



TWO TO
TRANSIT.

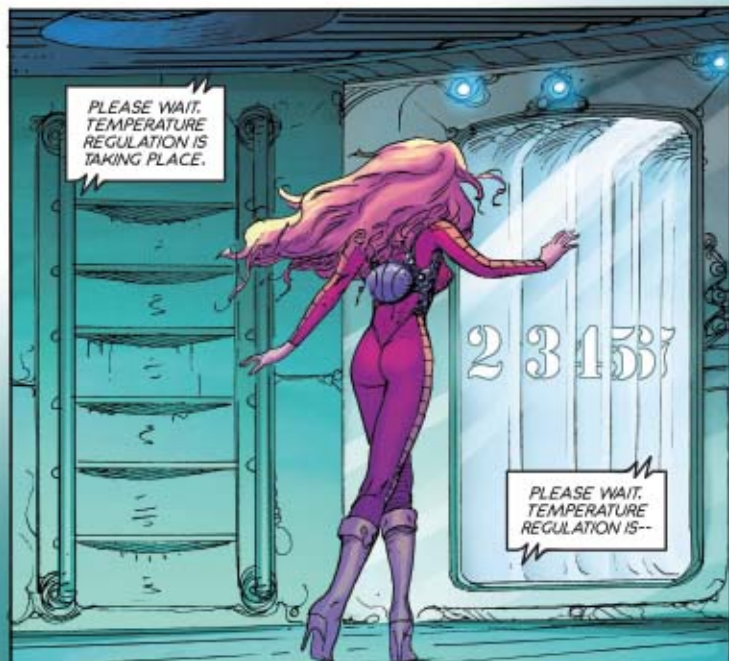
WHERE
TO?

JUST OUT.
CAPTAIN SAYS TO
SPACE THEM.

SHIT!

⟨ASSEMBLE GRAND FLEET,
MEKLIS. THE TIME HAS
COME TO ERADICATE THE
ESSEVERINE SCOURGE.⟩

⟨WITH OR WITHOUT THE
HELP OF *EARTHGOV*.⟩







OH, IT'S *THAT* BUSINESS AGAIN.

THE *ESSEVERINE* SENT ME.

YES, I'M *SURE* THEY DID. *TUH!*

THEY NEED YOUR *HELP*.



I'VE GOT BUSINESS OF MY *OWN* TO ATTEND TO.

WHO ARE YOU?

AND WHY ARE YOU *HIDING* IN THE HEART OF THE *SUN*?



WHAT, I CAN'T LIVE IN A *SUN* BECAUSE I'M NOT MADE OF SUPER-HEATED *PLASMA*?

THAT'S PREJUDICE, THAT IS.

RACISM, PURE AND SIMPLE.



I DIDN'T MEAN TO GIVE *OFFENSE*. HONESTLY.

BUT THERE'S A *MASSACRE* PENDING, AND THE ALL-MOTHERS SAID YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO STOP IT.

CAN YOU?



I CAN DO A LOT OF THINGS. HERE. CLEAN UP THE *MESS* YOU MADE.

THEN WE'LL TALK.

