CAPTAIN?

CAPTAIN CHENG? THERE'S A PROBLEM.

IS IT MORE IMPORTANT THAN TEA, SIR BORIS?

I'M AFRAID SO...

MR. REXLEY'S EATEN ALL MY RATIONS.

WHAT?!

THOSE WERE YOURS?

THEY WERE CLEARLY MARKED!

SORRY ABOUT HIM, SIR. HE DOESN'T LIKE OBEYING RULES.

SAY, WHAT PLANET IS THIS?

XENOPHOBIX 4.

YA THINK THEY HAVE CHOCOLATE?

WE'LL MAKE A GROCERY STOP AT THE NEXT PLANET.

MR. REXLEY, YOU'RE BUYING.

FRAG!

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LANDING IN FIVE MINUTES, CAPTAIN!

I KNOW, MR. REXLEY. THAT GIVES ME A LITTLE TIME TO PREPARE...

...TO MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION!

NO? HOW ABOUT THIS DRESS?

PERHAPS THIS ONE?

YOUR NORMAL DRESS WAS JUST FINE, CAPTAIN...

YOU WON'T FIT OUT THE DOOR!

LOOKS SMALL.

IT'S LIKE A BISON SHAT ON YOUR HEAD!

IT'S BEAU-TIFUL!

WELL! WHAT ABOUT *YOUR* FASHION SENSE, MR. REXLEY?!

YOU'RE WEARING A RED SHIRT!

WHAT ABOUT IT?

SO?!

RED-SHIRTS *ALWAYS* GET KILLED FIRST!

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WHAT A LOAD OF SUPER-STITIOUS BULL-
NO! IT'S REAL!
IT'S A DOCUMENTED PHENOMENON!
IF YOU GO DOWN THERE WEARING A RED SHIRT...
YOU'LL BE CANNIBALIZED BY SEXY GREEN WOMEN, OR SACRIFICED TO THE LUST OF THEIR TENTACLED BEASTS!
YOU CAN BORROW MY JACKET.
YOU CAN BORROW MY DRESS.
FINE!
I WAS KIDDING, MR. REXLEY!
I WASN'T.
YOU'LL BE JUST FINE!
snap!
I'M DRESSED TO KILL.
LET'S GO SHOPPING.

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A ZORCHER?

HOW DELICIOUSLY BARBARIC!

YOU NEVER MENTIONED YOU WERE A SOLDIER.

I'M NOT.

SO WHY DO YOU HAVE A MILITARY WEAPON?

OH LOOK, SIR! A DISTRACTION!

TRY NOT TO WET YOUR NANCY KNICKERS, WIMBLE.

WE'RE LANDING!

KRRRRRRRRNCH

OW OW OW!

OOF!

WHA... WHAT...?

I FORGOT TO MENTION...

OUR LANDING GEAR IS IN FOR REPAIRS.

WE'RE LUCKY THAT REXLEY'S SO GOOD AT CRASHING!

LET'S GET SOME

FOOD, FOOD, FOOD!

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huff
wheeze
SIR BORIS IS PAYING US AN AWFUL LOT FOR THIS SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION...
PERHAPS YOU SHOULD CARRY HIS BAGS?
PERHAPS.
HEY, SIR. I CAN CARRY YOUR JUNK.
YOU CAN *TRY!*
NNNNNGGGGGRRRR
THWUNK
WHAT THE HELL DID YOU PUT IN HERE? *BRICKS?!*
IT'S NOT REALLY FULL OF BRICKS...
IT'S A F'GLORBIAN *SQUID CORPSE!*
BRICKS
BRICKS
EHEHEHE...
FWIP
HELP?
AT LEAST, I THINK IT'S DEAD...
COME ALONG, MR. REXLEY.

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Ahh...
SUNLIGHT!
IT'S BEEN SO LONG!

ISN'T THIS LOVELY, MR. REXLEY?

BAH, HUMBUG.
LET'S JUST GET OUR FOOD AND GO.

HALT!
EH?

SSSHIK SSSHIK
SSSHIK
SSSHIK
SSSHIK
WHAT THE FLYING HAY...?

SHINK!

OH! IT'S A NATIVE!
CRIKEY!
WHAT A BEAUT!

SSSHIK
SSSHIK
SSSHIK
SSSHIK

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MU?

GOOD MORNING!

I AM CAPTAIN *MANDY CHENG* OF THE PELZARIAN SHIP *BUBBLES!*

Cheng?

THAT'S RIGHT.

THIS IS MY PILOT, *PERRIN REXLEY.*

NO! I NEED HER FOR SCIENCE!

THE CHINCHILLA IS *SIR BORIS WIMBLE*, OUR GENEROUS BENEFACTOR.

IF YOU TOUCH ME THERE ONE MORE TIME, SQUID, I SWEAR I'LL PULL THIS TRIGGER...

IS THERE A PLACE NEARBY WHERE WE CAN TRADE GOODS?

GOOD JOB, MEN. YOU TRAU-MATIZED HER!

NOT NECCESSARILY, CAPTAIN. SHE MIGHT BE GUIDING US TO A MARKET!

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WAIT FOR US, MISS! WE JUST WANT SOME FOOD!

FLING

WAAAAAIT!

SHIK SHIK SHIK

SHIK SHIK

WHEW! SHE'S FAST!

huff pant

OH-!

[illegible]

[illegible]

THIS MUST BE THE WHOLE FAMILY!

DO ALL XENOPHOBES LOOK THE SAME TO YOU, CAPTAIN?

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WATCH CLOSELY, MEN. I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO FORGE AN INTERGALACTIC ALLIANCE!

GREETINGS FROM PLANET PELZAR TIGES!

WE COME IN PEACE TO EXCHANGE WISDOM AND TRADE GOODS!

WHAT KINDS OF FOOD GROW ON THIS WORLD?

SKREEEEEEE!!!

NICE *FRIENDS* YOU'VE MADE US, CAPTAIN!

SHUT UP AND *RUN*, *MR. REXLEY!*

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OOF!

SLICE

YIPE!

MR. REXLEY!

BLAM BLAM

click

OH GOD

STEADY, CAPTAIN.

SK-K-K-KREEEEEE

K-KEEE-G-GLK

ARE YOU ALRIGHT, MR. REXLEY?

IT JUST NICKED ME. I ONLY HOPE I DIDN'T START A WAR BY SHOOTING THAT BUG!

WAR?!

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XENOPHOBES, PLEASE! THIS IS JUST A *MISUNDERSTANDING!*
SIR!
SHE SAID *PEACE* AND *TRADE*---
NOT *RAPE* AND *INVADE!*
pinch
SHUT UP, SIR!
WE ARE NOT HERE TO *EAT YOUR BABIES!*
HUFF
ALL ABOARD?
SLAM
THAT HAD *NOTHING* TO DO WITH MY *RED SHIRT!*
huff
pant
gasp
wheeze
pheeew

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LET'S BLAST OFF THIS AWFUL PLANET.

GOOD IDEA!

MUSIC TO MY EARS.

ka-chkk

BWOOP

THAT WAS A LOVELY WASTE OF TIME AND EFFORT.

INDEED! CAPTAIN, WE'RE A WEEK FROM OUR NEXT DESTINATION.

AND I'M ALREADY STARVING!

I'M SURE WE'LL FIND SOME PLACE TO GET FOOD...

IN THE MEANTIME, YOU CAN EAT MY RICE CAKES.

WHA-!

THEY'RE ALL GONE?!

MR. REXLEY?!

I WAS VERY HUNGRY.

BUT YOU'RE A CARNIVORE!

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I'VE BEEN OUT OF RATIONS FOR DAYS NOW. I SUPPOSE I SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU.

BUT THIS OBSESSION WITH FOOD IS POINTLESS!

WE HAVE WORSE PROBLEMS...

LIKE THE FACT THAT I *DRANK* ALL THE *WATER!*

WHAT

THE SHIP RUNS ON WATER!

PILOTS RUN ON WATER TOO, MANDY.

DON'T WORRY. WE'RE HEADED STRAIGHT TOWARDS A *TERRAN FUELING STATION.*

EVEN IF THE SHIP'S ENGINES DIE, THERE'S NOTHING TO SLOW US DOWN OR CHANGE OUR COURSE.

THEY SHOULD HAVE PLENTY OF FOOD AND WATER.

BUT HOW WILL WE *LAND?*

THE SAME WAY WE ALWAYS LAND, *BORIS...*

PAINFULLY.

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MR. REXLEY, WHY DO YOU DO THESE THINGS?

JUST ONCE, I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE A NORMAL, PEACEFUL JOURNEY...

I...

I'M GOING TO BED.

CAP'N?

YOU ENJOY DRIVING LADIES MAD, DON'T YOU?

ARRR!

I WILL RETIRE FOR THE NIGHT AS WELL...

...BUT I HAVE HIGHER PRIORITIES THAN SLEEP!

Sir Barks

KNOCK before entering

ARE YOU IN THE MOOD FOR *SCIENCE*, MY LOVELIES?

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NOW, WHILE IT'S FRESH IN MY MIND. . .

5- Xenophobe "X"

From Xenophobix 4. Encountered on 4556B-376.
Hostile. Presumed carnivorous. Capable of speech, intelligent, very colorful.

GMO NOTES
convert to herbivore.
modify leg structure

Body shape resembles that of an ancient Terran mantid.

They have an unusual variation of raptorial legs. Primary use seems to be chopping down hay.
STUDY: diet. Do they eat hay?

Offensive adaptation.
Modify leg structure
if Xena is indeed carnivorous.

Compound eyes?
Verify!

BORIS!

MEEP!

2- Squid "Calimary"
3- Pelxarian "Rexleu"
4- Pelxarian "Cheng"

5- Xenophobe "X"

From Xenophobix
Hostile. Presumed ca
intelligent, very colo

WHAT'S THAT OAF DONE THIS TIME?!

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IS SOMETHING WRONG, MR. REXLEY?

VERY.

WHA--

HEY! STOP!

UNHAND ME, BRUTE!!

LOOK! YOUR SQUID IS IN MY HAMMOCK!

WOW. YOU SLY DOG! EHEHEHE...

YOU HAVE INTERESTING TASTE...

WE'LL HAVE CALIMARI FOR BREAKFAST!

GRRRRRRR

HEH.

FINE. I'LL GET RID OF THE PROBLEM MY OWN WAY.

NO!

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SNAP
?!
I CAN'T LET YOU DAMAGE MY SQUID, MR. REXLEY.
I'M NOT DONE WITH HER YET.
DONE WITH-
YOU MEAN-
WHAT DO YOU DO TO THAT THING?
NOTHING THAT CAN'T BE DONE WITH A DEAD FOX.
FINE!
FINE!
DROP THE KNIFE OR YOU'LL CARRY A 300 AMP CURRENT.
YOU'RE BLUFFING.
JUST KEEP YOUR SCIENCE OUT OF MY CABIN!
GLADLY! COME, MARY...
... BEFORE THIS BUFFOON DISSECTS YOU WITHOUT SURGICAL PRECISION!

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CAPTAIN?

CAPTAIN CHENG? THERE'S A PROBLEM.

IS IT MORE IMPORTANT THAN SLEEP, SIR BORIS?

I'M AFRAID SO...

MR. REXLEY TRIED TO EAT ONE OF MY EXPERIMENTS!

THIS HAS GONE TOO FAR. THAT GLUTTON SHOULD BE FIRED!

FIRED INTO DEEP SPACE!

YOU WANT ME TO KILL A MEMBER OF MY OWN FAMILY?

YOUR WHAT

MY FAMILY, SIR. MR. REXLEY IS MY BROTHER-IN-LAW.

I WILL DO NOTHING TO HARM HIM, BUT I AGREE THAT HE'S GONE TOO FAR. IF YOU CAN FIND A MORE CAPABLE PILOT, COOK AND JANITOR, I WILL CONSIDER HIRING A REPLACEMENT.

BUT- MY EXPERIMENTS-

GOODNIGHT, SIR BORIS.

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RELAX, BORIS. RELAX!

REXLEY

REMEMBER, YOU HIRED THEM BECAUSE THEY'RE INEPT!

REXLEY

HOW CAN SO SMALL A MAN CAUSE SO MUCH TROUBLE?!

STUPID GLUTTON.

YOU'RE GOING TO BE THE DEATH OF US ALL.

YOU...

SCRAAAAAAPE

REX

NO!

DON'T DO THIS TO YOURSELF!

STOP IT!

REXLEY

Sir Boris

STOP IT...

YOU'RE BETTER THAN THIS, SIR BORIS.

YOU'RE A KNIGHT OF PELZAR TIGES.

PELZARIAN CHINCHILLAS DON'T EAT MEAT.

PELZARIAN CHINCHILLAS DON'T EAT MEAT.

PELZARIAN CHINCHILLAS DON'T EAT MEAT.

PELZARIAN CHINCHILLAS DON'T EAT MEAT.

PELZARIAN CHINCHILLAS DON'T EAT MEAT.

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CHINCHILLA KABOBS...

STUFFED CHINCHILLA...

RIPLEY

GRILLED CHINCHILLA...

CHINCHILLA QUESADILLAS...

CHINCHILLA CORDON BLEU...

The Jo... of

CHINCHILLA STEW? NO, THAT REQUIRES WATER.

PEKING CHINCHILLA...

SIIIIIGH...

SHE USED TO MAKE THE BEST PEKING CHINCHILLA...

I DON'T CARE, PERRIN!

WE ARE NOT INSTALLING LAZER-BLADE WINGS ON MY SHIP!

ZZZ

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FURTHERMORE...

AS LONG AS YOU ARE ON MY SHIP, YOU WILL CALL ME CAPTAIN!

ANYTHING YOU SAY, CAPTAIN REXLEY.

STOP THAT! I'M NOT DONE YELLING AT YOU!

I'M LISTENING.

VERY WELL...

EVEN THOUGH WE'RE MARRIED, YOU'RE STILL ON DISH-WASHING DUTY.

I'LL DO THE COOKING, BUT CLEANING THE WASHROOM IS STILL YOUR RESPONSIBILITEEEEEE!

AH~!

CAN'T YOU WAIT A LITTLE LONGER?

I'M TRYING TO TALK TO YOU...

I'M STILL LISTENING.

OOOH!

FWUMP

ALERT ALERT ALERT ALERT

OH, COME ON!

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I THINK WE'RE BEING BOARDED!

BY WHO?

HELLO, FUZZIES.

BLAM

Pirates!

HA! NEWLYWEDS! THAT'S JUST PRECIOUS!

GIVE YOUR DOWRY TO VOM KORAT.

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DON'T SHOOT! THE MONEY'S IN THAT BOX ON THE SHELF!

WONDERFUL.

AND WE'VE ALREADY TAPPED THE WATER...

YOU GET THE OXYGEN TANKS. I'LL NAB THE FOOD.

DON'T "ACCIDENTALLY" LEAVE THE SOAP AGAIN, ROGER.

ALRIGHT, LADY...

HEY!

LET HER GO!

TIE TIE

LADY, YOU DON'T WANNA BE HERE WHEN WE SUCK AWAY YOUR AIR!

WHAM!

CRUNCH

GOOSH

YOU'LL BE MUCH BETTER OFF IF YOU COME WITH ME...

HE HE HE

DON'T TOUCH ME!

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SNAP

CAPTAIN! NO! DON'T FIGHT THEM, WE'RE VASTLY OUTNUMBERED!

GLLK

click

BANG BANG BANG

CAPTAIN!

thwump

JAB

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CAPTAIN...

LEAVE THEM BE.

NO.

NO, NO...

THE OXYGEN PUMP IS READY, KORAT!

GOOD. GET EVERYONE OFF THIS SHIP.

YOU SHOULD COME WITH US, FUZZY PUP.

NO...

YOU EITHER JOIN MY CREW OR ASPHYXIATE ON THIS LONELY LITTLE SHIP.

CAPTAIN...

MEILIN!

FUCK.

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NO, CALIMARY! STAY AWAY FROM THAT WRETCHED FOX.

HERE... HAVE SOME BUBBLE WRAP AND FORGET HIM.

POP POP POP POP

fling

MARY?

POKE POKE

HMM?

I'VE FOUGHT ENOUGH TODAY...

GOODNIGHT!

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CHIRRRRRP

CHIRRRRRP

WE SHOULD BE NEARING THE TERRAN FUELING STATION BY NOW.

yaaawn

I HOPE THIS GROCERY TRIP GOES SMOOTHER THAN OUR LAST!

TIME TO FRESHEN UP...

OH~! CAPTAIN! DID YOU WANT TO JOIN OUR DUST BATH?

!!

IT'S REALLY GOOD FOR MAKING YOUR FUR SILKY AND SOFT!

CAPTAIN?

BATHROOM

SLAM

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HE'S MAD!
TOSS
COMPLETELY BONKERS!
WIGGLE WIGGLE
ASKING A LADY TO ROMP AROUND NAKED IN DUST WITH HIM?!

HOW DARE-
GAH! MR. REXLEY!
OH! HEY, MANDY...
UWUU

YOU'LL BLEND IN WITH THE HUMANS BETTER IF YOU GO TOPLESS.
UGH! I CAN'T BE SEEN LIKE THIS!
TOO LATE.
MEET ME ON THE BRIDGE. WE'RE ALMOST THERE.

Sigh...
I KEEP FORGETTING I'M NOT ALONE ON THE SHIP ANYMORE.
NO BLOUSE, CAPTAIN? ARE YOU JOINING US AFTER ALL?
AAARGH

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yawn
HAVE WE REACHED THE TERRAN FUELING STATION?
SEE FOR YOURSELF.
IS IT THAT SHINY SPOT?
WHAT THE...
NO! THAT'S SOME KIND OF NEBULA!
WE'RE OFF COURSE!
THAT'S NO NEBULA...
... IT'S A SPACE STATION.
THE CLOUD AROUND IT IS PURE POLLUTION; PROOF OF TERRAN HABITATION.
SIR, IT IS NOT PROPER TO WEAR PAJAMAS IN PUBLIC.
TEE HEE HEE
THIS IS THE LATEST HUMAN FASHION!

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Anthronauts

#30

How Terrans say "Hello"

AT LEAST TAKE OFF THE GOGGLES!

I'M NOT PAYING YOU TO NAG ME!

THEY'D BETTER HAVE CHOCOLATE.

LOOK AT THAT FREAKY UNIDENTIFIED SHIP!

IT'S A PELZARIAN SHIP, BOB.

IT LOOKS HOSTILE!

IT'S A RECREATIONAL VEHICLE, BOB.

WE SHOULD FIRE A PREEMPTIVE STRIKE BEFORE THEY DESTROY THE FUELING STATION!

THEY HAVE NO WEAPONS OR SHIELDS, BOB.

LAUNCH TORPEDOS!

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BOOM
WE'RE UNDER FIRE!
OH GOD, NOT AGAIN!
HAIL THEM!

MEANWHILE, ON THE S.S BOB
RING RING RING RING RING RING RING
BANANA PHONE!
BOO BOO-BA DOO-BA-DOOP
ALMOST GOT EM...
IF THIS ISN'T A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, I'M HANGING UP!

tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap
THIS IS CAPTAIN MANDY CHENG OF THE S.S. BUBBLES! PLEASE CEASE FIRE AND STATE YOUR DEMANDS!
tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap
MORSE CODE?

.-- .... .- .-.. -.-- --- ..-
.-- .- -. .-.. -.-- --- ..-

THUS, THE CREW OF THE S.S. BUBBLES SURRENDERED TO CAPTAIN BOB OF THE U.S.S. BOB.

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THIS IS NOT THE SURRENDER I HAD IN MIND.

IT COULD'VE BEEN WORSE.

YES, I SUPPOSE THIS IS MERCIFUL...

BORIS! YOU GUYS WEREN'T PLANNING TO ATTACK THE FUELING STATION?

NO. WE JUST NEEDED WATER, RATIONS, AND SHIP REPAIRS.

ROUGH LUCK.

PERRIN! MORE SODA!

YOU HAVE A FOOD GENERATOR IN THE SIDE OF YOUR CHAIR.

GRRRR

GEEZ, I THOUGHT DOGS WERE GOOD AT OBEYING ORDERS...

MANDY! HAVE YOU EVER DATED A TERRAN?

NO...

C'MON UP AND SEE WHAT YOU'VE BEEN MISSING!

CRUNCH

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GET YOUR HANDS OFF OF HER!

IT'S AGAINST PROTOCOL TO MOLEST PRISONERS, EVEN IF THEY WANT YOU TO.

10335-B
LOREM IPSUM DOLOR SIT AMET, CONSECTETUR ADIPISCING ELIT. PELL-ENTESQUE NEQUE DOLOR CONSEQUAT EGET

WHICH SHE QUITE CLEARLY DOES NOT.

OKAY, YOU'RE FREE TO GO. WANNA STAY?

NO!

I GUESS THERE'S NO POINT IN KEEPING- WAIT, WEREN'T THERE FOUR OF YOU?

?

MAYBE HE BURIED HIMSELF OR TUNNELED OUT OF HERE. CHINCHILLAS ARE CRAZY.

HE CAN'T HAVE GONE VERY FAR...

HIS CHAIN IS BROKEN!

IT IS PROBABLE THAT THE CHINCHILLA HAS RETURNED TO THE PELZARIAN SHIP.

FIND HIM!

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COME OUT, COME OUT, WHERE EVER YOU ARE...

WHA- GYAAAAAARGH!!

ENSIGN MORT?!

CADETS! FOLLOW ME!

I SWEAR, EVERY SATURDAY AT 6 PM A REDSHIRT DIES!

MAYBE WE'RE ON A REALITY SHOW!

I HOPE SIR BORIS IS OKAY...

DO RED SKIRTS HAVE THE SAME EFFECT AS RED SHIRTS?

I'M JUST FINE.

OH! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

NEVERMIND THAT. WHAT HAVE I MISSED?

I THINK A REDSHIRT HAS JUST BEEN KILLED!

ALAS, POOR REDSHIRT! MAY HE REST IN PEACE, AND FORGIVE ME FOR KILLING HIM AND STEALING HIS RAY GUN.

!!!

DON'T WORRY...

PEW PEW PEW

IT'S ALL GOING ACCORDING TO PLAN!

OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD

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COME ON, BUBBLES! I KNOW YOU GOT A FEW DROPS OF JUICE LEFT!

WE MADE IT!

HA HA HA!

HEHE... HEH... HEH... I FEEL *DIZZY*...

WE'RE *LOSING OXYGEN!*

MR. REXLEY! PATCH THE LEAKS WITH TOOTH-PASTE AND DUCT TAPE!

WE'RE SO CLOSE TO THE *STATION.* WE'LL SURVIVE!

SAY, *BORIS*... HOW DID YOU TAKE DOWN THAT HUGE TERRAN?

TRUST ME, YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW...

BURP!

EXCUSE ME.

OH, NO! WE LEFT OUR *CLOTHING* BEHIND!

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HMM?

AIRLOCK

ALI

EJECT

EJECT

CALL ME ♡

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PARVANI'S SPACESHIP AND AUTO REPAIR

NOW OPEN!

NICE PLACE, PARVANI!

THANKS! STARTING MY OWN SHOP, IT'S LIKE A DREAM COME TRUE!

GOTTEN ANY CUSTOMERS YET?

NOT YET.

BROKEN SPACESHIPS DON'T JUST FALL OUT OF THE SKY, YOU KNOW!

KA-BOOM!

MY WORKSHOP!

MONEY AND GUITARS DON'T JUST FALL OUT OF THE SKY, YOU KNOW!

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YOU'RE GETTING BETTER AT CRASHING, MR. REXLEY!

THANK YOU, CAP'N.

YOU!

ME?

YOU DESTROYED MY WORKSHOP!!

ARE YOU A MECHANIC?

YES, BUT-

OH, THANK GOODNESS!

THERE ARE LASER BLASTS PENETRATING OUR HULL. WE PATCHED THEM WITH DUCT TAPE.

ONE OF OUR THRUSTERS GOT SHOT OFF. PART OF IT IS LODGED IN THE AIRLOCK.

THE TOILET WON'T FLUSH!

THERE'S A CRACK IN THE DUST SHIELD.

THERE'S GLOWING RAINBOW MOLD IN THE ENGINE ROOM.

THERE'S A THRAXOID BARNACLE CHEWING THROUGH THE HULL.

WE DON'T HAVE LANDING GEAR.

WE RAN OUT OF FUEL AND BURNT UP THE GENERATOR.

THE "CHECK ENGINE" LIGHT HAS BEEN ON ALL WEEK!

CAN YOU MAKE THE REPAIRS WHILE WE GET SUPPLIES?

ARE YOU JOKING?! I--

I'D LOVE TO.

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SEEMS THEY'VE BEEN THROUGH A LOT LATELY.

KER-SQUID!

I'M NOT SURE WHAT IT IS...

BUT SOMETHING IS WEIGHING DOWN THEIR HEARTS LIKE A *BAG OF BRICKS!*

ACK!

GOODNESS! THEY CALL THIS A *FUELING STATION?*

IT LOOKS LIKE A *CITY* TO ME!

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I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE, BUT I DON'T ACTUALLY KNOW WHERE TO GET *FUEL* OR *FOOD*.

IT'S GOTTEN LARGER SINCE I LAST *PILLAGED* AND *PLUNDERED* THE AREA WITH *VOM KORAT*...

... AND I HAD BEEN LEFT BEHIND TO GUARD THE SHIP WHILE THE OTHER *PIRATES* DID THE *DIRTY WORK*.

YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS PLACE?!

I PROBABLY SHOULD HAVE MENTIONED THAT...

SO YOU'RE A *SPACE PIRATE*, MR. REXLEY?

THAT WAS A *LONG TIME AGO*, IN A GALAXY FAR, FAR AWAY.

HEHEHE. *PIRACY* IS A *CAPITAL CRIME* FOR *PELZARIANS*.

WE'RE IN *TERRAN* TERRITORY. THEY DON'T *EXECUTE CRIMINALS* HERE.

THEN AGAIN, I COULD HAVE SWORN *GRAVITY* WAS A *LAW*.

STOP STARING AT HER.

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HEY! THIS PLACE MIGHT BE A *RESTAURANT!*

Linda's

FOOD? I'M SORRY, ALL I'M SELLING HERE ARE MY DECEASED SISTER'S OLD THINGS. CAN I INTEREST YOU IN A PAIR OF *RUBY SLIPPERS?*

YES.

NO.

IN "STAR SUPPLIES"...

FOOD IS FOR *SISSIES.* WHAT WE GOT HERE IS BIG GUNS, BIGGER GUNS, AND DEADLIER STUFF THAN GUNS. YOU PANSIES LOOK LIKE YOU COULD USE SOME *LASERBLADE WINGS* ON YOUR WUSSY SHIP.

YES!

NO!

IN "FEED AND SEED"...

WE HAVE FOOD FOR YOUR *CARNIVOROUS PLANTS* AND SEEDLINGS! *HUMAN CHUM* IS ON SALE, AND WE CAN GET YOU AN *AUDREY 3* FOR DIRT CHEAP!

YES!!

NO!!

IN "CIRCE'S"...

MY *CONCOCTIONS* HAVE *CALORIES...*

BUT THEY MIGHT TURN YOU INTO A *WILD LION* OR *PARAKEET.* THESE CHEMICALS ARE INTENDED TO BE USED AGAINST *ENEMIES* OR SPOUSES WHO HAVE GOTTEN DULL IN THE SACK.

VOTING TIME, MEN. DO WE *STARVE,* OR GO *FERAL?*

HMMMMM...

HMM...

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THIS TOURISM GUIDE IS INCOMPREHENSIBLE!

AM I LOST...?

HOLY MOTHER OF SHOPPING!

MALL

IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE I'VE SEEN A *MALL*...

A QUICK PEEK CAN'T HURT!

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OH MY GOD!

SO MANY OPTIONS!
SO MANY COLORS!
I THINK I'LL JUST...
SA
buy
them
all

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OH!
YOU LOOK LOVELY IN THAT SHIRT!
R-REALLY?
OH, YES! IT REALLY BRINGS OUT THE GREEN IN YOUR COMPLEXION!
THANK YOU! I'LL DEFINITELY GET THIS ONE!
WATCH OUT!
BZARP
I- I DROPPED MY BEAM DRILL! IS EVERYBODY OKAY DOWN THERE?
UGH, NOT AGAIN.
CLEAN-UP ON AISLE THREE!
I KEEP TELLING TONY WE NEED TO PUT A WARNING BY THE *RED SHIRTS*, BUT *NOOOO!*
"THAT'S JUST A *SUPERSTITION*, BILLY!"
"IT'S PERFECTLY NORMAL TO HAVE CUSTOMERS DROP LIKE FLIES, BILLY!"
"JUST BECAUSE THEY ALL WORE RED SHIRTS WHEN THEY MET THEIR GRUESOME FATES-"
SHUT UP, BILLY.
THAT COULD HAVE BEEN MR. REXLEY.

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Men's Shirts

HOW COULD I THINK SO SELFISHLY?

MR. REXLEY IS THE ONE WHO NEEDS A NEW OUTFIT!

NO MORE RED SHIRTS!

HE'D BE SAFER WEARING A TARGET ON THE BACK OF HIS HEAD!

YOUR TOTAL IS $83957.99.

WHAT'S THE PELZARIAN EXCHANGE RATE?

PELZARIAN?

YOU'RE A LITTLE FAR FROM YOUR HOMEWORLD.

HMM?

TOO FAR TO BE ON A LEISURE CRUISE...

MISSING

DON'T YOU THINK SOMEONE MIGHT BE MISSING YOU?

THAT'S MY BUSINESS.

GOOD DAY, SIR.

IF YOU SAY SO. HAPPY TRAVELS, STAR WALKER.

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MISSING-

MANDALA CHENG?!

KRUNCH!

SORRY, MY DARLING EX-FIANCÉ...

AS LONG AS MR. REXLEY STAYS BY MY SIDE, I'M NEVER GOING BACK TO PELZAR TIGES!

MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE BAR...

"DON'T GET TOO DRUNK TO FLY, MR. REXLEY!"

"NO PROSTITUTES, MR. REXLEY!"

"WHY ARE YOU ALWAYS SO GRUMPY, MR. REXLEY?"

"HOW COULD YOU MARRY MY SISTER INSTEAD OF ME, MR. REXLEY?!"

WHIMPER, WHINE, BITCH

BITCH BITCH!

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SOMETIMES I THINK I WAS BETTER OFF WITH THE PIRATES...

I THINK YOU ARE BETTER SUITED TO THAT LIFESTYLE.

YOU'RE STILL HERE?!

NOT EXACTLY...

I JUST GOT BACK FROM BUYING *FOOD* AND NOT GETTING DISTRACTED BY SHINY THINGS!

FOOD

FOR *CHENG*, I FOUND FRESH BAMBOO...

JASMINE RICE...

SWEET BISCUITS, AND EXOTIC TEA!

FOR *MYSELF* I SELECTED HAY...

TRAIL MIX, NUTS AND BERRIES...

PIPE TOBACCO AND BATHING DUST!

NICE! WHAT DID YOU GET FOR *ME?*

TAA-DAA!

storebrand

DOG FOOD

100% edible!

20 lbs. 734 grams

IT'S NOT REALLY FULL OF *DOG FOOD*...

storebrand

DOG FOOD

100% edible!

20 lbs. 734 grams

IT'S A BUNCH OF *POISON ARROW FROGS! EHEHEHE*

RIBBIT

storebrand

DOG FOOD

100% edible!

20 lbs. 734 grams

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YOU JUST CAN'T WAIT TO FRY, EH SIR?
EHEHE...
PERRIN!
PERRIN!
IS THE SHIP READY?
START THE ENGINES!
SHAKE SHAKE

CAPTAIN? WHY...
WHY ARE YOU COVERED IN APPLESAUCE?
IT'S BLOOD, MR. REXLEY.
AND IT'S NOT IMPORTANT!
WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

SET A COURSE DIRECTLY AWAY FROM Pelzar Tiges!
AHEM...
BELAY THAT ORDER, MR. REXLEY. TAKE US STRAIGHT TOWARDS PELZAR TIGES.
I COMMAND THE S.S. BUBBLES, SIR BORIS.
OH? DID YOU ALREADY FORGET OUR CONTRACT?

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00:12

SIR BORIS, PLEASE BE REASONABLE! OUR CONTRACT-

-EXPRESSLY STATES THAT I DETERMINE OUR COURSE IF I PAY ALL TRAVEL EXPENSES.

WE WILL GO TO PELZAR TIGES!

SIR, PLEASE...

EXCUSE ME...

IS THIS A BAD TIME?

PARVANI?

NO LIES, IT'S READY! BUT I'LL ADMIT, I HAD SOME HELP.

YOUR SQUID IS A GIFTED MECHANIC! SHE DID MOST OF THE HULL REPAIRS, AND ALL SHE WANTED IN RETURN WERE CHEMICALS AND A CHOCOLATE CAKE.

I DON'T SUPPOSE SHE'S FOR SALE?

YOUR SHIP IS READY FOR TAKEOFF!

ALREADY? NO WAY.

kraken

WHIIIIIIINE

... WHY ARE YOU GIVING ME THAT LOOK?

I WOULD TREAT HER WELL!

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HEY, PUPPY. YOU OKAY?

WHAT IS YOUR MALFUNCTION?!

GRRRRRR

THAT SHIP...

krake

IT BELONGS TO THE GUY THAT KILLED MY WIFE AND ENSLAVED ME FOR THREE FARKING YEARS.

PIRATE CAPTAIN VOM KORAT.

-AND DON'T YOU USE ELECTRIC DEVICES IN YOUR EXPERIMENTS? PELZAR TIGES' UNSTABLE ELECTROMAGNETIC FIELD WOULD FRY ALL YOUR UNSHIELDED ELECTRONICS-

BUT I-

SHUT UP, BOTH OF YOU!

WE'RE GOING, NOW. TO EITHER SPACE OR HELL.

?

HURRY UP!

BUT- WHY, MR. REXLEY?

WHAT'S GOING ON?

EVASIVE MANEUVERS.

MY OLD MATES WON'T BE TOO HAPPY TO SEE ME AFTER WHAT I DID TO THEIR CAPTAIN.

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IS THERE NO HOPE OF A *PEACEFUL RESOLUTION?*

crank

WELL...

THERE'S NO FORGIVENESS FOR *STEALING THE CAPTAIN'S ZORCHER* AND FIRING A FEW ROUNDS INTO HIS BACK.

BUT THEY MIGHT NOT CARE ABOUT ME *BLOWING UP THE WARP DRIVE* OR SENDING THE FIRST MATE OUT THE AIRLOCK. BOTH WERE USELESS.

WHY WOULD YOU DO SUCH A THING?!

PART OF MY PLAN TO START A *MUTINY*. DISABLE THE SHIP, KILL A FEW OFFICERS, BLAME IT ON VOM KORAT.

YOU TOLD ME NOBODY GOT HURT...

I LIED. BUT WE ESCAPED WITH ALL OUR LIMBS, AND I SLOWED THEM DOWN SO MUCH THEY STILL HAVEN'T CAUGHT US.

VOM KORAT LOVED HIS ZORCHER MORE THAN HIS OWN MOTHER.

BUT I DOUBT GIVING IT BACK WOULD EARN US ANY MERCY FROM THE CREW.

I REALLY SHOULD HAVE DONE A MORE THOROUGH BACKGROUND CHECK ON YOU GUYS.

HEY-

I DON'T REMEMBER US HAVING AN *ELEVATOR*... OR A *PIANO*...

... OR A **BATTLE STATION!**

I COULD *KISS* THAT MECHANIC!

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SO, BUBBLES GOT HERSELF A MAKEOVER.

LET'S SEE...

... IF SHE CAN STILL FLY.

WOBBLE WOBBLE

MR. REXLEY, HAVE YOU BEEN DRINKING?

SUNNUVA VIXEN GOT AWAY AGAIN!

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UH... CAN I HELP YOU?

TAKE ME TO YOUR MECHANIC.

OH? I AM A MECHANIC.

THE ONLY WARP-CERTIFIED MECHANIC ON THIS STATION, IN FACT!

YOU'RE HIRED.

MY RATES-

- DON'T MATTER. YOUR COMPENSATION WILL BE *MORE THAN YOU ASKED FOR.*

DROP EVERYTHING, GRAB YOUR TOOLS, AND BOARD THE ***Kraken.***

ONCE MY WARP DRIVES START RUNNING AGAIN...

THE *FOX HUNT* WILL FINALLY COME TO AN *END!*

MWAHAHAHAHAHAHA

EHEHE... HEH...

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I STILL SAY WE GO STRAIGHT *AWAY FROM PELZAR TIGES.*

AND I SAY WE GO STRAIGHT *TOWARDS* IT!

BUT WHY, SIR?

I CAN'T FIND SOME OF MY MATERIALS.

IT'S NOTHING YOU WOULD HAVE TAKEN...

I MUST HAVE LEFT THEM IN MY MAIN LABORATORY. WE HAVE TO GO BACK AND GET THEM!

BUT SIR, IF MY FAMILY FINDS ME, THEY'LL *MARRY ME OFF* TO A MAN I'VE NEVER EVEN MET.

I WANT TO AVOID OUR HOMEWORLD.

WE'RE NOT GOING *ANYWHERE* UNTIL I'VE GOTTEN SOME FOOD.

I GOT YOU SOME PERFECTLY GOOD *FROGS.*

PERFECTLY *POISONOUS.* I'D RATHER DINE ON *CHINCHILLA!*

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hisssssssss

grrrrrrr

ENOUGH!

PERRIN REXLEY! BORIS WIMBLE!

AS CAPTAIN OF THE SPACESHIP BUBBLES..

... I PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND WIFE!

WHAT.

NOW YOU CAN REALLY FIGHT LIKE A MARRIED COUPLE!

PERRIN, YOU CAN HAVE MY RICE..

I'M GOING TO GO WASH OFF ALL THIS BLOOD AND PRETEND EVERYTHING IS OKAY!

SLAM

SHE... MARRIED US.

CAN SHE DO THAT?!

I'M KEEPING MY LAST NAME. GO MAKE ME A SANDWICH, BITCH.

hisssSSS

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SNEAKY SNEAKY
SNEAKY SNEAKY

BORISS STUFF
DO NOT TOUCH

!!!

KER-POW

KRUNCH

UHNNN...

UH... HEY, SQUID. HOW HAVE YOU BEEN?

I JUST GOT RE-MARRIED.

BUT, UH... THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH MY WIFE.

HISSSSTSSS

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WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, SIR BORIS?

AN ALIEN VIRUS? DID AN EXPERIMENT GO HORRIBLY WRONG?

I DON'T THINK YOU'RE PELZARIAN ANYMORE...

HEY-!

WHERE'D YOU GO?

I CAN'T SEE ~~SECRET~~ WITHOUT MY VISOR!

EHEHEHE...

PESSIMISTS NEVER LOOK UP... !

!!!

ERK!

WHAM!

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Anthronauts

#60

Puberty

LET ME GO!

I'LL KILL YOU!

BOTH OF YOU!

BUT I...

I...

I NEED BOTH OF YOU.

MARY-

WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME?

I'VE LIVED AS A NORMAL PELZARIAN FOR SO LONG! *WHY CAN'T I CONTROL MYSELF* AROUND THIS BLASTED FOX?

HOW CAN I RUN TESTS WHEN ALL I CAN THINK OF IS TEARING HIM TO PIECES?!

PUBERTY?!

WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH-?

REXLEY.. AND.. I...?

YOU SICK CEPHALOPOD.

I AM *VERY CONFUSED* AND *HEAVILY ARMED!*

HE'S SEEN FAR TOO MUCH.

SOMETHING MUST BE *DONE* ABOUT *HIM*...

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WHO ARE YOU REALLY? IS BORIS A FAKE NAME?

WHY ARE YOU PRETENDING TO BE PELZARIAN?

WHERE ARE YOUR CLOTHES?

WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?!

NOD

NOD

YOU DON'T WANT TO SHOOT ME- TRUST ME.

PLEASE PARDON MY INSTINCTS, MR. REXLEY. I'M ON YOUR SIDE, THOUGH I'M NOT GOOD AT SHOWING IT.

PELZAR TIGES HAS BEEN SELECTED FOR DESTRUCTION. I'M WORKING TO PREVENT IT.

IT'S ALL CONFIDENTIAL.

THEREFORE...

I NEED YOU TO DRINK THIS. ALL OF IT.

WHY?

BECAUSE YOU'VE SEEN TOO MUCH. EHEHEHEHE

I DON'T HAVE PROPER ANESTHETIC, AND YOU NEED A LOBOTOMY.

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DON'T WORRY, I'M A GOOD LOBOTOMIST! YOU WON'T REMEMBER FEELING A THING!

BLAM BLAM

NYAAARGH!

HSSST...

OKAY. WE CAN DO THIS THE PAINFUL WAY.

SOON, IN THE LABORATORY...

DRILL IS IN PLACE...

DON'T YOU HAVE A SMALLER DRILL?

YES, BUT YOU HAVE THE THICKEST SKULL I'VE EVER SEEN.

MARY, FETCH THE MIND BLEACH!

... MARY?

WHERE DID THAT SQUID GO THIS TIME?

ELECTRODES ARE LIT...

WHERE'D MY MIND BLEACH GO?

SOMETIMES I THINK SHE'S UP TO SOMETHING...

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STUPID ALIEN BLOOD..

I CAN STILL SMELL IT...

NO MATTER HOW HARD I SCRUB...

I NEVER DID GIVE MR. REXLEY HIS BEIGE SHIRT..

AH! MY SOAP!

.....

GA[illegible]AAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

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CALIMARY! BAD SQUID!

YOU MUST WAIT YOUR TURN TO TAKE A BATH!

YOU... YOU'RE BLEEDING.

AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH ALL THAT STUFF?!

I...

I'M GETTING SIR BORIS, RIGHT NOW!

BORIS' STUFF DO NOT TOUCH

SLAM

burble

SIR BORIS!

YOUR SQUID IS INJURED!

AND SHE TRIED TO DEFLOWER ME IN THE BATH-TUB!

AND SHE'S DOING ALCHEMY AND SHE STOLE YOUR THINGS!

.. I BEG YOUR PARDON?

TWITCH

OH, BUGGER.

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COME ON, SIR BORIS!
BUT-- I'M BUSY!
WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT THAT-
JUST LOOK.
OH...
OH, NO...
WHAT IS SHE DOING, SIR?
SHE'S TRYING TO REVERSE WHAT I DID TO HER.
SIR...
I TRIED TO KILL HER, BUT TURNING HER INTO A SQUID WAS THE CLOSEST I MANAGED TO COME.
WHAT DID YOU DO TO HER?
AFTER A THOROUGH BRAINWASHING, I THOUGHT I FINALLY HAD HER UNDER CONTROL. I WAS WRONG.
SHE'S BACK TO HER OLD SELF.

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IT FEELS SO GOOD...

...TO SHAPESHIFT AGAIN!

I'M SORRY, CAPTAIN, BUT I'LL HAVE TO TEAR YOU BOTH TO SHREDS.

AND THIS HATCHLING CALLING HIMSELF "BORIS" TORTURED ME AND TURNED ME INTO A SQUID!

YOU'VE SEEN TOO MUCH...

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YOUR QUARREL IS WITH ME. LEAVE THE CAPTAIN OUT OF IT!

I WISH I COULD.

"ANY ALIEN WHO HAS SEEN THE TRUE FORM OF THE ALPHA DRACONIANS, OR HAS GAZED UPON THEIR TRANSFORMATIVE POWERS, MUST BE SILENCED THEREAFTER."

MANDY, LOVE, I JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT THIS ISN'T PERSONAL.

WHAT- WHO ARE YOU?

MY REAL NAME IS ЂЛЏЂЧЛЂЯЯЗЋ:

IS THAT THREE OR FOUR K'S?

IT DOESN'T MATTER. CLOSE YOUR EYES AND PRAISE YOUR DEITY, SWEETHEART.

I PROMISE, THE VENOM WILL NUMB YOU AND MAKE IT PAINLESS.

CAPTAIN, MOVE!!

SHOVE

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SLASH
SPLATTER
SLICE
STAB
OVERKILL
THUD

SERIOUSLY, DARLING?

WE'RE ON A *TINY SPACESHIP* WITH *NO ESCAPE PODS*, AND YOU'RE TRYING TO *RUN AWAY?*

I- I'M GETTING *MR. REXLEY!*

JUST SO YOU KNOW, HE CAN'T HELP YOU.

I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE MINUTES. KEEP YOUR FAREWELLS SHORT, OKAY?

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IN BORIS' LAB...

SO...
COLD...
KOFF

CAPTAIN?
MR. REXLEY...

I'M SORRY I INTERRUPTED YOUR *HONEYMOON*. IT LOOKS LIKE YOU WERE HAVING *FUN*.

MEH. IT WASN'T AS GOOD AS MY LAST HONEYMOON, BUT AT LEAST *MY WIFE HASN'T BEEN MURDERED.*

ACTUALLY...

SIR BORIS HAS JUST BEEN MURDERED.

WHAT.

BY CALIMARY.

WHAT?!

.. WHILE TRYING TO PROTECT ME.

FAINT

AHH! WAKE UP, MR. REXLEY!

THIS IS NO TIME TO BE UNCONSCIOUS!

CALIMARY WAS NEVER REALLY A SQUID. SHE'S SOME KIND OF *REPTILIAN ALIEN!*

SHE TURNED ON BORIS AND ME THE MOMENT SHE REGAINED HER TRUE FORM!

MARY AND BORIS MUST BE *THE SAME SPECIES*. WHY WAS HE EXPERIMENTING ON HER?

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STEADY, MR. REXLEY?

I CAN'T BELIEVE BORIS DID THIS TO YOU. HE'D SEEMED SO *STABLE* WHEN HE HIRED US...

WHAT ARE MY *ORDERS*, CAPTAIN?

ORDERS?

THERE'S AT LEAST ONE *HOSTILE ALIEN* ON THIS SHIP.

SHOULD I TRY TO GET RID OF IT?

NO, MR. REXLEY!

YOU CAN'T *FIGHT* IN THIS CONDITION!

DON'T WEAR RED SHIRTS ANYMORE.

STAY ALIVE. THAT'S AN *ORDER*, *PERRIN.*

I'LL TAKE CARE OF *CALIMARY.*

GIVE ME THE ZORCHER.

WHA--

RRRRIP

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

FWUP

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YOU WANT TO FIGHT ALIENS?!

. . . WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE REAL CAP'N CHENG?

I-IT'S REALLY ME, PERRIN! I'M NOT ONE OF THEM!

I WAS KIDDING...

THIS IS MY FAULT.

I HAVE TO FIX THIS.

HOW COULD ANY OF THIS BE YOUR FAULT?!

BY THE WAY, *BORIS* LOCKED THE *ZORCHER* IN HIS CABINET.

I WAS CARELESS. I DIDN'T EVEN READ SIR BORIS' CONTRACT BEFORE I SIGNED IT AND LET HIM ON BOARD.

OOH! BORIS WON'T BE NEEDING THESE ANYMORE. *YOINK!*

WHY WEREN'T YOU MORE CAREFUL?

WHAT CHOICE DID I HAVE? WE WERE OUT OF MONEY AND SUPPLIES.

WE WOULD HAVE HAD TO GO BACK TO PELZAR TIGES AND LIVE OUT OUR BORING, SEPARATE LIVES. I WOULD HAVE MARRIED THAT STRANGER MY PARENTS SELECTED, AND NEVER LEFT THE KITCHEN AGAIN.

THAT SCARES ME MORE THAN ANY HOSTILE ALIEN.

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Anthronauts

#72

Invisible Hostile

ALRIGHT, CALIMARY!

PUT YOUR CLAWS IN AND YOUR HANDS... UP?

TOTALLY EMPTY HALL

WHERE DID SHE GO?!

NOT IN THE BATHROOM!

THERE'S NO TRACE OF BLOOD OR CHEMICALS- LIKE NOTHING HAPPENED. WHERE'D BORIS' CORPSE GO?

WHAT IF MARY CAN DISGUISE HERSELF AS A HARMLESS INANIMATE OBJECT?

OR USE CAMOU-FLAGE TO THE POINT OF INVISIBILITY?

NOT IN THE CONTROL ROOM!

WE'RE STILL ON OUR PREVIOUS COURSE- STRAIGHT TOWARDS THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE.

I MIGHT NOT SEE HER UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE!

NOT IN THE KITCHEN!

MUNCH *MUNCH

SINCE WHEN DID WE HAVE A KITCHEN?

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I'LL JUST HAVE TO BE CAREFUL, AND SEARCH THE ENTIRE SHIP!

I KNOW ONE THING FOR SURE...

... CALIMARY ISN'T IN BORIS' LAB!

OUCH, OUCH, OUCH...

THAT LITTLE REPTILIAN PUNK SCRAPED ME UP PRETTY BAD...

Teeheehee!

MANDY?

NO...

MEILIN?!

FOR *YOU*, BABY? I COULD BE.

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YOU'RE NOT *MEILIN*. YOU CAN'T BE!

SPACE PIRATES *KILLED* HER!

YOU KNOW ME AS *CALIMARY*, PERRIN. I TOOK THIS FORM JUST FOR YOU.

HOW DARE YOU.

HOW *DARE* YOU USE MY WIFE'S FACE LIKE THAT!

YOU'RE NOT *FIGHTING FAIR!*

I'M *NOT* FIGHTING.

YOU WERE CRYING FOR HER IN YOUR SLEEP, PERRIN. DIDN'T YOU WANT TO SEE HER AGAIN?

CATCH

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PLEASE LISTEN TO ME. I'M SUPPOSED TO KILL ANYONE WHO KNOWS ABOUT US- ABOUT ALPHA DRACONIANS.

THAT LAW HAS KEPT OUR SPECIES SAFE FOR EONS, BUT...

I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY I CAN JUSTIFY SPARING YOU. MY PEOPLE ARE NEARLY EXTINCT. IF YOU *BECOME MY MATE*...

EXCUSE ME?!

I WOULDN'T HAVE TO KILL YOU! WE COULD LIVE HAPPILY!

THINK ABOUT IT! WE CAN PRETEND I'M MEILIN. WE CAN GET A COTTAGE BY THE SEA, HAVE A FEW (BILLION) CHILDREN...

UHH... *BILLION?*

YOU CAN LIVE THE LIFE THOSE PIRATES TOOK AWAY FROM YOU!

EVERY DAY, I'LL MAKE YOU THREE SQUARE MEALS.

EVERY NIGHT, I'LL TAKE YOU TO BED IN WHATEVER FORM YOU DESIRE.

WE'LL HAVE CAKE EVERY TUESDAY.

WHAT'LL IT BE, LOVE?

DEATH...

... OR *HAPPILY EVER AFTER?*

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NO!

YOU COULD NEVER REPLACE THE REAL MEILIN!

WHAT AM I DOING WRONG? DID I MAKE THE BOOBS TOO SMALL FOR YOU? OR DID I FORGET TO IMITATE HER NASTY BODY ODOR?!

YOU'RE A MONSTER.

MY WIFE . . .

... DIDN'T HAVE TENTACLES UNDER HER SKIRT!

YOU PICKY

COLD-BLOODED

!?!

HOW DID YOU KNOW I GET TURNED ON BY ARGUING?!

JUST SO WE'RE CLEAR- THIS MEANS NOTHING.

TO YOU, MAYBE. BUT IT MEANS THE WORLD TO ME.

I DIDN'T.

MEANWHILE, WHERE THINGS ARE RATED PG-13...

I'VE SEARCHED THE SHIP THREE TIMES NOW! WHERE IS THAT ALIEN?!

I EVEN HAD TIME TO CHECK IN MY CLOSET!

AND THERE'S NO SIGN OF SIR BORIS' CORPSE, EITHER...

AM I GOING CRAZY...?

Sir Boris
KNOCK before entering

MAYBE I SHOULD CHECK ON MR. REXLEY AGAIN...

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MR. REX--

WAS THAT REALLY YOUR FIRST TIME?

THAT WAS.. WOW.

BABY, DO I LOOK LIKE A GUY WHO'S DONE IT BEFORE?

OH. MANDY.

!!

UH... WE WERE WORKING ON A PEACE TREATY!

??

... A PEACE TREATY.

YES!

IS IT COMPLETE AND LEGAL?

WELL, NO...

GOOD, BECAUSE I THINK I'M ABOUT TO HURT HER.

SORRY, I TRIED.

SNAP

KZZZZT

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CAPTAIN, STOP!

LET HER GO!

WHY?

SHE MURDERED OUR EMPLOYER, TRIED TO MURDER ME...

AND SHE SEDUCED YOU IN THREE MINUTES, WHEN I'VE BEEN TRYING SINCE I WAS IN MY TEENS!

=: GLLK :=

YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE WITH HIM!

WHAT DOES SHE HAVE THAT I DON'T?!

TENTACLES?

OHH, THAT IS IT.

SHE'S GOING STRAIGHT OUT THE AIRLOCK!

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IN THE AIRLOCK (LOCATION: ENGINE ROOM)

LAUNCHING THE FIRST OF A NEVER-BEFORE-SEEN SPECIES INTO SPACE IS BAD DIPLOMACY, CAPTAIN.

SO IS LETTING YOU MURDER AND MOLEST MY CREW, CALIMARY.

ANY LAST WORDS?!

I CAN SURVIVE IN DEEP SPACE.

SEE YOU ON PELZAR TIGES.

CHKK

SURE, MARY- IF YOU CAN *DRIFT* ALL THE WAY THERE IN *MY LIFETIME!*

GLARE

spank spank

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IT'S TIME TO PICK UP THE PIECES.

SIR BORIS WAS A TERRIBLE PERSON. I HAD NO IDEA HE WAS EXPERIMENTING ON INTELLIGENT BEINGS.

YET STILL...

HE DESERVES A PROPER BURIAL. WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO HIS BODY?

AND I HAVE TO REPORT WHAT HAPPENED.

WE CAN'T AVOID IT ANY LONGER.

WE'RE GOING BACK TO PELZAR TIGES.

WHAT DO YOU THINK BORIS AND CALIMARY WERE REALLY AFTER?

BORIS SAID SOMETHING ABOUT SAVING THE WORLD, BUT IT LOOKED LIKE HIS GOAL WAS KEEPING MARY SUBDUED.

I'M FAIRLY CERTAIN MARY'S GOAL WAS HAVING SEX WITH EVERYBODY SHE MET.

I THINK SHE JUST WANTS KIDS, CAPTAIN...

WELL, YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO OBLIGE HER!

MANDY, I... I'M SORRY.

NO, YOU'RE NOT.

BUT THANK YOU FOR LETTING ME PRETEND.

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BRILLIANT, CALIMARY. A FINE MESS YOU'VE GOTTEN INTO THIS TIME.

IT'LL TAKE ABOUT FOUR THOUSAND YEARS FOR ME TO DRIFT TO PLANET PELZAR TIGES FROM HERE...

... AND I'M ALREADY BORED!

PERHAPS THERE'S A WAY TO MAKE THE TRIP A LITTLE FASTER...!

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IT'S BEEN FOUR DAYS SINCE CALIMARY TRIED TO KILL US ALL.

DON'T YOU THINK IT'S TIME YOU TOOK A NAP, MR. REXLEY?

NO. I CAN'T SLEEP.

LIZARDS WILL EAT ME.

OH, PERRIN. YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THAT!

I LAUNCHED CALIMARY INTO DEEP SPACE...

... AND BORIS IS DEAD. MARY TORE HIM TO PIECES.

BAH! CORPSES DON'T HIDE THEMSELVES, CAPTAIN! BORIS IS ALIVE, SNEAKING AROUND THE SHIP, WAITING FOR ME TO DROP MY GUARD!

... OH. THE COFFEE'S IN MY OTHER HAND.

MR. REXLEY, GIVE ME THE ZORCHER AND GO TO BED! THAT'S AN ORDER!

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PLEASE, MR. REXLEY!

I CAN PILOT THE SHIP JUST FINE WHEN YOU'RE SLEEPING!

YOU NEED REST TO REGAIN YOUR SANITY-- ER, STRENGTH!

HOW CAN I REST, KNOWING THAT THERE'S A HOSTILE ALIEN ABOARD?!

ANY MINUTE NOW, BORIS WILL STUMBLE IN LIKE A ZOMBIE, HUNGRY FOR OUR DELICIOUS PELZARIAN MEATS!

HUNGRY... NEED GRAAAINS...

JUST LIKE THAT!

WHUMP

ZZZzz

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IS- IS CALIMARY STILL LOOSE ON THE SHIP?

NO...

OH. THAT'S... GOOD.

I LOCKED MYSELF IN A CUPBOARD TO REGENERATE IN SAFETY. I WAS SO CERTAIN I'D COME OUT TO FIND THE TWO OF YOU SLAUGHTERED.

I'M GLAD I WAS WRONG. I DON'T HAVE THE STRENGTH TO FACE HER RIGHT NOW...

SCRAPE

I NEED A SANDWICH.

AND A HUG...

OH, DEAR...

WHAT AM I GOING TO DO WITH YOU?

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UGH! PIRATES!

IF I TELL VOM KORAT IT NEEDS TO BE REPLACED, HE'LL TRY TO JACK THEM FROM THE NEXT PASSING SHIP...

THE VOLTH COILS ARE FRIED AND FULL OF HOLES. SOMEBODY *ZORCHED* THEM.

RATTLE RATTLE

MAYBE IF I- *HMM?*

THERE WAS NOTHING WRONG WITH THAT VENT A FEW MINUTES AGO...

THERE'S SOMETHING BLOCKING IT!

RRRGH!

POP

HUH?

YOU?!

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WHAT'S A *SQUID* LIKE YOU DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS?

I GUESS IT DOESN'T MATTER. YOU CAN'T ANSWER ME, CAN YOU?

GREAT!

THE *KRAKEN* IS IN *BETTER SHAPE* THAN THE *BUBBLES* WAS, BUT IT'S A MUCH MORE COMPLICATED SHIP.

THE WARP DRIVE IS ONLY PARTIALLY INTACT, WE'LL NEED SOME NEW PARTS...

DID YOU WANT TO HELP ME *FIX UP* ANOTHER SHIP?

CLAP CLAP

THE WARP DRIVE DOESN'T WORK?! I PICKED THE WRONG SHIP TO STOW AWAY ON!

IF I WANT TO REACH PELZAR TIGES BEFORE BORIS, I'LL HAVE TO MAKE THE REPAIRS IN A HURRY...

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ZZZ

WHAT THE--?!

YOU!!

WHAT IS THIS?!

I THINK IT'S THE *CAPTAIN'S* WAY OF SAYING, "*DON'T KILL EACHOTHER.*"

EXACTLY.

WE'RE GOING TO DISCUSS WHAT HAPPENED LIKE CIVILIZED PEOPLE. NO BRAINWASHING. NO FIGHTING.

AND NO *LIES* OR OMITTING THE TRUTH, *BORIS.*

I MADE YOU SOME *BARLEY SOUP* WITH EXTRA PROTEIN TO HELP YOU *RECOVER.*

SIP

THANK YOU, CAPTAIN...

YOU'RE IMMUNE TO *POISON DART FROGS*, RIGHT?

SPEW!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO POISON ME, CAPTAIN!

I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING...

BUT FIRST, WHAT HAPPENED TO *CALIMARY?*

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SO, IF I UNDERSTAND THIS CORRECTLY...

CALIMARY TORE ME TO SHREDS. THE CAPTAIN FLED TO ARM HERSELF.

CALIMARY DECLARED HER INTENT TO KILL CHENG, AND THREATENED TO KILL MR. REXLEY AS WELL...

SO YOU, MR. REXLEY, DECIDED TO HAVE SEX WITH HER.

NOT EVEN AN *HOUR* AFTER THE CAPTAIN PRONOUNCED US MAN AND WIFE!

KNOWING THAT IT WOULD TICK YOU OFF MADE IT EXTRA SEXY.

AND THEN, CAPTAIN, YOU WALKED IN ON THE POST-COITOUS PERVS.

YOU DIDN'T EVEN ATTEMPT TO MAKE PEACE OR CAPTURE CALIMARY. NO...

YOU JUST LAUNCHED HER INTO SPACE! A NEWLY-DISCOVERED, DANGEROUS, AND POSSIBLY PREGNANT ALIEN LIFE FORM!

WAS THAT *BAD?*

YOU IDIOTS WILL BE THE DEATH OF YOUR HOMEWORLD!

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AND IF YOU WERE WONDERING WHY I'VE TURNED *PINK*, OR WHY WE'RE DRESSED IN *RAGS*...

I THINK THE POST-MUTAGENIC-APOCALYPSE LOOK SUITS YOU.

WELL, I DON'T!

WHEN CALIMARY USED THE BATHTUB TO BLEND HER *CURE* FOR WHATEVER YOU DID TO HER...

SHE USED *CHEMICALS* IN THE SAME KIND OF BOTTLES AS MY *SHAMPOO.*

I DIDN'T REALIZE THE BOTTLES HAD BEEN SWAPPED UNTIL AFTER I TOOK A BATH.

WAS IT A PURPLE CHEMICAL YOU USED?

MMMMMYES... WAS REXLEY EXPOSED TOO?

WHY YES! DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT WAS?

WELL. WHILE I WAS BUSY BATHING, HE WAS BUSY *BURNING ALL THE CLOTHES.*

HE WAS TRYING TO MAKE YOU COME OUT OF *HIDING*, BUT I THOUGHT HE HAD GONE COMPLETELY OUT OF HIS MIND!

SO I KINDA... ER... THREW THE REST OF THE BOTTLE AT HIM.

I SEE.

THE BAD NEWS IS, YOU DOUSED YOURSELVES WITH A SLOW-ACTING *TOXIN.*

THE GOOD NEWS IS, YOU CAN DYE YOUR FUR BACK TO ITS NORMAL COLOR!

I MIGHT BE ABLE TO *SAVE YOU* IF YOU *UNCHAIN ME*...

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YOU MEAN--

WE POISONED OURSELVES?!

HE'S PULLING YOUR LEG, CAPTAIN. WE WOULD'VE NOTICED SOME EFFECTS BY NOW.

TCH!

JUST AS I WOULD'VE NOTICED THE EFFECTS OF DART FROG POISONING BY NOW, RIGHT?

SIR, I REALLY DID PUT A LOT OF GOLDEN DART FROGS IN YOUR SOUP.

YOU SHOULD BE FOAMING AT THE MOUTH OR GOING INTO CONVULSIONS BY NOW.

HMM. I'M PROBABLY *IMMUNE*, THEN. THAT'S GOOD TO KNOW!

YOU DON'T KNOW FOR CERTAIN?!

TO TELL THE TRUTH...

I KNOW VERY LITTLE ABOUT MYSELF.

I CAN'T EVEN PRONOUNCE THE PROPER NAME OF MY SPECIES.

WHY HAVE YOU BEEN KEEPING ALL THESE SECRETS AND LYING TO US?

I NEVER LIED TO YOU.

MY NAME IS BORIS DALE WIMBLE.

I AM A CITIZEN OF PELZAR TIGES. I WAS ADOPTED INTO THE CHINCHILLA CLAN.

YOU REALLY ARE POISONED. THE DAMAGE WON'T BE NOTICABLE UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE.

YOU NEVER ASKED WHAT SPECIES I AM, OR HOW OLD I REALLY AM.

I WAS KNIGHTED BY THE QUEEN OF PELZAR TIGES.

YOU NEVER ASKED WHAT MY EXPERIMENTS WERE FOR, OR IF THEY WOULD PUT YOU IN DANGER.

AND LIKE I TOLD REXLEY, I'M ON YOUR SIDE. YOU SEE... I WAS RAISED TO BELIEVE I WAS A NORMAL PELZARIAN.

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MY PARENTS RAISED ME LIKE ANY OTHER PELZARIAN CHINCHILLA.

SO WELL, IN FACT...

... THAT I DIDN'T KNOW I WAS AN ALIEN.

I HAD NORMAL FRIENDS.

HA HA

I HAD NORMAL GRADES.

BUT AS I GREW UP, A FEW ABORMAL THINGS BEGAN TO SURFACE...

I WAS FASTER AND STRONGER THAN MY PEERS. EVEN FASTER THAN THE CHEETAH TRANSFER STUDENT!

I GOT A BIT COCKY, SO MY FRIENDS CUT MY TAIL OFF.

IT GREW BACK BY THE TIME I GOT HOME.

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PLEASE READ THE NEWS BOX BELOW THE COMIC. ~ NIXIE

Anthronauts

#92

Carnivorous

MY ABNORMAL HEALING RATE AND ATHLETIC ABILITIES WEREN'T ALL OF IT. THERE WERE OTHER SUBTLE SIGNS THAT I WAS... DIFFERENT. I SEEMED IMMUNE FROM ALL HEALTH PROBLEMS BUT ONE- I WOULD BREAK OUT IN A STRANGE GREEN RASH WHENEVER I GOT UPSET.

MY APPETITE WAS A PROBLEM. I WAS RAVENOUS ALL THE TIME. NOTHING WOULD SATISFY ME. IN INFANCY, I ATE ALMOST DOUBLE MY WEIGHT EVERY DAY AND STILL WAILED FOR MORE. I WAS VERY SMALL AND SCRAWNY. MY PARENTS, WEALTHY BEFORE I CAME ALONG, STRUGGLED TO PAY FOR MY DAILY BREAD. I WAS ONLY A FEW MONTHS OLD WHEN THEY TRIED TO GIVE ME SOMETHING MORE SUBSTANTIAL TO KEEP MY HUNGER AT BAY: MEAT.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH EATING MEAT?

I GREW UP IN A CHINCHILLA COLONY. YOU COULDN'T JUST FIND MEAT AT THE MARKET.

MY PARENTS KILLED FOR ME.

I WAS RATHER UPSET ABOUT THAT ONCE I WAS OLD ENOUGH TO UNDERSTAND, BUT I COULDN'T GO BACK TO THE VEGETARIAN DIET THAT I'D BEEN WASTING AWAY ON. OUR LITTLE HUNTING TRIPS BECAME A NASTY FAMILY SECRET. WHEN I ASKED MY PARENTS WHY I WAS ALWAYS SO HUNGRY, WHY I NEEDED MEAT WHEN THE OTHER CHINCHILLAS DIDN'T, THEY OUTRIGHT LIED TO ME- THEY TOLD ME MY GRANDMA WAS A FENNEC FOX.

WE HID MY CARNIVOROUS HABITS WELL, BUT THERE WAS ONE THING I COULDN'T HIDE.

I STOPPED AGING AT TEN YEARS OLD.

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I "RETIRED" AT AGE 93. BY THEN, EARTHLINGS HAD COME TO PELZAR TIGES AND CHANGED OUR ENTIRE CULTURE.



I'D ALREADY LIVED 150% THE TYPICAL PELZARIAN LIFESPAN. PEOPLE WHO KNEW ME GOT SUSPICIOUS. I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT LIES TO TELL THEM, BECAUSE I DIDN'T KNOW THE TRUTH.

I HAD BEEN RAISED WITH THE NAME ***CHT'TEKL.*** NOW THAT THE PELZARIANS WERE "HUMANIZED," I DECIDED TO FAKE MY OWN DEATH AND ASSUME A NEW IDENTITY: THE SCHOLAR, ***BORIS DALE WIMBLE.***

I BEGAN STUDYING MEDICINE, BIOLOGY, AND MY FAMILY HISTORY.

I LEARNED THAT MY ADOPTED PARENTS WERE BOTH INFERTILE.

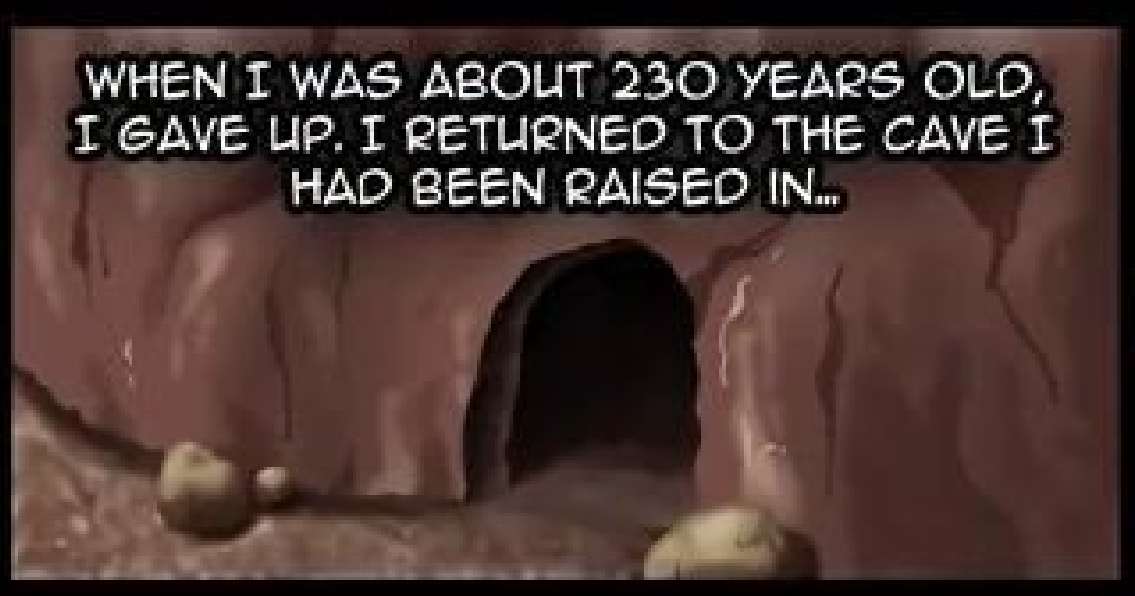
GENETIC TESTING SHOWED THAT I WASN'T PELZARIAN AT ALL. I DIDN'T MATCH ANY ALIENS IN THE HUMANS EXTENSIVE DATABSES.

I GOT SEVERAL DOCTORATES IN THE PURSUIT OF THE TRUTH ABOUT MY ORIGINS.



AND YET, MY RESEARCH BORE NO FRUIT.

WHEN I WAS ABOUT 230 YEARS OLD, I GAVE UP. I RETURNED TO THE CAVE I HAD BEEN RAISED IN...





...ONLY TO MAKE A HUGE DISCOVERY.

LOCKED UP IN THAT SAFE WAS THE CRACKED SHELL OF A LARGE EGG.

I KNEW WITHOUT A DOUBT THAT IT WAS MINE.

I STILL HAD NO IDEA WHAT I WAS.

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WITH THAT CLUE IN HAND, I COULDN'T GIVE UP. I MADE A LABORATORY ASSISTANT, CLONED FROM A GREAT SCIENTIST OF THE PAST. I RAISED CAROLINE LIKE A DAUGHTER AND GAVE HER THE BEST EDUCATION I COULD. BY THE TIME SHE WAS OLD ENOUGH TO HELP ME UNRAVEL MY MYSTERIOUS ORIGINS, WE'D ALREADY MADE A FEW DISCOVERIES.

WHENEVER I LOST A LIMB, IT WOULD GROW BACK, BUT THE FLESH WOULD BE A DARK GREEN AT FIRST. CAROLINE WAS SURE THAT STUDYING MY REGENERATION WAS THE KEY TO IDENTIFYING MY SPECIES. GETTING STABBED, AMPUTATED, AND OTHERWISE MAIMED BECAME A REGULAR PART OF MY STUDIES.

AIIIEEEEEE

I'M GETTING BORED WITH THE AXE. WHY DON'T WE USE A WOOD-CHIPPER TODAY?

I'M GLAD YOU ENJOY YOUR WORK...

THERE WAS A PROBLEM, THOUGH. REGENERATING ALL THE TIME MADE ME EVEN HUNGRIER THAN BEFORE.

IT HAPPENED ELEVEN YEARS AGO. MY FIRST COMPLETE BEHEADING. I DIDN'T DIE FROM IT...

... CAROLINE DID. I COMPLETELY SNAPPED. SOMETHING FERAL AWOKE IN ME. IT WAS THE FIRST TIME I SHAPESHIFTED.

I KNOW WHAT I AM NOW, THANKS TO HER. THE EVIDENCE IS QUITE CONCLUSIVE.

I'M A MONSTER.

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I'D LOVED CAROLINE MORE THAN ANYONE I'D KNOWN BEFORE. I CAN'T FORGIVE MYSELF FOR WHAT I DID TO HER.

I HAD A TERRIBLE BREAKDOWN, AND MY BEHAVIOR BECAME RATHER ERRATIC.

I QUIT STUDYING MYSELF. I STARTED TRYING TO CURE DISEASES, END HUNGER.

BUT NOW THAT MY TRUE NATURE HAD AWAKENED, I WAS EVEN MORE RAVENOUS. I WAS KILLING PEOPLE SEVERAL TIMES A WEEK.

I MUST ADMIT, I WAS HORRIFIED AT HOW EASY MY HUNTING TRIPS BECAME, ONCE I LEARNED TO SHAPESHIFT.

MY WORK AS A SCIENTIST ATTRACTED ME SOME ATTENTION. SEVEN YEARS AGO, I WAS INVITED TO MEET THE QUEEN AT TEA.

OUR TEA PARTY WAS INTERRUPTED BY AN UNUSUALLY LARGE FLY. THE ROYAL GUARD WERE TOO SLOW, SO I SWATTED THE FOUL THING. HER MAJESTY WAS SO AWED, SHE KNIGHTED ME... NOT FOR MY CONTIBUTIONS TO SCIENCE, BUT FOR COURAGE IN BATTLE!

I DON'T BELIEVE YOU.

REALLY? HERE'S MY COMMEMORATIVE PHOTO OF BEING KNIGHTED.

MY, WHAT A HIDEOUS TOPIARY THAT GARDEN HAS!

GARDEN? TOPIARY? THIS WAS INDOORS...

!!

LIKE I SAID, IT WAS AN UNUSUALLY LARGE FLY...

BEING KNIGHTED MADE ME FEEL LIKE I ACTUALLY HAD SOME PURPOSE IN LIFE, OTHER THAN BEING AN OBINATION.

I STOPPED HUNTING PELZARIANS, FAVORING THE CHALLENGE OF HUNTING HUMANS INSTEAD.

I STOPPED SHAPESHIFTING. FOCUSED ENTIRELY ON MY WORK. ACTED LIKE A NORMAL PELZARIAN.

I NEVER EXPECTED TO FIND SOMEONE ELSE LIKE ME, DISGUISED AS A HUMAN BEING.

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CALIMARY.



WITHOUT TENTACLES, A TAIL OR DRESS TO PUT HER MASS INTO, SHE'S ACTUALLY A LOT BIGGER THAN WE ARE- BIG ENOUGH TO SHAPESHIFT INTO A HUMAN. I WAS FOOLED. I THOUGHT SHE LOOKED *DELECTIBLE.*

I OFFERED TO SHOW HER AROUND TOWN. WE HAD A LOVELY DAY. I THOUGHT SHE WAS EASY PREY WHEN SHE AGREED TO COME TO MY HOME FOR A CUP OF TEA AND A TOUR OF THE LAB. WHY WOULD SHE WORRY ANYWAY? CHINCHILLAS DON'T EAT MEAT.

AS IT TURNS OUT, WE BOTH HAD DINNER ON OUR MINDS.



SHE SHAPESHIFTED FIRST. I MANAGED TO SHIFT BEFORE SHE COULD STRIKE.



SHE KNEW MY BIRTHNAME!

IT TURNS OUT THAT SHE HAD BEEN LOOKING FOR ME FOR YEARS. SHE'S MY OLDER SISTER- WE'RE ALL RELATED- AND SHE HAD OVERSEEN MY ADOPTION INTO PELZARIAN SOCIETY. SHE HAD LOST TRACK OF ME WHEN I CHANGED MY NAME.

NOW THAT I HAD LEARNED I WASN'T PELZARIAN, SHE HAD MUCH TO TEACH ME.



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EVEN THOUGH I KNEW I WAS A *MONSTER*, I WAS NOT PREPARED FOR WHAT CALIMARY TOLD ME ABOUT OUR KIND. IT WAS WORSE THAN ANYTHING I HAD IMAGINED...

I JUST GOT TO THE SCARY STUFF, SO I HAVE TO TELL IT ALL SPOOKY-LIKE.

REALLY, SIR? DRAMATIC STORYTELLING WITH A *FLASHLIGHT?*

YOU REALLY ARE A CHILD!

YOU KNOW WHAT SPOOKS ME?

THAT YOU MANAGED TO SHUT OFF ALL THE LAMPS AND GRAB A FLASH-LIGHT WHILE *CHAINED* AND *SHACKLED.*

... OH. YOU THOUGHT THE CHAINS WERE ACTUALLY *RESTRAINING* ME?

YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE HERE WHO'S *HELPLESSLY TRAPPED.*

EHEHEHE!

MY PEOPLE WERE FROM A PLANET IN THE *ALPHA DRACONIS* CONSTELLATION, BUT THAT WORLD HAS BEEN BARREN FOR MILLENIA. THAT IS WHY I CALL US *ALPHA DRACONIANS.*

YOU SEE, AS A PART OF OUR *PROCREATION*, WE *DESTROY THE PLANET.*

I TOLD YOU ABOUT MY *APPETITE.* CALIMARY TOLD YOU SHE WANTS TO HAVE A COUPLE BILLION CHILDREN.

IMAGINE A COUPLE BILLION PEOPLE LIKE ME, DISGUISED AS ORDINARY PELZARIANS BUT PREYING UPON YOU. *YOUR PEOPLE WOULD ALL BE EATEN* BEFORE YOU COULD IDENTIFY THE THREAT AND CALL FOR HELP.

WHEN THE NATIVES OF A PLANET ARE GONE, THE HATCHLINGS *TURN ON EACHOTHER FOR FOOD.* THE LAST ONES LEFT ALIVE BREED AND START THE CYCLE ANEW ON A FRESH PLANET.

WE'VE WIPED OUT TOO MANY PLANETS THAT WAY. WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF ONES WITH ENOUGH WATER AND FOOD FOR BREEDING.

PELZAR TIGES IS THE ONLY SUITABLE WORLD WE CAN FIND.

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WHAT ABOUT *EARTH?* NOT TOO LONG AGO, IT HAD PLENTY OF *FOOD* AND LOADS OF *WATER!*

A LOT OF US DID HATCH THERE.

BEFORE OR AFTER THE *ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE?*

... *WHAT ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE?*

YOU DON'T KNOW?! IT WAS ABOUT 300 YEARS AGO. PEOPLE STARTED SUDDENLY ATTACKING EACHOTHER AND TRYING TO EAT EACHOTHER! THE ZOMBIES WERE REALLY FAST AND STRONG- REGULAR HUMANS HAD TO SEEK WEAPONS TO PROTECT THEMSELVES, BUT NO MATTER HOW BADLY THEY *INJURED* THE ZOMBIES, THEY JUST *KEPT GETTING BACK UP AND ATTACKING!*

WHAT ZOMBIES?

THERE WERE HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF ZOMBIES, SIR! AND SURVIVORS SAID THEY SAW THEIR FRIENDS GETTING *MAULED AND EATEN,* THEN LATER THEY SAW THEM *AMONGST THE ZOMBIES!* THE MARTIAN PRESIDENT HAD TO ORDER THAT THE ENTIRE PLANET BE *NUKED* SO THE ZOMBIE VIRUS COULDN'T SPREAD!

WHAT ZOMBIES?

YOU MEAN...

THOSE WERE...

IT'S THE FIRST TIME ALPHA DRACONIANS HAVE BEEN INTERRUPTED IN THEIR BREEDING CYCLE.

THE HUMANS *DESTROYED THEIR PLANET* BEFORE MY KIND COULD. WE WERE NEARLY *WIPED OUT*- WE SHOULD HAVE BEEN!

BUT *CALIMARY* STOWED AWAY ON A HUMAN SHIP WITH A SMALL CLUTCH OF UNHATCHED *EGGS,* AND SHE FLED TO THE STARS.

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MY SPECIES IS A *BLIGHT* ON THE UNIVERSE, AND-

I HAVE A *QUESTION.*

HOW COME MARY TRIED TO *BREED* WITH *ME?*

YES, BUT *WHY ME?* WHY NOT ANOTHER ALPHA DRACONIAN? *WHY NOT YOU?*

SHE *LIKES YOU,* NITWIT.

ER... THAT'S A *SECRET.*

NOW YOU'RE KEEPING SECRETS FROM US?!

THAT'S NOT *IMPORTANT!* IT'S NONE OF YOUR *BUSINESS!*

THE DEED IS DONE, LET'S JUST *FORGET IT* AND MOVE ON-

IT JUST IS, OKAY? *DROP IT!*

WHY IS THIS SUCH A TOUCHY SUBJECT FOR YOU?

.....

I THINK IT *IS* MY BUSINESS, SINCE SHE THREATENED TO *KILL ME* IF I DIDN'T *MATE WITH HER!*

... ARE ALPHA DRACONIANS ALL FEMALE?

THAT'S... NOT... IMPORTANT...

WOW. I THINK I'VE READ ABOUT TRANSGENDER PEOPLE BEFORE...

DID YOU AND REXLEY EVER WORK OUT WHO WAS THE 'WIFE' IN YOUR MARRIAGE?

TIME TO *CHANGE THE SUBJECT!*

SNAP

SNAP



CALIMARY ISN'T SOME *HEARTLESS VILLAIN.* SHE REALLY *LIKES YOUR WORLD* AND YOUR PEOPLE, BUT SHE'D *SACRIFICE* ALL OF YOU JUST TO LET THE ALPHA DRACONIANS LIVE *ONE MORE GENERATION.*

I FEEL THE OPPOSITE WAY. MY SPECIES SHOULD HAVE *DIED OUT* LONG AGO. WE'VE DESTROYED TOO MANY BEAUTIFUL WORLDS. *I'M TRYING TO SAVE PELZAR TIGES,* BUT IF I HAVE TO, I'D DESTROY YOUR WORLD FOR A CHANCE TO STOP THE ALPHA DRACONIANS ONCE AND FOR ALL.



CALIMARY'S EVIL PLAN: HAVE A BIG FAMILY.

BORIS' NOBLE AMBITIONS: GENOCIDE.

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GET ME OUT OF THESE *CHAINS*, CAPTAIN.

JUST DON'T GET IN ANOTHER *FIGHT* WITH *BORIS*...

DON'T WORRY. I DON'T *HIT LITTLE GIRLS.*

SNARL

MORE *SOUP*, SIR? I BET IT'S BETTER THAN SOME STRINGY OLD FOX!

HUMPH.

ANYWAY, I DIDN'T TAKE CALIMARY'S NEWS WELL..

SHE KNEW I WAS UPSET ABOUT BEING AN *INVASIVE SPECIES* AND HORRIFIED AT THE IDEA OF *PELZAR TIGES* BEING *DEVOURED*. THOUGH SHE HAD LONG AGO ACCEPTED THIS AS THE FATE OF OUR KIND, SHE ALSO WISHED FOR AN *ALTERNATIVE*.

I HAD AN IDEA; IF WE COULD *GENETICALLY MODIFY* OURSELVES TO HAVE *ONLY A FEW EGGS AT A TIME*, WE COULD STOP DESTROYING PLANETS AND JUST ENJOY OUR LONG LIVES OF MINGLING WITH OTHER RACES. I TOLD HER ABOUT MY SEVERAL-LIVES-LONG INVESTIGATION OF OUR GENETIC MAKEUP. SHE WAS INTRIGUED; *SHE VOLUNTEERED HERSELF FOR MY STUDIES.*

I FOUND THAT OUR *BREEDING* AND *SHAPESHIFTING* WERE LINKED. THE SAME MECHANISMS THAT ALLOWED OUR BODIES TO CHANGE FORM WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR OUR EXCESSIVE EGG PRODUCTION. I WORKED ON MAKING A *DRUG* TO TEMPORARILY PREVENT US FROM SHAPESHIFTING.

I FINALLY FOUND THE SOLUTION- OR AT LEAST, I THOUGHT I HAD. A COMPOUND I INJECTED INTO CALIMARY HAD THE OPPOSITE OF THE INTENDED EFFECT.

SHE BASICALLY *WENT INTO HEAT.* I HAD TO RESTRAIN HER WITH *ELECTRIFIED CHAINS* JUST TO KEEP HER FROM GOING OUT AND RUINING ALL WE'D WORKED FOR.

hentaigallery.com

I TRIED TO FIX HER, BUT HER ALTERED CHEMISTRY CHANGED HER MIND. SHE KEPT FINDING WAYS TO GO BACK TO HER OVERLY-AMOROUS SELF. I THOUGHT IT WAS A LOST CAUSE, THAT THE OLD CALIMARY WOULD NOT WANT THAT LIFE, SO I TRIED TO KILL HER. AS IT TURNS OUT, *ALPHA DRACONIANS ARE VERY HARD TO KILL*. THRICE I THOUGHT I'D FINALLY SUCCEEDED, BUT LO, THE PHOENIX JUST RISES AGAIN AND AGAIN. AND THIS TIME, SHE MANAGED TO MATE!

SHE'S NOT COMPLETELY BACK TO HER OLD SELF, THOUGH. SHE CAN ONLY TURN SHADES OF PINK, AND SHE'S CLEARLY STILL BEING AFFECTED BY THAT APHRODISIAC.

SO THIS ENTIRE THING IS ***YOUR FAULT.***

EHEHEHE... ONLY A LITTLE BIT...

ANY MORE QUESTIONS?

WHAT EXACTLY DID YOU HIRE US FOR?

JUST PILOTING ME ABOUT...

BEING MY EXPERIMENTAL GUINEA PIGS WHEN YOU GO TO "SLEEP" AT NIGHT...

BEING MY EMERGENCY FOOD SUPPLY...

YOU'RE A ***PIRATE*** AND A ***RUNAWAY***, I CAN GET AWAY WITH DOING ***ANYTHING*** TO YOU TWO. ♥

W-WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'M A RUNAWAY?!

SO, YOU ONLY PRETENDED YOU DIDN'T KNOW I WAS A PIRATE?

THE "WANTED" AND "MISSING" POSTERS WERE HARD TO MISS.

NOW I HAVE A QUESTION FOR YOU THE TWO OF YOU.

NOW THAT YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON, WILL YOU STILL HELP ME?

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I- I DON'T KNOW, SIR. THERE MUST BE A WAY TO SAVE PELZAR TIGES WITHOUT WIPING OUT YOUR ENTIRE RACE!

TCH... HOW DUMB DO YOU THINK I AM?

YOU'RE JUST AS LIKELY TO DESTROY MY WORLD AS CALIMARY. ONLY, INSTEAD OF GIVING THE PELZARIANS A CHANCE TO ***FIGHT BACK*** OR ***ESCAPE***, YOU'D JUST ***NUKE THE PLANET*** LIKE THE HUMANS DID TO EARTH.

I NEED TO THINK.

A COUPLE BILLION DAUGHTERS, THAT'S A LOT OF NAMES...

CLENCH

VERY WELL! I WON'T FORCE YOU TO HELP ME.

BUT IF YOU HELP CALIMARY INSTEAD OF ME, I WON'T ***MAKE AN ANTIDOTE*** FOR YOUR ***POISON.***

YOU CAN JUST DIE WITH THE REST OF YOUR KIND!

BLOODY USELESS!

WHY DID I BOTHER TO EXPLAIN EVERYTHING?!

OH. BORIS...

CRIPES, I CAN'T CONFIDE IN ANYONE!

DON'T YOU SEE WHY I HAVE TO DO THIS?! MY PEOPLE- WE'RE ALL MONSTERS!

YOU THINK I'M A VILLAIN! WELL- YOU'RE RIGHT! THAT'S WHY ALL THE ALPHA DRACONIANS MUST BE ERADICATED!

HEY. IT'S ALRIGHT. IF IT MAKES YOU FEEL ANY BETTER, I DO THINK YOU'RE A MONSTER- BUT IT'S GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH YOUR SPECIES.

AND THIS "LONE HERO" ACT ISN'T GOING TO HELP ANYTHING. BEING A KNIGHT DOESN'T MEAN YOU HAVE TO SLAY DRAGONS!

I THINK YOUR IDEA TO REDUCE HOW MANY EGGS YOU GUYS LAY AT A TIME IS THE WAY TO GO.

IF YOU CAN SAVE PELZAR TIGES WITHOUT KILLING ANYBODY- ESPECIALLY CALIMARY- I'LL BE HAPPY TO HELP.

WHAT DO YOU NEED?

YAOI! SQUEEEEE!

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LATER, ABOARD THE KRAKEN...

THE SHIP IS FIXED AND REMODELED, CAPTAIN VOM KORAT.

THANKS TO ME!

EXCELLENT. PILOT, SET A COURSE FOR THE S.S. BUBBLES!

AYE AYE, CAP'N!

BOMP!

OOPS...

THEY... RICOCHETED AT WARP SPEED...

IN A SHIP THAT CAN'T HANDLE WARP...

PERRIN!

CATCH THAT SHIP!!

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OOPS!

WE'RE GONNA DIE!

CRASH!

PLEASE THINK MORE POSITIVELY!

I'M POSITIVE THAT WE'RE GONNA DIE!

CRUNCH!

BONK!

ALMOST GOT 'EM THAT TIME!

FOX! DO A BARREL ROLL!

SCREW THAT, I'M PUTTING ON MY SPACESUIT!!

WHAT IS *WRONG* WITH YOU, PILOT?! WE'RE TRYING TO *CATCH THEM*, NOT *KILL THEM!*

OTHER SOUNDS FOX SHOULDN'T BE ABLE TO HEAR

BECAUSE IT'S IN SPAAAACE!

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INSIDE THE S.S. BUBBLES...

DO SOME-THING!

L-LIKE WHAT?!

ANYTHING!

KER-PUSH!

HARPWND

SON OF A--

OHH, I HOPE THAT THE WATER ON THAT PLANET HELPS TO EASE OUR IMPACT.

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THE END

... OR IS IT?

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BORIS... HOW THE HELL DID WE SURVIVE THAT?

BEING REPEATEDLY RAMMED AT WARP SPEED BY A PIRATE SHIP, OR ENTERING A PLANET'S ATMOSPHERE WITH A COMPROMISED HULL?

I HAVE NO IDEA. PROTAGONIST'S LUCK?

AND I, BEING AN *ALPHA DRACONIAN,* CAN LIVE UNDERWATER, EVEN IF I LOOK LIKE A NORMAL PELZARIAN CHINCHILLA...

BOTH.

AND YOU, *MR. REXLEY,* FOUND A SPACESUIT THAT DOUBLES AS A DIVING SUIT...

IN *RED,* NATURALLY.

YOU'RE STILL GOING ON ABOUT THAT *"REDSHIRT CURSE"* THING?

I'M NOT ABOUT TO *DROP DEAD!*

I'M MORE CONCERNED ABOUT *CAPT. CHENG.*

WHA-

MANDY!

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MANDY!
MANDY!!

MANDY! MEILIN! WAIT UP!

WHERE ARE YOUR MANNERS, *MR. REXLEY?* YOU SHOULD CALL US BOTH *MISS CHENG.*

GOOD MORNING, *PERRIN.*

YOU HAVEN'T BEEN HOLDING HANDS WITH OTHER GIRLS, HAVE YOU?

WAG WAG

OF COURSE NOT, MEI-- MS. CHENG.

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Anthronauts

#109

I Won't Allow This!







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#110

Mandy the Evil Twin

HELLO, MR. REXLEY!

HI, MEI-

WAIT. MANDY?

I'M *MEILIN!* CAN'T YOU TELL ME APART FROM MY SISTER?!

I--

TAKE ME OUT ON A DATE, MR. REXLEY.

YES, MA'AM.

MANDY...

BESIDES, YOU SHOULD CALL ME MS. CHENG!

AFTER DINNER, TAKE ME TO MAKEOUT POINT.

YES, MA'AM!

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Meilin the Even More Evil Twin

I WAS GOING TO BREAK UP WITH HIM, AS MY SISTER...

BUT I WASN'T STRONG ENOUGH TO BREAK HIS HEART.

IT WAS THE BEST EVENING OF MY LIFE.

TUG

FOLLOWED BY THE WORST NIGHT...

HOW DARE YOU!

YOU'RE NOT MY TWIN!

YOU'RE NOT MY SISTER!

YOU WILL NEVER, EVER IMPERSONATE ME AGAIN!

SNIP SNIP

SNIP SNIP

AND YOU'LL NEVER HAVE ANOTHER CHANCE WITH PERRIN!

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THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

FATHER! MOTHER!

WHY, MANDY-!

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOUR HAIR?!

MEILIN TIED ME DOWN AND CUT IT ALL OFF!

SHE'S LYING! I WAS TRYING TO STOP HER FROM CUTTING IT OFF!

OH, MY POOR, DEAR SISTER!

SHE'S GONE *MAD!*

THIS IS BEYOND US. WE'LL SEND YOU TO AN EXPERT.

BUT- FATHER!

THIS IS NOT OPEN FOR DISCUSSION.

finishing school for disturbed girls

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Time for a reboot!

Anthronauts will be switching over to short story format and will begin anew with a corrected back-story and a bit less character bullying. I will make sure an entire story is complete before I post the first page of it- which means hiatuses will come a LOT less often but might last longer. The first story has been fully written and I will start drawing it after a few concept drawings. Once the first short story begins, I will move the old archives to my personal website at http://selkiestudios.com. Check back for updates and concept art in between stories! Thanks for reading!

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SO, THIS IS THE NEW *MAGI OF FIRE?*

YES, *DEATH.*

DIDN'T YOU SAY IT WAS A GIRL, *WATER?*

WELL, I KINDA MISTOOK HIM FOR ONE AT FIRST...

BUT HE'S DEFINITELY THE NEW MAGI OF *FIRE.*

YOU CAN'T PROVE ANYTHING!

I MEAN- SURE, I MAY HAVE BURNED DOWN THAT *ONE* BUILDING-

OKAY, MAYBE IT WAS TWELVE BUILDINGS...

AND A THEME PARK...

THE POINT IS, WE'VE *TRAINED* HIM WELL!

HE ONLY *BURNS THINGS* WHEN HE WANTS TO!

WHICH IS ALL THE TIME.

SHOVE

HEY! OW!

SHOVE

IS HE *HOT* IN BED, TOO?

SIS, I DON'T WANT TO HEAR THIS...