



WHEN DID YOU START DOUBTING THE WAR?

ONLY THIS MORNING.



BARTOW, I'M INITIATING THE PROJECTION.

THAT'S PROMISING.

PLUS, WITH YOUR CYBERNETIC EYE, YOU HAVE A BIG ADVANTAGE OVER THOSE POOR, UNFORTUNATE SOULS.

ZOT? WHAT AM I SEEING HERE?

YOU'RE ALL SET, CAVE! I'LL BE HERE TO ASSIST.

WHY ARE YOU A BAT?

I'VE ONLY TRIED THIS TWICE BEFORE, AND FIFTY PERCENT OF MY SUBJECTS DID NOT GO INSANE WHEN I USED THE BAT AVATAR.

THAT'S ME, AT MY FATHER'S CANTINA. I'M LISTENING TO THE STORIES OF A LAZER MONK.



HOW DID THE LAZER MONKS BEGIN?



LIFE ON OUR PLANET WAS HARD. ITS PEOPLE TOILED TO EKE OUT A LIVING IN THESE HARSH CONDITIONS...



THEN CAME THE PROGENITOR. HE TAUGHT US TO FOCUS OUR NATURAL GIFTS USING THE CRYSTALS FOUND DEEP INSIDE OUR PLANET.

A SKILL WHICH ALLOWED US TO VENTURE OUT, AND BRING HOME THE RESOURCES WE SO DESPERATELY NEEDED.



WE SOON LEARNED THAT OUR STORIES WERE WHAT THE PEOPLE CHERISHED MOST, SOMETIMES MORE THAN THE FOOD AND MEDICINE WE BROUGHT.



THE FARMERS WOULD LEAVE WITH MORE THAN JUST THE SMILES ON THEIR FACES. THEY WERE INSPIRED.

BUT SOON THEY GREW RESTLESS. OUR SIMPLE TALES HAD LOST THEIR IMPACT.





IT WAS SOON AFTER THAT THE PROGENITOR LEFT US, ASCENDING INTO THE OUTER REALM.

AND THAT'S WHEN THEY ARRIVED.

THE NEJIIRE...

WHOA! BOY.

TRAITORS... LIARS...

ZOT, YOU'RE... I CAN SENSE YOU'RE GETTING A LITTLE WORKED UP.

CAVE!

**BOOSH**

MURDERERS!

BAH!

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MEANWHILE...

NOW, IF ALL OF YOU WOULD STOP CHALLENGING MY POWER, MAYBE WE CAN MOVE FORWARD AND FINISH THESE PATHETIC LAZER MONKS BEFORE THEY CAN CARRY OUT THEIR PLAN.

AS YOU WISH, SUPREME LORD GOWT.

OKAY, WE CAN DO THIS. C'MON.

YOU GUYS CONTAIN THEM, "UNCLE JACK" AND I WILL DO THE TALKING.

HALT! DO YOU HEAR SOMETHING?

**KSHK**

==GASP==





EVERY-BODY STAY COOL, WE'RE NOT HERE TO FIGHT YOU!

I JUST WANT TO SPEAK TO YOUR LEADER.

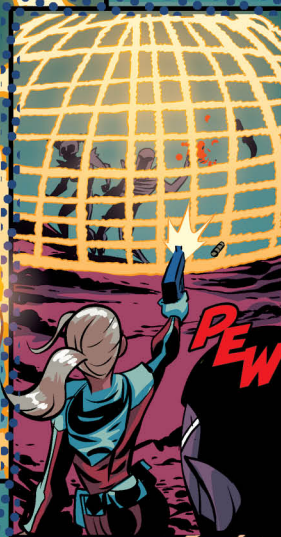


THEN YOU SHALL SPEAK TO ME, CHILD.

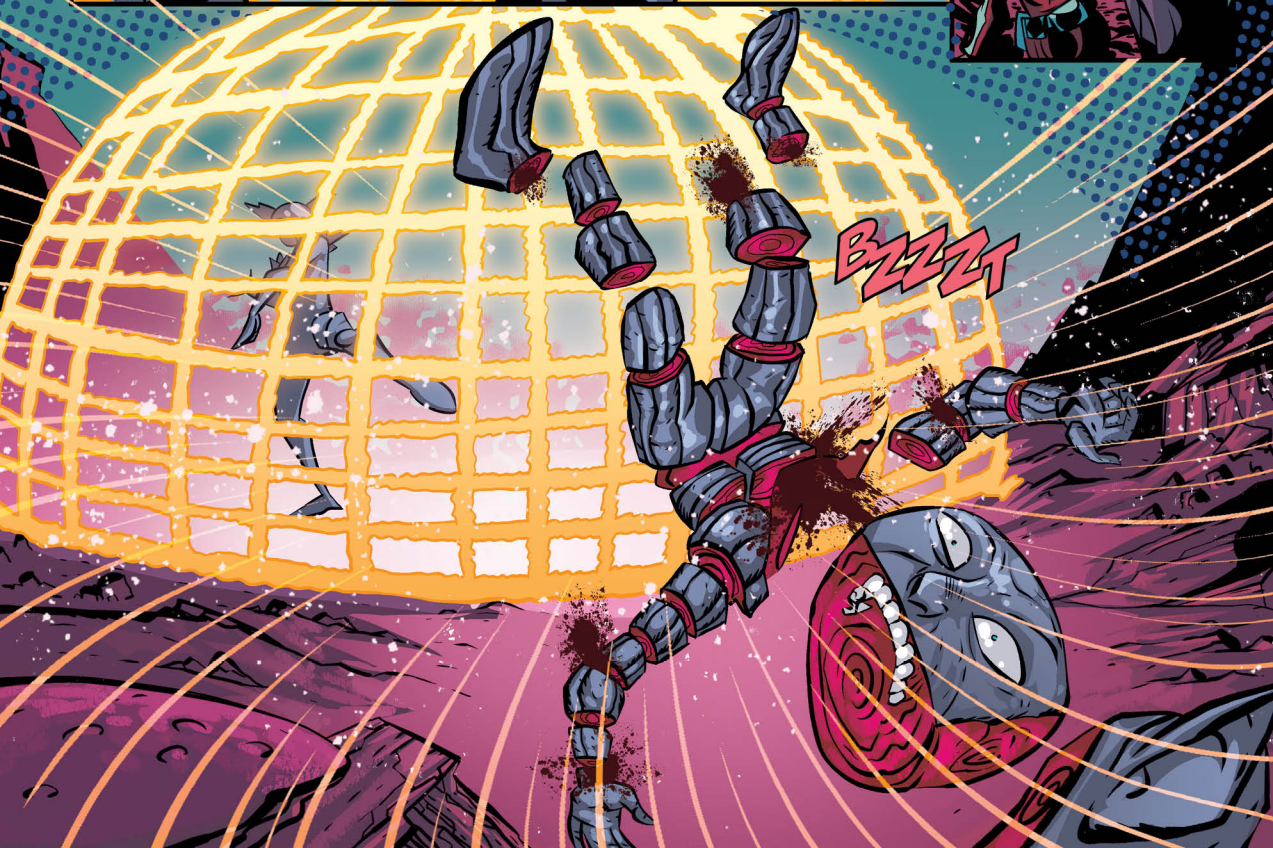
I THINK NOT...



I HAVE TAKEN COMMAND! YOU SHALL KNEEL BEFORE THE MIGHT OF LORD TUMO--



PEW



BZZZT



ARE WE ALL HAPPY NOW? IS EVERYONE COOL WITH HEARING ME OUT?

OR DO ANY OF YOU NU-METAL WIZARDS STILL NEED TO GET YOUR SHIT RUINED LIKE MR. EXAMPLE OVER THERE?!

DAD, BARTOW. WE'VE APPREHENDED THE NEJIRE, READY FOR THE STREAM.

SO, THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER IS YOUR FATHER?

IS IT TRUE THEN? IS HE THE SECOND COMING OF THE PROGENITOR?

ACTUALLY, HE'S IRISH-CATHOLIC, BUT JUST ON HOLIDAYS.

OKAY, KIDS. WATCH AND LEARN. MY DAD THINKS HE KNOWS WHY YOU'VE BEEN BLOWING EACH OTHER AWAY ALL THESE YEARS.

WAIT... SHIT... SETTINGS... INPUT...