

# Document Title

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"PAURA."



DATO CHE  
TEORICA-  
MENTE IL  
CUSTODE SEI TU,  
ESIGO DI TROVARTI  
AD ATTENDERCI!

CERTO, ZIO.  
STÀ  
TRANQUILLO!

E GUAI A TE,  
SE TI RIPESCO  
A RONFARE QUANDO  
IL SOLE È GIÀ ALTO!

SE IL BUON  
GIORNO SI VEDE  
DAL MATTINO...

UN BUON CAFFÈ  
MI RENDRÀ IL  
BUONUMORE.

INVECE...

NON CE N'È  
NEANCHE UN  
CUCCHIAINO!  
PEGGIORMENTE  
NON È LA  
MIA GIORNATA.

PAZIENZA. PERCHÉ  
ANGUSTIARSI PER UNA  
TAZZINA DI CAFFÈ...

... QUANDO SI HA A DISPOSIZIO-  
NE UN'INTELLIGENZA  
ARTIFICIALE CHE PREPA-  
RA COLAZIONI SON-  
TUOSE?

THE QUEEN ORDERED THAT MEN GO OUT AND FIND THE STRANGER. AND THEY HUNTED IN THE FORESTS AND ON THE MOUNTAINS, AND IN THE DESERTS, BUT THEY COULD NOT FIND THE MAN.

AND NADA WEPT INSIDE, FOR SHE KNEW THAT SHE HAD FOUND HER LOVE, AND LOST HIM.



SHE WENT INTO THE FOREST, UNTIL SHE FOUND THE KING OF THE BIRDS, AND SHE TOLD THE KING OF THE BIRDS HER STORY.

BE HE MAN, OR BE HE GOD...

(FOR IN THOSE DAYS THE GODS STILL WALKED THE EARTH, AND WORE FLESH, AND THEY MADE THEIR HOMES IN THE HOT LANDS OF THE NORTH)



...I WILL FIND HIM FOR YOU, NADA, FOR ARE WE NOT KINGS AND QUEENS TOGETHER?

AND THE GREAT BIRD SUMMONED ALL THE BIRDS OF THE AIR TO HIS THRONE, AND HE DEMANDED OF ALL OF THEM,

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN?



AND EACH BIRD SAID "NO", UNTIL IT SEEMED THAT THERE WERE NO BIRDS LEFT.

BUT THERE WAS ONE MORE BIRD, A WHITE WEAVERBIRD, SO TINY THEY HAD OVERLOOKED IT.

"LITTLE WEAVERBIRD?" SAID THE BIRD KING, "HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN?"





NOW WHO'D  
WANT TO CENSOR  
LITTLE OLD ME?

HAS  
EVERYBODY  
GONE **NUTS?**  
WHAT IN **HELL**  
IS GOING  
**ON?**

JUST WHEN YOU  
THOUGHT IT WAS SAFE  
TO GET OFF YOUR SORRY  
**BUTT** AND HAUL IT OUT OF  
THE **HOUSE**, WE'VE GOT  
**CRAZY PEOPLE** RUNNING  
AROUND IN **COSTUMES**  
THAT LOOK LIKE THEY'RE  
**SPRAYED ON!**

ARE THEY  
**HEROES**--OR  
ARE THEY **ASS-**  
**HOLES?**

I THINK  
THIS WHOLE  
**SUPERHERO**  
THING IS  
PLAYING  
WITH THE  
**PUBLIC**.

JUST  
LOOK AT THE  
**POLES**.

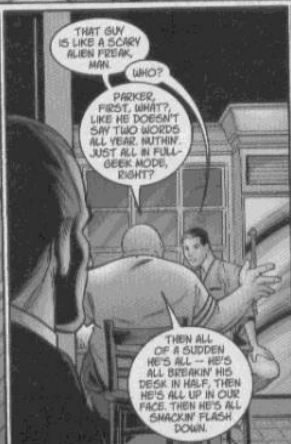
OH,  
PISH-  
TOSH.

THE **AMERICAN**  
PEOPLE ARE A PROOF-  
ING PACK OF **TROGLDYTES**.  
THIS IS **EXHIBITIONISM**,  
PURE AND SIMPLE.

**SYMPTOMATIC**  
OF THE **COARSENING**  
OF OUR CULTURE.

WHAT'S  
THAT MEAN?  
WHAT'S HE  
**TALKING**  
ABOUT?









Uh-- why do you think she came over your house?



I don't know.

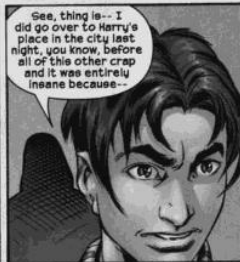


You uh-- you never called back.



Listen...

...I need to tell you something more important than any of this.



See, thing is-- I did go over to Harry's place in the city last night, you know, before all of this other crap and it was entirely insane because--



Hey, it's my own personal super hero!

Ow! Agh!