

Panel 1

we open with a wide shot(taking up the entire upper fifth of the page) of an arid wasteland, a valley with some hills in the distance, obscured by a blanket of dirt being hurled up-taking up the majority of the panel's right side-because of...

Panel 2

A close-up of a car-tyre

text box:

"When the car arrived, I heard it at least half an hour before it got here. Anything that isn't contributing to the silence stands out..."

Panel 3

A mid-shot of the rear end of the car, revealing more of the car. The car is worn out, has a solar panel where the rear window should be, and looks extremely scrappy, with its metal peeling off in some places.

text box:

"As soon as I heard it, I got out of my little settlement; my shelter from the solar storm of '87"

Panel 4

Extreme close-up of a person(the narrator)'s eyes. They have a translucent, aged quality to them and the area around them is greatly wrinkled. A scar runs down the person's right eye. We don't see the entire face but the mouth seems to be covered by what appears to be an oxygen mask of sorts.

text box:

"They said I was paranoid and hopped up on substances because I believed the signs in the sky. In the long run, all of their name-calling amounted to nought."

Panel 5

Another extra wide, almost identical in dimension to Panel 1. We see the person's silhouette in the left corner of the panel, looking over at the trail of dirt the car leaves in its wake as it departs(moving towards the right side of the panel).

text box 1(top left of the panel):

"Only arid wastelands survive solar flares..."

text box 2(bottom right of the panel):

"...there's little left to destroy."

Panel 6

A minimal panel showing the car as a faint dot leaving behind dirt in its wake. The dot is in the middle of the panel, with the bottom half of the panel being covered in the dirt trail.

text box:

"It could've been a unicorn and it would still be just as rare as the car appearing from over the horizon, its engine humming with the strength of a thousand horses."

Panel 7

Nearly identical to Panel 6, but the dot is now towards the top of the panel and the trail covers up more of the panel.

text box:

"I don't know why I felt the need to get out of my little shelter, but I needed to see this phenomenon without a filter. I don't even know if it was driven by a person, as the tinted windows wouldn't let me peer inside."

Panel 8

identical to panel 6-7, but the dot is nowhere to be seen. The trail is now in the upper half of the panel, taking up much of the middle.

text box:

"Either way, person being in there would be just as big a miracle as the car driving itself."

Panel 9

a blank square with the same dimensions as panels 6,7, 8 with just a hint of the trail that once occupied that spot.

text box:

"I had to find out more but I didn't know if I had it in me anymore. Curiosity burrowed into my mind and overrode any calculation or reason."

Panel 10

No boundaries to this panel

A massive, beaten up minivan, with solar panels sticking out of it, a sprinkler, sheet metal and all sorts of makeshift contraptions hanging from the top, chugs across the page.

text box:

"Movement. Movement. Speed. My hands shake from the excitement of it all. The fan, the engine, the— I had a purpose when I set out but I don't think I need it anymore. I set out to find a stray car in the valley, but in the silence it left in its wake, I found myself."

Insert circular panel:

A circular panel with the narrator's face; oxygen mask down, and a massive grin.

-X-X-