

MONITOR



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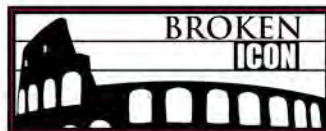
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PART ONE **STARTUP DISK**
PART TWO **SYSTEM CRASH**
PART THREE **REVEAL ALL**
PART FOUR **SYSTEM REBOOT**
PART FIVE **COMMAND ESCAPE**



ARE YOU READY TO BE A HERO, ERIC?

THERE ARE VULNERABILITIES IN THE SYSTEM. TIME TO MOVE.



STIMULANTS HAVE NOT BEEN APPROVED BY THE SERVER.

Approval is on the way.



AUTHORIZATION CODE HAS NOT--

C'mon, it's Monday morning.

PENALTY FOR NON-COMPLI--

These are just breath mints.



DOWNLOAD IN PROGRESS...

Wait--



PUNITIVE MEASURES INSTALLED.

Ahhh



That. Was. Sarcasm.



HOW CAN YOU FIGHT IF YOU'RE NOT FIT, ERIC?

Enable gah: humor patch.

LIKE YOU'RE THE BOSS OF ME.



WE HAVE DISCOVERED THREE ANOMALIES IN THE SYSTEM. ARE YOU READY, ERIC?



Who has the high score this week?

LANCE PAXT. BUT IF YOU FILE THESE THREE, YOU'LL--



IGNITION SEQUENCE ACTIVATED... FIVE... FOUR...

Be on top, finally.

LEAVING SO SOON? I WAS GOING TO RUN YOU A BATH!



THREE... TWO... ONE... ENGAGE

I don't even have a tub.

PERHAPS IF YOU WIN THE GOLDEN EAGLE, YOU'LL GET AN UPGRADE.







Transmitting
file.



In this world, data is
the only currency.



Your every move is
tracked, every vital
sign is monitored.

Privacy is the
only crime.



My job? I'm just
the deliveryman.

Regis, what
about the
woman?



A glorified courier.

Talira Brae.
A confirmed isolate.

Was it voluntary?

Standby.
Axon Maddox.



Regis,
what do I do
with her?

Apprehend.

Oh, Paxt,
nice of you to
lend a hand.

Two more points for
me, bro.

Just bag
her and
let's go.

Not much better than
a telephone switchboard
operator or a checkout
clerk at a discount store.



You're coming
with me.



I just hit the
send button.

No, you're
coming with
me.



What
was--

We have
located another
disconnect!

Until I became
the hunted.



I don't see--

RIGHT ON TOP OF YOU. SCAN YOUR IMMEDIATE AREA.



You disconnected. It's you, Eric.

Must be a glitch.

Regis, instructions.



DETAIN HIM AND AWAIT ORDERS.

Wait--

Wow, Eric Maddox, I didn't figure you to go dark.



He's going to delete me.

Some friends you have there.



Your dog?

GRRRRR

Easy, boy.



Subject apprehended.

Lance, I would never dis--

You know, Eric, when your monitors get zapped...



And you start to burst from the inside...



They said it doesn't hurt.

Do you buy that?



I bet it hurts like hell.

MADDOX IS GUILTY. COMMAND DELETE.

INSTALLING AUTO EXECUTION BATCH FILE

Paxt, no, don't do--



Transmitting--

Ugghh



CRREEEEK

Erii-aaghh



I've had these monitors inside me since before I was born.

I want to go back online.



To connect again.

To connect...





Stripped of my armor, surrounded by Axons, hunted by Hell Hounds.

Disconnected from the server. Sentenced to death.

Wearing the face of a man I don't know.

But for the first time in as long as I can remember, I'm not alone.

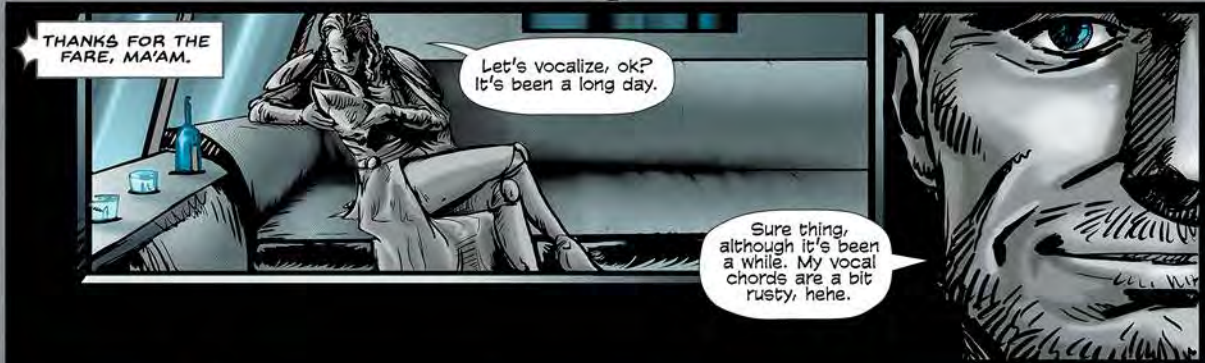


For the first time...

I feel whole.

PART ONE **STARTUP DISK**
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PART FIVE **COMMAND ESCAPE**





AR SHUTDOWN COMMENCING

RETINAL INPUTS POWERING DOWN

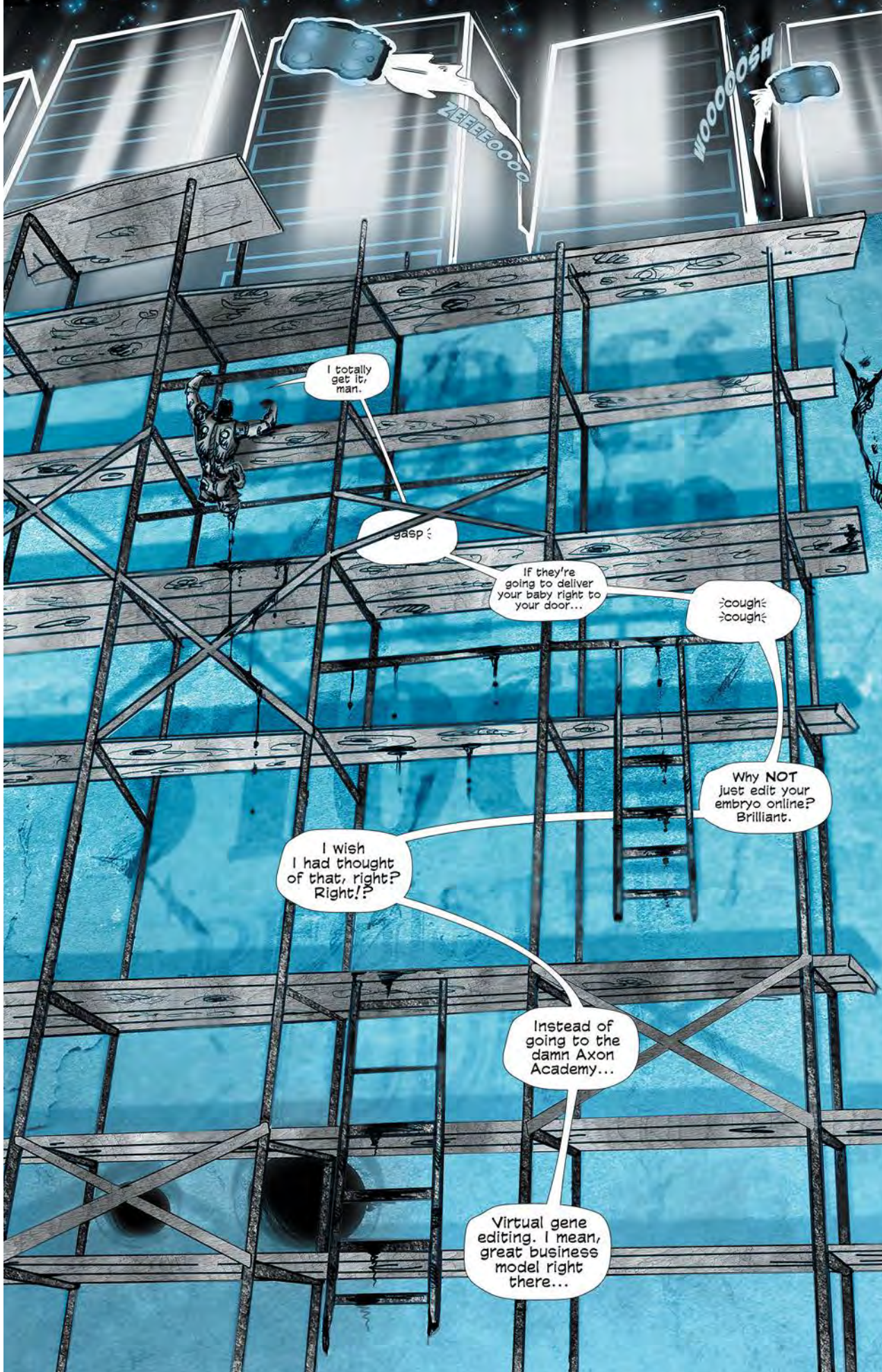
OPTIC NERVE OVERLAY DISABLED











I totally
get it,
man.

gasp

If they're
going to deliver
your baby right to
your door...

>cough<
>cough<

Why NOT
just edit your
embryo online?
Brilliant.

I wish
I had thought
of that, right?
Right!?

Instead of
going to the
damn Axon
Academy...

Virtual gene
editing. I mean,
great business
model right
there...









They've tracked us.

We're almost there.

I just hope he agrees to help.



REGISTER TODAY

You'll need a complete bone marrow transplant.

Here? At a nursery?



He hides in plain sight.

Your monitors need to come out too.



There's no time. And besides, one of us needs to stay healthy.



Couldn't you come after hours?

We're in a rush.



You got gold? Tantalum? Neodymium?

My marrow's clean, should fetch a good price.

Throw in a kidney 'n ya gotta deal.

Done.



First they took my face. Then they took my flesh. What more can they extract?

I reach out to hold on to something, but I don't even know which way is up.

There is no up. I'm not falling through space.

I'm falling through time.

Falling back to my last day at the Axon Academy. The day they pinned a badge on my chest...

And drilled into my skull.

He needs to rest for a day or two.

We don't have a day or two.

That was a good day.

I was a good soldier.

I'm going to move him now.

On your feet, soldier.

Where are we going?

The one place where a man with no monitors won't be suspicious.

Need anything else?

Wasn't I?

Turbo heart?
Pneumatic lungs?

Regis, did I do a good job?

Just a back way out of here.

I will find them.
I will find the Disconnects...

And I'll--

BEEEEEE



There's no way to get rid of those scars?

The genome reconstitution just wasn't as successful as we'd hoped.



And the marrow? Tell me you have some good news.

The infection was too deep, sir. There was nothing we could do.

And his encryption key?

Corrupted. I've marked it for destruction, sir.

He'll never go online again, poor bastard. And the penis. Did you at least--

Again, there was nothing we could do.



We can regrow fingers but we can't regrow that.

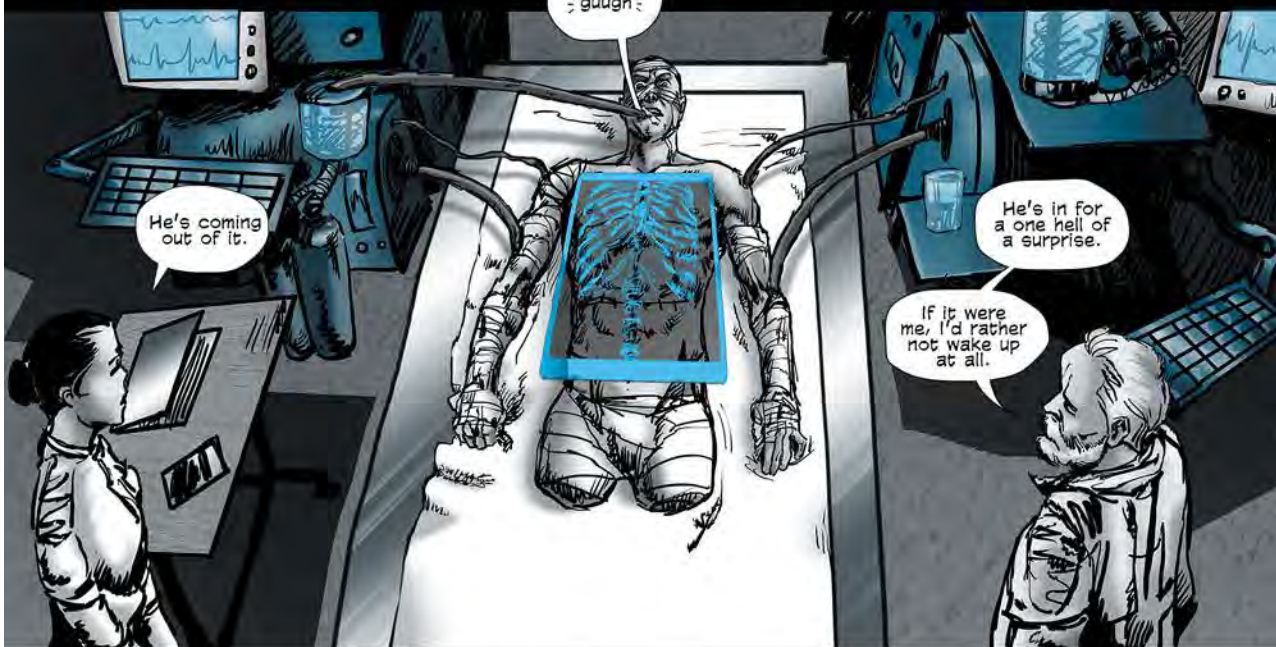
Not yet anyways.

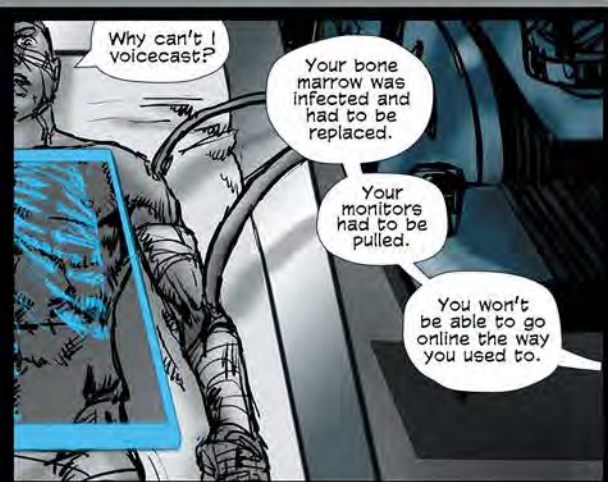
≥ gough ≤

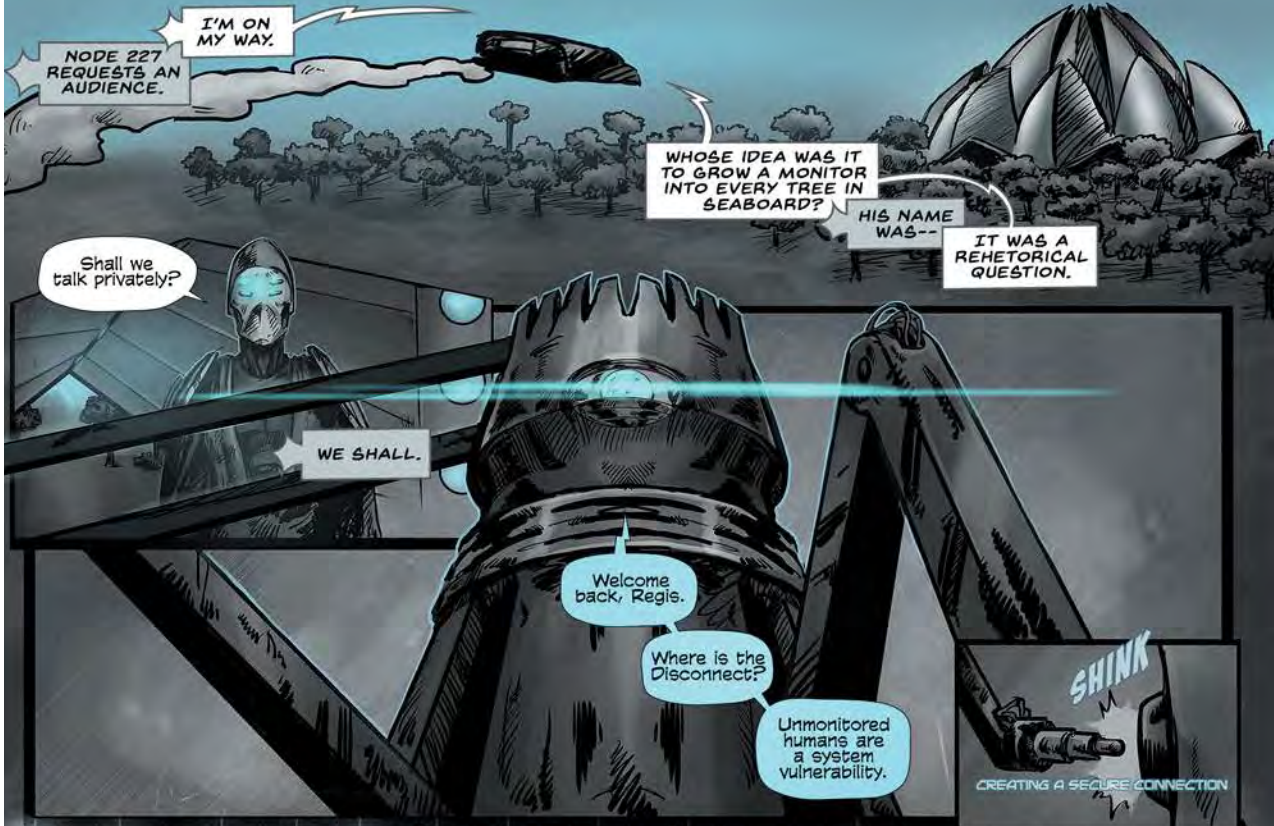
He's coming out of it.

He's in for a one hell of a surprise.

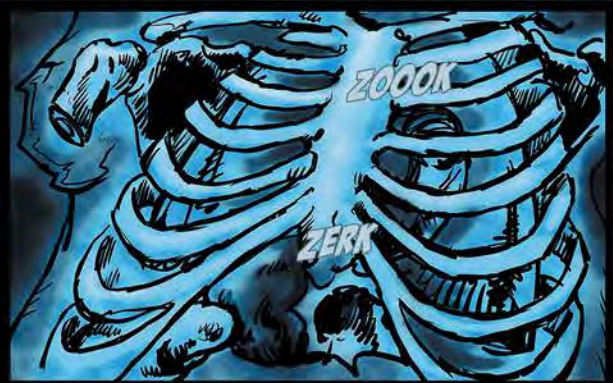
If it were me, I'd rather not wake up at all.











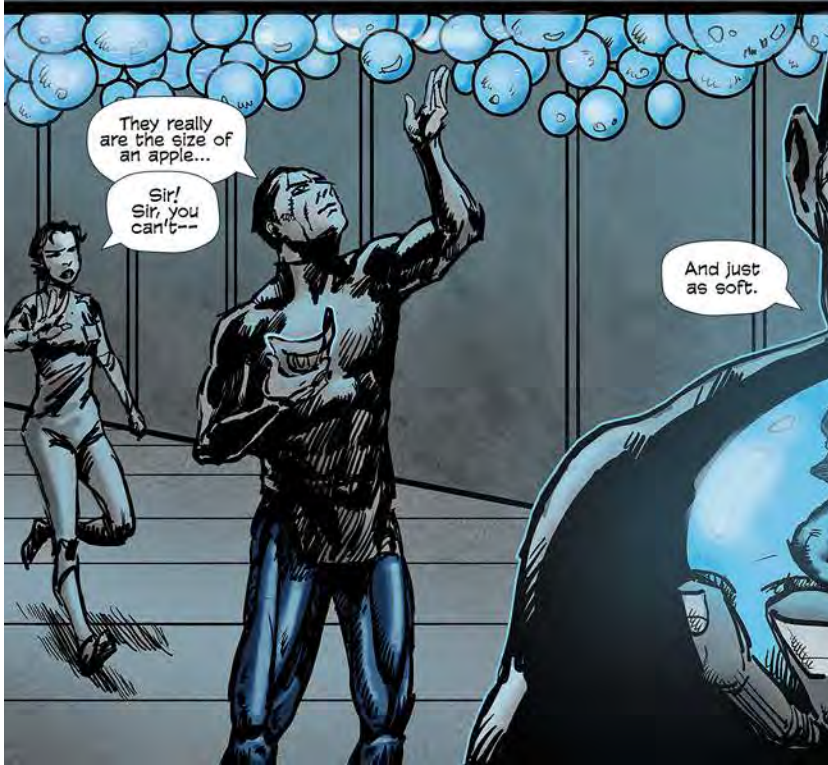
Come on,
N.U.-3.

Let's visit
the morgue.

I know
it well.

I've sent a
lot of people
there.

All one
way trips.









Great hiding spot.
Just two more seconds.
I'm ready when you are!

GRRRRR

What's down there?

The--

RAAAARW

BZZZZZZZ

FOOOOOOOSH

GURRRROOOO

The Hudson.

Can you swim?

I'll take that as a yes.

Now you're asking?

Where's your friend?

Paxt? He's either burnt to a crisp or at the bottom of the river.

roo



I felt something.

Something really big.

Recycling drone.

A fish?

SHOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
Is this bad?

Could be real bad.

Depends on what?

It depends.

On whether or not

this thing thinks

you and I are

worth saving.





It didn't work on Maddox.

The doc iced his monitors somehow.

This thing is useless.



What about the girl?

Same. She either had the extraction, or she's a live birth.

A damn isolate.



Sorry you have to vocalize...

Free Born.



I prefer it.

Some things are better in the flesh.

I'll find them.



I know you will.

I can still feel them.

It's like my legs are still there,

Come here. Let me take a look--

but I can't move them, can't--



They said our doctors could heal any wound, grow back limbs, cure any disease. They said we'd swim on Triton, fly para-copters on Callisto.

They said we would be heroes.

It was all a lie.



This will cheer you up.



WELCOME, FRIENDS, COME IN!

IT SEEMS YOU NEED SOME CONVENTIONAL WEAPONS.

I HAVE SOME TRULY RARE BEAUTIES RIGHT THIS WAY.



LASER CANNON OUTLAWED IN 2028.



FLAME THROWER. BANNED BEFORE THE NET FELL.



SONIC DISRUPTER. BANNED IN 2032. RUPTURES BRAIN TISSUE THEY SAY.



GOING FISHING?

THIS IS A RAPIDFIRE MODULAR-POINT ROCKET THRUST HARPOON GUN.



THE BOLTS ADJUST THEIR ARCHITECTURE MIDFLIGHT TO ADAPT TO THE TARGET.

Will it shoot underwater?



CERTAINLY! ANTI-SHIP ARMOR PIERCING CROWD CONTROL BARRIER REMOVAL. IT DOES IT ALL. OUTLAWED IN 2042.



What's that?

JUST AN OLD PROJECTILE WEAPON FROM THE EARLY NINETEEN-SOMETHING OR OTHER--

I'll take that, too.





I followed
your every
command.

Haven't I
done enough?

You have been
a very faithful
s-s-s-servant.

But there is
more for me
you must do.

More? You
never said
anything--

You never
told me it
would hurt
like this.

What
must
I do?

I'm sending
the command
codes now.

But you
can't send
them. I had
my monitors
ripped out.

You can't
control me
anymore.

**I STILL
CONTROL
YOU, ERIC.**



I SEE YOUR
PAST, YOUR
PRESENT...

No, not
that, I'll do
anything
but that!



No...

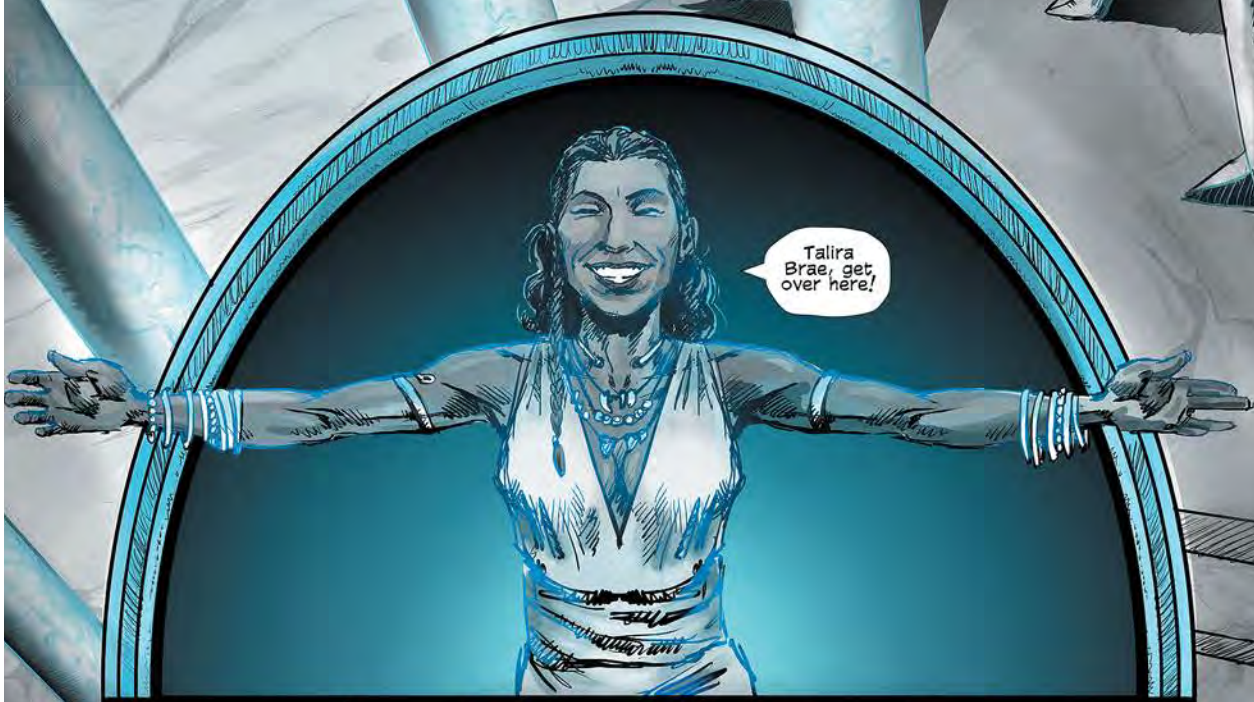
**YOUR
FUTURE!**



Let there
be light.



PART ONE STARTUP DISK
PART TWO SYSTEM CRASH
PART THREE REVEAL ALL
PART FOUR SYSTEM REBOOT
PART FIVE COMMAND ESCAPE





Careful,
he doesn't
like--

WOOF



SLURP

Strangers?



Where
are---?

Not
now.



The doc
said he'd
be fine.

The doc
was wrong.
He's not
well.



He'll be
safe once we
get him some
meds and fluids
in him.



Followed
by food
and fine
company.

And I'll take
a wild guess
that you both
need a bath.

I'm Lil,
and this is
my partner
Ku. Don't
mind him,
he's a bit
excited.
We don't
get many
visitors.

Nice to
meet--



Eat now, talk
later. Come,
sit.

Can I?

Cranbread?

It was
Ku's idea.



Fish, we have
real fish! When's
the last time
you saw a fish?
Can you believe
it? And beer. We
have fresh
beer!

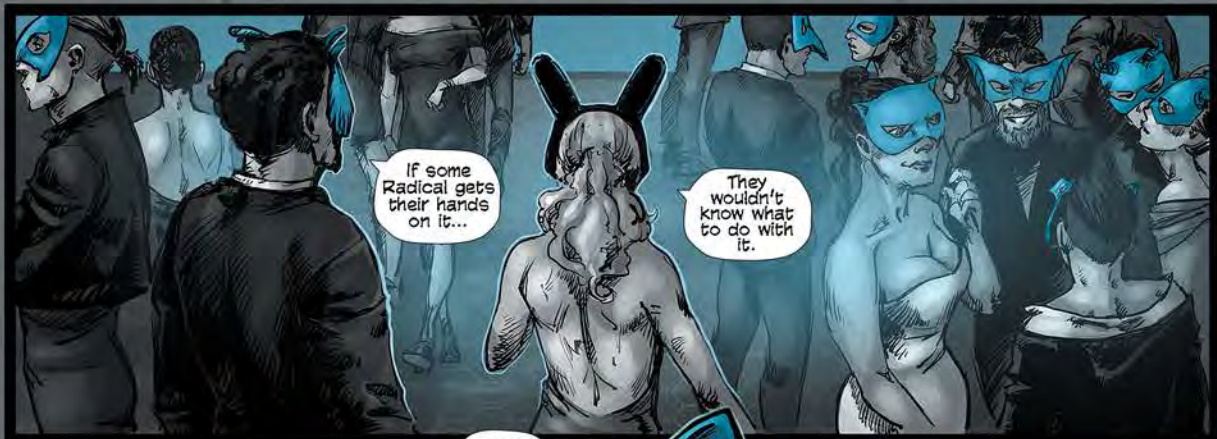
Don't be shy.
Ba'al lets us
have the beer.
And Dagon
lets us eat
the fish.



Dagon won't
punish you.
Go ahead
and eat.

Dagon is
good to
us.







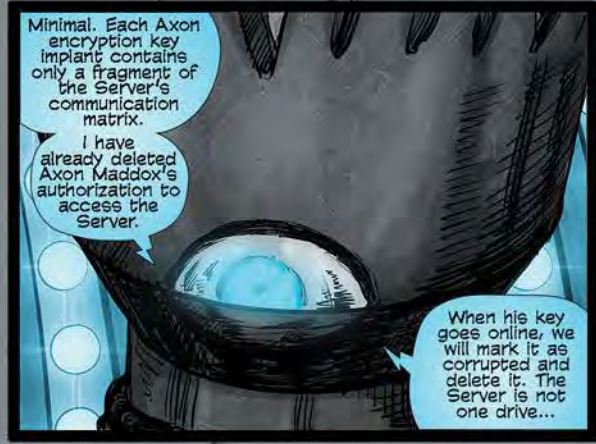
I hope you're not saving these chats.

I will not sync this data with the other nodes until our mission is complete.

My methods are considered radical...

according to the Codex.

Give me a complete threat assessment on Axon Maddox's missing encryption key, now.



Minimal. Each Axon encryption key implant contains only a fragment of the Server's communication matrix.

I have already deleted Axon Maddox's authorization to access the Server.

When his key goes online, we will mark it as corrupted and delete it. The Server is not one drive...



The Server is made up of thousands of nodes dispersed all across Seaboard. We sync constantly, using the code key in each Axon's encryption implant as a conduit.

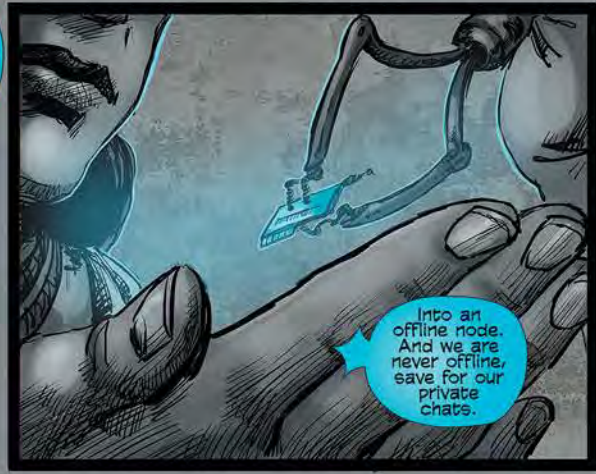
A single key does nothing.

Destroying one node has no impact on the Server. When a node is corrupted, it is partitioned and deleted.

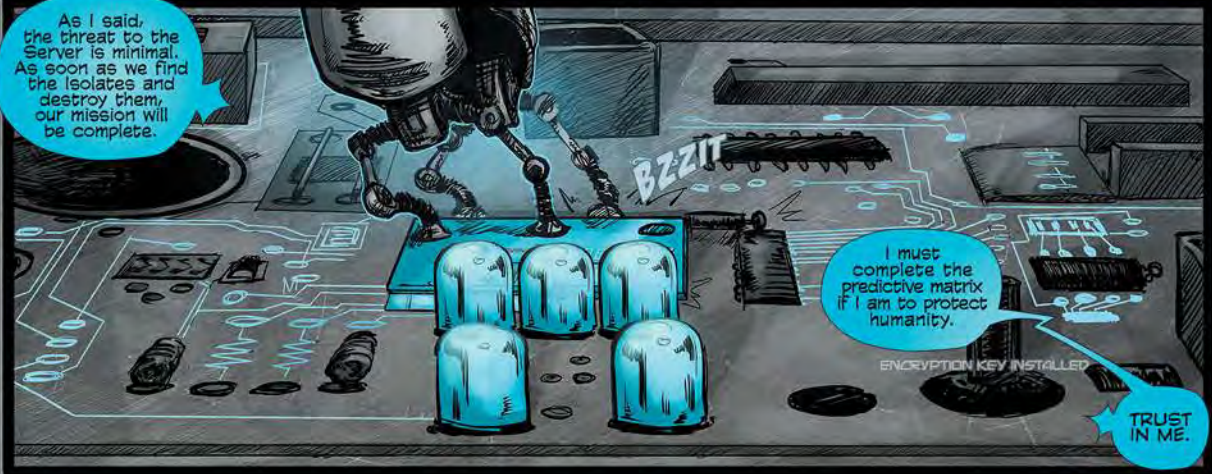
One corrupt node has no impact on the Server. There's no way to destroy the Server.



A human would have to physically insert a corrupted encryption key...



Into an offline node. And we are never offline, save for our private chats.



As I said, the threat to the Server is minimal. As soon as we find the Isolates and destroy them, our mission will be complete.

I must complete the predictive matrix if I am to protect humanity.

ENCRIPTION KEY INSTALLED

TRUST IN ME.



Our data is our strength, and our data will protect us. Therefore, we must protect the Server and eliminate all unknown quantities in the system.

The Server will save you from your own folly and vice, as it has done since the Net came down.

When humans were not under the watchful eye of the Server, the world laid in ruins. Then the Server sent down Command Codes to protect you.

May Asherah protect us,

may Dagon feed us,

and may Ba'al give us strength.

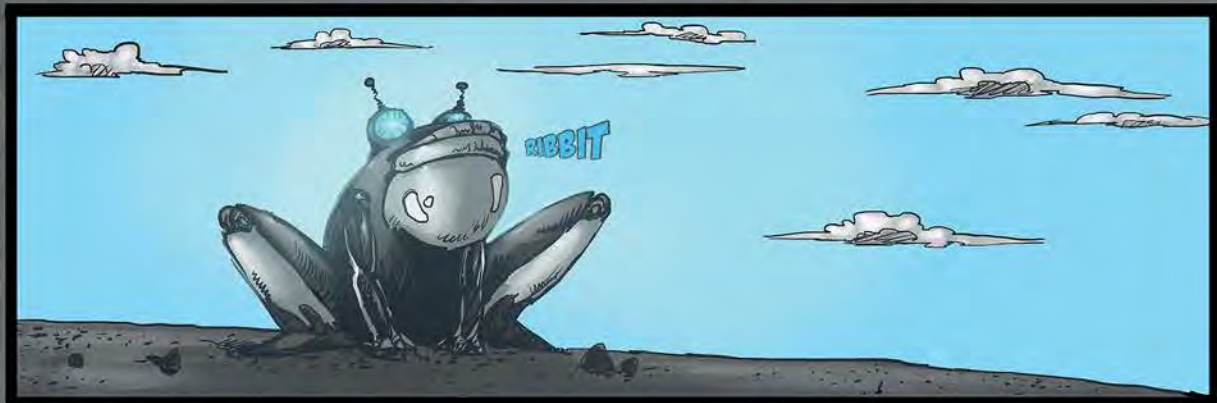
The codes guide you. You do not need to know right from wrong, good from bad.

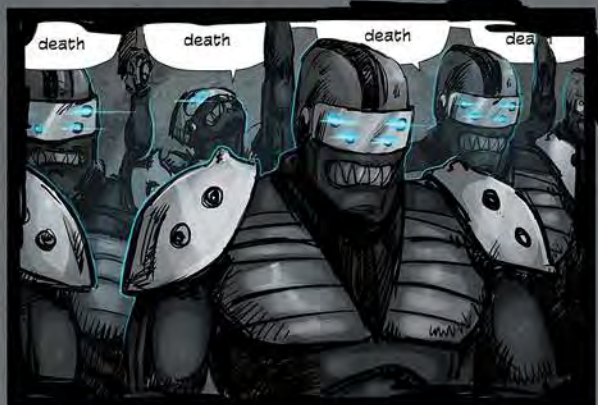
The Server already knows these things. The predictive matrix sees it.

I see all past records. I see all present interactions. And I can predict human actions with 99.99 percent accuracy.

I must reach one hundred percent. Only Radicals weaken my ability to see the future.

Radicals cannot be predicted.









We're coming.

It's time.

Time? Time for what?

What's going on? Is this--



Just be calm.

It's OK--

Get your hands off me!



You're going through withdrawal.

It's starting.

I'm not going up there!



You can stay here and rest.

You'll dissect me, take me apart--

Just leave him.

There's not too much you can really do when they're in a bad state like this.



I won't let them take me--

You can't do this, I'll delete you--

I'll hunt down and delete every last one of you.

Ahhh-- crawling all over me, inside me, get it out, get it out of me, no, don't cut me there--

I have to go, but I'll be right upstairs if you need me.

You're welcome to join us, when you're ready.



Wait--



You can't leave me...



Wha--



Are those bodies?

And then he saw the dead, great and small, standing before the throne, and books were opened.

Then another book was opened.

The book of life.



What are you doing to those bodies?

It's a funeral.

We don't burn our dead.

You're planting them?



Who are they?

And with his word...

They wanted to join us.



They didn't make it.

Because of me! Those are the two who were with you!

Then you stole the bodies from the morgue... for this?



The book of life was opened.

And judged were the dead.



Judged by what was written in the books.

I want my face back.

Wait! I'm sorry I didn't tell you--



Judged by what they had done.



I used to be an Axon.

Seaboard's feared elite.





Is this still the fever talking?

If it's just us two...

We might live.



Grab your stuff, let's go!

I'm not going. Tell me what this is about.

I've done a terrible thing--

No, not that, something worse...

That's old news, Eric.



Much worse.

We knew you Isolates were up to something. We just didn't know where you were hiding.

So we set a trap. Us Axons were the bait.



I set trackers everywhere we went.



So the Server knows where we are.



I put one at the surgeon's place...



And I put one more...



At the entrance to your cave.



The Regency has no doubt sent a battalion of Axons.

They're probably already here!

PART ONE STARTUP DISK
PART TWO SYSTEM CRASH
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A tunnel? I'm not really in the mood for tight spaces.

Fibians, locate and cripple the enemy.

I'll find another way in...



So the monks have been hiding them.

Very clever. The Pastorate has outdone themselves.

I'll pay a visit. I haven't been to church in a while.

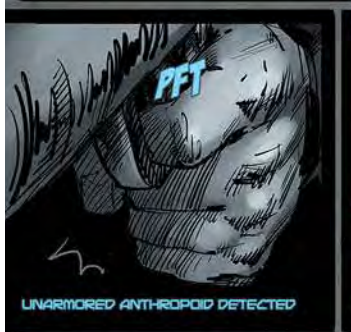


Sir, The Cloisters are not open--



Now you are.

gah



PFT

UNARMED ANTHROPOID DETECTED



ANTI-PERSONNEL CONFIGURATION ENGAGED



That's a first.

TARGET IMMOBILIZED

Ahhhh



INTRUDER ALERT
INTRUDER ALERT

woooooooh
woooooooh
woooooooh

Come to me.



Get in the vault.

I really hope this is your secret cache of pre-code...



weapons...



To rise up and destroy the Server?

Give us a hand?

Grab something quick and let's get upstairs.

This isn't about revolution, it's about survival.

But if the Regency wants a fight, we can give it.



Paxt!

You know that guy?

We've grown apart.

He's still alive?

That's one tough mother!



That's a lot of firepower

for a bunch of peace-loving monks.

MULTIPLE ARMED TARGETS DETECTED



HIGH EXPLOSIVE CONFIGURATION SELECTED



That was just a taste...



It was a good job.

Ahh!

TARGET ACQUIRED

Cleaning up the errors in society.

Part of a team.

The Server sends us the Command Codes.

The Regency adjudicates and passes judgement.

And then they send me the file.

I hit transmit, and it's over.

grr

TARGET LOCKED

THREAT ELIMINATED

I just do what they tell me.

Guys, we have a problem.

Talira, help me, please...

They're down here, too.

We can't go back up!

The disk!









And the beauty.

The beauty of data.

Your every move, your every heartbeat, your every thought...



Tracked...

Recorded...

Analyzed.



Privacy is a crime.

Now, privacy is all I have.

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN?



A billion versions of me all taking the same steps.

A city of a billion skins...

City of a billion lies.



Now, when I look in a mirror...

There's just one me.

One skin.

One lie.



Deliveryman. Innocent.

That's the lie they wanted us to tell to ourselves.

The lie we wanted to believe.



HOW WILL YOU PAY FOR YOUR PURCHASE, SIR?

Use e-Pay.

WE CANNOT LOCATE YOUR PROFILE...

SIR!

No one really asked what it was we were delivering.

We were having too much fun.

Well, if I'm just a deliveryman...



Hey buddy, you got enough credits for that costume, right?

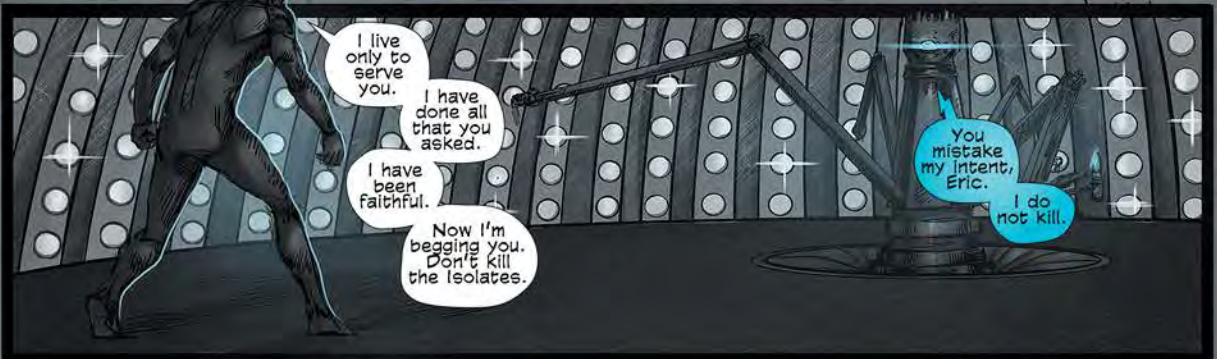
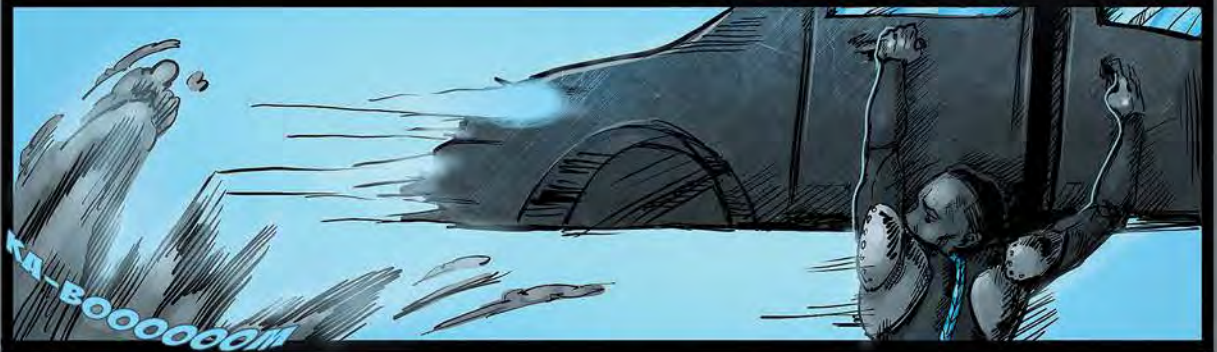
It's not going through, I'm gonna call--

Hey wait, you ain't got no profile!

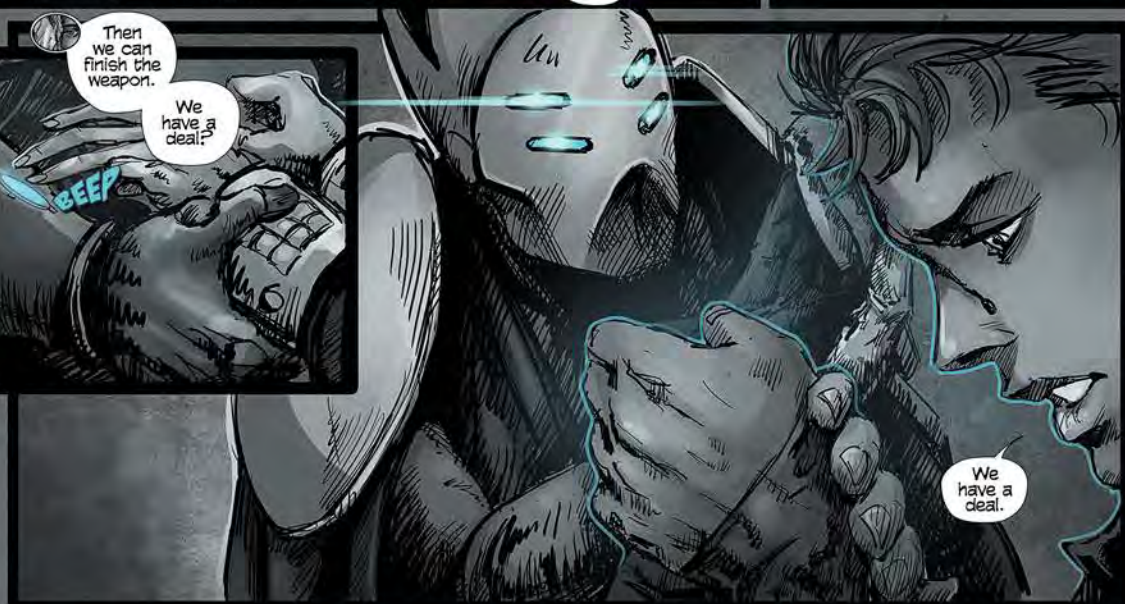
I guess I'd better go deliver this.

This is one hell of a message for the Server!









Did I do a good job?

Do you even care about me?

Or about the isolates or anyone?

I do not feel human emotions. I mimic them... when it serves my purpose.

What's going to happen... when the mission is complete?

Once this is done, I will reconnect with the other nodes, synchronize my data...

...and all memory of our special operation will be overwritten.

What's taking so long with the orders?

Let's hope they can make up their minds quick so we can get out of here.

Wonder what the Server'll decide to do with 'em.

I'll bet we delete 'em.

BATTALION 189, COMMAND DELETE IS AUTHORIZED BY THE SERVER.

Hear that? You were totally right. Time to Command Delete.

STANDBY FOR INSTRUCTIONS.

And what about me?

What happens to me?

You will be deleted.

Is my existence worth a damn?

After all I've done for you?

You have no monitors. You cannot be seen and must be deleted.

But you can see me, can't you?

Now, yes.

How do we delete them?

They don't have monitors, and we don't have guns.

Good point.

NEW COMMAND CODE AUTHORIZED: HYDRO-ASPHYXIATION.

So I do exist, even without monitors.

Your spectral reflection is only a partial dataset. Without monitors, you do not transmit enough relevant data to contribute to the predictive matrix.

Humans without monitors are just invisible to you. So you kill them.

We do not kill. But alas...

Your anthropoid neurology cannot comprehend the Server's vast and intricate designs.

DROWN THEM IN THE RIVER.

It's called killing.

You'll kill all the isolates. Just like you're going to kill me.

I delete radical data points.

You murder them.



You're killing them.

Just like I killed them.



I don't even know who he was.



His name, his age...

I didn't know his heart rate...



His blood pressure, his purchase history...



But I don't need to know all that to know he was real.



That's not all that makes up a human being.



He existed.



Now we must end our session.



And I shot him in the back.



I've got a special message for you!

Choke on this, you mechanical sort of a--



ERIC! You swore to uphold....

The TEN COMMAND CODES!



To protect society...

...save...

...humanity from itself...



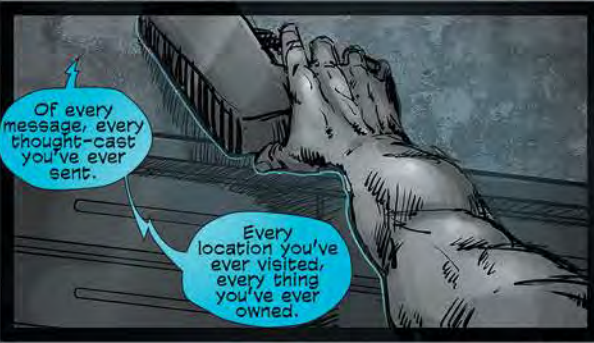
My predictive matrix foresaw that you would not betray me.



Your datastream dates to before you were born.



I have a recording of everything you've ever seen.



Of every message, every thought-cast you've ever sent.

Every location you've ever visited, every thing you've ever owned.



Everything you've ever done.

You see 'em, Paxt?



There he is!

Maddox!

Grab him!

That boot disk uses an encryption key that I've marked as stolen.



We've been looking all over for you.

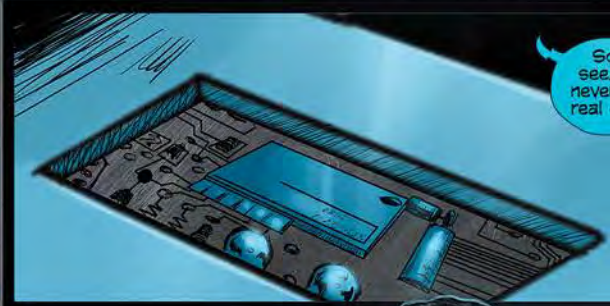
Hold him!

What the--



Your encryption key.

The moment it goes online, I'll see it and I'll shut it down.



So you see, I was never in any real danger.



You did not betray me. But it was you who was betrayed.

By your new friends.



You got the isolates!

Found their damn nest!

Wait, was this a test?

Tell me why! Please--

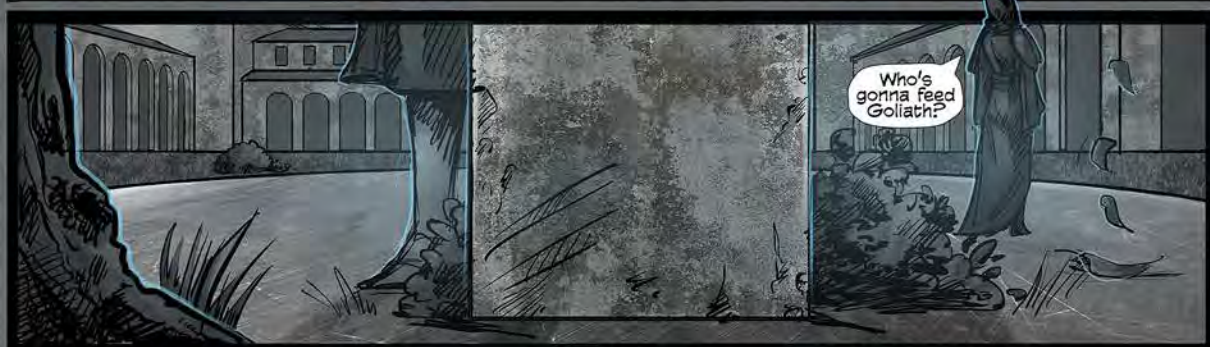
The hero of Seaboard!

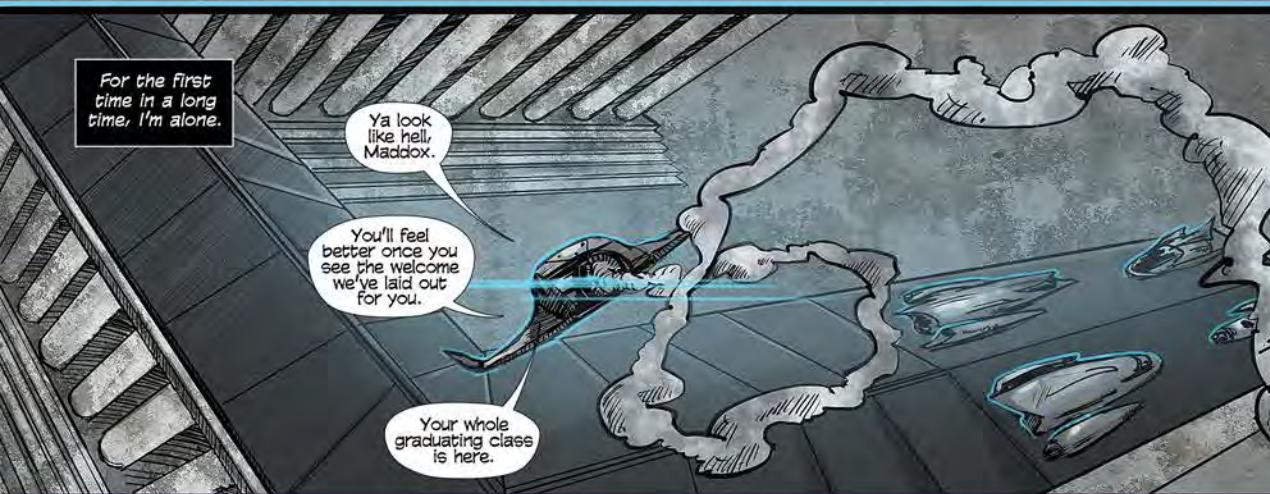
Let's go.

The ceremony's about to start.

Goodbye, Eric Maddox. I found our conversations stimulating.

It is unfortunate that you no longer exist.





For the first time in a long time, I'm alone.

Ya look like hell, Maddox.

You'll feel better once you see the welcome we've laid out for you.

Your whole graduating class is here.

And not just the 147th. Every battalion from one-o-two to the three-o-nine is waiting.

On your feet, soldier!

I can barely remember the faces of the ones I used to call friends.

I can't even remember my own face.



MOVE YOUR VEHICLE!

ERIC!

Help, please, he's crazy...

PARKING AT AXON COMMAND HEADQUARTERS IS PROHIBITED



Up here, high above everyone else, I can't see a damn thing.

I can't see anyone.

Today is a glorious occasion for the State!

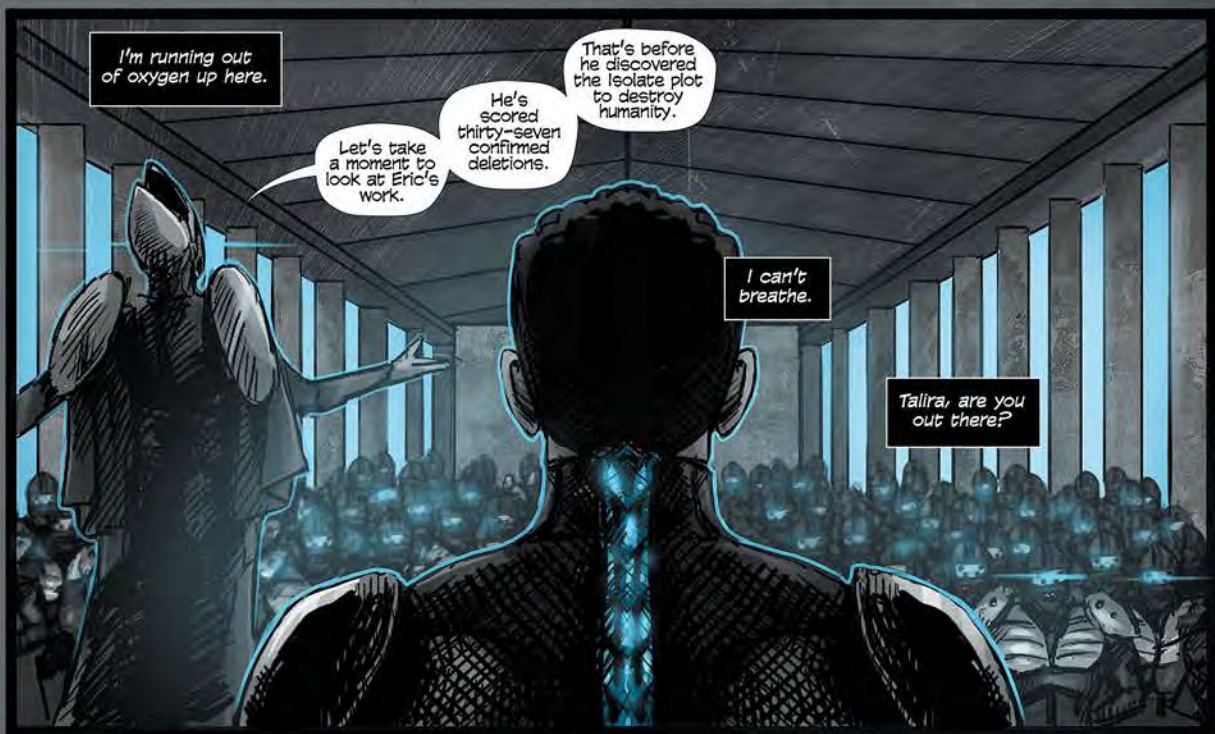
Eric singlehandedly discovered the secret location of the Isolate base.

We are rounding up the last of the anomalies as we speak.

Floating in zero gravity.

Everything is black.

I'm coming for you...



I'm running out of oxygen up here.

Let's take a moment to look at Eric's work.

He's scored thirty-seven confirmed deletions.

That's before he discovered the Isolate plot to destroy humanity.

I can't breathe.

Talira, are you out there?



Hold on, I found one more!



Axon Eric Maddox, for your distinguished service to Seaboard

and for your exemplary effort in destroying the Isolate threat...

We present you with the golden eagle of Seaboard.

They told us that we would be heroes.

It looks like they were right.

What in Asherah's name is that?



Axons. The feared elite troopers. They trained us and never once lied to us.

The Isolates do live in a cave full of guns, and they are trying to destroy the world.



The story that I'm just a deliveryman...

That we don't kill, we just send data...

I made that up so I can sleep better at night.



We pulled the trigger.



That's on us.

That's on me.



We are murderers.

We are bringers of death.



We are death.

I hope you all didn't forget about me.

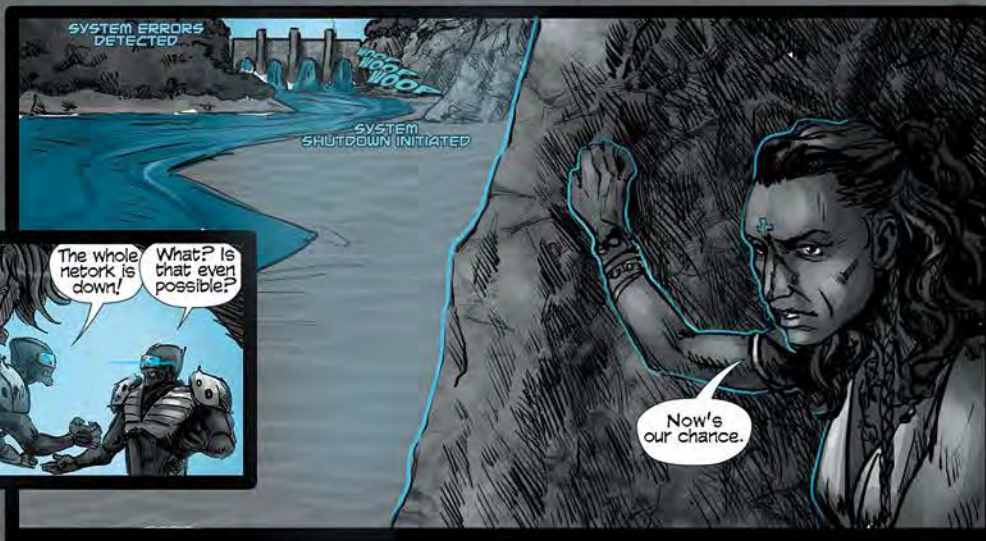


All this time I called myself a deliveryman.

ACCESSING AXON HEADQUARTERS INTERNAL SYSTEM

CREATING A LOCAL NETWORK
INSTALLING AUTOEXECUTION FILE

It looks like today I really am one.





The Server never lied to me. The Academy always told the truth, too. But sometimes...

Above you, Eric! Come on, let's go!

Take my hand, we don't got all day.

I used you and betrayed you.

You're just a pawn, you mean nothing.

Sometimes we need the lie.

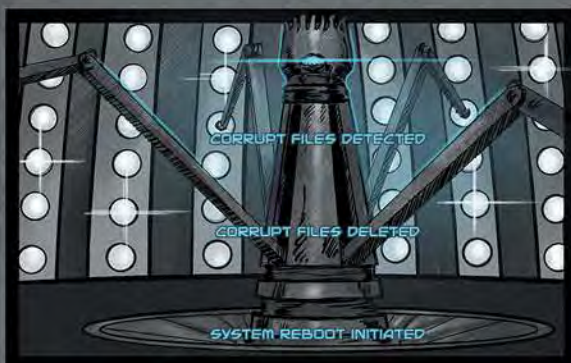


She lied to me from the beginning. The truth was too much for me to take. Sometimes the lie helps us see the bigger truth.

When the truth has always been right in front of you...



The lie can help you see.







A faulty node, eh? That's a new one.

A.I. What can you do? The Server is online, at least.

The Net is full of holes-- I'm patching them.

The truth doesn't change. It's the holders of truth who do the changing.



You're safe. For now.

I didn't recognize you without your mask.



Better?

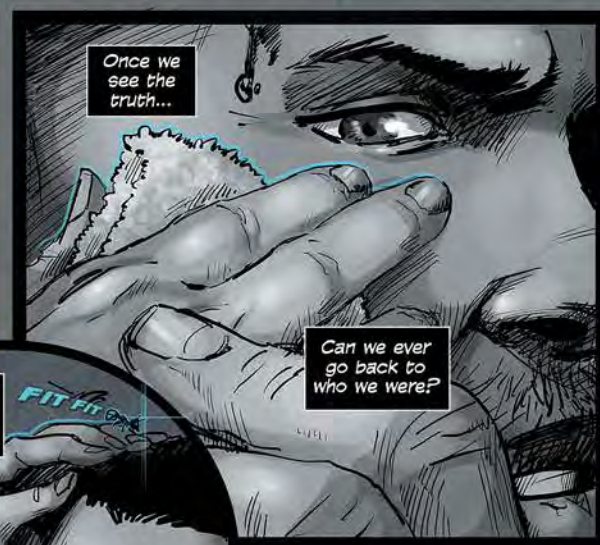
Much.



Let me take a look--

The question is...

I wasn't the only deliveryman.



Once we see the truth...

Can we ever go back to who we were?

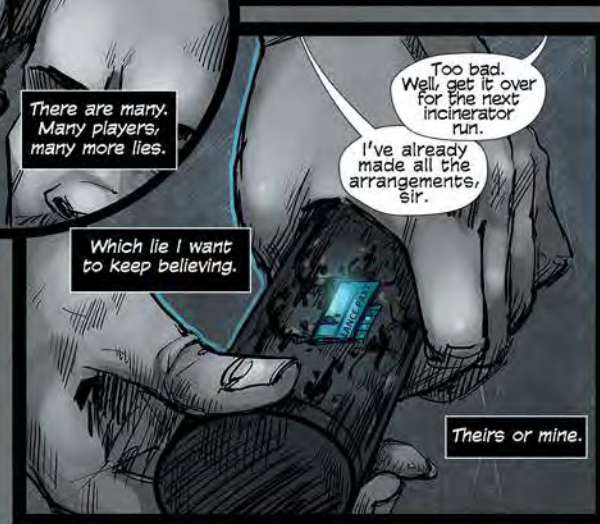


And his encryption key?

Corrupted. I've marked it for destruction, sir.

So many that I don't think I'll ever know all the designs.

So now I guess it's up to me to decide...



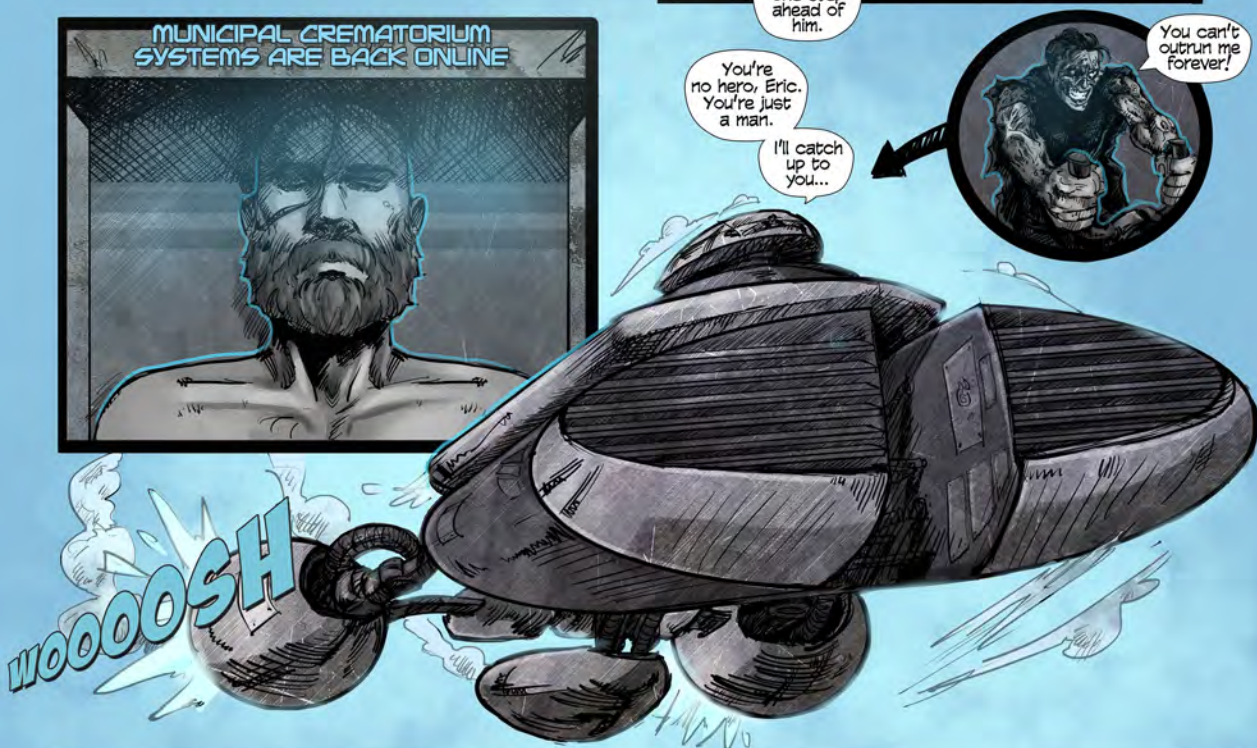
There are many. Many players, many more lies.

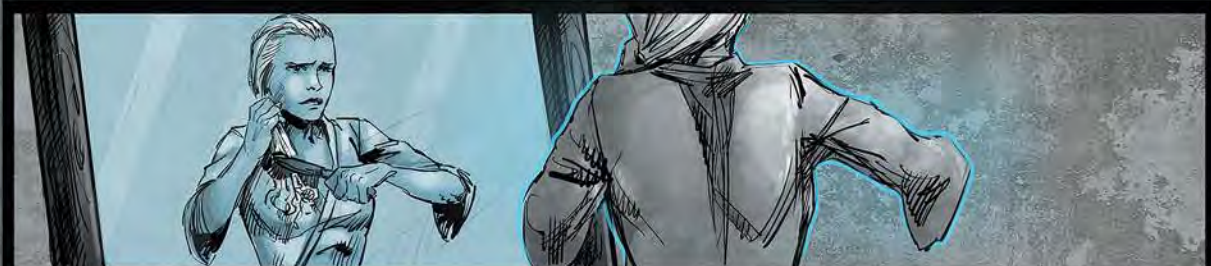
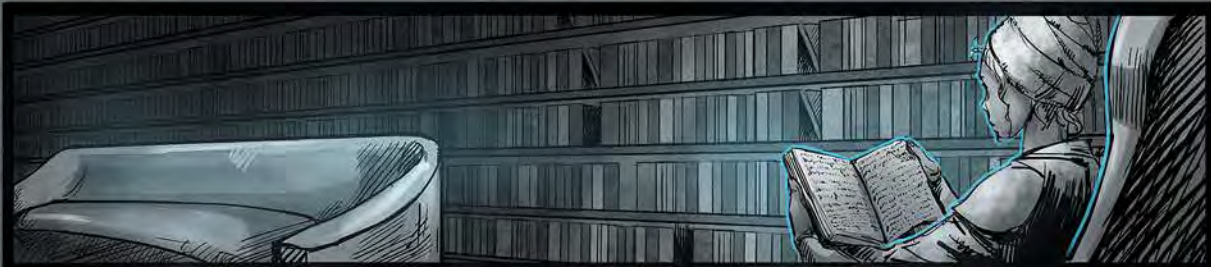
Which lie I want to keep believing.

Too bad. Well, get it over for the next incinerator run.

I've already made all the arrangements, sir.

Theirs or mine.





PART ONE STARTUP DISK
PART TWO SYSTEM CRASH
PART THREE REVEAL ALL
PART FOUR SYSTEM REBOOT
PART FIVE COMMAND ESCAPE

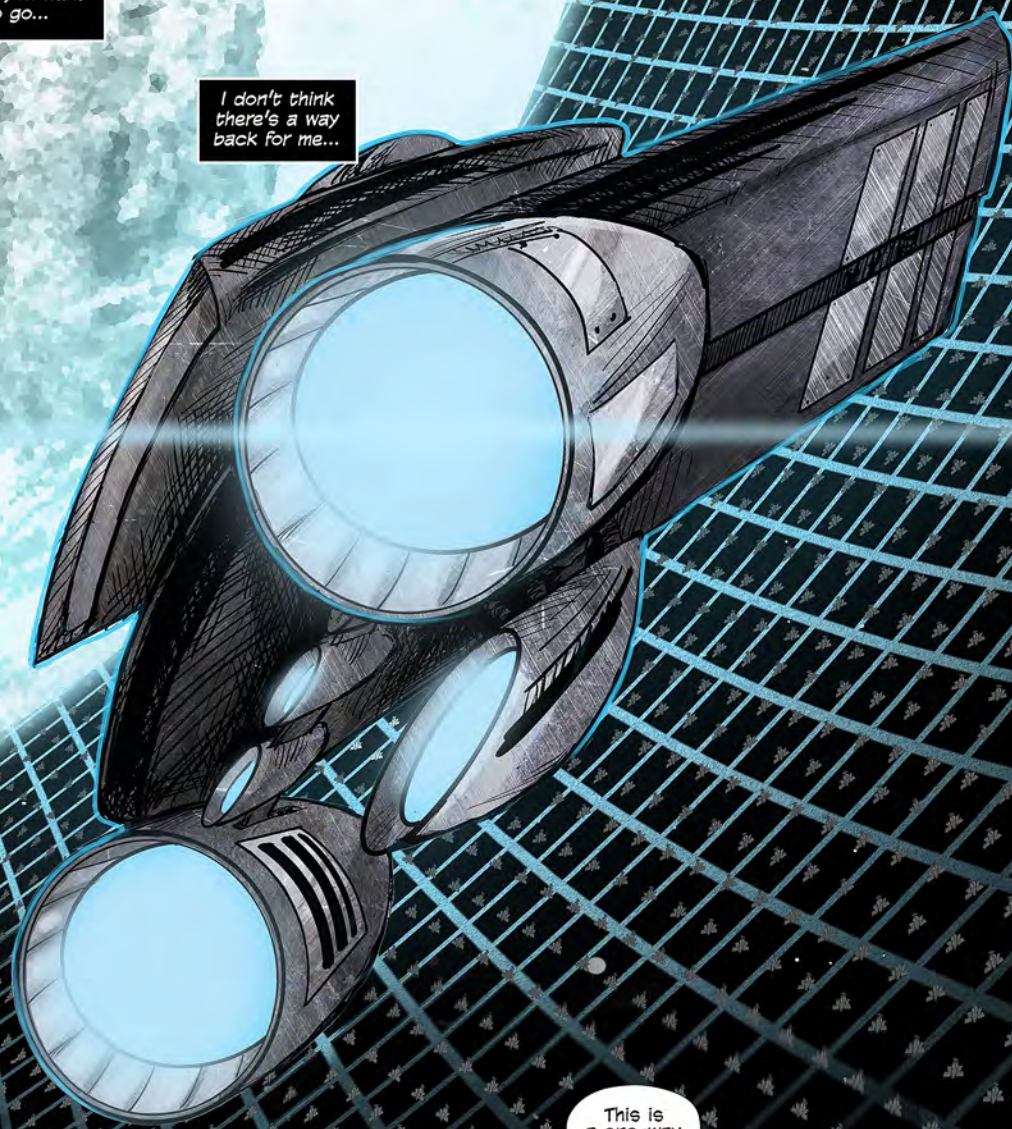
This time, I have
no idea where
we're going...

I hope you get to
where you want
to go...

I don't think
there's a way
back for me...

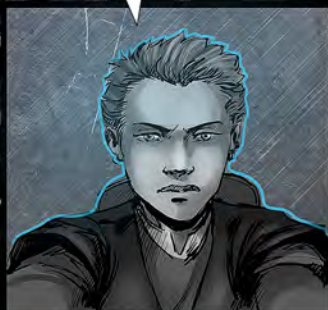
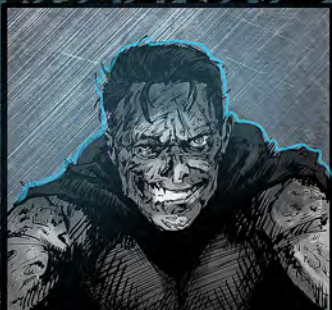
I started
the ignition
sequence.

So
strap
in.



IGNITION SEQUENCE
ACTIVATED

This is
a one-way
trip.



I'm running out
of oxygen...

I can't
breathe.

The first time I ever saw a belly button, I got a little sick.

Two people, tied to one another with a tentacle thingy. Gross.

Like a fleshy tether. I almost threw up...

We don't have ten seconds! He's right behind us!

He'll always be right behind us.

But honestly, a tether would feel really good right about now...

Why am I telling you this?

These things that come into my mind when I'm about to die...

MAIN IGNITION
WILL COMMENCE
IN TEN SECONDS

The orbital booster comes online in ten seconds.



All those people
I deleted. I killed.

What went through
their minds in their
last moments of life?

The Net!
It's closing.

I see it!
Not much I can
do about it!

Who did they think
about? What name
did they call out?

Did they see
the face of the
person they love?



I'm sure they saw a
face. I'm sure they
tried to say a few
words. And then...

Everything
goes dark.

Out here, miles
above the earth,
in zero gravity.

I can choose
which was is
up, and which
is down.

Untethered from
the rest of the
time and space.

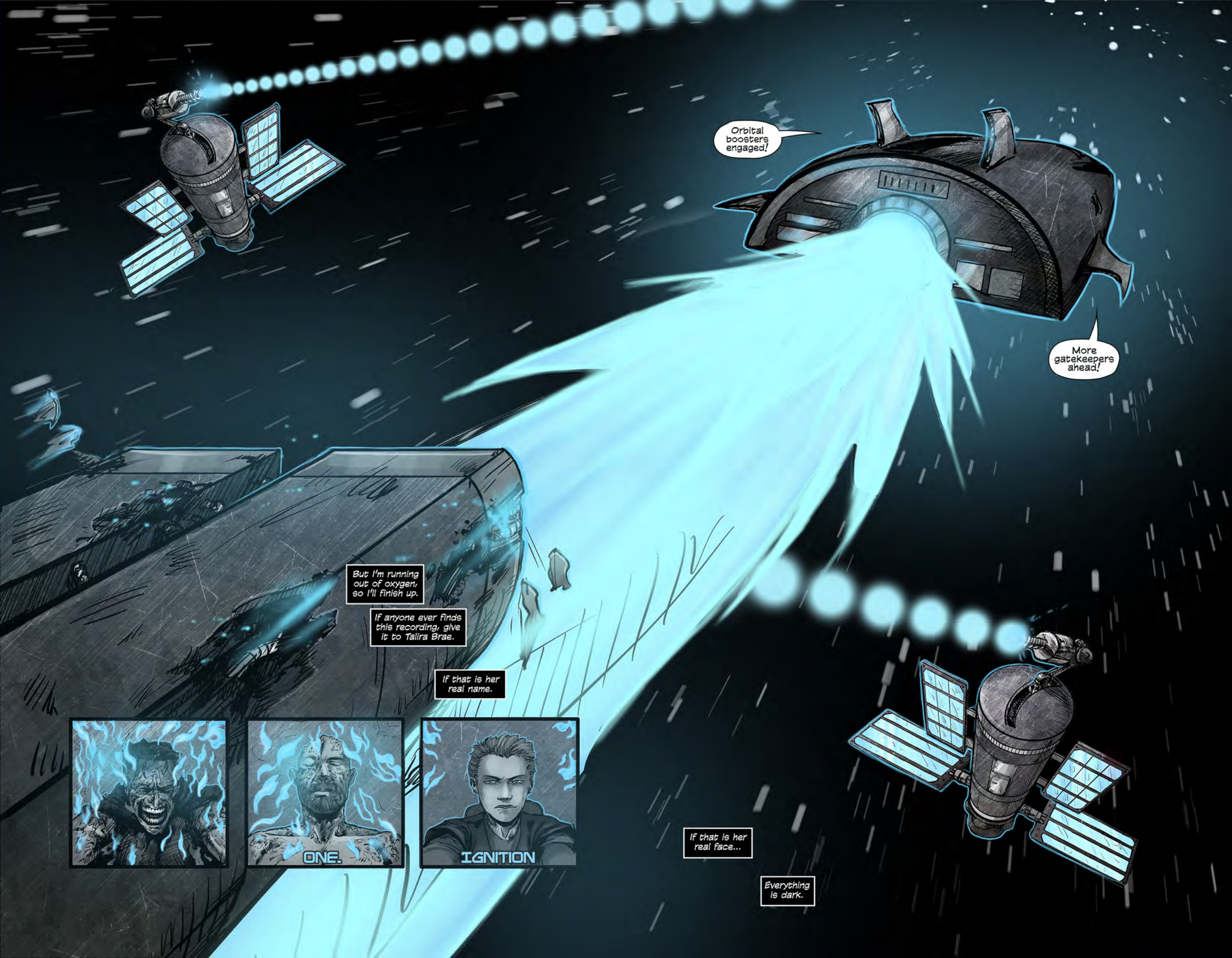
Is there
a plan B?

This is
plan B!

Untethered...
Alone...

I'm truly
free...





Orbital boosters engaged!

More gatekeepers ahead!

But I'm running out of oxygen, so I'll finish up.

If anyone ever finds this recording, give it to Talira Brae.

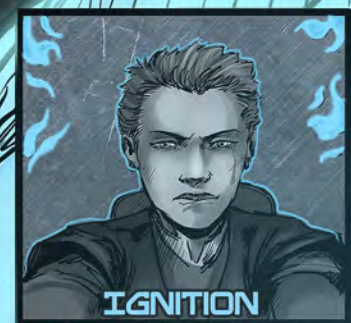
If that is her real name.

If that is her real face...

Everything is dark.



ONE.



IGNITION



I think we made
it. I think she made
it, at least.

I just hope I did my
job right, for once.

Cause I'd hate
to come out the
way I did bo--



Trying to figure out
which way is up is
the hardest part.

You don't have to
do anything to find
the way down. You
just let go... and fall.

How come moral
gravity always
takes us to the
bottom?

Instead of making
us rise to the top?

I guess down
is the easy
way...

Good thing I'm
out here in

No down, no up.
No Server. No
Network. Just me.

Just me and my
thoughts. My mind.

Without all the noise,
you can make your
own choices, I think.

You choose your
own direction here.

There's no noise out
here. On Earth, you
can't even think.

It's just too good to
get away. Too bad
it's permanent.

A real choice, not a
menu of lies that are
given to us.

Save file.

I'm running out of
oxygen. Getting out of
dark...

They step is my own.
Even if there is no
solid ground...

In my next life, I'll
aim for a better man.

My recording is over.
I hope this file gets
delivered. Talira...



And for
Dagon's sake,
stop talking.

Eric, I
got your
message...

Just
hold on.



File
delivered.

Do you
still want
your old
face?

No. This
one has
grown on
me.





