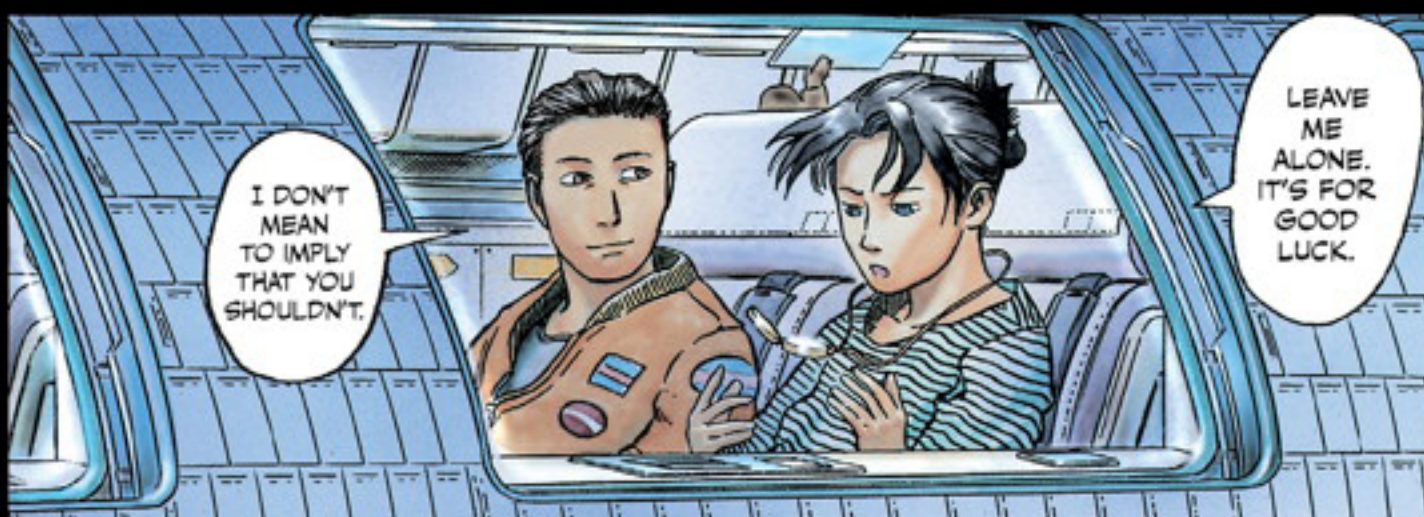




**July 13, 2068.**



**Oberth Aerospace Company.  
High-altitude commercial travel liner. Alnair Style 8.  
Leaving Thailand bound for Great Britain.**



**Altitude: 150 km.  
Well into Earth's ionosphere.**



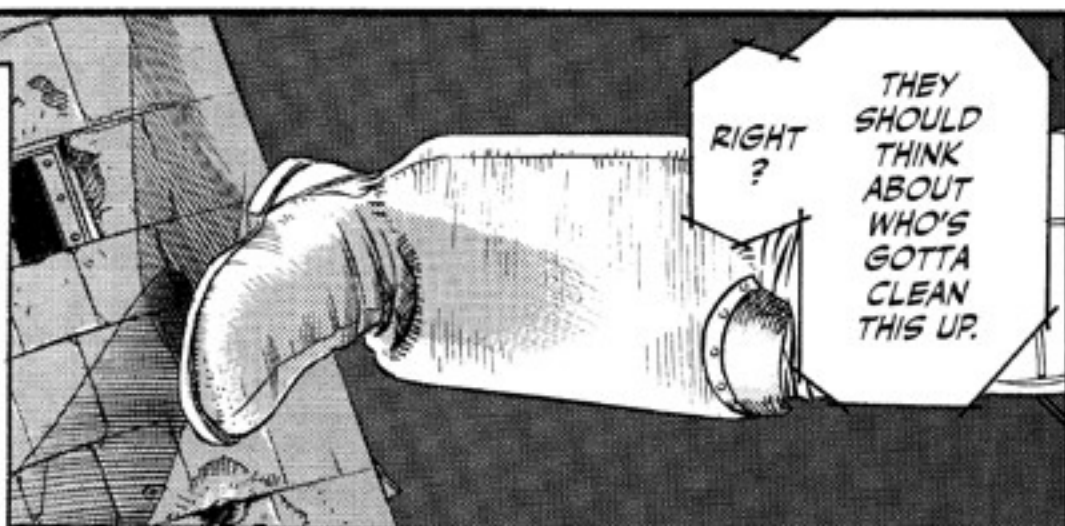


WHAT  
THE  
HELL IS  
THIS  
THING,  
ANYWAY  
?



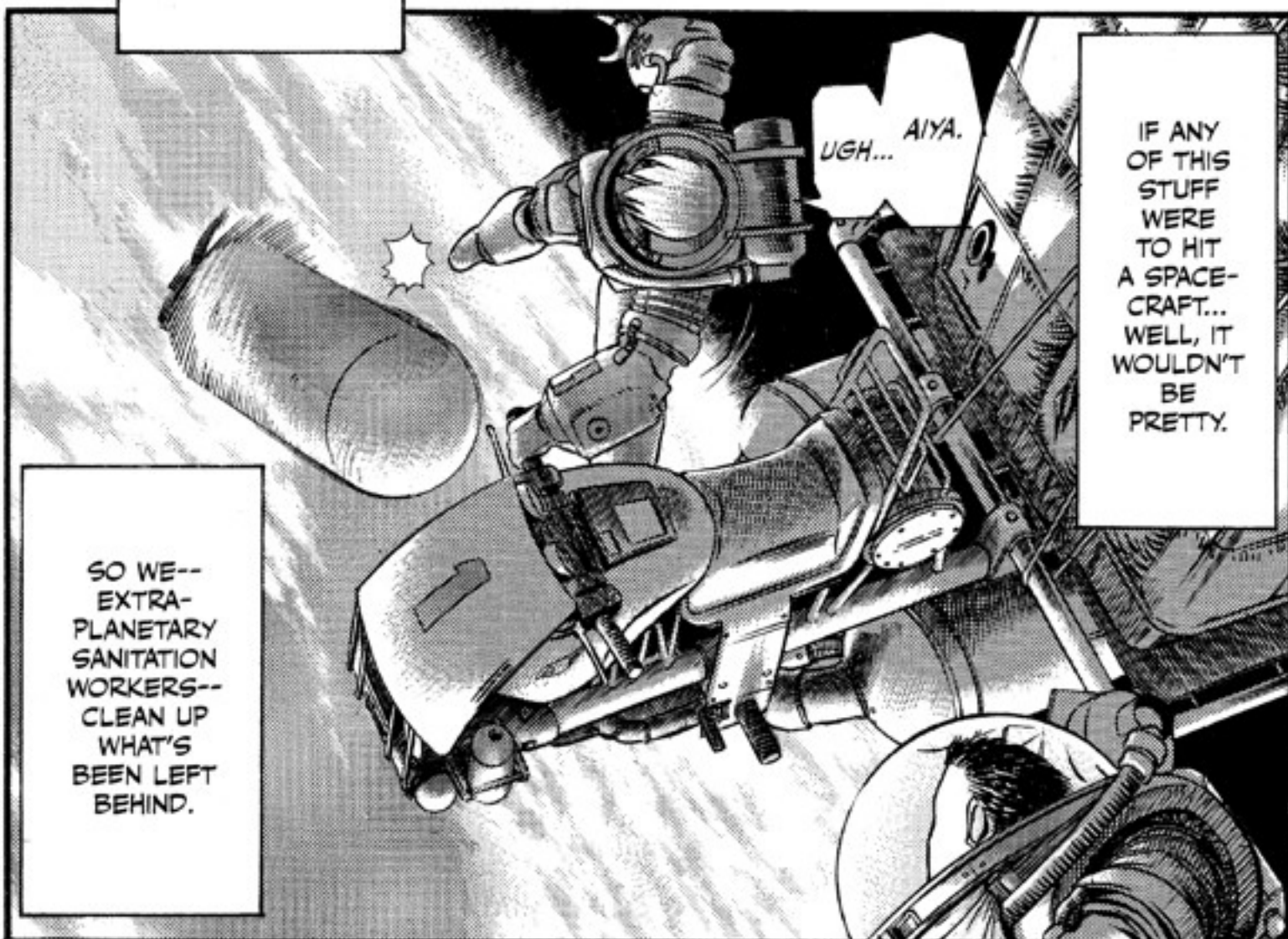
DAMN,  
THIS  
JUNK  
DOESN'T  
STOP.

ME AND  
THE SPACE  
DEBRIS...  
TOGETHER  
WE ORBIT THE  
EARTH AT  
NEARLY EIGHT  
KILOMETERS  
PER SECOND.



RIGHT  
?

THEY  
SHOULD  
THINK  
ABOUT  
WHO'S  
GOTTA  
CLEAN  
THIS UP.



UGH... AIYA.

IF ANY  
OF THIS  
STUFF  
WERE  
TO HIT  
A SPACE-  
CRAFT...  
WELL, IT  
WOULDN'T  
BE  
PRETTY.

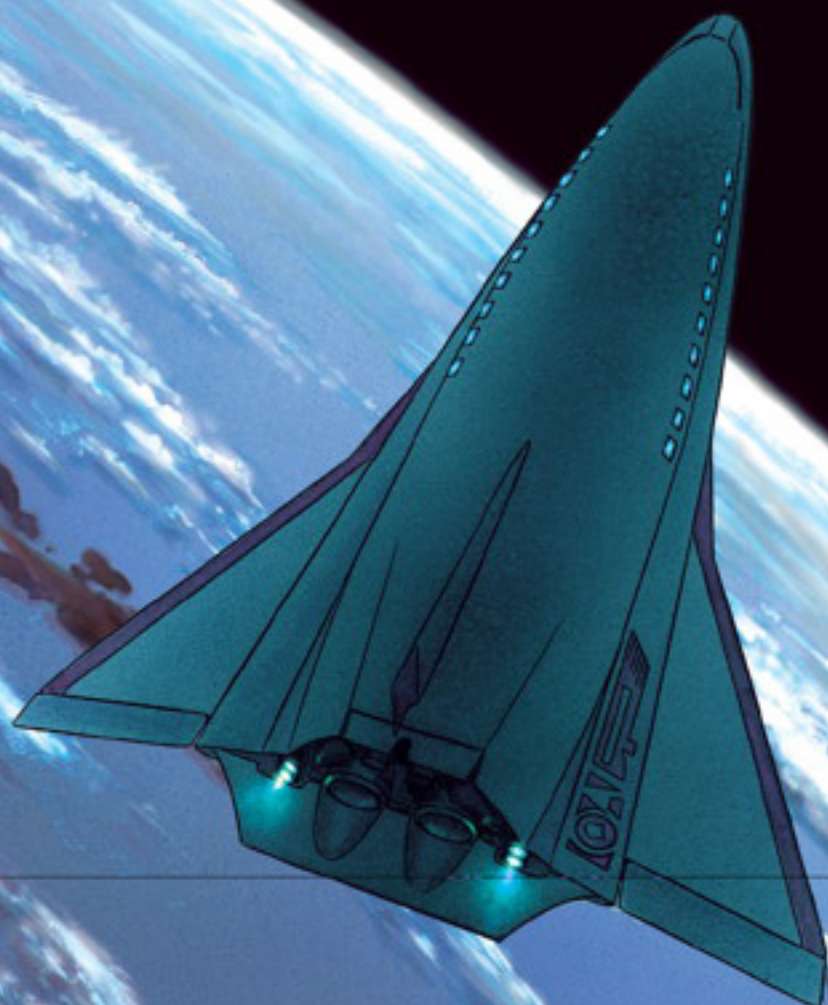
SO WE--  
EXTRA-  
PLANETARY  
SANITATION  
WORKERS--  
CLEAN UP  
WHAT'S  
BEEN LEFT  
BEHIND.



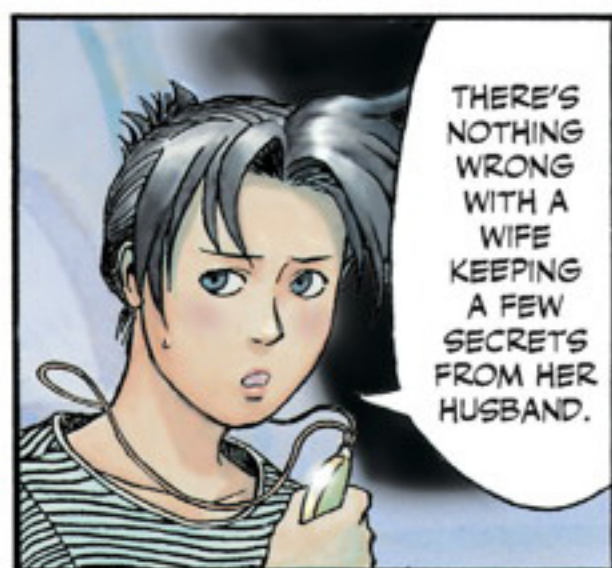
1

PHASE

# A STARDUST SKY



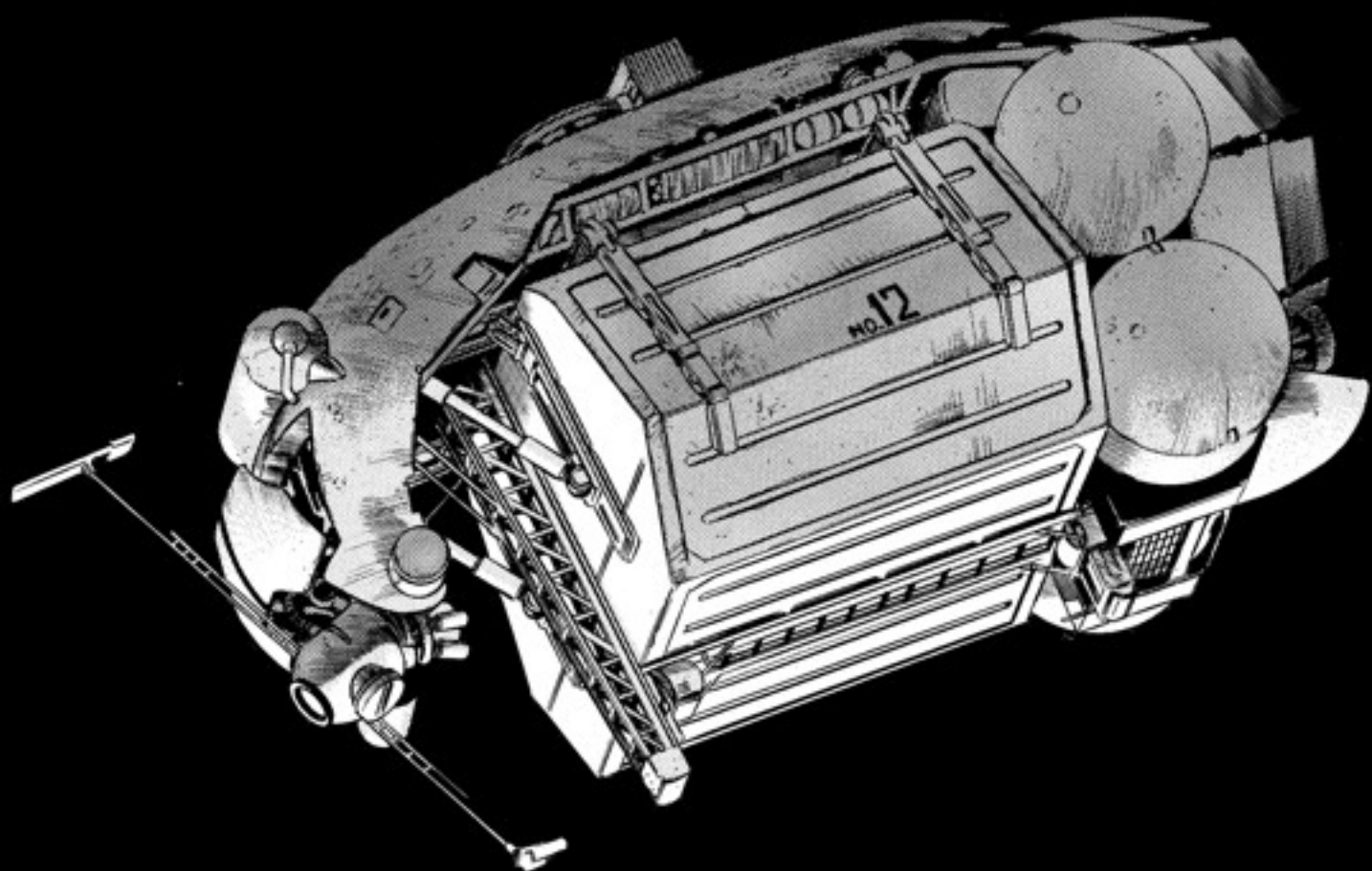




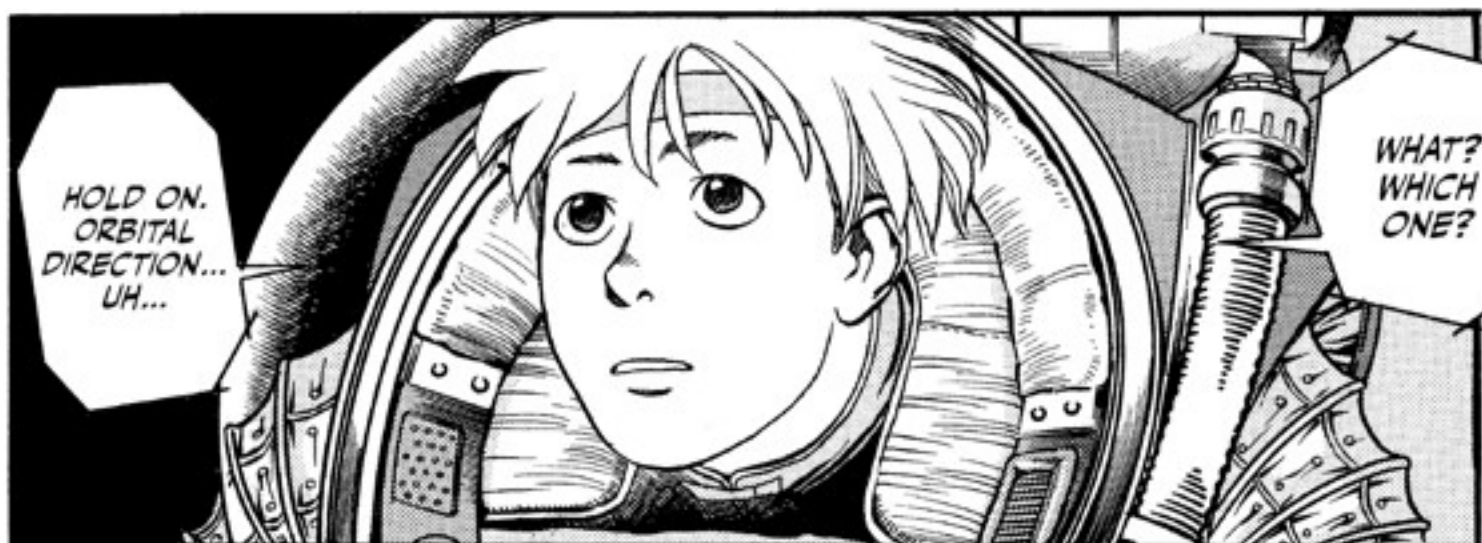




Six years later.







HOLD ON.  
ORBITAL  
DIRECTION...  
UH...

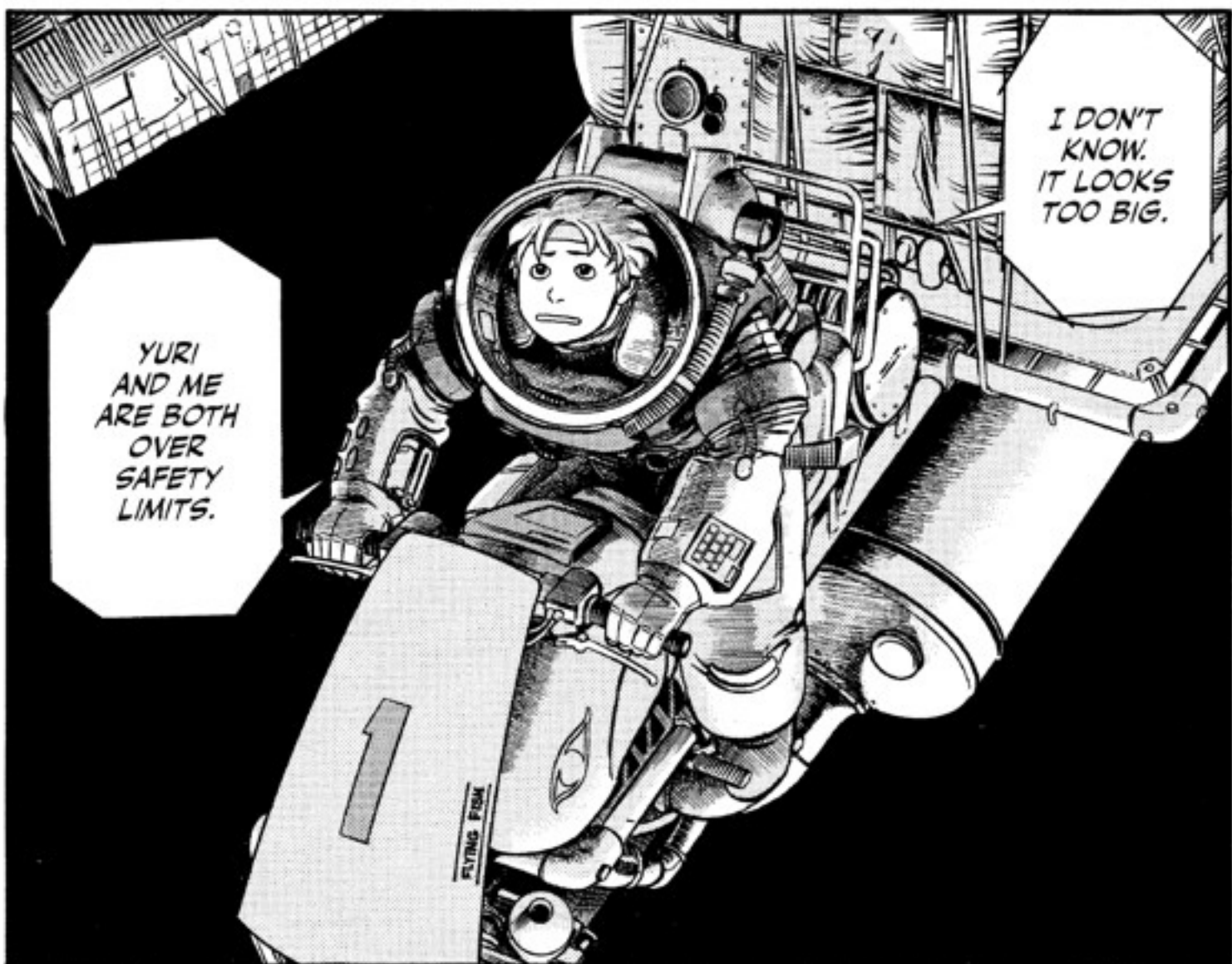
WHAT?  
WHICH  
ONE?



WHAT  
DO YOU  
THINK,  
HACHI?

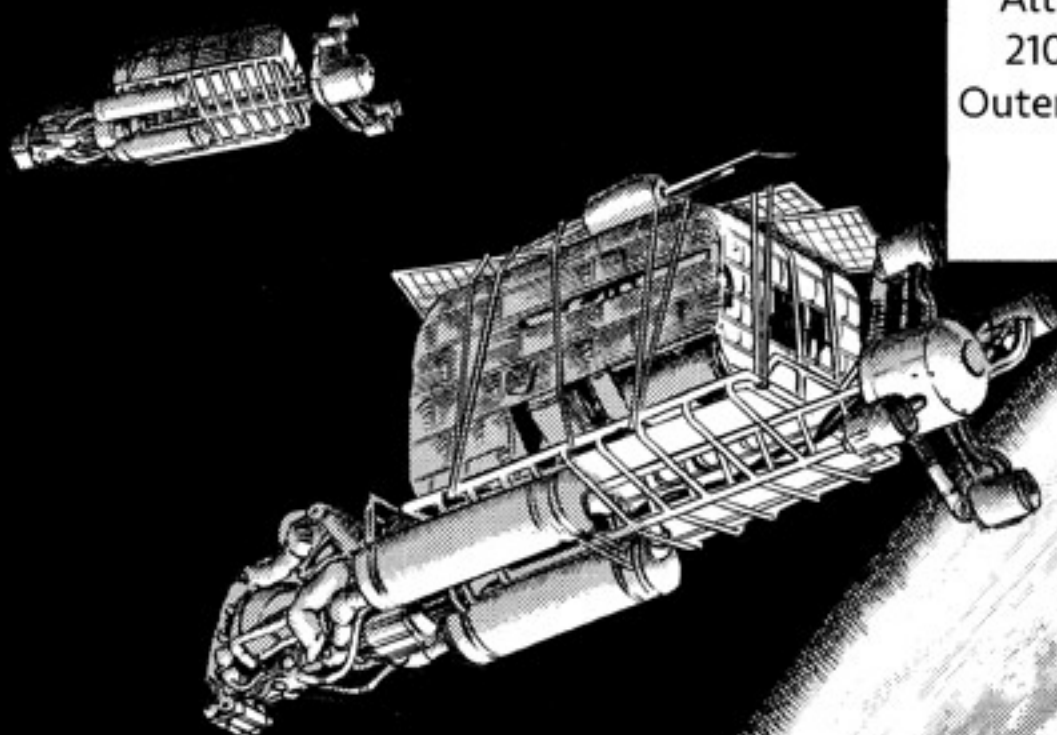
GOTCHA.

...SIXTY  
DEGREES.



YURI  
AND ME  
ARE BOTH  
OVER  
SAFETY  
LIMITS.

I DON'T  
KNOW.  
IT LOOKS  
TOO BIG.



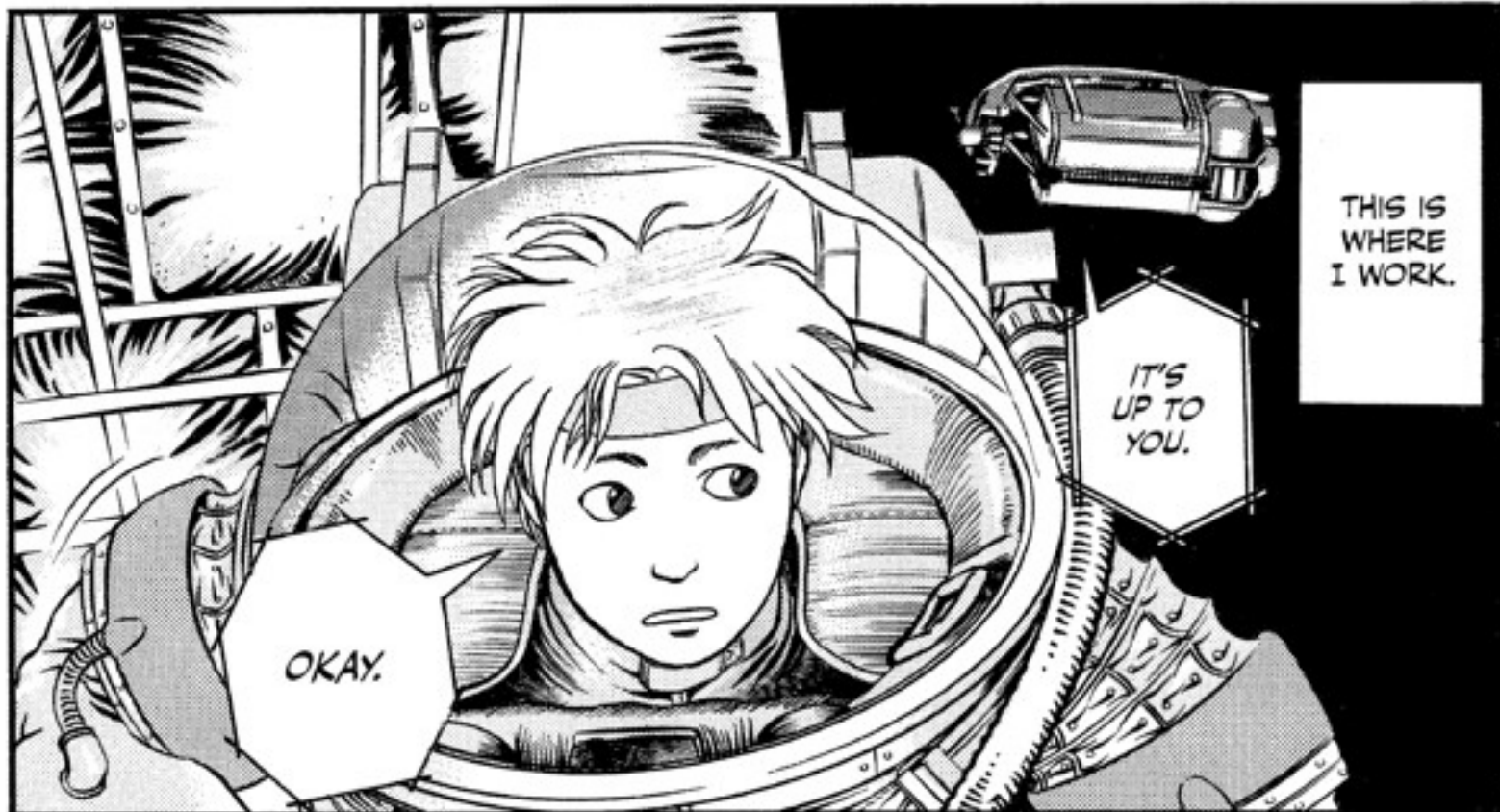
Altitude  
210 km.  
Outer space.



LET'S  
JUST DROP  
AND BURN  
IT, FEE.

YEAH,  
THAT'D BE  
BETTER THAN  
SLOGGING  
OUT HERE  
AGAIN.



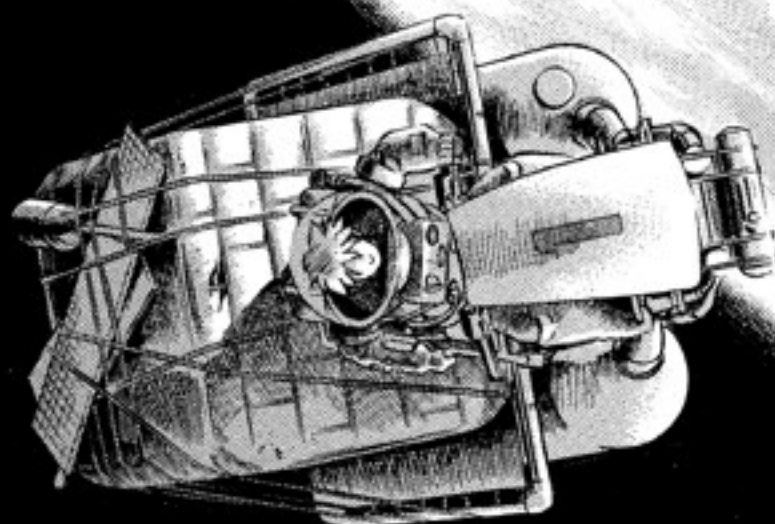


THIS IS  
WHERE  
I WORK.

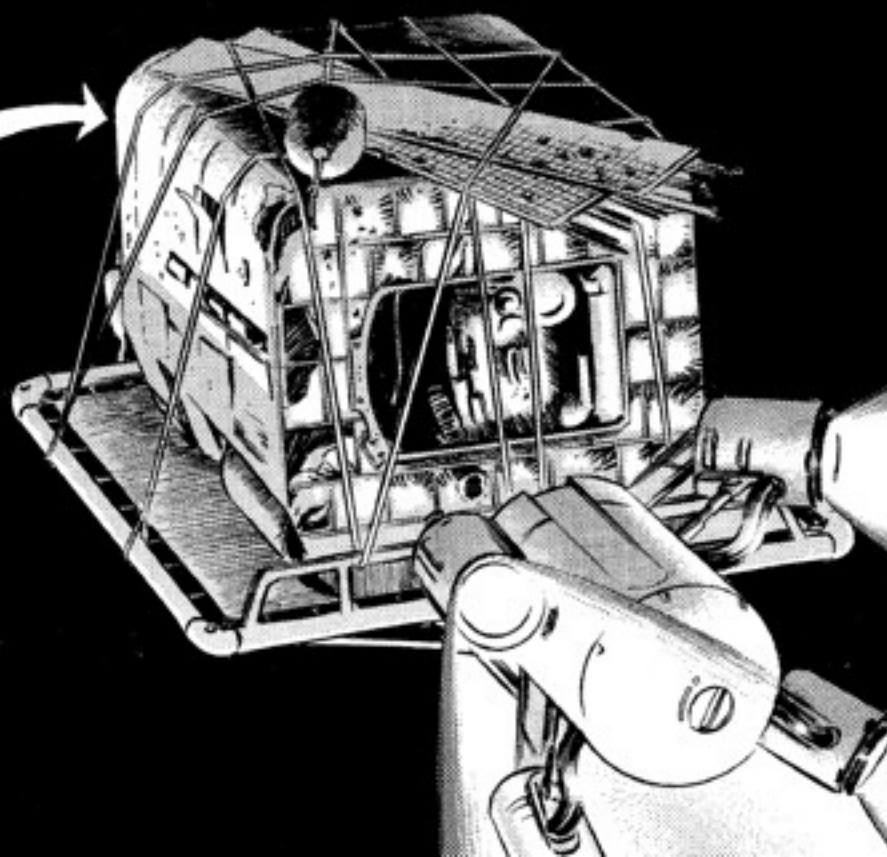
OKAY.

IT'S  
UP TO  
YOU.

IF YOU'RE  
WONDERING  
WHAT I'M  
DOING UP  
HERE IN THIS  
CELESTIAL  
SOLITUDE...  
JUST WAIT.



MOSTLY  
IT'S THESE  
OLD  
SATELLITES  
THAT DON'T  
EVEN WORK  
ANYMORE,  
JUST  
FLOATING  
AROUND  
UP HERE.



WELL,  
THIS  
EMPTY  
SPACE HAS  
BEEN  
GETTING  
CROWDED  
WITH A  
LOT OF  
JUNK,  
EVEN IN  
LOW  
ORBITS.



