

IVAN BRANDON

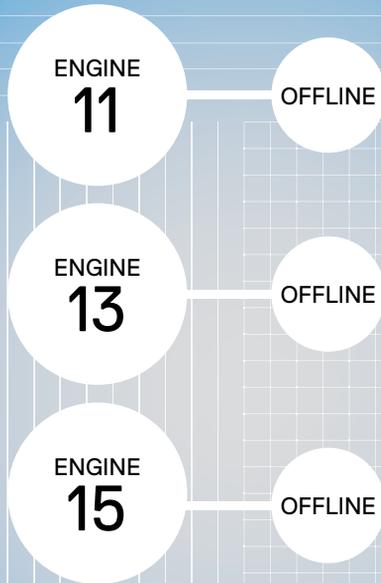
NIC KLEIN

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\$ 3.50

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UNIDENTIFIED PROJECTILE BREACH IN AFT PANEL LL27

METHANE OVEREXPOSURE
IN SOUTHEAST PROPULSION GALLERY



PERSONAL
DISASTER IS
IMMINENT



MAYBE IT WAS
SHRAPNEL.





A PIECE
OF ALL THE
THINGS WE'D
LEFT OUT
THERE IN
THE NIGHT.



MAYBE IT
WAS THE
THINGS I
DONE,
CATCHING
UP.



THERE
WASN'T TIME
TO FIGURE
OUT WHY I
WAS DYING.

REEL YIN LACKIN' WY
AAR ZONE PABOPHARUOP
YITHIN BAZZARDORER P
AASR-ASR-ASR-PRK



THERE WAS JUST THAT
MINUTE LEFT, AND MAYBE
ONE MORE AFTER.

AMANY OCEANS HAVE I
SAILED, BUT SOMEHOW I'LL
GET TO BOUNTY AND LINE A NUMBER
EMPH WAY BARRE J

AND MY THROAT TORN UP
TRYIN' TO SHOUT OVER
THE SIRENS AND FIRE.



AND THEN THE STARS
WERE GONE. AND THEN
EVERYTHING WENT HOT.

AND THAT
WAS IT.



NO LIGHT. EVERY-
THING'S GONE.

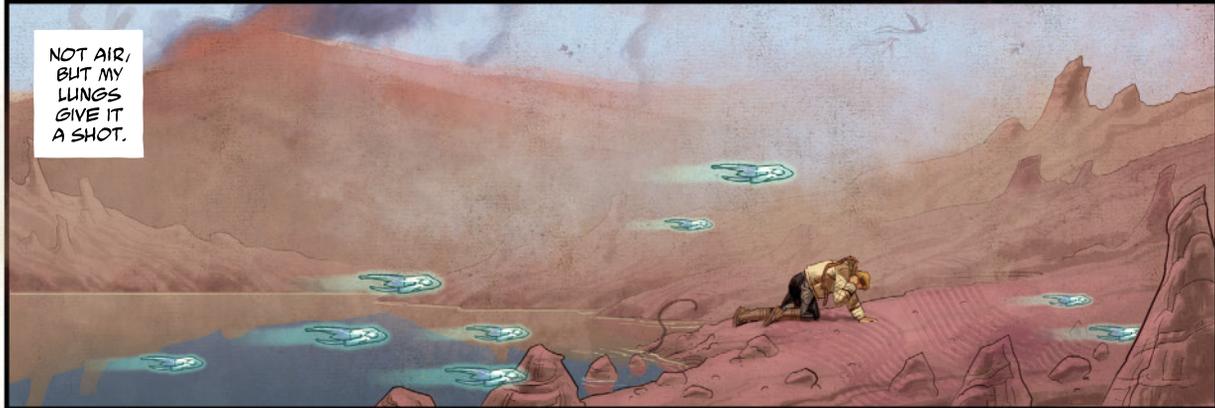
AND THEN
I SEE.

THE SHIP'S
GUTS
AROUND MY
THROAT,
DRAGGING
ME SLOWLY
BACK INTO
THAT DARK.

DOWN
ALL THE
WAY TO
LOSING
EVERY-
THING.



NOT AIR,
BUT MY
LUNGS
GIVE IT
A SHOT.



IT ISN'T EASY.
LIKE BREATHING
HOT SAND.



SOMETHING
ELSE IS
BREATHING
BETTER.



MAKES A
SOOTHING
SOUND AND
THEN IT
SCREAMS
OUT.



THEN IT
JUST FALLS.



IT DOESN'T STOP TO SEE
WHAT A COWARD LOOKS LIKE.



THE
DYING
THING'S
BREATH
SLOWS.



THE
STRONGER
ONE
WHISPERS.



THEY DON'T
STRIKE.



THEY
DON'T EVEN
LOOK.

THEY CONSPIRE
JUST TO LEAVE
ME TO MY FATE.





AND THAT
FATE COMES
RUNNING.



FELL OUT OF
THE SKY JUST
TO DIE HERE
IN THE DIRT.