

**ALPHA FLIGHT
SPACE STATION.
BEYOND THE AIRLOCK.**

★ ALPHA FLIGHT, MY
COMMAND POST. THE
ONE PLACE THAT STILL
FEELS LIKE HOME.

SURE, WE'RE TOO FAR
OUT TO BE PROTECTED
BY THE BOARD'S
PLANETARY
DEFENSE SHIELD.

BUT, HEY, A.F.S.S.
IS THE HAPPIEST
PLACE NOT ON
EARTH...

...WHICH IS
WHY I HAVEN'T
TOLD MY CREW.



YOU OKAY,
CAPTAIN?

OH, YEAH.
LOOKING GOOD,
SQUATCH. LAST
PANEL, PUCK. LET'S
NAIL AND BAIL.
IT'S TIME...



HAMMER
TIME?

CAN'T
TOUCH
THIS.



OH OH
OH...OH
OH...OH
OH...OH

CAN'T
TOUCH
THIS...

BREAKITDOWN!



YOU DONE WITH BREAKFAST YET, BEAN?

MUMPH--
UMPH.

AND CHEW'S STILL BABYSITTING?

HISS

HOW CAN THAT FLERKEN FURBALL HAVE 117 OFFSPRING AND ZERO MATERNAL INSTINCT?

YOU MEAN, COMPARED TO SOMEONE WHO ASKS A SPACE CAT TO BABYSIT... A JELLY BEAN BREAKFAST?

SNORT

THE KID WAS ALMOST ABDUCTED BY A SHAPESHIFTING BOUNTY HUNTER. SHE DESERVES JELLY BEANS.

PLUS, WENDY'S ON THE COMM. BRAND WAS AT THE TRISKELION, AURORA'S STILL ON LOAN TO NASA. GOT A BETTER IDEA?

WHEN DID WE START LOANING OUT OUR CREW TO NASA?

WHEN THE CAPTAIN STARTED TAKING OUT THEIR SATELLITES?

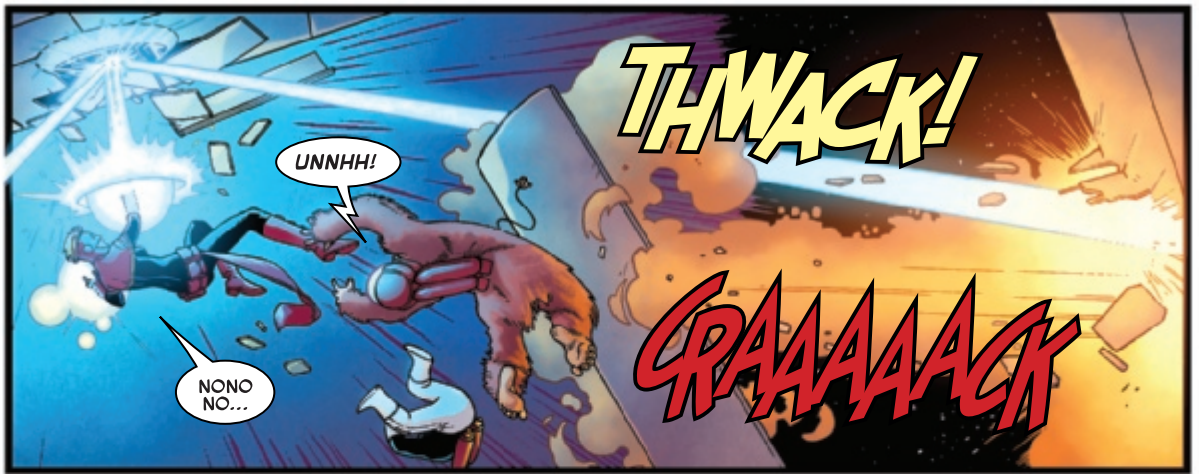
TWO SATELLITES. AND AS I KEEP SAYING, IT WAS AN ACCIDENT...



WHOA...I... HEAD RUSH. THINK WE BETTER GRAB SOME CHOW.

LET ME TAP IN THIS LAST PANEL AND WE'LL HIT THE AIRLOCK--



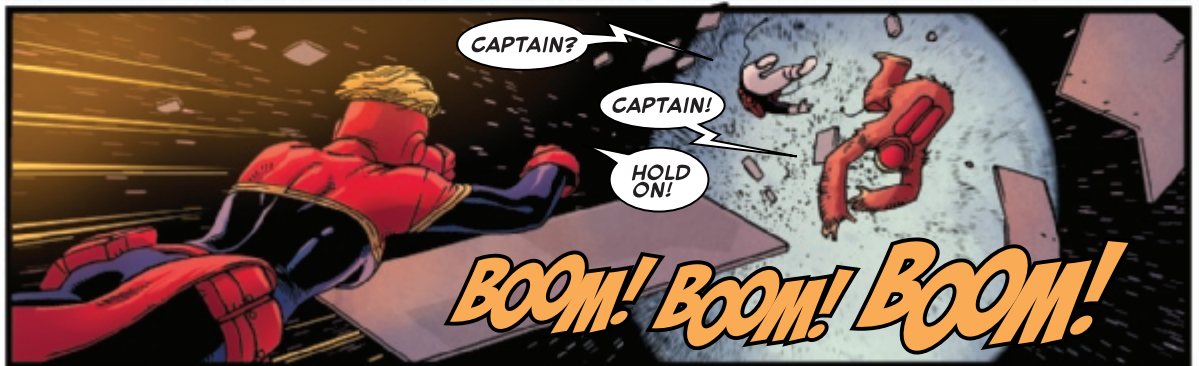


THWACK!

UNNHH!

NONO NO...

CRAAAAAACK



CAPTAIN?

CAPTAIN!

HOLD ON!

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!



EVERYTHING OKAY, SIR?

UH...JUST TYING UP A FEW LOOSE ENDS...

LOOSE ENDS? CAPTAIN, YOUR POWERS BLEW A FUSE!

HOW? MAYBE THAT WAS AN ELECTRICAL SURGE?



LET ME KNOW YOUR ETA, SIR. YOUR CREW NEEDS YOU BACK HERE, STAT.

PRETTY SURE THEY NEED ME RIGHT WHERE I AM, WEN...

IT...SEEMS TO BE SOME KIND OF UNION ISSUE, SIR.

WAIT, WE HAVE A UNION NOW?



SOMETHING ABOUT OVERTIME.

MY CREW GETS OVERTIME?

YOUR TV CREW, CAPTAIN. FROM CAP'N MARVEL, YOUR SHOW? THEY'RE HERE.

LIKE RIGHT HERE... SIR.

!