



SHE
CAN'T FIGHT
ALL OF
US!

ARE
YOU SURE?
BECAUSE I'M NOT
SURE YOU'RE
RIGHT.

WHAP

I'M ALSO NOT
SURE WHY THEY
ATTACKED ME...



...IN FACT, I'M NOT SURE OF MUCH RIGHT NOW. I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE I AM.

I WOKE UP IN THE DUST, WITH THE KIND OF SPLITTING HEADACHE I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO BE ABLE TO GET.



...AND BEFORE I COULD GET MY BEARINGS, THEY SHOWED UP-- SHOUTING, POINTING, AND GENERALLY MAKING MY HEADACHE WORSE.





IF I'D HAD HALF A CHANCE, I MIGHT'VE TRIED TALKING FIRST... BUT THESE GUYS DIDN'T GIVE ME A SECOND. AND, SINCE THEY'RE ALMOST AS FAST AS I AM...



...I HAD TO REACT WITH VIOLENCE. THAT'S NOT GENERALLY WHERE I LIKE TO START... AT LEAST, I DON'T THINK IT IS. MY BRAIN IS STILL FOGGY, AND...WAIT. FOGGY.



THAT'S IT!

I CAN END THIS!

STOP!

PEOPLE HAVE
TINY MINDS. MINDS
I CAN CONTROL.

YES, I'M EMBARRASSED I DIDN'T
THINK OF THIS SOONER, BUT I'D
LIKE TO SEE ANYONE HAVE THEIR
WITS ABOUT THEM WHEN THEY
WAKE UP GROGGY AND THEN
GET ATTACKED BY BARBARIANS.

...WAIT--THEY'RE
FIGHTING ME?

NO. NOT THEM.
SOMETHING ELSE.

