THE LONGER I LIVE, THE MORE I PONDER DEATH.

NOT THE FINAL END, EXCEPT TO HOPE THAT IT WILL ARRIVE SWIFTLY AND PEACEFULLY.

THE TRUE PONDERING
IS DEVOTED TO THE
AFTERWARD.

IF I WERE A MOONFLY LIVING MY ENTIRE EXISTENCE IN A SINGLE NIGHT, I WOULD NOT ASK MUCH OF MY LEGACY.

> BUT I AM MALTUSIAN.

> > I AM A GUARDIAN OF THE UNIVERSE.

ONLY SIX OF US REMAIN. SOON THERE MAY BE FEWER STILL.

> I SENSE MY FINAL END BECKONING AND AM STRICKEN WITH A HAUNTING REALIZATION:

> > IN ALL MY EONS, WITH MY VAST ACCUMULATED KNOWLEDGE, THERE IS ONE THING OF WHICH I REMAIN UTTERLY IGNORANT.

I HAVE BEEN CALLED GANTHET.

> I HAVE BEEN CALLED GUARDIAN.

> > BUT NEVER HAVE I BEEN CALLED FATHER.

I FEEL...

I HOPE NOW THAT THE FINAL END WILL NOT COME SO SWIFTLY...









