



THE SHADOW PLANET

Pagliarani

Barbieri

D'Amico



GLIESE 667,
TYPE A PLANET.
BASICALLY A
CHUNK OF
ROCK.



SO?
WHY ARE WE
HERE?

A VERY WEAK
RADIO SIGNAL, A CALL
FOR HELP. THE ID CODE
BELONGS TO THE
E/RICO, A SCHOONER
ON A SCIENTIFIC
MISSION.

WHY
DIDN'T THE STAR
COMMAND REPORT ITS
PRESENCE ON OUR
FLIGHTPATH?

BECAUSE ACCORDING
TO THE STAR COMMAND
ARCHIVE, THE E/RICO
WAS DESTROYED ON
THAT PLANET NEARLY
30 YEARS AGO.

HA HA
HA!

IF THEY'RE ALL
DEAD, IT'LL BE THEIR
GHOSTS CALLING FOR
HELP! HA HA HA!

SINCE YOU
THINK IT'S SO
FUNNY, **MARK**, YOU'RE
COMING DOWN WITH
US ON TO THAT
ROCK.

PREPARE THE
SHUTTLE.

BUT...
JENNA, WE
HAVE TO
BE OUT
OF THIS
QUADRANT
IN 36
HOURS,
OR...

I DON'T WANT TO MISS THE
RENDEZVOUS WITH THE FLEET
EITHER-- OR WAIT FIVE YEARS
FOR NEXT ONE, FROZEN LIKE
A POPSICLE-- BUT WE
SIMPLY CANNOT IGNORE
THIS MESSAGE.

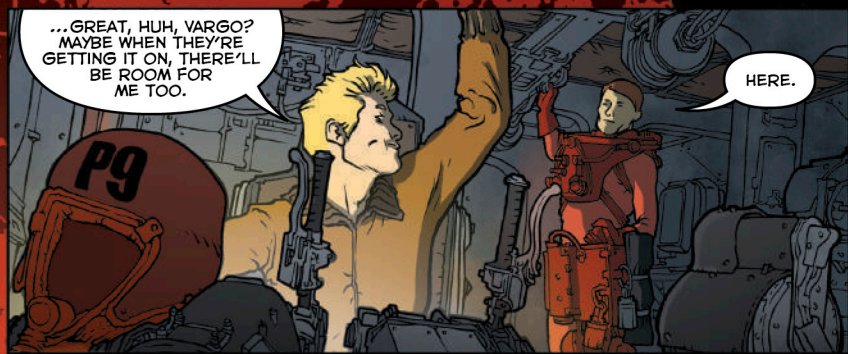
THERE'S THE
COURT MARTIAL
FOR THAT.

YOU'RE IN CHARGE
OF THE SHIP, THEO. YOU
AND **SVEN** STAY ON BOARD.
WE'LL BE IN TOUCH AT EACH
ORBIT. THE OTHERS
WITH ME.

THE
FEDERATION
LEAVES NO-ONE
BEHIND.



FINALLY
A NICE TRIP
WITH THE
GIRLS...



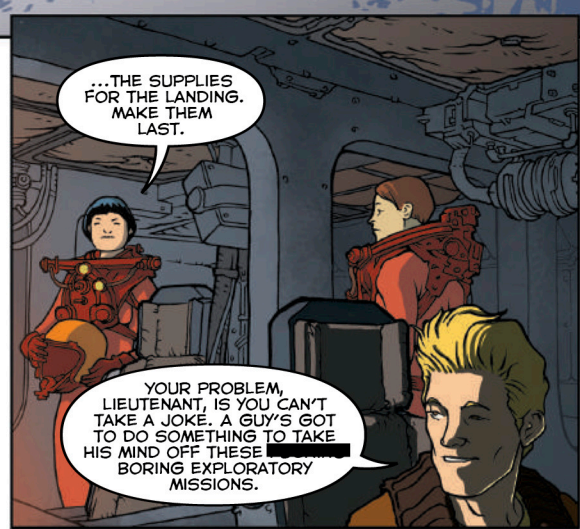
...GREAT, HUH, VARGO?
MAYBE WHEN THEY'RE
GETTING IT ON, THERE'LL
BE ROOM FOR
ME TOO.

HERE.



CONDOMS?
HA HA HA!

RAY GUN,
TWO GRENADES,
RATION K AND
SURVIVAL KIT...



...THE SUPPLIES
FOR THE LANDING.
MAKE THEM
LAST.

YOUR PROBLEM,
LIEUTENANT, IS YOU CAN'T
TAKE A JOKE. A GUY'S GOT
TO DO SOMETHING TO TAKE
HIS MIND OFF THESE BORING
EXPLORATORY
MISSIONS.



YEAH, I GOT
THAT. IT'S SOMETHING
ALL YOU MEN HAVE IN
COMMON.



HERE I AM.
TAKE YOUR
PLACES.

GET RID OF
THE CIGARETTE,
VARGO, OR I'LL STICK
IT DOWN YOUR
THROAT.

WE'RE
OFF.

