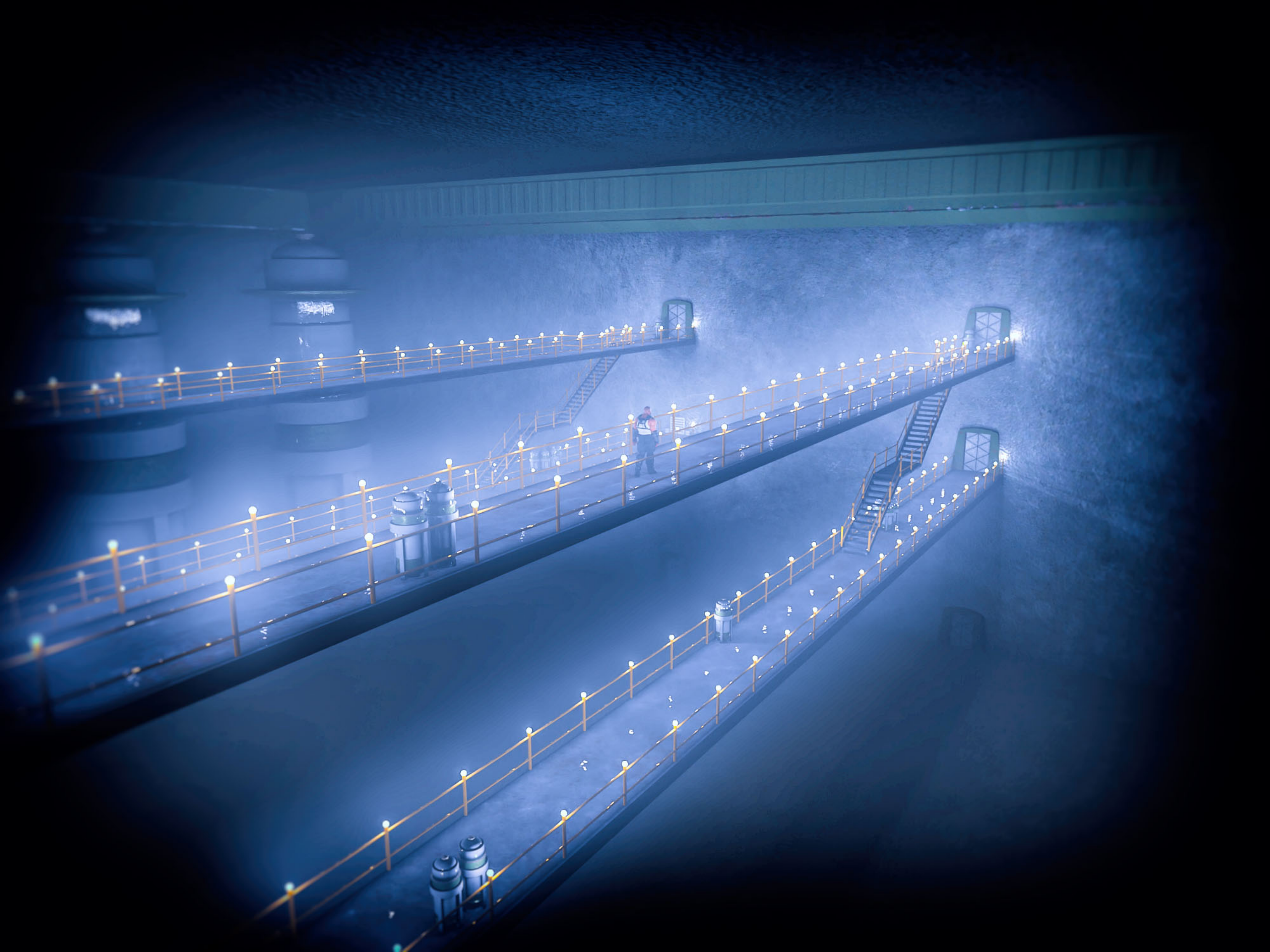


TOM REYNOLDS



KNOCKOUT
BLOWN







CLANG!



***JEEZ, KID!
YOU MADE ME
JUMP!***

WHAT'S IN THE
CANISTERS,
MORPHO?



CANISTERS?
I DON'T KNOW
NUTHIN'.



THE
OLD BLAST
FURNACE.

THERE
ARE GALLONS
OF THAT
STUFF...





THIS BUILDING
LIES *RIGHT* ON
TOP OF THE METRO
CITY MUNICIPAL
WATER SUPPLY.

PFFT! WHAT
THE HELL ARE
YOU TALKING
ABOUT?



NOW, BE A
GOOD GIRL AND
SKEDADDLE.

YOU'RE
MESSING WITH
FORCES **BEYOND** YOUR
COMPREHENSION.

GIRL?
I'M NOT A
GIRL...








I'M SORRY
KID...

I JUST
THOUGHT...
WITH THE **LONG**
HAIR AND
ALL...


A muscular man with a beard and a white tank top is shown from the chest up. He is wearing black gloves and a black wristband. He is holding a large, orange, spherical helmet with a black visor. He has a speech bubble coming from his mouth. The background is a dark, industrial-looking environment with some lights and a railing.

IT'S A
GENERATIONAL
THING. YOU'RE *WHAT?*
NICK KNOCKOUT'S
LITTLE PROTEGE?
ALL GROWN
UP?

**READY
TO TAKE ON THE
BIG BAD NOW
THAT YOUR DAD'S
GONE?**

**I'M KID
K.O.**





NO. I'M
NOT ANYMORE.
I'M *NEW YORK*
KNOCKOUT.

GEE.
THAT'S *SOME*
CREATIVITY.

LET
ME BUY A
T-SHIRT.



**MORPHO,
THE CANISTERS.**

THE CANISTERS...

THE CANISTERS...


LIKE I *KEEP*
TELLING YOU, DON'T WORRY
ABOUT IT. NOW LET ME PASS
AND WE CAN *FORGET* THE
WHOLE THING.





HEY, LET ME
GET YOU A **BEER**. WE CAN
TALK ABOUT ALL THE TIMES
ME AND YOUR OLD MAN WENT
THROUGH. THE **SHIT** YOU
WON'T BELIEVE!






YOU KNOW,
THERE'S A DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN **HEROICS**
AND FUCKIN'
STUPIDITY.

I'M A
XETA-LEVEL
THREAT, FOR
CHRISSAKES.

DO YOURSELF
A FAVOR, KID. GO FOIL
A BANK ROBBERY,
DOWNTOWN.

I MIGHT
JUST LET YOU
WALK
AWAY...



I KNOW YOU
AIN'T GOT *HALF*
THE STRENGTH OR THE
SPEED OF YOUR
OLD MAN.

NONE OF
THE EXPERIENCE,
NEITHER.

YOU STEP TO
ME, YOU WON'T TAKE
ANOTHER STEP
AGAIN.



I'M **NOT**
AFRAID OF
YOU.

THAT'S
WHAT I'M
TRYING
TO SAY.

YOU
SHOULD
BE.



YOU'VE GOT
SPIRIT, KID.
I'LL GIVE YOU
THAT.

BUT WHEN
I WAS HALF YOUR AGE,
I WAS **ALREADY** KILLING
AND TAKING ON TOP-
LEVEL TALENT.

LET'S JUST
SAY YOU AIN'T
SEEN **SHIT**
TONIGHT.



YOU GET TO
GO HOME, MAYBE **JERK**
OFF OVER SALLY SUCKERPUNCH
OR WHATEVER SHE'S CALLED.
WE CAN CALL IT
A DAY.

IT'S THE
BLONDE HAIR...
DOES IT FOR
ME **EVERY**
TIME.

IF YOU
WON'T TALK,
I'LL **MAKE**
YOU.






TALK?

MAKE
ME...

YOU...


KID! *C'MON!*
YOU'RE FREAKIN'
KILLING ME
OVER HERE!





WHOO!
KID NEW YORK...
WHATEVER YOU CALL
YOURSELF.

I'VE
GOT TOTAL
CONTROL OF **EVERY**
ATOM IN MY
BODY.



HOW ABOUT I TURN
INTO A **TEN-TON TRUCK** RIGHT
NOW AND TAKE THE WHOLE PLACE
DOWN WITH ME? THINK YOU'LL
SURVIVE THAT?


LITTLE **MISS**
NO-POWERS.





YOU GOT A
LOT TO PROVE,
HUH?

MORPHO.



THIS IS A FUCKIN'
WARNING, KID. WE DO THIS AND
I COME AT YOU **FULL** FORCE. I'LL
CHANGE YOUR LIFE FOREVER. HOW'D
YOU LIKE TO SPEND YOUR DAYS
SUCKING YOUR FOOD THROUGH
A **STRAW**?







THUMP!

CHRUUCK!



MORON!

I WAS ABOUT TO LET YOU **WALK** OUTTA HERE. I **CAN'T** LET THAT GO UNCHALLENGED.

THE NICK KNOCKOUT I KNEW **WOULDN'T** WANT YOU TO DO THIS!



**CHALLENGE
ME, THEN.**



HEH!

HUP!

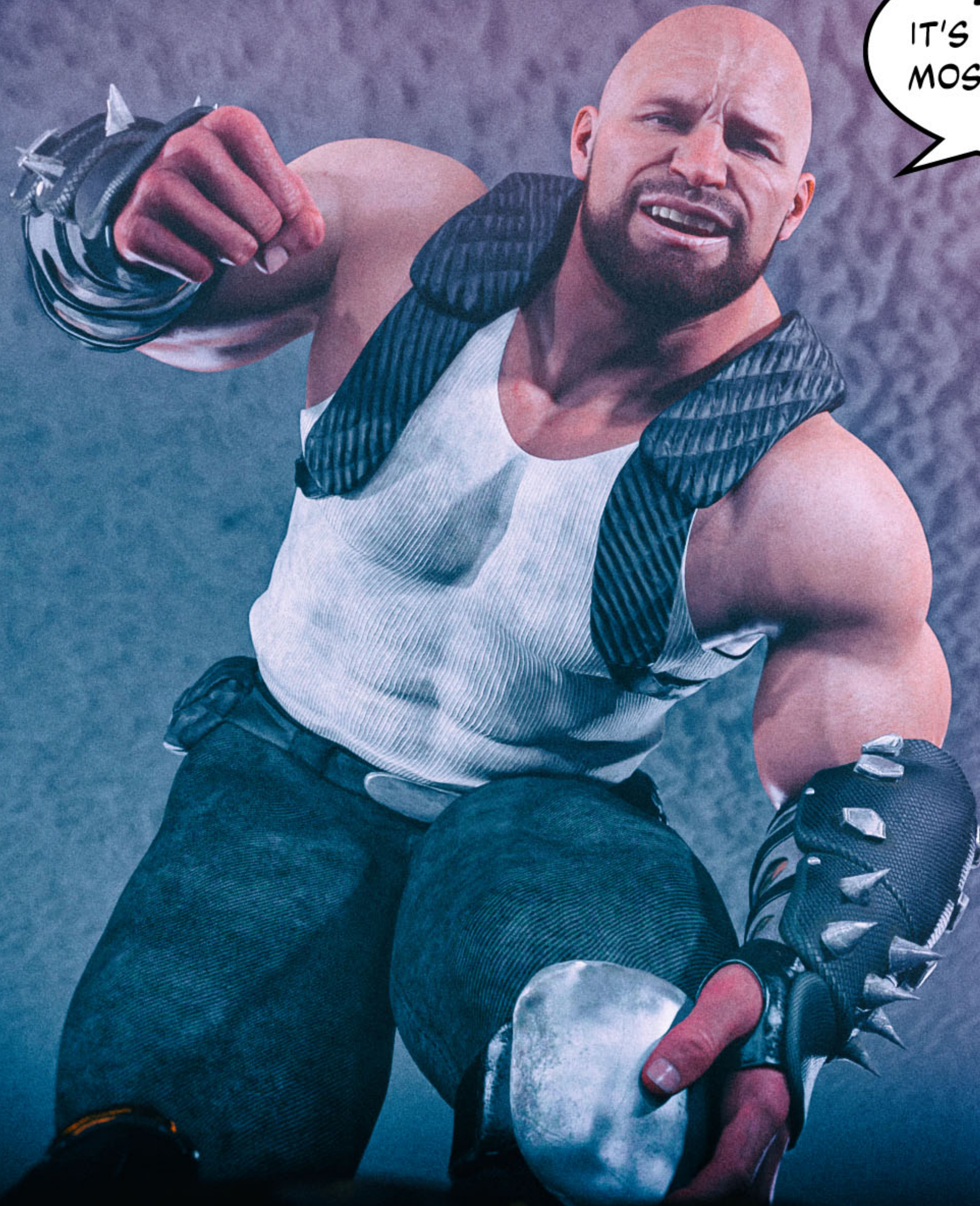






CRUSH!





EXPERIENCE...
IT'S THE MOST VALUABLE,
MOST **PAINFUL** THING IN
THE WORLD.



BLAM!

A woman with long, straight black hair is lying on her back on a dark, reflective floor. She is wearing a purple and black tactical suit with a glowing orange visor on her forehead. Her mouth is open, and she has a speech bubble above her head. The scene is dimly lit with blue and purple tones.

I'VE TAKEN
ON THE **WHOLE**
Z-SQUADRON.
ALONE.

Muhhh...

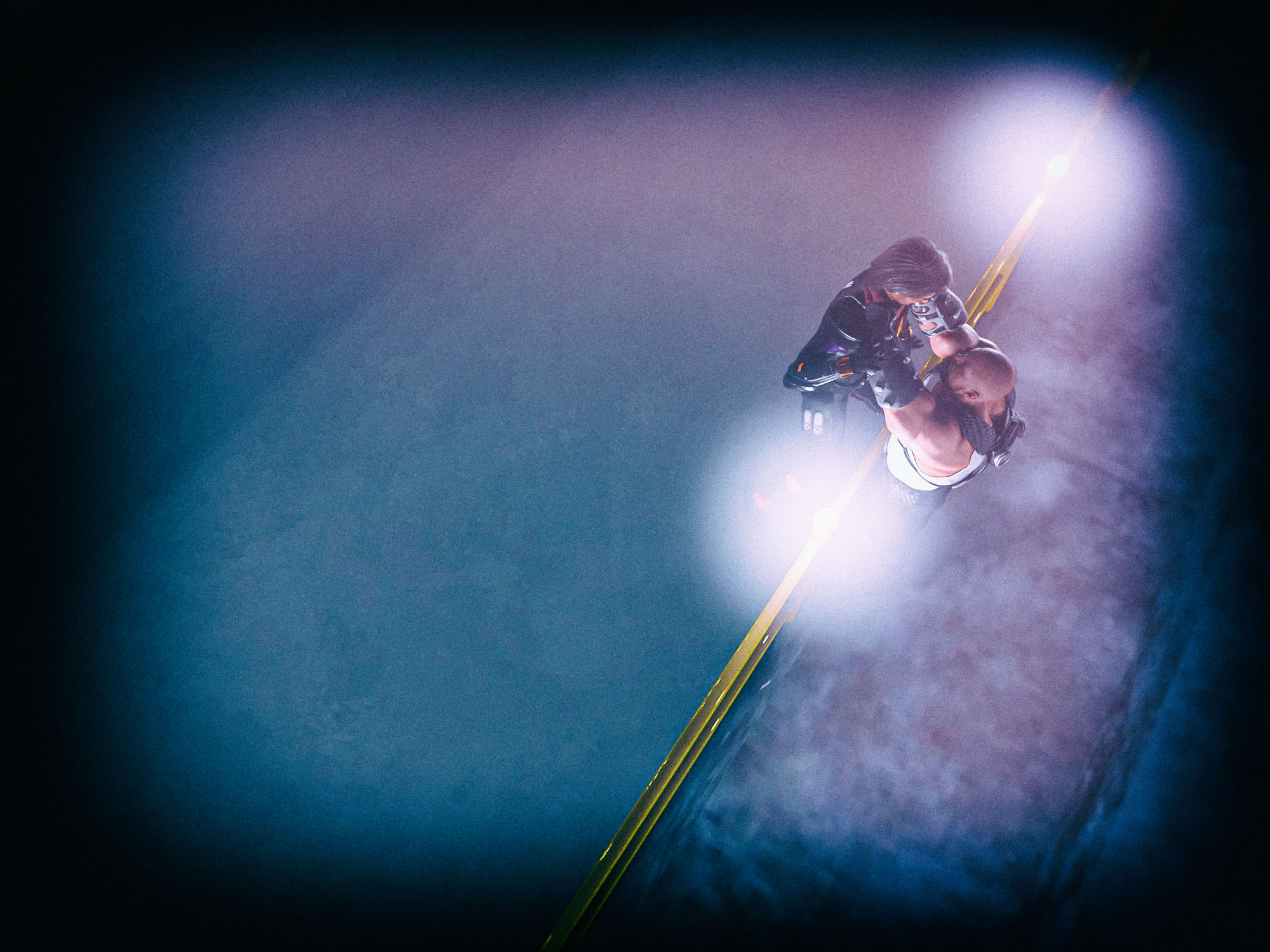


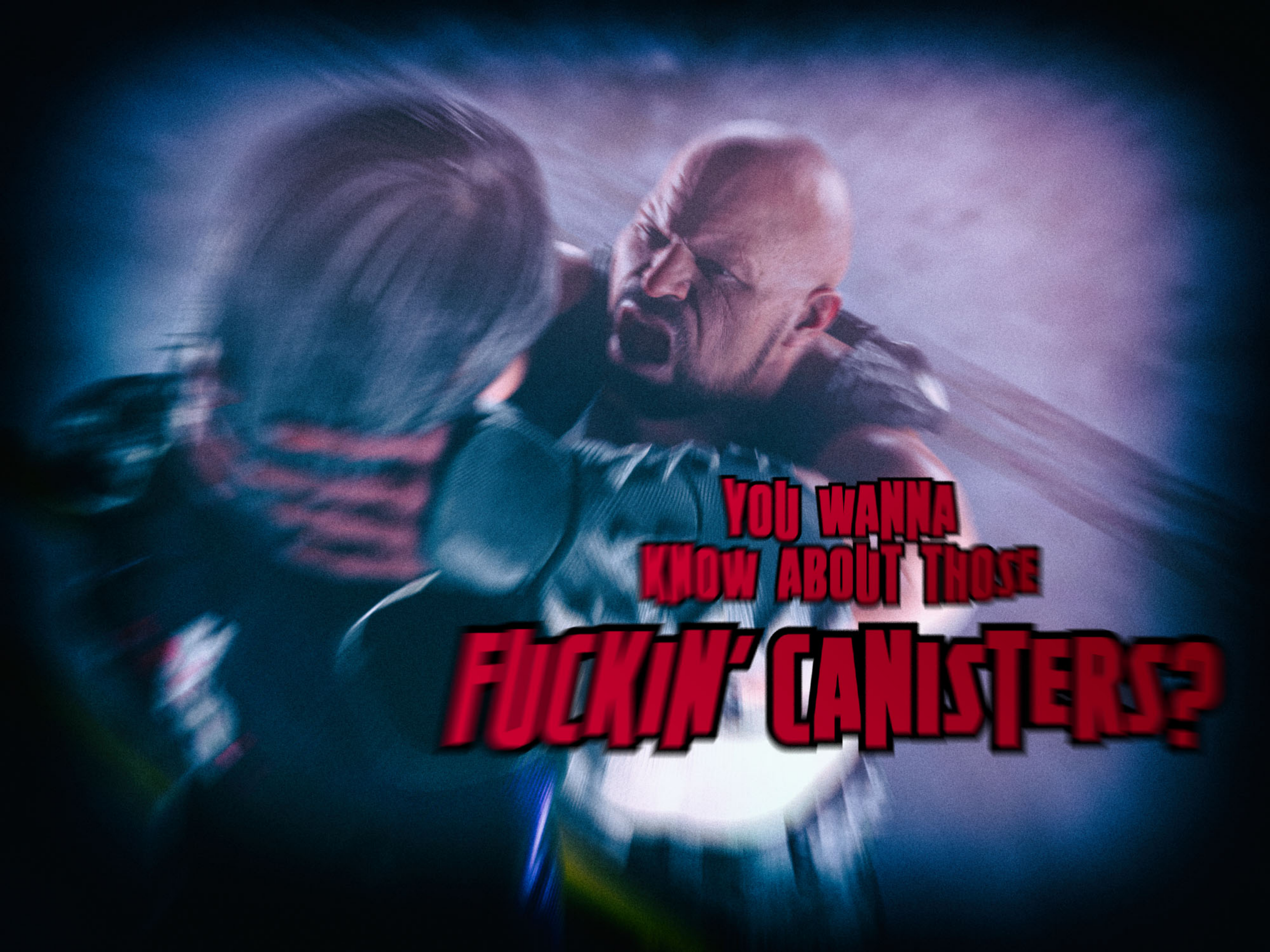
Huuhh!

I DON'T
KNOW IF YOU'VE GOT
TOO MUCH **HEART**
OR NOT ENOUGH
BRAINS...



IT WOULD
BE SO *EASY*,
KID.





**YOU WANNA
KNOW ABOUT THOSE
FUCKIN' CANISTERS?**



Gurk...
Please!!!

IN FIVE
MINUTES YOU'LL BE
DEAD ANYWAYS. JUST
LIKE YOUR OLD
MAN.



YOU
HAD YOUR
CHANCE.



Urk...

Gurk...

I HAVE COMPLETE CONTROL OF EVERY ATOM IN MY BODY. GIVES ME MY STRENGTH, LETS ME **CHANGE** AT WILL.

IT'S LIKE TENSING A MUSCLE. **NOT** THAT YOU'D KNOW MUCH ABOUT **THAT**.


ANYWAYS, I GOT
TO THINKING. TESTING
THE *LIMITS* OF MY
POWERS.

IF A PART
OF ME WAS IN
SOMETHING
ELSE...

WOULD
I BE ABLE TO
CHANGE
THAT?

Kuh...

Kuh...



ANSWER IS
MAYBE. A LITTLE.
LET'S SAY A FEW DROPS OF
MY BLOOD IN YOUR VEINS,
I CAN GIVE YOU A
THIRD TOE...

Urk...

Kuh...

Kuh...

BUT *DIRECT*
CONTACT LIKE
THIS?



PLOOP!

YOU KNOW
IT'S THE **BLONDES**
THAT REALLY DO
IT FOR ME.




Morpho.

Stop.

Please!





THOSE CANISTERS
CONTAIN *MASSIVELY*
REFINED SAMPLES OF MY
BLOOD. ALL IT TAKES
IS A *SINGLE*
DROP.



Kuh.

Kurgk!

YOU EVER HELD A
CITY FOR RANSOM? YOU
KNOW HOW MUCH **SCRATCH**
I'M GOING TO MAKE
FROM THIS?




YOU GOT A
GIRLFRIEND
KID?



'COS YOU'RE ABOUT TO BE *MINE.*

Nuhh!

Hnuhh!



DUMB COSTUME
ANYWAY. COULDA DONE
MORE WITH THE LITTLE
SHORTS YOU USED
TO WEAR.

PLOOP!

PLOOP!

MUCH BETTER.



Gurkh!

Hurk!

Uhkuk!

BUT YOU
KNOW THIS
AIN'T WHERE
IT ENDS.



A woman with long, straight, reddish-pink hair is shown from the waist up, wearing a black, form-fitting, sleeveless top with a red sash and lace trim. She is holding a man's head in her hands, looking down at it with a serious expression. The background is dark with a blue and purple gradient. There are four sound effect bubbles around her: 'Hek!' at the top left, 'HUK!' at the top right, 'HUK!' on her left shoulder, and 'CHK!' on her right shoulder. A speech bubble is on the right side of the image.

Hek!

HUK!

HUK!

CHK!

THE THING
ABOUT EXPERIENCE...
THE THING THAT **ME** AND
YOUR **OLD MAN** SHARE
IS THAT IT'S THE SUM
TOTAL OF ALL YOUR
MISTAKES.

PLOO

Gohh!

Nhuh!

Ngho!

LOOKING
BACK ON ALL
THE WAYS YOU
FUCKED
UP.



AND YOU
FUCKED
UP.


I'm
begging
you...

PLOO

IT'S
WHAT MAKES
YOU A BETTER
HERO, VILLAIN,
WHATEVER.

PLOO





BUT NO ONE
GOES SWIMMING WITH A
GREAT WHITE BEFORE THEY GET
THEIR 50-YARD MERIT BADGE.
DIDN'T YOUR OLD MAN TELL YOU
YOU GOTTA PICK YOUR
FIGHTS **BETTER.**

God.
I feel so...
Fuck! It's so
intense...

PLOO

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU WERE TRYING
TO *PROVE* COMING HERE.
YOU'RE JUST *NOT* IN
MY LEAGUE.

Please!





HEH. WELL,
YOU'RE IN MY
LEAGUE,
NOW.



NO TIME
FOR LOVE, THOUGH.
I'VE GOT A CITY TO
RULE!



WHAT A
BODY! WE COULDA
BEEN SOMETHING
SPECIAL,
BABE.

WHA?!







TRIED
TO **WARN** YA,
KID.




THUNGA!



SHE'S
GONNA MAKE A
HUGE MESS
DOWN THERE.

CHANG!

CLANG!




I'M *HUNGRY*.
WHY AM I THINKING
ABOUT *PIZZA*
PIE?

TUNG!



OH.
YEAH.



MAYBE I'LL
ORDER SOME *TAKE-OUT*.
ONCE I GET THE FLOOR
CLEANED.











A woman with short, straight pink hair and bangs is hanging from a thick, dark horizontal bar. She is wearing a black, long-sleeved, ruffled dress that is open at the chest. Her arms are raised, gripping the bar. She has a somber expression. The background is a dimly lit, industrial-looking space with blue and purple lighting. A railing with small lights is visible behind her. A speech bubble is positioned to her right, containing the text "I'M SORRY, NICK...".

I'M *SORRY*,
NICK...

A woman with long, wavy pink hair is suspended in the air, hanging from a ceiling by her arms. She is wearing a black, form-fitting, low-cut dress. Her eyes are closed, and she has a pained or distressed expression on her face. The scene is set in a dimly lit room with a strong blue color cast. In the background, there is a window with a grid pattern and some faint lights. A speech bubble is positioned to the left of her head.

I FUCKED
UP.

