


SMARTRAIL OR FARTRAIL?



IN RECOGNITION OF THEIR EXTRAORDINARY CONTRIBUTION, LET IT BE KNOWN THAT

LADIES OF THE DRAGON CLAN

ARE HEREBY ACKNOWLEDGED AS SUPERHEROINES!



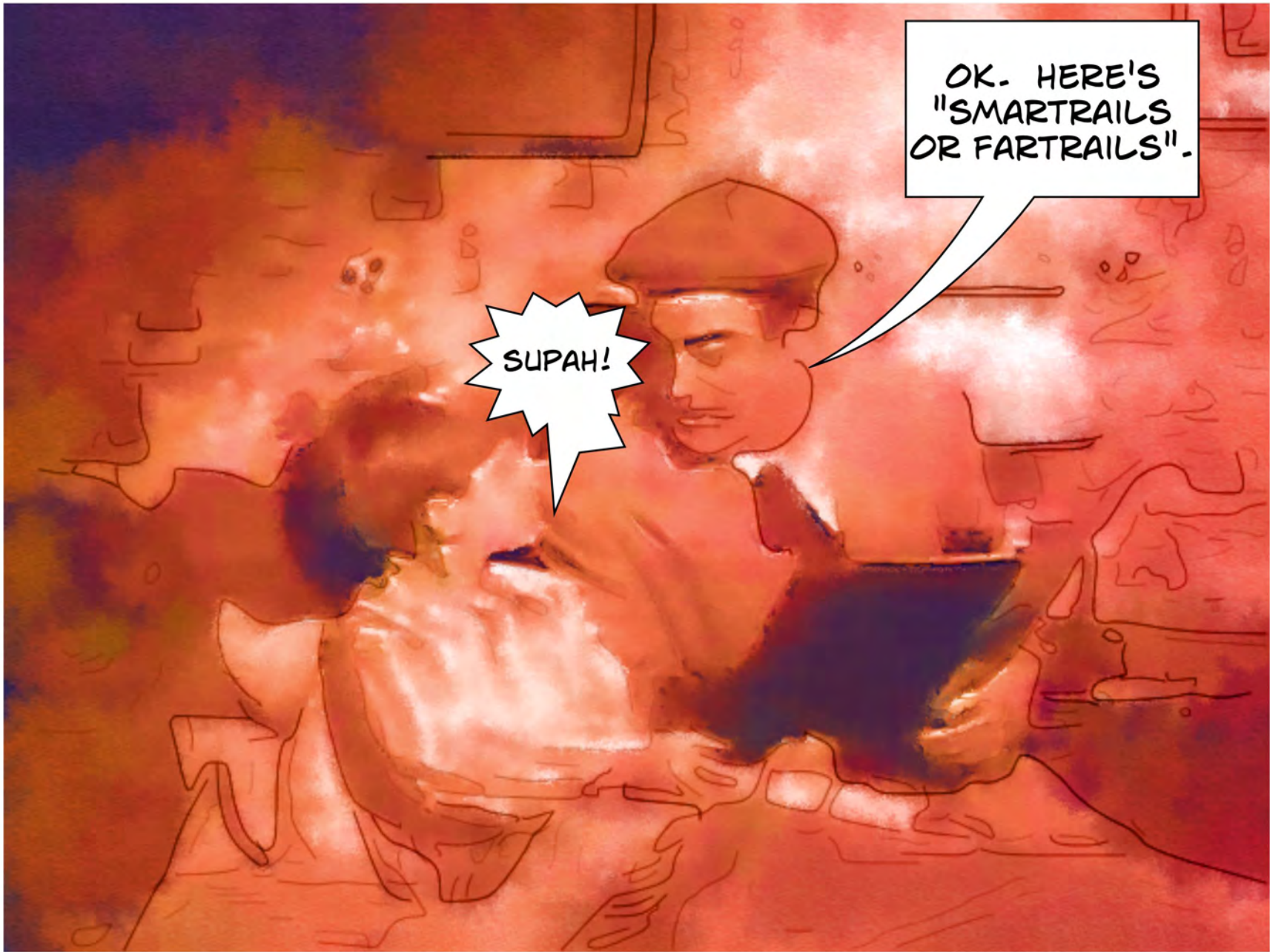
GOOD NIGHT
SON. SLEEP
WELL AND KNOW
THAT I'LL
ALWAYS LOVE
YOU.

GOOD NIGHT
DAD.




I WANNA' HEAR A
STORY.

OKAY. WHICH
ONE?



OK. HERE'S
"SMARTRAILS
OR FARTRAILS".

SUPAH!

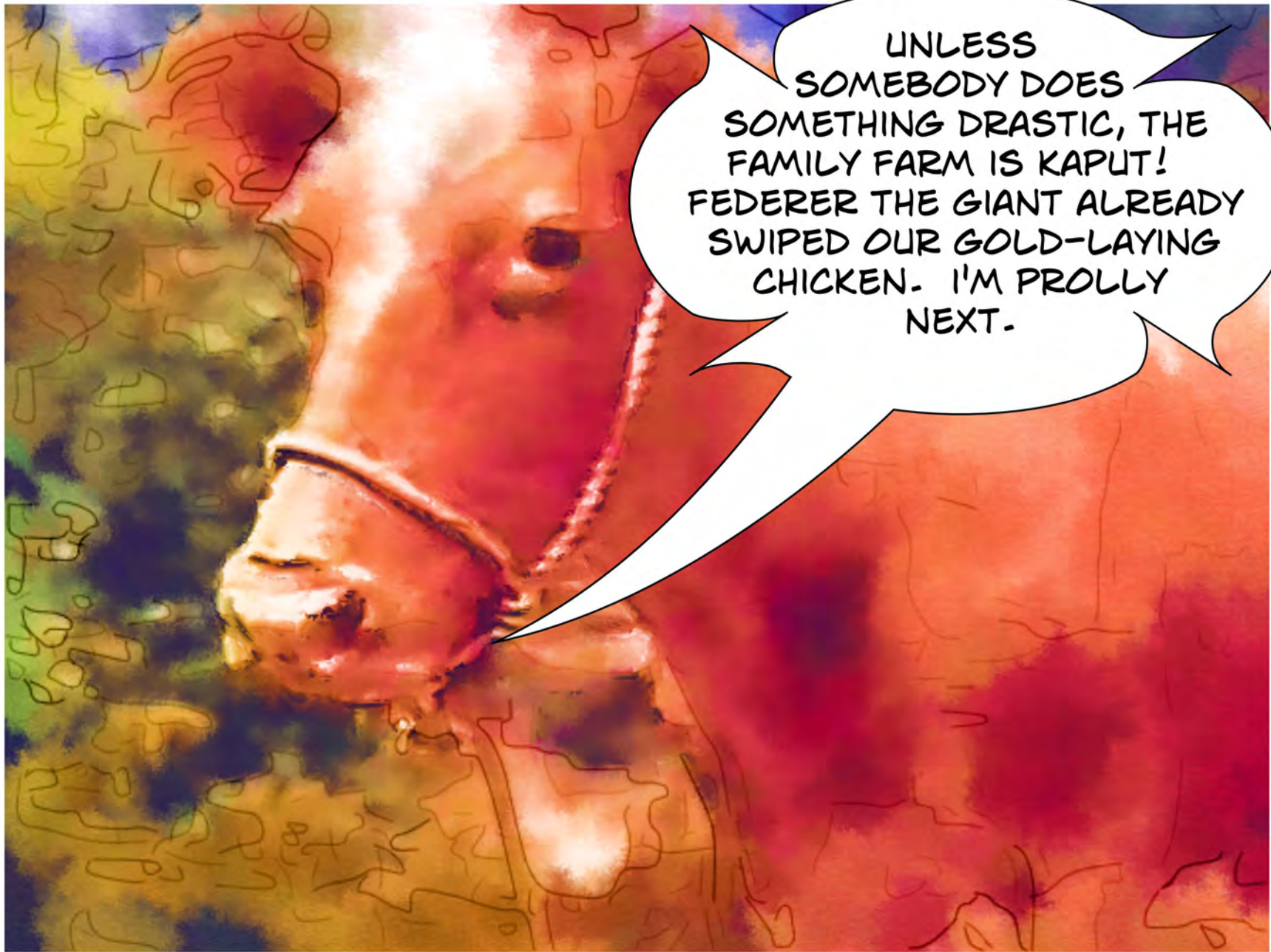


ONCE UPON A TIME IN
A LAND NOT SO FAR
AWAY AND NOT SO
LONG AGO LIVED A
COUNTRY BOY
NICKNAMED BUBBA.

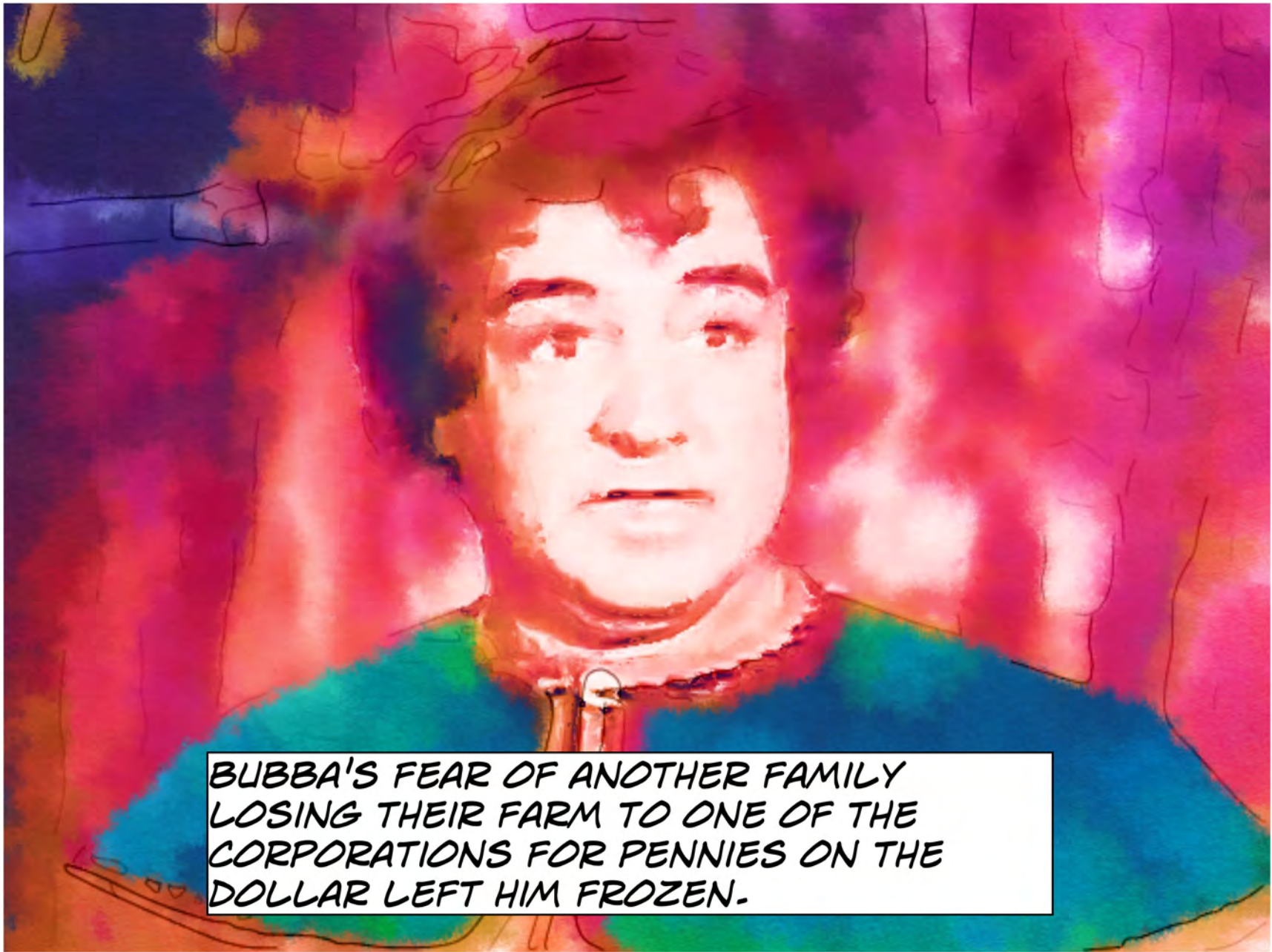


BUBBA'S COW
WAS REALLY
BECOMING QUITE THIN
BECAUSE SHE WASN'T
BEING WELL FED.





UNLESS
SOMEBODY DOES
SOMETHING DRASTIC, THE
FAMILY FARM IS KAPUT!
FEDERER THE GIANT ALREADY
SWIPED OUR GOLD-LAYING
CHICKEN. I'M PROLLY
NEXT.



BUBBA'S FEAR OF ANOTHER FAMILY
LOSING THEIR FARM TO ONE OF THE
CORPORATIONS FOR PENNIES ON THE
DOLLAR LEFT HIM FROZEN.



BUBBA REALIZED THERE WAS
NO FEED LEFT FOR THE
ANIMALS. WHAT TO DO?



THAT'S IT! I'LL BE A
COMPUTER HACKER AND WORK
FROM HOME. I'LL GET BIG BUCKS
LIBERATING THE MONEY FROM
SILICON VALLEY TYCOONS.



BUBBA, YOU'LL JUST HAVE
TO SELL THE COW TO THE
BUTCHER THIS AFTERNOON.

THOUGH DESPERATE, BUBBA'S MOM
WAS IN A MORE PRACTICAL FRAME
OF MIND.



I'LL TRY TO
GET THE BEST
PRICE I CAN MAMA.
I PROMISE.

BE
CAREFUL!
THAT BUTCHER
WILL SWINDLE
YOU IF HE
CAN.




PLEASE
FORGIVE ME
MOLLY GIRL. I
WAS HOPING TO
GROW OLD WITH
YOU!



SAD-HEARTED, BUBBA AND MOLLY HEADED TO THE TOWN'S ONLY BUTCHER SHOP.





COWS? I LIKE BIG
BUTTS AND I CANNOT LIE.
YOU OTHER MOTHERS CAN'T DENY.
I SERVE MY STEAKS WITH AMAZING
GRACE, AND MAKE MY HUBBY CRY!
ESPECIALLY WHEN I TWERK
BEFORE SERVING!

BEWARE OF
HOUSEWIVES
WITH THAT LEAN
AND HUNGRY
LOOK...



YE
BUTCHER
SHOP



YE BUTCHER



MORE MEN
TRYING TO MAKE
DECISIONS ABOUT
MY BODY.
GRRR...

SHE'S JUST A
SKINNY HOT MESS
BUT WE MIGHT
WORK SOMETHING
OUT.

I DON'T KNOW HOW
YOU MANAGED TO BEST ME ON
THIS DEAL. FIVE MAGIC BEANS FOR
A SCRAWNY COW? DO YOU PROMISE
TO NOT LET ANYBODY KNOW ABOUT
THIS?







I KNEW
SHE'D BE
PROUD.

BUBBA, YOU
TRADED OUR COW
FOR WHAT!



I'LL PLANT THEM
NOW. WE SHOULD
HAVE ENOUGH BEANS
FOR MORE THAN A
YEAR MAMA.



PLEASE, PLEASE,
PLEASE MAGIC BEANS. GROW
UP TO BE BIG AND STRONG FOR
THE BUBBA!





GOOD NIGHT
MAGIC BEANS.
YOU'RE ALREADY
TUCKED IN ALL
SNUGGY.







TWO HOURS LATER...



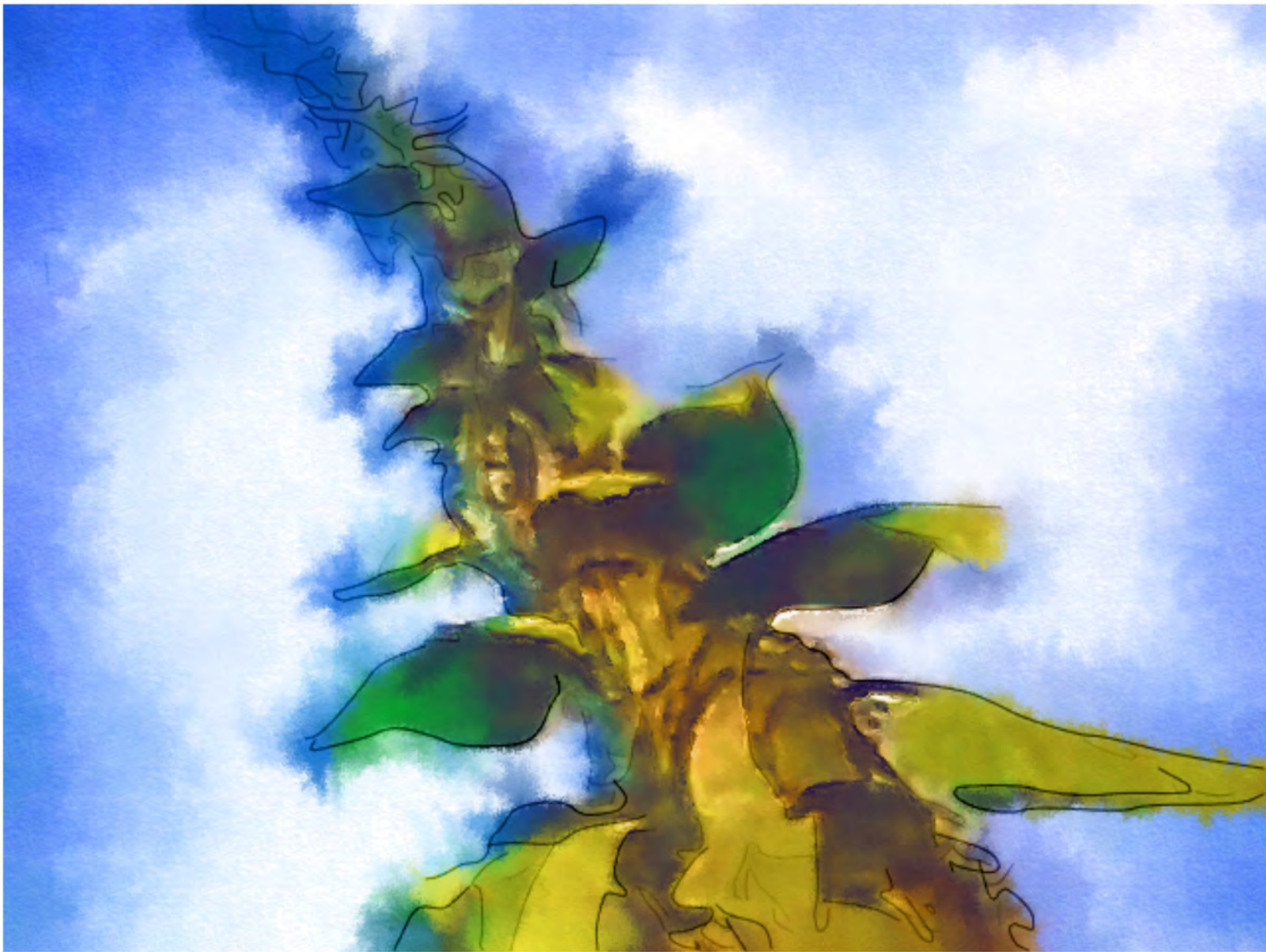
THREE HOURS LATER...



NEXT MORNING













THE TOWNSPEOPLE CAME TO MARVEL AT BUBBA'S BEAN PLANT. WHY, IT LOOKED LIKE IT REACHED ALL THE WAY TO FEDERER'S (THE EVIL GIANT) GAME RESERVE IN THE SKY.



NOBODY HAD EVER BE ABLE TO SEE FEDERER RESERVE. IT WAS FAR TOO HIGH IN THE SKY AND DELIBERATELY CLOAKED IN MYSTERY. NOBODY KNEW WHAT IT LOOKED LIKE, HOW IT WORKED, WHERE ITS UNLIMITED MONEY CAME FROM, OR WHO EXACTLY OWNED IT BESIDE FEDERER HIMSELF. IT WAS TRULY A SECRET CLUB AND YOU AIN'T IN IT.



SOMEBODY
STOLE MOLLY
THE COW LAST
NIGHT!

I'LL
SEE WHETHER THE
GIANT IS THE ONE WHO
TOOK ALL OF OUR
STUFF.



PLEASE BE EVER SO
CAREFUL DARLING
BUBBA MY BOY!









THE BUTCHER
AND I WILL BE
VERY CAREFUL.







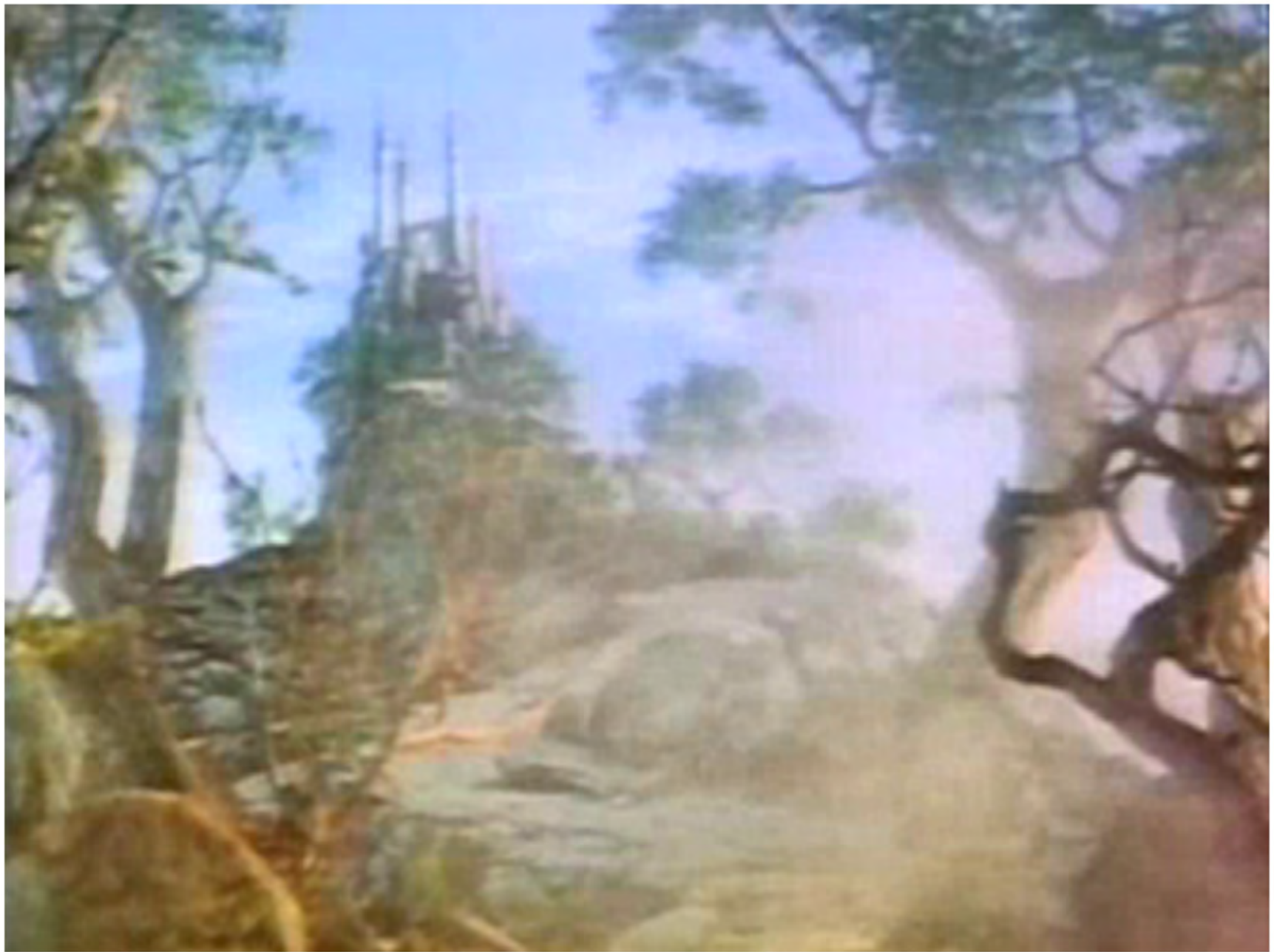
FINALLY, AT THE TOP BUBBA STEPPED
ON THE FORBIDDEN FEDERER RESERVE
NEVER KNOWING WHAT DANGERS LURK
THERE FOR THE COMMON MAN.



AH, BUBBA AND THE BUTCHER MADE IT SAFELY TO THE FEDERER RESERVE
AND WERE READY TO TAKE CARE OF SOME SERIOUS BUSINESS AND SETTLE
OLD SCORES!



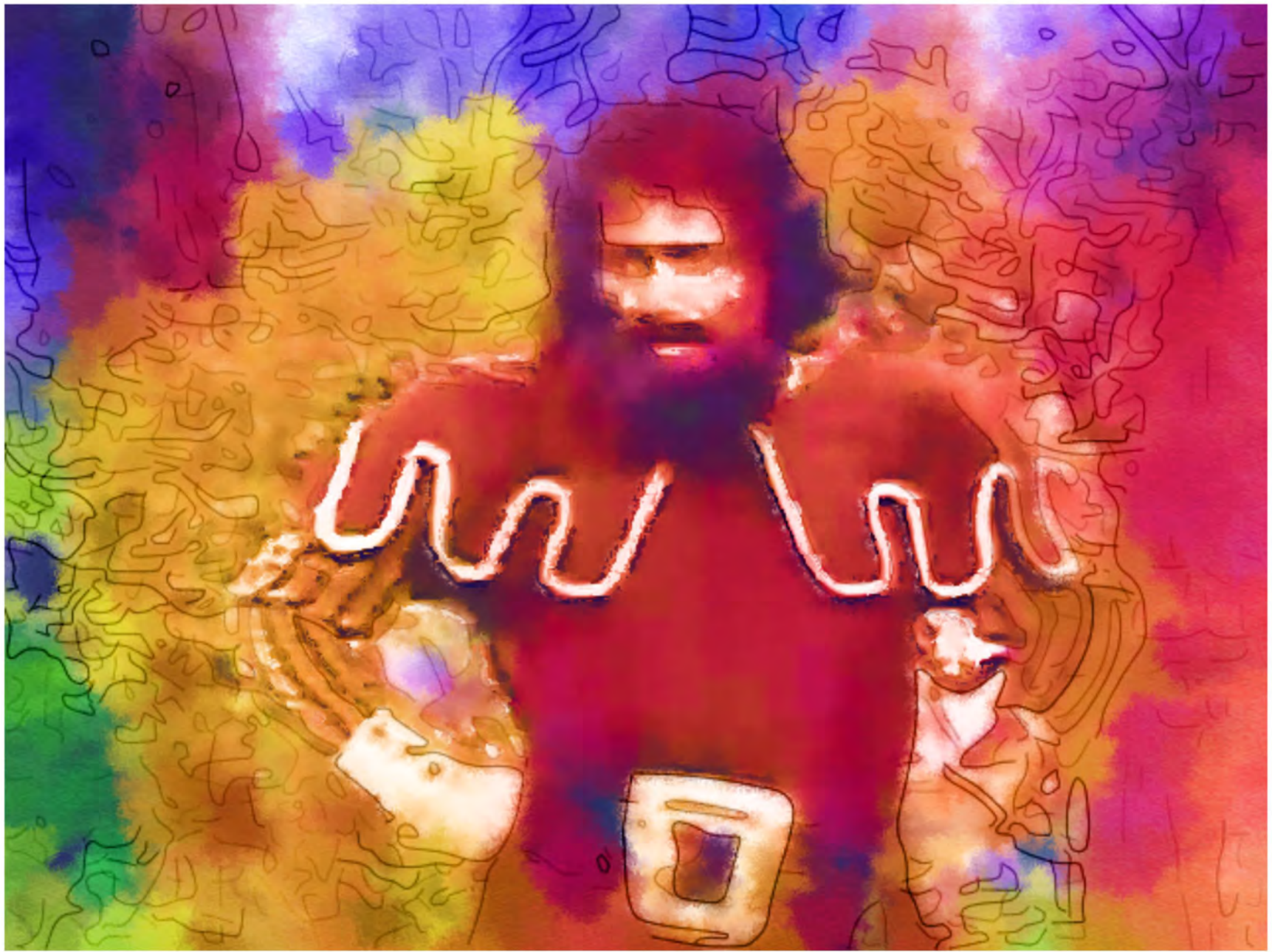
LOOK! THE
GIANT IS LIVING IN
LUXURY ON OUR
DIME.





UH
OH!
FEDERER'S
FOOTPRINT







HOW COME YOUR
SHADOW IS BIGGER
THAN MINE?







BEATS
ME.



GRRR! FEE,
FI, FO, FATE. I
SMELL THE BLOOD
OF GENOCIDE BAIT!



LEMME' GO
YOU BIG BULLY OR
I'LL HAVE YOU
REPEALED!



HA! NOT ONLY WILL I
EAT YOUR LUNCH, YOU'LL
BE MY DINNER. NARK, NARK,
NARK. AM I BEING
SUFFICIENTLY EVIL?



YOU
BETTER BE
CAREFUL
GIANT! I'M
STARTING TO
GET MAD!



FEDERER'S HOSTAGE HOUSEKEEPER
AND SERVANT, AN IMMIGRANT
WITHOUT PAPERS SO TO SPEAK BUT A
KEEPER NONETHELESS.



I FOUND THESE TWO
WORKING CLASS SCUM
CRUISING THE
PERIMETER. PUT THEM
TO WORK.





I FOUND
OUT WHERE
THE CHICKENS
ARE KEPT.

BOJANGLES
MIGHT BE
THERE.

SHOW
ME.

SIX DAYS LATER...





JUST TAP ON
THEIR BUTT.
BOJANGLE'S
BUTT IS HARD
AS A ROCK.






AS YOU
COMMAND
MASTER.



SHE FEELS HEAVY
TODAY. GOOD!

WHO COULD ASK FOR MORE THAN
A CHICKEN THAT LAYS 24 KARAT
GOLDEN EGGS? IT'S BETTER THAN A
MONEY PRINTING PRESS BECAUSE IT PUTS
ME ON THE GOLD STANDARD WHILE ALL
THE OTHER BOOBS IN THE WORLD ARE
ON FIAT CURRENCY. FOOLS!





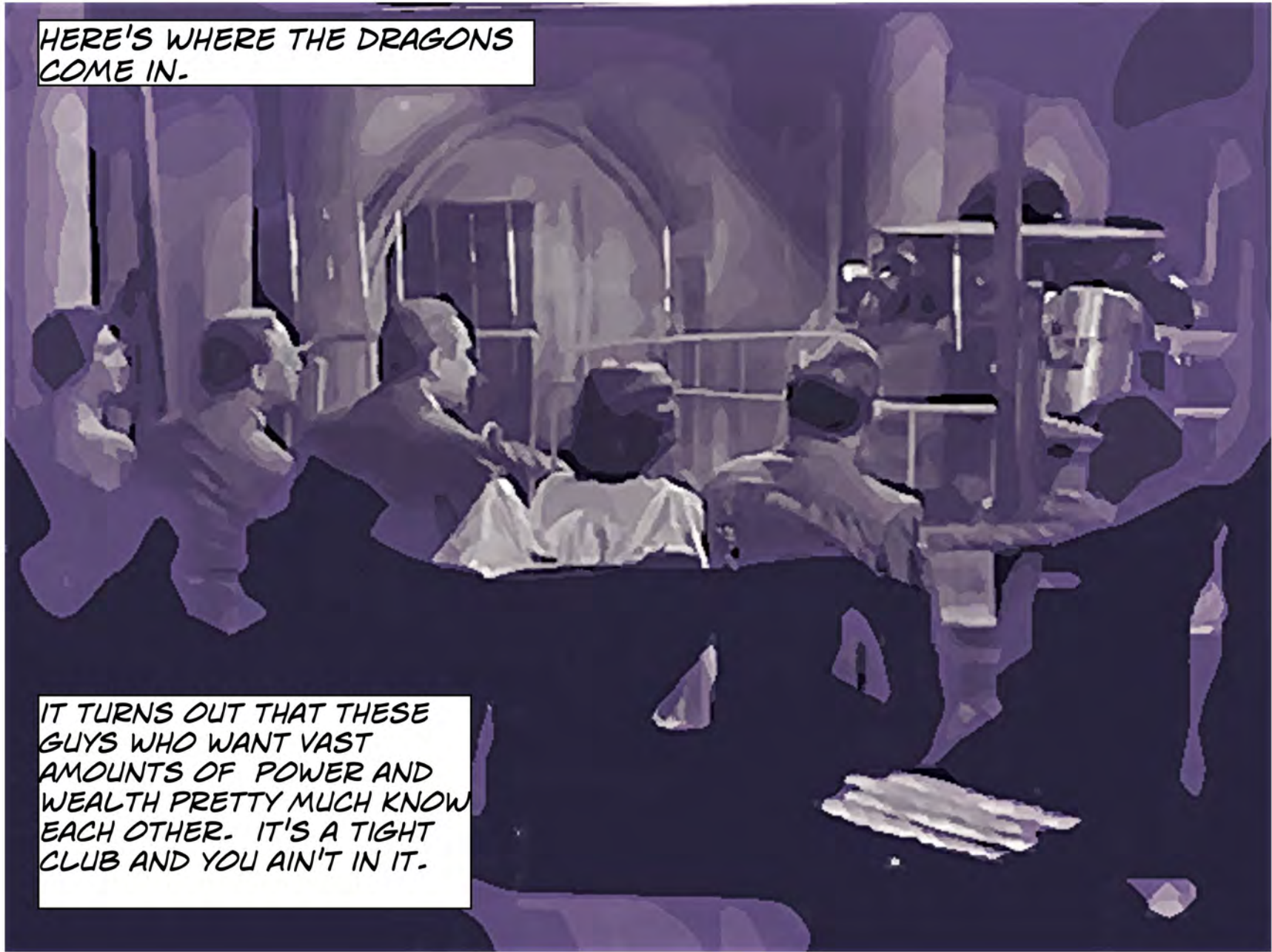
GOVERNMENTS,
CORPORATIONS, TYCOONS,
AND MILITARIES WANT TO
BORROW FROM ME SO THAT
THEY CAN CARRY OUT THEIR
DASTARDLY DEEDS. I KEEP
GETTING EVEN RICHER.
USURY? BAH, HUMBUG.

"BUT WHAT ABOUT THE DRAGONS?", YOU ASK...



HERE'S WHERE THE DRAGONS
COME IN.

IT TURNS OUT THAT THESE
GUYS WHO WANT VAST
AMOUNTS OF POWER AND
WEALTH PRETTY MUCH KNOW
EACH OTHER. IT'S A TIGHT
CLUB AND YOU AIN'T IN IT.





BY AND LARGE THEY'RE A PRETTY HOMOGENEOUS GROUP OF DUDES WITH TIES GOING BACK CENTURIES. THIS TINY GROUP OF MEN ARE COLLECTIVELY KNOWN AS THE VOLLUMINATI, SO NAMED BECAUSE OF THEIR TYPICALLY GROSSLY PROTRUDING ABDOMENS AND TINY HEARTS. EMOTIONAL INTELLIGENCE IS NOT THEIR SHTICK.



IF BIG MONEY IS NEEDED FOR ANYTHING THAT
ADVANCES POWER OR PRIMACY, THEY'LL LIKELY
FIND A FRIEND IN SOMEBODY LIKE FEDERER THE
GIANT.







THEY HAVE A PENCHANT FOR ONLY WANTING TO "EXPERIMENT" ON PARTICULAR POPULATIONS. YOU THINK THAT MIGHT BE BECAUSE... NAH. COULDN'T BE...



S000... WHEN SOME GUYS CAME UP WITH
WHAT APPEARED TO BE A VIABLE SCHEME TO
CONTROL THE WORLD'S WEATHER...

A photograph of a clear blue sky with a white contrail from an aircraft. The contrail starts in the lower left and extends towards the right, curving slightly upwards. The sky is a uniform light blue color. The entire image is framed by a thick yellow border.

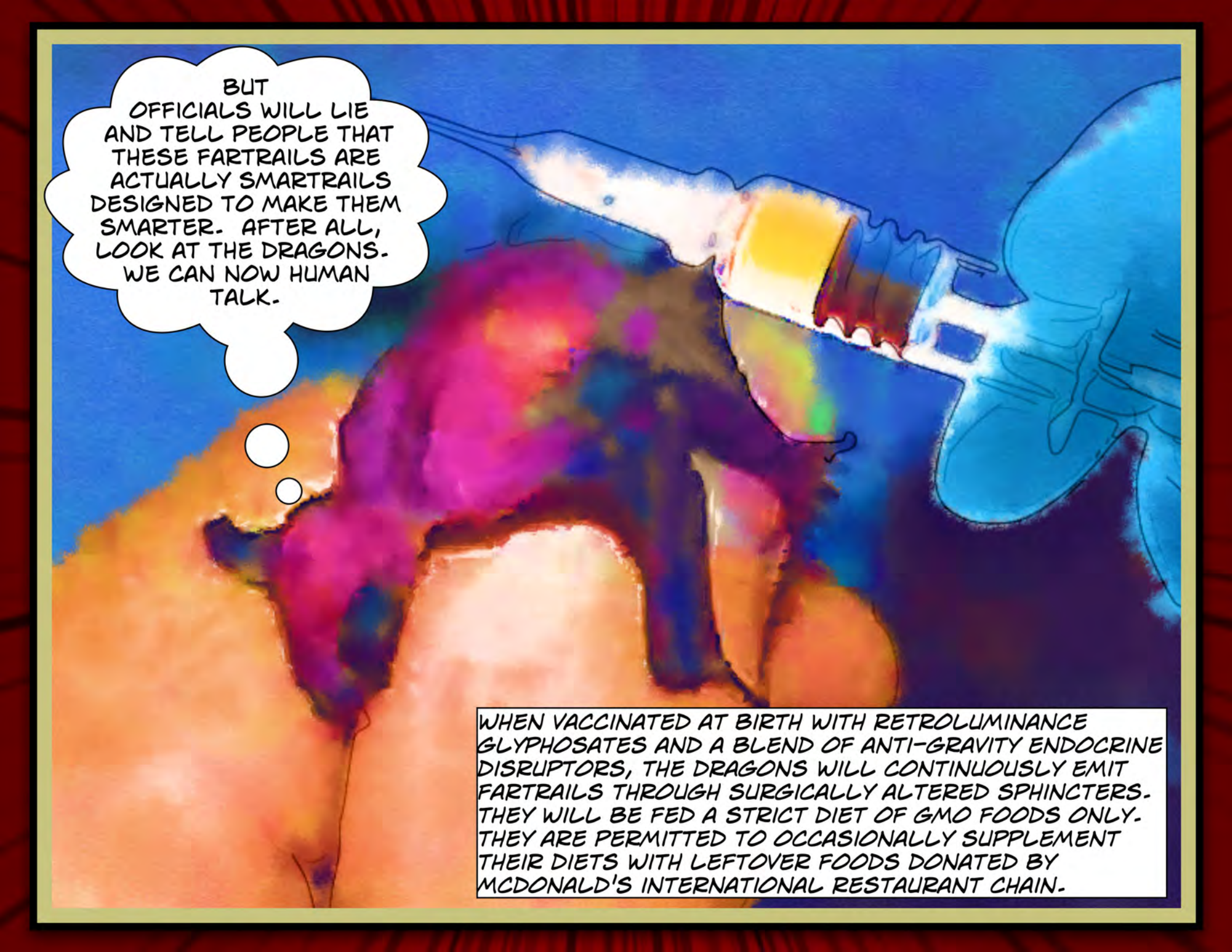
THEY DUG IN AND GOT ALL OF THE
FUNDING THEY NEEDED FROM THE BIG
GUY UP AT FEDERER'S RESERVE.



I'LL BE
POWERFUL AND
RICH BEYOND MY
WILDEST DREAMS!
HOW MUCH DO YOU
NEED??

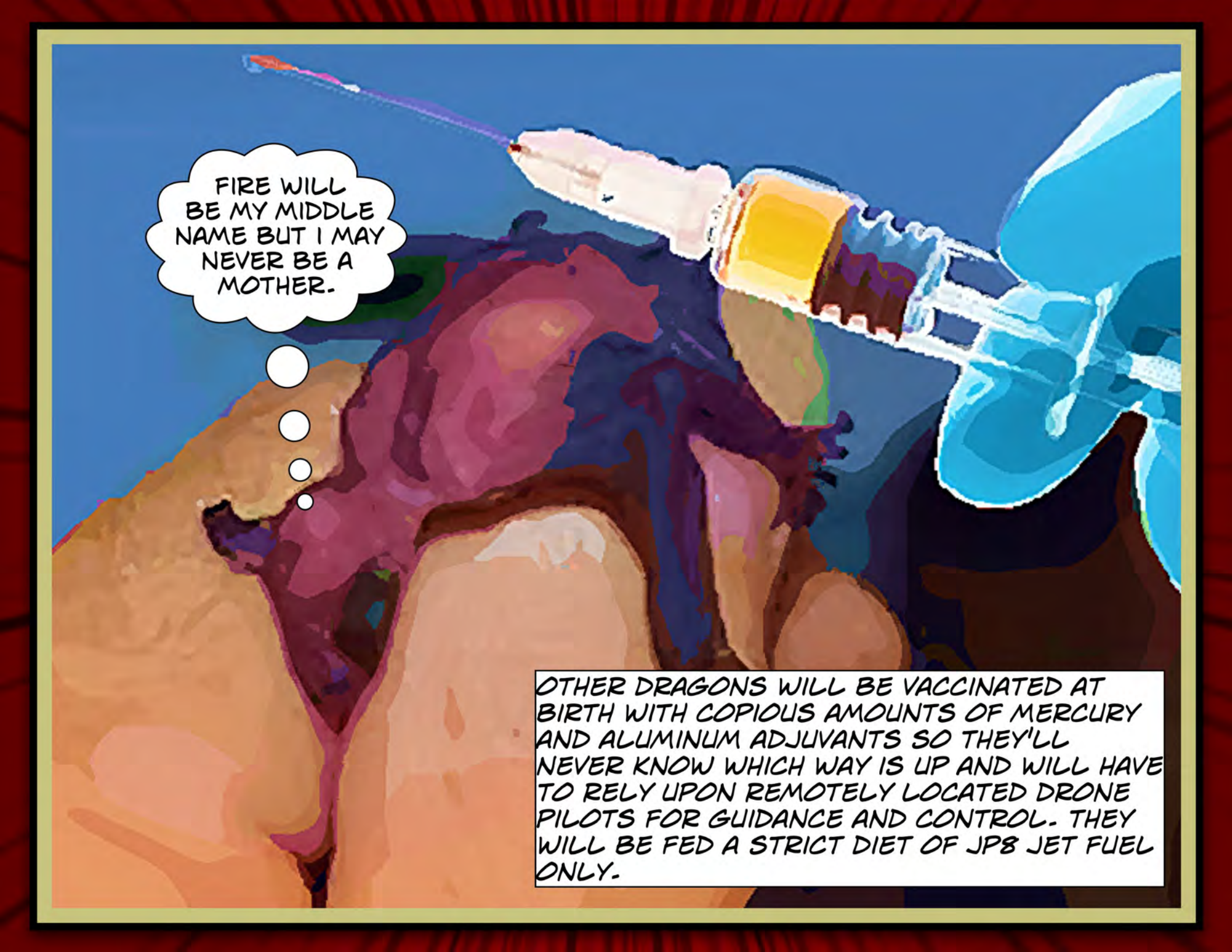


WE NEED TO HIDE
THE PROJECT IN PLAIN
SIGHT USING ORDINARY
AND FAMILIAR OBJECTS
LIKE DRAGONS.
HMMM.



BUT
OFFICIALS WILL LIE
AND TELL PEOPLE THAT
THESE FARTRAILS ARE
ACTUALLY SMARTRAILS
DESIGNED TO MAKE THEM
SMARTER. AFTER ALL,
LOOK AT THE DRAGONS.
WE CAN NOW HUMAN
TALK.

WHEN VACCINATED AT BIRTH WITH RETROLUMINANCE
GLYPHOSATES AND A BLEND OF ANTI-GRAVITY ENDOCRINE
DISRUPTORS, THE DRAGONS WILL CONTINUOUSLY EMIT
FARTRAILS THROUGH SURGICALLY ALTERED SPHINCTERS.
THEY WILL BE FED A STRICT DIET OF GMO FOODS ONLY.
THEY ARE PERMITTED TO OCCASIONALLY SUPPLEMENT
THEIR DIETS WITH LEFTOVER FOODS DONATED BY
MCDONALD'S INTERNATIONAL RESTAURANT CHAIN.



FIRE WILL
BE MY MIDDLE
NAME BUT I MAY
NEVER BE A
MOTHER.

OTHER DRAGONS WILL BE VACCINATED AT BIRTH WITH COPIOUS AMOUNTS OF MERCURY AND ALUMINUM ADJUVANTS SO THEY'LL NEVER KNOW WHICH WAY IS UP AND WILL HAVE TO RELY UPON REMOTELY LOCATED DRONE PILOTS FOR GUIDANCE AND CONTROL. THEY WILL BE FED A STRICT DIET OF JP8 JET FUEL ONLY.

Gertie 463 (Arizona Clan)




SAN  **DEN**

SAN DIEGO PDT (UTC -07:00) DENVER MDT (UTC -06:00)


SCHEDULED 9:20 AM SCHEDULED 12:35 PM


ACTUAL 9:40 AM ESTIMATED 12:32 PM

24 km, 00:32 ago 949 km, in 01:19


 More WN2581 information

AIRCRAFT TYPE
Hybrid Dragon

REGISTRATION N474WN COUNTRY OF REG. 
SERIAL NUMBER (MSN) 33861 AGE (JUL 2004) 14 years

 Recent N474WN flights


CALIBRATED ALTITUDE 39,000 ft VERTICAL SPEED 0 fpm
GPS ALTITUDE N/A TRACK 57°

 Speed & altitude graph

GROUND SPEED 51 kts TRUE AIRSPEED N/A
INDICATED AIRSPEED N/A MACH N/A

WIND N/A TEMPERATURE N/A

FIR/UIR 

 Data source - ADS-B

BECAUSE THE SCIENCE REQUIRED FOR THEIR CREATION (TRANSDRAGONISM) REQUIRES THAT THEY BE REMOTELY PILOTED LIKE DRONES, FEDERAL LAW HAS REQUIRED THEIR REGULATION IN THE AIR TRANSPORT INDUSTRY.

A person's silhouette is shown from behind, looking out over a landscape. In the sky above, a Pterosaur is flying with its wings spread. A speech bubble is positioned above the Pterosaur.

FARTRAILS ARE
A HOAX!
I THINK---

A photograph of a pterosaur flying over a grassy field with trees in the background. A speech bubble is overlaid on the image, containing the text "ARE MY BIG MACS HERE YET?". The pterosaur is dark-colored with large, reddish-brown wings. The background shows a line of green trees under a blue sky with white clouds. The entire image is framed by a yellow border with a red sunburst pattern.


ARE MY BIG
MACS HERE
YET?



WHAT DO YOU
HAVE FOR
HEARTBURN?

23 6:06 PM


THE UBIQUITOUS APPEARANCE OF HALO EMBEDDED CLOUD COVER (CHEMBOWS) INDICATED AN ATMOSPHERE SATURATED WITH TOXIC SUBSTANCES FROM STREAMING DRAGON FARTS.



THE WILDLY SUCCESSFUL DRAGON BREEDING AND DEPLOYMENT DID INDEED RESULT IN FARTRAILED-FILLED SKIES. OFFICIAL DENIAL INSISTED INSTEAD THAT THESE LINES IN THE SKY WERE ONLY SMARTRAILS.



ARE YOU
COMPLAINING
AGAIN?




SADLY, ALMOST EVERYBODY CAME TO BELIEVE THE OFFICIAL NARRATIVE THAT DRAGONS SPREAD BENEFICIAL AND DESPERATELY NEEDED SMARTRAILS BECAUSE ADULTS AND THEIR CHILDREN SEEMED TO BE GETTING PERSISTENT BRAIN FOG AND STILL DUMB AND DUMBER.

A scene from the TV show Game of Thrones. A large, grey dragon with long, curved horns is breathing fire in a courtyard. In the foreground, a woman in a dark, long dress stands looking towards the dragon. The background shows a stone building with arched windows and doorways. The scene is framed by a red and black sunburst pattern.

GOOD MORNING
MASTER. TELL ME,
HAS THERE BEEN ANY
IMPROVEMENT IN YOUR
CHILD'S AUTISM?

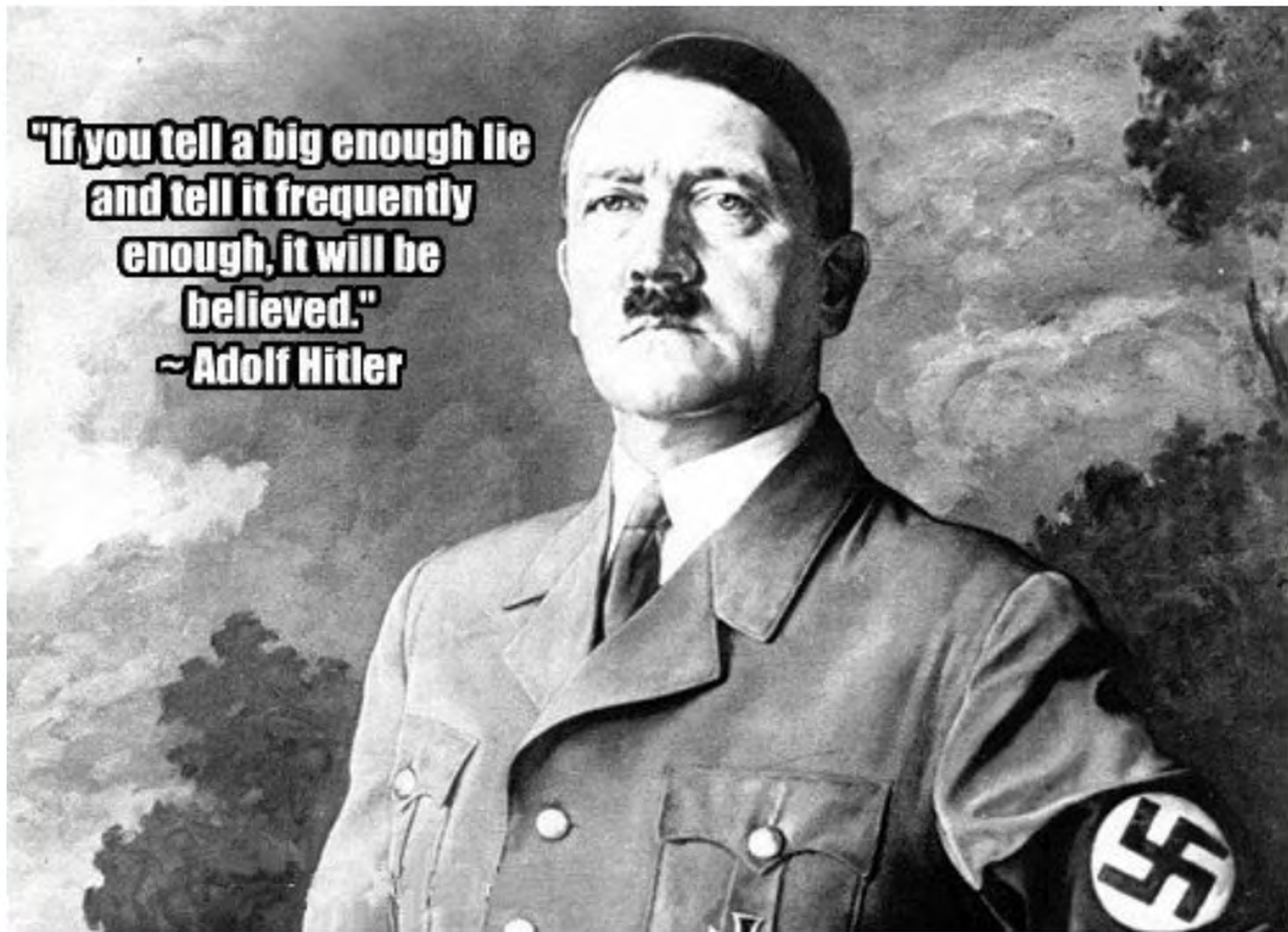
NOPE.

A scene from the TV show Game of Thrones. A large dragon is breathing fire in a courtyard. A woman in a dark dress stands in the foreground. The scene is overlaid with two speech bubbles.

WHAT
ABOUT YOUR
OTHER CHILD'S
LEAKY GUT OR
SLEEPLESSNESS?

DOUBLE
NOPE.

**"If you tell a big enough lie
and tell it frequently
enough, it will be
believed."
~ Adolf Hitler**



DRONE PILOTS MAKE US HURT OTHERS
SEVERELY. I JUST WANTED TO HELP
OTHERS. NO MORE!





DRONE PILOTS HAVE NO
REPARATIONS RESPONSIBILITY.



WE SOMETIMES PAY WITH OUR
LIVES OVER SOMEBODY ELSE'S
BATTLES.



INNOCENT FOLKS GET HURT. I DIDN'T SIGN UP FOR THIS SHIT!



WE
NEED SOME
OUTSIDE HELP.
THESE GUYS AREN'T
GOING TO CHANGE.
YOU CAN'T FIX STUPID
OR EVIL. THE
WAKANDANS
MIGHT HELP.

YOU'RE RIGHT...

A DELEGATION OF DRAGONS
DEPARTED TO WAKANDA TO
REQUEST TECHNICAL HELP





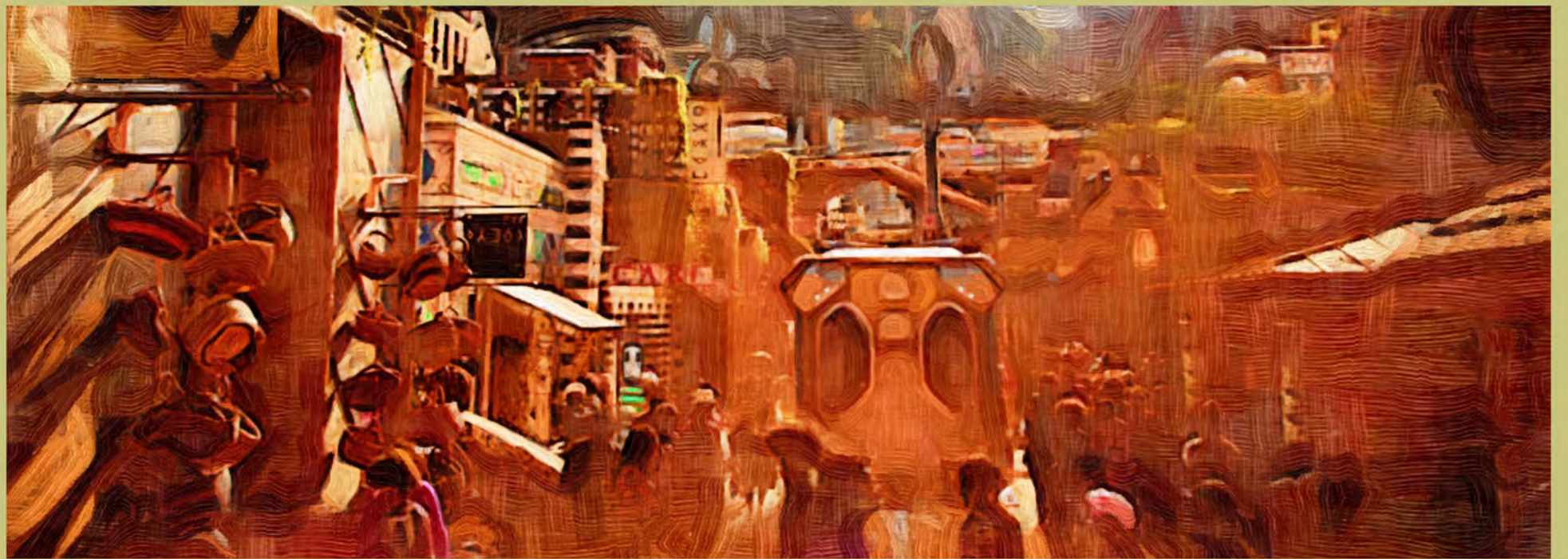
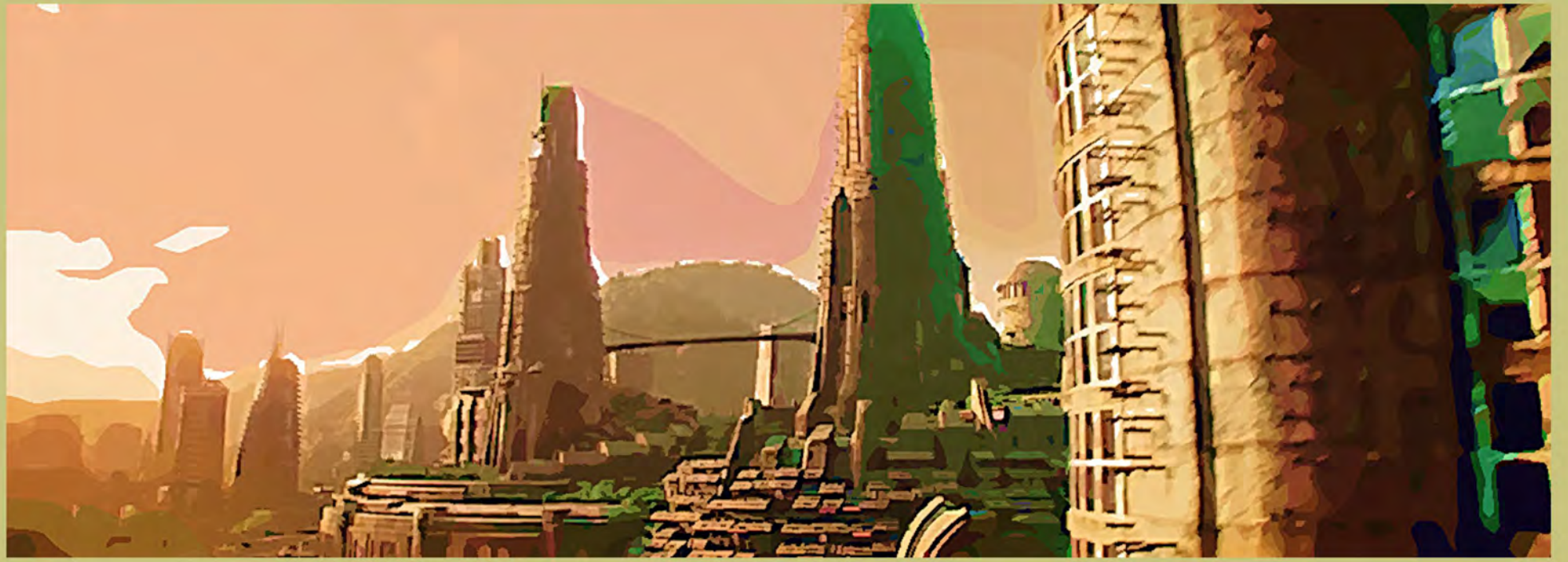
WHOA!

GIRL,
CHECK OUT
THAT SHOPPING
DISTRICT!

THE LADIES ARRIVED
SAFELY. THERE WAS
NO HANKY PANKY BY
THE VOLUMINATTI.



THE LADIES WERE DAZZLED
BY THE ADVANCED WAKANDAN
TECH THEY WITNESSED FROM
THE AIR.

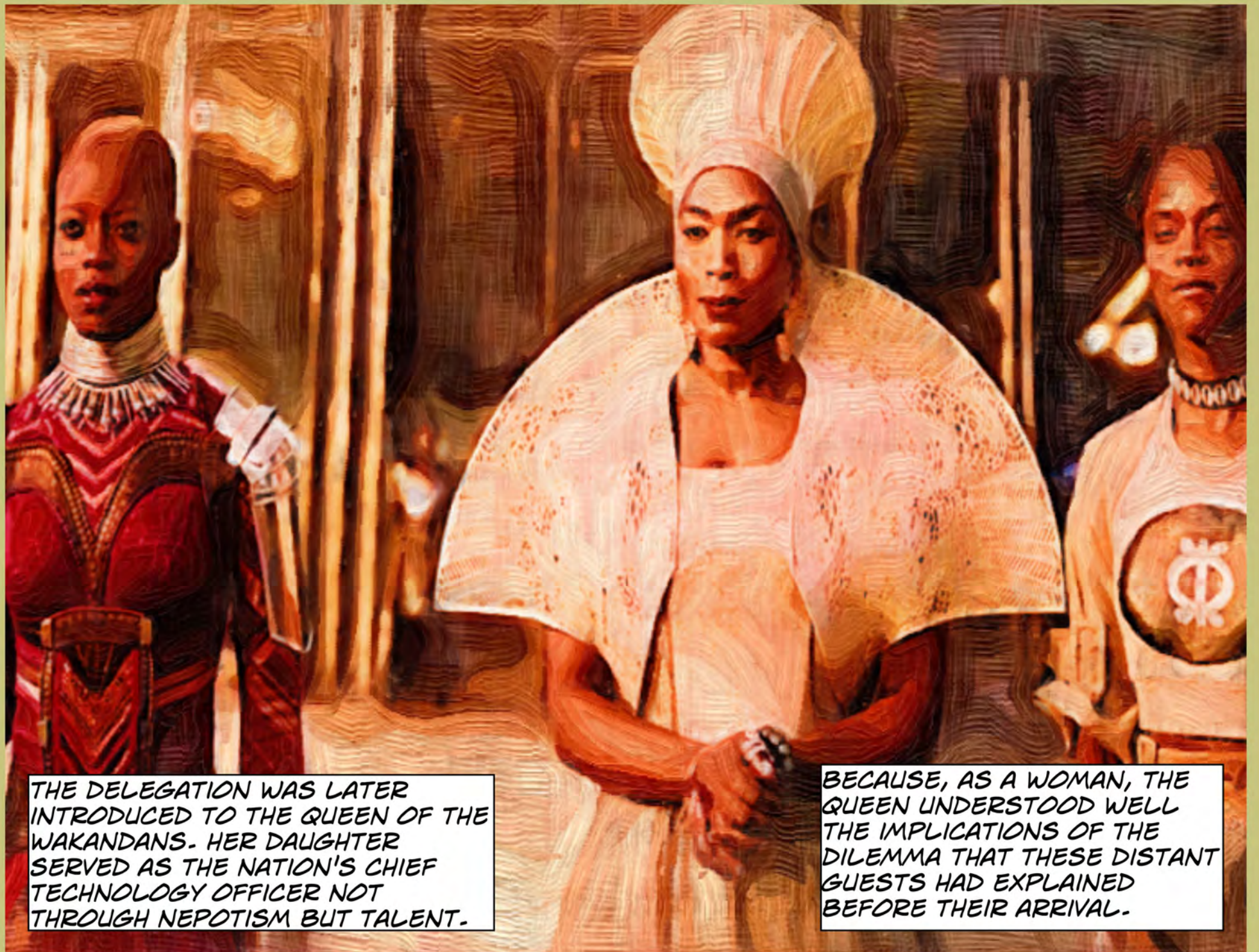







ONE, TWO,
CHA CHA CHA

THE DELEGATION WAS
GIVEN A GRAND AFRICAN
WELCOME AND JOINED IN
WITH THE CELEBRATORY
DANCING!



THE DELEGATION WAS LATER INTRODUCED TO THE QUEEN OF THE WAKANDANS. HER DAUGHTER SERVED AS THE NATION'S CHIEF TECHNOLOGY OFFICER NOT THROUGH NEPOTISM BUT TALENT.

BECAUSE, AS A WOMAN, THE QUEEN UNDERSTOOD WELL THE IMPLICATIONS OF THE DILEMMA THAT THESE DISTANT GUESTS HAD EXPLAINED BEFORE THEIR ARRIVAL.



WE'VE BEEN TOLD
THAT OUR FLIGHTS WILL
BRING INCREASED
SMARTS TO ALL SPECIES,
INCLUDING HUMANS.
SADLY, THIS IS NOT
WHAT IS HAPPENING.

I SEE.

A woman with dark hair pulled back, wearing a red zip-up vest over a black patterned top and a colorful beaded necklace, stands in a control room. She is looking down at a computer monitor. The room is filled with various pieces of equipment, including desks with monitors and a large window in the background showing a colorful, abstract scene. The overall color palette is dominated by reds, blacks, and greys, with some vibrant colors in the background.

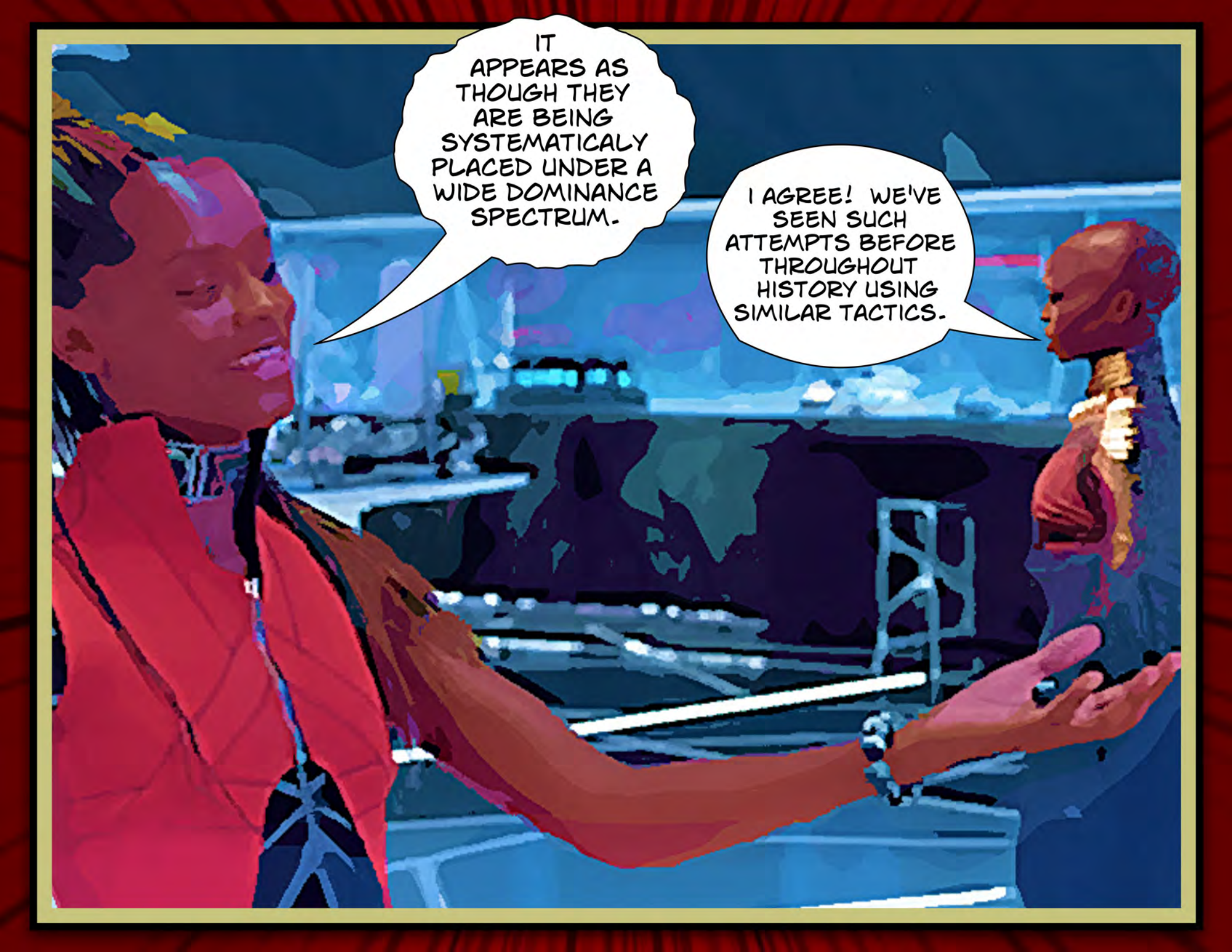
ALL WE
HAVE SEEN ARE
MASSIVE
DIE-OFFS AND
SICKENED
PLANTS AND
ANIMALS.

I SEE
AGAIN.

A woman with dark hair in a bun, wearing a red vest over a black top, is seated at a workstation in a futuristic control room. She is looking at a laptop. The room is filled with various pieces of equipment, including a large console with a glowing blue orb, a chair, and a desk with a lamp. The background shows a window with a view of a city at night.

AFTER
FLYING OUR
SUCCESSFUL
MISSIONS WE HAVE
OBSERVED OUR OWN
BODIES GROW WEAKER
AND SLOWLY
SICKENED OVER
TIME.

YES, I
UNDERSTAND.

A comic book panel with a yellow border. On the left, a woman with dark skin and braided hair is shown in profile, wearing a red jacket. On the right, a man with a shaved head and a dark suit with a gold collar is shown in profile, gesturing with his hands. The background is a futuristic, brightly lit interior with blue and white tones. Two speech bubbles are present: one from the woman on the left and one from the man on the right.

IT
APPEARS AS
THOUGH THEY
ARE BEING
SYSTEMATICALLY
PLACED UNDER A
WIDE DOMINANCE
SPECTRUM.

I AGREE! WE'VE
SEEN SUCH
ATTEMPTS BEFORE
THROUGHOUT
HISTORY USING
SIMILAR TACTICS.

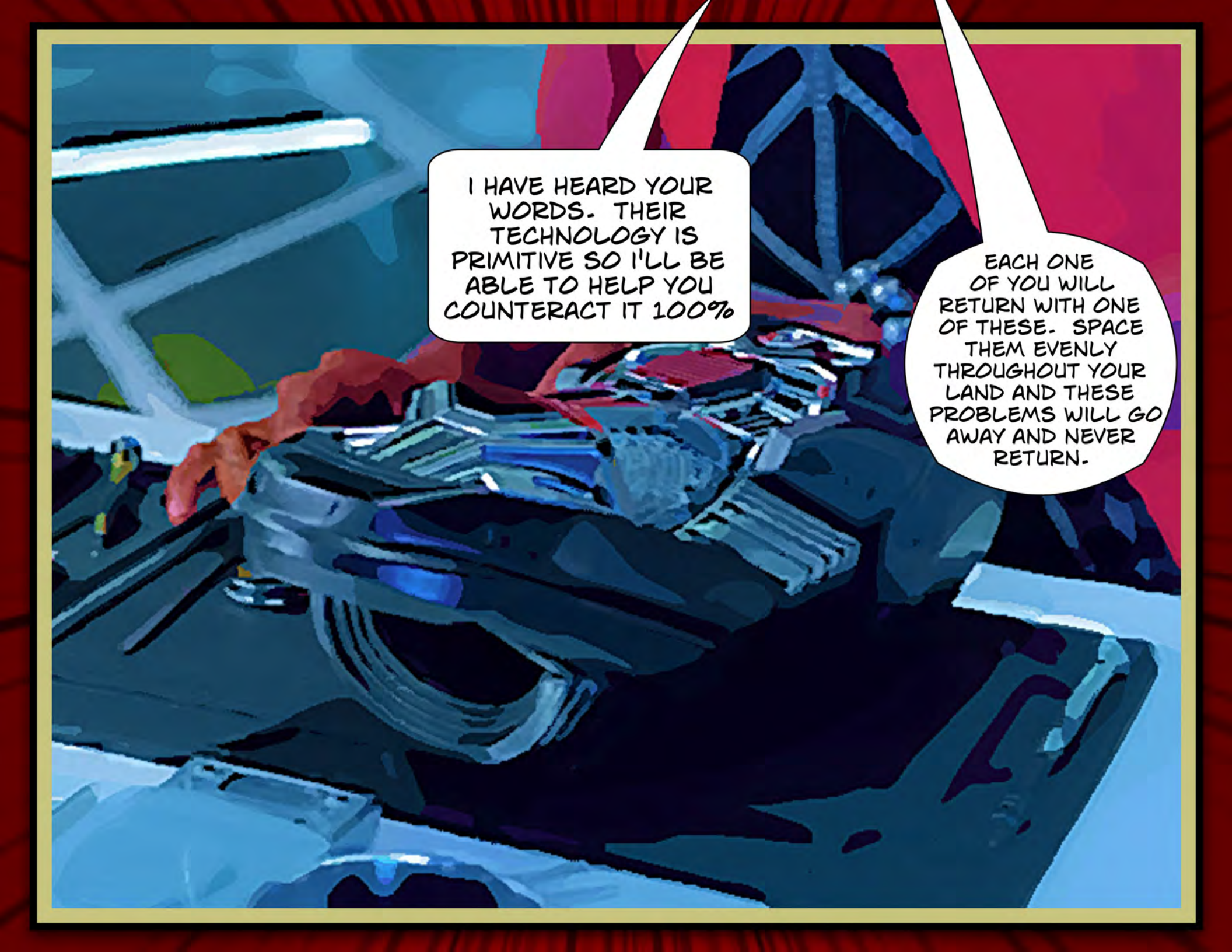
A woman with dark hair in a ponytail, wearing a red vest over a black top, is seated at a desk in a control room. She is looking at a laptop. The room is filled with various pieces of equipment, including a large monitor displaying a 3D model of a ship, a desk with a chair, and a large window in the background showing a view of the sea. The scene is lit with a mix of blue and red tones.

HMMM...

FURTHER, OUR WEATHER PATTERNS HAVE BEEN STEADILY AND DRAMATICALLY CHANGING IN DANGEROUS WAYS.

AND
FINALLY, IT IS NO
ACCIDENT THAT WE
WERE CREATED
STERILE. NONE OF US
WILL EVER BE A
MOTHER. THESE
PSYCHOPATHS HAVE
NO MORALITY
WHATSOEVER!





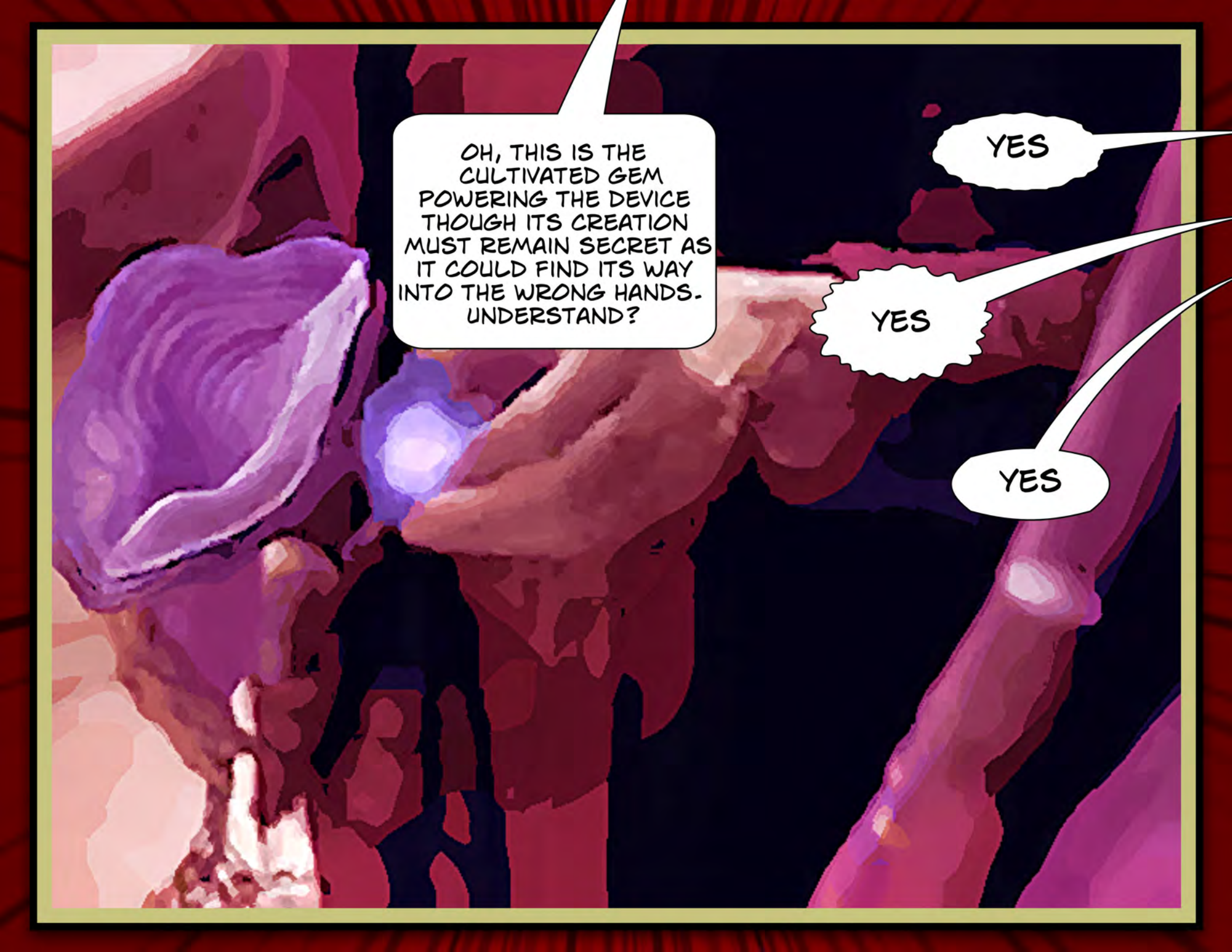
I HAVE HEARD YOUR
WORDS. THEIR
TECHNOLOGY IS
PRIMITIVE SO I'LL BE
ABLE TO HELP YOU
COUNTERACT IT 100%

EACH ONE
OF YOU WILL
RETURN WITH ONE
OF THESE. SPACE
THEM EVENLY
THROUGHOUT YOUR
LAND AND THESE
PROBLEMS WILL GO
AWAY AND NEVER
RETURN.



WE ARE
FOREVER IN
YOUR DEBT!

NO PROB
SISTER.




OH, THIS IS THE
CULTIVATED GEM
POWERING THE DEVICE
THOUGH ITS CREATION
MUST REMAIN SECRET AS
IT COULD FIND ITS WAY
INTO THE WRONG HANDS.
UNDERSTAND?

YES


YES

YES



GIRL, I
CAN'T WAIT TO
SEE THEIR FACES
WHEN THEY FIND OUT
WE'VE FORMED A
UNION.

---AND
MANDATED A
100% ORGANIC
DIET FOR ON AND
OFF-DUTY MEALS.
HEHE!

A comic book panel featuring three women in traditional African attire. The woman on the left wears a red and black patterned dress with a white collar. The woman in the center wears a white lace shawl and a tall white headpiece. The woman on the right wears a white top with a circular emblem and a black choker. The background is a textured, golden-brown wall. Two speech bubbles are present: one on the left and one on the right.

FAREWELL. WE PRAY YOU
WILL HAVE ALL OF THE
HEALTHY CHILDREN YOU
WISH.

AND TEACH THOSE
CHILDREN OF THE
POWER OF THE
SISTERHOOD.



I'M A CLEVER
GIANT INDEED.
FREE GOLD AND I
EARN SUBSTANTIAL
INTEREST WHEN I
LOAN IT OUT.

WHAT DID YOU
SAY WENCH?

#METOO...

A painting of a giant's face, rendered in a textured, painterly style. The giant has a large, open mouth with a pink tongue and white teeth. The background is dark blue with horizontal brushstrokes. A thought bubble is positioned above the giant's head, and a rectangular text box is to the right. The entire scene is framed by a white border.

YUMMY
ROASTED
BUBBA.

WHILE THE GIANT
THOUGHT ABOUT HIS
DINNER MAIN COURSE...

HIS CAPTIVE SERVANTS
BEGAN EXECUTING THEIR
ESCAPE.





BULLSEYE! RIGHT IN THE NUTS.





OH YEAH. DON'T FORGET BOJANGLES,
THE GOLD LAYING CHICKEN THAT THE
GIANT STOLE FROM BUBBA'S MAMA.



THIS
CATAPULT WILL
SEND YOU OVER THE
WALL AFTER I CUT
THIS ROPE. HANG
ON.









HERE I COME
MAMA!









I'M VERY
HAPPY TO
GET
BOJANGLES
BUT... WHERE
IS BUBBA?



WHERE
IS HE?





MY BABY! MY LIFE!

HERE COMES THAT
SCOUNDREL, THE GIANT



CUT THE BEAN
STALK BUBBA!







ONE LAST
WHACK, PHEW!







FEDERER
THE GIANT
WENT ALL
THE WAY TO
CHINA.

IT'S TIME TO
DANCE AND PARTY
ON PEOPLE!



THANK THE
WAKANDANS

YOU DID
GOOD BUBBA!
THANK YOU.

THE END



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