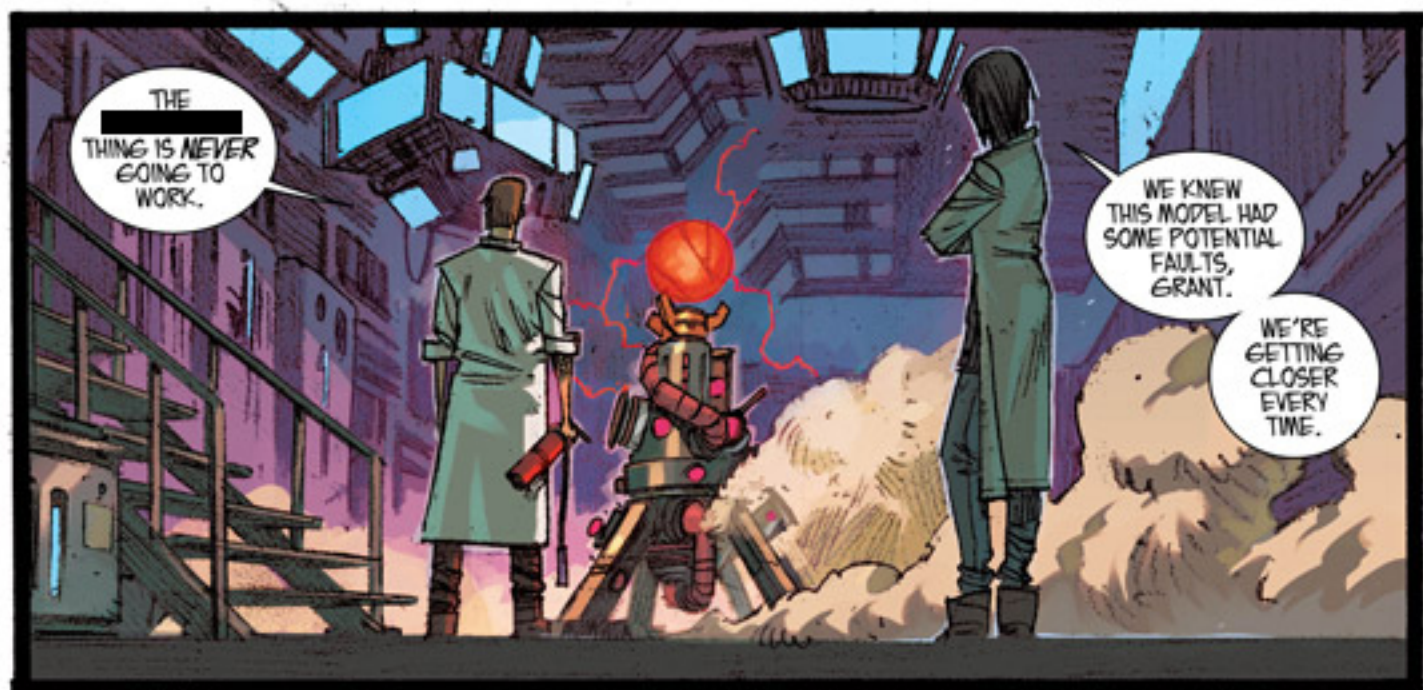


"I CAN'T DO THIS ANYMORE."





THE
[REDACTED]
THING IS NEVER
GOING TO
WORK.

WE KNEW
THIS MODEL HAD
SOME POTENTIAL
FAULTS,
GRANT.

WE'RE
GETTING
CLOSER
EVERY
TIME.



CLOSER
TO WHAT?!

THE HOWING BEACON IS
IMPOSSIBLY DELICATE,
AND I DON'T KNOW HOW
TO GET ENOUGH COOLANT
INTO THE QUANTUM ENGINE
TO KEEP IT FROM
EXPLODING EVERY
SINGLE TIME IT
POWERS UP!

GRANT,
THIS IS—



ONE GIANT
WASTE OF
TIME.

THIS
WHOLE
THING.

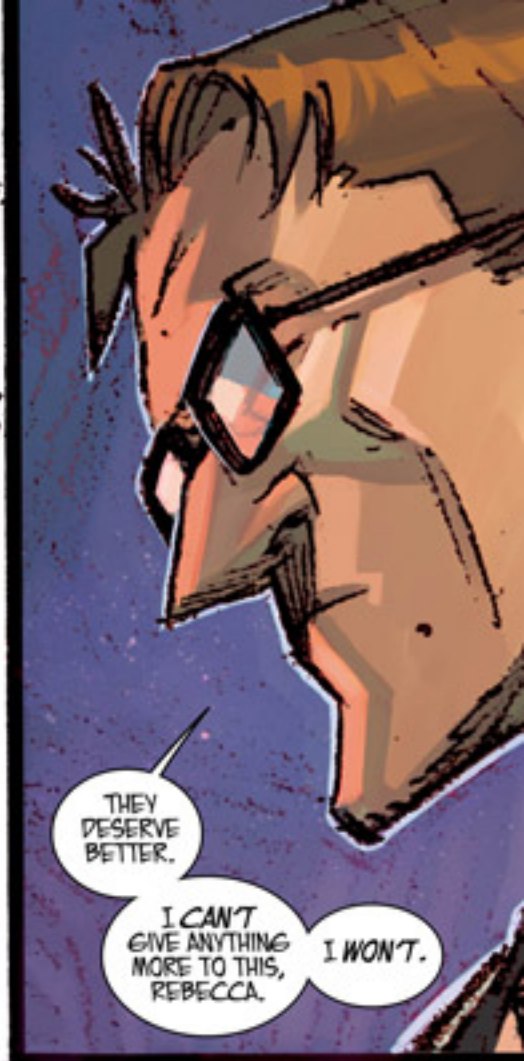


THERE IS A POINT IN ALL
GREAT ENDEAVORS, A TEST
OF WILL THAT DEFINES
THE EFFORT.

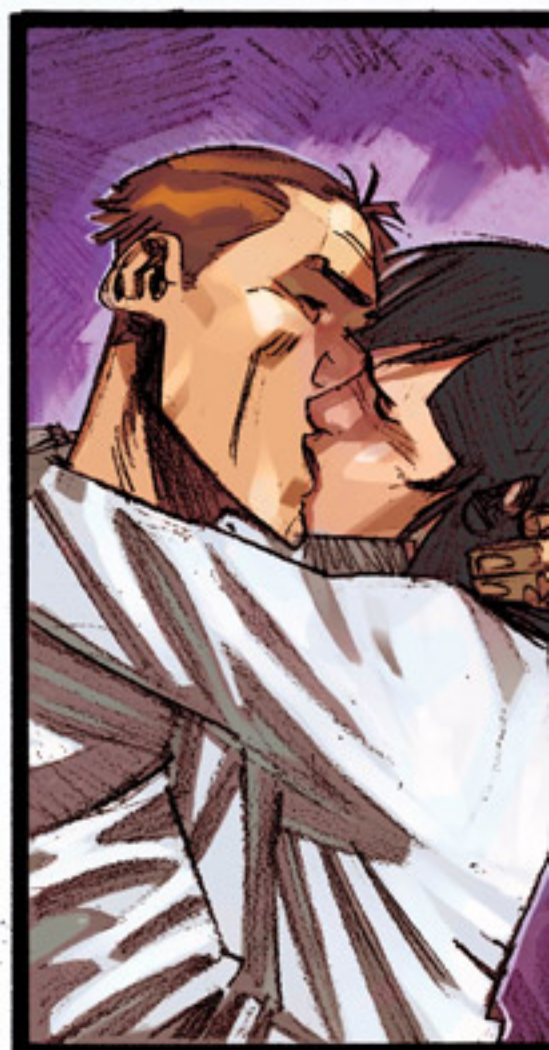
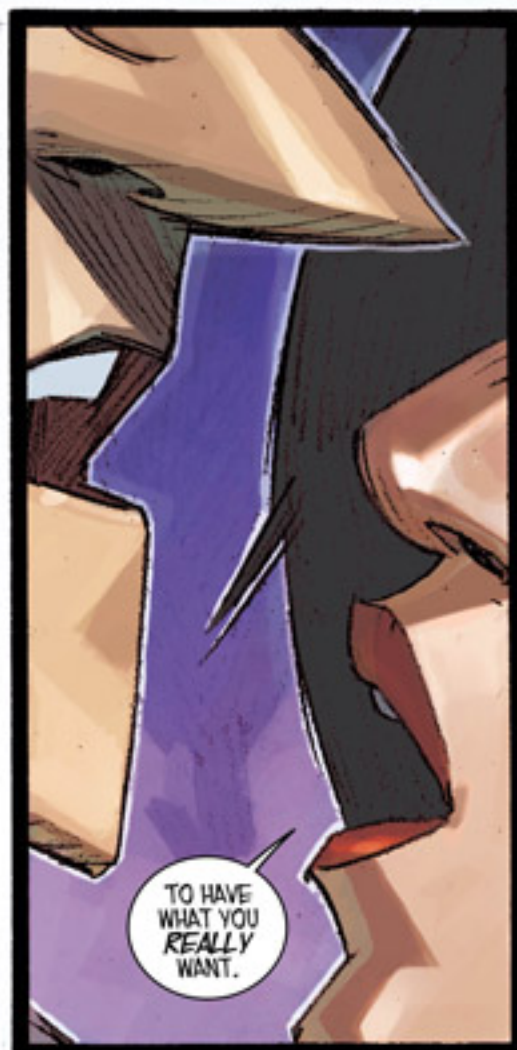
WE KEEP GOING—
AND MAYBE WE SUCCEED—OR
WE QUIT AND CERTAINLY FAIL.



THERE'S
MORE TO
LIFE THAN
THIS.







BLARING WIND.

EYES PRY OPEN DRY--

--FROM BAD MEMORY
TO WORSE REALITY.

CRANKY ENGINE
GRUMBLING
BEHIND ME--

--NOT AN ENGINE--

USER
DISENGAGED.

--A CANNON.

ROLL--

HEAT BURNS MY
SKIN THROUGH
THE SUIT--

--INCH CLOSER
AND I'M

GUT CALLS
THE CHOICE.

TURN AROUND
GET CLEAR OF
THE AIR TANK.

OR DIVE HEADLONG
TOWARDS THE GAUNTLET.

WROOSH

STUPID GUTS.