



So...

WHERE SHOULD I BEGIN MY STORY?

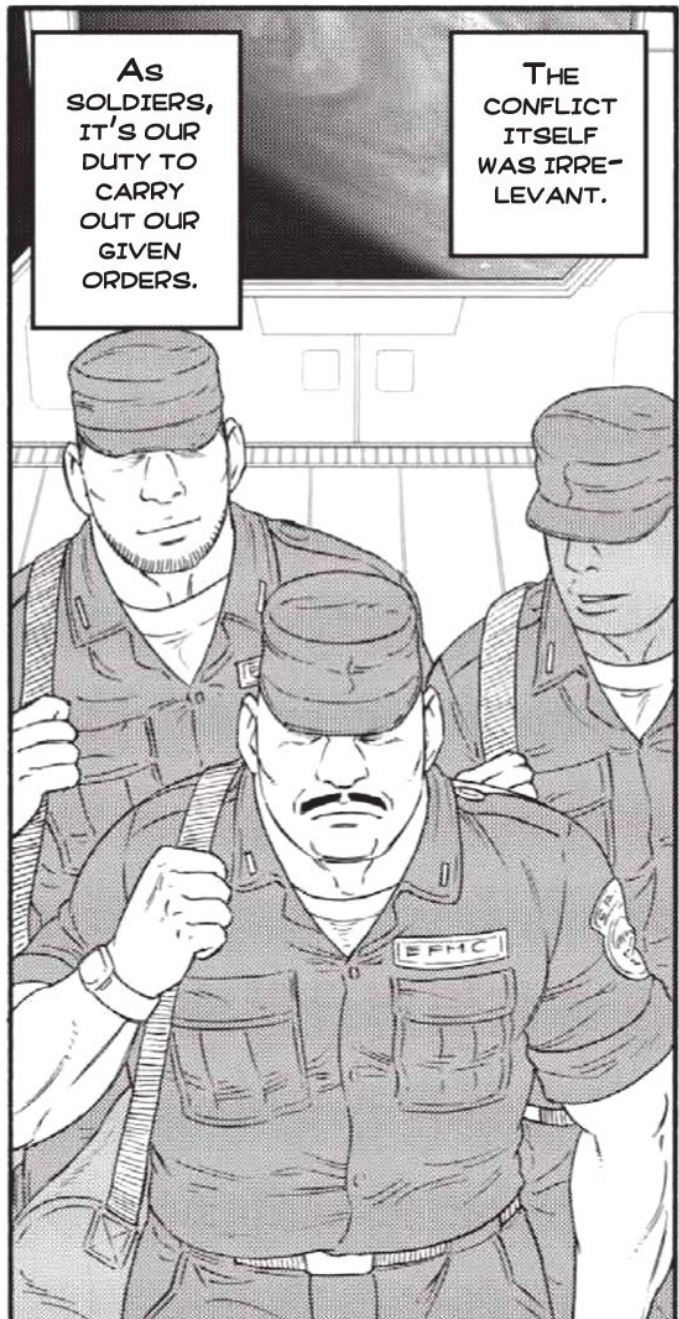
I CAN'T REMEMBER IF WE WERE INVOLVED IN A WAR OR IF IT WAS SOME OTHER SORT OF CONFLICT,

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



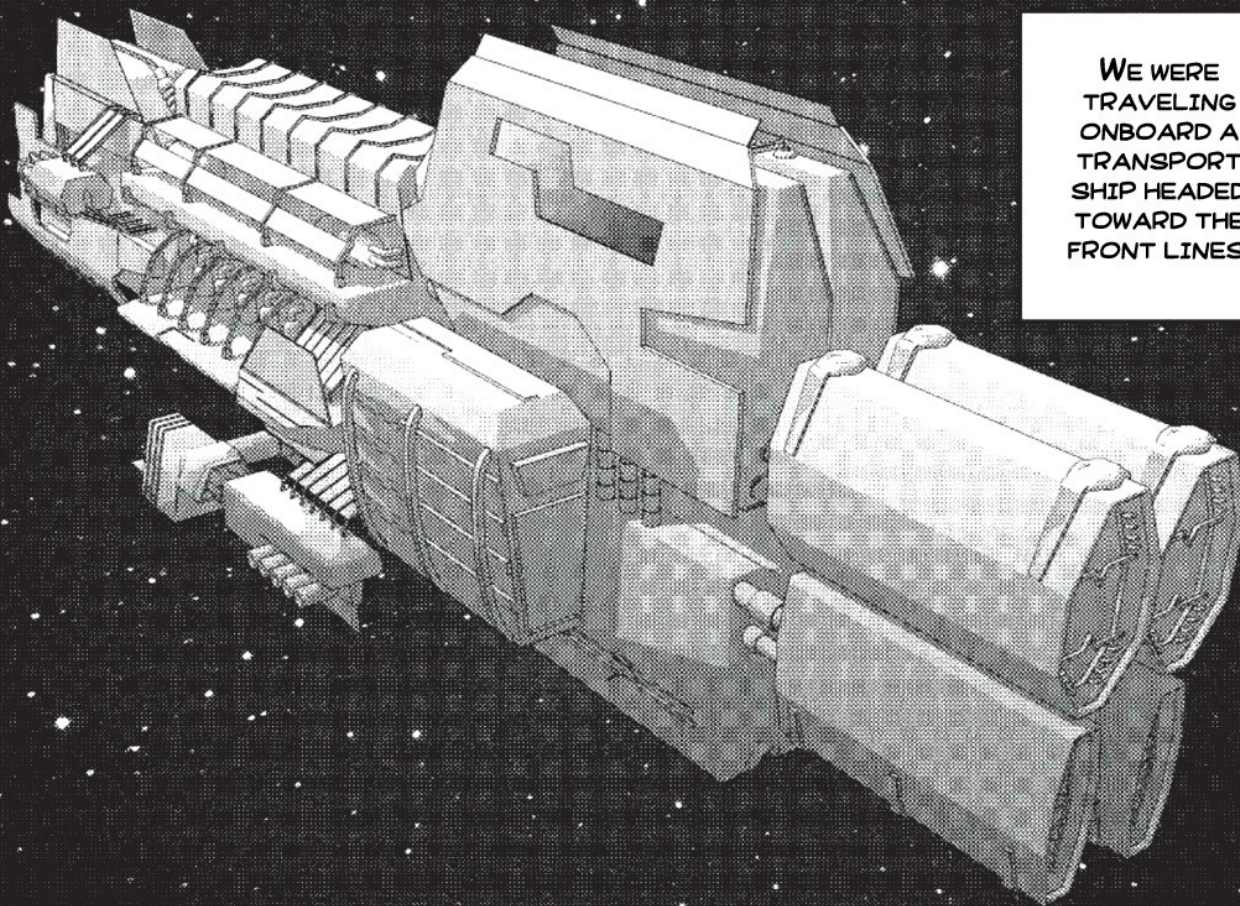
IT NEVER REALLY MATTERED ONE WAY OR THE OTHER IF WE KNEW WHAT WAS GOING ON.

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 IRRELEVANT.



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.

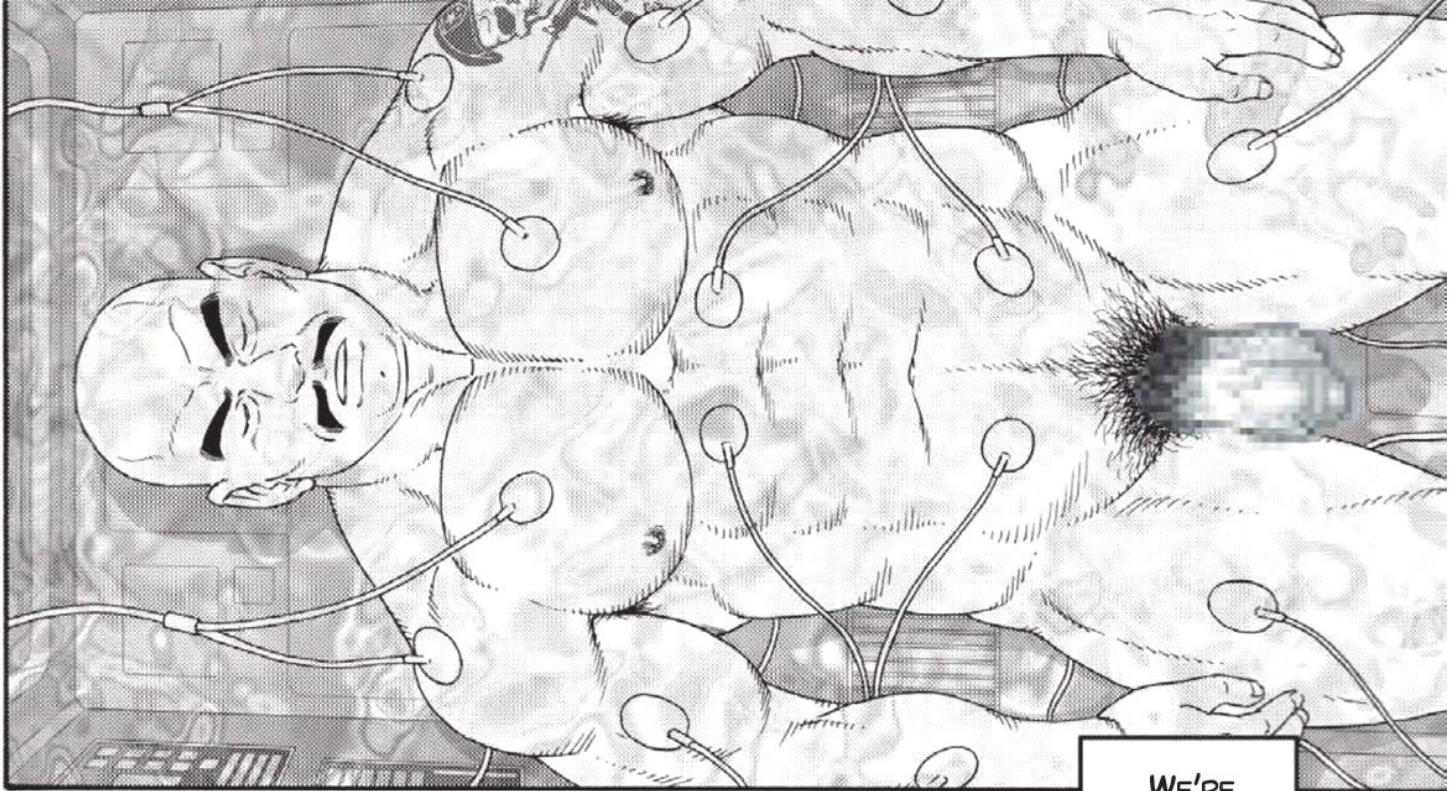


CHANCES ARE, I'M CURRENTLY DRIFTING OUT INTO SPACE, ASLEEP INSIDE ONE OF THOSE TIN CANS(*).

OR POSSIBLY EVEN SUCKED INTO A WORM-HOLE.

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

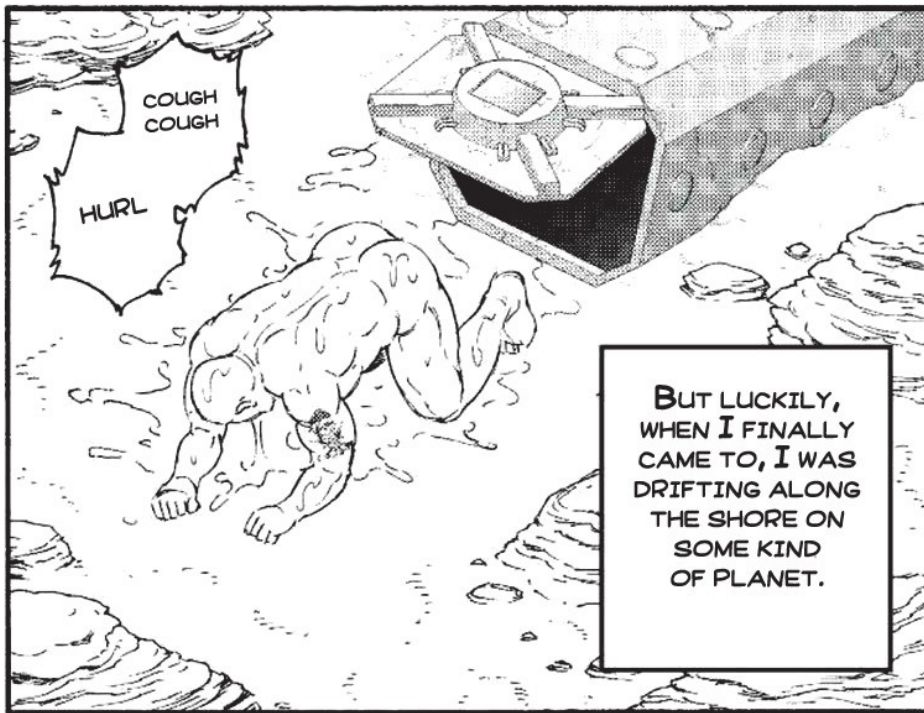
(*)"TIN CANS" ARE WHAT THE SOLDIERS CALL THE CRYONIC UNITS, ESCAPE PODS ON THE SHIP THAT PRESERVE THEIR BODIES IN CRYOSLEEP.



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.



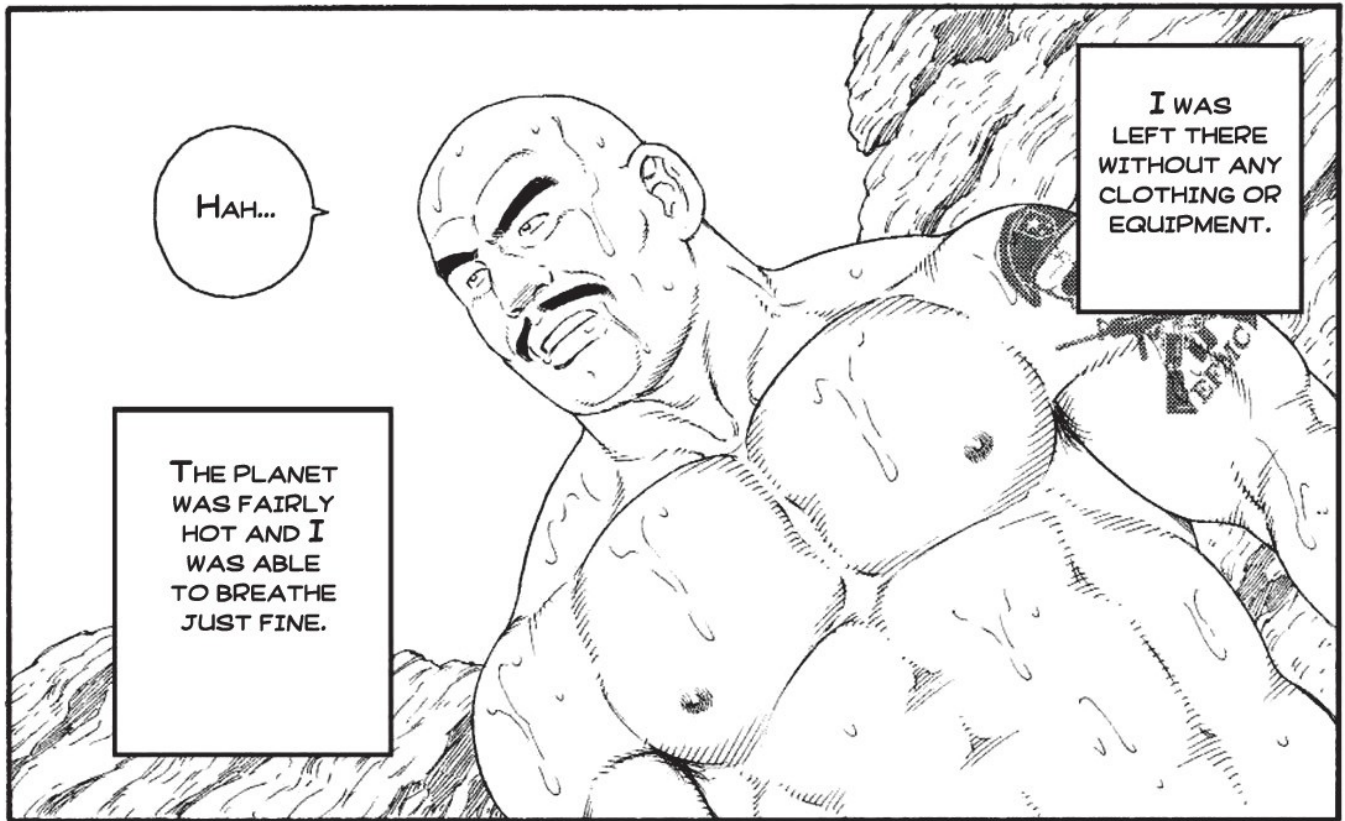
COUGH
COUGH

HURL

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

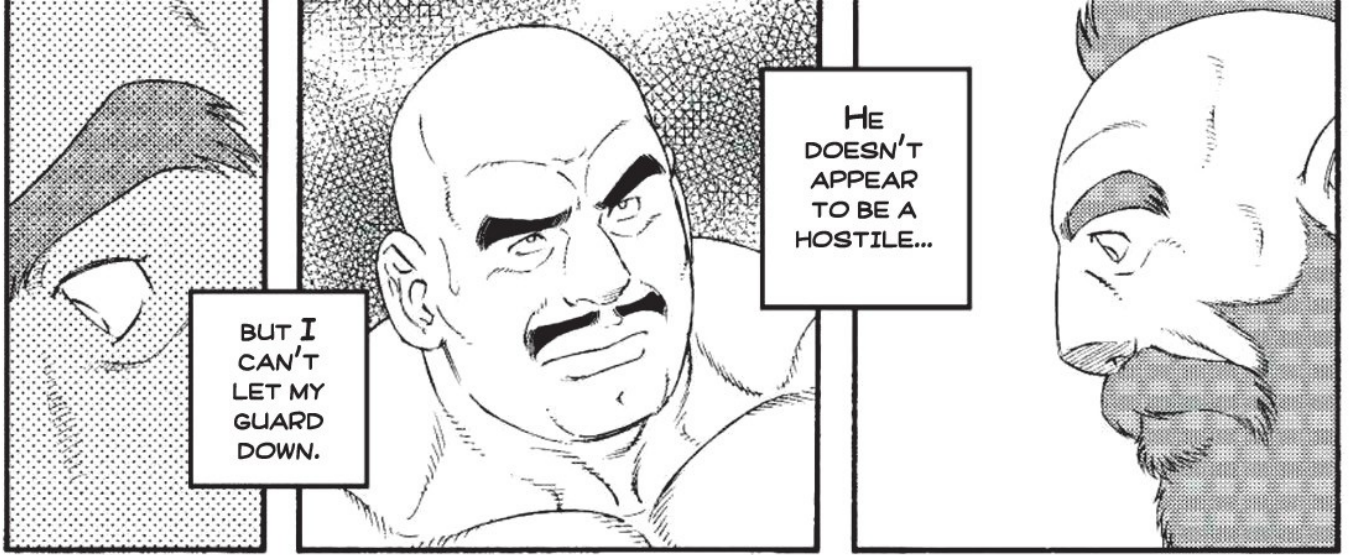
Chapter One

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...



I FELT THE AWFUL SENSATION OF SOMEONE PROBING AROUND INSIDE OF MY SKULL.

JUST AS I WAS THINKING THAT...

AGH...?!



I BLACKED OUT.

AND THEN,

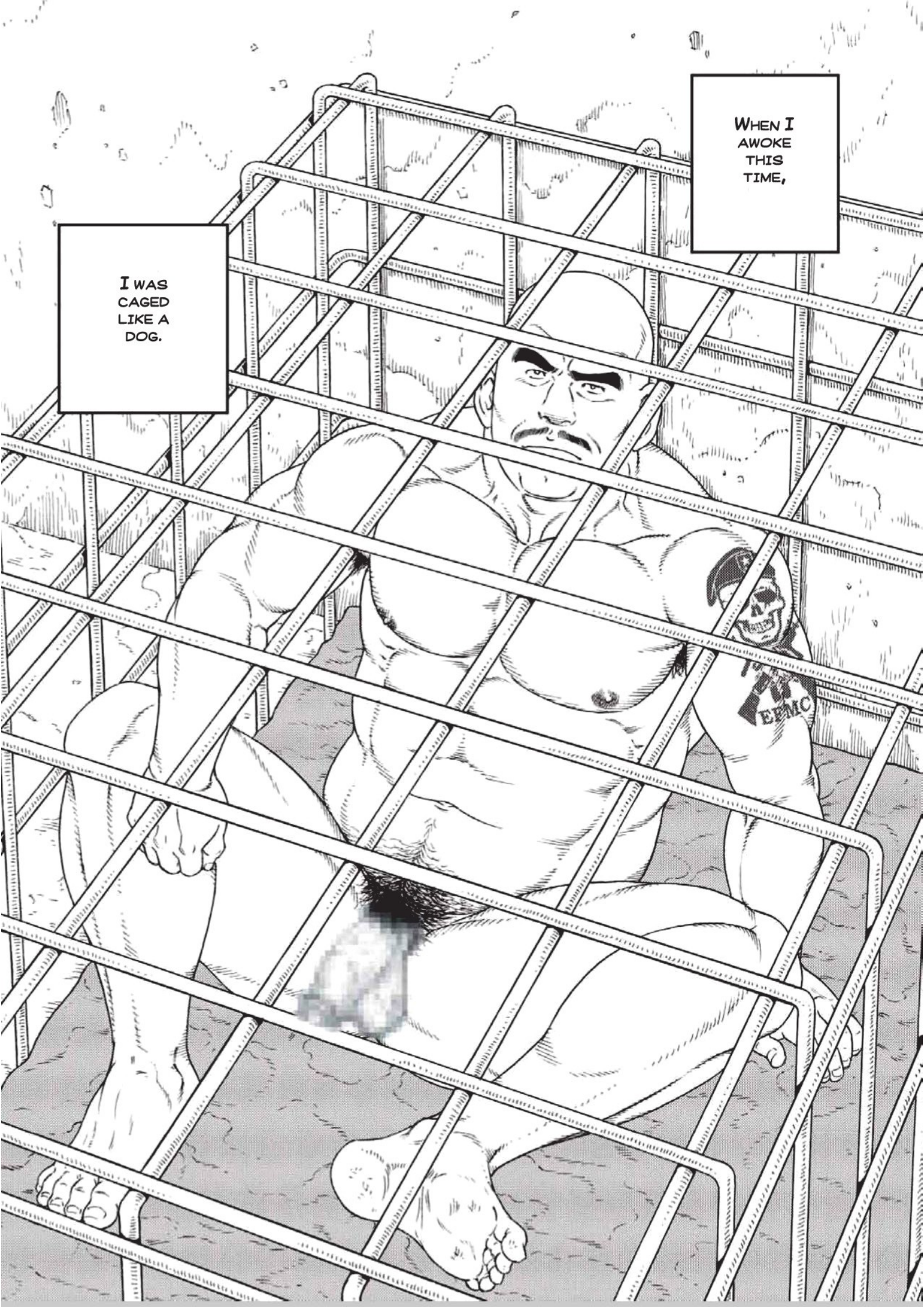
HE KNOCKED ME UNCONSCIOUS USING PSYCHIC WAVES.



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

WHEN I
AWOKE
THIS
TIME,

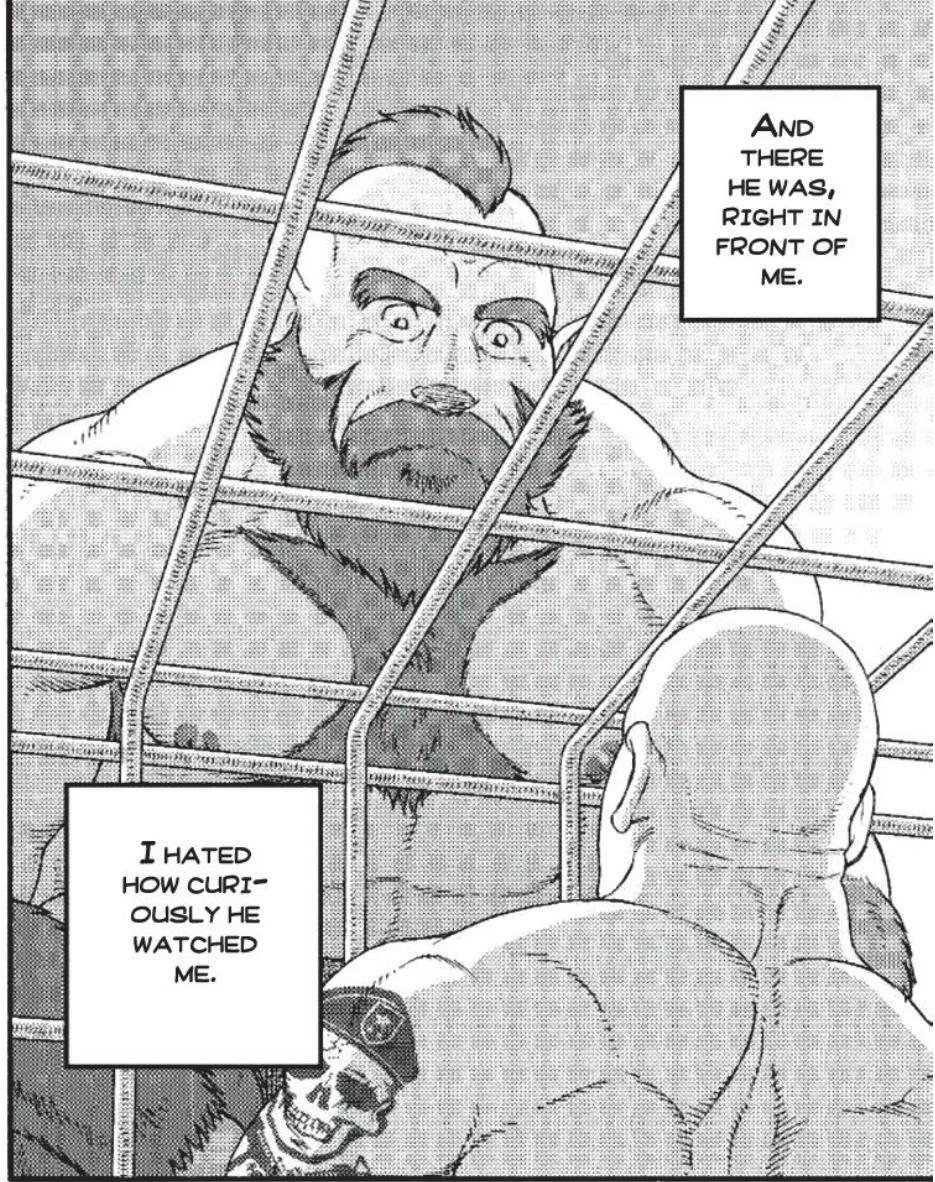
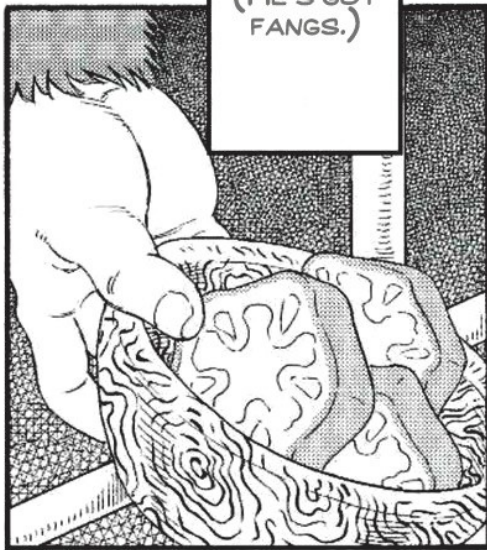
I WAS
CAGED
LIKE A
DOG.





IS HE TRYING TO FEED ME?

(HE'S GOT FANGS.)

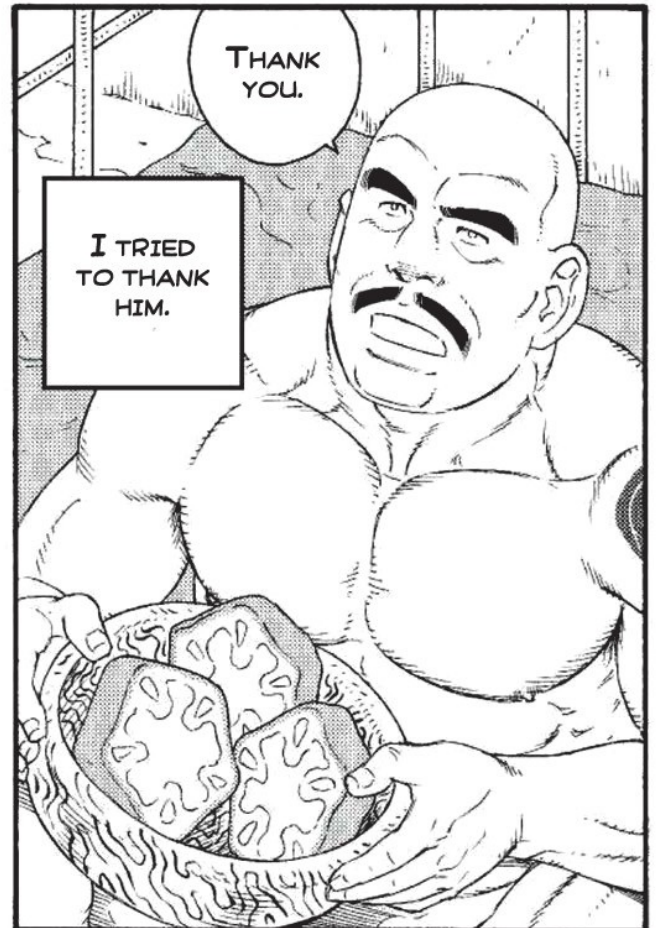


AND THERE HE WAS, RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME.

I HATED HOW CURIOUSLY HE WATCHED ME.



BUT HE GAVE NO RESPONSE AT ALL.



THANK YOU.

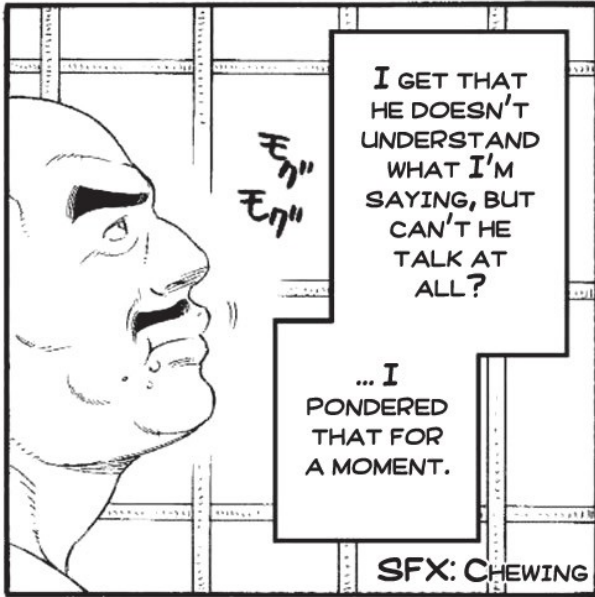
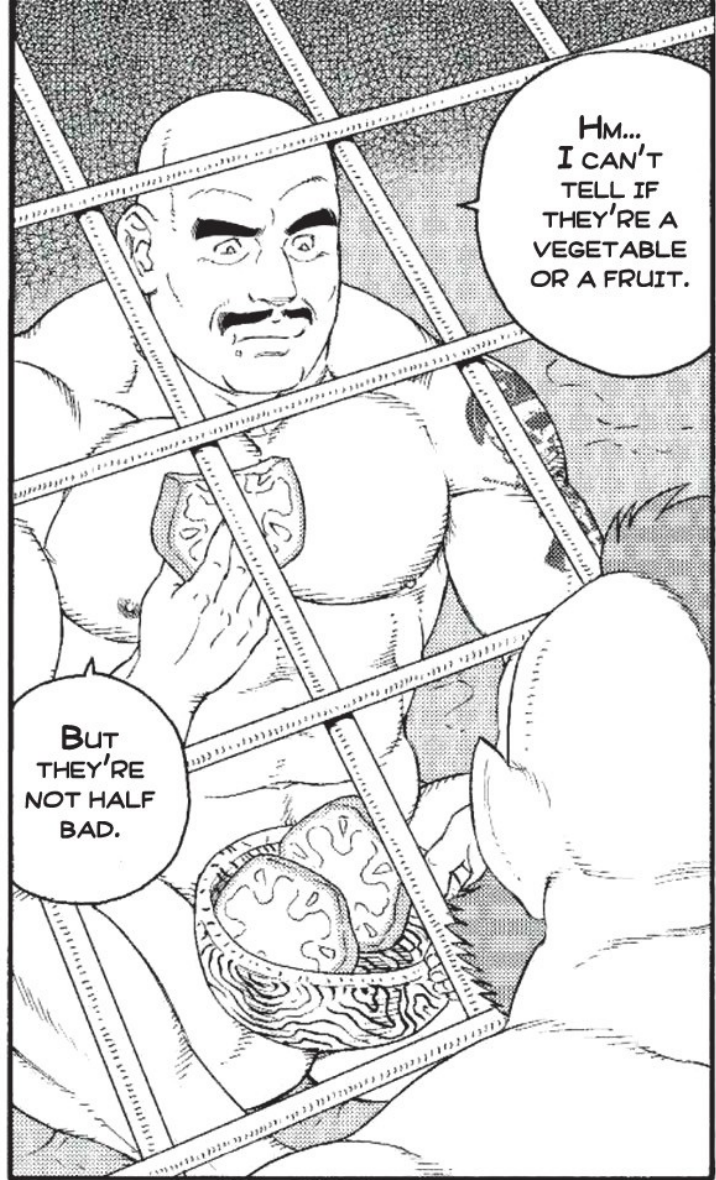
I TRIED TO THANK HIM.



HMPH...

ニヤッ

SFX: BITING



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



NOW THAT I THINK ABOUT IT,

THE REASON IT WAS DIFFERENT THIS TIME,

USING THOSE PSYCHIC WAVES, I THINK.



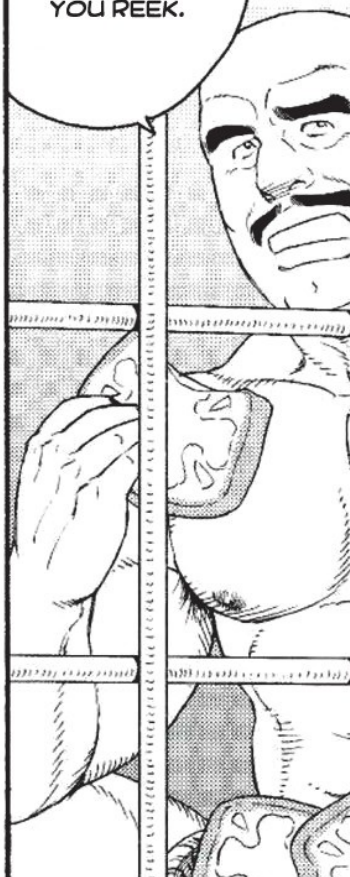
SOMEHOW, HE TOLD ME THAT...

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

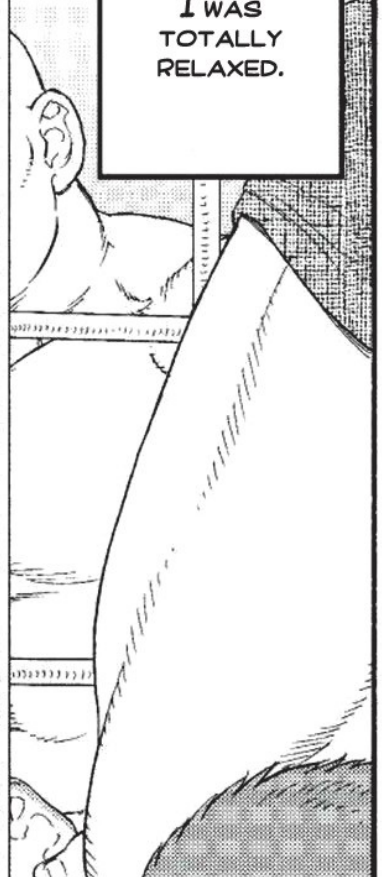
DO YOU HAVE TO BE SO CLOSE?



THANKS FOR EVERYTHING, BUT YOU REEK.



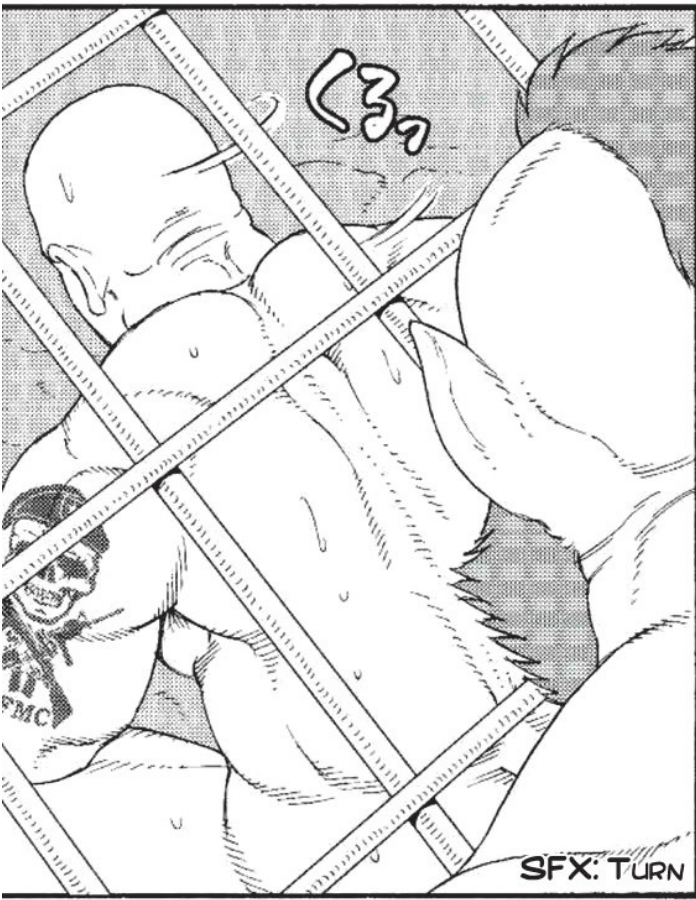
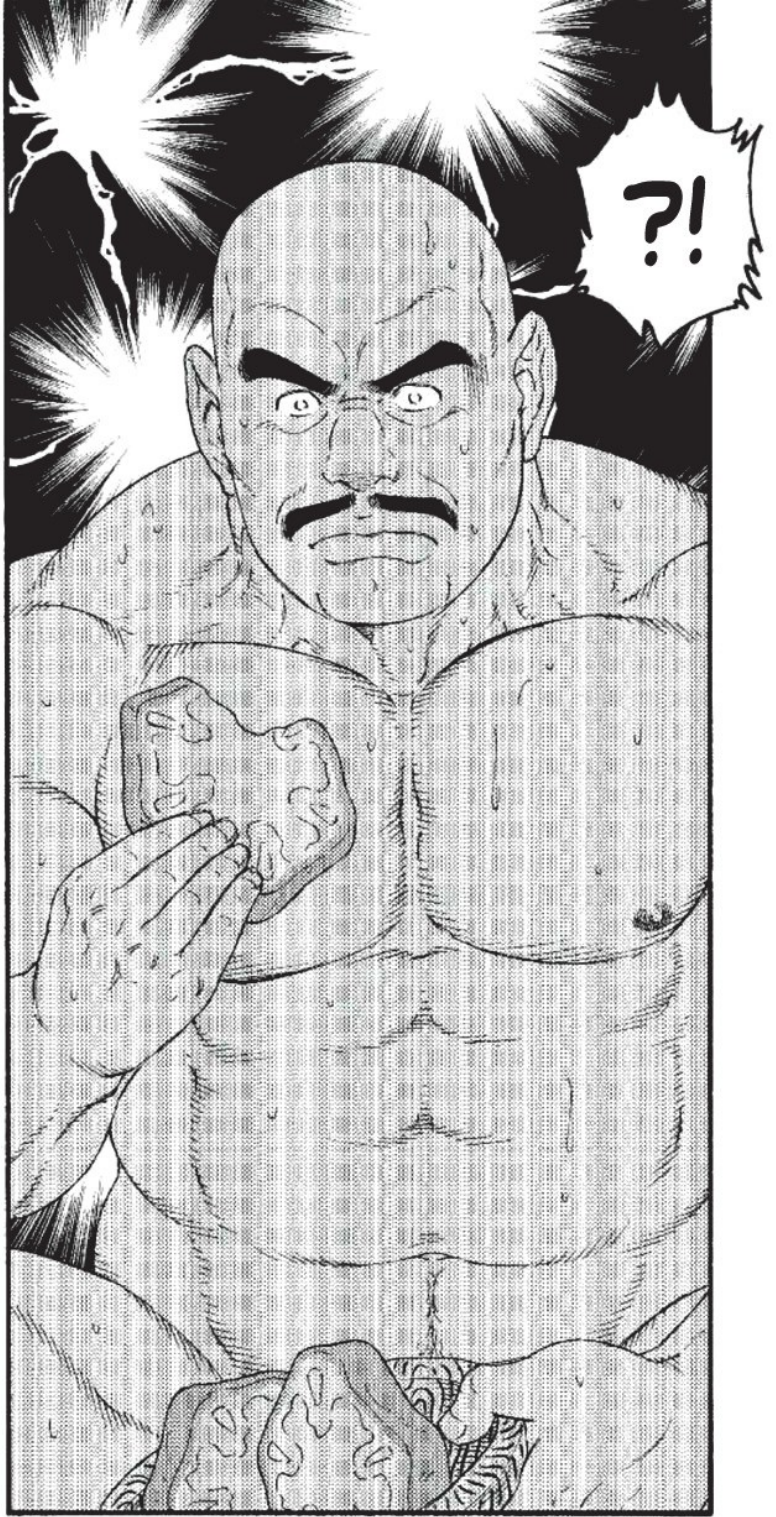
BY THIS POINT, I WAS TOTALLY RELAXED.



THERE WAS NO POINT TALKING TO HIM...



SFX: CLANG



SFX: TURN



I COULD FEEL HIM WATCHING FROM BEHIND, ANXIOUSLY.

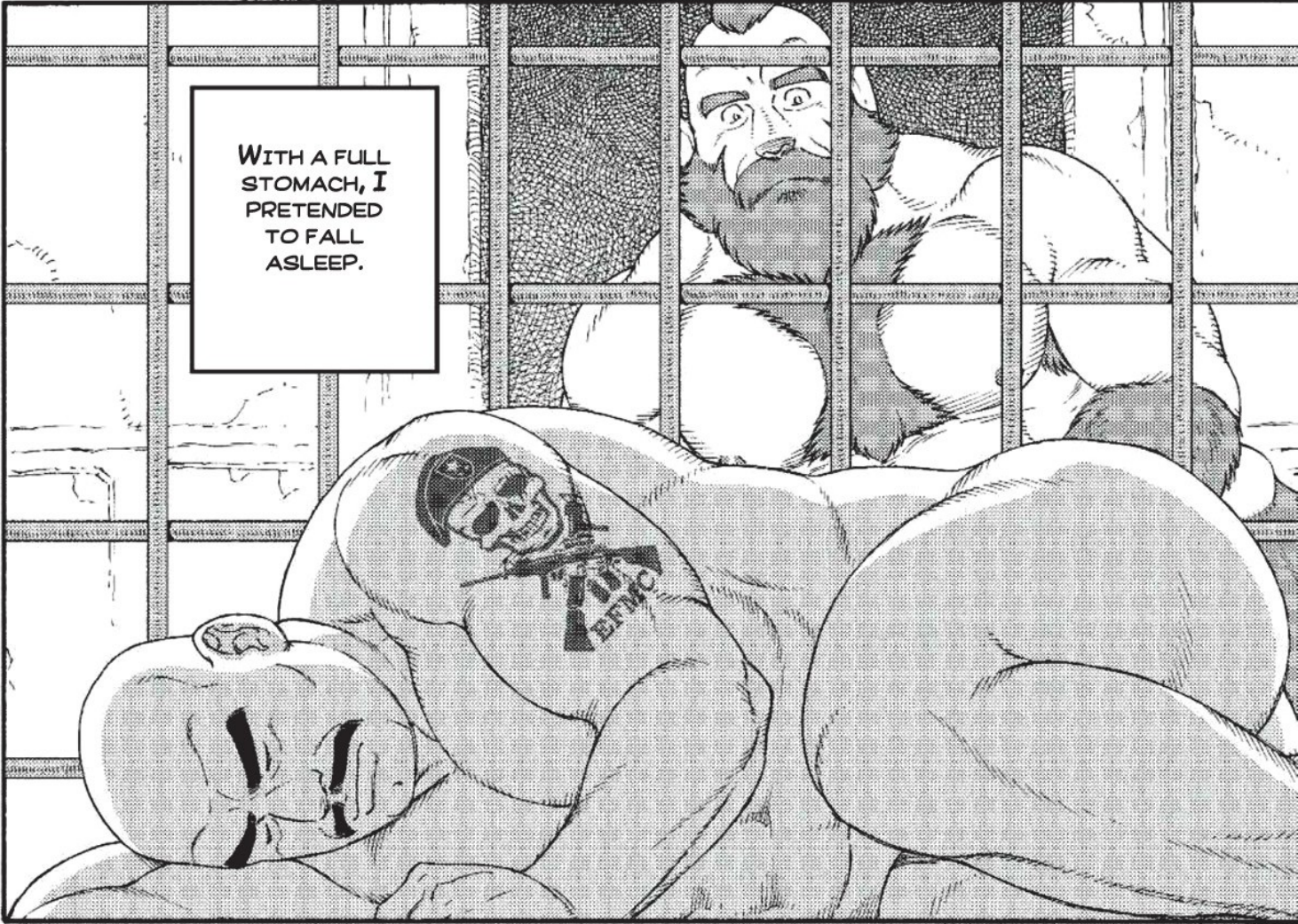
SUDDENLY, I STOPPED EATING AND TURNED AWAY FROM HIM.



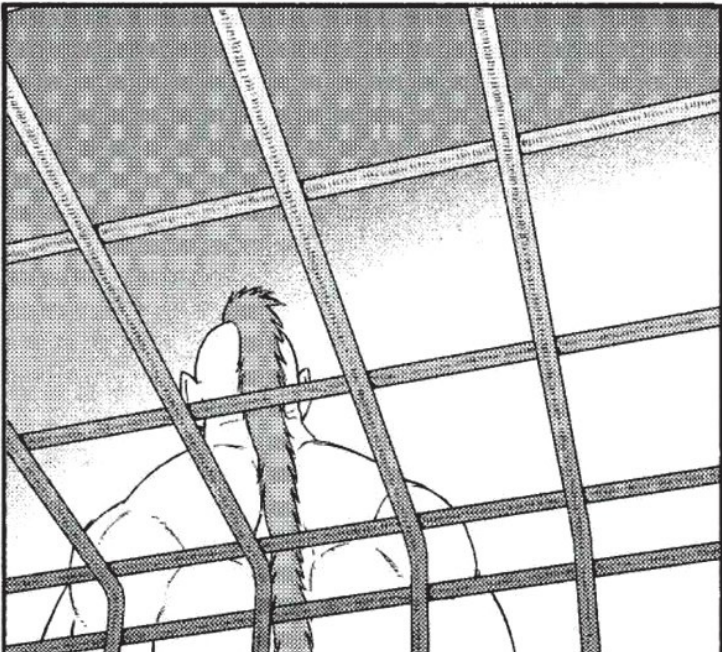
I CAN'T
STAND
IT.



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.

HA...
AH...

HA...
HAH...



SFX: THROBBING



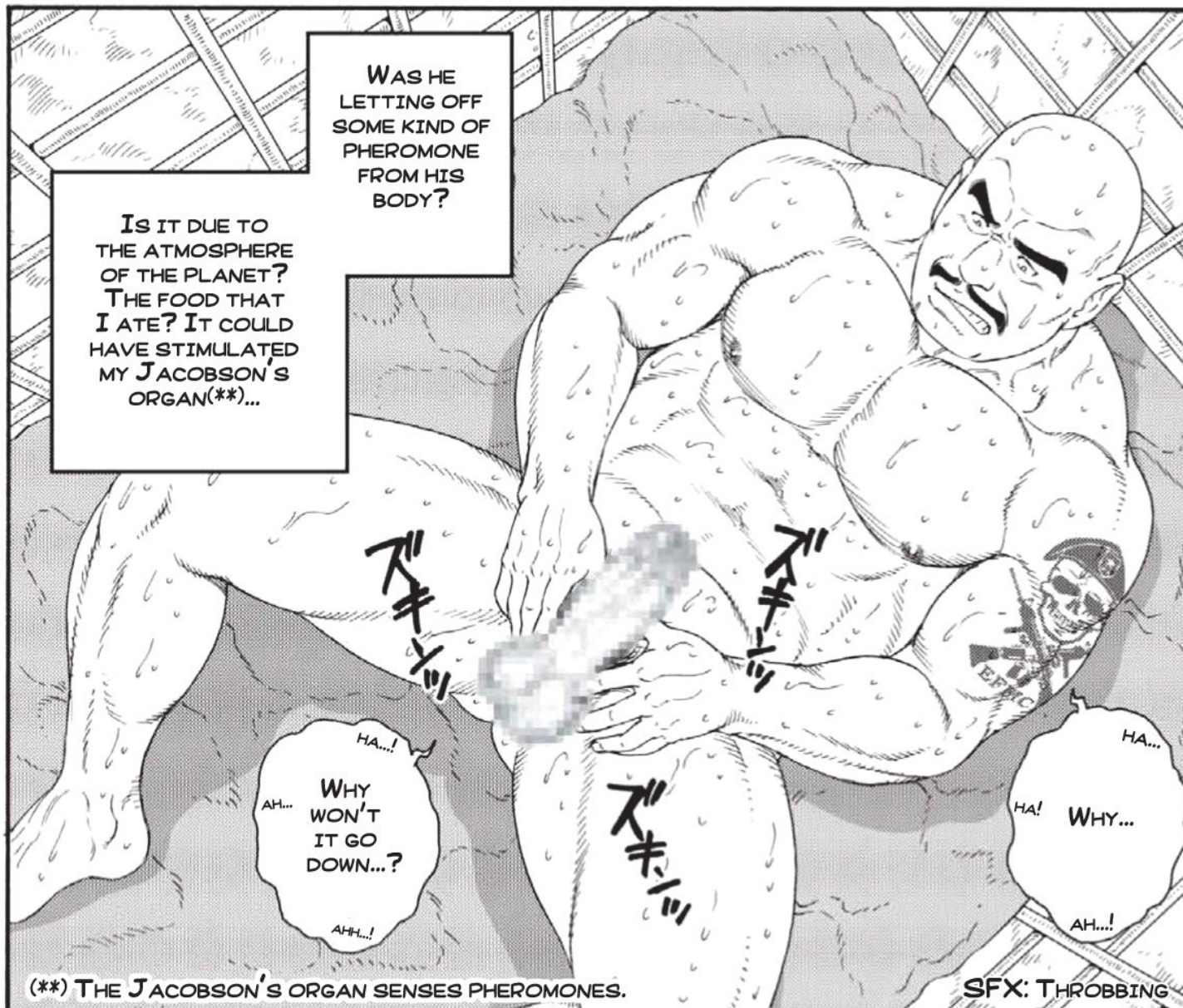
IN ORDER FOR SOLDIERS LIKE US TO MAINTAIN OUR PEAK IN COMBAT, WE'RE GENETICALLY MODIFIED TO PRODUCE MORE ANDROGENS(*), GIVING US HIGHER PHYSICAL STRENGTH AND A STRONGER WILL TO FIGHT.

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?

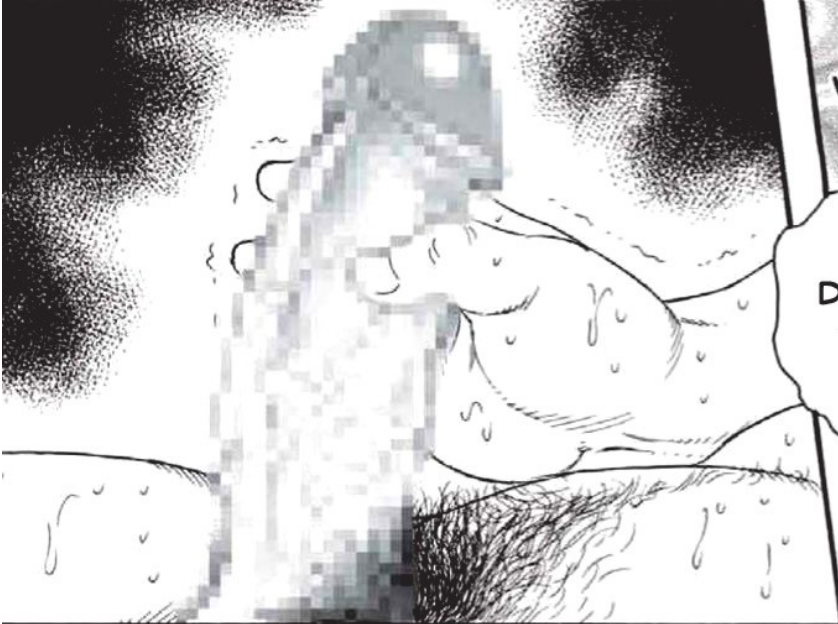
IS IT DUE TO THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE PLANET? THE FOOD THAT I ATE? IT COULD HAVE STIMULATED MY JACOBSON'S ORGAN(**)...

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

HA...! WHY... AH...!

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

SFX: THROBBING



DAMN IT...

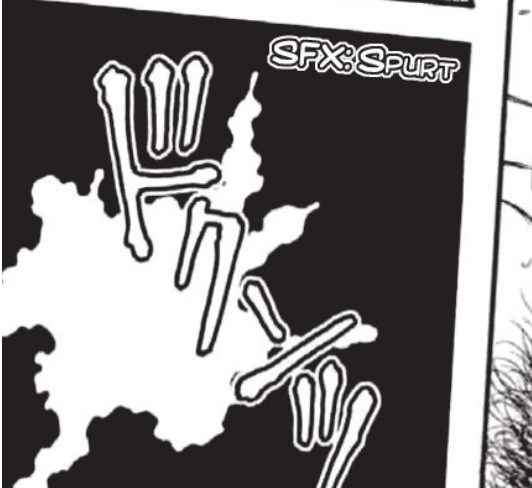
AH...!

SFX: PANTING



AH...!
H-AH...!!

SFX: * STROKING HARD
** JOLTING



SFX: SPURT



H-How...

HOW THE HELL IS THIS HAPPENING TO ME?!

SFX: * PANTING
** STROKING HARD



My first day on the planet drew to a close.

AND I SPENT THE LAST FEW MOMENTS OF IT JERKING OFF INSIDE OF A CAGE.

SFX: * PANTING
** SPURTING



TOWARD MY OWN DOWN-FALL.

WAS ONLY THE FIRST STEP...

THAT...

to be continued...