

CADET'S LOG,
STARDATE 2261.55.

THE CENTENNIAL COMPETITION
SCAVENGER HUNT HAS BROUGHT
US TO PLANETOID GP-575.

OUR TASK IS TO SCAN AND
ANALYZE THE ATMOSPHERIC
COMPOSITION HERE.

VEL,
DON'T TOUCH
THAT!

REMEMBER,
WE'RE NOT SUPPOSED
TO INTERACT WITH ANY
BIOLOGICAL LIFE
WE FIND.

I AM SORRY.
I AM SIMPLY
CURIOUS.

ARE WE DONE
YET? WE'RE ALREADY
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE
STANDINGS. WE CAN'T
AFFORD TO LOSE
ANY MORE TIME.

THE SCAN WILL
BE COMPLETE
SOON.



HOW MUCH MORE AIR DO WE NEED TO COLLECT? LET'S GET BACK TO THE SHIP!

TAKE IT EASY, SHEV!
IF WE DON'T COLLECT THE DATA, WE DON'T GET CREDIT FOR THIS LEG OF THE RACE!



Y'KNOW, LUCIA, FOR SOMEONE WHOSE FOCUS IS DIPLOMACY, YOU SURE TAKE T'LAAN'S SIDE A LOT.

OH, DON'T BE SO SENSITIVE.

A MOST INTRIGUING MIX OF INERT GASES...



SORRY I CAN'T GET MORE EXCITED ABOUT INERT GASES. WE'RE NEVER GONNA SEE ANY ACTION ON THIS TRIP ARE WE?

SPOKEN LIKE A TRUE SECURITY OFFICER-IN-TRAINING.

FELLOW CADETS...



AT THIS POINT WE'LL JUST BE LUCKY TO FINISH THE RACE WITHOUT KILLING EACH OTHER...

ANALYZING THE FINAL SAMPLES NOW...

WHAT IS IT, VEL?

I AM GOING TO RUN AWAY NOW.

FELLOW CADETS...?

WWRROOAR

WHOA!

PLEASE FOLLOW ME.

GRACE, DO YOU COPY? GET THE SHUTTLE PREPPED FOR TAKEOFF NOW!

ROGER THAT. EVERYTHING OKAY? YOU SOUND STRESSED.

IF THIS THING DAMAGES THE SHIP WE'RE ALL DONE FOR!

THE REST OF YOU GET ONBOARD! I'LL SLOW HIM DOWN!

I AM AFRAID OF BEING EATEN.

SHKON SHKON



LOGICALLY WE SHOULD STOP AND ASSIST SHEV. OUR STANDING IN THE RACE IS IRRELEVANT IN THE FACE OF MORTAL DANGER.



NO TIME TO DEBATE, T'LAAN! LET'S JUST GET GOING AND GO GET HIM!



TOUGH ALIEN SPACE-WORM, AREN'T YOU?

MIGHT HAVE TO SWITCH FROM *STUN* TO SOMETHING STRONGER—



IF WE LOSE THIS RACE I'M BLAMING YOU, UGLY!



GREAT. GOING FOR THE HIGH GROUND MIGHT NOT HAVE BEEN MY BEST IDEA.



I JUST WISH YOU COULD SEE HOW I WENT OUT, DAD...

SHEV! JUMP!

»WHEWE

THANKS, BIG GUY.

WELL, SHEV—

—THAT ENOUGH ACTION FOR YOU?