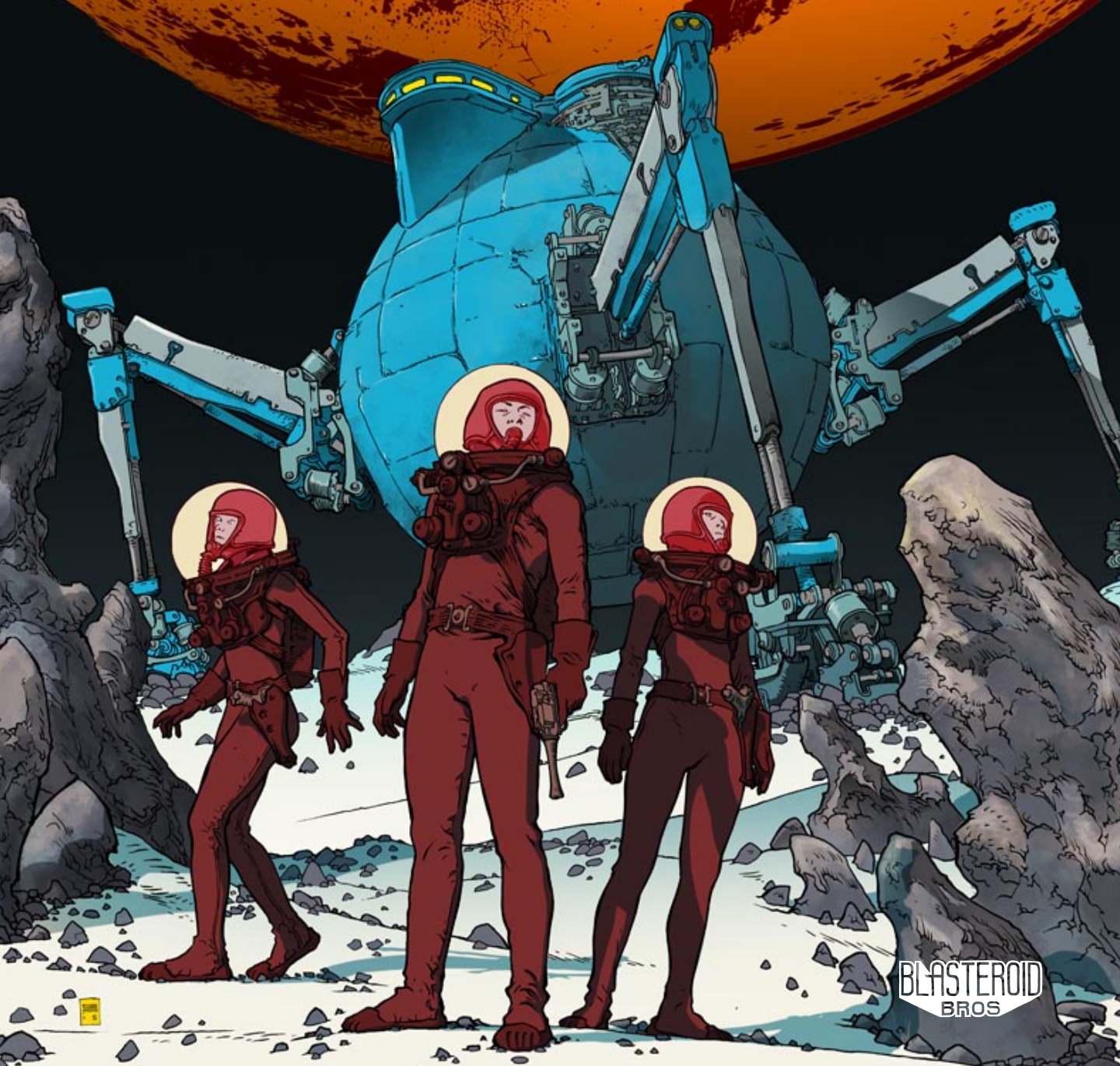
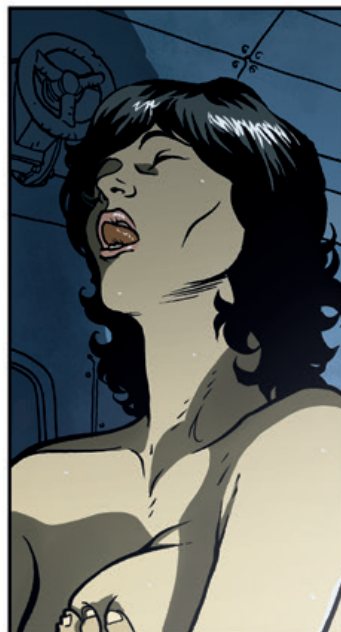
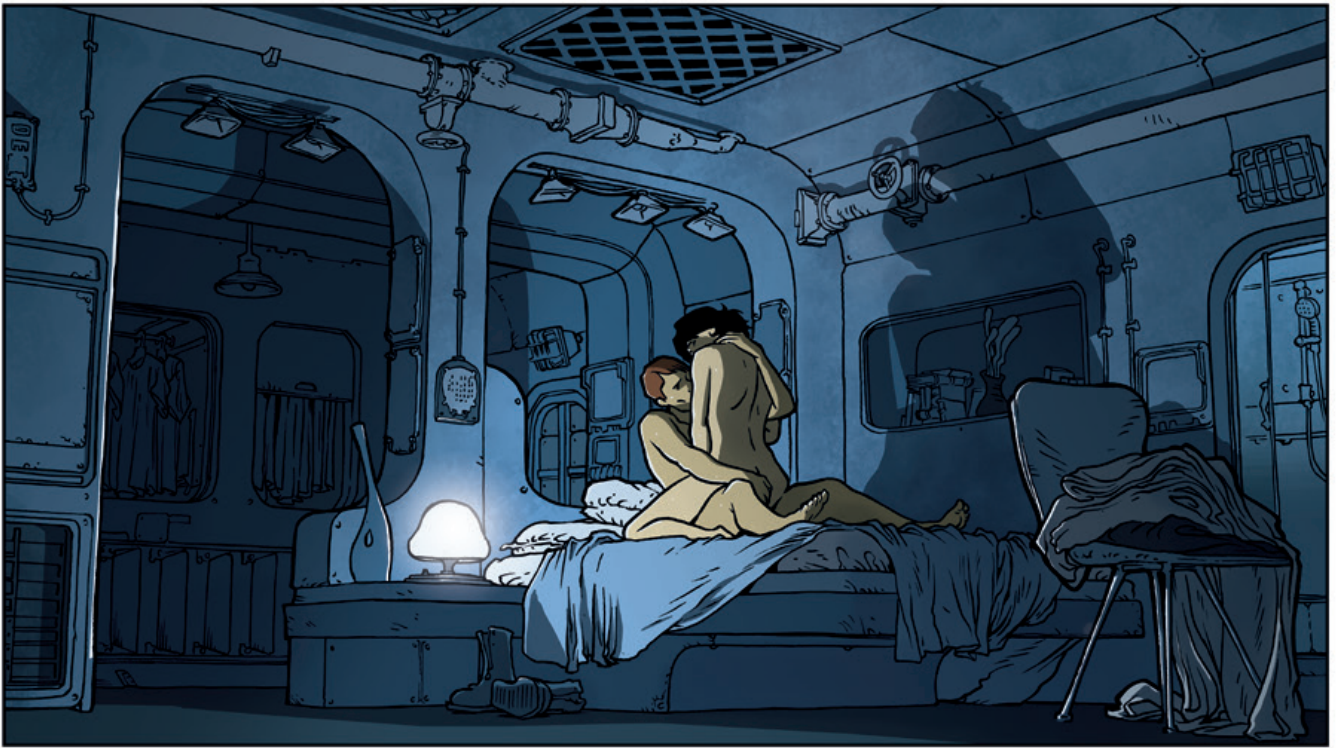
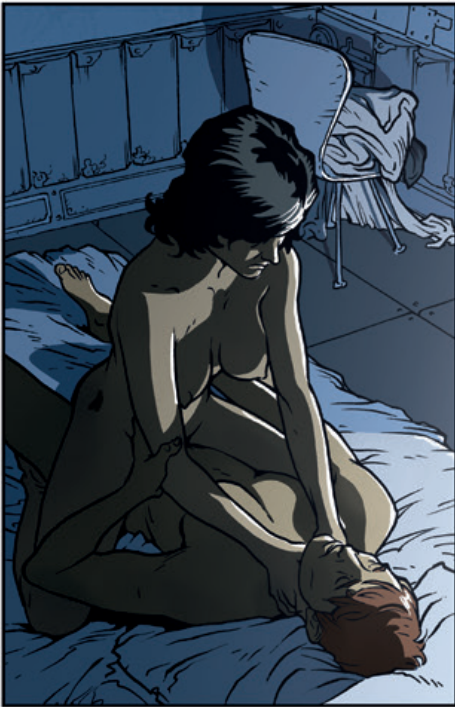


THE SHADOW PLANET



BLASTEROID
BROS

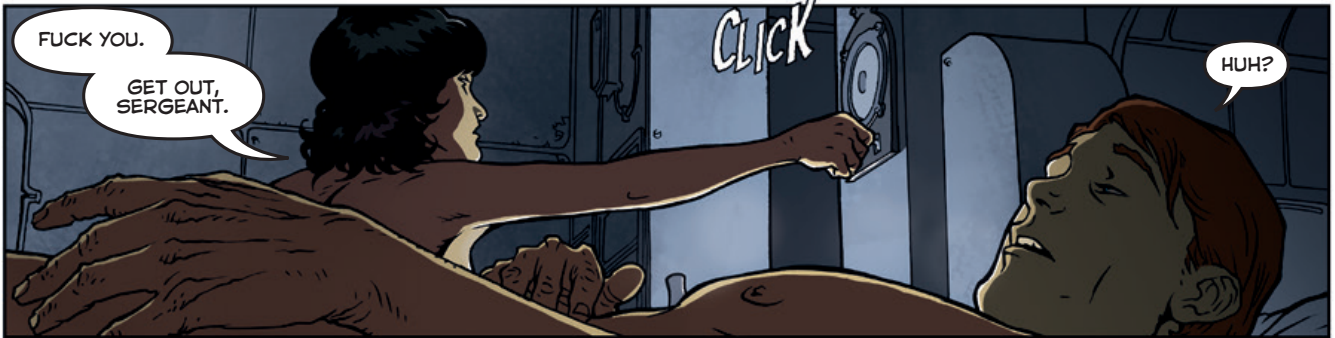
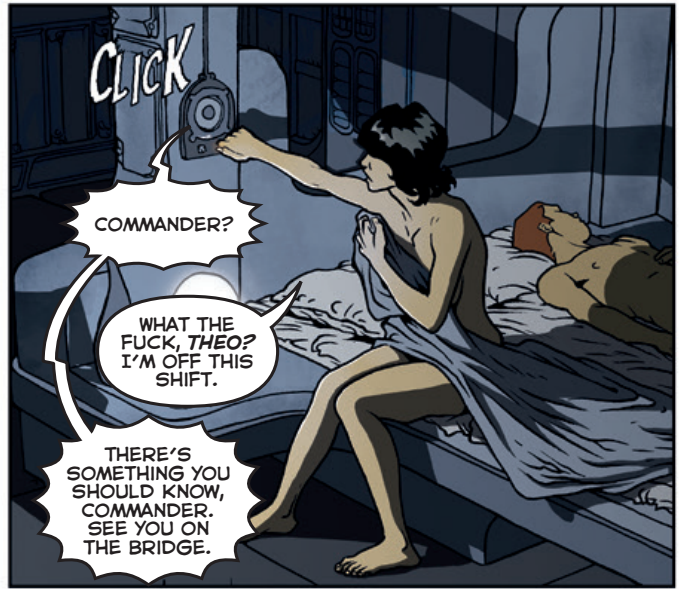
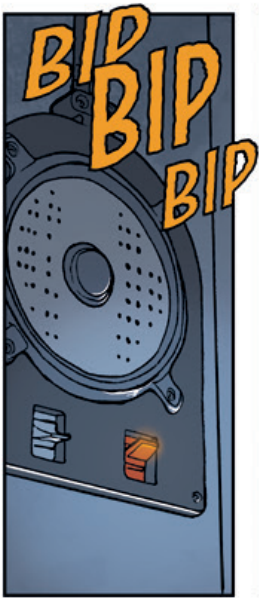


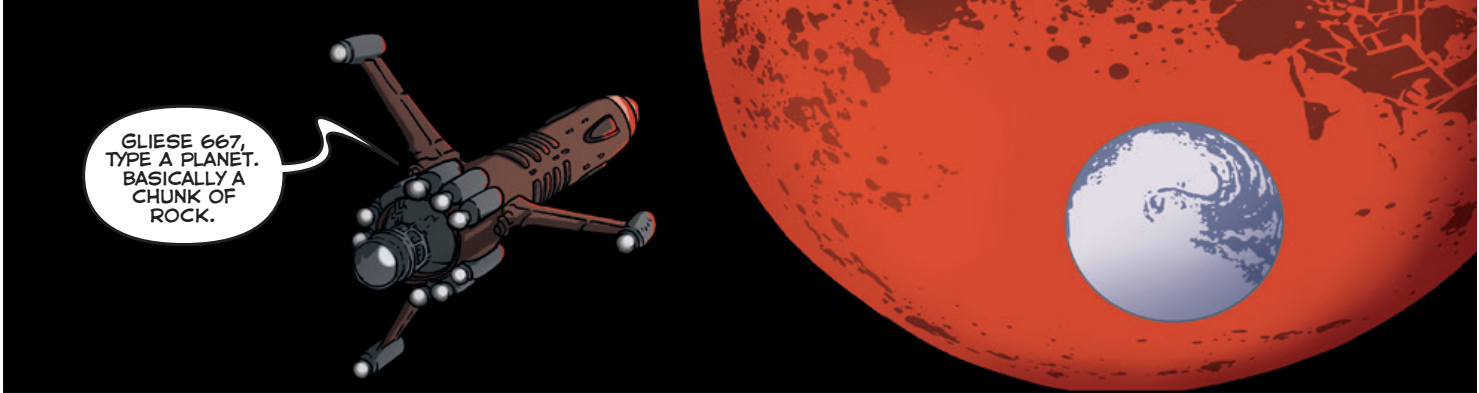




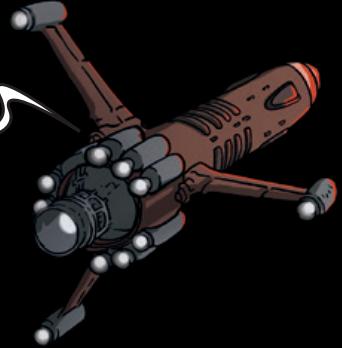
THE SHADOW PLANET

BIP BIP
BIP BIP





GLIESE 667, TYPE A PLANET. BASICALLY A CHUNK OF ROCK.



SO? WHY ARE WE HERE?

A VERY WEAK RADIO SIGNAL, A CALL FOR HELP. THE ID CODE BELONGS TO THE E/RICO, A SCHOONER ON A SCIENTIFIC MISSION.

WHY DIDN'T THE STAR COMMAND REPORT ITS PRESENCE ON OUR FLIGHTPATH?



BECAUSE ACCORDING TO THE STAR COMMAND ARCHIVE, THE E/RICO WAS DESTROYED ON THAT PLANET NEARLY 30 YEARS AGO.

HA HA HA!



IF THEY'RE ALL DEAD, IT'LL BE THEIR GHOSTS CALLING FOR HELP! HA HA HA!



SINCE YOU THINK IT'S SO FUNNY, MARK, YOU'RE COMING DOWN WITH US ON TO THAT ROCK.

PREPARE THE SHUTTLE.

BUT... JENNA, WE HAVE TO BE OUT OF THIS QUADRANT IN 36 HOURS, OR...




I DON'T WANT TO MISS THE RENDEZVOUS WITH THE FLEET EITHER, OR WAIT 5 YEARS FOR THE NEXT ONE, FROZEN LIKE AN ICICLE. BUT WE CAN'T IGNORE THAT MESSAGE.

THERE'S THE COURT MARTIAL FOR THAT.



YOU'RE IN CHARGE OF THE SHIP, THEO. YOU AND SVEN STAY ON BOARD. WE'LL BE IN TOUCH AT EACH ORBIT. THE OTHERS WITH ME.

THE FEDERATION LEAVES NO-ONE BEHIND.



...GREAT, HUH, VARGO?
MAYBE WHEN THEY'RE
GETTING IT ON, THERE'LL
BE ROOM FOR
ME TOO.

HERE.

FINALLY
A NICE TRIP
WITH THE
GIRLS...

CONDOMS?
HA HA HA!

RAY GUN,
TWO GRENADES,
RATION K AND
SURVIVAL KIT...

THE SUPPLIES
FOR THE LANDING.
MAKE THEM
LAST.

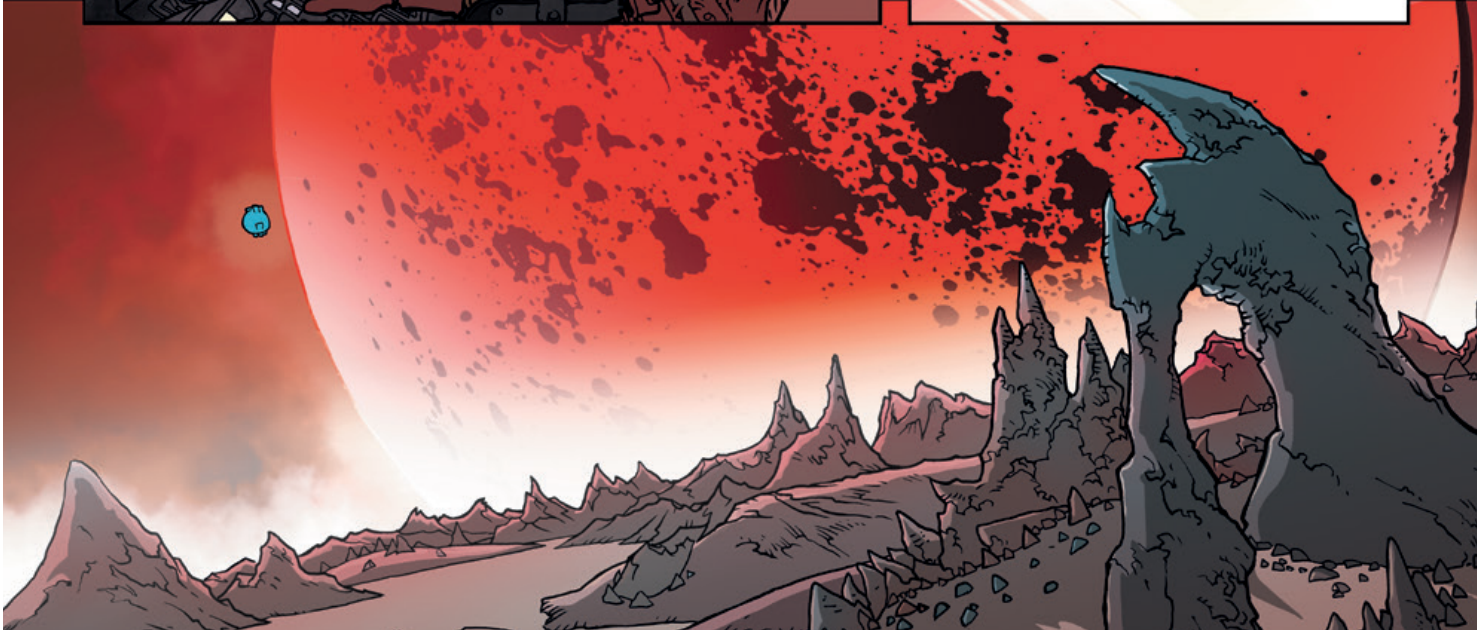
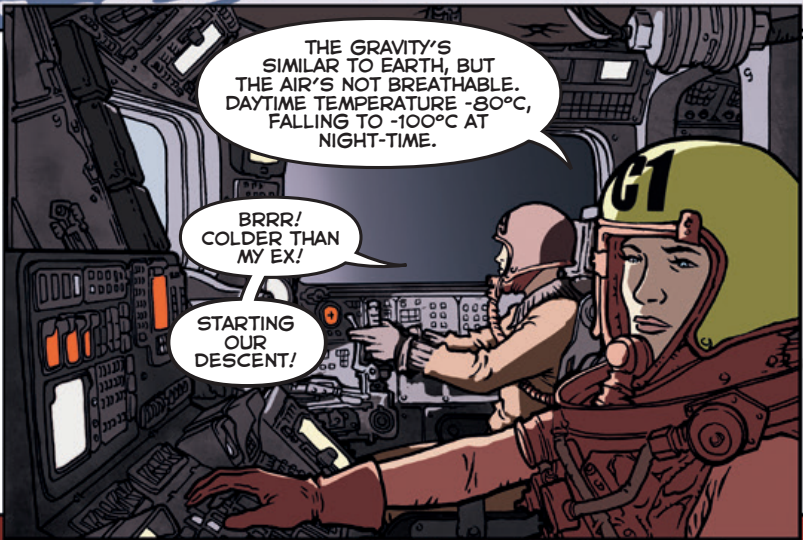
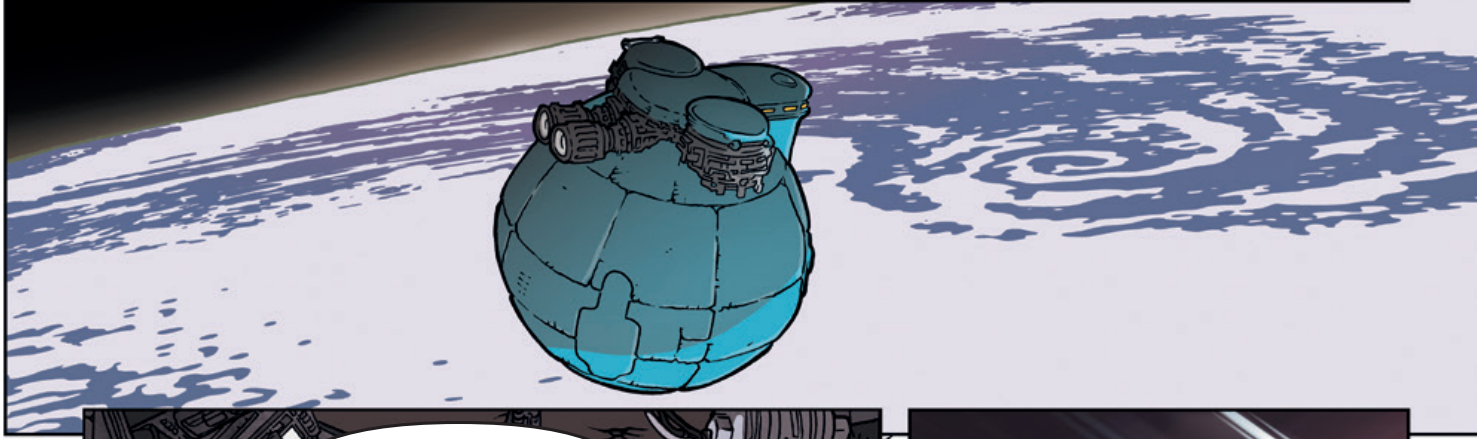
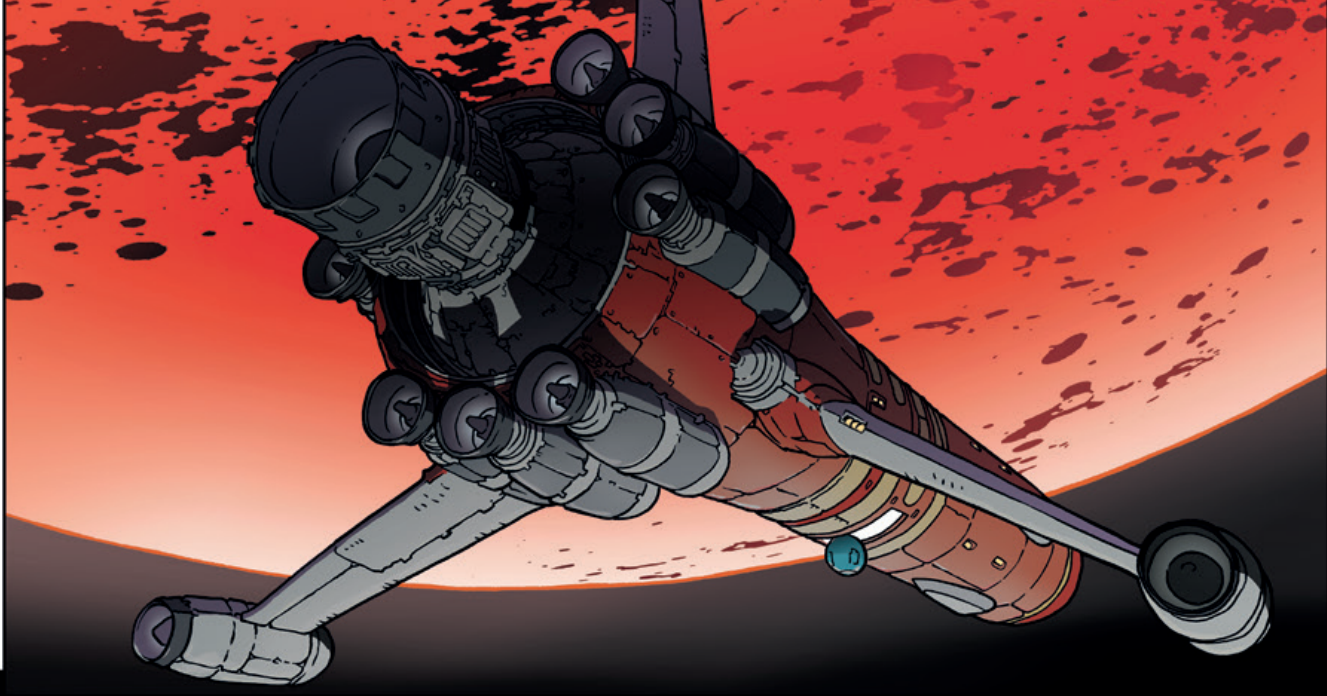
YOUR PROBLEM,
LIEUTENANT,
IS YOU CAN'T
TAKE A JOKE. A GUY'S
GOT TO DO SOMETHING TO
TAKE HIS MIND OFF THESE
FUCKING EXPLORATORY
MISSIONS.

YEAH,
I REALISED THAT.
SOMETHING ALL YOU MEN
HAVE IN COMMON.

HERE I AM.
TAKE YOUR
PLACES.

GET RID OF THE
CIGARETTE VARGO OR
I'LL STICK IT DOWN
YOUR THROAT.

WE'RE
OFF.



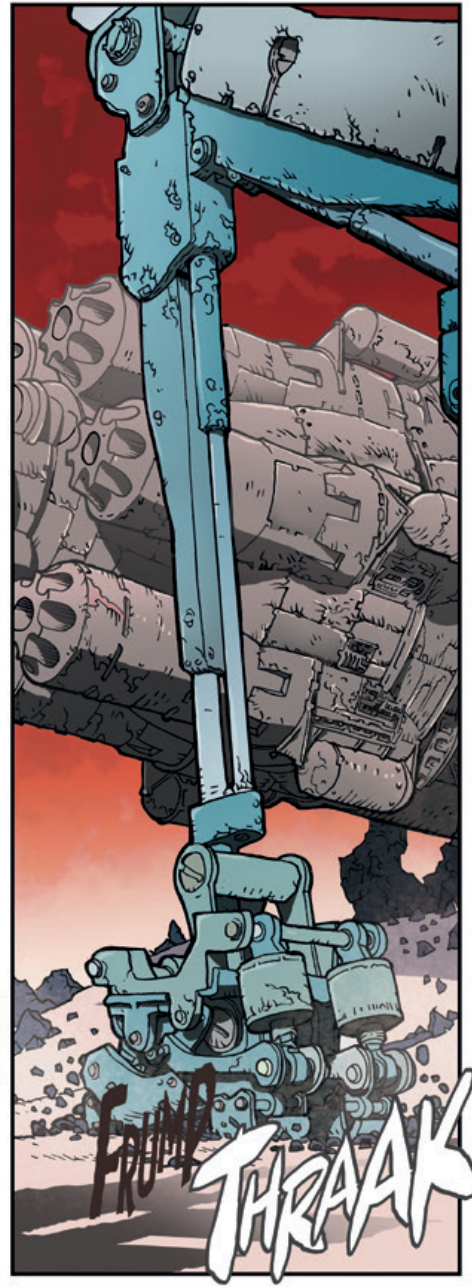


THERE'S THE SOURCE OF THE SIGNAL.

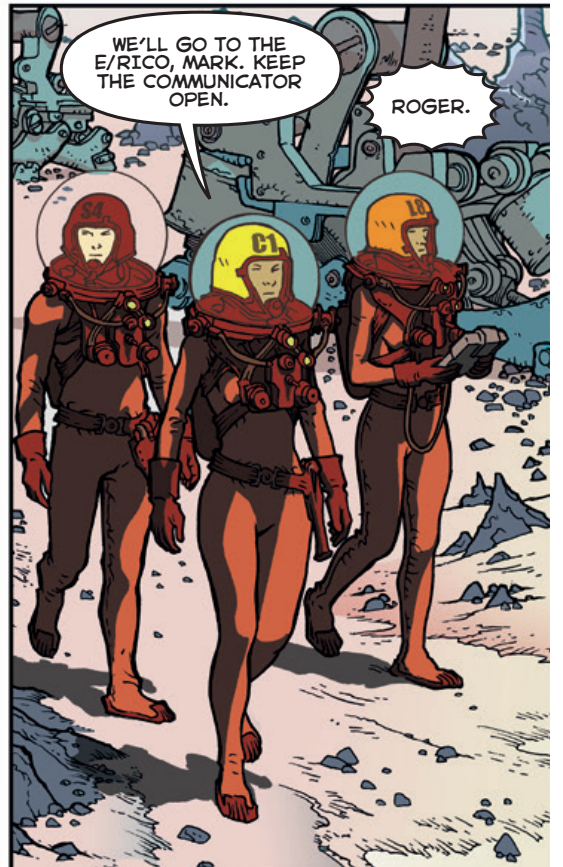
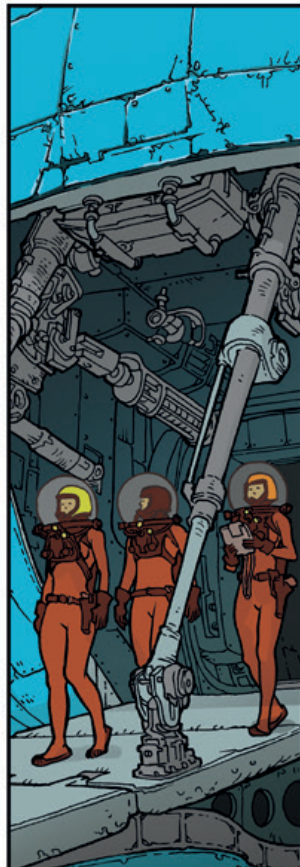
PREPARE FOR LANDING.



WFOOOOSH

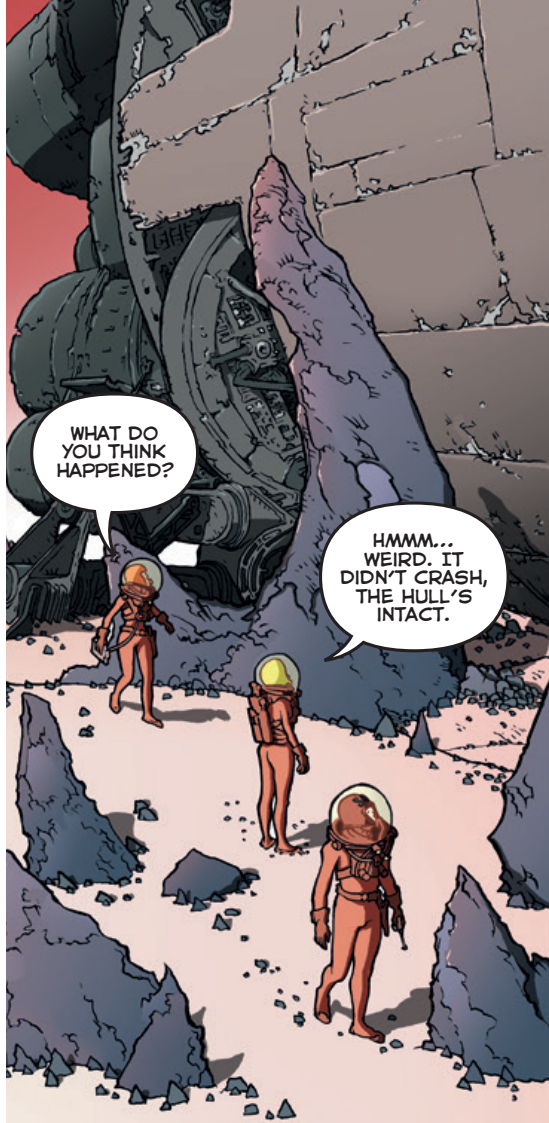


THRAAK



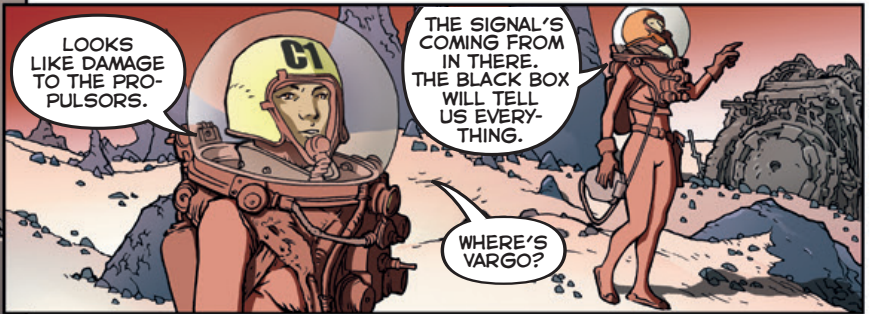
WE'LL GO TO THE E/RICO, MARK. KEEP THE COMMUNICATOR OPEN.

ROGER.



WHAT DO YOU THINK HAPPENED?

HMMM... WEIRD. IT DIDN'T CRASH, THE HULL'S INTACT.



LOOKS LIKE DAMAGE TO THE PRO-PULSORS.

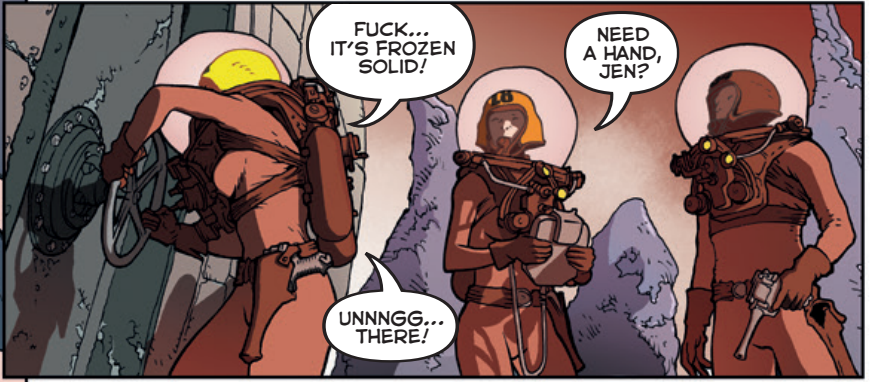
THE SIGNAL'S COMING FROM IN THERE. THE BLACK BOX WILL TELL US EVERYTHING.

WHERE'S VARGO?



I'M HERE. I'VE FOUND THE DOOR.

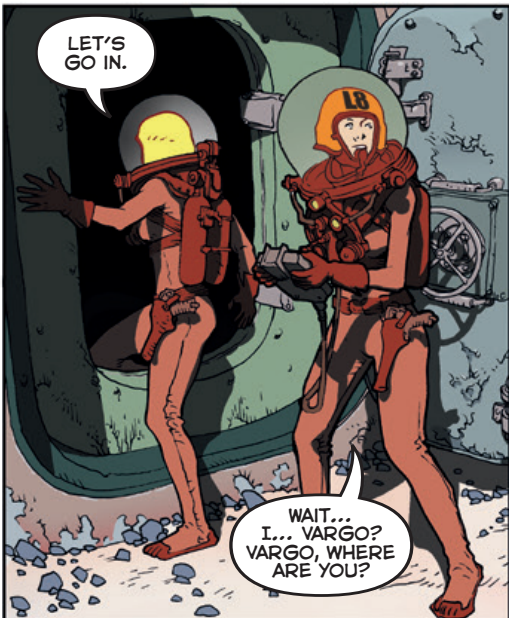
PUT THE GUN AWAY, COWBOY. OR ARE YOU SCARED OF ROCKS?



FUCK... IT'S FROZEN SOLID!

NEED A HAND, JEN?

UNNNGG... THERE!



LET'S GO IN.

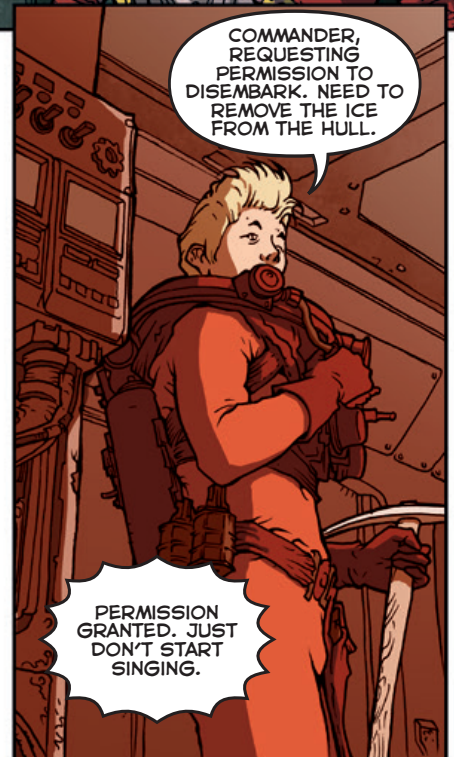
WAIT... I... VARGO? VARGO, WHERE ARE YOU?



NOT SCARED ARE YOU, NIKKE? WHAT'S UP WITH EVERYONE?



EEEEK!





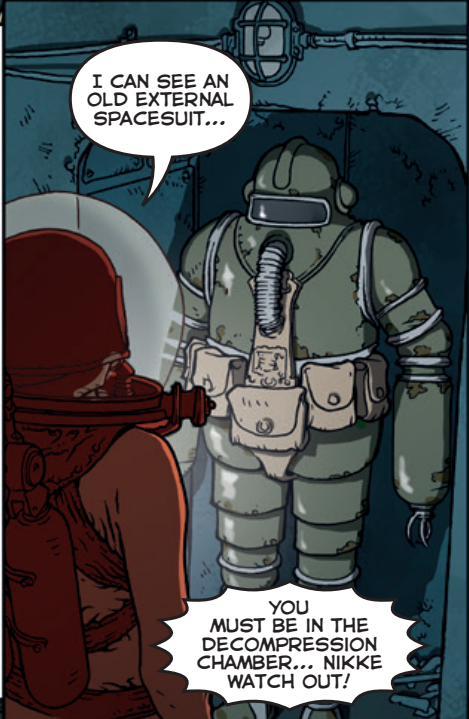
WH...
WHERE'S HE
TAKING US,
JEN?

WE'LL SOON
FIND OUT.
VARGO? WHERE
ARE YOU?



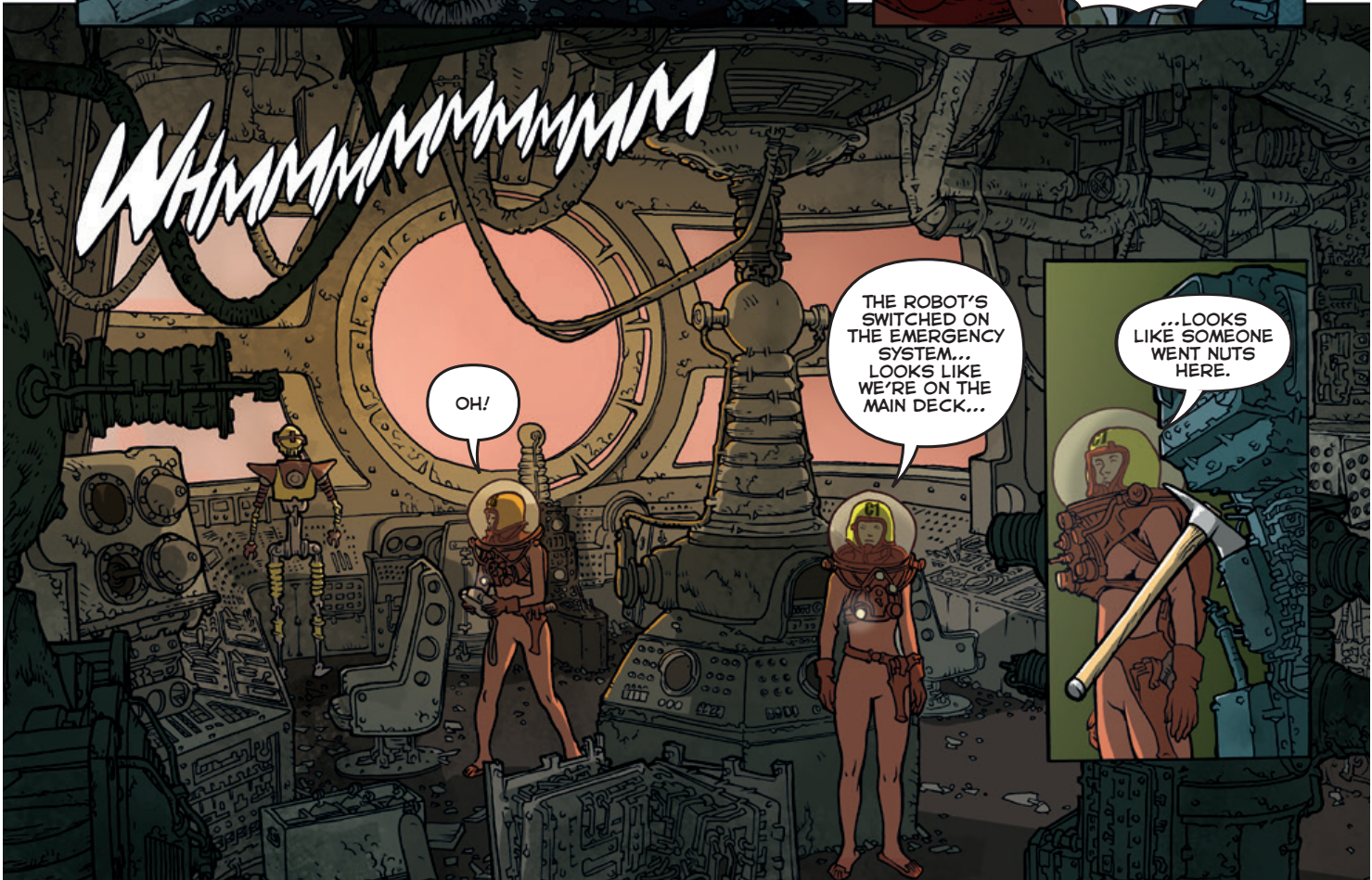
IN THE
DARK.

VERY FUNNY,
COWBOY.



I CAN SEE AN
OLD EXTERNAL
SPACESUIT...

YOU
MUST BE IN THE
DECOMPRESSION
CHAMBER... NIKKE
WATCH OUT!



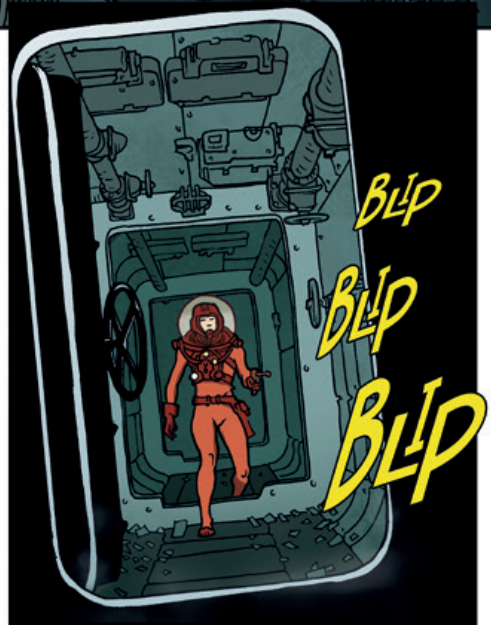
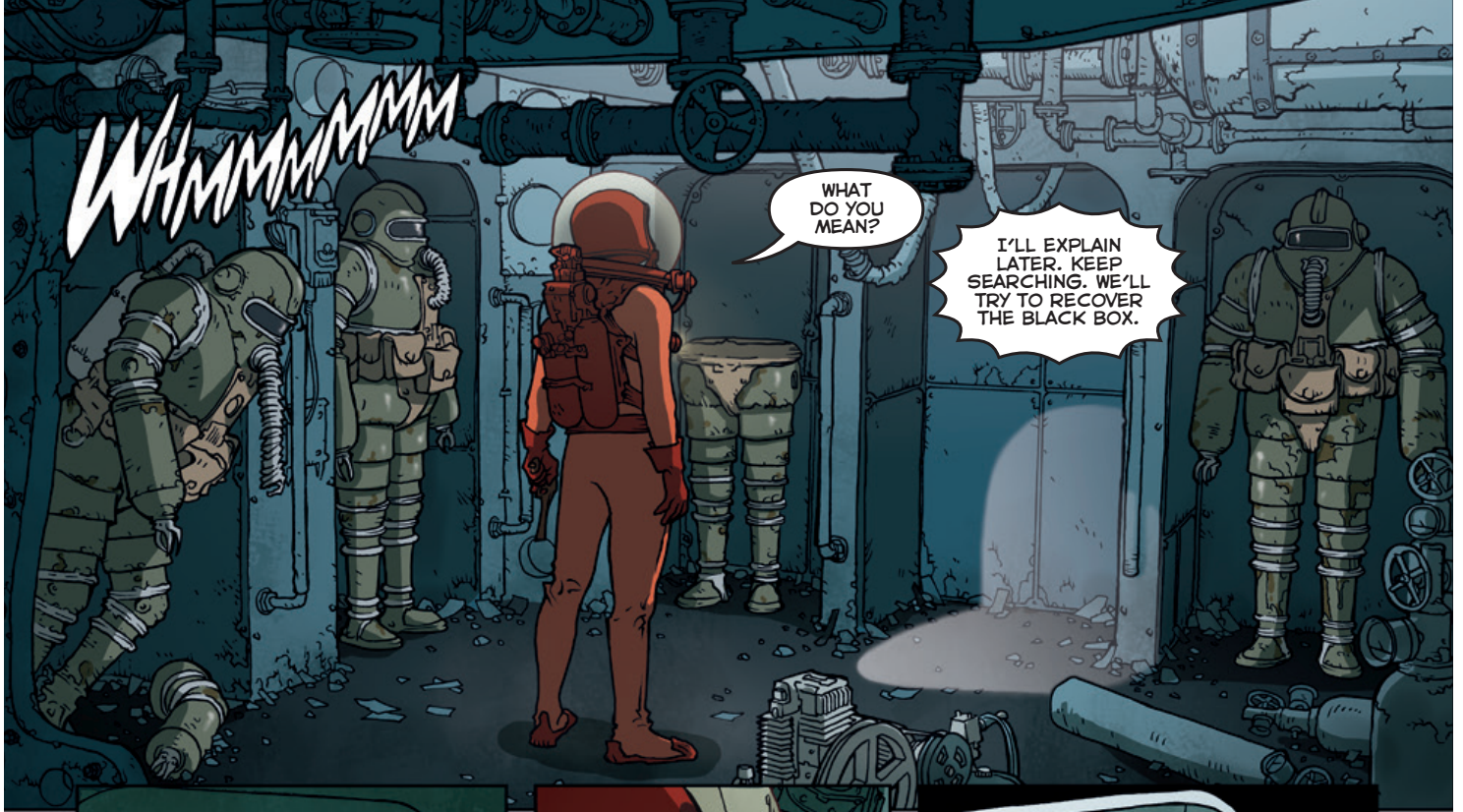
WHAMMMMM

OH!

THE ROBOT'S
SWITCHED ON
THE EMERGENCY
SYSTEM...
LOOKS LIKE
WE'RE ON THE
MAIN DECK...



...LOOKS
LIKE SOMEONE
WENT NUTS
HERE.





COUGH
COUGH
COUGH



SORRY...
I HAVEN'T
EATEN FOR...
HOW LONG DID
YOU SAY?

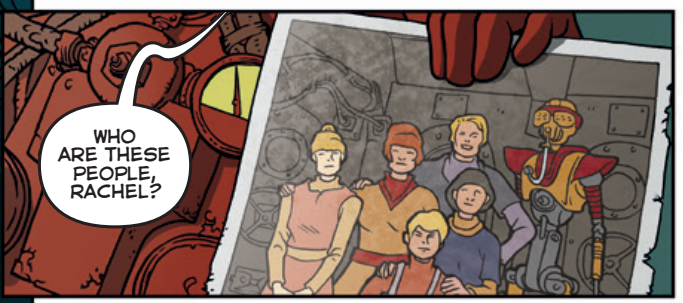
28 YEARS,
ACCORDING
TO YOUR
HIBERNATION
CAPSULE.

WHAT
HAPPENED
HERE, KID?

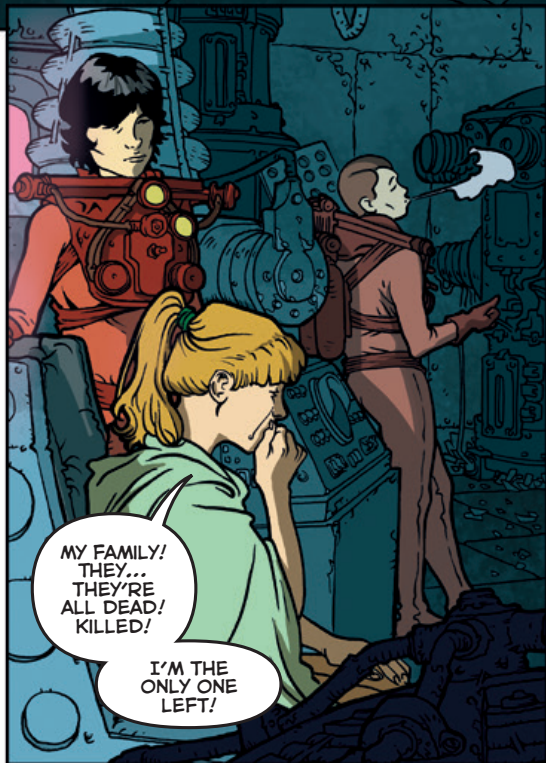


RACHEL, MY NAME'S
RACHEL.

WE
FOUND
THIS...



WHO
ARE THESE
PEOPLE,
RACHEL?



MY FAMILY!
THEY...
THEY'RE
ALL DEAD!
KILLED!

I'M THE
ONLY ONE
LEFT!



DO
YOU KNOW
WHO KILLED
THEM?

HIM...



...MY
FATHER!

to be continued...

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