



I CAN'T
REMEMBER IF
WE WERE IN-
VOLVED IN A
WAR OR IF IT
WAS SOME
OTHER SORT
OF CONFLICT,

BUT EITHER
WAY, THE
DECISION
WAS MADE
TO SEND IN
MY UNIT.

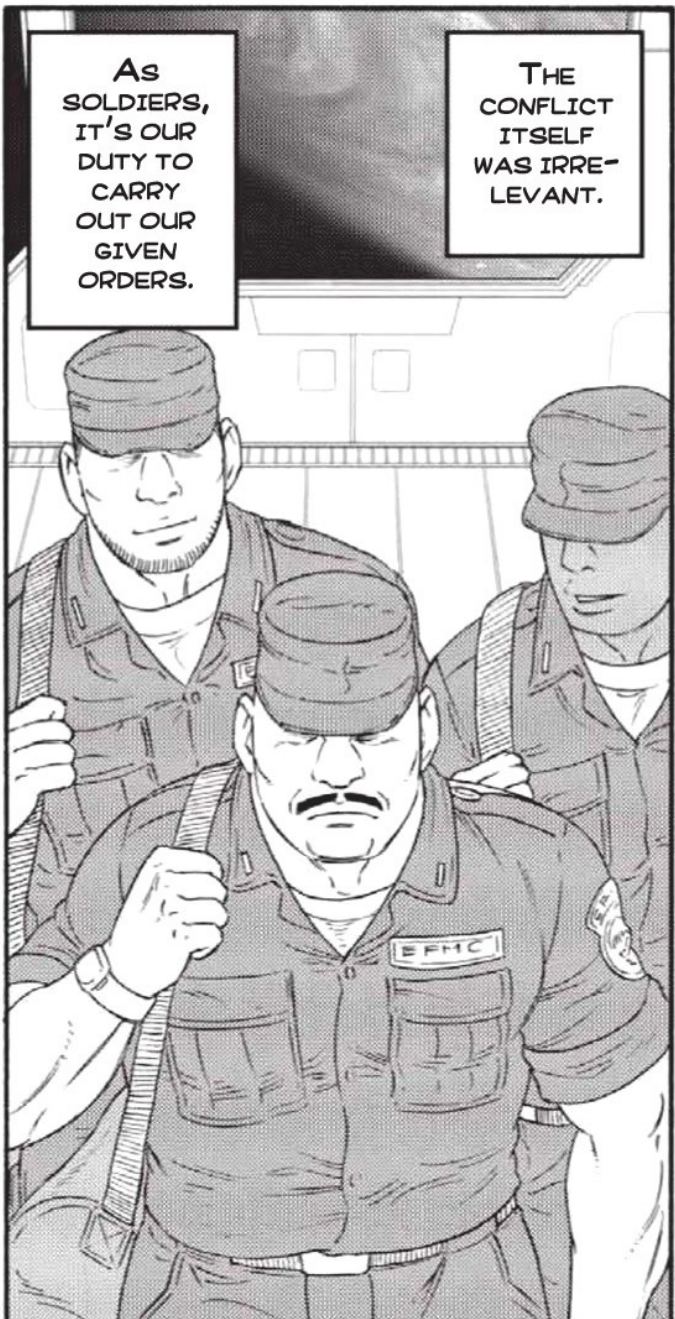
So...

WHERE
SHOULD I
BEGIN MY
STORY?



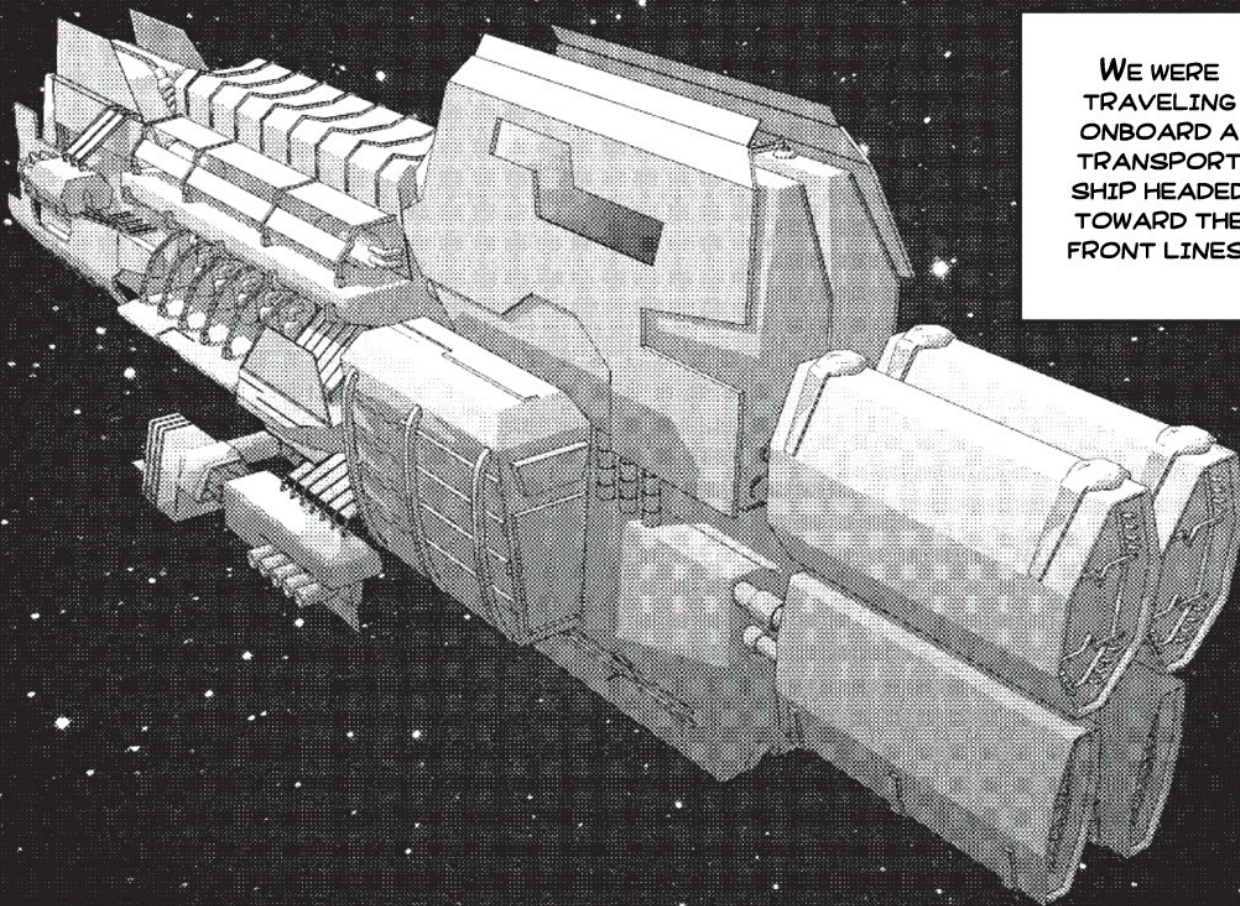
IT NEVER
REALLY
MATTERED
ONE WAY OR
THE OTHER IF
WE KNEW WHAT
WAS GOING ON.

THAT'S
THE TRUE
NATURE
OF BEING
A SOLDIER.



AS
SOLDIERS,
IT'S OUR
DUTY TO
CARRY
OUT OUR
GIVEN
ORDERS.

THE
CONFLICT
ITSELF
WAS IRRE-
LEVANT.



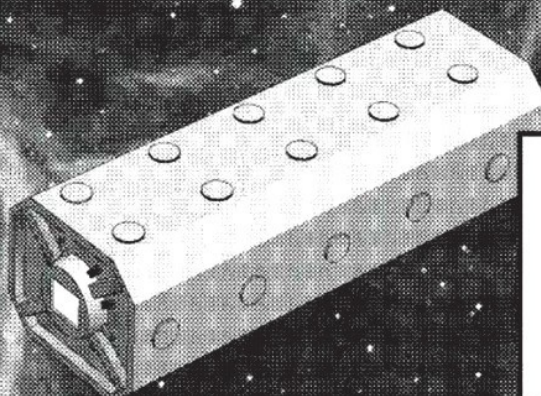
WE WERE
TRAVELING
ONBOARD A
TRANSPORT
SHIP HEADED
TOWARD THE
FRONT LINES.

OR
MAYBE
STRUCK
BY A
METEOR,

WE MIGHT
HAVE BEEN
SHOT DOWN
BY THE
"ENEMY",

THAT'S
ALL THAT
I'M ABLE
TO RECALL.

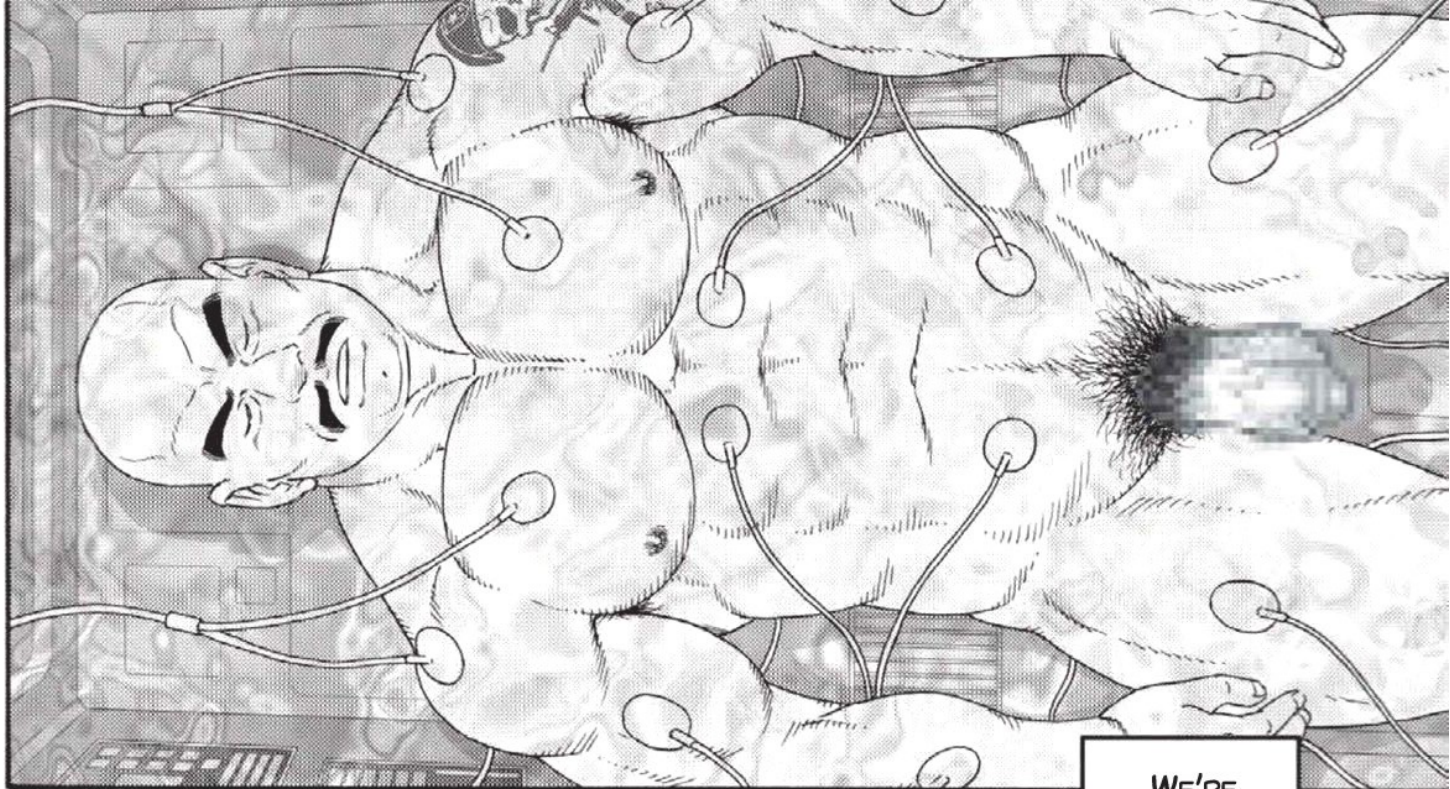
CHANCES ARE,
I'M CURRENTLY
DRIFTING OUT
INTO SPACE,
ASLEEP INSIDE
ONE OF THOSE
TIN CANS(*).



OR
POSSIBLY
EVEN SUCKED
INTO A WORM-
HOLE.

BUT AT
ANY RATE,
IT APPEARS
THAT OUR
TRANSPORT
SHIP HAS
CRASHED.

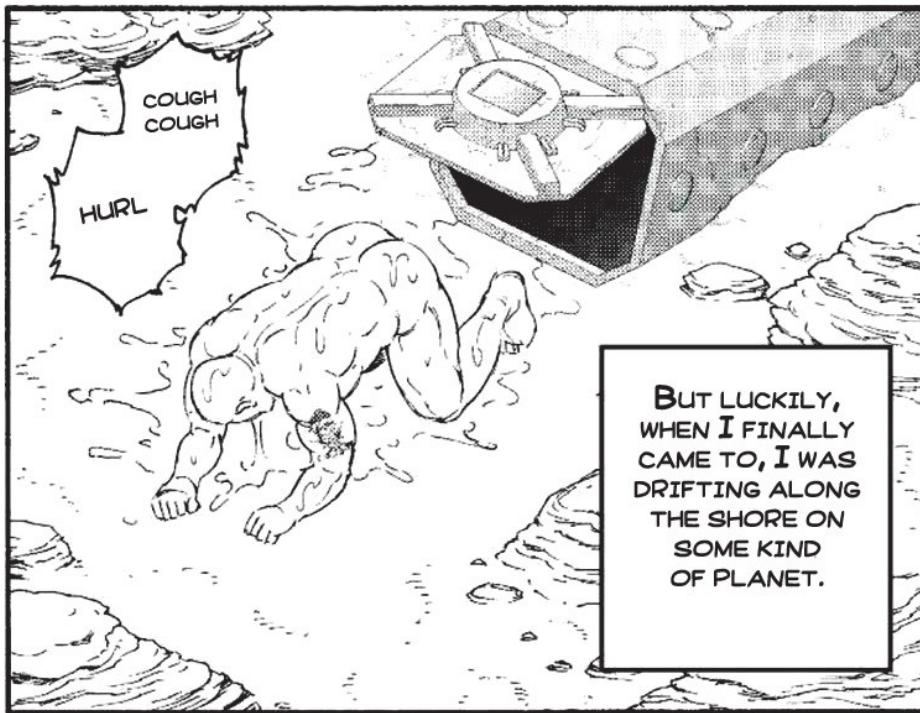
(*) "TIN CANS" ARE WHAT THE SOLDIERS CALL
THE CRYONIC UNITS, ESCAPE PODS ON THE SHIP
THAT PRESERVE THEIR BODIES IN CRYOSLEEP.



WE'RE
TOTALLY
NAKED IN-
SIDE OF
THOSE
CANS,

AND
PRESERVED
IN SARDINE
OIL(*).

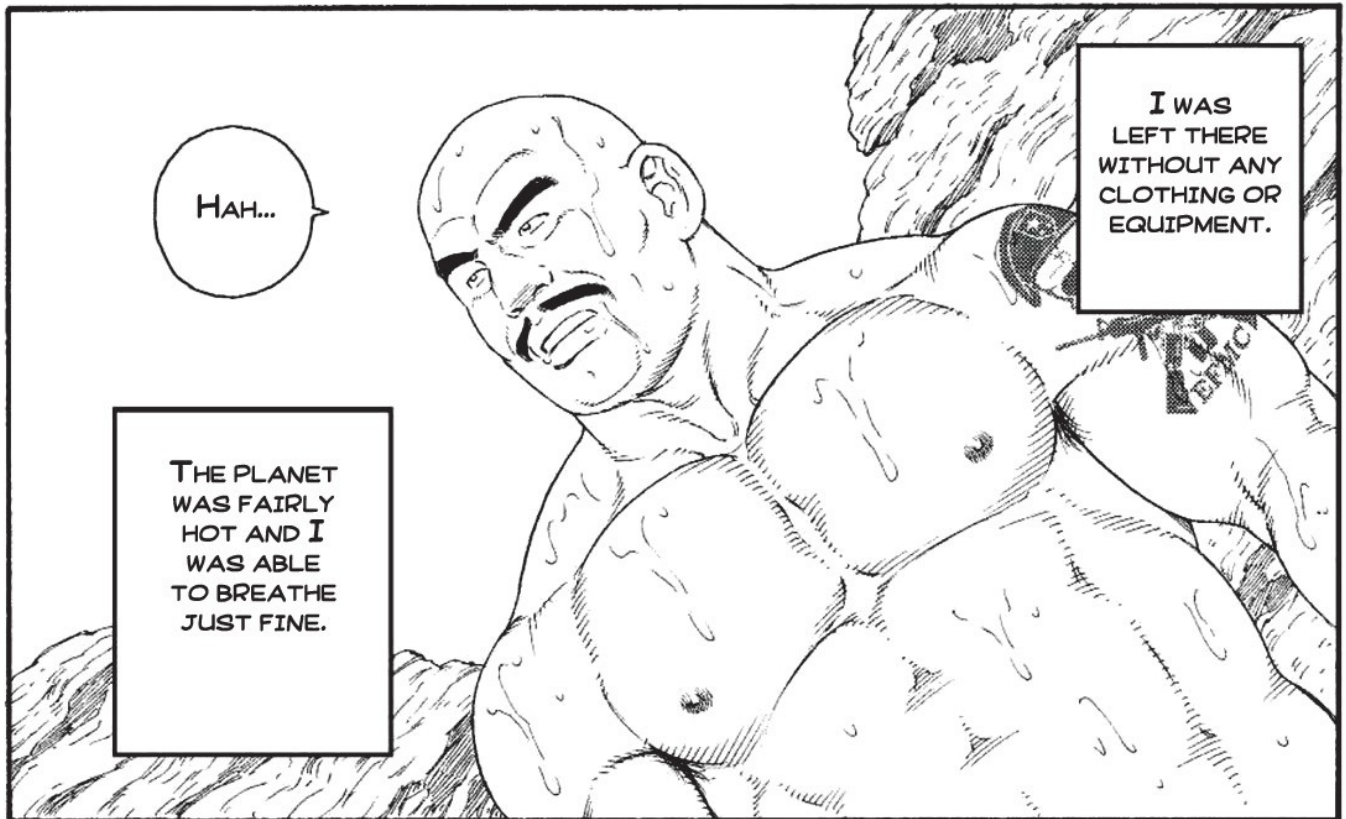
(*) "SARDINE OIL" IS WHAT THE SOLDIERS CALL THE SPECIAL GEL WITHIN THE CRYONIC UNITS, USED TO PREVENT CELL DESTRUCTION. IN ORDER FOR THE GEL TO WORK PROPERLY, THE SOLDIERS HAVE TO STRIP DOWN COMPLETELY.



BUT LUCKILY,
WHEN I FINALLY
CAME TO, I WAS
DRIFTING ALONG
THE SHORE ON
SOME KIND
OF PLANET.

I DON'T
KNOW HOW
LONG I
WAS IN
THERE,

OR WHAT
HAPPENED
TO THE
OTHERS.



HAH...

THE PLANET
WAS FAIRLY
HOT AND I
WAS ABLE
TO BREATHE
JUST FINE.

I WAS
LEFT THERE
WITHOUT ANY
CLOTHING OR
EQUIPMENT.



BUT
THEN...

Planet Brobdingnag プラネット・プロブディンナグ

Chapter One

田亀源五郎

www.tagame.org

I CAME
ACROSS
THE GIANT.





BUT I
CAN'T
LET MY
GUARD
DOWN.

HE
DOESN'T
APPEAR
TO BE A
HOSTILE...



AGH...?!

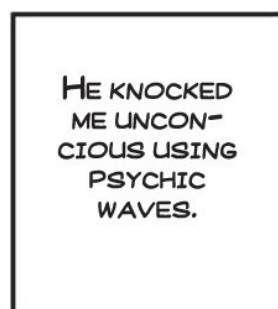
JUST
AS I WAS
THINKING
THAT...

I FELT
THE AWFUL
SENSATION OF
SOMEONE PRO-
BING AROUND
INSIDE OF
MY SKULL.



I BLACKED
OUT.

AND
THEN,

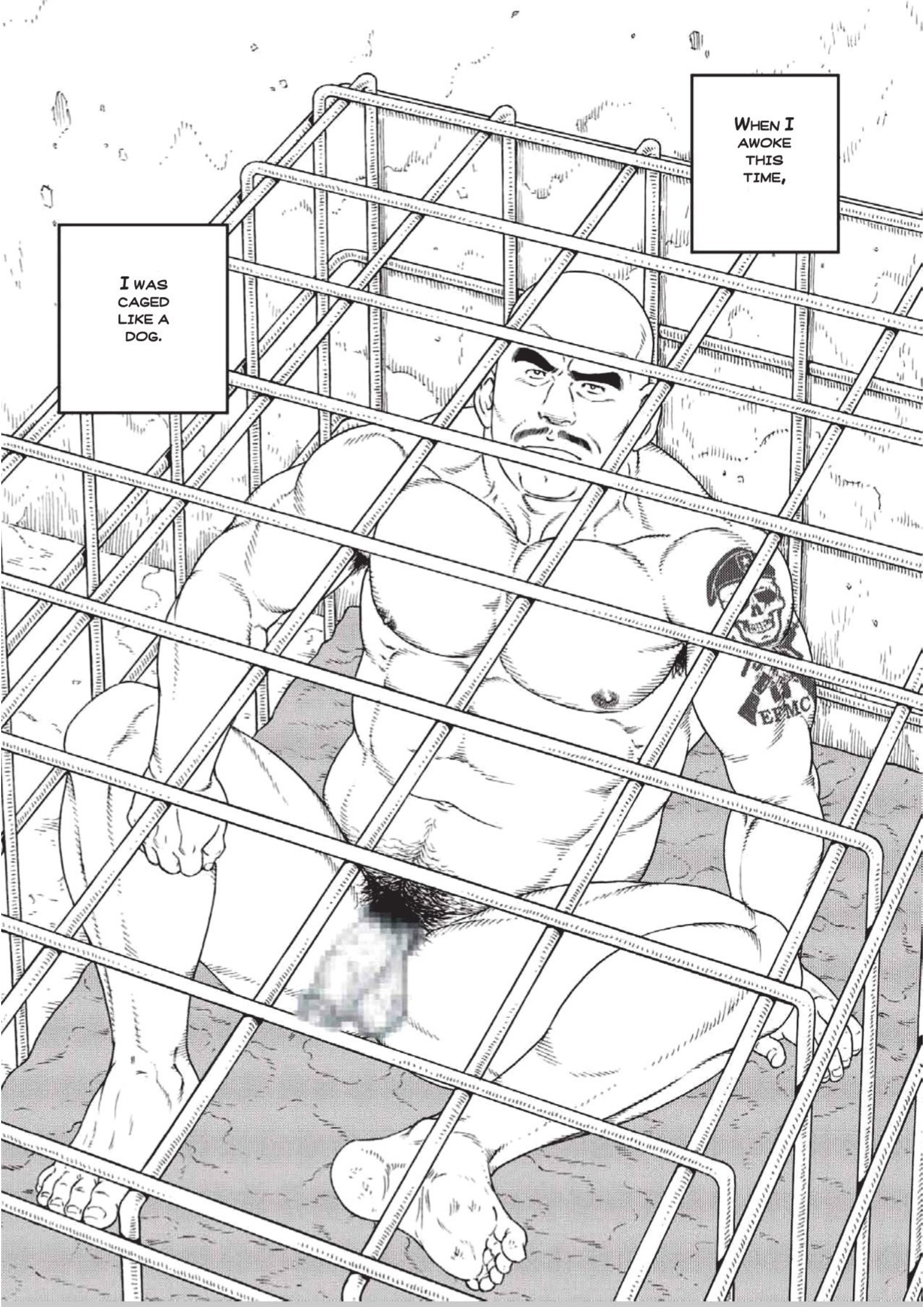


HE KNOCKED
ME UNCON-
SCIOUS USING
PSYCHIC
WAVES.

I'D LATER
DISCOVER THAT
THIS WAS HOW
THEIR KIND
CAPTURE
PREY.

WHEN I
AWOKE
THIS
TIME,

I WAS
CAGED
LIKE A
DOG.

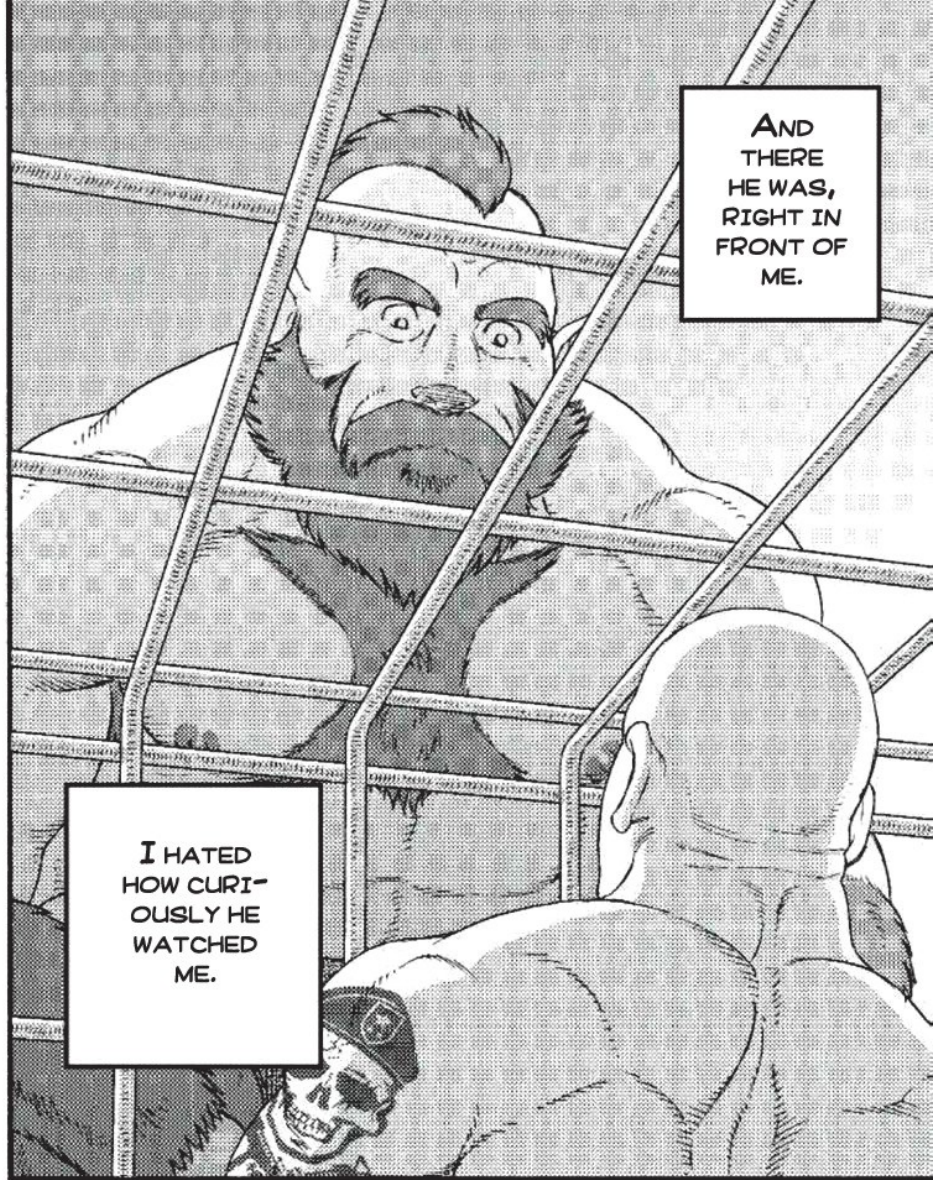




IS HE
TRYING
TO FEED
ME?



(HE'S GOT
FANGS.)



AND
THERE
HE WAS,
RIGHT IN
FRONT OF
ME.

I HATED
HOW CURI-
OUSLY HE
WATCHED
ME.



BUT HE
GAVE NO
RESPONSE
AT ALL.



HMPH...

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ハハ

SFX: BITING



THANK
YOU.

I TRIED
TO THANK
HIM.



STILL NO
RESPONSE.

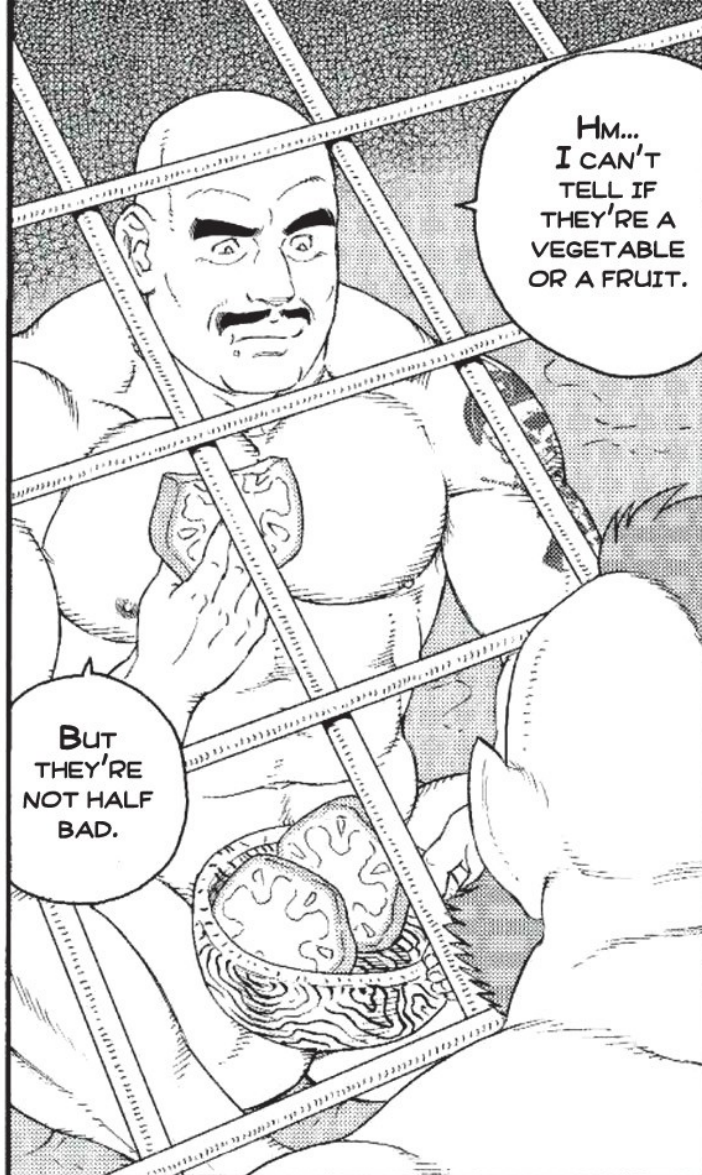


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I GET THAT
HE DOESN'T
UNDERSTAND
WHAT I'M
SAYING, BUT
CAN'T HE
TALK AT
ALL?

... I
PONDERED
THAT FOR
A MOMENT.

SFX: CHEWING



HM...
I CAN'T
TELL IF
THEY'RE A
VEGETABLE
OR A FRUIT.

BUT
THEY'RE
NOT HALF
BAD.



...!

THEN I FELT
SOMEONE
PROBING
AROUND
INSIDE MY
SKULL, JUST
LIKE BEFORE.

BUT...



IT FELT
STRANGELY
COMFORTING.

IT WAS MORE
LIKE SOMEONE
WAS STROKING
MY HEAD, LIKE
MY PARENTS
DID WHEN I
WAS A CHILD.

THIS TIME,
IT WASN'T
A HORRIBLE
FEELING.

WAS
BECAUSE
HE SEES ME
AS HIS PET,
SORT OF
LIKE A
DOG.



THE
REASON
IT WAS
DIFFERENT
THIS TIME,

NOW
THAT I
THINK
ABOUT
IT,

USING
THOSE
PSYCHIC
WAVES,
I THINK.



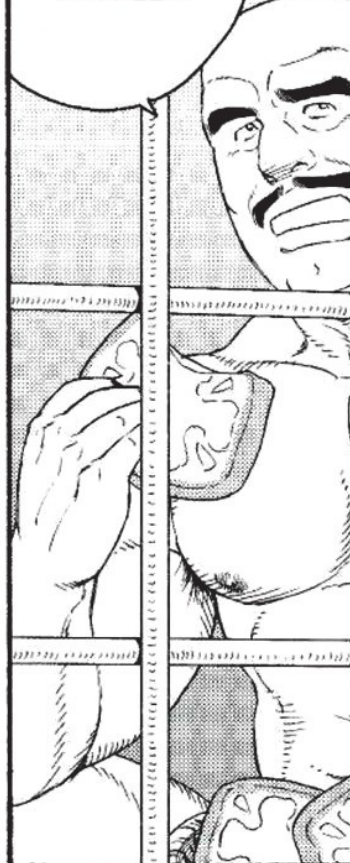
SOME-
HOW, HE
TOLD ME
THAT...

Hm...
I'M JUST
WASTING
MY BREATH.

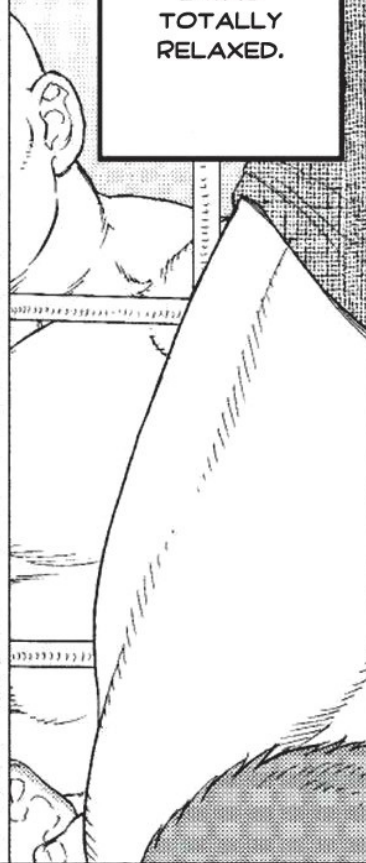
DO YOU
HAVE TO
BE SO
CLOSE?



THANKS
FOR EVERY-
THING, BUT
YOU REEK.



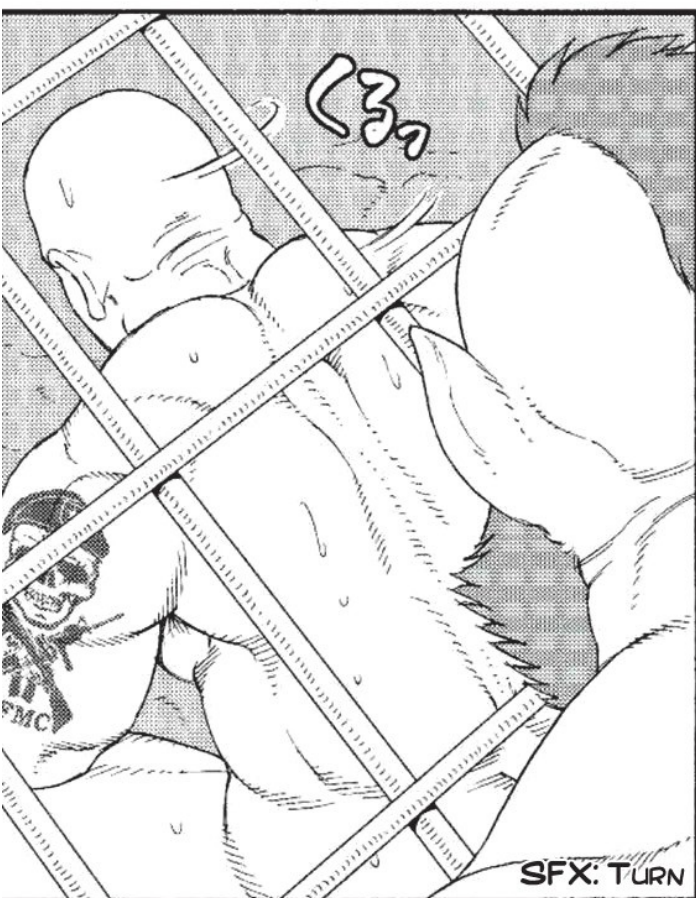
BY THIS
POINT,
I WAS
TOTALLY
RELAXED.



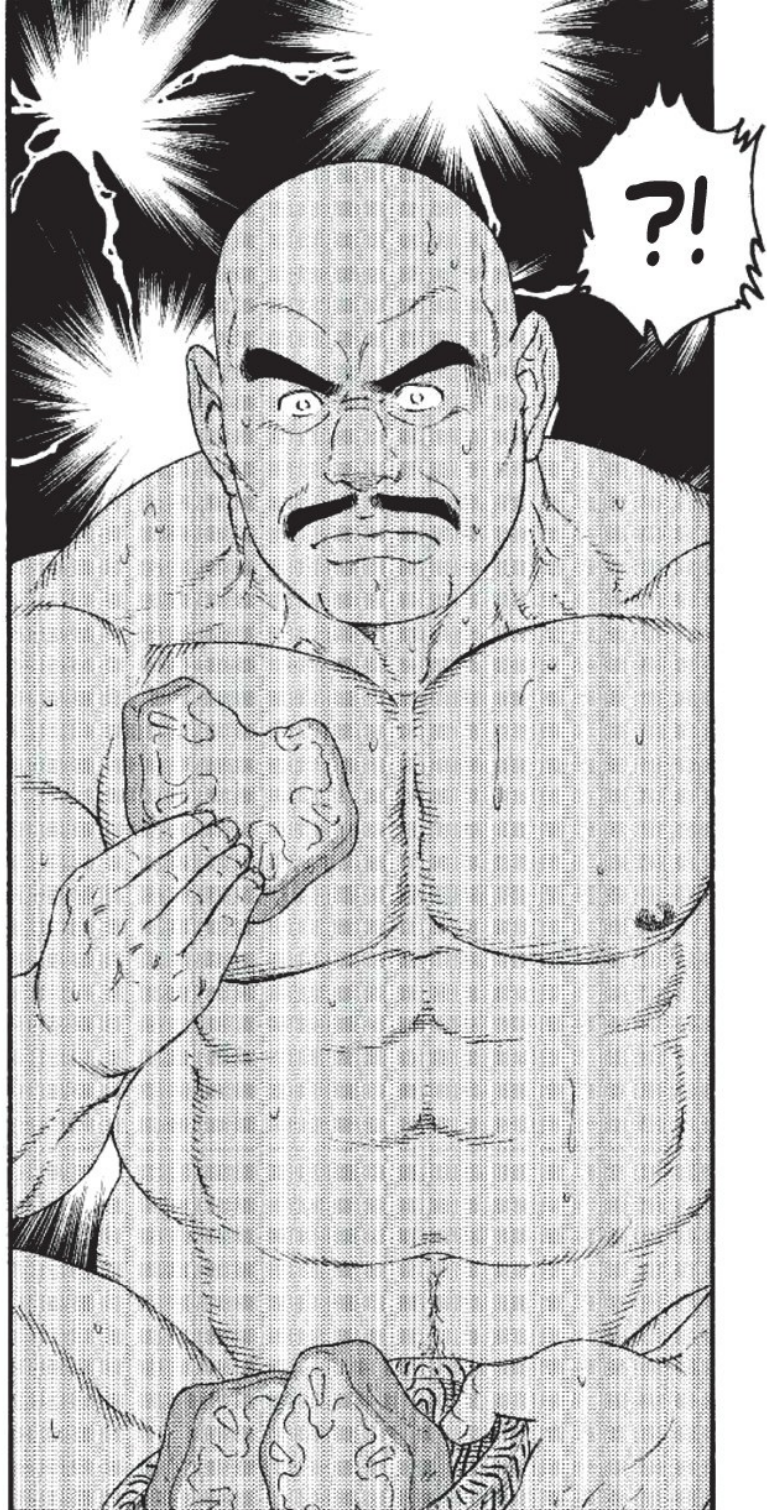
THERE WAS
NO POINT
TALKING
TO HIM...



SFX: CLANG



SFX: TURN



I COULD FEEL
HIM WATCHING
FROM BEHIND,
ANXIOUSLY.

SUDDENLY,
I STOPPED
EATING
AND
TURNED AWAY
FROM HIM.



I CAN'T
STAND
IT.



I HATE
HOW HE
KEEPS
WATCH-
ING ME.



WITH A FULL
STOMACH, I
PRETENDED
TO FALL
ASLEEP.





I
COULD
FEEL...

THAT FROM
THE MOMENT
I DETECTED
HIS BODY
ODOR...

I INSTANTLY
GOT HARD.

SFX: THROBBING



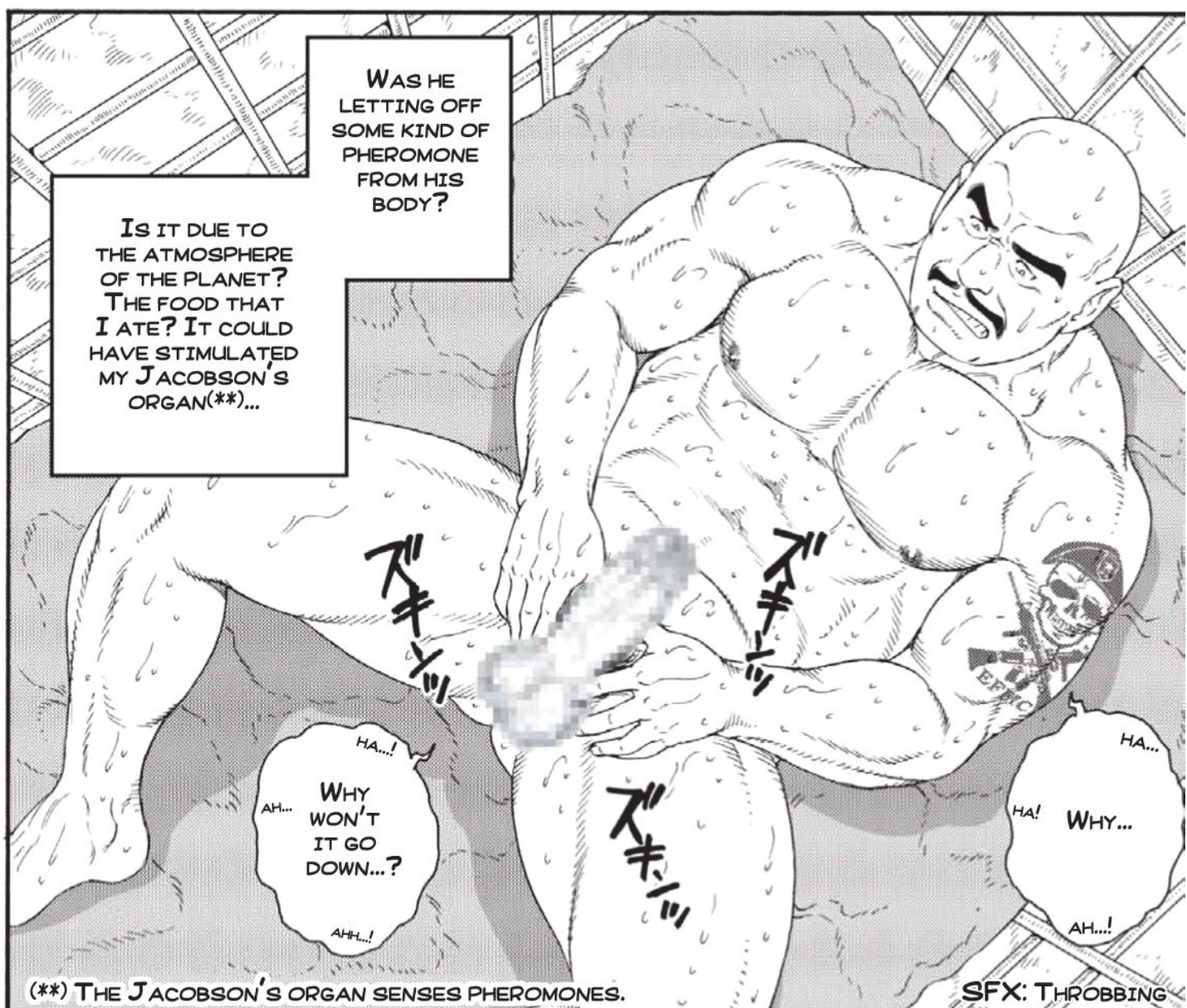
IN ORDER FOR
SOLDIERS LIKE US TO
MAINTAIN OUR PEAK
IN COMBAT, WE'RE
GENETICALLY MODIFIED
TO PRODUCE MORE
ANDROGENS(*), GIVING
US HIGHER PHYSICAL
STRENGTH AND
A STRONGER
WILL TO FIGHT.

THIS MAKES
US TWICE AS
STRONG AS
THE AVERAGE
MAN.

TO PUT IT
SIMPLY, WE'RE
UNBEATABLE.

BUT STRENGTH
LIKE THAT COMES
WITH A PRICE--
AS A RESULT,
WE BECOME
IMPOTENT.

(*) ANDROGENS ARE MALE HORMONES.



WAS HE
LETTING OFF
SOME KIND OF
PHEROMONE
FROM HIS
BODY?

IS IT DUE TO
THE ATMOSPHERE
OF THE PLANET?
THE FOOD THAT
I ATE? IT COULD
HAVE STIMULATED
MY JACOBSON'S
ORGAN(**)...

HA...!
WHY
WON'T
IT GO
DOWN...?
AHH...!

HA...
HA! WHY...
AHH...!

(**) THE JACOBSON'S ORGAN SENSES PHEROMONES.

SFX: THROBBING

