



SECTOR 3,  
ALL CLEAR.  
UGH. I'LL DIE OF  
BOREDOM BEFORE  
I EVER SEE ANY  
ACTION.





I DON'T LIKE THIS...IT'S TOO QUIET.

SINCE WHEN DO YOU LIKE ANYTHING, GREY?

OF COURSE IT'S QUIET. I JUST MADE THAT RAKK'NAR SENTRY'S HEAD GO SPLORC. AND SIDENOTE, IT MADE ME THICK IN MY PANTS.

# ZING



DOWN!

AHHH!



TEAM ATHENA! ATTACK!



IT'S A TRAP!

THANK YOU, ADMIRAL ACKBAR! I THINK WE FIGURED THAT OUT!!!



GO!

DIE YOU LIZARD DICKS!

GET SOME!

WAIT FOR ME!



SUCK ON THIS!

YOU WILL TASTE MY BALLS FOR THAT, HUMAN SCUM!



FEAST ON MY KICK SANDWICH... THAT'S A THING... RIGHT?



UCH! HE'S SNOTTING ALL OVER ME.

YEAH, ISN'T IT GREAT.



WHOMP WHOMP

PARKER FOUND THE DROPSHIP!

I GUESS HE'S NOT USELESS AFTER ALL.



LOOKS LIKE YOU LADIES COULD USE SOME HELP.





# WARFIGHTER 18

BATTLE MOON: TEAM DEATHMATCH

TEAM ATHENA LOSES



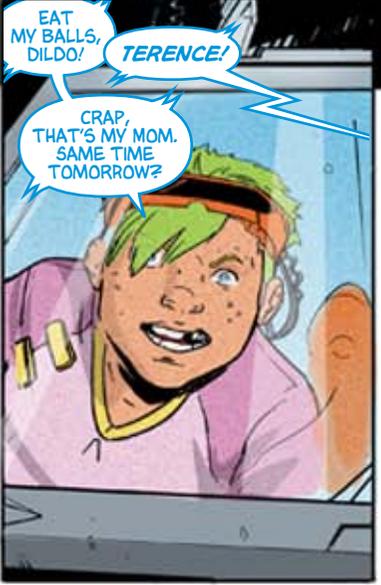
THIS GAME SUCKS. I'M TIRED OF LOSING TO KIDS.

THIS GAME DOESN'T SUCK. YOU SUCK, GREY. YOUR KDR IS .3.

CHECK IT OUT! I'M TEA-BAGGING YOUR DEAD BODY BECAUSE YOU JUST GOT P-OWNED BITCHES!



WHOA! THAT'S A... DISTURBING IMAGE. WHAT ARE YOU, TWELVE?



EAT MY BALLS, DILDO!

TERENCE!

CRAP, THAT'S MY MOM. SAME TIME TOMORROW?



I DON'T KNOW. WE'RE ADULTS, WE GOT STUFF TO DO. WE CAN'T JUST SIT AROUND AND PLAY HOLO-GAMES.



YEAH RIGHT! YOU'RE SPACE-EX WORKERS. YOU JUST PICK UP PEOPLE'S STUFF AND DROP IT OFF.

MAYBE I'LL MAKE YOU PICK ME UP A PIZZA AND DELIVER IT TO ME...30 MINUTES OR LESS, BITCH!



WELL... THAT'S... PROBABLY HOW LONG IT TAKES... YOU TO... FINGER YOUR BUTT?

THEY ALREADY SIGNED OFF, PARKER. AND "FINGER YOUR BUTT"?... REALLY?



WHERE'S THE CARGO, GREY?

SOMETHING ISN'T RIGHT?



ARE YOU SURE YOU PUT IN THE RIGHT COORDINATES?

YES, I MEAN... I THINK.



WELL I DON'T SEE ANYTHING THERE. SO...

DO WE STILL GET PAID IF THE PACKAGE DOESN'T SHOW UP?

MAYBE IT'S A METAPHYSICAL PICK-UP? LIKE WE HAVE TO LOOK INSIDE OURSELVES TO FIND WHAT WE NEED TO?

I'LL GO FIRST.



HOLY--!

"UM, I'M GUESSING THAT'S NOT NAZI MEMORABILIA."



GUNNERY SERGEANT BYRNES OF THE UNITED SPACE MARINE CORPS FIRST RECON BATTALION, REQUESTING PERMISSION TO BOARD.

MY MOM GOT BOARDED BY A MARINE ONCE.

SHHH, LAWRENCE.



BOARD? AH...YEAH... PERMISSION GRANTED?

YOU'RE DOING GREAT, GREY. REALLY AUTHORITATIVE.

EXCELLENT. OUT.



WHAT IS GOING ON?

SECRET LOCATION, CLASSIFIED PICKUP, MARINES, WARSHIPS. SEEMS LIKE A PARTY.

WHEW! THAT'S A RELIEF. I WAS SCARED THERE FOR A MINUTE. SO WHAT KINDA PARTY YOU THINKING-- PAJAMA, PIZZA, QUINCEANERA?