



IT'S THE WEEKEND!



IT'S CONVENTION WEEKEND!



HEY!

I'M NOT GOING TO THE CON WITH YOU IF YOU'RE GOING TO DRESS LIKE A DORK!

ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE OKAY WITH THE KIDS, BY YOURSELF, ALL WEEKEND?

SURE!

THEY'RE GOOD KIDS, AND I'M A GREAT DAD.

BESIDES, YOU NEED A BREAK.

ENJOY SOME TIME TO YOURSELF.

I GUESS IT'S HARD TO WHEN YOU'RE SO USED TO WORRYING.

BESIDES, IF ANYONE KIDNAPS THEM, REMEMBER:

"I DO HAVE A VERY PARTICULAR SET OF SKILLS..."

BRITISH ACCENT →

HAR HAR.

GO ON.



HEY, VAULT GIRL!
AWESOME
LOOKING LASER
RIFLE!

THANKS. MY
SISTER
MADE IT
FOR ME.




I JUST
NEED TO
PEACE
BOND THAT
FOR YOU.

WOW, IT'S
WEIGHTY!
LIKE A
REAL GUN-



ZWOP!



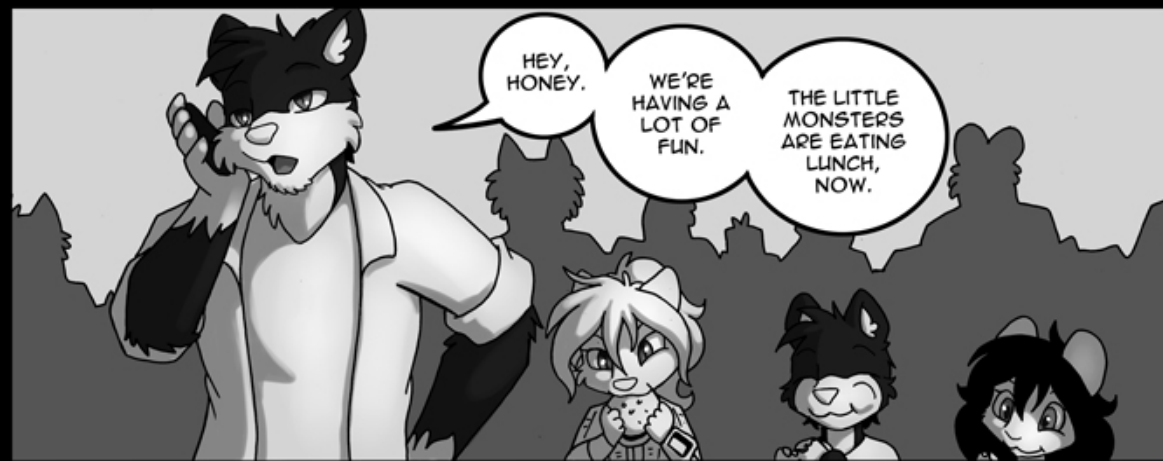
I HAD **NO**
IDEA THAT
WOULD
HAPPEN!



I WILL
TRADE
YOU MY
CAR FOR
THIS GUN.

RIGHT

NOW.



HEY,
HONEY.

WE'RE
HAVING A
LOT OF
FUN.

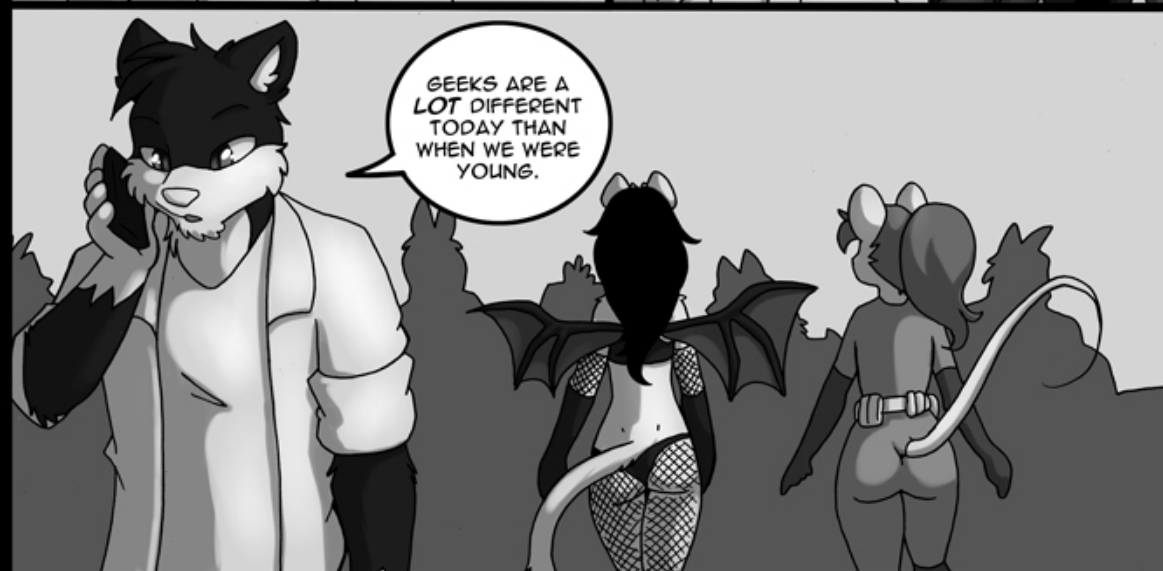
THE LITTLE
MONSTERS
ARE EATING
LUNCH,
NOW.



THIS PLACE
IS PRETTY
NEAT AND
HARMLESS.

JUST GEEKS
BEING GEEKS,
PRETTY
MUCH.

YEAH.



GEEKS ARE A
LOT DIFFERENT
TODAY THAN
WHEN WE WERE
YOUNG.



WHAT A DAY!



NOW I JUST WANT TO SIT IN THE HOTEL ROOM AND READ ALL THE CRAP I BOUGHT UNTIL I FALL ASLEEP!



WHICH BED DO YOU WANT?

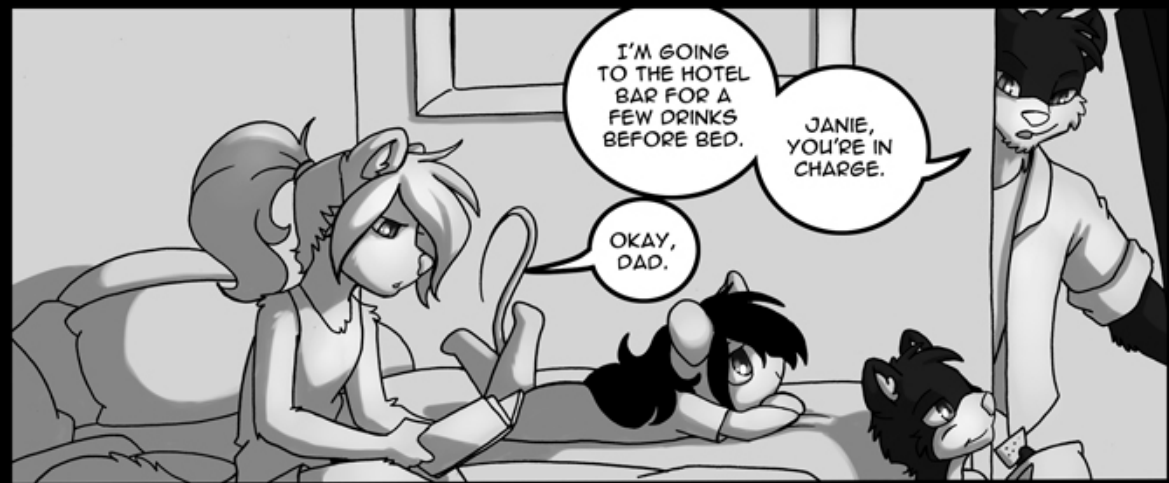


I'LL TAKE THIS ONE.

IT SEEMS TO HAVE FEWER PILLOWS.



SERIOUSLY?





BETH?

FISK.

WOW!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

KIDS ARE SLEEPING OFF THE CON UPSTAIRS.

GOSH, IT'S BEEN YEARS!

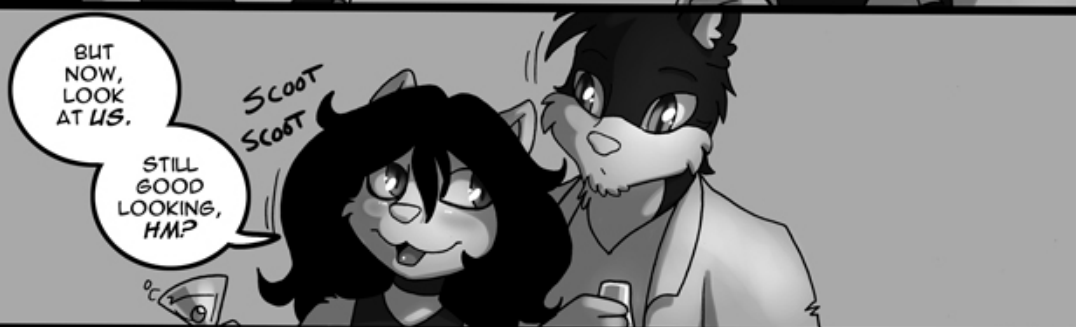
LET ME LOOK AT YOU.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I HAVE A FEW PIECES IN THE ART SHOW.

JUST LOOK FOR WHATEVER *ISN'T* A GIRL IN BIKINI ARMOR, OR A DRAGON HATCHING FROM AN EGG.

MMM...



C'MON.

YOU'RE DRUNK
AND I'M MARRIED.

LET'S GET YOU TO BED.

YES.

NOT LIKE THAT.

YOUR ROOM IS DOWN HERE?

COME ON IN!

WE'RE NOT DONE TALKING

LET'S JUST TALK THROUGH YOUR ROOM DOOR.

WHY?

BECAUSE I HAVE A BONER THAT COULD KILL A MOOSE.

BUT...

THE NEXT MORNING

NNN...

FUCK.



YOU HIT THE SAUCE
HARD LAST NIGHT.
DRINK THIS
WHEN YOU WAKE
UP. IT'LL HELP
-FISK

AWW.

FUCK.

HOW
ARE YOU
FEELING?

AW
HELL.

SORRY IF I
WAS CRAZY
LAST NIGHT.

IT'S ALL
RIGHT.

YOU *DID*
SEEM
PRETTY
RILED UP.

I'VE BEEN
IN ALL KINDS
OF CONFLICT
SINCE ARON
LEFT.

SOMETIMES
I ACT OUT.

PRETTY HOT
AND READY
TO GO,
ACTUALLY...

YOU WERE
PRACTICALLY
SLIDING OFF
YOUR *CHAIR*.

I GET
IT!

SINCE ARON LEFT, I'VE JUST PROWLED AROUND.

EVERYTHING'S EXCITING, BUT NOTHING'S FULFILLING.

HOW SO?

YOU FIND EXCITING PEOPLE, AND YOU DO EXCITING THINGS.

BUT YOU NEVER MAKE A **CONNECTION** WITH ANY OF THEM.

YOU'RE HAPPIER ABOUT THE THINGS YOU'RE DOING, THAN THE **PERSON** YOU'RE DOING THEM WITH.

AS YOU GET OLDER, YOU REALIZE YOUR LOVE LIFE HAS AN EXCITING FACADE, BUT IS **HOLLOW** INSIDE.

MAYBE THERE'S SOME WEIRD PART OF ME THAT HATES YOUR MARRIAGE.

LIKE, NOTHING THAT SEEMS THAT GOOD CAN **POSSIBLY** BE ABOVE CORRUPTION.



THAT'S SURPRISING.


AN ATTRACTIVE PERSON LIKE YOU SHOULD HAVE HER PICK.

PICK FROM WHAT?




IT'S NOT ABOUT FINDING SOMEONE WHO WANTS ME.

IT'S ABOUT FINDING SOMEONE I WANT.



I SEE GREAT COUPLES AND I GET JEALOUS.

I WONDER HOW THEY DO IT.



DO GREAT, STIMULATING, INTERESTING AVAILABLE PEOPLE REALLY HAVE TO BE THAT RARE?

IS IT JUST FUCK BUDDIES FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE?

IF THIS WERE A MOVIE, OR A COMIC, AN INTERESTING FELLOW I'D NEVER SUSPECT WOULD SHOW UP AS THE PERFECT ENDING.

BUT EXISTENCE ISN'T THAT CLEAN CUT!

C'MON. THERE'S A LID FOR EVERY POT.

THAT'S JUST A TRITE SENTENCE, FISK.

THERE ARE NO GUARANTEES IN LIFE!

I COULD SETTLE FOR ANOTHER MAN-CHILD IN MY LIFE.

BE SORTA OKAY...

... WONDER IF ANYTHING OUT THERE IS BETTER!

I'M GOING TO DRINK.

BETH...

NOPE!

DAD, WHY ARE YOU STILL UP?

HEY, PUMPKIN.

JUST THINKING ABOUT GROWN UP STUFF.

WHAT STUFF?


HMMM.

YOU LIVE LONG ENOUGH, YOU REALIZE YOU'VE MADE A LOT OF DECISIONS.

SOMETIMES YOU WONDER HOW LIFE WOULD HAVE BEEN IF YOU'D MADE A FEW OF THEM DIFFERENTLY.

OF COURSE IT DOES.

OH, WELL IF IT'S ANY CONSOLATION, THIS REMINDS ME OF THE INFINITE MULTIVERSE THEORY ...



THE THEORY GOES:
EVERY DECISION
YOU COULD HAVE
MADE DIFFERENTLY
WAS MADE IN AN
*ALTERNATE
UNIVERSE.*

THESE ARE
PARALLEL TIME-
LINES THAT
BRANCH OFF
EVERY TIME AN
OPTION IS
TAKEN.



SOMEWHERE,
SOMEHOW, THERE
EXISTS A PARALLEL
UNIVERSE WHERE
YOU *ZIBBED*
INSTEAD OF
ZAGGED.

*INFINITELY
EXPANDING,
INCREASING IN
NUMBER...*



THAT'S
ALL RIGHT,
MUFFIN.



I DON'T
WANT TO
PONDER A
UNIVERSE
WHERE I DON'T
HAVE YOU
KIDS.