

Three days or a year'd passed. Stood lost in the dark cast
by my transport, rusted through, picked over like carrion.
Sunk there in the ground like grave and stone both,
its condition impossible.

My own history lost.

We were attacked in that shadow, driven down in the water and
inside what was left of the ship, chased by scavengers.
A year or three days, still my name was etched inside.

I saw her face a last time. The image destroyed in a fight,
the fight itself wrecked by storm that seemed to spread out on
the ground like fire.

And brought a beast down on the scavengers.
One that fed on the storm itself.

We ran from the sky that drew it there. Back to the camp where
we'd be safe below a tower built against the lightning, damaged
now by luck or malice.

I tried to climb to where the damage was, to do something right
in all I'd done wrong.

The lightning seemed to come for me directly. I fell again.

A man used a tool to call the storm away from me.
I climbed again, saved by the man who'd shot me down.

WHATEVER
DAYS HAD
PASSED
HAD BEEN
DERAILED.

MISLAID SO
FAR FROM
WHERE I
CAME THAT
I COULD
NOT TRUST
THEM.

THE
GROUND
ITSELF
UNFAMILIAR.
THE SKY.

THE
VOICES
AROUND
ME.

FATHER?



WHERE'D YOU GO?

SHE ASKED 'TIL HER VOICE CRACKED AND THEN SHE STOPPED AND ASKED WHY I WAS HERE. MAN, I'D BEEN THERE WITH HER TWELVE YEARS. WHAT PART OF THAT MAKES SENSE TO ASK A MAN YOU SEE EVERY SINGLE DAY?



YOU WANNA HOLD IT?

I WANT TO KNOW WHAT IT COSTS.



ONE HUNDRED NINETEEN CREDITS.

ONE-TWENTY-THREE WITH THE LIGHTER STINGER, GETS YOU A LITTLE BIT CLOSER WHEN YOUR TARGET'S GOOD AT RUNNING.

WHAT CAN I TRADE FOR IT?

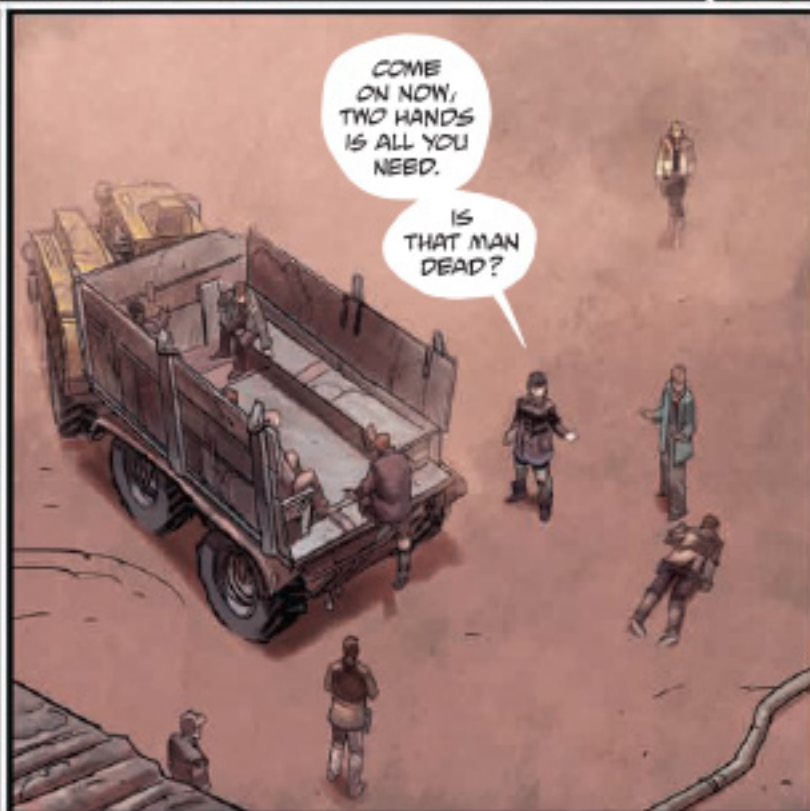
HUNDRED NINETEEN CREDITS, GIVE OR TAKE. I'M NOT HERE FOR FAVORS; THIS IS A RETAIL TRANSACTION. I CUSTOMIZED EVERY PIECE HERE WITH MY HANDS.



CREDIT WHERE IT'S DUE.



DAY'S WORK FOR A DAY'S PAY.



COME ON NOW, TWO HANDS IS ALL YOU NEED.

IS THAT MAN DEAD?



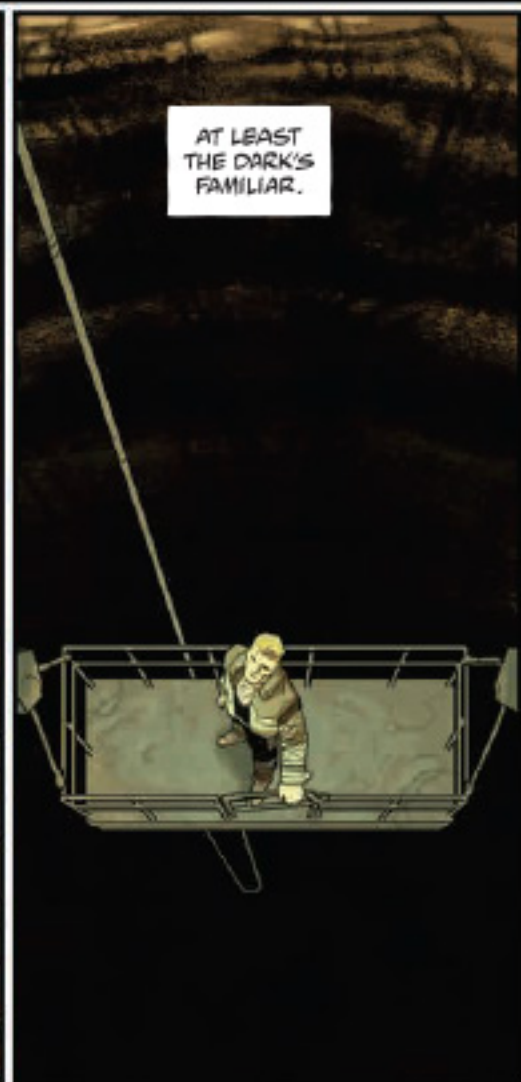
EACH DAY FARTHER FROM REPRISAL.

...FARTHER FROM HER.

I DON'T TRUST THAT SUN TODAY.

THAT SUN'S THE IMPOSTOR.





LOWERED
DOWN
THROUGH
A HOLE IN
THE GUTS
OF THE
WORLD.

SEE?
LESS DEAD
THAN YOU
EXPECTED!
STEP OFF NOW
AND SEND THE
BUCKET
BACK.



STEP OFF
TO WHERE?

