



YOU EVER THINK MAYBE I'M RIGHT?

NOT ONCE.



WHAT PART OF IT AM I MISSING OUT ON? THE POLLUTED AIR? THE ENDLESS NOISE? THE HUMAN CLUTTER MAYBE?

"THE HUMAN CLUTTER." THERE IT IS. YOU'VE REACHED UNABOMBER LEVEL MISANTHROPY.



YOU EVER READ HIS MANIFESTO? IT'S NOT THE CRAZIEST THING I'VE EV--

NOPE. STOP BEFORE YOU GET A VISIT FROM THE NSA.

THEY'D NEVER FIND ME.

CLAIRE, GIVE ME A SEC HERE...



JESUS!



MY HOUSE? VIOLATING MY PERSONAL SPACE? NOT SMART!

BOOM!



TAKE A SEAT. MIND THE GLASS. ALL I'VE GOT IS WATER AND KOMBUCHA AT THE MOMENT. OH, HOT TEA TOO.

BROKE MY OWN DAMN WINDOW FOR NOTHING.

WATER, YEAH, THANK YOU.

I'M JUST HERE TO ASK FOR HELP I DIDN'T MEAN TO BREAK INTO YOUR PLACE I NEEDED WATER I'VE BEEN IN THE FOREST FOR DAYS AND I KNOCKED BUT NO ONE WAS H--

HM, SO YOU'RE NOT HERE TO KILL ME?



WE COULD CALL A MEDIVAC HELICOPTER, BUT THEY END UP STICKING YOU WITH THE BILL BETTER YOU REST AND I'LL GUIDE YOU OUT IN THE MORNING.

WHAT'RE YOU DOING THIS FAR IN?



LOOKING FOR YOU.

THE FRONTIERSMAN.



ONE OF DERIDER'S ROBOTS WAS CREEPING AROUND.

I DON'T REMEMBER THE RIDER.

DERIDER. ROBOT GUY.



HE'S A ROBOT GUY? OR A GUY WHO BUILDS ROBOTS? OR BOTH?

HE'S BEEN A DEAD GUY FOR SOME TIME NOW. BEING A ROBOT MIGHT'VE WORKED BETTER FOR HIM, COME TO THINK OF IT.

IF HE'S DEAD, WHO SENT THE ROBOT?



HE SENT HUNDREDS AFTER ME. THIS ONE PROBABLY WORKED ITS WAY OUT OF A RIVERBED WHERE IT WAS STUCK THE PAST TEN YEARS.



MAYBE IT HAD A MESSAGE FOR YOU.

I TRIED TALKING WITH ONE. IT CALLED ME 'DISAPPOINTING FLESH' AND HIT ME SO HARD I PISSED BLOOD THE NEXT DAY.



'DISAPPOINTING FLESH.' I LIKE IT. CAN I CALL YOU THAT FROM NOW ON?



SURE...



CALL YOU BACK.

WHAT NOW? MORE ROBO-CLIK



TURN

