

FOUR YEARS AFTER
SOLAR FLARE

Robots never
get tired.

They don't
get cold.

A little maintenance will
keep them humming for
centuries until they
break down from use.

When they fail, their
parts are recycled and
a newer model vaults
into service.

I used to think robots
were our enemies,
controlling us for some
nefarious purpose.

Turns out we're
our own worst
enemies.





I love your mother.
I love you...

THESE
LASERS.

...but I don't know if I
would have made the
same choices if I knew
what I know now.



THEY
AREN'T
HARD
LIGHT.



Truth, it seems, is
a relative thing.

MARICELA.
MICHAEL.



And in this world,
no one lets truth
get in the way of
happiness.

I
HAVE BEEN
WAITING FOR
YOU.

ENTER
PLEASE, WE
HAVE SO
MUCH TO
DISCUSS.

