





I'LL BE DAMNED.

I READ ABOUT YOU, BUT I WAS SURE YOU WERE A HOAX.



NAME'S SLATER. I'M THE CHIEF SCIENTIST FROM THE ARCTIC RESEARCH LABORATORY.

COME ON, THE STATION IS THIS WAY.

THE OTHERS ARE IN THE MAIN HUT. WE JUST FINISHED HAVING BREAKFAST.



DID I FORGET TO WIND MY WATCH? LOOKS LIKE IT'S STILL NIGHT.



SUN ISN'T UP LONG THIS TIME OF YEAR.

WHICH HASN'T MADE OUR PRESENT DIFFICULTIES ANY EASIER.



YOU MEAN THE SIGHTING?

SURE, THE "SIGHTING."



THE DETAILS PROVIDED BY THE AIR FORCE WERE SOMEWHAT CURSORY. WAS THERE AN OLFACATORY COMPONENT? ANY DISTINCTIVE SOUND THE CREATURE MADE?

PROFESSOR BRUTTENHOLM AT THE BUREAU AND I HAVE DEVELOPED A THEORY ABOUT WHAT IT WAS YOU ENCOUNTERED, BUT I NEED SOME ADDITIONAL CLARIFICATION BEFORE--



YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE MY FRIEND HERE. HE DOESN'T GET OUT IN THE FIELD MUCH, AND HE'S A LITTLE OVEREAGER.



LET'S GET INSIDE, FIRST.

I DON'T WANT TO BE OUT HERE ANY LONGER THAN I HAVE TO.

