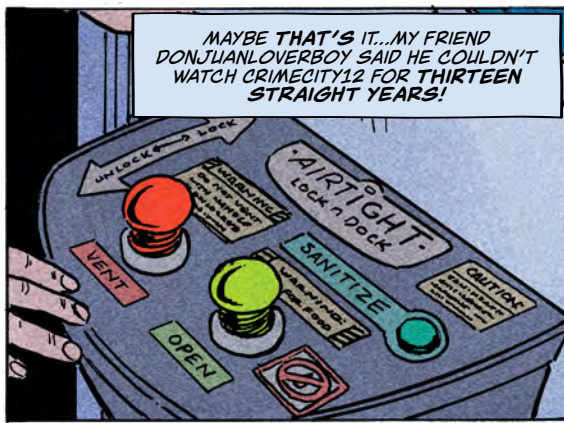
CHUG  
CHUG  
CHUG

SSSSSS

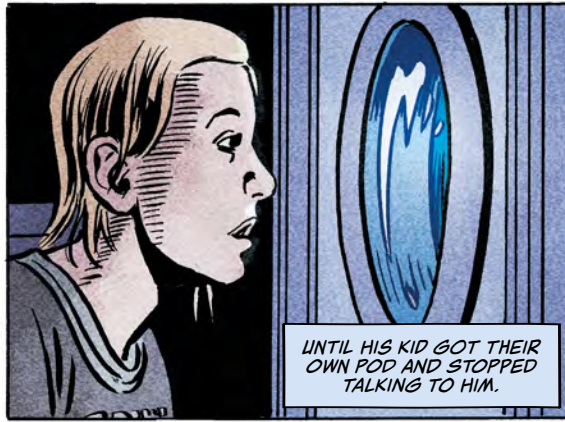
LEMONS IS THE ONE THAT'S GOING TO HAVE TO CARRY IT AND NURSE IT TILL IT GOES ON SOLIDS, AND THEN THE NANNYBANNANY MACHINE CAN TAKE IT.



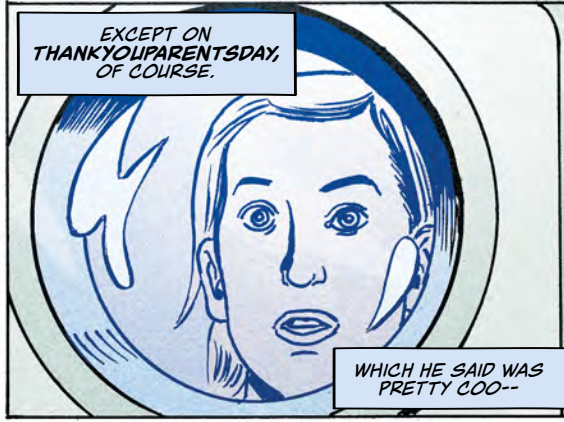
THEN WE WATCH IT GROW UP ON CHANNEL 43.



MAYBE THAT'S IT...MY FRIEND DONJUANLOVERBOY SAID HE COULDN'T WATCH CRIMECITY12 FOR THIRTEEN STRAIGHT YEARS!

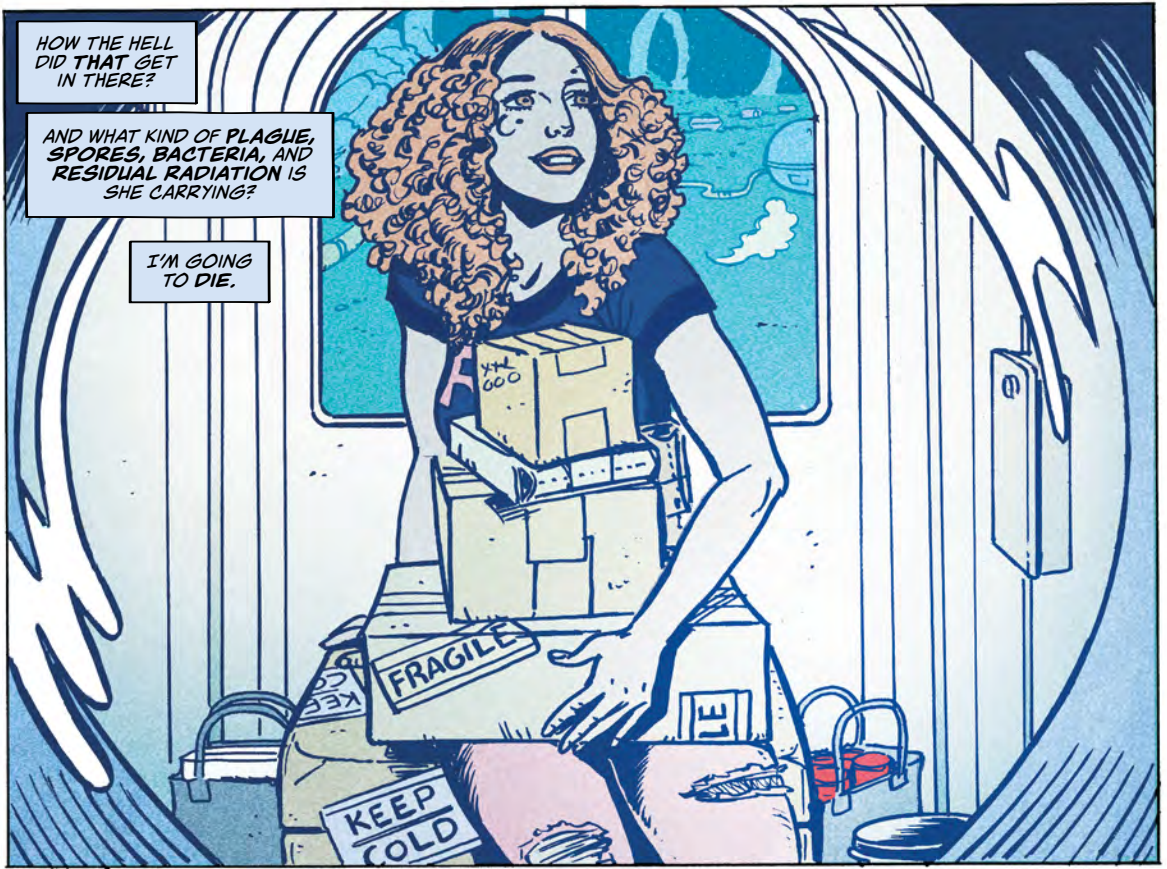


UNTIL HIS KID GOT THEIR OWN POD AND STOPPED TALKING TO HIM.



EXCEPT ON THANKYOUARENTSDAY, OF COURSE.

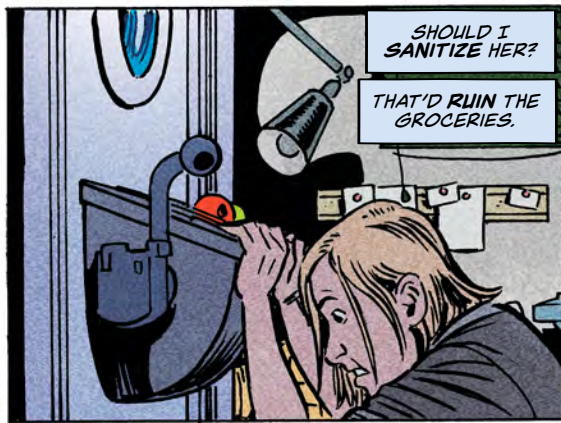
WHICH HE SAID WAS PRETTY COO--



HOW THE HELL DID THAT GET IN THERE?

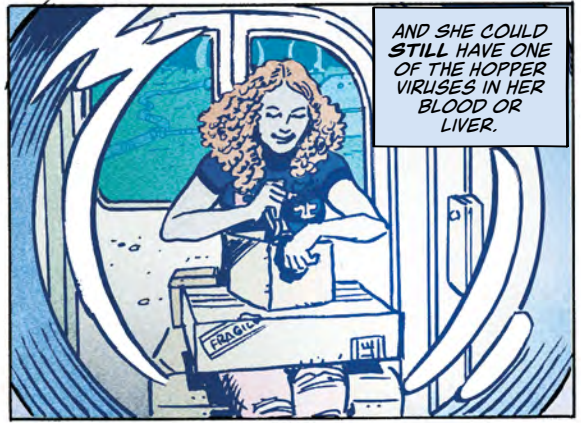
AND WHAT KIND OF PLAGUE, SPORES, BACTERIA, AND RESIDUAL RADIATION IS SHE CARRYING?

I'M GOING TO DIE.

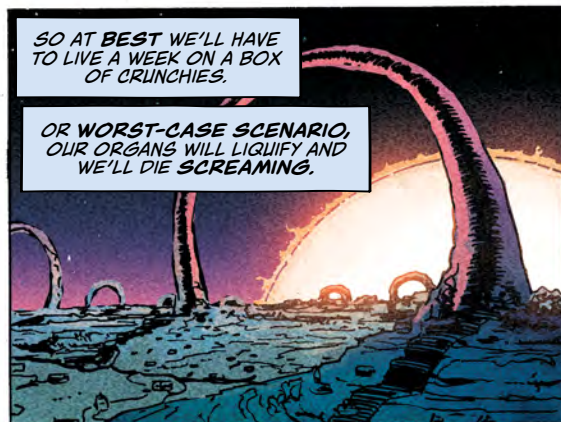


SHOULD I SANITIZE HER?

THAT'D RUIN THE GROCERIES.

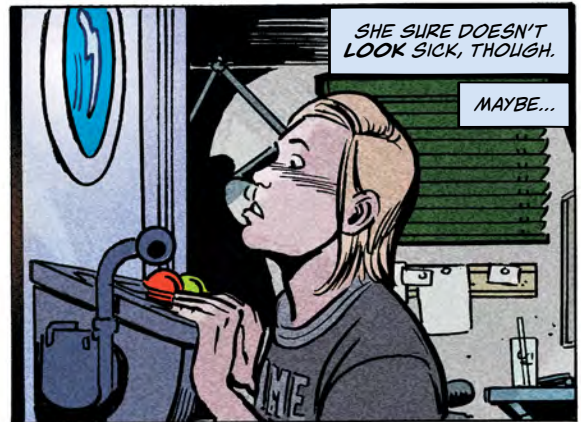


AND SHE COULD STILL HAVE ONE OF THE HOPPER VIRUSES IN HER BLOOD OR LIVER.



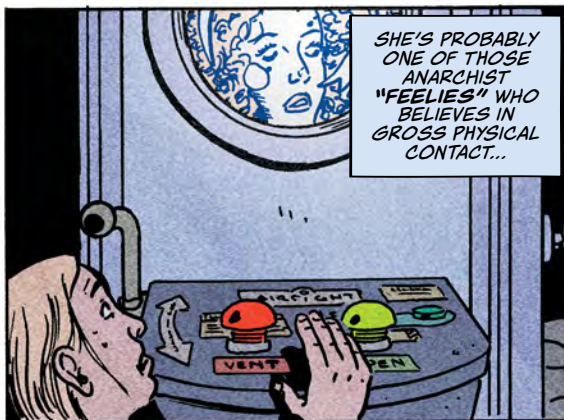
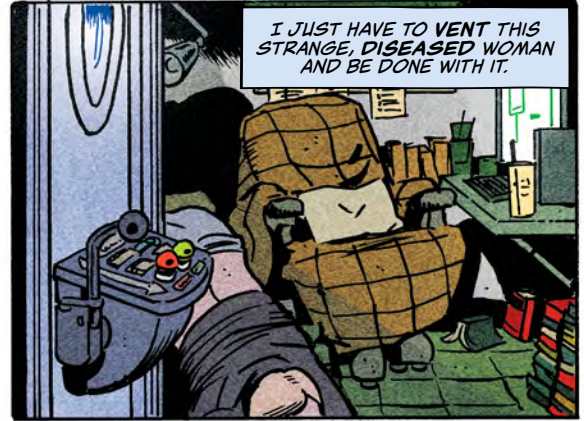
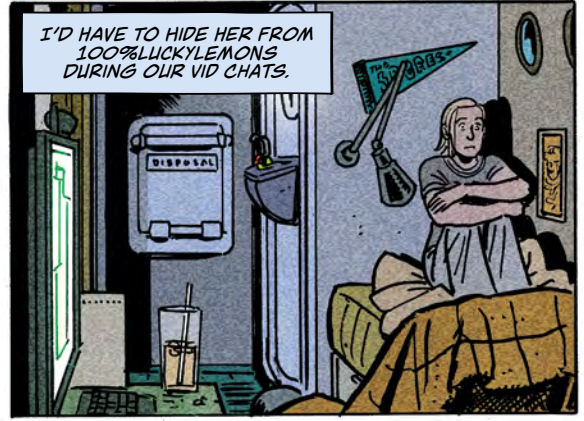
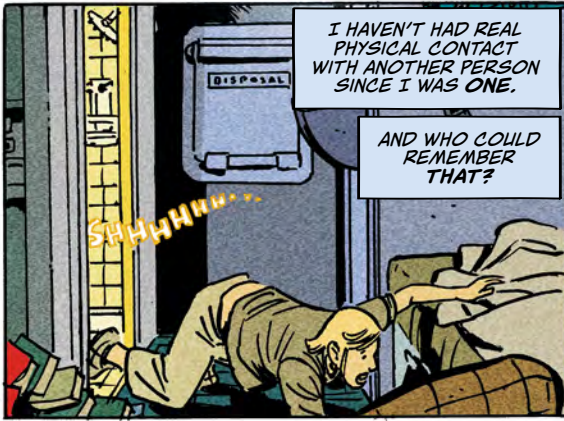
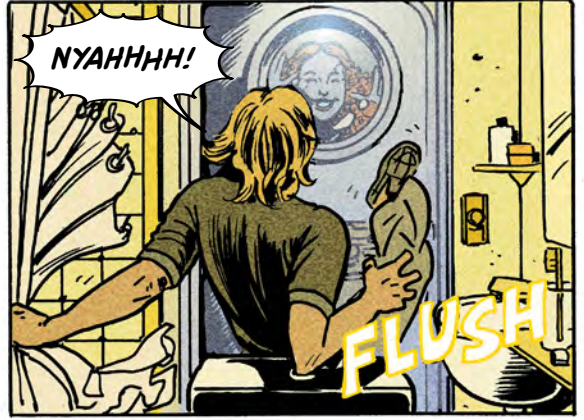
SO AT BEST WE'LL HAVE TO LIVE A WEEK ON A BOX OF CRUNCHIES.

OR WORST-CASE SCENARIO, OUR ORGANS WILL LIQUIFY AND WE'LL DIE SCREAMING.



SHE SURE DOESN'T LOOK SICK, THOUGH.

MAYBE...

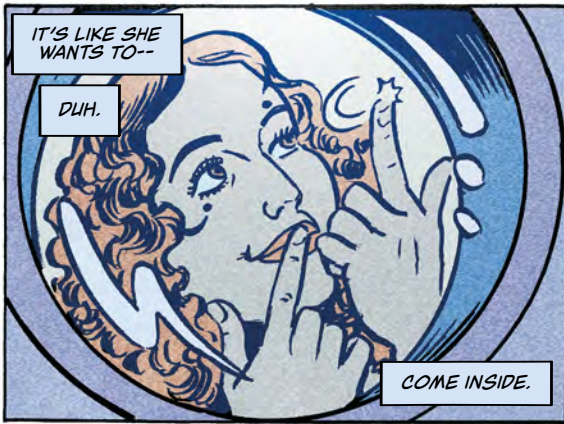




OH CRAP, CHARADES?



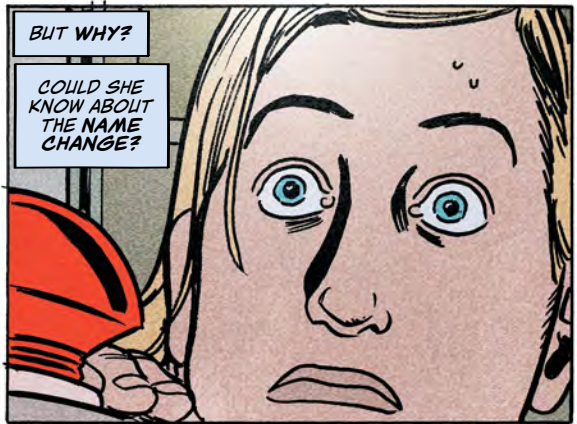
LEMONS KICKS MY ASS AT CHARADES.



IT'S LIKE SHE WANTS TO--

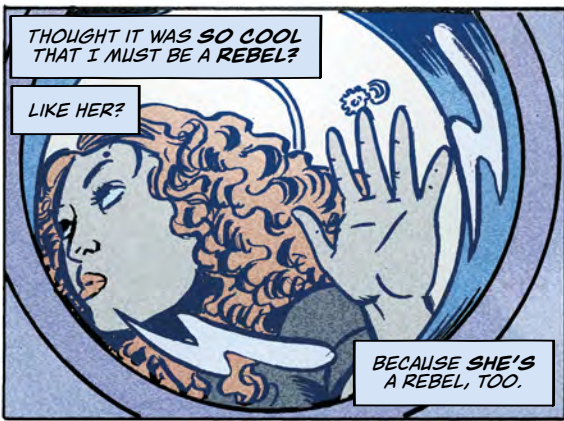
DUH.

COME INSIDE.



BUT WHY?

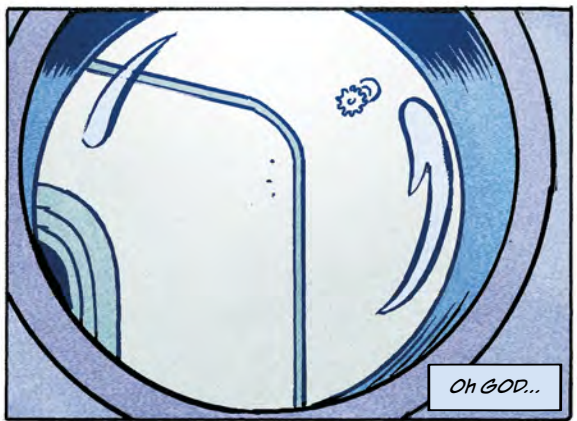
COULD SHE KNOW ABOUT THE NAME CHANGE?



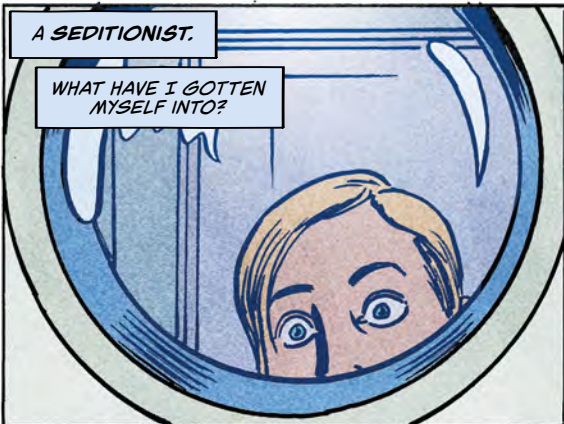
THOUGHT IT WAS SO COOL THAT I MUST BE A REBEL?

LIKE HER?

BECAUSE SHE'S A REBEL, TOO.

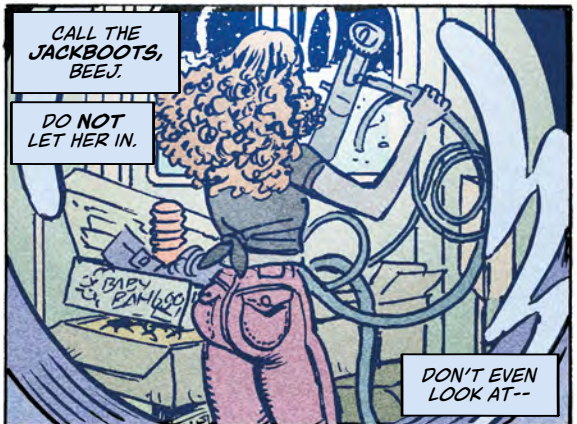


Oh GOD...



A SEDITIONIST.

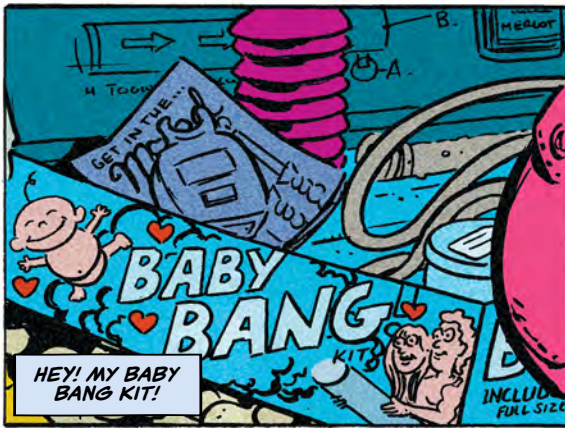
WHAT HAVE I GOTTEN MYSELF INTO?



CALL THE JACKBOOTS, BEEJ.

DO NOT LET HER IN.

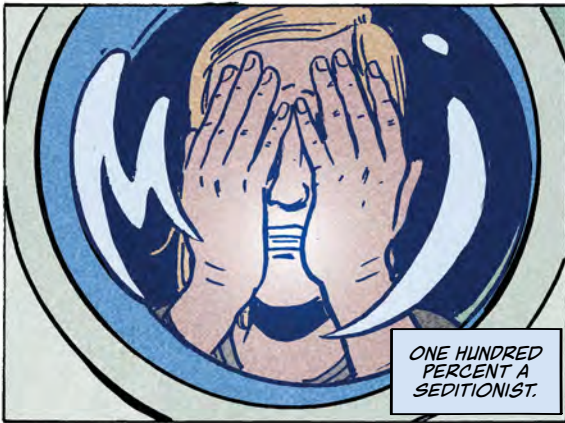
DON'T EVEN LOOK AT--



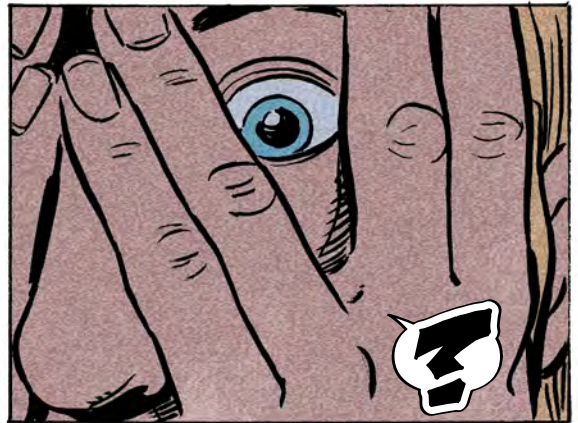
HEY! MY BABY BANG KIT!



AND THE CUPCAKE...



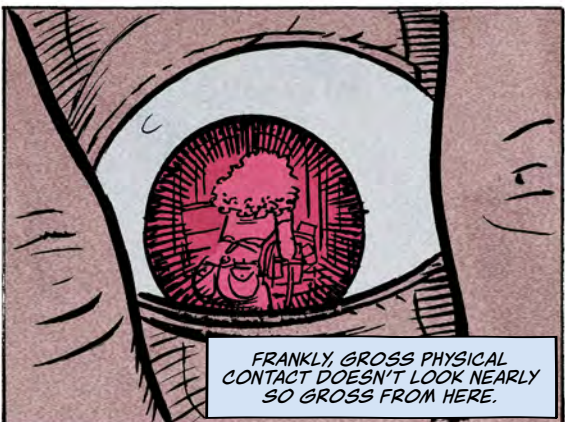
ONE HUNDRED PERCENT A SEDITIONIST.



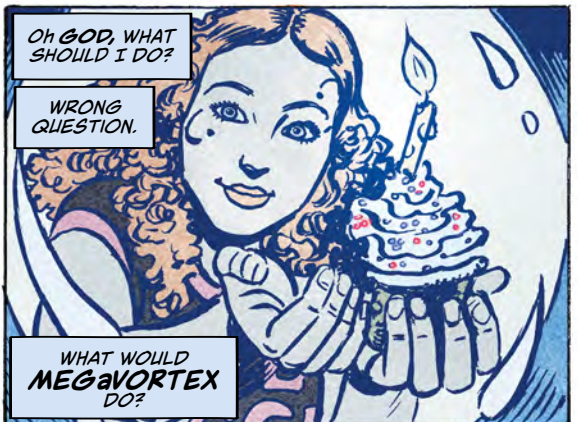
GROSS PHYSICAL CONTACT.



I KNEW IT.



FRANKLY, GROSS PHYSICAL CONTACT DOESN'T LOOK NEARLY SO GROSS FROM HERE.



Oh GOD, WHAT SHOULD I DO?

WRONG QUESTION.

WHAT WOULD MEGAVORTEX DO?

I KNOW...

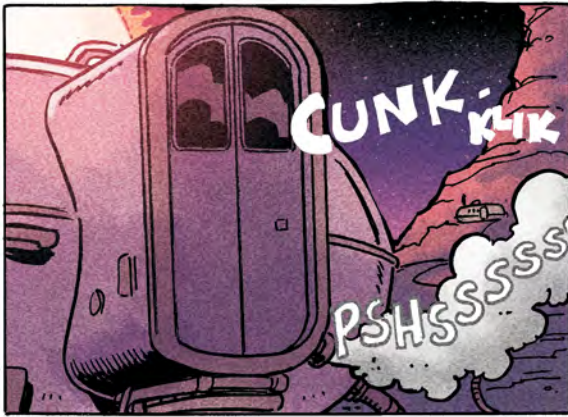
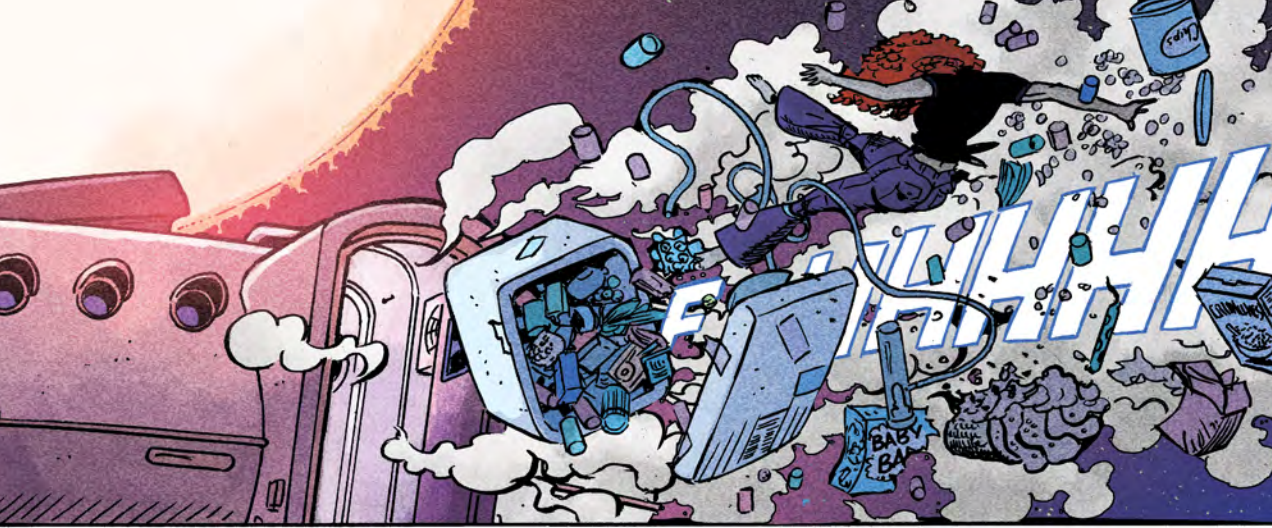
I KNOW EXACTLY  
WHAT MEGA-VORTEX  
WOULD DO.



HE'D GET SOME  
GODDAMN FREE  
HUGS AND SAVE  
THE FRICKIN'  
UNIVERSE!

THAT'S WHAT  
HE'D DO.





**TRIAL NAME CHANGE PORTAL**

Your Selections:

- MEGaVORTEX NOT AVAILABLE
- RenegadeTheGOD NOT AVAILABLE

**YOUR TIME HAS RUN OUT**

**00:00**

Your selections are **NOT** available

Input new name to check database before submitting name change form

**GO BACK TO START**



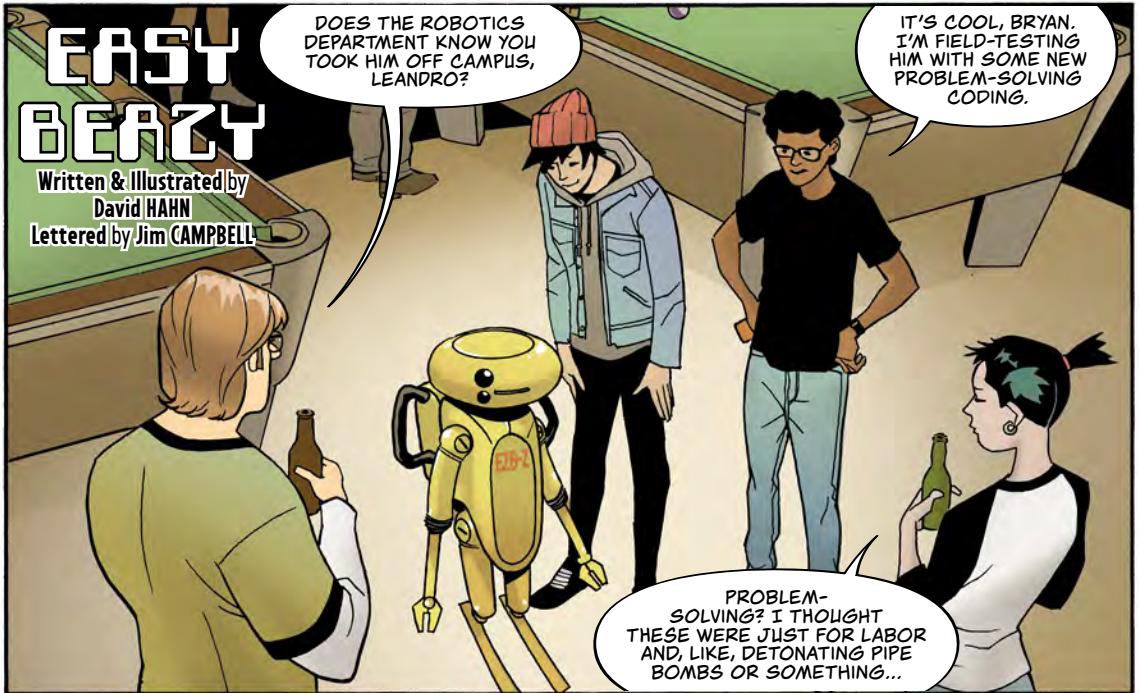
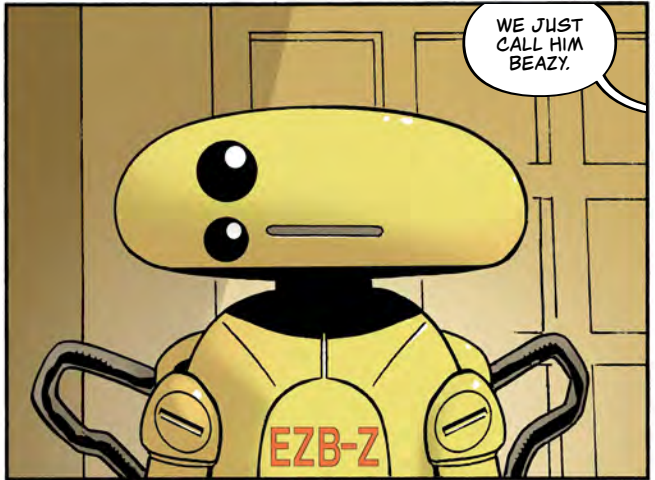
BLUEJAGUAR IT IS THEN.

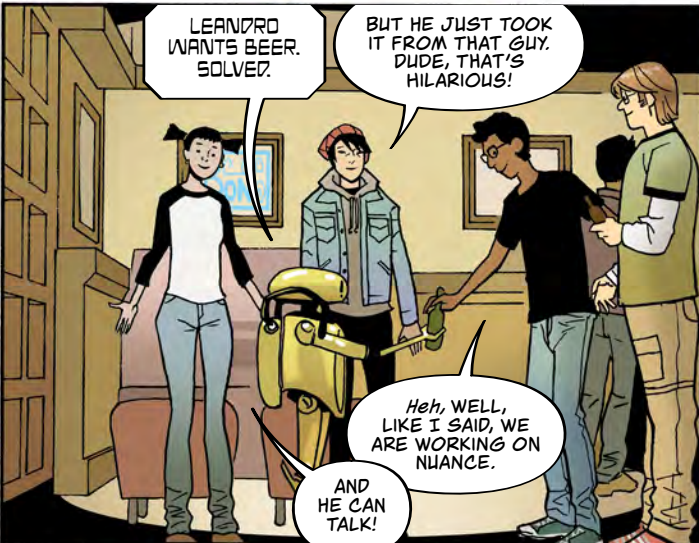
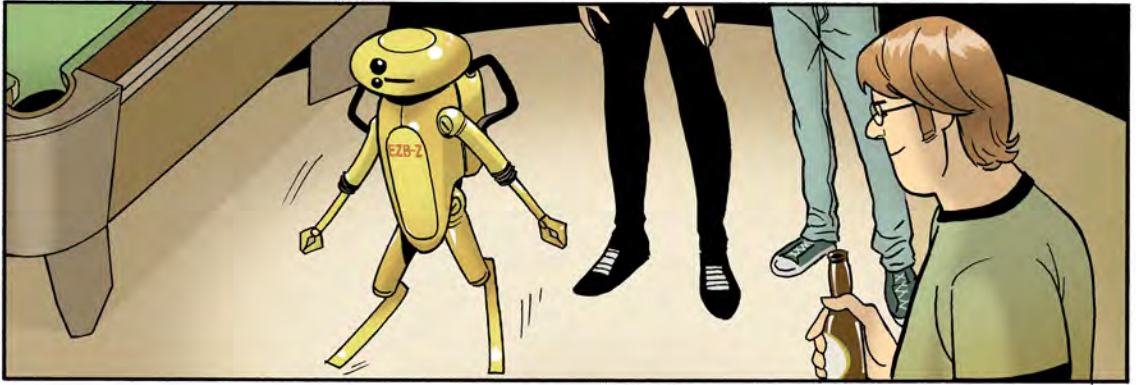
BLUE "FREAKIN'" JAGUAR.

- Flower of Us
- TO DO**
1. WAKE UP.
  2. FALL OUT OF BED
  3. DRAG A COMB ACROSS MY HEAD.
  4. COFFEE!

=SIGH=









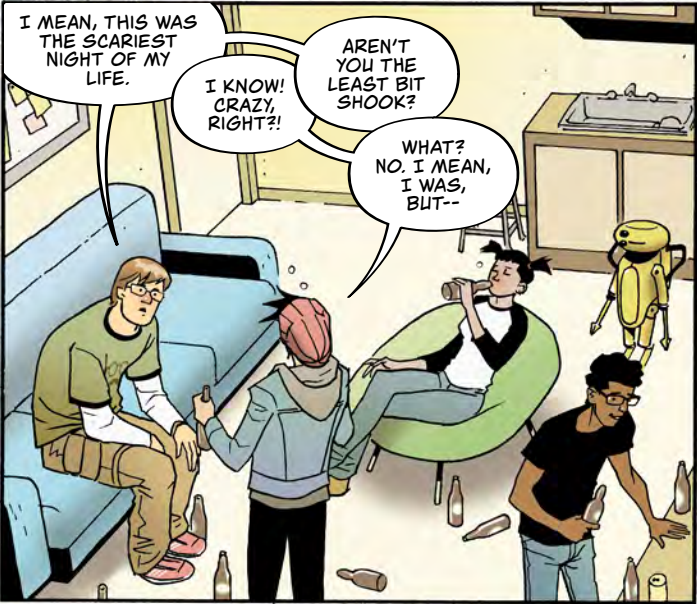


WE'LL BE IN TOUCH IF WE NEED ANYTHING ELSE. CALL ME IF YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO ADD TO YOUR STATEMENT.

YOU GUYS ARE DOING SOME INCREDIBLE WORK AT YOUR SCHOOL.

THAT'S NOT HOW I EXPECTED MY NIGHT TO END UP.

SAME! LET'S CONTINUE THIS PARTY BACK AT THE DORM!



I MEAN, THIS WAS THE SCARIEST NIGHT OF MY LIFE.

I KNOW! CRAZY, RIGHT?!

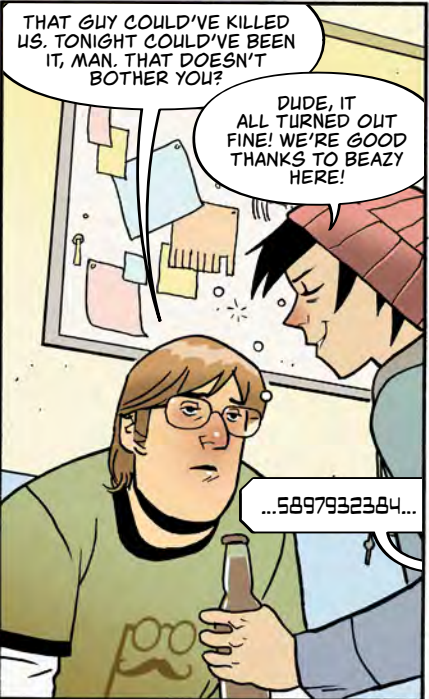
AREN'T YOU THE LEAST BIT SHOOK?

WHAT? NO. I MEAN, I WAS, BUT--



HEY, BEAZY, SOLVE FOR PI! OR...I MEAN...PI, SOLVE!

SOLVE FOR PI. 3.141592653...



THAT GUY COULD'VE KILLED US. TONIGHT COULD'VE BEEN IT, MAN. THAT DOESN'T BOTHER YOU?

DUDE, IT ALL TURNED OUT FINE! WE'RE GOOD THANKS TO BEAZY HERE!

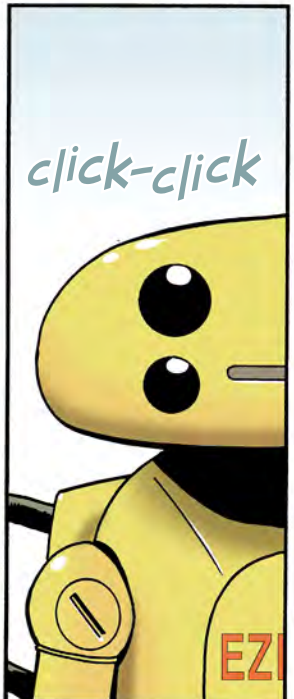
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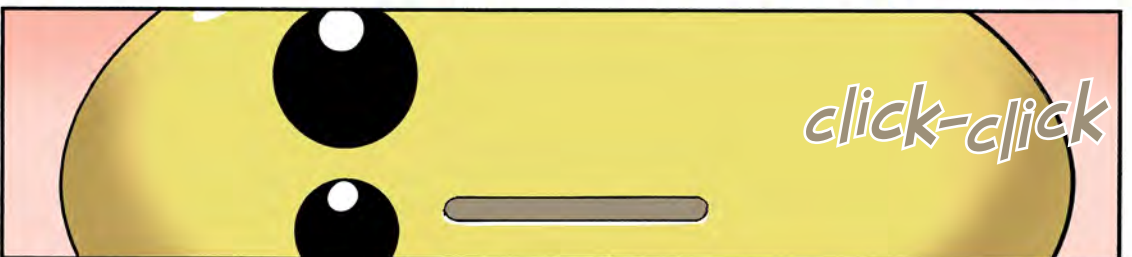
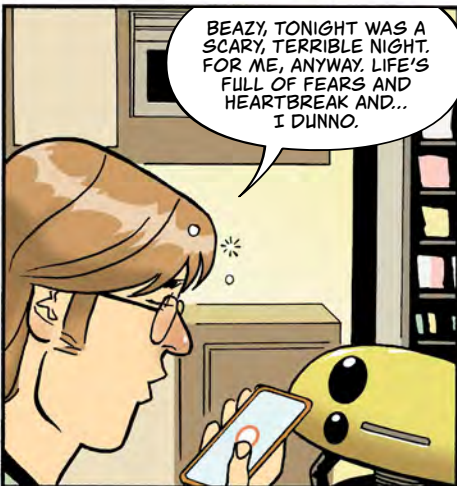
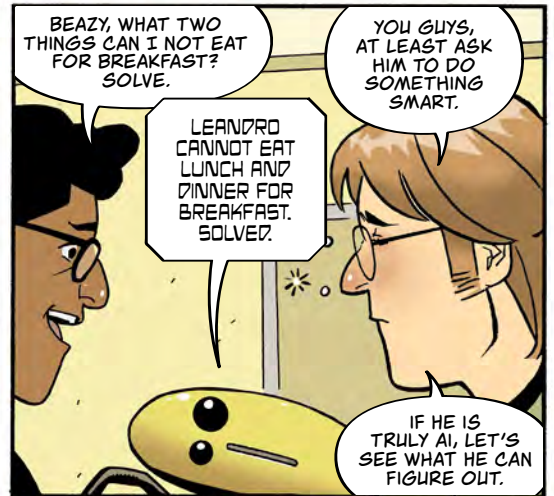
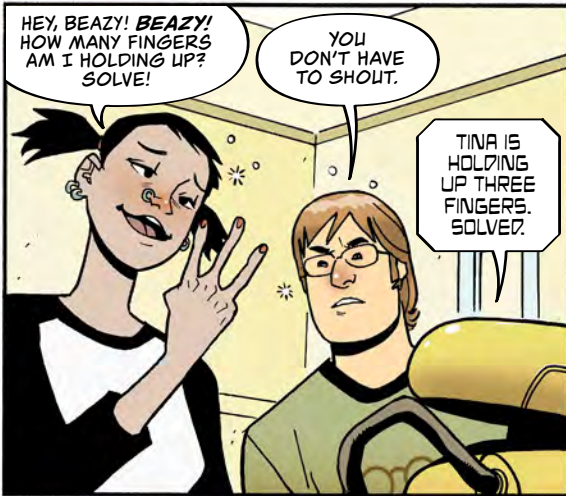
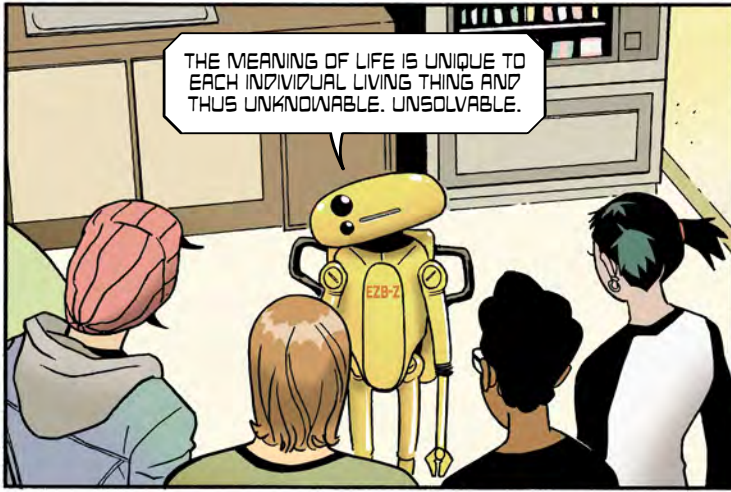
BEAZY, STOP SOLVING FOR PI...uh... SOLVE. GOD, THAT'S AWKWARD.

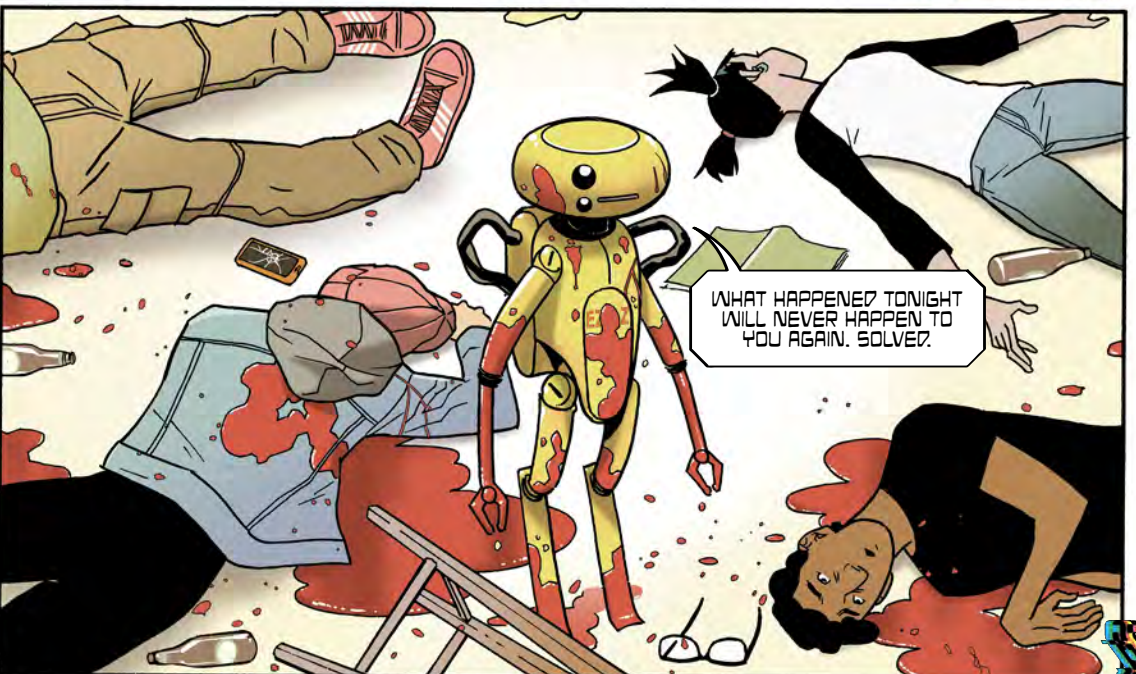
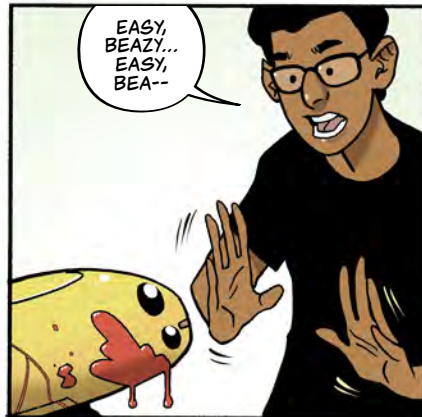
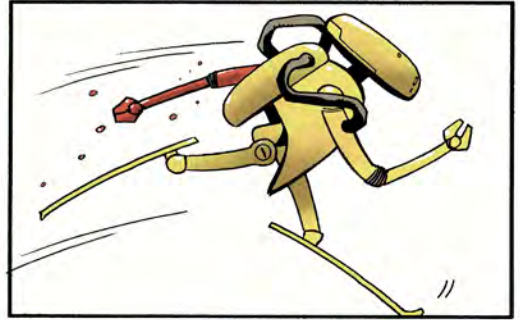
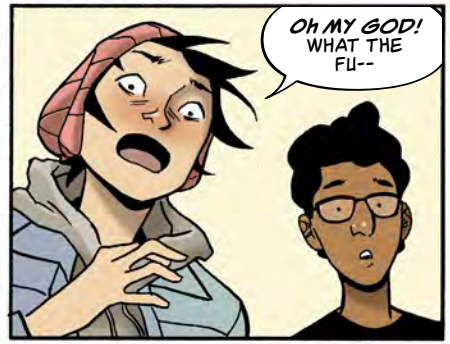
HEY, HEY, WATCH THIS... BEAZY, TELL US THE MEANING OF LIFE. SOLVE.



click-click

EZ







MATT & MALACHI 2-23

# TESTIMONIAL

*SPARROW*  
Holding your hand,  
wherever you go.

Written by Hagai PALEVSKY  
Illustrated by Carson THORN  
Lettered by Jim CAMPBELL





I DIDN'T--I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED AT THE TIME. NOT SURE I REALLY KNEW WHO I WAS.

I JUST FELT A SHARP, MOMENTARY PAIN--THEN I WAS GONE.



PROW  
and,  
ever you go.

YOU START TO KIND OF...LOSE YOURSELF IN THERE. THERE'S SENSATION, BUT NO SELF.



you go.



"I HAD ALL THE PAIN OF HAVING A BODY, WITHOUT ACTUALLY... WITHOUT HAVING IT.

"LIKE I WAS NOTHING BUT THE SUM OF MY PAIN, TURNED INSIDE OUT. STUCK IN THE MOMENT OF MY DISINTEGRATION.

"YOUR SENSES MELT INTO EACH OTHER IN THERE.

"NO SMELL OR VISION OR TOUCH...

"JUST THIS... OVERWHELM.

"AND THEN SUDDENLY  
I FELT...COMFORT.  
I FELT PEACE.

"ALL OF WHO I WAS--  
WHO I AM--STARTED  
WASHING OVER ME,  
AND I...

"... I WAS COMING  
TOGETHER.  
COHERING.

"AND THEN I WOKE UP,  
AND MY WIFE TOLD ME  
THAT I HAD BEEN DEAD  
FOR TWO WEEKS."

THAT  
SPARROW WORKED  
CEASELESSLY TO  
BRING ME  
BACK.

That Sparrow  
worked  
ceaselessly  
to bring me  
back.

I STILL  
DON'T REALLY  
UNDERSTAND  
THE SCIENCE  
BEHIND IT...

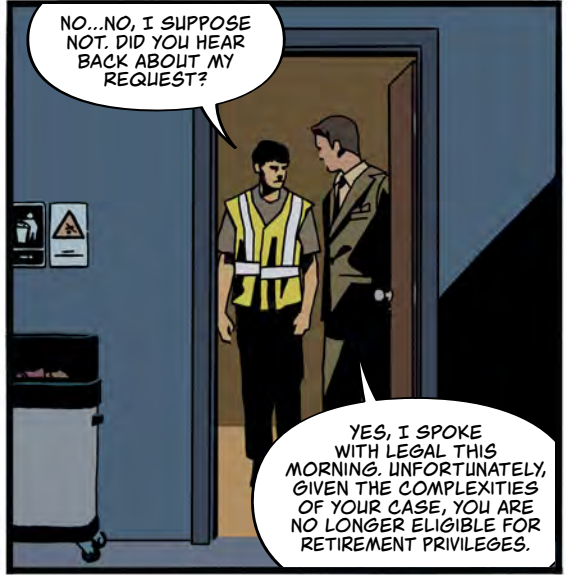
"I STILL  
DON'T REALLY  
UNDERSTAND  
THE SCIENCE  
BEHIND  
IT..."

BUT I  
COULDN'T BE  
MORE GRATEFUL  
TO BE BACK.

SPARROW  
by your hand,  
wherever you go.



GOOD JOB, FEODOR. THIS SHOULD GET PR OFF OUR BACK FOR NOW. THAT WASN'T SO HARD, WAS IT?



NO...NO, I SUPPOSE NOT. DID YOU HEAR BACK ABOUT MY REQUEST?

YES, I SPOKE WITH LEGAL THIS MORNING. UNFORTUNATELY, GIVEN THE COMPLEXITIES OF YOUR CASE, YOU ARE NO LONGER ELIGIBLE FOR RETIREMENT PRIVILEGES.



I SEE. CAN WE...CAN WE AT LEAST TALK ABOUT A RAISE?

A RAISE? WE GAVE YOU YOUR LIFE BACK.



WE GAVE YOU MORE TIME WITH YOUR FAMILY--FAMILIES, WORK AND HOME--AT NO SMALL COST TO THE COMPANY, I SHOULD ADD, AND WE'VE ENSURED YOUR INDEFINITE EMPLOYMENT.

SURELY THAT'S WORTH MORE THAN A RAISE.



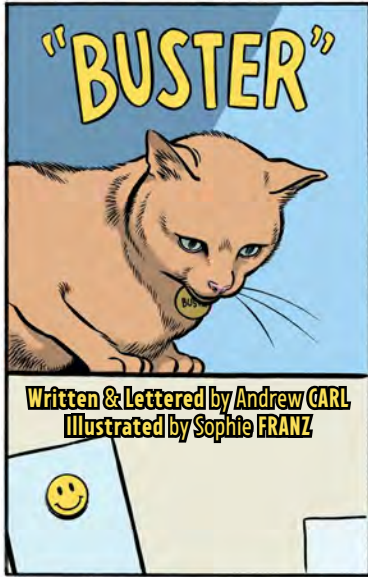
WE REALLY ARE GLAD TO HAVE YOU BACK, FEODOR.

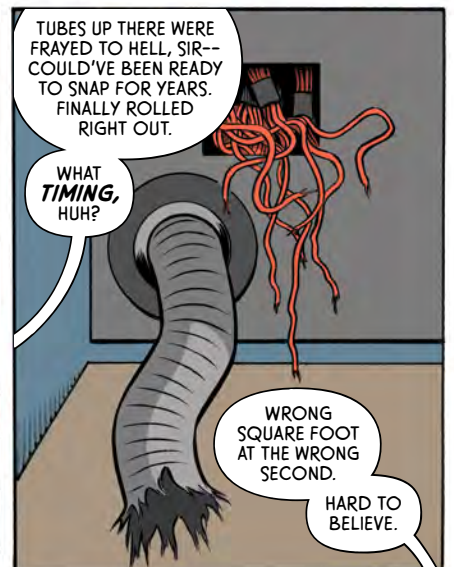
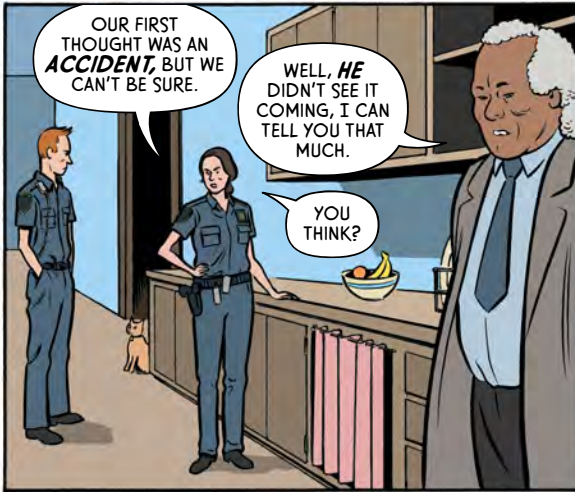
I CAN ONLY IMAGINE HOW GOOD YOU FEEL.

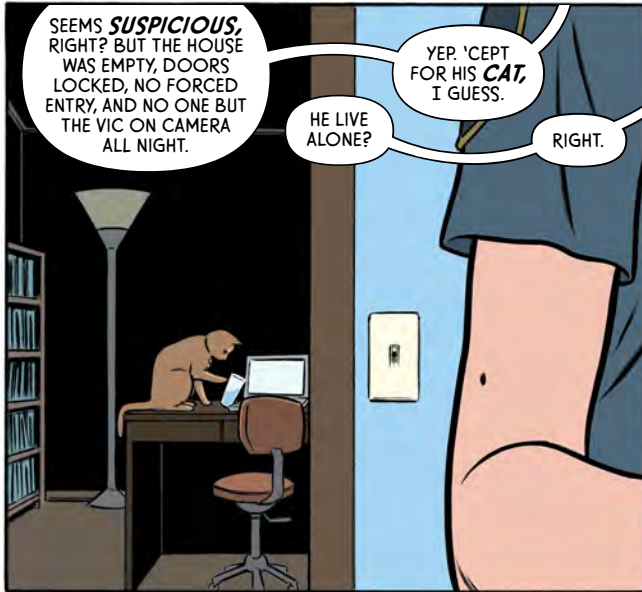


SPARROW  
Holding your hand,  
wherever you go.







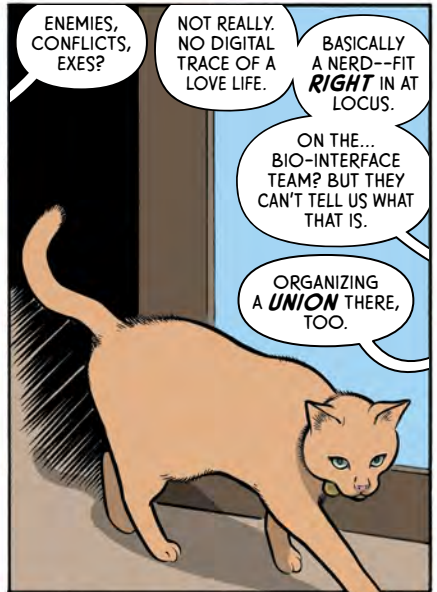


SEEMS **SUSPICIOUS**, RIGHT? BUT THE HOUSE WAS EMPTY, DOORS LOCKED, NO FORCED ENTRY, AND NO ONE BUT THE VIC ON CAMERA ALL NIGHT.

HE LIVE ALONE?

YEP. 'CEPT FOR HIS **CAT**, I GUESS.

RIGHT.



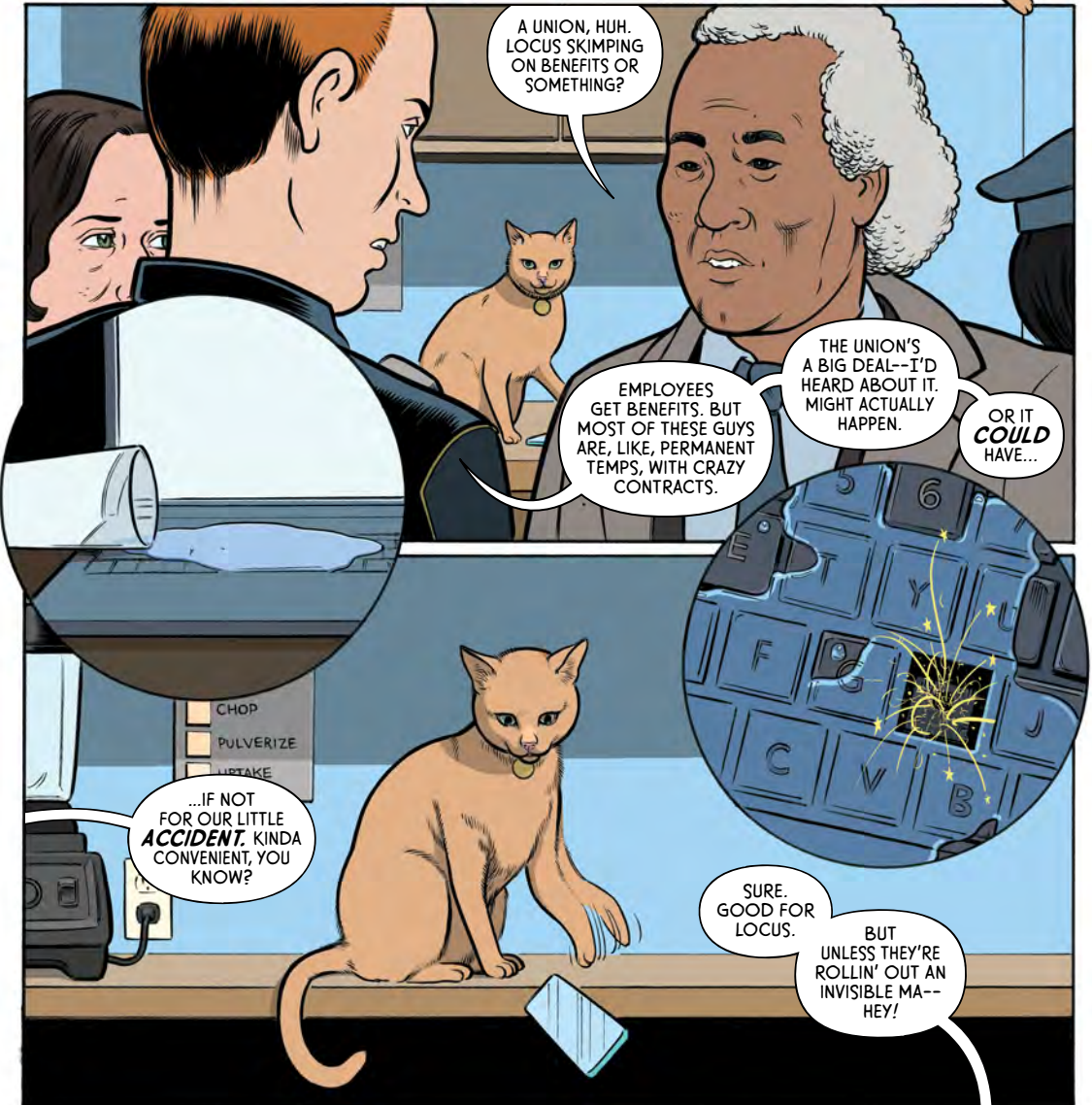
ENEMIES, CONFLICTS, EXES?

NOT REALLY. NO DIGITAL TRACE OF A LOVE LIFE.

BASICALLY A NERD--FIT **RIGHT** IN AT LOCUS.

ON THE... BIO-INTERFACE TEAM? BUT THEY CAN'T TELL US WHAT THAT IS.

ORGANIZING A **UNION** THERE, TOO.



A UNION, HUH. LOCUS SKIMPING ON BENEFITS OR SOMETHING?

EMPLOYEES GET BENEFITS. BUT MOST OF THESE GUYS ARE, LIKE, PERMANENT TEMPS, WITH CRAZY CONTRACTS.

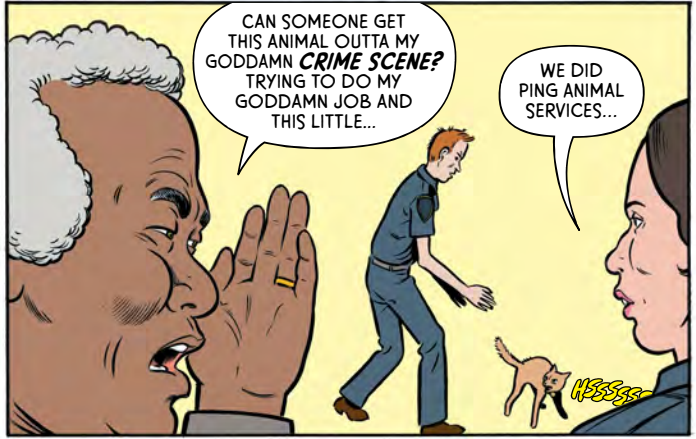
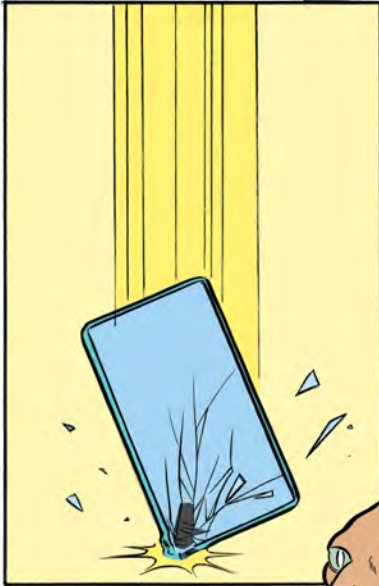
THE UNION'S A BIG DEAL--I'D HEARD ABOUT IT. MIGHT ACTUALLY HAPPEN.

OR IT **COULD** HAVE...

...IF NOT FOR OUR LITTLE **ACCIDENT**, KINDA CONVENIENT, YOU KNOW?

SURE. GOOD FOR LOCUS.

BUT UNLESS THEY'RE ROLLIN' OUT AN INVISIBLE MA--HEY!



CAN SOMEONE GET THIS ANIMAL OUTTA MY GODDAMN **CRIME SCENE?** TRYING TO DO MY GODDAMN JOB AND THIS LITTLE...

WE DID PING ANIMAL SERVICES...



WELL, THEY'RE TAKING THEIR SWEET-ASS TIME, **AREN'T** THEY?

JUST GRAB IT, KID! SHOVE IT IN A CLOSET OR SOMETHING.



JESUS, THE **FANCIER** THESE PHONES GET, THE MORE GODDAMN **FRAGILE...**



YOU KNOW WHAT I CAN'T FIGURE OUT?

WHY NO LITTER BOX?

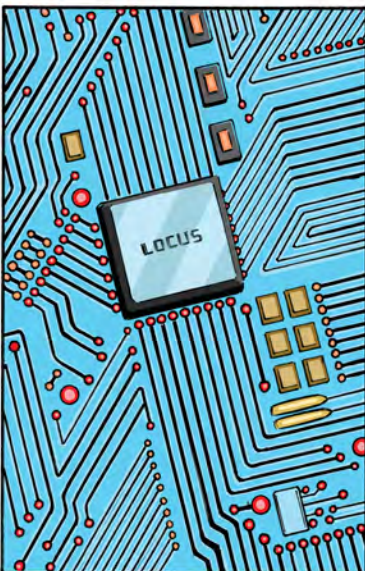
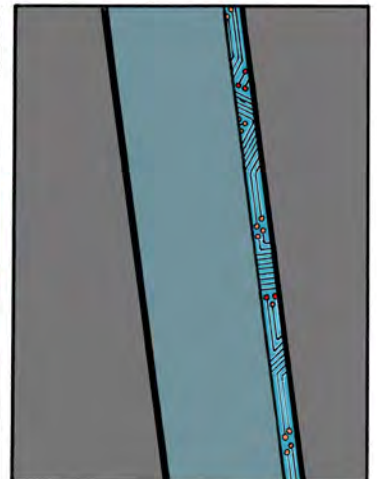
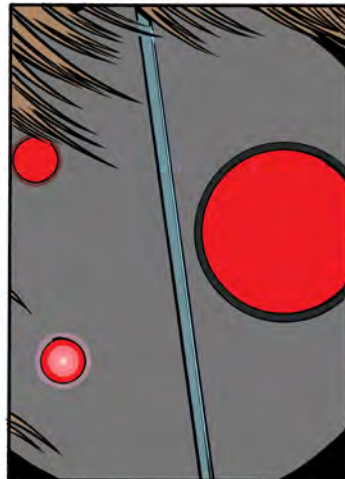
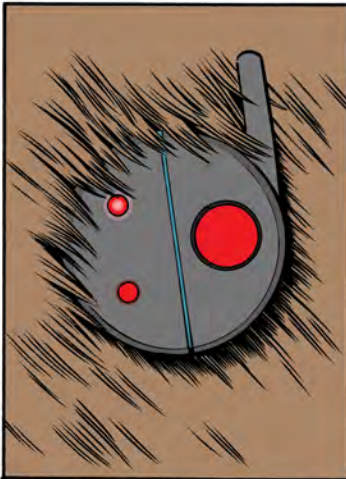
DID HE TRAIN IT TO USE A TOILET? OR GO OUT BACK?

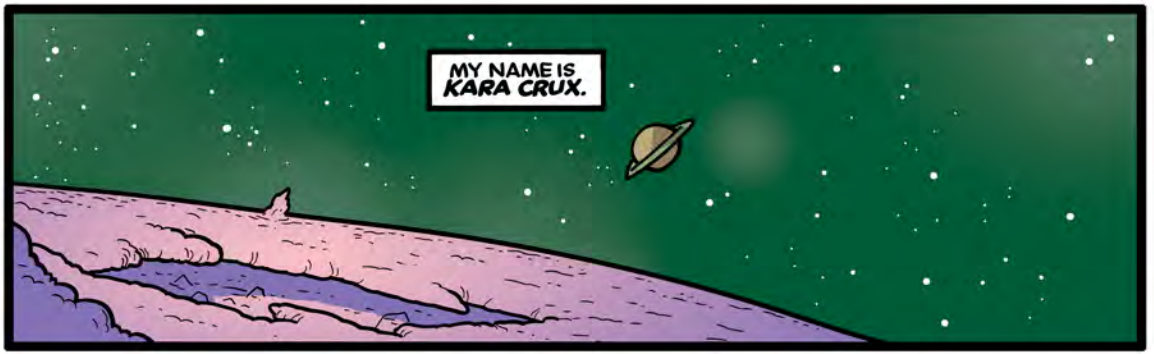
THESE TECH GUYS, I SWEAR...

IT **IS** HIS CAT, RIGHT?

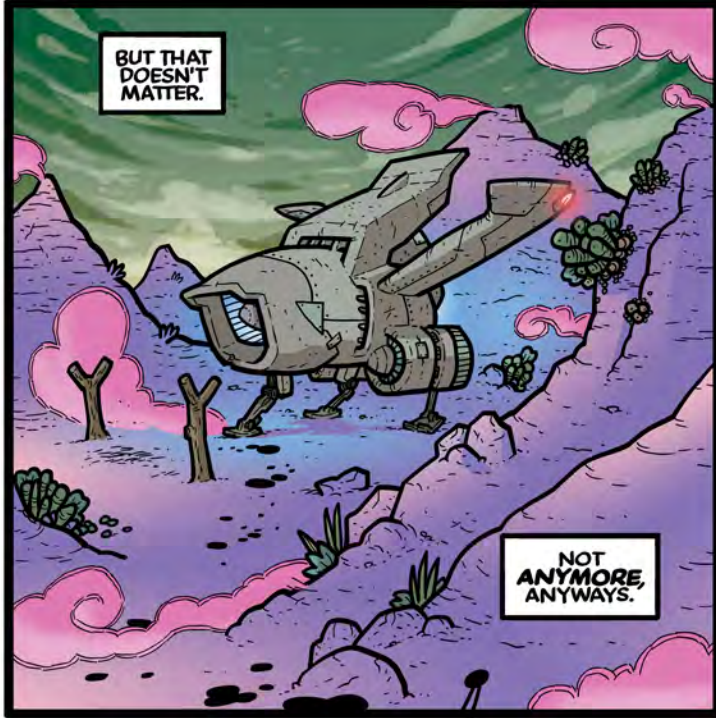
OF COURSE, SIR. **DATA SEC** CONFIRMED.

WE GOT DIGITAL VET RECORDS AND EVERYTHING.



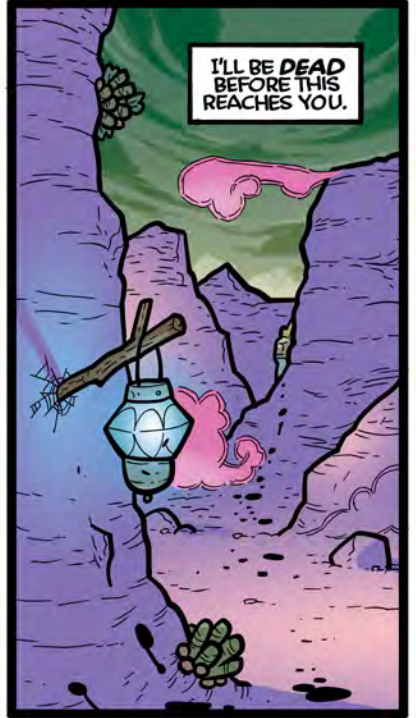


MY NAME IS  
KARA CRUX.



BUT THAT  
DOESN'T  
MATTER.

NOT  
ANYMORE,  
ANYWAYS.



I'LL BE DEAD  
BEFORE THIS  
REACHES YOU.



BUT THAT'S  
WHAT I WAS  
SIGNED UP FOR.



I KNEW THIS  
WAS COMING.



MY MISSION.

MY ENTIRE  
REASON FOR  
BEING.



IT'S MY DESTINY.

BY ALEX SEGURA AND ZANDER CANNON



I STUDIED THE CREATURE'S ARMOR FOR YEARS. MY EARLIEST MEMORIES--GOING OVER WHAT IT CAN DO.



CHEMICAL WEAPONS. WEATHER MODULATION. THAT'S JUST TO START.



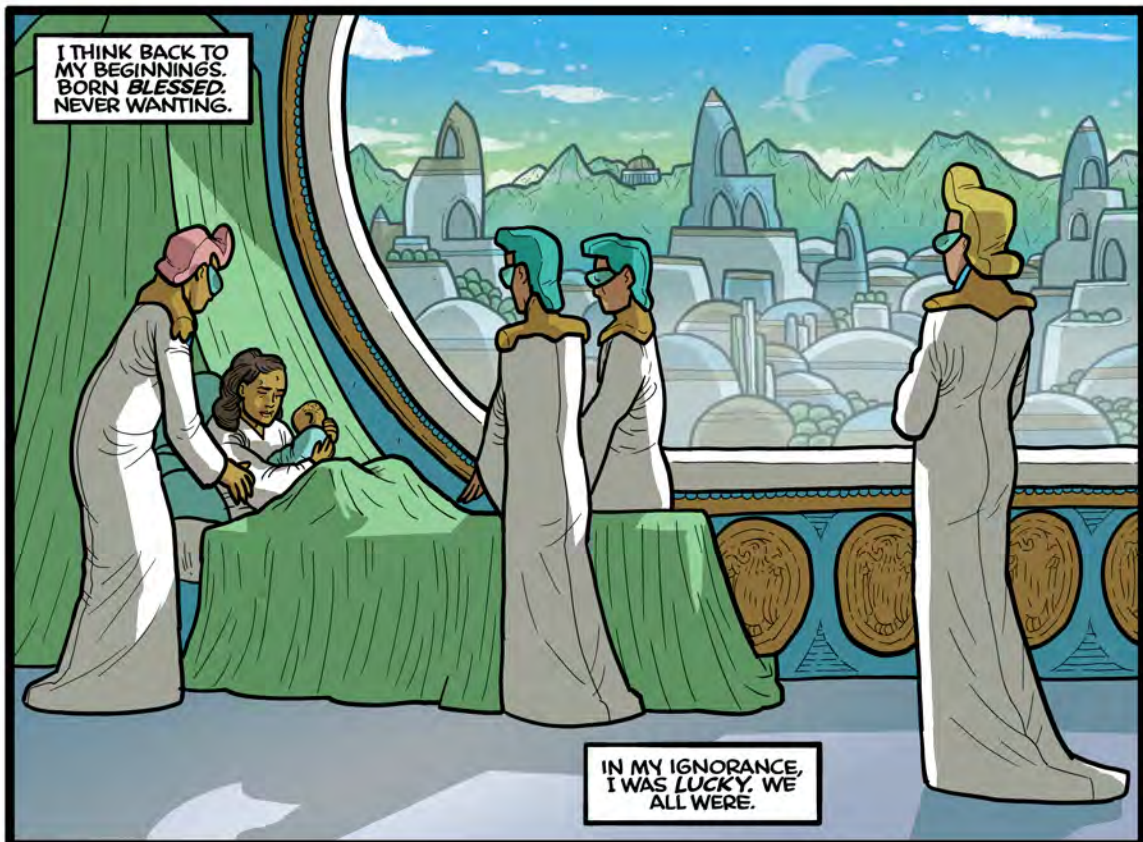
ALL THOSE HOURS. DAYS. YEARS.

FOR NOTHING.



NO MATTER WHAT I LEARNED--WHAT I STUDIED--I ENDED UP **HERE**.

NOTHING HURTS IT. **NOTHING** CAN WEAKEN IT.



I THINK BACK TO MY BEGINNINGS. BORN **BLESSED**. NEVER WANTING.

IN MY IGNORANCE, I WAS **LUCKY**. WE ALL WERE.



UNTIL WE WEREN'T.

I'M SORRY, PRAETOR, BUT THERE'S LITTLE I CAN DO.

KARA HAS BEEN **CHOSEN**. SHE WILL STAND AGAINST **SHARD**.



I WAS HERDED INTO A TRANSPORT. I NEVER SAW MY PARENTS AGAIN.



I HAD TO TRAIN. TO **LEARN**. TO PREPARE FOR AN UNIMAGINABLE THREAT.

BUT I JUST WANTED TO HEAR MY MOTHER'S **VOICE** AGAIN. MY FATHER'S LAUGH.



THE TRAINING WAS ENDLESS. MORE LIKE SUFFERING.

NOT A CLASS OR COURSE, BUT A LIFESTYLE. I FORGOT WHO I'D BEEN BEFORE I WAS TAKEN.



AS THE YEARS PASSED I GREW STRONGER. BETTER. I FIT THE MOLD THEY WANTED.

SHARD WAS COMING. THEY WARNED. THEY NEEDED ME.



I WAS SKILLED. TOUGH. I THOUGHT I WAS READY.

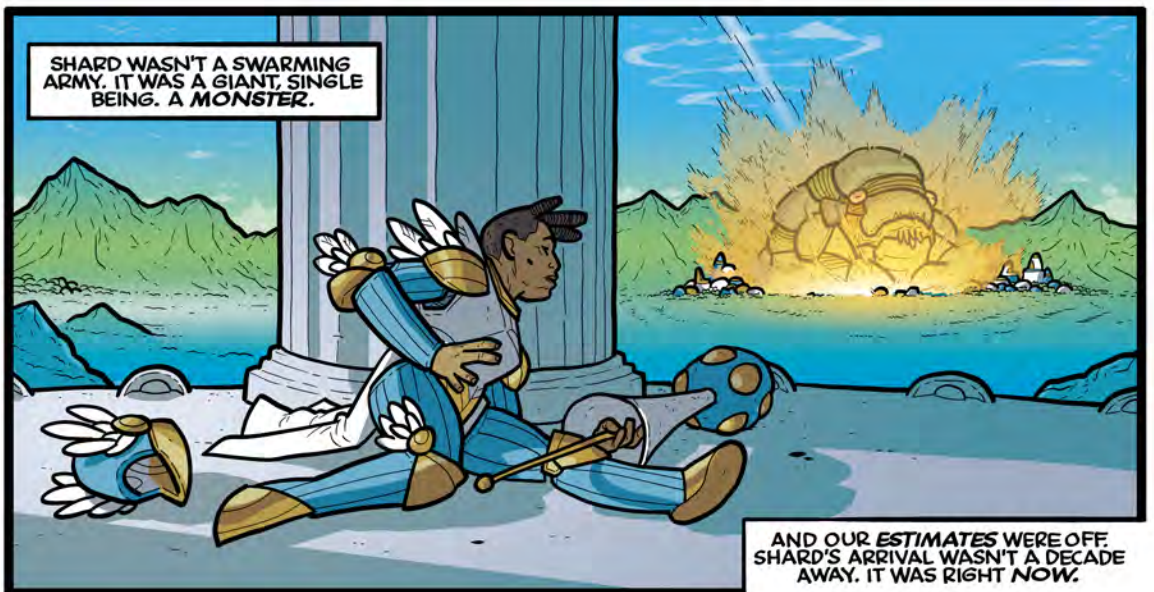


I THOUGHT SHARD WOULDN'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST US.

BUT WE WERE WRONG.

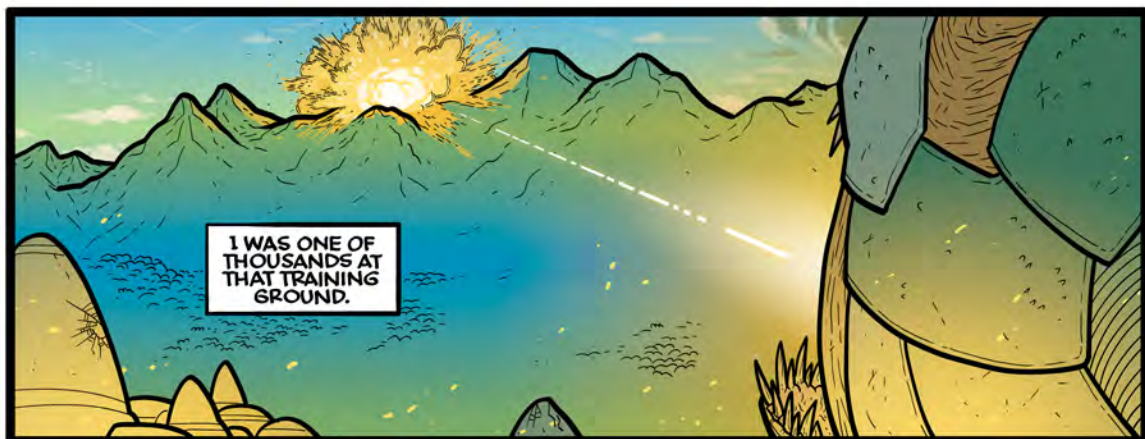


WE WERE WRONG ABOUT A LOT OF THINGS.



SHARD WASN'T A SWARMING ARMY. IT WAS A GIANT, SINGLE BEING. A MONSTER.

AND OUR ESTIMATES WERE OFF. SHARD'S ARRIVAL WASN'T A DECADE AWAY. IT WAS RIGHT NOW.



I WAS ONE OF THOUSANDS AT THAT TRAINING GROUND.



I WAS "LUCKY."



BUT IF YOU LOSE EVERYTHING--



--EVERYONE--

--IS LUCK EVEN A THING ANYMORE?



THEY SAY IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD, AND THE WORD WAS WITH GOD.

WELL, THE WORD WAS AT THE END, TOO.

ONLY IT WASN'T WITH GOD.

# SHE TOOK THE AIR

Written & Illustrated by Phil HESTER  
Inking Assistance by Eric GAPSTUR  
Colored by Francesco SEGALA  
Lettered by Jim CAMPBELL

**AUDUBON, Clementine**  
Birth: Pod Year 19  
Parents: Henry and Ruth Audubon, Programming  
Family Unit: 31  
Age at expiry: 6

THOUGH YOU WOULDN'T KNOW THAT FROM MEETING THE PEOPLE WHO WROTE IT.

THEY WERE SMART ENOUGH, I GUESS.

THEY KNEW HUMANITY WOULD KEEP PULLING THE TAILS OF DISEASE, WAR, AND DISASTER...

**ABELARDO, Enrique**  
Birth: Pod Year 12  
Parents: Rodolfo and Carlos Torres-Abelardo, Engineers  
Family Unit: 42  
Age at expiry: 13

BUILT THEIR NEW WORLD IN THE GUTS OF THE OLD ONE.

...UNTIL ONE OF THEM WOULD TURN AROUND AND SWALLOW US WHOLE.

THEY SCOOPED UP ALL THEIR VENTURE CAPITAL AND WENT UNDERGROUND.

A WOMB IN WHICH TO GESTATE THE FUTURE, THEY SAID.

**B'WOTHO, Nelly**  
Birth: Pod Year 8  
Parents: Armin Klein and  
Esther B'wotho,  
Environmental Studies  
Family Unit: 9  
Age at expiry: 17

THE OLD GODS  
HAD FAILED, LED  
US TO RUIN.

BUT OUR FOUNDERS  
HAD THEIR OWN GOD,  
ONE THAT HAD LED  
THEM TO SUCCESS.

**COMPETITION.**

IT WASN'T ENOUGH TO SELECT  
US BASED ON OUR GENETIC  
HEALTH AND DIVERSITY.

OR TO SHELTER US  
FROM THE LETHAL  
ATMOSPHERE  
ABOVE.

WE HAD TO BE SORTED INTO  
**COMPETING PODS** THAT  
WOULD WAGE A PEACEFUL  
WAR OF INNOVATION AND  
SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

**BELL, Jesse**  
Birth: Pod Year 11  
Parents: Mike and  
Penny Bell, Agronomy  
Family Unit: 60  
Age at expiry: 14

WE WOULD  
HONE OURSELVES  
AGAINST EACH  
OTHER FOR  
GENERATIONS.

HENCE THE **TABERNACLE**,  
EQUAL PARTS HOLY WRIT  
AND SELF-HELP TUTORIAL.

OMNIPRESENT, IT BLINKS  
OUT EVERY STEP OF OUR  
FOUNDERS' GRAND  
EXPERIMENT.

WE'D NOT ONLY **SURVIVE**  
ARMAGEDDON...

... WE'D **THRIVE** IN IT.



**XIANG, Mona**  
Birth: Pod Year 20  
Parents: Russell and  
Katarina Xiang, Arts  
Family Unit: 28  
Age at expiry: 5

AND SPURS THE EVENS AND ODDS  
TO MAKE THEMSELVES THE LAST,  
BEST HOPE OF HUMANITY.

AND IT WORKS.

THE COMING GENERATIONS WOULD  
OVERBURDEN THE SYSTEM YEARS  
AHEAD OF SCHEDULE.

SOMEONE  
HAD TO GO.

SO, IN A TANGLED FIT OF  
OLD-TESTAMENT WISDOM AND  
SPARTAN OBJECTIVISM, THE  
TABERNACLE DECIDED THAT ONE  
POD'S CHILDREN MUST DIE.

I'M THE ONLY SECURITY OFFICER IN  
THE BUNKER, AND I'VE NEVER EVEN  
HAD TO DRAW MY WEAPON.

I SIMPLY MAINTAIN THE  
TABERNACLE AND SECURE  
THE COMPOUND.

BUT I KNEW  
SOMETHING ONLY  
THE TABERNACLE  
KNEW.

BUT ONLY THE POD WILLING TO  
SACRIFICE THEIR OWN CHILDREN  
WOULD BE MORALLY FIT TO RAISE  
THE REMAINDER.

WITH THE TOUCH OF A BUTTON,  
ANY PARENT COULD AUTHORIZE  
A SIGNAL PAINLESSLY KILLING  
THEIR ENTIRE POD'S KIDS.

OF COURSE, DAYS OF  
AGONIZING BEGAN  
IN BOTH PODS.

PLAYBACK  
AUTHORIZED»

ARGUMENTS OVERHEARD  
BY THE CHILDREN.

KZZZT--  
PROBABLY THINK WE  
DON'T UNDERSTAND  
WHAT WE'RE  
DOING--

KZZZT--  
WHAT THE  
TABERNACLE  
HAS PLANNED  
FOR US.

BUT IF  
YOU'RE WILLING  
TO LET HALF OF  
US GO, YOU DON'T  
DESERVE ANY  
OF US.



THE TABERNACLE'S  
TEACHING IS THE  
SAME POISON THAT  
DROVE US INTO  
HIDING.

CHILDREN  
WHO GREW  
UP IN THE  
BUNKER.



WHO KNEW  
IT'S EVERY  
SQUARE  
INCH.

IF THAT'S THE KIND OF  
POISON YOU WANT TO  
BRING INTO THE  
FUTURE...

...WE DON'T  
WANT TO GO  
THERE WITH  
YOU.



CHILDREN WHO COULD, WITH  
A **STOLEN CODE**, ENTER  
THE TABERNACLE...

...AND ALTER ITS  
PROGRAMMING  
SUCH THAT IF  
A SINGLE **KILL  
CODE** WERE SENT,  
**BOTH PODS'**  
CHILDREN  
WOULD DIE.

MAYBE IT WAS  
JUST MEANT AS A  
WARNING. MAYBE  
THEY DIDN'T TRULY  
UNDERSTAND THE  
STAKES.



OR MAYBE THEY  
UNDERSTOOD  
PERFECTLY.

THEIR PARENTS' WAR  
IS NOW MOOT. I'VE  
STOPPED THE  
KILLING.



BUT I CAN'T  
GO BACK.

AS FOR WHY THE KIDS LEFT THEIR MESSAGE FOR ME TO DISCOVER...

BEFORE THEY LEARN **JUST WHOSE** SECURITY CODE WAS EXPOSED BY THEIR OWN ATTEMPTED TAMPERING.

BEFORE THEY LEARN WHO TRIED TO ALTER THE TABERNACLE'S PROGRAM TO SAVE THEIR OWN CHILD.

...IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THE SURVIVORS DEDUCE JUST HOW THE KIDS GOT ACCESS TO THE TABERNACLE.

AND INSTEAD DOOMED THEM ALL.

**HANSEN, Esau**  
Birth: Pod Year 10  
Parent: Yael Hansen,  
Security Officer  
Family Unit: 00  
Age at expiry: 15

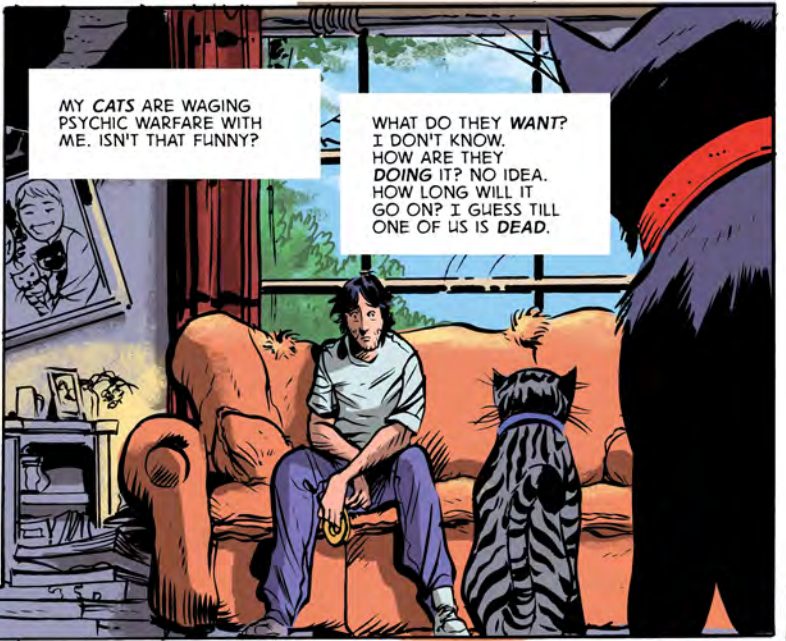






# sticky tape

by  
DAN  
MCDAID



MY CATS ARE WAGING PSYCHIC WARFARE WITH ME. ISN'T THAT FUNNY?

WHAT DO THEY WANT? I DON'T KNOW. HOW ARE THEY DOING IT? NO IDEA. HOW LONG WILL IT GO ON? I GUESS TILL ONE OF US IS DEAD.



BUT THIS STORY ISN'T ABOUT THAT.



LEWIS?

MR. LEWIS  
LEWIS?



YOU EVER DO THIS?

THEY EXPLAIN MY SITUATION TO ME. I MAKE THEM TWO DRINKS AND GET BOTH THEIR ORDERS WRONG. THEY POLITELY LOOK AT THEIR WRONG DRINKS AND TELL ME THAT I'M SPECIAL.



BUT I ALREADY KNEW THAT.



I KNEW IT FROM THE MOMENT THEY WROTE MY LAST NAME DOWN TWICE ON MY BIRTH CERTIFICATE.



I KNEW IT WHEN A CAR CRASHED INTO MY BEDROOM AT THE AGE OF TEN AND BROKE BOTH MY LEGS. I WAS ON THE SECOND FLOOR.



I KNEW IT WHEN MY APPENDIX GREW BACK AND I ENDED UP GETTING APPENDICITIS TWICE.

WHEN I LOST ALL MY HAIR BETWEEN THE AGES OF TWELVE AND SIXTEEN.

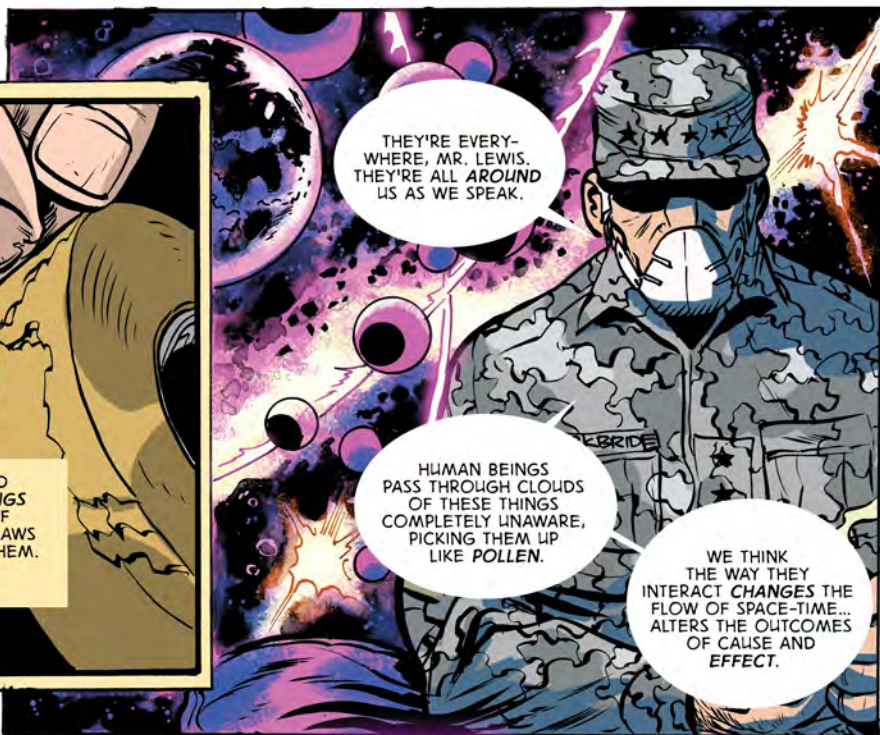


WHEN THE GIRL I FELL IN LOVE WITH IN COLLEGE TURNED OUT TO BE MY HALF SISTER.

THEY TELL ME THAT IT'S MORE COMPLICATED AND AMAZING THAN I KNOW.



THAT THEY'VE DISCOVERED WHAT THEY CALL **MEDDINGS** PARTICLES, TINY PIECES OF MATTER THAT BEND THE LAWS OF CAUSALITY AROUND THEM. LUCK IS REAL, AND IT'S A SUBATOMIC PARTICLE.



THEY'RE EVERYWHERE, MR. LEWIS. THEY'RE ALL AROUND US AS WE SPEAK.

HUMAN BEINGS PASS THROUGH CLOUDS OF THESE THINGS COMPLETELY UNAWARE, PICKING THEM UP LIKE POLLEN.

WE THINK THE WAY THEY INTERACT **CHANGES** THE FLOW OF SPACE-TIME... ALTERS THE OUTCOMES OF CAUSE AND EFFECT.



AND I'M SPECIAL.



THEY SAY THEY'RE GOING TO TAKE ME TO A MILITARY INSTALLATION FOR FURTHER TESTS. I ASK THEM WHO WILL TAKE CARE OF MY CATS.

BUT HONESTLY, THEY'LL PROBABLY BE BETTER OFF.



AND ANYWAY, THEY WERE PLANNING TO KILL ME.



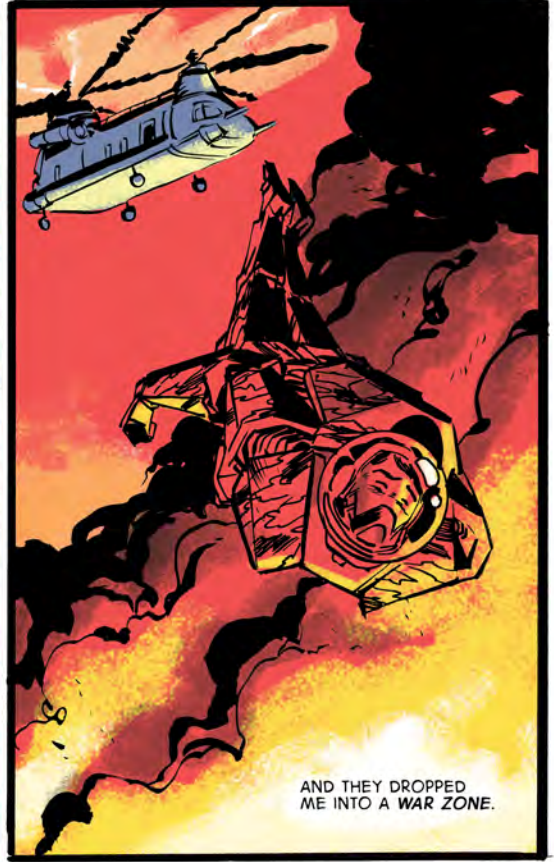
THE TESTS CONFIRMED WHAT THEY ALREADY KNEW. WHATEVER THE OPPOSITE OF A LUCK PARTICLE IS, I'M COVERED IN IT.

THEY HAD SIX FALSE STARTS BECAUSE THE MACHINERY KEPT BREAKING DOWN. SEVENTH TRY WAS THE CHARM. THEN THE REAL WORK BEGAN.



ARMY GUY TOLD ME THAT WHAT I HAD WAS A GIFT, A SUPERPOWER. THAT I WAS UNIQUE IN ALL THE WORLD. AND THAT I NOW HAD A DUTY--A DESTINY--TO HELP MY FELLOW MAN.

SO THEY SEALED ME IN A BIG METAL SUIT. FLOODED IT WITH MEDDINGS PARTICLES.



AND THEY DROPPED ME INTO A WAR ZONE.



IT WAS A DISASTER, OF COURSE. JUST AS THEY HOPED.

ALL I HAD TO DO WAS TURN OFF THE SUIT, DO WHAT I COULD TO HELP THE ENEMY, AND...



YEAH.



LIFE WAS GOOD FOR A WHILE. THE OCCASIONAL MISSION FOR THE GOVERNMENT, SURE. I GUESS A LOT OF PEOPLE DIED BECAUSE OF ME. JUST UNLUCKY.

I'M NOT BEING GLIB, THAT'S THE TRUTH OF IT.

AND THINGS WERE QUIET IN THE MEDDINGS CAGE. I COULD EVEN LIVE SOME KIND OF LIFE WITHOUT IT GOING WRONG.



BUT THE SAME THING WAS MISSING. THE SAME THING HAS ALWAYS BEEN MISSING.



HE'S GONE.

WHAT?

HE'S GONE!!



GETTING OUT WAS EASY ENOUGH. I JUST HAD TO TRICK THE MEALS GUY TO HOLD THE CAFÉ DOOR OPEN FOR A SPLIT SECOND TOO LONG.

AND THE ANTI-LUCK PARTICLES COULDN'T WAIT TO GET IN.



THE GENERAL IS TRACKING MY PROGRESS ACROSS THE BASE RIGHT NOW. I BET. I'M THINKING HE'S GIVEN ORDERS TO SHOOT ON SIGHT-- CAN'T HAVE SOMEONE WITH MY LUCK WALKING AROUND A HIGH-SECURITY FACILITY.

I DON'T WISH THEM ANY HARM, I WANT TO BE CLEAR ABOUT THAT. THEY'VE BEEN GOOD TO ME. BUT I WANT WHAT'S MINE. I WANT WHAT YOU ALL HAVE AND DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT.



THE ANTI-LUCK PARTICLES DON'T WASTE ANY TIME FLOCKING TO THEIR BOY.

AS I MAKE MY WAY ACROSS THE FACILITY, THE WHOLE PLACE FALLS DOWN AROUND ME. SPRINKLERS GO OFF, FIRE EXTINGUISHERS SPONTANEOUSLY EXPLODE. FAILSAFES GO WRONG, COMPUTER SYSTEMS NO LONGER COMPUTE.

IT'S A HELL OF A SCENE.



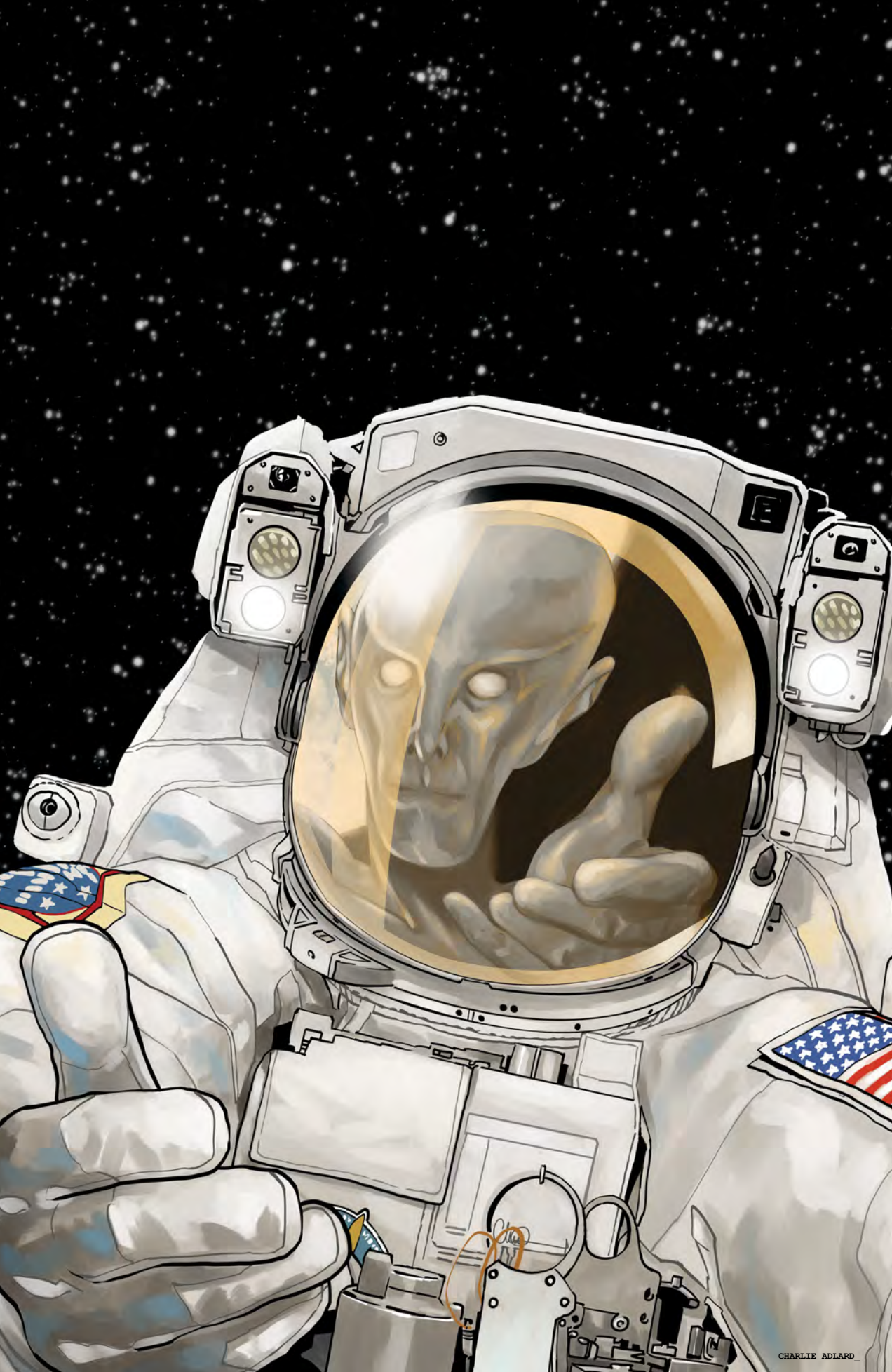
OKAY, BUDDY...



...IT'S YOU AND ME.







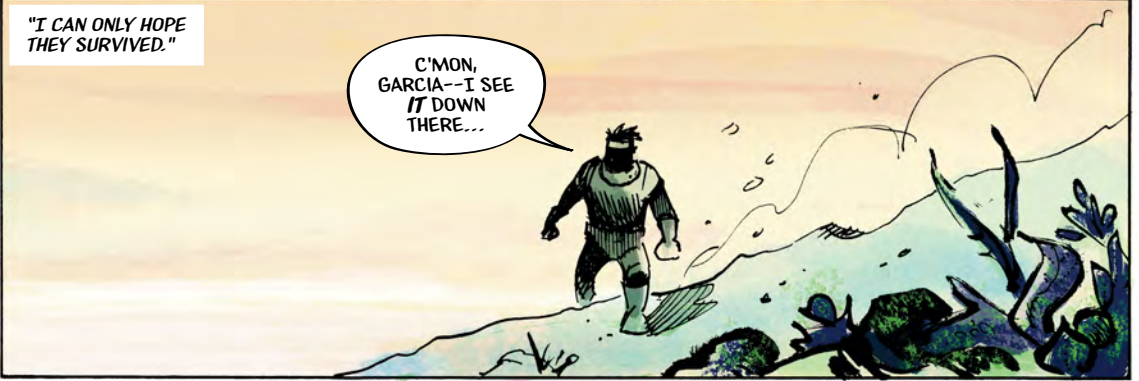


"FOUR DAYS SINCE THE CRASH, WE **STILL** HAVEN'T MADE CONTACT WITH THE OTHERS."



"I CAN ONLY HOPE THEY SURVIVED."

C'MON, GARCIA--I SEE **IT** DOWN THERE...



NOTHING ON THE COMMS YET?

**NOTHING.**

I WOULDN'T HOLD OUT HOPE ON HEARING FROM THE OTHERS, THE RELAY PROBABLY WENT DOWN ON IMPACT.



PROUST, DO YOU REALLY THINK--

I DON'T KNOW...

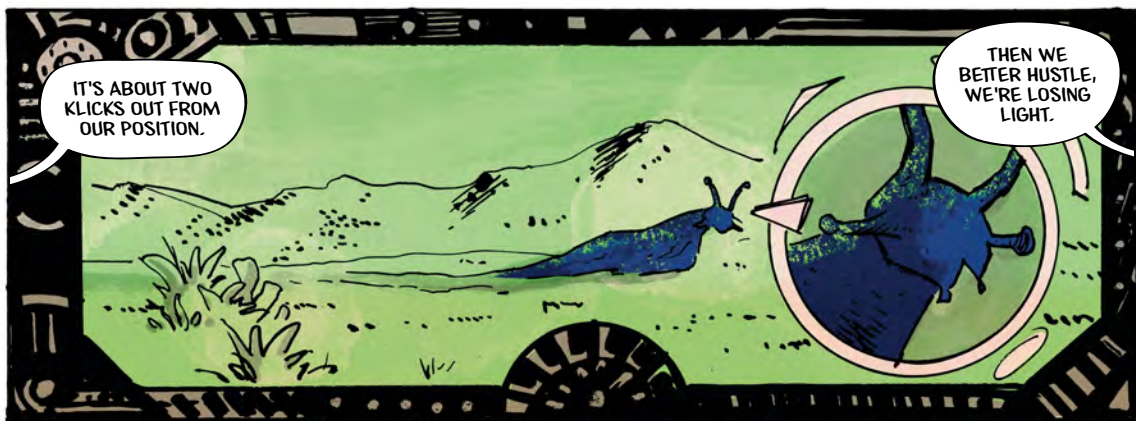
...BUT WE DON'T REALLY HAVE A CHOICE, DO WE?



IF WE DON'T EAT SOMETHING SOON--

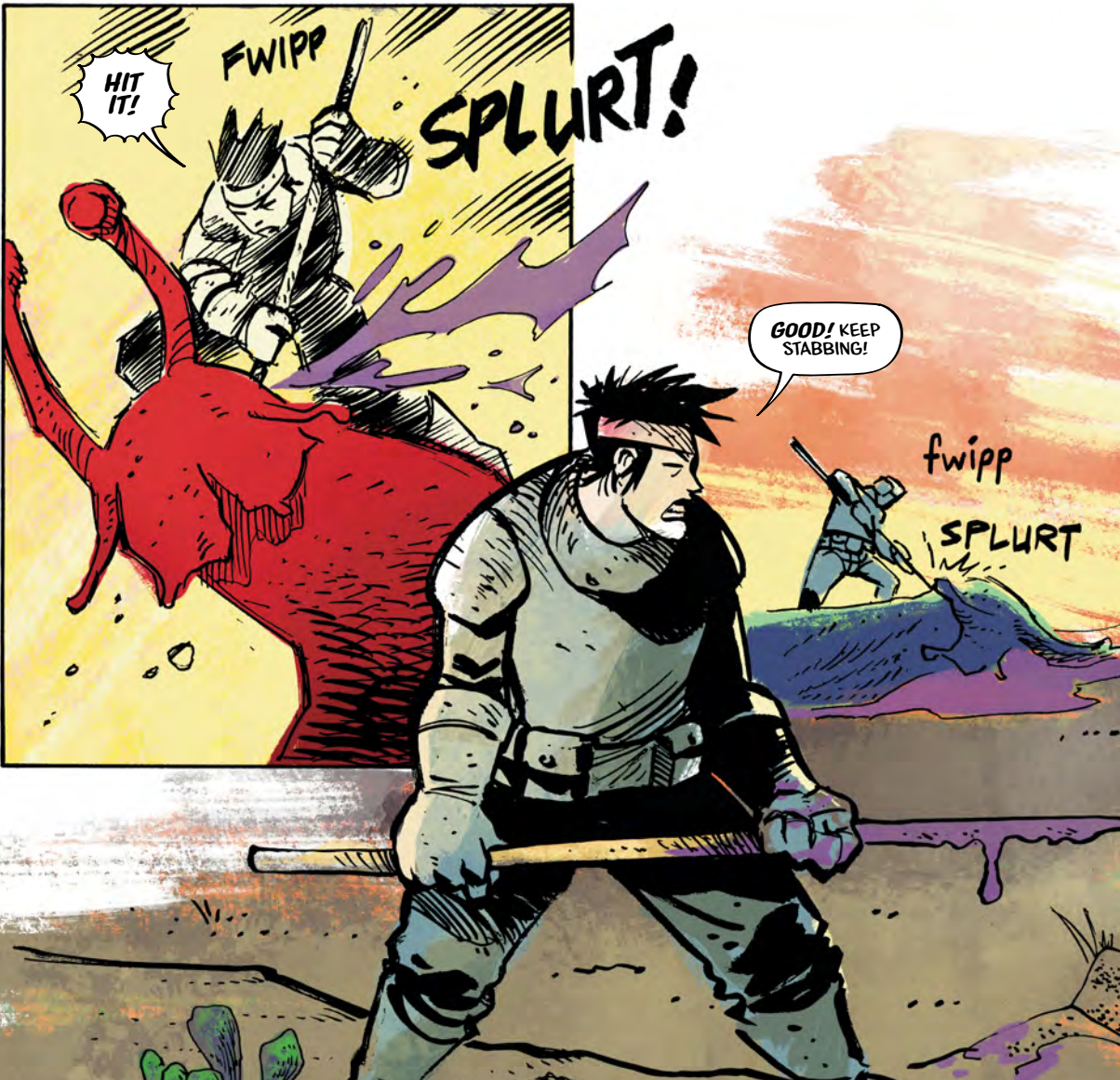
SAY NO MORE, WE'RE **STARVING**. I'M DOWN TO TRY.





THEN WE BETTER HUSTLE, WE'RE LOSING LIGHT.





**LATER.**

IT ISN'T BAD...  
YOU THINK THE  
OTHERS--

THE  
SHIP SPLIT  
IN HALF.

WE CAN ONLY **HOPE**  
THEIR PORTION OF THE  
CRAFT MAINTAINED  
INTEGRITY UPON  
IMPACT.





YES, IT'S ME, **PUT THAT DOWN! NOW!**

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!

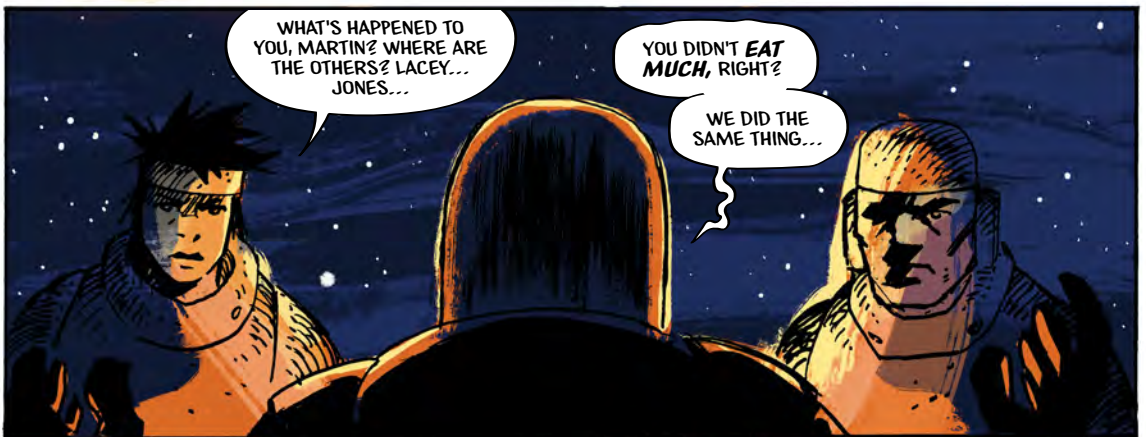


HEY! WHAT THE FU--

THWAP



OH GOD, HOW MUCH DID YOU HAVE?



WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU, MARTIN? WHERE ARE THE OTHERS? LACEY... JONES...

YOU DIDN'T EAT MUCH, RIGHT?

WE DID THE SAME THING...



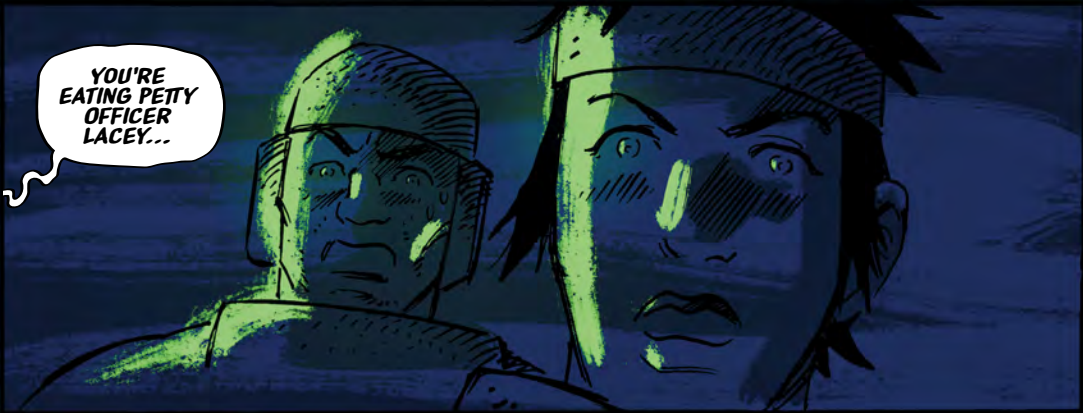
IT...CHANGES YOU...

YOU...YOU...

KLIK

KLIK

THAT...THAT WAS LACEY...



YOU'RE  
EATING PETTY  
OFFICER  
LACEY...

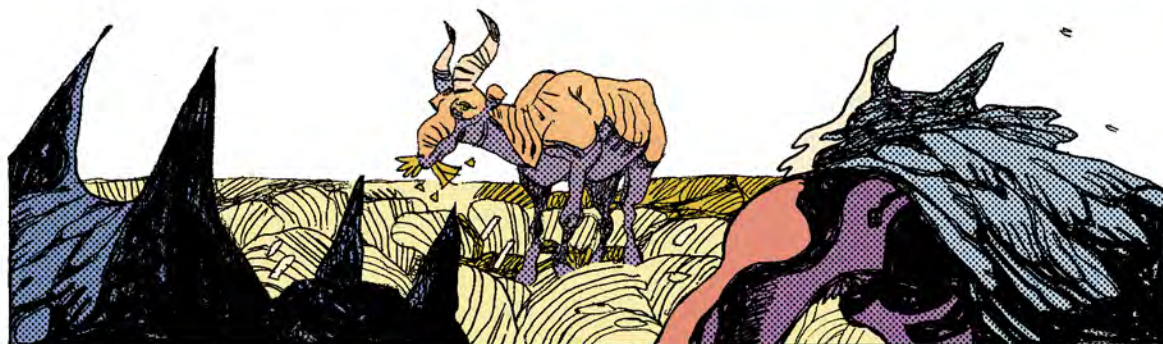
# CHATEAUBRIAND

Written by Michael W. CONRAD  
Illustrated by Shawn KURUNERU  
Lettered by Jim CAMPBELL



THERE'S SOMETHING  
**TERRIBLY WRONG**  
WITH THIS PLACE!







LOOK AND LEARN, YOUNG ONE! A CLEAN STRIKE AND GOOD KILL!

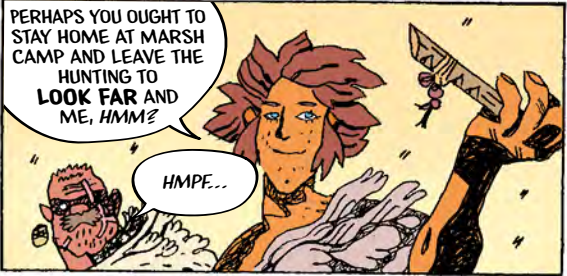
PFFT! THAT WAS MY DART THAT BROUGHT IT DOWN, SLEEPING BEAR!



YOURS HAS BARELY STUCK IN THE HAUNCH, MUCH GOOD THAT DID US!

I AM CERTAIN THIS IS MY DART!

LOOK, YOU CAN SEE MY MARK. A SPARROW FOR SPARROW!



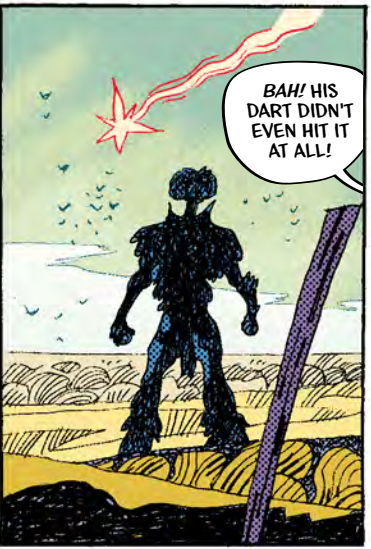
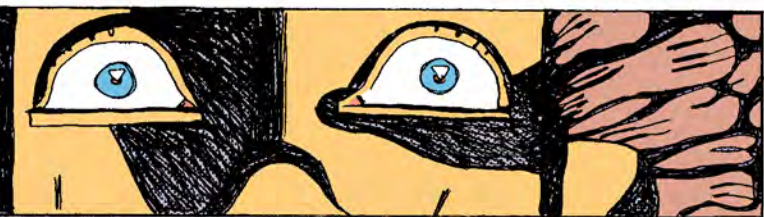
PERHAPS YOU OUGHT TO STAY HOME AT MARSH CAMP AND LEAVE THE HUNTING TO LOOK FAR AND ME, HMM?

HMPE...



...YOU'D LIKE TO BE ALONE WITH THAT ONE, IS THAT IT?

AND SO WHAT IF I WOULD? HE'S HANDSOME ENOUGH... "LOOKS GOOD" WOULD BE AS FINE A NAME FOR HIM, HA HA!

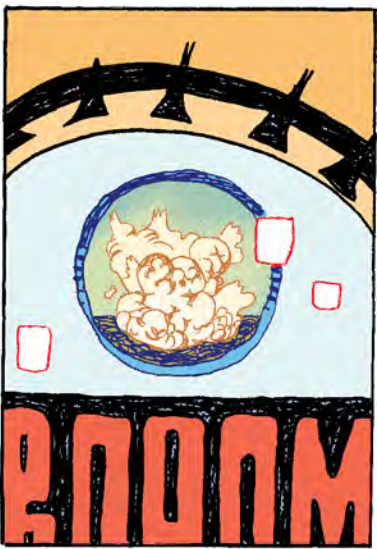


BAH! HIS DART DIDN'T EVEN HIT IT AT ALL!



DID YOU HEAR THAT, LOOK FAR?

YOUR DART--



BOOM



WELL THEN, WHAT ABOUT SLEEPING BEAR?

IT'S BEEN TWO WHOLE SUMMERS SINCE HIS MATE, RAINBOW, DIED.

HE'S A GOOD MAN, IF YOU CAN STAND THOSE SCARS!



MMM.

THAT'S YOUR REACTION? COME NOW! GIVE ME SOMETHING!

I'M DOING JUST FINE ON MY OWN, SWEETWATER...

I'LL FIND A MATCH FOR YOU YET, QUIET ONE! YOU CAN'T STAY ON YOUR OWN FOREVER!

MAMA!



LOOK! THE HUNTERS ARE BACK!



BEEP... BEEP... BEEP...



WE ALL KNOW THAT **THE LAND PROVIDES**. TO THE ANTELOPE, THE LAND GIVES THE SUMMER GRASS. TO THE FOX, THE LEMMING. TO THE HUNTER, THE SPEAR. WHAT HAS THE LAND GIVEN **THE PEOPLE NOW?**

PERHAPS IT'S THE BONES FROM SOME GIANT BIRD?

THIS IS NO BIRD. IT IS HARD. HARDER THAN ANY BONE I'VE SEEN. AND SHARP... SHARPER THAN **BLACKSTONE**... SEE HOW I CUT MY HAND ON ITS EDGE?

THIS **THING WAS MADE**, NOT BORN.

BUT **WHO MADE** IT, AND **WHY?**



HAVE YOU SEEN A THING LIKE THIS BEFORE, **HAZEL?**

NOT IN MY LIFE, NOR IN MY MOTHER'S DAY BEFORE THAT.

THIS THING IS **NOT** OF THE LAND.



**QUIET ONE?!**

YES, ELDER... I USUALLY KEEP MY COUNSEL. MOST WOULD CALL MY NAME WELL-EARNED.



I WAS AN OUTSIDER, BUT THE PEOPLE TOOK ME IN WHEN I CAME HERE NEARLY FIVE SUMMERS AGO.

IN MY TIME OF NEED YOU HELPED ME... AND I WILL NEVER FORGET THAT KINDNESS.

AND SO I FEEL IT IS RIGHT THAT I LISTEN TO YOU, AND LEARN YOUR WAYS, AND **SPEAK** LITTLE.

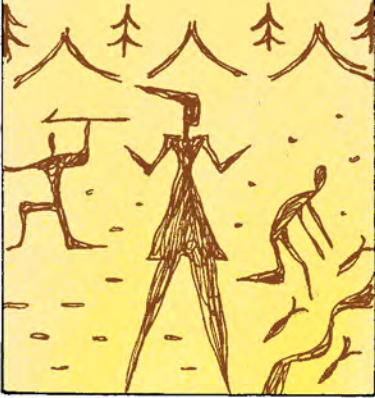
BUT WILL YOU HEAR ME NOW?



YOU ARE ONE OF THE PEOPLE NOW, QUIET ONE.

**WE LISTEN.**

"YOU ALL KNOW THAT I CAME FROM ANOTHER GROUP...A DIFFERENT PEOPLE. WE SPOKE ANOTHER TONGUE AND HUNTED FAR FROM HERE, IN THE FOREST TO THE EAST. ONE DAY, A WOMAN FROM OUR VILLAGE FOUND...A **THING**.



"IT WAS HARD AND BURNT AND AS SHARP AS BLACKSTONE, AND WE THOUGHT WE MIGHT MAKE SOMETHING FROM IT, TOOLS OR WEAPONS, WE KNEW NOT WHAT. WE ONLY KNEW IT WAS STRANGE AND NEW...AND PERHAPS EXCITING.



"BUT THE THING CARRIED A SICKNESS IN IT. WE GREW ILL, THE FOOD SPOILED, AND SOON WE WENT MAD AND TURNED AGAINST EACH OTHER. BROTHER SLEW BROTHER, AND MOTHERS DROWNED THEIR CHILDREN.



"I RAN AWAY IN FEAR, AND WHEN I LOOKED BACK, I SAW THAT MY VILLAGE WAS AFLAME. I KEPT ON RUNNING, AND TWO TURNS OF THE MOON PASSED BEFORE SLEEPING BEAR FOUND ME AND BROUGHT ME BACK HERE. LOOK FAR SAYS THE LAND PROVIDES... BUT THIS THING IS **NOT** OF THE LAND."



HERE WE ARE, IN THE CENTER, **THE PEOPLE.**

WE ARE SAFE IN **THE LAND,** AND THE LAND PROVIDES...

BUT THIS **THING...**



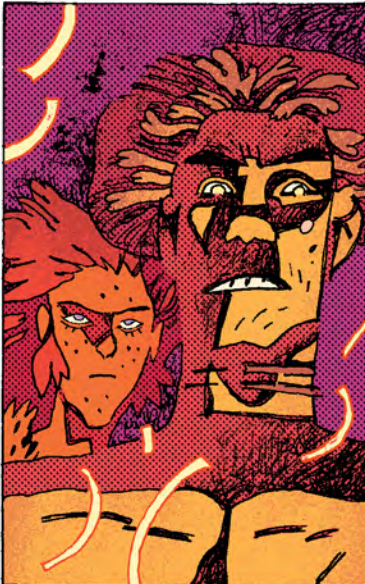
...IT **BREAKS** THE BALANCE OF THE LAND.



WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE US DO, QUIET ONE? **BURN** IT?

NO. WE MUST TAKE IT AWAY FROM HERE AND **BURY** IT WITH STONES.

THAT IS THE ONLY WAY...

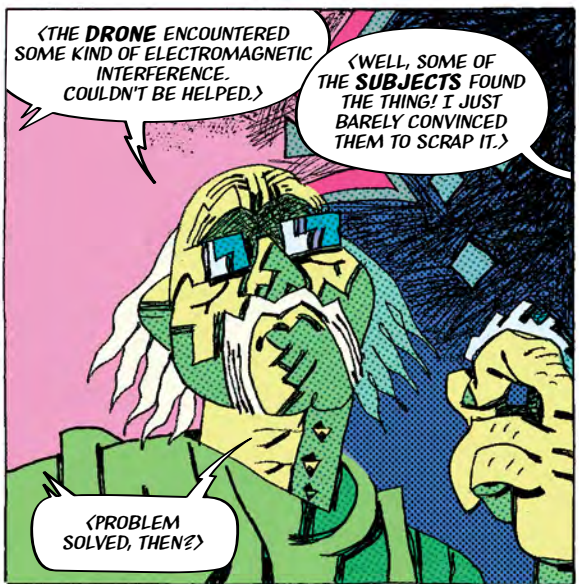






<DUNCAN!  
WHAT  
THE FUCK  
IS GOING  
ON?!!>

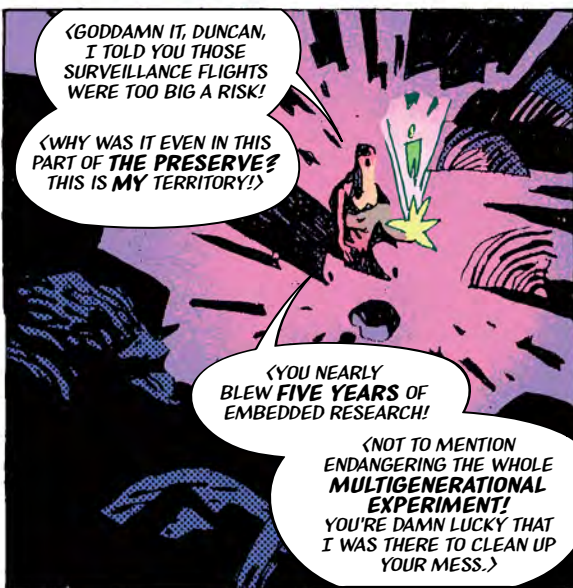
<OH, CALM  
DOWN.>



<THE DRONE ENCOUNTERED  
SOME KIND OF ELECTROMAGNETIC  
INTERFERENCE.  
COULDN'T BE HELPED.>

<WELL, SOME OF  
THE SUBJECTS FOUND  
THE THING! I JUST  
BARELY CONVINCED  
THEM TO SCRAP IT.>

<PROBLEM  
SOLVED, THEN?>



<GODDAMN IT, DUNCAN,  
I TOLD YOU THOSE  
SURVEILLANCE FLIGHTS  
WERE TOO BIG A RISK!

<WHY WAS IT EVEN IN THIS  
PART OF THE PRESERVE?  
THIS IS MY TERRITORY!>

<YOU NEARLY  
BLEW FIVE YEARS OF  
EMBEDDED RESEARCH!

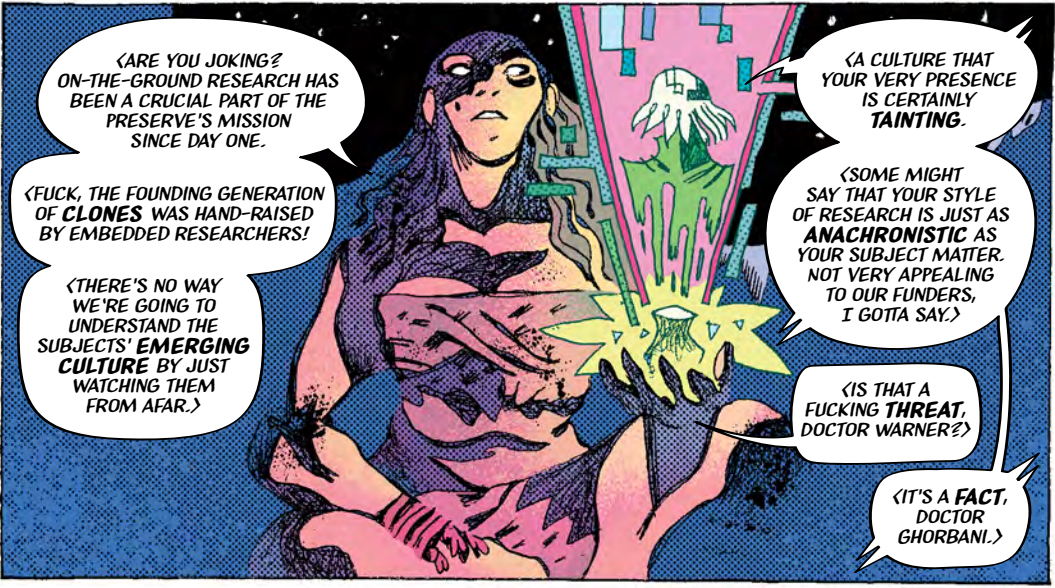
<NOT TO MENTION  
ENDANGERING THE WHOLE  
MULTIGENERATIONAL  
EXPERIMENT!  
YOU'RE DAMN LUCKY THAT  
I WAS THERE TO CLEAN UP  
YOUR MESS.>



<I WOULDN'T CAST  
STONES IF I WERE  
YOU, NOUR.>

<THERE'S  
NOTHING YOU'RE DOING  
DOWN THERE THAT CAN'T BE  
DONE BETTER BY REMOTE  
SURVEILLANCE, AND  
YOU KNOW IT.>

<CONTROL  
IS THIS CLOSE TO  
PULLING YOU OUT OF  
YOUR LITTLE FIELD  
STUDY.>



<ARE YOU JOKING?  
ON-THE-GROUND RESEARCH HAS  
BEEN A CRUCIAL PART OF THE  
PRESERVE'S MISSION  
SINCE DAY ONE.

<FUCK, THE FOUNDING GENERATION  
OF CLONES WAS HAND-RAISED  
BY EMBEDDED RESEARCHERS!

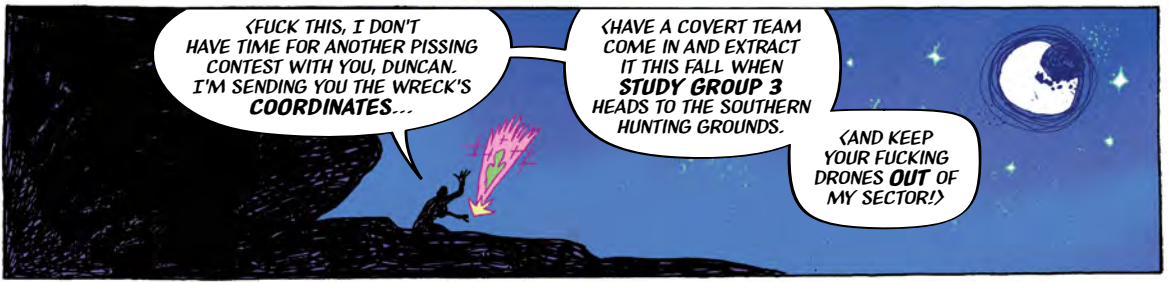
<THERE'S NO WAY  
WE'RE GOING TO  
UNDERSTAND THE  
SUBJECTS' EMERGING  
CULTURE BY JUST  
WATCHING THEM  
FROM AFAR.>

<A CULTURE THAT  
YOUR VERY PRESENCE  
IS CERTAINLY  
TAINING.

<SOME MIGHT  
SAY THAT YOUR STYLE  
OF RESEARCH IS JUST AS  
ANACHRONISTIC AS  
YOUR SUBJECT MATTER.  
NOT VERY APPEALING  
TO OUR FUNDERS,  
I GOTTA SAY.>

<IS THAT A  
FUCKING THREAT,  
DOCTOR WARNER?>

<IT'S A FACT,  
DOCTOR  
GHORBANI.>



<FUCK THIS, I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR ANOTHER PISSING CONTEST WITH YOU, DUNCAN. I'M SENDING YOU THE WRECK'S COORDINATES...>

<HAVE A COVERT TEAM COME IN AND EXTRACT IT THIS FALL WHEN **STUDY GROUP 3** HEADS TO THE SOUTHERN HUNTING GROUNDS.>

<AND KEEP YOUR FUCKING DRONES **OUT** OF MY SECTOR!>



NOT OF THE LAND...



SNIP

LUCKY MAN. I HEAR YOU'VE BEEN ON THE WAITING LIST FOR TEN YEARS.

YEAH. HONESTLY, MY WIFE SIGNED ME UP.

INTERESTING. SO NO DEEP DESIRE TO SEE THE WORLD FOR YOURSELF, THEN?

BEEN BLIND MY WHOLE LIFE. I SEE THE WORLD EXACTLY HOW I NEED TO.

STAY STILL, PLEASE.

SNIP SNIP

SO WHY THE SUDDEN NEED TO SEE?

MY NAME CAME UP. AND MY WIFE THINKS IT'LL HELP ME. IT'S A SEEING MAN'S WORLD, ISN'T IT?

HAPPY WIFE, HAPPY LIFE. I GET IT. OKAY. I'M JUST SLOWLY REMOVING THE SYNTHETIC FIBER ONE LAYER AT A TIME.

CAN YOU SEE ANY SORT OF LIGHT?

UM... MAYBE?

I CAN... IS IT GETTING BRIGHTER?

I WOULD HOPE SO! PLEASE BRACE YOURSELF, OKAY? WE DON'T REALLY KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT.

LEGAL ASKED ME TO REMIND YOU--THE REVIX CORPORATION ISN'T LIABLE FOR ANY DAMAGES THAT MAY INCUR.

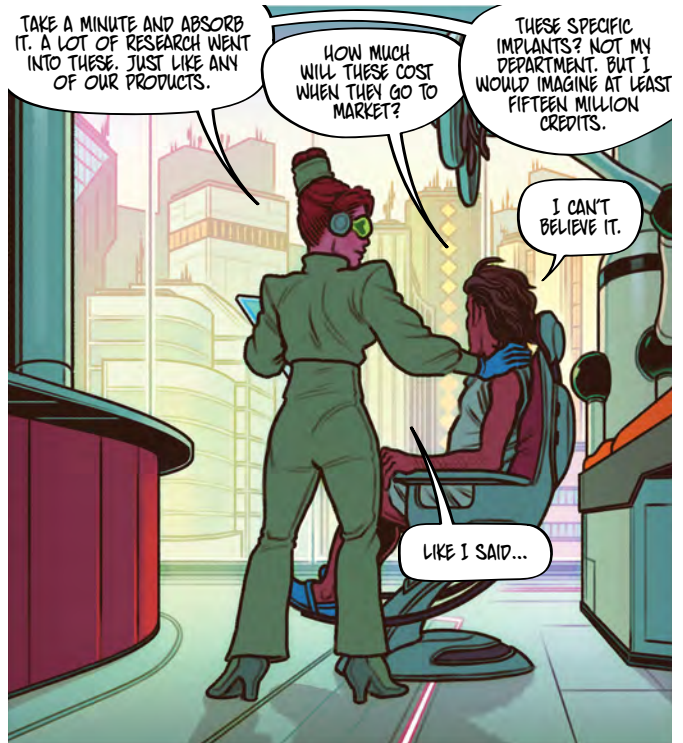
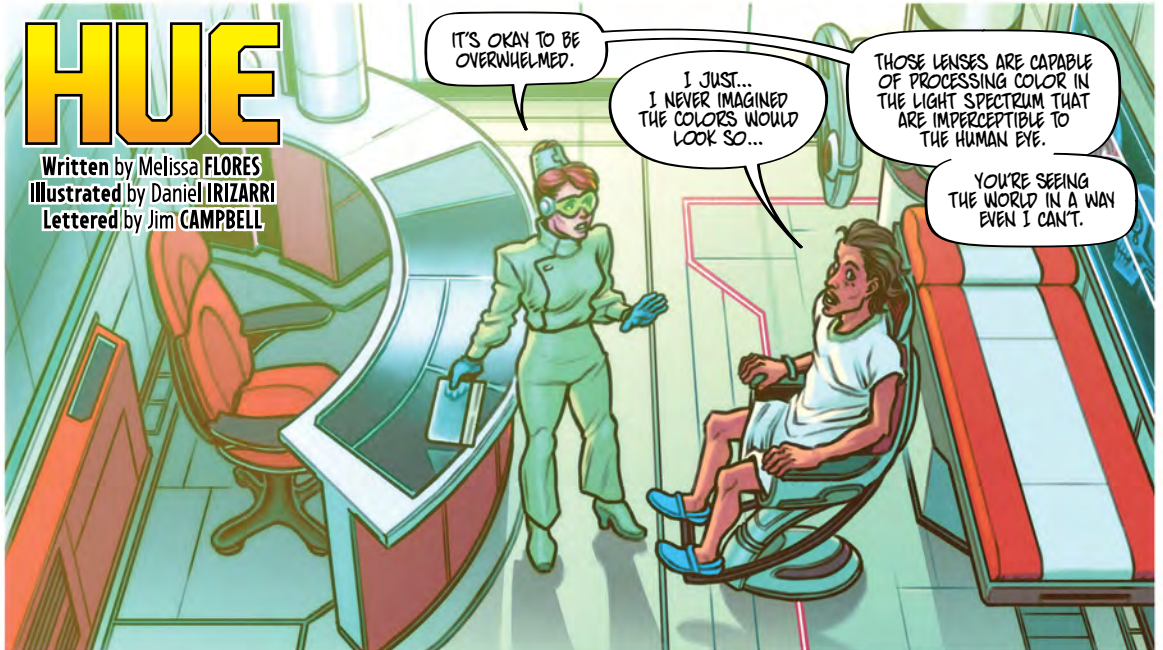
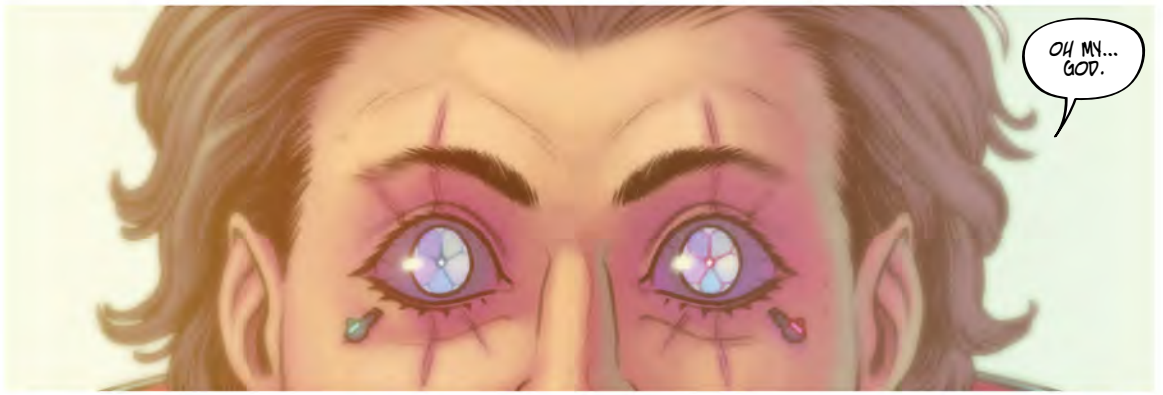
AND SINCE YOU ARE THE FIRST HUMAN TEST SUBJECT TO RECEIVE THESE NEW LENTICULAR IMPLANTS BEFORE THEY'RE OPEN TO MASS MARKET...

I UNDER--

WE CAN NOT GUARANTEE THERE WON'T BE SIDE EFFECTS OR LASTING DAMAGE, OR EVEN IF THIS PROCEDURE WILL WORK.

HEY! I SIGNED THE WAIVER. JUST... I WANNA SEE. PLEASE.

WELL THEN OPEN YOUR EYES, MR. MENDOZA.





"...YOU'RE A LUCKY MAN."



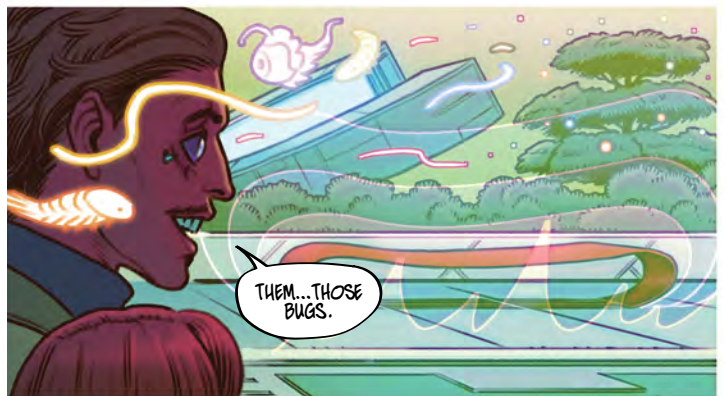
BABE, I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU LIKE THIS. WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?

CAN'T YOU SEE IT?

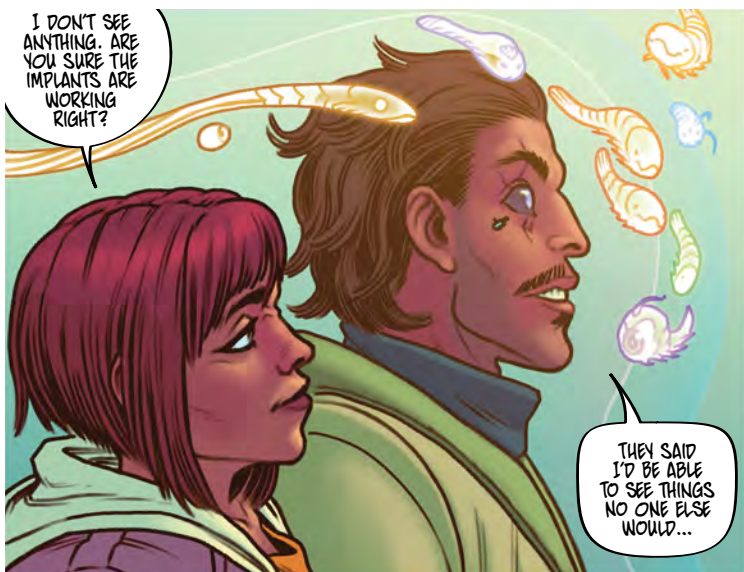


SEE WHAT? THE TREES?

NO...



THEM...THOSE BUGS.



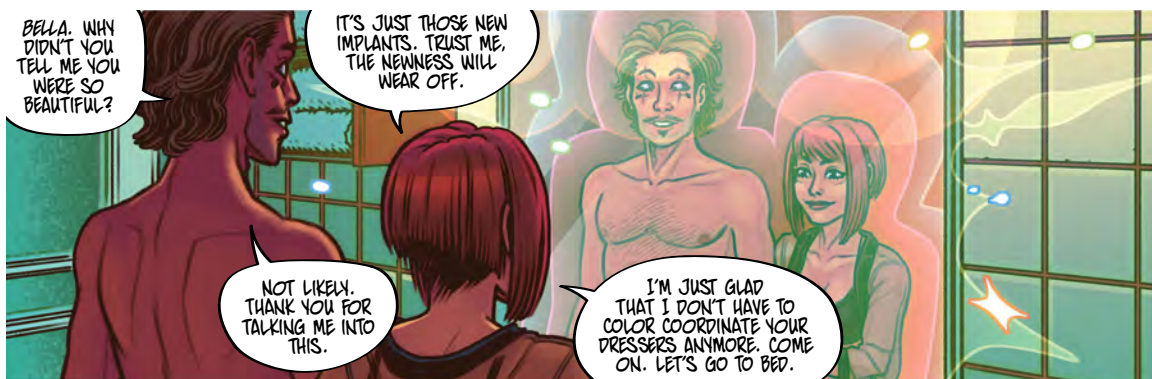
I DON'T SEE ANYTHING. ARE YOU SURE THE IMPLANTS ARE WORKING RIGHT?

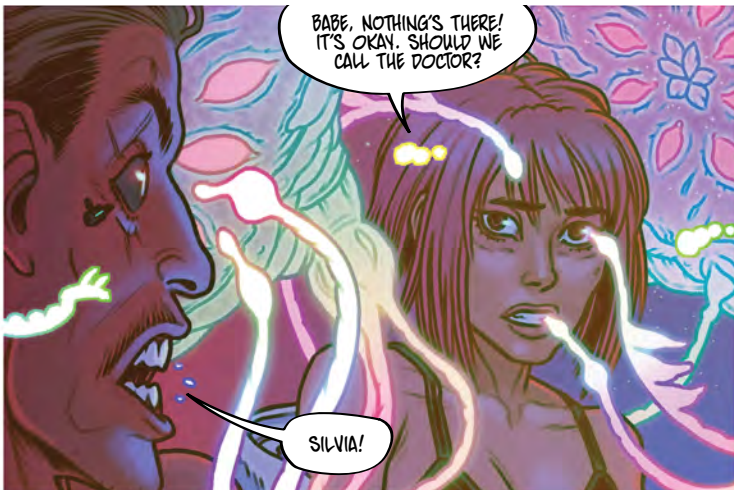
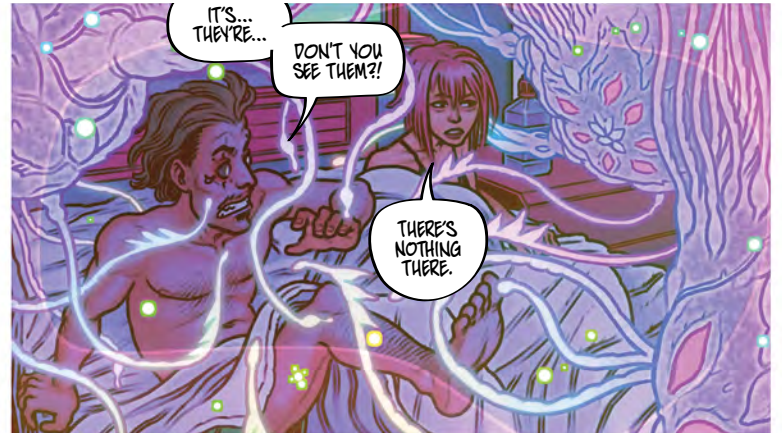
THEY SAID I'D BE ABLE TO SEE THINGS NO ONE ELSE WOULD...



YOU REALLY DON'T SEE THEM? THEY'RE SO... BEAUTIFUL.

I ONLY SEE YOU, MATTIE. HAPPY. THAT'S ALL I NEED TO SEE.







"MR. MENDOZA...  
I'M NOT SURE  
I UNDERSTAND."



THEY COME,  
EVERY NIGHT.

THESE  
TENTACLE  
ALIEN THINGS  
THAT ONLY  
YOU CAN  
SEE.

THAT'S  
RIGHT.



"EVERY NIGHT."

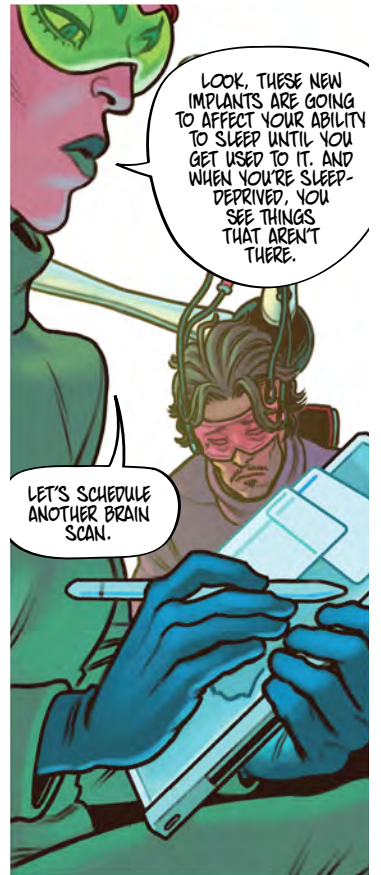


AND WHY DON'T YOU TRY TO RUN  
AWAY WHEN THIS HAPPENS? WHY  
DOESN'T YOUR WIFE FEEL IT?



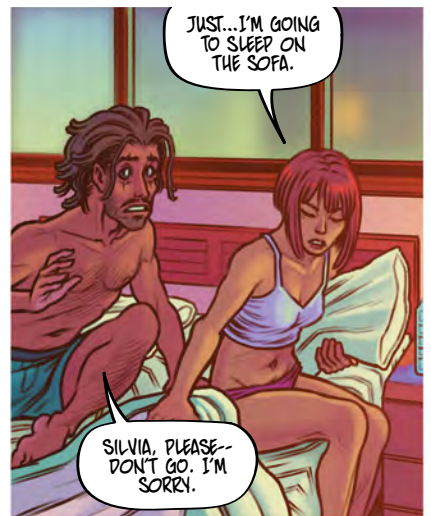
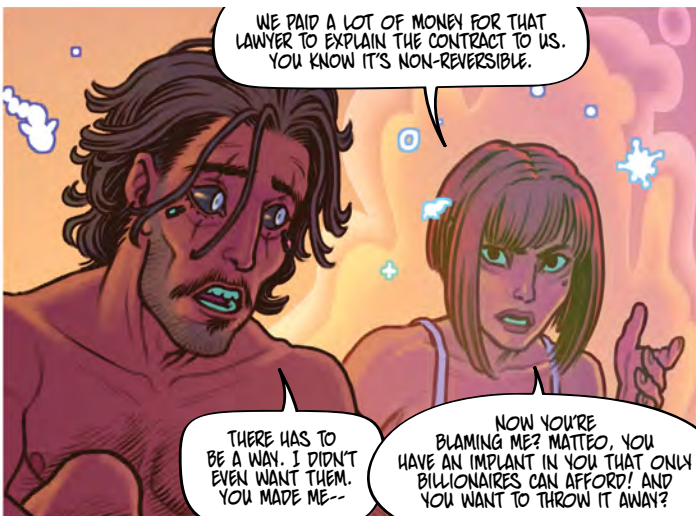
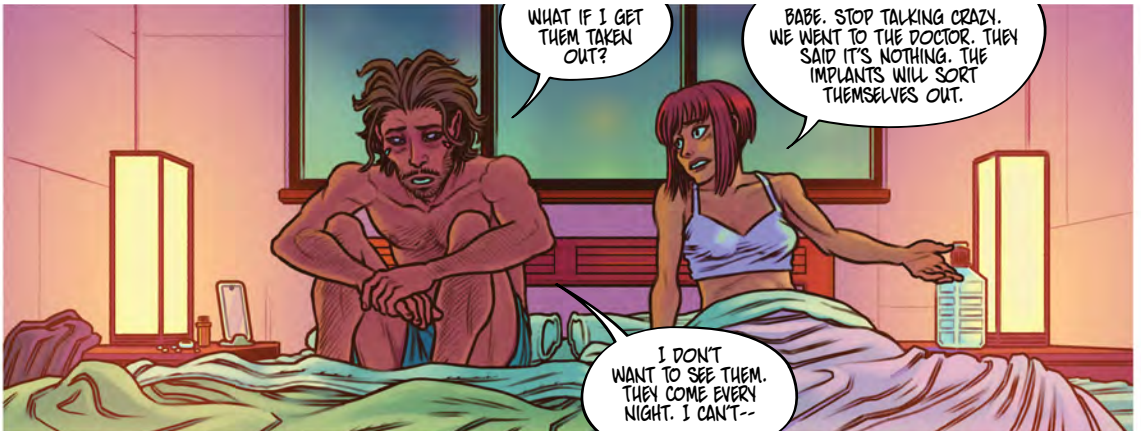
THERE'S SOMETHING  
IN THOSE TENTACLES. THEY  
PARALYZE YOU. PUT YOU TO  
SLEEP. OR SOMETHING.  
I THINK THEY'RE...

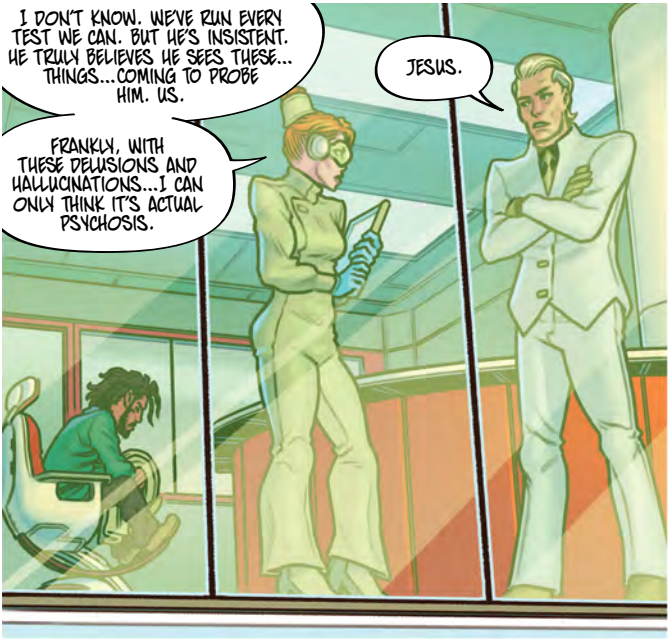
MAYBE THEY'RE  
STUDYING US?



LOOK, THESE NEW  
IMPLANTS ARE GOING  
TO AFFECT YOUR ABILITY  
TO SLEEP UNTIL YOU  
GET USED TO IT. AND  
WHEN YOU'RE SLEEP-  
DEPRIVED, YOU  
SEE THINGS  
THAT AREN'T  
THERE.

LET'S SCHEDULE  
ANOTHER BRAIN  
SCAN.





I DON'T KNOW. WE'VE RUN EVERY TEST WE CAN. BUT HE'S INSISTENT. HE TRULY BELIEVES HE SEES THESE... THINGS... COMING TO PROBE HIM. US.

JESUS.

FRANKLY, WITH THESE DELUSIONS AND HALLUCINATIONS... I CAN ONLY THINK IT'S ACTUAL PSYCHOSIS.



FUCKING HELL, THESE GUINEA PIGS GET CRAZIER BY THE DAY. ONLY TOOK HIM A MONTH TO GO COMPLETELY BONKERS.

HE WANTS THE IMPLANTS OUT.

HE SIGNED THE CONTRACT. THEY STAY IN. SEE IT TO THE END. ALL DATA IS GOOD DATA.



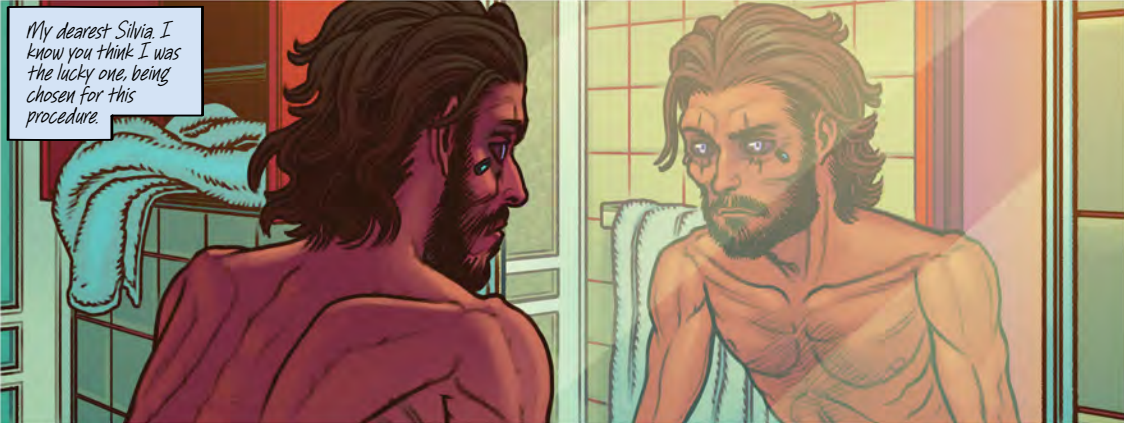
SHE'LL COME BACK. JUST GOTTA GIVE HER SOME TIME.

I DON'T WANT HER TO COME BACK. I DON'T WANT TO SEE THOSE THINGS... HOW CAN SHE SLEEP THROUGH IT?

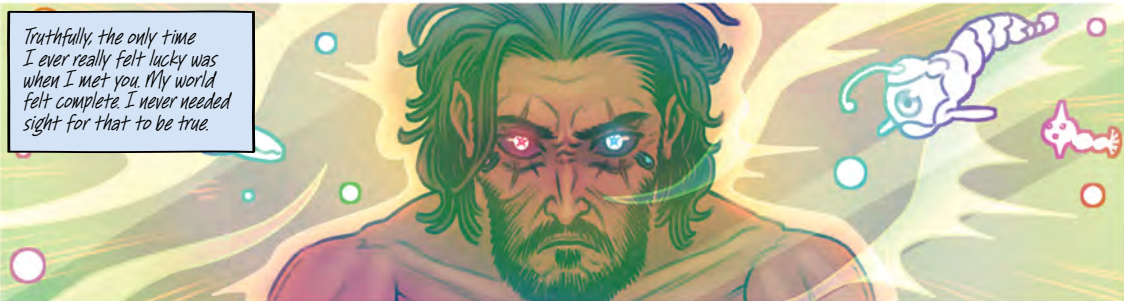
YOU GOTTA GET SOME SLEEP, MAN.

THEY COME FOR YOU TOO, YOU KNOW. THEY COME FOR EVERYBODY.

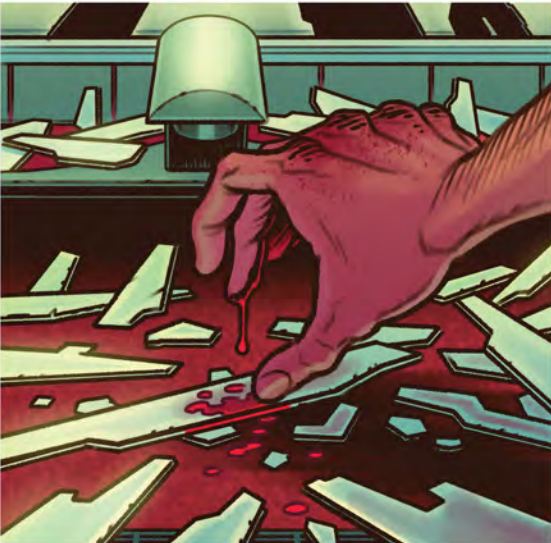
"JUST... JUST LEAVE ME ALONE. PLEASE."



My dearest Silvia. I know you think I was the lucky one, being chosen for this procedure.



Truthfully, the only time I ever really felt lucky was when I met you. My world felt complete. I never needed sight for that to be true.



But now I have the sight.



And I don't have you.



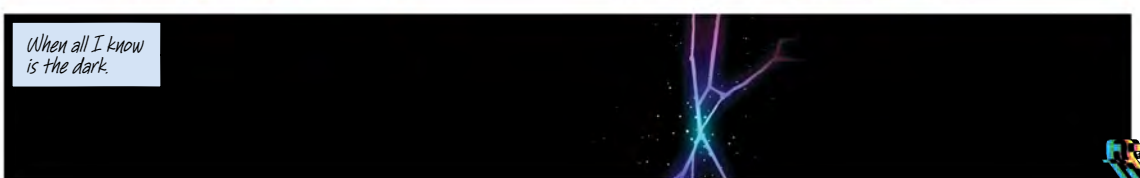
I should have said no to you. No to this.



The truth is...you're the lucky one. You can't see what I do. But I'll fix it.



And then maybe we can be happy again...



When all I know is the dark.



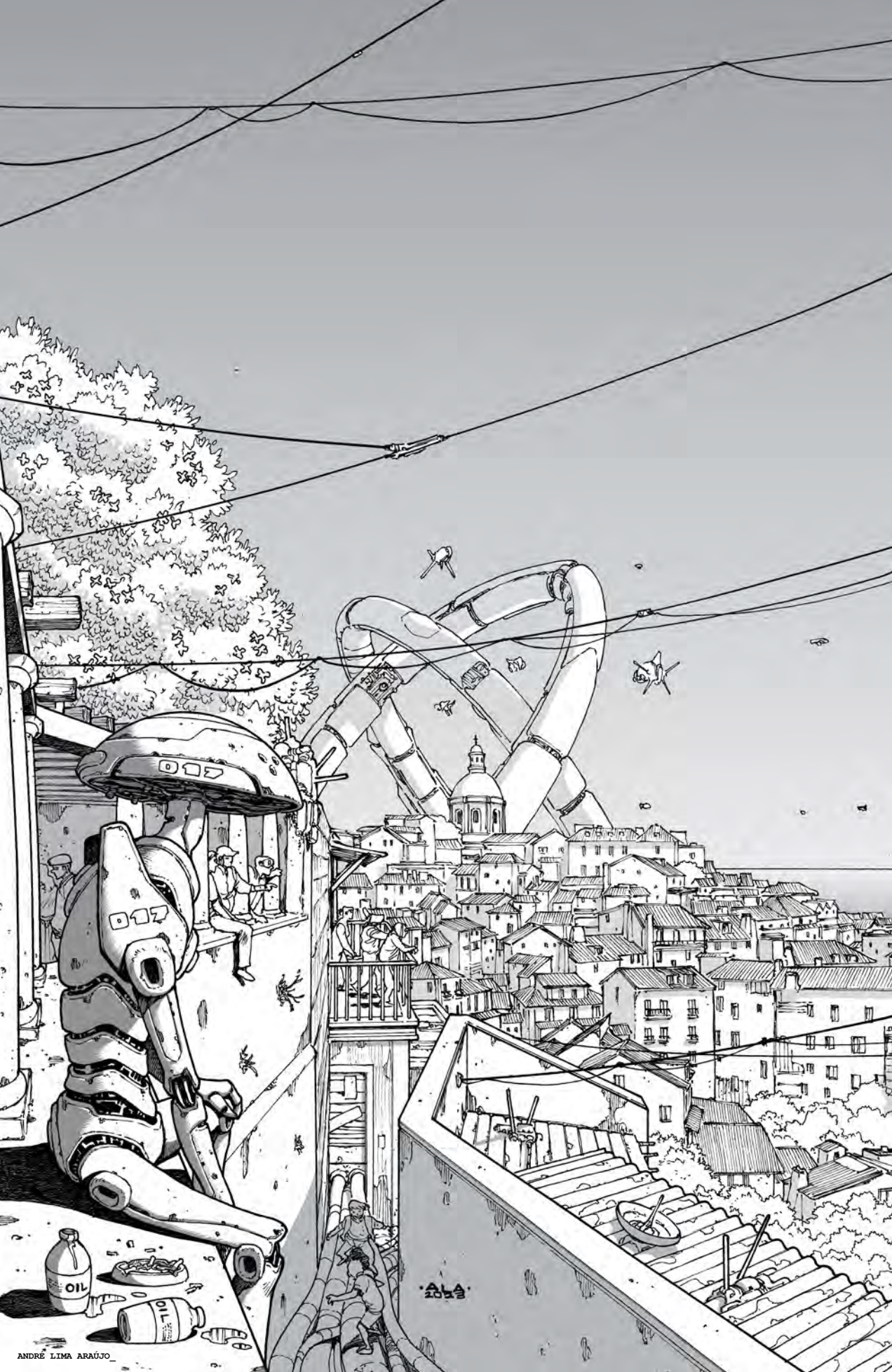






# XINOGRAPHY DEPT.

XINO IS A FULL-COLOR ASSAULT  
ON THE SENSES, BUT WE  
WANTED TO SHOWCASE SOME OF  
THE INCREDIBLE BLACK-AND-  
WHITE WORK THAT HAPPENS  
BEFORE THE COLOR IS ADDED!





Crow on  
tail  
to Bella  
the Snow  
Test  
Jockey  
Magnus  
← ahoban  
Map









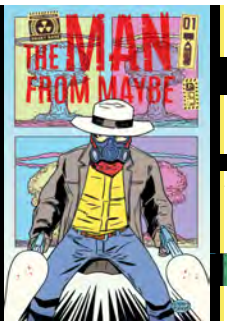
**XINO CREW**

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**LIKE XINO? CATCH THESE OTHER ONIX TITLES BY XINO CREATORS!**



FACELESSANDTHEFAMILY\_LESNIEWSKI



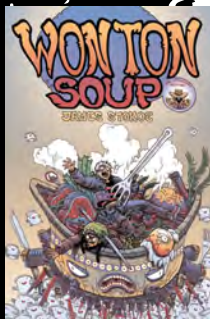
THEMANFROMMAYBE\_THOMAS&KANE



DEGA\_MCDAID



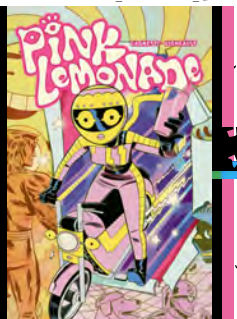
TITAN\_VIGNEAULT



WONTONSOUPT\_STOKOE



WEEABOO\_SALLAH



PINKLEMONADE\_CAGNETTI



TRANSMISSION  
ENDED

**BECAUSE THE FUTURE  
IS GETTING  
WEIRDER EVERY DAY,  
WE GIVE YOU**

# XINO

**\_AN INTRAOCULAR  
LOZENGE OF SUBVERSIVE,  
SURREALIST SCIENCE FICTION TO  
CURE YOUR AWFUL AWARENESS  
OF IT ALL. TRY NOT TO WORRY—THE  
INSERTION PROCESS WILL BE GUIDED  
BY THE MEGAWATT BRILLIANCE  
OF COMICS' BRIGHTEST  
TALENTS AS THEY SLOWLY  
TUNE YOUR HOPES,  
DREAMS, DESIRES,  
PARANOIA, ALIENATION,  
ANXIETY, AND ADRENALINE  
TO PRODUCE THE DESIRED RESULTS.**

**"AN ABSOLUTE WHO'S WHO OF  
RISING CREATORS. EVERY STORY  
IN THIS COLLECTION IS A BANGER,  
AND I CAN'T RECOMMEND  
IT ENOUGH." —COMICS BEAT**

**"SCRATCHES THAT ENDLESS ITCH FOR  
WEIRD AND WILD SCI-FI FROM A  
SUITE OF THOUGHTFUL AND INVENTIVE  
COMICS TALENT." —AIP COMICS**

**FEATURING CONTRIBUTIONS FROM**

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| JIM CAMPBELL | ZANDER  
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SOPHIE FRANZ | DAVID HAHN |  
PHIL HESTER | DANIEL IRIZARRI  
| JUSTIN JORDAN | SHAKY KANE  
| SHAWN KURUNERU | DAVID  
LAPHAM | MARIA LAPHAM  
| MATT LESNIEWSKI | DAN  
MCDAID | MOLLY MENDOZA |  
CHRIS O'HALLORAN | HAGAI  
PALEVSKY | RICO RENZI | ALISSA  
SALLAH | FRANCESCO SEGALA  
| ALEX SEGURA | MATT SHEEAN  
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ARTYOM TRAKHANOV | FRANÇOIS  
VIGNEAULT | RAMON VILLALOBOS  
| MALACHI WARD | DUSTIN  
WEAVER | JASON WORDIE |**



**SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS**