



XINO

MAXIMIZE
ATTENTION
MAXIMIZE
ATTENTION
MAXIMIZE
ATTENTION
MAXIMIZE
ATTENTION
MAXIMIZE
ATTENTION

PROVIDE
ABOVE
ALL
ELSE

MORE IS
NOT
ENOUGH
MORE IS
NOT
ENOUGH

LESS
NONE

CONTENT
CONTENT
CONTENT
CONTENT

SUBSCRIBE
SUBSCRIBE
SUBSCRIBE

YES?

SMILE - NOBODY

ADD

NOW?

PRESS
Y TO
COMPLETE

"IF YOU
PREFER YOUR
SCI-FI WITH
A DOSE OF
PSYCHEDELIA,
XINO IS
FOR YOU."
—IGN

ART: LETHBRIDGE
2022 100

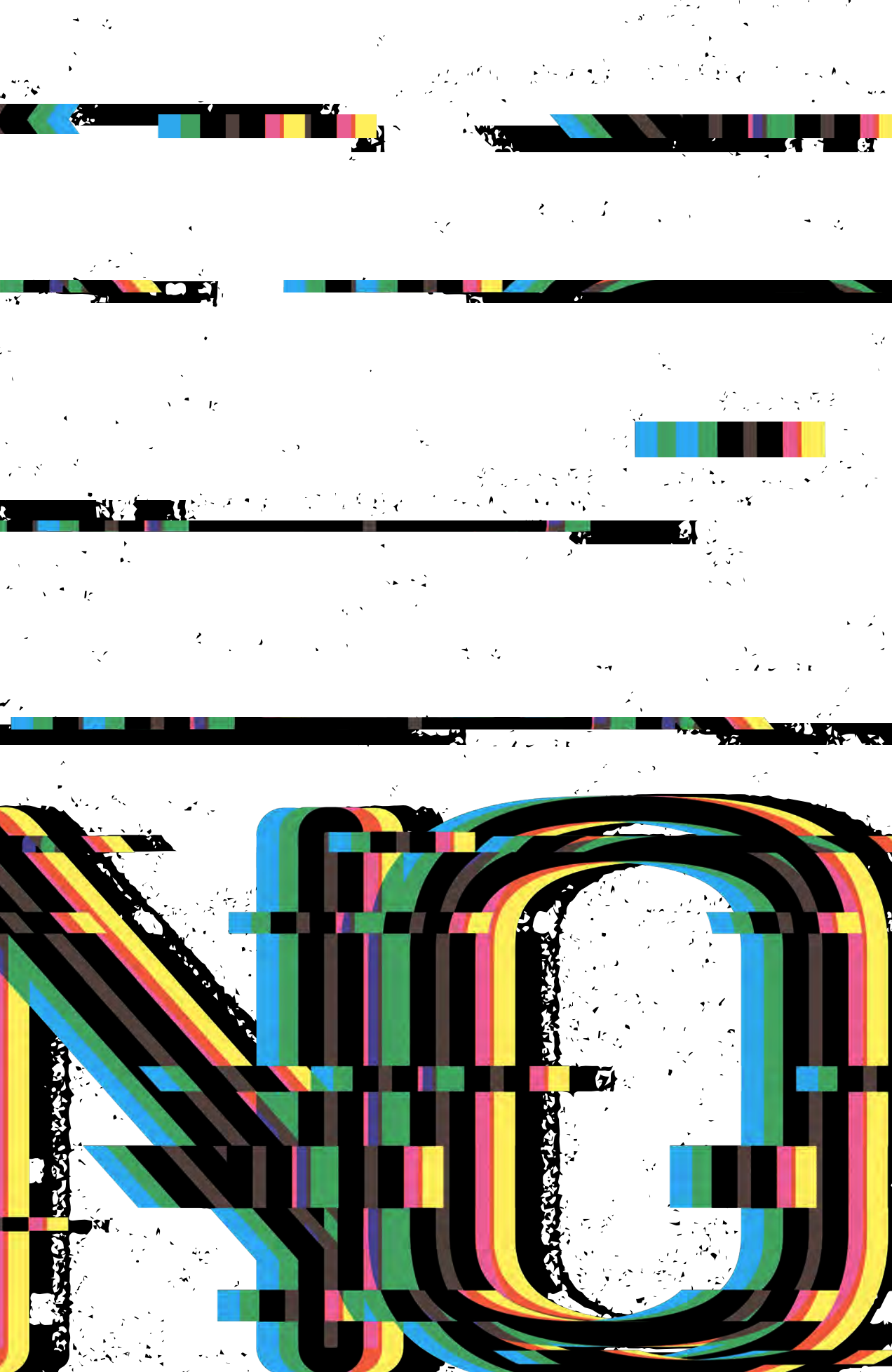
INCOMING
TRANSMISSION.

AN

CON

PRESS PUBLICATION





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MATT LESNIEWSKI & RICO RENZI



02



THE CHIP...

"YOU ARE HERE, MR. PEABODY, BECAUSE OF THIS."

"I THOUGHT I WAS HERE TO TEST A NEW GAMING SYSTEM..."

"THIS IS THE GAMING SYSTEM."

"YOU'RE A TWITCH STAR AND GAMING COMPETITION CHAMPION, ALWAYS AT THE FOREFRONT OF GAMING'S FUTURE."

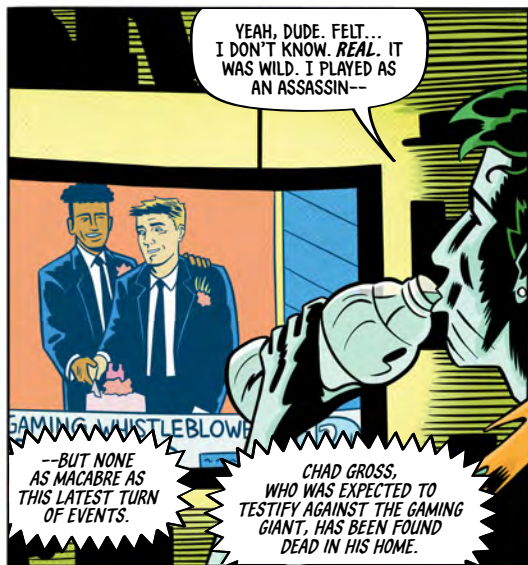
"YEAH..."

"THAT MAKES YOU THE PERFECT CANDIDATE."

Written by Chris CONDON
Illustrated by Nick CAGNETTI
Lettered by Jim CAMPBELL









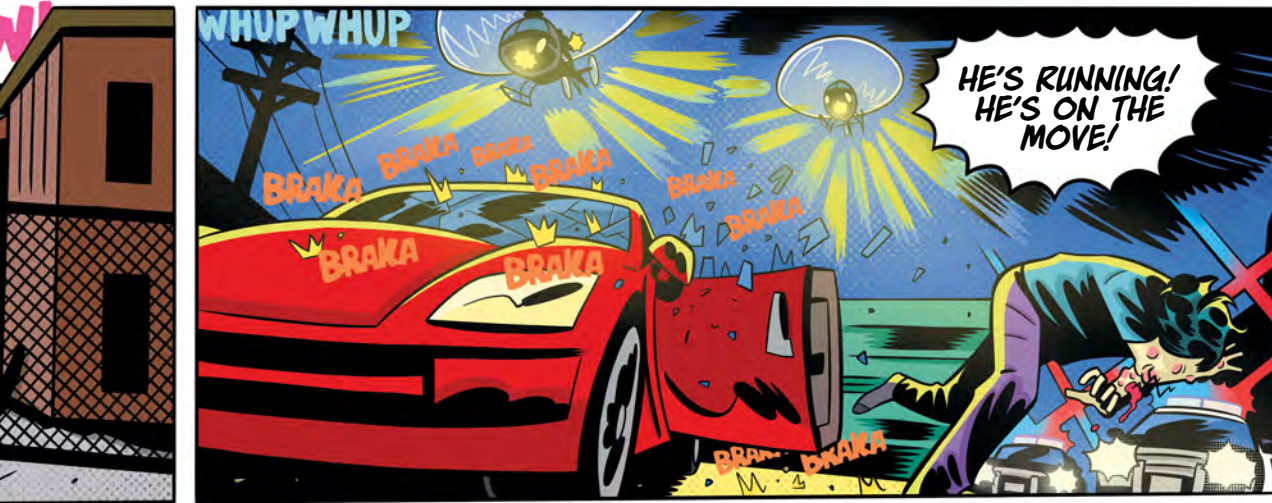
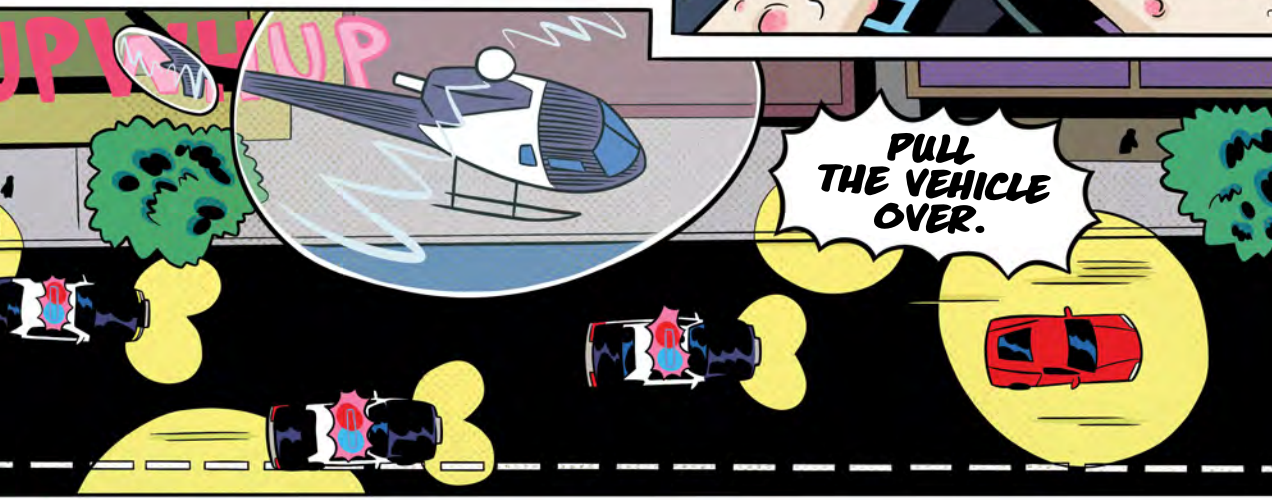






WHUP WHUP WHUP











THE GOOD OL'
U.S. OF A. 1963.

Rabbit Trap

Written by Jordan THOMAS
Illustrated by Shaky KANE
Lettered by Jim CAMPBELL

ALBERT RASKIN, LIKE MANY AT THE TIME WHO HAD BEEN FED A STEADY DOSE OF TELEVISION AND MCCARTHYISM, HAS AN UNYIELDING OBSESSION WITH THE IDEA THAT COMMUNISTS COULD BE ANYWHERE.

SO THE ARRIVAL OF NEW NEIGHBORS IS AN AGGRAVATING EVENT IN THE LIFE OF AN ALREADY AGGRAVATED MAN.



KIDS. Hmm... COULD BE WORSE. LEAST THEY LOOK AMERICAN...

...AY, HECTOR?

AHWO.

STILL, IT'S BEST THAT I...

...GET EVERYTHING NOTED DOWN...

CONSIDERING HIMSELF AN UPSTANDING AMERICAN CITIZEN, AL FEELS IT IS HIS JOB TO KEEP COMPREHENSIVE NOTES ON THE GOINGS ON AROUND HIM IN CASE HE IS EVER CALLED TO TESTIFY.

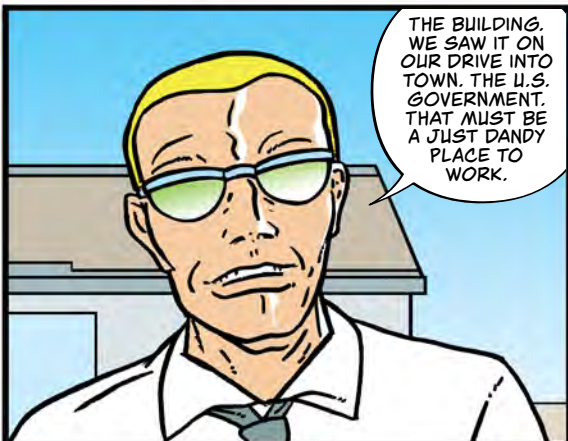
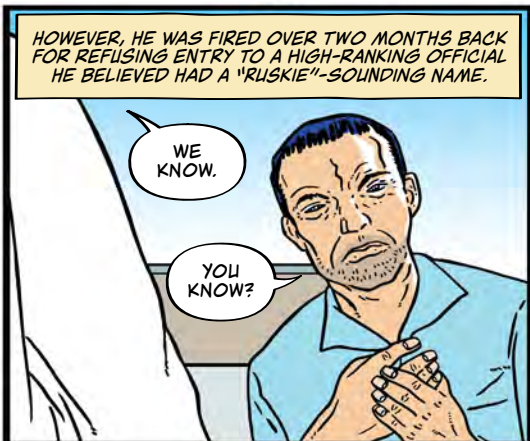
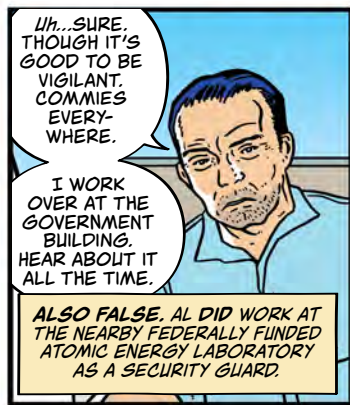
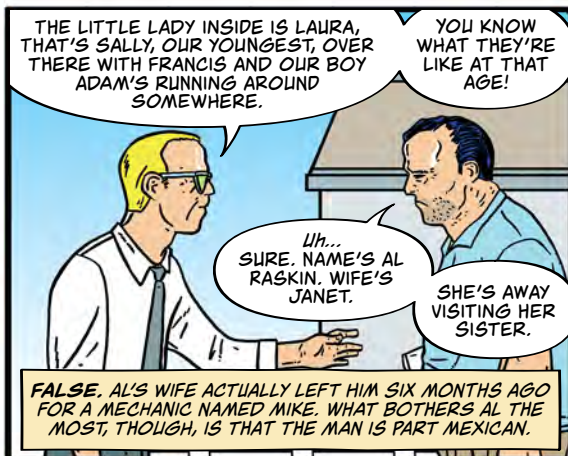
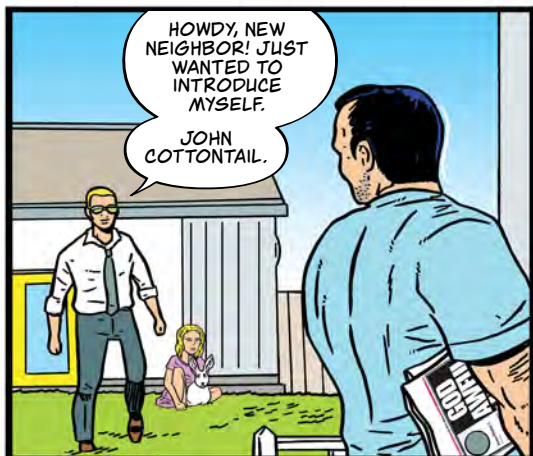
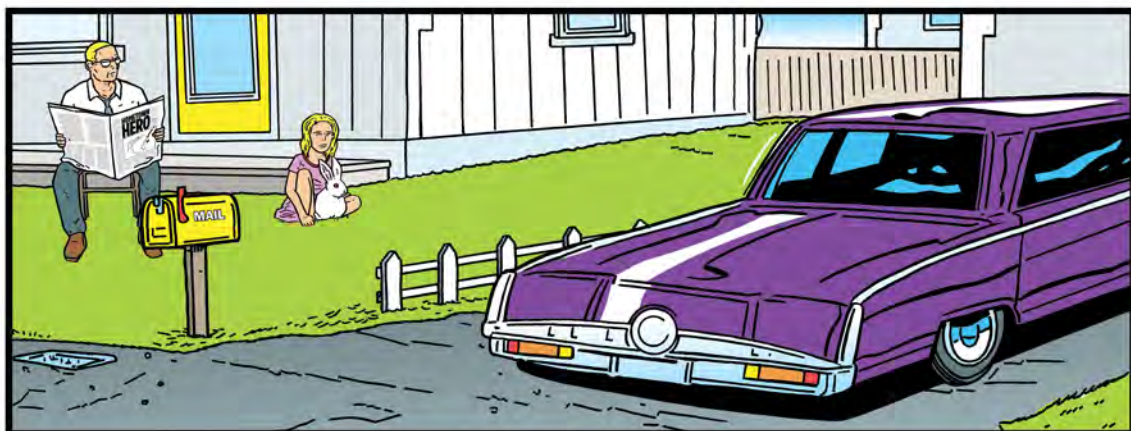
...IN MY FILES JUST IN CASE.

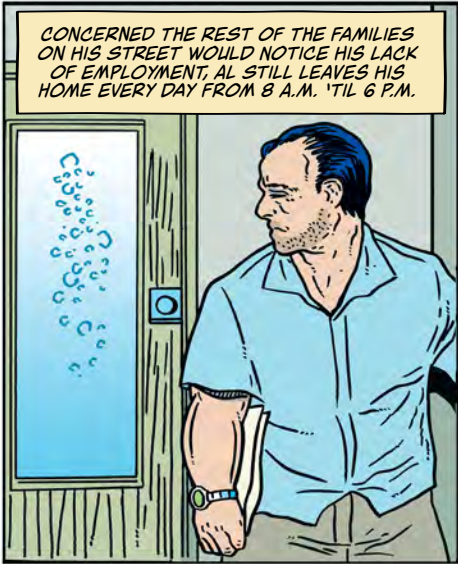
KEEP OUT

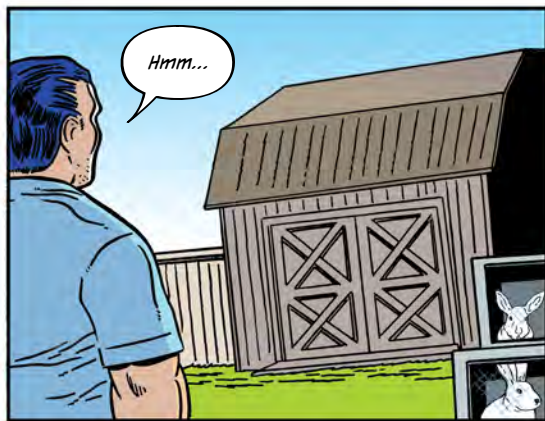
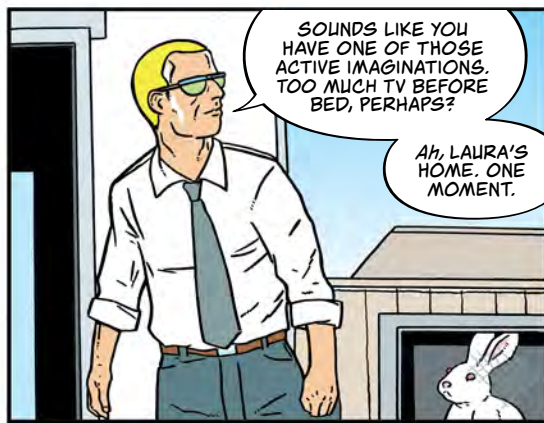
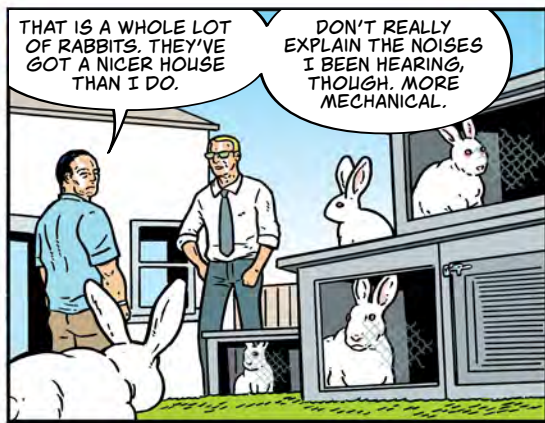
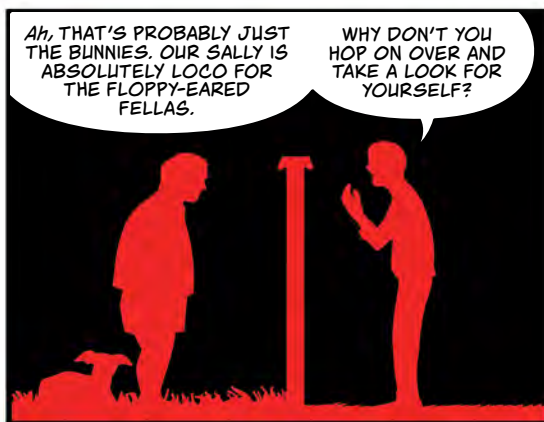
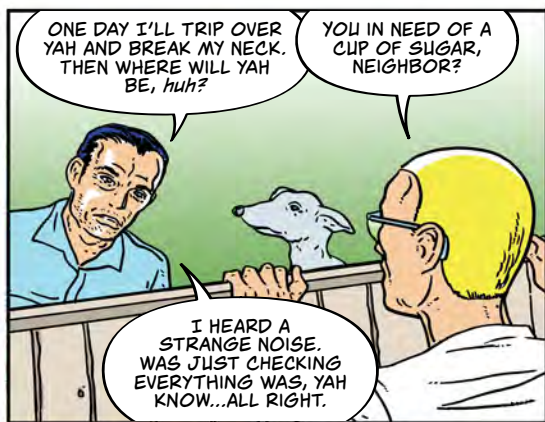
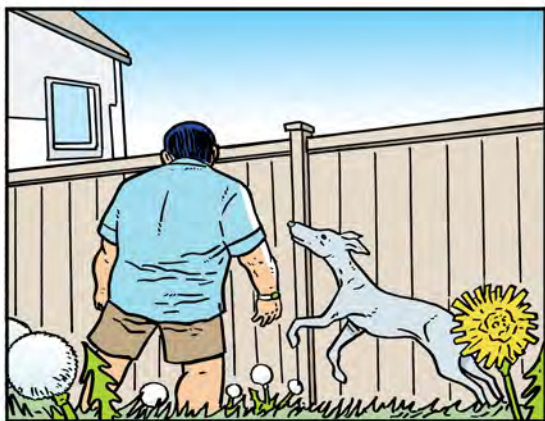
HIS LIFE'S AMBITION.

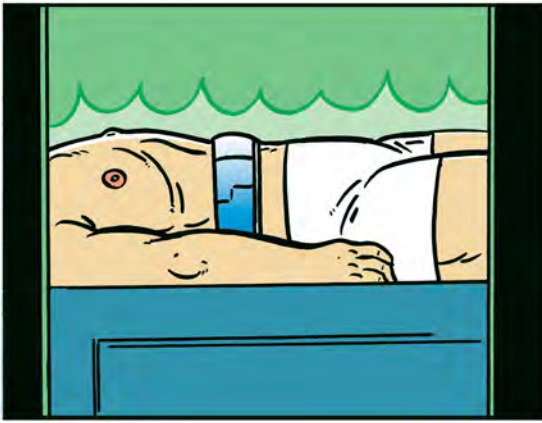
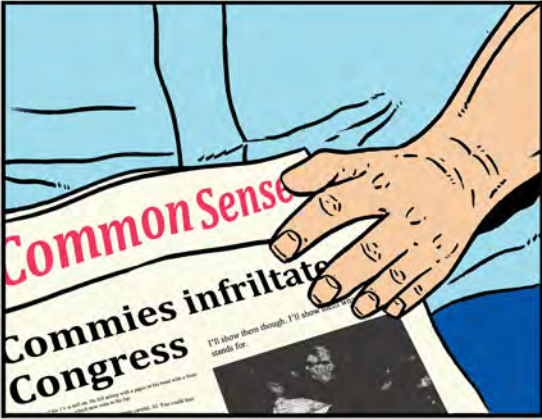
"CAN'T BE SURE WHO TO TRUST THESE DAYS."

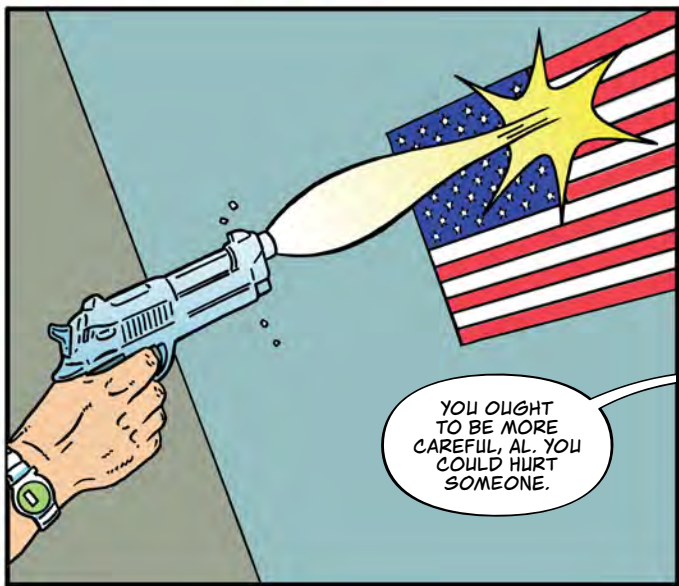
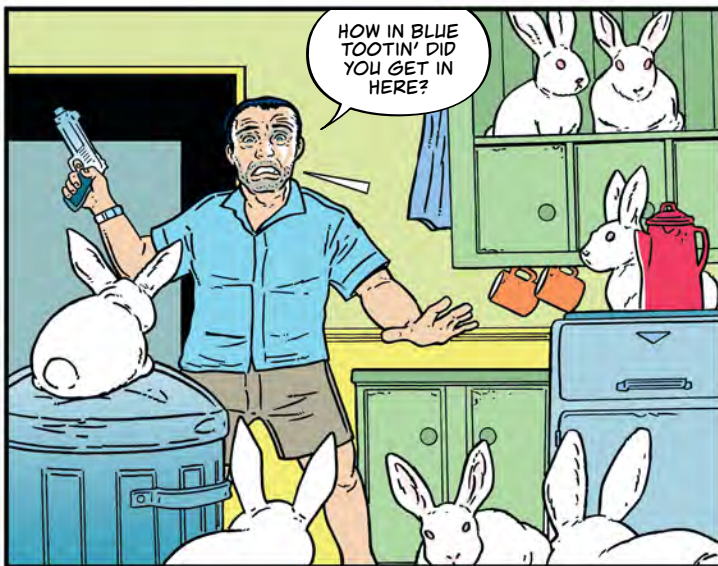
REM



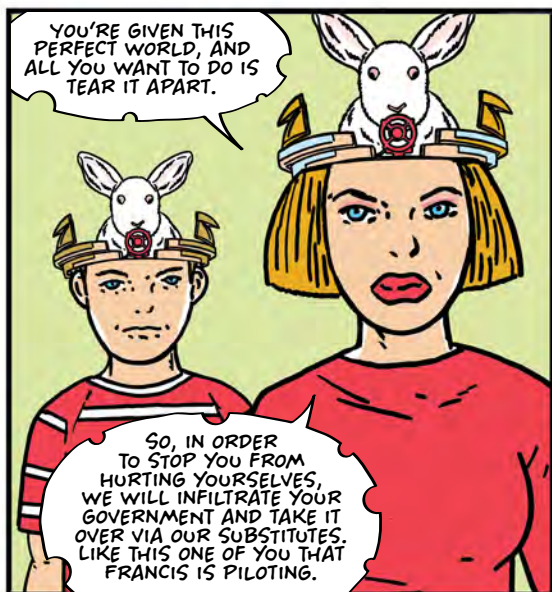
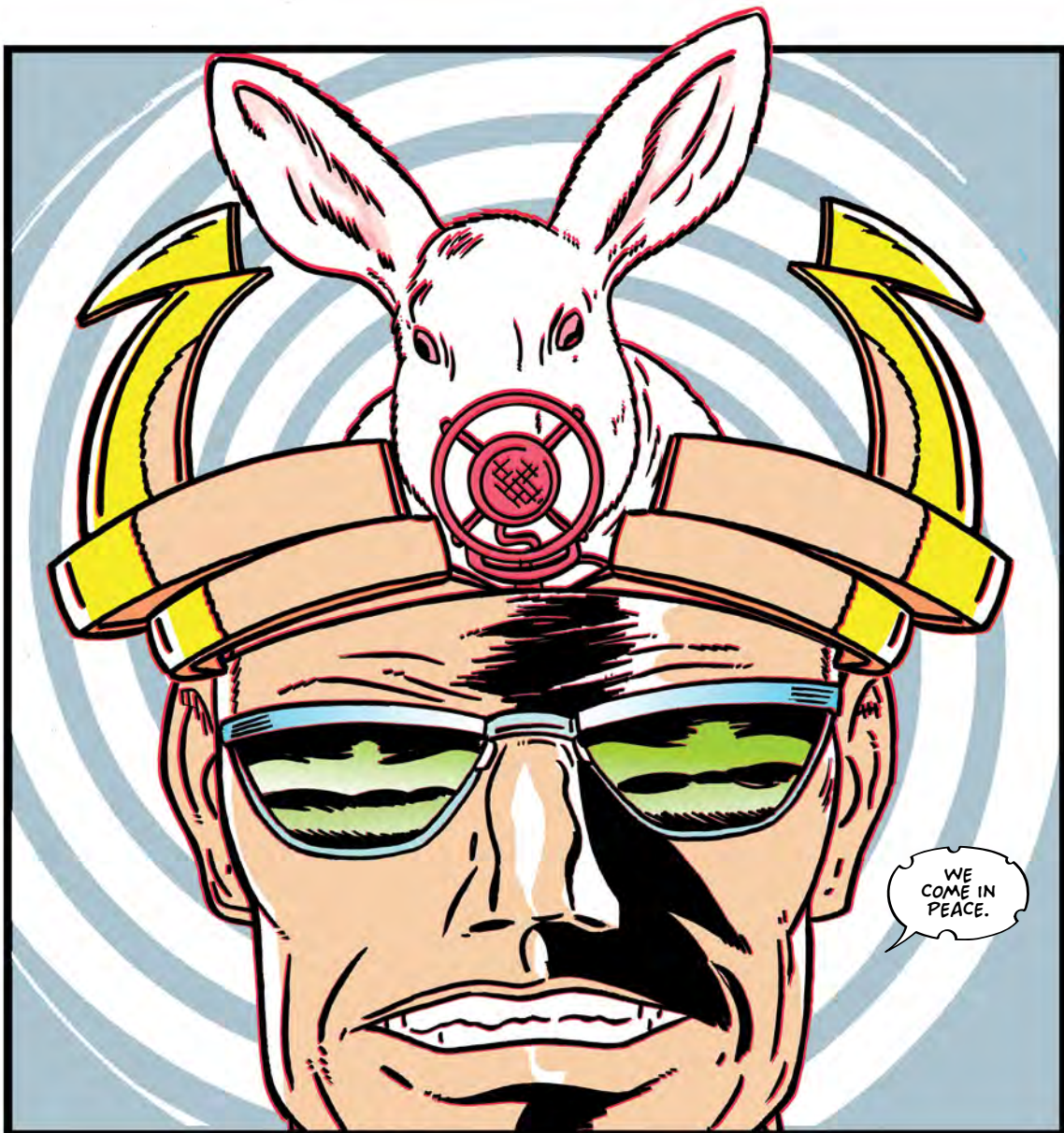


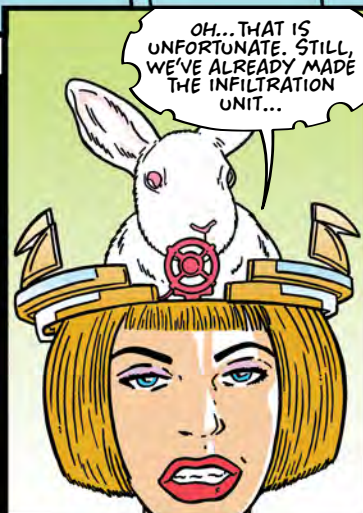
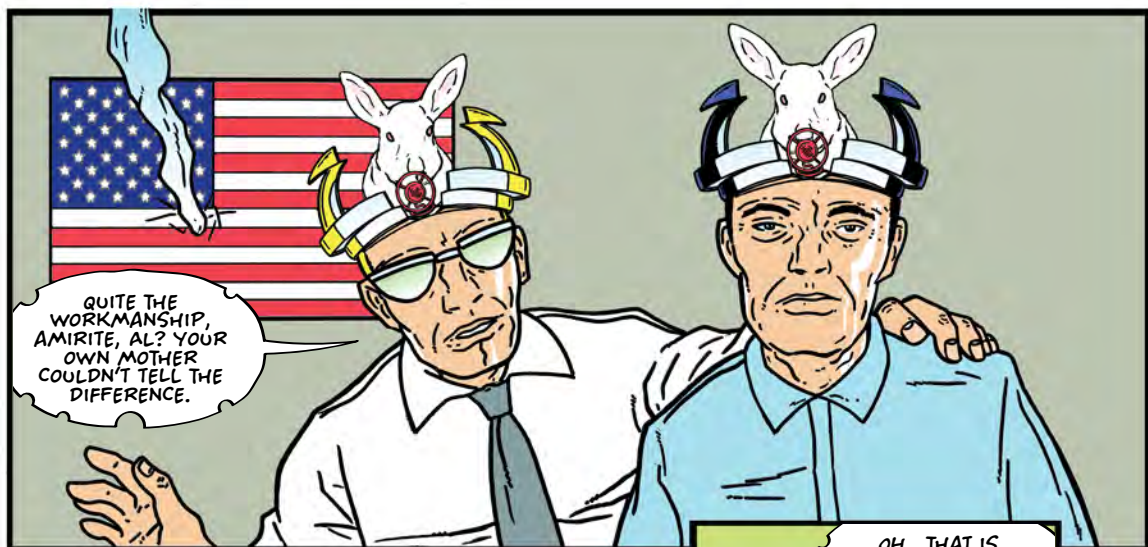


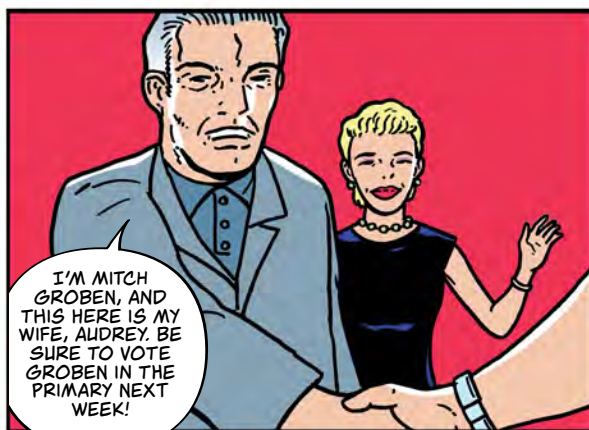
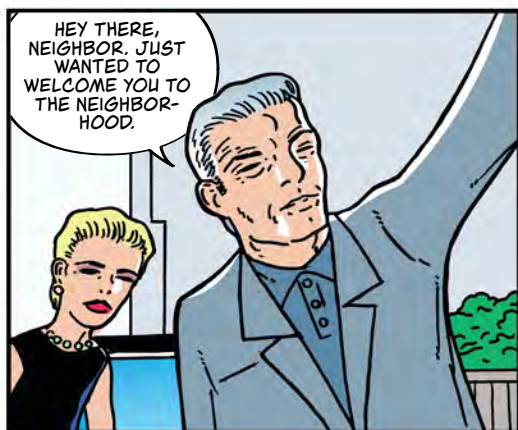
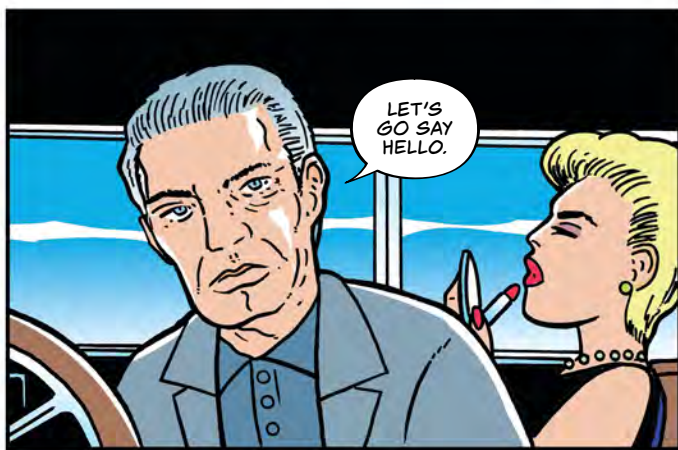


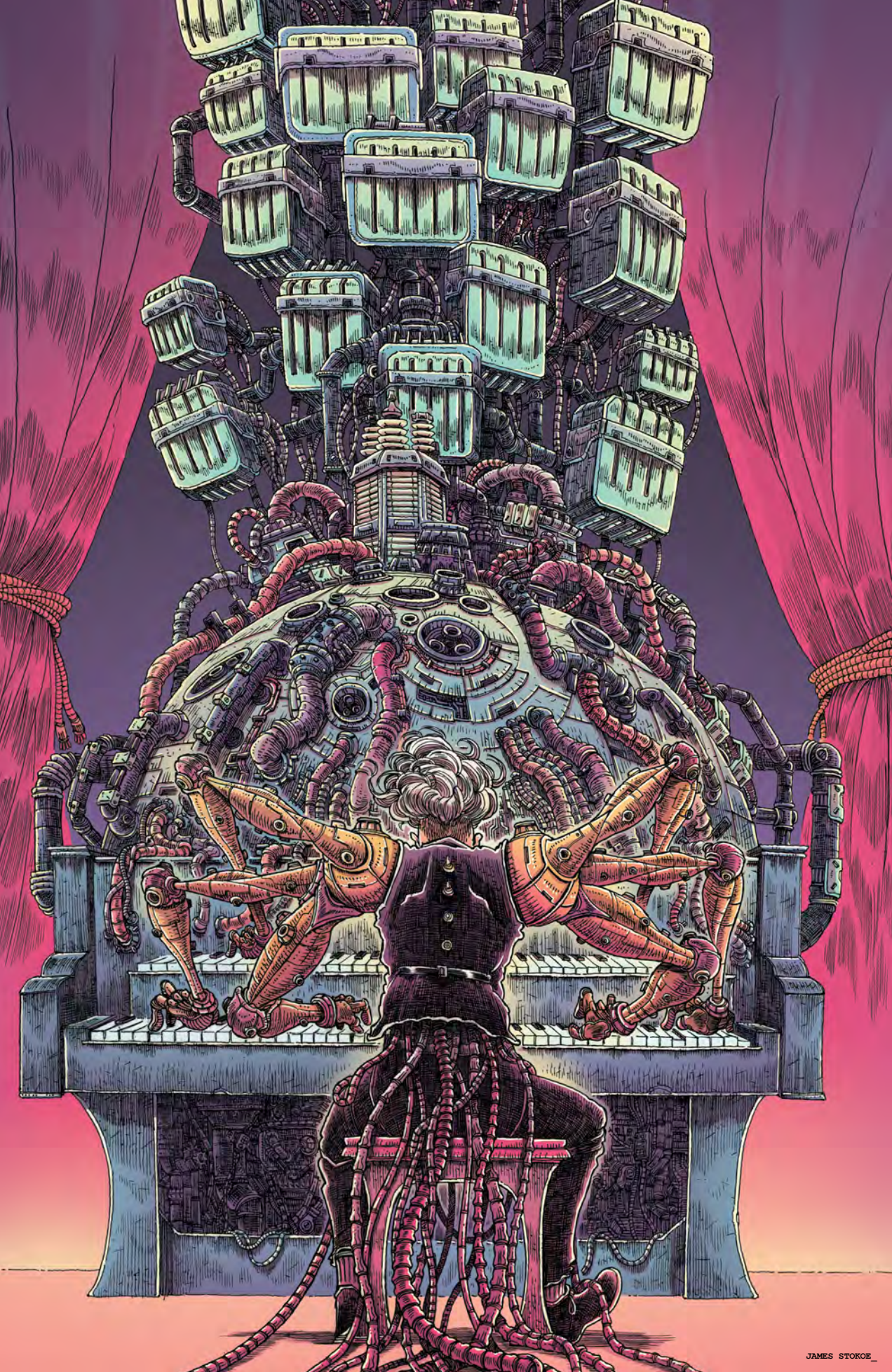


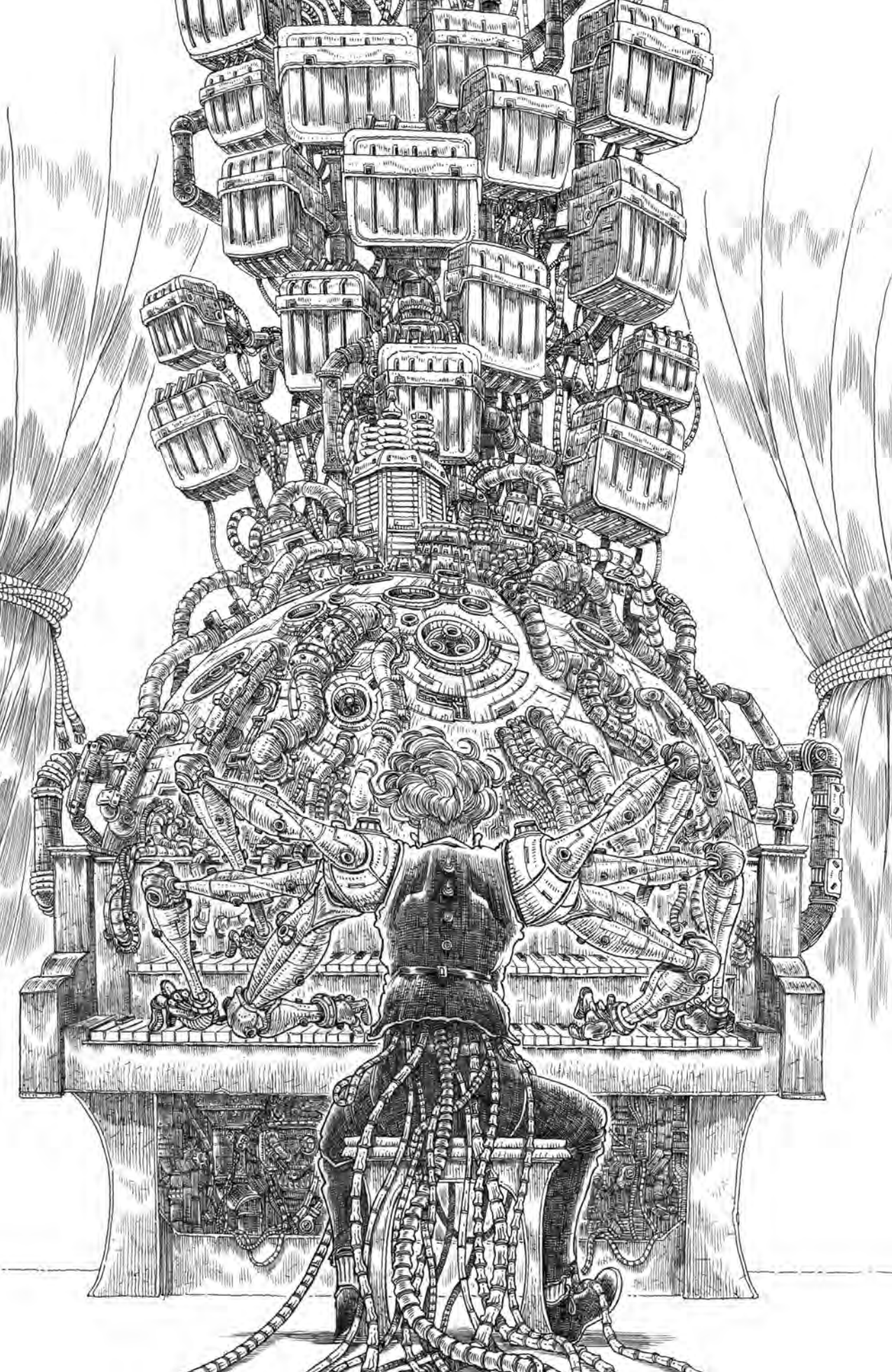


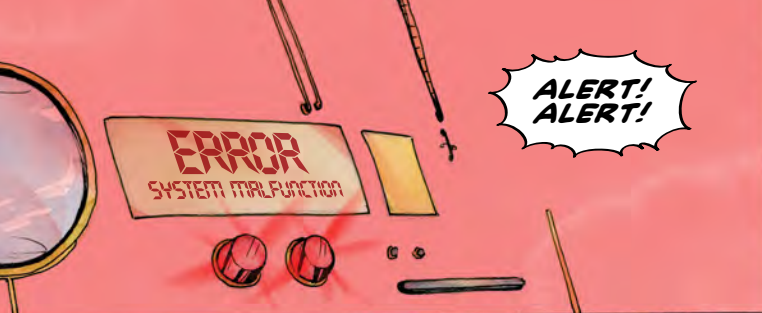












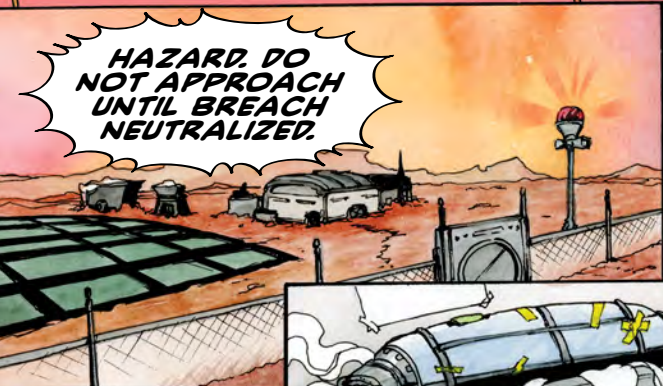
**ALERT!
ALERT!**

**MELTDOWN
IMMINENT.**

NO...
IT CAN'T
BE.

CODE DB!
TO YOUR
STATIONS!

**HAZARD. DO
NOT APPROACH
UNTIL BREACH
NEUTRALIZED.**



=YAWN=

GOOD
MORNING,
MARS!

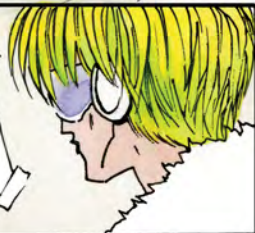
THAT WAS
QUITE THE TRIP,
I FEEL LIKE I'VE
SLEPT FOR A
MILLENNIA! NO
WAKE-UP
CALL?

B&B

By Alissa SALLAH
Lettered by Jim CAMPBELL

Oh! HOW CONSIDERATE
OF THEM TO NOT WANT
ANYONE DISTURBING
MY NAP!

**DO NOT OPEN
UNDER ANY
CIRCUMSTANCES!**



RIP

DO NOT OPEN
UNDER ANY
CIRCUMSTANCES!

WELL, WE
WON'T BE
NEEDING THIS
ANYMORE.

GRACES,
IT'S FAR
TOO COLD
IN HERE.



Ah, HERE'S THE HEATER.
LET'S TURN YOU UP, SHALL
WE? I CAN BE FORGIVING
OF A FEW HOSPITALITY
MISSTEPS, CONSIDERING
THIS IS A NEW LODGE
AND ALL.

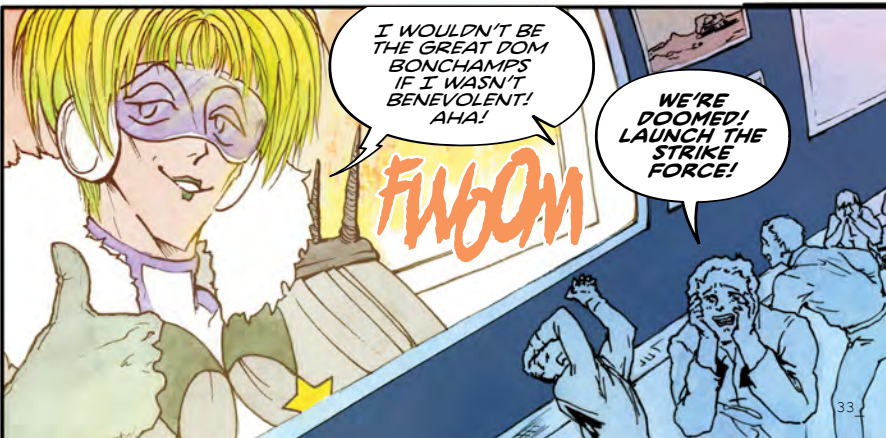
HEATER

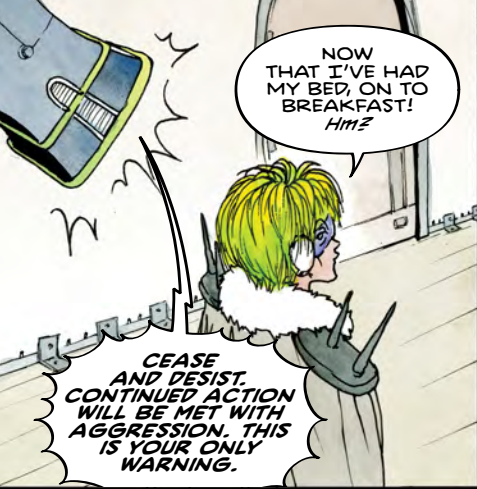


I WOULDN'T BE
THE GREAT DOM
BONCHAMPS
IF I WASN'T
BENEVOLENT!
AHA!

FUZZOM

**WE'RE
DOOMED!
LAUNCH THE
STRIKE
FORCE!**





NOW THAT I'VE HAD MY BED, ON TO BREAKFAST!
HIMZ

CEASE AND DESIST. CONTINUED ACTION WILL BE MET WITH AGGRESSION. THIS IS YOUR ONLY WARNING.

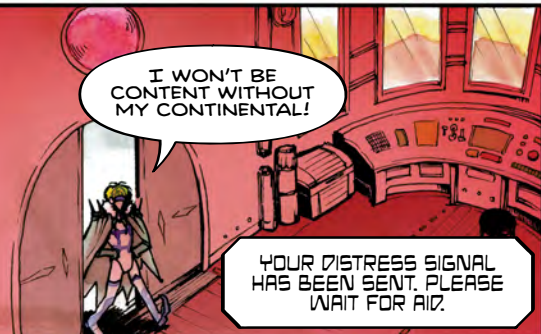


THEIR SECURITY SYSTEM MUST BE ON THE FRITZ.
H-HEY!! WE MEAN IT!
DEAR ME, THE REVIEW STARS ARE FADING AWAY BY THE SECOND HERE.



Psht! THE LACK OF MY MORNING MEAL HAS ME QUITE IN DISTRESS!

DISTRESS ROOM
SIGNAL FOR AID WILL BE TRIGGERED UPON ENTRANCE.



I WON'T BE CONTENT WITHOUT MY CONTINENTAL!

YOUR DISTRESS SIGNAL HAS BEEN SENT. PLEASE WAIT FOR AID.



WE JUST RECEIVED A DISTRESS SIGNAL FROM THE MARS POWER PLANT.

I THOUGHT THAT PLACE WAS ABANDONED? LET'S CHECK IT OUT.

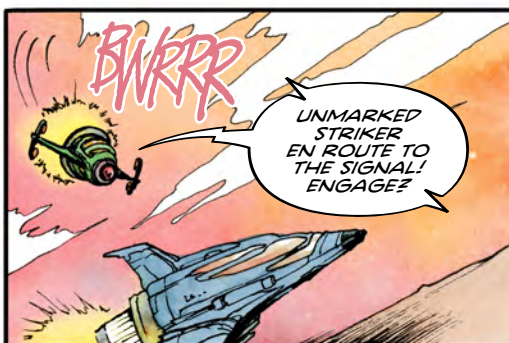


SIR, THE STRIKE FORCE IS CLOSING IN!

GODSPEED.



SHOOOM



BWRRR

UNMARKED STRIKER EN ROUTE TO THE SIGNAL! ENGAGE?



IT'LL WIPE OUT THE ENERGY SUPPLY FOR MILLIONS ON EARTH!

FIRE!



RATATATA



WHO THE--Z DROP YOUR ATTACK!



HELLOOOOZ! BREAKFAST?! THE SERVICE HERE IS TERRIBLE!



BREAK... BZZT... FAST...!

?! THEY'RE THREATENING US!



WE'VE CALLED IN OUR LAST RESORT, SIR. THE EXPERT...



BÉNÉDICTINE BRANDY!



HAND ME YOUR MIC.

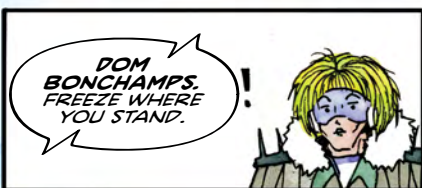
EXPERT? DOES THAT MEAN YOU HAVE THIS UNDER CONTROL?

NO.



OUR ODDS HAVE SIMPLY GONE FROM NULL TO SLIM.

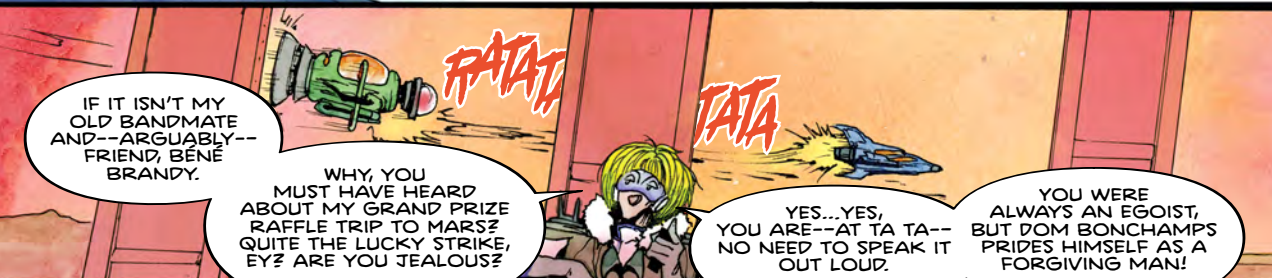
SNATCH



DOM BONCHAMPS. FREEZE WHERE YOU STAND.



WELL. WELL. WELL.

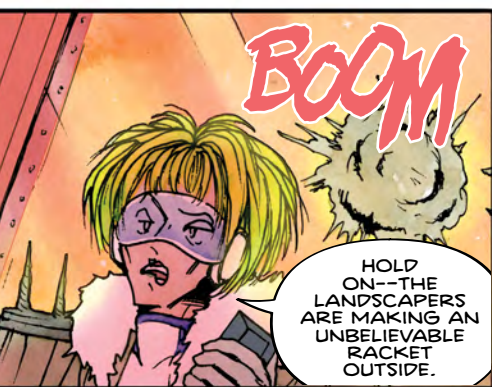


IF IT ISN'T MY OLD BANDMATE AND--ARGUABLY--FRIEND, BENE BRANDY.

WHY, YOU MUST HAVE HEARD ABOUT MY GRAND PRIZE RAFFLE TRIP TO MARS? QUITE THE LUCKY STRIKE, EY? ARE YOU JEALOUS?

YES...YES, YOU ARE--AT TA--NO NEED TO SPEAK IT OUT LOUD.

YOU WERE ALWAYS AN EGOIST, BUT DOM BONCHAMPS PRIDES HIMSELF AS A FORGIVING MAN!

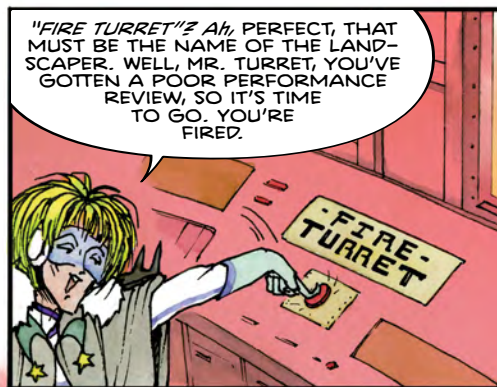


HOLD ON--THE LANDSCAPERS ARE MAKING AN UNBELIEVABLE RACKET OUTSIDE.

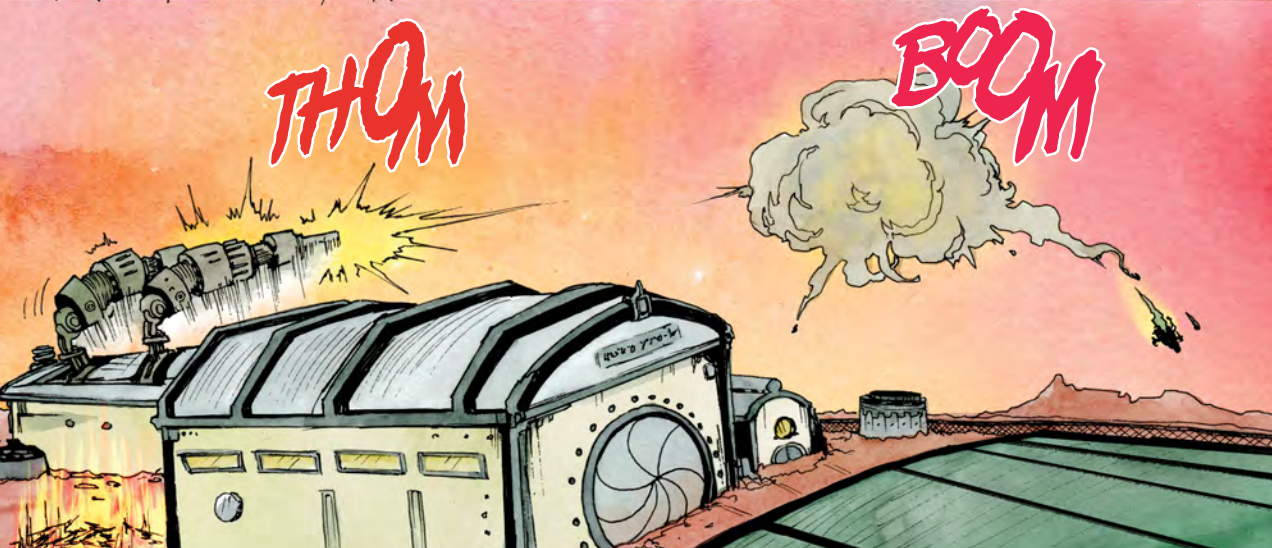


WE DID IT! WE SAVED THE MARS BASE!

NOW LET'S GO RESCUE THE DISTRESS CALLER!



"FIRE TURRET"? Ah, PERFECT, THAT MUST BE THE NAME OF THE LANDSCAPER. WELL, MR. TURRET, YOU'VE GOTTEN A POOR PERFORMANCE REVIEW, SO IT'S TIME TO GO. YOU'RE FIRED.





MUCH BETTER!
Ooh, RATIONS! I GUESS
THAT WILL DO UNTIL I
FIND THE ROOM
SERVICE.

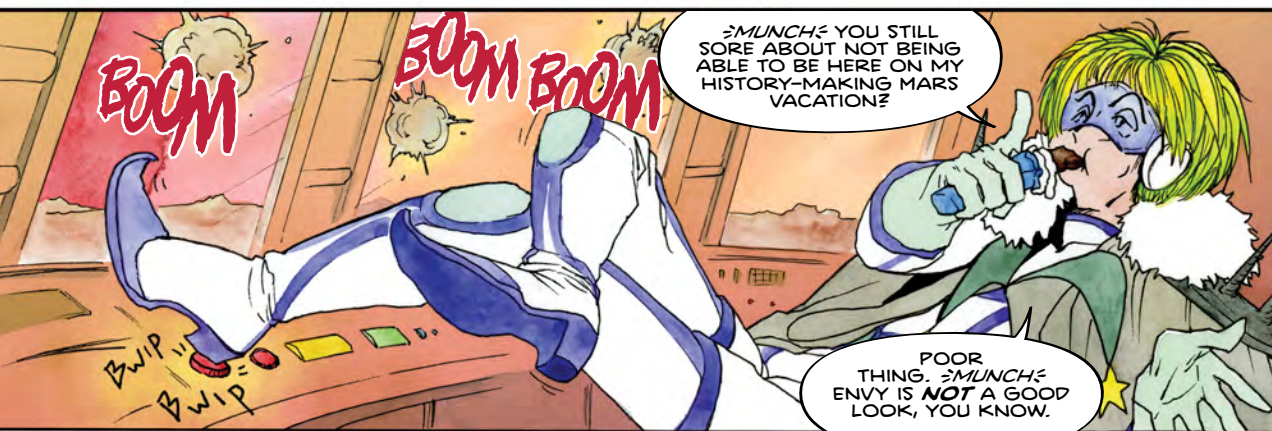
...



YOU MAY
TAKE OFFENSE TO
THE SUDDEN FIRING OF
THE LANDSCAPER, BUT
SOMETIMES IT'S JUST NOT
A GOOD FIT, NOTHING
PERSONAL.

I EVEN
SPARED HIM THE
SHAME OF NOT
FACING ME--HIS
SHAME--DIRECTLY. OL'
DOM BONCHAMPS
IS NOTHING IF NOT
AFFABLE!

PLEASE.
STOP TOUCHING
THINGS.



BOOM

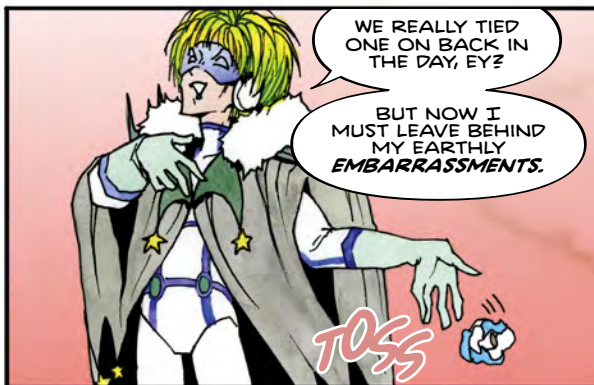
BOOM BOOM

≡MUNCH≡ YOU STILL
SORE ABOUT NOT BEING
ABLE TO BE HERE ON MY
HISTORY-MAKING MARS
VACATION?

POOR
THING. ≡MUNCH≡
ENVY IS **NOT** A GOOD
LOOK, YOU KNOW.



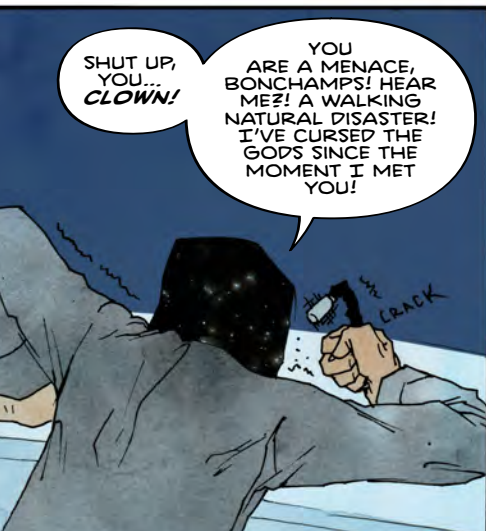
≡MUNCH≡
EMBARRASSING,
ACTUALLY.



WE REALLY TIED
ONE ON BACK IN
THE DAY, EY?

BUT NOW I
MUST LEAVE BEHIND
MY EARTHLY
EMBARRASMENTS.

TOSS



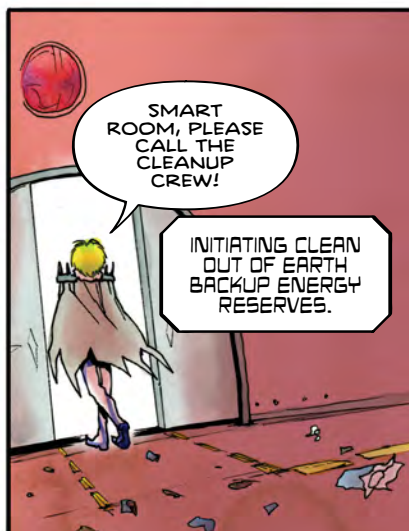
SHUT UP,
YOU...
CLOWN!

YOU
ARE A MENACE,
BONCHAMPS! HEAR
ME! A WALKING
NATURAL DISASTER!
I'VE CURSED THE
GODS SINCE THE
MOMENT I MET
YOU!



YIKES, MORE LIKE
"VINDICT-INE
BRANDY."

AND WHO
LEFT ALL THIS
TRASH IN
HERE?



SMART
ROOM, PLEASE
CALL THE
CLEANUP
CREW!

INITIATING CLEAN
OUT OF EARTH
BACKUP ENERGY
RESERVES.

EMERGENCY
PRESSURE SUIT

Ooh! THERE
WE ARE, A REAL
SPACESUIT!

STAY WHERE
YOU ARE,
BONCHAMPS!

YOU'VE
REALLY BECOME
QUITE THE WET RAG
LATELY, EY?

I'LL BE
LEAVING
NOW!

STOP!

CALL ME
AGAIN ONCE
YOU'VE FOUND A
THERAPIST FOR THAT
UNFORTUNATE
PETTINESS OF
YOURS!

DOM
BONCHAMPS IS A
STRONG BELIEVER
IN PERSONAL
GROWTH!

Ah, THE CALM POWER OF
THE MARTIAN TUNDRA. ONLY
ONE WITH SUCH ASTUTE EYES
AS MYSELF CAN APPRECIATE
THE SHEER MAGNIFICENCE
OF A SIGHT LIKE
THIS.

I AM
REALLY THE
WORLD'S FIRST,
TRUE MARTIAN
MAN! Aha!

MAYBE
I'LL EVEN DISCOVER
SOME UNKNOWN ALIEN
SPECIES, oh MY!

HOW CAN ONE
MAN CAUSE SO MUCH
DESTRUCTION? IS HE
SOME KIND OF EVIL
GENIUS?

HE'S A
FUCKING
IDIOT.

THAT MAN IS
SIMULTANEOUSLY THE
LUCKIEST AND UNLUCKIEST
BEING ON EARTH. CARNAGE
IS GUARANTEED TO FOLLOW
IN HIS WAKE, YET HE'S
UNKILLABLE.

"WE THOUGHT FREEZING
HIM AND SENDING HIM AS
FAR FROM EARTH AS
POSSIBLE WOULD SAVE
US, BUT NOW..."

DOOT DOOT
DOOT, MARTIAN
MAAAAAN!

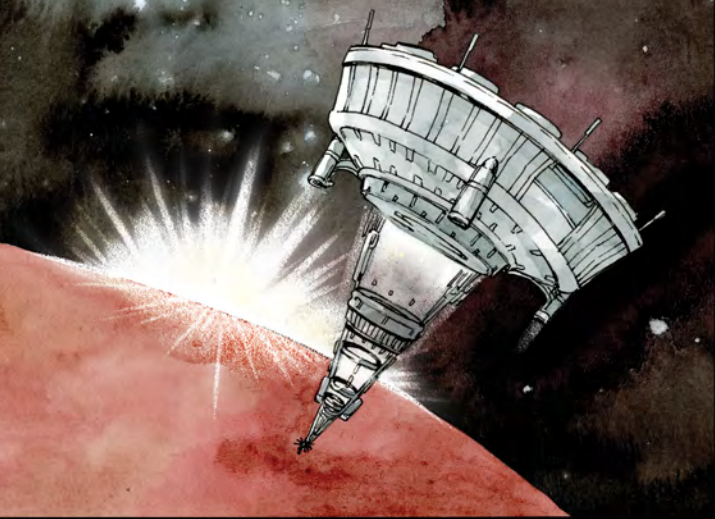
SSSSHHH

HRMZ!
WHAT'S ALL THIS,
THEN? AN UGLY
CAR ACCIDENT
RUINING MY
VIEW?!

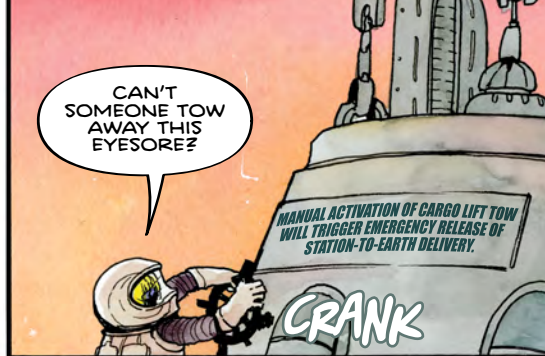
HOLD ON,
WHAT IS
THAT?

IT'S THE
ANCHOR...

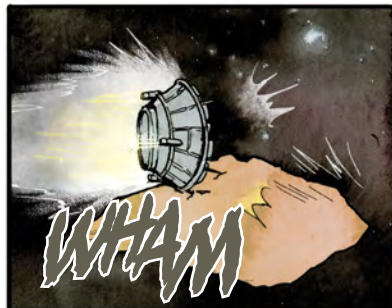
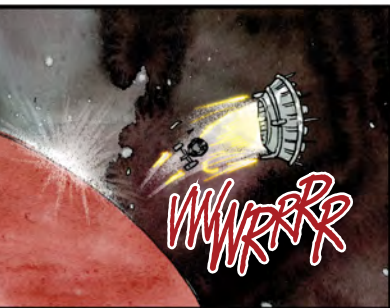
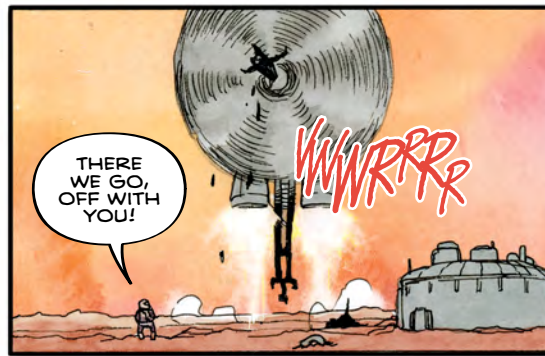
"...OF THE MARS COLONY LANDING BASE. IT NORMALLY ACTS AS AN ELEVATOR TO QUICKLY LIFT CARGO TO THE STATION, BUT IT'S PAUSED FOR THE SEASON."



CAN'T SOMEONE TOW AWAY THIS EYESORE?!



THERE WE GO, OFF WITH YOU!



DANGER!
DANGER!

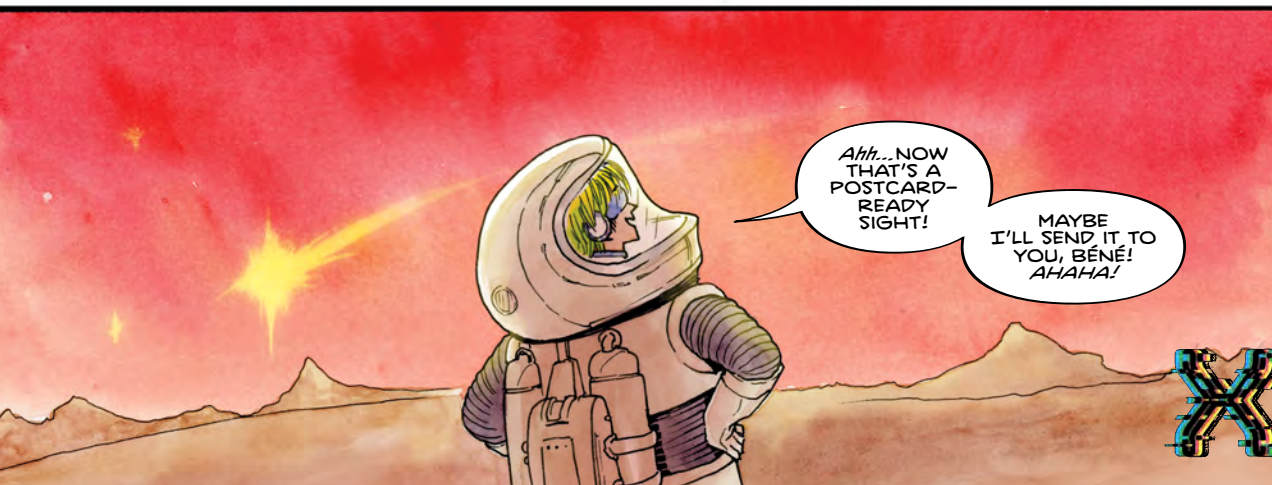
AHHH!!!

COLLISION
WITH EARTH OF
EXTINCTION-
LEVEL MASS.



Ahh...NOW THAT'S A POSTCARD-READY SIGHT!

MAYBE I'LL SEND IT TO YOU, BÉNÉ!
AHAHA!



VISCERAL

Written by Justin JORDAN
Illustrated by Molly MENDOZA
Lettered by Jim CAMPBELL

"We're lost."





THAT'S...

WRONG. THERE SHOULDN'T BE A TOWN HERE.

WELL, THERE'S DEFINITELY A TOWN HERE.

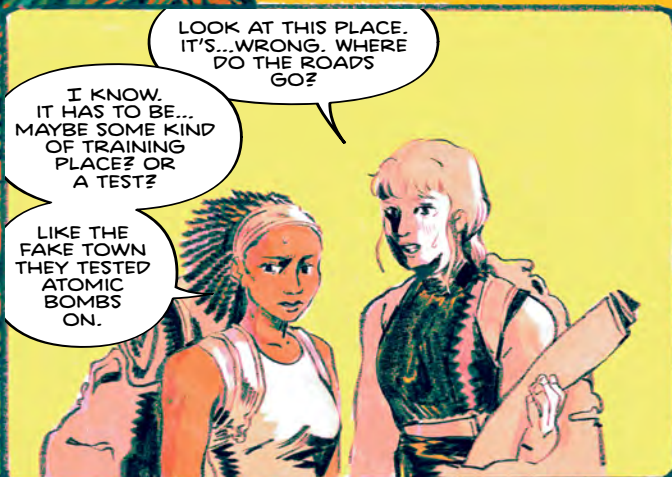
APPARENTLY WE'RE A LOT MORE LOST THAN WE THINK.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

SOMETHING MORE SENSIBLE THAN WANDERING ABOUT IN THE WOODS.

DID YOU EVER WONDER WHY WE WE'RE YOUR ONLY FRIENDS?

>>SIGH<< HOLD UP, I'M COMING.



LOOK AT THIS PLACE.
IT'S...WRONG. WHERE
DO THE ROADS
GO?

I KNOW.
IT HAS TO BE...
MAYBE SOME KIND
OF TRAINING
PLACE? OR
A TEST?

LIKE THE
FAKE TOWN
THEY TESTED
ATOMIC
BOMBS
ON.



AND YOU
WANT TO
GO DOWN
THERE?

"WANT"
DOESN'T HAVE
ANYTHING TO
DO WITH IT.

WE'RE LOST,
WE'RE ALMOST OUT
OF FOOD, AND THE BOYS
HAVE ALREADY MADE A
DECISION. YOU STAY
UP THERE IF YOU
WANT.



SHIT.

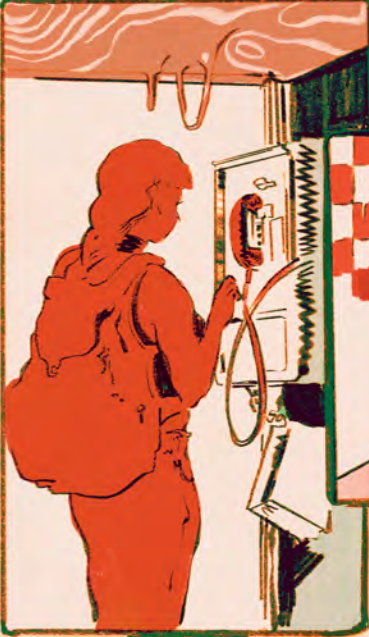




THAT'S DISAPPOINTING.

OKAY, WHAT THE FUCK?

I DON'T LIKE THIS.



HOPEFULLY THE PHONE WORKS.



THIS ISN'T FOOD. IT FEELS LIKE... BONE?



THIS MENU... IT'S PART OF THE COUNTER.



WHAT THE...





NO.



MORGAN!



NO, NO, NO.



PLEASE!



Oh...



"Oh God."



"...TRAP."



THE LONG-DORMANT SANDS
OF TIME WERE ONCE AGAIN
BEGINNING TO SWIRL.

BIG THINGS WERE
HAPPENING.

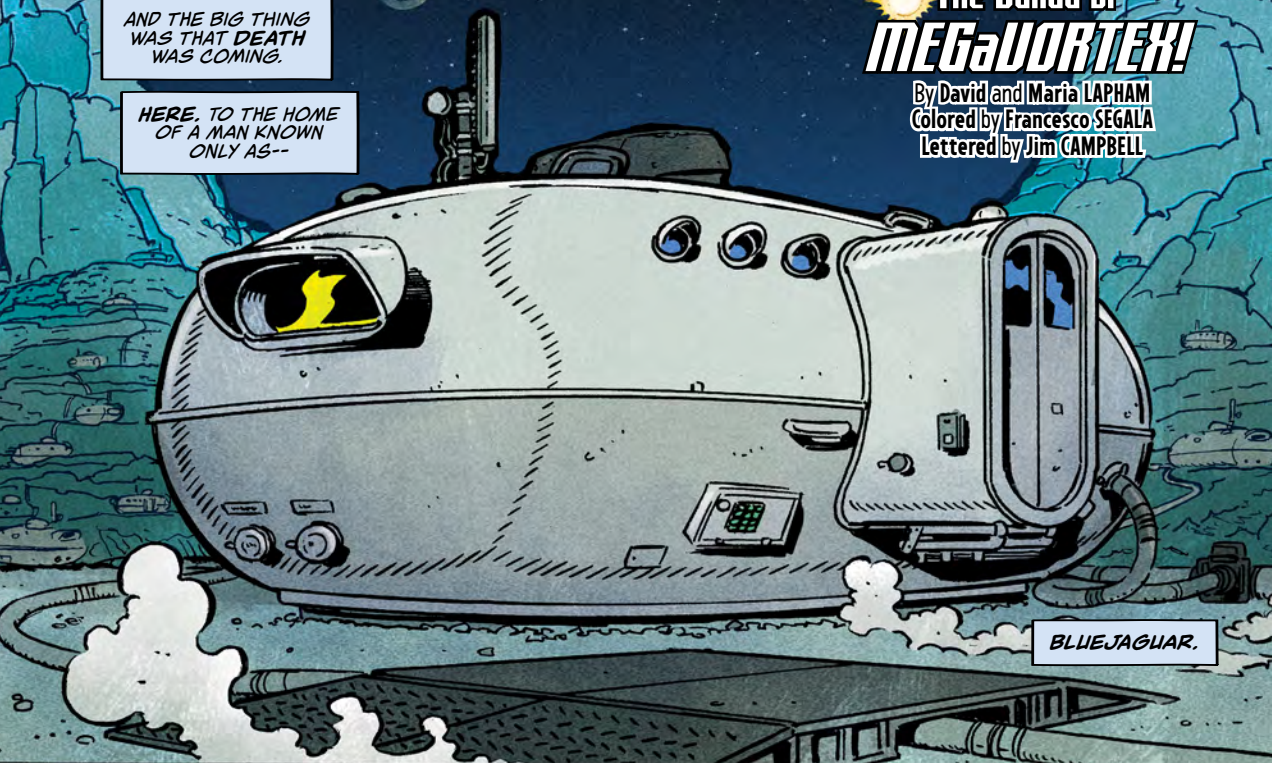
AND THE BIG THING
WAS THAT DEATH
WAS COMING.

HERE, TO THE HOME
OF A MAN KNOWN
ONLY AS--

FREE ^{OR} HUGS

The Ballad of
MEGAVORTEX!

By David and Maria LAPHAM
Colored by Francesco SEGALA
Lettered by Jim CAMPBELL



BLUEJAGUAR.

TRIAL NAME CHANGE PORTAL

Your Selections:

☒ MEGaVORTEX	HOLDING...
☒ RenegadeTheGOD	HOLDING...

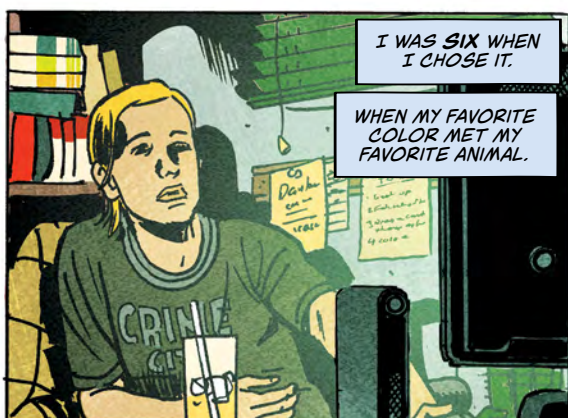
Your selections will be held for
24:57...

Select only one.

Please confirm final choice
and complete name change form.

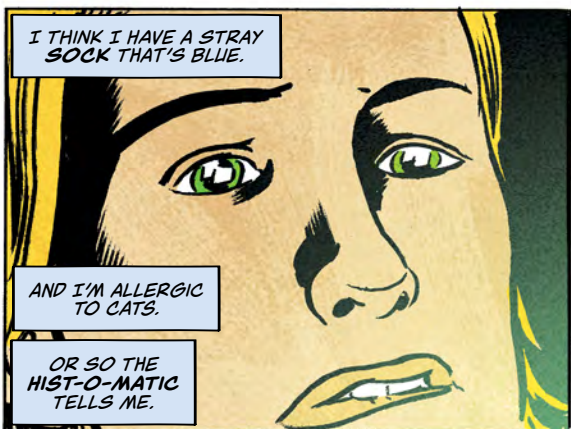
**BLUE
"FREAKIN"
JAGUAR**

CONFIRM



I WAS SIX WHEN
I CHOSE IT.

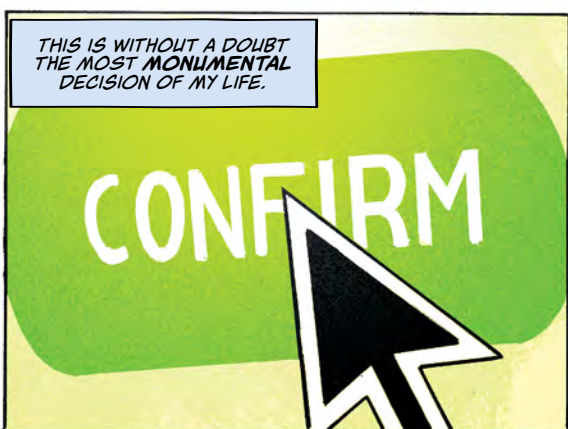
WHEN MY FAVORITE
COLOR MET MY
FAVORITE ANIMAL.



I THINK I HAVE A STRAY
SOCK THAT'S BLUE.

AND I'M ALLERGIC
TO CATS.

OR SO THE
HIST-O-MATIC
TELLS ME.



THIS IS WITHOUT A DOUBT
THE MOST MONUMENTAL
DECISION OF MY LIFE.



PASSWORDS, AVATARS,
USERNAMES...

FEEES!

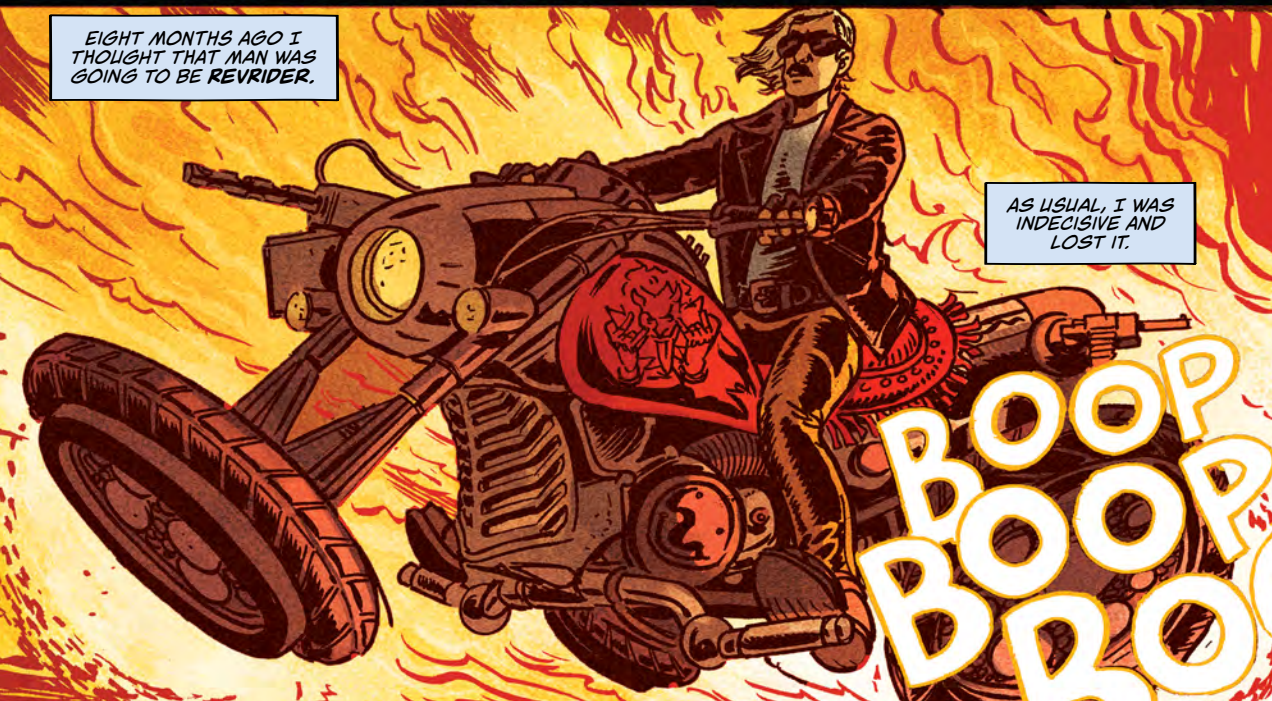
YOU CAN'T JUST GO
CHANGING THIS STUFF
WILLY-NILLY.

NOT WITHOUT PISSING
EVERYONE OFF.

BUT I'M ABOUT TO TURN
THIRTY, GET MARRIED,
AND HAVE A BABY.

IT'S TIME FOR
BLUEJAGUAR TO DIE,
AND FROM THE ASHES,
A NEW MAN SPAWN!

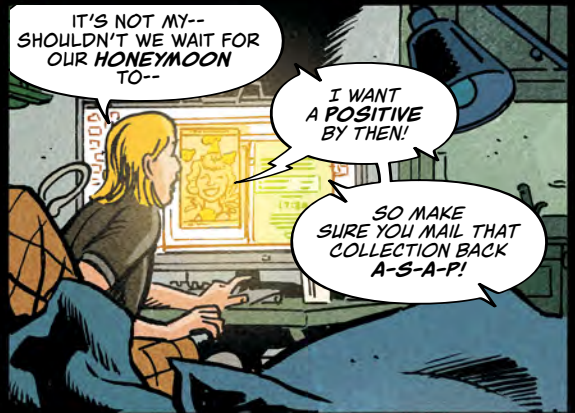
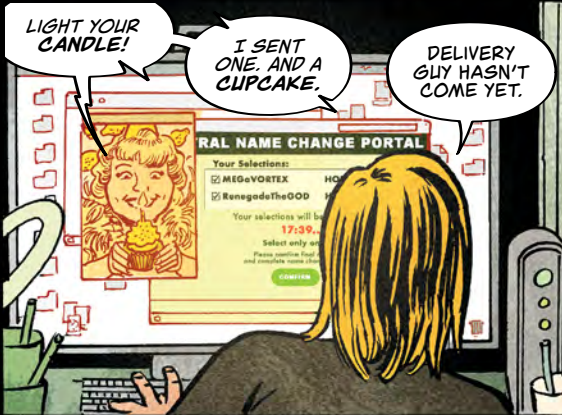
100%LUCKYLEMONS
DESERVES TO KNOW
WHAT KIND OF MAN
SHE'S GETTING.

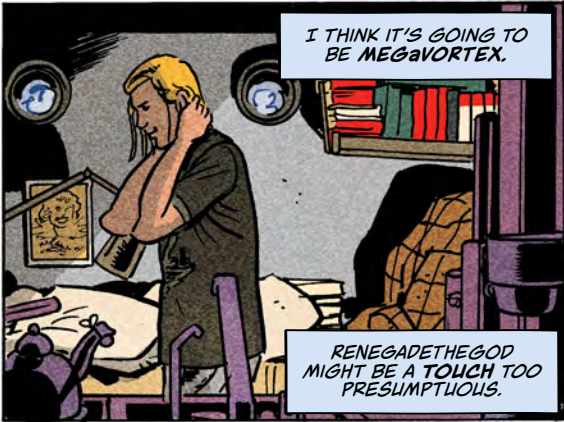


EIGHT MONTHS AGO I
THOUGHT THAT MAN WAS
GOING TO BE REV RIDER.

AS USUAL, I WAS
INDECISIVE AND
LOST IT.

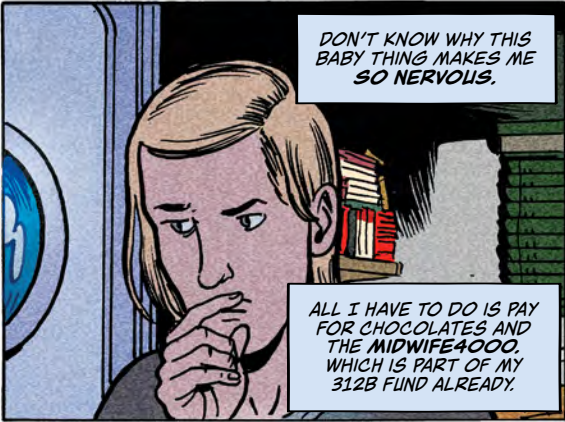
BOOP
BOOP
BOOP





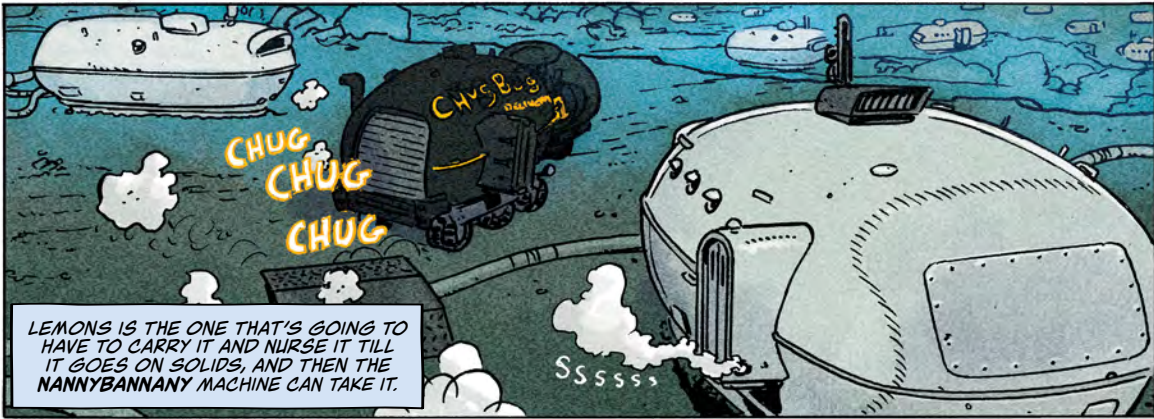
I THINK IT'S GOING TO BE MEGAVORTEX.

RENEGADETHEGOD MIGHT BE A TOUCH TOO PRESUMPTUOUS.

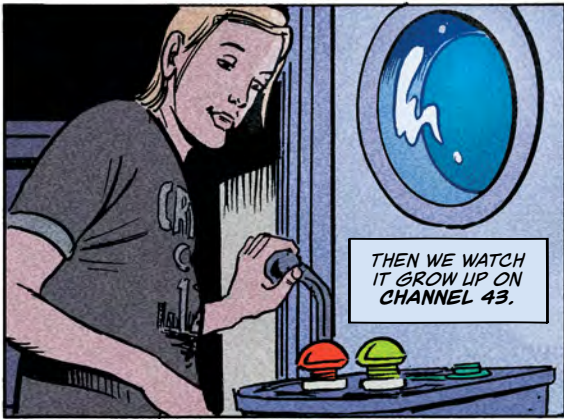


DON'T KNOW WHY THIS BABY THING MAKES ME SO NERVOUS.

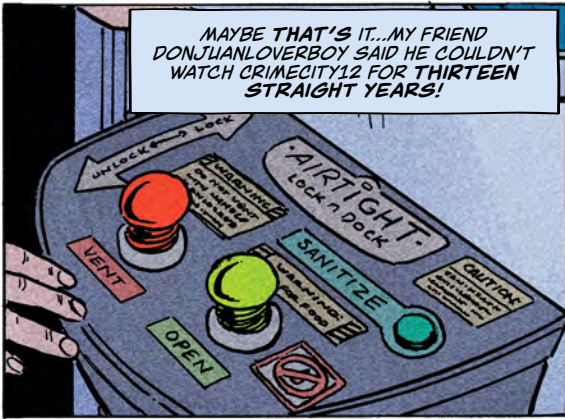
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS PAY FOR CHOCOLATES AND THE MIDWIFE4000, WHICH IS PART OF MY 312B FUND ALREADY.



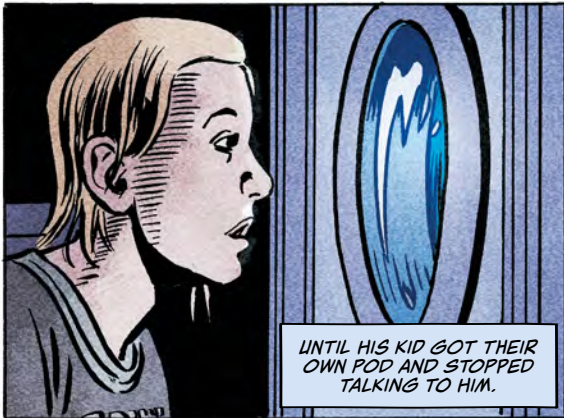
LEMONS IS THE ONE THAT'S GOING TO HAVE TO CARRY IT AND NURSE IT TILL IT GOES ON SOLIDS, AND THEN THE NANNYBANNANY MACHINE CAN TAKE IT.



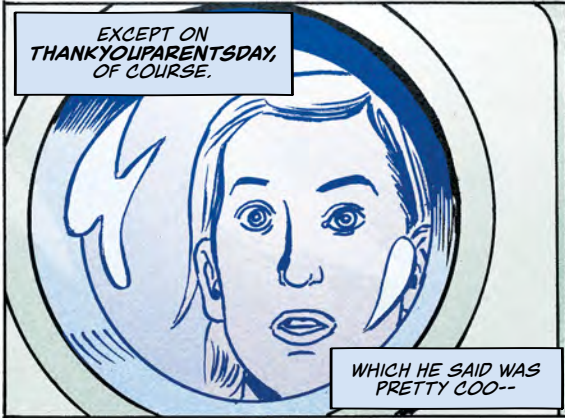
THEN WE WATCH IT GROW UP ON CHANNEL 43.



MAYBE THAT'S IT...MY FRIEND DONJUANLOVERBOY SAID HE COULDN'T WATCH CRIMECITY12 FOR THIRTEEN STRAIGHT YEARS!

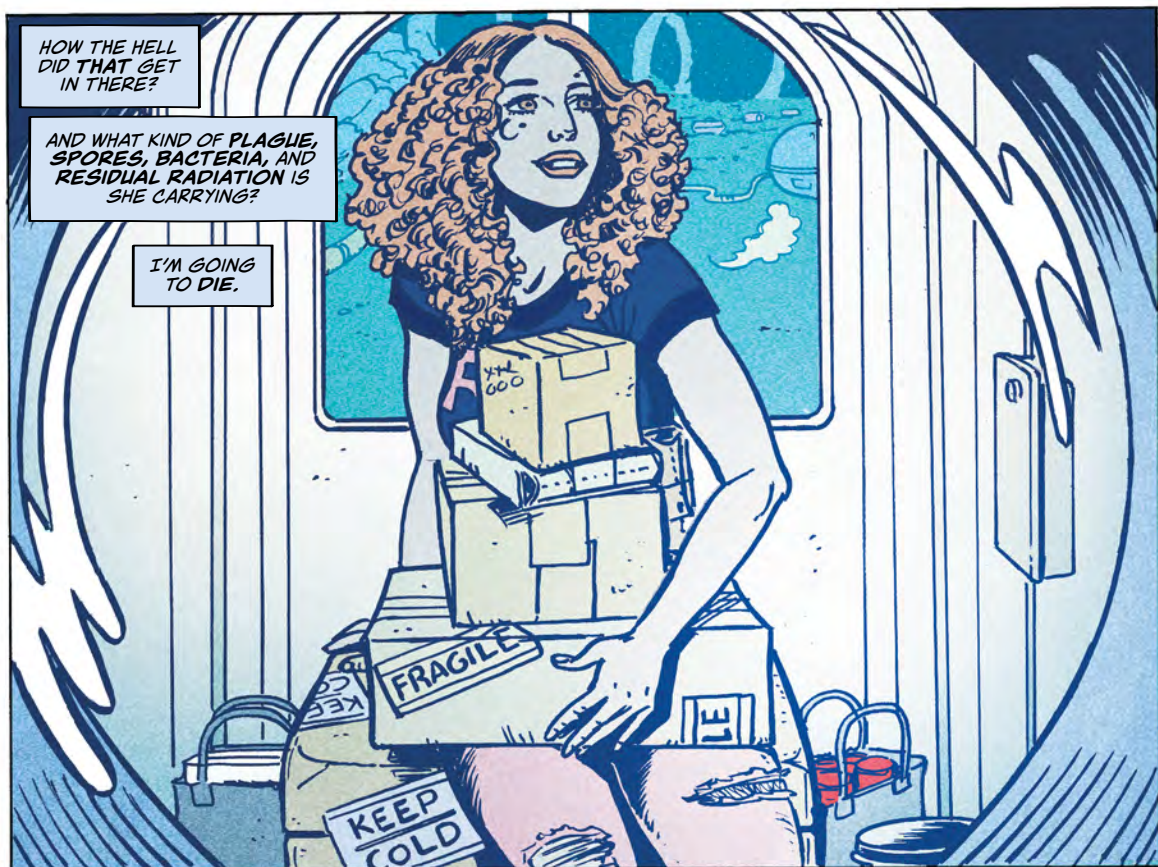


UNTIL HIS KID GOT THEIR OWN POD AND STOPPED TALKING TO HIM.



EXCEPT ON THANKYOU PARENTSDAY, OF COURSE.

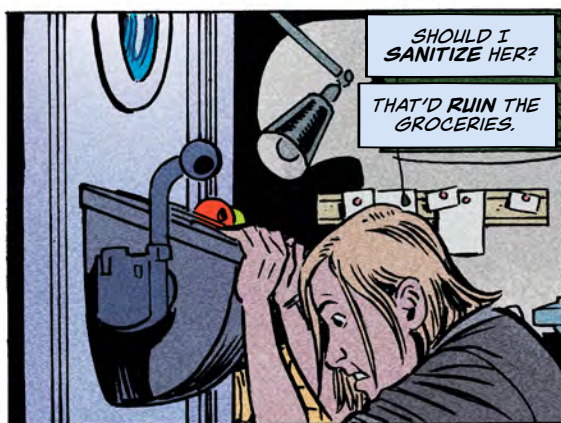
WHICH HE SAID WAS PRETTY COO--



HOW THE HELL
DID THAT GET
IN THERE?

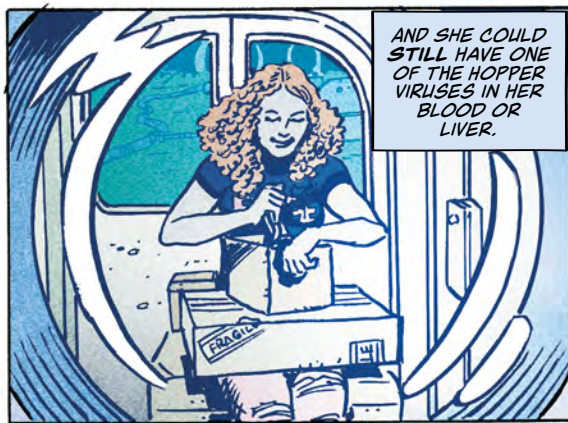
AND WHAT KIND OF PLAGUE,
SPORES, BACTERIA, AND
RESIDUAL RADIATION IS
SHE CARRYING?

I'M GOING
TO DIE.

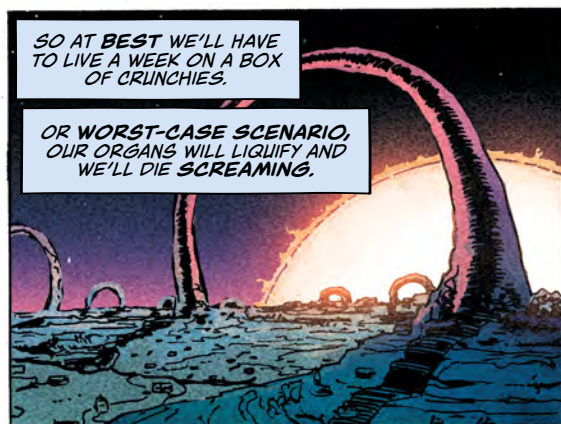


SHOULD I
SANITIZE HER?

THAT'D RUIN THE
GROCERIES.

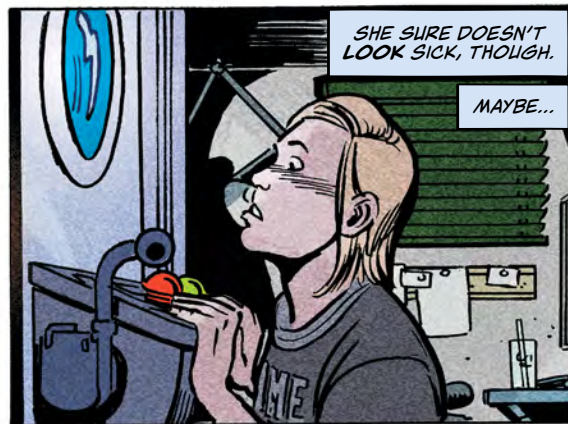


AND SHE COULD
STILL HAVE ONE
OF THE HOPPER
VIRUSES IN HER
BLOOD OR
LIVER.



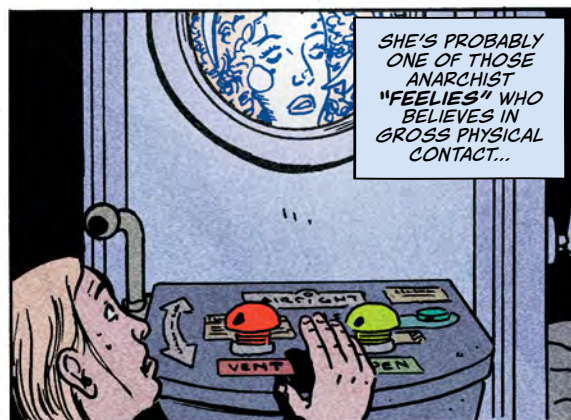
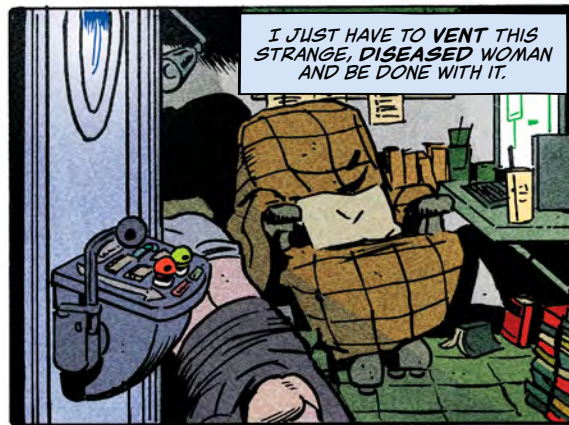
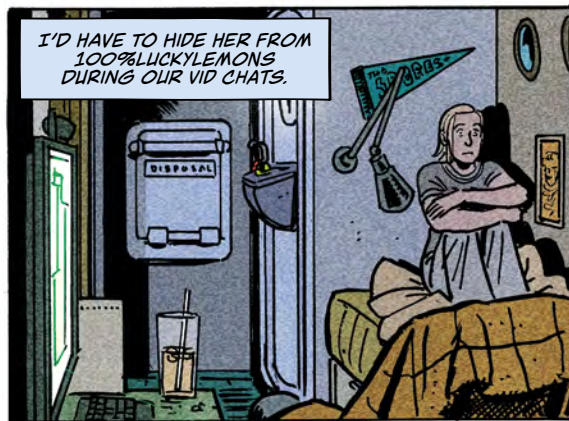
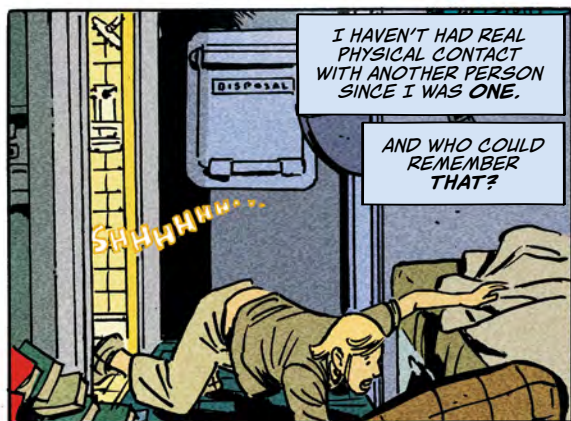
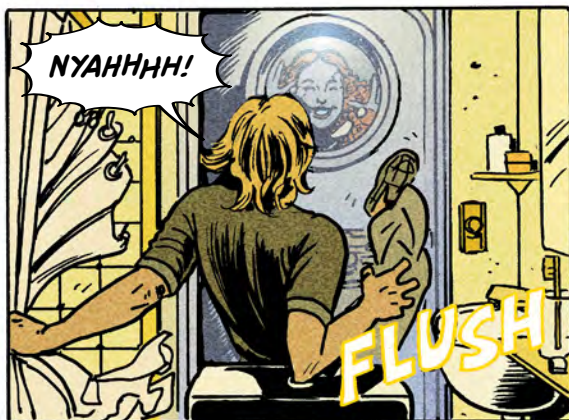
SO AT **BEST** WE'LL HAVE
TO LIVE A WEEK ON A BOX
OF CRUNCHIES.

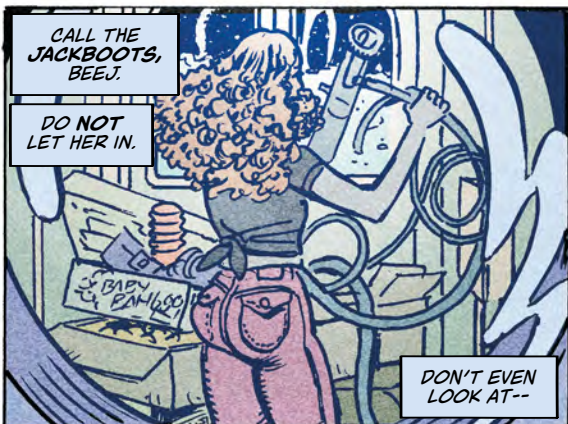
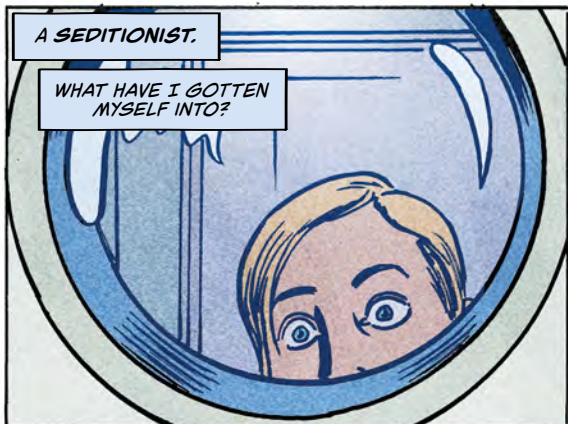
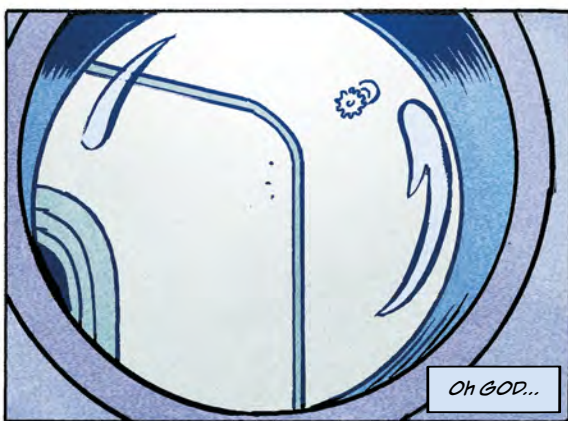
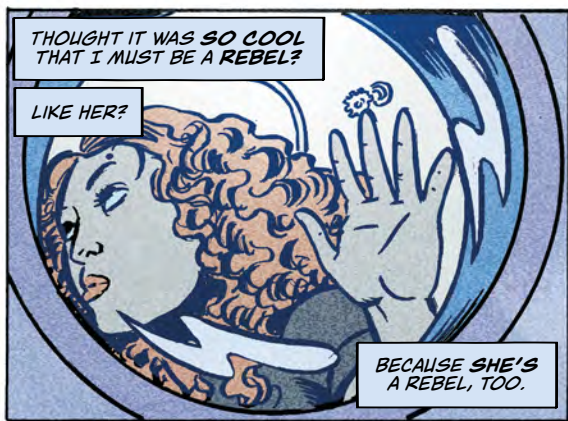
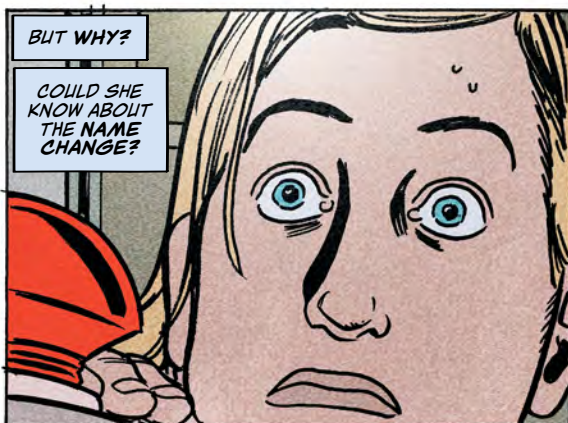
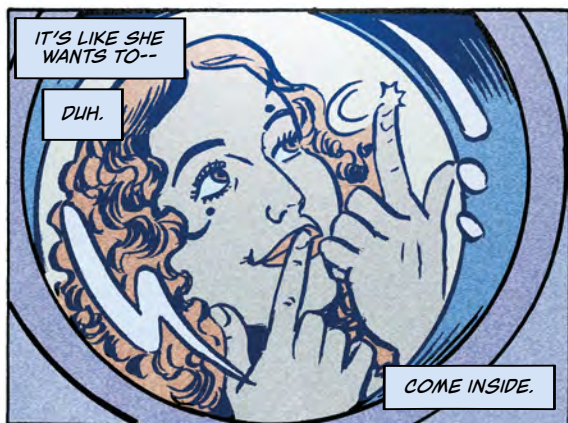
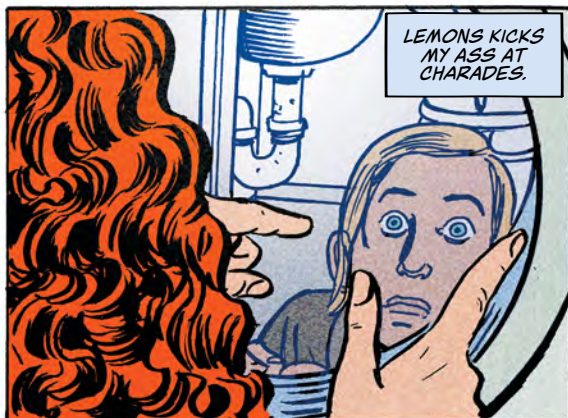
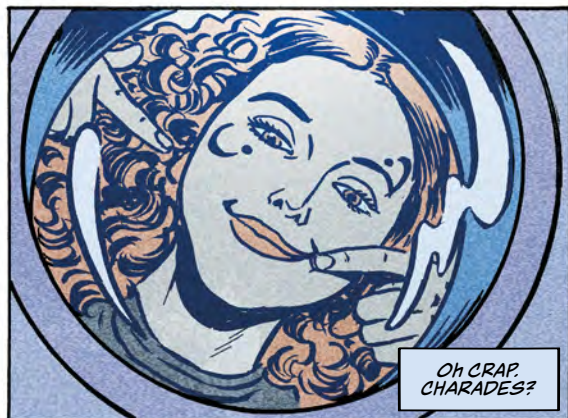
OR **WORST-CASE SCENARIO**,
OUR ORGANS WILL LIQUIFY AND
WE'LL DIE **SCREAMING**.

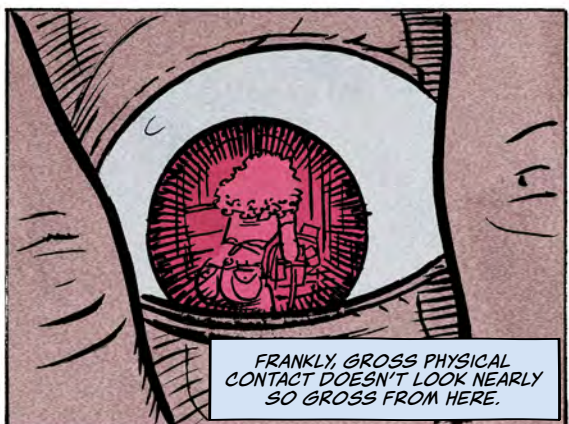
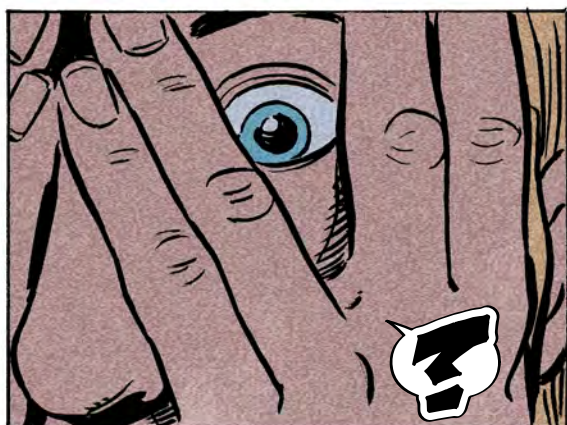
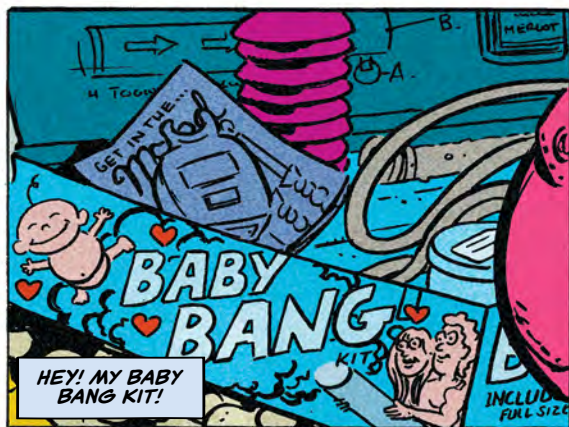


SHE SURE DOESN'T
LOOK SICK, THOUGH.

MAYBE...







I KNOW...

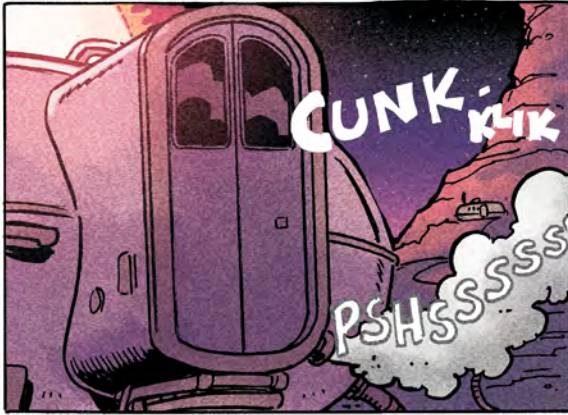
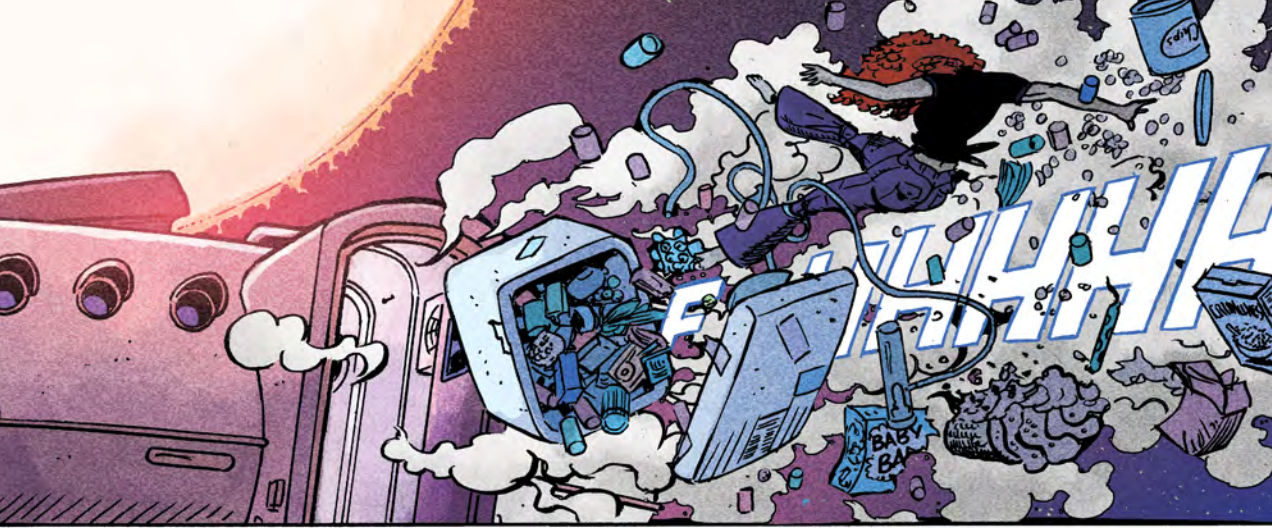
I KNOW EXACTLY
WHAT MEGAVORTEX
WOULD DO.



HE'D GET SOME
GODDAMN FREE
HUGS AND SAVE
THE FRICKIN'
UNIVERSE!

THAT'S WHAT
HE'D DO.





TRIAL NAME CHANGE PORTAL

Your Selections:

☒ MEGaVORTEX	NOT AVAILABLE
☒ RenegadeTheGOD	NOT AVAILABLE

YOUR TIME HAS RUN OUT

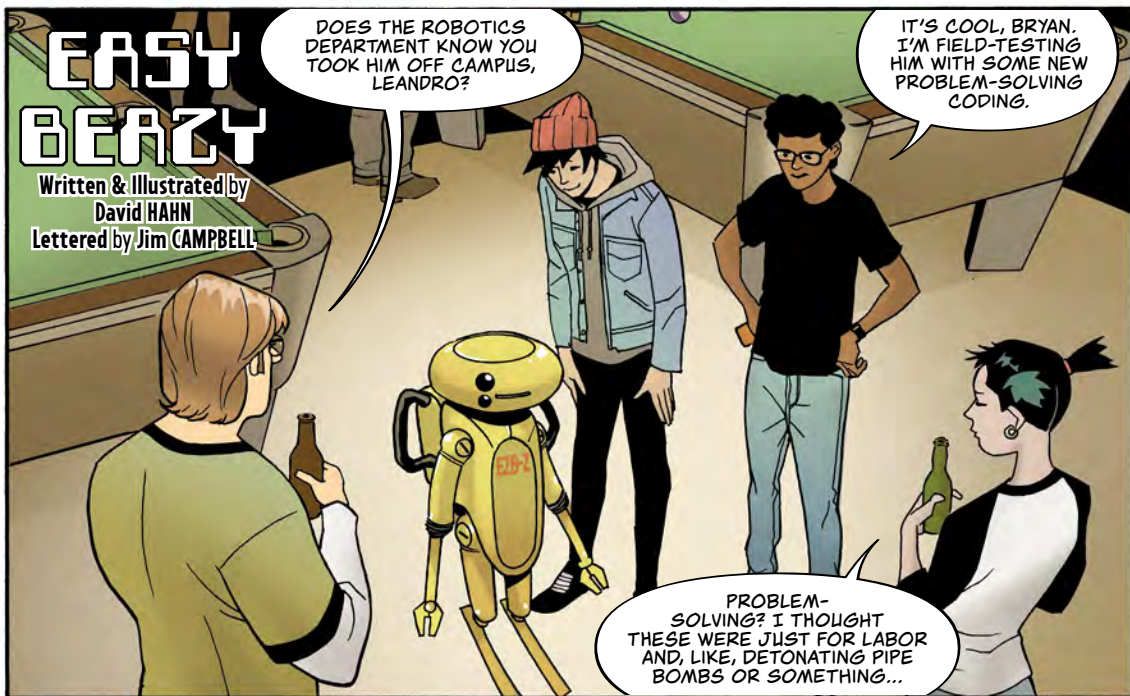
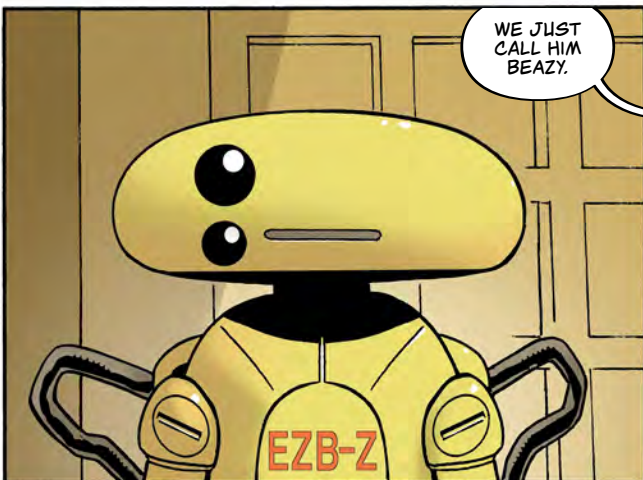
00:00

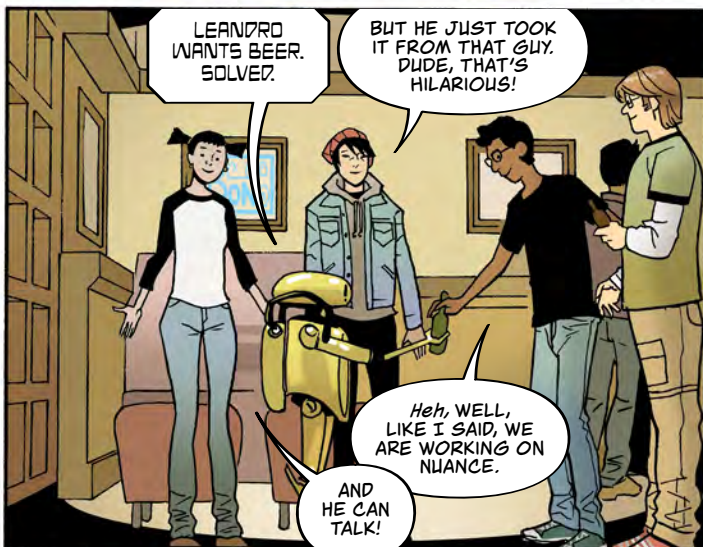
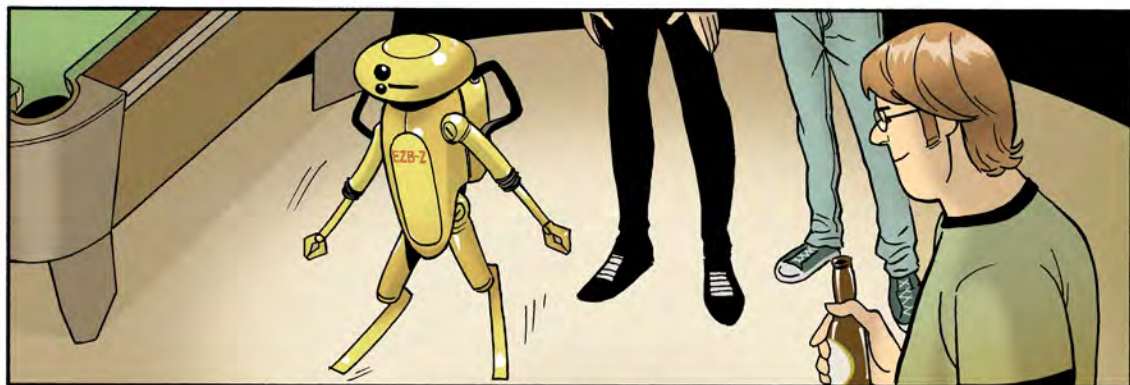
Your selections are NOT available

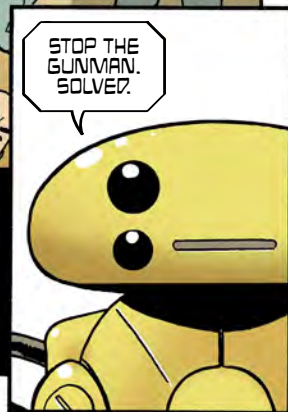
Input new name to check database before submitting name change form

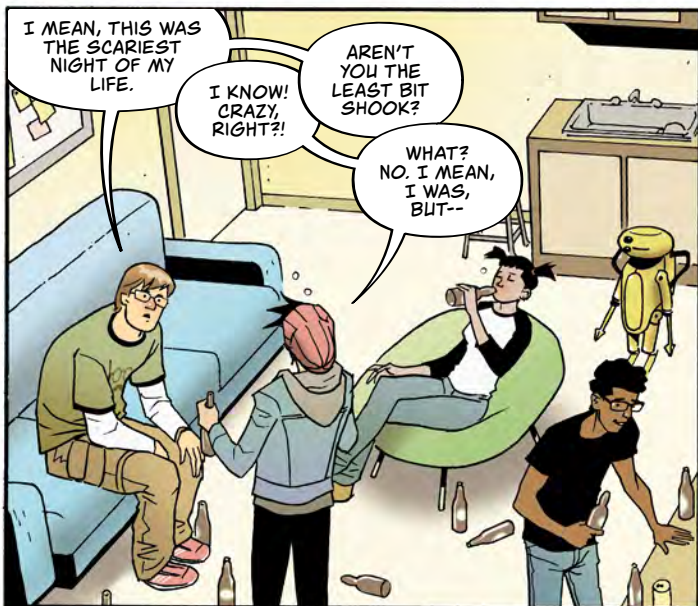
GO BACK TO START

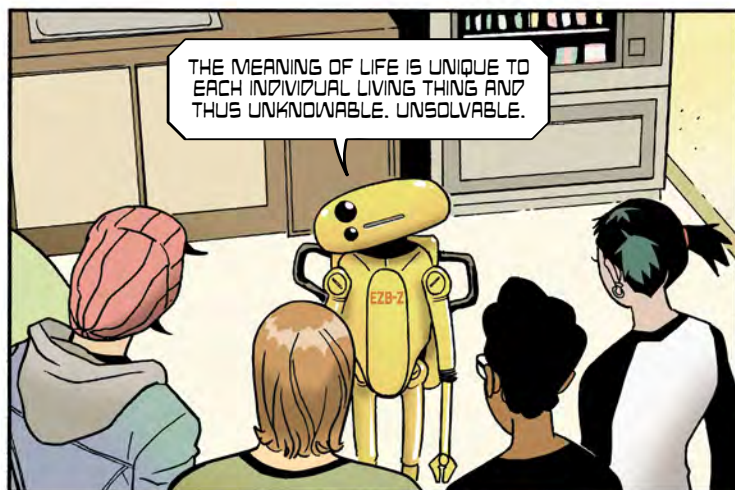








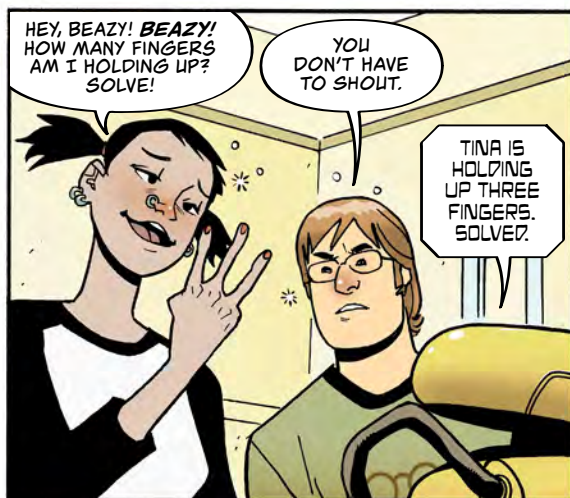




THE MEANING OF LIFE IS UNIQUE TO EACH INDIVIDUAL LIVING THING AND THUS UNKNOWNABLE. UNSOLVABLE.



HOLY SHIT. I DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS CAPABLE OF THAT. HE ACTUALLY KNOWS THAT HE DOESN'T KNOW!



HEY, BEAZY!! **BEAZY!** HOW MANY FINGERS AM I HOLDING UP? SOLVE!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO SHOUT.

TINA IS HOLDING UP THREE FINGERS. SOLVED.

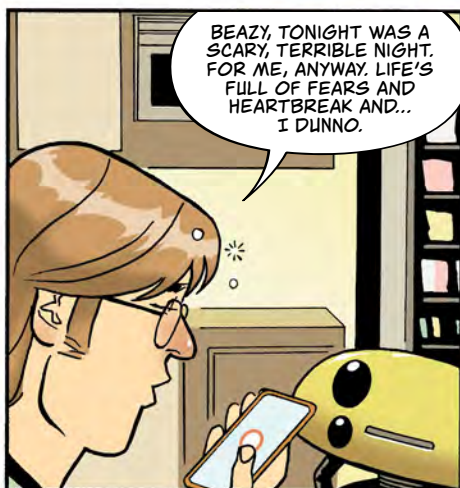


BEAZY, WHAT TWO THINGS CAN I NOT EAT FOR BREAKFAST? SOLVE.

YOU GUYS, AT LEAST ASK HIM TO DO SOMETHING SMART.

LEANDRO CANNOT EAT LUNCH AND DINNER FOR BREAKFAST. SOLVED.

IF HE IS TRULY AI, LET'S SEE WHAT HE CAN FIGURE OUT.



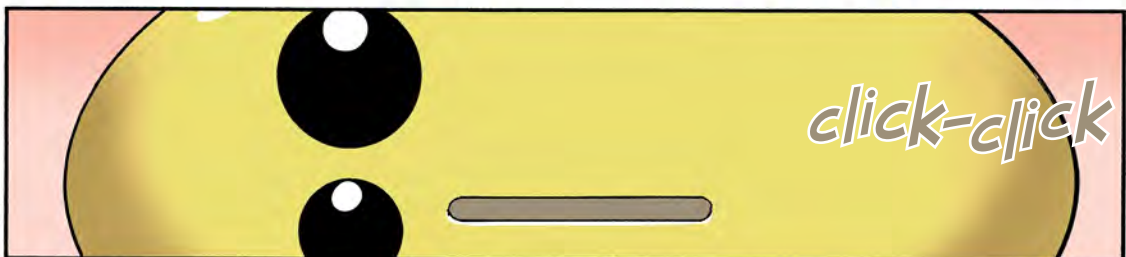
BEAZY, TONIGHT WAS A SCARY, TERRIBLE NIGHT. FOR ME, ANYWAY. LIFE'S FULL OF FEARS AND HEARTBREAK AND... I DUNNO.



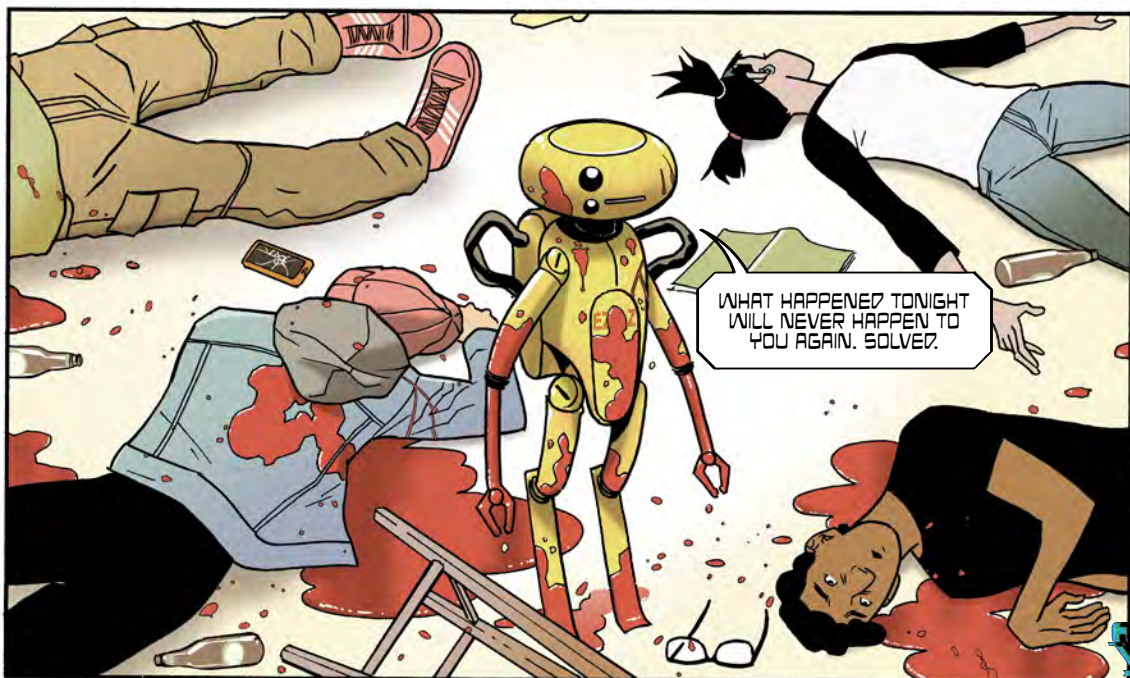
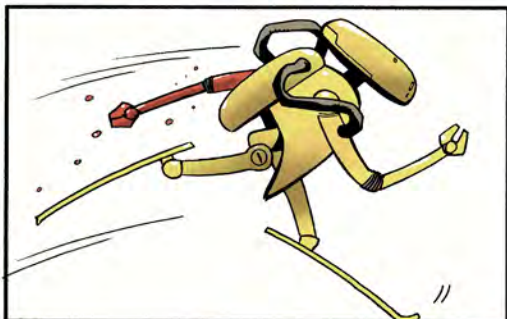
LOOK, A GUY PUT A GUN TO MY HEAD. CAN THE CRAZINESS OF THE WORLD BE CURTAILED? IS THERE A WAY?!

CAN A TERRIBLE NIGHT LIKE TONIGHT BE PREVENTED FROM HAPPENING TO US AGAIN?

IF YOU CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT, THEN... SOLVE. PLEASE... SOLVE.



click-click





MATT & MALACHI 2-23





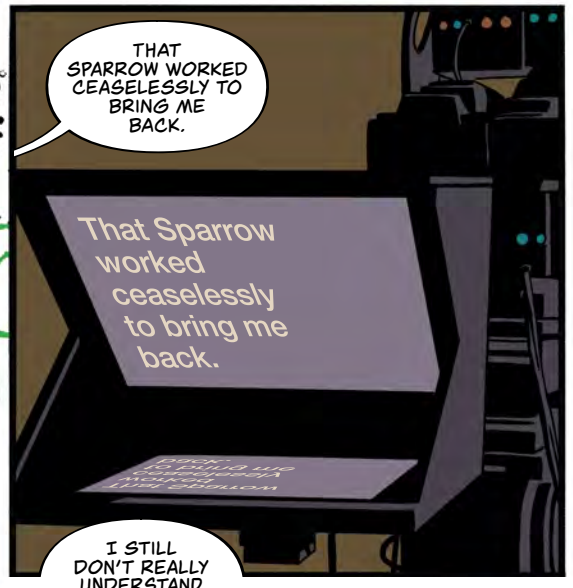


"AND THEN SUDDENLY
I FELT...COMFORT.
I FELT PEACE.

"ALL OF WHO I WAS--
WHO I AM--STARTED
WASHING OVER ME,
AND I...

"... I WAS COMING
TOGETHER.
COHERING.

"AND THEN I WOKE UP,
AND MY WIFE TOLD ME
THAT I HAD BEEN DEAD
FOR TWO WEEKS."



THAT
SPARROW WORKED
CEASELESSLY TO
BRING ME
BACK.

That Sparrow
worked
ceaselessly
to bring me
back.

I STILL
DON'T REALLY
UNDERSTAND
THE SCIENCE
BEHIND IT...

"I STILL
DON'T REALLY
UNDERSTAND
THE SCIENCE
BEHIND
IT..."



BUT I
COULDN'T BE
MORE GRATEFUL
TO BE BACK.



SPARROW
g your hand,
wherever you go.



GOOD JOB, FEODOR. THIS SHOULD GET PR OFF OUR BACK FOR NOW. THAT WASN'T SO HARD, WAS IT?



NO...NO, I SUPPOSE NOT. DID YOU HEAR BACK ABOUT MY REQUEST?

YES, I SPOKE WITH LEGAL THIS MORNING. UNFORTUNATELY, GIVEN THE COMPLEXITIES OF YOUR CASE, YOU ARE NO LONGER ELIGIBLE FOR RETIREMENT PRIVILEGES.



I SEE. CAN WE...CAN WE AT LEAST TALK ABOUT A RAISE?

A RAISE? WE GAVE YOU YOUR LIFE BACK.



WE GAVE YOU MORE TIME WITH YOUR FAMILY--FAMILIES, WORK AND HOME--AT NO SMALL COST TO THE COMPANY, I SHOULD ADD, AND WE'VE ENSURED YOUR INDEFINITE EMPLOYMENT.

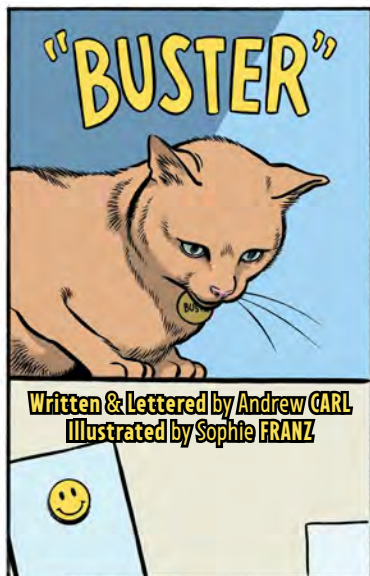
SURELY THAT'S WORTH MORE THAN A RAISE.

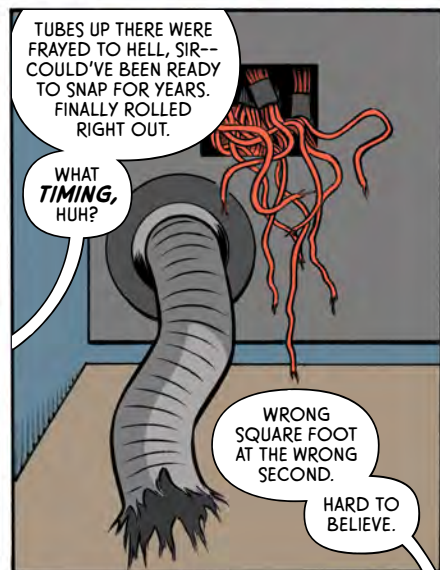
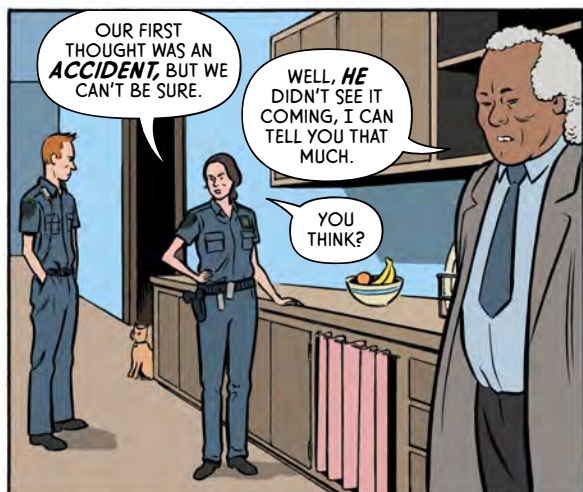


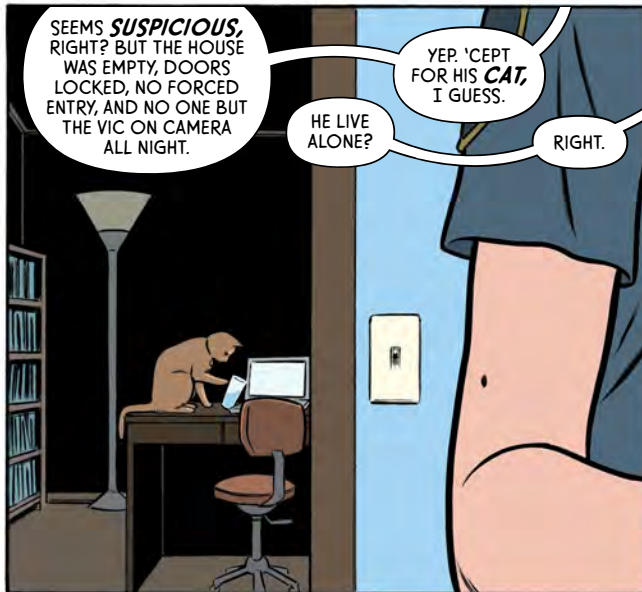
WE REALLY ARE GLAD TO HAVE YOU BACK, FEODOR.

I CAN ONLY IMAGINE HOW GOOD YOU FEEL.







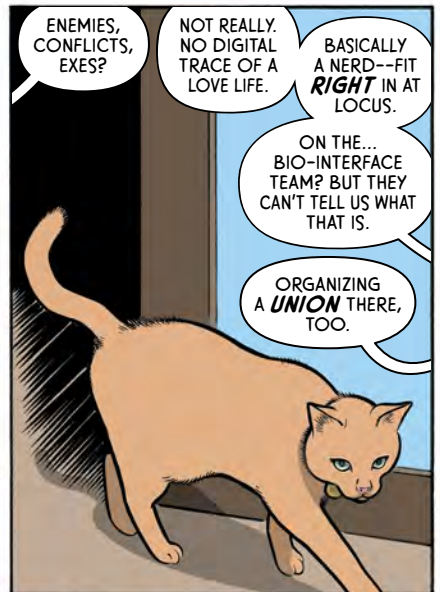


SEEMS **SUSPICIOUS**, RIGHT? BUT THE HOUSE WAS EMPTY, DOORS LOCKED, NO FORCED ENTRY, AND NO ONE BUT THE VIC ON CAMERA ALL NIGHT.

HE LIVE ALONE?

YEP. 'CEPT FOR HIS **CAT**, I GUESS.

RIGHT.



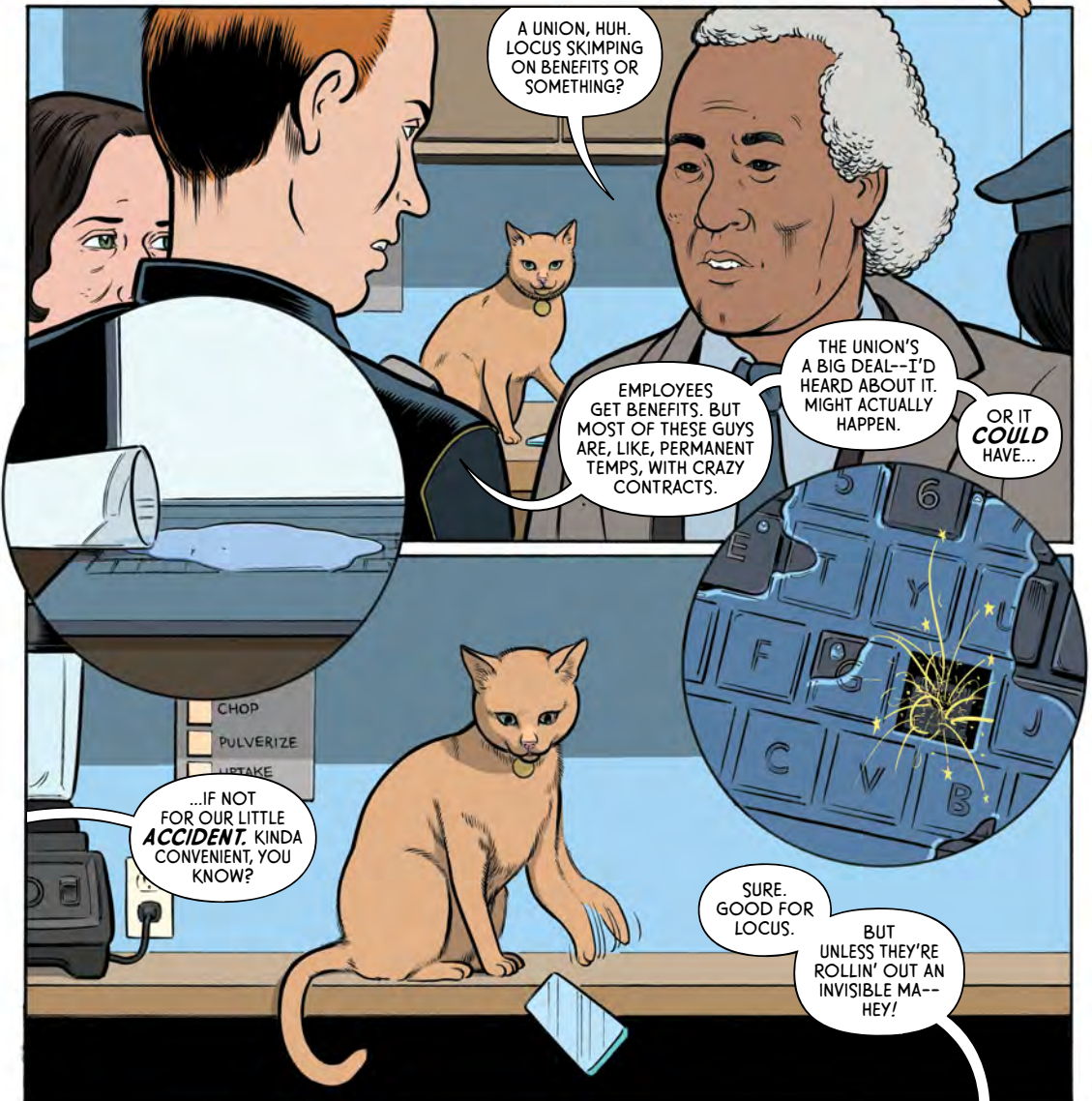
ENEMIES, CONFLICTS, EXES?

NOT REALLY. NO DIGITAL TRACE OF A LOVE LIFE.

BASICALLY A NERD--FIT **RIGHT** IN AT LOCUS.

ON THE... BIO-INTERFACE TEAM? BUT THEY CAN'T TELL US WHAT THAT IS.

ORGANIZING A **UNION** THERE, TOO.



A UNION, HUH. LOCUS SKIMPING ON BENEFITS OR SOMETHING?

EMPLOYEES GET BENEFITS. BUT MOST OF THESE GUYS ARE, LIKE, PERMANENT TEMPS, WITH CRAZY CONTRACTS.

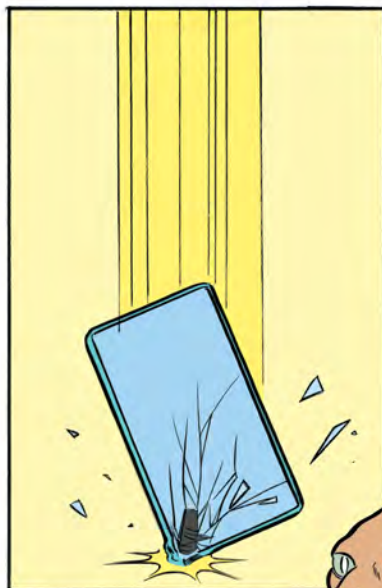
THE UNION'S A BIG DEAL--I'D HEARD ABOUT IT. MIGHT ACTUALLY HAPPEN.

OR IT **COULD** HAVE...

...IF NOT FOR OUR LITTLE **ACCIDENT**. KINDA CONVENIENT, YOU KNOW?

SURE. GOOD FOR LOCUS.

BUT UNLESS THEY'RE ROLLIN' OUT AN INVISIBLE MA--HEY!



CAN SOMEONE GET THIS ANIMAL OUTTA MY GODDAMN **CRIME SCENE?** TRYING TO DO MY GODDAMN JOB AND THIS LITTLE...

WE DID PING ANIMAL SERVICES...

Messsss



WELL, THEY'RE TAKING THEIR SWEET-ASS TIME, **AREN'T** THEY?

JUST GRAB IT, KID! SHOVE IT IN A CLOSET OR SOMETHING.



JESUS, THE **FANCIER** THESE PHONES GET, THE MORE GODDAMN **FRAGILE...**



YOU KNOW WHAT I CAN'T FIGURE OUT?

WHY NO LITTER BOX?

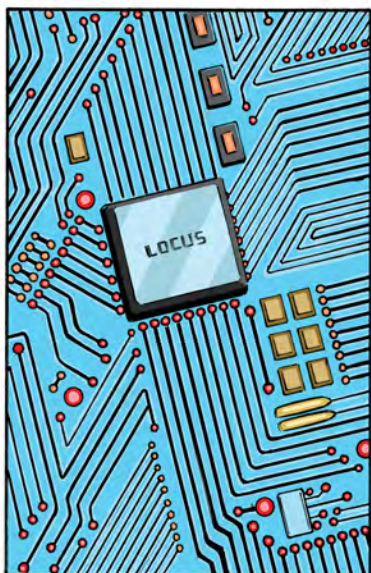
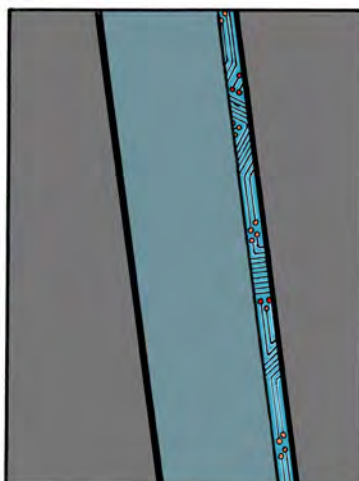
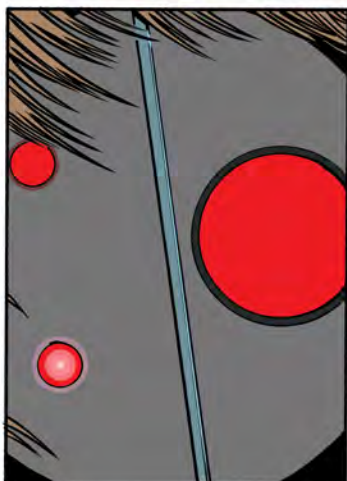
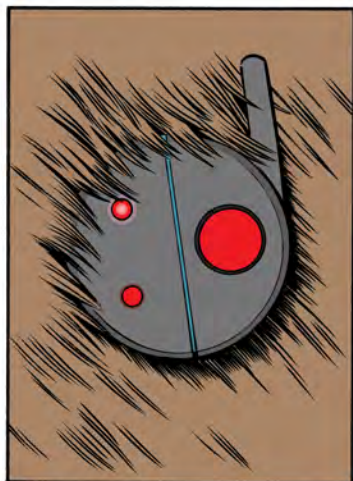
DID HE TRAIN IT TO USE A TOILET? OR GO OUT BACK?

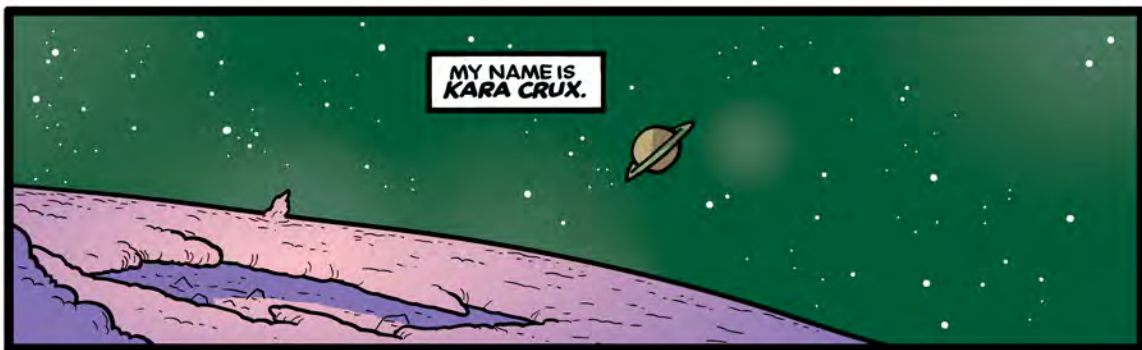
THESE TECH GUYS, I SWEAR...

IT **IS** HIS CAT, RIGHT?

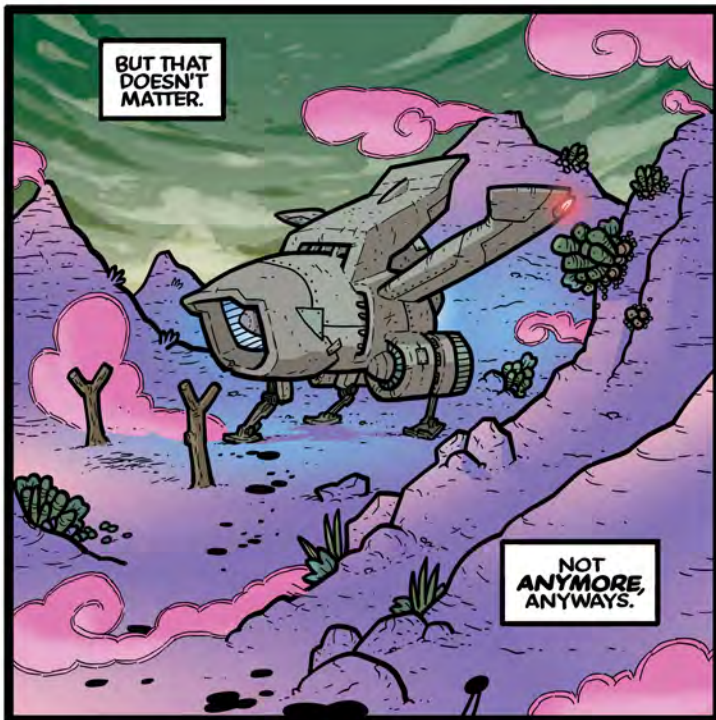
OF COURSE, SIR. **DATA SEC** CONFIRMED.

WE GOT DIGITAL VET RECORDS AND EVERYTHING.



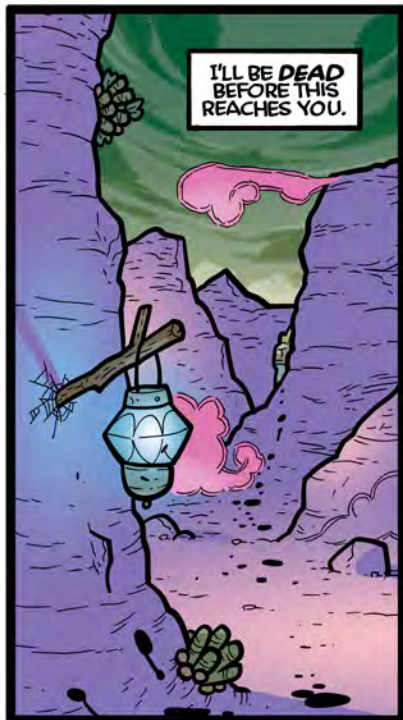


MY NAME IS
KARA CRUX.



BUT THAT
DOESN'T
MATTER.

NOT
ANYMORE,
ANYWAYS.



I'LL BE DEAD
BEFORE THIS
REACHES YOU.



BUT THAT'S
WHAT I WAS
SIGNED UP FOR.



I KNEW THIS
WAS COMING.



MY MISSION.

MY ENTIRE
REASON FOR
BEING.



IT'S MY
DESTINY.

BY ALEX SEGURA AND ZANDER CANNON





NO MATTER WHAT
I LEARNED--WHAT
I STUDIED--I ENDED
UP HERE.

NOTHING HURTS
IT. **NOTHING** CAN
WEAKEN IT.



I THINK BACK TO
MY BEGINNINGS.
BORN **BLESSED**.
NEVER WANTING.

IN MY IGNORANCE,
I WAS **LUCKY**. WE
ALL WERE.



UNTIL WE
WEREN'T.

I'M SORRY,
PRAETOR, BUT
THERE'S LITTLE
I CAN DO.

KARA HAS BEEN
CHOSEN. SHE WILL
STAND AGAINST
SHARD.



I WAS HERDED INTO A
TRANSPORT. I NEVER SAW
MY PARENTS AGAIN.



I HAD TO TRAIN.
TO **LEARN**. TO
PREPARE FOR AN
UNIMAGINABLE
THREAT.

BUT I JUST WANTED
TO HEAR MY MOTHER'S
VOICE AGAIN. MY
FATHER'S LAUGH.



THE TRAINING
WAS ENDLESS.
MORE LIKE
SUFFERING.

NOT A CLASS OR COURSE,
BUT A LIFESTYLE.
I FORGOT WHO I'D BEEN
BEFORE I WAS TAKEN.



AS THE YEARS PASSED I GREW
STRONGER. *BETTER*. I FIT THE
MOLD THEY WANTED.

SHARD WAS COMING.
THEY WARNED. THEY
NEEDED ME.



I WAS SKILLED. TOUGH.
I THOUGHT I WAS *READY*.

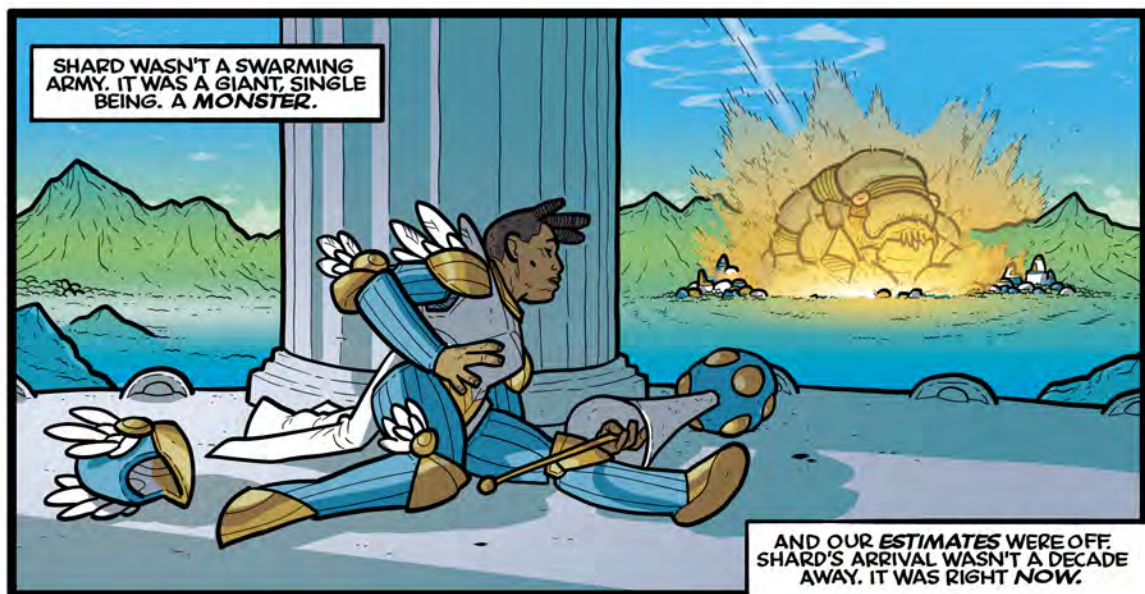


I THOUGHT *SHARD* WOULDN'T
STAND A CHANCE AGAINST US.

BUT WE WERE
WRONG.

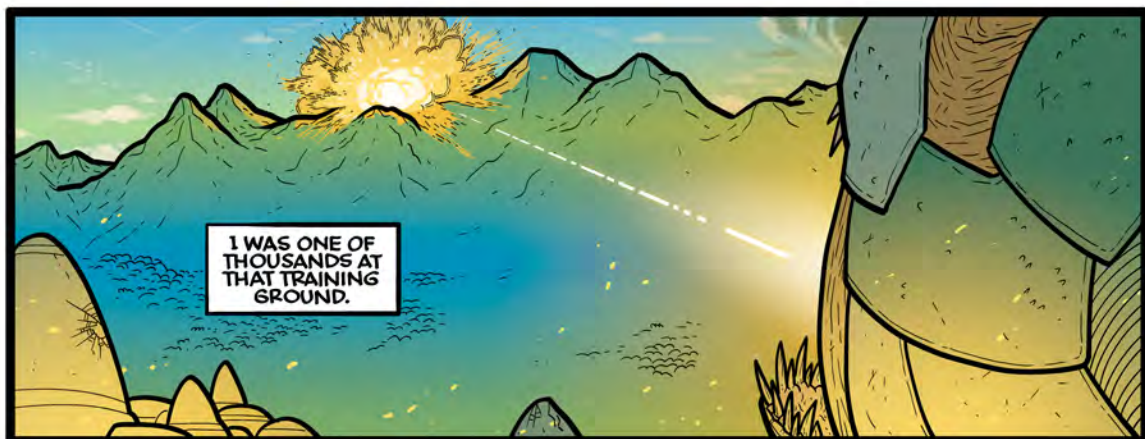


WE WERE *WRONG*
ABOUT A LOT OF
THINGS.



SHARD WASN'T A SWARMING
ARMY. IT WAS A GIANT, SINGLE
BEING. A *MONSTER*.

AND OUR *ESTIMATES* WERE OFF.
SHARD'S ARRIVAL WASN'T A DECADE
AWAY. IT WAS *RIGHT NOW*.



I WAS ONE OF
THOUSANDS AT
THAT TRAINING
GROUND.



I WAS "LUCKY."



BUT IF YOU LOSE
EVERYTHING--



--EVERYONE--

--IS LUCK EVEN
A THING
ANYMORE?



THEY SAY IN THE BEGINNING
WAS THE WORD, AND THE
WORD WAS WITH GOD.

WELL, THE WORD WAS
AT THE END, TOO.

ONLY IT WASN'T
WITH **GOD**.

AUDUBON, Clementine
Birth: Pod Year 19
Parents: Henry and Ruth
Audubon, Programming
Family Unit: 31
Age at expiry: 6

THEY WERE SMART
ENOUGH, I GUESS.

THEY KNEW
HUMANITY WOULD
KEEP PULLING THE
TAILS OF DISEASE,
WAR, AND
DISASTER...

ABELARDO, Enrique
Birth: Pod Year 12
Parents: Rodolfo
and Carlos
Torres-Abelardo,
Engineers
Family Unit: 42
Age at expiry: 13

BUILT THEIR NEW
WORLD IN THE
GUTS OF THE
OLD ONE.

...UNTIL ONE OF
THEM WOULD TURN
AROUND AND
SWALLOW US
WHOLE.

THEY SCOOPED UP
ALL THEIR VENTURE
CAPITAL AND WENT
UNDERGROUND.

A **WOMB**
IN WHICH TO
GESTATE THE
FUTURE, THEY
SAID.

SHE TOOK THE AIR

Written & Illustrated by Phil **HESTER**
Inking Assistance by Eric **GAPSTUR**
Colored by Francesco **SEGALA**
Lettered by Jim **CAMPBELL**

THOUGH YOU WOULDN'T KNOW
THAT FROM MEETING THE
PEOPLE WHO WROTE IT.

B'WOTH0, Nelly
Birth: Pod Year 8
Parents: Armin Klein and
Esther B'wotho,
Environmental Studies
Family Unit: 9
Age at expiry: 17

THE OLD GODS
HAD FAILED. LED
US TO RUIN.

BUT OUR FOUNDERS
HAD THEIR OWN GOD,
ONE THAT HAD LED
THEM TO SUCCESS.

COMPETITION.

IT WASN'T ENOUGH TO SELECT
US BASED ON OUR GENETIC
HEALTH AND DIVERSITY.

OR TO SHELTER US
FROM THE LETHAL
ATMOSPHERE
ABOVE.

WE HAD TO BE SORTED INTO
COMPETING PODS THAT
WOULD WAGE A PEACEFUL
WAR OF INNOVATION AND
SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

BELL, Jesse
Birth: Pod Year 11
Parents: Mike and
Penny Bell, Agronomy
Family Unit: 60
Age at expiry: 14

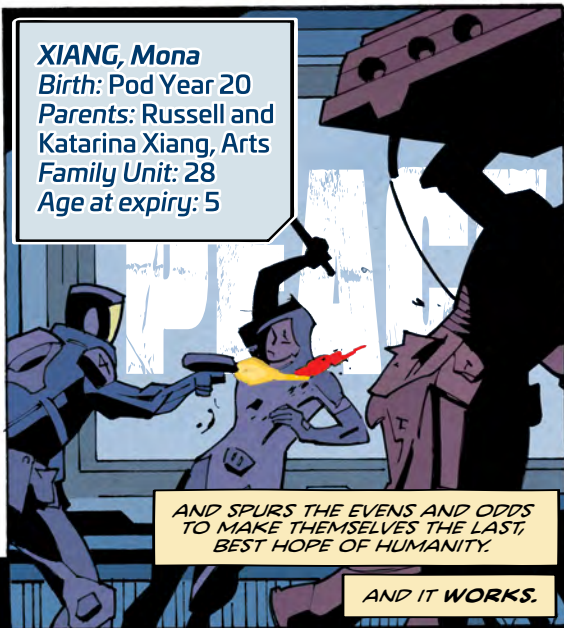
WE WOULD
HONE OURSELVES
AGAINST EACH
OTHER FOR
GENERATIONS.

HENCE **THE TABERNACLE**,
EQUAL PARTS HOLY WRIT
AND SELF-HELP TUTORIAL.

OMNIPRESENT, IT BLINKS
OUT EVERY STEP OF OUR
FOUNDERS' GRAND
EXPERIMENT.

WE'D NOT ONLY **SURVIVE**
ARMAGEDDON...

...WE'D **THRIVE** IN IT.



XIANG, Mona
Birth: Pod Year 20
Parents: Russell and
Katarina Xiang, Arts
Family Unit: 28
Age at expiry: 5

AND SPURS THE EVENS AND ODDS
TO MAKE THEMSELVES THE LAST,
BEST HOPE OF HUMANITY.

AND IT WORKS.

THE COMING GENERATIONS WOULD
OVERBURDEN THE SYSTEM YEARS
AHEAD OF SCHEDULE.

SOMEONE
HAD TO GO.

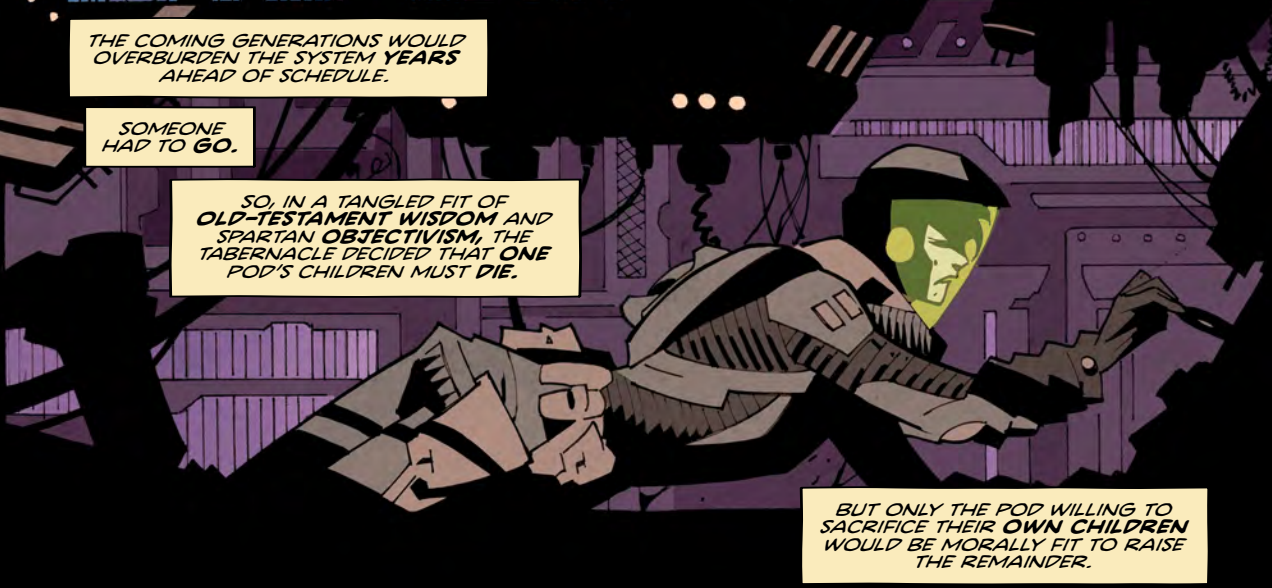
SO, IN A TANGLED FIT OF
OLD-TESTAMENT WISDOM AND
SPARTAN OBJECTIVISM, THE
TABERNACLE DECIDED THAT ONE
POD'S CHILDREN MUST DIE.



I'M THE ONLY SECURITY OFFICER IN
THE BUNKER, AND I'VE NEVER EVEN
HAD TO DRAW MY WEAPON.

I SIMPLY MAINTAIN THE
TABERNACLE AND SECURE
THE COMPOUND.

BUT I KNEW
SOMETHING ONLY
THE TABERNACLE
KNEW.



BUT ONLY THE POD WILLING TO
SACRIFICE THEIR OWN CHILDREN
WOULD BE MORALLY FIT TO RAISE
THE REMAINDER.

WITH THE TOUCH OF A BUTTON,
ANY PARENT COULD AUTHORIZE
A SIGNAL PAINLESSLY KILLING
THEIR ENTIRE POD'S KIDS.

OF COURSE, DAYS OF
AGONIZING BEGAN
IN BOTH PODS.

PLAYBACK
AUTHORIZED»

ARGUMENTS OVERHEARD
BY THE CHILDREN.



KZZZT--
PROBABLY THINK WE
DON'T UNDERSTAND
WHAT WE'RE
DOING--

KZZZT--
WHAT THE
TABERNACLE
HAS PLANNED
FOR US.

BUT IF
YOU'RE WILLING
TO LET **HALF** OF
US GO, YOU DON'T
DESERVE **ANY**
OF US.



THE TABERNACLE'S
TEACHING IS THE
SAME POISON THAT
DROVE US INTO
HIDING.

CHILDREN
WHO **GREW**
UP IN THE
BUNKER.

WHO KNEW
ITS EVERY
SQUARE
INCH.



IF THAT'S THE KIND OF
POISON YOU WANT TO
BRING INTO THE
FUTURE...

...WE DON'T
WANT TO GO
THERE WITH
YOU.



CHILDREN WHO COULD, WITH
A **STOLEN CODE**, ENTER
THE TABERNACLE...

...AND ALTER ITS
PROGRAMMING
SUCH THAT IF
A SINGLE KILL
CODE WERE SENT,
BOTH PODS'
CHILDREN
WOULD DIE.

MAYBE IT WAS
JUST MEANT AS A
WARNING. MAYBE
THEY DIDN'T TRULY
UNDERSTAND THE
STAKES.

OR MAYBE THEY
UNDERSTOOD
PERFECTLY.

THEIR PARENTS' WAR
IS NOW MOOT. I'VE
STOPPED THE
KILLING.

BUT I CAN'T
GO BACK.



AS FOR WHY THE
KIDS LEFT THEIR
MESSAGE FOR ME
TO DISCOVER...

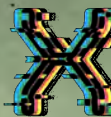
BEFORE THEY
LEARN **JUST WHOSE**
SECURITY CODE WAS
EXPOSED BY THEIR
OWN ATTEMPTED
TAMPERING.

BEFORE THEY LEARN
WHO TRIED TO ALTER
THE TABERNACLE'S
PROGRAM TO SAVE
THEIR OWN CHILD.

...IT'S ONLY A MATTER
OF TIME BEFORE THE
SURVIVORS DEDUCE
JUST HOW THE KIDS
GOT ACCESS TO THE
TABERNACLE.

AND INSTEAD
DOOMED THEM
ALL.

HANSEN, Esau
Birth: Pod Year 10
Parent: Yael Hansen,
Security Officer
Family Unit: 00
Age at expiry: 15



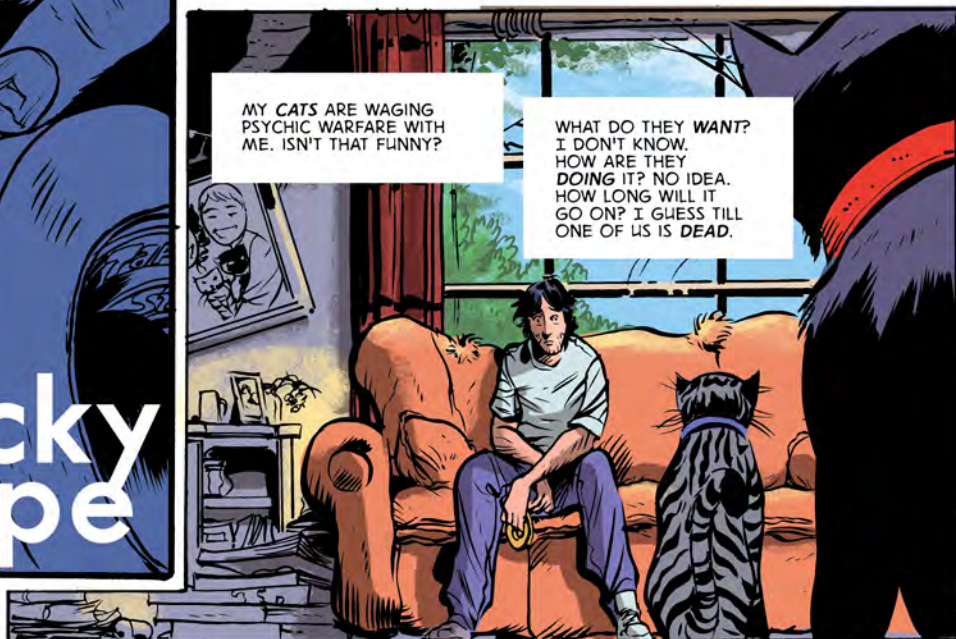




by
DAN
MCDAID

MY CATS ARE WAGING
PSYCHIC WARFARE WITH
ME. ISN'T THAT FUNNY?

WHAT DO THEY WANT?
I DON'T KNOW.
HOW ARE THEY
DOING IT? NO IDEA.
HOW LONG WILL IT
GO ON? I GUESS TILL
ONE OF US IS DEAD.



BUT THIS
STORY ISN'T
ABOUT THAT.



LEWIS?

MR. LEWIS
LEWIS?



YOU EVER
DO THIS?

THEY EXPLAIN MY SITUATION
TO ME. I MAKE THEM TWO
DRINKS AND GET BOTH THEIR
ORDERS WRONG. THEY POLITELY
LOOK AT THEIR WRONG DRINKS
AND TELL ME THAT I'M SPECIAL.



BUT I
ALREADY
KNEW THAT.



I KNEW IT FROM THE
MOMENT THEY WROTE
MY LAST NAME DOWN
TWICE ON MY BIRTH
CERTIFICATE.



I KNEW IT WHEN
A CAR CRASHED
INTO MY BEDROOM
AT THE AGE OF TEN
AND BROKE BOTH MY
LEGS. I WAS ON THE
SECOND FLOOR.



I KNEW IT WHEN MY
APPENDIX GREW BACK
AND I ENDED UP GETTING
APPENDICITIS TWICE.

WHEN I LOST
ALL MY HAIR
BETWEEN
THE AGES OF
TWELVE
AND SIXTEEN.

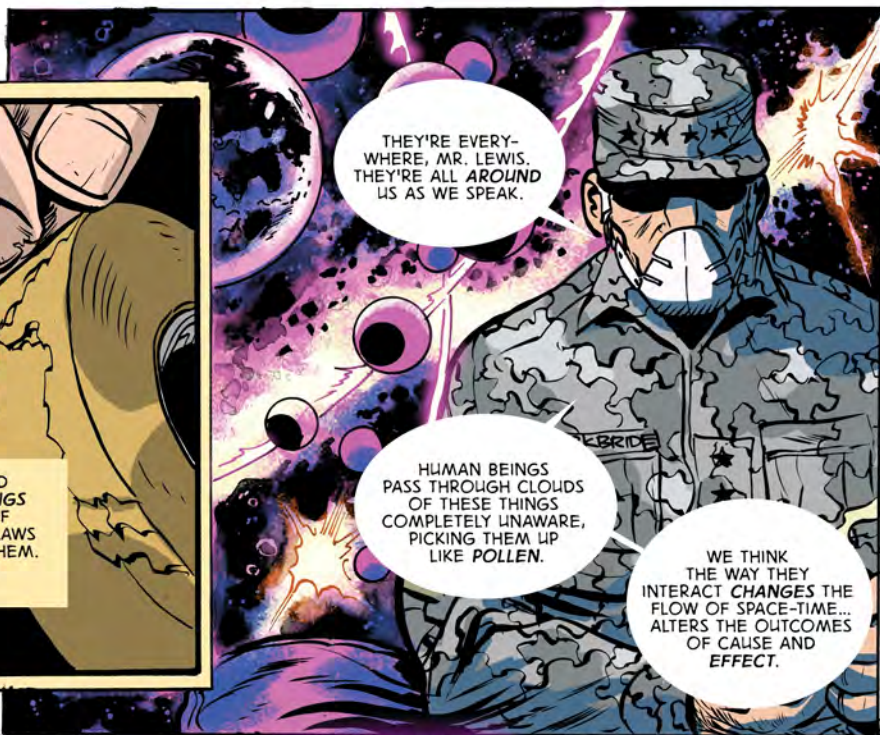


WHEN THE GIRL
I FELL IN LOVE
WITH IN COLLEGE
TURNED OUT TO
BE MY HALF SISTER.

THEY TELL ME
THAT IT'S MORE
COMPLICATED
AND AMAZING
THAN I KNOW.



THAT THEY'VE DISCOVERED
WHAT THEY CALL **MEDDINGS**
PARTICLES, TINY PIECES OF
MATTER THAT BEND THE LAWS
OF CAUSALITY AROUND THEM.
LUCK IS **REAL**, AND IT'S A
SUBATOMIC PARTICLE.



THEY'RE EVERY-
WHERE, MR. LEWIS.
THEY'RE ALL AROUND
US AS WE SPEAK.

HUMAN BEINGS
PASS THROUGH CLOUDS
OF THESE THINGS
COMPLETELY UNAWARE,
PICKING THEM UP
LIKE **POLLEN**.

WE THINK
THE WAY THEY
INTERACT **CHANGES** THE
FLOW OF SPACE-TIME...
ALTERS THE OUTCOMES
OF CAUSE AND
EFFECT.



AND I'M SPECIAL.



THEY SAY THEY'RE GOING
TO TAKE ME TO A MILITARY
INSTALLATION FOR FURTHER
TESTS. I ASK THEM WHO
WILL TAKE CARE OF MY CATS.

BUT HONESTLY,
THEY'LL PROBABLY
BE BETTER OFF.



AND ANYWAY, THEY
WERE PLANNING
TO KILL ME.



THE TESTS CONFIRMED WHAT THEY ALREADY KNEW. WHATEVER THE OPPOSITE OF A LUCK PARTICLE IS, I'M COVERED IN IT.

THEY HAD SIX FALSE STARTS BECAUSE THE MACHINERY KEPT BREAKING DOWN. SEVENTH TRY WAS THE CHARM. THEN THE REAL WORK BEGAN.



ARMY GUY TOLD ME THAT WHAT I HAD WAS A GIFT, A SUPERPOWER. THAT I WAS UNIQUE IN ALL THE WORLD. AND THAT I NOW HAD A DUTY--A DESTINY--TO HELP MY FELLOW MAN.

SO THEY SEALED ME IN A BIG METAL SUIT, FLOODED IT WITH MEDDINGS PARTICLES.



AND THEY DROPPED ME INTO A WAR ZONE.



IT WAS A DISASTER, OF COURSE. JUST AS THEY HOPED.

ALL I HAD TO DO WAS TURN OFF THE SUIT, DO WHAT I COULD TO HELP THE ENEMY, AND...



YEAH.



LIFE WAS GOOD FOR A WHILE.
THE OCCASIONAL MISSION FOR
THE GOVERNMENT, SURE.
I GUESS A LOT OF PEOPLE **DIED**
BECAUSE OF ME. JUST UNLUCKY.

I'M NOT BEING GLIB,
THAT'S THE TRUTH OF IT.

AND THINGS WERE **QUIET**
IN THE MEDDINGS CAGE.
I COULD EVEN LIVE SOME
KIND OF LIFE WITHOUT IT
GOING **WRONG**.



BUT THE SAME THING
WAS MISSING. THE SAME
THING HAS **ALWAYS** BEEN
MISSING.



HE'S GONE.

WHAT?

HE'S
GONE!!



GETTING OUT WAS EASY ENOUGH. I JUST HAD TO TRICK THE MEALS GUY TO HOLD THE CAFÉ DOOR OPEN FOR A SPLIT SECOND TOO LONG.

AND THE ANTI-LUCK PARTICLES COULDN'T WAIT TO GET IN.



THE GENERAL IS TRACKING MY PROGRESS ACROSS THE BASE RIGHT NOW, I BET. I'M THINKING HE'S GIVEN ORDERS TO SHOOT ON SIGHT-- CAN'T HAVE SOMEONE WITH MY LUCK WALKING AROUND A HIGH-SECURITY FACILITY.

I DON'T WISH THEM ANY HARM, I WANT TO BE CLEAR ABOUT THAT. THEY'VE BEEN GOOD TO ME. BUT I WANT WHAT'S MINE. I WANT WHAT YOU ALL HAVE AND DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT.



THE ANTI-LUCK PARTICLES DON'T WASTE ANY TIME FLOCKING TO THEIR BOY.

AS I MAKE MY WAY ACROSS THE FACILITY, THE WHOLE PLACE FALLS DOWN AROUND ME. SPRINKLERS GO OFF, FIRE EXTINGUISHERS SPONTANEOUSLY EXPLODE. FAILSAFES GO WRONG, COMPUTER SYSTEMS NO LONGER COMPUTE.

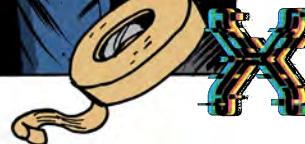
IT'S A HELL OF A SCENE.

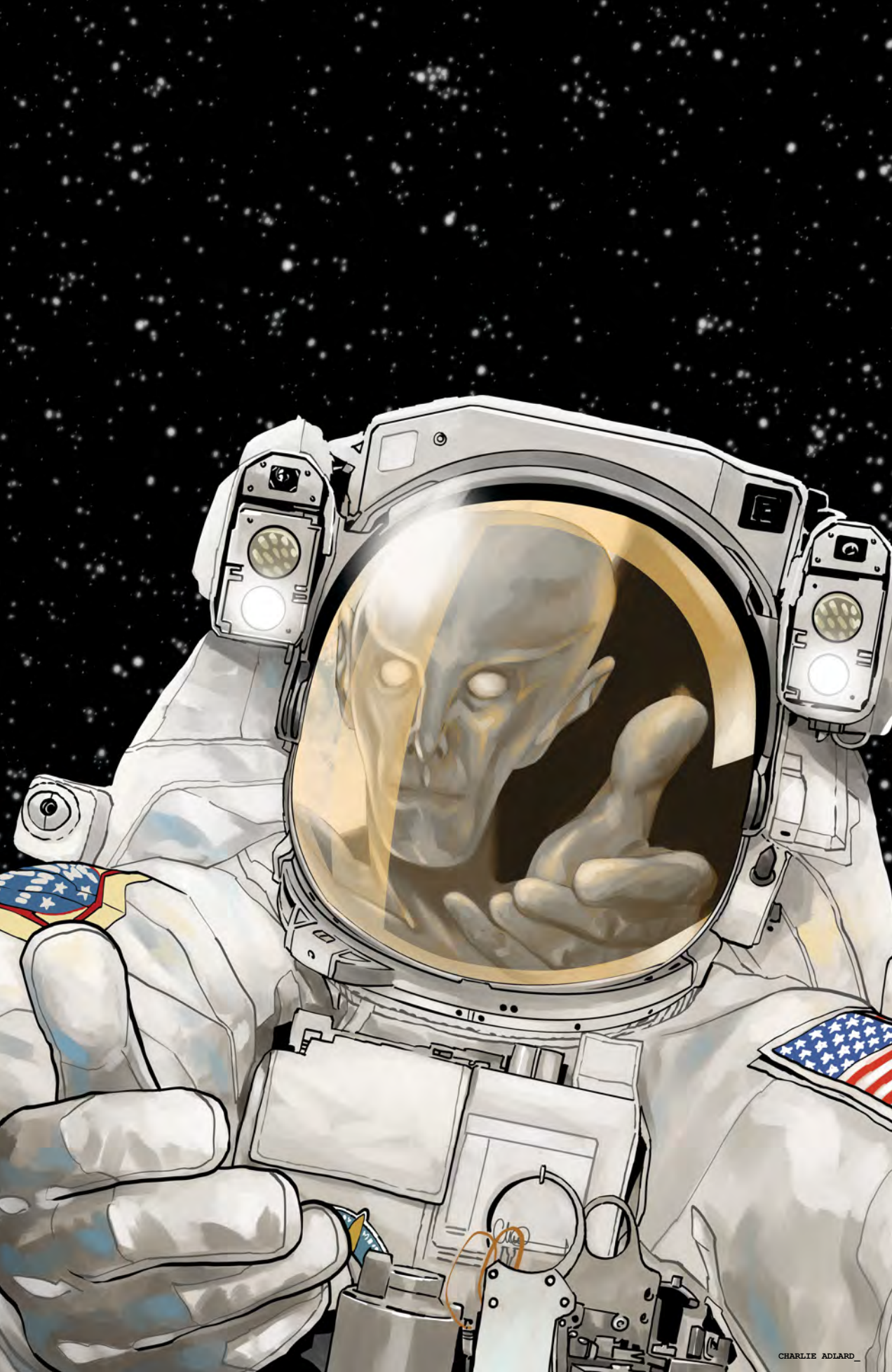


OKAY, BUDDY...



...IT'S YOU AND ME.







"FOUR DAYS SINCE THE CRASH, WE **STILL** HAVEN'T MADE CONTACT WITH THE OTHERS."



"I CAN ONLY HOPE THEY SURVIVED."

C'MON, GARCIA--I SEE **IT** DOWN THERE...



NOTHING ON THE COMMS YET?

NOTHING.

I WOULDN'T HOLD OUT HOPE ON HEARING FROM THE OTHERS, THE RELAY PROBABLY WENT DOWN ON IMPACT.



PROUST, DO YOU REALLY THINK--

I DON'T KNOW...

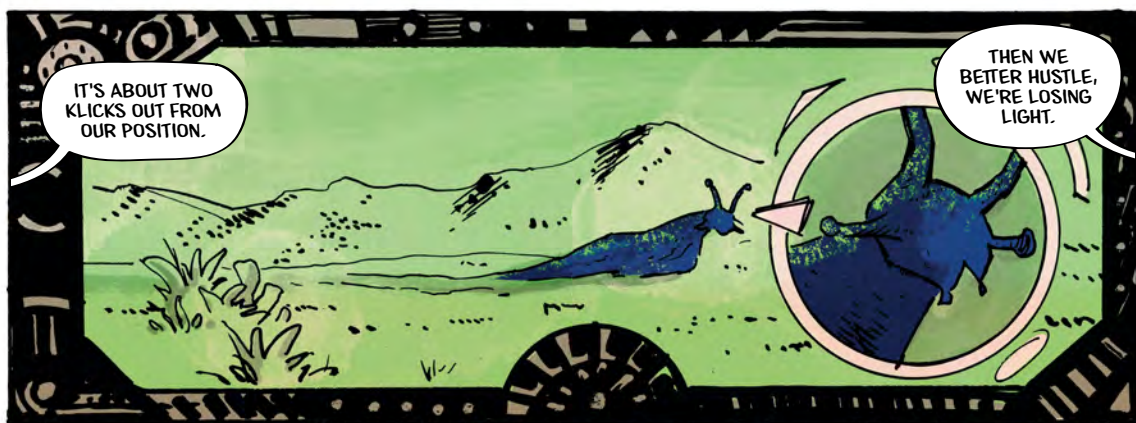
...BUT WE DON'T REALLY HAVE A CHOICE, DO WE?



IF WE DON'T EAT SOMETHING SOON--

SAY NO MORE, WE'RE **STARVING**. I'M DOWN TO TRY.







LATER.

IT ISN'T BAD...
YOU THINK THE
OTHERS--

THE
SHIP SPLIT
IN HALF.

WE CAN ONLY *HOPE*
THEIR PORTION OF THE
CRAFT MAINTAINED
INTEGRITY UPON
IMPACT.

THIS IS ACTUALLY
AMAZING! LIKE A
FANCY STEAK!

CHATEAUBRIAND,
UNDERTONES OF SHALLOT,
DEMI-GLACE, A DASH OF
LEMON BUTTER...

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE
SUCH A GOURMAND,
NAVIGATOR--

GARCIA?
PROUST? **YOU
LIVED?!**

MARTIN?!
IS THAT YOU?!

WHAT
HAPPENED
TO YOU?



YES, IT'S ME, **PUT THAT DOWN! NOW!**

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!

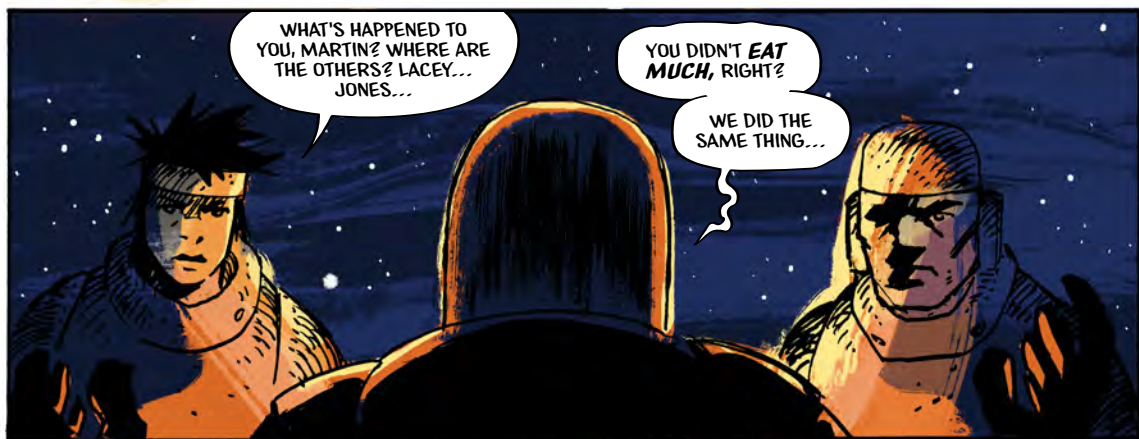


HEY! WHAT THE FU--

THWAP



OH GOD, HOW MUCH DID YOU HAVE?



WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU, MARTIN? WHERE ARE THE OTHERS? LACEY... JONES...

YOU DIDN'T **EAT MUCH**, RIGHT?

WE DID THE SAME THING...



IT... **CHANGES YOU...**

YOU... YOU...

KLIK

KLIK



THAT... THAT WAS LACEY...



CHATEAUBRIAND

Written by Michael W. CONRAD
Illustrated by Shawn KURUNERU
Lettered by Jim CAMPBELL

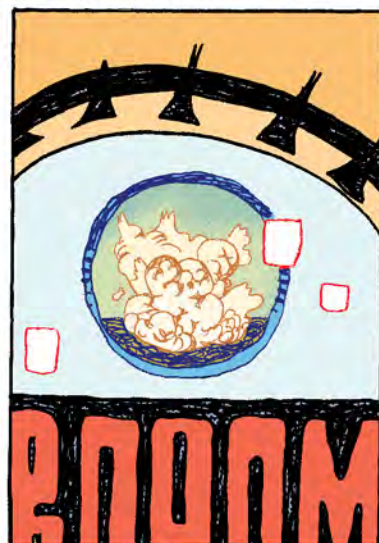
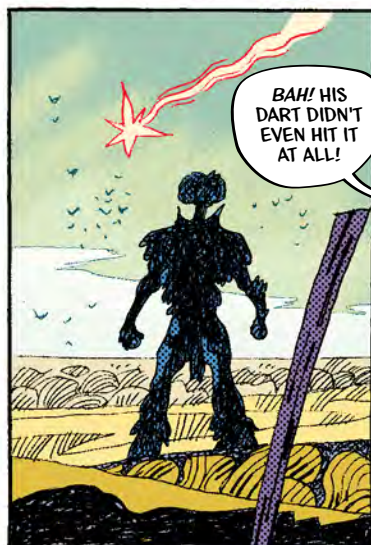
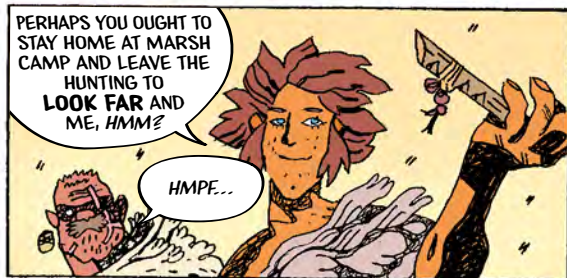




THE PEOPLE

Written by François VIGNEAULT
Illustrated by Artyom TRAKHANOV
Colored by Jason WORDIE
Lettered by Jim CAMPBELL







WELL THEN, WHAT ABOUT SLEEPING BEAR?

IT'S BEEN TWO WHOLE SUMMERS SINCE HIS MATE, RAINBOW, DIED.

HE'S A GOOD MAN, IF YOU CAN STAND THOSE SCARS!

MMM.

THAT'S YOUR REACTION? COME NOW! GIVE ME SOMETHING!

I'M DOING JUST FINE ON MY OWN, SWEETWATER...

I'LL FIND A MATCH FOR YOU YET, QUIET ONE! YOU CAN'T STAY ON YOUR OWN FOREVER!

MAMA!



LOOK! THE HUNTERS ARE BACK!



BEEP... BEEP... BEEP...



WE ALL KNOW THAT **THE LAND** PROVIDES.
TO THE ANTELOPE, THE LAND GIVES THE
SUMMER GRASS. TO THE FOX, THE LEMMING.
TO THE HUNTER, THE SPEAR. WHAT HAS THE
LAND GIVEN **THE PEOPLE** NOW?

PERHAPS IT'S
THE BONES FROM
SOME GIANT
BIRD?

THIS IS NO BIRD.
IT IS HARD. HARDER THAN
ANY BONE I'VE SEEN.
AND SHARP... SHARPER THAN
BLACKSTONE... SEE HOW
I CUT MY HAND ON
ITS EDGE?

THIS **THING**
WAS **MADE**,
NOT BORN.

BUT
WHO MADE
IT, AND
WHY?



HAVE YOU
SEEN A THING
LIKE THIS
BEFORE,
HAZEL?

NOT IN MY LIFE, NOR IN MY
MOTHER'S DAY BEFORE THAT.

THIS
THING IS **NOT**
OF THE LAND.



**QUIET
ONE?!**

YES, ELDER... I USUALLY
KEEP MY COUNSEL.
MOST WOULD CALL MY
NAME WELL-EARNED.



I WAS AN OUTSIDER, BUT
THE PEOPLE TOOK ME IN
WHEN I CAME HERE NEARLY
FIVE SUMMERS AGO.

IN MY TIME OF NEED
YOU HELPED ME... AND
I WILL NEVER FORGET
THAT KINDNESS.

AND SO I FEEL
IT IS RIGHT THAT I LISTEN
TO YOU, AND LEARN YOUR
WAYS, AND **SPEAK**
LITTLE.

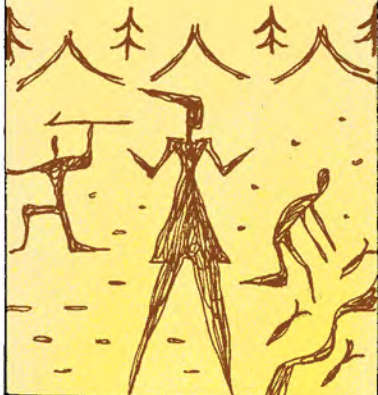
BUT
WILL YOU
HEAR ME
NOW?



YOU ARE ONE OF
THE PEOPLE NOW,
QUIET ONE.

**WE
LISTEN.**

"YOU ALL KNOW THAT I CAME FROM ANOTHER GROUP...A DIFFERENT PEOPLE. WE SPOKE ANOTHER TONGUE AND HUNTED FAR FROM HERE, IN THE FOREST TO THE EAST. ONE DAY, A WOMAN FROM OUR VILLAGE FOUND...A **THING**.



"IT WAS HARD AND BURNT AND AS SHARP AS BLACKSTONE, AND WE THOUGHT WE MIGHT MAKE SOMETHING FROM IT, TOOLS OR WEAPONS, WE KNEW NOT WHAT. WE ONLY KNEW IT WAS STRANGE AND NEW...AND PERHAPS EXCITING.



"BUT THE THING CARRIED A SICKNESS IN IT. WE GREW ILL, THE FOOD SPOILED, AND SOON WE WENT MAD AND TURNED AGAINST EACH OTHER. BROTHER SLEW BROTHER, AND MOTHERS DROWNED THEIR CHILDREN.



"I RAN AWAY IN FEAR, AND WHEN I LOOKED BACK, I SAW THAT MY VILLAGE WAS AFLAME. I KEPT ON RUNNING, AND TWO TURNS OF THE MOON PASSED BEFORE SLEEPING BEAR FOUND ME AND BROUGHT ME BACK HERE. LOOK FAR SAYS THE LAND PROVIDES... BUT THIS THING IS **NOT** OF THE LAND."



HERE WE ARE, IN THE CENTER, **THE PEOPLE.**

WE ARE SAFE IN **THE LAND,** AND THE LAND PROVIDES...

BUT THIS **THING...**



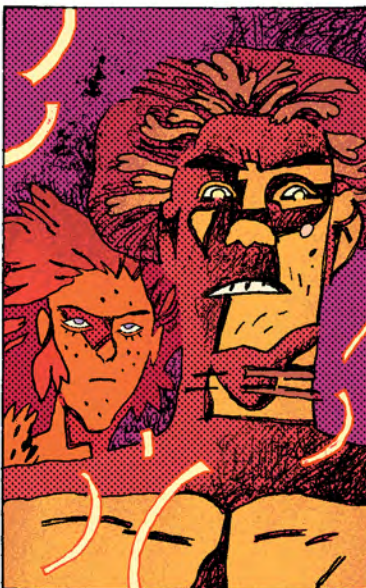
...IT **BREAKS** THE BALANCE OF THE LAND.



WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE US DO, QUIET ONE? **BURN** IT?

NO. WE MUST TAKE IT AWAY FROM HERE AND **BURY** IT WITH STONES.

THAT IS THE ONLY WAY...

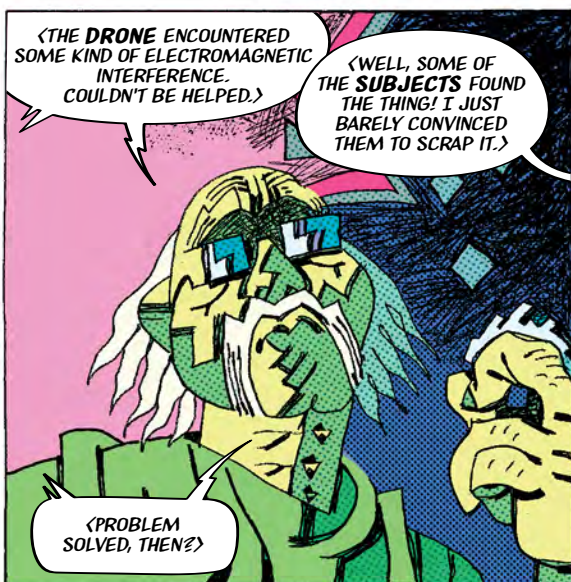






<DUNCAN!
WHAT
THE FUCK
IS GOING
ON?!!>

<OH, CALM
DOWN.>



<THE **DRONE** ENCOUNTERED
SOME KIND OF ELECTROMAGNETIC
INTERFERENCE.
COULDN'T BE HELPED.>

<WELL, SOME OF
THE **SUBJECTS** FOUND
THE THING! I JUST
BARELY CONVINCED
THEM TO SCRAP IT.>

<PROBLEM
SOLVED, THEN?>



<GODDAMN IT, DUNCAN,
I TOLD YOU THOSE
SURVEILLANCE FLIGHTS
WERE TOO BIG A RISK!

<WHY WAS IT EVEN IN THIS
PART OF **THE PRESERVE**?
THIS IS **MY TERRITORY**!>

<YOU NEARLY
BLEW **FIVE YEARS** OF
EMBEDDED RESEARCH!

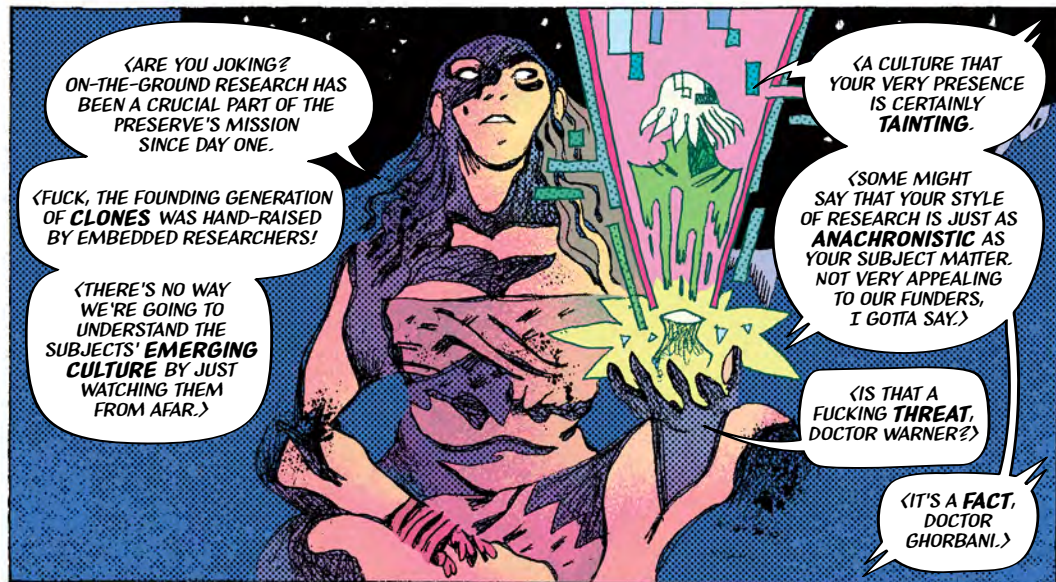
<NOT TO MENTION
ENDANGERING THE WHOLE
**MULTIGENERATIONAL
EXPERIMENT**!
YOU'RE DAMN LUCKY THAT
I WAS THERE TO CLEAN UP
YOUR MESS.>



<I WOULDN'T CAST
STONES IF I WERE
YOU, NOUR.>

<THERE'S
NOTHING YOU'RE DOING
DOWN THERE THAT CAN'T BE
DONE BETTER BY REMOTE
SURVEILLANCE, AND
YOU KNOW IT.>

<**CONTROL**
IS THIS CLOSE TO
PULLING YOU OUT OF
YOUR LITTLE FIELD
STUDY.>



<ARE YOU JOKING?
ON-THE-GROUND RESEARCH HAS
BEEN A CRUCIAL PART OF THE
PRESERVE'S MISSION
SINCE DAY ONE.

<FUCK, THE FOUNDING GENERATION
OF **CLONES** WAS HAND-RAISED
BY EMBEDDED RESEARCHERS!

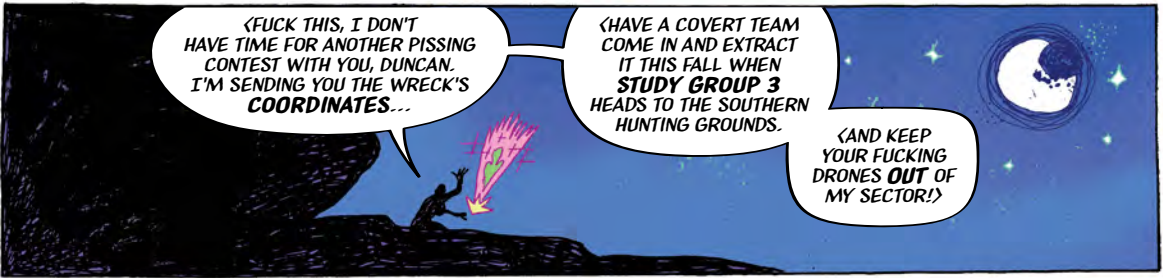
<THERE'S NO WAY
WE'RE GOING TO
UNDERSTAND THE
SUBJECTS' **EMERGING
CULTURE** BY JUST
WATCHING THEM
FROM AFAR.>

<A CULTURE THAT
YOUR VERY PRESENCE
IS CERTAINLY
TAINTING.

<SOME MIGHT
SAY THAT YOUR STYLE
OF RESEARCH IS JUST AS
ANACHRONISTIC AS
YOUR SUBJECT MATTER.
NOT VERY APPEALING
TO OUR FUNDERS,
I GOTTA SAY.>

<IS THAT A
FUCKING **THREAT**,
DOCTOR WARNER?>

<IT'S A **FACT**,
DOCTOR
GHORBANI.>



SNIP

LUCKY MAN.
I HEAR YOU'VE BEEN ON
THE WAITING LIST FOR
TEN YEARS.

YEAH.
HONESTLY, MY
WIFE SIGNED
ME UP.

INTERESTING.
SO NO DEEP DESIRE
TO SEE THE WORLD
FOR YOURSELF,
THEN?

BEEN BLIND
MY WHOLE LIFE.
I SEE THE WORLD
EXACTLY HOW
I NEED TO.

STAY STILL,
PLEASE.

SNIP SNIP

SO WHY THE
SUDDEN NEED
TO SEE?

MY NAME
CAME UP. AND MY
WIFE THINKS IT'LL HELP
ME. IT'S A SEEING
MAN'S WORLD.
ISN'T IT?

HAPPY WIFE,
HAPPY LIFE. I GET
IT. OKAY. I'M JUST
SLOWLY REMOVING
THE SYNTHETIC FIBER
ONE LAYER AT
A TIME.

CAN YOU SEE
ANY SORT OF
LIGHT?

UM...
MAYBE?

I CAN...IS
IT GETTING
BRIGHTER?

I WOULD HOPE
SO! PLEASE BRACE
YOURSELF, OKAY?
WE DON'T REALLY
KNOW WHAT TO
EXPECT.

LEGAL ASKED ME
TO REMIND YOU--THE
REVIX CORPORATION
ISN'T LIABLE FOR ANY
DAMAGES THAT
MAY INCUR.

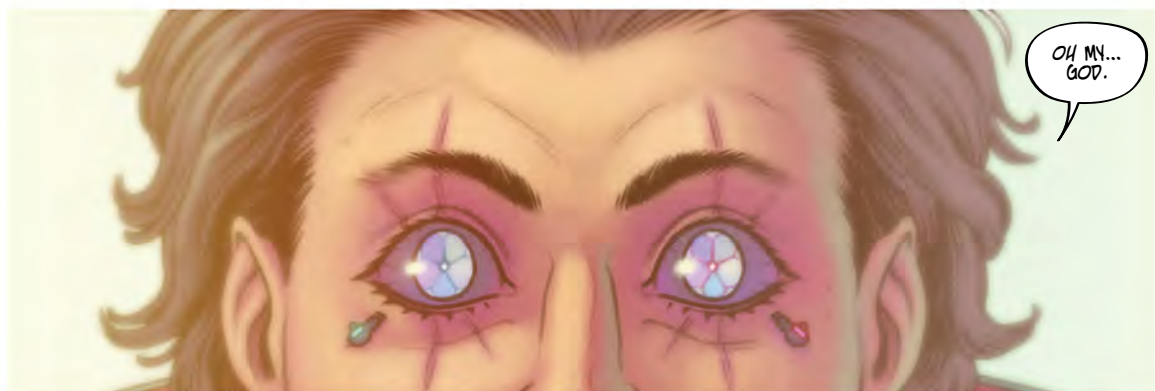
AND SINCE
YOU ARE THE FIRST
HUMAN TEST SUBJECT
TO RECEIVE THESE NEW
LENTICULAR IMPLANTS
BEFORE THEY'RE
OPEN TO MASS
MARKET...

I UNDER--

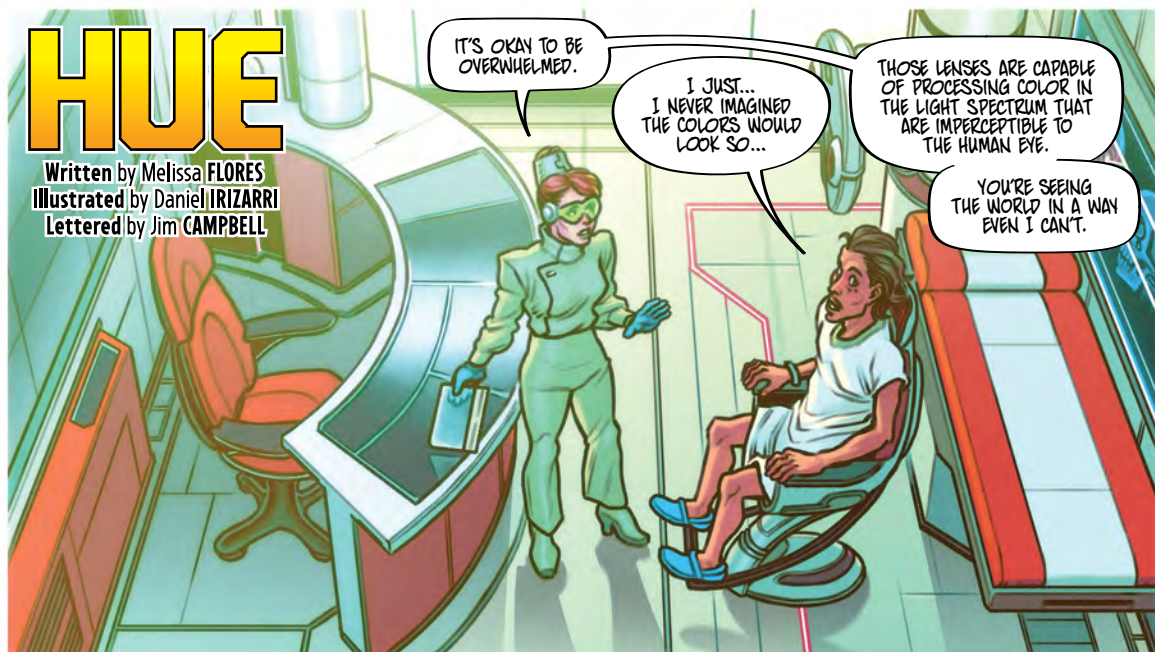
WE CAN
NOT GUARANTEE THERE
WON'T BE SIDE EFFECTS OR
LASTING DAMAGE, OR EVEN
IF THIS PROCEDURE
WILL WORK.

HEY! I SIGNED
THE WAIVER. JUST...
I WANNA SEE.
PLEASE.

WELL THEN
OPEN YOUR EYES,
MR. MENDOZA.



OH MY...
GOD.



HUE

Written by Melissa FLORES
Illustrated by Daniel IRIZARRI
Lettered by Jim CAMPBELL

IT'S OKAY TO BE
OVERWHELMED.

I JUST...
I NEVER IMAGINED
THE COLORS WOULD
LOOK SO...

THOSE LENSES ARE CAPABLE
OF PROCESSING COLOR IN
THE LIGHT SPECTRUM THAT
ARE IMPERCEPTIBLE TO
THE HUMAN EYE.

YOU'RE SEEING
THE WORLD IN A WAY
EVEN I CAN'T.



I JUST...I DIDN'T
THINK IT WOULD BE
SO INTENSE.

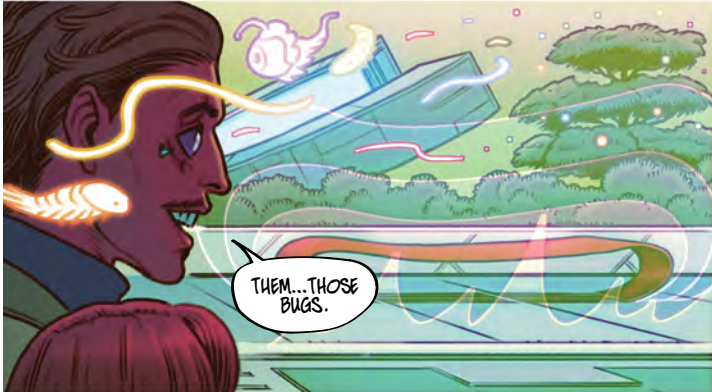
TAKE A MINUTE AND ABSORB
IT. A LOT OF RESEARCH WENT
INTO THESE. JUST LIKE ANY
OF OUR PRODUCTS.

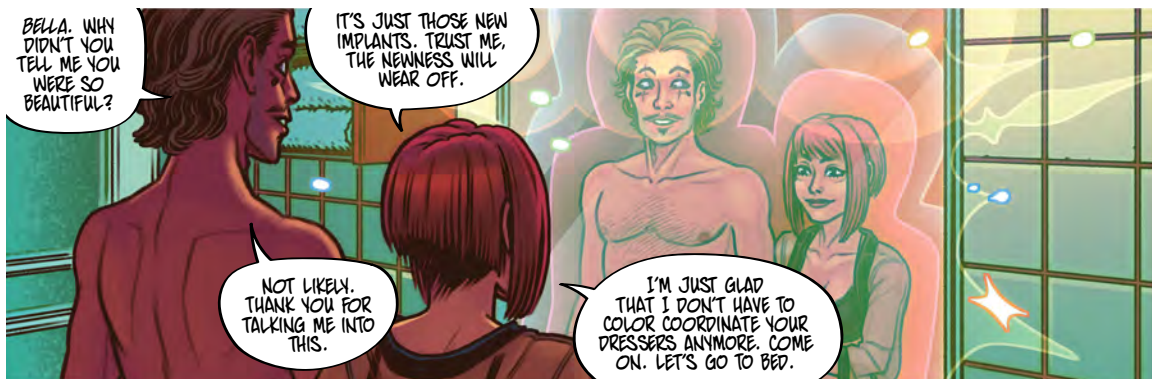
HOW MUCH
WILL THESE COST
WHEN THEY GO TO
MARKET?

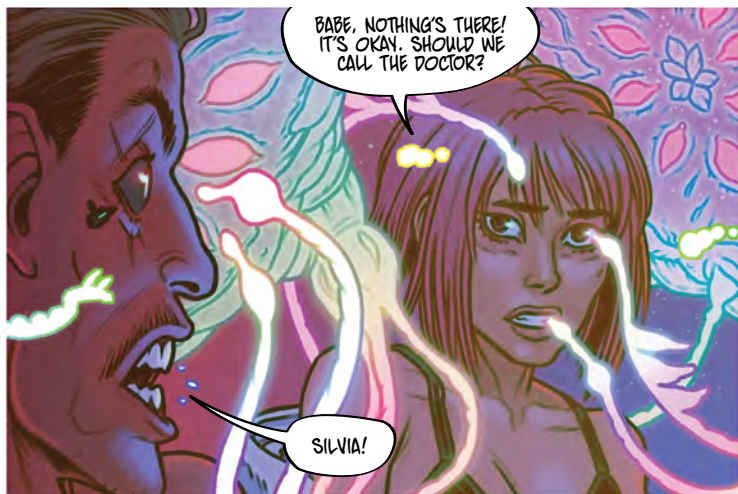
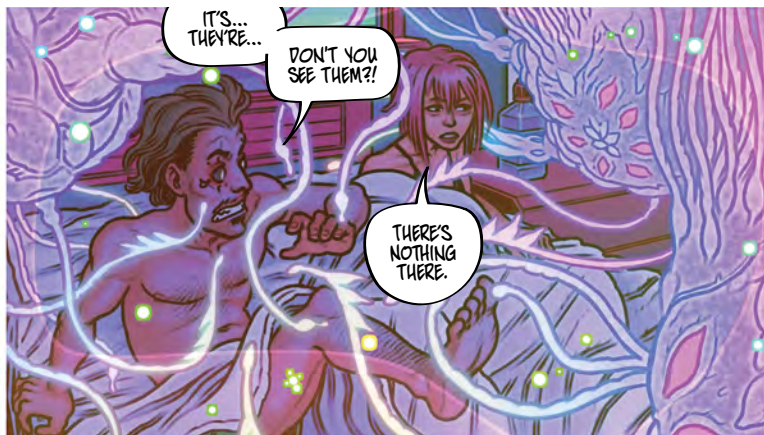
THESE SPECIFIC
IMPLANTS? NOT MY
DEPARTMENT. BUT I
WOULD IMAGINE AT LEAST
FIFTEEN MILLION
CREDITS.

I CAN'T
BELIEVE IT.

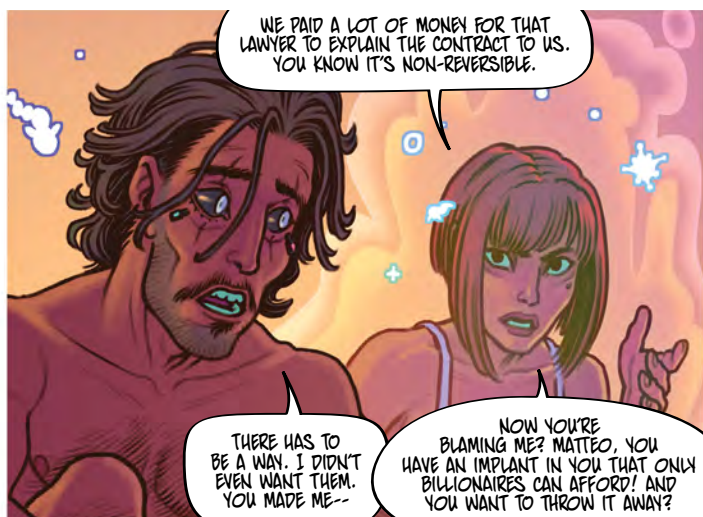
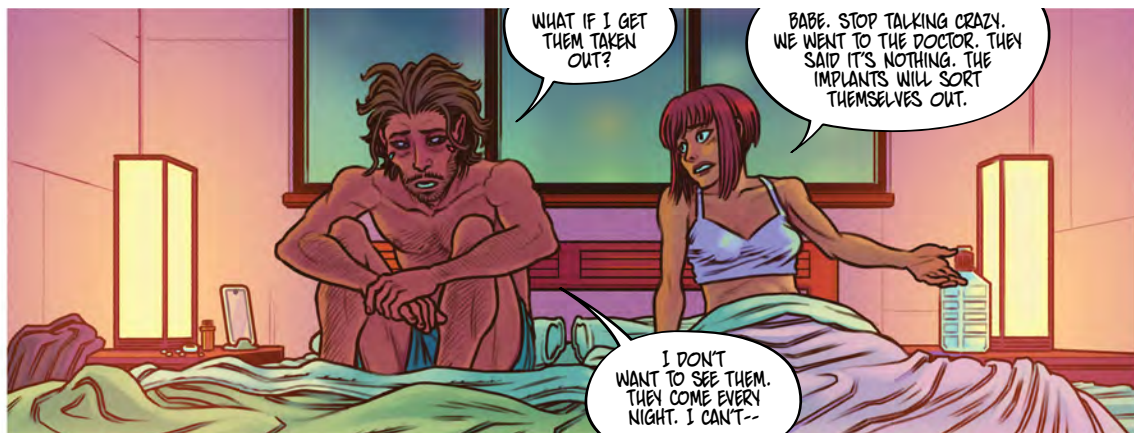
LIKE I SAID...









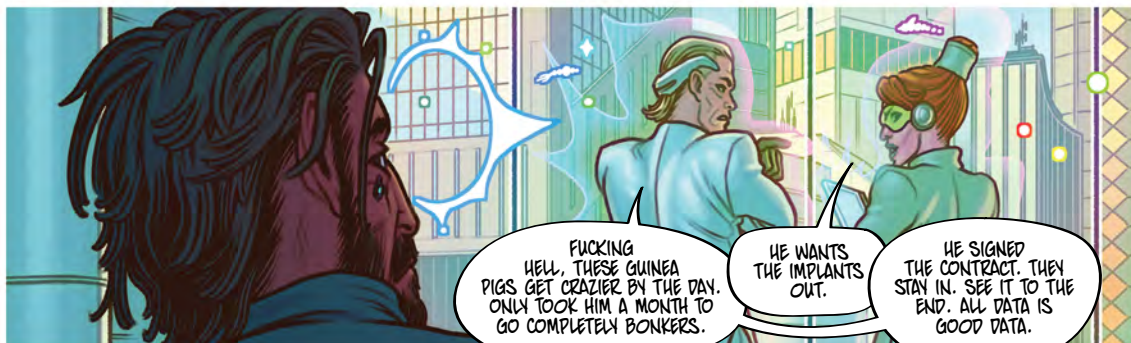
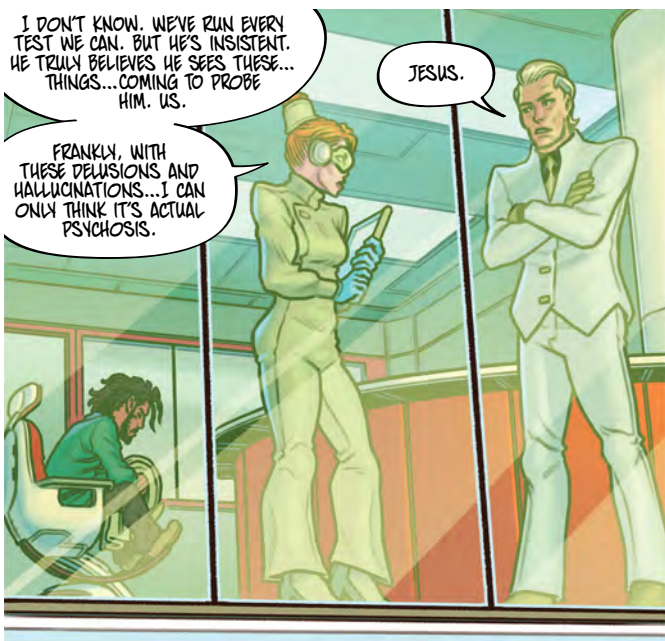




I DON'T KNOW. WE'VE RUN EVERY TEST WE CAN. BUT HE'S INSISTENT. HE TRULY BELIEVES HE SEES THESE... THINGS... COMING TO PROBE HIM. US.

FRANKLY, WITH THESE DELUSIONS AND HALLUCINATIONS... I CAN ONLY THINK IT'S ACTUAL PSYCHOSIS.

JESUS.



FUCKING HELL, THESE GUINEA PIGS GET CRAZIER BY THE DAY. ONLY TOOK HIM A MONTH TO GO COMPLETELY BONKERS.

HE WANTS THE IMPLANTS OUT.

HE SIGNED THE CONTRACT. THEY STAY IN. SEE IT TO THE END. ALL DATA IS GOOD DATA.



SHE'LL COME BACK. JUST GOTTA GIVE HER SOME TIME.

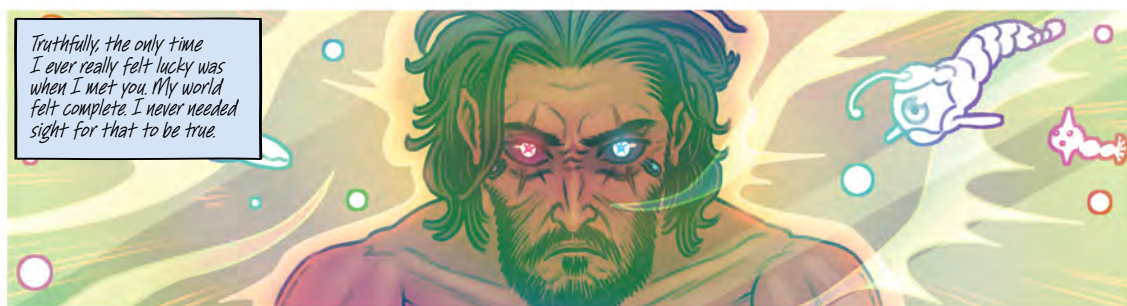
I DON'T WANT HER TO COME BACK. I DON'T WANT TO SEE THOSE THINGS... HOW CAN SHE SLEEP THROUGH IT?

YOU GOTTA GET SOME SLEEP, MAN.

THEY COME FOR YOU TOO, YOU KNOW. THEY COME FOR EVERYBODY.



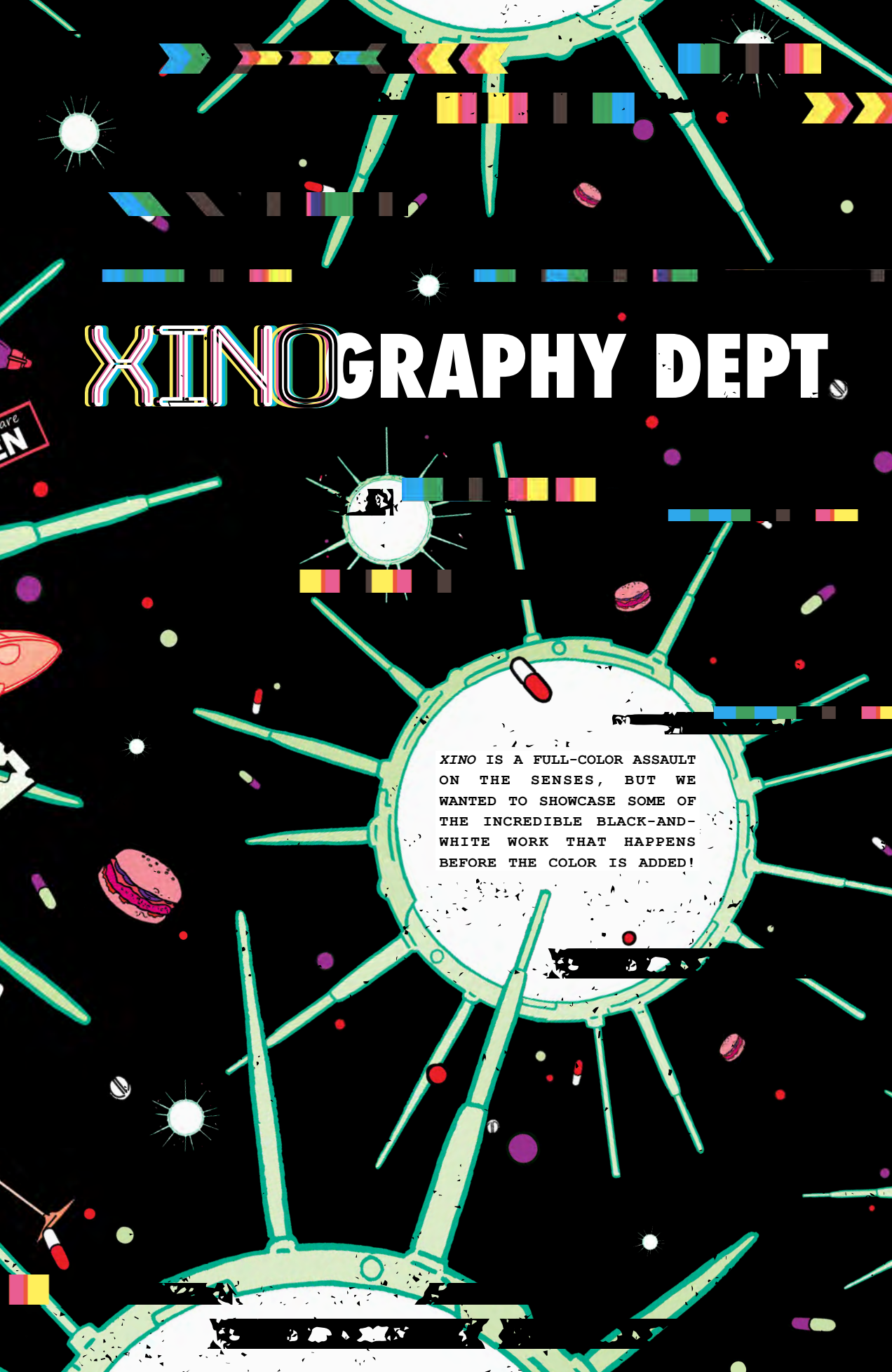
"JUST... JUST LEAVE ME ALONE. PLEASE."





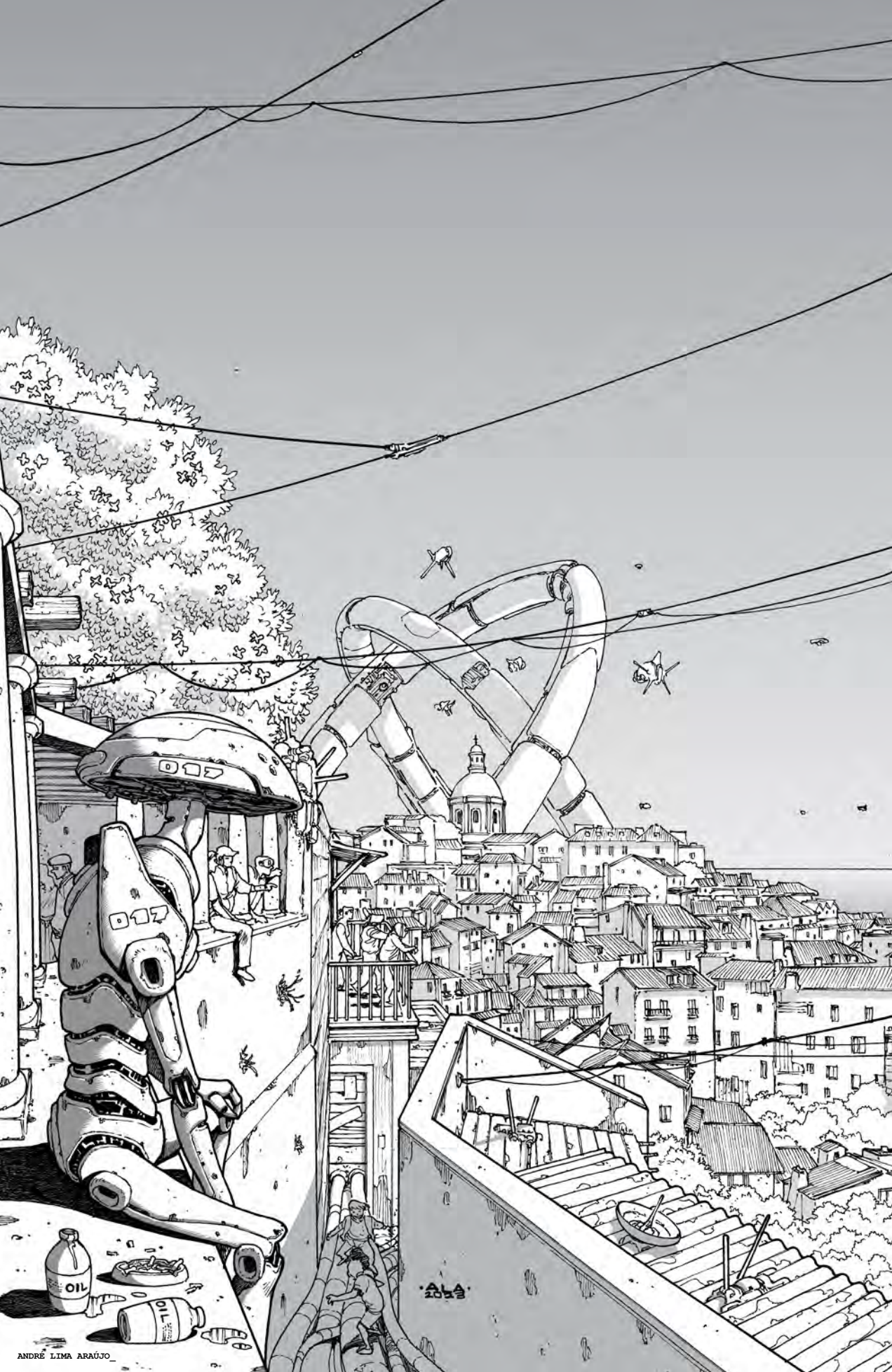






XINOGRAPHY DEPT.

XINO IS A FULL-COLOR ASSAULT
ON THE SENSES, BUT WE
WANTED TO SHOWCASE SOME OF
THE INCREDIBLE BLACK-AND-
WHITE WORK THAT HAPPENS
BEFORE THE COLOR IS ADDED!



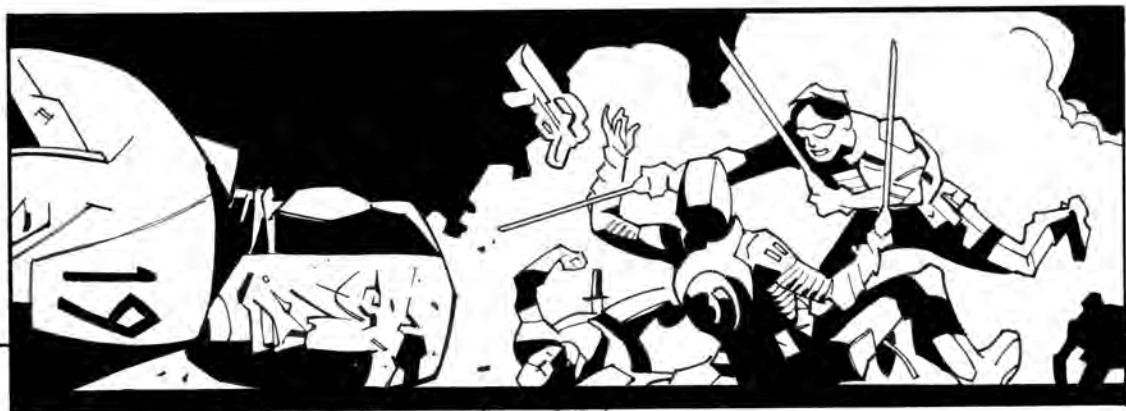


Crown
tail
to Bella
the snow
Test
Jockey
Morgan
chance
up









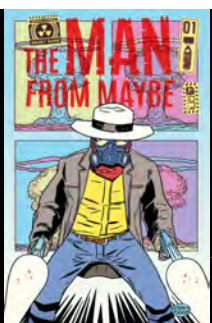
XINO CREW

CHARLIE ADLARD [ENGLAND, UK] CHARLIEADLARD.COM @CHARLIE_ADLARD @CHARLIEADLARD ANDRÉ
 LIMA ARAÚJO [PONTE DE LIMA, PORTUGAL] ANDRELIMAARAUJO.COM @ANDRELIMAARAUJO @ERDNA11
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 WEAVER.ART @DUSTINWEAVER12 JASON WORDIE [CALGARY, CAN] @JASONWORDIE @WORDIEJASON

LIKE XINO? CATCH THESE OTHER
 ONIX TITLES BY XINO CREATORS!



FACELESSANDTHEFAMILY_LESNIEWSKI



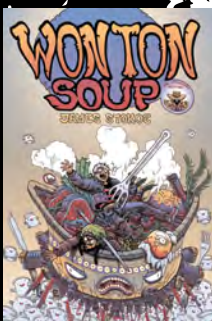
THEMANFROMMAYBE_THOMAS&KANE



DEGA_MCDAID



TITAN_VIGNEAULT



WONTONSOUPT_STOKOE



WEEABOO_SALLAH



PINKLEMONADE_CAGNETTI



TRANSMISSION
ENDED_

**BECAUSE THE FUTURE
IS GETTING
WEIRDER EVERY DAY,
WE GIVE YOU**

XINO

**_AN INTRAOCULAR
LOZENGE OF SUBVERSIVE,
SURREALIST SCIENCE FICTION TO
CURE YOUR AWFUL AWARENESS
OF IT ALL. TRY NOT TO WORRY—THE
INSERTION PROCESS WILL BE GUIDED
BY THE MEGAWATT BRILLIANCE
OF COMICS' BRIGHTEST
TALENTS AS THEY SLOWLY
TUNE YOUR HOPES,
DREAMS, DESIRES,
PARANOIA, ALIENATION,
ANXIETY, AND ADRENALINE
TO PRODUCE THE DESIRED RESULTS.**

**"AN ABSOLUTE WHO'S WHO OF
RISING CREATORS. EVERY STORY
IN THIS COLLECTION IS A BANGER,
AND I CAN'T RECOMMEND
IT ENOUGH." —COMICS BEAT**

**"SCRATCHES THAT ENDLESS ITCH FOR
WEIRD AND WILD SCI-FI FROM A
SUITE OF THOUGHTFUL AND INVENTIVE
COMICS TALENT." —AIP COMICS**

FEATURING CONTRIBUTIONS FROM

**CHARLIE ADLARD | ANDRÉ
LIMA ARAÚJO | NICK CAGNETTI
| JIM CAMPBELL | ZANDER
CANNON | ANDREW CARL |
CHRIS CONDON | MICHAEL W.
CONRAD | MELISSA FLORES |
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ARTYOM TRAKHANOV | FRANÇOIS
VIGNEAULT | RAMON VILLALOBOS
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