

"MISSION LOG--
FINAL ENTRY.

"CPT. MAX
STRONGJAW
RECORDING.

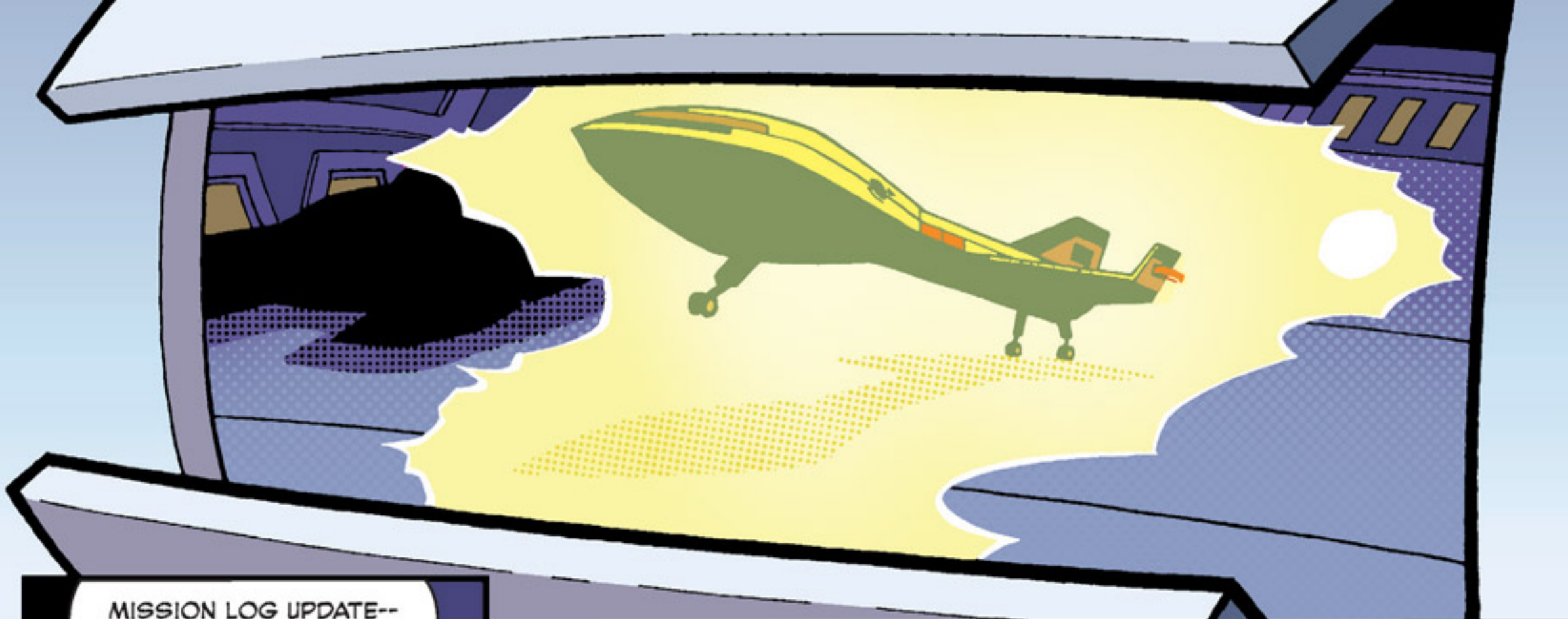
THE
SAGITTARIUS
HAS LOST ALL
POWER EN ROUTE
TO MARS.

IT'S COLD.
DARK. AND EVEN
MY IRON WILL IS
STARTING TO FOLD
LIKE...NOT-IRON...
STUFF...

"MY ONLY REGRET IS
MY ADVENTURES INTO
THE UNKNOWN WILL
END SO SOON.

"BUT I LAUGH
IN THE FACE OF
CERTAIN DEATH!
I WILL EMBRACE
MY DESTINY WITH
MY TRADEMARK
COURAGE,
FEARLESSNESS
AND--

"SWEET
JUNIPER
THAT'S
BRIGHT!"



MISSION LOG UPDATE--
I APPEAR TO HAVE BEEN
ABDUCTED BY
ALIENS!

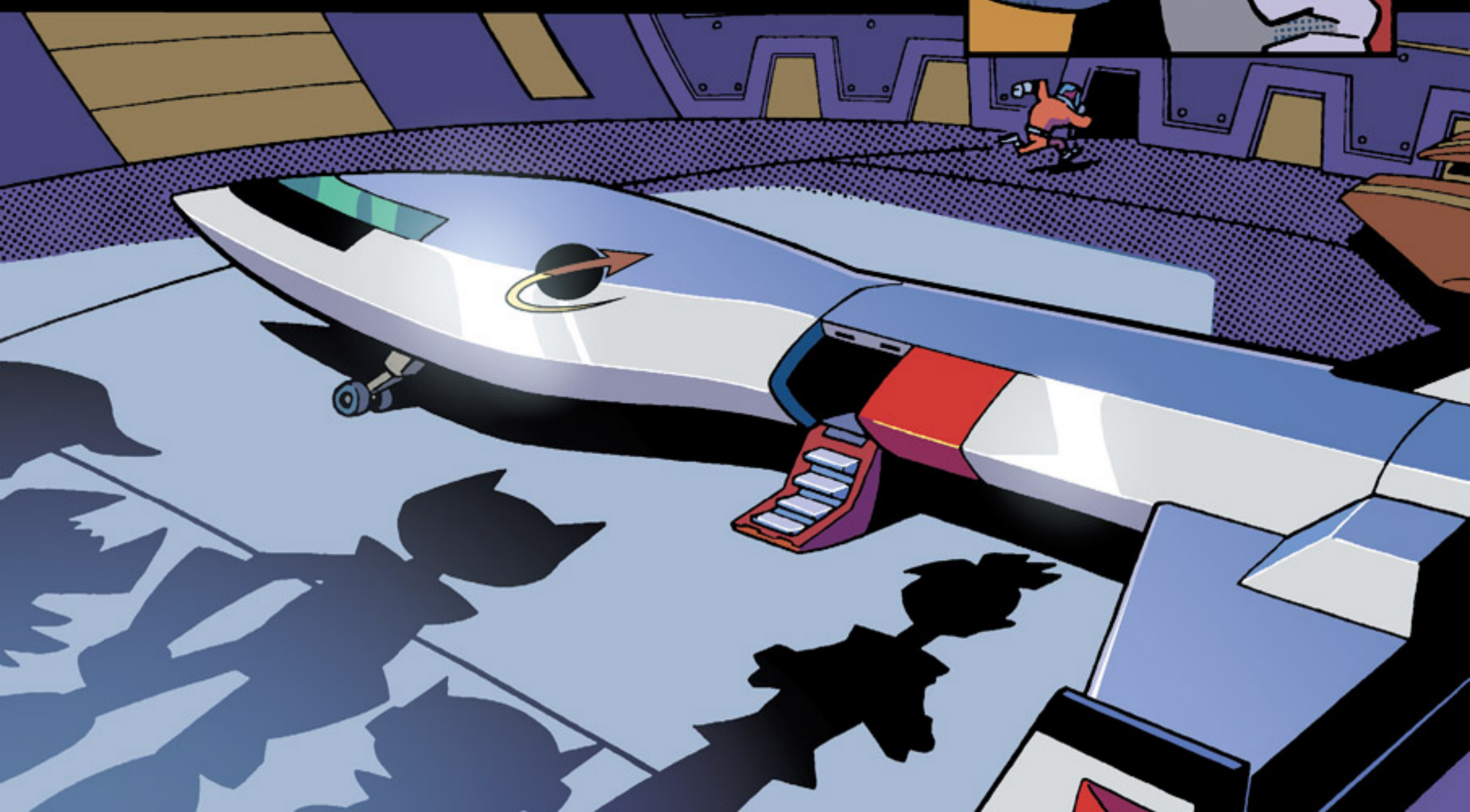
LOOKS LIKE I
GET TO DELIVER A
HEAPING HELPING OF
"I TOLD YOU SO!"
WHEN I GET
HOME.



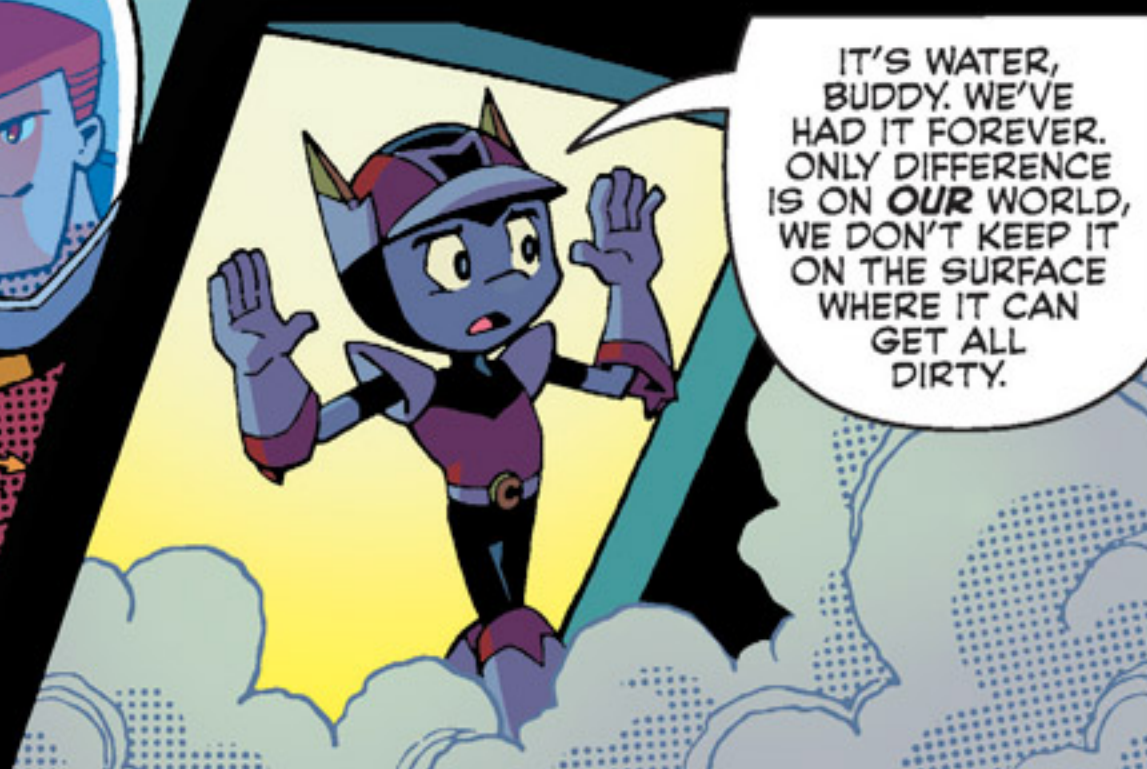
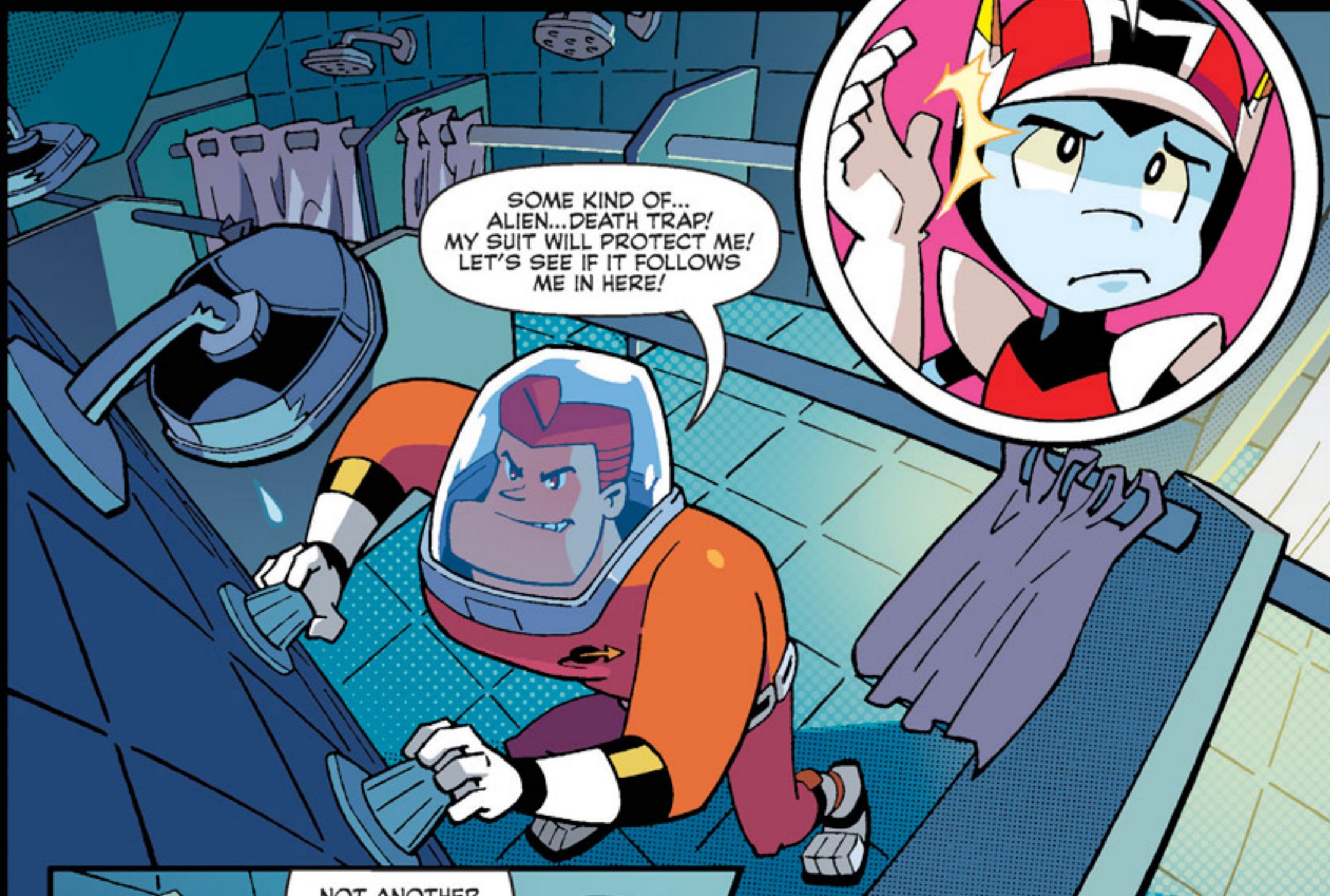
...IF I
GET
BACK
HOME.

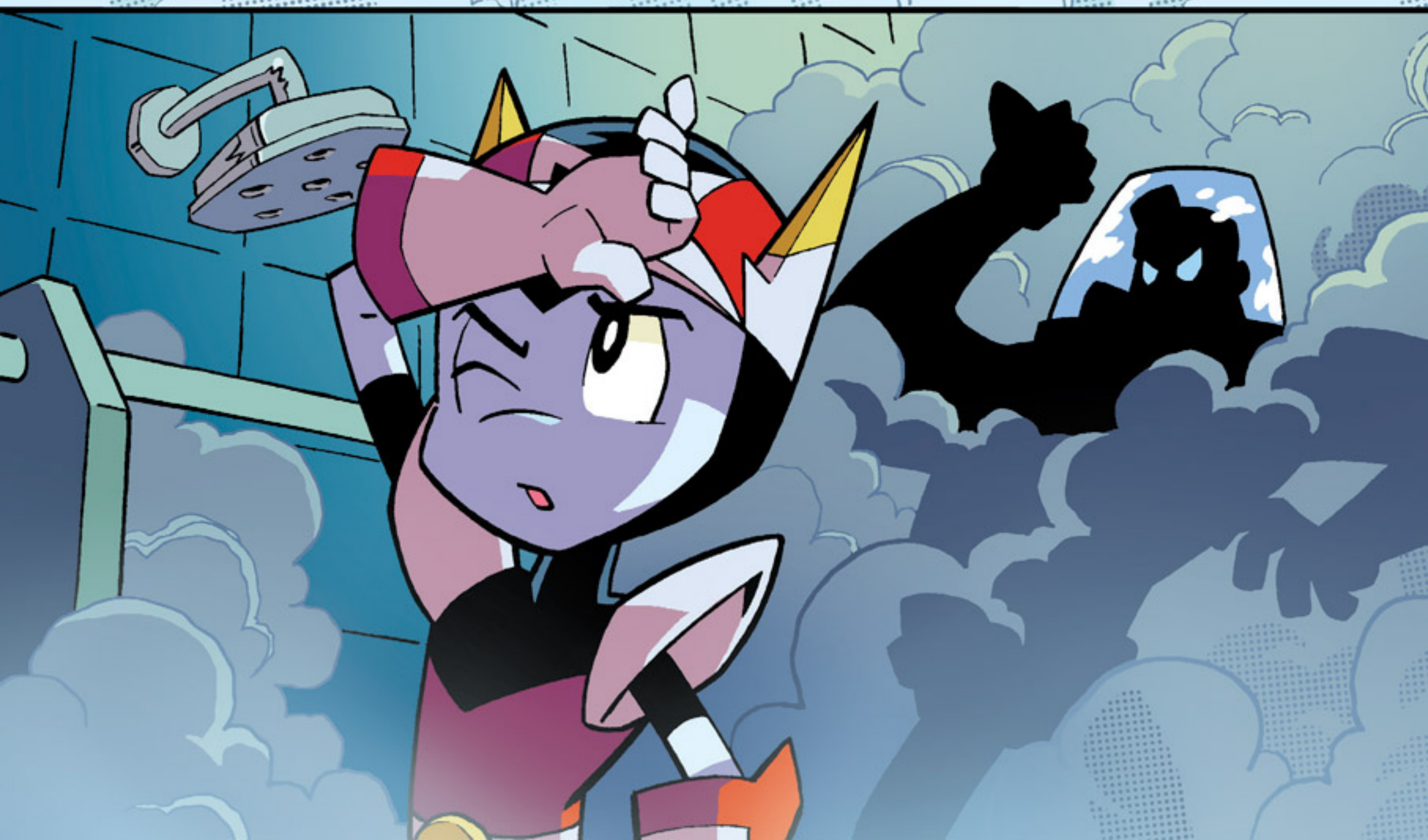
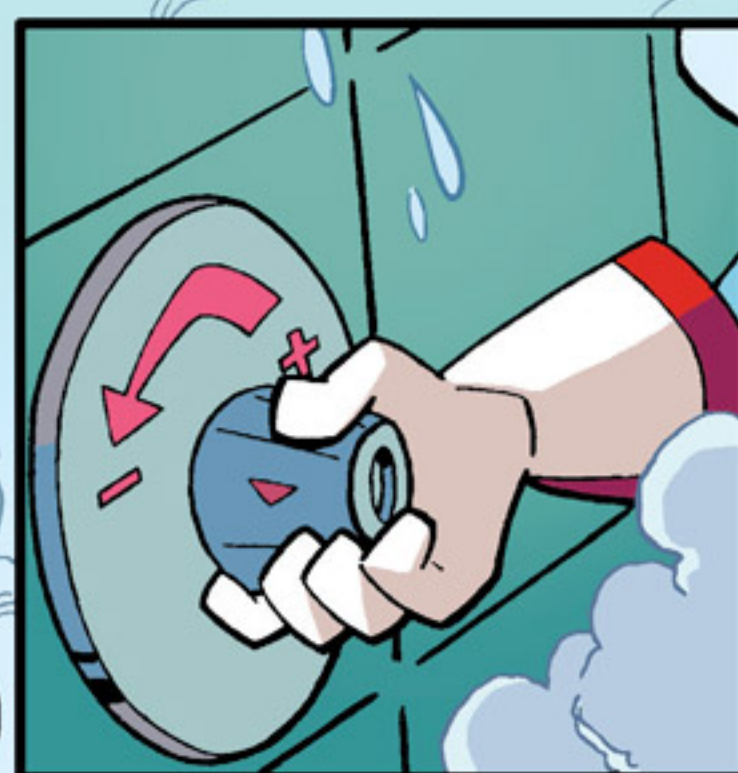


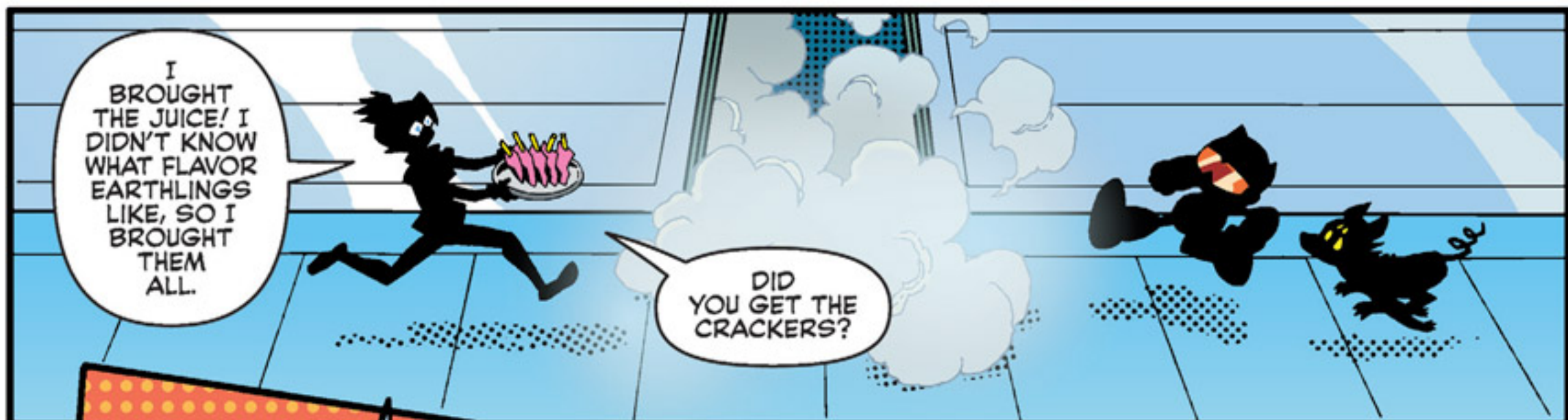
EEK!













...OR I USE
YOUR OWN
WEAPONS
AGAINST
YOU.

E-EASY THERE,
EARTHLING. YOU
MIGHT WANT TO
RECONSIDER...

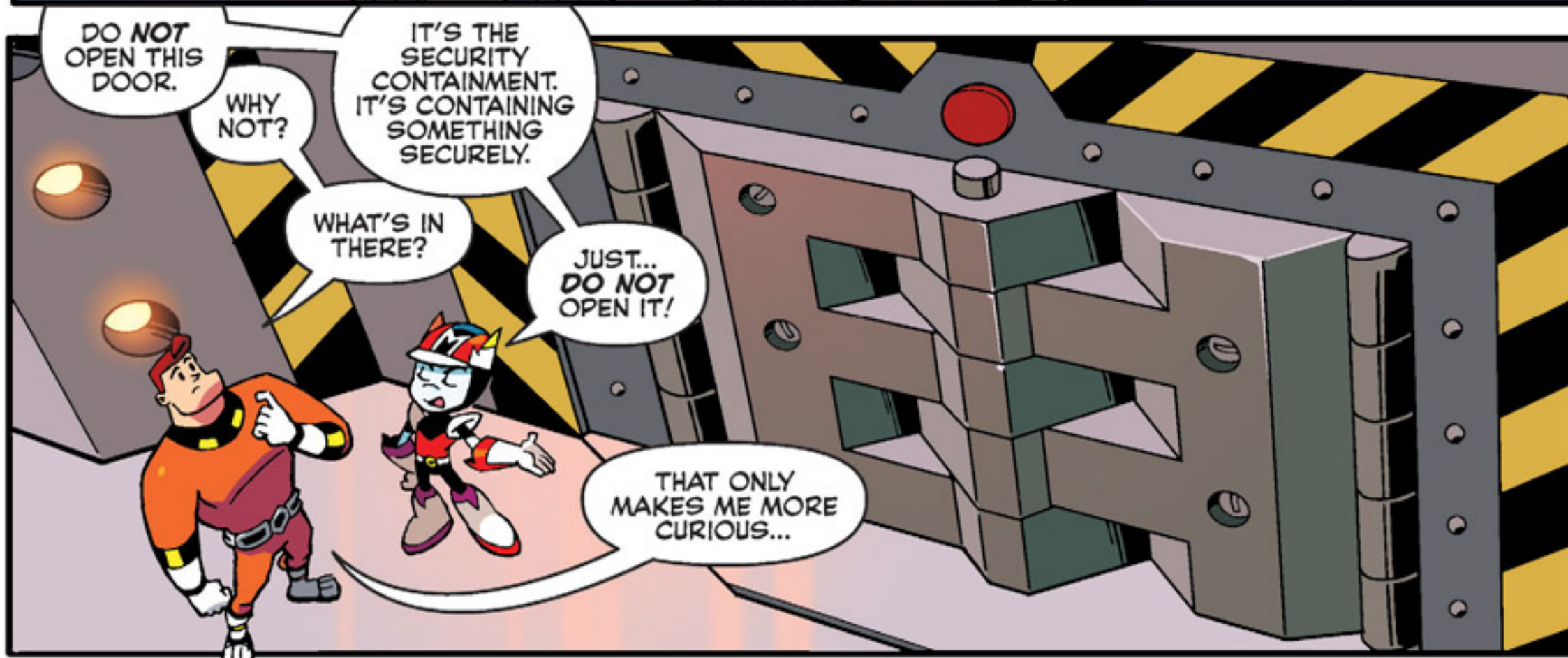
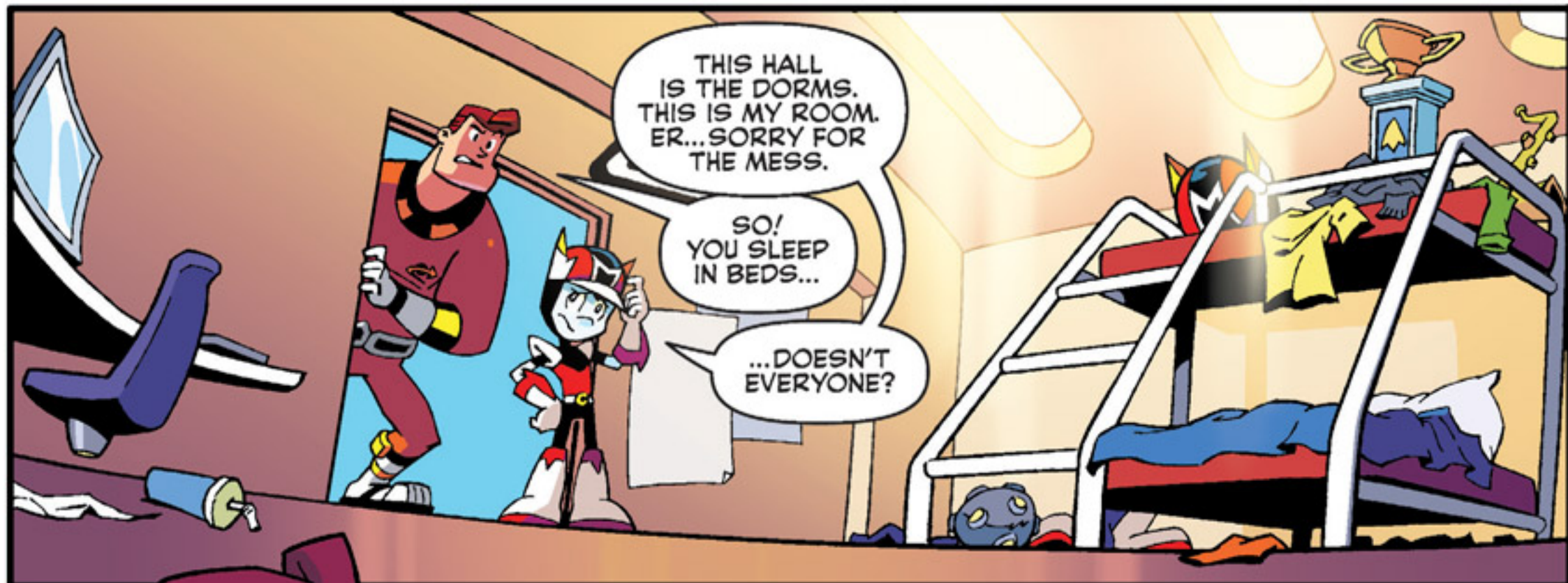


...BECAUSE THAT
BAR OF SOAP
ISN'T GOING
TO HURT
ANYBODY.

...THAT WOULD
EXPLAIN WHY IT
SMELLS SO
ZESTY FRESH.









YOUR SHIP
INTRIGUES ME,
GIZMO.

"COSMO."

YOUR CULTURE,
YOUR TECHNOLOGY...
SO ALIEN, AND YET...
SO FAMILIAR.



I MUST RETURN
TO EARTH AND REPORT
EVERYTHING I'VE SEEN HERE.
RELEASE MY SHIP SO I MAY
RETURN AT ONCE!



YOU'D BE
FREE TO GO,
BUT YOUR SHIP
IS BUSTED, AND
WE DON'T HAVE
ANY SPARE
PARTS.

BUT
HOW ABOUT
THIS...



...WE WERE HEADING
TO INVESTIGATE SOMETHING
ON YOUR MOON WHEN WE FOUND
YOU. WE'LL FINISH OUR BUSINESS
THERE, THEN DROP YOU OFF
ON EARTH. DEAL?



WHAT
"SUPERIORS"?
MY FRIENDS
AND I TRAVEL
THE SYSTEM
FOR THE SAKE
OF ADVENTURE
AND DIS-
COVERY.



I SUPPOSE.
BUT DON'T YOU
HAVE TO CLEAR
THAT WITH YOUR
SUPERIORS?



IS THAT
A FACT?
I LIKE THE
SOUND OF
THAT.