

...OFFICIALS ARE SAYING THE TEST CRAFT EXPERIENCED AN UNRECOVERABLE MECHANICAL ERROR AND CRASHED IN THE DESERT CLOSE TO 8 PM LAST NIGHT.



AT 7:58 PM, WE CAN CLEARLY SEE AN ATMOSPHERIC DISTURBANCE RIGHT WHERE THE PLANE CRASH OCCURRED. WHAT ELSE COULD IT BE? ALIENS. BASED ON THE SIZE OF THE DISTURBANCE, IT WAS PROBABLY A SCOUT CRAFT; WITH A CREW OF 5 OR LESS.

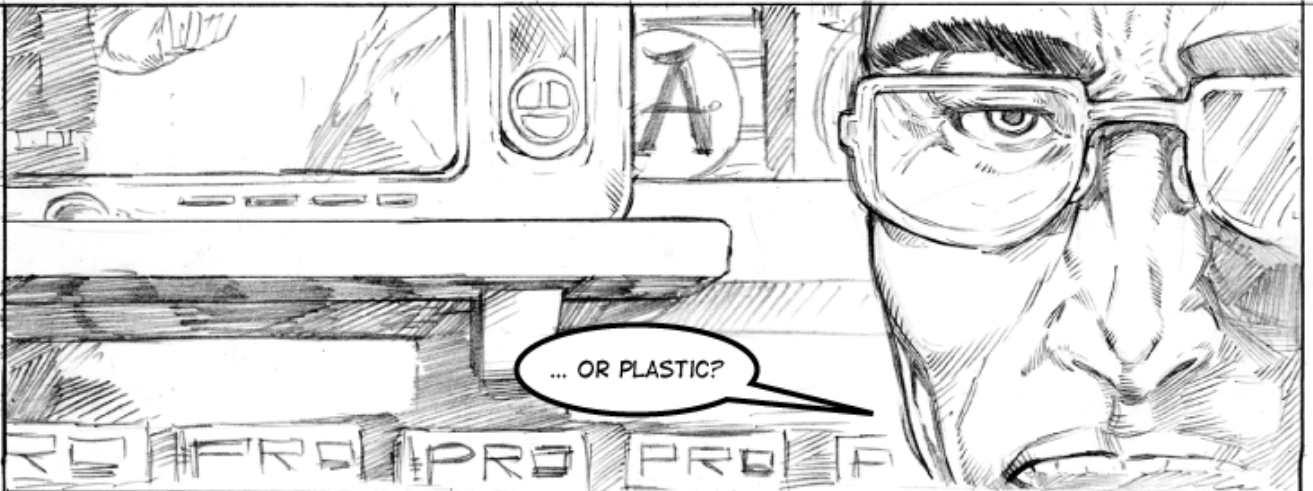


BUT DOCTOR, HOW COME THERE WAS NO SIGN OF AN ALIEN CRAFT AT THE CRASH SITE?



THE MILITARY AND THE CONTRACTORS ARRIVED AT LEAST 6 HOURS PRIOR TO THE PRESS. THEY OBVIOUSLY CARTED IT AWAY.

... OR PLASTIC?



UH, PARDON?

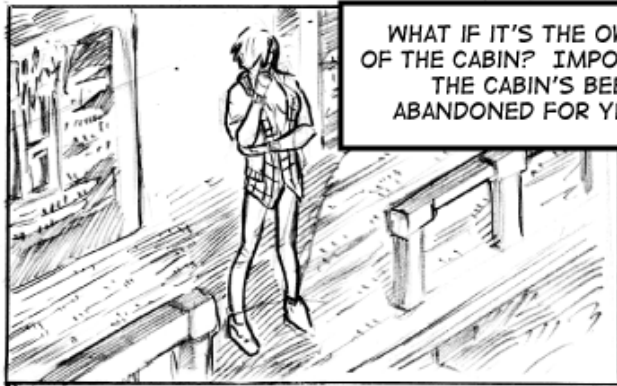


PAPER OR PLASTIC?



PAPER, PLEASE.

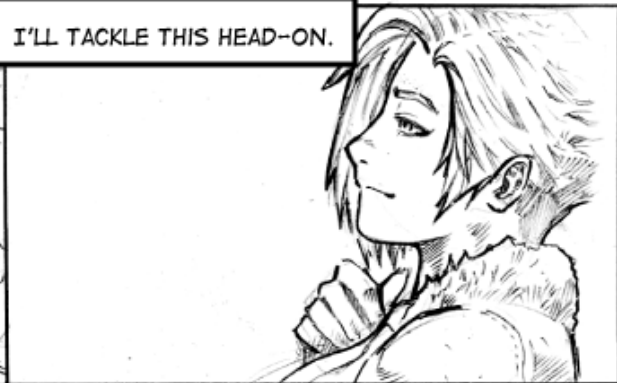




WHAT IF IT'S THE OWNER OF THE CABIN? IMPOSSIBLE, THE CABIN'S BEEN ABANDONED FOR YEARS...



GOOD AFTERNOON. YOUR CABIN?




I'LL TACKLE THIS HEAD-ON.




YUP, WELL, KINDA. UNCLE PASSED AWAY LAST YEAR AND I INHERITED IT. FIGURED I'D CHECK IT OUT, SEE IF I COULD FIX HER UP.



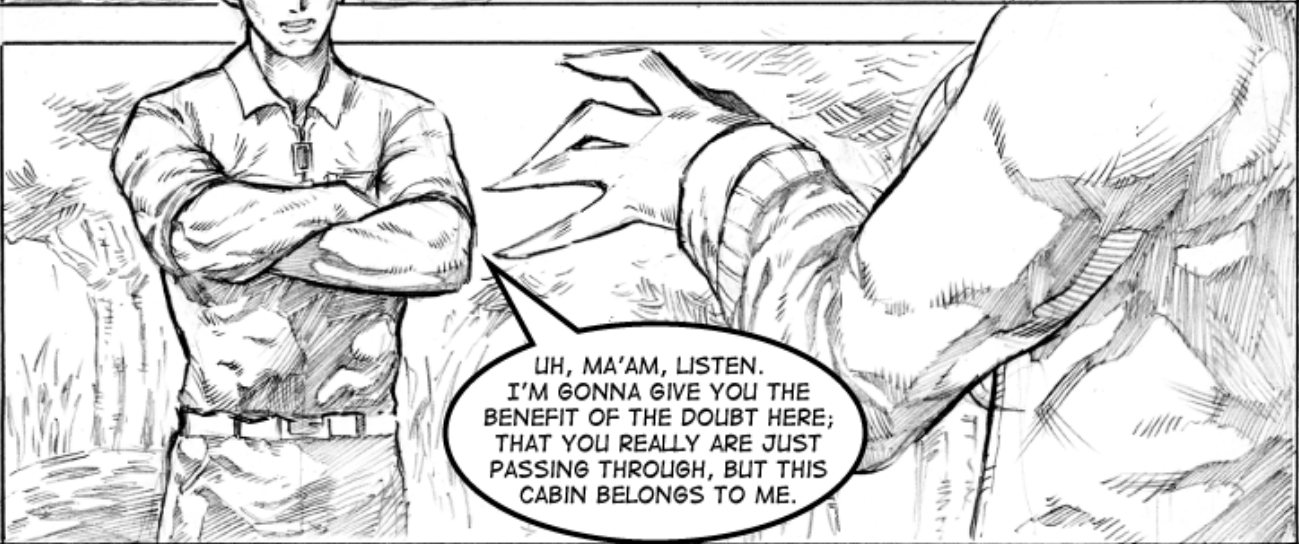
GONNA NEED MORE THAN THAT TO FIX THIS PLACE UP. HONESTLY, WITH ALL THE OVERHANGING TREES THAT GREW IN, YOU SHOULD'VE BOUGHT A CHAINSAW AND WOOD CHIPPER.




AH, IS THAT
WHY YOU'RE HERE?
GONNA FIX UP THIS
PLACE YOURSELF?



NO, NOTHING LIKE THAT.
I WAS JUST PASSING THROUGH,
AND NEEDED A PLACE TO STAY
FOR THE NIGHT.

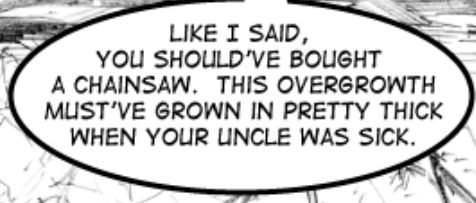
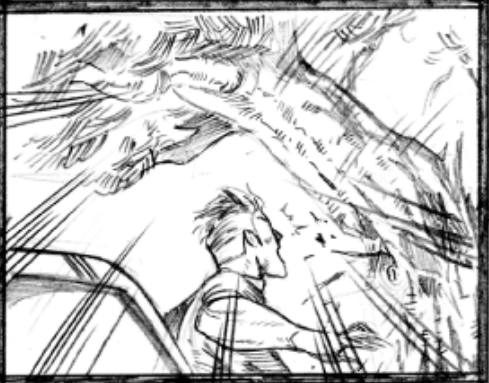
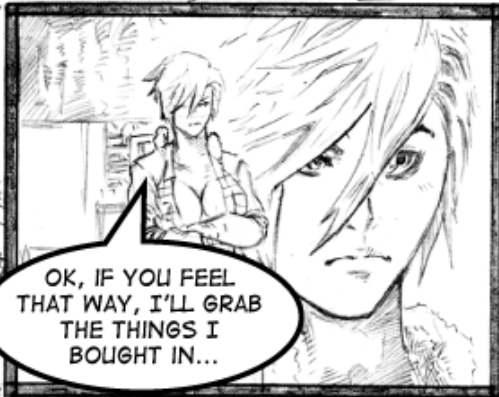



UH, MA'AM, LISTEN.
I'M GONNA GIVE YOU THE
BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT HERE;
THAT YOU REALLY ARE JUST
PASSING THROUGH, BUT THIS
CABIN BELONGS TO ME.



I UNDERSTAND THAT.
LOOK, I'LL HELP YOU FIX
THIS PLACE UP, I JUST NEED
A PLACE TO STAY WHILE
I FIGURE THINGS OUT.

I'M NOT SURE
WHAT YOUR GAME IS, MISS...
BUT I REALLY THINK YOU
SHOULD GO NOW.






SORRY ABOUT MY FEET DENTING IN YOUR ROOF.


WELL, WE CAN STAND HERE AS YOU GATHER YOURSELF, OR WE CAN GO INTO THE CABIN AND TALK.

UH, THAT'S OK.. THAT'S TOTALLY OK.

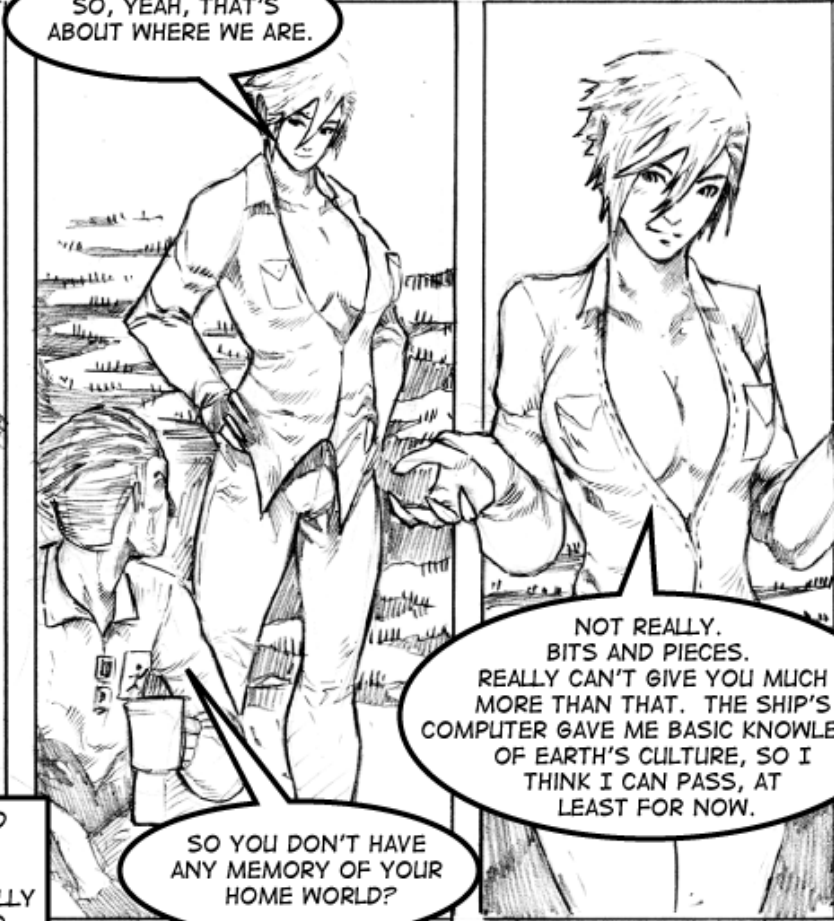


UH, YEAH, TALKING'S GOOD.

ABOUT 20 MINUTES LATER, I FINISHED A HEAVILY EDITED VERSION OF MY STORY, LEAVING OUT THE FIGHTER PILOT PART OF IT, JUST LEAVING IN THE SPACE CRAFT, THE POD, AND BRUSHING ASIDE LOTS OF DETAILS ARE 'AMNESIA FROM THE CRASH'.



SO, YEAH, THAT'S ABOUT WHERE WE ARE.



NOT REALLY. BITS AND PIECES. REALLY CAN'T GIVE YOU MUCH MORE THAN THAT. THE SHIP'S COMPUTER GAVE ME BASIC KNOWLEDGE OF EARTH'S CULTURE, SO I THINK I CAN PASS, AT LEAST FOR NOW.

SO YOU DON'T HAVE ANY MEMORY OF YOUR HOME WORLD?

THE YOUNG MAN, WHO I DISCOVERED WAS A WRITER OF AN ALTERNATIVE ONLINE NEWS AGGREGATOR, IS NAMED JUSTIN REED, 24, AND HAD REALLY JUST INHERITED THE CABIN AS HE SAID.