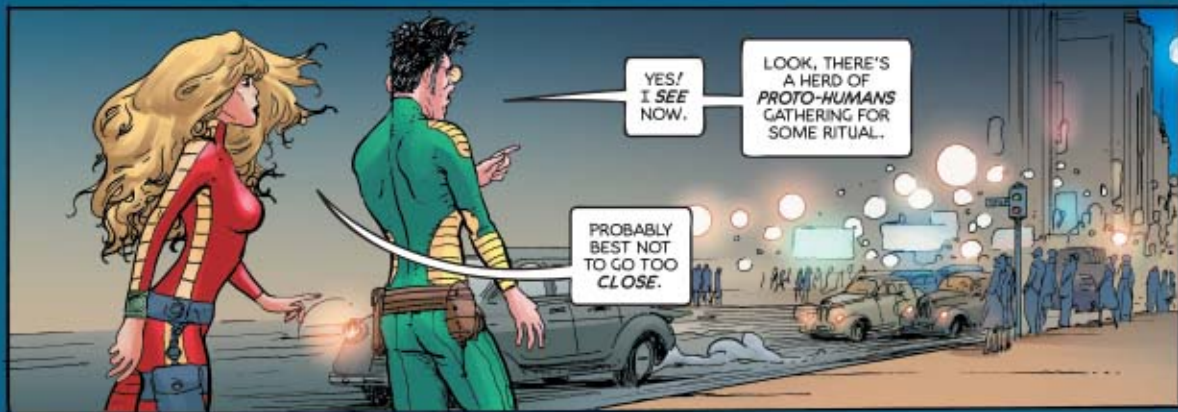




WH--WHAT IS THIS PLACE?

DON'T YOU KNOW? IT'S EARTH, VOSSAMIN.

IN THE DARK AGES, DURING THE SECOND AGE OF HUMANITY, WHEN IT WAS THE ONLY WORLD WE KNEW.



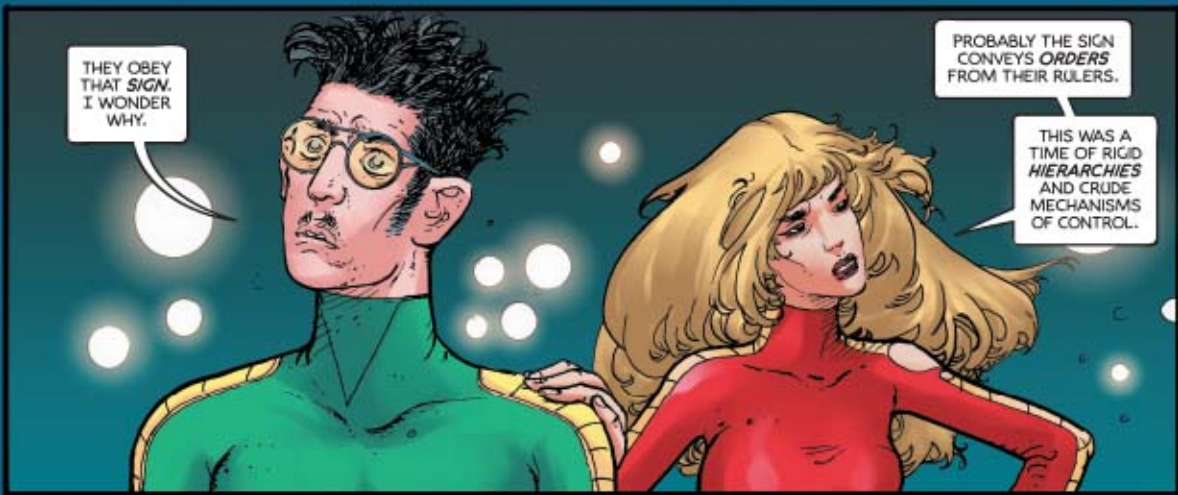
YES! I SEE NOW.

LOOK, THERE'S A HERD OF **PROTO-HUMANS** GATHERING FOR SOME RITUAL.

PROBABLY BEST NOT TO GO TOO CLOSE.



KAKLUNK



THEY OBEY THAT SIGN. I WONDER WHY.

PROBABLY THE SIGN CONVEYS **ORDERS** FROM THEIR RULERS.

THIS WAS A TIME OF RIGID **HIERARCHIES** AND CRUDE MECHANISMS OF CONTROL.



<WELL, NOW. ON OUR WAY HOME FROM A PARTY, ARE WE?>

HE'S SPEAKING EARLY *TERRAN*.

THAT SHOULDN'T BE A PROBLEM. MY *COMP* HAS A BUILT-IN TRANSLATOR.



<LET ME SMELL YOUR *BREATH*.>

I THINK HE'S PROPOSING SOME SORT OF SEXUAL ASSIGNATION.

DECLINE POLITELY. WE DON'T HAVE TIME.



<WE DON'T WANT TO HAVE *SEX* WITH YOU.>

<WHAT?!!>

<IT'S NOT THAT YOU'RE *UNATTRACTIVE*. IT'S JUST THAT OUR BUSINESS HERE IS QUITE PRESSING. SORRY.>



<LISTEN, YOU *YEGG!* DO YOU WANT ME TO RUN YOU IN?>

<OW. NO. REALLY, YOU'RE VERY *KIND*, BUT NO, THANK YOU.>

<IF YOU'RE HERE THE NEXT TIME I TURN THAT CORNER, IT'LL BE THE *WORSE* FOR YOU, SEE?>



HE DIDN'T TAKE *REJECTION* VERY WELL.

AND HIS *AROUSAL* TURNED TO *AGGRESSION*. I SAW.

THIS WAS A *BARBARIC* TIME.



<GET BACK ON THE SIDEWALK, SISTER!>

<WHAT ARE YOU, BLIND?>

I THINK WE SHOULD RETRACE OUR *STEPS*, BARBARELLA. THIS PLACE IS DANGEROUS.

WE CAN'T DO THAT. THE *GLAINS* ARE RIGHT BEHIND US.



BESIDES, THERE'S A LOT MORE AT *STAKE* NOW. LOOK AT ALL THESE PEOPLE!

THE OTHER TIME POCKETS WERE LARGELY *UNINHABITED*. THIS IS PART OF A MAJOR CITY.

WE NEED TO FIND A WAY TO PUT ALL THESE PEOPLE BACK IN THEIR OWN *TIMELINE*. IDEALLY BEFORE THEY REALIZE THEY'VE *LEFT* IT.



BUT WE DON'T HAVE ANY CLUE TO WHAT'S *CAUSING* THE SPATIO-TEMPORAL DISTURBANCES.

WELL, EXCEPT FOR THE PREGNANCY HORMONE I DETECTED. THAT'S THE ONE *CONSTANT* IN ALL THE PLACES WE'VE VISITED.



THEN WE'LL FIND ITS *SOURCE*. BUT WE'RE LIKELY TO BE ACCOSTED AGAIN IF WE LOOK LIKE THIS.



I THINK WHAT WE NEED--

--IS SOME *CAMOUFLAGE*.



TOO FAR TO JUMP, PA.
UNLESS WE DO WHAT
BARBARELLA DID.

BOUNCE OFF OF
ONE OF THEM THERE
GAS-BAG THINGS?

NOT AT MY
TIME OF LIFE,
SON.



SALLY-ANNE, YOU
LED US RIGHT SO
FAR. YOU GOT ANY
BETTER IDEAS?

JUST THE ONE,
HONEY LAMB.
BUT IT'S RISKY.

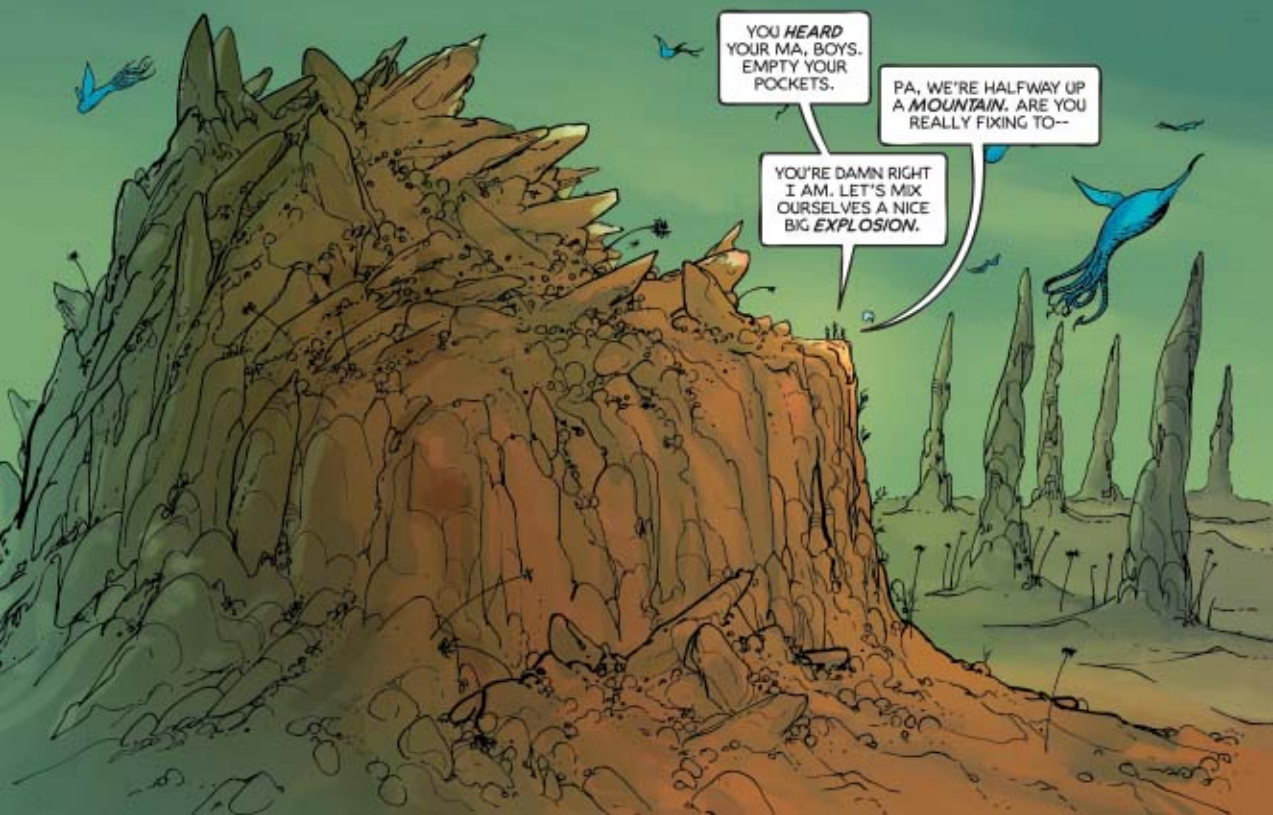
AND IT WILL MEAN
USING UP THE LAST
OF THE R.U.S.T. YOU
BROUGHT WITH YOU.



WHAT YOU
GOT IN MIND,
SWEETHEART?

A TIMEQUAKE. THIS LITTLE
SPACE-TIME BUBBLE IS LESS
STABLE THAN A HOUSE OF
CARDS IN HURRICANE SEASON.

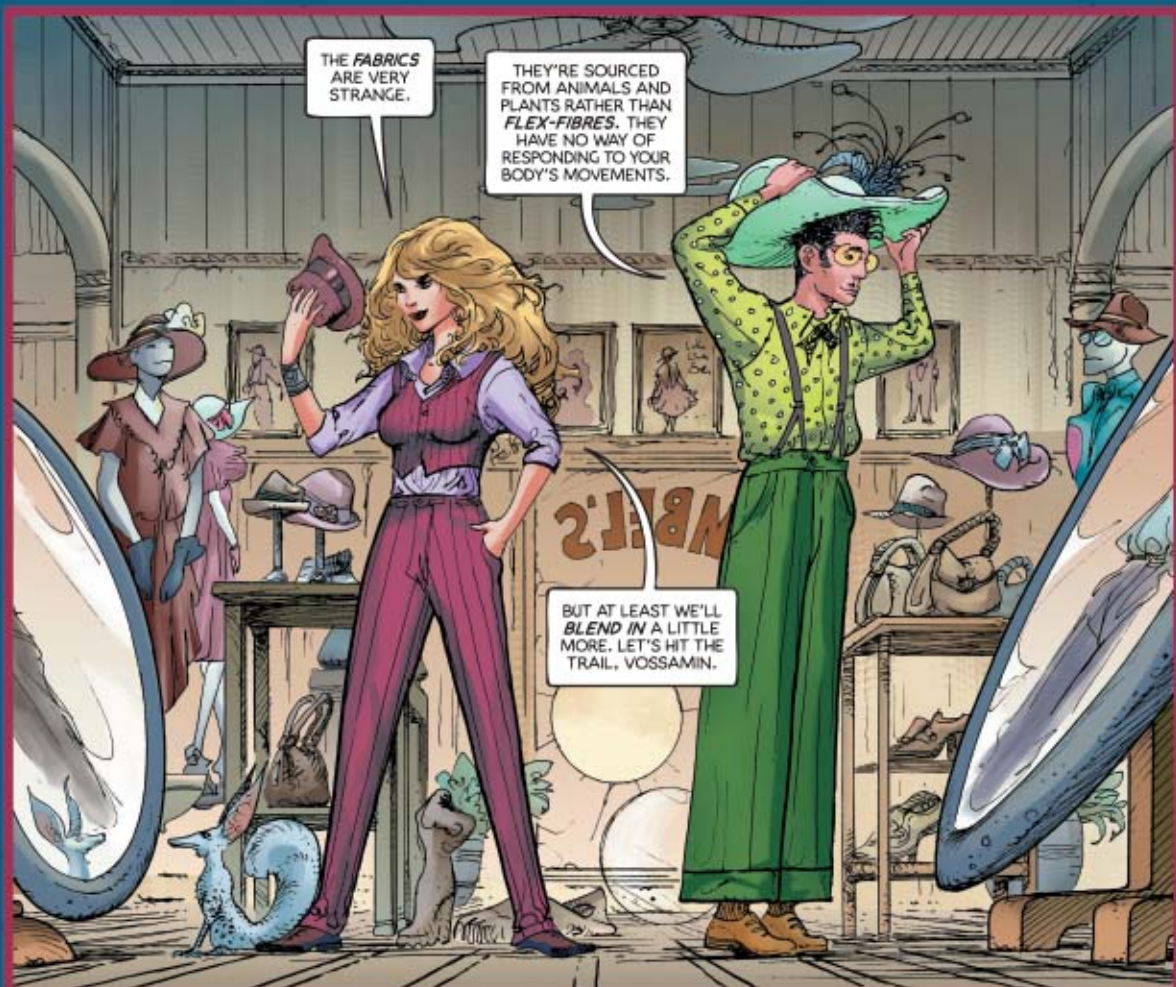
BURST IT OPEN, YOU'LL
MAYBE SPILL THROUGH
TO THE NEXT ONE.



YOU HEARD
YOUR MA, BOYS.
EMPTY YOUR
POCKETS.

PA, WE'RE HALFWAY UP
A MOUNTAIN. ARE YOU
REALLY FIXING TO--

YOU'RE DAMN RIGHT
I AM. LET'S MIX
OURSELVES A NICE
BIG EXPLOSION.



THE FABRICS ARE VERY STRANGE.

THEY'RE SOURCED FROM ANIMALS AND PLANTS RATHER THAN FLEX-FIBRES. THEY HAVE NO WAY OF RESPONDING TO YOUR BODY'S MOVEMENTS.

BUT AT LEAST WE'LL BLEND IN A LITTLE MORE. LET'S HIT THE TRAIL, VOSSAMIN.



THE CHEMICAL GRADIENT LEADS THIS WAY, BUT ALSO DOWN.

THE SOURCE MAY BE BELOW US.

HERE?

NO. STILL A HUNDRED YARDS OR SO TO THE SOUTH.



BUT IF WE'RE TO GO ANY FURTHER WE'LL HAVE TO PASS THROUGH THAT DOOR.



FIRE UP YOUR TRANSLATOR. WE'LL EXPLAIN WHAT WE WANT AND HOPE THEY UNDERSTAND.

IT'S IN THEIR INTEREST TO LET US THROUGH.

NOK NOK