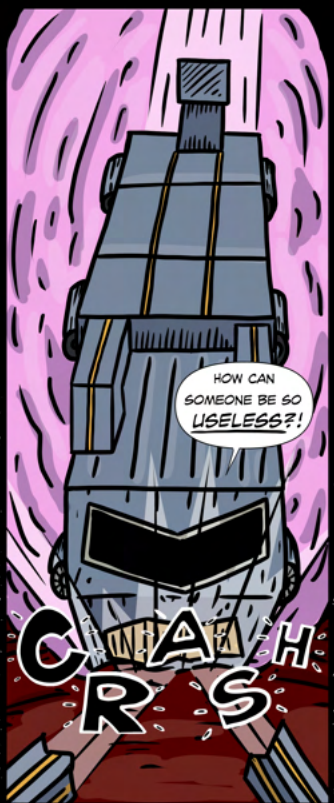
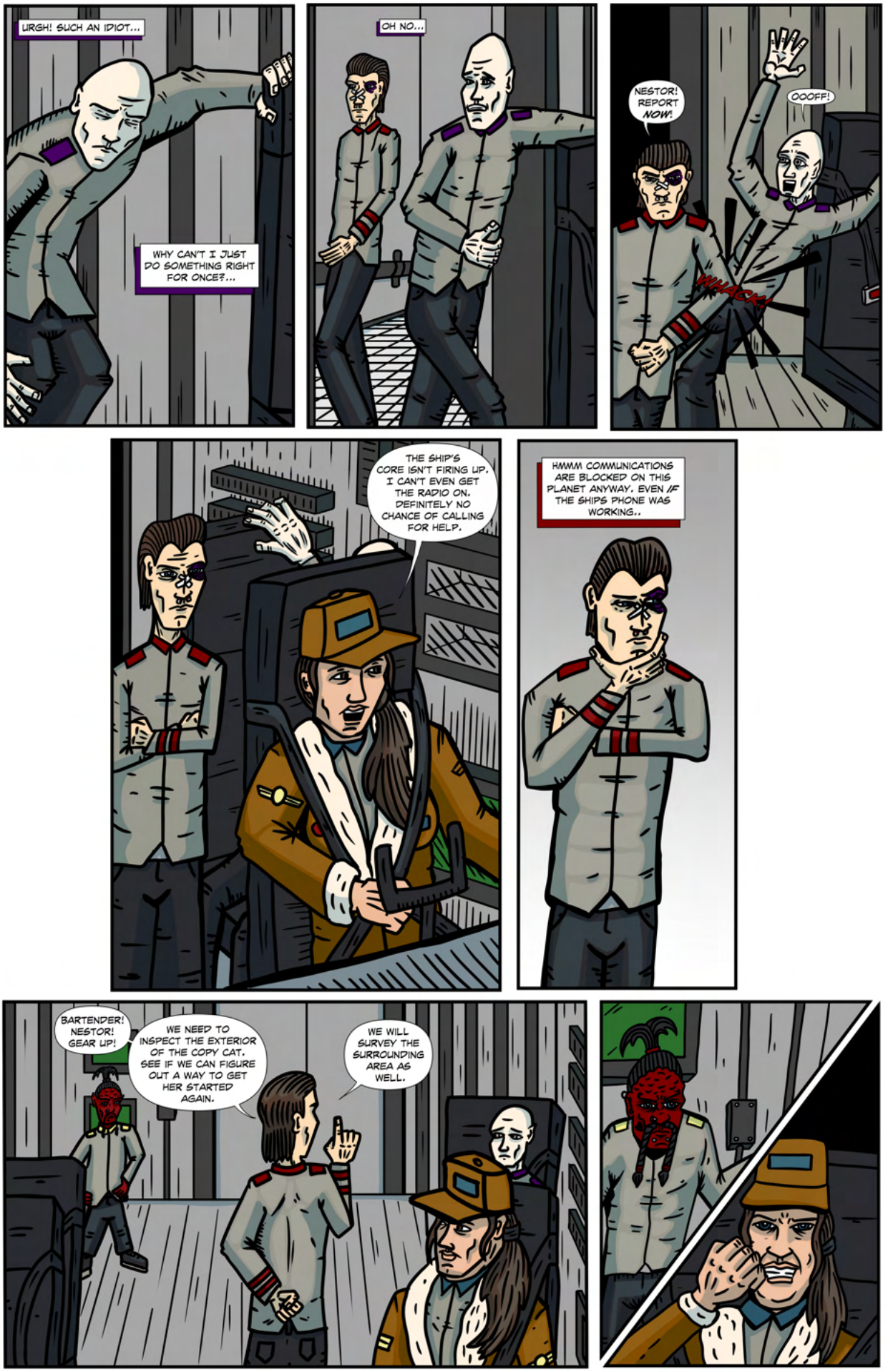
LAST TIME IN ANOTHER SPACE...
CAPTAIN MARTINI OF THE SS PLAGIARISE
SENT LIEUTENANT JAKE BREAKS, NON S CLASS
PILOT NADINE NESTOR, THE VENETIAN SECURITY
OFFICER OLTRO UHIMA AND, FOR REASONS UNKNOWN,
THE BORIAN BARTENDER MALIE INFELICIS,
DOWN TO THE PLANET KNOWN AS EPSILON 54
TO INVESTIGATE A STRANGE DISTRESS CALL
COMING FROM THE PREVIOUSLY BELIEVED
ARCHAIC PLANET. UNFORTUNATELY THINGS
STARTED TO FALL APART FOR THE CREW
BEFORE EVEN MAKING IT TO THE PLANET'S ORBIT...



WHO THE HELL TAUGHT YOU HOW TO SECURE A SHIP?!
TELL ME WHO DAMN IT, SO I CAN REPORT THEIR ASS AS WELL!!
...
NO ONE.
...
CRAPBUCKETS! I LANDED PERFECTLY CONSIDERING THE CONDITIONS!!
START DAMN IT!!
BANG!

MAYBE I CAN...
SCHLAP!
GET YOUR FILTHY FLINTY FINGERS OFF IT!
WHAT IS YOUR ACTUAL PROBLEM!?
I WAS TRYING TO HELP!
I WAS JUST TRYING TO DO SOMETHING!
YOUR KIND CAN'T HELP!
STUPID GOD DAMN RACIST!
... DEAD.


URGH! SUCH AN IDIOT...
WHY CAN'T I JUST DO SOMETHING RIGHT FOR ONCE?...
OH NO...
NESTOR! REPORT NOW!
OOOFF!
WHACK!
THE SHIP'S CORE ISN'T FIRING UP. I CAN'T EVEN GET THE RADIO ON. DEFINITELY NO CHANCE OF CALLING FOR HELP.
HMMM COMMUNICATIONS ARE BLOCKED ON THIS PLANET ANYWAY. EVEN IF THE SHIPS PHONE WAS WORKING..
BARTENDER! NESTOR! GEAR UP!
WE NEED TO INSPECT THE EXTERIOR OF THE COPY CAT. SEE IF WE CAN FIGURE OUT A WAY TO GET HER STARTED AGAIN.
WE WILL SURVEY THE SURROUNDING AREA AS WELL.

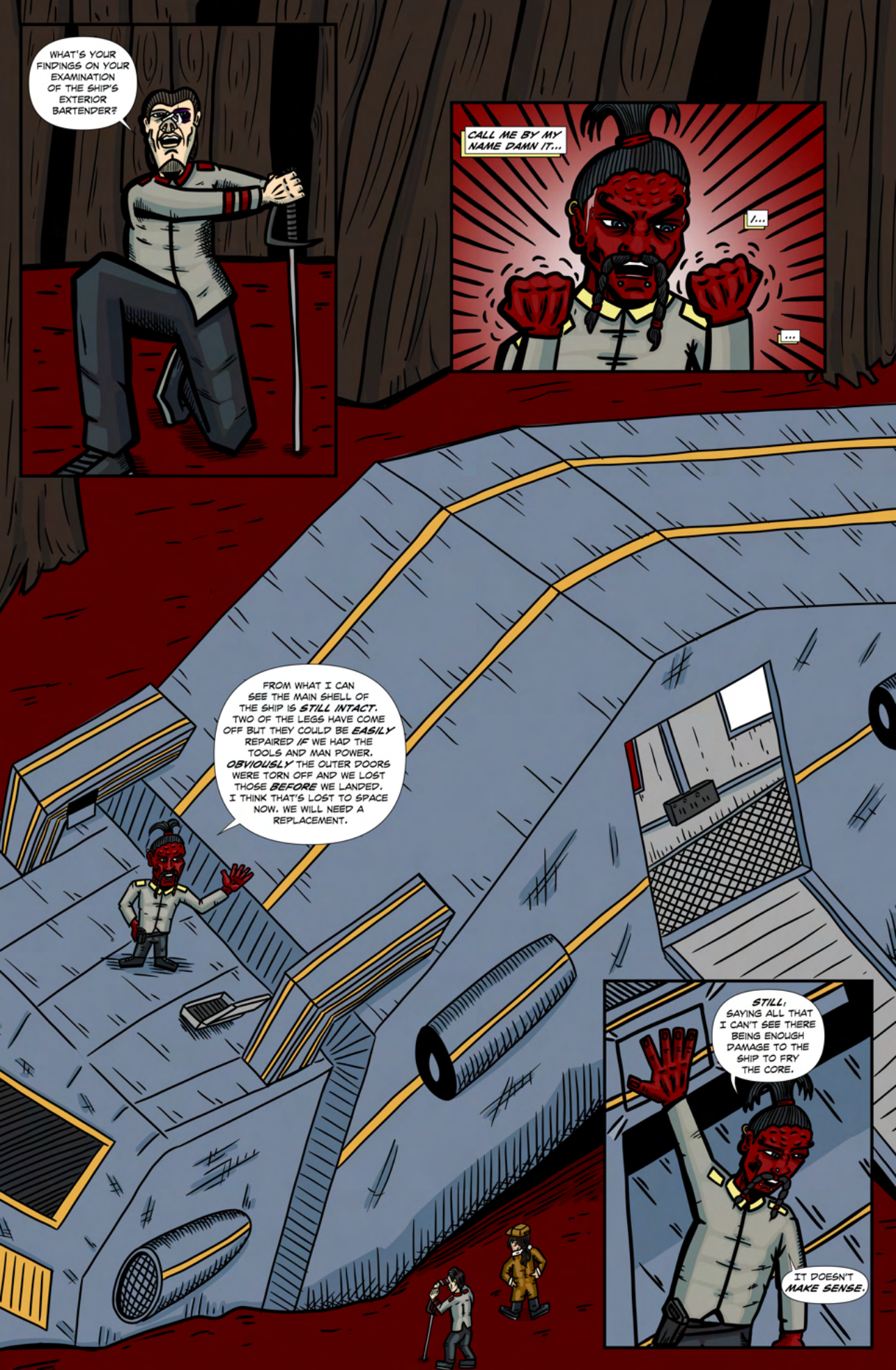
UH...WHAT ABOUT ME SIR!?

JUST STAY HERE AND KEEP THE HELL OUT OF MY WAY!

USELESS...
...SO USELESS.

I CAN'T DO ANYTHING RIGHT...
I WISH...
I WISH...
YOU WERE HERE.

...THE SHIPS WINGS ARE INTACT AS WELL...
...THE SHELL ACTUALLY LOOKS IN PRETTY GOOD...
CRACK!
ARGH! WHAT THE?!
YOU ENJOY THAT!? THOUGHT YOU NEEDED SOMETHING TO MUNCH ON!
WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM!?
WHY!? WHY ARE YOU LIKE THIS!?
I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING TO YOU!
YOU HAVE DONE ENOUGH YOU FILTHY...
BARTENDER! NESTOR! CEASE YOUR SENSELESSNESS!


WHAT'S YOUR FINDINGS ON YOUR EXAMINATION OF THE SHIP'S EXTERIOR BARTENDER?
CALL ME BY MY NAME DAMN IT...
/...
...
FROM WHAT I CAN SEE THE MAIN SHELL OF THE SHIP IS STILL INTACT. TWO OF THE LEGS HAVE COME OFF BUT THEY COULD BE EASILY REPAIRED IF WE HAD THE TOOLS AND MAN POWER. OBVIOUSLY THE OUTER DOORS WERE TORN OFF AND WE LOST THOSE BEFORE WE LANDED. I THINK THAT'S LOST TO SPACE NOW. WE WILL NEED A REPLACEMENT.
STILL, SAYING ALL THAT I CAN'T SEE THERE BEING ENOUGH DAMAGE TO THE SHIP TO FRY THE CORE.
IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE.

I IMAGINE YOU CAN'T MAKE SENSE OUT OF MOST THINGS!
MUNCHING ON ALL THOSE ROCKS MUST SCRAMBLE YOUR BRAIN!
STOP TALKING TO ME LIKE THAT!
SILENCE!
SOMETHING'S COMING...
...IT'S CLOSE.
NEYAAH!
ROUND 1
FIGHT!

SCHLOPP!
FLAWLESS
VICTORY!

HA! NOT EVEN A CHALLE..
...UGH.
BWAHAHA! THAT WAS CLASSIC! THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE...
OH YOU WANT A PIECE OF ME?
PUNCH!
LETS SEE WHAT YOU GOT!
IF IN DOUBT... CAVE THEIR SKULL IN.