



BRIAN WOOD + KRISTIAN DONALDSON

THE MASSIVE



The lower portion of the image shows a large, dark-hulled icebreaker ship with a complex superstructure, including masts and cranes, navigating through a dense field of icebergs. The icebergs are jagged and white, contrasting with the dark water. In the foreground, three small figures in dark winter gear are walking across a flat, snow-covered expanse, providing a sense of scale to the massive icebergs and the ship.

55-153766, 167-827148
NEAR KAMCHATKA PENINSULA



THE DIRECT-ACTION
CONSERVATIONIST
SHIP KAPITAL

THERE IT
IS AGAIN.

WEAK SIGNAL,
THEN...GONE,
LIKE BEFORE.



IS IT THE
MASSIVE?

IT ALWAYS
DISAPPEARS
TOO FAST FOR
THE SOFTWARE
TO I.D. IT.



FORGET
THE SOFTWARE,
LARS. IS IT THE
MASSIVE? IS IT
OUR MISSING
FRIENDS?

GIVE ME
YOUR GUT
FEELING.

IT FEELS THE
SAME AS LAST TIME.
IT'S THE MASSIVE,
OUT THERE ON THE EDGES,
MAYBE ELEVEN,
TWELVE MILES?



BIGGER SHIP,
BETTER RADAR.
IF WE CAN SEE THEM,
THEY CAN SEE
US, HOWEVER
BRIEFLY.

BUT THEY
DON'T
APPROACH.



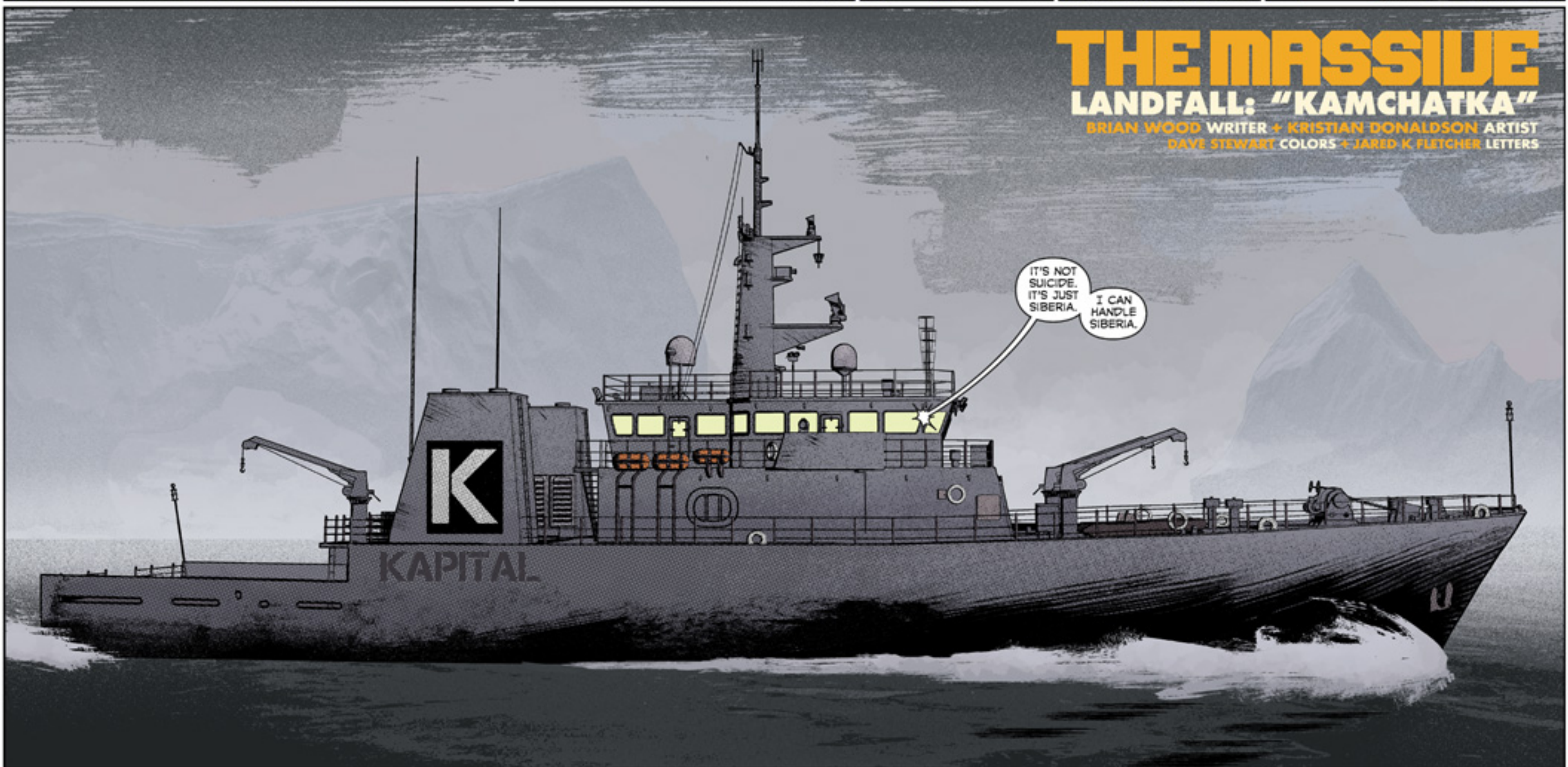
I CAN THINK OF A HUNDRED
VALID REASONS FOR WHY
THAT MAY BE. WANT ME
TO START LISTING THEM
FOR YOU?

NEW
CONTACT!



I THINK
IT'S THEM
AGAIN--

WAIT,
SURFACE
SPEED IS
WRONG...



THE MASSIVE LANDFALL: "KAMCHATKA"

BRIAN WOOD WRITER + KRISTIAN DONALDSON ARTIST
DAVE STEWART COLORS + JARED K. FLETCHER LETTERS

IT'S NOT SUICIDE.
IT'S JUST SIBERIA.
I CAN HANDLE SIBERIA.

HERE, THIRTY-EIGHT KNOTS.

A ZODIAC?

LAUNCHED FROM WHERE, THOUGH?

MARY B. UNKNOWN

WELL, IT'S NOT LIKE WE'VE BEEN HAVING THE BEST OF LUCK WITH THE RADAR SYSTEMS THESE DAYS...

GIVE ME A HEADING?

THREE ONE FIVE. SPEED NOW FORTY KNOTS, HOLDING STEADY.

NOT LIKE I CAN SEE ANYTHING FROM HERE...

MAG NAGENDRA
b. 1974, SRI LANKA

IT'S NOW THREE CONTACTS! THEY'RE PEELING OFF FROM EACH OTHER. SEVEN MILES OUT, CLOSING.

GOTTA BE ZODIACS, MAG, FAST MOVERS.

THREE? NOT THE MASSIVE'S BOATS, THEN.

SO CAN WE ALL ASSUME HOSTILES? SOMEONE SHOULD WAKE THE CAPTAIN.

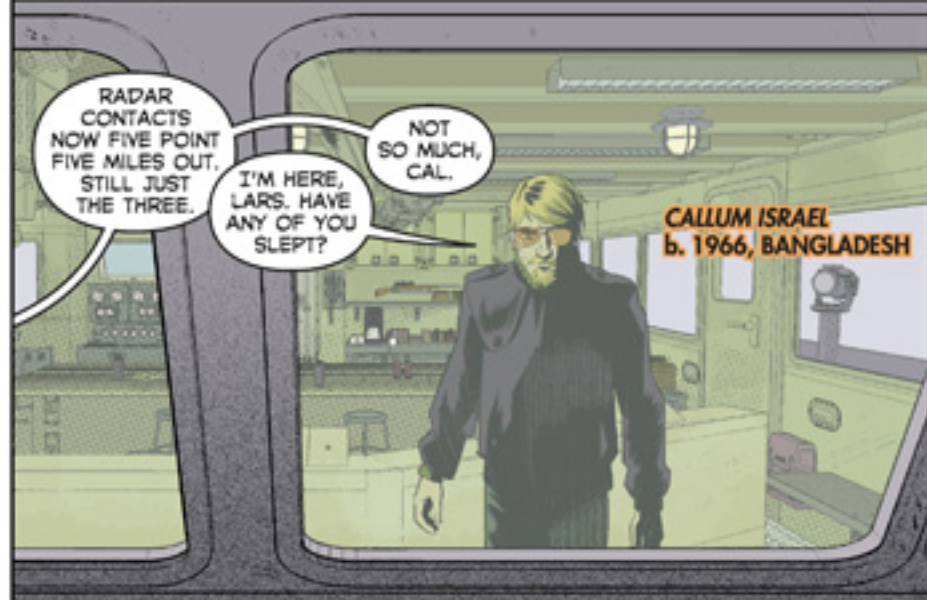
I'LL DO IT.

GET A LAUNCH READY, WHEN I GET BACK I'M GOING OUT THERE.

THAT'S SUICIDE, MARY...







RADAR CONTACTS NOW FIVE POINT FIVE MILES OUT. STILL JUST THE THREE.

I'M HERE, LARS. HAVE ANY OF YOU SLEPT?

NOT SO MUCH, CAL.

CALLUM ISRAEL
b. 1966, BANGLADESH



ANYTHING ON THE EMERGENCY BAND? WHAT'S OUR VISIBILITY?

NOTHING. I RECKON WE GOT FIFTY FEET VISIBILITY, TOPS. HARD TO EVEN TELL HOW MUCH ICE IS IN THE WATER.



JESUS. WELL, LET'S SEND OUT A GENERAL DISTRESS CALL... YOU NEVER KNOW, SOMEONE OUT THERE MIGHT STILL GIVE A SHIT. WHERE'S MAG?

WEAPONS LOCKER.

WHAT?



CAL, LISTEN--

MAG, I'VE TOLD YOU, THIS ISN'T **BLACKBELL**-- I'M TRYING TO RUN A PACIFIST ORGANIZATION--

CAL.



THE SCOPE, YOU MORON. IT'S GOT AN INFRARED SETTING. UNLESS YOU HAVE A BETTER WAY TO SEE THROUGH THIS FOG?

AND LISTEN, I GET IT. I'VE HEARD THE SPEECH. I HELPED YOU WRITE THE SPEECH, REMEMBER?



BUT IT'S A WHOLE NEW WORLD OUT THERE. YOU WORRY ABOUT MARY. I'LL WORRY ABOUT THE PIRATES.