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The Eternonaut

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THE ETERNONAUT

Translated from the Spanish by Erica Mena

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

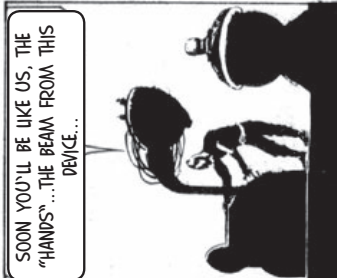
The Eternonaut (*El Eternauta*) is many things: a serialized comic and a cohesive narrative, an action-adventure and a science-fiction story; set in Buenos Aires, it engages readers worldwide. It is a work that addresses local and global politics and culture, taking up the concerns present in its own era of the 1950s and 1960s, yet participating in a continuing artistic inquiry about morality, justice, and humanity. The original story has spawned numerous retellings and has been the subject of a significant body of critical and scholarly work. In the years since its original publication, three films have been made about the series and its creators, along with radio adaptations of the story and several proposals for film adaptations (to date, none completed). It is a complex story that has continued to attract readers at all levels and all over the world. I hope that soon readers in English will come to know the dynamic, thoughtful, surprising world of *The Eternonaut*.

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This excerpt takes place a little more than halfway through the story. Buenos Aires has become the center of a potentially global alien invasion that began with a strange “snow” that killed everything it came into contact with while falling. Only those safely inside airtight houses survived, among them Juan Salvo, our narrator. Juan’s national guard training lands him a commanding role in a citizen militia formed of survivors, which has holed up in a soccer stadium, fighting with inadequate technology against much more advanced weaponry: robotically-controlled “beetles,” flying saucers mounted with alien weapons, and a device that causes hallucinations. Humanity’s ingenuity and critical thinking are their strongest weapons against the much more powerful invaders. Lieutenant Juan Salvo and his second-in-command, Franco, go on a recon mission to the downtown area they believe to be the invasion’s headquarters. There, they are captured by another alien device, a paralyzing beam, that leaves them conscious but immobile and helpless, which is where we join our heroes.



SUMMARY: JUAN SAUO AND FRANCO HAVE BEEN TAKEN PRISONER BY A "HAND" WHO PARALYZED THEM WITH A STRANGE BEAM. HE'S SAID HE IS GOING TO MAKE THEM LIKE THE "HANDS" AND CONTROL THEM IN ORDER TO GAIN ENTRY TO THE RIVER PLATE STADIUM, WHERE THEIR COMPANIONS ARE WAITING...



SOON YOU'LL BE LIKE US, THE "HANDS"...THE BEAM FROM THIS DEVICE...



CHANGES THE STRUCTURE OF YOUR BRAIN... YOU'LL THINK LIKE US AND WORK FOR OUR BENEFIT.



YOU'LL BETRAY YOUR COMRADES AND BE HAPPY TO DO IT!

NO! NO! I'D RATHER DIE!



YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING, HUMAN...WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF DEATH?



BUT...WHAT'S GOING ON?



FRANCO!

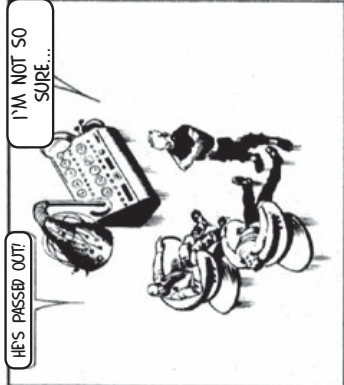
SOMETHING'S WRONG...

AH...AH...AH...



HUMAN! PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER!

IT'S A SEIZURE...THE TEETH OF THE TELECONTROL MUST'VE DAMAGED HIS SPINE!

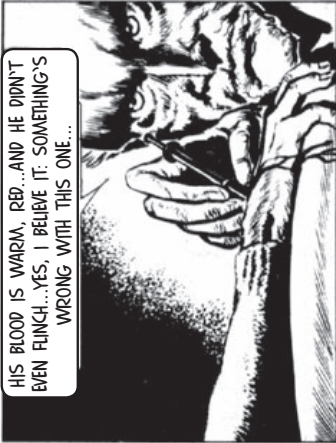


HE'S PASSED OUT!

I'M NOT SO SURE...



HUMANS ARE IMPRESSIVE BEINGS...WE'LL SEE IF HE'S REALLY PASSED OUT...



I CAN'T LET HIM DIE... MEN LIKE THIS ONE ARE RARE. I'LL RUN A FULL DIAGNOSTIC, THEN WE'LL SEE WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM...



I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WORSE. WHAT HAPPENED TO POOR FRANCO OR THE ATTITUDE OF THE "HAND"... TO HIM WE'RE JUST ANIMALS!



(WHAT'S HE DOING NOW?)



I SEE... DEMAGNETIZING THE METAL BAND... WHERE'S HE TAKING HIM?



LET'S GO, MAN... MY MACHINES WILL DETERMINE WHAT'S THE MA...



FRANCO! YOU'RE OK!

IT WAS ALL AN ACT, LIEUTENANT... TO STOP HIM FROM PUTTING YOU IN THAT MACHINE...



...AND TO SEE IF I COULD TAKE HIM... I WAS LUCKY IT WORKED... AN ADVANTAGE OF HAVING ACTED IN A THEATER GROUP AT THE FACTORY...



AMAZING, FRANCO... BUT WE HAVE TO HURRY. LOOK, PRESS THESE BUTTONS ON THE SIDE OF MY CHAIR...



I DON'T KNOW HOW I KEPT IT TOGETHER. THE SITUATION HAD CHANGED SO FAST... HOPE WAS SUDDENLY REBORN... BUT, OF COURSE, I'D ALREADY BEEN THROUGH SO MUCH...



...I WAS READY FOR ANYTHING. LIFE, AWARDNESS, DEATH, IT WAS ALL FAMILIAR NOW...

WHAT'LL WE DO NOW, LIEUTENANT?



I THINK WE SHOULD TAKE HIM WITH US, CAREFULLY... HE'S OUR FIRST REAL PRISONER...



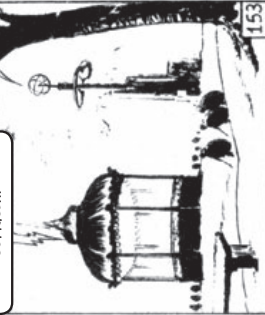
THE SENSOR! IT MUST GO OFF AUTOMATICALLY WHEN AN ENEMY IS NEARBY!



WHAT'RE YOU DOING, FRANCO? IN A MINUTE WE'LL BE OVERRUN BY "HANDS!"

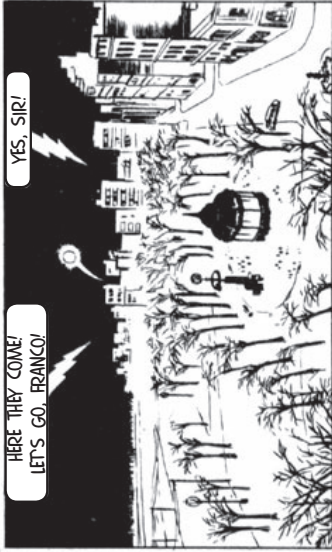


GETTING OUR WEAPONS. SIR... AND LEAVING A LITTLE SURPRISE...





SOMEONE'LL PICK UP THOSE GRENADES...
AND THEY'LL SET THEM OFF!



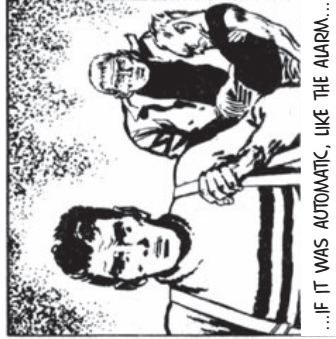
HERE THEY COME!
LET'S GO, FRANCO!

YES, SIR!



WE CAN PAST "BEETLES" AND AUTOMATIONS. NONE OF
THEM MADE THE SLIGHTEST MOVE TO STOP US...

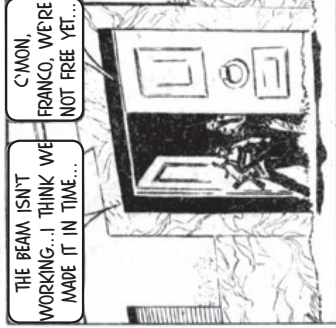
OF COURSE, WE HAD THE "HAND"
THAT DIRECTED THEM...THEY WERE
PUPPETS WITHOUT STRINGS...I
REMEMBERED THE PARALYZING BEAM
TOO LATE...



...IF IT WAS AUTOMATIC, LIKE THE ALARMA...



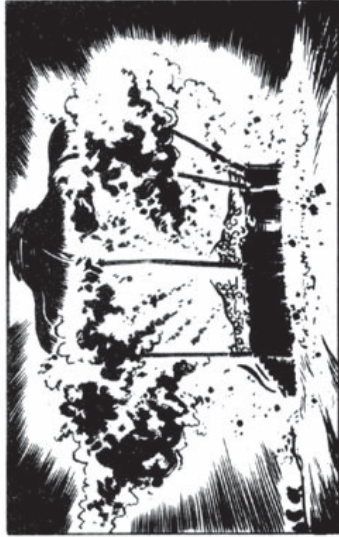
...WE WERE LOST. WE'D BE AT THE MERCY OF THE
"HANDS" AGAIN...



THE BEAM ISN'T
WORKING...I THINK WE
MADE IT IN TIME...

C'WON,
FRANCO, WE'RE
NOT FREE YET...

THERE'LL BE A SWARMA OF BEETLES AND ROBOT-
MEN CHASING US SOON...



THE GRENADES: THE
TRAP WORKED, SIR!

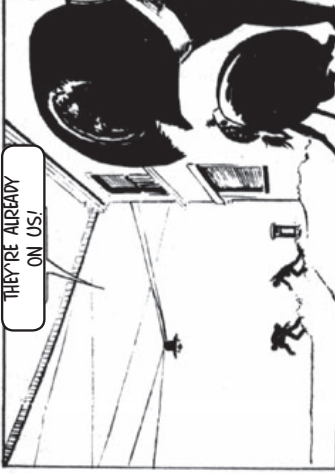


YES. KEEP
GOING...

I WASN'T
OVERJOYED. IT WAS
GOOD TO CAUSE
THEM DAMAGE,
BUT...NOW THEY'D
CHASE US RELENT-
LESSLY, RAPIDLY,
FURIOUSLY!



HURRY, FRANCO! THE EXPLOSION WILL HAVE THEM ALL AFTER US!



THEY'RE ALREADY ON US!

THE "HANDS" COMRADES OF THE ONE WE'D CAPTURED, REACTED FASTER THAN I COULD HAVE IMAGINED: THEY SENT A NEAR-ARMY OF "BETLES" AND AUTOMATONS AFTER US.



MAYBE WE SHOULD LEAVE HIM! HE'S SLOWING US DOWN!



THEY'VE SURROUNDED US!



QUICK, SIR, THE CAR! WE MIGHT GET THROUGH!



WE MADE IT!

WE HAVE SOME CRAZY LUCK...AS LONG AS THEY DON'T COME AFTER US BY AIR...

THEY'LL HAVE NO IDEA WHERE WE'RE GOING.

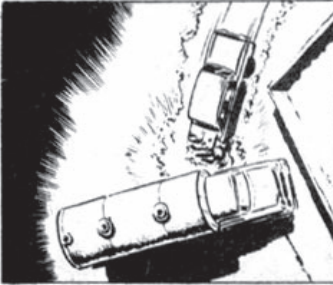
THEY'LL FIGURE IT OUT FAST. HEAD TO THE STADIUM. FAST AS YOU CAN!



WE CROSSED THE RAILROAD TRACKS AT BREAK-NECK SPEEDS. A FEW SECONDS MORE AND WE'D BE AT THE STADIUM. BUT OUR LUCK RAN OUT...



THE "BEETLES" HAVE SURROUNDED THE STADIUM. BUT I THINK WE CAN GET THROUGH THEM THE SAME WAY WE DID BEFORE...



JUST TWO BLOCKS AWAY...IF WE COULD FIND ANOTHER CAR...



WAIT, SIR. WE CAN'T GET THROUGH.



THERE'S A SWARM OF "BEETLES," AND THEY HAVE LIGHT-THROWERS!



LET'S GO BACK. LIKE I SAID, IF WE CAN FIND ANOTHER CAR...



NO NEED. WAIT FOR ME THERE, SIR!



BUT...

HE'S OFF...NOT SO DISCIPLINED AFTER ALL...BUT MAYBE IT'S BETTER THIS WAY...



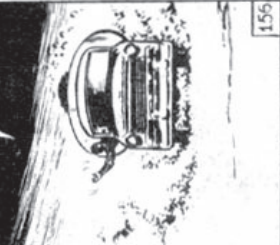
IF IT WEREN'T FOR HIS INITIATIVE, I'D'VE BEEN TURNED INTO A ROBOT, OR WORSE...



WHAT'RE YOU DOING, FRANKO? THINK WE CAN RUN THEM OVER WITH THAT TRUCK?



NO, SIR...LEAVE IT TO ME...





FRANCO! YOU CAN'T FIGHT THEM ALONE! THEY HAVE A LIGHTTHROWER!



GET BACK, SIR! THEY'RE GOING TO USE THE LIGHT-THROWER!

ARE YOU CRAZY? YOU COULD HAVE DIED!

YOU'LL SEE, SIR!



IT WORKED... A FEW SECONDS MORE AND WE CAN GO...

GOOD WORK AGAIN, FRANCO... HOPE THAT THE "HAND" DIDN'T DIE FROM THAT BLAST!



I WAS RIGHT TO BE WORRIED: THE "HAND" WAS STILL OUT, COMPLETELY STILL... BUT HE WAS BREATHING HEAVILY, AND THAT REASSURED ME. OF COURSE, WHO COULD'VE IMAGINED THE SURPRISE WE STILL HAD IN STORE?



SUMMARY: THE SURVIVORS OF THE DEADLY SNOW THAT KILLED EVERY LIVING THING IT TOUCHED CONTINUE TO FIGHT AGAINST THE ALIEN INVADERS. JUAN SALVO AND FRANCO ESCAPED THEIR CAPTOR, A "HAND," AND ARE BRINGING HIM BACK TO THEIR COMPANIONS AT THE RIVER PLATE STADIUM.

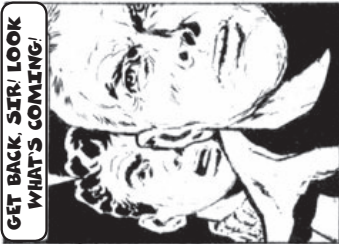


C'MON! THE BIASE FROM THE GAS TRUCK DESTROYED THE BEETLES!

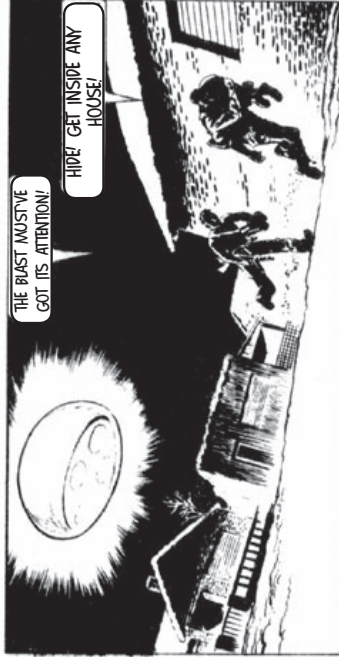


IT'S NOW OR NEVER!

NO!



GET BACK STR! LOOK WHAT'S COMING!



THE BIASE MUST'VE GOT ITS ATTENTION!

HIDE! GET INSIDE ANY HOUSE!



IT'S SWEEPING THE STREET WITH THE PARALYZING BEAM.

JUST THINKING ABOUT THE BEAM...



...THAT A FEW HOURS BEFORE HAD PARALYZED US COMPLETELY, LEAVING US DEEPEENSELESS BEFORE THE ENEMY, MADE MY HAIR STAND ON END.

WE WENT AS FAR BACK FROM THE STREET AS WE COULD, INTO THE KITCHEN...

WE'LL BE SAFE HERE.

AS LONG AS THEY DON'T FIND US...



WE'LL STAY HERE UNTIL THE SHIP'S GONE. THEN WE'LL FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET BACK TO THE STADIUM.

WHAT DO YOU THINK HAPPENED TO THE PEOPLE WHO LIVED HERE? THEIR BEDS ARE UNMADE AND EVERYTHING'S READY FOR DINNER.



MAYBE THEY WENT TO THE MOVIES AND GOT CAUGHT IN THE SNOW... BUT...

DO YOU HEAR THAT?



YES, OVER THERE...

THERE, UNDER THE SINK...



SOMETHING'S MOVING IN THOSE BAGS!



CHICKS! I WASN'T EXPECTING THAT!



IT WAS LIKE SEEING A GHOST. THEY WERE THE FIRST ANIMALS...

WE'D SEEN ALIVE SINCE THAT DEADLY SNOWFALL... THEIR WARM GOLDEN DOWN WAS A PIERCING REMINDER OF HOW MUCH WE'D LOST, THE SCALE OF THE DISASTER AROUND US...



I NEVER THOUGHT THREE LITTLE CHICKS WOULD GET ME SO WORKED UP...



IT WAS PURE CHANCE THEY'RE ALIVE... THEY MUST NOT'VE HATCHED YET WHEN THE SNOW STARTED...



THE FAKES KILLED THEIR MOTHER, BUT THEY WERE PROTECTED BY THEIR SHELLS... THEY'RE HUNGRY! LOOK!



ANOTHER SOUND: A GLASS ROLLING ON THE TABLE TERROR SURGED THROUGH US.



THE "HAND"!

HE'S AWAKE!



DON'T MOVE!

YOU DON'T NEED THOSE WEAPONS...



THE WAR IS OVER FOR ME... IF I WANTED TO KEEP FIGHTING, I COULD HAVE ATTACKED AND DESTROYED YOU BEFORE YOU KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENING...



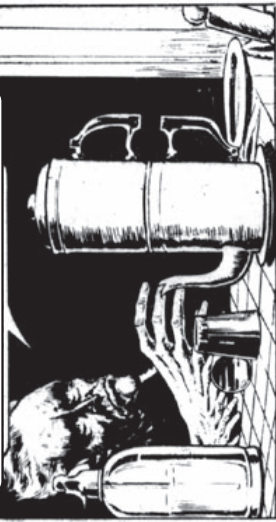
IT'S ALL OVER FOR ME...AND, IN TRUTH, I DON'T CARE. IT WAS WORTH IT, IN THE END, TO HAVE COME SO FAR.



WHAT HAD COME OVER THE "HAND" WAS STRANGE. THE HARDENED LINES ON HIS FACE HAD VANISHED, GIVING HIM A NOBLE SERENITY.



HAND ME THAT SCULPTURE, PLEASE...THERE ARE CENTURIES OF ART IN THE GRACE OF ITS NECK...



IT'S NOT A SCULPTURE...IT'S A TERPOT.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT IS...SOMETHING DOMESTIC, IT SEEMS...

CAN YOU APPRECIATE, YOU HUMANS, THE WONDERS AROUND YOU? DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY WORLDS IN THE UNIVERSE ARE INHABITED, AND IN HOW FEW YOU CAN FIND SOMETHING LIKE THIS?



BACK ON OUR PLANET, WE HAVE A SIMILAR OBJECT, IT'S USED IN A BEAUTIFUL CEREMONY, EVERY AFTERNOON, WHEN THE TWO SONS...

WHAT PLANET IS YOURS?



THE NAME WON'T MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU... AND THERE ISN'T ENOUGH TIME LEFT FOR ME TO EXPLAIN...I'D RATHER ENJOY BEING NEAR THESE OBJECTS OF BEAUTY...



EVERYTHING HERE GLOWS WITH MILLENNIA OF INTELLIGENCE...MILLENNIA OF ART...OF TENDERNESS...A SHAME THERE'S NO TIME TO LEARN WHY THIS VESSEL IS CYLINDRICAL, WHY THIS TABLE HAS SUPPORTS SHAPED LIKE LEGS, AND WHY...



HE KEPT TALKING. HIS WORDS TRANSFORMED THE PANTED MATE COP, THE BLACKENED PAINS, THE ANCIENT COAL STOVE INTO PRECIOUS THINGS, MORE SACRED THAN ANY ARTIFACTS TAKEN FROM A TOMB IN EGYPT.



A SHAME HUMANS ONLY VALUE WHAT'S SCARCE...THEY DON'T APPRECIATE WHAT SURROUNDS THEM...THEY PREFER A USELESS GOLD ROCK TO A TREE'S LEAF OR A BIRD'S FEATHER...

WHY ARE YOU TALKING SO QUIETLY, "HAND"? ARE YOU HURRY?





IN FACT I AM,
HUMAN...I'M
DYING

I PUT MY GUN DOWN AND STEPPED CLOSER. HIS
SKIN WAS ASHEN.



DON'T GO ANY CLOSER, SIR! IT COULD BE A TRAP!
HE COULD BE FAKING IT, LIKE I DID...



NO, HUMAN...I'M TRULY DY-
ING...THOUGH I CAN'T MAKE
YOU BELIEVE ME...

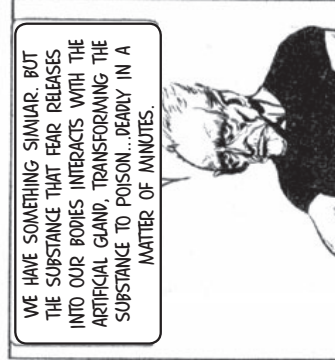
BUT...WHAT'RE
YOU DYING
FROM? FROM
FRANKO'S PUNCH?!



NO...NOT FROM THE BLOW. BUT FROM
MY FEAR AT BEING ATTACKED...WHEN
WE'RE YOUNG WE HAVE AN ARTIFICIAL
GLAND INSERTED INTO OUR BODIES...



WHEN HUMANS FACE DANGER, FOR
EXAMPLE, YOU HAVE GLANDS THAT
RELEASE CERTAIN SUBSTANCES TO
PREPARE THE BODY FOR FIGHTING:
ADRENALINE FOR EXAMPLE...



WE HAVE SOMETHING SIMILAR. BUT
THE SUBSTANCE THAT FEAR RELEASES
INTO OUR BODIES INTERACTS WITH THE
ARTIFICIAL GLAND, TRANSFORMING THE
SUBSTANCE TO POISON...DEADLY IN A
MATTER OF MINUTES.



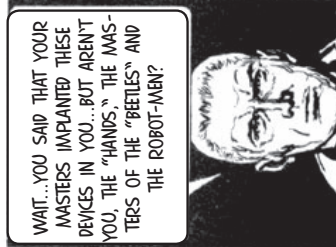
BUT WHY GET ARTIFI-
CIAL GLANDS IF THEY'RE
DEADLY?

OUR MASTERS PUT
THEM IN. THAT WAY
THEY KNOW WE WON'T
RISK A REBELLION...



YOU CAN'T TAKE
IT OUT?

NO...THEY IMPLANT IT IN OUR MOST VITAL
ORGAN...THOSE WHO'VE TRIED TO REMOVE IT
DIED IN THE ATTEMPT. THEIR OWN FEAR OF THE
PROCEDURE KILLED THEM.



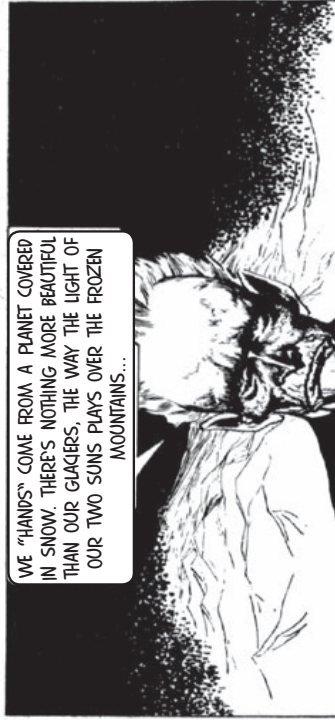
WAIT...YOU SAID THAT YOUR
MASTERS IMPLANTED THESE
DEVICES IN YOU...BUT AREN'T
YOU, THE "HANDS," THE MAS-
TERS OF THE "BEETLES" AND
THE ROBOT-MEN?



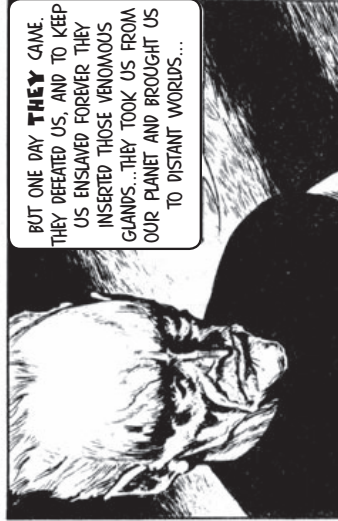
HE PAUSED OUT OF PITY I THINK AS
THOUGH HE KNEW HOW SHATTERING,
HOW OVERWHELMING HIS ANSWER
WOULD BE...



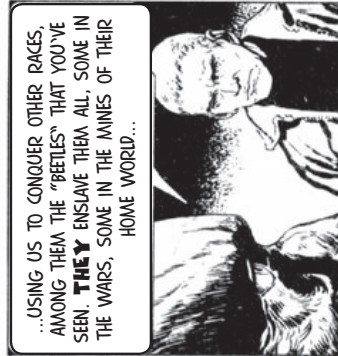
HE WAS SILENT SO LONG, FRANCO AND I WONDERED IF HE'D EVER SPEAK AGAIN. HIS SKIN WAS DARKENING AND WITHERING.



WE "HANDS" COME FROM A PLANET COVERED IN SNOW. THERE'S NOTHING MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN OUR GLACIERS, THE WAY THE LIGHT OF OUR TWO SONS PLAYS OVER THE FROZEN MOUNTAINS...



BUT ONE DAY **THEY** CAME. THEY DEFEATED US, AND TO KEEP US ENSLAVED FOREVER THEY INSERTED THOSE VENOMOUS GLANDS...THEY TOOK US FROM OUR PLANET AND BROUGHT US TO DISTANT WORLDS...



...USING US TO CONQUER OTHER RACES, AMONG THEM THE "BEETLES" THAT YOU'VE SEEN. **THEY** ENSLAVE THEM ALL, SOME IN THE WARS, SOME IN THE MINES OF THEIR HOME WORLD...

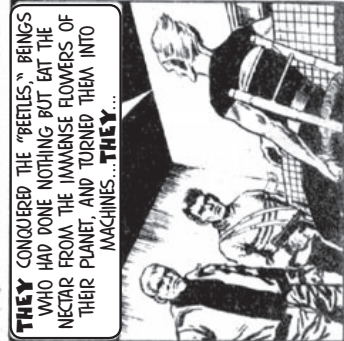


YOU HUMANS WON'T BE MUCH USE FOR WAR...BUT YOU'LL BE SOME USE, I SUPPOSE, IN THE DEEP-MINES...

WAIT, WHO ARE **THEY**?



THEY. THEY'RE HATE. COSMIC HATE...**THEY** WANT TO TAKE THE WHOLE UNIVERSE FOR THEMSELVES...**THEY** MAKE US DESTROY, KILL EACH OTHER. WE "HANDS" WHO LIVED THINKING ONLY OF BEAUTY...



THEY CONQUERED THE "BEETLES," BRINGS WHO HAD DONE NOTHING BUT EAT THE NECTAR FROM THE IMMENSE FLOWERS OF THEIR PLANET, AND TURNED THEM INTO MACHINES...**THEY**...

HE'S DELIRIOUS!



THEY CAPTURED THE **GURBOS**, THE MOST FEROCIOUS WILD ANIMAL IN THE UNIVERSE, TO TURN LOOSE ON ANYONE WHO RESISTED...HERE, ON EARTH, THEY HAVE SEVERAL **GURBOS** READY! BUT...

WHY TALK ABOUT OF ALL THIS, "HAND"? REMEMBER, YOU'RE DYING. WHAT DOES IT MATTER NOW ABOUT THE "BEEBLES" THE **GURBOS, THEM?** THINK ABOUT YOUR HOUSE, YOUR DISTANT HOUSE, ABOUT THE SUNS...



HOW BEAUTIFUL THEY WERE...HOW BEAUTIFUL THEY ARE, NOW THAT I'M RETURNING...MINIMO... ATHESA...EOIOIO...



HE BEGAN TO MURMUR A STRANGE SONG, UNINTELLIGIBLE...

MINIMO... ATHESA... EOIOIO... MINIMO...

IT SOUNDS LIKE A LULLABY...

HE STOPPED SINGING.



HE LOOKS DEAD...

HE'S LIKE ICE...



AND HIS SKIN IS LOOSE, LIKE HE'S PISSING!



A SUDDEN BURST RIPPED US BRUTALLY FROM OUR HORROR...

THEY'RE RIGHT-ING OUTSIDE!

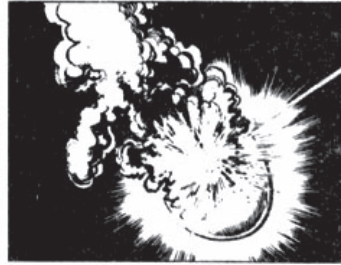
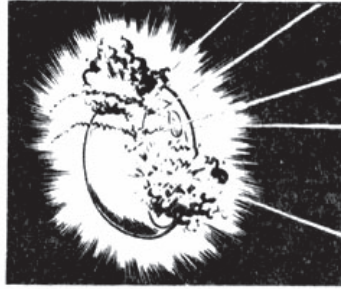
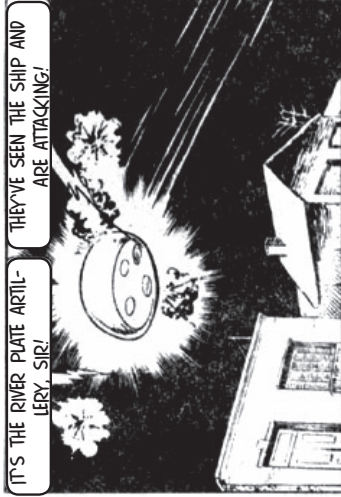


YES! THOSE ARE THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS!



IT'S THE RIVER PLATE ARTILLERY, SIR!

THEY'VE SEEN THE SHIP AND ARE ATTACKING!



IT'S DOWN!

WE SHOULD GO... NOW.



WHAT ABOUT THE "HAND"? MAYBE MR. FAVALLI WOULD WANT...



HE WON'T DO US MUCH GOOD NOW...



...BUT WE CAN'T JUST LEAVE HIM LIKE THIS...



LET'S AT LEAST SHUT THE DOOR...TO THINK HE CAME SO FAR ONLY TO DIE LIKE THIS...



SOMETHING MOVED BETWEEN MY FEET.

OH! THE CHICKS! THEY SHOULD STAY INSIDE...



THEY'D RUN OUT BETWEEN MY LEGS. BUT I KNEW THERE WAS NO TIME FOR USELESS GESTURES...

THE "HAND" WAS DEAD NOW. AND MY RESPECT WAS USELESS. DEAD, LIKE THE MILLIONS OF CORPSES IN THE STREETS. IN THE HOUSES.. BECAUSE OF THEM...! RAN BACK TO FRANCO...



...CONSUMED BY HOPELESS HATRED, LIKE THE "HAND" ... BUT THERE'S NO TIME FOR HATRED EITHER...WE MUST KEEP FIGHTING...



WHAT'D YOU SAY, SIR?

NOT SURE... THE SHOOTING'S STOPPED...



NOTHING, FRANCO, IGNORE ME...ARE THERE "BEETLES" ON THE CORNER?

I DON'T SEE ANYTHING MOVING

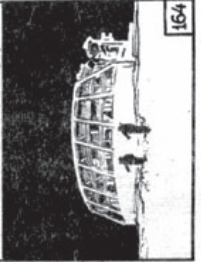


GOOD...LET'S GO BEFORE THEY START FIRING AGAIN!

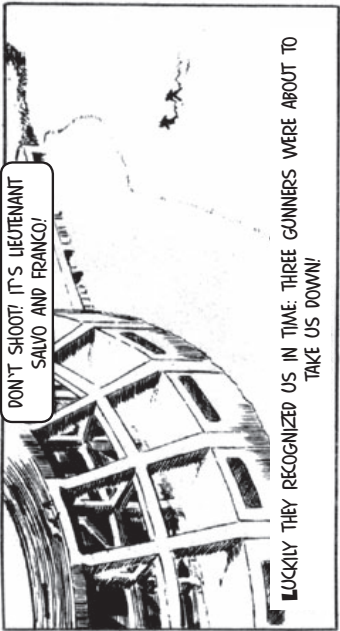


WE RAN AT FULL SPEED, EXPECTING TO FEEL THE HOT BLAST OF A LIGHTTHROWER...

...OR THE SUDDEN CHILL OF THE PARALYTIC BEAM AT ANY MOMENT. BUT NOTHING STOPPED US. NO SWARMS OF "BEETLES" WAITED FOR US.



DON'T SHOOT! IT'S LIEUTENANT SALVO AND FRANCO!



LUCKILY THEY RECOGNIZED US IN TIME. THREE GUNNERS WERE ABOUT TO TAKE US DOWN!

MOMENTS LATER, IN ONE OF THE OFFICES IN THE STADIUM, FRANCO AND I TOLD FAVALLI, THE MAJOR, AND THE CAPTAIN WHAT WE'D LEARNED ON OUR MISSION. EVEN BEFORE WE'D FINISHED, THE MAJOR LET EVERYONE TAKE THEIR SUITS OFF.



THAT'S IT, SIPS. WE TRIED TAKE ONE PRISONER AND BRING HIM HERE, BUT IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE. AND I DON'T THINK ANYONE COULD. FEAR KILLS THEM.



DON'T WORRY, LIEUTENANT SALVO...

YOUR MISSION WAS INCREDIBLY PROFITFUL. IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT THE NEW INFORMATION MAKES OUR SITUATION EVEN BLEAKER... WHAT DO YOU THINK, PROFESSOR FAVALLI?



I THINK JUAN'S CONFIRMED MY PESSIMISM...WE'RE FACING AN ENEMY WITH FAR SUPERIOR RESOURCES, AND WE HAVEN'T EVEN SEEN WHAT THEY'RE CAPABLE OF...



FOR EXAMPLE, WHAT ARE THOSE GURBOS THE ALIEN SPOKE OF?



FAVALLI'S QUESTION HUNG IN THE AIR...

WE HEARD A SENTRY YELL...

MAJOR! MAJOR! COME HERE! QUICK!



WE FLEW UP THE STAIRS. WHAT NEW SURPRISE DID **THEY**, THE ENEMY, HAVE IN STORE FOR US?

