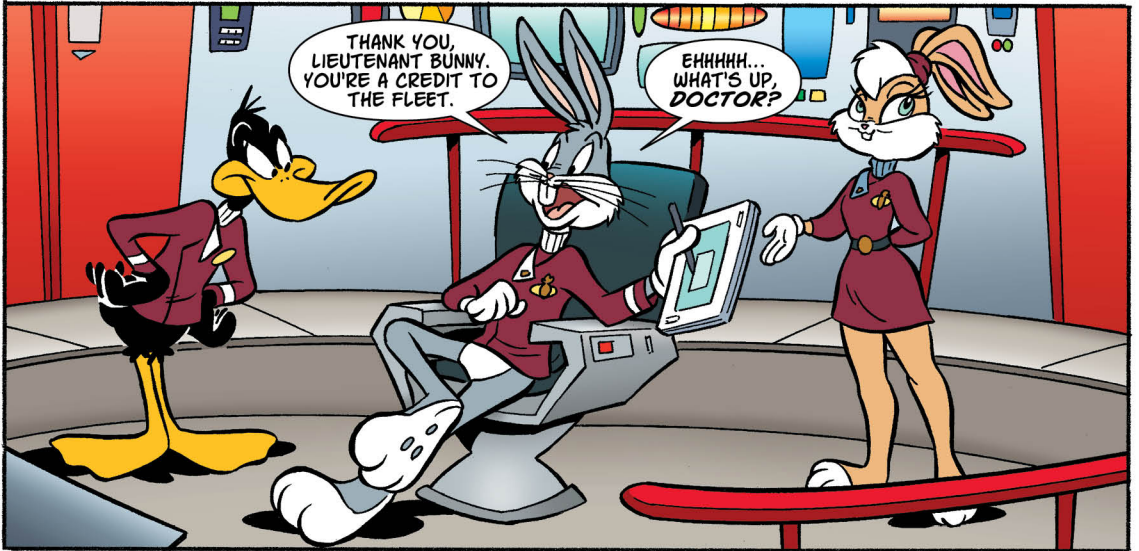
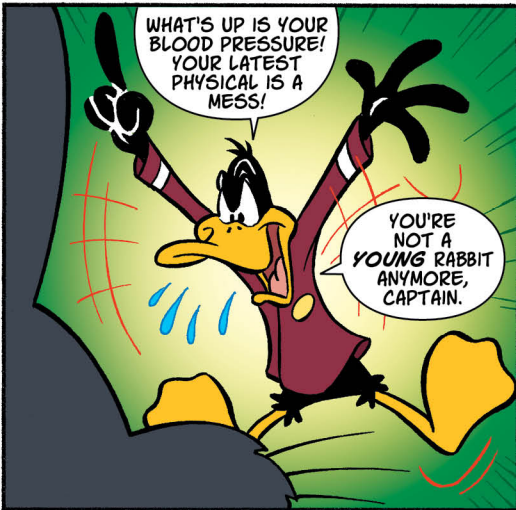


...IN SPACE.
CREWMAN,
FIRE WHEN
WEEDY.



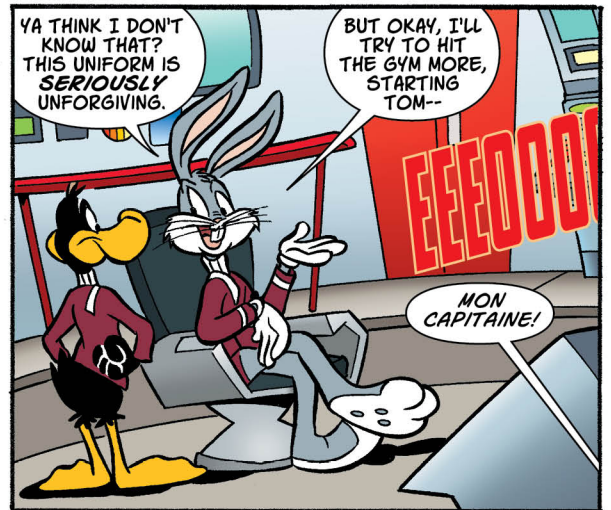
THANK YOU,
LIEUTENANT BUNNY.
YOU'RE A CREDIT TO
THE FLEET.

EHHHHH...
WHAT'S UP,
DOCTOR?



WHAT'S UP IS YOUR
BLOOD PRESSURE!
YOUR LATEST
PHYSICAL IS A
MESS!

YOU'RE
NOT A
YOUNG RABBIT
ANYMORE,
CAPTAIN.



YA THINK I DON'T
KNOW THAT?
THIS UNIFORM IS
SERIOUSLY
UNFORGIVING.

BUT OKAY, I'LL
TRY TO HIT
THE GYM MORE,
STARTING
TOM--

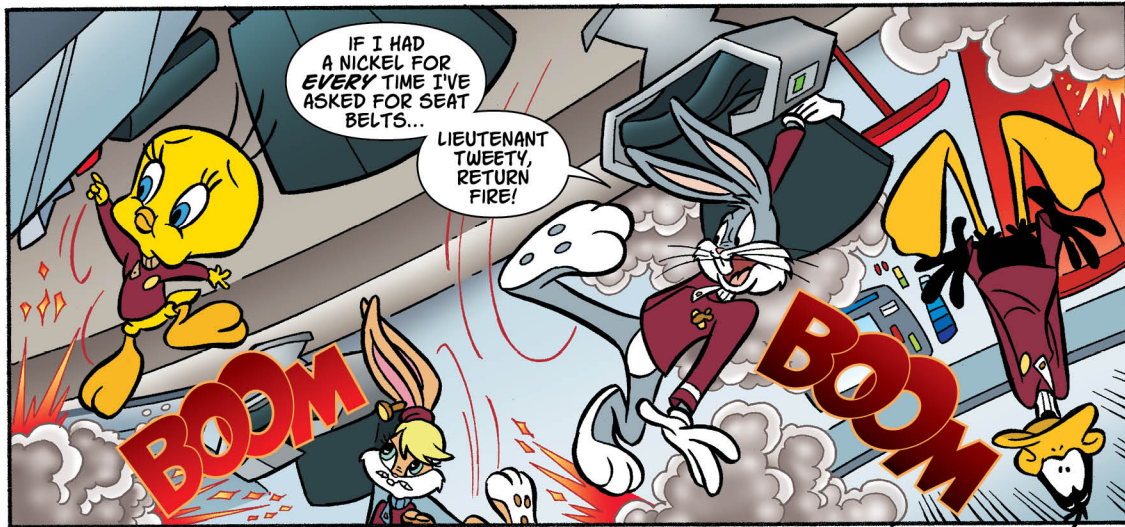
MON
CAPITAINE!



SHIP
APPROACHING,
FIRING
MISSILES!



KA-THWEEEP
KA-THWEEEP

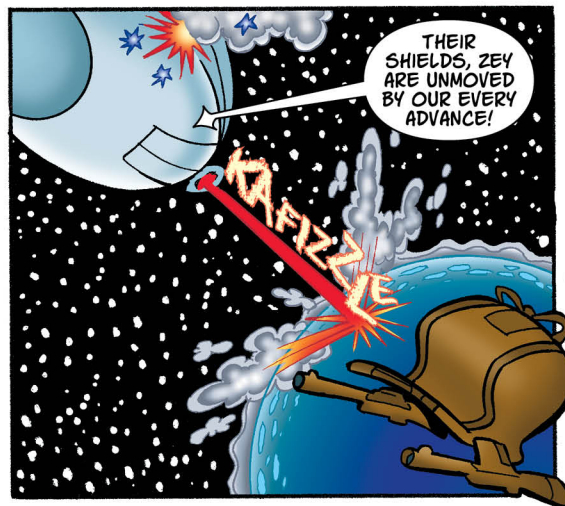


IF I HAD A NICKEL FOR EVERY TIME I'VE ASKED FOR SEAT BELTS...

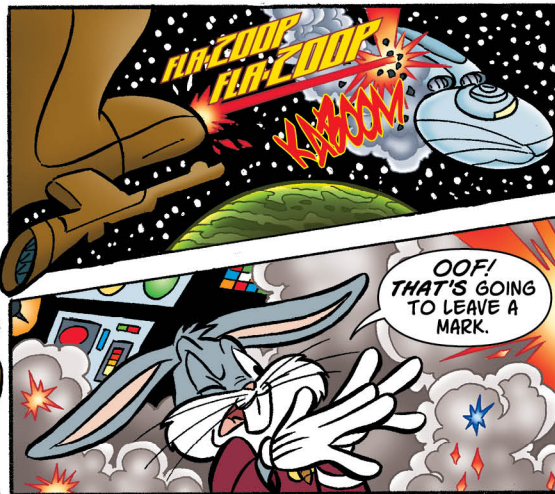
LIEUTENANT TWEETY, RETURN FIRE!

BOOM

BOOM



THEIR SHIELDS, ZEY ARE UNMOVED BY OUR EVERY ADVANCE!

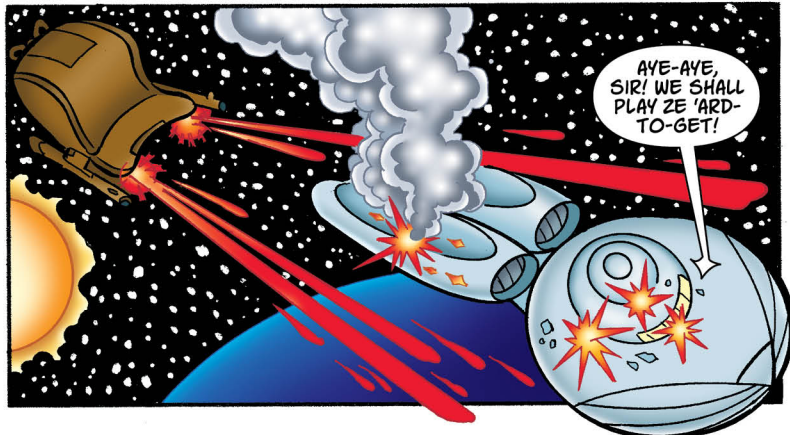


KA-THWEEEP
KA-THWEEEP
KABOOM!

OOF! THAT'S GOING TO LEAVE A MARK.



EVASIVE ACTION, MISTER LE PEW.



AYE-AYE, SIR! WE SHALL PLAY ZE 'ARD-TO-GET!

