

SHANHARA,  
YOU'VE STOPPED  
TALKING.

YES,  
ARIC.

YOU  
**NEVER** STOP  
TALKING.

I WAS TOLD  
MY ASSISTANCE IS  
UNNECESSARY--

--WHEN THE  
SOLUTION IS  
OBVIOUS.

死ななななな  
死ななななな  
(DEATH TO  
THE HUMAN  
PLAGUE!)

死ななななな  
死ななななな  
(DEATH TO  
THE  
ARMOR  
THIEF!)

死ななななな  
死ななななな  
(VENGEANCE  
WILL BE--)

AND IF THERE'S  
ONE THING I KNOW FOR  
SURE YOU CAN HANDLE,  
IT'S A HALF-DERELICT  
ZEPHYR--

--PILOTED BY  
A WAR-CRAZED  
VINE FLEET  
SURVIVOR--

**MAAAAGH!**

--SUFFERING  
SEVERE PTSD  
AFTER MONTHS  
OF ISOLATION.



WELL,  
THE SILENCE IS  
UNSETTLING.

AAAGH!

I'VE GROWN  
ACCOMSTOMED TO  
YOUR VOICE IN  
MY EAR.

I  
AM NOT  
A PODCAST,  
VISIGOTH.

YOU'RE MY  
PARTNER.

IT IS  
NOT MY JOB  
TO KEEP YOU  
AMUSED.

I'M  
SAYING I  
VALUE YOUR  
GUIDANCE.





DO YOU?

YES.

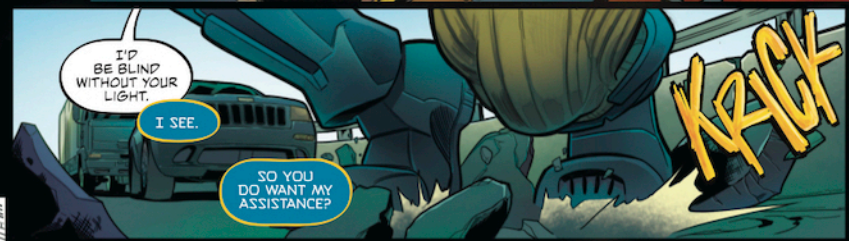
OF COURSE.



"I'M A 4<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY WARRIOR IN A MAGIC SUIT OF ARMOR."

"YOU KNOW IT ISN'T MAGIC, ARIC."

"AND YOU ARE MY TRUSTED ADVISER, A WELLSPRING OF KNOWLEDGE, HUMAN AND ALIEN."



I'D BE BLIND WITHOUT YOUR LIGHT.

I SEE.

SO YOU DO WANT MY ASSISTANCE?

KRACK



"OBVIOUSLY."

"WELL THEN, IN THE FUTURE TRY NOT TO PARK 900-TON ALIEN SPACECRAFT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FREEWAY DURING RUSH HOUR."



"I JUST SAVED THE CITY FROM CERTAIN DOOM."

"SOME PEOPLE WOULD RATHER DIE THAN SIT IN TRAFFIC."



A DISASTROUS MORNING FOR COMPUTERS: AFTER THE CITY'S SUPER-POWERED SO-CALLED "HERO" DECIDED TO STRAND A FLYING SAUCER ON THE TURNPIKE.

THE SPACESHIP, A WRECK FROM LAST YEAR'S VINE INVASION WHICH APPEARS TO HAVE FALLEN OUT OF ORBIT, WAS UNMANNED AND THE COMPUTERS INVOLVED WERE THANKFULLY UNINJURED--

--FARING MUCH BETTER THAN THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE, WHICH ACCORDING TO CITY ENGINEER ESTIMATES, COULD BE OUT OF COMMISSION FOR SIX MONTHS.

PATRONS OF THIS NEWARK DARK ROAST GOT A CLOSE ENCOUNTER WITH THEIR MORNING COFFEE WHEN A FLAMING ALIEN CRASHED THROUGH THE FRONT WINDOWS.

FIREFIGHTERS WERE ABLE TO SNIFF THE ENSUING BLAZE AND HAUL OFF WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE CORPSE, BUT THE SHOP WILL BE CLOSED THE REMAINDER OF THE WEEK FOR CLEANING AND REPAIRS.

GOODNESS, THAT'S A GRIZZLY SCENE.

Breaking News

SAVE THE DAY.

PISS OFF THE WHOLE WORLD.

CLASSIC X-O.

"I GOT HIM!  
I GOT HIM!"



HARLEM.

CALM DOWN, WE ALL GOT HIM.

BRING IT ON, BIG MAN!

THIS IS OUR YARD.

SHANHARA?

BASKETBALL IS A TEAM SPORT IN WHICH TWO TEAMS, MOST COMMONLY OF FIVE PLAYERS EACH, COMPETE WITH THE PRIMARY OBJECTIVE OF SHOOTING A BASKETBALL THROUGH THE DEFENDER'S HOOP.



IT WAS CREATED IN 1891 BY A MUSTACHEIOD MAN WITH A PEACH BASKET.

PEACH BASKET?

AND POPULARIZED GLOBALLY 100 YEARS LATER BY A MAGICIAN, A BIRD AND A MAN NAME MICHAEL--

WHAT IS IT I'M SUPPOSED TO DO?

YO, JUST PASS OR SHOOT!

THERE'S SOMETHING CALLED THE PICK AND ROLL... BUT I BELIEVE THAT REQUIRES HELP FROM A TEAMMATE.

OKAY, HERE, JUST THROW THE BALL UP AT THE BACKBOARD...

...AND IT SHOULD GO INTO THE HOOP.



DONE.

WHOA!

HO-LY!

MAAAN!

WHAT WAS THAT?!

BIG DUDE TRYING TO POP THE DAMN BALL.

IT DID NOT GO INTO THE HOOP.

NO.