



THIS IS DALE TRELL, CHECKING IN ON... WELL I *THINK* THIS IS DAY TWENTY-THREE OF THE APOCALYPSE.



I'M AWARE THAT THERE'S NOBODY ON THE OTHER END OF THIS RADIO.

YOU'RE GOING TO BE MY IMAGINARY FRIEND, BECAUSE I NEED ONE. HELL, I DESERVE ONE.



ALSO, EVERYONE ELSE ON MY PLANET IS DEAD.

YOU'RE ALL I GOT.



OUR SOCIETY HAS AN AMAZING INTERSTELLAR OUTREACH PROGRAM. WE STEAL AND HARVEST INFORMATION FROM SOLAR SYSTEMS LIGHT YEARS AWAY. THAT'S WHAT I DID FOR A LIVING BEFORE ALL THIS.

I COLLECTED MYTHS FOR THE GOVERNMENT.

STORIES OF OTHERWORLDLY ADVENTURE BEAMED THROUGH SPACE OR COLLECTED ON PERELICT, DEAD PLANETS. BITS OF FILM AND TORN MAGAZINE PAGES WITH THEIR OWN TOPOGRAPHY OF IMAGINATION.



ONE OF THOSE FAR-OFF WORLDS IS CALLED EARTH. I'M A FAN OF THEIR "PULP FICTION".

ONE BRAND SPRINGS TO MIND.

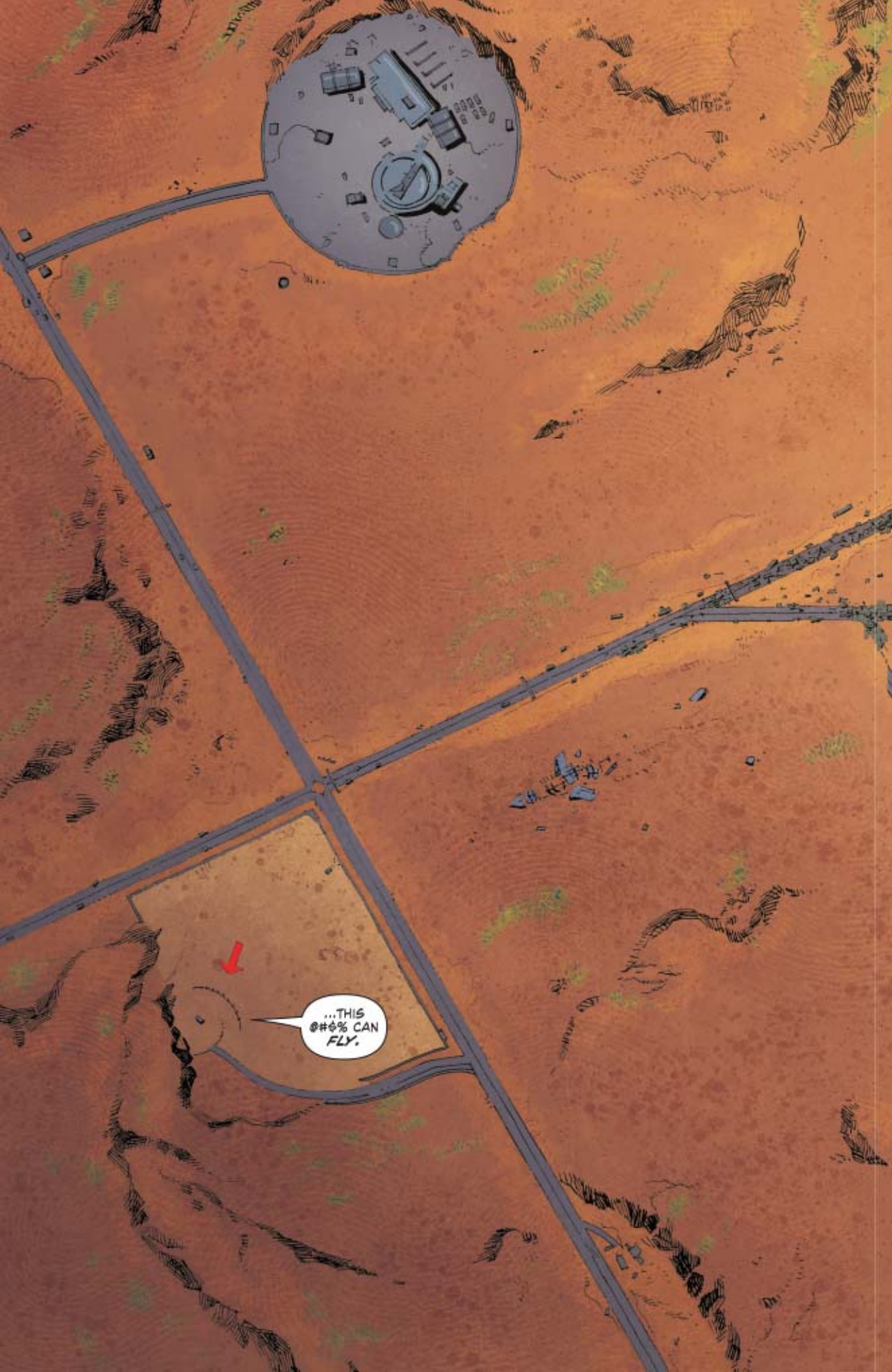
THAT OF A GIGANTIC, MALFORMED BEAST INVADING THE PLANET AND LAYING WASTE TO CIVILIZATION. EATING PEOPLE. BLOWING UP BUILDINGS WITH FIREBALLS.



HOW COULD I HAVE KNOWN THIS MYTH WOULD BECOME A REALITY *HERE*?

A MONSTER HAS COME TO OUR ONCE-TRANQUIL HOME OF *STY-REK*.

BUT IT'S A LOT WORSE THAN A GIANT LIZARD OR CLUMSY OVERGROWN APE...



...THIS @#% CAN FLY.





IT'S NOT A COINCIDENCE THAT I DECIDED TODAY WAS THE DAY TO INVENT A WEIRD INVISIBLE COMPANION.

I'VE BEEN ALONE DOWN HERE FOR A LONG TIME, AND I'VE FINALLY DECIDED IT'S TIME TO HEAD ON OUT.



I'M GOING TO NEED YOUR HELP. YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO KEEP ME PUMPED UP AND CONFIDENT.

I'M NO ACTION HERO. MOSTLY I JUST LIKE PASTA.



BUT TODAY, THE LAST MAN ON THIS PLANET WILL HAVE HIS REVENGE.



OR JUST GET EATEN. LIKE EVERYONE ELSE.

LIKE SOME SMELLY LITTLE HOR D'OELVRES.



HA!  
YES!

I AIN'T AFRAID OF NO CENTIPEDE!

