

# PLANET-MAN:

## SHOCK STEP

He was too tired to fly.



Shock Step hit the jewelry store after midnight.



Planet-Man answered anyway.



His eyes kept closing.



The street kept tilting.



You look like you could use a nap.



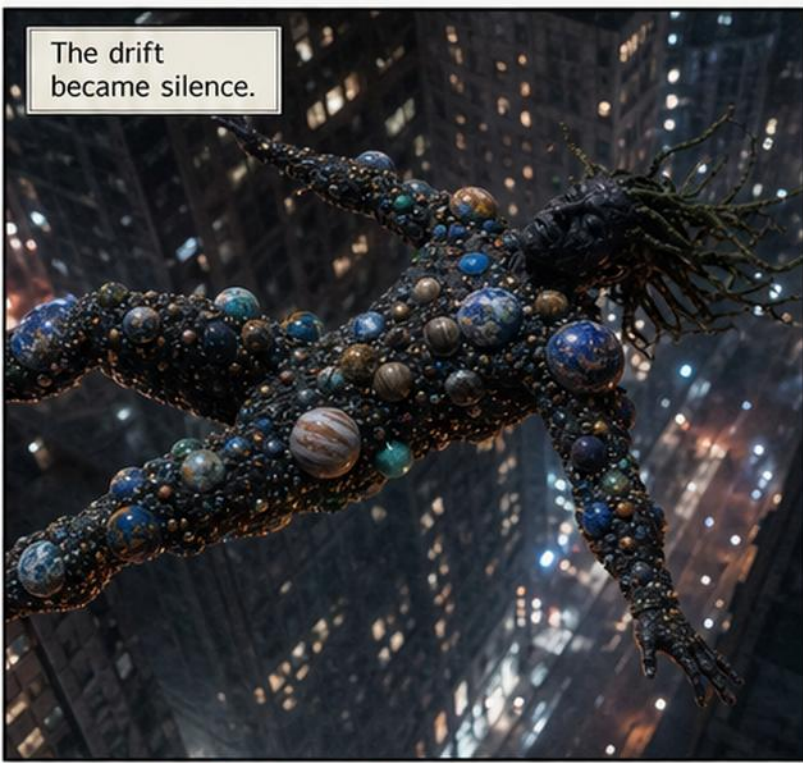
Planet-Man tried to climb.



The climb  
became a drift.



The drift  
became silence.



Planet-Man  
blacked out.



The rooftop  
caught him.



Shock Step  
stopped laughing.



Then he  
laughed harder.



Maybe you can  
catch me in your  
dreams.



**The guardians arrived without applause.**



**One found their maker.**



**One found the thief.**



**Planet-Man did not wake.**



**The chase continued.**



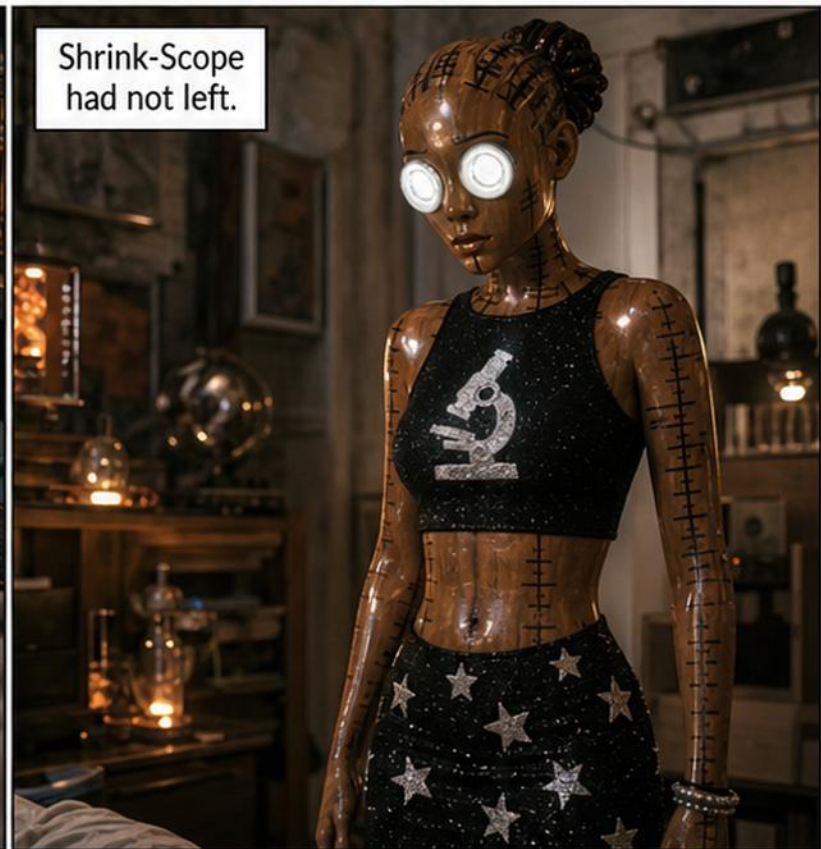
**The city did not have to wait.**



He woke under his own ceiling.



Shrink-Scope had not left.



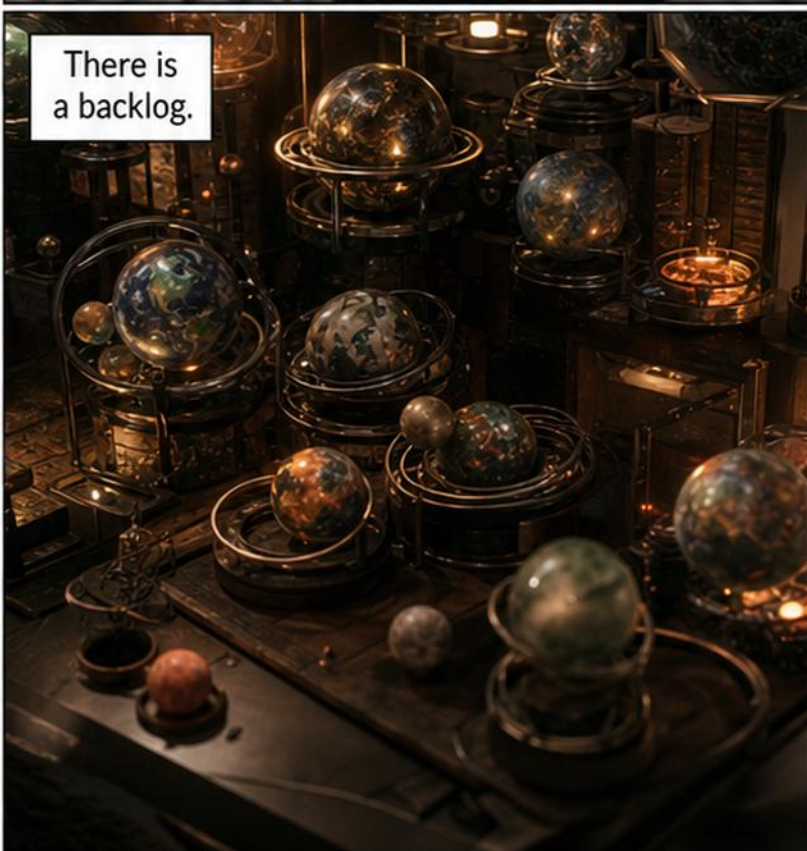
You cannot keep staying up this late.



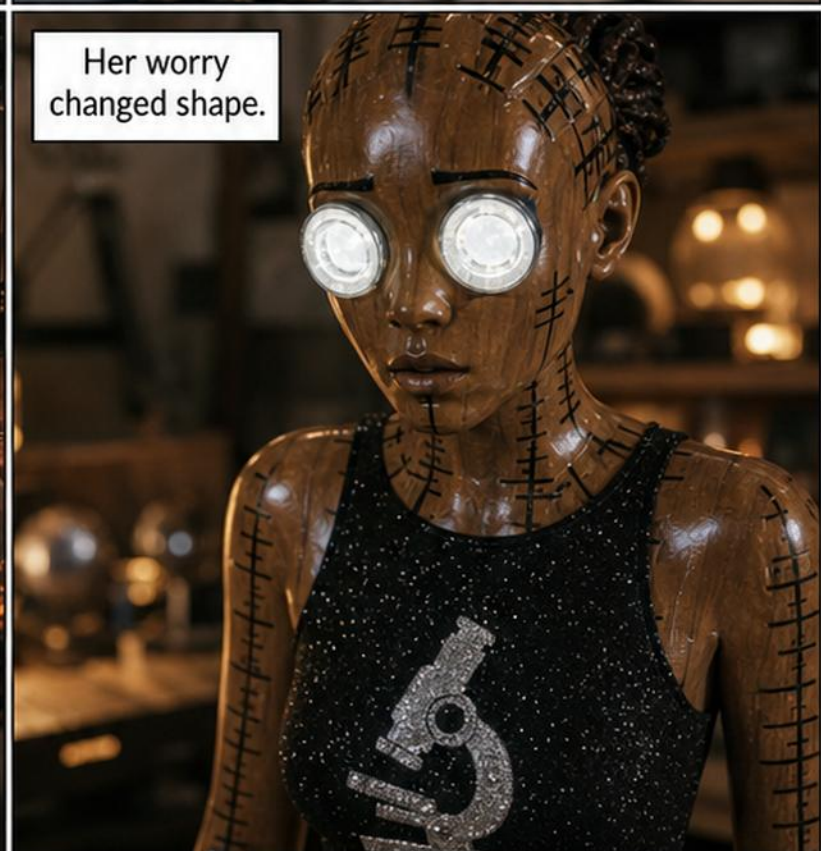
I have to.



There is a backlog.



Her worry changed shape.



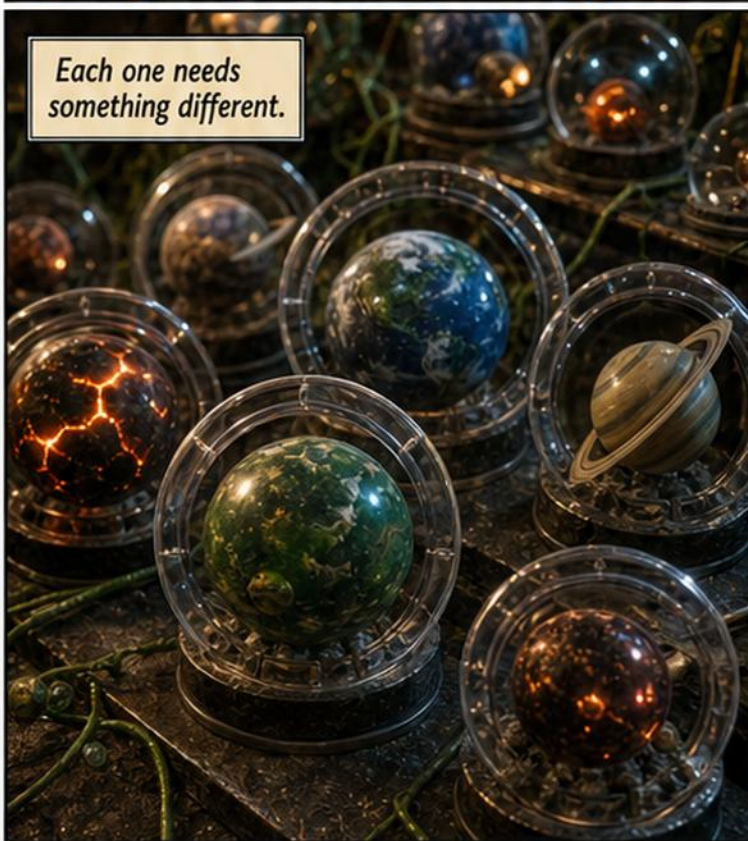
What backlog?



So many worlds need help.



Each one needs something different.



So I build guardians for each one.



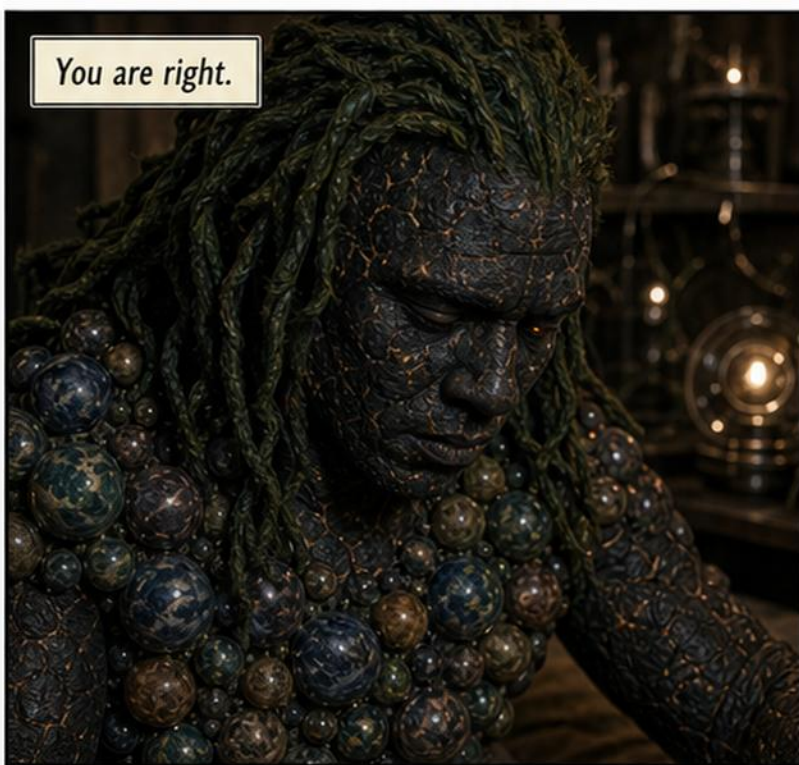
That was the point.



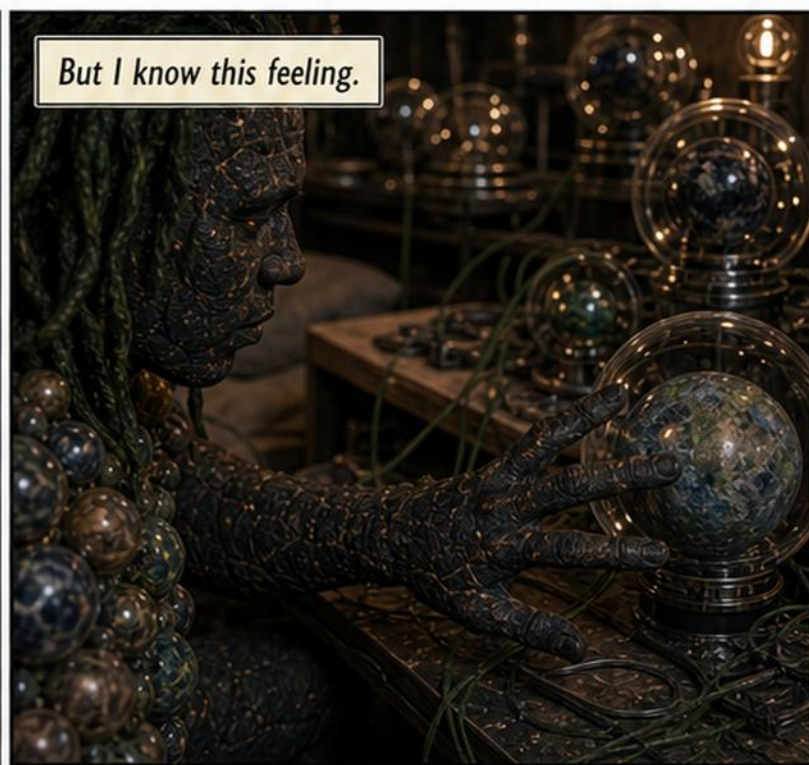
To keep you from stretching this thin.



*You are right.*



*But I know this feeling.*



*The rush came back.*



*I used to create worlds just to feel it.*



*Now I tell myself it is repair.*



*You are attracted to extremes.*



*You need balance.*





Sometimes I do not know how to stop.



Then we stop together.



Each night, we talk before bed.



No workshops.  
No backlog.



Just us.



Good night.



Good night.