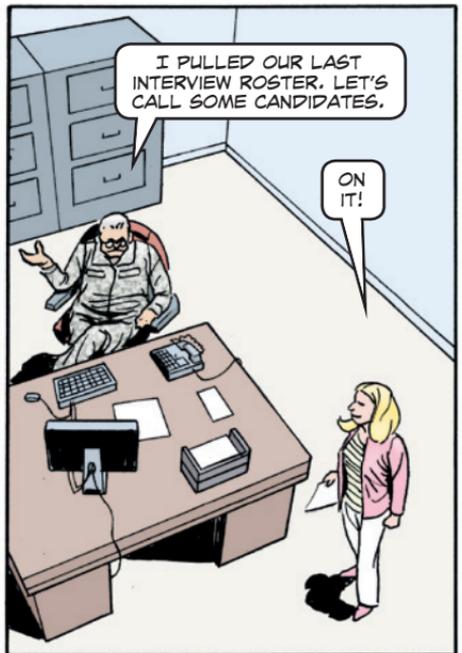
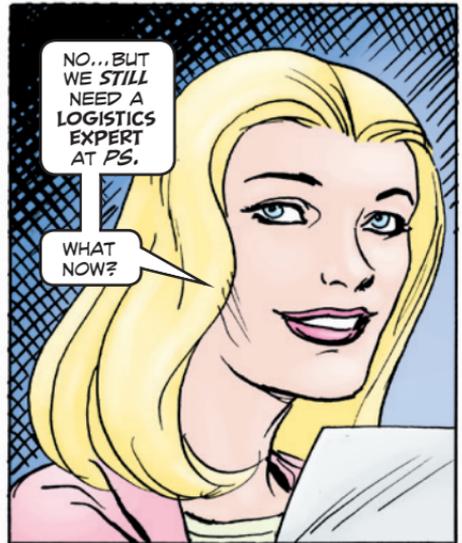
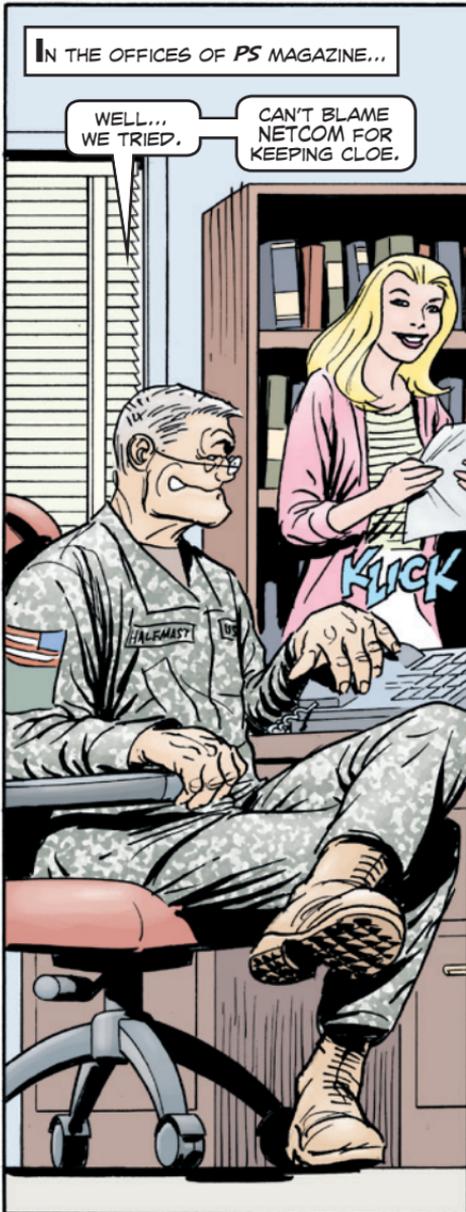


2012: a Logistics Odyssey





THE NEXT DAY...

...AND I OVERSAW THE LOGISTICS COMMAND EXERCISE AT FT. BLUEFLY FOR THE ARMY CHIEF OF STAFF HIMSELF!



GENERAL ODIERNO?

NO... GENERAL WEST-MORE-LAND!



UH...AND YOU'RE UP-TO-DATE WITH ALL THE LATEST LOGISTICS TERMINOLOGY?

LAND SAKES, YES. I'VE GOT A TRICK FOR REMEMBERING PESKY ACRONYMS, TOO.



I JUST MEMORIZE THE FIRST LETTERS OF MY COOKIE RECIPES... LIKE CHOCOLATE CHIP, LEMON, OATMEAL... C-L-O...



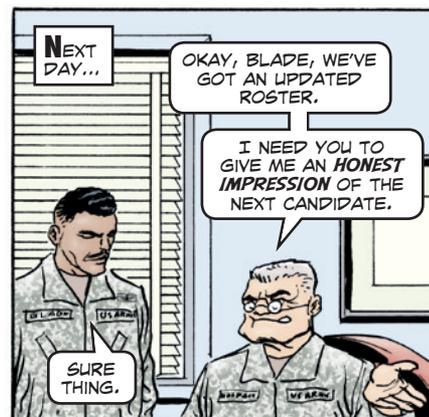
AFTER THE FIRST CANDIDATE IS GONE...

WHO PULLED AN INTERVIEW ROSTER FROM THE 1960S?

GUESS WE DON'T GET OPENINGS AT PS VERY OFTEN.



EVERYONE LOVES WORKING AT PS!

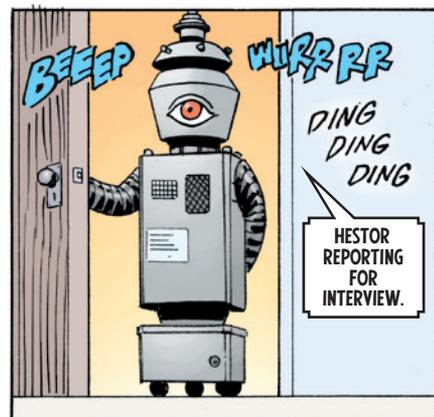


NEXT DAY...

OKAY, BLADE, WE'VE GOT AN UPDATED ROSTER.

I NEED YOU TO GIVE ME AN HONEST IMPRESSION OF THE NEXT CANDIDATE.

SURE THING.



BEEP

WHRRRR

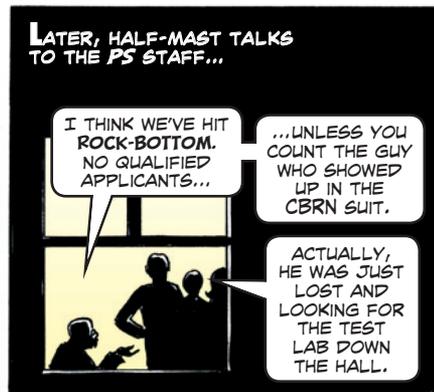
DING DING DING

HESTOR REPORTING FOR INTERVIEW.



BEEP? DING? WHRR?

WELL, YOU DID SAY YOU WANTED MY HONEST IMPRESSION OF THIS CANDIDATE. RIGHT, SARGE?

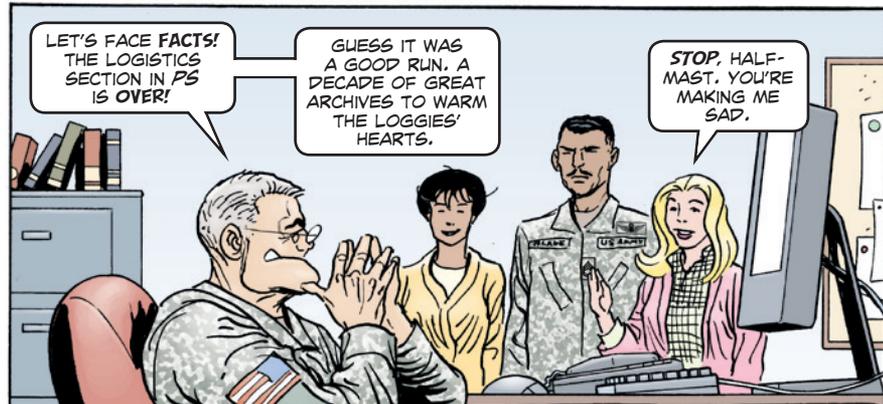


LATER, HALF-MAST TALKS TO THE PS STAFF...

I THINK WE'VE HIT ROCK-BOTTOM. NO QUALIFIED APPLICANTS...

...UNLESS YOU COUNT THE GUY WHO SHOWED UP IN THE CBRN SUIT.

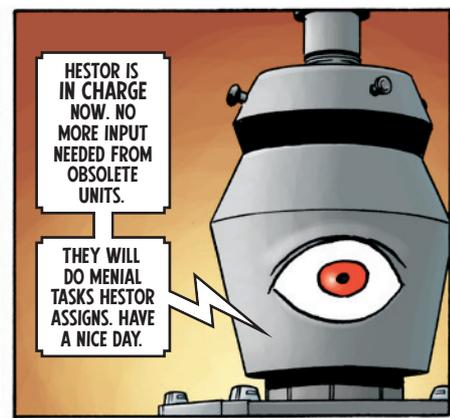
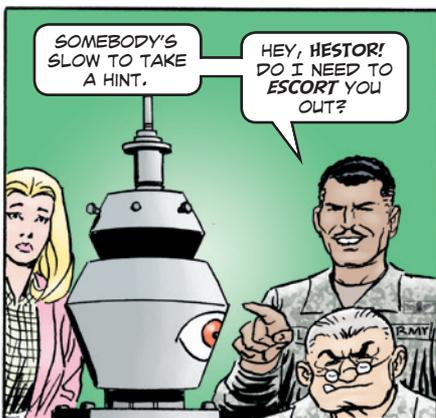
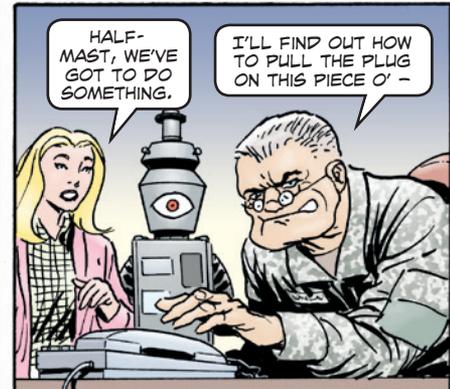
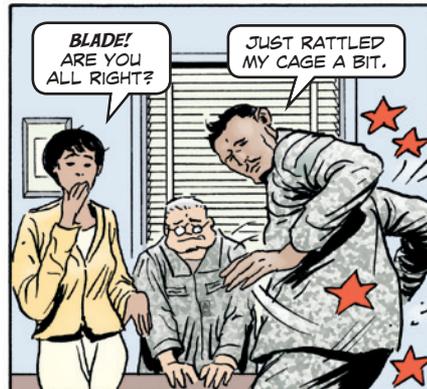
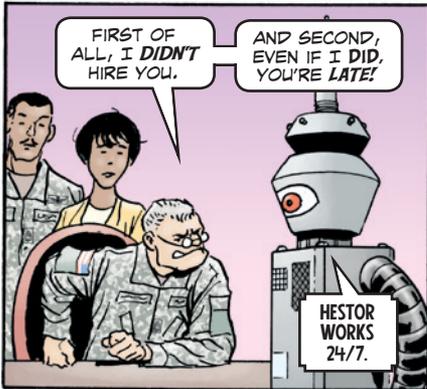
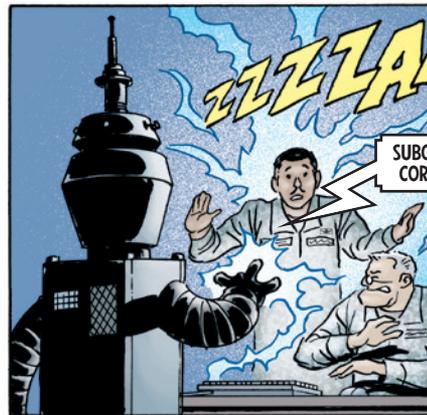
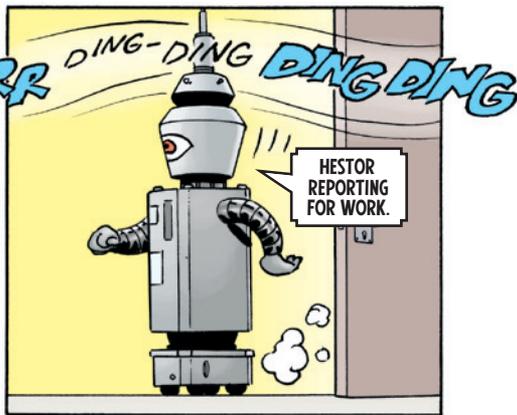
ACTUALLY, HE WAS JUST LOST AND LOOKING FOR THE TEST LAB DOWN THE HALL.

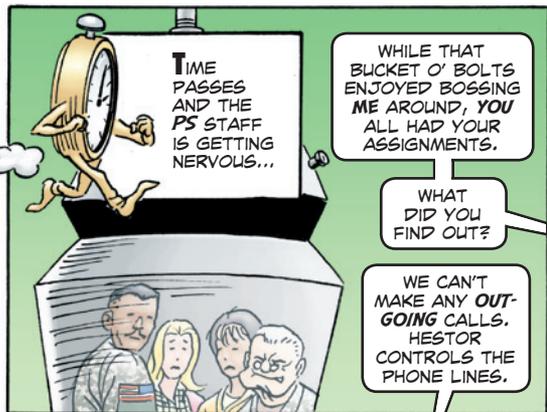


LET'S FACE FACTS! THE LOGISTICS SECTION IN PS IS OVER!

GUESS IT WAS A GOOD RUN. A DECADE OF GREAT ARCHIVES TO WARM THE LOGGIES' HEARTS.

STOP, HALF-MAST. YOU'RE MAKING ME SAD.





TIME PASSES AND THE PS STAFF IS GETTING NERVOUS...

WHILE THAT BUCKET O' BOLTS ENJOYED BOSSING ME AROUND, YOU ALL HAD YOUR ASSIGNMENTS.

WHAT DID YOU FIND OUT?

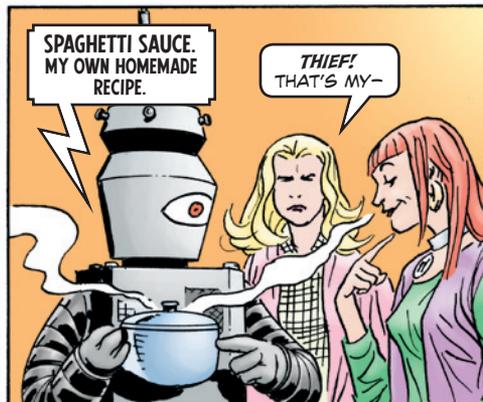
WE CAN'T MAKE ANY OUT-GOING CALLS. HESTOR CONTROLS THE PHONE LINES.



YEAH, SHE TOOK OVER EVERYTHING. EVEN PS MAIL.

SHE'S ANSWERING ANY QUESTIONS READERS SEND US.

SHE? HOW CAN YOU TELL?



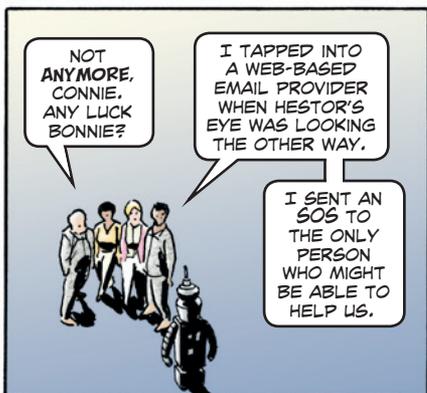
SPAGHETTI SAUCE. MY OWN HOMEMADE RECIPE.

THIEF! THAT'S MY-



WELL, SHE'S SENDING OUT CONNIE'S FAMOUS SPAGHETTI SAUCE RECIPE WITH EACH REPLY...AND SIGNING THEM "♥ HESTOR"!

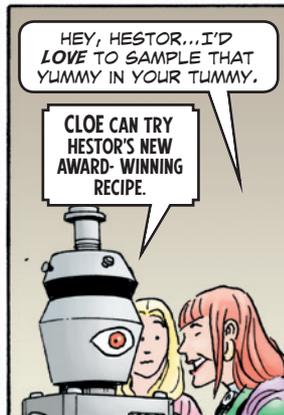
HEY! I HAD A PASSWORD ON THAT RECIPE. IT'S TOP SECRET!



NOT ANYMORE, CONNIE. ANY LUCK BONNIE?

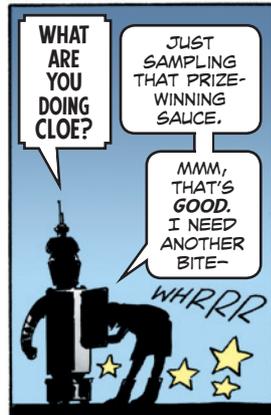
I TAPPED INTO A WEB-BASED EMAIL PROVIDER WHEN HESTOR'S EYE WAS LOOKING THE OTHER WAY.

I SENT AN SOS TO THE ONLY PERSON WHO MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP US.



HEY, HESTOR...I'D LOVE TO SAMPLE THAT YUMMY IN YOUR TUMMY.

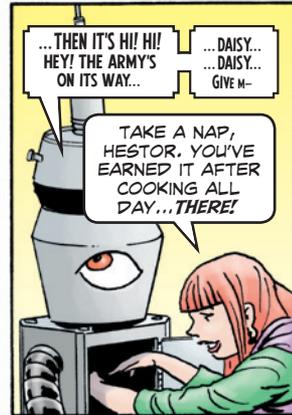
CLOE CAN TRY HESTOR'S NEW AWARD-WINNING RECIPE.



WHAT ARE YOU DOING CLOE?

JUST SAMPLING THAT PRIZE-WINNING SAUCE.

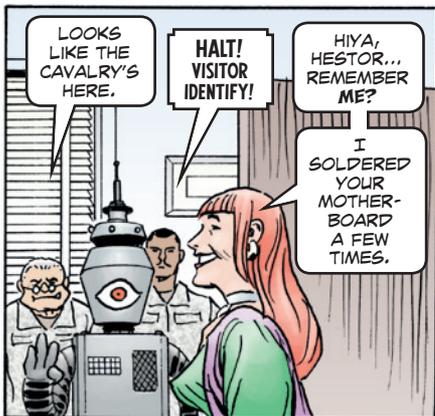
MMM, THAT'S GOOD. I NEED ANOTHER BITE-



... THEN IT'S HI! HI! HEY! THE ARMY'S ON ITS WAY...

... DAISY... DAISY... GIVE M-

TAKE A NAP, HESTOR. YOU'VE EARNED IT AFTER COOKING ALL DAY... THERE!

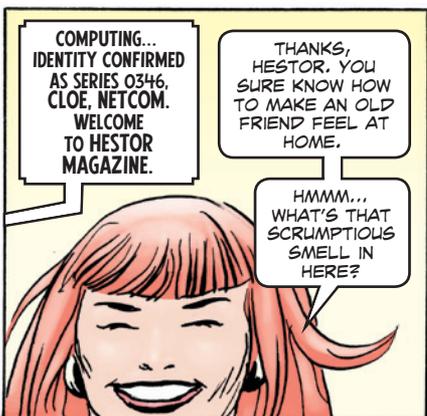


LOOKS LIKE THE CAVALRY'S HERE.

HALT! VISITOR IDENTIFY!

HIYA, HESTOR... REMEMBER ME?

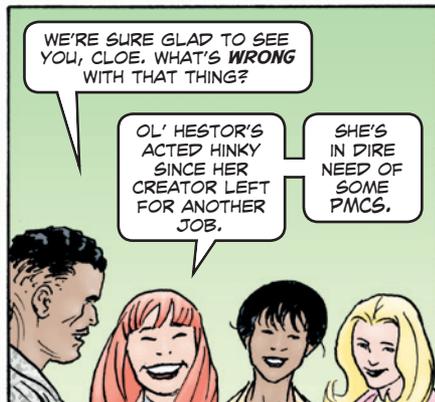
I SOLDERED YOUR MOTHERBOARD A FEW TIMES.



COMPUTING... IDENTITY CONFIRMED AS SERIES 0346. CLOE, NETCOM. WELCOME TO HESTOR MAGAZINE.

THANKS, HESTOR. YOU SURE KNOW HOW TO MAKE AN OLD FRIEND FEEL AT HOME.

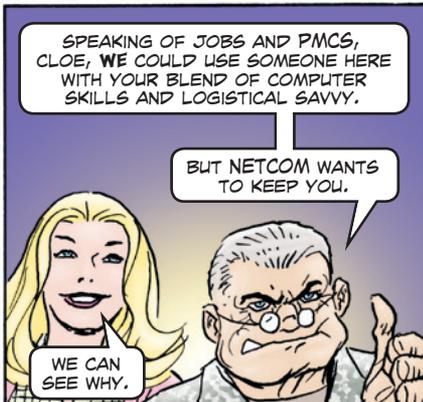
HMMM... WHAT'S THAT SCRUMPTIOUS SMELL IN HERE?



WE'RE SURE GLAD TO SEE YOU, CLOE. WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT THING?

OL' HESTOR'S ACTED HINKY SINCE HER CREATOR LEFT FOR ANOTHER JOB.

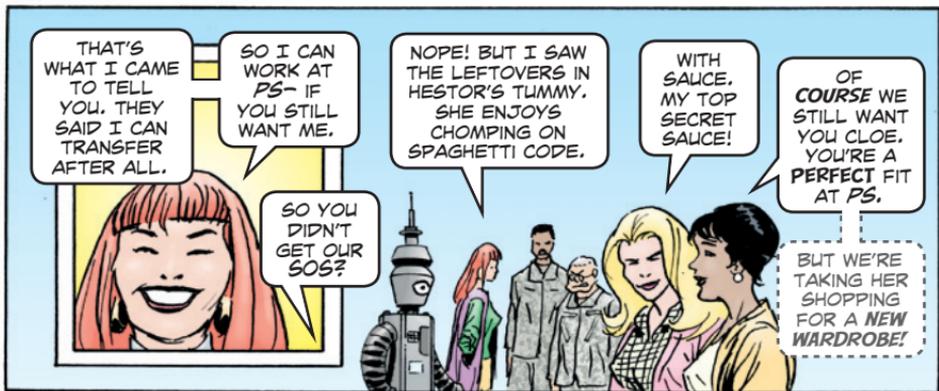
SHE'S IN DIRE NEED OF SOME PMCS.



SPEAKING OF JOBS AND PMCS, CLOE, WE COULD USE SOMEONE HERE WITH YOUR BLEND OF COMPUTER SKILLS AND LOGISTICAL SAVVY.

BUT NETCOM WANTS TO KEEP YOU.

WE CAN SEE WHY.



THAT'S WHAT I CAME TO TELL YOU. THEY SAID I CAN TRANSFER AFTER ALL.

SO I CAN WORK AT PS- IF YOU STILL WANT ME.

NOPE! BUT I SAW THE LEFTOVERS IN HESTOR'S TUMMY. SHE ENJOYS CHOMPING ON SPAGHETTI CODE.

WITH SAUCE. MY TOP SECRET SAUCE!

OF COURSE WE STILL WANT YOU CLOE. YOU'RE A PERFECT FIT AT PS.

SO YOU DIDN'T GET OUR SOS?

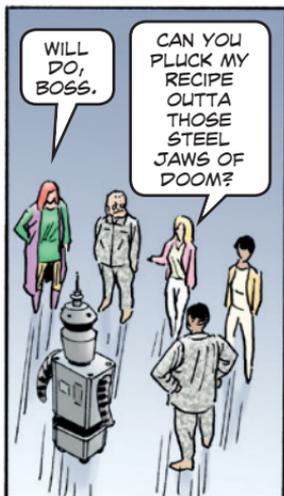
BUT WE'RE TAKING HER SHOPPING FOR A NEW WARDROBE!



AWESOME! THANKS! WHEN DO I START?

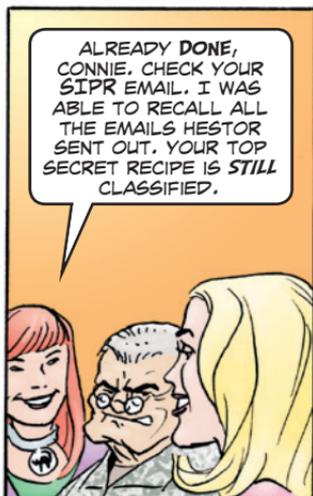
HOW ABOUT NOW?

START BY GETTING THAT HUNK O' HARDWARE OUTTA HERE.

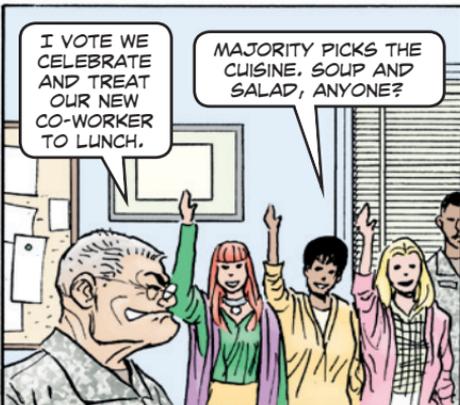


WILL DO, BOSS.

CAN YOU PLUCK MY RECIPE OUTTA THOSE STEEL JAWS OF DOOM?

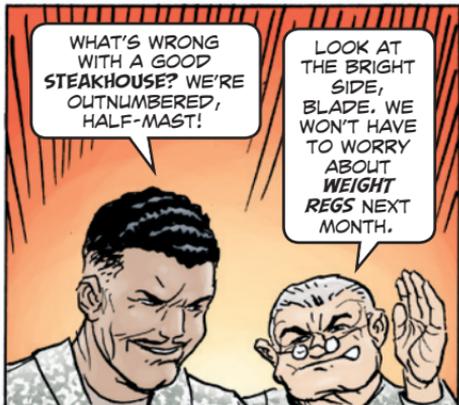


ALREADY DONE, CONNIE. CHECK YOUR SIPR EMAIL. I WAS ABLE TO RECALL ALL THE EMAILS HESTOR SENT OUT. YOUR TOP SECRET RECIPE IS STILL CLASSIFIED.



I VOTE WE CELEBRATE AND TREAT OUR NEW CO-WORKER TO LUNCH.

MAJORITY PICKS THE CUISINE. SOUP AND SALAD, ANYONE?



WHAT'S WRONG WITH A GOOD STEAKHOUSE? WE'RE OUTNUMBERED, HALF-MAST!

LOOK AT THE BRIGHT SIDE, BLADE. WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT WEIGHT REGS NEXT MONTH.