


WE CALL THIS PLANET
PERDITA... THE LOST WORLD.

ONCE IN EVERY
FIVE YEARS OUR
HOME WOULD ORBIT
CLOSE ENOUGH FOR
OUR HELPS TO MAKE
THE JOURNEY HERE.



WE CAME AS COLONISTS, SEEKING
A WORLD THAT WAS UNLIMITED RESOURCES, A
WORLD THAT IS ECOLOGICALLY STABLE, UNLIKE
OUR OWN PLANET WHERE SOIL AND FOOD ARE
BECOMING SCARCE.

WE CAME HERE,
SEEKING PARADISE.

WE ARE THE RAN AND WE HAVE
ALWAYS BEEN AN OPTIMISTIC PEOPLE.

MY NAME IS SONATA AND WHEN IT
CAME TO TOILETS AND FLYING A
THERMASAUR I WAS GOOD AS NONE.

OKAY, GUYS,
SETTLE DOWN. I
KNOW THERE'S A
STORM COMING.

LISTEN KEE,
THERE'S A SHIP
ABOUT TO MAKE
PLANETFALL AND
THEY CAN'T WAIT
FOR THE WEATHER
TO IMPROVE.

SOMEONE
HAS TO GO OUT
THERE TO MEET
THEM IN CASE
THEY GET INTO
TROUBLE.

YOU
AND WE
ARE THE
BEST,
RIGHT? IT
HAS TO
BE US.

MY FATHER
KINDA GROUNDED
ME UNTIL THE STORM
BLOWS OVER, BUT YOU
KNOW HIM, HE'S SUCH
A WORRYWART.

WE'LL
BE FINE AS
LONG AS
WE STICK
TOGETHER.



