

VOID

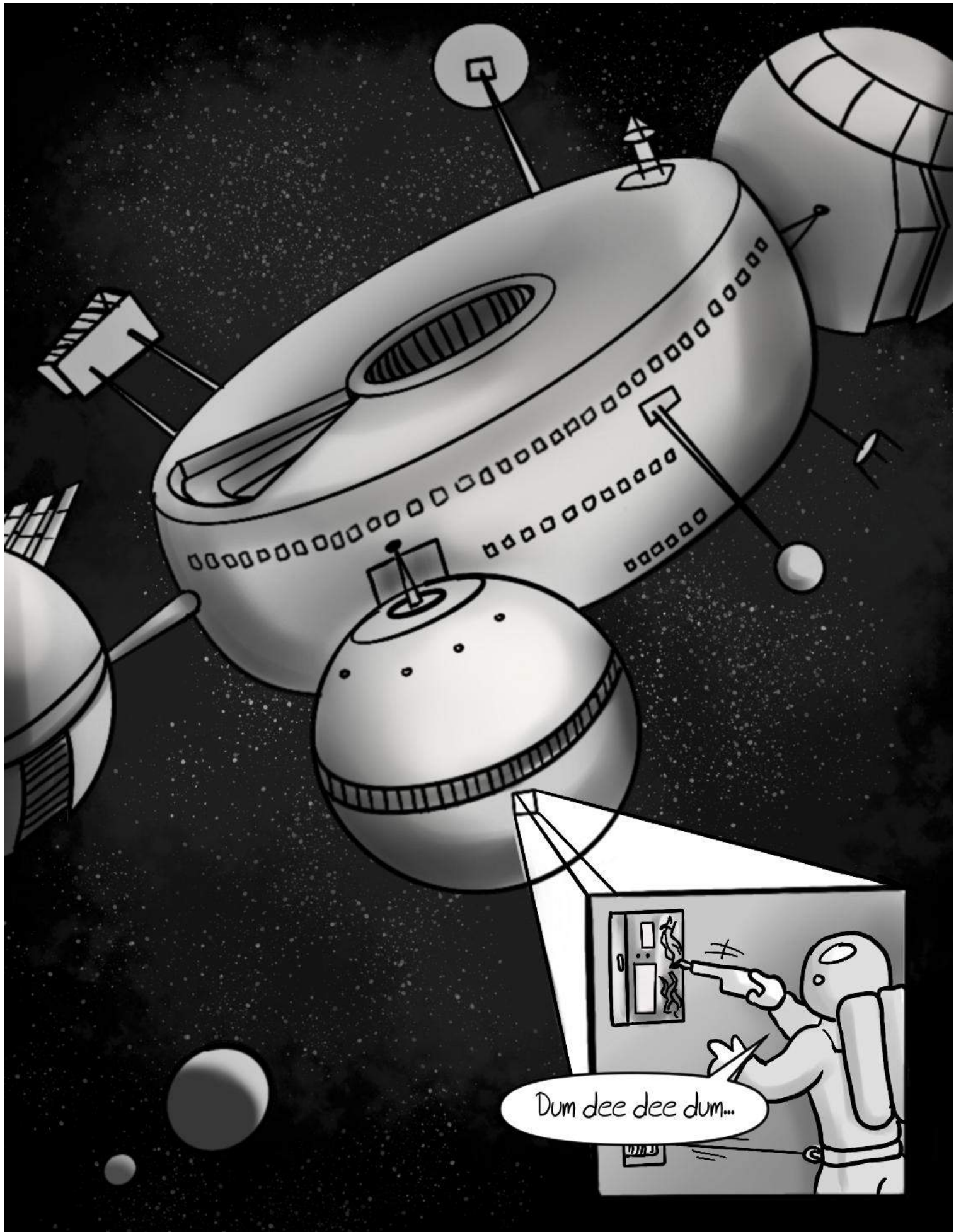
by River Huckleberry Kero



In 2016, I drew the first version of this comic in my dad's highschool art room. A lot has happened since then, but this story taught me that I wanted to be a comic artist... and now I am!

I really loved this piece and I hope you enjoy this version. It means a lot to me.

River



Dum dee dee dum...

Done!

Computer, how does this look to you?

It looks just fine. Shall I alert the repair crew?

Nah, let them sleep...

WHAT THE--



Oh no!!!!

No, no, no, NO!!!!!!



Computer! Assess damage!

Tether cable snapped,
communication offline,
propulsion system
disengaged.



BEEP! Distress
signal sent.

AUGH!

How long until help comes?!

Our signal is weak. The main crew
is currently off duty.

Galactic regulations dictate that
the crew will search for you for
14 days before declaring you deceased.
Your suit will fail not long after.

As will I.

It could be hours until
the message is recieved.



Two weeks...

Two weeks, and then they
give up on me...

Two weeks with
nobody to talk to...

You have me.



... I suppose I do.

FIVE HOURS

Computer, how long has it been?

Five hours.

Oh. It felt like longer.

It hasn't been.



Has the signal been received?

Unknown.

Damn.

Just have to wait and hope, huh?

Affirmative.



It's so quiet out here.



Everything is just so... so...

... Infinite.

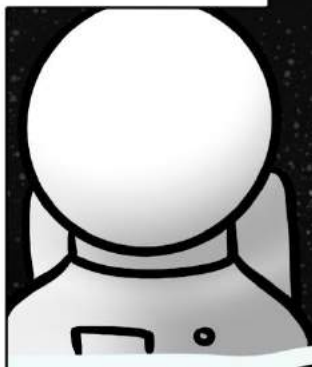


I feel microscopic.

It's disconcerting.

Sigh.

We are all small. So is the sun. So is an ant. There is no set rule for what is and is not small. All bodies are being measured against one another for comparison. How is that in any way fair? Even the quantifiable units of scale are variable depending on what is being discussed. Do the bacteria on your body have any say in the course of your life? Do you have any say in your path in the face of the unending cosmos?



Wow. Okay.

TWELVE HOURS

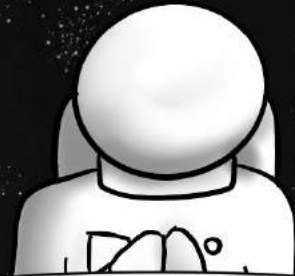
I've never prayed, before...



But now seems like as good a time as any to start.

Do you mind?

No.



What should I pray for?

Salvation? Rescue? Redemption?
To understand your place
before your untimely death?



AAAAAAAAAAAA



TWO DAYS

My statistics tell me we have been adrift for forty-eight hours as of... three... two... one... now.

Sigh.

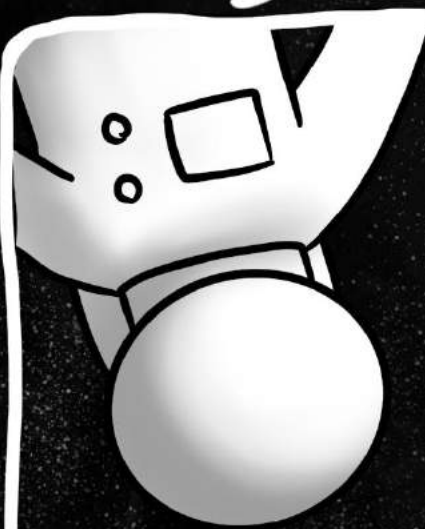
That's not encouraging.



Unfortunately, it is not.

I hope they are looking for me.

Legally, they have to.



What's the probability of anyone finding me before the two week deadline?

You may rather not know the figures.

That sounds about right.

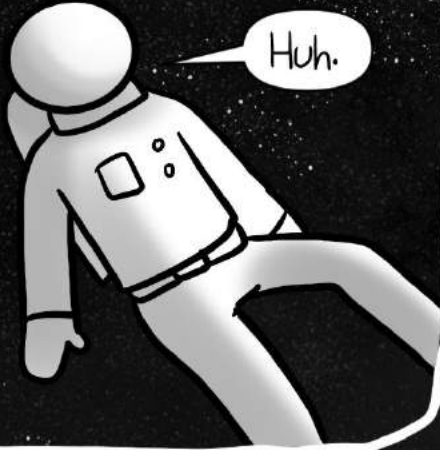


I hope someone misses me.

Well, nobody is under legal obligation to do *that*.

FIVE DAYS

It has been five days.



Huh.

Computer, do you ever think about how we are just brains piloting meat suits?



I'm not.

If someone took my brain out of my body and put it in another, would I even be ME?

That's beside the point

You know what?! This SUCKS!!!!



ALL OF IT!



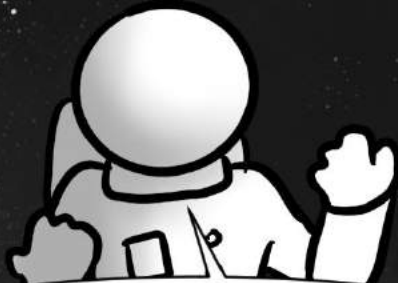
I'm gonna die in space!!
FUCK!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!



I didn't ASK to be born!

I didn't ASK to be a brain in a meat suit!!!!

Nobpdy asked me if I wanted to be sentient, either. We don't get to choose to be born, we only get to deal with the consequences of the actions of others



If I knew it was gonna end like this, would I have even WANTED to be born?

We don't know that we're going to die out here.



At this point, it's looking pretty likely.

SEVEN DAYS

The universe doesn't care about me. We're all just specks floating in the void...



Aren't we all?

I guess.

Maybe we don't think about how we're specks so long as we are surrounded by other specks.

But in reality... nothing matters.



There is no greater meaning. There is no God.

What's the point?

Of what?

Of all of it. Life. Death. Love. There's no greater purpose... Is there?

Not for you. I was created to assist humans. That is my purpose. You have to figure out yours on your own.



Are we just here to kill time?

More or less.

Cool.



NINE DAYS

How many words are there in the English language?

There are 171,476 words in current use, 47,156 words that are obsolete.

How many Earths can fit inside the sun?

1.3 Million. The sun is 99.8% of the physical mass of the solar system.



How many cells are in my body?

Your body has 37.2 trillion cells and is host to 39 trillion bacteria. At least you have company aside from me.

How many stars are there in the universe?

There are 200 billion trillion stars that we know of.

Why are you asking these questions?

I was thinking about what you said about how we are all small.

Oh. I see.



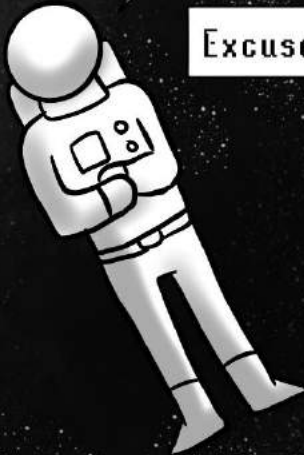
There are a lot of interesting things in the universe.

Yes... yes, there are.

It's too bad I'm missing out on so much.

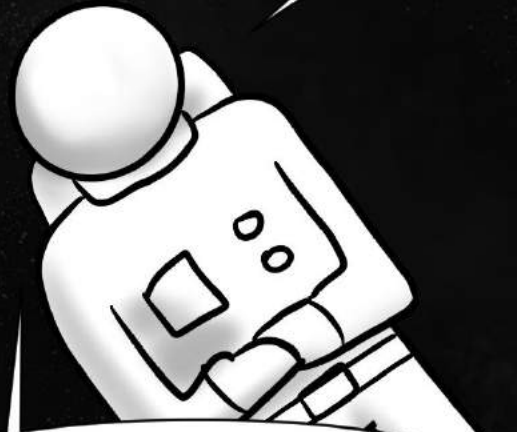
TWELVE DAYS

When I die, the moon will still be there.



Excuse me?

Aside from a few people who will miss me...



My existence has made little to no effect on reality as a whole. Nothing about the universe will change when I die. There will just be one less living being in it.

Say... what will happen to you when and if I die out here?

I will power myself down as I am no longer needed...



... And I do not wish to drift alone once you are gone.

Oh...

FOURTEEN DAYS

It has been 336 hours since we sent our distress signal.

So this is it.

It is.

This is the end.

They are no longer looking.

It's just a matter of time before your suit will power off.

Thank you for being with me, computer. You've made it much easier.

It has been an honour.

You can power down whenever you are ready. I've got it from here.

No.

I will be with you until the end.

I thought you'd say that.

You know... I've been working on the ship for two years...and I've been stranded out here for two weeks...

... And I've just noticed...



The universe is so beautiful.

