

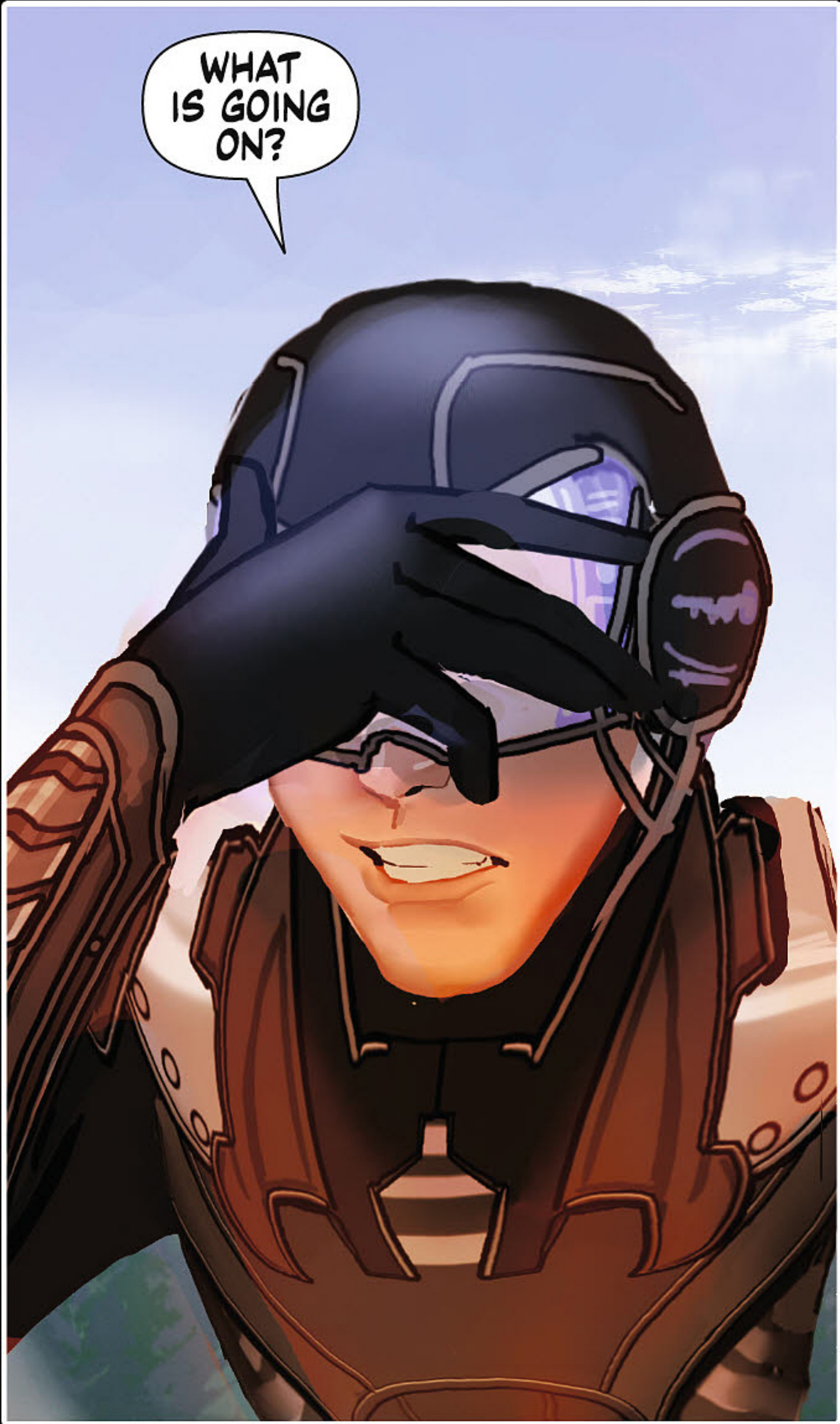


I CAME TO EROS, THE PLEASURE SATELLITE IN SEARCH OF MY MISSING UNCLE JACQUES.

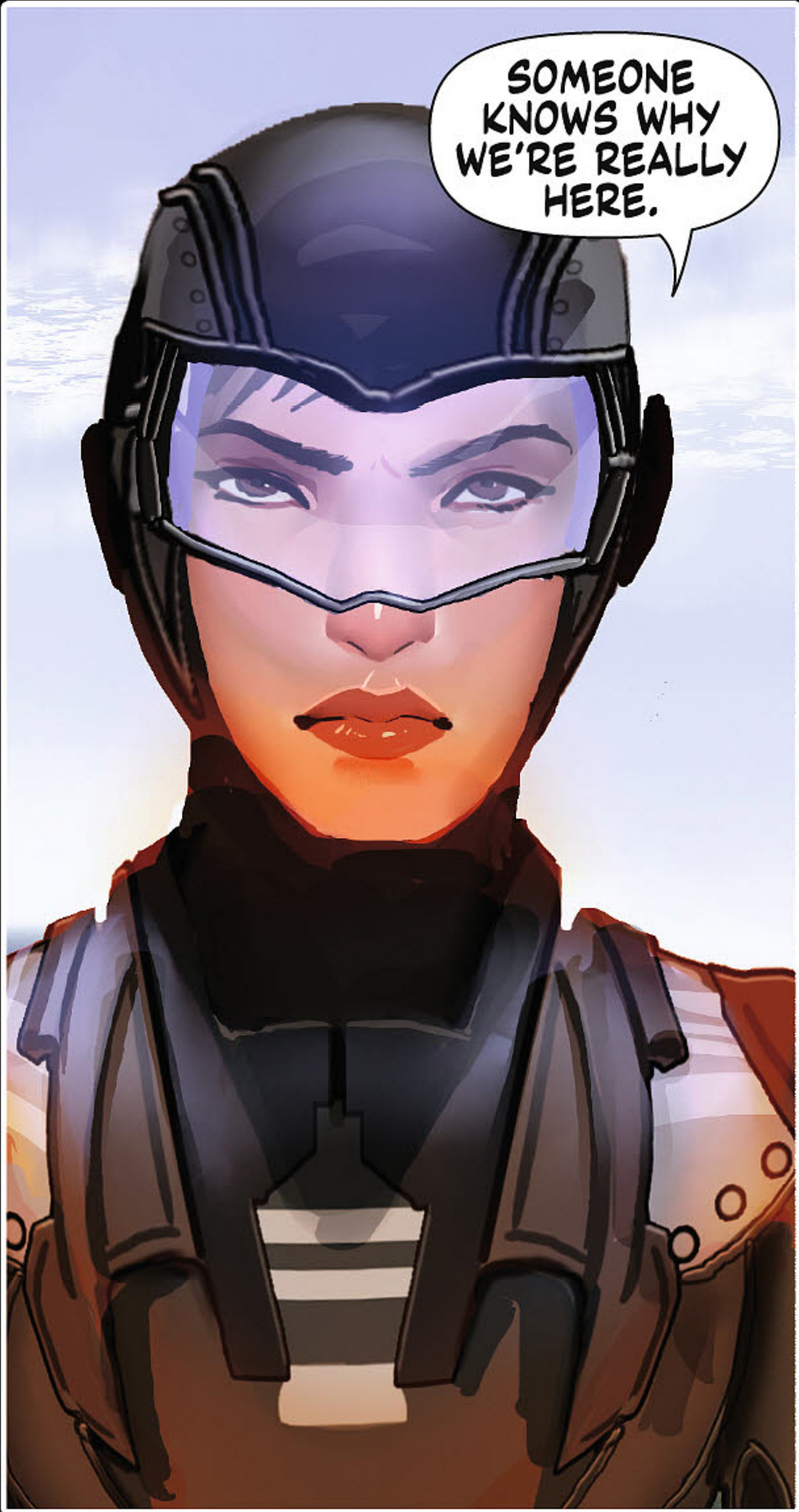
AND THOUGH I FOUND HIM, I HAVE DONE A LOT OF THINGS ON THIS TRIP THAT I NEVER BELIEVED I'D DO, ALL TO HELP HIM UNCOVER THE TRUTH ABOUT THE GENETIC SLAVES USED ON THE STATION.

NOW, WITH THE DESTRUCTION OF OUR SHIP IT IS ALL TOO CLEAR THAT SOMEONE DOESN'T WANT US TO FIND THOSE ANSWERS.

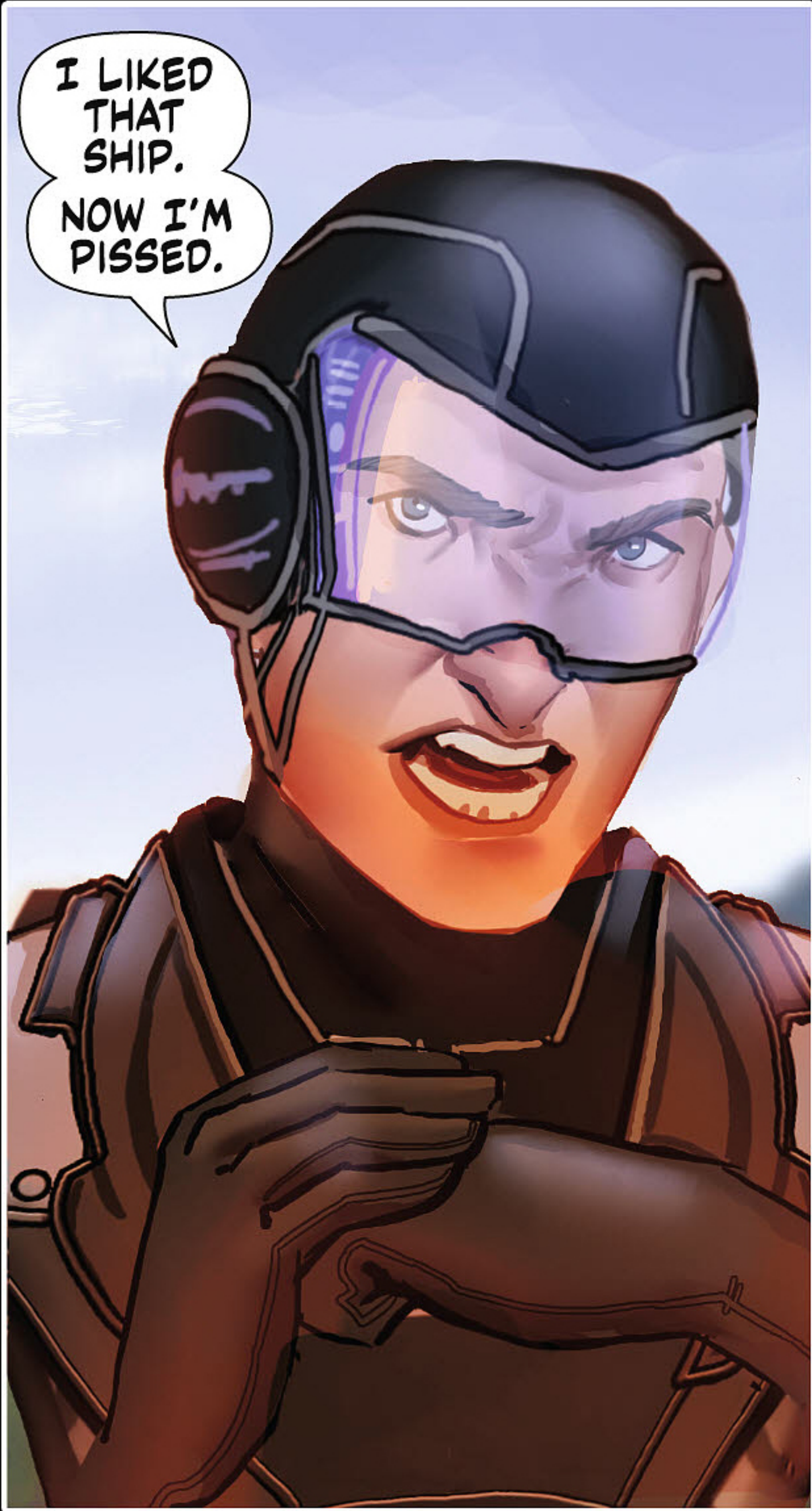
AND THEY DON'T CARE WHO GETS HURT IN THE PROCESS.



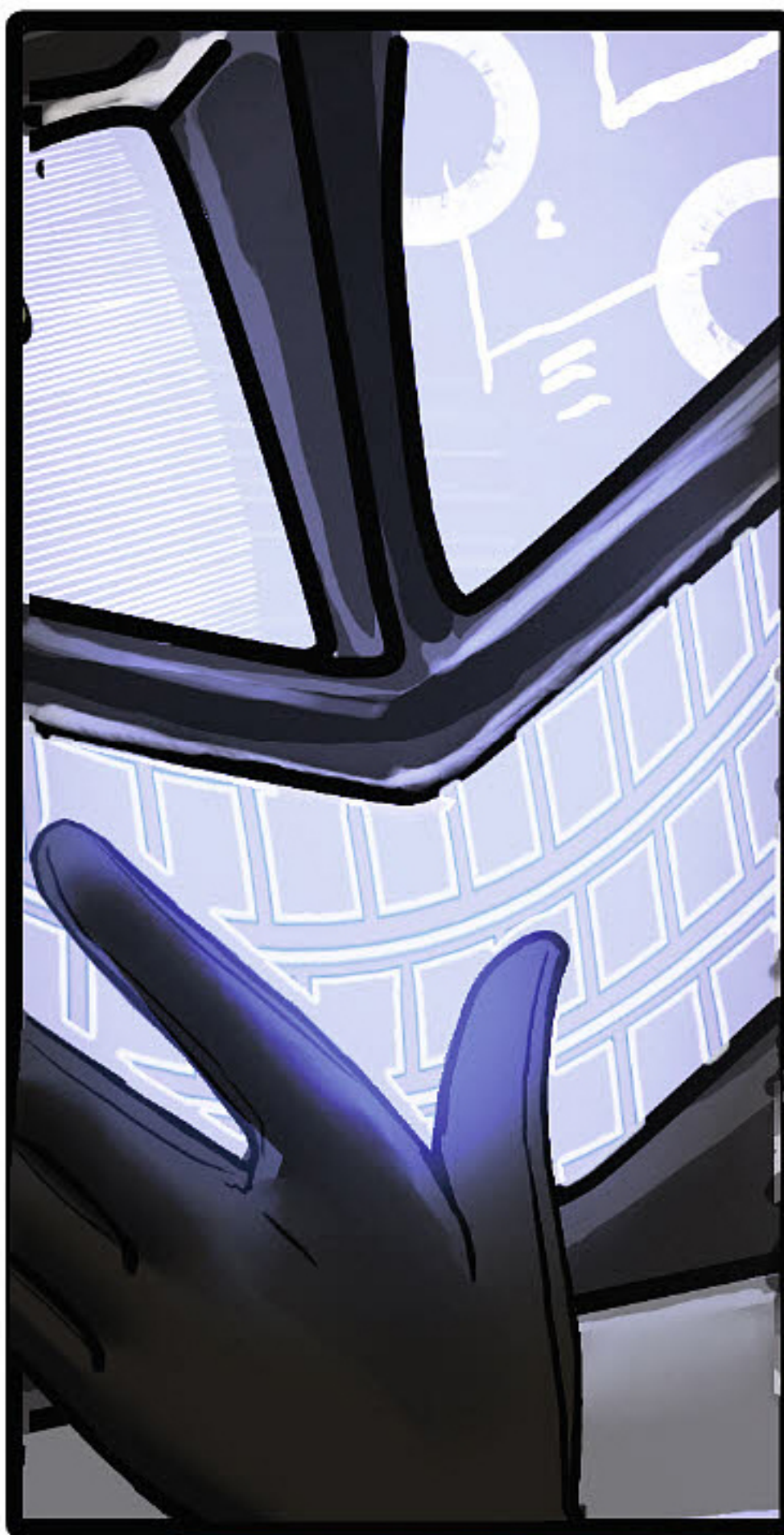
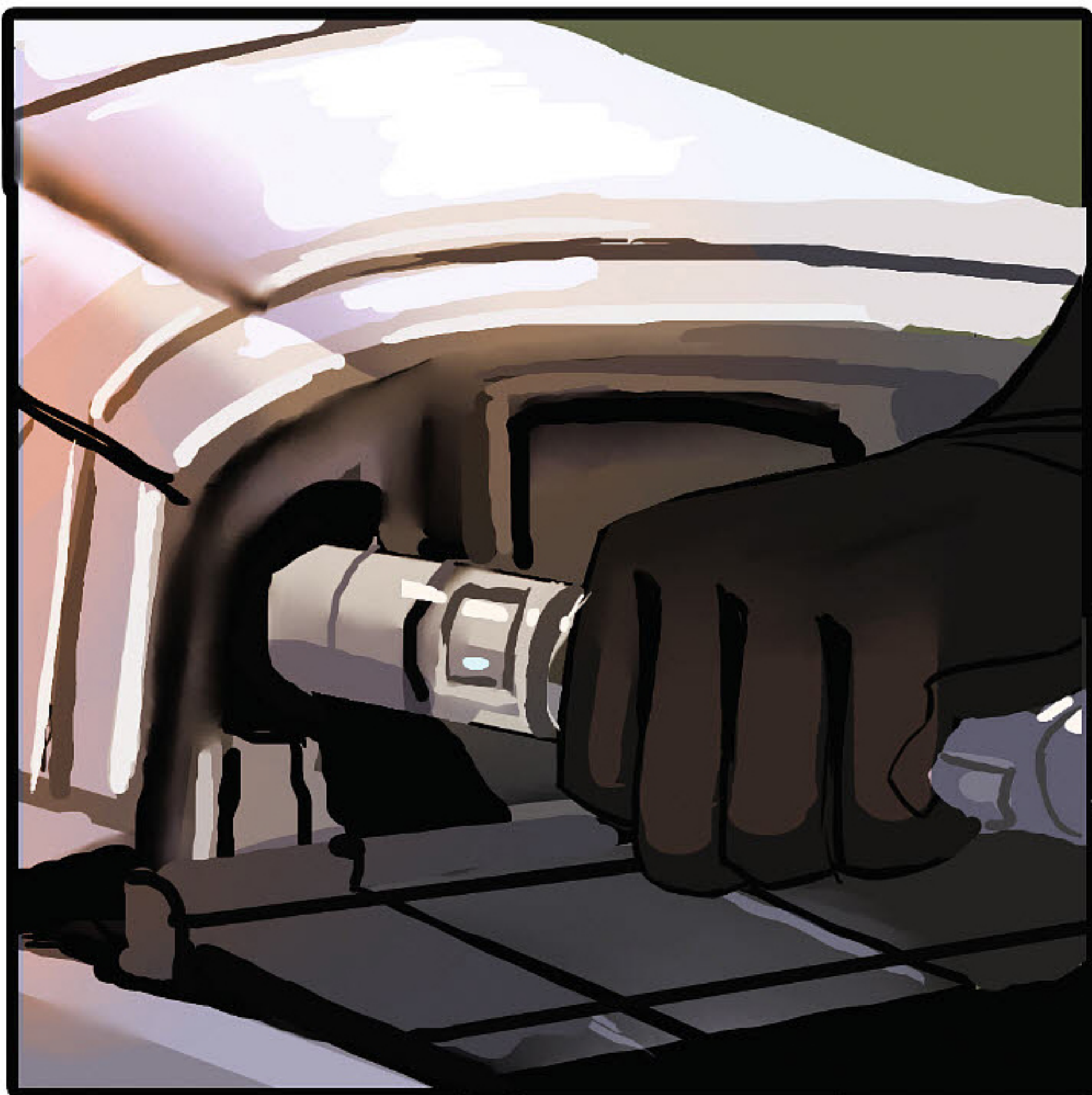
WHAT IS GOING ON?



SOMEONE KNOWS WHY WE'RE REALLY HERE.



I LIKED THAT SHIP. NOW I'M PISSSED.





THIS WASN'T AN OFFICIAL MISSION, SO HARKNESS AND TREMAINE COULD DO WHAT THEY WANTED.

BUT I KNEW THEM BOTH WELL ENOUGH TO KNOW THEY WOULD STAY AT MY SIDE.

AND OFFERING THEM AN OUT WOULD BE AN INSULT.



I DIDN'T HAVE A PLAN.

I HAD NO IDEA EXACTLY WHAT WE WERE UP AGAINST.

BUT IT REALLY WASN'T ANY DIFFERENT THAN FIGHTING IN SPACE.



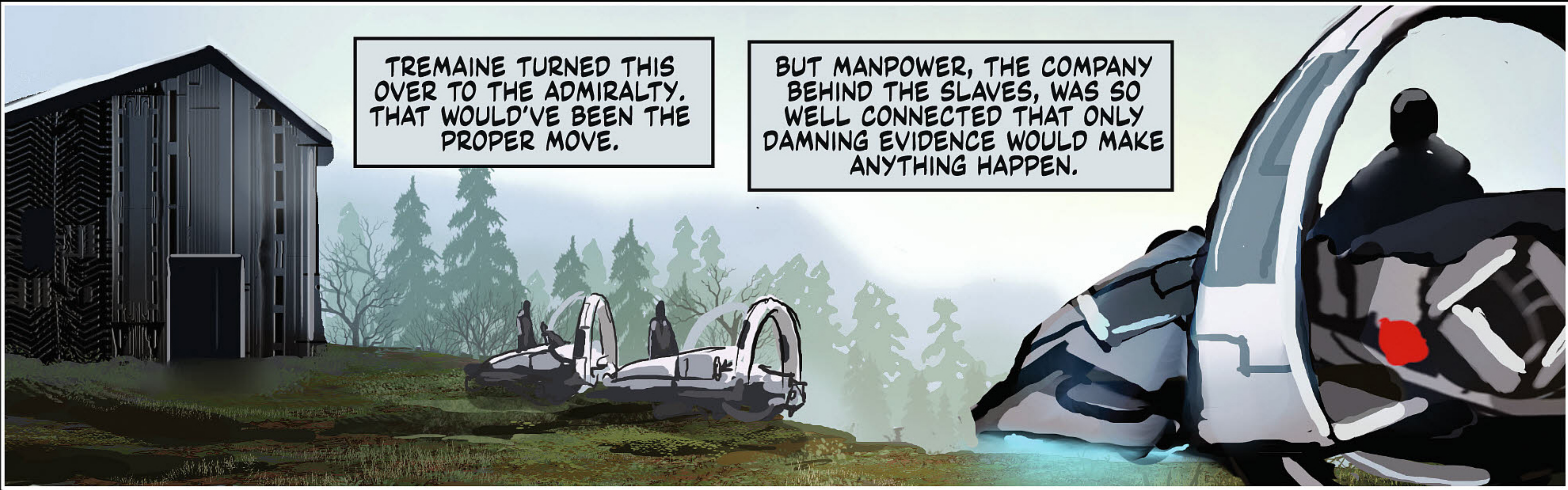
CONFRONT YOUR ENEMIES.

FIGURE OUT THEIR STRENGTHS AND WEAKNESSES.

THEN OUTMANEUVER THEM.



AT LEAST THAT SOUNDED SIMPLE IN THEORY.



TREMAINE TURNED THIS
OVER TO THE ADMIRALTY.
THAT WOULD'VE BEEN THE
PROPER MOVE.

BUT MANPOWER, THE COMPANY
BEHIND THE SLAVES, WAS SO
WELL CONNECTED THAT ONLY
DAMNING EVIDENCE WOULD MAKE
ANYTHING HAPPEN.



STAYING ALIVE WAS NOW
TOP PRIORITY, THOUGH.



AND YOU
SAID THERE
WOULDN'T
BE ANY
WEAPONS.

OH YEAH,
WE'RE ALL
SET.
TOP OF THE
LINE STUFF
HERE.

IF WE'RE
FIGHTING
PEOPLE
AFRAID OF
SPLINTERS.

