



Oldest?

You mean age or era?

Era, I guess.



Hmn.

I met an honest-to-goodness *knight in shining armor* a few years after I kicked. From around the Tenth Century, if I recall correct.

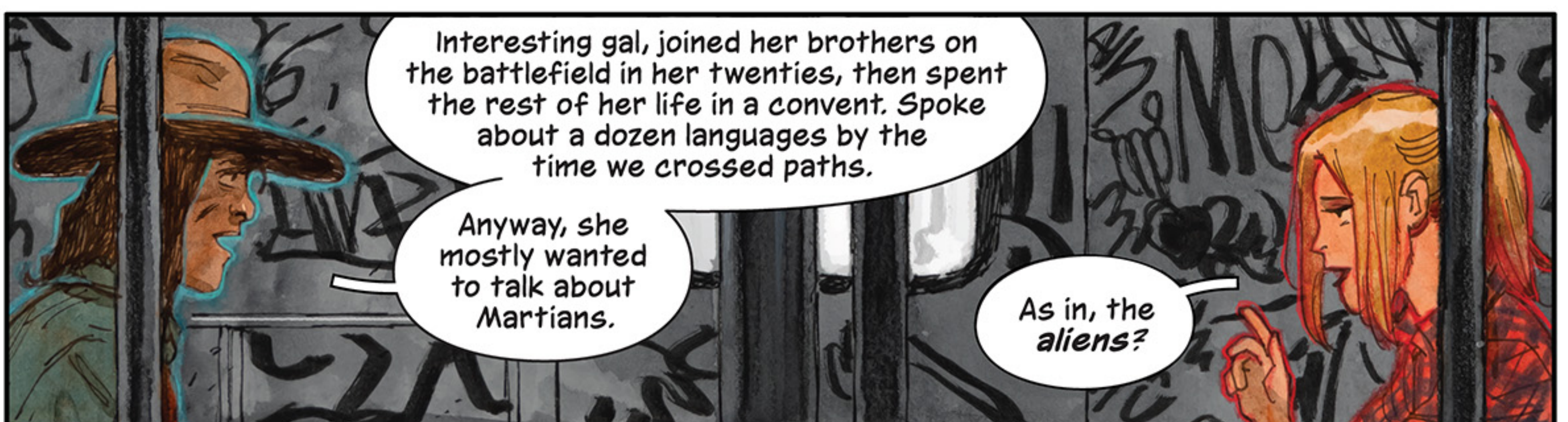
No shit. You catch his name?



Hers, actually.

French lady, Isabel of something-or-other.

Well, aren't I a sexist bitch?



Interesting gal, joined her brothers on the battlefield in her twenties, then spent the rest of her life in a convent. Spoke about a dozen languages by the time we crossed paths.

Anyway, she mostly wanted to talk about Martians.

As in, the aliens?





Reading over folks' shoulders, Isabel had been keeping up with that *War of the Worlds* book everyone was raving about back then.

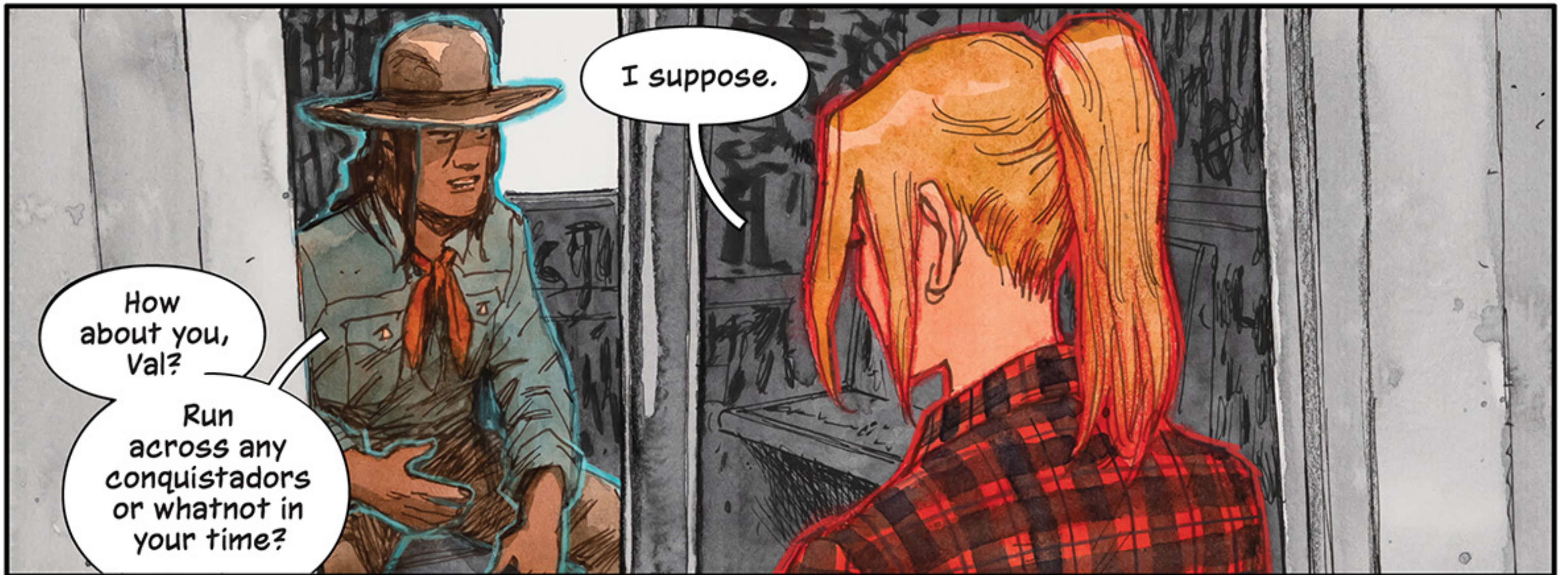
She felt for sure something like that was about to happen for real.



This chick sounds fucking amazing.

Why didn't you two space cadets keep in touch?

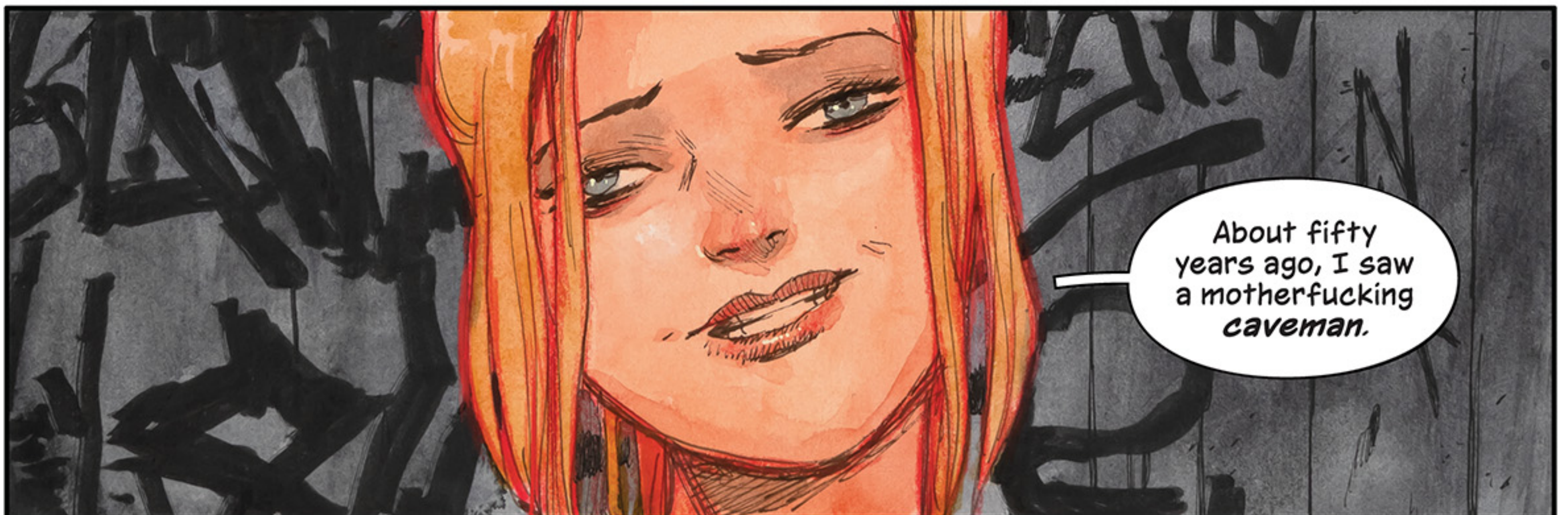
Eh, you know how it goes on this side. Sooner or later, folks tend to mosey on.



I suppose.

How about you, Val?

Run across any conquistadors or whatnot in your time?



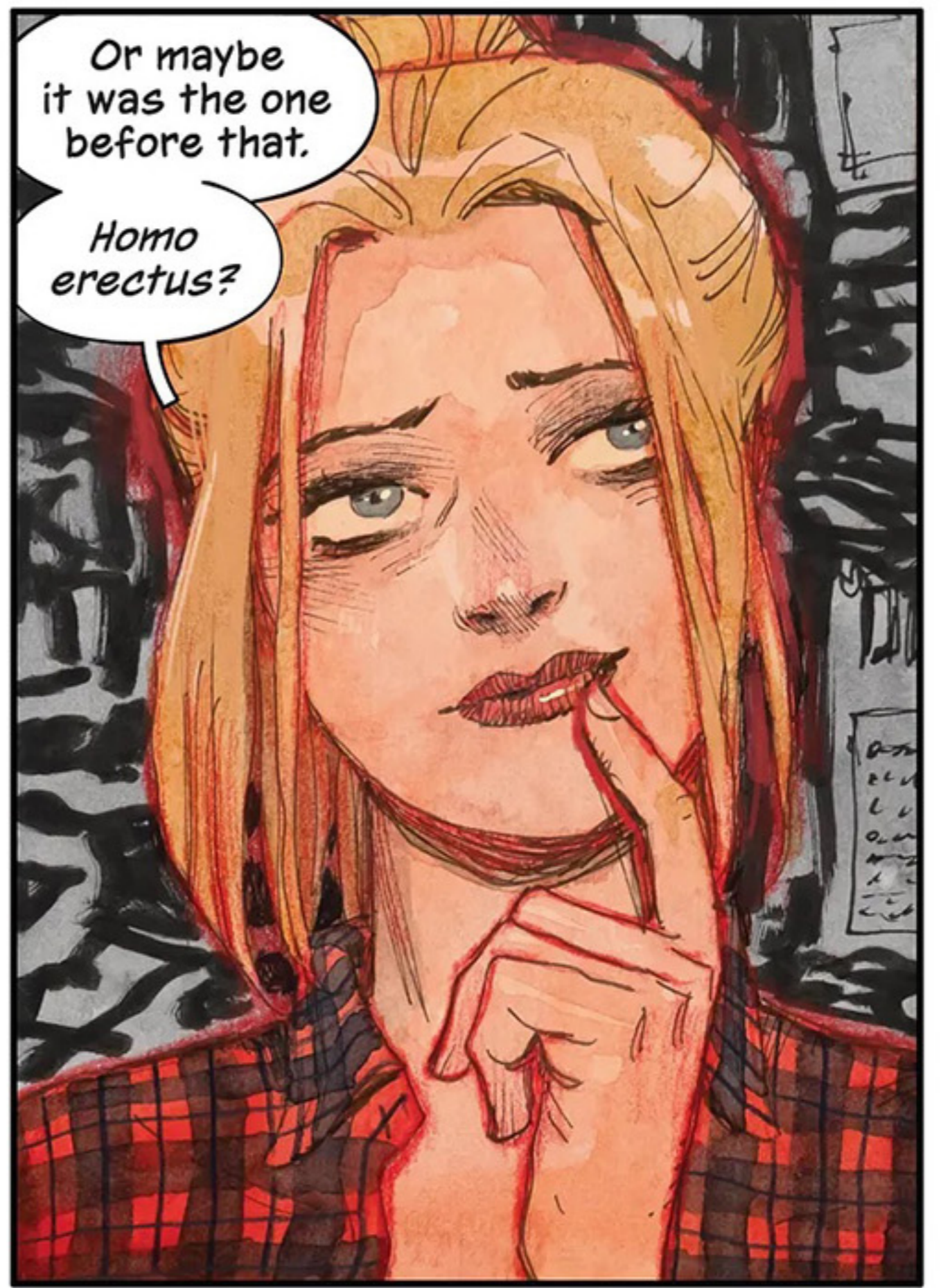
About fifty years ago, I saw a motherfucking *caveman*.





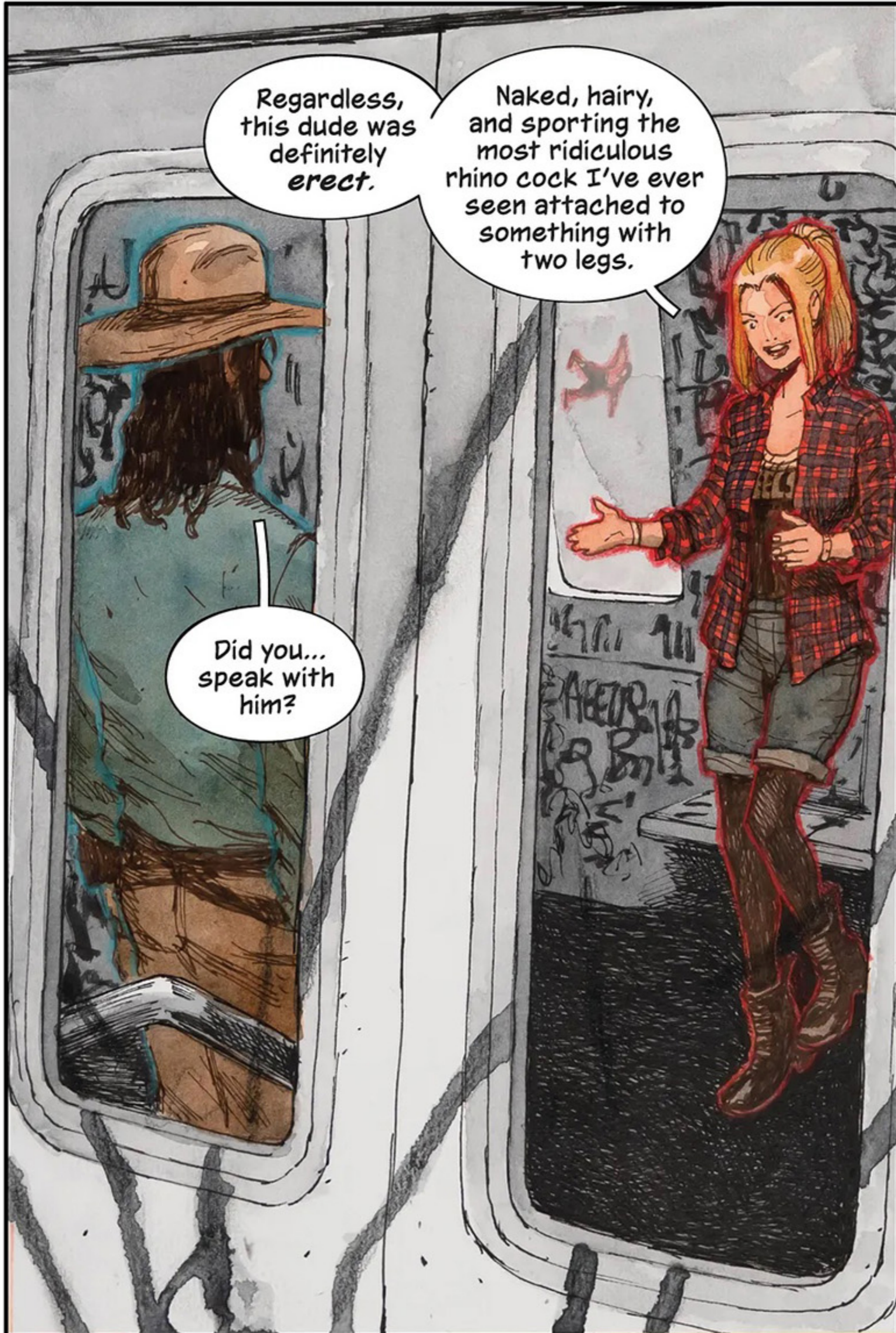
You mean one of those old cliff-dwellers out of Mesa Verde?

Nope, not a Native American, I mean a straight-up *Neanderthal*.



Or maybe it was the one before that.

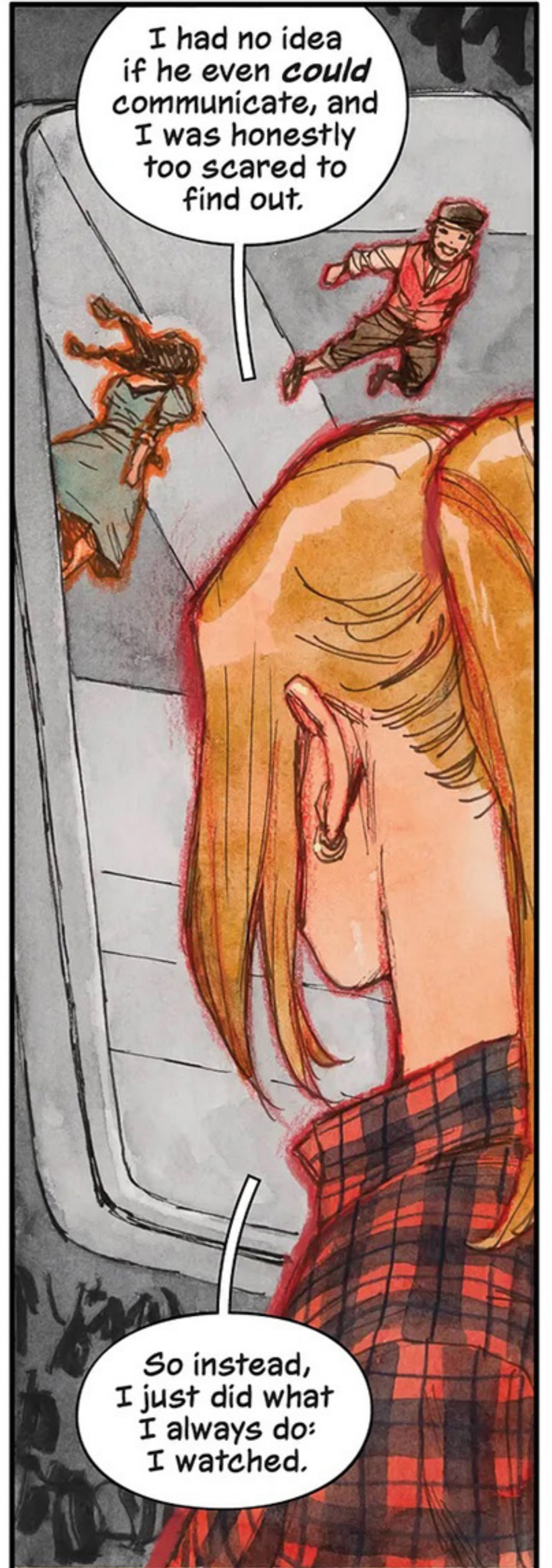
*Homo erectus*?



Regardless, this dude was definitely *erect*.

Naked, hairy, and sporting the most ridiculous rhino cock I've ever seen attached to something with two legs.

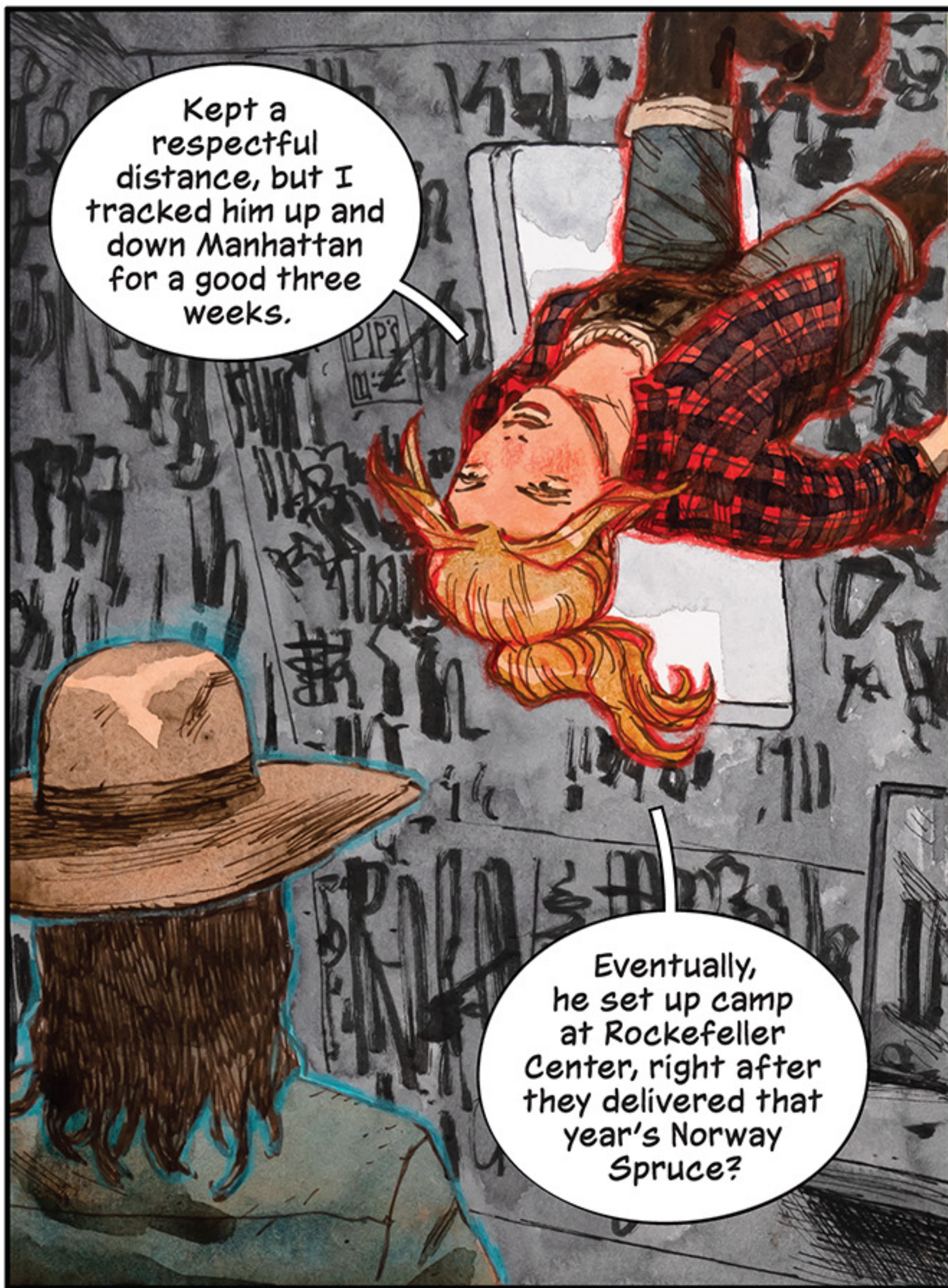
Did you... speak with him?



I had no idea if he even *could* communicate, and I was honestly too scared to find out.

So instead, I just did what I always do: I watched.





Kept a respectful distance, but I tracked him up and down Manhattan for a good three weeks.

Eventually, he set up camp at Rockefeller Center, right after they delivered that year's Norway Spruce?



Captain Caveman must have seen hundreds of tree-lightings over his centuries, but he seemed especially transfixed by this one.

Day after Christmas, he strolled right into the thing's trunk... and then *poof*, he was totally gone.



I don't know if the beautiful bastard offered himself -- or whatever you call the equivalent of that for our kind -- or if he just sank on down to the Earth's core.

Either way, I never saw him or anyone like him ever again.



... Now I can't tell if *you're* fucking with *me*.

Come on, this is our stop!





Where we headed to next?

Um, to the Chamber of Uncomfortable Revelations?

Uh-oh. Something you looking to get off your chest?

Not to completely unload on you, but I'm still kind of processing what happened back there.

With that mad bomber?

No.

No, I'm most definitely not ready to get into that shitshow yet. I'm talking about Officer Stalks-a-lot.

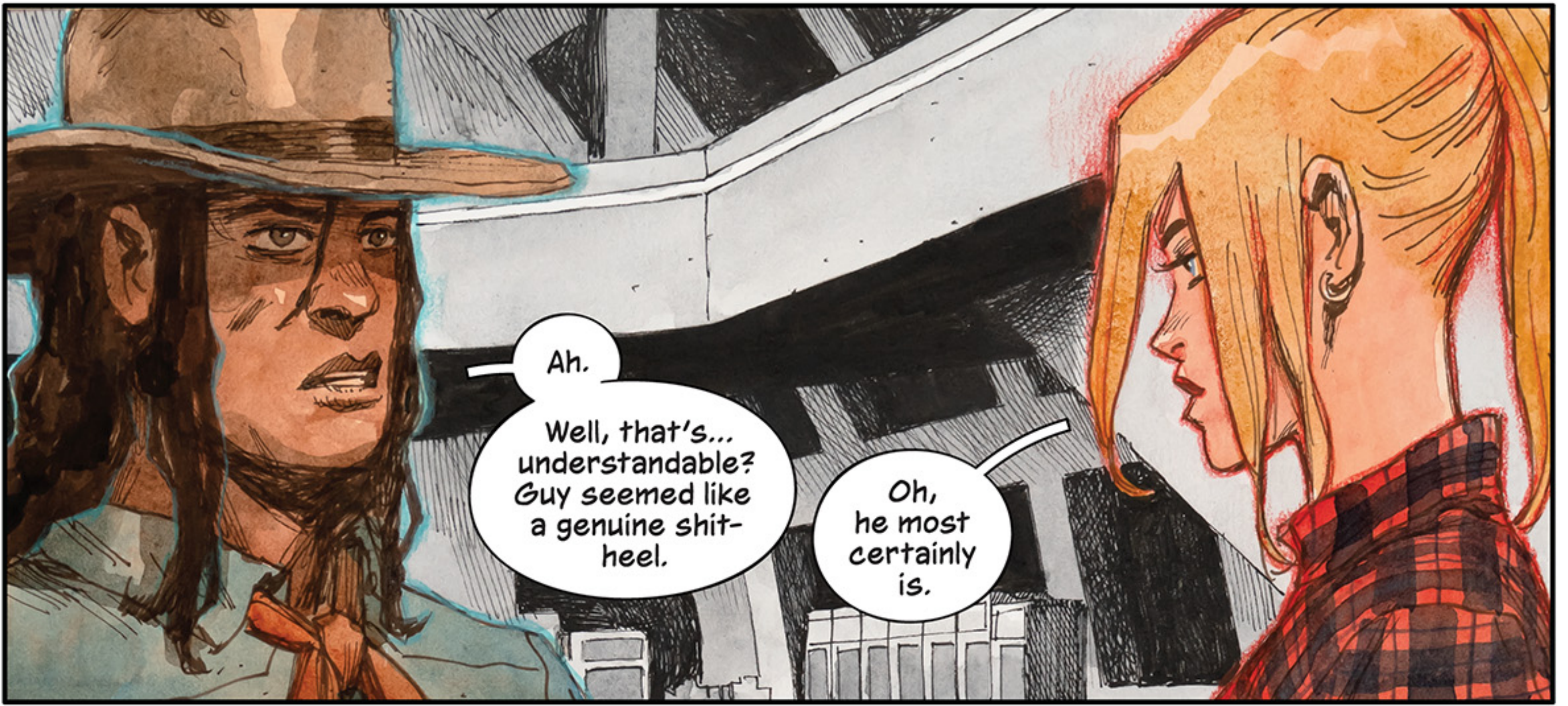
What about him?

Look, I'm grateful you scared him off, but if I'm being totally honest?

When you didn't shoot him in the face... it kind of broke my heart.







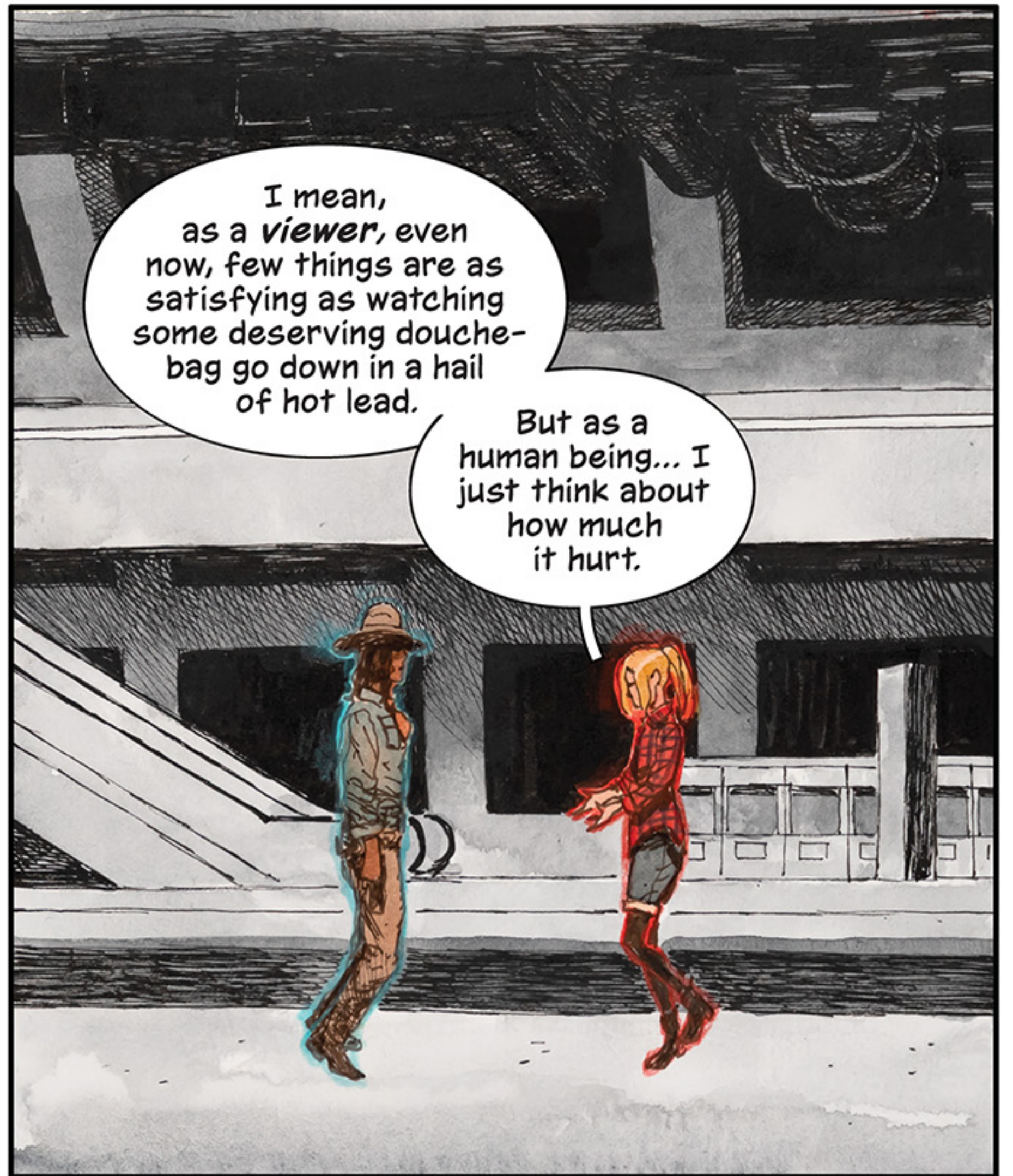
Ah.

Well, that's... understandable? Guy seemed like a genuine shitheel.

Oh, he most certainly is.

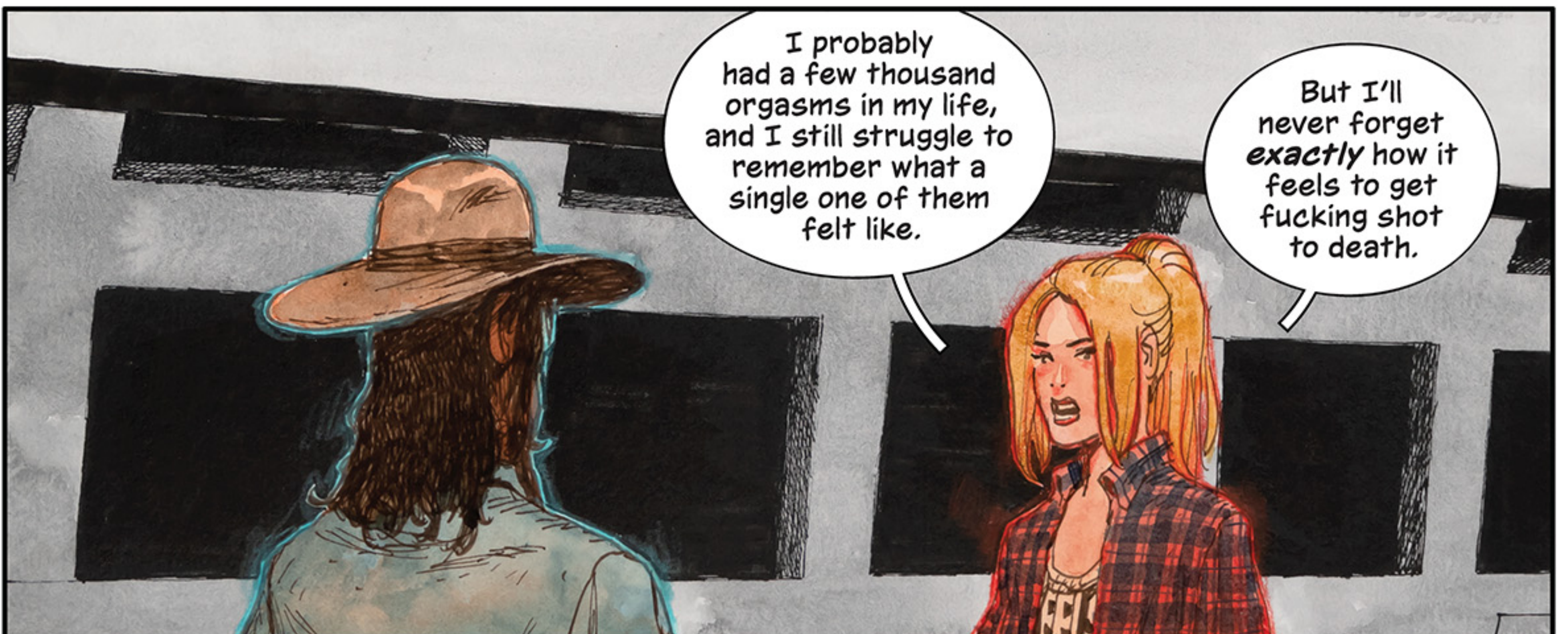


But why the fuck do I still get off on gunplay, considering that's how I ended up here?



I mean, as a *viewer*, even now, few things are as satisfying as watching some deserving douche-bag go down in a hail of hot lead.

But as a human being... I just think about how much it hurt.



I probably had a few thousand orgasms in my life, and I still struggle to remember what a single one of them felt like.

But I'll never forget *exactly* how it feels to get fucking shot to death.