

SOMEWHERE IN THE
CYGNUS GALAXY...

"OUR WORLD
IS DYING."

"THE ALGAL BLOOMFIELDS
SICKEN AND ROT."

"THE BLOAT-FORESTS
FALL UNABLE TO
PRODUCE SUFFICIENT
HYDROGEN TO HOLD
THEMSELVES ALOFT."

"EVERYWHERE, OUR
PEOPLE STARVE."

"PROTEIN RIOTS HAVE
BROKEN OUT IN EVERY
MAJOR CONCLAVE."

"WE HAVE REACHED
THE TIPPING POINT..."



...PLEASE.
IMPERATRIX VIRAGO.
YOUR NECROMANTIC
INFECTION HAS NOW
TAKEN ROOT IN
EVERY BIOME ON
THE PLANET.

YOU
MUST HALT IT
AS YOU PROMISED
OR OUR ENTIRE
ECOSYSTEM
WILL FAIL.

YOUR
ECOSYSTEM?
NO...

YOU HAVE
FAILED, SCIENTIST.
YOU HAVE FAILED
YOUR WORLD, AND
YOUR PEOPLE.



WHEN I ARRIVED
TWELVE CYCLES
AGO, YOU SWORE
THAT THIS WORLD
WOULD SUSTAIN ME
FOR EIGHTEEN
BEFORE
COLLAPSING.

NOW
YOU KNEEL
BEFORE ME IN
DISGRACE,
PLEADING FOR
MERCY.



WHERE
IS YOUR
PRIDE
WORM?

YOU WERE
NEVER GOING
TO LET US BE.
WERE YOU?

IT WAS
A LIE.



OH, DON'T
LOOK SO
CRUSHED!

IF IT'S ANY
CONSOLATION
I COULDN'T
HAVE STOPPED THE
INFESTION EVEN IF
I'D WANTED TO. I'M
JUST ITS... EAGER
BENEFICIARY.



IN ANY CASE,
I SUPPOSE
THERE'S NO SENSE
MAINTAINING THE
PRETENSE ANY
LONGER.



ONE LAST
BITE, I THINK,
AND THEN
I'LL BE ON
MY WAY.

WHAT
CAN I
SAY...?





AAHHH...



...THAT'S
MUCH
BETTER.

WH-WHAT
HAVE YOU
DONE?

"THE
INFECTION,"
AS YOU CALL IT,
CONVERTS LIVING
THINGS INTO
NECROMANTIC
ENERGY.

I JUST
HARVESTED THAT
ENERGY TO STAVE
OFF THE RAVAGES
OF OLD AGE FOR
A WHILE.

YOU
DON'T
MIND DO
YOU?

SNICK

TCM!
YOU DO
MIND, I CAN
TELL.