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ISSUE

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COVER A

A HASBRO COMIC BOOK EVENT

# FIRST STRIKE



# MICRONAUTS

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# FIRST STRIKE

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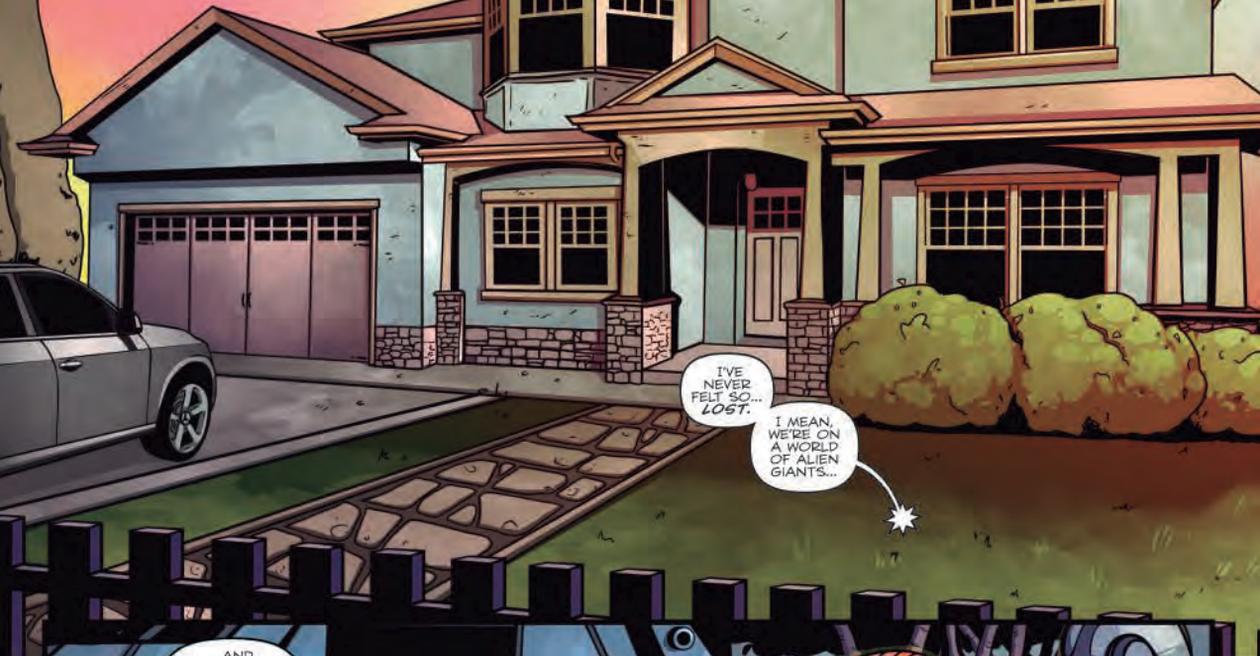


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I'VE NEVER FELT SO... LOST.

I MEAN, WE'RE ON A WORLD OF ALIEN GIANTS...



...AND BIOTRON AND MICROTRON JUST ROLL WITH IT, COLLECTING SAMPLES FOR ANALYSIS.

ROBOTS ARE HAPPY DOING THEIR JOB.

GREETINGS, INVERTEBRATE. ARE YOU SENTIENT? MAY WE COMMUNICATE?

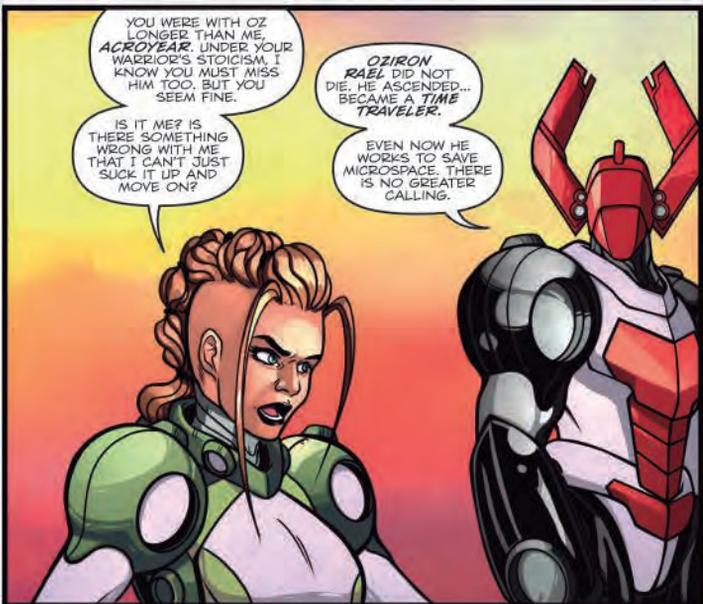
IT DOESN'T APPEAR TO WANT TO CHAT, BIOTRON.

NEVERTHELESS, I CAN TELL IT DOESN'T LIKE YOU, SO IT CLEARLY HAS SOME INTELLIGENCE.



"BUT I CAN'T JUST SLAP ON A SMILE AND START TAKING ORDERS FROM LARISSA RIGHT AFTER FINDING OUT SHE'S **BARON KARZA'S** DAUGHTER."

"WITHOUT OZ, EVERYTHING SEEMS... *WRONG*."



YOU WERE WITH OZ LONGER THAN ME, **ACROYEAR**. UNDER YOUR WARRIOR'S STOICISM, I KNOW YOU MUST MISS HIM TOO. BUT YOU SEEM FINE.

IS IT ME? IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG WITH ME THAT I CAN'T JUST SUCK IT UP AND MOVE ON?

**OZIRON** DID NOT DIE. HE ASCENDED... BECAME A **TIME TRAVELER**.

EVEN NOW HE WORKS TO SAVE **MICROSPACE**. THERE IS NO GREATER CALLING.



THAT'S NOT WHAT I-

-FORGET IT. IT IS JUST ME. I'LL DEAL WITH IT.



SPACE  
GLIDER--  
PHENOLO-  
PHI-WAIT.

IT... IS NOT  
ONLY YOU. I  
TOO FEEL THE  
LOSS OF MY  
FRIEND.



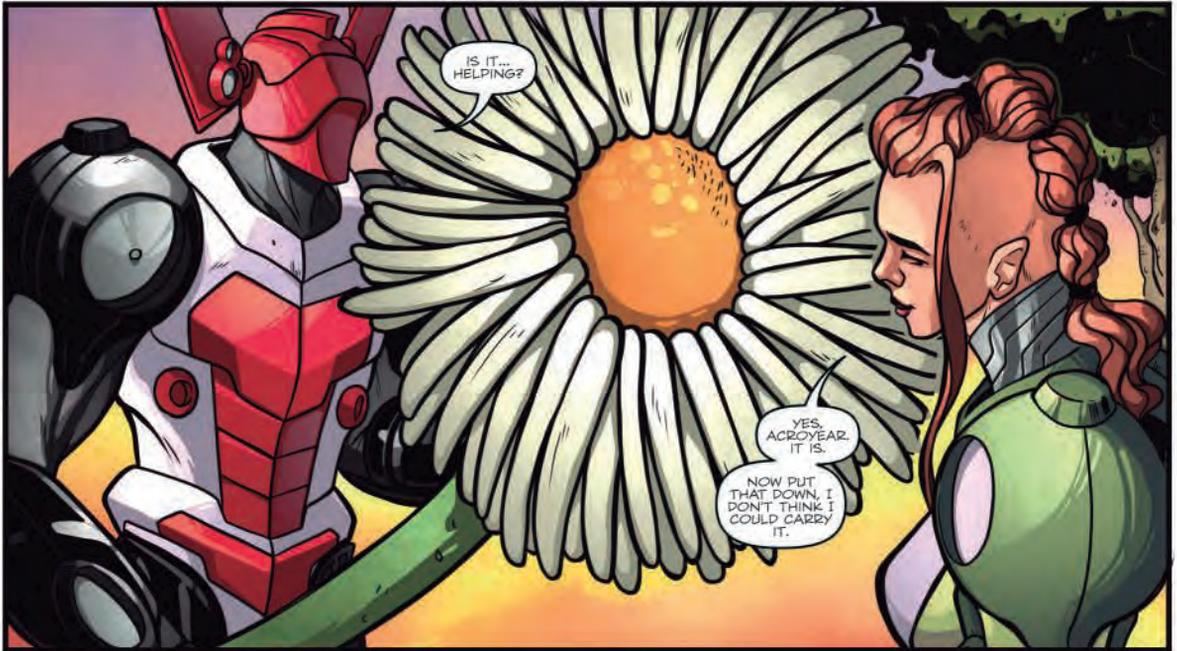
I FIND  
STRENGTH IN  
THE KNOWLEDGE  
THAT WE CARRY  
ON HIS FIGHT, ON  
A SMALLER SCALE.  
AND I TAKE  
COMFORT IN  
THE FACT...

...THAT MY  
ALLIANCE WITH  
HIM HAS BROUGHT  
ME OTHER  
FRIENDS, WHOSE  
PRESENCE MAKES  
HIS ABSENCE  
BEARABLE.



BIOTRON  
INFORMED ME  
EARTHERS  
SHARE THE GRIEF  
OF LOSS BY  
PRESENTING  
EACH OTHER  
WITH FLORA.

I CONFESS  
I FIND THE  
CUSTOM  
PUZZLING, BUT  
AS WE ARE  
HERE...



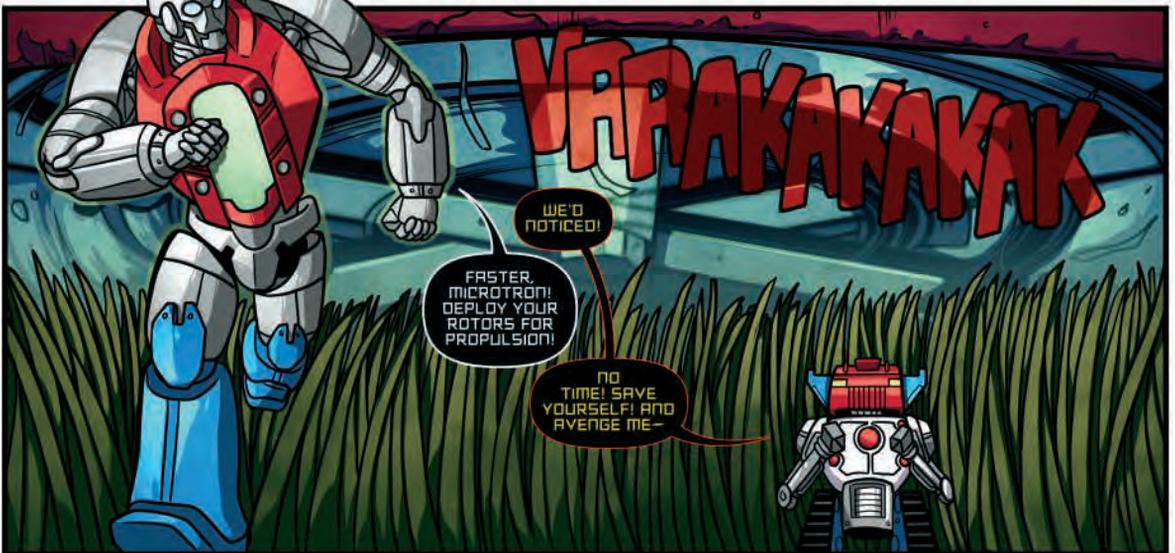
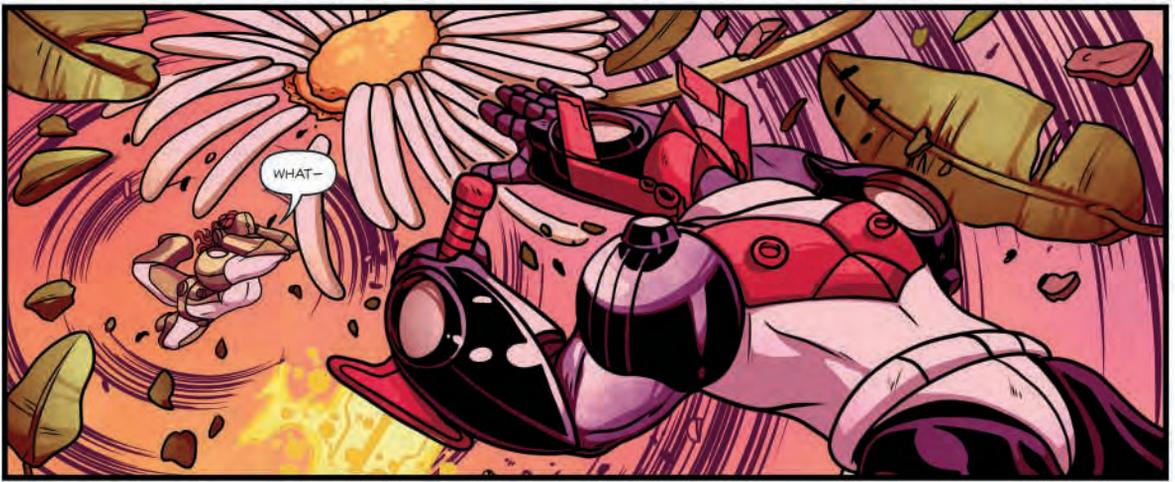
IS IT...  
HELPING?

YES, ACROYEAR.  
IT IS.

NOW PUT  
THAT DOWN, I  
DON'T THINK I  
COULD CARRY  
IT.



I DO HAVE TO  
ADMIT... FOR A  
TERRIFYING ALIEN  
PLANET, THIS  
PLACE HAS A LOT  
OF BEAUTIFUL  
THINGS, TOO.





MOST  
DRAMATIC  
ROBOT  
EVER.

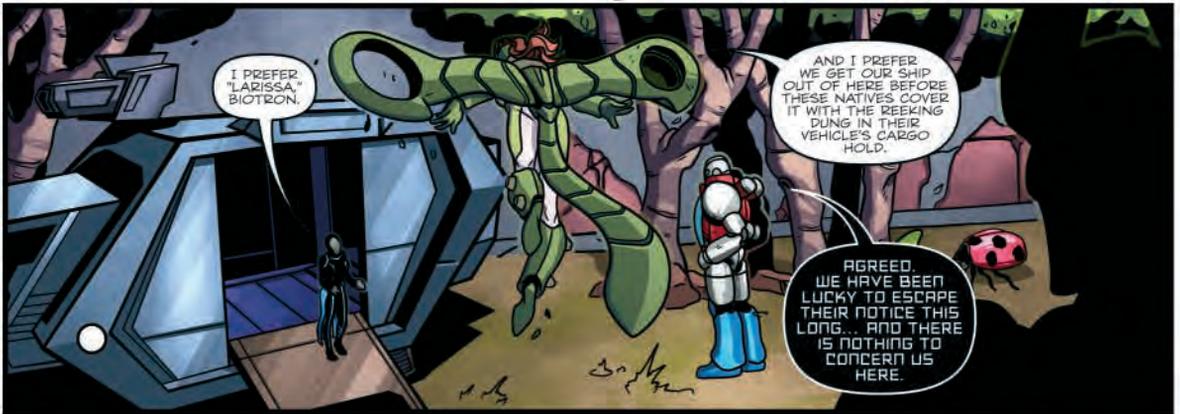


HEY ERNIE,  
GIMME A HAND!  
SOMETHING'S  
STUCK IN THE  
MOWER!

MY FORCE FIELD  
DISABLED THEIR  
MACHINE. I THINK  
WE'RE SAFE FOR  
THE MOMENT...

...FRANKLY,  
I SUSPECT  
THE EARTHERS  
DON'T EVEN  
KNOW WE'RE  
HERE.

NOW THAT THE  
OIL HAS SUBSIDED, I  
CAN TRANSLATE THEIR  
SPEECH AND CONFIRM  
YOU'RE CORRECT, ORBITAL  
DEFENDER. OR DO YOU  
PREFER 'CAPTAIN' NOW?



I PREFER  
'LARISSA,'  
BIOTRON.

AND I PREFER  
WE GET OUR SHIP  
OUT OF HERE BEFORE  
THESE NATIVES COVER  
IT WITH THE REEKING  
DUNG IN THEIR  
VEHICLE'S CARGO  
HOLD.

AGREED.  
WE HAVE BEEN  
LUCKY TO ESCAPE  
THEIR NOTICE THIS  
LONG... AND THERE  
IS NOTHING TO  
CONCERN US  
HERE.



NOTHING. COULDA  
SWORN I HEARD  
IT CLANGING  
AROUND IN  
THERE.

PROBABLY  
JUST A ROCK.  
C'MON, LET'S GET  
BACK TO WORK.  
IT'S GONNA BE A  
HOT ONE...



...AND IT'S  
BUGGY OUT  
HERE.



OW!  
YOU'RE  
RIGHT!



HEY, WHAT  
THE HELL  
KIND OF  
INSECT IS--



EEAGGH!

OH MY  
GOD,  
JIMMY!



IT APPEARS I  
WAS WRONG.  
THERE IS A  
THREAT HERE.

MY SCAN SHOWS  
THOSE INSECTS  
BEAR UNUSUAL  
GENETIC PATTERNS, A  
TYPE ASSOCIATED WITH  
CREATURES WHO'VE  
ALLIED WITH BARON  
KARZA...

... THE  
ALIENS  
CALLED DIRE  
WRAITHS!