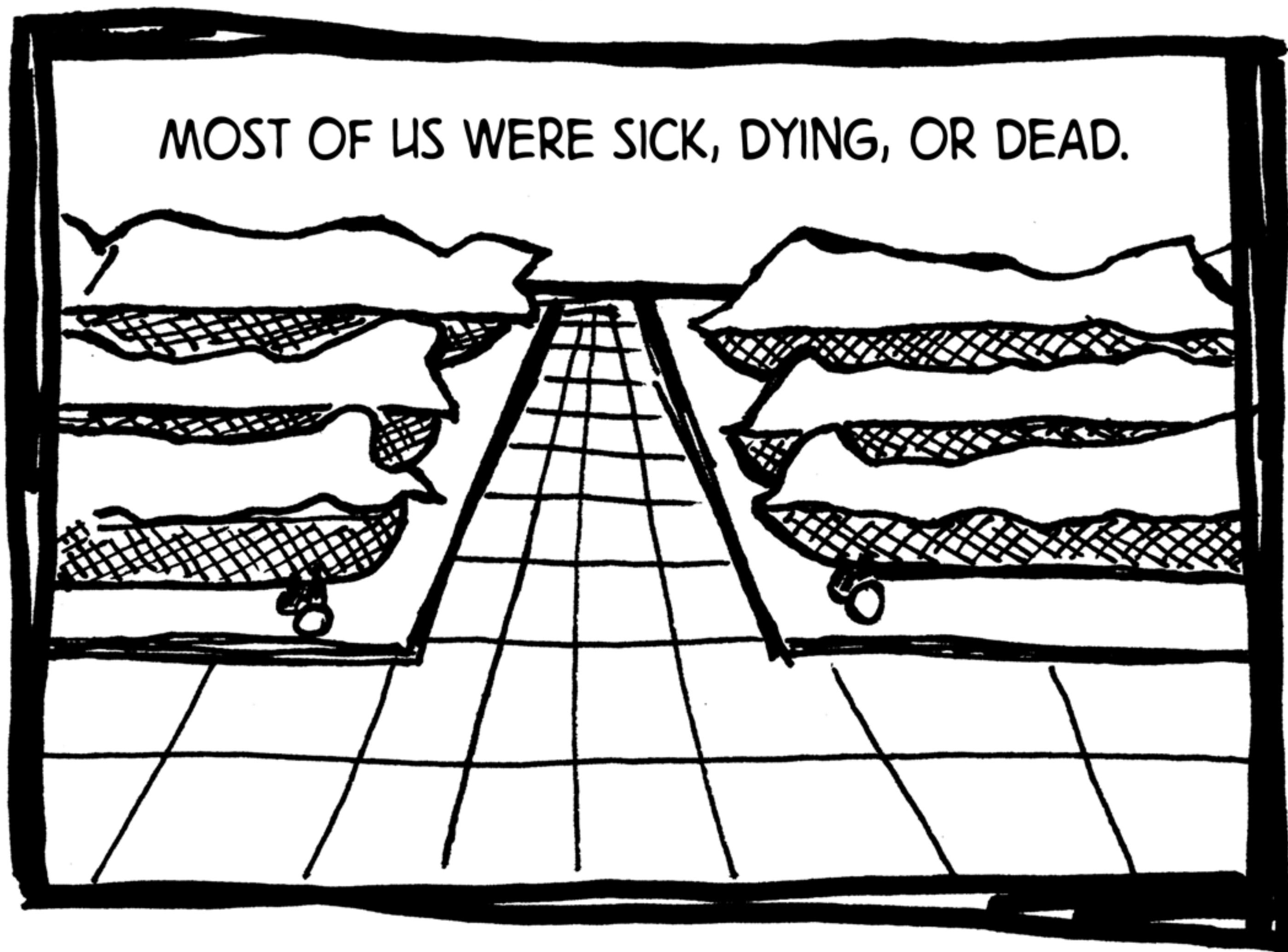


WE'D BEEN STUCK ON THIS SHIP FOR 7 MONTHS.

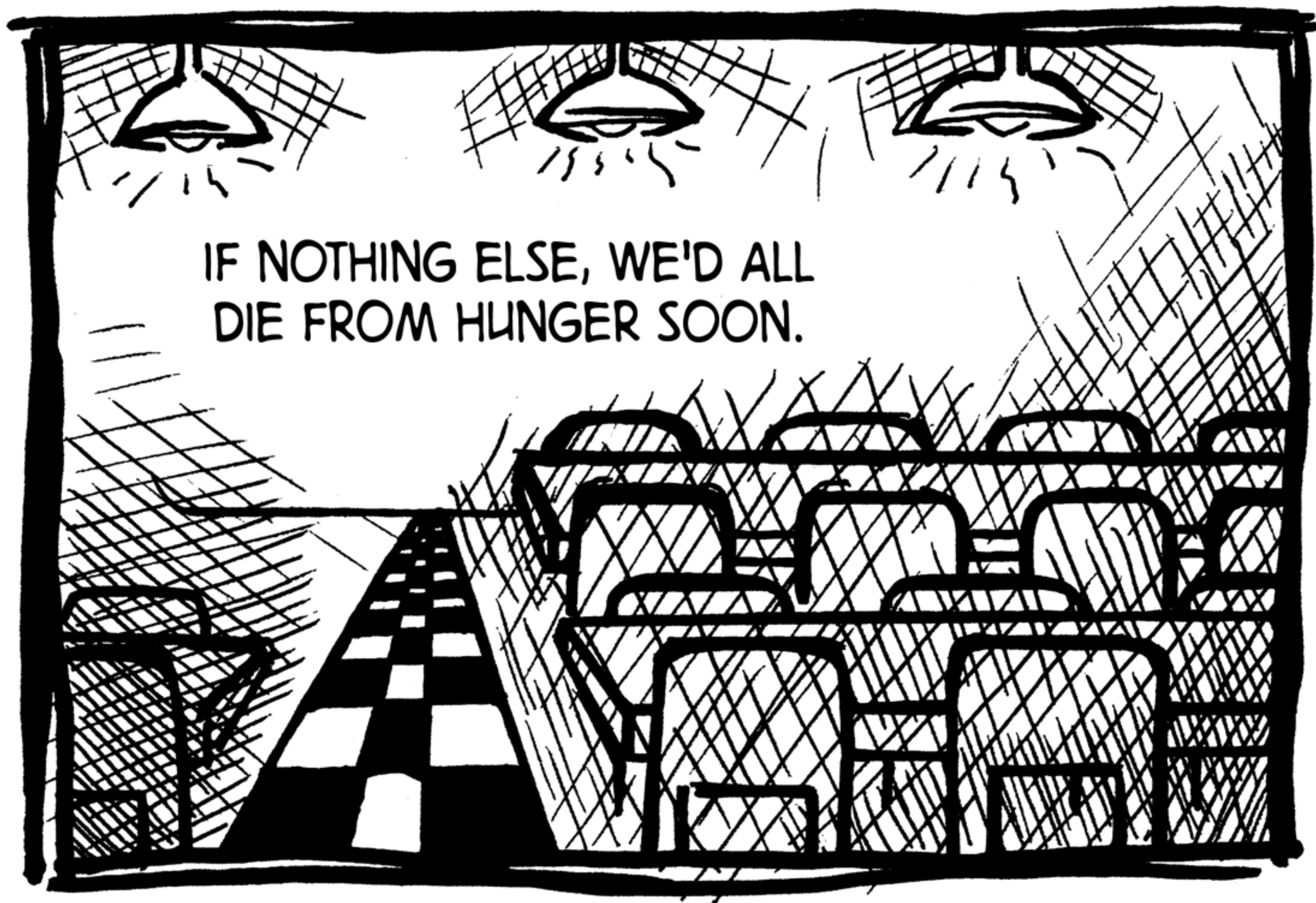
MOST OF US WERE SICK, DYING, OR DEAD.



OUR FOOD SUPPLIES?



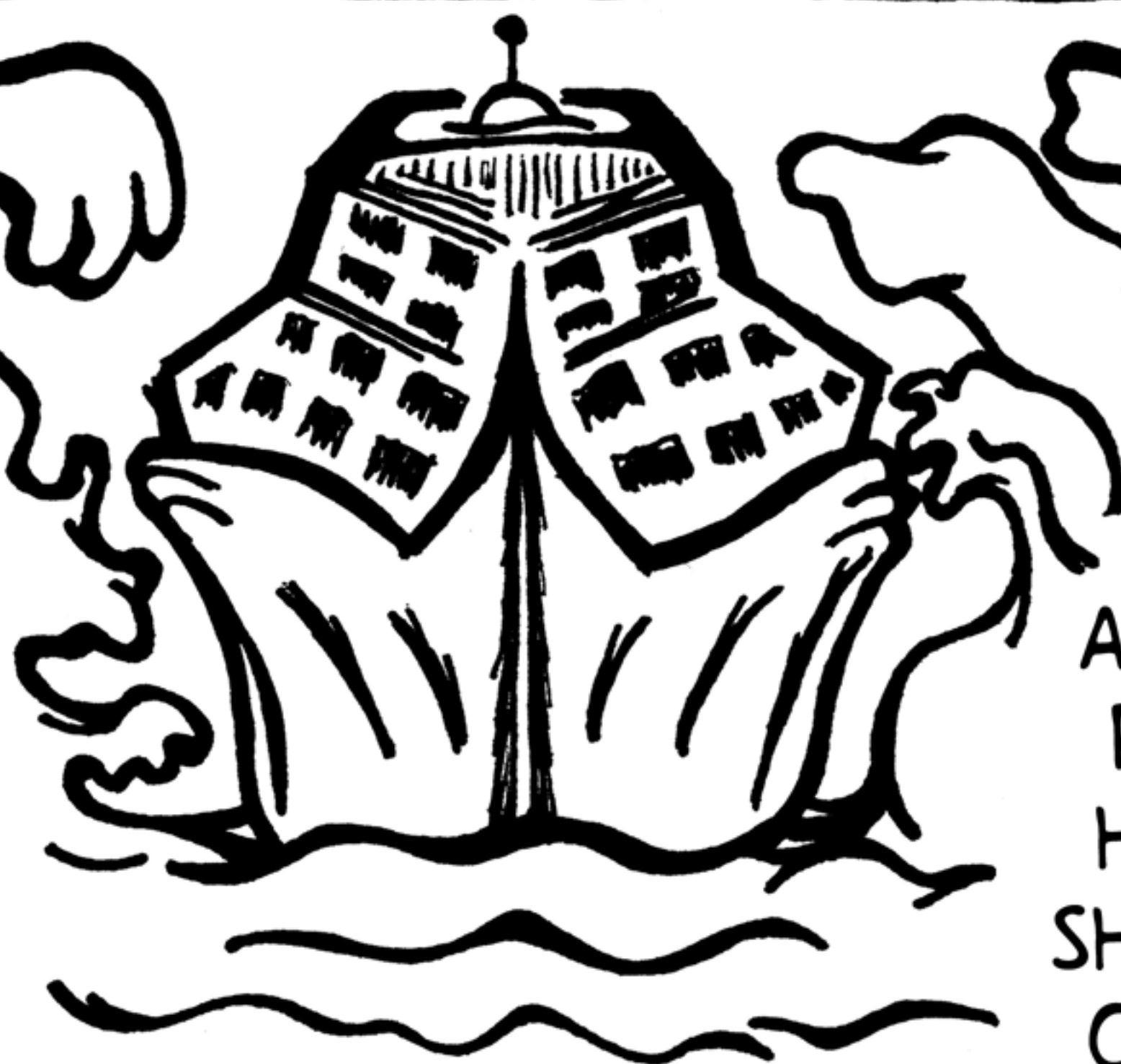
ALMOST EXHAUSTED.



WE WERE ATTEMPTING
PASSAGE FROM NEBULA 8
TO THE HADES SYSTEM.



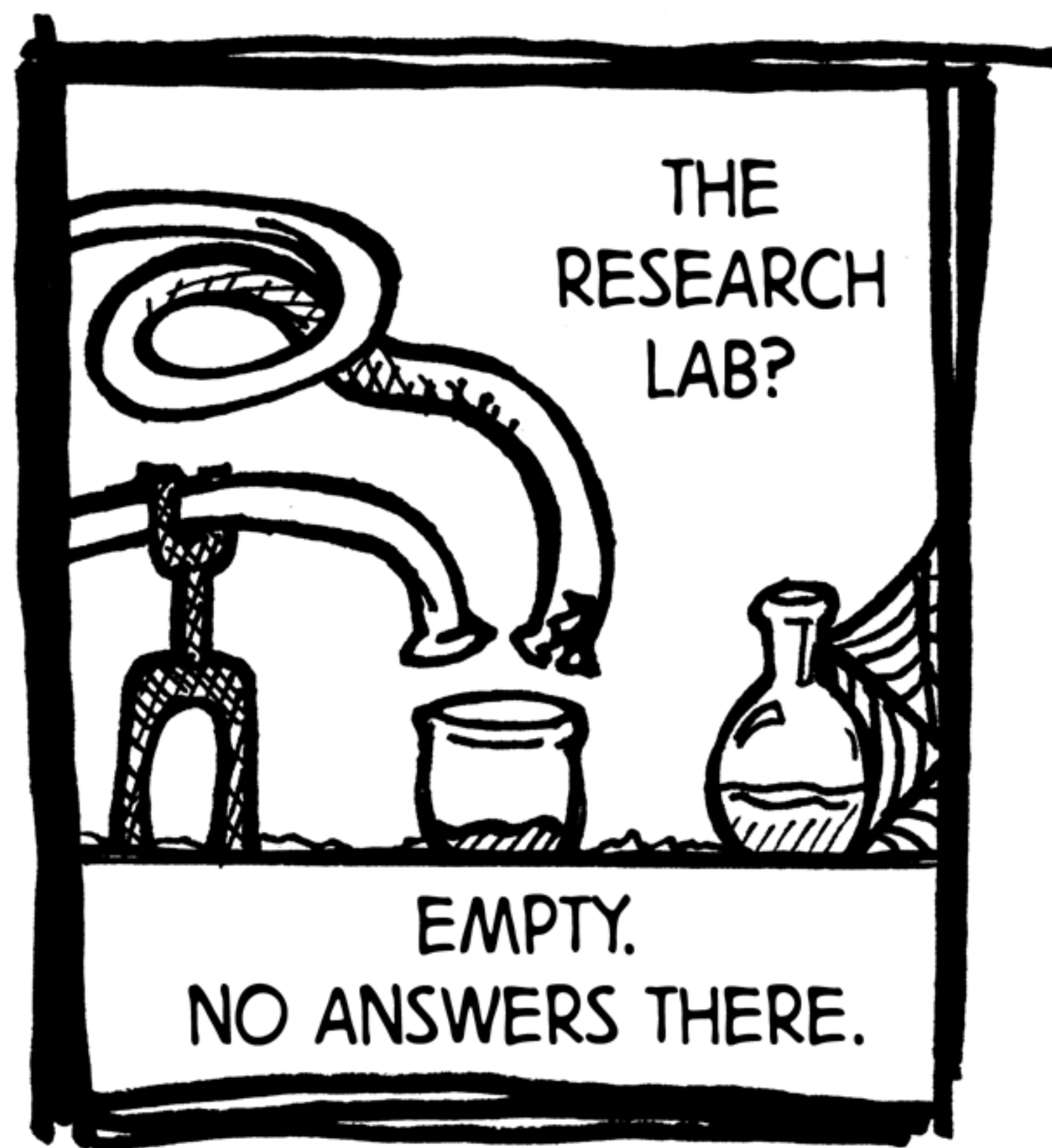
OUR SHIP
TRAVELED BY
FOLDING
SPACE-TIME
THROUGH
MOISTURE.

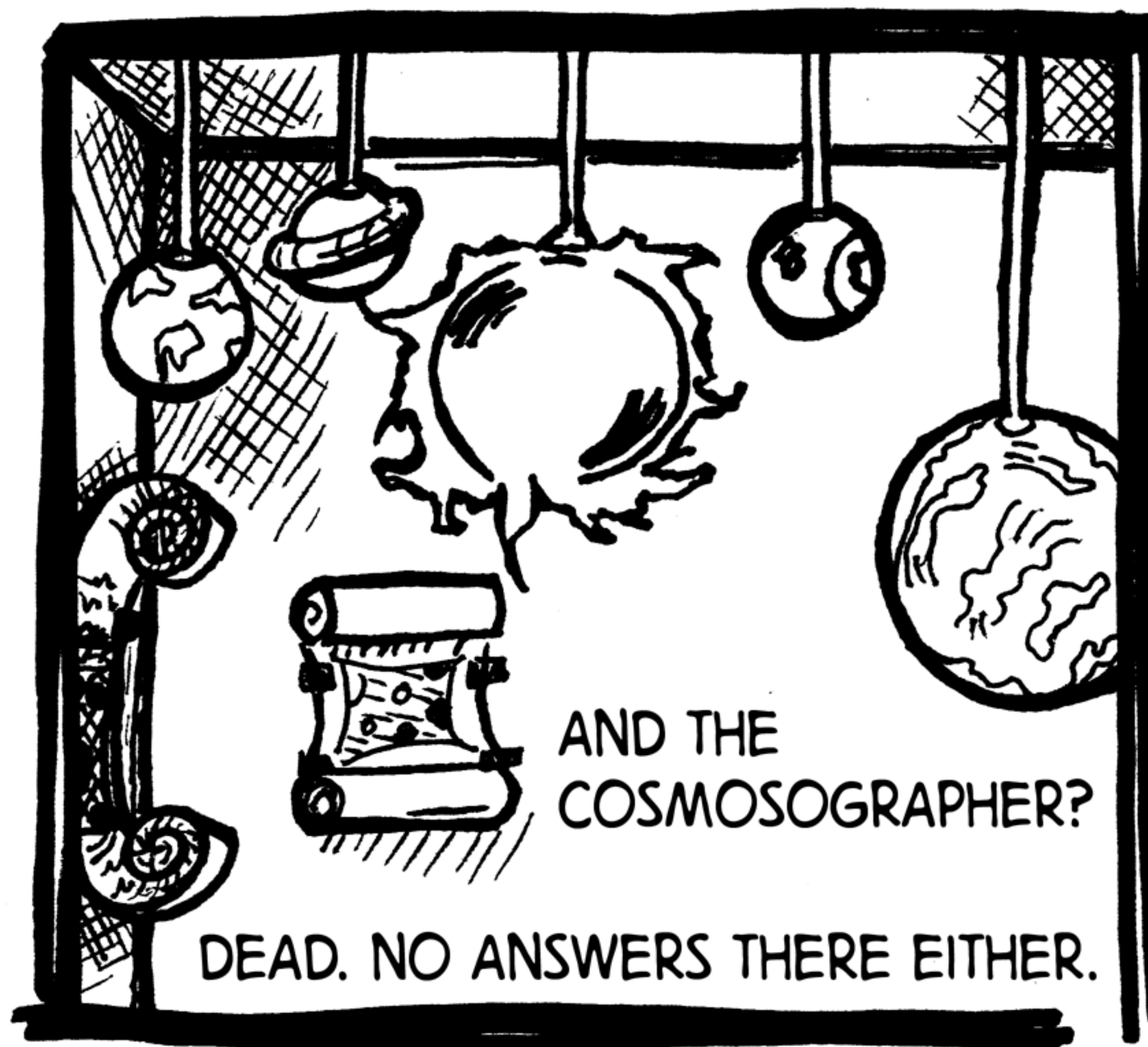


AND THIS
PLANET
HAD NO
SHORTAGE
OF THAT.

BUT WE DIDN'T
KNOW WHERE
THIS WAS.

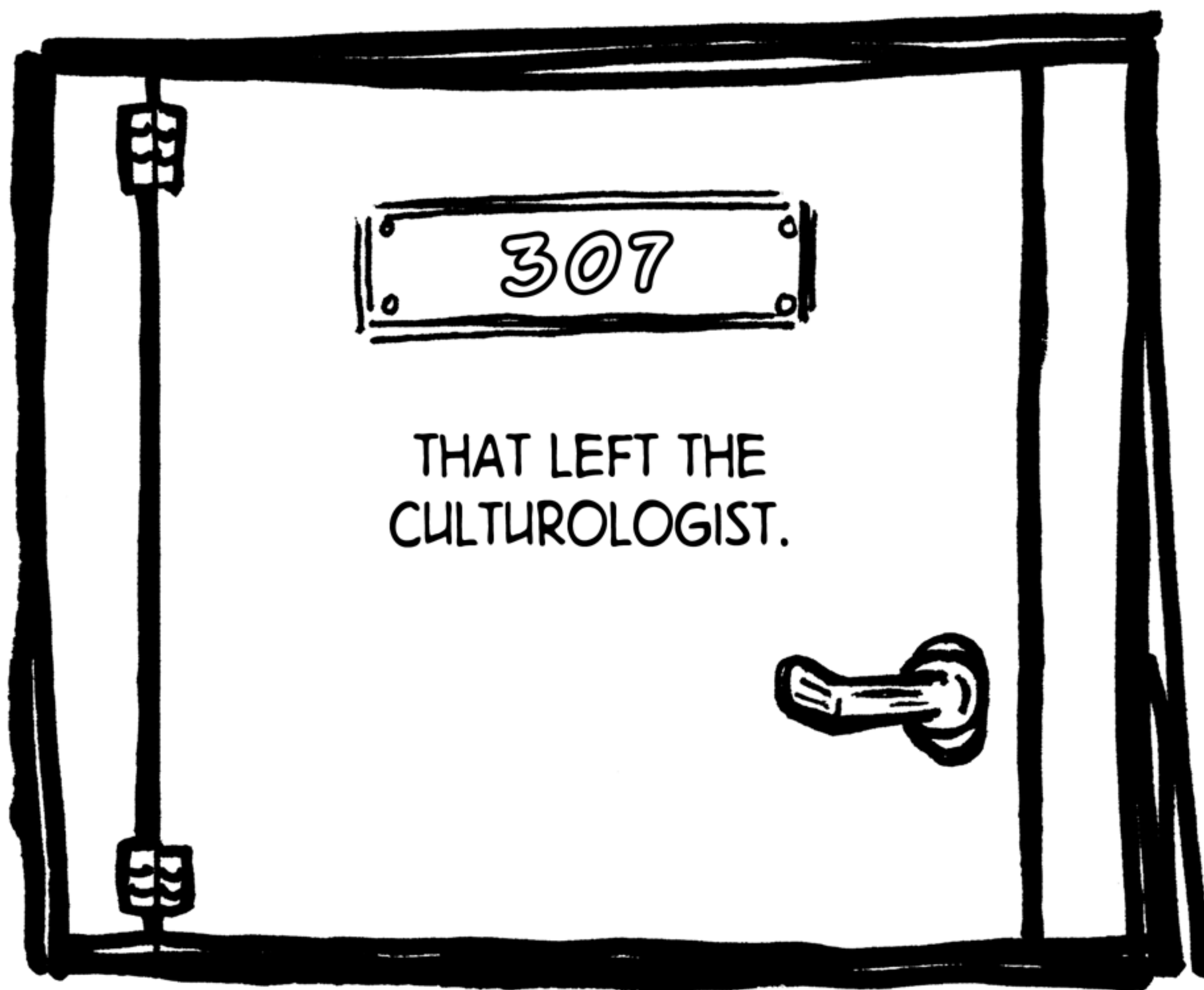






AND THE
COSMOSOGRAPHER?

DEAD. NO ANSWERS THERE EITHER.



SHE WAS THE
LAST PERSON
I WANTED
TO TALK TO.



BUT I WAS
OUT OF
OPTIONS.

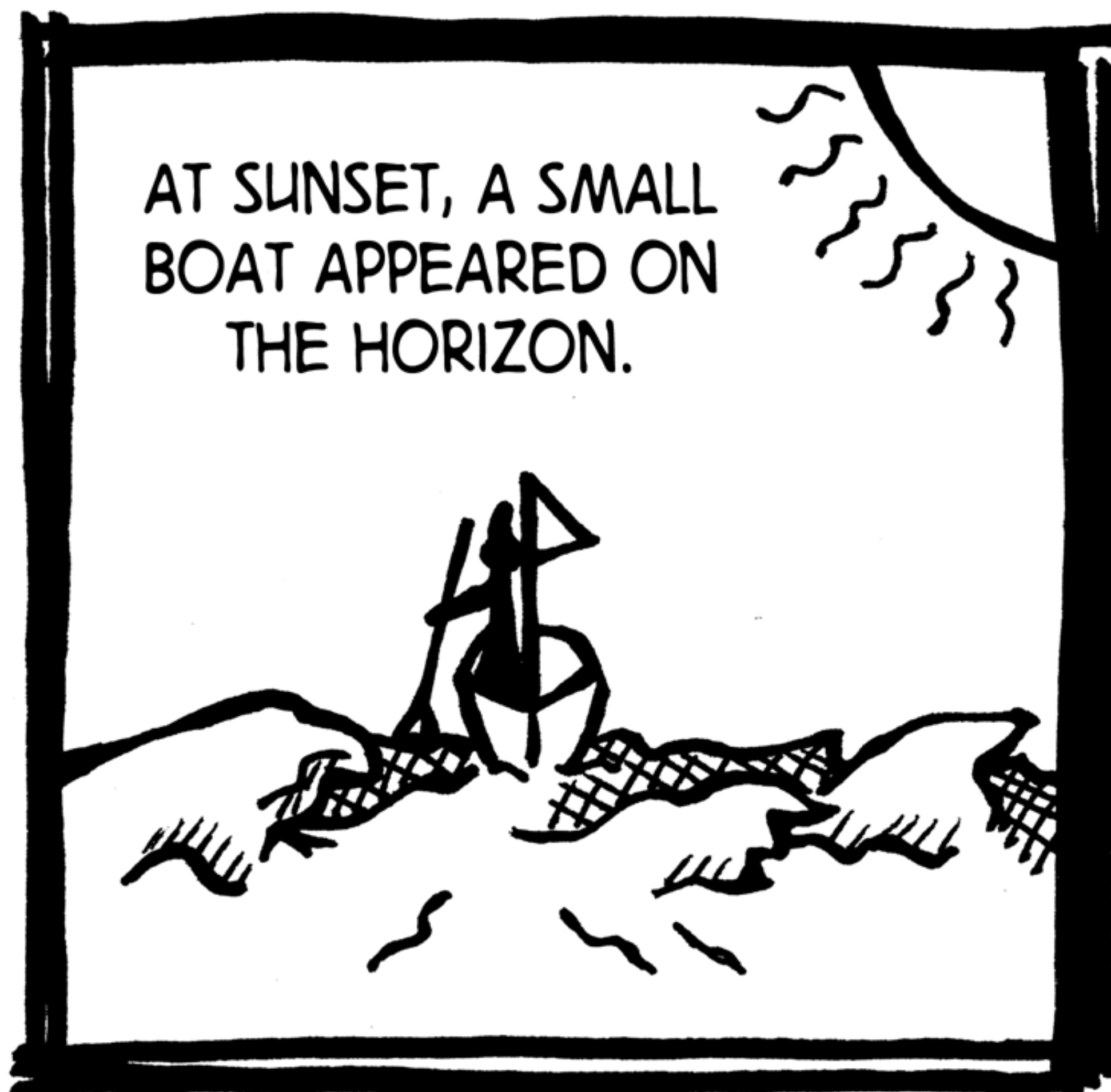






I THOUGHT ABOUT HER
WORDS, STARING ACROSS
EMPTY OCEAN ALL DAY.

AT SUNSET, A SMALL
BOAT APPEARED ON
THE HORIZON.



"EXCUSE ME!" I YELLED. "WHAT SECTOR ARE WE IN?"

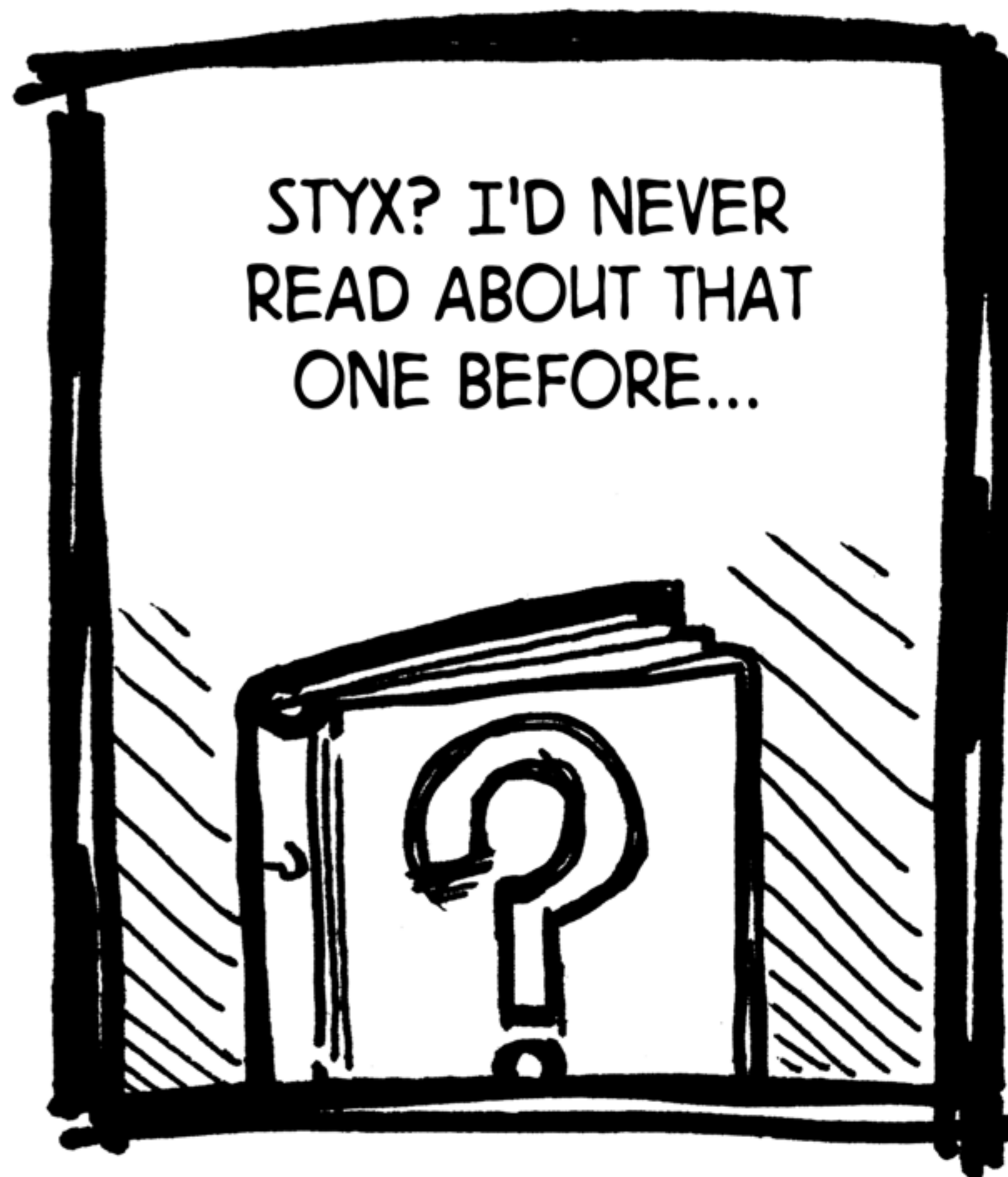
"SECTOR?" SAID THE OARSMAN, CONFUSED.

"WHAT PLANET IS THIS?" I REPLIED.

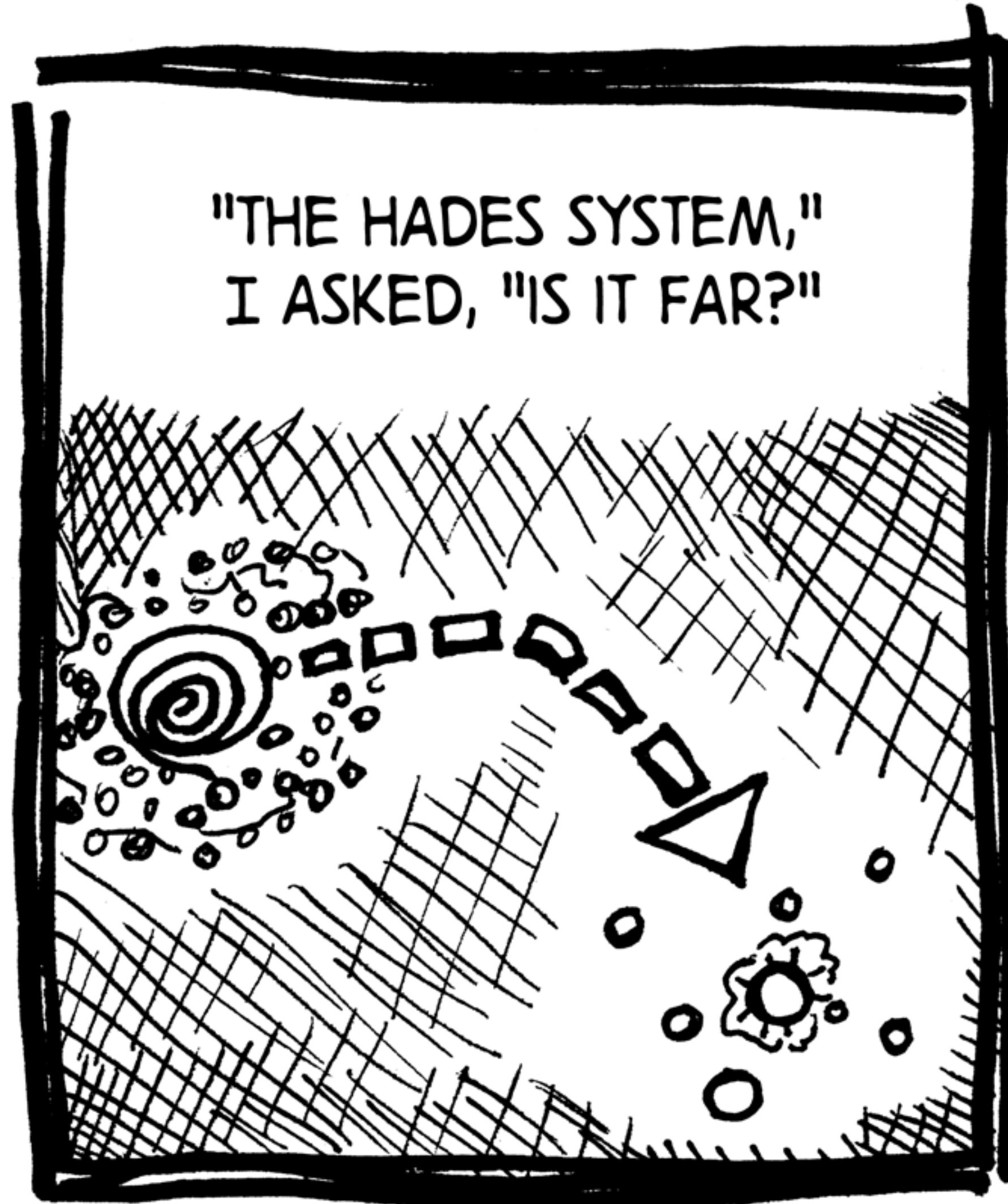
"STYX," HE SAID.



STYX? I'D NEVER
READ ABOUT THAT
ONE BEFORE...



"THE HADES SYSTEM,"
I ASKED, "IS IT FAR?"



"IT'S CLOSER THAN
YOU THINK," HE SAID.



"JUST COME
WITH ME."

FIN.

PASSAGE

BY NICK MARINO

WWW.NICKMARINO.NET