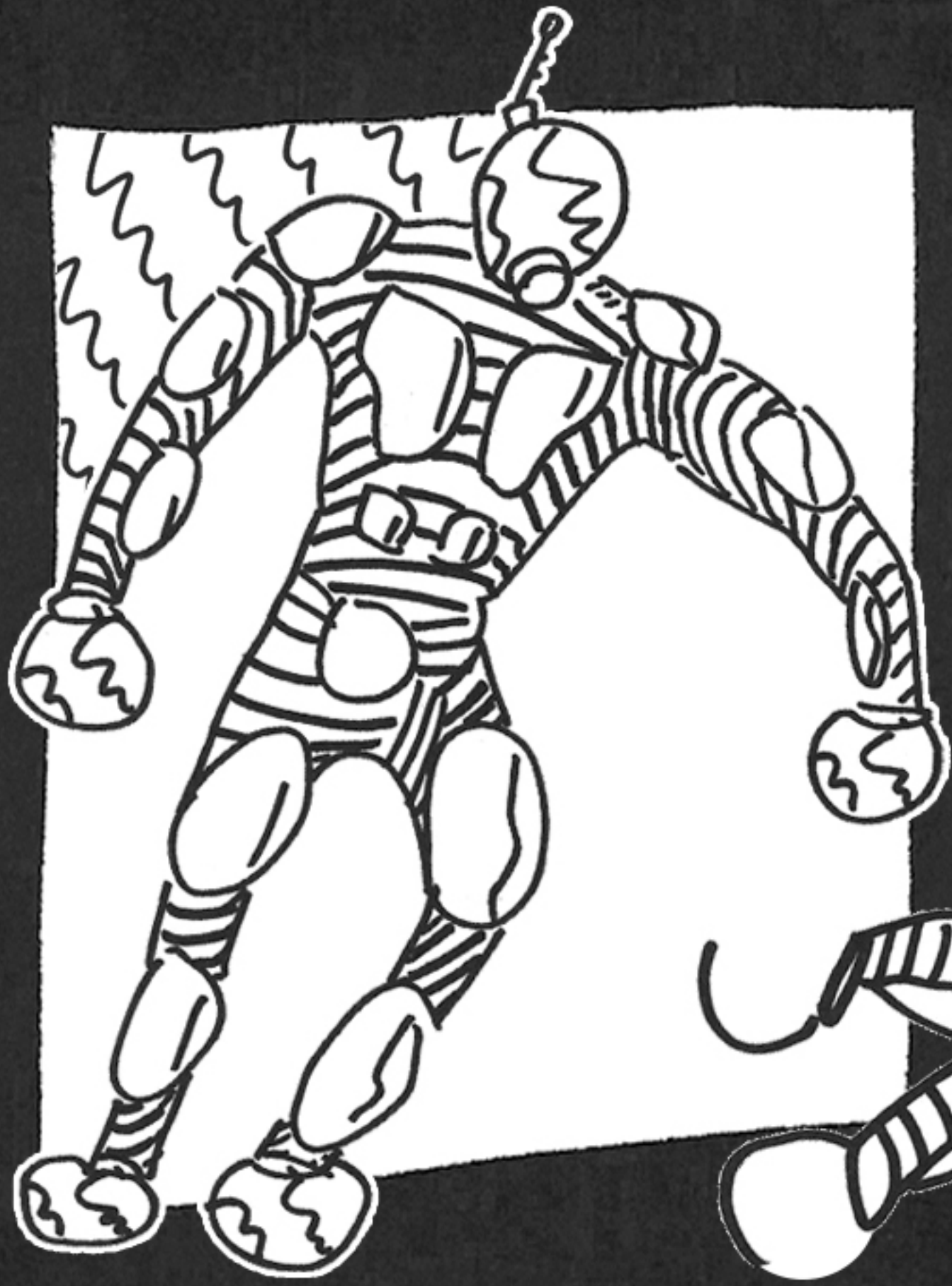


I'M TRAVERSING THE COSMOS IN MY
COSMIC ARMOR!



NEXT I'LL DIMENSION-HOP TO...
OH NO! A **DOUBT NEBULA!**
AND NO WAY TO DODGE IT!

THE DOUBT NEBULA IS MAKING
ME WANT TO REMOVE THE COSMIC
ARMOR KEEPING ME ALIVE...

THE ARMOR KEEPS OUT THE MADNESS
THAT COMES FROM LONG JOURNEYS
THROUGH SPACE AND THE MAJESTY OF
ITS VASTNESS AS I WANDER IN SOLITUDE,
ONE OF THE LUCKY FEW WHO DRIFTED
AWAY AFTER THE
EARTH WAS
DESTROYED...

I CAN FEEL THE
ARMOR CHAFE
AGAINST ME...

IT'S GETTING
STUFFY IN
HERE...

I FEEL
TRAPPED...



I CAN'T



TAKE IT!



I GIVE IN.
MY ARMOR, GONE.

WITH MY CONCENTRATION BROKEN,
EVEN THE INNER LINING
OF MY ARMOR IS BEING
STRIPPED AWAY...

WHAT A FOOL I AM!
EVEN MY GUTS,
SPILLING INTO SPACE!

**THIS IS
THE END!**

