

Let's see, where do I begin. The work of Josep Maria Brocal i Llobregat (1967)... Ah... No. Not there. This shouldn't just be a prologue, it should be a declaration of love. Ok. Let's start over.

Pep, I love you. I love you because your drawings are the shit. Yes, I mean it and it's true. Pep, you draw like God. You draw what you want and how you want in ten thousand shades. Those who know your comics know it, from Mr. Brain, the first one I came across, up until Cosmonauta [Spaceman]. You are, to put it expressively, generous at drawing, friendly, and kind.

I like people who aim to please. Pep, you like it when the people reading your work enjoy it. Because when someone draws, paints, writes, or films, you see them for who they are inside. There are those who do it out of revenge or anger. There are people who want to throw punches with their ideas, to demonstrate that they're better than everyone else, or simply to make money. Not Pep. Pep wants to make people happy. That, and to share what troubles him, which is neither easy nor pleasant, let's make that clear from the start. But on the way there, while the reader flips through the pages of his comics, one by one, Pep lets you enjoy without weighing you down.

The ideas and the characters move skillfully, with convincing, entertaining dialogue. The message is solid, dense, but the way it's conveyed is fresh, quick, and intelligent.

There are idiots out there who think that if what you're trying to get across is important, the story has to be important. They become stubborn and tiresome, like old men with their ties and double chins. Their stories are slow and affected. It's the same as when those guys say: "Listen here," when beginning a sentence, "Let's see," or "Look here," so as to emphasize that what follows must be paid rigorous attention, separate from the surrounding noise. Pep doesn't do this. On the contrary, he gets into your head gently, without overwhelming or browbeating you. Like a friend who whispers a joke into your ear. That's how Cosmonauta [Spaceman] works, a metaphysical fable about the human condition, complex, and yet told masterfully, forcefully, and, above all, on purpose.

All of us, our mothers, the doormen who avoid our glances, you yourself reading these lines, are astronauts, enclosed in a glass capsule launched into outer space. That glass separates us from reality, to which we will never have access. Our only company in life is ourselves, our memories, and that stupid little voice with whom we share everything, our very own Nic.

What drives us? What is the energy that propels us through space? The desire to know God? To ask Him for answers? To ask for His pardon, His mercy? No... Or at least, not only that. Pep tells us that we're looking for love, that relationship, perhaps dreamed up, that fulfills our lives. And love is aloof, unrequited. Love is an interior thought, a desperate yearning to break free from our capsule. Pep warns us that we won't ever manage it, but rather only just, if we're lucky, scrape against it a little.

In our memories live, therefore, only two characters: Eva, the obscure object of our desires, and Fredo, our alter ego, the other. Our other. It seems as though, around us, there are others, in capsules, searching and yearning, just like us, for Eva. And they're always terrible and distant. With our motorcycle we hope to win her heart (in one of the most beautiful pages of this prodigious comic), and Fredo constantly pushes us away from her, returning us to the capsule from which we never should have left.

The world outside of our capsule is at war and we are the ones who must face it. Reality is destroyed at the hands of its governors, and it's not they who will cut off their own legs. It's us, the Héctors of the world, who fly, like sperm, into the black abyss wherein lies the ultimate enigma, our own identity.

Pep constructs a solid and terrible story about the human condition, of a crushing profundity and simplicity, like all great masterpieces. King Lear explains it all, and at the same time my mom likes it. Pep tells us a tale with simple drawings but complex ideas.

At the end of the road there's nothing, or rather, there is Nothing. Outside the capsule is the same as within: a void that defines you, because you yourself are the origin and end of everything. A dream. "Maybe there are only thoughts, floating in a perpetual journey. Or maybe... Nothing."

Pep shares with us a startling lesson of a new philosophy: cheery nihilism, the only intelligent kind. Pep teaches us that the great truths are understood best in comic panels. Hell, thanks, Josep Maria Brocal i Llobregat, for having explained your truth to me, a truth that is also my own.

Álex de la Iglesia

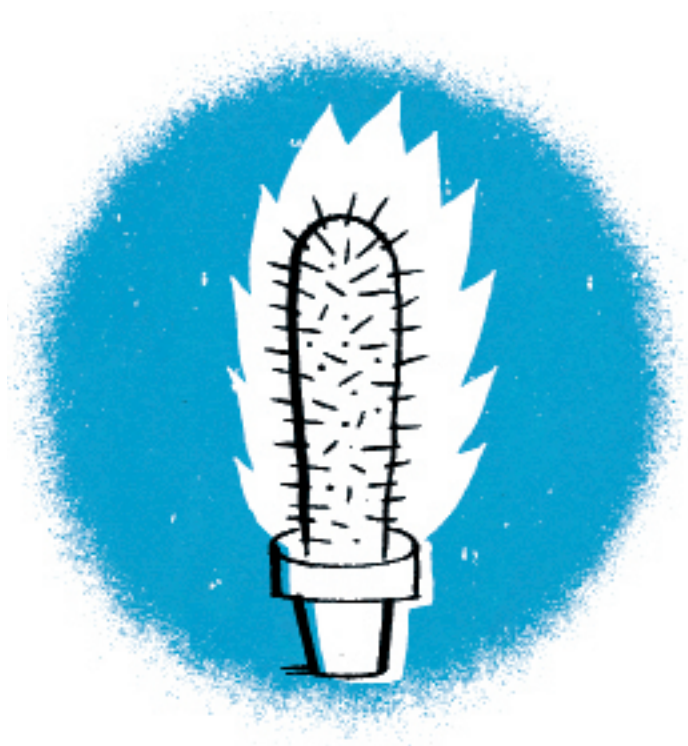
¿Qué sabe el pez
del agua donde
nada toda su vida?

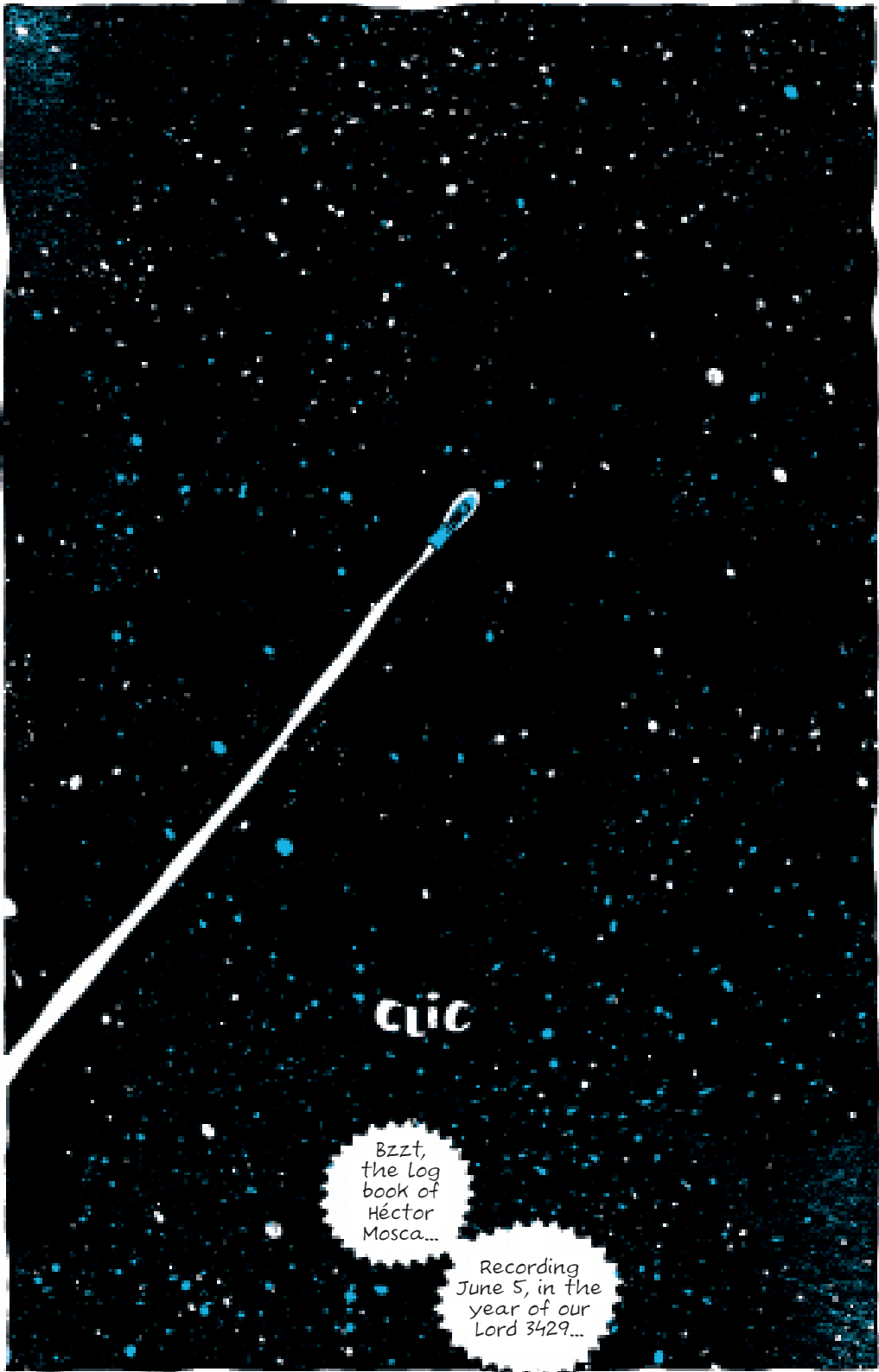
Albert Einstein





COMO UNA PIEDRA

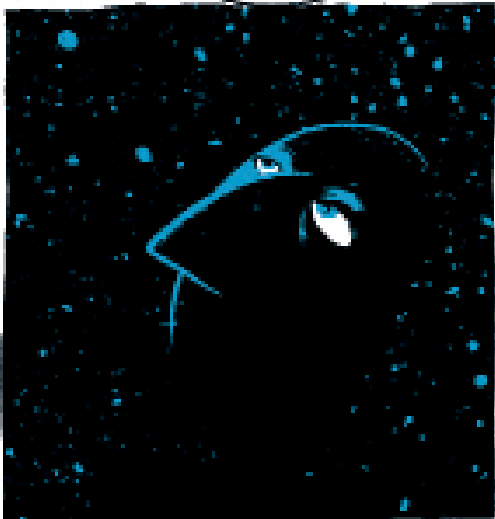
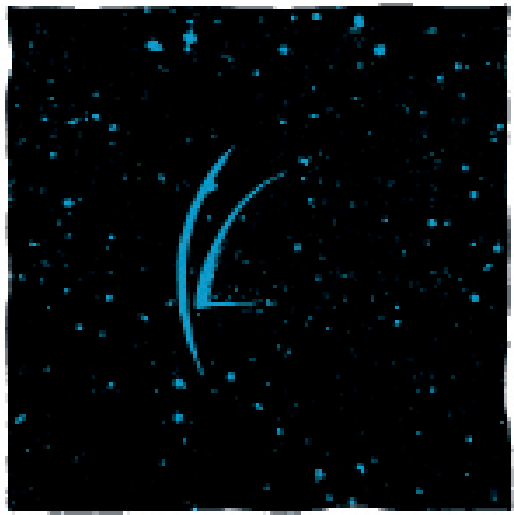


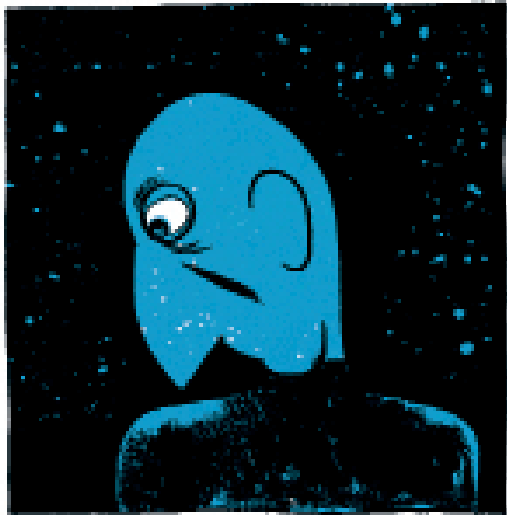
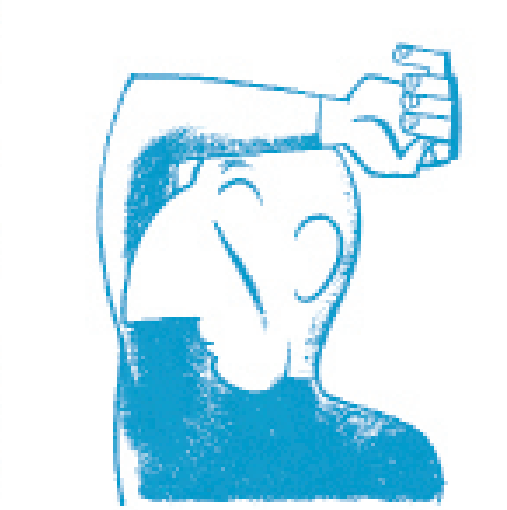
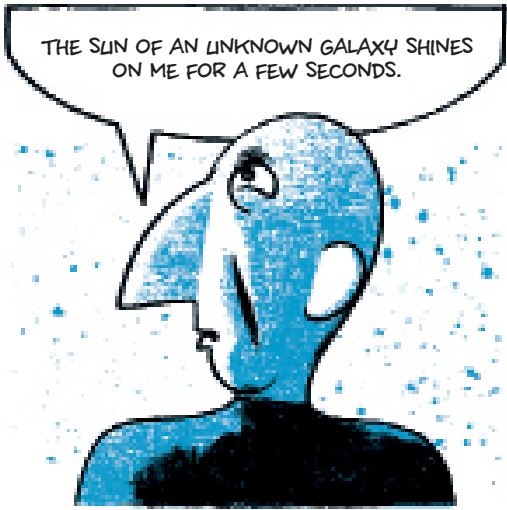


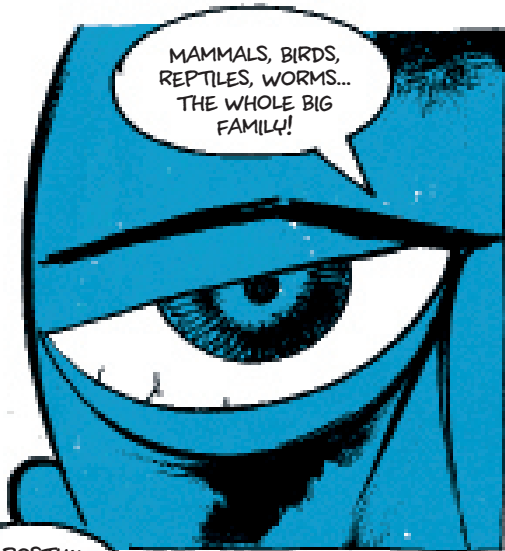
clic

Bzzt,
the Log
book of
Héctor
Mosca...

Recording
June 5, in the
year of our
Lord 3429...



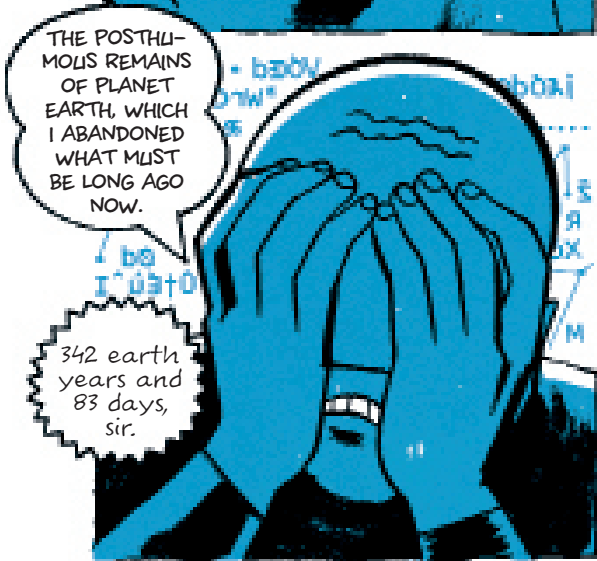




MAMMALS, BIRDS,
REPTILES, WORMS...
THE WHOLE BIG
FAMILY!

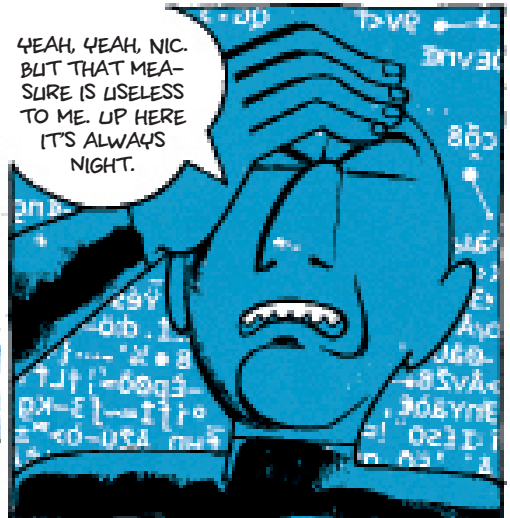


THIS FAR
IN THE JOURNEY,
I MUST BE THE LAST
ONE ALIVE.



THE POSTHUMOUS
REMAINS
OF PLANET
EARTH, WHICH
I ABANDONED
WHAT MUST
BE LONG AGO
NOW.

342 earth
years and
83 days,
sir.

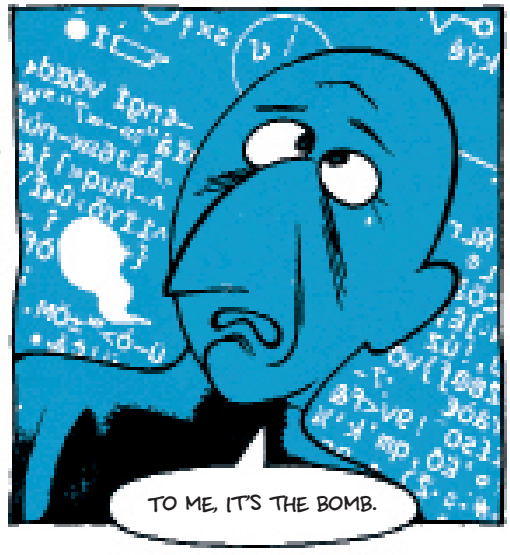


YEAH, YEAH, NIC.
BUT THAT MEAS-
SURE IS USELESS
TO ME. UP HERE
IT'S ALWAYS
NIGHT.

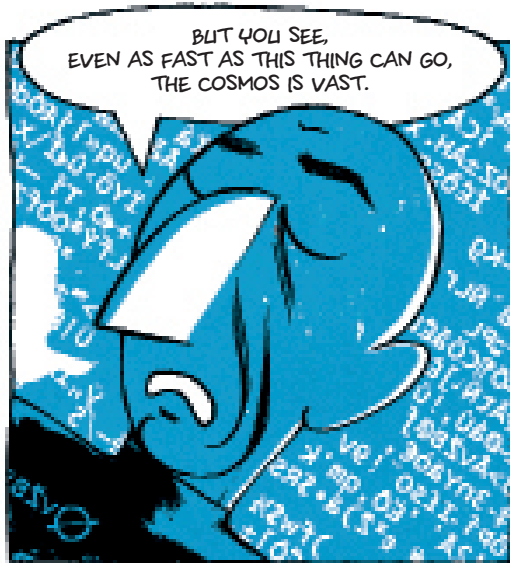


I'M TRAVELING AT A SPEED
MUCH GREATER THAN THE SPEED
OF LIGHT, BY MEANS OF A
WHAT'S IT CALLED?

Bzzt,
the engineers
refer to it as
the Exoneutrⁿ
Trip.



TO ME, IT'S THE BOMB.

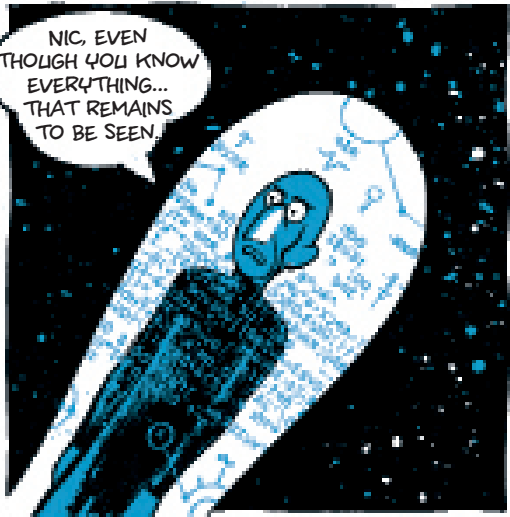


BUT YOU SEE,
EVEN AS FAST AS THIS THING CAN GO,
THE COSMOS IS VAST.



TOO VAST... WHAT
IS ALL OF THIS FOR? ENOR-
MOLIS, GIGANTIC, MONSTROUS,
ENDLESS...

Incorrect,
sir.



NIC, EVEN
THOUGH YOU KNOW
EVERYTHING...
THAT REMAINS
TO BE SEEN.



WHO ARE
YOU REALLY,
NIC?

That is a
strange
question,
sir.



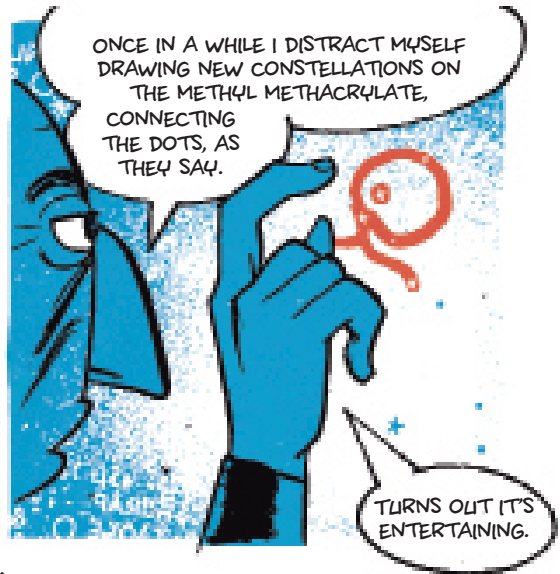
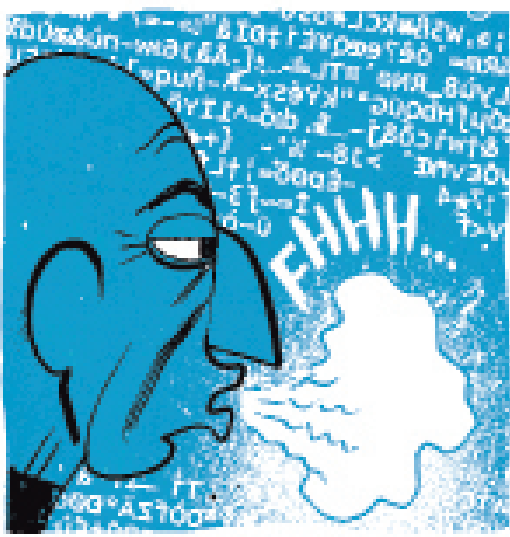
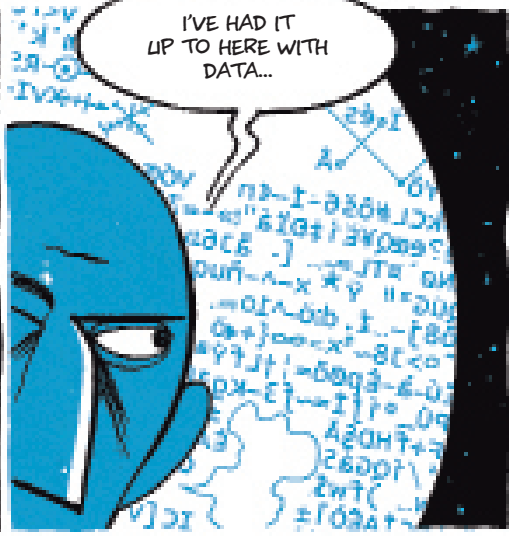
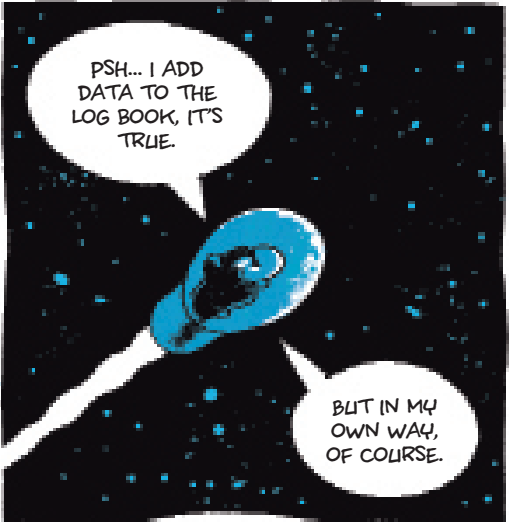
I'VE ALREADY
ASKED YOU BEFORE,
HAVEN'T I?

I am an
Intelik 9.2
processor, latest
generation.



LUCKY FOR THE
BOTH OF US, YOU'RE
THE ONE STEERING
THE SHIP.

Bzzt.



SO IT HAPPENED THAT ONE DAY I ENDED UP DRAWING AN EARLY IMAGE OF MYSELF IN THE FOGGY GLASS.

A PORTRAIT AT THE AGE OF THREE, MAX.

NOT EVEN TALKING YET.

MY MEMORIES OF THAT TIME ARE FUZZY.



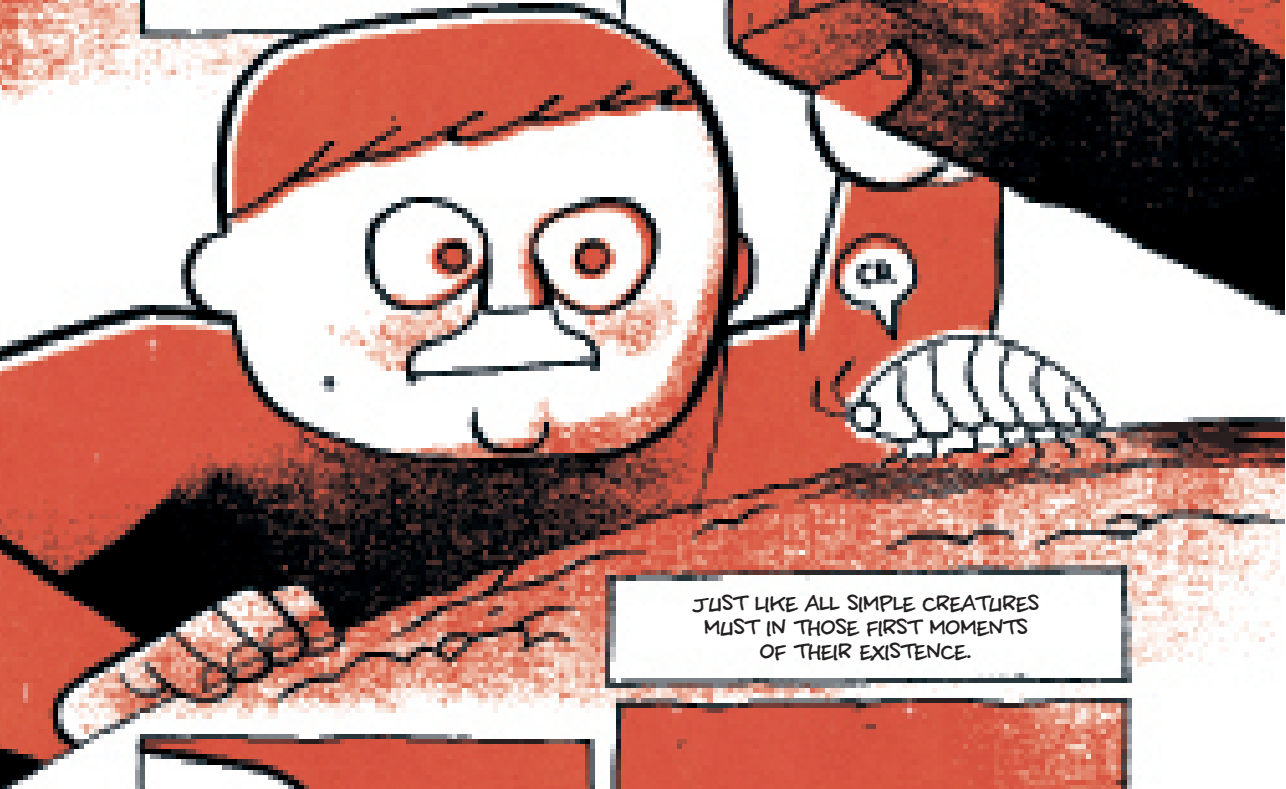
HOWEVER, I DO RETAIN A STRONG SENSATION FROM THAT TIME...

I KNOW THAT... LET'S SEE, HOW DO I PUT THIS... I KNOW THAT I WAS CLOSE TO THE DIVINE, YOU KNOW?

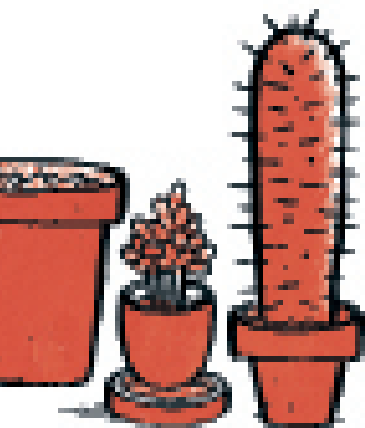
Are you referring to God, sir?

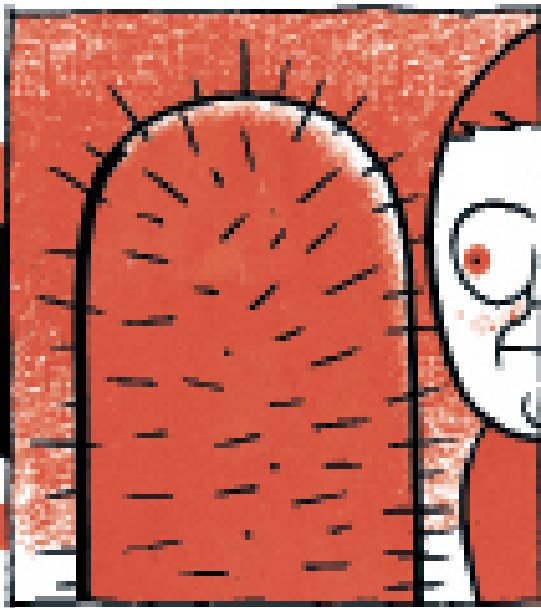
AHA...

I UNDERSTOOD HIS ESSENCE BECAUSE IN SOME WAYS I EMBODIED IT...



JUST LIKE ALL SIMPLE CREATURES MUST IN THOSE FIRST MOMENTS OF THEIR EXISTENCE.





I'M NOT EVEN SURE HOW THE IDEA POPPED INTO MY HEAD, BUT IT WAS WITHOUT DOUBT A GLIMMER OF THAT MYSTERIOUS GLORY THAT IS CREATION WITH A CAPITAL C.



HÉCTOR, HAVE YOU SEEN THE MATCHES?





NEVER AGAIN WOULD I RETURN TO THAT FIRST SPECIMEN. THE ORIGINAL, ALL-POWERFUL AND UNCONSCIOUS HÉCTOR.



I STARTED GROWING UP. UP UNTIL ABOUT EIGHT YEARS OLD I MIGHT SAY I WAS MORE OR LESS HAPPY, I READ COMICS AND DIDN'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT THE WORLD OF MEN. NOR, ABOVE ALL... ABOUT WOMEN.



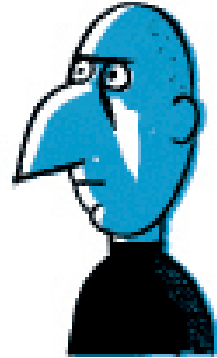
AROUND AGE EIGHTEEN I THOUGHT I WAS SOMETHING CLOSE TO IMMORTAL... JUST LIKE EVERY OTHER EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD...



I ALSO HAD MY ROCKER PHASE. IT LASTED AS LONG AS I COULD STAND TO WEAR THAT TOUPÉE.



FROM THERE I STARTED THE SLOW DESCENT TO HELL, ALSO KNOWN AS THE AWAKENING OF CONSCIOUSNESS. I DIDN'T EVEN GO THROUGH A MIDLIFE CRISIS. I HAD ALREADY BEEN IMMERSSED IN ONE FOR AT LEAST A DECADE.



SOMEHOW, THE MACROSTATE SECOND CHANCE PROJECT CAME TO LEND MY EXISTENCE MEANING.



FROM THEN ON I'VE BEEN TRAVELING IN THIS MINISCULE CABIN. WHO WOULD'VE THOUGHT... ME, A HERO!



IF THOSE BASTARDS WEREN'T WRONG, IN THE YEAR 5602 I'LL MAKE IT TO THE THRESHOLD OF THE UNIVERSE.



I SHUDDER TO THINK OF MYSELF IN THAT MOMENT, WHEN I FINALLY ARRIVE AT MY DESTINATION... BUT THAT DAY WILL COME, I HOPE.

In 2173 earth years.

Patience, sir.

BECAUSE, YES... I'M AN ASTRONAUT, YES. BUT THIS ISN'T A ROCKETSHIP, NOT BY ANY STRETCH. MORE LIKE A TIN CAN LAUNCHED AIMLESSLY... OR EVEN BETTER A STONE HURLED INTO THE AIR...

Searching for metaphors again, sir?

YES, NIC. SOMETIMES I THINK OF MYSELF LIKE THE CHARACTERS FROM MY YOUTH, LIKE SOME SORT OF BUCK ROGERS SQUEEZED INTO A COLORFUL LEOTARD.

OR LIKE A CIRCUS-RING FLASH GORDON, ABOUT TO BE SHOT OUT OF A CANNON TO THE PLANET MONGO.

JA JA

I COULD KEEP GOING, NAMING OFF MORE HEROES FROM COMIC STRIPS.

BUT I DON'T WANT TO BORE YOU, NIC.

Bzzt.



NOT EVEN STARDUST
THE SUPER WIZARD
HIMSELF COULD THROW
ME A LINE NOW.

NOT
ANYMORE.

EVERYTHING
IS ON ITS
COURSE.

ME.

THIS
JOURNEY.

THE
SHIP.

THAT'S ME,
A BULLET-MAN IN
THE MIDDLE OF HIS
ACROBATIC LEAP.

Hop



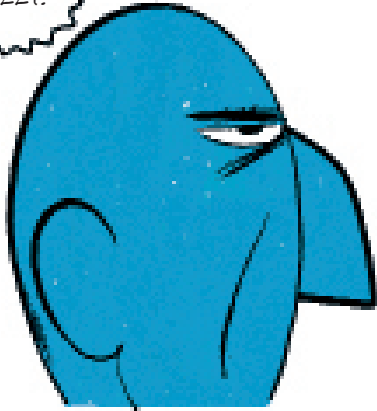
BUT WITHOUT A NET, NOR A COLORFUL
TENT, NOR LIONS, NOR SIDE-SHOW WOMEN.

NOR
GLAMOR. NOR
AN AUDIENCE.

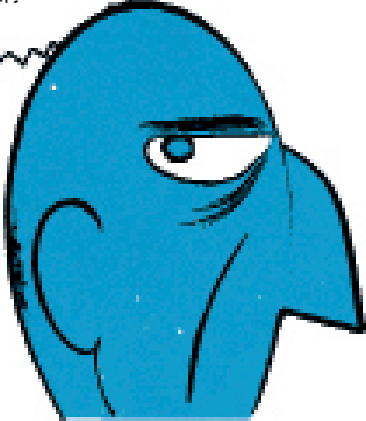
NOR APPLAUSE.



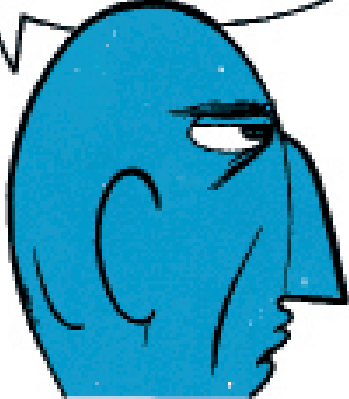
Bzzt.



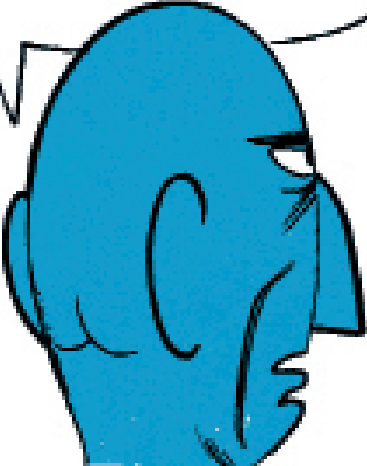
Always that character, sir.



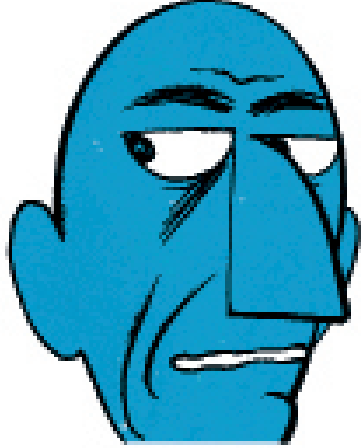
HERE I AM, NIC. WITH YOU. AND YET MORE ALONE THAN IF I WERE ACTUALLY ALONE.



CRAMMED AWAY INTO THIS UNCOMFORTABLE FLYING SARCOPHAGUS THAT SOME CALL A ROCKET.



JA JA





STAGNATE.

I DON'T
DO ANY-
THING.



WELL, YES!
FROM TIME TO TIME
I REMINISCE.



BUT MY MEMORIES
DON'T COME EASILY.



THEY HIDE... THEY TRY
TO TRICK ME AND THEN
SCUTTLE AWAY...



...BACK INTO
THE SHADOWS.

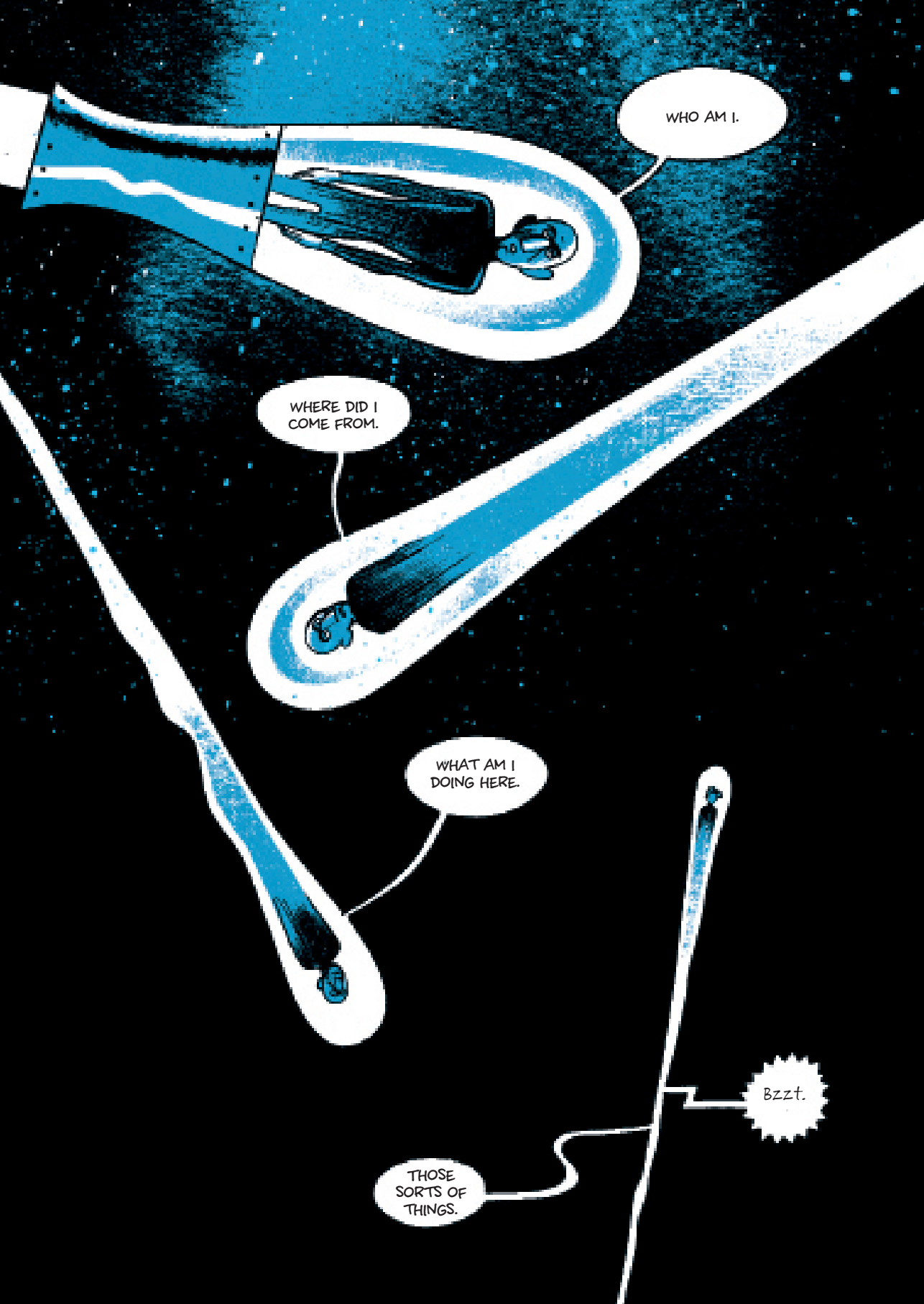


REWINDING
MY LIFE.



SO I DON'T
GO CRAZY.





WHO AM I.

WHERE DID I
COME FROM.

WHAT AM I
DOING HERE.

Bzzt.

THOSE
SORTS OF
THINGS.



CHERCHEZ LA FEMME



Bzzt...
at your
leisure.

WHAT DID
YOU SAY, NIC?

I mean
recording,
sir.

AH, YES... WHAT
WERE WE TALKING
ABOUT? WOMEN?

Whatever
you
wish.

HMM...

SEEN ONE,
SEEN THEM ALL.

Bzzt.

WINTER BREAK
3054, BEFORE
THE HEAT
WAVE RAVAGED
GLOBECITY.

YOU CAN'T
RUN FROM FLASH
GORDON!

HEY YOU... YOU
LOUSY DOCTOR ZARKOV'S
HENCHMAN!

JA JA

PARK 58 WEST, GLOBECITY.

THERE SHE WAS. AND THAT VERY INSTANT I KNEW MY WHOLE LIFE WOULD REVOLVE AROUND THAT WOMAN.

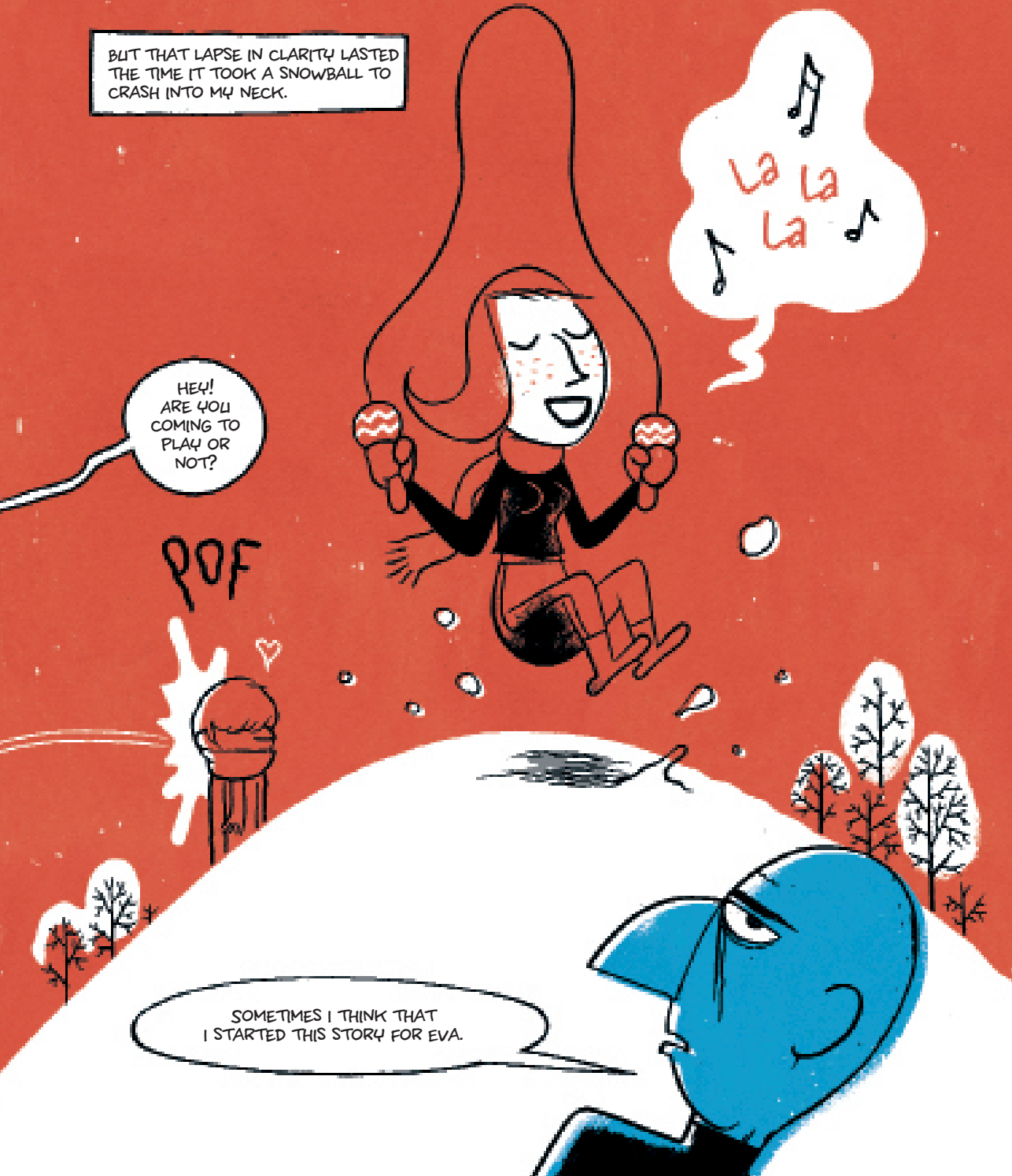
BUT THAT LAPSE IN CLARITY LASTED THE TIME IT TOOK A SNOWBALL TO CRASH INTO MY NECK.

HEY!
ARE YOU
COMING TO
PLAY OR
NOT?

POF

La La
La

SOMETIMES I THINK THAT
I STARTED THIS STORY FOR EVA.



OF COURSE THERE WAS ALSO THE OTHER GUY.

I'M FLASH
GORDON!

NO!

ME!

NANA NANA NANA!

YOU GO TO
HELL!

NO!

YOU!

NANA NANA NANA!

THE SLED
IS MINE!

NO!

MINE!

NANA NANA NANA!

PSST,
CAN I BORROW IT?

THANKS,
BOYS.

THE GIRL
IS MINE!

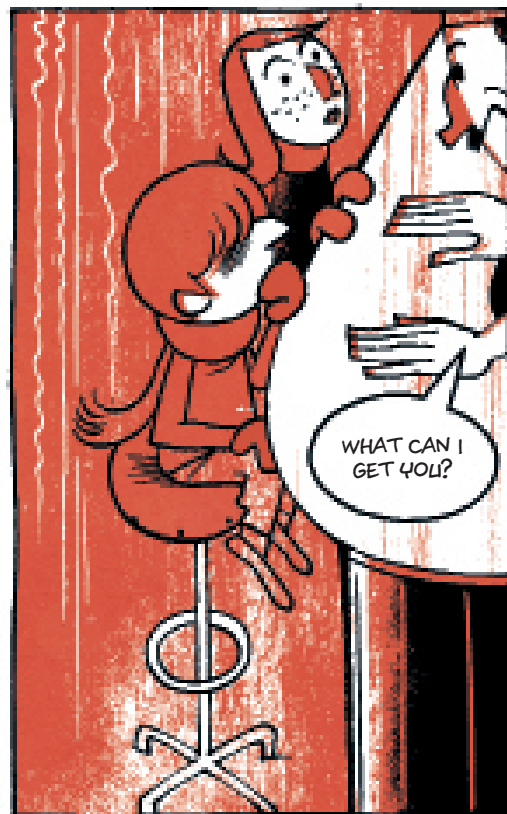
NO!

MINE!

NANA NANA NANA!

HE WASN'T ANY SMARTER THAN ME BUT HE WAS HANDSOMER, STRONGER, AND HAD A CLEFT CHIN. FREDO WAS MY BEST FRIEND, WE WERE ALWAYS FINDING ANY EXCUSE TO SQUABBLE. UNTIL WE FOUND A GOOD REASON.

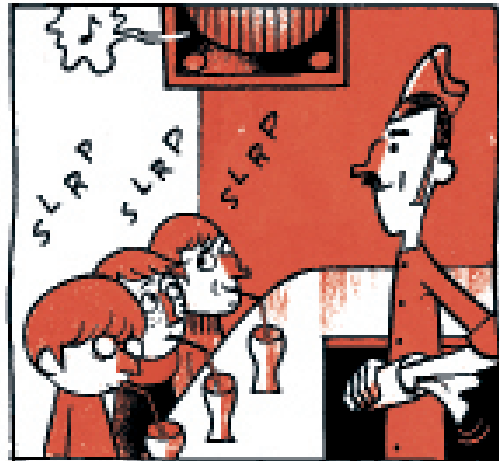
FOR A WHILE SHE WAS MY GIRL (SHE LET ME BUY HER SODAS) BUT ALSO FREDO'S.



CHEZ GUIDO... THE SPECIALS THERE MARK MY RELATIONSHIP WITH THAT WOMAN OVER THE YEARS.



HOT CHOCOLATE WITH WHIPPED CREAM.



HOT CHOCOLATE WITH WHIPPED CREAM AND WALNUTS.



BITTER CHOCOLATE.



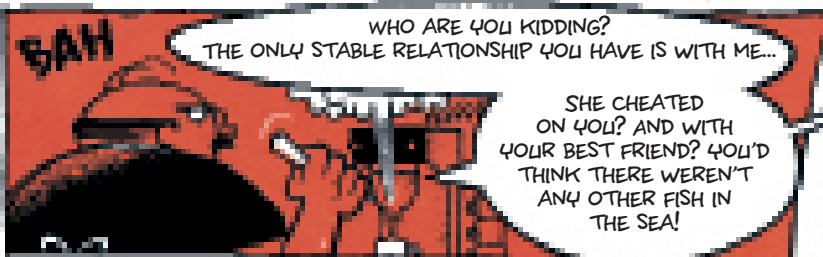
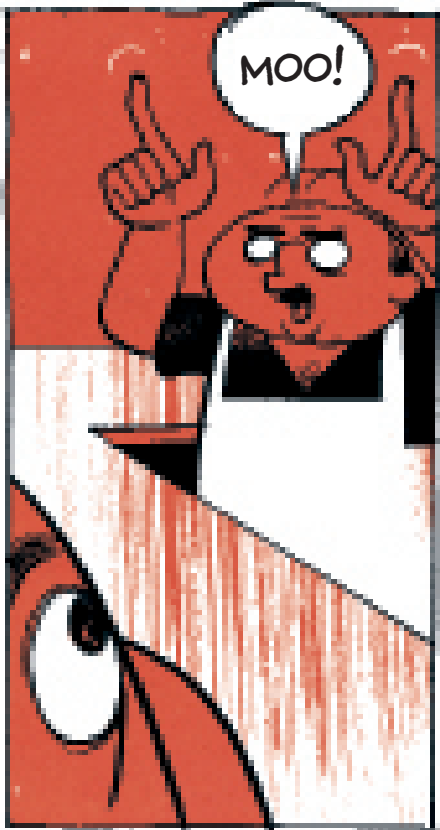
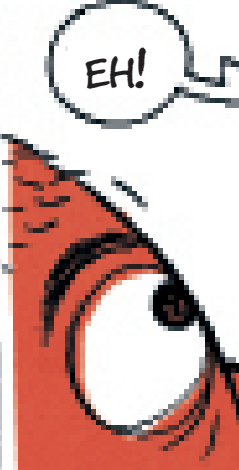
RISTRETTO.



COFFEE LIQUEUR.



MORE COFFEE LIQUEUR.





HEY, I'M TALKING TO YOU...!
MIGHT THE GENTLEMAN
CARE TO SHARE WHAT'S UP
WITH HIM LATELY?

IT'S THAT BAD?
MAYBE SO...

A JA



YOU HAVE TO BE
PREPARED TO
FACE THE GUIDOS
IN LIFE.

SOMEONE
WHO IS READY TO
SHOVE THE TRUTH
IN YOUR FACE
AT POINT-BLANK
RANGE.

A KNIFE
STRAIGHT TO YOUR
SOLAR PLEXUS.

BS
ASH

DIRTY
BASTARD!

No
insults
please.

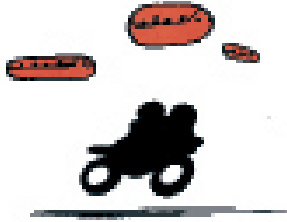
HE APPRECIATED ME,
IN HIS WAY. AND HE WAS TOTALLY
RIGHT. BUT IT HAD ONLY BEEN ONLY SE-
VEN DAYS SINCE THE LAST TIME I HAD
TAKEN EVA OUT ON MY
MOTORCYCLE.

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On

Page 11

THAT'S THE WAY IT IS, NIC.



BUT IN THE SPAN OF A WEEK ALL HELL CAN BREAK LOOSE.



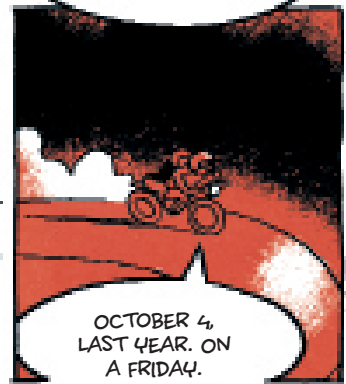
EVA, IT'S ALMOST OUR ANNIVERSARY...



WHOSE ANNIVERSARY? YOURS?



OUR FIRST DATE.

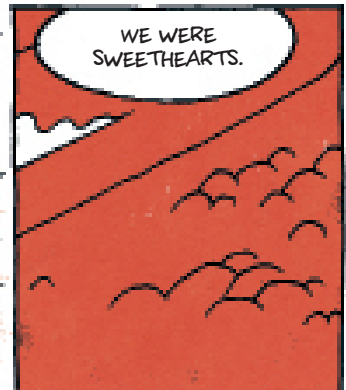


OCTOBER 4, LAST YEAR. ON A FRIDAY.



THE LIGHTS ON THE WATER... THE MUSIC, CHILLED WHITE WINE...

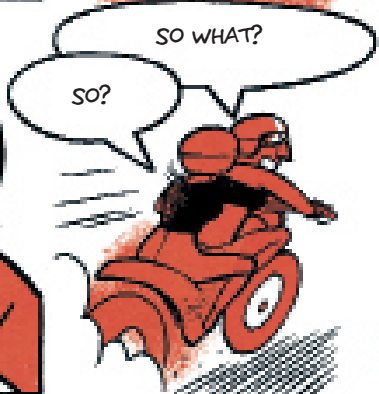
OH. YES, I REMEMBER.



WE WERE SWEETHEARTS.



WE STILL ARE.

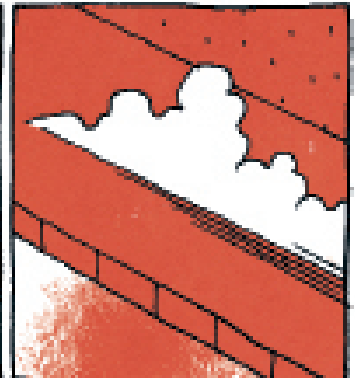
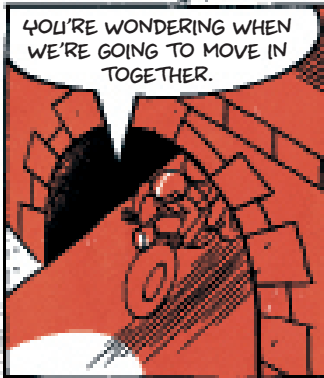
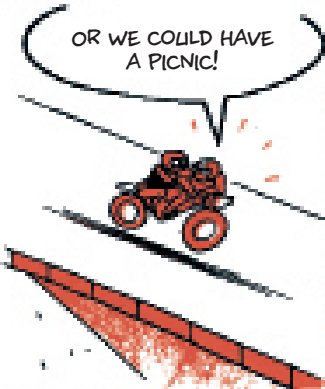
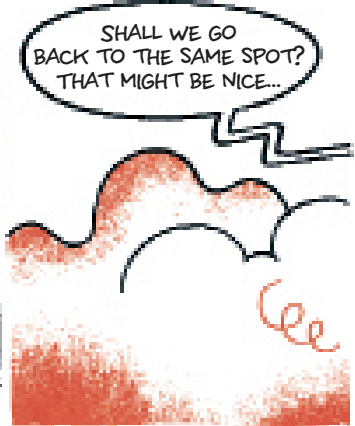


SO?

SO WHAT?



HOW DO YOU WANT TO CELEBRATE?



I HAD GOTTEN MY MOTORCYCLE LICENSE FOR HER, SO THAT I COULD TAKE HER TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH IF SHE HAD ASKED ME.

MEEC

WHAT IS THIS, THE END OF THE WORLD? TELL ME WHERE THIS HORRIBLE ROAD IS LEADING.

I DON'T KNOW, EVA. BUT WHAT DOES IT MATTER? WE'RE PERFECT JUST LIKE THIS, TOGETHER, YOU AND I, AREN'T WE?

VR0

NO. I DIDN'T KNOW IT. I JUST KEPT GOING TOWARDS THE LIGHT... LIKE AN INSECT BLINDED BY A LIGHT BULB...

COMPETING FOR ITS WARMTH WITH THE OTHER MOTHS AT NIGHT.



I HAD WON THE CONTEST WITH FREDO. THE BIG MACHO ALPHA MALE MOTH. OR AT LEAST SO I THOUGHT.

EVA.

IN THE END SHE WAS MINE. I HAD HER THERE BEHIND ME. TO MY SURPRISE.

EVERYTHING THAT I HAD FEARED SINCE THAT LONG-AGO DAY IN THE SNOW.

ON MY DRIVER'S EXAM A MANUAL FOR NAVIGATING EVA WOULD'VE SERVED ME WELL.

TO OVERCOME HER CONGESTIONS, HER SHORTCUTS, HER NOOKS AND CRANNIES. HER VERTIGO CURVES.

HEY, CHUMP! FIVE MINUTES' HEAD START!

DON'T GO SO FAST.

WHAT DO YOU WANT? FOR HIM TO CATCH UP WITH US?

SOME DANGEROUS.

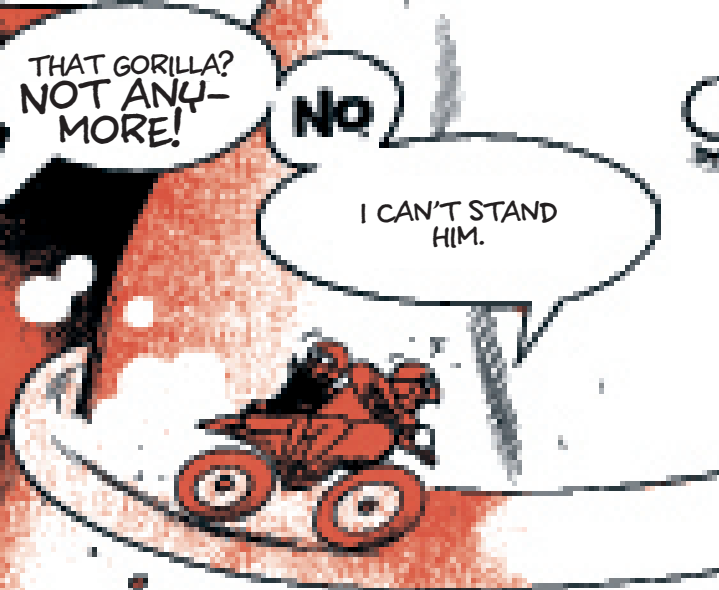
ALWAYS SEARCHING BLINDLY FOR HER HEART.

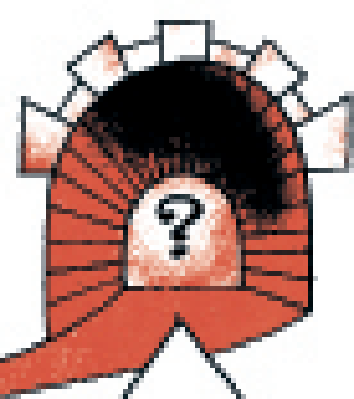
SO WHAT IF I DO? IF FREDO IS YOUR FRIEND....

THAT GORILLA? NOT ANY-MORE!

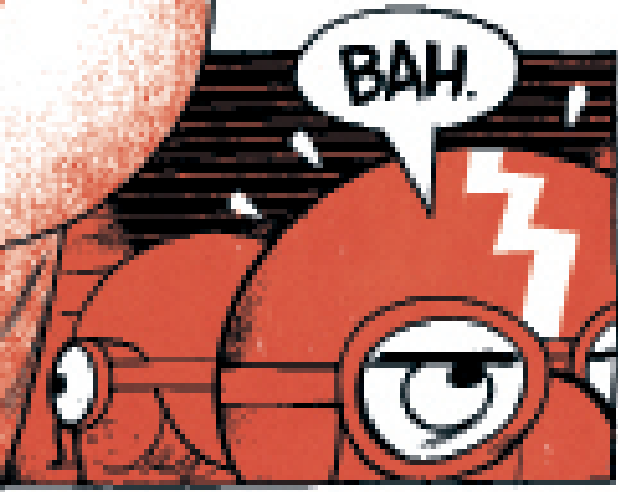
No

I CAN'T STAND HIM.





BAH.



FALLING ROCKS,
TUNNELS, SLOPES
WITHOUT BANKS,
LOW VISIBILITY.



IT TOOK ME A WHILE TO REALIZE THAT
HIGHWAY WASN'T LEADING ME ANYWHERE.

I SUPPOSE I FELL FOR THAT
WOMAN SO AS NOT TO FALL
INTO THE ABYSS OF REAL LIFE...



HER DEMONS.

I NEEDED SOMETHING TO HOLD ON TO.

IF WE EVER
HAD ANYTHING
TO BEGIN WITH.

THAT WOMAN...



THE TRUTH
IS I DIDN'T
FIND OUT.

THE HANDLE-
BARS...

WITH
THE ABYSS
AWAITING
ME.

A CIGARETTE...



BELOW.



SIMPLE THINGS.

FEW THINGS ARE TRULY SIMPLE.

SUNDAY I CAN'T. I'M SUPPOSED TO MEET UP WITH MY COUSIN AT THE ZOO. LET'S LEAVE THE ANNIVERSARY FOR ANOTHER TIME.

LIKE CRUMPLING UP THE WRAPPER AND TOSSING IT ASIDE.

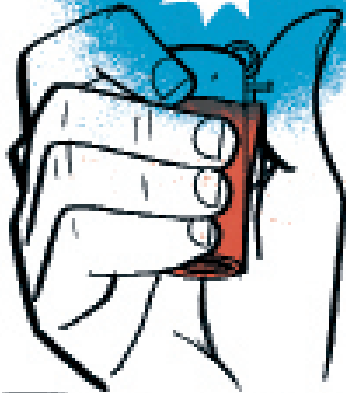
DID YOU SEE? I THINK WE LOST THAT JERK.

ARE WE GOING BACK OR WHAT?

IN A MINUTE, BIGMOUTH.

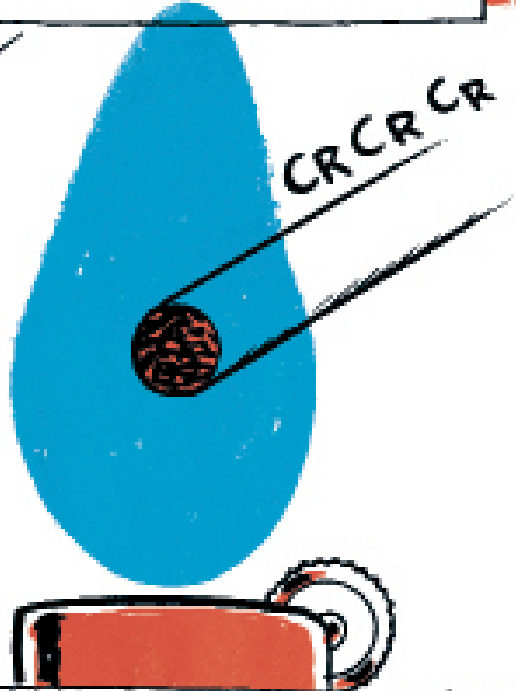
NOTE THE FEELING OF THE FILTER BETWEEN YOUR LIPS.

CLIC

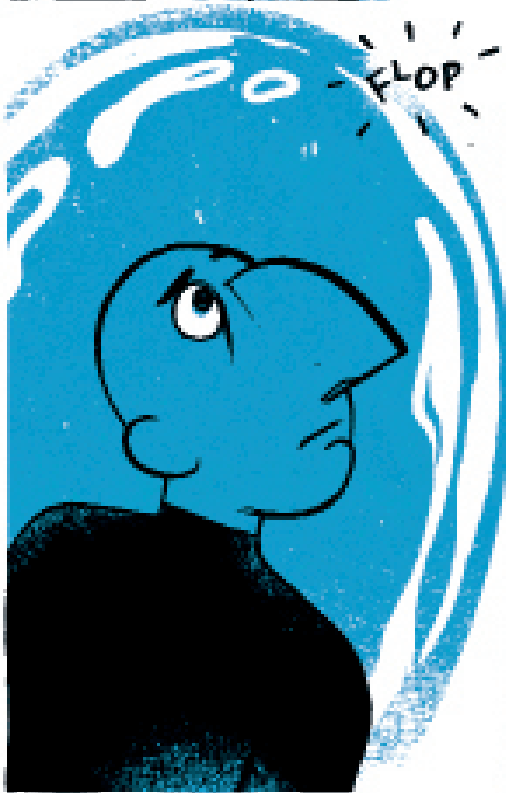
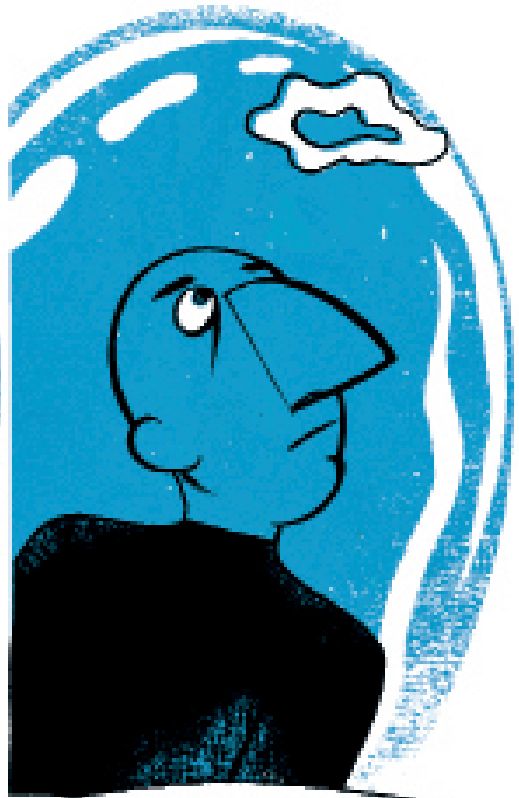


TURNING THE LIGHTER'S WHEEL.

CRCR CR



AND INHALING A WHITE, PERFUMED PUFF





Eva,
Sir, you have
been confined
too long.

WITHOUT A
DOUBT, NIC.

Sometimes
you scare
me, sir.
You seem
delirious...

IT'S CALLED
IMAGINATION.
SOMETHING YOU'LL
NEVER HAVE, NIC.

YOU SEE... YEARS BEFORE,
WHEN I WAS AROUND
SIXTEEN, EVA HAD MOVED
WITH HER FAMILY TO THE
EAST SIDE OF GLOBECITY.



I ALWAYS CARRIED IT THERE IN MY BACK POCKET.
ON THE OFF CHANCE.

BEING A
MAN ISN'T
EASY.

AHA

SOMETIMES YOU
HAVE TO SHAKE
IT, UP...
DOWN...
UP...

CHAC

CHAC

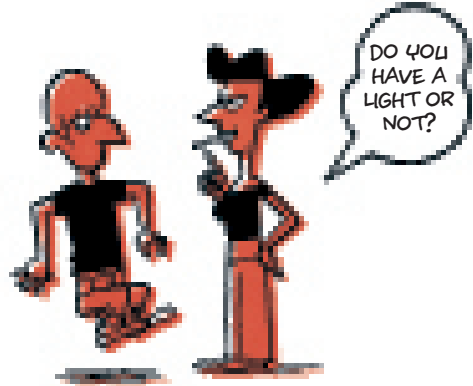
CHAC
CHAC

CHAC

AHHHH... clic



AND FOR THE FIRST TIME,
I WAS LEFT ALONE.



SWEATY PALMS
ARE FATAL IN
THOSE
SITUATIONS.

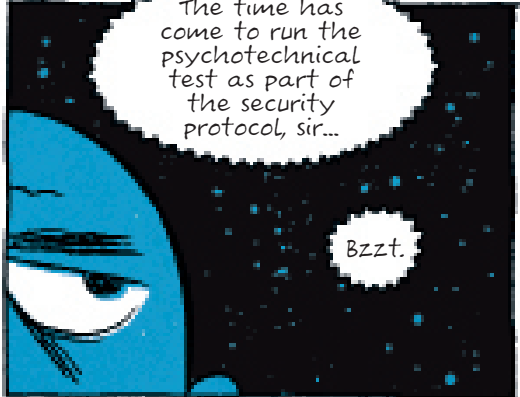


THAT'S AS CLOSE AS
I GOT TO SMOKING.



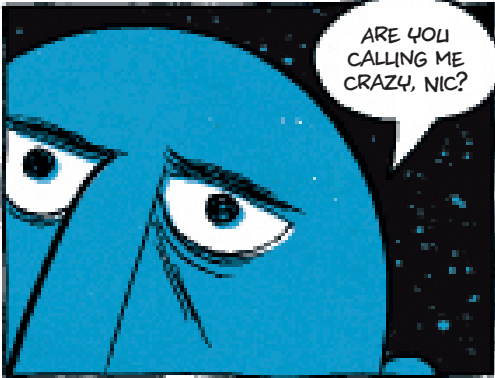


THE VERY IDEA OF IT STIRS UP MY GUT, NOT TO MENTION HURTS MY HEAD...

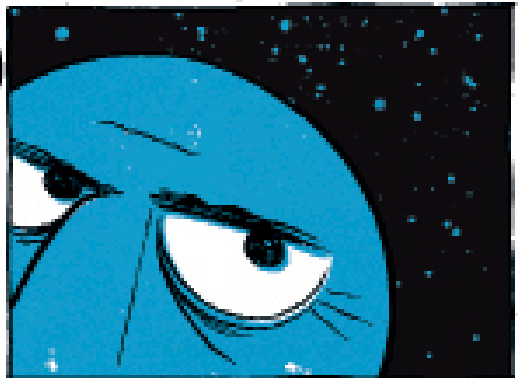


The time has come to run the psychotechnical test as part of the security protocol, sir...

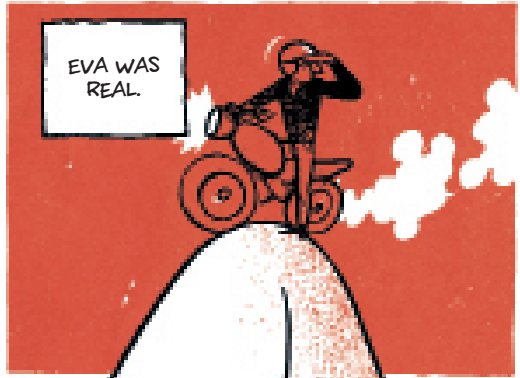
Bzzt.



ARE YOU CALLING ME CRAZY, NIC?



NO, I DON'T LIKE YOUR TONE ONE BIT, KID.

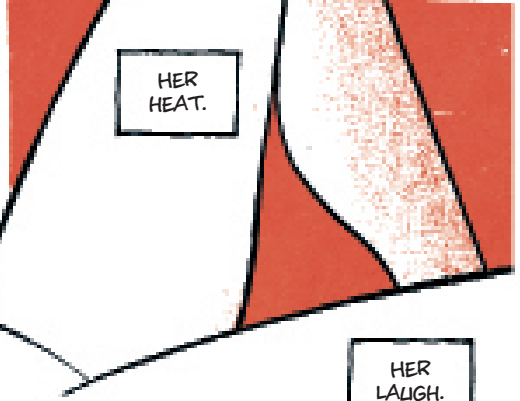


EVA WAS REAL.



I KNOW SHE WAS, AND THAT'S THAT.

I KNOW THE REALITY OF HER BODY.



HER HEAT.

HER LAUGH.

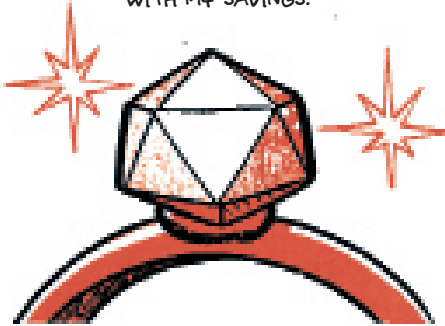
THAT SUNDAY, OCTOBER 4TH.



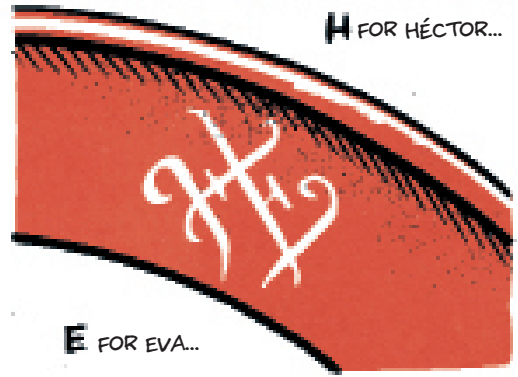
THAT PERPETUAL, SUFFOCATING SUN.



THE RING THAT I HAD JUST BOUGHT
WITH MY SAVINGS.



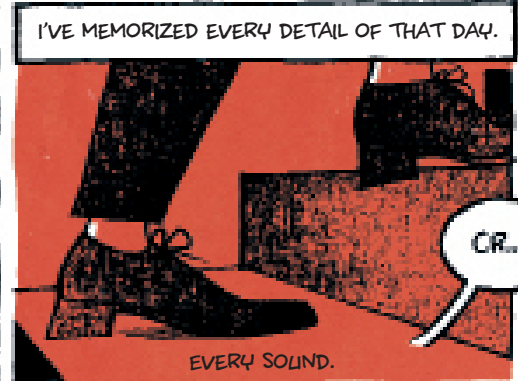
H FOR HÉCTOR...



E FOR EVA...



SWEETIE?



I'VE MEMORIZED EVERY DETAIL OF THAT DAY.

CR...

EVERY SOUND.

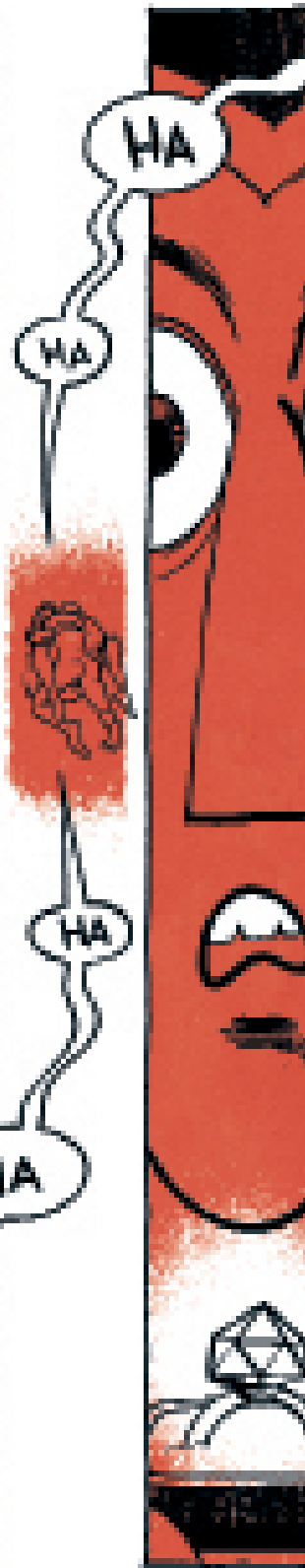


HER LAUGH?



IT'S COMING FROM
ABOVE.

RHYTHMIC, REGULAR, MUSICAL.



ONLY IT WASN'T
HER LAUGH
EXACTLY

HA

HA

STOP, FREDO...
STOP!

!

OK, CHLUMP... LET'S
SEE IF I HEARD YOU
RIGHT...

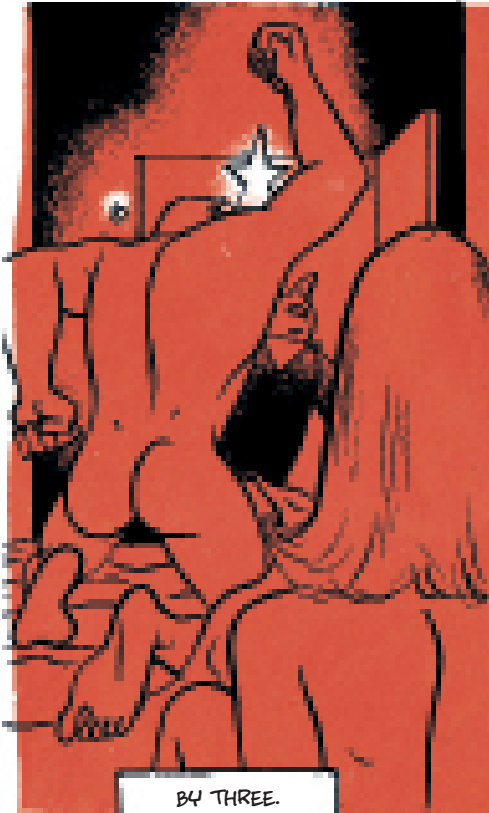
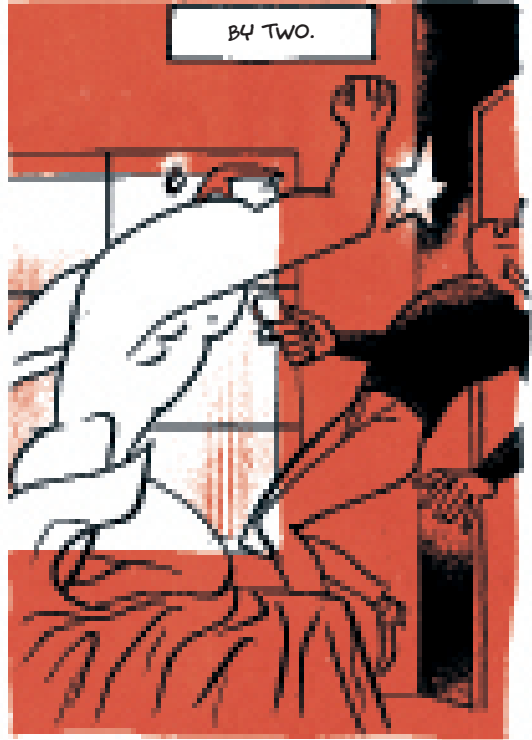
BITCH.

I SEE YOU
BROUGHT THE
ZOO HOME.

IT'S NOT ADVISABLE TO PROVOKE A SUPERIOR PRIMATE. FREDO SLAMMED ME WITH HIS FIRST, MULTIPLIED BY ONE.



BY TWO.



BY THREE.



BY FOUR.



¡GONG!

357.555,99
GLOBEUIROS.



PATHETIC.

TOO THEATRICAL,
EVEN.

WITH A DISASTROUS
SUPPORTING ROLE... A
MR. NOBODY TOSSED IN
THE BIN, WHOSE ONLY
SCENE ENDED WITH
A FIRST IN THE FACE
FROM THE GALLANT
HERO.



THE HERO
WITH A CLEFT
CHIN.

AND A RIGHT HOOK.

THAT HURT.
I THINK IT STILL
DOES, NIC.

If you
say so...
bzzt.

YOU'RE NOT
HELPING ME.
SOMETIMES I FORGET
THAT YOU'RE NOTHING
MORE THAN A BUNCH
OF PROCESSORS...

YOU CAN EMULATE HUMAN
THOUGHT. YOU CAN PROCESS A
MILLION GIGS MORE THAN THE
SMARTEST OF MEN. BUT THAT'S
NOT ENOUGH TO BE A MAN.
IT'S NOT ENOUGH.

I KNOW YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME,
THAT YOU THINK THAT THE WHOLE STORY
IS A TALL TALE. THAT I'VE LOST MY MIND
AND BLA, BLA, BLA...
WELL, I'LL SAY IT AGAIN,
EVA IS PROBABLY THE
ONLY THING I'M
ABSOLUTELY
SURE OF.

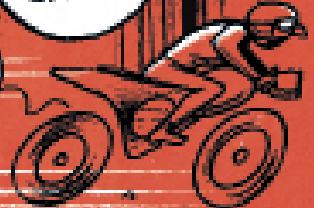
THE THING
IS I STUMBLED OUT OF HER
HOUSE IN A RAGE...

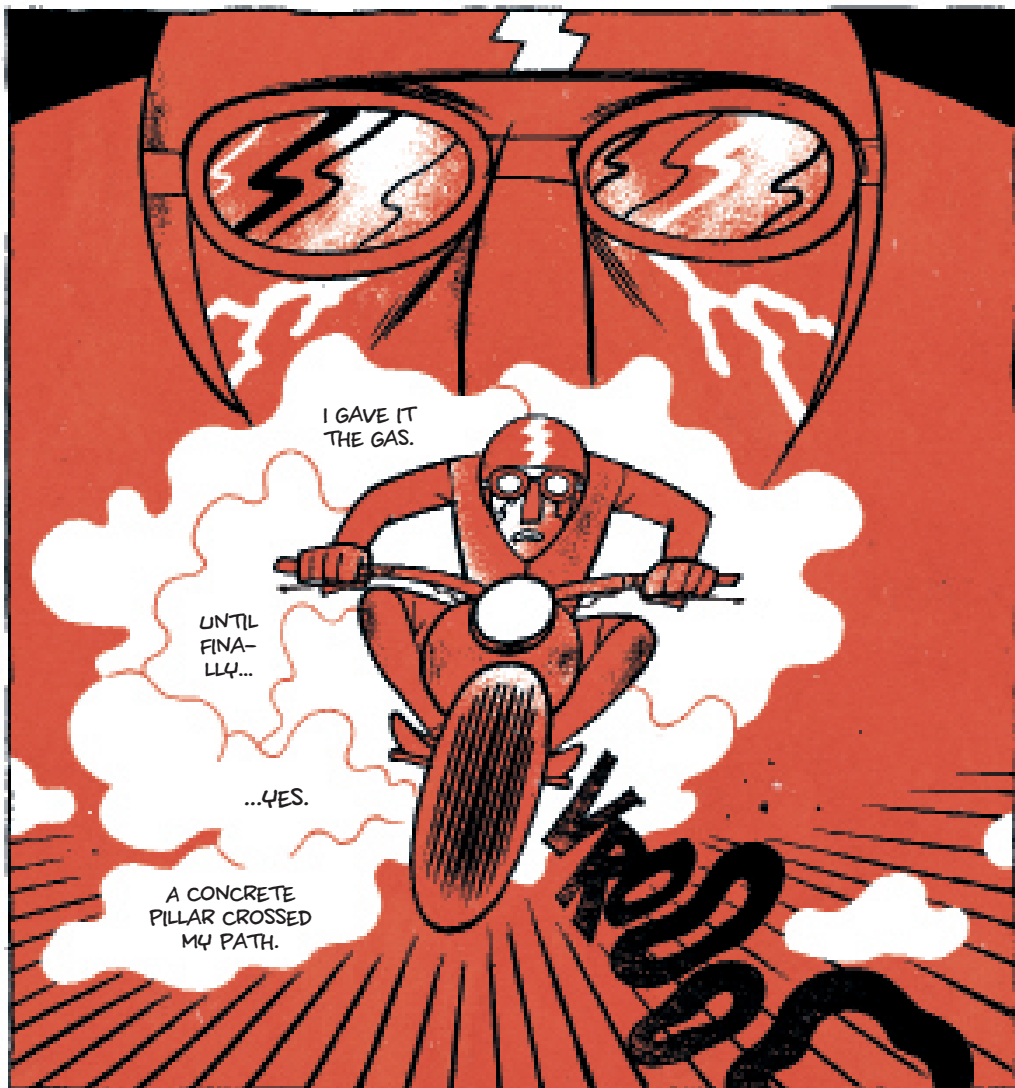
AND I PEELED OUT
WITHOUT LOOKING
BACK. I WANTED TO
GET AS FAR AWAY
FROM THERE AS POS-
SIBLE, AS QUICKLY
AS POSSIBLE...

JA
JA JA JA
JA JA

YCALATE!

VROOOOOOM...





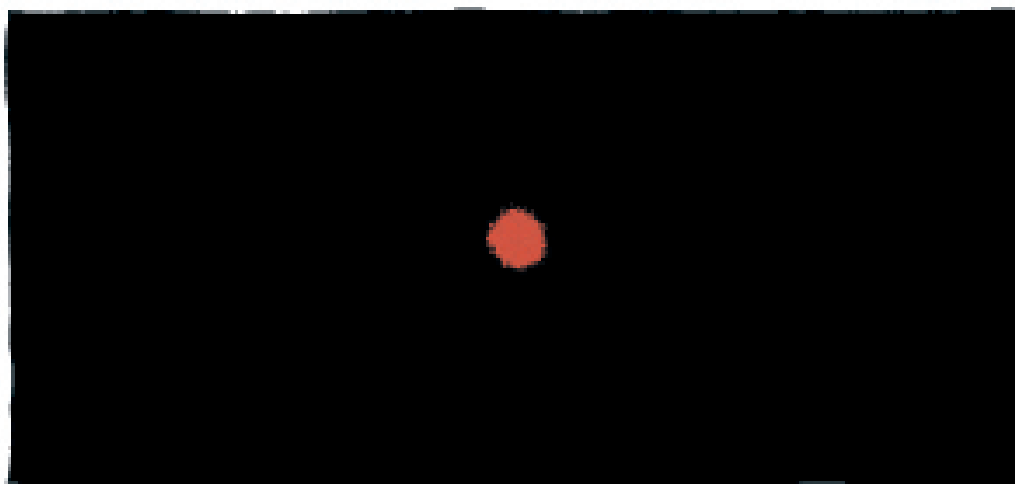
I GAVE IT
THE GAS.

UNTIL
FINA-
LLY...

...YES.

A CONCRETE
PILLAR CROSSED
MY PATH.

WAAAA




THERE MY ESCAPE ENDED, AND THIS JOURNEY BEGAN... THIS DELIRIOUS, ABSURD, STUPID JOURNEY.

HUMANS... WHAT A BUNCH OF USELESS PEOPLE!

GULLIBLE, VAIN, IRRESPONSIBLE DIMWITS. THEY NEVER LEARNED.

OF COURSE, I'M A PRIME EXAMPLE. I'M THE EXAMPLE THAT'S STILL VISIBLE, THE LAST OF THAT GLORIOUS SPECIES.

AND ALSO, ITS LAST CHANCE.



BECAUSE THIS
DELIRIOUS, ABSURD,
STUPID ADVENTURE
MEANS SOMETHING.
YES!

IT'S A JOURNEY,
A DESPERATE ONE,
CHARGED NO MORE
AND NO LESS WITH
FINDING...

GOD!

PFFFFFFF...



HA HA HA HA.