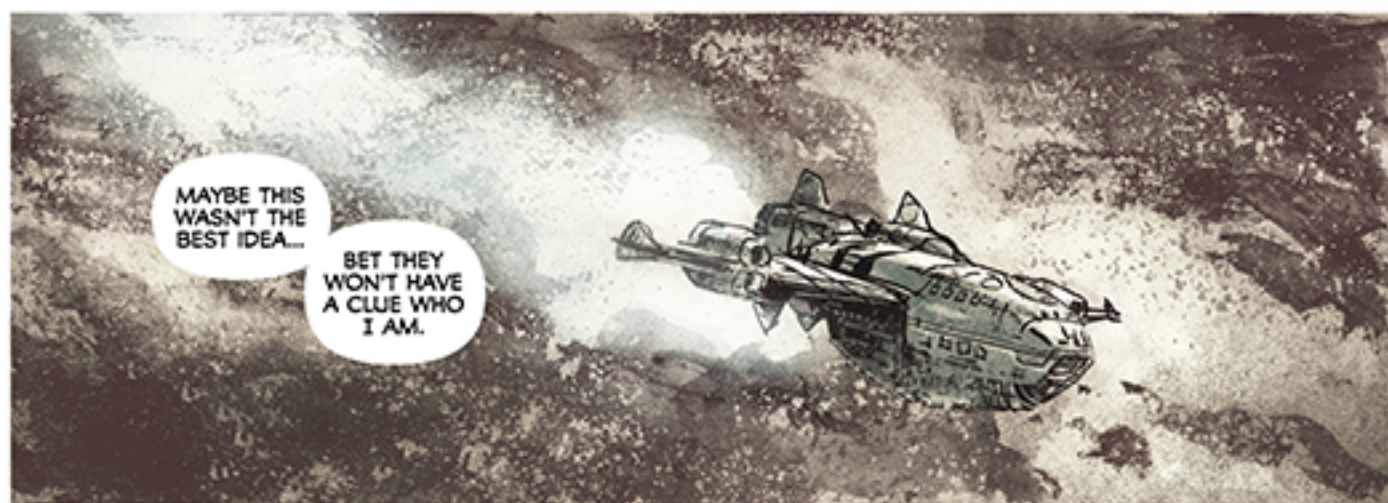




THE YEAR IS 2844



MAYBE THIS WASN'T THE BEST IDEA...

BET THEY WON'T HAVE A CLUE WHO I AM.




OH, SHIT. LOOK AT IT OUT THERE.



MAYBE THERE'S A REASON NO ONE HAS LIVED HERE FOR FOUR HUNDRED YEARS.

AWW, COME ON, CROGER.

THIS IS THE LAST STOP. YOU'RE HOME IN TWO DAYS.



MAYBE YOU CAN EVEN START WORK ON A *NEW* BOOK INSTEAD OF ALWAYS THINKING ABOUT THE *LAST* ONE.



SEEMS LIKE WE'VE BEEN ON THE ROAD FOR MONTHS.


BUT YOU'VE LOVED THIS TOUR AND YOU KNOW IT.

AND I'M NOT JUST SAYING THAT AS YOUR PUBICIST.



HA. YEAH.

WE'VE HAD A FEW GOOD MOMENTS.




NOW, COME ON. THIS'LL BE ONE LAST ADVENTURE!

EXCUSE ME—



IF I COULD HAVE YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE?

THERE'S A BIT OF A HICCUP WITH THE ATTACHMENT FOR THE DOCKING UMBILICUS...



DUE TO THE LOCALIZED METHANE CONTENT, WE'LL BE TAKING...



...*SPECIAL* PRECAUTIONS.



MY GOD...

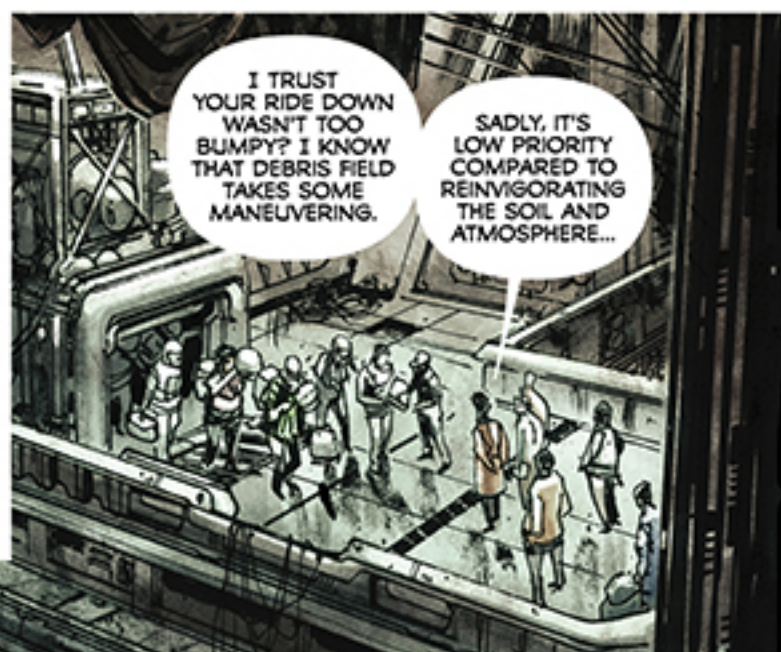
I CAN'T WAIT TO GET BACK TO MARS. I MISS FUCKING *INFRA-STRUCTURE*.

REMEMBER, DEEP BREATHS.

THE WAY THEY HAVE THE OXYGEN JACKED UP IN THIS THING I'LL PASS OUT IF I BREATHE ANY DEEPER.



AH, RIGHT ON SCHEDULE!



I TRUST YOUR RIDE DOWN WASN'T TOO BUMPY? I KNOW THAT DEBRIS FIELD TAKES SOME MANEUVERING.

SADLY, IT'S LOW PRIORITY COMPARED TO REINVIGORATING THE SOIL AND ATMOSPHERE...



BUT WHERE ARE MY MANNERS?

MR. BABB, THIS IS A *GREAT HONOR*.

I'M ANETTE JEREB, MAYOR OF TERRA STATION THREE. ALLOW ME TO BE THE FIRST TO SAY...

*WELCOME TO EARTH!*