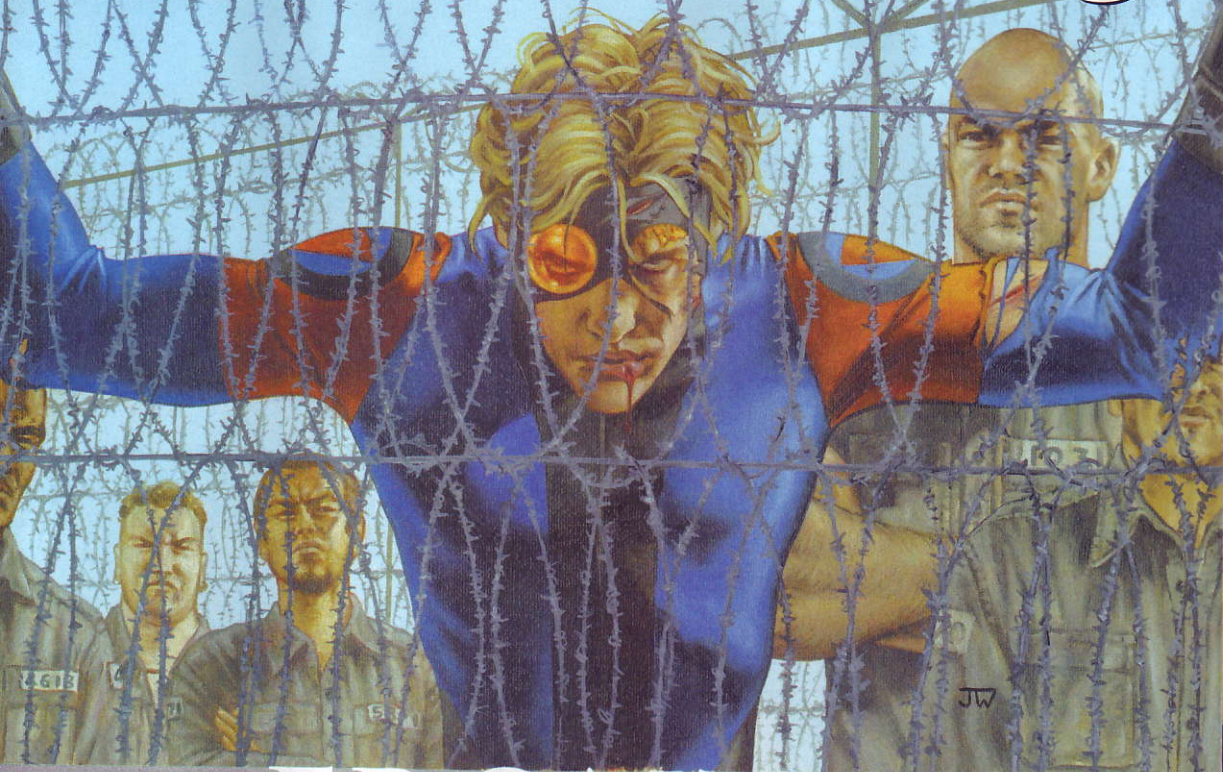


3



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"THERE ARE NONE
SO BLIND AS THOSE
WHO WILL NOT SEE."




MY GRANDMA
USED TO
SAY THAT.

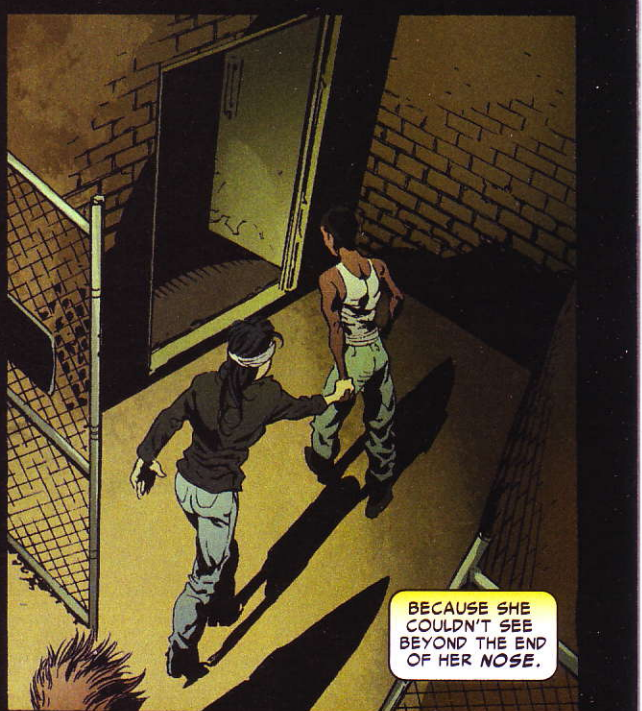
WHICH WAS
FUNNY.



STEP OUT OF THE VAN
SLOWLY, MISS FLOYD. THE
GROUND IS APPROXIMATELY
TWENTY INCHES BELOW
YOUR FEET.




ONCE THERE,
MOVE TO THE
CURB AND
WAIT.



BECAUSE SHE
COULDN'T SEE
BEYOND THE END
OF HER NOSE.




GRANDMA FLOYD WAS A GREAT INSPIRATION TO ME. SHE WAS A HIDEOUS, HATEFUL OLD BAG, AS I RECALL.



I REMEMBER SHE DISLIKED GERMANS, MEXICANS, MUTANTS, REPUBLICANS, DEMOCRATS AND THE POSTMAN. SHE HAD A PARTICULAR THING FOR SUPER-POWERED PEOPLE IN COSTUMES.

I RESOLVED AT AN EARLY AGE TO RESPECT AND ADMIRE THESE PEOPLE JUST TO ANNOY HER.



MIND YOU, THIS SHE WOULD HAVE LOVED.



I WANT TO THANK EACH OF YOU FOR GRANTING ME THIS INTERVIEW. SERIOUSLY, I KNOW IT MUST HAVE BEEN A DIFFICULT DECISION.

I PROMISE, NOTHING SAID HERE WILL BE ATTRIBUTED DIRECTLY TO YOU UNLESS YOU SPECIFICALLY REQUEST IT--

HOW DO WE KNOW THAT?



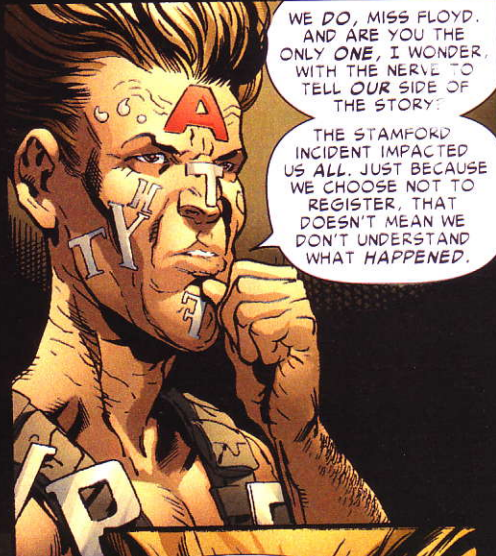
NO OFFENSE, MISS FLOYD. SOLO HASN'T QUITE MASTERED THE "TEAM DYNAMIC" THING YET.

WE HAD A VOTE. AN' WE'RE ONLY GONNA LET HIM OUT ON ALTERNATE FRIDAYS.



NO PROBLEM... I UNDERSTAND COMPLETELY. AND HONESTLY, SOLO, I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR BEING PARANOID RIGHT NOW.

BUT MY INTENTION IS NOT TO RAT YOU OUT TO THE AUTHORITIES. I BELIEVE MY RECORD SPEAKS FOR ITSELF. YOU KNOW HOW I WORK.



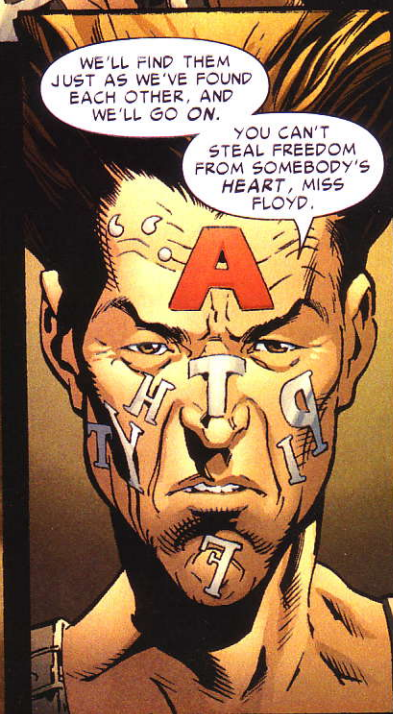
WE DO, MISS FLOYD. AND ARE YOU THE ONLY ONE, I WONDER, WITH THE NERVE TO TELL OUR SIDE OF THE STORY?

THE STAMFORD INCIDENT IMPACTED US ALL. JUST BECAUSE WE CHOOSE NOT TO REGISTER, THAT DOESN'T MEAN WE DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT HAPPENED.



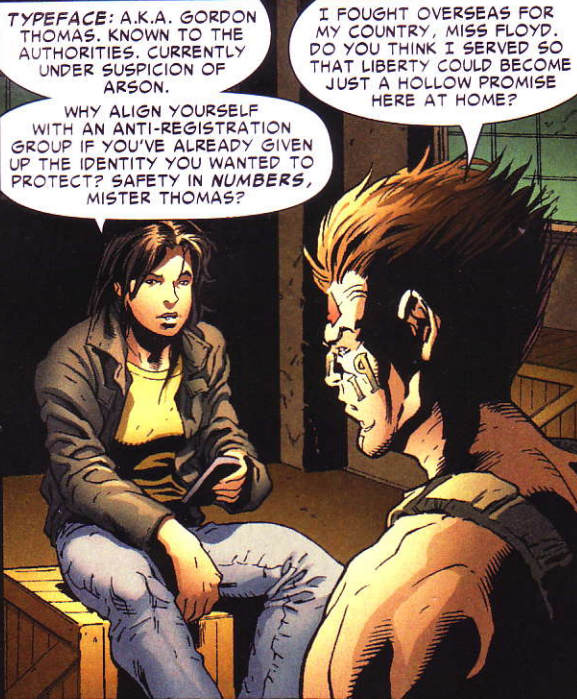
SO THIS IS THE NEW WORLD ORDER FOR COSTUMED VIGILANTES: EVERYONE BELONGS TO A CLUB NOW?

WE'VE HEARD THERE IS AN UNDERGROUND FORMING...A RESISTANCE OF SOME KIND. WE DON'T KNOW WHERE YET, BUT IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE WE MAKE CONTACT.



WE'LL FIND THEM JUST AS WE'VE FOUND EACH OTHER, AND WE'LL GO ON.

YOU CAN'T STEAL FREEDOM FROM SOMEBODY'S HEART, MISS FLOYD.



TYPEFACE: A.K.A. GORDON THOMAS. KNOWN TO THE AUTHORITIES. CURRENTLY UNDER SUSPICION OF ARSON.

WHY ALIGN YOURSELF WITH AN ANTI-REGISTRATION GROUP IF YOU'VE ALREADY GIVEN UP THE IDENTITY YOU WANTED TO PROTECT? SAFETY IN NUMBERS, MISTER THOMAS?


I FOUGHT OVERSEAS FOR MY COUNTRY, MISS FLOYD. DO YOU THINK I SERVED SO THAT LIBERTY COULD BECOME JUST A HOLLOW PROMISE HERE AT HOME?



TIMOTHY MCVEIGH ALSO FOUGHT FOR HIS COUNTRY. SURELY THE PUBLIC HAS A RIGHT TO SOME KIND OF PROTECTION--


WE CAN'T CHANGE THE RULES EVERY TIME SOMETHING EXPLODES. IF WE DID, THE PEOPLE WITH THE BOMBS WOULD WIN.

AND WHILE I LIVE, TERROR DIES!



I WATCHED MY BROTHER JOEY PERISH ON COLD, FOREIGN SAND, MISS FLOYD. HE SACRIFICED HIS LIFE FOR MY FIRST AMENDMENT RIGHT TO FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND FREEDOM OF ASSEMBLY, MY RIGHT TO PRIVACY--

RIGHT TO PRIVACY? AN' WHAT COUNTRY WAS THAT AGAIN?



I WANNA KNOW SOMETHING: I WANNA KNOW, WHEN THEY MADE THEIR DECISION TO HUNT THEIR OWN PEOPLE DOWN LIKE ANIMALS, JUST BECAUSE WE CHOOSE TO DEFEND OUR RIGHT TO PRIVACY--

--BECAUSE SOME IDIOTS IN STAMFORD DID SOMETHING STUPID, AND THEY'RE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO PAY--

--DID THE PEOPLE IN CHARGE FORGET WHO THE BAD GUYS REALLY ARE?

THE BAXTER BUILDING,
HEADQUARTERS
OF THE
FANTASTIC FOUR.

IT'S BEEN A DIFFICULT WEEK, BEN. AND IT'S GOING TO GET A LOT MORE COMPLICATED FOR A WHILE.

ARE YOU OKAY, BY THE WAY?

GIANT-MAN PASSED RIGHT OVER ME ONE TIME. THAT WAS MORE OF A SHOCK TO THE SYSTEM THAN THIS. LET ME TELL YOU, THOSE PANTS WERE TIGHT--

WELL, I ADMIRE YOUR FORTITUDE, BEN. THIS KIND OF ANTI-GRAV ENVIRONMENT CAN BE NAUSEATING TO THE UNTRAINED. EVEN I'VE BEEN KNOWN TO RETCH AFTERWARDS.

NOW I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE DOING A PIECE ON SOME OF US FOR THE DAILY BUGLE. CARE TO TELL ME WHAT YOU HAVE IN MIND?

YOU'VE BEEN PRETTY STRONGLY IN FAVOR OF THE REGISTRATION ACT, ALONG WITH IRON MAN--

--WELL, I GUESS I SHOULD SAY TONY STARK NOW--

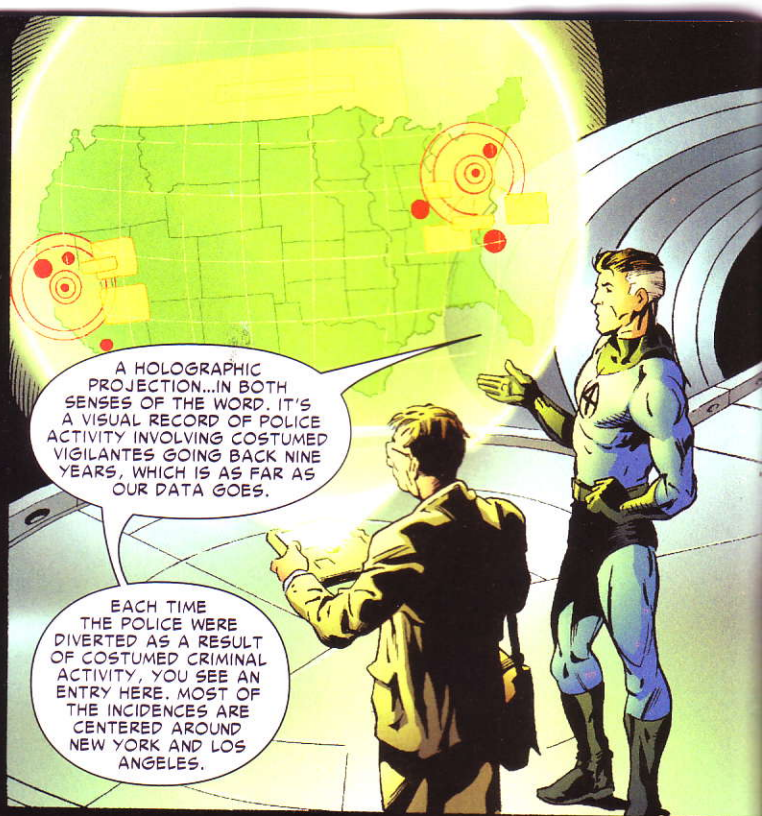
--AND SPIDER-MAN, AMONG OTHERS. YOU'VE BEEN QUOTED AS SAYING THIS IS AMERICA'S ONLY PATH TO AVOID ITS OWN SELF-DESTRUCTION.

WHAT WE'RE ALL INTERESTED IN KNOWING, PROFESSOR RICHARDS, IS HOW CAN YOU BE SO SURE?

WHAT IF I SAID I COULD PROVE IT?



NEAT.
WHAT
IS IT?



A HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION...IN BOTH SENSES OF THE WORD. IT'S A VISUAL RECORD OF POLICE ACTIVITY INVOLVING COSTUMED VIGILANTES GOING BACK NINE YEARS, WHICH IS AS FAR AS OUR DATA GOES.

EACH TIME THE POLICE WERE DIVERTED AS A RESULT OF COSTUMED CRIMINAL ACTIVITY, YOU SEE AN ENTRY HERE. MOST OF THE INCIDENCES ARE CENTERED AROUND NEW YORK AND LOS ANGELES.



NOW HERE'S WHAT HAPPENS IF WE PROJECT JUST FIVE YEARS INTO THE FUTURE, GIVEN CERTAIN BEHAVIORAL DATA WE'VE ACCUMULATED.

IN A SENSE, THIS PROJECTION IS A MATHEMATICAL CALCULATION OF THE POTENTIAL CONFLICT ON A MUCH LARGER SCALE. WHAT DOES IT REMIND YOU OF?



AN OUTBREAK OF THE BIRD FLU. WHAT IF YOU MISSED A PLUS OR MINUS SIGN IN YOUR CALCULATIONS, PROFESSOR RICHARDS?

YOU JUST WALKED UPSIDE DOWN WITH ME, DIDN'T YOU? I'M NOT PERFECT, BUT IT'S A VERY SIMPLE MODEL FOR SOMEONE WITH MY TRACK RECORD.



THAT SOUNDS LIKE A DANGEROUS WAY OF THINKING.

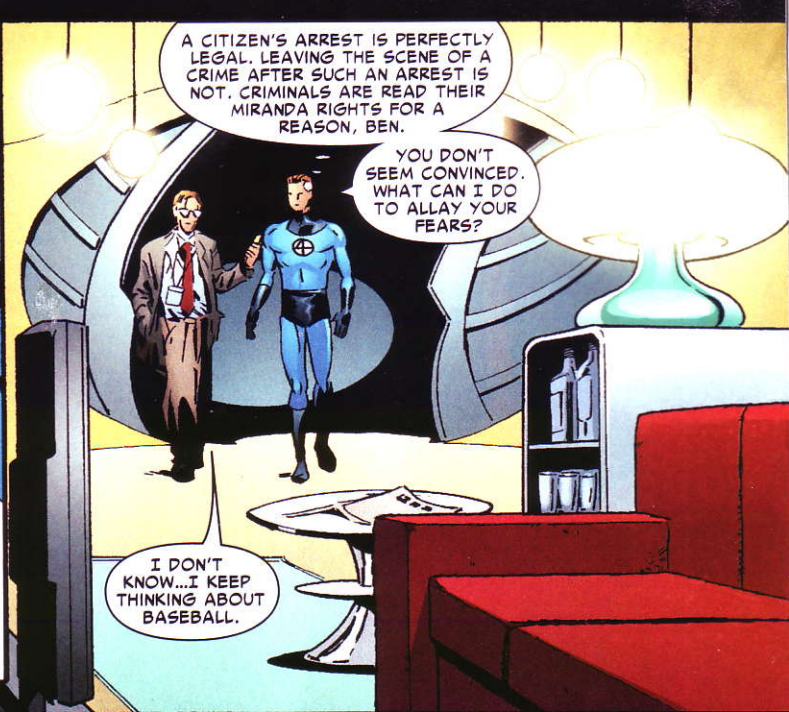
DANGEROUS THINKING IS WHAT GOT US TO THE MOON.



SHOULD PEOPLE BE SUSPICIOUS THAT THE REGISTRATION ACT IS BEING DRIVEN BY NUMBERS?

NUMBERS DON'T LIE. NOT REALLY.

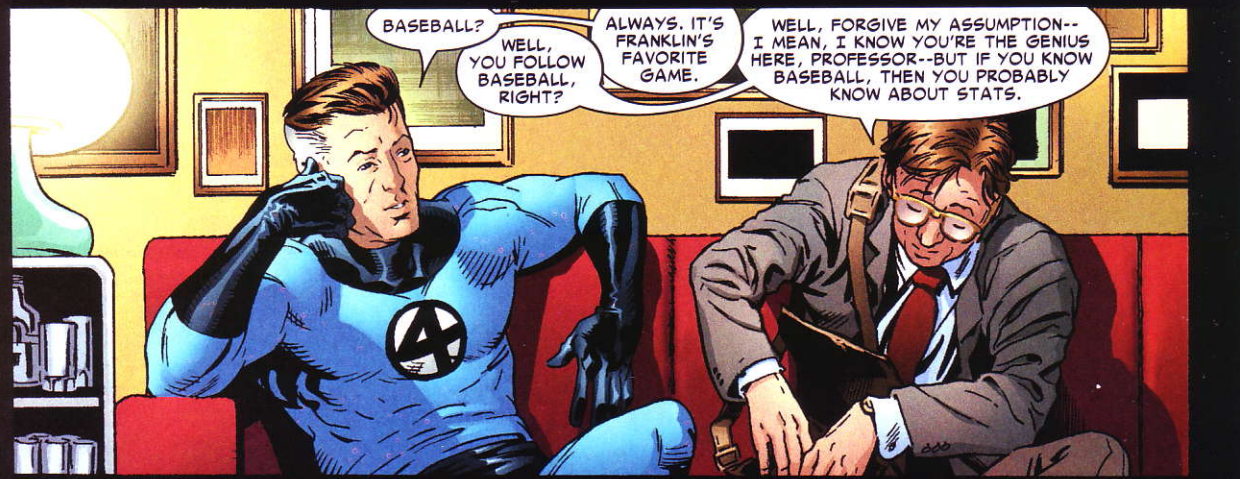
CONSIDER THAT EVERY COSTUMED HERO INTERVENTION REQUIRES A POLICE INVESTIGATION. CONSIDER THAT ALMOST HALF OF THE REPORTED OCCURRENCES INVOLVE CRIMINAL ACTIVITY ON THE PART OF THE PERSON WEARING THE COSTUME.



A CITIZEN'S ARREST IS PERFECTLY LEGAL. LEAVING THE SCENE OF A CRIME AFTER SUCH AN ARREST IS NOT. CRIMINALS ARE READ THEIR MIRANDA RIGHTS FOR A REASON, BEN.

YOU DON'T SEEM CONVINCED. WHAT CAN I DO TO ALLAY YOUR FEARS?

I DON'T KNOW...I KEEP THINKING ABOUT BASEBALL.



BASEBALL? WELL, YOU FOLLOW BASEBALL, RIGHT?

ALWAYS. IT'S FRANKLIN'S FAVORITE GAME.

WELL, FORGIVE MY ASSUMPTION-- I MEAN, I KNOW YOU'RE THE GENIUS HERE, PROFESSOR--BUT IF YOU KNOW BASEBALL, THEN YOU PROBABLY KNOW ABOUT STATS.



SEE, WHAT WORRIES ME IS THAT SO OFTEN ONE TEAM CAN DOMINATE THE STAT SHEET, AND YET THE OTHER TEAM WINS.

OPINION POLLS GO UP AND DOWN. STOCKS FLUCTUATE ACCORDING TO PERCEPTION.

I THINK YOU'RE OVERSIMPLIFYING, BEN.



WELL, I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, SIR. I REALLY DO. BECAUSE I THINK IT'S ABSURD TO THINK YOU CAN MEASURE PUBLIC SENTIMENT...

...AND THEN PRETEND NUMBERS DON'T LIE.

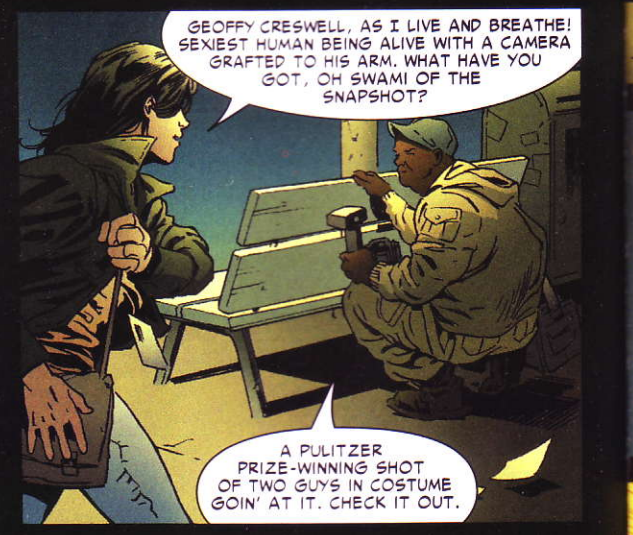


THAT WAS ALL WELL AND GOOD, I SUPPOSE.

THE DOWNTRODDEN AND THE SUBJUGATED GETTING TOGETHER WITH THE UNDERDOGS, IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL HUMAN-INTEREST PIECE, BUT IT WASN'T GOING TO MAKE PEOPLE UNDERSTAND.

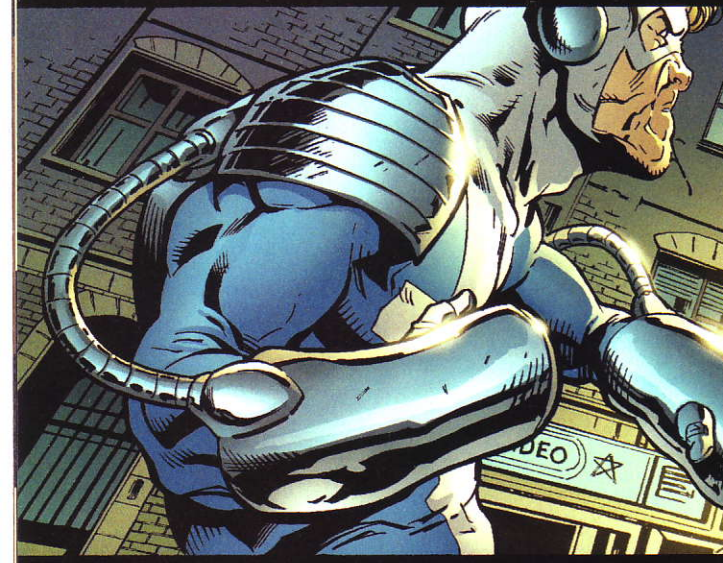


OKAY...LET'S GET FAR BACK FROM THE STREET HERE, PEOPLE--



GEOFFY CRESWELL, AS I LIVE AND BREATHE! SEXIEST HUMAN BEING ALIVE WITH A CAMERA GRAFTED TO HIS ARM. WHAT HAVE YOU GOT, OH SWAMI OF THE SNAPSHOT?

A PULITZER PRIZE-WINNING SHOT OF TWO GUYS IN COSTUME GOIN' AT IT. CHECK IT OUT.



"THE GUY ON THE LEFT IS ANTI-REGISTRATION, I GUESS. HIS NAME IS THUNDERCLAP. THEY GAVE ME ANTIBIOTICS FOR THAT ONCE.

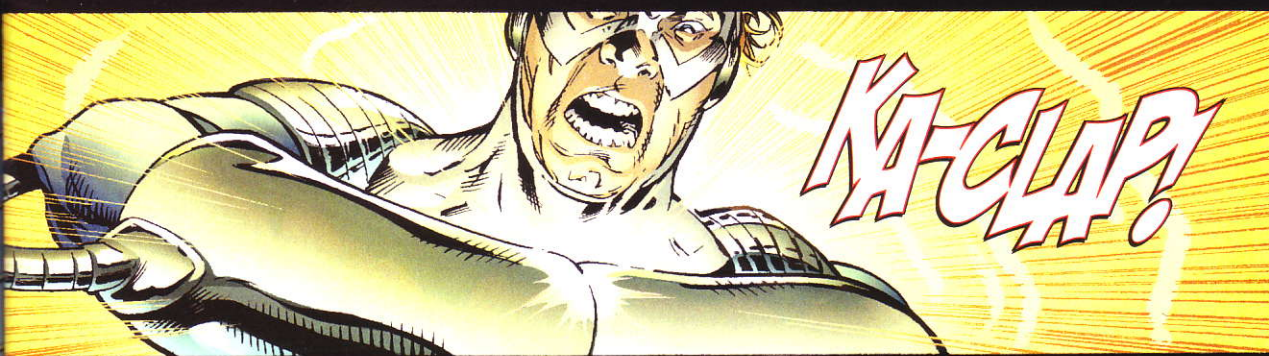
"THE HISPANIC GUY WHO CORNERED HIM IS CALLED BANTAM--HE'S PRO-REG... CAME IN FROM L.A. LAST YEAR. THEY'VE BEEN PUNCHING EACH OTHER FOR HALF AN HOUR."



FIVE BUCKS, YOU PICK.

I'LL TAKE THE GOOFY-LOOKING ONE IN THE STUPID COSTUME.

HEY! NO FAIR!





HOLY--!

AHHH!

PRESS



KAFF AH-HECHH...



OHH... GOD... ..WHAT HAVE I DONE...?!



EVERYONE BACK! GET BACK!
GET OVER HERE!



GEOFFY... YOU OKAY? WE GOTTA GET THIS--

WAIT... MY LENS BROKE...



I CAN'T SEE WHAT I'M DOING HERE! MOVE HIM INTO THE LIGHT!

DAMMIT! I NEED A THROAT PACK! TELL PAUL I NEED HESFAN!



I DIDN'T...


I DIDN'T MEAN IT... IT WAS AN ACCIDENT...



NO ONE EVER MEANS IT.

YOU GO TO WAR AND YOU LOOK DOWN A RIFLE-SIGHT, DOESN'T NECESSARILY MEAN IT'S PERSONAL.





BUT TRY
TELLING THAT
TO THE FAMILIES
OF THE DEAD.

EMBEDDED PART THREE

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JENKINS
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RAMON
BACHS
PENCILER

JOHN
LUCAS
INKER

LAURA
MARTIN
COLORIST

VC'S RANDY
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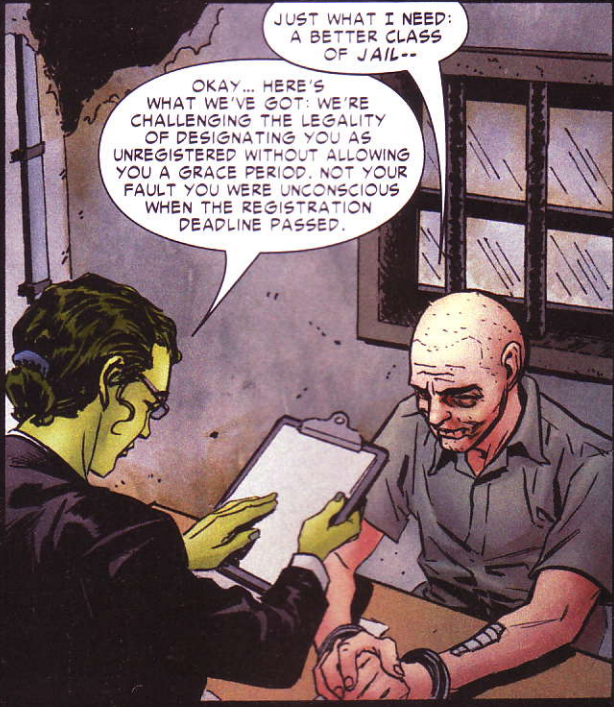
YOU THINK I'VE
LOST WEIGHT,
JEN?

ONLY BECAUSE
SOMEONE BIT
A TWO-OUNCE
CHUNK OUT OF
MY ARM.




I'M NOT GOING TO LET THIS HAPPEN, ROBBIE. THEY KNOW EXACTLY WHAT KIND OF TARGET YOU ARE IN HERE WITHOUT YOUR POWERS.

I WANT YOU TO SIT TIGHT, OKAY? WE'RE WORKING ON A MOTION TO GET YOU TRANSFERRED INTO A MORE APPROPRIATE FACILITY.




JUST WHAT I NEED: A BETTER CLASS OF JAIL--

OKAY... HERE'S WHAT WE'VE GOT: WE'RE CHALLENGING THE LEGALITY OF DESIGNATING YOU AS UNREGISTERED WITHOUT ALLOWING YOU A GRACE PERIOD, NOT YOUR FAULT YOU WERE UNCONSCIOUS WHEN THE REGISTRATION DEADLINE PASSED.



ALSO, WE'VE REQUESTED TO HAVE YOU EXAMINED SO WE CAN DETERMINE WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOUR POWERS. REED RICHARDS SAYS HE THINKS THE EXPLOSION MIGHT HAVE SHORT-CIRCUITED YOUR KINETIC ENERGY FIELD, BUT HE NEEDS TO EXAMINE YOU.

OBVIOUSLY, THE WHOLE UNREGISTERED COMBATANT THING WILL GO TO THE HIGH COURT, BUT IT'S GOING TO TAKE MONTHS, OR POSSIBLY YEARS.

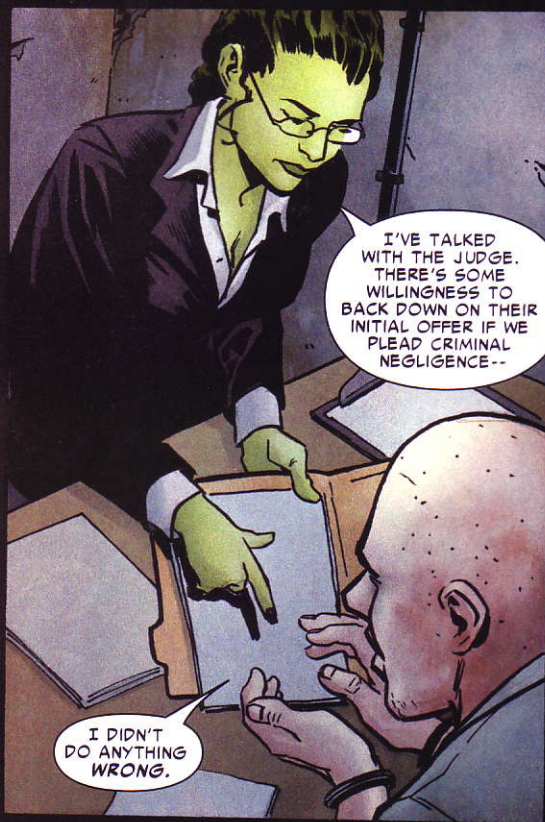


THEY'RE GOING TO MAKE ME A SCAPEGOAT, JEN. SOME MANIAC KILLED SIXTY KIDS AND THEY'RE GOING TO MAKE IT SEEM AS THOUGH I DID IT.

THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD HAVE DONE.



EXCEPT NOT BE THERE IN THE FIRST PLACE, ROBBIE.



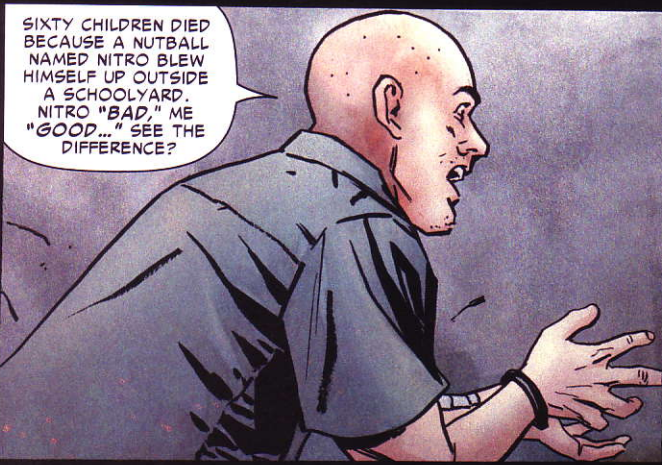
I'VE TALKED WITH THE JUDGE. THERE'S SOME WILLINGNESS TO BACK DOWN ON THEIR INITIAL OFFER IF WE PLEAD CRIMINAL NEGLIGENCE--

I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING WRONG.



ROBBIE, LET'S GET THIS OUT IN THE OPEN, OKAY? I WANT TO DEFEND YOU, BUT YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO LOOK AT THIS THROUGH THE EYES OF THE JUDGE OR THE JURY.

YOU ATTACKED A HOUSE FULL OF BAD GUYS WHILE MAKING A REALITY-TV SHOW. SIXTY CHILDREN DIED.



SIXTY CHILDREN DIED BECAUSE A NUTBALL NAMED NITRO BLEW HIMSELF UP OUTSIDE A SCHOOLYARD. NITRO "BAD," ME "GOOD..." SEE THE DIFFERENCE?



SO YOU'RE EXPECTING ME TO CONVINCE A JURY THAT SIXTY DEAD CHILDREN IS JUST COLLATERAL DAMAGE?



LOOK... I'M SORRY, OKAY. IT'S JUST... I'VE BEEN TO THE SITE. IT'S A MESS. THEY'RE STILL RECOVERING BODIES... SOME OF THEM MAY NEVER BE IDENTIFIED.

I CAN'T IMAGINE IT, JEN. IT'S TERRIBLE... DEPRESSING, AWFUL. IT'S BEYOND DESCRIPTION. BUT IT DOESN'T MAKE ME GUILTY OF KILLING THEM.

BELIEVE ME, I WOULD DO ANYTHING TO GO BACK AND HAVE IT BE DIFFERENT, BUT I CAN'T CHANGE THE PAST.



THEN CHANGE THE PRESENT.



BABY-KILLER.

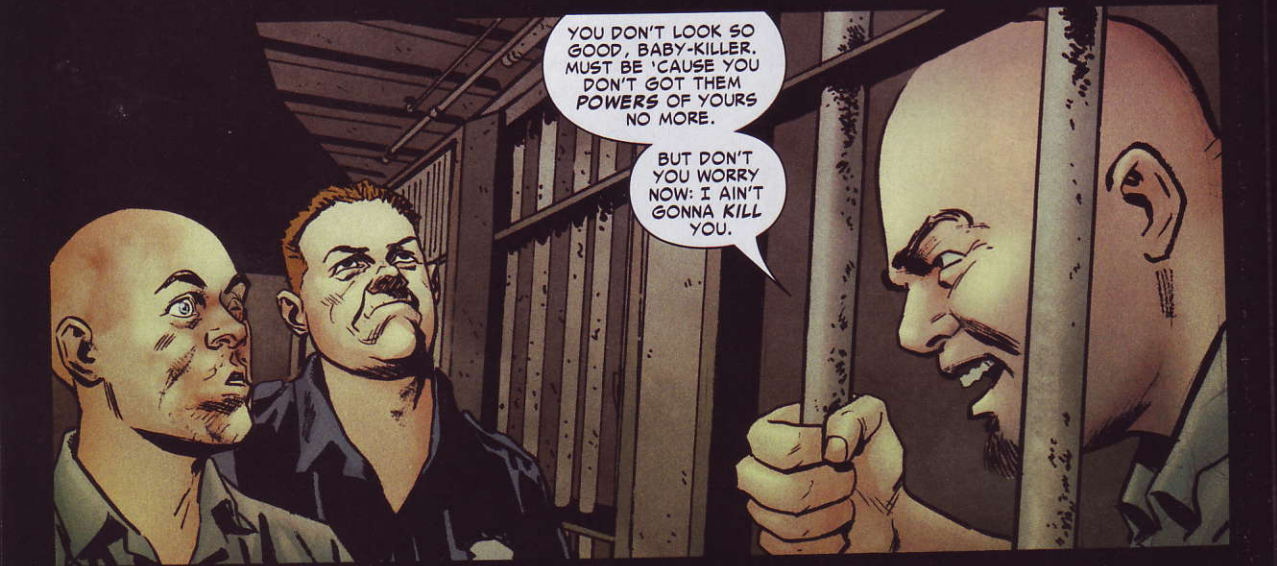
...WHAT I'M GONNA DO TO YOUR FAMILY WHEN I GET OUT...

...WHASSAMATTER, BOY? YOU AFRAID..?

...SOMETIME, ANYTIME, BABY-KILLER--WHEN YOU AIN'T LOOKIN'...

...PEEL YOUR FACE OFF AN' EAT IT...

...ALREADY DEAD, BABY-KILLER...



YOU DON'T LOOK SO GOOD, BABY-KILLER. MUST BE 'CAUSE YOU DON'T GOT THEM POWERS OF YOURS NO MORE.

BUT DON'T YOU WORRY NOW: I AIN'T GONNA KILL YOU.



I'M GONNA BRING YOU CLOSE EVERY DAY, BABY-KILLER. BUT I AIN'T NEVER GONNA LET YOU DIE.

YOU'RE BETTER TO ME ALIVE AN' IN PAIN.



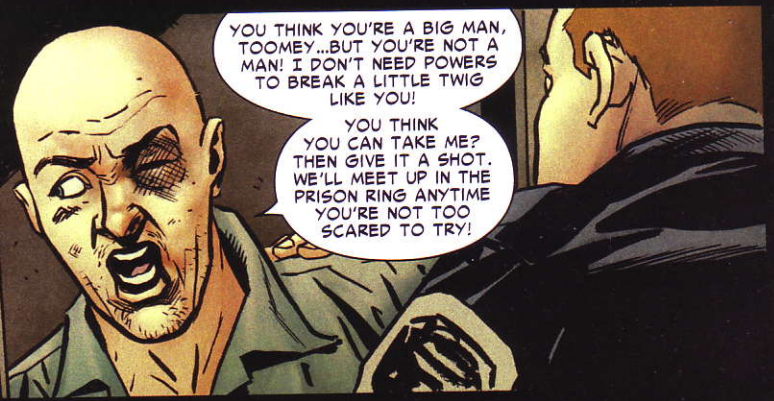
I'VE SEEN FIFTY TIMES WORSE THAN YOU, TOOMEY. YOU'RE A BEGINNER. I DON'T NEED POWERS TO KICK YOUR BUTT TO THE END OF THIS CRAPHOLE AND BACK.

YOU'D BEST WATCH THAT SMART MOUTH OF YOURS, BOY!



OR WHAT? YOU'LL GET YOUR LITTLE GANG OF BOYFRIENDS TO HURT ME AGAIN? LIKE I GIVE A FLYING--

SHUT THE HELL UP AN' GET INSIDE, BALDWIN!



YOU THINK YOU'RE A BIG MAN, TOOMEY...BUT YOU'RE NOT A MAN! I DON'T NEED POWERS TO BREAK A LITTLE TWIG LIKE YOU!

YOU THINK YOU CAN TAKE ME? THEN GIVE IT A SHOT. WE'LL MEET UP IN THE PRISON RING ANYTIME YOU'RE NOT TOO SCARED TO TRY!



ANYTIME...YOU HEAR ME, TOOMEY? ANYTIME!

HOW ABOUT NEXT GYM SESSION?



YOU'RE ON.




GET IN THERE AN' SHUT YOUR TRAP, BALDWIN. ONE MORE WORD AN' YOU'LL BE PASSING BROKEN GLASS FOR A WEEK, UNDERSTAND?



YEAH...THAT'S IT, YOU FASCISTS! I GOT YOU RILED UP NOW, DON'T I?

YOU'RE JUST AS SCARED OF ME AS THEY ARE!





I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, HICKEY. I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU DID TO DESERVE BUNKING WITH ME, BUT IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOMETHING PRETTY BAD.

HEY, I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT I DID.



JUST YOU AN' ME, HICKEY.

YOU DON'T SAY MUCH BUT I GET A SENSE OUT OF YOU. YOU'RE A GOOD GUY.

RIGHT, HICKEY?





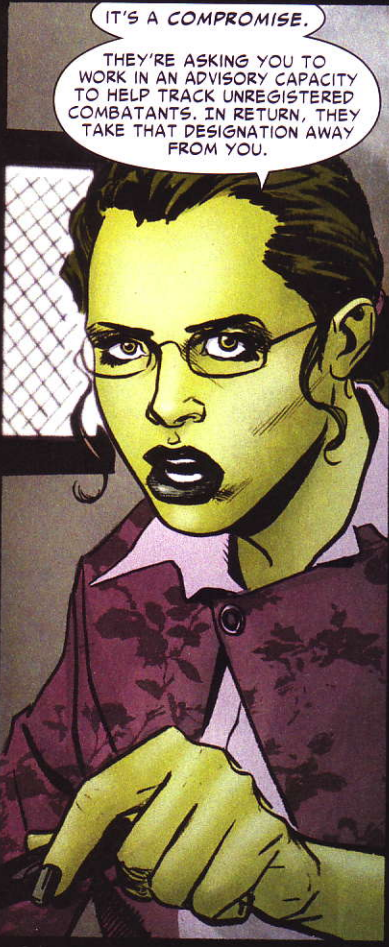
I TALKED WITH AGENT MARSHALL TODAY, ROBBIE. HE'S SPOKEN WITH LOCAL AND STATE OFFICIALS AND THEY'RE PREPARED TO COME TO AN ARRANGEMENT.

EVERYONE CAN COME OUT OF THIS WITH MINIMAL DAMAGE. ALL I'M ASKING YOU TO DO IS KEEP AN OPEN MIND.



IT'S AN OFFER FROM THE GOVERNOR. YOU AGREE TO REGISTER WITH THE AUTHORITIES AS A COSTUMED HERO, AND YOU GET THREE YEARS' COMMUNITY SERVICE DOING WHAT YOU WOULD HAVE DONE ANYWAY--

WAIT...THIS IS AN ADMISSION OF GUILT?



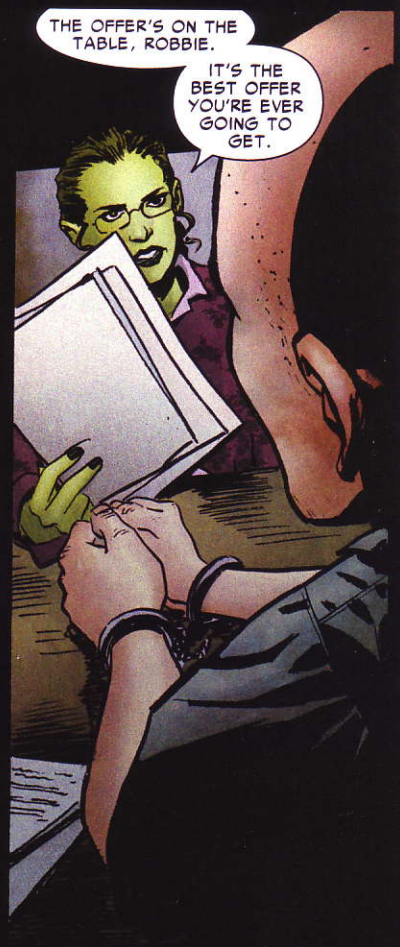
IT'S A COMPROMISE. THEY'RE ASKING YOU TO WORK IN AN ADVISORY CAPACITY TO HELP TRACK UNREGISTERED COMBATANTS. IN RETURN, THEY TAKE THAT DESIGNATION AWAY FROM YOU.



BUT THEY WANT ME TO REGISTER?

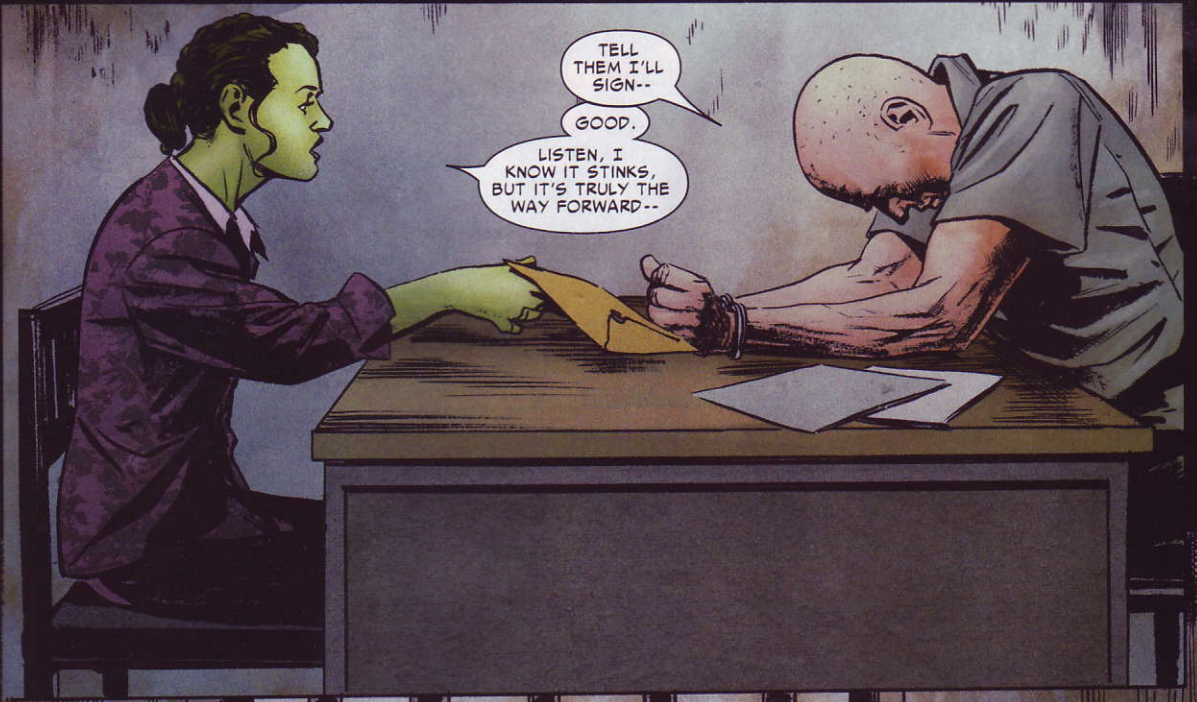
IT'S JUST A SLAP ON THE WRIST, ROBBIE.

IF I REGISTER, I'M SAYING WE WERE OUT OF CONTROL. I'M SAYING IT WAS OUR FAULT.



THE OFFER'S ON THE TABLE, ROBBIE.

IT'S THE BEST OFFER YOU'RE EVER GOING TO GET.



TELL THEM I'LL SIGN--

GOOD.

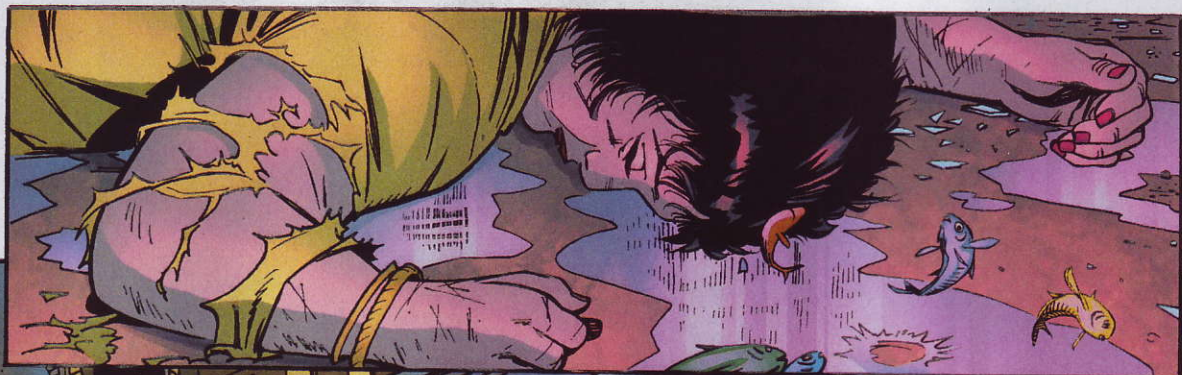
LISTEN, I KNOW IT STINKS, BUT IT'S TRULY THE WAY FORWARD--



TELL THEM I'LL SIGN THE DAY HELL FREEZES OVER.

To Be Continued

**EMERGENCY
RESPONSE CALL:
JOE'S MARINE
MANIA**





WOW. YOU'RE A COMEDY RIOT. FIRST IMPRESSIONS?

NO SIGN OF AN ACCELERANT, DONNA. NO RESIDUE FROM ANY EXPLOSIVE MATERIAL. LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING TORE THE FRONT OF THE STORE OFF FROM THE INSIDE OUT.

HEY, YOU THINK A GOLDFISH'S TESTIMONY IS LEGALLY ADMISSIBLE IN COURT?



OKAY...LET'S SAY SOMEONE OR SOMETHING BUSTED FROM THE INSIDE OUT. THE QUESTION IS, "WHY"?

OR, "WHO"? CHANCES ARE IT WAS PROBABLY SOMEONE DRESSED IN A FUNNY COSTUME.



HAD TO BE. BUT WHAT THE HECK WOULD ANY OF THOSE GUYS WANT WITH A FISH STORE? AND WHERE'S THE OWNER? YOU THINK IT'S SOME KINDA KIDNAPPING?

LET'S GET ONTO DIVISION... SEE IF THEY'VE PICKED UP ON ANYTHING LATELY.



DETECTIVE KEITH DIXON...THIS IS KAREN MASON. SHE LIVES UPSTAIRS AND SHE'S ALSO A FREQUENT CUSTOMER.

I KNOW YOU'RE PRETTY UPSET RIGHT NOW, MISS MASON. BUT WE'RE VERY CONCERNED ABOUT THE WELFARE OF THE AQUARIUM STORE'S OWNER. ANYTHING YOU CAN TELL US ABOUT WHY HE WENT MISSING? ANYTHING AT ALL--



JOE WAS SUCH A NICE MAN...THEY WERE BOTH SO...

...NICE...

I WAS JUST IN HERE EARLIER. I BOUGHT A TETRA.



"JOE'S ALWAYS SO GOOD WITH HIS FISH."

IT'S SO WEIRD, JOE: YOU'RE ALWAYS SO GOOD WITH THEM. IT'S LIKE THEY CONGREGATE AT THE FRONT OF THE TANK WHEN YOU WALK BY.

DID YOU TRAIN THEM, OR SOMETHING?



YISS, YISS... I TRAIN!



YOU KIPP WITH ALVEOLAR CORAL... SAME TANK AS CLOWNFISH.

BUT KIPP AWAY FROM BLUE GUDGEON! ISS FIGHT ALL TIME... EATING!

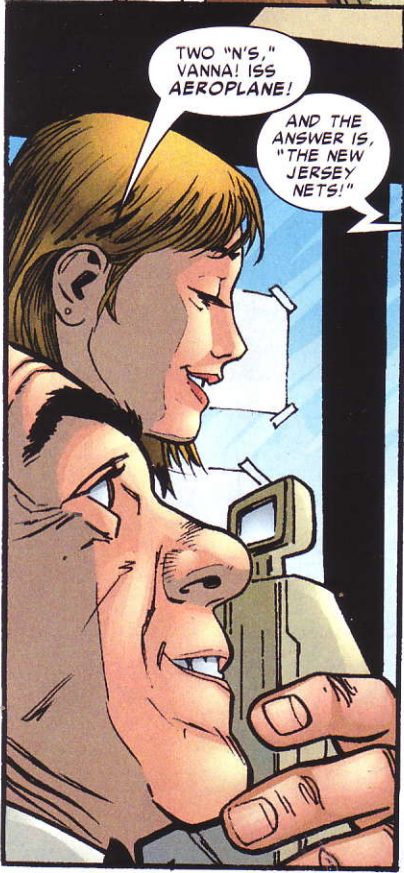


YOU LISTEN TO MISTER JOEY, KAREN. HE KNOWS ABOUT THE FISH! HOW TO MAKE THEM HAPPY!

SURE THING, MOMMA MARIA.

I'LL TAKE AN "N" PLEASE, PAT!

OKAY... DO WE HAVE ANY "N'S"?



TWO "N'S," VANNA! ISS AEROPLANE!

AND THE ANSWER IS, "THE NEW JERSEY NETS!"



WHERE ARE YOU FROM, JOE? MOMMA'S FROM ITALY, RIGHT?

BUT YOU'RE FROM, LIKE, EASTERN EUROPE, OR SOMETHING. AM I CLOSE?

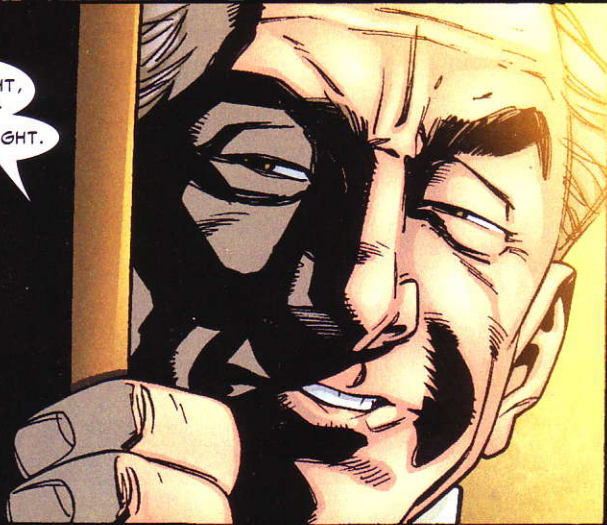


YISS, YISS... CLOSE.



GOODNIGHT, FISSSES.

GOODNIGHT.



...A DEVELOPING STORY OUT OF SAN DIEGO, WHERE A SCHOOL OF WHALES FINDS ITSELF STRANDED ON A BEACH NEAR CORONADO.

EXPERTS SAY THE SCHOOL MAY HAVE BECOME STRANDED AFTER ONE OF THE WHALES BECAME DISORIENTED, MISTAKING A NEARBY ESTUARY FOR OPEN WATER. FOR MORE ON THE STORY, WE GO LIVE TO OUR CORRESPONDENT, MATTHEW J. WILLIAMS...

I'M STANDING SOME FIFTY YARDS AWAY FROM THESE IMPRESSIVE ANIMALS, LIZ! LOCAL MARINE EXPERTS THINK THEY MAY HAVE BEGUN BEACHING SOME FOUR OR FIVE HOURS AGO.



ALL ATTEMPTS TO RESCUE THE WHALES HAVE SO FAR PROVED FRUITLESS. I SPOKE TO ONE LOCAL BIOLOGIST WHO SEEMED GENUINELY PUZZLED AT THEIR BEHAVIOR.



JUST BEFORE THE SCHOOL CAME IN, THERE WERE INDICATIONS OF A MINOR MAGNITUDE EARTHQUAKE FAR OUT IN THE PACIFIC.

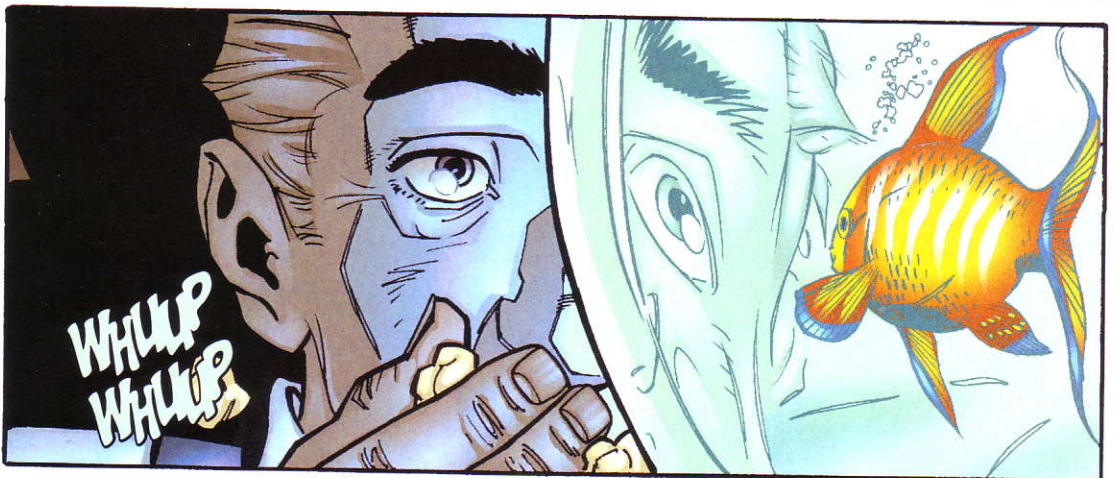
AS IF ON CUE, THE WHALES BEGAN HEADING TOWARDS CORONADO BEACH. THERE'S SOME SUGGESTION THEY WERE TRYING TO ESCAPE A TIDAL CURRENT.

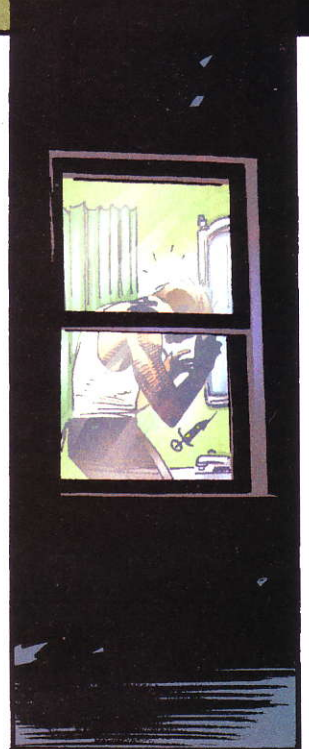
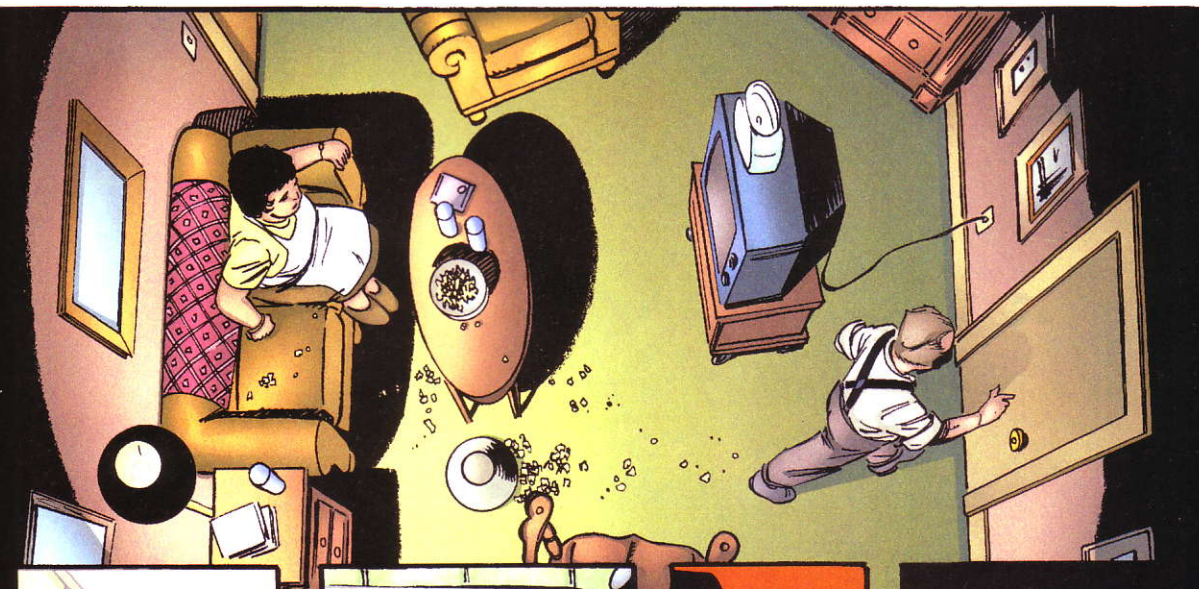
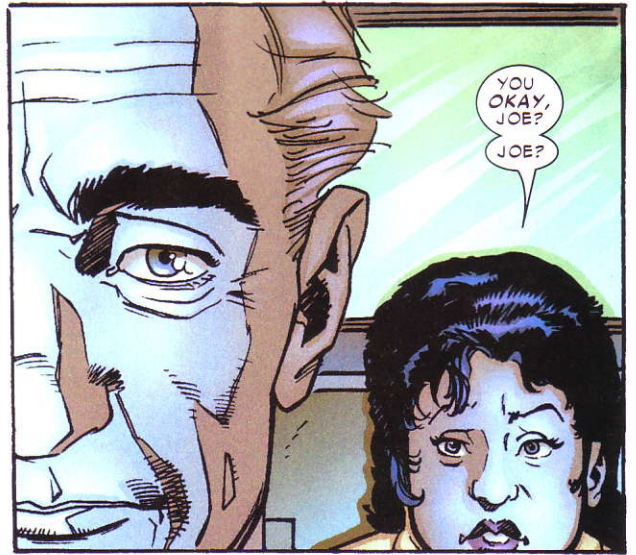
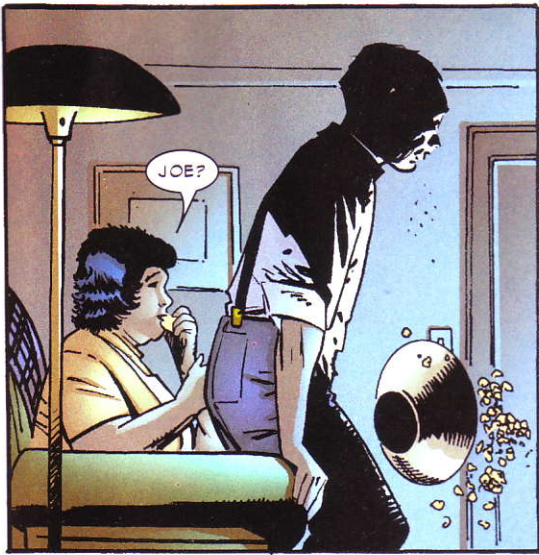


AUDIO RECORDERS AT NEARBY SEAWORLD PICKED UP THIS UNUSUAL WHALE SONG, WHICH COULD BE HEARD CLEARLY FROM SOME TEN OR TWELVE MILES AWAY--

WHUP WHUP

WHUP WHUP







SLEEPER CELL PART ONE

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JENKINS
WRITER

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WEEKS
PENCILER

ROB
CAMPANELLA
INKER

SOTOCOLOR'S
J. BROWN
COLORIST

VC'S RANDY
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BUCKLEY
PUBLISHER

Wilfred Owen enlisted in the Artists' Rifles on October 21, 1915, and was drafted to France in 1917, the worst winter of what came to be known as the Great War.

After only five weeks of combat experience, thoroughly shocked by the horrors of the battlefield, he was sent to Craiglockhart War Hospital near Edinburgh, suffering from Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder, or "shell shock."

In August 1918, after his friend and fellow war poet, Siegfried Sassoon, had been severely injured and sent back to England, Owen returned to the butchery that continued on the fields of France.

He died during a machine-gun attack, just seven days before the end of the war. His parents were informed of his death on Armistice Day.

The following poem by Owen is entitled "Futility".





MEDIC!
I NEED A
MEDIC!

EVERYONE
BACK! GET
BACK!

HANG ON,
JONESY, OLD
CHAP. DOC'S
COMING...

...OH, GOD...
JUST HANG
ON...

MOVE
HIM INTO
THE SUN!

I CAN'T SEE
WHAT I'M DOING
HERE! MOVE
HIM INTO THE
LIGHT!

GENTLY ITS TOUCH
AWOKE HIM ONCE.

AT HOME, WHISPERING
OF FIELDS UNSOWN.

ALWAYS IT WOKE HIM,
EVEN IN FRANCE.

COME ON,
DUDE...DON'T
QUIT ON ME....

+HFFF+

TOM...



...ONE ONE-THOUSAND... TWO, TWO-THOUSAND...
 TOM! THERE'S NOTHING MORE YOU CAN DO FOR THIS POOR GUY...
 HE'S GONE.

UNTIL THIS MORNING.

AND THIS SNOW.

PAUL JENKINS WRITER	DAVID AJA ARTIST	JOSE VILLARRUBIA COLOR ART	VC'S RANDY GENTILE LETTERS	CORY SEDLMEIER EDITOR	TOM BREVOORT EXECUTIVE EDITOR	JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF	DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER
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