



...ORSESHOE... MY BUNK...

KNOCK
KNOCK



SON OF
A...!



ANITA? IT'S ME.
ARE YOU THERE?

GO AWAY.

IT'S ABOUT
JACKSON.

YOU HAVE
A LEAD?



I'M... NOT
SURE YET.

I'M WAITING TO
HEAR BACK FROM
A SOLACE CITY
CONTACT.



IN THIS CITY OF
REPROBATES?

TCH

DON'T EVEN
BOTTER.

THIS COULD BE
SOMETHING.

YEAH. ANOTHER
DEAD END



SHUT

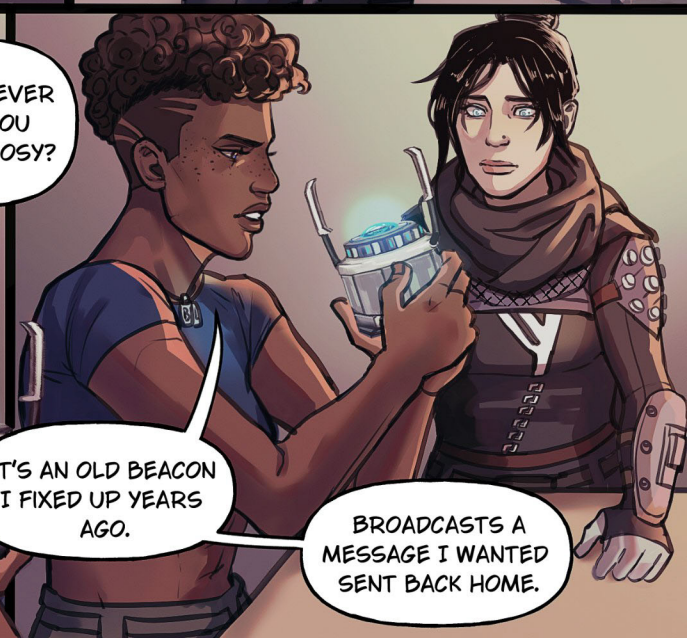
ANITA...



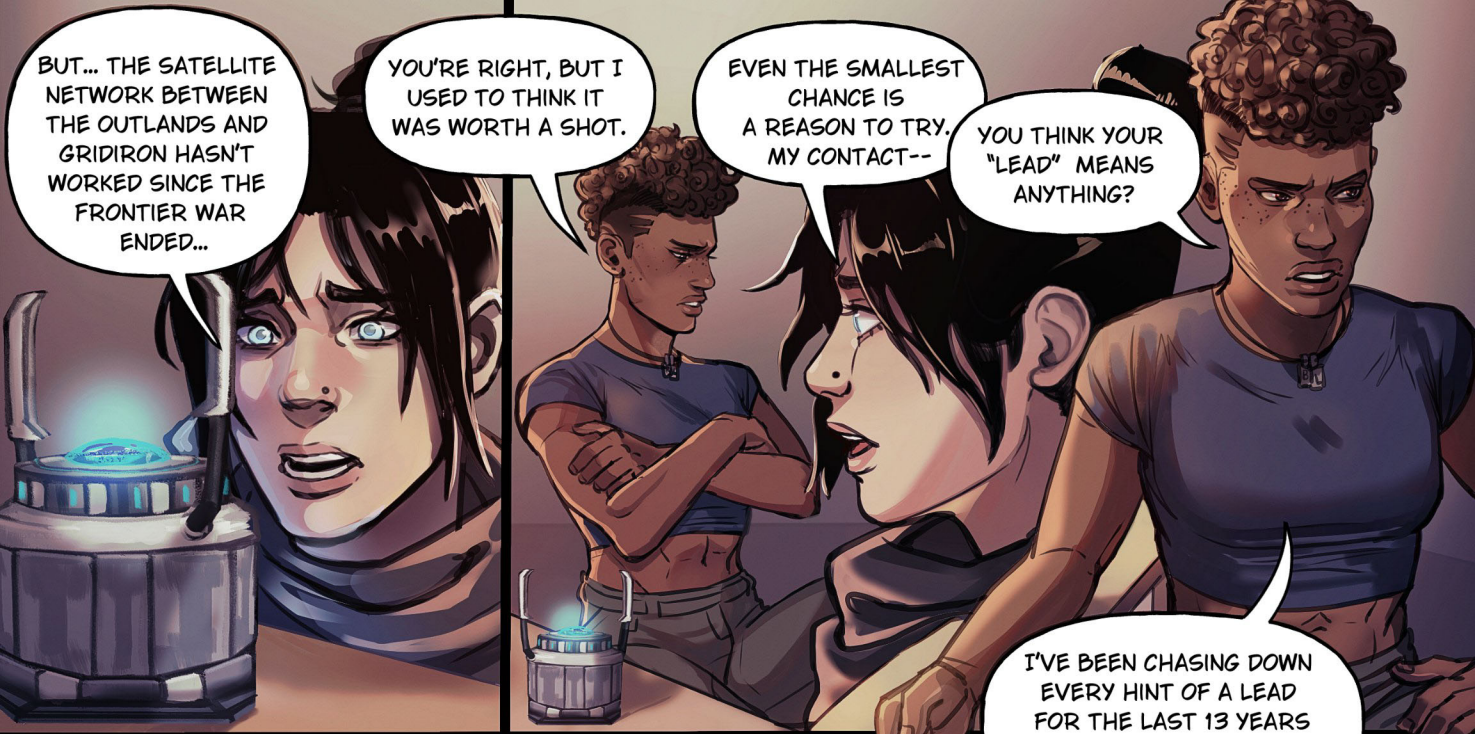
WHAT ARE YOU
WORKING ON?

ANYONE EVER
TELL YOU
YOU'RE NOSY?

IT'S AN OLD BEACON
I FIXED UP YEARS
AGO.



BROADCASTS A
MESSAGE I WANTED
SENT BACK HOME.



BUT... THE SATELLITE NETWORK BETWEEN THE OUTLANDS AND GRIDIRON HASN'T WORKED SINCE THE FRONTIER WAR ENDED...

YOU'RE RIGHT, BUT I USED TO THINK IT WAS WORTH A SHOT.

EVEN THE SMALLEST CHANCE IS A REASON TO TRY. MY CONTACT--

YOU THINK YOUR "LEAD" MEANS ANYTHING?

I'VE BEEN CHASING DOWN EVERY HINT OF A LEAD FOR THE LAST 13 YEARS OF MY LIFE, AND I HAVE NOTHING TO SHOW FOR IT!



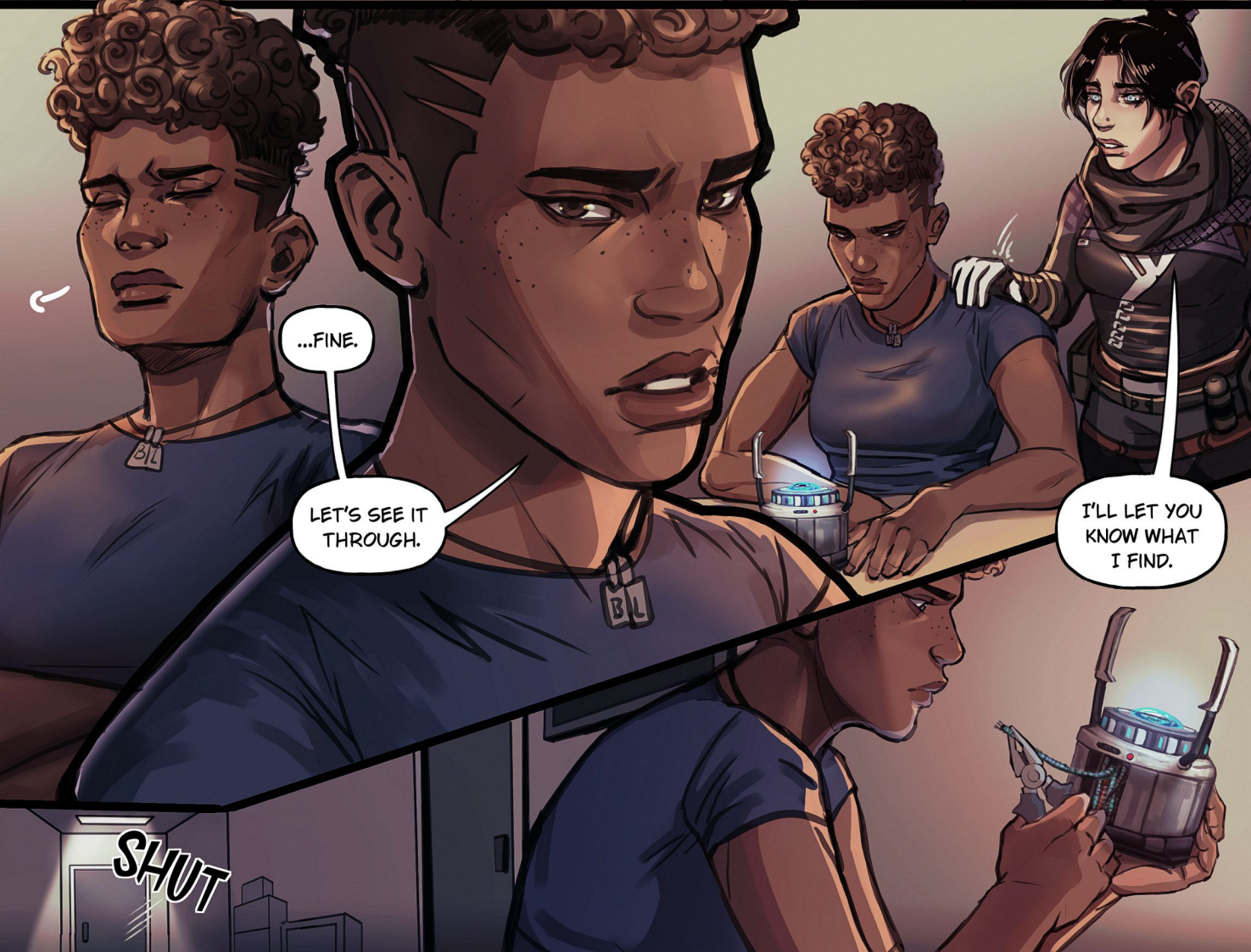
YOU HAVE HIS JACKET--

--WHICH LED NOWHERE--

AND THAT VIDEO--

--WHICH THE OTHER "YOU" TOOK AS SOON AS I FOUND IT.

ALL ROADS LEAD SOMEWHERE! WHAT IF THIS IS THE ONE YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR?

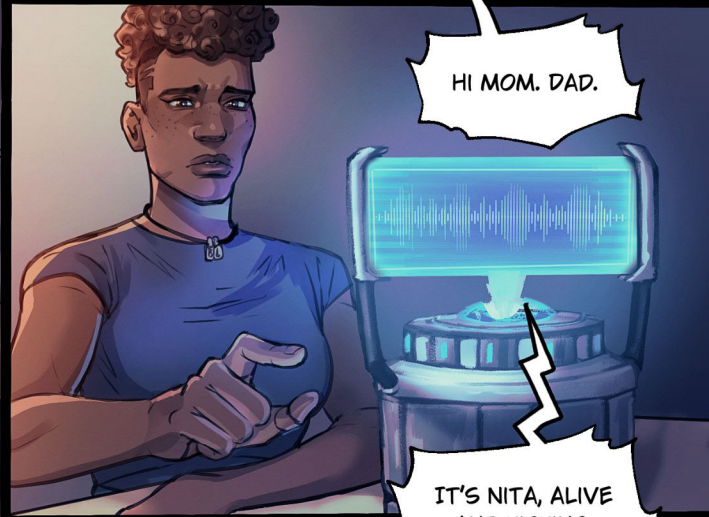
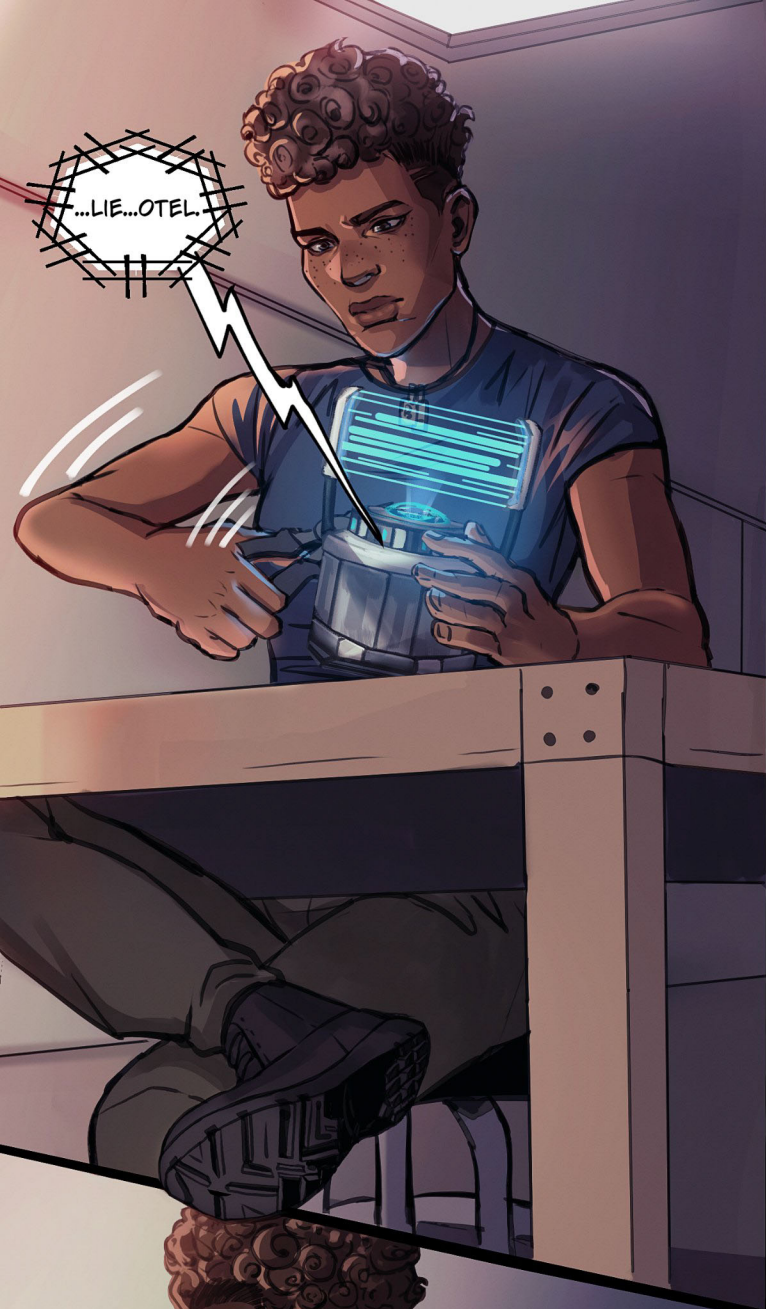


...FINE.

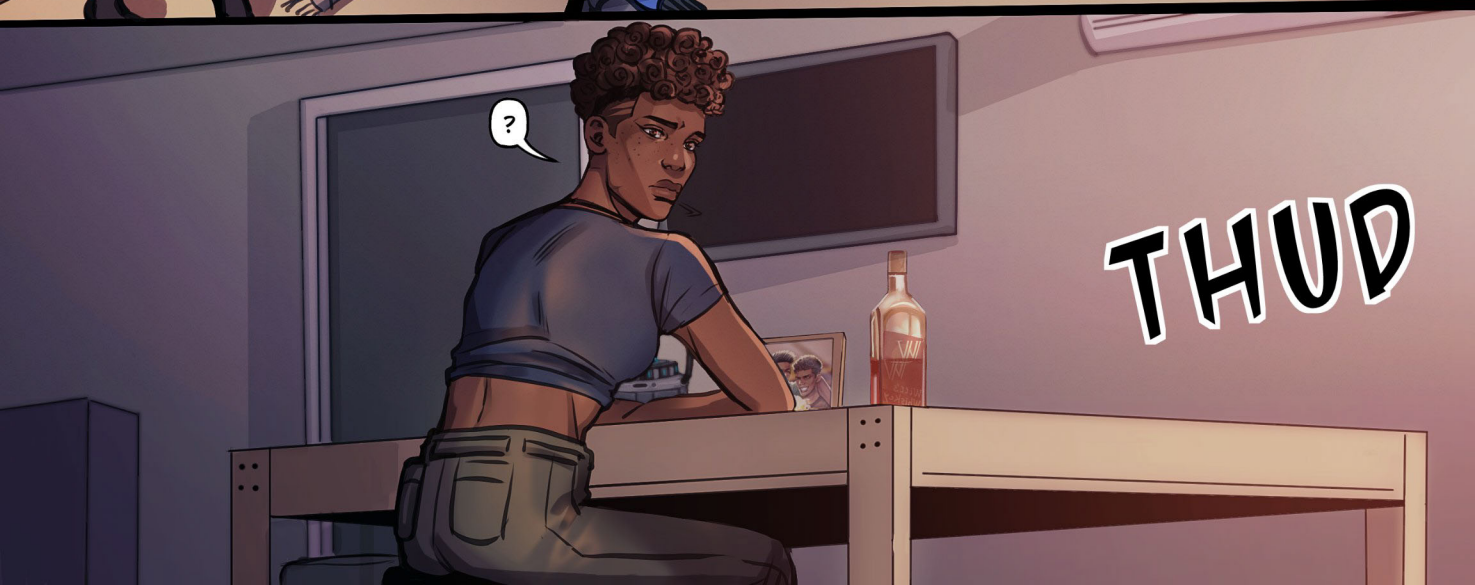
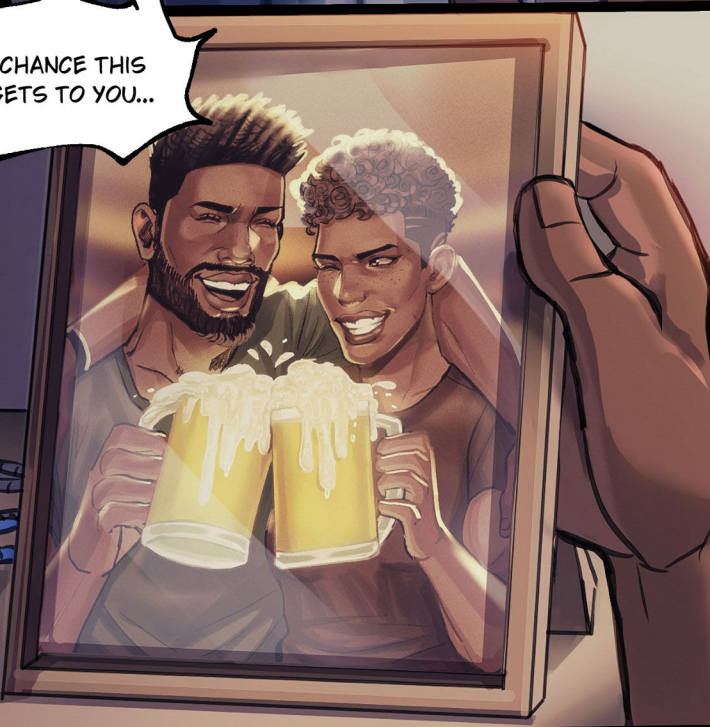
LET'S SEE IT THROUGH.

I'LL LET YOU KNOW WHAT I FIND.

SHUT



DECENT CHANCE THIS
NEVER GETS TO YOU...



THUD

