

EARTH.
CONTAINMENT
BREACH MINUS
12 HOURS

MOTHER.

FATHER.

THANK
YOU FOR YOUR
COOPERATION IN
THIS DIFFICULT
TIME.

JORN, WHAT'S GOING
ON? IT'S THE MIDDLE
OF THE NIGHT, THOSE
MEN TOOK US FROM
OUR BEDS--

I'M NOT SPEAKING
NOW IN MY CAPACITY AS
YOUR SON. YOU MUST
ADDRESS ME BY MY
NEW RANK.

SPECIAL
INTERCEPTOR.

A...PROMOTION? TWICE
IN ONE YEAR? WE'RE
SO...PROUD--

WANDA.
SILENCE.

I REGRET TO
INFORM YOU THAT
DEWYDD ABDERIZAI
HAS REVEALED
HIMSELF TO BE
ABERRANT.

HE HAS
ALLIED WITH A
KNOWN ABSTRACTION,
TAKEN A VALUABLE
HOSTAGE, AND BROKEN
SAFESKY CONTAINMENT.
HE HAS GONE TO
SPACE.

NO...
OH NO, NO,
NO...

PLEASE,
MOTHER.
DON'T CRY.

ONLY ONE
OF YOUR SONS
HAS RUN INTO
THE VOID.

THE
OTHER WILL
BRING HIM
HOME.

SWAG-STATION HYPELLION.
PROTEX/FRONTIER,
SEVENTH SPIRAL
ARM.
25 LIGHT YEARS
FROM EARTH.

WE ARE NEVER
GOING HOME.

THE GIRL WITH THE SHOES SAYS IT, AND I
BELIEVE HER. FOR THE FIRST FEW HOURS,
IT ALMOST FEELS LIKE A GOOD IDEA.

WOOOO-HOOOOOO!

ALMOST.

AN ENTIRE CARGO HOLD FULL OF SLAVER'S
TREASURE AND A MASSIVE RESUPPLY
STATION AT WHICH TO SPEND IT...



...AND IT ONLY TOOK HER
TWENTY-THREE MINUTES
TO STEAL SOMETHING
SHINY.

SHE'S TROUBLE
INCARNATE.

SHE'LL GET US ALL KILLED
FOR A LAUGH.

SO I'LL ADAPT.
MY FATHER'S
"QUIET CAT,"
EVEN OUT HERE
IN THE DARK.

BUT THE
BOY?

THAT SWEET, LITTLE TRIGGER-TECH
MAKING GOOGLY EYES AT UMA
SINCE WE LEFT SOL?

I'VE SERVED WITH HIS KIND
BEFORE. HE'S THE GUY THAT
SLOWS YOU DOWN. HE'S
THE KID THAT DIES IN
AN ACCIDENT.

HE'S THE
ONE THAT JUST
PLAIN DIES.

WIIIIIZ





UNLESS...

KEEP
RUNNING,
UMA!

I'VE

GOT

THE
BOY!

KAPOOSH

UM,
OW!

TELL ME YOU REMEMBER
ALLIED YOUTH BASIC
TRAVERSAL, KID.

SURE,
BUT WHAT
DOES--

GOOD.

'CAUSE I'M
ONLY SAVING
YOU ONCE.



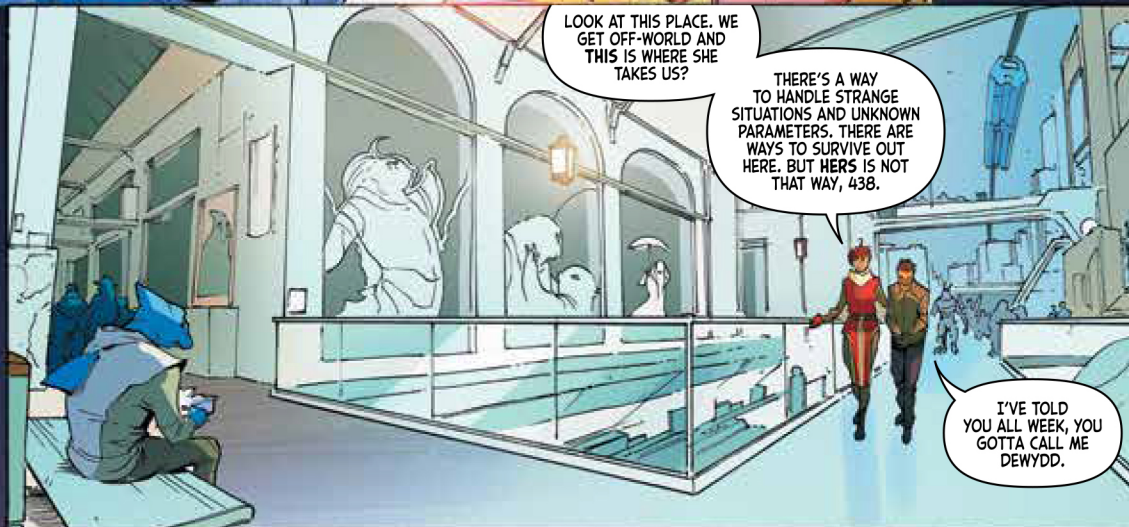
CATRIN, YOU'RE JUST GOING TO LEAVE UMA? SHE NEEDS OUR HELP.

IT'S HER THAT LEFT YOU, SYSTECH 438.

AND WHILE SHE MAY NEED PROFESSIONAL HELP...



"...SHE DOESN'T NEED YOURS."



LOOK AT THIS PLACE. WE GET OFF-WORLD AND THIS IS WHERE SHE TAKES US?

THERE'S A WAY TO HANDLE STRANGE SITUATIONS AND UNKNOWN PARAMETERS. THERE ARE WAYS TO SURVIVE OUT HERE. BUT HERS IS NOT THAT WAY, 438.

I'VE TOLD YOU ALL WEEK, YOU GOTTA CALL ME DEWYDD.



FORGIVE ME FOR TRYING TO REMIND YOU WHO YOU ARE.

YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHO I AM.

OF COURSE I DO. YOU'RE THE HERO OF TORONTO. EVERYONE KNOWS THAT.



"NO..."

"...NOT EVERYONE."