

TOURIST

U N I K I N I © W I N I



HE'S ON THE RUN
FROM AREA 51

...
AND SHE'S DROPPED IN
FROM OUTER SPACE.

LIVIN' THE DREAMLAND

and other stories.

BY GUSTAV CARLSON

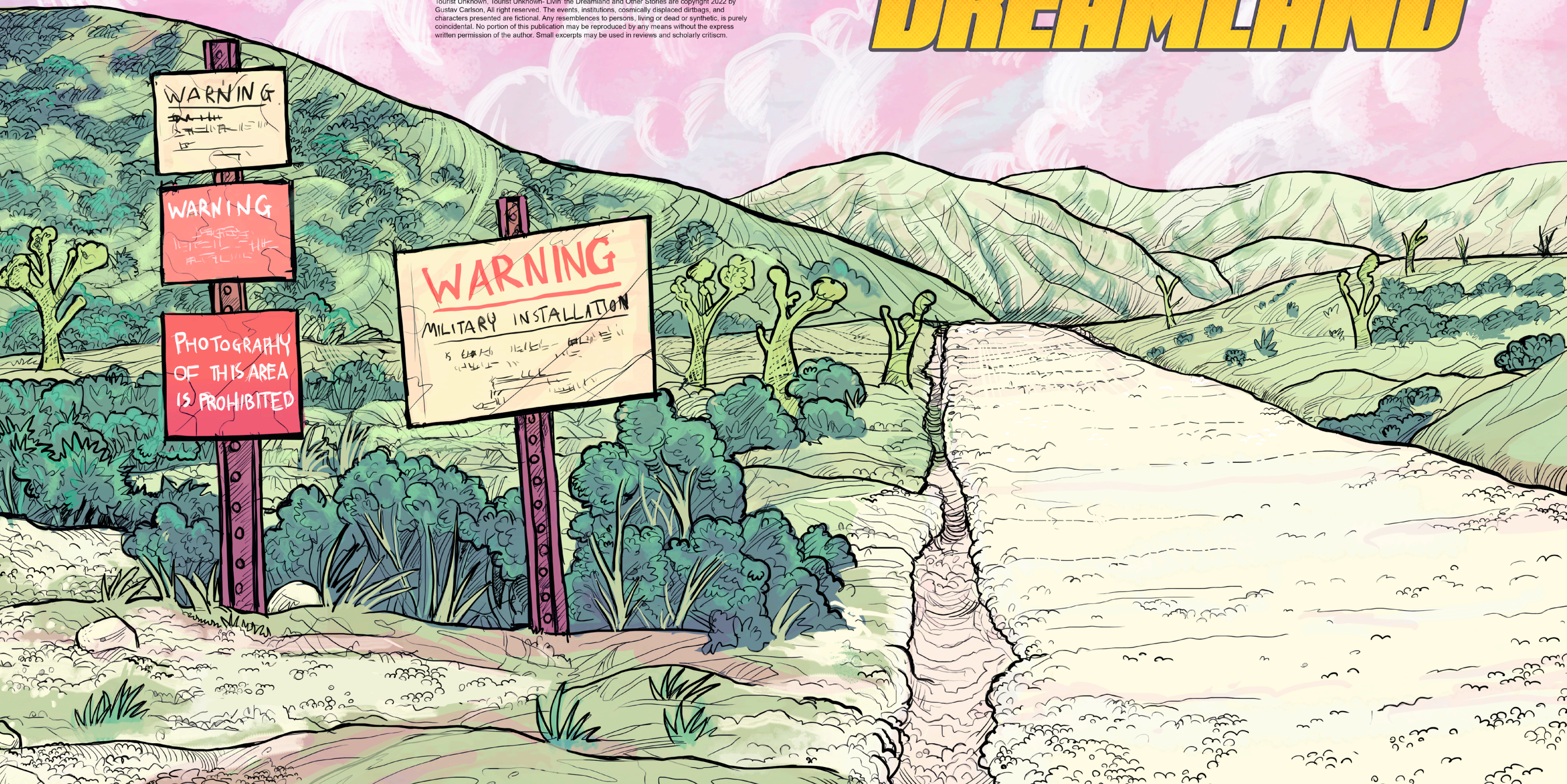
TOURIST

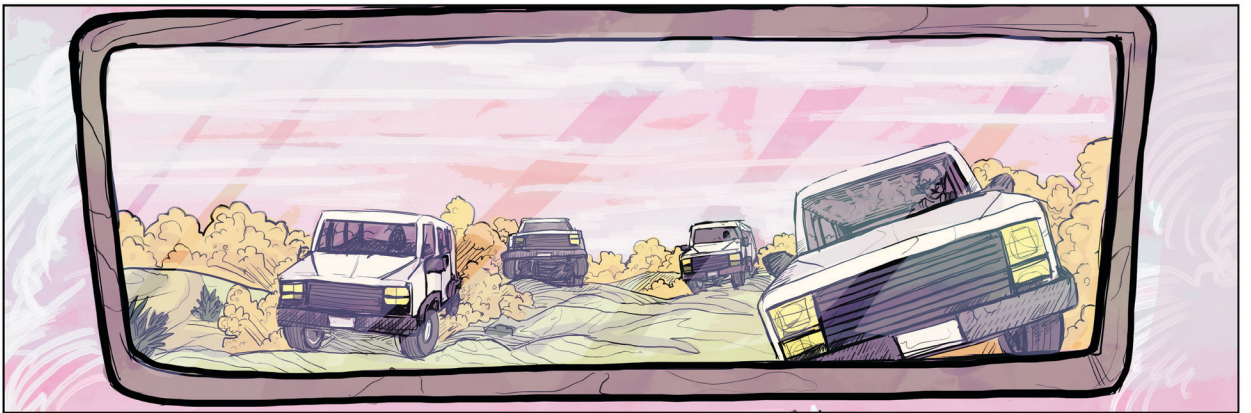
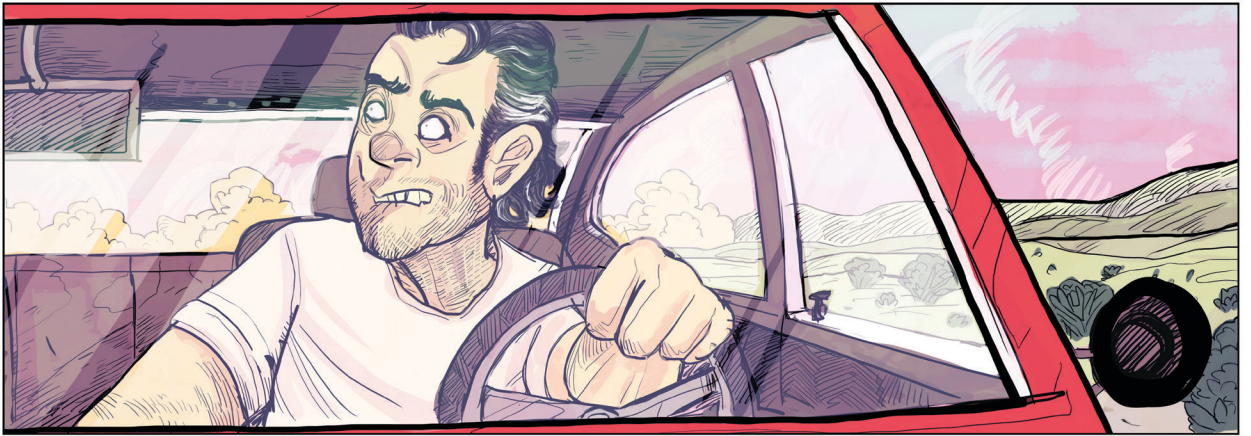
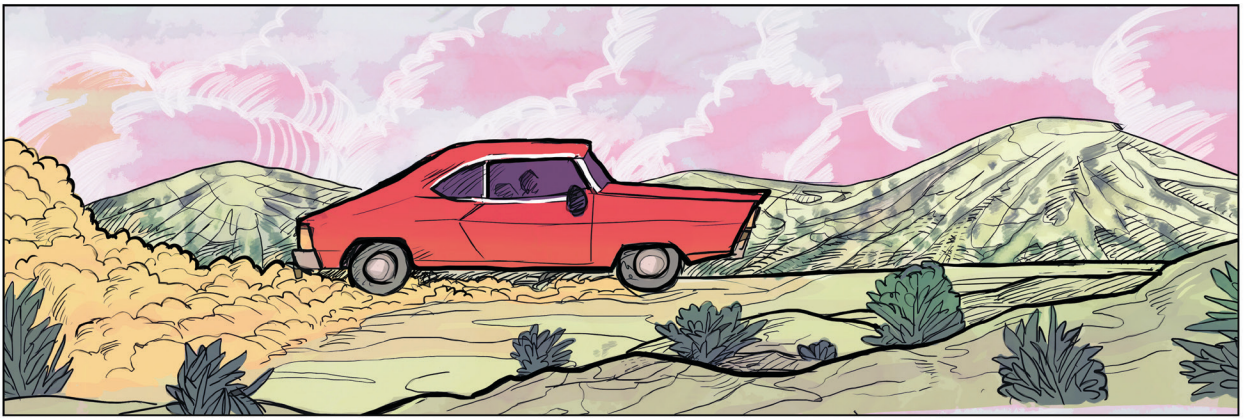
U N I K N I © W N I

BY GUSTAV CARLSON

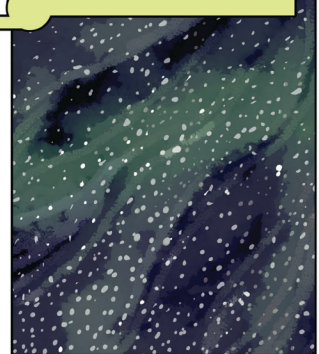
LIVIN' THE DREAMLAND

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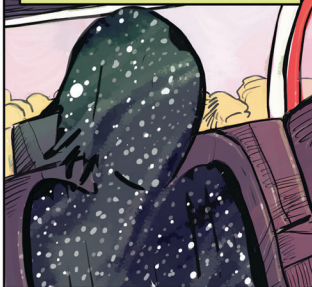




PROJECTING IN 3...2...1.



WELCOME TO NEVADA
OF EARTH. THE YEAR
IS CURRENTLY 1992.



OH
DAMNIT!

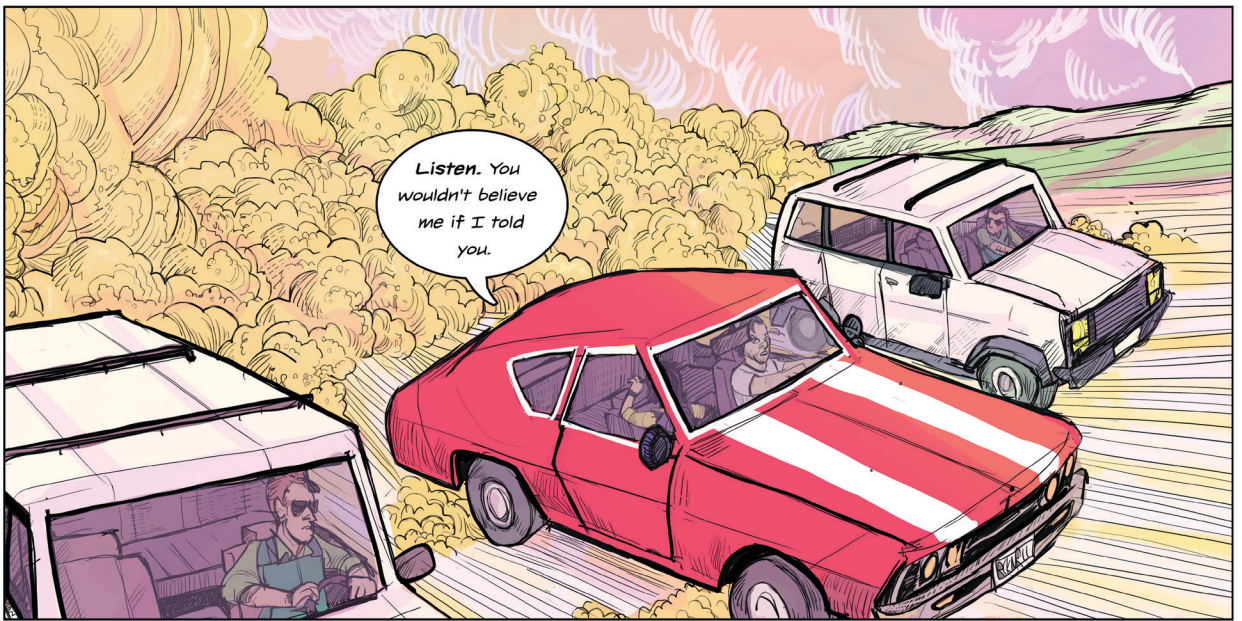


JESUS F!?!
A STOWAWAY?!?



Who in
the hell are
you?





Listen. You wouldn't believe me if I told you.



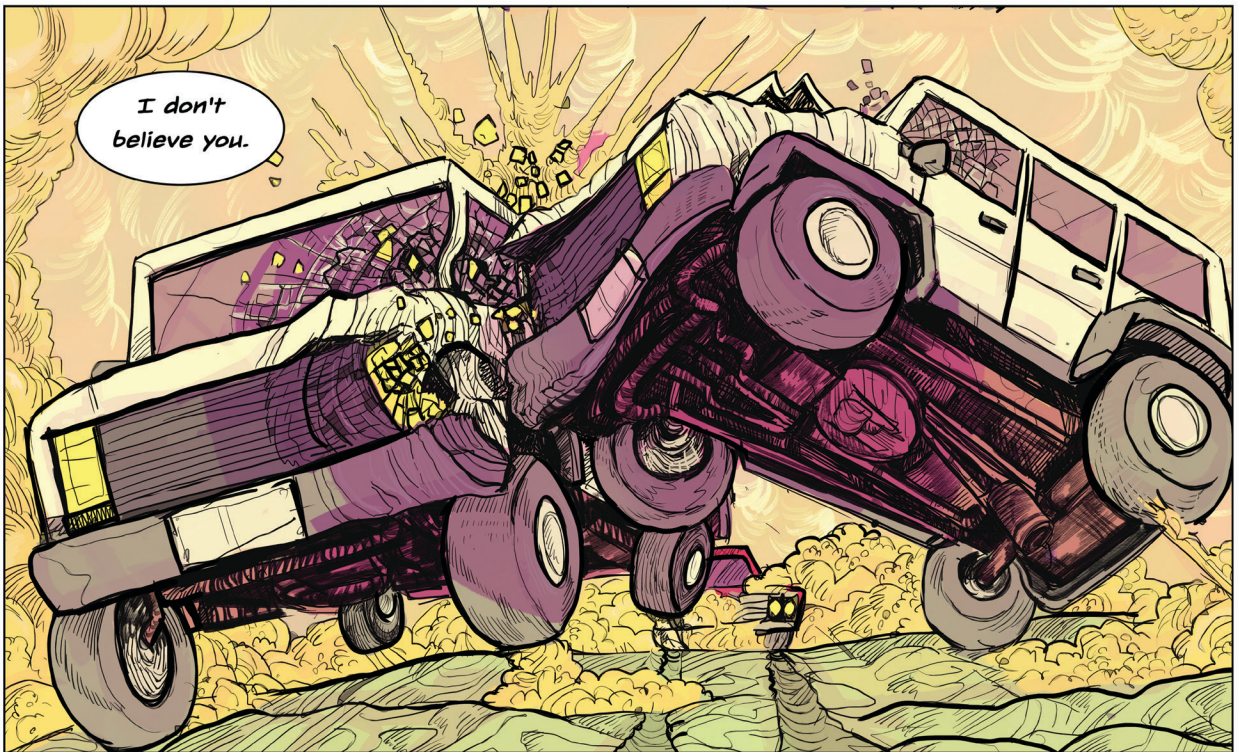
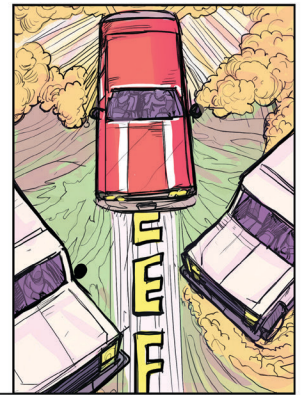
Lady, I just broke into Area 51. I got a pretty open mind.



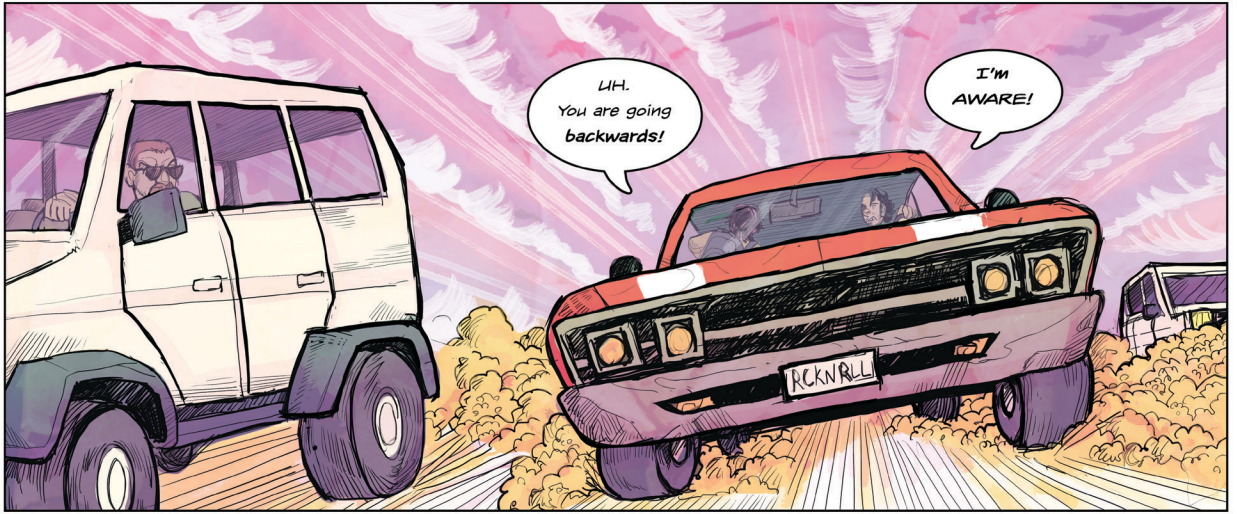
I'm stuck in a machine that sends me across time and space with like zero control.

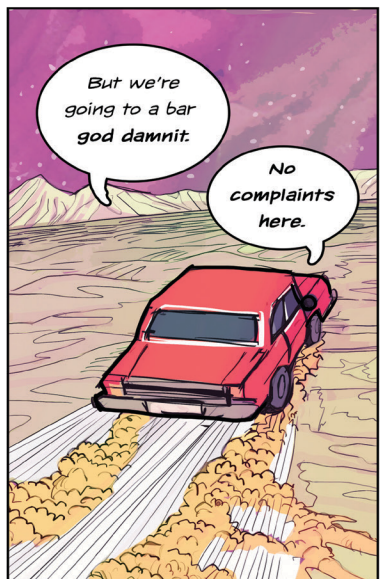
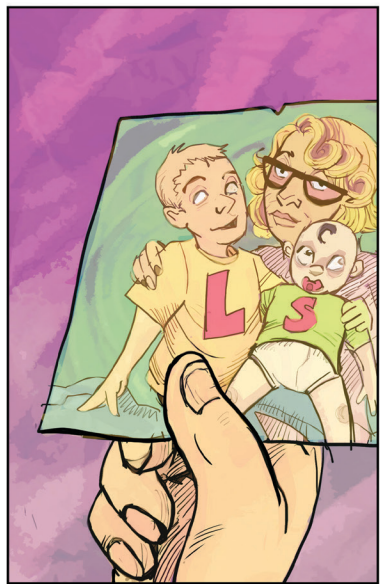


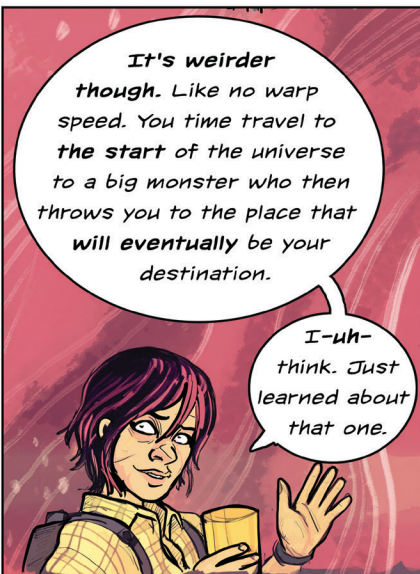
Ok, you're right.

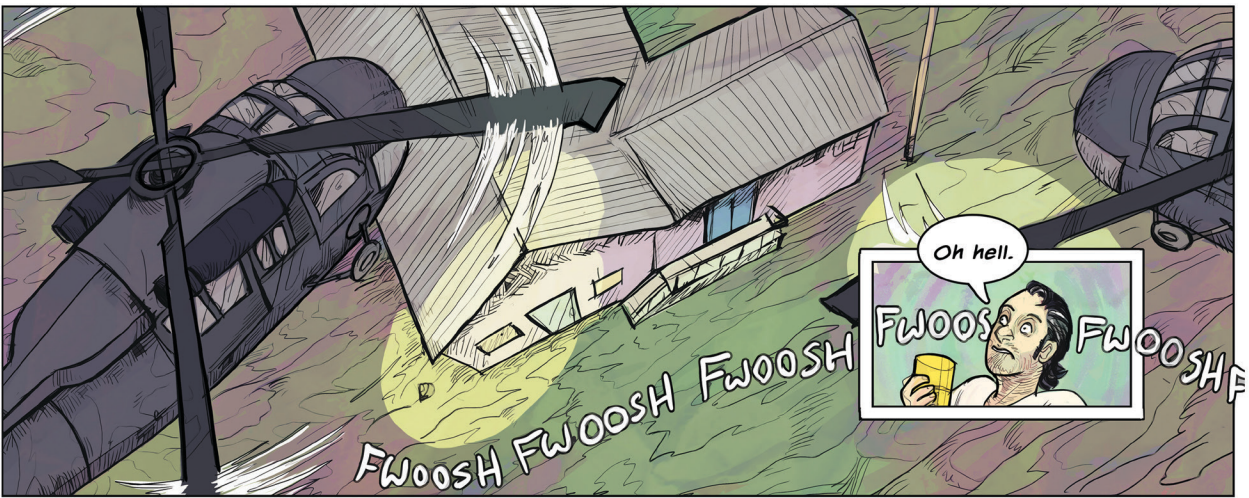


I don't believe you.









Oh hell.

Fwoosh Fwoosh



Stick around. No point in you gettin' caught on this.



Time to reap what I sowed.



Yo. Got your keys.



LADY! LET ME MAKE MY NOBLE SACRIFICE!



I've got a plan to save your ass! I just need your car.

Can you even drive a stick?



LISTEN, I've piloted a Kanian Stellar Fighter!

You ain't taking my damn ride.

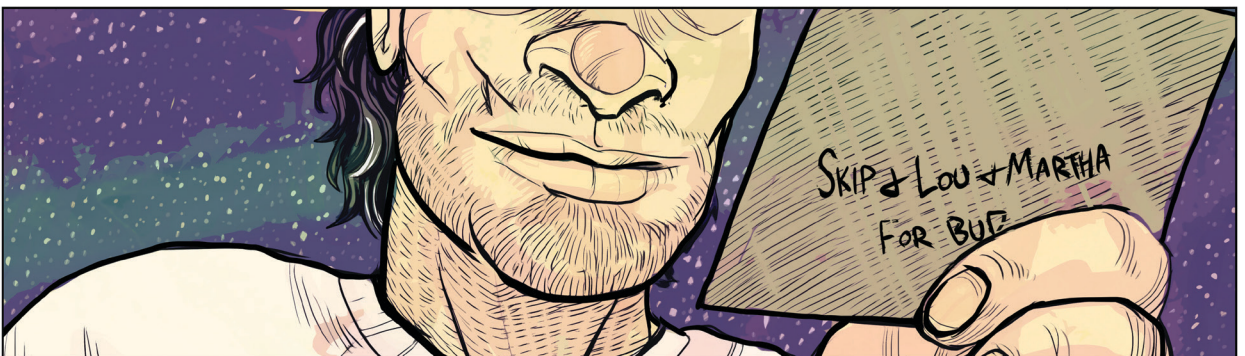
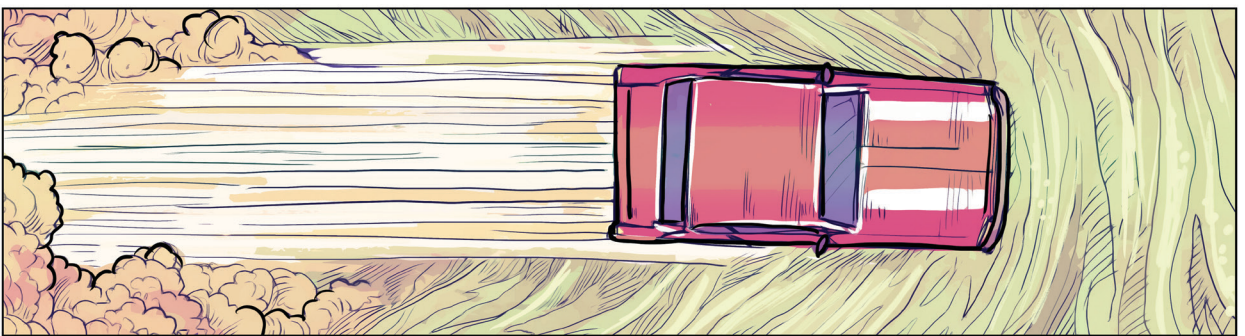
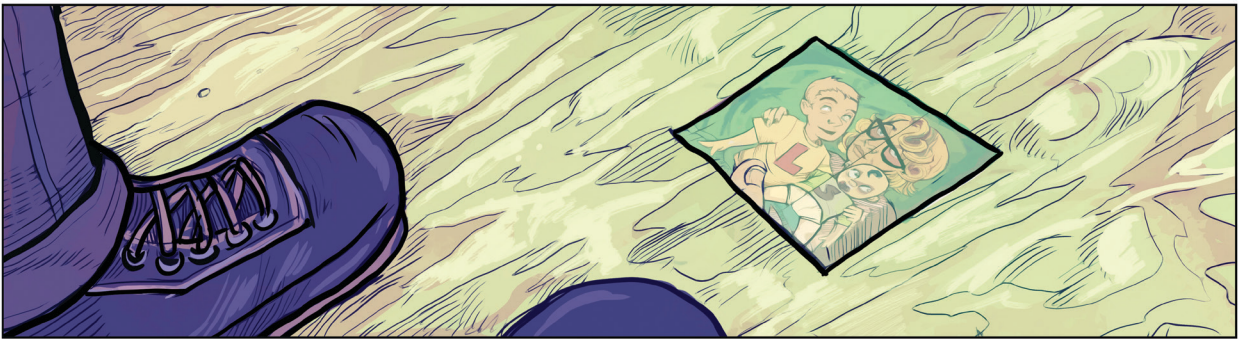
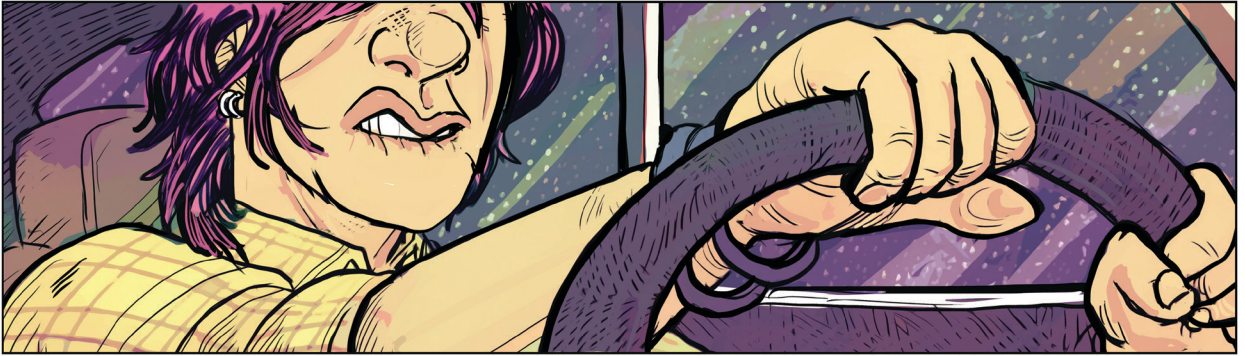
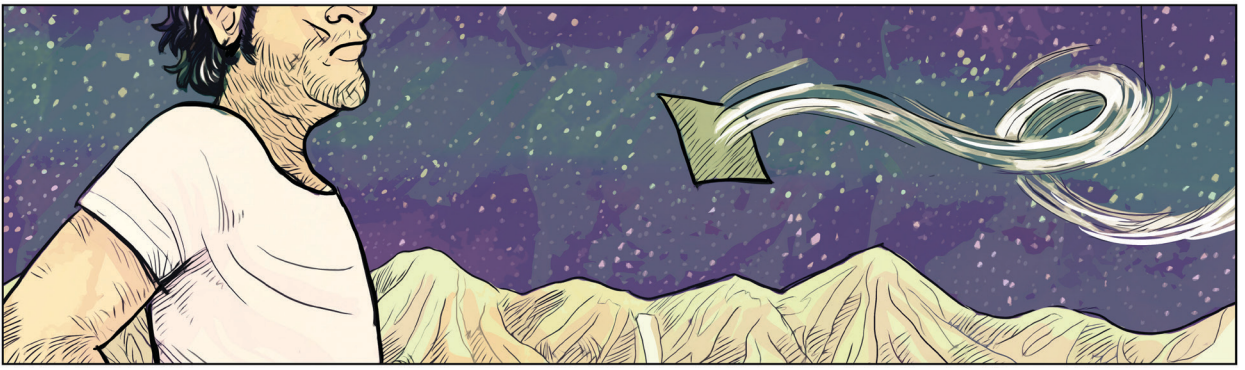


HRK!

MA'AM, KANIANS ARE OF AN ENTIRELY WARLESS CULTURE AND THEY DO NOT HAVE FIGHTERS...

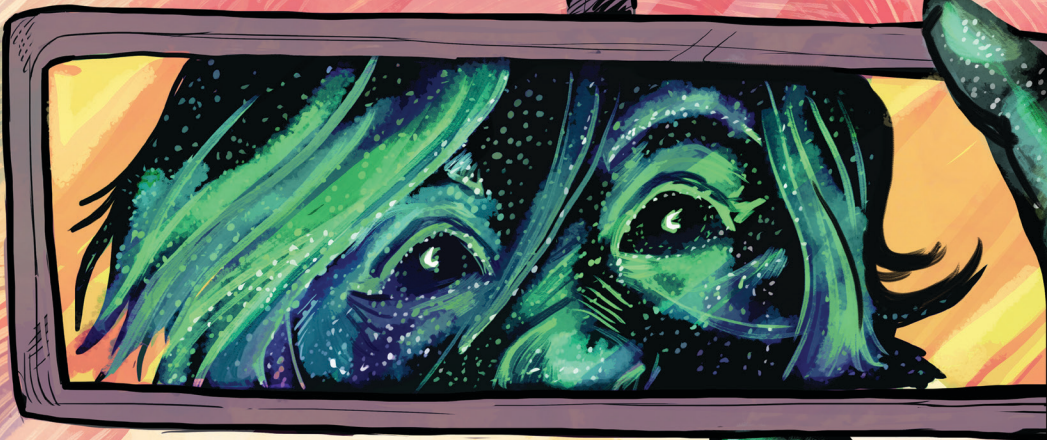
FAKE IT 'TIL YOU MAKE IT!



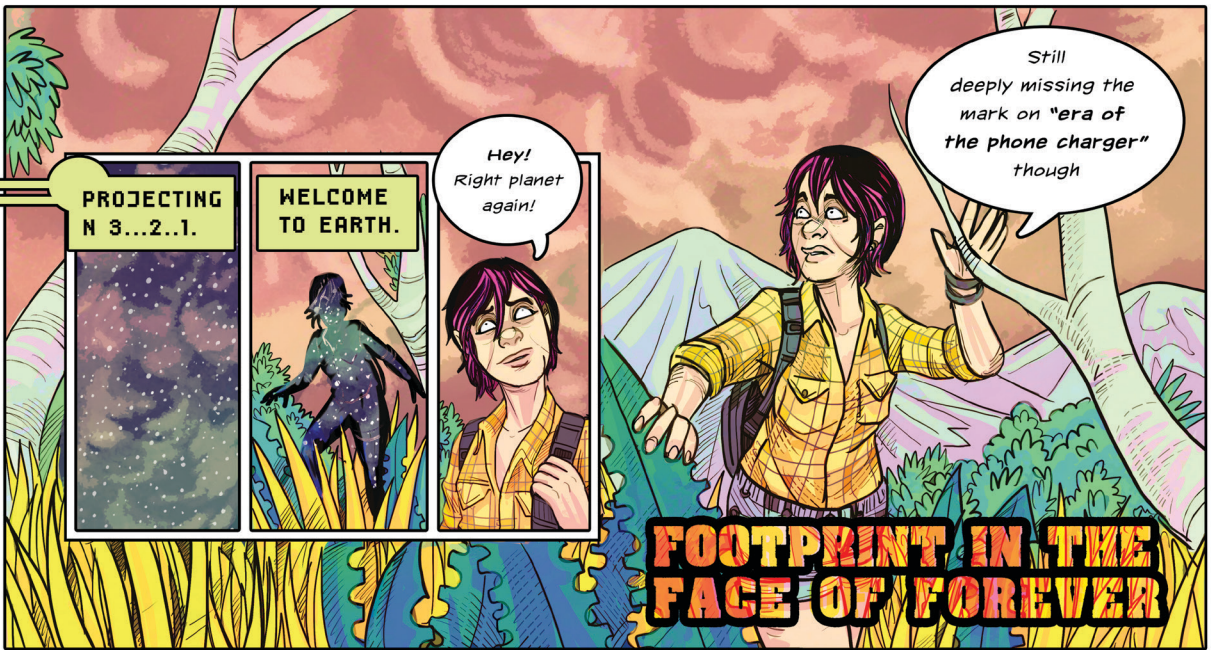


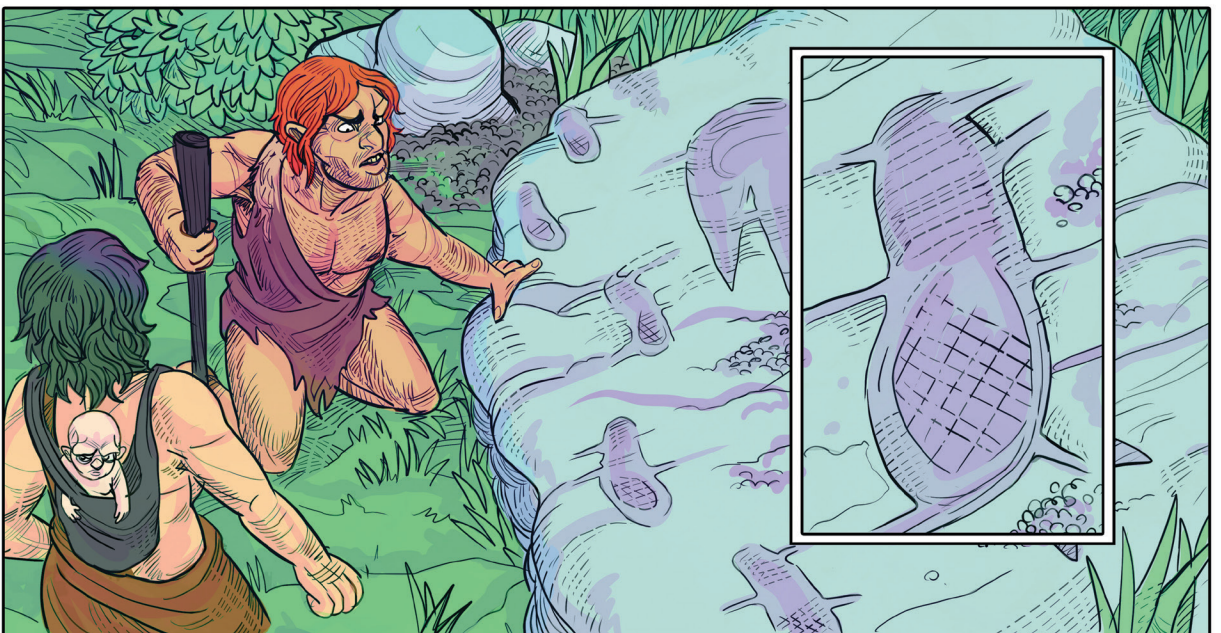


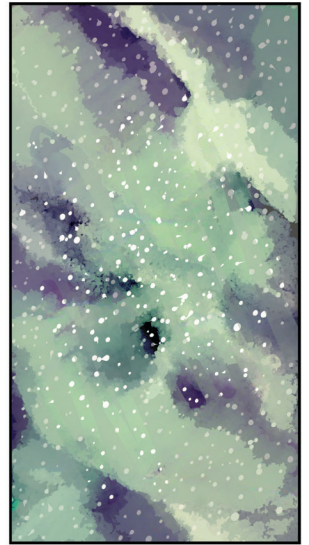
PROJECTING IN 3..2..1.



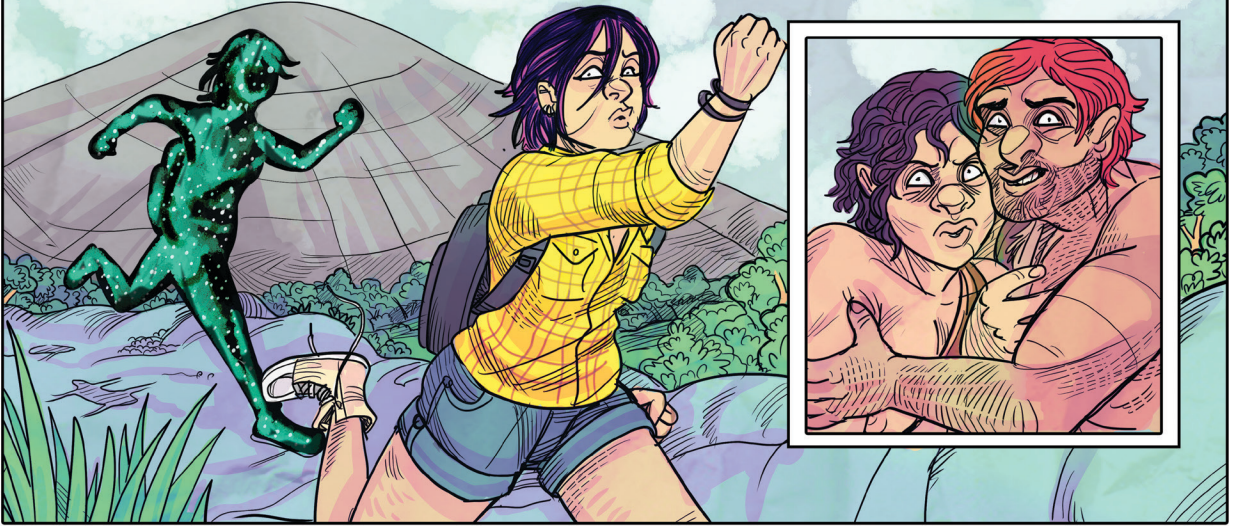








WELCOME TO EARTH.



Again?
What are the odds
of that?

CALCULATING...

Right.
Big number.
Forget it.



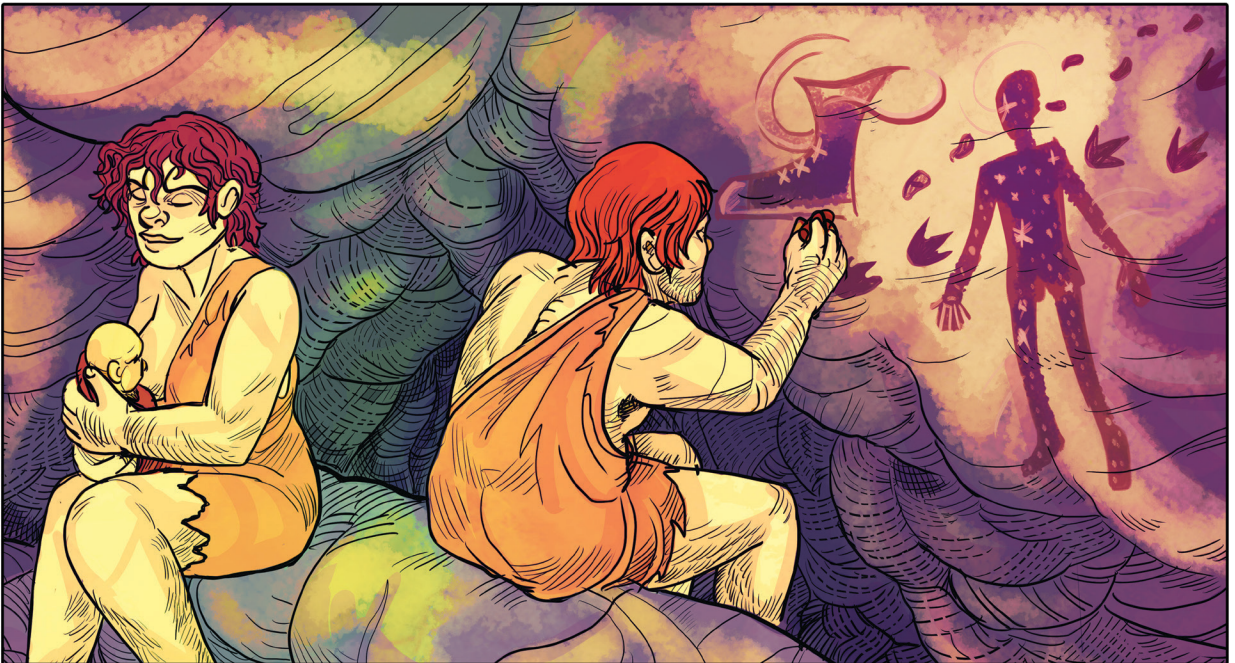
Is- is that
my footprint?
From dinosaur
times?!

IT IS.

Proj.
you're losing
your touch.

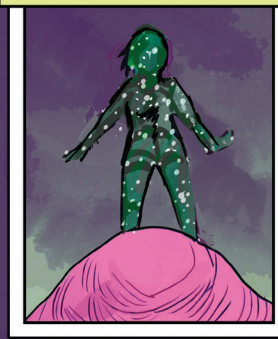
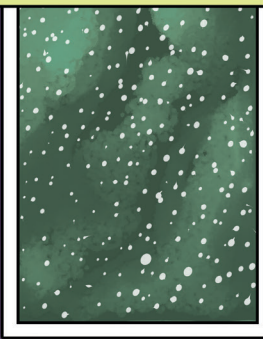


Well,
can't say I
didn't make
my mark on
history.



PROJECTING IN 3...2...1.

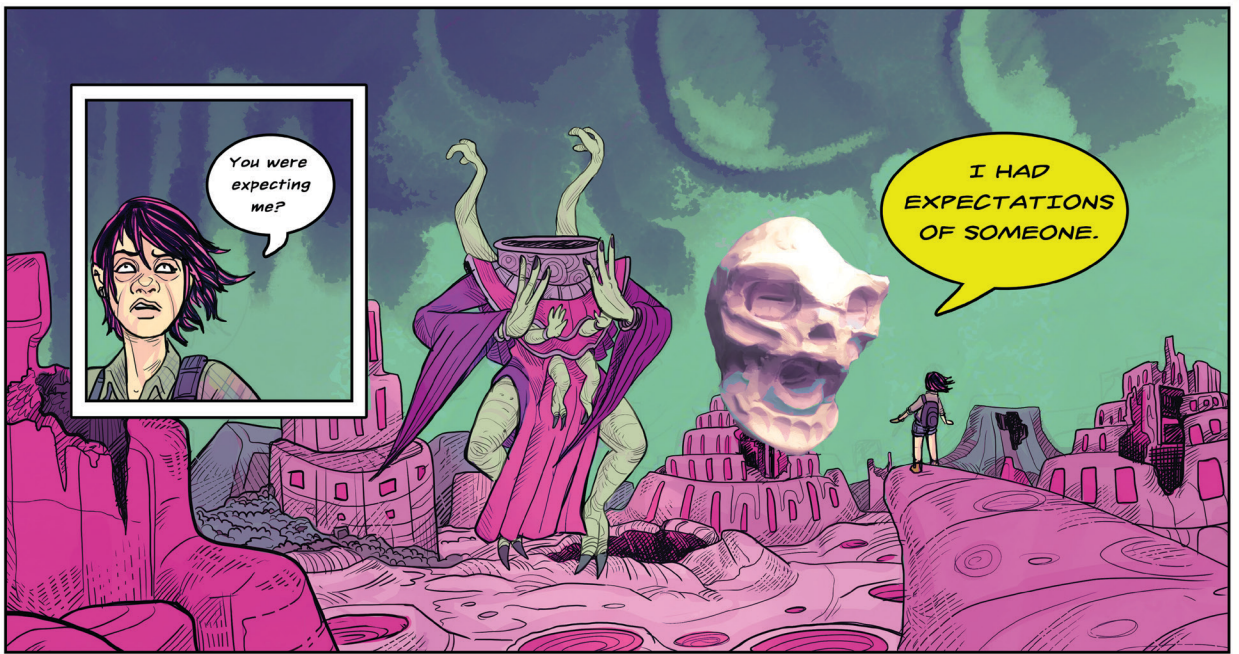
WELCOME TO HOLYGON WAY.



YES.

I HAD HOPE THE UNIVERSE WOULD DELIVER A WITNESS.

LAST OF THE SPACE GODS



You were expecting me?

I HAD EXPECTATIONS OF SOMEONE.



BUT AT THE END OF EXISTENCE WHAT CAN YOU COUNT ON?

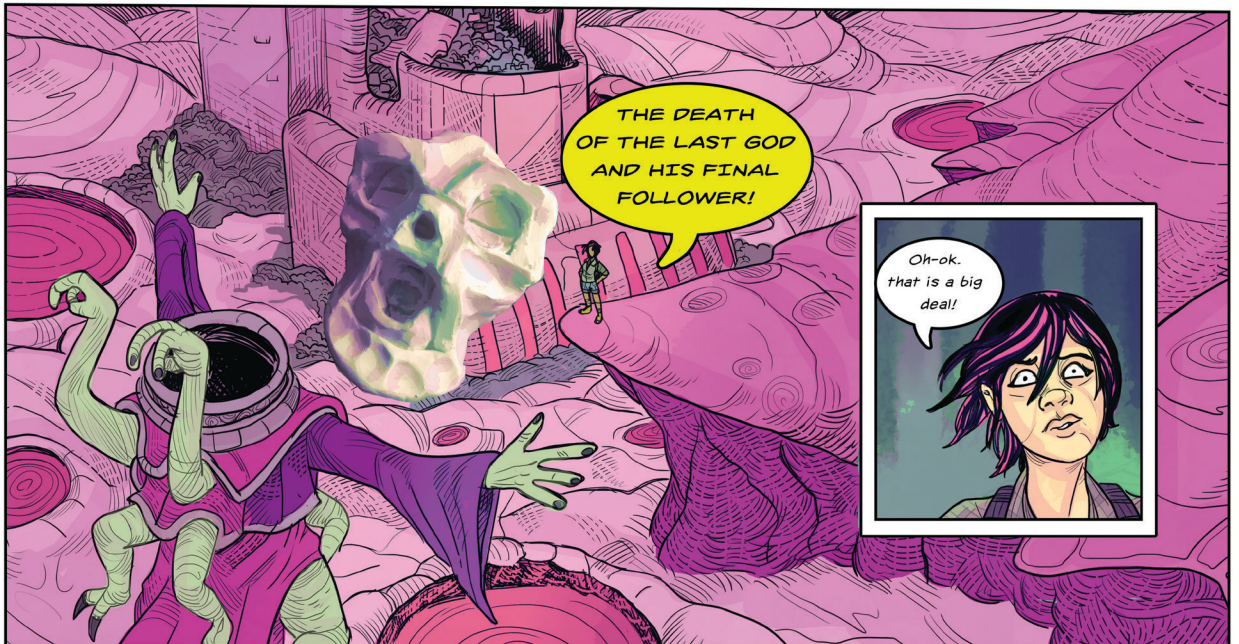


Well that explains the lack of stars.



Hold on. What am I witnessing here?

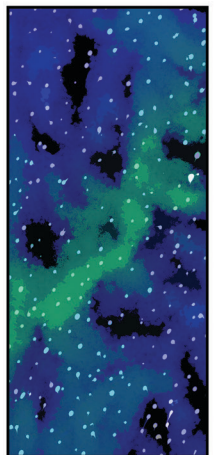
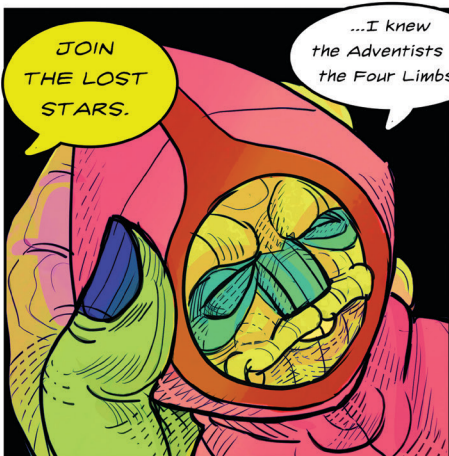
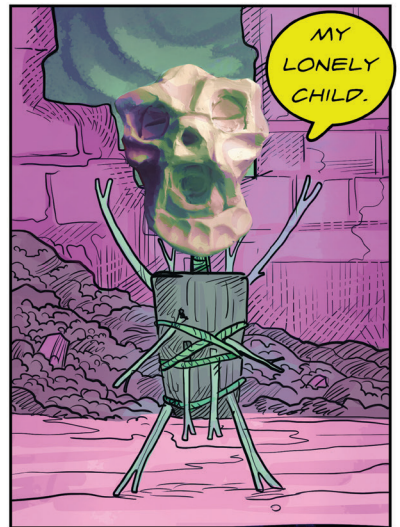
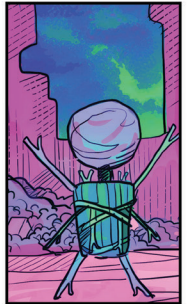
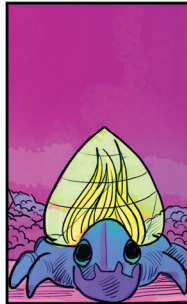
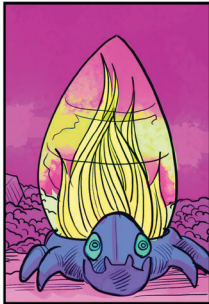
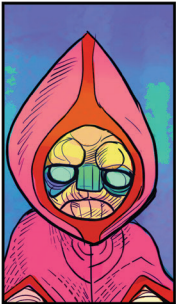
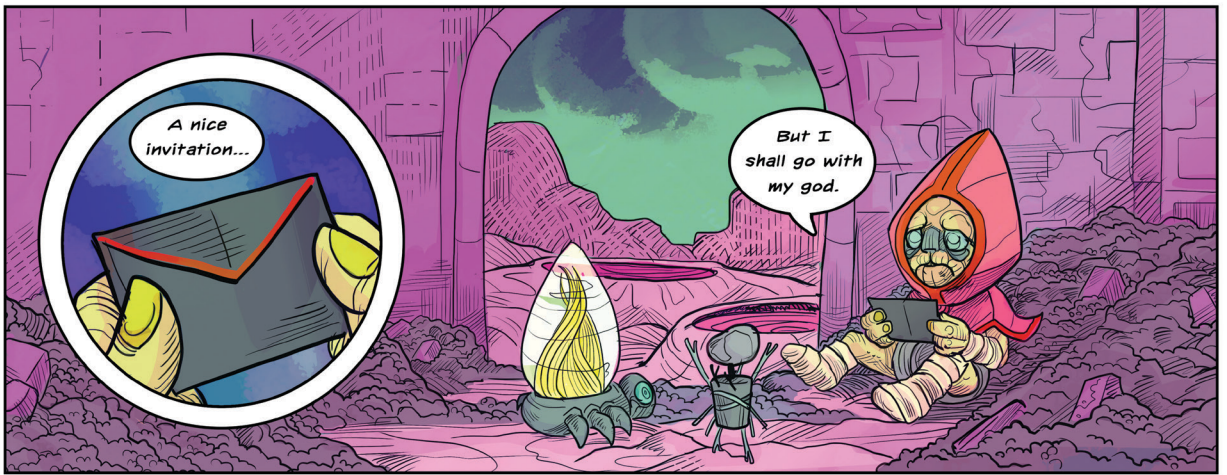
I draw the line at sacrifice. Cultural relativism be damned.

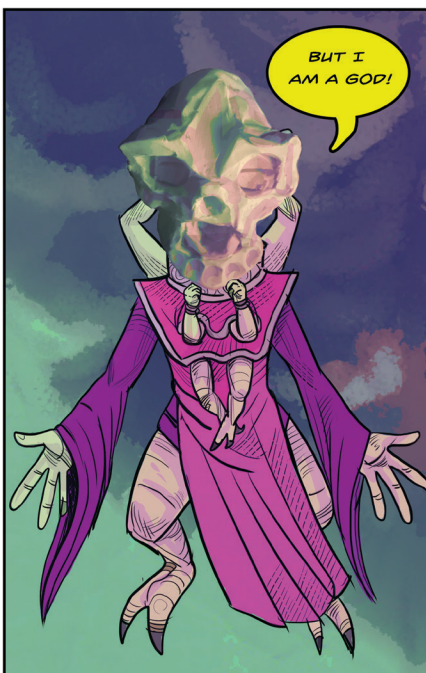
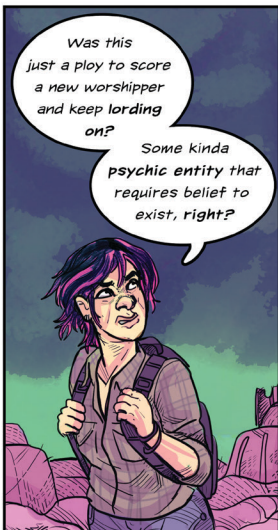
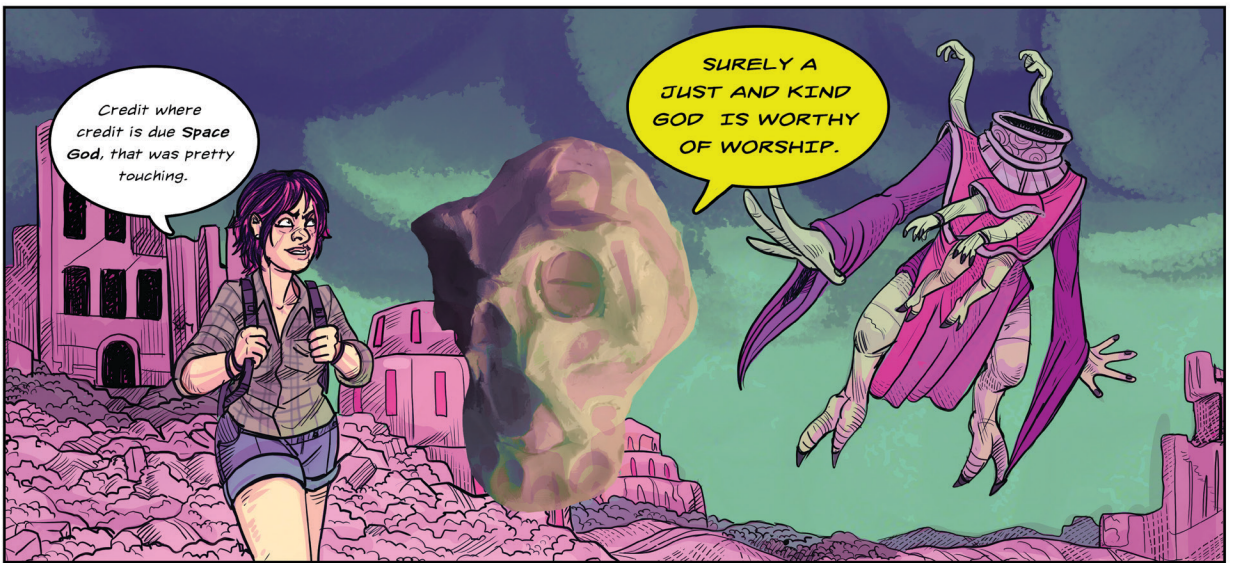


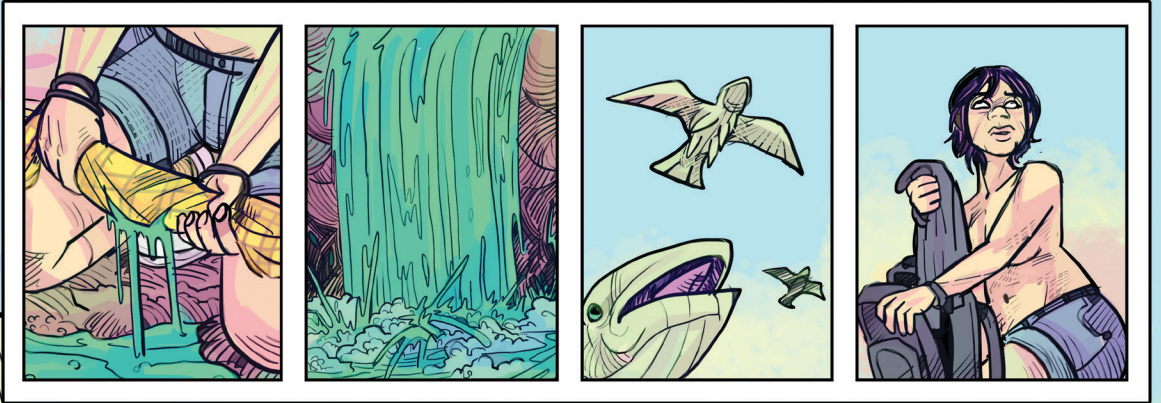
THE DEATH OF THE LAST GOD AND HIS FINAL FOLLOWER!



Oh-ok. that is a big deal!

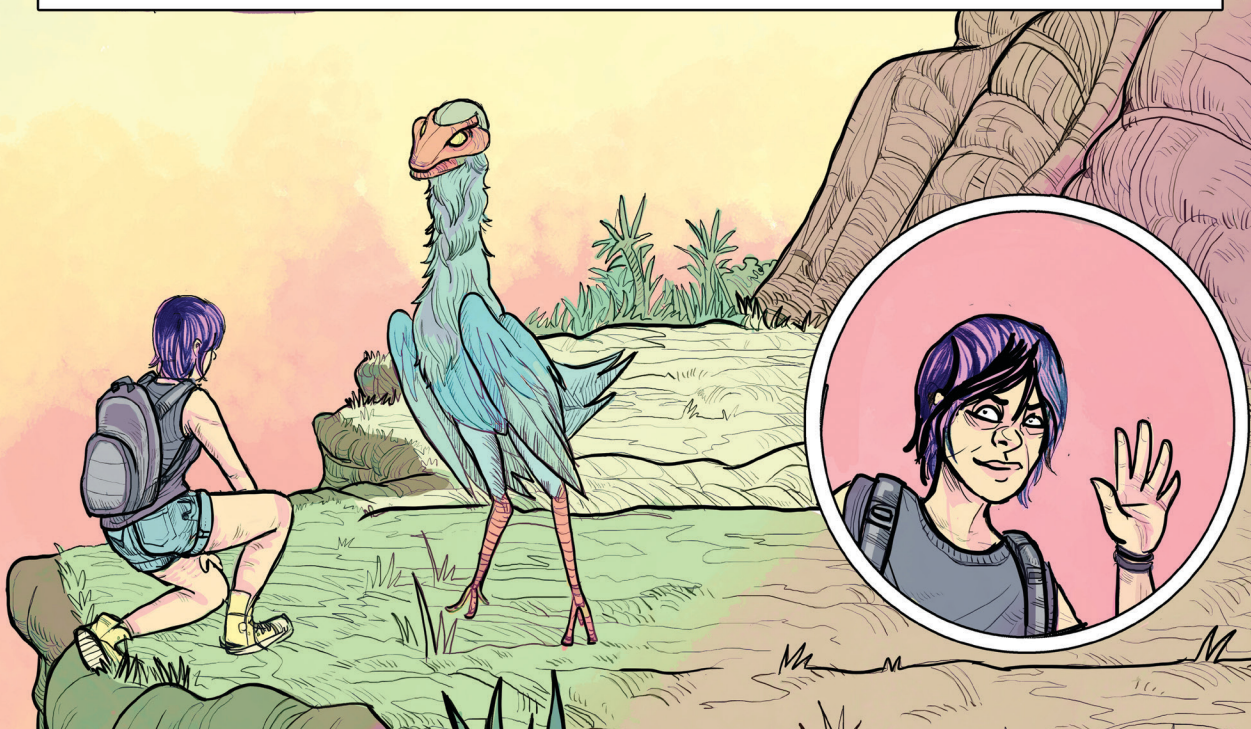




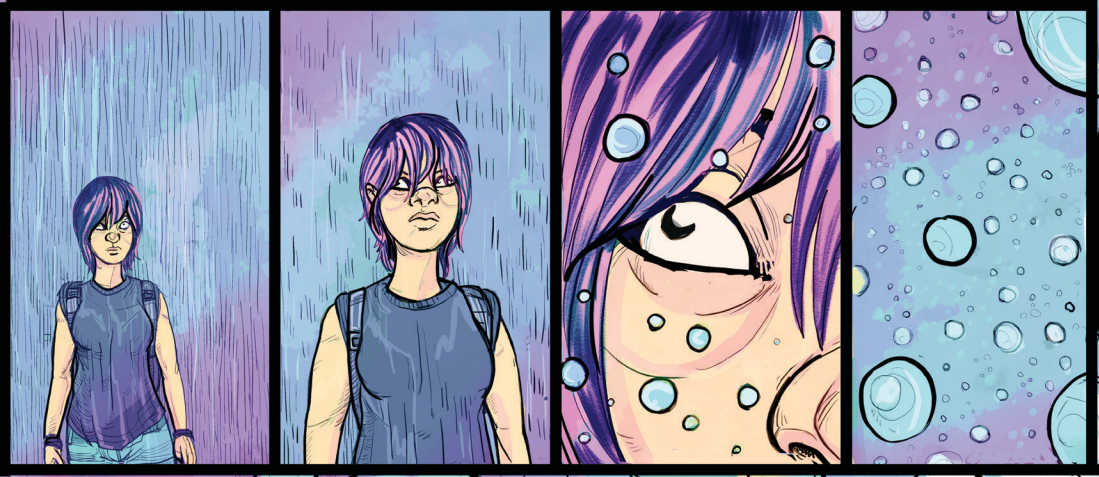


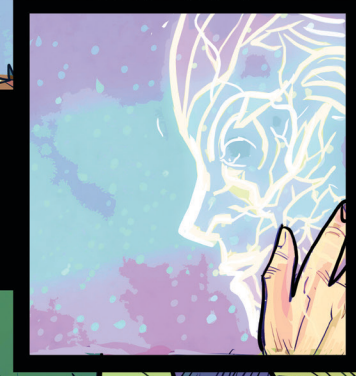
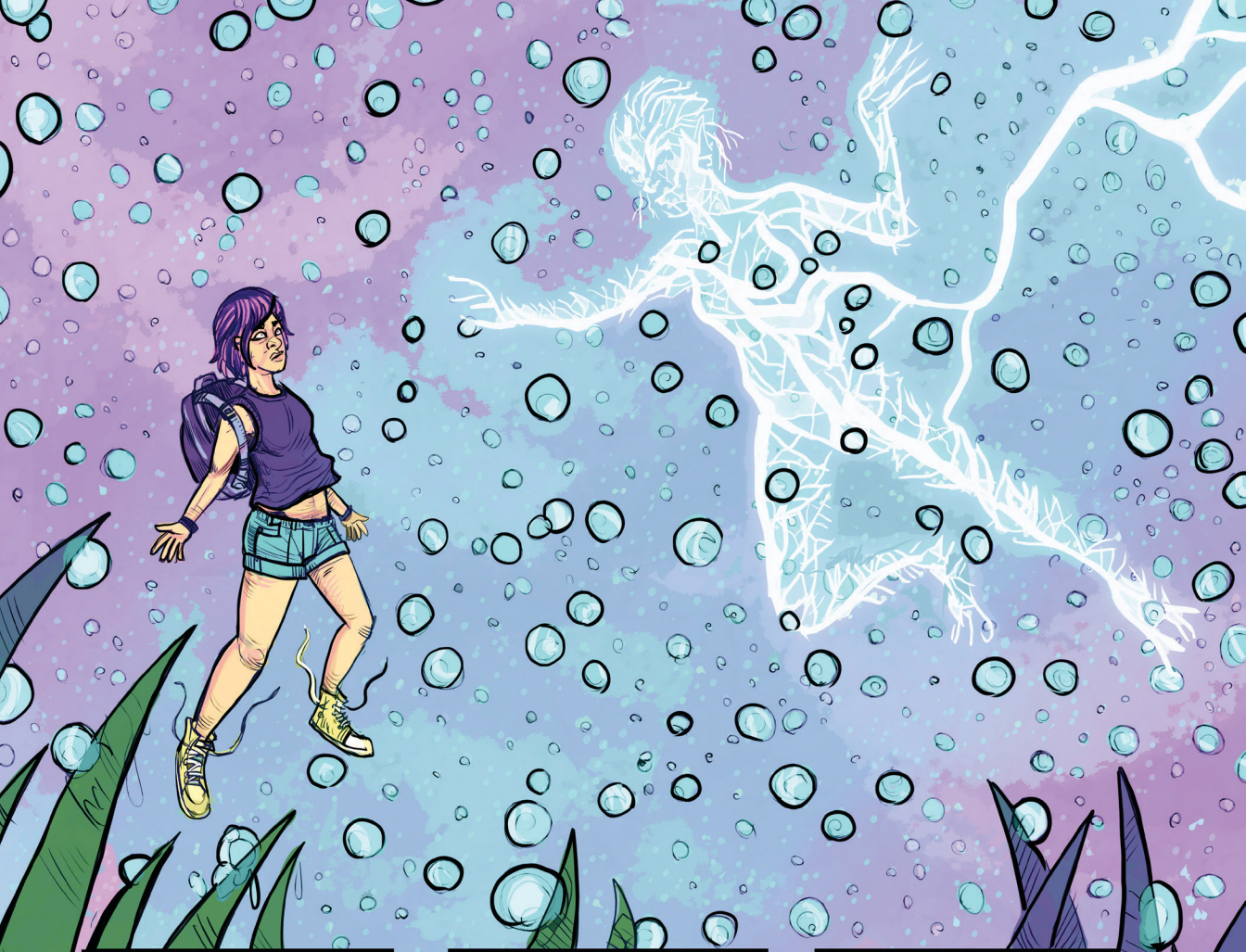
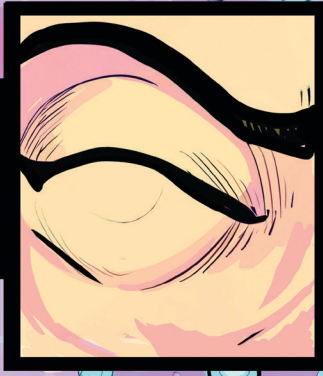
TAKE A HIKE



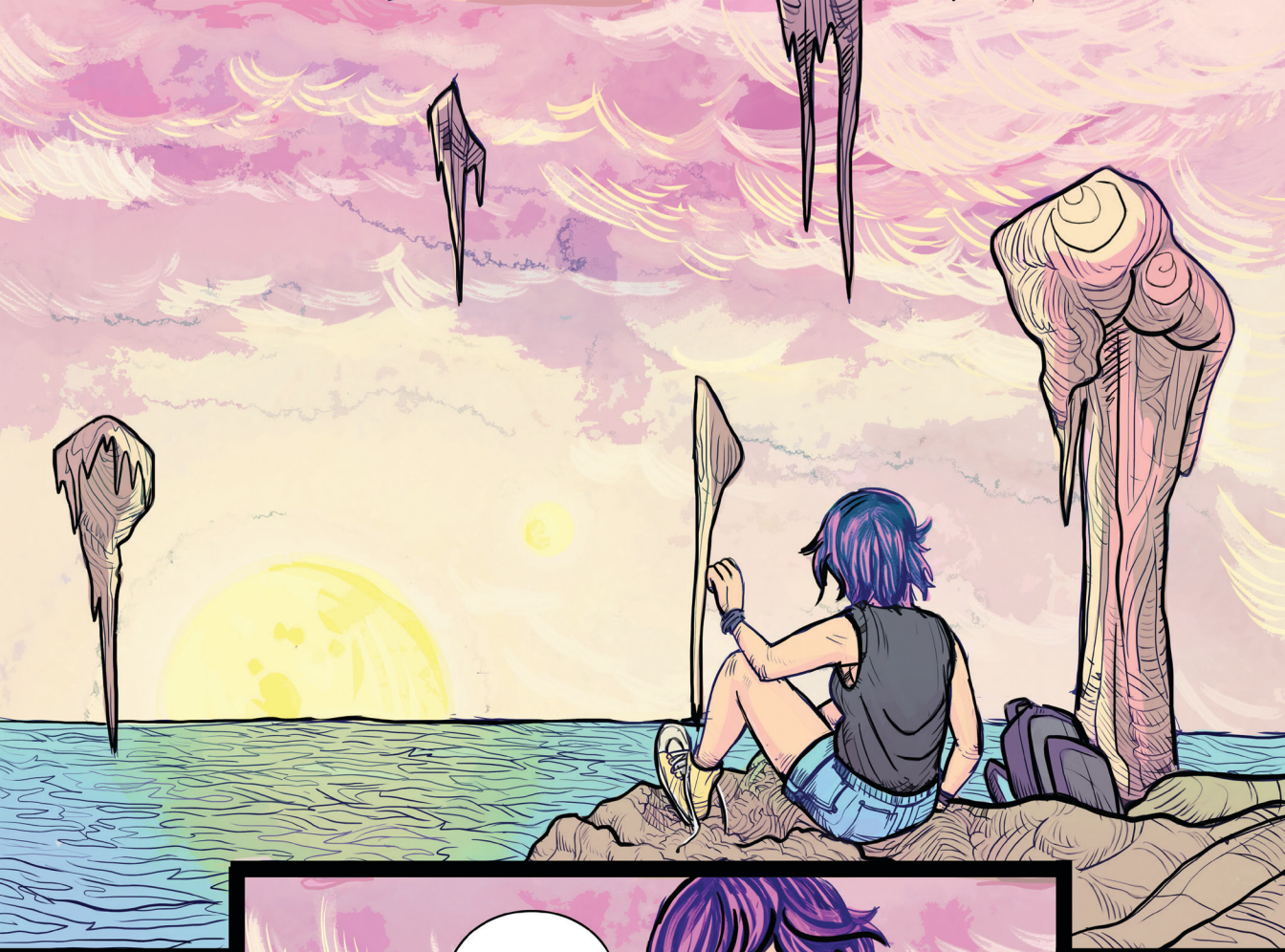


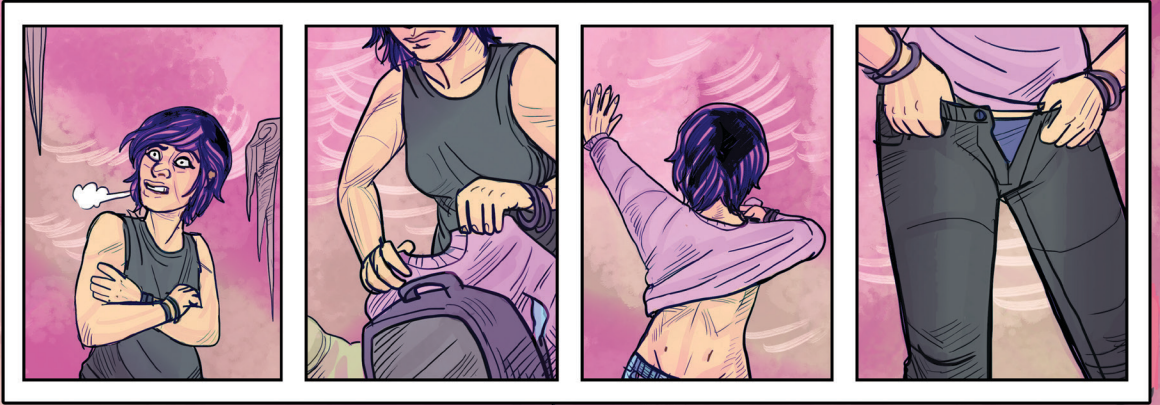










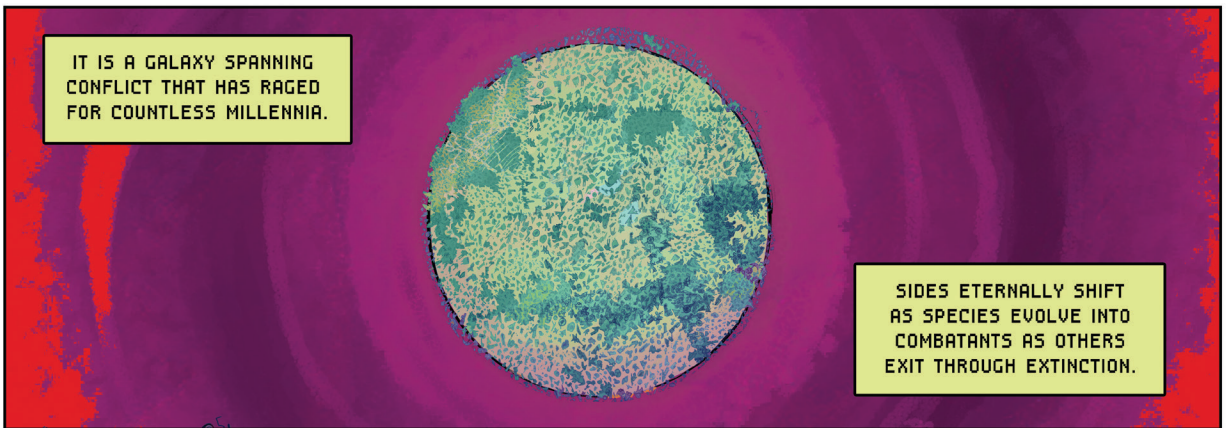




war story

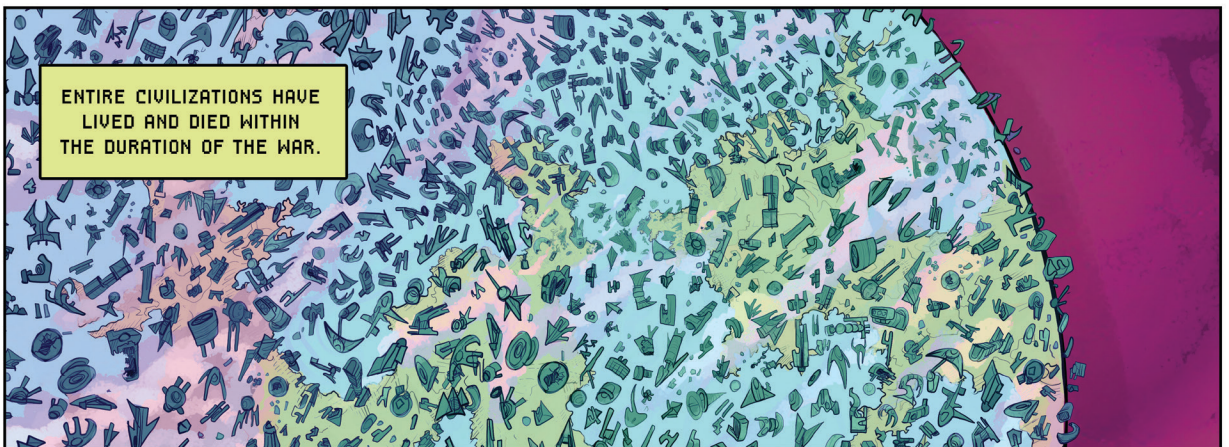


THESE ARE THE EARLY DAYS
OF 'THE ALWAYS WAR'

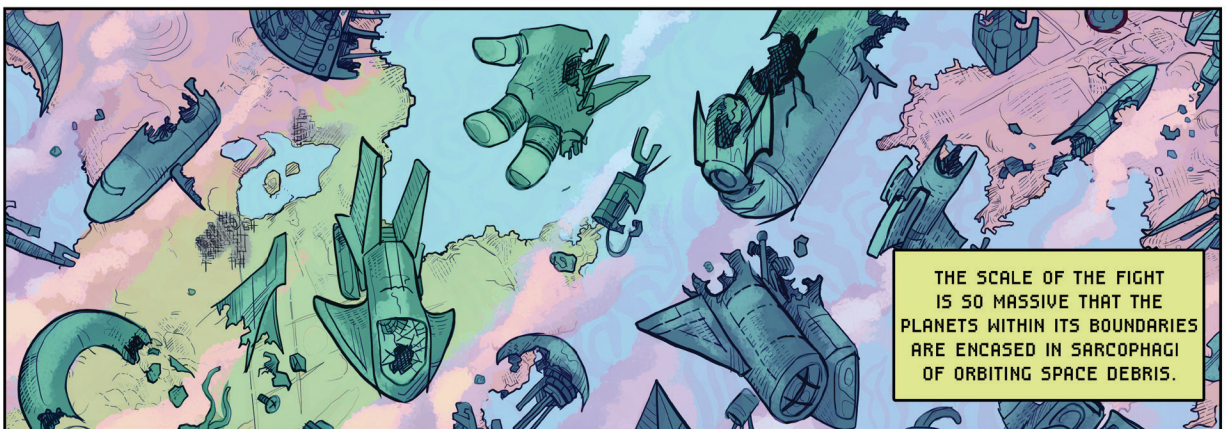


IT IS A GALAXY SPANNING
CONFLICT THAT HAS RAGED
FOR COUNTLESS MILLENNIA.

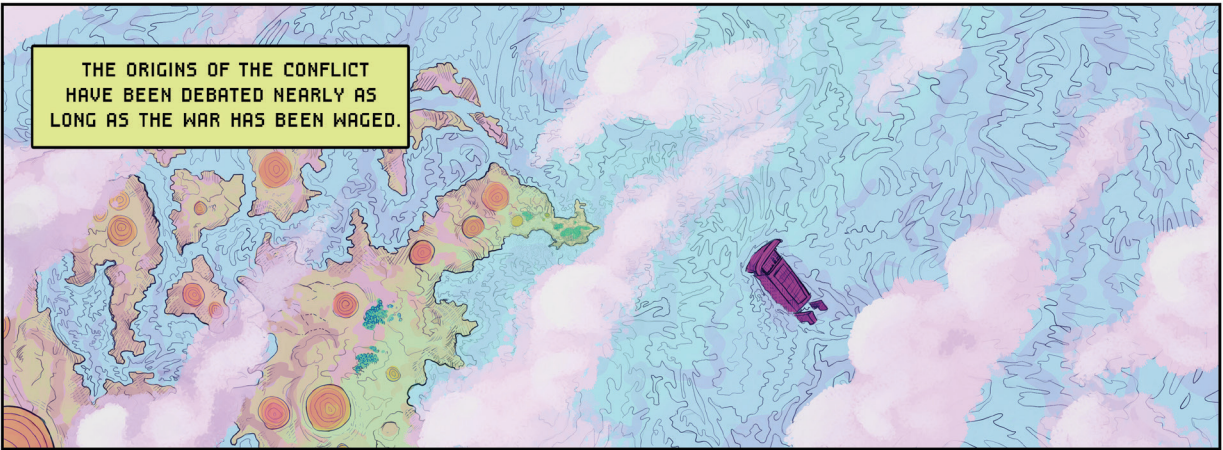
SIDES ETERNALLY SHIFT
AS SPECIES EVOLVE INTO
COMBATANTS AS OTHERS
EXIT THROUGH EXTINCTION.



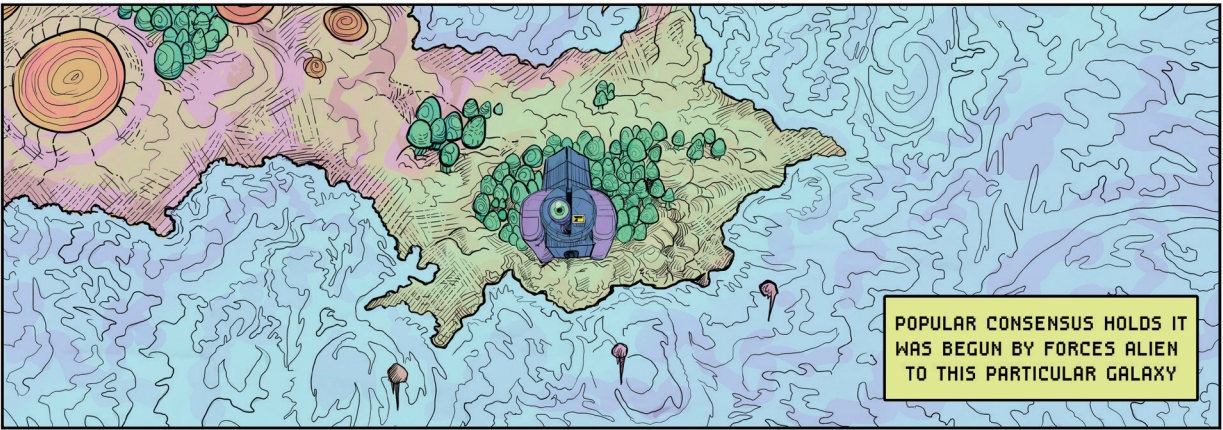
ENTIRE CIVILIZATIONS HAVE
LIVED AND DIED WITHIN
THE DURATION OF THE WAR.



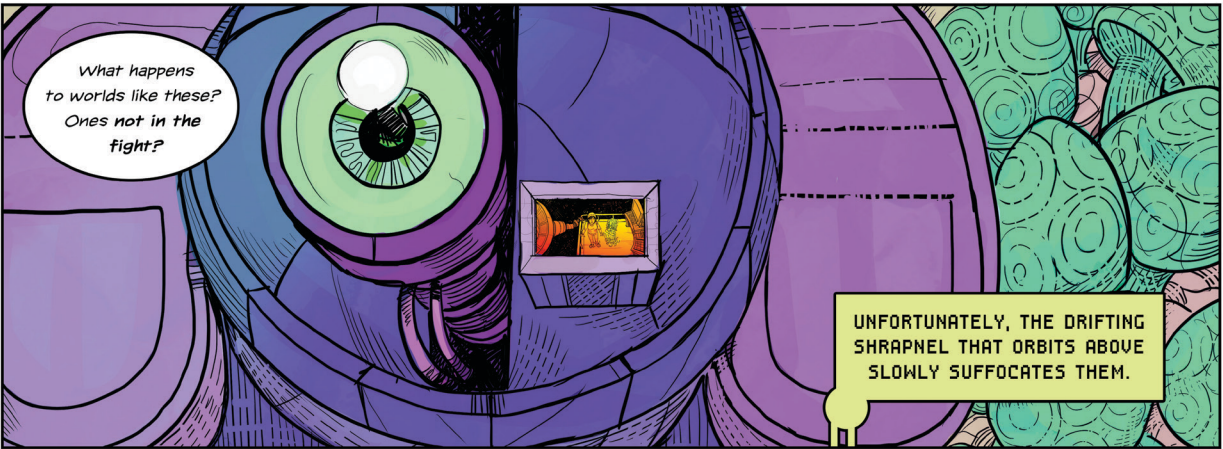
THE SCALE OF THE FIGHT
IS SO MASSIVE THAT THE
PLANETS WITHIN ITS BOUNDARIES
ARE ENCASED IN SARCOPHAGI
OF ORBITING SPACE DEBRIS.



THE ORIGINS OF THE CONFLICT
HAVE BEEN DEBATED NEARLY AS
LONG AS THE WAR HAS BEEN WAGED.



POPULAR CONSENSUS HOLDS IT
WAS BEGUN BY FORCES ALIEN
TO THIS PARTICULAR GALAXY



What happens
to worlds like these?
Ours not in the
fight?

UNFORTUNATELY, THE DRIFTING
SHRAPNEL THAT ORBITS ABOVE
SLOWLY SUFFOCATES THEM.





Last entry of FIONA TITAN,
Captain of the BASTARD STAR

I won't pretend that this will be seen as anything other than desertion or treason.

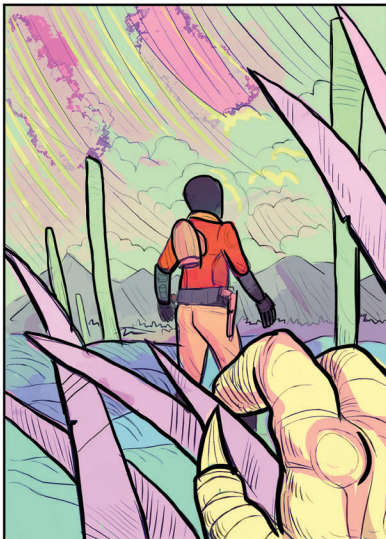


FIONA TITAN CLIMBS A MOUNTAIN

But this civil war has left my gloves stained in the blood of countless members of my own kind.

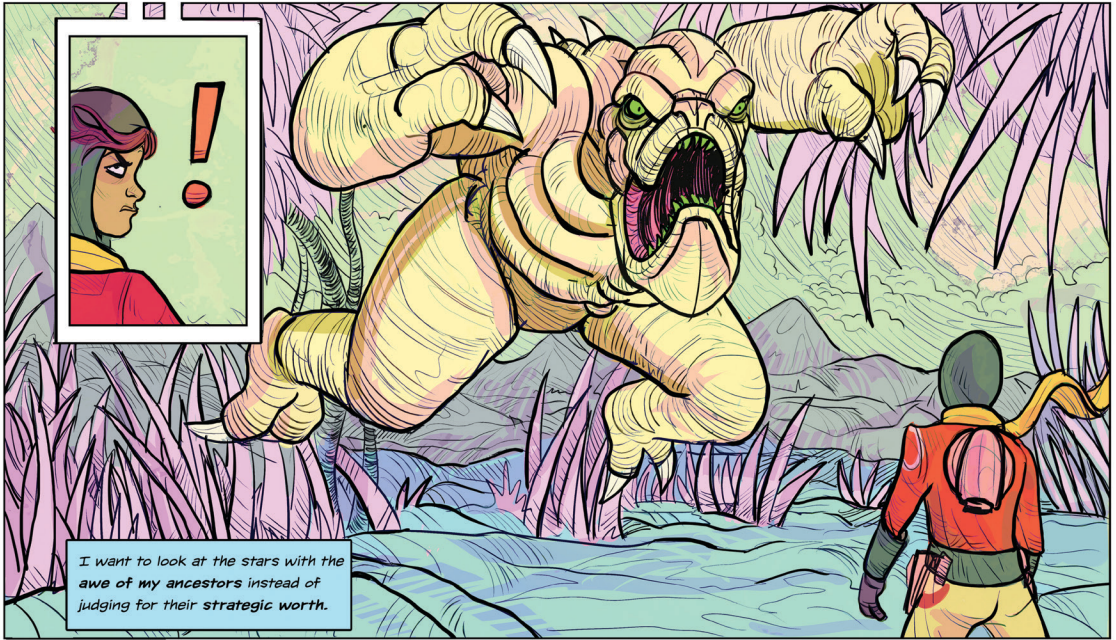
I've made my choice, the hive or otherwise, I will never watch another human's life drain away

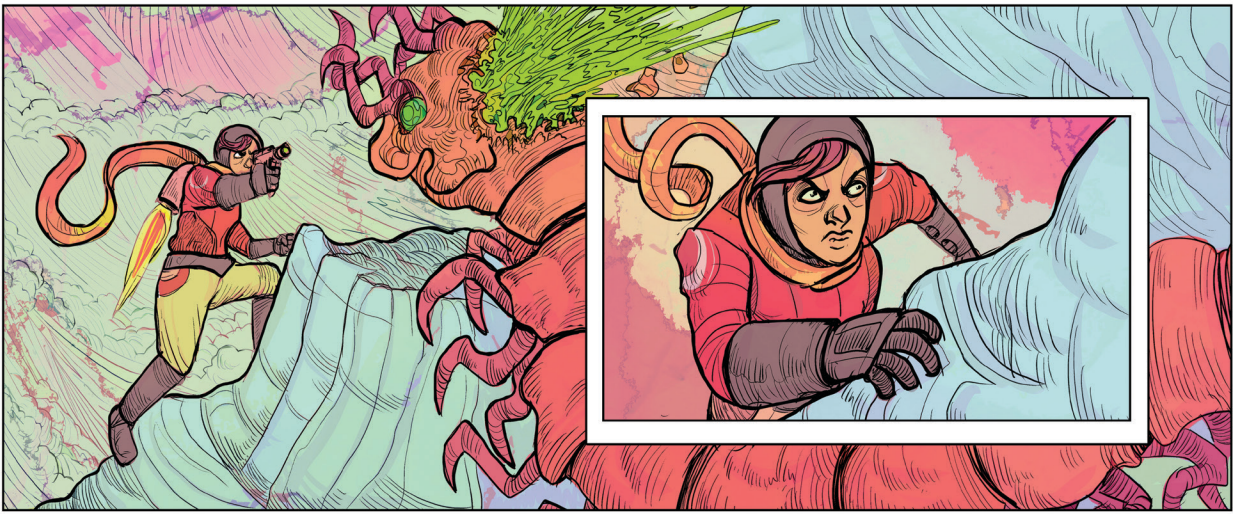
Instead I intend to witness the things no other human has. To view the worlds untouched by war I will begin to wring these gloves clean.



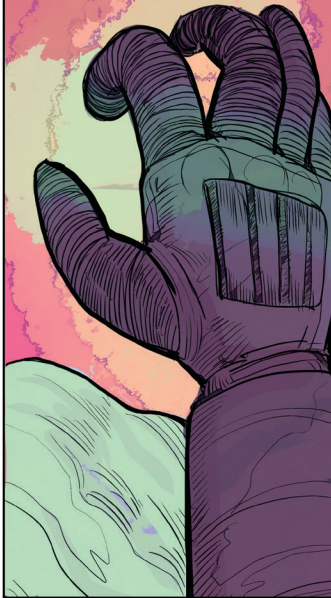
I will be the first sentient to set foot on the tops of the GLOWING SPIRES.







The properties of the Spire cause navigational systems to go haywire, and no one in this age has bothered to make the climb.



After all the death, to catch an entirely new sight would be something. A view so totally unmarred and unspoiled by the hateful gaze of humanity.



To prove my worth beyond that of a slaughterer.



YO!

Pop a squat and catch this view!



PROJECTING IN 3...2...1. WELCOME TO SORROWSPHERE 3.

Ok. I think I'm tapped out on bumper stops. We are due something chill.

Right Projector?



THIS IS ONE OF THE MANY WORLDS CONTROLLED BY THE GLOOM IMPERIARCH, TREDIUM, IN HIS EPOCH SPANNING QUEST TO CONQUER THE UNIVERSE THROUGH DESPAIR.



Shit.



ENNUI OF A COSMIC DESPOT



LOOK AT THEM.
DID YOU KNOW THAT
I ENVY THEM?
perhaps you did.

My lord!
huff



DID YOU KNOW
THAT IT IS IN FACT ME
WHO SUFFERS AS I WATCH
THEM?

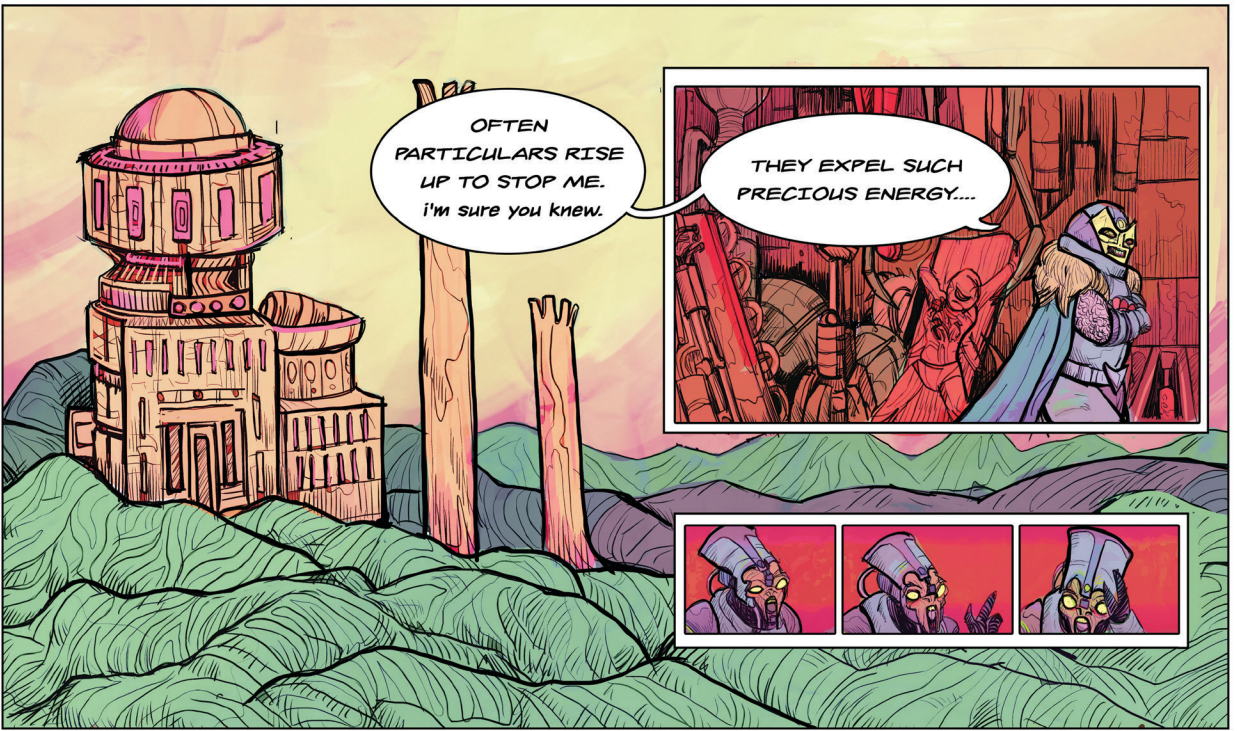
no mind to the shackles
of the conquerer.



ALL THAT THEY
FEEL IS THAT GLORIOUS
PRIVILEGE OF THE
SUBJUGATED.



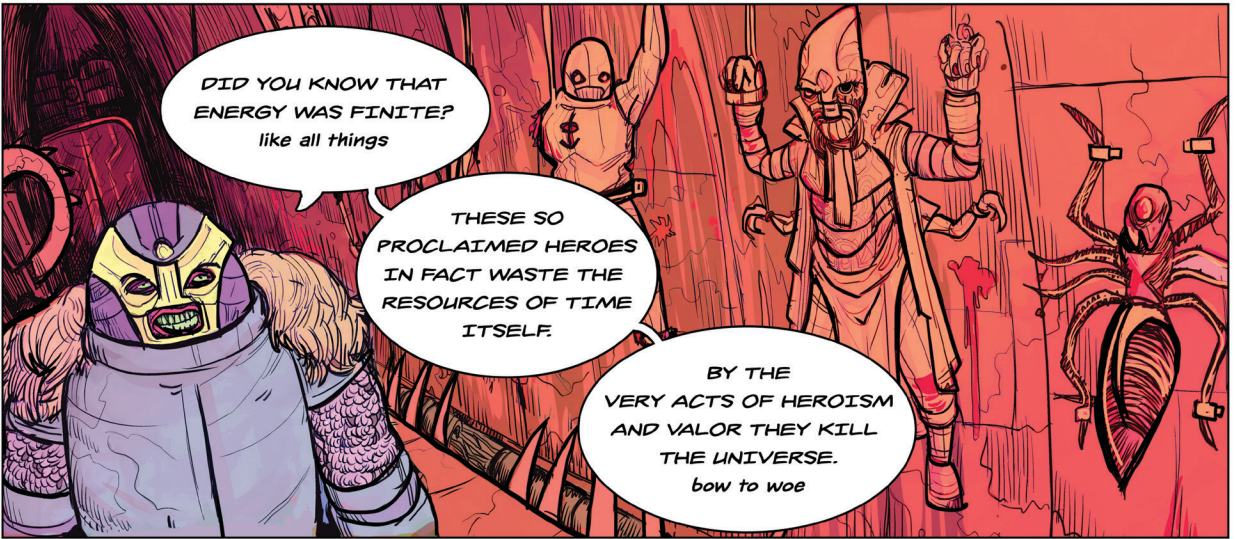
i believe i want to
go to the painopticon.



OFTEN PARTICULARS RISE UP TO STOP ME. I'm sure you knew.

THEY EXPEL SUCH PRECIOUS ENERGY....

[Three small panels showing the character's face with different expressions: surprised, angry, and shouting.]



DID YOU KNOW THAT ENERGY WAS FINITE? like all things

THESE SO PROCLAIMED HEROES IN FACT WASTE THE RESOURCES OF TIME ITSELF.

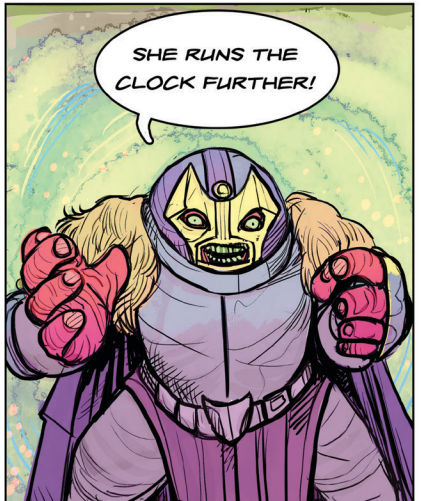
BY THE VERY ACTS OF HEROISM AND VALOR THEY KILL THE UNIVERSE. bow to woe



WHERE IS THE NEW PRISONER?

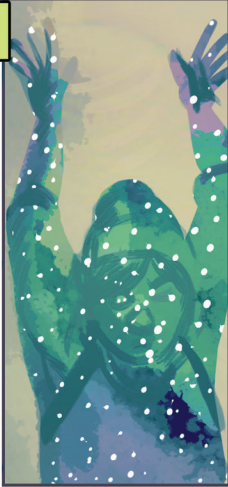
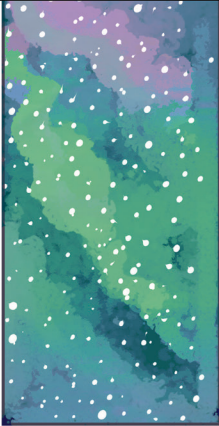


SIR! That's what I intended to tell you. She escaped!



SHE RUNS THE CLOCK FURTHER!

PROJECTING IN 3...2...1.



Proj, I swear to god if I open my eyes to another torture planet...



WELCOME TO THE BURK BAR CRAWL. A CONTINENT SPANNING FESTIVAL OF THE HUB WORLD OF KORLICOTA'S GATE.

Oh baby! Gunna be a torture world tomorrow, but a paradise for tonight.

