

THE LAST EMBERS OF DAYLIGHT,
AND IT'S STILL OVER 150 DEGREES.

COLD SWEAT--
I'M FREEZING
AND SHAKING.

RADIATION
SICKNESS.
LATE STAGES.

ZEM NOTICES, DESPITE
MY EFFORTS TO HIDE IT.

THE PROBE
IS UP AT THE
TOP OF THE
HIVE
TOWER.

NOW OR
NEVER.

WE TRAVELED ALONG A SMALL GULLY AND
SNUCK INTO THE STRANGE CITY UNNOTICED.

SO FAR.

HOPE OF SEEING
THE NEW WORLD
KEPT ME MOVING.

BUT NOW I KNOW--

--THAT WILL NEVER HAPPEN.



