




APRIL 9, 2219.
LV-223.



"SALVAGE MISSION.
PROJECT: PROMETHEUS--
SURVIVORS' LOG.



"WE'RE
STARVING.

"SCAVENGED SUPPLIES ARE
EXHAUSTED AND DUE TO THE
ACCELERATED EVOLUTIONARY
NATURE OF THIS ROCK...

"...THE PRODUCE
THAT SUSTAINED
THE HADLEY'S HOPE
SURVIVORS HAS
EVOLVED BEYOND
PALATABILITY.

"WE'RE LIVING
ON GRASSES,
INSECTS, AND
BITTER GREENS.
JILL'S SICK.




"WE NEED
MEAT."









A Predator stands in a dark, misty environment. The Predator is wearing its characteristic brown and silver armor, including a helmet with a large circular opening. It has long, thin dreadlocks and is holding a combat knife in its right hand. The background is a dark, cloudy sky with two large, pale moons. The ground is dark and rocky, with some faint light reflecting off the surface.

"AHAB. IT'S NOT HIS NAME,
JUST WHAT WE CALL HIM.
WE CAN'T DECIPHER HIS
LANGUAGE WELL ENOUGH
TO KNOW IF HE EVEN *HAS*
A NAME, BUT *AHAB* SUITS
HIM WELL ENOUGH.

"WE HADN'T
SPOTTED HIM
IN MONTHS.
THOUGHT HE
WAS DEAD.

"...OUR
MISTAKE."