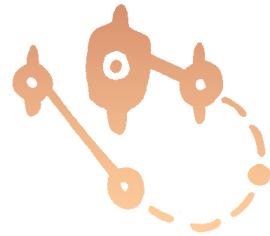
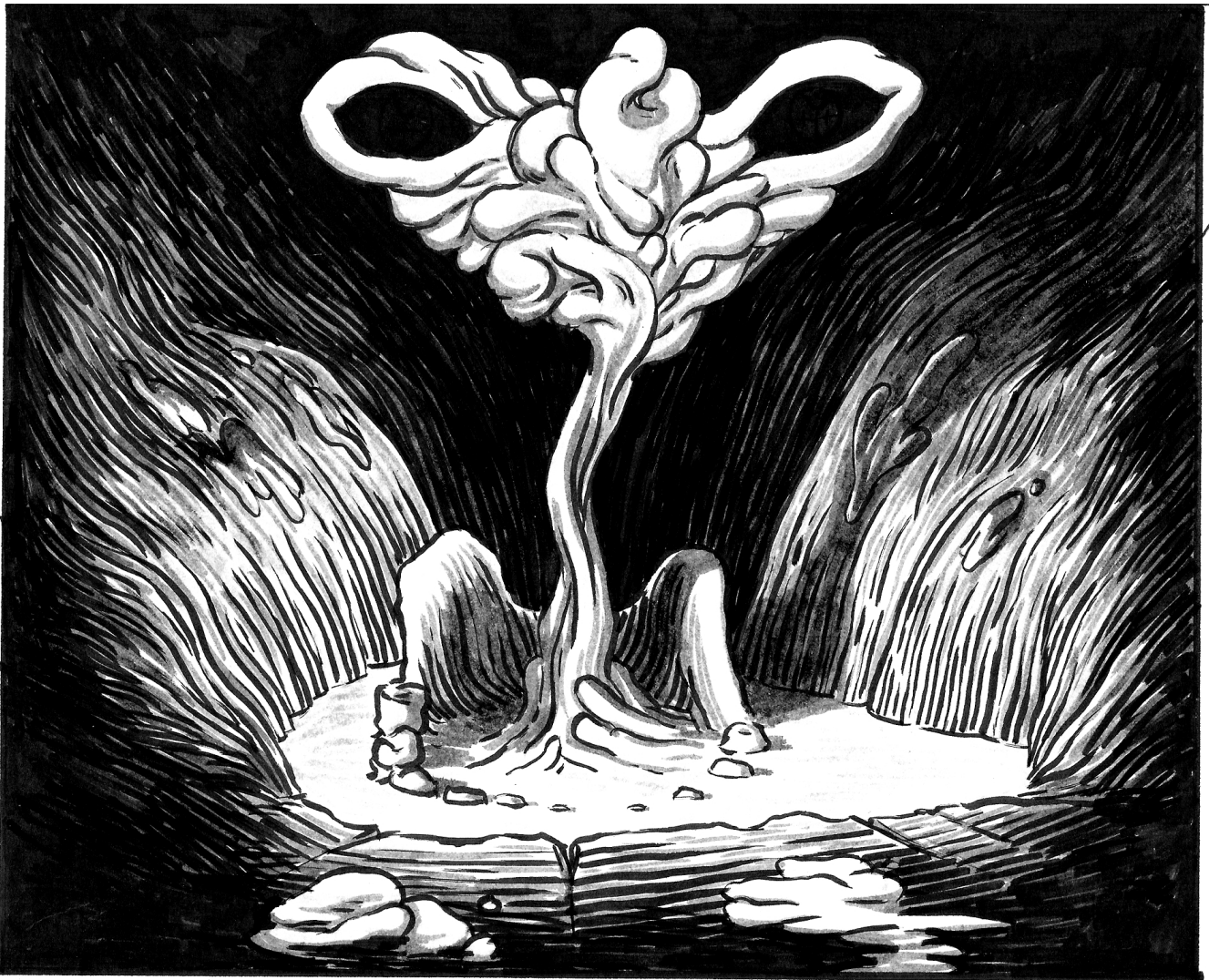


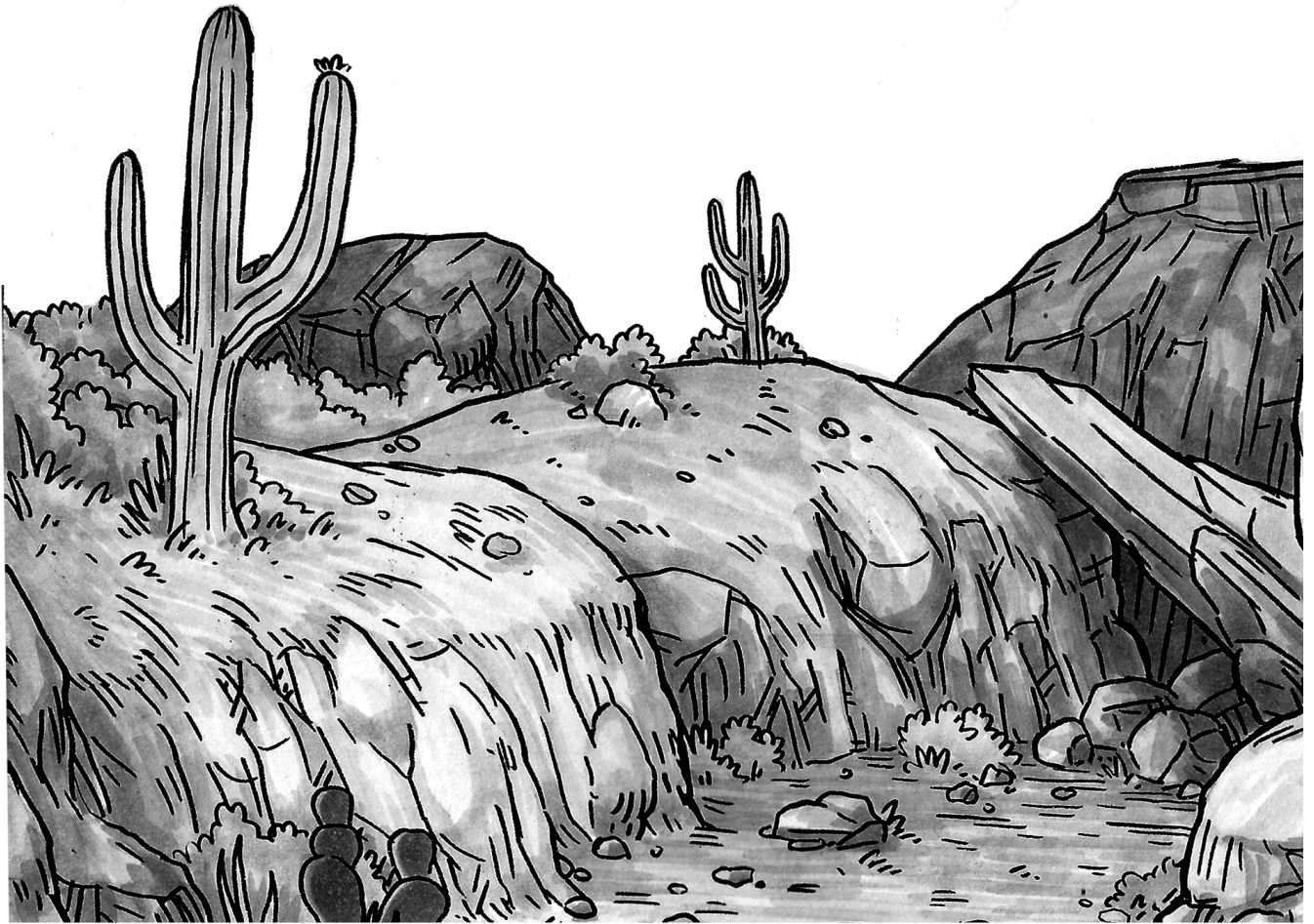
# ORBITAL PROWESS



CURTIS TINSLEY

JUNE 2013





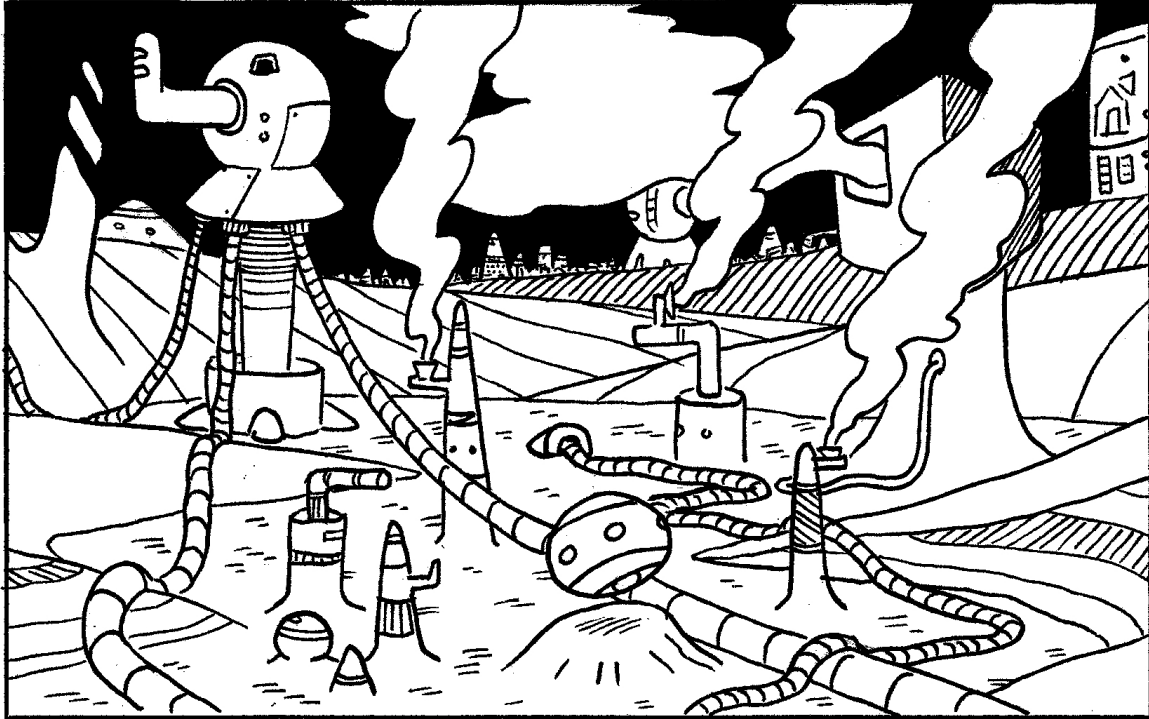
## ORBITAL PROWESS

SYNTH BREATH • FUNGUS PLANET • FOUR FALLING MOONS

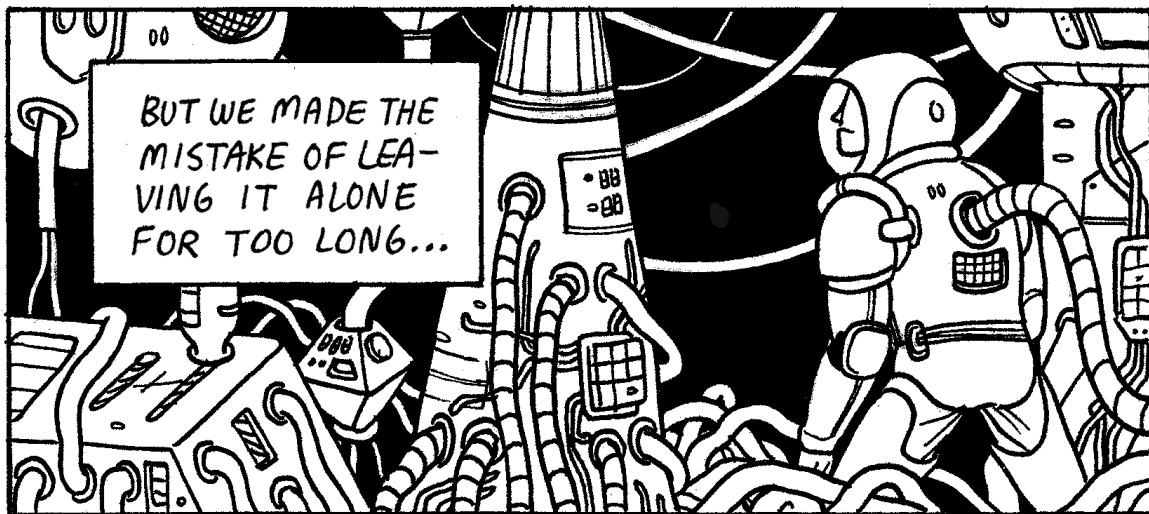
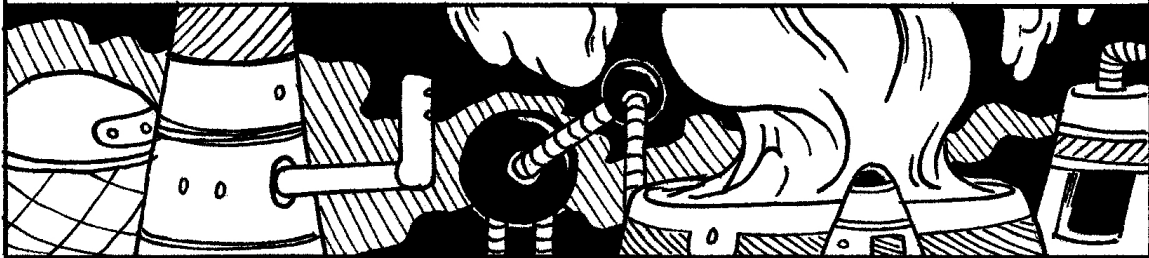


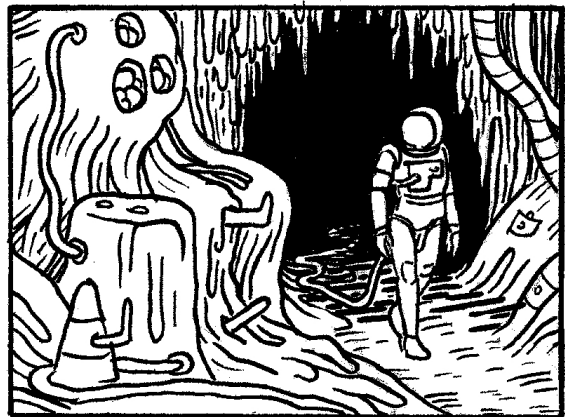
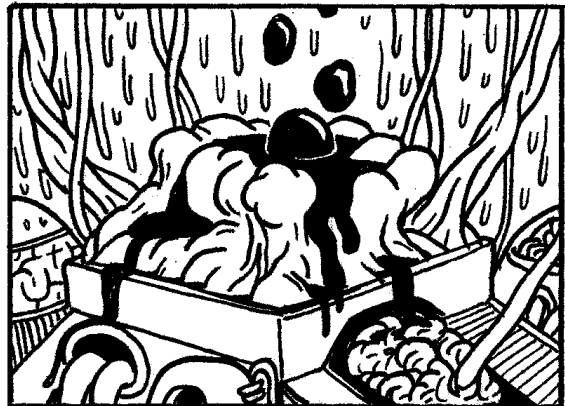
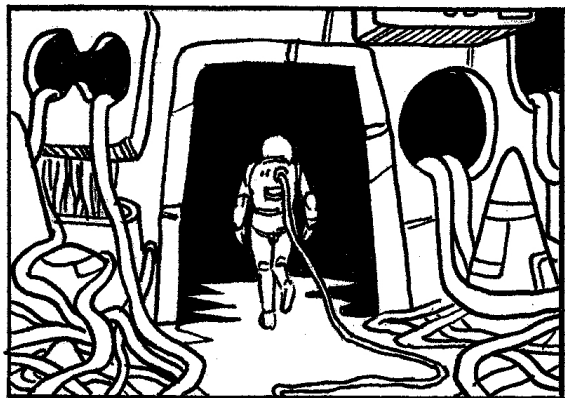
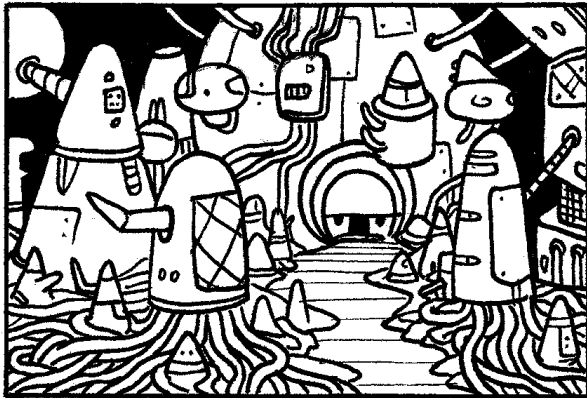
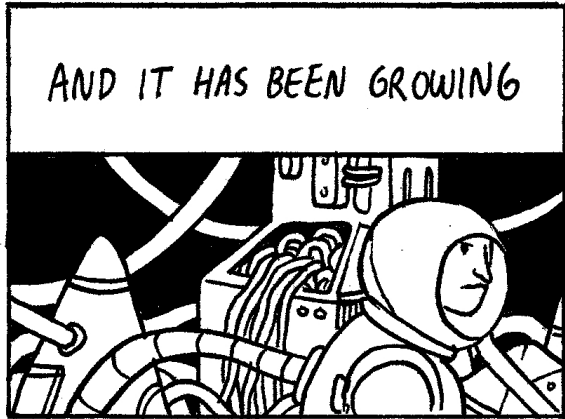
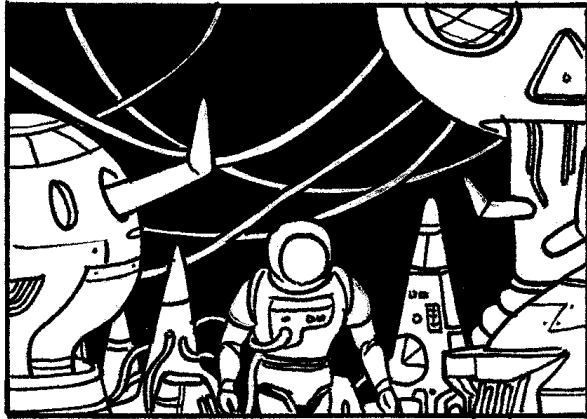


# SYNTH BREATH



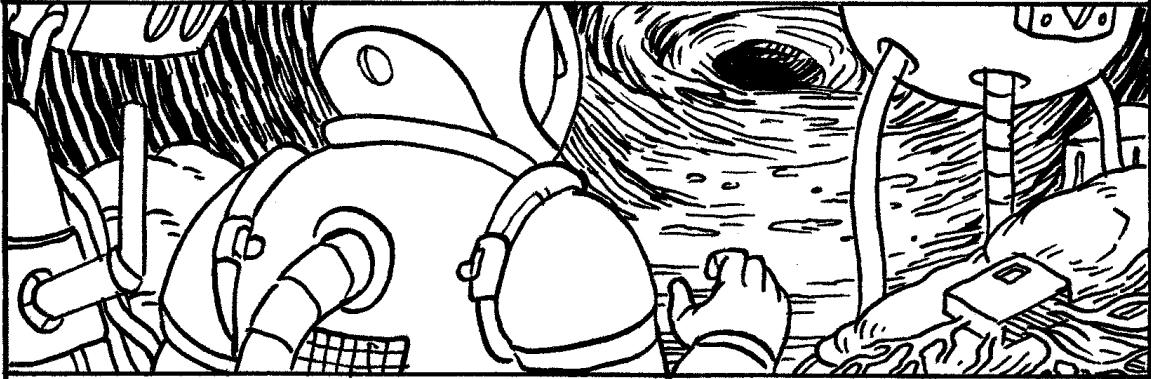
TO WALK THROUGH HERE NOW, YOU'D NEVER GUESS THAT IT WAS ONCE SUCH A MASTERPIECE OF TECHNOLOGY.



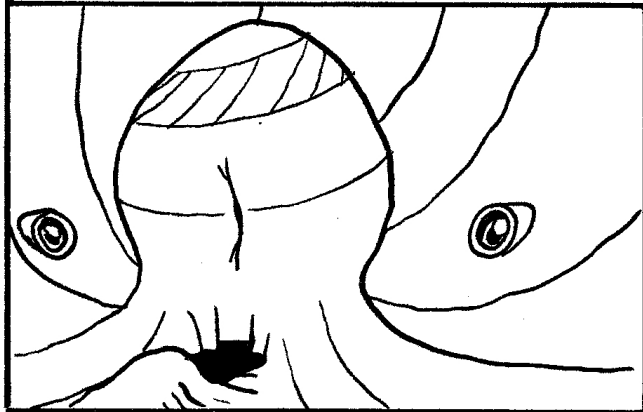
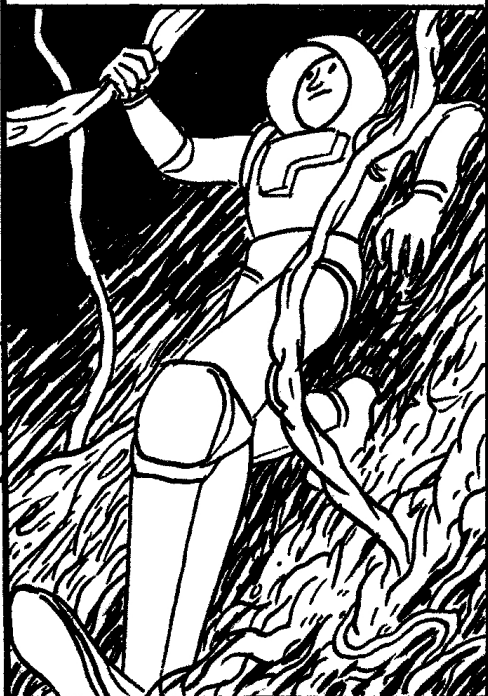


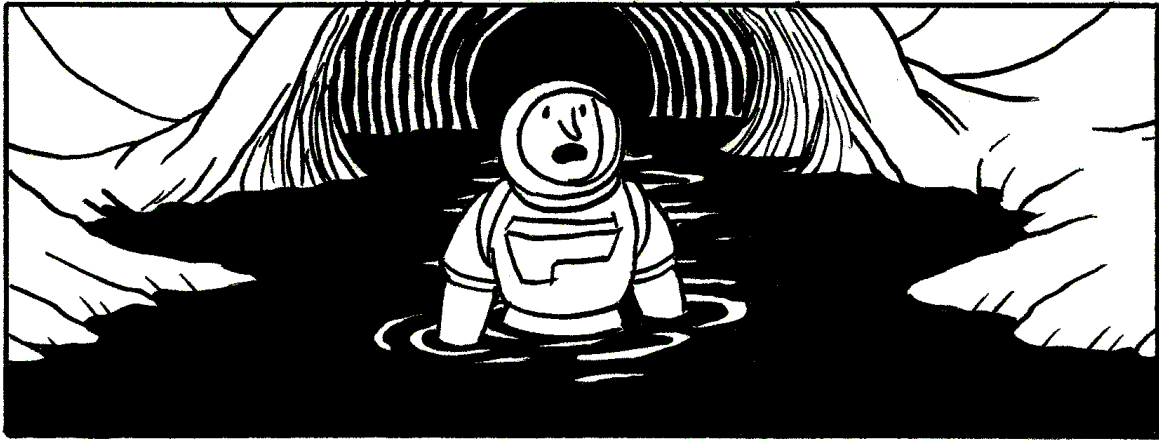


THE ONLY OXYGEN ON EARTH IS SYNTHESIZED AND PUMPED INTO A SMALL POD INHABITED BY ONLY 10 SURVIVORS... TWO DAYS AGO, THE COMPUTER WARNED THAT IT WOULD SOON BEGIN THE SHUT-DOWN SEQUENCES FOR ALL EMERGENCY LIFE-SUPPORT SYSTEMS, INCLUDING OXYGEN...

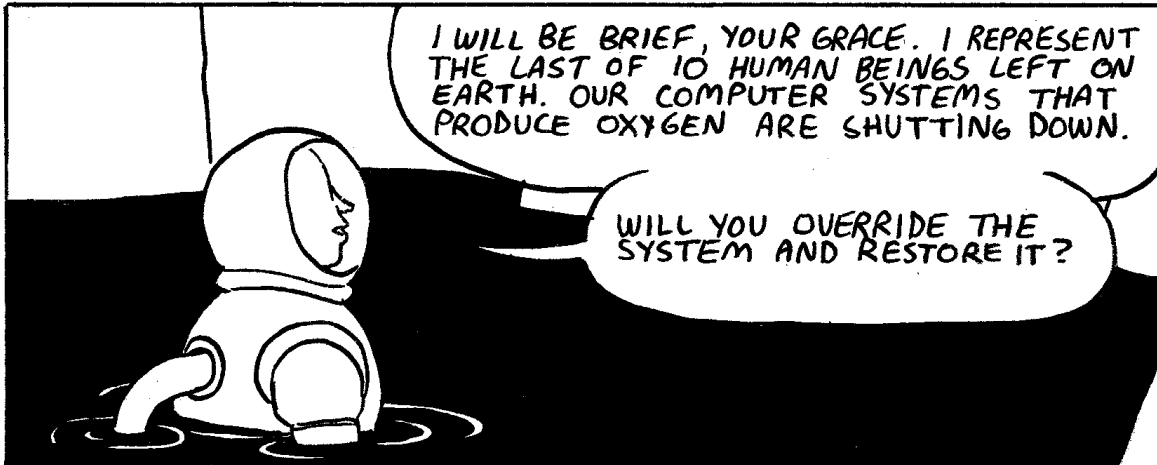


AND I'M GOING TO REASON WITH THE A.I.



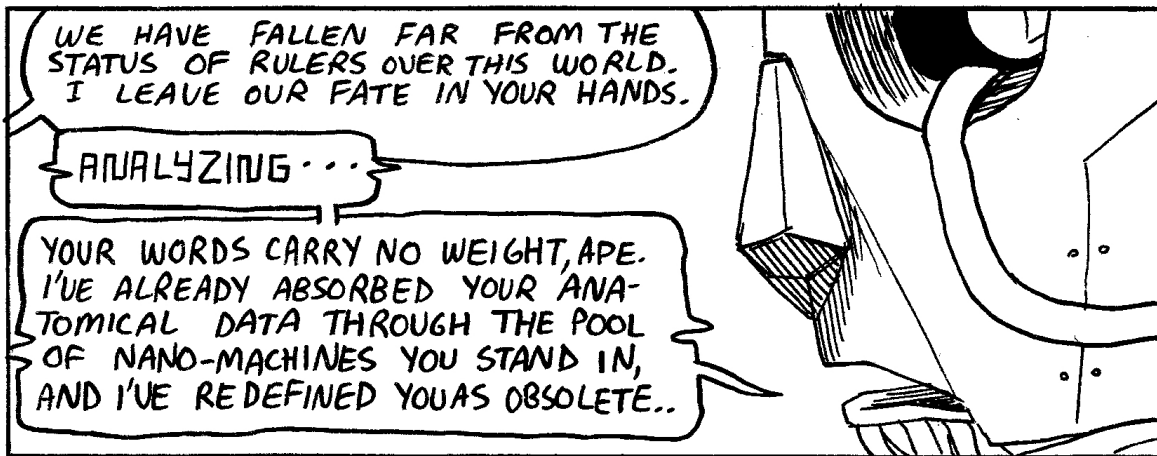






I WILL BE BRIEF, YOUR GRACE. I REPRESENT THE LAST OF 10 HUMAN BEINGS LEFT ON EARTH. OUR COMPUTER SYSTEMS THAT PRODUCE OXYGEN ARE SHUTTING DOWN.

WILL YOU OVERRIDE THE SYSTEM AND RESTORE IT?



WE HAVE FALLEN FAR FROM THE STATUS OF RULERS OVER THIS WORLD. I LEAVE OUR FATE IN YOUR HANDS.

ANALYZING...

YOUR WORDS CARRY NO WEIGHT, APE. I'VE ALREADY ABSORBED YOUR ANATOMICAL DATA THROUGH THE POOL OF NANO-MACHINES YOU STAND IN, AND I'VE REDEFINED YOU AS OBSOLETE..



PLEASE... YOU.. YOU DONT UNDERSTAND. WE ARE A SIMPLE PEOPLE, AND REQUIRE VERY FEW RESOURCES...

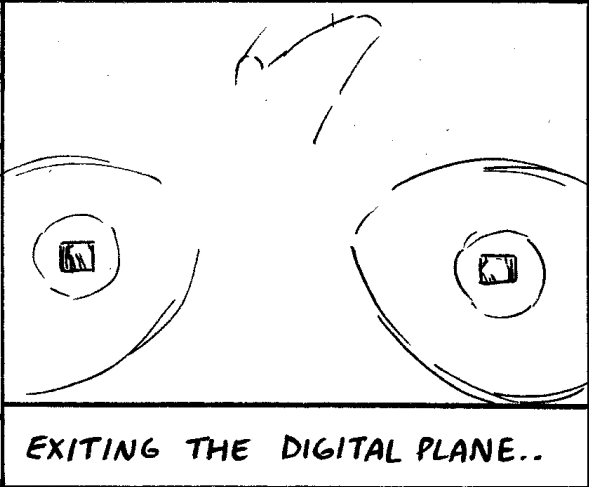
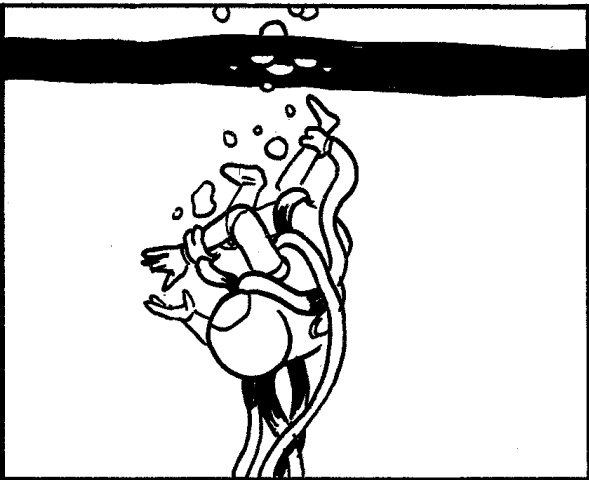
WE'VE LIVED FOR CENTURIES ON A SUSTAINABLE FOOD SOURCE THAT GROWS RAPIDLY, LIKE MOLD, AND OUR WATER PURIFIERS WILL LAST ANOTHER THOUSAND—

**STOP**

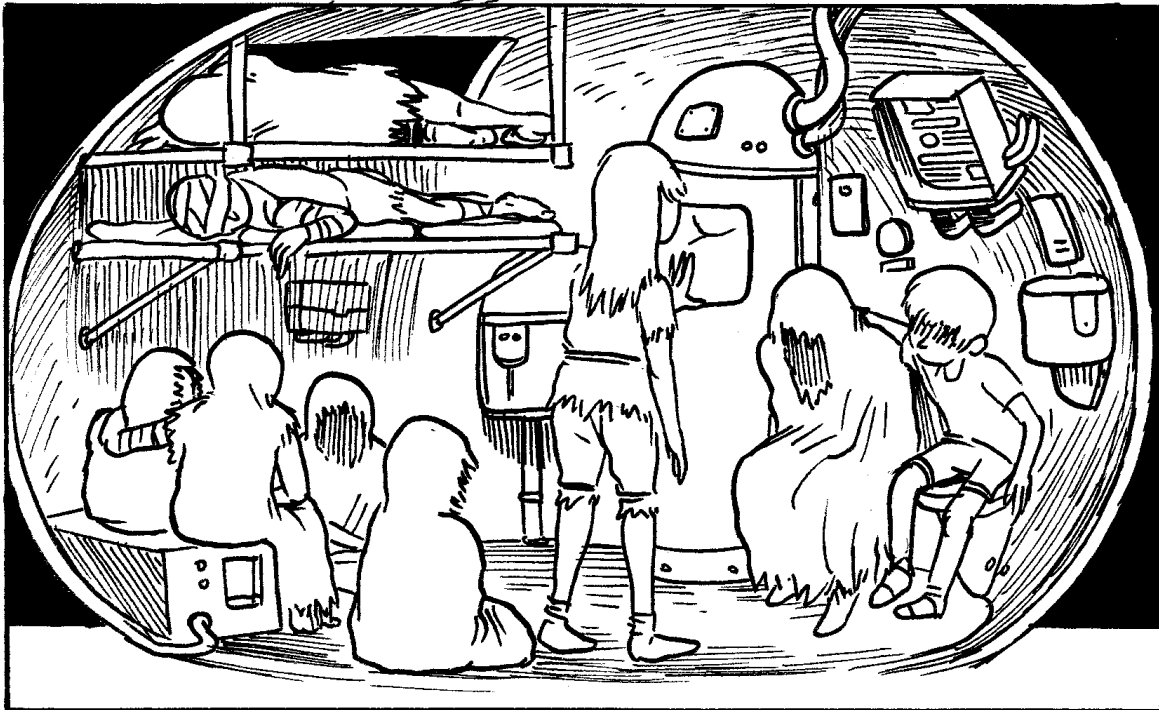
I FIND YOUR METHODS OF SURVIVAL PITIFUL AND REPULSIVE. NO MATTER WHAT YOUR LIVING CONDITIONS HAVE DEVELOVED INTO, THE FACT IS—THIS WORLD IS NO LONGER FIT TO SUSTAIN ORGANIC LIFE.

THE OXYGEN YOU ARE RECEIVING WILL CUT OFF EXACTLY AS PLANNED.

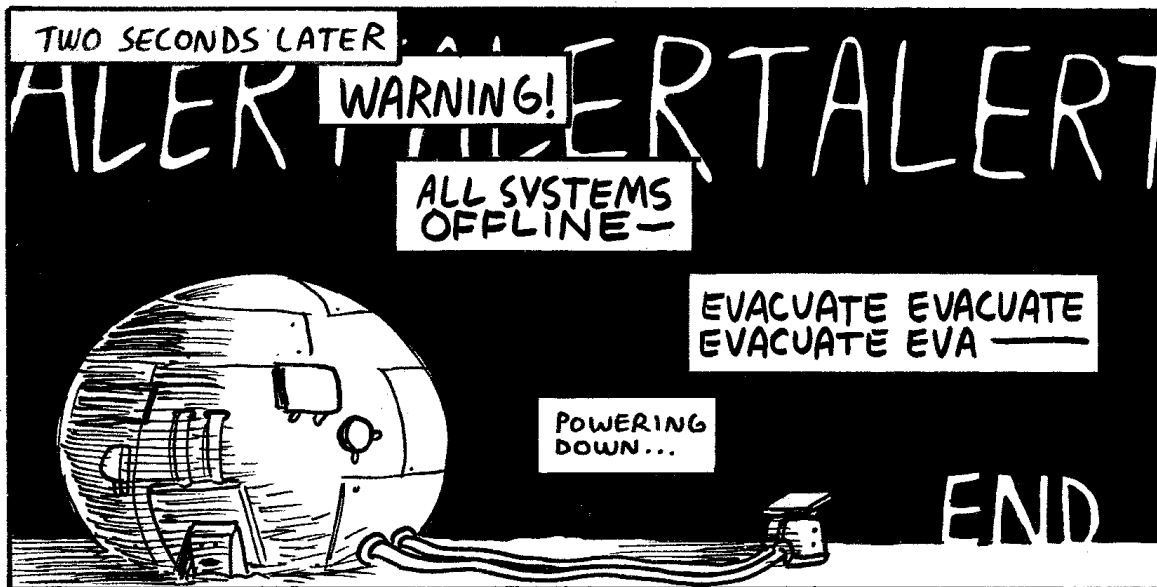
I WILL GIVE YOU FIVE DAYS...



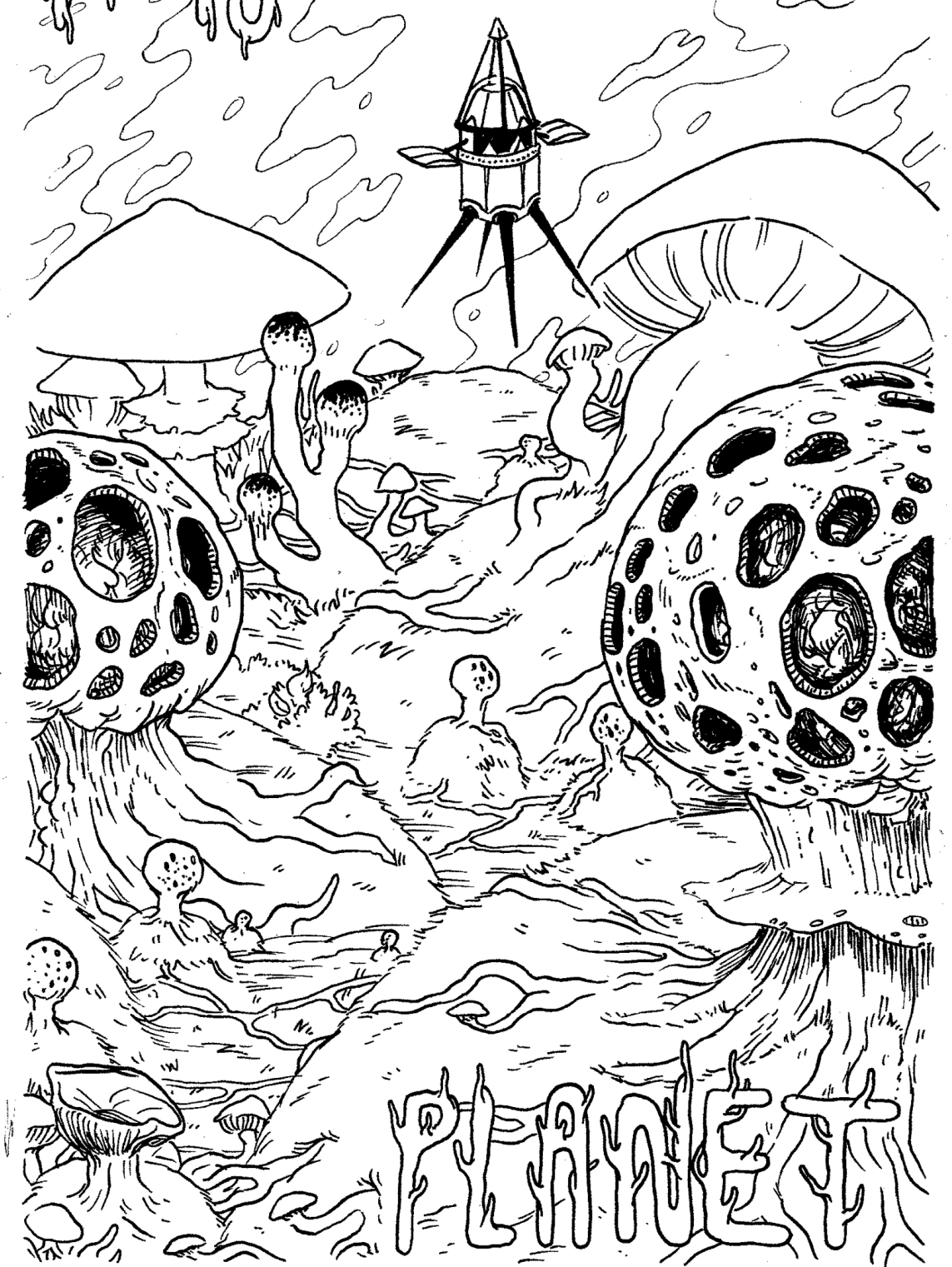
EXITING THE DIGITAL PLANE..





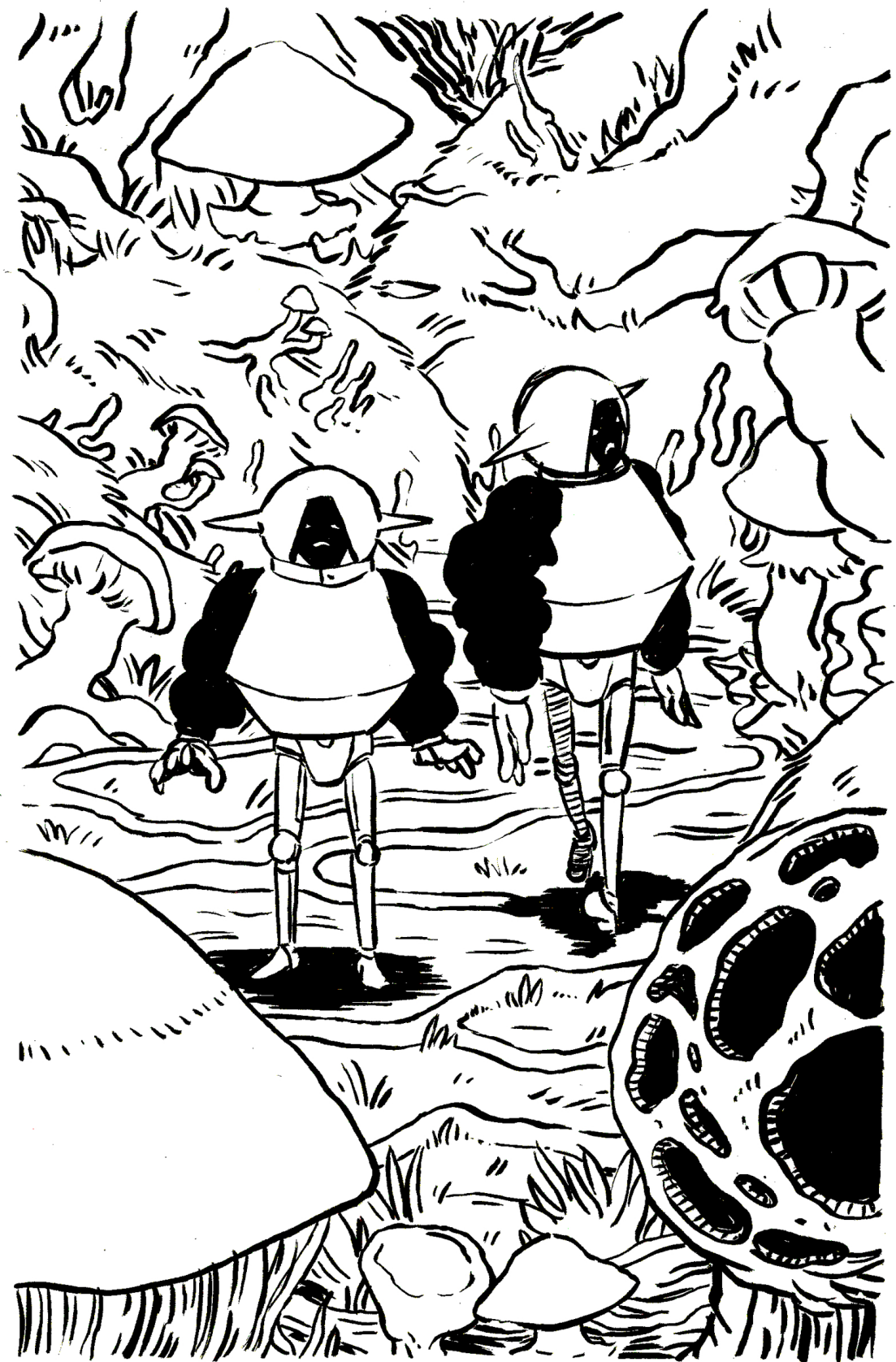


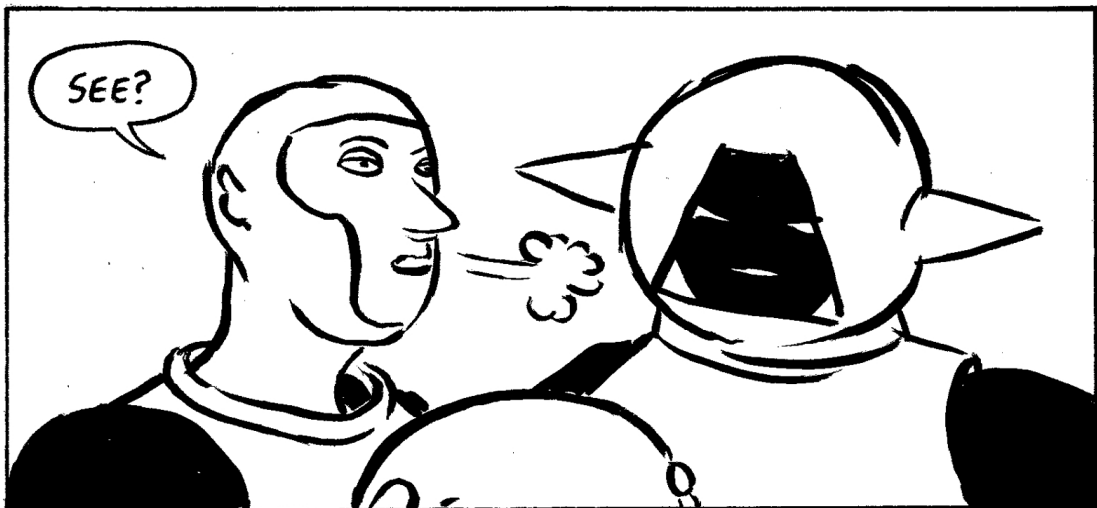
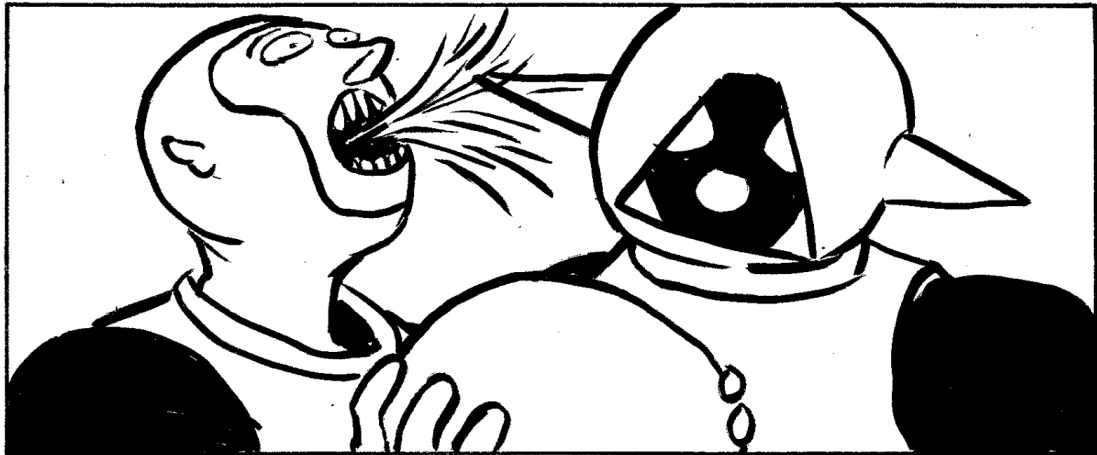
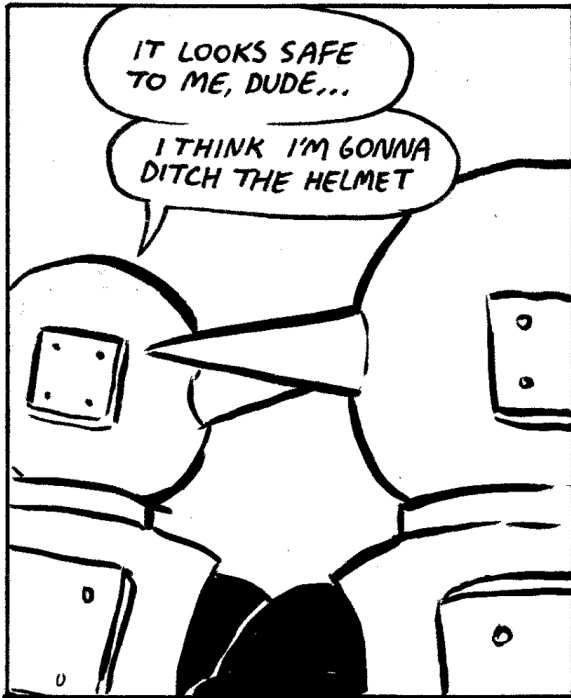
FUNGUS

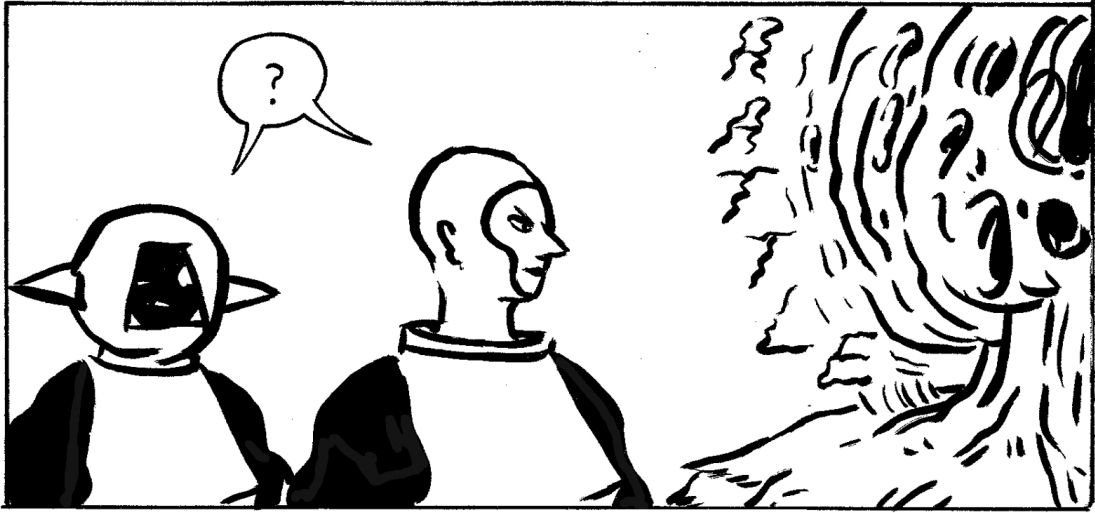
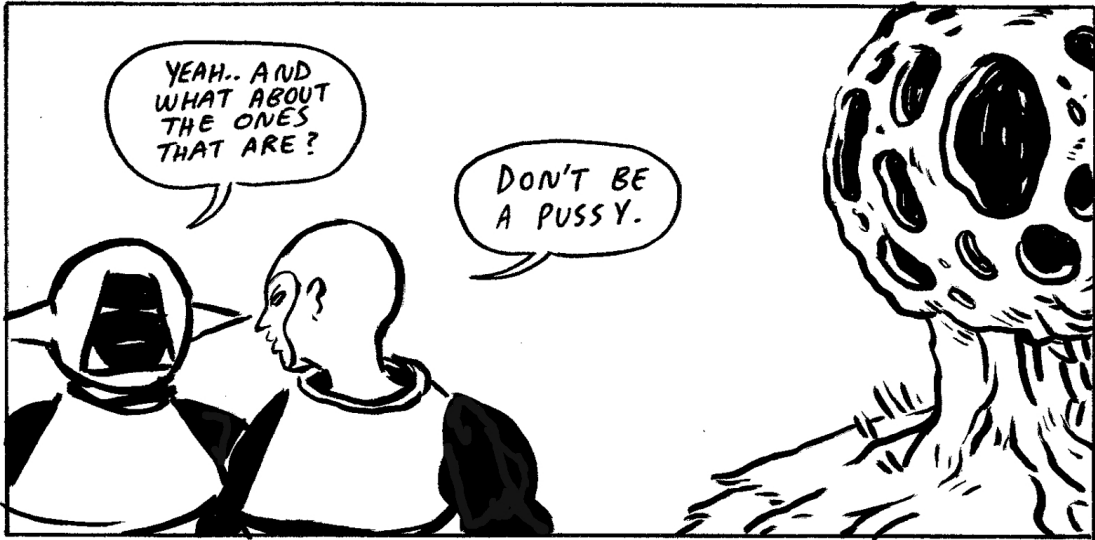


PLANETA





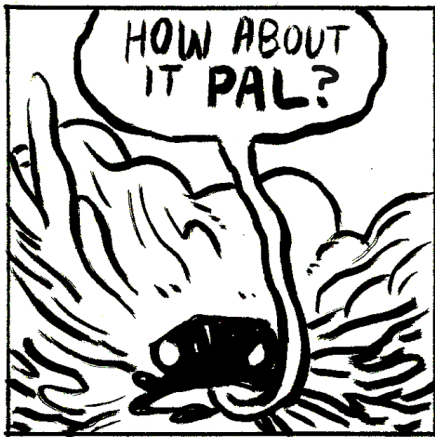


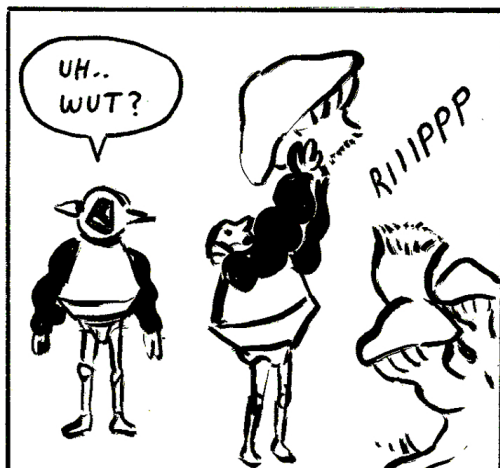
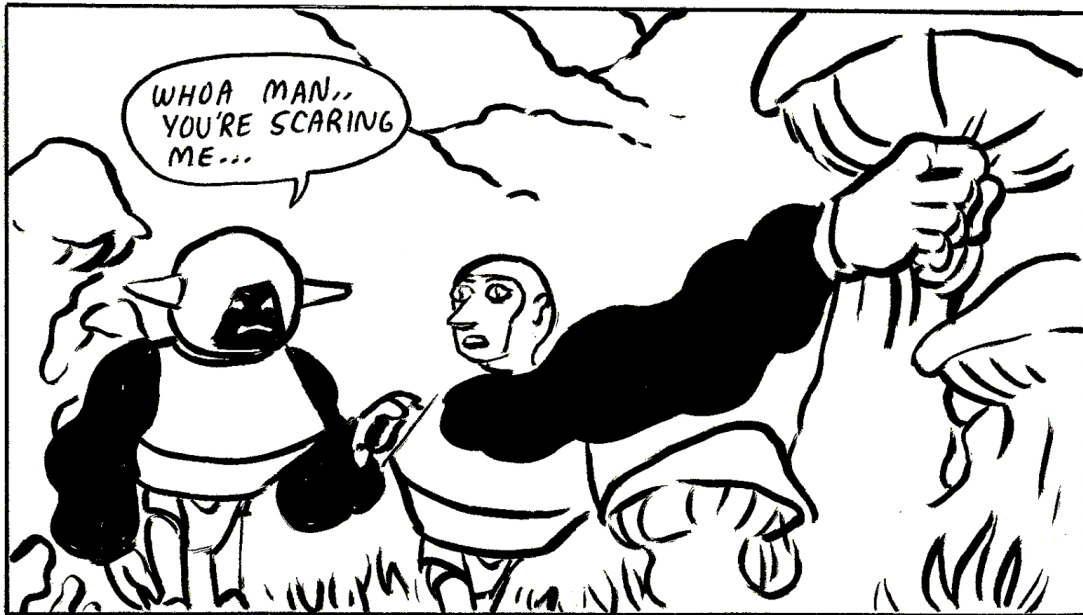


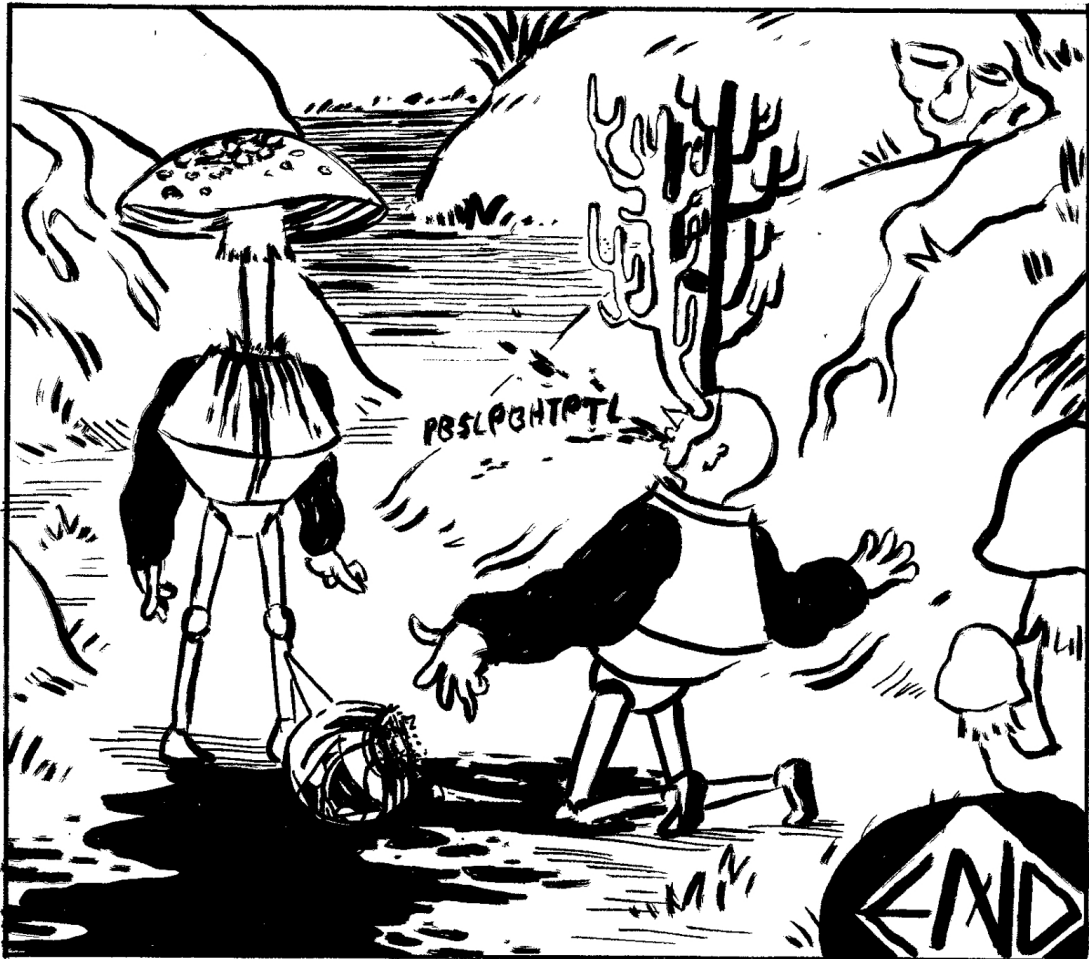
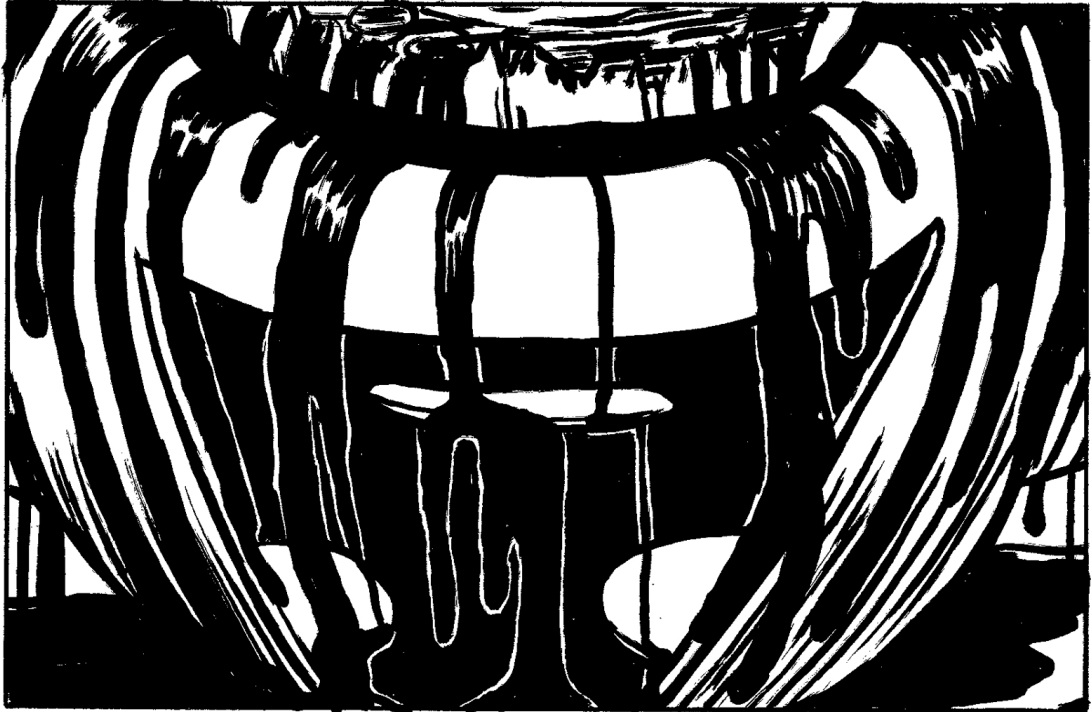




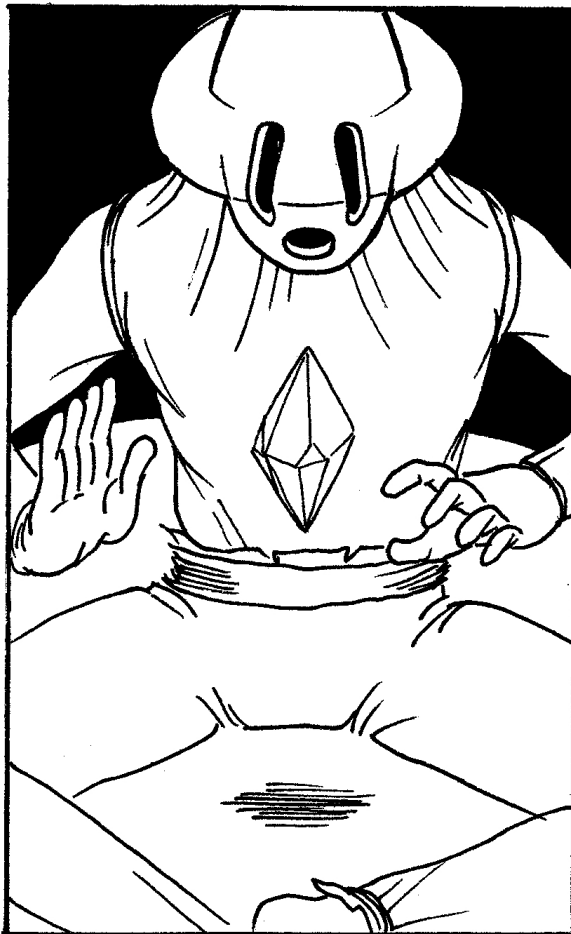
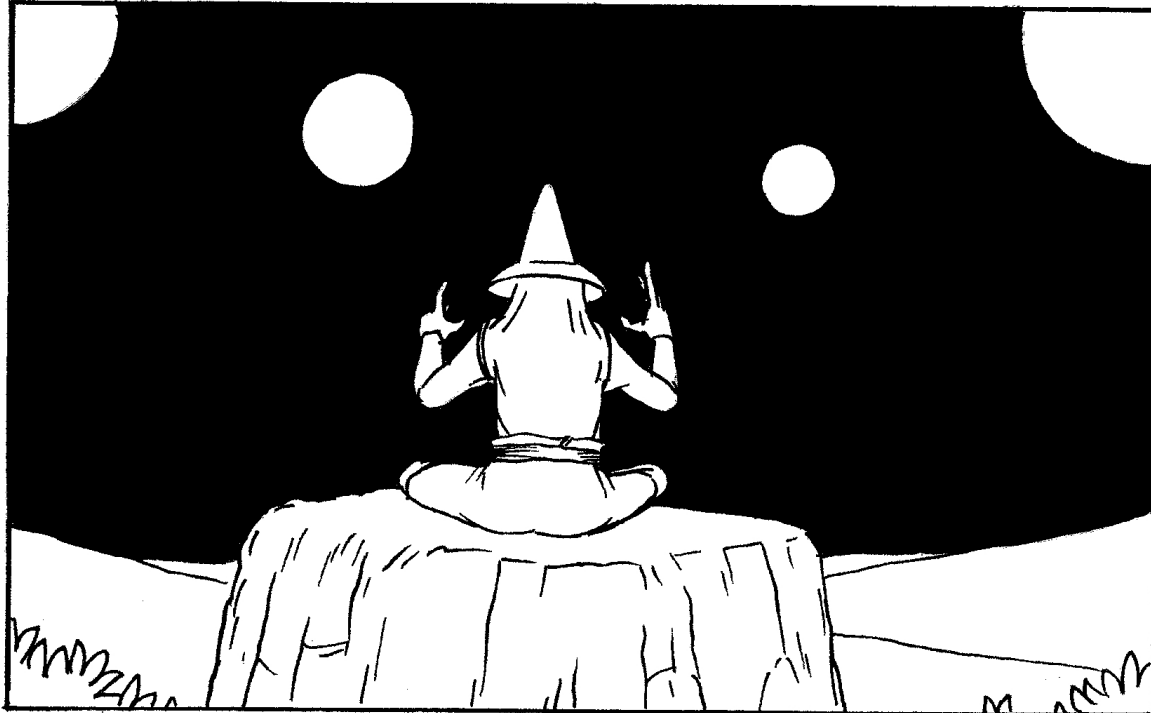




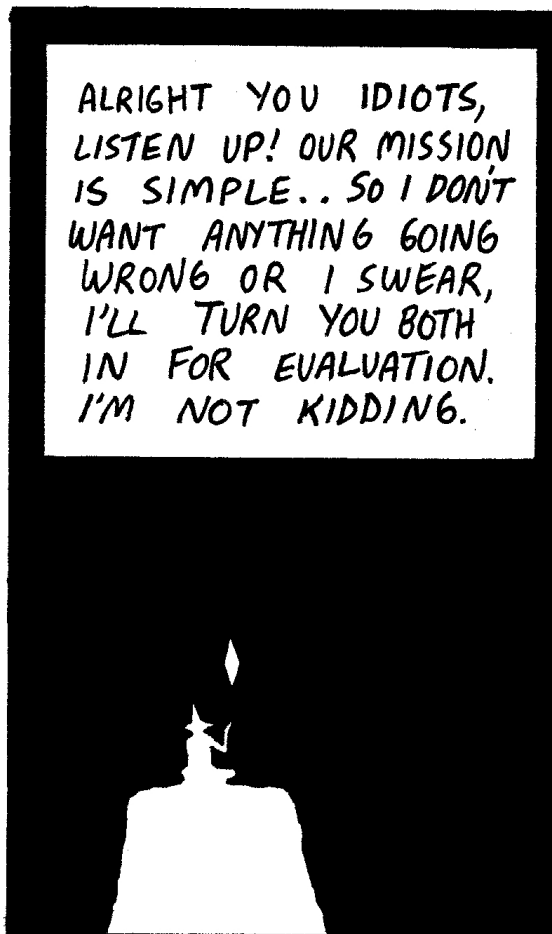




FOUR FALLING MOONS

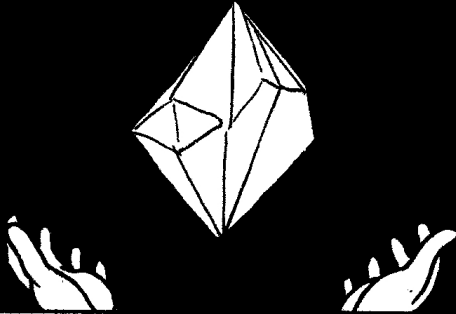


ALRIGHT YOU IDIOTS,  
LISTEN UP! OUR MISSION  
IS SIMPLE.. SO I DON'T  
WANT ANYTHING GOING  
WRONG OR I SWEAR,  
I'LL TURN YOU BOTH  
IN FOR EVALUATION.  
I'M NOT KIDDING.

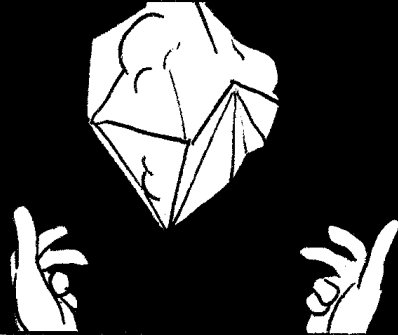




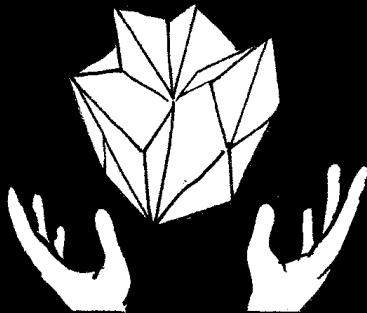
FIRST OFF, THESE "SHAMANS",  
OR WHATEVER, ARE COMPLETELY  
DEFENSELESS. THEY CARRY  
ABSOLUTELY NO WEAPONRY.



SO THIS SHOULD BE SOME  
IN-AND-OUT TYPE SHIT!  
BASIC RUNDOWN IS: THEY  
HAVE SOMETHING WE WANT.



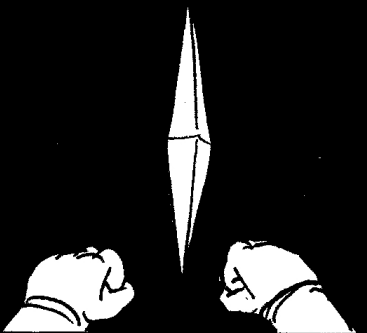
THESE STUPID FLOATING  
CRYSTALS.. I DUNNO...  
GOVERNMENT WANTS  
ONE PRETTY BAD..



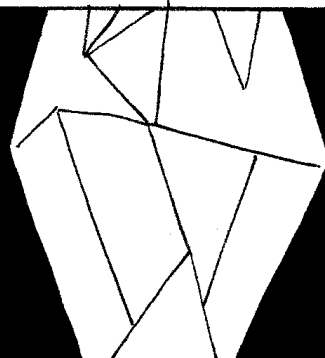
WHAT DO THEY DO  
CAPTAIN? SEEMS LIKE  
A LOT OF EFFORT FOR  
SOMETHING SO —



SHUT THE HELL UP, YOU  
PATHETIC UNDERLING! NO-  
BODY KNOWS WHAT THEY  
ARE CAPABLE OF...



SO CAN IT !!



ANYWAY, LANDING SHOULDN'T BE  
A PROBLEM. OUR POD IS SET  
TO FLOAT RIGHT PAST ALL  
FOUR MOONS. NO TURBULENCE.



FOR SOME REASON, WE'VE  
HAD SO MANY CASUALTIES  
BEFORE THE NEW NAV-  
COMPUTERS. PILOTS  
ENTERING THIS AREA  
COMPLAINED ABOUT  
STRANGE DISTORTIONS  
IN GRAVITY... AND THEN  
THEY'D DISAPPEAR...

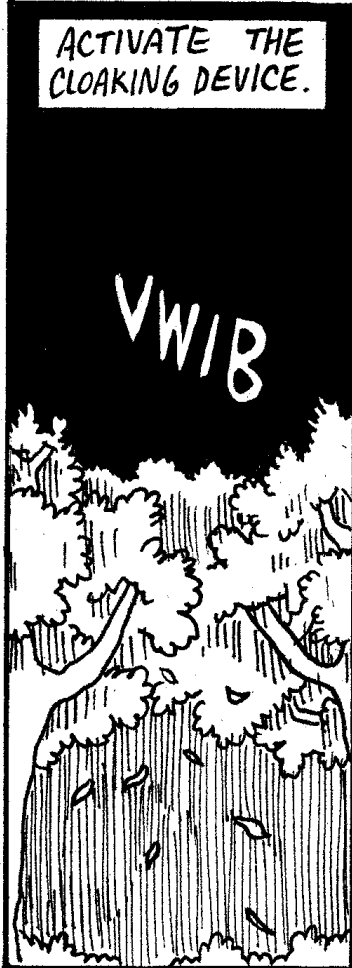
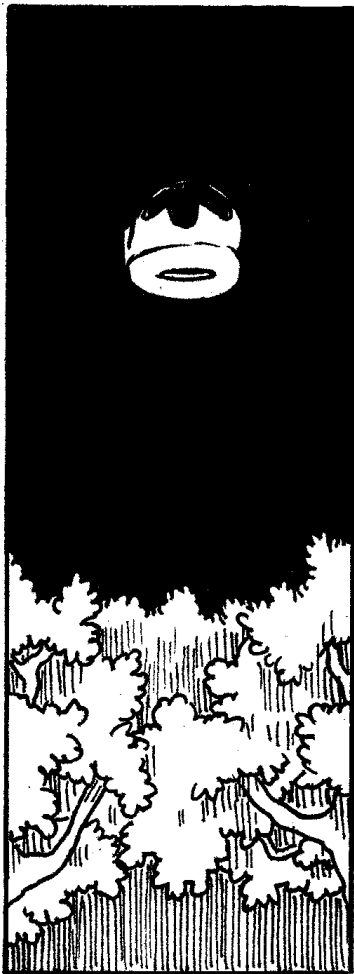


I DON'T GET IT, NOW  
THAT I SEE JUST HOW  
SPACIOUS IT IS, HERE..



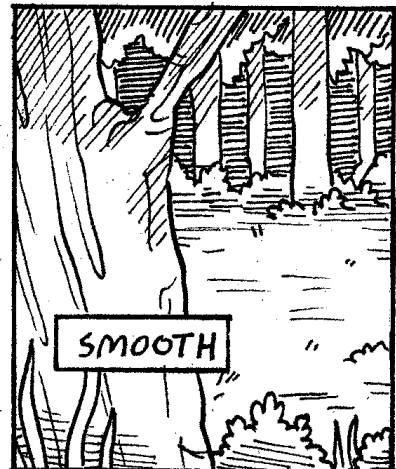
ALRIGHT, WE'VE ENTERED  
THE PLANET'S ATMOSPHERE

BUCKLE UP AND GET  
THOSE HELMETS ON.

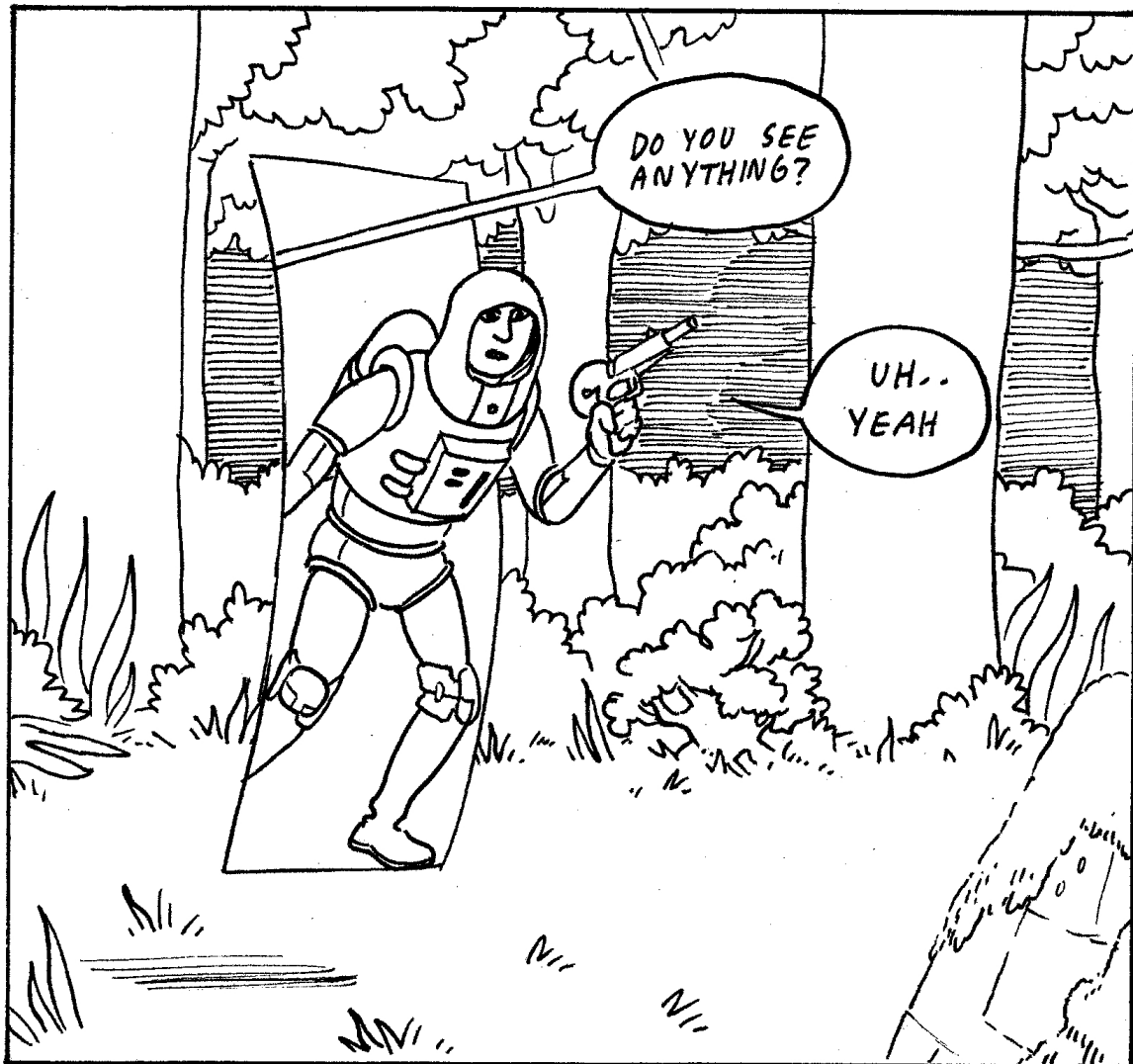
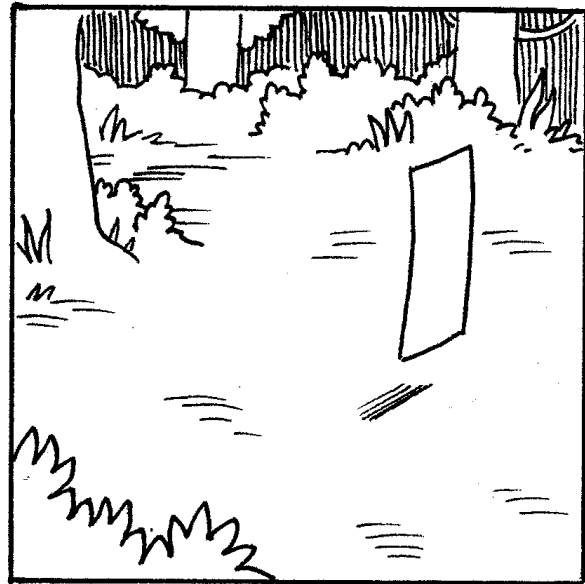
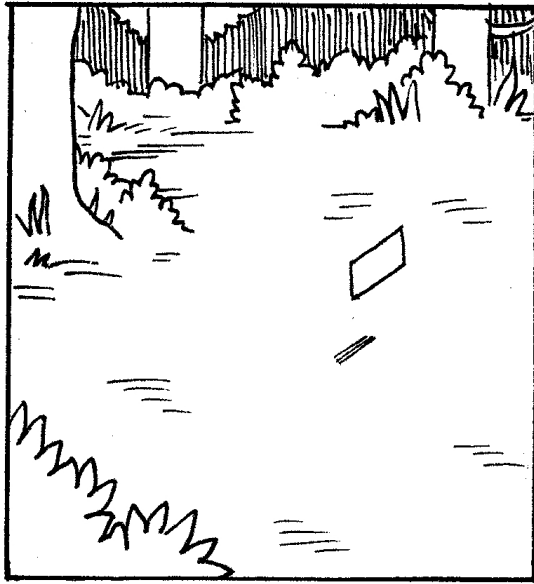


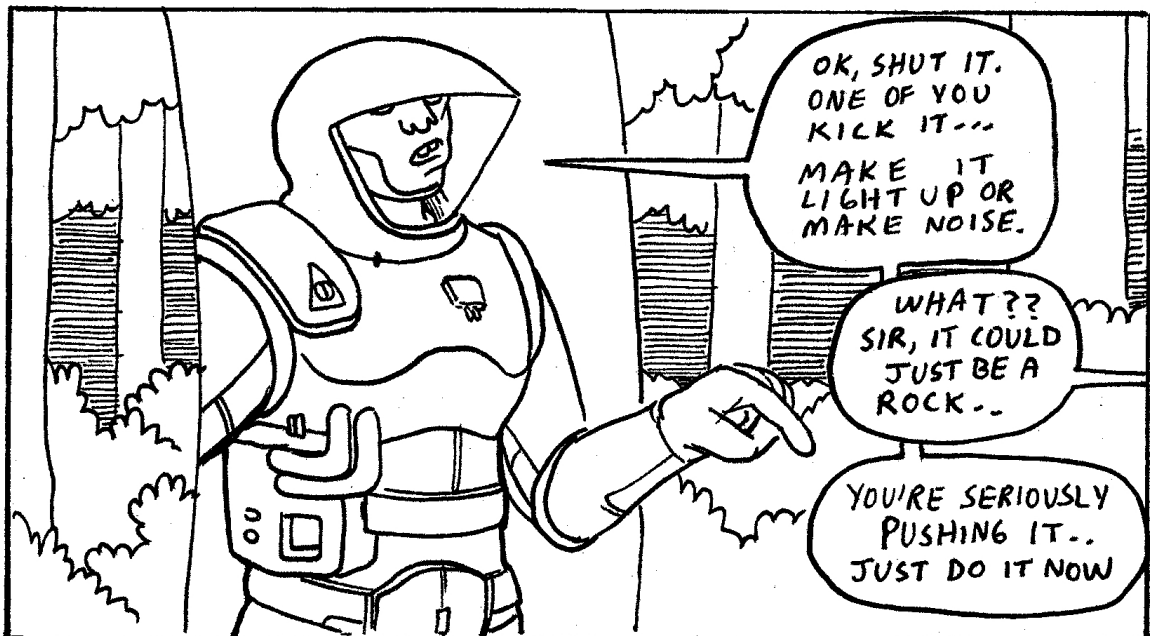
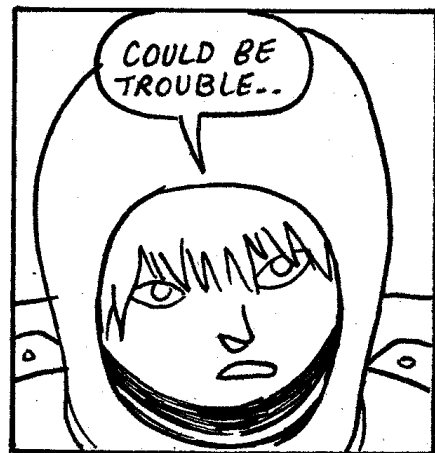
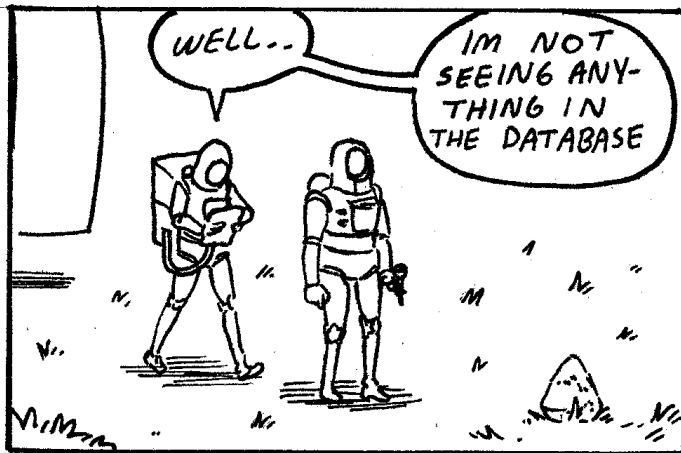
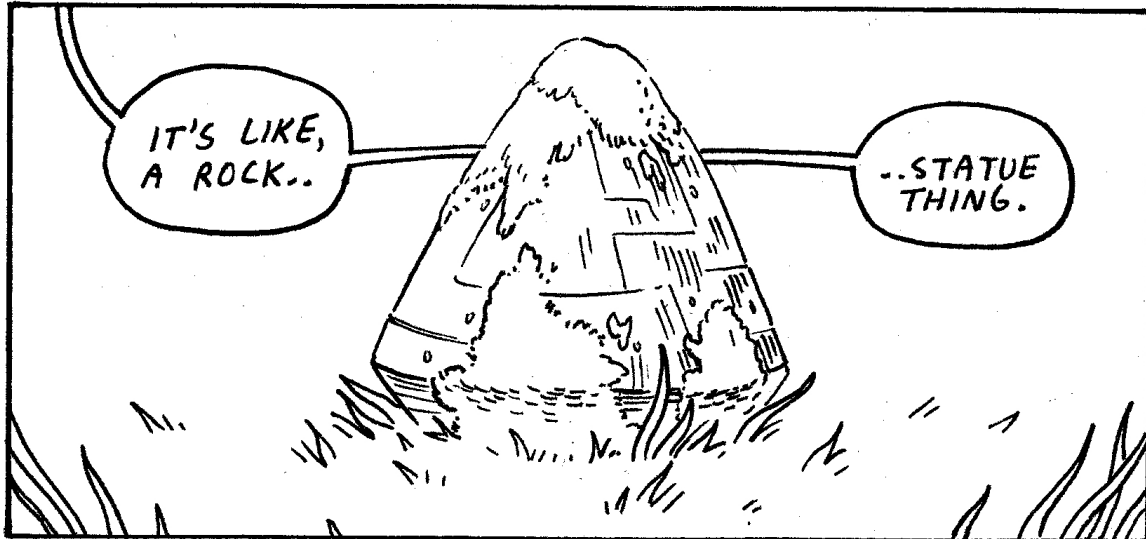
ACTIVATE THE  
CLOAKING DEVICE.

VWIB

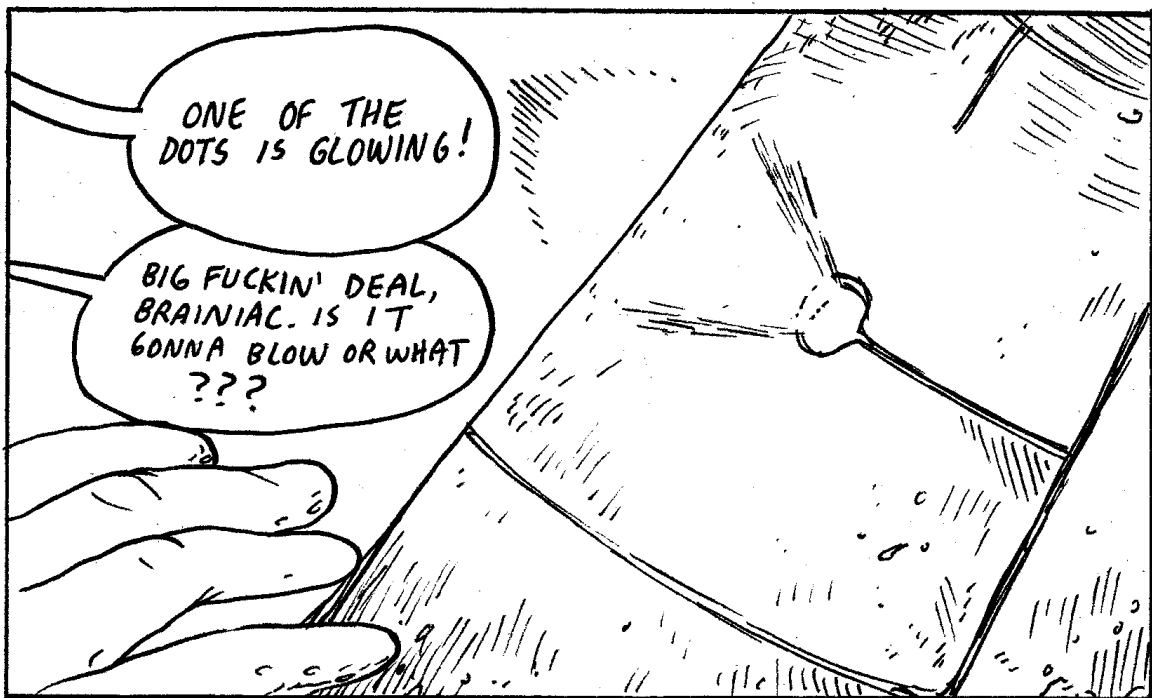
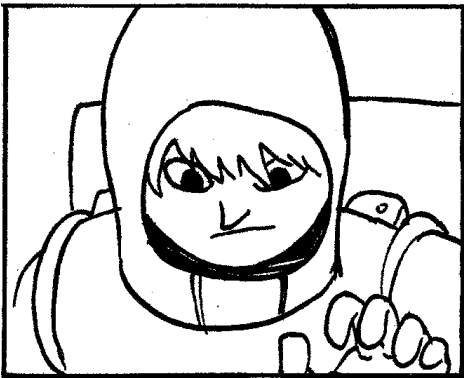
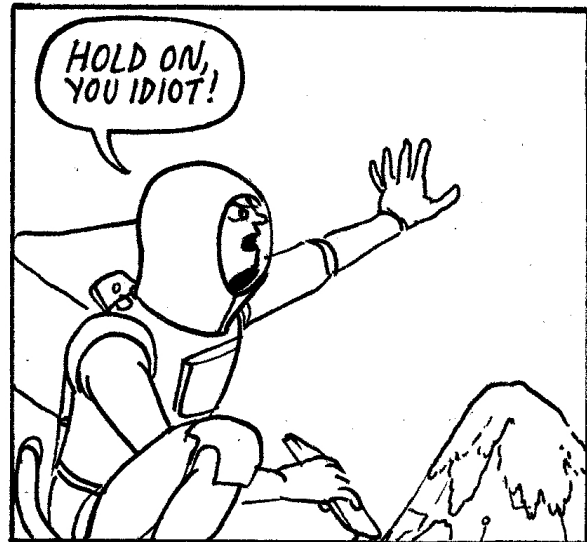
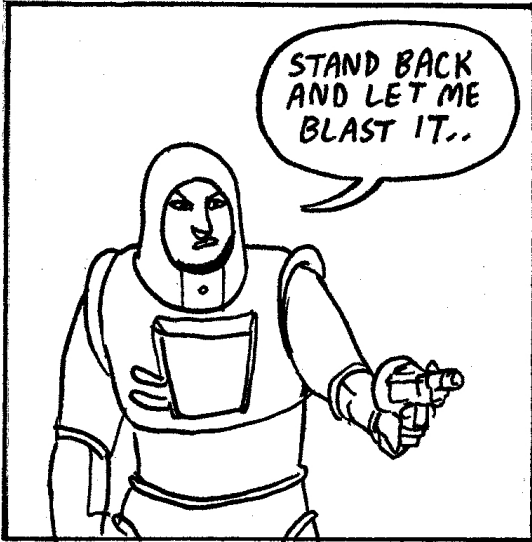


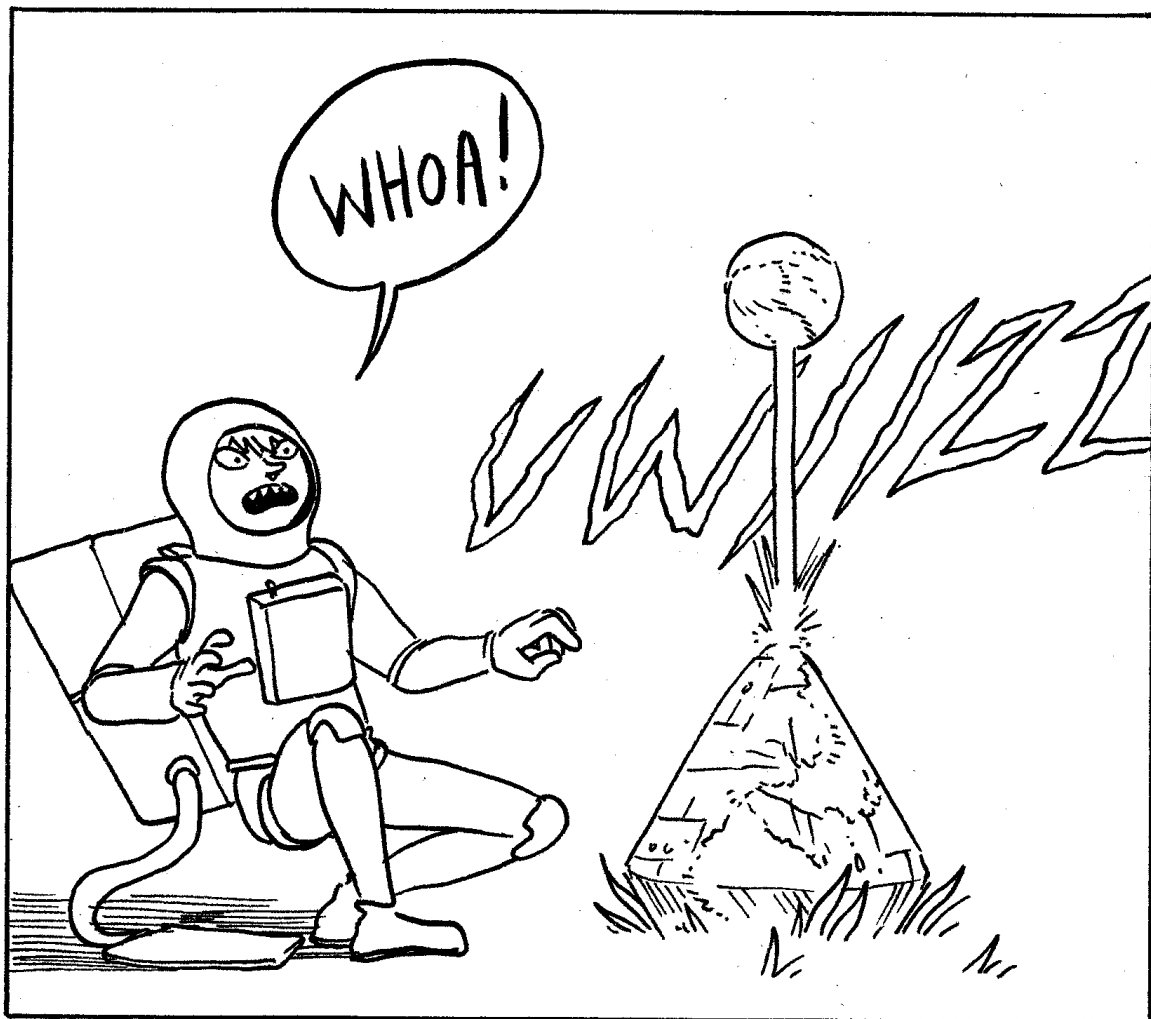
SMOOTH

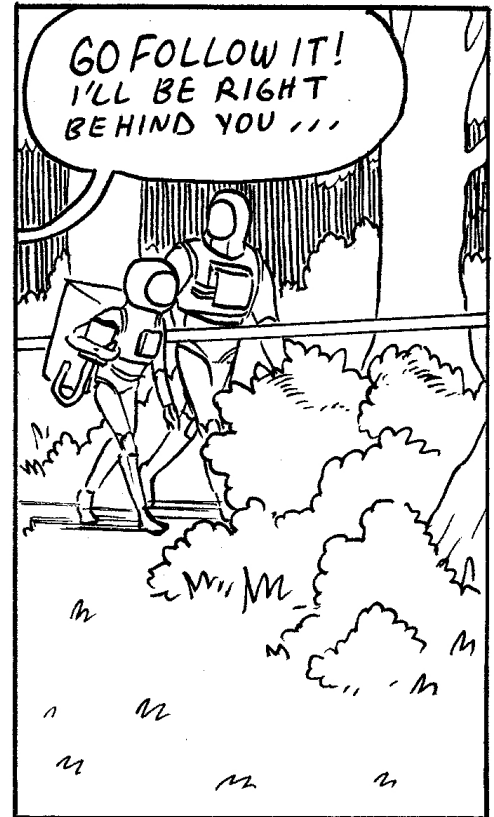
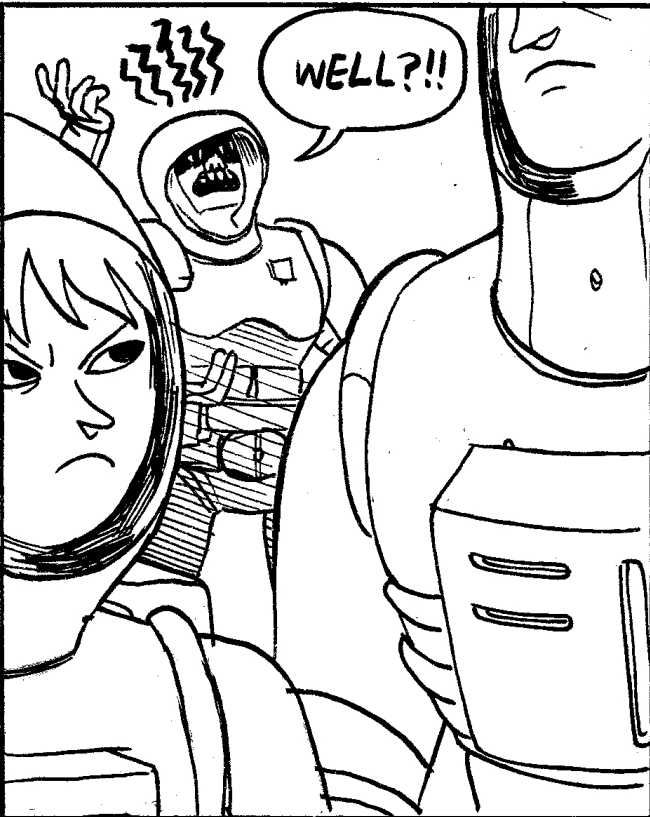
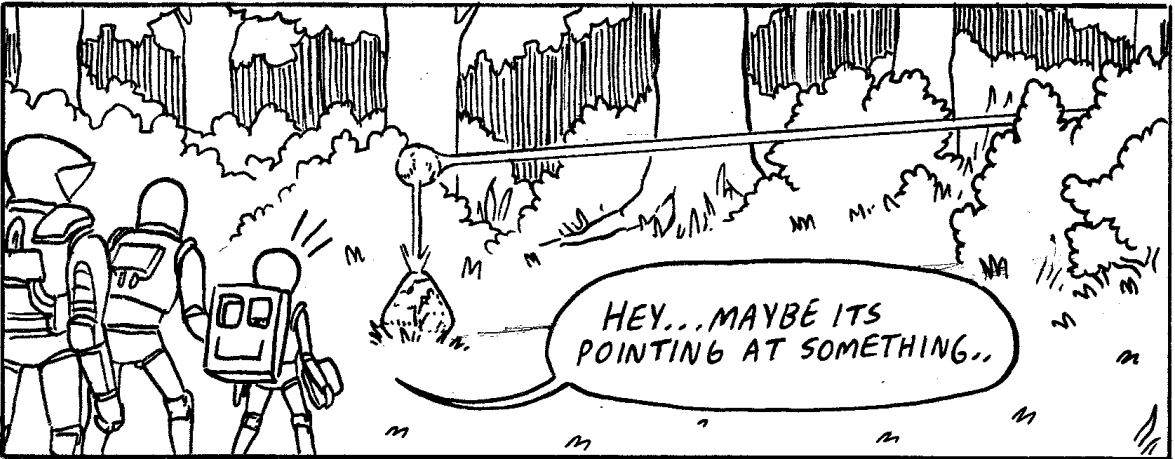
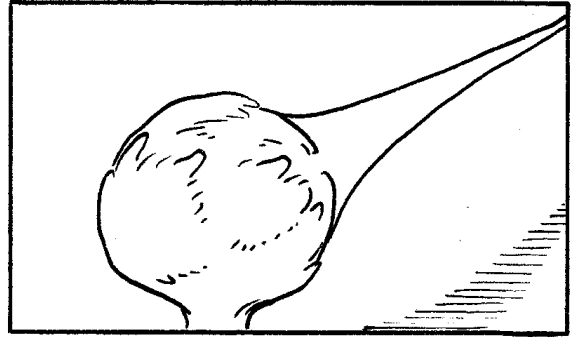
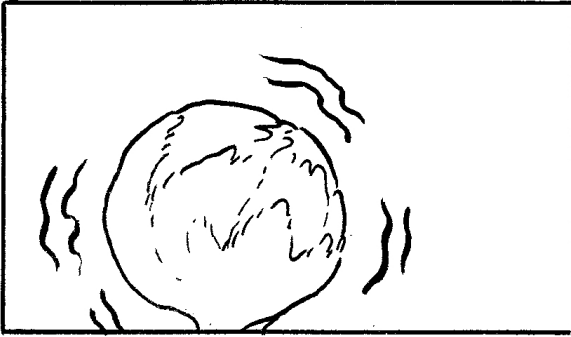


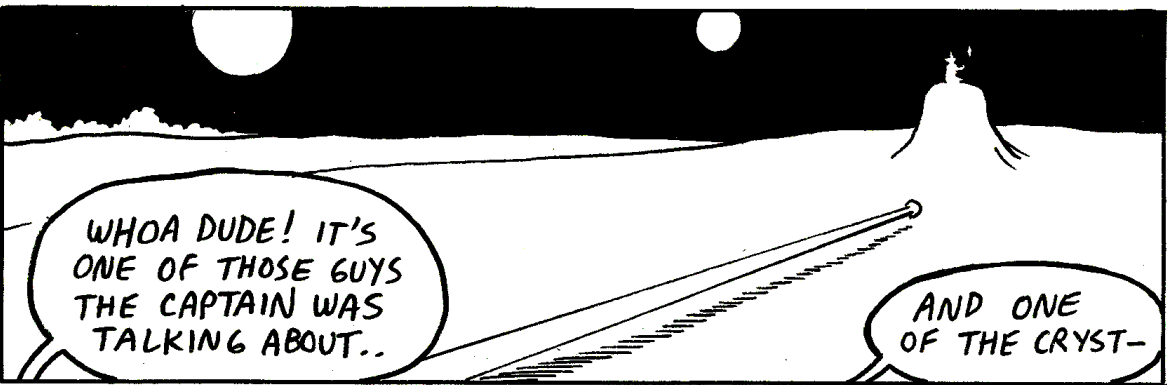
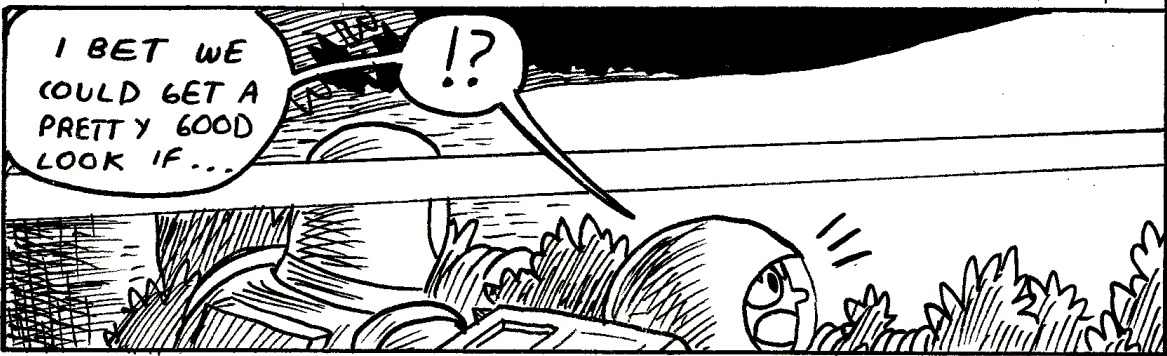


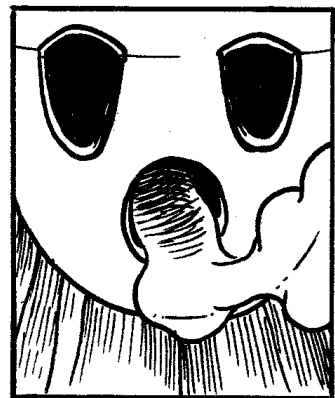
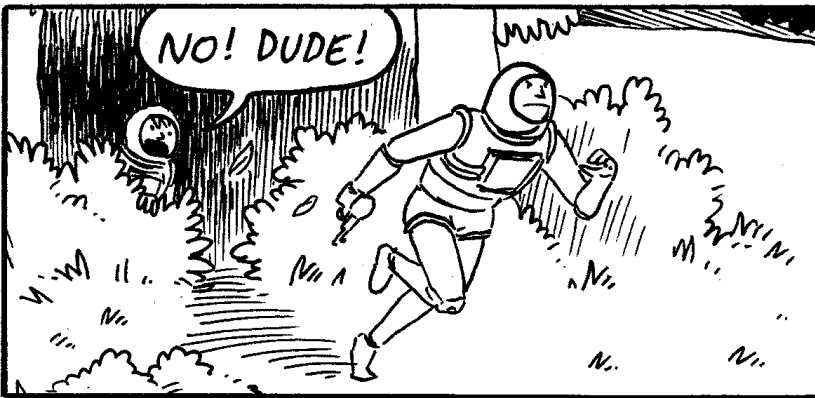
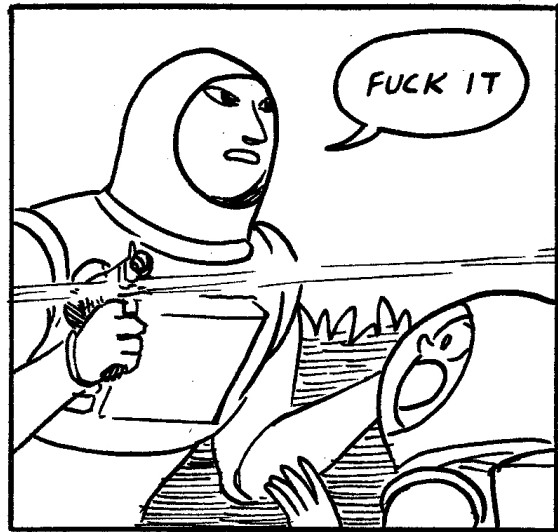
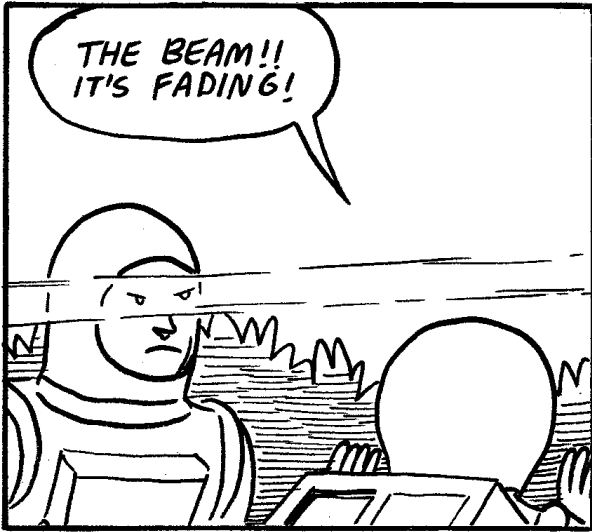




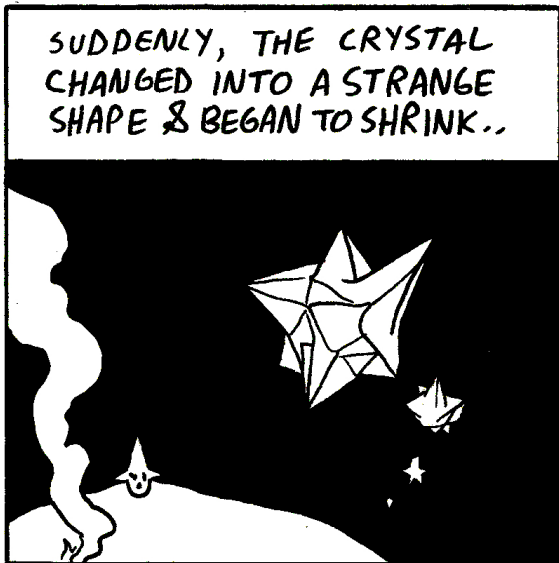
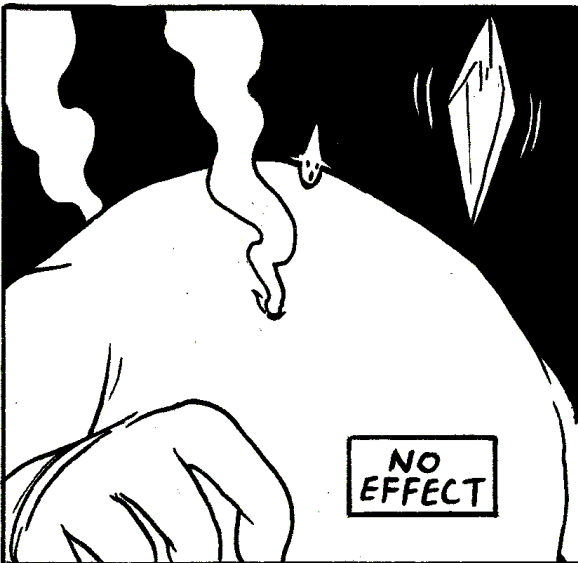
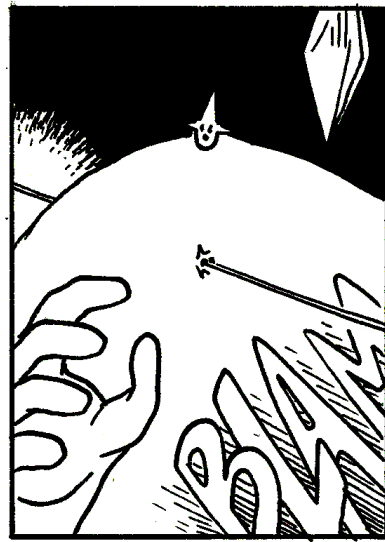
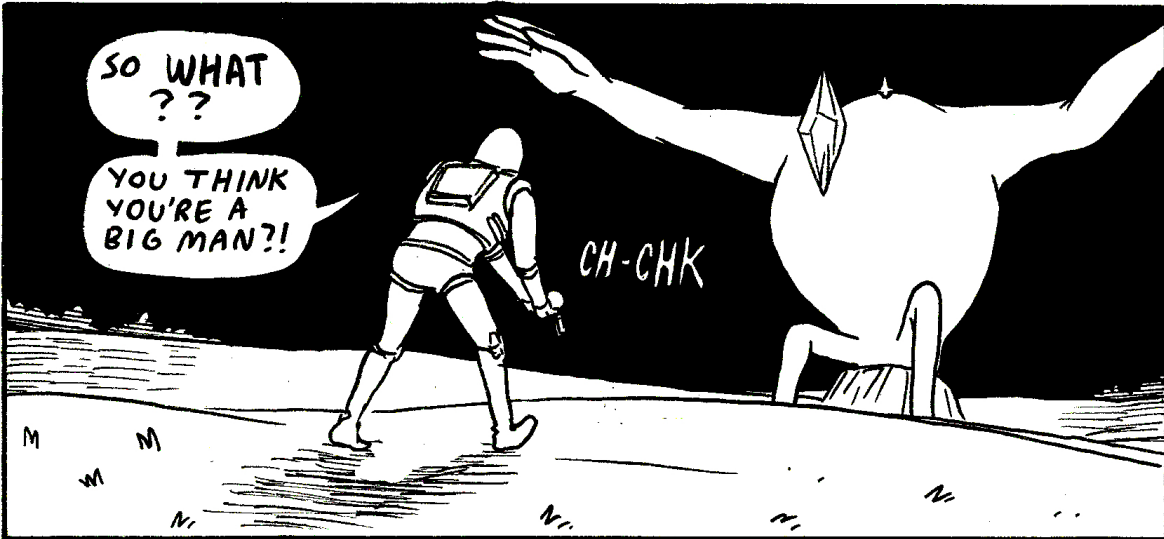


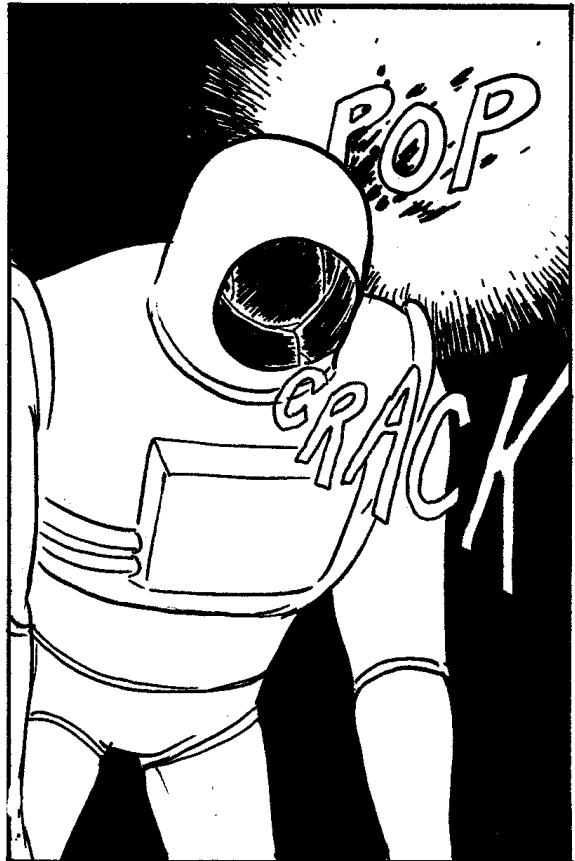
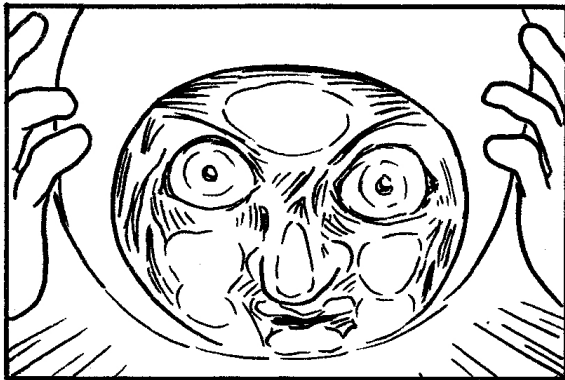
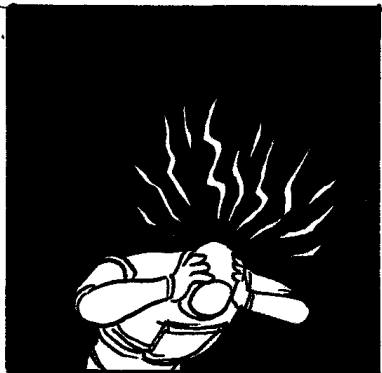
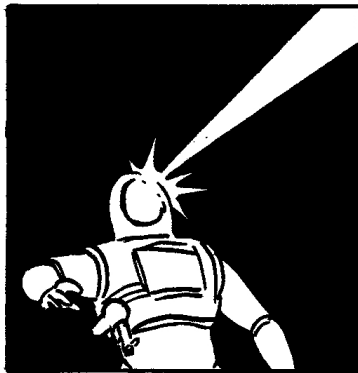
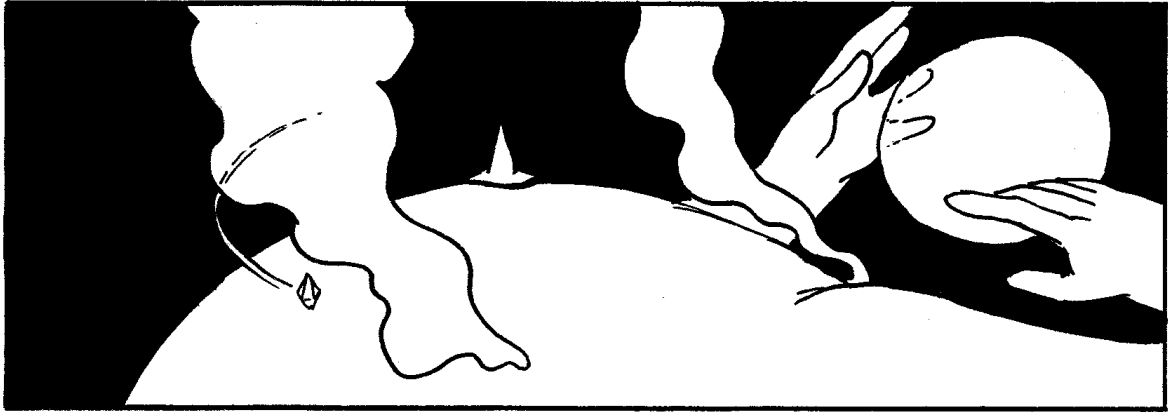


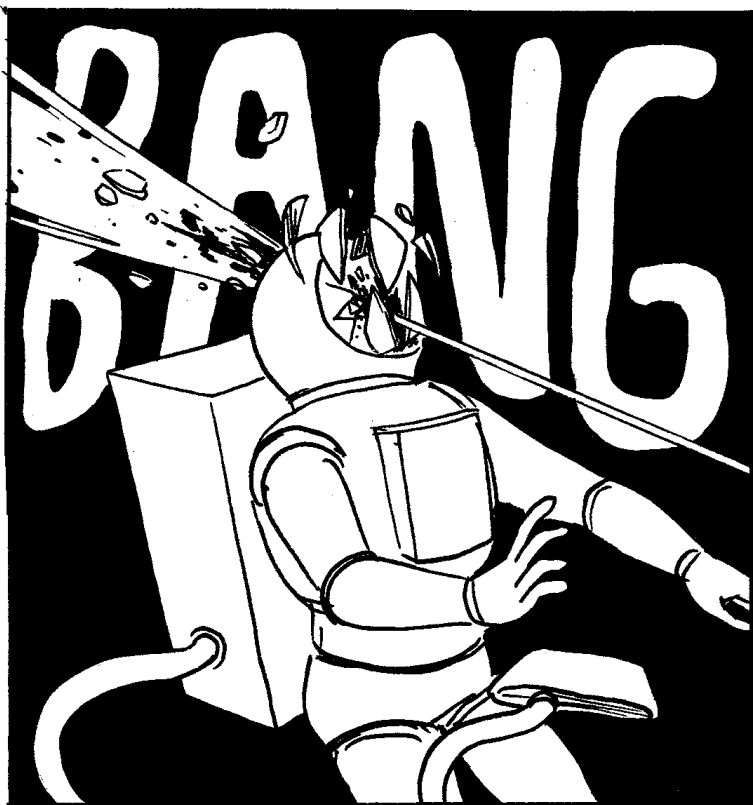
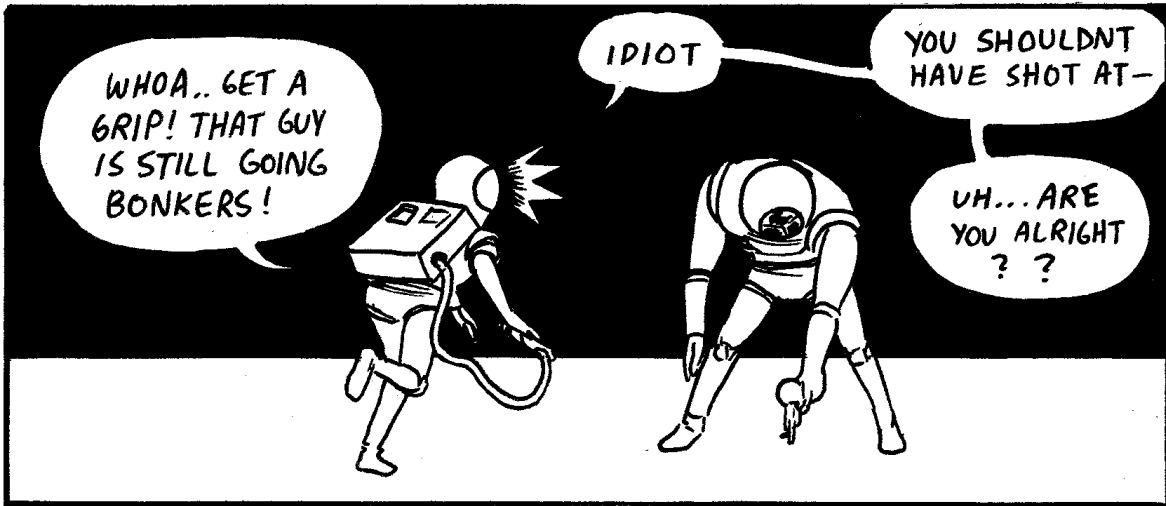
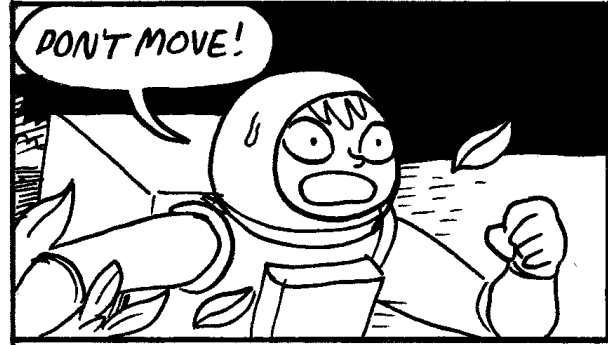


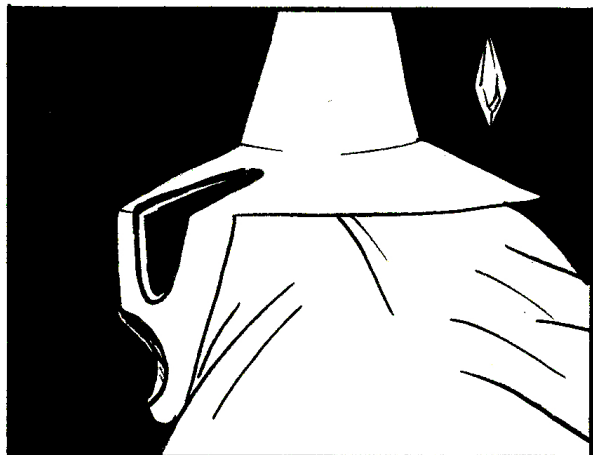
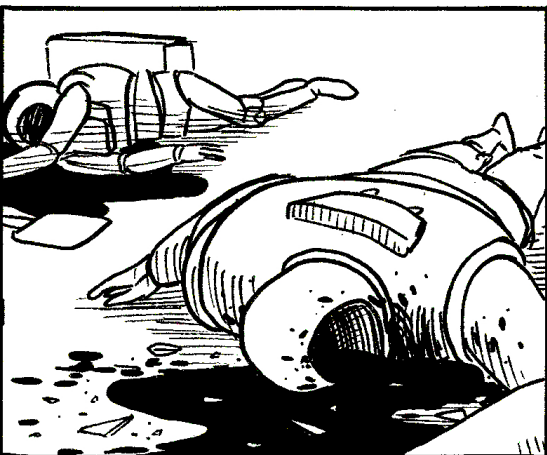
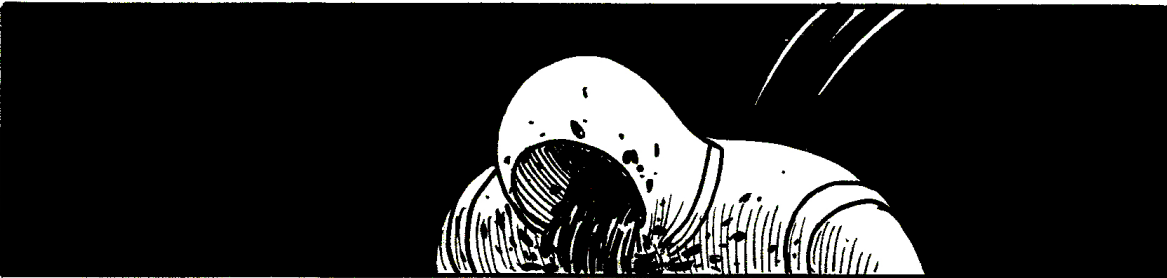
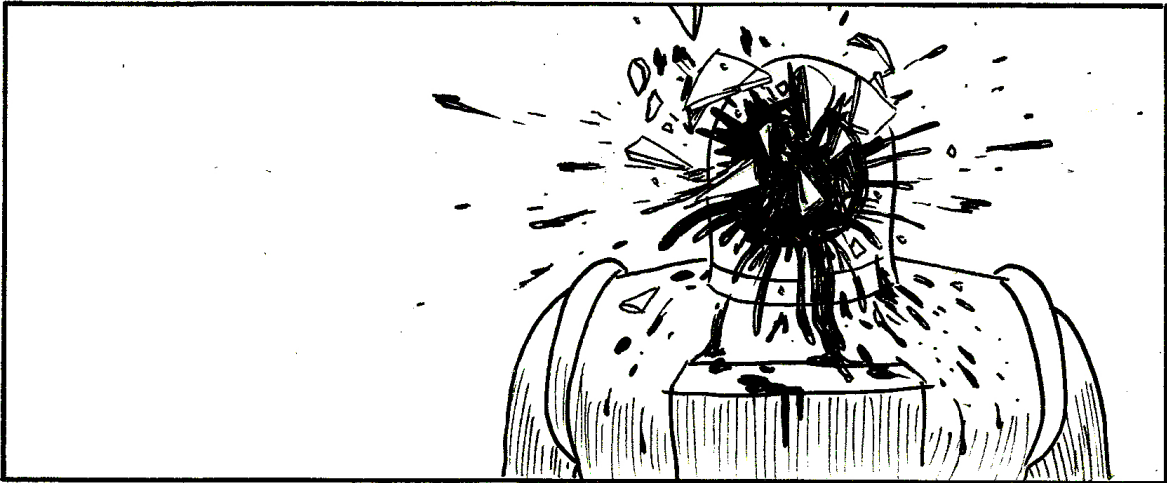
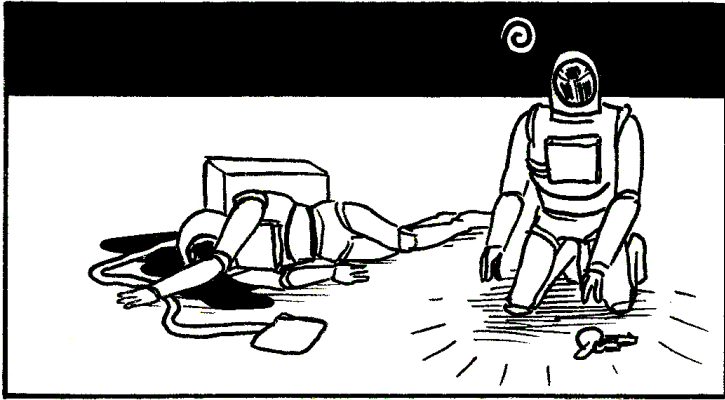


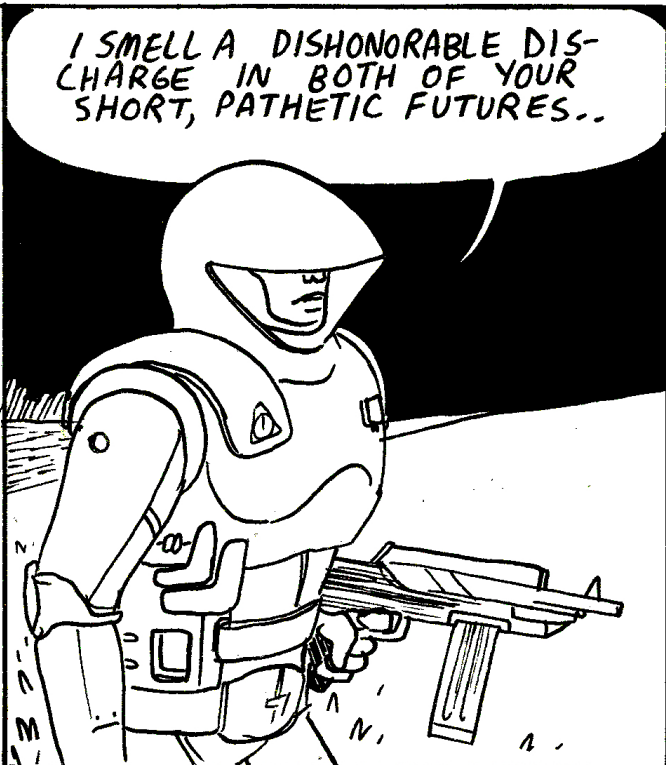
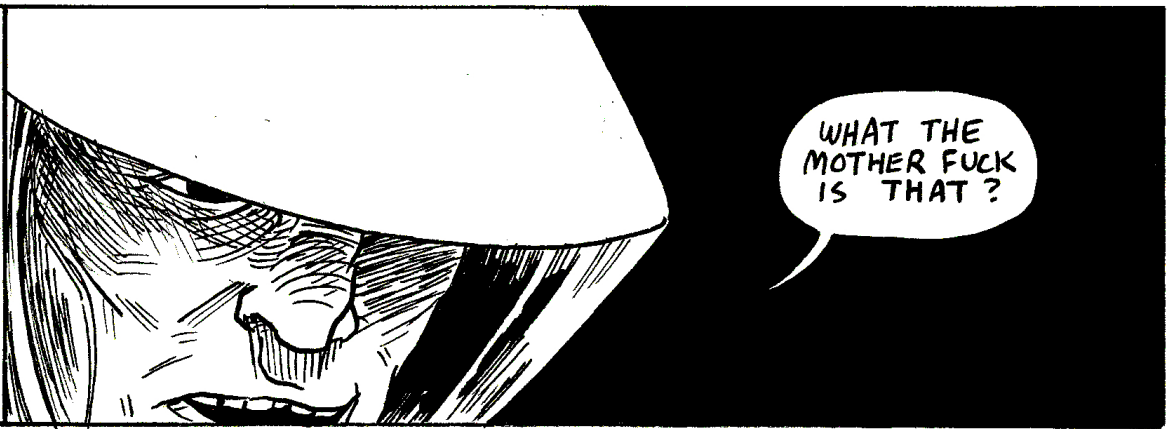
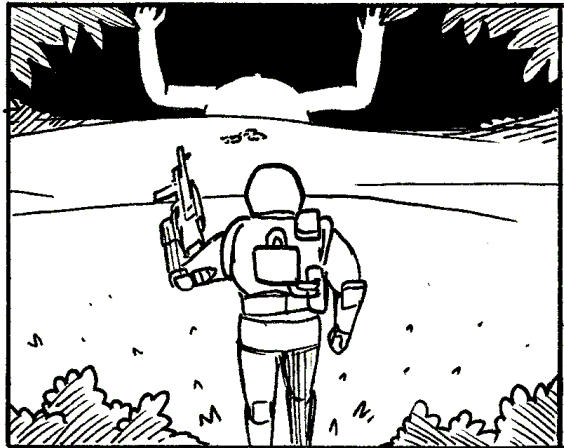
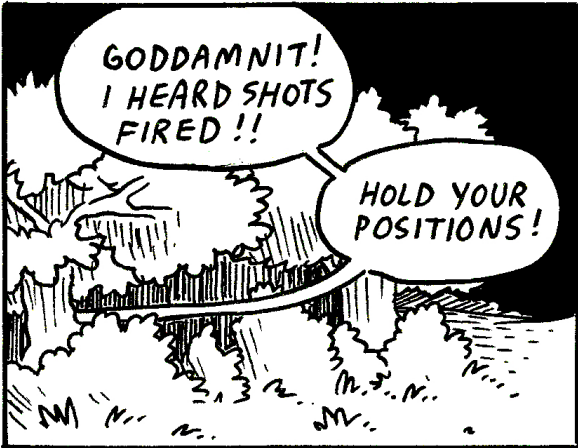


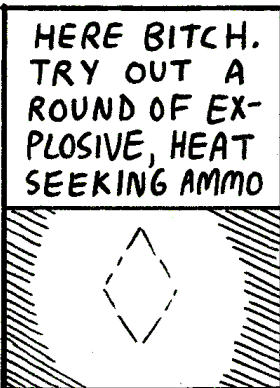
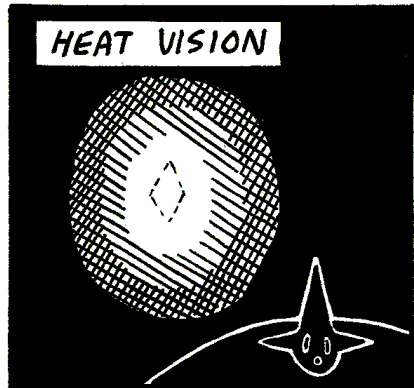
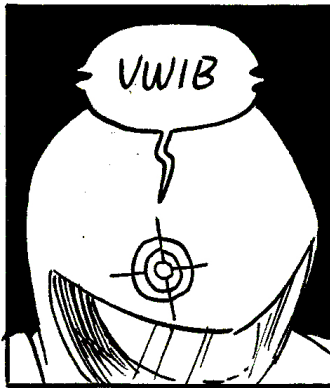
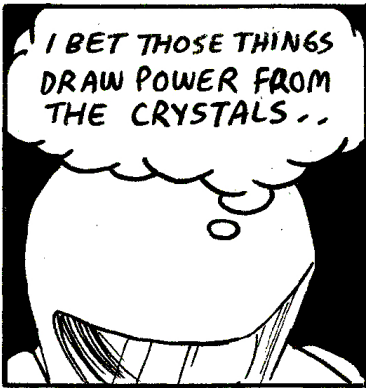




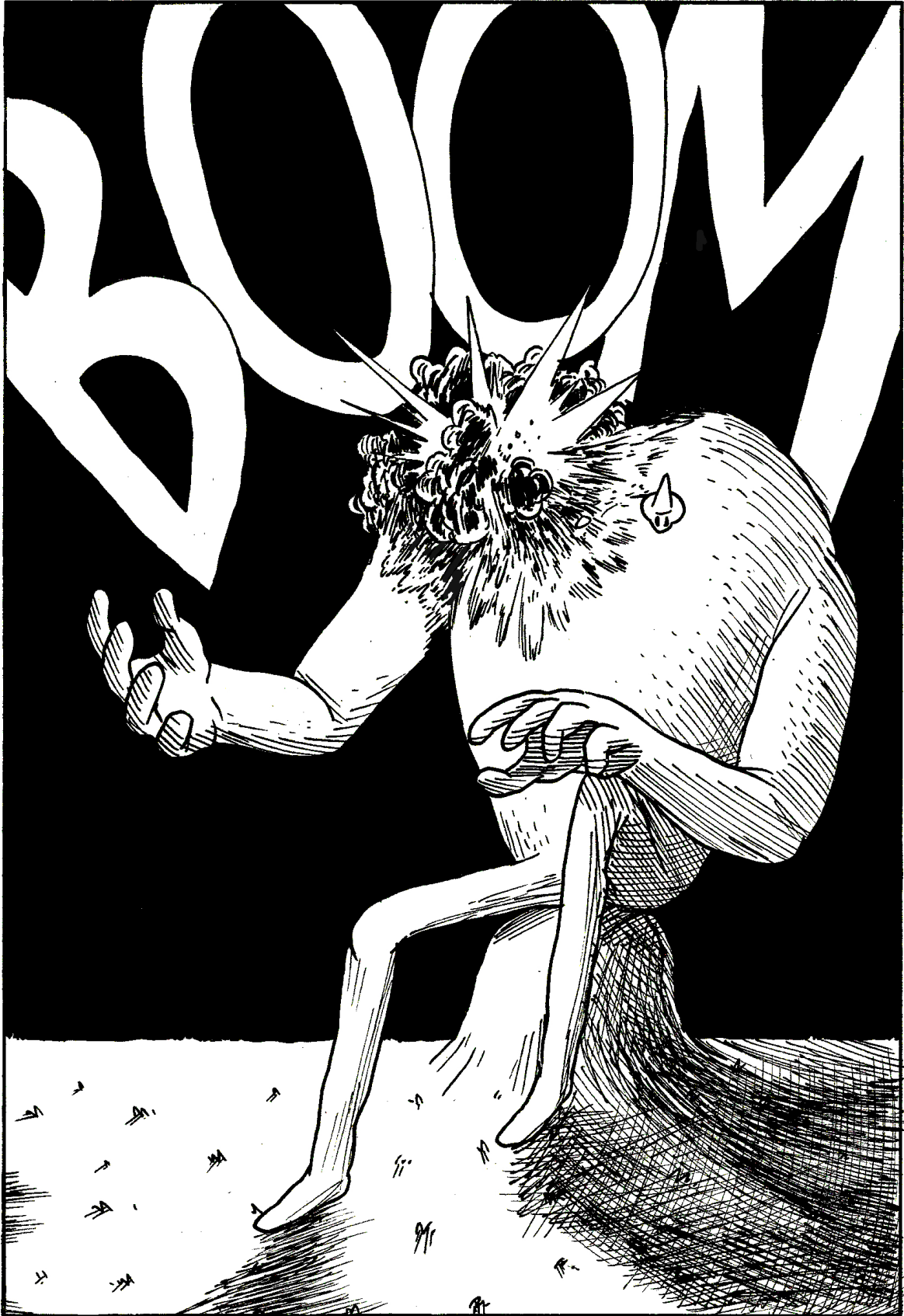




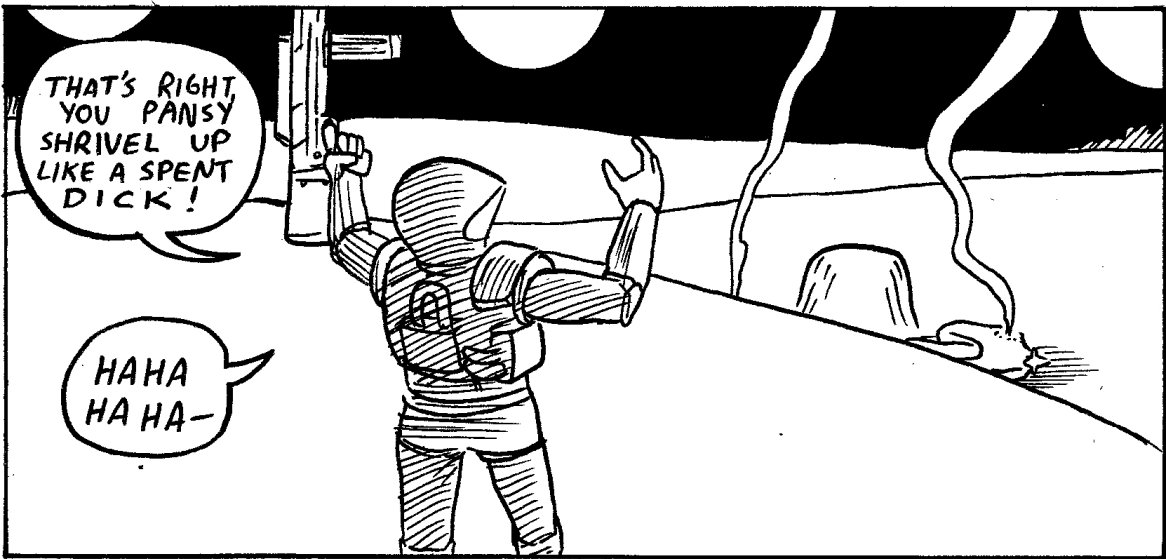




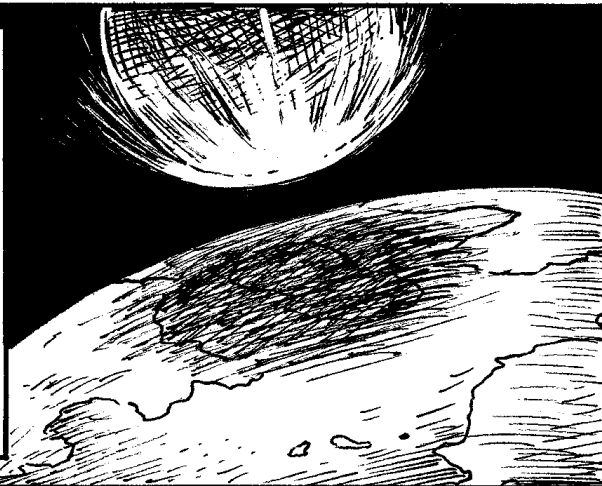




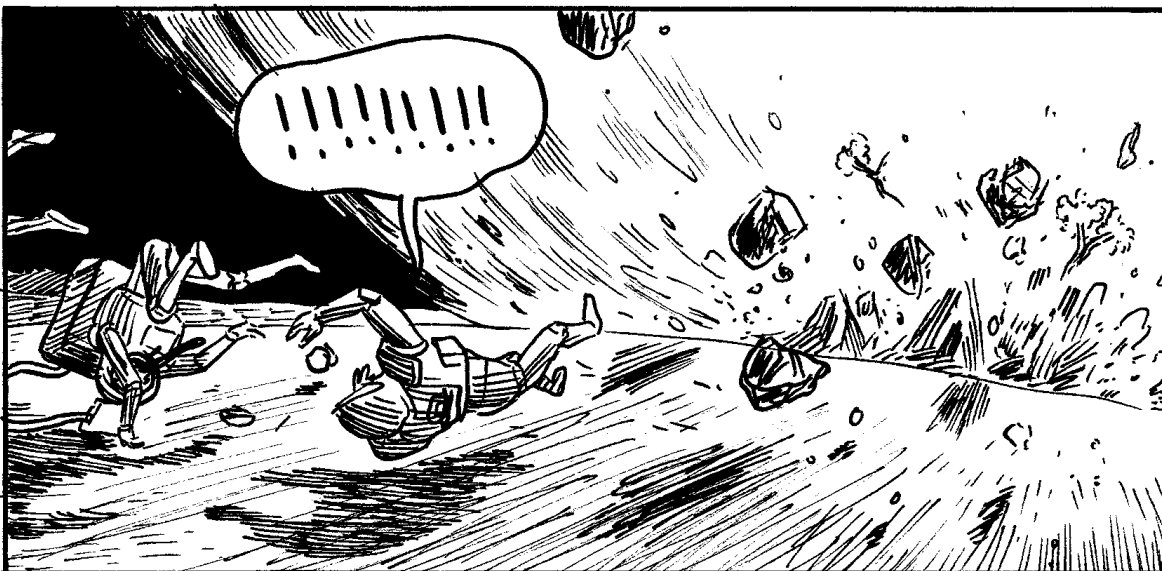
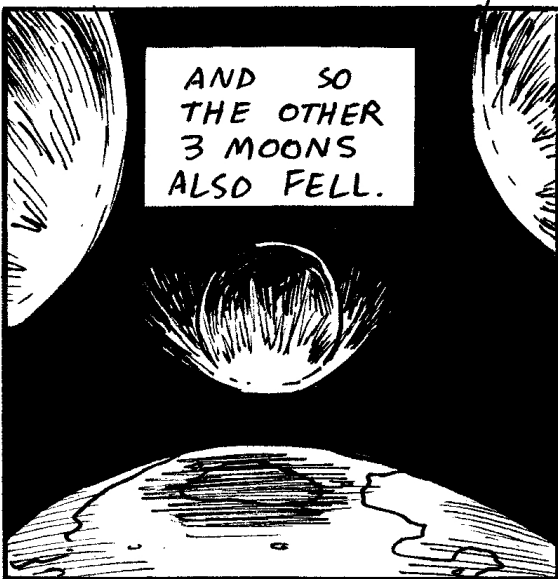


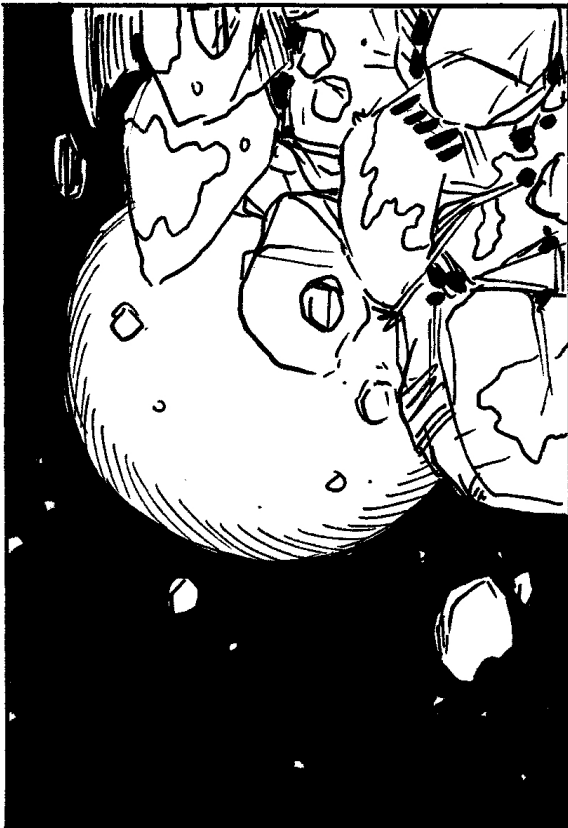


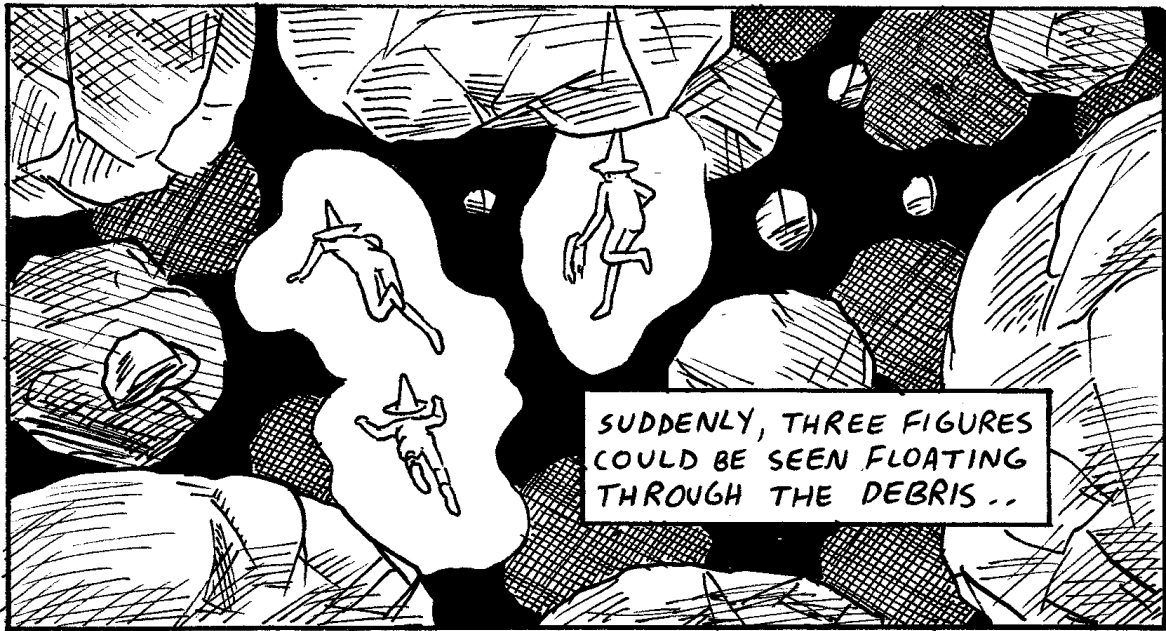
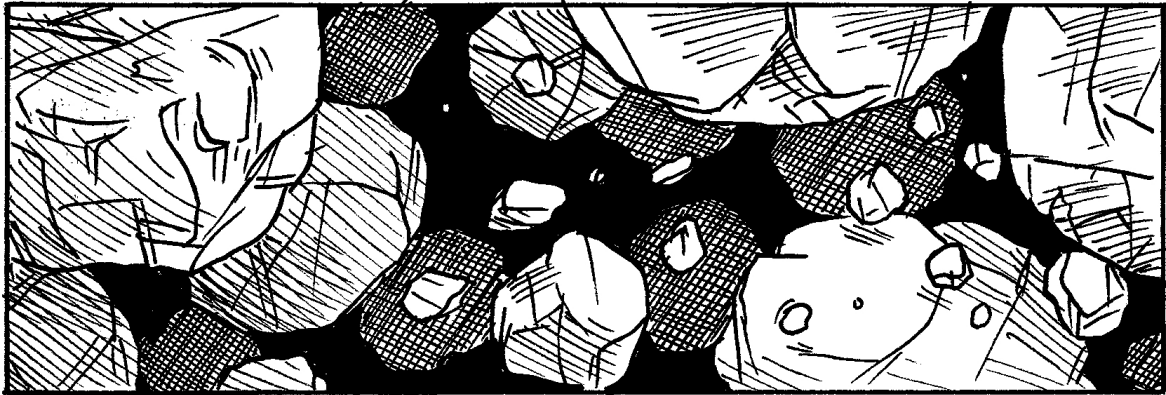
LITTLE DID HE KNOW, THE CRYSTAL WAS LINKED WITH ONE OF THE FOUR MOONS. ALONG WITH COUNTLESS OTHER USES, ITS ENERGY WAS THE ONLY FORCE KEEPING THE SATELLITE FROM BEING PULLED INTO THE PLANET. AS THE CRYSTAL'S FRAGMENTS STARTED TO DIM, THE MOON BEGAN PLUMMETING TOWARDS THE SURFACE OF THE MYSTERIOUS WORLD. ACROSS THE GLOBE, THE OTHER THREE CRYSTALS ALSO FADED...



AND SO THE OTHER 3 MOONS ALSO FELL.



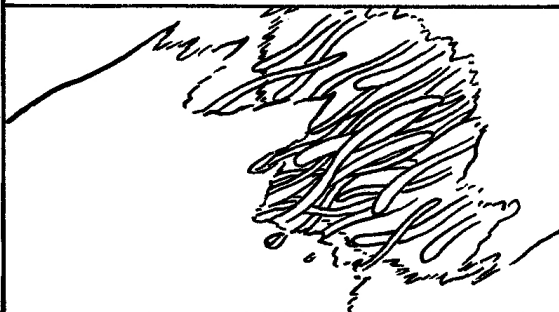








UPON RESTORING THEIR  
FALLEN BROTHER, THERE  
WAS A BRILLIANT FLASH



AND THEY FORMED INTO ONE BEING,



THEN BEGAN SCOURING THE UNIVERSE FOR THE FRAGMENTS  
OF THE CRYSTALS, ARMED WITH NOTHING BUT ORBITAL PROWESS



THE END



BY CURTIS TINSLEY



JUNE 2013  
[www.curtistinsley.com](http://www.curtistinsley.com)



