

PLEASE GET ME  
THE [REDACTED] DOWN  
FROM HERE! I CAN'T  
BREATHE... THIN AIR  
OR SOMETHING.  
COLD.

## "THE WEIGHT OF TIME"

BY MATT NIXON & TOBY CYPRESS    LETTERS: MATT KROTZER



WE ALMOST GOT HIT  
B-BY A DAMN JUMBO  
JET! PLEASE, MAN!  
I'M GOING TO DIE  
OF FRIGHT.

I'M DOING  
THE BEST I CAN...  
I DON'T THINK I KNOW  
HOW TO LAND.  
WE MAY BE IN  
TROUBLE.



THEY ARE  
SOMEWHERE  
DIRECTLY ABOVE  
JERSEY CITY,  
DARLING.



THIS ANTIQUATED OLD  
PIRATE'S TELESCOPE IS  
NOT WORTH A DAMN,  
ALEXANDRA. IT NEEDS  
REPAIR.

MORE TO THE  
SOUTH, LADY IRONWRATH.  
YOU MUST SEE  
THEM.

AND THAT  
TELESCOPE WAS A GIFT  
FROM BLACKBEARD  
HIMSELF. THERE ARE  
NONE FINER.

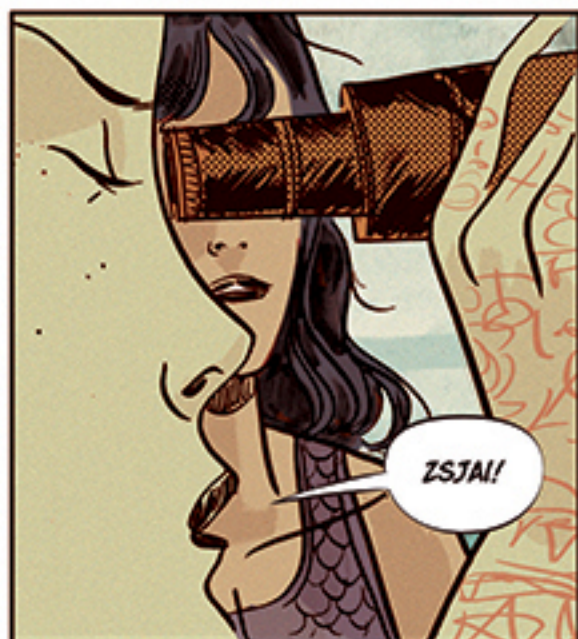


WAIT...  
NO...



I THINK...  
I SEE HIM. AND  
THERE SEEMS TO BE  
A MAN WITH  
HIM.







WHAT THE  
[REDACTED]  
HANG  
ON!

HE MUST  
BE THREE  
MILES  
UP.

HOLY  
[REDACTED]

AND I'M A  
SPIRITUAL MAGNET  
DRAWING HIM IN!  
HANG ON!



CHILD'S  
PLAY.

