

Previously in **By Night**...

Back home for good from college, reunited high school BFFs Jane and Heather have discovered a portal deep within Spectrum, ND's newly-abandoned Charleswood Industrial Park. Guess what? They have decided to go through it.

Created & Written by

John Allison

Illustrated by

Christine Larsen

Colored by

Sarah Stern

Lettered by

Jim Campbell

BY NIGHT™

Cover by
Christine Larsen

Subscription Cover by
John Allison

Designer
Michelle Ankley

Assistant Editor
Sophie Philips-Roberts

Editor
Shannon Watters

BOOM! BOX™

BY NIGHT No. 2, July 2018. Published by BOOM! Box, a division of Boom Entertainment, Inc., 5670 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 400, Los Angeles, CA 90036-5679. By Night is™ & © 2018 John Allison & Christine Larsen. All rights reserved. BOOM! Box and the BOOM! Box logo are trademarks of Boom Entertainment, Inc., registered in various countries and categories. All characters, events, and institutions depicted herein are fictional. Any similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, events, and/or institutions in this publication to actual names, characters, and persons, whether living or dead, events, and/or institutions is unintended and purely coincidental. BOOM! Box does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories, or artwork. For information regarding the CPSIA on this printed material, call: (203) 595-3636 and provide reference #RICH - 800886. **PRINTED IN USA.**



Oh BOY,
oh BOY, oh
WOW.

DANG
DANG DANG
DANG
DANG!

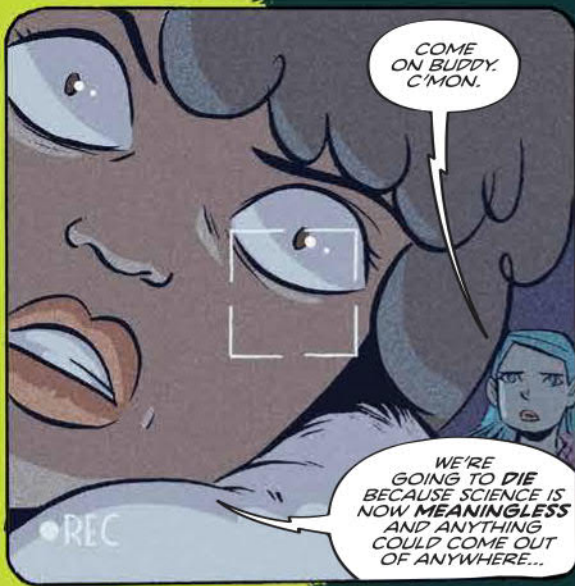
WE'RE
ASTRONAUTS, WE'RE
PAN-DIMENSIONAL
TRAVELERS!

HEATHER
WE'RE WE'RE--
WE'RE--



--WE'RE
GOING TO DIE
HERE.

ARE YOU
A CAN OF
PEPSI OR
A CAN'T
OF PEPSI,
JANEZ?



COME ON BUDDY. C'MON.

WE'RE GOING TO DIE BECAUSE SCIENCE IS NOW MEANINGLESS AND ANYTHING COULD COME OUT OF ANYWHERE...



A BIG FLYING MOUTH THAT'S JUST TEETH OR...

...A BIG GLOP OF LIVING DIGESTIVE ACID THAT FALLS FROM A TREE AND CONSUMES US OR...



OR BUGS BUGS TINY BUGS AND WE DON'T SEE THEM AND THEN THEY'RE SWARMING

OR GERMS. GERMS WE HAVE NO IMMUNITY TO OR



JANE. HAVE A LIFESAVER.



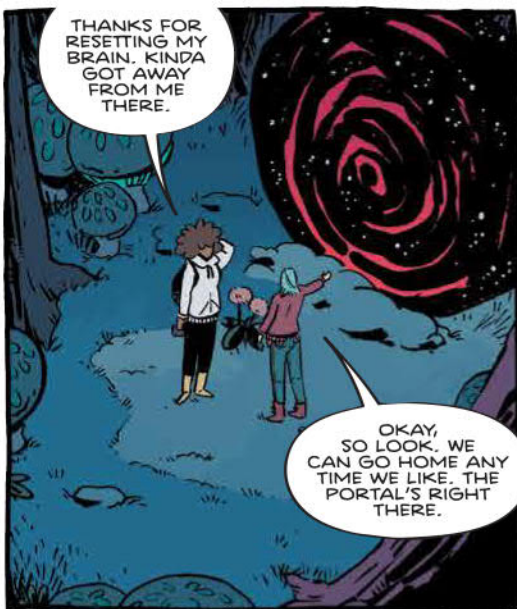
MINTY, RIGHT?

MINTY.



BETTER, RIGHT?

BETTER.



THANKS FOR
RESETTING MY
BRAIN. KINDA
GOT AWAY
FROM ME
THERE.

OKAY,
SO LOOK, WE
CAN GO HOME ANY
TIME WE LIKE. THE
PORTAL'S RIGHT
THERE.



AND DON'T
WORRY. WE'LL
BE CAREFUL. I
WON'T TOUCH
ANYTHING
THAT'S JUST
MADE OUT OF
TEETH OR
ACID.

WHAT IS
THIS PLACE
ANYWAY? ANOTHER
DIMENSION? AN
ARTIFICIAL
HABITAT?



CHARLES CO
ULD HAVE
DISCOVERED IT BY
ACCIDENT.

HA!
"WELL, WE
WERE GOING
FOR REALLY
HARDWEARING
CATERPILLAR
CHAIN..."



"...BUT WE
ENDED UP
TEARING A
HOLE IN THE
FABRIC OF
REALITY
INSTEAD."

GIVE
ME A SHOVE,
I WANT TO
GET A BETTER
VANTAGE
POINT.



WE'RE GOING
TO NEED SOME...
EXTRA SMART
BOOK WORDS
FOR HOW BIG
THIS PLACE
IS.

CAN YOU SEE
CIVILIZATION? OR
GIANT FLYING
MOUTHS?



WAIT, WHY AM I ON THE GROUND? I'M THE ONE WITH THE VIDEO CAMERA.

I DON'T WANT YOU BUGGING OUT AGAIN. I ONLY HAVE THREE LIFESAVERS LEFT.



MAYBE WHAT I CAN SEE ARE... DWELLINGS?

IT'S REAL MISTY IN THE DISTANCE.



DWELLINGS! CAN YOU SEE EVIDENCE THAT MEN HAVE BEEN HERE?

WHAT, LIKE AN ARBY'S? I CAN'T SEE MUCH. I'M COMING DOWN.



YOU KNOW, ANYTHING WE SEE OUT HERE MIGHT BE A FOUR-DIMENSIONAL ENTITY.



OUR 3D EYES WOULDN'T SEE ALL OF THEM AT ONCE, JUST A SLICE MOVING THROUGH SPACE.

INCOMPREHENSIBLE ABSTRACT SHAPES.



I'D FORGOTTEN HOW HARD YOU FIND THINKING IN A STRAIGHT LINE.

MY BRAIN IS LIKE JAZZ FLUTE. ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE.

