



WELCOME. TO CATCH YOU UP, YOUR REGULAR NARRATOR, THE SOMEWHAT SEE-THROUGH GHOST THING "3-D" COWBOY, TURNED OUT TO BE A *WUUUUUSSSS*. SO MANAGEMENT FIRED HIS [REDACTED].

TURNS OUT NARRATING GOD HATES ASTRONAUTS *AIN'T*... FOR THE *FAINT*... OF HEART. (HE'S A GHOST. FAINT OF HEART.)

THAT'S WHY I'M HERE. MY NAME IS CHARLES DALBY SOULE, ESQ., AND I'M GONNA NARRATE THE [REDACTED] OUT OF THIS THING.

BANZAI!!



"FOUR YEARS AGO, IN THE JAPANESE FRENCH ALPS."

"UH, WAIT. WHAT?"

OINK!



ZE STUPID AMERICAN NASA PEOPLES ZHALL NEVER STOP ZE MIGHTY HAMURAI!

WE MUST PREPARE TO LAUNCH ZE SHUTTLE!



ZEN YOU SHALL ALL BE FREE TO BE THE DISGUSTING ZWINE YOU WERE MEANT TO BE!

NO MORE WEARING ZAT SILLY ARMOUR! YOU MAY ROLL IN MOON MUD AND EAT UNLIMITED APPLE CORES FROM ZE GIANT MOON TROUGHS!



AND I SHALL FINALLY FULFILL ZE DESTINY OF ALL FRENCH-JAPANESE RICE FARMERS...

...SITTING ON ZE DARK SIDE OF ZE MOON AND PRAYING TO ZE MOON PRINCE OF SPACETOWN--



YOU
AIN'T GOIN' TO NO
MOON, FARMER
SCUM!

STOP IN
THE NAME OF
NASA!

YAWNE

SACREBLEU!

SQUEE!





I MUST WIN THIS AUCTION FOR A "VINTAGE" "BIG JOHNSON" T-SHIRT! I DESPERATELY NEED MORE FUNNY APPAREL!

BILL! WE ARE KINDA' IN THE MIDDLE OF SOMETHING HERE!

WHEN WE'RE DONE HERE I NEED A RIDE TO NYC.

GOT TO FOLLOW UP ON SOME SUSPECTED MUGGINGS.

