

We'd crossed over the dark of the world and found another piece of my ship crashed in its flesh. Engine lit still and warm and going nowhere like the heart of the planet itself.

More than we needed for parts.  
More than we ever would.

We met a Wheeler there, the kind that spoke and led his kind and man alike. Kin to the one I'd met in the dark but at crossed purpose. Told me they meant us to die. That we had work to do and when we were done it would be time.

Another in our pack heard what he'd said. A Wheeler. Heard it for the other one, in the dark, speaker and kin.

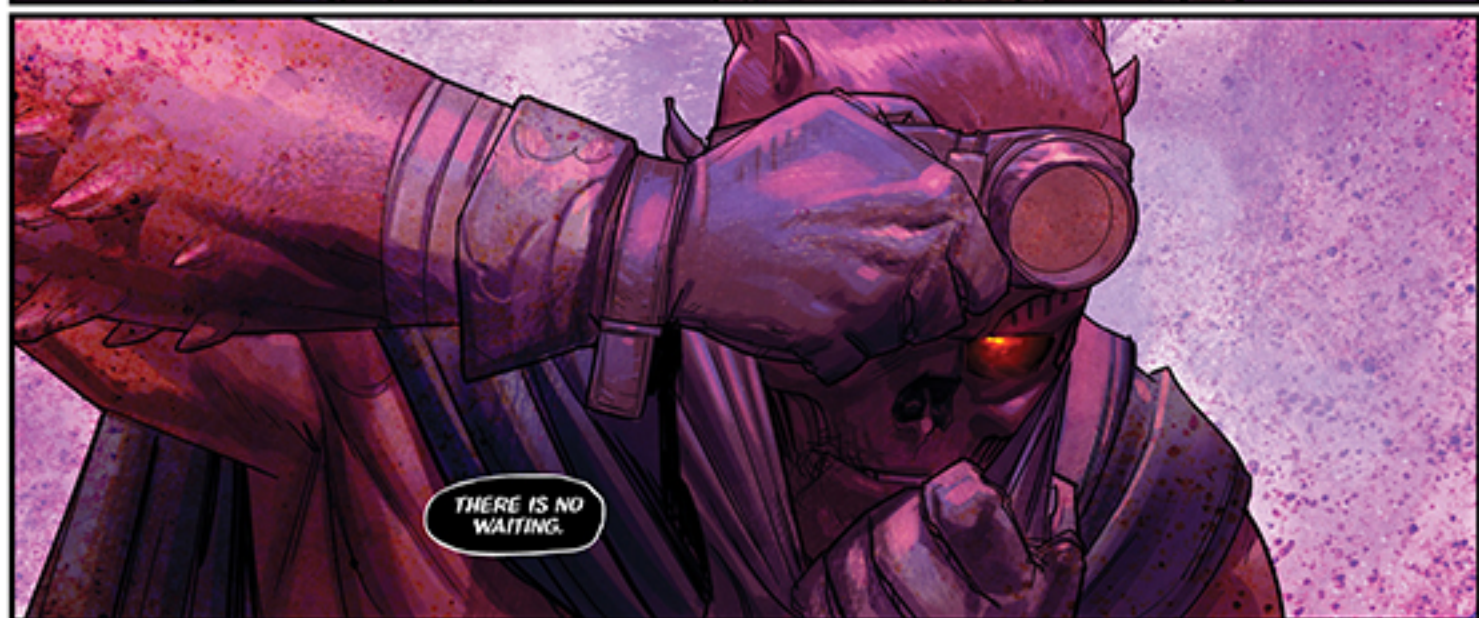
We loaded up to leave and heard a fire unnatural that seemed to make the planet shake.

Lit up the sky so far they'd see it through the night.

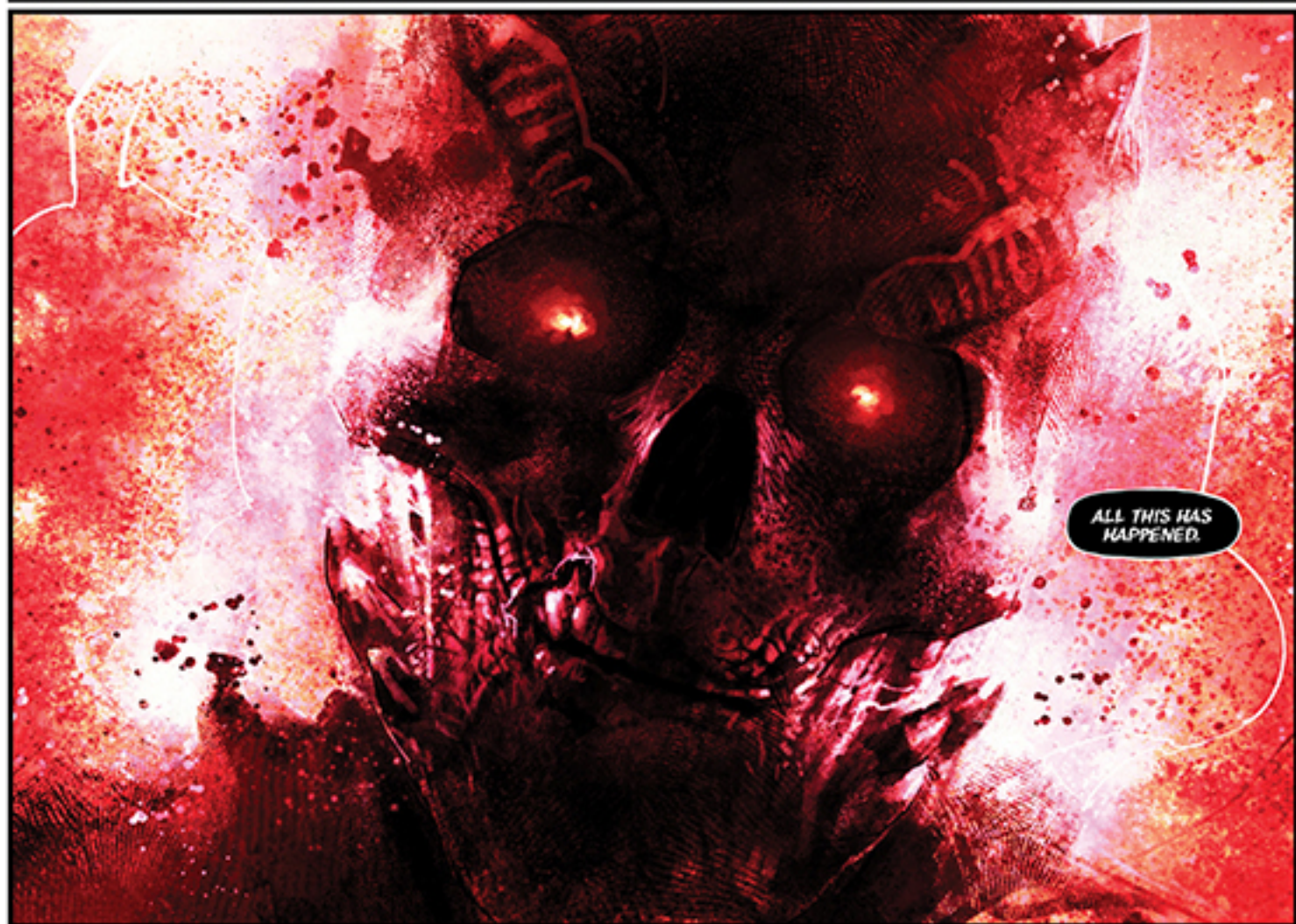




WHAT'S  
WAITING FOR  
US? BACK IN  
THAT OTHER  
PLACE?

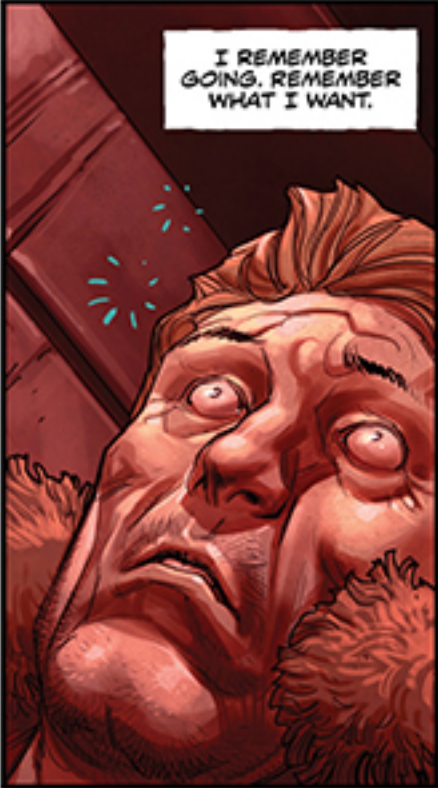


THERE IS NO  
WAITING.



ALL THIS HAS  
HAPPENED.






I REMEMBER  
GOING. REMEMBER  
WHAT I WANT.

AT NIGHT  
I'M WHO  
I WAS.




I WAKE UP  
FEARFUL.



WHAT'S PAST A  
DREAM NOT HALF  
REMEMBERED.



THIS PLACE  
ON FIRE. THESE  
STRANGERS  
LOST WITH ME.



ALL OF US  
FALLING.





TURNED  
THE WORLD  
BLACK.