

FULCRUM
COMIKSI



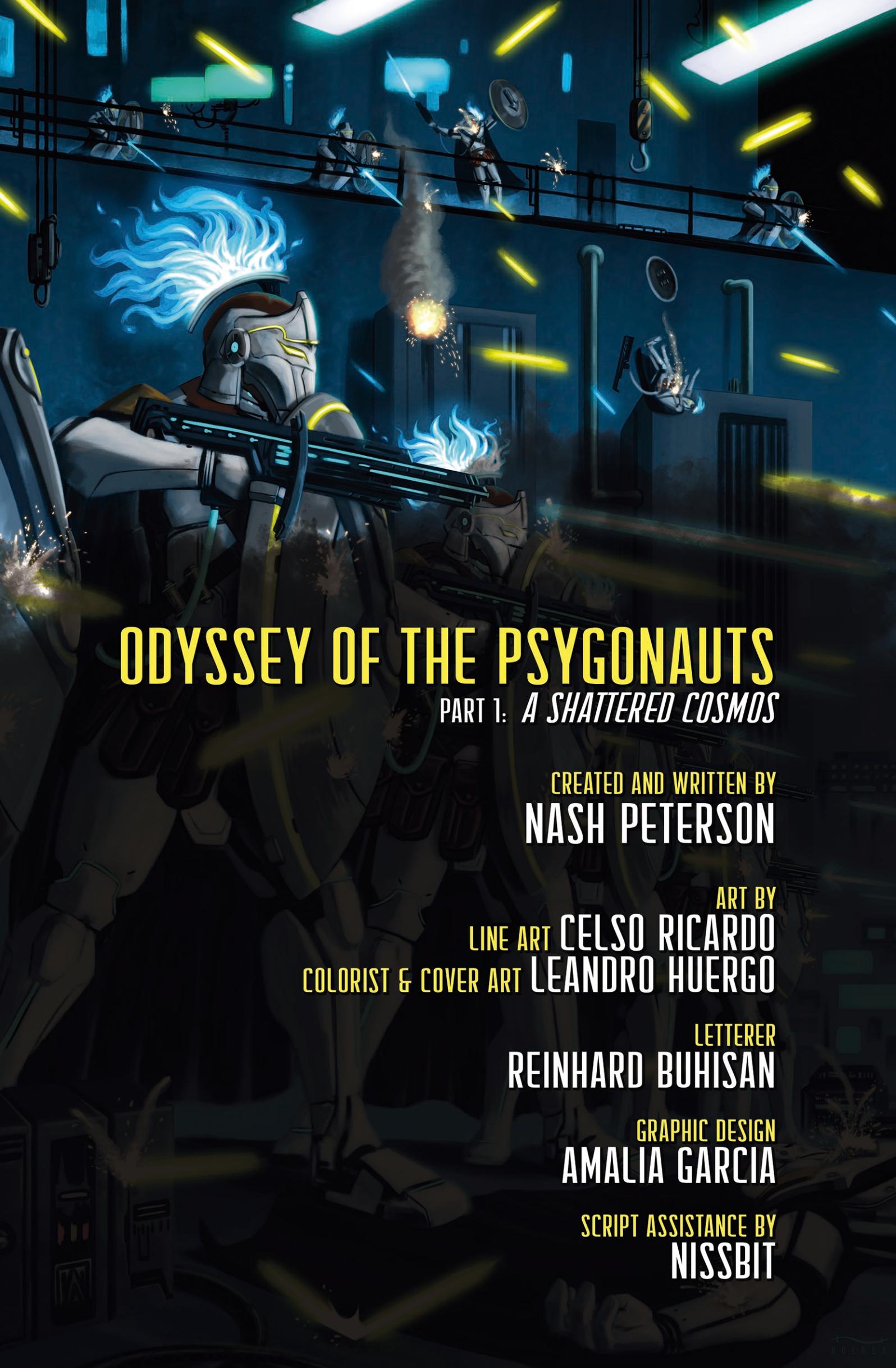
#1

ODYSSEY

OF THE

PSYGONAUTS





ODYSSEY OF THE PSYGONAUTS

PART 1: *A SHATTERED COSMOS*

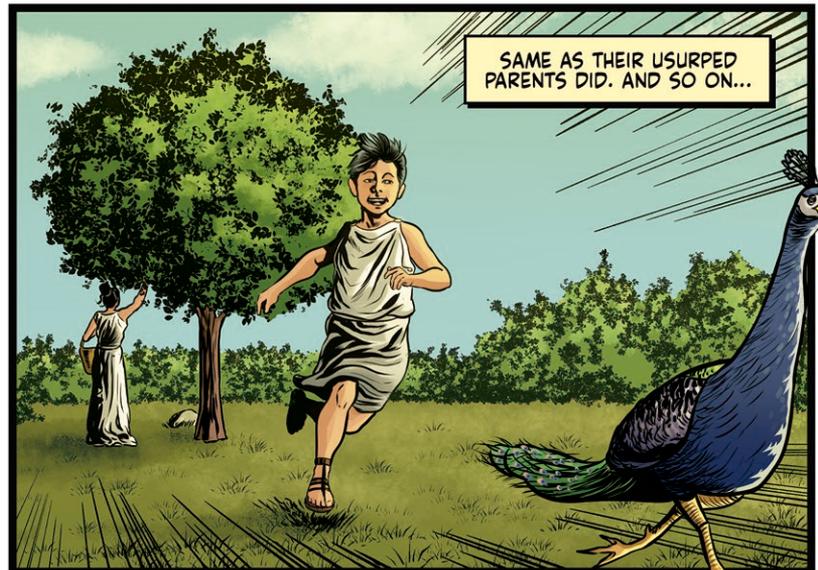
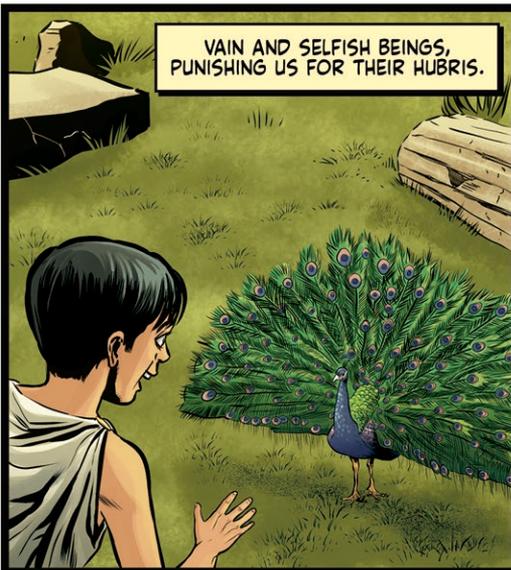
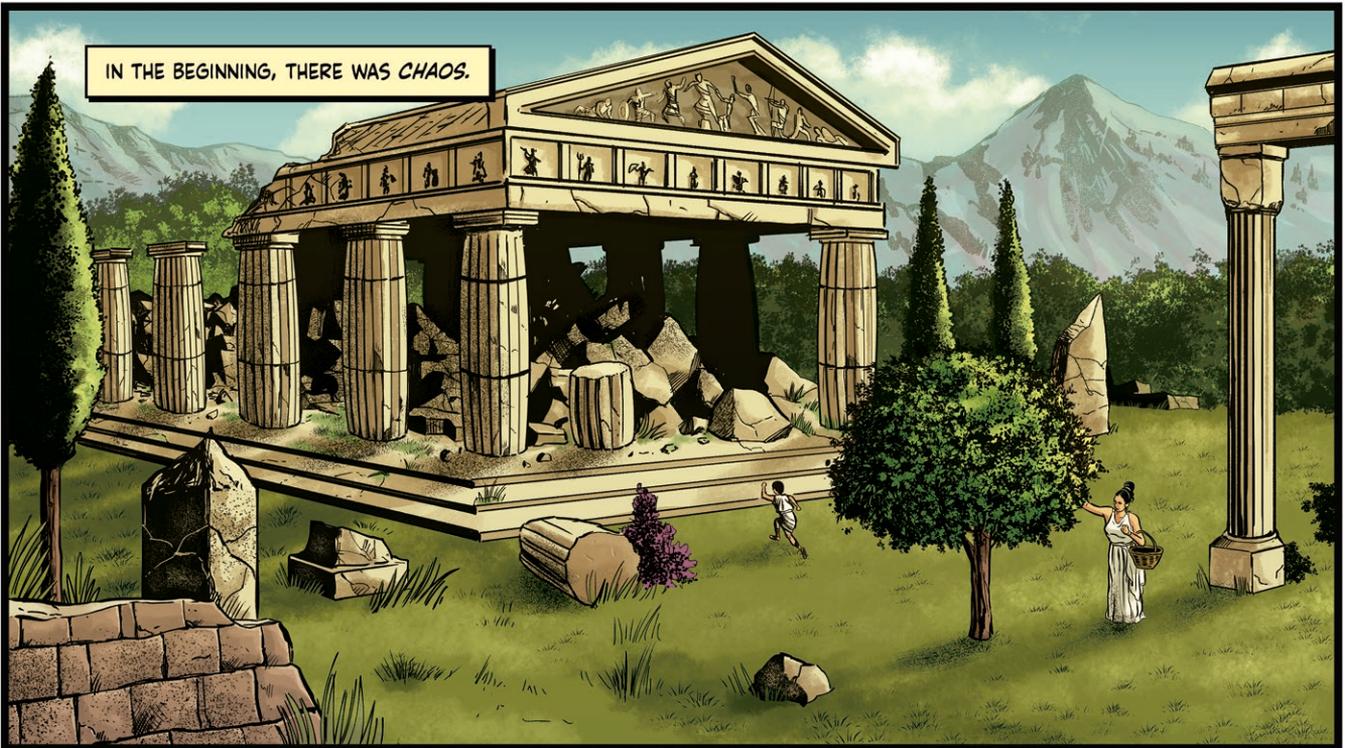
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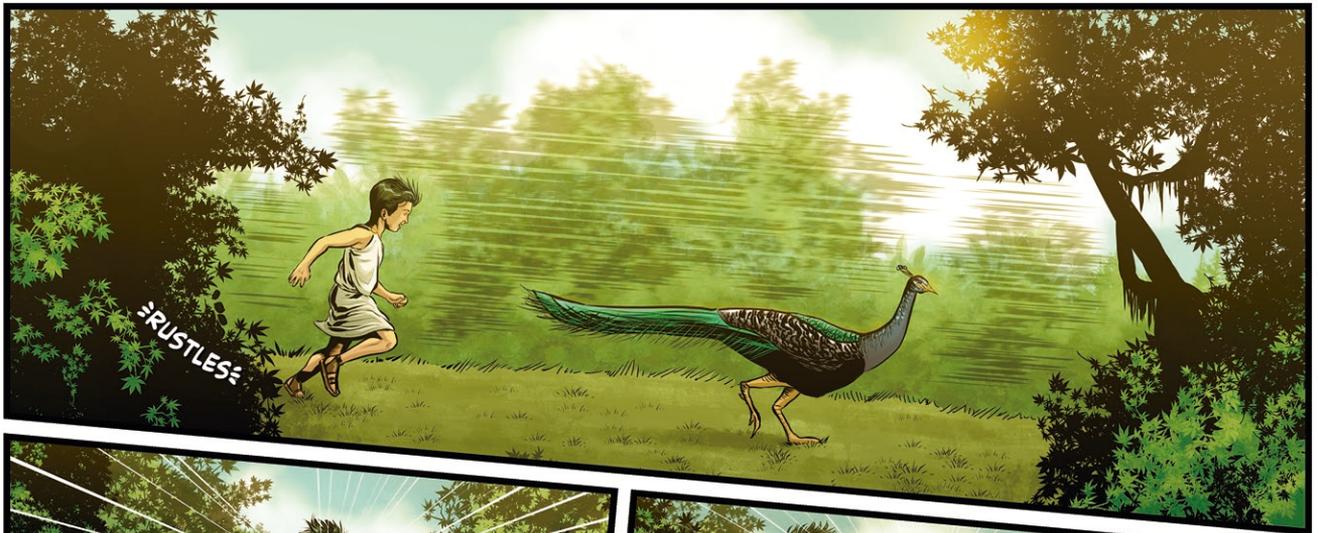
ART BY
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LETTERER
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GRAPHIC DESIGN
AMALIA GARCIA

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UNDER THEIR WATCH,
THE COSMOS CONTINUED
AS IT ALWAYS HAD:



THE NEW GENERATION
REPLACING THE OLD.



UNAWARE THE OLD
ORDER WAS...



BOOM

...IN ITS DEATH THROES.

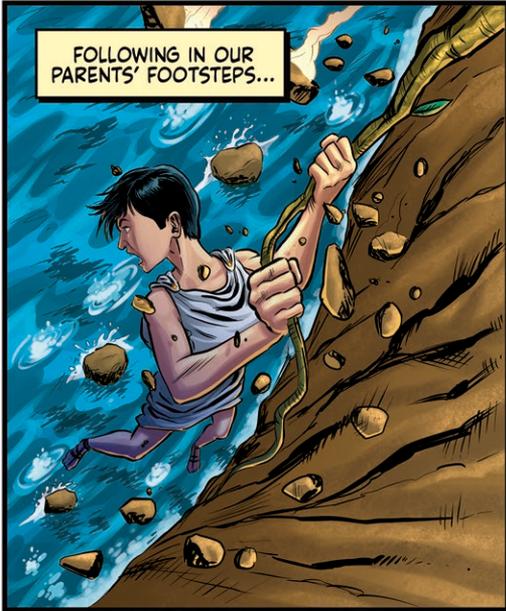


AND THEIR
REPLACEMENTS
WERE OUT...



...FOR BLOOD.





FOLLOWING IN OUR PARENTS' FOOTSTEPS...



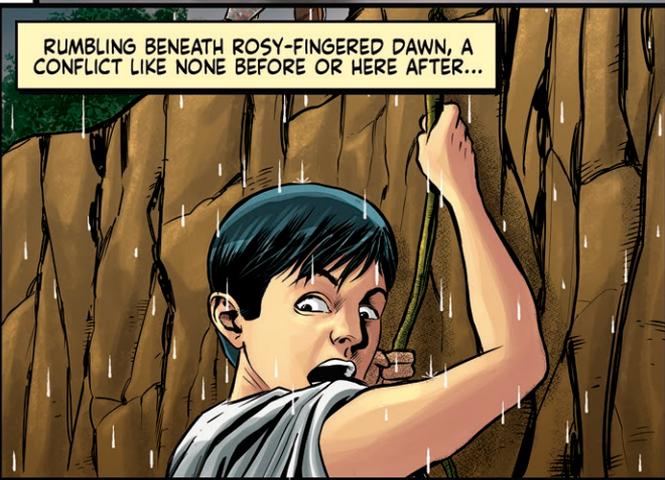
IN OUR ETERNAL HUBRIS, THE TRIBES OF THE PATROKONOI-HELLECIA STOLE THE COSMOS FOR OURSELVES.



ENDING TYRANNY...



...AND FRACTURING OUR HOME INTO A SECTOR OF DESPOTS, THIEVES, HERETICS & WARMONGERS.



RUMBLING BENEATH ROSY-FINGERED DAWN, A CONFLICT LIKE NONE BEFORE OR HERE AFTER...



PULLING CREATION OUT, BY THE ROOT, AND TOSS US ALL...



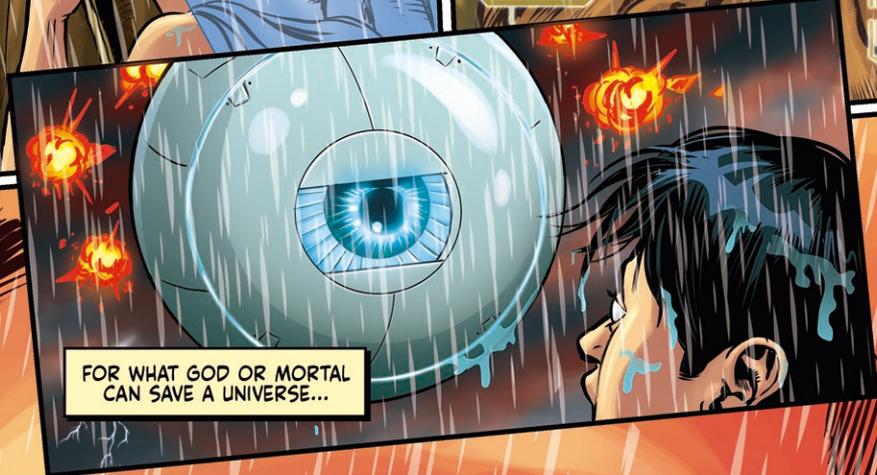
...INTO THE FLAME!



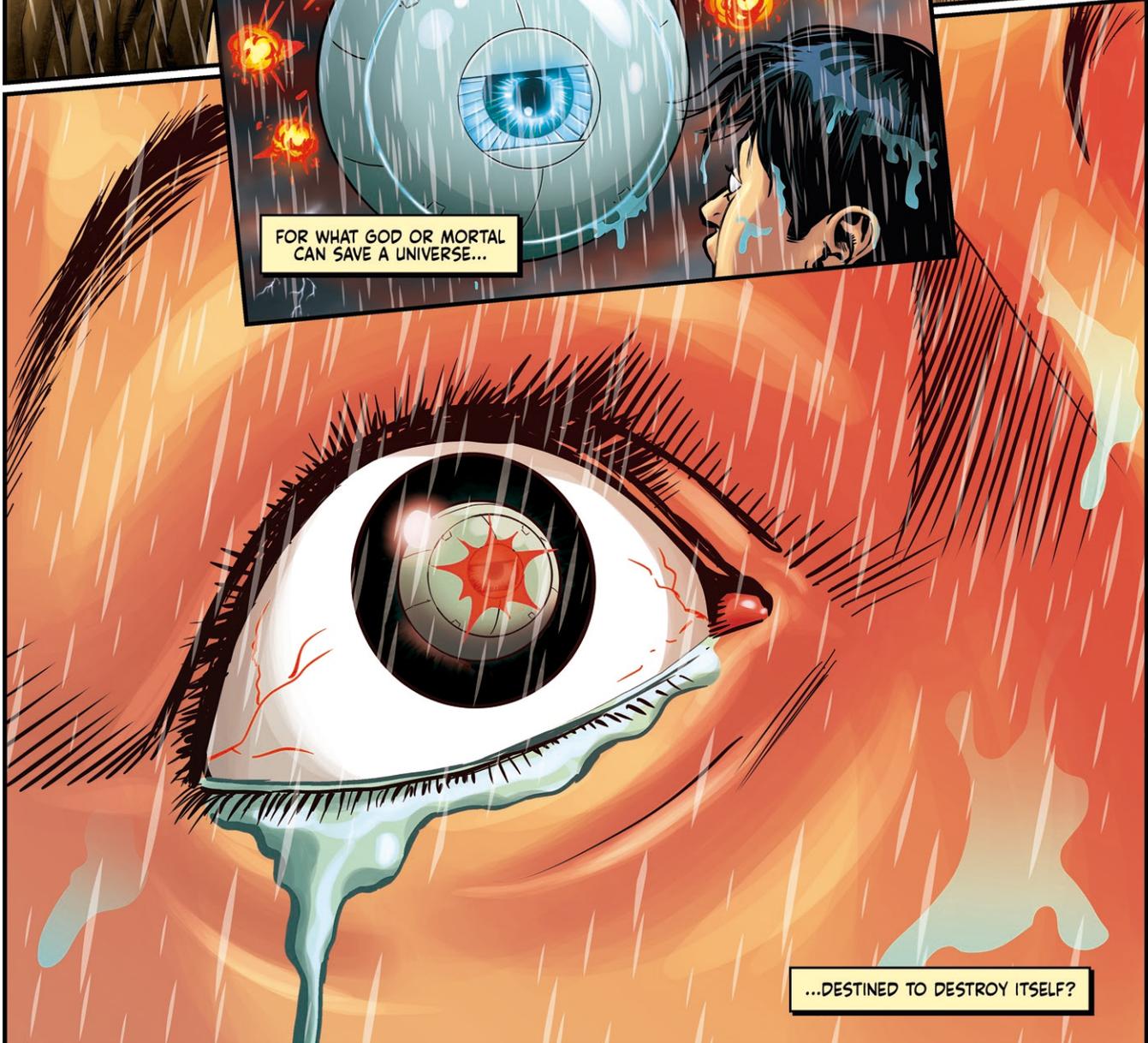
A NEW GENERATION OF HEROES
MUST RISE. TO MEND THE DISCORD...



...AND PRESERVE WHAT'S LEFT FROM
THE GAPPING JAWS OF HADES.



FOR WHAT GOD OR MORTAL
CAN SAVE A UNIVERSE...



...DESTINED TO DESTROY ITSELF?

PRESENT

LIFTOFF
IN FOUR...
THREE...
TWO...
ONE...

MAYDAY!
CATASTROPHIC
BOOSTER
MALFUNCTION.
ALL INSTRUMENTS
ARE NON-
RESPONSIVE.

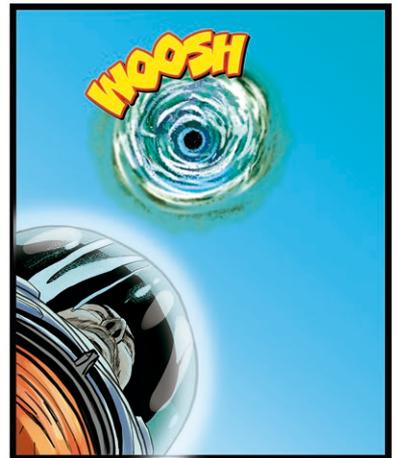
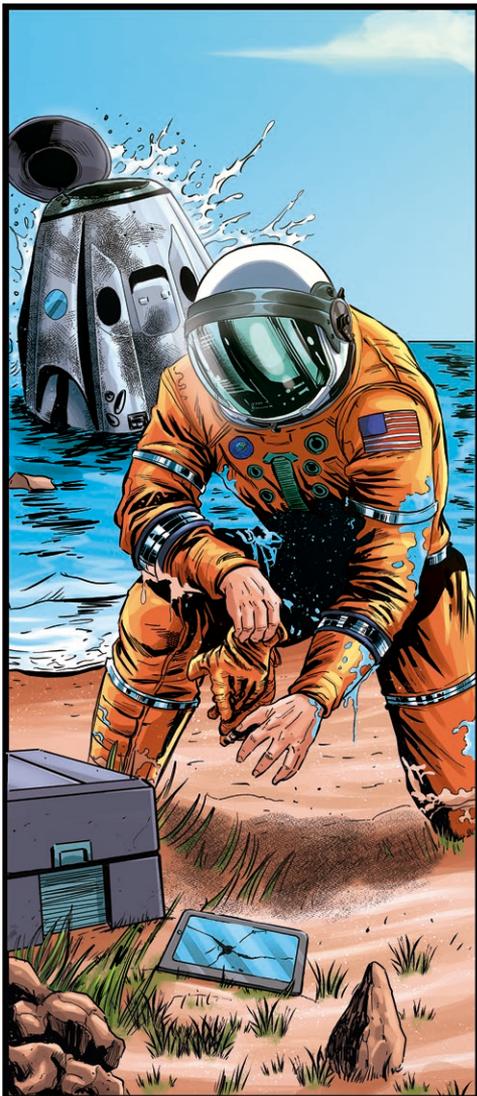
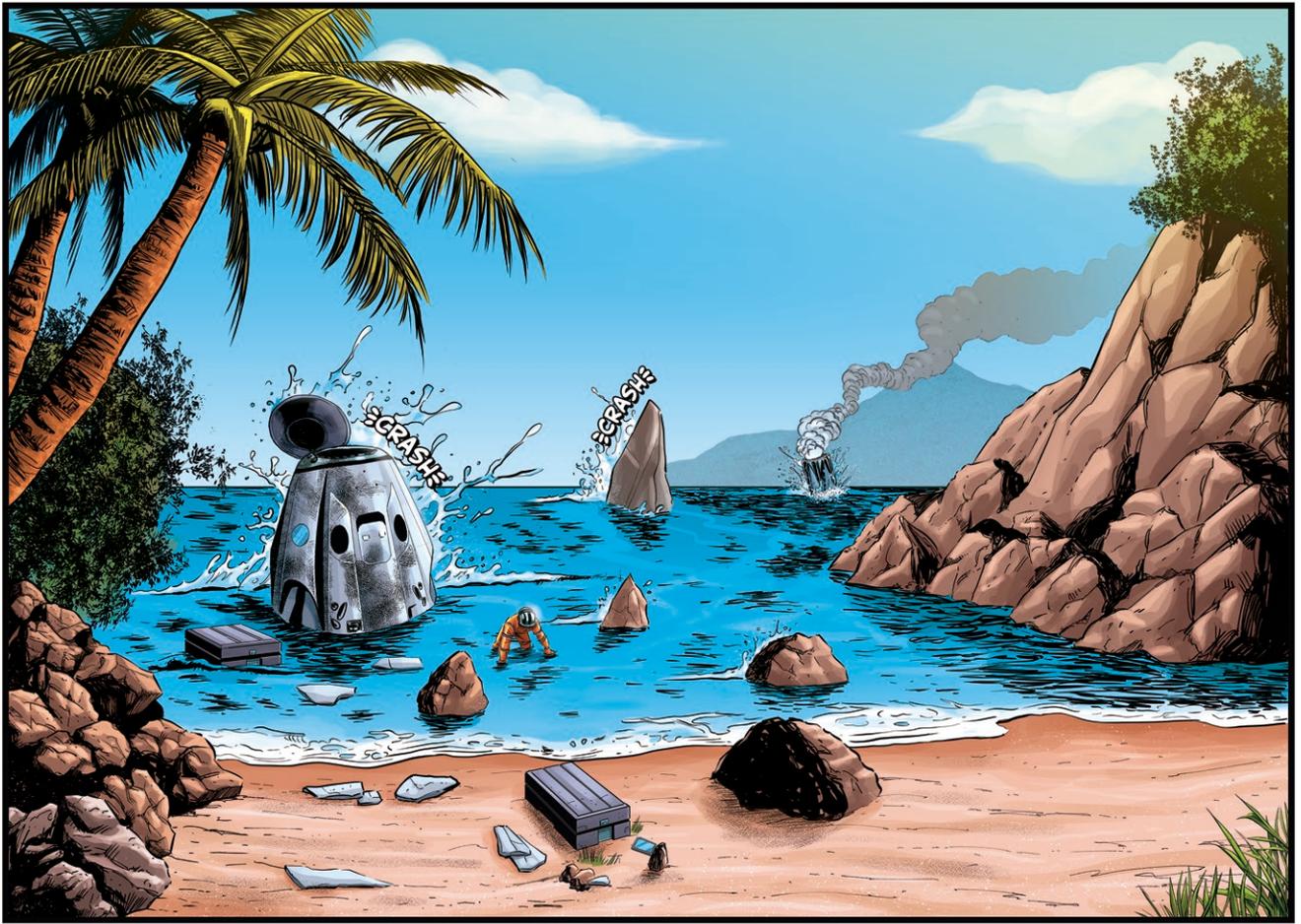
COMMUNING?
COMMANDER
JADOVSKI?!
AJ, DO YOU
COPY?

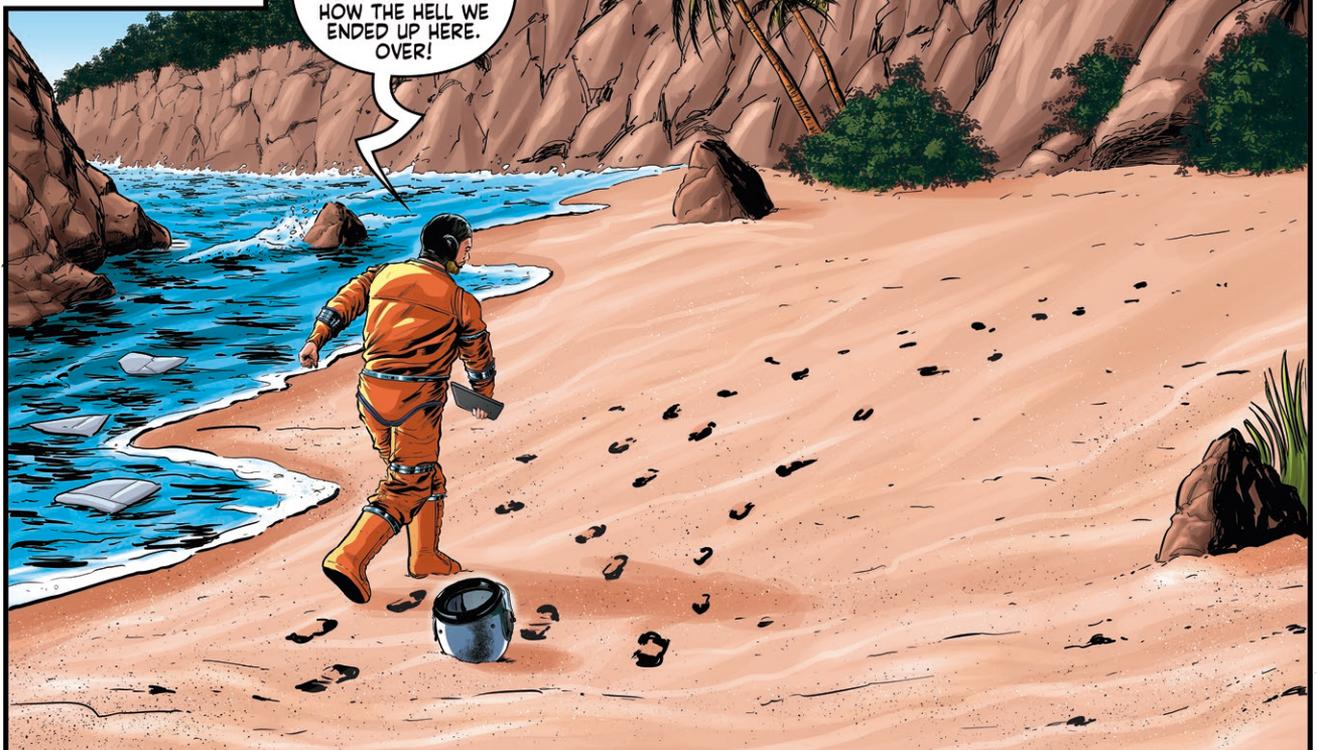
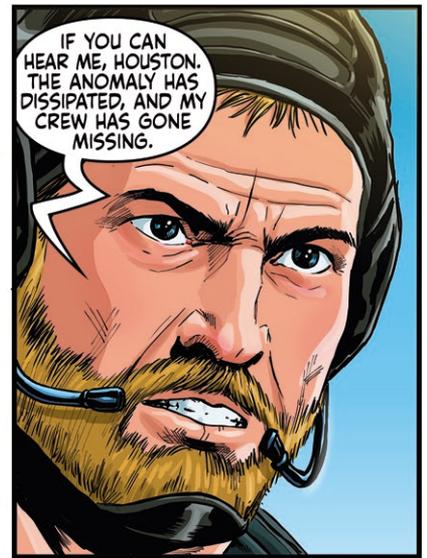
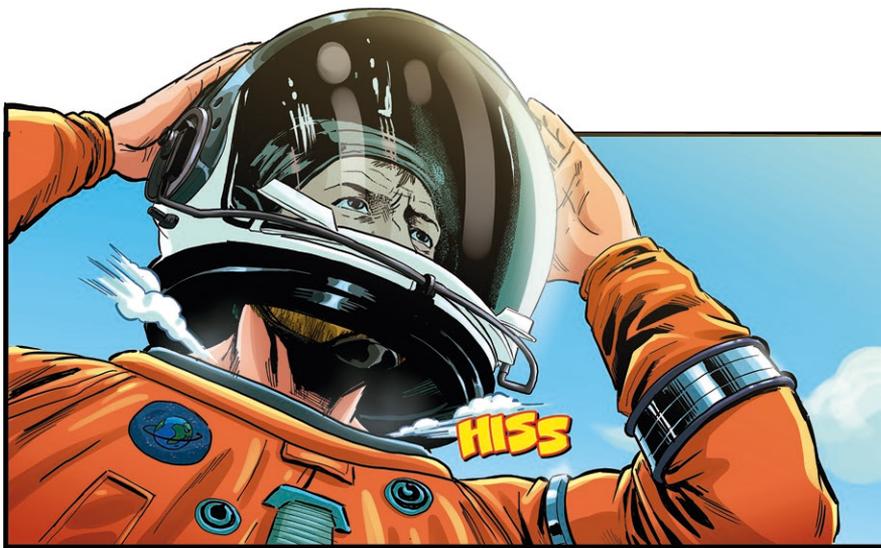
MY GOD!
IT'S SO
BRIGHT, OLLIE.
OLLIE?!

CRASH

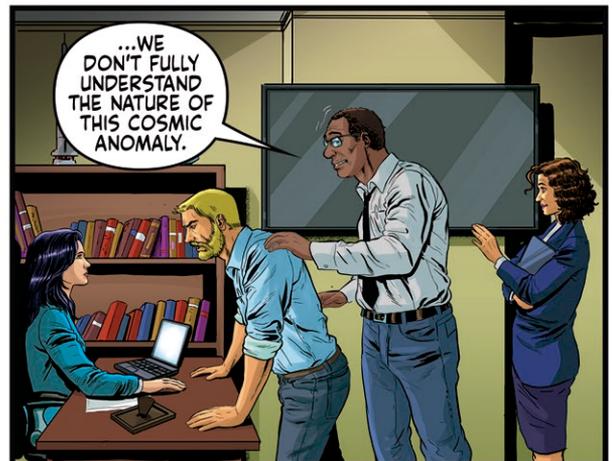
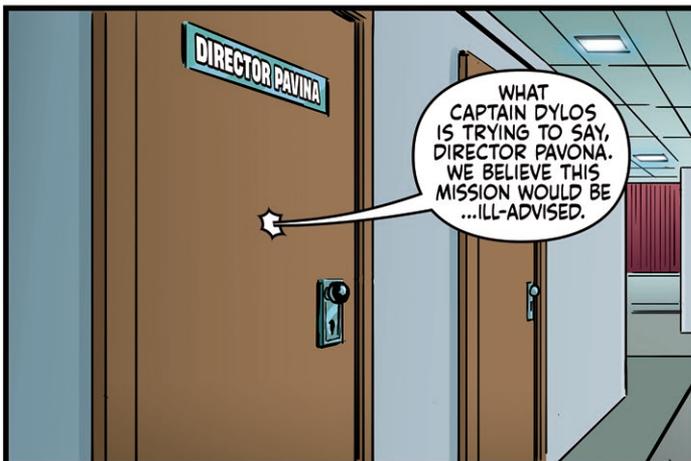
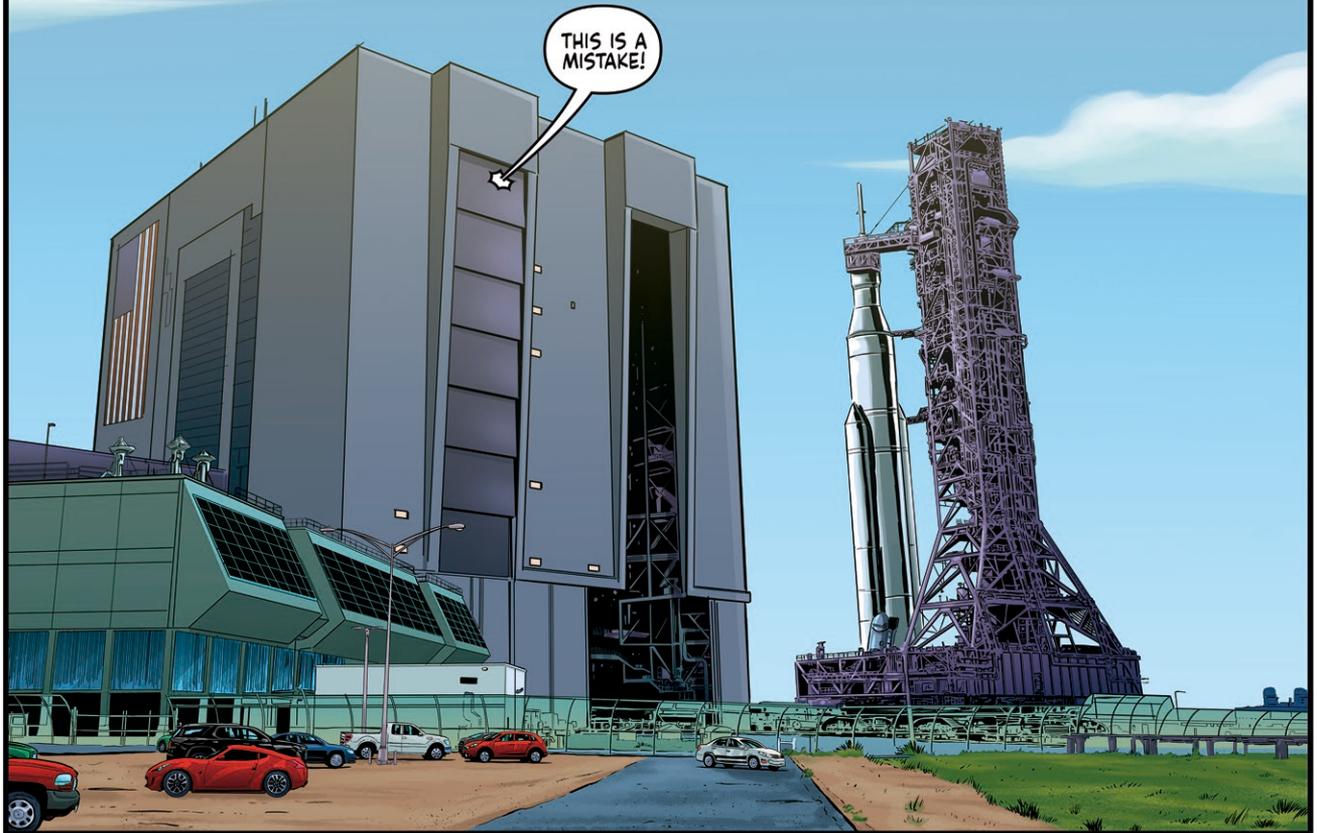
SWAP







PREVIOUS DAY...







AND WHO'LL BE LEADING THIS MISSION? ANYONE ELSE WE'RE CLOSE TO?



WOULD YOU GIVE US THE ROOM, PLEASE?



MY MEMORY'S A BIT HAZY. WHAT WAS THE LAST THING HE SAID BEFORE ENTERING THE ARGO-8? "ANY MOMENT MIGHT BE OUR LAST?"

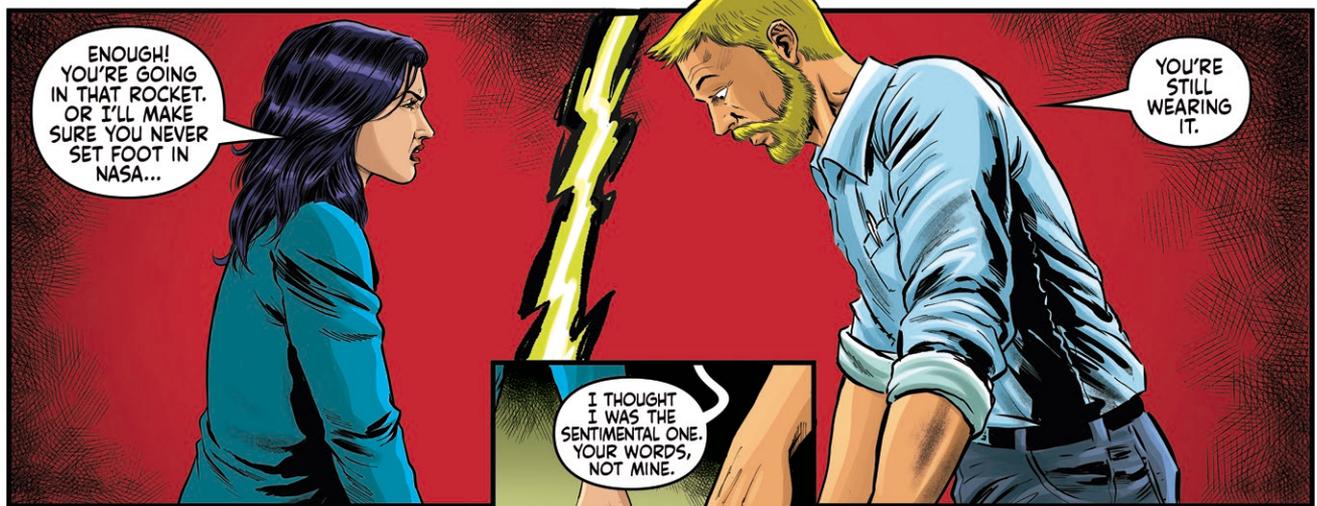
STOP IT! NO ONE'S MORE QUALIFIED TO LEAD THIS OPERATION, CAPTAIN. AND IF SOMETHING GOES WRONG, YOU'RE THE SMART ONE, REMEMBER?

"HATEFUL TO ME ARE THOSE WHO HIDE ONE THING IN THEIR HEART AND SPEAK ANOTHER." NO, THAT'S NO IT.



THIS ISN'T FUNNY! ONE PASS AROUND THE ANOMALY, THAT'S IT.

OR HOW ABOUT: "MY LIFE IS WORTH MORE THAN ALL THE TREASURE IN ILLUS." IS THAT CLOSER?



ENOUGH! YOU'RE GOING IN THAT ROCKET. OR I'LL MAKE SURE YOU NEVER SET FOOT IN NASA...

YOU'RE STILL WEARING IT.

I THOUGHT I WAS THE SENTIMENTAL ONE. YOUR WORDS, NOT MINE.



SPOKEN IN THIS OFFICE. WHEN IT WAS HIS OFFICE.

I REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED. TO THE ROCKET, TO AJ, TO US.

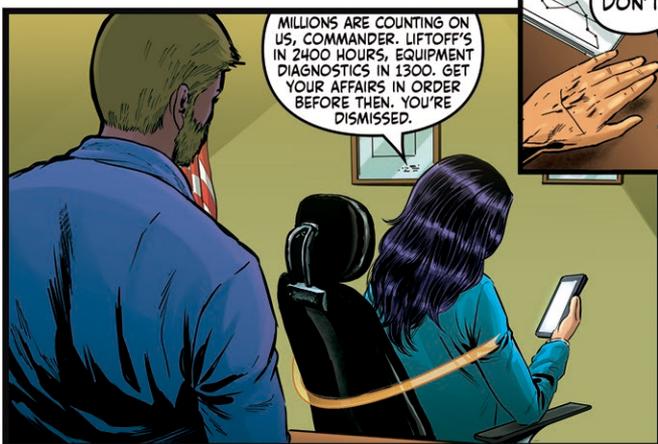
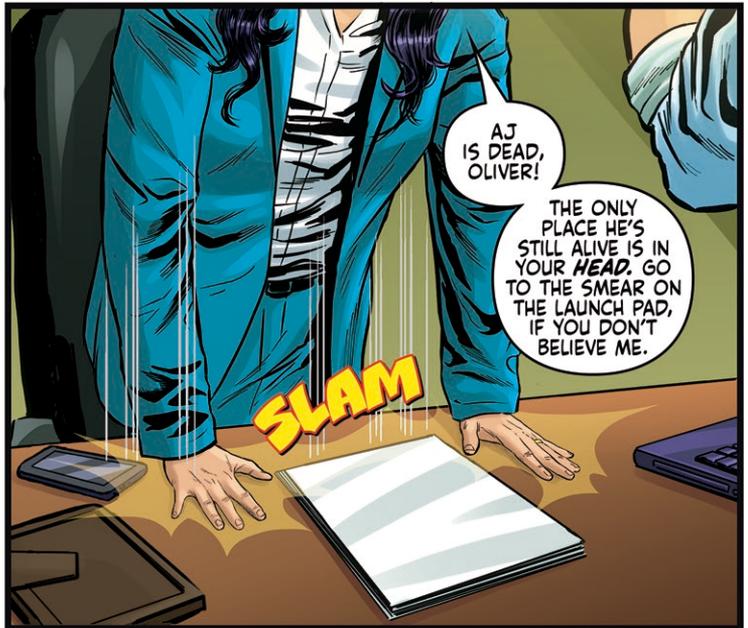
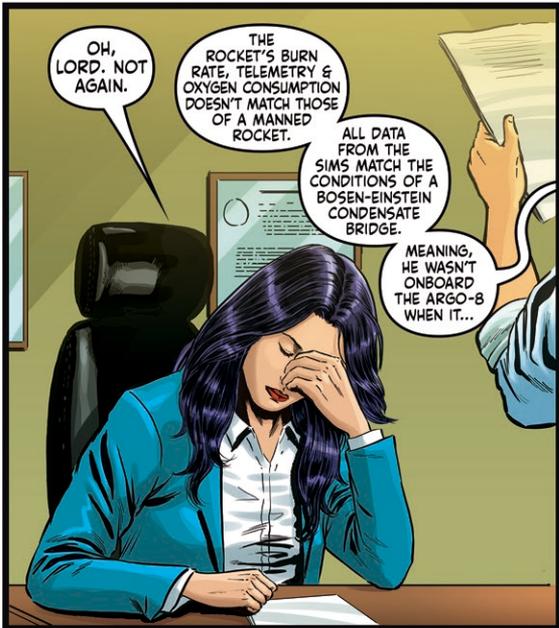
IN HIS MEMORY, CAN WE AGREE TO SHELVE OUR BAGGAGE?

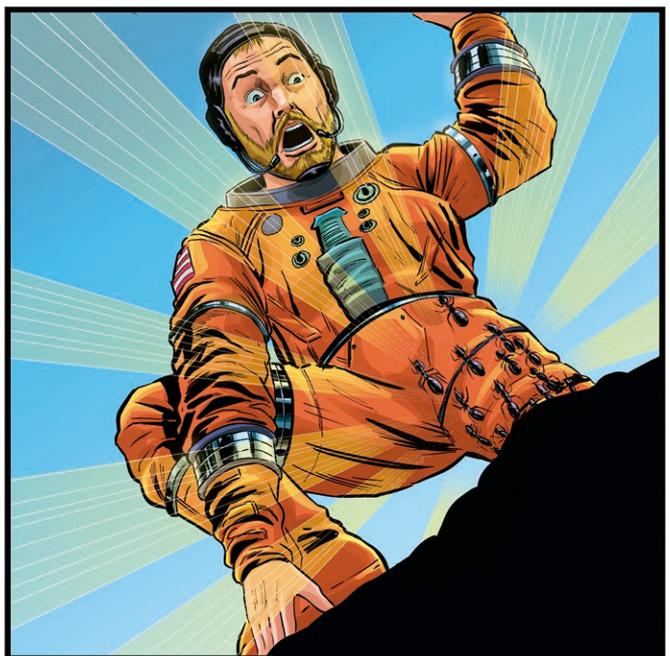
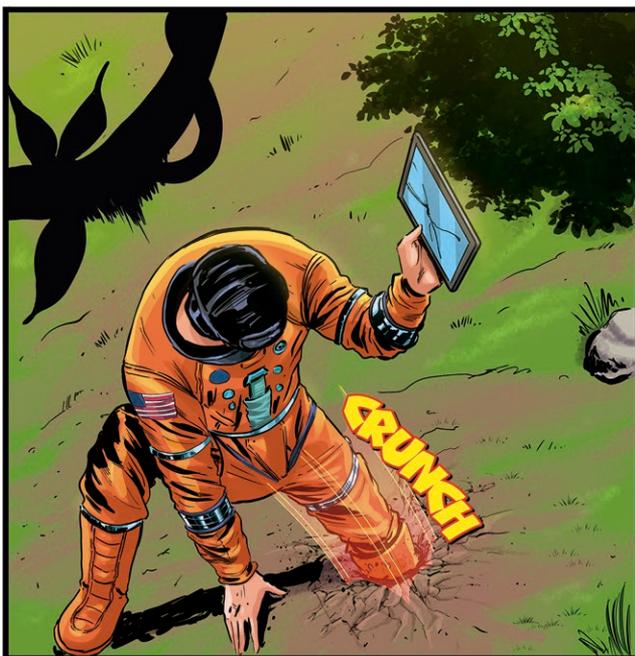


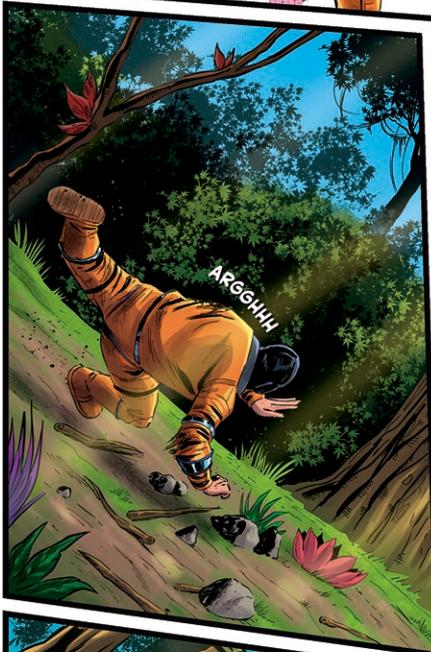
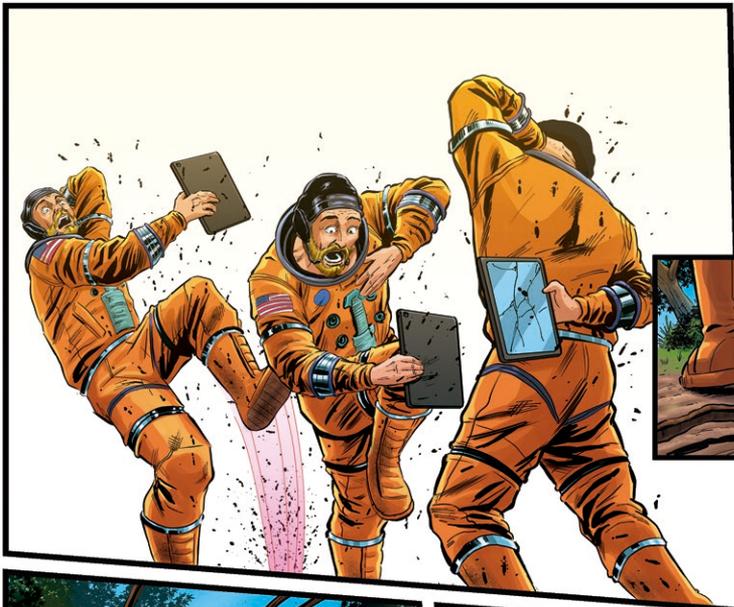
AND PREVENT ANOTHER ACCIDENT FROM HAPPENING TOGETHER...

IT WASN'T AN ACCIDENT.

FLAM







ARGGHH



AWWWWW



THUD



DAMN ANTS! PROMISED MYSELF I'D NEVER COME BACK TO LATIN AMERICA. NOT AFTER...

RIP



WHOOSH



DIDN'T REALIZE WE WERE THIS CLOSE TO BRAZILIAN AIRSPACE. PROBABLY WHY THEY SLOUGED INTO THIS GOD-FORSAKEN JUNGLE.

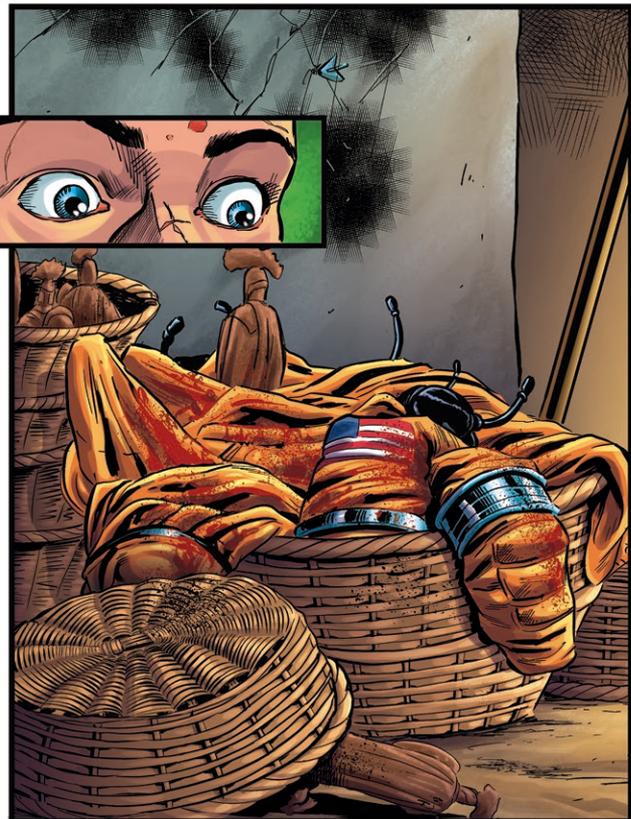
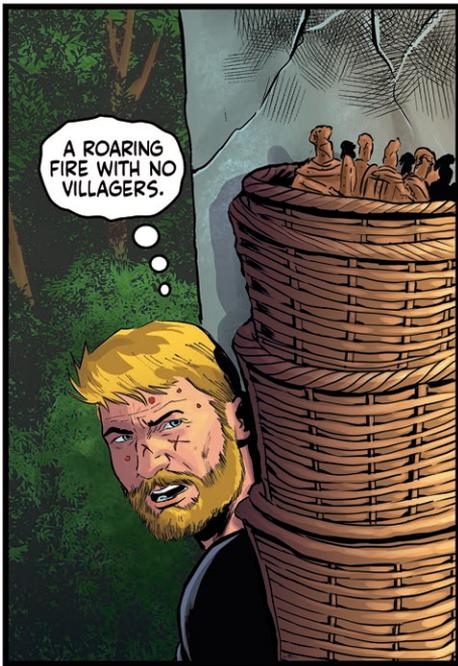


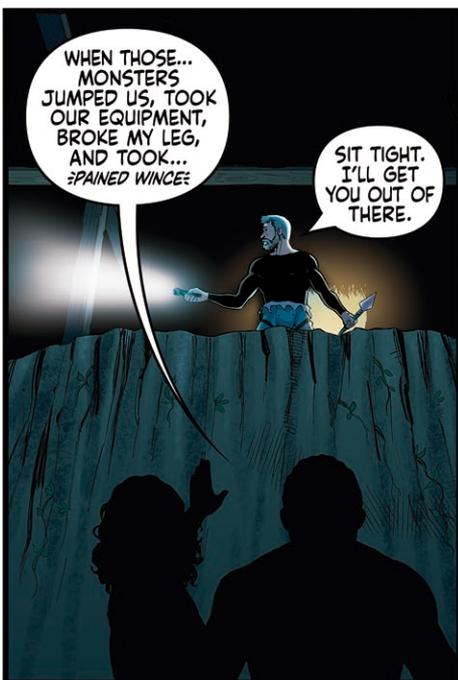
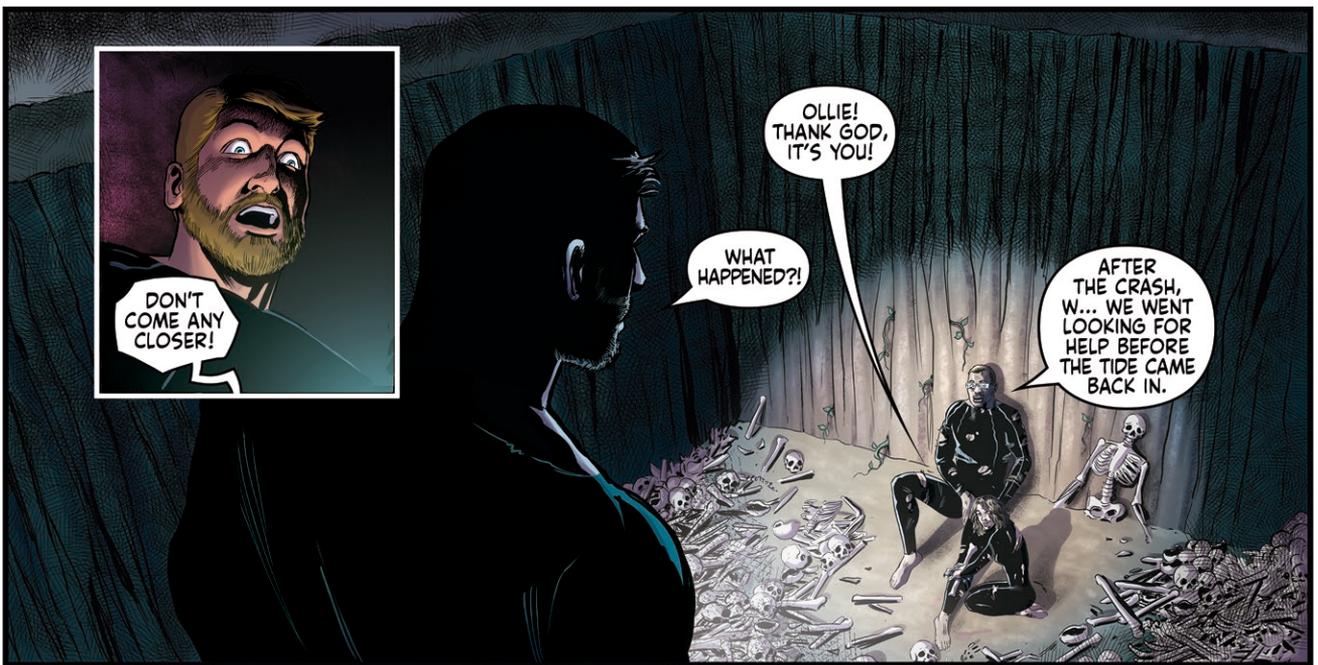
GREAT. NOW I'LL HAVE TO TUNE THE ARGO-9'S RADIO TO AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL TO CALL FOR HELP.



IF THE TIDE HASN'T TAKEN IT BY NOW. OR FIND OUT WHY MY CREW ABANDONED ME IN A SINKING...

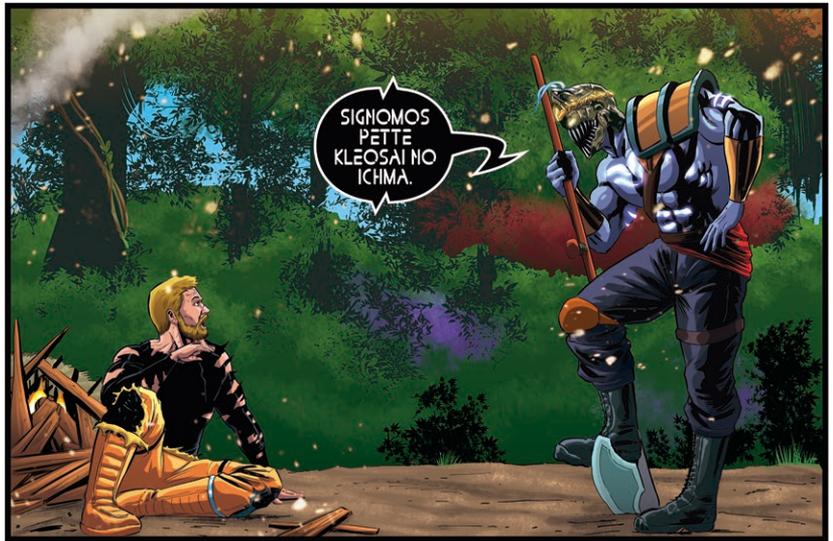












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JOIN OUR CREW ON THIS
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