



ANDY! I WAS WORRIED SICK! WHY WEREN'T YOU AT THE CHILDREN'S CENTER?

I HATE IT THERE.

HONEY, THAT'S THE ONLY PLACE YOU CAN STAY WHEN I'M AT WORK IN THE MINES. YOU CAN'T JUST BE ALONE HERE IN YOUR ROOM ALL DAY.

WHY NOT?

BECAUSE, IT'S NOT HEALTHY AND IT'S AGAINST UGC RULES. YOU NEED TO BE SUPERVISED.

WHY DID WE EVEN HAVE TO COME HERE, MOM?! WHY COULDN'T WE JUST STAY ON NIYRATA?! I HATE THIS STUPID COLONY.

PLEASE, ANDY... I FEEL BAD ENOUGH FOR DRAGGING YOU OUT HERE. YOU KNOW I DO, BUT I HAVE TO GO WHERE THE WORK IS. THIS IS WHAT I DO, ANDY. THE MINES ARE IMPORTANT TO THE UGC... I'M IMPORTANT HERE.

YEAH, BUT I'M NOT. I'M JUST ALONE IN THE BASE ALL DAY.

THEN YOU HAVE TO TRY TO MAKE NEW FRIENDS.

I DON'T WANT TO.

YOU HAVE TO, ANDY. YOU HAVE TO AT LEAST TRY. FOR ME? PROMISE ME.



--SCRAP DOG! NO, WAIT...I THINK THERE'S ALREADY AT LEAST THREE OTHER SHIPS CALLED THE SCRAP DOG. HOW ABOUT? WAR FANG? COMET CRUSHER? DEATH FLOWER? BATTLE BANSHEE? THE IMPERIAL SCORPION? SPACE DAGGER?

OH--I LIKE THAT! THE SPACE DAGGER!

WOULD YOU PLEASE SHUT UP...

...WE'VE GOT COMPANY!



WHAT'S GOING ON? SCAN MY ONBOARD. I'M REGISTERED.

WE ALREADY DID. IT DOESN'T MATTER. THIS IS AS FAR AS YOU GO, SCRAPPER.

SINCE THE ASSASSINATION, GNISHIAN SPACE IS OFF LIMITS TO EVERYONE. REGISTERED OR NOT. NO ONE GOES IN OR OUT.



ASSASSINATION?

WHERE'VE YOU BEEN? THE HARDWARE GOT KING S'NOK. GNISH HAS BROKEN OFF ALL CONTACT WITH THE UGC. WE ARE ON THE BRINK OF WAR.



DAMN IT. I DON'T CARE WHAT'S HAPPENED TO S'NOK. I AM GOING TO GNISH. BLUGGER. I WANT THAT BOT.

IF IT REALLY WAS THE HARDWARE THERE MAY BE...THERE MAY BE MORE THAN JUST ONE LITTLE ROBBIE AT THE END OF THE TRAIL. WHAT ARE YOU THINKING, BLONDIE?



I'M THINKING IT'S GOING TO TAKE MORE THAN TWO UGC FIGHTERS TO STOP THE SPACE DAGGER. YOU IN?



HEH HEH. LET'S GET IN SOME TROUBLE, KID.