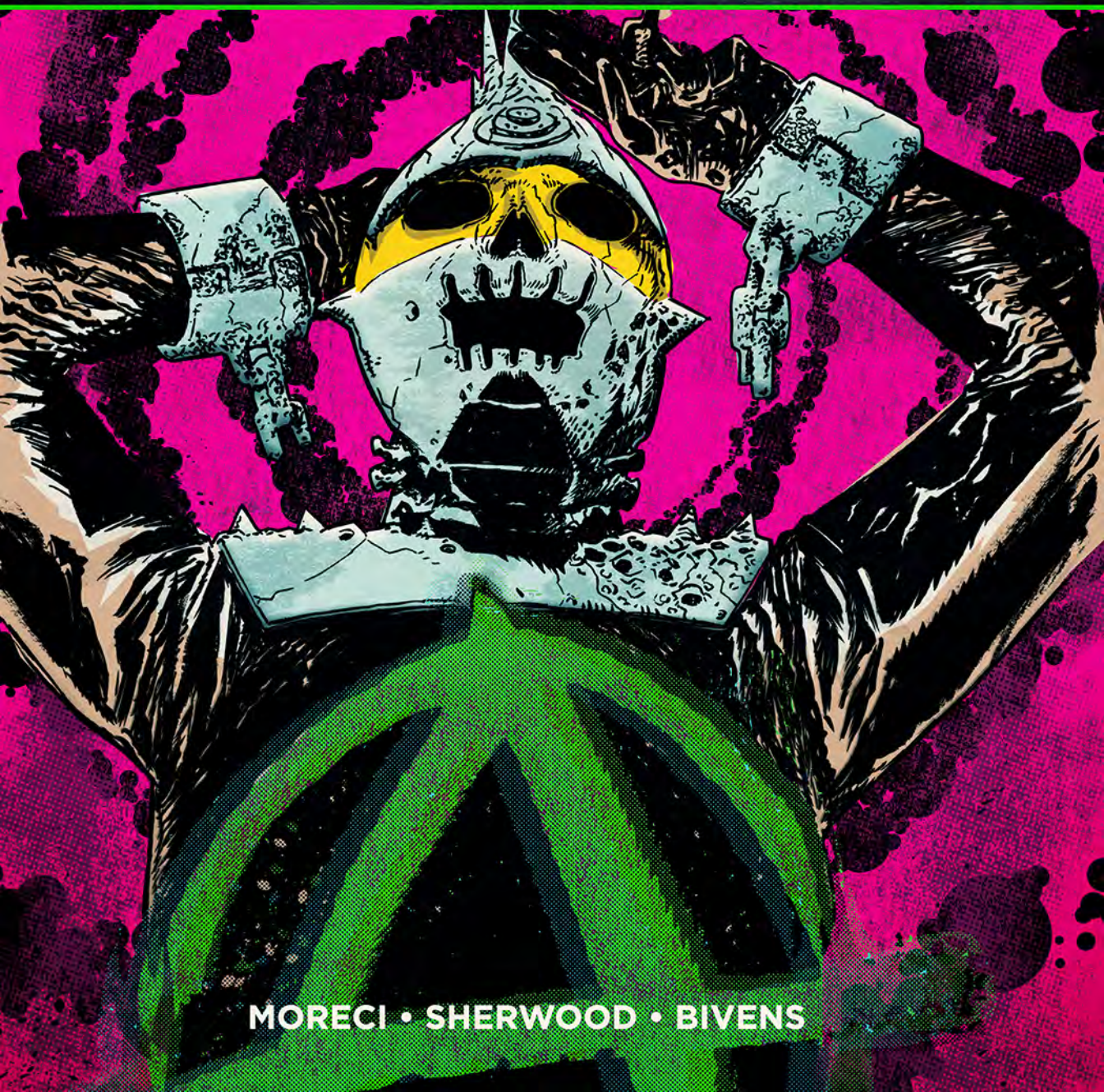


ORWELL GAVE YOU 1984... WELCOME TO...

# 1985

## BLACK HOLE REPO



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BLACK  
HOLE  
REPORT





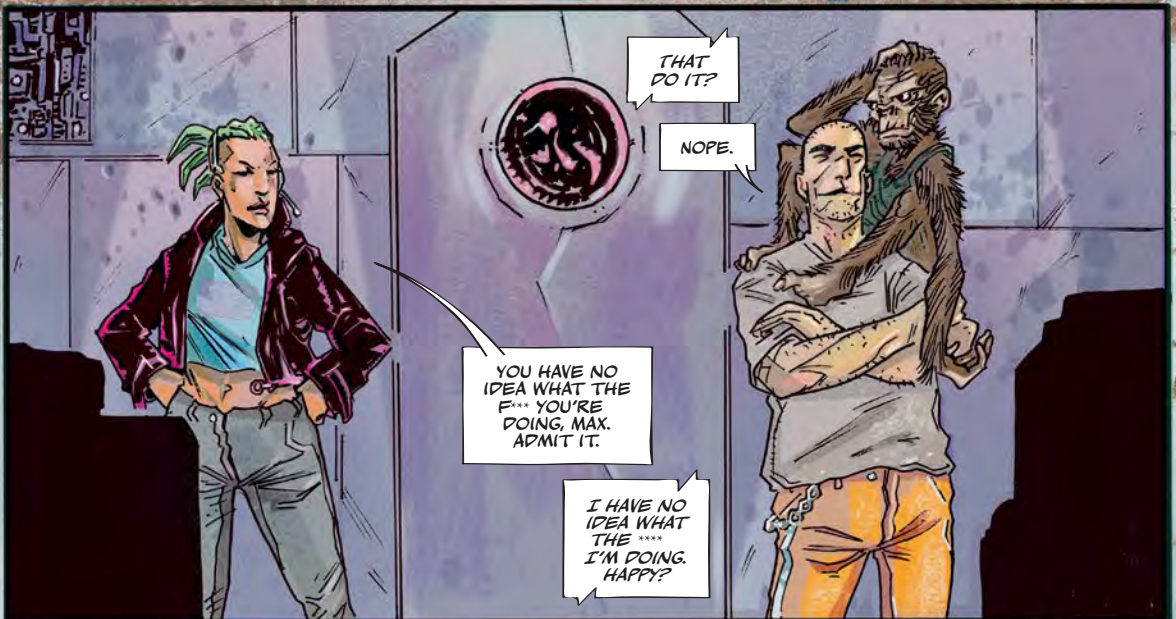
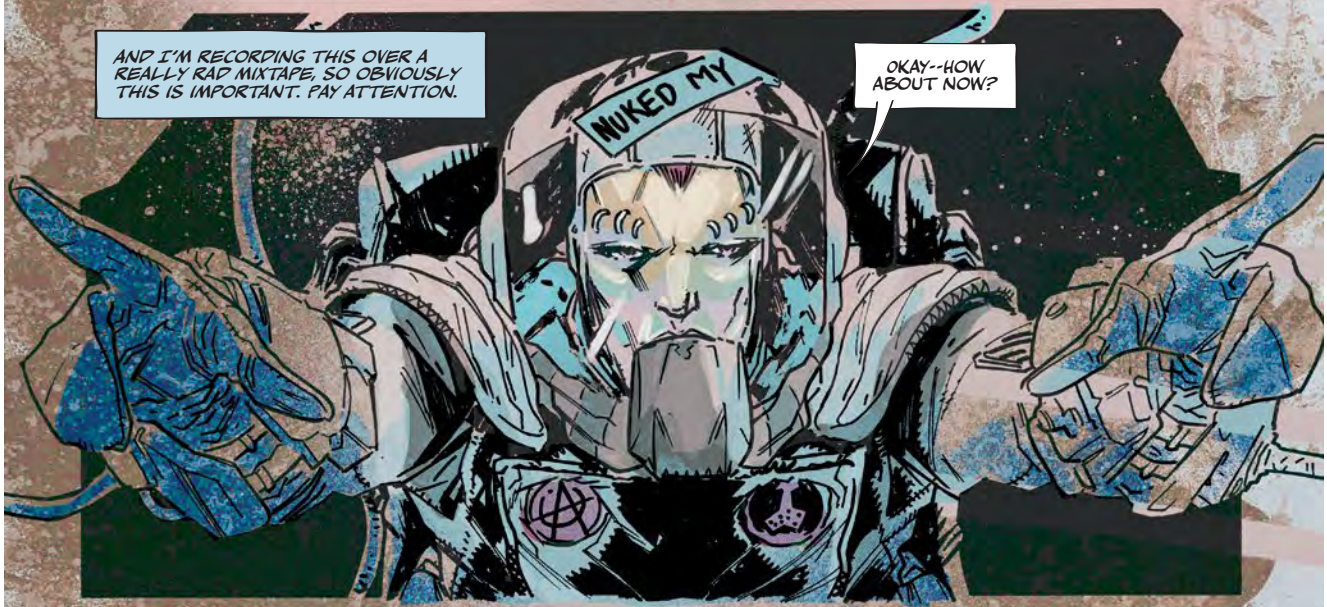
I WAS IN THE FIFTH GRADE THE FIRST TIME I WENT TO SPACE. I THREW UP IN MY HELMET. MY DAD AND HIS ACTIVIST PALS HIJACKED A SATELLITE TO BEAM SOME PEACE, LOVE, AND UNDERSTANDING HIPPIE NONSENSE INTO SPACE FOR INTELLIGENT LIFE TO FIND.

SPACE MARSHALS SHOT THEM TO F\*\* AND I ENDED UP IN A HOME. WHATEVER.

MY NAME IS MAX, AND I'M SHOOTING MY OWN MESSAGE OUT TO THE STARS.

AND I'M RECORDING THIS OVER A REALLY RAP MIXTAPE, SO OBVIOUSLY THIS IS IMPORTANT. PAY ATTENTION.

OKAY--HOW ABOUT NOW?



THAT DO IT?

NOPE.

YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THE F\*\* YOU'RE DOING, MAX. ADMIT IT.

I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THE \*\*\*\* I'M DOING. HAPPY?



A WEEK AGO, ME, DEAN, ROACH, JIMMY AND BEAR--WE DIDN'T BELIEVE IN S\*\*\*.

EEEE-  
EEEEK!

JIMMY SAYS YOU SHOULD SHOW YOUR SUPERIORS MORE RESPECT.

DEAN, THE ONLY WAY MAX IS MY SUPERIOR IS WHEN IT COMES TO SCREWING THINGS UP FOR EVERYONE ELSE.

...AND CREW MEMBERS WHO FLING POO ARE OUTRANKED BY EVERYBODY.

WE JUST BOOSTED RIDES FOR QUICK CASH.

JIMMY SAYS--

YEAH, YEAH-- I KNOW WHAT HE'S SAYING!

MAXI SECURITY PATROL IS SUPPOSED TO HIT EVERY TEN MINUTES AND YOU'VE BEEN UP THAT TUB'S BUTT FOR WHAT FEELS LIKE HALF MY LIFE.

HEY, IF BEAR HADN'T DRANK HIMSELF INTO A VODKA COMA, HE'D BE HERE TO DO HIS JOB AND--

JUST F\*\*\*\*\* HIT SOMETHING!

UNNF--

SEE, EVEN IN THE FINAL FRONTIER YOU GOTTA PAY YOUR BILLS. IF YOU DON'T, WE'LL BOOST YOUR S\*\*\* AND GET PAID CASH MONEY FOR IT. CASH FOR BOOZE. CASH TO PARTY.

KSSSH

PRESIDENT RUMP HAD JUST ALL BUT PARED THE SOVIETS TO PUSH THE BIG RED DOOMSDAY BUTTON SO WE FIGURED WE WERE ALL ABOUT TO DIE ANYWAY.

THERE! HAPPY?

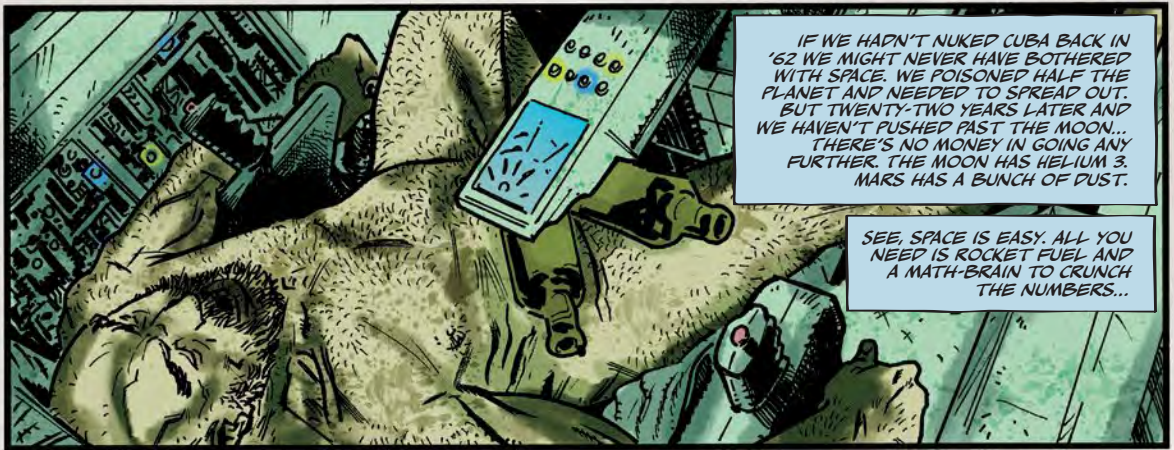
ACTUALLY, YEAH.

Foosh

LET'S DO IT!

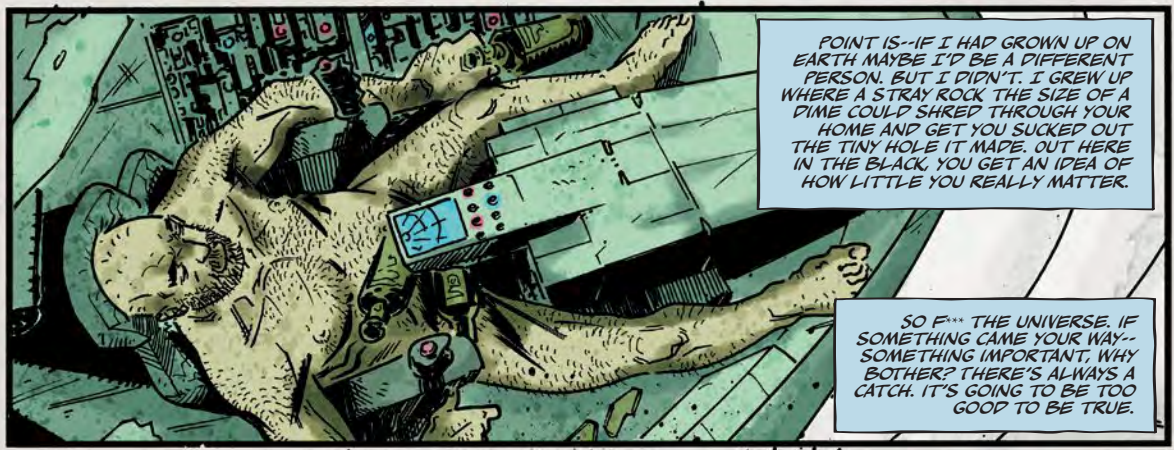
SO F\*\*\* IT, RIGHT?





IF WE HADN'T NUKED CUBA BACK IN '62 WE MIGHT NEVER HAVE BOTHERED WITH SPACE. WE POISONED HALF THE PLANET AND NEEDED TO SPREAD OUT. BUT TWENTY-TWO YEARS LATER AND WE HAVEN'T PUSHED PAST THE MOON... THERE'S NO MONEY IN GOING ANY FURTHER. THE MOON HAS HELIUM 3. MARS HAS A BUNCH OF DUST.

SEE, SPACE IS EASY. ALL YOU NEED IS ROCKET FUEL AND A MATH-BRAIN TO CRUNCH THE NUMBERS...



POINT IS--IF I HAD GROWN UP ON EARTH, MAYBE I'D BE A DIFFERENT PERSON. BUT I DIDN'T. I GREW UP WHERE A STRAY ROCK THE SIZE OF A DIME COULD SHRED THROUGH YOUR HOME AND GET YOU SUCKED OUT THE TINY HOLE IT MADE. OUT HERE IN THE BLACK, YOU GET AN IDEA OF HOW LITTLE YOU REALLY MATTER.

SO F\*\*\* THE UNIVERSE. IF SOMETHING CAME YOUR WAY-- SOMETHING IMPORTANT, WHY BOTHER? THERE'S ALWAYS A CATCH. IT'S GOING TO BE TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.



BUT WHAT IF THAT SOMETHING WAS SO UNREAL...

UNNNG!  
WHAT HAPPENED--  
WHAT IS ALL THIS BEEPING?!

YOU DRANK YOURSELF STUPID, BEAR. AND WHAT BEEPING?



... THAT YOU KNEW IT COULD CHANGE EVERYTHING. WHAT THEN?

AH, NYET... JUST SO YOU ARE ALL KNOWING...





...WE ARE HAVING THE COMPANY!

PART ONE: BLACK HOLE REPO