

GLASS ANGEL



RP
2014

IT'S BEEN TWO DAYS
SINCE I FOUND MYSELF IN...
IN THAT GLASS CRATER.



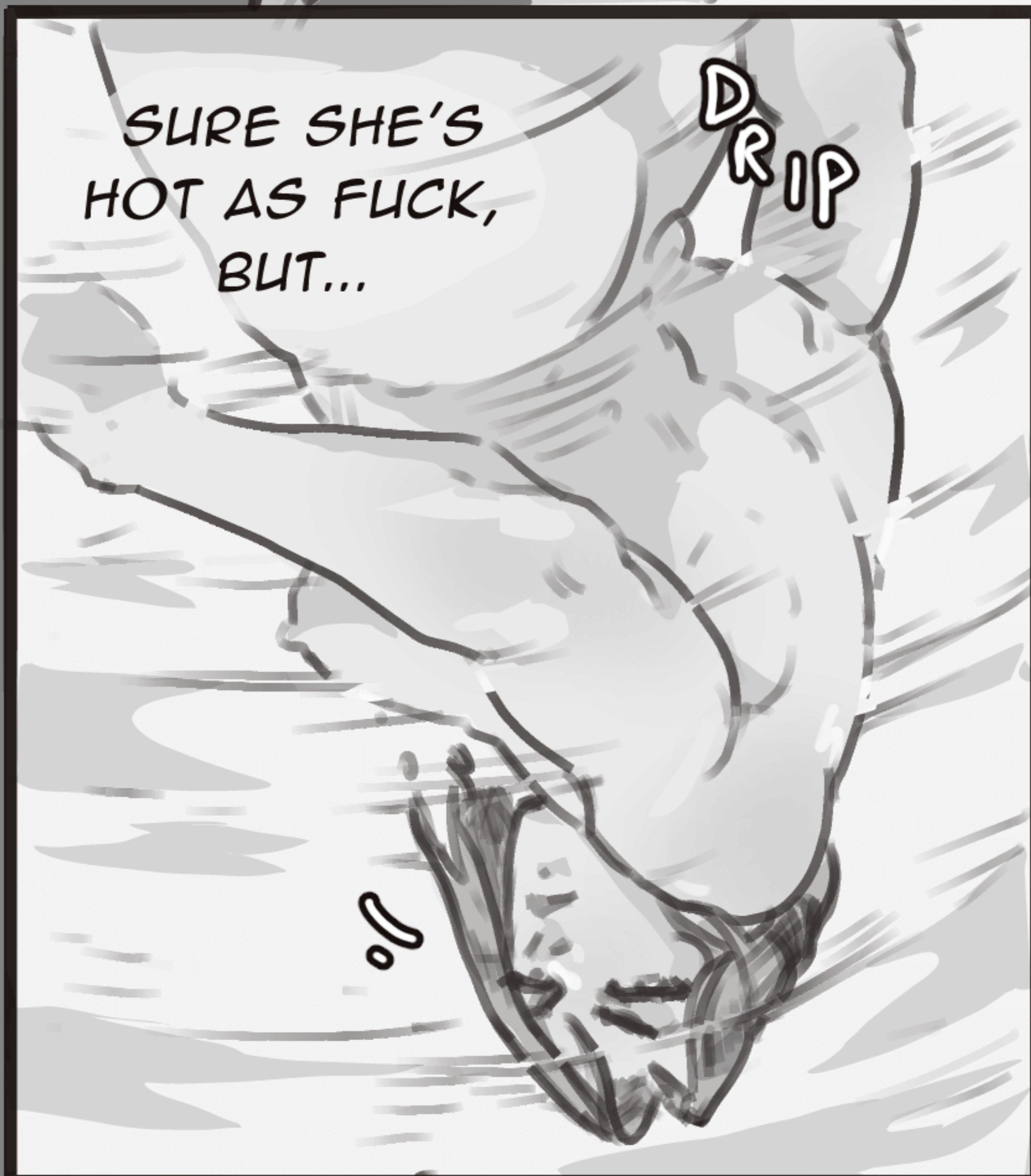
S
HOOO
OOO

S
HOOO
OOO

I HAVE NO IDEA
HOW THIS HAPPENED.
MUST'VE BEEN A PIECE
OF PIONEER TECH.



IT'S BEEN A WEIRD HELL
STUCK IN DRELLA'S BODY.



SURE SHE'S
HOT AS FUCK,
BUT...

D
RIP



NAO

SHE'S AN
UNREPENTANT
KILLER. A BEAUTIFUL
MONSTER.

S
HOOO
OOO



PIECES OF THE CRUISER HAVE BEEN RAINING ON THE PLANET FOR THE PAST TWO DAYS.



I WAS ABLE TO SCAVENGE SOME TOOLS AND CLOTHING FROM ONE OF THE ENGINEERING SECTIONS THAT FELL YESTERDAY.



STANDARD OPERATING PROCEDURE DURING A PIONEER VAULT EXPEDITIONS COMPLETE RADIO SILENCE;

SUPPOSED TO LIMIT THE CHANCE IMPERIANS DISCOVER THE TEAM.

YEAH, THAT WORKED WELL.



I'VE ALSO BEEN SCAVENGING FOR A WAY TO GET OFF THIS ROCK.



DRELLA'S IMPERIAN PHYSIOLOGY HAS ALLOWED ME TO EASILY SCAVENGE THE WRECKAGE. HER STRENGTH...



...INVULNERABILITY...



I'M EVEN ABLE TO SEE IN THE DARK...



BUT...



...IT SEEMS I STILL HAVE MY OLD NERVES.





DRELLA'S IMPERIAN PHYSIOLOGY HAS ALLOWED ME TO EASILY SCAVENGE THE WRECKAGE. HER STRENGTH...

CREACK



...INVULNERABILITY...

TSH
PEW
PEW

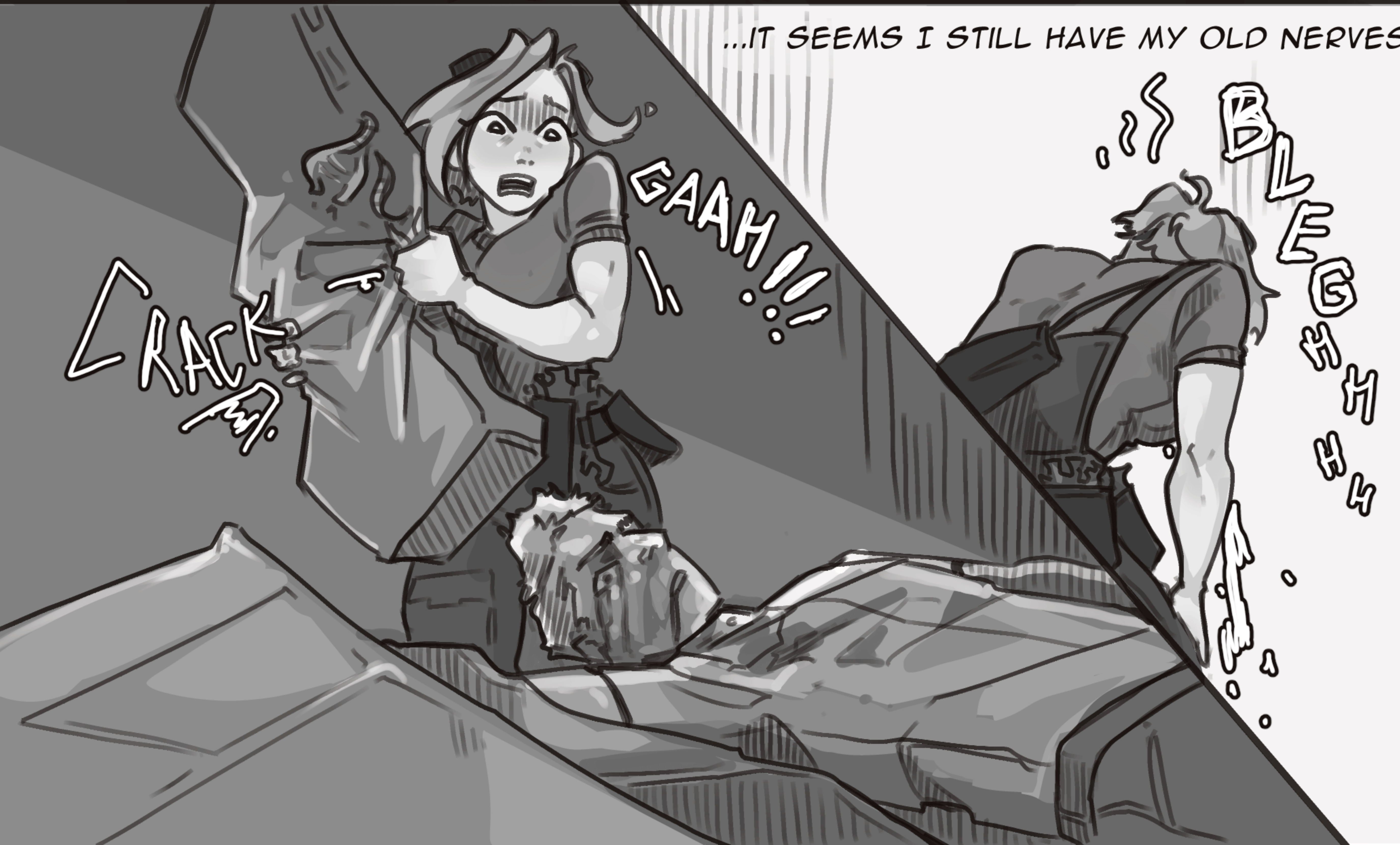


I'M EVEN ABLE TO SEE IN THE DARK...



BUT...

CRACK



...IT SEEMS I STILL HAVE MY OLD NERVES.

CRACK

GAAH!!!

BLEGGHHH



UGH-

WIFE



HUMPH-

IT SHOULD BE AROUND HERE...



FOUND IT!
AND IT LOOKS LIKE
IT'S INTACT!

GODS, I STILL
CAN'T GET USED TO
THIS VOICE...



NONE OF THE SHUTTLES
OR FIGHTERS SURVIVED THE
CRASH, AND I DON'T KNOW
WHERE DRELLA'S SHIP IS.



THIS WORLD IS FAR FROM
THE USUAL SHIPPING LANES.

CRACKLE

ZIT...



SO, MY IDEA
IS TO COBBLE
TOGETHER A SUBSPACE
DISTRESS BEACON.

SHUFL

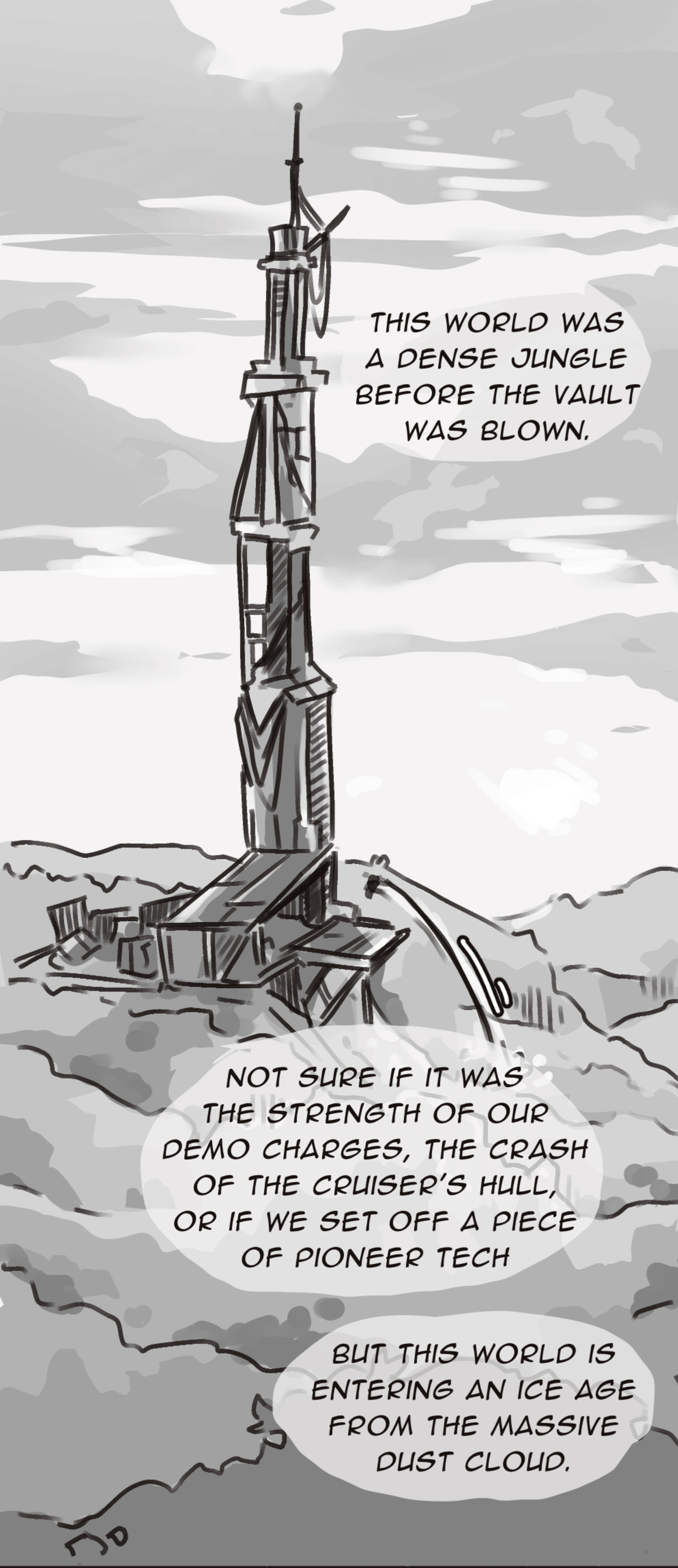


SWEET! SCORE!

OH, BONUS!
NOT MUCH IN
THE WAY OF FOOD
ON THIS PLANET.

YOINK

EMERGENCY
RATIONS



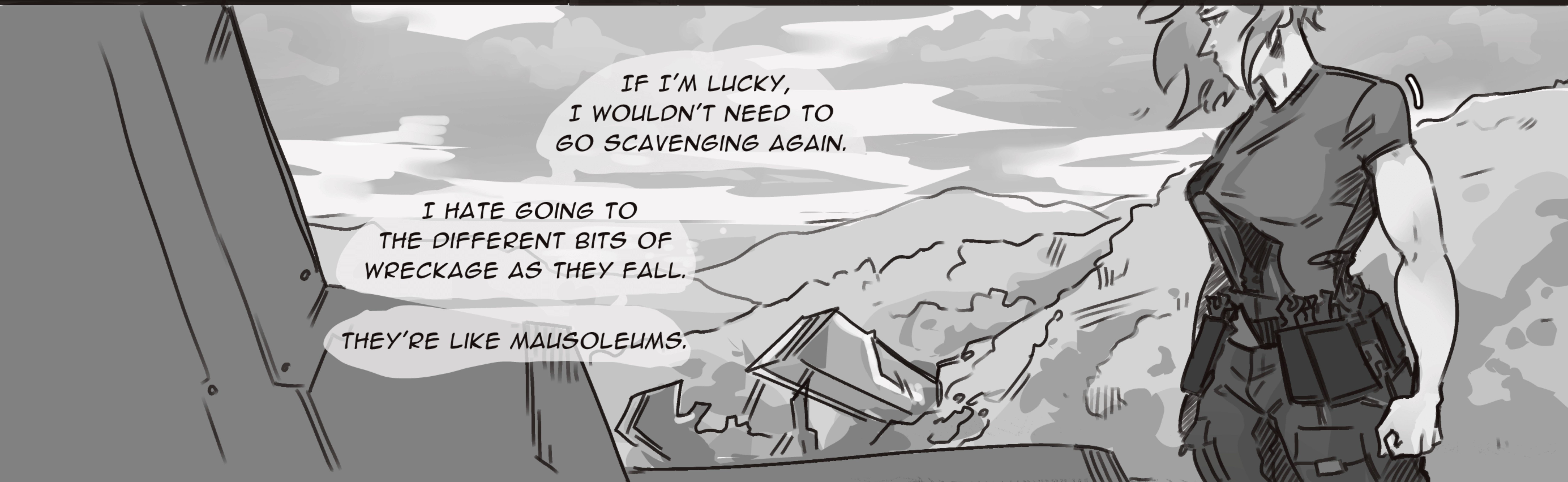
THIS WORLD WAS A DENSE JUNGLE BEFORE THE VAULT WAS BLOWN.

NOT SURE IF IT WAS THE STRENGTH OF OUR DEMO CHARGES, THE CRASH OF THE CRUISER'S HULL, OR IF WE SET OFF A PIECE OF PIONEER TECH

BUT THIS WORLD IS ENTERING AN ICE AGE FROM THE MASSIVE DUST CLOUD.



I'M GETTING... BETTER AT JUMPING. STILL TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO FLY.



IF I'M LUCKY, I WOULDN'T NEED TO GO SCAVENGING AGAIN.

I HATE GOING TO THE DIFFERENT BITS OF WRECKAGE AS THEY FALL.

THEY'RE LIKE MAUSOLEUMS.



FINALLY, MY FIRST BITE OF FOOD IN TWO DAYS!

BLEH! BLARZ!!

DAMN IMPERIAN BITCH!

OF COURSE HER TASTE BUDS ARE DIFFERENT!

CHOCOLATE WAS MY FAVORITE, TOO.

SHIVER

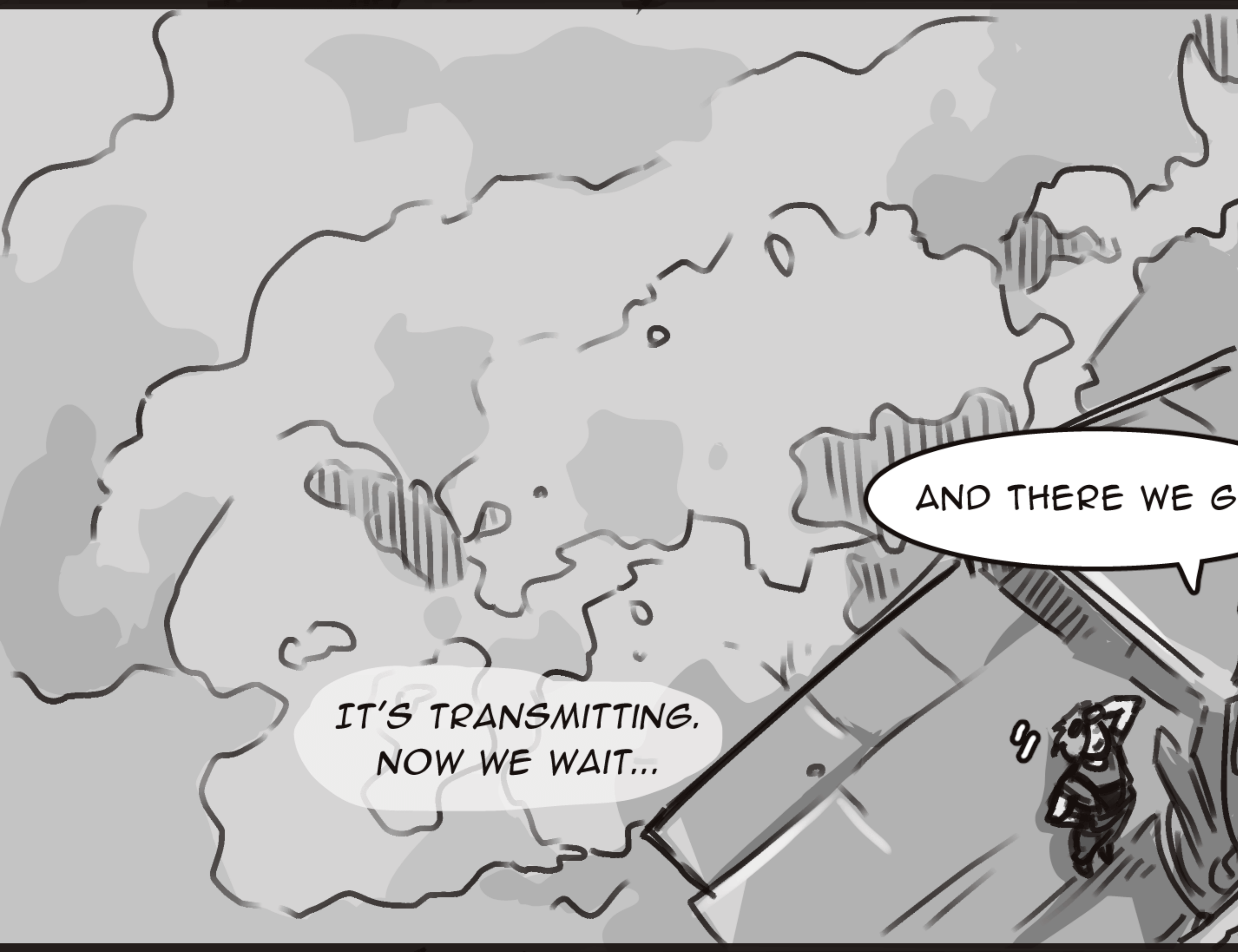


A SUBSPACE COIL USUALLY WEIGHS AT LEAST 600 KILOS, BUT T FEELS AS LIGHT AS A SPANNER.



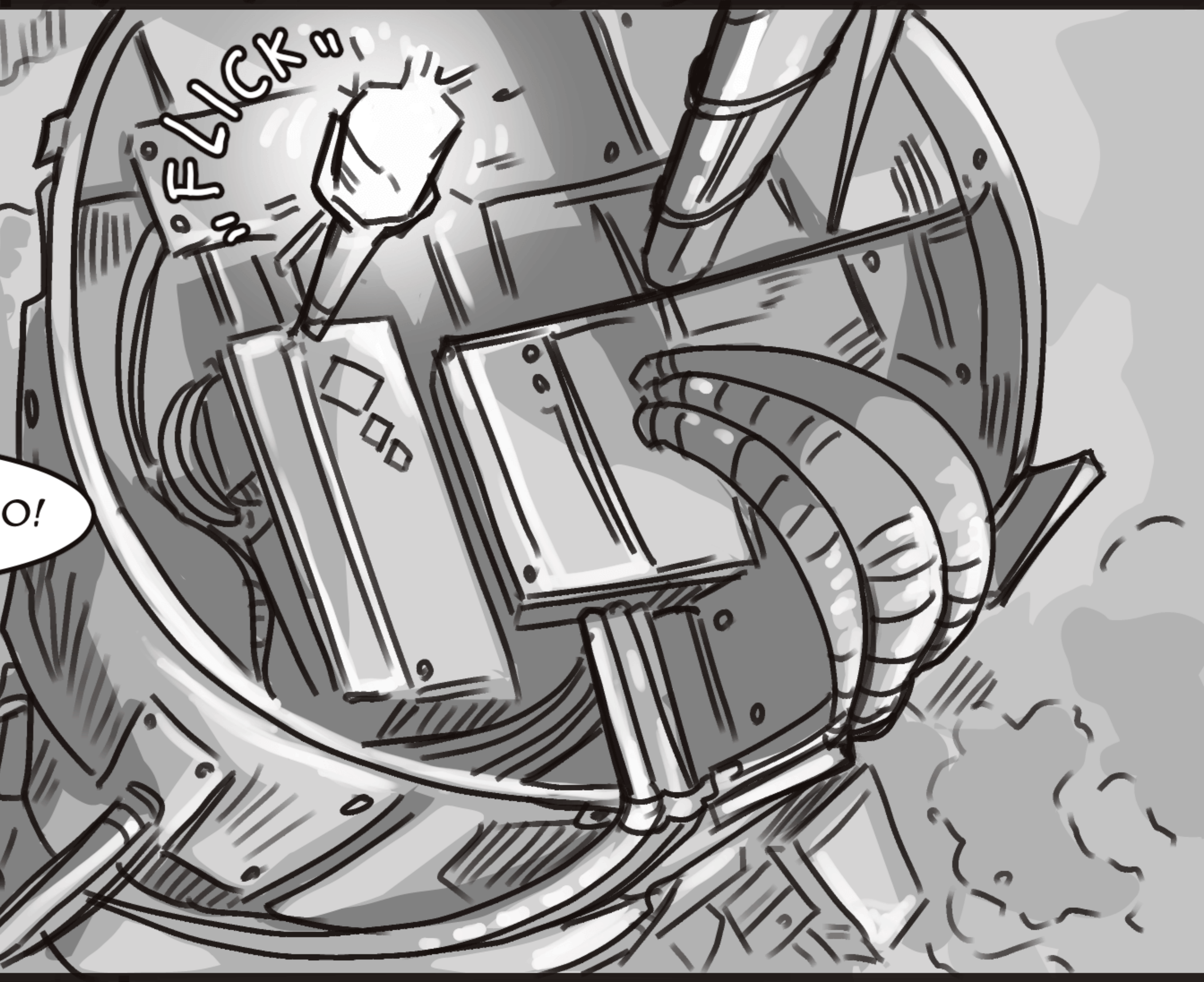
ALMOST THERE!

IF THIS WORKS, I SHOULD BE ABLE TO PING ANY SHIP IN THE QUADRANT.



AND THERE WE GO!

IT'S TRANSMITTING. NOW WE WAIT...



SINCE I WOKE UP IN THIS BODY I HAVEN'T REALLY HAD A MINUTE TO STOP AND THINK. I'VE BEEN SCAVENGING TO SURVIVE, AND THEN BUILDING THE TRANSMITTER

I AM CONSTANTLY BEING REMINDED THAT THIS ISN'T MY BODY...



BUT REALLY, IT IS MY BODY NOW. DRELLA IS DEAD AND I'M ALIVE.

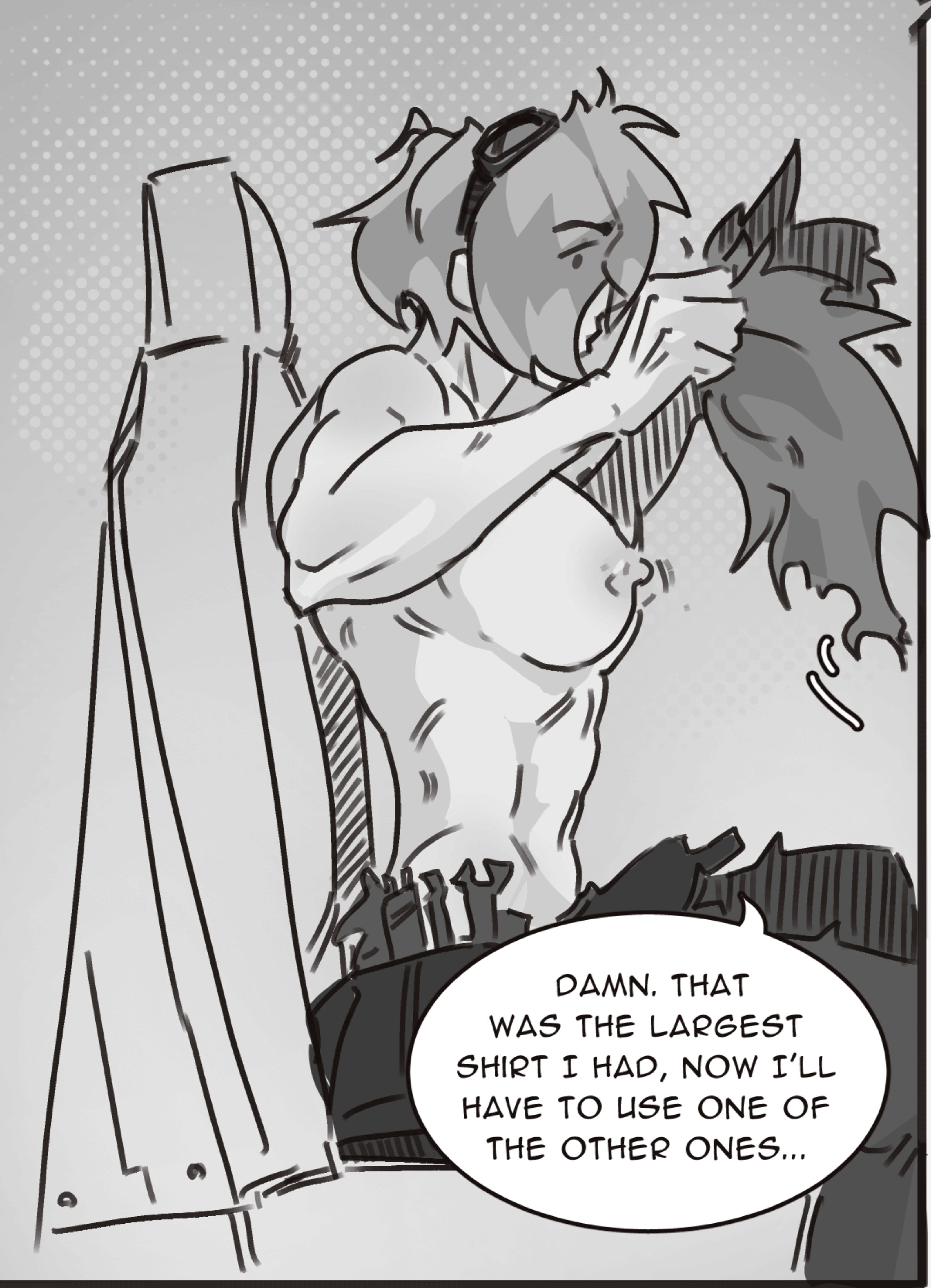
AND I NEED TO GET USED TO THIS NEW REALITY.



OH WOW!
FOR AS TOUGH
AS THIS SKIN IS,
THEY FEEL SO
SOFT!



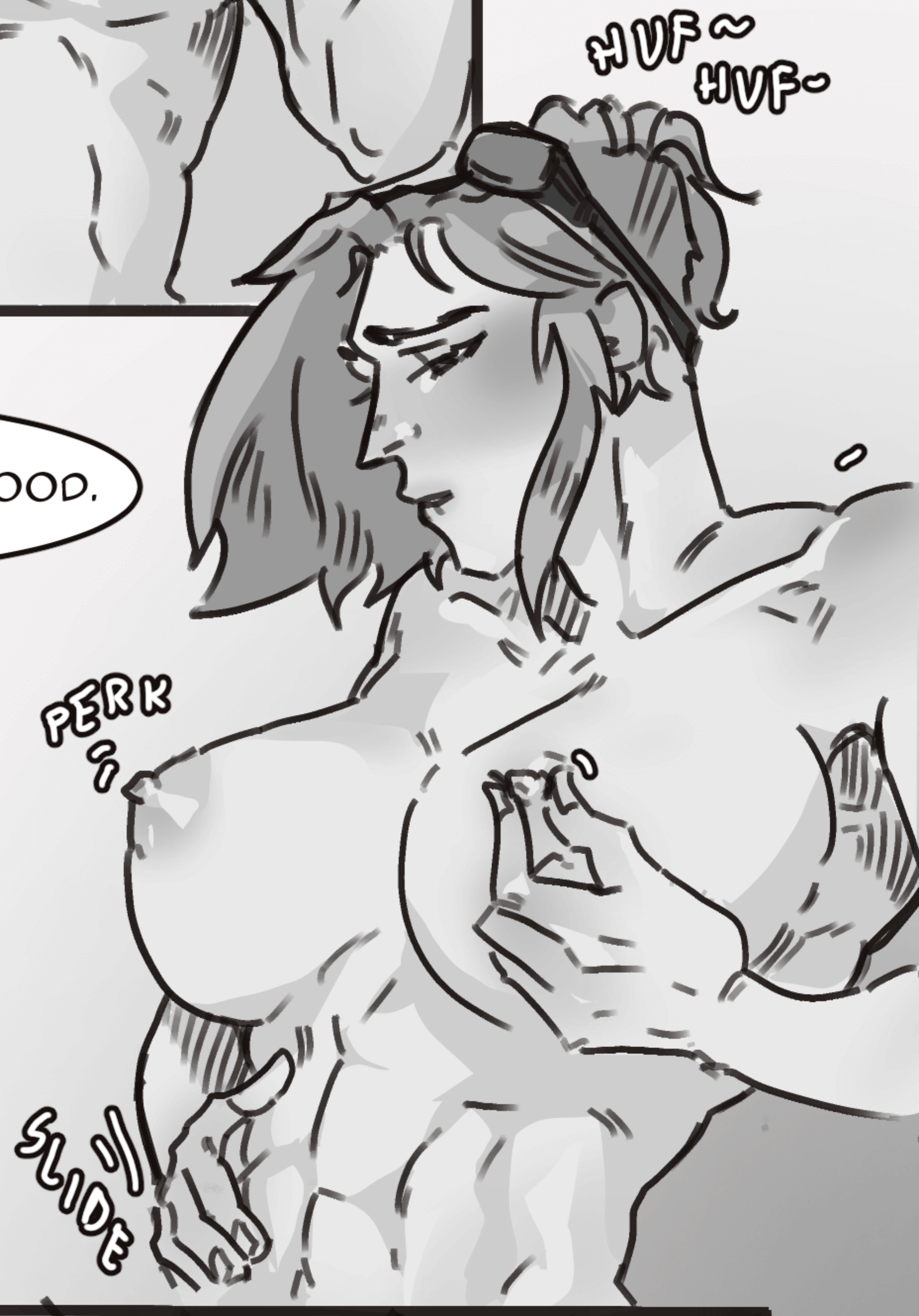
STUPID THING,
GET OFF!

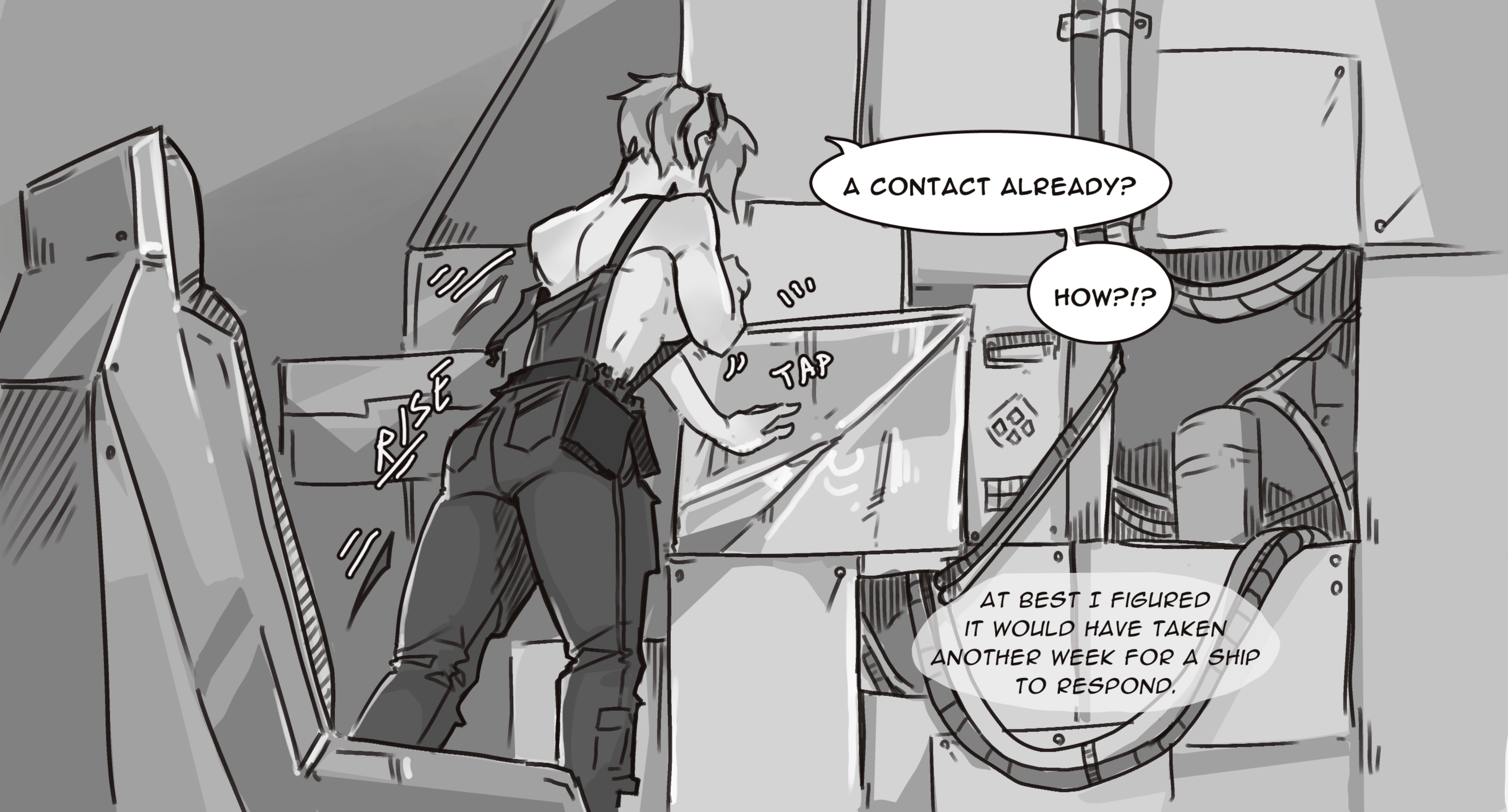


DAMN. THAT
WAS THE LARGEST
SHIRT I HAD, NOW I'LL
HAVE TO USE ONE OF
THE OTHER ONES...



OH, THAT FEELS SO GOOD.





A CONTACT ALREADY?

HOW?!?

AT BEST I FIGURED IT WOULD HAVE TAKEN ANOTHER WEEK FOR A SHIP TO RESPOND.



WHAT? IT'S IMPERIAN?

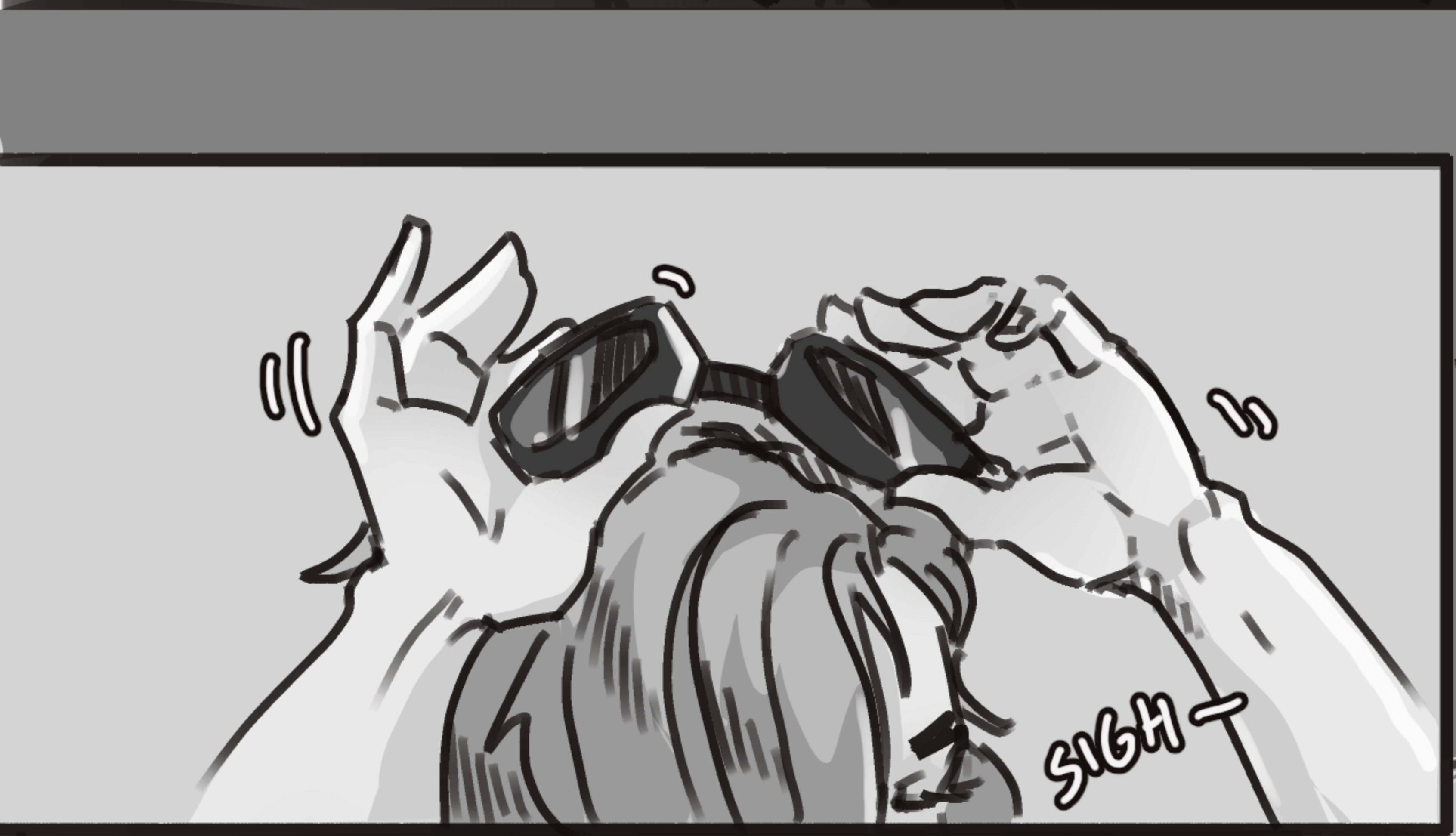


OF COURSE!

IT'S HER SHIP, SHE MUST HAVE LEFT IT IN ORBIT AND FLEW DOWN!

SLAP

AH!



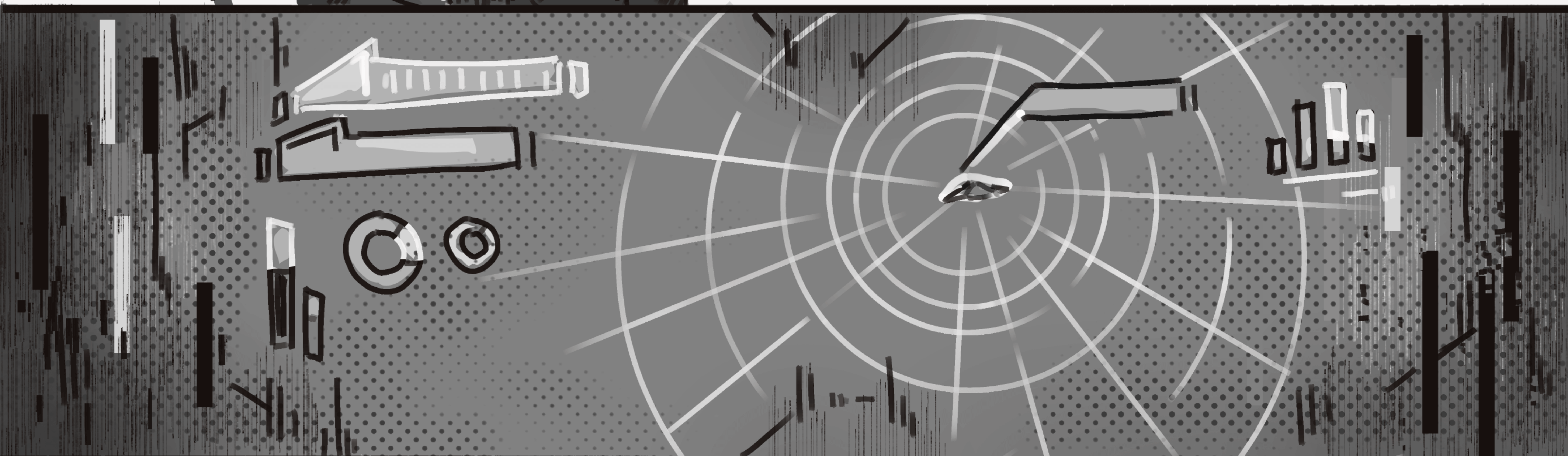
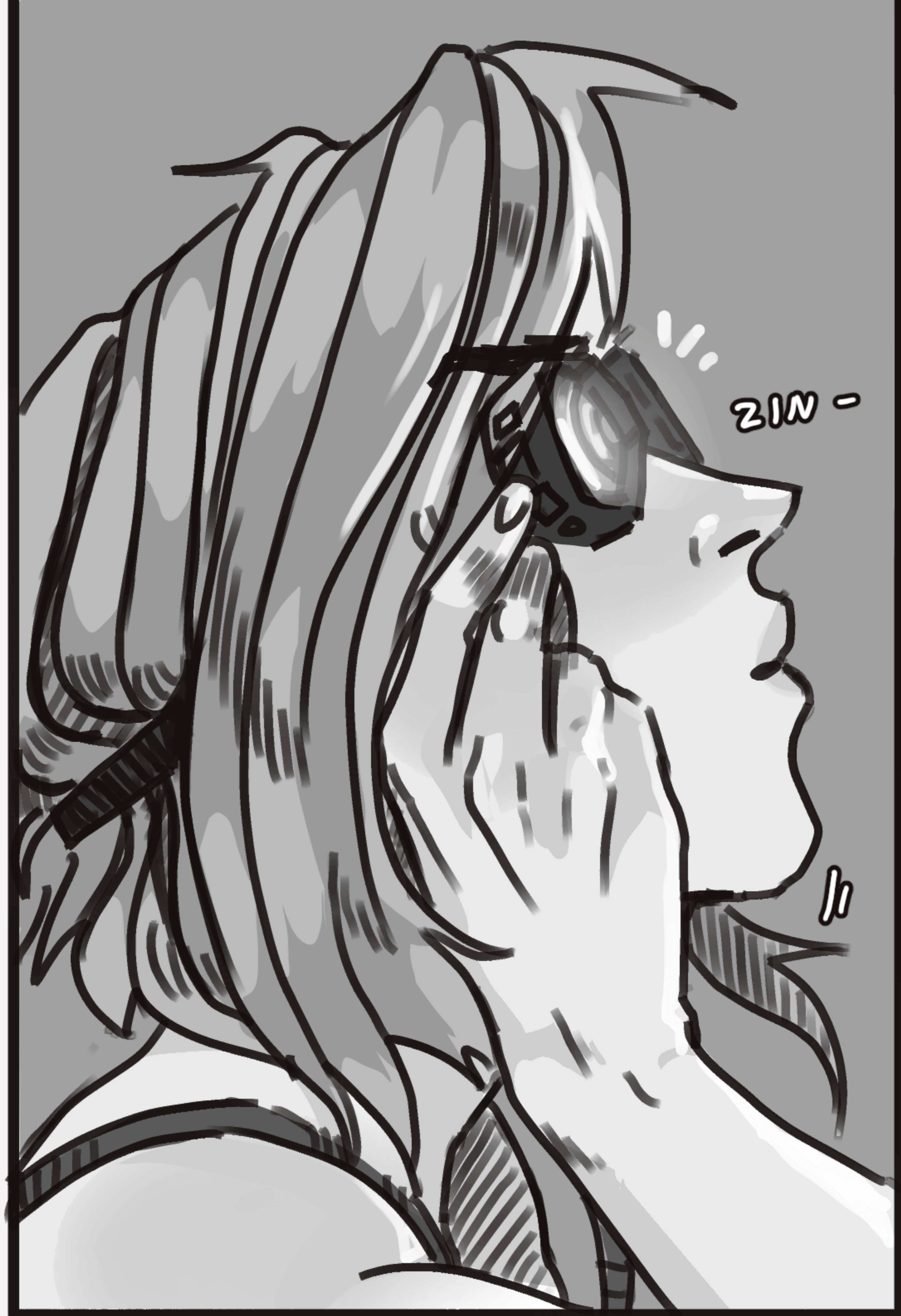
SIGH



BLEP

I CAN FEED THE COORDINATES AND ORBIT PATTERN INTO THESE ENGINEERING GOGGLES TO GET A VISUAL OF WHERE IT IS IN ORBIT.

SNAP



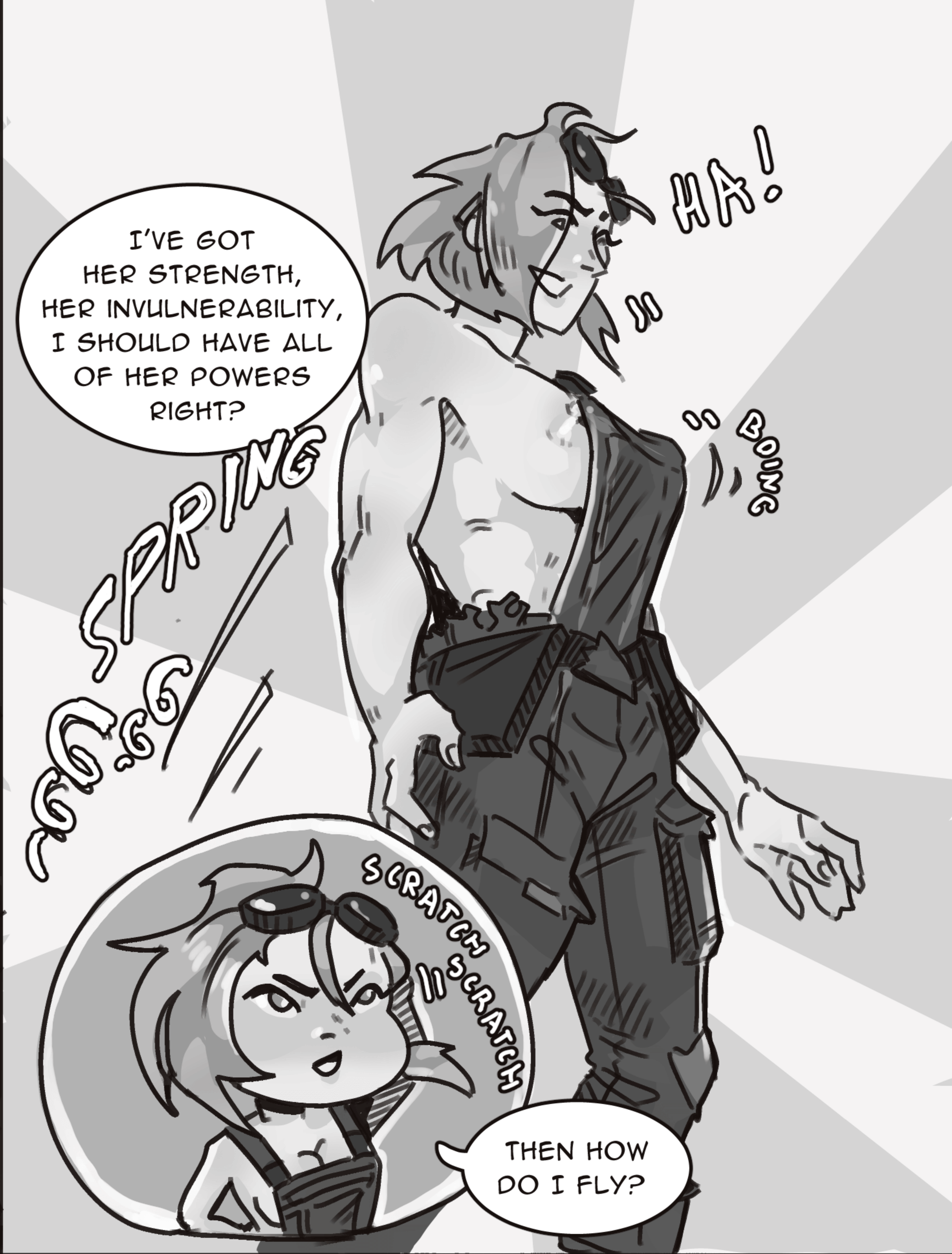
HOW THE HELL

AM I SUPPOSED TO GET UP THERE!





I GUESS I CAN JUST LEAVE THE BEACON UP AND WAIT FOR SOMEONE TO COME ALONG...



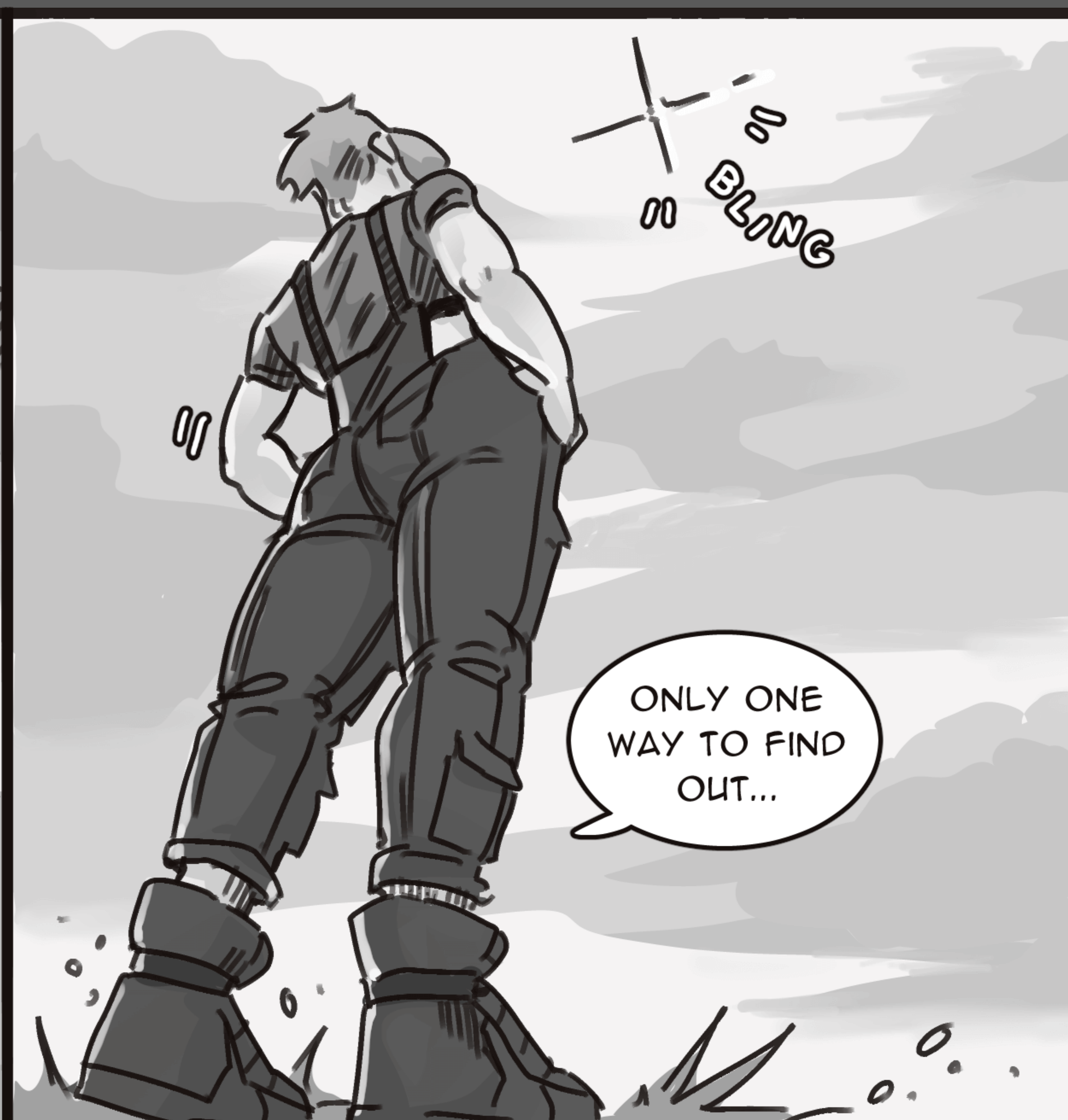
I'VE GOT HER STRENGTH, HER INVULNERABILITY, I SHOULD HAVE ALL OF HER POWERS RIGHT?

THEN HOW DO I FLY?

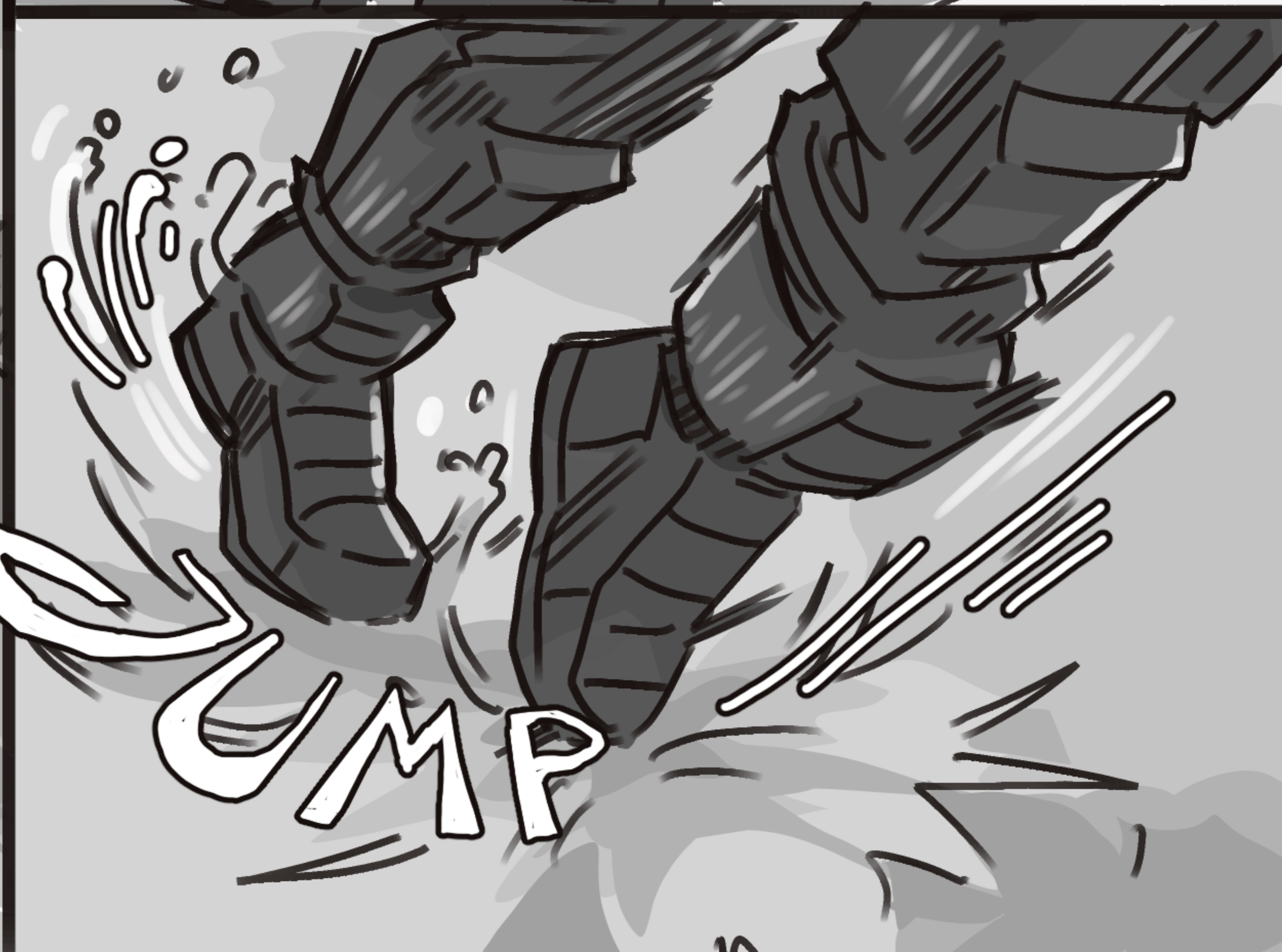


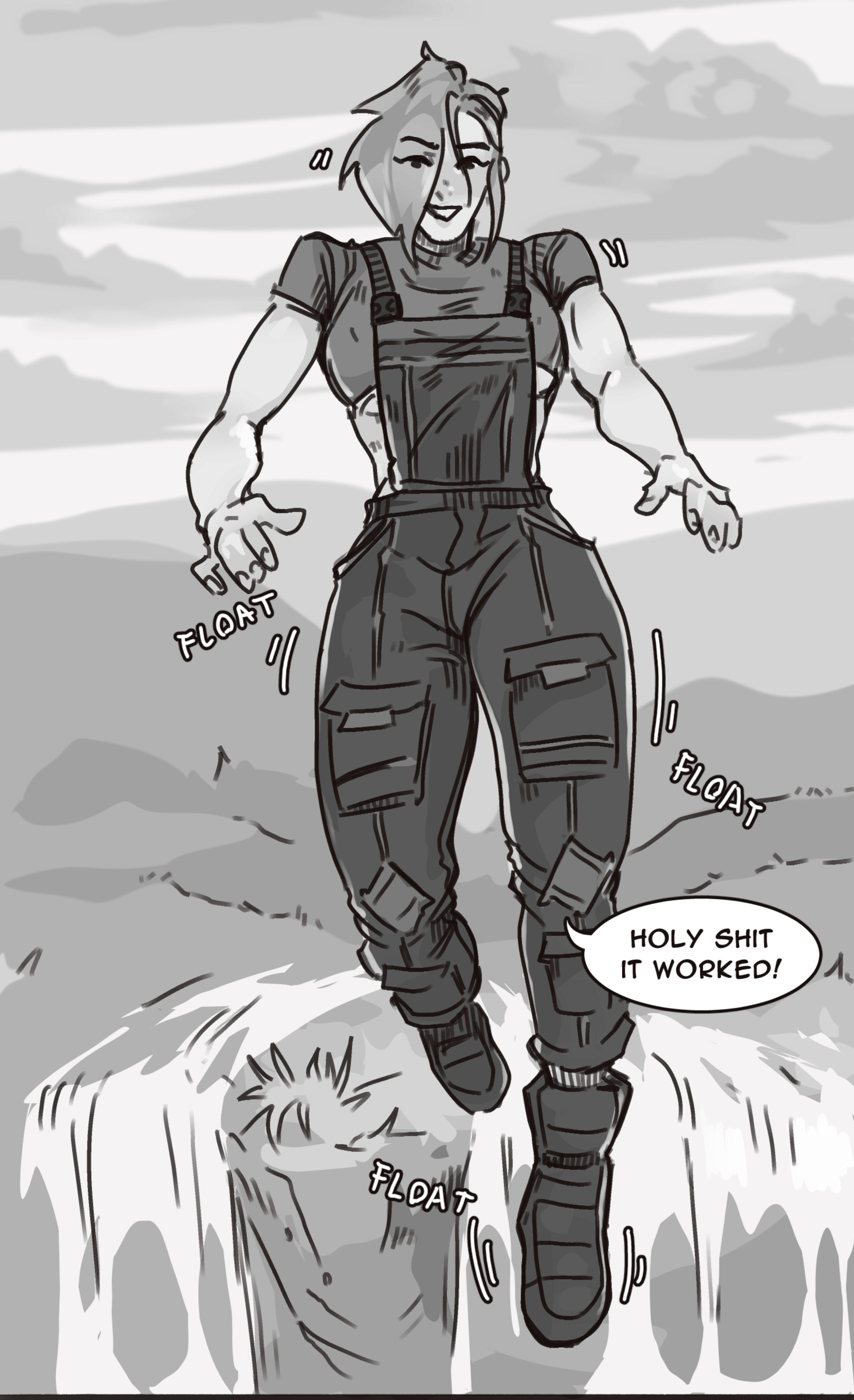
JUST JUMP, THAT SHOULD DO IT RIGHT?

THINK HAPPY THOUGHTS?



ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT...

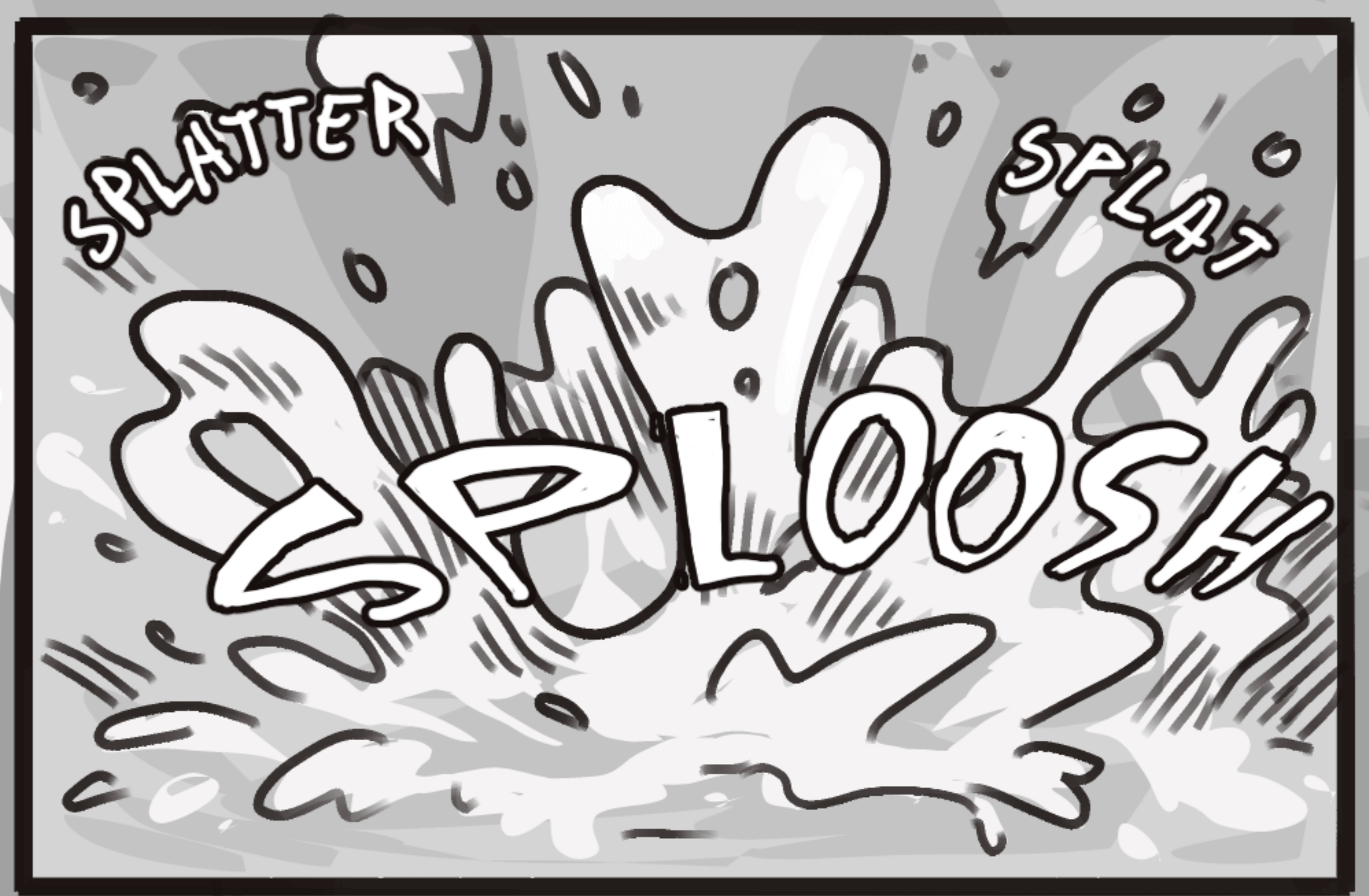
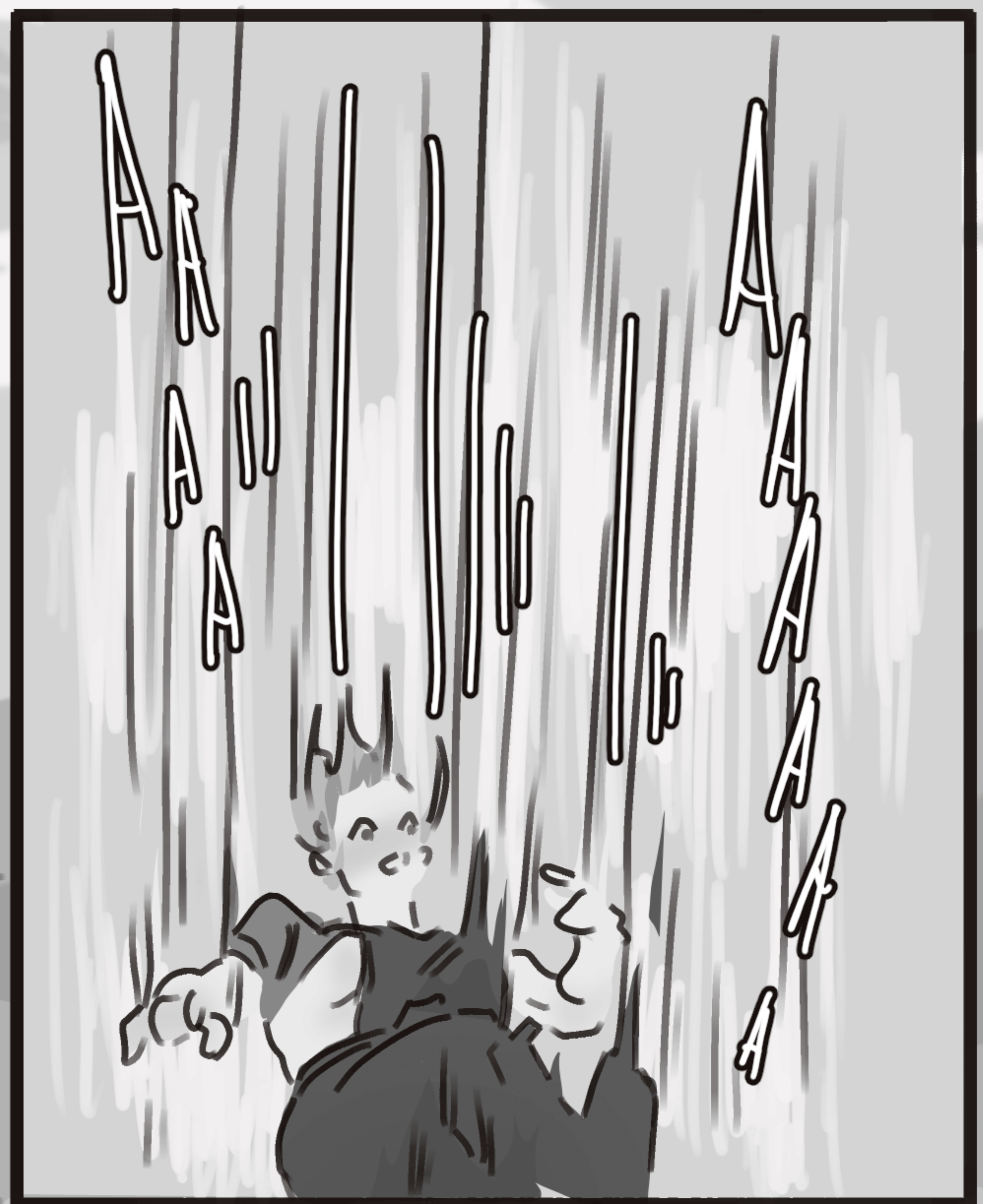




HOLY SHIT IT WORKED!

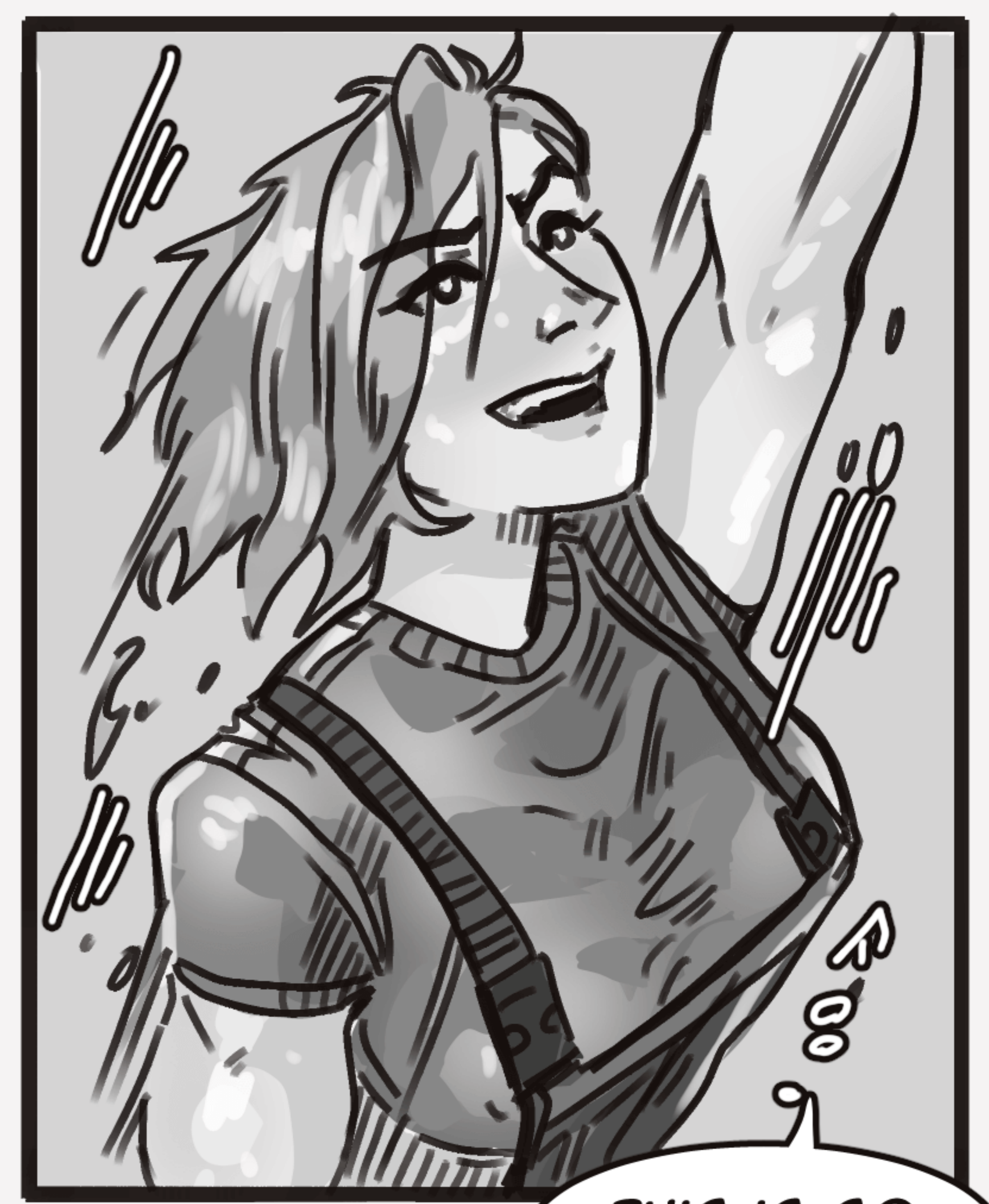


FLINTCH



OKAY, SEEMS TO BE, LIKE, MUSCLE MEMORY? SO, IF I DON'T THINK ABOUT

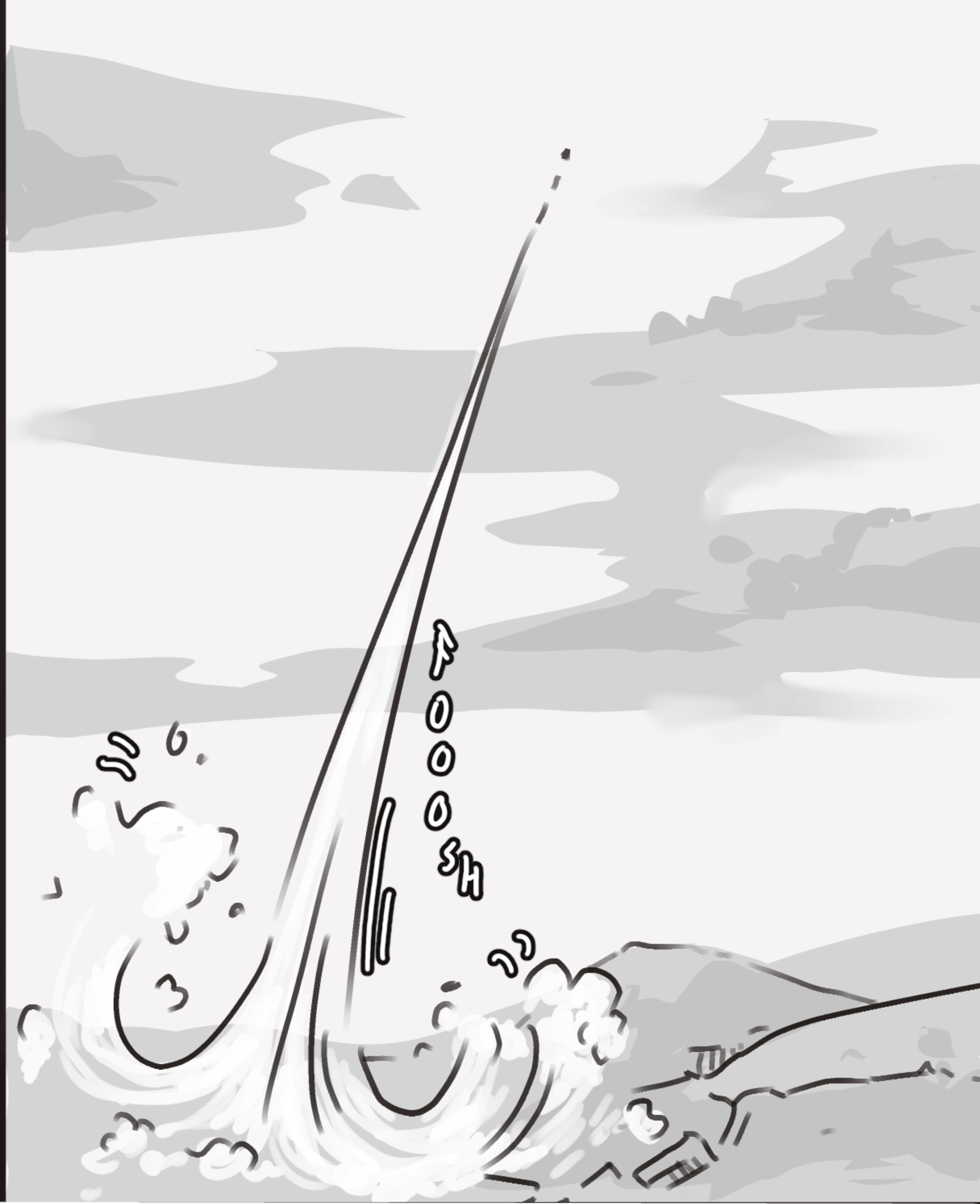
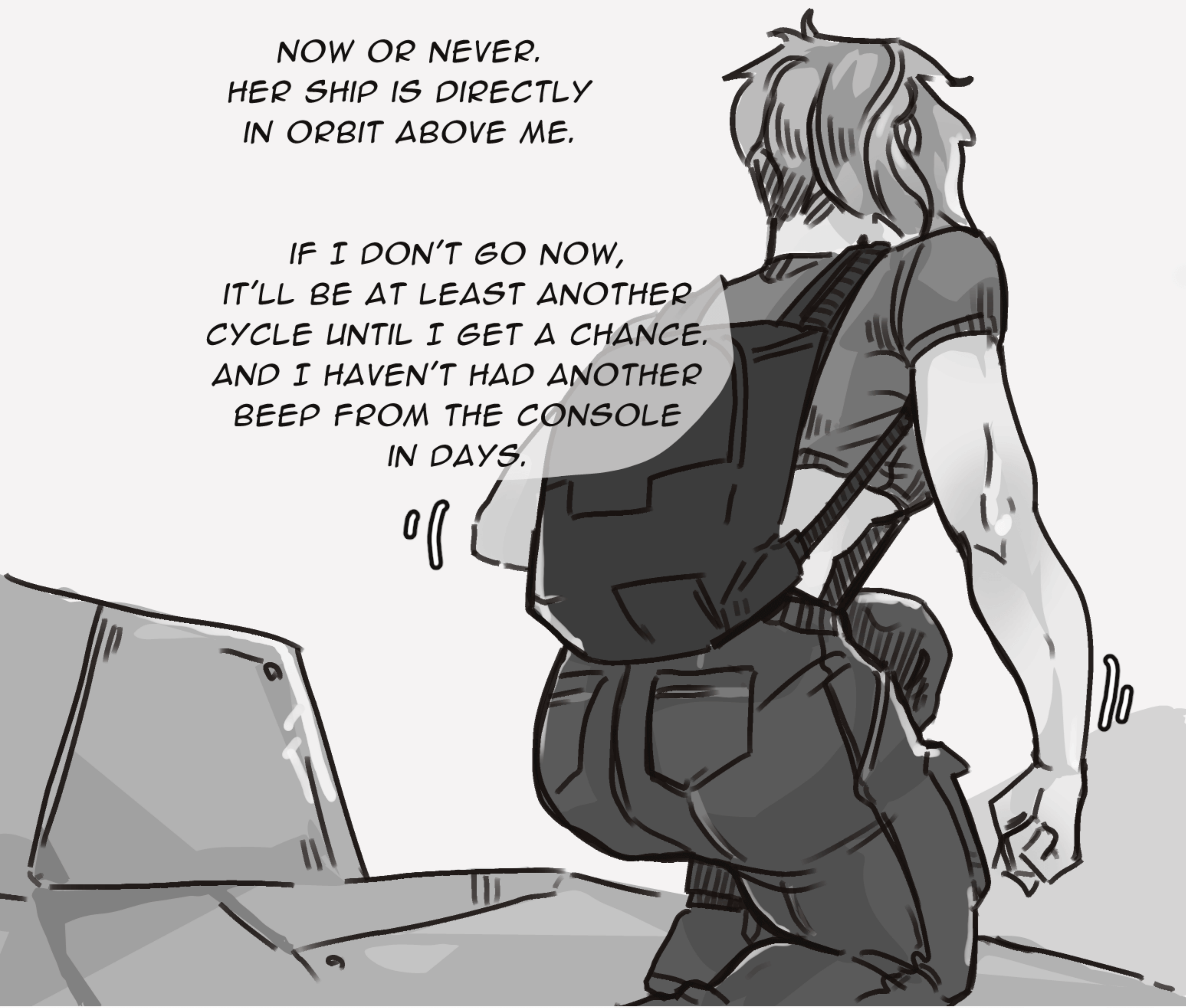
IT, I CAN FLY? BEST THEORY I'VE GOT...



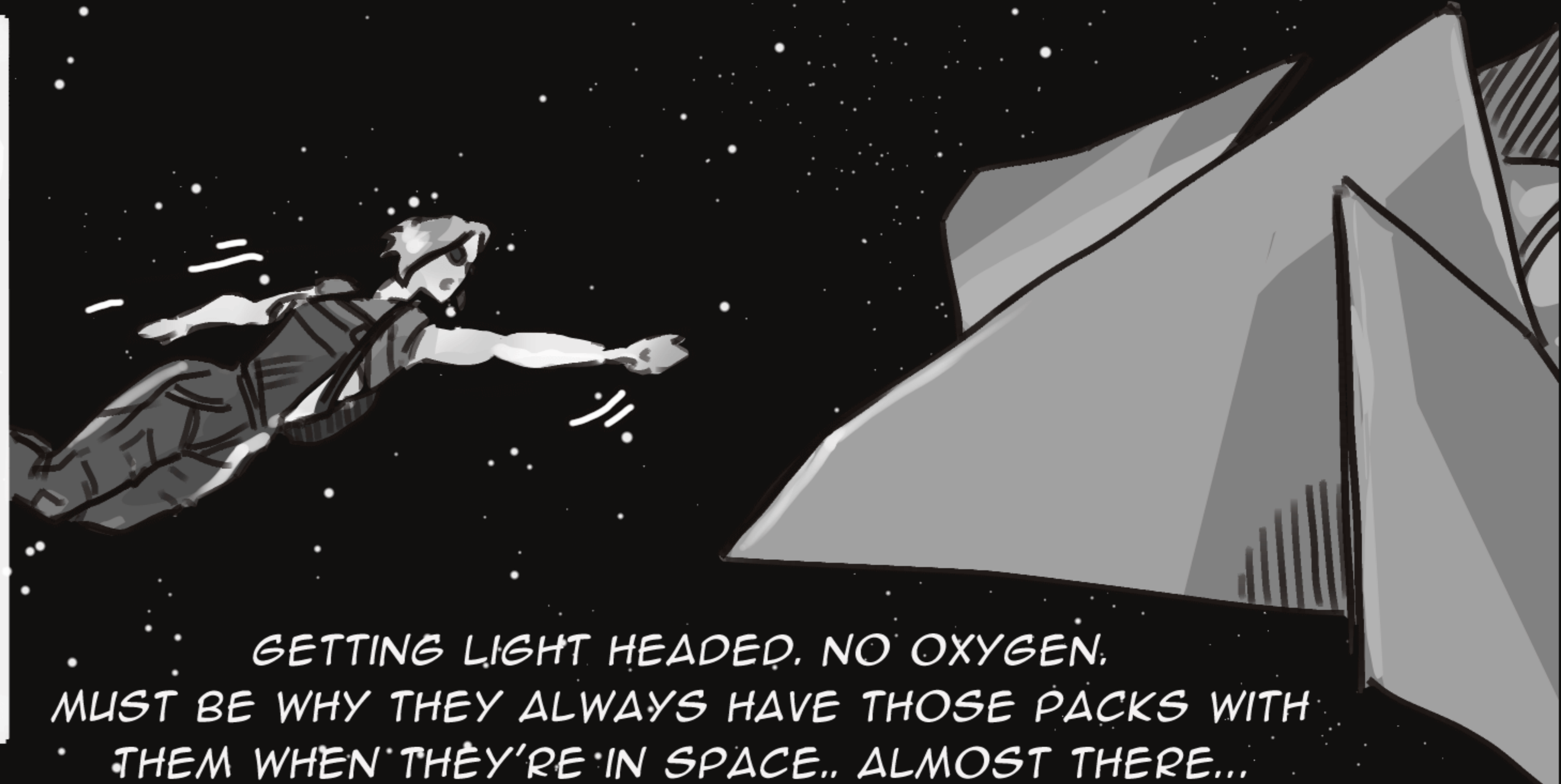
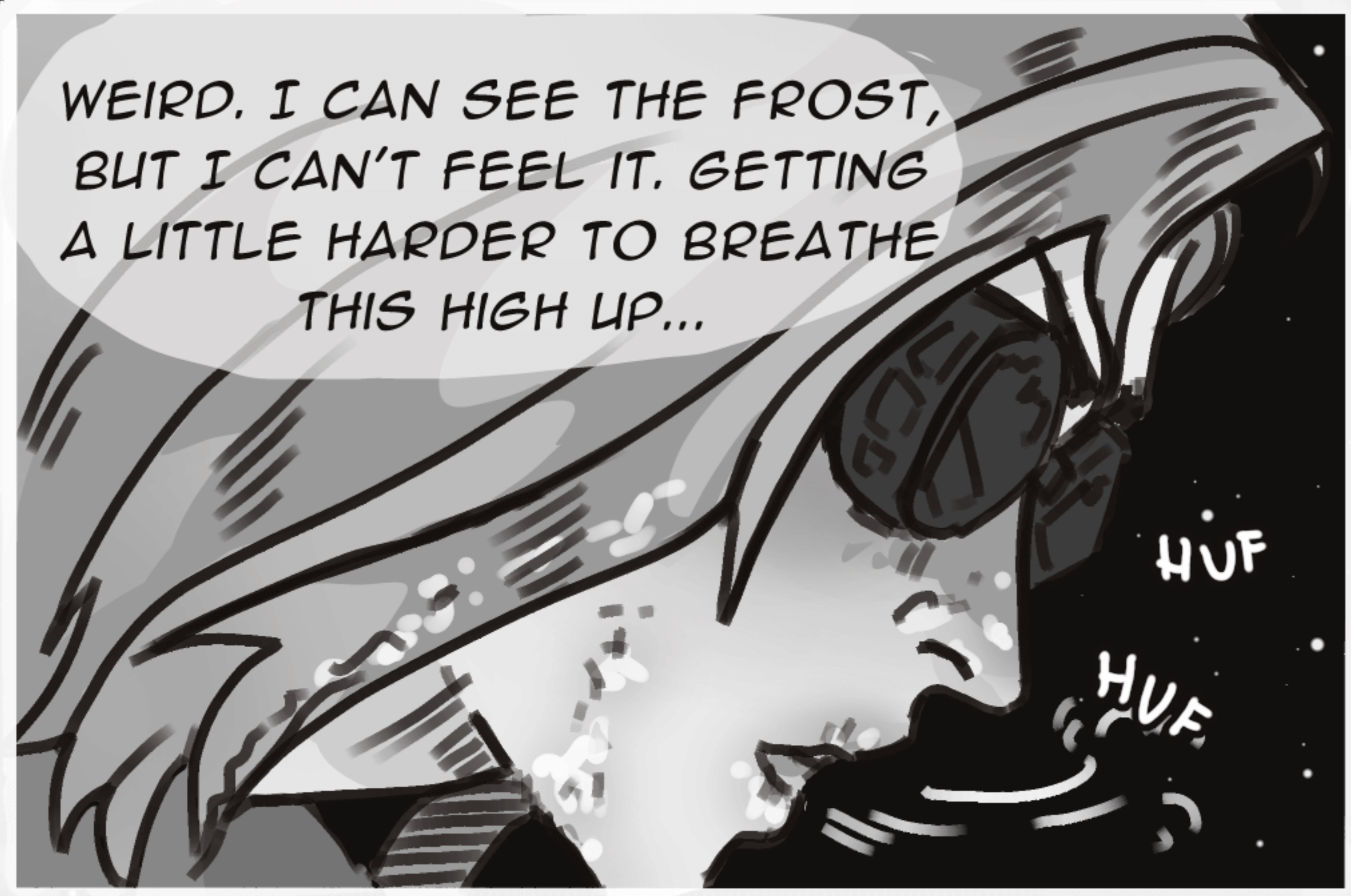
THIS IS SO COOL!

NOW OR NEVER.
HER SHIP IS DIRECTLY
IN ORBIT ABOVE ME.

IF I DON'T GO NOW,
IT'LL BE AT LEAST ANOTHER
CYCLE UNTIL I GET A CHANCE.
AND I HAVEN'T HAD ANOTHER
BEEP FROM THE CONSOLE
IN DAYS.



WEIRD. I CAN SEE THE FROST,
BUT I CAN'T FEEL IT. GETTING
A LITTLE HARDER TO BREATHE
THIS HIGH UP...



GETTING LIGHT HEADED. NO OXYGEN.
MUST BE WHY THEY ALWAYS HAVE THOSE PACKS WITH
THEM WHEN THEY'RE IN SPACE.. ALMOST THERE...

