LEAVING EARTH FAR BEHIND, WE SAILED THE UNCHARTED AETHER OCEANS OF EMPTY SPACE.

I DARE SAY I'M FAR FROM THE ONLY ONE PLEASED MY MODIFICATIONS ON THE SHIP TO MAKE IT AIR TIGHT WERE HOLDING UP PERFECTLY.

KNOCK WOOD.



COLLOQUIALLY, YES.
BEST TO USE SIMPLE
TERMS FOR SUCH A
HODGEPODGE
CREW.

A MORE ACCURATE DESCRIPTION MIGHT BE, "SECURED AGAINST THE UNFORGIVING VOID FOR INTERPLANETARY TRAVEL."

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EITHER WAY, IT'S REMARKABLE.

IN THE
UNLIKELY EVENT
WE GET BACK
ALIVE FROM THIS
ADVENTURE, I'LL
REMARK ON IT
OFTEN.





OWING PRIMARILY TO THE AMAZING FECHNOLOGY I'D LEARNED FROM MY TIME AS A PRISONER ABOARD THE RESOLVE, WE REACHED MARS IN A MATTER OF DAYS. WE CAN OPEN UP HER HATCHES AGAIN AND BREATHE FRESH AIR. I CAUTION YOU THOUGH. IT WILL SEEM THIN TO US. UNTIL WE ADJUST. IF WE'RE
HERE LONG
ENOUGH TO
ADAPT TO IT,
WE'VE PROBABLY
FAILED IN OUR
MISSION. THIS IS SO...
I CAN'T EVEN
BEGIN TO
DESCRIBE IT. LIKE--I DON'T KNOW--GULLIVER? BUT OF MARS.



