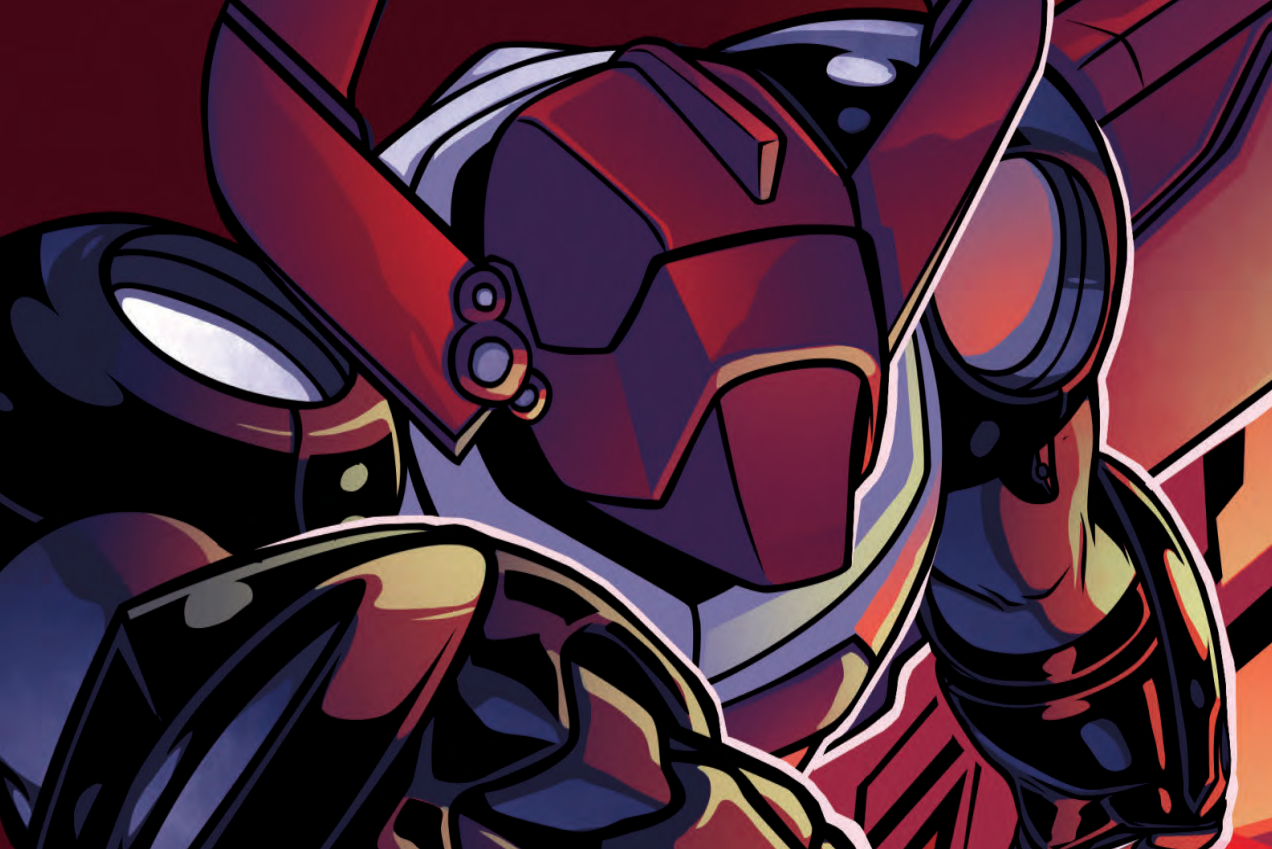


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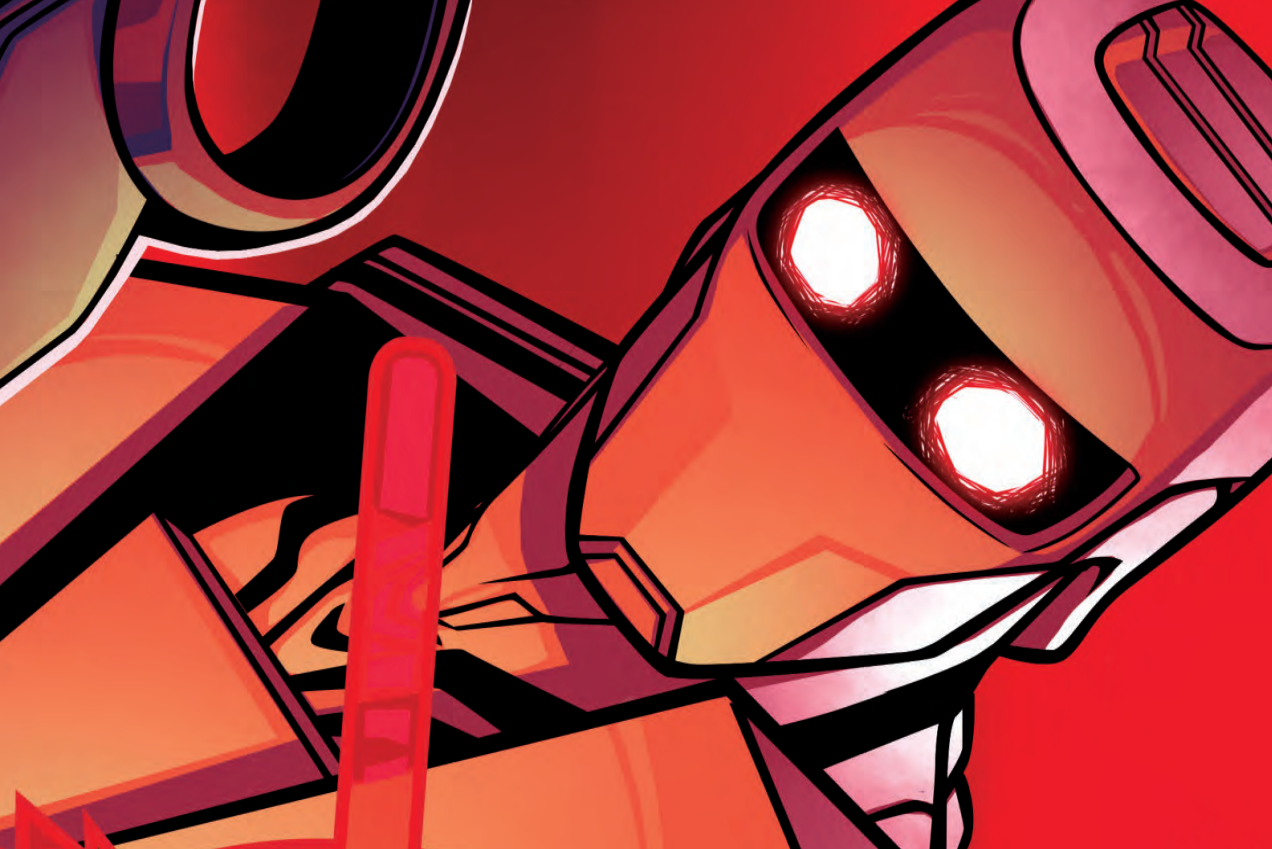
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IRON MAN

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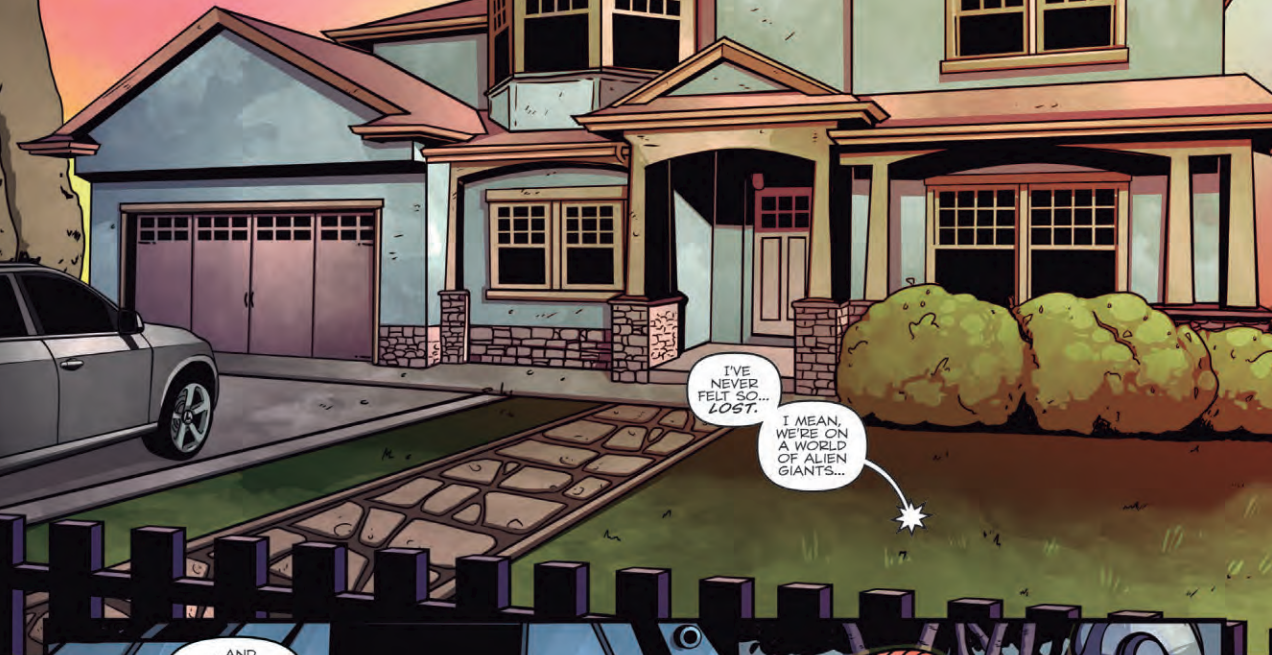
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**CARLOS GUZMAN
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_DEDICATED TO
BILL MANTLO AND SAL BUSCEMA



I'VE NEVER FELT SO... LOST.

I MEAN, WE'RE ON A WORLD OF ALIEN GIANTS...



...AND BIOTRON AND MICROTRON JUST ROLL WITH IT, COLLECTING SAMPLES FOR ANALYSIS. ROBOTS ARE HAPPY DOING THEIR JOB.

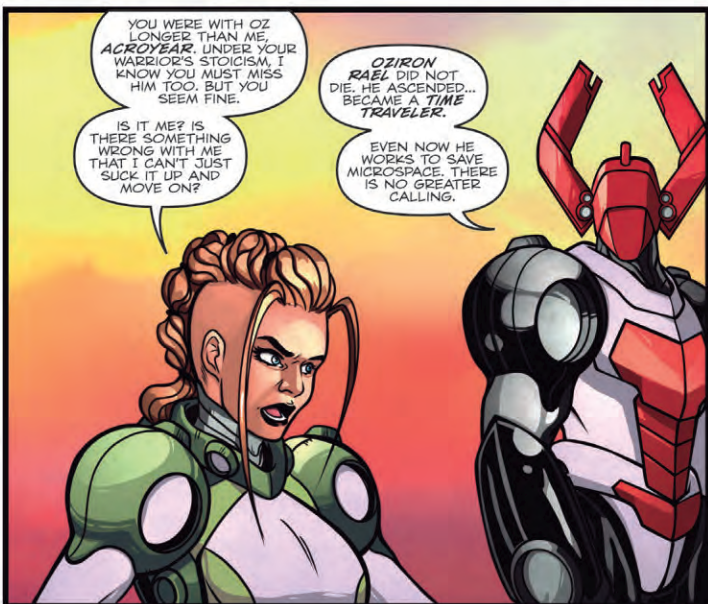
GREETINGS, INVERTEBRATE. ARE YOU SENTIENT? MAY WE COMMUNICATE?

IT DOESN'T APPEAR TO WANT TO CHAT, BIOTRON. NEVERTHELESS, I CAN TELL IT DOESN'T LIKE YOU, SO IT CLEARLY HAS SOME INTELLIGENCE.



BUT I CAN'T JUST SLAP ON A SMILE AND START TAKING ORDERS FROM LARISSA RIGHT AFTER FINDING OUT SHE'S BARON KARZA'S DAUGHTER.

WITHOUT OZ, EVERYTHING SEEMS... WRONG.



YOU WERE WITH OZ LONGER THAN ME, ACROYBAR, UNDER YOUR WARRIOR'S STOICISM, I KNOW YOU MUST MISS HIM TOO, BUT YOU SEEM FINE.

OZIRON RAEI DID NOT DIE, HE ASCENDED... BECAME A TIME TRAVELER.

IS IT ME? IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG WITH ME THAT I CAN'T JUST SUCK IT UP AND MOVE ON?

EVEN NOW HE WORKS TO SAVE MICROSPACE, THERE IS NO GREATER CALLING.



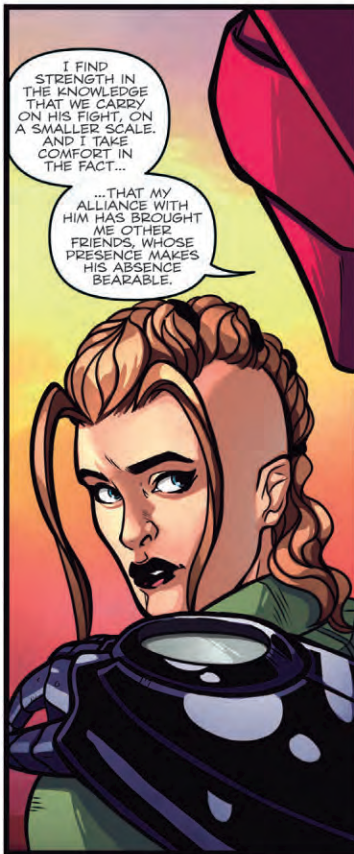
THAT'S NOT WHAT I--

-FORGET IT, IT IS JUST ME, I'LL DEAL WITH IT.



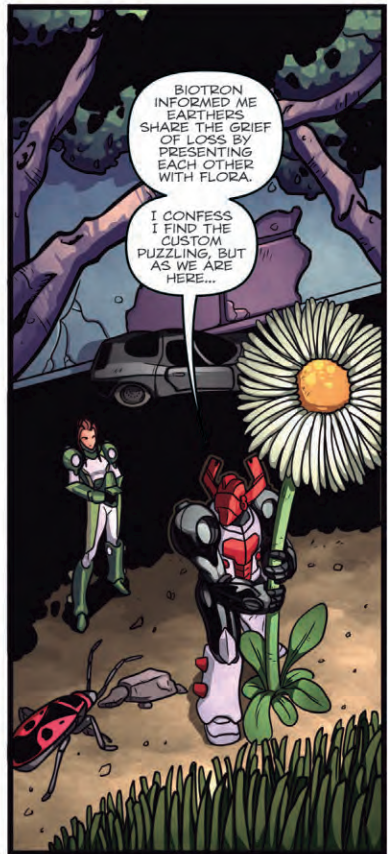
SPACE GLIDER—
PHENOLO-
PHI—WAIT.

IT... IS NOT
ONLY YOU, I
TOO FEEL THE
LOSS OF MY
FRIEND.



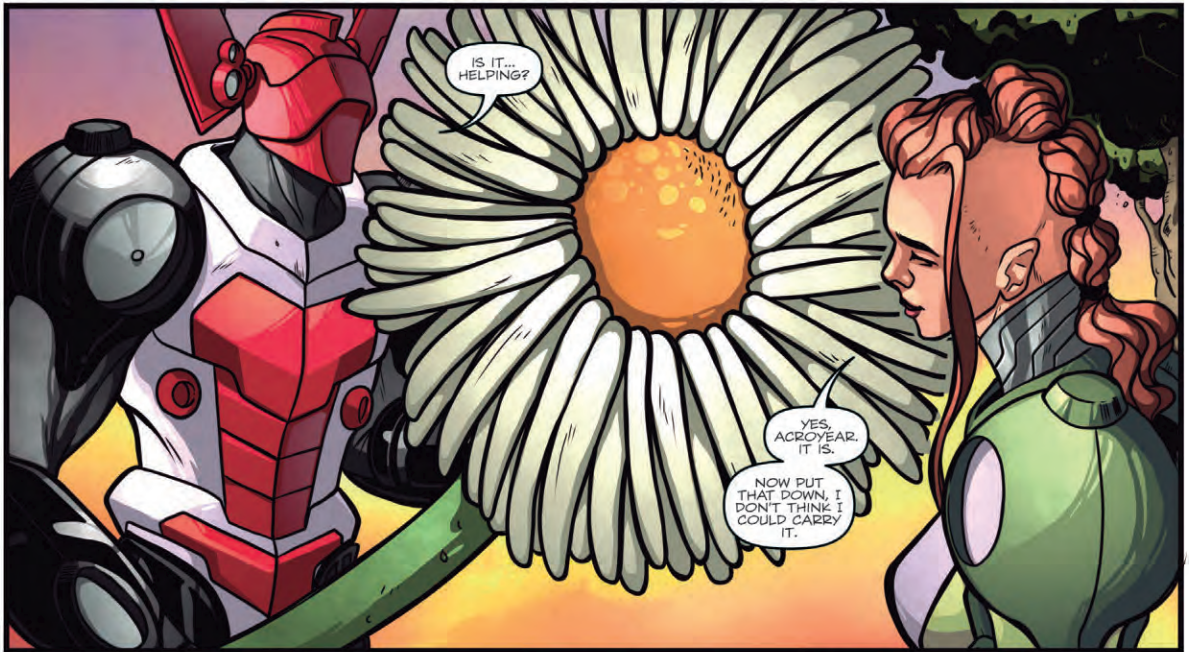
I FIND
STRENGTH IN
THE KNOWLEDGE
THAT WE CARRY
ON HIS FIGHT, ON
A SMALLER SCALE.
AND I TAKE
COMFORT IN
THE FACT...

...THAT MY
ALLIANCE WITH
HIM HAS BROUGHT
ME OTHER
FRIENDS, WHOSE
PRESENCE MAKES
HIS ABSENCE
BEARABLE.



BIOTRON INFORMED ME
EARTHERS SHARE THE GRIEF
OF LOSS BY
PRESENTING EACH OTHER
WITH FLORA.

I CONFESS
I FIND THE
CUSTOM
PUZZLING, BUT
AS WE ARE
HERE...



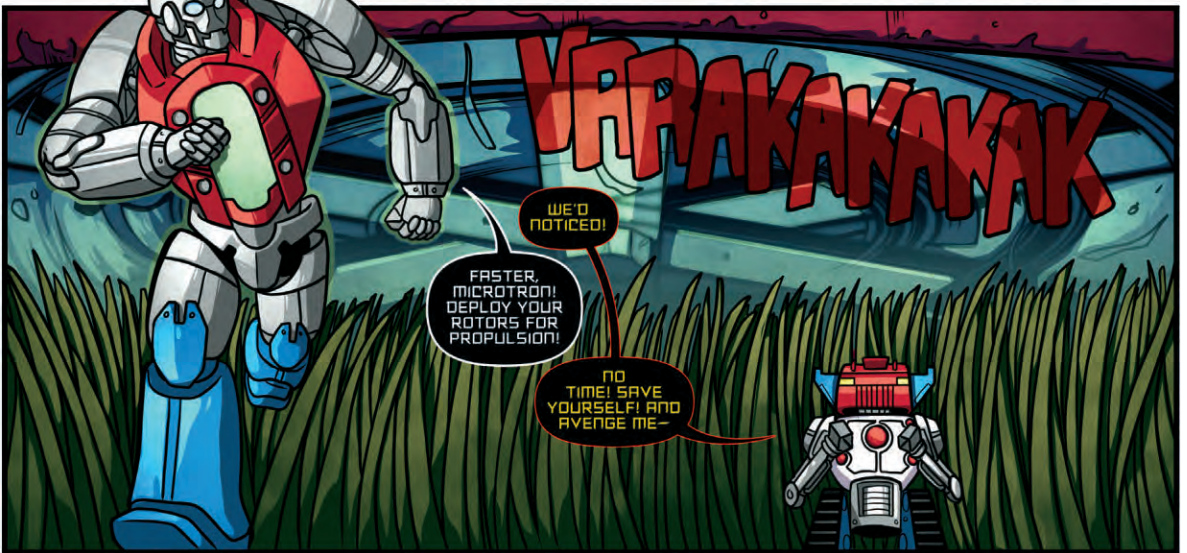
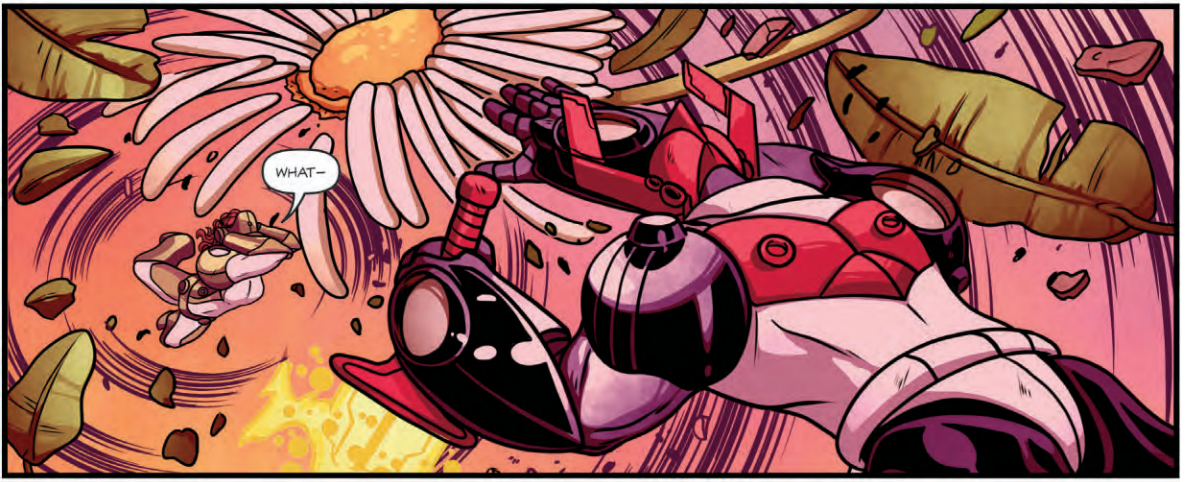
IS IT...
HELPING?

YES, ACROYEAR.
IT IS.

NOW PUT
THAT DOWN, I
DON'T THINK I
COULD CARRY
IT.

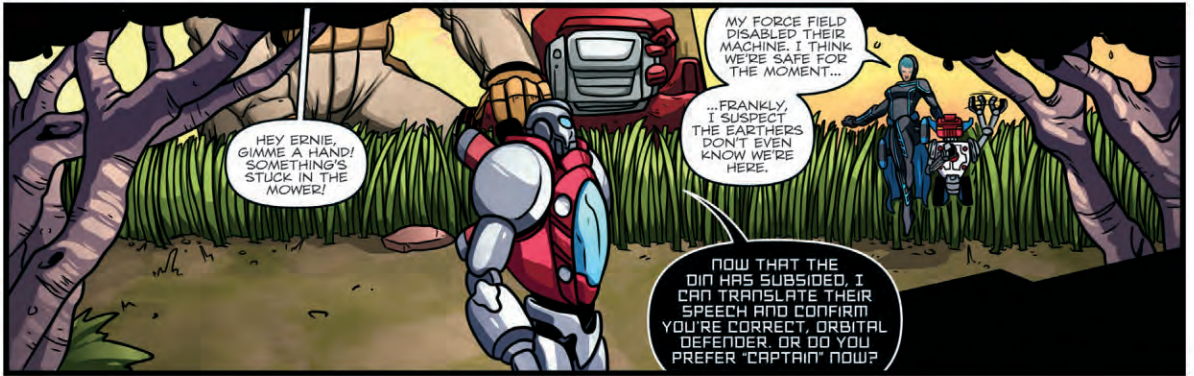


I DO HAVE TO
ADMIT... FOR A
TERRIFYING ALIEN
PLANET, THIS
PLACE HAS A LOT
OF BEAUTIFUL
THINGS, TOO.





MOST
DRAMATIC
ROBOT
EVER.

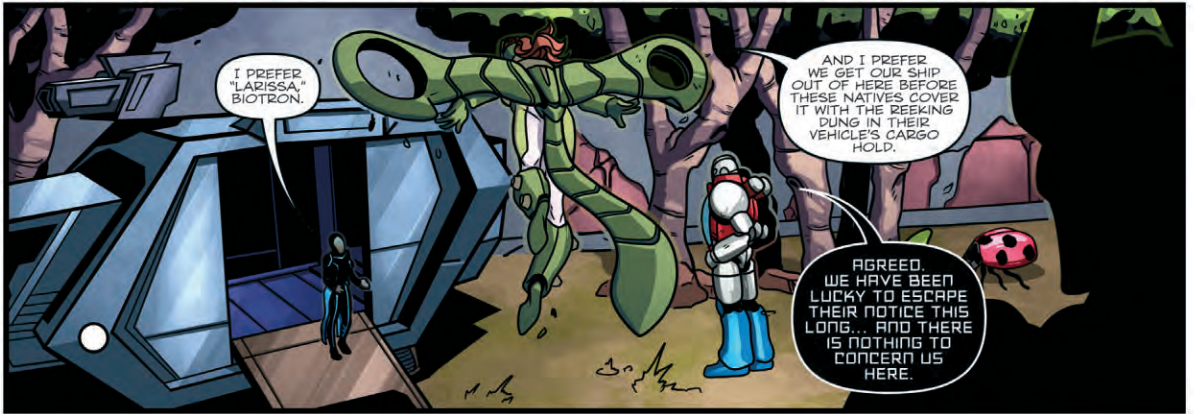


HEY ERNIE,
GIMME A HAND!
SOMETHING'S
STUCK IN THE
MOWER!

MY FORCE FIELD
DISABLED THEIR
MACHINE. I THINK
WE'RE SAFE FOR
THE MOMENT...

...FRANKLY,
I SUSPECT
THE EARTHIES
DON'T EVEN
KNOW WE'RE
HERE.

NOW THAT THE
OIL HAS SUBSIDED, I
CAN TRANSLATE THEIR
SPEECH AND CONFIRM
YOU'RE CORRECT, ORBITAL
DEFENDER. OR DO YOU
PREFER 'CAPTAIN' NOW?



I PREFER
"LARISSA,"
BIOTRON.

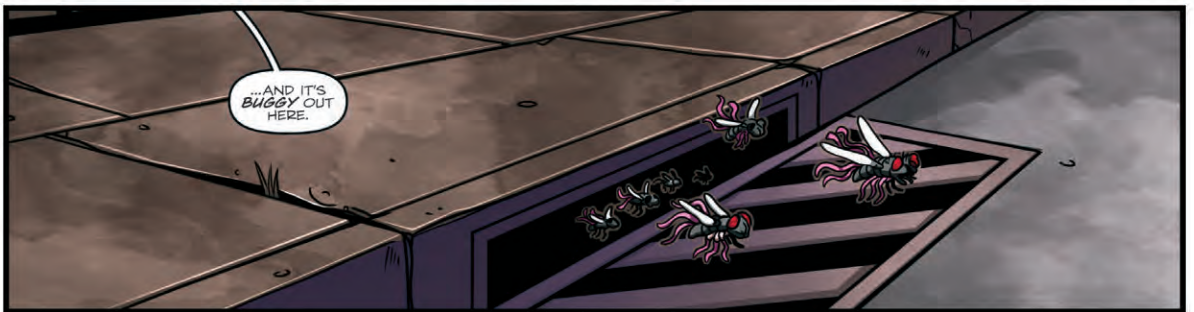
AND I PREFER
WE GET OUR SHIP
OUT OF HERE BEFORE
THESE NATIVES COVER
IT WITH THE BEEKING
DUNG IN THEIR
VEHICLE'S CARGO
HOLD.

AGREED.
WE HAVE BEEN
LUCKY TO ESCAPE
THEIR NOTICE THIS
LONG... AND THERE
IS NOTHING TO
CONCERN US
HERE.



NOTHING. COULDA
SWORN I HEARD
IT CLANGING
AROUND IN
THERE.

PROBABLY
JUST A ROCK.
C'MON, LET'S GET
BACK TO WORK.
IT'S GONNA BE A
HOT ONE...



...AND IT'S
BUGGY OUT
HERE.

