



"LUNGS,  
TWENTY-FIVE  
EACH.

"KIDNEYS,  
MAYBE THIRTY.



"HEART YOU'D  
THINK WOULD  
BE MORE..."



SUNSHINE  
Botanics

"BUT I'LL BE LUCKY TO  
GET FIFTEEN."

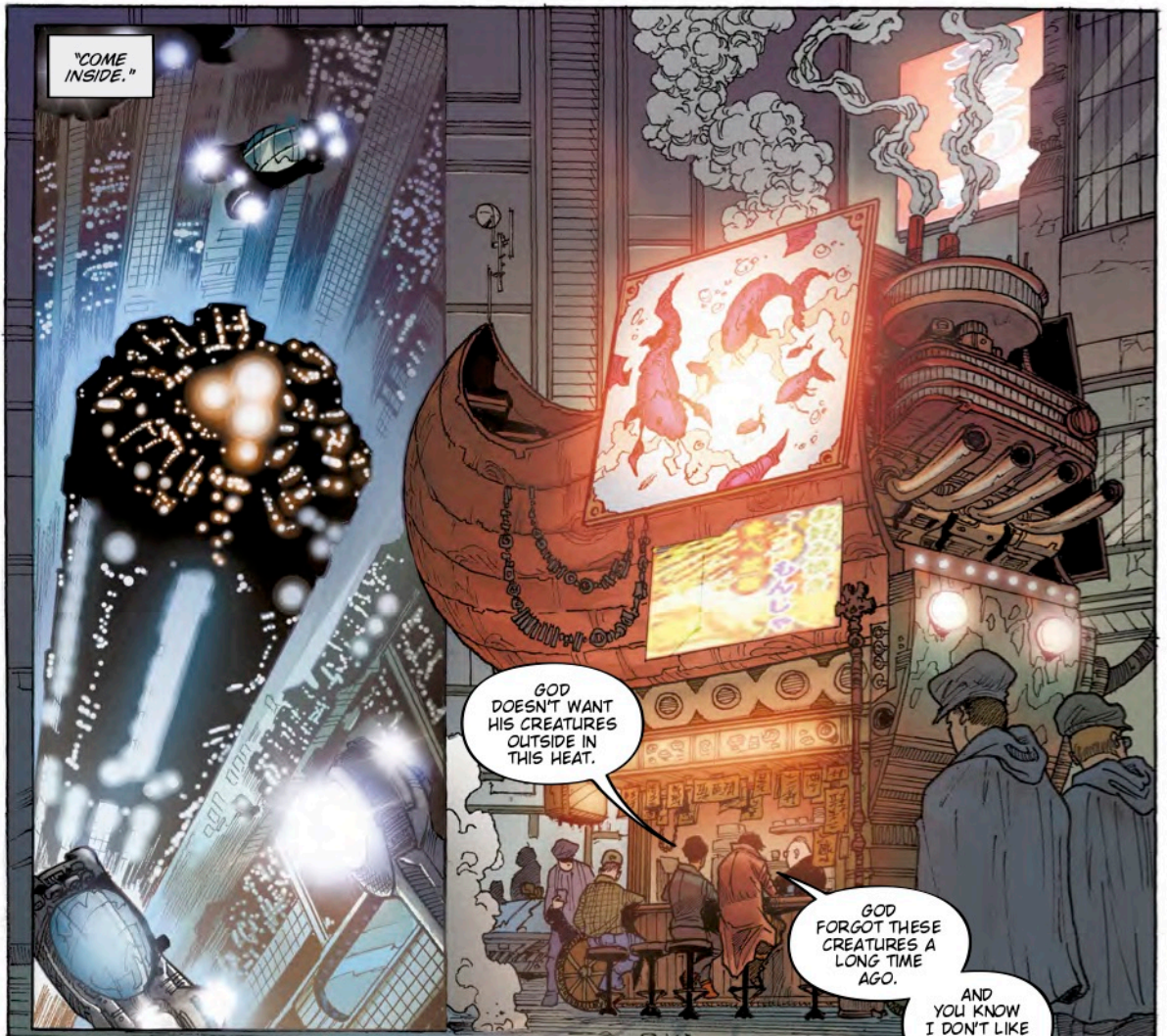


Closed  
Cerrada  
مغلق

"BUT YOUR EYES..."

"THOSE CORNEAS..."





"COME INSIDE."

GOD DOESN'T WANT HIS CREATURES OUTSIDE IN THIS HEAT.

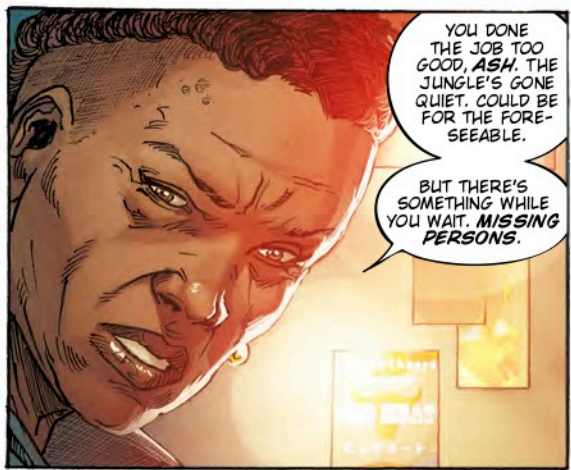
GOD FORGOT THESE CREATURES A LONG TIME AGO.

AND YOU KNOW I DON'T LIKE THE OFFICE.



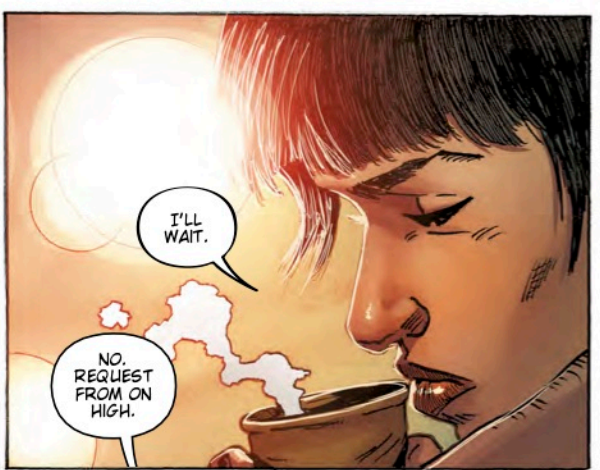
BECAUSE THEY TALK ABOUT YOU. THEY WONDER WHY YOU NEVER FLY YOUR SPINNER. THEY WONDER WHY YOU NEVER TAKE YOUR COAT OFF.

WHO'S MY NEXT JOB, WOJCIECH?



YOU DONE THE JOB TOO GOOD, ASH. THE JUNGLE'S GONE QUIET. COULD BE FOR THE FORE-SEEABLE.

BUT THERE'S SOMETHING WHILE YOU WAIT. MISSING PERSONS.



I'LL WAIT.

NO. REQUEST FROM ON HIGH.





BOSSES DOING THE POLITE BIDDING OF ALEXANDER SELWYN.

CANAAN CORPORATION.

DON'T KNOW HIM.

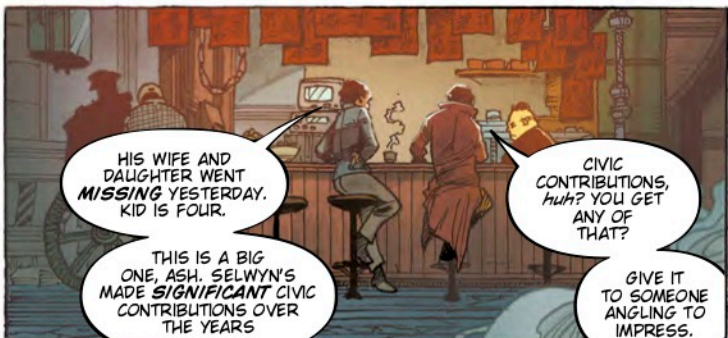
AH, KNOW HIM.



"FEEDING THE FUTURE."

AND MAKING TRILLIONS SERVING CRAP TO THE UNWASHED.

PASSABLY NUTRITIOUS CRAP. SOMEBODY'S STILL GOT TO FILL THE MOUTHS ON THE GROUND.



HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER WENT MISSING YESTERDAY. KID IS FOUR.

CIVIC CONTRIBUTIONS, huh? YOU GET ANY OF THAT?

THIS IS A BIG ONE, ASH. SELWYN'S MADE SIGNIFICANT CIVIC CONTRIBUTIONS OVER THE YEARS

GIVE IT TO SOMEONE ANGLING TO IMPRESS.



CAN'T DO THAT. HE WANTS A MEET IN SANTA BARBARA. WITH YOU.

HOW WOULD HE KNOW ME?

HE ASKED FOR ONE OF OUR BEST.



I'VE COVERED FOR YOU A LONG TIME, ASH.

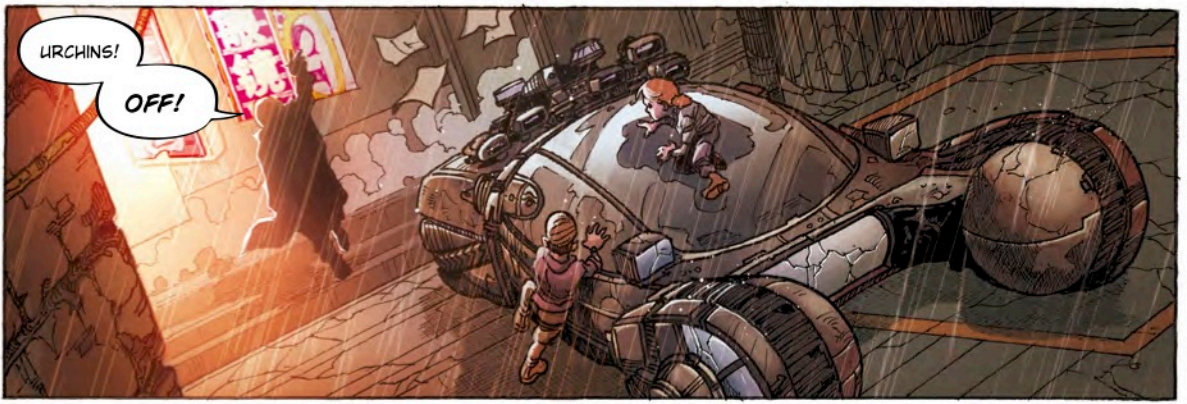
YOU KNOW I'M NOT JUST TALKING ABOUT ANATOMICAL PURSUITS. EVERYONE'S ENTITLED TO THEIR CUT.

BUT YOU DON'T GET TO SAY NO TO THIS.



ALWAYS DID WANT TO SEE THE ARCHIPELAGO.





NEED PICK UP AND DELIVERY. AND A CLEAN UP. TELL HIM MY CLUT COMES IN CASH AND TODAY.



I really could've used those eyeballs, Benny.

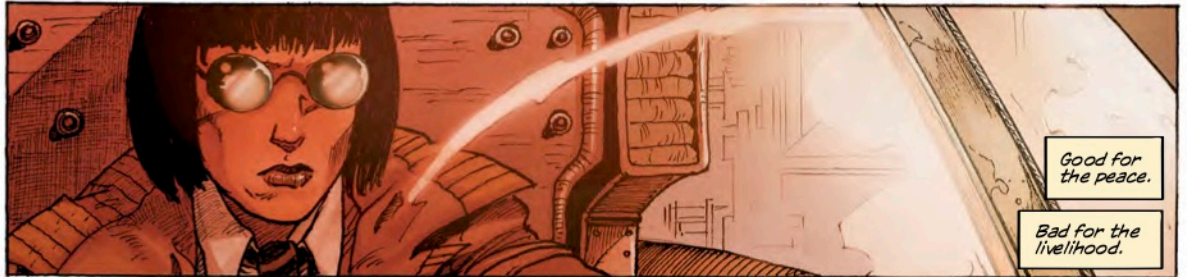
You were my last for now.

**Skinjobs** getting scarce.



Maybe word's finally getting around.

Escape to the colonies, Earth is no haven anymore.



Good for the peace.

Bad for the livelihood.