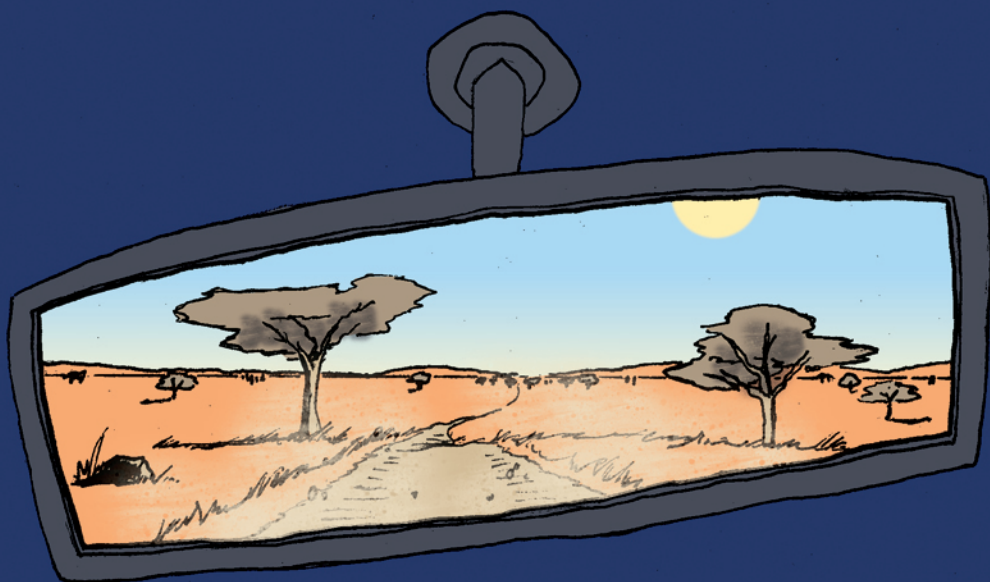
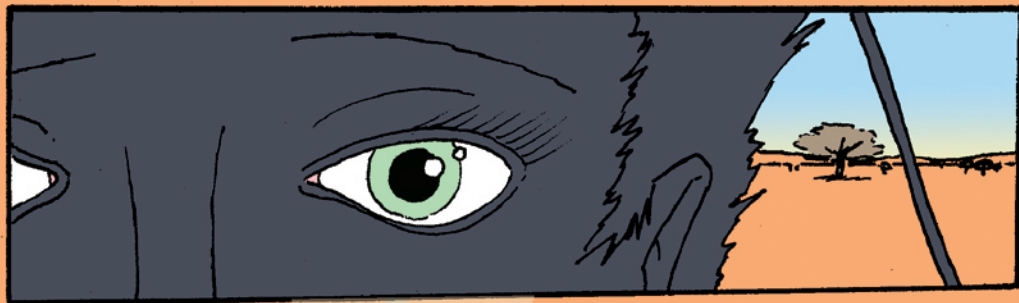


Kangaroo Tree

STORY & ART
BY
THOMAS SCOTT HOLLAND





THE CALL CAME
EARLY THIS MORNING

DEATHLY ILL,
MY MOTHER SAID.

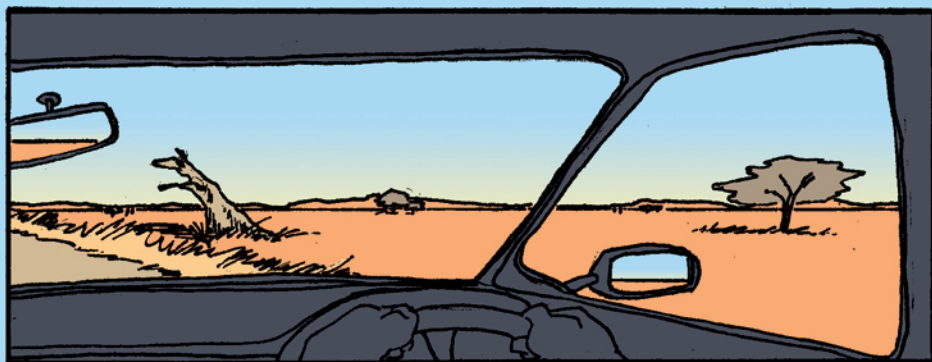
COME QUICKLY.

NO OPEN FLIGHTS.
IT'S A FOURTEEN-HOUR
DRIVE..

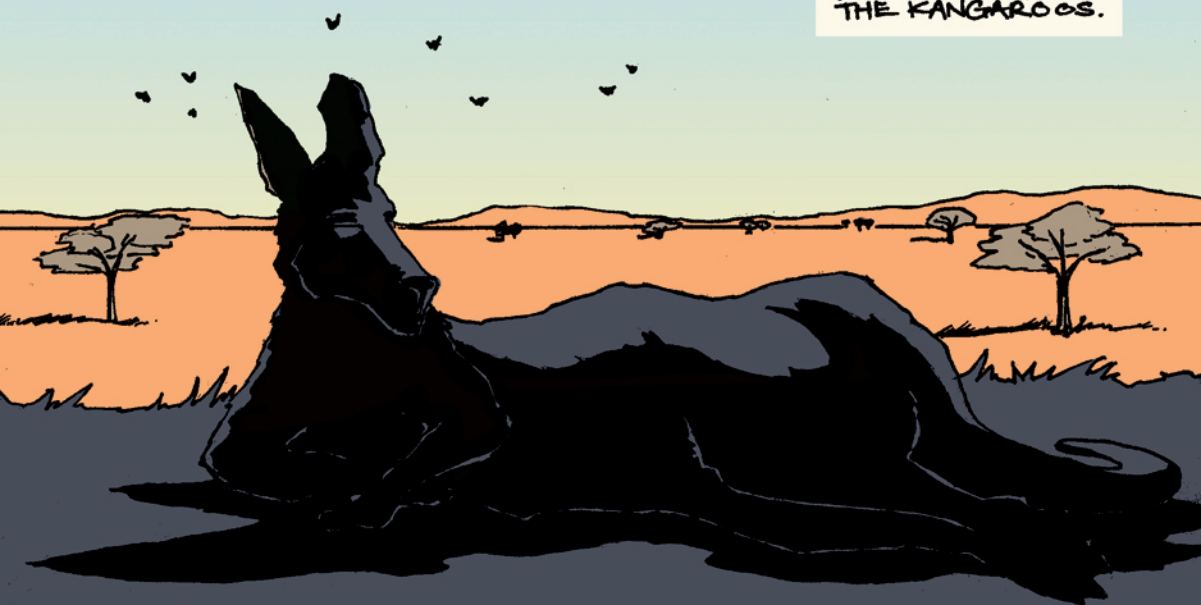
I SHOULD BE THERE
BY DAWN.

FOURTEEN HOURS.

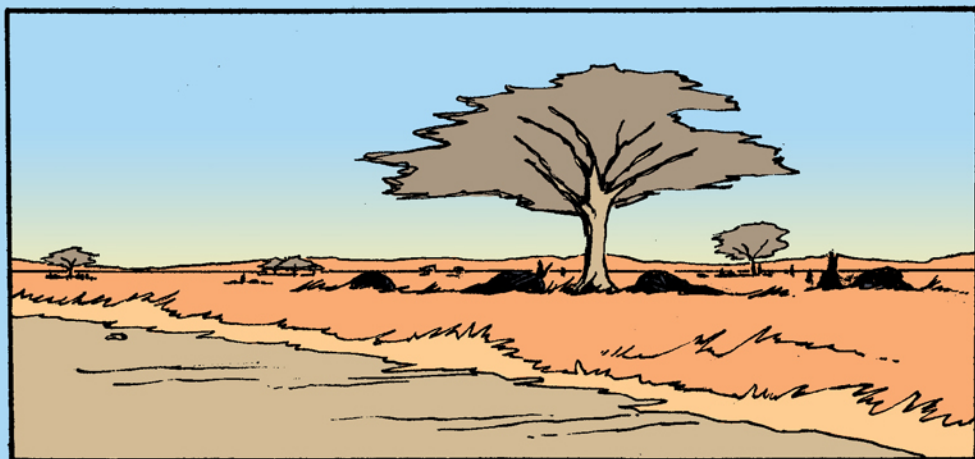
MOST OF THEM ACROSS
NEAR-EMPTY SPACE.



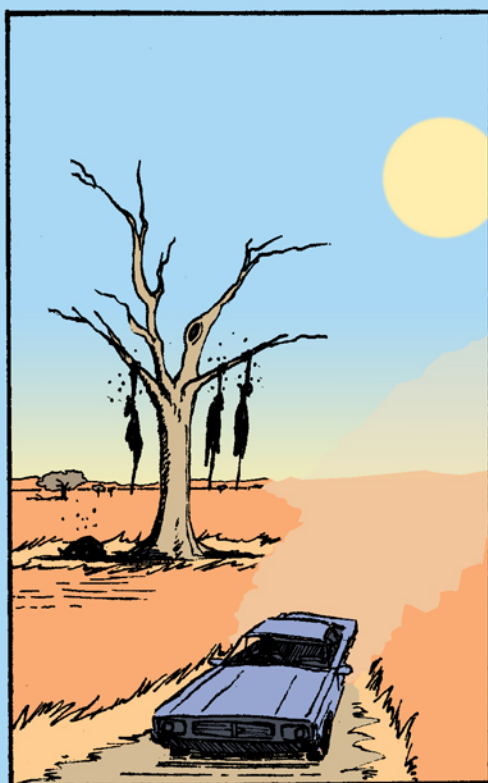
NEAR EMPTY.



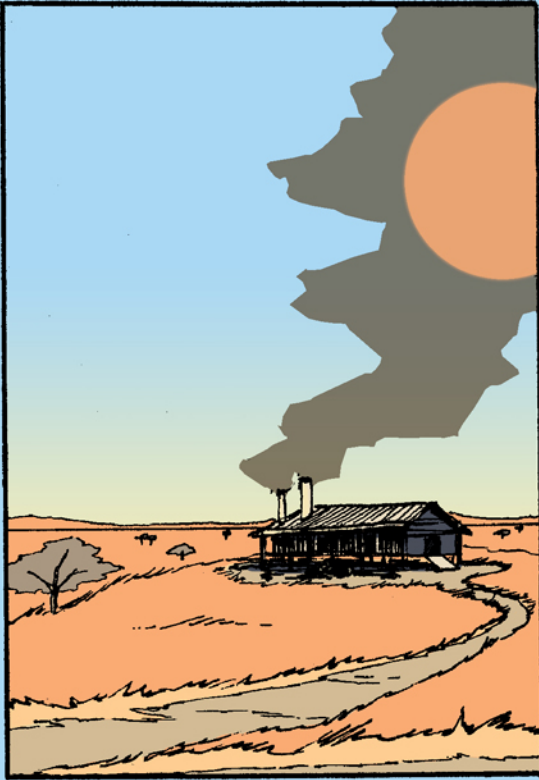
EXCEPT FOR
THE KANGAROOS.



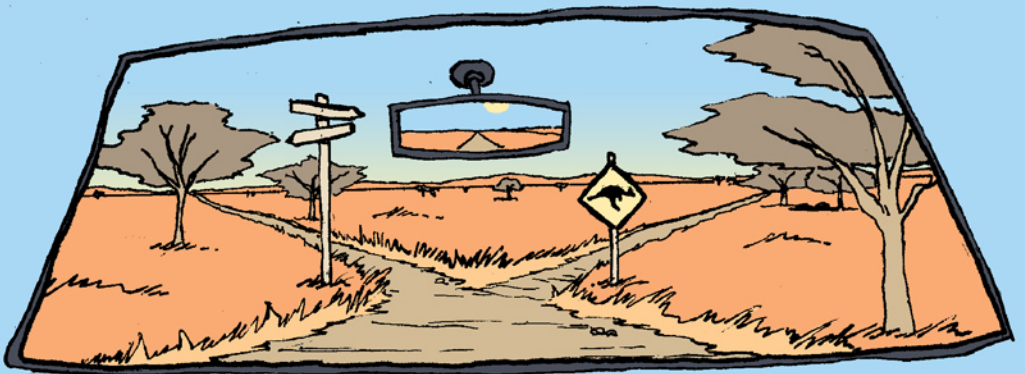
SO MANY KANGAROOS.



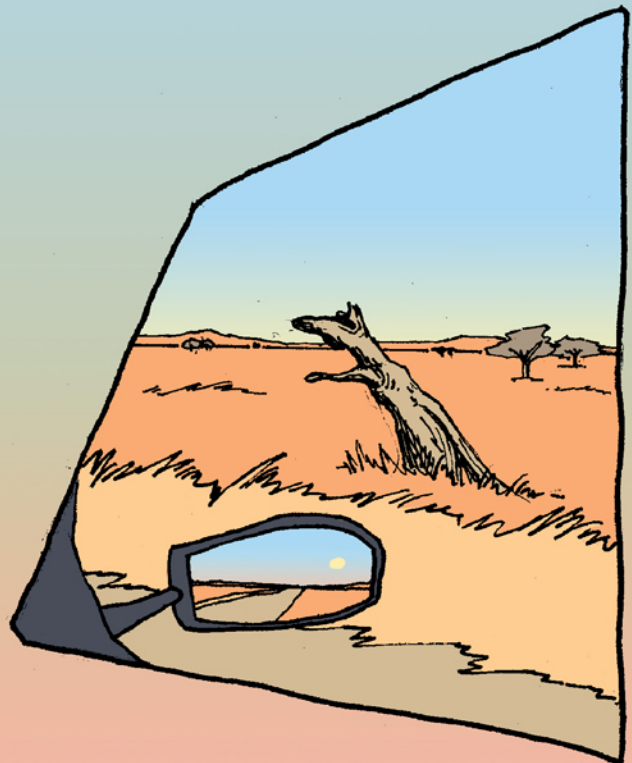
TOO MANY KANGAROOS.

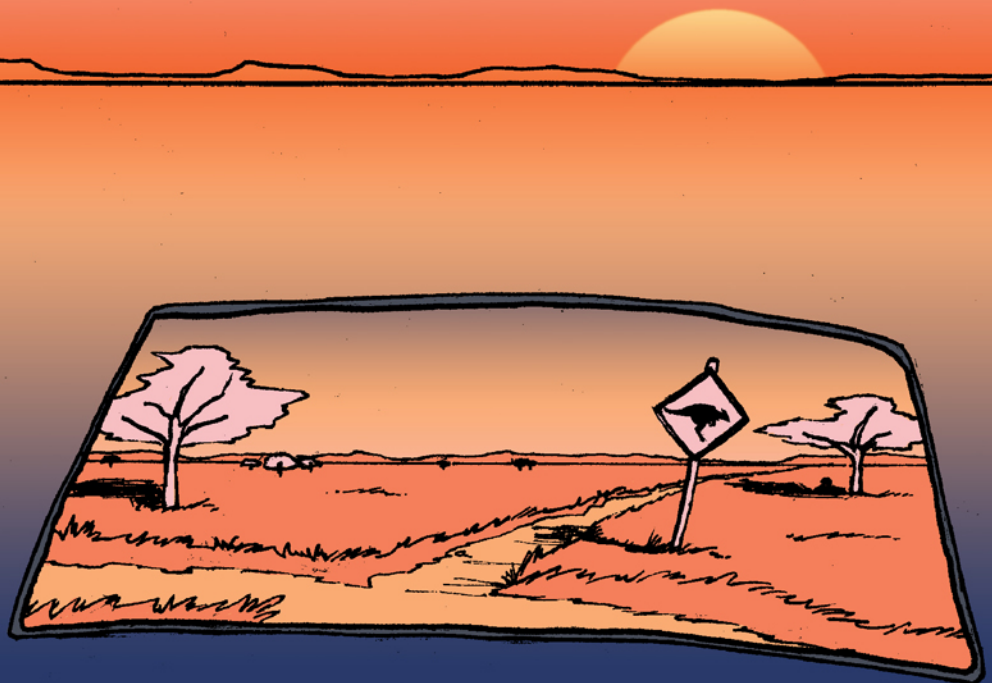
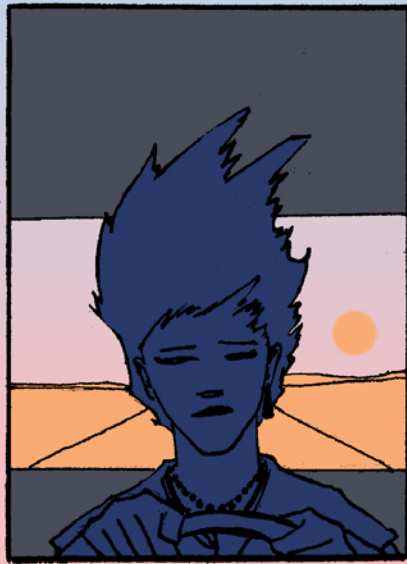


THE VERY AIR
HERE IS THICK
WITH THEM.



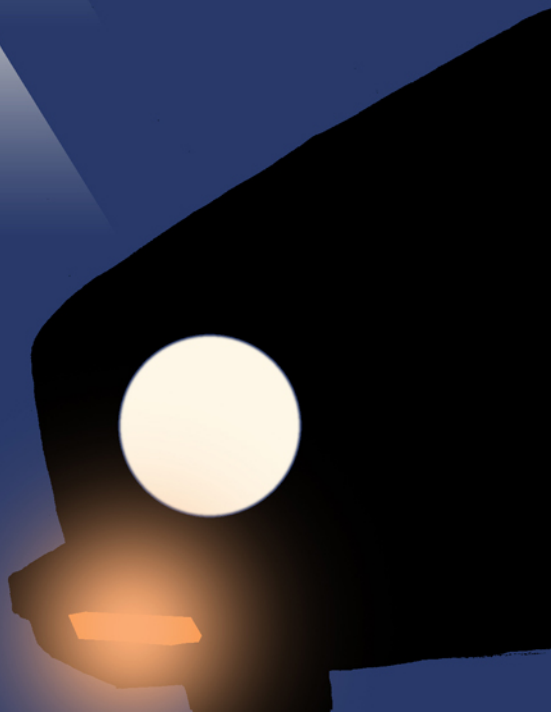
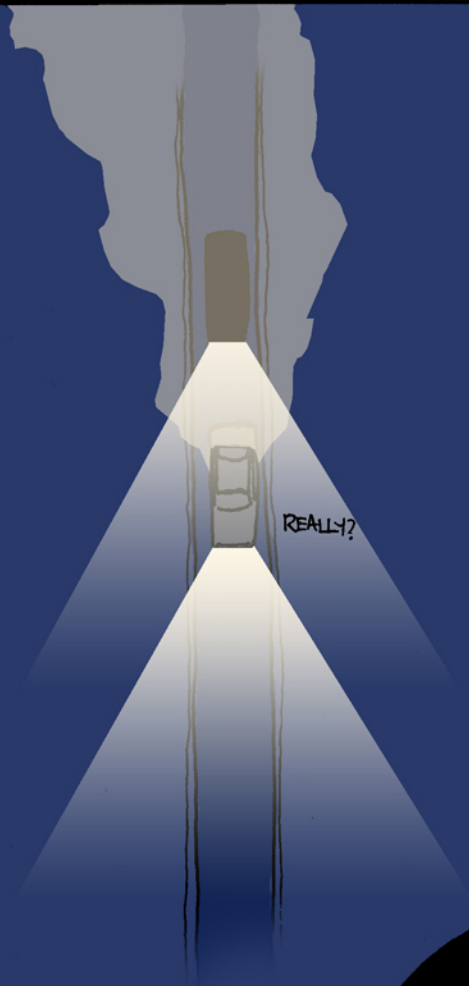
JUST PUSH THROUGH.
I TELL MYSELF.





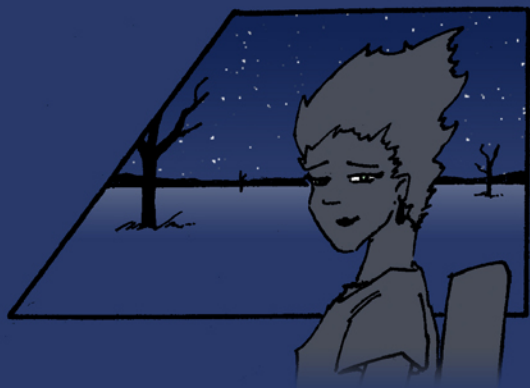












YOU'RE PRETTY
FAR OUT, EH?



MM.



OK THEN.

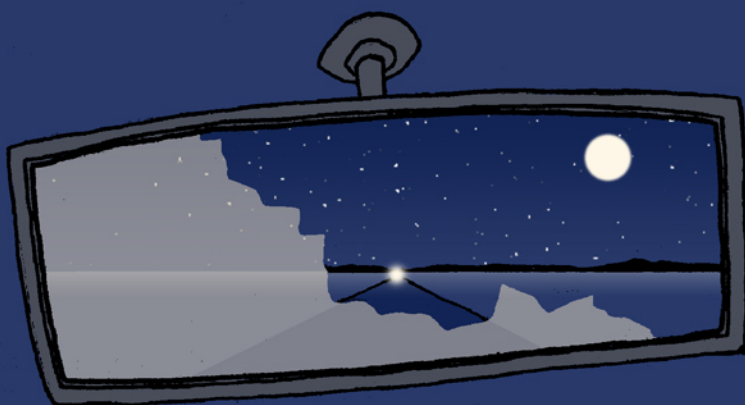
JUST PUSH THROUGH,
I TELL MYSELF.



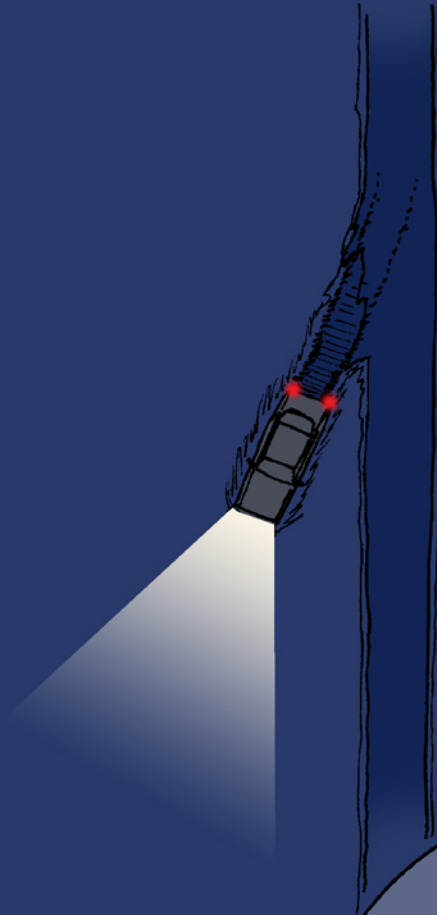
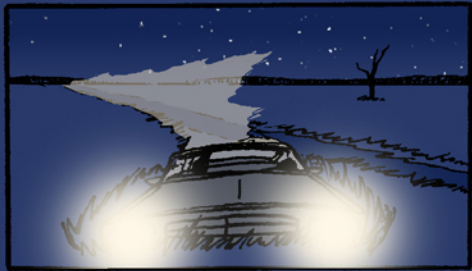
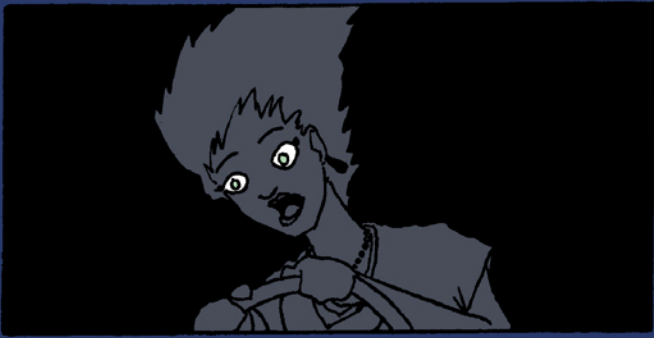


SERIOUSLY?

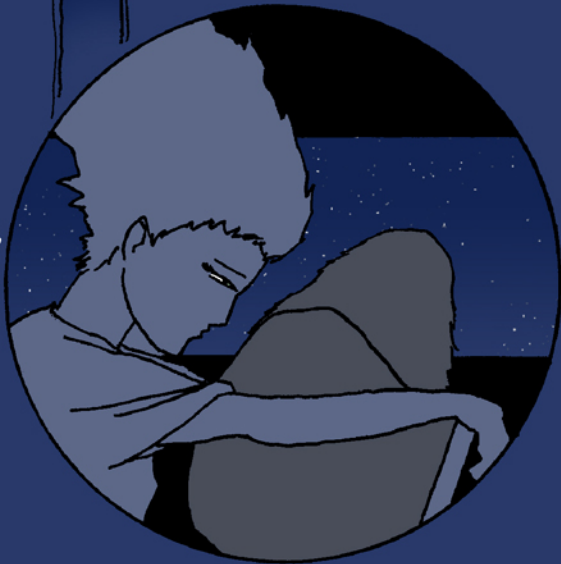








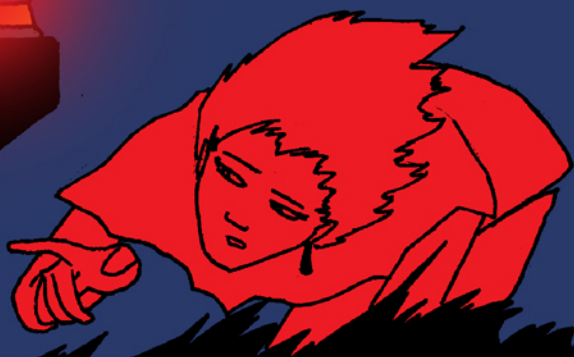
ARE YOU
ALRIGHT?



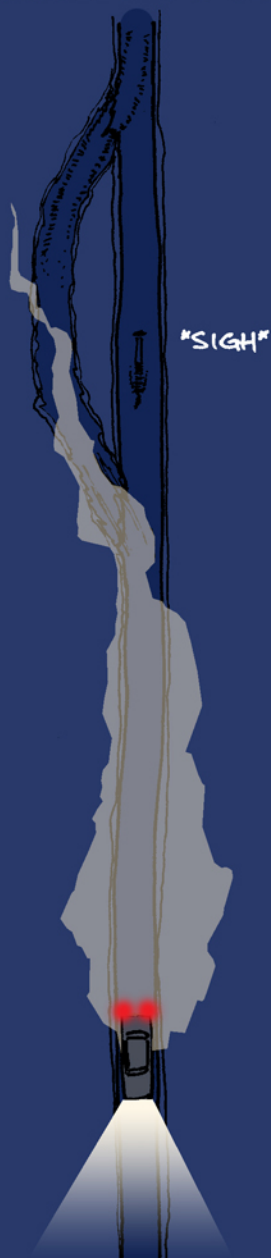
MMM.

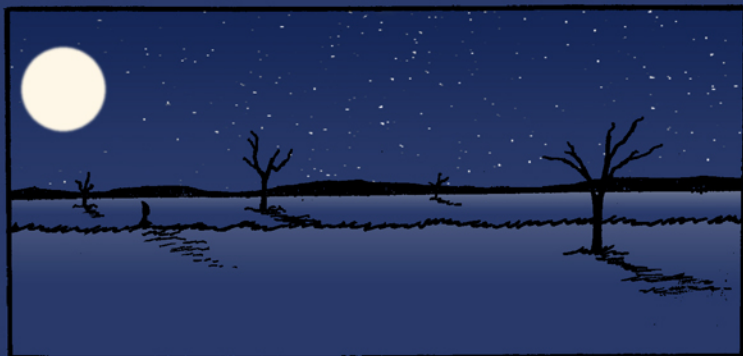
I'M SO SORRY.

THIS'LL JUST
TAKE A SEC.



WE'RE IN LUCK!
NO DAMAGE...





A FOURTEEN-HOUR DRIVE
ACROSS NEAR-EMPTY SPACE.



I HATE TO THINK
HOW MUCH LONGER
TO WALK.