

Year 20XX / Somewhere in Australia

I'M AN OIL
FIELD FIRE-
FIGHTER.

I bet all
planes are
gonna be
grounded.

At this rate,
even if I make
it to the air-
port,

Looks
like a
typhoon
out
there.
I can
barely see
ten feet
in front
of me.

MY NAME IS
THOMAS
BRADLEY.

I WAS SUPPOSED
TO BE FLYING TO
HAWAII FOR A
VACATION, BUT...

1st
Huh? 7







