

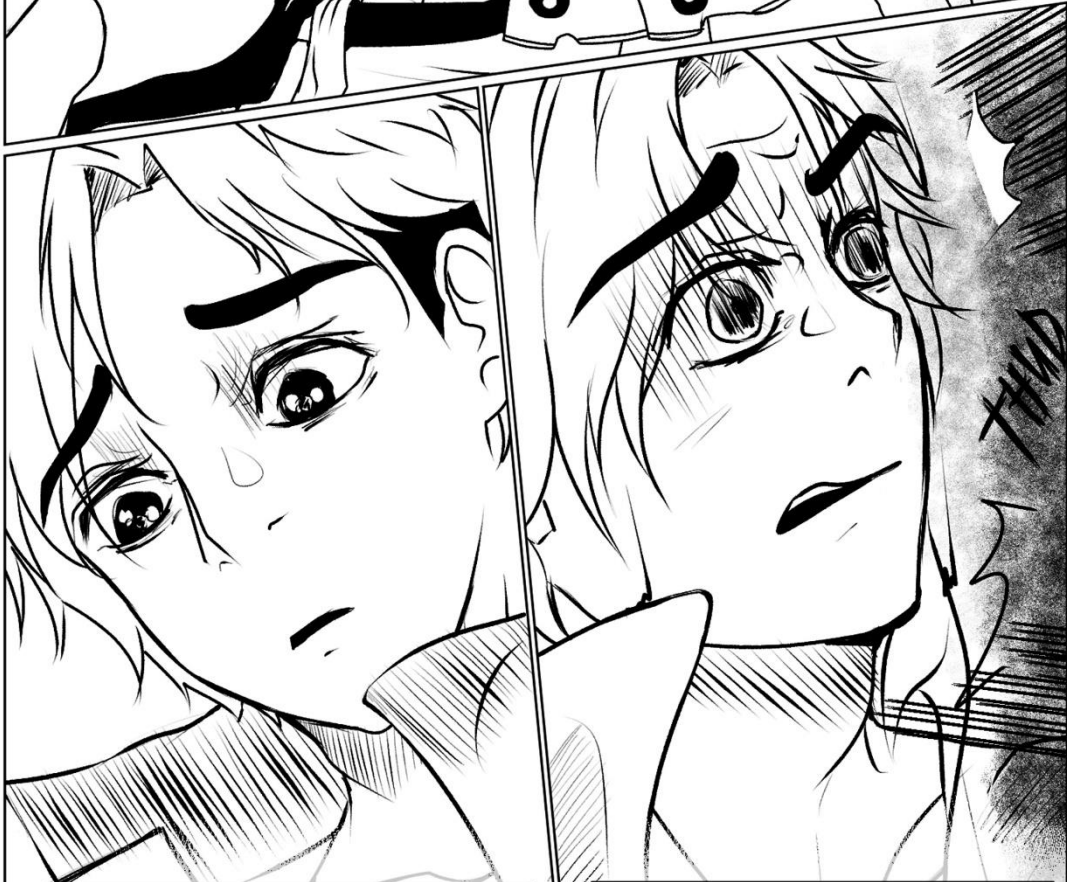
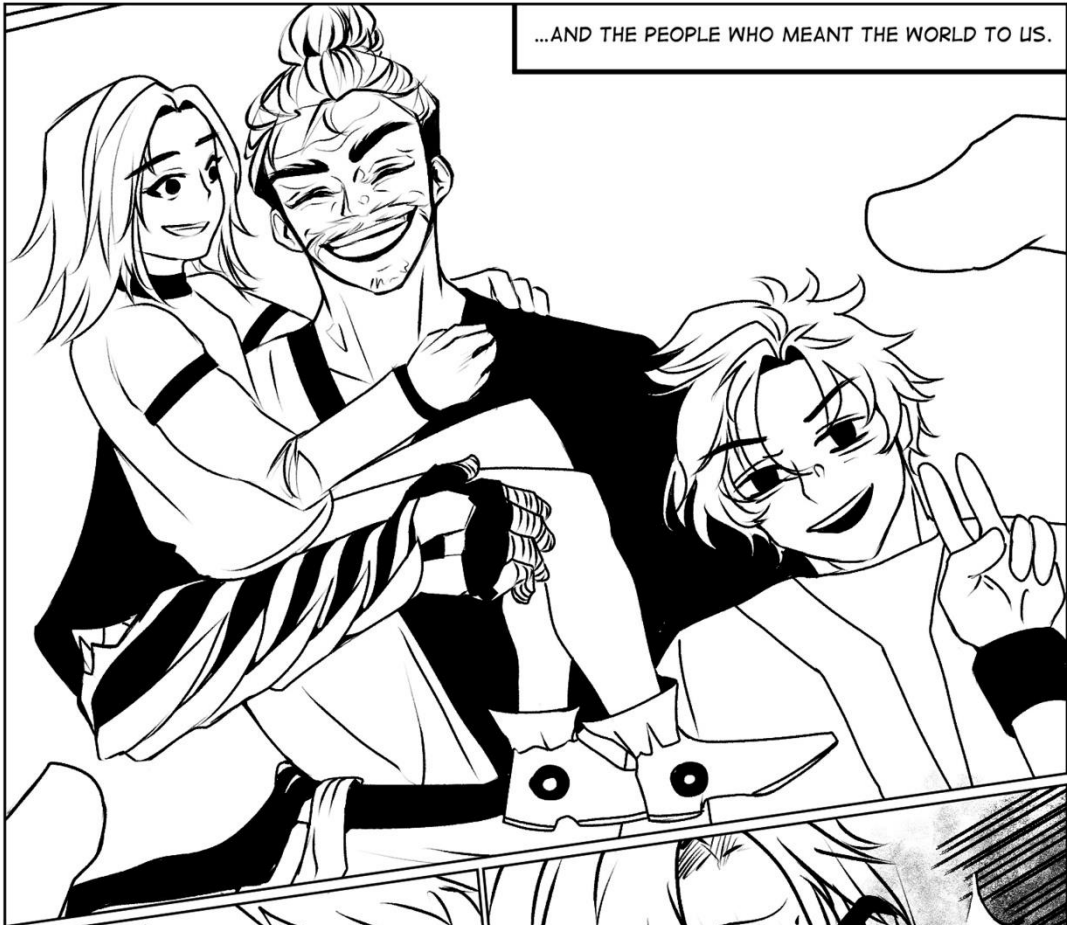


ONCE THEY ATTACKED,
THE WORLD WAS NEVER THE SAME.

WE COULDN'T STOP THEM
AND IT CHANGED OUR LIVES FOREVER.

*NORMALCY WAS STRIPPED AWAY.
WE LOST THE THINGS WE HELD DEAR...*

...AND THE PEOPLE WHO MEANT THE WORLD TO US.



I CAN'T HELP BUT LONG FOR WHAT USED TO BE,

FOR THINGS TO GO BACK TO THE WAY THEY WERE.

**BUT WHEN THE
EARTH SHAKES**

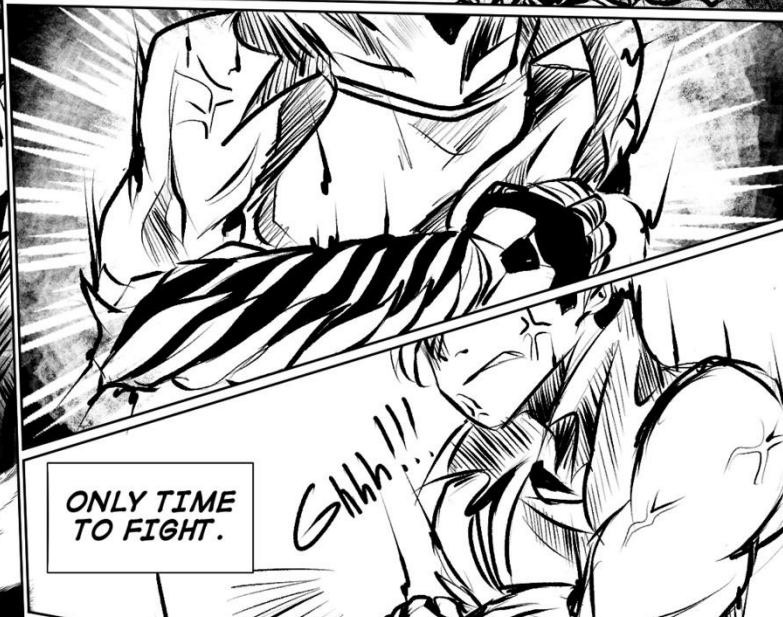


**AND THE
MONSTERS
ROAR...**



tch.

THERE'S
NO
TIME TO
DREAM.



ONLY TIME
TO FIGHT.

Ghh!!!



SWOOOSH



SLAM!

TATTK

GRRRAAARGH

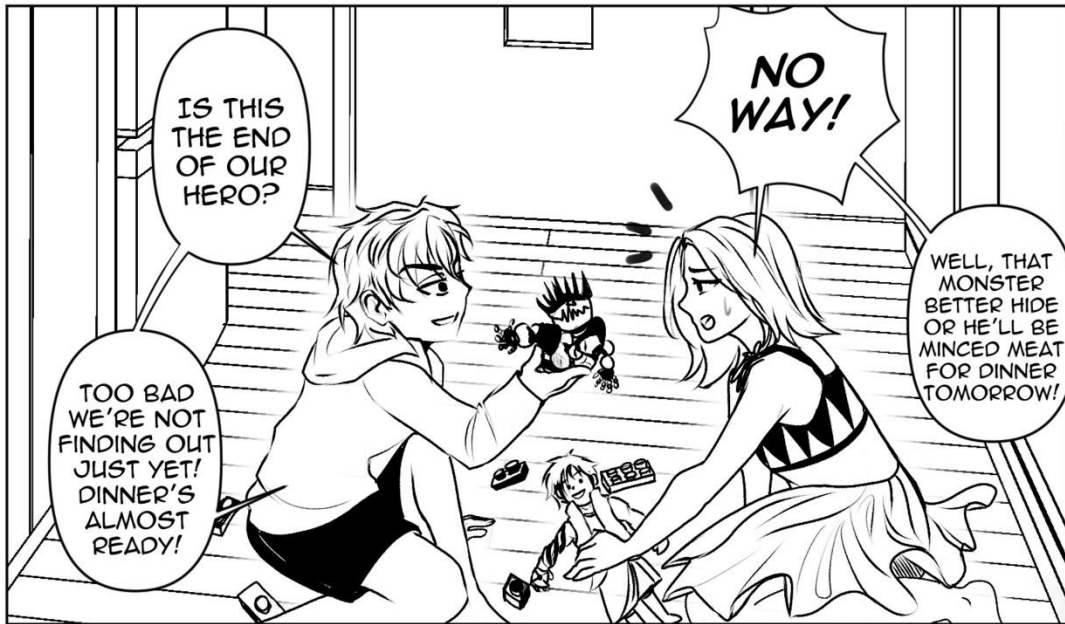
huff...

Peach

huff..

I WAS TAUGHT TO HOPE,
BUT DOESN'T IT FEEL
POINTLESS?

SHOULD I JUST ACCEPT
THAT THIS IS THE END?



IS THIS THE END OF OUR HERO?

NO WAY!

WELL, THAT MONSTER BETTER HIDE OR HE'LL BE MINCED MEAT FOR DINNER TOMORROW!

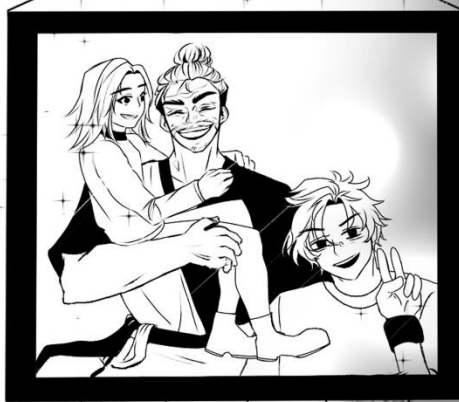
TOO BAD WE'RE NOT FINDING OUT JUST YET! DINNER'S ALMOST READY!



smile

MY ANSWER TO THAT IS NO. IT WILL ALWAYS BE NO.

NO MATTER HOW BIG THE MONSTERS MAY BE, AND HOW BLEAK THINGS COULD GET.



WE CAN CHOOSE TO DREAM.
WE CAN CHOOSE TO HOPE.
WE CAN CHOOSE TO FIGHT.

IT'S NEVER THE END.



ehehehe

DON'T SLEEP ON THE UNDERDOG!

STORY BY MIGUEL T. G. ASISTIO
ART BY STRAUBREY