

# NAMESAKE™

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# HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT. 12:01 AM.

~zzzt~  
--THAT'S  
RIGHT, FOLKS, IT'S  
MIDNIGHT-PLUS-ONE!  
BELIEVE IT OR NOT,  
IT'S BEEN SEVEN  
YEARS! IT'S TIME FOR  
DIMENSIONAL  
ALIGNMENT--  
~zzzt~

~zzzt~  
--EKTAE'S  
BLESSING HAS  
BEGIN!--  
~zzzt~

~zzzt~  
--NOW'S YOUR  
CHANCE! REKINDLE  
THAT ONE NIGHT  
STAND WITH A SPECIAL  
SIDHAN FROM SEVEN  
YEARS PAST--  
~zzzt~

~zzzt~  
--LET THE  
DIPLOMATS WORK  
THEIR TRADE AND  
BUSINESS DEALS,  
WE'LL BE DOING SOME  
REAL CULTURAL  
EXCHANGE--  
~zzzt~

~zzzt~  
--SING EKTAE  
SONGS. DRINK THE  
EKTAE ALE. HAVE  
SOMEONE FROM  
EKTAE MAKE YOU  
WAIL. IT'S THE PARTY  
THAT COMES BUT  
ONCE EVERY  
SEVEN YEARS--  
~zzzt~

~zzzt~  
--AND REMEMBER,  
EVEN IF VENEREAL  
HEXES ARE ONLY ACTIVE  
DURING THE DIMENSIONAL  
ALIGNMENT, USE  
PROTECTION--  
~zzzt~

~zzzt~  
--HAVE FUN.  
BE SAFE OUT  
THERE--  
~zzzt~

WEST SOUTH GREEN  
FIRE BARRACKS

MOLOSSUS!

SUIT UP!  
WE'VE GOT A  
CLASS M.



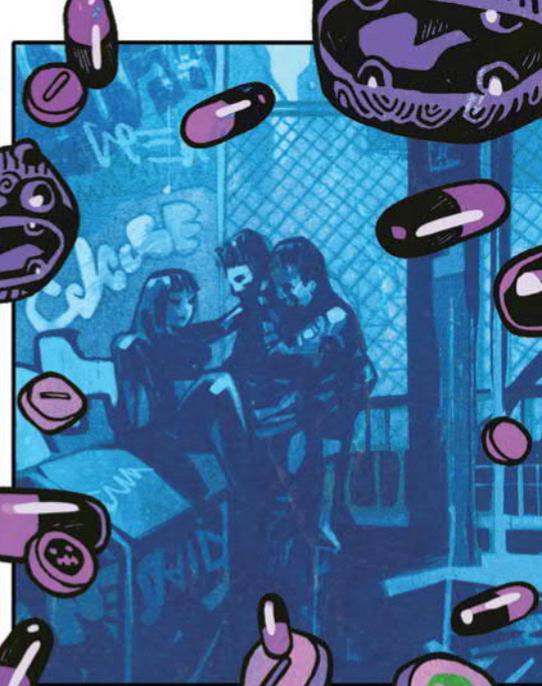
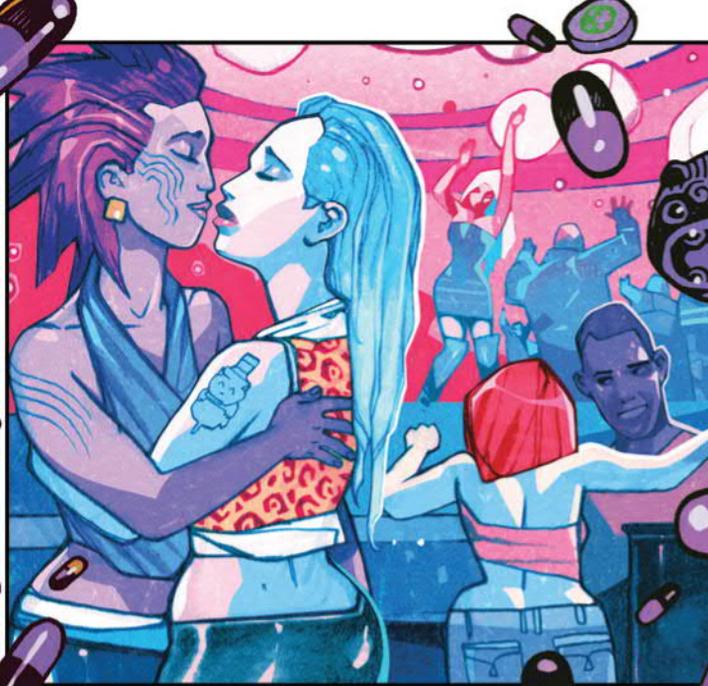
CLASS M. MAGIC-RELATED FIRE.



POPPING UP ALL OVER THE CITY. LOOKS LIKE WE'RE WORKING THROUGH THE NIGHT.



WE'VE GOT ANOTHER ONE. WHO CAN RESPOND?



2:01 AM.

LOOK AT THESE SIDHAN FOOLS, JORDAN. NOT TWO HOURS AND THEY'RE JUMPING A PORTAL FROM EKTAE TO START SOMETHING.

I HATE WORKING SPELLFIRES. RUINES ON OUR COATS ARE HOT FOR DAYS.

NO KIDDING. COP'S DIVINER IS BLOWING OFF THE CHARTS. HAS TO BE SIDHAN MAGIC BURNED THIS PLACE.

IT'S MY FOURTH BLESSING. I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND THAT NONSENSE, OR WHAT THE HELL THE TYPHIC FORCE EVEN IS.

IT'S NOT MAGIC. NOT THERE. PHYSICS WORKS DIFFERENT ON EKTAE, JOHNSON.

THEY'VE GOT A FUNDAMENTAL FORCE WE DON'T--LETS THEM MANIPULATE THE OTHERS. ONLY SIDHANS SENSE IT. SOMETHING IN THEIR CELLS, I GUESS.

YOU GUESS? WHERE'D YOU LEARN ALL THAT, MOLOSSUS? PILLOW TALK?

SHUT UP, MEDLY. JUST BECAUSE I DON'T WEAR MY MAGIC ILLITERACY AS A BADGE OF HONOR DOESN'T MEAN I LIKE THAT SPELLTRASH.

YOU'RE SCREWED, KINE. YOU KNOW WHO OWNS THESE PALACES?

I WORK FOR P. TALASON FERRIER, MORONS.

DO YOU EVEN KNOW HOW SWIVED YOU ARE?





WHERE'S YOUR BOY FERRIER NOW? CAN HE POST BAIL BEFORE THE PORTALS CLOSE?

LIKE YOU'LL EVEN GET TO BOOK ME--

OH!



OH-OH IT *CAN'T* BE! MOLOSSUS? JORDAN MOLOSSUS? I KNOW YOU. I KNOW YOU!

FERRIER SAYS HELLO, YOU FATHERLESS ORTS!



...WHAT?

IS JORDAN GOOD? HE DOESN'T LET ANYBODY MENTION--

HE'S COOL. HE'S GOT IT.



WORD IS FERRIER'S BEEN HUNTING YOU FOR YEARS.

YOU TALK LIKE A SIDHAN, SURE. BUT YOU DON'T HAVE THE BLOOD. WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT?

KNOW ENOUGH, SWIVE. LIKE ANYONE WORKS FOR FERRIER SUPPOSED TO GO SANGUINARY ON YOU--STRAIGHT UP.



LIKE YOU CRAZY--MAD RAGE FOR THE BLESSINGS. MAKES SENSE. NEVER BEEN A BLESSING FOR YOU.

BLESSING REMINDS YOU OF IT. BIG STORY FOR FERRIER BOYS, HEARD?



WHEN YOUR PARENTS LEFT YOU IN THE TRASH.