

LIMA, PERU.

THANKS FOR MEETING ME, GREGORIO. I KNOW YOU'RE BUSY.

AND YOU KNOW I'LL ALWAYS MAKE TIME FOR YOU, MARI.

WHEN VIXEN BRINGS ME A NOTEBOOK FULL OF TRANCE-WRITING AND STORIES OF THE LORDS OF ORDER, I CLEAR MY SCHEDULE.

IT'S JUST ONE EXAMPLE. PEOPLE ALL OVER THE WORLD ARE WRITING THE SAME STORY IN THEIR SLEEP, ON WHATEVER THEY CAN FIND, AT THE BIDDING OF SOMETHING CALLED THE MIGHT BEYOND THE MIRROR. SHE GRANTS WISHES.

WAIT, MARI... THIS IS A SPELL, AND IT'S BUILDING, COALESCING SOMETHING, PIECE BY PIECE, FROM OUTSIDE REALITY.

THE STORY ITSELF ISN'T NOVEL. IT FITS COMFORTABLY INTO THE PROPP MORPHOLOGY, BUT MAYBE...

THIS STORY ISN'T ABOUT THE MIGHT BEYOND THE MIRROR. MAYBE IT IS THE MIGHT BEYOND THE MIRROR...



THE MICROVERSE.
THE PLANET MOZ-GA.

WOLP

FER
FRAG'S SAKE, DOC!
KEEP YER HEAD
DOWN!





LOBO!
DON'T LET THEM
TRAMPLE DR.
AUT!

QUANTUM
STORM'S GOT
THESE BASTICHES
RIOTIN' IN FEAR. AN'
THA ATOMIC LIGHTNIN'S
FRAGGIN' WITH MY
HEALIN'.

NOT THAT
I CAN'T ENTERTAIN
MYSELF WIT *ONE*
HAND...



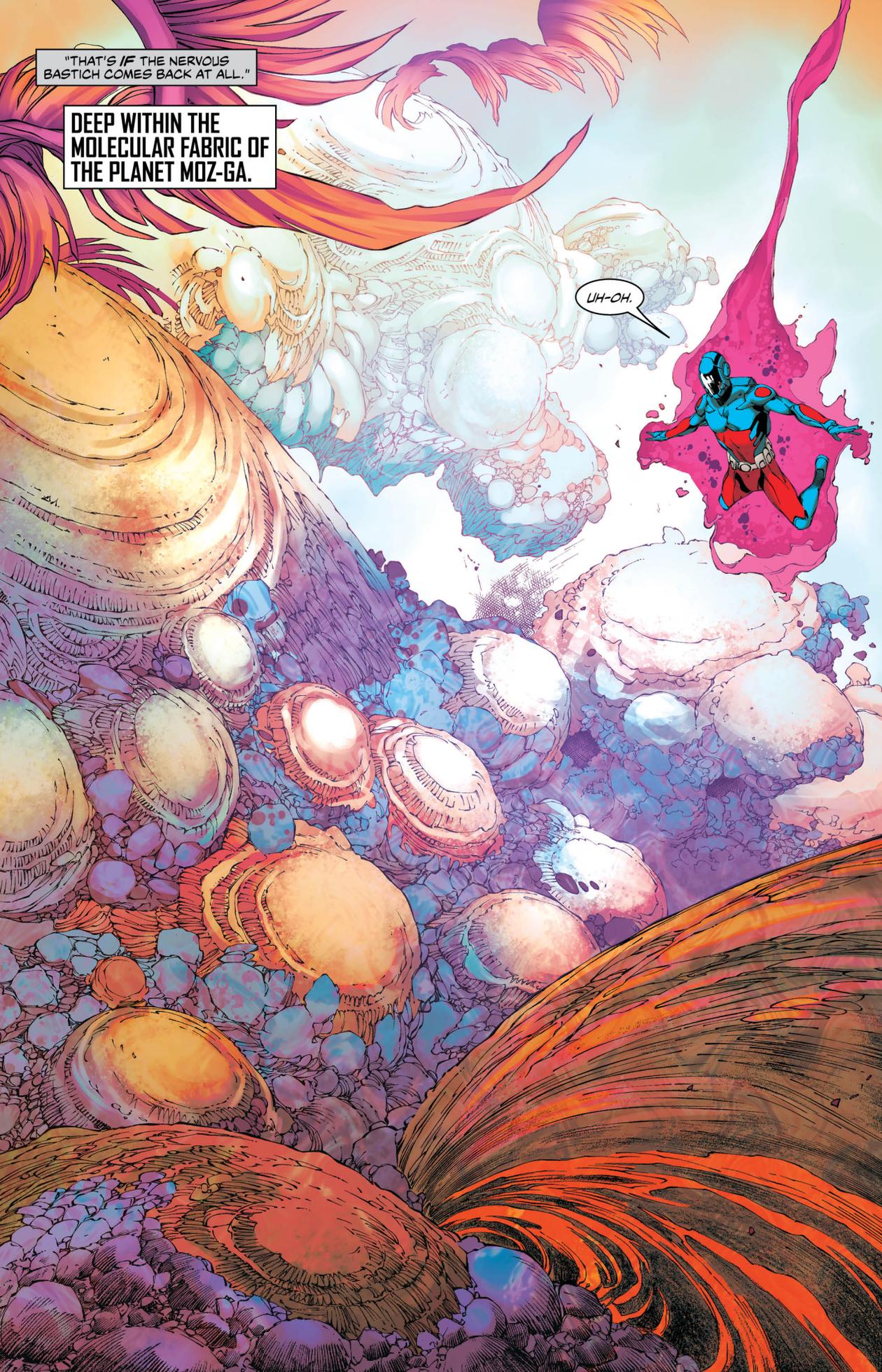
...BUT
THIS AIN'T THA
TYPE 'A SITUATION
THAT SOLVES
ITSELF.

YER
SHRINKIN'
FRAGBUDDY BETTER
COME BACK FROM
MOZ-GA'S GUTS WIT A
SOLUTION, POPSICLE
HANDS, AN'
SOON.

"THAT'S IF THE NERVOUS
BASTICH COMES BACK AT ALL."

DEEP WITHIN THE
MOLECULAR FABRIC OF
THE PLANET MOZ-GA.

UH-OH.





BIO-BELT CORE COMPROMISED.

OH MAN.



BIO-BELT CORE COMPROMISED.

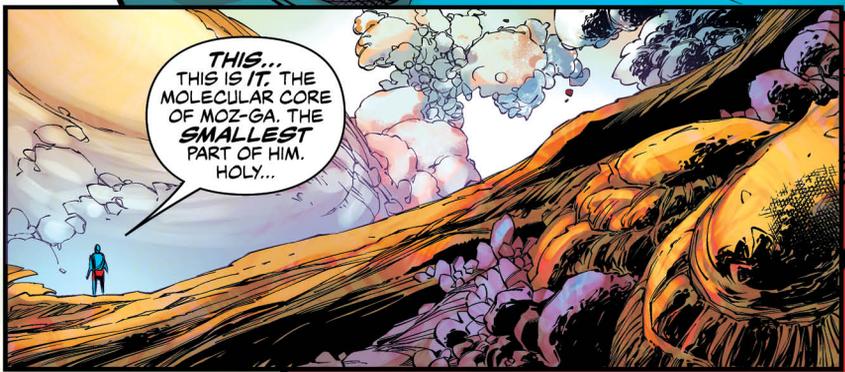
OH, NO-- OH, NO! COME ON, JUST HOLD TOGETHER.

PLEASE DON'T BLOW UP PLEASE DON'T BLOW UP PLEASE DON'T BLOW...

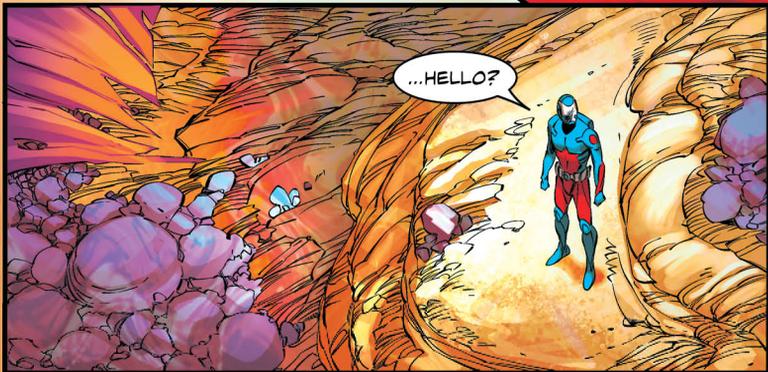


WAIT...

I... I MADE IT?



THIS... THIS IS IT. THE MOLECULAR CORE OF MOZ-GA. THE SMALLEST PART OF HIM. HOLY...



...HELLO?

