

I've been trapped in the dark and you've opened a thousand windows for me...
Oh, my son! I...

Look that boat full of refugees!
It's so spot on!



Those are Vikings.

And there, that explosion!



Where?
Oh, the palm tree.

My father had an indescribable expression on his face.

You can't quite *understand* everything you can see.
That's normal. How could you?
You need me at your side to help you...



With my guidance,
there won't be any limits
to what you can accomplish
in this cruel world.





Once my father recovered his voice,
he didn't ever stop talking.
We discussed all manner of things,
going back and forth until late at night.

Every explorer
needs to be able to
tie his shoelaces,
first of all.



There you go...

That's it.



Now you're
all set.



At dawn we set off.

The forest would be my school.



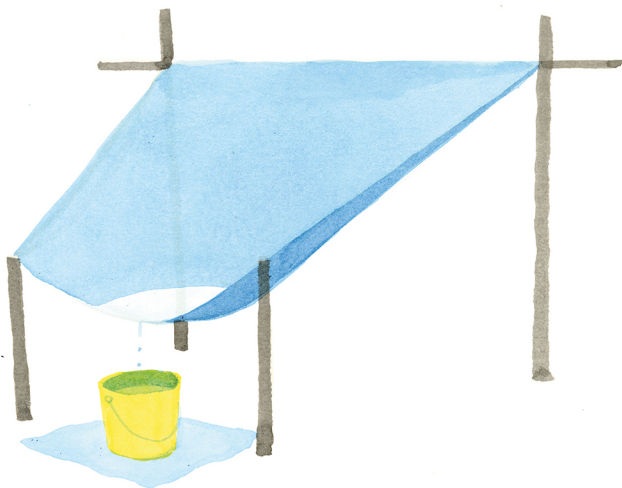
In the forest, everything had to fight to survive in a thousand different ways.



My father showed me how to survive as well.



He showed me how to collect the morning dew.



To teach me to breath through my nose, we would run with our mouths full of water (an old Apache trick, or so he told me).



He trained me to launch stones with the accuracy of a Sphendonite.



We pierced holes in the hides of cows to drink their blood.



I learned to leap from tree to tree, traveling without ever touching the ground. I had no fear...
And in any case, my father was a brilliant surgeon, so if I did fall, he could always fix me right up.



The forest was teeming with tiny creatures, masters of the arts camouflage and trickery...



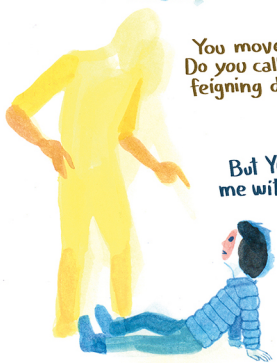
We emulated their methods to escape the notice of our own enemies.



No.
I can still hear you breathing.



You moved.
Do you call that
feigning death?



But YOU moved
me with your foot!

Well, you moved,
in any case.



Now it's
your turn!

Tickle, tickle, tickle...





Just some
gas escaping...
That's totally normal
with a dead body!