



New Verona.

The only *home*
I've ever known.

It's chaotic, it's
dangerous...

...kind and *cruel*,
beautiful and ugly.

And, as *SMITE* keeps
reminding us, far better
than what awaits us
outside its dome.

SCRAPPER!



TANK!

I was worried you weren't coming.

Eh, arthritis.
Lotta stairs.

Ready to go on patrol, kid?

Yes.



I want a **better** look at that warehouse over on Seventh.

The drug place? Kid, that's big stuff...

It's **bad** stuff, that's the point.



SMITE's gotta be protecting that place somehow.

Yeah, like I haven't noticed it's the **only** old building **SMITE*** hasn't redeveloped on that whole street.

But Tank, I'm tired of just taking down muggers and scaring off...

*SMITE: Special Monopoly for Industrial Tech & Engineering.



WASSUP!

RATS



VAGRANTS AND DEVIANTS MUST VACATE SAITE CORP PROPERTY IMMEDIATELY!

Speak of the devil...

KRASH



VACATE IMMEDIATELY!

Please!
Just let us
get our--

We're not
disturbing
anyone, you
tin tyrant!

SHOVE



Joe!

broke...
...my
rib...

grr!!



In a domed city with limited space, *property* is deemed more important than *people*.

And justice, in the form of *SMITE*, is only for the rich.

I know, Scrapper.

But an enforcer-bot ain't a fight you can win.



D-dad?



...!



That's one of the cars that parks behind the warehouse!



Remember, Scrap, no teeth.

Whatever drug dealers want with a little kid, it can't be good.



