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THIS ISSUE:
SHOOT THE MOON

JOYRIDE™

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REGULATORS
OF THE FIRST,
SECOND, AND
FIFTH FLEETS.



DO YOU KNOW HOW
YOU SAY "HELLO" IN
THE LANGUAGE OF
HUMANS?



IT'S QUITE
SIMPLE,
ACTUALLY.



LET ME
SHOW
YOU.



KRATHAKA BOOOOM

"NOW."

"LET'S SAY
GOODBYE."

Chapter Twelve:
**SHOOT THE
MOON**



...DAD.

CATRIN.
I DIDN'T
THINK...

I DIDN'T
KNOW.



IT DOESN'T MATTER,
UMA. YOUR "PLAN" IS
OFFICIALLY HAYWIRE.
WITHOUT THE SAFESKY
OR THE WATCHFUL GAZE
TO STOP THEM, THE
REGULATRIX'LL BURN
THE PLANET'S
ATMOSPHERE WITHIN
THE HOUR.

WE NEED
TO GET OFF
THIS PLANET. ALL
OF US, RIGHT
NOW.

WHAT? NO. ABSOLUTELY
NOT. YOU SAID IT YOURSELF,
THOSE SHIPS ARE THE END
OF THE WORLD UNLESS
WE FIGHT.



YOU WANT TO FIGHT
THREE FLEETS OF
REGULATORS?

ASKS THE KID WHO
FOUGHT AN ENTIRE SPACE
STATION TO SAVE ONE
CRIPPLE.

YOU'RE...



YOU'RE NOT A
CRIPPLE.

BUT YOU
ARE
RIGHT.

GO,
THEN.



SERIOUSLY, USE
THE SHIP, HELP
BOT, BUY US
TIME.

I'LL FIX
THIS.

UMA--

DEWYDD.



I'LL FIX
THIS.



THAT WAS A MISTAKE, DEWYDD. WE SHOULD NOT HAVE LEFT THEM THERE.

I DON'T ARGUE WITH UMA ANYMORE. IT'S EASIER THAT WAY.



SHE'S GOING TO GET HERSELF KILLED.

TOO LATE FOR THAT.



TOTALLY, DUDE. I GOT THE HELM. THERE'S SOMEONE ELSE THAT NEEDS YOUR HELP, THOUGH. MIND DOING ME A SOLID?



YOU'RE SURE THIS IS SAFE, DEWYDD?

NO, JORN.



NO I AM NOT.



PEW PEW PEW

KABOOM



REGULATRIX, THE RENEGADE VESSEL HAS OPENED FIRE ON WEAPONS SYSTEMS.

THEN UMA AKKOLYTE HAS RETURNED TO THE STARS! SHE CANNOT BE ALLOWED TO SPREAD HER INFECTIOUS IGNORANCE. ALL HANDS...



"...DESTROY THAT SHIP!"



COME ON, UMA.



"FIX THIS."