



**DANGER ROOM
VER. 10.3
COMBAT TRAINING.**

SANTO, I
COULD USE
SOME HELP
HERE.



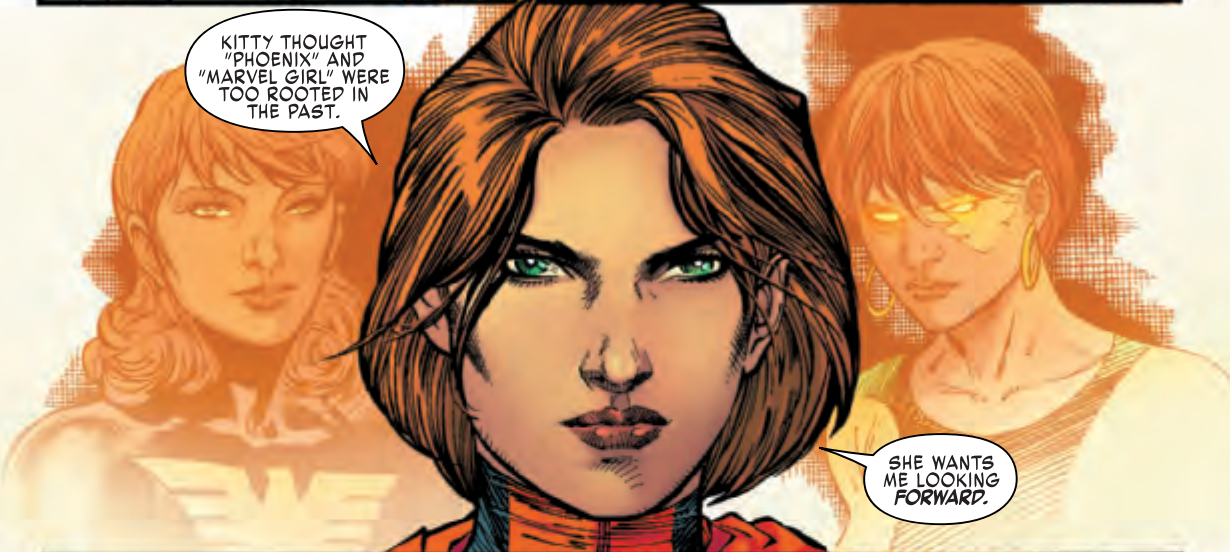
DO I LOOK
LIKE I'M NAPPING
HERE?
GNF--



HANG
ON.



I'VE GOT
THIS.





"...BUT I'M
GLAD SHE'S
IN CHARGE."

MAYBE IT'S NOT TOO
LATE TO GO BACK TO
THE GUARDIANS
OF THE GALAXY.

OR TRAPPED INSIDE
A **BULLET** TRAVELING
THROUGH SPACE.
THAT WAS FUN...

I'D EVEN SETTLE FOR
BEING AN IMMORTAL
DEMON-NINJA'S PSYCHIC
PUPPET RIGHT ABOUT NOW.



THIS USED TO
BE YOUR DESK,
PROFESSOR.

I THINK OF
YOU A LOT.
ALMOST
EVERY DAY.



I SURVIVED
THE EXPERIENCE.



KATYA?
DO YOU HAVE
A MINUTE?

JUST HAD TO
GO AND JINX
MYSELF,
DIDN'T I?



CASUAL.
SOUND
CASUAL.

NICE
JOB.

HEY.
WHAT'S
UP?



I ORDERED
IN SOME
PINNER.

ONE OF
THE ADVANTAGES
OF LIVING IN THE
MIDDLE OF MANHATTAN,
THERE IS NO SHORTAGE
OF RESTAURANTS TO
CHOOSE FROM.

I ORDERED
PIZZA. CHICAGO
STYLE.

MY
FAVORITE.



WOULD
YOU CARE
TO JOIN
ME?



NO.

I MEAN,
AS FRIENDS,
SURE. ALWAYS.
NO PROBLEM.

BUT YOU
DIDN'T MEAN AS
FRIENDS, RIGHT?



IS IT EVER
THAT SIMPLE
WITH US?

NO.

I LOVE
YOU, PETER. I
ALWAYS WILL.

BUT I'VE
MOVED ON.

I'M
SORRY.



IF THERE'S ANY KIND OF
GOD AT ALL, SOMEONE WILL
ATTACK THE CITY RIGHT NOW.

SOMEONE'S
ATTACKING
THE CITY.

GREAT. NOW I
FEEL LIKE THE WORST
PERSON EVER.