


THE YEAR 2069:  
THE INTERPLANETARY CRAFT  
ARTHUR CLARK IS HALFWAY  
THROUGH ITS SIX-MONTH  
TRIP TO VENUS...

MEANWHILE,  
THE YOUNGEST MEMBER  
OF THE FOUR-PERSON  
CREW IS HARD AT WORK...



"LIEUTENANT  
NORMANDY! WHAT'S  
THE STATUS ON THE  
SHIP'S SYNTHESIZING  
UNIT?"

ONLINE AND  
FUNCTIONAL,  
CAPTAIN FORREST!  
WE'LL HAVE  
PLENTY OF AIR,  
FOOD, AND  
WATER FOR  
THE NEXT FIVE  
YEARS!

"EXCELLENT NEWS,  
ELLA! GET BACK  
UP TO THE  
FLIGHT DECK!"



STRAP  
YOURSELF IN,  
LIEUTENANT  
NORMANDY!

COMMANDER  
SUTTON HAS  
PICKED UP WHAT  
APPEARS TO BE SOME  
KIND OF ALIEN  
TECHNOLOGY ON  
HIS SCANNERS!

"WHAT DO  
YOU THINK  
IT IS?"

"PERHAPS IT IS A  
BEACON OF SOME  
KIND? IT SEEMS TO  
BE RADIATING A  
FORM OF ENERGY--"



CAPTAIN!  
THE ALIEN  
ARTIFACT'S ENERGY  
SIGNATURE HAS  
SUDDENLY  
SPIKED!



"WHATEVER  
THAT THING IS,  
IT APPEARS TO  
BE ARMING  
ITSELF!"



COMMANDER WU,  
DO WE HAVE A  
CHANNEL OPEN  
TO BASE  
COMMAND?

NEGATIVE,  
CAPTAIN! ALL  
COMMUNICATION  
IS DEAD!



WITHOUT WARNING, THE  
VERY FABRIC OF TIME AND  
SPACE HAS RIPPED ITSELF  
ASUNDER, PULLING THE  
ARTHUR CLARK OFF COURSE  
AND INTO A YAWNING  
CELESTIAL VOID.

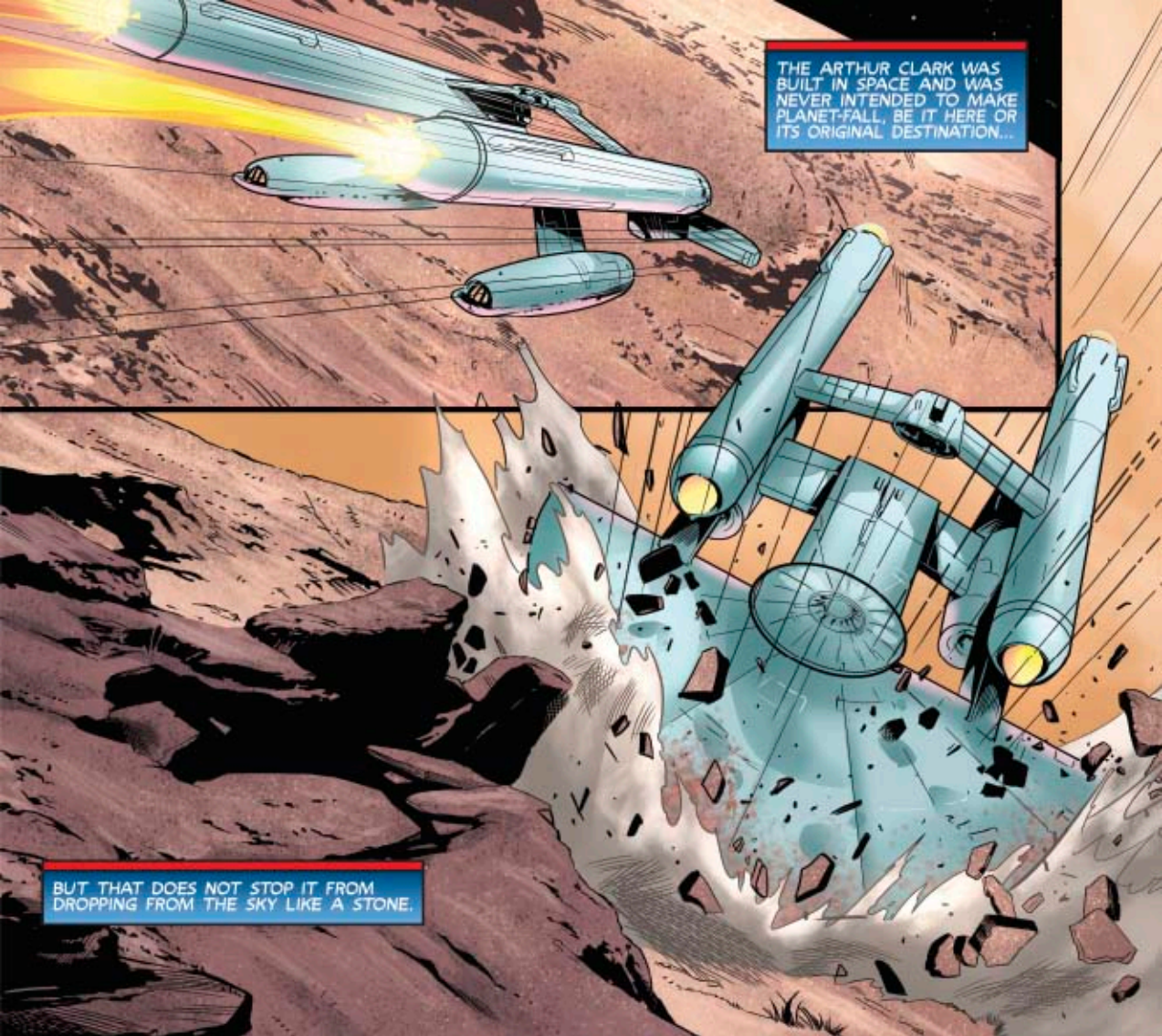
THE SHIP'S  
OPERATING SYSTEM  
IS CRASHING! IT  
WASN'T DESIGNED  
TO HANDLE  
THIS KIND OF  
STRESS!



THEN, AS ABRUPTLY AS IT BEGAN, THE  
SHIP EMERGES, UNKNOWN LIGHT YEARS  
LATER, IN THE OUTER ATMOSPHERE OF  
AN ALIEN PLANET ORBITING TWIN SUNS...







THE ARTHUR CLARK WAS BUILT IN SPACE AND WAS NEVER INTENDED TO MAKE PLANET-FALL, BE IT HERE OR ITS ORIGINAL DESTINATION...

BUT THAT DOES NOT STOP IT FROM DROPPING FROM THE SKY LIKE A STONE.

WHAT--GRUNT--  
IS OUR STATUS,  
LIEUTENANT  
NORMANDY?

COMMANDERS  
SUTTON  
AND WU ARE  
DEAD, SIR.

THE SHIP'S NAVIGATION  
IS COMPROMISED, AS IS  
THE OPERATING SYSTEM.  
BUT ACCORDING TO MY  
DIAGNOSTIC SCANS,  
THE ATMOSPHERE OF  
THIS PLANET IS  
BREATHABLE...



AND JUST BEFORE WE  
CRASHED, I SAW  
WHAT LOOKED LIKE  
A GOOD-SIZED  
CITY ON THE  
MONITORS...





"SO, WHEREVER  
IT IS WE ARE,  
WE ARE NOT  
ALONE..."



ALL CLEAR,  
CAPTAIN!

ARE YOU  
CERTAIN MAKING  
CONTACT WITH  
THE NATIVES OF  
THIS PLANET IS  
A GOOD IDEA,  
SIR?

WE  
DON'T HAVE  
A CHOICE,  
ELLA.

IF WE WANT  
TO RETURN TO  
OUR OWN WORLD,  
WE NEED HELP  
REPAIRING THE  
SHIP...



"FROM WHAT I CAN  
SEE OF THEIR CITY,  
THEY MIGHT BE  
TECHNOLOGICALLY  
ADVANCED ENOUGH  
TO ASSIST US."

"THEY COULD EVEN BE  
THE ONES WHO BUILT  
THE GATEWAY THAT  
BROUGHT US HERE!"



IN ANY  
CASE,  
IT WILL  
BE DARK  
SOON...





