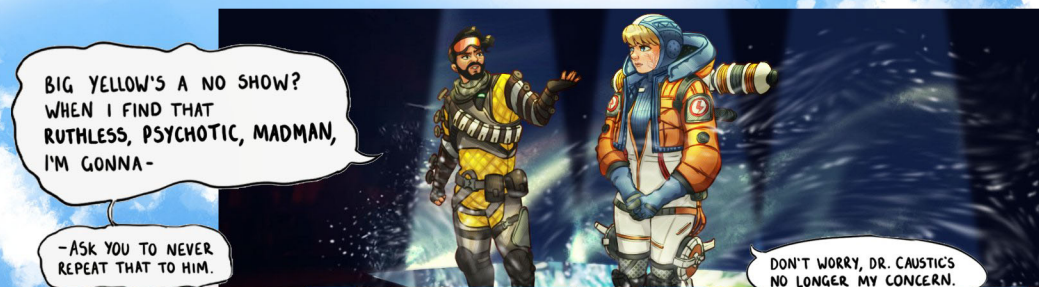


SOON...
NONE OF THEM WILL MATTER.

THE DOCTOR.
DOING NO HARM, AS EVER.

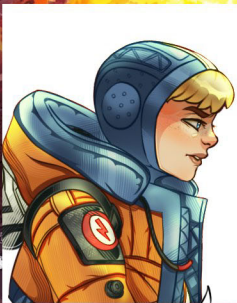


-ASK YOU TO NEVER
REPEAT THAT TO HIM.

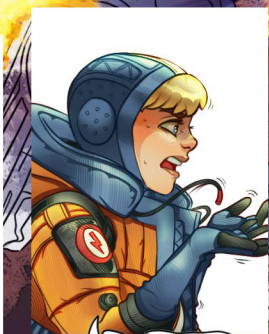
DON'T WORRY, DR. CAUSTIC'S
NO LONGER MY CONCERN.



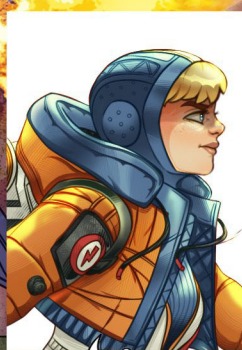
TOUT VA BIEN ALLER.
THE DOCTOR'S FINE, NATALIE.



MUMBLING OMINOUS THREATS,
VANISHING FOR DAYS, THAT'S
CAUSTIC CLASSIQUE.



AND IF SOMETHING WAS WRONG,
DO YOU CARE? AFTER WHAT HE DID?
NO!



...NOT EVEN A LITTLE BIT.

A LARGER SAMPLE SIZE, SUCH AS SOLACE CITY, WOULD YIELD MORE RELIABLE, COMPELLING RESULTS-

HAAAGH-!

YAAAGH-!

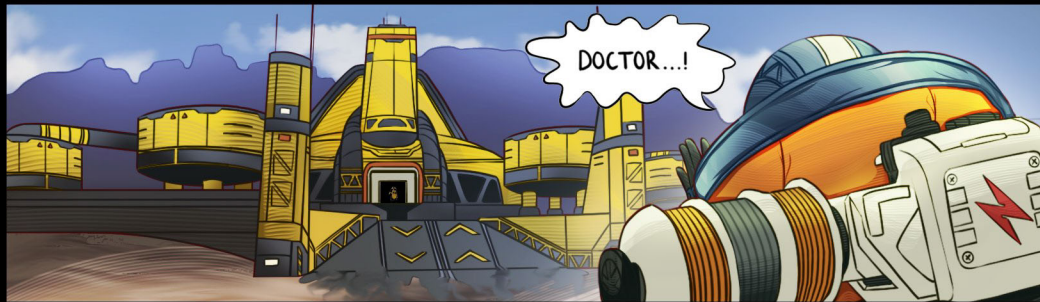
YAAAGH-!

...PAPA...?

I'M JUST - A LITTLE OUT OF BREATH,
MY DEAREST NATALIE.

DO NOT WORRY ABOUT THIS
DODDERING OLD FOOL.

FUTURE HOME
OF THE
APEX GAMES



DOCTOR...!

MON DIEU... SO MUCH TOXIC WASTE
DR. CAUSTIC SAID HE'D DISPOSED OF IT.

WHY DISPOSE OF WHAT I CAN *COUGH* HARNESS!
THE EFFECTS ON SOLACE CITY WILL BE MOST
ILLUMINATING...

SOLACE CITY?!
NO, THEY'RE-

-A PETRI DISH,
AND NOTHING MORE.

I'M SORRY, MS. PAQUETTE; FLAWED THINKING
LED YOU HERE. IT'S IMPERATIVE YOU
LEAVE.

THOUSANDS LIVE IN SOLACE CITY.
FAMILIES. FATHERS AND THEIR DAUGHTERS...


PLEASE, CONSIDER-

CONSIDER THE DATA.
CONSIDER ALL I COULD LEARN,
AND HOW QUICKLY I COULD
LEARN IT!



YOUR FATHER WAS A MAN OF SCIENCE,
SURELY YOU'VE INHERITED HIS FACULTY FOR LOGIC.

THERE IS NOTHING LOGICAL ABOUT
KILLING INNOCENTS. **STOP.**
THERE'S STILL TIME TO SAVE—



OH, IT'S TOO LATE TO SAVE
THE CITY, MS. PAQUETTE.



...IT'S TOO LATE TO
SAVE ANY OF US.



NON, MON AMI.



IT IS NEVER TOO LATE.