

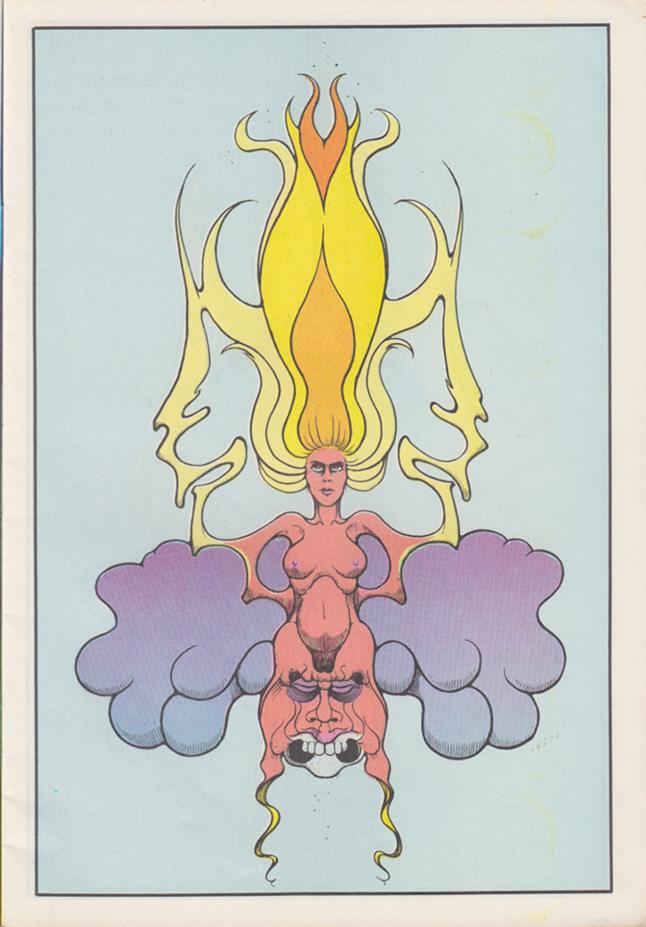


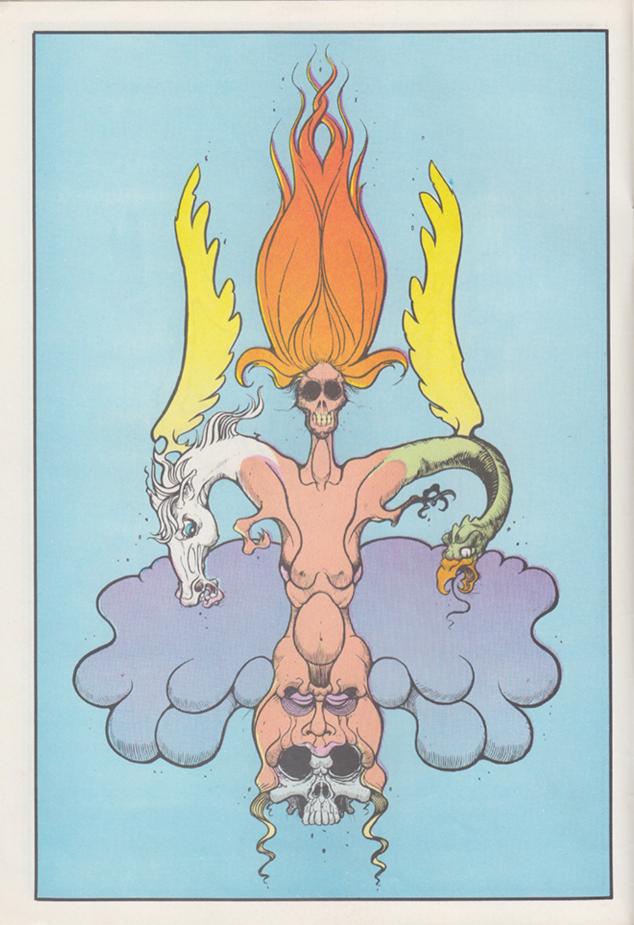
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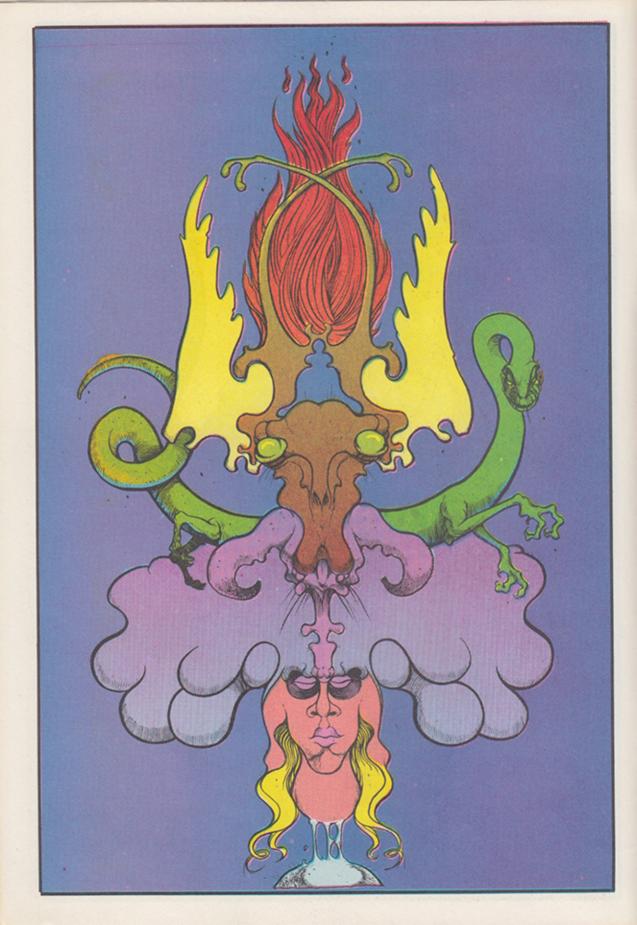
... SOMEWHERE AT THE CORE OF THE UNIVERSE SOMEBODY OR SOMETHING HAD TRIPPED A MECH-ANISM, PULLED THE PLUG, SET OFF A CHAIN REACTION THAT COULD NOT BE STOPPED...

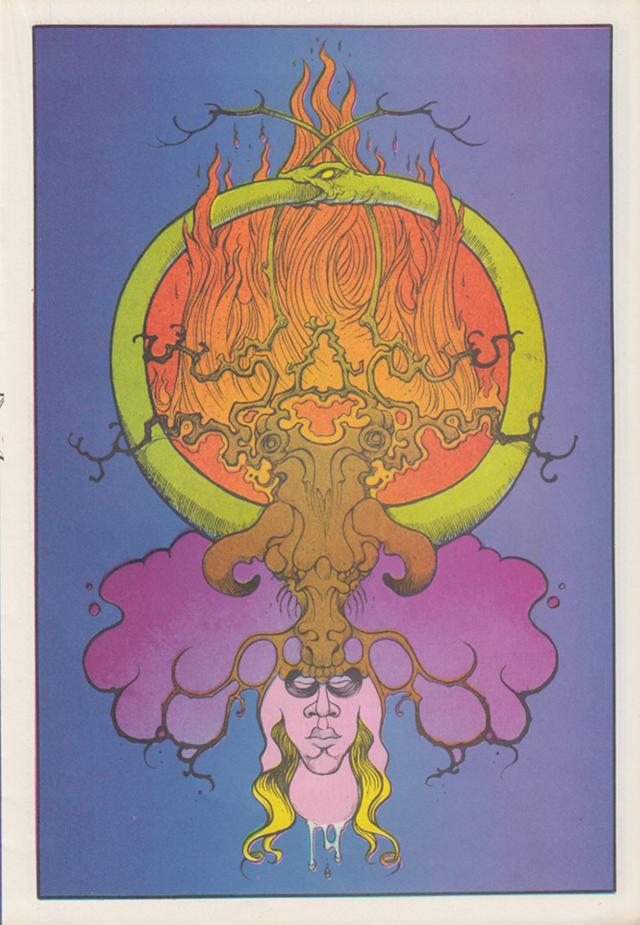


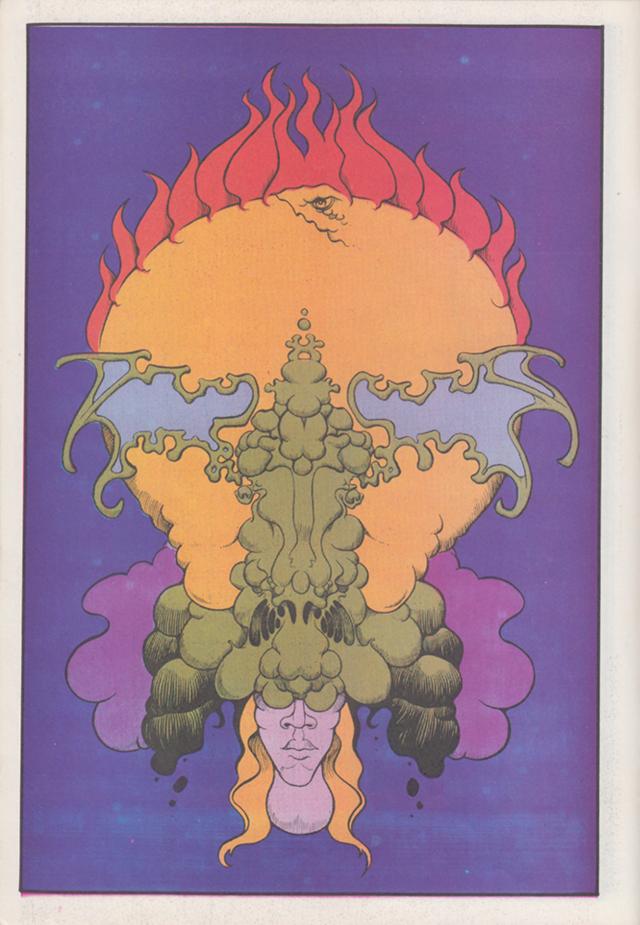


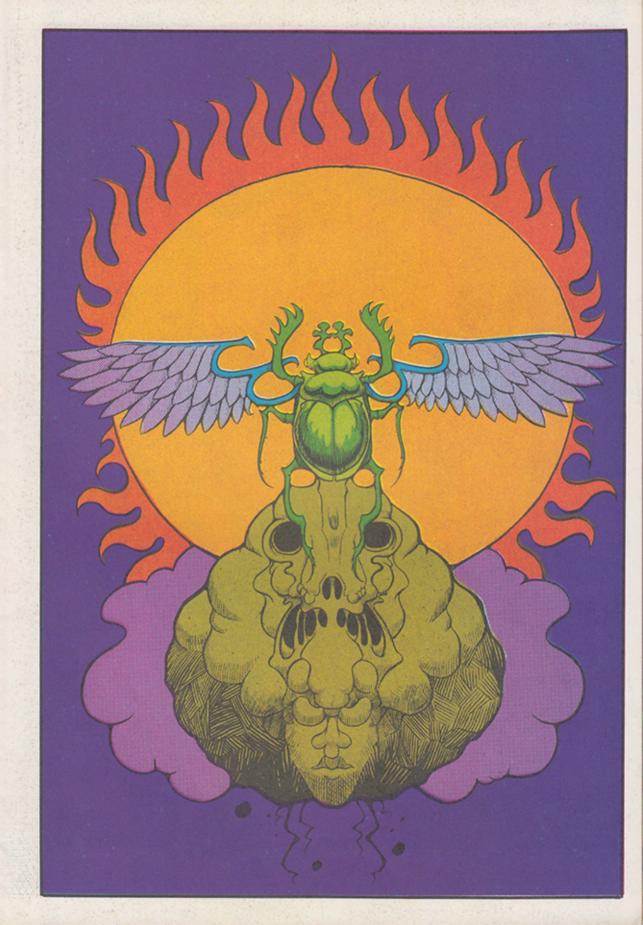


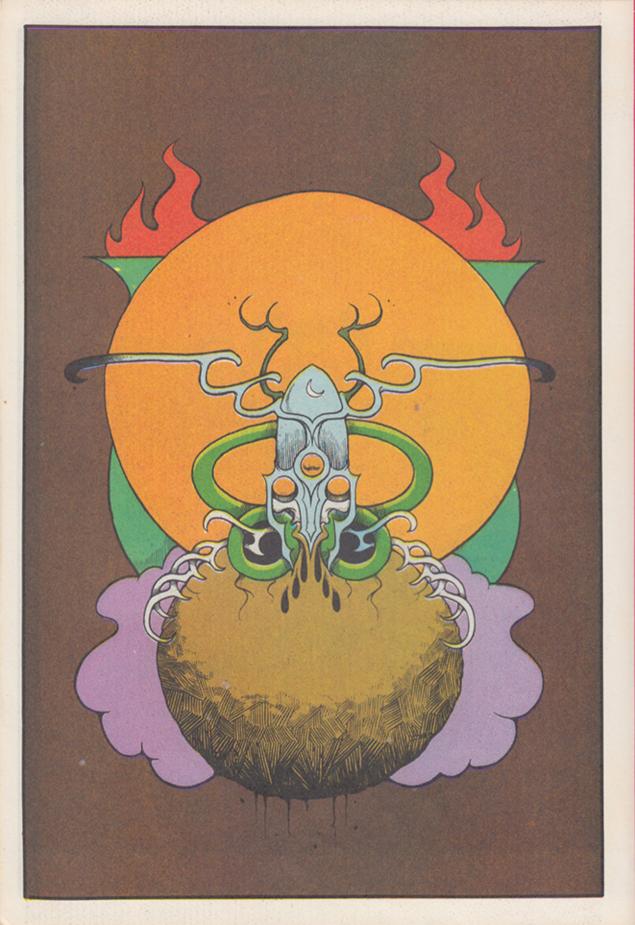


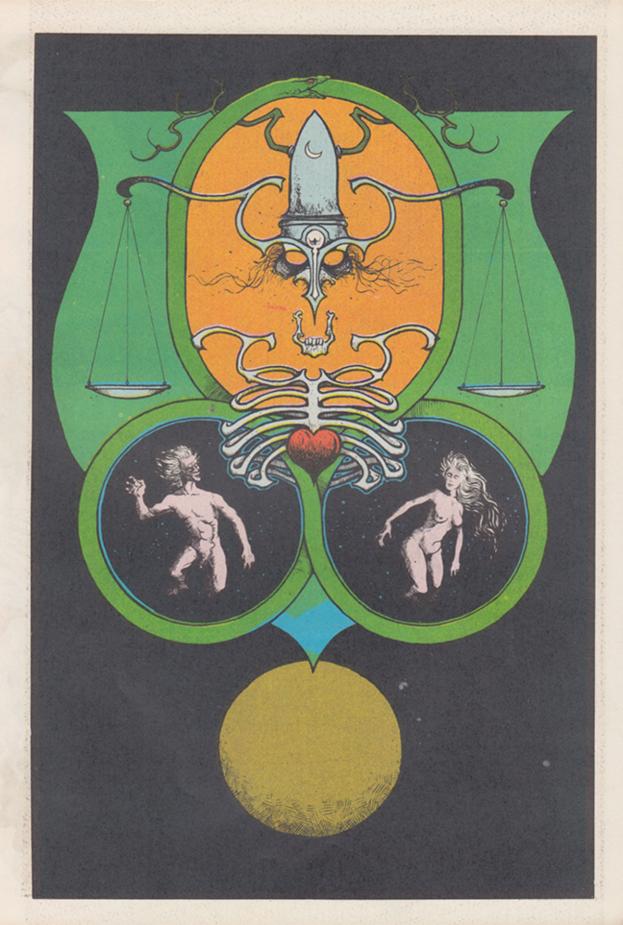






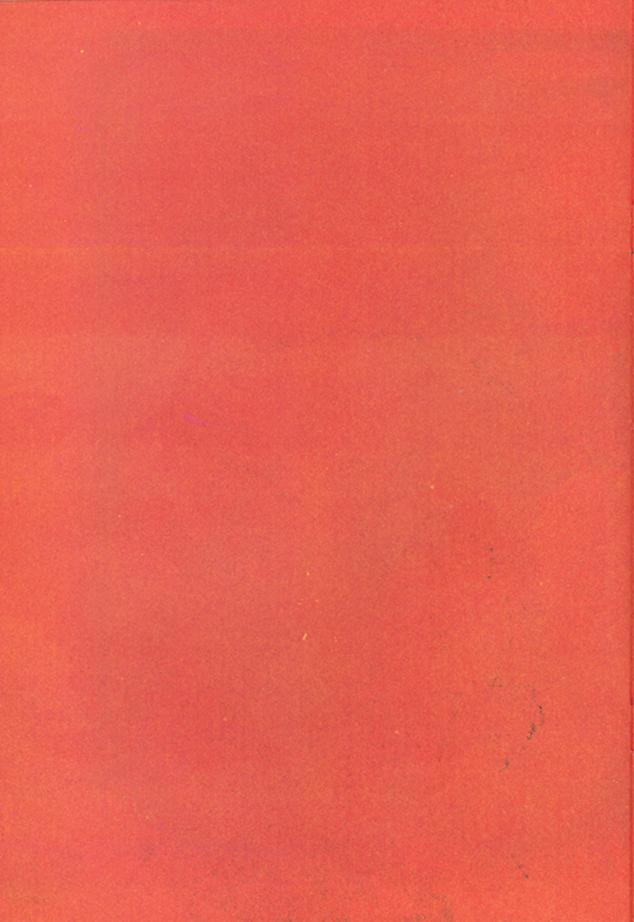


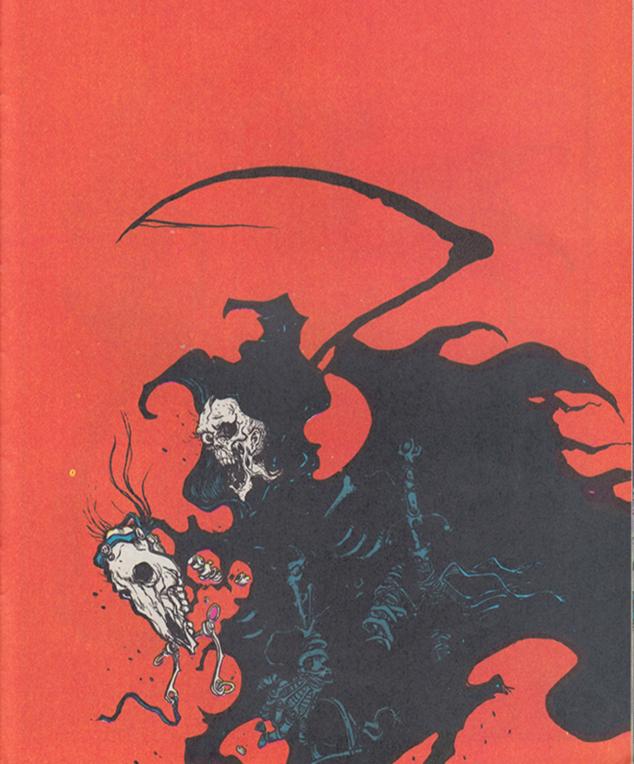




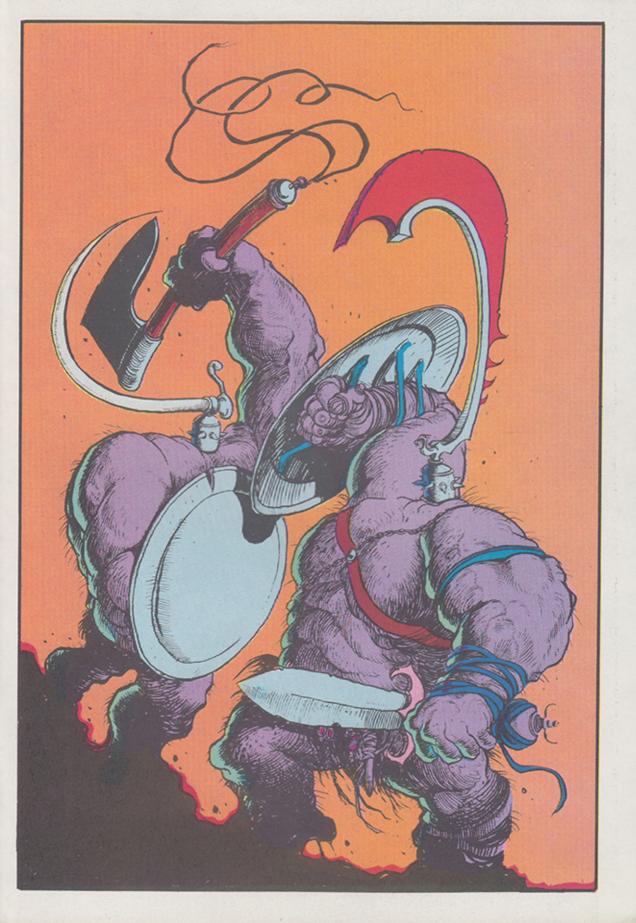


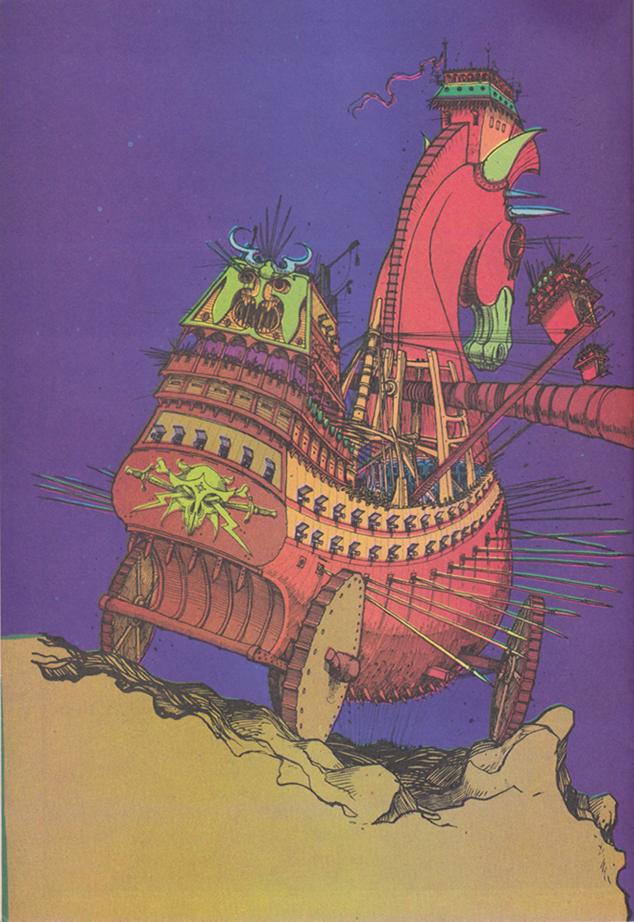


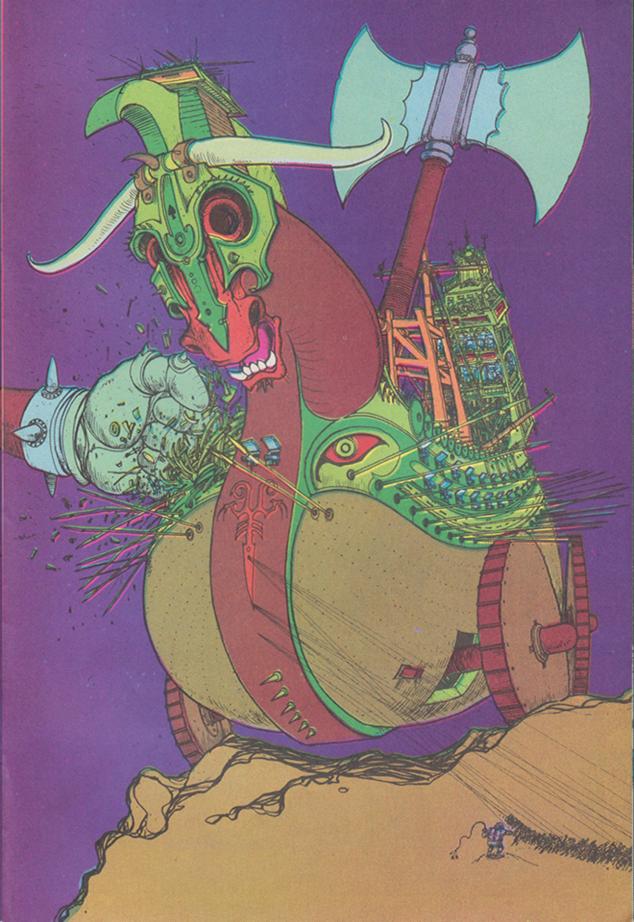


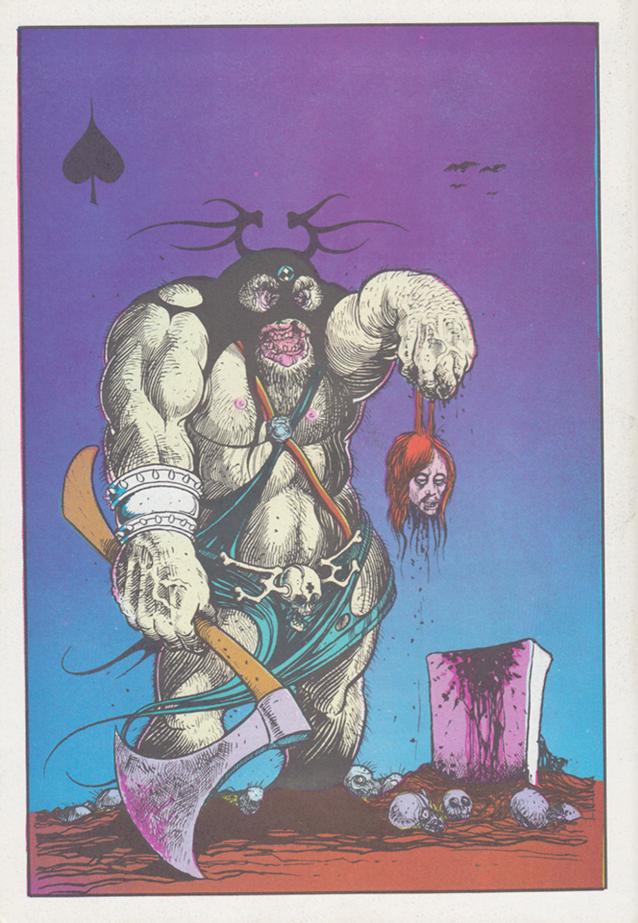


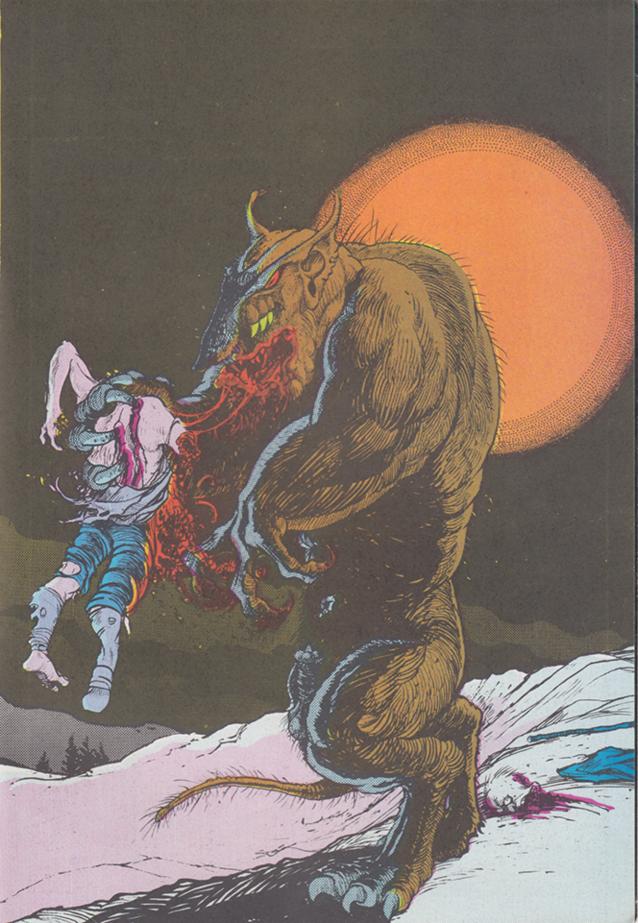


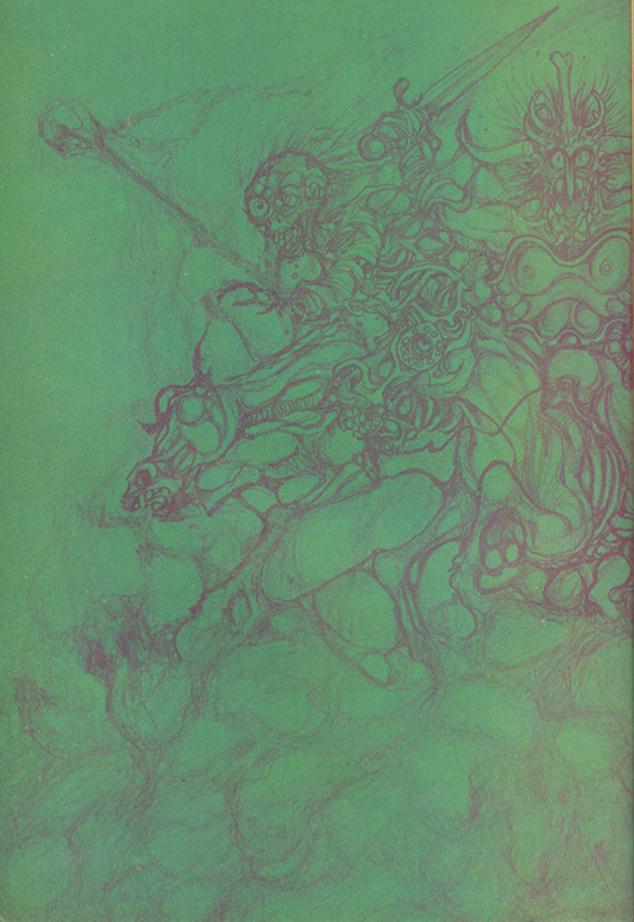


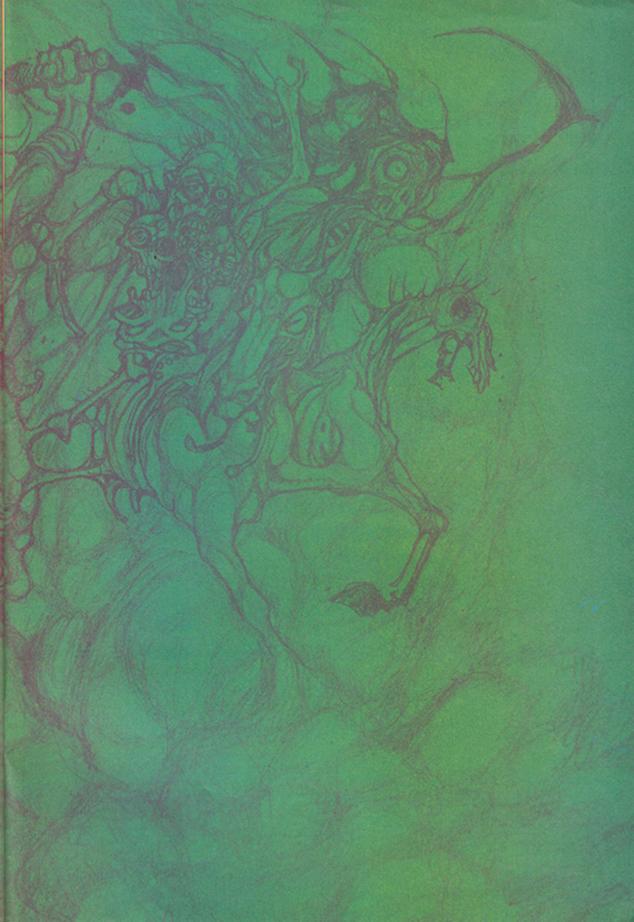


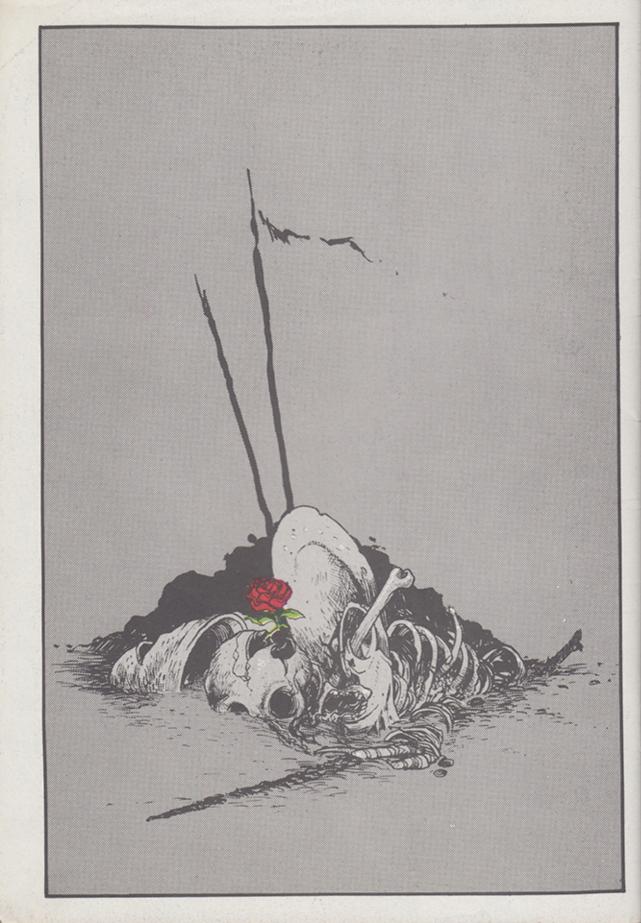












... EVERYWHERE AT ONCE, ON EVERY PLANET EVERY WORLD, GOVERNMENTS WERE TOPPLING, CITIES WERE CRUMBLING, WHOLE POPULATIONS WERE RAGING INSANE THRU THE RUINED STREETS THE TORN COUNTRYSIDE, THE FABRIC OF CIVILIZATIONS WOVEN THRU PAINFUL AEONS HUNG IN TATTERS ON THE RACK...

VOICES OF THE FRENZIED INSANITY SHREIKED FROM NEWSPAPER HEADLINES, RADIOS, TELEVISIONS TUBES, THE WHOLE NETWORK OF COMMUNICATIONS WAS POPPING BURNING FIZZLING IN A MINDLESS HYSTERICAL RELEASE OF ENERGY THAT WAS PURE UNADULTERATED PANIC ...

... " I SEE THE CRIPPLED PRESSES GASPING LAST BLACK WORDS OF DOOM AS THE INK POTS GO DRY AND PHONE WIRES FUSE TO THEIR INSULATORS, TORN AND BROKEN THREADS OF SPEECH STREWN ACROSS DYING AMERICA ... "

VOICES OF WONDER SAT AND WATCHED IN CAVES
OR FROM THE SHELLS OF BOMBED OUT BUILDINGS.
MEN WHO HAD WAITED FOR THIS DAY, MEN WHO
HAD KNOWN IT WAS COMING ... THE WHOLE PERVERTED MESS, FALLING INTO ASHES, A FEW LAST
SPASMS OF NUCLEAR HYSTERIA, THEN NOTHING ...
JUST A LIGHT WIND IN THE EMPTY TREES, AND
A DUST AND SAND WHIRLING IN THE SILENT STREETS ...

TOM VEITCH
FROM THE
LUIS ARMED STORY

