

HOW COULD I TELL THAT GENTLE BEING WHAT A MONSTROSITY IT WOULD BE TO THOSE OUTSIDE! HOW THEY WOULD FEAR IT, HATE IT-- PERHAPS DESTROY IT! I COUNTED ON TIME TO SOLVE THIS PROBLEM-- BUT I DIDN'T GET IT. INSTEAD, I GOT AN OMINOUS PHONE CALL--

YOU'D BETTER HURRY OUT TO THE PLANT, MISTER RANDOLPH-- AT ONCE, SIR!

FABIAC?
YES... YES! I'LL LEAVE RIGHT NOW!



IT WAS BAD-- IN FACT, THE WORST HAD HAPPENED. WHEN I GOT TO THE PLANT, I FOUND A SHAMBLES OF BROKEN GLASS--

IT WAS THE MACHINE, SIR-- HE SMASHED THE SOLAR MIRROR YOU ORDERED!

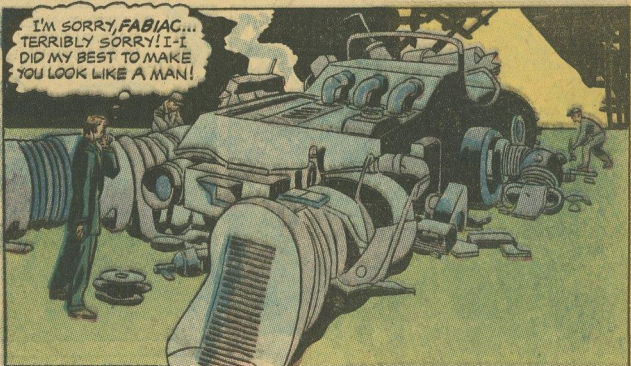
YOU MEAN FABIAC WAS ON HAND WHEN THAT MIRROR ARRIVED?

HE WATCHED US CARRY IT IN-- THEN HE BLEW HIS TOP!



I WAS TOO LATE, OF COURSE-- THE MIRROR HAD TOLD FABIAC WHAT I'D HOPED HE'D LEARN IN TIME. WHAT-EVER PART OF HIM THAT SERVED HIM AS A HEART COULD NOT TAKE THE IMPACT OF TRUTH! FABIAC, AND FIVE YEARS OF HARD WORK WERE GONE--

I'M SORRY, FABIAC... TERRIBLY SORRY! I-I DID MY BEST TO MAKE YOU LOOK LIKE A MAN!



LOOKS LIKE THE MACHINE PUNCHED OUT SOME TAPE BEFORE IT BLEW! I KNOW HOW YOU MUST FEEL ABOUT THIS, SIR-- BUT AFTER ALL, IT WAS ONLY A MACHINE!



THE TECHNICIAN CHANGED HIS MIND WHEN I SHOWED HIM THE WORDS ON THE TAPE MESSAGE--

