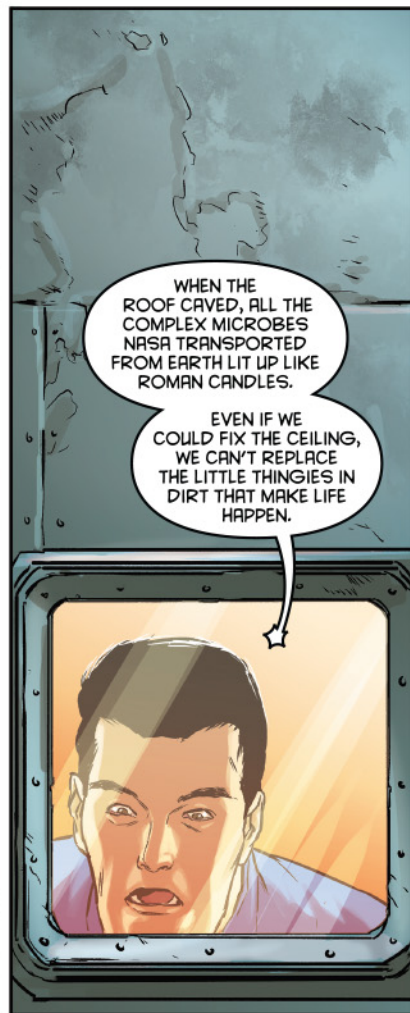




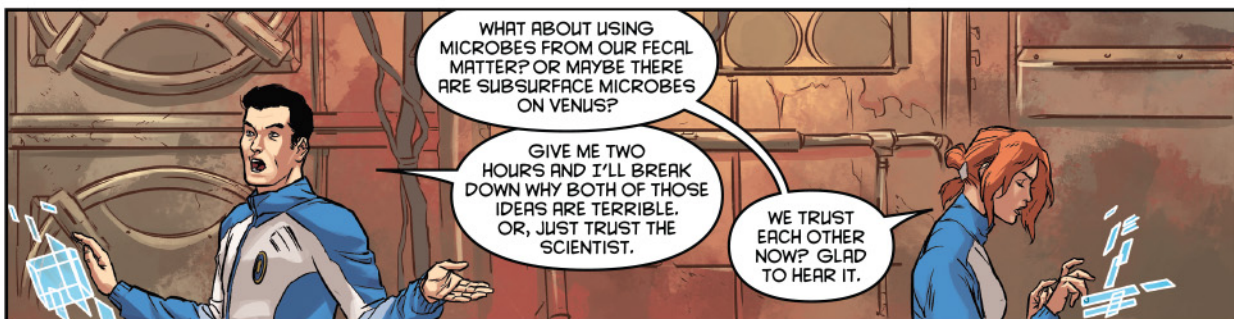
IN ANOTHER UNIVERSE, THIS PLACE IS A VIRTUAL CORNUCOPIA. ROWS OF CORN, KALE, SWITCHGRASS, SOY BEANS.

THERE MUST BE A WAY TO GROW CROPS HERE.



WHEN THE ROOF CAVED, ALL THE COMPLEX MICROBES NASA TRANSPORTED FROM EARTH LIT UP LIKE ROMAN CANDLES.

EVEN IF WE COULD FIX THE CEILING, WE CAN'T REPLACE THE LITTLE THINGIES IN DIRT THAT MAKE LIFE HAPPEN.



WHAT ABOUT USING MICROBES FROM OUR FECAL MATTER? OR MAYBE THERE ARE SUBSURFACE MICROBES ON VENUS?

GIVE ME TWO HOURS AND I'LL BREAK DOWN WHY BOTH OF THOSE IDEAS ARE TERRIBLE. OR, JUST TRUST THE SCIENTIST.

WE TRUST EACH OTHER NOW? GLAD TO HEAR IT.



OR MAYBE I'M JUST TERRIFIED YOU'LL KICK MY FACE IN.

SPEAKING OF WHICH, YOU AND SERGEANT THORNE...

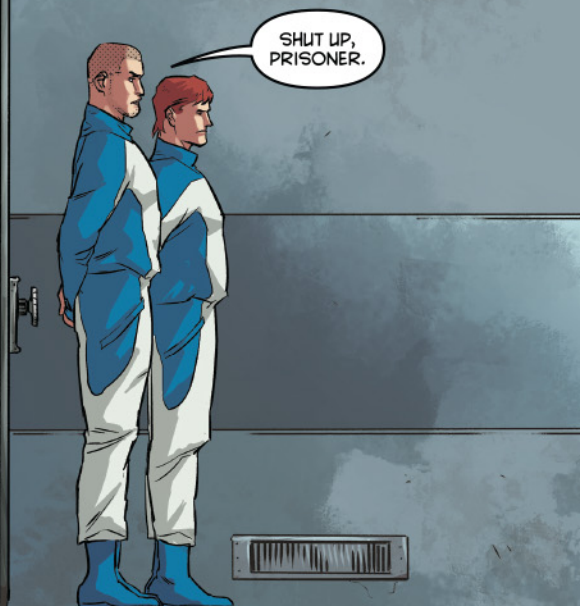
EXCUSE ME?



YOU'RE ADJUDICATING HIS CAPITAL CRIME, AND BONING THE DEFENDANT IS A CLEAR CONFLICT OF INTEREST.



HOW'D  
YOU TWO GET  
STUCK WITH  
THIS GIG?



SHUT UP,  
PRISONER.



YOU'D THINK  
THEY COULD'VE  
GOTTEN A DRONE  
OR A DROID OR  
SOMETHING.

LESS PEE  
BREAKS.



A DRONE  
WOULDN'T  
COME IN THERE  
AND BEAT YOUR  
ASS.

YOU WON'T  
DO THAT. WE'RE  
NASA. WE HAVE  
RULES.

RULES DON'T  
MEAN CRAP IN  
AUGUSTINE.



YOU'RE  
TELLING ME,  
JOHNSON.



YOU GUYS  
WANNA KNOW WHAT'S  
REALLY GOING ON  
AROUND HERE?

LATER

