



The human race?

On one hand, not the first time I thought they'd maybe cooked their own goose.

On the other, something about this feels especially... doomsday-esque.



Well, if more blasts are coming, they'll be coming quick.

We should keep moving just in case.

Umm, actually, I get a little nauseous whenever I go higher than the scrubbers.



Trust me, if the sky starts falling, you don't want to be down there.

Spoken like a guy who's seen some armageddon?

Don't tell me you're one of those war junkies who followed the Enola Gay over to Hiroshima or whatever.



Nah, this was much closer to home.

United 826.



Don't think I know that one.

Before your time, after mine.

1960... but damned if I can recall the month, which speaks to the relentless march of time and such, not the magnitude of this particular tragedy.



Terrorism?

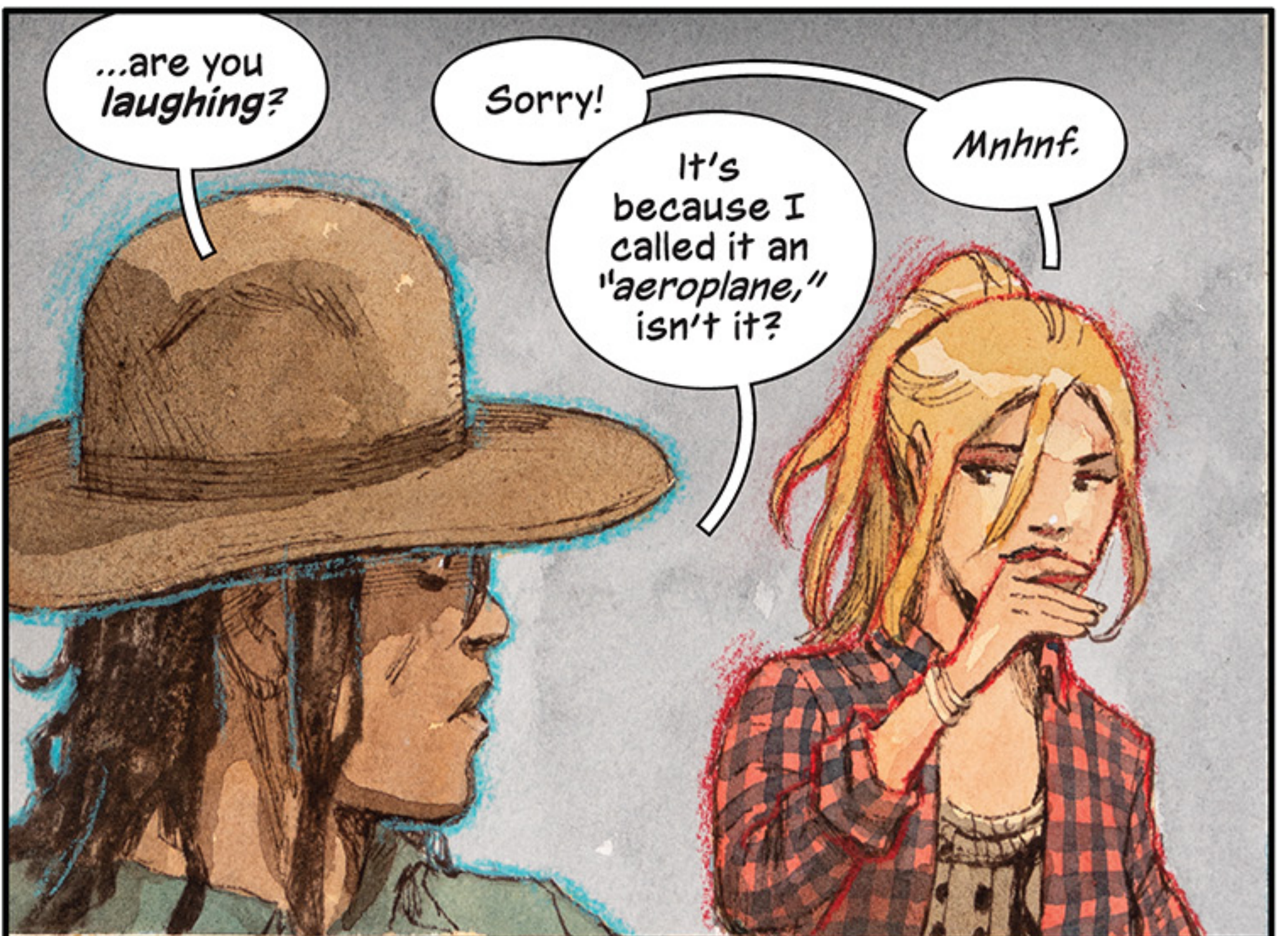
Accident, midair collision with *another* aeroplane.

Most of the first one landed right here in Park Slope, killed every soul on board and a mess of folks just going about their lives below.



Tried to be of service to whatever terrified spirits emerged from that crater, but they kept rushing back into the flames for loved ones, most of whom had already moved on.

In all my years, I've never heard wailing like...



...are you laughing?

Sorry!

It's because I called it an "aeroplane," isn't it?

Mhnhf.

