

MY NAME IS LI JING.

I HUNT BUTTERFLIES.



I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING.

"FROM A PLANE?"



"WHAT ARE THEY -- GIANT, GENETICALLY ENGINEERED, MONSTER BUTTERFLIES?"

TO WHICH I REPLY...

"YEAH, PRETTY MUCH."

YOU SEE, AMERICA OWES A LOT OF COUNTRIES A LOT OF MONEY, MINE INCLUDED.

AND SOMEONE TOLD THEIR PRESIDENT THAT THING ABOUT BUTTERFLY WINGS CAUSING STORMS IN CHINA.



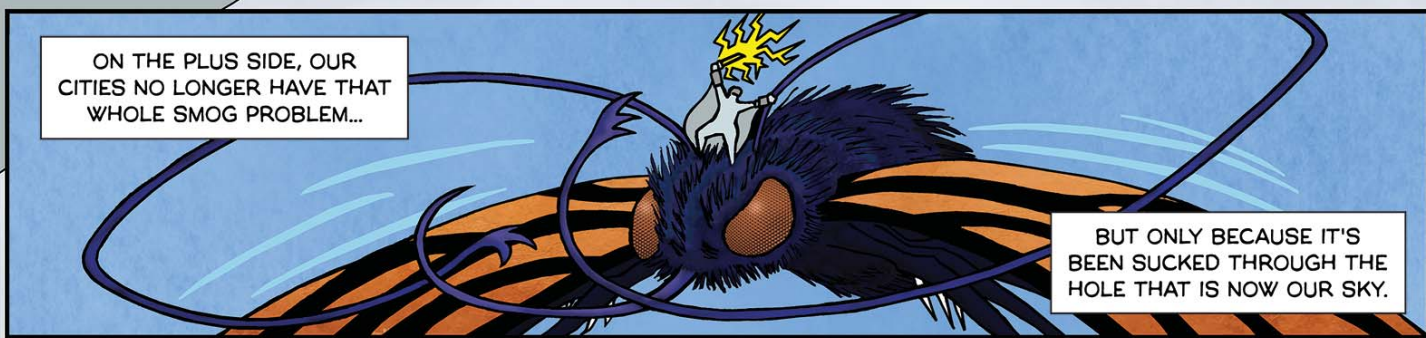
THE LEPIDOPTERIST

BY L.R.G.CARTER



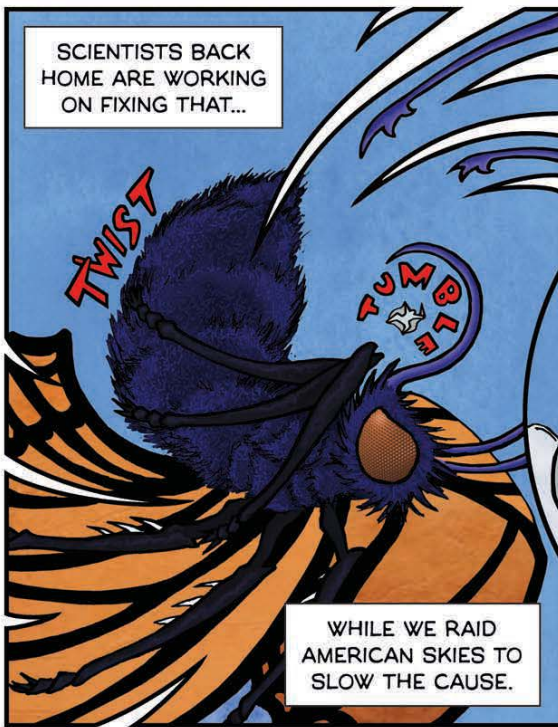
SO THEY SAID, "WHY STOP THERE?"

"WHY NOT MAKE BUTTERFLIES THAT TEAR THE VERY FABRIC OF SPACE-TIME?"



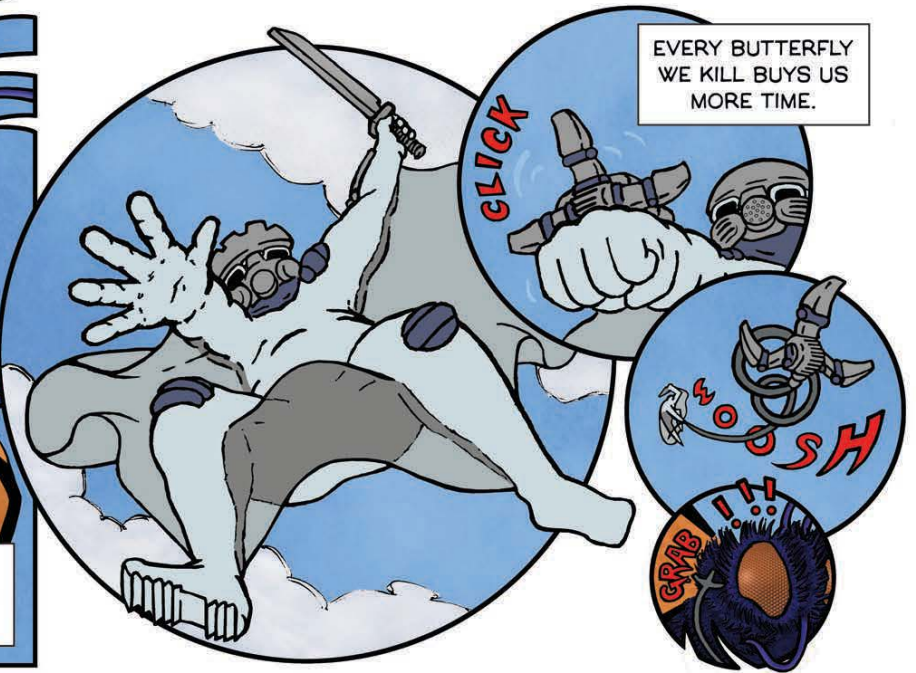
ON THE PLUS SIDE, OUR CITIES NO LONGER HAVE THAT WHOLE SMOG PROBLEM...

BUT ONLY BECAUSE IT'S BEEN SUCKED THROUGH THE HOLE THAT IS NOW OUR SKY.

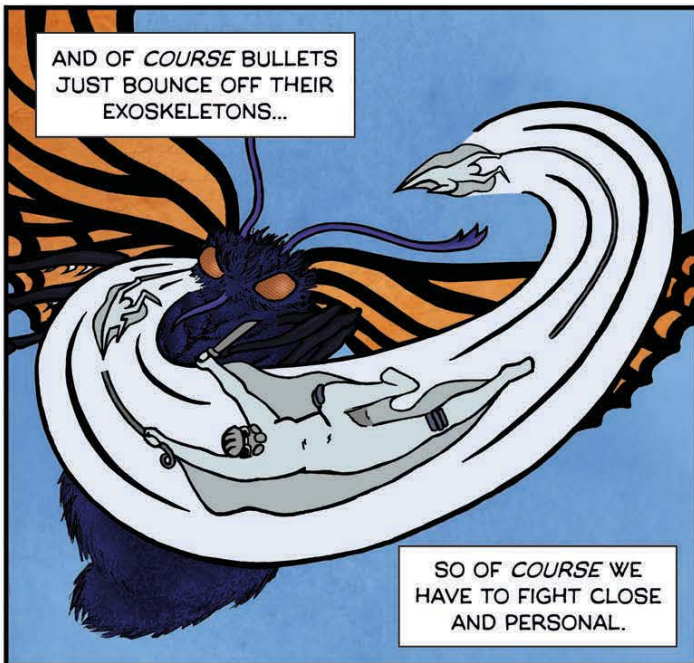


SCIENTISTS BACK HOME ARE WORKING ON FIXING THAT...

WHILE WE RAID AMERICAN SKIES TO SLOW THE CAUSE.

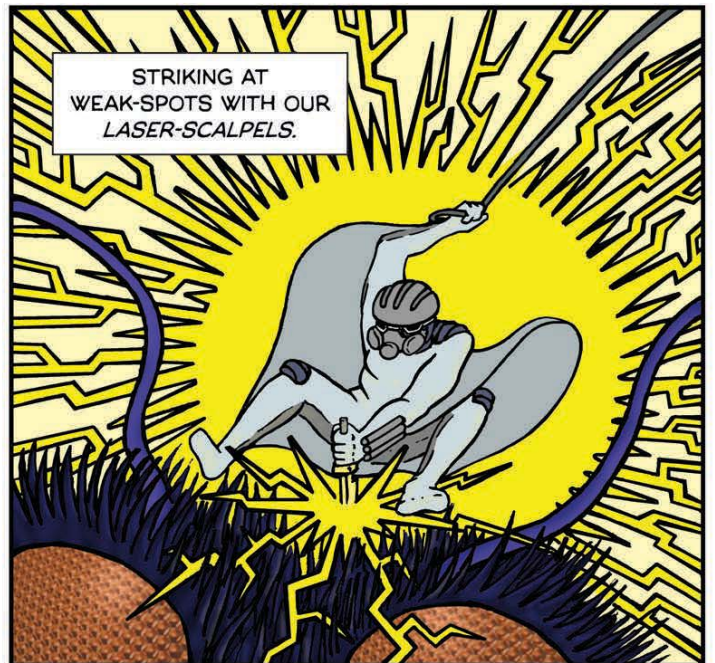


EVERY BUTTERFLY WE KILL BUYS US MORE TIME.

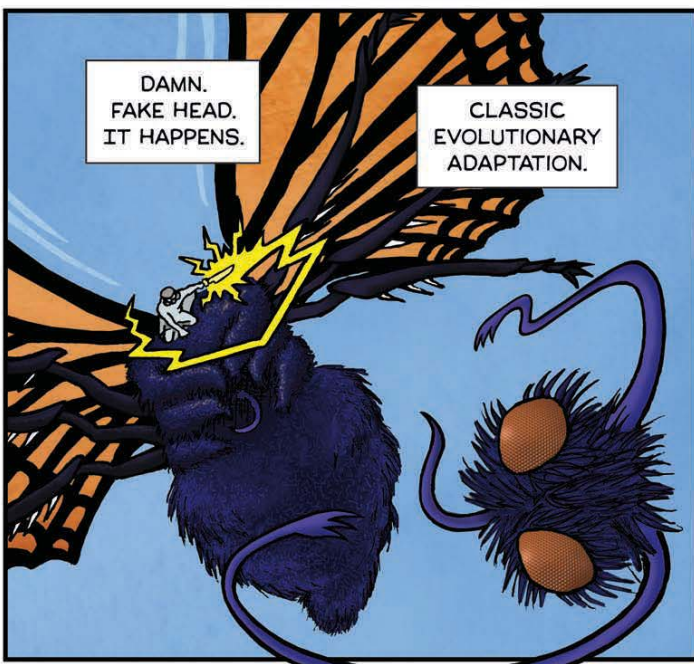


AND OF COURSE BULLETS JUST BOUNCE OFF THEIR EXOSKELETONS...

SO OF COURSE WE HAVE TO FIGHT CLOSE AND PERSONAL.



STRIKING AT WEAK-SPOTS WITH OUR LASER-SCALPELS.



DAMN. FAKE HEAD. IT HAPPENS.

CLASSIC EVOLUTIONARY ADAPTATION.



HIDING THE REAL ONE BENEATH AN UNFOLDING THORAX IS A MORE RECENT MUTATION.



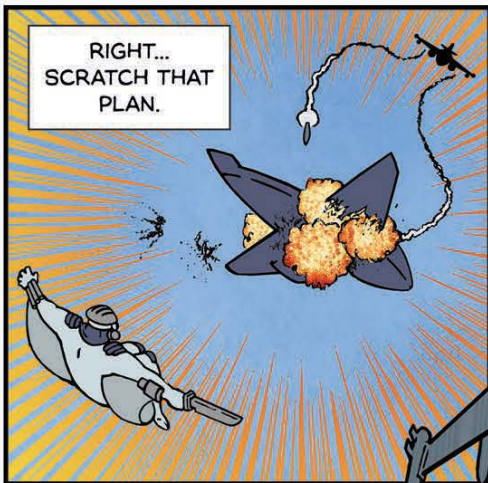
STILL, INSECTICIDE CANISTERS REMAIN A VERSATILE WEAPON.

LEAVING THE SPECIMEN PRIMED FOR DISSECTION.

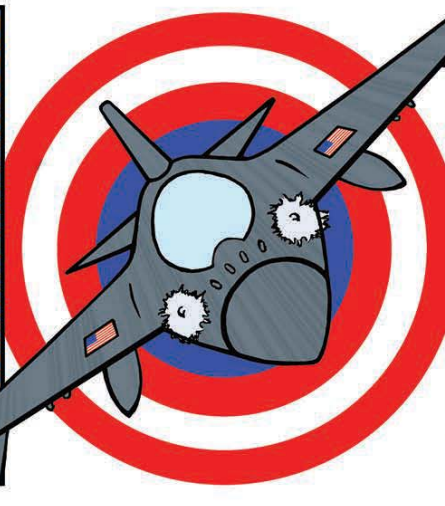


THERE'S ONLY TIME TO TACKLE A FEW TARGETS ON EACH RAID.

THEN IT'S BACK TO OUR AIRCRAFT AND HOME BEFORE WE'RE NOTICED.



RIGHT... SCRATCH THAT PLAN.



YOU'D THINK THEY MIGHT WELCOME OUR EFFORTS TO CLEAN UP THEIR MESS.



INSTEAD OF CLASSIFYING US AS HOSTILE FORCES INVADING THEIR SKIES.

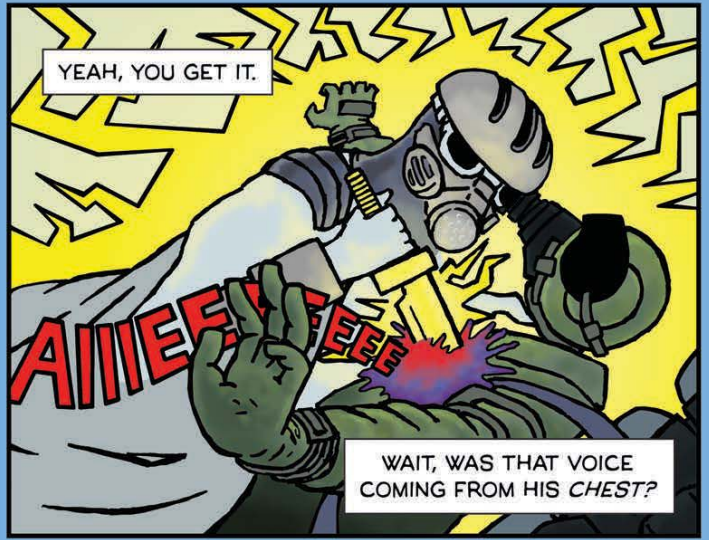


DAMN YOU, LEPER!

THEY CALL US LEPERS.

WORDPLAY.

YOU GET IT?



YEAH, YOU GET IT.

WAIT, WAS THAT VOICE COMING FROM HIS CHEST?



HUH. FAKE HEAD. TOLD YOU IT HAPPENS.

BUTTERFLY PEOPLE HAVE INFILTRATED AMERICA? EXPLAINS A LOT ABOUT THEIR POLITICIANS.



SOME FEMALE BUTTERFLIES CAN REJECT A MALE'S SPERM AT WILL.

THAT'S WHY THEY THINK HUMANS CAN DO THE SAME!



AND WITH HINDSIGHT, THE COMPOUND EYES SHOULD HAVE GIVEN THEM AWAY...

LOOKS LIKE I'M NOT GOING TO MAKE IT HOME.

INSTEAD I'M OFF TO WASHINGTON, TO INTRODUCE VARIOUS ARMS OF GOVERNMENT TO MY ELECTRO-SCALPEL.



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