

SINGULARITY AFTERMATH: QUEST

CYBORG HAS BEEN BROUGHT INTO AN ALTERNATE REALITY-- AN EARTH WHERE HUMANITY IS BEING ELIMINATED, AND MACHINES CALLED "MECHA-HUMANS" HAVE BECOME THE DOMINANT POPULATION.

THIS IS MY WORST NIGHTMARE. IN MY OWN REALITY, MY CYBERNETIC POWERS GIVE ME AN ADVANTAGE OVER MY ENEMIES...

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BUT HERE, EVERY ONE OF THESE MECHA-HUMANS IS EQUAL TO ME IN ABILITIES. SINCE THERE ARE SO MANY OF THEM, ODDS ARE I'M FIGHTING A LOSING BATTLE!

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BEAST BOY IS GIVING ME SOME MUCH-NEEDED HELP.

BUT EVEN WITH HIS SHAPE-SHIFTING ABILITIES, IT WON'T BE ENOUGH!

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CYBORG!

VARIANT!

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THOOM

=UHHNFFF!<

SCARLETT...

NO! NOT NOW!
MY VISION'S GOING
CRAZY AGAIN!



WHY THE HELL IS THIS HAPPENING TO ME? HOW DID I GET MYSELF INTO THIS MESS?

HOURS EARLIER...

"TAKE A GOOD LOOK, ANOMALY! I PROMISED I'D SHOW YOU A WORLD WITHOUT HUMANITY! WELL, THIS IS IT!"

"TWO FACTIONS OF MECHA-HUMANS ARE AT WAR WITH ONE ANOTHER-- A WAR WHICH WILL PROBABLY DESTROY MY PLANET!"

"HAD I NOT PLUCKED YOU OUT OF YOUR REALITY, THIS IS THE DEVASTATION YOU WOULD HAVE UNLEASHED UPON YOUR OWN EARTH."

"YOU THOUGHT A WORLD DOMINATED BY MACHINES WOULD BE PERFECT?"

"IN MY WORLD, THE MERGING OF HUMAN AND TECHNOLOGY, WHAT YOU CALL THE 'SINGULARITY,' HAS OCCURRED, AND THE AFTERMATH IS INDEED 'PERFECT'--"

"--A PERFECT NIGHTMARE!"



WHAT'S LEFT OF THE HUMAN RACE HAS RETREATED TO SMALL POCKETS OF RESISTANCE.

I'M THE HEAD OF OUR SCIENTIFIC EFFORT TO FIND A CURE FOR THE O.T.A.C. VIRUS--THE VIRUS THAT TURNS HUMANS INTO THESE CYBERNETIC MONSTROSITIES.

THIS AIRBORNE STRONGHOLD, S.T.A.R. LABS,* IS ONE OF THE MAIN REBEL MILITARY HUBS. WE HAVE TO KEEP MOVING TO AVOID ATTACK OR CAPTURE.

*SCIENTIFIC AND TECHNOLOGICAL ADVANCED RESEARCH LABS.

BUT, DR. STONE, YOU SAID YOU'VE FOUND A CURE FOR THIS VIRUS, RIGHT?

YES, MY HUSBAND, SILAS, DID.

SILAS AND I WERE SEPARATED BECAUSE HE NEEDED TO WORK IN A **BIGGER LAB** WHICH HELD GREATER RESOURCES THAN I HAVE HERE.

BEFORE HE WAS KILLED BY THE MECHA-HUMANS, HE SENT ME THIS FINAL MESSAGE.

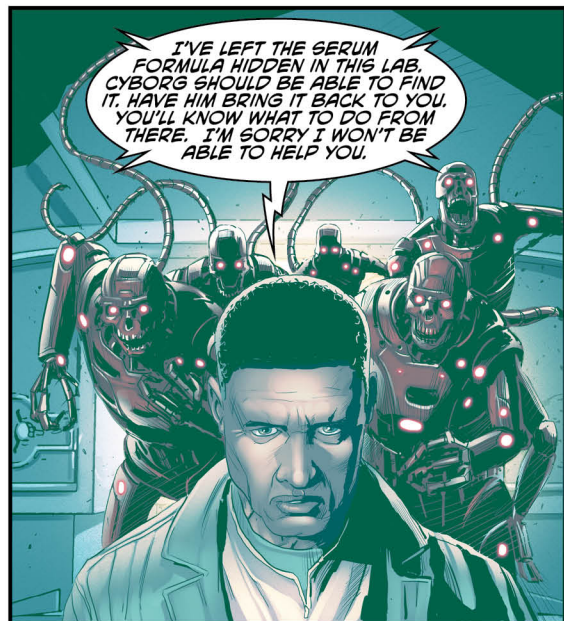
ELINORE, MY LOVE, THE MACHINES HAVE FOUND US AND THEY'RE BATTLING THEIR WAY IN. I DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME.

I BELIEVE I'VE FOUND A CURE--ONE WHICH WILL RESTORE PEOPLE BACK TO THEIR NORMAL SELVES.

THE KEY TO IT ALL IS OUR SON, VICTOR, OR MORE PRECISELY CYBORG! YOU MUST FIND CYBORG AND HAVE HIM RETRIEVE THIS FORMULA.



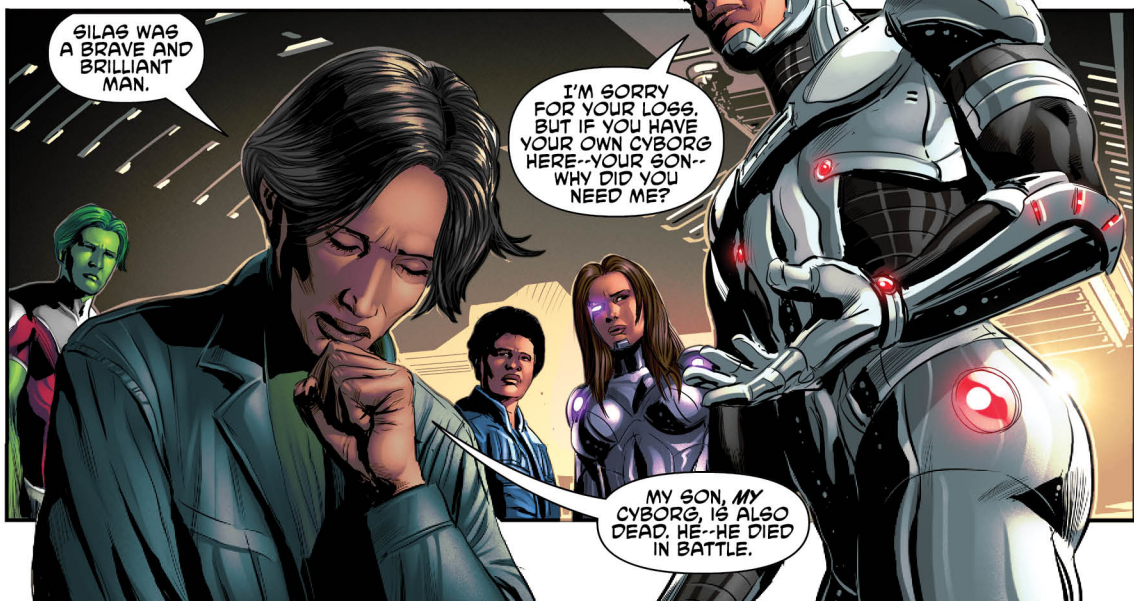
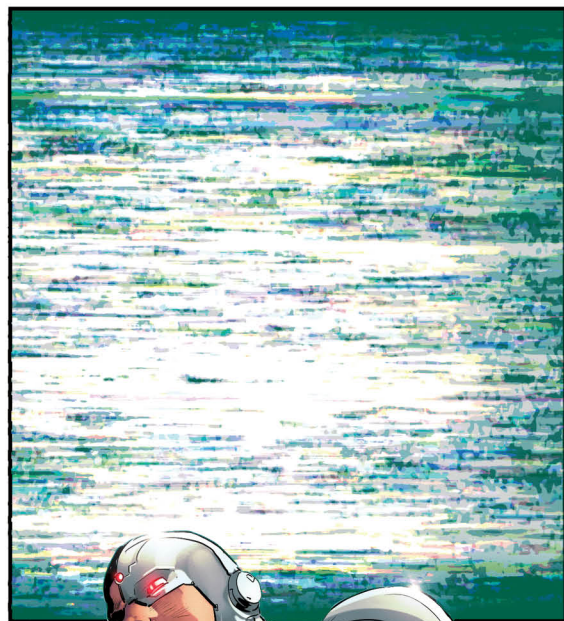
THIS CURE MUST FIRST BE ADMINISTERED TO HIM. THE RESULTING ANTIBODIES CREATED BY CYBORG'S UNIQUE BLOOD CAN FORM THE BASIS FOR A SERUM CAPABLE OF REVERSING THE "DISEASE" IN OTHER HUMANS.



I'VE LEFT THE SERUM FORMULA HIDDEN IN THIS LAB. CYBORG SHOULD BE ABLE TO FIND IT. HAVE HIM BRING IT BACK TO YOU. YOU'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO FROM THERE. I'M SORRY I WON'T BE ABLE TO HELP YOU.



ALWAYS REMEMBER THAT I LOVE Y--



SILAS WAS A BRAVE AND BRILLIANT MAN.

I'M SORRY FOR YOUR LOSS. BUT IF YOU HAVE YOUR OWN CYBORG HERE--YOUR SON-- WHY DID YOU NEED ME?

MY SON, MY CYBORG, IS ALSO DEAD. HE--HE DIED IN BATTLE.