



I'd been out so long in the night that when I called out I made  
a sound I didn't recognize. The transport spun and it writhed  
there around like to be gasping for air. I hit the sky on the  
wrong world and felt the ship splinter and burn.  
I fought the wheel 'til I thought my hands'd break. In that fire  
I thought I'd die.

I don't know where I went when I didn't. Woke up drowning  
in a place that wasn't home. I saw a creature so full of grace  
it seemed to shine even bleeding out there in the sand.

I don't know why I answered it with violence.  
It never raised a hand to me.

I saw another marked the same and it didn't seek the  
revenge it deserved but instead whispered in the hot air and  
helped the other away from this man that's wits'd burned up  
in the air above him.

I was shot there twice in my back by a man whose name I  
never learned. I closed my eyes for three days but I been told  
a year has passed instead. My name is Abram Pollux.  
I'm late and now I need a gun.



THAT FEELIN' AGAIN,  
LIKE IN ALMOST EVERY MEMORY.

SO FAINT IT MIGHT  
NOT EVEN REALLY BE.

LIKE A SONG BUT  
THERE'S NO MUSIC.

SOFT BUT ENDLESS. BACK AND FORWARD  
THROUGH TIME, THROUGH THE NIGHT.

I FELL  
OUT OF  
THE SKY.



AND THEN  
THE SKY FELL  
AFTER ME.

HOW  
LONG WAS  
I ON THAT  
BED?

POLLUX...

THREE  
DAYS. YOU  
WERE OUT  
THREE  
DAYS.







WRONG.  
THAT'S NOT...

ROLLUX.



MUST'A BEEN  
SOMEWHERE ELSE  
BEFORE YOU SAW TO  
ME. WHO KNOWS  
HOW LONG.

ROLLUX!  
YOU WERE  
**GUTSHOT**. EVEN  
AN HOUR MORE  
YOU'D'VE BLED  
OUT AND BEEN  
GONE.



THAT'S NOT  
YOUR SHIP. AND  
THERE HASN'T  
**BEEN** ANOTHER  
SINCE THAT ONE.  
NOT A LANDING,  
NOT EVEN A  
BEACON. NOT A  
SOUND OUT OF  
THAT SKY.



I KNOW  
THAT SHIP LIKE  
I KNOW ANYTHING.  
THAT SHIP'S MY  
WHOLE LI--





DON'T KNOW  
IF THEY'RE  
HUMAN, BUT  
I KNOW WHAT  
THEY ARE.



SCAVENGERS!  
RUN TOWARDS  
THE RIDGE!







COME TO PICK THE BONES OF WHAT MEMORIES ARE LEFT.



SHOT HITS HIM RIGHT, BUT HE JUST STARES.



DOESN'T SOUND LIKE WORDS, BUT THEY LISTEN.



WE NEED TO GET. YOU DON'T WANNA MEET WHAT'S COMING.