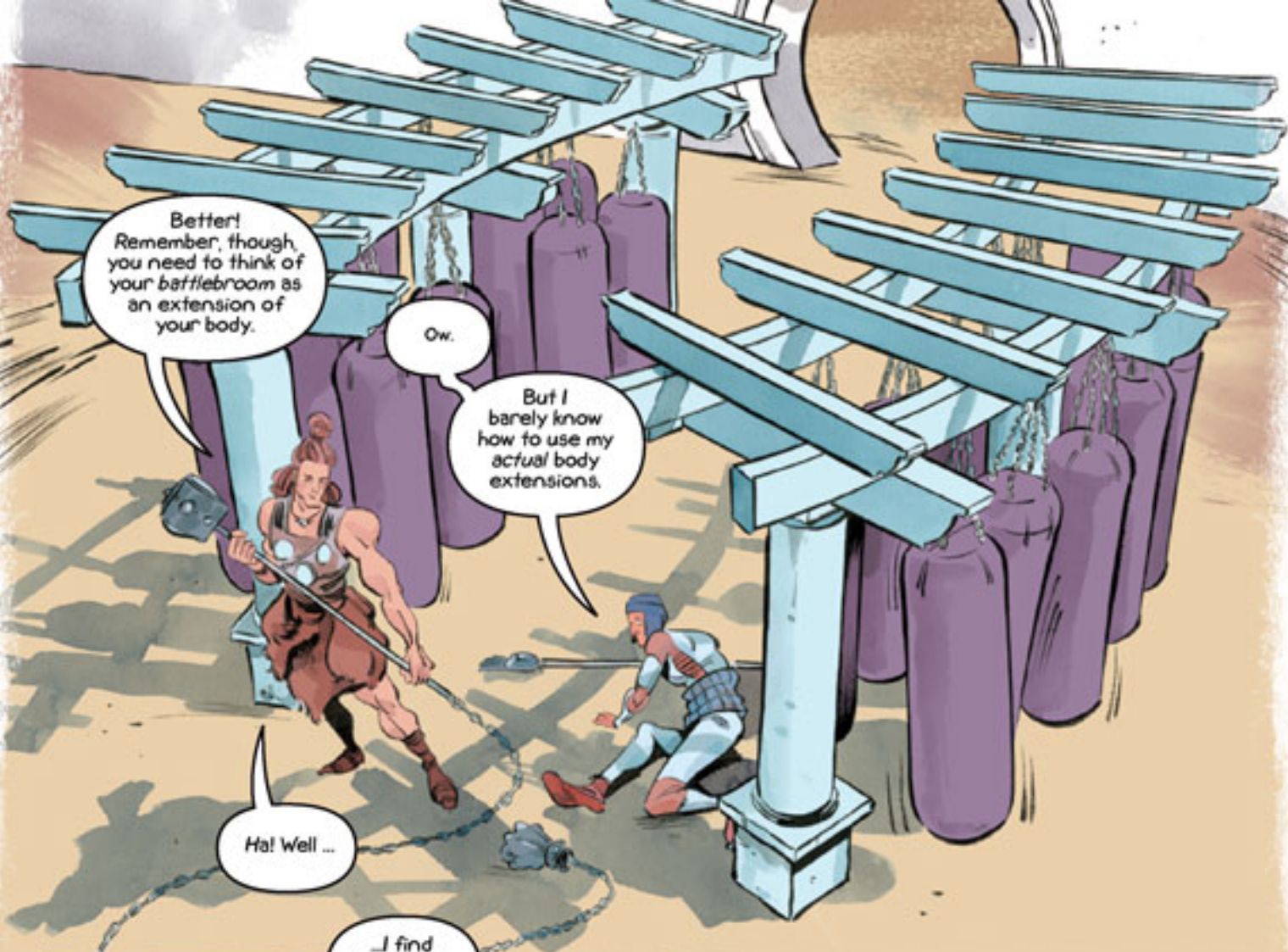




AGH! Son of a—

PFF

PFF



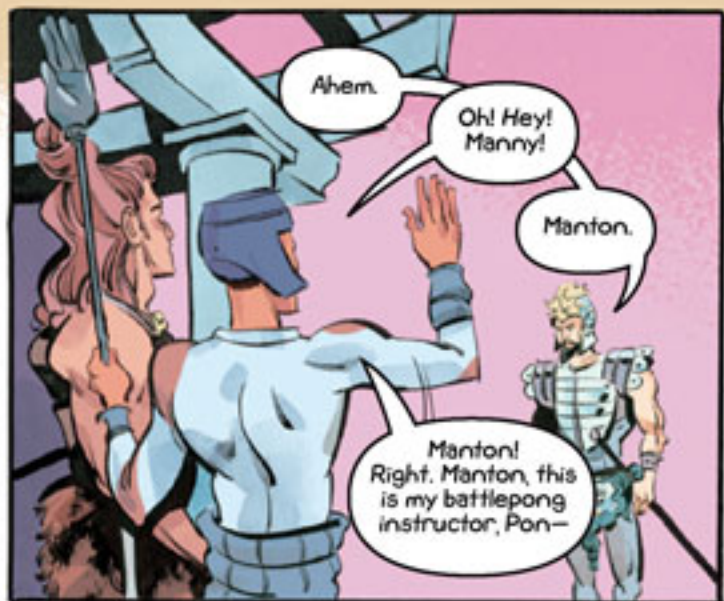
Better! Remember, though, you need to think of your *battlebroom* as an extension of your body.

Ow.

But I barely know how to use my *actual* body extensions.

Ha! Well ...

...I find that hard to believe.



Ahem.

Oh! Hey! Manny!

Manton.

Manton! Right. Manton, this is my battlepong instructor, Pon-



Pongard, 28 years old. Resides in Windfire Heights.

One prior for theft under a thousand from a senior citizen. Who he was "instructing."



I ... uh ... I'll see you next week, Keith. Just work ... work on your sidehand ...



What the [redacted] man? Why do you even know that [redacted]? You're like a [redacted] officer! A ... a [redacted] officer! A ...

... gimme a minute, I got a better one ...



It is my job to know these things. You are from another world. People will take advantage of you.

Yeah, I was kind of counting on that.

What do you want exactly?

I know our Queen has provided a place for you to stay...



...and you are settling in to this "new life" ...

I'm not gonna lie, it's preeeeetty fantastic.

...but we are heading out this afternoon to locate your comrades and find a way to your home planet. I still think it would be far easier navigating our arrival with you—

—Look, I don't want to go back! End of story! Beginning of new story: me, making out with battlepong instructors!



But Skullthor could be ravaging your world! Do you not even care?



WE can stop him!

I'm certain there is someone on your planet you care about!

You'd be wrong.



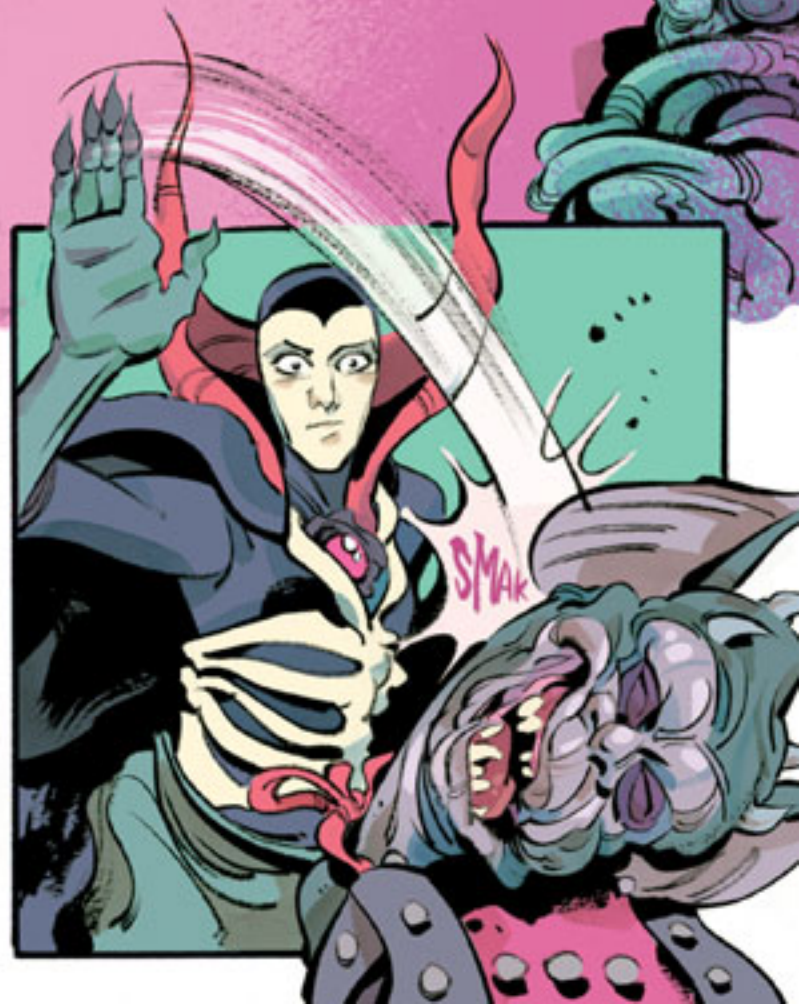
CH-CHK



I want ANSWERS!



Where is he, Vilektra? Where's Skulthor? It's been weeks!



—YOU'RE in charge of monitoring this mission! YOU'RE the one who will pay if it fails! YOU'RE—

