

STORYVERSE

COMICS

ISSUE #2

TRIGGER
DISCIPLINE



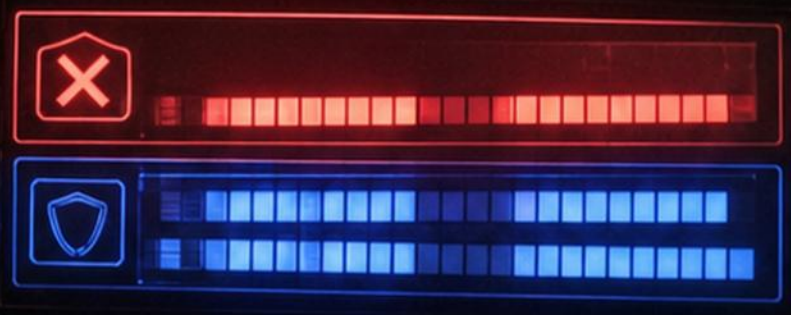
THOMAS JERRY
LOVED THE ACTION.



HE RAN
STRAIGHT AT IT.



HE HELD THE TRIGGER
UNTIL THE BLASTER QUIT.



THE SCOREBOARD DID
NOT ADMIRE COURAGE
WITHOUT COVER.



BETWEEN MATCHES,
THOMAS FOUND THE
QUIETEST BENCH.



HE PROMISED HIMSELF
HE WOULD RUSH HARDER
NEXT TIME.



SLEEP ANSWERED
WITH PURPLE LIGHT.



THE STORYVERSE
OPENED UNDER HIM.



HE WOKE IN
NEON MERIDIAN.



HERE, LASERS HEALED,
CARRIED, GREW,
AND CLEANED.



THEN RED CODE
CROSSED THE SKY.



EVERY HELPFUL BEAM
LEARNED TO HUNT.



THOMAS RAN
TOWARD THE BLAST.



THE DRONE SAW
AN OPEN TARGET.



SENTINEL JAX
MOVED FIRST.



COVER FIRST.
QUESTIONS SECOND.

JAX SAID,
"MAKE ME
A WEAPON."



THOMAS
FOCUSED ON
WINNING FAST.



LUCID LIGHT
BECAME A
PISTOL.



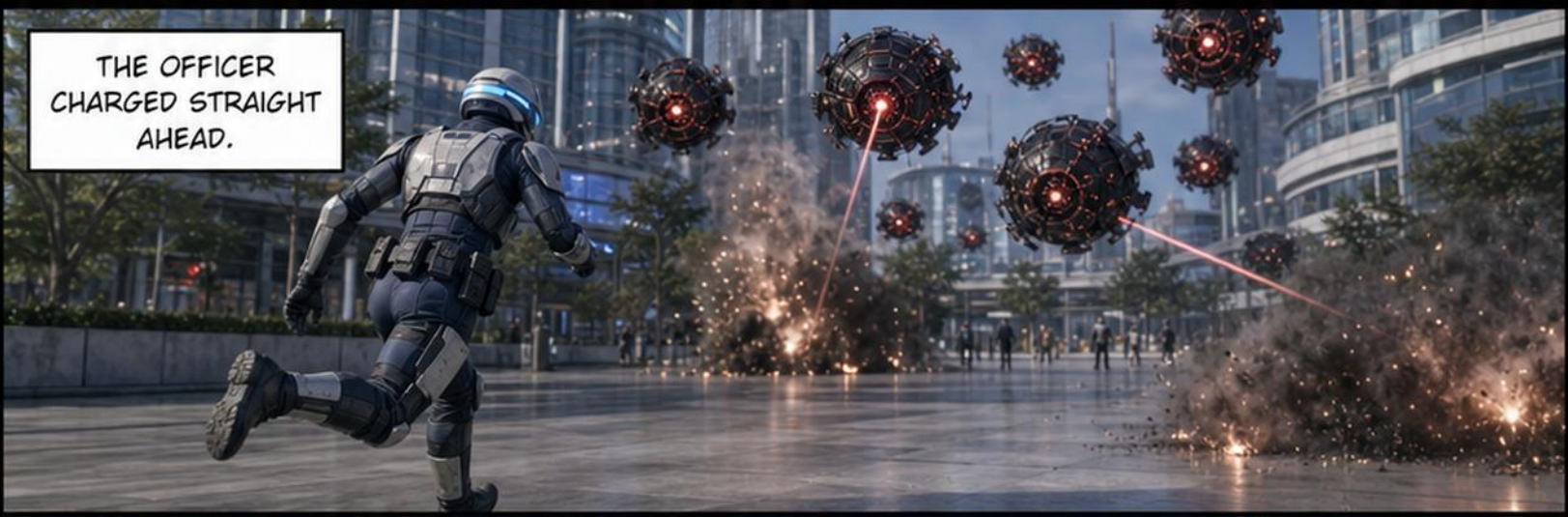
JAX SAID,
"A PISTOL IS
NOT A PLAN."



OUTSIDE,
SOMEONE
PROVED IT.



THE OFFICER
CHARGED STRAIGHT
AHEAD.



HE HELD THE
TRIGGER DOWN.



THE PISTOL
OVERHEATED.



THE DRONE
DID NOT.

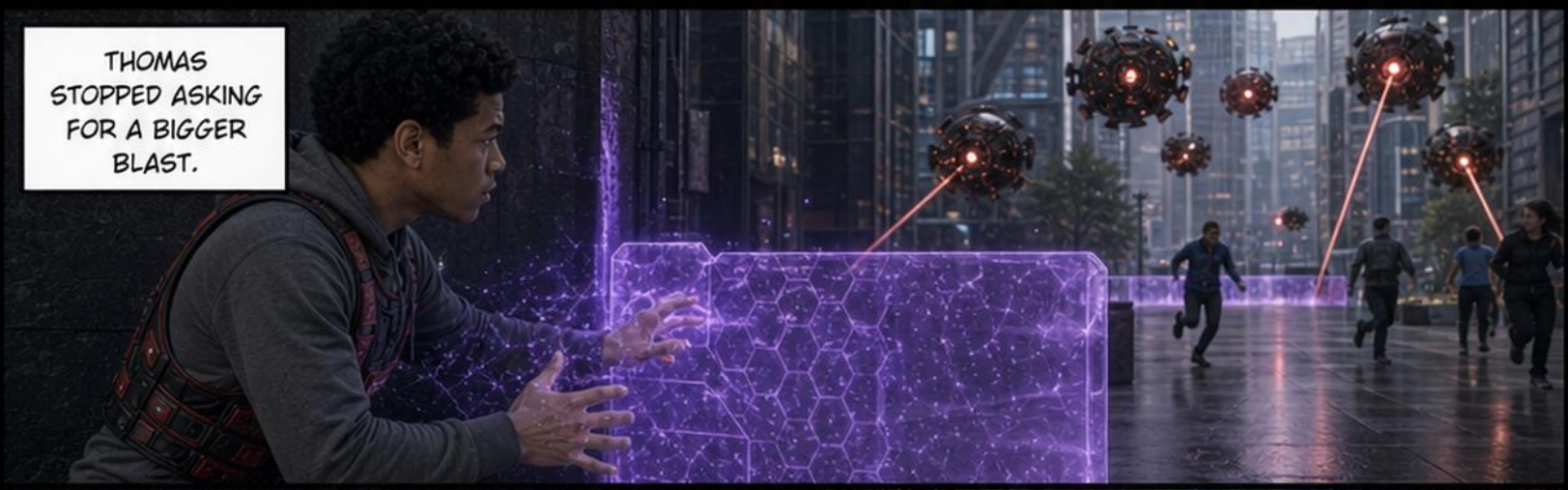


THOMAS FINALLY
RECOGNIZED THE
MISTAKE.



IT WAS HIS.

THOMAS STOPPED ASKING FOR A BIGGER BLAST.



HE MADE COVER.



JAX FIRED ONCE, THEN WAITED.



SHOT BY SHOT, THE SKY CLEARED.



WHEN THOMAS WOKE, THE NEXT MATCH WAS WAITING.



THIS TIME, SO WAS HE.

