DEJA-VU

He felt he'd been here before. Like this was all happening again.

Standing over the observation hole it all seemed so familiar.

The French had a word for it... DEJA-VU.
A flashing pattern in the sunlight of Aldebaran.

A silver glidepath, a bleached trajectory arching in toward virgin soil.

The feeling of recognition still hung over him.

A finger searching for a hold.
AND HERE WAS LAND FOR THE MULTITUDE OF HUMANITY GROWING TOWARD THE UNIVERSE.

HE'D NEVER BEEN HERE.

HE REMEMBERED THAT AS A CHILD HE HAD THIS FEELING ALSO FROM TIME TO TIME.

HE HAD A WILD THEORY THEN ABOUT THE UNIVERSE AS A FOURTH DIMENSIONAL RECORD THAT HAD BEEN SCRATCHED SO IT GOT STUCK OCCASIONALLY.

HE LAUGHED. AFTER ALL THIS WAS A NEW WORLD. MAN HAD NEVER SET FOOT HERE BEFORE. BUT LOOKING OUT...
HE FELT HE'D BEEN HERE BEFORE. LIKE THIS WAS ALL HAPPENING AGAIN.

STANDING OVER THE OBSERVATION HOLE IT ALL SEEMED SO FAMILIAR.

THE FRENCH HAD A WORD FOR IT... DEJA-VU.
SHE HAD NEVER IN HER LIFE CROSSED IT.

THE BRIDGE

BUT TO HER IT WAS MORE THAN THAT. IT WAS HER BRIDGE AND IT WAS ALL BRIDGES. IT WAS A THING BETWEEN THE LINES. ALL THINGS BEYOND — ANTICIPATION, AND PROMISE.

SHE WOULD COME AT MIDNIGHT WHEN THE LAND WAS ASLEEP AND STAND THERE ON THE BRIDGE, NAKED IN STARLIGHT.

AND IT WAS JUST HOPE, HER AND THE BRIDGE.
And as a child she had come also, sneaking over rooftops and through fields of promise and dew.

To stand and look and listen and feel—her head filled with wonder at what might lay beyond.

And once...

She had loved beneath a rainbow.
IT WAS LAST NIGHT THAT THE STORM ROLLED IN.

AND THE SKY REACHED DOWN TO LICK THE LAND.

CRACK

THEY WOULD, SHE KNEW,
BUILD A NEW BRIDGE NOW.
ONE THAT WOULD BE STRONG
AND BRIGHT AND BIG. IT
WOULD BE THEIR BRIDGE,
AND WOULD CERTAINLY BE
A LOT EASIER TO CROSS. . . .
. . . FOR THEM.
She felt her heartbeat doubling as the sirens wailed even closer.
WE GOT HER?

POLICE

GUARANTEE IT!

YOU SURE THIS THING'S MORAL?

THE LAW'S THE LAW. YOU SAW THE CONTRACT.

YES, MORALITY IS THE LETTER OF THE LAW.

COME ON. WE'VE GOT TO GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO LET THE INTERRUPTER DO ITS JOB.

THUMPTHUMP
GODDAMN GHETTO CHEAP CRIMINAL RATS!

POLICE

GOTTA RUN...

LET'S TRY THAT 'INTERRUPTER,' NOW.

SHE SHOULD NEVER HAVE RUN. SHE SHOULD NEVER HAVE LIED. SHE SHOULD NEVER HAVE HAD THE OPERATION UNDER PREMEDITATED CRIMINAL PRETENSE.
OH UH... ALLEEE

UHHNGNH

AAAAHHHHH...

AND ETHICALLY... THE ARTIFICIAL HEART ONLY HAD A LIFETIME GUARANTEE.
DEATH

He had lived twice in his life, in between the fear and the expectation...

Once as a child, and once in a woman's arms.

And he was lost when the storm came up.
I... I didn't expect you here, now.

I'm always here, now.

Let me pass, please. I want to go on.
WHO DO YOU THINK I AM?

LOOK AT YOUR HANDS, WHAT DO YOU SEE?

THEY... ARE OLDER... NOW.

YOU'RE TAKING MY LIFE AWAY! STOP IT! STOP IT!

YOU... YOU'RE DEATH, OF COURSE.

HOW LONG DO YOU THINK YOU'VE BEEN HERE?
I've missed something.

Sshh! Listen, the stars are moving.

But I can't hear stars...

Everything's changing.

The world ends a million times a day, and never ends at all.
YOU... YOU'RE NOT... DEATH!

I'VE MISSED SOME THINGS.

BUT I HAVEN'T MISSED IT ALL...