



EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE WORKING, SERGEANT ROTH.

OUR ORBITAL POSITION HAS STABILIZED. THE ASTRONAVIGATION MECHANISM SEEMS TO HAVE ACCEPTED MY COURSE FOR GANYMEDE STATION.

THE DRIVES ARE CYCLING IN PREPARATION FOR ACCELERATION.

WE'RE GOOD.



EXCEPT... NO COMMS, SINGER.

WELL, THERE'S THAT.

RIGHT FROM THE START, THIS VESSEL HAS SCREWED OUR SYSTEMS EXTENSIVELY. OUR SENSORS DIDN'T EVEN READ IT.

NOW THAT ITS MAIN SYSTEMS ARE ON-LINE, THEIR OUTPUT IS PRESUMABLY BLOCKING ALL CONVENTIONAL COMMUNICATION.



DAMN, DON'T THIS THING HAVE NO RADIO?

WE'LL JUST SING SONGS ALL THE WAY HOME, FREEBS.

"NINETY-NINE BOTTLES OF BEER" AND ALL THAT SH--

FREEBODY'S GOT A POINT.

DAMN RIGHT I DO.

DON'T THIS THING HAVE NO DAMN RADIO, SINGER?

IT'S GOT NAV, DRIVES, ENVIRONMENTAL.

NO COMMS?





SO, WHAT ARE WE LOOKING FOR EXACTLY, SARGE?

WE'LL KNOW IT WHEN WE SEE IT.



HEY!
WHERE THAT HUMBLE SHOT UP THE PLACE. IT'S KINDA LEAKING.



SINGER?

DON'T TOUCH IT. INDELICATO.

I AIN'T TOUCHING JACK.



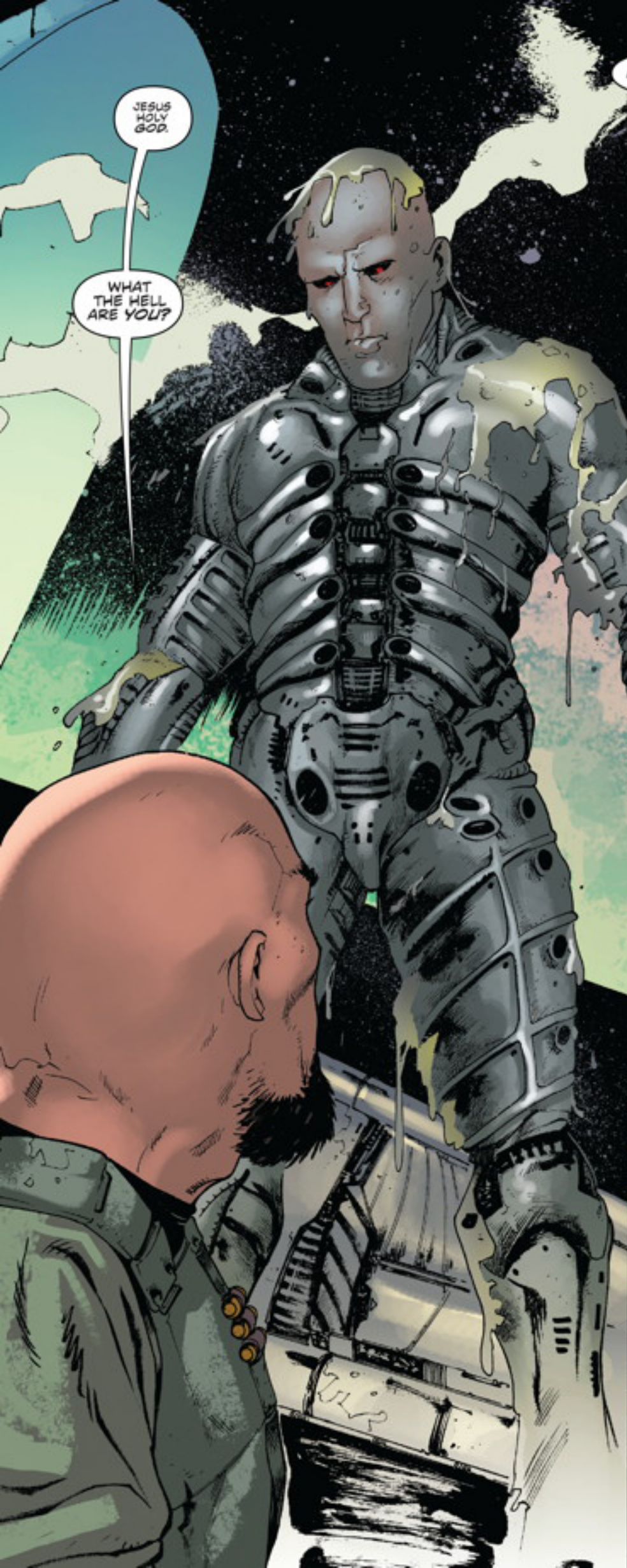
CURIOUS. THIS STRUCTURE IS WARM TO THE TOUCH. IT WASN'T BEFORE.

THE LIQUID IS READING AS...

...HMMMM.

TALK TO ME, SINGER.





JESUS
HOLY
GOD.

WHAT
THE HELL
ARE YOU?



INDELICATO!

ROTH,
WAIT. THIS
COULD BE THE
SHIP'S PILOT.
ITS MAKER.

THIS IS AN
EXTRAORDINARY
FIRST CONTACT
OPPORTUNITY.



HEY, USCM.
WE COME IN
PEACE, YO?

