

TERRA



TWILIGHT
2016

T. D. MELLO
A. VELOSO

EXODUS TO GENESIS

THEY'RE
DEAD... THEY'RE
ALL DEAD!



24 HOURS AGO.

MY FELLOW SHIPMATES, AFTER YEARS OF SEARCHING, WE NOW STAND AT THE PRECIPICE.

VERY SOON, WE WILL ENTER QUANTUM JUMP RANGE OF THE PLANET TERRA, OUR NEW HOME.

A NEW PLANET WHERE WE, THE LAST HOPE OF THE HUMAN RACE, CAN ONCE AGAIN THRIVE AND GROW.

IT IS, IN EVERY SENSE OF THE WORD, A NEW BEGINNING.

I'M A BIT JEALOUS THAT THE FIRST FEET TO TOUCH THAT GROUND WON'T BELONG TO ME, BUT INSTEAD TO THE FINE OFFICERS OF THE ADVANCE SCOUT FLEET.

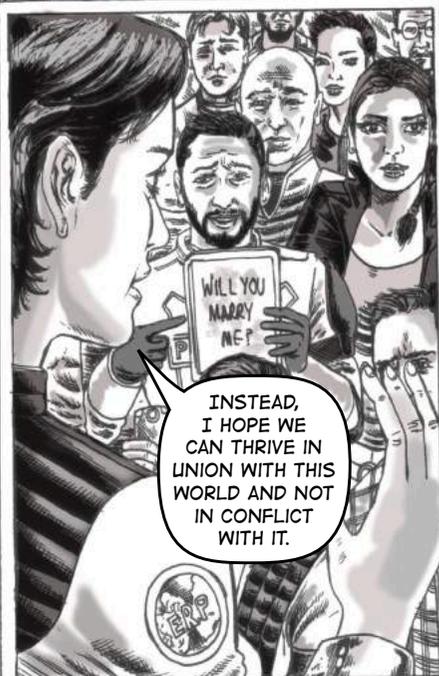
IT'S AN HONOR THEY WELL DESERVE.

I NOW ASK SCOUT COMMANDER RACHEL CASEY TO SAY A FEW WORDS TO MARK THE OCCASION.



THANK YOU, GENERAL CYRUS, BUT I DOUBT MY WORDS WILL BE AS MOVING AS THE FIRST IMAGES OF TERRA THAT MY CREW PLANS TO BRING HOME.

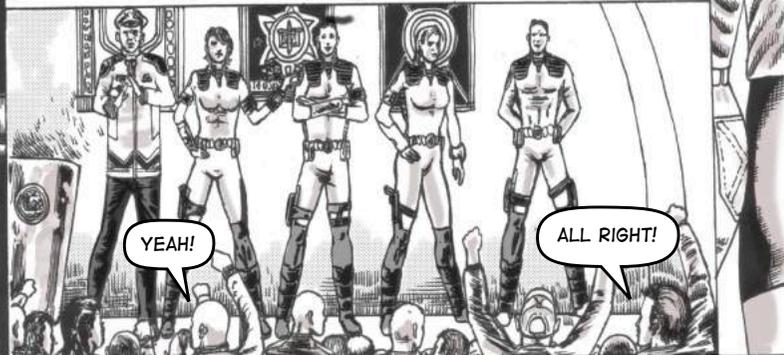
IF I HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY, IT'S A REMINDER. A REMINDER TO ALL OF US NOT TO REPEAT THE SAME MISTAKES THAT DOOMED OUR LAST HOMETOWN.



INSTEAD, I HOPE WE CAN THRIVE IN UNION WITH THIS WORLD AND NOT IN CONFLICT WITH IT.



THIS IS A FRESH START FOR ALL OF US. AND I, FOR ONE, AM LOOKING FORWARD TO IT.



YEAH!

ALL RIGHT!

MMMMM.

OH, UM,
SORRY FLEET
COMMANDER.

BUT THE
GENERAL
IS LOOKING
FOR YOU.

TELL HIM
I'LL BE RIGHT
THERE.

I GOTTA GO,
JOEL, BEFORE
I GET COURT-
MARTIALED.

YOU KNOW,
YOU NEVER
ANSWERED MY
QUESTION. THE
ONE ON THE
SIGN.

I DIDN'T?
OH WELL, I
GUESS YOU'LL HAVE
TO WAIT FOR MY FIRST
SURFACE TRANSMISSION
TO GET YOUR
ANSWER.

WHAT AN
INTERPLANETARY
TEASE.

SAFE TRAVELS,
MY LOVE.



GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE IN NO RUSH, COMMANDER. IT'S NOT LIKE WE'VE BEEN FLYING THROUGH SPACE FOR THE PAST 30 YEARS TO GET HERE.

SORRY FOR THE DELAY, GENERAL.



PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO STAY BEHIND AND PLAY HOUSE WITH YOUR BOYFRIEND.

TRUST ME, SIR, I'M AS EAGER TO TOUCH DIRT AS ANYONE.



GOOD. THEN I'LL KEEP THIS SHORT AND SWEET.

YOU ARE ALL THE BEST OF THE BEST, AND I EXPECT NOTHING LESS THAN THE BEST FROM YOU.

REMEMBER THE MISSION. MAKE LANDFALL, RECORD DATA, AND REPORT BACK.

NOW GO SCOUT OUT OUR NEW ADDRESS.



THIS IS FLEET COMMANDER. GIVE ME A GO OR NO GO FOR LAUNCH. OVER.



THIS IS SQUAD COMMANDER CASTLE, AND I AM SO GO THAT I'M GONE, BABY.



SQUAD COMMANDER SUMMERS. ALL SYSTEMS GO.



SQUAD COMMANDER RITCH. WE ARE GO, COMMANDER. LET'S DO THIS.



ALL SQUADS PREPARE TO FIRE MAIN THRUSTERS IN 3... 2... 1...



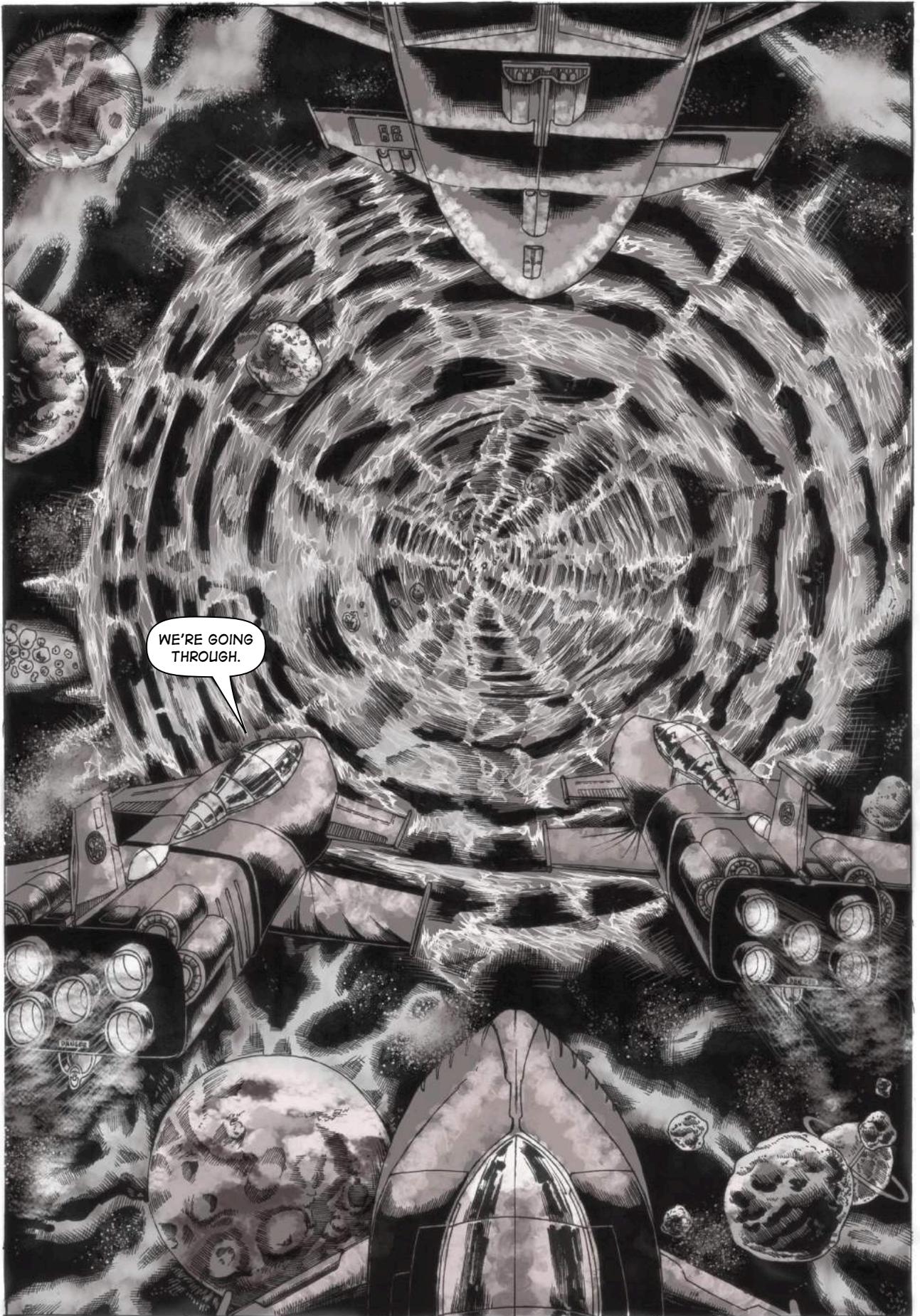
BROOM!!!!



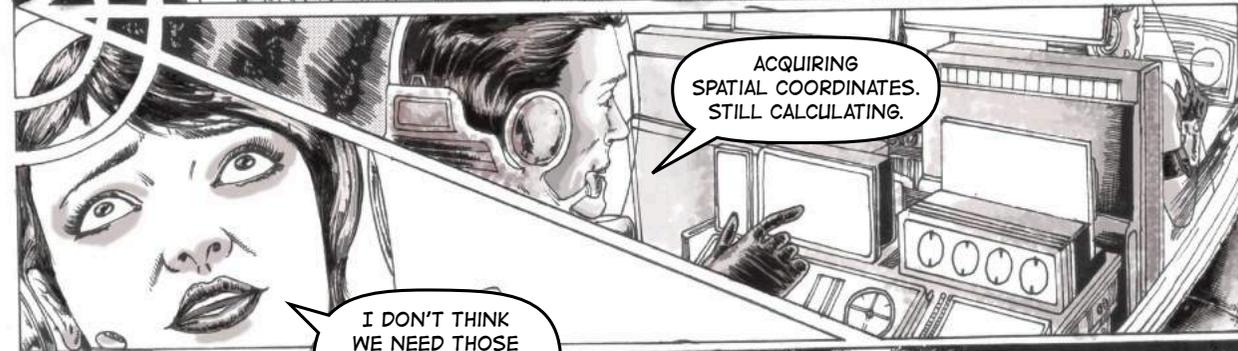
VROOM!

KASSSH!

ALL SQUADS WITH ME.

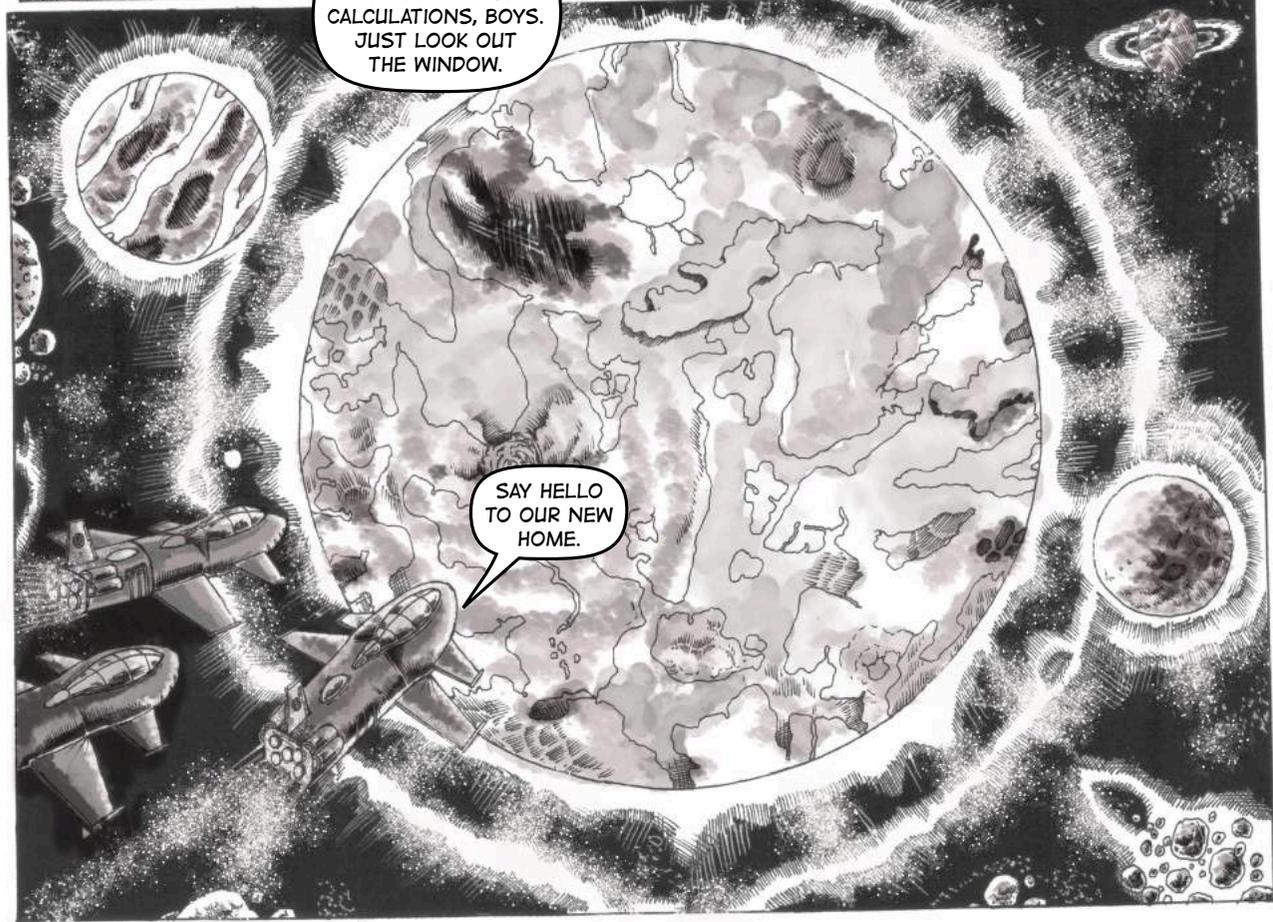


WE'RE GOING THROUGH.



ACQUIRING
SPATIAL COORDINATES.
STILL CALCULATING.

I DON'T THINK
WE NEED THOSE
CALCULATIONS, BOYS.
JUST LOOK OUT
THE WINDOW.

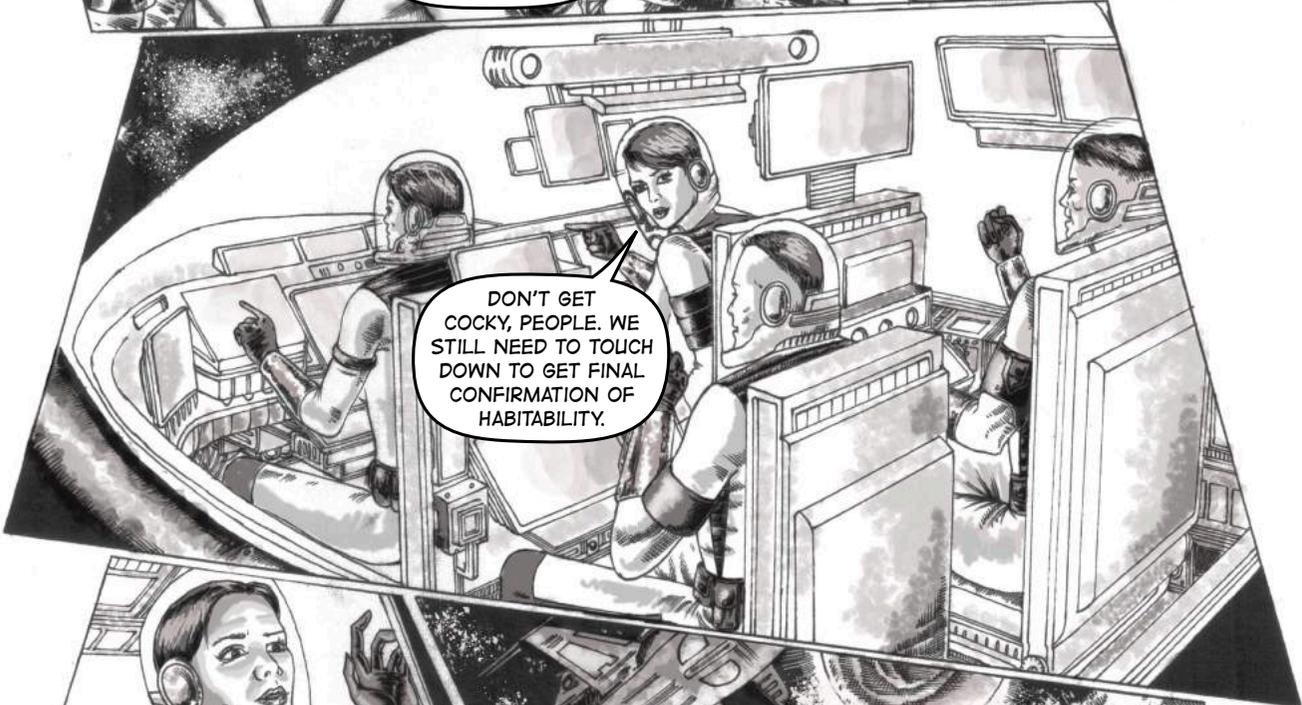


SAY HELLO
TO OUR NEW
HOME.



WOO HOO!
WE DID IT! WE
SAVED THE FREAKING
HUMAN RACE!

I CALL DIBS
ON THE NORTHERN
HEMISPHERE.



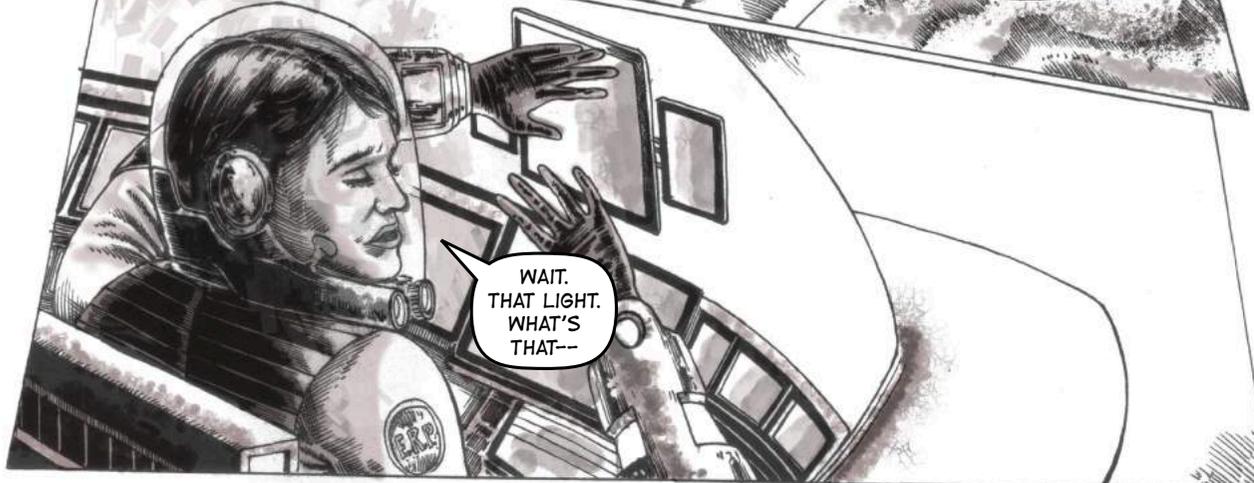
DON'T GET
COCKY, PEOPLE. WE
STILL NEED TO TOUCH
DOWN TO GET FINAL
CONFIRMATION OF
HABITABILITY.



ALL OUR READINGS
INDICATE AN EARTH-LIKE
ENVIRONMENT. WE'RE
CLEAR TO DESCEND.



ALL SQUADS,
BEGIN YOUR
DESCENT INTO THE
ATMOSPHERE.



WAIT.
THAT LIGHT.
WHAT'S
THAT--



NOW.

THAT WHITE LIGHT WAS THE LAST THING I REMEMBER BEFORE I WOKE UP ON THE SURFACE, MY CREW DEAD AND MY SHIP DESTROYED.



I'VE SALVAGED WHAT LITTLE SUPPLIES I COULD. MY ONLY HOPE NOW IS TO FIND ANOTHER ONE OF THE SCOUT SHIPS AND HOPE THEIR DEEP SPACE TRANSMITTER IS STILL OPERATIONAL.



MY BEST BET IS A SMOKE TRAIL IN THE DISTANCE. IT MIGHT BE ONE OF MY SHIPS.



END LOG RECORDING.

ALL RIGHT. HERE GOES NOTHING.



PLEASE, PLEASE BE ALIVE.

ELSEWHERE.

GO! GO! GO!
KEEP RUNNING.

IT'S
GAINING
ON US.

AHHH!

ADAM!

THERE'S
NO TIME.
LET'S GO!

IT'S...
IT'S BLOOD!

LET'S GO,
CRYSTAL.
MOVE IT!





AHHHHH!



A CLIFF
UNBELIEVABLE!



SO THIS
IS HOW IT
ENDS, HUH?



I HOPE YOU
CHOKE ON ME,
YOU **BASTARD!**

BEGIN LOG RECORDING.

STATUS UPDATE.
THIS PLANET RESEMBLES EARTH MORE THAN WE EVER IMAGINED. THOUGH I NEVER DID GET TO SEE EARTH WITH MY OWN EYES, OF COURSE.

EVEN THE PLANT LIFE RESEMBLES EARTH FOLIAGE, WITH ONLY MINOR DIFFERENCES.

CREEK!

PLEASE BE FRIENDLY, PLEASE BE FRIENDLY.

RITCH! ZANE!
YOU'RE ALIVE!

JUST BARELY,
COMMANDER.

LET ME LOOK AT HIS INJURIES AND SEE WHAT I CAN DO.

MEANWHILE, ANY IDEA WHAT THE *BAJEEBEES* IS GOING ON? ONE SECOND WE'RE DESCENDING TO THE SURFACE, THE NEXT OUR SHIP IS SMASHED TO BITS.

SUDDENLY, THIS PLANET DOESN'T FEEL SO MUCH LIKE HOME ANYMORE.

THE SAME THING HAPPENED TO MY SHIP. MY CREW WASN'T AS LUCKY AS ZANE HERE. THE LEG IS BROKEN, BUT IT'S A HAIRLINE FRACTURE. YOU'LL BE OKAY IN TIME.

WE NEED TO FIND THE OTHERS. MAYBE ONE OF THEIR SHIPS CAN STILL SEND A DEEP SPACE TRANSMISSION.

WON'T THEY SEND A SEARCH PARTY ANYWAY ONCE WE FAIL TO CHECK IN?

YES. AND THEY'LL FLY THROUGH THE SAME MYSTERIOUS WHITE LIGHT WE DID. IF WE DON'T WARN THEM FIRST, WE'RE PUTTING THEIR LIVES IN DANGER.

FAIR ENOUGH. SO WHERE TO NOW?

WE HEAD TOWARD THE SMOKE. THAT'S OUR BEST BET. BUT FOR NOW WE MAKE CAMP. ZANE NEEDS TO REST HIS LEGS. WE'LL START FRESH IN THE MORNING.

MEANWHILE.

THEY'RE LATE.
THEY SHOULD
HAVE REPORTED
IN BY NOW.

MAYBE
THEIR SIGNAL
ISN'T GETTING
THROUGH. OR THEIR
COMMUNICATION
SYSTEMS ARE
DAMAGED.

THAT'S HIGHLY UNLIKELY,
MRS. PRESIDENT. EACH SHIP
IS EQUIPPED WITH A DEEP SPACE
TRANSMITTER THAT USES QUANTUM
JUMP TECHNOLOGY. IF THEY COULD
REACH THE PLANET, THEY COULD
SEND A SIGNAL BACK.

WELL, WHAT
DO YOU THINK
IS HAPPENING
DOWN THERE?

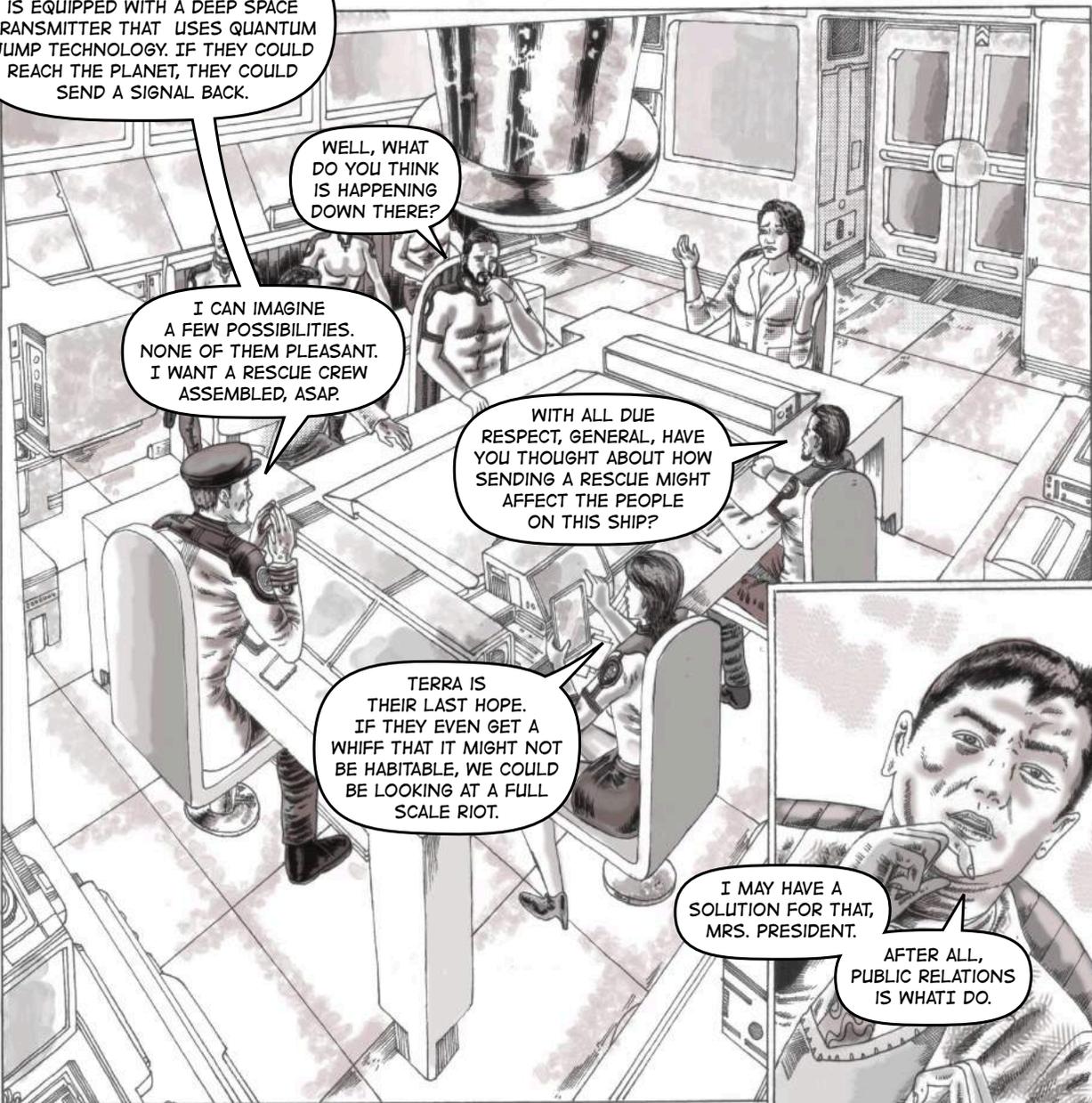
I CAN IMAGINE
A FEW POSSIBILITIES.
NONE OF THEM PLEASANT.
I WANT A RESCUE CREW
ASSEMBLED, ASAP.

WITH ALL DUE
RESPECT, GENERAL, HAVE
YOU THOUGHT ABOUT HOW
SENDING A RESCUE MIGHT
AFFECT THE PEOPLE
ON THIS SHIP?

TERRA IS
THEIR LAST HOPE.
IF THEY EVEN GET A
WHIFF THAT IT MIGHT NOT
BE HABITABLE, WE COULD
BE LOOKING AT A FULL
SCALE RIOT.

I MAY HAVE A
SOLUTION FOR THAT,
MRS. PRESIDENT.

AFTER ALL,
PUBLIC RELATIONS
IS WHAT I DO.





MY FELLOW SHIPMATES. MY CREW AND I HAVE LANDED ON TERRA AND IT'S MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN WE COULD HAVE EVER IMAGINED.



THE LAND IS GREEN. THE AIR IS FRESH. I CAN'T WAIT TILL YOU CAN ALL JOIN ME HERE IN OUR GORGEOUS NEW WORLD.

UNTIL THEN, PLEASE TAKE CARE OF EACH OTHER AND TRAVEL SAFE. AND LONG LIVE THE HUMAN RACE.



YAY!

WE'RE SAVED!



THAT DIDN'T SOUND LIKE HER. AND SHE DIDN'T ANSWER MY PROPOSAL. HOW CAN THAT BE? UNLESS...



THAT WASN'T HER.



HOW
YOU HOLDING
UP, ZANE?

MY LEG IS
FEELING BETTER,
COMMANDER. BUT IF I'M
HOLDING YOU BACK, AND YOU
FEEL YOU COULD MOVE
FASTER WITHOUT ME,
I'D UNDERSTAND.

WE DON'T
LEAVE A MAN
BEHIND, ZANE.

YEAH, PLUS,
WITHOUT YOU,
WHO'D LAUGH AT
ALL MY STUPID
JOKES?



THANK YOU,
COMMANDER. I
KNOW I--OW!



YOU OKAY,
ZANE? MAYBE
WE NEED TO REST
THAT LEG AGAIN?

IT WASN'T MY
LEG. I TRIPPED
ON SOMETHING.



IT LOOKS
LIKE...

A HUMAN
SKULL!

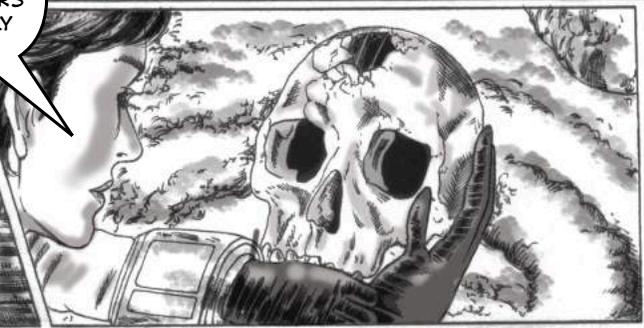


IS IT ONE OF THE OTHER SCOUT CREWS?

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO REACH THAT STATE OF DECOMPOSITION IN ONE DAY.

WHAT'S THE OTHER EXPLANATION? THERE WERE HUMANS HERE BEFORE?

MY WATCH SCANNER SAYS THIS SKULL IS TWELVE YEARS OLD. SO IT DEFINITELY WASN'T US.



THIS PLANET IS JUST CHOCK-FULL OF MYSTERIES.

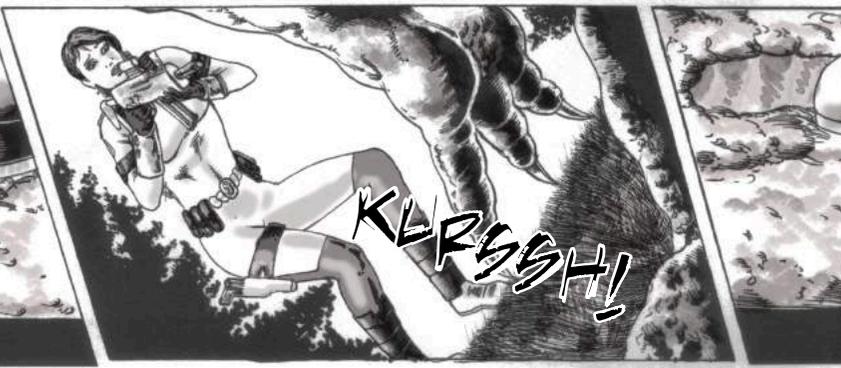


SHHH!
DO YOU HEAR THAT?



IT'S GETTING CLOSER.

ANY CHANCE IT'S GOING TO BE YOU TWO AGAIN, RITCH?



KRRSSH!

GRRRWW!



OH MY GOD!

TO BE CONTINUED...