



WAITING.

WAITING.

WAITING...



WAITING.

WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU?



I'VE BEEN WAITING MY WHOLE LIFE.

OR AT LEAST EVER SINCE THE BOMB DROPPED.



ME AND ALICE THOUGHT WE'D BEEN LUCKY SIMPLY TO HAVE SURVIVED. BUT IT TURNED OUT WE WERE JUST WAITING FOR THE RADIATION TO TAKE HOLD.

WE COULD SEE PEOPLE'S THOUGHTS. EVERYONE'S. AND AT FIRST IT WAS WEIRD. THEN IT WAS FUN.



AND THEN IT WAS TERRIFYING, AS PEOPLE DISCOVERED WHAT WE COULD DO. AND HATED US FOR IT.

AND THEY CAME FOR US. ME AND ALICE.

I HAD NO CHOICE...

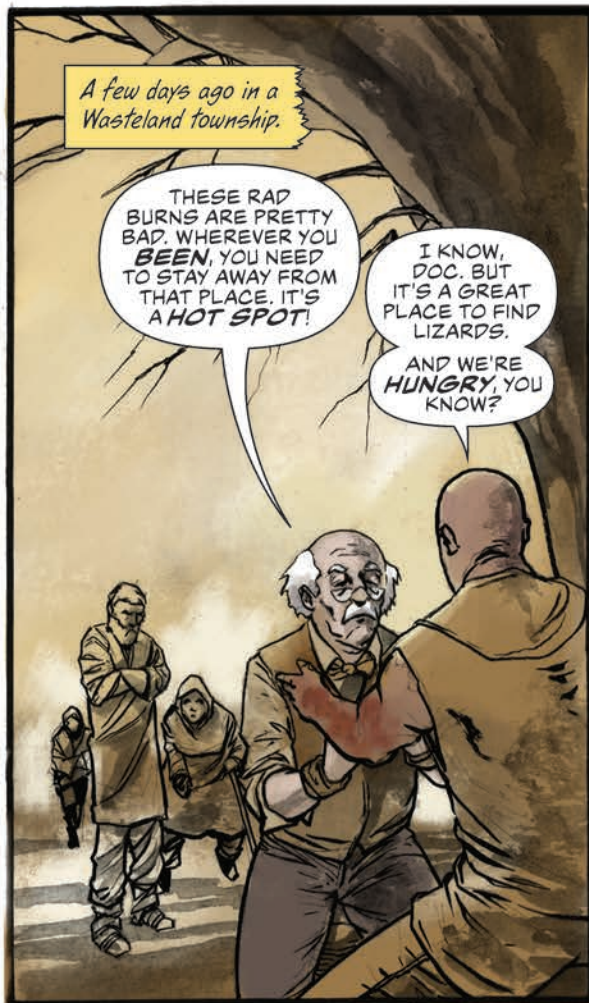
RICKY!
HELP ME!



I RAN.

RAN
HERE.

THE
WASTELAND.





THIS DOES LOOK WORRISOME, YOUNG MAN. A BROKEN BONE OUT **HERE** IS A SERIOUS MATTER.

I'M **GLAD** YOU CAME TO SEE ME...



WOW. YOU'RE SOME SORT OF **GANGSTER**, RIGHT?

I'VE NEVER SEEN...SO MANY VIVIDLY VIOLENT MEMORIES.



AND **WHAT** DO WE HAVE HERE, MR. **GANGSTER**?



...PRE-WAR **GOLD**? WHERE...

WHERE THE **HELL** IS THIS RIGHT NOW? TELL ME, WHERE **IS** IT?



IT AIN'T MY **GOLD**, DOC. I'M BEING PAID TO DELIVER IT TO...**TITUS GRAVES**...



TITUS GRAVES?! THE WASTELAND WARLORD...

A MAN SO GRUESOME FEW HAVE EVER **LAI**D EYES ON HIS MUTATED AND METAL-COVERED FACE AND SURVIVED.



CROSS HIM, THEY SAY, AND HE'LL SKIN AND **SALT** YOU...LEAVE YOU TO COOK IN THE SUN OUTSIDE HIS **LAIR**.





THE DEEPER YOU GO INTO THE WASTELAND, THE DEADER AND FLATTER IT GETS.

NOTHING CAN SURVIVE HERE. NO PLANTS. NO ANIMALS. NOTHING EXCEPT THE **WARLORD** IN HIS **CASTLE**.



TIME HAS A WAY OF TAKING **TIME**...HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN RIDING? RIDING WITH NOTHING TO KEEP ME COMPANY...

...NOTHING BUT HALLUCINATIONS AND **GHOSTS**.



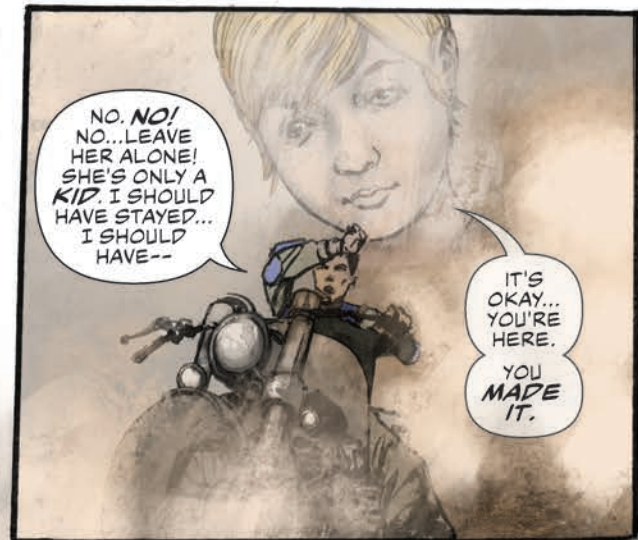
RICKY...



GET OUT OF OUR **HEADS**. YOU LITTLE FREAK **BASTARDS**.

YOU BETTER **RUN**. YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT WE'RE GONNA DO TO YOU. MUTANT **MINDREADING** LITTLE SHITS!

HELP ME! RICKY!



NO. **NO!** NO...LEAVE HER ALONE! SHE'S ONLY A **KID**. I SHOULD HAVE STAYED... I SHOULD HAVE--

IT'S OKAY... YOU'RE HERE. YOU **MADE** IT.



I'M DOING THIS ALL FOR YOU, ALICE. I'M COMIN' **BACK**.

THIS MUCH GOLD...I CAN **BUY** MY WAY BACK INTO LA. **FIND** YOU...



JUST...**ONE** MORE THING TO DO.



KNOCK KNOCK

ONE MORE THING.





COME IN.
I'VE BEEN...
EXPECTING
YOU!

TITUS
GRAVES, I
PRESUME?





I AM.
AND YOU DON'T GET
A SECOND QUESTION,
BOY!

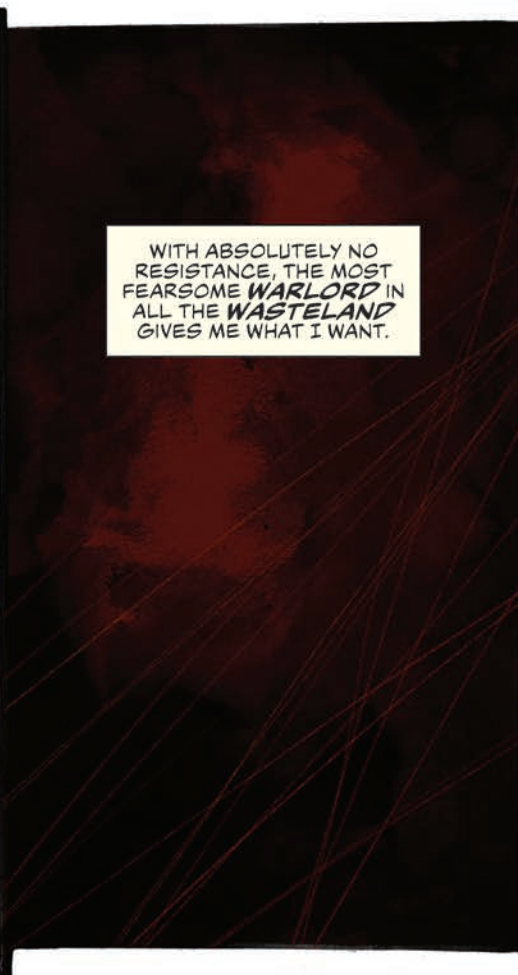


SHHHH...



JUST TELL
ME THE NUMBER.
THE NUMBER THAT
OPENS THIS
CASE. IT'S ALL
I WANT.

AND HE
DOES.



WITH ABSOLUTELY NO
RESISTANCE, THE MOST
FEARSOME *WARLORD* IN
ALL THE *WASTELAND*
GIVES ME WHAT I WANT.



AND WITH
THAT...MY
WAIT IS
OVER.



?



RAISE YOUR HEAD. RAISE YOUR FACE. YOUR EYES...
TELL ME WHO YOU THINK YOU ARE.

I DON'T... I DON'T UNDERSTA--



IT TOOK ME *YEARS* TO FIGURE OUT THAT I COULD MAKE PEOPLE SEE WHAT-EVER I WANTED THEM TO *SEE* WHEN THEY *LOOKED* AT ME.

A TALENT THAT MAYBE MIGHT HAVE SAVED US...WHEN THE GROWN-UPS ON EVERY STREET WERE *SHOUTING* AT US. SCREAMING 'MUTANT'. CALLING US *FREAKS*.



IT'S *WHY* I RAN. THEY HATED US *SO MUCH*. I WAS *SO SCARED*...



...WHAT?

