

MY FATHER USED TO SAY THAT *KNOWLEDGE* IS KNOWING TOMATOES ARE FRUITS, AND *WISDOM* IS NOT ADDING TOMATOES TO A FRUIT SALAD.



TRAVELING FOR HOURS NOW THROUGH TRILLIONS OF DIMENSIONS.

DEEPER THAN I EVER WAGINED I'D GO.

TRACKING A HOWLING BEACON TO THE NEXT-CLOSEST MEMBER OF MY CREW.

BUT SOMETHING'S VERY WRONG.

SWATHS OF REALITY ARE ENTIRELY EMPTY.

OPEN THE DIAGRAMS, WOULD YOU PLEASE.

CERTAINLY.

I KNEW I'D MADE A MESS OF MY LIFE, BUT IF MY THEORY IS CORRECT...

...I'VE BEEN THROWING TOMATOES INTO EVERYTHING.

I'VE GOT SOME IDEAS ABOUT THE GIANT VOIDS WE'VE BEEN SEEING, HAL.

GRANT, I'M NOT SURE THIS NAME YOU'VE GIVEN ME IS APPROPRIATE---

THE NAME STAYS.

EVERY TIME THE PILLAR PUNCHES A HOLE TO ANOTHER DIMENSION, IT LEAVES A SMALL TEAR IN THE FIBER OF EACH REALITY.

A COSMIC UMBILICAL CORD, CONNECTING EVERY UNIVERSE WE'VE BEEN TO.

CORRECT.

AND NOW WE'RE SEEING
ENTIRE SECTIONS OF
THE UNION SHOWING UP
AS AN EMPTY VOID.

THE
DRALN
DEATH
CULT?

NONE OF THE
EMPTY SECTIONS
INTERSECT WITH OUR
PATH, AND WE'VE
ENCOUNTERED THE
DRALN TWICE.

AND NOTHING
WE'VE SEEN ABOUT
THEM INDICATES
THEY'D BE ABLE TO
ERASE ENTIRE
DIMENSIONS.

SO WHAT
COULD?

KINETIC
EVENTS,
DARK MATTER
REACTIONS,
MAYBE EVEN
A BIG...

JESUS
CHRIST.

WHAT
IS IT?

IT'S
ME.

NOT JUST
ME, EVERY
ME WHO EVER
BUILT A
PILLAR.

AN INFINITE
NUMBER OF
PILLARS MAKING
CRACKS, A WEB OF
INTERCONNECTING
DIMENSIONS.

I COOKED UP STATISTICAL
MODELS, OUT TO MILLIONS
OF JUMPS, AND ANY REAL
DANGER WAS
INSIGNIFICANT.

BUT WITH
INFINITE
PILLARS...

WHAT IF SOME VERSION
OF ME ARRIVED IN A
STATISTICAL ANOMALY,
LIKE A UNIVERSE
COMPRISED OF
ANTIMATTER...

SHOW ME
WHAT THAT
WOULD LOOK
LIKE.



IN A MATTER-ANTIMATTER REACTION, ALL MATERIAL IS CONVERTED INTO ENERGY.

THE RESULTING ANNIHILATION WOULD WIDEN THE DIMENSIONAL TUNNEL AT THE POINT OF ENTRY.



THE BLAST WOULD TRAVEL THROUGH THE HOLES LEFT BEHIND BY THE PILLAR.



THE REACTION WOULD CONTINUE THROUGH DIMENSIONS UNTIL ALL ANTIMATTER HAD BEEN SPENT, THE KINETIC EQUIVALENT OF MULTIPLE BIG BANGS.

ME.



OKAY.

SO EVERY JUMP, WE ROLL THOSE DICE.



IS IT POSSIBLE TO DETECT IF WE ARE JUMPING INTO AN ANTIMATTER UNIVERSE BEFORE WE GET THERE?



THERE'S NO WAY TO DETECT ANYTHING OTHER THAN THE COORDINATES OF THE DIMENSION WE ARE TRAVELING TO.

I MEAN... THIS IS JUST TERRIBLY [REDACTED] NEWS. HOW DID I NOT CONSIDER THIS?



PERHAPS YOUR HEAVY USE OF MARIJUANA HAD AN ADVERSE IMPACT ON YOUR REASONING—

ALRIGHT. JUST PACK IT IN.



WELL, PEP UP, POT HEAD. I HAVE SOME GOOD NEWS.

WE'VE COMPLETED THE JUMP TO THE NEXT CREWMEMBER WITH NO CATASTROPHE...

"...AND TO AN EARTH
THAT CLOSELY
RESEMBLES YOUR OWN."

ZEROOSH

FFSHHH

YOU DON'T
NEED THE
HELMET.

THE AIR
IS FINE.

THINK I'LL
ERR ON
THE SIDE OF
CAUTION.

PARANOIA
FROM ALL
THAT POT
USE.

THE SUIT
TRACKER IS
READING NORTH,
JUST INSIDE
THE FOREST.

MAYBE IT'S NATE.

HE'D KNOW TO CAMP
OUT AND WAIT FOR ME.

HE'D KNOW
I'D BE BACK
FOR HIM.

EXPECTATIONS
LIKE A KID ON
CHRISTMAS.

OPENING A PRESENT
TO SEE WHO I'LL FIND.

LAST JUMP NEARLY
CRUSHED ME.

CAN'T FIND
ANOTHER BODY.

I NEED A WIN.

THERE'S
NO ONE
HERE.

YOU ARE
INCORRECT,
GRANT.

THE
BEACON IS
COMING FROM
FIVE FEET
BELOW
YOU.



CAUSE OF DEATH?

BLUNT TRAUMA TO THE HEAD.

ROUGHLY THREE YEARS AGO.

IT APPEARS SHE WAS MURDERED.



YOU'RE SURE IT'S HER?

DNA MATCHES.

REBECCA PELL, AGE THIRTY-FIVE.



I'M SORRY, GRANT.

YEAH.

BUT I'M NOT, AM I?

JUST RELIEVED IT'S NOT ONE OF THE KIDS.



I LET HER PLAY ME. SHOWED HER MY DAMAGE.

LET HER USE IT TO GET WHAT SHE WANTED.

DOESN'T MAKE HER A MONSTER...



...JUST MAKES HER LIKE MOST EVERYONE I'VE EVER MET.

WAIT--HER MOLECULAR SIGNATURE MATCHES THIS DIMENSION'S.

HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE?



THIS ISN'T THE REBECCA FROM YOUR WORLD, GRANT.

THIS IS THE REBECCA FROM THIS WORLD...