

PROPHET



BRANDON GRAHAM • SIMON ROY

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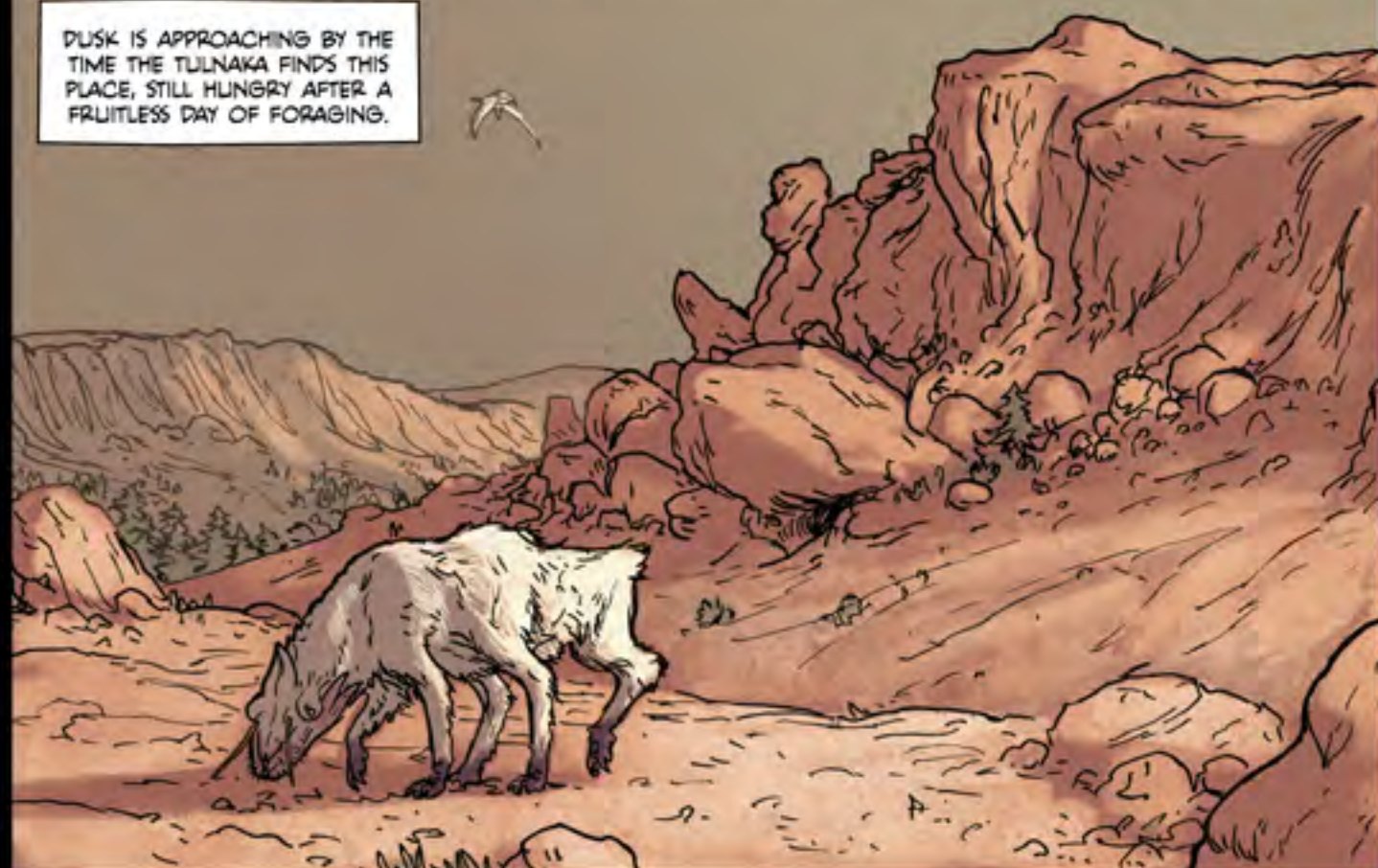
story **BRANDON GRAHAM**

art **SIMON ROY**

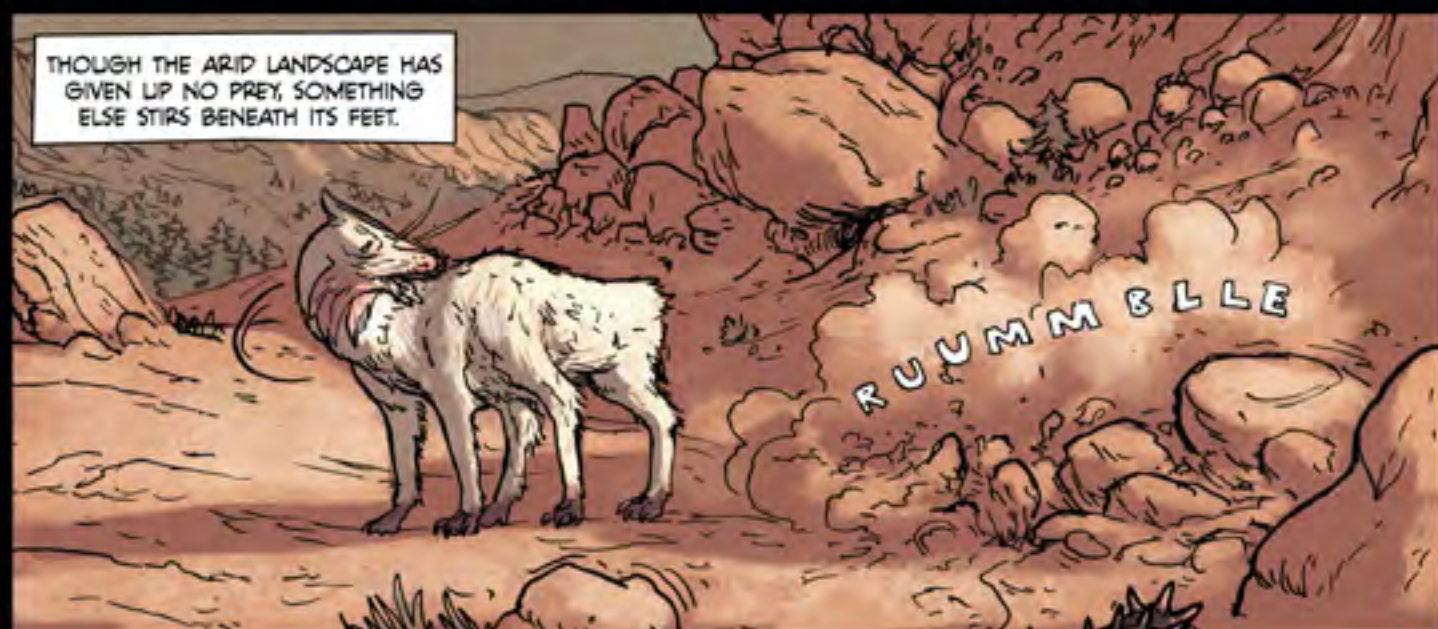
letters **ED BRISSON**

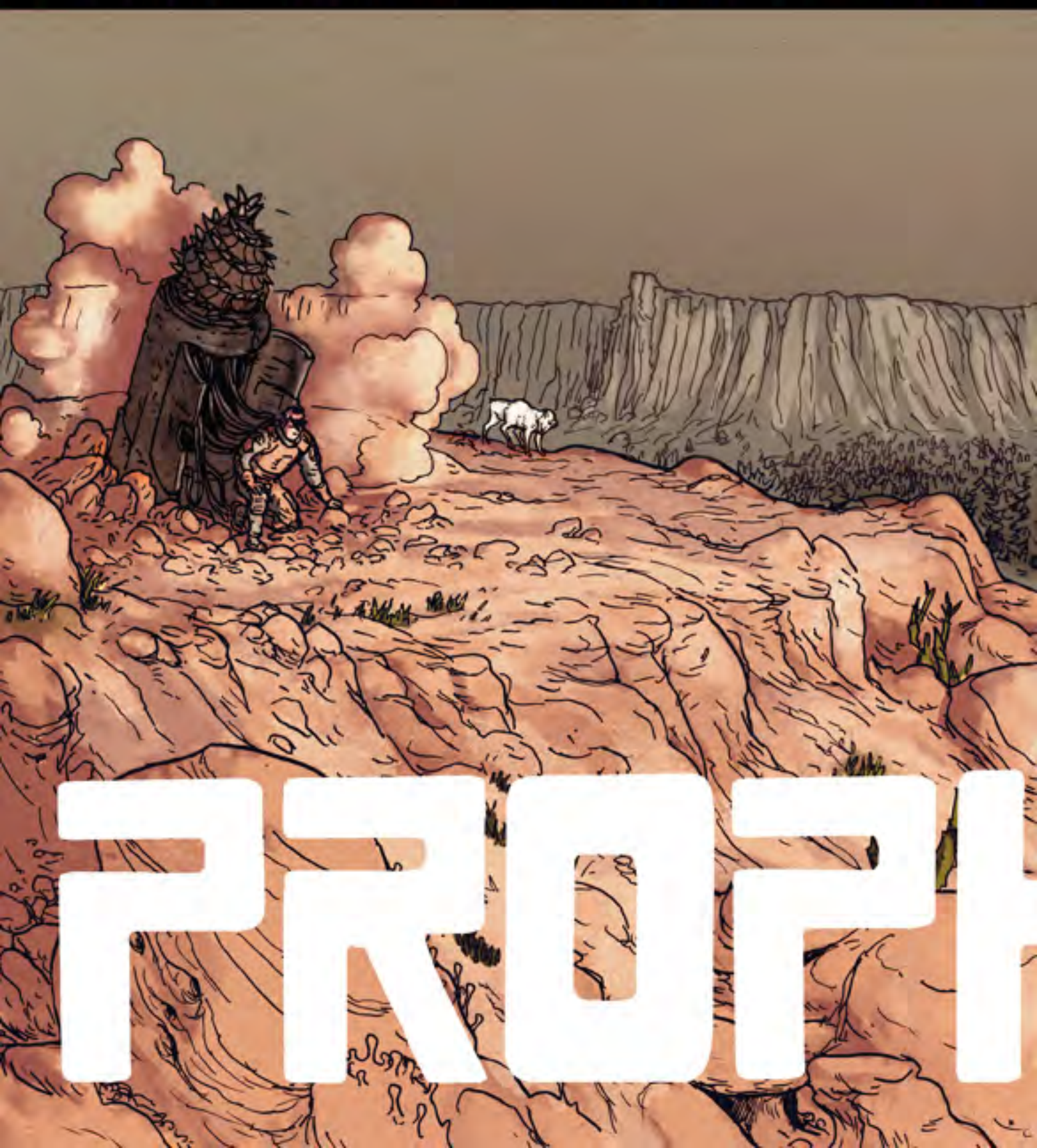
colors **RICHARD BALLERMANN**

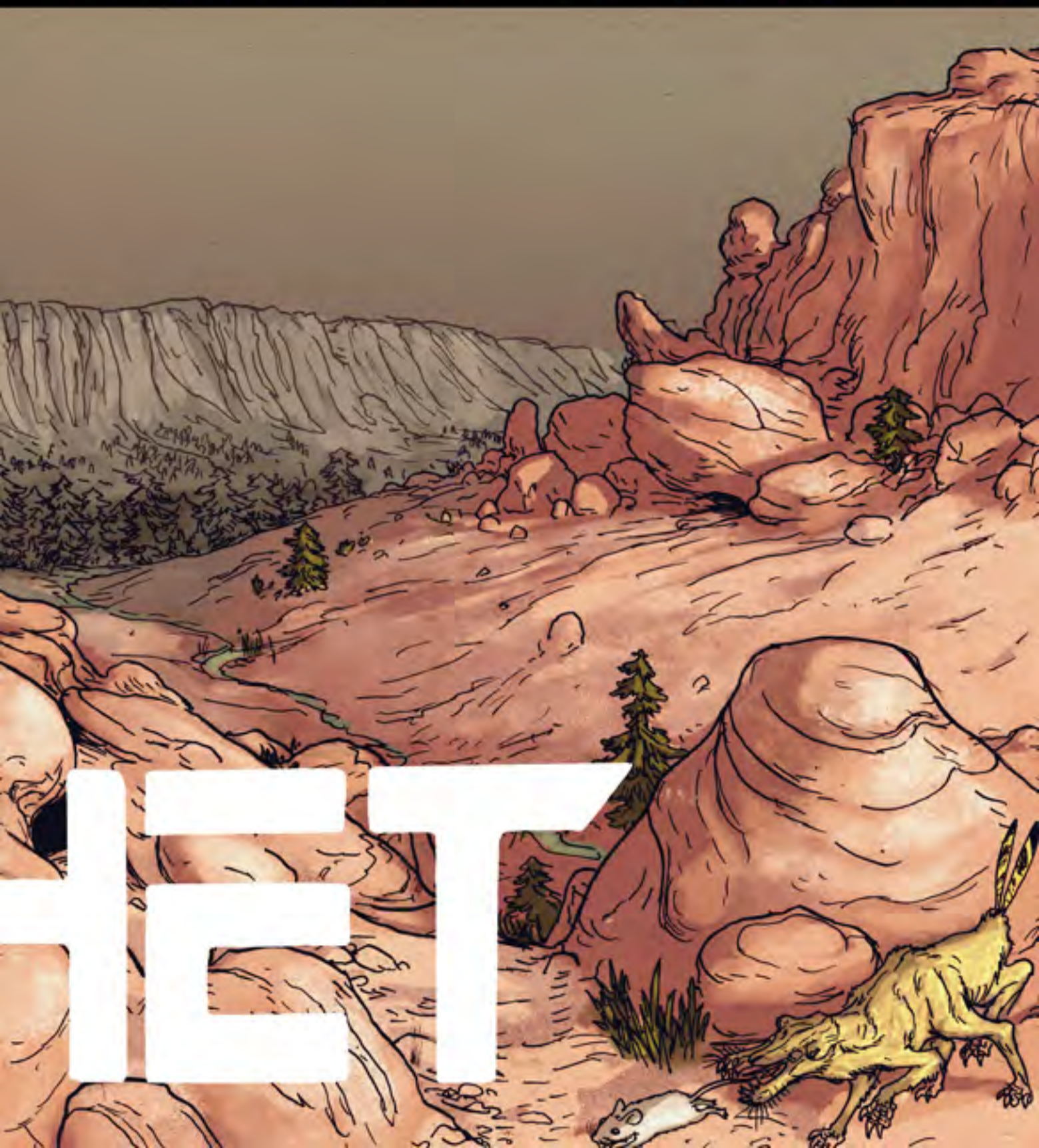
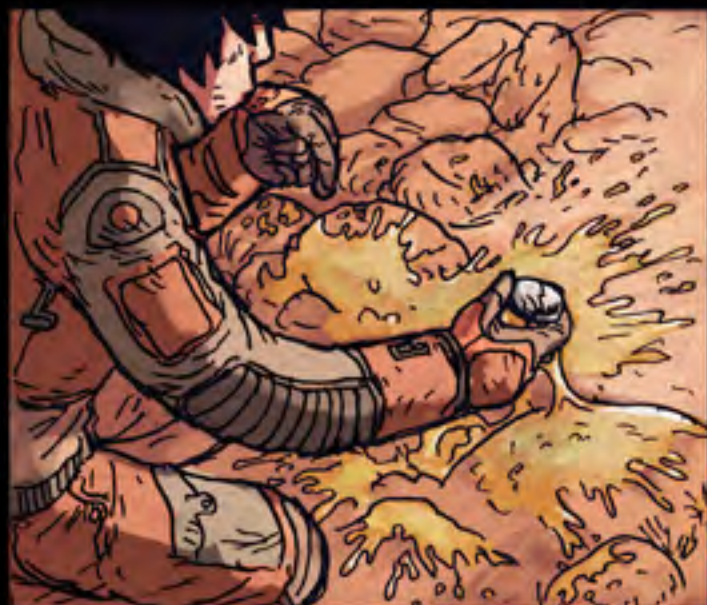
DUSK IS APPROACHING BY THE TIME THE TULNAKA FINDS THIS PLACE, STILL HUNGRY AFTER A FRUITLESS DAY OF FORAGING.



THOUGH THE ARID LANDSCAPE HAS GIVEN UP NO PREY, SOMETHING ELSE STIRS BENEATH ITS FEET.







LET



AMPA MICAKANE:
TO STIMULATE HIS
NERVOUS SYSTEM AND
ACTIVATE HIS IMPLANTS.



THE HUNGRY
TULNAKA.



STILL WEAK AND SICK
FROM HIBERNATION,
HE SCRAMBLES TO FOCUS
HIS STRENGTH.



AND THEN
THE STIMULANT
KICKS IN.

HIS STRENGTH
RETURNS.



AND HIS BLADE
IS IN HAND.



HE IS
HIMSELF
AGAIN.



HE SMOKE COOKS WHAT
HE'LL USE OF THE TULNAGA.

INSIDE ITS CARCASS, HE FINDS
A SINGLE ORGAN, OPERATING
AS BOTH ITS LUNGS AND HEART.

INSIDE ITS STOMACH, FOUR
FINGERS, THUMB AND A PALM
BITTEN OFF AT THE WRIST.

Inventory:

The PureS Tube and
Biomat Spray
are damaged.

Razor Wire

Shmergy and
Protein Pills

Knife

Heatpad

Flint
Strike

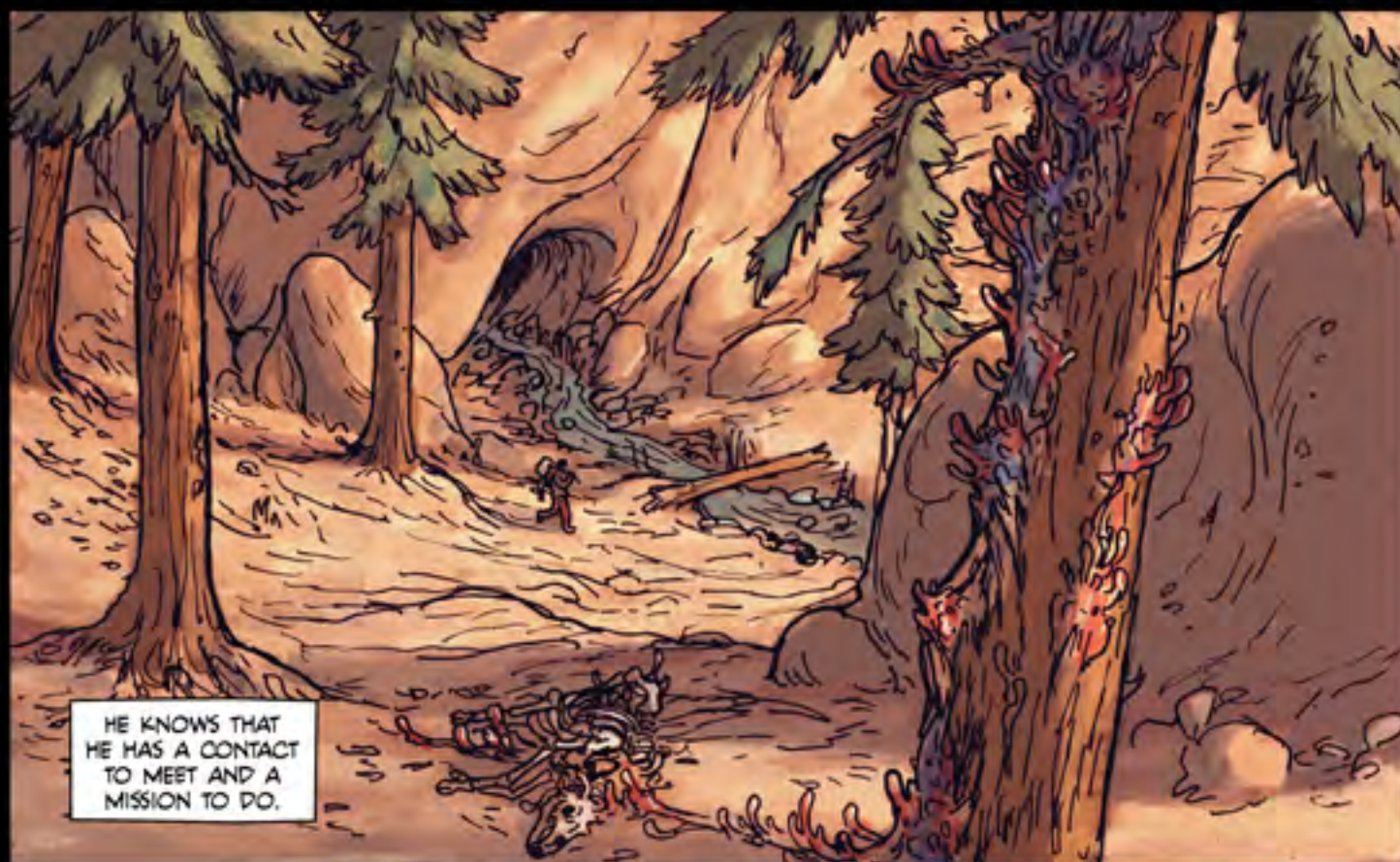
Density
Tarp

Climbing
Filament

Binoculars



HE'S BACK ON HIS FEET, HEADED EAST ON THE EARTH HE'D SLEPT UNDER FOR SO LONG.

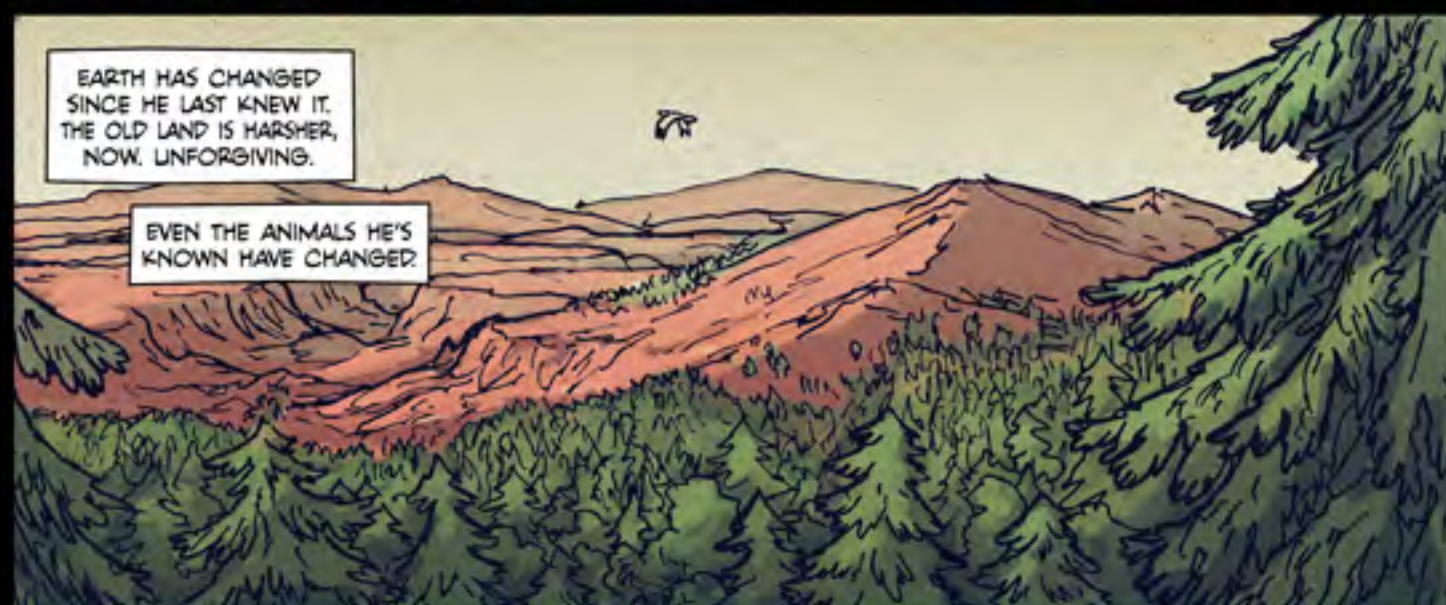


HE KNOWS THAT HE HAS A CONTACT TO MEET AND A MISSION TO DO.





ALL AROUND JOHN THE CLICKS
AND TICKS OF NEW CREATURES.



EARTH HAS CHANGED
SINCE HE LAST KNEW IT.
THE OLD LAND IS HARSHER,
NOW, UNFORGIVING.

EVEN THE ANIMALS HE'S
KNOWN HAVE CHANGED



ON THE FIRST EVENING HE FIGHTS A
DOMOEODE WOLFPACK MADE MORE
DEADLY BY THE CLINNING PARASITES
THAT HAVE BONDED TO THEM.

OTHER ANIMALS,
NEW LINKNONS.

HIS SECOND
MORNING AWAKE!

A HIBER XULL SCREAMS LIKE
A KITTEN AS HE PULLS IT OUT
OF A RIVER, PROVING TO BE
INEDIBLE ONCE HE'S KILLED IT.



SO HE KILLS WHAT
HE KNOWS HE CAN EAT.

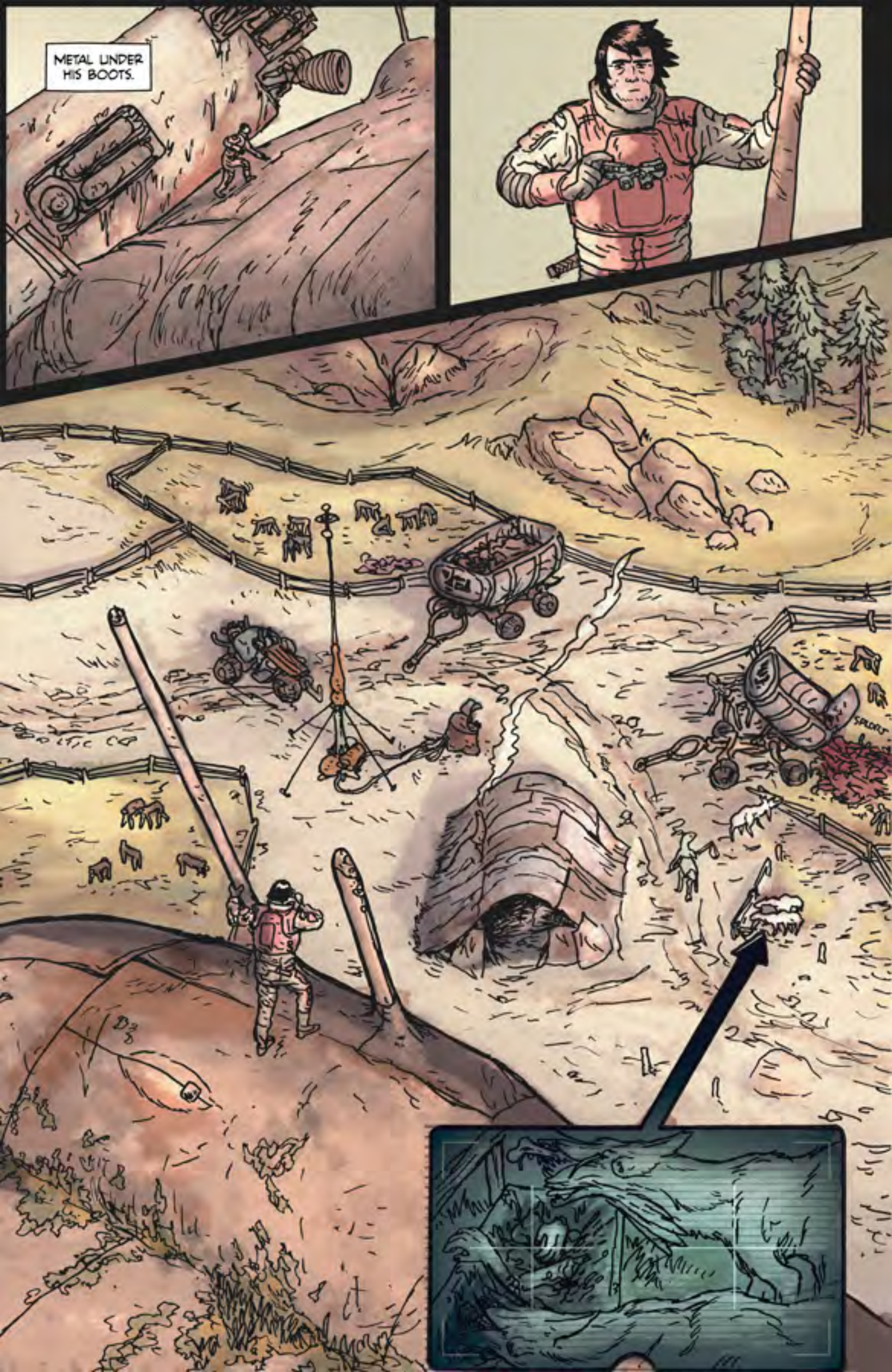


TWO DAYS

HIS FIRST SIGN OF MAN-MADE
SHIPS, THE HULLS RUSTED WITH AGE
BUT LOOKING MORE ADVANCED
THAN ANYTHING HE'S SEEN.



METAL UNDER
HIS BOOTS.





CIVILIZATION, BUT NOT
HUMAN AND NOT
PART OF HIS MISSION.

ALL THE SMELLS AND
SIGHTS OF AN OONAKA
MEAT FARM.



BUT THERE, THAT'S
WHERE HE'S GOING.



SOMETHING IN HIS HEAD
TELLS HIM THAT HE'S LOOKING
AT WHERE HE'LL MEET HIS
CONTACT. THE JELL CITY.





JOHN HAS BEEN HAVING
DREAMS EVERY NIGHT
SINCE COMING TO
THE JELL CITY.

HIS DREAMS TELL
OF HIS MISSION



THAT DREAM FELT LIKE
AN INTRUSION.



BELOW HIS CAREAPEL POD BASE
THE CITIES INDWELLERS BUSY
THEMSELVES AT A HIVE MARKET.



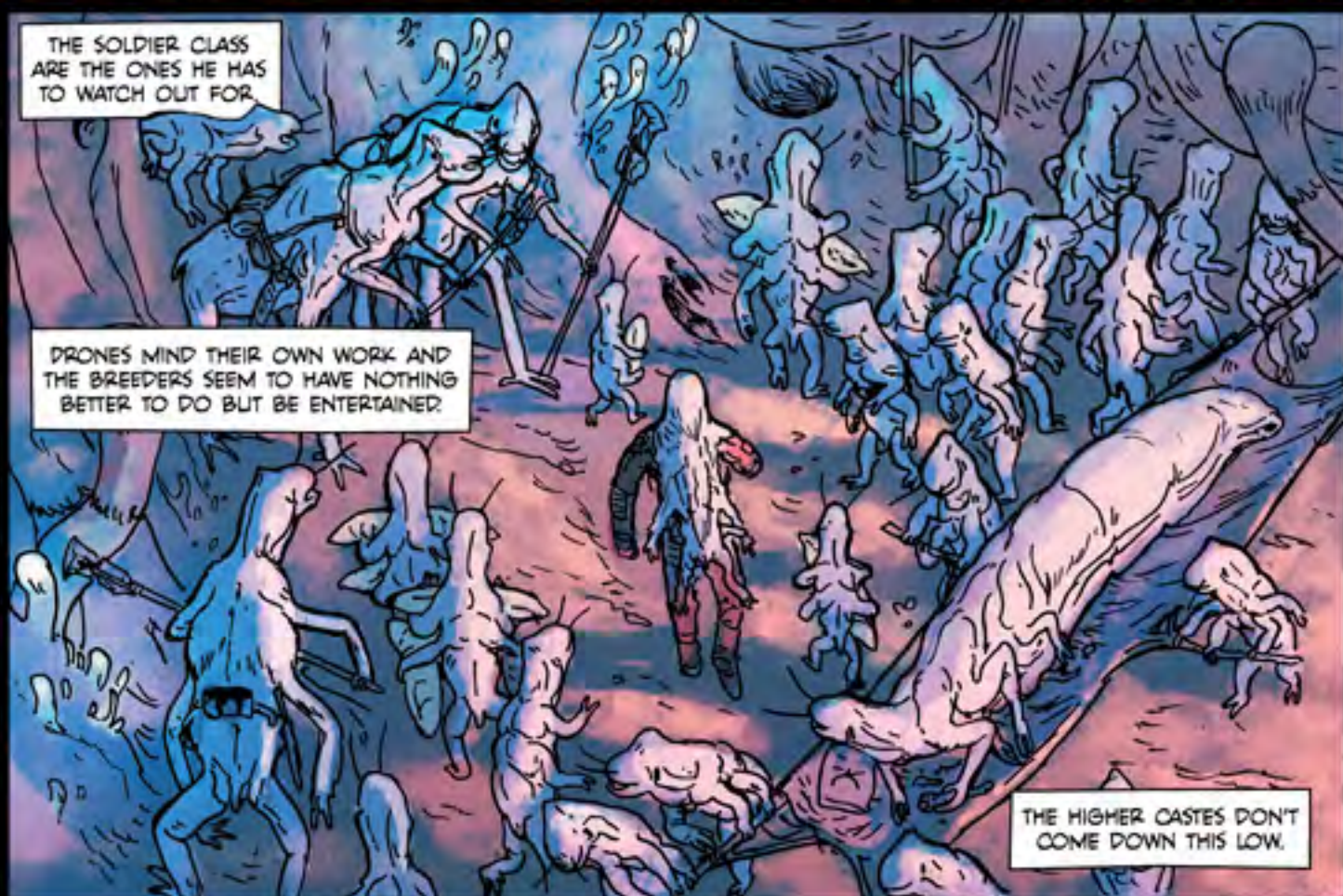
THE CITY IS A
SMELL BASED
CASTE SOCIETY.

MOST THAT LIVE
ON THIS GROUND
LEVEL ARE
WORKING CASTE.



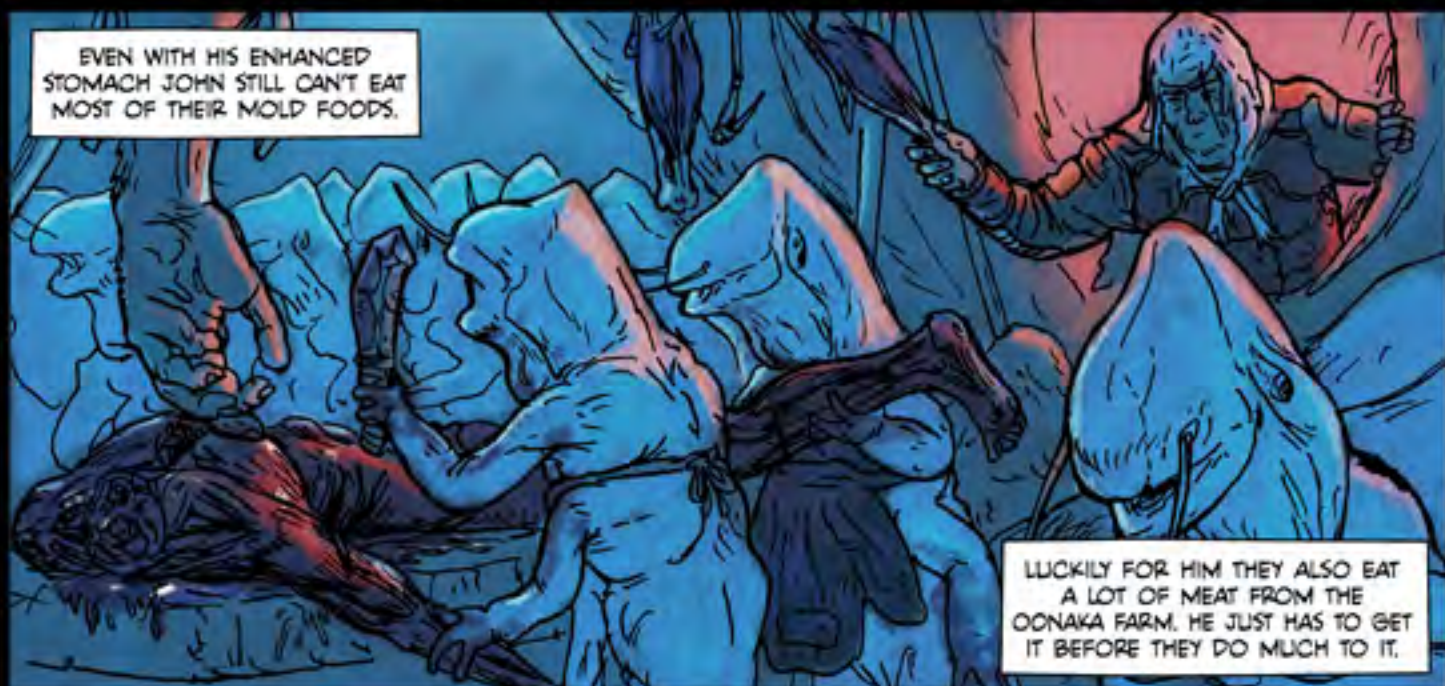
THE SOLDIER CLASS
ARE THE ONES HE HAS
TO WATCH OUT FOR.

DRONES MIND THEIR OWN WORK AND
THE BREEDERS SEEM TO HAVE NOTHING
BETTER TO DO BUT BE ENTERTAINED.

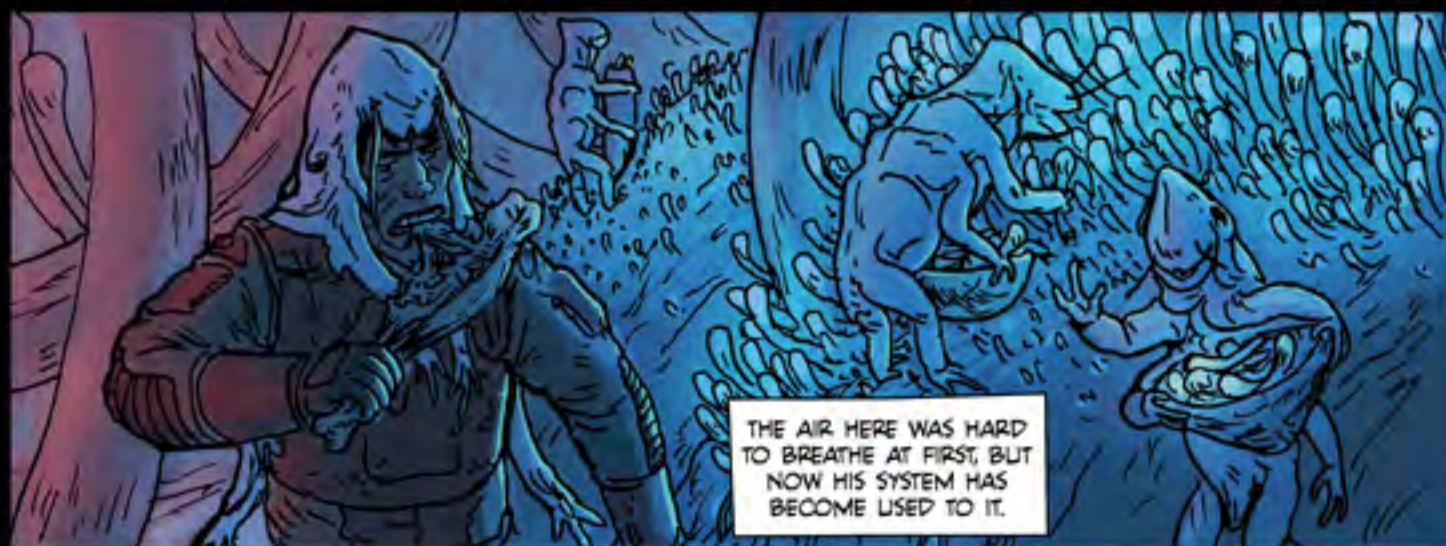


THE HIGHER CASTES DON'T
COME DOWN THIS LOW.

EVEN WITH HIS ENHANCED
STOMACH JOHN STILL CAN'T EAT
MOST OF THEIR MOLD FOODS.



LUCKILY FOR HIM THEY ALSO EAT
A LOT OF MEAT FROM THE
OONAKA FARM. HE JUST HAS TO GET
IT BEFORE THEY DO MUCH TO IT.



THE AIR HERE WAS HARD
TO BREATHE AT FIRST, BUT
NOW HIS SYSTEM HAS
BECOME USED TO IT.



THEY ALSO EAT THEIR OWN
KIND BUT NEVER FROM THE
SAME CASTE RANK.



HE DOESN'T LIKE THE IDEA OF
EATING HIS HOSTS NOR DOES HE
UNDERSTAND THE RULES OF IT.

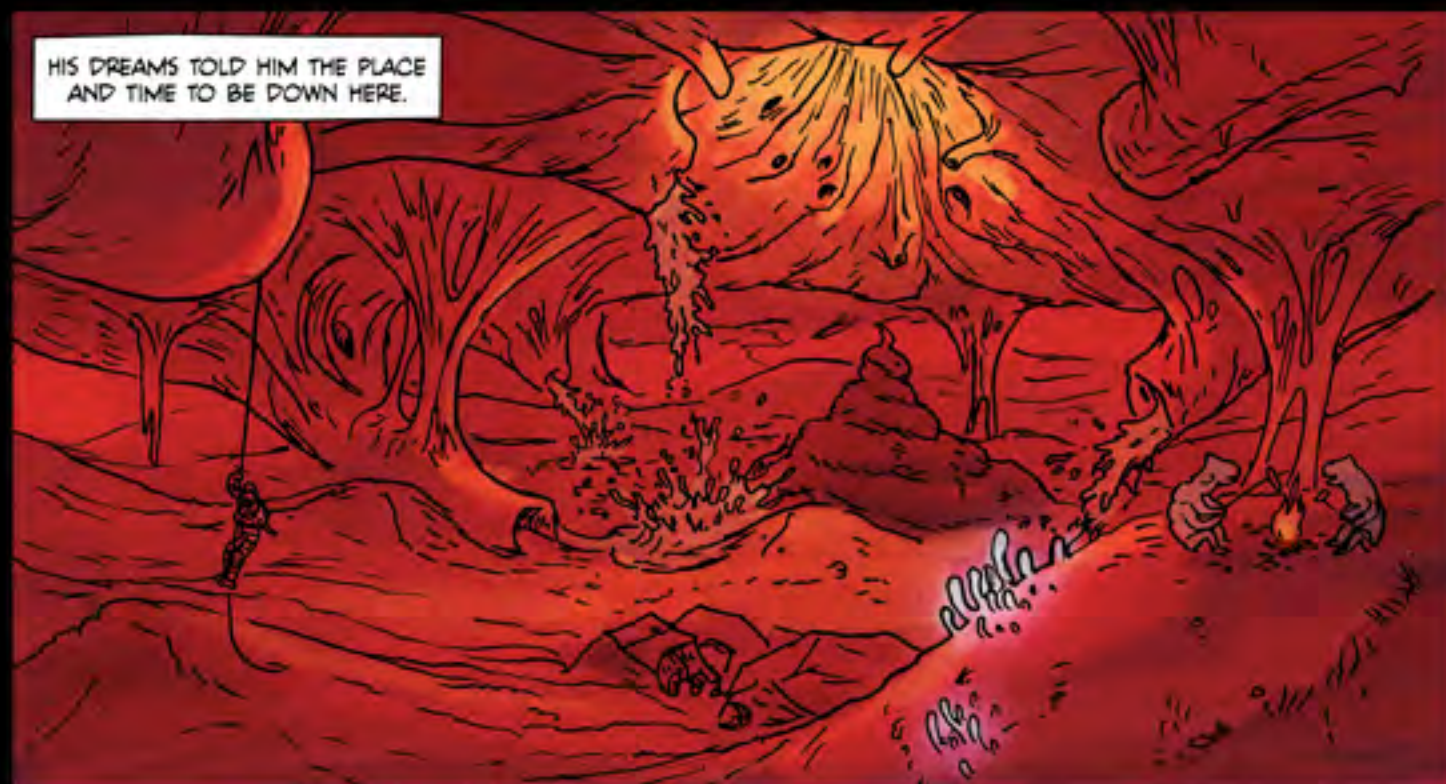


THE SHELL OF THE JELL CITY IS THE
CORPSE OF THE LIVING SHIP THAT
BROUGHT THEM HERE FIVE GENERATIONS
AGO WHILE JOHN SLEPT.

THE CITY SHIP WAS BRED TO LIVE FOR
THE JOURNEY, AND THEN DIE IN THE
ATMOSPHERE, AND ROT SLOWLY ENOUGH
TO GIVE ITS INHABITANTS A BASE TO
GROW THEIR FERMENTATION FROM.

THE LOWER HE GOES THE
THICKER THE AIR GETS.

HIS DREAMS TOLD HIM THE PLACE
AND TIME TO BE DOWN HERE.

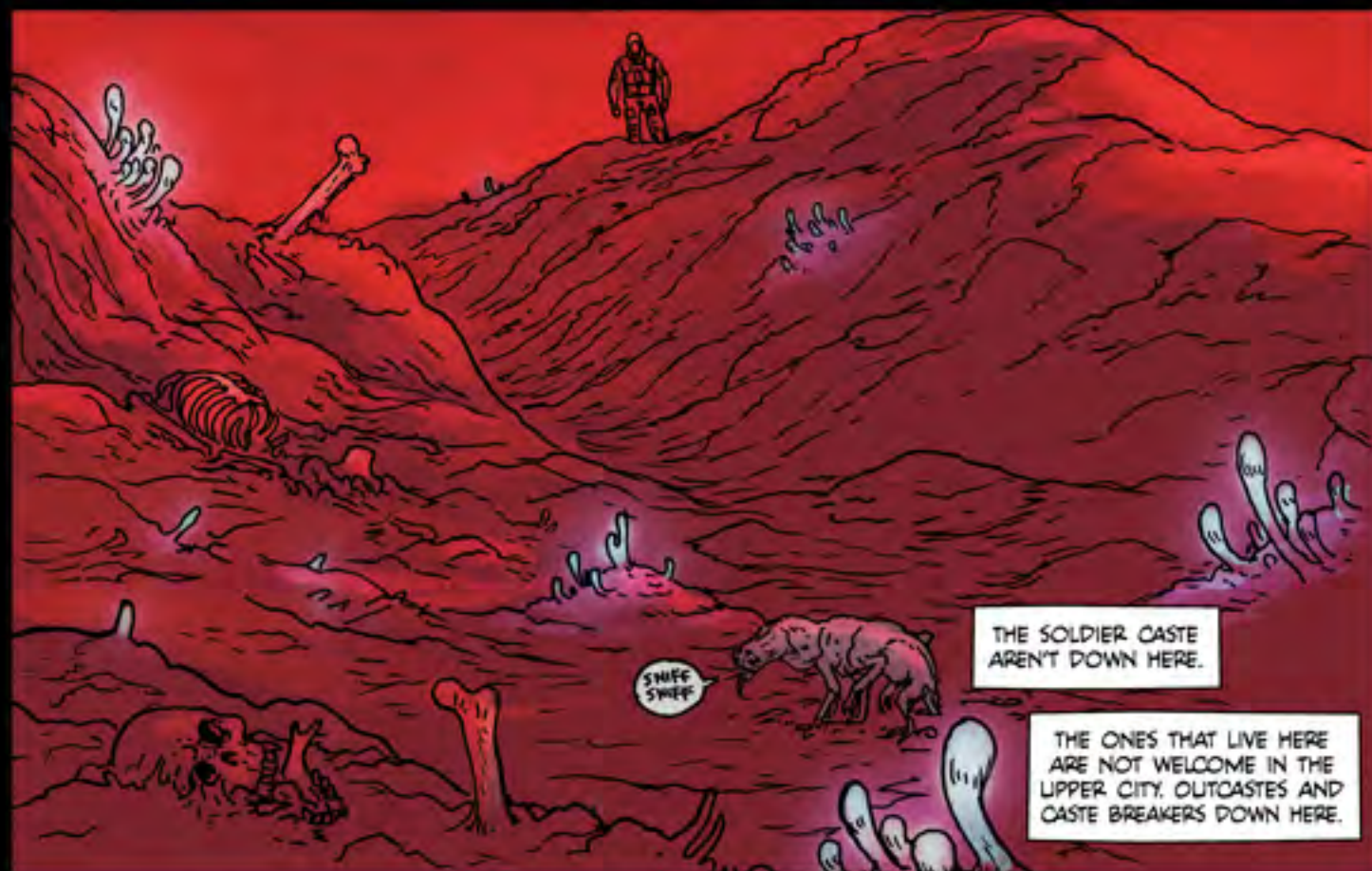


THIS IS THE SPOT. HE
KNOWS IT LIKE AN ITCH.



THE SOLDIER CASTE
AREN'T DOWN HERE.

THE ONES THAT LIVE HERE
ARE NOT WELCOME IN THE
UPPER CITY. OUTCASTES AND
CASTE BREAKERS DOWN HERE.





HMPH.



POOM

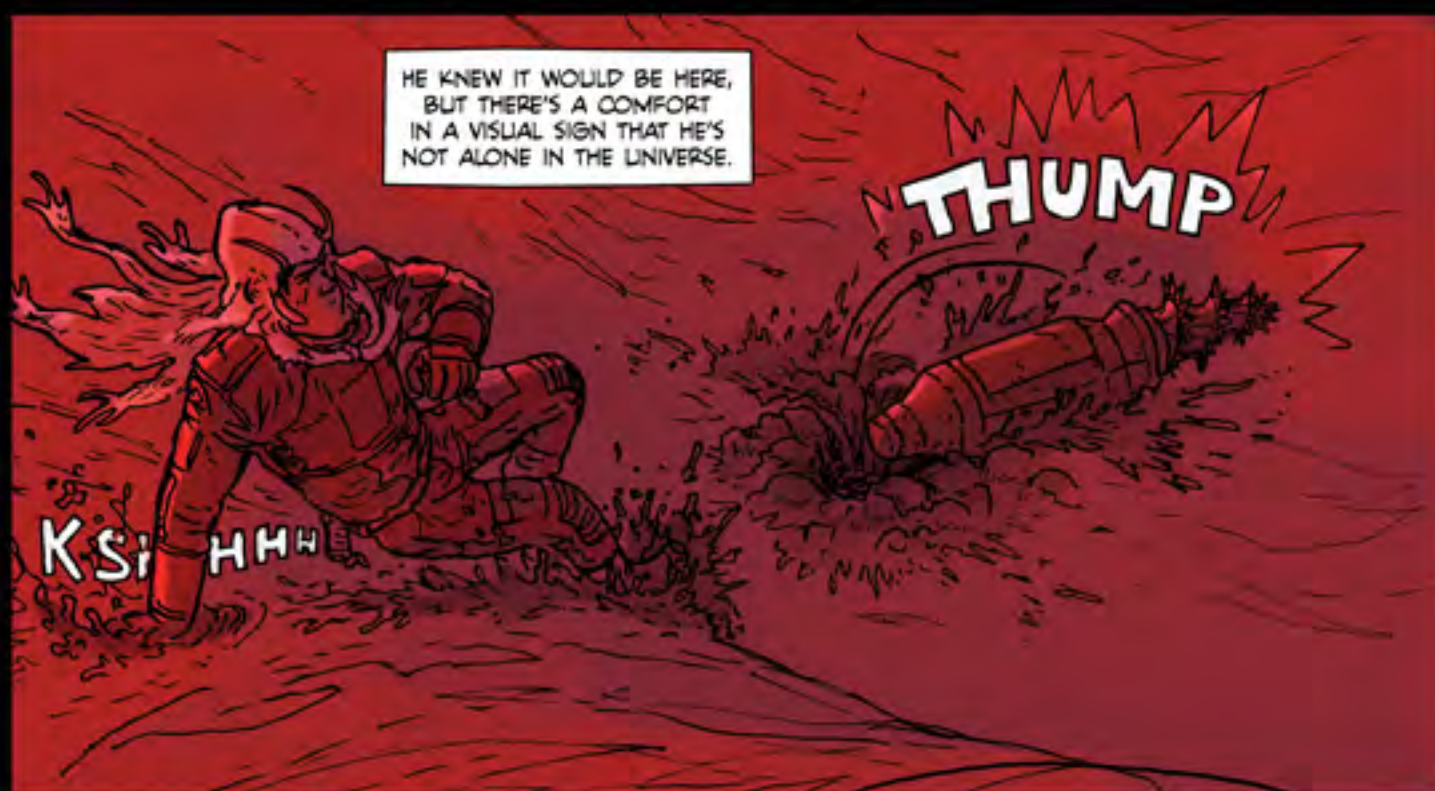
SQUEE!

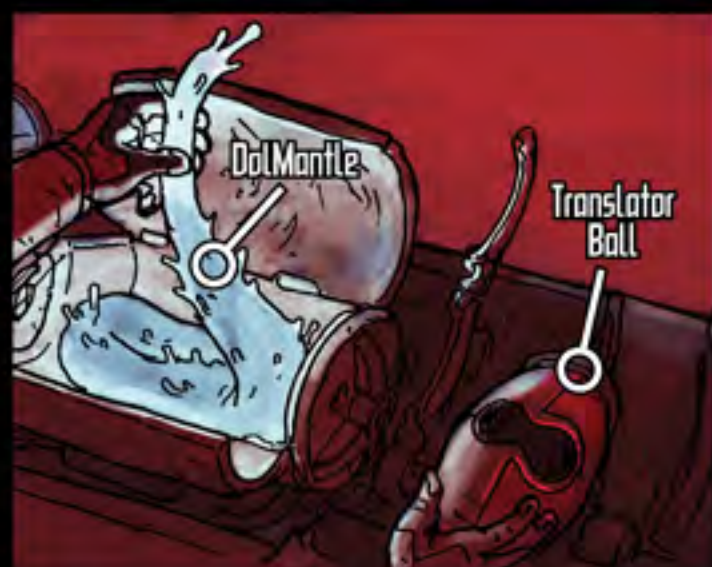


HE KNEW IT WOULD BE HERE,
BUT THERE'S A COMFORT
IN A VISUAL SIGN THAT HE'S
NOT ALONE IN THE UNIVERSE.

THUMP

KSI HHH





JOHN LETS THE
POLMANTLE
TAKE THE HIT.



SWAT



SQUEE!

AND KNOCKS THE LIVE
AMMUNITION AWAY
BEFORE IT CAN SINK ITS
CLAWS IN AND GROW.

SPUT



POW

THE SUBCLASS DIE BY
HAND AND STEEL.

SPLAT

SQU?



JOHN HURRIES BACK
TO HIS POD BASE.

NOW THAT HE HAS HIS
TOOLS IT WON'T BE LONG
UNTIL HE CAN MEET TRACK
HIS CONTACT AND LEARN
OF HIS MISSION.

HE TOSSES OFF THE DRONE
HUSK HE'S BEEN WEARING.
THE POLMANTLE CAN APE
THE SMELLS MUCH BETTER.



HIS CONTACT IS
ALREADY HERE.



GREETINGS
TRAVELER.



YOU'VE
COME WITH
INFORMATION?



I'VE BROUGHT
WITH ME YOUR
MISSION.

BUT FIRST,
MATE WITH ME
HUMAN.

CLICK



FWOOSH





WHAT ABOUT MY MISSION?

OH YES...



IN ORBIT AROUND THIS WORLD IS YOUR G.O.D. SATELLITE.

YOU MUST TRAVEL EAST TO SCALE THE TOWERS OF THAILU VAH AND RESTART THIS GOD.

AND AWAKEN THE EARTH EMPIRE.



AND NOW I TAKE THE REWARD I'VE SLEPT TOO LONG FOR.



JOHN WATCHES AS THE ALIEN CUTS INTO HIS HIDE. SHE PULLS OUT OF HIM THE ORGAN NEEDED FOR HER RACE TO PRODUCE OFFSPRING.



SHE LAZER SEALS THE WOUND. THE SMELL REMINDS JOHN OF THE MEAT FROM THE OONAKA FARM.



VZZT

SOON HE'S OUTSIDE
THE MEMBRANE WALLS
OF THE JELL CITY.



UNDER
WATCHFUL
EYES.



HIS DESTINY
AWAITS.

EAST TO THE
TOWERS OF
THAULU VAH.

