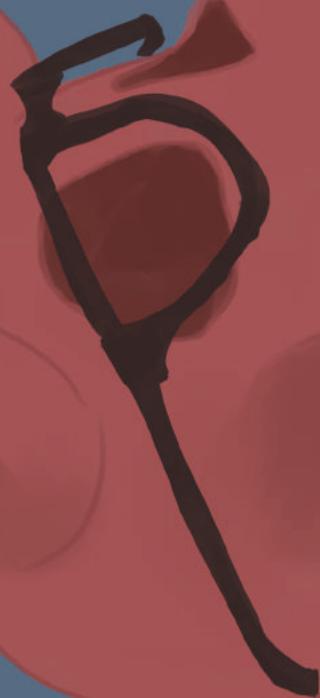


# VULTURE

## POSTSCRIPT



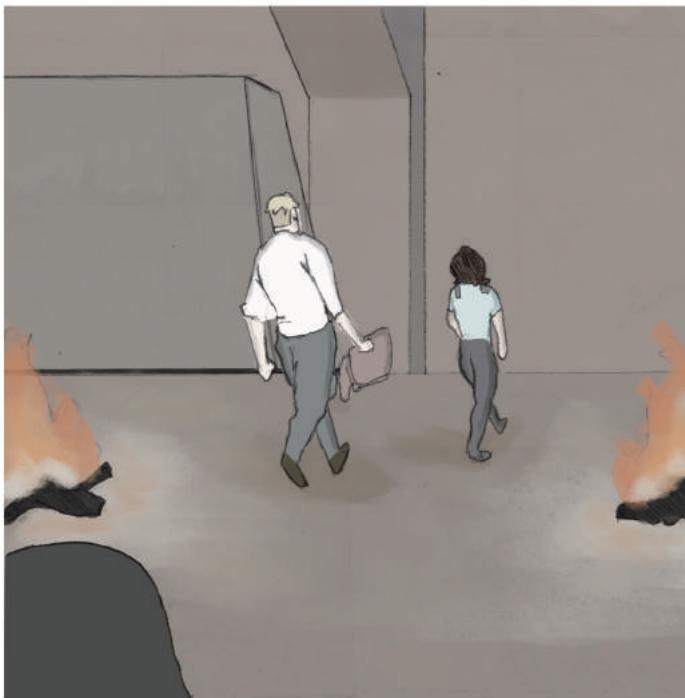
HAL PRYOR

# VULTURE

POSTSCRIPT



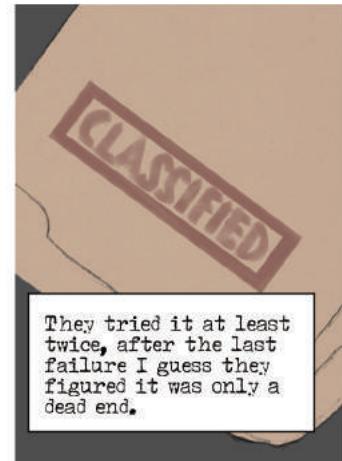
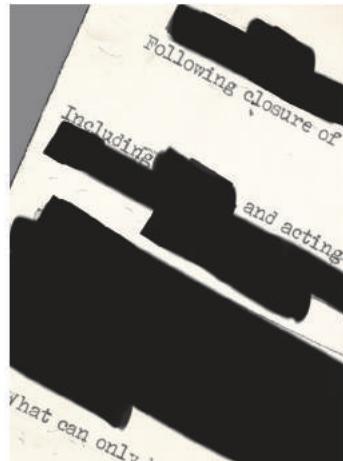
HAL PRYOR





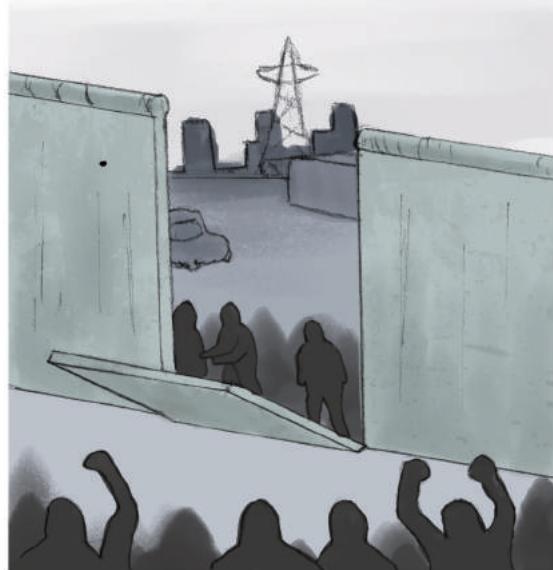
Next contact with the base found what state it was in

Eventually they realised the inspector the CIA sent never arrived



The cold war continued

Until it just sort-of, ended



Who knows how bad things would've gotten if you'd thrown psychics into the mix.

X X "

I guess we got lucky

We made it to safety at least, the world didn't find out what we could do

I had to get the Girl out

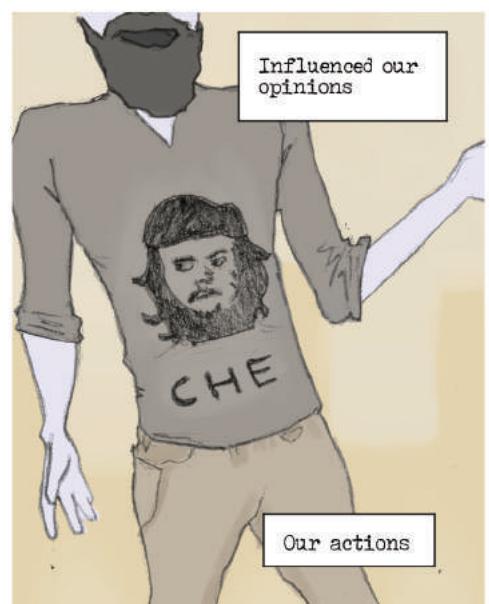
Telekinesis?  
Mind reading?  
Mind control?

She didn't have aspirations for her abilities. She just wanted a life.

If they'd succeeded there...  
They could've seen everything we do.



Influenced our  
opinions



But we stopped it



...didn't we?





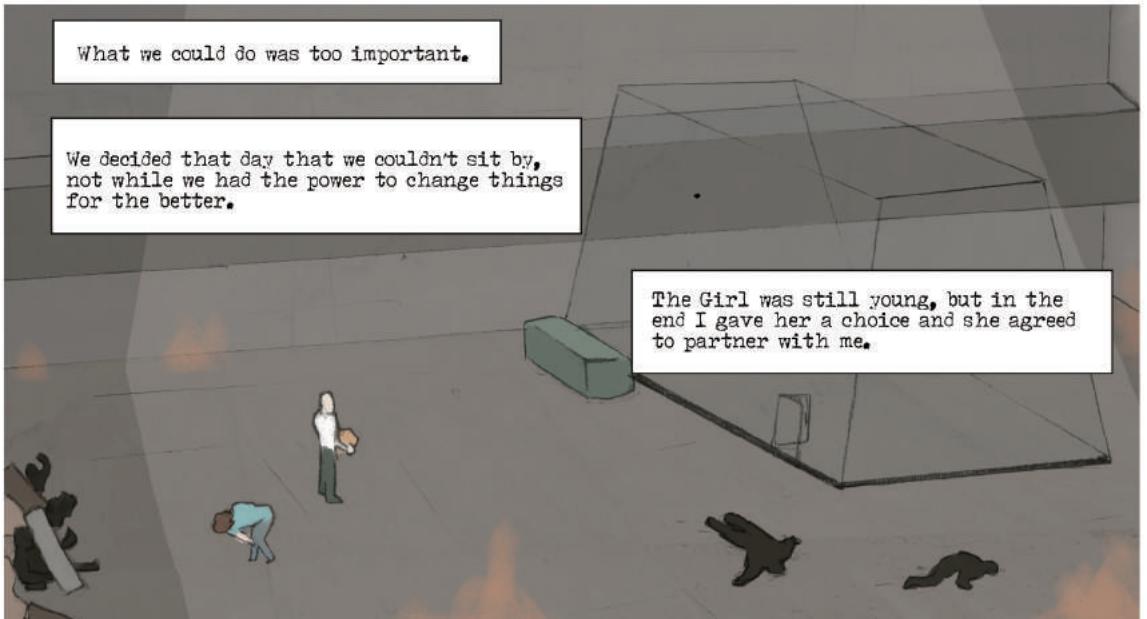
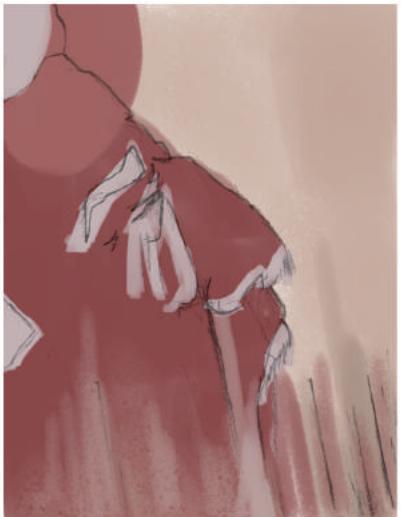
# VULTURE

POSTSCRIPT



HAL PRYOR





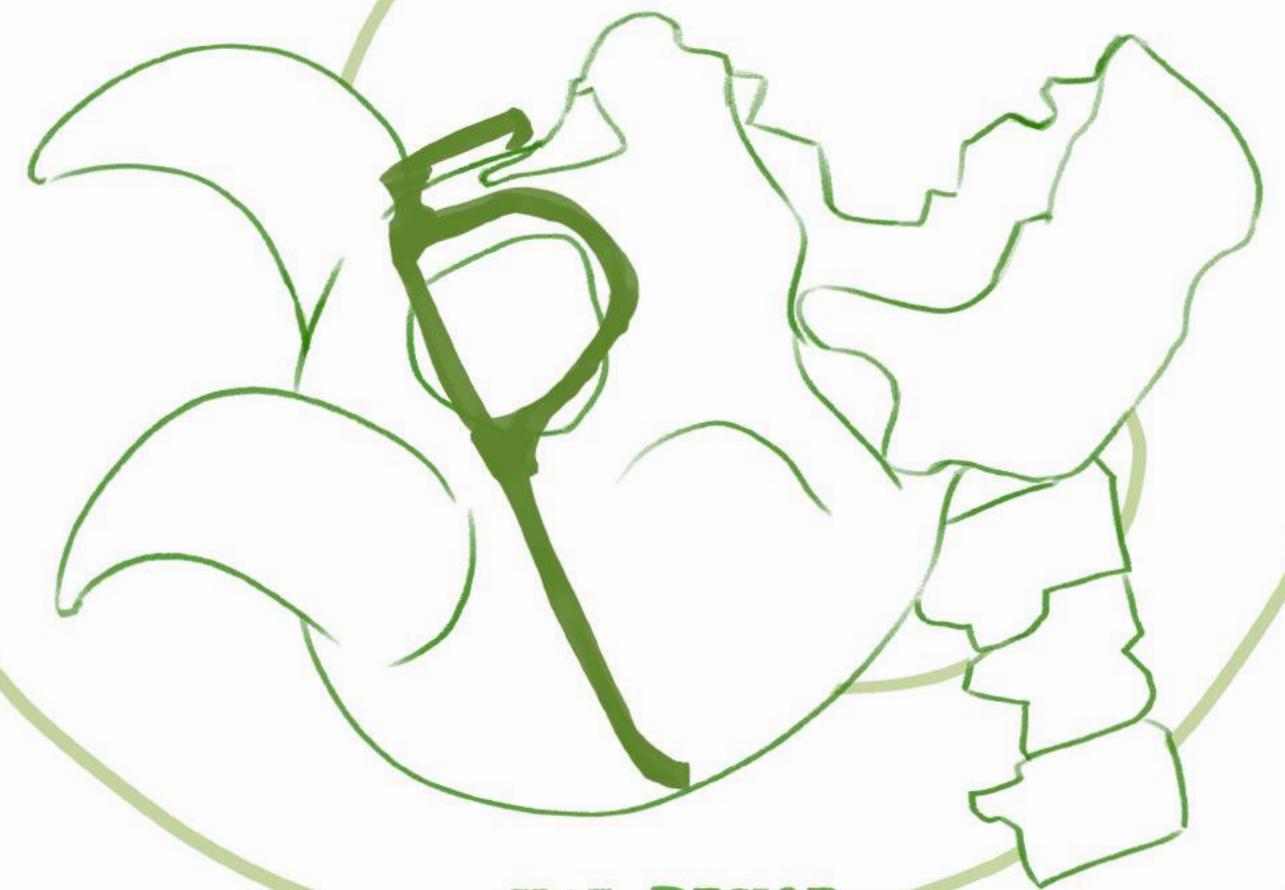




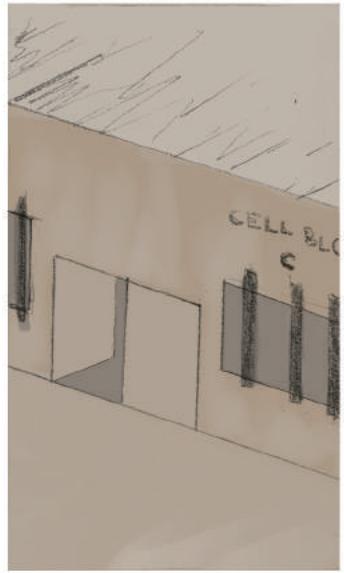
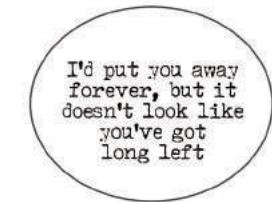


# VULTURE

POSTSCRIPT



HAL PRYOR





I saw it now, I knew I had to do something with the psychics

Gomez at least had a better grasp of morality than Buchanan

Revolution really was the only way



Communism, socialism.  
She wasn't quite there

But together, we  
developed something  
we could both agree on



Things got hard, not everyone  
would accept our abilities,  
in the end we had to go public



A lot of people weren't ready  
to embrace our new worldview

But we were doing  
the right thing



We knew it, they  
had to learn it

By force if we had to





