

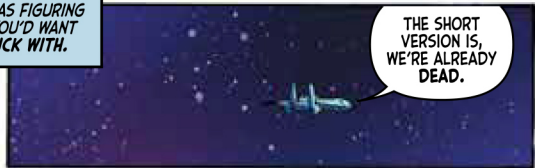


WE USED TO HAVE A GAME, MY LITTLE BROTHER AND I. WE CALLED IT "STUCK IN SPACE."

THE WAY IT WENT, YOU WERE IN THAT FIRST SHIP THAT WENT TO SPACE. THE ONLY HUMAN SHIP, EVER.

THE GAME WAS FIGURING OUT WHO YOU'D WANT TO BE STUCK WITH.

THE SHORT VERSION IS, WE'RE ALREADY DEAD.

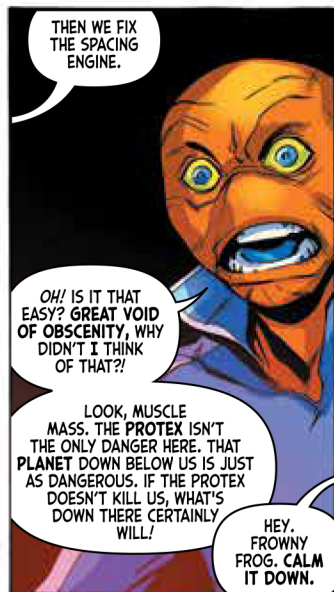


STICK TO AGREEING WITH ME OR IT'S THE JUNKER, TOOLBOX. WE'RE IN THE PROTEX QUARANTINE ZONE.

FOR THE SEVENTH TIME, WE HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THAT MEANS.

IT MEANS WE'RE IN A CURSED SYSTEM! THE KIND THAT'S QUARANTINED BY MORE POWERFUL ALIEN SPECIES THAN YOU CAN EVEN IMAGINE, USING A VERY POWERFUL DEFENSE PLATFORM KNOWN AS THE PROTEX.

THIS IS NOT A PLACE YOU COME BACK FROM. ESPECIALLY WITH NO ENGINE.



THEN WE FIX THE SPACING ENGINE.

OH! IS IT THAT EASY? GREAT VOID OF OBSCENITY, WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT?!

LOOK, MUSCLE MASS. THE PROTEX ISN'T THE ONLY DANGER HERE. THAT PLANET DOWN BELOW US IS JUST AS DANGEROUS. IF THE PROTEX DOESN'T KILL US, WHAT'S DOWN THERE CERTAINLY WILL!

HEY, FROWNY FROG. CALM IT DOWN.



I DON'T SEE ANY DANGER. NO RAY GUNS FLYING, NO EVIL PLANET "MUA-HA-HA"ING. MAYBE LET'S JUST STICK TO WHAT WE KNOW.

BOT HAS TO FIX WHAT HE'S FIXING. WHICH MEANS WE'RE NOT DEAD, WE'RE JUST STUCK HERE. WHETHER WE LIKE IT OR NOT, WE HAVE TIME.

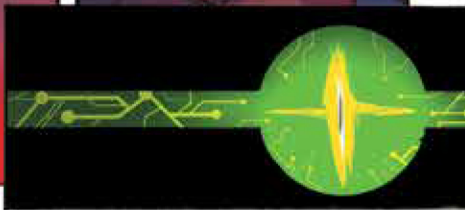
TIME FOR WHAT?

JORN WOULD PICK HIS ROLE MODELS. BUT I COULD NEVER CHOOSE. I COULDN'T PUT SOMEONE ELSE THROUGH THAT. I DIDN'T WANT TO PULL ANYONE ELSE INTO MY MESS.



SO, I'D GO ON ALONE.

BUT IF I PLAYED THAT GAME NOW?



I WOULD HAVE A
VERY DIFFERENT
ANSWER.

SNAP

Chapter Three: **STUCK
IN
SPACE**



ONE SUPER-COOL
KORTRAXIAN DANCE
TRANCE LATER.



OKAY, IF YOU'RE FINISHED
BEING CHILDREN, I'VE ISOLATED
THE ISSUE TO THE VENTRAL
SHEER ACTUATOR.
OUTSIDE.



MAYBE YOU
WANT TO LET BLEEP BOPP
GET BACK TO IT, SO THAT
SOMEONE CAN HEAD OUT
AND KISS THE STARS?

ME. TRAINED
FIVE YEARS OF
ZERO-GEE FOR
LUNA.



CATRIN,
YOU CAN'T GO
ALONE. IT'S...
I MEAN, IT'S
SPACE.

THAT'S WHY
I'M COMING, TOO!
**SPACE REPAIR
PARTY!**



BOT? HOW ABOUT YOU
GET THE SHIP TO SPHERE
US TO THE VENTRAL BLAH
BLAH, BUT, YOU KNOW,
WITH SPACESUITS.

BE
CAREFUL,
OKAY?

NOT REALLY MY STYLE!
WE'RE GOING TO GO DO
A REALLY COOL SPACE
THING...



"...I COULDN'T
BE CAREFUL IF
I TRIED!"

WHY'S
THE CIRCUITRY
LOOK SO...
WET?

KOLSTAK
SAID TO TREAT IT
LIKE A MUSCLE. IT'S
CRAMPED.

Pop

YOU HEAR
THAT?

ヤッパ ME,
THAT WAS SPEEDY.
ENGINES ARE BACK
ONLINE!

HOLY CRAP,
NO WAY, YOU JUST
FIXED A SPACESHIP!
THAT'S ACTUALLY
PRETTY--

...OH
DANG.

INFRACTION =
TINY LIFE
MEAT

DOUBLE
DANG.

ORGANIC
THRESHOLD #
CROSSED.

!!QUARANTINE
BREACH!!

JUMP!