DAMNIT, SILVA, IS DIS REAL OR DIDJA MAKE IT ALL UP OUTTA BOREDOM? ANSWER YUH FLIPPIN' PHONE!
CHE!
Forget any of it ever happened. All's well that ends well... that's my happy ending.
EXCUSE ME. SORRY.
We kicked his ass. And now I get to go for a run.
My dad wasn't in this story. Never was, never will be. We got the bad guy.
AJAY! I GOT-_!
JEEZ AN AGES, WRAITH, YUH SCARED ME TO DEATH!
MORE INFECTIONS, EV'RY HOUR... BUT YUH GOT IT?
SORRY. THIS PLACE IS A ZOO!
CURRENT CONTACT INFO FOR ONE CHICO SAWTELLE, RIGHT HERE.
GOTTA GO! IF YOU SEE SILVA, TELL HIM TUH CALL ME!
WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH A TRASHY GOSSIP VLOGGER?
THIS ABOUT THE FUSE THING?
ARE YOU A DOCTOR? I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THREE HOURS...
DID YOU HEAR ME?
FIRE IN THE HOLE!
I SAID, ARE YOU A-?
CRACK
BOOM!!
CRACK
WAS THAT A BOMB? ARE WE UNDER ATTACK?!!
I DON'T THINK SO. THERE'S NO HEAT. NO FIRE. STAY HERE.

I KNOW A DOZEN WAYS TO KILL A MAN IN UNDER FIVE SECONDS,
AND I'M DYING TO TRY THEM ALL WITH A STETHOSCOPE.
!
I SHOULD'VE KNOWN
I'M GONNA REGRET THIS.
YOU WON'T REGRET THIS.
HI, BOYS. SEE THIS CARD? SAYS I'M A DOCTOR?
TOO LATE. ALREADY DO
I'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE.
BUT MS. ANDRADE SAID...
I'LL TALK TO MS. ANDRADE...
MUST BE A MASOCHIST TOO.
ALL THAT TIME WASTED MAKING SHIVS...
...JUST NEEDED TO WAVE ONE OF THESE IN SOMEONE'S FACE.
SHIT!
YEAH, WELL, KNOWING IS HALF THE BATTLE. 'SCUSE ME.
GOING SOMEWHERE?
LO SAID THEY'RE MAPPING OUT A PLAN. FINDING A CURE. I NEED TO BE THERE.
I JUST CAME FROM THERE. IT'S... TENSE. YOU SHOWING UP WON'T HELP THAT
WAIT, YOU WERE PART OF THIS MEETING OF THE MINDS?
THEY REALLY WERE DESPERATE. SEE YA, HEAD CASE.
SOONER THAN YOU THINK, IT SEEMS..
I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS
LOOK; I KNOW THIS IS FRUSTRATING, BUT WE DON'T KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT THESE SPORES TO LET YOU LEAVE—

NO, WHAT I NEED IS FOR YOU TO STOP TELLING ME WHAT I NEED AND LET ME LEAVE THE ROOM.
OKAY, YOU'RE CLEARLY UNHINGED. IF YOU THINK LOBA WILL LET YOU TRAVEL ACROSS THE OUTLANDS LIKE THIS--
GRAB!
I DON'T GIVE A DAMN WHAT LOBA WANTS, I'M NOT GOING TO LIE HERE, FEELING SORRY FOR MYSELF, WAITING TO DIE!
I DON'T GET OFF ON MY OWN MISERY....
...I'M NOT YOU, WRAITH.
!
THAT'S... IT...
YOU'RE HITTING BELOW THE BELT, WHICH MEANS THIS IS PERSONAL.
YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR DAMN--
WHAT AREN'T YOU TELLING ME? WHAT DID I DO TO YOU?
GRIP!
GRAB!
--MIND!!
THROW!
MAYBE...
...BUT I'M RIGHT ABOUT THIS.
?

YOU HATE MY GUTS.
WHY?
KICK!
JUMP!
LET'S SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO WITHOUT THOSE DAMN PORTALS, HUH?
I'M TRYING TO HELP YOU!
TURN
YOU'VE HELPED ENOUGH, DON'T YA THINK?!
WHAT DOES THAT EVEN MEAN?!
IT MEANS JACKSON SHOULD BE HERE TRYING TO STOP ME FROM LEAVING, BUT HE'S NOT, AND IT'S YOUR FAULT! YOU, WRAITH!
YOU'RE THE REASON I CAN'T FIND MY BROTHER!
NEXT: "WRONG WRAITH"