



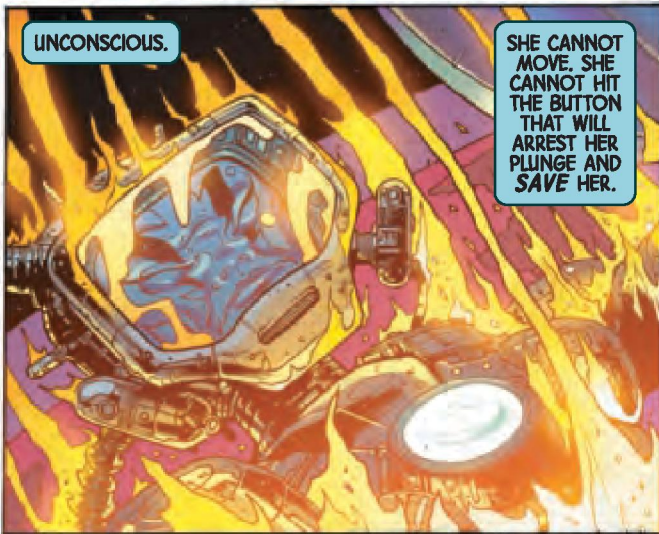
ONE LIVES.

HER OUTFLUNG FORM HAS BEEN CAUGHT IN THE GRAVITY OF A LOCAL PLANET.



SHE WILL BURN UP ON ENTRY.

TRAVELER! ACTIVATE YOUR GRAVITY RIG!



UNCONSCIOUS.

SHE CANNOT MOVE, SHE CANNOT HIT THE BUTTON THAT WILL ARREST HER PLUNGE AND SAVE HER.



AND NEITHER CAN I.



I WILL NOT LET HER BURN.



DESPERATE, I USE MY USELESS GHOST STATE.

I MERGE WITH HER.



WE ARE ONE.

I TRY TO TAKE CONTROL. I TRY TO CO-OPT HER MOTOR FUNCTION.

I WILL HER LIMBS TO MOVE--



I CAN'T. I AM PUSHING AT THE DEAD WEIGHT OF AN UNCONSCIOUS MIND.



BUT I AM SHARING THAT MIND, AND I SEE WHAT SHE HAS SEEN...



THE
NEGATIVE
ZONE. HER
PLACE OF
ORIGIN.

A REALM OF FERAL
PHYSICS UTTERLY
SEPARATE FROM
THE STABLE REALITY
OF THE POSITIVE
UNIVERSE.



I SEE DENIZENS OF
THE NEGATIVE ZONE
FLEEING IN THE
THOUSANDS.

RISKING THE
SUICIDAL ACT OF
BREACHING INTO THE
POSITIVE UNIVERSE.

BECAUSE
THEY NEED
TO ESCAPE.



I SEE FEAR.
TERROR.

THEY ARE FLEEING, RISKING
DEATH, BECAUSE A HORROR
IS OVERWHELMING THE
NEGATIVE ZONE.

AN UNSTOPPABLE,
ENGULFING BLACKNESS
THAT IS DESTROYING
EVERYTHING, KILLING
EVERYONE--

NO,
NO!



NO--

