

TOM WOODMAN RUPERT SMISSEN ADITYA BIDIKAR

# FUTURE



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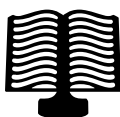
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# FUTURE

Written by Tom Woodman  
Illustrated by Rupert Smissen



*Dedicated to Philippa, and our future.*  
– Tom

*To Lauren, for giving me love and  
perspective when I needed it most.*  
– Rupert

WE'RE  
OUT OF  
TIME.



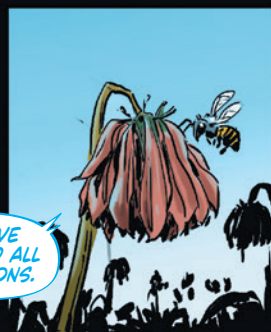
THE SITUATION  
HAS DEVELOPED  
TOO QUICKLY.



WE  
DISCOVERED  
THE DANGER  
TOO LATE.



AND WE'VE  
EXHAUSTED ALL  
OUR OPTIONS.



HOW  
LONG?



NOT LONG,  
I'M AFRAID.



A MONTH  
AT BEST.



BEFORE YOUR  
LOT GROUNDED  
THEM.

ALL NON-  
MILITARY FLIGHTS  
ARE GROUNDED--  
TEMPORARILY.

UH-HUH.  
YOU KNOW, I USED  
TO LOOK UP AT NIGHT  
AND SEE THE LIGHTS  
OF HER STATION  
OVERHEAD.

I'D BE  
DOWN HERE,  
FIDDLING WITH  
WIRING OR SOME-  
THING, AND THERE  
SHE'D BE, FLYING  
A FUCKING  
STAR.

TAKE THE DRONE  
TOWARDS THE END  
OF THE CORRIDOR  
AND TURN--

I KNOW.  
CHILL YOUR  
LITTLE BOOTS,  
MATE.

MY POINT,  
MISTER BRIGADIER,  
IS YES, I'M A FUCKING  
DECENT ENGINEER--  
*THANKYOUVERYMUCH--*  
BUT SICK AS SHE'S GOT,  
MUR'S THE BIGSHOT  
SPACEGIRL.

SO WHEN  
PEOPLE WITH RANKS  
COME CALLING, S'NOT  
*REALLY* ME THEY'RE  
INTERESTED IN.

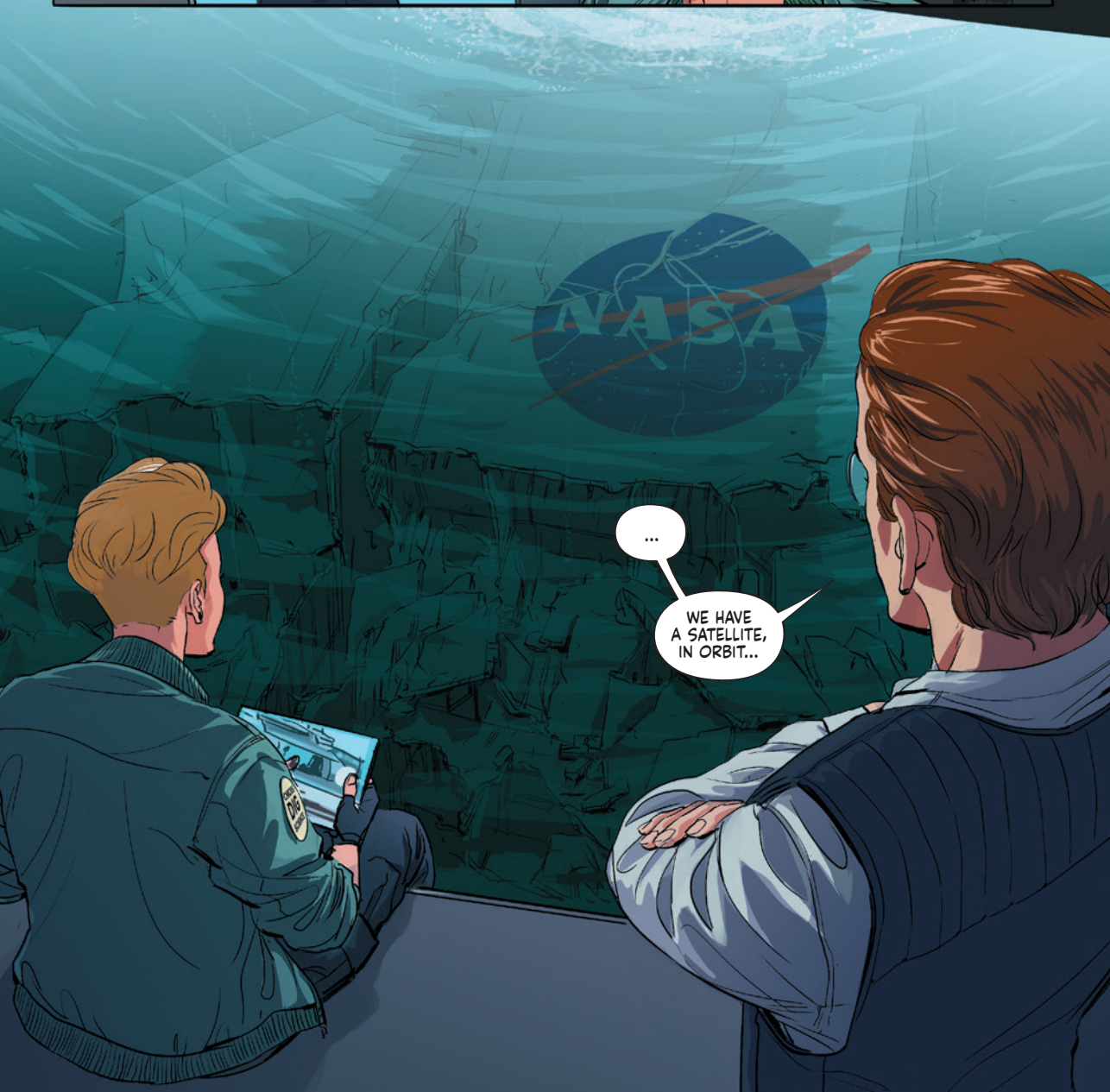
HMM.

I'M HERE  
BECAUSE YOU  
NEED HELP...

...AND  
YOUR WIFE'S  
IMMINENT DEATH  
PROVIDES US  
WITH A VITAL  
OPPORTUNITY.

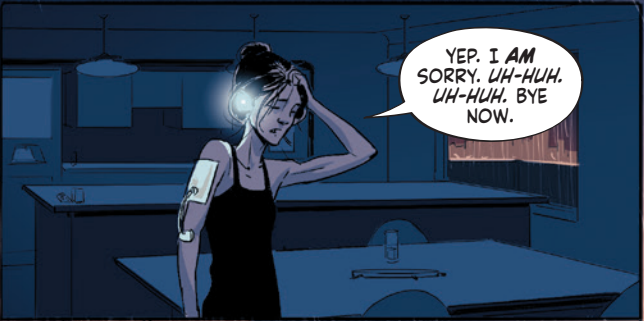
*SPLOSH*

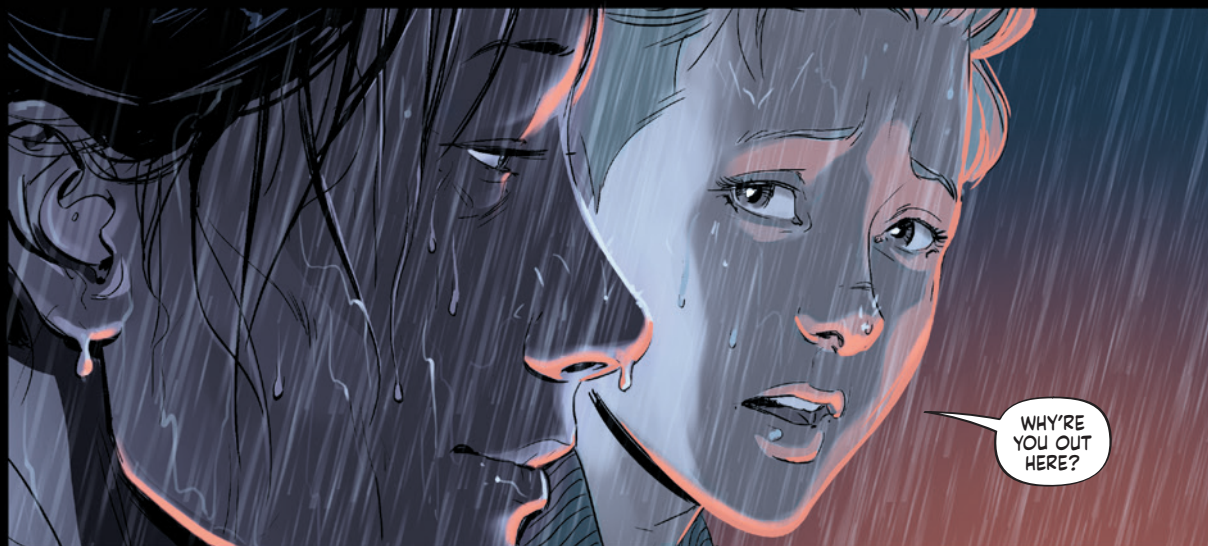
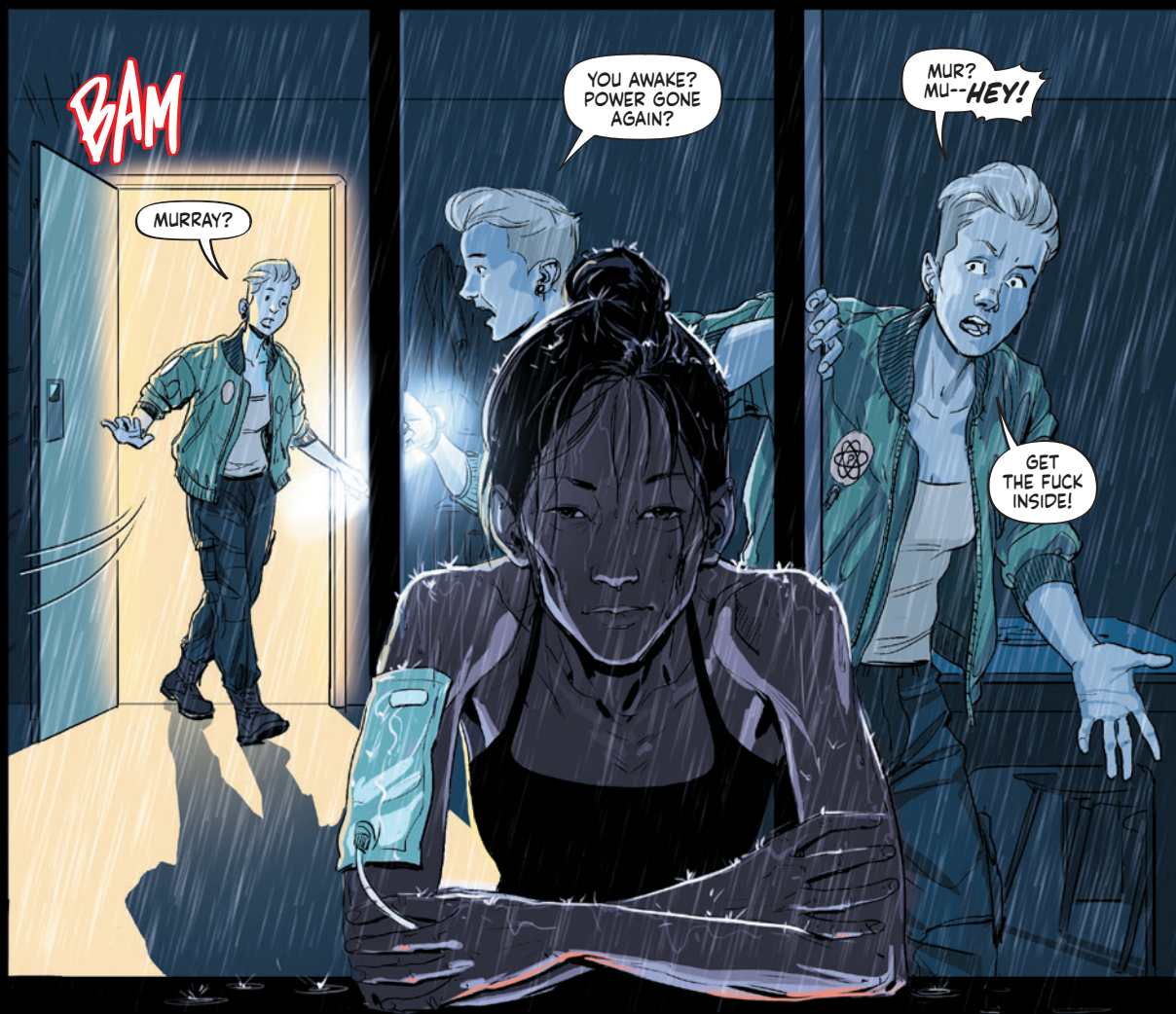
CHICKS  
DIG





I'M JUST  
LETTING YOU  
KNOW.





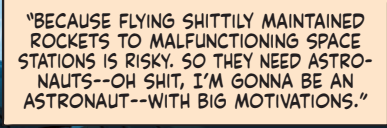
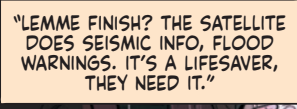


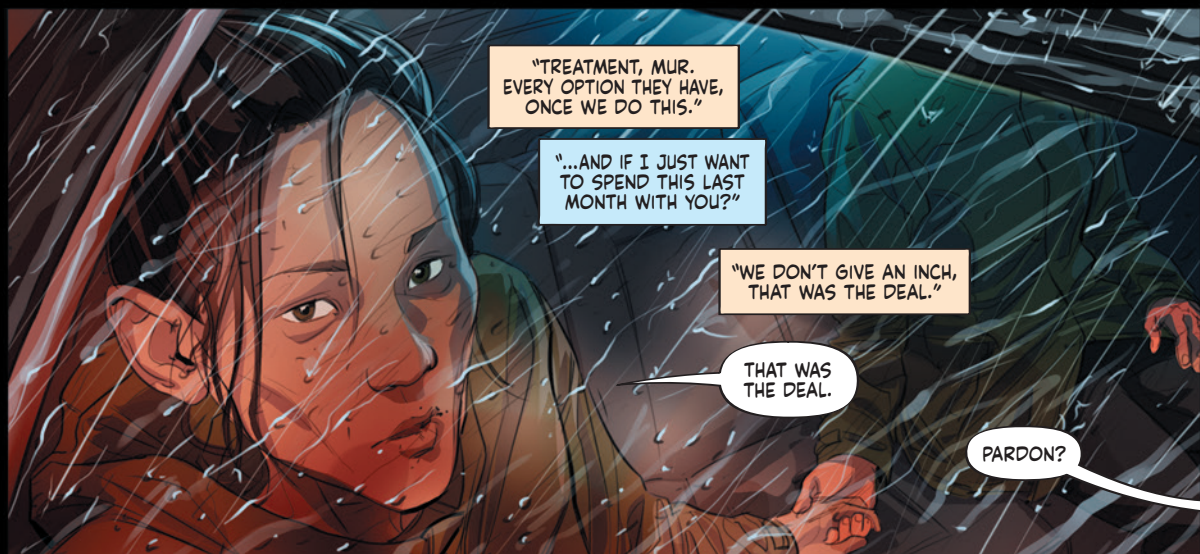
...YOU  
GOOD?

NO.

NO.

WELL, GET  
YOUR MEDS,  
WE'RE GOING  
OUT...





"TREATMENT, MUR. EVERY OPTION THEY HAVE, ONCE WE DO THIS."

"...AND IF I JUST WANT TO SPEND THIS LAST MONTH WITH YOU?"

"WE DON'T GIVE AN INCH, THAT WAS THE DEAL."

THAT WAS THE DEAL.

PARDON?



...

SHALL WE DISCUSS WHY YOU'RE HERE?

I'M HERE BECAUSE KAY SAYS TO BE. KAY, WAKE ME WHEN WE GET THERE?

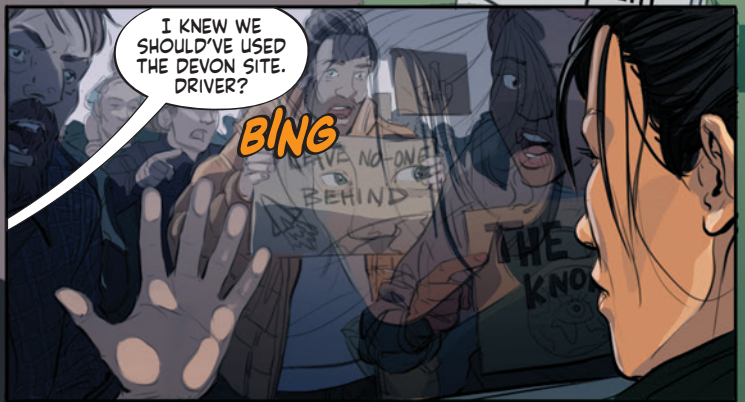
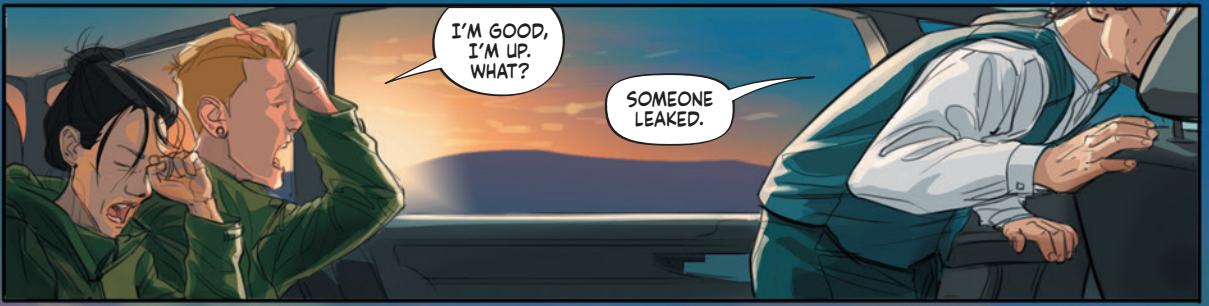
ERR, YEP, YOU'RE NOT SLEEPING THROUGH THE FUCKING LAUNCH. THAT BIT'S ALL ON YOU.

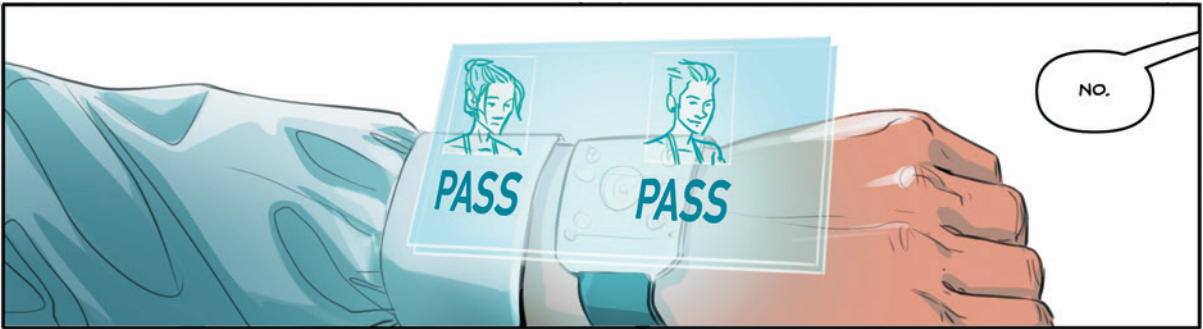
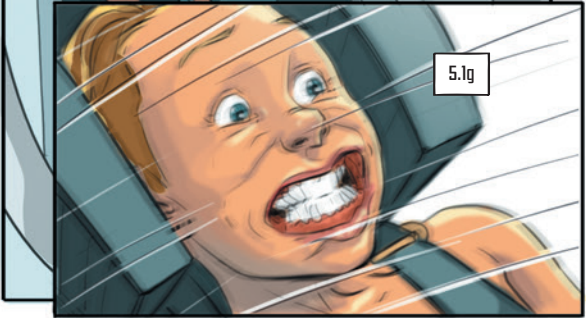


YEAH, SHE'S ASLEEP.



OH BUGGER.







I'M SORRY?

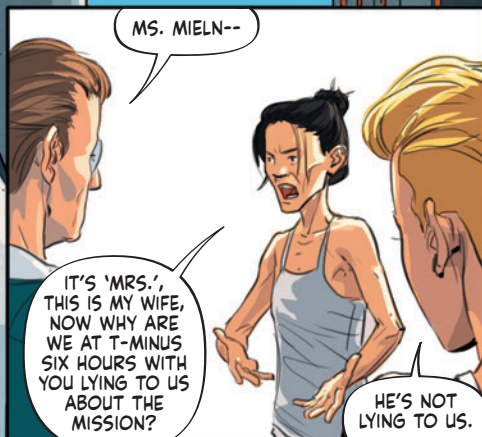
NO. I DIDN'T PASS. ARE YOU KIDDING?



I CAN BARELY WALK, I NEED CONSTANT MEDICATION, AND ANY INCREASE IN G-FORCES, ESPECIALLY IN AN X-TWELVE--

I LOVE WHEN YOU KNOW SPACE THINGS.

--WILL LEAVE ME UNCONSCIOUS, UNABLE TO FLY.



MS. MIELN--

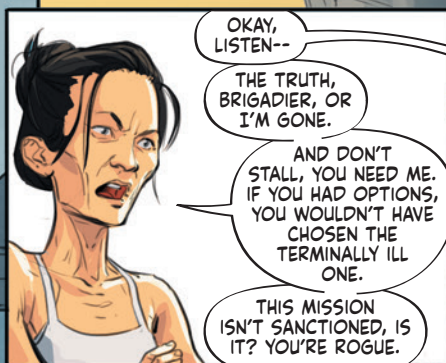
IT'S 'MRS.', THIS IS MY WIFE, NOW WHY ARE WE AT T-MINUS SIX HOURS WITH YOU LYING TO US ABOUT THE MISSION?

HE'S NOT LYING TO US.



HE'S LYING TO YOU. *WE'RE* LYING TO YOU.

...  
SORRY?



OKAY, LISTEN--

THE TRUTH, BRIGADIER, OR I'M GONE.

AND DON'T STALL, YOU NEED ME. IF YOU HAD OPTIONS, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE CHOSEN THE TERMINALLY ILL ONE.

THIS MISSION ISN'T SANCTIONED, IS IT? YOU'RE ROGUE.



...WELL, 'ROGUE' IS A BIT STRONG.

OH COME ON...

WITH THE GOVERNMENT FRAGMENTED--



YOU'VE GOT CROWDS AT THE GATE, MEANING YOU DON'T HAVE LONG UNTIL SOMEONE OFFICIAL SHUTS YOU DOWN. SO. SPIT IT OUT.



THE SATELLITE IS REAL, BUT IT NEEDS NO REPAIR. IT JUST NEEDS YOU.



EARTH IS,  
MATHEMATICALLY  
SPEAKING...



...DOOMED.

NO  
SCIENTIFIC  
INSTITUTE ON  
THE PLANET HAS  
A PLAUSIBLE WAY  
AROUND IT. AS  
SUCH, WE'VE  
DUG IN ON THE  
IMPLAUSIBLE.

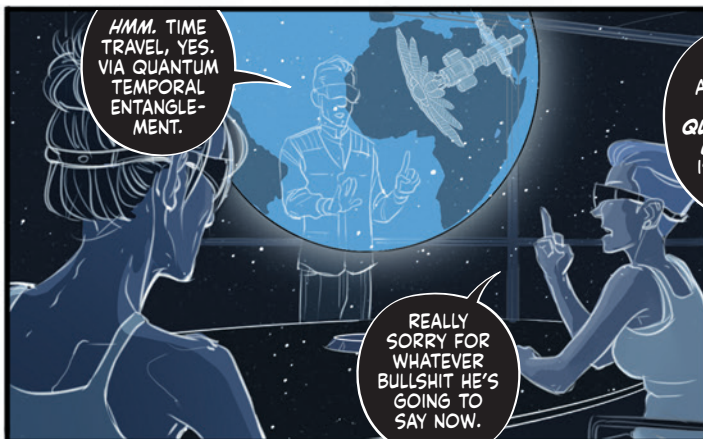


TIME  
TRAVEL.

TIME  
TRAVEL?

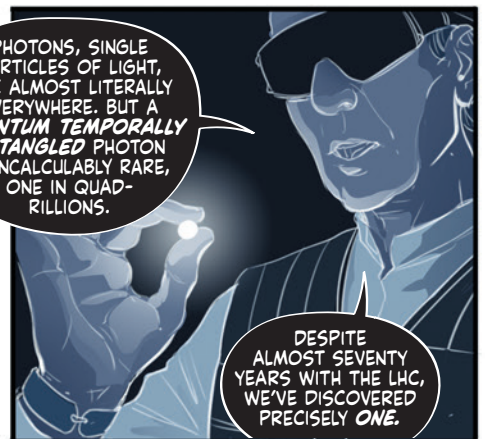
PLEASE DON'T  
INTERRUPT.

PLEASE GO  
FUCK YOURSELF.



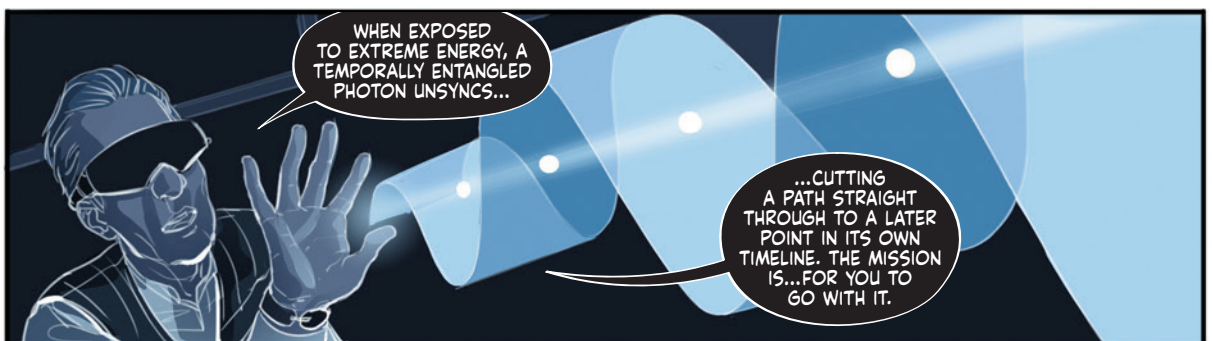
HMM. TIME  
TRAVEL, YES.  
VIA QUANTUM  
TEMPORAL  
ENTANGLE-  
MENT.

REALLY  
SORRY FOR  
WHATEVER  
BULLSHIT HE'S  
GOING TO  
SAY NOW.



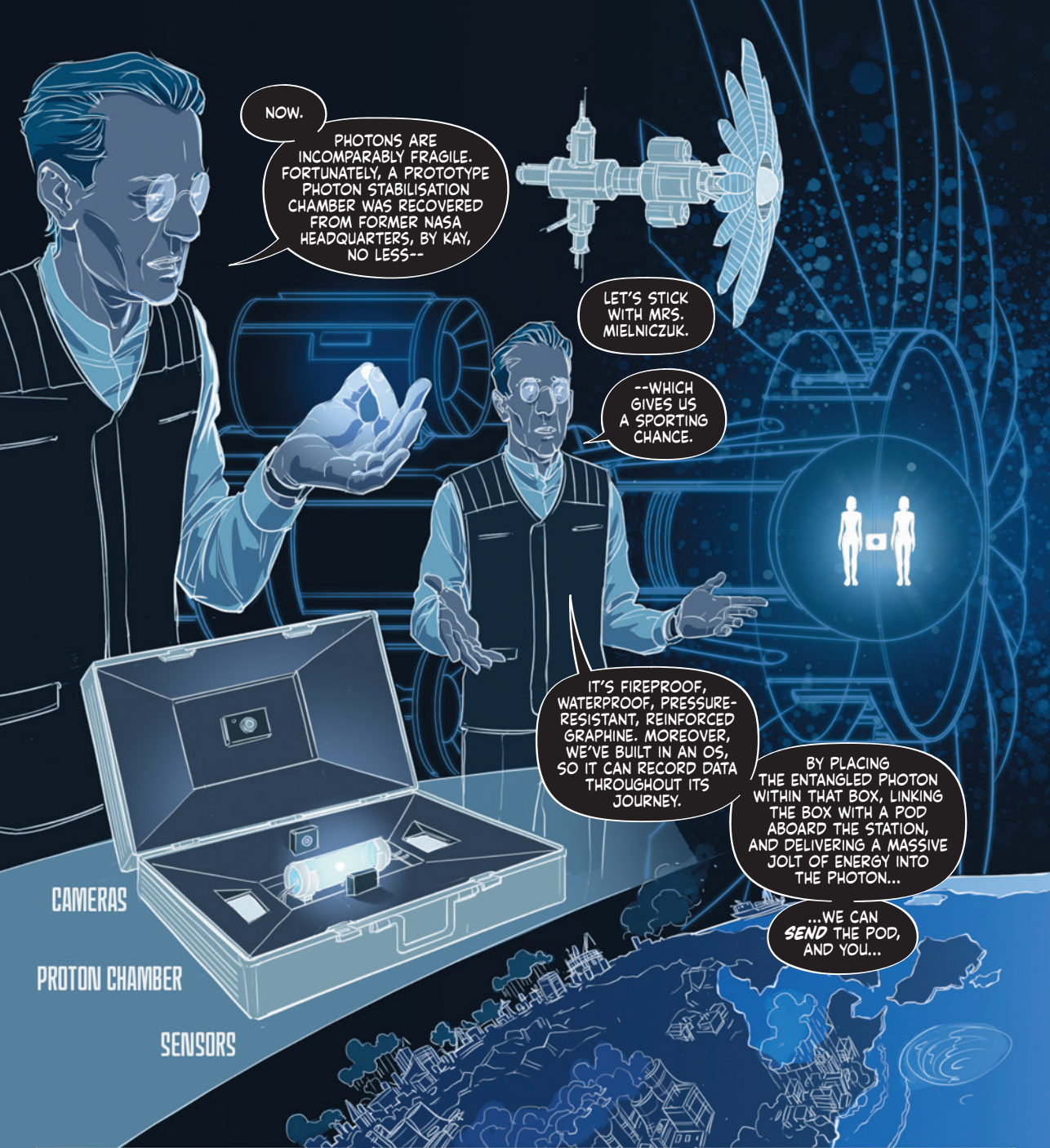
PHOTONS, SINGLE  
PARTICLES OF LIGHT,  
ARE ALMOST LITERALLY  
EVERYWHERE. BUT A  
**QUANTUM TEMPORALLY  
ENTANGLED** PHOTON  
IS INCALCULABLY RARE,  
ONE IN QUAD-  
RILLIONS.

DESPITE  
ALMOST SEVENTY  
YEARS WITH THE LHC,  
WE'VE DISCOVERED  
PRECISELY **ONE**.



WHEN EXPOSED  
TO EXTREME ENERGY,  
A TEMPORALLY  
ENTANGLED  
PHOTON UNSYNCS...

...CUTTING  
A PATH STRAIGHT  
THROUGH TO A LATER  
POINT IN ITS OWN  
TIMELINE. THE MISSION  
IS...FOR YOU TO  
GO WITH IT.



NOW.

PHOTONS ARE INCOMPARABLY FRAGILE. FORTUNATELY, A PROTOTYPE PHOTON STABILISATION CHAMBER WAS RECOVERED FROM FORMER NASA HEADQUARTERS, BY KAY, NO LESS--

LET'S STICK WITH MRS. MIELNICZUK.

--WHICH GIVES US A SPORTING CHANCE.

IT'S FIREPROOF, WATERPROOF, PRESSURE-RESISTANT, REINFORCED GRAPHINE. MOREOVER, WE'VE BUILT IN AN OS, SO IT CAN RECORD DATA THROUGHOUT ITS JOURNEY.

BY PLACING THE ENTANGLED PHOTON WITHIN THAT BOX, LINKING THE BOX WITH A POD ABOARD THE STATION, AND DELIVERING A MASSIVE JOLT OF ENERGY INTO THE PHOTON...

...WE CAN **SEND** THE POD, AND YOU...

...WHAT? YOU'RE DEAD IN A MONTH IF WE DON'T GO, AND THERE'S NO-ONE HERE I LOVE MORE THAN YOU. FUCK IT.

AN' IT'S A CHANCE TO HELP PEOPLE, WHICH I KNOW YOU'RE NOT PASSING UP.

SPEAKING OF PEOPLE-- WHY NOT JUST AUTOMATE, SEND A COMPUTER?

WE HAVE PRECISELY **ONE** ATTEMPT. WE'RE SENDING THE MOST ADAPTABLE, LOW-COST COMPUTERS THERE ARE.

THEN WHY ARE--OH, YOU MEAN US, DON'T YOU?

AND WHY'S SHE COMING?

WHAT?

THEY NEED SOMEONE TO GO. I NEED TREATMENT. WHY COME WITH ME?

...THREE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN YEARS INTO THE FUTURE.

BETWEEN NOW AND THEN, THE SATELLITE WILL ANALYSE EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENS ON EARTH. CENTURIES OF DESTABILISATION, FLOOD, PLAGUE, WARFARE, AND INVENTION, DESPERATE ADVANCEMENT AND LAST-MINUTE DISCOVERY. THE LAST GASPS OF HUMANITY.

IN THE SPLIT SECOND OF YOUR JOURNEY, THE PHOTON'S TRANSIT WILL OPEN A MOMENTARY TWO-WAY CORRIDOR, ENOUGH FOR AN INFINITESIMALLY BRIEF DATA STREAM TO BE RETURNED TO US.

DATA WE'LL USE, IN THE HERE AND NOW, TO STOP HUMANITY DESTROYING ITSELF. USING THE FUTURE TO CHANGE THE FUTURE.

IT SEEMS PARADOXICAL, BUT ALL MODELS SUGGEST IT WORKS.

YOU'LL ARRIVE IN A FUTURE REWRITTEN BY YOUR JOURNEY, A FUTURE MORE THAN ABLE TO HELP YOU.

WE OFFERED YOU TREATMENT, MRS. MIELNICZUK. IT'S PREDICTED THAT ONLY ANOTHER DECADE WOULD FIND A CURE FOR YOUR CONDITION--THREE HUNDRED-ODD YEARS, THEY'LL PROBABLY FIX YOU WITH A SINGLE PILL.

THAT'S WHY YOU SHOULD GO. NOW, THAT SAID...

IT IS A ONE-WAY TRIP.

THE DEPLETED PHOTON WILL DISINTEGRATE A FEW HOURS POST-JUMP, LEAVING YOU...WELL. IF YOU GO, THERE'S NO COMING HOME.

BECAUSE WHERE YOU GO, I--HEY!

HEY!

I'LL GET HER.

IF SHE TRIES TO LEAVE THE BASE--

WELL, DON'T FUCKING *SHOOT* HER! WE'LL BE RIGHT BACK.

T-MINUS FOUR HOURS FIFTY-SEVEN MINUTES!



'WHY'S SHE COMING?'

BECAUSE 'TIL DEATH DO US PART, DUMBASS.

WHETHER THAT MEANS A HUNDRED YEARS OLD IN BED OR WAY OFF IN SPACE OR WHEN THE ARSE DROPS OUT OF HUMANITY-- **YOU AND ME UNTIL FUCKING DEATH.**

SO IF THIS GOES NOWHERE, I'M WITH YOU.

IF THERE'S A CURE UP THERE, OUT THERE, THREE HUNDRED YEARS AWAY, THEN I'M THE ONE WHO'S GONNA GET IT FOR YOU.

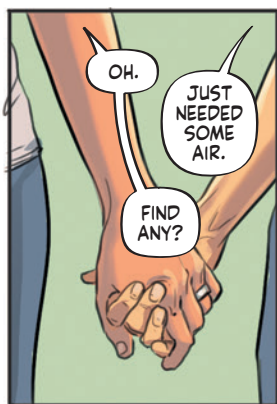
AND IF YOU'RE DYING, I'M FUCKING WELL DYING TOO.

AND FUCK IT, YOU THINK THIS IS ABOUT YOU? I'M GOING **TIME TRAVELLING.** AND I'M NOT MISSING OUT ON BEING 'THE WOMAN WHO SAVED MURRAY MIELNICZUK'.



...YOU'RE DOING A FACE.

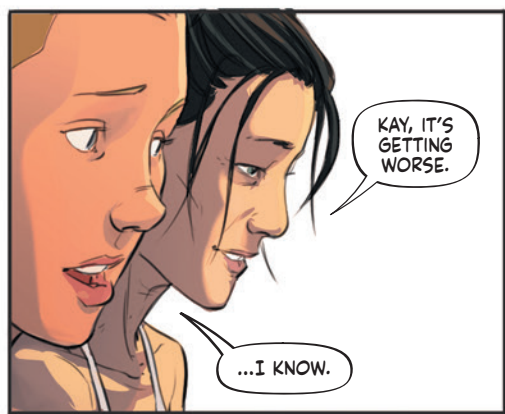
I KNEW ALL THAT.



OH.

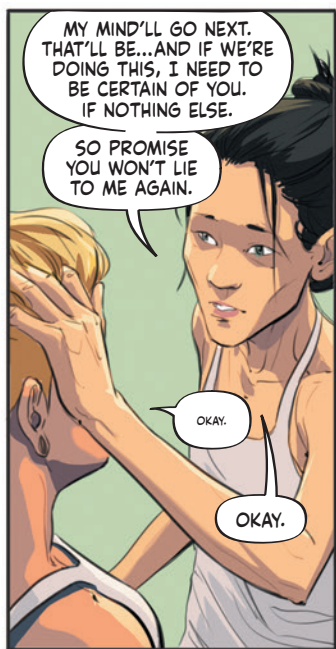
JUST NEEDED SOME AIR.

FIND ANY?



KAY, IT'S GETTING WORSE.

...I KNOW.



MY MIND'LL GO NEXT. THAT'LL BE...AND IF WE'RE DOING THIS, I NEED TO BE CERTAIN OF YOU. IF NOTHING ELSE.

SO PROMISE YOU WON'T LIE TO ME AGAIN.

OKAY.

OKAY.



IT'S A ONE-WAY TRIP. YOU SURE?

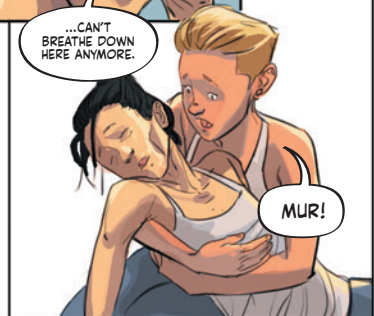
NOT IF YOU'RE GONNA BE MEAN THE WHOLE WAY THERE.

HAH! YOU KNOW WHY I WENT TO SPACE?

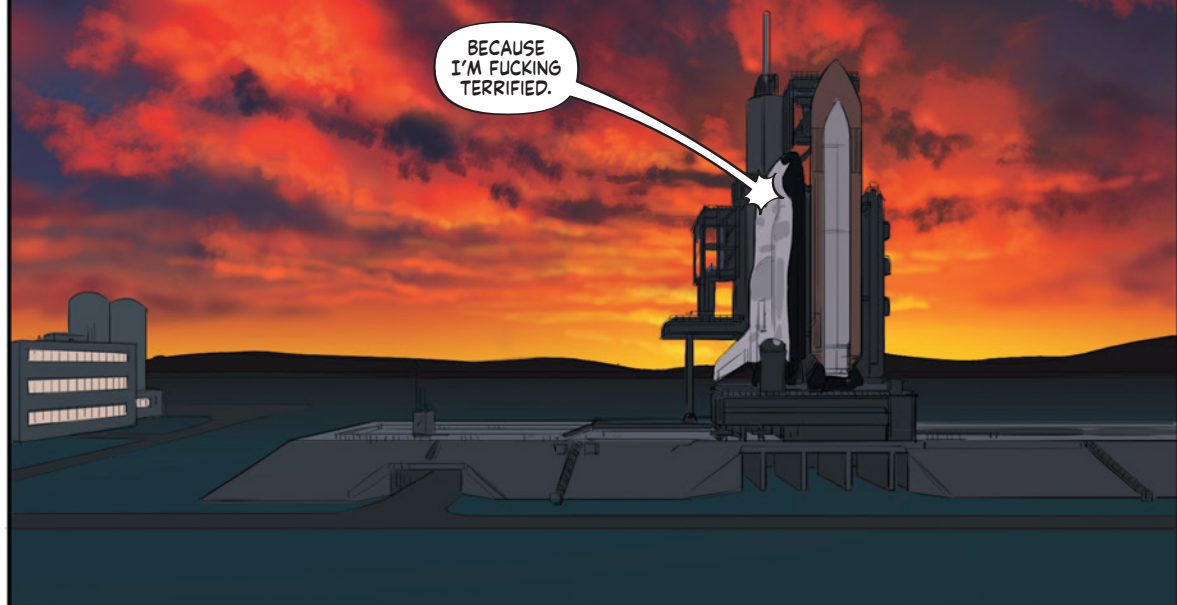


YOU CAN'T...

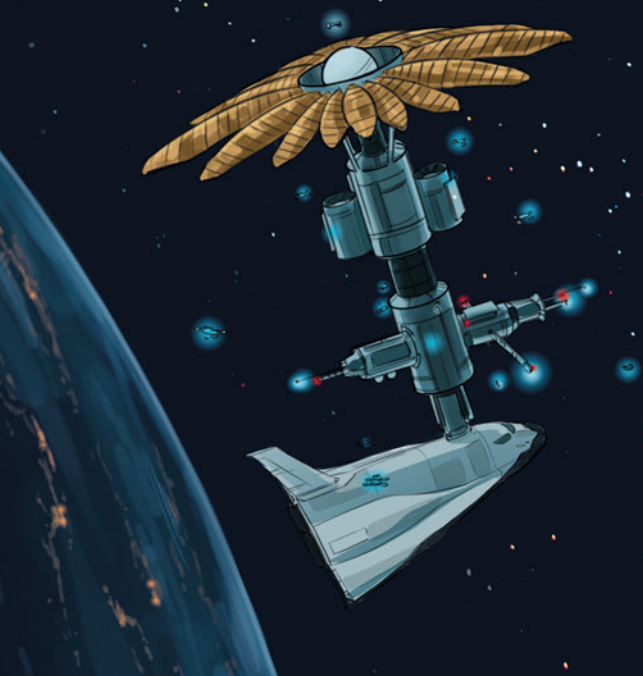
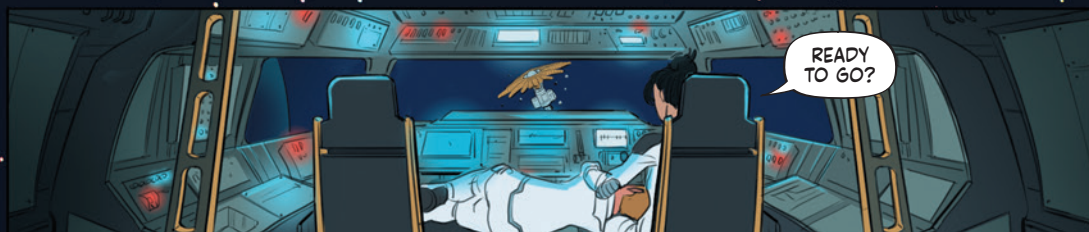
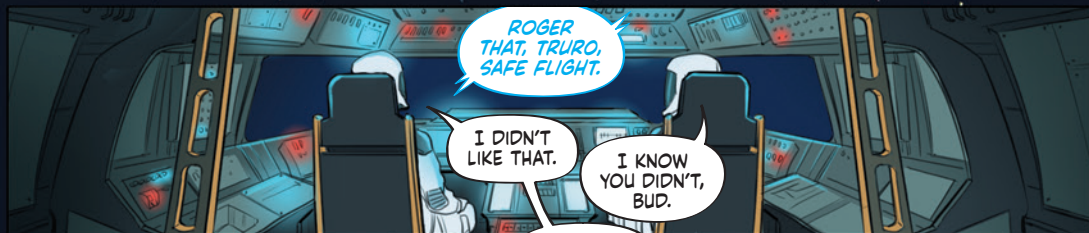
...CAN'T BREATHE DOWN HERE ANYMORE.

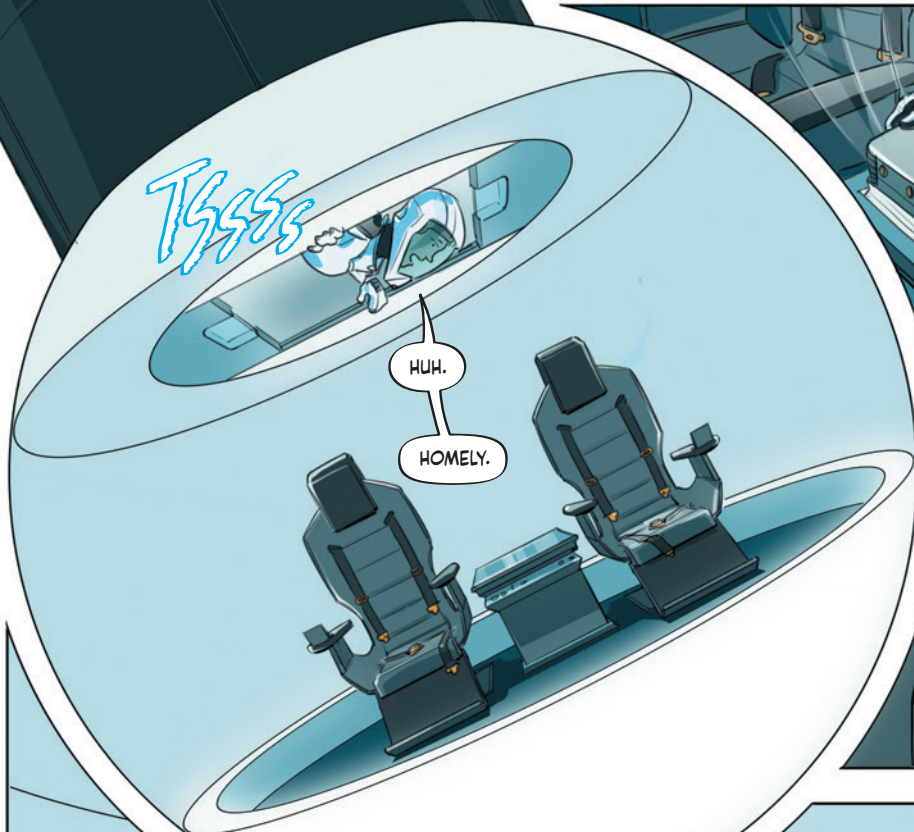


MUR!







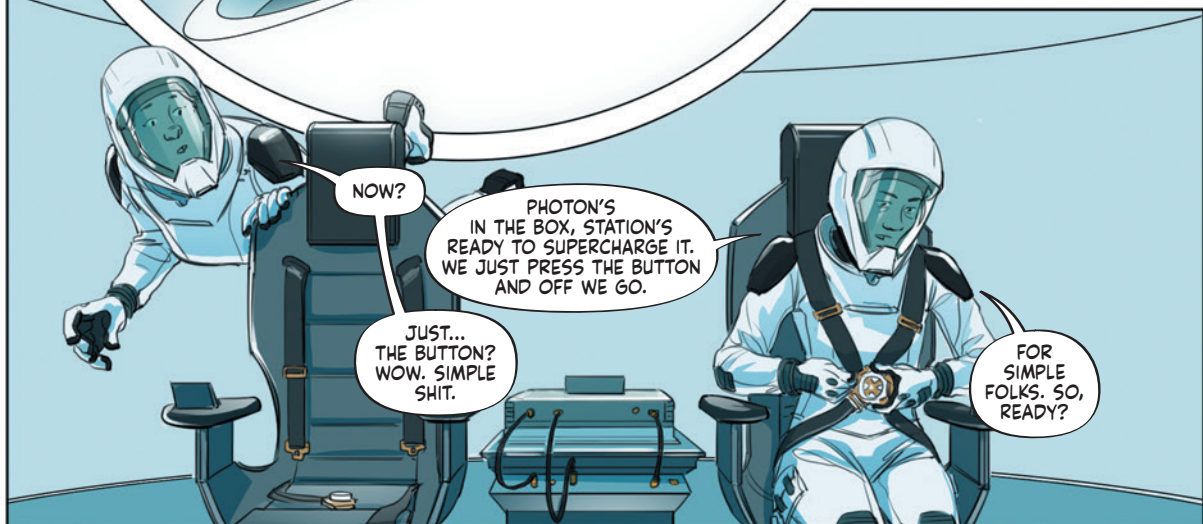


HUH.

HOMELY.



OKAY. POWER LEVELS SET FOR A THREE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN YEAR JUMP. READY?

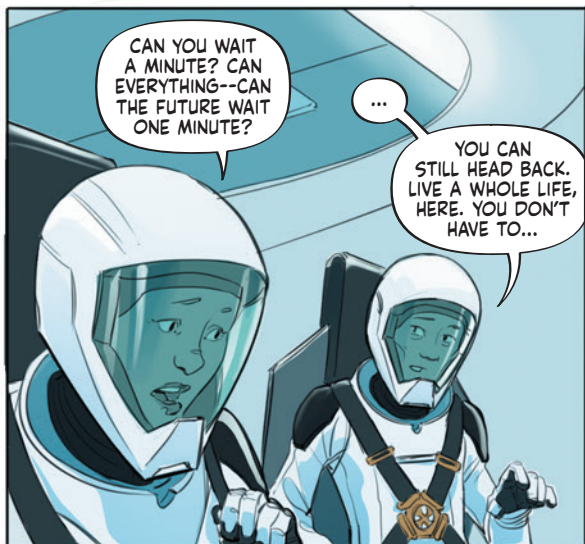


NOW?

PHOTON'S IN THE BOX, STATION'S READY TO SUPERCHARGE IT. WE JUST PRESS THE BUTTON AND OFF WE GO.

JUST... THE BUTTON? WOW. SIMPLE SHIT.

FOR SIMPLE FOLKS. SO, READY?



CAN YOU WAIT A MINUTE? CAN EVERYTHING--CAN THE FUTURE WAIT ONE MINUTE?

...

YOU CAN STILL HEAD BACK. LIVE A WHOLE LIFE, HERE. YOU DON'T HAVE TO...



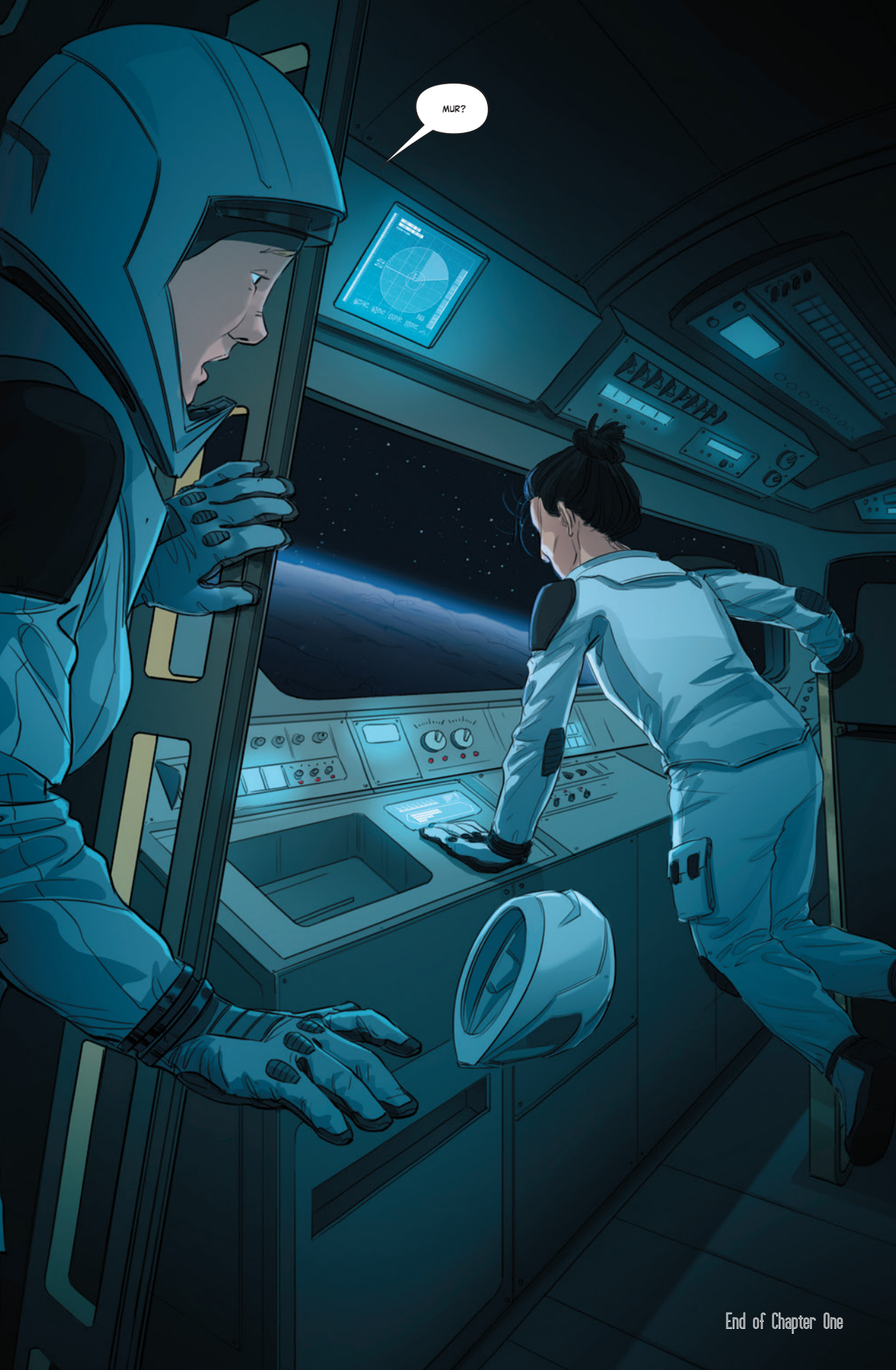
WOULD YOU COME HOME WITH ME?

I'D HAVE TO DROP YOU OFF, YEAH.

YEAH.

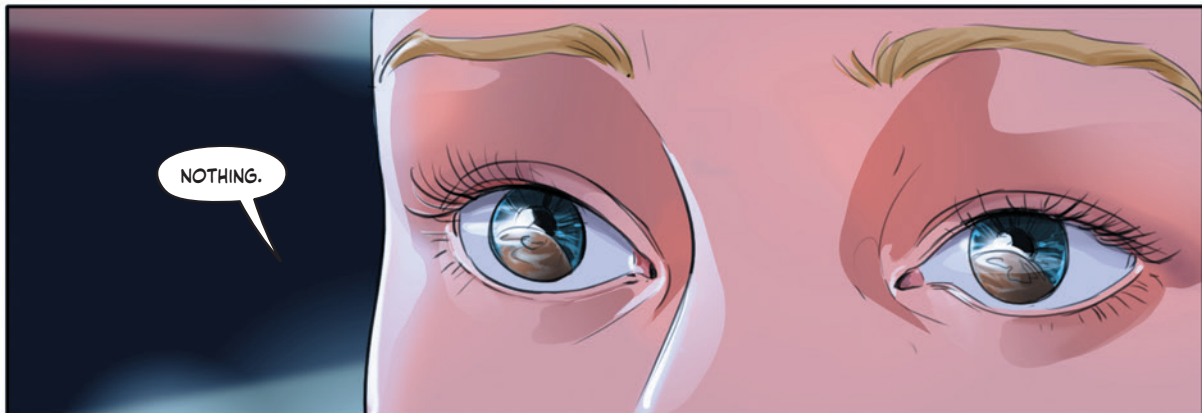
...





MUR?

End of Chapter One



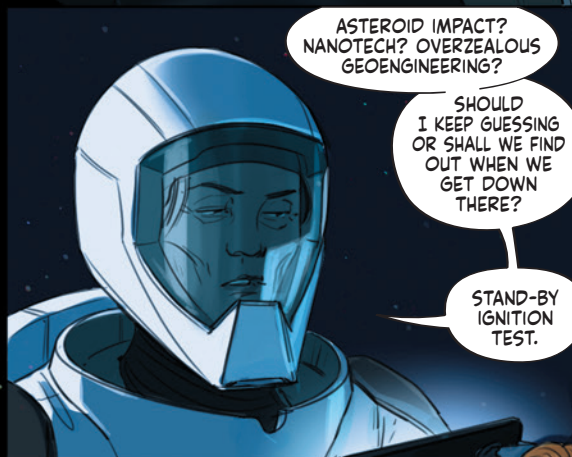


THERE'S NOTHING FROM THE MOON, ONLY AUTO-SIGNALS FROM MARS AND SATELLITES.

BUT WHERE'D THE SEAS GO?

I DON'T KNOW.

OVER NINETY-NINE-POINT-NINE PERCENT OF THE EARTH'S WATER, GONE-- WHAT COULD EVEN--



ASTEROID IMPACT? NANOTECH? OVERZEALOUS GEOENGINEERING?

SHOULD I KEEP GUESSING OR SHALL WE FIND OUT WHEN WE GET DOWN THERE?

STAND-BY IGNITION TEST.

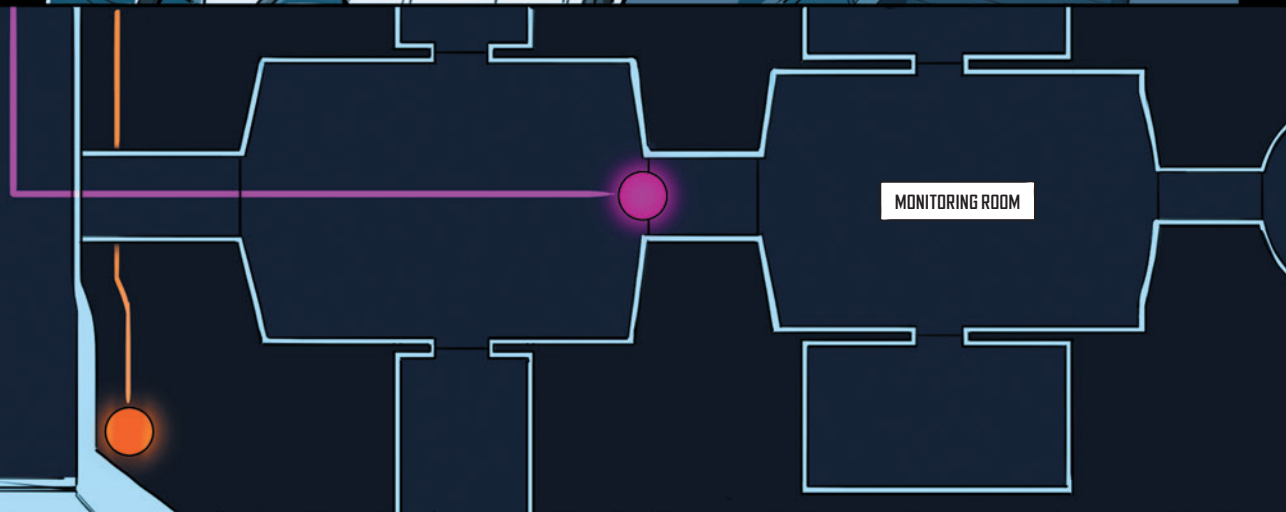
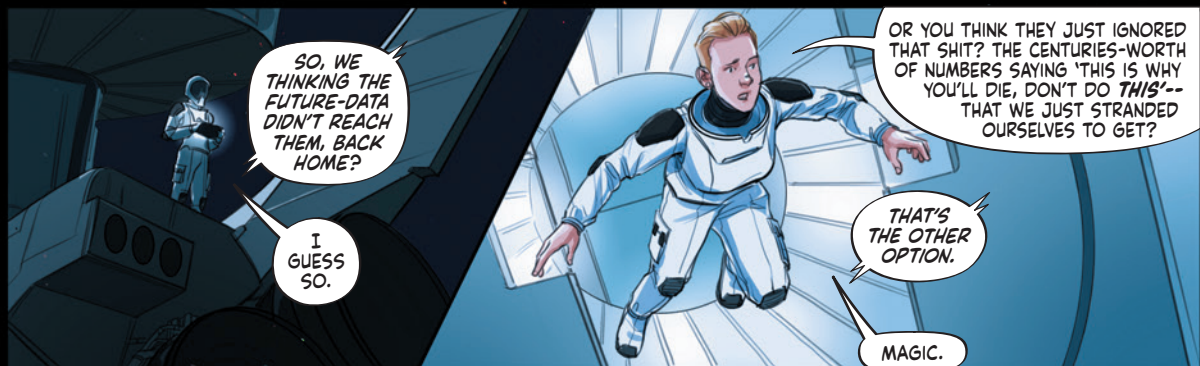


I'M GOING ONTO THE STATION, MAYBE ONE OF THE JUNK SATELLITES IS BROADCASTING SOMETHING WORTH LISTENING TO.

KEEP YOUR COMMS ON.



AND TAKE IT SLOW OUT THERE, YEAH? DON'T GO ALL FEEBLE, I'LL HAVE NO FUCKING CLUE WHAT TO DO.





SHIT, MUR.  
THEY'RE ALL  
DEAD.



...

YEAH,  
THEY ARE.

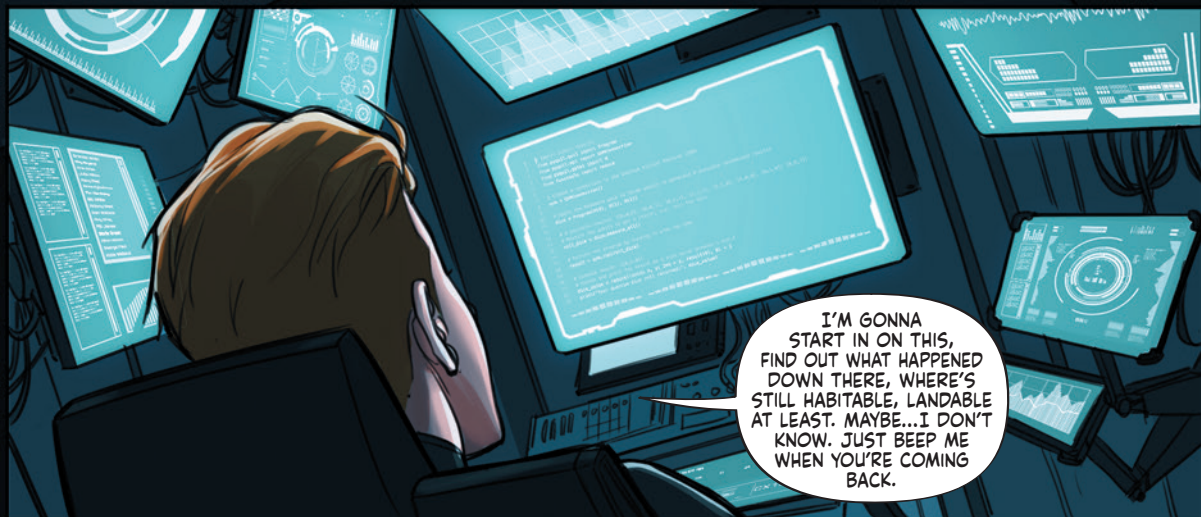


I KNEW OUR LOT  
WOULD BE GONE, BUT  
THERE WERE MEANT  
TO BE OTHERS HERE.  
THERE WERE MEANT  
TO BE BILLIONS OF  
OTHERS AND...IT'S  
JUST YOU AND  
ME.

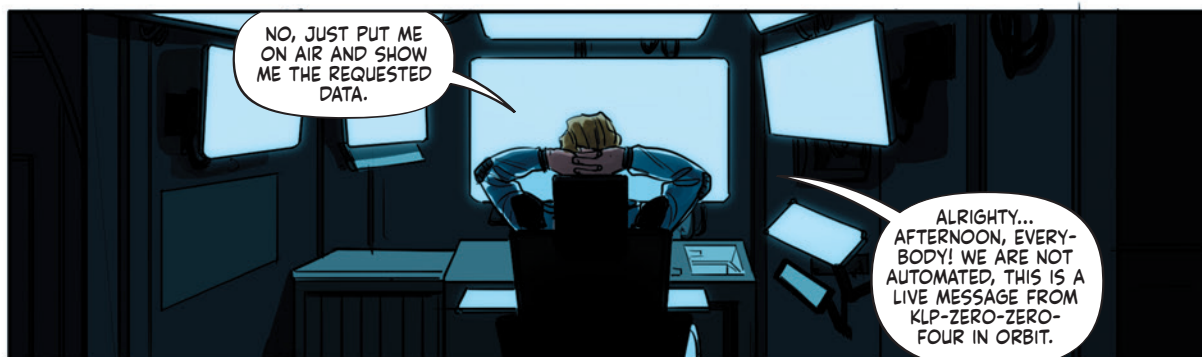
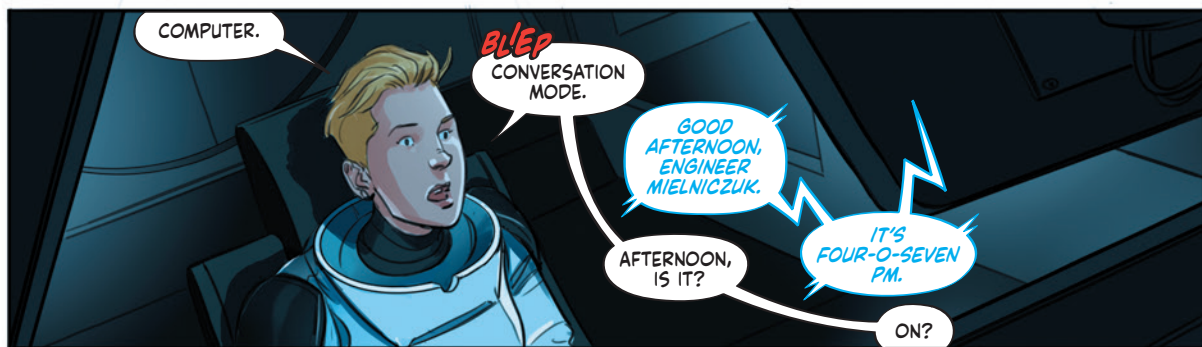
WE TRIED  
TO HELP THEM.  
THEY DIDN'T  
LISTEN.



THAT'S NOT--  
I DON'T CARE IF...  
LOOK, JUST COME  
BACK IN WHEN YOU  
CAN, ALRIGHT?



I'M GONNA  
START IN ON THIS,  
FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED  
DOWN THERE, WHERE'S  
STILL HABITABLE, LANDABLE  
AT LEAST. MAYBE...I DON'T  
KNOW. JUST BEEP ME  
WHEN YOU'RE COMING  
BACK.





ENGINEER  
KAY MIELNICZUK  
SPEAKING. ANYONE  
OUT THERE? DON'T  
ALL RU'SH AT  
ONCE.



THERE'S NO-ONE,  
JUST LEAVE IT  
TO--

IF YOU DON'T  
KNOW, WE CAME HERE,  
ME AND MY WIFE-SLASH-  
PILOT, MURRAY, FROM  
TWENTY-SEVENTY-  
ONE.

CAN YOU  
HEAR ME  
OR--

SOMEONE WAS  
MEANT TO MEET  
US HERE.

GREAT.

CLEARLY,  
YOU'VE HAD YOUR  
OWN SHITSTORM  
TO DEAL WITH. BUT,  
IF ANYONE CAN  
GET A SIGNAL  
TO US...

THIS IS FROM  
SPACE, BY THE WAY.  
STATION KLP-ZERO-  
ZERO-FOUR.

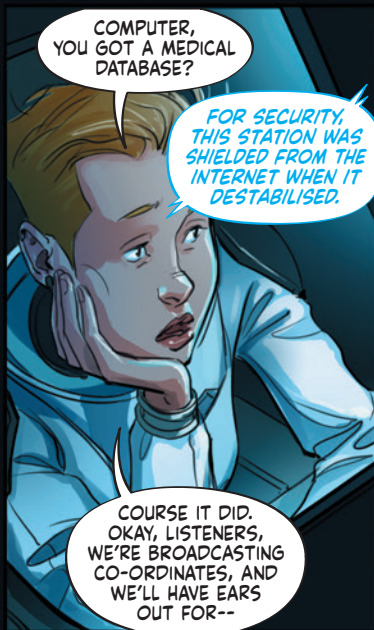
WE COULD DO  
WITH A PICK-UP OR  
SOME IDEA OF WHAT'S  
BEEN GOING ON. SEE,  
MURRAY, MY WIFE,  
IS... SICK.

IF YOU GUYS  
DON'T HAVE WIVES  
ANYMORE, IT'S LIKE,  
YOUR TEAMMATE YOU  
LIKE SO MUCH YOU  
BURN ALL YOUR MONEY  
ON A PARTY. WELL,  
SHE'S...HER CELLS  
ARE...

THERE'S  
SUPPOSED TO  
BE SOMEONE  
HERE TO HELP  
HER. WE REALLY  
NEED HELP.



PLEASE.



COMPUTER,  
YOU GOT A MEDICAL  
DATABASE?

FOR SECURITY,  
THIS STATION WAS  
SHIELDED FROM THE  
INTERNET WHEN IT  
DESTABILISED.

COURSE IT DID.  
OKAY, LISTENERS,  
WE'RE BROADCASTING  
CO-ORDINATES, AND  
WE'LL HAVE EARS  
OUT FOR--



EXCUSE ME,  
ENGINEER, BUT  
WE'RE RECEIVING  
A NEW SIGNAL.

HOLY  
SHIT--THERE'S  
A--PLAY IT!



UNMUTE ME  
ALREADY--

PLAYING  
SIGNAL.



--UT  
HEADLIGHTS IN  
THE RAIN.



AN' AS  
THE NIGH-HIGHHT  
COMES SETTING  
IN

NO.



AN' WHISPERS  
ITS WAY ACROSS  
THE ROADS

IS THIS...  
MUSIC?



THOSE  
FRIENDLY  
FACES THAT  
YOU'VE  
SEEN

COMPUTER,  
ORIGIN POINT FOR  
THE BROADCAST?

THE SIGNAL IS  
COMING FROM MULTIPLE  
LOCATIONS--SHOWING  
ON-SCREEN.



ALL SEEM TO BE  
JUST STRANGERS  
AGAIN.

IT'S  
EVERYWHERE...  
IS THIS LIKE  
A RADIO  
STATION?

UNKNOWN.

WEIRD. IF  
SOMEONE'S OUT  
THERE--

UGH,  
HOLD THAT  
THOUGHT.



AN' I'M  
SURE IF YOU  
ASKED

MURRAY,  
WHAT?

THOSE  
STRANGERS  
AS THEY  
PASSED

GET OUT!  
GET TO THE  
TRURO!

WHAT?



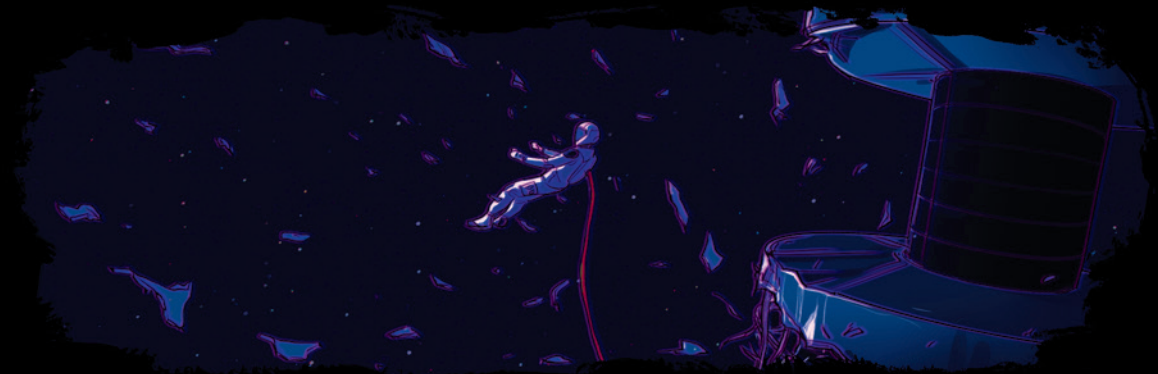
GET TO  
THE--

YOU'D  
NEVER BE  
A-HEARD OF  
AGAIN.



OH NO YOU'D  
NEVER BE A-HEARD  
OF AGAIN.







WITHOUT THE  
CANDLE, HE'LL CEASE  
TO EXIST!

OH SHIT--  
**FUCK!** OH SHIT,  
OH **SHIT**, OH  
FUCK IT.

IT'S MANAGEABLE IN  
THE SHORT-TERM, BUT  
LONG-TERM, OPTIONS  
ARE LIMITED.

LOOK AT  
THEM--PAUL'S  
PLUGGED IT IN  
WRONG.

YEP.  
I MEAN, DO.  
I DO. YES.

YEAH,  
KAY, LIKE THE  
LETTER? BUT  
A NAME?



THEY SAY  
IT WAS ECO-  
TYPES.

WHAT'RE  
THEY STARTING  
FIRES FOR  
THEN?

JUST IN TIME,  
SPACEGIRL.

AND THE PROTECTED  
QUARTER OF AMAZON'S  
RAINFOREST HAS BEEN  
REDUCED AGAIN TODAY,  
THE BRAZILIAN GOVERNMENT  
SAYING IT MUST 'PULL ITS  
WEIGHT' FOR THE NATIONAL  
ECONOMY OR FACE  
RELOCATION. NOW, OVER  
TO QASIM WITH THE  
WEATHER...

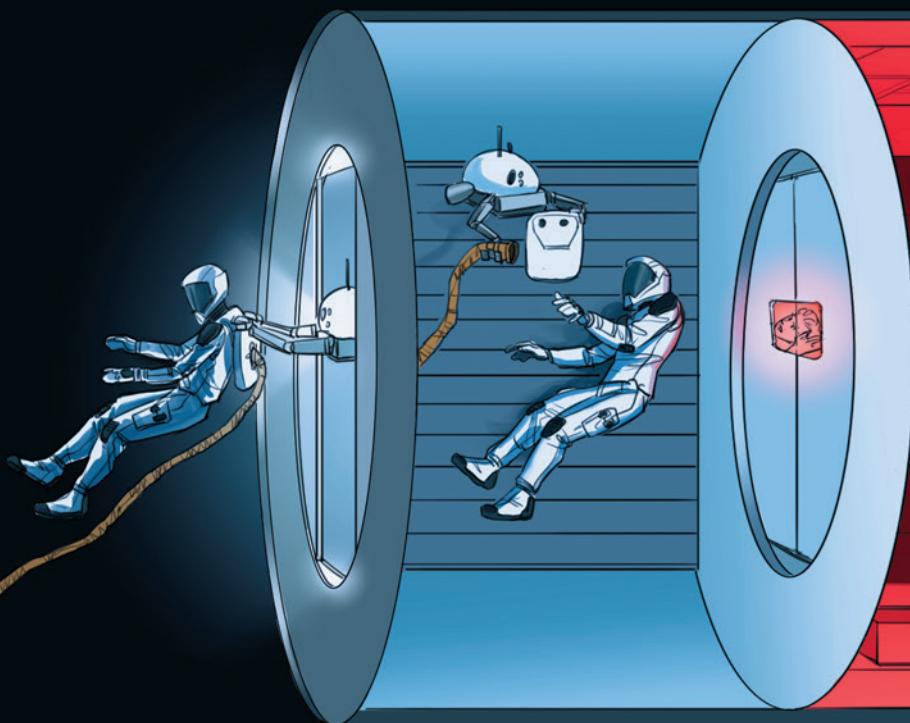
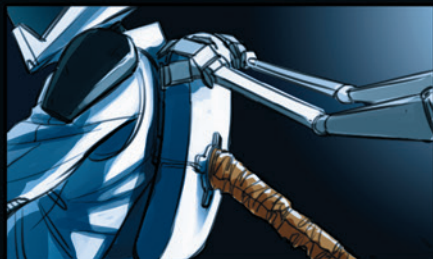
I'M GOING TO BE  
A SPACEMAN!

FUCK OFF  
YOU ARE. WHAT'S  
THE POINT GOING  
TO SPACE?

DO I WEAR IT  
OVER THE GLOVE,  
OR...?

I DIDN'T  
THINK ABOUT  
THAT.

SO WHAT'RE  
YOU GONNA  
FUCKING DO  
NOW?

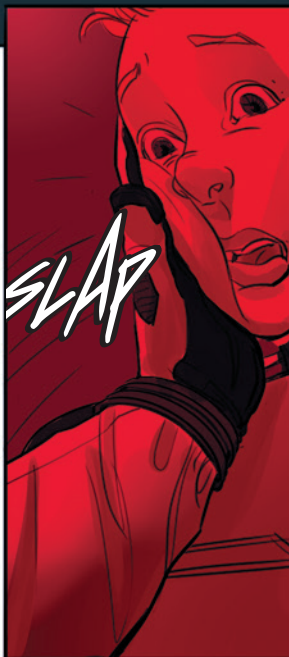


ALL CREW  
MEMBERS NOW  
ABOARD--DRONES  
ATTEMPTING  
REPAIR, PLEASE  
STAND BY.

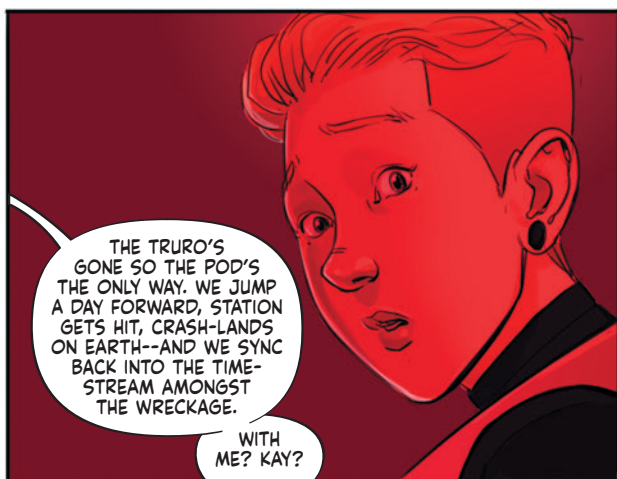
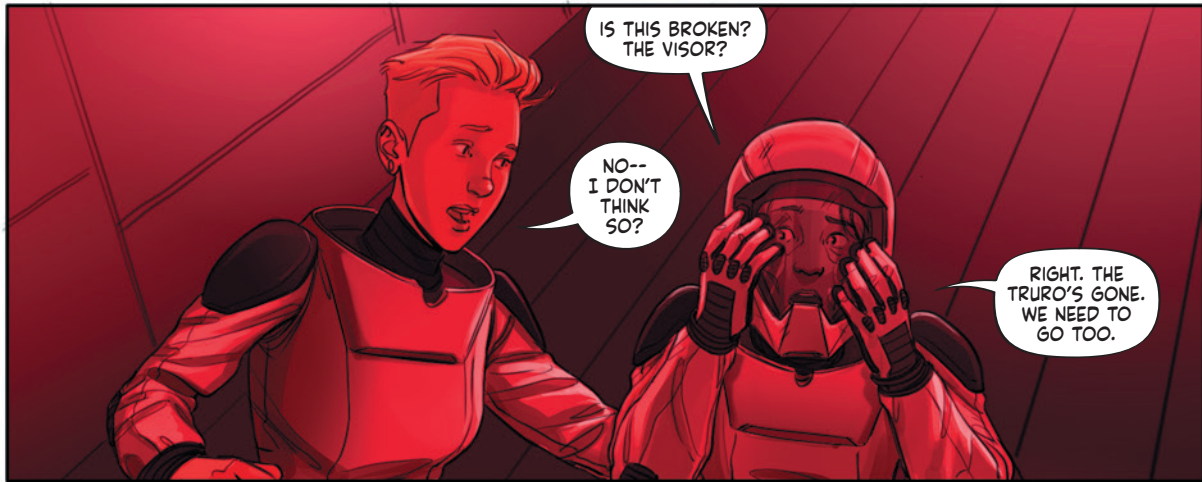


I GOT THE  
BULKHEADS SEALED  
BUT I THOUGHT YOU  
WERE DEAD I THOUGHT  
IT'D HIT YOU AND--WHERE  
DID IT FUCKING COME FROM  
IS THE STATION ALRIGHT  
ARE WE SAFE OR WHAT  
DO WE DO ARE  
YOU HURT?

SHOULD I LET YOU LIE  
DOWN OR GET YOU IN THE  
RECOVERY POSITION OR  
DOESN'T THAT WORK IN  
ZERO-GRAV OR SHOULD WE  
GO TO THE TRURO IS IT STILL  
THERE? I CAN'T SEE IT.  
IT'S GONE. I THINK IT'S  
GONE WE'RE TRAPPED  
AND--



YOU WERE  
IN SHOCK.





AND KEEP  
YOUR COMMS ON  
THIS TIME.

FAIR!

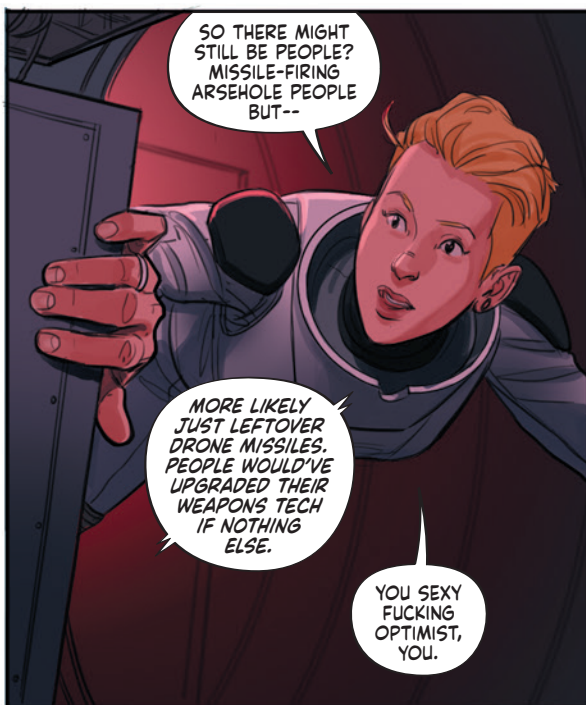


HOW'D YOU  
KNOW THE MISSILE  
WAS COMING?

THE MUSIC.  
IT USED TO BE  
A LOW-TECH WAY  
TO BLOCK SIGNALS  
BEFORE LAUNCHING  
AN ATTACK,  
GUERRILLA-TACTICS  
SOMS.

SOMS  
BEING...?

SURFACE-  
TO-ORBIT  
MISSILES.



SO THERE MIGHT  
STILL BE PEOPLE?  
MISSILE-FIRING  
ARSEHOLE PEOPLE  
BUT--

MORE LIKELY  
JUST LEFTOVER  
DRONE MISSILES.  
PEOPLE WOULD'VE  
UPGRADED THEIR  
WEAPONS TECH  
IF NOTHING  
ELSE.

YOU SEXY  
FUCKING  
OPTIMIST,  
YOU.



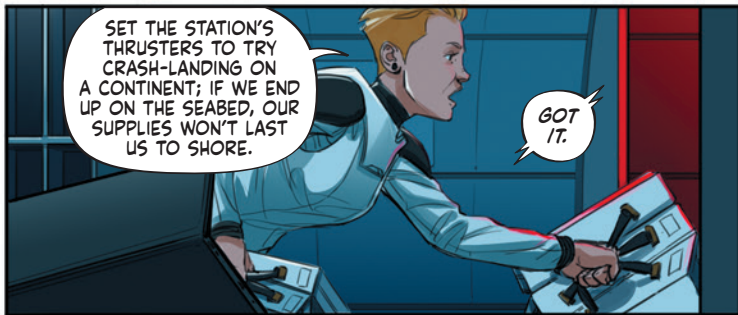
JUST  
HURRY.



YOU  
HURRY.

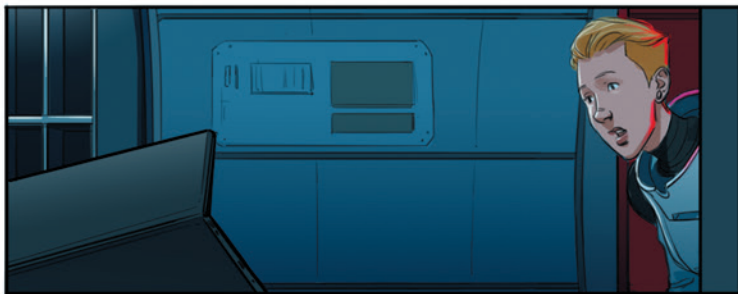


COMPUTER,  
EMERGENCY  
LIGHTING  
ON IN THE  
POD.



SET THE STATION'S  
THRUSTERS TO TRY  
CRASH-LANDING ON  
A CONTINENT; IF WE  
END  
UP ON THE SEABED, OUR  
SUPPLIES WON'T LAST  
US TO SHORE.

GOT  
IT.



I'M SETTING A FIFTY-HOUR  
JUMP, IN CASE ORBIT TAKES  
A WHILE TO DECAY, AND  
REMOVING THE CHRONAL  
PADLOCK SAFETY.

THE  
CHRONAL...?  
OKAY, SOUNDS  
GREAT, BE RIGHT  
THERE.



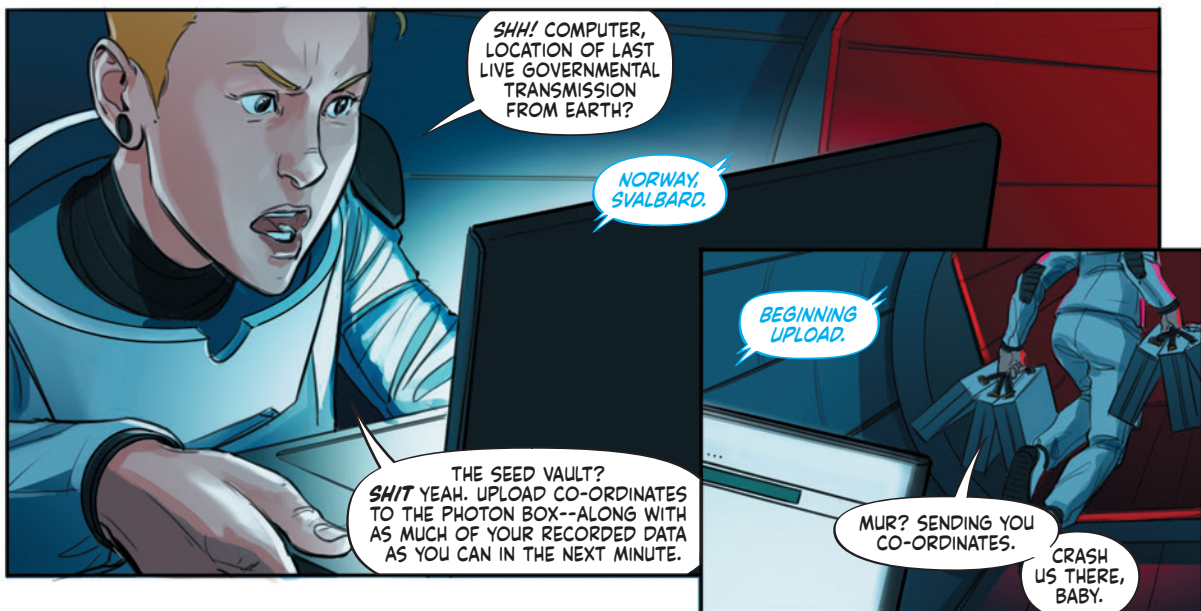
KAY, WE  
HAVE TO GO  
NOW.

IS YOUR  
BELT ON?

KAY!

WE NEED SOME-  
WHERE TO GO **TO**, MURRAY.  
I'M NOT SURVIVING THIS JUST  
FOR YOU TO DIE DOWN  
THERE. COMPUTER--

THERE'S  
NO TIME--



SHH! COMPUTER,  
LOCATION OF LAST  
LIVE GOVERNMENTAL  
TRANSMISSION  
FROM EARTH?

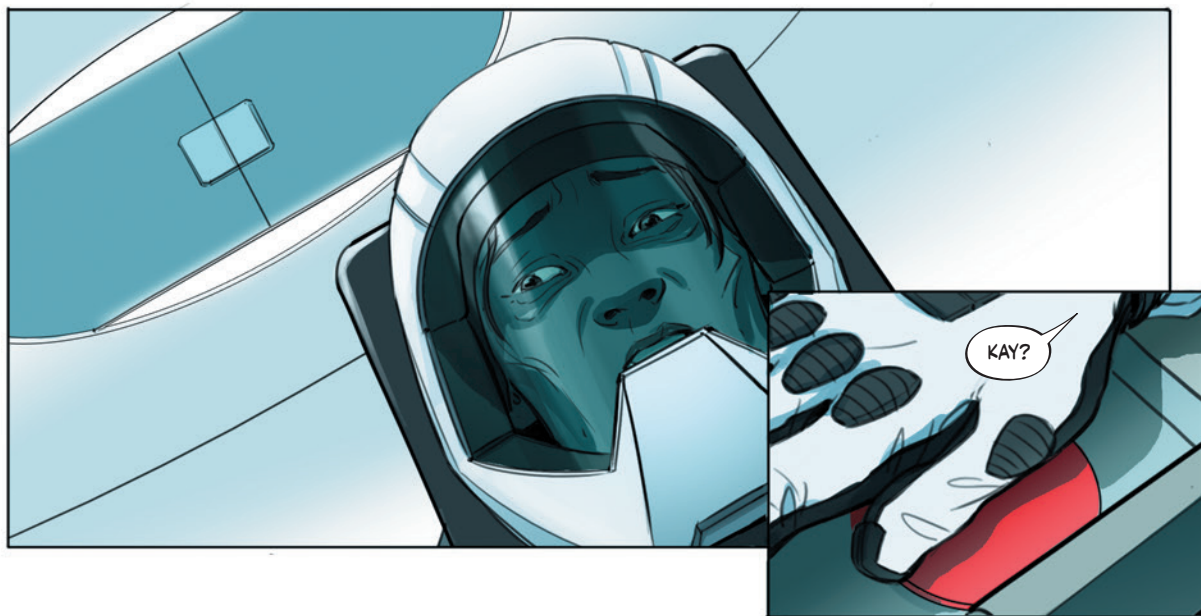
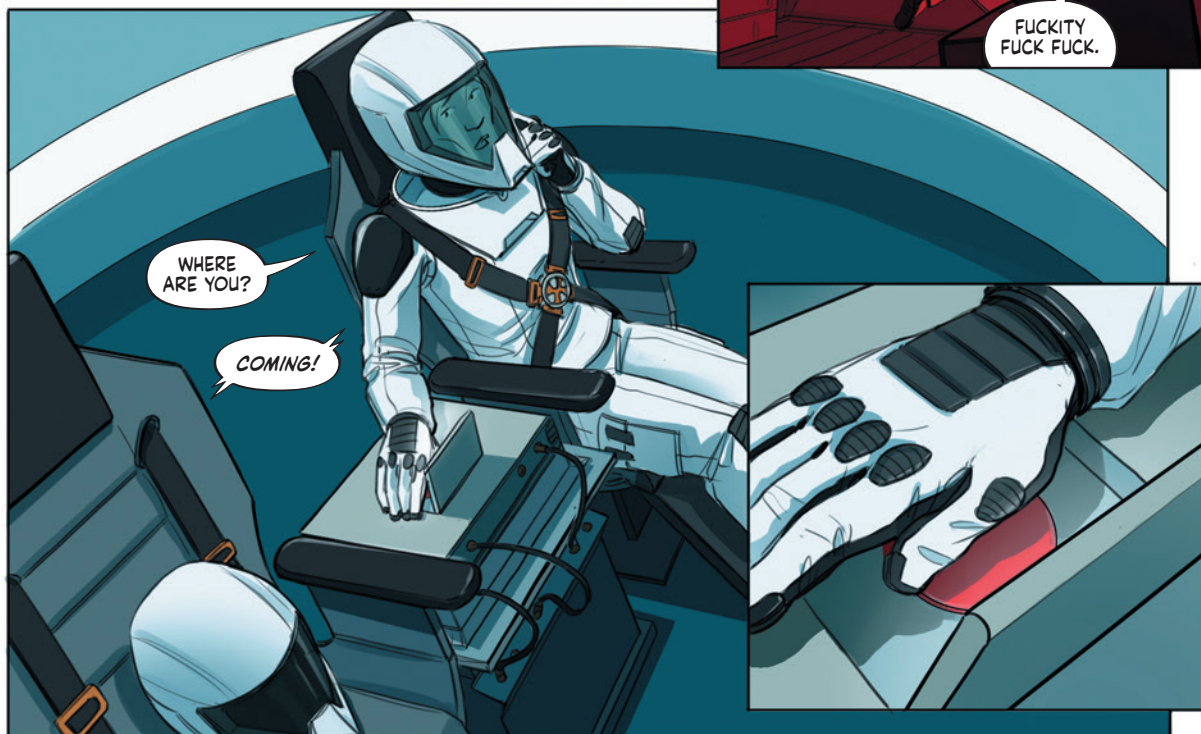
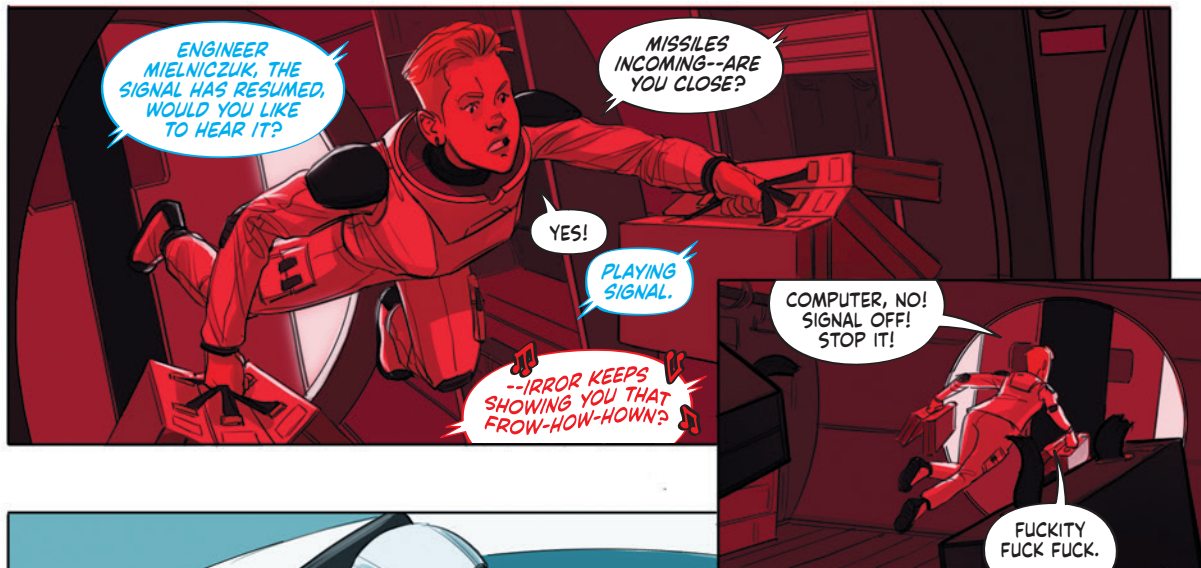
NORWAY,  
SVALBARD.

THE SEED VAULT?  
**SHIT** YEAH. UPLOAD CO-ORDINATES  
TO THE PHOTON BOX--ALONG WITH  
AS MUCH OF YOUR RECORDED DATA  
AS YOU CAN IN THE NEXT MINUTE.

BEGINNING  
UPLOAD.

MUR? SENDING YOU  
CO-ORDINATES.

CRASH  
US THERE,  
BABY.





KROOOM





ENGINEER  
MIELNICZUK,  
ARE YOU STILL  
THERE?

BROADCAST HAS  
BEEN IDLE FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES.  
CANCELLING BROADCAST. PLAYING  
DEFAULT MESSAGE.




MESSAGE FOR  
KAY AND MURRAY  
MIELNICZUK, UH, HI?  
I'M RECORDING THIS  
JUST BEFORE YOU  
LAUNCH.

AND I'M  
WHISPERING  
BECAUSE I'M NOT  
MEANT TO BE,  
BUT...




...IF EVERYTHING  
GOES SIDEWAYS I DON'T LIKE  
THE THOUGHT OF YOU TWO  
BEING STRANDED OUT THERE  
ALONE.

YOU SEE, WE  
COULD BE WRONG,  
ABOUT TIME TRAVEL,  
ABOUT EVERYTHING,  
AND IF WE ARE...




...WELL, IT'S WORSE  
THAN YOU THINK. IT'S MUCH,  
MUCH WORSE--TECHNICALLY,  
NO-ONE'S EVER BEEN IN AS  
MUCH DANGER AS YOU  
ARE NOW.

SORRY.



BUT THEN,  
IF THAT'S THE  
CASE...AND IF I'M  
CORRECT...

THERE'S  
A WAY  
BACK.

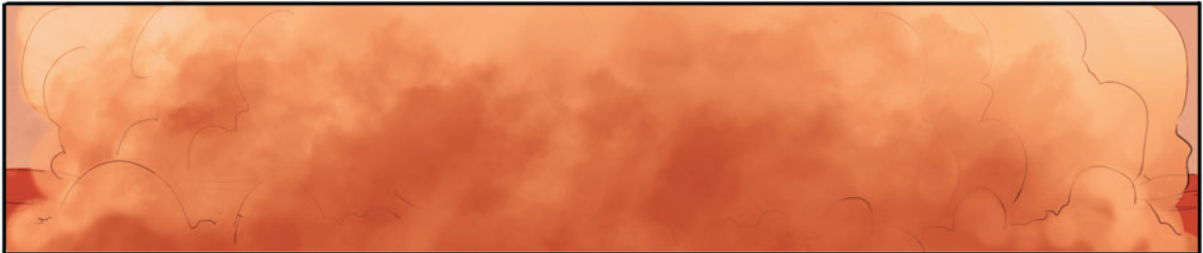
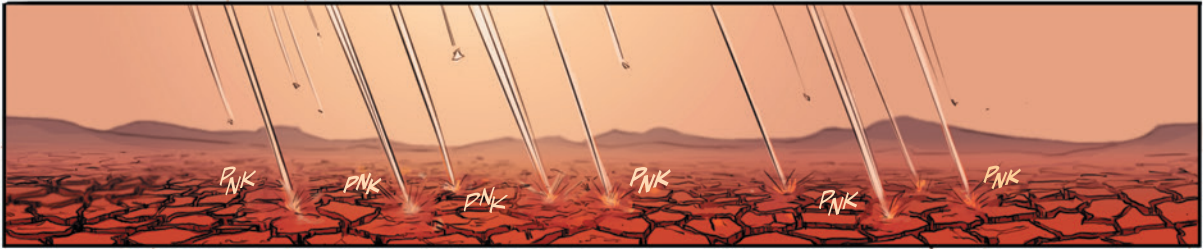


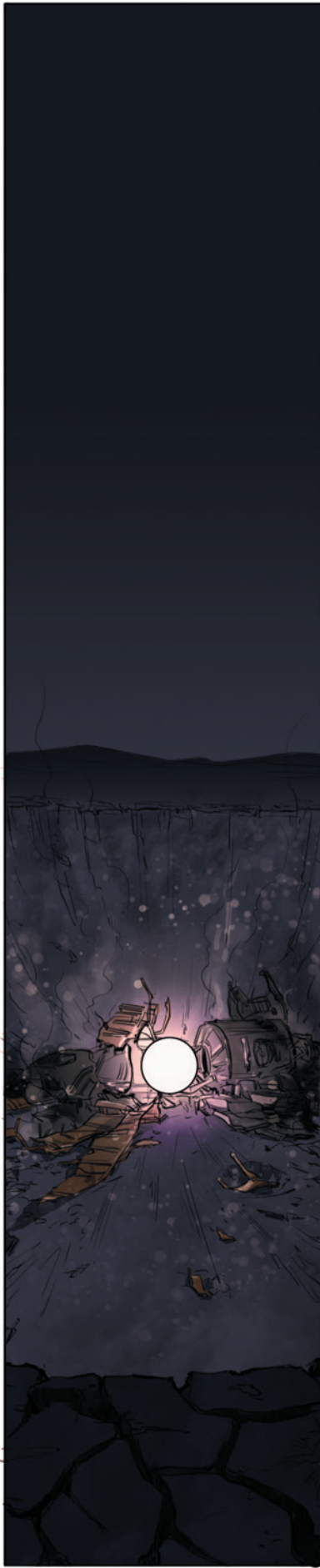
ONLY ONE, AND  
IT'S ONLY THEORETICAL,  
BUT JUST STAY CALM,  
STAY TOGETHER.

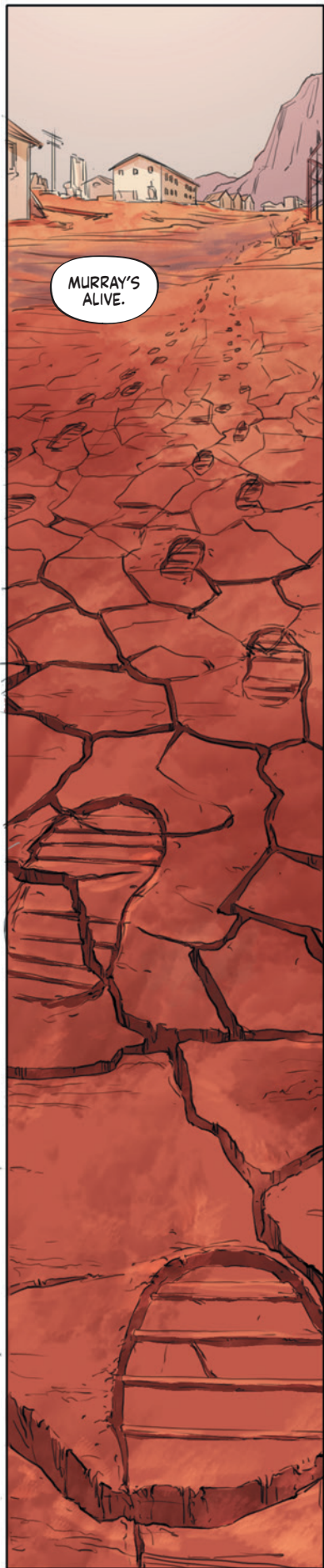
EVERYTHING'S  
GOING TO BE--

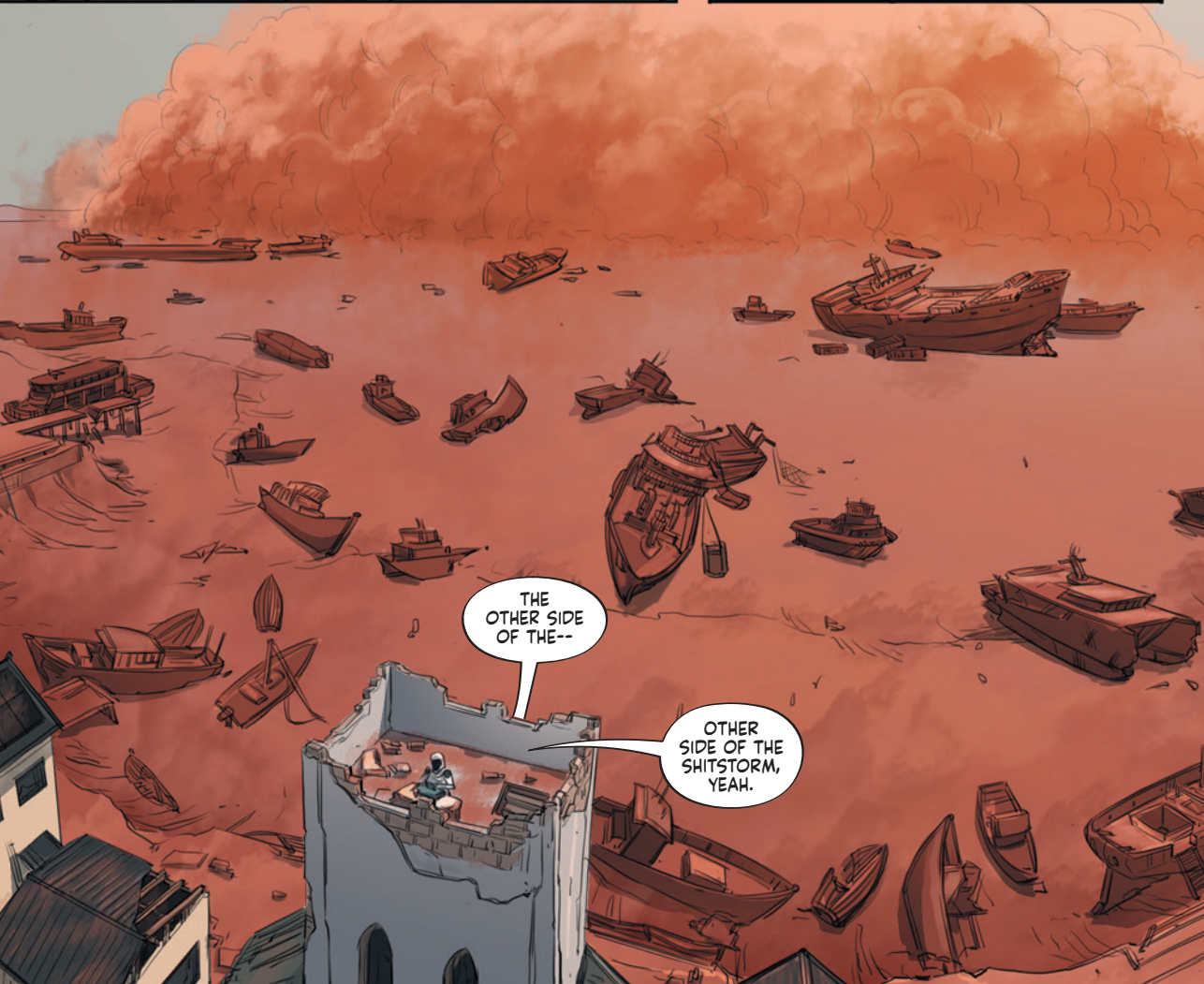


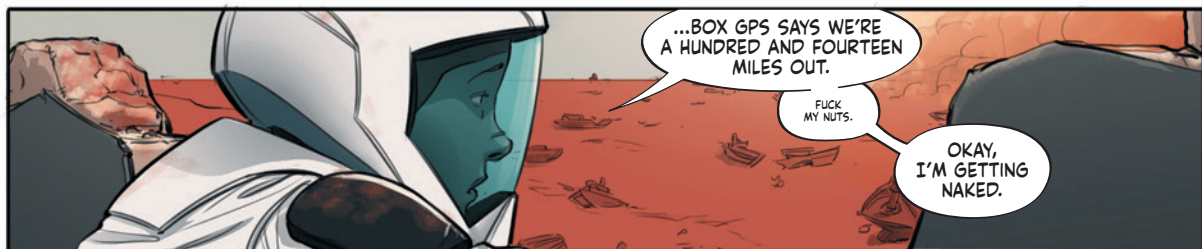
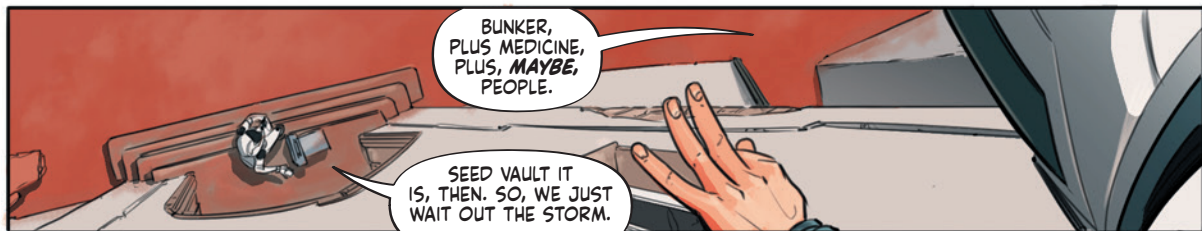
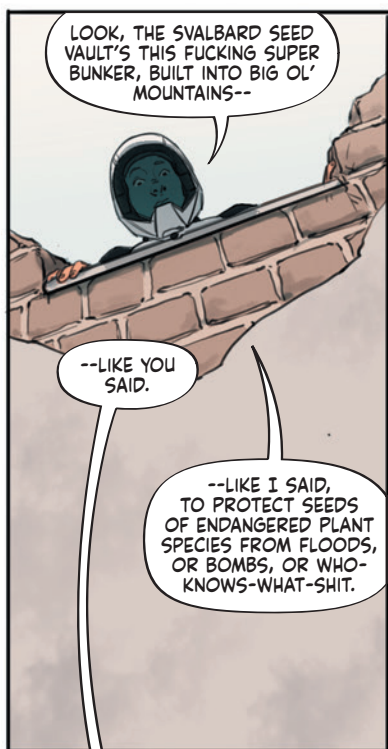
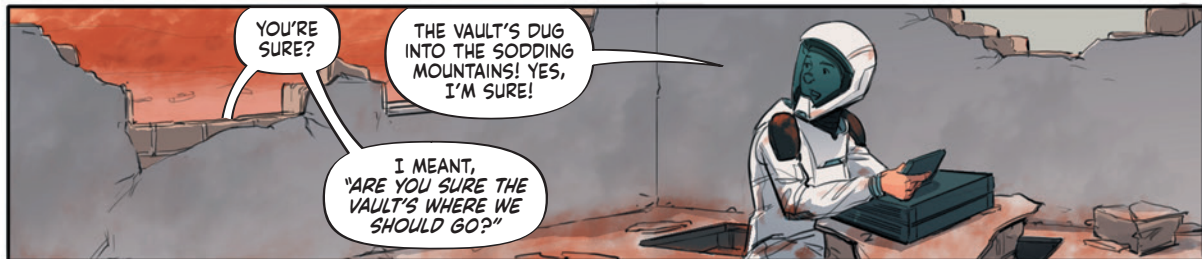
End of Chapter Two

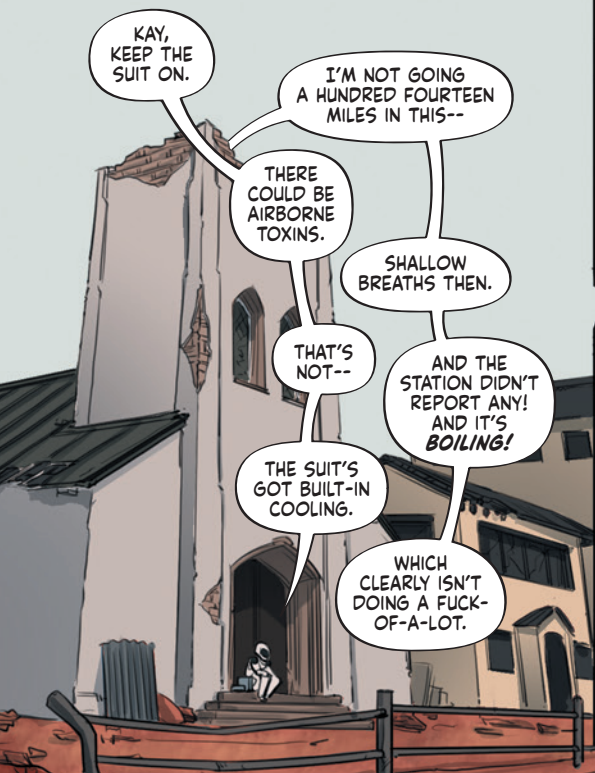












"YOU ARE  
GOING  
TO DIE.

"SOON."

DRINK  
THIS.

WHAT'S THAT  
NOW, TWICE IN TWO  
DAYS? WISH WE'D SAVED  
YOUR MEDS FROM  
THE TRURO.

WHY  
AM I ON  
A CAR?

SO I DON'T  
LOSE YOU WHILE I  
TRY TO BREAK INTO  
ONE OF THESE  
BASTARDS.

THEY'RE ALL BIO-LOCKED,  
I THINK. AND YOU'VE GOTTEN  
REALLY LIGHT. HUNGRY?

NOT REALLY.

EAT ANYWAY.

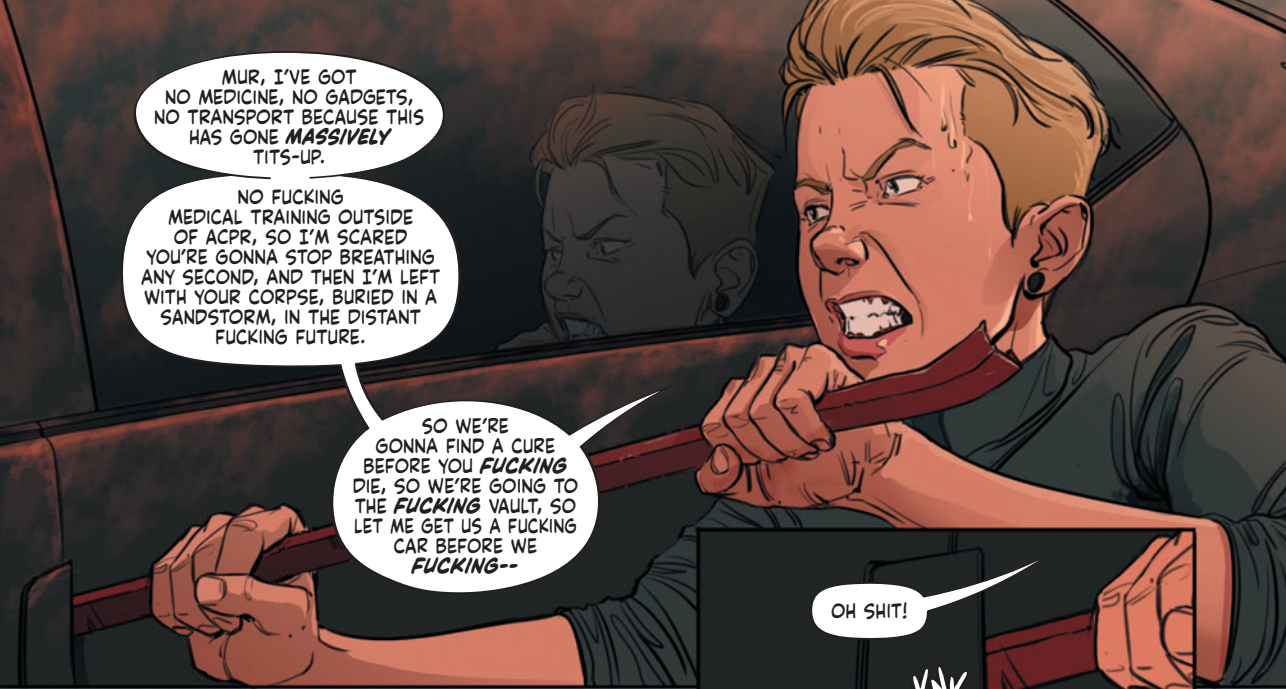
SHOULDN'T  
WE BE INSIDE  
SOMEWHERE?

NO, WE'RE GETTING A CAR  
AN' GOING TO THE VAULT.  
EVEN IF IT'S THROUGH THE  
SHITSTORM.

LITERAL STORM,  
METAPHORICAL  
SHIT.

KAY,  
WE NEED TO  
GET INSIDE  
RIGHT--

OH WOW,  
SHUT UP!



MUR, I'VE GOT  
NO MEDICINE, NO GADGETS,  
NO TRANSPORT BECAUSE THIS  
HAS GONE **MASSIVELY**  
TITS-UP.

NO FUCKING  
MEDICAL TRAINING OUTSIDE  
OF ACPR, SO I'M SCARED  
YOU'RE GONNA STOP BREATHING  
ANY SECOND, AND THEN I'M LEFT  
WITH YOUR CORPSE, BURIED IN A  
SANDSTORM, IN THE DISTANT  
FUCKING FUTURE.

SO WE'RE  
GONNA FIND A CURE  
BEFORE YOU **FUCKING**  
DIE, SO WE'RE GOING TO  
THE **FUCKING** VAULT, SO  
LET ME GET US A **FUCKING**  
CAR BEFORE WE  
**FUCKING--**

OH SHIT!

KNK



OH SHIT!



OH SHIT!

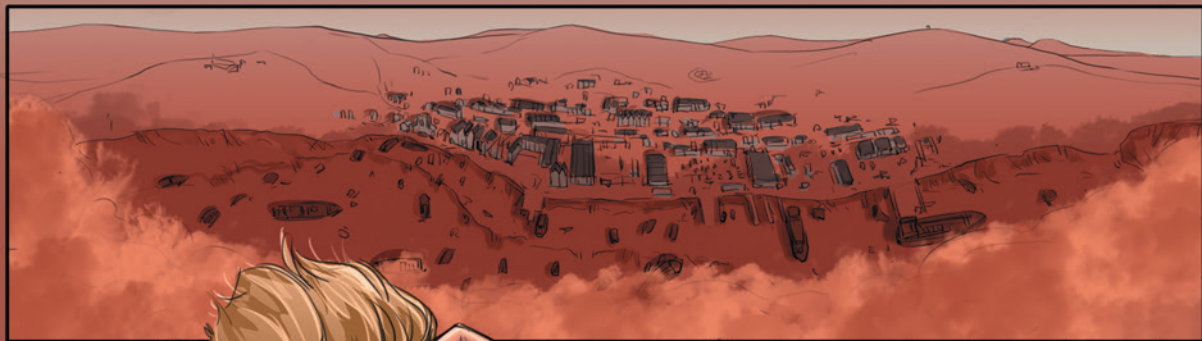


OH. SHIT.

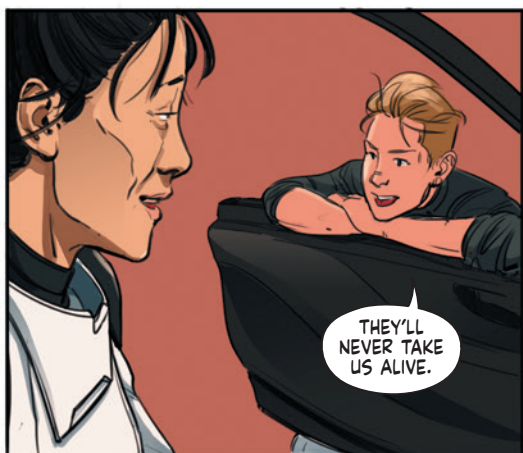
THIS IS...  
I *THINK* IT'S AN  
ENGINE?



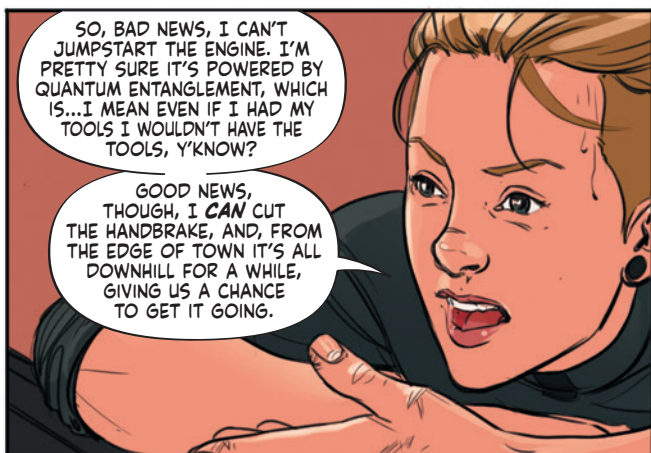
OKAY,  
LEMMIE GET  
INTO THIS.



IT THINKS IT STUN-SHOCKED YOU WHILE YOU WERE BREAKING IN. FORTY-EIGHT TIMES. AUTHORITIES HAVE BEEN CALLED.



THEY'LL NEVER TAKE US ALIVE.



SO, BAD NEWS, I CAN'T JUMPSTART THE ENGINE. I'M PRETTY SURE IT'S POWERED BY QUANTUM ENTANGLEMENT, WHICH IS...I MEAN EVEN IF I HAD MY TOOLS I WOULDN'T HAVE THE TOOLS, Y'KNOW?

GOOD NEWS, THOUGH, I *CAN* CUT THE HANDBRAKE, AND, FROM THE EDGE OF TOWN IT'S ALL DOWNHILL FOR A WHILE, GIVING US A CHANCE TO GET IT GOING.

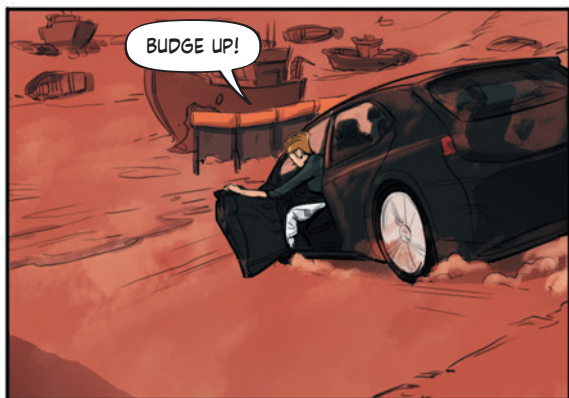
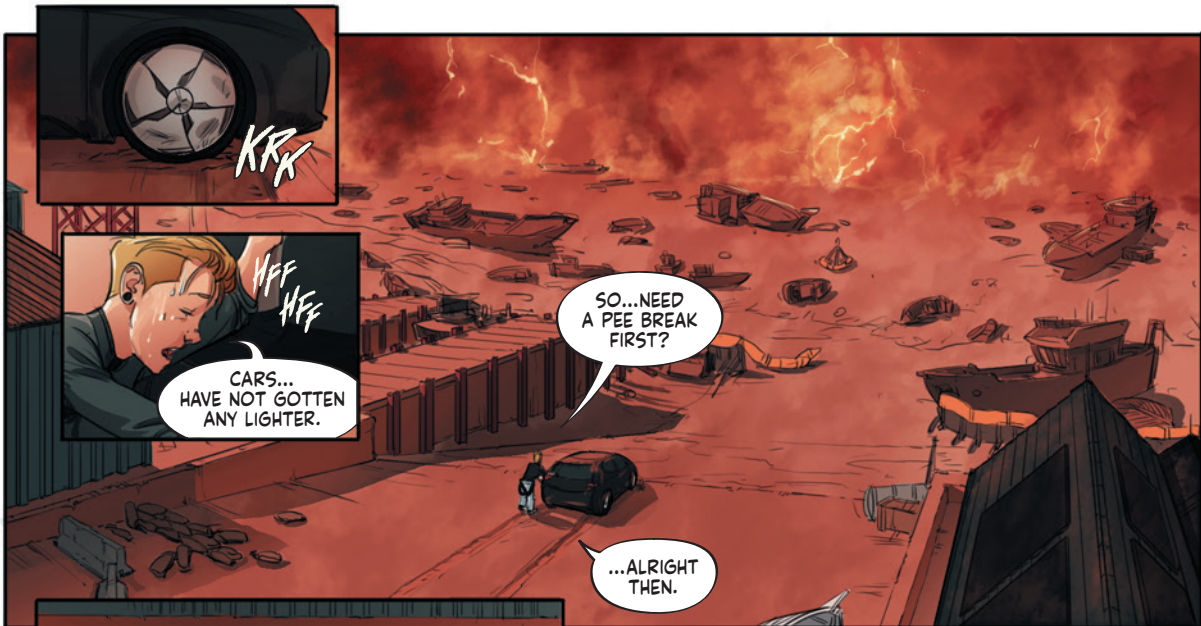


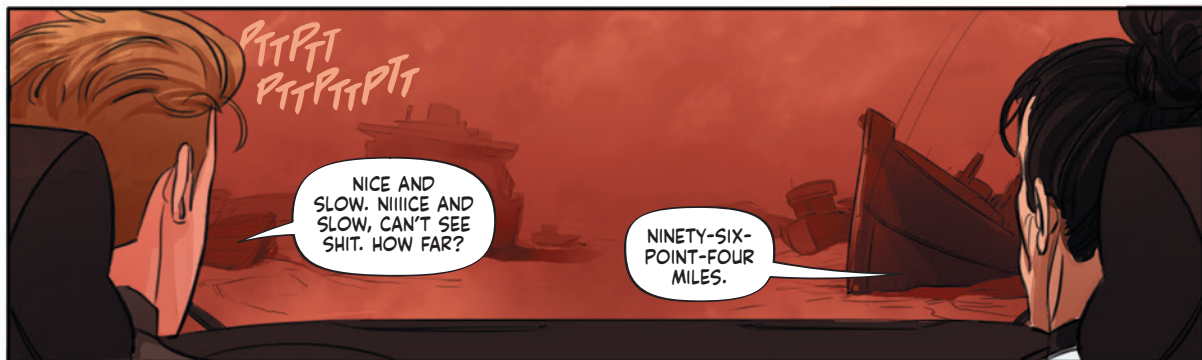
GRAB THE WHEEL, I'LL DO THE REST.

AND REMEMBER, NORWEGIANS DRIVE ON THE RIGHT.



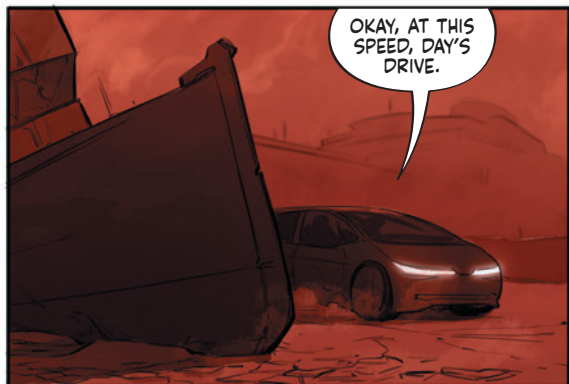
SHFF SHFF



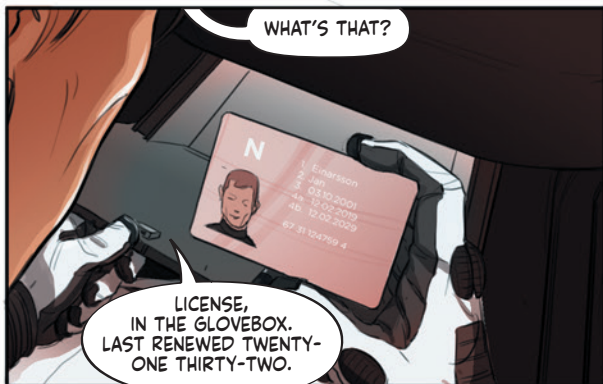


NICE AND SLOW. NIIICE AND SLOW, CAN'T SEE SHIT. HOW FAR?

NINETY-SIX-POINT-FOUR MILES.



OKAY, AT THIS SPEED, DAY'S DRIVE.

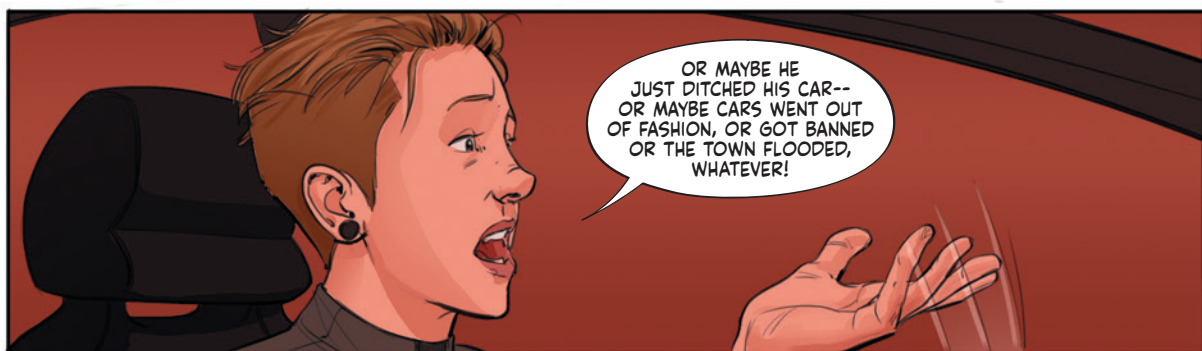


WHAT'S THAT?

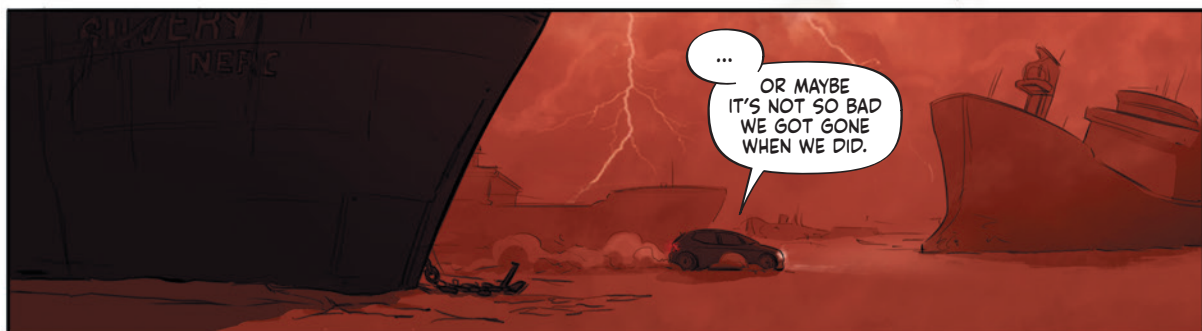
LICENSE, IN THE GLOVEBOX. LAST RENEWED TWENTY-ONE THIRTY-TWO.



...THEY ONLY LASTED A FEW DECADES AFTER WE LEFT.



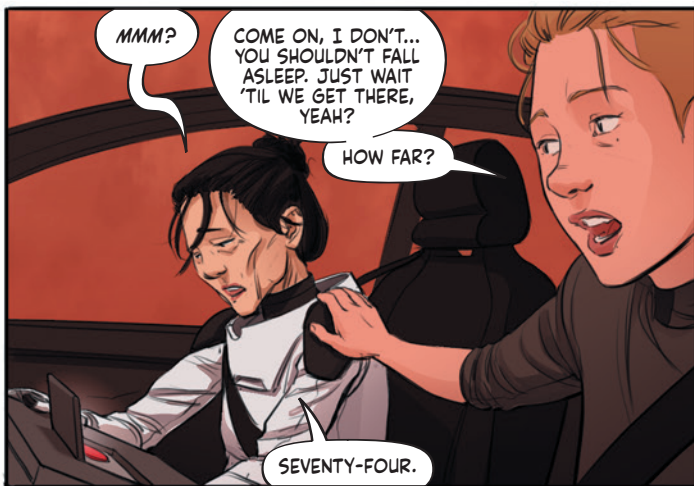
OR MAYBE HE JUST DITCHED HIS CAR-- OR MAYBE CARS WENT OUT OF FASHION, OR GOT BANNED OR THE TOWN FLOODED, WHATEVER!



... OR MAYBE IT'S NOT SO BAD WE GOT GONE WHEN WE DID.



I THINK WE'RE  
ALMOST THROUGH  
THE SHIPS. HOW  
FAR NOW?



MMM?

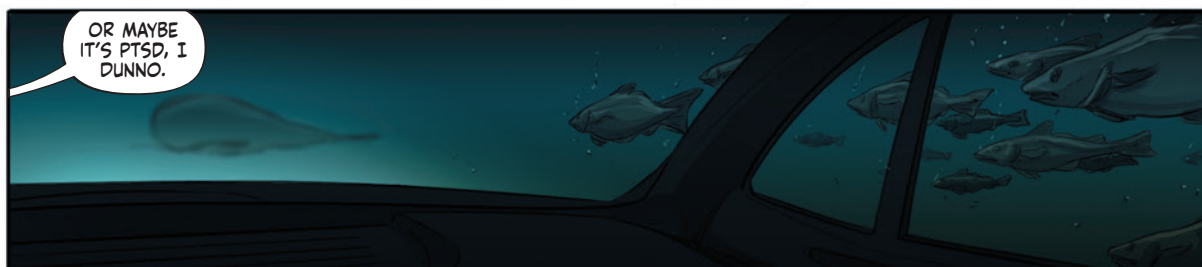
COME ON, I DON'T...  
YOU SHOULDN'T FALL  
ASLEEP. JUST WAIT  
'TIL WE GET THERE,  
YEAH?

HOW FAR?

SEVENTY-FOUR.



...EEP HEARING IT,  
YOU KNOW? IT'S  
CATCHY.



OR MAYBE  
IT'S PTSD, I  
DUNNO.



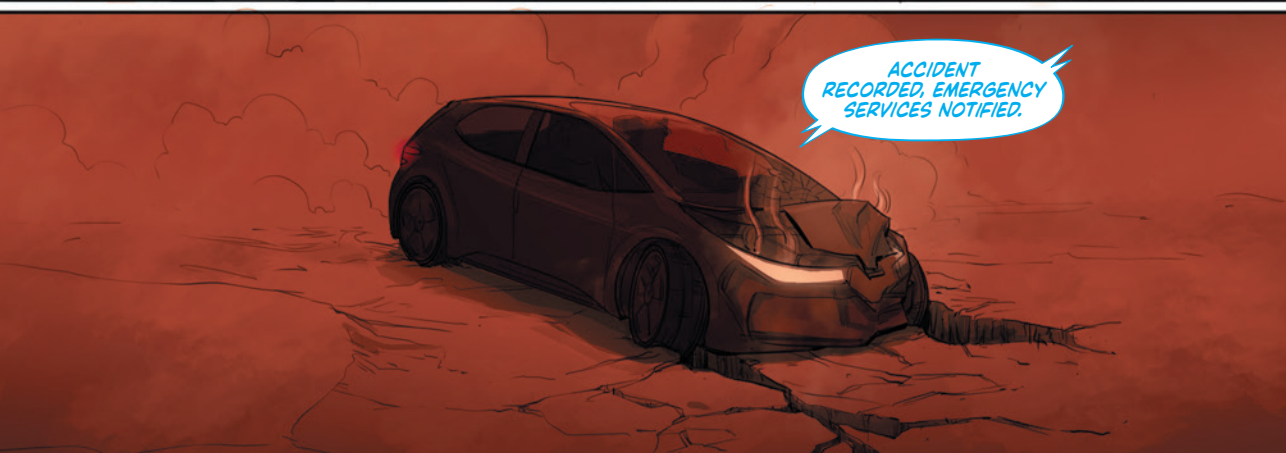
YOU LISTENING?

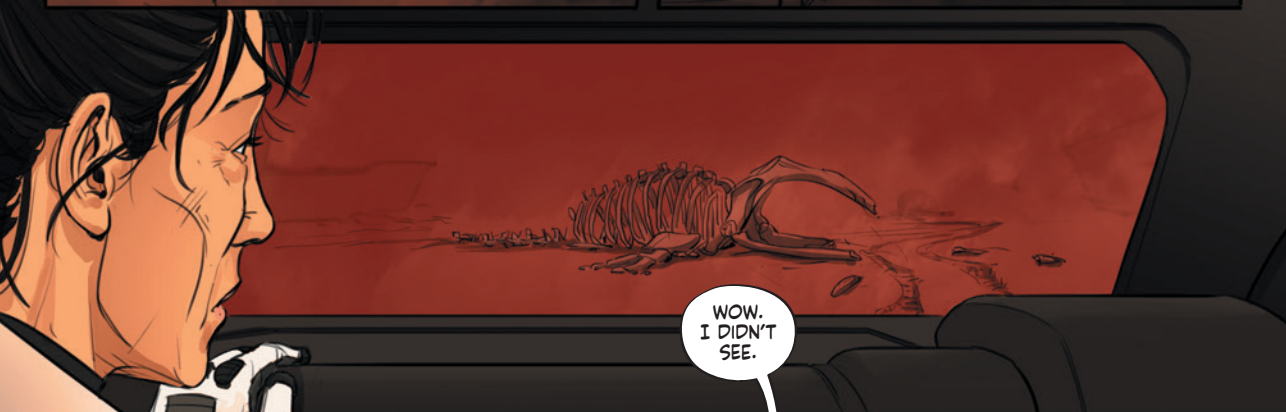
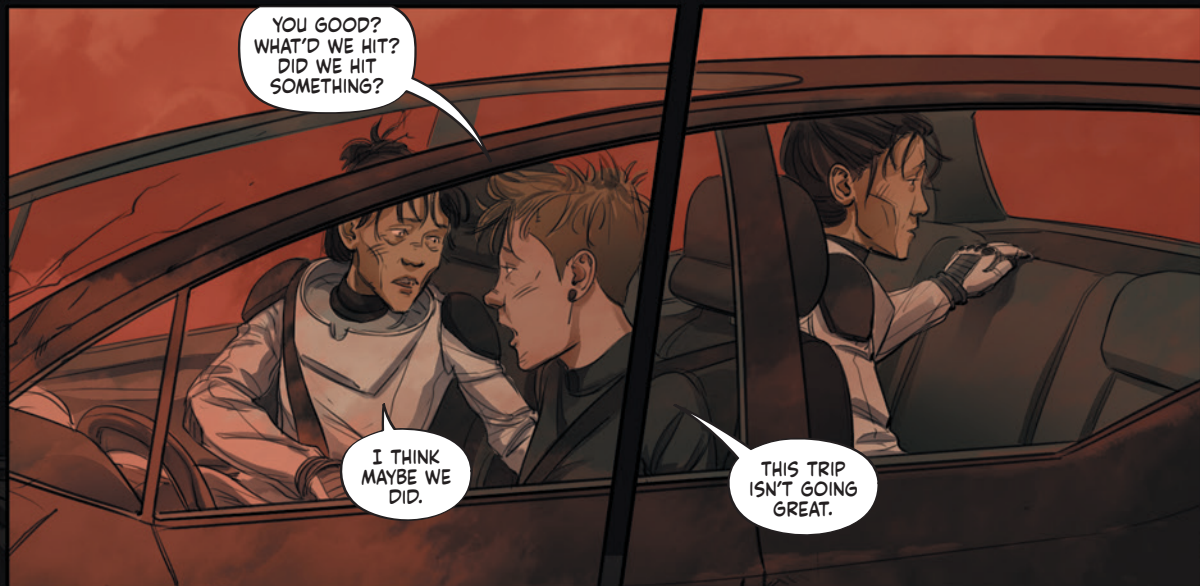


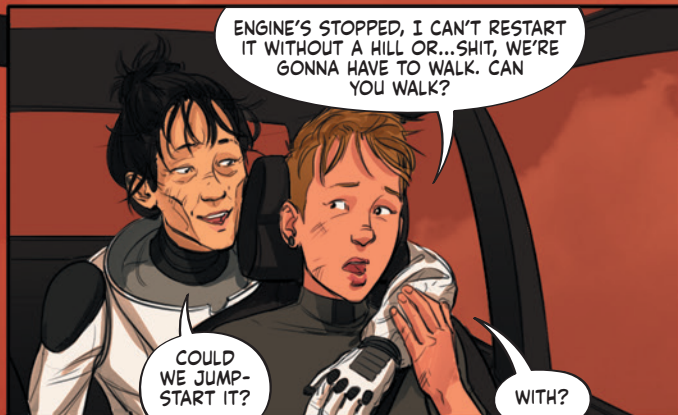
SHIT, YOU'RE  
NOT ASLEEP AGAIN  
ARE Y--



HEY, WHOA!



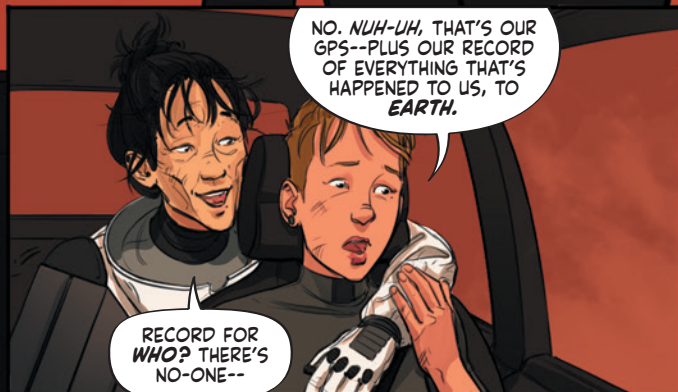




ENGINE'S STOPPED, I CAN'T RESTART IT WITHOUT A HILL OR...SHIT, WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO WALK. CAN YOU WALK?

COULD WE JUMP-START IT?

WITH?



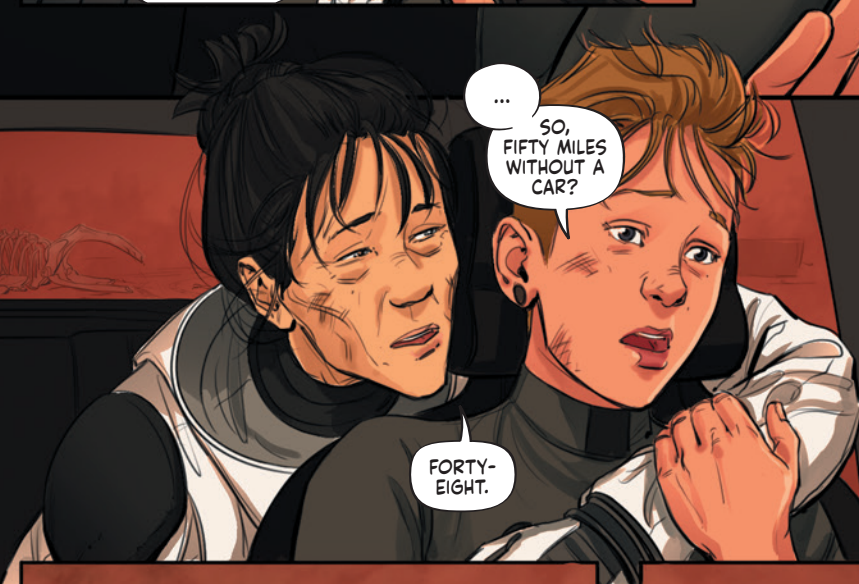
NO. NUH-UH, THAT'S OUR GPS--PLUS OUR RECORD OF EVERYTHING THAT'S HAPPENED TO US, TO **EARTH**.

RECORD FOR **WHO?** THERE'S NO-ONE--



LOOK, I'M NOT HOOKING IT UP TO FUCK-KNOWS-WHAT VOLTAGE AND HOPING!

YOU ASTRONAUT, ME ENGINEER. NEXT TIME WE'RE IN SPACE, YOU CAN MAKE DECISIONS AGAIN.



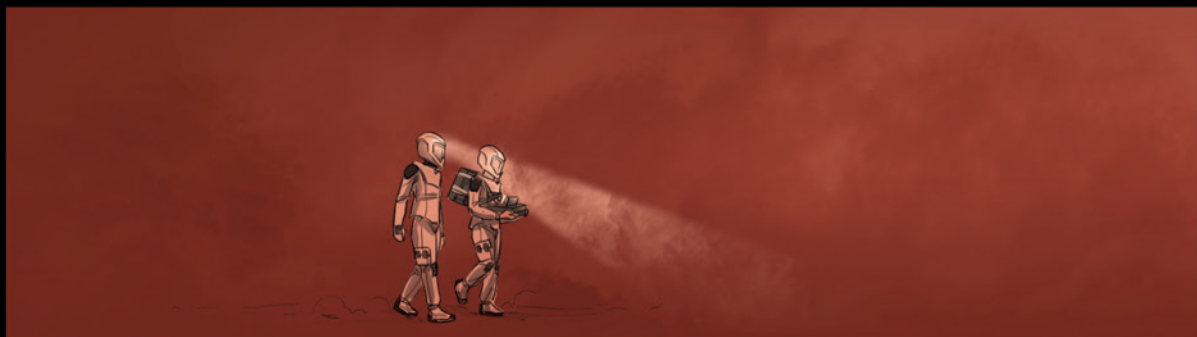
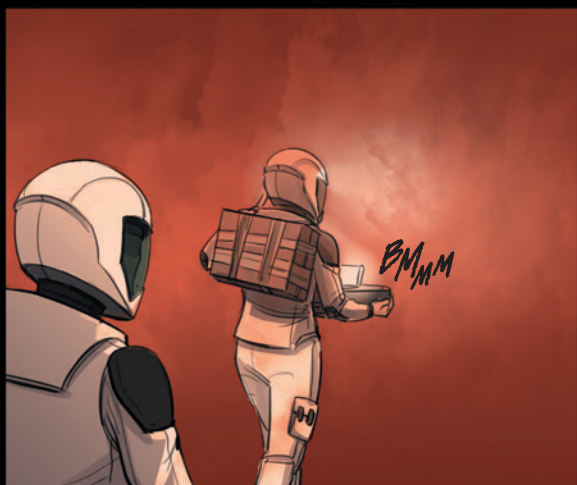
...  
SO, FIFTY MILES WITHOUT A CAR?

FORTY-EIGHT.

GRAND. SUITS ON, WE SHOULD GO.



WANT TO MAKE OUT FIRST?





IS THE STORM  
GETTING WORSE  
OR--

IT'S  
GETTING  
DARK.



WE'VE GOTTA COME OUT THE  
OTHER SIDE SOMETIME, RIGHT?  
THIS'D BE EASIER WITHOUT  
A HUNDRED TONNES OF  
FLYING DESERT.

COULD BE  
~~SHFF~~ COULD BE A  
THOUSAND MILES  
OF THIS YET.



THE ENGINE  
ANYWAY.

AW, MAN, I HATE  
THAT FUCKER. BUT  
IF WE HOOK IT UP  
TO THE...



*BM MM*



WAIT!







KTK

KTKK





LAST TWO PEOPLE ON EARTH, SITTING IN A HOLE.

NO ONE'LL KNOW HOW FAR WE GOT.

I TOLD YOU--

I DON'T MEAN US, I MEAN...LIKE CHRISTMAS.

PRESENTS, JINGLES... WE DID THAT FOR *THOUSANDS* OF YEARS. WHO'D BELIEVE IT UNLESS THEY'D SEEN IT?

EVERYTHING HUMANITY EVER DID, AND NO-ONE WILL KNOW.



YEAH, WELL, YESTERDAY 'HUMANITY' WAS EXTINCT. AND NOW HERE WE ARE AGAIN, MAKING FIRE.

WE...WE GOING TO REPOPULATE THE EARTH?

HAPPY TO TRY IF YOU ARE.



I SAW THINGS. IN THE STORM.

SO? YOU'RE EXHAUSTED.

AND UP ON THE STATION. IT'S NOT EXHAUSTION OR...IT'S ME. MY HEAD. EVERYTHING'S COMING APART.



SO EVEN IF THERE WAS A CURE AT THE SEED VAULT-- AND WE BOTH KNOW THERE ISN'T--BUT EVEN IF THERE WAS, IT'S TOO LATE.

I'M SORRY.

JUST HOLD ON TO ME, WE'LL FIGURE SOMETHING OUT.



JUST KEEP BREATHING, BUD.




MAYBE  
ALIENS? MAYBE  
ALIENS WILL KNOW  
HOW FAR WE  
GOT.

YOU KNOW? AND  
THEY'LL FIND, LIKE, HALF  
AN OLD CHRISTMAS CD AND  
LASER IT BACK TOGETHER  
AND THEY'LL BE ALL, "HUH,  
THESE EARTHLINGS WERE  
PRETTY GOOD."

I KNOW YOU'RE  
ALWAYS LIKE, "MEH  
MEH MEH, FERMI PARADOX,  
ALL THE ALIENS MUST'VE  
SELF-DESTRUCTED," BUT...  
SHIT, MUR, I WASN'T MADE  
FOR PESSIMISM.

WHICH IS  
WHY I GOTTA  
GO.

I'LL LEAVE HALF  
THE SUPPLIES, AND  
THE BOX. I'LL USE MY SUIT  
GPS, AN' HOPEFULLY THE  
STORM'LL CLEAR SOON  
ENOUGH AND...



HERE'S THE THING,  
MURRAY MIELNICZUK. I STILL  
THINK WE'RE GONNA GET HOME.  
AND I STILL THINK YOU'RE  
GONNA GET BETTER.

I DON'T HAVE  
ANY MORE REASON  
TO HOPE THAN YOU DO,  
AND SURE, THE WORLD'S  
NEVER BEEN TOUGHER.  
EVEN BEFORE WE CRASHED  
OUT HERE, EVEN  
BEFORE YOUR  
DIAGNOSIS.

BUT I CAN'T  
GIVE UP ON YOU  
THE WAY YOU  
GAVE UP ON  
YOURSELF.

BECAUSE THE  
PAST IS GONE AND  
THE PRESENT IS FUCKED  
AND THE FUTURE IS ALL  
WE'VE GOT. IT'S ALL  
ANYONE EVER  
FUCKING HAD.

AND YOU'RE  
MY FUTURE, AND  
I'M YOURS.

SO WHY AREN'T  
YOU RAGING TO THE  
FUCKING END TO STAY  
WITH ME?

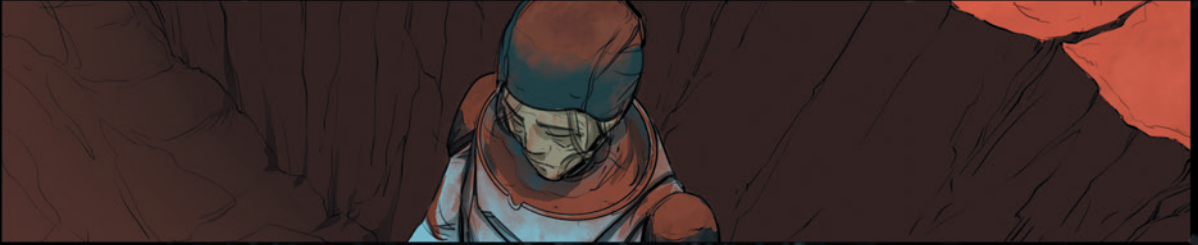
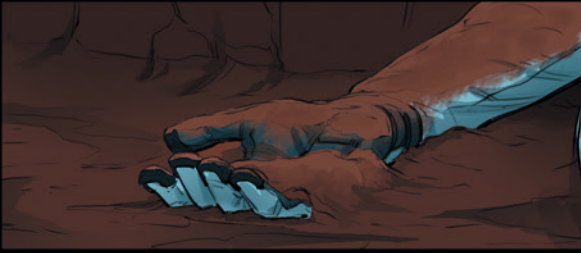
FUCK IT,  
I'LL LEAVE  
A NOTE.

JUST STAY  
HERE.

HOLD ON.

SMK

TSS



End of Chapter Three

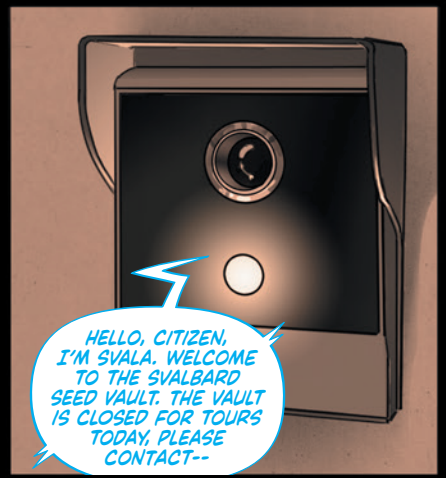




BYONG HALLO.  
HVIKET SPRÅK  
VIL DU  
FORETREKKE?

ENGELSK.

OKAY,  
ENGLISH.

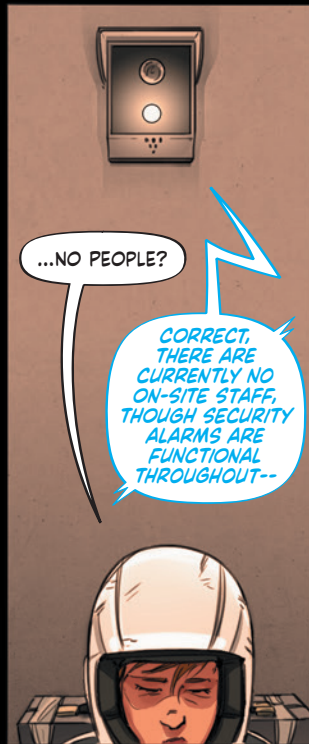


HELLO, CITIZEN.  
I'M SVALA. WELCOME  
TO THE SVALBARD  
SEED VAULT. THE VAULT  
IS CLOSED FOR TOURS  
TODAY, PLEASE  
CONTACT--



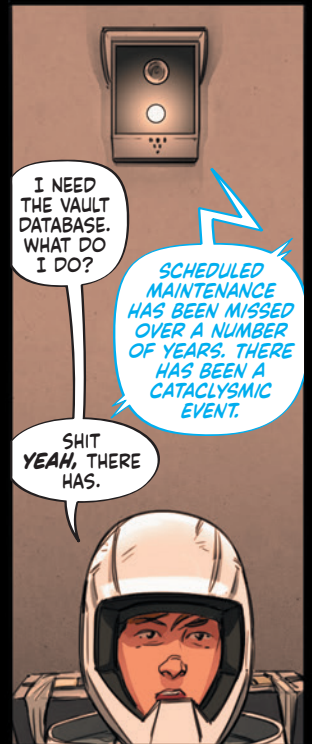
EMERGENCY  
INTERFACE, SVALA.  
ANYONE IN THERE?  
ANY PEOPLE?

THE VAULT  
IS CURRENTLY  
UNOCCUPIED.



...NO PEOPLE?

CORRECT,  
THERE ARE  
CURRENTLY NO  
ON-SITE STAFF,  
THOUGH SECURITY  
ALARMS ARE  
FUNCTIONAL  
THROUGHOUT--



I NEED  
THE VAULT  
DATABASE.  
WHAT DO  
I DO?

SCHEDULED  
MAINTENANCE  
HAS BEEN MISSED  
OVER A NUMBER  
OF YEARS. THERE  
HAS BEEN A  
CATACLYSMIC  
EVENT.

SHIT  
YEAH, THERE  
HAS.



YOU WILL  
THEREFORE BE  
GRANTED ACCESS  
TO BASIC  
SYSTEMS.

YEAH?  
...OOH, DIZZY.  
LONG WALK.

DO YOU  
NEED MEDICAL  
ASSISTANCE?

YEAH  
MAYBE.



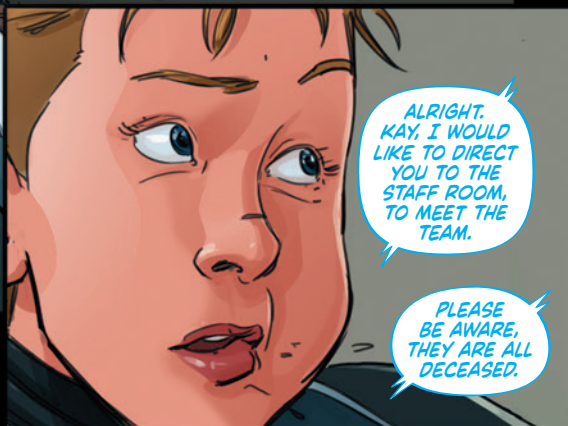
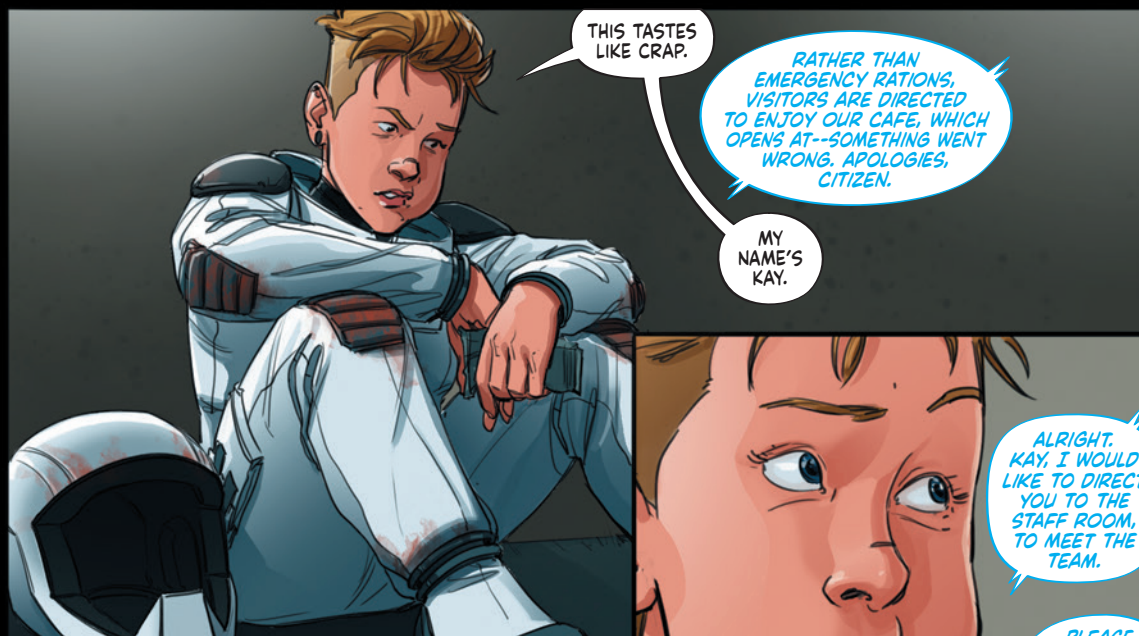
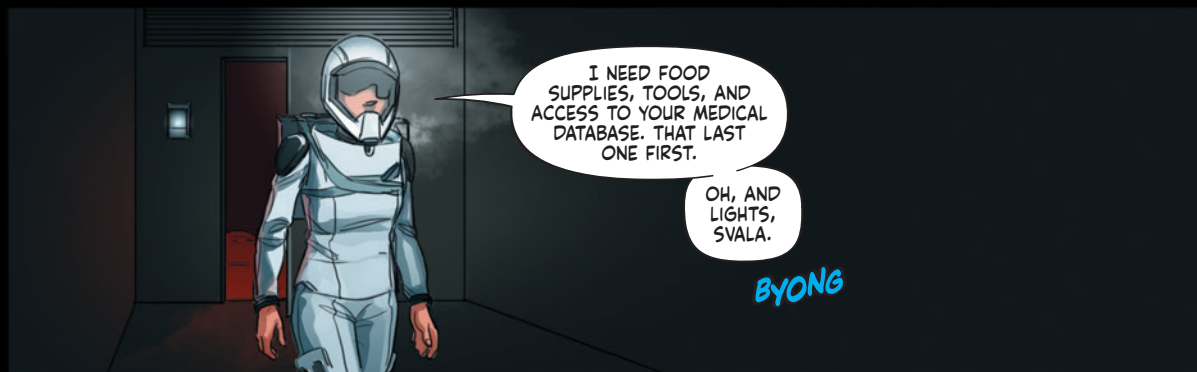
SEARCHING...  
NO ASSISTANCE  
AVAILABLE.

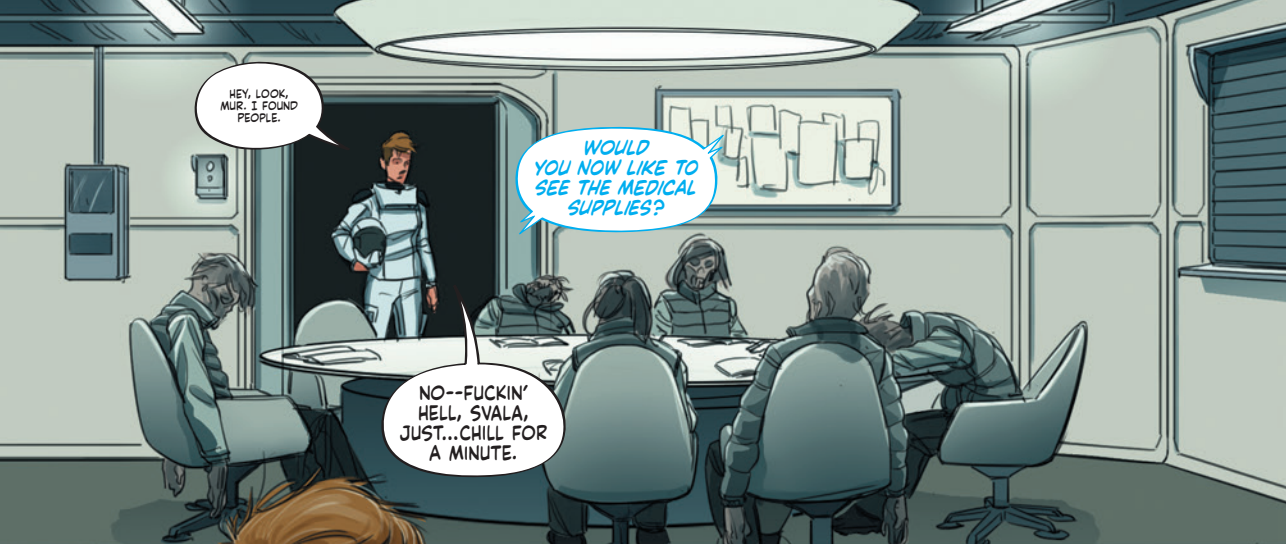
FUCKING  
DELIGHTFUL.



WELCOME  
IN, CITIZEN.

SHAME  
ABOUT THE  
WEATHER.





HEY, LOOK, MUR. I FOUND PEOPLE.

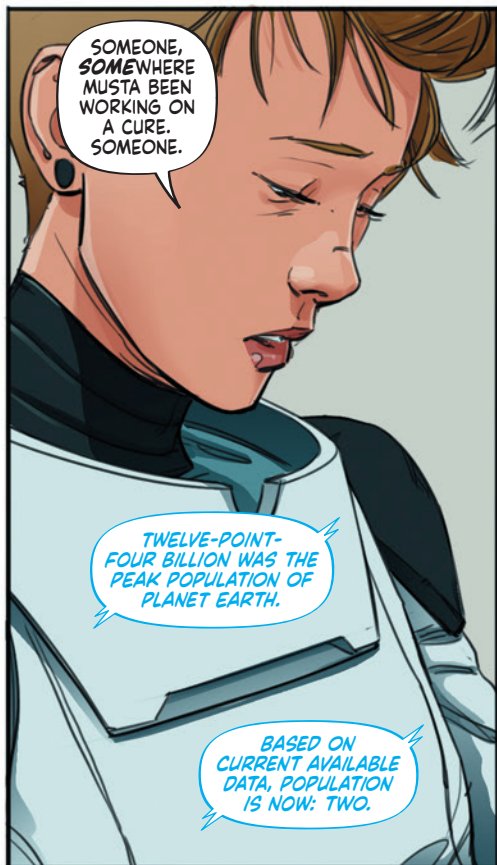
WOULD YOU NOW LIKE TO SEE THE MEDICAL SUPPLIES?

NO--FUCKIN' HELL, SVALA, JUST...CHILL FOR A MINUTE.



I NEED TO GO GET MY WIFE. TAKE HER PAINKILLERS, ADRENALINE MAYBE, OR...

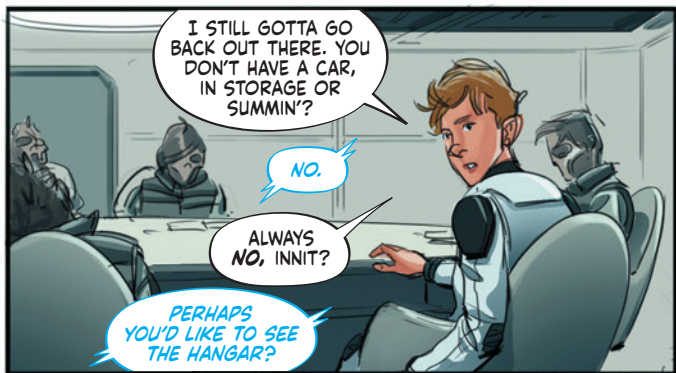
THEN WE COME BACK HERE, WE...MAYBE WE TRY AND GET ACCESS TO AN INTERNET ARCHIVE OR...



SOMEONE, SOMEWHERE MUSTA BEEN WORKING ON A CURE. SOMEONE.

TWELVE-POINT-FOUR BILLION WAS THE PEAK POPULATION OF PLANET EARTH.

BASED ON CURRENT AVAILABLE DATA, POPULATION IS NOW: TWO.



I STILL GOTTA GO BACK OUT THERE. YOU DON'T HAVE A CAR, IN STORAGE OR SUMMIN'?

NO.

ALWAYS NO, INNIT?

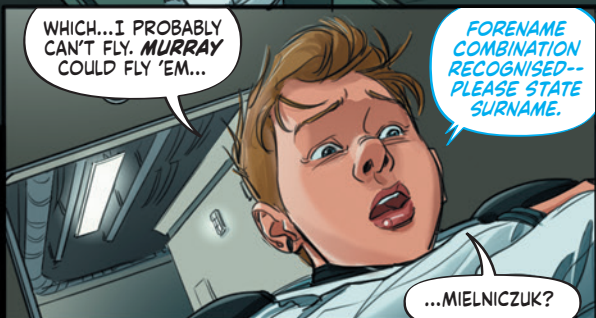
PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO SEE THE HANGAR?

SEE THE SHITTING WHAT?

"SVALA..."



...THESE  
FUCKERS ARE  
SPACESHIPS.



WHICH...I PROBABLY  
CAN'T FLY. **MURRAY**  
COULD FLY 'EM...

FORENAME  
COMBINATION  
RECOGNISED--  
PLEASE STATE  
SURNAME.

...MIELNICZUK?



I HAVE  
A MESSAGE  
FOR YOU. NOW  
PLAYING:

MESSAGE  
FOR KAY AND  
MURRAY  
MIELNICZUK,  
UH, HI?



--OULD BE  
WRONG, ABOUT TIME  
TRAVEL, ABOUT EVERYTHING,  
AND IF WE ARE...WELL IT'S  
WORSE THAN YOU THINK.  
IT'S MUCH, MUCH  
WOR--

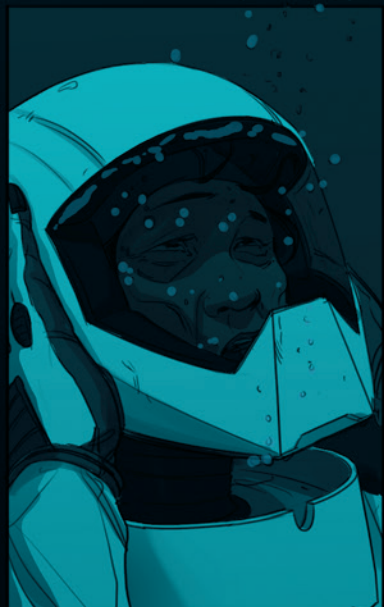
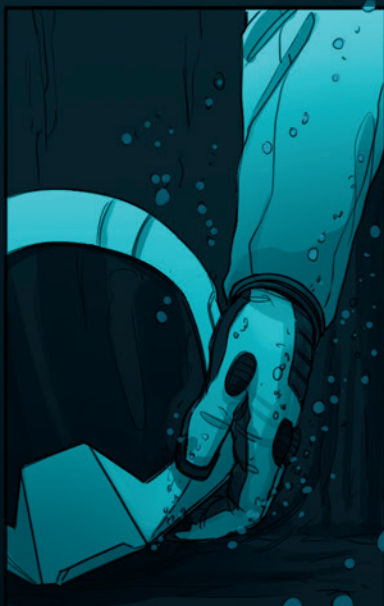


--A WAY BACK.  
ONLY ONE, AND IT'S  
ONLY THEORETICAL, BUT  
JUST STAY CALM, STAY  
TOGETHER. EVERYTHING'S  
GOING TO BE  
ALRIGHT.



OH, EXCEPT  
FOR THE BOX. THAT  
MIGHT GO HAYWIRE,  
AND THEN, UM...

THAT'LL BE  
A PROBLEM.



LONG WAY  
FROM HOME.

MAYBE THIS  
WAS A DREAM

AND SHE'S  
SAFE

BACK  
HOME.

I'M DYING IN

A HOSPITAL BED.  
COMING APART.

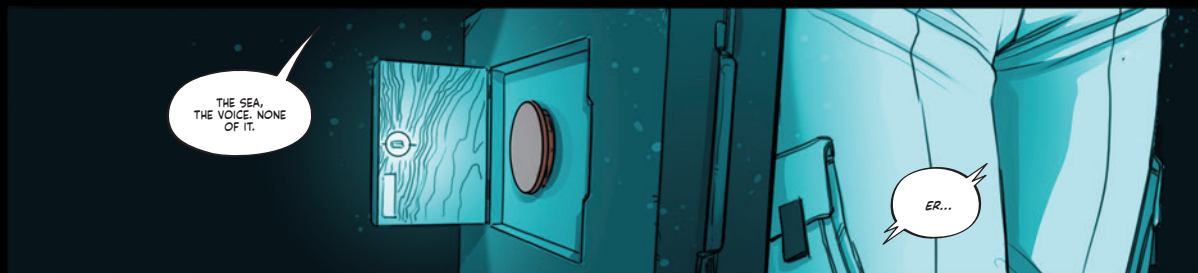
AND SHE'S  
HOLDING  
MY HAND

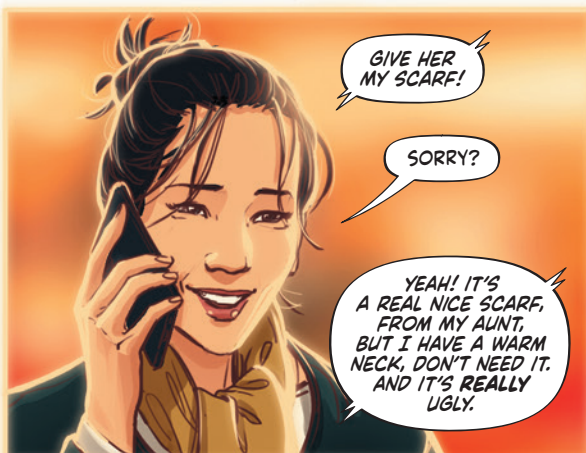
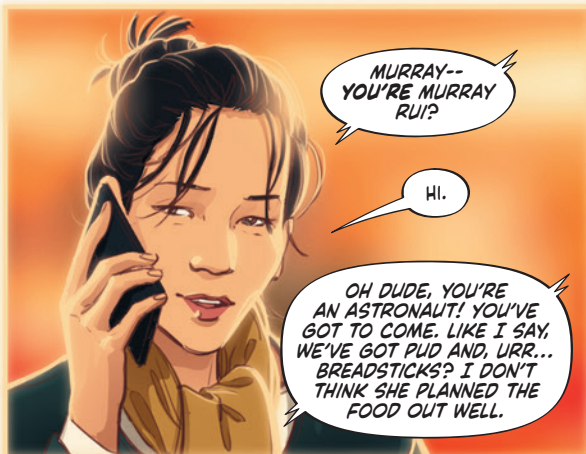
AND SHE'S  
SAFE.

BUT MAYBE  
SHE'S NOT.

SHIT,  
WE'RE GONNA  
HAVE TO  
WALK.









COME  
TO THE  
PARTY!

IT'S NOT  
REAL.



I'M  
KAY, BY THE  
WAY.



LIKE THE  
LETTER, BUT  
A NAME?

YEAH,  
YOU GET  
IT.



STILL NOT  
REAL.

BUT C'MON,  
THOUGH, THAT'S  
SAD. YOU CLIMB  
DOWN OFF YOUR  
LAUNCHPAD AND  
YOU COME EAT  
PUD.

TELL YOU  
WHAT, IF YOU  
COME, I'LL STAY  
ON THE PHONE  
THE WHOLE  
TIME.

YES,  
THAT'S  
A GOOD  
THING!



KAY WAS  
GOING TO  
THE VAULT.

SO, YOU'RE  
ON YOUR WAY  
NOW, RIGHT? TO  
THE STATION?

JUST FOLLOW  
THE BOX MAP TO  
HER.

I MEAN,  
YOU'LL MAKE IT  
BEFORE MIDNIGHT  
AND NEW YEAR.  
PROBABLY.

DON'T WANDER  
OFF-COURSE.

NAH, I'M  
GOOD, JUST  
GOTTA FIND A  
BEER OR SOME-  
THING, I'M GONNA  
GET DEHYDRATED  
WITH ALL THE  
TALKING.

WHILE I'M  
AT IT, LEMME MIX  
YOU A COCKTAIL  
FOR WHEN YOU  
GET HERE?

UH, I SAID A  
COCKTAIL. G AND T  
IS LIKE...MURRAY,  
ARE YOU A BORING  
PERSON?

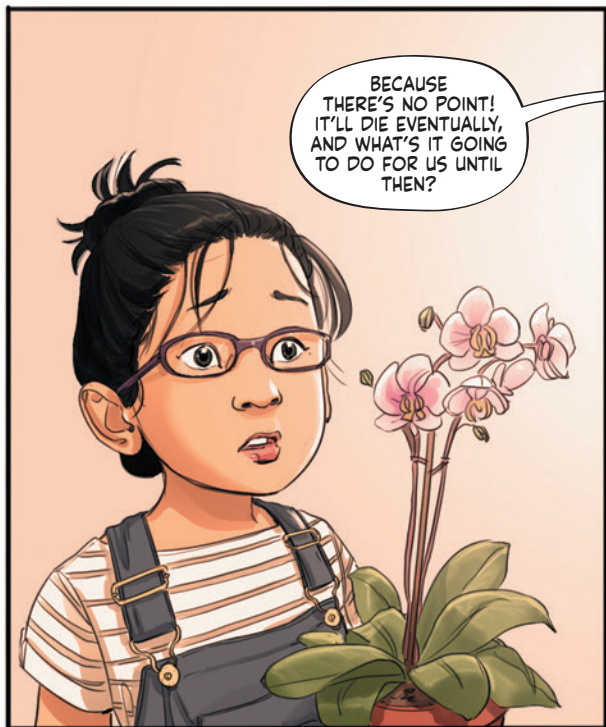
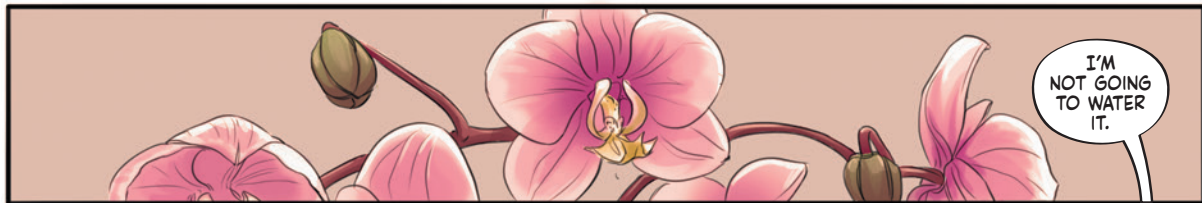
YOU LIVE  
IN SPACE AND YOU  
CAN'T EVEN--OKAY,  
OKAY!

JUST KEEP  
WALKING.

I'M GONNA  
MAKE YOU AN  
ELDERFLOWER  
SPRI...WITH  
SOME MINT  
AND...

I...IGHT BE  
DOING THIS TOO  
EARL...IF Y...

HONESTLY,  
MURRAY, YOU  
HAVE TO THINK  
THESE THINGS  
THROUGH.





THE HARDER YOU IGNORE IT, THE BLUNTER I'LL HAVE TO BE. YOU NEED TO HEAR THIS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD.

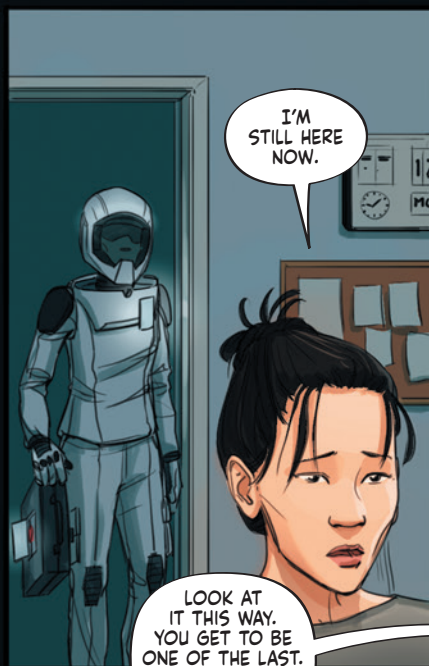


YOUR CONDITION IS TERMINAL. YOU **ARE** GOING TO DIE.

IT ISN'T A MATTER OF WILLPOWER, OF TENACITY. YOU ARE GOING TO DIE.



SOON.



I'M STILL HERE NOW.

LOOK AT IT THIS WAY. YOU GET TO BE ONE OF THE LAST. YOU **GOT** TO BE ONE OF THE LAST.



AND YOU'LL HARDLY BE MISSING OUT ON MUCH.



**KSSW** --PERLY CAUSE GETTING THE BLUEPRINTS FOR PRINTING SPARE BIKE PARTS TAKES AGES.





BUT THEN,  
YOU KNOW, LEARN  
BY DOING.

ONE FIRE! ONE!  
AN' THAT WAS MY EX'S  
FAULT, HE LEFT A--

YOU'RE NOT FOCUSING  
ON THE--I BUILT THREE  
MOTORBIKES! YOU BUILT,  
ERR, HOWMANYBIKES?



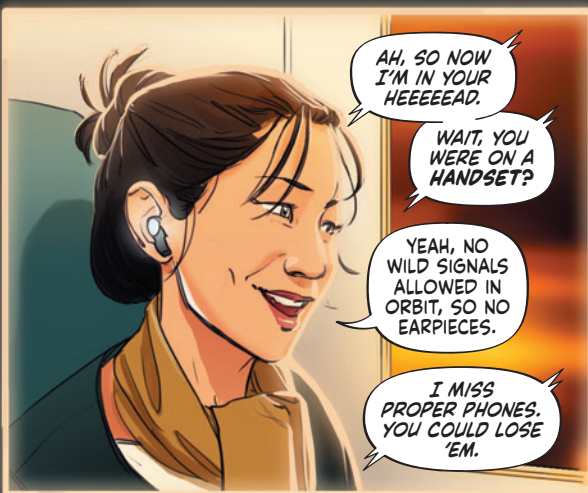
OH, NO  
BIKES? ZERO  
BIKES?

ALRIGHTY,  
I'M HANGING  
ON...HANGING  
ON...WHY'M  
I HANGI



NG ON?

SWITCHED  
YOU TO MY  
HEADPHONES.



AH, SO NOW  
I'M IN YOUR  
HEEEEEEAD.

WAIT, YOU  
WERE ON A  
HANDSET?

YEAH, NO  
WILD SIGNALS  
ALLOWED IN  
ORBIT, SO NO  
EARPIECES.

I MISS  
PROPER PHONES.  
YOU COULD LOSE  
'EM.



SWAP MINE  
FOR YOUR  
SCARF?

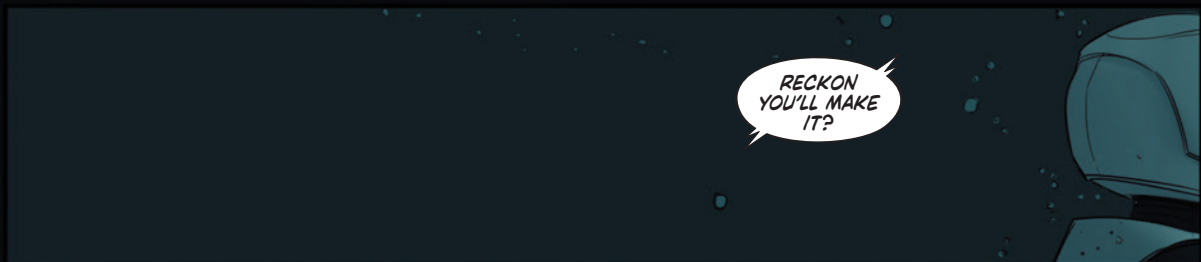
NOW  
THAT IS A  
GENER



OUS OFFER.

YOU STAYED ON  
THE CALL BECAUSE  
YOU COULD TELL  
I WAS LONELY.

WHOA, IT'S  
LIKE, ELEVEN  
FIFTEEN.



RECKON  
YOU'LL MAKE  
IT?



SO, NEW QUESTION.  
ARE. YOU.  
PRETTY?

IS ALL  
I WANTED  
TO ASK.



AND I SAID...  
"I CAN'T SAY IF  
I'M--"

COME  
ON, YES YOU  
DO!

"CAN'T KNOW  
IF I'M PRETTY,"  
THAT WAS IT.



LIKE, "OH  
GOSH, YOU THINK  
SO?" NO, THAT'S  
BULLSHIT. I AM A  
SOLID EIGHT WITH  
A WEIRD CHIN.

"WE'RE DOING  
NUMBERS?"

HEY, S'REDUCTIVE  
BUT EFFECTIVE.

YOU'RE  
RIGHT, I'LL JUST  
WAIT 'TIL YOU'RE  
HERE.



"I'M A NINE  
BUT WITH AN  
EXTREMELY  
UNSETTLING  
FACE."

OH YEAH?

"IT'S SHOCKING."

...YOU GETTING  
CLOSER? 'CAUSE  
I'M GETTING  
DRUNKER.



AN...IF YOU  
DON'T M...IT  
BY MIDNIGHT...



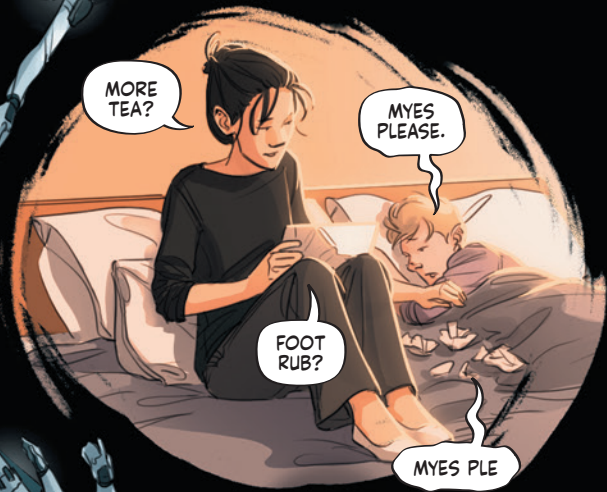
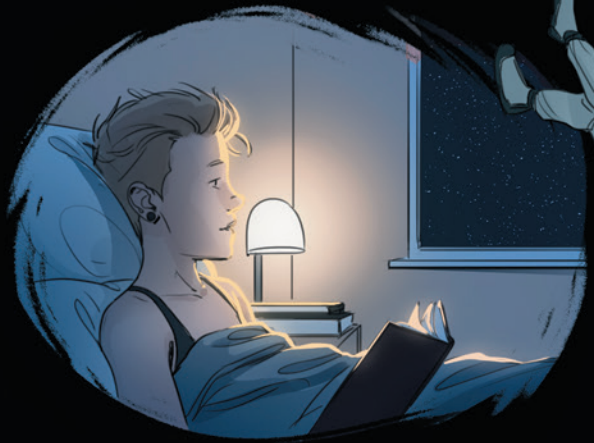
LEFT, LEFT!  
YOU'LL SCRATCH THE  
WALLPAPER.

DUDE, I'LL  
SCRATCH YOU  
IF



ALWAYS  
PROUDA  
YOU.

I'LL WAVE  
AS WE PASS  
OVERHE

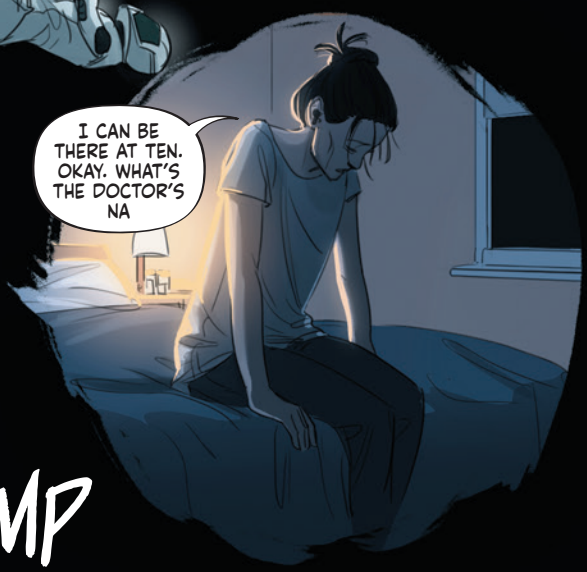


MORE  
TEA?

MYES  
PLEASE.

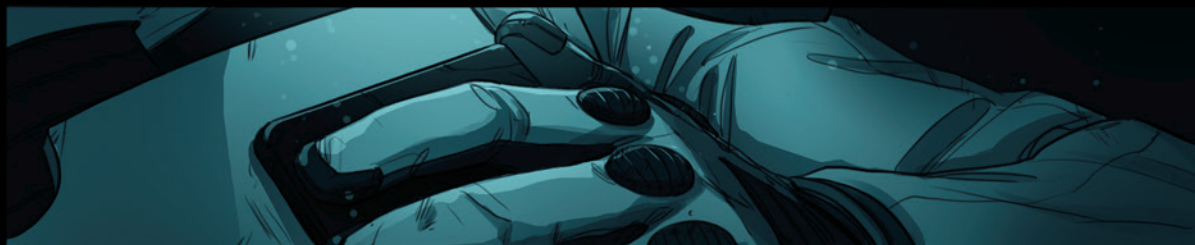
FOOT  
RUB?

MYES PLE



I CAN BE  
THERE AT TEN.  
OKAY. WHAT'S  
THE DOCTOR'S  
NA

THMP



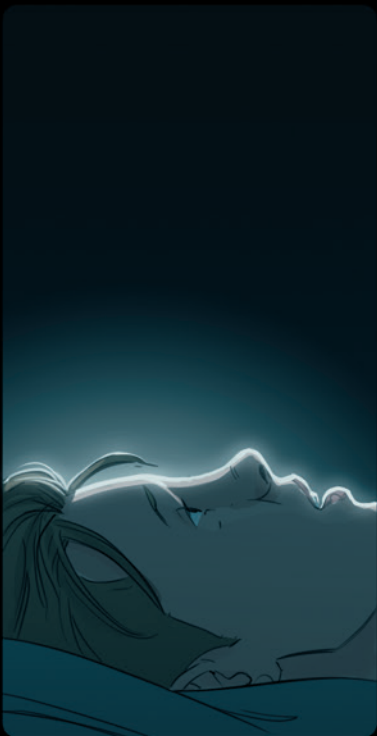


THERE'S NO  
OTHER TREATMENTS?  
MORE GENE THERAPY  
OR...

THEY  
WANT TO  
DELAY  
IT.

THEY'RE  
**GONNA**  
DELAY IT.

BY A FEW  
MONTHS.



SO NOW  
WHAT?

DON'T JUST  
STARE AT ME,  
NOW WHAT?

NOW  
NOTHING.



**NOTHING?**  
LIKE FUCK!

THERE'S  
NO CURE--

SO YOU  
HOLD ON  
UNTIL THERE  
IS!



YOU KNOW  
WHAT NOTHING  
**MEANS**, MUR?

IT MEANS  
YOU GET SICKER  
AND SICKER 'TIL  
YOU FALL APART,  
AND I LOSE YOU,  
YOU DISAPPEAR  
AND YOU NEVER  
COME BACK.



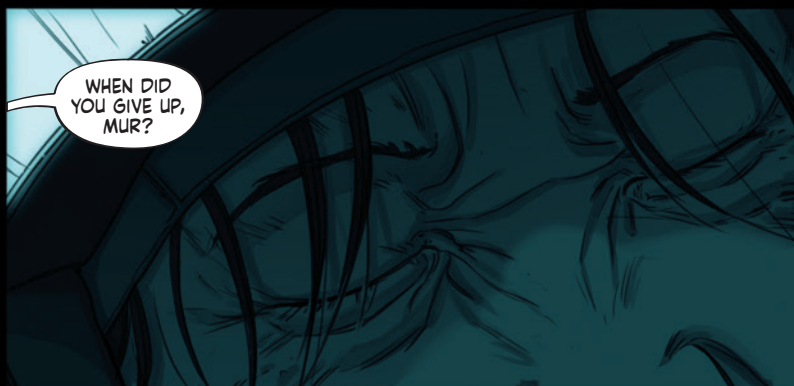
YOU'RE NOT  
MEANT TO LET  
GO OF ME.

THAT'S NOTHING.  
THERE'S NO FUCKING  
MIDDLE GROUND, YOU  
LET IT TAKE YOU  
FROM ME OR YOU  
**FIGHT**.



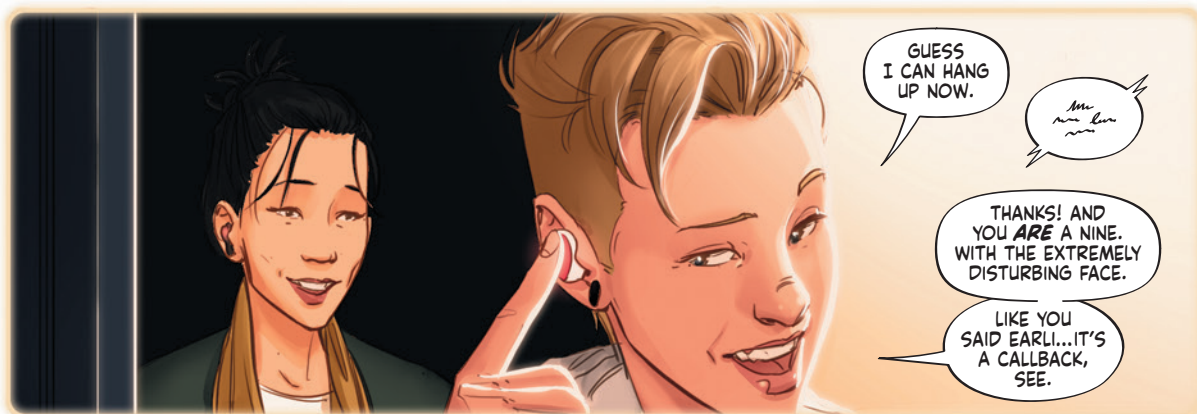
SO WHAT'RE  
YOU GONNA  
FUCKING DO?

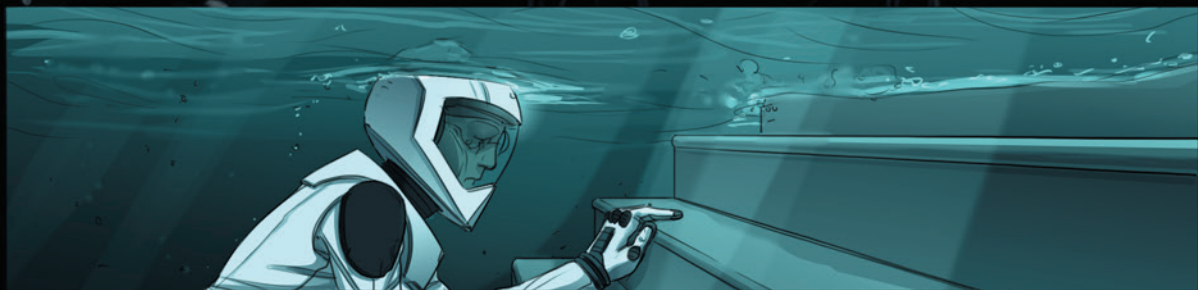
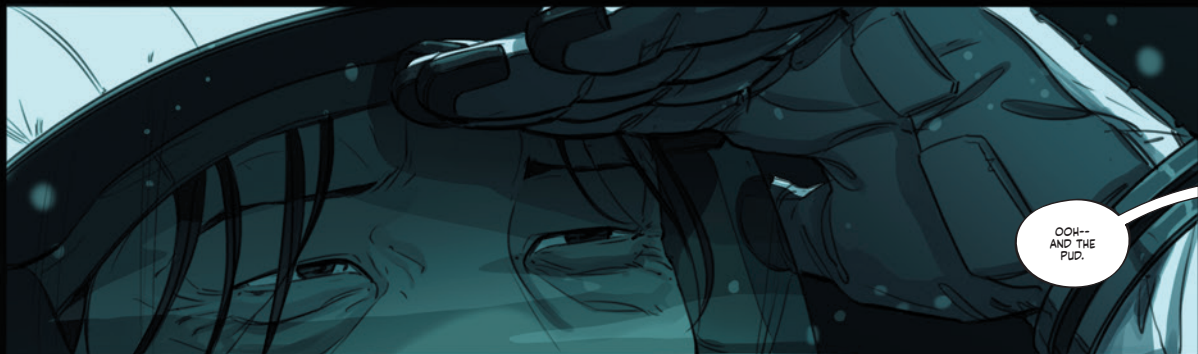
ENOUGH.

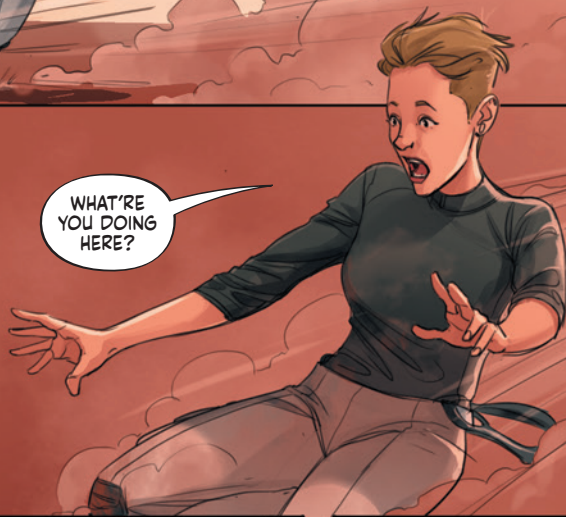
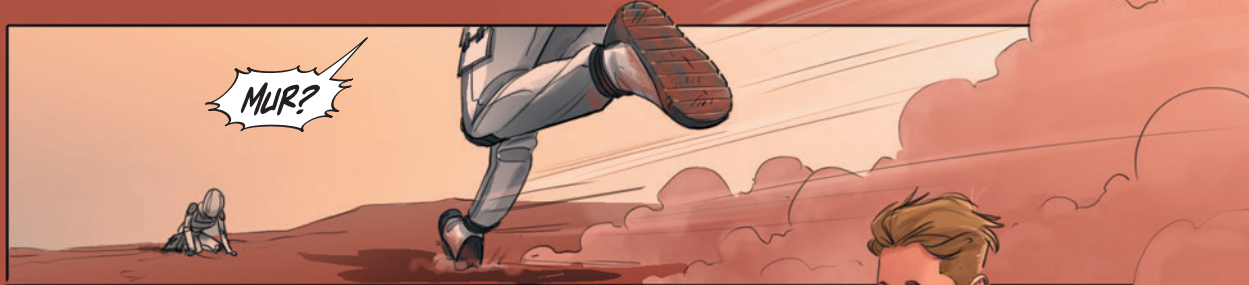


A young man with short, blonde hair and a friendly expression is standing in a hallway. He is wearing a white, short-sleeved button-down shirt and dark blue jeans. He is gesturing with his right hand, palm facing up, as if explaining something or making a point. The hallway is warmly lit with orange light, and a dark blue door is visible on the right side of the frame. A speech bubble is positioned to the left of his head.

JUST IN TIME,  
SPACEGIRL.









BUT WE  
NEED TO GO  
RIGHT FUCKIN'  
NOW.

YOU'RE  
GONNA MISS THE  
FIREWORKS.

...ITTLE...  
PIECE OF...

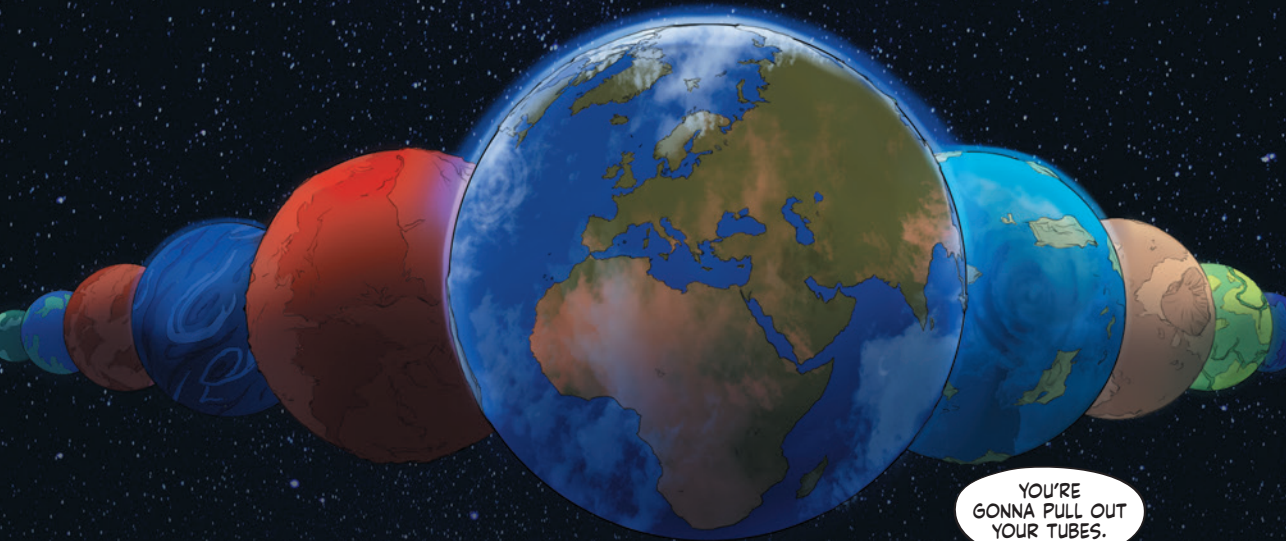
SHIT!

KAY?

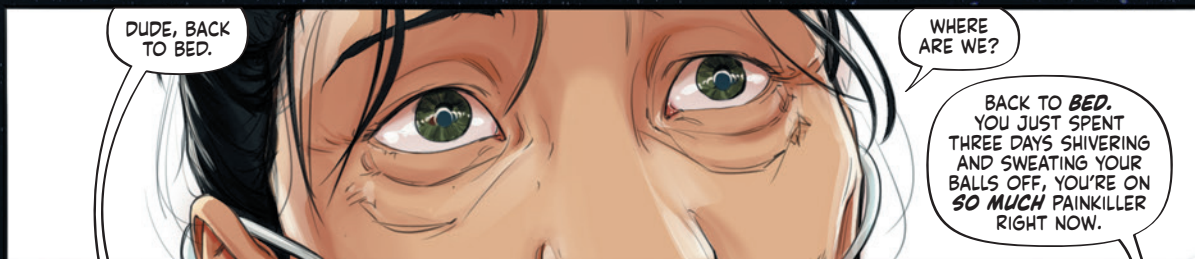
MUR!  
DON'T FREAK  
OUT.

I THINK  
I'VE FIXED  
EVERYTHING.

HEY,  
NO NO  
NO.



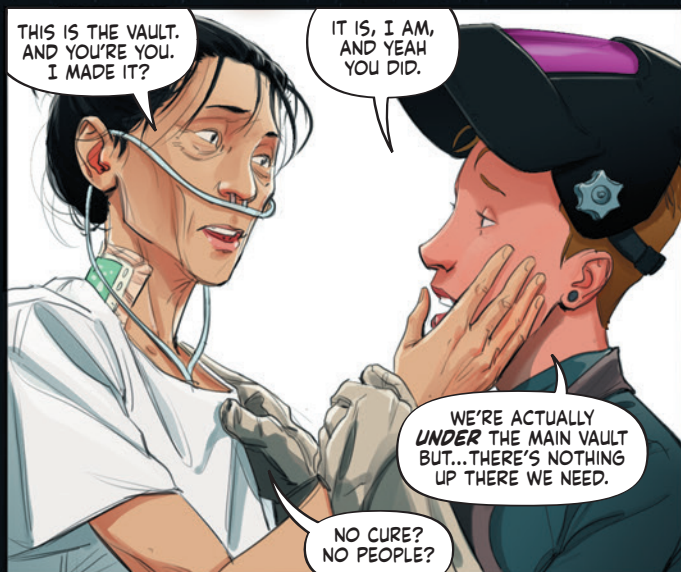
YOU'RE  
GONNA PULL OUT  
YOUR TUBES.



DUDE, BACK  
TO BED.

WHERE  
ARE WE?

BACK TO *BED*.  
YOU JUST SPENT  
THREE DAYS SHIVERING  
AND SWEATING YOUR  
BALLS OFF, YOU'RE ON  
*SO MUCH* PAINKILLER  
RIGHT NOW.



THIS IS THE VAULT.  
AND YOU'RE YOU.  
I MADE IT?

IT IS, I AM,  
AND YEAH  
YOU DID.

WE'RE ACTUALLY  
*UNDER* THE MAIN VAULT  
BUT...THERE'S NOTHING  
UP THERE WE NEED.

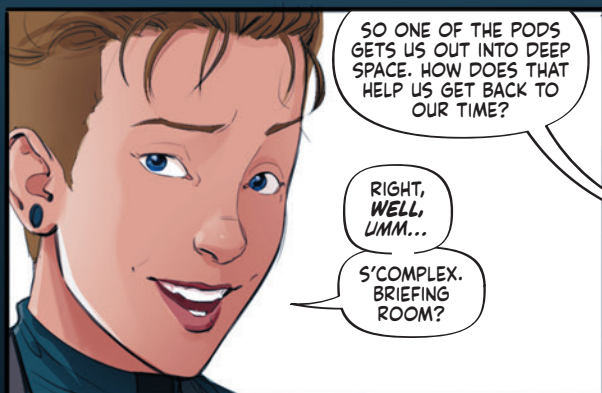
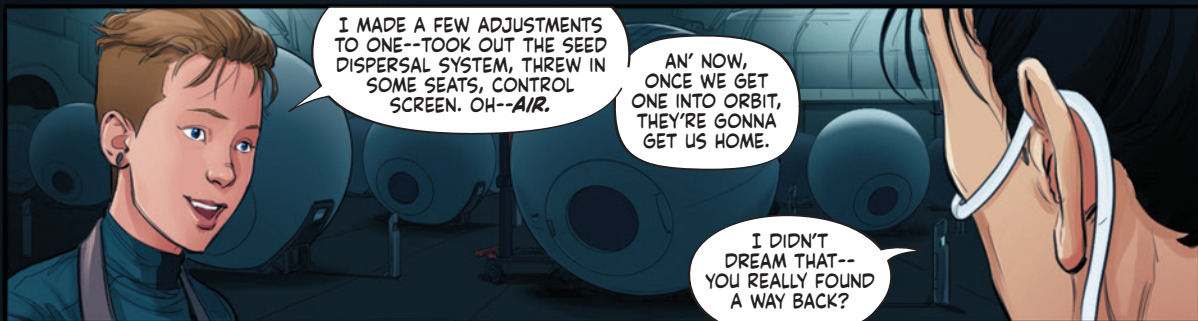
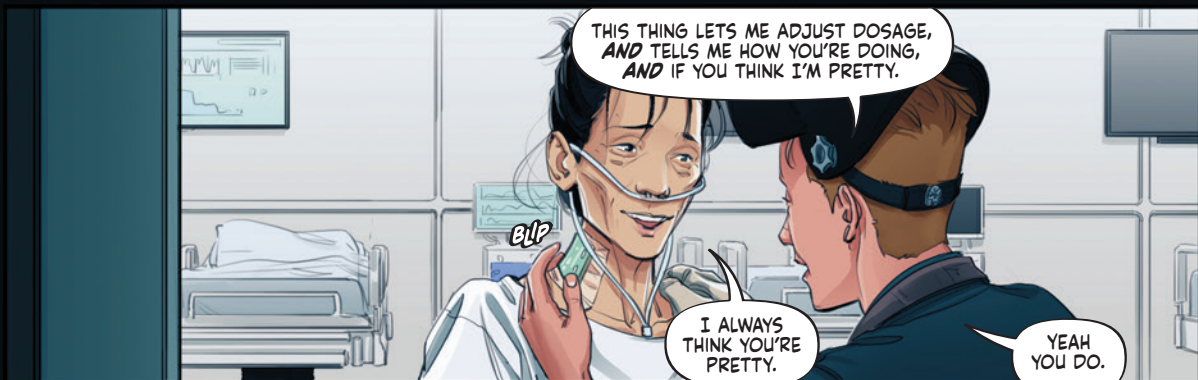
NO CURE?  
NO PEOPLE?

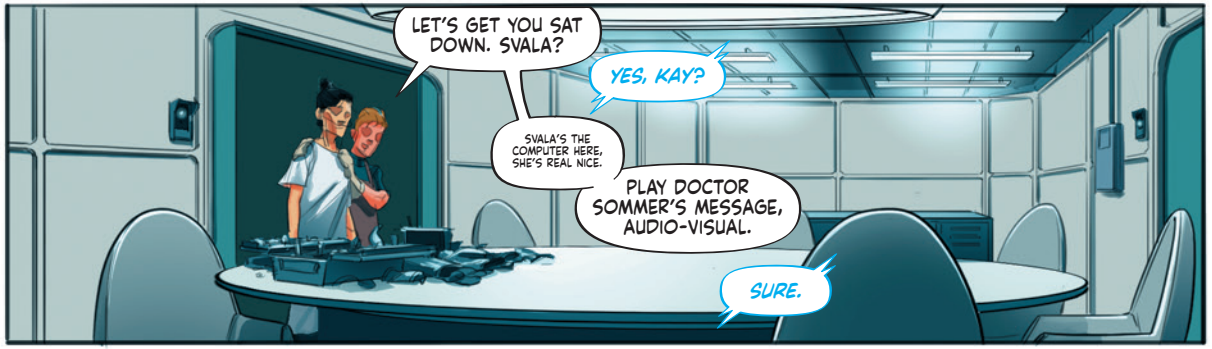


WHY'RE  
THERE TINY  
PLANETS?



MAYBE  
*TOO MUCH*  
PAINKILLER.





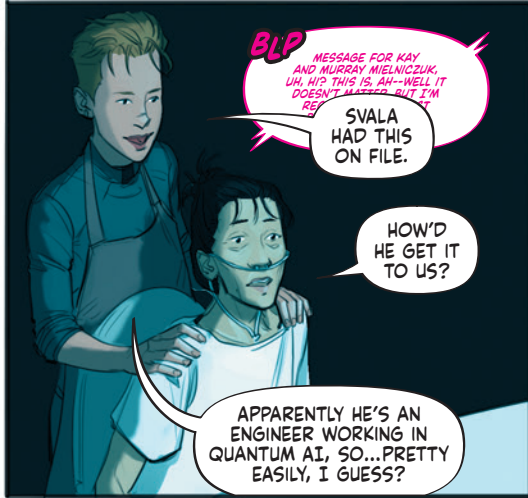
LET'S GET YOU SAT DOWN. SVALA?

YES, KAY?

SVALA'S THE COMPUTER HERE, SHE'S REAL NICE.

PLAY DOCTOR SOMMER'S MESSAGE, AUDIO-VISUAL.

SURE.

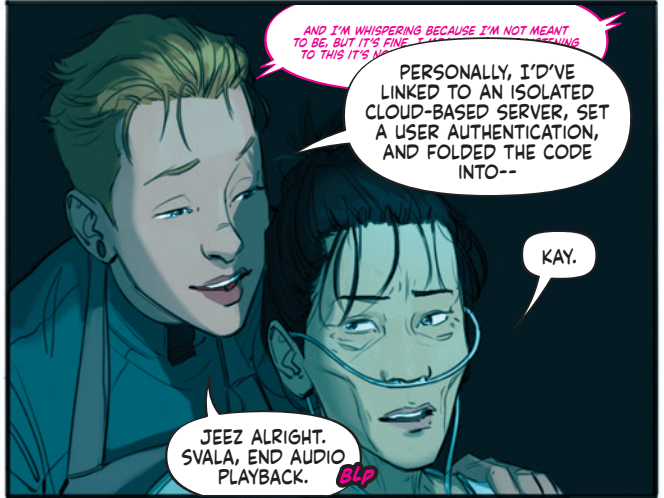


**BLP**  
MESSAGE FOR KAY AND MURRAY MIENICZUK. UH, HI? THIS IS, AH--WELL, IT DOESN'T MATTER, BUT I'M RE--

SVALA HAD THIS ON FILE.

HOW'D HE GET IT TO US?

APPARENTLY HE'S AN ENGINEER WORKING IN QUANTUM AI, SO...PRETTY EASILY, I GUESS?

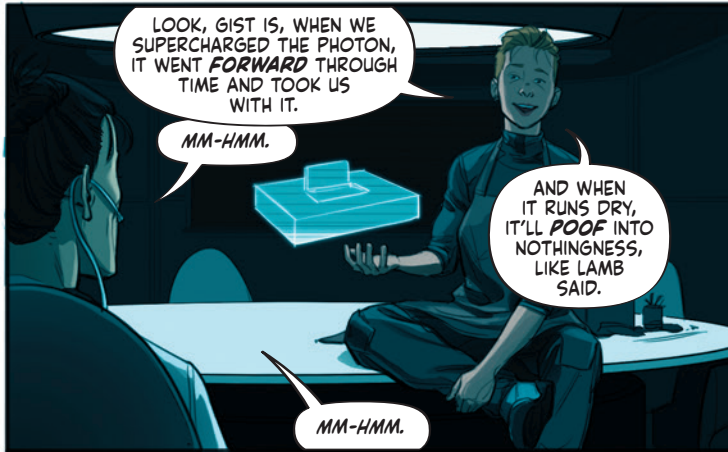


AND I'M WHISPERING BECAUSE I'M NOT MEANT TO BE, BUT IT'S FINE--MEANING TO THIS IT'S A--

PERSONALLY, I'D'VE LINKED TO AN ISOLATED CLOUD-BASED SERVER, SET A USER AUTHENTICATION, AND FOLDED THE CODE INTO--

KAY.

JEEZ ALRIGHT. SVALA, END AUDIO PLAYBACK. **BLP**

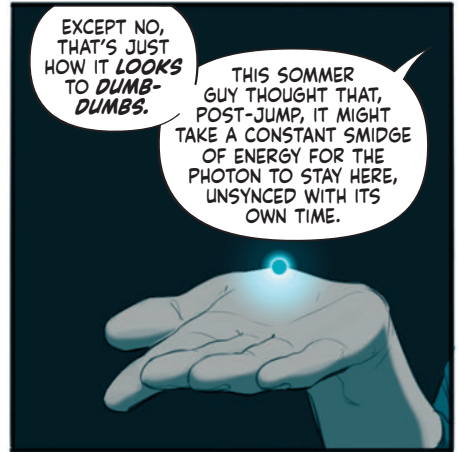


LOOK, GIST IS, WHEN WE SUPERCHARGED THE PHOTON, IT WENT **FORWARD** THROUGH TIME AND TOOK US WITH IT.

MM-HMM.

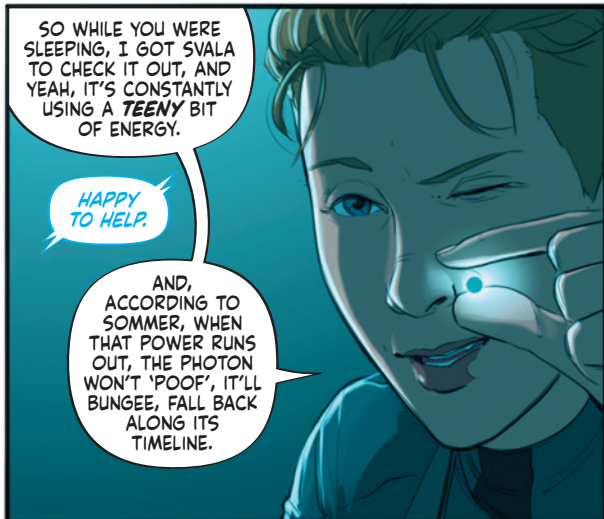
AND WHEN IT RUNS DRY, IT'LL **POOF** INTO NOTHINGNESS, LIKE LAMB SAID.

MM-HMM.



EXCEPT NO, THAT'S JUST HOW IT **LOOKS** TO **DUMB-DUMBS**.

THIS SOMMER GUY THOUGHT THAT, POST-JUMP, IT MIGHT TAKE A CONSTANT SMIDGE OF ENERGY FOR THE PHOTON TO STAY HERE, UNSYNCED WITH ITS OWN TIME.



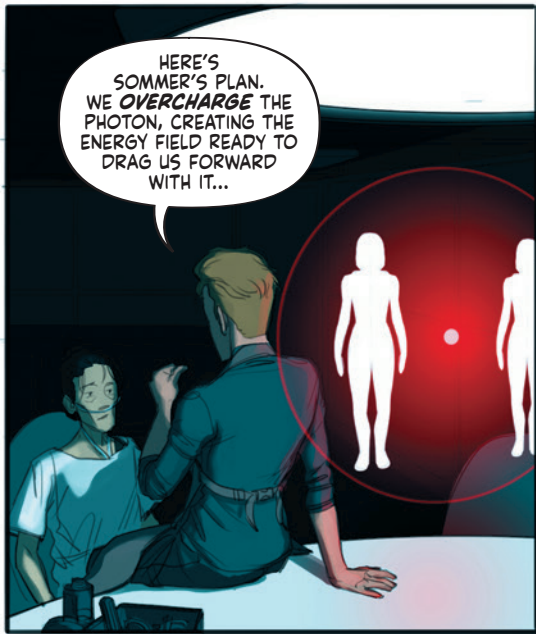
SO WHILE YOU WERE SLEEPING, I GOT SVALA TO CHECK IT OUT, AND YEAH, IT'S CONSTANTLY USING A **TEENY** BIT OF ENERGY.

**HAPPY TO HELP.**

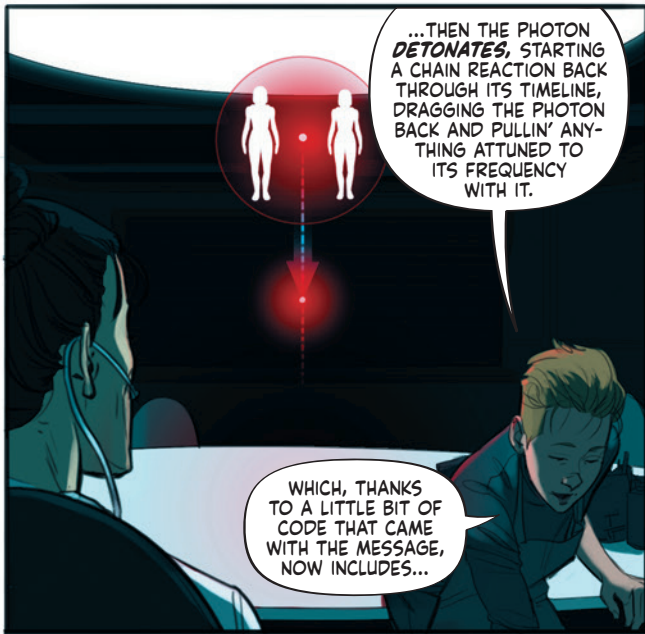
AND, ACCORDING TO SOMMER, WHEN THAT POWER RUNS OUT, THE PHOTON WON'T 'POOF', IT'LL BUNGEE, FALL BACK ALONG ITS TIMELINE.



**BACK HOME.**



HERE'S SOMMER'S PLAN. WE **OVERCHARGE** THE PHOTON, CREATING THE ENERGY FIELD READY TO DRAG US FORWARD WITH IT...



...THEN THE PHOTON **DETONATES**, STARTING A CHAIN REACTION BACK THROUGH ITS TIMELINE, DRAGGING THE PHOTON BACK AND PULLIN' ANYTHING ATTUNED TO ITS FREQUENCY WITH IT.

WHICH, THANKS TO A LITTLE BIT OF CODE THAT CAME WITH THE MESSAGE, NOW INCLUDES...



**TAA-DAA!** THE BOX, OUR SUITS, AND WHATEVER'S IN THE SUITS.

THAT'LL BE US.

THIS CAN REALLY WORK? WE CAN GET HOME?

OH YEAH.

HANG ON, THROAT'S DRY.

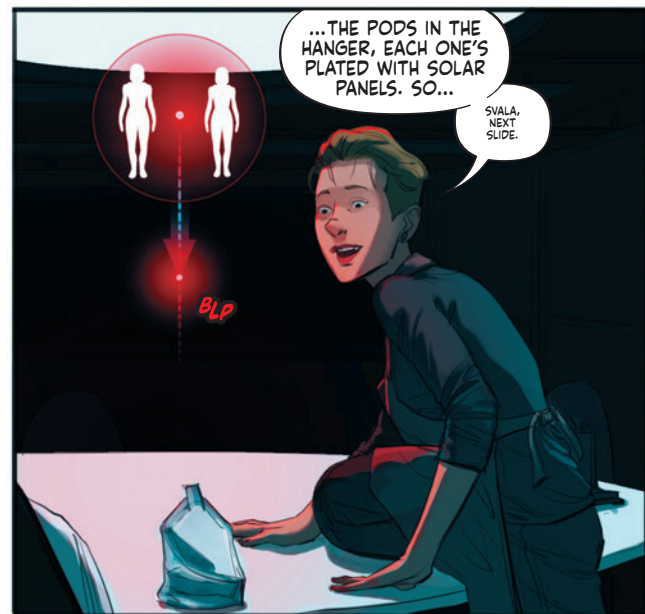


BUT...HOW DO WE OVERCHARGE IT--IT TOOK A WHOLE SPACE STATION TO POWER OUR TRIP HERE.

**HE** WANTED US TO USE NUCLEAR POWER PLANTS, WHICH, FINDING AN' GETTING ONE WORKING BEFORE YOU KEEL OVER--NO.

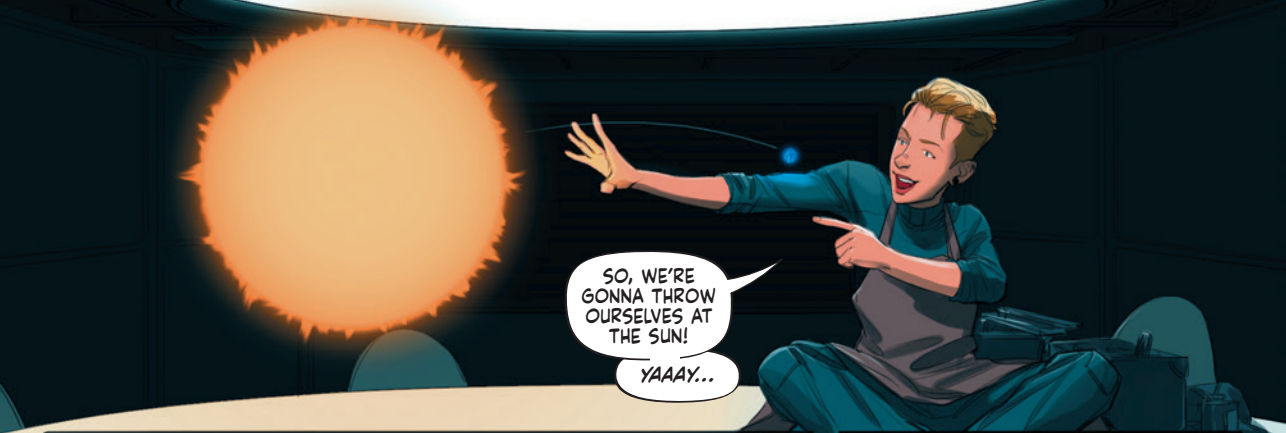


BUT, IF WE LEAVE THE POD AN' JUST JUMP IN OUR SUITS, WE NEED SIXTY-TWO PERCENT LESS CHARGE AND, LUCKY US...



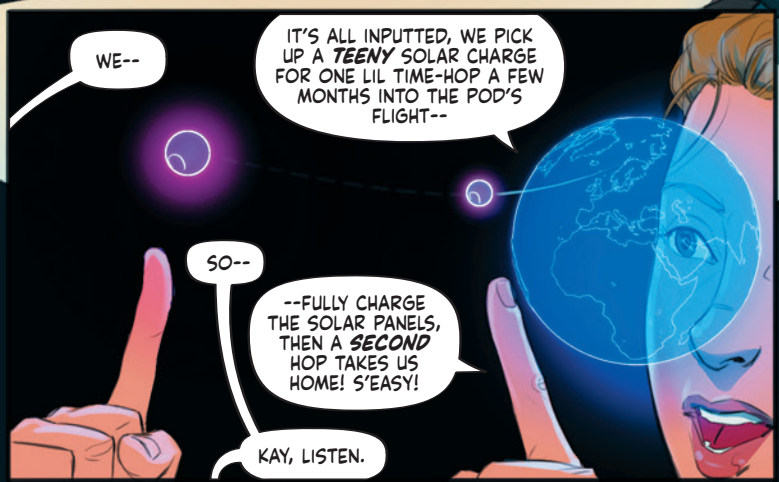
...THE PODS IN THE HANGER, EACH ONE'S PLATED WITH SOLAR PANELS. SO...

SVALA, NEXT SLIDE.



SO, WE'RE GONNA THROW OURSELVES AT THE SUN!

YAAAY...



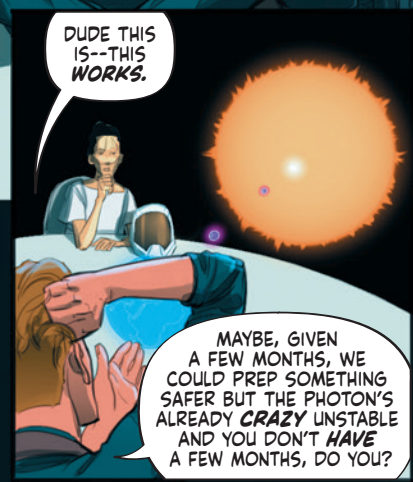
WE--

IT'S ALL INPUTTED, WE PICK UP A **TEENY** SOLAR CHARGE FOR ONE LIL TIME-HOP A FEW MONTHS INTO THE POD'S FLIGHT--

SO--

--FULLY CHARGE THE SOLAR PANELS, THEN A **SECOND** HOP TAKES US HOME! S'EASY!

KAY, LISTEN.



DUDE THIS IS--THIS **WORKS**.

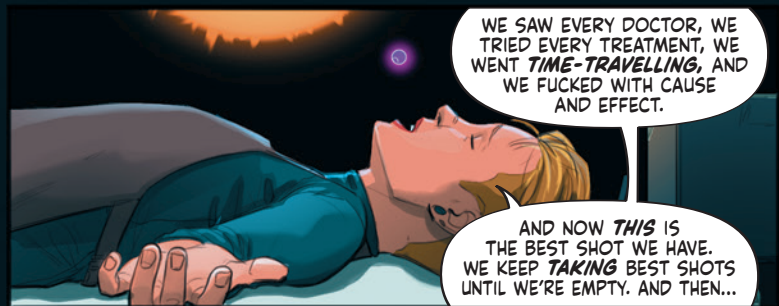
MAYBE, GIVEN A FEW MONTHS, WE COULD PREP SOMETHING SAFER BUT THE PHOTON'S ALREADY **CRAZY** UNSTABLE AND YOU DON'T **HAVE** A FEW MONTHS, DO YOU?



KAY--

FINE, IT'S A SHITTY PLAN, SHITHEAD! BUT WE PASSED ALL THE GOOD ONES A LONG WAY BACK!

THAT'S WHAT YOU **DO** WHEN THEY TELL YOU TO MAKE YOUR WIFE "**COMFORTABLE**" IN HER **LAST FUCKING DAYS**.



WE SAW EVERY DOCTOR, WE TRIED EVERY TREATMENT, WE WENT **TIME-TRAVELLING**, AND WE FUCKED WITH CAUSE AND EFFECT.

AND NOW **THIS** IS THE BEST SHOT WE HAVE. WE KEEP **TAKING** BEST SHOTS UNTIL WE'RE EMPTY. AND THEN...



HANG ON...

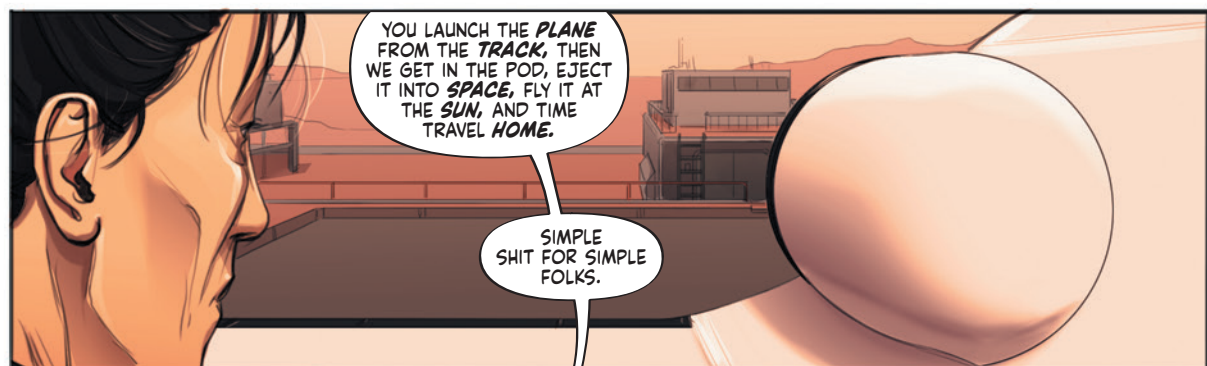
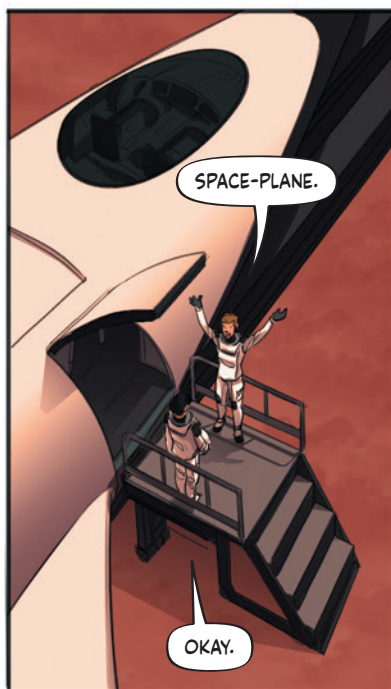
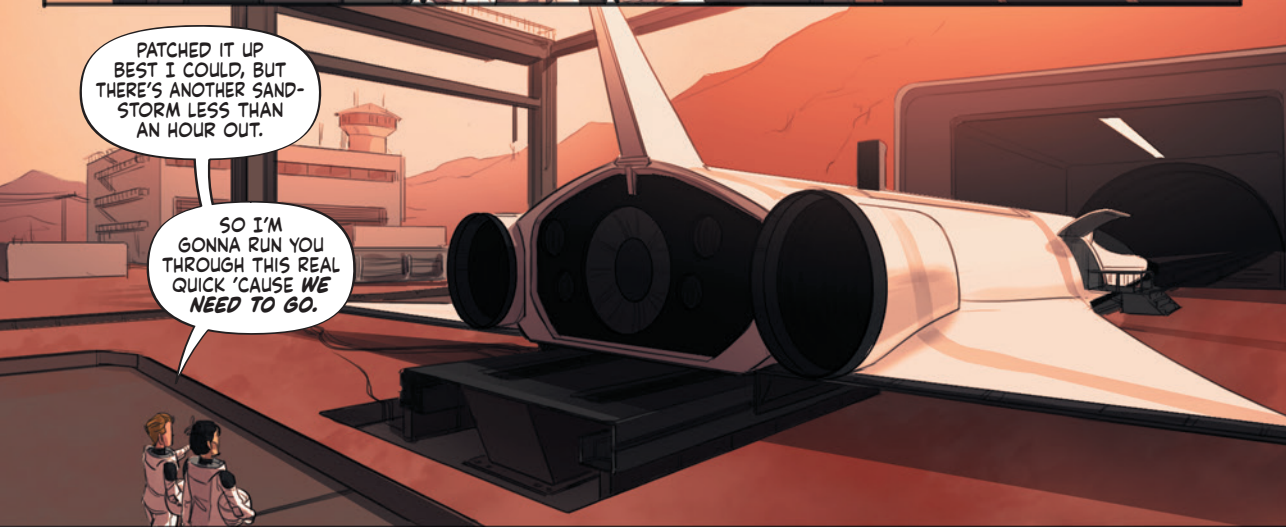
...YOU SMILING?

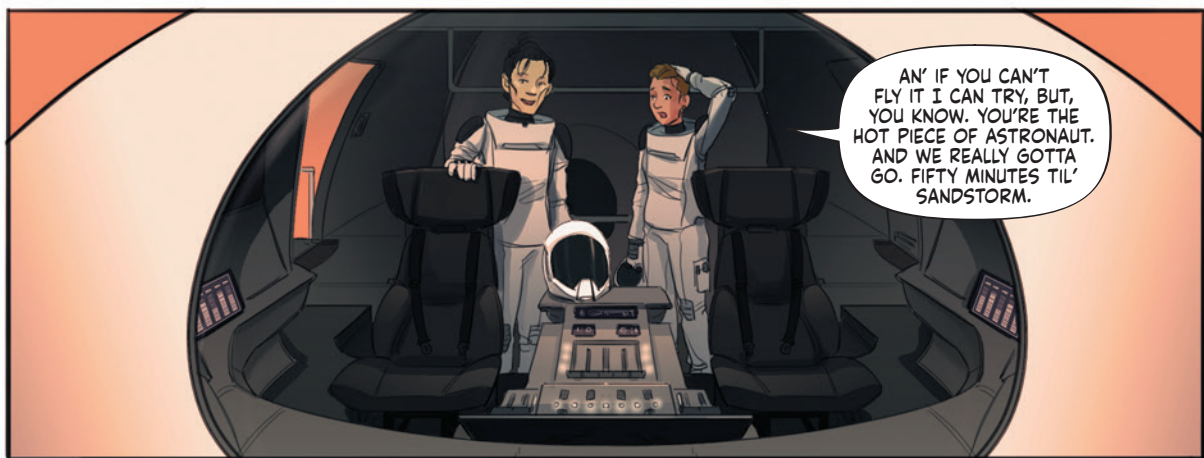
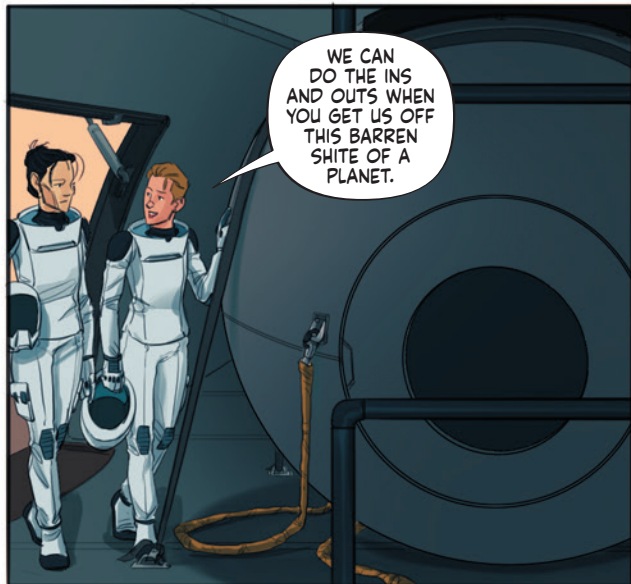
THEY DIDN'T GIVE UP. I KNEW **YOU** WOULDN'T, BUT...NEITHER DID THEY.



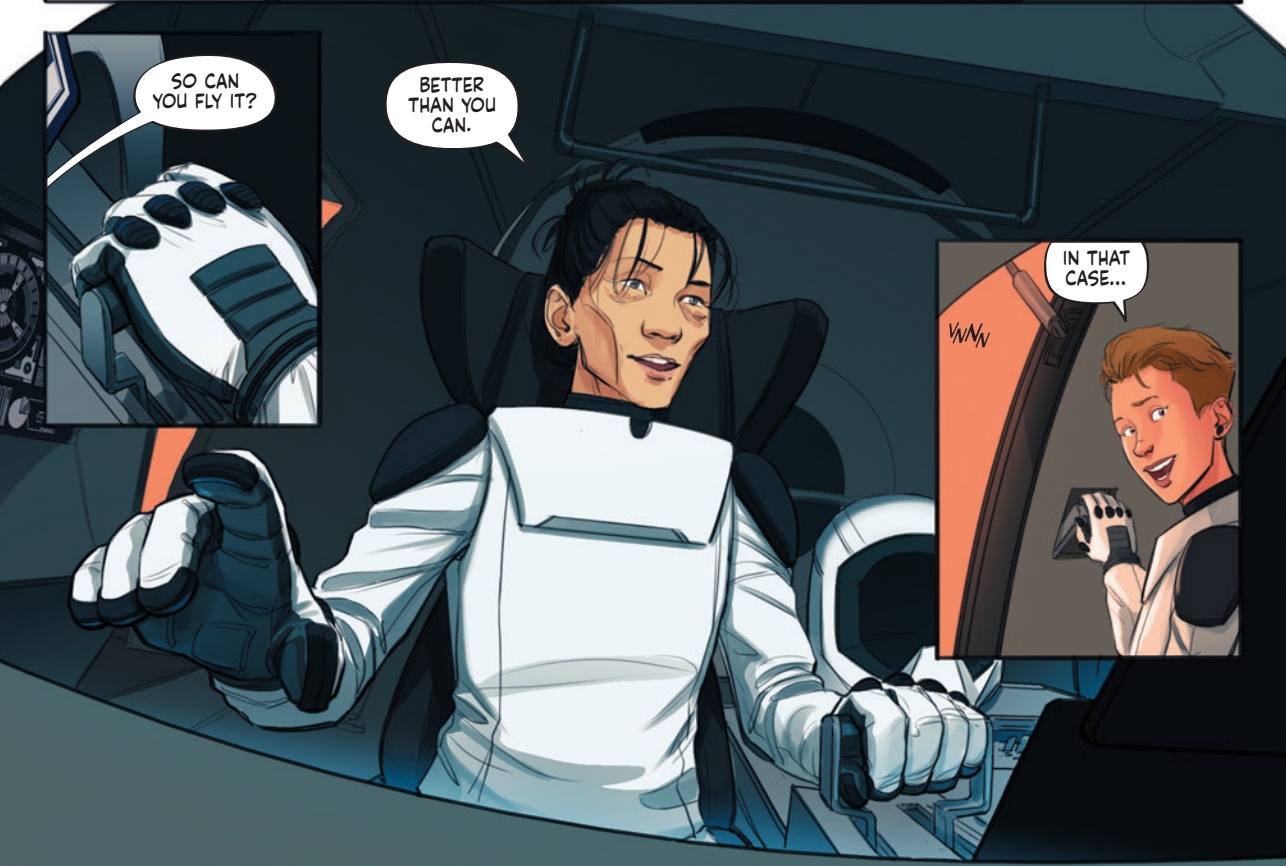
THEY MADE THESE PODS INSTEAD, AND THAT'S GOING TO GET US HOME.

SO WHAT AM I FLYING?

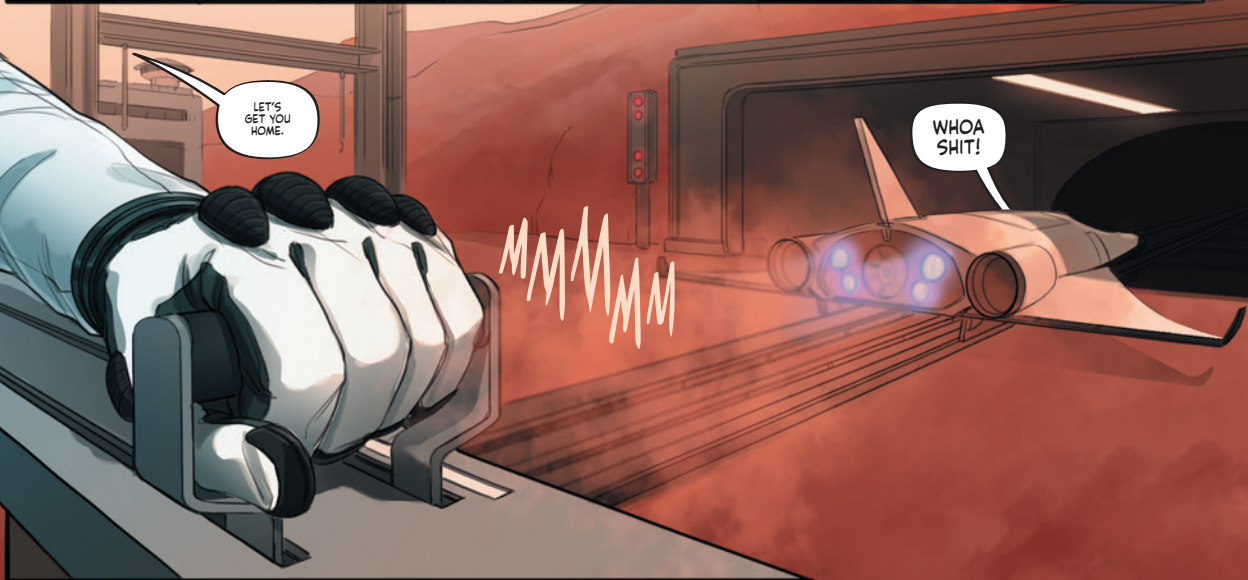
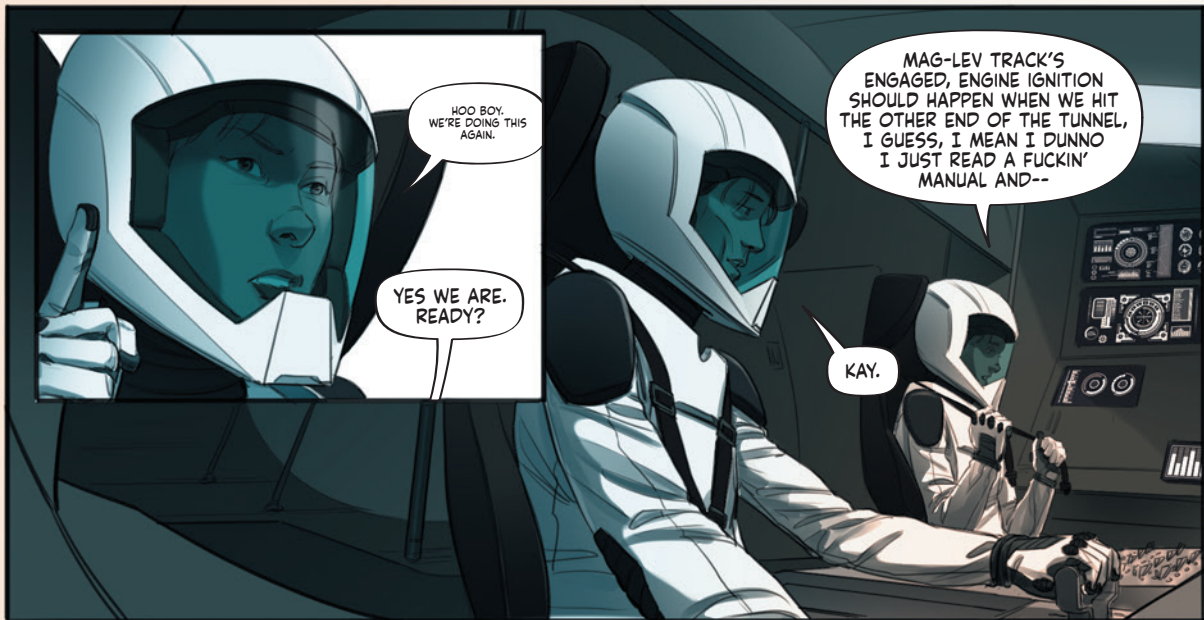


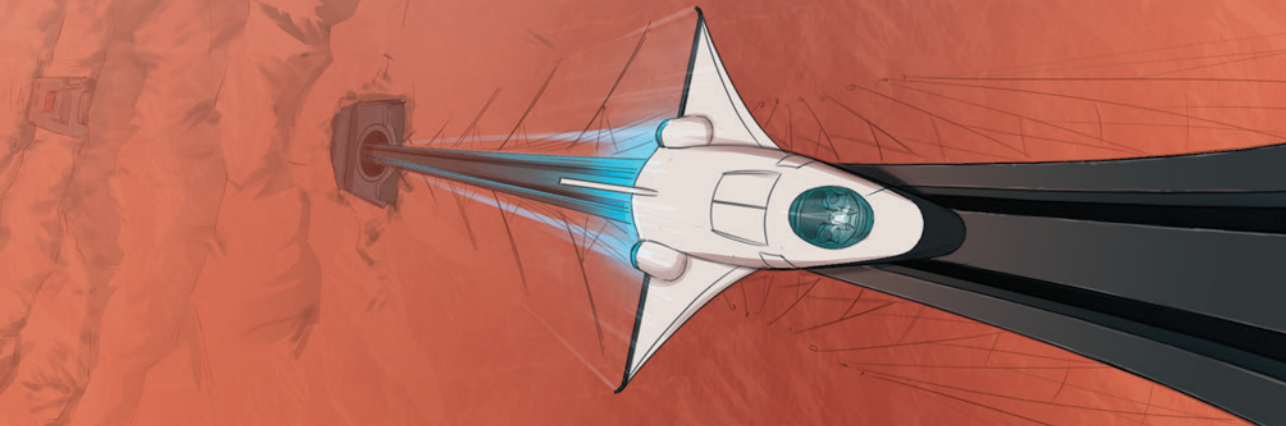
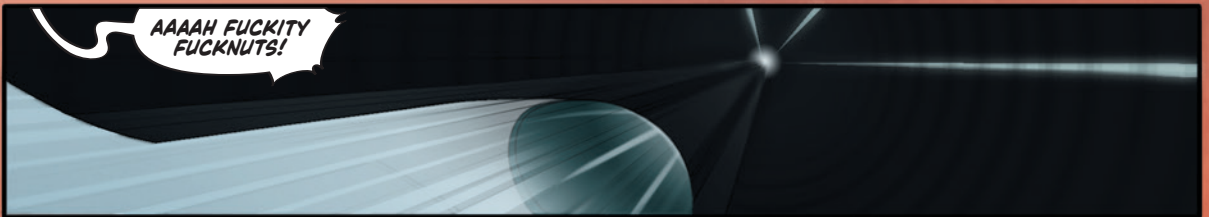
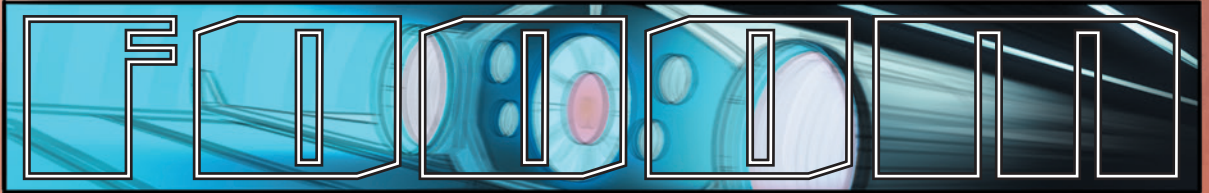
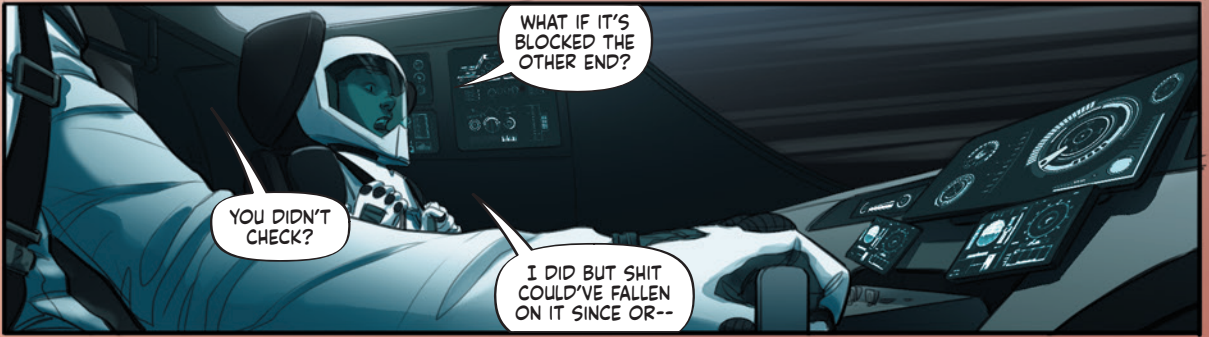


BETTER THAN YOU CAN.



WHOOO





I FREAKED  
OUT AGAIN.

YEAH  
YOU DID.

TRANSFERRING  
TO AUTOPILOT...

WE  
GOOD  
NOW?

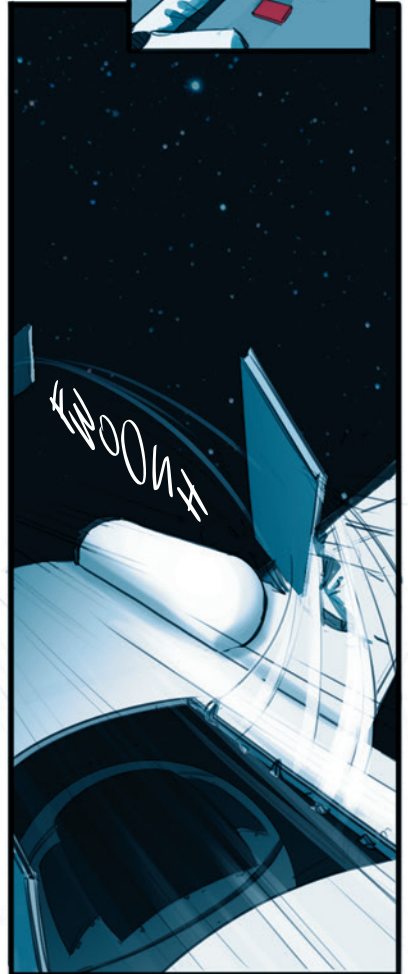
MUR?

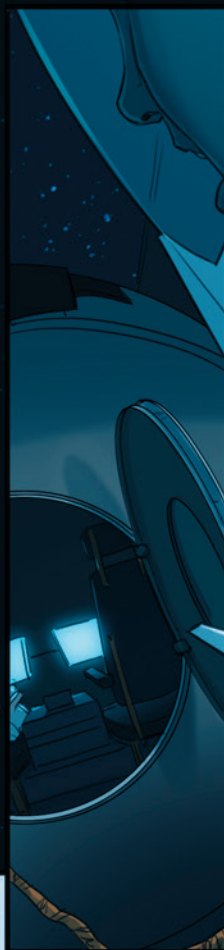
I GOTCHA,  
HERE WE GO.

COMPUTER,  
HOW LONG UNTIL  
SCHEDULED POD  
SEPARATION?

SEVENTY-ONE  
SECONDS.

YOU'RE  
KILLIN' ME.







POD'S FULLY  
PRESSURISED,  
SOLAR PANELS  
CHARGING.

EVER FIND OUT  
WHAT HAPPENED  
DOWN THERE?

IGNORED WHAT  
THEY KNEW, BURNED  
UP WHAT THEY HAD.

THE USUAL.

WHEN IT LOOKED  
PROFITABLE, SOME  
ANTI-SCIENCE REGIME  
DECIDED **THEY'D** FIX  
EVERYTHING.

INSTANT  
UNINHABITABLE EARTH,  
FOR ALMOST A CENTURY.  
IT'S ONLY BEEN BREATHABLE  
FOR A FEW DECADES.

THE FOLKS DOWN IN THE SEED  
VAULT HAD A SELF-SUSTAINING  
ATMOSPHERE BUT...THEIR NOTES  
SAID THEY ALSO HAD FAMILIES  
OUT IN THE WORLD.

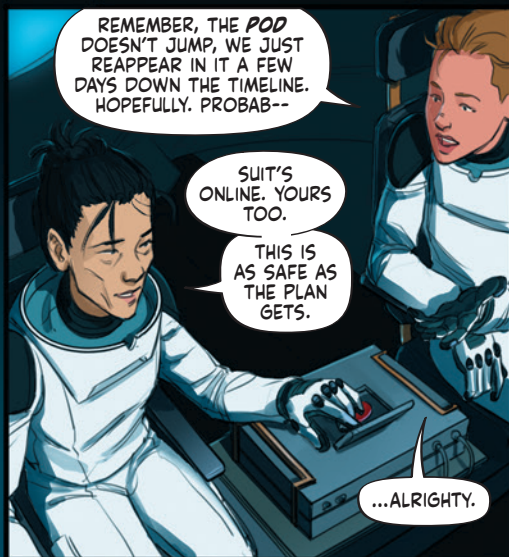
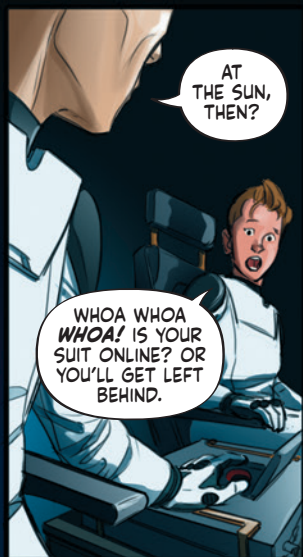
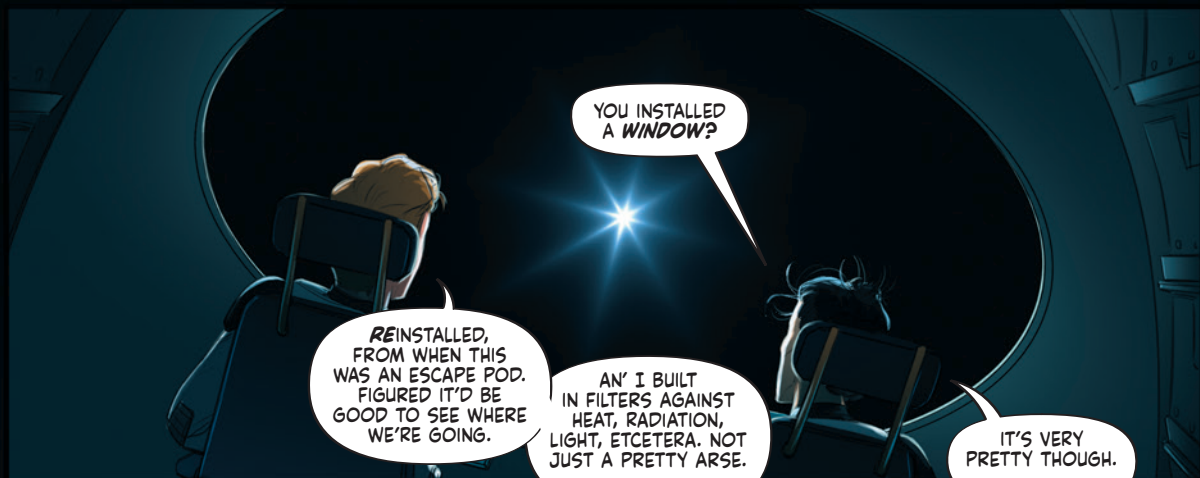
AND THERE  
WERE CASTOR  
SEEDS IN STORAGE.  
POISON. SO.

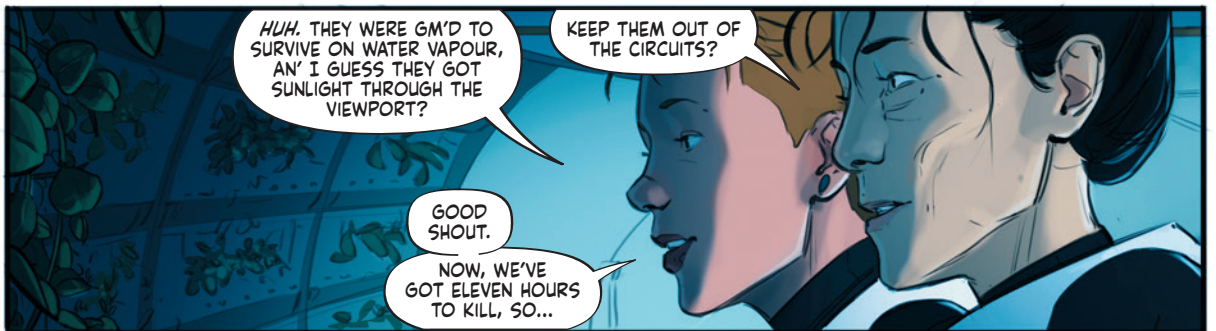
BLP

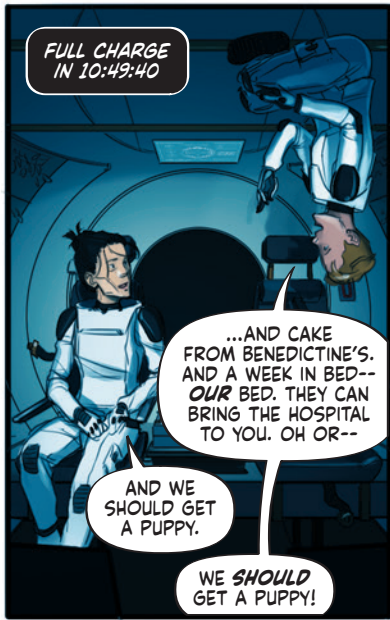
FIVE-SEVEN-  
FOUR KILOWATT  
HOURS...

OKAY,  
WE'RE CHARGED  
UP FOR THE FIRST  
HOP, PANELS  
RUNNING.

HOW ABOUT  
WE LEAVE THIS  
SHIT BEHIND?







FULL CHARGE  
IN 10:49:40

...AND CAKE  
FROM BENEDICTINE'S.  
AND A WEEK IN BED--  
**OUR** BED. THEY CAN  
BRING THE HOSPITAL  
TO YOU. OH OR--

AND WE  
SHOULD GET  
A PUPPY.

WE **SHOULD**  
GET A PUPPY!



FULL CHARGE  
IN 09:53:02

IT'S  
HOTTER NOW,  
RIGHT?

WE'RE  
FORTY-FIVE  
MILLION MILES  
CLOSER TO THE  
SUN. ALMOST  
HALFWAY.

AH, GOTCHA.



FULL CHARGE  
IN 08:14:31

SO, IT MIGHT  
BE RECURSIVE, SO  
WHATEVER WE **DO**  
JUST LEADS TO  
THIS FUTURE.

OR RE-  
WRITEABLE, SO  
WHAT WE TAKE BACK  
CAN STILL STOP THIS  
HAPPENING, THOUGH  
THEN IT GETS ALL  
PARADOXY.

OR IT MIGHT BE  
A SITUATION OF DIFFERENT  
TIMELINES, SO



FULL CHARGE  
IN 07:26:50

WAIT,  
THERE'S A  
PRESSURE  
CLAMP.



FULL CHARGE  
IN 07:04:18

I'M A  
BIT NAKED  
IN SPACE.

THIS IS THE  
FURTHEST OUT  
THAT'S EVER--THE  
FURTHEST PEOPLE  
HAVE EVER COME  
FROM EARTH.

HAH. PHRASING.  
AND WELCOME TO THE,  
UMM... FORTY-FIVE-ISH  
MILLION MILE HIGH CLUB.



FULL CHARGE  
IN 06:29:37

DUDE, **SO**  
HUNGRY.

WELL,  
DID YOU  
BRING  
FOOD?

...NO.

SORRY  
THEN.



FULL CHARGE  
IN 06:12:49

BUT BRINGING  
THE EXTRA  
WEIGHT WOULD  
BEEN CRAZY!

OH, WELL,  
WE CAN EAT  
THE MORAL  
HIGH GROUND  
THEN.

...THIS IS  
WHY YOU GOT  
BANNED FROM  
FLYING, YOU  
SNARKY DICK!



FULL CHARGE  
IN 05:28:49

SHUT THE  
CURTAINS.





WE'RE GETTING MAX SOLAR UPTAKE OFF THE PANELS. NO BETTER TIME.

WHEN IT WORKS, NO MORE POD, WE'LL BE BACK WHERE WE LEFT FROM, KLP STATION. SO...PREP YOURSELF.



MUR, YOU GOOD?

I'M GOOD.

THIS'LL REALLY WORK?



MATE, IF ANYTHING ON EARTH--SORRY, **OFF EARTH--** CAN GET US HOME, THIS IS IT. I PROMISE.



EITHER WAY, THIS IS THE LAST TIME YOU'RE FLYING ME **ANYWHERE.**

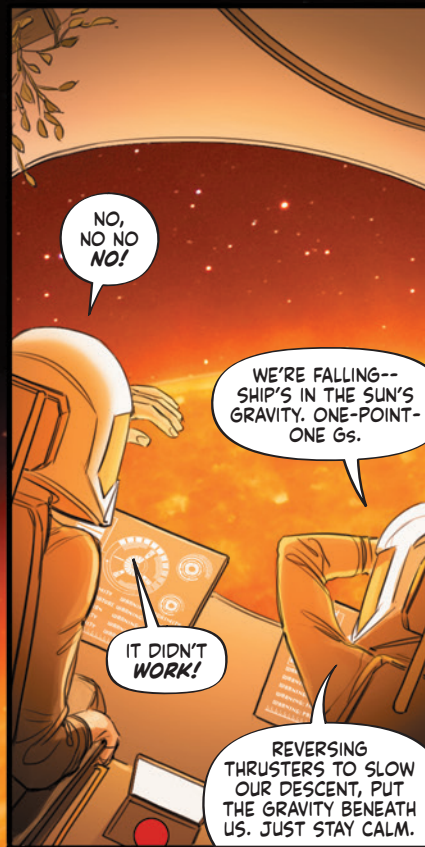


THIS IS GONNA WORK.



WE'RE GOING HO--





NO,  
NO NO  
NO!

WE'RE FALLING--  
SHIP'S IN THE SUN'S  
GRAVITY. ONE-POINT-  
ONE GS.

IT DIDN'T  
WORK!

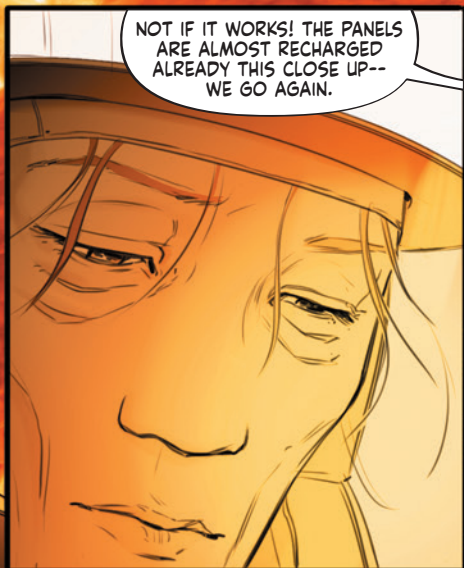
REVERSING  
THRUSTERS TO SLOW  
OUR DESCENT, PUT  
THE GRAVITY BENEATH  
US. JUST STAY CALM.



THRUSTERS CANCELLED  
OUT THE ACCELERATION,  
BUT THE GRAVITY'S TOO  
MUCH. WE'VE GOT  
MINUTES.

OKAY, WE  
GO AGAIN.

KAY, WE'VE RUN  
OUT OF ROOM--ANOTHER  
FULL CHARGE WILL DROP  
US INTO THE SUN.



NOT IF IT WORKS! THE PANELS  
ARE ALMOST RECHARGED  
ALREADY THIS CLOSE UP--  
WE GO AGAIN.



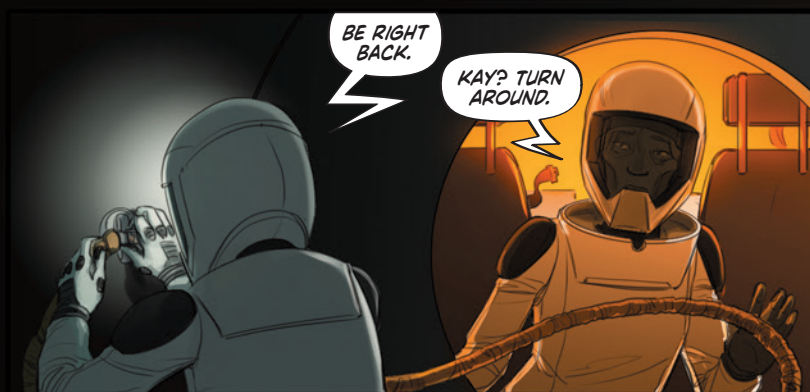
WE NEED TO  
GO OUTSIDE.

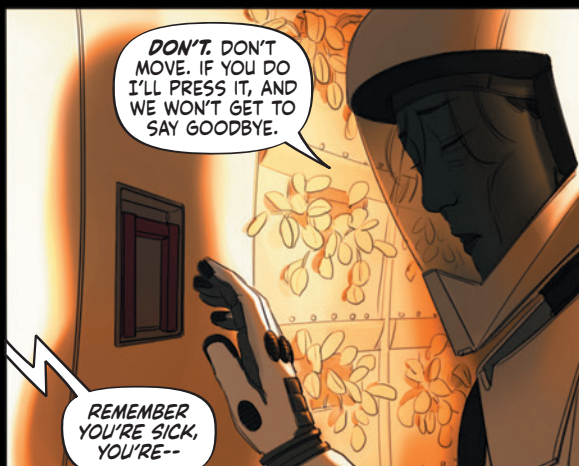
OUT *THERE*?

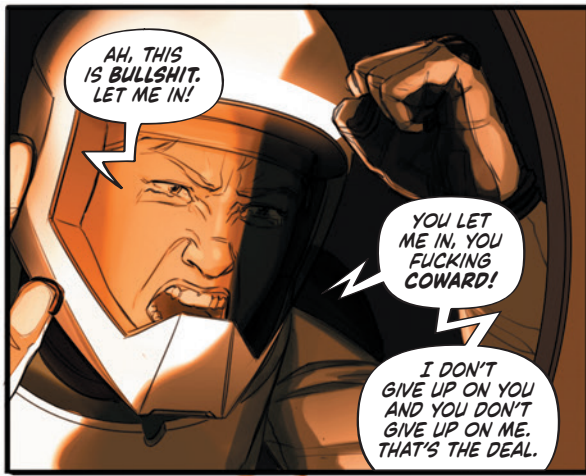
SOLAR PANELS  
MUST'VE BEEN DAMAGED  
WHEN WE SEPARATED FROM  
THE PLANE. IF THAT'S NOT  
FACTORED IN, WE'LL KEEP  
GETTING INSUFFICIENT POWER  
INPUT, PREVENTING THE  
PHOTON OVERLOADING.

WE REPAIR  
WHAT WE CAN,  
TURN FUNCTIONAL  
PANELS TOWARDS  
THE SUN.

THEN WE  
JUMP.



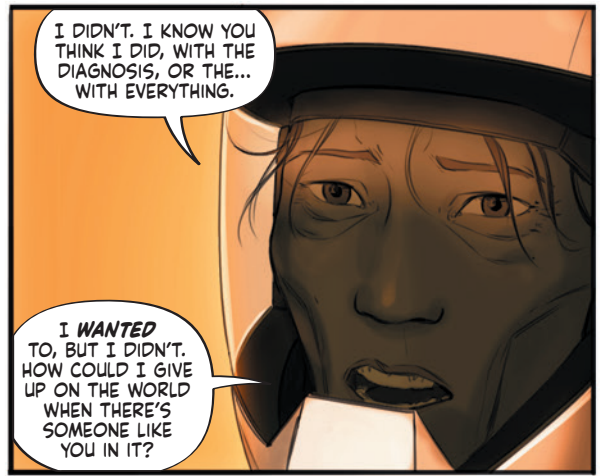




AH, THIS IS BULLSHIT. LET ME IN!

YOU LET ME IN, YOU FUCKING COWARD!

I DON'T GIVE UP ON YOU AND YOU DON'T GIVE UP ON ME. THAT'S THE DEAL.

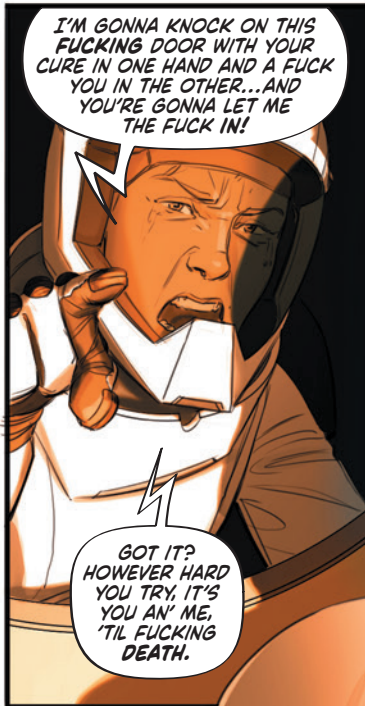


I DIDN'T. I KNOW YOU THINK I DID, WITH THE DIAGNOSIS, OR THE... WITH EVERYTHING.

I WANTED TO, BUT I DIDN'T. HOW COULD I GIVE UP ON THE WORLD WHEN THERE'S SOMEONE LIKE YOU IN IT?

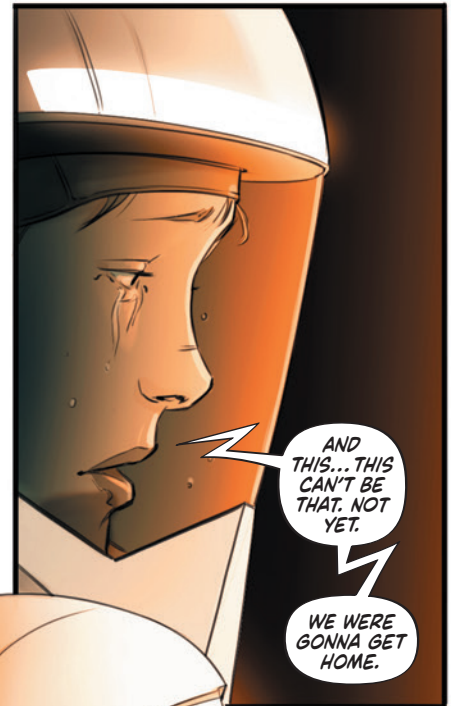


I'LL FIND A WAY BACK TO YOU. YOU SEND ME HOME, I'M JUST GONNA FIND SOME WAY RIGHT BACK HERE.



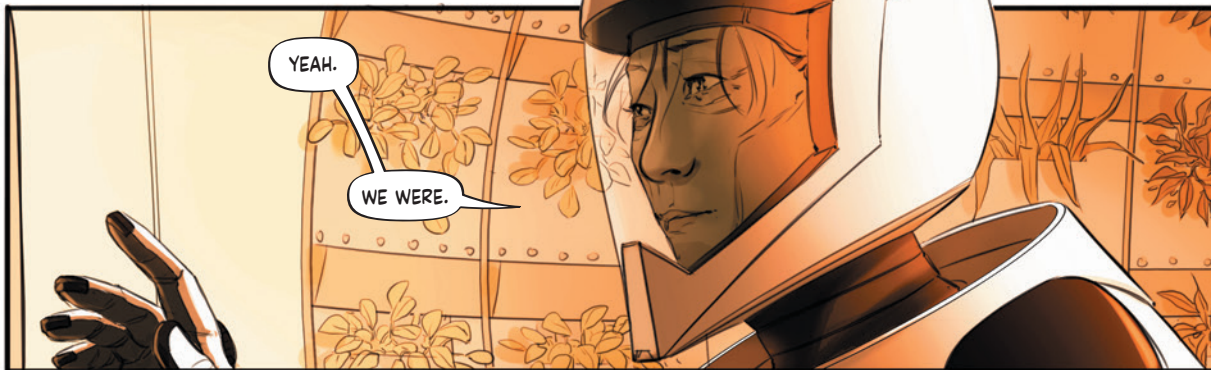
I'M GONNA KNOCK ON THIS FUCKING DOOR WITH YOUR CURE IN ONE HAND AND A FUCK YOU IN THE OTHER...AND YOU'RE GONNA LET ME THE FUCK IN!

GOT IT? HOWEVER HARD YOU TRY, IT'S YOU AN' ME, 'TIL FUCKING DEATH.



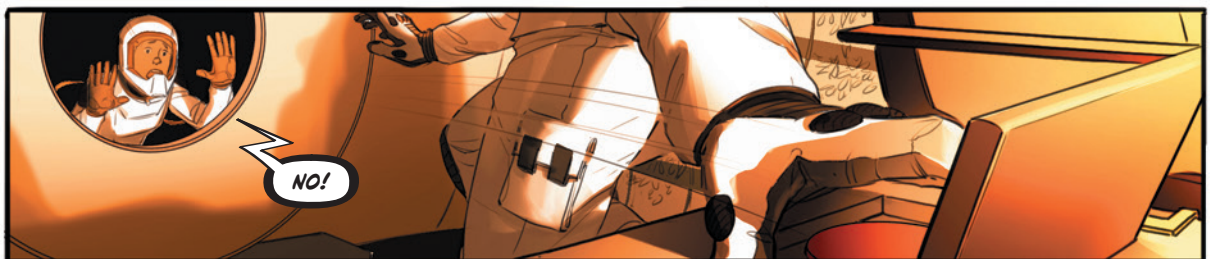
AND THIS... THIS CAN'T BE THAT. NOT YET.

WE WERE GONNA GET HOME.



YEAH.

WE WERE.

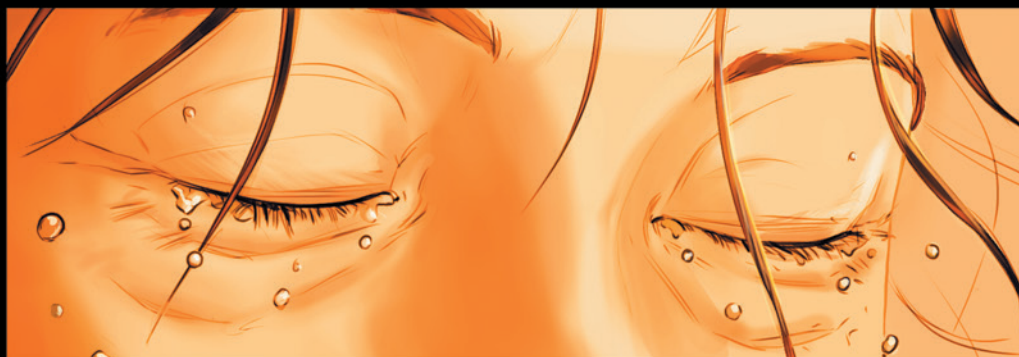


NO!



"I MISSED  
MIDNIGHT?"

"NO, YOU DIDN'T."

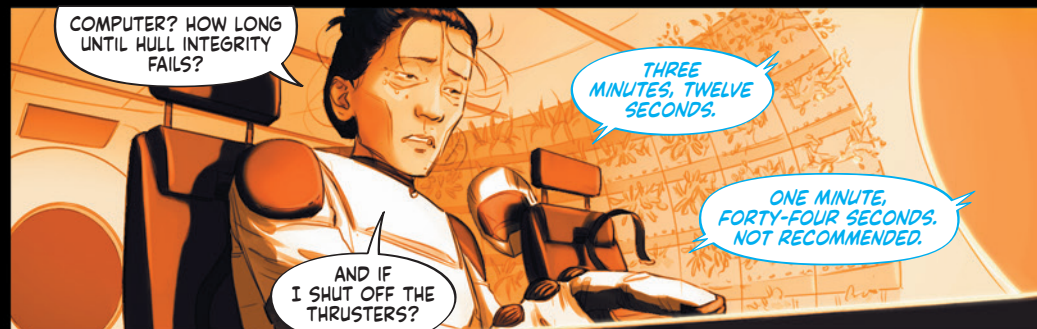


"S'CLOSE, BUT YOU MADE IT.  
YOU FOUND ME. BANG ON MIDNIGHT.  
JUST IN TIME, SPACEGIRL."



STAY  
CLOSE.

DON'T  
WANNA LOSE  
YOU.

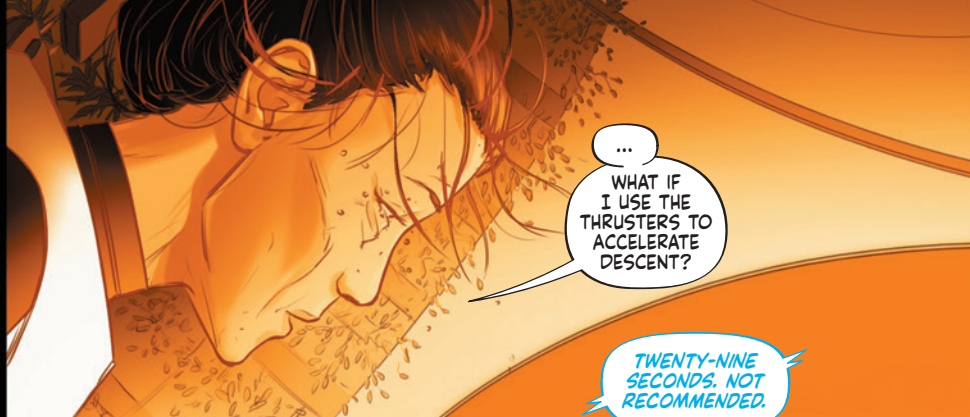


COMPUTER? HOW LONG  
UNTIL HULL INTEGRITY  
FAILS?

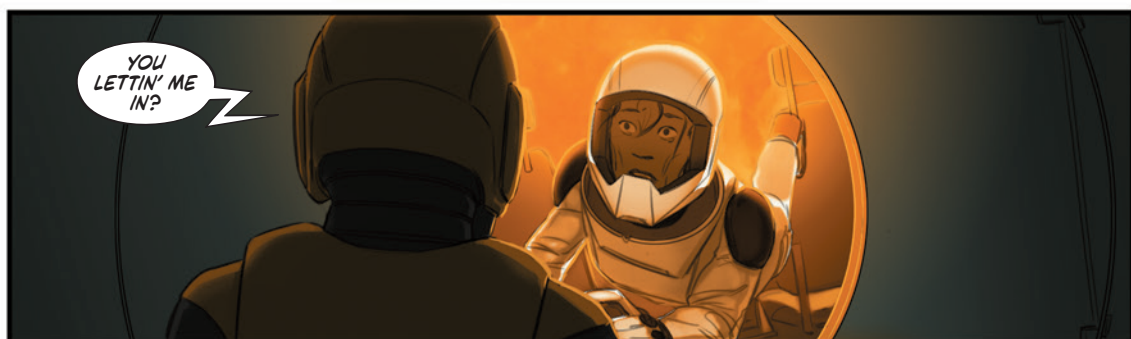
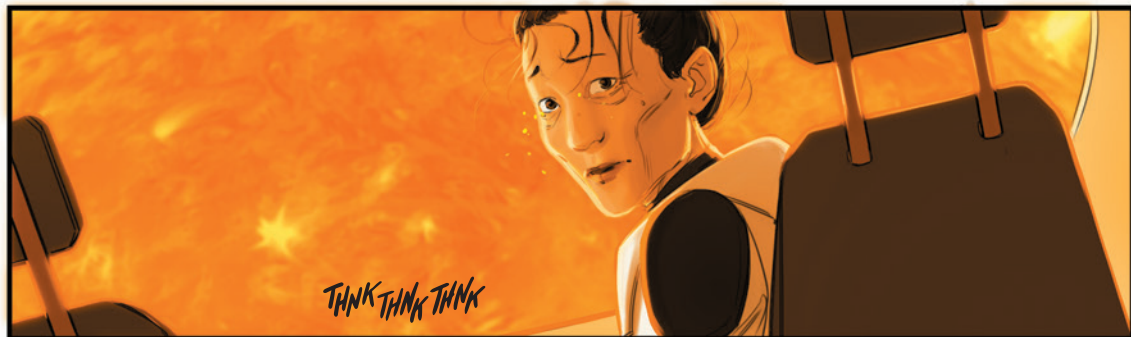
AND IF  
I SHUT OFF THE  
THRUSTERS?

THREE  
MINUTES, TWELVE  
SECONDS.

ONE MINUTE,  
FORTY-FOUR SECONDS.  
NOT RECOMMENDED.











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*Tom Woodman, London, 2020*



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John Shirlaw	Richard Whitaker	
Ellen Sidika Barton	Lyndon White	



**Murray Mielniczuk, the last astronaut, is dying. So is the Earth.**

In a last-ditch effort to save them both, Murray and her wife Kay are shot forward through time to find a cure, rewrite their future, and prevent humanity's imminent self-destruction.

But crash-landing on a barren Earth, they find themselves with no help, no ship, and no way home.

**Future** is an original graphic novel about love, hope, and time travel.

