

1961.



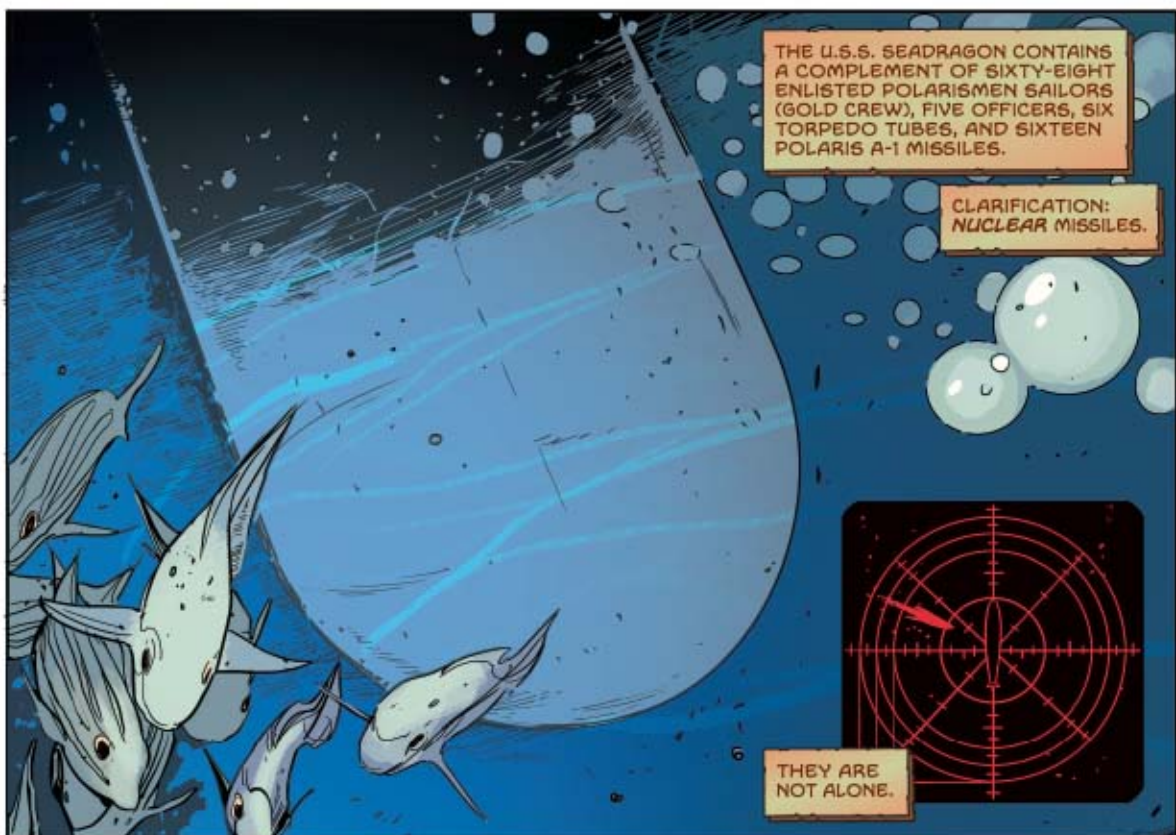
THE U.S.S. SEADRAGON.



THE UNITED STATES' SECOND OPERATIONAL BALLISTIC MISSILE SUBMARINE.

THE SHIP IS PERFORMING MANEUVERS TWENTY NAUTICAL MILES SOUTH OF THE KOLOHE ATOLL IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

THIS IS HER FIRST--AND LAST--VOYAGE.



THE U.S.S. SEADRAGON CONTAINS A COMPLEMENT OF SIXTY-EIGHT ENLISTED POLARISMEN SAILORS (GOLD CREW), FIVE OFFICERS, SIX TORPEDO TUBES, AND SIXTEEN POLARIS A-1 MISSILES.

CLARIFICATION:
NUCLEAR MISSILES.

THEY ARE NOT ALONE.



CAP'M,
SOMETHING'S
DOWN HERE
WITH US.

CAN'T
BE.

MIGHT BE
A WHALE.

DOESN'T
LOOK LIKE A
WHALE...



IT'S PRETTY
BIG, CAP'M.



CAPTAIN FRANCIS
VALENTINE.

HE SHOULDN'T
BE WORRIED.

BUT HIS SIXTH
SENSE IS GOING
OFF LIKE *FULL-
TILT PINBALL*.



HE THINKS OF HIS WIFE, LEILANI,
RIGHT NOW TEACHING THE OTHER
WIVES ON THE BASE TO HULA DANCE.



VALENTINE THINKS OF
HIS SON, CHET, RIGHT
NOW PLAYING WITH
HIS FRIENDS.



HE'S WORRIED
THAT HE'LL NEVER
SEE THEM AGAIN.

HE'S NOT
WRONG.

WHONGGGGGG



CAP'IN, THAT SOUNDED LIKE THUNDER.

COULDN'T BE THUNDER, BOY. MAYBE WE HIT SOMETHING. THE REEF.



BRMMMMMBLE



BUT IT COULDN'T BE. THEY'RE MILES FROM THE REEF, AND IT COULDN'T BE AN ATTACK. NOT OUT HERE. NOT TODAY.

BESIDES--THAT DIDN'T SOUND LIKE A DEPTH CHARGE.



BOZZZAT



KZZTTSCUIT

THE BEAST--A BEAST THAT LONG AGO SHOULD HAVE CEASED TO EXIST--TAKES ITS BITE.

A POUND OF STEEL RATHER THAN A POUND OF FLESH.

THAT, JUST AS ANOTHER BOLT OF STRANGE LIGHTNING STRIKES.

ONE MINUTE, THEY'RE THERE...

...AND THE NEXT, THEY'RE GONE.

BUT WHERE DID THEY GO?