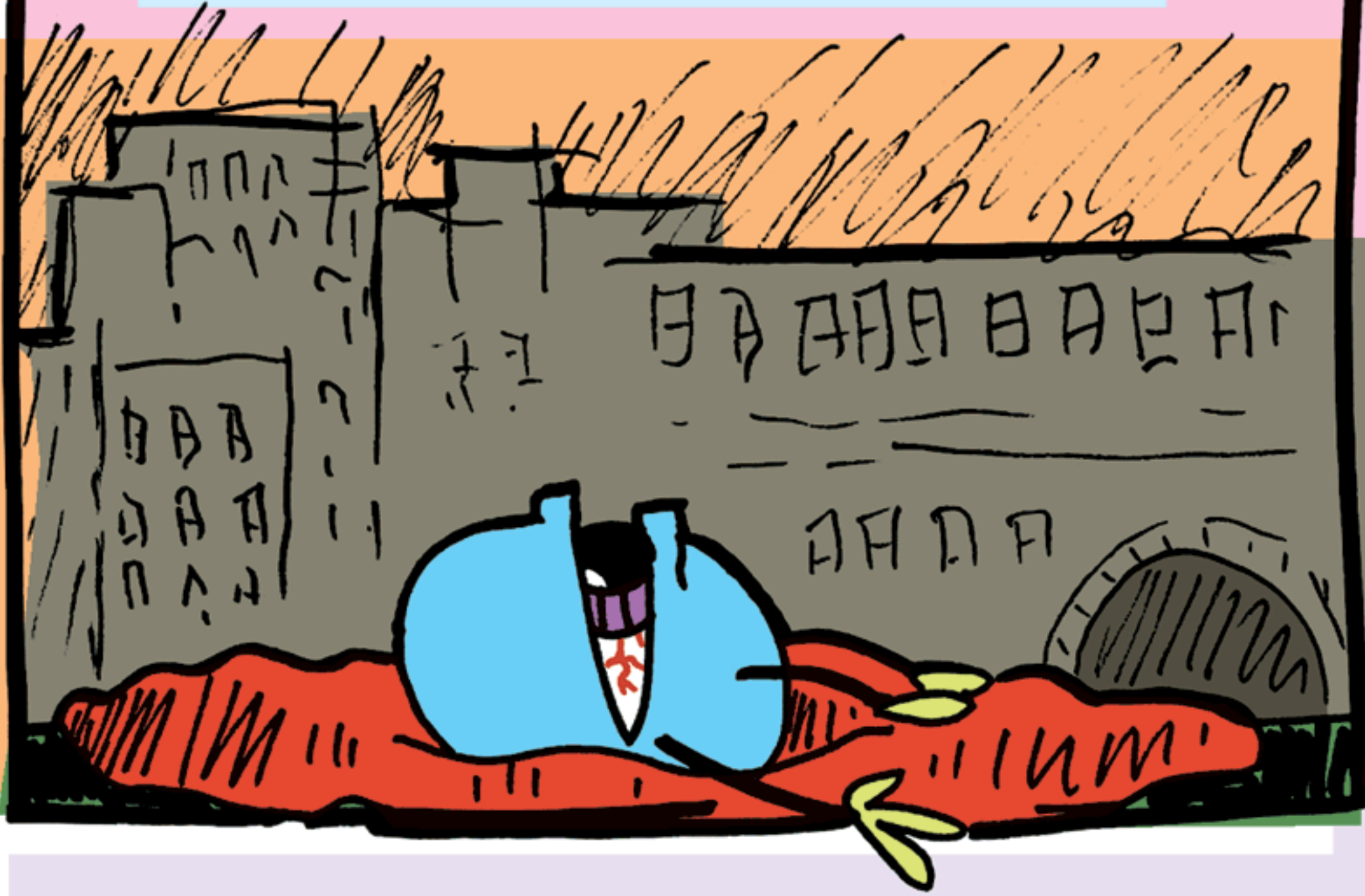




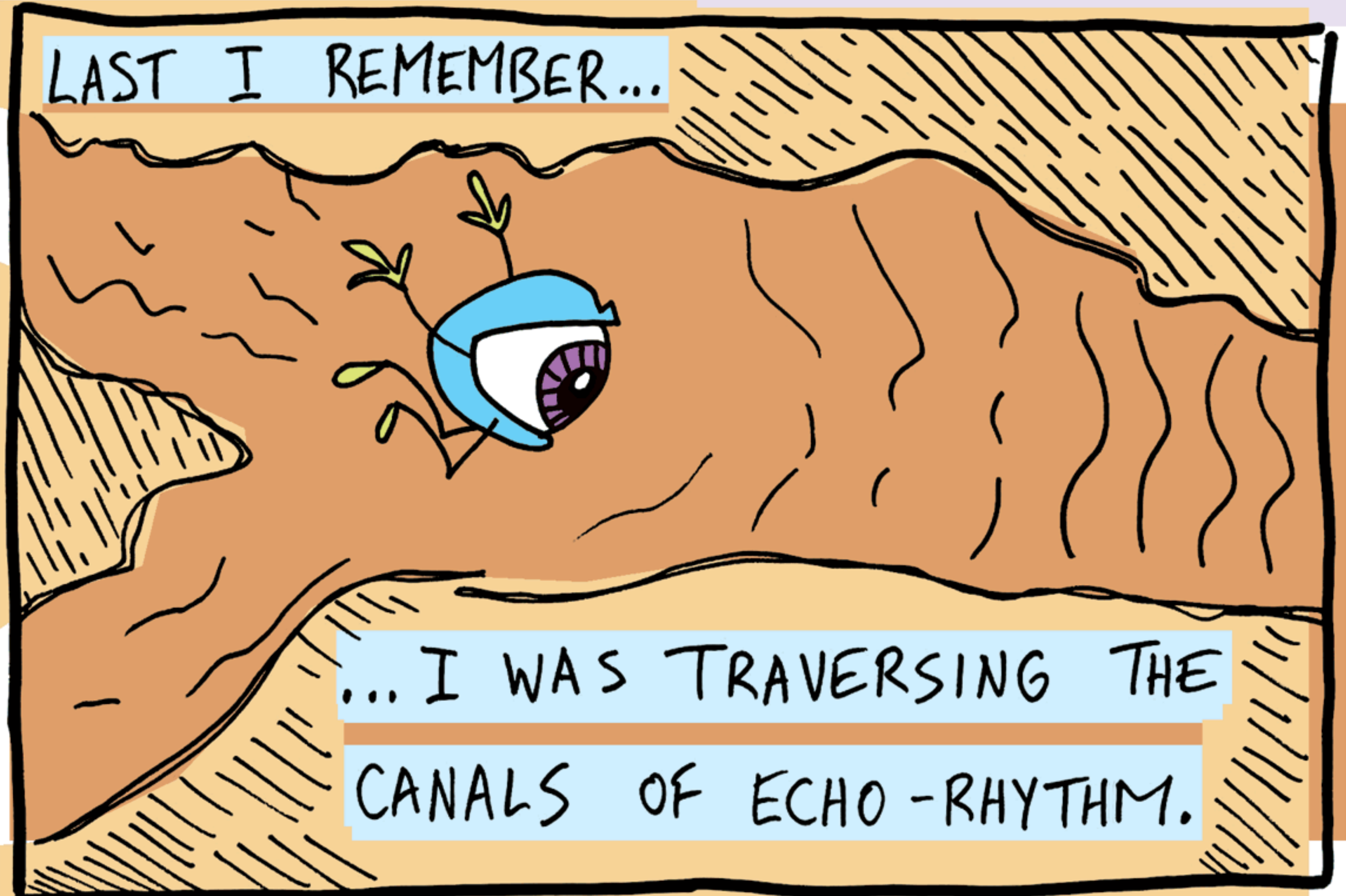
I WOKE UP IN A PUDDLE
OF MY OWN BLOOD...



HOW DID
I GET
HERE???



LAST I REMEMBER...

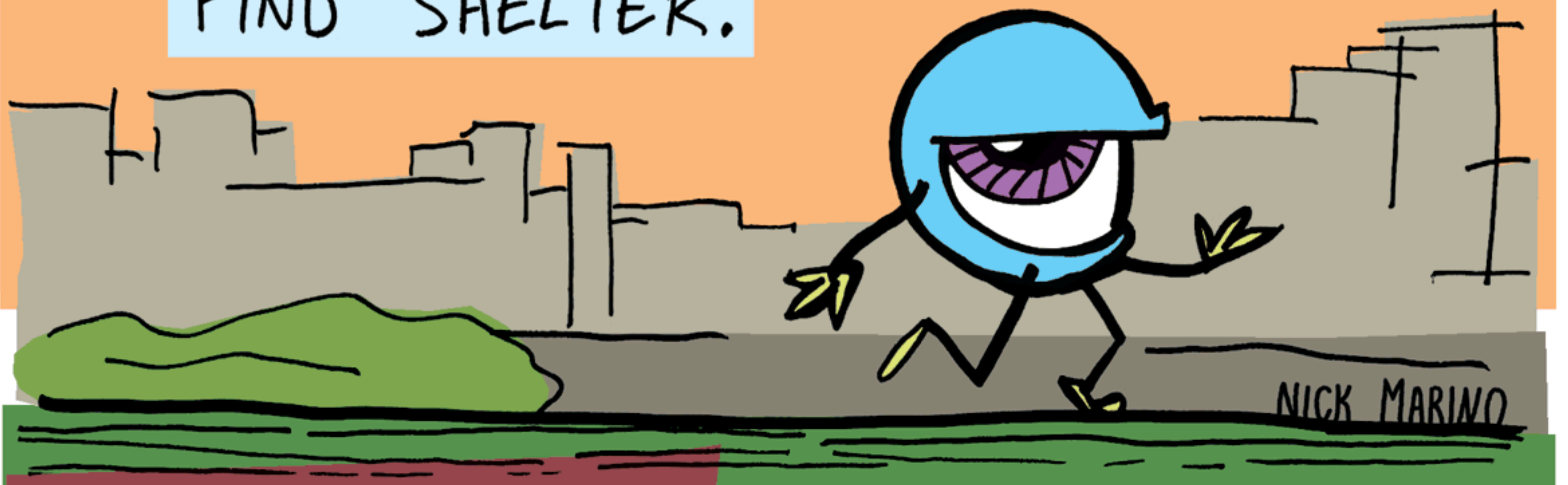


... I WAS TRAVERSING THE
CANALS OF ECHO-RHYTHM.

AND THEN EVERYTHING
WENT BLACK.



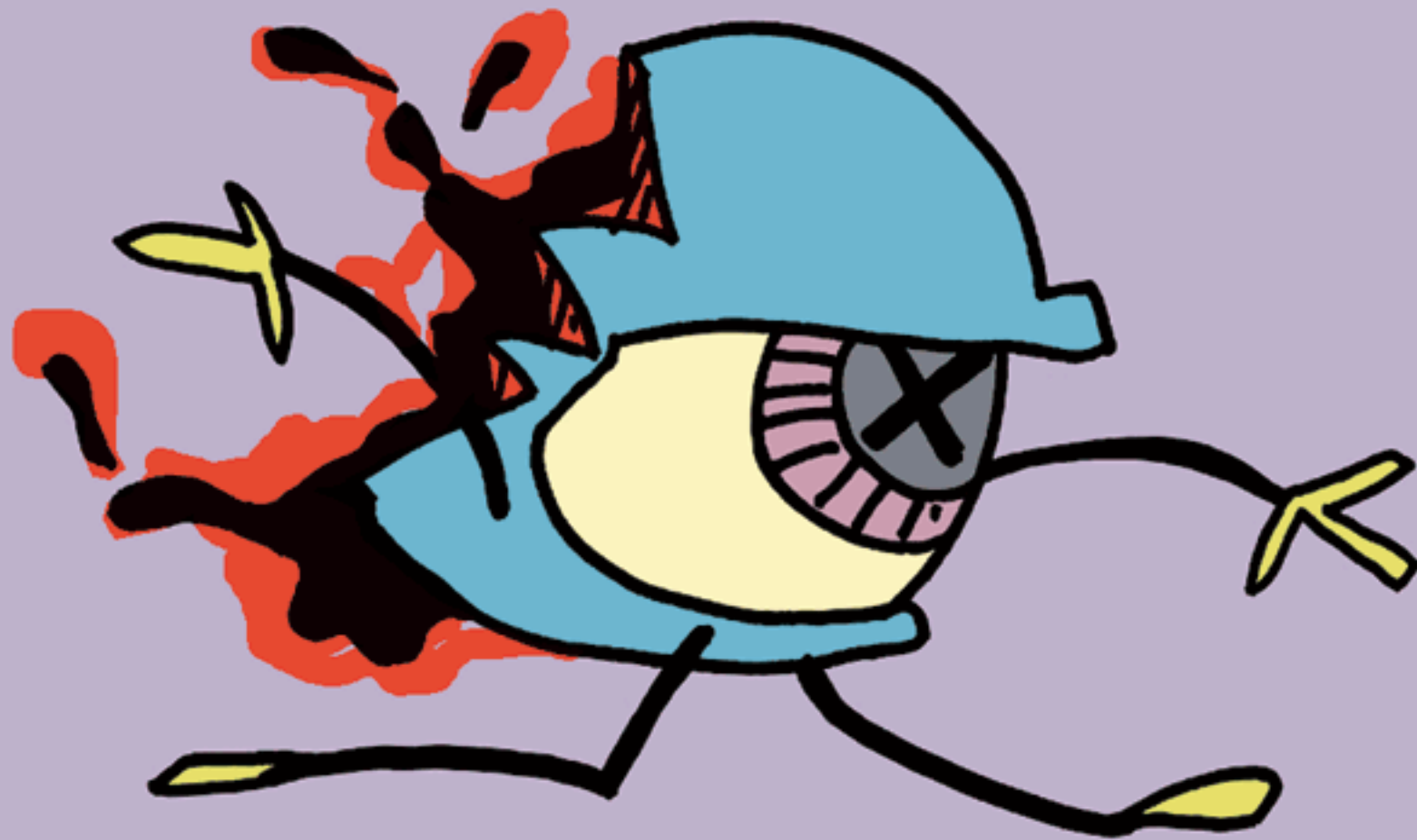
I GUESS I SHOULD TRY TO
FIND SHELTER.



THE BLUDWULVES
WILL BE OUT
SOON...



... AND THE LAST THING I
NEED IS TO GET BITTEN.

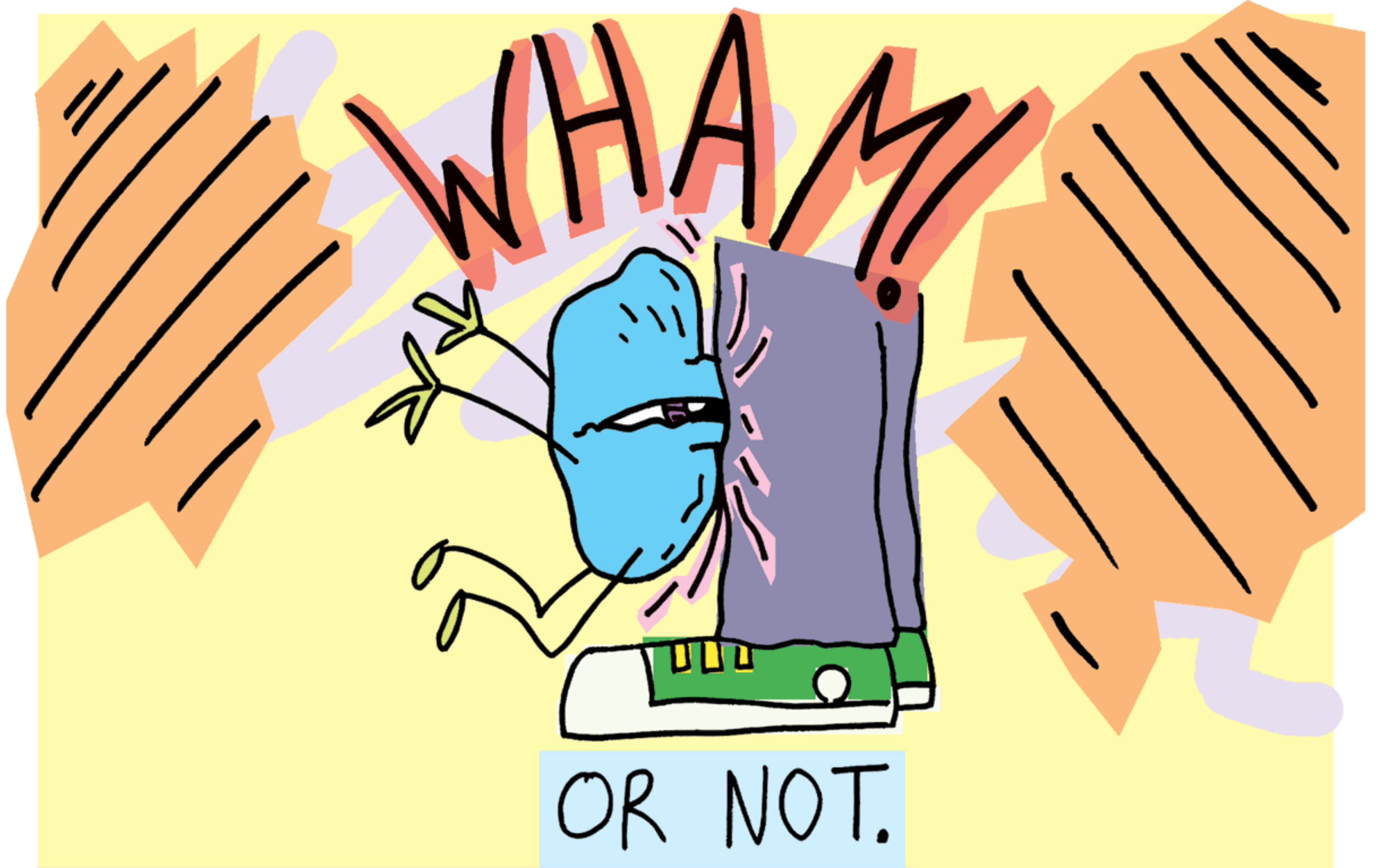


SO I'LL KEEP RUNNING.



(((AND RUNNING.





I TELL
HIM WHAT
HAPPENED.

THE
CANALS.

THE
BLACK.

THE
BLOOD.

THE
RUN.



HE OFFERS SOME ADVICE.



"RUN BACKWARDS."

SO I TAKE HIS ADVICE.

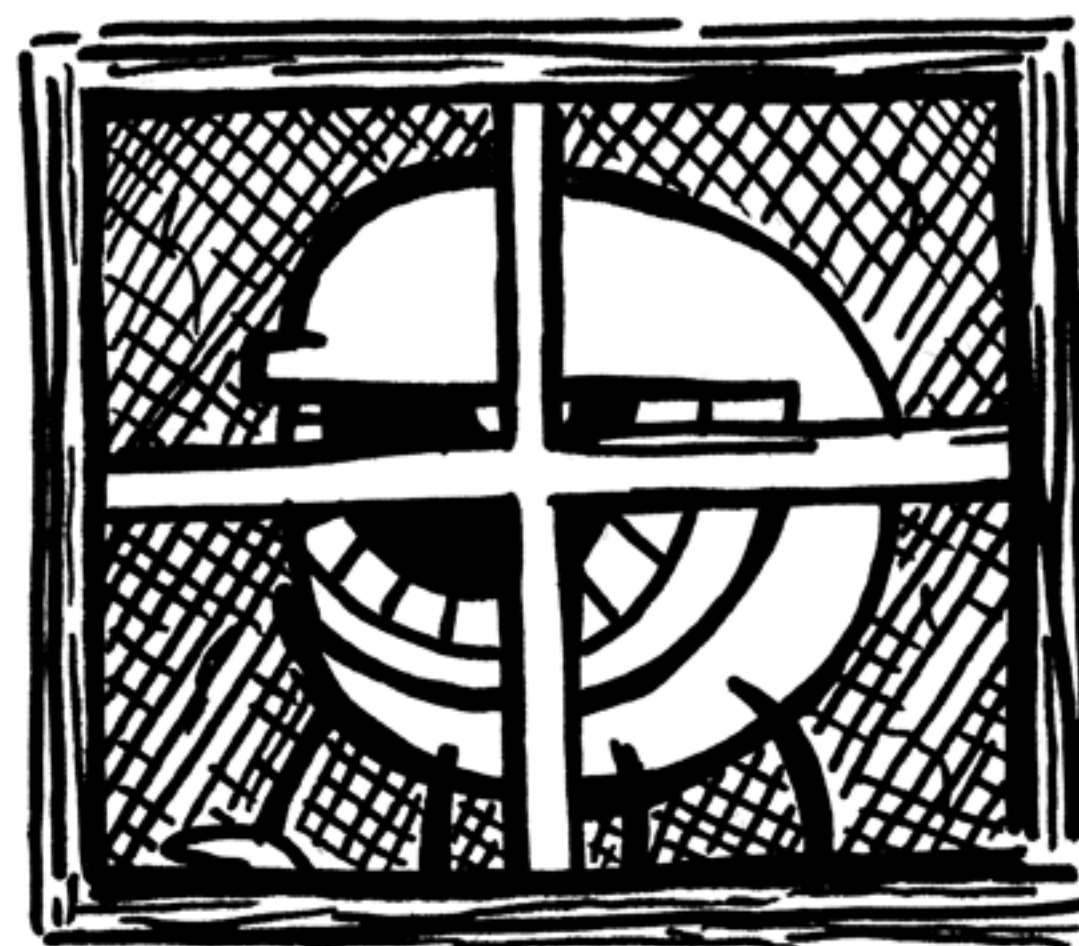
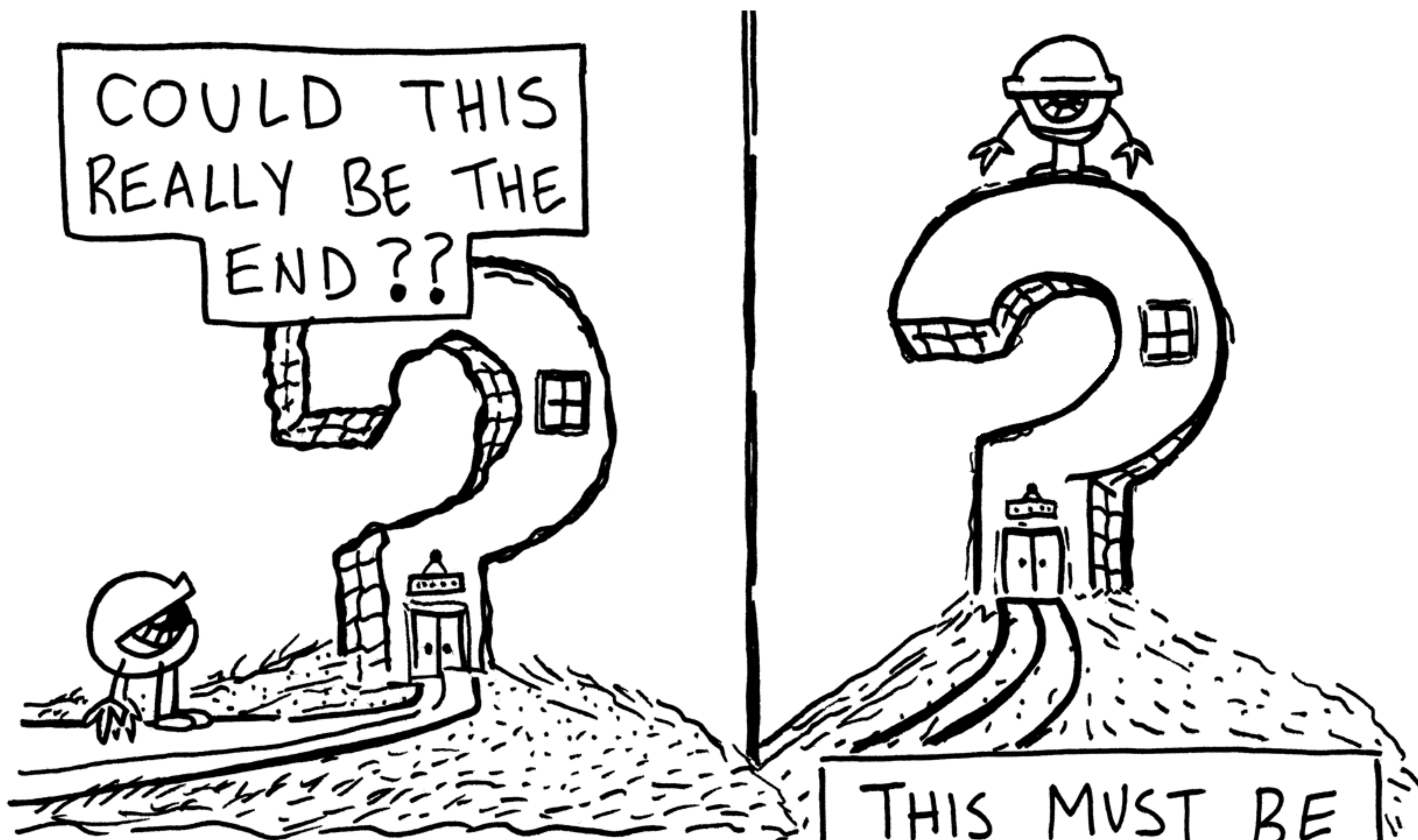


BACK TO THE BLOOD, TO THE BLACK.



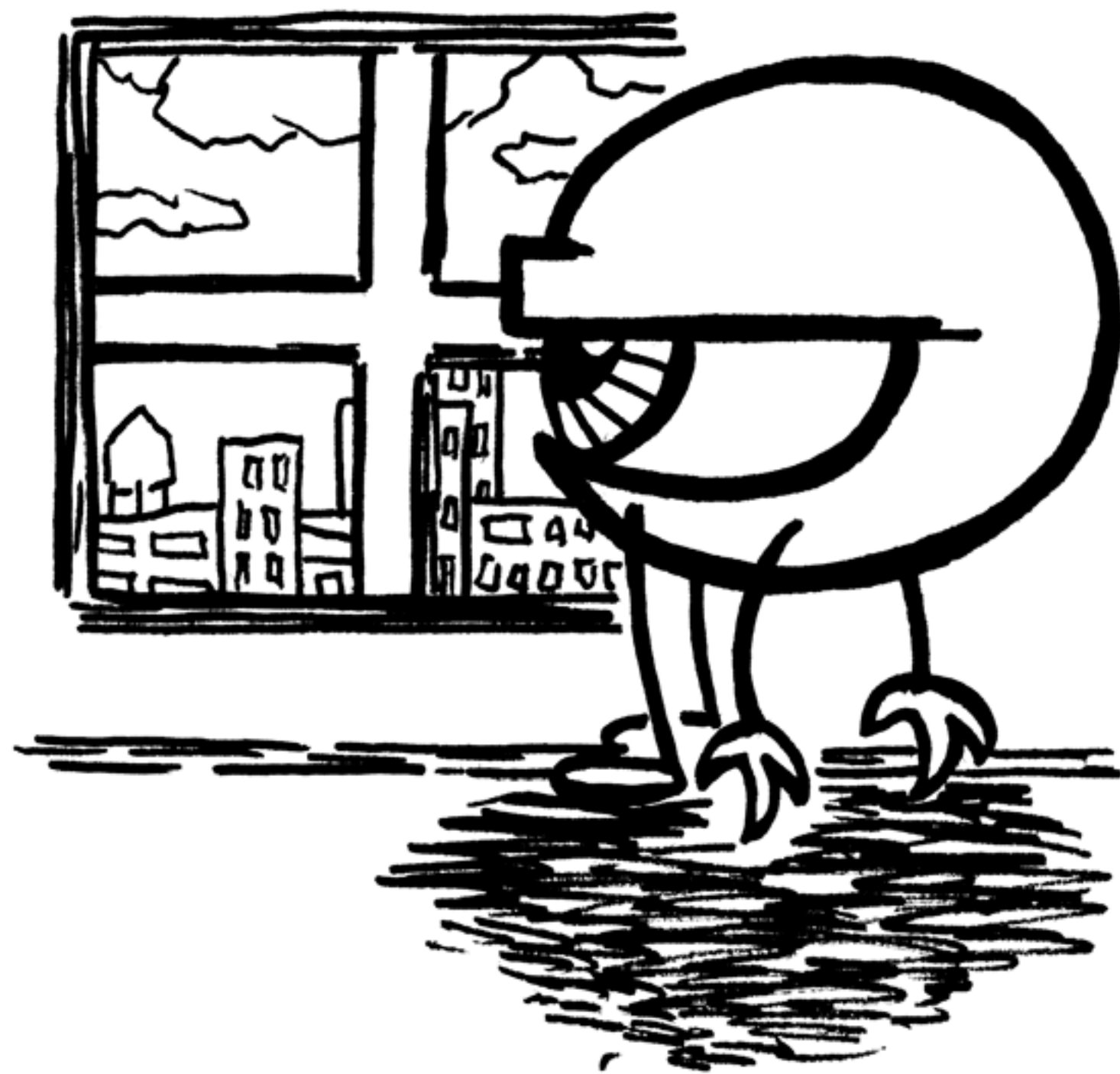
AND, HOPEFULLY, MY MEMORY.

END?

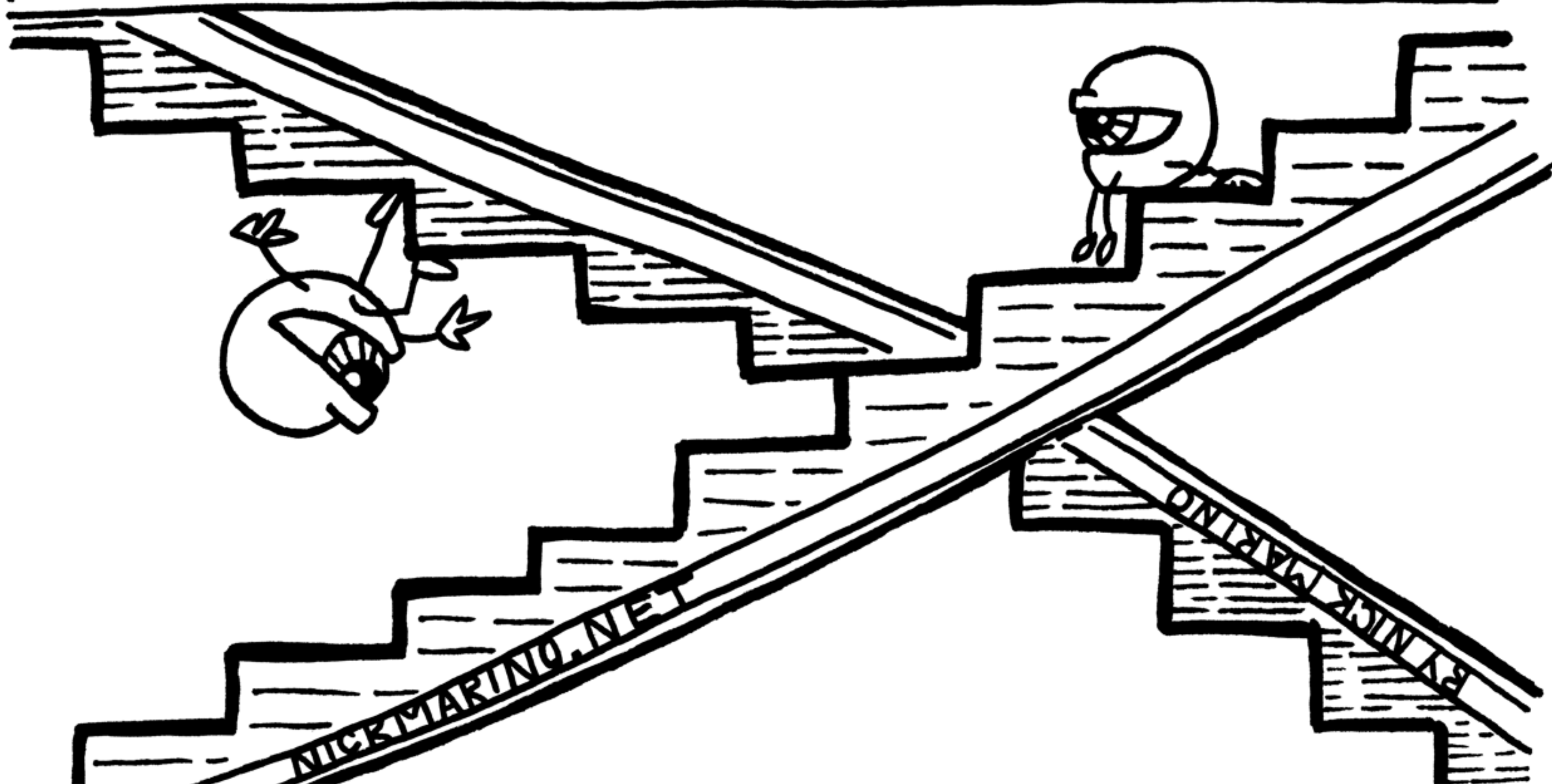


WHY DO THIS AT ALL? WHY
MAKE IT SO CONFUSING??

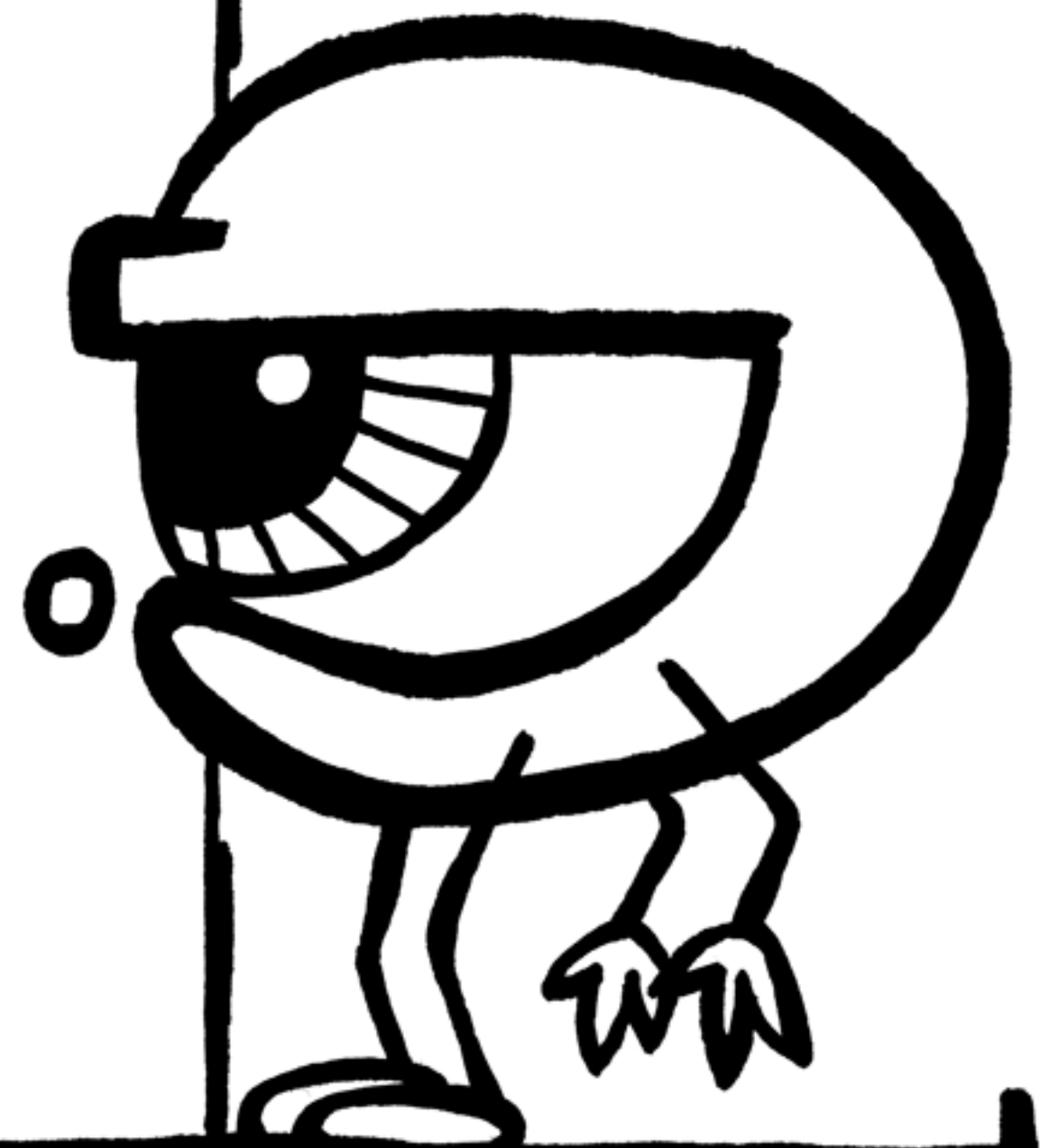
THIS IS AN EXPERIMENT, RIGHT?
IT MUST BE AN EXPERIMENT.



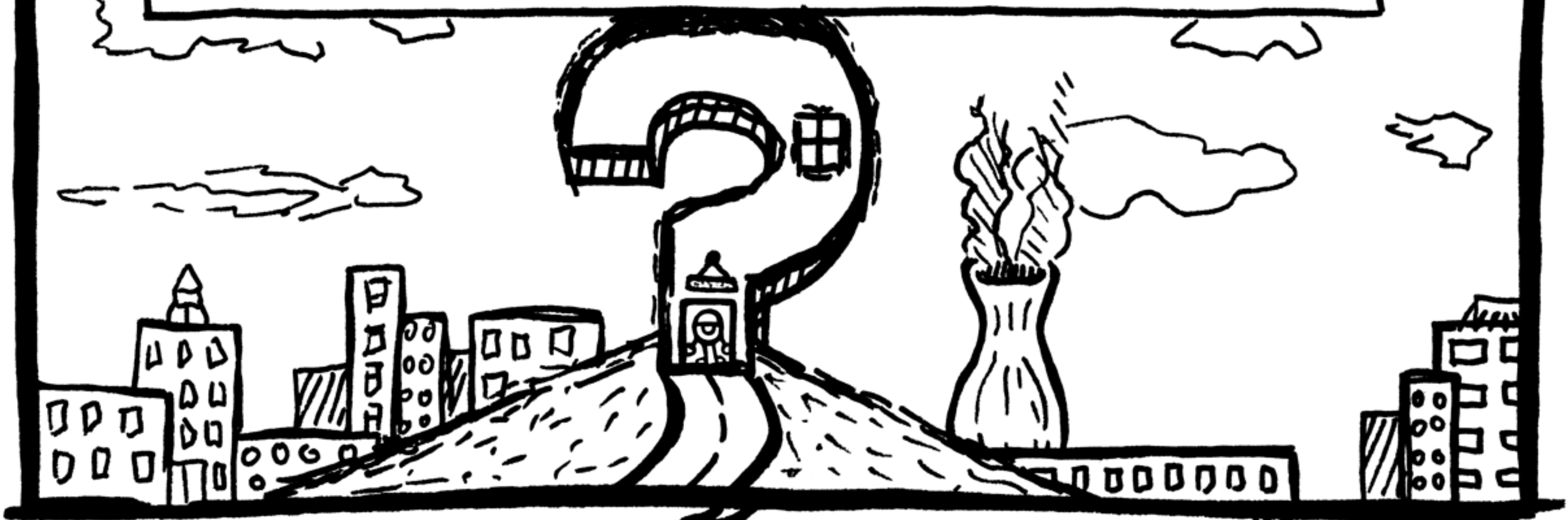
EVERYTHING IS BACKWARDS. OR IS
IT FORWARDS? I CAN'T TELL.



OBVIOUSLY
THERE'S
SOMETHING
ODD GOING
ON HERE.



BUT WILL PEOPLE UNDERSTAND...



POSTREMO

...THIS IS
WHERE IT
ACTUALLY
BEGINS?

