

**EARTH.  
NOT LONG AGO.**

My life used to be exciting.

Filled with amazing people doing astounding things.

**WE ARE A GO FOR VERTICAL LANDING.**

And I had a front-row seat. Well...

**We did. Me and Dale.**

*"...LANDMARK VTO MAKING THE DAWN OF SPACE TRAVEL THAT MUCH CLOSER."*

OKAY, MAJOR, I THINK I'VE--

DALE! I'VE GOT THE GUY. HE'LL GIVE YOU THREE MINUTES.

MAJOR, I'M GOING TO PASS TO YOU MY ASSOCIATE, JEN...

YOUR HAIR!

IT NEEDED A CHANGE.

IT'S GREAT.

YOU THINK?

Team Supreme. That's what the office called us.

MR. DUSK? DALE ARDEN. WHAT DOES A SUCCESSFUL VTO LANDING SIGNIFY FOR INTERGALACTIC TRAVEL?

MAJOR? JEN HARRIS. CAN YOU COMMENT FURTHER ON--

**AW CRAP!**

WE LOST THE STABILIZERS! I WANT THAT ENTIRE DEPARTMENT THE HELL IN MY OFFICE... NOW!

MS. ARDEN, I HOPE YOU'RE NOT QUOTING ME RIGHT--

I'LL TAKE MY EXCLUSIVES WHEREVER I CAN, MR. DUSK.

Got the story that day. Together.

Rw NERTZ.

HATE seeing rocket crashes. Even unmanned ones.

But guess what?



**NOT EARTH.  
NOW.**

MANNED rocket  
crashes? WAY worse.  
Especially when I'M  
manning 'em.

HUUURK

NNNNNNNEE  
EYRRU  
URR  
RR  
GH

Aw no.

Don't puke. You're  
**The Phantom**,  
Jen. Do **not** puke.

PULL  
UP, UP!

FLASH!  
YOU'LL KILL  
EVERY ONE  
OF US.

--NGGH--  
I'VE GOT IT,  
ZARKOV. I'VE  
GOT IT!

STRAP IN,  
VALIANT. WE'RE  
LANDING AHEAD  
OF SCHEDULE.

FASTER THAN  
ANTICIPATED. *MUCH*  
FASTER. *TOO FAST*,  
MR. GORDON.

*BAH!* A  
PLAGUE ON THIS  
FLYING STEEL-  
ENCASEMENT.

LAND US  
HARD OR LAND  
US SOFT. EITHER  
WAY, I WILL BE  
GLAD OF IT.





UP! YOUR OTHER UP, IDIOT.

ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT.

-NGGGH-

COME ON, BABY. WE CAN DO THIS.

WE'RE TOO LOW. BRACE FOR IMPACT!

EVERYBODY'S GOT AN OPINION. I'M TELLING YOU I GOT THIS!

DON'T MAKE ME A LIAR, BABY. COME ON. PULL UP.

Maybe I'll get lucky and the crash will kill me before I--

HUUURK



ARBORIA.  
[WAYYY TOO QUICKLY.]

I GOT IT!

I asked for it.

*SKEEERRROMP SHSSH*

A bunch of heroes teaming up to use a magic sword to teleport a rocket ten galaxies away.

I said "no way." They said "it's to save Dale Arden." I said "sign me up."

SEE? NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.

Then boom. Shot down by MING THE MERCILESS's space army two seconds after we space-jumped here.

SHAKE A LEG, JUNIOR PHANTOM. ANY LANDING YOU CAN WALK AWAY--

->HOOOK-<

BEEN THERE.

SO LUSH. SO VERDANT. THIS WOULD BE AS FINE A PLACE AS ANY TO DIE.

What am I doing here? Wearing this? Shoulder to shoulder with heroes?

QUICK, FRIENDS! TO THE TREELINE. BEFORE THE ENEMY FORCES DESCEND AND PRESS THEIR ADVANTAGE.

YOU OWE ME ANOTHER SPACESHIP, FLASH.

BILL ME.

And why do I feel like such an imposter?

Or maybe that's just the barf on my boots talking.

HEAD IN THE GAME, PHANTOM.

"Phantom." Sure. My name's Jen Harris. You can call me doomed.





WHERE IS EVERYONE? WE HAVE ALLIES HERE. AT LEAST WE DID...

WHERE ARE WE EXACTLY? AND WHY DOES IT FEEL SO...



...WHAT IS THAT FEELING?

Mandrake's right. It's like we're being watched. By the trees.

WE GOT COMPANY.



SKEEEK! SKEEK!



IT'S JUST A MONKEY! DON'T SHOOT THE MONKEY!

THERE ARE FORCES AT WORK HERE BEYOND OUR...

KAPOW



TOO LATE.

GRRRRRRR!