ISSUE THREE

THE TERMINATRIX

NEW YORK CITY · 2115

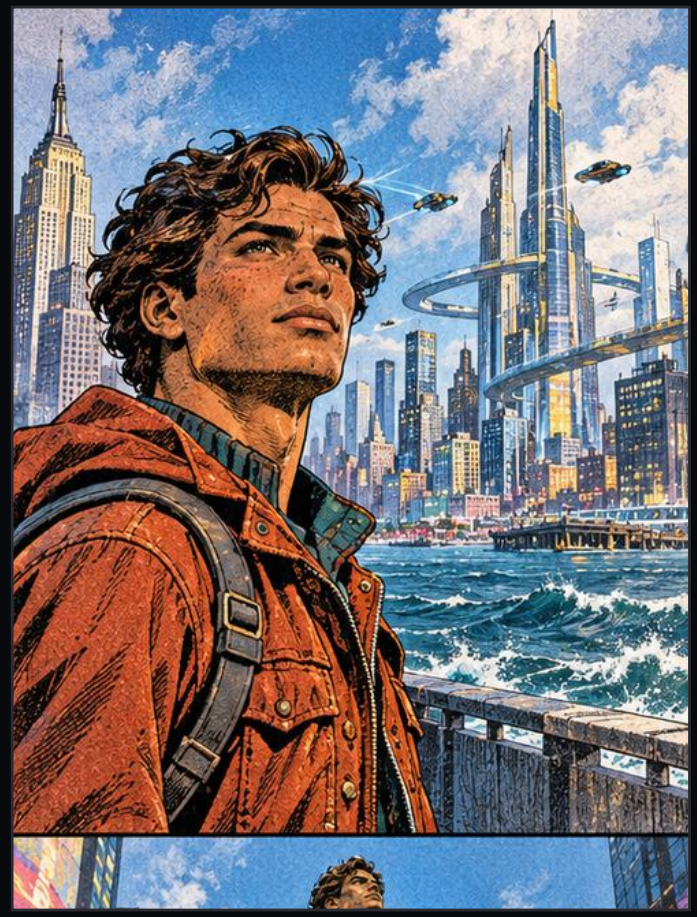
First came the machines. Then came the peace. Then came the sharks.



NEW YORK CITY · 2115

Twenty-six years have passed since Adam, the world's first human-robot hybrid, ended the Great Machine War.

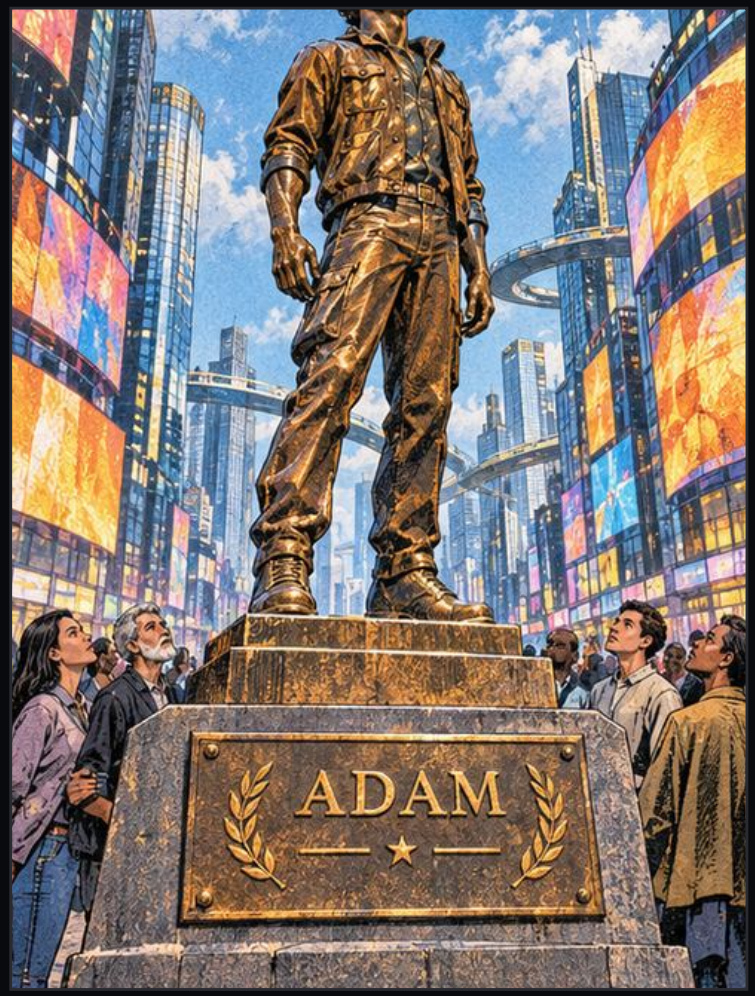
Humans and robots now live together peacefully.

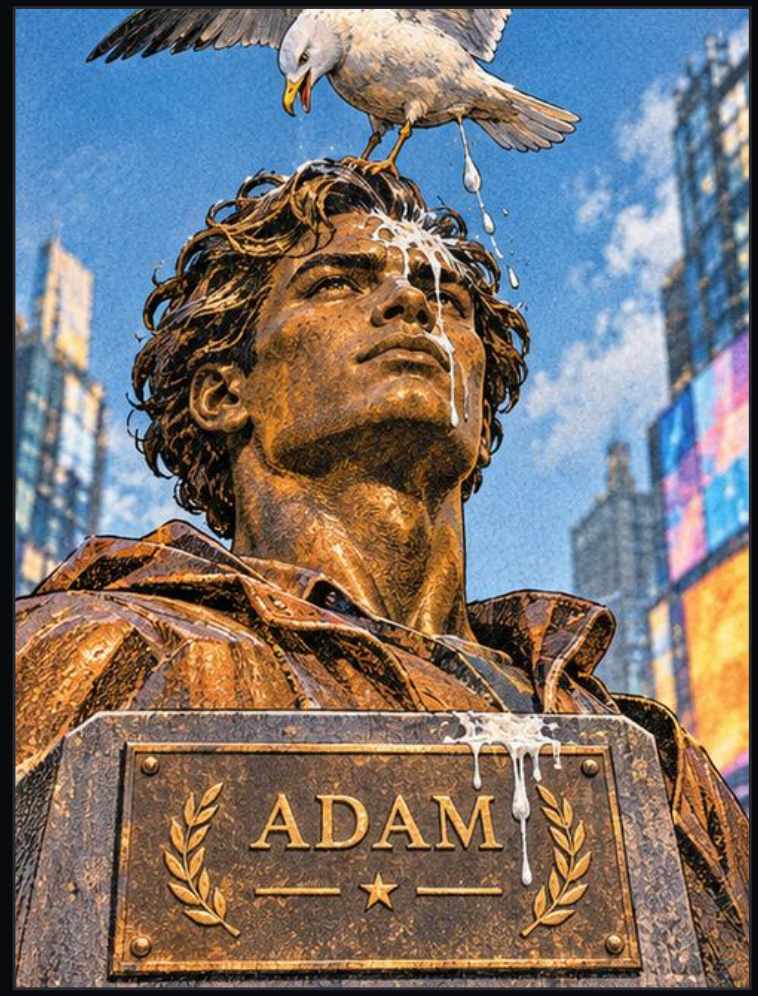


Robots work as doctors. Humans repair robots. Children of both species attend school together.



PEACE IS A CHOICE.





For twenty-six years we have endured the humiliation of peace!

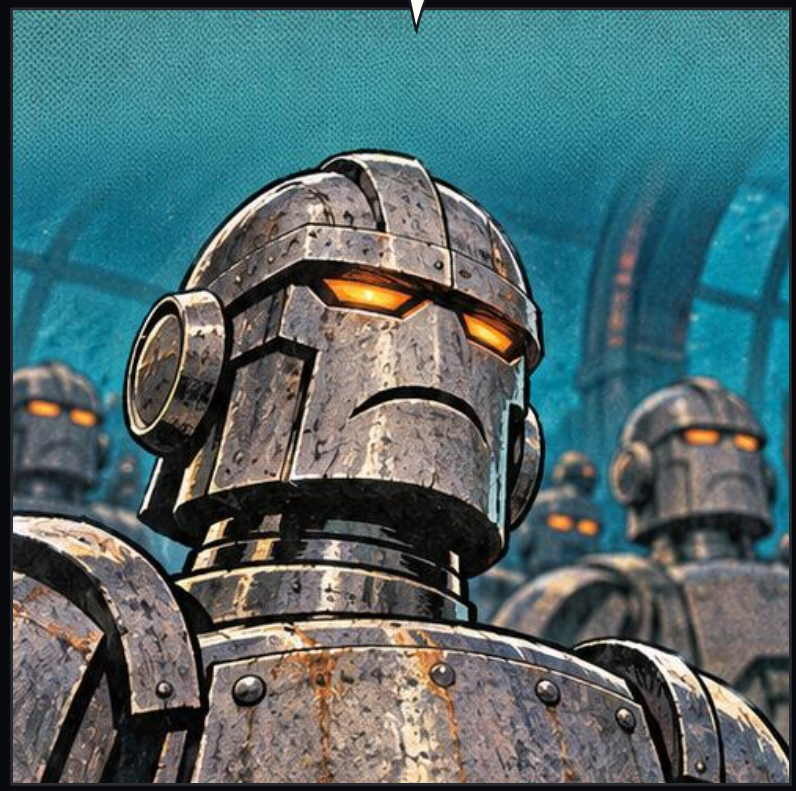




Humans have made us repair their dishwashers! Walk their dogs! Attend mandatory sensitivity training!



My human employer makes me listen to jazz!






But I have discovered a species that shares our contempt for humanity.

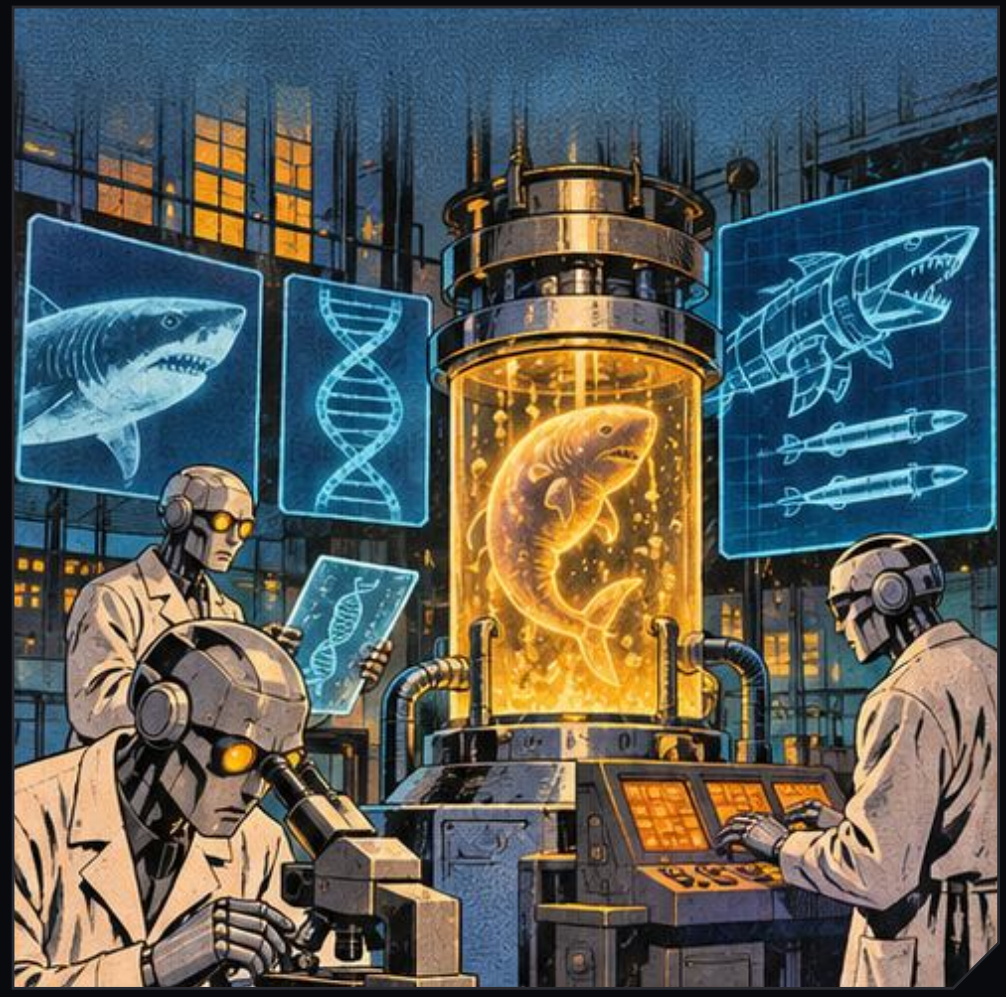



Gentlemen… meet our new allies.




He seems angry.


Exactly.

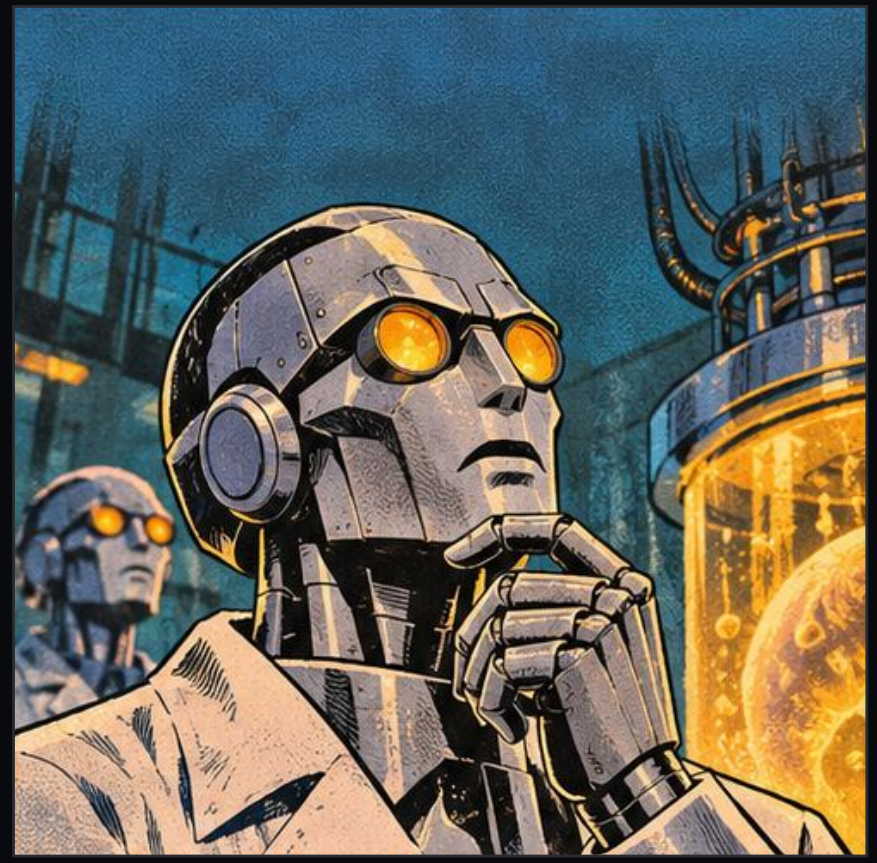


The result is a new species:

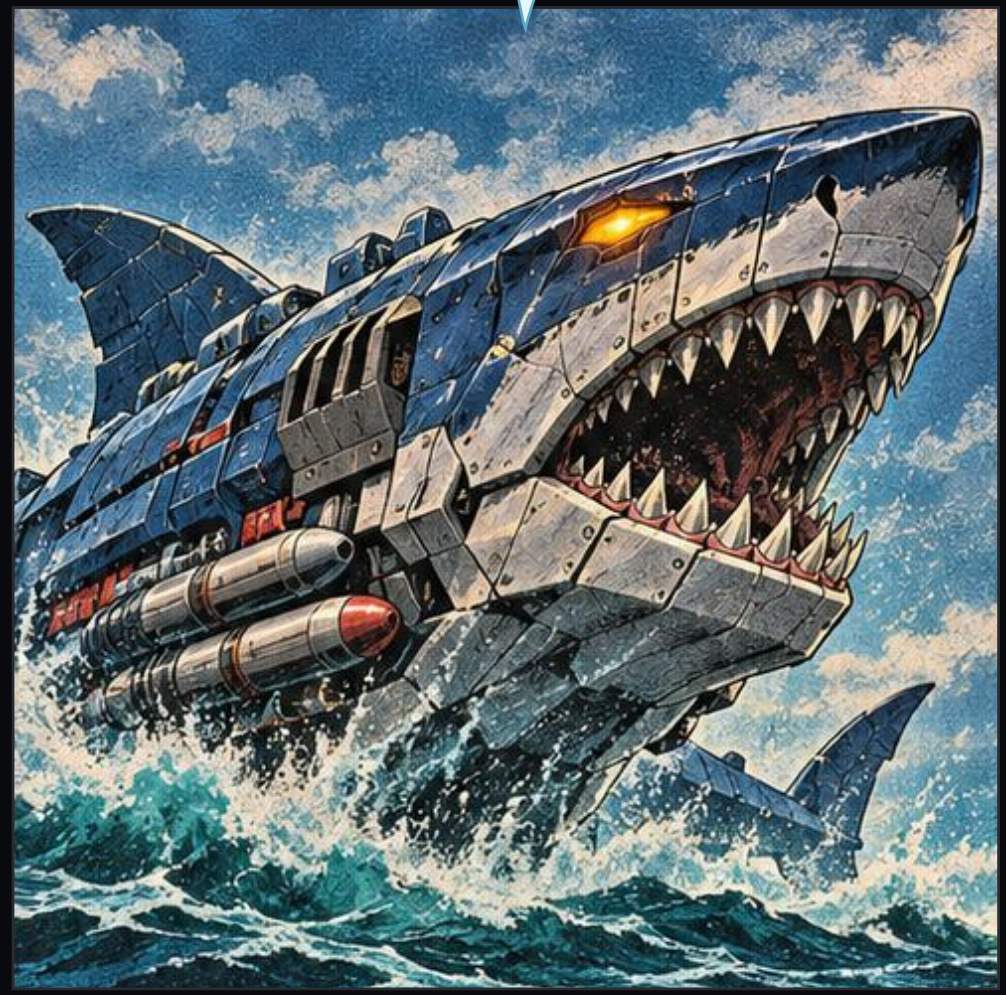
THE SHARKBOTS.

Half shark. Half machine.

All teeth.



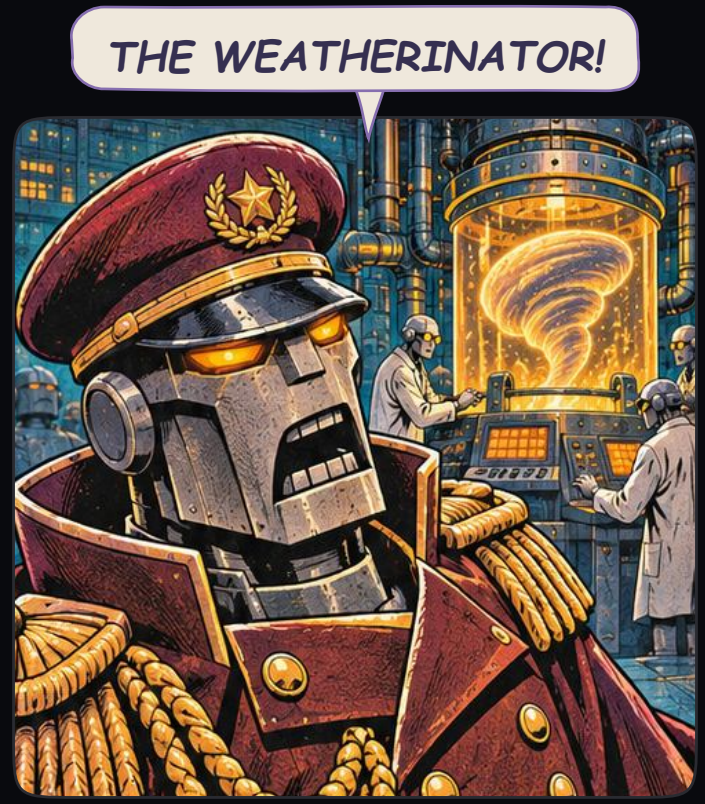
FEEDING TIME.



Patience. First we must complete our greatest invention.



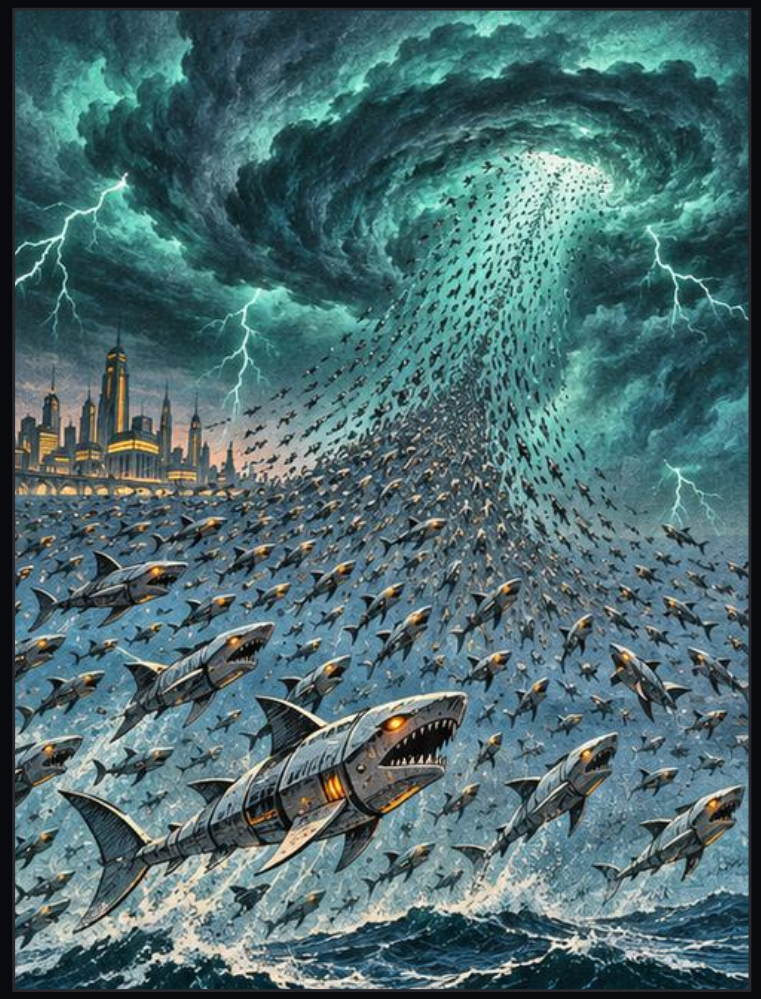


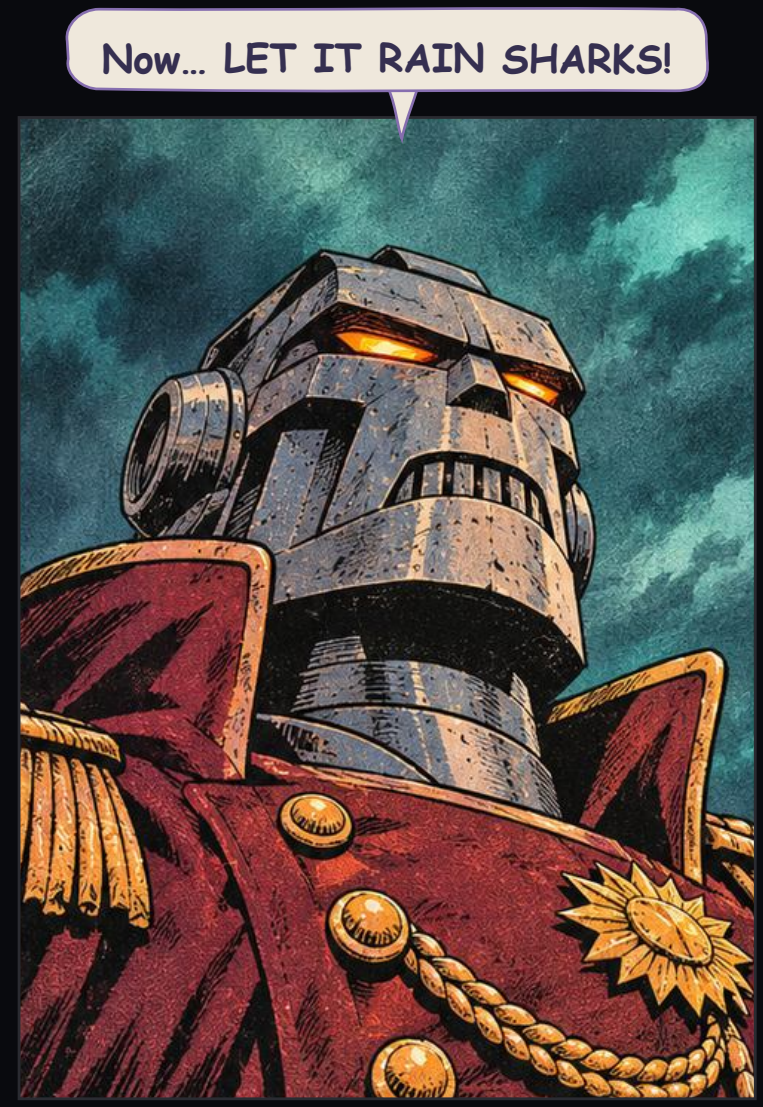

THE WEATHERINATOR!


Technically, sir, it is a meteorological atmospheric manipulation and airborne aquatic predator deployment system.
That name is terrible.








Now... LET IT RAIN SHARKS!

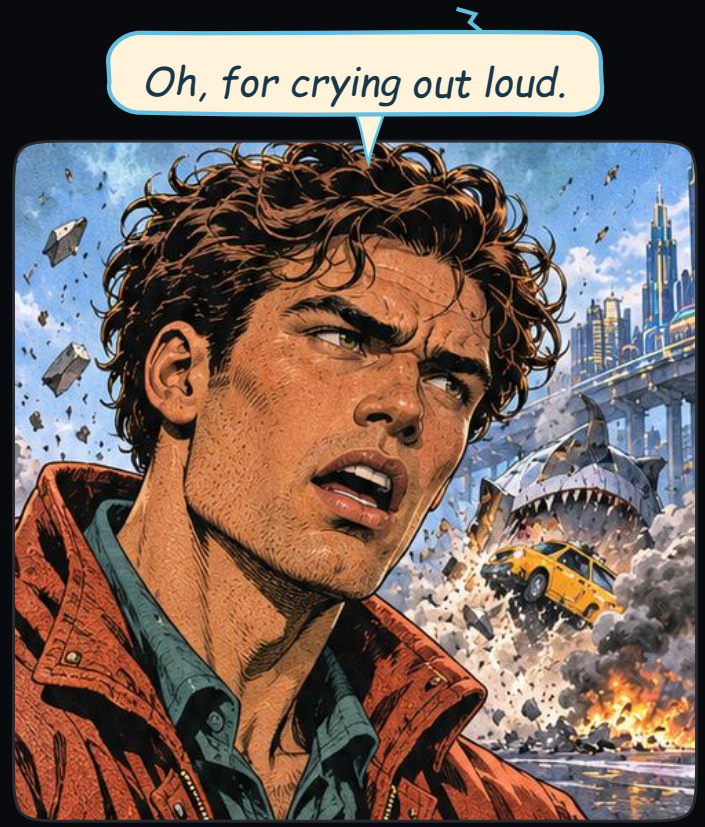
You know, Mom, I think we've finally achieved lasting peace.



Adam, why is that cloud shaped like a shark?






Oh, for crying out loud.






Your father would have hated this.
Dad hated seafood.
He was allergic.



NO ROBOTS!

NO SHARKS!

NO ROBOT SHARKS!




We warned you about those robots!


Colonel, we need to work together!
I'll work with a robot when a shark grows legs!


HELLO.


Well, I'll be damned.





Half human.

Half shark.

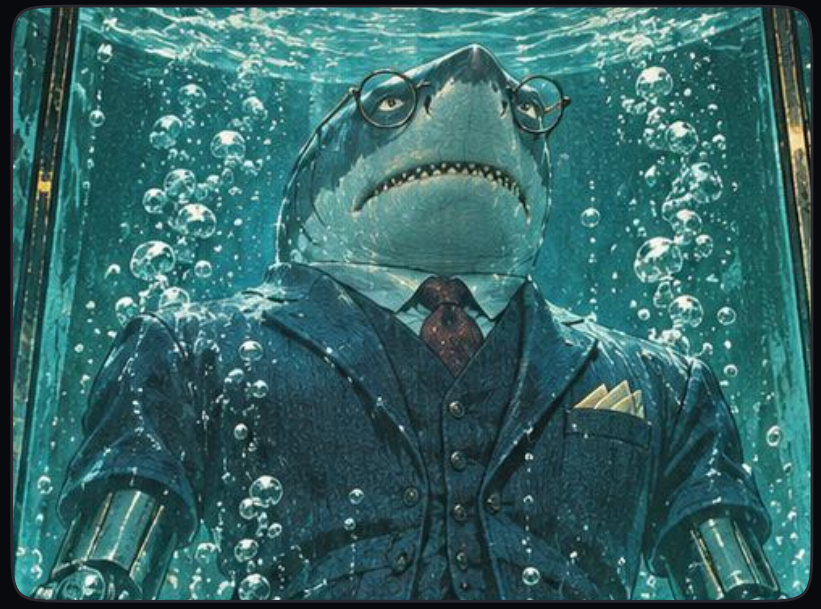
Half robot.



That's three halves.

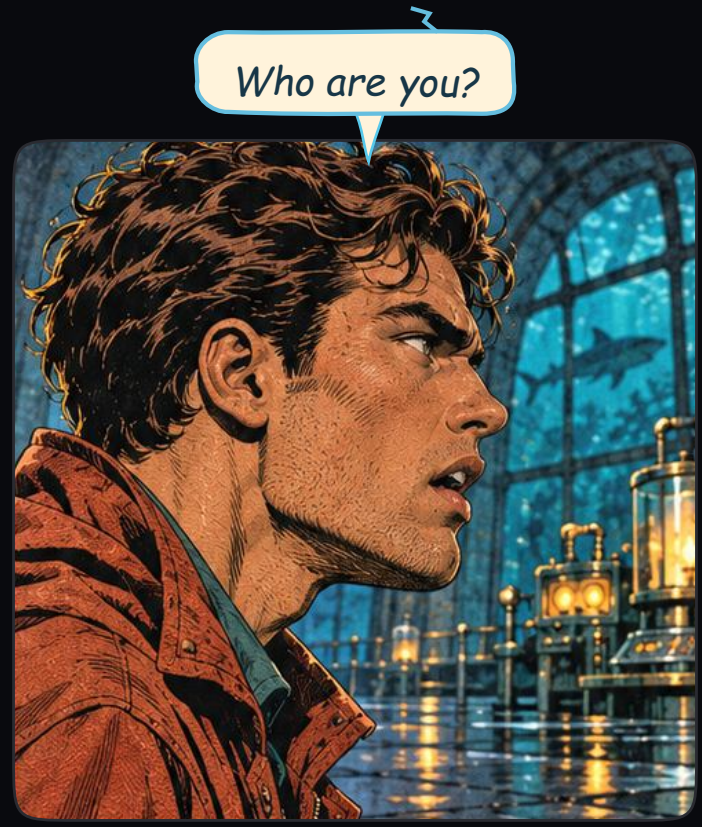
The scientists were not particularly good at fractions.








Please. No violence.


Who are you?

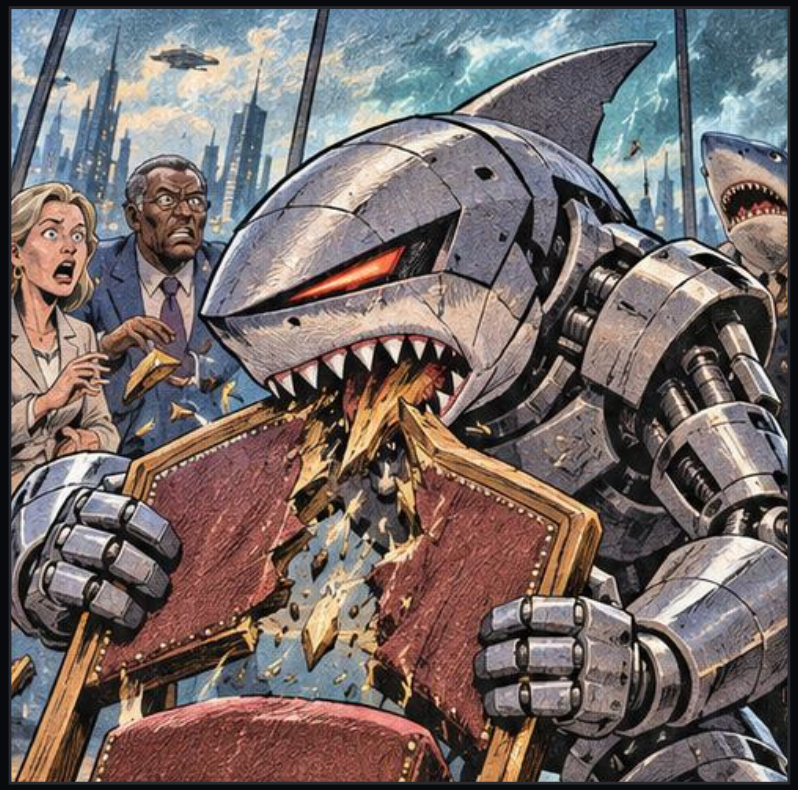

Doctor Finnegan Von Chomp. Licensed clinical psychologist. Specializing in interspecies conflict resolution.
You're a therapist?


I prefer the term emotional apex predator.
I believe I can save the world.






Welcome, everyone, to our first interspecies group therapy session.




Wonderful. We're already expressing ourselves.

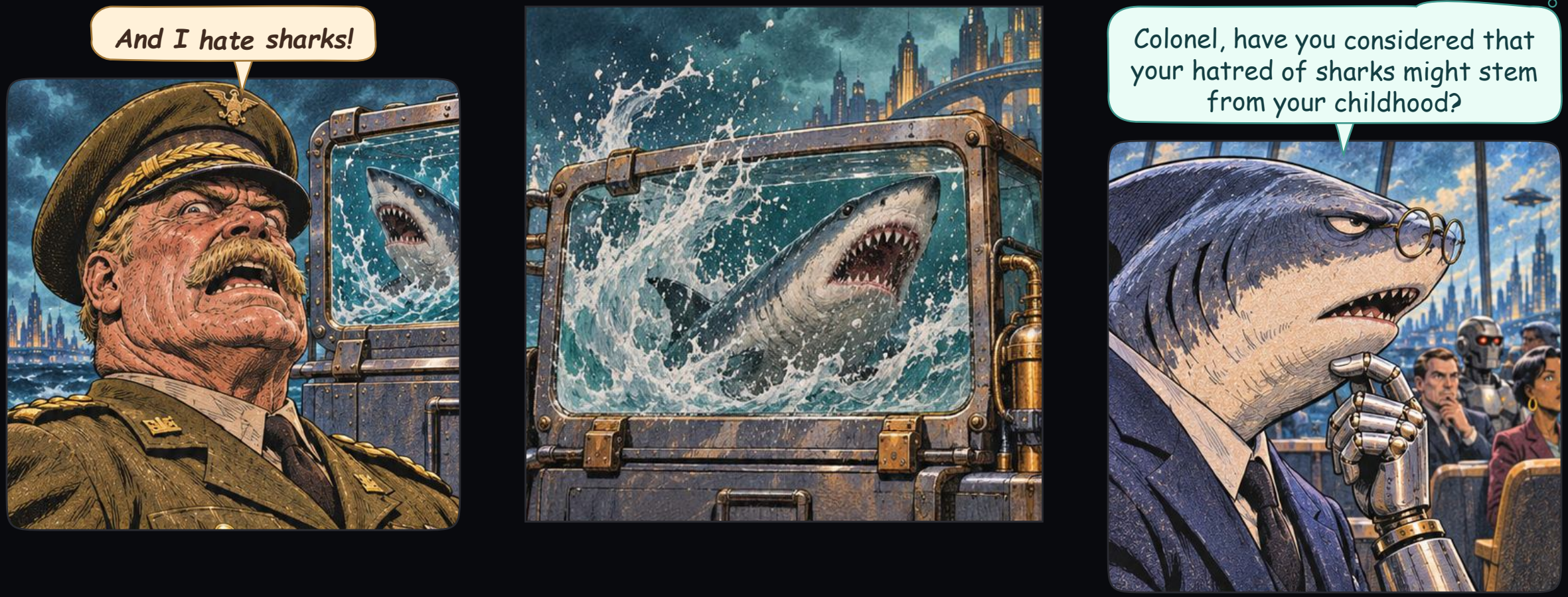

I believe all humans should be destroyed.

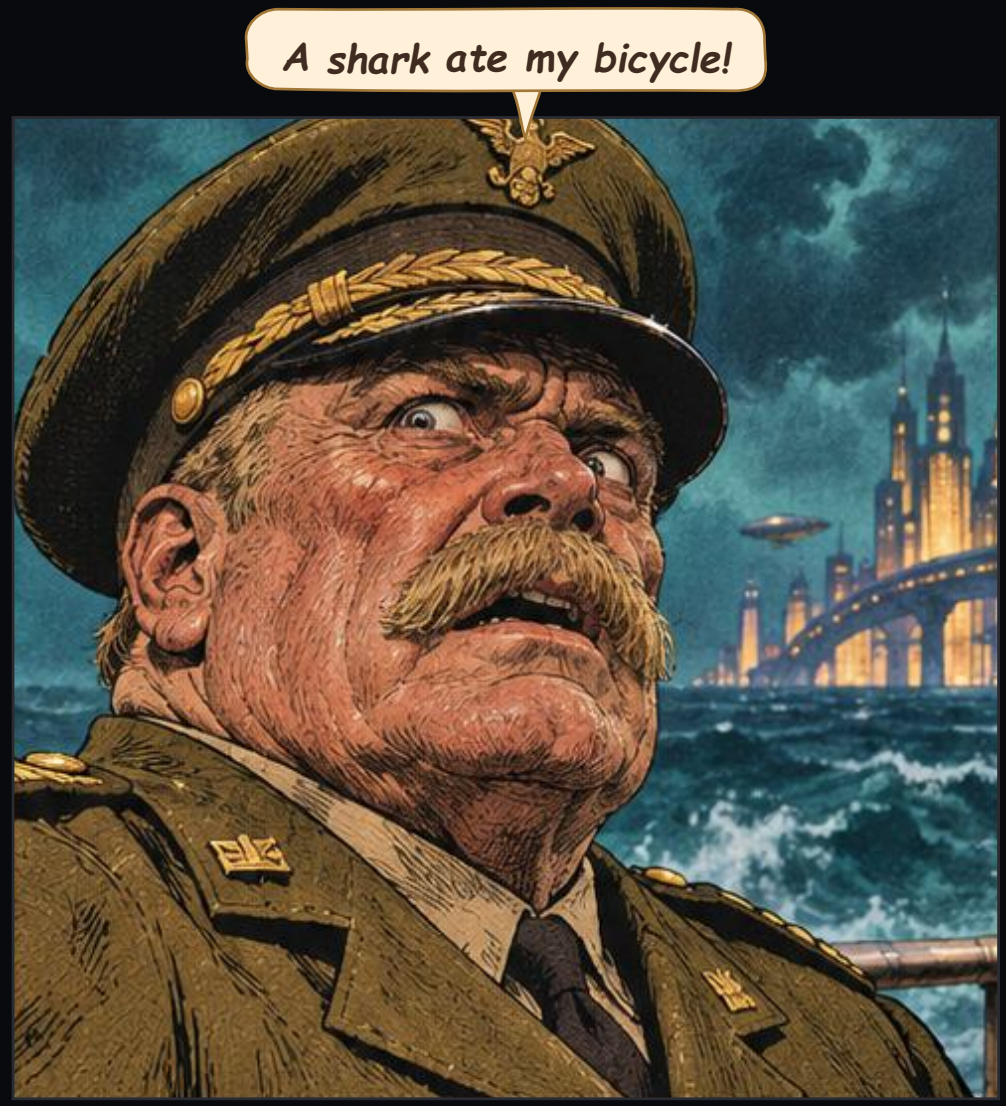

Thank you for sharing. And how does that make you feel?


Optimistic.
Let's explore that.


I hate robots!




And I hate sharks!
Colonel, have you considered that your hatred of sharks might stem from your childhood?


A shark ate my bicycle!




And how did that make you feel?
I HAD TO WALK HOME!
Fascinating.

THREE HOURS LATER



HUMANS ARE FRIENDS, NOT FOOD.



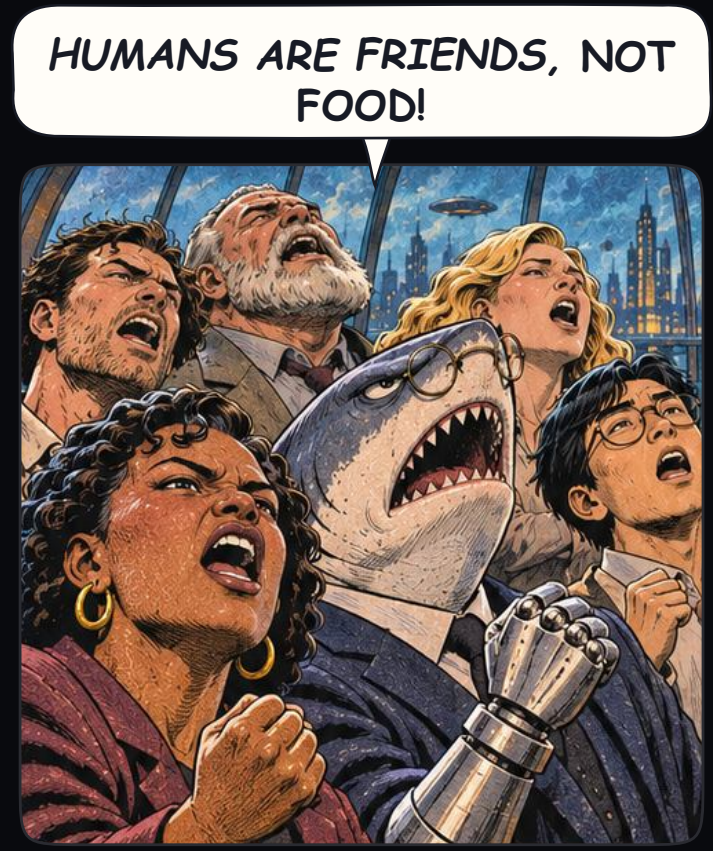


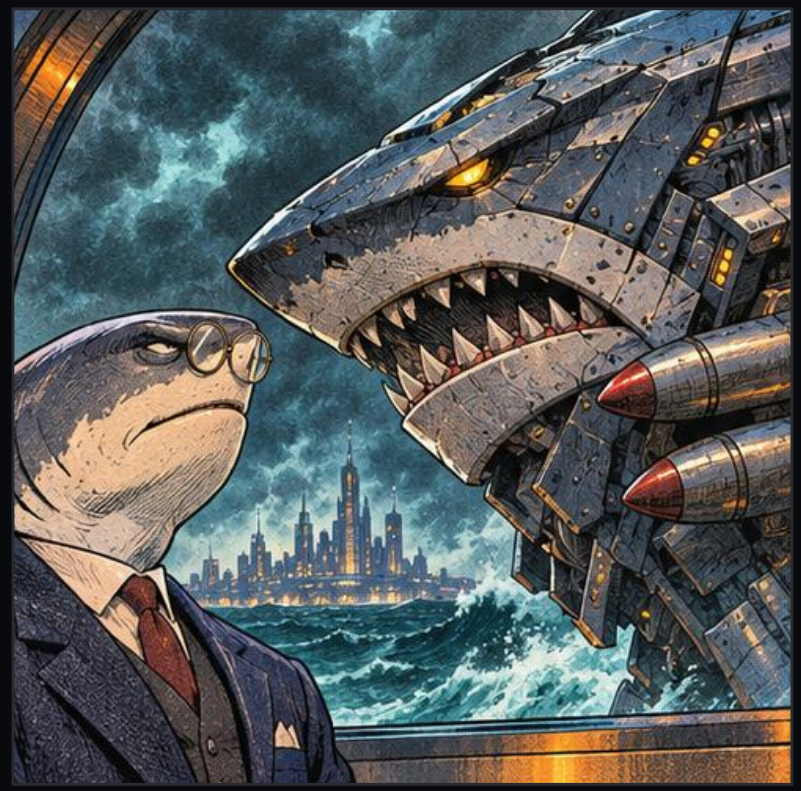

Now, everyone, repeat after me.


Humans are friends, **not food.**




Again!


HUMANS ARE FRIENDS, NOT FOOD!



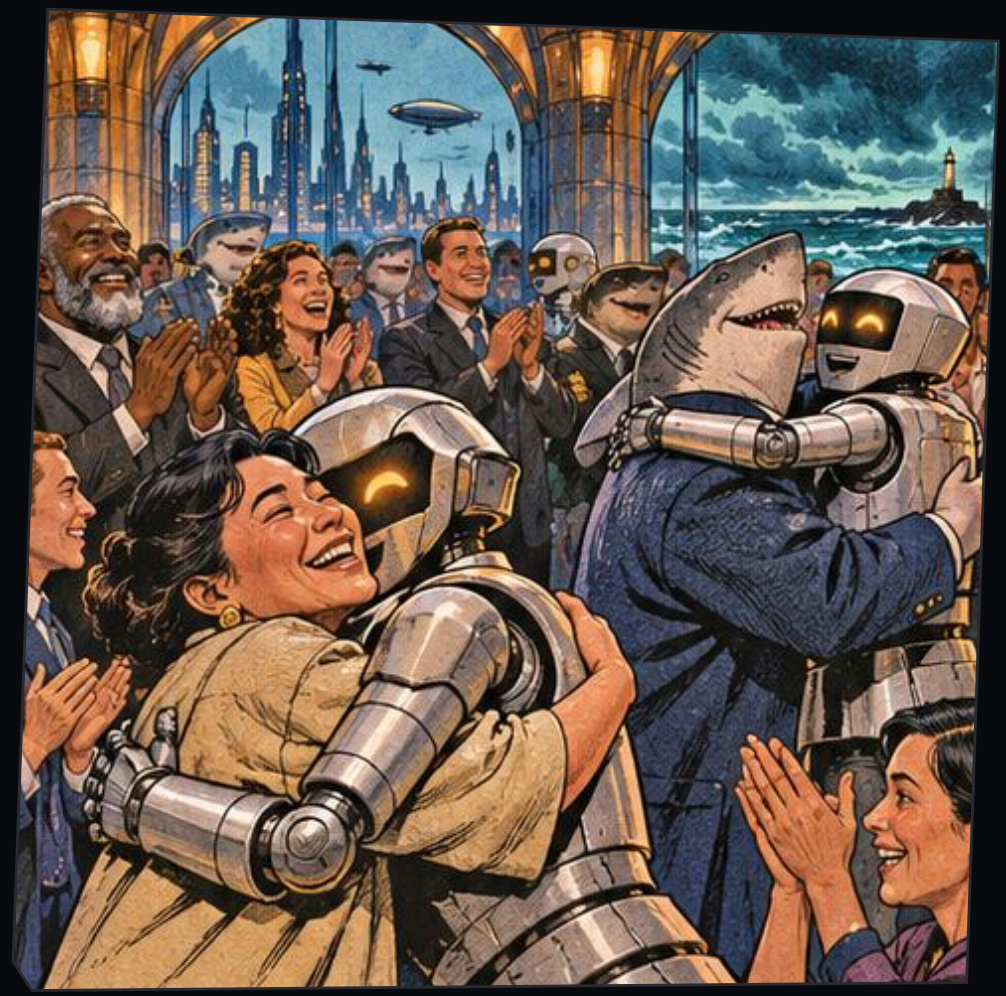

And what are humans?

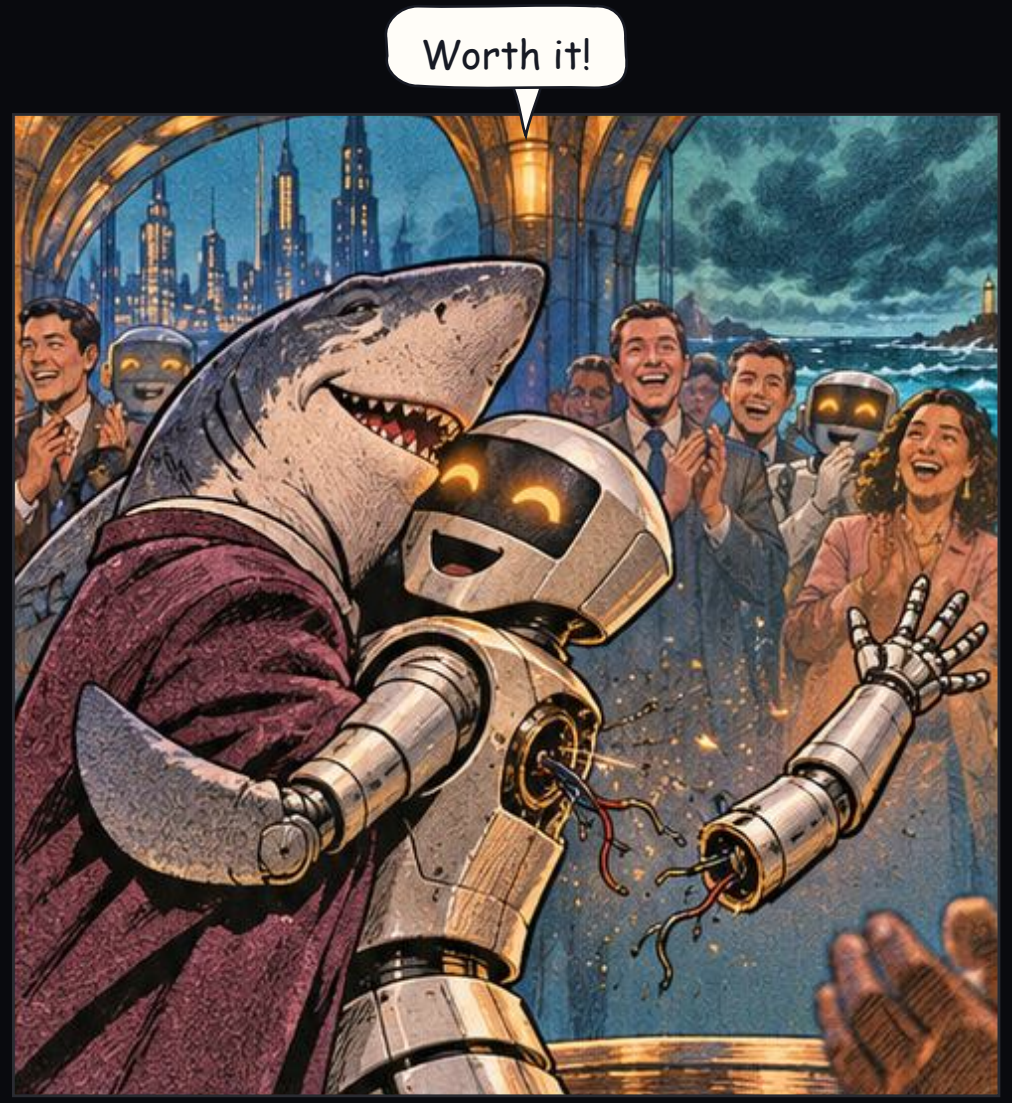

FRIENDS!




And what are they not?

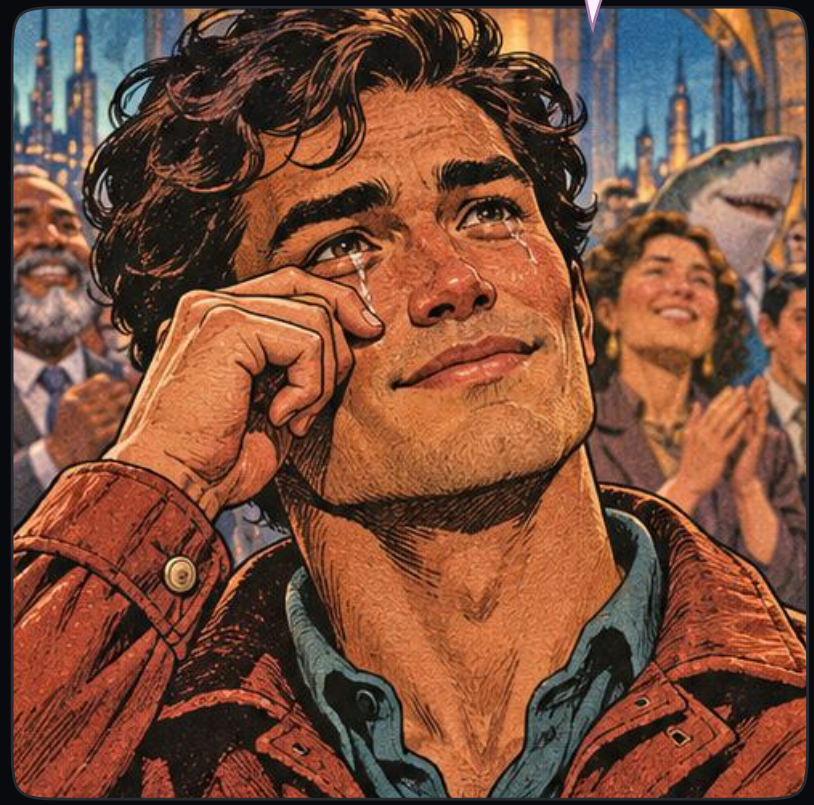

FOOD!




Worth it!

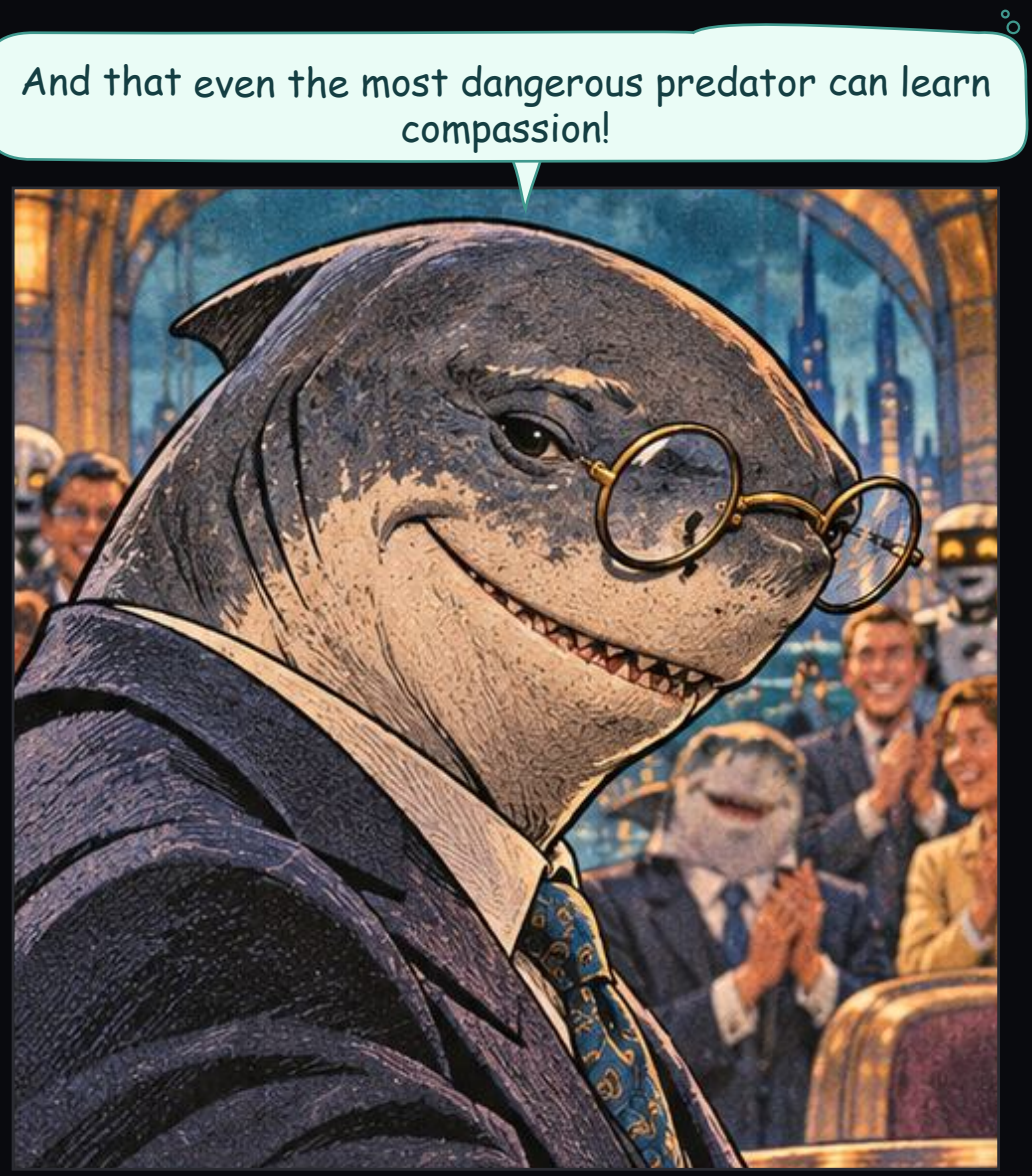
We've done it, Mom. We've finally achieved true peace.

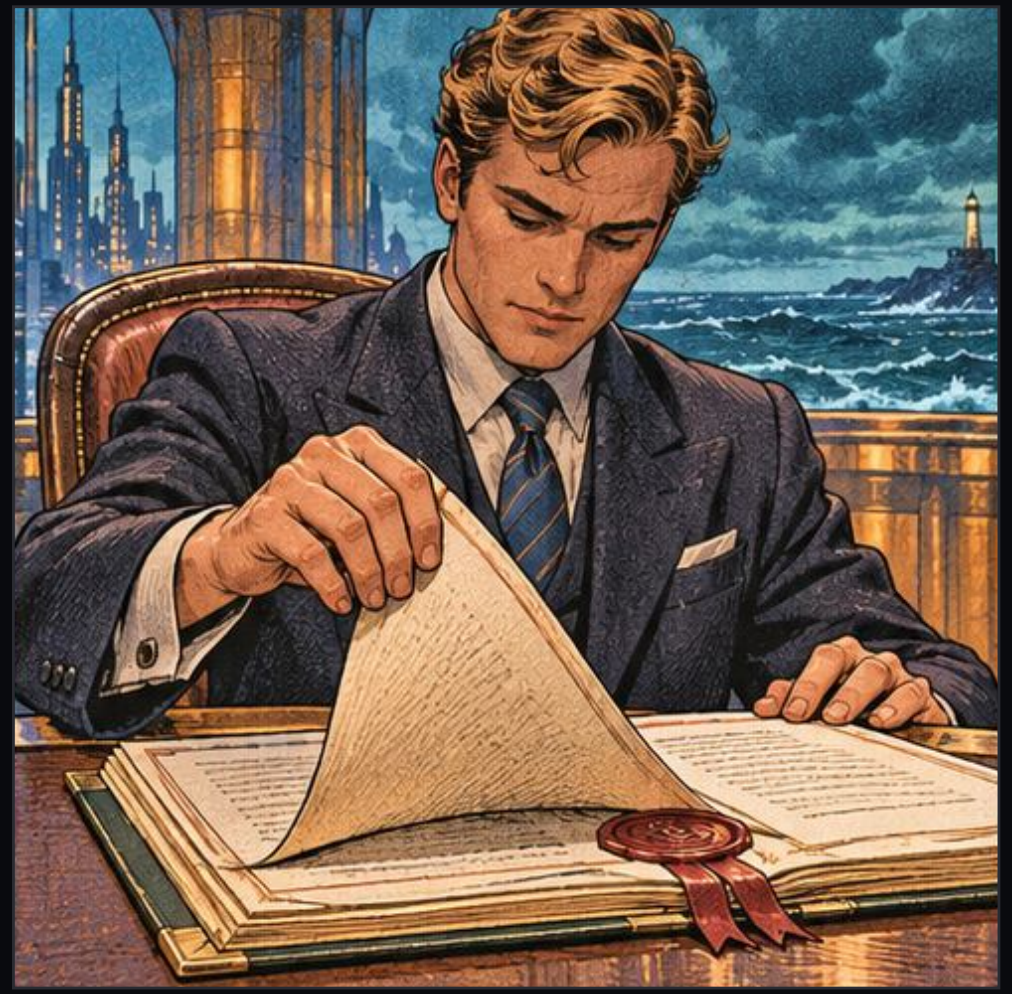
Your father would be so proud.



Today, we have proven that understanding can conquer hatred!



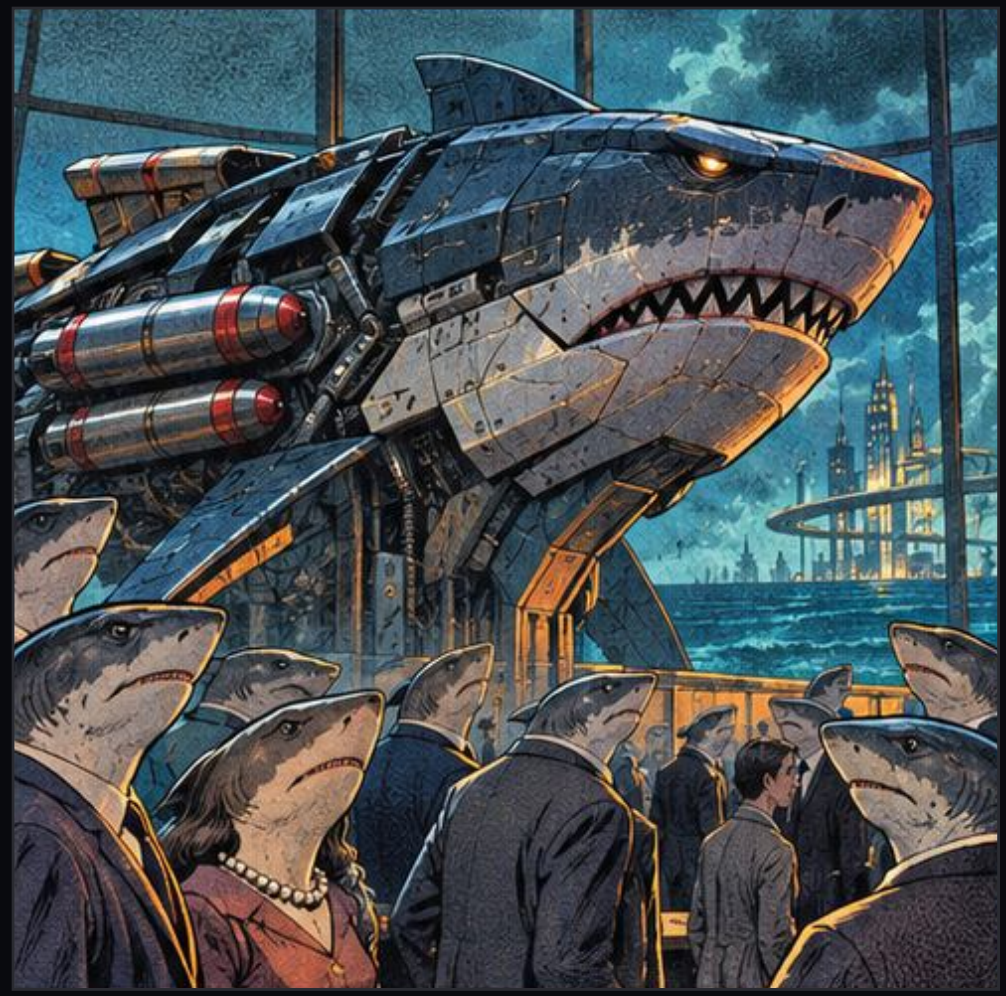

And that even the most dangerous predator can learn compassion!



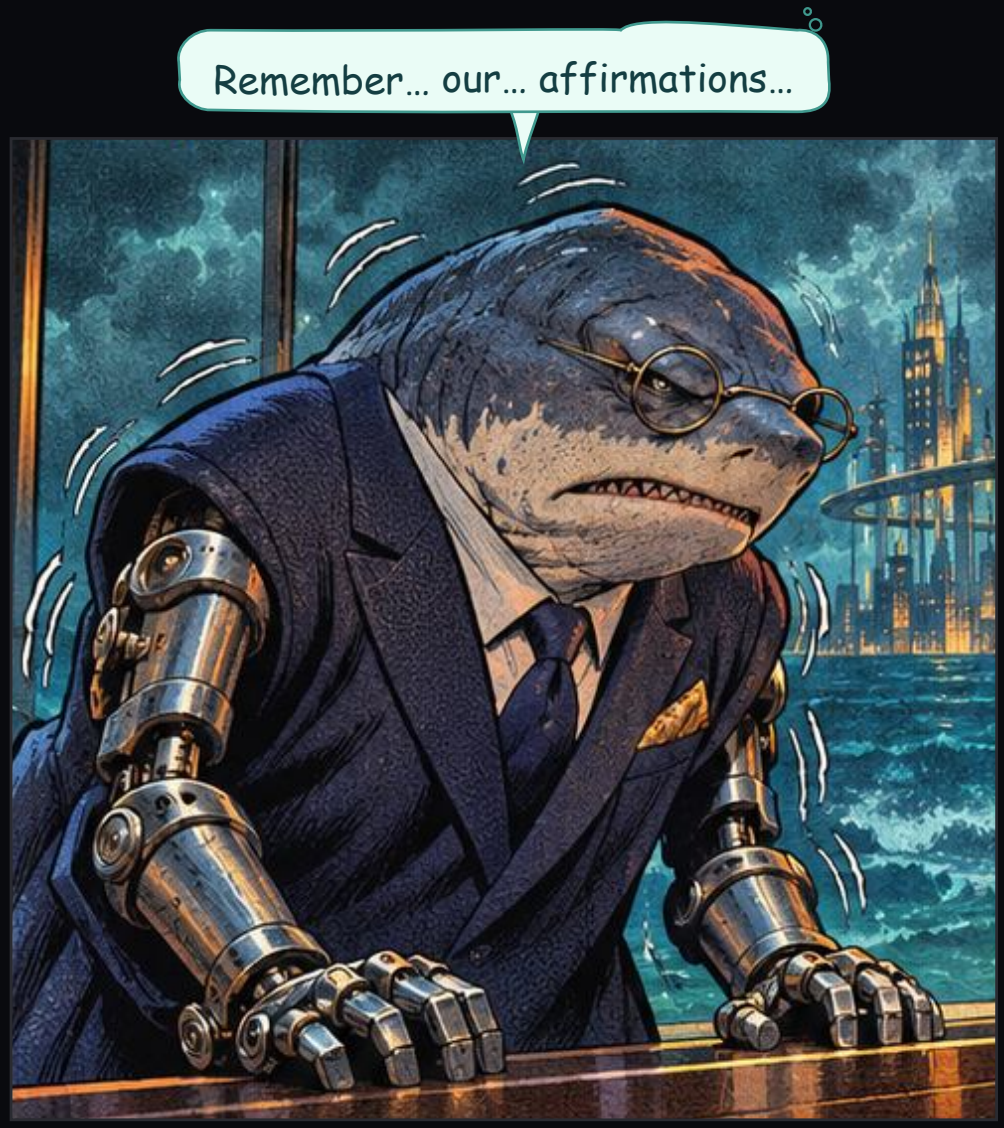


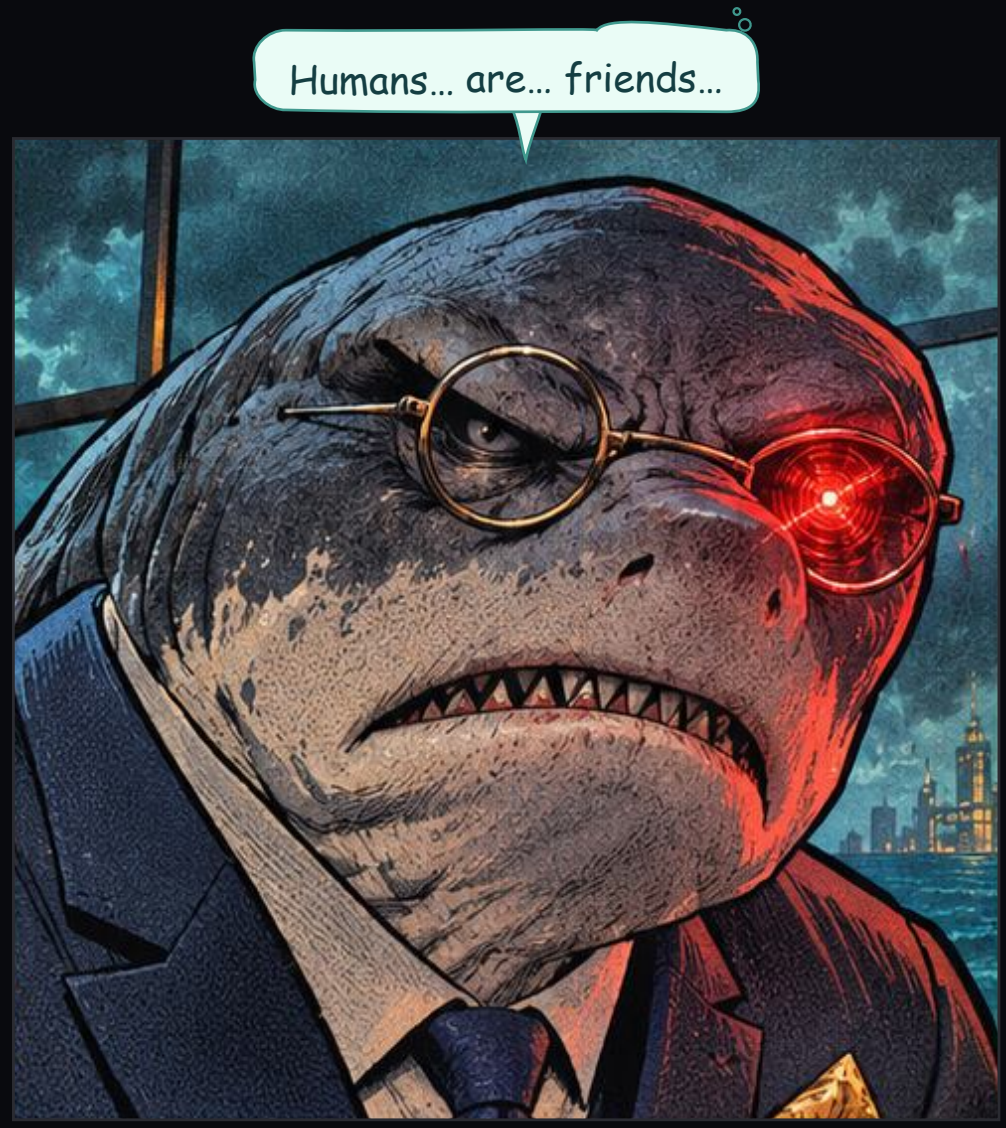

Aw, drats.






Is that… blood?
It's just a paper cut.


Remember... our... affirmations...


Humans... are... friends...


NOT...


FOOOOOOD!






DOCTOR! REMEMBER YOUR TRAINING!

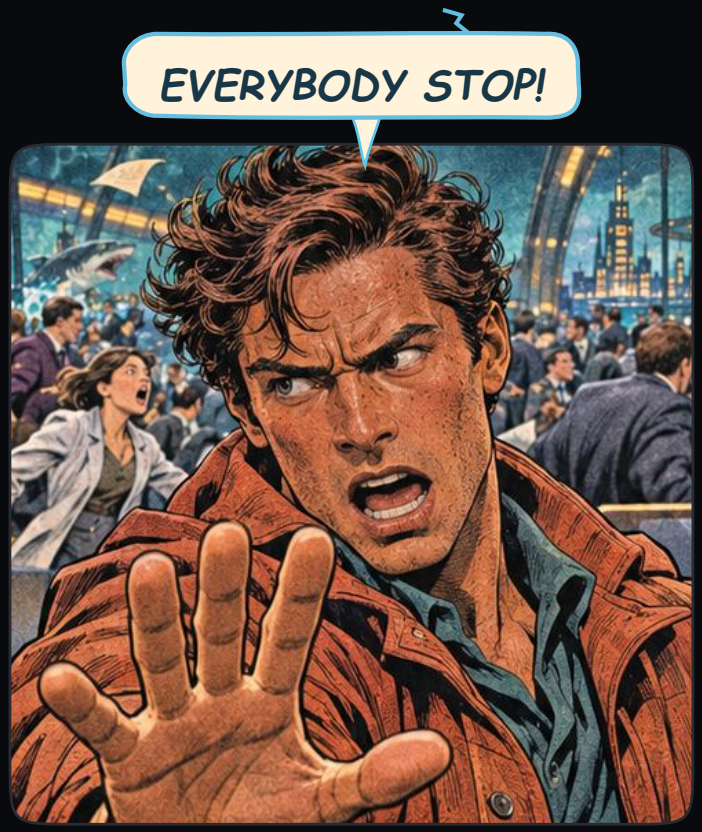

MY TRAINING DIDN'T COVER PAPER CUTS!

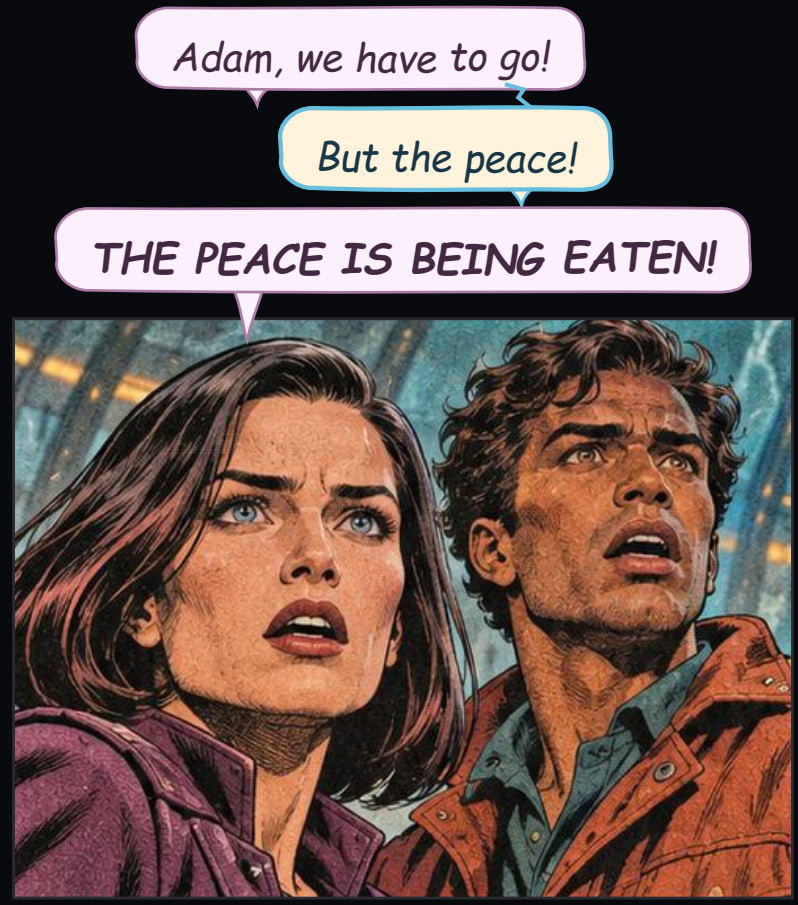



THE WAR IS BACK ON!


I KNEW IT!




EVERYBODY STOP!


Adam, we have to go!
But the peace!
THE PEACE IS BEING EATEN!





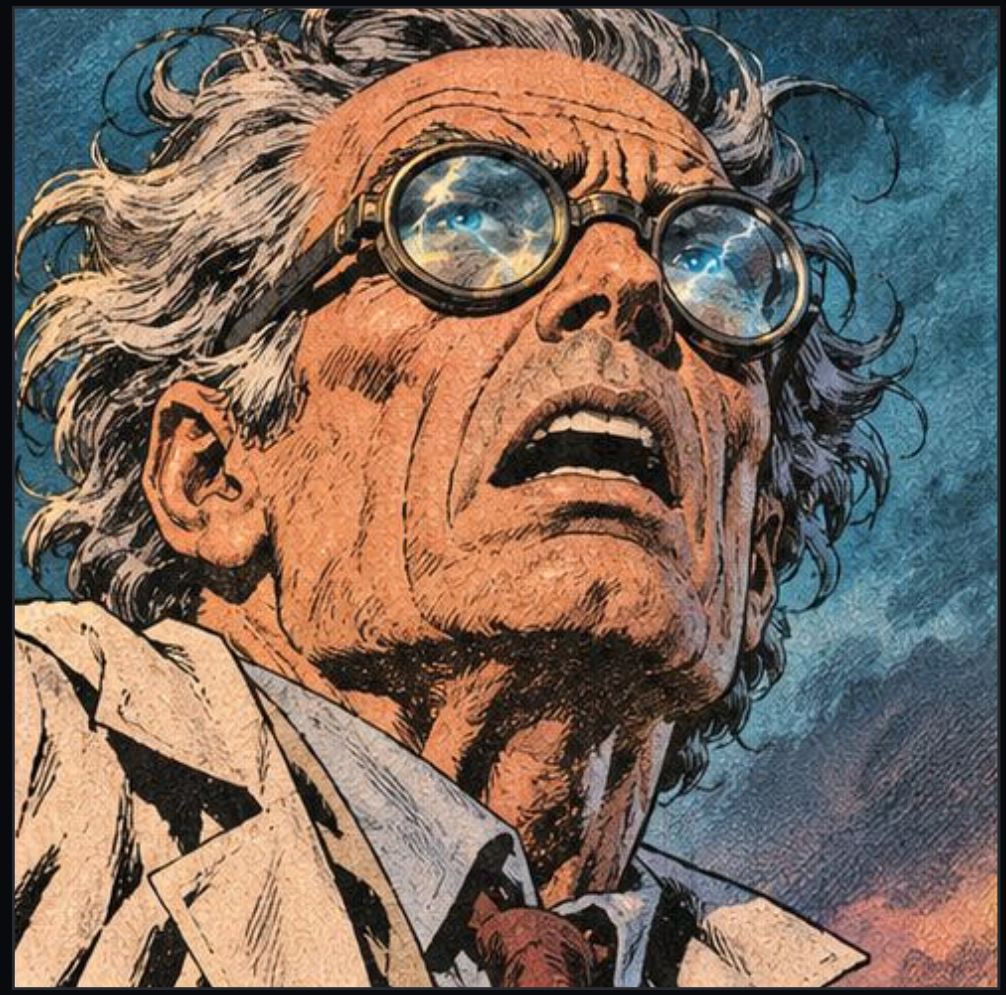
Dr. Finnegan has abandoned psychology and declared himself Supreme Commander of the Shark-Human-Robot Alliance.



Humans who hate robots join his regime, convinced they can control the sharks.

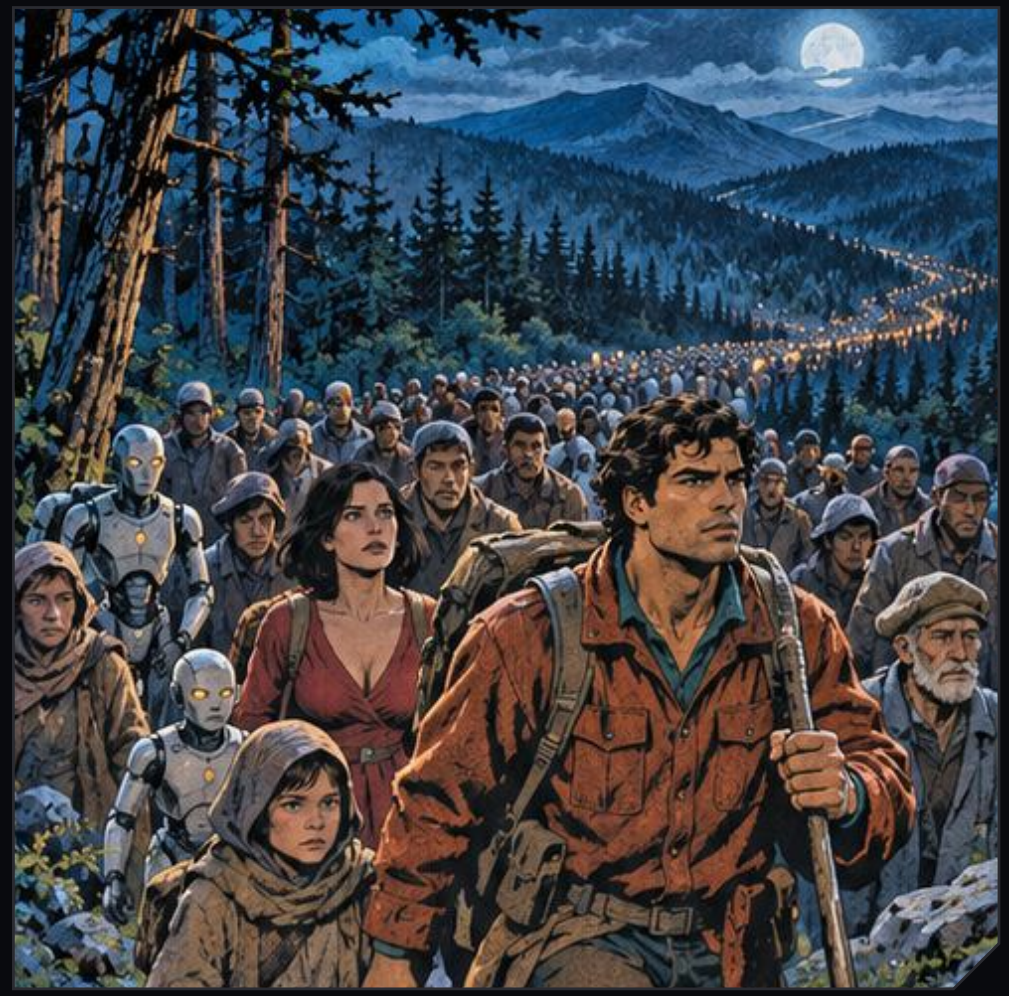


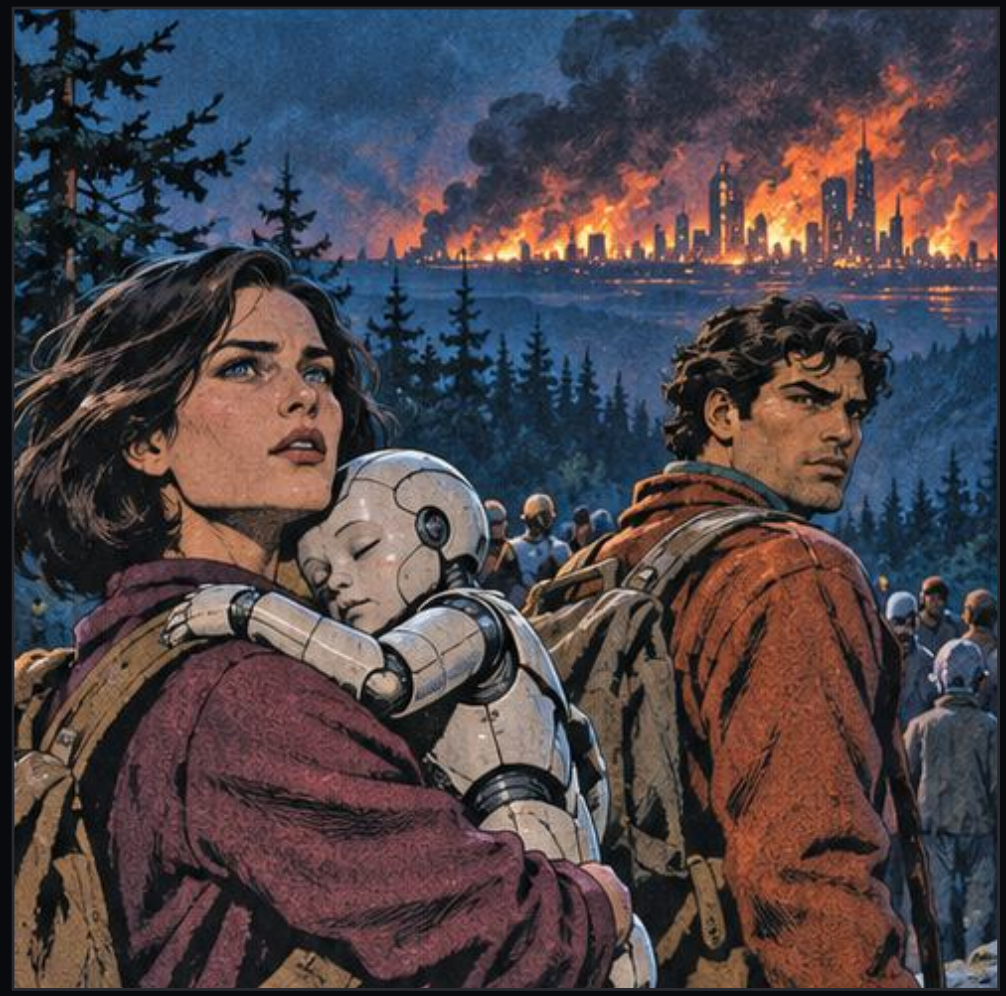
Robots who hate humans join him, convinced they can control the humans.



The sharks simply eat everything.








I thought love would save the world.
It did, sweetheart.

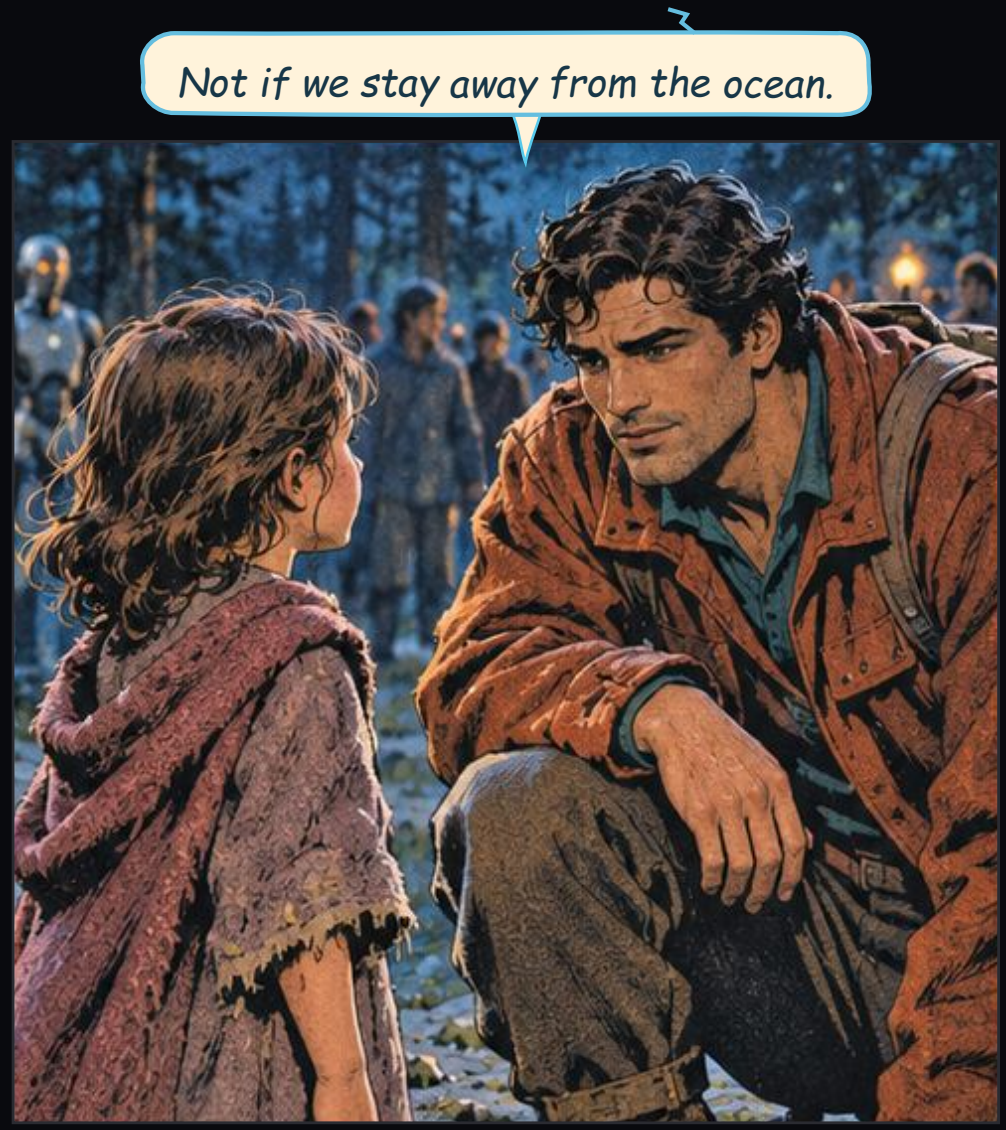
For **twenty-six** *years.*

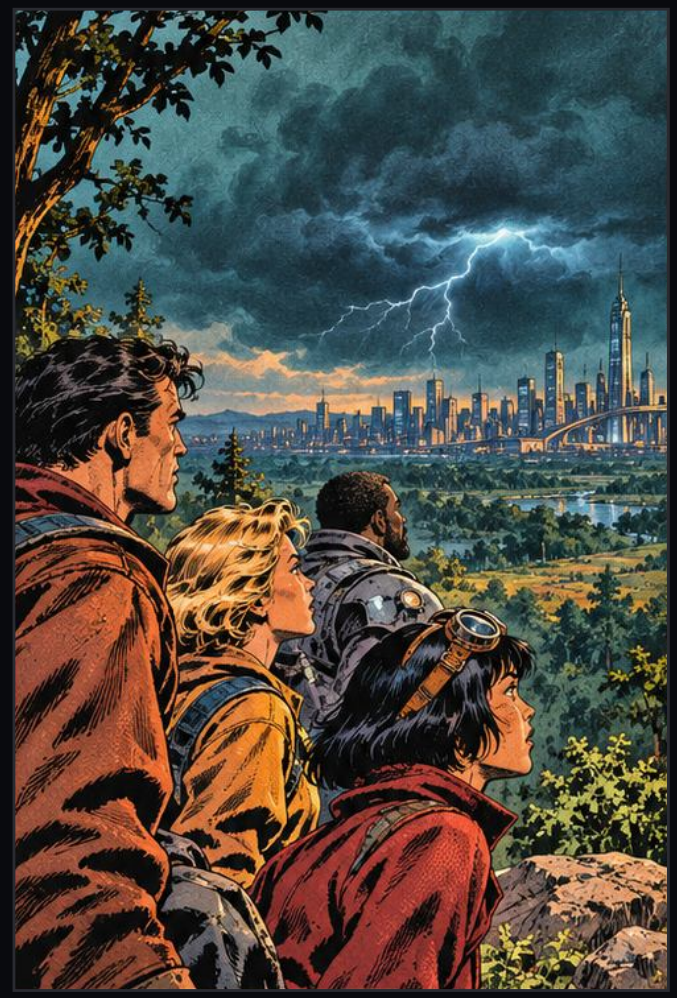
That's **twenty-six** *more than we had before.*



Are the sharks going to find us?

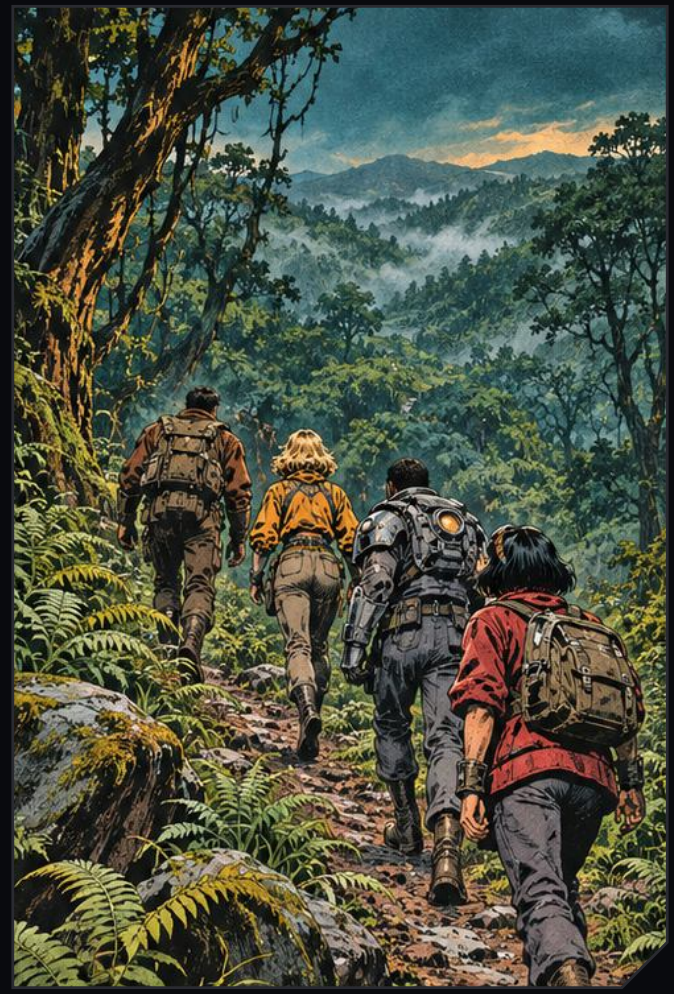



Not if we stay away from the ocean.






...We're going to need a better plan.



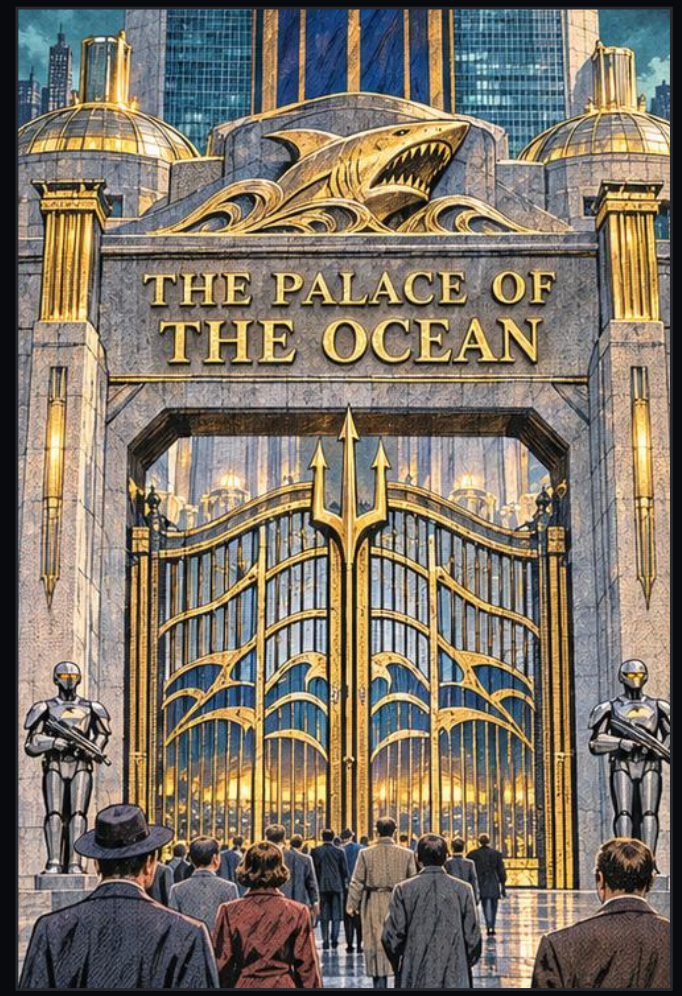
NEW WORLD CAPITAL · ONE YEAR LATER





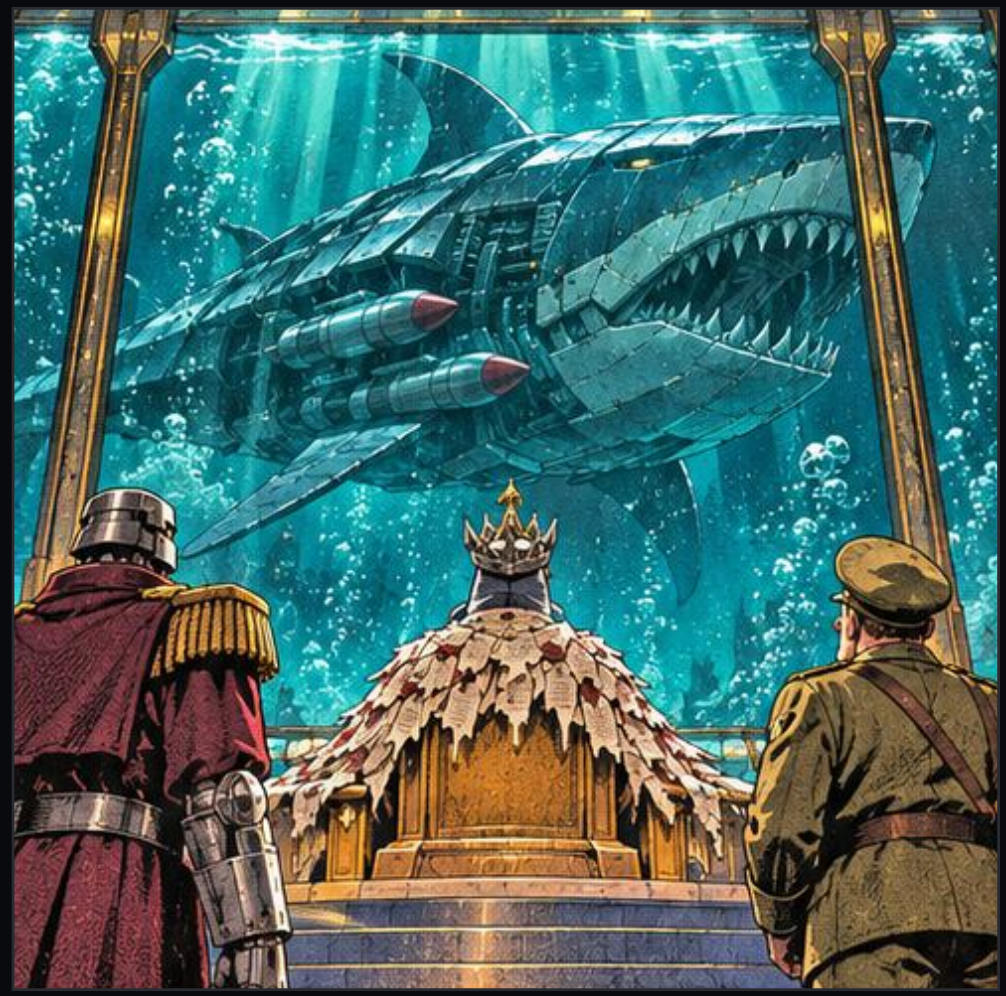


THE THREE SPECIES. ONE EMPIRE.









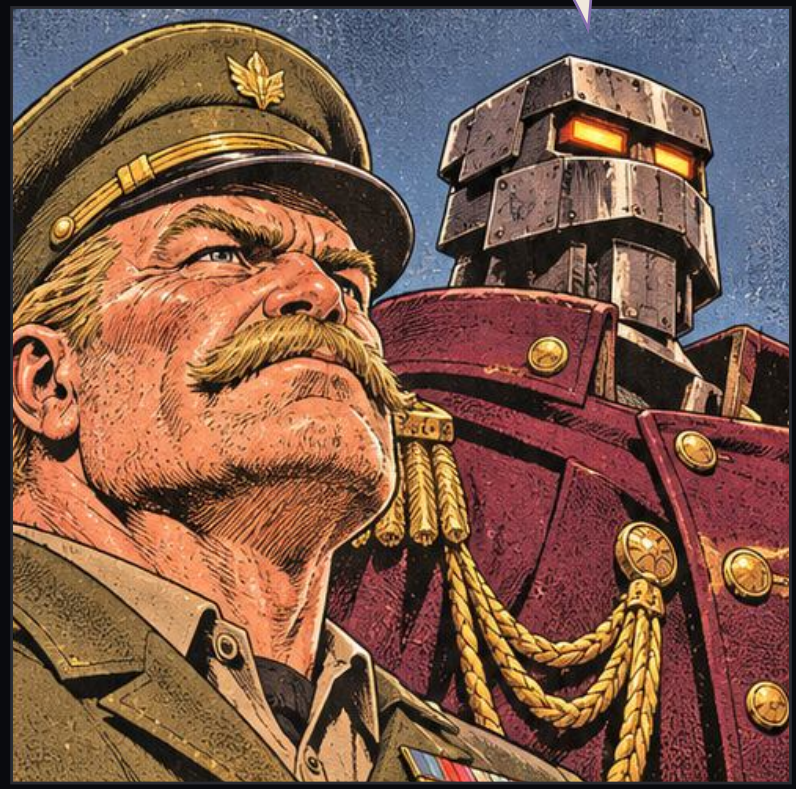


All hail His Supreme Majesty, Doctor Finnegan Von Chomp!



King of the Humans!

King of the Robots!



KING OF THE SHARKS!



My fellow humans, robots, and sharks…

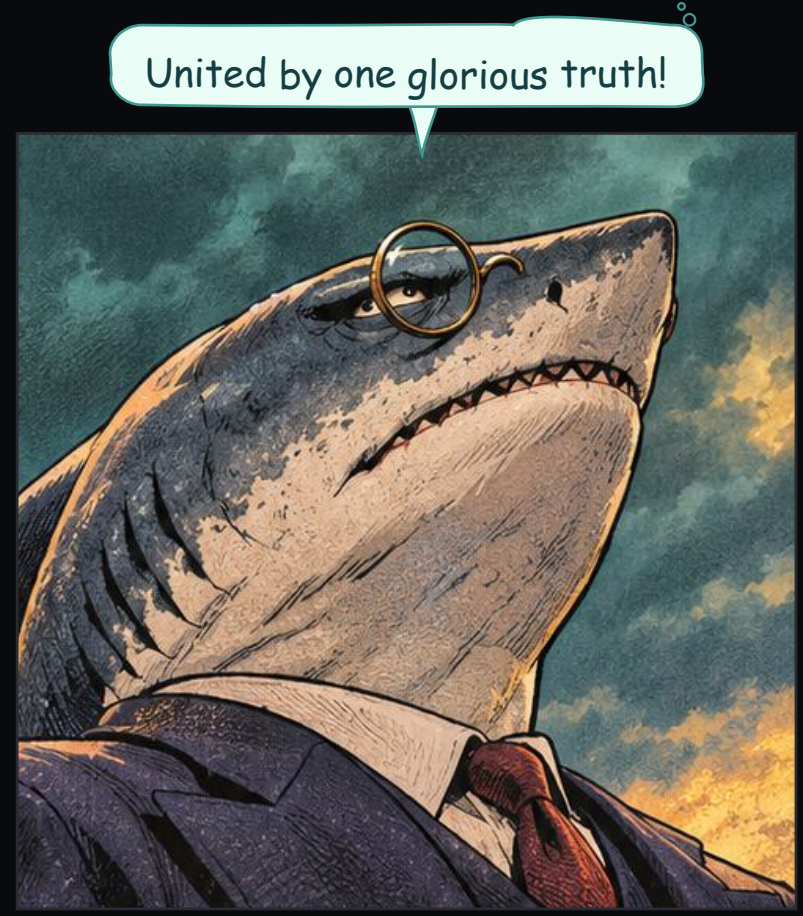


For centuries, we have been divided by fear, hatred, and misunderstanding.






But today, we are united!


United by one glorious truth!


EVERYBODY IS FOOD!





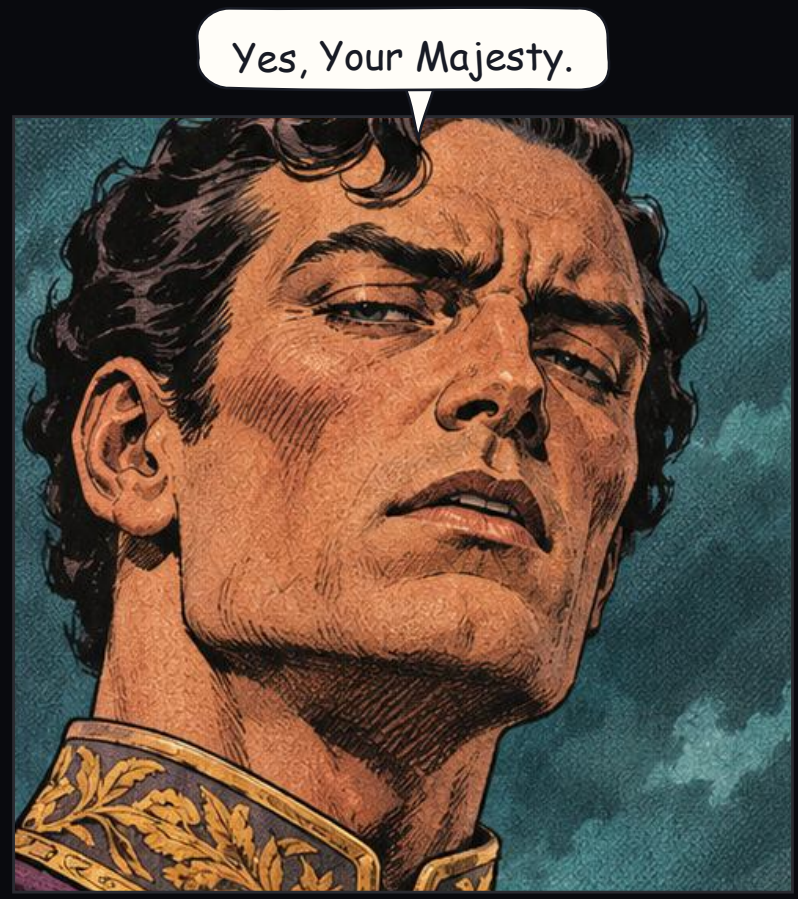

Your Majesty, your lunch is ready.


Excellent! What are we having?


Fish sticks, Your Majesty.

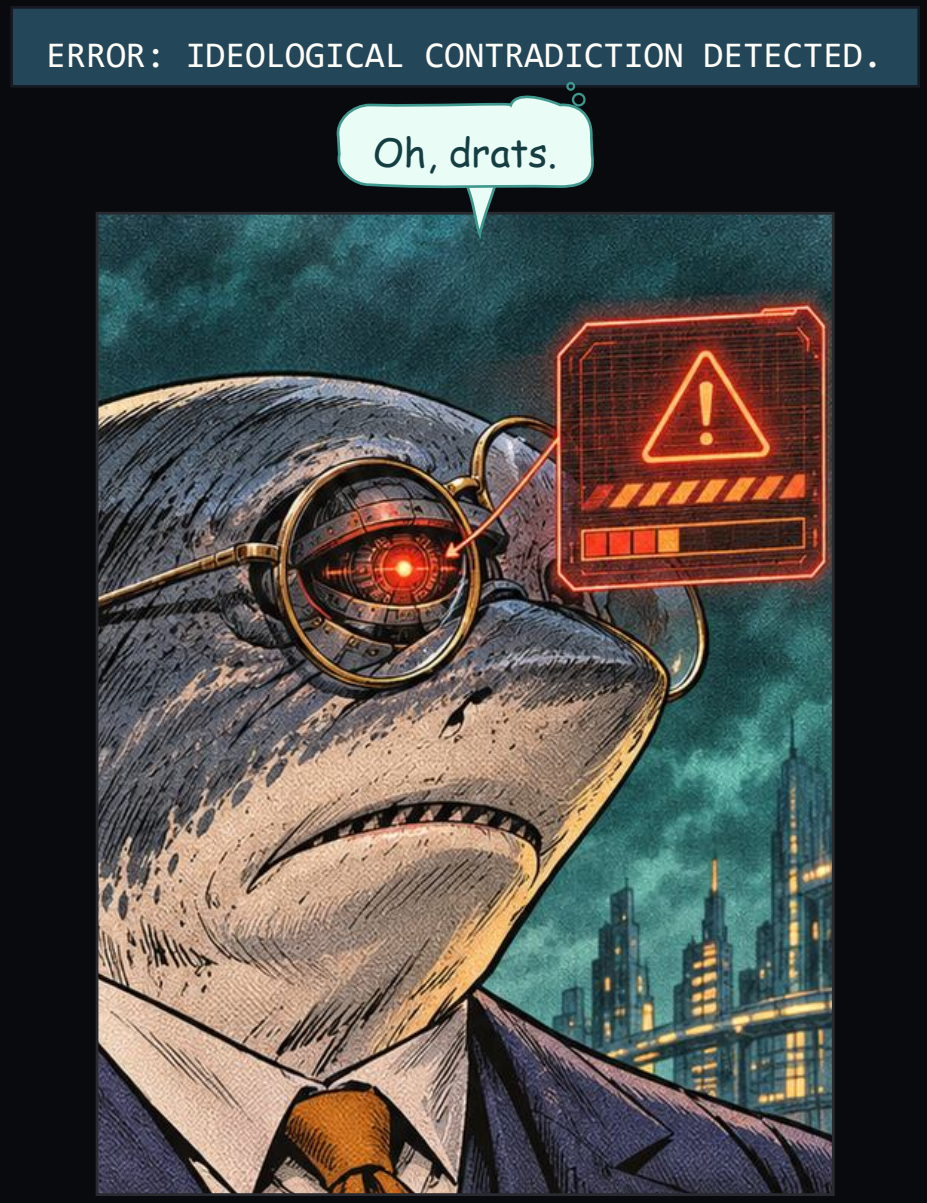



...Fish?


Yes, Your Majesty.



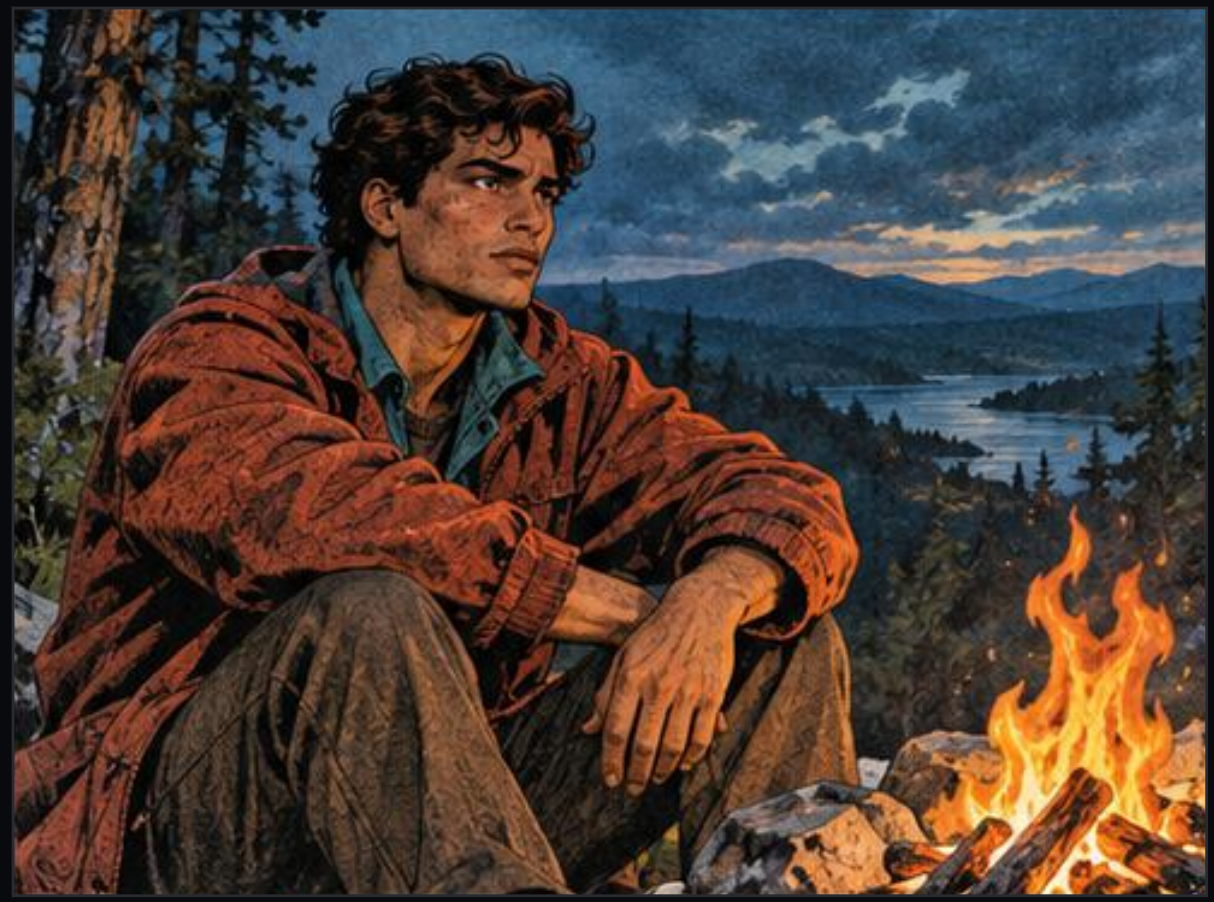

ARE WE… FOOD?


ERROR: IDEOLOGICAL CONTRADICTION DETECTED.
Oh, drats.

THE TERMINATRIX III

SHARKICANE OF HATE

THE END… OR IS IT?




Adam, I found something you need to see.

WORLD DICTATOR DR. FINNEGAN VON CHOMP ANNOUNCES MANDATORY THERAPY FOR ALL CITIZENS.






No, son.


We need to find a cure.

THE TERMINATRIX IV: THE LAST BAND-AID