



Dee, who are you??!!

What am I to you?



Great, now you're all riled up...

Maybe answer a question!

Pick one! Any one!

I-I don't really know you, Naomi.

Go.

We don't—we really don't mean a thing to each other.

OH MY GOD!

You're lying—



I-I just have—

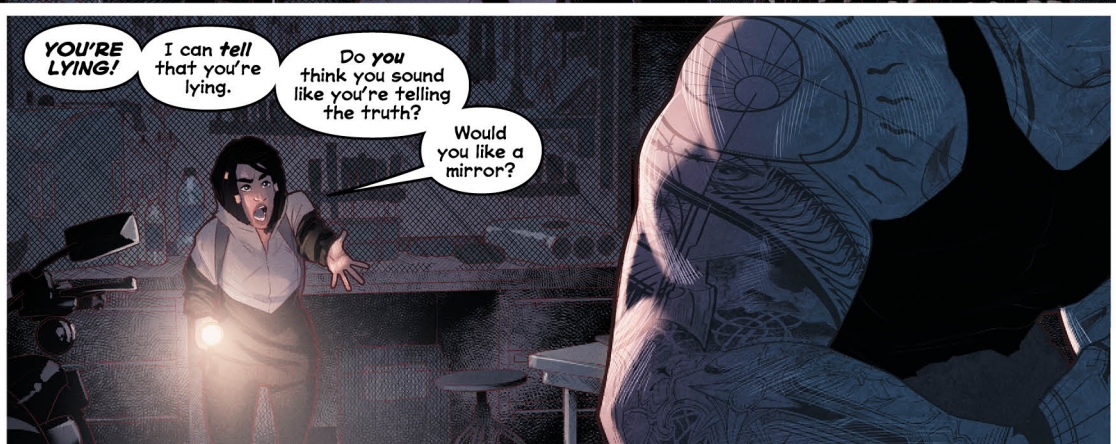
—terribly!

They call them social anxiety issues and you're—

Oh my god!

Because this is my space-mine.

And it's all I have and—you're some kid—

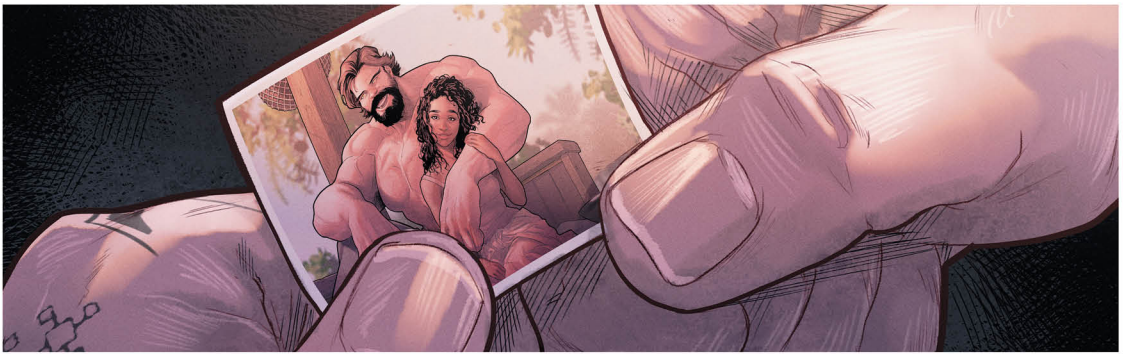
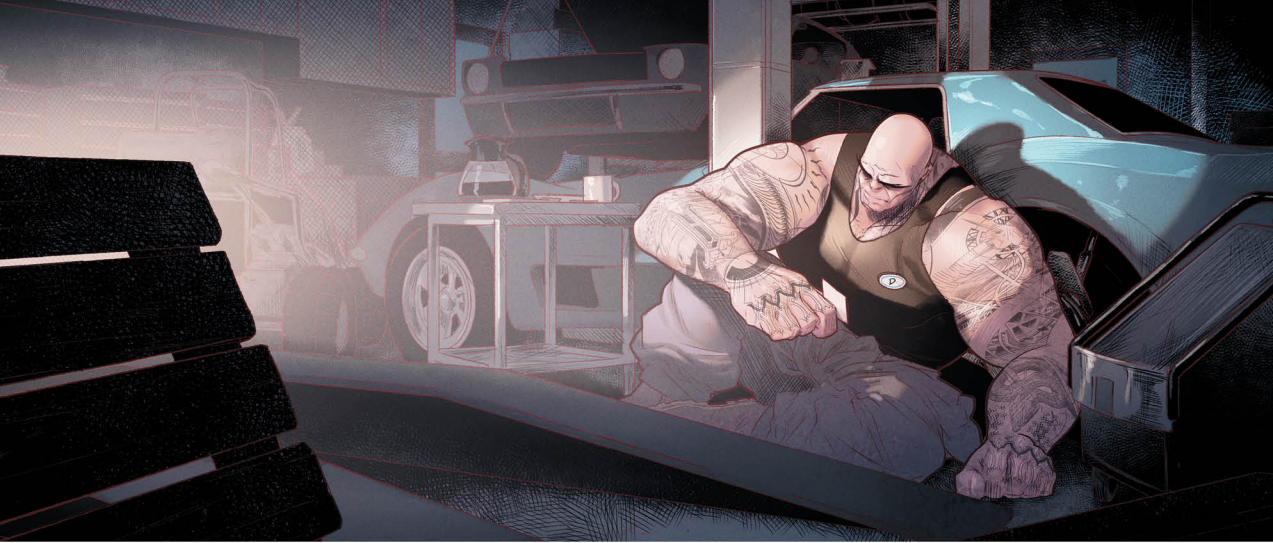


YOU'RE LYING!

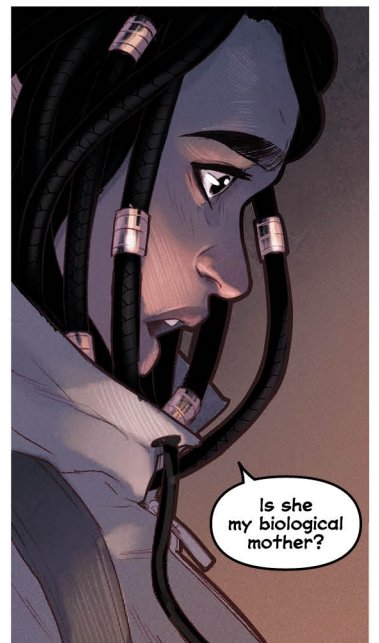
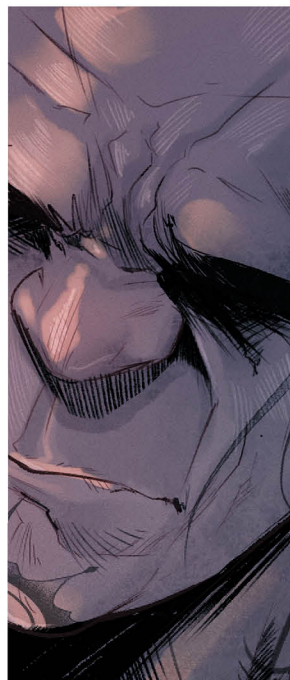
I can tell that you're lying.

Do you think you sound like you're telling the truth?

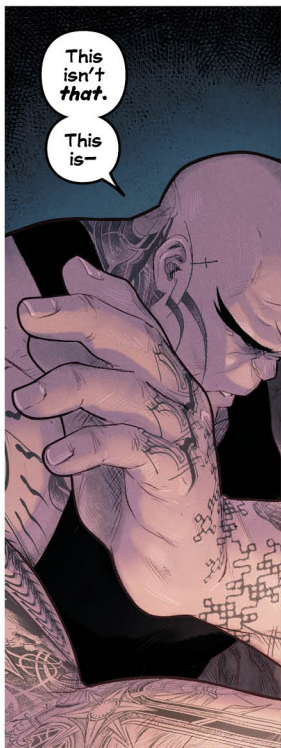
Would you like a mirror?



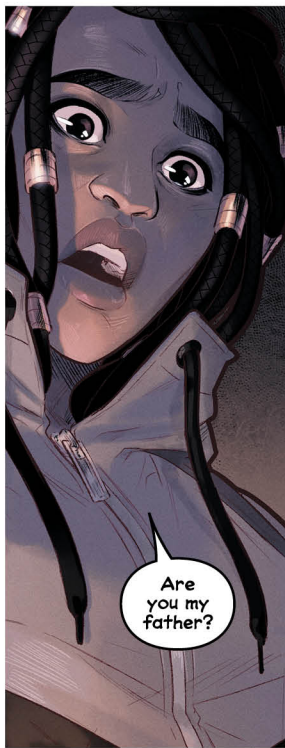
Who is she?



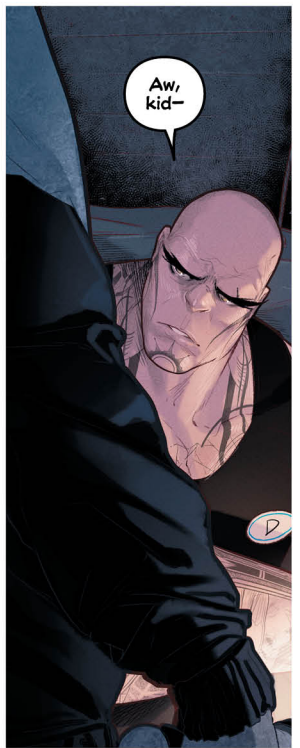
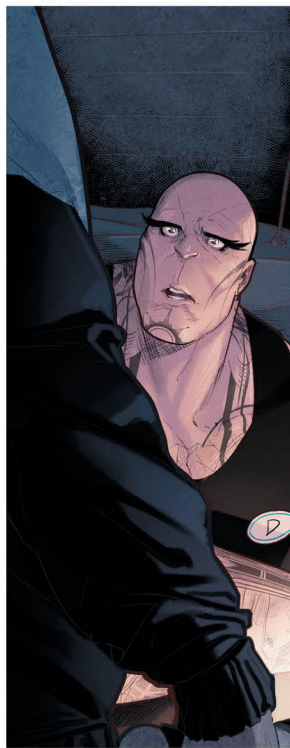
Is she my biological mother?



This isn't *that*.
This is—



Are you my father?



Aw, kid—



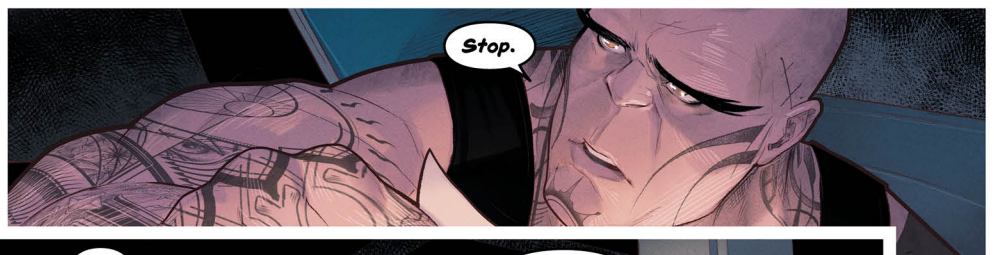
You know the date of my adoption!

You've been watching me all this time! Keeping an eye on me for— for *what*?

From a distance because *why*?

Too scared to— to *face* me? Or raise me yourself?

You! You run away—



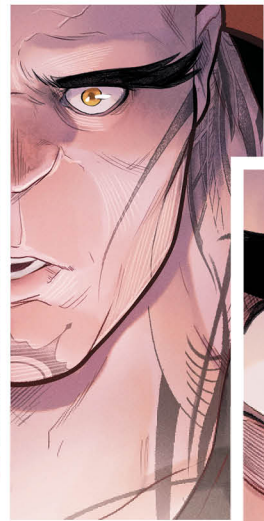
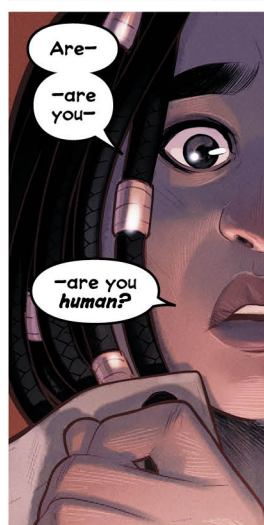
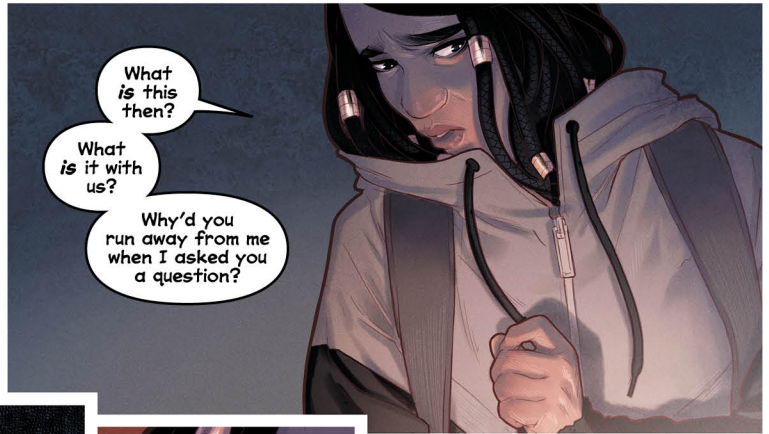
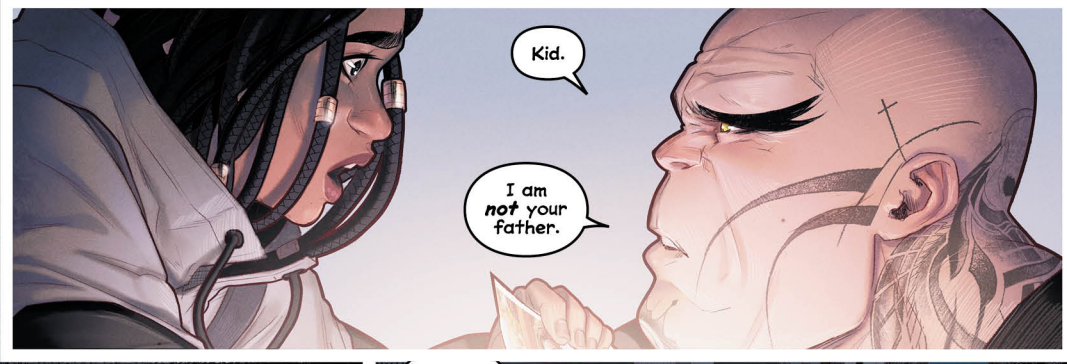
Stop.



No!
What happened to her? My mother?

Why did you put me up for adoption? What happened to her?

Where is she?



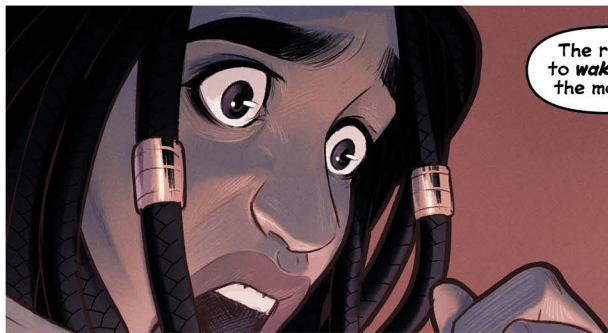


My life, before I came here, was so different...

...I don't think I could explain it to you no matter how long I tried...

Not just the surroundings, the air, the smells...

...it's... the-the reason for being.



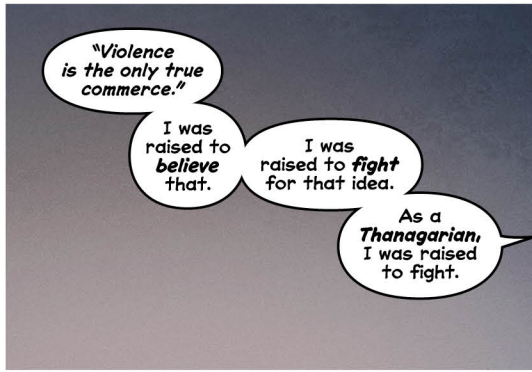
The reason to *wake up* in the morning.

Even the idea of waking up in *the morning*.

It's *all* different here.

Everything about my place in the Multiverse is different now...

Mu-multiverse?

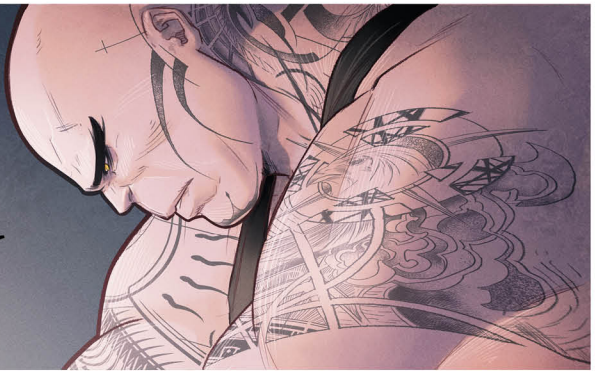


"Violence is the only true commerce."

I was raised to *believe* that.

I was raised to *fight* for that idea.

As a *Thanagarian*, I was raised to fight.



Were you, like, a-a soldier or something?

"Soldier" is—that's a term only heard *here*.

I was—yes.

A soldier...

...or something...

