

THE YEAR IS 2350. IN THE SOUTHERN DESERTS OF NORTH AMERICA, THE WARRING FACTIONS OF ANTI-TECHNOLOGY TRIBES AND RECONSTRUCTIONISTS CONTINUE TO FIGHT AGAINST THE CHALLENGES OF THIS CHAOTIC PLANET. OVER TWO CENTURIES HAVE PASSED SINCE THE CATASTROPHIC ACCIDENT WHICH COLLAPSED THE TIMELINES OF MODERN AND ANCIENT WORLDS.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST IS THE ONLY LAW THAT RULES THE LAND. IN AN EFFORT TO RETURN EARTH TO ITS PROPER PLACE IN TIME, SCOUTS FROM THE RECONS SALVAGE WHAT THEY CAN FROM THE RUINS OF THEIR PAST.

BASE, BASE, BASE - THIS IS SCOUT ONE CHECKING IN FROM THE PUST BOWL.

SCOUT ONE, WE'VE GOT YOU. SENSORS SHOW CLEAR SAILING OUT THERE. WHAT'S YOUR STATUS?

KEEP? THEY PUT *YOUR ASS* ON COMM-PUTY? I THOUGHT YOU WERE STILL OFF SCRUBBING FUEL CELLS UP NORTH. I'M PUSHING FOR THE FRONTIER NOW.

NO SIGN OF ANYTHING YET.

VERY FUNNY, SCOUT ONE, REAL CUTE. THE ANOMALY REGIST... OR LESS FROM...KSSCHT... CURRENT LOCATION.

YOU SHOULD SEE... KSHHK... BEFORE YOU ENGAGE...

BASE, COME BACK ON THAT. HEAVY STATIC SCAMBLEP THE TRANSMISSION.



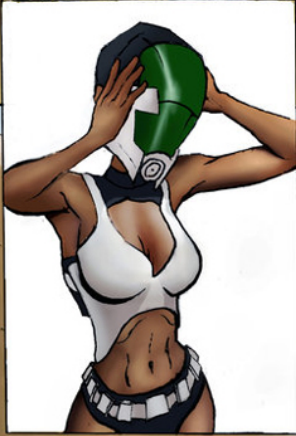
WE'VE GOT... KSSSCHT... INCOMING...

WOW...

BASE, CONFIRMED ON VISUAL.

KEEP, I WISH YOU COULD SEE THIS...
IT LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THE OLD
HIGH-ORBIT SCIENCE SHIPS. UNTIL I
CLEAR THE CANYON I'M TURNING OFF
THE COMM. SCOUT ONE, OUT.

ALL MY YEARS SCOUTING
AND I'VE *NEVER* SEEN A
SCORE LIKE THIS BEFORE!



WHAT STORIES DO YOU HAVE TO
TELL AFTER ONE HUNDRED YEARS,
WAITING TO BE FOUND?

ALL THIS TIME, ALONE
OUT HERE IN THE DESERT...

...JUST LIKE ME.



INCREDIBLE! THE WHOLE INSIDE OF THE SHIP IS ENCAPSULATED IN STONE, THIS SHOULD HAVE TAKEN **EONS** TO FORM BUT THE SHIP'S METAL ALLOYS REAP AS MODERN.

IT MUST HAVE MERGED WHEN THE TIMELINE COLLAPSED. FEAR GOD... THIS IS A TOMB.

COMPUTER, BEGIN RECORDING FIELD LOG - SCOUT ONE, IRIS. SENSORS ARE RECORDING AND TRANSMITTING TELEMETRY. SET ON A CONTINUOUS PULSE.

THE CRASHED SHIP APPEARS TO BE ABANDONED, WITH NO LARGE PREDATORS IN THIS SECTOR.



SALVAGE LOOKS SHOT.

THE HULL AND SYSTEMS WERE DESTROYED BY CHRONOMETRIC DISTORTIONS...

SOME SIGNS OF LIFE, PROBABLY RAPTORS.



I'LL RECOVER THE DATA MODULE AND WE CAN WRITE THIS OFF.

THE WHOLE PAMN MISSION JUST TURNED TO...

HOLY SHIT!



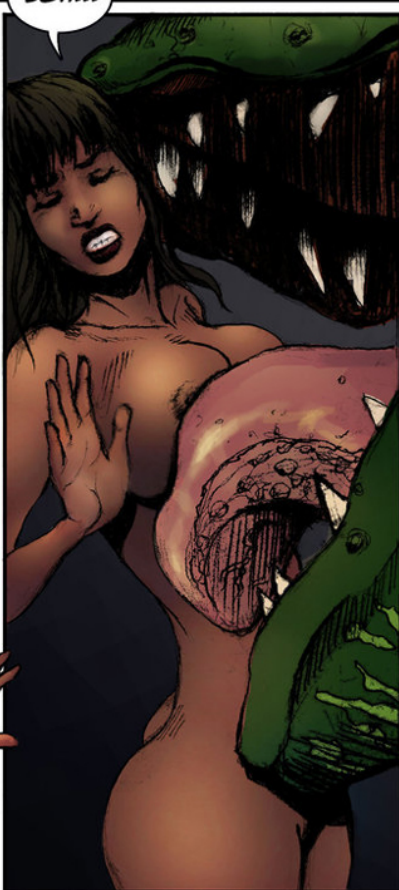
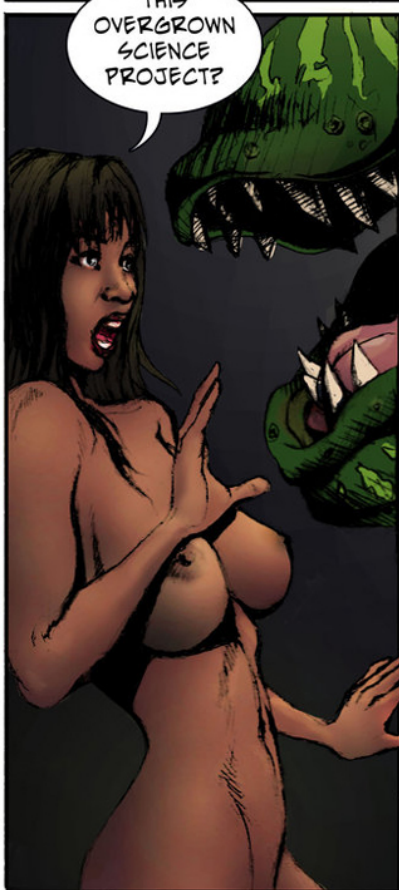
CRACK!



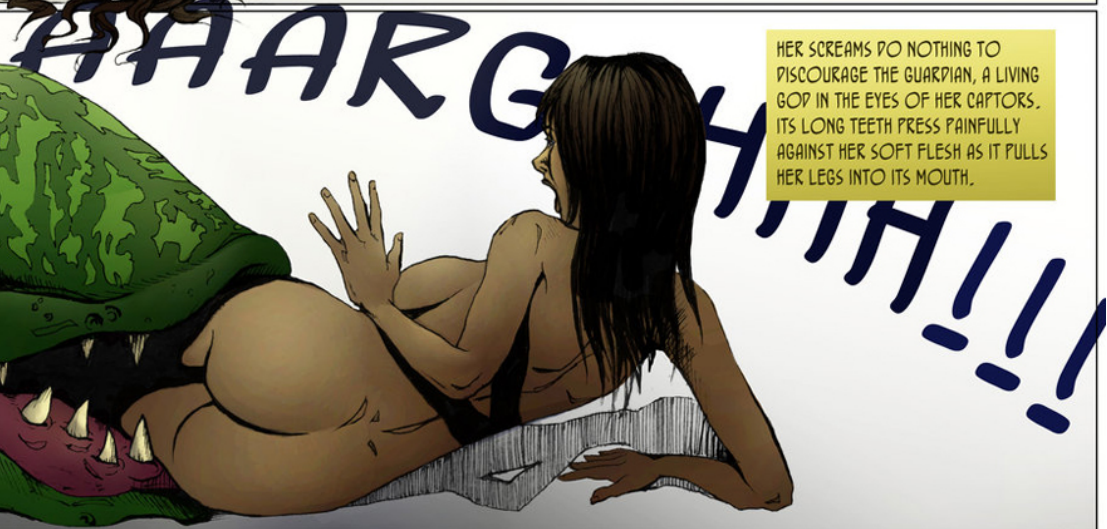
SHIT...

WHAT THE HELL DO YOU WANT WITH ME? LET ME GO!





THE GREAT BEAST'S UNNATURAL STRENGTH QUICKLY OVERPOWERS HER, ITS MASSIVE JAWS SNAPPING AROUND HER WARM BODY. IN A PANIC SHE STRUGGLES HELPLESSLY TO PULL AWAY FROM THE HUNGRY CREATURE.



HER SCREAMS DO NOTHING TO DISCOURAGE THE GUARDIAN, A LIVING GOD IN THE EYES OF HER CAPTORS. ITS LONG TEETH PRESS PAINFULLY AGAINST HER SOFT FLESH AS IT PULLS HER LEGS INTO ITS MOUTH.

AAARGH!!!

ALL OF IRIS'S TRAINING AND SELF-CONTROL EVAPORATE AT THE TERROR OF BEING EATEN ALIVE. THE LARGE MOUTH LIFTS UP AND PULLS HER ALMOST COMPLETELY IN, HER LEGS BECOMING TRAPPED IN THE TIGHT CONFINES OF THE PLANT'S THROAT. IT SAVORS HER TASTE... OR HER FEAR.



THE BEAST THROWS BACK ITS HEAD ONE LAST TIME, HER BODY NOW COMPLETELY ENGLUFED AS ITS GREAT JAWS SNAP SHUT. IRIS SCREAMS IN THE DARKNESS OF ITS CAVERNOUS MOUTH.

AS IT SWALLOWS HER EAGERLY DOWN, HER BODY DISTENDS ITS MONSTROUS STEM.

MUFFLED SCREAMS AND A LARGE BULGE DESCENDING TOWARDS ITS STOMACH ARE THE LAST THING THE ONLOOKERS SEE OF IRIS AS SHE MEETS HER FATE.



END