



Credits

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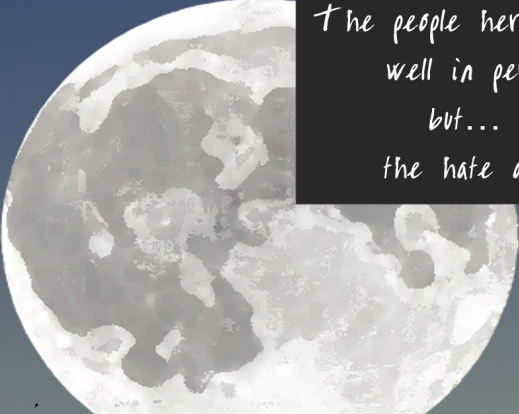
I'm not sure how long I've been on my own.
Minutes turn into hours, hours end up being days.
I don't even know why I stay here



I don't even know how long I've been here,
but I'm afraid of what's outside...

I mean,
...even though I hate it...
this is all I know...

The people here aren't as nice...
well in person they are
but... I can feel
the hate and discontent



Like I'm not good enough.
Like I just take up space.
I just don't fit in here...



You know, I've grown to learn that not
everyone's smile reciprocates
how someone feels towards you.



Warm and
welcoming on the outside,
but cold and bitter within.
I think I should just
take a chance...

How about I flip a coin...?
Heads, I leave this place
and take on the world
with an open mind.

Or tails, I just sit in this
spot and stick to what I know.

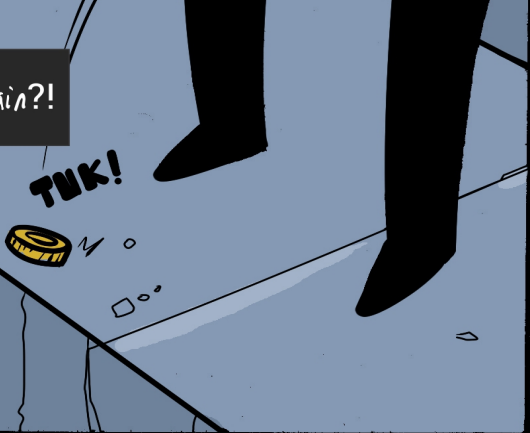


OK...
Heads...



HEADS again?!

I probably didn't
flip it right...





OK...last one...
If its heads I'll stop
being so damn hesitant
But if it's tails...
I'll just quit?
Yeah...Alright cool...



Heads...



but...
OK!



Good thing I don't
have anything valuable here...

I don't think I'll be
coming back anytime soon...



I feel scared, nervous,
excited...and a little upset...

Scared of the unexpected...
Nervous for what's next...

Excited for the adventure...

but...upset that
no one will miss me...



The moon is just so full and bright...

Maybe no one will notice that I'm gone...
Well, it's for the better... I mean,
it makes leaving a hell of a lot easier.

This city is so lifeless.
The closer I get,
the more abandoned it looks...



I mean...
I see all walks of life here...

...but it all just seems so empty...
All just vessel with no purpose.
Being told what to do and how to live
No actual interaction, solely movement
and the commitment to a destination
In this place... I don't exist.

But there's just so many
of them... Yet,
from the outside looking in...
It seems so busy and full of life.
But from my eyes there's nothing...
Even though there's millions
who breathe here.



The worst part about it is that
I can smell it...
all of it...

The surrender...

The sorrow....

The apathy...

The lack of inner life...

I can't stand
this smell, I need a breath of fresh air.

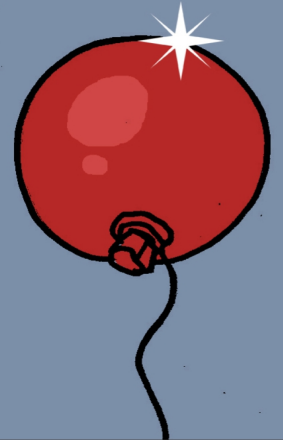
So I walk into an alley... a dark alley...

WHO'S THE KING
OF THE
AUTUMN?

The sky is a lot harder to see here..
I'm not sure if anyone knows
how beautiful it really is
past all these city lights..

As I move further through
the alley I see something
dancing in the distance...
A slow, smooth... swaying motion...
As I get closer, every now
and again it will move
into the direction of a city light
And it'll glimmer..

I think
I see its color.
It.. It's red..
wait...

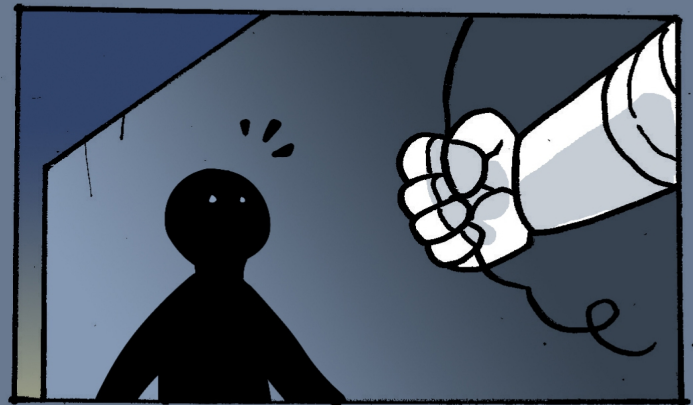


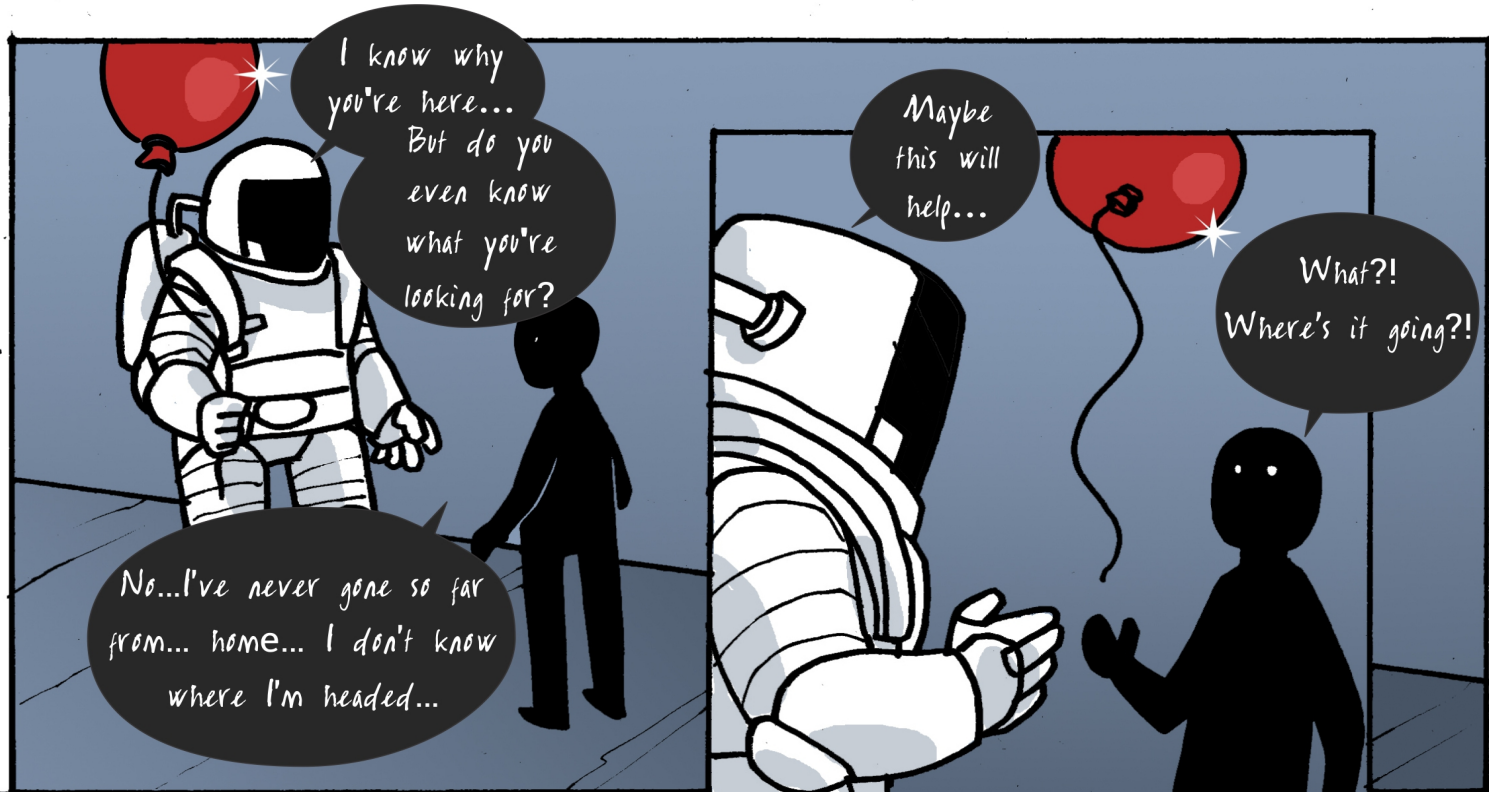
That's a
balloon!!

I follow its long string straight
to the white glove that's holding it...
And as I slowly look up.
I see his dark solar shield...

But...
why...?

There's an Astronaut towering over me...



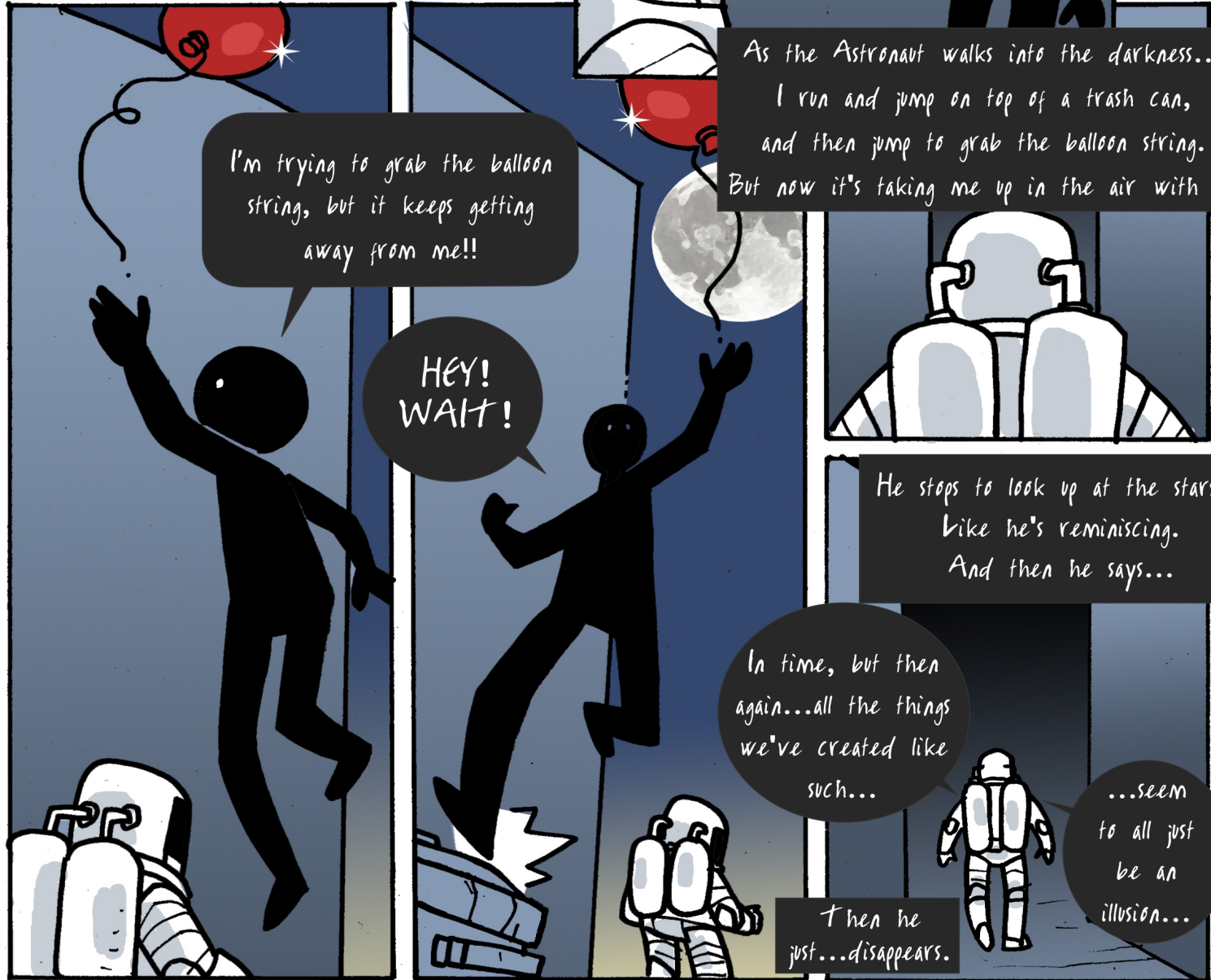


I know why you're here...
But do you even know what you're looking for?

No...I've never gone so far from... home... I don't know where I'm headed...

Maybe this will help...

What?!
Where's it going?!



I'm trying to grab the balloon string, but it keeps getting away from me!!

HEY!
WAIT!

As the Astronaut walks into the darkness...
I run and jump on top of a trash can, and then jump to grab the balloon string.
But now it's taking me up in the air with it!



He stops to look up at the stars...
like he's reminiscing.
And then he says...

In time, but then again...all the things we've created like such...

Then he just...disappears.

...seem to all just be an illusion...

As I'm sent off into the unknown...I brace myself for the unexpected.
I'm ready for what's to come...
I won't stop. I won't look back. If it gets hard I'll keep going.
Even though I'm alone now, I welcome all those who are lost to join me in my travels.
And as this balloon helps me hover to the moon I announce my name...

Lonely Floater

A silhouette of a person holding a red balloon, floating in the night sky above a city skyline. The person is positioned between the words 'Lonely' and 'Floater' in the title. The background features a large, detailed moon in the upper right, a dark blue sky with white stars, and a black silhouette of a city skyline at the bottom.



First Flight...