


EXCUSE
ME, SIR?




SIR?



SIR, WE'RE
APPROACHING
THE GRAVITY
NEUTRAL
DEMARICATION.

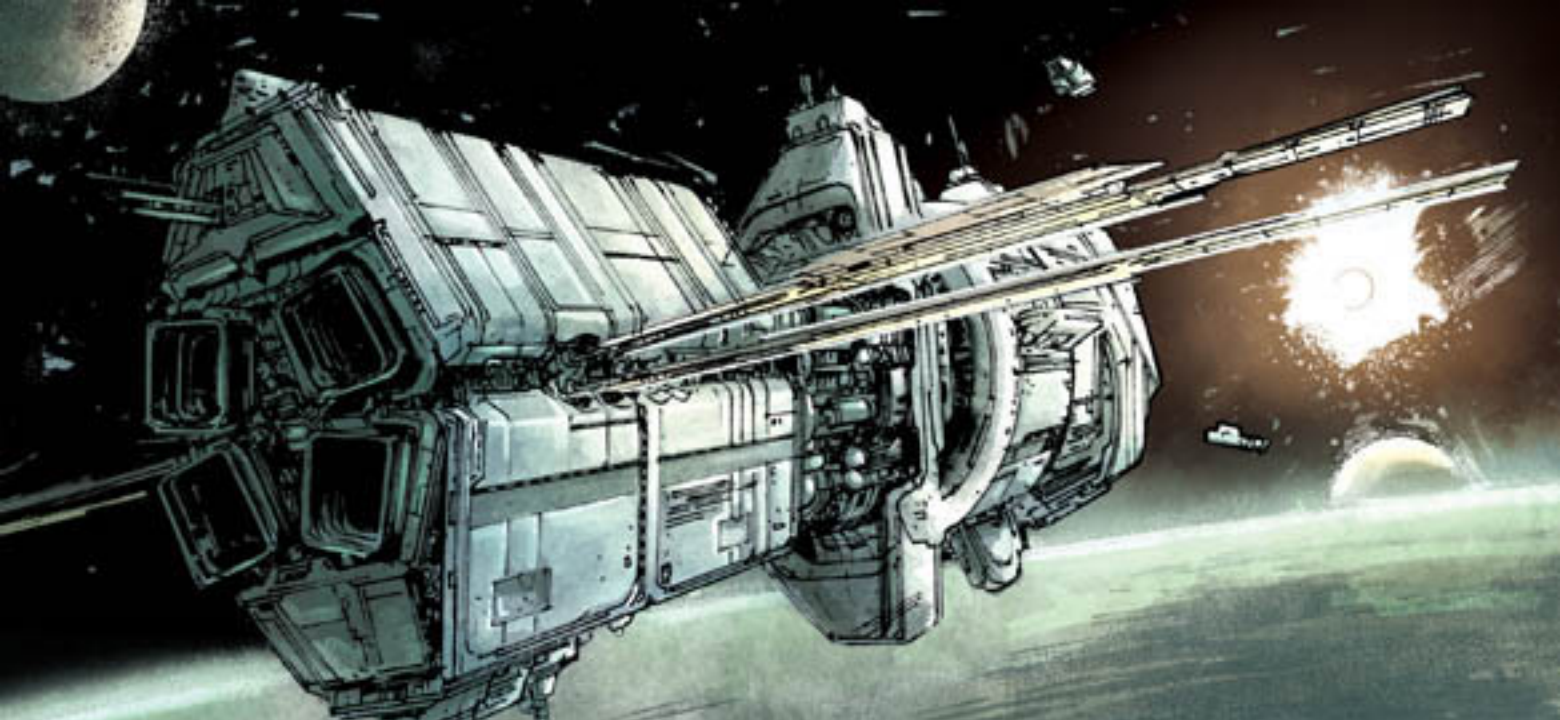
WE'LL BE
AT ZERO
G SOON.



YOU NEED
TO STRAP IN
AND SECURE
ALL PERSONAL
BELONGINGS.



2843
SPACE ELEVATOR 1
AVALON



MAINSTAY 1

FORMERLY KNOWN AS THE FTL SHIP CUPERTINE, CURRENT SEAT OF THE AVALON TEMPORARY EARTH-LEAD GOVERNING BODY.



REASON FOR VISIT?



SINCE WHEN DO I NEED A REASON TO VISIT AN EARTH-RUN INSTALLATION?



SIR, PLEASE.

ACCESS IS CURRENTLY RESERVED FOR CITIZENS OF THE SOL SYSTEM.

THE RESTRICTIONS WILL BE RELAXED AS SOON AS THE UNREST PLANETSIDE SUBSIDES.

LIKE ON THE THARSIS PLAINS?

RIGHT.

WELL, I'M PRESS.



EARTH PRESS.



NEXT?



Please use caution.

You are transitioning to an area of point six G.



Please use caution.

You are transitioning to an area of point six G.



TALL WOMAN, LIKES TO DRESS IN BLACK?

WOULD HAVE BEEN TWO DAYS AGO...



THAT'S HIM.



SIR?



SIR, YOU'D BETTER COME WITH US.

ACCRA MUD FLATS
AVALON

OKAY,
I KNOW WE'RE
IN THE MIDDLE
OF AN ADRENALINE
CRASH HERE BUT
WE HAVE TO SORT
THIS OUT.



THE
SET UP
IS
PERFECT.

PERFECT.

WE HAND OVER
THE JOURNAL AND GET
FRONT ROW SEATS TO
REVERON'S INSURGENCY. I
MEAN, THAT WOMAN MAY
BE CRAZY, BUT SHE'S
CLEARLY A STORY -

I...
I CAN'T
DO IT.



UGH.
COME ON
BABB -

NO,
REALLY.

THIS IS
THE POINT
WHERE I
DON'T DO IT
ANY MORE.

EVERYTHING
WE JUST WENT
THROUGH, I...
I CAN'T GO
ANY FURTHER.



I KNOW IT
CAN BE TOUGH
AT TIMES BUT
THIS IS OUR JOB.
IT'S WHAT
WE DO.



IT'S
WHAT
YOU
DO.

I NEED TO
GO HOME,
GET SOME SLEEP
AND TURN THAT DIARY
INTO A NICELY CRAFTED
JOURNALISTICALLY
FLAVORED
NOVEL.



A SECRET HISTORY.
DO YOU HAVE ANY
IDEA HOW SEXY
THAT IS?

THAT'S THE
STORY. NOT
THIS MESS.

YOU'RE
BEING
NAIVE.