



WHAT'S THAT? YOU HAVE A CRAVING? FEELING A BIT PECKISH? DON'T WORRY, LITTLE LAMBS, COUSIN EERIE HAS JUST THE THING TO FILL YOUR BELLIES...

THE REGION OF SPACE SURROUNDING ALPHA #7129 WAS REPORTED TO BE CLEAR.

MY SHIP'S INSTRUMENTS SHOULD HAVE DETECTED ANY THREATENING DEBRIS.

THE SHIELDS SHOULD HAVE DEFLECTED ANYTHING TOO SMALL TO REGISTER ON THE SENSORS.

A CRASH LANDING WAS SUPPOSED TO BE IMPOSSIBLE.

MY MISSION WAS TO COLLECT AND COLLATE DATA ON THE EVOLVING SPECIES OF THIS WORLD TO DETERMINE IF THIS CULTURE WAS READY TO JOIN THE INTERGALACTIC UNION.

NOW I'M TRAPPED A CASTAWAY ON A TECHNOLOGICALLY PRIMITIVE WORLD.

A WORLD THE NATIVES CALL "EARTH."

HUNGER



THE DAYS
PASS.

I LAUNCHED MY
EMERGENCY
BEACON BEFORE
THE COLLISION. MY
PEOPLE WILL COME
FOR ME. BUT
IN THE MEANTIME...



IN THE MEANTIME,
MY MISSION TO
OBSERVE THIS
CULTURE
CONTINUES.

...IN THE
MEANTIME,
I MUST
SURVIVE.



THE ECOLOGY OF THIS
PLANET FALLS WITHIN
HABITABLE NORMS.

THE AIR IS BREATHABLE.
THE TEMPERATURE WITHIN
ACCEPTABLE PARAMETERS.



BUT THE
FOOD...

GRILL

EAT

THE FOOD OF THIS WORLD
FILLS ME, BUT OFFERS NO
NUTRITIONAL VALUE. IT IS
AN UNUSUAL PHYSIOLOGICAL
REACTION TO THIS WORLD'S
PROTEINS THAT I FAILED
TO PREDICT.

IT IS SO ODD...

...THAT AMONGST
PLENTY, I SHOULD
SLOWLY STARVE.



I TURN MY MIND
INWARDS. I FOLLOW
THE PATH OF THE
ANCIENT SCHOLARS.
THE MEDITATION
SOOTHES MY MIND
CALMS MY SPIRIT.

COOK
WANTED

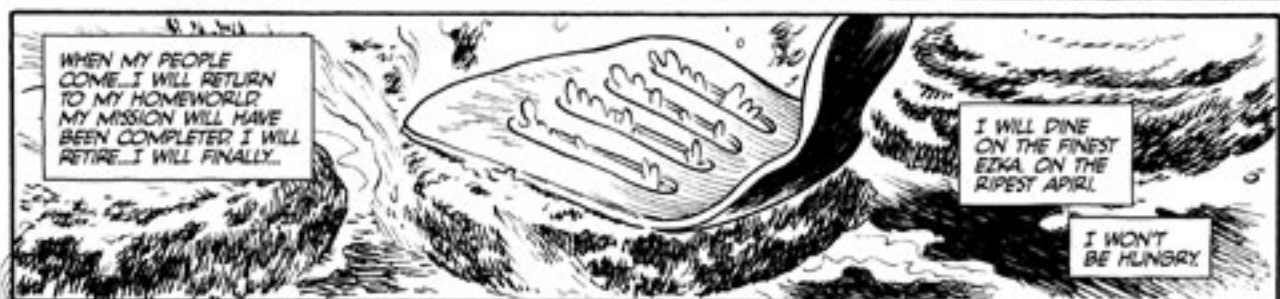
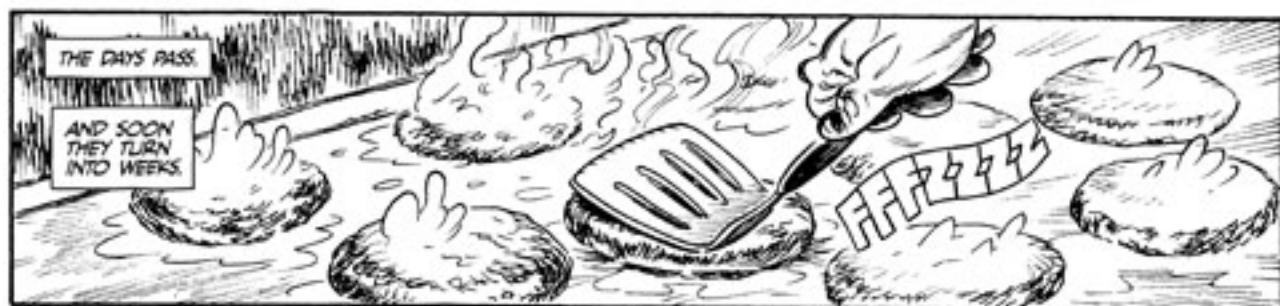


I MEDITATE.
I ENDURE.

IF ONLY I
WEREN'T
SO ALONE.

IF ONLY I
WEREN'T SO
HUNGRY.

COOK
WANTED







KUBELIC!
AUUUGH!

**KUBELIC,
SNAP OUT
OF IT!**





SEE?
THERE'S
NOTHING
THERE.



IT WAS SO REAL,
ADAM! AND EVERY
TIME, I FEEL LIKE
IT'S COME FOR
ME...TO PUNISH
ME!

KUBELIC, WE CAN'T
GO ON LIKE THIS. YOU
SHOULD HAVE DR.
LEMMON GIVE YOU AN
ANALYSIS. NOT EVERY
GIRL'S CRACKED
UP FOR THIS
LIFESTYLE.

MOON WEATHER:
YOUR MIND 2554 RPM.
CHANCE OF METEOR
SHOWERS.

ABSTRACTO



I'M NO PRUDE,
ADAM! I JUST CAN'T
HELP FEELING WE'RE
DOING SOMETHING
WRONG--

LOOK, KUE-BEE.
BABIES AREN'T GONNA
HAPPEN ON TITAN FOR THREE
YEARS, MINIMUM. IT'S THE
ONLY WAY TO BEAT THE
REDS. EFFICIENCY. IN THE
MEANTIME, PEOPLE
HAVE NEEDS!

I
KNOW,
BUT--

IF YOU
CAN'T LOOSEN
UP, MAYBE YOU
SHOULD GO
BACK TO
EARTH.



TAKE IT
EASY.



BABIES BORN ON TITAN
LAST WEEK: (9)
KEEP UP THE
GOOD WORK!