

# GALACTRAWLERS

Book 1  
The Human Seat





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WELCOME TO THE COMIC STRIP "SPACETRAWLER."

MY NAME IS CHRISTOPHER BALDWIN, AND I'M THE AUTHOR AND ILLUSTRATOR OF THIS SCIENCE FICTION COMIC.

YOU MAY BE WONDERING EXACTLY WHAT IT IS THAT YOU'RE IN FOR, AND I CAN TELL YOU IN JUST TWO WORDS:

"A TREAT."

OH, THE COMPARISONS HAVE BEEN MADE: DOUGLAS ADAMS, ALASTAIR REYNOLDS, GEORGE LUCAS, JOSS WHEDON, RIDLEY SCOTT...

AND... UM...

WHO ELSE DID YOU COMPARE ME TO, MOM?

GENE RODDENBERRY

AND GENE RODDENBERRY. BUT I GENERALLY PREFER TO REMAIN MODEST.

I JUST WANTED TO TELL A STORY IN SPACE.

I WANTED MY CAKE -- TO CREATE AN OUTER SPACE SWASHBUCKLING EXTRAVAGANZA,

AND I WANTED TO EAT IT TOO -- BY WRITING CHARACTERS I COULD IDENTIFY WITH, BALANCE A SWEETNESS WITH A DARKNESS, AND I WANTED PUNCHLINES. FUNNY ONES.

AND SO I CREATED THIS.

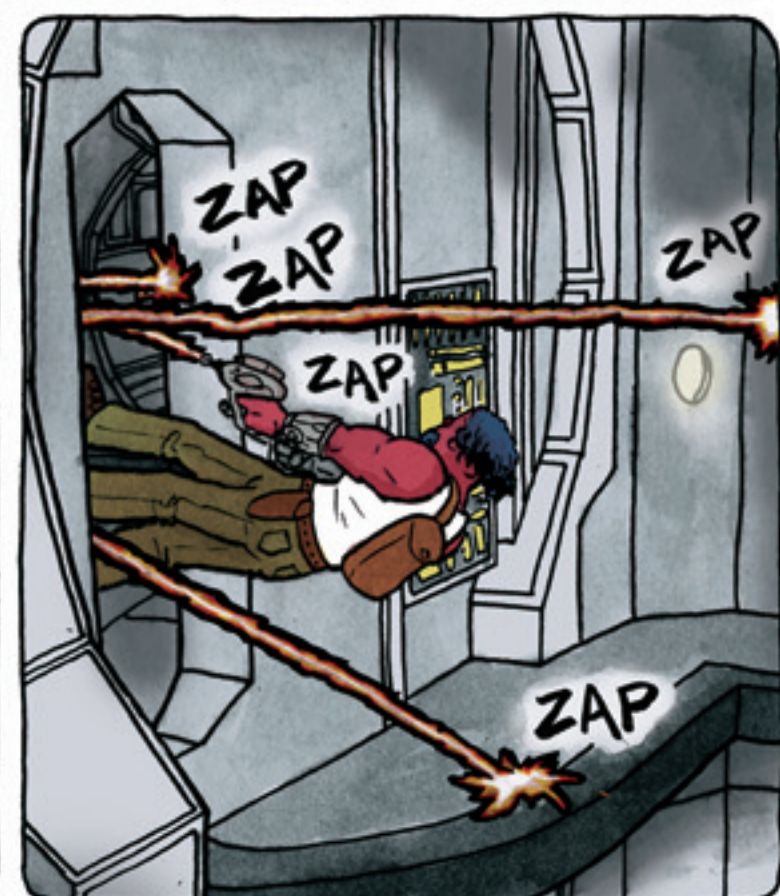
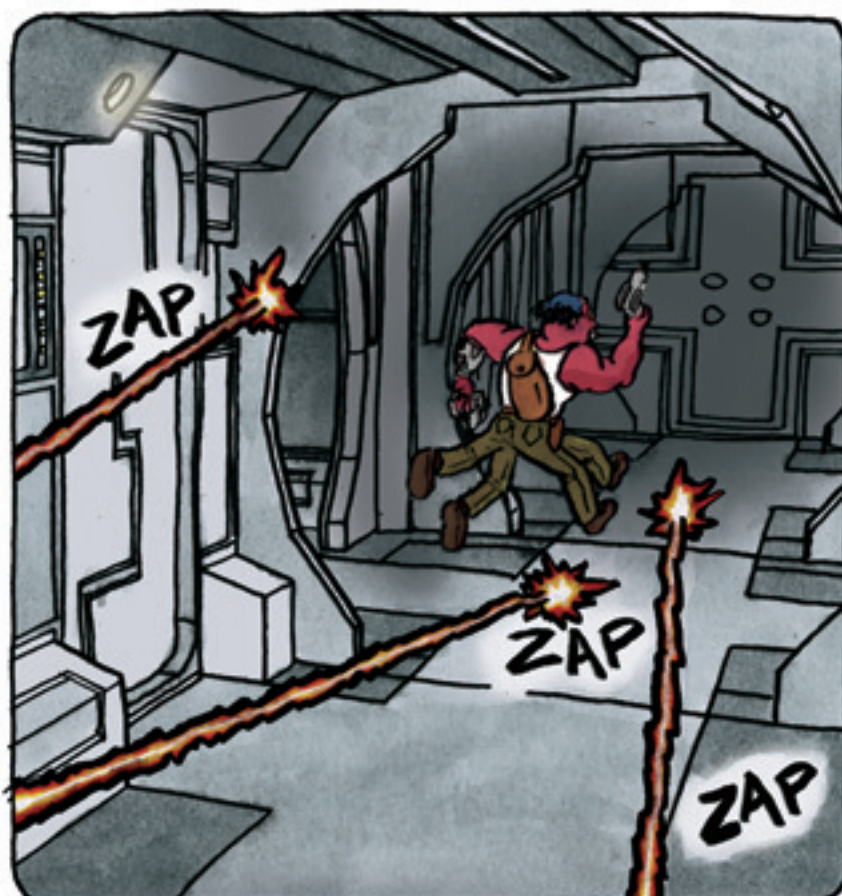
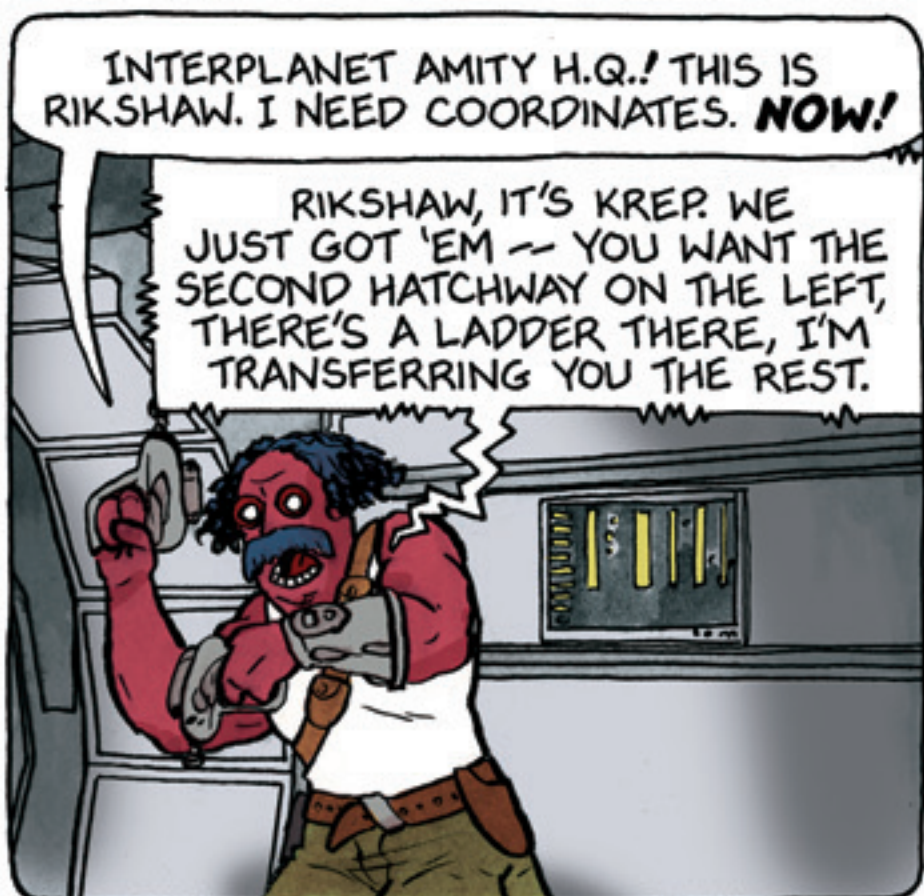
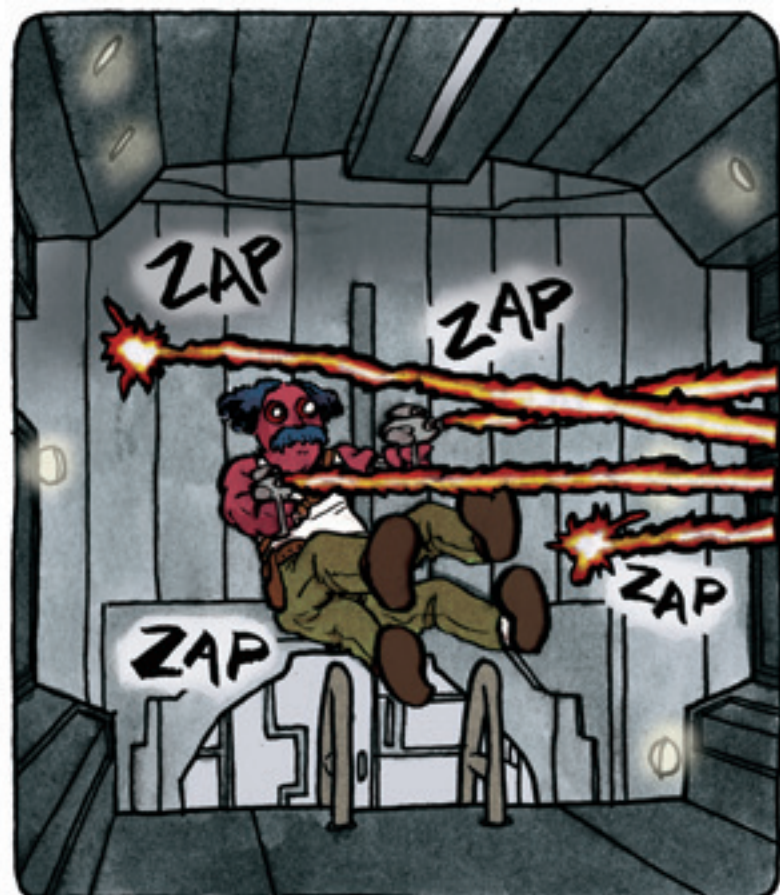
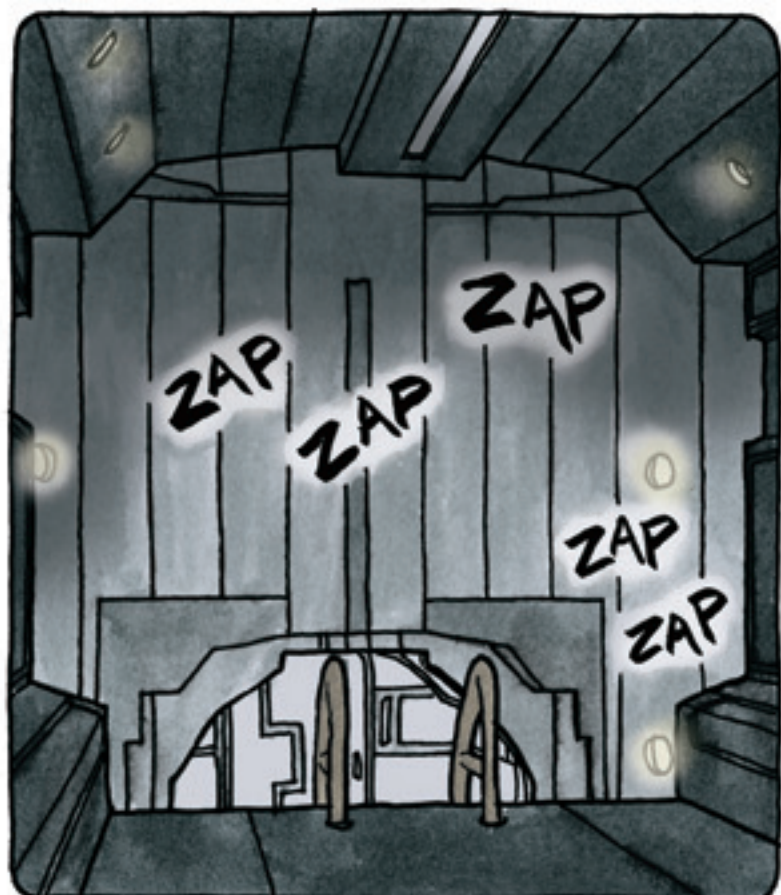
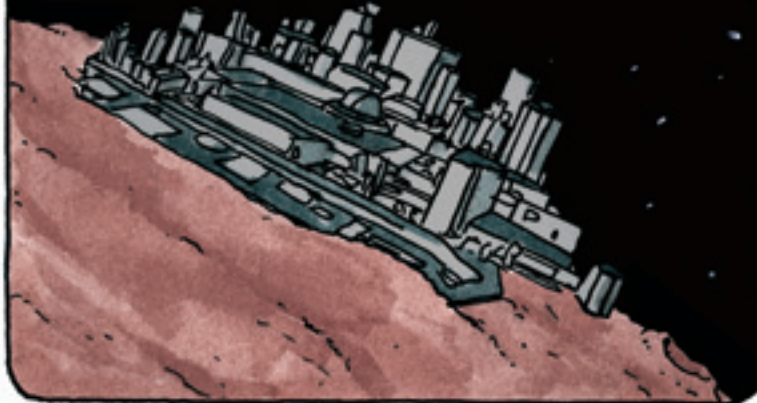
THERE. NOW YOU'RE PREPARED.

PUT ON YOUR SPACE SHOES AND POUR YOURSELF A LIMBIC FIZZLER,

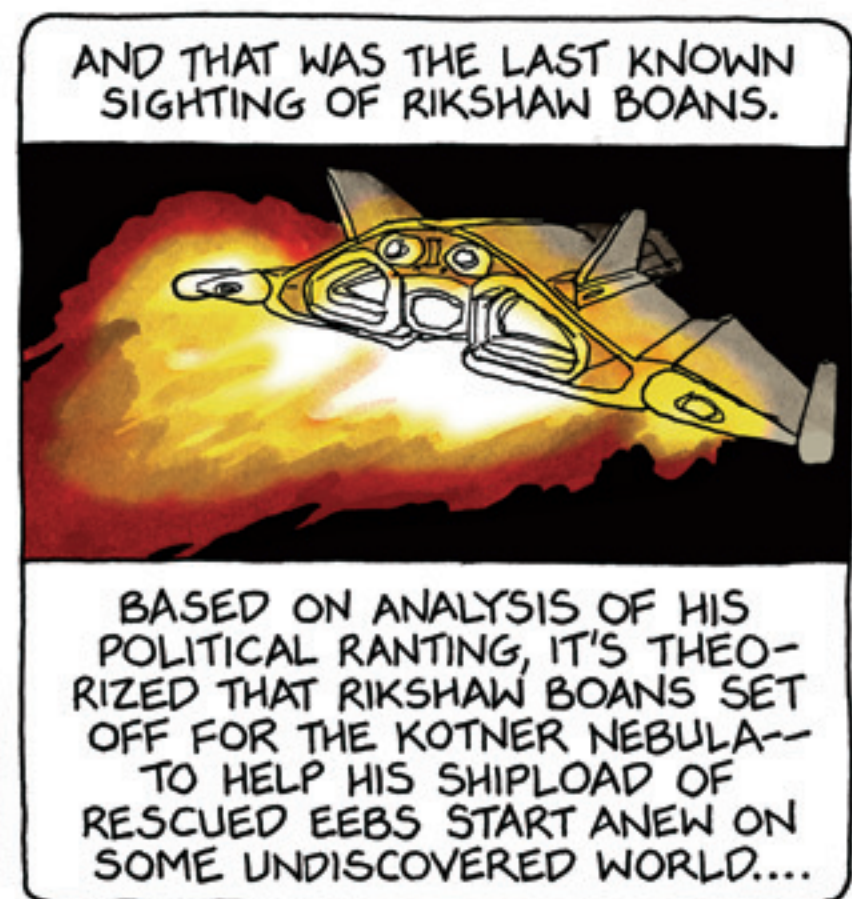
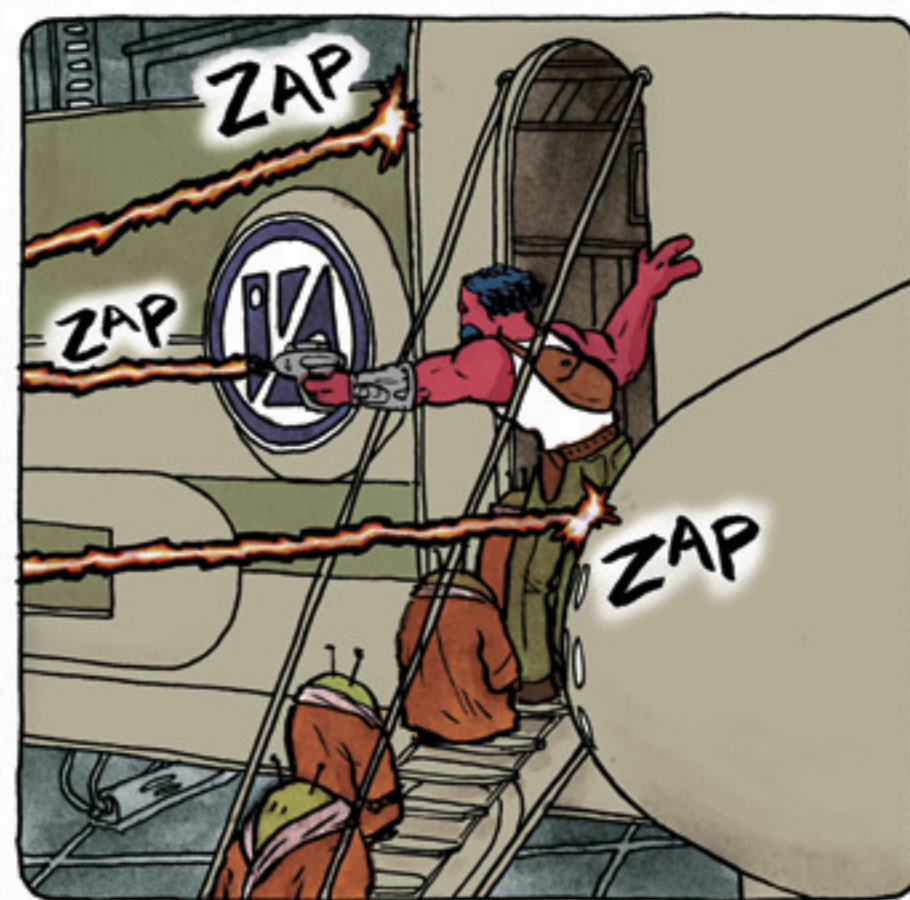
AND SIT BACK AND ENJOY.



KULTHAIN CORP. EEB BREEDING COMPOUND. LOCATION: BRILL ASTEROID.









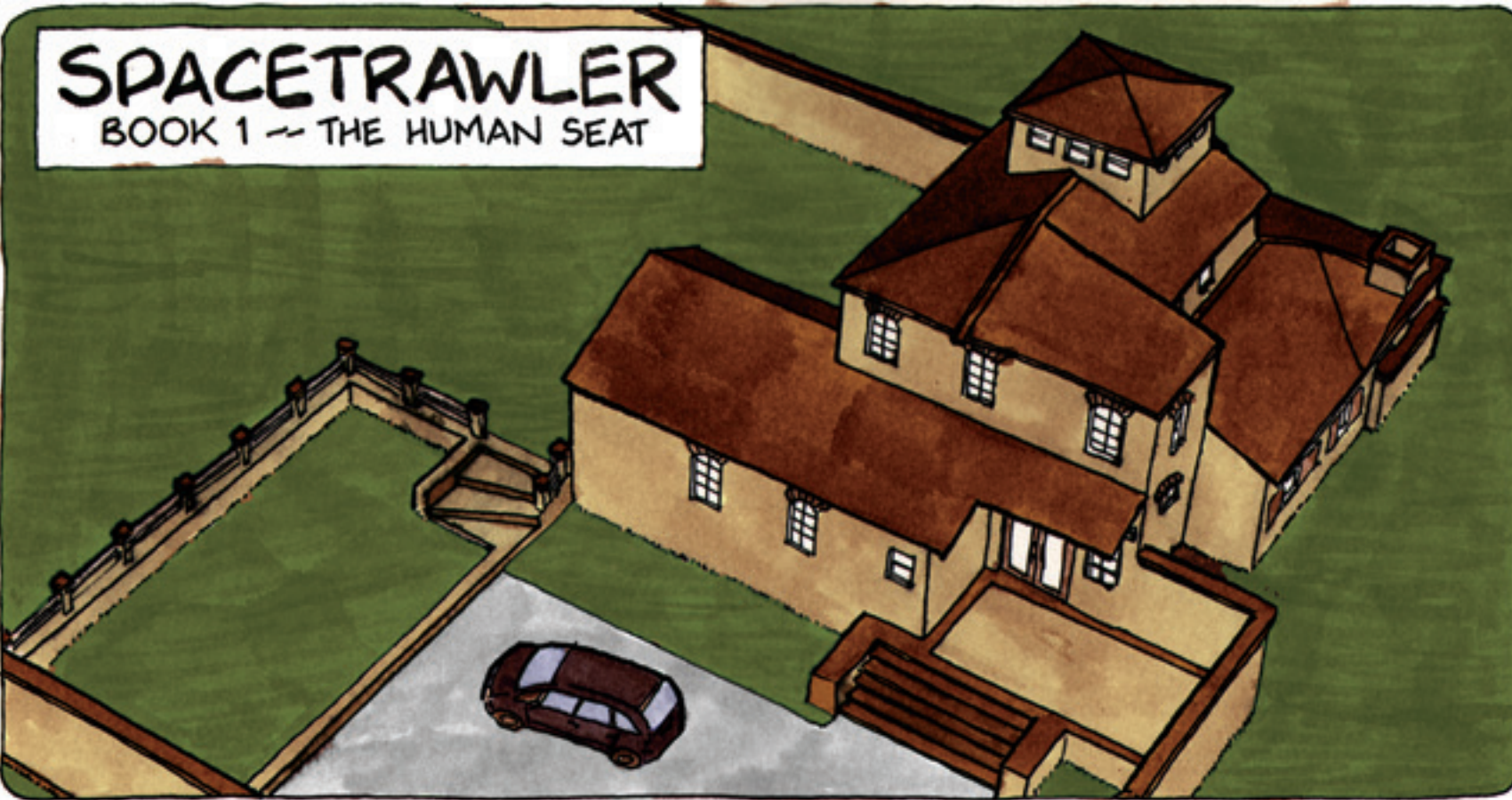
MANY YEARS LATER...



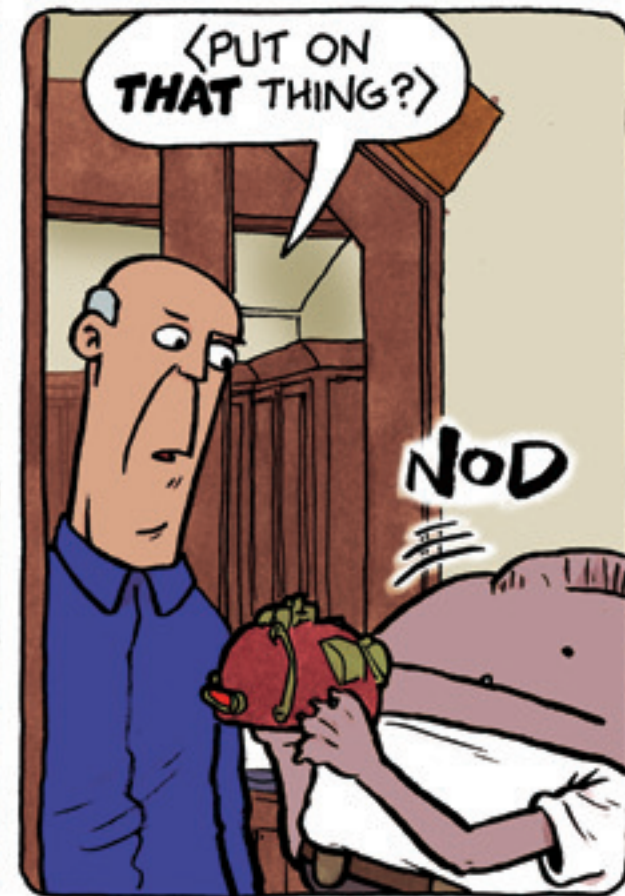
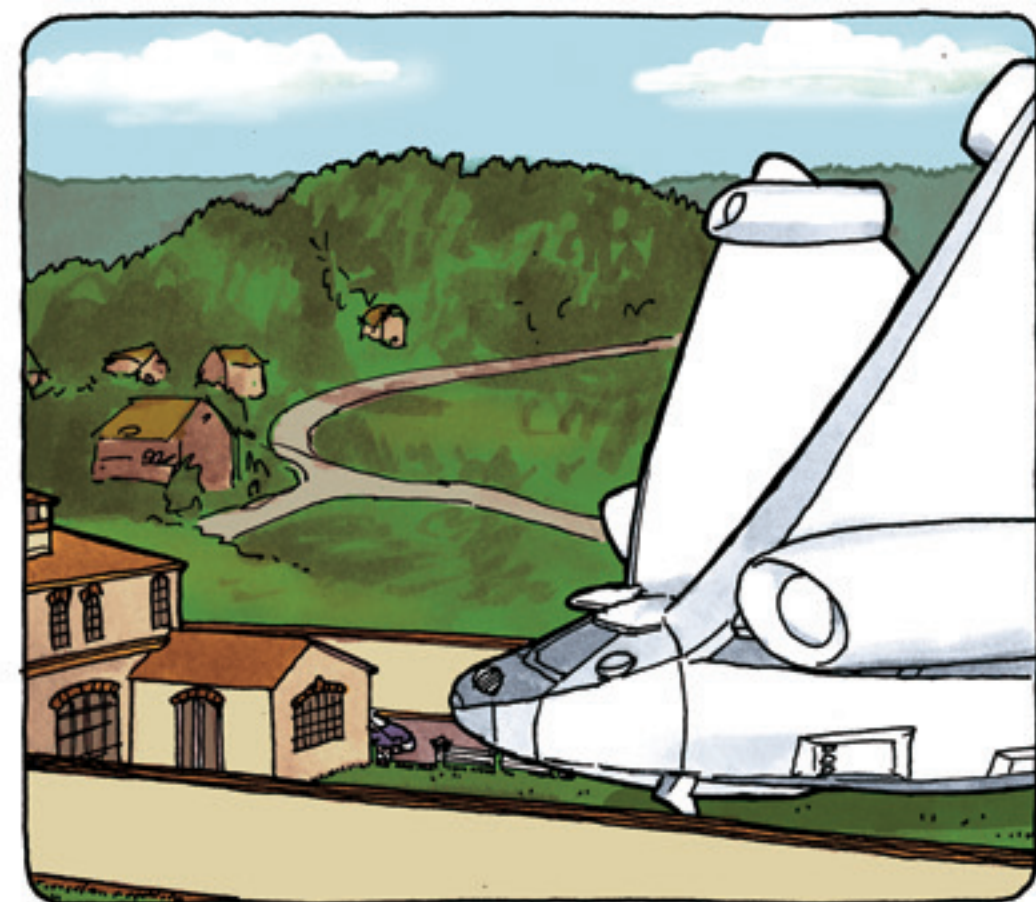


# SPACETRAWLER

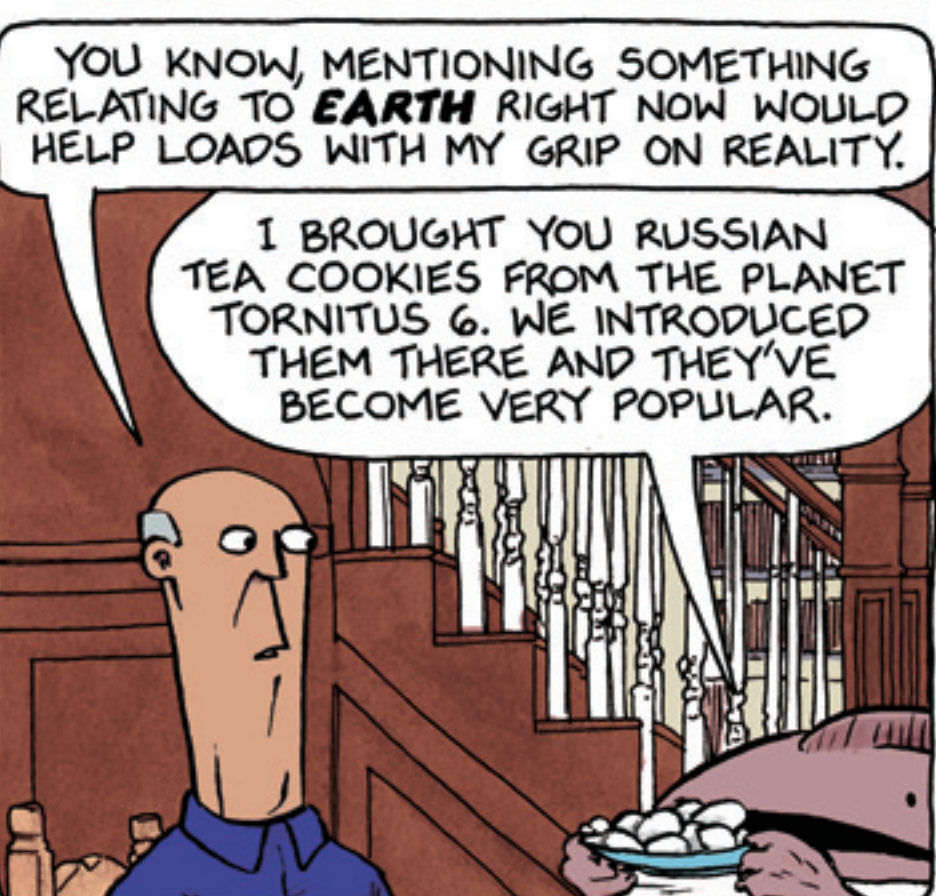
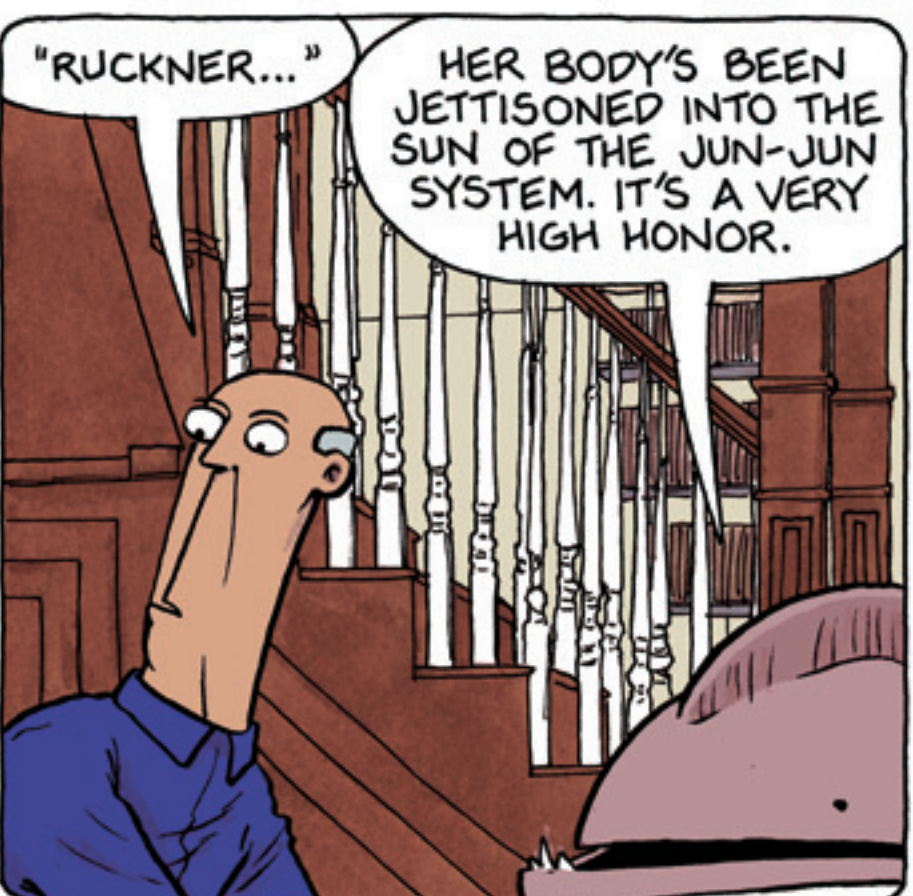
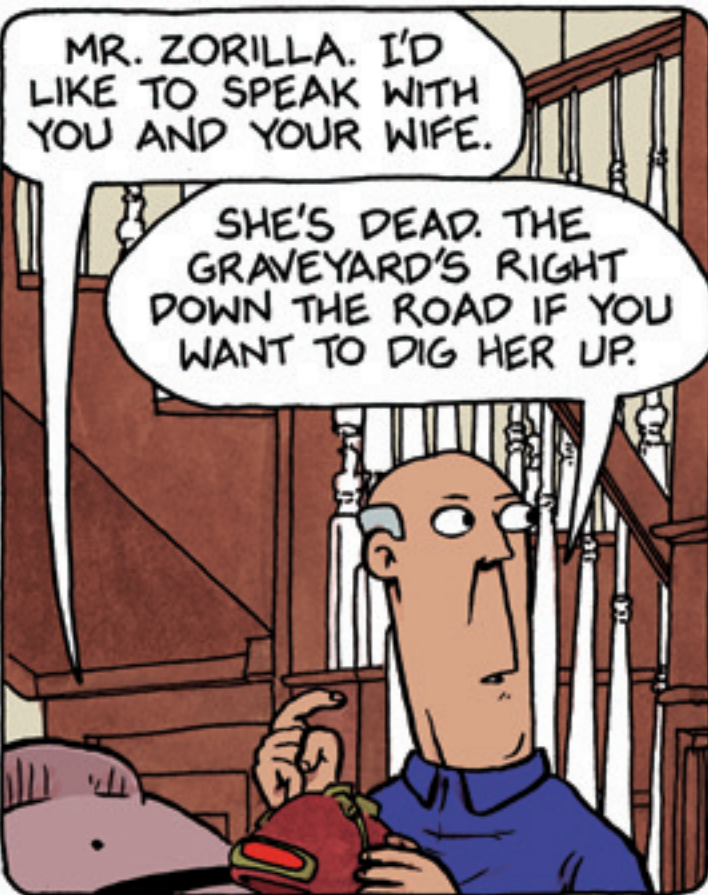
BOOK 1 -- THE HUMAN SEAT













SO, MARTINA DIED FIGHTING FOR THESE "EEBS." WHO ARE THEY?

A RATHER FANTASTIC ALIEN RACE, MR. ZORILLA.

ALL ALIENS ARE FANTASTICAL TO ME. BEFORE YOU ARRIVED I DIDN'T THINK ALIENS EXISTED.

EEB BRAINS ARE BIOLOGICALLY IDEAL FOR CREATING TECHNOLOGY.

"EVEN BEFORE THEY BECAME TECHNOLOGICAL, THEY WERE DEVOTED TO INTELLECTUALLY LOFTY PURSUITS."

"WHAT GIVES THEM AN EDGE, THOUGH, IS THEIR UNIQUE TALENT: TELEKINESIS."

THAT'S WHERE ONE MANIPULATES THINGS WITH **ONE'S MIND**.

MY WIFE USED GUILT TRIPS.

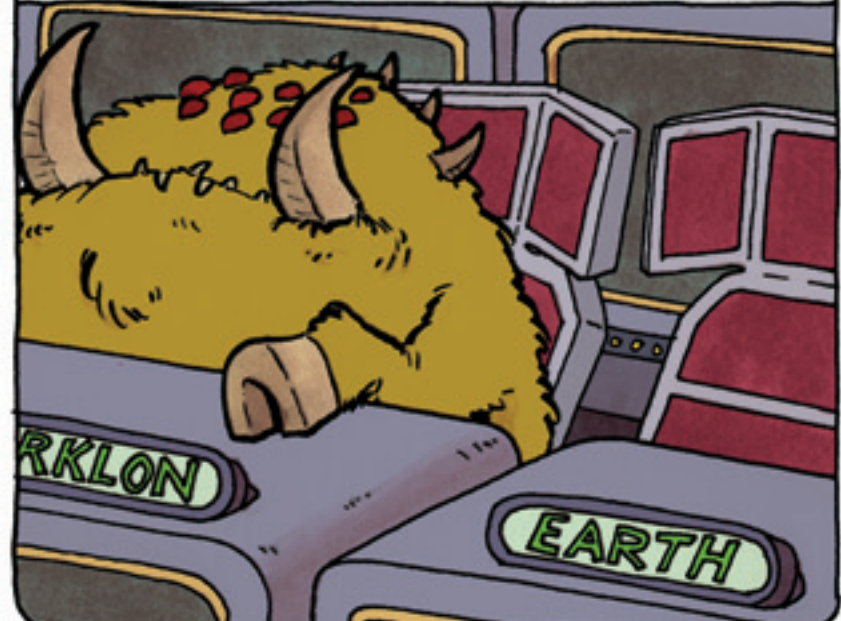
"THIS ABILITY HAS RESULTED IN THEM BUILDING ALL CONSEQUENTIAL TECHNOLOGY IN THE KNOWN UNIVERSE."



"ENSLAVING THE EEBS TO BUILD THIS TECHNOLOGY WAS SO PROFITABLE, THAT NO RACE, EVEN MY OWN, WOULD SPEAK UP FOR THE EEBS AT THE GALACTIC ORGANIZATIONAL BODY."

"BUT THE SEAT FOR EARTH REMAINED EMPTY BECAUSE YOUR PLANET IS NOT YET SPACE BOUND, AND SO WE BROUGHT HUMANS TO CLAIM IT AND SPEAK FOR US."

"BUT THERE WERE.... UM..... COMPLICATIONS."



AFTER THAT, MARTINA AND THE OTHERS CONTINUED WITH US AT INTERPLANET AMITY, HELPING IN OUR STRUGGLE TO LIBERATE THE EEBS.

HOW DID **SHE** HELP? DID YOU NEED YOUR LAUNDRY LEFT ALL OVER THE ROOM?

MR. ZORILLA! YOU SHOULD BE **PROUD** OF HER EFFORTS! FROM THE BEGINNING, SHE WAS ONE OF THE BRAVEST OF OUR CREW!

FINE. IT'S SO VERY NOBLE THAT SHE VOLUNTEERED.

"VOLUNTEER" IS MAYBE NOT QUITE THE WORD FOR IT, BUT WHY QUIBBLE OVER SEMANTICS.







YOU SHANGHAIED MY DAUGHTER.

I SUPPOSE OUR RECRUITMENT STRATEGY WAS A TAD AGGRESSIVE.



FINE. JUST TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED.

WELL, THE SHORT VERSION IS THAT-



TELL ME THE LONG AND VERY DETAILED VERSION. YOU GOT MY DAUGHTER KILLED. I THINK I DESERVE AS MUCH.

REALLY? OKAY. THE VERY LONG VERSION. HM. LET'S SEE...



SHE HAD JUST SPENT THE AFTERNOON WITH A FRIEND FROM HER UNIVERSITY...



IT WAS FUN HANGING OUT, MARIE. THANKS FOR THE LOAN OF THE BOOK.\*

I'LL SEE YOU IN CLASS TOMORROW.

\*SPANISH



SIGH.



WHAT'S WRONG, DEAR?

I JUST FEEL COMMON, MOM.



COMMON IS GOOD.

IT'S NOT VERY INTERESTING.



INTERESTING DOESN'T GET A HUSBAND, MARTINA, WILES DO. NOW BE GOOD AND HANG UP YOUR JACKET AND START DINNER, I'M OFF TO THE SALON.



OKAY, MOM.

VROOM



SIGH. NINETEEN AND STILL A DUCKLING, NOT A SWAN.

BUT ADVENTURE IS OUT THERE, AND ME, I'M GONNA FIND IT.



I'LL OPEN UP THE WARDROBE TO PUT AWAY MY JACKET, AND THERE WILL BE NARNIA, WITH FURRY TUMNUS, TAIL WAGGING, OFFERING ME TEA.



ZAP!



ACTUALLY, A CUP OF TEA ISN'T A HALF BAD IDEA.



"OUR NEXT STOP WAS IN GABON FOR PIERROT ABDULLAHI."

<LÉON, AREN'T WE TO LIBREVILLE YET?>\*

<RELAX, ALI! THERE'S A WINE BAR TWO KILOMETERS AHEAD, WE'LL STOP TO REFRESH.>

<SOUNDS GOOD TO ME.>

\*FRENCH

<HEY, LOOK! A MOLE!>

<GAH! MOLES KEEP DIGGING UP MY YARD. LET'S HIT IT.>

<DON'T DO IT, LÉON. IT'S JUST AN INNOCENT ANIMAL.>

<HIT IT! HIT IT! HIT IT!>

<EAT THIS, DIRT EATER!>

<DON'T!>

BA-DUMP!

<WHOOT!! THAT WAS A BIG ONE!>

<SON OF A BITCH! YES, THAT FELT GOOD!>

<HEY, DON'T LOOK GLUM, PIERROT! JUST BECAUSE YOU LOVE ANIMALS DOESN'T MEAN->

<SHIT!>

BAFF!!

<PIERROT! MAN! DAMNIT, WE->

OOOF!  
AIIIEEE!  
GAHH!  
WAHHH!

"I ARRIVED SHORTLY AFTER."

<WHERE AM I? OH CRAP, WE CRASHED!>

LÉON.... ALI.... ARE THEY OKAY?>

NoD

<AH. AN ALIEN WITH A SPACE GUN. I SUPPOSE YOU WANT ME TO GO WITH YOU.>

FINE. SURE.

DON'T WORRY, YOU CAN TRUST ME. I WON'T DO ANYTHING RASH.>

G39 67  
#3 404  
J48 4

<IT'S OKAY IF YOU ZAP ME UNCONSCIOUS. I'M PRETTY SURE I'D DO THE SAME.>



"SOUTHWESTERN UNITED STATES, FOR EMILY TAYLOR."

GIMME YOUR WALLET. NOW.

GIVE IT **NOW**, AND MAYBE WE WON'T MAKE YOU GIVE US ANYTHING ELSE.

FINE. I'LL "GIVE IT."

I'M JUST IN TOWN FOR SUPPLIES. COME ON, I DON'T HAVE MUCH.

I HOPE THIS IS "GIVING IT" ENOUGH FOR YOU! NOW GIVE ME **YOUR** WALLETS -- AND YOUR FUCKING CAR KEYS.

VESPA KEYS. LORD! YOU CALL YOURSELVES HOODS AND YOU'RE RIDING FUCKING **SCOOTERS!**

FINE. TELL ME WHERE THEY ARE!



I'LL GIVE YOU THREE SECONDS TO STEP OUT OF THE SHADOWS, BEFORE I KILL YOU!

THAT COCKY LITTLE SNOT DESERVED A GOOD SLAPPING, NOGG.

AND **YOU** DESERVE A FEW HOURS WITH THE THERAPY-BOT, KREP.

JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE THE CAPTAIN DOESN'T MEAN YOU CAN ORDER ME TO...

OH RIGHT. FUCK, IT DOES.



"TO RUSSIA, FOR DIMITRI SOKOLOV"

<EXCUSE ME, LADIES.>\*

BEEBLE-EEDLE  
BEEBLE-EEDLE  
BEEBLE-EEDLE

\*RUSSIAN

<DIMITRI! ARE YOU **STILL** AT THE DACHA? YOU KNOW, IT'S INTENDED FOR FAMILY VACATIONS, **NOT** FOR YOU TO SQUAT YEAR ROUND ENTERTAINING HALF-NAKED WOMEN.>

<HELLO TO YOU TOO, SIS.>

<I NEED YOU TO CALL MOTHER. SHE'S BEING A ROYAL PAIN AGAIN -- ON AND ON ABOUT MARRIAGE AND TRADITION AND ALL THAT CRAP...>

<I'M NOT GOING TO CALL HER.>

<WHY NOT?! I'M SUFFOCATING HERE! DON'T YOU CARE ABOUT ME?>

<IT'S NOT MY PROBLEM, KATIA, AND I DON'T WANT TO CATCH ANY CRAP MYSELF.>

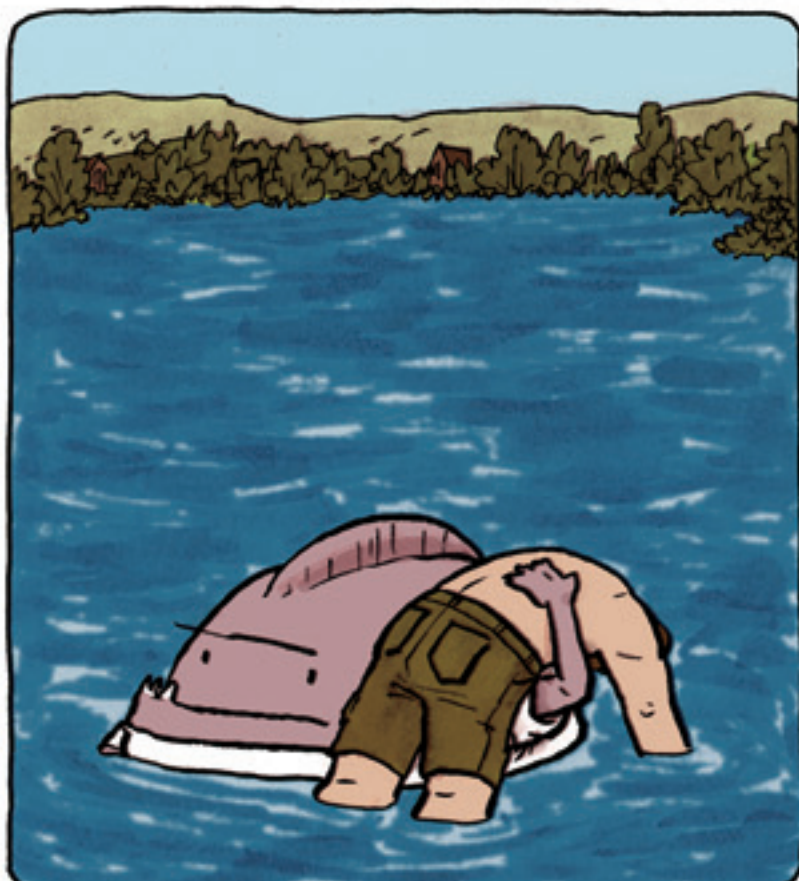
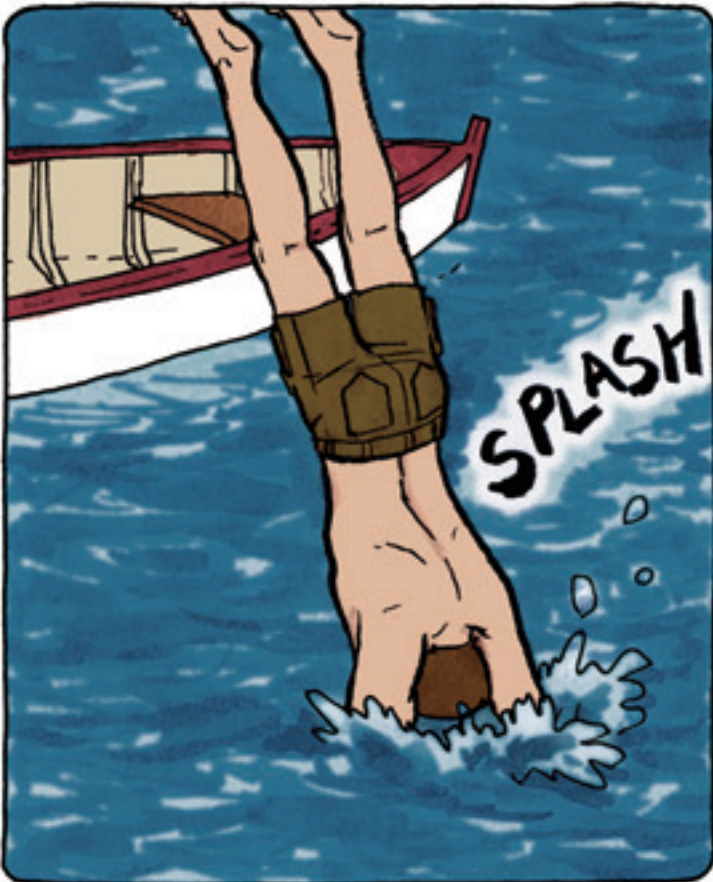
<FINE.>  
CLICK

<SWIM, ANYONE?>

<DIMITRI! DON'T! I'VE BEEN TOLD THIS LAKE IS POLLUTED WITH NUCLEAR FALLOUT.>

<I'VE HEARD THAT **TOO**. FISH WITH LEGS, AND AS BIG AS A MAN!>

DON'T WORRY. I'VE BEEN SWIMMING HERE SINCE I WAS A KID.





"JAPAN, FOR YURI NAKAGAWA."







"TO AUSTRALIA, FOR BILL LANDING."



JUST HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, ALIEN FISH!

BEEP BOOP BEEP

♫♫♫



YOU AREN'T GOING ANYWHERE! I'M TURNING YOU OVER TO THE GOVERNMENT!

BEEP BEEP



EVEN IF YOU MANAGE TO ESCAPE, I'LL STILL TELL EVERYONE ABOUT YOU! AND THEY'LL BELIEVE ME! YOU WANNA KNOW WHY?



BECAUSE I'M NOT A CRAZY AMERICAN. THOSE LOONIES SAY THEY SEE U.F.O.S ALL THE TIME!



ZAP



HM.



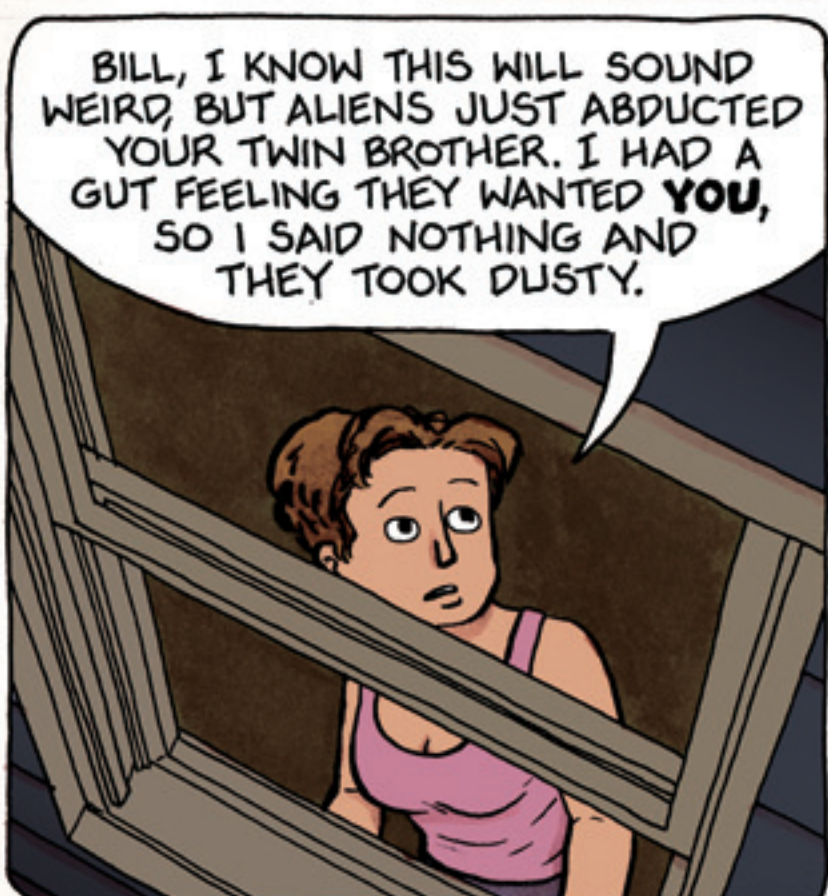
BILL'S THE LAST. DID YOU GET HIM?

CORRECT ADDRESS, AND IT LOOKS LIKE HIM IN THE PICTURE. DNA APPROXISCAN CHECKS OUT.

FINE. LET'S GET OUTTA HERE.



FOOM



BILL, I KNOW THIS WILL SOUND WEIRD, BUT ALIENS JUST ABDUCTED YOUR TWIN BROTHER. I HAD A GUT FEELING THEY WANTED YOU, SO I SAID NOTHING AND THEY TOOK DUSTY.



I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO TRAVEL ACROSS SPACE AND TIME TO OTHER GALAXIES AND BE TAKEN AWAY FROM ME, YOUR SWEETUMS.

OH...



WELL... I...



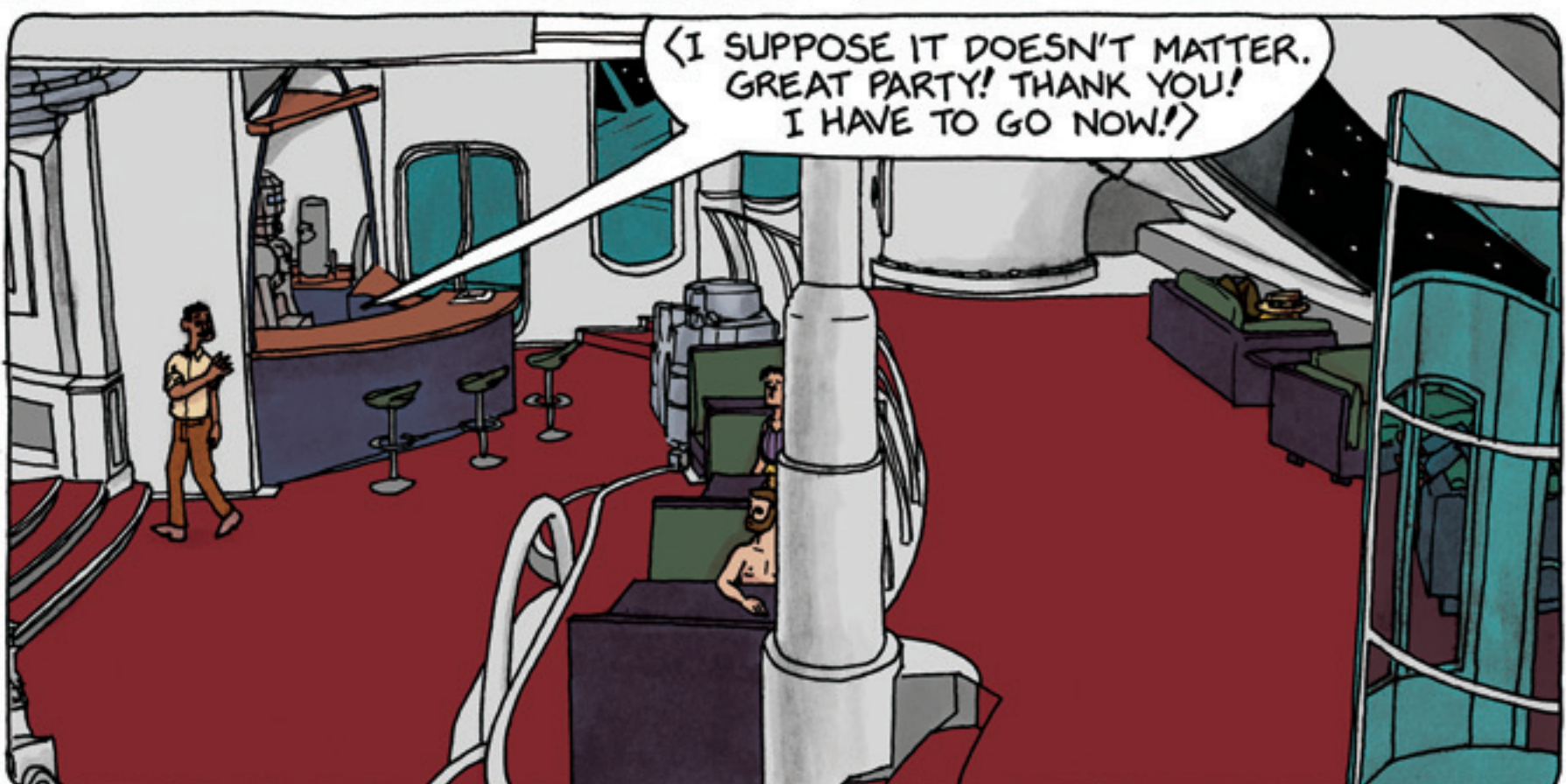
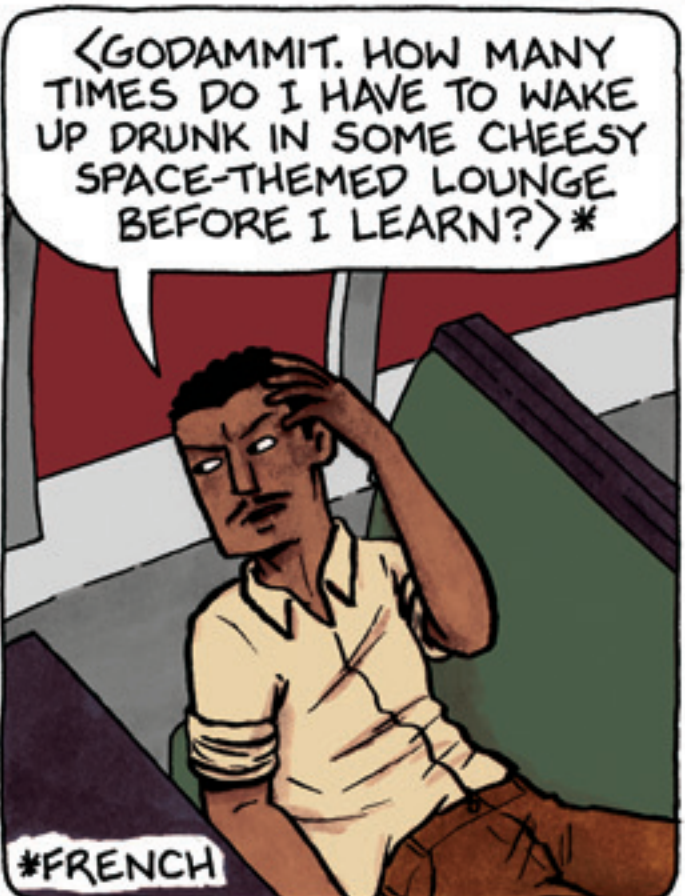
NEVER MIND.

OF COURSE I WANT TO STAY, JANIEY. THAT WAS SO... SWEET.

"ONLY TOO LATE DID WE FIND WE HAD TAKEN HIS BROTHER, DUSTIN, INSTEAD."









<YOU WANT ME TO PUT THAT ON MY HEAD? NO WAY, ALIEN-FISH.>\*

\*FRENCH

<WELL, THIS OUGHT TO BE INTERESTING...>\*

BWEEP  
BWEEP  
BWEEP

\*SPANISH

DON'T DO IT! THEY'LL USE IT TO SUCK OUR BRAINS OUT, AND NEXT THING YOU KNOW, THEY'RE ANAL PROBING US!

I UNDERSTANT JUST ENOUGH ENGLISH TO TINK MAYBE IT COULD BE GOOT TIME.

PING

CAN YOU UNDERSTAND ME NOW, MARTINA? MY NAME'S NOGG.

YES. WOW, THAT'S PRETTY NEAT.

HEY, EVERYONE, TRY THIS OUT! IT'S A LANGUAGE TRANSLATOR.

IT ONLY HELPS THE BRAIN UNDERSTAND LANGUAGE, BUT YOU'RE STILL SPEAKING SPANISH. I'M NOT SURE ANY OF THEM CAN UNDERSTAND YOU.

OH. GUYS! SEE?

BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH!

SIGH

WINK

SEE? HELMET ONLY GETS ONE STONED.

FOR MY COYOTE BRETHERN!

WHAM!

THIS ALIEN IS DOWN! GIVE ME THE TRANSLATOR. LET'S GET US ALL SPEAKING THE SAME LANGUAGE.

AND THEN WHAT?

AND THEN WE ROUND 'EM UP, IMPOSE SOME SANITY, AND GET OUT OF HERE.

BY KIDNAPPING US, THEY'VE DECLARED THAT KIDNAPPING IS ACCEPTABLE.

BWEEP  
BWEEP  
BWEEP

PING

SO, BY KICKING IT IN THE HEAD, YOU'RE DECLARING THAT HEAD KICKING IS ACCEPTABLE?

OOOOHHH...

NO, I'M JUST DECLARING THAT ME KICKING THINGS IN THE HEAD IS ACCEPTABLE.

DID ANYONE GET THE STARDEX NUMBER ON THAT KARDYON GLIDER?



OKAY, ALIEN-FISH. GIVE ME A TALLY OF HOW MANY WE'RE UP AGAINST.

MY NAME'S NOGG, AND THERE ARE FOUR OF US TOTAL.

TELL US WHAT YOU WANTED US FOR. IF YOU SAY DISSECTION, BREEDING, OR CULINARY, IT WON'T GO WELL.

WE NEED YOUR HELP.

YOU'RE GOING TO NEED **SOMEBODY'S** HELP ONCE I'M THROUGH WITH YOU.

ARE THE REST OF YOU JUST GONNA STAND THERE AND LET HER DO THIS?

FINE. THIS IS CARDINALG2. SHE'S TOTALLY HARMLESS.

I'D GUESSED BY THE WAY IT WAS HUMPING MY LEG.

SHE IS AN EEB, A GIFTED RACE OF ALIENS WHO ARE BEING EXPLOITED BY EVERY SPACE FARING CIVILIZATION IN THE GALAXY. CARDINALG2, THIS IS EMILY.

IT IS VERY NICE TO MEET YOU.

SADLY, THE EEB ENSLAVEMENT HAS BEEN SO PROFITABLE THAT NO RACE HAS LIFTED A FINGER, TENTACLE, OR FIBROUS PROTUBERANCE TO FREE THEM.

WELL, YOU CAN COUNT OUT **MY** FIBROUS PROTUBERANCES AS WELL.

YEAH, WHY SHOULD **WE** HELP?

ACTUALLY, IT SEEMS THAT "KINDNESS" MIGHT BE A DECENT REASON.

YES, AND I SUPPOSE THAT SHANGHAING US WAS THE FIRST ACT OF KINDNESS.

IN WHAT WAY DID YOU THINK THAT WE COULD HELP?

HUMANS HAVEN'T CLAIMED THEIR RIGHTFUL SEAT IN THE GALACTIC ORGANIZATIONAL BODY, AND SO WE BROUGHT YOU TO DO THIS, TO USE IT TO SPEAK UP FOR THE EEBs.

THAT'S ALL FINE AND GOOD, BUT WON'T THE ENTIRE GALAXY HATE US?

WELL... I'M SURE THEY WON'T BE **THAT** UPSET.

I THINK THE TRANSLATOR YOU IMPLANTED IN ME IS BROKEN, ALL I'M GETTING IS NAÏVE GARBAGE.

TAP TAP

NO DOUBT, EVERYONE WILL THANK YOU FOR REMINDING THEM OF THE RIGHTEOUS PATH!



WELL, YOU CAN COUNT US OUT. WE'RE HIJACKING THIS SHIP. NOW TELL ME WHERE THE BRIDGE IS, OR I BLAST YOU.

DIRECTLY BELOW US, ELEVATOR OR STAIRS.

BUT WE LOCKED THE DOORS TO THE LOUNGE IN CASE YOU WERE NON-COMPLIANT.

I HACKED IT. COME ON, WE'RE FREE.

SWISH

YOUR LUCK IS SHORT TODAY, ALIEN-FISH.

NOGG. THE NAME IS NOGG.

PAT PAT

**ALRIGHT!** BEFORE WE GO DOWN, LET'S FIGURE OUT THE DETAILS OF OUR PLAN.

KICK ASS?

SOUNDS GOOD. LET'S DO IT.

YOU KNOW, MAYBE THEY **ARE** THE GOOD GUYS. MAYBE WE SHOULD **BELIEVE** THE ALIEN-FISH HERE.

NOGG.

SINCE ALL STUPID PLANS ARE SUBJECT TO IMMEDIATE REJECTION, WE'LL STICK WITH PLAN "KICK ASS."

WE TAKE OVER THE BRIDGE AND THEN EITHER GO ON ADVENTURES OR GO HOME, I HAVEN'T DECIDED YET.

WHO KILLED GOD AND GAVE YOU THE THRONE?

ME.

"KICKING ASS" SOUNDS FINE TO ME. AT LEAST UNTIL WE KNOW IF THE ALIEN-FISH IS LYING OR NOT.

NOGG!

CARDINALG2. TELL THEM THAT WE'RE THE GOOD GUYS.

WE'RE THE GOOD GUYS.

WELL, TELL ALIEN-FISH THAT I KNOW A DOZEN SEAFOOD RECIPES HE'D GO LOVELY IN.

SHE KNOWS A DOZEN SEAFOOD RECIPES YOU'D GO LOVELY IN.

WELL, YOU TELL **HER** THAT-

COME ON. I CAN PROBABLY FLY THE SHIP. I'M GOOD AT THAT STUFF.

RIGHT. LET'S GO.





NOGG, HAVE THE RECRUITS AGREED TO HELP US?

NO LUCK, KREP. IT'S A HOSTILE TAKEOVER.



GOOD THING YOU LOCKED YOUR GUN ON THE "PRACTICE" SETTING.

YOU DIDN'T TELL ME THAT, YOU DICK.

OW!



HERE. MINE HAS ALL SETTING UNLOCKED. THAT'S WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE.

THANKS.

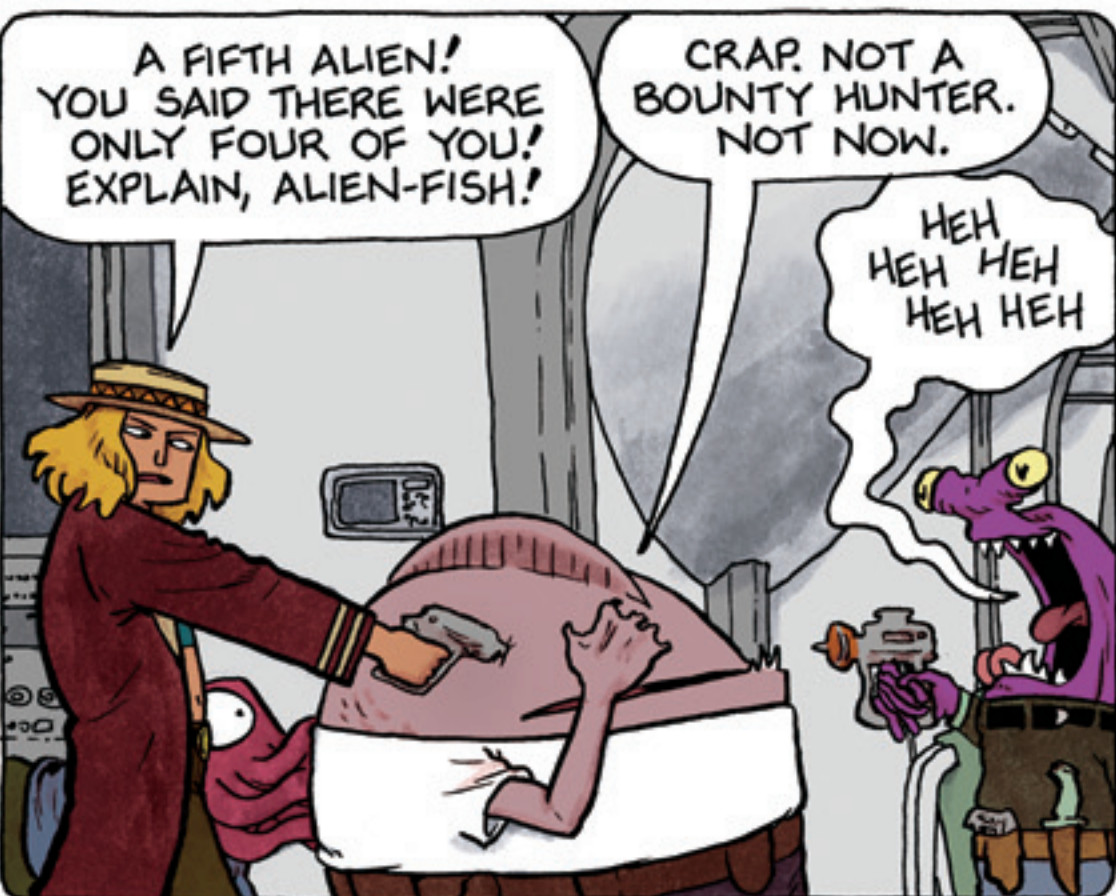


HANDS AND FACE TENTACLES IN THE AIR, WE'RE TAKING CONTROL OF YOUR SHIP.

GURF, YOU ARE SUCH A FUCK-WIT.



HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH



A FIFTH ALIEN! YOU SAID THERE WERE ONLY FOUR OF YOU! EXPLAIN, ALIEN-FISH!

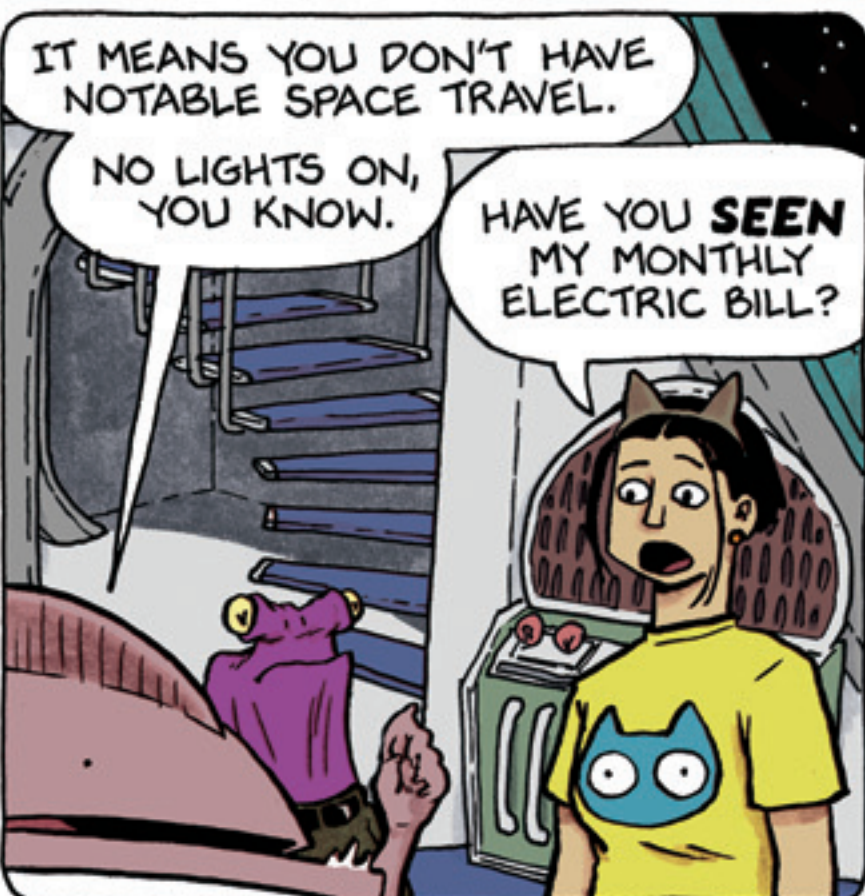
CRAP. NOT A BOUNTY HUNTER. NOT NOW.

HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH



YOUR RUN IS OVER, NOGG. I'M TAKING YOU IN FOR VIOLATION OF THIRTY-TWO GALACTIC LAWS, THIRTY-THREE IF YOU INCLUDE INTERFERING WITH DARK PLANET SPECIES.

WHAT'S A "DARK PLANET"?



IT MEANS YOU DON'T HAVE NOTABLE SPACE TRAVEL.

NO LIGHTS ON, YOU KNOW.

HAVE YOU **SEEN** MY MONTHLY ELECTRIC BILL?



SHUT UP! NOW, ALL NINE OF YOU, MOVE IT, I'M TAKING YOU TO THE BRIG.

"NINE"? THERE ARE TEN OF US.

THE EEB ISN'T GOING ANYWHERE.



YOU'VE MESSSED WITH ITS HEAD, WHICH MEANS ITS RESALE VALUE IS NIL, AND I'M NOT LOCKING IT UP WITH YOU, OR IT'LL INVENT A WAY FOR YOU TO ESCAPE.

SO... I'LL JUST SET IT FREE.



STOP HIM! HE'S GOING TO KILL HER.

YOU'RE MY ABDUCTOR, FISH-ALIEN. I DON'T BELIEVE YOU. HE, HOWEVER, SEEMS PRETTY REASONABLE.



AND HE JUST SAID HE'S GOING TO SET HER FREE.

OR AT LEAST SET ITS INNARDS FREE. WHERE DO YOU KEEP THE MOP-BOT? I'M GOING TO NEED IT.



YOU'VE RUINED THIS EEB WITH YOUR LIBERATION NONSENSE, AND SO IT CAN'T BE SOLD. EEB, TELL ME YOU WANT ME TO KILL YOU.



I WANT YOU TO KILL ME...

BUT I'D REALLY RATHER YOU DIDN'—



ZAP!

LET'S GO.

YOU WORTHLESS FUCKING CRAP-BAG.



HEY! YOU JUST KILLED THAT EEB GIRL ALIEN THINGIE!

AND NOW YOU KNOW I'M **SERIOUS**. MOVE IT. I'M TAKING YOU ALL TO THE BRIG.



BUT YOU **KILLED** HER!

LET'S MAKE THIS A LITTLE MORE FUN WITH A GAME...



THE GAME IS THIS: "WHO'S GONNA BE STUPID ENOUGH TO GET THEIR GUTS SMEARED ACROSS THE FLOOR."



REE... KRUNK!



TAKERS?

NOT LIKE THIS, PIERROT.

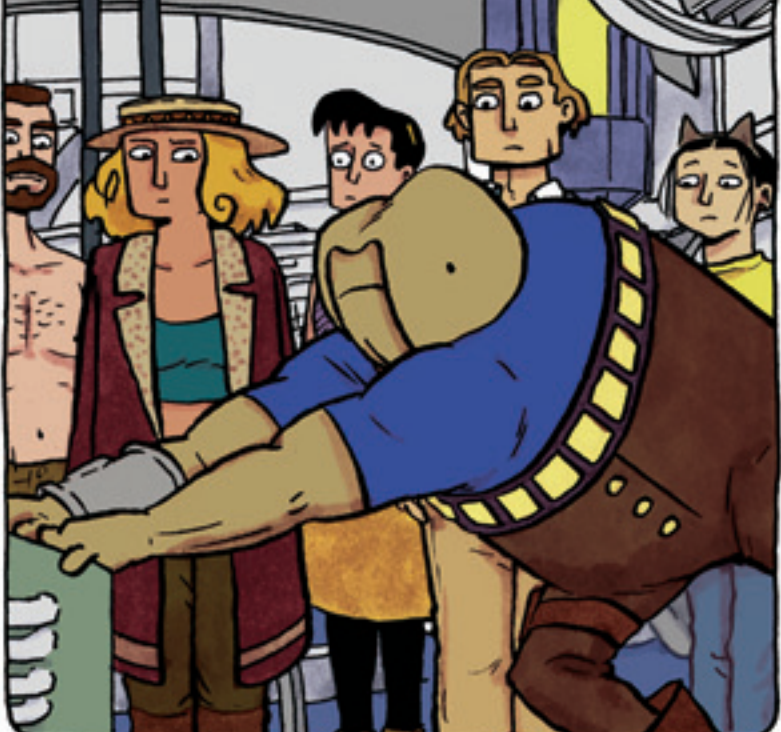
WHAT'S THAT NOISE?



SPLUT!

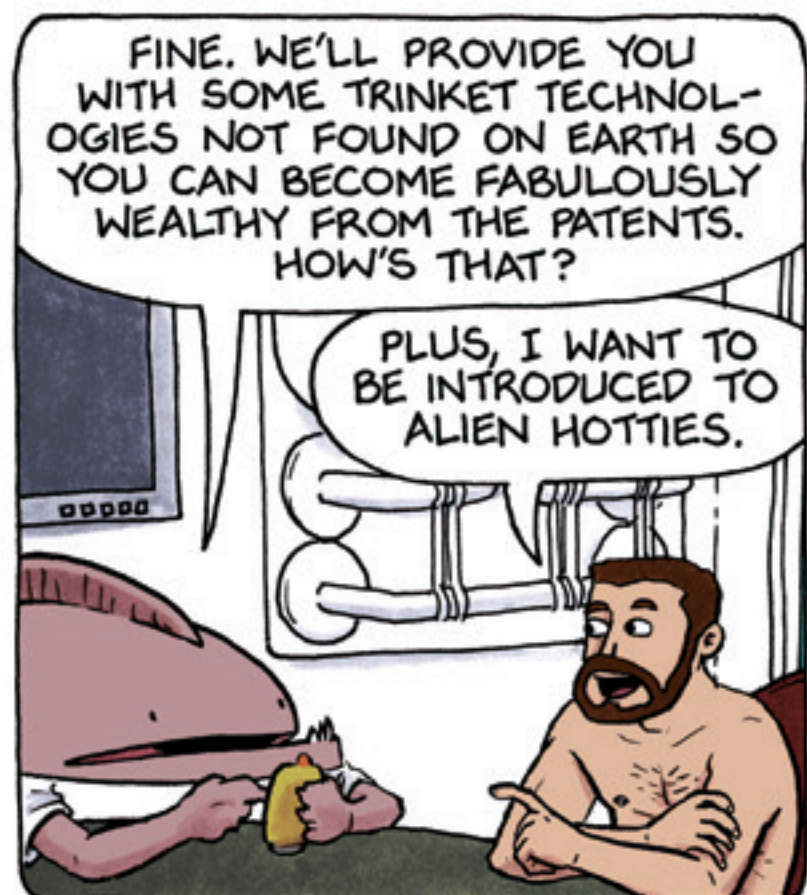
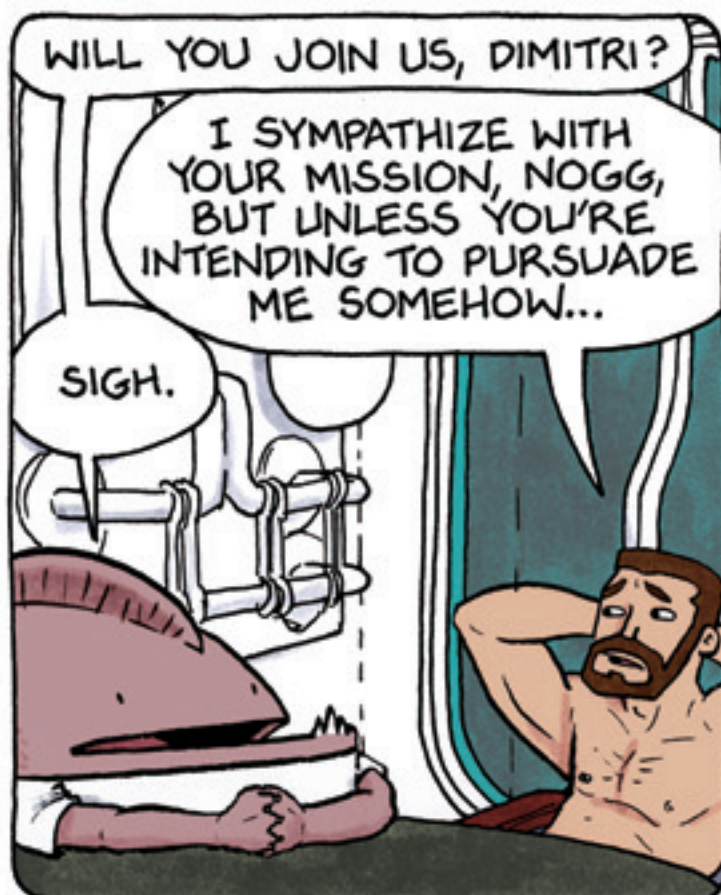
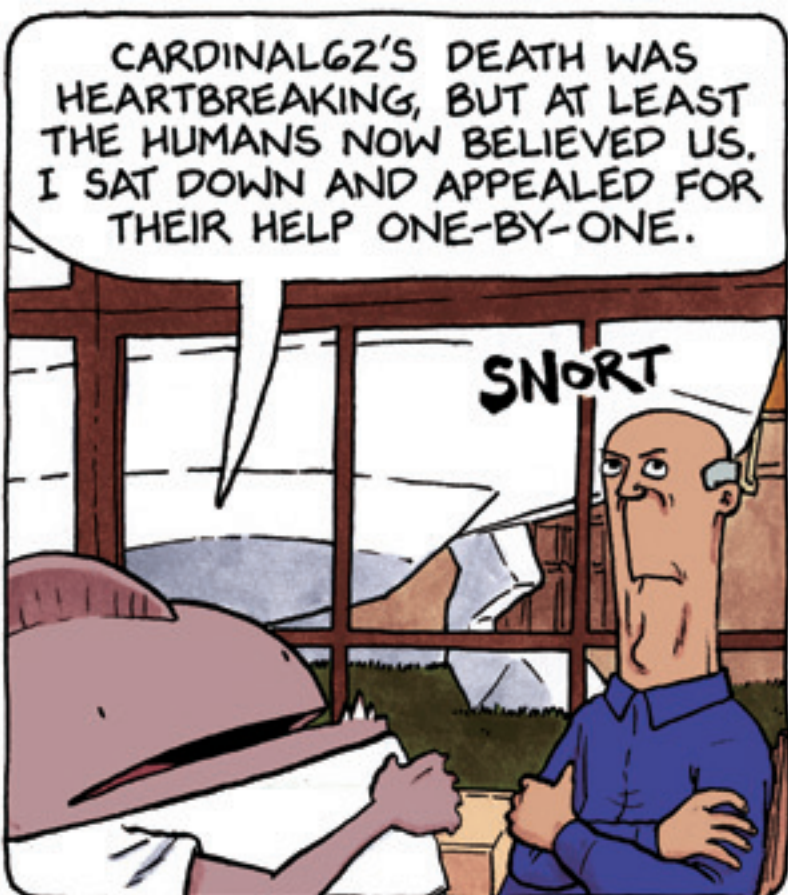


SMEEEARRRR!!!



HUR-HUR. I WIN.

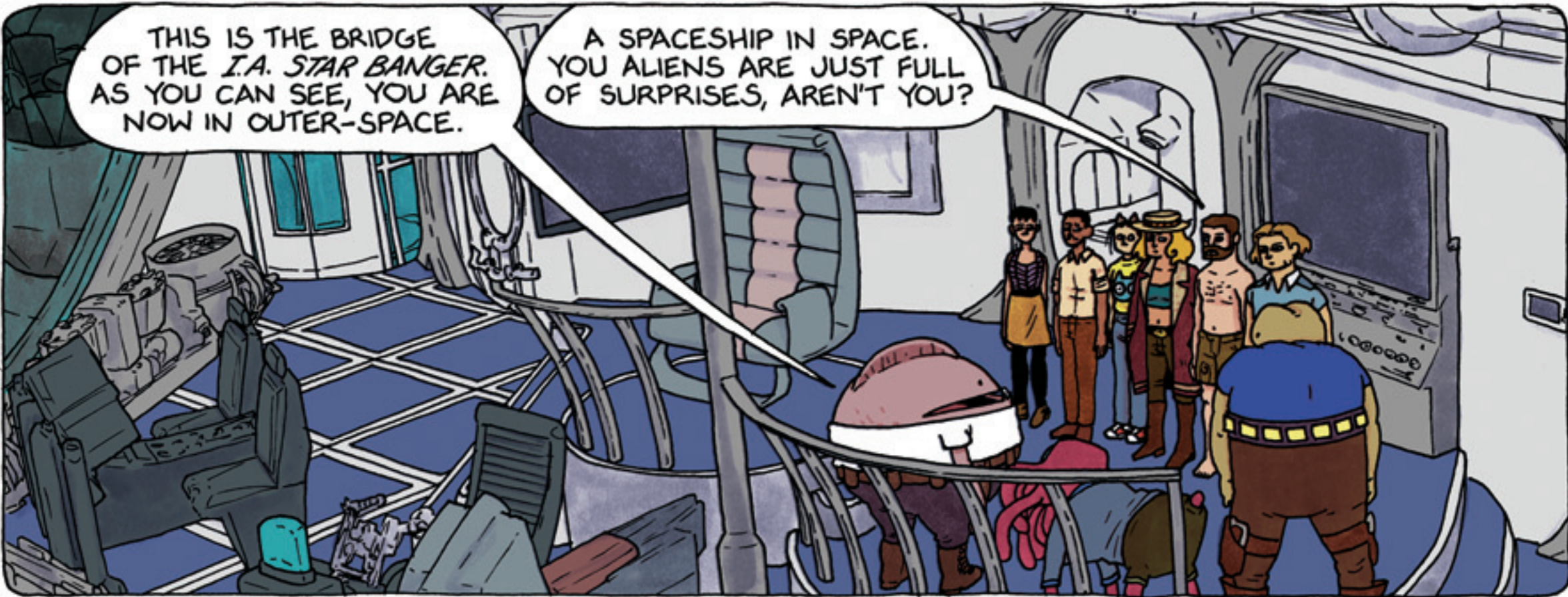






THIS IS THE BRIDGE OF THE *I.A. STAR BANGER*. AS YOU CAN SEE, YOU ARE NOW IN OUTER-SPACE.

A SPACESHIP IN SPACE. YOU ALIENS ARE JUST FULL OF SURPRISES, AREN'T YOU?



WE REPRESENT "INTERPLANET AMITY," AN ORGANIZATION THAT FIGHTS FOR THE LIBERTY OF ALL SENTIENT SPECIES, ALTHOUGH THE EEBS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN OUR FOCUS.

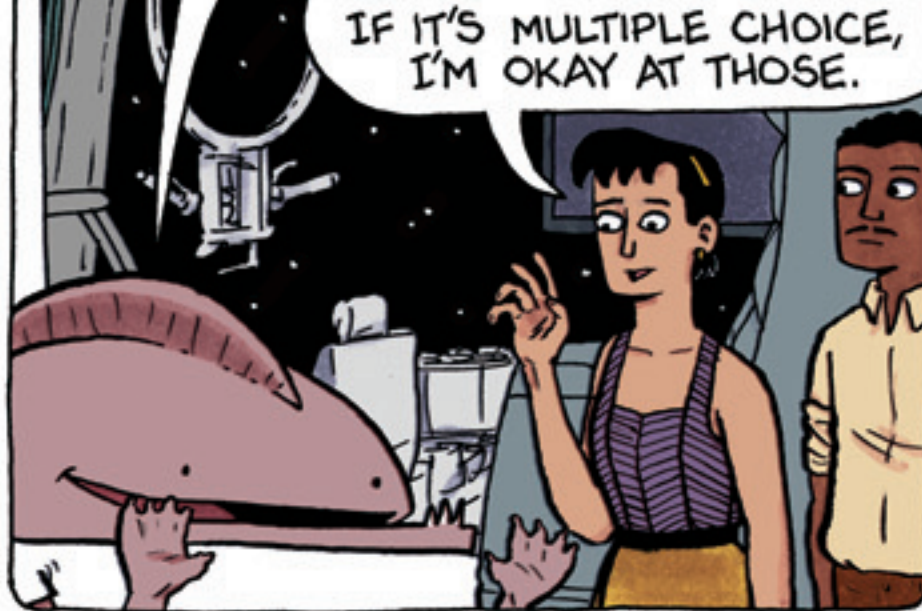
I'M YOUR CAPTAIN, NOGG, AND I HAIL FROM THELBIUS MINOR.

DON'T WORRY, THERE WON'T BE A TEST.

IF IT'S MULTIPLE CHOICE, I'M OKAY AT THOSE.

KREP IS OUR PILOT FROM PLANET FLIMBOULX. HE'S VERY BAD TEMPERED AND I'D ADVISE AVOIDING HIM.

WHAT?!



YOU ARE SUCH A SUPPOSITORIAL DIPSHIT, NOGG.

YOU CAN SEE MY POINT.

GURF HERE IS FROM PLANET BOOM-BOOM, AND IS HERE TO... LEND AN EXTRA HAND I GUESS.

THAT WOULD LEAVE ME WITH ONLY **ONE**, NOGG. YOU'RE SO CRAZY.

HE'S KIND OF LIKE A MASCOT, BUT CAN LIFT THINGS.

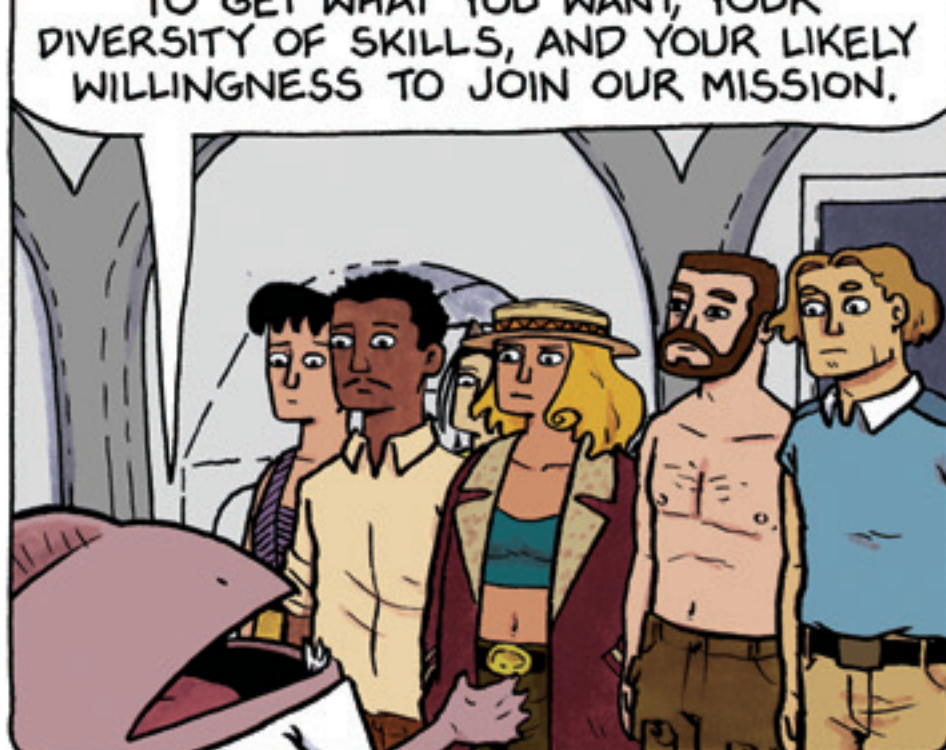


ONE QUESTION: WHY US?

OUR COMPUTER SINGLED OUT THE FIVE OF **YOU** FOR YOUR POTENTIAL TO GET WHAT YOU WANT, YOUR DIVERSITY OF SKILLS, AND YOUR LIKELY WILLINGNESS TO JOIN OUR MISSION.

THERE ARE **SIX** OF US, YOU RETARD.

AS YOU MAY HAVE GUESSED, THERE WAS **ONE** SLIGHT ERROR DURING RECRUIT RETRIEVAL.





SO THAT'S IT. OUR GOAL IS TO LIBERATE AND PROTECT THE EEBS. ANY QUESTIONS?

YES. UM... ARE WE IMPOSING OUR OWN VALUES ON THEM?

YEAH. MAYBE "FREEING" THEM WOULD ACTUALLY MAKE THEM MISERABLE? I HAD A DOG LIKE THAT.

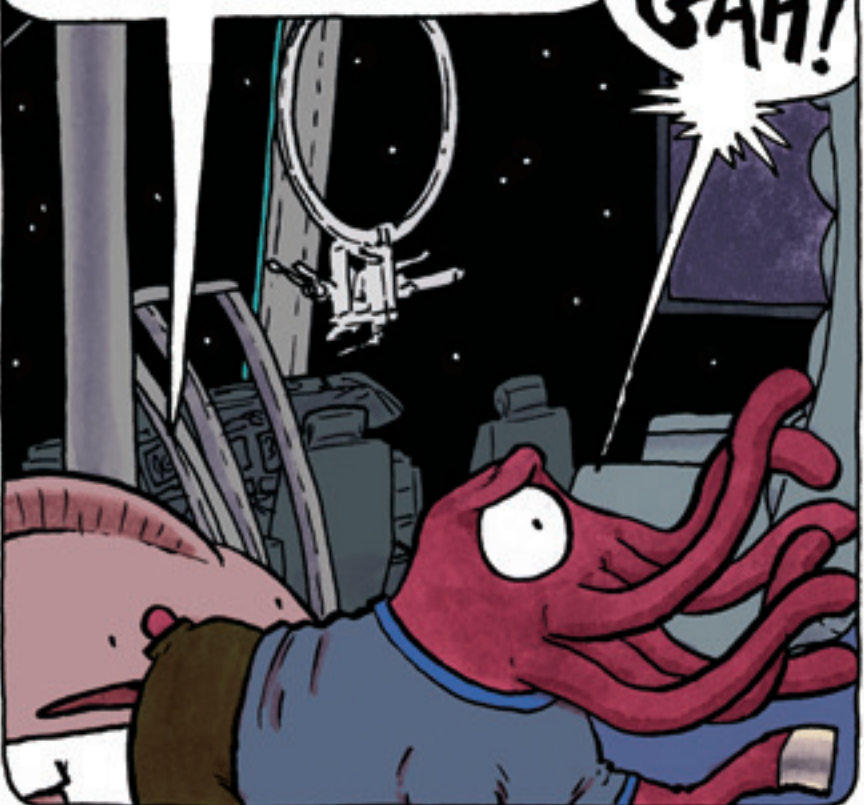


GOOD QUESTIONS, BUT-

GAH!

EVERY DAY EEBS ARE BEING BRED, ENSLAVED, AND THEN CHUCKED WHEN THEY'RE TOO OLD TO BE USEFUL.

RIKSHAW BOANS FOUNDED INTERPLANET AMITY, ON THE PRINCIPLE THAT ALL SENTIENT CREATURES DESERVE THE RIGHT TO CHOOSE THEIR FATES.



HE WAS LAST SEEN ROCKETING OFF WITH A SHIP FULL OF EEBS TO CREATE A SAFE WORLD FOR THEM AND THEIR CHILDREN.

SO, ANY MORE WHINEY BULLSHIT FROM ANY OF YOU, AND I'LL THROW YOU OUT THE NEAREST AIRLOCK! UNDERSTAND?

LAME. YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE YOUR OWN **FOUNDER** IS.

CAN WE HAVE A CLEARER DEFINITION OF "WHINEY BULLSHIT" TO AVOID MISUNDERSTANDINGS?



KREP MAY BE A TAD EXTREME-

IF BY "A TAD" YOU MEAN "PSYCHOTICALLY."

-BUT HE ALSO HAPPENS TO BE CORRECT.

AND IF EEB RIGHTS ARE AT STAKE, YOU WOULD **NEVER** SEE HIM TURN HIS BACK. RIGHT, KREP?

I'D PREFER TO BE EATEN BY A GLATHSREAN MIHRRGOOT.

MOM, MY TENTACLE FLAP IS ITCHING.

THAT JUST MEANS SOMEONE OUT THERE IS TALKING ABOUT BEING EATEN BY YOU, MY LITTLE MIHRRGOOT.

YAY!





MARTINA, BUY YOU A DRINK?

I SYNTHESIZE DRINKS WITHOUT CHARGE.

YOU HEARD THE BAR-BOT. HAVE ONE ON ME.

VODKA. NEAT.

DID YOU KNOW IT MAKES THIS STUFF OUT OF THE DENSE MATTER IN THE SPACETRAWLER?

OH YEAH? HOW?

OH, YOU KNOW... SCIENCE. AND REARRANGING PARTICLES AND ALL THAT.

VODKA NEAT, ALCOHOL LEVEL SET AT MENDELEEV'S 38% PERFECT PERCENTAGE.

AND SOME BLACK BREAD ON THE SIDE.

MOST THINGS WE NEED, THE SHIP CAN MAKE THIS WAY.

YEAH, WELL... THIS VODKA TASTES LIKE ASTEROID.

WELCOME TO THE WORLD OF SYNTHETICS.

BAR-BOT, HOW DO YOU KNOW **EARTH** RECIPES, ANYWAY?

I HAVE ALL OF EARTH'S CULTURE AND HISTORY STORED IN MY MEMORY.

ALL THAT? REALLY?

IT TAKES HARDLY ANY SPACE AT ALL.

WELL, **THAT** KINDA' MAKES YOU FEEL SMALL AND INSIGNIFICANT, DOESN'T IT?

YEAH.

KINDA' MAKES YOU WANT TO GET CLOSER TO THOSE AROUND YOU.

IF YOU MEAN, CLOSER IN THE BEDROOM, DIMITRI, I'LL PASS.

I HAVE NEVER SEEN A BEDROOM.

THEN SYNTHESIZE ONE!

AND MAKE HIM A SHIRT WHILE YOU'RE AT IT.

IT'S A SHAME, MARTINA. YOU'VE GOT A REAL FIRE. IT COULD BE BEAUTIFUL.

IF YOU WANT FIRE, TRY EMILY. OR NITROGLYCERINE.

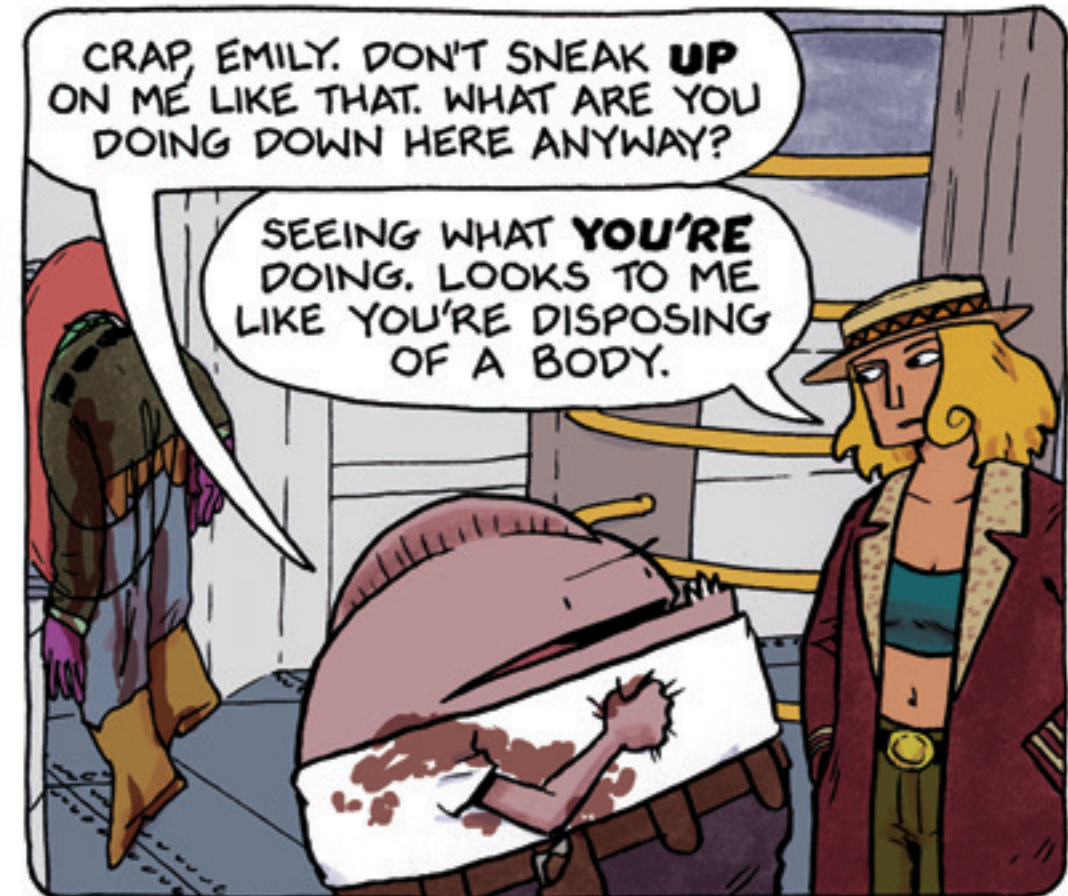
ANOTHER VODKA, BAR-BOT. MAKE IT A DOUBLE.

I AM BUSY COMPLETING MY PREVIOUS TASK.

WHAT BY BROGRAHM'S TEETH IS A BED DOING IN THE LOUNGE?!

IF YOU'RE AFTER A DRINK, YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL THE BAR-BOT FINISHES MY ARMOIRE.





CRAP, EMILY. DON'T SNEAK UP ON ME LIKE THAT. WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN HERE ANYWAY?

SEEING WHAT YOU'RE DOING. LOOKS TO ME LIKE YOU'RE DISPOSING OF A BODY.



YEAH. THE BOUNTY HUNTER. THE SPACETRAWLER WILL UTTERLY OBLITERATE IT.

"SPACETRAWLER."

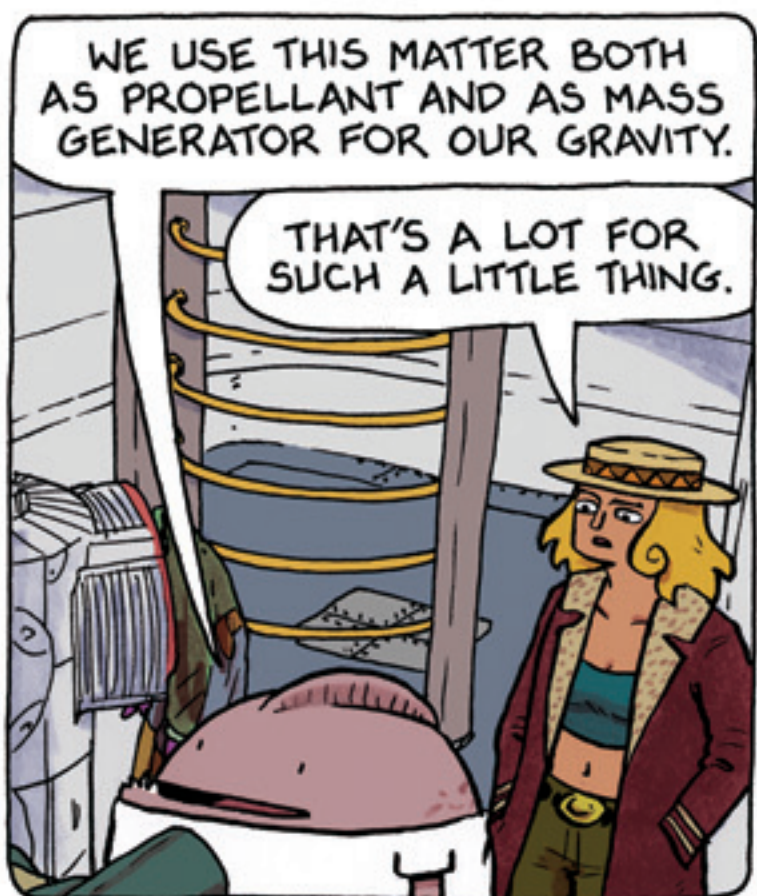


A SPACETRAWLER COLLECTS, COMPACTS, AND STORES MATTER.



WOOOJJJ

"ALTHOUGH MOST OF ITS MASS COMES FROM METEORS AND SPACE DEBRIS WHICH ITS TRAWL FIELD PICKS UP EN ROUTE."



WE USE THIS MATTER BOTH AS PROPELLANT AND AS MASS GENERATOR FOR OUR GRAVITY.

THAT'S A LOT FOR SUCH A LITTLE THING.

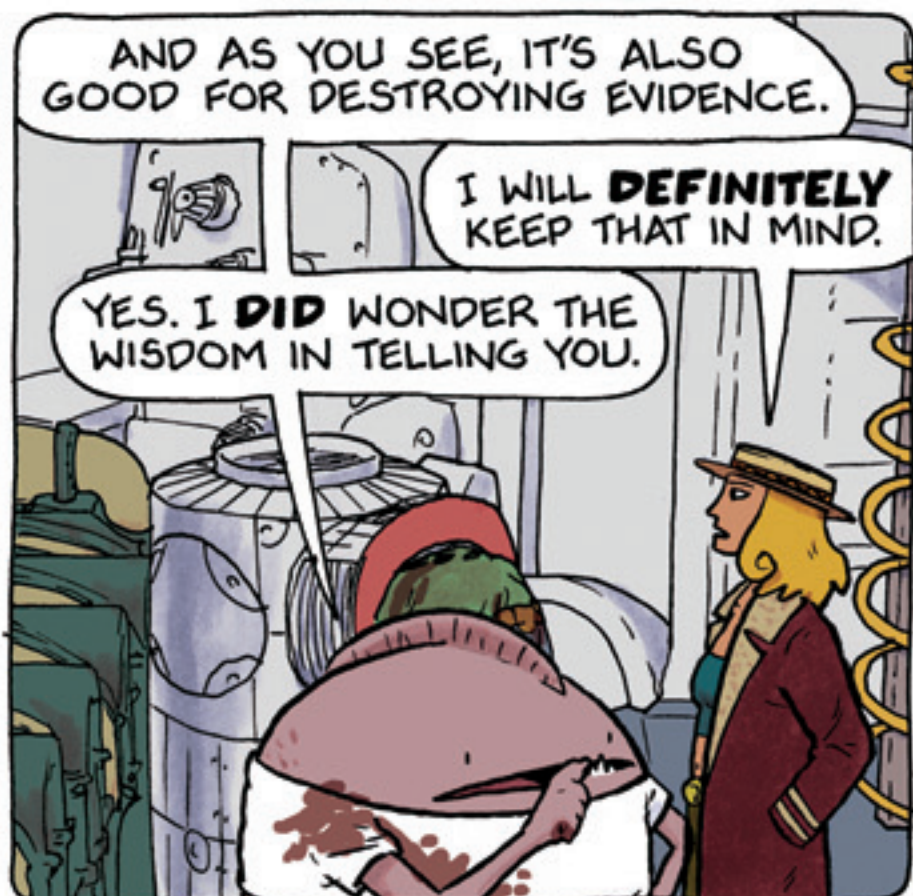


IT'S TREMENDOUSLY DENSE. HOW THE EEBs BUILD THEM IS BEYOND MY UNDERSTANDING.

I'M GUESSING THAT'S COMMON FOR YOU.



WE ALSO USE THE SPACETRAWLER'S STORED MATTER AS RAW MATERIAL TO SYNTHESIZE OUR BASIC NEEDS ON THE SHIP. FOOD, DRINK, ETCETERA.



AND AS YOU SEE, IT'S ALSO GOOD FOR DESTROYING EVIDENCE.

I WILL DEFINITELY KEEP THAT IN MIND.

YES. I DID WONDER THE WISDOM IN TELLING YOU.



ANYHOW, HE'S STUCK AND I'D RATHER NOT HAVE TO LASERBLADE HIM AND GET GUTS EVERYWHERE. COULD YOU LEND ME A HAND?

NO WAY! I TOTALLY WANT TO SEE A LASERBLADE.





PIERROT. HEY, HOW'S IT GOING?

OW.

PUNCH



THESE ALIENS SURE THINK THEY'VE SUCKERED US IN, DON'T THEY?

I TOTALLY SUPPORT THEM.



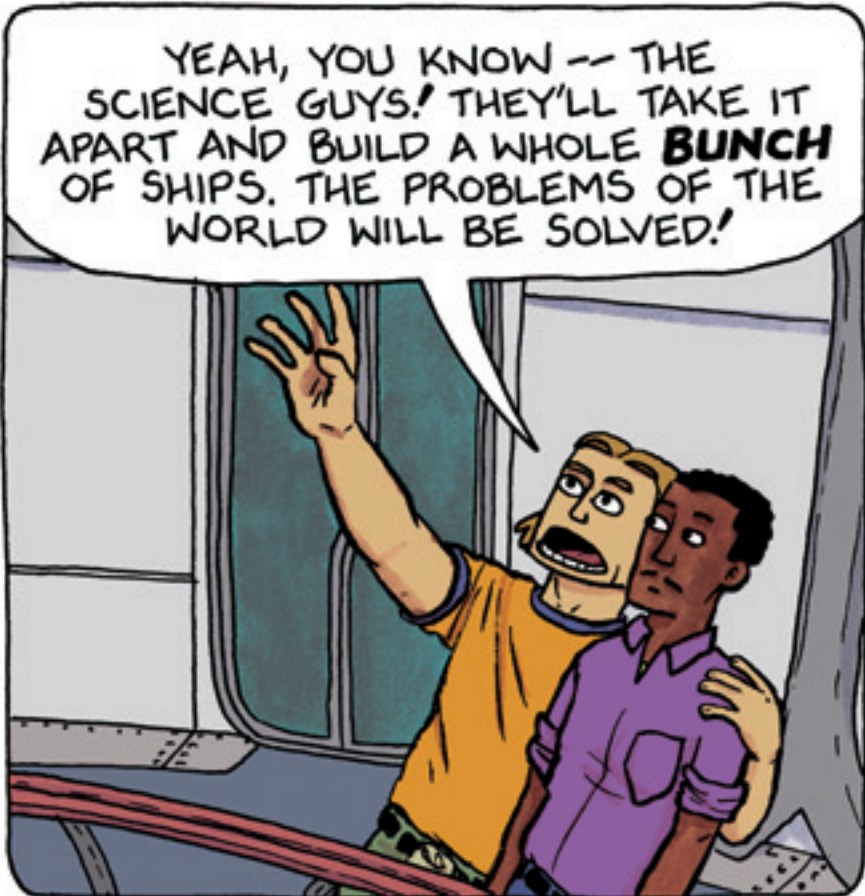
THEY JUST DON'T KNOW THE HUMAN SPIRIT. IT'S A FIGHTING SPIRIT.

THIS ISN'T AN "US VERSUS THEM" SITUATION, DUSTIN.



WE HAVE TO BAND TOGETHER, OVERPOWER THEM, RETURN TO EARTH, GIVE THE SHIP TO THE SCIENTISTS AND-

"THE SCIENTISTS?"



YEAH, YOU KNOW -- THE SCIENCE GUYS! THEY'LL TAKE IT APART AND BUILD A WHOLE BUNCH OF SHIPS. THE PROBLEMS OF THE WORLD WILL BE SOLVED!



AREN'T THE EEBBS THE ONLY ONES IN THE GALAXY WHO CAN COMPREHEND ALL THIS TECHNOLOGY?



WE'LL NAB A COUPLE OF THE LITTLE BUGGERS ON THE WAY. EVERYONE ELSE IN THE GALAXY IS FINE WITH USING THEM.

YOU'RE OKAY WITH THIS?



DON'T BE A DICK! OF COURSE I'M OKAY WITH IT. THIS FRINGE GROUP THAT PICKED US UP IS A BUNCH OF TROUBLEMAKERS. THE LITTLE BUGGERS ARE FINE.

SHOVE

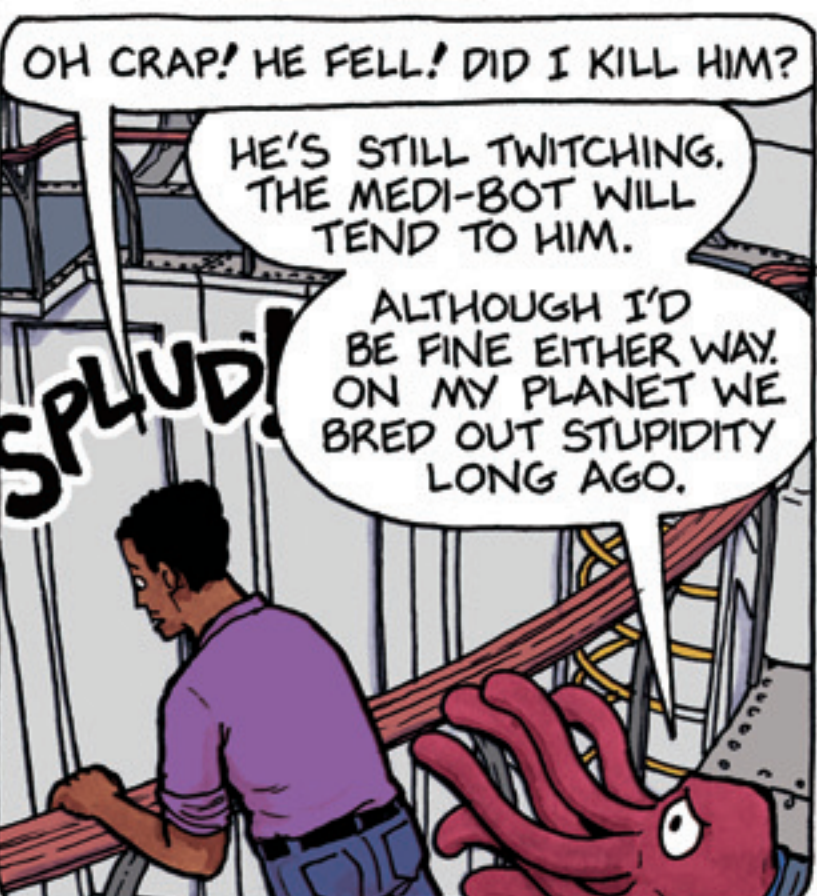
OOOF.



BAFF!



WHOAH!



OH CRAP! HE FELL! DID I KILL HIM?

HE'S STILL TWITCHING. THE MEDI-BOT WILL TEND TO HIM.

ALTHOUGH I'D BE FINE EITHER WAY. ON MY PLANET WE BRED OUT STUPIDITY LONG AGO.

SPLUD!



SO, IS BEING A COLD BASTARD THE ONLY SIDE-EFFECT?

THERE ARE OTHER BENEFITS AS WELL.



EARTH SURE IS IN THE CRAPPER, ISN'T IT, YURI?



HERE WE ARE... OFF TO SPEAK UP FOR SOME ALIEN RACE ON EARTH'S BEHALF,



AND AS A RESULT, THE GALACTIC ORGANIZATIONAL BODY WILL PROBABLY EITHER **SHUN** EARTH, OR ANNIHILATE IT.



I'M SURE THE HELL GLAD THAT **WE'RE** NOT STILL ON EARTH.



ALL **WE** HAVE TO DO IS SIT BACK AND RELAX AS WE'RE SHUTTLED ACROSS THE GALAXY.



ENJOYING EVERY PRECIOUS MOMENT... WHICH ALWAYS MAKES ME THINK OF PHYSICAL INTIMACY.



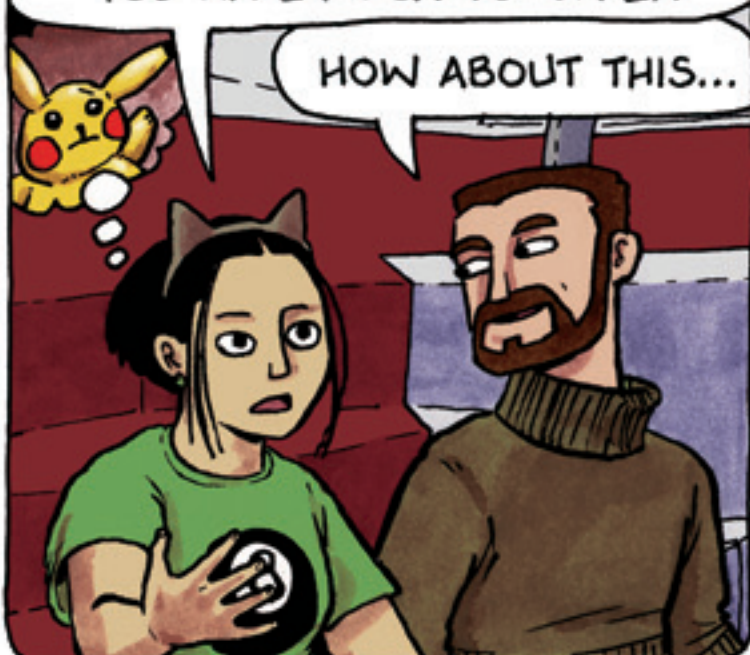
HAHAHA :SNORT: HAHA "PHYSICAL INTIMACY" HA! YOU'RE FUNNY, DIMITRI. I HAD NO IDEA.



LISTEN, DIMITRI, I'VE SLEPT WITH QUITE A FEW GEEKS, AND SOME WERE REAL FREAKS IN BED.



I'M NOT JUST TALKING COSTUMES AND ROPES, I'M TALKING INFLATABLE PIKACHU. AFTER ALL THAT, I'M NOT SURE YOU HAVE MUCH TO OFFER.





OKAY--NOBODY MOVE.

WHAT THE FUCK?  
IS THAT **GURF'S** GUN?

AWWW. I  
**WONDERED** WHY HE  
WANTED TO BORROW IT.

I'M TAKING OVER THE SHIP. NOW,  
GET UP FROM YOUR CONTROLS  
AND GET OFF THE BRIDGE.

GO BLOW YOURSELF.

HOLD UP,  
KREP, I THINK  
HE'S SERIOUS.

OF COURSE HE'S SERIOUS!  
SERIOUSLY RETARDED!

DO WHAT DUSTY  
SAYS. LET'S LEAVE.

AND LOCK THE DOOR  
BEHIND YOU SO YOU  
CAN'T COME BACK IN.

SURE. SURE.

WHAT THE HELL ARE  
YOU THINKING, NOGG?

KREP, JUST GO  
AND STEER FROM THE  
AUXILIARY CONTROLS.

I'D RATHER GO BACK  
IN THERE AND HOOF  
HIM TO DEATH.

I'LL SEND IN MARTINA.  
MAYBE SHE CAN TALK  
SENSE INTO HIM.

"A BIT LATER...."

HEY, DUSTY.  
I HEAR YOU TOOK  
OVER THE SHIP.

I WAS GOING TO TAKE US  
HOME, BUT I CAN'T FIGURE  
OUT HOW TO TURN THIS  
DAMN THING AROUND.

YEAH, THEY'RE  
FLYING US WITH  
AUXILIARY CONTROLS.

THEY ARE COMPLETE  
AND TOTAL DICKS.

THEY **DID** SAY THEY'D  
DROP YOU OFF ON EARTH  
AFTER WE'VE FINISHED  
THE MISSION.

DON'T TRY TO BE NICE, MARTINA.  
EVERYONE HERE THINKS THAT I'M  
STUPID AND THAT MY ATTEMPTS TO  
SAVE US FROM THESE ALIENS  
IS PATHETIC. EVEN **YOU** DO.

UMMM...

IT'S OKAY. YOU  
CAN SAY IT.

NO. OF COURSE  
I DON'T THINK THAT.

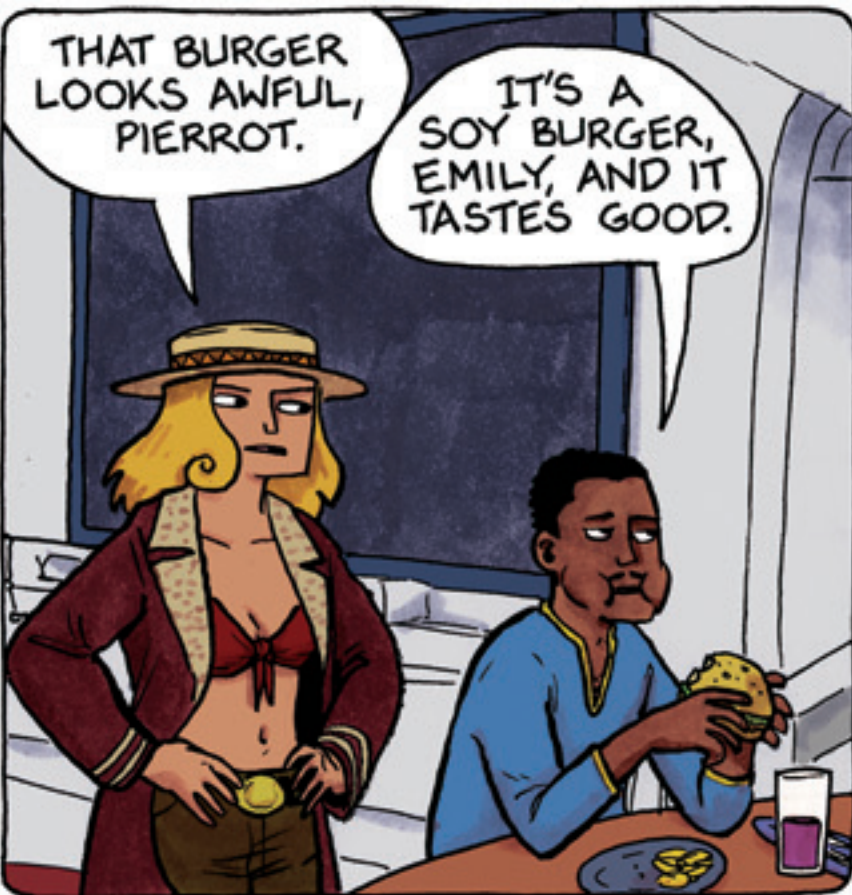
WHAT? REALLY? THEN YOU  
THINK THAT ME TRYING TO SAVE  
US IS **GOOD**, THAT I'M  
NOT JUST SOME IDIOT?

WELL... I MEAN, YEAH.  
SURE. GOOD.

THE REBELLION SWELLS! I MUST  
COME UP WITH NEW PLANS!

GO AHEAD. I'M GONNA  
GO TRY TO AVOID NOGG  
ASKING ME HOW "TALKING  
SENSE INTO YOU" WENT.





THAT BURGER LOOKS AWFUL, PIERROT.

IT'S A SOY BURGER, EMILY, AND IT TASTES GOOD.



NO IT DOESN'T. SOY BURGERS ARE DISGUSTING.



BAR-BOT! MAKE NANCY-BOY HERE A VERY RAW STEAK, SLATHERED IN BUFFALO SAUCE.

IGNORE HER, BAR-BOT. I DON'T WANT ONE.



STOP ACTING CRAZY. IT'S NOT FROM AN ACTUAL ANIMAL. THE BAR-BOT SYNTHESIZES IT OUT OF TRAWLED ATOMS.

YES, BUT THERE'S **THIS** IMPORTANT FACTOR: I DON'T WANT IT.



THERE YOU ARE. NOW, EAT IT.



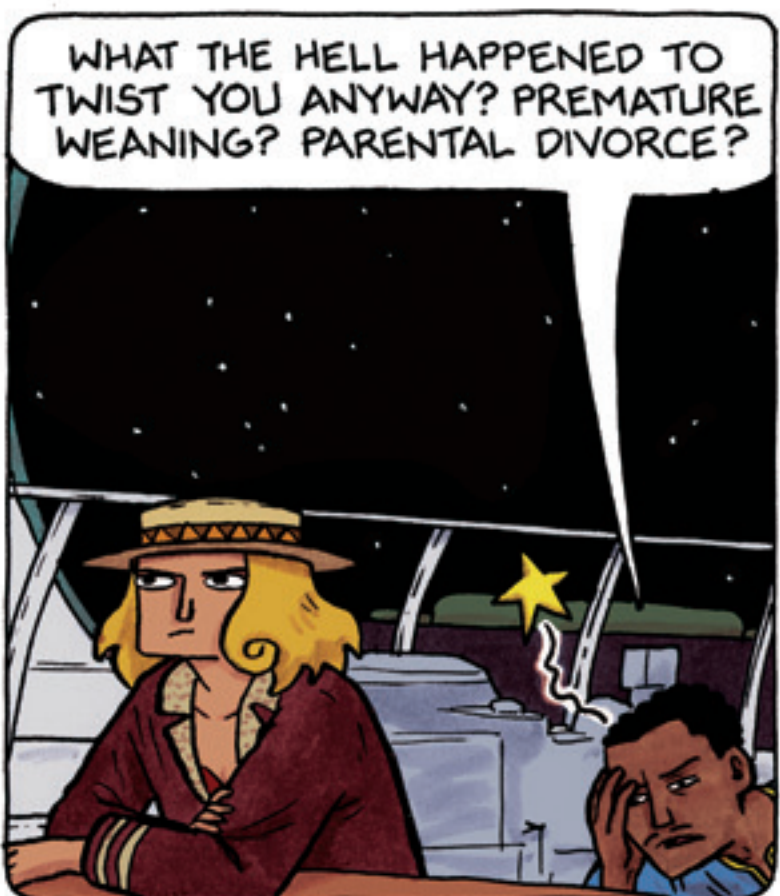
PAFF!



WHAM!



THIS DELICIOUS SLAB IS MADE OF THE EXACT SAME STUFF AS THE INEDIBLE CRAP I JUST THREW OUT FOR YOU.



WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO TWIST YOU ANYWAY? PREMATURE WEANING? PARENTAL DIVORCE?



STOLEN BY COYOTES. THEY WERE GOING TO EAT ME, BUT I EARNED THEIR RESPECT AND BECAME THEIR QUEEN.



I'VE NEVER TRUSTED ANYONE SINCE. COYOTES ARE THE ONLY CREATURES I FEEL A KINSHIP WITH.

WELL, SEE? I FEEL THE SAME AFFINITY FOR ANIMALS! AND SO I DON'T WANT TO EAT THEM, NOT EVEN A SIMULATION.



OH, I EAT COYOTES. THEY'RE QUITE TASTY.

LALALA LALALA LALALA LALALA LALALA LALALA LALALA





WOW, YOU'RE REALLY GOOD AT THAT FLIGHT SIMULATOR, YURI.

I'VE MASTERED IT, BUT IT'S STILL FUN TO PLAY.



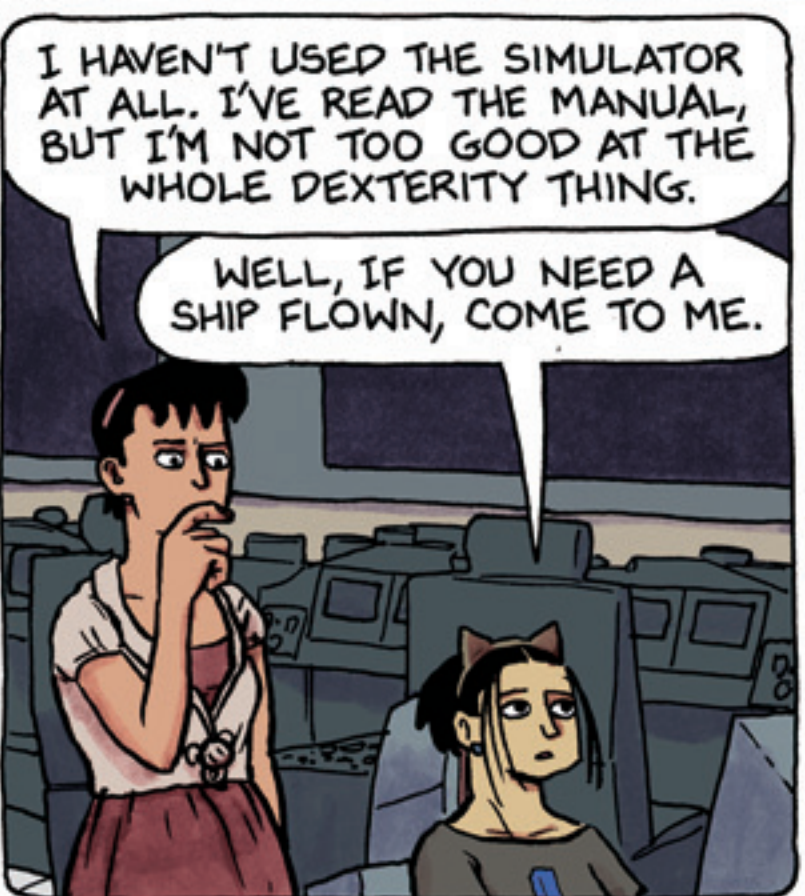
ARE YOU FLYING THE MAINSHIP, OR THE TWO SECONDARIES?

I GOT BORED WITH THOSE. I'M CURRENTLY FLYING A SLOGNAERIAN FLASH-SHIP.



REALLY? HOW MANY SHIPS HAVE YOU LEARNED TO FLY?

A FEW HUNDRED.



I HAVEN'T USED THE SIMULATOR AT ALL. I'VE READ THE MANUAL, BUT I'M NOT TOO GOOD AT THE WHOLE DEXTERITY THING.

WELL, IF YOU NEED A SHIP FLOWN, COME TO ME.



OKAY.

HERE, MARTINA, YOU HAVE A GO AT IT. I'VE SET IT TO SIMULATE ONE OF OUR WING SHIPS.



IF YOU'VE READ THE MANUAL, YOU KNOW WHAT ALL THE CONTROLS DO.

UM... LET'S SEE... FIRST YOU DO THIS...

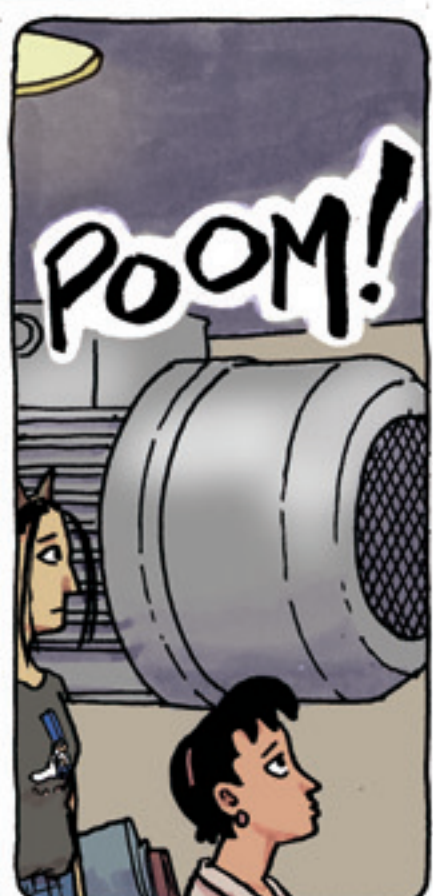


SO, YOU BLEW UP. NEXT TIME YOU'LL WANT TO DETACH FROM THE MAIN SHIP BEFORE PUTTING YOUR JETS ON FULL BLAST.

JETS? OH, RIGHT, I THOUGHT THAT WAS THE WINDSHIELD WIPERS SWITCH.



RESTARTING...



THIS TIME YOU LAUNCHED ALL OF YOUR WEAPONS AT ONCE, BLOWING UP THE MAIN SHIP -- WHICH, AGAIN, YOU WERE STILL ATTACHED TO.

AT LEAST I **HIT** SOMETHING, THAT'S GOTTA BE WORTH A POINT.



OKAY, THIS BUTTON DETACHES. THIS TOGGLE GIVES YOU A GENTLE LIFT AND THRUST.

SOUNDS LIKE A BRA AD.



WHY DON'T WE STICK TO THE PREVIOUS PLAN, IF YOU NEED A SHIP FLOWN, COME TO ME.

...AND THIS DIAL EXPANDS IT TO MAXIMUM CLEAVAGE DISPLAY!





DIMITRI-

AH, IT'S DUSTIN! JOIN ME FOR A DRINK, MY FRIEND.

BAR-BOT!

SNAP SNAP



I DON'T WANT A DRINK. I WANNA BREAK OUT OF HERE, I'M GOIN' NUTS.

BREAK OUT? WHERE? INTO OUTER SPACE?



WE NEED TO TAKE OVER THE SHIP AND FLY IT HOME.

NO. WHAT YOU NEED IS TO CHILL THE FUCK OUT AND HAVE A DRINK.



WHY?! THEY KIDNAPPED US.

BUT THEY KIDNAPPED US TOGETHER. SO, WE'RE A FAMILY.



IT'S A STUPID FAMILY THEN, IF IT ALLOWS ALIENS TO WALK ALL OVER THEM.

A TOAST TO STUPID FAMILIES! MAY IT ALL BE MEANINGLESS AS WE STAND SIDE-BY-SIDE.

LAME.



BESIDES, ALL THE GIRLS ON THIS SHIP ARE FRIGID AND I'M GETTING BLUE BALLS.

THEN WE TOAST TO MASTURBATION.



WHAT? JERKING OFF'S FOR PANSIES. DO YOU DO IT?

SURE. ALL THE TIME.



BUT I'M MORE CURIOUS ABOUT GETTING IT ON WITH OTHER SPECIES. DO YOU THINK IT'S POSSIBLE?



WHAT?! NO! THAT'S TOTALLY SICK!

I MEAN, DO THEY HAVE COMPATIBLE PARTS? OR PLEASURE ENHANCING SKIN SECRETIONS?



PLUS, YOU'RE SLEEPING WITH THE ENEMY.

THAT IS KIND OF AWESOME, ISN'T IT?



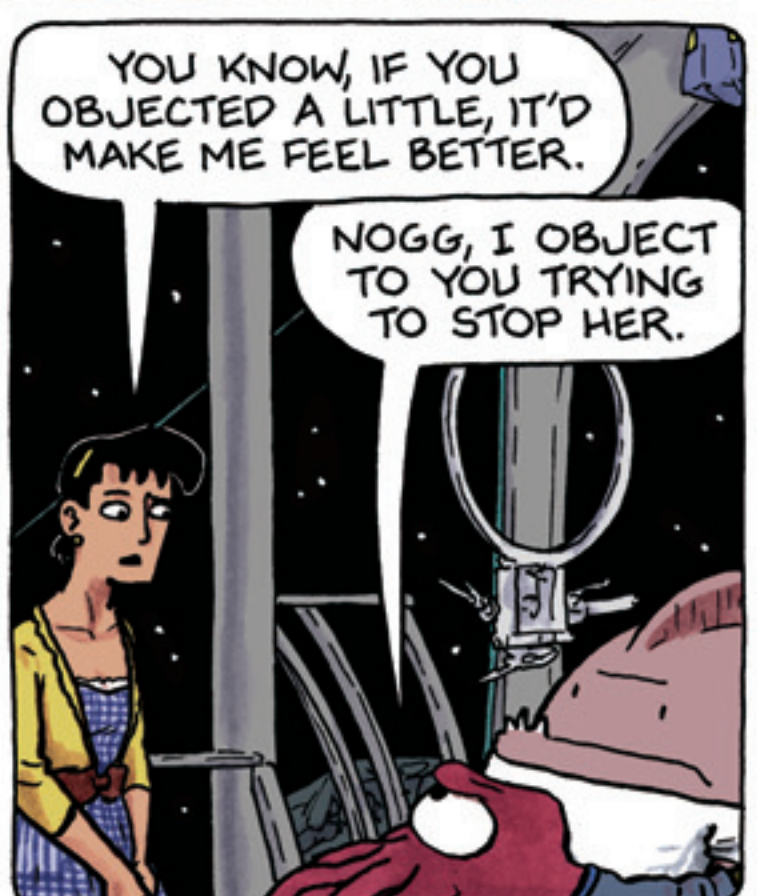
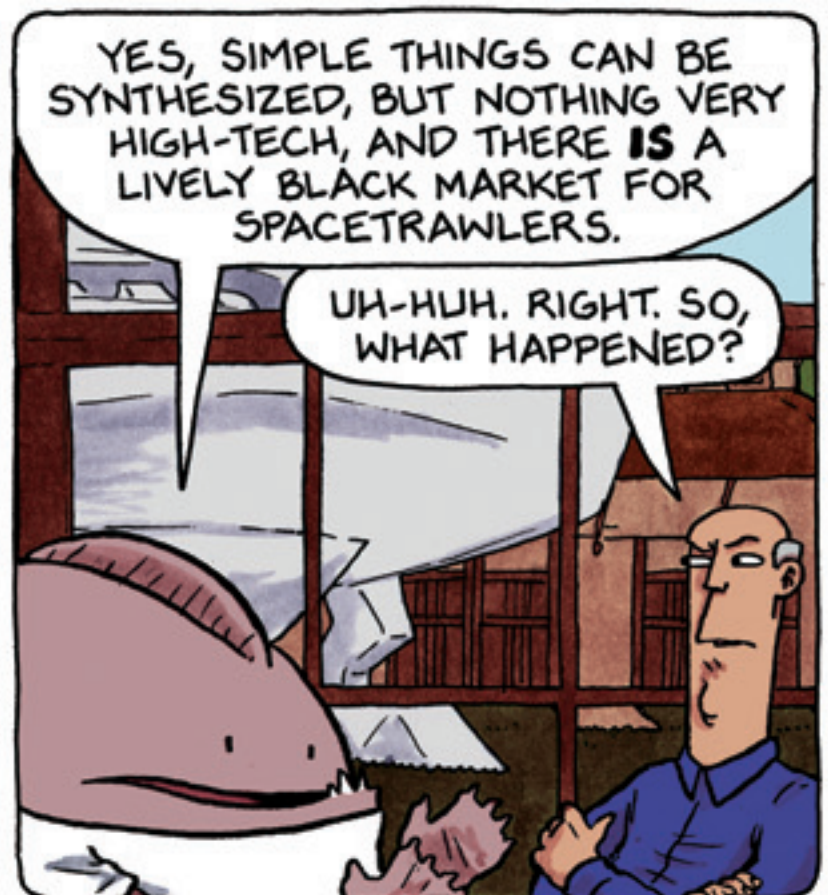
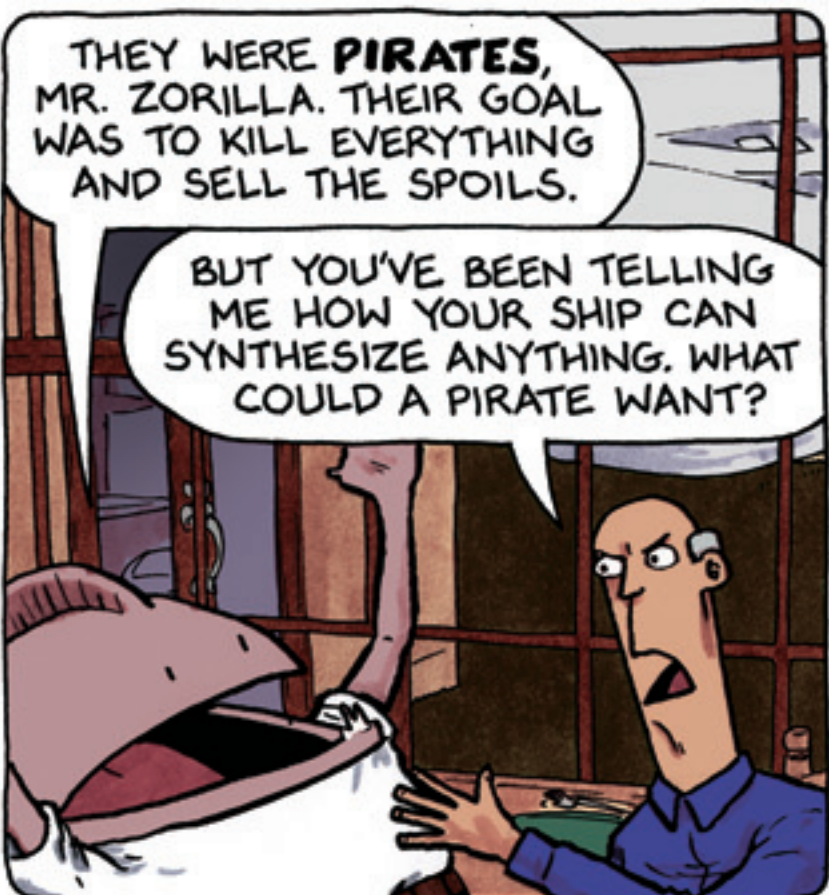
A TOAST TO THE ENEMY! MAY YOU BE ARMED WITH APPENDAGE RUGS OF PURPLE FLESHY TICKLERS.



YOU'RE NOT WITH ME ON US "GOING HOME", ARE YOU?

AND TO OUR MOTHERS! WE ARE GOOD BOYS, MAY YOU ALWAYS LOVE US!









YURI, WE'VE BEEN BOARDED BY PIRATES, AND I NEED YOUR HELP TO FLY A WINGSHIP AND BLAST THEM OFF US!

HUH? OH, SURE.



LOOKS SAFE.



OH, CRAP! THEY'VE SEEN US. COME ON!

SHINTO'S SHIT, THEY ARE UHHHHHGLY.



OW.



FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK.



MEDI-BOT HERE. I DETECT INJURY.

WHAT? OH, GOOD! TEND TO HER! I'VE GOT A JOB TO DO!



IT FIGURES I'D END UP AT THE CONTROLS.

WELL, I'VE READ THE MANUAL... HOW HARD CAN IT BE?



BEEP CLICK

THIS ONE?... NOPE.

THIS ONE?... NOPE.

BURRT BEEP BOOP

THIS ONE?... NOPE.

CLICK



HMMM....



WAS IT THAT ONE?



FOOM!  
THRUST!



EEEEEEEEEEEEEE!



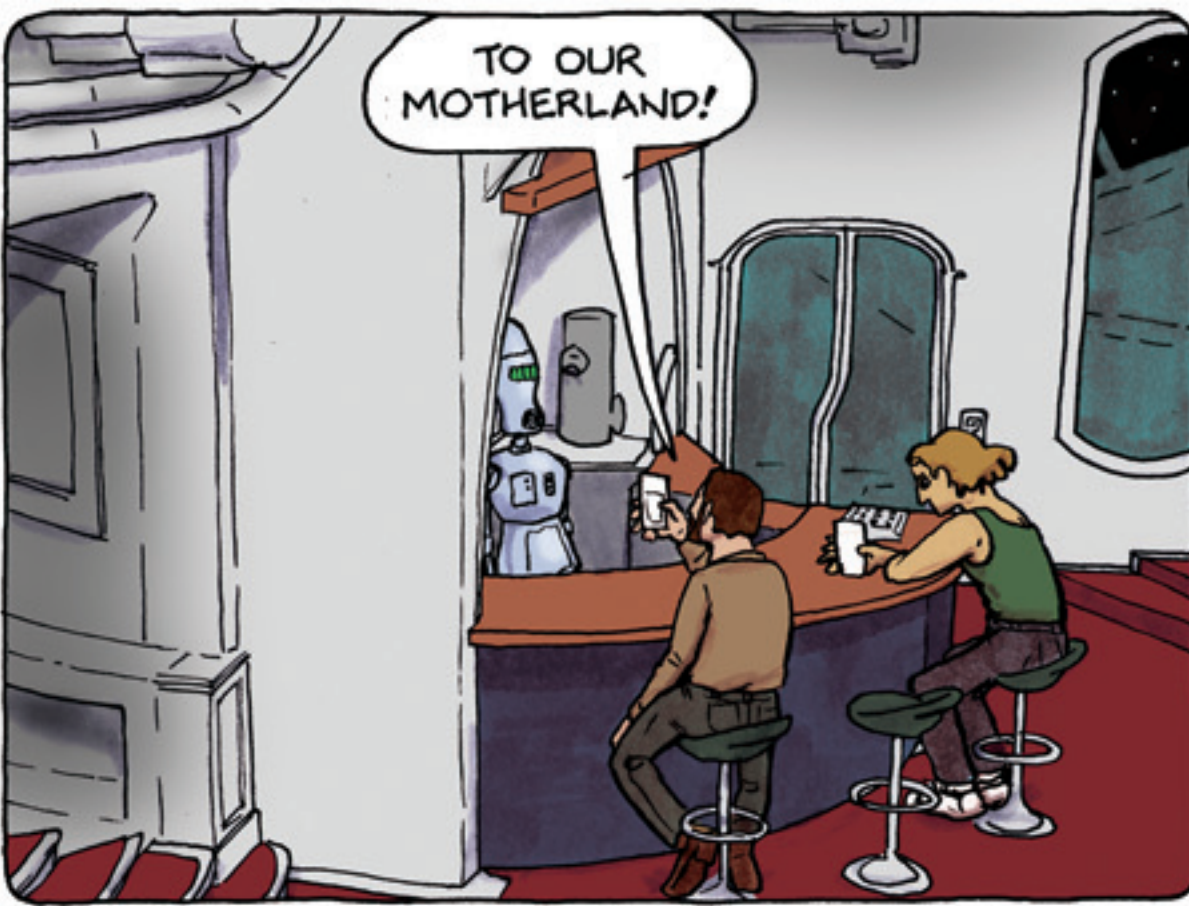
EEEEEEEEEEEEEE



IS MARTINA FLYING ONE OF OUR WING-SHIPS?... DEAR GOD, THIS IS A TOTAL LOSS.

NONSENSE. WE'LL WRITE IT OFF ON OUR ENTERTAINMENT BUDGET.





TO OUR MOTHERLAND!



ZAP!

TSHH!



BAR-BOT, THE GLASS YOU GAVE ME WAS DEFECTIVE.



YOUR GLASS WAS NOT DEFECTIVE. PREPARE TO DIE, FLESHY MIHRRGOOT DROPPINGS.

WELCOME. MAY I MAKE DRINKS FOR YOU?



ZAP!

ZAP!

ZAP!



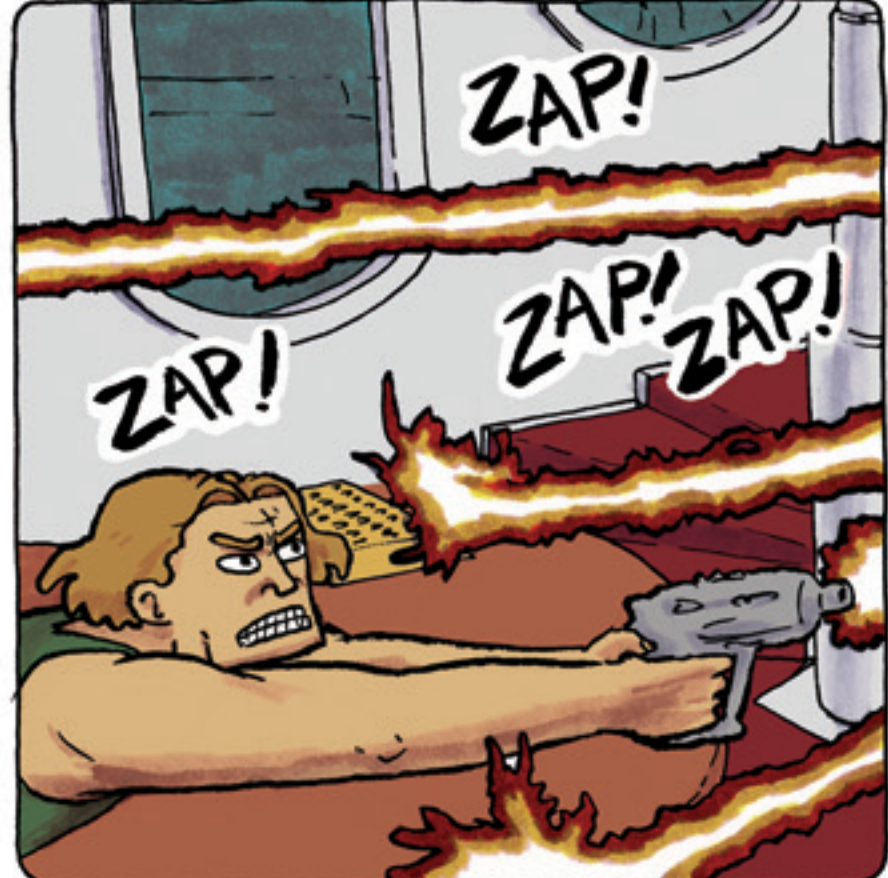
GOOD. THERE ARE LASERS STORED BACK HERE.

HOLD ON, DUSTY. LET'S SEE WHAT INFO THE APPROXISCAN CAN GIVE US.



SPECIES: BOLLYCKS. SEXUAL COMPATIBILITY: 17%

NEVER MIND. BLAST AWAY.



ZAP!

ZAP!

ZAP! ZAP!



IMPERVIOUS TO LASER FIRE.

SKIP THAT. THEY'RE RESISTANT TO LASERS.

ZAP!

ZAP!

ZAP!

ZAP!

ZAP!



WHAT'LL WE DO, DIMITRI?

WE WILL DIE, BUT WE DIE AS BROTHERS.



I WON'T BE TRAPPED AND KILLED LIKE AN ANIMAL. I'M GOING UP AND OVER.

SOUNDS LIKE A FINE PLAN.



EAT MAD FISTS, ALIENS! GRAHH!

MY PLAN IS TO SIT HERE AND DRINK. BARBOT, ANOTHER VODKA.

ZAP!

ZAP!

ZAP! ZAP!



OKAY, UGLIES. I'M HERE TO IMPOSE SOME SANITY ON THIS SITUATION.

MWEGHH?

OH, YOU'RE ABOUT TO EXECUTE **DUSTY**. GO AHEAD, I'LL WAIT.

REALLY?

SIGH. I SUPPOSE NOT.



WHACK!



YOU'VE JUST SIGNED YOUR DEATH WARRANT!

WITH A FACE LIKE THAT, I'M SURPRISED THEY ISSUED YOU A **BIRTH** WARRANT!



FOR MY COYOTE BRETHERN!



PAFF!



CHRIST ALMIGHTY.



UNNGHHH...



BLAM!  
BLAM!



WHAT THE **HELL** IS GOING ON IN HERE?

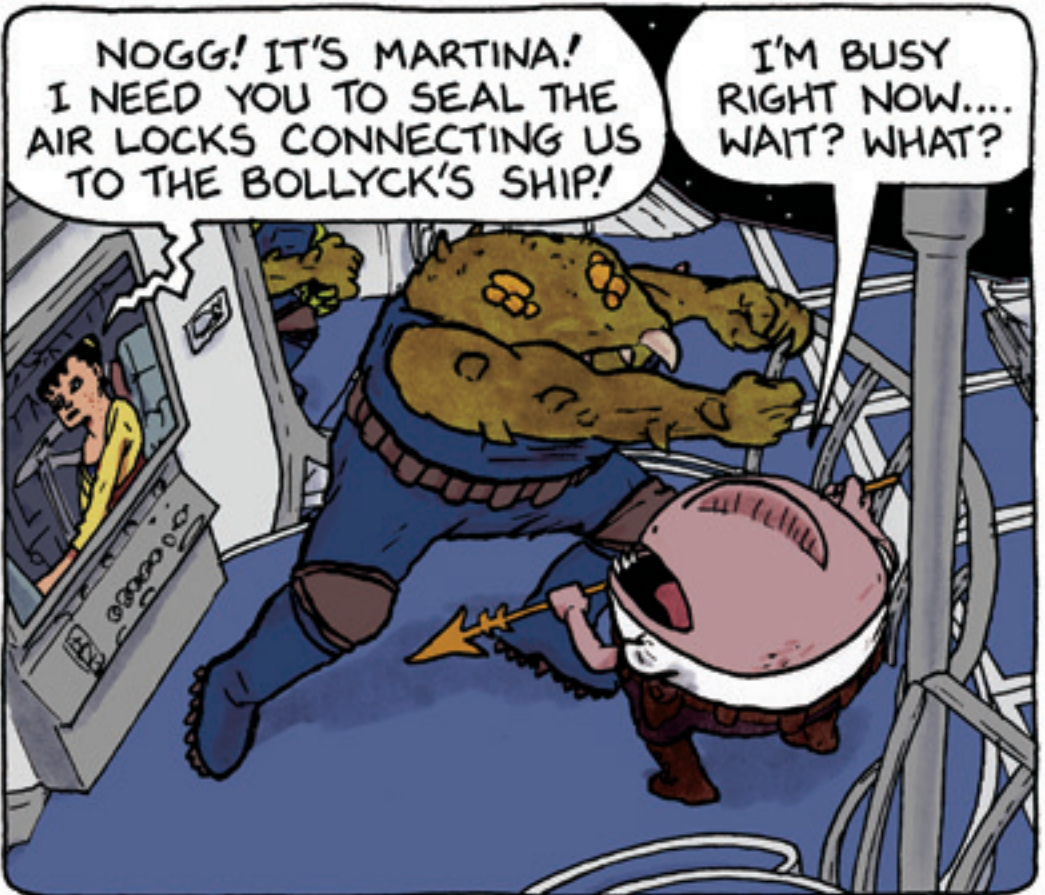
THEY MAY BE LASER-PROOF, BUT APPARENTLY THEY STILL RESPOND TO GOOD OLD FASHIONED BULLETS.



WAIT -- YOU SHOT THESE ALIENS? **WHY?!**

FOR DINNER! WE'RE GONNA COOK 'EM UP ESPECIALLY FOR YOU, PIERROT.





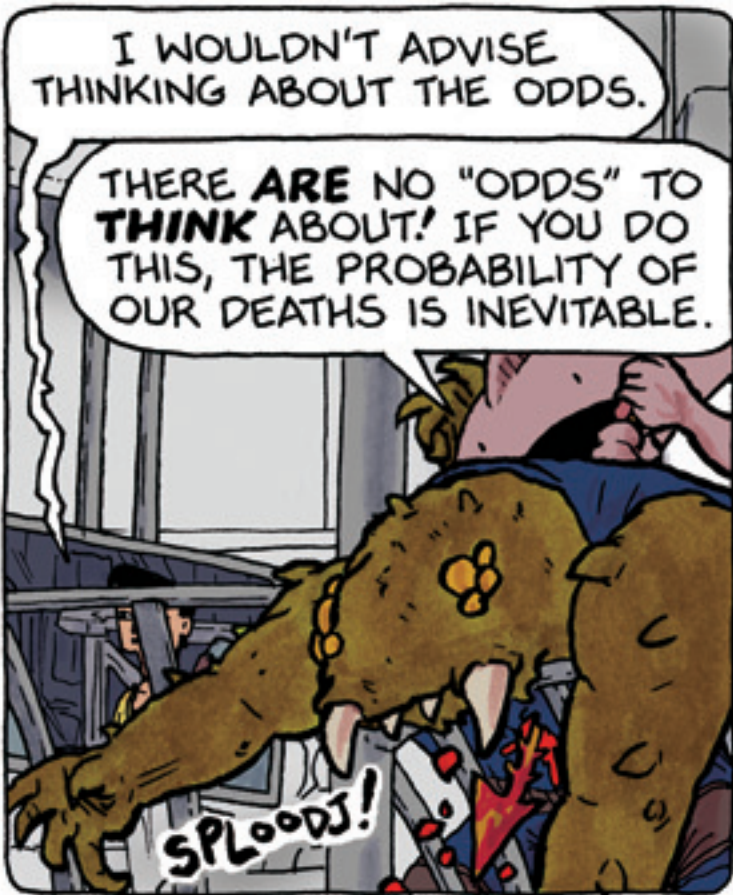
NOGG! IT'S MARTINA!  
I NEED YOU TO SEAL THE  
AIR LOCKS CONNECTING US  
TO THE BOLLYCK'S SHIP!

I'M BUSY  
RIGHT NOW....  
WAIT? WHAT?



I'M GONNA  
BLAST 'EM.

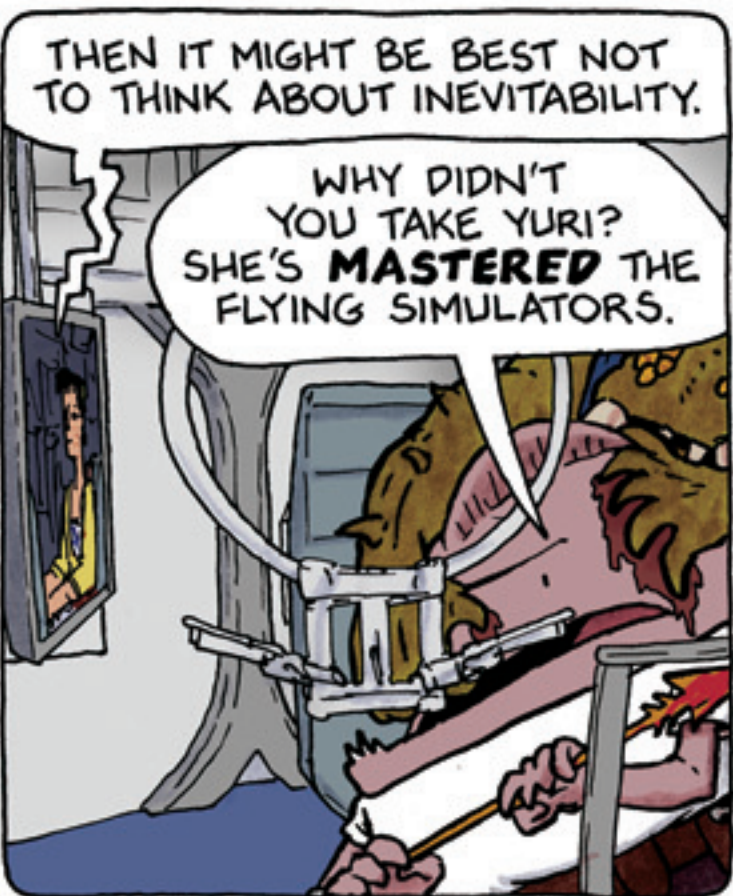
UGH. MARTINA,  
PLEASE DON'T  
TELL ME THAT WAS  
YOUR PLAN.



I WOULDN'T ADVISE  
THINKING ABOUT THE ODDS.

THERE **ARE** NO "ODDS" TO  
**THINK** ABOUT! IF YOU DO  
THIS, THE PROBABILITY OF  
OUR DEATHS IS INEVITABLE.

SPLOOJ!



THEN IT MIGHT BE BEST NOT  
TO THINK ABOUT INEVITABILITY.

WHY DIDN'T  
YOU TAKE YURI?  
SHE'S **MASTERED** THE  
FLYING SIMULATORS.



I DID. SHE GOT SHOT  
AND IS UNCONSCIOUS.

CRUD.

SPLOOJ!



COME ON, NOGG. **DO IT!** UNLESS  
YOU HAVE ANY **BETTER** IDEAS?

**FINE!**

BOOP  
BEEP  
BOOP



UMM... YOU **CAN** FIRE THE  
WINGSHIP GUNS FROM THE  
NAVIGATOR'S CHAIR, RIGHT?

DEAR GOD. YES, IT'S  
THE **RED** BUTTONS.



OH RIGHT.  
I READ THAT IN THE  
MANUAL. SILLY ME.

NOW, BEFORE  
YOU DO IT, RELAX  
AND THINK,-



IF I "**THINK**," I'LL END UP  
**OVER-THINKING** AND FUCK IT  
UP. I'M JUST GONNA DO IT.

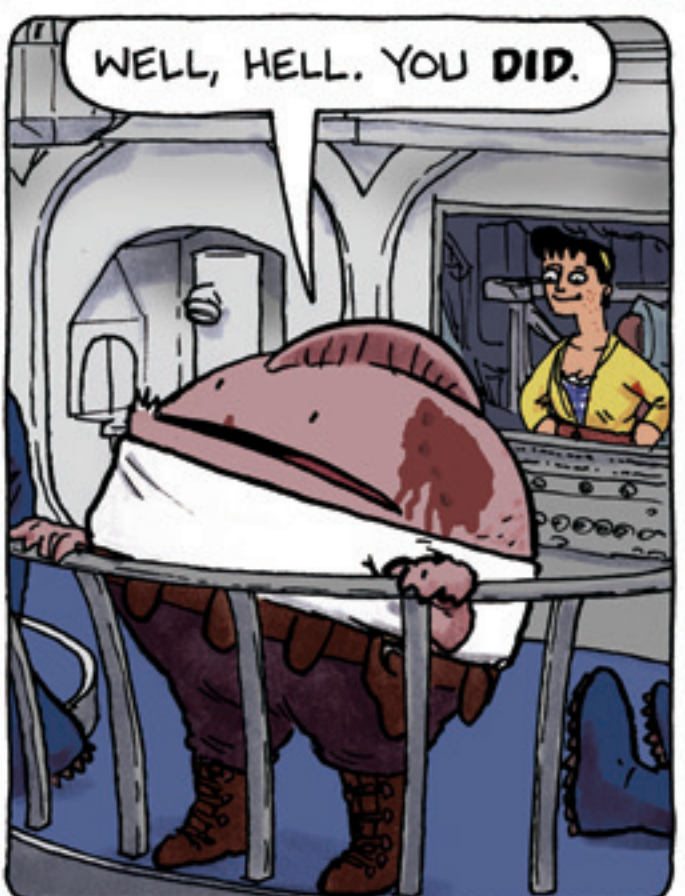
WHAT? WAIT!

**POOM!**



GOT IT!

YOU..... WHA.....



WELL, HELL. YOU **DID**.



NO WONDER HUMANS HAVEN'T  
MADE IT INTO SPACE. THEY'RE INSANE.

I CAUGHT ONE OF THE PIRATES.  
CAN I KEEP IT? CAN I KEEP IT?



OKAY, WE SURVIVED THE SPACE PIRATES. LET'S DEBRIEF.

FIRST OFF, DIMITRI, YOU SHOT SEVERAL OF THEM WITH A MAKAROV PM PISTOL FROM EARTH.

IT WAS INCREDIBLY MORONIC. YOU COULD HAVE HIT ANY OF **NUMEROUS** VOLATILE SHIP PARTS AND WE'D ALL BE DEAD.

YES. IT WAS NO PROBLEM.

SECONDLY, YURI, WHEN SOMEONE AIMS A GUN AT YOU, TRY TO GET OUT OF THE WAY.

MARTINA, SHALL WE GET OUT THE LIST? LET'S SEE...

WE MIGHT AS WELL HAVE HANDED THE CONTROLS TO A DRUNKEN MIHRRGOOT.

I'M A CYBORG NOW!

TAKING OUT A WING SHIP WITH NO SIMULATOR TRAINING WAS BOTH INSUBORDINATE AND CRIMINALLY STUPID.

IDIOT.

YES, YOU MANAGED TO BLAST THEIR SHIP OFF OUR HULL, BUT IF YOU'D BEEN A HAIR OFF TARGET... WE'D ALL BE KABOOMY-BYE-BYE.

THEN THERE'S THE DAMAGE YOU DID TO THE AUXILIARY HATCH WHEN THEIR MANGLED HULL TORE AWAY.

LET'S JUST SAY THAT YOU'RE A FUCK-WIT, AND LEAVE IT AT THAT.

IT WAS...  
IT WAS...

AND GURF, YOU TRIED TO KEEP ONE OF THE PIRATES AS A PET. WE'VE TALKED ABOUT THIS BEFORE, AND I'VE PROGRAMMED THE SHIP TO WITHHOLD YOUR DESSERT FOR A WEEK.

WHAT KREP MEANS TO SAY IS THAT YOU ALL REALLY CAME TOGETHER AND SAVED OUR NECKS.

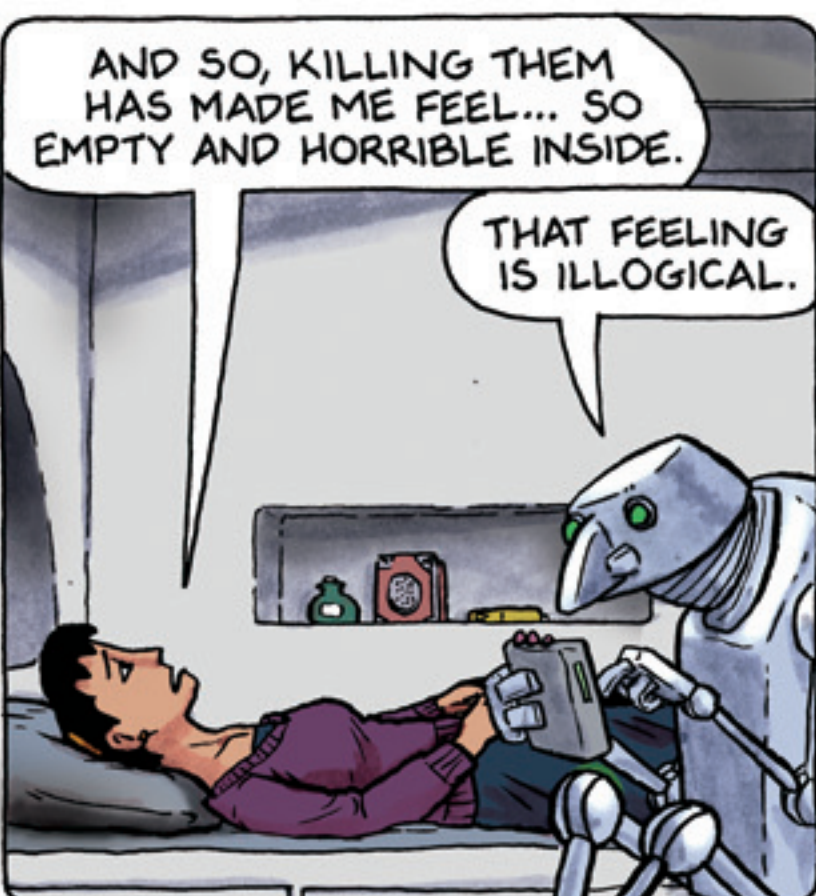
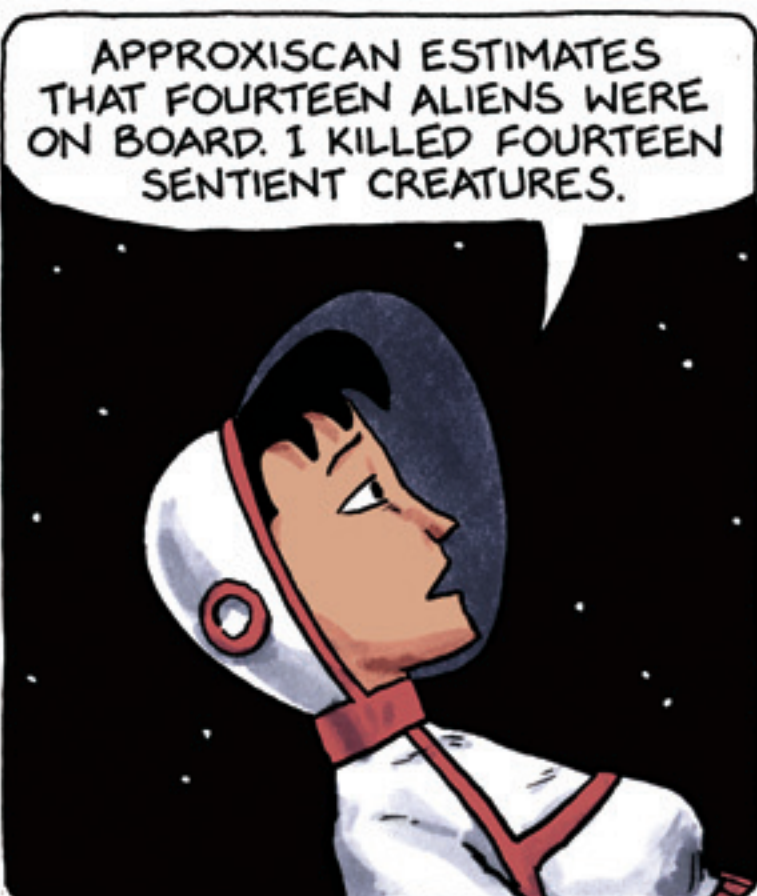
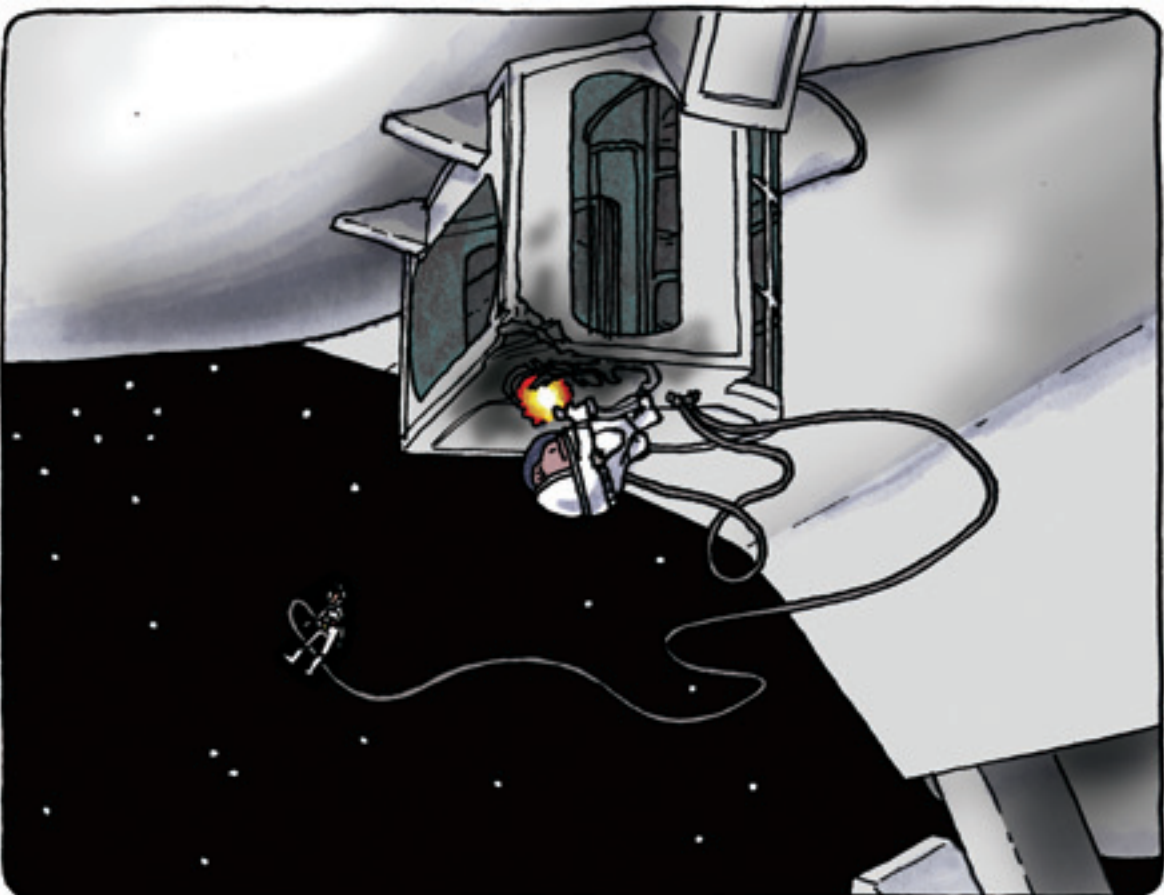
AND LASTLY, DIAGNOSTICS INDICATE THAT NOGG'S MOUTH IS ACTUALLY AN ANAL FISSURE.

AWWWWWW...

HE THANKS YOU.

AND HE'S PROUD OF YOU AND GLAD YOU'RE ON OUR TEAM.





APPROXISCAN ESTIMATES THAT FOURTEEN ALIENS WERE ON BOARD. I KILLED FOURTEEN SENTIENT CREATURES.

HOW DOES ONE DEAL WITH THAT?

WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT EVEN POSSIBLE?...

I JUST FLEW A SPACESHIP, AND THEN I DESTROYED ANOTHER SPACESHIP.

FLOAT IN SPACE, I GUESS.

DRIFT.

DEAL WITH IT.

THEY TRIED TO KILL US. IT WAS US OR THEM.

BUT TO KILL....

....TO END LIVES... EVEN IN SELF-DEFENSE...

MARTINA, YOU LEFT YOUR COMMUNICATOR ON AND WE HEARD ALL THAT. I'M ORDERING YOU TO SEE THE THERAPY-BOT.

GOD, I AM SUCH A MORON.

AND SO, KILLING THEM HAS MADE ME FEEL... SO EMPTY AND HORRIBLE INSIDE.

THAT FEELING IS ILLOGICAL.

SLAP



DEAR SPACE DIARY. NOGG, HERE. SORRY I HAVEN'T RECORDED FOR A WHILE, I'VE BEEN BUSY. WE'VE BEEN TRAVELING AWAY FROM EARTH FOR SEVEN DRAAK-SIM ROTATIONS,

AND GONE 147 STAR SECTORS. WE HAVE 82 SECTORS LEFT UNTIL WE REACH THE GALACTIC ORGANIZATIONAL BODY.

WE'VE BEEN RECENTLY ATTACKED BY BOLLYCK PIRATES, AND EACH OF OUR HUMAN CREW HAVE BEEN REACTING DIFFERENTLY.

THAT'S ABOUT TWO WEEKS.

THAT'S... WELL... A VERY VERY VERY LONG WAY.

MARTINA ZORILLA, WHO KILLED THE BULK OF THE BOLLYCKS HAS BECOME BOTH JUMPY AND DEPRESSED.

DUSTIN LANDING'S ATTITUDE HAS IMPROVED. HE NOW TRUSTS US.... ALBEIT SLIGHTLY AND HESITANTLY.

EMILY TAYLOR'S COMMENTS HAVE BECOME INCREASINGLY MORE DISTURBED.

GOD! DON'T SNEAK UP ON ME LIKE THAT!

I WAS SITTING HERE PLAYING THE SAX. IN WHAT WAY WAS THAT "SNEAKING"?

HERE, I BROUGHT YOU A DRINK.

I GUESS IT **PROBABLY** ISN'T POISONED.

I TOLD PIERROT THAT ALL OUR SYNTHESIZED FOOD IS VEGETARIAN. I'M RE-EVALUATING THAT FACT.

PIERROT ABDULLAHI HAS TAKEN TO SULKING IN HALLWAYS, LAMENTING BEING AWAY FROM HIS CAT.

DIMITRI SOKOLOV SEEMS UNAFFECTED BY THE MATTER. I'M NOT SURE IF HIS CASUAL MANNER IS INDIFFERENCE OR STOICISM. OH, AND HE'S TAKEN UP BAKING.

YURI NAKAGAWA LOVES BEING PART ROBOTIC, AND HAS IMMERSSED HERSELF DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO OUR SHIP'S TECHNOLOGY.

MR. JEFFERSON. OHHHH, MR. JEFFERSON.

CHEERS.

WHAT, **PRECISELY**, DOES THE POTTY-BOT DO?

WELL... ON LONG STRETCHES OF COMPLICATED SPACE TRAVEL WHEN ONE CAN'T LEAVE THE NAVIGATION CHAIR...

THAT'S IT. OH, RIGHT, I ALSO DREAMED THAT I WAS UP IN A TREE. A NIKEAN PAIK WAS PERCHED ON A LIMB NEAR ME AND IT SAID TO ME,

"ONCE WE HAVE ALL THE HUMANS RELAXED, WE CAN BEGIN CULLING THEM, STEWING THEIR ORGANS AND GNAWING AT THEIR BONES."

GAHHH!

ALLOW ME TO REVISE MY ASSESSMENT OF DUSTIN.



I HEARD YOU COMING FROM A MILE AWAY, MARTINA.

SKREEK  
KRUNK

YEAH. I FIGURED YOU WOULD. WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN HERE, EMILY? MEDITATING?

I WAS MEDITATING.

REEENK

AND WHAT'S THAT HORRIFIC NOISE?

IT'S GURF. HE'S CUTTING THROUGH THE WALL TO FIND ME.

KUNK

AH.

THEY DON'T LIKE ME IN THE CRAWL SPACES.

BUT CRAZIES LIKE THEM ARE ALWAYS PARANOID.

KEERUNK  
SHRUG

I MEDITATE AS WELL. USUALLY AFTER YOGA, WHICH I'VE BEEN TOO LAZY TO DO LATELY.

I PICKED-UP MEDITATION WHILE BOOK-LEARNING WING CHUN.

SKREE

AH, MINIMAL FORCE MARTIAL ARTS, RIGHT?

YEAH, ALTHOUGH I PREFER MAXIMUM FORCE HITTING.

KREE  
KRUNK

WILL YOU TEACH ME SOME COMBAT MOVES? THE PIRATE ATTACK MADE ME REALIZE HOW ILL-EQUIPPED I AM FOR ALL THIS.

YEAH. SURE.

SKREEEE

AND MAYBE I COULD TEACH YOU SOMETHING THAT I KNOW.

SKROONK

PIANO, CHESS, LIGHT GARDENING...

PASS. I'M NOT INTERESTED IN REPEATING PRESCHOOL.

CRUNKK

YOOHOO! EMILY! THE COMPUTER SAID YOU WERE UP HERE.

HELLO?

AWW... WHERE ARE YOU?

OVER HERE, GURF. WE WERE WAITING FOR YOU.

IT LOOKS LIKE YOU RIPPED OUT SOME WIRES, GURF. WERE THEY IMPORTANT?

OOOOOH, I HOPE NOT.

WHY DIDN'T YOU USE A HATCHWAY?

ELEMENT OF SURPRISE!



WHICH OF YOU PRICKS IS HACKING INTO THE SHIP'S COMPUTERS?



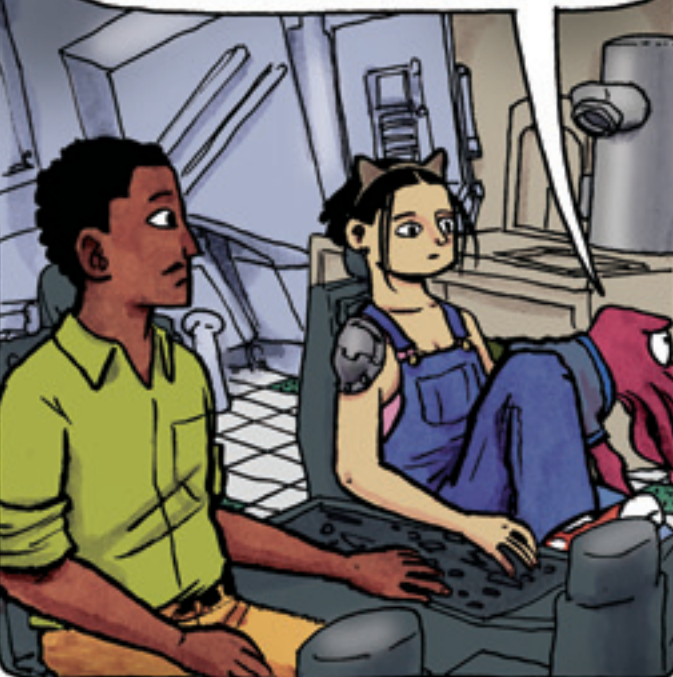
NOT ME, KREP.

I'M JUST SITTING HERE PLAYING GALAGA.

WELL, IF WE CATCH ANYONE HACKING, WE'LL BE SHIPPING YOU HOME IN A COURIER TUBE-- SOME ASSEMBLY REQUIRED.



WHAT DRUG WERE WE TAKING WHEN WE DECIDED THAT RECRUITING EARTHLINGS WAS A GOOD IDEA?...



ARE YOU THE ONE HACKING, YURI?



YUP. THEY COLLECTED LOADS OF DATA ON EACH OF US. I WANNA KNOW.

REALLY? WILL YOU SHOW IT TO ME?



NO. THEY DON'T WANT ANY OF US TO SEE IT.



PLEASE?

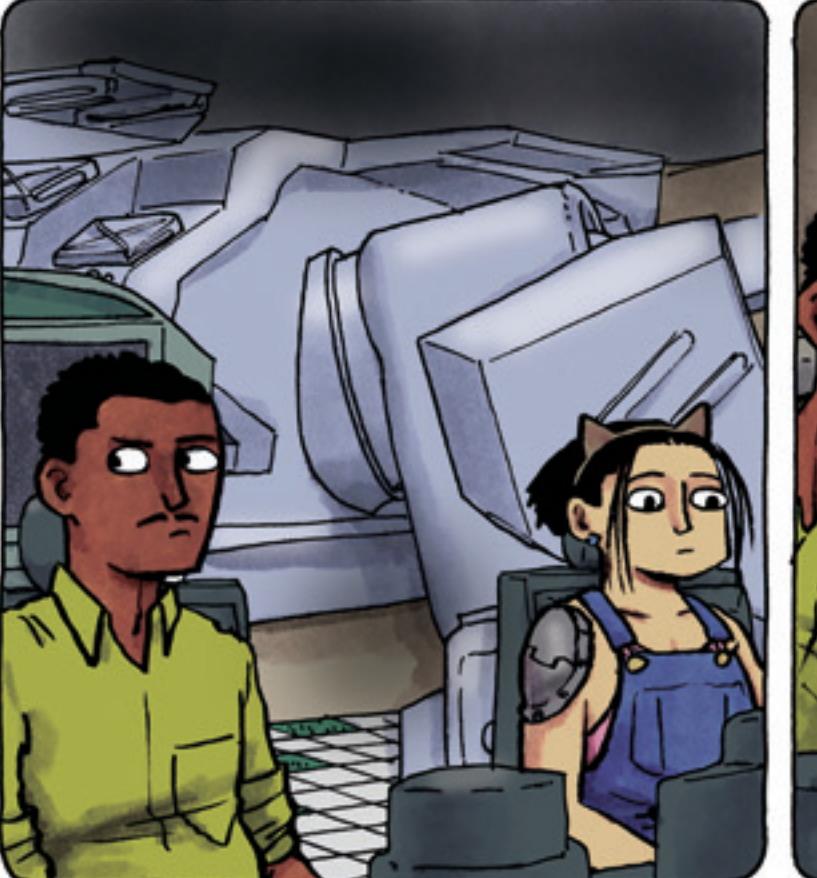
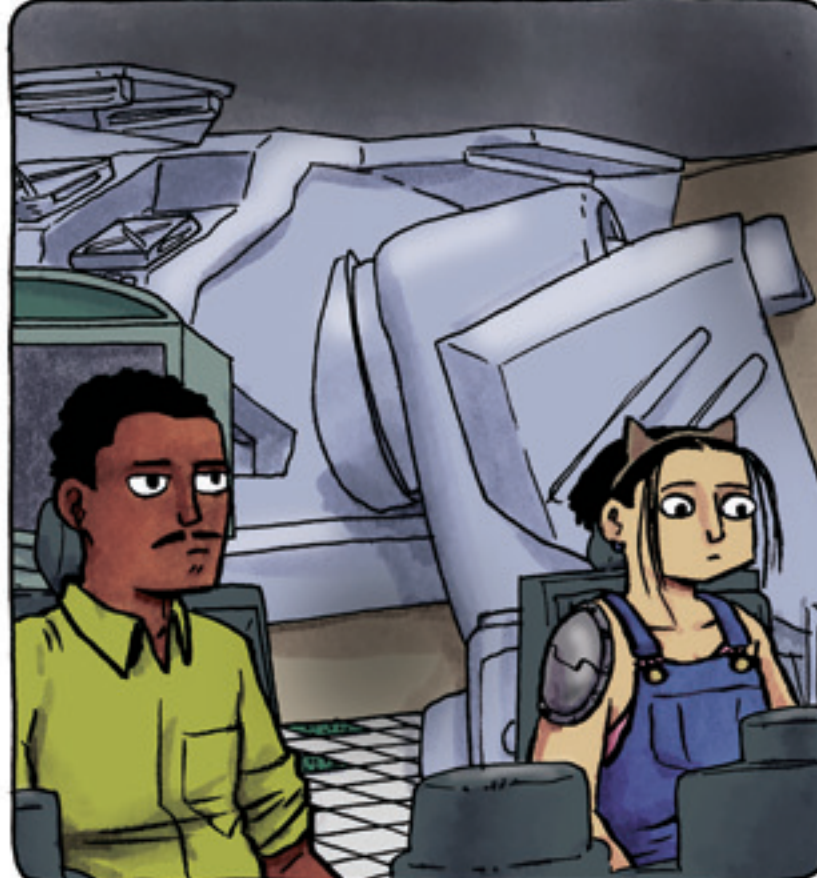
NO.

COME ON.

NO.



AH WELL. MAYBE IT'S FOR THE BEST.



JUST A PEEK.

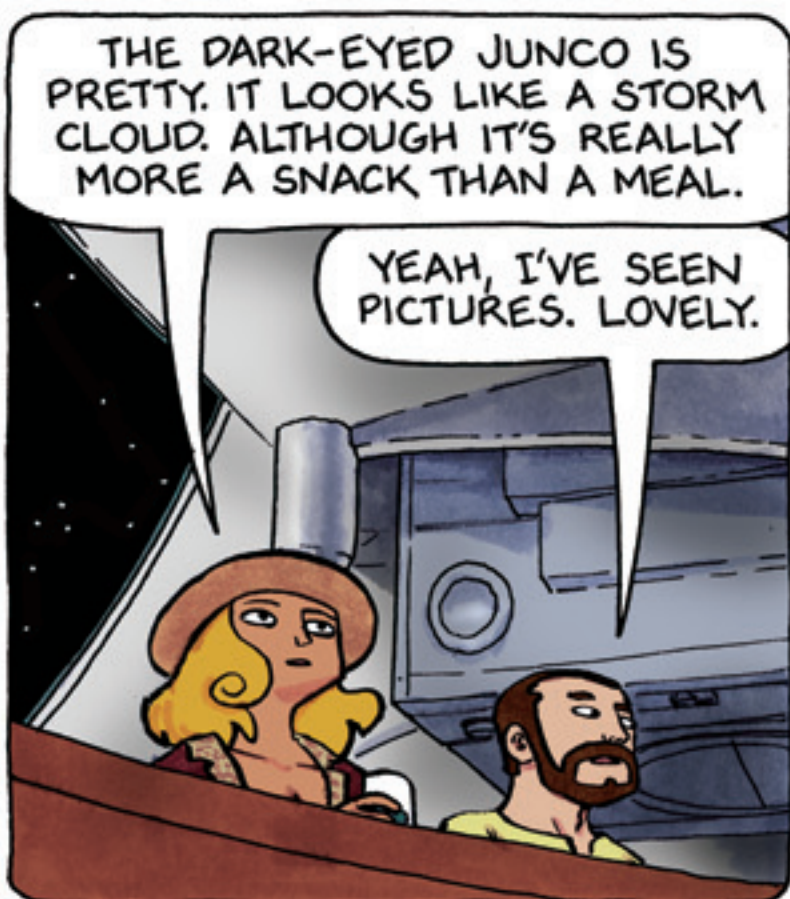
SORRY, PIERROT. I REALLY SHOULDN'T.



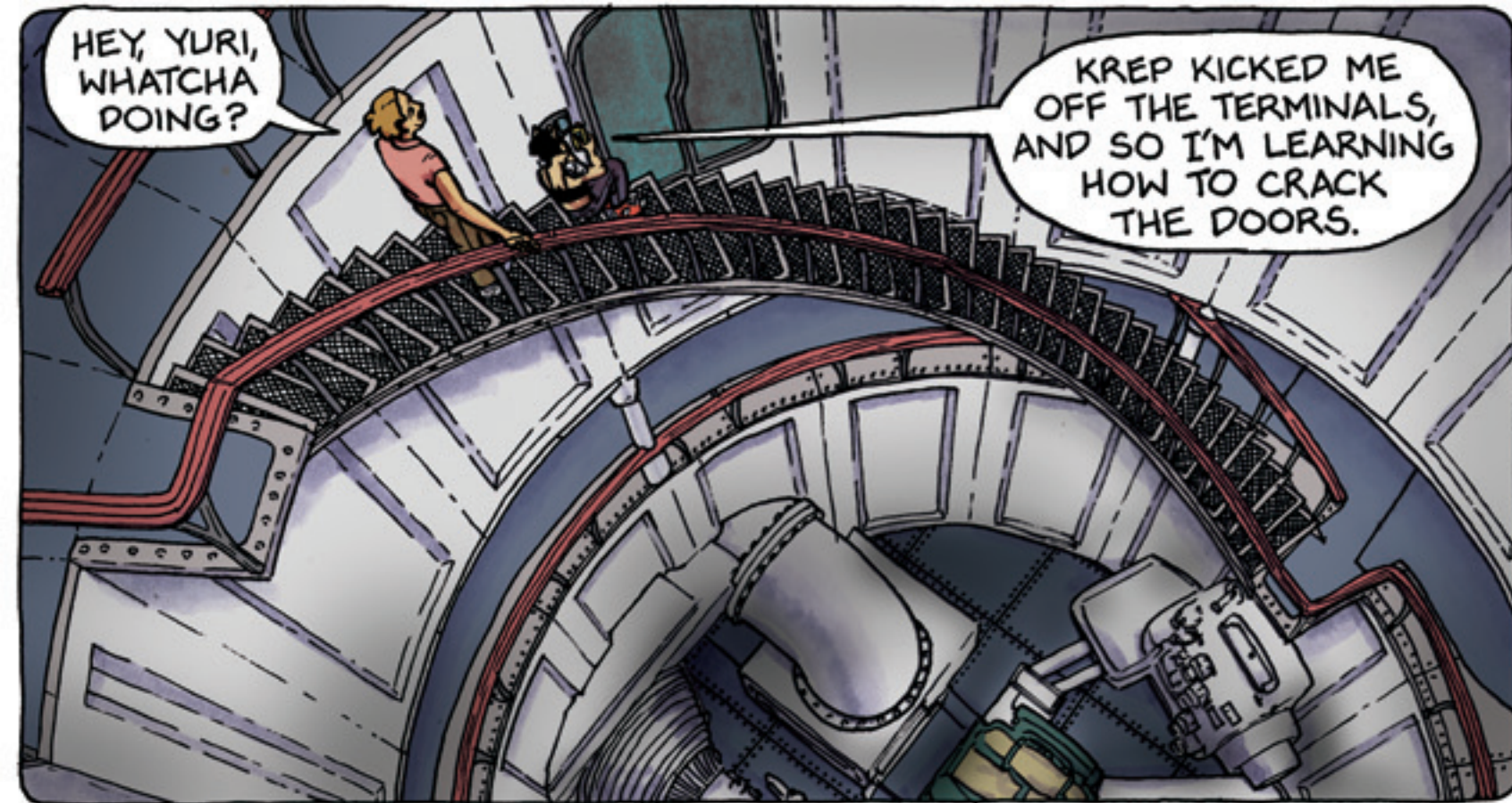
BUT, HERE, I'LL LOWER YOUR "NEGOTIATION SKILL LEVEL" STAT FOR YOU.

HEY!









HEY, YURI, WHATCHA DOING?

KREP KICKED ME OFF THE TERMINALS, AND SO I'M LEARNING HOW TO CRACK THE DOORS.



HAVE YOU TRIED OPENING THEM SLIGHTLY? HAH HAH!

AT THIS POINT I THINK I CAN OPEN OR LOCK ANY DOOR ON THE SHIP.



WOW, REALLY?

YEAH. SAY I WANTED TO LOCK SOMEONE OUT OF THE BATHROOM, I TOTALLY COULD.



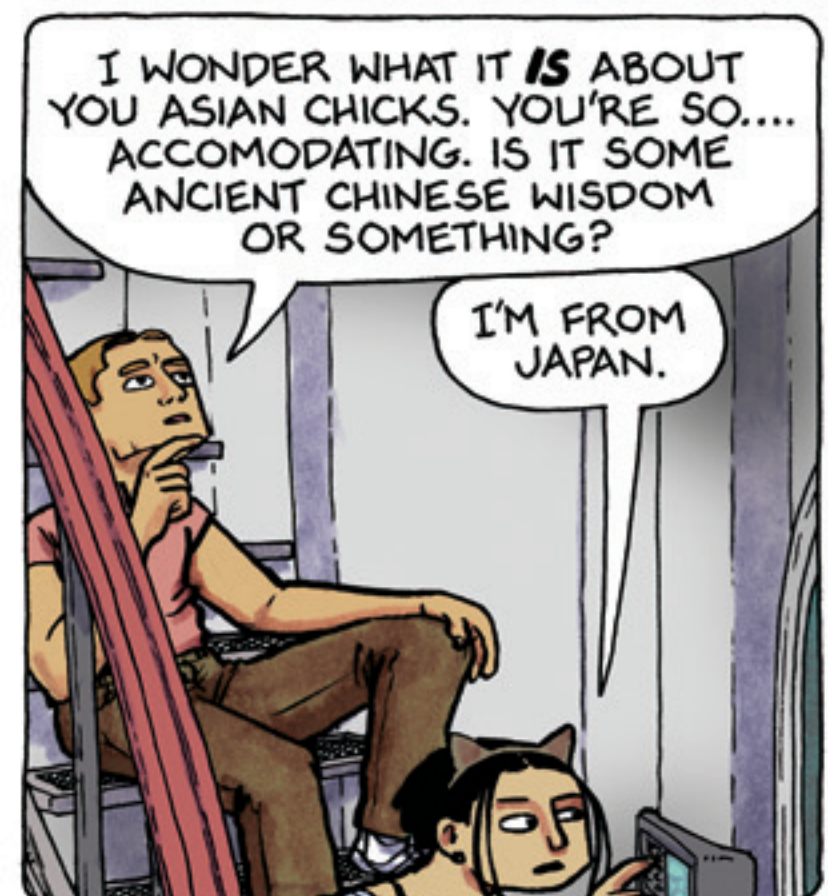
YOU DON'T HAVE TO LOCK ANYONE OUT OF THE BATHROOM. JUST COME TO ME IF ANYONE MESSSES WITH YOU, I'LL FIX 'EM FOR YOU.

OKAY.



ME, I **LIKE** ASIAN WOMEN. THEY'RE POLITE, AND THEY'RE FEMININE. I MEAN, WELL, THOSE **EARS** AREN'T.

HEH.



I WONDER WHAT IT **IS** ABOUT YOU ASIAN CHICKS. YOU'RE SO... ACCOMODATING. IS IT SOME ANCIENT CHINESE WISDOM OR SOMETHING?

I'M FROM JAPAN.



JAPAN...



MY GRANDAD, HE KILLED JAPS AT THE BATTLE OF MUAR.



OH, BUT, HEY, IT DOESN'T MEAN I HOLD ANYTHING AGAINST 'EM. I... WELL... I MEAN...



♪ SHOULD FOREIGN FOE E'ER SIGHT OUR COAST, OR DARE A FOOT TO LAND, WE'LL ROUSE TO ARMS LIKE SIRENS OF YORE, TO GUARD OUR NATIVE STRAND! ♪



WELL, YURI, I'M GLAD WE HAD THIS LITTLE TALK.

I HOPE YOU CAN HOLD IT FOR A REALLY LONG TIME.





HEY, PIERROT.

HELLO, MARTINA.



SHOULDN'T YOU BE BELOW? NOGG'S TEACHING ANOTHER LESSON ABOUT THE APPROXISCAN FOR OUR PLANET STOPOVER.

I'M JUST WATCHING THE STARS. I'LL READ THE MANUAL LATER.



WHAT ABOUT YOU? I NOTICE YOU'RE NOT THERE.

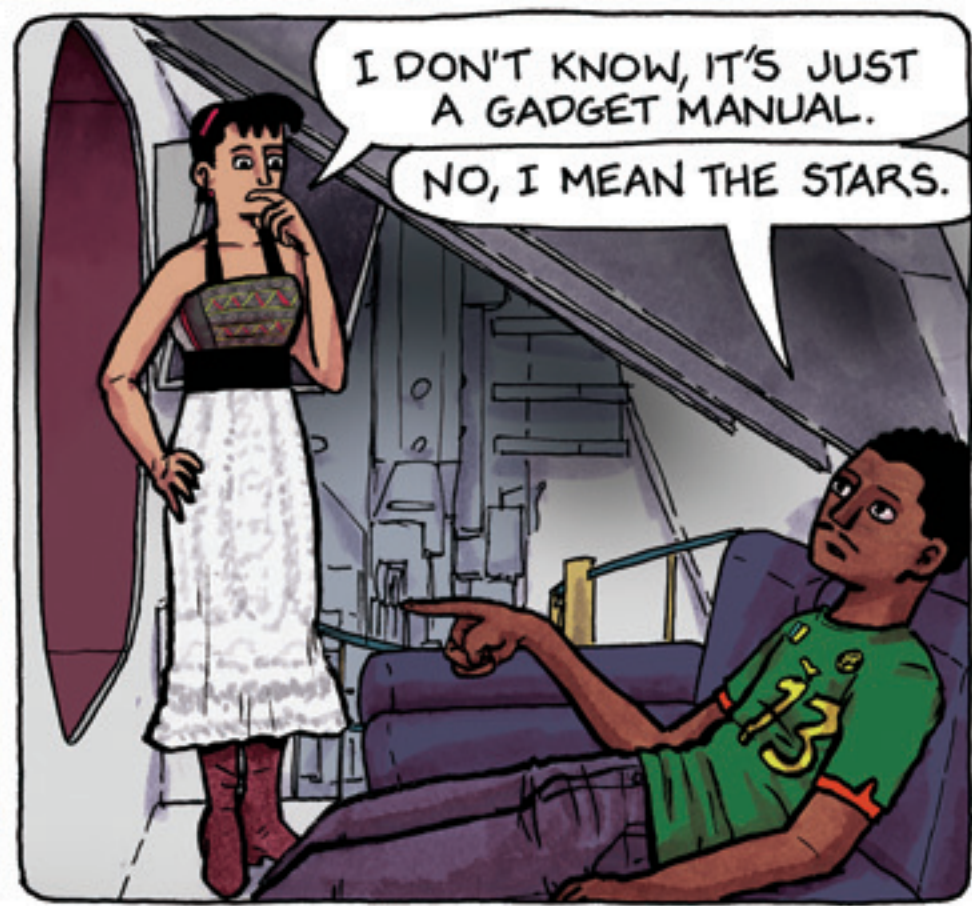


I'VE **ALREADY** READ THE MANUAL. TWICE.

AH.



IT'S BEAUTIFUL, ISN'T IT?



I DON'T KNOW, IT'S JUST A GADGET MANUAL.

NO, I MEAN THE STARS.

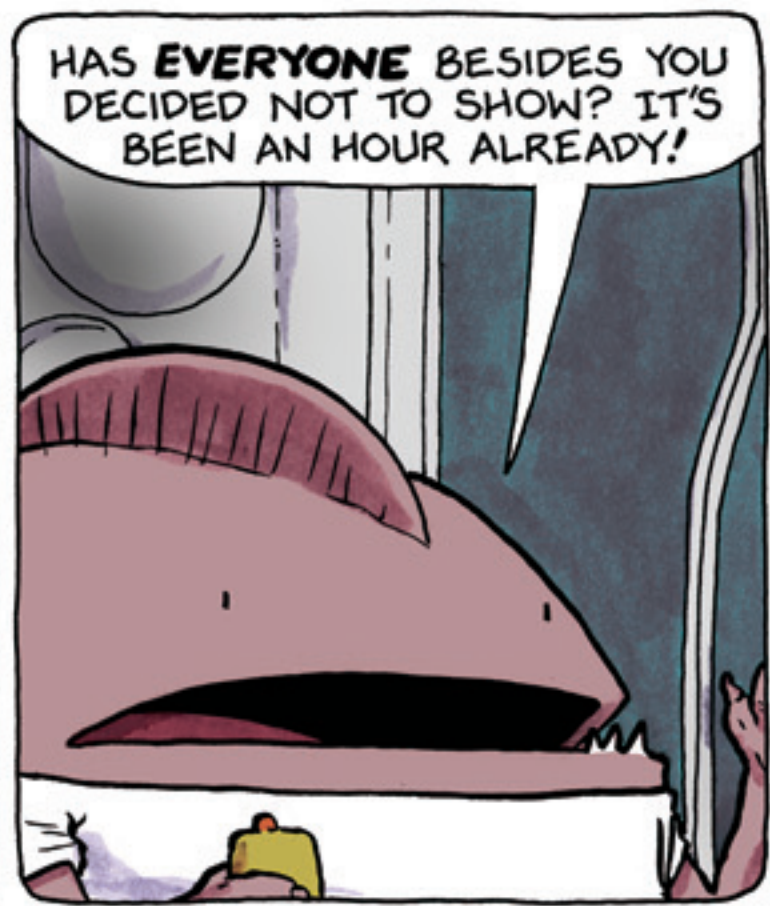


OH. YES.



THEY **ARE** PRETTY.

EARTH'S A FAR FAR WAY AWAY AND I MISS MY CAT.



HAS **EVERYONE** BESIDES YOU DECIDED NOT TO SHOW? IT'S BEEN AN HOUR ALREADY!



I **STILL** CAN'T FIGURE OUT HOW TO TURN IT ON! SHOW ME **AGAIN**.

I'M IN HELL.



IS EVERYONE ON BOARD?  
WHERE'S DUSTIN?

IN THE BATHROOM.  
HE WANTED US TO GO WITHOUT HIM.

WELL, AS YOU KNOW,  
WE'RE HEADING DOWN  
FOR A SHORT STOPOVER  
ON TORNITUS 6.

WE FELT YOU SHOULD TAKE  
IN SOME GALACTIC CULTURE  
BEFORE FACING THE G.O.B.\*

THAT'S NOT  
WHAT KREP SAID.

\*GALACTIC ORGANIZATIONAL BODY

WHAT DID KREP SAY?

"THAT FAT FISH JUST  
WANTS TO STUFF HIS FACE AT  
HIS FAVORITE RESTAURA--"

MOVING ON!

IT'S A NEWHAB, WHICH  
MEANS IT HAS CONDITIONS  
TO SUSTAIN LIFE, BUT NO  
SENTIENT BEINGS WERE FOUND.

AND HAS THEREFORE  
BECOME A TRADE  
CENTER, A MELTING POT  
OF MANY RACES.

I WILL GIVE YOU SOME  
POCKET MONEY SO YOU CAN...

A PLANET WITH ONLY  
COWS AND FISH. HM.

ACTUALLY,  
THERE **ARE**  
SENTIENT TORNITES.

BUT NOGG JUST SAID--

I READ THE G.O.B. REPORT.  
IT WAS PRETTY CLEAR.

WELL, THEY MUST'VE HAD A  
VERY GOOD REASON THEN.

THE TORNITES WERE DEEMED  
NON-SENTIENT DUE TO BEING  
SUCH EMBARRASSINGLY  
AWFUL DRESSERS.

OH.

SIMILAR TO THE EEBS. IT'S ALL  
ABOUT WORDS. THE G.O.B.  
DEFINED PART OF THE LEGAL  
TERM "SENTIENT" AS: DISPLAYING  
A "MEASURABLY SIGNIFICANT"  
SHOW OF WILL, AS WELL AS A  
"MEREST MODICUM" OF TASTE.

GOD, NOGG IS STILL BLATHERING  
ON. I WISH HE'D SHUT UP.

NOGG, I NOTICED THAT THE  
MAIN SHIP AND THESE WING  
SHIPS ARE BUILT TO CARRY  
SCORES OF CREW, AND YET  
WE CURRENTLY HAVE ONLY  
NINE. WHAT HAPPENED?

YOU HAVE A TALENT  
FOR MAKING EVERYTHING  
APPEAR BLEAKER.

I READ THE SHIP LOGS.  
HE'S ONLY NOT TELLING  
US BECAUSE IT'S FAR TOO  
HORRIBLE TO RELATE.



THEY WERE ALL IN AWE, WHICH IS NO SURPRISE BEING THAT THEY WERE POSSIBLY THE FIRST HUMANS TO SEE ANOTHER PLANET.

YOU WEREN'T IN COLLEGE IN THE 60S.



"I POINTED OUT LANDMARKS. THE INVISIBLE MOUNTAINS OF TILLITH."



"THE BENT FOREST OF KLORN SURROUNDING THE STINKY WELL OF KLORN."



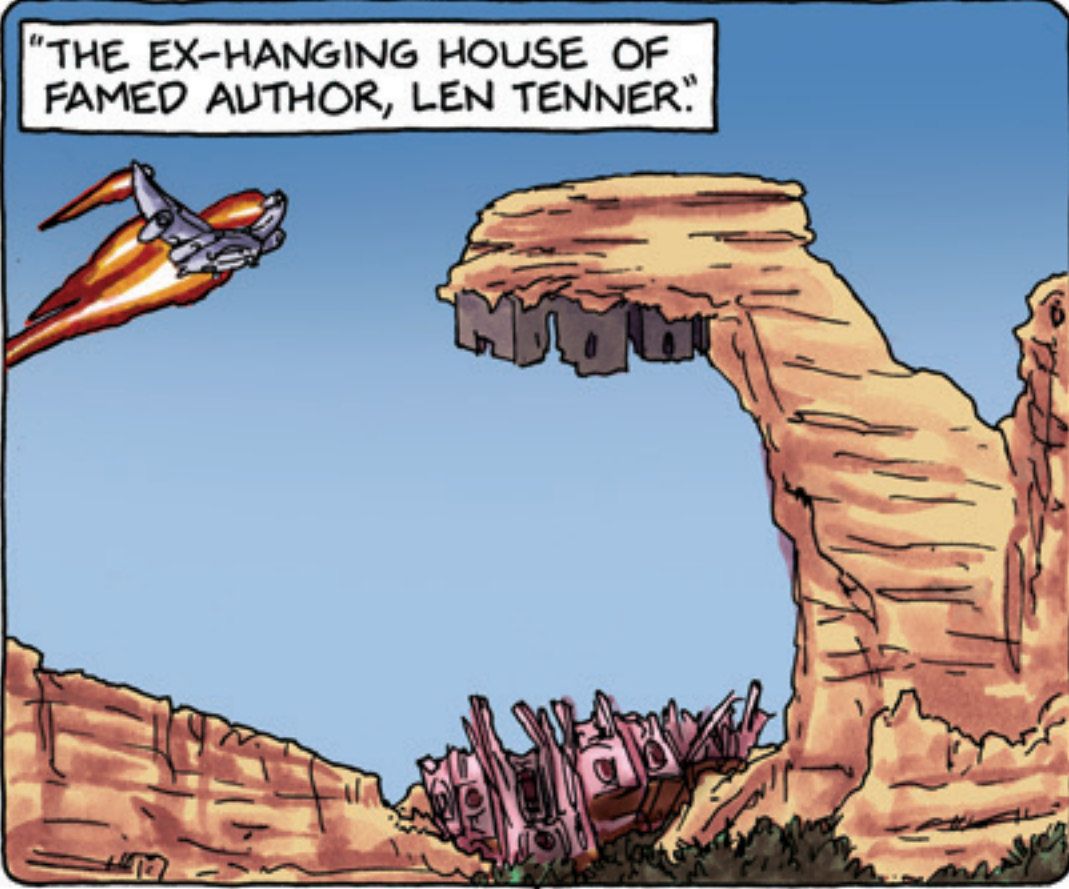
"THE SUBTERRAN SPURTS OF THE CRACKED PLAINS."



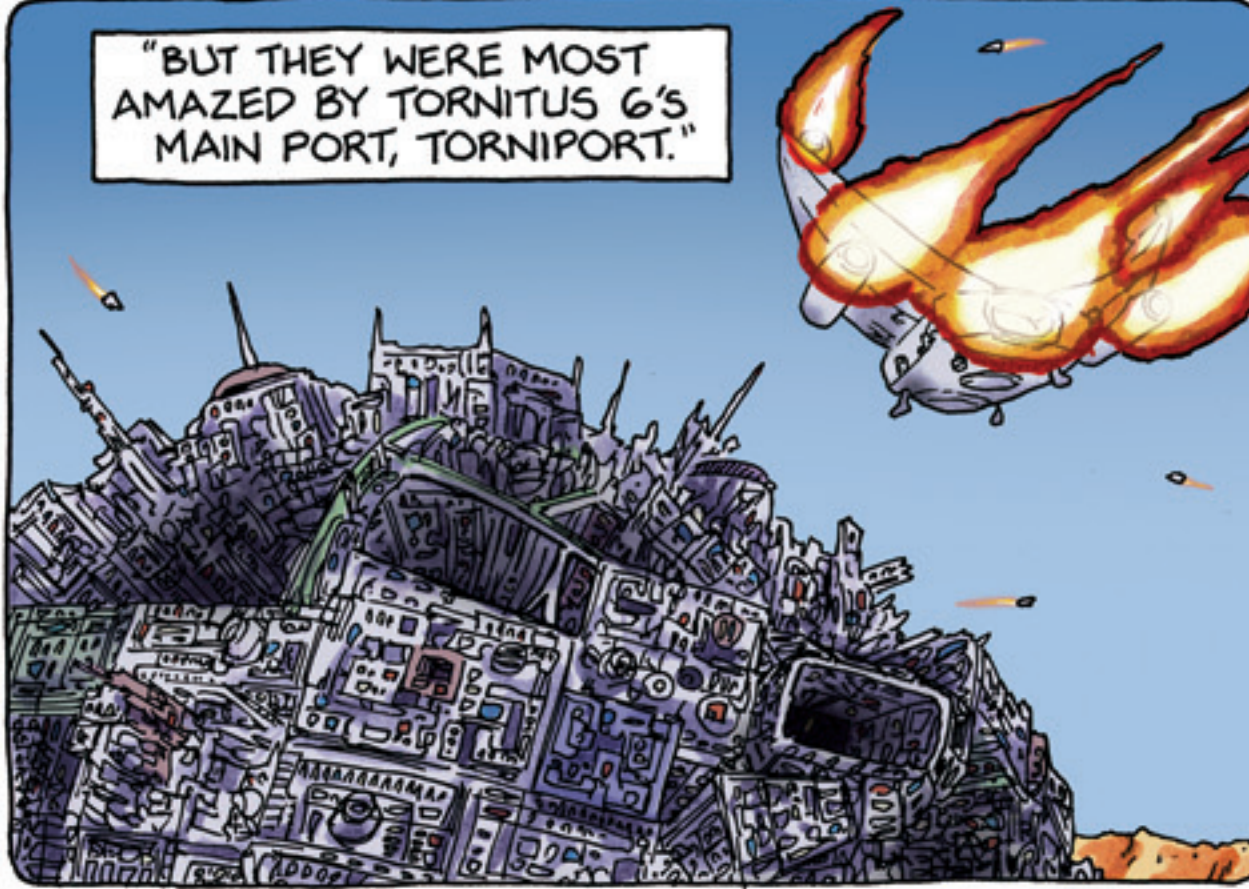
"NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH THE CRACKED SPURTS OF THE SEBTAUREN PLANES."



"THE EX-HANGING HOUSE OF FAMED AUTHOR, LEN TENNER."



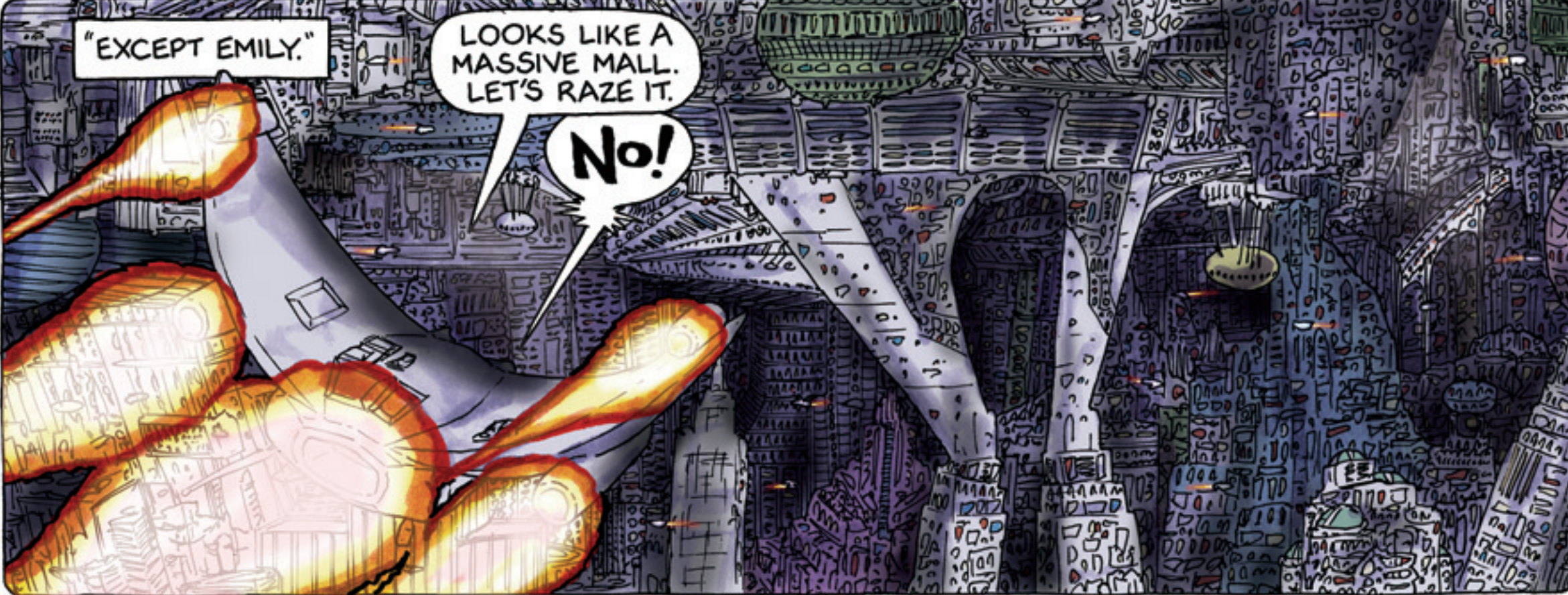
"BUT THEY WERE MOST AMAZED BY TORNITUS 6'S MAIN PORT, TORNIPORT."



"EXCEPT EMILY."

LOOKS LIKE A MASSIVE MALL. LET'S RAZE IT.

No!

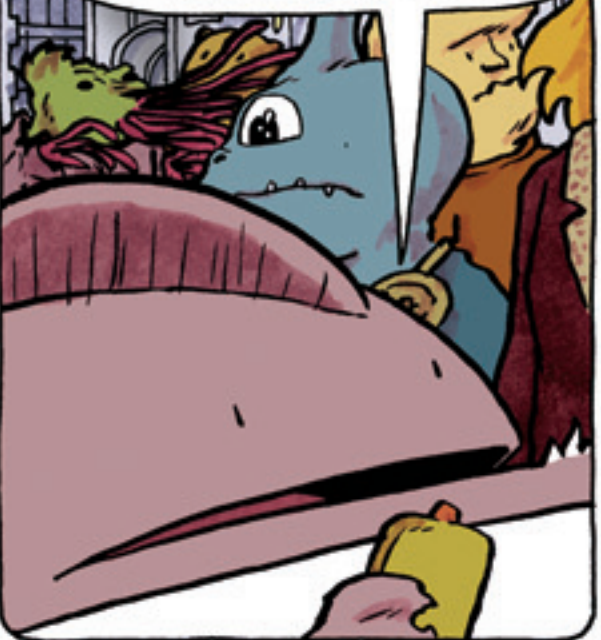




OKAY. THIS IS THE MAJOR SHOPPING CENTER OF TORNIPORT. YOU HAVE MONEY, BUT EXPECT IT TO GO FAST BECAUSE YOU'LL LIKELY BE SWINDLED.



YOUR APPROXISCANS WILL HELP YOU GET BACK HERE. I CAN ALSO USE THEM TO TRACK YOUR LOCATIONS.



MAYBE WE DON'T WANT- FOR YOUR SAFETY! TRUST ME, I DON'T GIVE A CRAP WHERE YOU GO.



AND IF THAT FAILS, WE ARE PARKED IN F LOT, SPOT 3,132P. I'LL SEE YOU HERE IN TWO HOURS.



CAN'T I COME WITH YOU?



NO, I HAVE BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO, AND EXPLORING WILL BE GOOD FOR YOU.

HAVE FUN.



I'M SORRY I'M SORRY I'M SORRY I'M SORRY.

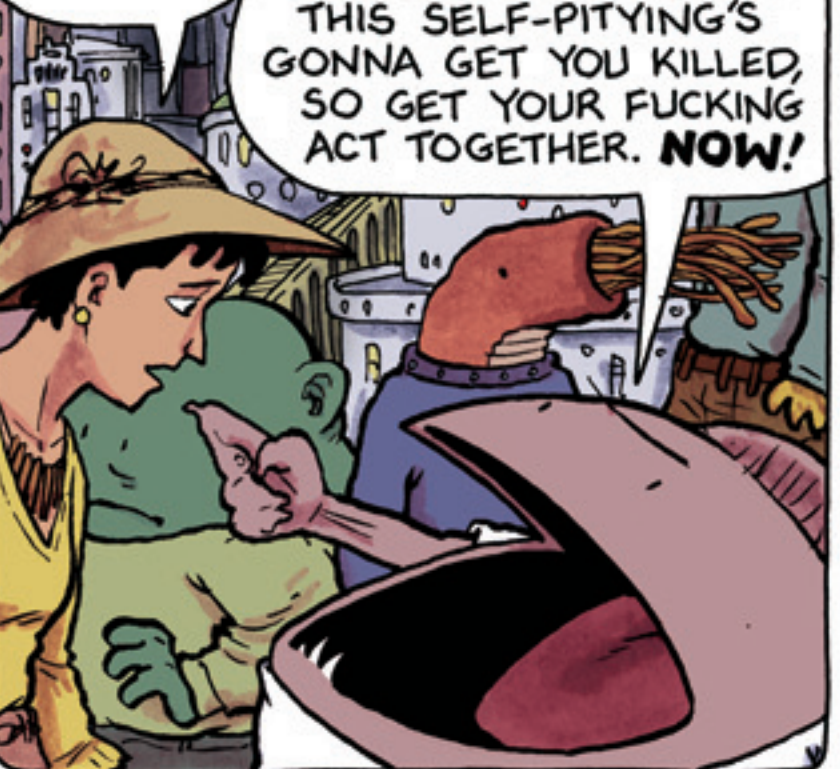


EXCUSE ME. I WAS JUST TAKING HER TO THE MENTAL HOSPITAL, SORRY SHE BOTHERED YOU.



COME ON, BEFORE HE DECIDES TO KILL YOU.

SORRY, NOGG.



SO FAR I'VE BEEN GENTLE, MARTINA, BUT THIS SELF-PITYING'S GONNA GET YOU KILLED, SO GET YOUR FUCKING ACT TOGETHER. NOW!

BUT- OR I'LL SLAP YOU! NOW GO HAVE FUN, OKAY?



FINE. TAG ALONG.

OOH, LET'S GO CLOTHES SHOPPING.







WELCOME TO GAHRT'S BAKERY. HOW MAY I HELP YOU?

HOLD ON, I'M NEW WITH THE APPROXISCAN. GOTTA SEE WHAT FOODS MY BODY CAN BIOLOGICALLY HANDLE.



DON'T WORRY, I'VE ALREADY SCANNED YOU. AVOID THE ITEMS WITH RED BLINKING LIGHTS.

EXCELLENT. ONE EACH OF THE EDIBLES, PLEASE.



"TWENTY MINUTES LATER."

AHHHHH... YOU'RE SUCH A GOOD BAKER, MRS. GAHRT.

BUT...

SIGH...



WHAT IS IT?

NOTHING. IT'S JUST... EVEN THE BEST PASTRY CAN'T COMPARE TO THOSE FROM MY MOTHERLAND.



REALLY? ARE THEY THAT GOOD?

"GOOD"? ONE BITE OF A RUSSIAN TEA COOKIE, AND YOU'D BE RUINED FOR ALL OTHER COOKIES.



WHEN MY GRANDMOTHER TAUGHT ME THE RECIPE, SHE WEPT TO KNOW HER BLOOD IN ME WOULD CARRY IT ON LIKE A RIVER.



BUT IT IS A FAMILY SECRET, I CAN ONLY SHARE IT FOR A VERY GOOD REASON, SUCH AS TO PREVENT GREAT CRUELTY.

OH.



HERE'S WHERE YOU SUGGEST SOMETHING CRUEL, LIKE BREAKING MY HANDS IF I DON'T SHARE IT.

OH? UH, I'LL BREAK YOUR HANDS IF YOU DON'T SHARE IT.



THAT'S NOT ENOUGH! I'LL NEVER TELL!

BUT... YOU SAID...



NOW **ESCALATE** IT. "KNEECAPS" NEXT. I'LL GIVE IN WHEN YOU REACH SOMETHING HORRID, LIKE DROWNING ORPHANS.



TRY IT: "KNEEEEE... CAAAAPS..."

HOW ABOUT I JUST THREATEN TO BLAST YOU WITH THIS GUN MY DAUGHTER KEEPS UNDER THE COUNTER?





THERE THEY ARE: MY GRANDMOTHER'S TEA COOKIES. SIMPLE, YET PERFECT.



THEY'RE DONE? BUT YOU DIDN'T USE THIS INGREDIENT CALLED "VODKA." WHAT DID WE SYNTHESIZE THAT FOR?

TRY A NIBBLE.



THIS IS... DIVINE... THIS IS...

GAH! NOT AGAIN!



BY BROGRAHM'S TEETH, MOM, I'VE TOLD YOU NOT TO LET STRANGERS BACK IN THE KITCHEN!

SHUAR, DEAR, HE'S SHOWING ME A COOKIE RECIPE. YOU REALLY MUST TRY ONE.



GLARE!



STOMP  
STOMP  
STOMP  
STOMP



I DO WELL WITH BAKING, BUT I MUST CONFESS, I WENT TERRIBLY WRONG WITH CHILD REARING.



DO YOU KNOW? SHE'S NOW WORKING AS A G.O.B. BOUNTY HUNTER? UNBELIEVABLE!

BEEP

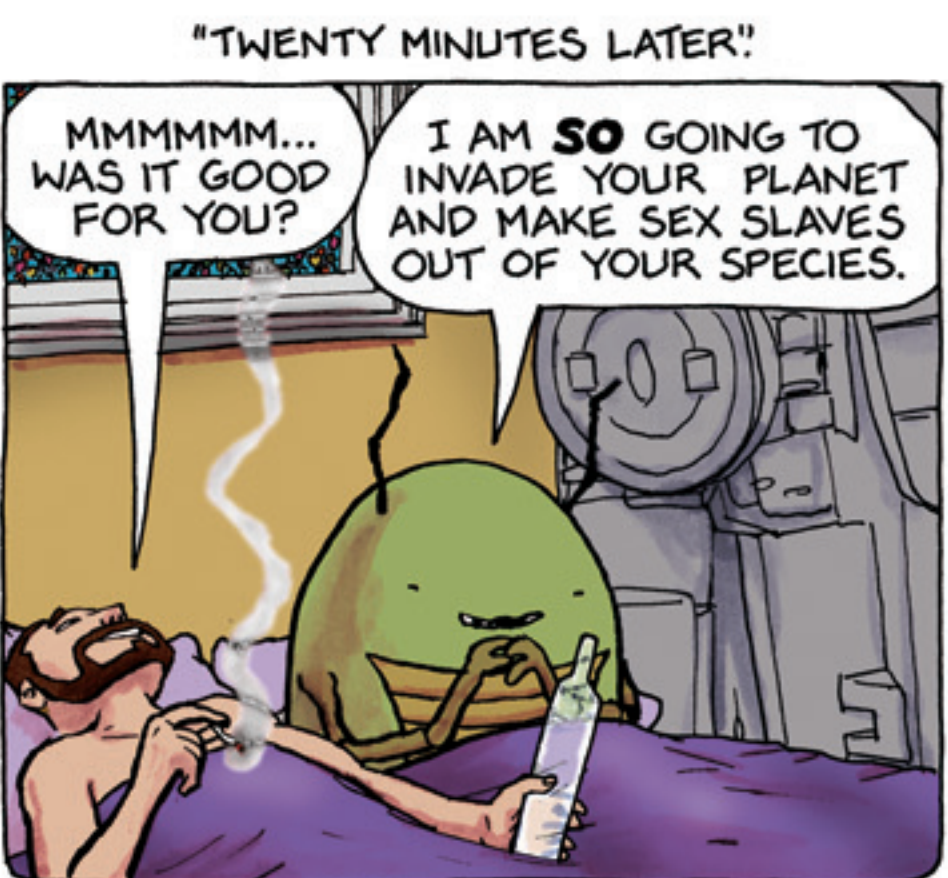


PAYING HER TO SIT AROUND ALL DAY AS LONG AS SHE'LL KILL WHEN CALLED. IT'S AWFUL BUSINESS.



WHY DON'T YOU STAY HERE, SAVOR THESE COOKIES AND STUDY THE RECIPE. I'LL GO TRY TO TALK WITH HER.

REALLY? THAT IS TOO KIND.



"TWENTY MINUTES LATER!"

MMMMMM... WAS IT GOOD FOR YOU?

I AM SO GOING TO INVADGE YOUR PLANET AND MAKE SEX SLAVES OUT OF YOUR SPECIES.





NICE MASKS.

REALLY?



SURE. THEY'RE COLORFUL. I LIKE THEM.

I DON'T BELIEVE IT.



WHAT? DOES NOBODY ELSE LIKE THEM?

NO NON-NATIVES.



NATIVES OF WHERE? TORNITUS 6 IS A NEWHAB, RIGHT? NO NATIVE SENTIENTS?

OH! NICE! GO AHEAD, RUB A MIHRRGROOT ON MY TESTICLES WHY DON'T YOU!



BY THAT DISTURBING EXPRESSION, I TAKE IT YOU'RE A NATIVE.

YES. SHEESH. AND THEY SAY THAT **WE** ARE DIM.



I'LL BUY A MASK. HEY, LET ME ASK YOU, HOW DO THE "NON-NATIVES" TREAT ANIMALS?

THEY VALUE THEM VERY HIGHLY AND TREAT THEM WELL.



THANK GOD, FINALLY SOME KINDNESS IN THE GALAXY.

THE FURRYITES, FOR INSTANCE.



DESPITE BEING RUTHLESS KILLERS, FURRYITES ARE HOUSED IN LUXURY AND FED DELICIOUS FOOD.



NICE. I'D LOVE TO SEE THEM.

THERE'S A PLACE A FEW BLOCKS **THAT** WAY. THEY'RE REALLLLLY CUTE.







HEY! WHERE D'YA THINK YOU'RE GOING?

YEAH! YOU CAN'T COME IN HERE.



SORRY, I WAS LOOKING FOR A TOILET.

NO EXCUSES. OUR ORDERS ARE TO KILL ANYONE WHO CROSSES THAT LINE.

LIKE YOU JUST DID.



THAT LINE? BUT YOU TWO MUST HAVE CROSSED IT.

OF COURSE WE DID! WE'RE ALLOWED!

US AND THE TRADE DELEGATES.



MAYBE I'M A TRADE DELEGATE.

YOU GOT NO BADGE.

WHERE DO YOU REPRESENT?



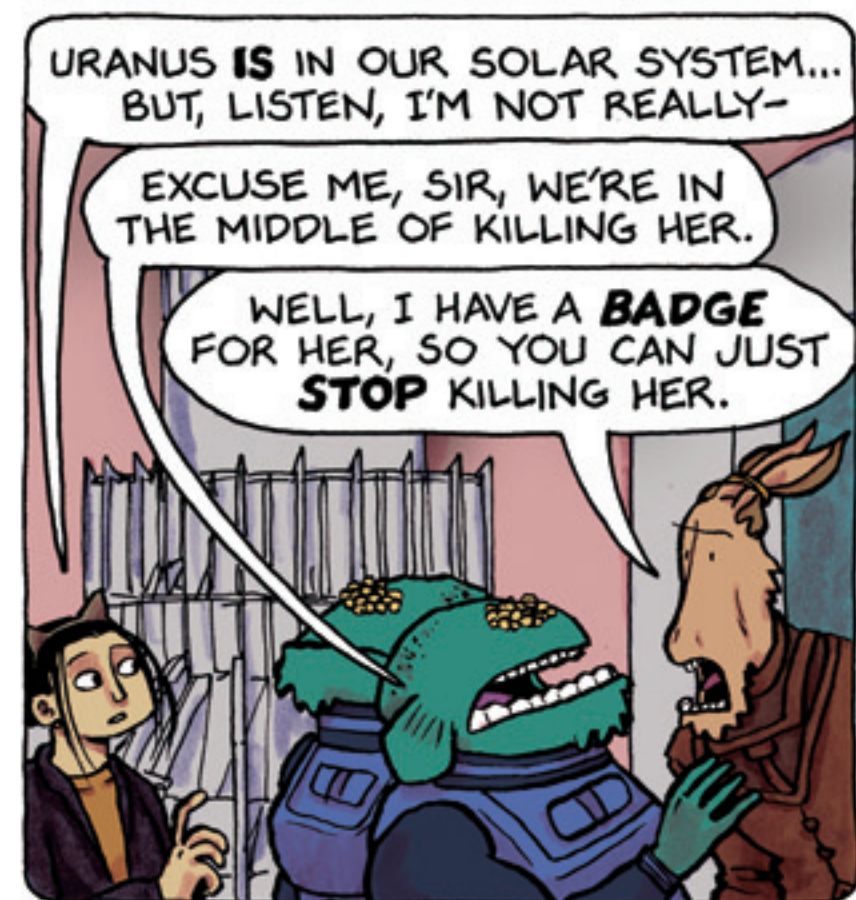
WELL... I COME FROM EARTH.

NEVER HEARD OF IT. WE'RE GONNA KILL YOU NOW.

EXCUSE ME, DID YOU SAY "EARTH"?



EARTH WHO OWNS URANUS? KNOWN FOR ITS RICH UNTOUCHED MINES OF DARKHUEINIUM?



URANUS IS IN OUR SOLAR SYSTEM... BUT, LISTEN, I'M NOT REALLY-

EXCUSE ME, SIR, WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF KILLING HER.

WELL, I HAVE A **BADGE** FOR HER, SO YOU CAN JUST **STOP** KILLING HER.



AND YOU BELIEVE HER? THAT SHE'S A TRADE REP?

YES! UNLESS YOU THINK SHE'S SOME SICK PERVERT WHO'S JUST LYING TO MAKE US FEEL LIKE GULLIBLE IDIOTS!



WHY DON'T I JUST GO?

WELL, IT'S THE RULES. WE GET TO KILL HER.

THEY SAID WE COULD KILL ANYONE WHO CROSSED-

WILL YOU JUST SHUT UP?!



GO AHEAD! FINE! YES! SLAUGHTER ANYONE WHO **ISN'T** A TRADE REPRESENTATIVE, BUT SHE **IS** A TRADE REPRESENTATIVE.



AREN'T YOU? OR ARE YOU SOME SICK PERVERT LIAR THEY CAN SLAUGHTER.

TRADE REP.



I DON'T NEED THE BATHROOM ANYMORE.

EXCELLENT! COME ALONG, THIS'LL BE SO MUCH FUN!



THIS IS KREILL, A FLARNIAN. SHREWD NEGOTIATOR AND HONEST AS A MIRROR.

LISTEN... ABOUT YOU THINKING I'M A TRADE REPRESENTATIVE...

"HONEST" BECAUSE IF A FLARNIAN FINDS OUT YOU'RE LYING, THEY'LL WILT. TERRIBLE. BEDRIDDEN FOR WEEKS.

OH. UM. BUT, I...

AH, HERE SHE IS: SHAIX, THE HEAD OF THE STAR TRADE CONSORTIUM.

WHO'S YOUR GUEST, ORTH?

THIS IS YURI NAKAGAWA. SHE'S HERE TO NEGOTIATE EARTH'S MINING RIGHTS ON URANUS.

ORE-RICH IN DARKHUENIUM. HM... THAT **WILL** BE BIG NEWS.

WE'LL PRESENT YOU AS THE NEXT FEATURED SPEAKER. NOT A PROBLEM.

BUT I DON'T-

KUU-DRAHC!

WHAT DID YOU THINK OF THIS MORNING'S PRESENTATION OF THE VREXZIL VENTURE.

IT'S NEARLY BREAKING WITH GALACTIC LAW.

DO YOU HAVE ANY RECOMMENDATIONS?

THERE SHOULD BE AN OVERSIGHT COMMITTEE SUBSIDIZED BY A PROFIT PERCENTAGE. I HAVE A NEPHEW WHO'S PARTICULARLY SKILLED AT THIS TYPE OF WORK, I'LL FORWARD YOU HIS RÉSUMÉ.

I'M SURE HE'LL BE PERFECT FOR THE POSITION.

AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT DESTROYING THE VREXZIL MOON. I'VE STAYED IN A HOTEL THERE, IT'S NOT IMPRESSIVE. RELOCATE THEM.

THEIR PETITION TIME IS 50 DRAAK-SIM ROTATIONS, MAKE SURE THEY'RE MOVED IN 49. AND WHO IS THIS? I DON'T RECOGNIZE THE SPECIES.

THIS IS YURI NAKAGAWA FROM EARTH, SHE'LL BE THE NEXT CONSORTIUM ORATOR. YURI, THIS IS KUU-DRAHC, THE APEX SPEAKER OF THE GALACTIC ORGANIZATIONAL BODY.

"EARTH." THAT'S AMUSING. **THEY** HAVEN'T CLAIMED A SEAT IN THE G.O.B. YET.

IT'S A LONG STORY. SHAIX, LISTEN, I REALLY DON'T THINK I SHOULD SPEAK IN FRONT-

NO, SHAIX, SHE REALLY MUST. I'M PARTICULARLY CURIOUS IN WHAT SHE HAS TO SAY **AND** WHAT BROUGHT HER HERE.

I AM **SO** DEEP IN SHIT.

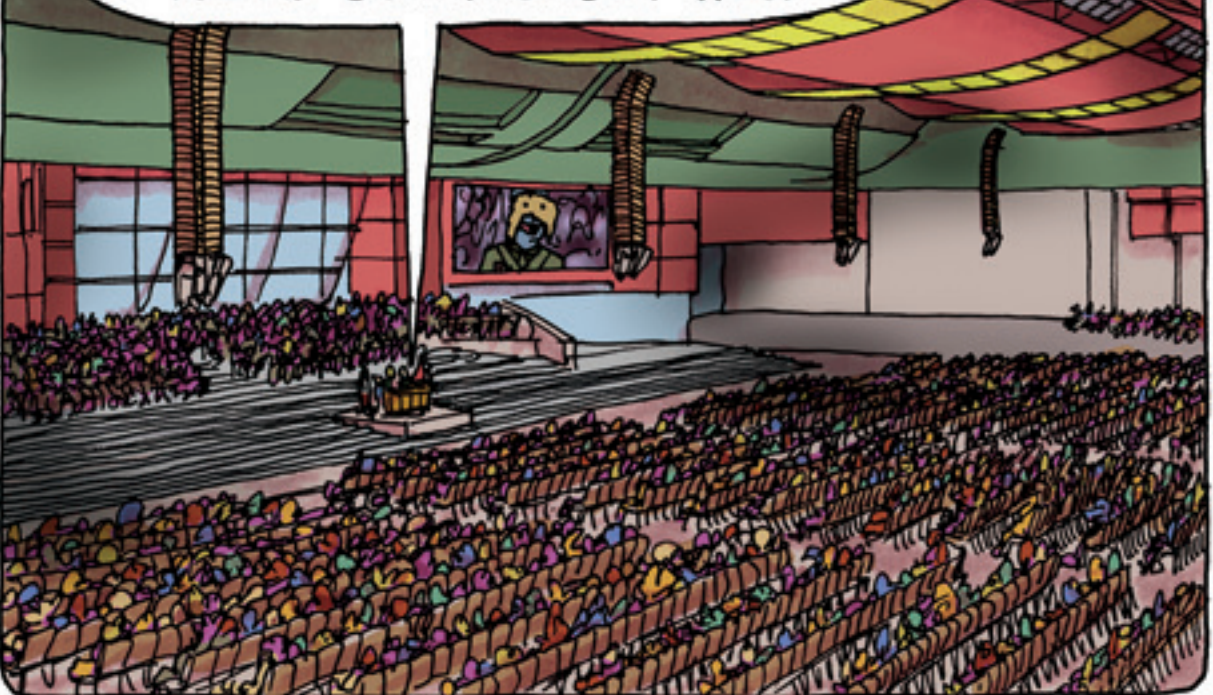
I'M THE HEAD OF THE FERTILIZER EXCHANGE. YOU'LL WANT TO TALK TO ME ABOUT THAT.



WE'VE GOT AN UNSCHEDULED SPEAKER FOR YOU NOW! HOLD ONTO YOUR SEATS, I **ASSURE** YOU THAT YOU'RE GONNA ENJOY THIS.

I'M GUESSING ONLY A FEW OF YOU ARE FAMILIAR WITH EARTH.

IN COMPLIANCE WITH GALACTIC LAW PROTECTING ASSETS OF DARK PLANETS FOR THEIR EVENTUAL ASCENSION,



THE PLANETS OF EARTH'S SOLAR SYSTEM HAVE ALL BEEN SURVEYED AND RECORDED BUT LEFT UNTOUCHED.

THEIR PLANET "URANUS"... IS RICH IN DARKHUENIUM. AND I MEAN **REALLY** RICH.

AND NOW WE HAVE THE BEING WHO'S GOING TO SELL IT TO YOU. ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE YOU TO YURI NAKAGAWA.



UMMM. HI.

LISTEN, KUU-DRAHC JUST INFORMED ME THAT HE'S GOING TO **INTERROGATE** ME AFTER THIS BECAUSE I'M FROM EARTH.

SO, SINCE I HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE, I GUESS I CAN TELL YOU THAT THIS IS ALL AN AWKWARD MISUNDERSTANDING.

I'M JUST PART OF A CREW ON A MISSION TO LIBERATE THE EEBs.



WHICH I SEE THAT MANY OF YOU HAVE.

ON LEASHES.

UM. YEAH. SO, I LIED WHEN I SAID I REPRESENTED EARTH. I'M NOT A TRADE REP. AT ALL.

ANY QUESTIONS?





AFTER SOME DIVERSION, MARTINA ACCOMPANIED ME TO VISIT BROTHER FURN OF THE UNEYETARIANS.

AH. A CULT. DID YOU PLAN TO BRAINWASH HER NEXT?



THE UNEYETARIAN CHURCH WAS FOUNDED ON PLANET BLOURT, WHERE THE SENTIENT RACE HAS ONLY ONE EYE, LOCATED ON THE LEFT SIDE OF THEIR HEADS.

HEY, GYNDOR-

GAH! I DIDN'T SEE YOU SNEAK UP ON ME!



THE STORY WAS THAT A PROPHET WAS BORN AMONG THEM, WITH TWO EYES, ONE ON EACH SIDE.

AAIIIEEE!!!



SHE SAID SHE WAS THE DAUGHTER OF GOD, AND THAT GOD COULD ONLY BE SEEN WITH THE RIGHT EYE. IT WAS A PRETTY GOOD GIG FOR HER.

THEY BUILT THEIR CIVILIZATION ON THIS BELIEF, EVEN REVERING THE ANIMALS OF THEIR PLANET BECAUSE THE ANIMALS HAD **BOTH** EYES. "MUTE BY THE AWE OF GOD" THEY CALLED IT.

THEIR CHURCHES WERE ELBOW SHAPED, WITH A THRONE IN AN ALCOVE AROUND THE RIGHT CORNER, SYMBOLIZING WHERE GOD SAT.

GOD ALSO TOLD ME I SHOULD EAT MORE CAKE.

CALL THE BAKER!



ARE YOU SURE IT'S NOT JUST STUPID?

HUSH, NOW.



THEY EVENTUALLY CONQUERED SPACE TRAVEL, AND FOUND THAT **MOST** BEINGS HAD EYES ON BOTH SIDES.

BUT IF OTHER SPECIES SAW GOD, THEY CERTAINLY DIDN'T SHOW IT.

THE CHURCH QUICKLY CRUMBLLED, BUT THEIR MORAL BELIEF SYSTEM DID NOT.

WE COME IN PEACE.



KZZPLORP!



ONE SHOULD BE GOOD FOR GOOD'S OWN SAKE, AND THOSE WHO PREACH GOODNESS SHOULD BE GIVEN MORE CAKE.

CALL THE BAKER!



AND SO THEY BUILD THEIR "CULTURAL CENTERS" AROUND THE GALAXY IN THE FORM OF THEIR OLD CHURCHES, AND TRY TO SPREAD FAIRNESS AND GOODNESS.

FEH! THEY DON'T SEEM TO MIND SOMEONE BEING SHANGHAIED AND DRAGGED ALL OVER THE PLACE AGAINST THEIR WILL.

THANKS FOR EXTENDING THE EXTRA MONEY, NOGG. YOU'RE THE BEST FISH ALIEN **EVER**.

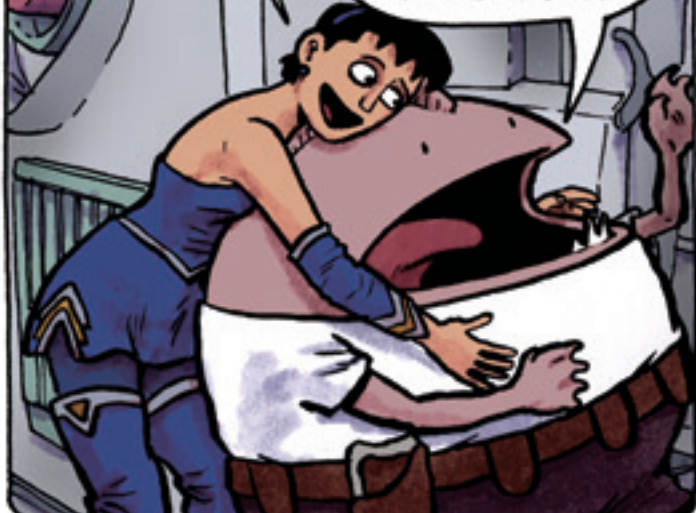
HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT OF RECONSIDERING YOUR ACTIONS?



I **KNOW!** DO YOU REALIZE HOW LONG SHE CAN SHOP FOR JUST **SHOES**?!



MUST! GO! IMPORTANT! ERRANDS!





BROTHER FURN,  
IT'S GOOD TO  
SEE YOU.

AND YOU TOO,  
NOGG. WHO'S  
YOUR FRIEND?

THIS IS MARTINA, FROM  
EARTH. HER PLANET ISN'T  
SEATED AT THE G.O.B., AND  
SO I'M ESCORTING HER  
AND HER FRIENDS THERE.

WELCOME, MARTINA.

PSST. DO YOU HAVE ANY  
IDEA HOW DANGEROUS IT IS  
TO ASSOCIATE WITH NOGG,  
AND TO WHAT ENDS YOU  
MIGHT BE PUSHED TOO?

I KILLED A SPACESHIP  
FULL OF BOLLYCKS.

EARTHLINGS ARE  
SAVAGE, AREN'T THEY?

WE WERE  
ATTACKED.

PIRATES.

WELL, I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU  
MANAGED TO GET HERE. PIRATES,  
AND THEN WITH THE APEX  
SPEAKER BEING HERE—

WHAT?!

YES. FOR THE STAR TRADE  
CONSORTIUM CONFERENCE.

KUU-DRAHC'S **HERE!** CRAP. I'VE  
BEEN SO BUSY BABYSITTING  
THE HUMANS, I'VE GOTTEN  
BEHIND ON THE NEWS.

AND HE BROUGHT HIS BEASTLY  
GROUP WITH HIM TOO. I HEAR THAT  
GROUP KILLED FOUR LINGYREN  
TOURISTS ALREADY.

WHAT? DID THEY FROWN  
IN KUU-DRAHC'S PRESENCE?

WORSE. THEY TOOK A PHOTO  
WITH THE APEX SPEAKER IN THE  
BACKGROUND... WITHOUT FILLING OUT  
THE APPROPRIATE CONSENT FORMS.

SICK. THAT'S JUST SICK.

LISTEN, ON THE TOPIC  
OF DEATH... WELL...

BROTHER FURN,  
CARDINALG2.... SHE'S DEAD.

OH, I AM SO  
SORRY. SO SORRY.

YOU'RE HERE FOR A NEW  
RECRUIT, AREN'T YOU.

AND TO STOP BY HIS  
FAVORITE RESTAURANT.

SUE ME! I LOVE  
FRIED FURRYITE!



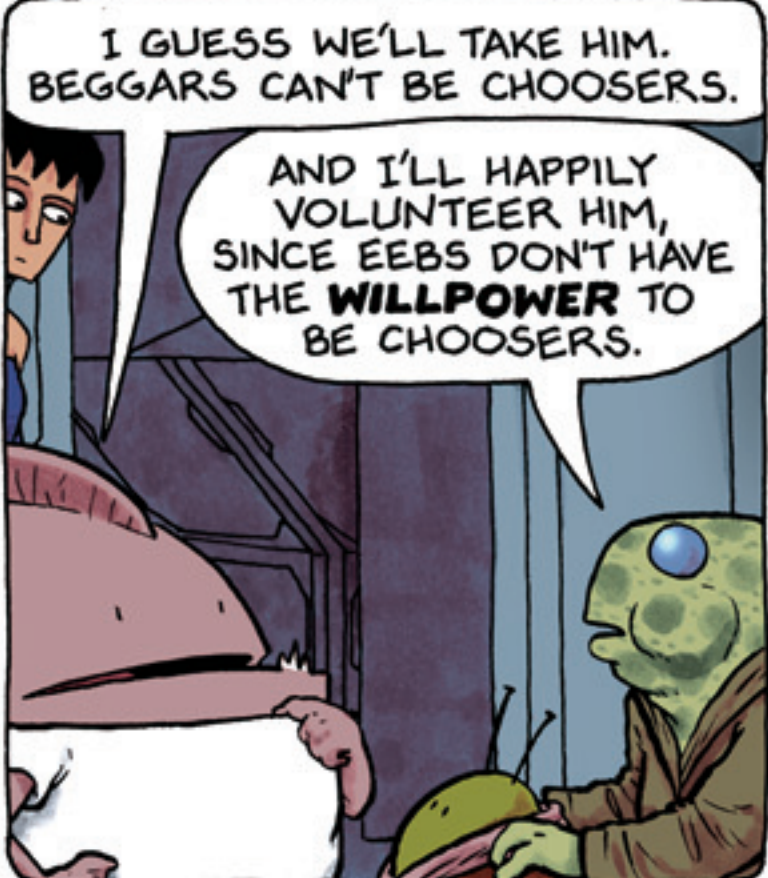


THIS IS GRAY17, TECHNICALLY HE'S AN EEB, ALTHOUGH HE'S PRETTY USELESS.

IS THAT A DIRECTIVE?



HE CAN FIX THINGS, BUT GENERALLY THE THING BEING FIXED DOES SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT THAN IT ORIGINALLY DID. AND IS COVERED IN DUCT TAPE. AND I WOULDN'T CALL IT "FIXED!"



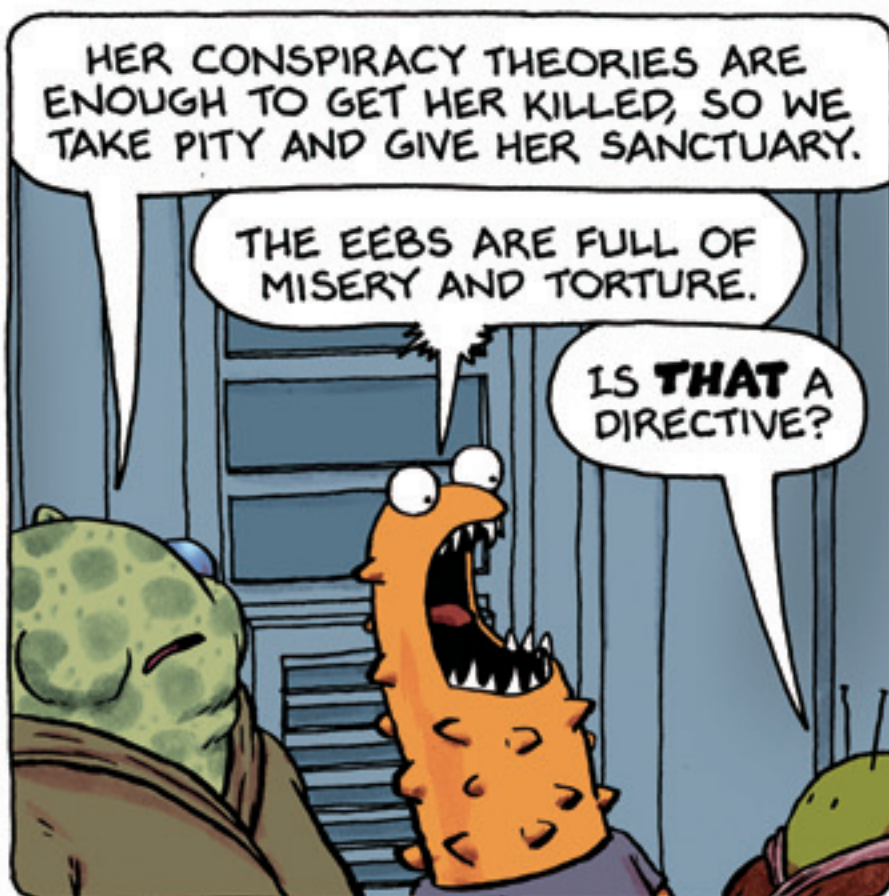
I GUESS WE'LL TAKE HIM. BEGGARS CAN'T BE CHOOSERS.

AND I'LL HAPPILY VOLUNTEER HIM, SINCE EEBs DON'T HAVE THE **WILLPOWER** TO BE CHOOSERS.



OF COURSE THEY DON'T! THEIR WILL WAS TAKEN BY THE MYSTICAL BEINGS OF NORBUS NORUS!

SIGH. THIS IS BREKT. SHE'S THE LOCAL NUTCASE.



HER CONSPIRACY THEORIES ARE ENOUGH TO GET HER KILLED, SO WE TAKE PITY AND GIVE HER SANCTUARY.

THE EEBs ARE FULL OF MISERY AND TORTURE.

IS **THAT** A DIRECTIVE?



THE ONE SUCCESSFUL BUT BLOODY BATTLE FOR EEB LIBERATION, THE BATTLE OF NIR, WAS SET UP BY THE G.O.B. TO CREATE A BACKLASH **AGAINST** THE EEBs!



AND, DID YOU KNOW? WHEN MAKING A SPACETRAWLER; AN EEB MUST BE SACRIFICED, KILLED, AND ITS SPIRIT PUT INTO THE MACHINE!



NOT THAT ANYTHING YOU DO TO STOP THIS WOULD MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE. THE G.O.B. IS CONTROLLED BY A SECRET SOCIETY WHICH HAS A FIRM FIST IN EVERYONE'S GUT.



IN FACT, THE FUGITIVE AND SHAPESHIFTER, J.F.K., WAS A FORMER SECRET SOCIETY MEMBER UNTIL HE BROKE WITH THE ORDER. THEY FRAMED HIM AND HE ESCAPED TO BECOME THE RULER OF A "DARK" PLANET UNTIL HE WAS TRACKED DOWN AND ASSASSINATED!



ABOUT THAT LAST ONE-

DO YOU WANT TO RECRUIT BREKT TOO?



SURE. MAYBE THE RATIONAL TONE OF OUR SHIP WILL SOBER HER UP A BIT.

FANTASTIC!

WHOA! CREW WITH NOGG! NO THANK YOU!



I MAY BE NUTS, BUT I'M NOT **THAT** CRAZY!



HEY, BIG ALIEN IN THE SUIT, TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON IN THERE.

IT'S A MEETING OF THE STAR TRADE CONSORTIUM. THE APEX SPEAKER IS HERE AS WELL.

IT SOUNDS IMPORTANT. I SHOULD **ATTEND**.

HAH! YOU CAN'T ATTEND WITHOUT A BADGE! IDIOT.

MOANNNN

SO, I LIED WHEN I SAID I REPRESENTED EARTH. I'M NOT A TRADE REP. AT ALL. UMM... ANY QUESTION?

YURI....

GRAB HER! DON'T LET HER GET AWAY!

EEEEEEEEEE!

YURI!

GROWP

PBRRING  
PBRRING  
BEEP

NOGG! YURI'S BEEN NABBED BY THE G.O.B. AT THIS STAR TRADE CONSORTIUM THING!

CRAP!

I GOTTA GO. SOME "GROWP" CHARACTER IS RUSHING AT ME LIKE A BUFFALO IN HEAT.

"GROWP"?! NO! DON'T FIGHT HIM! HE'LL WIN! RUN! RENDEZVOUS AT THE SHIP!

BEEP

COME ON, PUNK, LET'S SEE WHAT YOU'RE MADE OF.

TSHHH!

IF THIS IS THE BEST YOU GOT, IT'S PATHETIC.

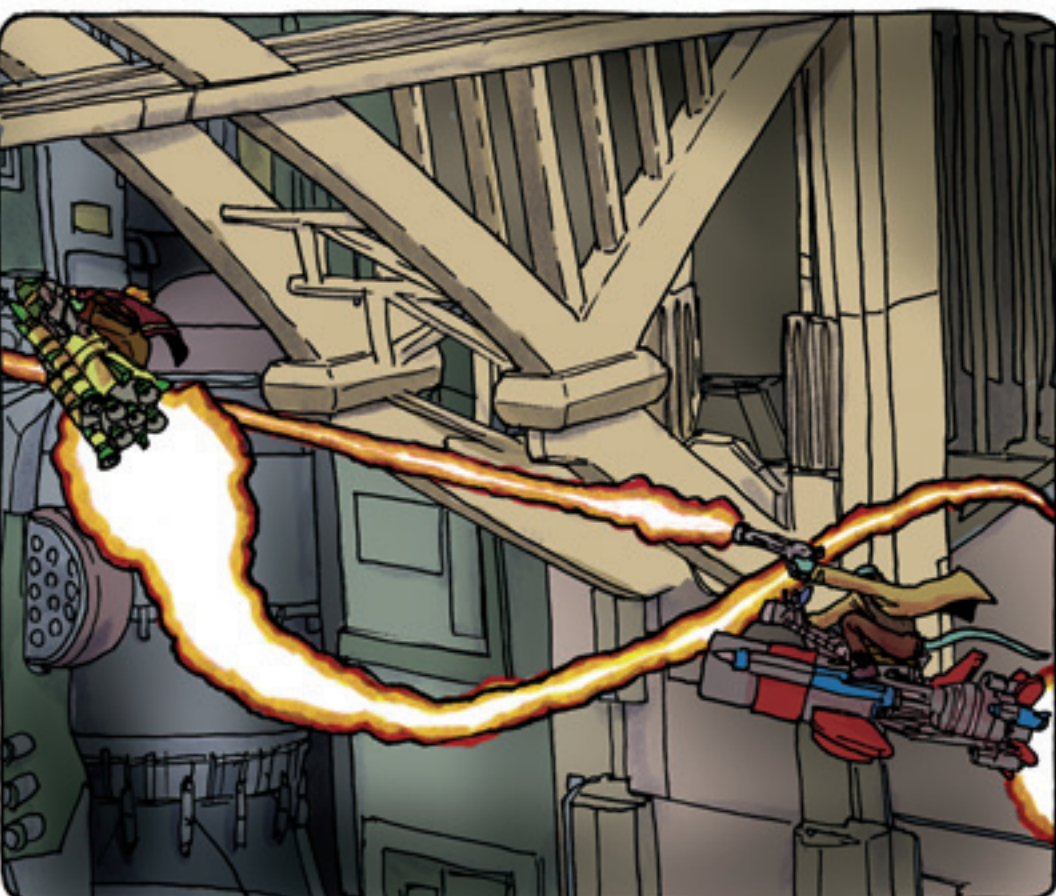
TRUST ME, IT'S NOT.

DAMN.

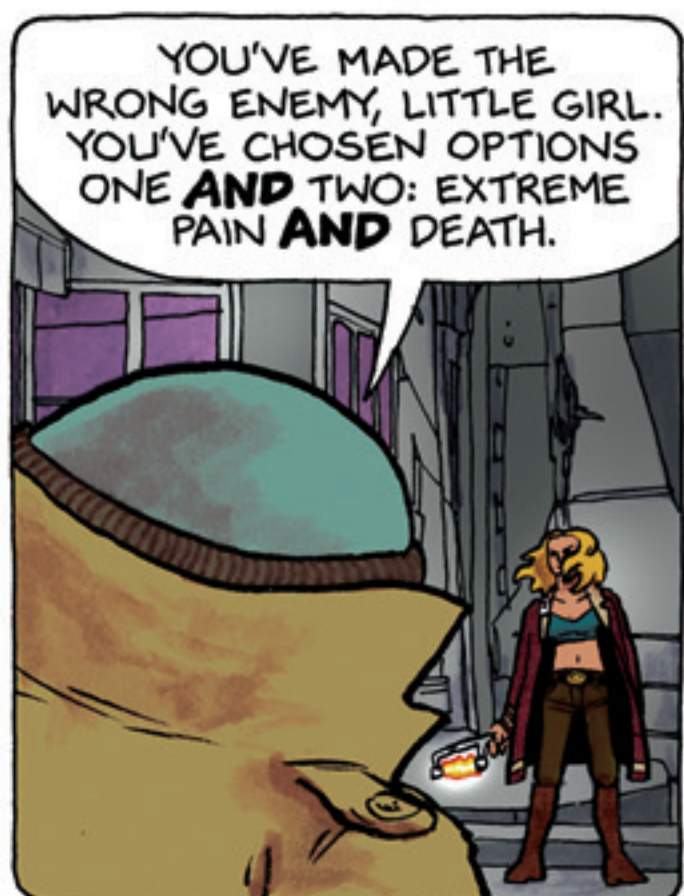


CHOOSE, EARTHLING,  
I CAN TAKE YOU WITH  
ME IN EXTREME PAIN....  
OR SIMPLY DEAD.

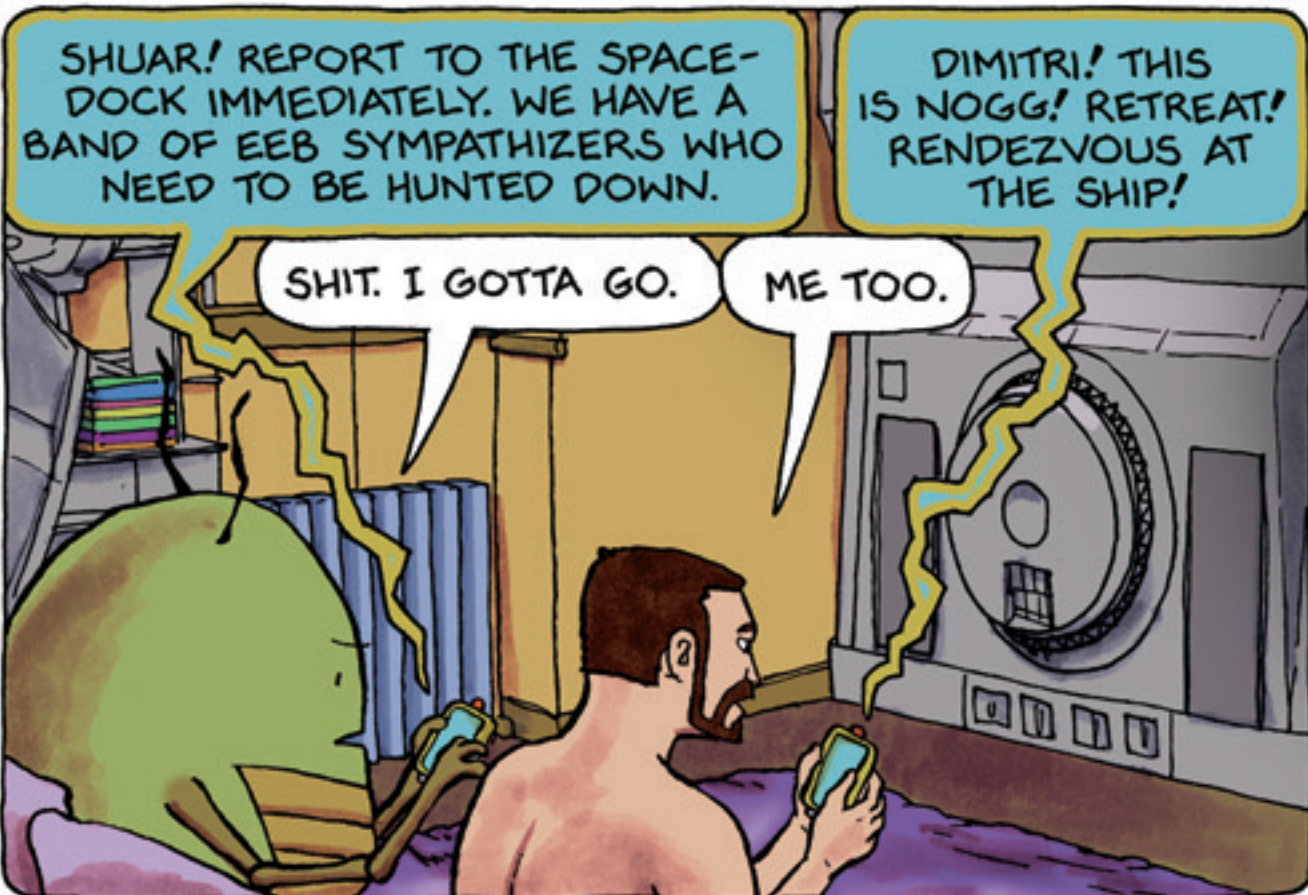
I'LL TAKE  
OPTION  
NUMBER 3.









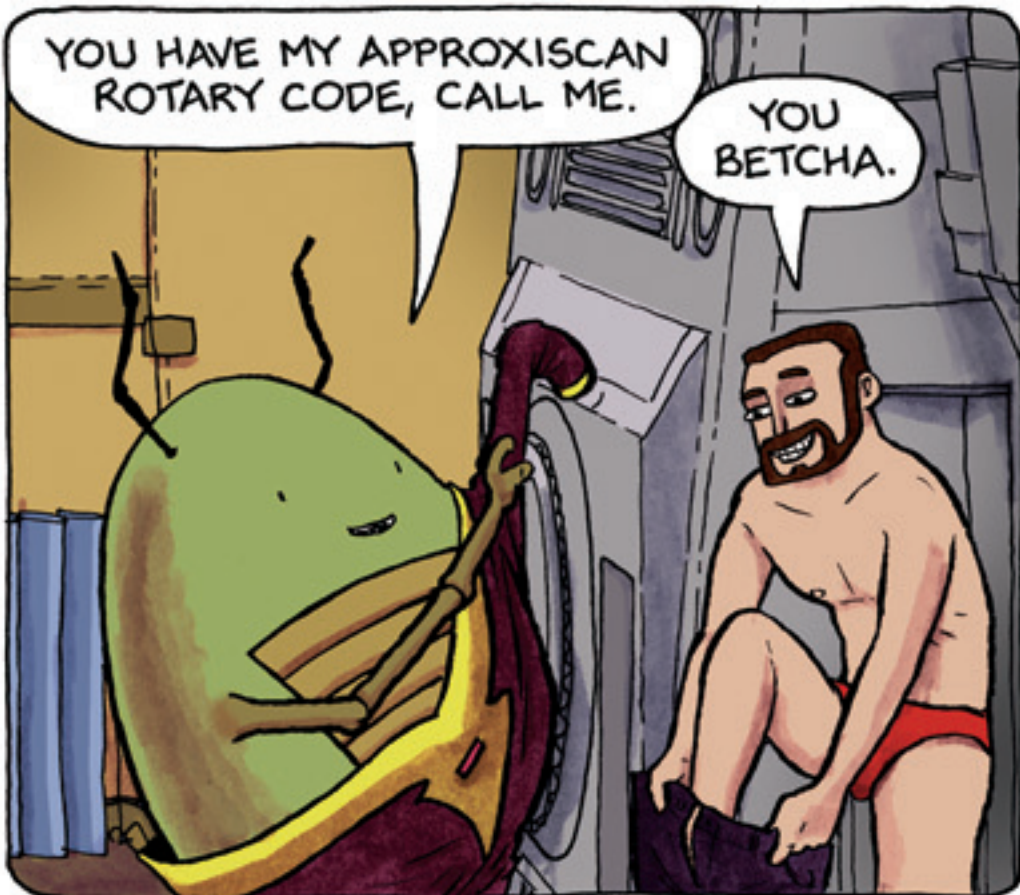


SHUAR! REPORT TO THE SPACE-DOCK IMMEDIATELY. WE HAVE A BAND OF EEB SYMPATHIZERS WHO NEED TO BE HUNTED DOWN.

DIMITRI! THIS IS NOGG! RETREAT! RENDEZVOUS AT THE SHIP!

SHIT. I GOTTA GO.

ME TOO.



YOU HAVE MY APPROXISCAN ROTARY CODE, CALL ME.

YOU BETCHA.



MOM! I'M OFF TO KILL CONSPIRATORS! DON'T WAIT UP.

HERE! TAKE SOME GOODIES!



HEY, MRS. GAHRT. I TRIED TALKING TO HER, BUT I DIDN'T HAVE ANY LUCK. AND I HAVE TO RUN, MY SHIP CAPTAIN'S CALLING.

WELL, THANK YOU FOR TRYING, BUT LISTEN, ABOUT THIS RUSSIAN TEA COOKIE RECIPE. I WANTED TO ASK-



YOU'RE WELCOME, BUT I CAN'T STOP TO TALK. IT'S URGENT.

BUT I WANT TO PRODUCE THEM! I MUST KNOW, DO YOU OWN THE RIGHTS AND WILL YOU LICENSE THEM?!



WHY, YES I DO. WHAT PERCENTAGE ARE YOU OFFERING?



NOT LONG AFTER THAT...

PIERROT. COME ON. NOGG TOLD ME TO PICK YOU UP BECAUSE YOU WEREN'T MOVING.

ONE MORE MINUTE.



POOM!



COUGH COUGH  
HEY, WHAT'S THAT?  
WHAT? HUH?



EEEEEEE!  
OH MY GOD,  
THE FURRYITES  
GOT IN HERE!  
FURRYITES!  
RUN!

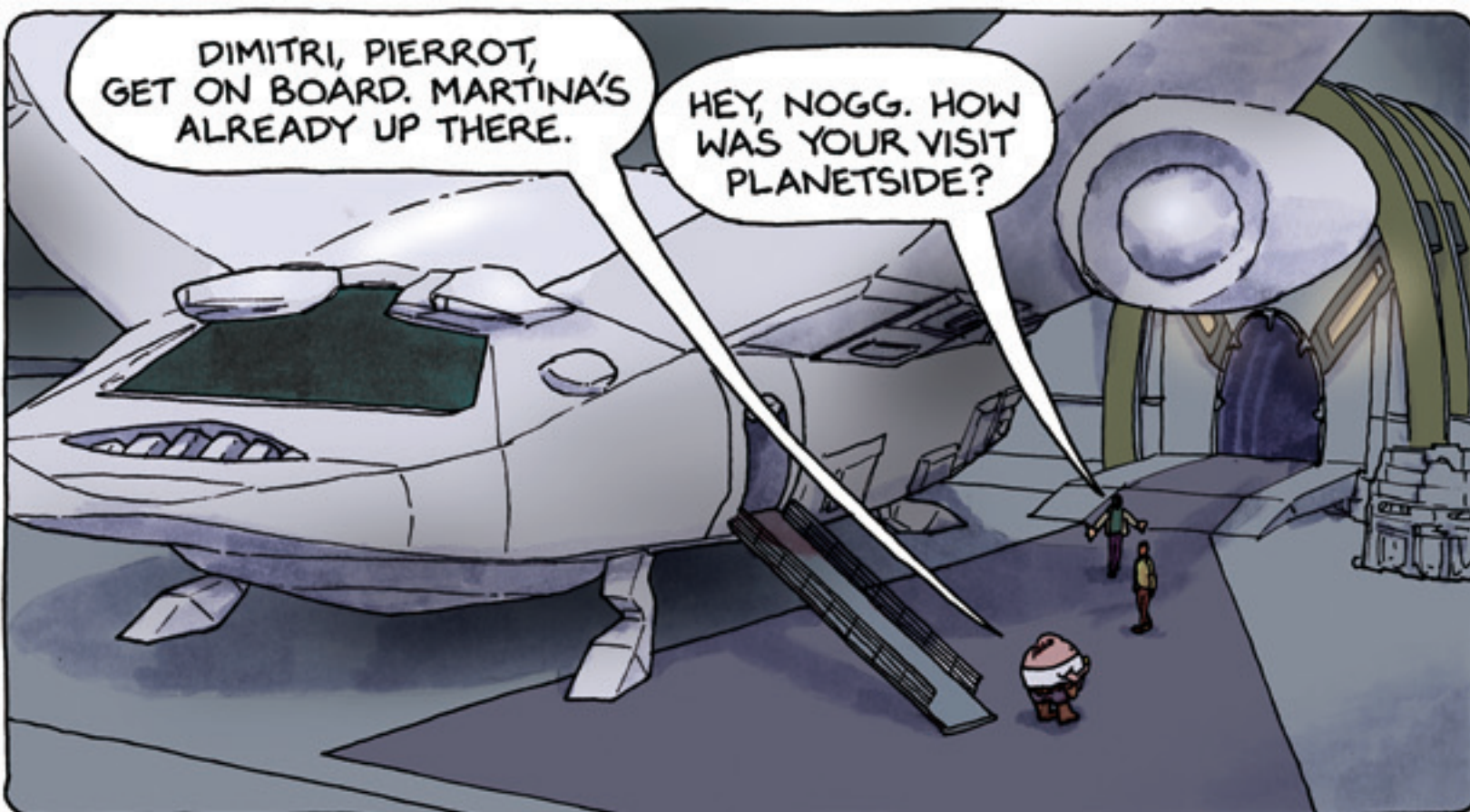


STAMPEDE!



OKAY, WE CAN GO NOW.  
ARE YOU SURE YOU  
DON'T WANT TO STOP  
IN FOR A SANDWICH?



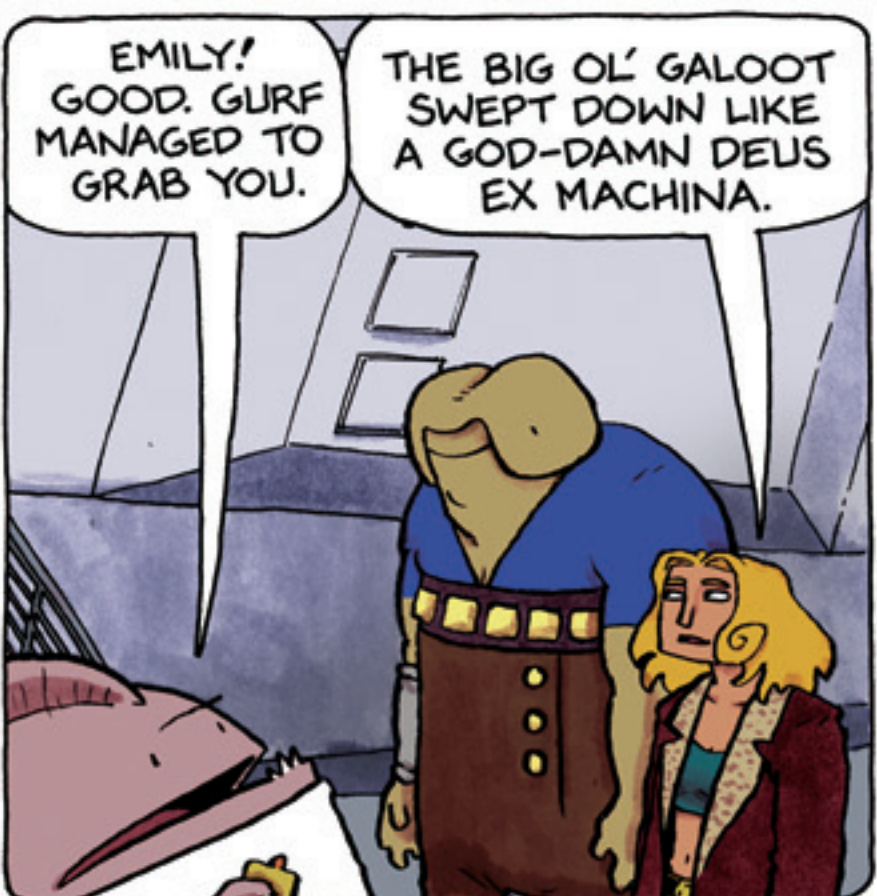


DIMITRI, PIERROT, GET ON BOARD. MARTINA'S ALREADY UP THERE.

HEY, NOGG. HOW WAS YOUR VISIT PLANETSIDE?



FINE, EXCEPT THIS DAMN EMERGENCY RETREAT. IT DIDN'T LEAVE ME TIME TO GET A FURRYITE SANDWICH.



EMILY! GOOD. GURF MANAGED TO GRAB YOU.

THE BIG OL' GALOOT SWEEP DOWN LIKE A GOD-DAMN DEUS EX MACHINA.



AND **GROGP** WAS THE ONE WHO NEEDED A HAND, NOT EMILY. HUR!

ALTHOUGH I'M STILL NOT SURE IF HE'S A TWISTED SADIST, OR MERELY A SIMPLETON.

SIMPLETON.

PBRRING  
PBRRING



OH. THANK GOODNESS, IT'S YURI.



YURI! WHERE ARE YOU?!



NOGG!



KUU-DRAHC!



I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED THIS STUPIDITY WAS YOUR HANDIWORK.

OH WELL, WE'LL JUST HAVE TO HUNT YOU DOWN AND KILL YOU I SUPPOSE.



GREAT PLAN, EXCEPT THAT YOU'LL NEVER CATCH US BECAUSE WE'RE SMARTER AND WILIER!



AND A THOUSAND SHIPS COME AND GO FROM TORNIPORT EVERY HOUR, SO YOU'LL NEVER KNOW WHICH SHIP WE ARE.



EXCEPT THAT YURI'S APPROXISCAN HAS A HOMING DEVICE SET UP FOR YOUR SHUTTLE.

OOP! GOTTA GO.



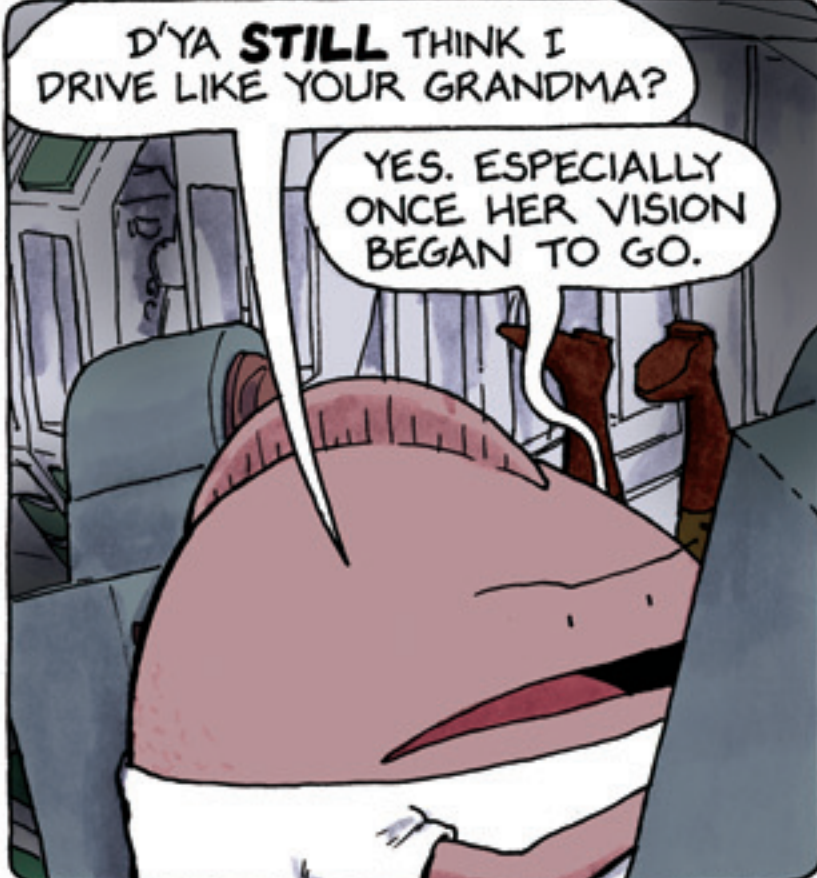
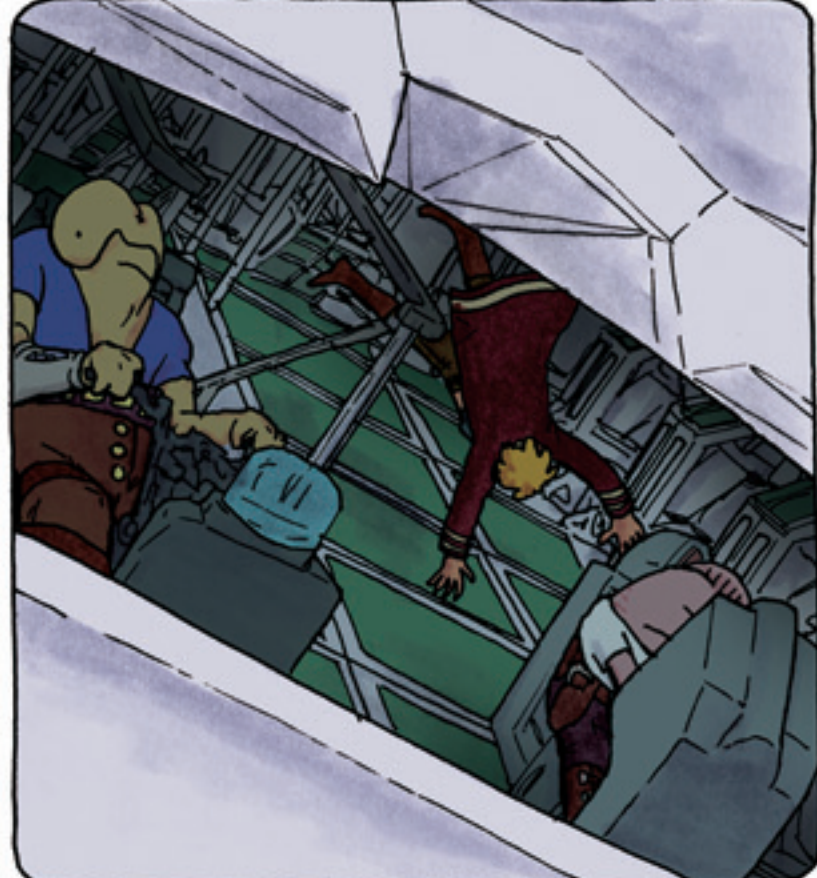
GURF, DISABLE THE HOMING LINK TO YURI'S APPROXISCAN!

KREP! FIRE THE ENGINES! THE MOMENT WE GET BACK TO THE IA STAR BANGER IT'S GONNA BE AN EMERGENCY RETREAT!

STRAP YOURSELVES IN, THIS IS ABOUT TO GET BUMPY.

TOO BAD YURI ISN'T HERE TO DO SOME **REAL** FLYING. YOU DRIVE LIKE MY GRANDMA.

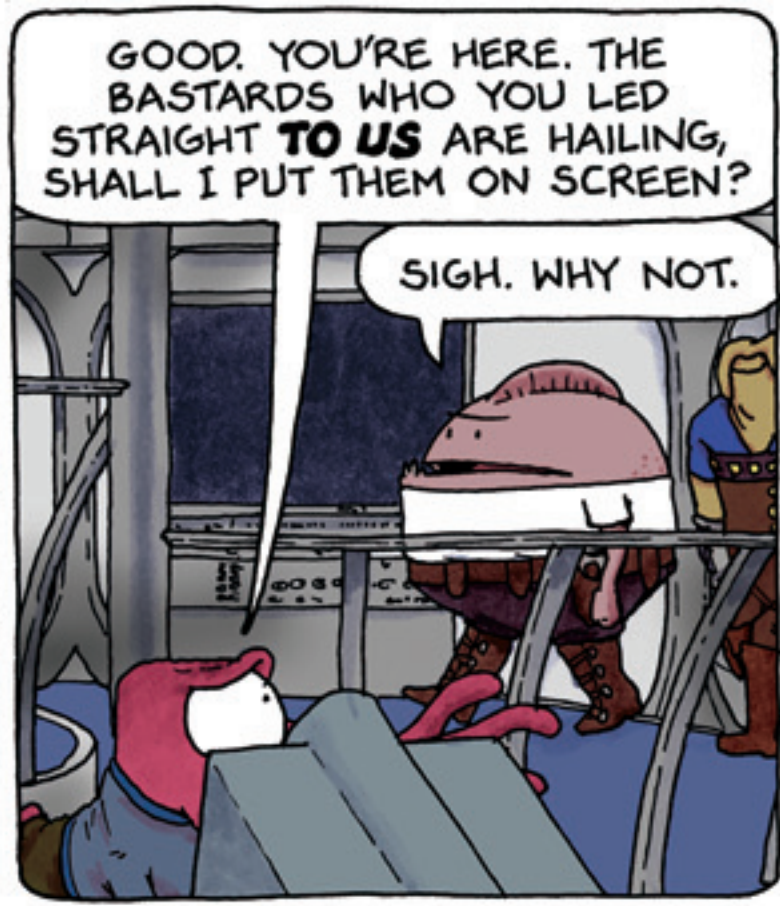
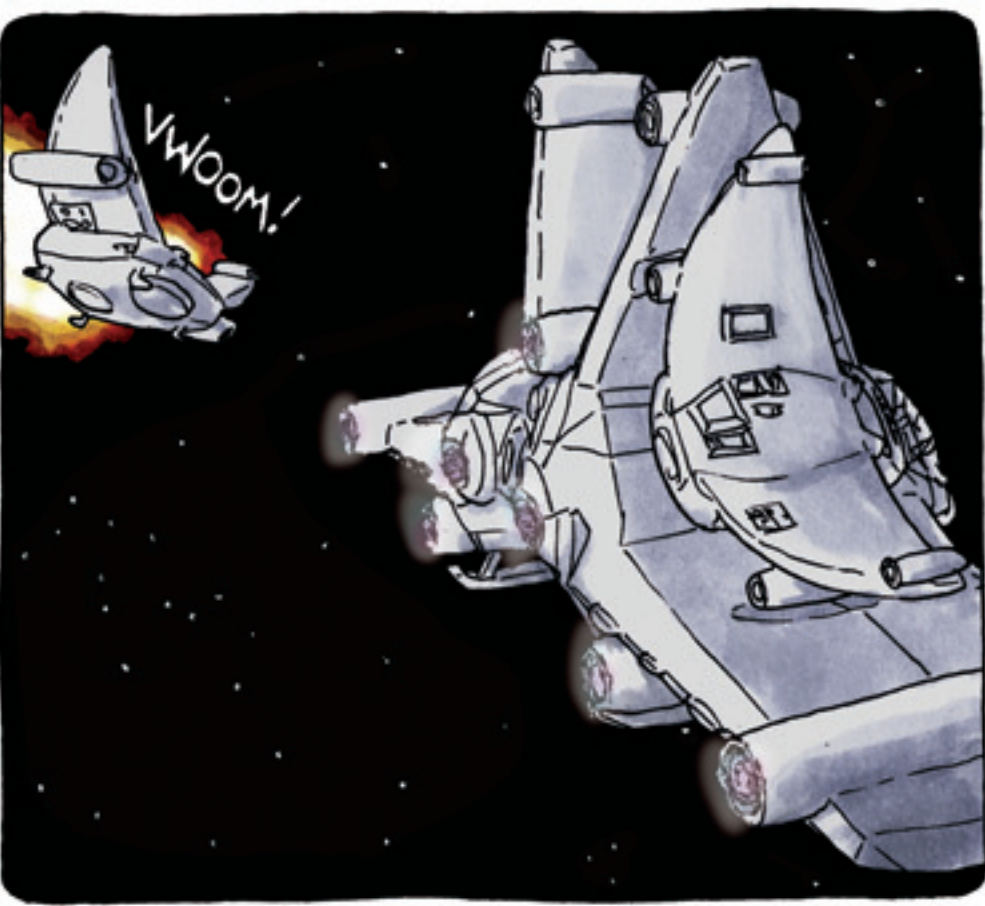
CRAP! THEY'RE ALREADY HERE!



D'YA **STILL** THINK I DRIVE LIKE YOUR GRANDMA?

YES. ESPECIALLY ONCE HER VISION BEGAN TO GO.





GOOD. YOU'RE HERE. THE BASTARDS WHO YOU LED STRAIGHT **TO US** ARE HAILING, SHALL I PUT THEM ON SCREEN?

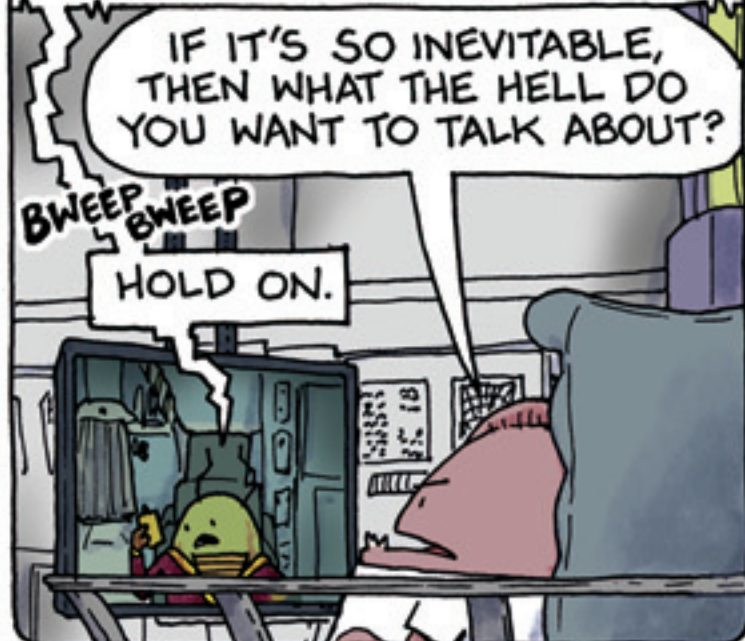
SIGH. WHY NOT.

NOGG OF INTERPLANET AMITY AND ASSOCIATED BADDIES, WE HAVE COME TO KILL ALL OF YOU.



YES-YES. WE GATHERED THAT.

NOTHING YOU DO OR SAY CAN SAVE YOU FROM OUR WICKED AWESOME FIREPOWER! EVEN SURRENDERING WILL AMOUNT TO YOUR DEATH.



IF IT'S SO INEVITABLE, THEN WHAT THE HELL DO YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT?

HOLD ON.

DIMITRI? HEY, I CAN'T TALK RIGHT NOW. I'M AT WORK.



YEAH, I KNOW. I ENJOYED IT TOO. WHEN YOU DID THAT THING WITH YOUR TONGUE, IT....



WHAT? YOU'RE WITH THEM?! ARGH! YOU PATHETIC SOFTIE!



THAT'S NOT WHAT YOU CALLED ME EARLIER.

GAH! WE'VE TAKEN ONE OF YOUR HUMANS PRISONER AND HAVE BEGUN TORTURING HER. UNLESS YOU SURRENDER, WE WILL CONTINUE OUR MINISTRATIONS!

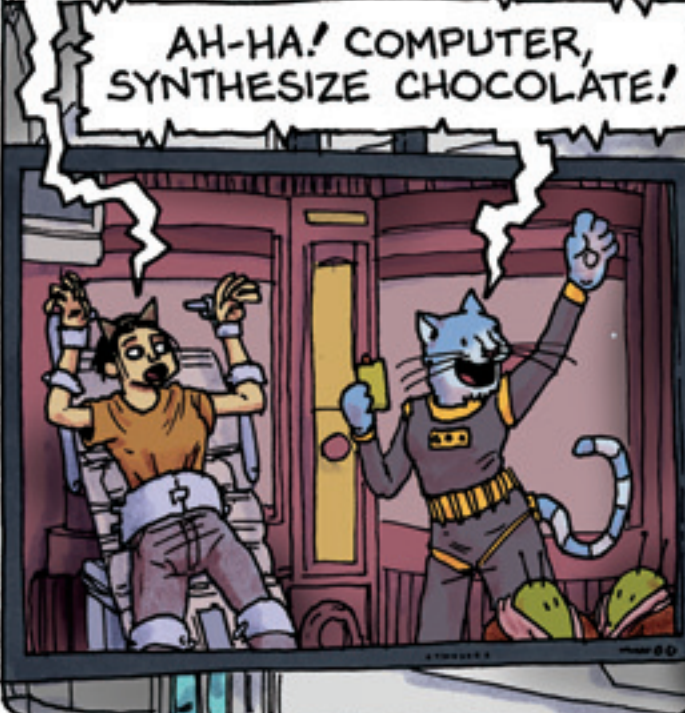


FLINEOUS, HOW IS IT COMING?



WE HAVE NO DATA ON TORTURING HUMANS, SHUAR, BUT I'M WORKING ON IT.

NO! DEAR GOD, DON'T MAKE ME EAT CHOCOLATE! IT BURNS!



AH-HA! COMPUTER, SYNTHESIZE CHOCOLATE!

GIVE UP NOW IF YOU WANT TO SEE HER RELEASED FROM THIS WORLD OF PAIN.



YOU SAID YOU'D KILL ALL OF US REGARDLESS WHAT WE DO, SO WHY THE HELL WOULD WE GIVE OURSELVES UP?

DID I? SORRY, THIS IS MY FIRST PURSUIT. DID I SOUND REALLY THREATENING AT LEAST?



KREP, DISCONNECT THESE NIMRODS. THEY'RE DEPRESSING ME.

IF CHOCOLATE DOESN'T WORK, TRY CAKE! I'VE RARELY SEEN ANYONE SURVIVE THAT.



THANKS FOR COMING TO THIS MEETING. KREP IS BUSY EVADING OUR PURSUERS AND GURF IS BUSY SHOOTING AT THEM, SO THEY COULDN'T ATTEND.



FIRST ITEM OF BUSINESS: DIMITRI, DID YOU **REALLY** HAVE TO GO AND SLEEP WITH THE G.O.B. BOUNTY HUNTER WHO'S TRYING TO KILL US? **REALLY?**



PHEROMONES AND VENTRAL REVEALING OUTFITS. WAY HOT.

PIERROT, YOU BLEW OUT A RESTAURANT WALL, RELEASING FURRYITES ON THE CLIENTS; AND EMILY, YOU CUT OFF THE HAND OF THE APEX-SPEAKER'S BODYGUARD -- WITH A **LASERBLADE!**



THEY DESERVED IT. HE DESERVED IT.

NICE.



CLAP

WELL, YOU ALL ACTED LIKE ASSES. I'M SURE MARTINA WOULD'VE RAZED THE WHOLE **SHOPPING** DISTRICT IF I WASN'T BABYSITTING HER.



OOH, OOH! CAN SOMEONE HELP ME, I CAN'T REACH THIS KNIFE SOMEONE JUST LODGED IN MY BACK.

WHAT IS UP WITH YOU HUMANS? ARE YOU IDIOTS? INFANTS? SADISTS? WHAT? **WHAT?**



MURMER  
SHRUG  
SHUFFLE

SEE, AND THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR NOT TAKING THIS SERIOUSLY.



POOM

ANYWAY, LET'S PUT OUR HEADS TOGETHER AND FORMULATE A PLAN.



DO YOU THINK WE CAN **NEGOTIATE** HER RELEASE, OR WILL WE HAVE TO FIGHT?

I **MEANT** PLANNING FOR OUR **ESCAPE!** ARE YOU CRAZY? RESCUING IS IMPOSSIBLE AT THIS POINT!



BUT WE CARE ABOUT HER.

YES, BUT IF WE TRY TO **SAVE** HER THEN WE'LL **ALL** BE DEAD. BLOODY LUMPS FLOATING IN SPACE. UNDERSTAND? **SO**, WITH THAT IN MIND, WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO?



UM... TO TRY AND SAVE HER?



NEVERMIND, WE'LL JUST CONTINUE SHOOTING AND EVADING. MEETING ADJOURNED.









HOW'S THINGS ON THE BRIDGE, SHUAR? HAVE YOU KILLED THE BAD GUYS YET?

NAW. THEY KEEP DODGING. HOW'S THE TORTURING GOING?



YOU KNOW HOW IT IS. POKE, PROD, SCREAM, SCREAM.

IS SHE TALKING?



"TALKING"?

OH RIGHT, WE'RE ONLY USING THE TORTURE AS LEVERAGE.



YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN HER THOUGH, WHEN I'D PUT THOSE CUCUMBER SLICES OVER HER EYES AND COVERED HER FACE WITH MUD. SHE BEGGED ME NOT TO.

IT SOUNDS AWFUL.



SHE DIDN'T MOVE FOR TEN MINUTES. I'M GUESSING IT WAS SHOCK.

WHAT WAS THAT THING ABOUT "STAR BERRIES"?



**STRAWBERRIES.** THE SMELL. ALONG WITH ROSES AND FRESHLY BAKED MELON PAN. IT TOTALLY MADE HER WRITHE.

SHE MUST BE AN IDIOT.



I KNOW! SHE'S TOLD US **ALL** THE BEST WAYS TO TORTURE HER BY BEGGING US NOT TO!

THERE MUST BE A WIDE RANGE OF INTELLIGENCE IN HUMANS, THE ONE I MET WAS BRILLIANT.



WELL, SHE REVEALED YET ANOTHER TORTURE. THIS ONE EVEN MORE SINISTER THAN THOSE PREVIOUS.

OH?



TO FORCE FEED HER A THICK HORRIBLE PASTE WHICH RESEMBLES KURDOOK VOMIT.

FLINEOUS... ARE YOU SURE IT'S OKAY WE'RE DOING THIS? ARE WE GOING TOO FAR?



LISTEN KID, YOU'RE A G.O.B. BOUNTY HUNTER NOW. FOLLOW ORDERS WITH AN **EVIL LAUGH**, OR THE VOMITOUS PASTE IS GONNA BE FOR YOU NEXT. GET IT?

**BWAH-HA-HA-HA-HA!!**

PLEASE DON'T HURT ME.



WHAT DO THEY CALL THIS VILE KURDOOK VOMIT ANYWAY?



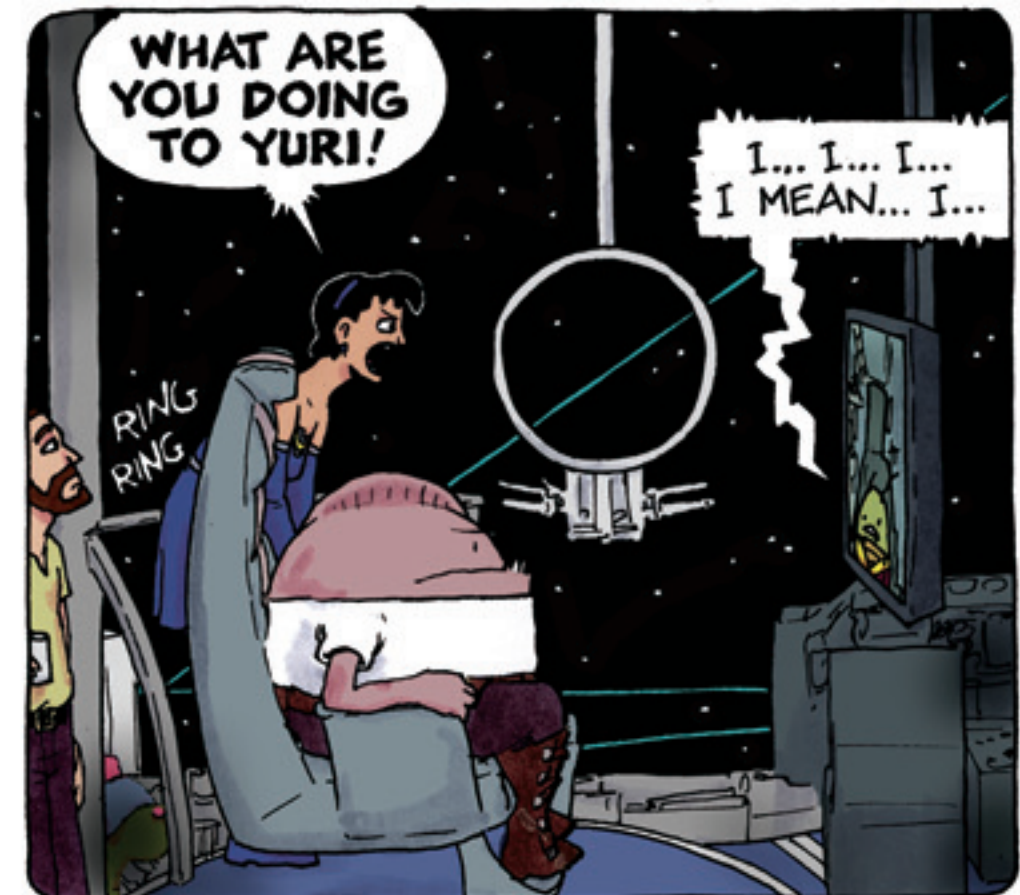
BUTTERSCOTCH PUDDING.

**SHUDDER**



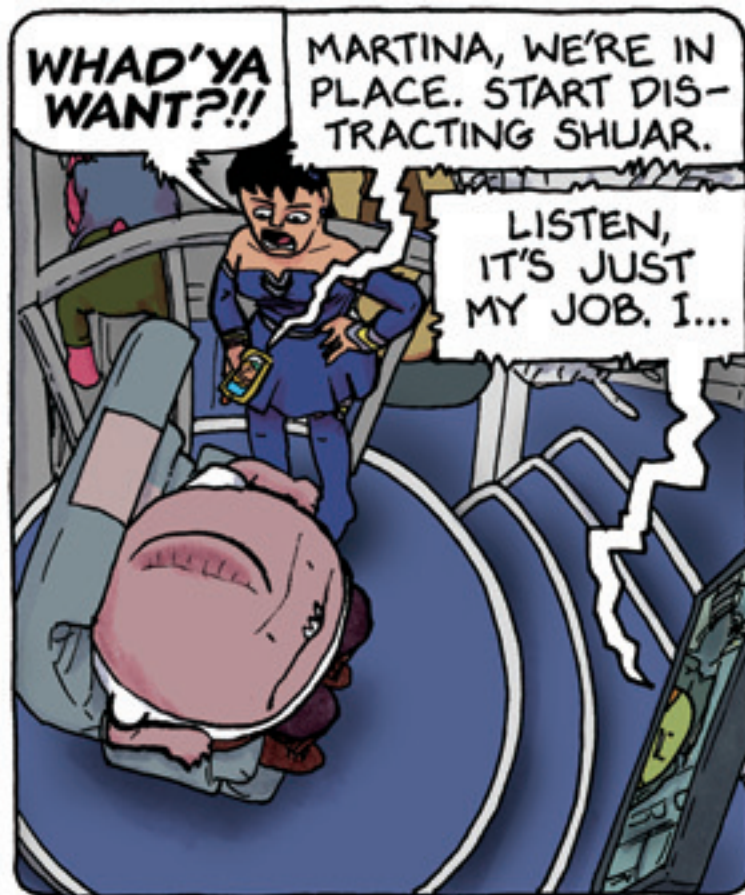






WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO YURI!

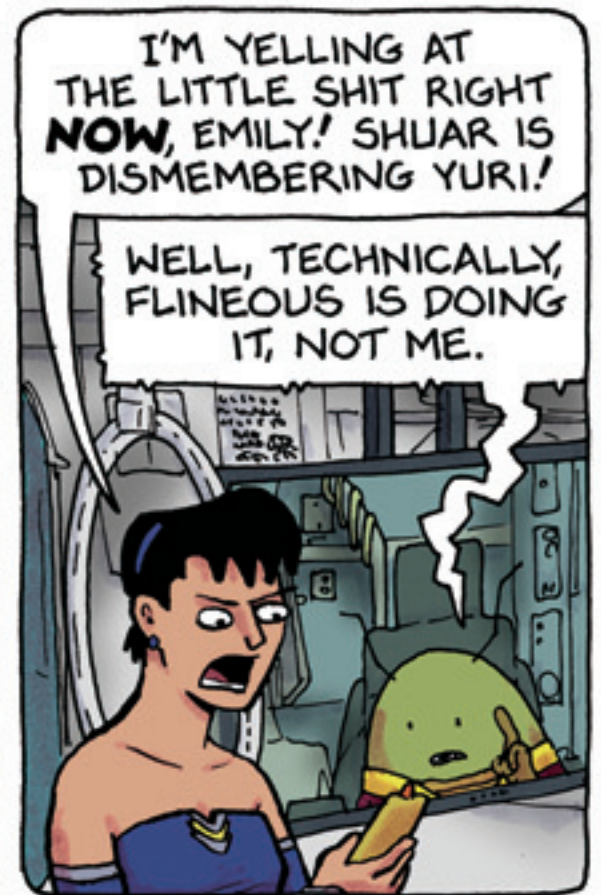
I... I... I... I MEAN... I...



WHAD'YA WANT?!!

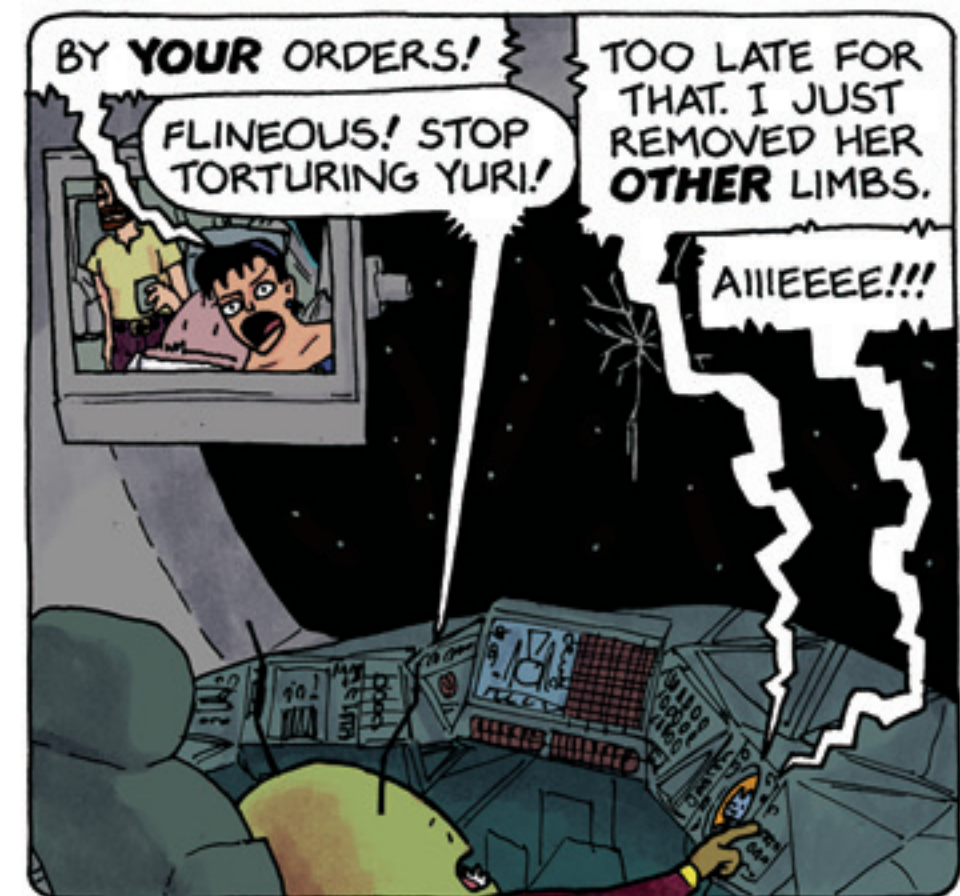
MARTINA, WE'RE IN PLACE. START DISTRACTING SHUAR.

LISTEN, IT'S JUST MY JOB. I...



I'M YELLING AT THE LITTLE SHIT RIGHT NOW, EMILY! SHUAR IS DISMEMBERING YURI!

WELL, TECHNICALLY, FLINEOUS IS DOING IT, NOT ME.



BY YOUR ORDERS!

FLINEOUS! STOP TORTURING YURI!

TOO LATE FOR THAT. I JUST REMOVED HER OTHER LIMBS.

AIIIEEEE!!!



YOU SICK BASTARDS!

GAH! SEW 'EM BACK ON!

WHAT D'YA THINK I AM? A TAILOR?

AIIIEEEE!!!



YOU STINKING PILE OF MIHRRGOOT DROPPINGS!

JUST DO IT! FOR PITY'S SAKE, JUST DO IT!

I CAN'T. HEH. I DICED 'EM UP IN FRONT OF HER.

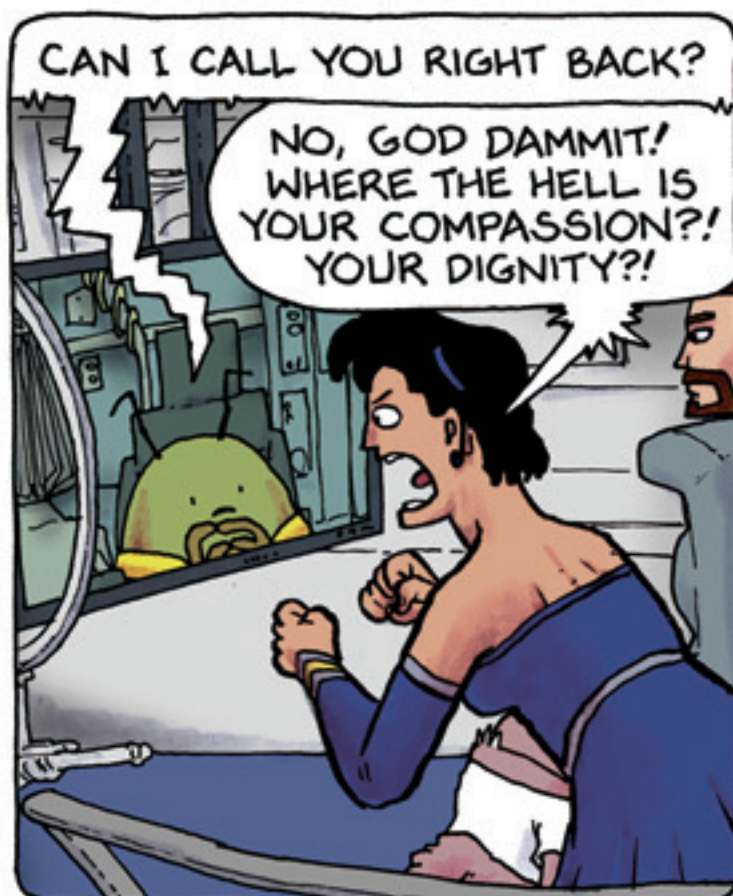
AIIIEEEE!!!



AND SHE SCREAMED AND WEPT AND-

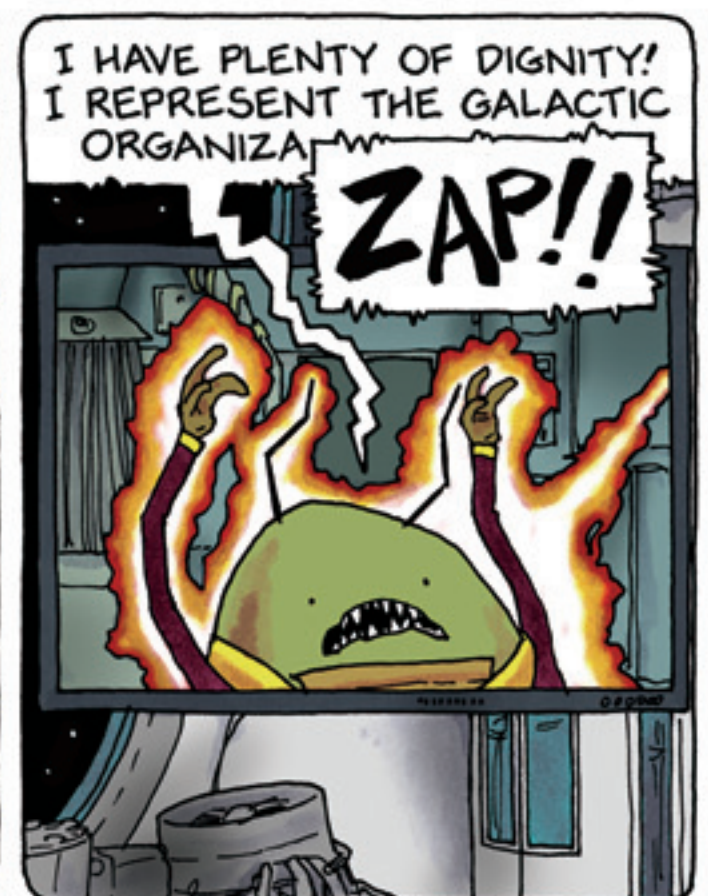


UM.



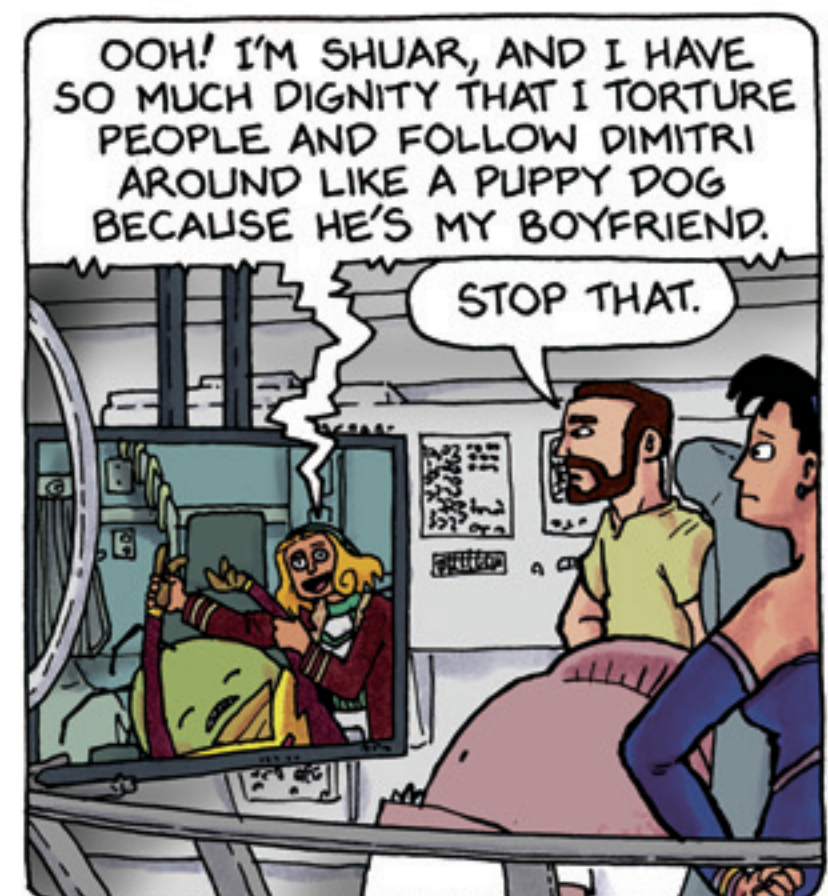
CAN I CALL YOU RIGHT BACK?

NO, GOD DAMMIT! WHERE THE HELL IS YOUR COMPASSION?! YOUR DIGNITY?!



I HAVE PLENTY OF DIGNITY! I REPRESENT THE GALACTIC ORGANIZATION

ZAP!!



OOH! I'M SHUAR, AND I HAVE SO MUCH DIGNITY THAT I TORTURE PEOPLE AND FOLLOW DIMITRI AROUND LIKE A PUPPY DOG BECAUSE HE'S MY BOYFRIEND.

STOP THAT.



AND I'M DIMITRI. I'M NOT SURE IF SHUAR MEETS MY HIGH STANDARDS FOR DATING. LET ME CHECK.

OOP! SHE HAS A PULSE. THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.



JEALOUS.

OOH! OOH! I LOVE YOU SO MUCH, SHUAR, I'M CONSIDERING A CAREER IN ENTOMOLOGY.

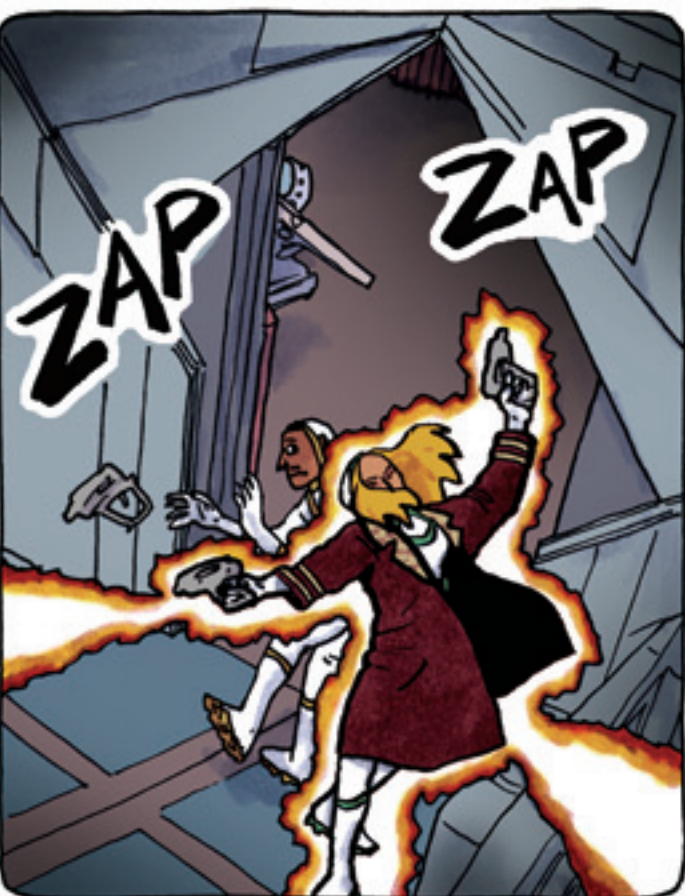
HUMP HUMP HUMP



SHE'S IN **THERE**. OKAY,  
ON THE COUNT OF THREE.

ONE-  
**THREE!**

A...  
CAT...?  
**TAKE COVER!**







EMILY IS OKAY. YURI, ARE YOU... UM... I'M FINE.



CERISE22, HOW'S MAUVE12? DEAD. IT WAS ONLY A STUNNER SHOT, BUT HIS HEART FAILED.



PIERROT, TAKE EMILY AND WAIT OUTSIDE. CERISE22 AND THE MEDIBOT WILL HELP ME HERE. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO? JUST. GO.



EMILY, OH GOOD, YOU'RE ALREADY STARTING TO WAKE UP. COME ON, WE'RE LEAVING YURI FOR A BIT.

WE BROUGHT YOUR LEG... IT SMELLS LIKE ALMONDS...

OUT!



A WHILE LATER...

OH HHH SHUUUARRR...

I'M SLEEPING, MOM. GO BACK TO YOUR STUPID PASTRIES.



SHUAR, THIS IS NOGG. I'M NOT YOUR MOM.

WHAT?! OH... UM... HEY! I WAS BLASTING YOU.



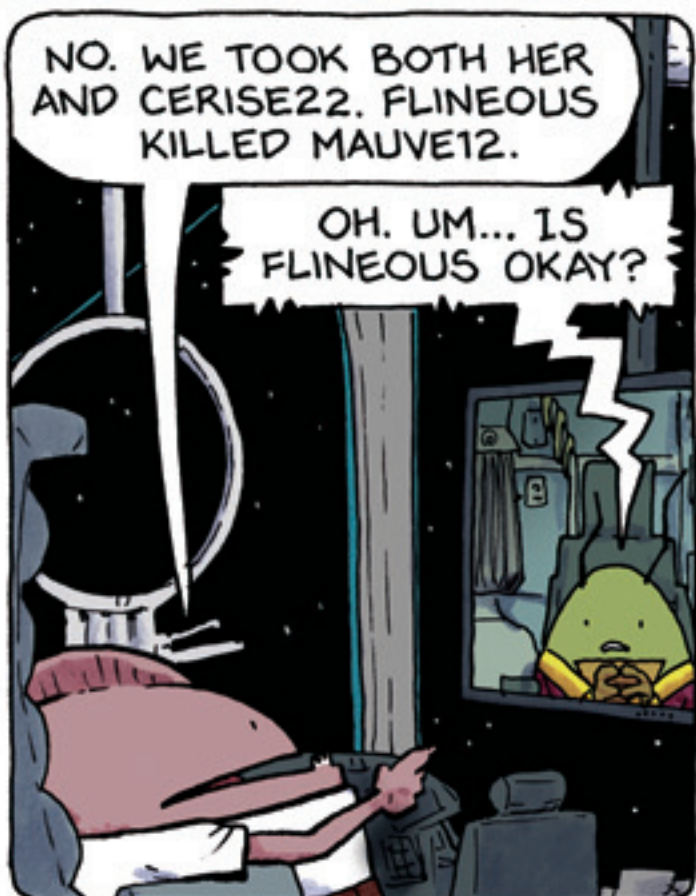
NOT ANYMORE. WE BROKE INTO YOUR SHIP AND DESTROYED THE CONTROLS AND COMMUNICATORS, SO YOU'RE JUST GONNA DRIFT UNTIL SOMEBODY FINDS YOU.

OH.



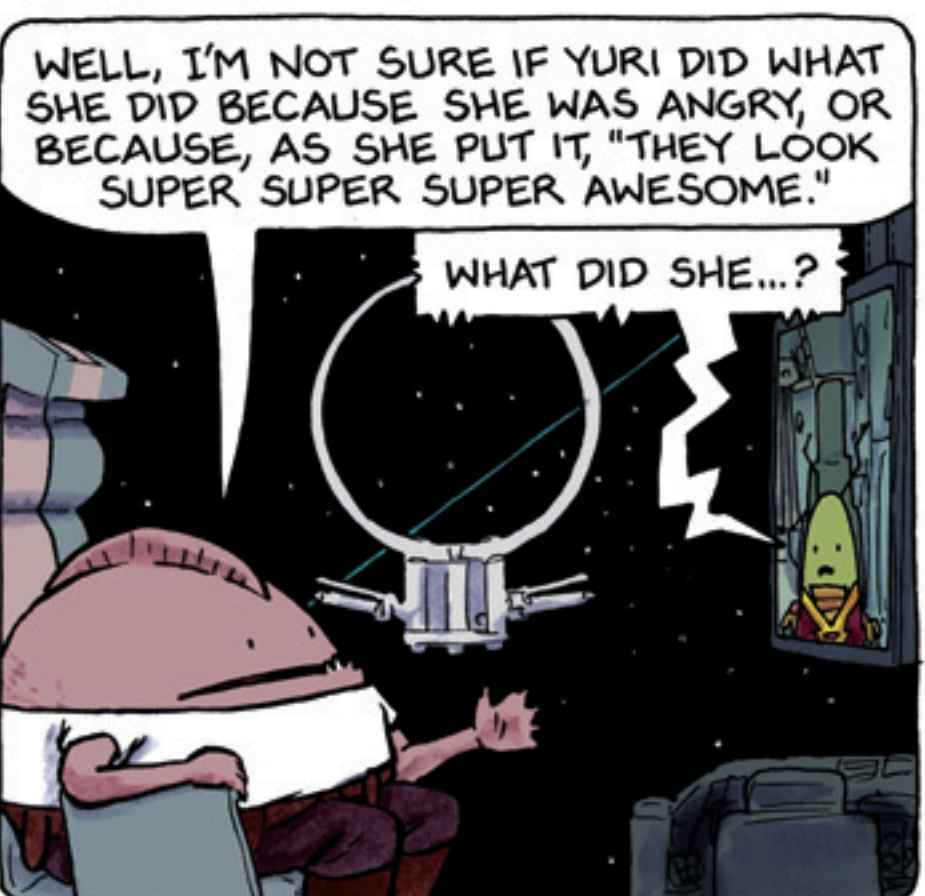
ALTHOUGH, IF KULU-DRAHC'S THE ONE WHO FINDS YOU, YOU MIGHT NOT BE SO HAPPY TO BE FOUND.

BUT WE STILL HAVE YURI. ARE YOU JUST GONNA LET US TORTURE HER?



NO. WE TOOK BOTH HER AND CERISE22. FLINIOUS KILLED MAUVE12.

OH. UM... IS FLINIOUS OKAY?



WELL, I'M NOT SURE IF YURI DID WHAT SHE DID BECAUSE SHE WAS ANGRY, OR BECAUSE, AS SHE PUT IT, "THEY LOOK SUPER SUPER SUPER AWESOME."

WHAT DID SHE...?



WHAT A VERY STRANGE DREAM...



COME ON, THERAPY-BOT, TELL ME WHAT YOU **REALLY** THINK. DO MY NEW EARS LOOK GOOD? THEY **DO**, DON'T THEY?

DISCUSSING ANYTHING EXCEPT YOUR TORTURE AND LIMB-LOSS IS ILLOGICAL.



YES, THAT ACCOUNT'S WITH THE LAKT GALACTIC BANK, JUST DEPOSIT IT IN THERE. THANKS, MRS. GAHRT. BYE!

HEY! ANYBODY IN THERE?

YES! HELLO! THANK GOD SOMEONE FOUND ME!

Knock Knock

WELL, I NEED TO PEE. I GUESS I'LL GO FIND THE POTTY-BOT OR SOMETHING.

WAIT! DON'T LEAVE ME! I'VE BEEN IN HERE FOR HOURS! GET ME OUT!

WISH I COULD. THE CONTROL PANEL'S NOT WORKING.

YURI'S THE ONE WHO LOCKED ME IN. DRAG HER ORIENTAL ARSE OVER HERE AND MAKE HER OPEN IT.

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP

BANG! BANG!

HM. NO LUCK. IT ALWAYS WORKS IN MOVIES.

GAH! WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?

OH, HEY, HERE SHE IS NOW. YURI, COULD YOU LET DUSTIN OUT?

YES! SO I CAN TELL YOU WHAT A USELESS PIECE OF COWARDLY CRAP YOU ARE.

ONCE I'M OFF HERE-

RIIIPPPP!!!

DID YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL ME?

Toss

CRASH!

OH... I... UH... I'M SORRY FOR BEING UPSET WITH YOU FOR LOCKING ME IN THE BATHROOM.

FEH.

Fwoosh!

HAVE YOU **EVER** HAD A CONVERSATION WITH A WOMAN BEFORE?

SOMETHING'S DIFFERENT ABOUT HER, ISN'T THERE?

SHE WAS FISHING FOR A COMPLIMENT ON HER EARS, MY FRIEND.

I **KNEW** IT WAS SOMETHING!

SNAP



DESPITE SHUAR BEING AN IDIOT, SHE **DID** CAUSE SOME REAL DAMAGE TO THE SHIP, AND SO OUR NEXT STOP WAS CHOAN'S GARAGE.



THIS WILL TAKE... A LITTLE BACKSTORY.



HEY, IT'S NOT LIKE ANY OF THIS MAKES ANY SENSE. GO RIGHT AHEAD.

SO... CHOAN, KUU-DRAHC AND I ALL ATTENDED THE SAME SCHOOL.



WAIT? KUU-DRAHC? EVIL RED GUY WITH THE TADPOLE HEAD AND SPAGHETTI HANDS?

YES. ONLY, BACK THEN, WE WERE FRIENDS.

AFTER WE'D GRADUATED, WE BEGAN TO SYSTEMATICALLY COMB THE UNEXPLORED PARTS OF THE GALAXY, HOPING TO MAKE OUR FORTUNE.

ON THE OVERLOOKED PLANET OF HARLZOID, WE CAME ACROSS A DYING RACE, LESS THAN ONE HUNDRED OF THEM WERE LEFT.

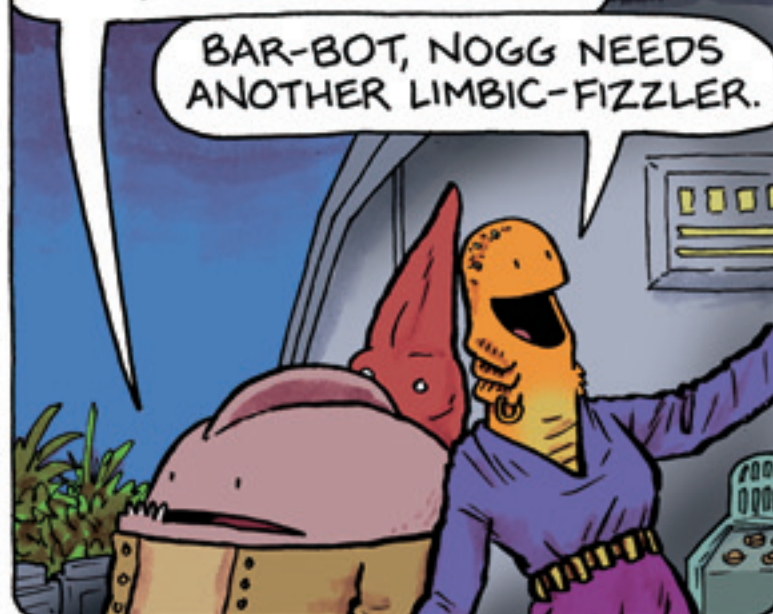
BUT THEIR PLANET WAS ALSO VERY RICH IN CAILTHYTE, AND SO WE BEGAN WORKING OUT A TRADE AGREEMENT -- THEIR WEALTH COULD EASILY PAY FOR THE SCIENCE NEEDED TO SAVE THEM.



HEADS. THAT MEANS WE TURN LEFT.

WHUH?....

WELL, THIS IS SOBERING.



BAR-BOT, NOGG NEEDS ANOTHER LIMBIC-FIZZLER.



THAT SHINEY RED ROCK STUFF? TAKE IT ALL, WE DON'T USE IT.

OF COURSE, WE MADE SURE THAT WE WOULD MODESTLY BENEFIT AS WELL.

BUT KUU-DRAHC DOUBLE-CROSSED US, AND LATE ONE NIGHT, THE HARLZOIDS SIGNED OVER TO HIM ALL OF THEIR MINERAL RIGHTS FOR NOTHING.

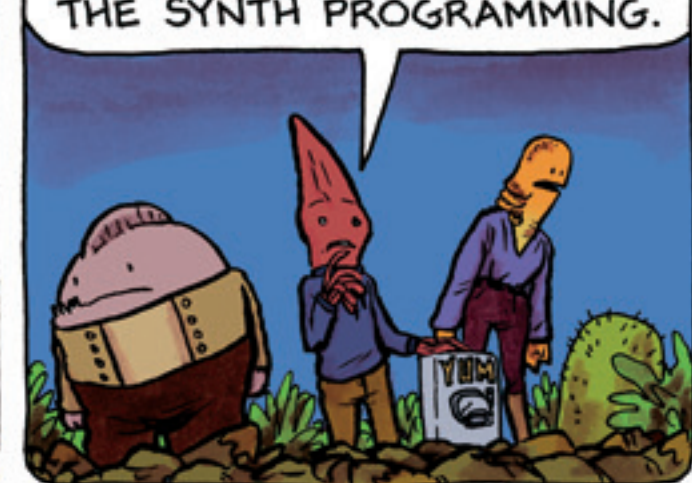
HE AND I FOUGHT BITTERLY AFTERWARDS, BUT IT DIDN'T MATTER. ALL THE HARLZOIDS DIED FROM FOOD POISONING, SUSPICIOUSLY LEAVING NONE TO CONTEST THE CONTRACT.

WE'RE GONNA BE SO FILTHY RICH, WE'LL NEVER HAVE TO WORK AGAIN.

LET'S SEE... FILTHY RICH DIVIDED BY THE PRICE OF A FURRYITE SANDWICH EQUALS HOW MANY...

DON'T LET NOGG AND CHOAN SUCKER YOU! THIS FOOD SYNTHESIZER IS ALL YOU NEED.

HM. MUST'VE BEEN A BUG IN THE SYNTH PROGRAMMING.



I ACCUSED HIM OF GENOCIDE, BUT HE SIMPLY GAVE CHOAN AND ME A PILE OF MONEY, AND LEFT; USING THE REMAINING WEALTH TO PROPEL HIMSELF UPWARDS, EVENTUALLY LANDING HIM THE POSITION OF APEX SPEAKER.

CHOAN SET UP HER GARAGE, AND I JUST DRIFTED, HAUNTED BY THE WHOLE THING.

KUU-DRAHC AND I HAVE BEEN ESTRANGED EVER SINCE.

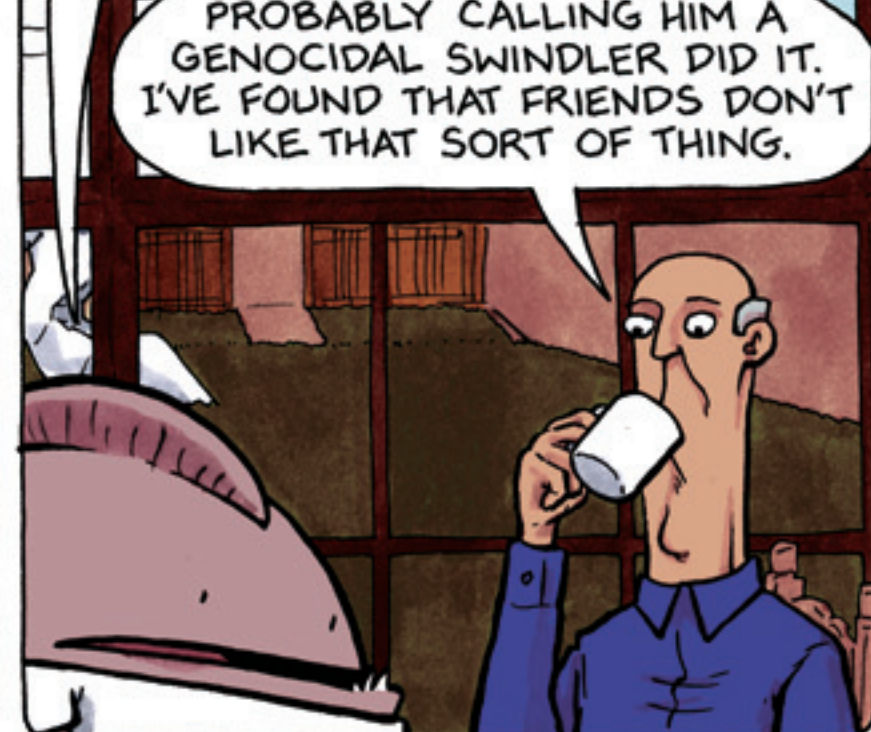
PROBABLY CALLING HIM A GENOCIDAL SWINDLER DID IT. I'VE FOUND THAT FRIENDS DON'T LIKE THAT SORT OF THING.



WELL, I GREW UP POOR, BUT WITH DRIVE AND HARD WORK, ANYONE CAN SUCCEED.



DON'T YOU JUST LOVE KUU-DRAHC? HIS HAND TENTACLES ARE FIRM, BUT FAIR.





NOGG! IT'S SO GOOD TO SEE YOU! AND YOU HAVE ENEMIES SHOOTING AT YOU AGAIN. WHAT FUN!

JUST THE PRICE OF BEING GOOD, CHOAN.

"THE PRICE OF BEING GOOD!" HAHAHAH! COME, YOU AND YOUR CREW MUST JOIN ME FOR DINNER.

AND THE SHIP?

CLAK'S ON IT. DON'T WORRY.

CLAK  
CLAK  
CLAK  
CLAK

I SEE THAT YOUR PINK CREATURES ARE FROM EARTH. OOH, IT'S A DARK PLANET. KUU-DRAHC WON'T LIKE **THAT**, WILL HE?

HE MENTIONED NOT LIKING IT RIGHT BEFORE SENDING ME OFF TO BE TORTURED.

HAHAHAH! KUU-DRAHC'S ALWAYS BEEN SUCH A CARD, DON'T YOU THINK, NOGG?

SURE. REAL AMUSING.



NOGG'S ALWAYS BEEN DRAWN TO THE UNUSUAL. LIKE ME, FOR INSTANCE, IN **THIS** SPIRAL ARM OF THE GALAXY I'M THE ONLY ONE OF MY KIND.



EVEN I DON'T KNOW WHERE MY HOME PLANET IS, BUT IT WAS THERE THAT I WAS SENTENCED TO TEN THOUSAND DRAAK-SIM ROTATIONS OF IMPRISONMENT FOR A HEINOUS CRIME.

WHAT DID YOU DO?

HAHAHAH! I WON'T BORE YOU WITH THE DETAILS.



BUT I WAS GIVEN THE OPTION OF DYING IN A CELL -- OR BANISHMENT. I CHOSE THE LATTER AND WAS ROCKETED AWAY, THOSE TEN THOUSAND DRAAK-SIM ROTATIONS SPENT IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

I AWOKE, AS IF FROM A SHORT NAP, AN UNKNOWN DISTANCE AND DIRECTION FROM ANYONE OR THING I'D EVER KNOWN. TO THIS DAY, NONE HERE HAVE FOUND ANY EVIDENCE OF THE GALACTIC AREA I CAME FROM.

SINCE I WAS STILL YOUNG, I DECIDED TO ENROLL IN SCHOOL IN THE FIRST INHABITABLE SOLAR SYSTEM I FOUND. WHICH IS WHERE NOGG, KUU-DRAHC AND I ALL BECAME FRIENDS.

WHAT? NO NIGHTCAP?

WHAT A LOVELY REST. IT WAS SO.... REHABILITATING.



WHAT?! YOU WERE **FRIENDS** WITH KUU-DRAHC.

HE WAS **DIFFERENT** BACK THEN. WE **ALL** WERE.



NOT TRUE. I'VE **ALWAYS** BEEN A CONNING SELF-SERVING HEDONIST. NOGG JUST OVERLOOKS IT BECAUSE I'M FUN.

I BELIEVE THAT UNDERNEATH IT ALL, YOU'RE RELIABLE AND GOOD.



AS TO WHY I'M COMPELLED TO PUT UP WITH **NOGG'S** TEDIOUS DELUSIONS, I'M REALLY NOT SURE. HAHHAHAH!

I CALL IT THE "WHY THE FUCK DO I LISTEN TO NOGG?" CLUB.

APPARENTLY I'M NOT THE ONLY MEMBER.





CLAK SAYS YOUR SHIP WILL TAKE SEVERAL HOURS TO REPAIR. IT'S ALREADY LATE. WHY DON'T YOU STAY THE NIGHT?

SURE. WHY NOT? THE G.O.B. KNOWS WE'RE COMING ANYWAY.



THAT'S THE SPIRIT! AND THIS'LL BE A GOOD CHANCE FOR YOU TO GET TO KNOW YOUR CREW!

I ALREADY KNOW THEM, CHOAN.



HAHAHAH! YOU'RE **AWFUL** AT GETTING TO KNOW **ANYONE**, NOGG. LET'S FIND OUT. TELL ME, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE FURRY-EARED CYBORG?

YURI WAS KIDNAPPED, IT'S WHERE SHE GOT THE EARS. THEN EMILY ORGANIZED A DARING RESCUE.



ACTUALLY, MARTINA ORGANIZED THE RESCUE. **SHE'S** THE SMART ONE.

HM. I GUESS THAT'D EXPLAIN WHY YOU TOOK PIERROT, SINCE YOU VIEW HIM WITH SUCH CONTEMPT.



I TRUST PIERROT TO STAND HIS GROUND MORE THAN ANYONE IN THIS CREW, ESPECIALLY YOU.

HAHAHAH! TWO THINGS WRONG ALREADY, NOGG!



AND ARE THOSE EARS THE ONLY BODY PART SHE TOOK FROM HER KIDNAPPERS?

OF COURSE THEY ARE! WHAT KIND OF A SICKO DO YOU TAKE HER FOR?!



THE EARS ARE ALL I TOOK FROM **FLINEOUS**, BUT MALVE12 DIED IN THE RESCUE, AND I IMPLANTED PART OF HIS **EEB** BRAIN IN MINE.

HAHAHAH! I LOVE IT!

**YOU WHAT?!**



CRAP. SORRY, CHOAN. IS THERE A WASHROOM I CAN-

SURE. CHELSKA, TAKE PIERROT TO GET A CHANGE OF CLOTHES, PREFERABLY SOMETHING A LITTLE LESS INSIPID.



WHAT ABOUT THE FURRY-FACED ONE?

HIM? DIMITRI WILL SLEEP WITH ANYTHING THAT HAS A SEXUAL COMPATIBILITY OVER 50%.



IS NOGG CORRECT, DIMITRI? YOU AND I HAVE A 74% COMPATIBILITY.

A BEAUTY LIKE YOU? HOW COULD I SAY NO?

I'LL SEE YOU AFTER DINNER IN MY QUARTERS, THEN.



HAHAHAH! WELL DONE, NOGG, AT LEAST YOU GOT **ONE** FACT CORRECT.

YOU KNOW, DESTROYING MY CREW'S CONFIDENCE IN ME IS NOT HELPING.



SHALL I ASK IF ANY OF THEM HAD CONFIDENCE IN YOU TO **BEGIN** WITH, OR WOULD YOU RATHER WE EAT SO YOU CAN QUIT WHILE YOU'RE AHEAD?

SOMEBODY PASS THE STRUPLINGS.







CHOAN, ARE YOU AWAKE?

KNOCK KNOCK



WHO IS IT?  
IT'S FOR YOU.



I JUST WANTED TO TALK.

SURE.



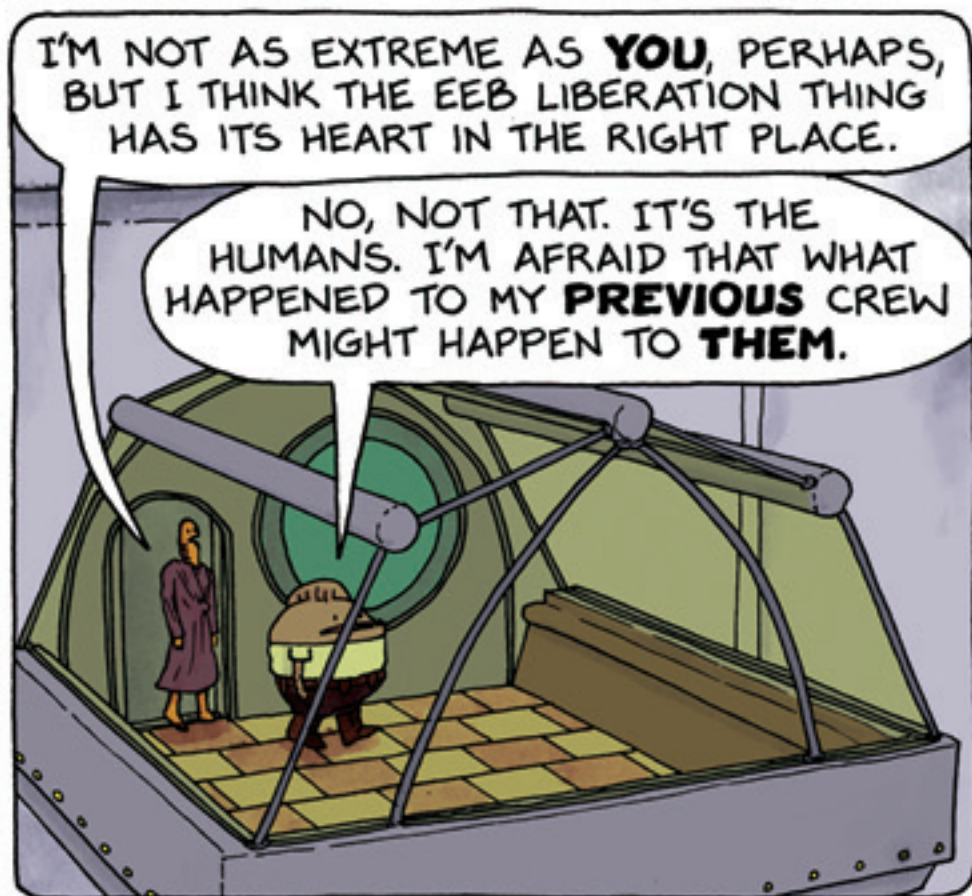
KEEP THE BED WARM FOR ME.

JUST WAKE ME WHEN YOU'RE READY FOR ANOTHER ROUND.



WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

I'M... I'M JUST NOT SURE IF WHAT I'M DOING IS RIGHT, CHOAN.



I'M NOT AS EXTREME AS YOU, PERHAPS, BUT I THINK THE EEB LIBERATION THING HAS ITS HEART IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

NO, NOT THAT. IT'S THE HUMANS. I'M AFRAID THAT WHAT HAPPENED TO MY PREVIOUS CREW MIGHT HAPPEN TO THEM.

IT WAS ON THE PLANET YOUKTA. GURF AND KREP HAD REMAINED ON THE SHIP. MY CREW OF TWENTY-TWO HAD JUST LIBERATED THIRTY EEBs, AND WE WERE ESCAPING.

BUT IT WAS A TRAP. THEY'D HIDDEN IN WAIT AND NOW OPENED FIRE, KILLING EVERY CREW MEMBER AND EEB, AND THEN GRABBING ME.

IT WAS KUU-DRAHC. HE WAS THERE. THEY ASKED HIM WHAT THEY SHOULD DO WITH ME.



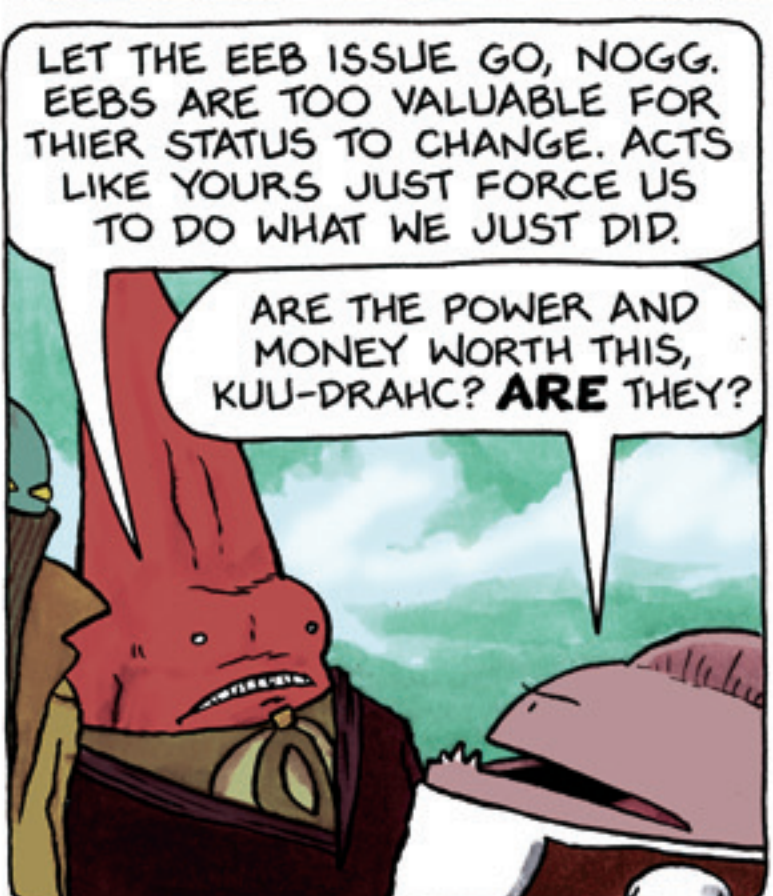
WE MADE IT, COME ON!



ZAP ZAP ZAP  
ZAP ZAP ZAP  
ZAP ZAP ZAP

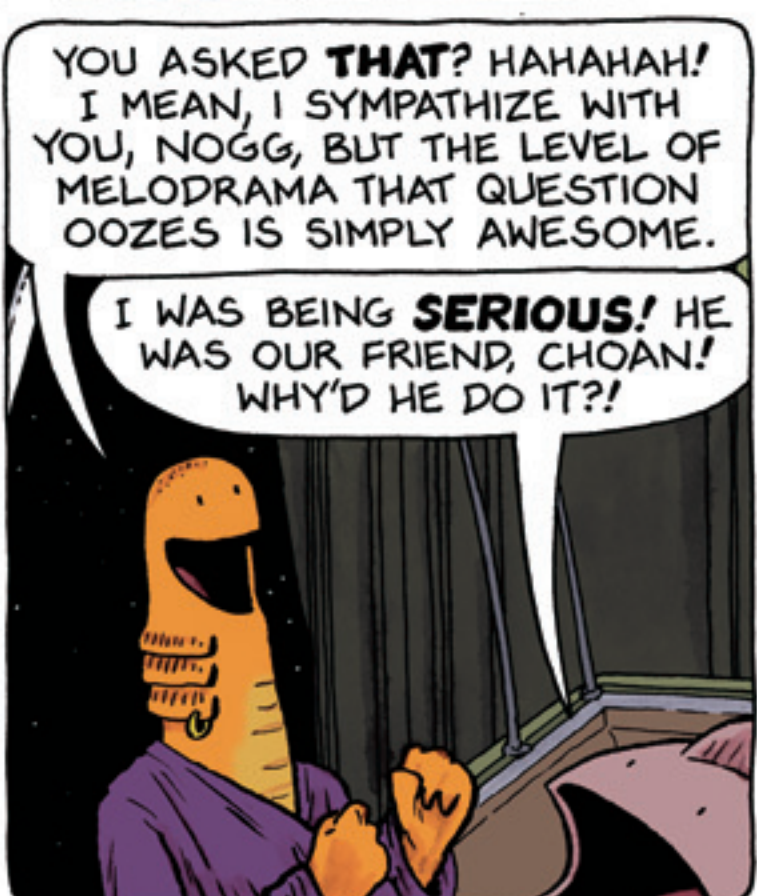


LET HIM GO, HE'S NO THREAT TO US NOW.



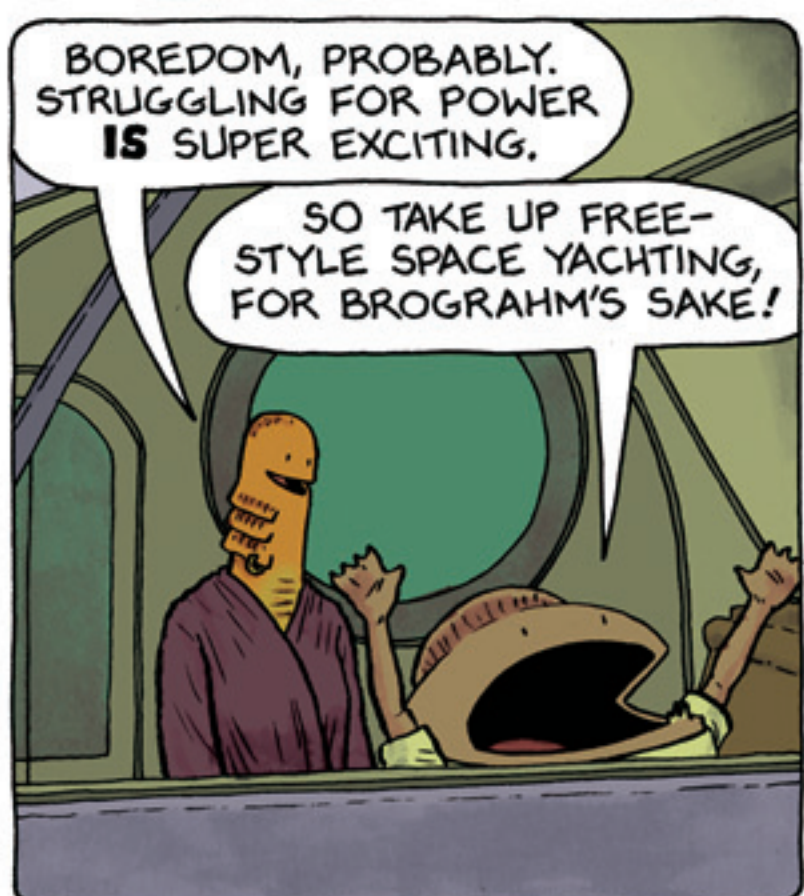
LET THE EEB ISSUE GO, NOGG. EEBs ARE TOO VALUABLE FOR THEIR STATUS TO CHANGE. ACTS LIKE YOURS JUST FORCE US TO DO WHAT WE JUST DID.

ARE THE POWER AND MONEY WORTH THIS, KUU-DRAHC? ARE THEY?



YOU ASKED THAT? HAHHAHAH! I MEAN, I SYMPATHIZE WITH YOU, NOGG, BUT THE LEVEL OF MELODRAMA THAT QUESTION OOZES IS SIMPLY AWESOME.

I WAS BEING SERIOUS! HE WAS OUR FRIEND, CHOAN! WHY'D HE DO IT?!



BOREDOM, PROBABLY. STRUGGLING FOR POWER IS SUPER EXCITING.

SO TAKE UP FREE-STYLE SPACE YACHTING, FOR BROGRAHM'S SAKE!



LISTEN, NOGG, FOLLOW YOUR HEART. EVEN IF IT KILLS YOU. EVEN IF YOU'RE **WRONG!**

EASY ADVICE TO GIVE.

IT'S ADVICE I LIVE BY. I KILLED FOR LOVE. THAT WAS MY CRIME. THAT WAS WHY I WAS EXILED.

ONE DEATH GOT YOU TEN THOUSAND DRAAK-SIM ROTATIONS?

THE GOD DAMN WEASILY TART WHO STOLE HIM HAPPENED TO BE A PRINCESS.

OH.

PLUS HER PROTECTIVE ESCORT OF THIRTY.

AH.

**FREEZE!** YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, NOGG.

SHAIX? BUT... HOW'D YOU GET IN? WHAT ABOUT URKTUS, MY HEAD OF SECURITY?

HAVE HIM RIGHT HERE.

THE SECURIBOTS?

YUP.

MOAT FULL OF ANGLEKTS?

THEM TOO.

BUCKET OF WATER ON TOP OF THE SLIGHTLY CRACKED DOOR?

GOT IT.

WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS, SHAIX? I THOUGHT THE G.O.B. AND STAR TRADE CONSORTIUM KEPT THEIR INTERESTS SEPARATE.

HAHAHAH! COME NOW NOGG, DON'T BE NAÏVE.

KUU-DRAHC MAKES SURE THE CONTRACTS FLOW... OR NOT. AND SO WHEN HE CALLS IN A FAVOR, I'M HAPPY TO ASSIST.

OUR MILITARY SQUAD WAS AT HAND, SO HE TAPPED US. PLUS, HE PAYS MIGHTY WELL.

KUU-DRAHC ALSO SENT ME IN WITH GROWP, WHO HAS ONLY ONE THING ON HIS MIND: ARREST NOGG.

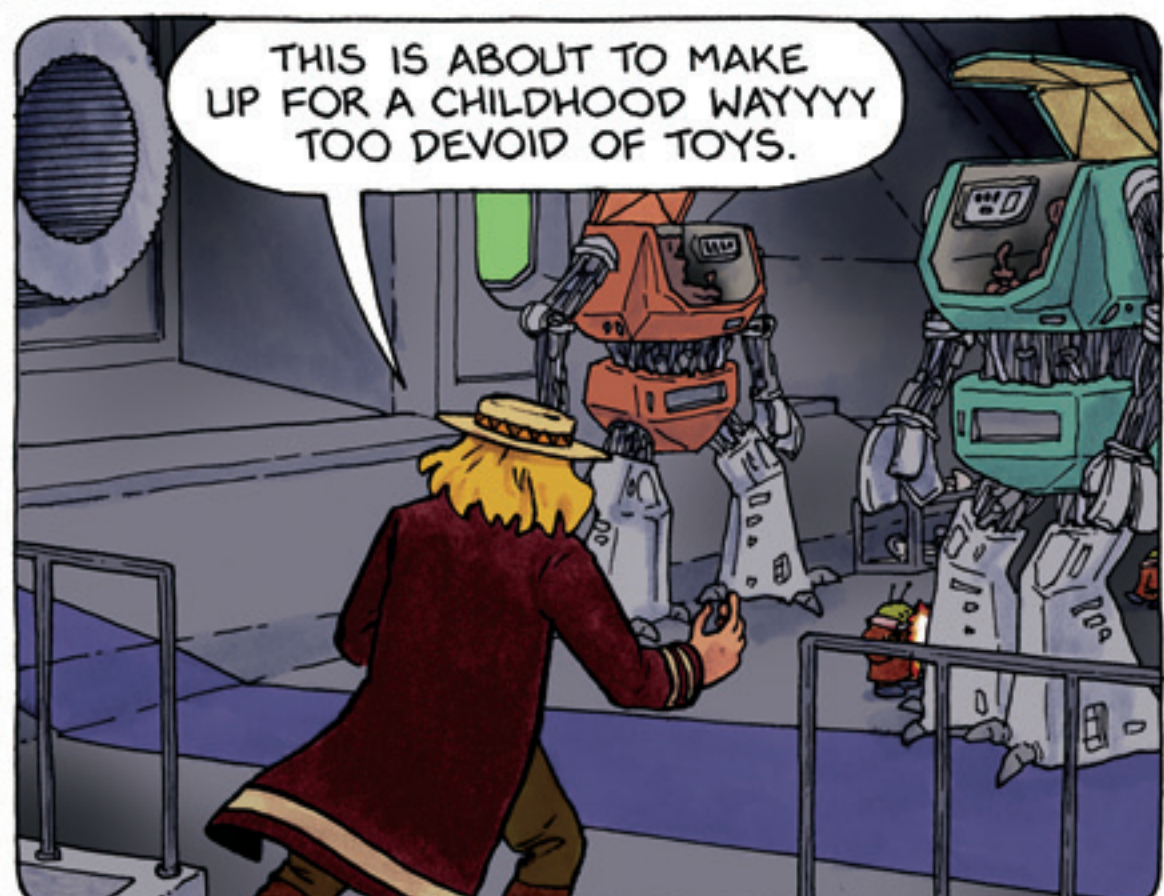
GROWP'S **HERE**??!

YEAH, HE'S RIGHT BEHIND M...

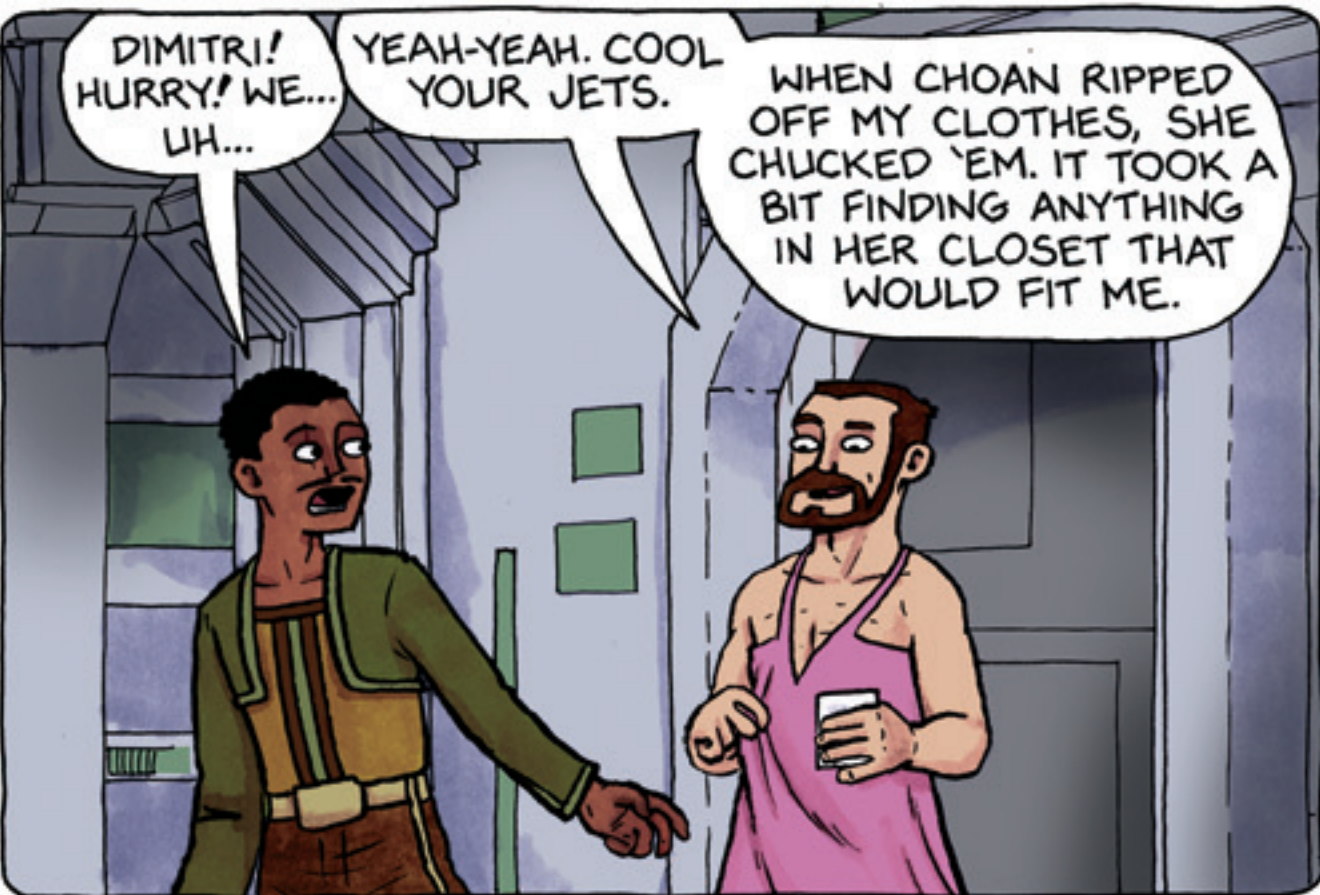
...UMMM...

...GROWP?











I'M NOT ONE TO TAKE SIDES, SHAIX, BUT THIS IS PRIVATE PROPERTY.

WHICH I DON'T WANT DAMAGED, SINCE I OWN STOCK IN YOUR COMPANY.

SO, COME WITH ME, NOGG, OR I'LL-

ZAP!

OR YOU'LL LIE ON THE FLOOR, TWITCHING?

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.

HOLD ON! CHOAN, HOW DO WE GET BACK TO OUR SHIP?

SEE THERE, AND THERE, THEN THROUGH THERE.

GOT IT!

WHERE'S EMILY?!

CRAP! WE CAN'T LEAVE WITHOUT HER.

WAIT! I THINK I HEAR HER!

FOR MY COYOTE BRETHERN!

CRASH!

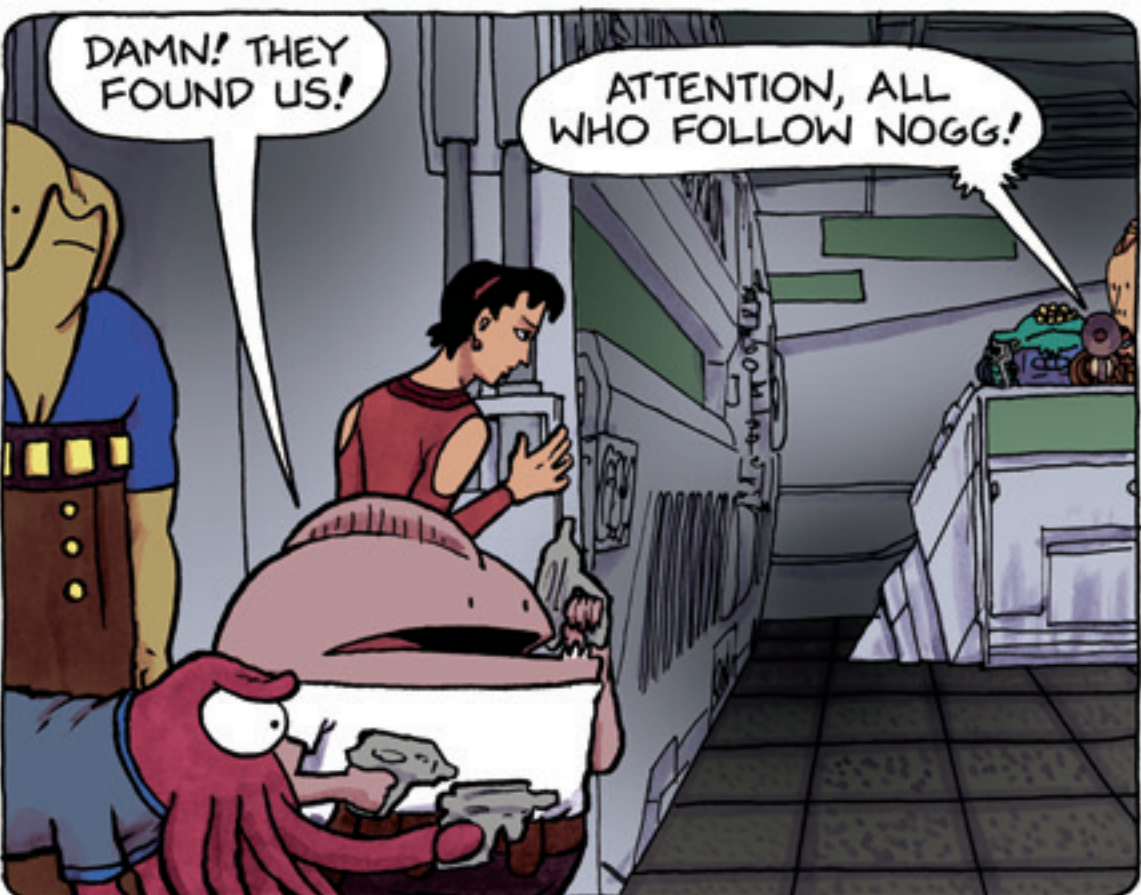
HEY, GUYS! CAN'T TALK NOW! BUSY!

GRAHH!

GOOD THING WE TOOK OUT EXTRA INSURANCE ON THE PEIRGGSON MECHA-BOT JOB.

EMILY! MEET US IN BAY THREE!





DAMN! THEY FOUND US!

ATTENTION, ALL WHO FOLLOW NOGG!



NOGG IS A DANGEROUS CRIMINAL. COME OVER TO US AND WE'LL MAKE SURE YOU'RE BROUGHT HOME SAFELY.



OKAY!



ZAP ZAP ZAP ZAP ZAP ZAP



WHUMP



HM. DON'T SUPPOSE I CAN CONVINCE THE REST OF YOU TO COME OUT NOW?



IS THAT A BATHROOM ACROSS THE HALL? I KNOW IT'S BAD TIMING, BUT I REALLY GOTTA GO.

NO TIME! HEY, POTTY-BOT, PIERROT'S GOTTA TAKE A LEAK. TAKE CARE OF HIM.

GLADLY!



NO THANKS, I'LL JUST RUN FOR IT. POTTY-BOTS FREAK ME OUT. THEY... WAIT... I...



Fwoohp!

AIEEE!!

NOGG, THERE'S ANOTHER PASSAGE THAT'S NOT ON THE OFFICIAL GARAGE PLANS. SEE? RIGHT THERE. TAKE IT. THEY'LL NEVER FIND YOU.



WE'RE NOT ABANDONING YOU UNDER FIRE. COME WITH US, CHOAN!



JUST BECAUSE I PREFER YOUR SIDE, AND AM WILLING TO LEND A HAND, DOESN'T MEAN I'M TAKING SIDES.

JUST BE THANKFUL I'M NOT BILLING YOU FOR REPAIRS.



WE'RE NOT GOING, CHOAN.

SORRY I TOOK SO LONG. AFTER COLLECTING THE EEBS, I WENT BACK TO REFRESH MY DRINK. ARE WE LEAVING ALREADY?



DIMITRI. MMMMMMM... YOU LOOK YUMMY IN PINK. SHALL I KISS YOU FOR LUCK?

I DON'T BELIEVE IN LUCK, HOW ABOUT I KISS YOU ALL OVER BECAUSE IT FEELS REALLY REALLY GOOD.



MMMM, YES... NIBBLE MY GILLS ONE LAST TIME.

NOM NOM NOM

RIGHT. TIME TO GO.





OKAY, EVERYONE, DOWN THE SECRET PASSAGE. GO! GO! GO!

I CAN'T!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

THE POTTY-BOT WON'T RELEASE ME!

HE WON'T URINATE, I DETECT AMPLE LIQUID IN HIS BLADDER.



JUST PEE, THEN!

I CAN'T! THERE'S SHOOTING, AND EVERYONE STARING AND-

THAT'S OKAY, I CAN WAIT.



SIGH. YOU CAN'T REASON WITH A POTTY-BOT. HERE.

THANKS, CHOAN. ARE YOU SURE YOU'LL BE-

EEP!



SAVE YOUR CREW, I'LL BE FINE.

SAVE SOME KISSES, THEY'RE FINE TOO.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH MY BODY!

THIS IS NOT HAPPENING!



MY BODY! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH IT! WAHH!

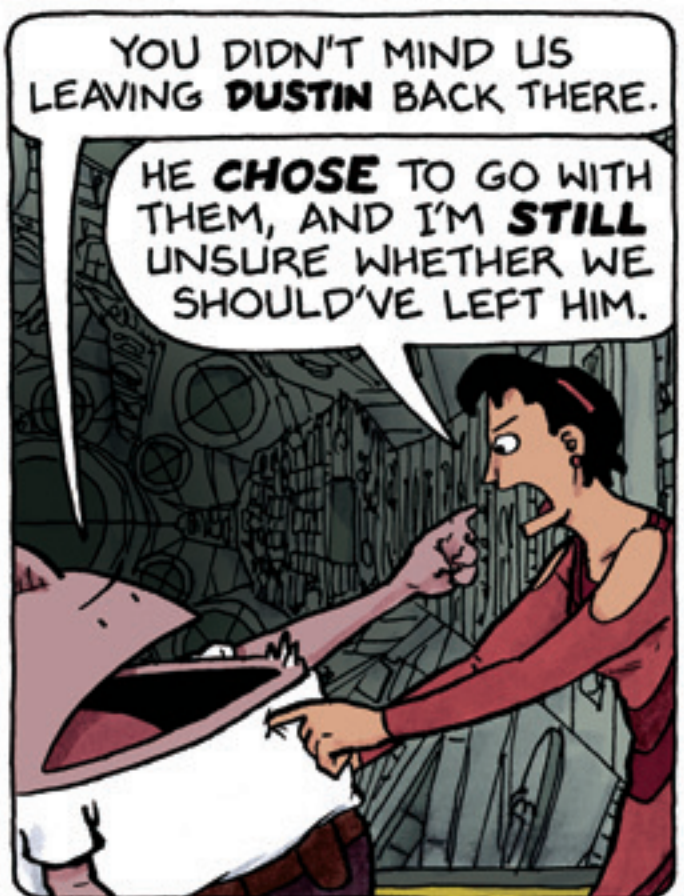
WAHH!

HURRY!



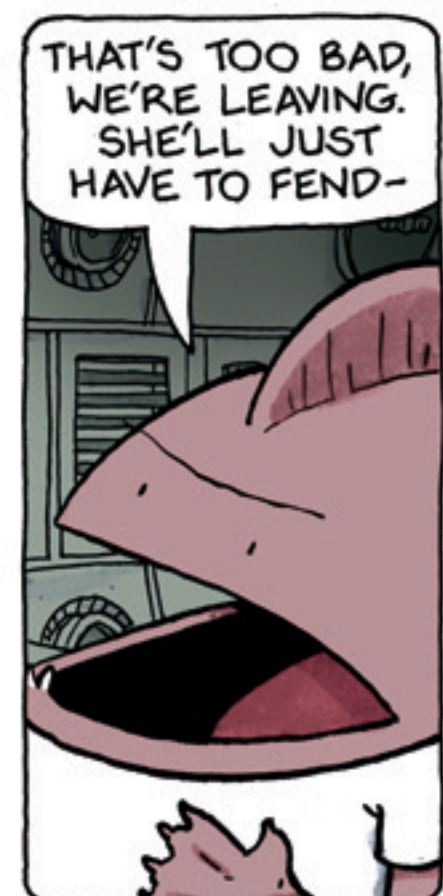
THERE'S THE SHIP. EVERYONE, GET ON BOARD AND LET'S GET OUTTA' HERE.

NO! WAIT! EMILY'S NOT HERE!



YOU DIDN'T MIND US LEAVING DUSTIN BACK THERE.

HE **CHOSE** TO GO WITH THEM, AND I'M **STILL** UNSURE WHETHER WE SHOULD'VE LEFT HIM.



THAT'S TOO BAD, WE'RE LEAVING. SHE'LL JUST HAVE TO FEND-



ZAP!



WE WON'T ABANDON OUR FRIENDS AGAIN, AND NOGG NEEDS TO LEARN THAT.



THAT'S MY GIRL!

WHATEVER.



EMILY! WHERE ARE YOU?!

CAN'T... TALK! BATTLING... MECHA... BOT... FOR... MY... LIFE!

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH MY BODY! AUGH! AUUUUGH!



HOW CAN WE HELP? WE NEED YOU HERE. NOW. SO WE CAN GO.

CAN'T... TALK... I...

PLEEEASE! MY BODY!



PIERROT, I KNOW THE POTTY-BOT'S ATTACHED TO YOUR PRIVATES, BUT CAN'T YOU PLEASE **SHUT IT UP?**

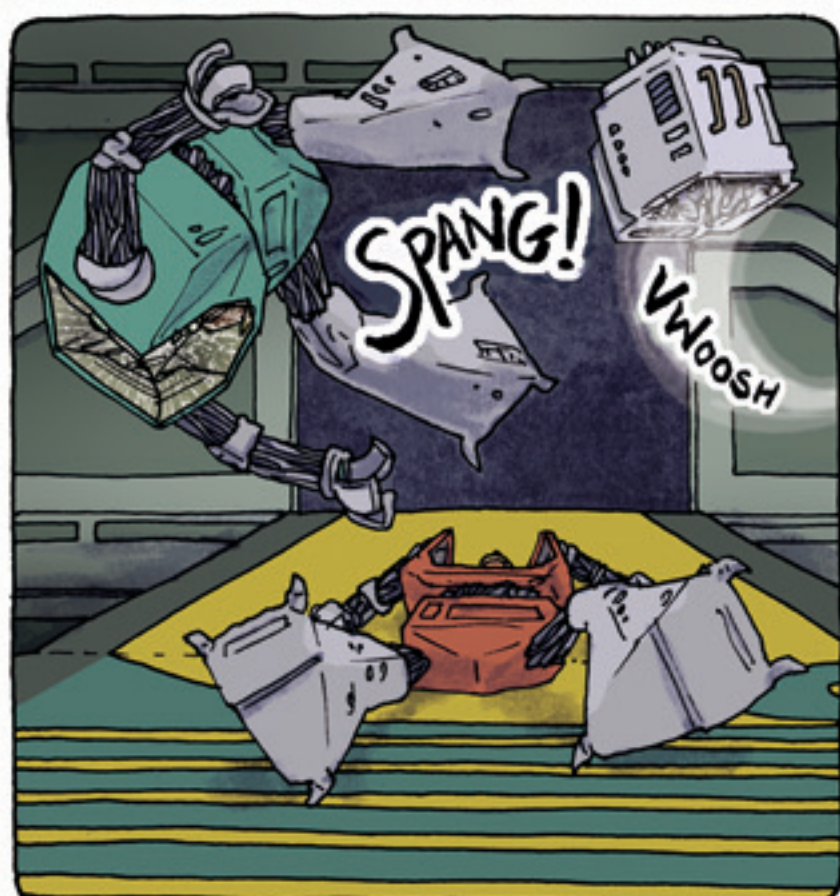
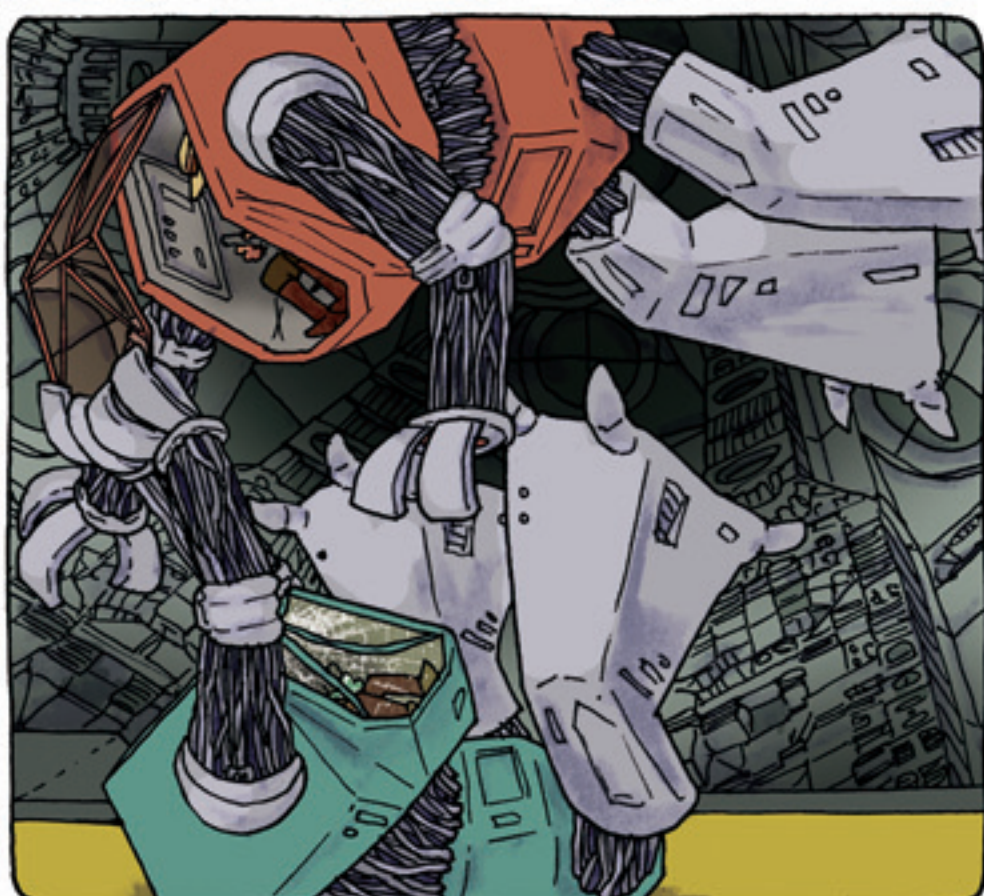
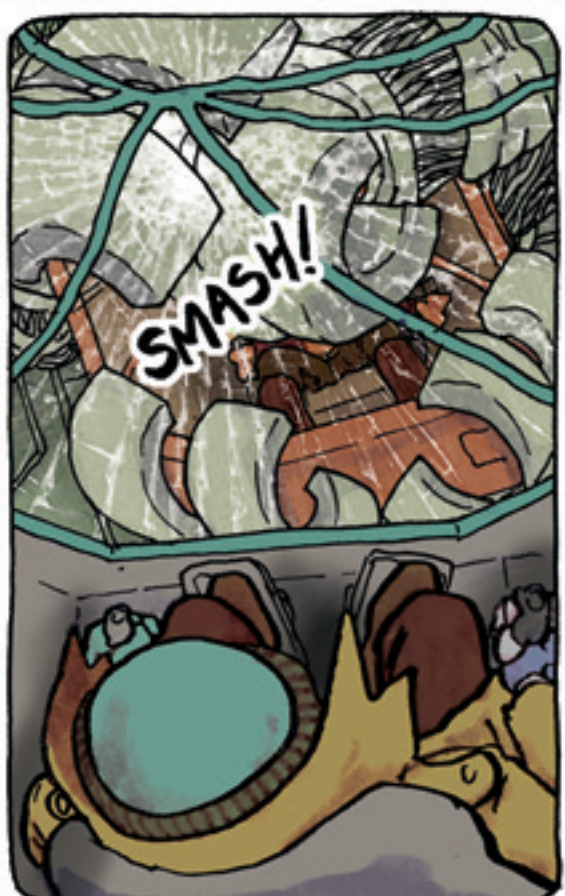
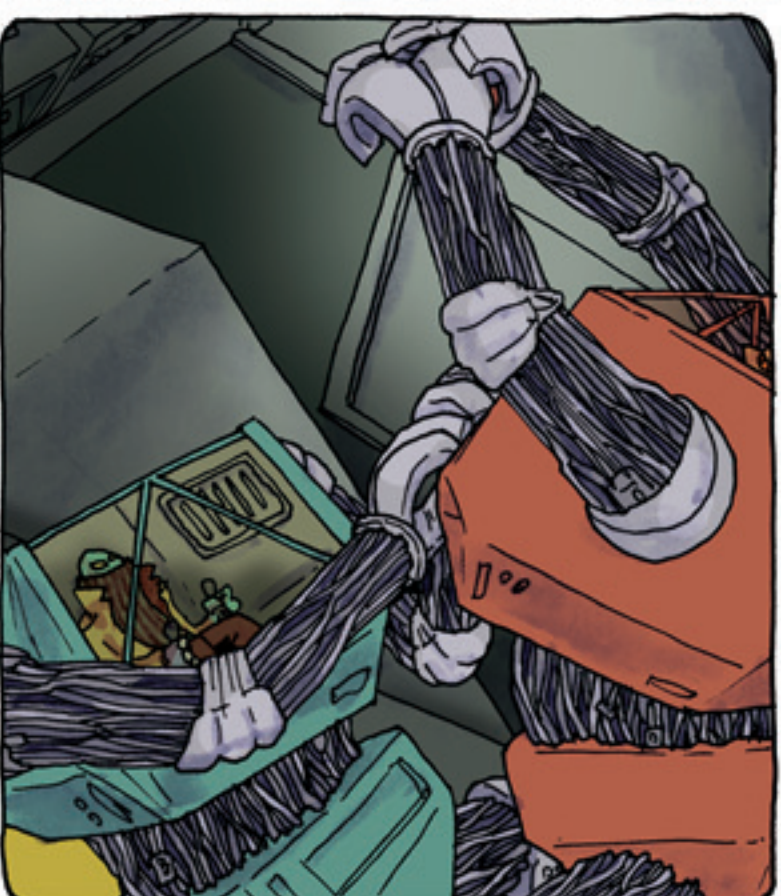
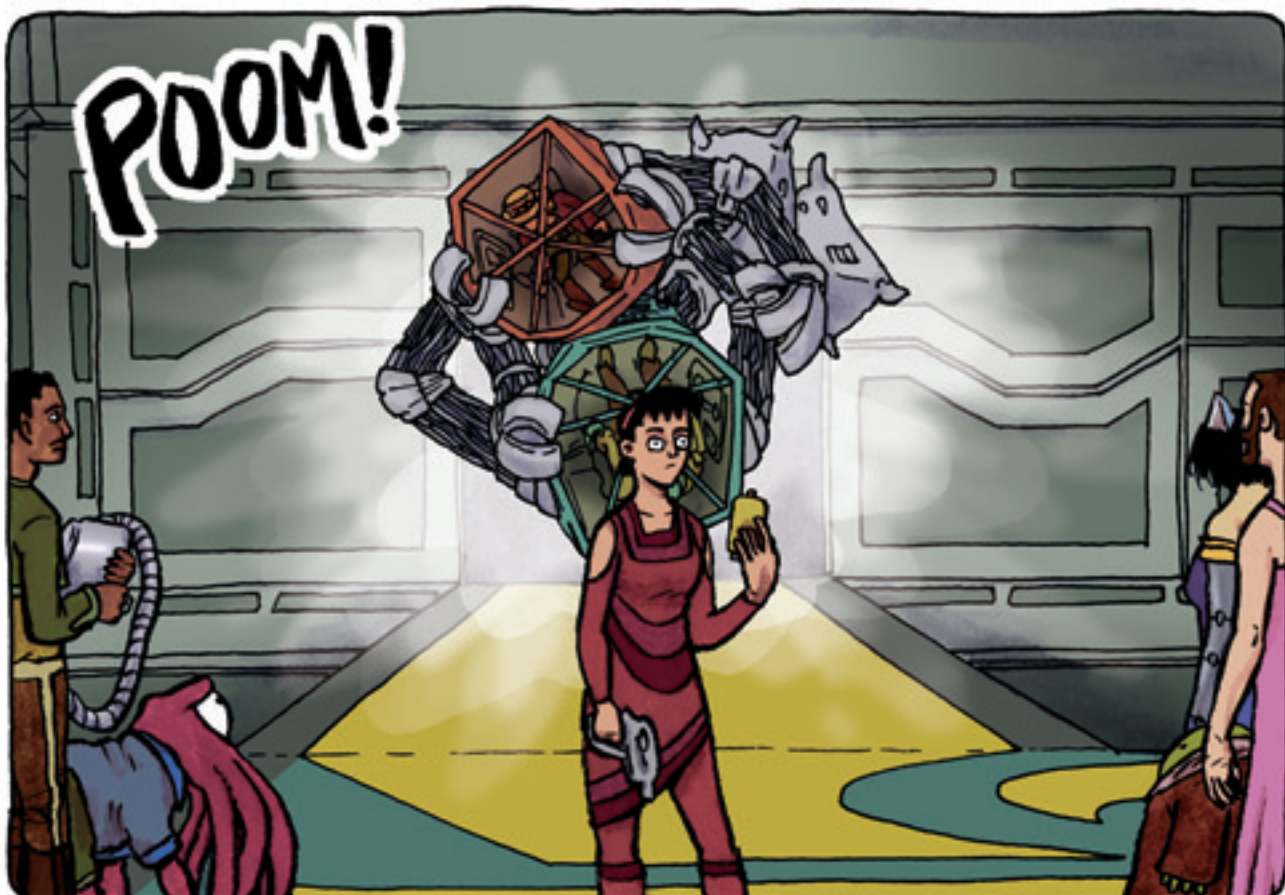


THAT'S HILARIOUS PUT HIM ON, I'M **SO** MAKING FUN OF HIM.

IF YOU LET GO, I **PROMISE** I'LL GET YOU YOUR BODY!

HA! YOU CAN'T FOOL **ME**. YOU HAVEN'T **PEED** YET.







WE'RE AWAY FROM CHOAN'S GARAGE, AND I DON'T THINK WE'RE BEING TAILED.

GOOD.

SO, YOU COMMIT MUTINY BY SHOOTING THE CAPTAIN. WHAT'S NEXT, MARTINA? BACK TO EARTH WITH YOUR FUCKING TAIL BETWEEN YOUR LEGS.

SET COURSE TO THE G.O.B.. WHEN NOGG AWAKES, I'LL GLADLY GIVE HIM HIS CHAIR BACK.

SOUNDS LIKE HE'S WAKING UP NOW.

GROANN...

MARTINA. HEY... YOU SHOT ME.

I KNOW.

NOGG, DO YOU WANT TO DRESS DOWN THE IDIOT HUMANS, OR SHALL I DO IT THIS TIME?

NO. THIS TIME I'M DOING THE DEBRIEFING.

NOGG, WE DO NOT FUCKING LEAVE OUR FRIENDS BEHIND. EVER. AND IF YOU DO IT AGAIN, I'M GONNA STUN YOU AND THEN LEAVE YOU BEHIND. WE DON'T NEED THAT KIND OF LEADERSHIP.

KREP AND GURF, GOOD JOB, ALTHOUGH KREP, YOU'RE A BIG FUCKING WHINER.

DO YOU HAVE A FUCKING PROBLEM WITH THAT?

NOPE. I'M JUST SAYIN'!

EMILY, THAT WAS AWESOME WITH THE ROBOTS. AND DIMITRI, GOOD BACKUP. A BIT TOO LAID BACK, BUT YOU GOT DONE WHAT NEEDED DONE.

CHECK.

CHEERS.

PIERROT, VISIT THE BATHROOM, PEE, AND SCRAP THAT POTTY-BOT HEAD -- APPARENTLY IT WILL NEVER BE HAPPY WITHOUT ITS BODY.

WHAT? BUT... HEY, WAIT! I DON'T NEED A BODY! PLEASE! OH GOD, PLEASE!

DO I HAVE PERMISSION TO SLIT MY WRISTS?

NO.

AND EVERYONE SAY A PRAYER FOR YURI, WHO'S STILL UNCONSCIOUS IN MED-BAY.

OKAY, NOGG. THE CAPTAIN'S CHAIR IS YOURS. ANY FEEDBACK FOR ME?

SURE. YOU DID A REALLY GREAT JOB, AND I VALUE YOUR ON-SITE PARTICIPATION IN THE ETHICAL CONSIDERATIONS OF OUR MISSION.

AW. REALLY? DO YOU MEAN THAT?

IN FACT, I THINK YOU DESERVE A VACATION. KREP, ARE THERE ANY MIHRRGOOT COLONIES NEARBY?

NO. BUT XABAR, THE PLANET OF NATURAL STEAMING EXCREMENT IS ONLY A FEW STAR SECTORS AWAY.





DIMITRI! ARE YOU OKAY? WHAT HAPPENED?

WHAT?... OH, HEY, MARTINA.



THIS? THIS IS NOTHING. I DID A LITTLE RESEARCH ON STUN GUNS AND THEORIZED THAT YOU CAN BE CONDITIONED TO THEM.



IF YOU'RE SHOT ENOUGH TIMES IN IMMEDIATE SUCCESSION, YOUR BODY LEARNS TO COPE.



SO, NOW YOU'RE STUN-RESISTANT.

I DON'T BELIEVE I'M THERE **YET**... ALTHOUGH I ADMIT... IT'S A LITTLE FOGGY.



DIMITRI, **YURI'S** ALREADY IN SICK BAY, WE DON'T NEED ANYONE **ELSE** LAID UP IN THERE.

BAH. I'M **FINE!** IN FACT, I'VE KINDA GOTTEN INTO IT, YOU KNOW?



AFTER YOU STOP BEING AFRAID OF IT, YOU REALIZE IT MAKES YOU ALL TINGLY.



AND WHEN YOU REPEATEDLY DO IT... FAZING OUT... AND THEN BACK IN... LIKE A DREAM.



EVEN THE HANGOVER IS MORE LIKE A FRIENDLY HAZE ONCE YOU ACCEPT IT RATHER THAN STRUGGLE AGAINST IT.



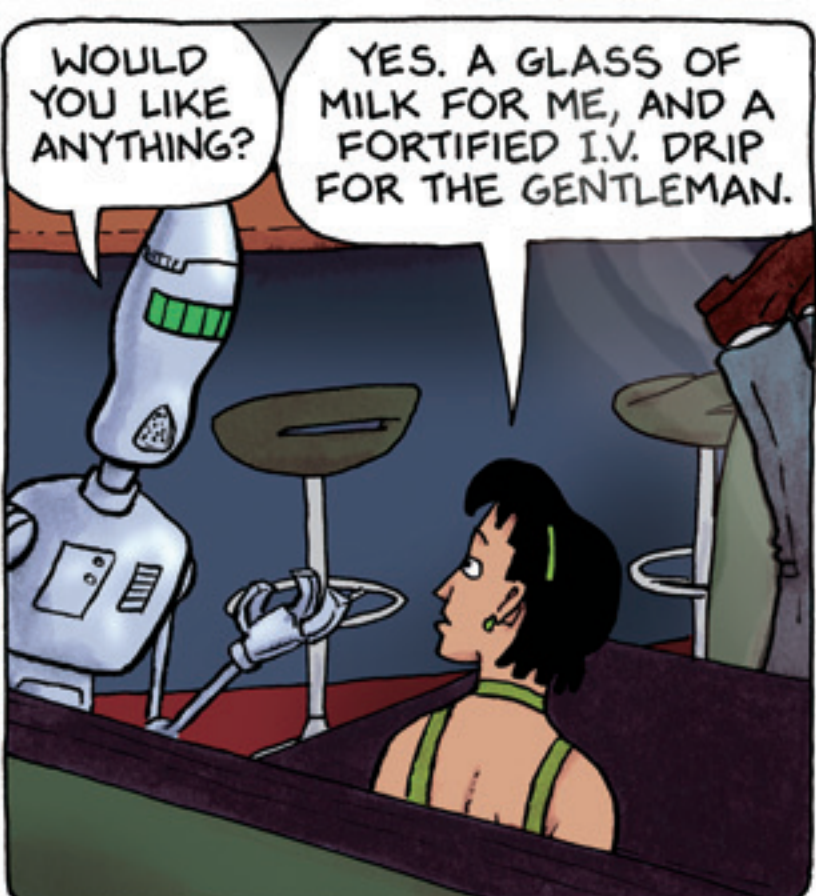
CHEERS



ZAP!



KLOONK!



WOULD YOU LIKE ANYTHING?

YES. A GLASS OF MILK FOR ME, AND A FORTIFIED I.V. DRIP FOR THE GENTLEMAN.



THE GALACTIC ORGANIZATIONAL BODY IS ONLY A FEW STAR SECTORS AWAY AND SO BEFORE WE GET THERE, WE NEED TO DISCUSS OUR INTENTIONS.

I USUALLY JUST SAY, "I'M NOT THE MARRYING TYPE."

SINCE ACTUAL EEB LIBERATION IS A HOT TOPIC, OUR PLAN IS TO FOCUS ON THE LEGAL DEFINITION OF "SENTIENT."

THE G.O.B. DEFINES "SENTIENT" AS: DISPLAYING A "MEASURABLY SIGNIFICANT" SHOW OF WILL.

SO, PRODUCE A STUDY WHICH SHOWS EEBs **DO** HAVE WILL.

GOOD THOUGHT, BUT EEBs **ARE** WEAK WILLED, AND THE G.O.B. COULD EASILY PRODUCE EEB "WITNESSES" TO "PROVE" THE STUDY WRONG.

SO OUR PLAN IS TO PROPOSE CHANGING THE DEFINITION TO BE "SENTIENT IF EVEN A SINGLE MEMBER OF THE SPECIES CAN DISPLAY A MEASURABLY SIGNIFICANT SHOW OF WILL."

SOUNDS EASY ENOUGH.

YES, EXCEPT THAT EACH TOPIC PRESENTED FOR VOTE NEEDS AT LEAST TWO OTHER SPECIES TO ENDORSE IT FOR IT TO MOVE FORWARD.

CURRENTLY, WE DON'T HAVE ALLIES ON THIS. SO, THE FIRST QUESTION IS, WHICH ONE OF YOU WILL GIVE THE SPEECH?

THE SPEECH PRESENTING THE EEB VOTE MUST BE PASSIONATE...

TOO BAD WE LOST DUSTIN.

...AND CONVINCING.

NEVER MIND.

WHO ARE THE TWO ALLIES YOU'VE LINED UP TO WORK WITH US ON THIS?

THE SHUTS FROM THE PLANET SHUT, AND THE UPS FROM THE PLANET UP.

NOT YURI, SHE'S PART EEB AND WE DON'T WANT ANY PROGRESS STRUCK DOWN DUE TO A TECHNICALITY.

MARTINA, YOU HAVE DIPLOMACY. DIMITRI, YOU HAVE CHARM. PIERROT, YOU HAVE STUBBORNNESS. AND EMILY, YOU HAVE VALOR.

WE'VE DISCUSSED THIS, KREP. THAT'S NOT THE ISSUE AT ALL.

FINE! BE CYNICAL ABOUT OUR ABILITY TO KEEP YOU ALL ALIVE!

HAVE I MENTIONED THAT I'M TERRIFIED OF PUBLIC SPEAKING?

THE PROBLEM NOGG IS GETTING AT IS THAT NONE OF YOU HAVE INTELLIGENCE.

WELL, IT SHOULD BE.

HOW ABOUT, THE FIRST PERSON TO SURVIVE AND GAIN EARTH'S SEAT GETS TO DO IT?

IF THIS IS ALL DECIDED, CAN I GO ZAP MYSELF NOW?







THE BOT'S REPAIRED, EMILY. AND I BUILT THAT TWO-WAY COMMUNICATOR YOU ASKED FOR, NO TIME DELAY AND NO DISTANCE BARRIER.

THANKS, CERISE22. TELL ME HOW IT WORKS.

ARE YOU FAMILIAR WITH QUANTUM PARTICLE ENTANGLEMENT?

NOT MORE THAN VAGUELY, BUT I KNOW WHAT HEISENBERG SAID ABOUT SEX.

WHO IS HEISENBERG?

IF YOU HAVE THE POSITION, YOU HAVEN'T GOT THE MOMENTUM; AND IF YOU HAVE THE ENERGY, YOU HAVEN'T GOT THE TIME.

OH. WELL, I SIMPLY SPLIT SOME PARTICLES. WHEN YOU TALK INTO ONE COMMUNICATOR, IT PRODS THOSE PARTICLES -- AND THE SPLIT TWINS IN THE OTHER COMMUNICATOR REACT THE SAME WAY.

I GUESS THAT MAKES SENSE.

AND HERE ARE THE TIMED HANDCUFFS AS WELL. TOO SIMPLE FOR ME TO BOTHER TO BUILD. THE BAR-BOT SYNTHESIZED THEM FROM THE SEX CATALOG DATABASE.

NOTED.

NOW, TELL ME WHAT GRAY17 AND YURI HAVE BEEN TALKING ABOUT.

THE BUILDING OF SPACETRAWLERS, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE THEIR INTERESTING DISCUSSION IS ABOUT TO BE INTERRUPTED.

YURI, YOU'RE AWAKE, AND UP.

HEY, MARTINA.

WHAT'RE YOU DOING DOWN HERE?

GRAY17 WAS JUST TELLING ME HOW SPACETRAWLERS ARE MADE.

THAT SOUNDS FUN.

ACTUALLY, IT'S AWFUL.

HE'S RIGHT. THE PROCESS IS NIGHTMARISHLY HORRIBLE. IT'S GOTTA BE STOPPED.

ALTHOUGH I CAN'T TELL YOU ANYTHING ABOUT IT, IT'S AN EEB SECRET.

IF EEB LIBERATION MEANS NO MORE SPACETRAWLERS, WE'RE GONNA NEED SOMETHING TO REPLACE THEM WITH OR WE'LL NEVER CONVINCE ANYONE TO SUPPORT OUR CAUSE.

I'M NOT SURE IT CAN BE DONE.

UNDERSTANDING TECHNOLOGY AND EEBS IS YOUR STRENGTH. CAN YOU AT LEAST TRY? WITHOUT IT WE'RE DEAD IN THE WATER.

SURE, BUT I'M TELLING YOU, OUR CHANCES ARE SECOND TO NIL.

WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THERE?

PEP RALLY, APPARENTLY.



I.A. STAR BANGER, YOU'RE CLEARED TO APPROACH.



WHAT? REALLY?

HEH. YEAH.

WHY DO I GET THE SENSE WE SHOULD BE VERY WARY?

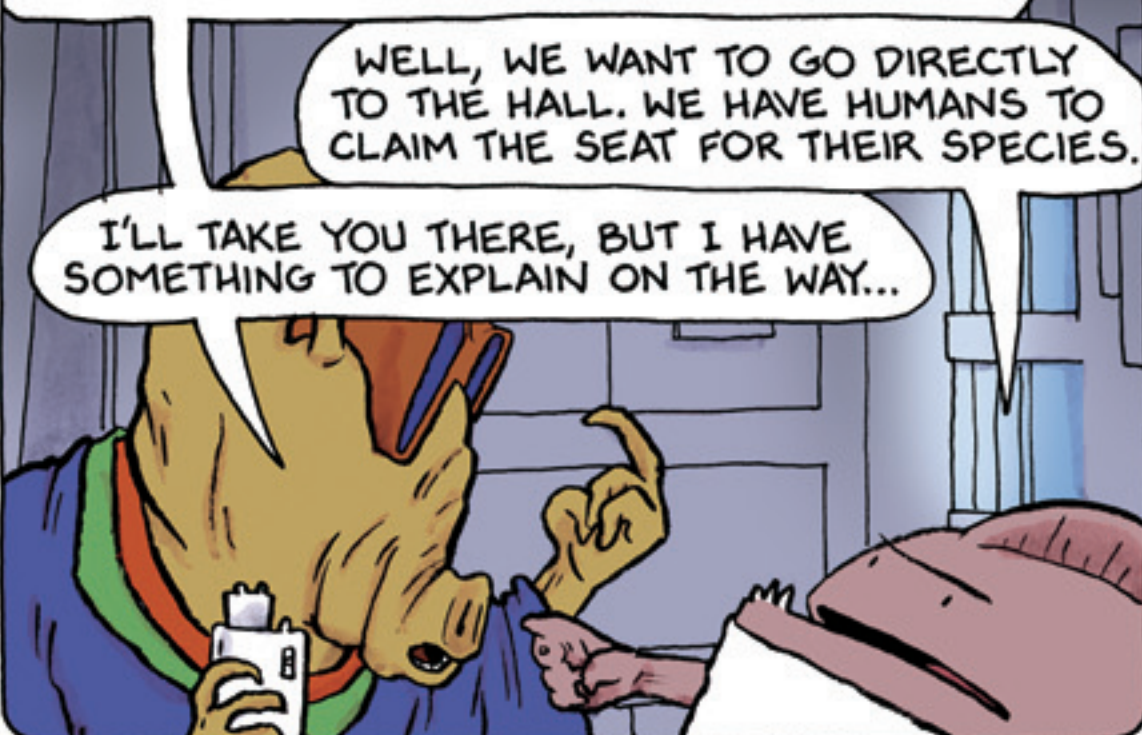


WELCOME, NOGG, AND CREW. DURING YOUR VISIT TO THE G.O.B., YOU ALL HAVE BEEN GIVEN TEMPORARY AMNESTY FOR PREVIOUS CRIMES.



WHO-

COMPLIMENTS OF KUU-DRAHC, WHO UNFORTUNATELY IS ATTENDING SESSION AND UNABLE TO BE HERE TO WELCOME YOU.



WELL, WE WANT TO GO DIRECTLY TO THE HALL. WE HAVE HUMANS TO CLAIM THE SEAT FOR THEIR SPECIES.

I'LL TAKE YOU THERE, BUT I HAVE SOMETHING TO EXPLAIN ON THE WAY...

PIERROT, COME HERE A SECOND.



WHAT IS IT, EMILY?

TAKE THIS RING. IT'S A COMMUNICATOR, NOTHING MORE; AND IT'S SYNCHED ONLY TO MY MATCHING ONE.



THAT'S KINDA... I DON'T KNOW... ROMANT-

AND NOW, STEP BEHIND THIS UTILITY PANEL.



WHAT?

CLICK



THIS HANDCUFF WILL AUTO-RELEASE IN FOUR DAYS TIME. WE'LL NEED YOU THEN.



WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?!

PIERROT, IT'S OBVIOUS THAT THIS IS NOT GOING TO GO DOWN WELL. THEY ARE DEAD SET AGAINST US, THEY HAVE SUPERIOR NUMBERS, AND THEY'VE BEEN WAITING FOR US.



I EXPECT WITHIN FOUR DAYS THE DUST WILL SETTLE, AT WHICH POINT I'M RELYING ON YOU TO ACCOMPLISH OUR MISSION. I BELIEVE IN YOU, PIERROT. YOU'VE GOT BOTH THE RIGHTEOUSNESS AND THE STUBBORNNESS.

I GOTTA USE THE BATHROOM.



NOT A PROBLEM. I HAD THE EEBS REBUILD YOUR POTTY-BOT.



SHUT!

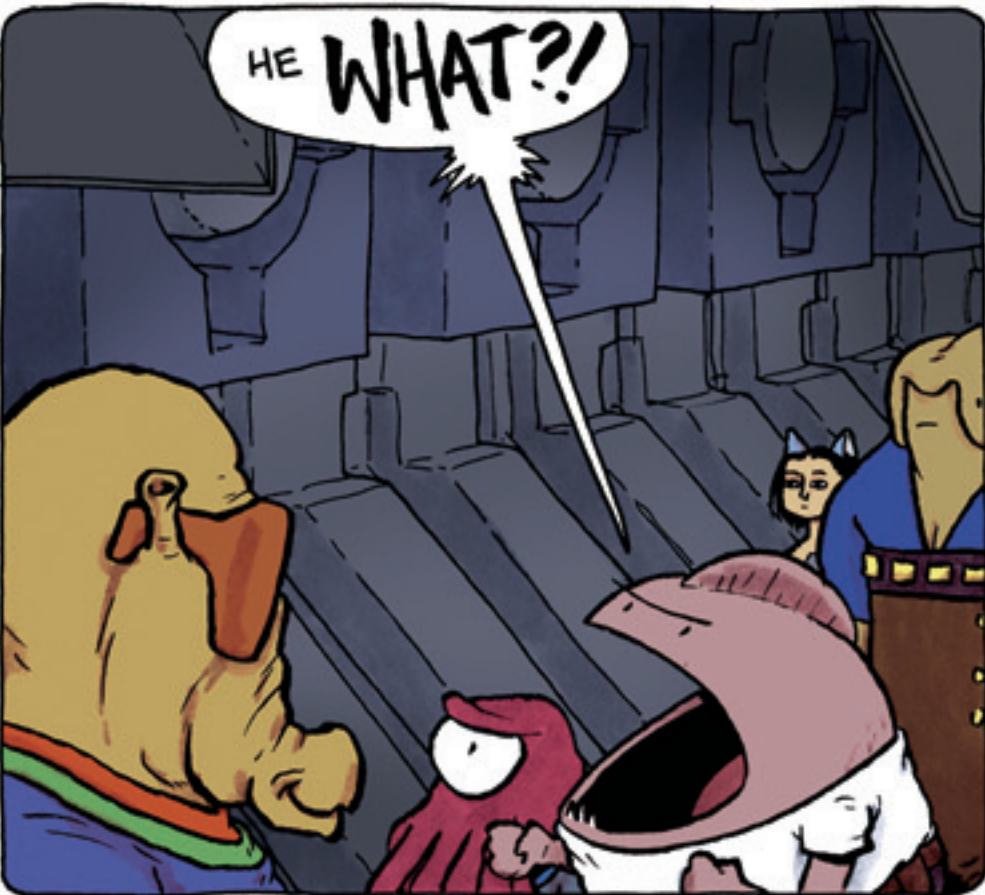


IF YOU JUST GET TO KNOW ME, I'M SURE WE'LL BECOME MUCH BETTER FRIENDS.

WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA  
HHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH  
HHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!







HE WHAT?!



DUSTIN LANDING HAS CLAIMED THE G.O.B. SEAT FOR THE HUMANS.



AND I WARN YOU, WE HEAR THAT A ~~HAHEM~~ "CERTAIN PARTY" MAY WISH TO INFLUENCE OR UNSEAT HIM, AND SO HE'S UNDER HEAVY SECURITY.

WHAT'D YOU DO? PROMISE TO FLY HIM HOME AFTER THIS?



OF COURSE! HAHAHAAAAHAHA!



HOO. WHAT A RUBE. HE'S GOOD FUN.

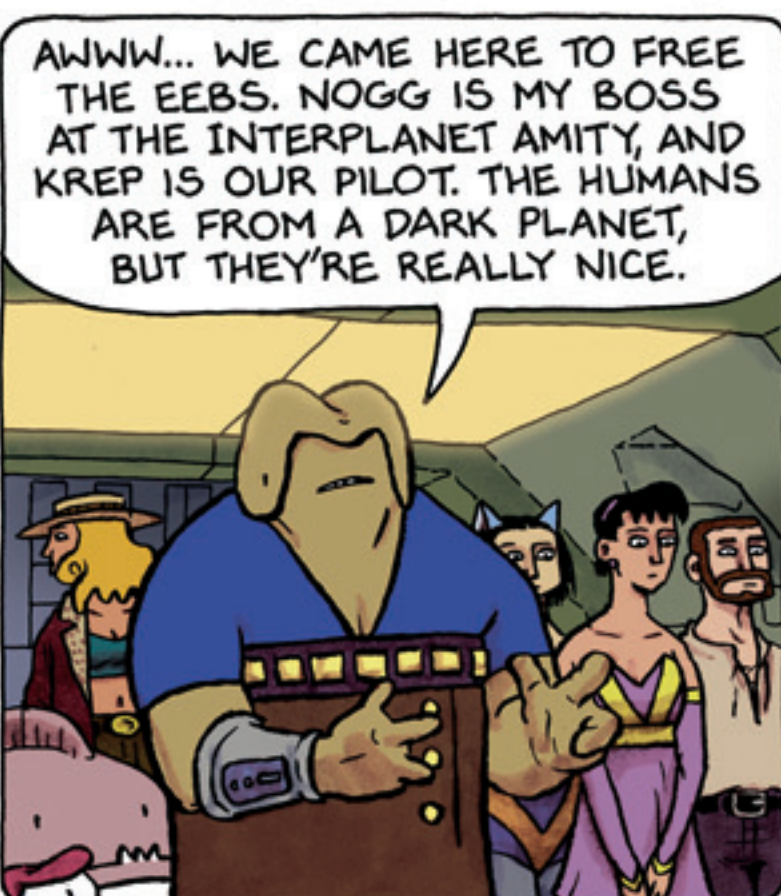
COME ON, EVERYBODY. LET'S GET A DRINK.

GURFISTON?



HI, MOM!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? AND WHO ARE YOUR FRIENDS?



AWWW... WE CAME HERE TO FREE THE EEBS. NOGG IS MY BOSS AT THE INTERPLANET AMITY, AND KREP IS OUR PILOT. THE HUMANS ARE FROM A DARK PLANET, BUT THEY'RE REALLY NICE.



HUMANS? ARE THEY WITH DUSTIN LANDING? HE JUST CLAIMED THE HUMAN SEAT YESTERDAY.

WE KNOW.

THAT'S WHY WE'RE OFF TO GET DRUNK.



NOW, HOLD ON. WHERE ARE YOU STAYING?

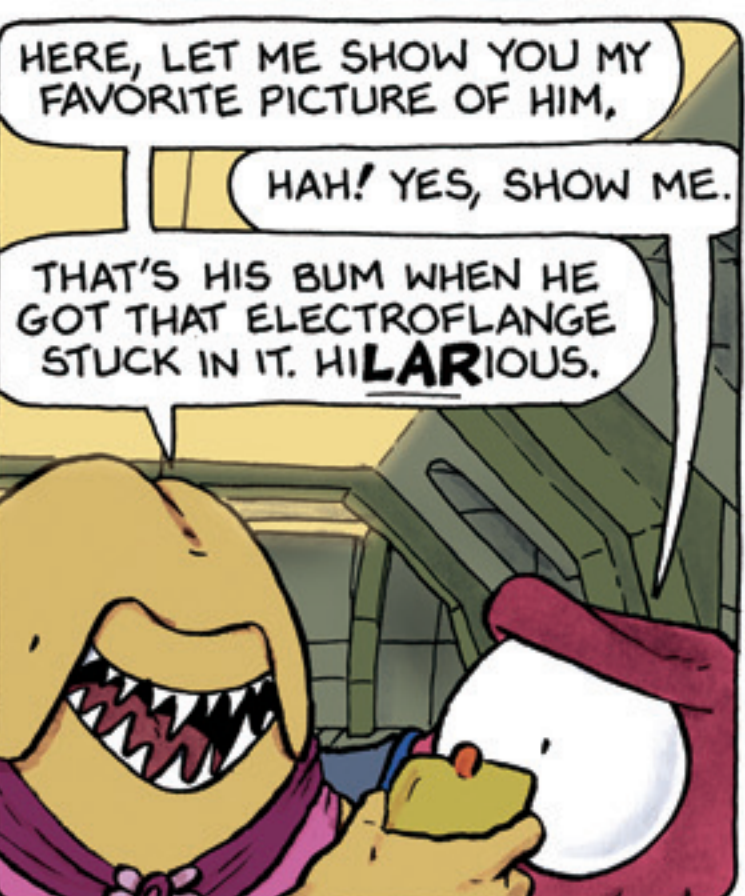
OUR SHIP, I GUESS.



NONSENSE, COME TO MY FLAT. I HAVE ROOM FOR ALL OF YOU, AND PLENTY OF DRINK.

MOMMMM! WE'RE ON A DANGEROUS MISSION!

AW, IT'S SO GOOD TO SEE YOU GURFISTON.



HERE, LET ME SHOW YOU MY FAVORITE PICTURE OF HIM,

HAH! YES, SHOW ME.

THAT'S HIS BUM WHEN HE GOT THAT ELECTROFLANGE STUCK IN IT. HILARIOUS.



MOMMM! THAT'S EMBARRASSING!

THAT'S BECAUSE YOU HAVE NO SENSE OF HUMOR.

DOES ANYONE HAVE A BOX OF NAILS I CAN ROLL MY EYE IN?



GURF, WHY THE HELL DIDN'T YOU EVER **MENTION** THAT YOUR MOM WAS ON THE COUNCIL?

WAS IT IMPORTANT?

ONLY THAT IT WOULD HAVE CHANGED OUR ENTIRE **STRATEGY!**

GOOD THING I DIDN'T TELL YOU! I'D HATE TO MESS UP OUR PLANS.

YOU MEAN THE PLANS WHICH JUST BLEW UP IN OUR FACE AND MADE ALL OUR EFFORT WASTED?

SPEAKING OF WASTED, HERE COME OUR DRINKS.

THANK YOU, MA'AM.

PLEASE, CALL ME HALIP. IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE I CAN GET ANYONE?

NO THANK YOU, HALIP, BUT WE'RE VERY ANXIOUS TO HEAR WHAT HAPPENED WITH DUSTIN.

AH. DUSTIN LANDING. HE CERTAINLY IS QUITE THE TALK RIGHT NOW.

IT BEGAN WITH A DEBATE ABOUT HUMANS' VALIDITY TO A G.O.B. SEAT, SINCE **OFF-WORLDBERS** GOT HIM HERE, NOT HIS OWN INGENUITY.

DUSTIN TOLD EVERYONE THAT HUMANS HAD TRAVELED OFF-PLANET, BUT HAD STAYED IN THEIR SOLAR SYSTEM BY CHOICE; AND THAT THE REST OF US USE EEB-PRODUCED SPACE-FARING TECHNOLOGY, SO WHO ARE WE TO TALK.

AND THEN HE MENTIONED HOW EARTH WISHED TO PRESENT URANUS'S FULL DARKHUENIUM MINING RIGHTS TO THE G.O.B. AS A GIFT OF PEACE.

BASTARD. HE HAD NO RIGHT.

IN EXCHANGE FOR ONLY TEN PERCENT OF PROFITS AND A SHIP FULL OF EEBs TO BE SENT TO EARTH, BECAUSE EARTH "SUPPORTS EEBs BEING ALLOWED TO CONTINUE HAVING FUN WITH TECHNOLOGY."

No!

YES, I'M AFRAID HE DID. PRETTY MUCH GAVE AWAY EARTH'S FUTURE.

NO, I MEAN, THAT'S **IMPOSSIBLE!** HE'S AN **IDIOT!**

THERE IS NO **WAY** DUSTY COULD BE SO COHERENT AND PUT FORTH SUCH A WELL THOUGHT OUT PROPOSAL WHICH SO EFFECTIVELY UNDERMINES EVERYTHING WE CAME HERE FOR.

HE READ **THAT** OFF A TELEPROMPTER. SPEAKING OFF-SCRIPT, HE DECLARED THAT EARTH'S OFFICIAL GALACTIC NAME WOULD BE CHANGED TO "DUSTINIA."

THANK YOU. THAT'S MUCH MORE LIKE IT.



DUSTIN GAVE AWAY EARTH'S RESOURCES AND OPENLY DECLARED HUMAN SUPPORT OF EEB ENSLAVEMENT. OH, FOR THE LOVE OF BROGRAHM'S TEETH!

EXCUSE ME. BATHROOM.

GURFISTON, HAVE YOU **REALLY** GONE AND JOINED A RADICAL EEB LIBERATION GROUP?

AWWW, MOM. IT'S NOT **THAT** RADICAL.

WE JUST WANNA BE NICE TO EEBs. SOME EEBs ARE GOOD **FRIENDS** OF MINE.

HOW COULD **ANYONE** BEFRIEND THEM? THEY'VE GOT THE PERSONALITY OF A HOUSEPLANT! THEY HAVE NO WILLPOWER!

OH, RIGHT! **YOU'D** GET ALONG WITH THEM BECAUSE YOU COULD **RELATE!** WEAK WILLED AND NO MORAL QUALMS ABOUT BREAKING YOUR MOTHER'S HEART.

DON'T WORRY, HALIP, DUSTY HAS PRETTY MUCH SHOT OUR EEB-FREEING EFFORTS TO HELL.

MAYBE NOT. THE WAY I SEE IT, HE DOESN'T KNOW WE PLAN TO ATTACK THE LEGAL DEFINITION OF "SENTIENT."

HE ONLY KNEW THAT WE PLANNED TO TRY TO FREE THE EEBs, WHICH IS WHY HE STATED THAT EARTH DIDN'T WANT TO DO THIS.

SO WE CAN CONTINUE AS PLANNED, WE SIMPLY NEED TO SECURE EARTH'S URANUS MINING RIGHTS AS WELL.

I GOTTA USE THE CAN.

IF YOU FINAGLE THE SEAT FROM HIM, YOU CAN STILL OVERTURN THE DECISION.

REALLY?

FOR PLANET PROCLAMATIONS, A PERIOD OF SIX DRAAK-SIM ROTATIONS MUST PASS BEFORE IT'S CERTIFIED VALID. BUT DURING THAT TIME OTHERS OF THE SPECIES MAY STRIKE IT DOWN.

HOWEVER, SINCE THE G.O.B. DOESN'T **WANT** IT REVOKED, THE LIVES OF YOU HUMANS ARE IN TERRIBLE JEOPARDY.

GOT IT. I THINK I NEED A POWDER. YURI, COME WITH ME?

OKAY, THEN. FOR NOW WE GOTTA JUST MAKE SURE NONE OF THE HUMANS LEAVE THE FLAT UNATTENDED.

ALL FOUR OF THEM JUST SNUCK OUT ON THEIR WAY TO THE BATHROOM.

THEY **WHAT?!**

THIS CLUELESS BUFFOON IS YOUR CAPTAIN? IS IT YOUR **GOAL** TO DISAPPOINT ME, GURF? OH WHY COULDN'T YOU BECOME A FLEET COMMANDER LIKE YOUR BROTHER?!

BUT MOMMMM, I **HATE** FLEET COMMANDING!



YURI, WE NEED TO LOCATE DUSTIN.

THAT INFO SHOULD BE IN THE MAIN COMPUTERS. THERE'S A DIRECT LINE NOT FAR FROM HERE.

I FIGURE, IF I CAN FIND HIM, I CAN REASON WITH HIM.

I DOUBT IT. REASON DOESN'T WORK WITH DUSTY, COERCION DOES. HERE WE ARE.

CLICK

FINDING DUSTY... OKAY, LOCATED. SUITE YN4-621.

SPROONK

NOW, LET'S FIND WHERE SPACETRAWLERS ARE MANUFACTURED... OUR SHIP DOESN'T HAVE THAT INFO.

YOU'RE REALLY CONVINCED THAT'S THE KEY? THAT'S WHAT WE HAVE TO HIT?

THE WAY NOGG AND KREP TALK ABOUT BROGRAHM'S TEETH, IT'S A PERILOUS PLACE EVERYONE AVOIDS AT ALL COSTS, THAT'D BE THE PERFECT PLACE TO HIDE A SECRET.

YES. AND THERE IT IS, SMACK DAB IN THE MIDDLE OF BROGRAHM'S TEETH.

AND NOW, LET'S FIND THE G.O.B. EEBS.

AND FIND A FULL MAP OF THE G.O.B., LET'S MAKE SURE WE KNOW ALL THE ESCAPE ROUTES.

THE COMPUTER INDICATED THE HACKERS HAVE JACKED IN RIGHT... **THERE THEY ARE!**

WE'RE FROM THE G.O.B. INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT. WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?!

THE G.O.B. EEBS ARE IN SECTION HF3, ROOM 47. AND YES, HERE'S THE FULL MAP.

**FREEZE!** IDENTIFY YOURSELVES.

THE INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT STAFF COORDINATOR.

OKAY, LET'S SEE SOME I.D.

OH. UM. SURE. HERE YOU GO.

WHACK!

PUNCH!

CATCH!

ZAP!  
ZAP!

EMILY TAUGHT ME THAT ONE. WHAT DO YOU THINK?

I THINK I'LL AVOID EVER ASKING YOU FOR IDENTIFICATION.





HELLO, PIERROT.

I HATE YOU.

GOOD. I'M GLAD MORALE IS REMAINING HIGH.



I WAS GOING TO YELL MY HEAD OFF UNTIL HELP CAME, BUT I TRUST THE G.O.B. LESS THAN I TRUST YOU.

I BROUGHT YOU SOME SANDWICHES.



WHAT IF THERE WAS A FIRE?! I'D BE BURNED ALIVE, HAND-CUFFED INSIDE THIS TOMB OF A WALL.

PEANUT BUTTER AND JELLY. I MADE 'EM MYSELF.



I CAN JUST IMAGINE THE LIES YOU'VE TOLD THE OTHERS ABOUT WHERE I'D GONE.

I WAS GOING TO MAKE THEM STEAK AND CHEESE, BUT HAD A MOMENT OF SYMPATHY.



"OH, PIERROT? HE DECIDED TO WALK TO THE STABLES TO RELEASE THE HORSES."

I BROUGHT YOU SOME CHEESE PUFFS TOO. IT WAS HARD TO DESCRIBE IT TO THE FOOD SYNTH AND GET IT RIGHT.



OR MAYBE, "HE STAYED BACK ON THE SHIP, HE WAS TOO AFRAID OF MEETING UP WITH ANY GIANT BLUE CATS."

NEVER MIND, THEY SEEM TO HAVE GOTTEN SMOOSHED IN MY POCKET.



AND YOU'RE STILL FINE! STILL IN ONE PIECE! SO MUCH FOR YOUR CONSPIRACY THEORY OF COVERT ATTACKS!

MILK. ASSUMING YOU'RE ONLY A VEGETARIAN, AND NOT A VEGAN.



WHERE'S THE SLAUGHTERING OF OUR CREW YOU MENTIONED! NOWHERE?! SO WHY THE HELL WON'T YOU LET ME OUT?!

NOT THAT IT COMES FROM COWS. IT'S SYNTHED LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE.



WHY NOT?!

I GOTTA GET BACK. I HOPE IT'S NOT TOO LONG BEFORE WE SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN.



KISS





MARTINA, THEY'VE HIRED A SQUAD OF MERCENARIES TO TAKE US OUT -- ALL UNOFFICIAL SINCE WE HAVE AMNESTY.



CRAP. WHEN?

RIGHT NOW.



OKAY, FORWARD THE MAP TO EVERYONE AND THEN GO LIBERATE THE G.O.B. EEBS. I'LL GET DUSTY, AND WE'LL MEET BACK AT THE SHIP.

I'M DISCONNECTED. LET'S GO.



YOU KNOW, A YEAR AGO IF YOU'D TOLD ME THAT MERCENARIES WOULD BE HUNTING ME DOWN ON A FAR OFF SPACE STATION, I'D HAVE SAID YOU WERE CRAZY.

NO YOU WOULDN'T. YOU'D HAVE SAID, "WHAT? SORRY, I SPEAK NO JAPANESE."



ARE THOSE YOUR EYES OR IS IT DARKHUEINIUM? EITHER WAY I WANT TO MINE THEIR DEPTHS.

MMMMM. TELL ME MORE.



IMAGINE THIS CUP AS HOLDING THE LIQUOR OF OUR LOVE, AND--



ZAP!  
TSHHH!



APPARENTLY OUR LOVE IS EXPLOSIVE. WOULD YOU EXCUSE ME A MOMENT WHILE I RUN LIKE HELL?

GIGGLE.



HEY, I'M BACK. I JUST WENT FOR A WALK.

THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE ALRIGHT.

WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?



MAYBE THAT'S THEM NOW.

DING DONG

PBRRING  
PBRRING



DING DONG

HOLD YER HORSES.

HM? LOOKS LIKE A MESSAGE FROM YURI.

PBRRING  
PBRRING





GRAHHHHHHH!!!



SEE THE HOOLIGANS YOU'RE INVOLVED WITH GURFISTON?!



BUT THEY'RE THE **BAD** GUYS! THAT MEANS WE'RE THE **GOOD** GUYS!

BAH!



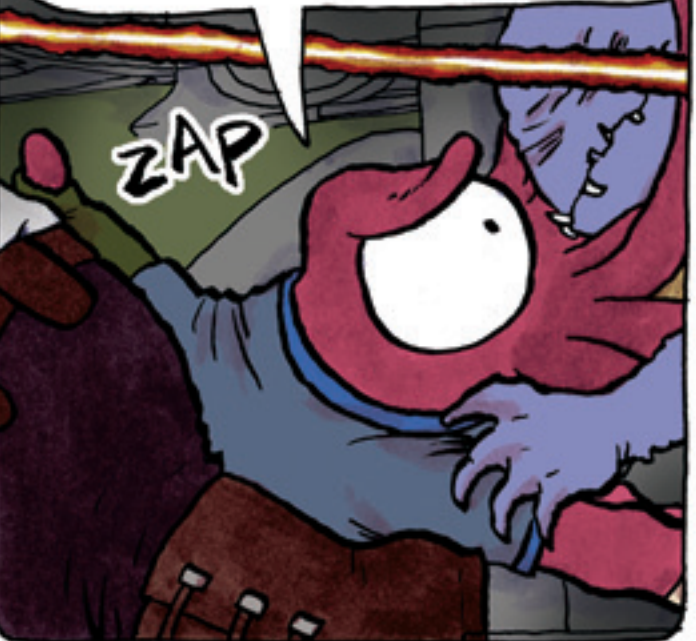
DAMMIT! IF WE CAN JUST GET OUT OF THIS FLAT, I CAN FIND KUU-DRAHC.

MAYBE I CAN STILL REASON WITH HIM.



NOGG, GET YOUR FUCKING DORSAL OUT OF YOUR ASS! YOUR FRIENDSHIP WITH KUU-DRAHC IS DEAD!

OR, **HELL!** WHY NOT? DO IT. WHEN KUU-DRAHC KILLS YOU, I'LL FINALLY GET TO BE CAPTAIN, IT WOULD'VE MADE RIKSHAW BOANS PROUD.



WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE AND BACK TO THE SHIP! HALIP, TELL US OUR OPTIONS.



I SUGGEST WE VISIT THE DOWN-STAIRS NEIGHBORS.

SURE! MAYBE IF WE COULD GET OUT THE GOD-DAMN FRONT DOO-



EBBGEE, FLUORYA, I WANT YOU TO MEET MY SON, GURFISTON.



IT'S A PLEASURE.

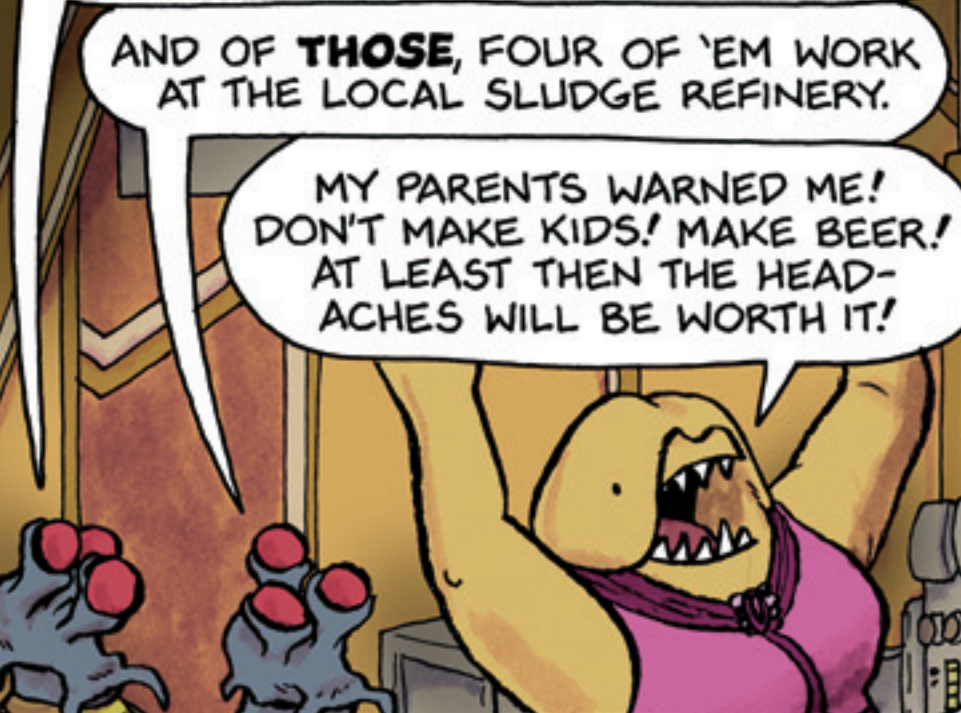
WE'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT YOU.

HE'S MY SON, BUT HE'S A BIG DISAPPOINTMENT. AND HIS LOWLIFE FRIENDS AREN'T ANY BETTER.



SORRY ABOUT THE CEILING. DON'T WORRY, WE'LL JUST BE ON OUR WAY.

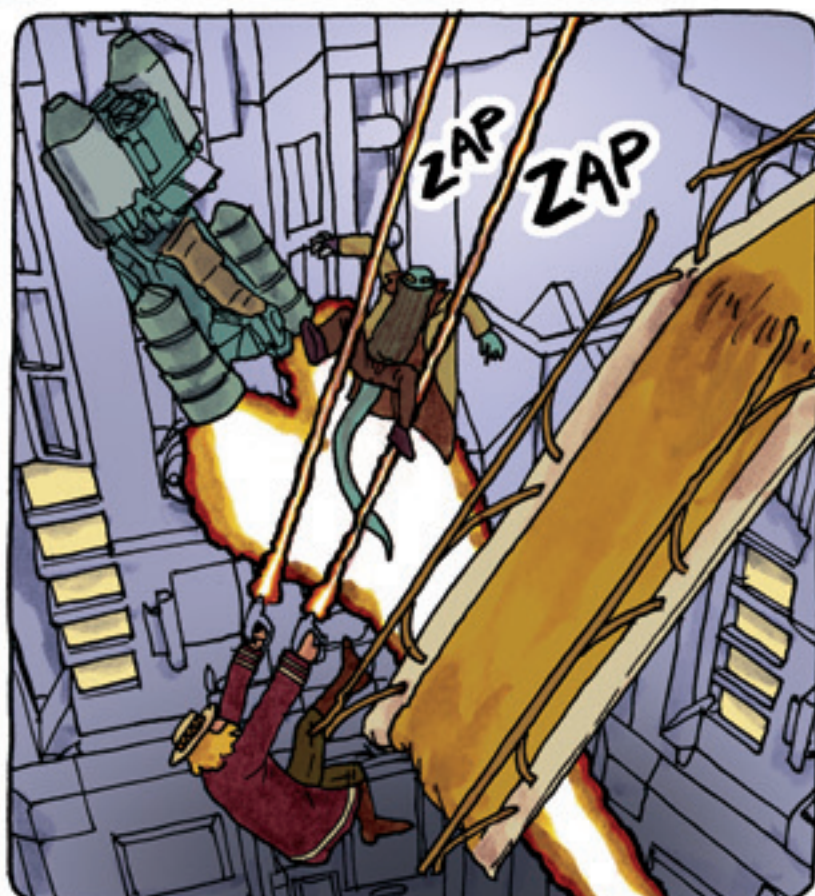
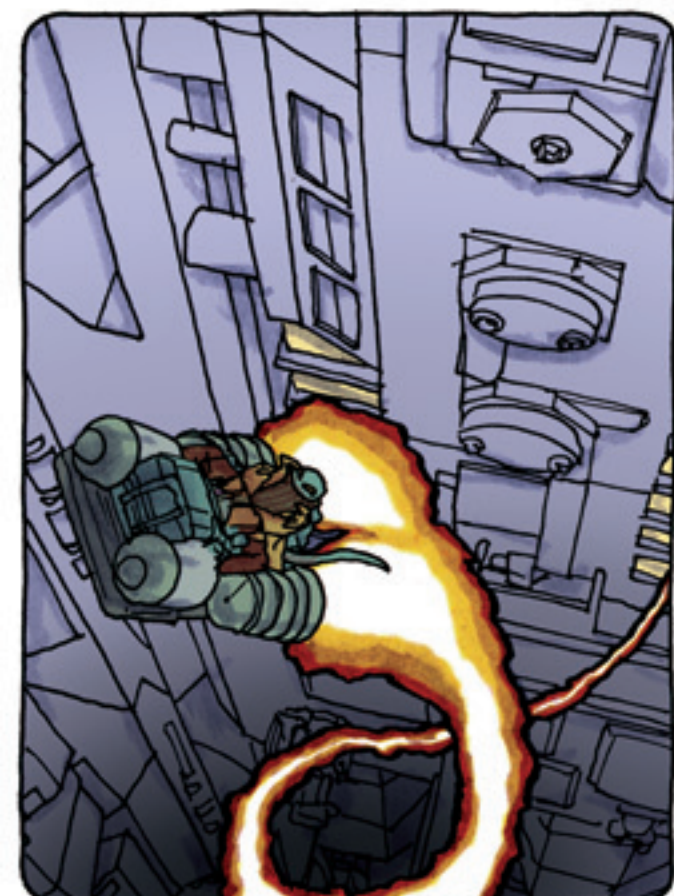
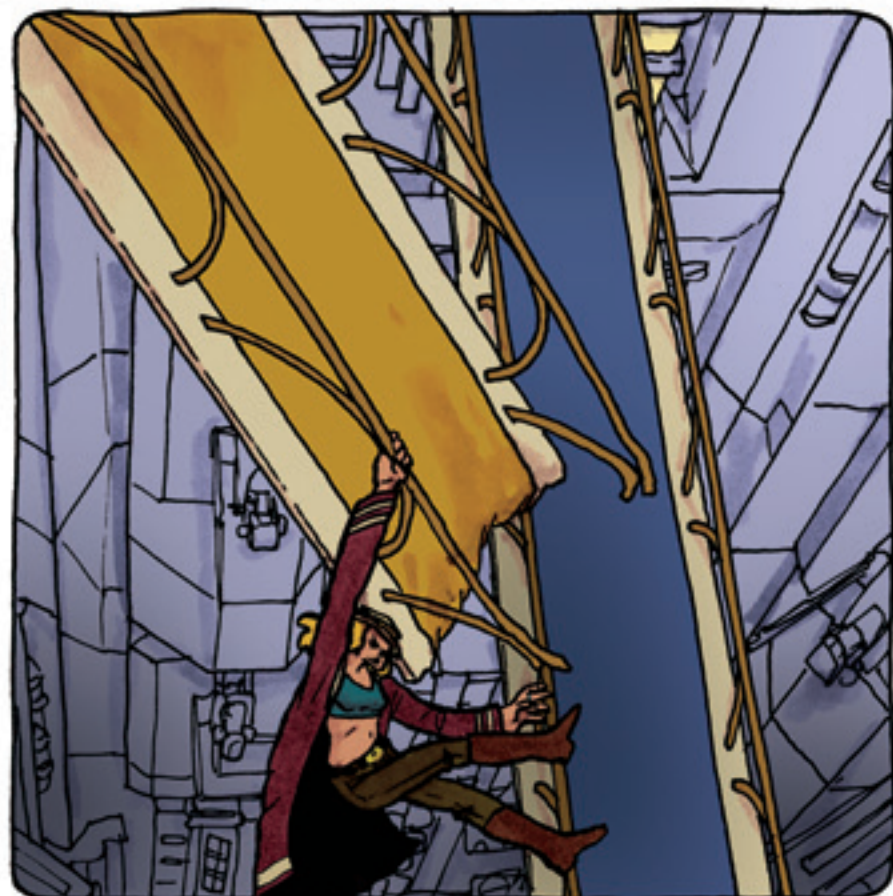
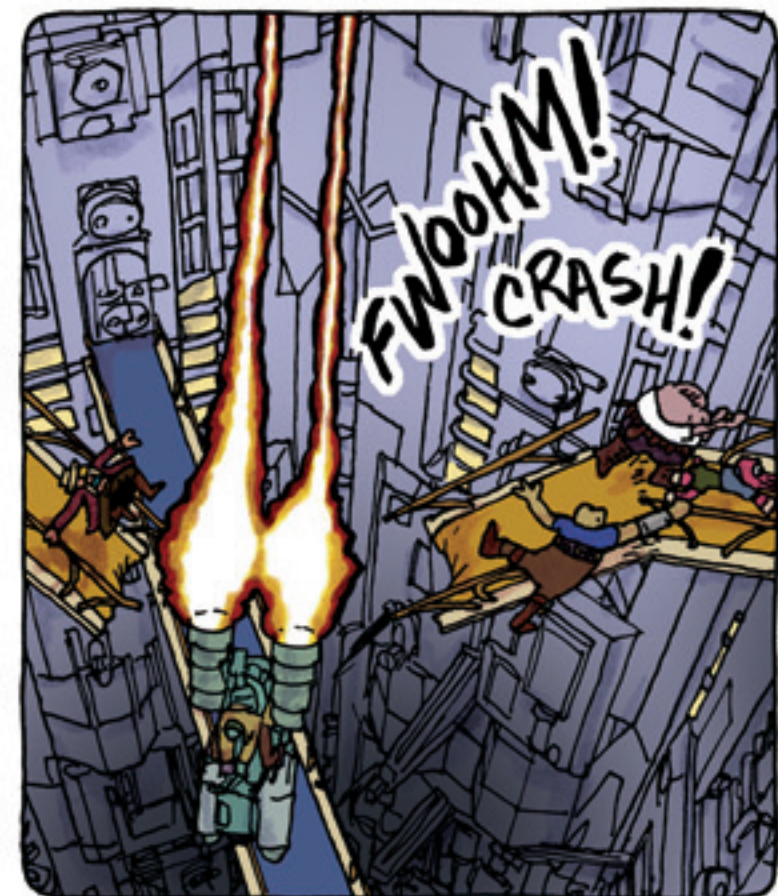
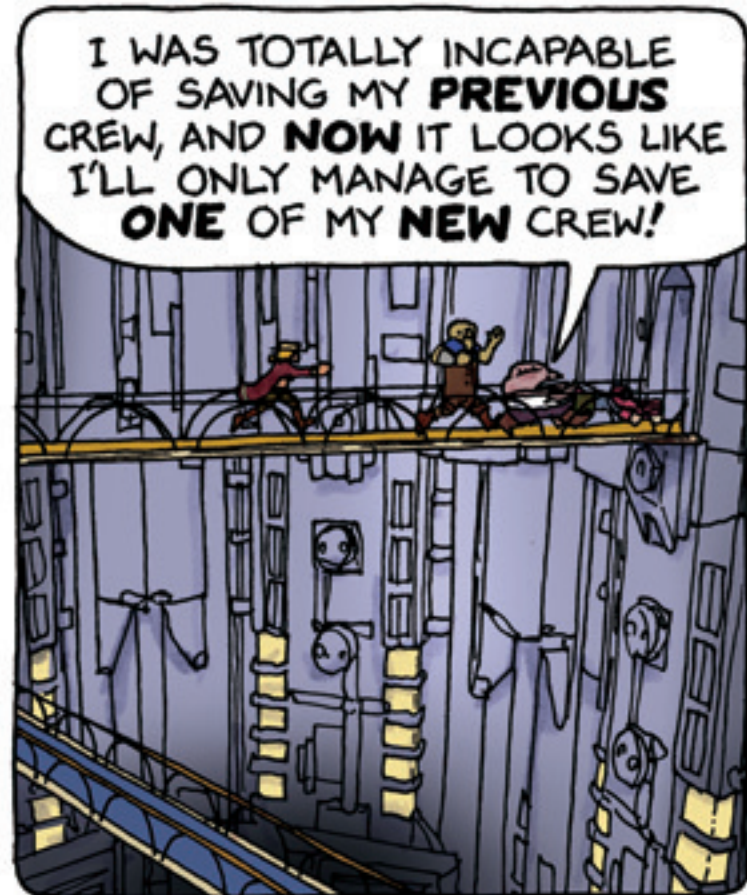
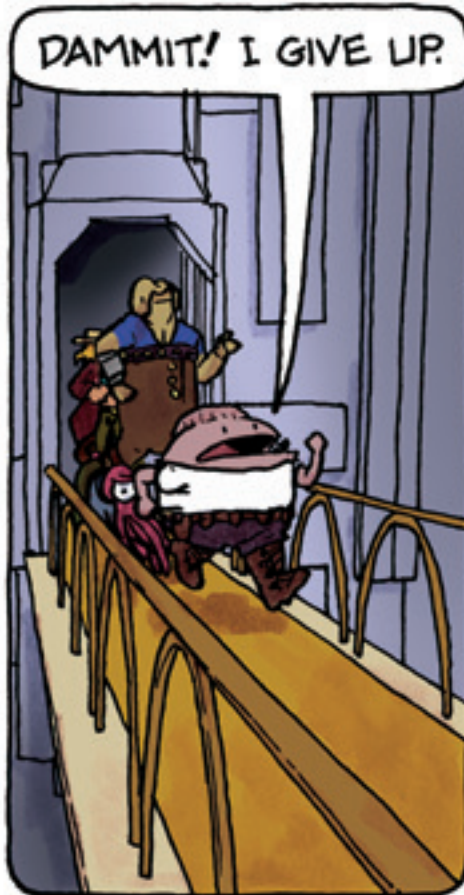
DON'T WE KNOW IT! WE HAD THREE THOUSAND LARVAE, AND ONLY FIVE WERE MOTIVATED ENOUGH TO EVEN PUPATE!



AND OF **THOSE**, FOUR OF 'EM WORK AT THE LOCAL SLUDGE REFINERY.

MY PARENTS WARNED ME! DON'T MAKE KIDS! MAKE BEER! AT LEAST THEN THE HEAD-ACHES WILL BE WORTH IT!









LET ME ASK YOU A QUESTION, GROWP.

TRY ME.



YOU LIKE VIOLENCE. I GET THAT PART.



BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU'VE CHOSEN KUU-DRAHC. HE'S KINDA' AN EVIL DUDE.



HAVE YOU EVER SPENT AN AFTERNOON WITH HIM, TALKING ABOUT DEEP FEELINGS?

WHAP



NOPE. I MISSED OUT ON THAT ONE.

WHOK



LET'S JUST SAY THAT HE'S TREATED ME WELL. I HAVE NO COMPLAINTS.



YOU KNOW, IT'S EASY TO HAVE NO COMPLAINTS WHEN YOU'RE ON THE SAFE SIDE OF TYRANNY.



HOW ABOUT YOUR ILLEGAL MISSION TO SAVE THOSE WHO DON'T NEED TO BE SAVED? WHY NOT JOIN THE SIDE OF ORDER AND JUSTICE?



TELL ME HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT EEBS.

ZAP



NEVERMIND. I DON'T CARE. HOW ABOUT WE JUST TRY TO KILL EACH OTHER?



I DON'T WANT TO KILL YOU. MAIM YOU PRETTY BAD, SURE. BUT NOT TO KILL.



LET ME TELL YOU A STORY.



MY SENSEI GAVE ME A BIRTHDAY PRESENT ONCE, AND AS HE HANDED IT TO ME, HE TOLD ME TO NEVER LET SENTIMENTALITY CLOUD MY VISION.



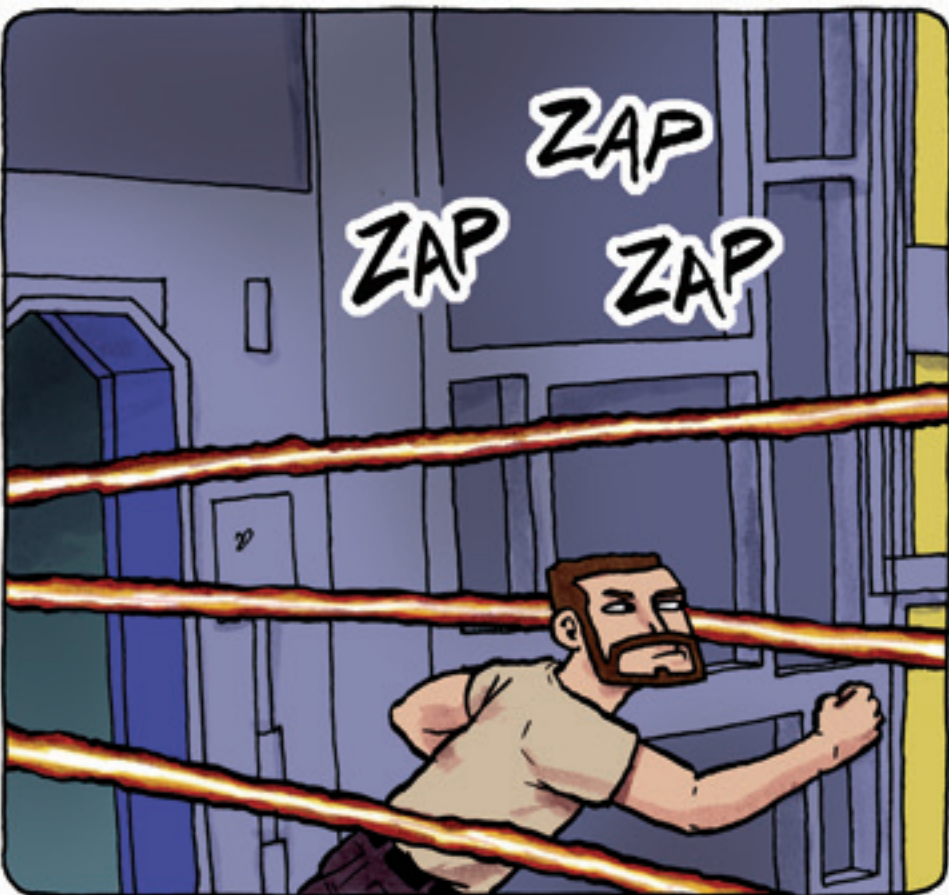
SO I KILLED HIM. THEN OPENED THE PRESENT. IT WAS CANDY.



DESPITE THAT STORY BEING AMAZINGLY AWFUL, SOMEHOW I **STILL** DON'T WANT TO KILL YOU.

THEY WERE VERY YUMMY IN FACT. PLUCEBERRY LICKERS.





ZAP  
ZAP  
ZAP



DIMITRI, GET ON MY BACK!  
PIGGY-BACK TIME!  
FWOOSH!



Woom!



OKAY, WE'RE PAST THE GOONS. YOU CAN GRAB ME SOMEPLACE WHICH IS **NOT** MY BREASTS.

MY APOLOGIES, I THOUGHT I WAS FLYING BUSINESS CLASS.



WHAT IS THIS PLACE?

EEB UNIT OF THE G.O.B.

BRUSH  
BRUSH



BUT WE CAN'T RELEASE THEM. IF WE DID, OUR DIPLOMATIC EFFORT WILL BE UNDERMINED.

THEY'VE HIRED MERCENARIES TO KILL US. I'M PRETTY SURE OUR DIPLOMATIC EFFORTS ARE ALREADY UNDERMINED.



EEBS! YOU HAVE FIVE MINUTES TO TRICK ME OUT TO BATTLE A SMALL ARMY. THEN YOU'RE GOING TO FOLLOW DIMITRI TO OUR SHIP!



SNIFF



WHAT THE HELL'S WRONG WITH **YOU**?



IT'S JUST... THIS IS SUCH A GOOD THING WE'RE DOING.

OH GOD. YES, IT'S VERY GOOD. I'LL MAKE SURE TO LET YOUR MOTHER KNOW.



MAMA.... SHE'LL BE SO PROUD.

OH, AND MAKE ME BE ABLE TO ABSORB LASERS AND USE THE POWER IN HUGE FEEDBACK BLASTS.



GOD DAMN IT!  
THIS WHOLE THING  
WAS A BAD IDEA.



I CAN'T BELIEVE I WENT  
ALONG WITH IT. THE G.O.B. HAS  
TOTALLY KNOWN WHAT WE'RE  
UP TO, AND I'VE KILLED A  
SHIP FULL OF PIRATES.



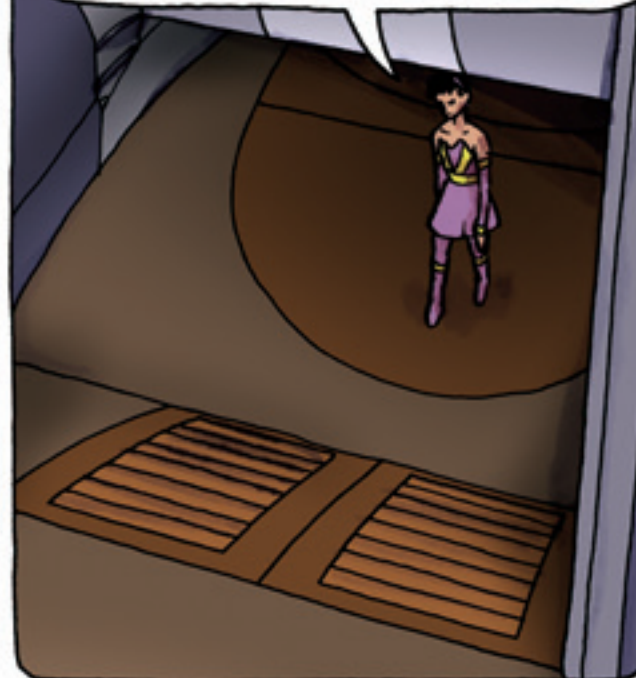
AND FOR SOME REASON  
EVERYONE THINKS I'M  
THE REASONABLE ONE!



"MARTINA, GO TALK  
WITH DUSTY! HE'LL  
LISTEN TO YOU! WE  
ALL LISTEN TO YOU!"



EXCEPT DUSTY THINKS  
THE G.O.B. ARE REALLY  
NICE AND HAVE HIS BEST  
INTERESTS AT HEART.



SO, I'LL WALK IN,  
HE'LL SAY HE'S NOT  
COMING, AND...



...I'LL JUST FUCKING  
SHOOT HIM, AND GET  
HIM OUT OF THE WAY.



REALLY, MARTINA? DID YOU  
JUST EVEN THINK THAT, EVEN FOR  
A MOMENT? KILL SOMEONE JUST  
TO FORWARD YOUR OWN ENDS?



SIGH.



AH HELL. JUST GET IT  
DONE, YOU DON'T HAVE  
TIME TO BEAT YOURSELF  
UP OVER THIS.



BUT NEVER FORGET  
THAT YOU'RE JUST  
CRAPPY ENOUGH TO  
DO THE WRONG THING.



CLUMP!

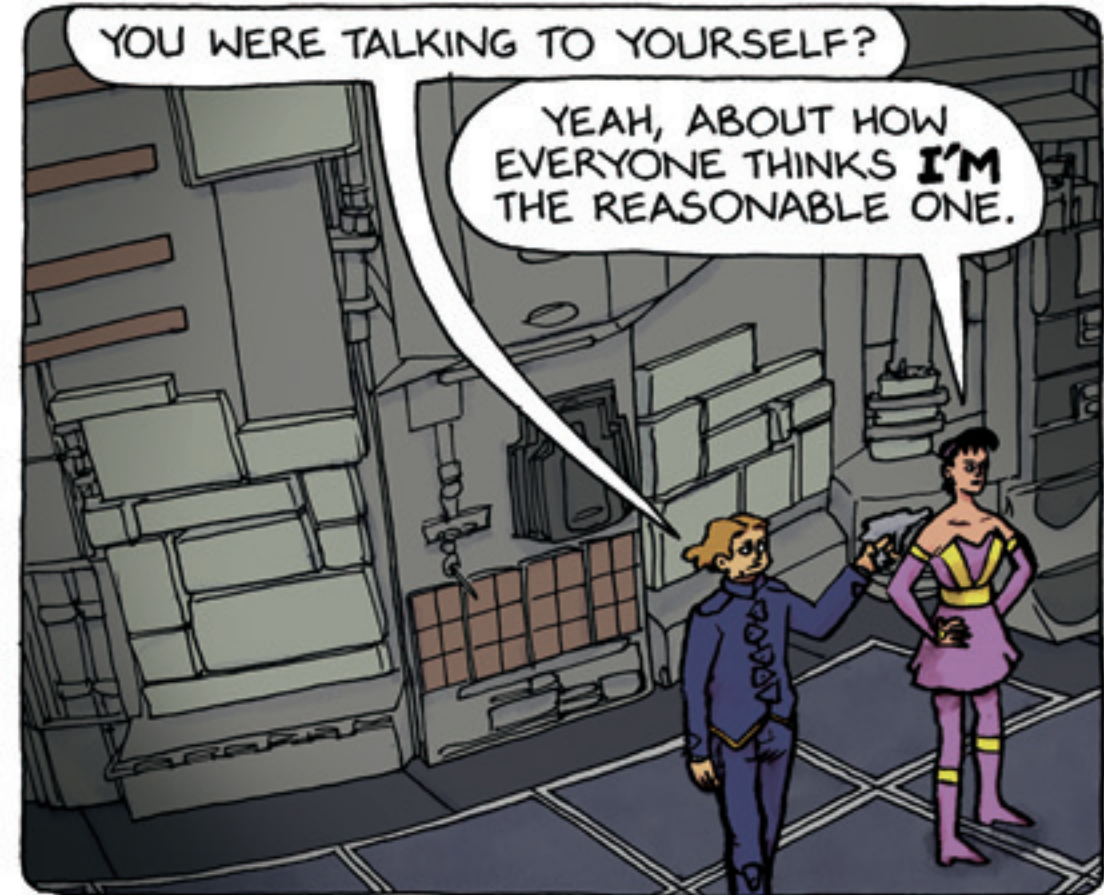


I WAS WAITING FOR ONE OF  
YOU REBELS TO SHOW UP.

YOU KNOW, I JUST  
DECIDED NOT TO  
KILL YOU. THIS ISN'T  
EXACTLY GRATITUDE.







YOU WERE TALKING TO YOURSELF?

YEAH, ABOUT HOW EVERYONE THINKS **I'M** THE REASONABLE ONE.



BUT... **NUTTERS** TALK TO THEMSELVES, NOT REASONABLE PEOPLE.

EXACTLY!



IF ANYONE IS THE REASONABLE ONE, IT'S ME!

WELL, LET'S NOT GET AWAY WITH OURSELVES.



**I'M** THE ONE WHO CARES MOST ABOUT GETTING BACK TO EARTH.

TRUE, YOU ARE ALONE IN THAT.



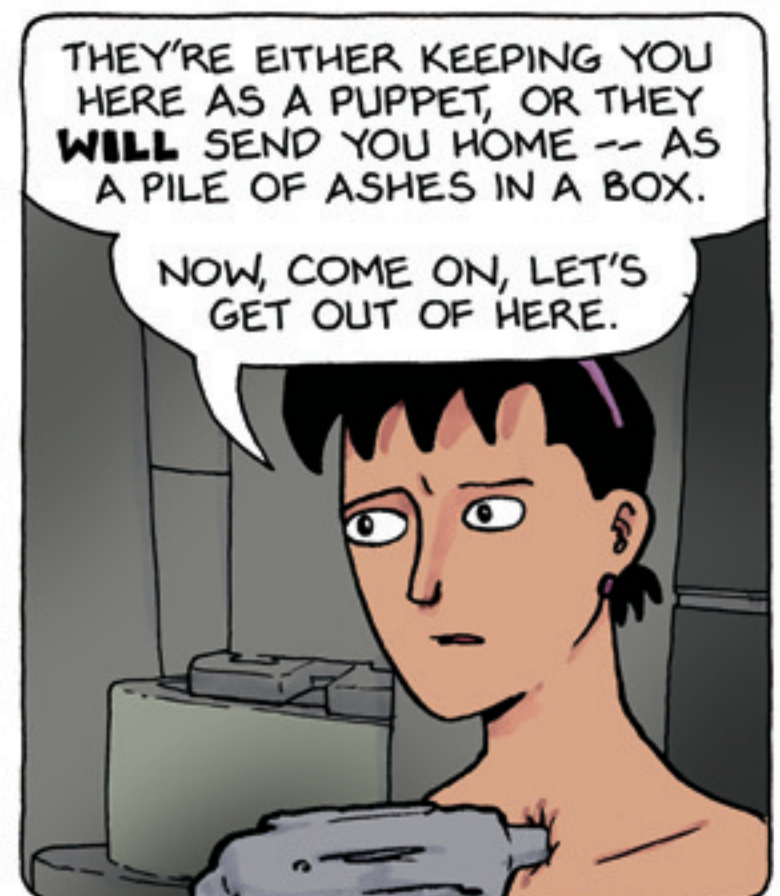
**I'M** THE ONE WHO DISPROVED NOGG'S REBELLIOUS LIES.

BELIEVING IN YOUR LOGIC, DOESN'T MAKE IT TRUE.



**I'M** THE ONE WHO'S RESPECTFUL OF THE LAW AND **I'M** THE ONE BEING TAKEN CARE OF BY THE GOOD GUYS.

SIGH. LISTEN, DUSTIN.



THEY'RE EITHER KEEPING YOU HERE AS A PUPPET, OR THEY **WILL** SEND YOU HOME -- AS A PILE OF ASHES IN A BOX.

NOW, COME ON, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.



THAT'S THE PROBLEM WITH BEING THE REASONABLE ONE, EVERYONE IS JEALOUS OF YOU AND WANTS TO TAKE YOUR GLORY AWAY.



YOU KNOW, I'VE JOINED THE **STUPID-TURNCOAT-LIBERATION-DESPITE-BETTER-JUDGEMENT-LEAGUE.**



YOU JUST MADE THAT UP.

HERE, LET ME GIVE YOU MY **S.T.L.D.B.U.L. I.D. CARD.**



NO YOU WON'T. IT'S NOT REAL.

OH, NOW. DON'T BE SO SURE. A **G.O.B. INTELLIGENCE OFFICER** JUST ASKED FOR MY I.D. CARD, AND I CERTAINLY GAVE IT TO THEM.



GROUP JUST CHASED EMILY OUT THAT WAY, LET'S SEE... ACCORDING TO THE MAP...

THEY'RE A FLOOR BELOW US, SPRINTING IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION. WE'LL NEVER FIND THEM.

BUT... BUT MARTINA... SHE SAID WE SHOULDN'T LEAVE ANYONE BEHIND.

DEVELOPING A CONSCIENCE THE MOMENT YOU CAN'T ACT UPON IT IS HARDLY FLATTERING, NOGG.

SIGH. YOU'RE RIGHT. WE MIGHT AS WELL LEAVE.

I DON'T THINK SO.

KUU-DRAHC! I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE. YOU HAVE TO LISTEN TO ME, AS YOUR FRIEND. YOU MUST STOP THIS MADNESS.

COME OVER HERE A SECOND.

WHAT DO YOU TAKE NOGG FOR? A TOTAL MORON?!

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I WANTED YOU CLOSE ENOUGH FOR MY GOONS TO SEIZE YOU.

OH RIGHT. HE IS.

I'M SENDING YOU ON A TRIP, NOGG. IN AN UNMANNED AUTOPILOTED FREIGHTER FULL OF DUNG TO THE MIHRRGOOT HOME PLANET.

FINE.

KREP, LISTEN. I KNOW YOU'RE SECOND IN COMMAND, BUT I THINK OUR BEST CHANCE OF I.A. ACCOMPLISHING ANYTHING IS FOR MARTINA TO TAKE MY PLACE. GO, ESCAPE, LET HER KNOW.

AND TRY NOT TO HATE ME FOR COMMANDING THAT.

NAW, I'LL JUST ADD IT TO THE LIST OF OTHER REASONS I HATE YOU.

ALL OF THIS WOULD BE SO VERY INTERESTING EXCEPT THAT THE PLAN IS TO KILL YOU TWO IN FRONT OF NOGG.

DON'T DO IT, KUU-DRAHC. YOU'VE KILLED ONE CREW OF MINE ALREADY. THIS'LL BREAK ME. I'M YOUR FRIEND.

I TOLD YOU TO BACK OFF, YOU DIDN'T. I KILLED YOUR CREW, AND YOU STILL DIDN'T BACK OFF. IF BREAKING YOU IS WHAT IT TAKES, I WILL BREAK YOU.

YEAH, BUT DO YOU REALLY HAVE TO BREAK US IN THE PROCESS? JUST BECAUSE WE ALSO FIGHT AGAINST YOUR BARBARIC POLICY OF EXPLOITING DEFENSELESS SENTIENT CREATURES?

OUR FRIENDSHIP WAS A LONG TIME AGO, NOGG.

SHOOT 'EM.



TAKE AIM...

**Fwoosh!**

HELLO AGAIN, KULU-DRAHC.

AH. THE HUMAN, YURI. HOW **IS** MY DEAR LITTLE TRADE DELEGATE?

PISSED THAT YOU SENT HER OFF TO BE TORTURED AND USED AS BAIT.

I NOTICED IT WORKED OUT FINE FOR YOU, FLINEOUS'S EARS LOOK VERY PRETTY. YOU DON'T HAPPEN TO KNOW WHERE SHUAR AND FLINEOUS **ARE**, DO YOU?

PERHAPS I'D LOOK "PRETTY" WITH RED SPAGHETTI FOR FINGERS. WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THAT?

RED'S NOT YOUR COLOR.

I READ HOW YOU SLAUGHTERED NOGG'S PREVIOUS CREW. BUT **WE ARE HUMANS**. YOU HAVE NO FLUCKING IDEA WHAT YOU'RE UP AGAINST.

NOW IT'S **YOUR** TURN, KULU-DRAHC. PREPARE TO DIE.

SHOOT HER!

**ZAP ZAP ZAP**

YES, YOUR LASERS FUEL MY POWER CELL! FEED ME! AND GET READY FOR GETTING FED BACK...

No!

**Fwoom!**

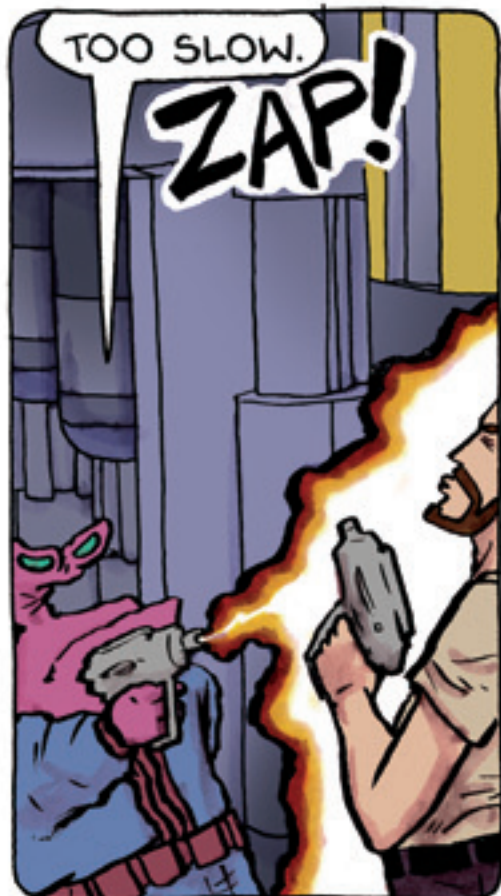
**Fwoom! CRASH!**

NOW WE'RE CUT OFF FROM THEM! WHY THE FUCK DID YOU STOP HER?

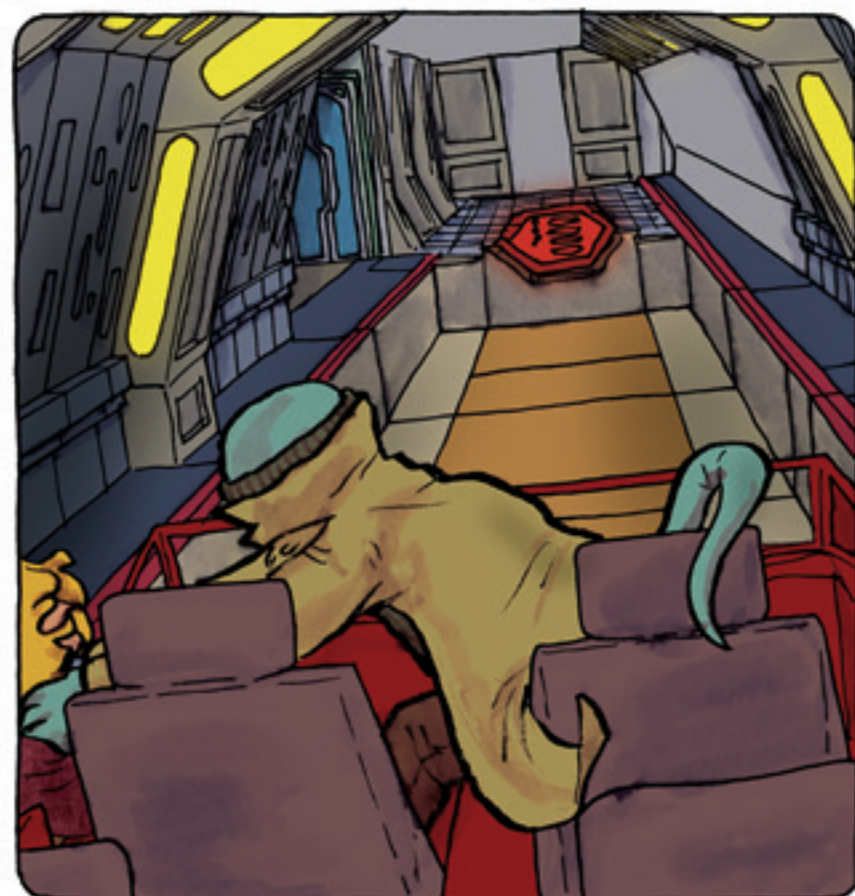
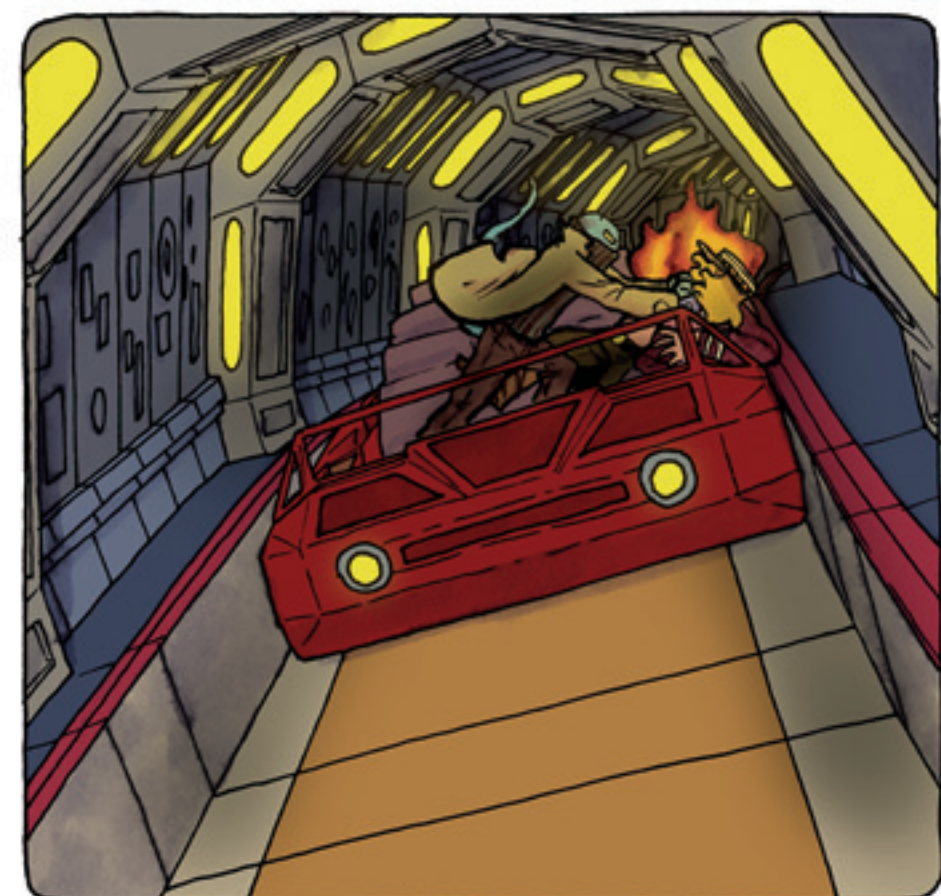
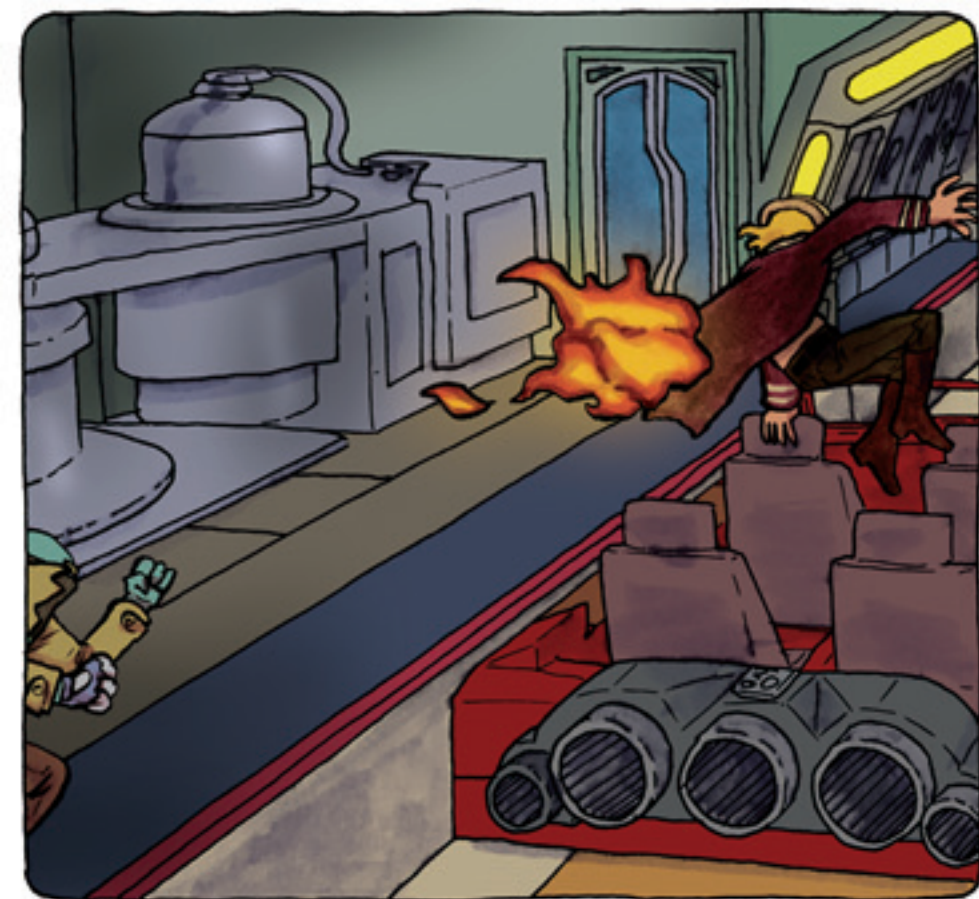
SHE MIGHT'VE HURT **NOGG!** AND KULU-DRAHC IS NOGG'S **FRIEND**, I DON'T WANT TO HURT HIS FRIENDS.

YOU TOTALLY MADE ME MISS! DO OVER!









**THOOM!!**

**SCREEEE**

**SKIDDDDD!**

END OF THE LINE.

I KNOW. THAT'S WHY I JUST DEBOARDED.





I'M NOT GOING TO GO DOWN SO **EASILY**, GROWP.



YOU'RE LIKE A WORK OF ART, EMILY. BATTLING YOU FILLS ME WITH EMOTION.



I'VE NEVER ENCOUNTERED SOMEONE WHO COULD MATCH MY FEROCITY, MY BRUTALITY.



IF YOU ADORE ME SO MUCH, THEN STOP TRYING TO **KILL** ME.

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, DO YOU?



TO KILL YOU WOULD COMPLETE THE PIECE OF ART, WOULD BE AN EXPRESSION OF LIFE, OF BEING.

**CRACK!**



AND YOUR DEATH CAN ONLY BE ART IF THE KILL IS MADE BY THE MASTER SKILL OF A HAND AS POETIC AS MINE.

**WHUD!**



YOUR FLESH HAND MUST BE THE POETIC ONE, THE BIONIC ONE'S BETTER AT LONG DIVISION.

**YANK!**



GRRR! WHAT I'M SAYING ISN'T COMING OUT RIGHT, WHAT I'M **TRYING** TO TELL YOU IS—



THERE SHE IS! LASERS SET TO KILL! SHOOT HER!

**WHUH?!**



**NOOOO!**

**ZAP**  
**ZAP**  
**ZAP**



...IS THAT... I... I LOVE YOU.



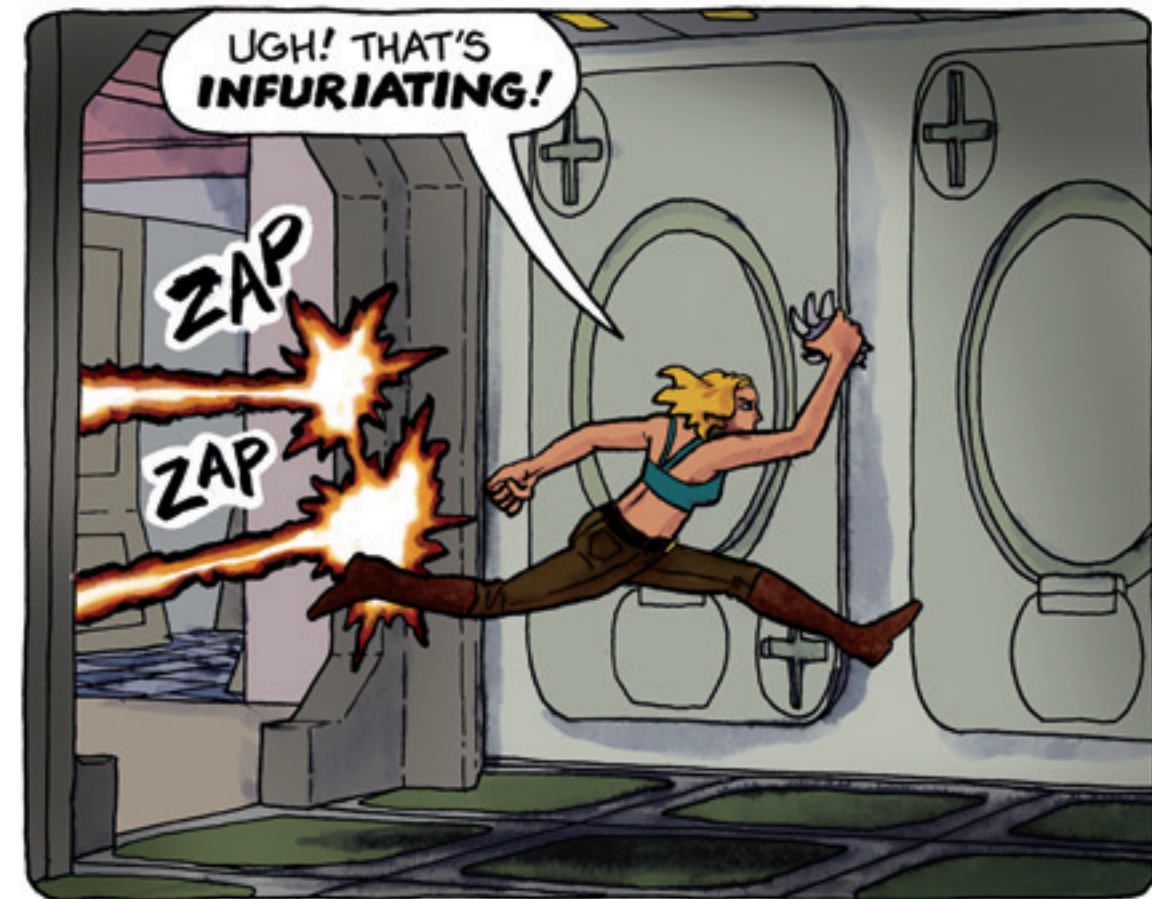
**SPLUBT!**



THE FEELING'S NOT EXACTLY RETURNED, BUT I **DO** APPRECIATE THE DEATH LEAP.

I'D LOVE TO STICK AROUND AND MOURN, BUT I GOTTA RUN.





UGH! THAT'S INFURIATING!



HE "LOVED" ME. WHATEVER!

FINE!

WHATEVER!



DOOR! LOCK YOURSELF!

I DO NOT OPERATE VIA VOICE COMMAND.



Kick!

Pzzt!



DOOR! LOCK YOURSELF!

MANUAL-KICK ACTIVATION, LOCK ENGAGED.



FRIKKIN' ESCAPE PODS BETTER WORK ON VOICE CONTROL, I'M IN NO MOOD TO HIT BUTTONS.

OF COURSE WE DO. WHAT DO YOU TAKE US FOR, A DOOR?

HEEEYYYY! SHUT UHHHP!



GOOD. LAUNCH ALL THE PODS IN FIVE SECONDS.

SURE THING. HAVE A NICE ESCAPE!



LAUNCH IN THREE... TWO...



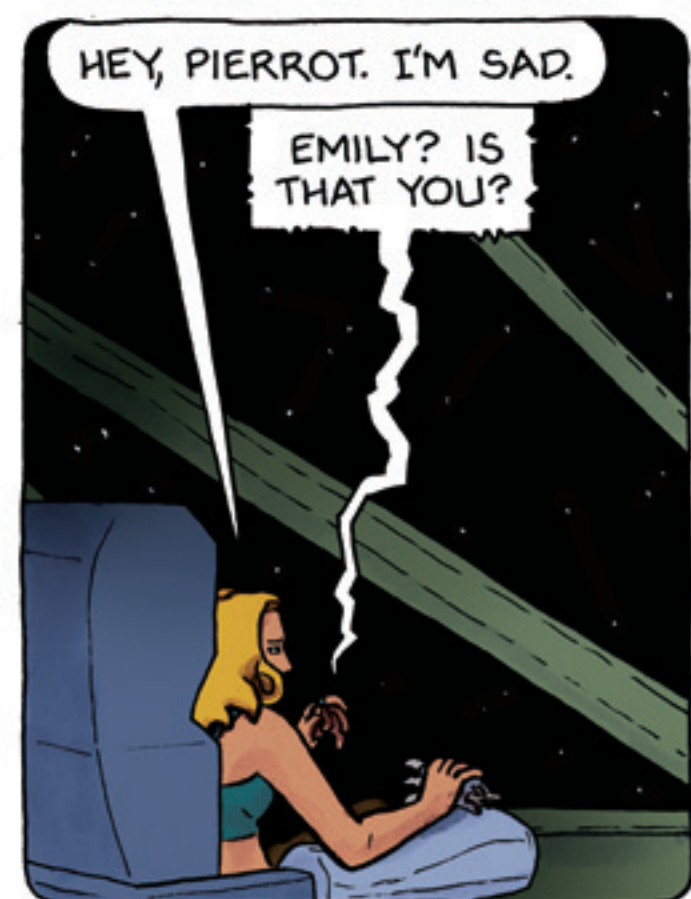
FWOOOSH!



SIGH.

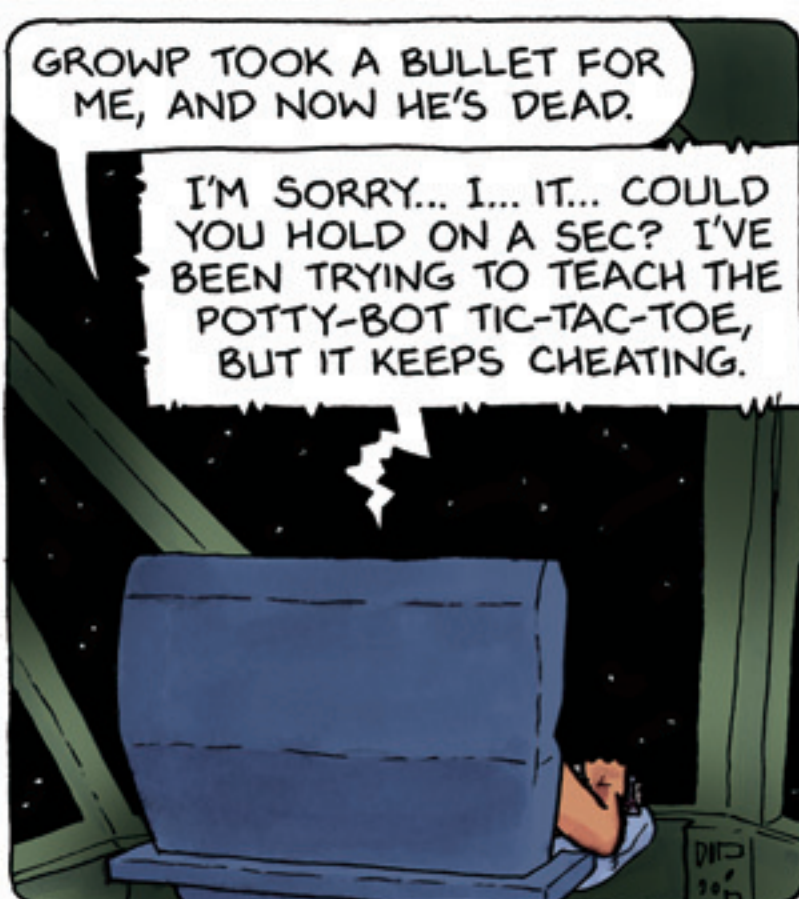


Bwoop



HEY, PIERROT. I'M SAD.

EMILY? IS THAT YOU?



GROWP TOOK A BULLET FOR ME, AND NOW HE'S DEAD.

I'M SORRY... I... IT... COULD YOU HOLD ON A SEC? I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TEACH THE POTTY-BOT TIC-TAC-TOE, BUT IT KEEPS CHEATING.



THANK YOU. I NEEDED SOME CHEERING UP.

NO! NO! NO! YOU CAN'T GO TWICE IN ONE TURN!

I WIN! I WIN!



FUCK! WE'RE THE FIRST ONES HERE!

I CALL SHOTGUN!

SHUT UP, GURF. YURI, CALL DIMITRI.

DIMITRI, WHERE ARE YOU?

RIGHT BEHIND YOU.

NOTE TO SELF, REPAIR REAR-VIEW SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS.

THEY'D SET HIS GUN TO THE "PRACTICE" SETTING, SO I HAD TO KNOCK HIM UNCONSCIOUS WITH THE BUTT OF IT. FIRST THING ON-BOARD WE SHOULD GET HIS HEAD EXAMINED.

DRAGGGGG

YOU ACTUALLY WENT BACK TO SAVE HIM? WE SHOULD GET **YOUR** HEAD EXAMINED.

OH GOOD, THAT'S EMILY.

PBRRING PBRRING

MARTINA, I'VE LEFT THE G.O.B. IN ESCAPE POD NUMBER 4397-165. I'VE JUST SENT YOU MY COURSE ARC.

GOT IT. WE'LL RETRIEVE YOU. I'M GLAD YOU GOT OUT OKAY.

I CAN'T TAKE **ALL** THE CREDIT. **GROUP** GAVE ME A HAND.

HE WHAT...? NEVER MIND, TELL ME LATER. WHERE'S PIERROT?

HE'S STAYING AT THE G.O.B., YOU'LL HAVE TO TRUST ME ON THIS ONE.

I DO. OKAY, WE'LL SEE YOU IN A FLASH.

EVERYONE'S ACCOUNTED FOR. WHERE'S NOGG?

HE WAS CAPTURED. SHIPPED OFF TO THE MIHRRGOOT HOME PLANET.

REALLY? THAT MAKES **YOU** OUR CAPTAIN, KREP. WHAT ARE YOUR ORDERS?

ME...?

...CAPTAIN?

YOU'RE SECOND IN COMMAND! COME ON, YOU CAN'T DO ANY WORSE A JOB THAN NOGG.

THAT'S NO WAY TO TALK ABOUT YOUR CAPTURED CAPTAIN.

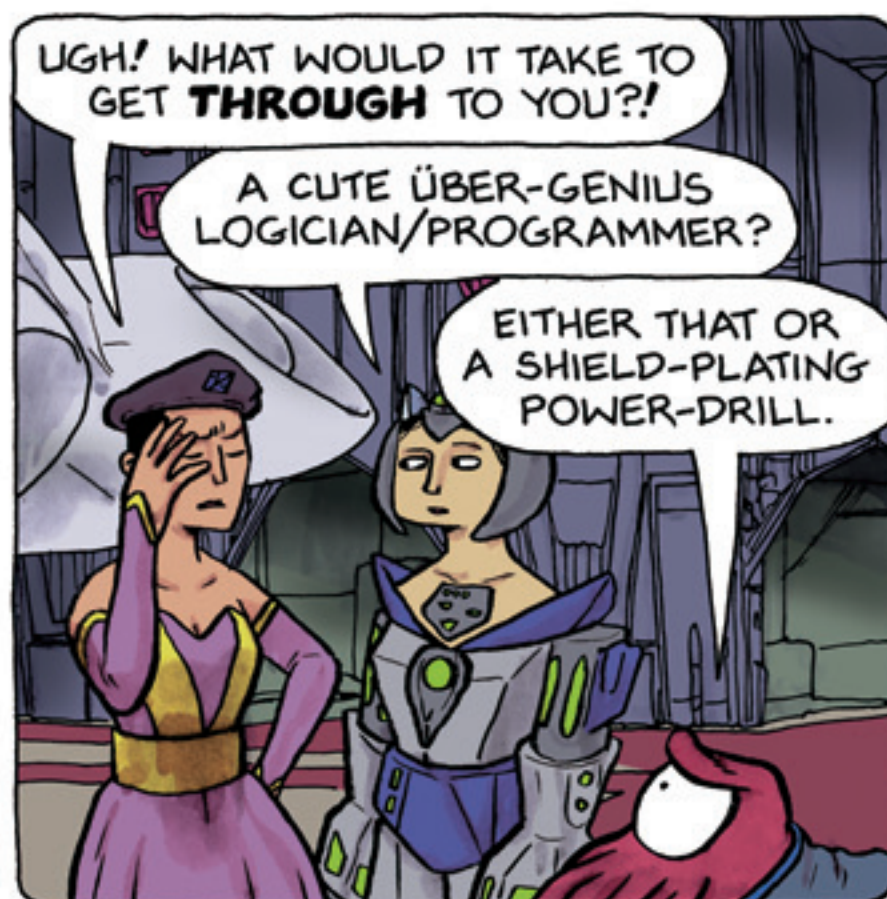
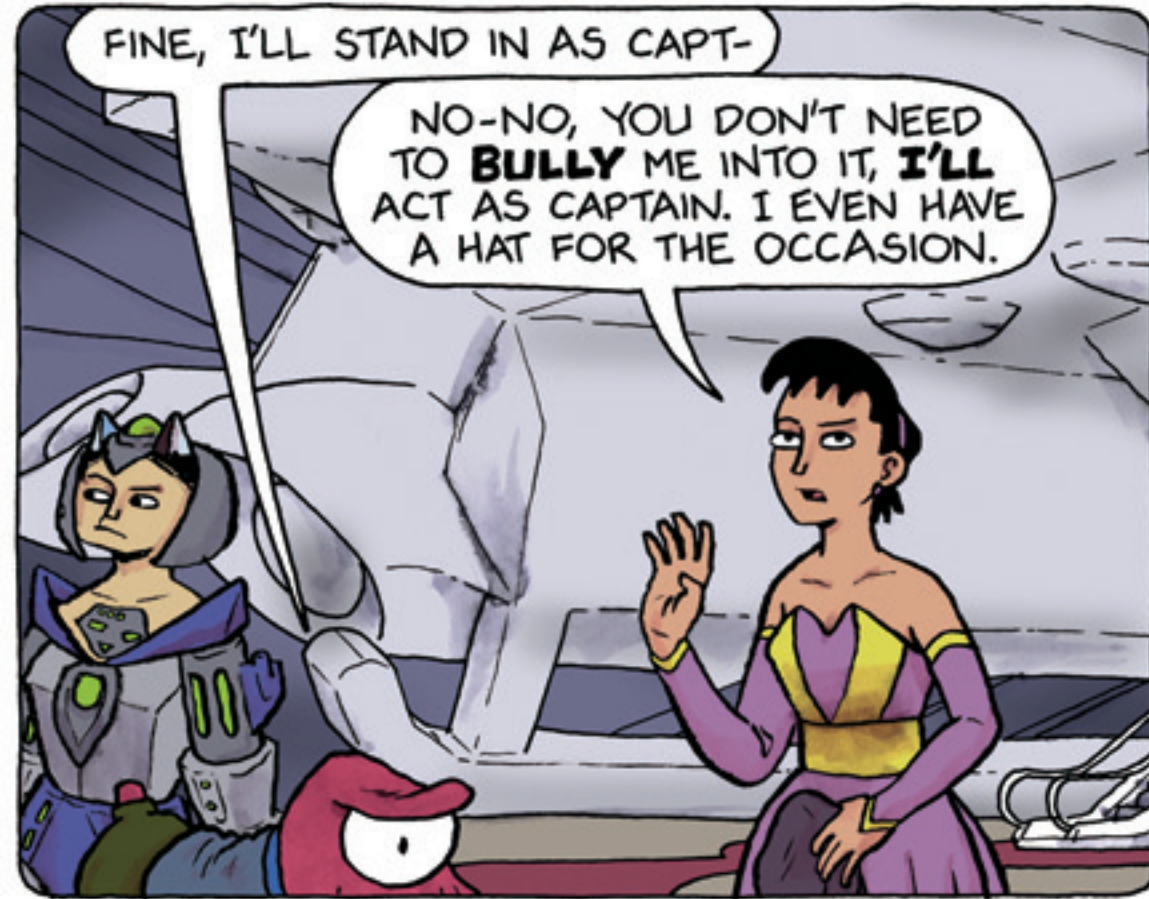
WHY **NOT?!** WHAT GOOD DECISION HAS **HE** EVER MADE?!

HE TOLD ME TO PUT **YOU** IN COMMAND OF THE SHIP. NOT **ME!** HOW ABOUT **THAT ONE?!**

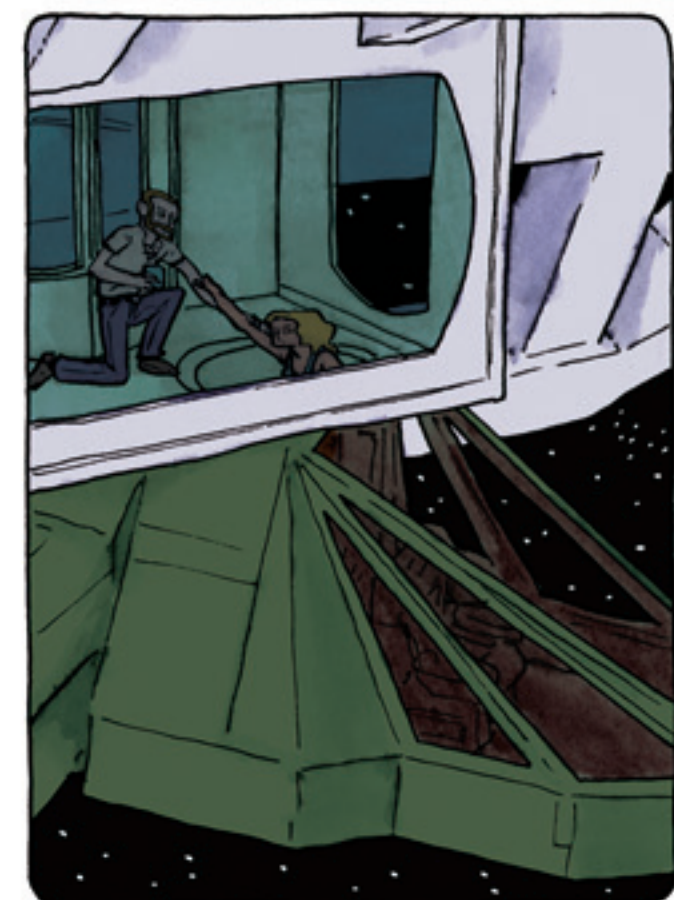
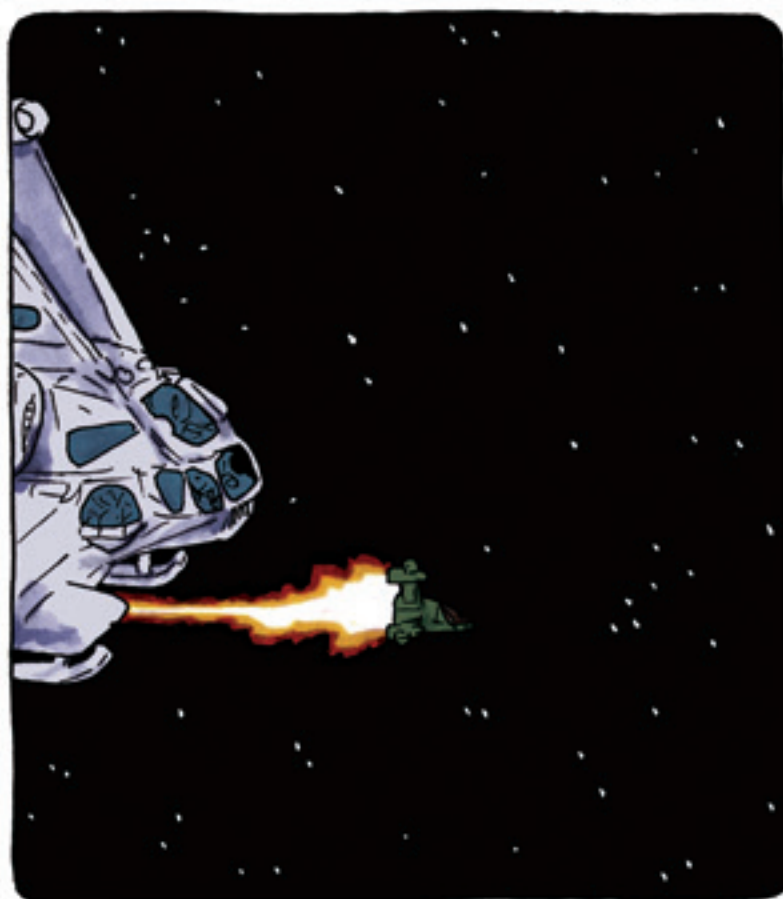
PUTTING AN UNSEASONED KID IN CHARGE **REALLY** DOESN'T QUALIFY AS MAKING A GOOD DECISION.

NEITHER WAS **TELLING** YOU, SO I'M HARDLY ANY BETTER.











AND SO THAT WAS IT MY PLAN FOR THE HUMANS TO SPEAK AT THE G.O.B. WAS A TOTAL DISASTER.

BOY, IT TRULY WAS.

YEAH.

WAIT, BUT THAT PIERROT GUY WAS STILL THERE, RIGHT?

WELL YES, I GUESS THIS ISN'T THE **FULL** STORY OF OUR G.O.B. PLAN, BUT AT THIS POINT PIERROT WAS JUST WAITING FOR THE AUTO-TIMED HANDCUFFS TO RELEASE HIM.

**NO!** IT'S A **ROUND!** I SING "ROW ROW ROW YOUR BOAT" AND THEN **YOU** COME IN WI-

GENTLY DOWN THE STREAM!

FRANKLY, I'M AMAZED YOU ALL SURVIVED. AND I HOPE THAT DUSTIN CHARACTER WAS THANKFUL FOR MY DAUGHTER SAVING HIM.

DUSTY...? NO. I'M AFRAID HE WASN'T.

THE GUN THEY GAVE YOU WAS LOCKED ON "PRACTICE"! DOESN'T THAT **TELL** YOU ANYTHING?

YOU JUST CAN'T STAND THAT THEY CHOSE **ME** AND NOT **YOU**, CAN YOU?

AND HE WASN'T THE **ONLY** ONE UNHAPPY WITH HER. YURI WAS ANNOYED THAT MARTINA WOULDN'T ACCEPT HER BIONIC-NESS, AND KREP WAS BITTER ABOUT **HER** BEING CAPTAIN INSTEAD OF HIM.

ANYONE KNOW WHY THE CAPTAIN'S SEAT IS WET?

YES. I PISSED ALL OVER IT.

ALL-IN-ALL, THINGS WERE PRETTY DISMAL.

I CAN SEE WHY YOU FLED WITH YOUR TAIL BETWEEN YOUR LEGS.

FLEE?! I DIDN'T **FLEE!**

YOU PUT MY DAUGHTER IN THE LINE OF FIRE AND THEN TUCKED YOURSELF AWAY IN THE ONE PLACE IN THE GALAXY YOU KNEW NOBODY WOULD WANT TO GO.

YES. HOW COWARDLY OF ME TO HIDE ON A SHIP FULL OF DUNG AGAINST MY WILL ON A COURSE TO THE PLANET OF MIHRRGOOTS.

SHH... HEAR THAT? I'M PLAYING THE WORLD'S SMALLEST VIOLIN.



