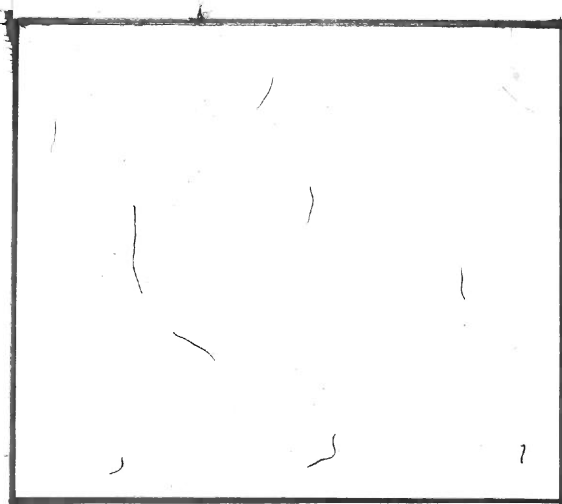


THE
SILENCE
IN THE
SNOW





ACTUALLY... I'M OKAY, FOR NOW. SNOW CONTAINS 95% OXYGEN PERMEANCE, BUT THIS DEEP DOWN, WITH THE SNOW AS COMPACTED AS IT IS, THE EXHALED CARBON DIOXIDE WILL FILL MY LITTLE COFFIN MORE RAPIDLY THAN OXYGEN AND NITROGEN WILL SEEP IN. THAT WOULD ACTUALLY BE A GOOD THING—A GREAT THING!—BECAUSE MY DEATH WOULD BE ABSOLUTELY PAINLESS!

FOOD. I'LL DEHYDRATE LONG BEFORE I STARVE. IRRELEVANT RIGHT NOW. OKAY, OXYGEN. OXYGEN!

NOPE. NO WAY. BESIDES, URINE DRINKING IS MORE MYTH THAN REALITY ANYWAY. OKAY, SO PAINFUL DEATH VIA DEHYDRATION IN THREE TO FOUR DAYS.

WAIT. I DO HAVE WATER ON ME. OR MORE ACCURATELY, INSIDE ME. UH OH...

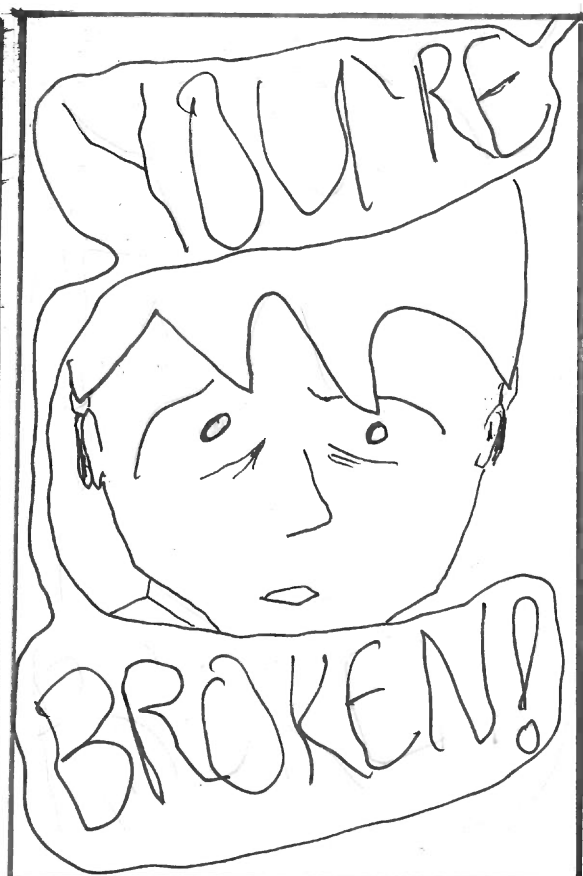
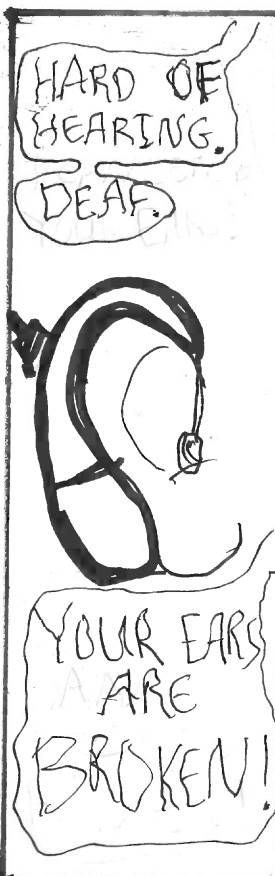
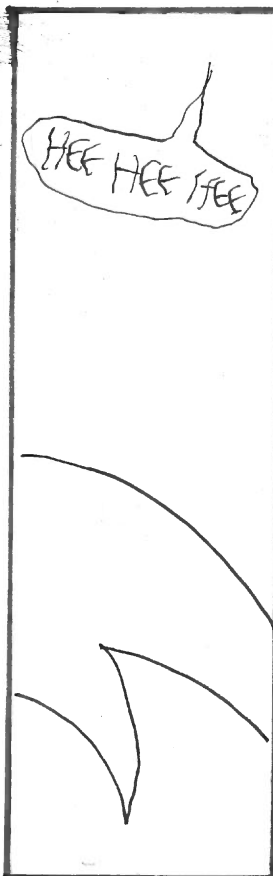
I DON'T HAVE ANY ON ME. CAN'T EAT THE SNOW—TAKES TOO MUCH INTERNAL ENERGY TO LIQUEFY.

FORGET THAT YOU'RE SLOWLY BLEEDING OUT, DOUG. THINK. OKAY, WATER.

AGAIN, THOUGH, THE PROBLEM IS WATER. DEHYDRATION'S DUMB LITTLE FEET ARE FASTER.

OKAY, SO, NO MATTER WHAT, I NEED TO SOMEHOW MELT THE SNOW-ICE AROUND ME.

NEW TERM! SNOW-ICE!



HEE HEE HEE

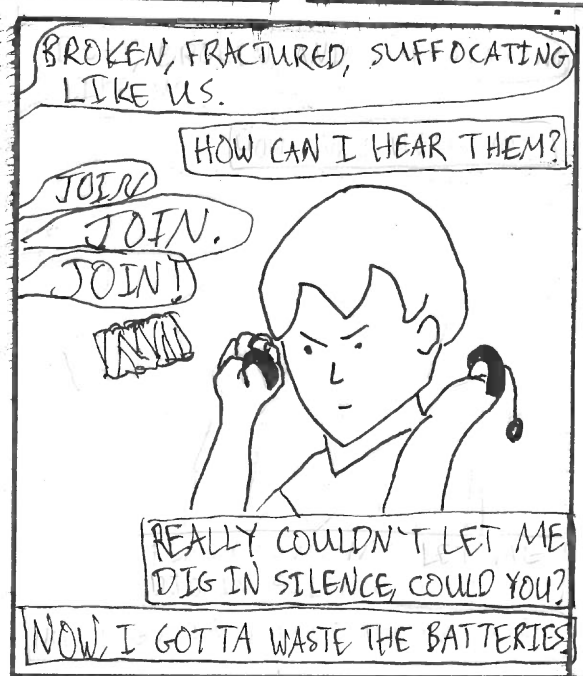
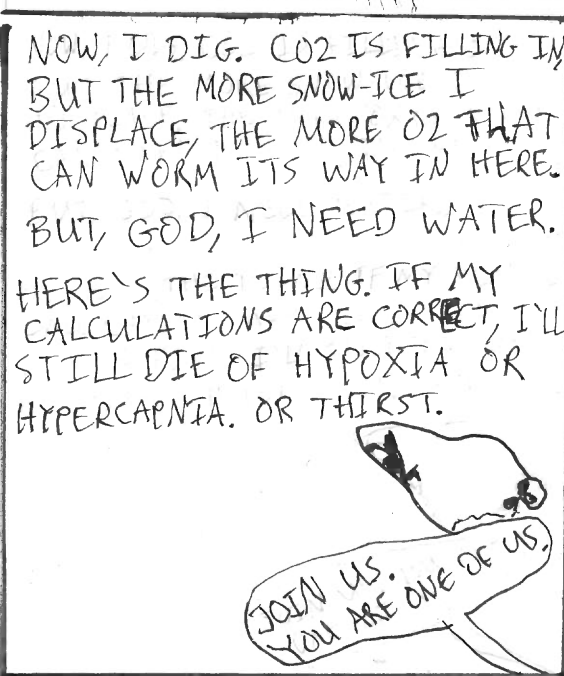
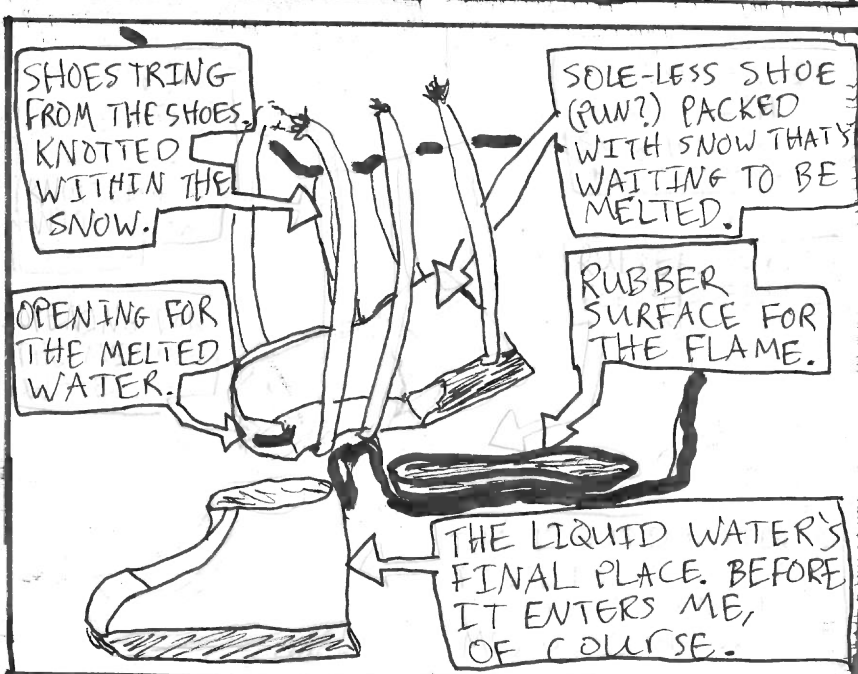
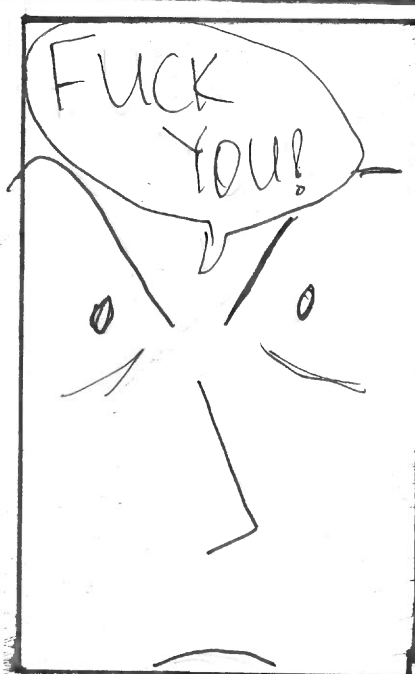
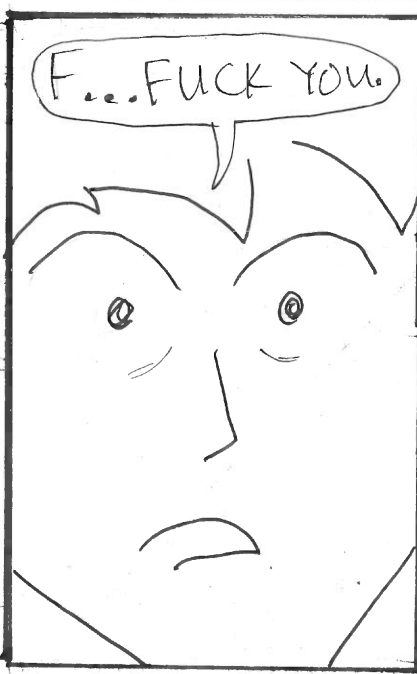
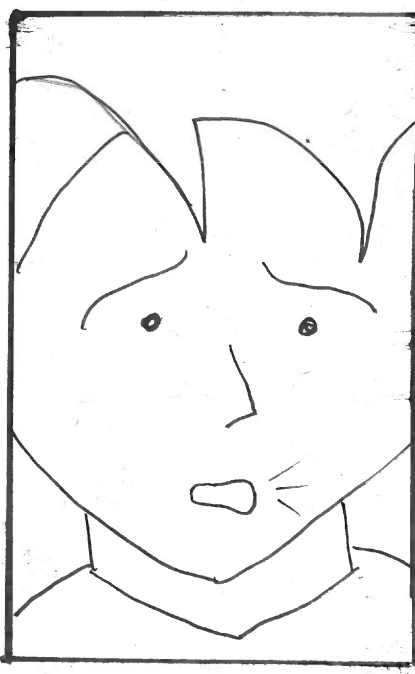
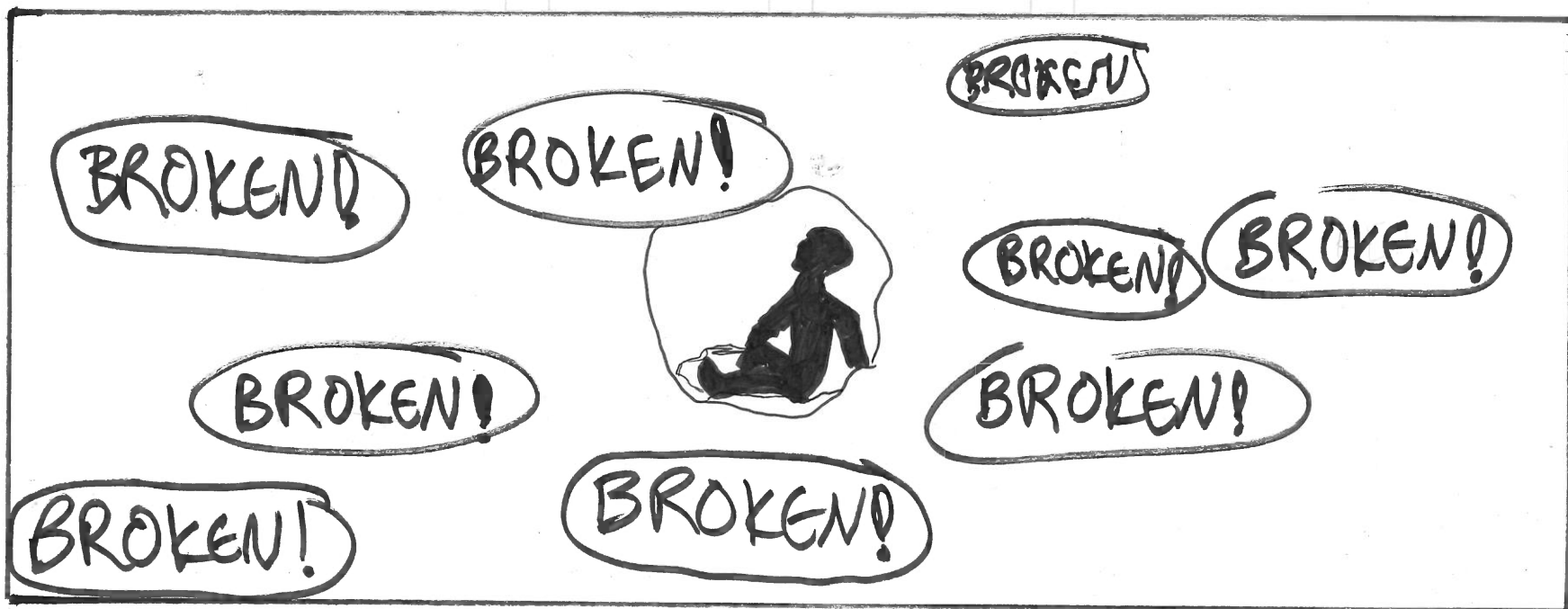
DOUG... I CAN SENSE YOUR EARS.

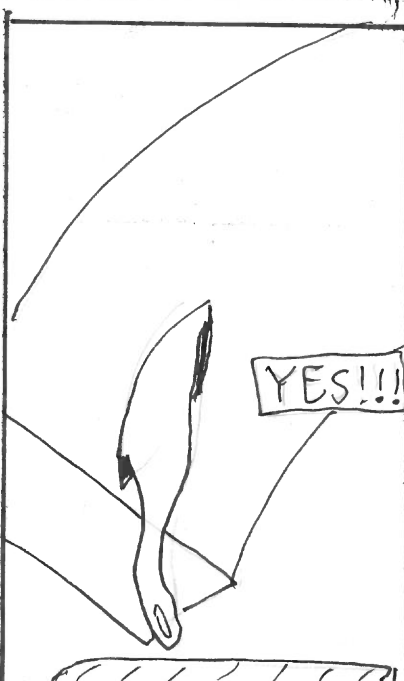
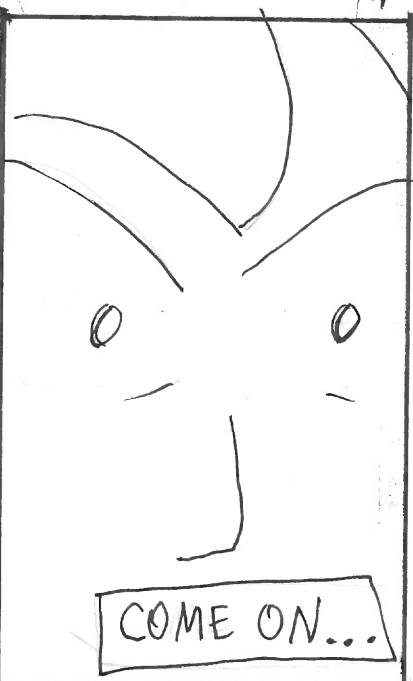
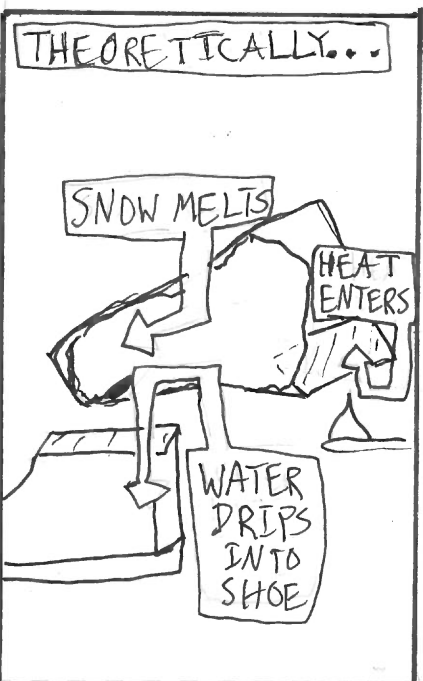
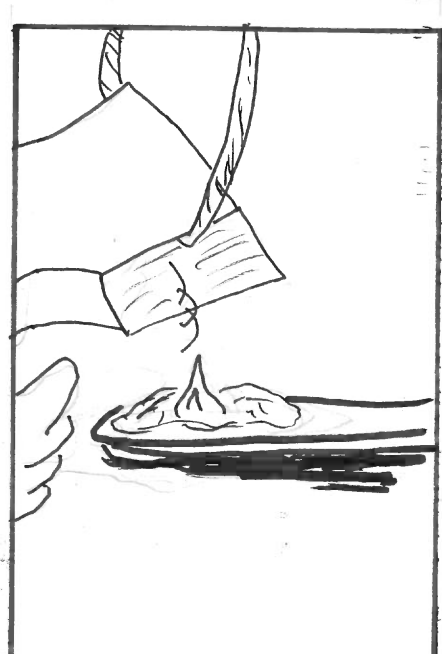
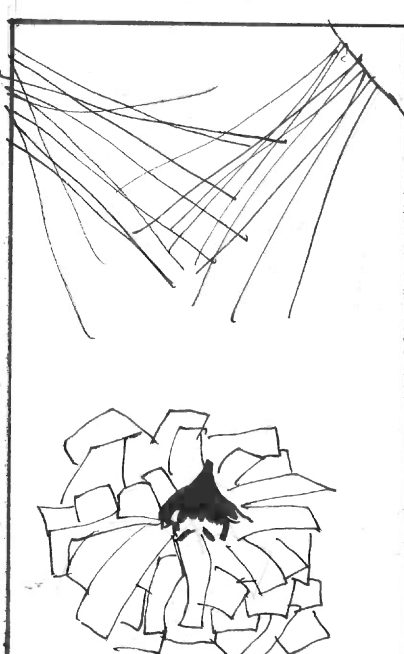
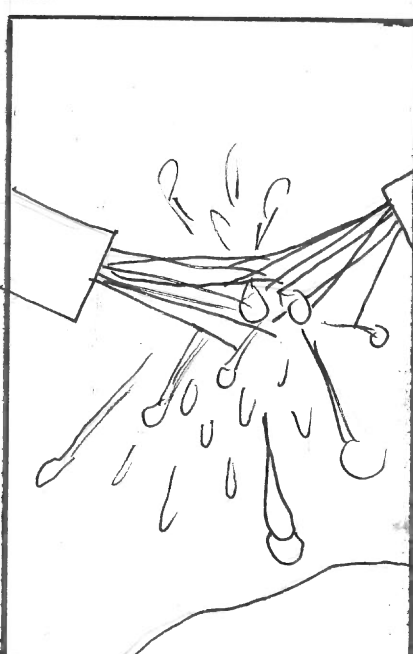
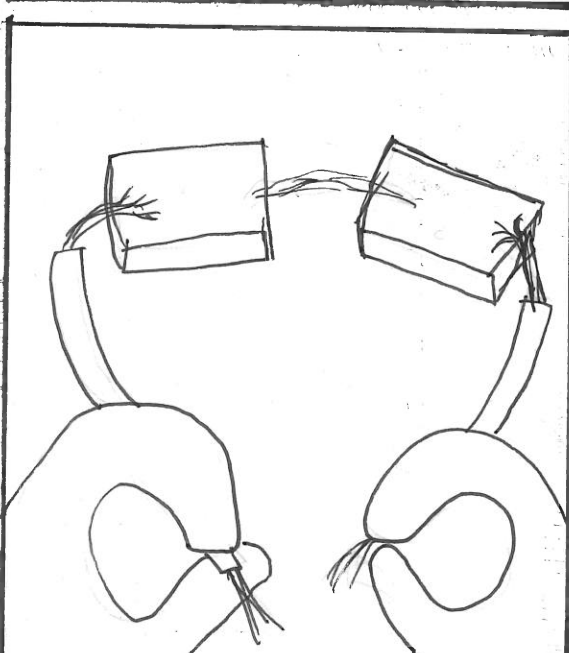
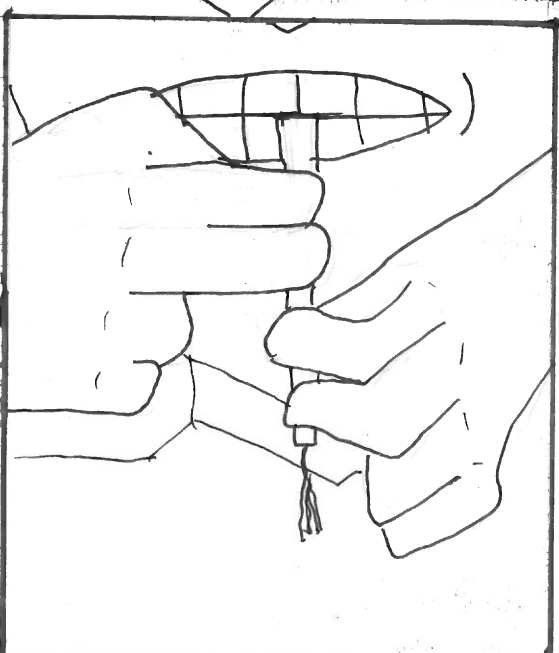
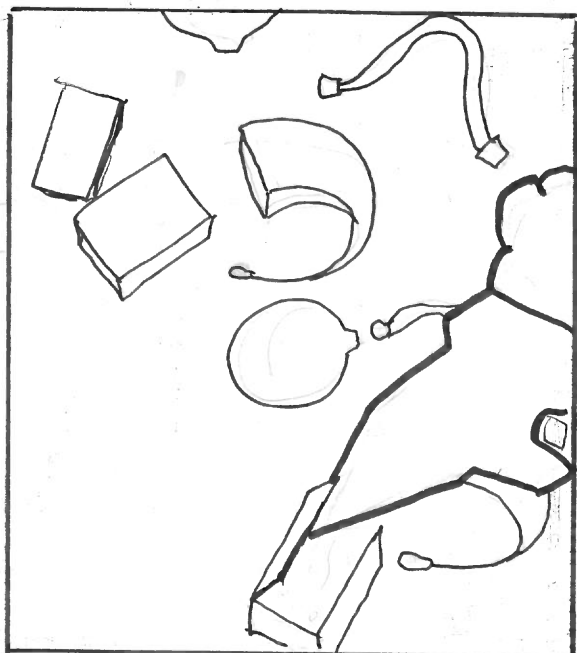
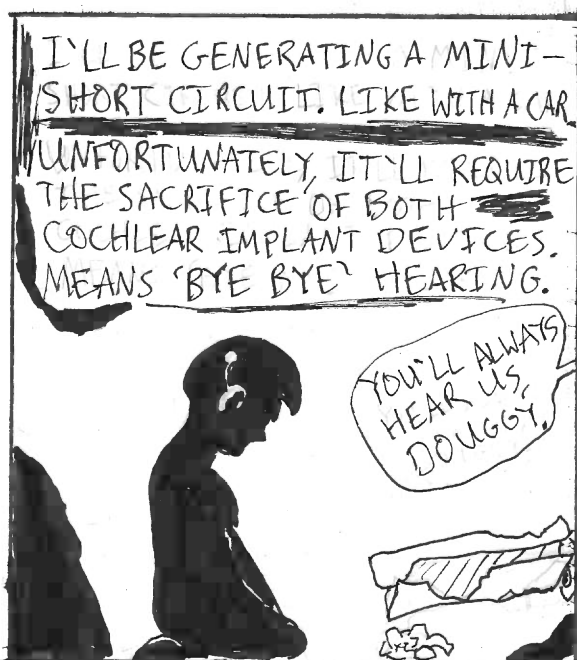
A CHILD?

HARD OF HEARING. DEAF.

YOUR EARS ARE BROKEN!

YOU'RE BROKEN!

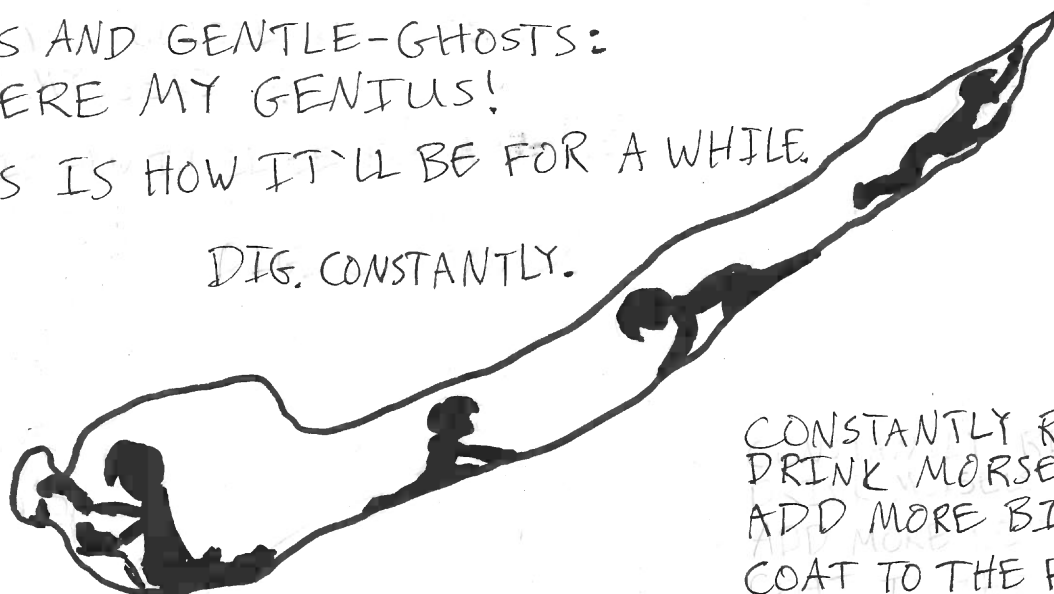




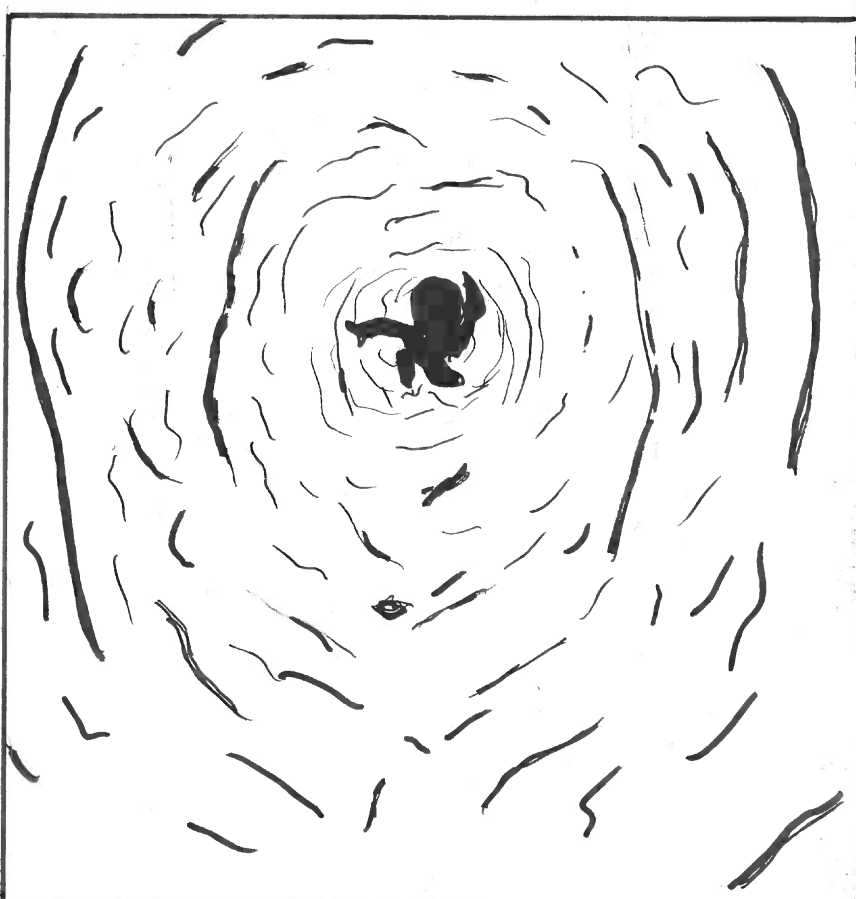
TO ALL GHOSTS AND GENTLE-GHOSTS:
PLEASE. REVERE MY GENIUS!

BUT, UH, THIS IS HOW IT'LL BE FOR A WHILE.

DIG. CONSTANTLY.

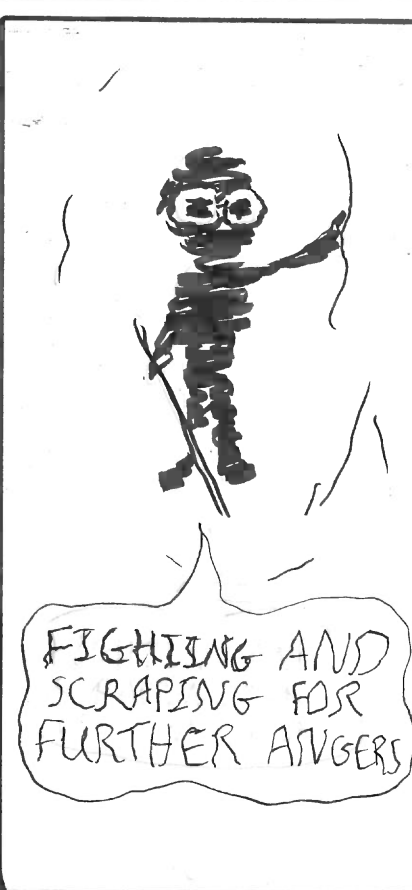
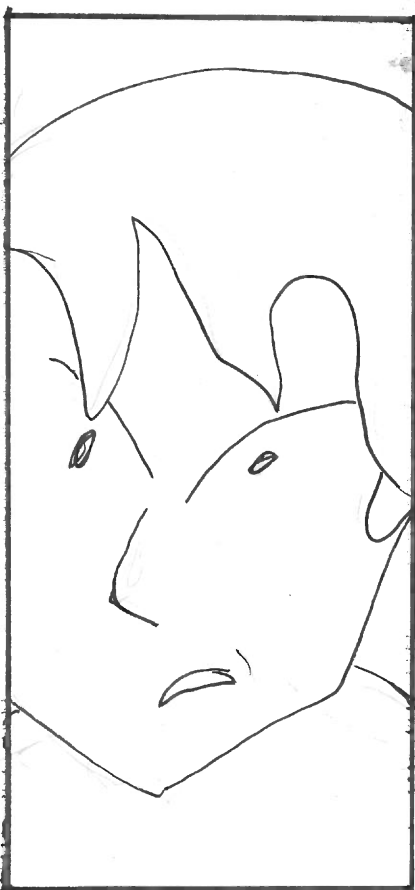


CONSTANTLY RETURN TO
DRINK MORSELS OF WATER.
ADD MORE BITS OF MY
COAT TO THE FIRE. PACK
MORE SNOW INSIDE THE
UPSIDE-DOWN SHOE.
RE-PATCH THE FIRE-ROOM
ENTRANCE. AND DIG SOME
MORE.



I'M DYING
LITERALLY.
I'M BLEEDING
THE AIR'S TOXIC
AND I'M NOT
GETTING ENOUGH
WATER

ALL OF THIS
FOR WHAT?



FIGHTING AND
SCRAPING FOR
FURTHER ANGERS



