

THE MOST FUN YOU'LL EVER HAVE
WITHOUT THINKING!



SPACE ARK

TM



**NO TIME
FOR SPACE ARK!**



Congratulations! You've just made the most important investment decision of your life!! You've purchased the magazine all America has waited for!!! We'd like to say more, but we just ran out of exclamation points.

But before we get totally out of hand, I'd like to dedicate the series to Animator, Director and all around Swell Guy, **Robert (Bob) Clampett**, May 8, 1913, to May 2, 1984. I owe a lot to Bob and his wife, **Sody**, and he will be—and is—very much missed. And, Bob, wherever you are, I did put whiskers on all the cats.

As you'll notice, we're not out to write and illustrate the Great American Comic Book, but we hope you'll have as much fun reading it as we had putting it together. Our mailbag is always open for comments, suggestions, stock options and municipal bonds. Watch for our "Give the Mailman a Hernia" contest, and stay tuned for more surprises in upcoming issues. If you'd like to write to us personally, try: **SPACE ARK, P.O. BOX J, NEW SMYRNA BEACH, FL 32018.**

Ken Mitchrone

THE OFFICIAL SPACE ARK MUCOID TRANSLATION KIT!

To really understand the Mucoids, you have to think like one, or at least have a deviated septum. Here are some Mucoid facts to get you started:

Favorite Food - Chicken Soup
Favorite Album - "Born to Run"
Favorite Movie - "The Blob"
Hobbies - Microbiology, universal domination

A few key words and phrases:

Dud = Done, as in "I am dud wid de spood."
Dow = Now, as in "Dow, wade just a nostril-pickig bidute!"
ig = -ing, as in previous example.
Dub = Dumb, as in "Stode is just a dub addibal."
Bucoid = Mucoid, as in "De Bucoids are de baster race."
Kleedeggs = Tissue, as in "Helb be ged dis kleedeggs dudda by dose!"
Code = Cold, as in "Starb a code, feed a feber."
Phode = Phone, as in "Ged de dogder od de phode, quig!"
Bode = Bone, as in "I hab a chicked bode stug id by throat!"
Hode = Hold, as in "Hode everythig—I'd just cabed ub."



We hope this clears everything up. If not, just put a clothespin on your nose and do your best Sylvester Stallone impression.

Ad dow wid dat out of da way, you cad breag out da kleedeggs and enjoy!



SPACE ARK No. 1. Published by AC Comics, Box 1216, Longwood, FL 32750. Price \$1.75; Canada \$2.50. Bill Black, Editor and Publisher. Space Ark, Captain Stone, Kitty, Brooklyn, Boltz, Dr. Whoot, Slinx, Barker and the Mucoids are ©1985 Ken Mitchrone. Entire contents ©1985 Americomics. Printed in Florida.

Hi, this is Mitch here again. I'd like to thank some of the people who helped launch Space Ark:

First, thanks to the conventions which helped promote Space Ark: **Floridacon, Omnicon, Tallycon, Orcon, MiamiCon, Galacticon, Stellercon, Orlandocon.**

Best of Three Worlds, Necronomicon, the USF Convention, Alien Encounters, Obicon and Frank Zenau's convention.

To the organizers, staff and fans, we thank you and we'll see you in the seasons to come. (Sounds like a threat to me!)

And people—what would we be without people? Probably we'd be a race of large, pseudo-intellectual lizard-like creatures evolved from the dinosaur age or a bizarre race of tripedal bag ladies—no, wait, ah... kinda got off track there for a moment.

Yes, the folds who have supported us through the years, like **Bill Black**, for instance. What can you say about Bill that hasn't already been said by his wife, **Rebekah**? Bill has taught us about the comic book business and some day we might just start applying it to the strip. Note, I said "some day," as in "Some day I'll be a millionaire" or "Some day I'll actually have a pair of socks that match!" But anyway, thank you, Bill, for the chance.

Now on to the quicker thank yous, such as to **Bob McLeod**, for teaching me the ancient secrets of inking boots; to **John Beatty** who on his near death bed gave us the last 10 pages of paper to finish the book; to **Mike Zeck**, for the best rack of ribs in New York, the worst hotel in Connecticut and the two free tickets to Garbage Mountain; to the late **Tex Avery** for some very funny phone calls; to **Ralphie "He Naw Home" Cabrera** for stepping in and handling the inking chores this issue; to **Jim "You Craphead" Ivey** for being the inspiration for the Wizard of Odds; to **Chris Browne**, for bugging Bill at Orlandocon with "Is Space Ark a book yet?"—thanks, Chris; to **Steve Myers** at Harbor Oaks World of Books for keeping us in touch with the medium (and my 20 percent discount!); especially to the Ebisu Restaurant, Daytona Beach, for making the bad times worth living and the good times spectacular; to our folks, friends, wives and in-laws, "thank you!"

And now a list of people who wouldn't speak to us again if we didn't put their names in the first issue:

Steve Boyett, Nick Dyshack, Joe, Jack and Gay Haldeman, Robert Adams, Lee Lankford, Ron and Nancy Reagan, Dale Snodgrass, Mick Jagger, Miami Transit Planetarium, Polly and Kelly Freas, Man O' War and his great grandson, Stradivarius, Arch, Babs and Chili DiBacco, Gerald Jayne, Marlene Becker, Jacque Howell, Varina Plonski, Cindy Hart, the Acme Hawaiian Shirt Co., Bob and Kelly Neves, Mel Blanc, Leslie Vock and the NASA crew, Robert Sayes, Lynn and Patrick Bay, George Lucas, Mike Kott, Lump Studios, the News-Journal New Smyrna Beach Bureau, Linda Gerhart and Co., Larry and Gina Haley, Robert Teague, Walter Koenig, Ms. Atlas of the Blue Blaze Irregulars, Lorri King and Doug, Larry McHugh and Jan, George Takei, Kurt and Jane and Video Obscura, Barry "Starbuck" Marshall, Frank Dowler, Cindy Haight, Maizie Cumming, Mark Hamill, Ingrid and John Torricco, Mark Underhill, Eric Starnes, Steven Spielberg, Tina Vogt, Donnie Vaughn, Chuck Jones, Friz Freleng and Bob McKimson. The entire Stone Hill Launch gang, Barbara Clipper, Howard and Elaine Goldberg, Harrison Ford, Marilyn Moray, Debbie Vorgias, Pam Woods, Jerry Dun, Pat Repper, Brenda and Bobby Moreman, Atlanta Chapter NRHS, Jeannie Corbin, John Landis, Bill Howe, Carolyn Davis, Bob Wilson, Mary Cohick, Betty Manke, Everglades Memorial Hospital, P.L. Talarico, Howling Mad Murdock, the Atari Club of the Palm Beaches, Delphi Gallagan, Phil Torricco, Tom Pappas, Larry Larson and Jeff Little's Fantasy Box, Martha and Ken Donovan, June Hutchison, Joanie Stanco, Converse Hightops, Steve Heglund, Bellair Two crew; Dr. and Lois Craig, Nick Cuti of DC Comics, Pat Broderick, C.C. Beck, John Ellis, Lynn Bergman, Athene Luka, Ranger, Kiko and Toby, James Doohan, Kim Smith, Goscinnny and Uderzo, FEC Railway, Dave Spearin, DeForest Kelley, Barbara Bourdeaudhui, Cheryl Feinstein, Bruce Beattie, Sam Rawls, William Shatner, Sue and Dick DeWitt, and Leonard Nimoy as the guy with the ears.

Just when you thought it was safe to read on, I have one last credit to give—makes ya sick, doesn't it?—but it's been my pleasure to be working with a very talented man, **Mark Cantrell**. Mark and I go way back and it makes me happy you all will be seeing his work.

HI I'M KEN MITCHRONEY,

AND I'M MARK CANTRELL.

WE'RE FLOATING OUT
HERE TO INTRODUCE YOU
TO OUR NEW COMIC BOOK
AND BY THE WAY MARK, ANY
IDEA HOW WE GOT OUT
HERE IN THE FIRST
PLACE?

SURE! BILL BLACK SAID
IF WE STUCK WITH HIM HE'D
GIVE US THE OPPORTUNITY
TO RUB ELBOWS WITH SOME
REALLY BIG STARS!

WELL, ENOUGH FOR CONTRACTS,
LET'S GET ON WITH IT... EVER SINCE
YESTERDAY, TIME AS WE KNOW IT
HAS CEASED TO FUNCTION
WHICH MANAGED TO WREAK

HAVOC WITH MY
3 MINUTE EGG
THIS MORNING.

YEAH, FOR A MINUTE
THERE I THOUGHT IT WAS
MICHAEL RENNIE'S BIRTHDAY.

YUP, IT SEEMS ALL AROUND
THE GALAXY, TIME AND TIMING
JUST AREN'T WORKING...

GOOD
EVENING
FOLKS!

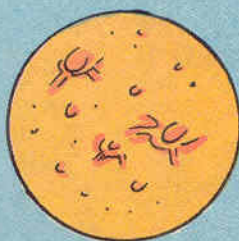
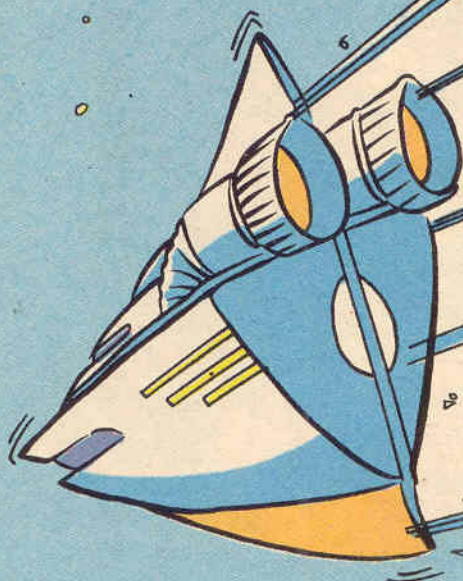
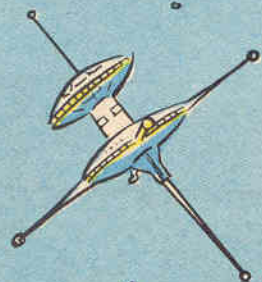
I'M SHECKIE
REALLY GREEN
AND I WANNA
TELL YA!

MY WIFE'S COOKING
IS SO BAD SHE'S...
...UH NO WAIT...
SHE CROSSED
THE ROAD TO
UH...

THE
TRAVEL-
LING SALES
MAN... UH
...NO... UH
THAT IS...

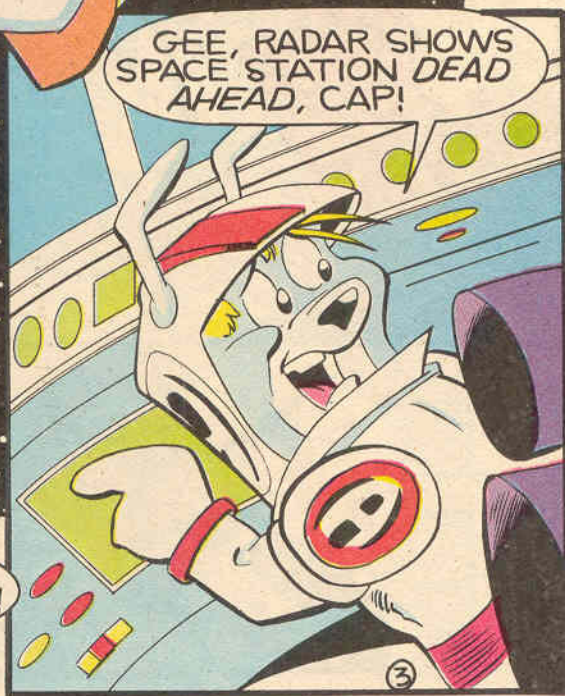
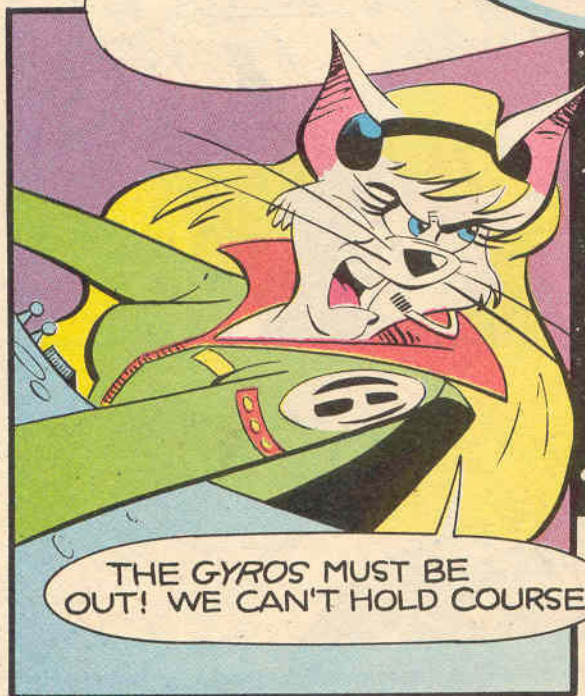
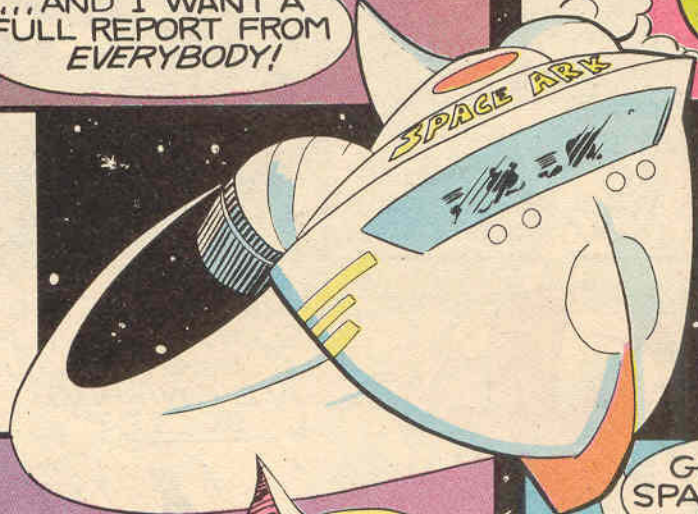
MEANWHILE...

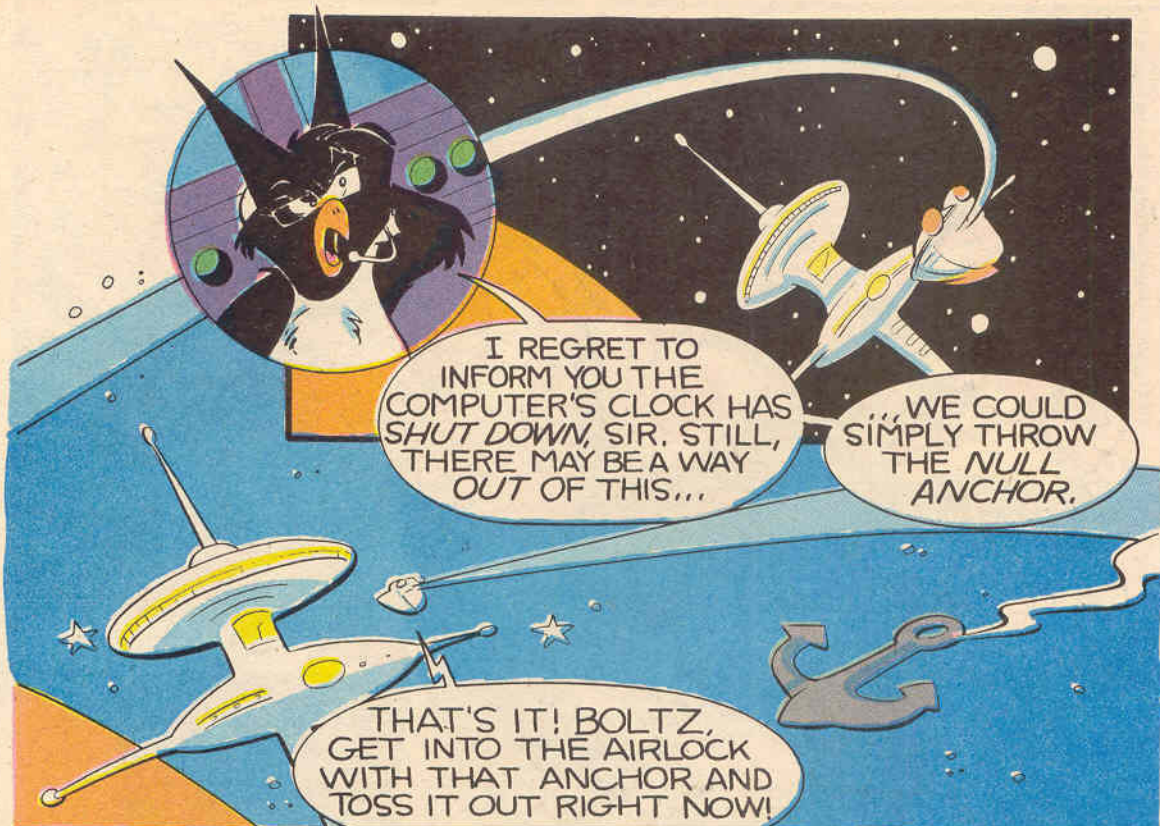
IN DEEP SPACE, THE
U.S.S. SPACE ARK,
HEAVY WITH CREW,
RETURNS FROM A
SHAKEDOWN CRUISE
AFTER EXTENSIVE
REFITTING. THEY THINK
THEY HAVE ALL THE
TIME IN THE WORLD,
BUT THERE'S ""



"NO TIME FOR SPACE ARK!"

ART + STORY *After* CANTRELL
INKS (5-25) RALPH CABRERA
COLORS-REBEKAH BLACK
LETTERS-TOM SCOTT
EDITS-WILD BILL





I REGRET TO INFORM YOU THE COMPUTER'S CLOCK HAS SHUT DOWN, SIR. STILL, THERE MAY BE A WAY OUT OF THIS...

WE COULD SIMPLY THROW THE NULL ANCHOR.

THAT'S IT! BOLTZ, GET INTO THE AIRLOCK WITH THAT ANCHOR AND TOSS IT OUT RIGHT NOW!



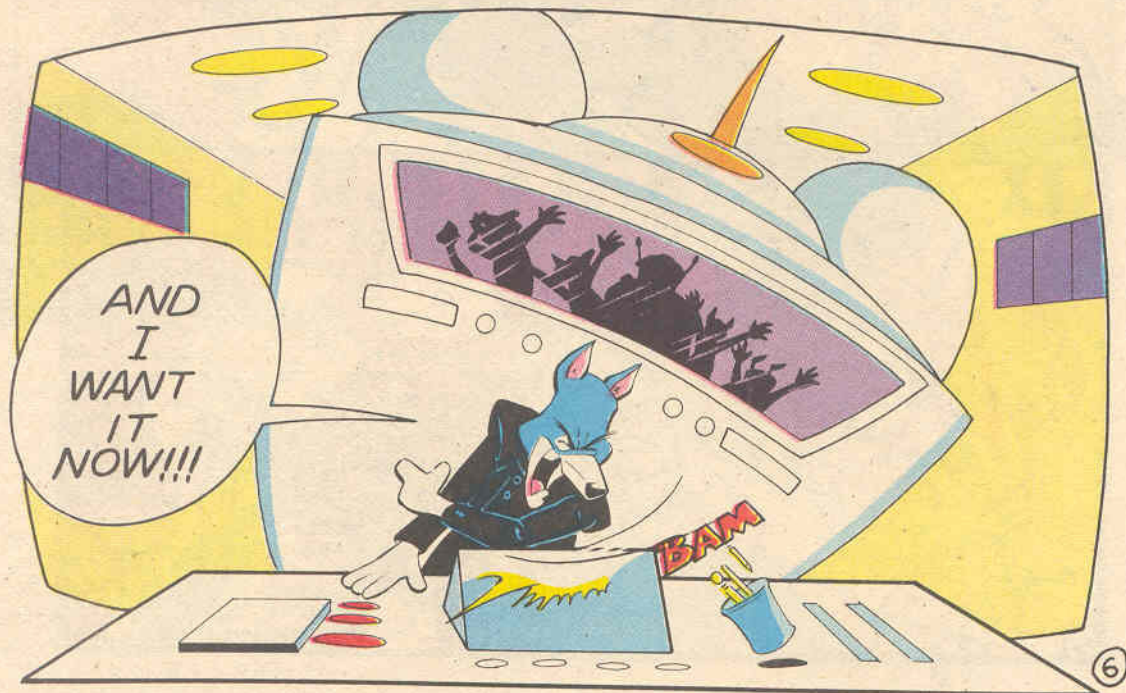
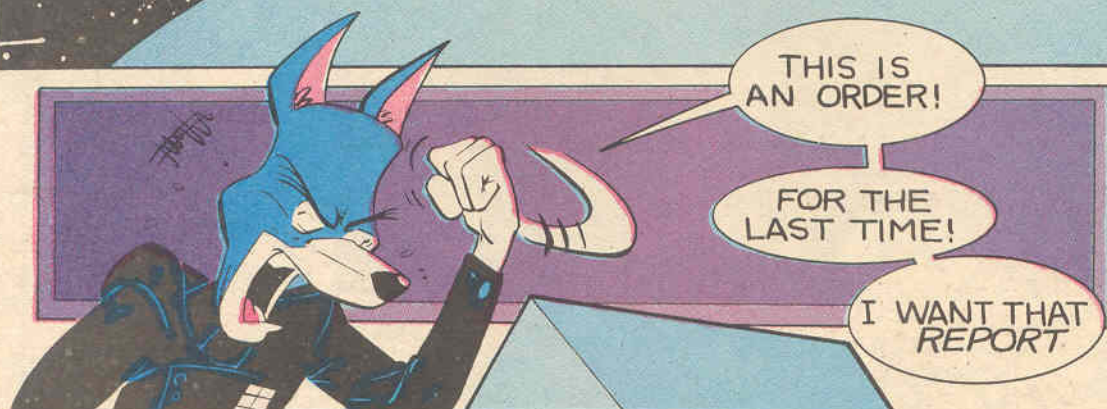
OKAY, WE SHOULD BE SLOWING DOWN ANY MINUTE. ALL FINISHED, BOLTZ?



Whisper
Whisper Whiz.
Whisper.

NO CHAIN!
I'LL
KILL HIM!





KERASH

HERE'S YOUR REPORT, UH... SIR,

0! #!

MUCH LATER...

FOOSH

WELL, I'VE GOT GOOD NEWS- AND BAD NEWS.

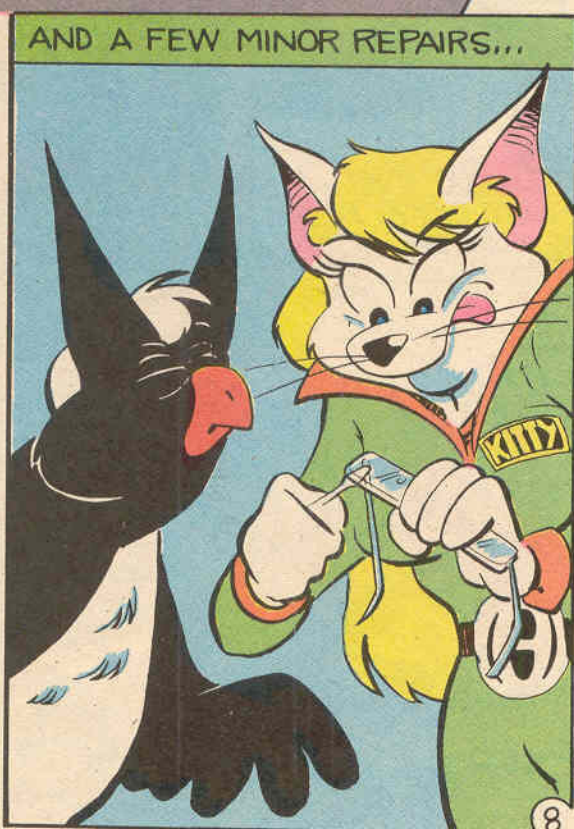
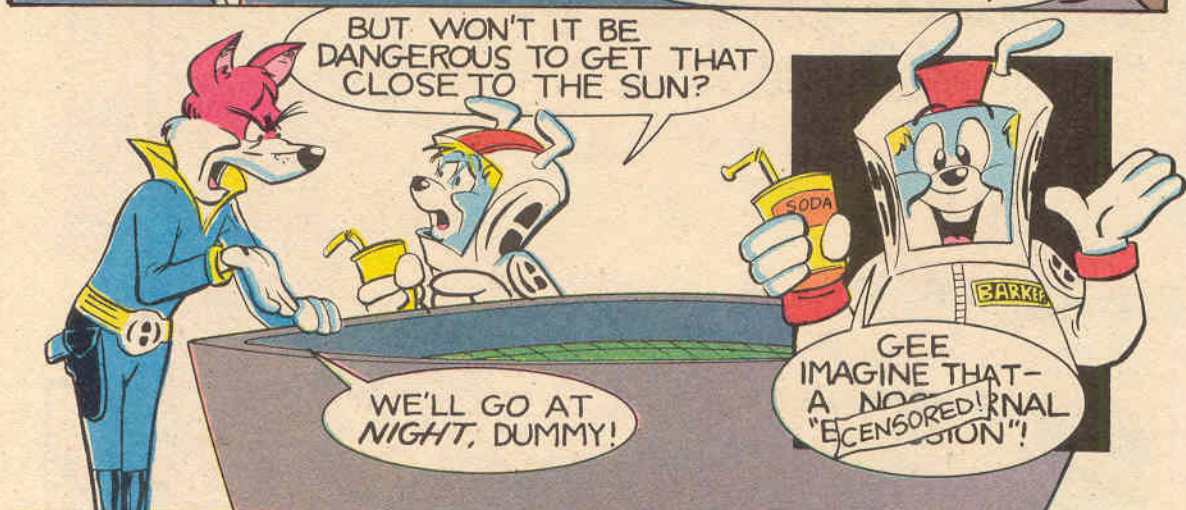
GOOD NEWS IS, THE GENERAL HAS AGREED TO LET US LIVE!

AND THE BAD NEWS?

I HAD TO VOLUNTEER US FOR SOMETHING THE GENERAL CALLS "E-MISSION."

SEE NEAR THE GALACTIC CORE THERE'S A SOLAR SYSTEM CALLED SYNCHRONOS-A SUN AND TWELVE SACRED SPHERES THAT CONTROL TIME IN THE GALAXY...

...SOMEONE, OR SOMETHING, HAS STOLEN ONE OF THE SPHERES, AND ENTROPY IS SPREADING THROUGH THE GALAXY, WHICH IS WHY THINGS HAVE BEEN SO SCREWY AROUND THE ARK LATELY.



...THE ARK IS PRONOUNCED SPACEWORTHY
AND THE COUNTDOWN BEGINS...

T-MINUS
10 SECONDS
7...3...

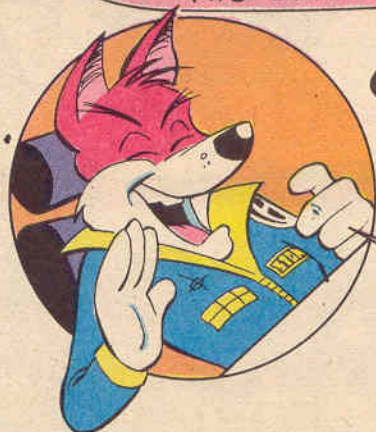
ACME
SPACE ARK
LAUNCHER

WITH COMPUTER
GUIDANCE OUT I WONDER HOW
THEY'RE GONNA AIM US IN THE
RIGHT DIRECTION?

I DUNNO, BUT I THINK
GENERAL DYNAMIX IS STILL MAD
AT US FOR *REDECORATING*
HIS OFFICE.

.2.

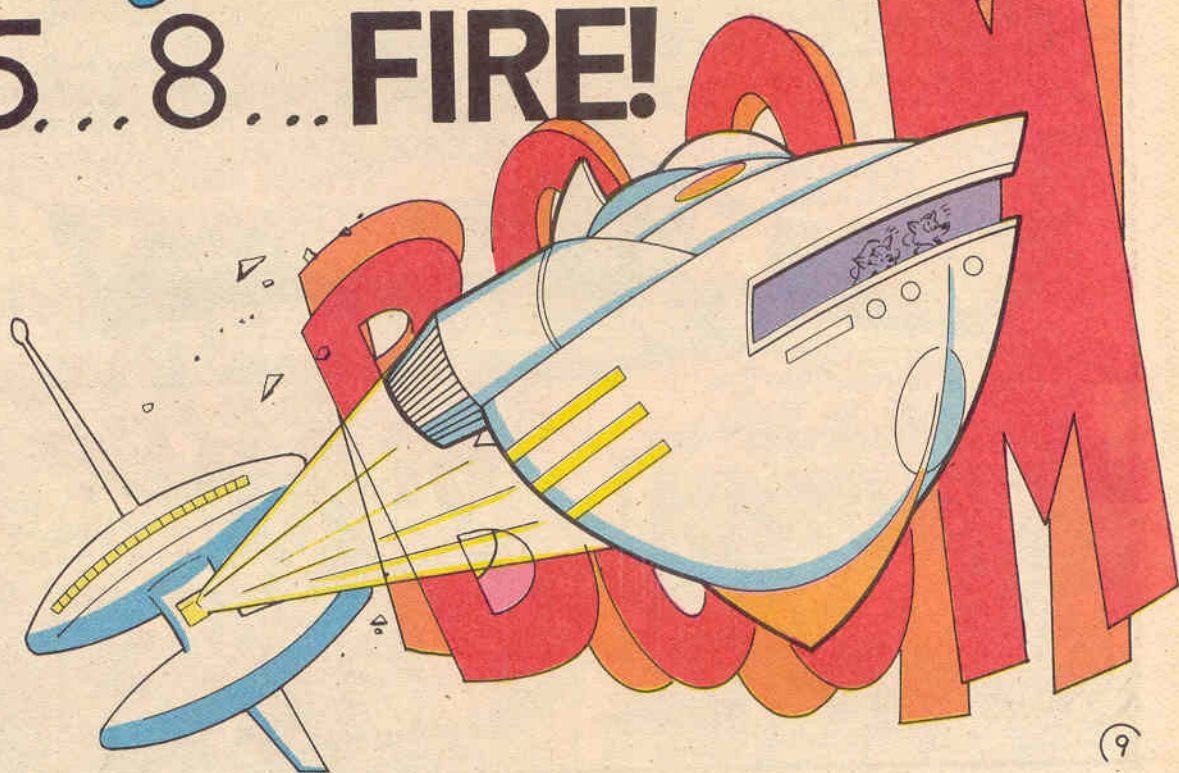
9...6



BIG DEAL! WHAT'S
HE GONNA DO,
FIRE US?



5...8... **FIRE!**



TWO DAYS OUT OF PORT...

CAPTAIN, WE'RE
OUT OF PORT!

NO, CAP, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND
THE NEW ASTROGATOR DRANK ALL
THE PORT AND HE'S THREE SHEETS
TO THE SOLAR WIND!

BARKER,
THERE'S PLENTY
OF CHABLIS...

HE COULDN'T
NAVIGATE HIS WAY
TO THE HEAD
RIGHT NOW!



WELL, ANYWAY, WE'RE
REALLY LOST NOW! KITTY,
CONTACT HQ FOR
INSTRUCTIONS.

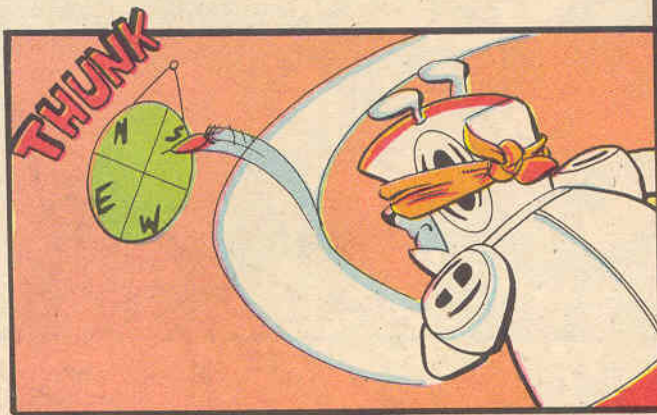
THIS IS U.S.S. SPACE ARK—
WE HAVE A BAD ASTROGATOR HERE,
PLEASE ADVISE, YES, ROGER...
SPACE ARK OUT.

THEY SAY NAVIGATION
DUTY FALLS TO THE
LOWEST-RANKING OFFICER.

BARKER

LIMBURG
CHEESE

SO ENSIGN BARKER LEARNS
A NEW TRADE...



OKAY, LET'S TRY
SOUTH FOR A WHILE
CAPTAIN SIR!

THIS IS A TRAVESTY.
WHOOT, CAN'T YOU AT LEAST
GIVE ME A ROUGH ESTIMATE
ON OUR POSITION?

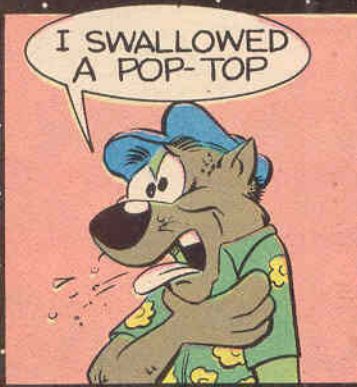
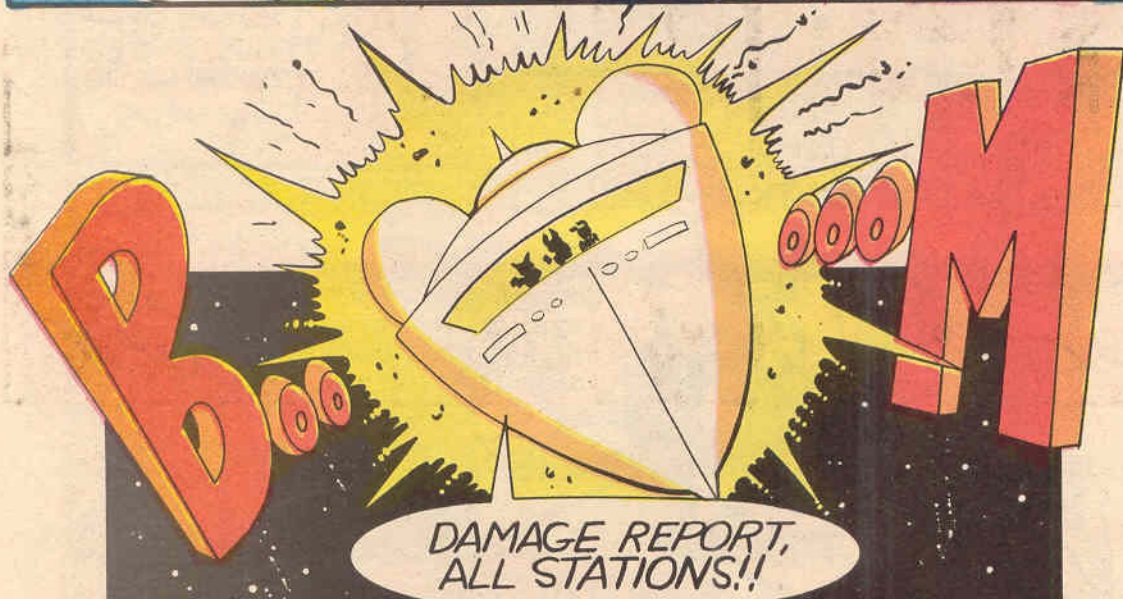
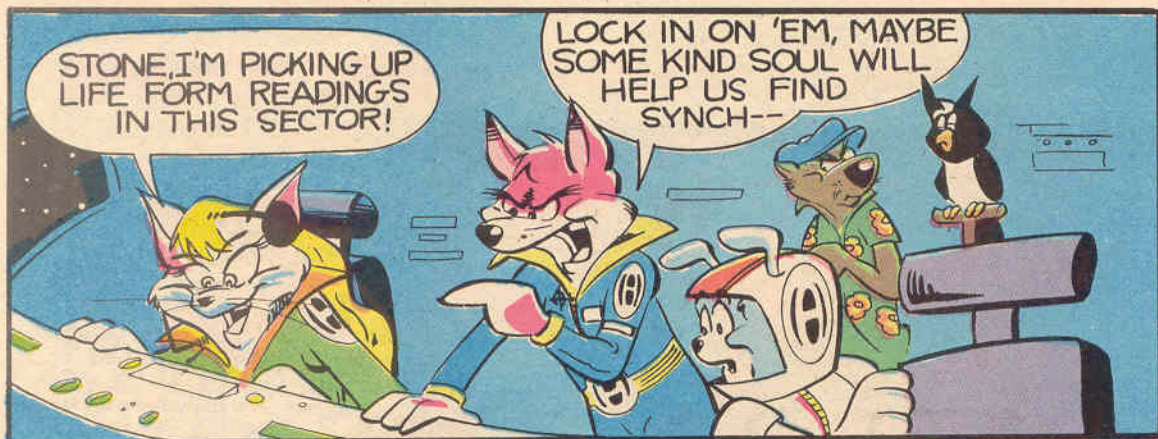
WELL, ACCORDING TO MY CALCULATIONS,
WE'RE ON A HEADING 63 DEGREES BY
35 DEGREES OFF THE LONGITUDINAL
AXIS OF THE STADDLER RADIAL ARM,
ADJUSTED FOR PHOTONIC PRESSURE
AND HYPERTROPIC DECAY OF THE
ELECTROMAGNETIC SPECTRUM.

SO THAT MEANS
WE'RE JUST ABOUT...

...HOPELESSLY
LOST, CORRECT.

WAIT, CAPTAIN! LOOK!
A LOCATION MARKER!
WE'RE SAVED!

YOU ARE
HERE





WAIT A MINUTE
I KNOW DAT VOICE!
IT'S MY BOOKIE, DA
WIZAH'D 'O ODDS!

HEY WIZ, IT'S
ME-- *BROOKLYN!*



BROOKLYN!
PARSECS OFF
COURSE! MILES FROM
ANY CIVILIZATION...



HOW IN GOD'S GREAT
UNIVERSE DO YOU EXPECT US TO
BELIEVE THIS ONE!!

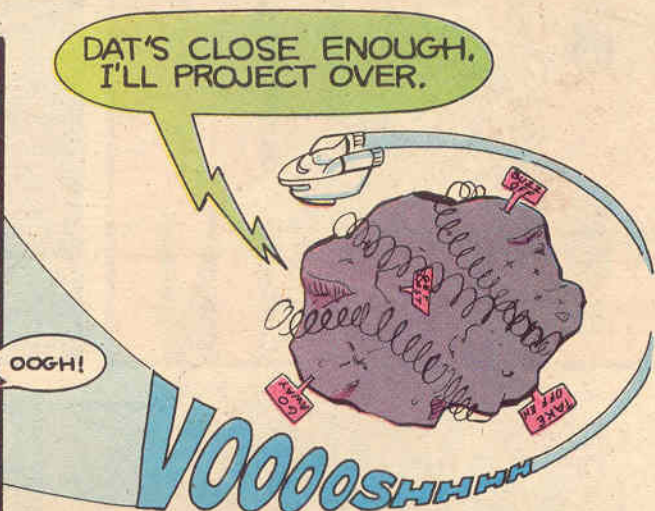
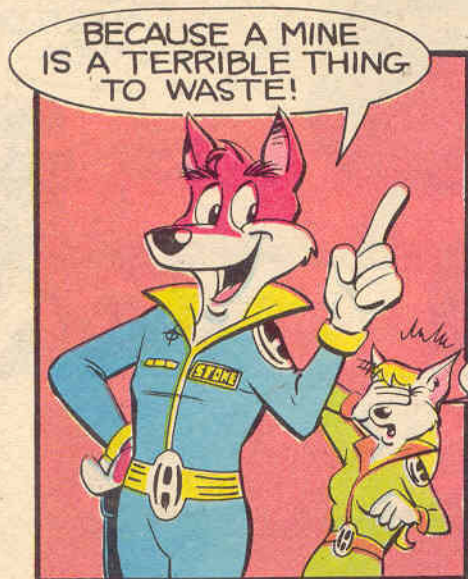


HEY WIZ! I GOT
DOSE BUCKS I OWE
YA RIGHT HERE!



AH. MINES
DEACTIVATED.
YOU MAY
PROCEED,







BUCKS, BILLS,
DEAD PRESIDENTS,
MONEY,

I CAN'T FIND MY BRAND
NEW \$50 SNAKESKIN
WALLET, CAP!

OF COURSE NOT, I
GAVE IT A DECENT BURIAL.



(SIGH) OKAY, BROOKLYN
I GET THE PICTURE,



SNAKESKIN



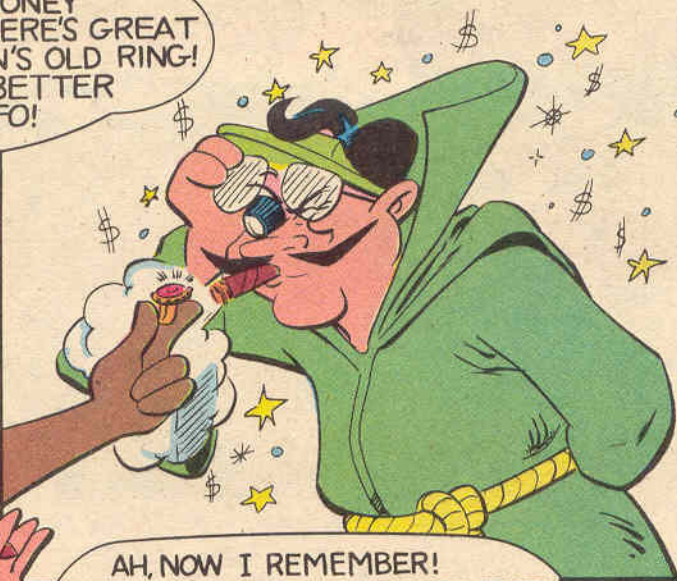
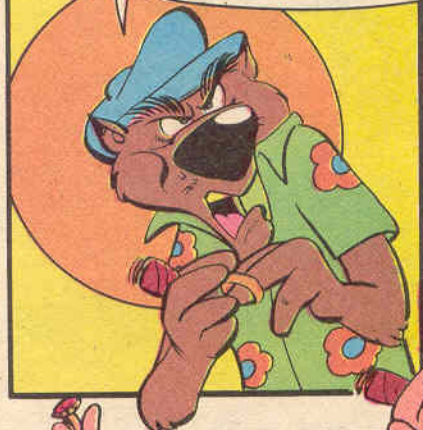
100, 200, 300
400, 500

GEE, TANKS, CAP. OKAY,
WIZ, ARE WE HEADIN' TOWARD
SYNCHRONOS OR NOT?

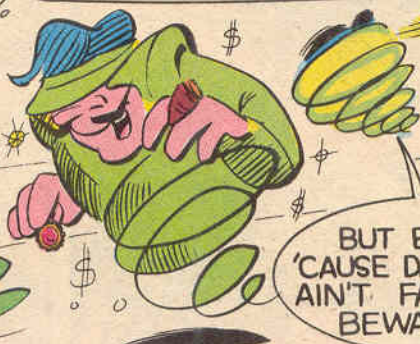


SYNCHRONOS,
SYNCHRONOS, COULD
YOU SPELL THAT?

ALL RIGHT, YOU MONEY GRUBBIN' LEECH! HERE'S GREAT GRANDDAD BROOKLYN'S OLD RING! TAKE IT, AND YOU BETTER COUGH UP DE INFO!

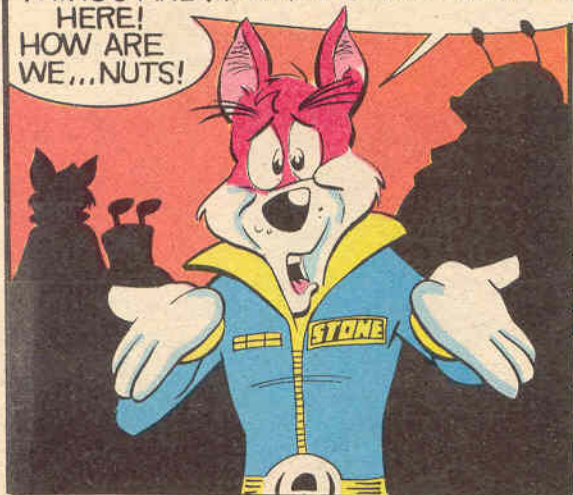


AH, NOW I REMEMBER! HEAD STRAIGHT DOWN SEVENTY-SIX LIGHT MINUTES AND TOIN LEFT AT DA FOIST QUASAR, DEN KEEP GOIN' TIL STRANGE THINGS START TO HAPPEN.

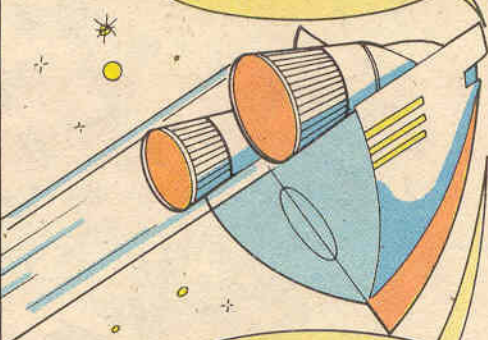


BUT BEWARE, 'CAUSE DA MUCOIDS AIN'T FAR OFF... BEWARE...

WAIT A MINUTE... STRANGE THINGS ARE ALWAYS GOING ON AROUND HERE! HOW ARE WE... NUTS!



PROCEEDING ON COURSE, CAPTAIN.



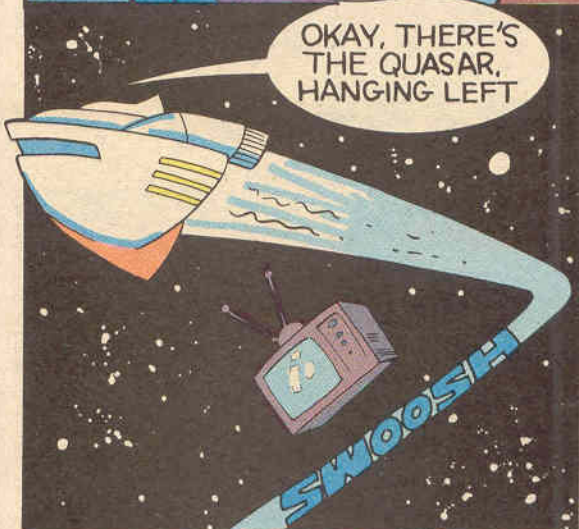
YEAH, WITHOUT MY PAYCHECK!

WELL, CAP, IF IT'S ANY
CONSOLATION, DAT WASN'T
REALLY MY GRANDAD'S
GOLD RING I GAVE
DA WIZ.



WHAT WAS
IT, THEN?

OKAY, THERE'S
THE QUASAR,
HANGING LEFT



I WONDER WHAT HE
MEANT BY "STRANGE
THINGS" HAPPENING?



PATOOM



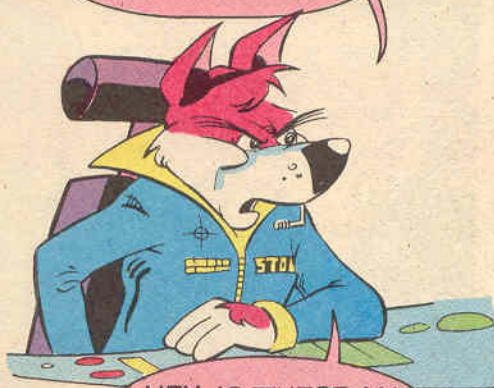
IT WAS MY CAPTAIN
CHAMLEON SECRET
EXPLODING
DECODER RING!

AND KEEP AN EYE
PEELED FOR "MUCOIDS"...

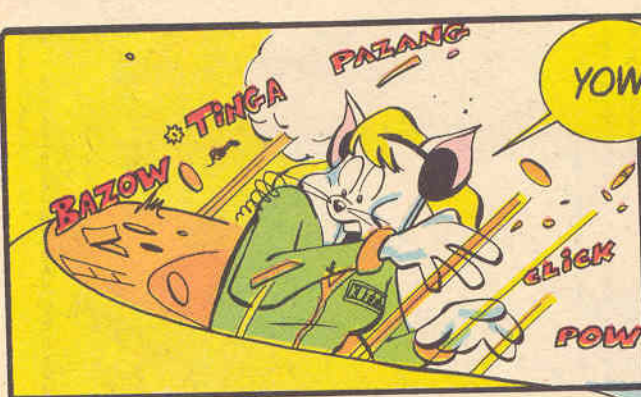


WHATEVER
THAT IS.

I WONDER WHAT HE
MEANT BY "STRANGE
THINGS" HAPPENING?



HEY, IS THERE AN
ECHO IN HERE?



YOW!

CAPTAIN, THE
COMPUTERS ARE
MALFUNCTIONING! I CAN'T
SYNCHRONIZE THEM!



SYNCHRON... SYNCHRONOS!
THIS MUST BE IT!

WE MUST BE NEAR
THE SACRED SPHERE!



I DON'T LIKE THIS-
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

WE CAN'T- COMPUTER'S
ON THE BLINK!



AND RADAR SHOWS
A BLIP- I THINK?

PLINK

LET'S CUT THE YAP
AND MAKE IT SNAPPY-
THIS DIALOGUE IS
GETTIN SAPPY!

ENGINE

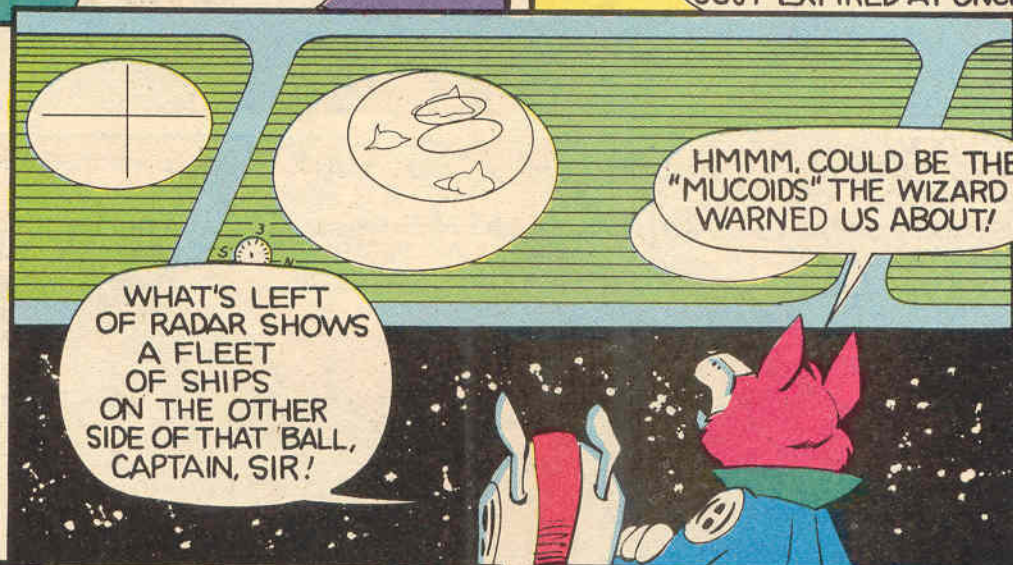




THAT'S IT!



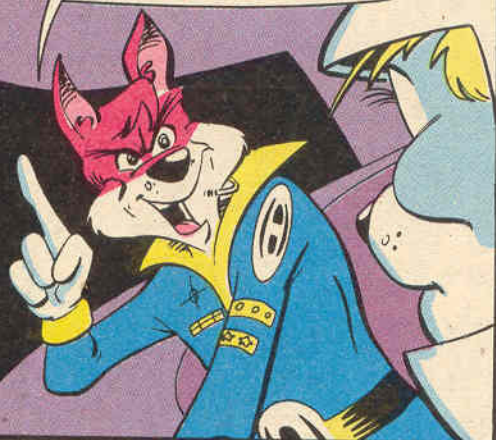
EITHER THAT, OR
ALL OUR WARRANTIES
JUST EXPIRED AT ONCE!



WHAT'S LEFT
OF RADAR SHOWS
A FLEET
OF SHIPS
ON THE OTHER
SIDE OF THAT 'BALL,
CAPTAIN, SIR!

HMMM, COULD BE THE
"MUCOIDS" THE WIZARD
WARNED US ABOUT!

OKAY, BOLTZ IS
STILL IN THE AIRLOCK,
RIGHT? GIVE HIM SOME
CABLE AND A STETHOSCOPE!



WE'RE GONNA SEE
WHAT THEY'RE
UP TO!

AND SOMEBODY
FIND THOSE MINES!

ABOARD THE ALIEN
FLAGSHIP, THE "FLEMING"

HAR HAR (HACK)
HAR! IT IS DUD!

DOW WE BUCOIDS
OWD TIMB IDSELF, AND IF
THE TERRAD SCUB WAD IT, THEY
BUST BUY *OUR* CHRODOBETERS,
(WAAACHOO!) WATCHES!
A STEAL AT ODELY
(SNIF) \$9.95! IF
THEY ORDER
BEFORE BIDDIGHT
TONIGHT!

BUT WAIT,
THERE'S BORE-
A FREE PARIG DIFE
AD BEASURIG-
SPOODS!

AD HOW ABOUT
THIS DIFTY
JAR OPEDER!

DOW HOW BUCH
WOULD THEY PAY?

YOU'RE RIGHT! LET'S
BAKE ID \$49.95 AD TOSS
ID A SLIB WHITBAD ALBUM!
THEN I, SDIVEL, WILL RULE
THE (SNARF) GALAXY, FOR ODELY
I CODTROL THE CHRODOBETERS!
WHA-HA-HA-HA (HACK
COUGH CHOKE
GAG) HA!



BUT UNBEKNOWNST TO THE MUCOIDS, OUR GANG HAS BEEN LISTENING IN...

SNIVEL, HUH? OKAY, I'VE HEARD ENOUGH.

BOLTZ, GRAB THAT GLOBE AND WAIT FOR MY ORDERS.

WHOOT WE'RE GONNA GIVE THE MUCOIDS A TASTE OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE! HERE'S WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO...

SHORTLY AFTER,

COBBADER! SUBTHIG IS DRIFTIG TOWARD US!

POOT

GED A TRACTOR BEEB ON IT IBBEDIATELY!

MOMENTS LATER...

I CAD'T OBen IT!

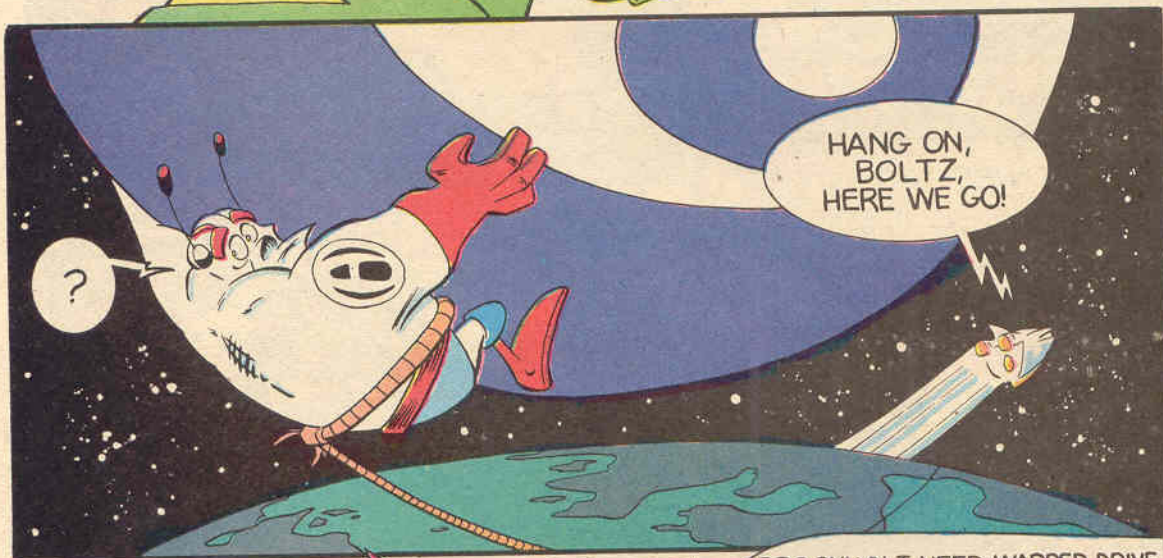
DOE WUDDER! YOU DUB IDIOT! LOOK!

DECONGESTANTS

NEW MUCOID-PROOF CPP SO LONG SUCKER!

IT'S A TRICK!

FABOOM



HANG ON,
BOLTZ,
HERE WE GO!



BARKER, GIVE ME A
DAMAGE REPORT ON
THOSE SLIMEBALLS!

KITTY, CONTINUE
ON COURSE FOR
SYNCHRONOS.

BROOKLYN, I NEED WARPED DRIVE
IN TWO MINUTES OR WE'RE
ALL UNEMPLOYED!

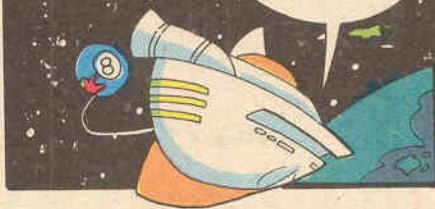


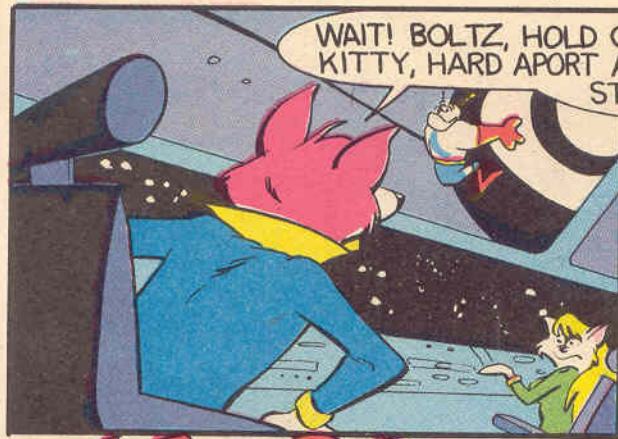
WE MADE
MINCEMEAT
OUT OF 'EM
CAP!

THEY LOOK LIKE SWISS CHEESE-
(SMACK, DROOL) WHOOPS, LOOKS LIKE THE
"HISTAMINE" AND THE "FLEMING" GOT AWAY.
UH-OH, HERE COMES THE "HOCKER", TOO!

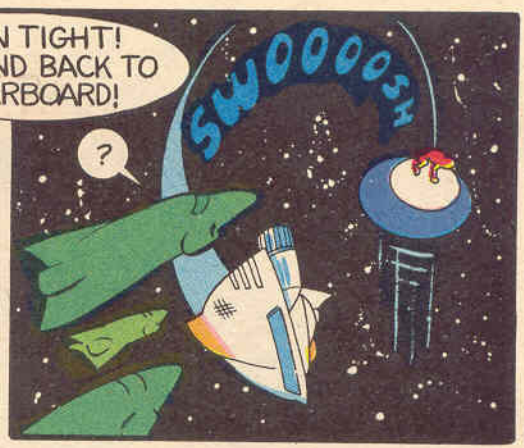
OKAY,
CHARGE UP
THE GUNS!

WEAPONS
INOPERATIVE
UNTIL WE CAN
SYNCHRONIZE
COMPUTERS.

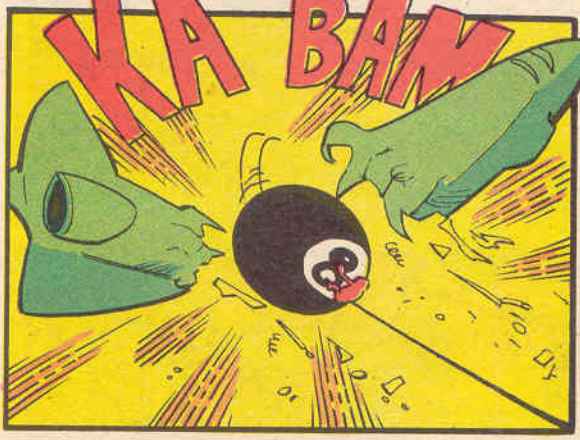




WAIT! BOLTZ, HOLD ON TIGHT!
KITTY, HARD APORT AND BACK TO
STARBOARD!

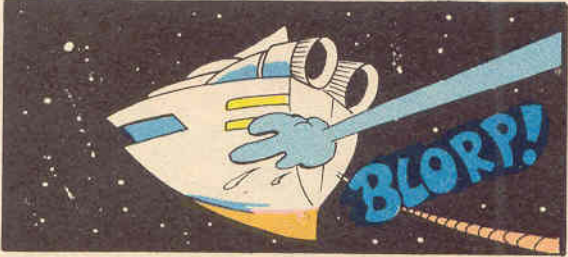


SWOOOSH

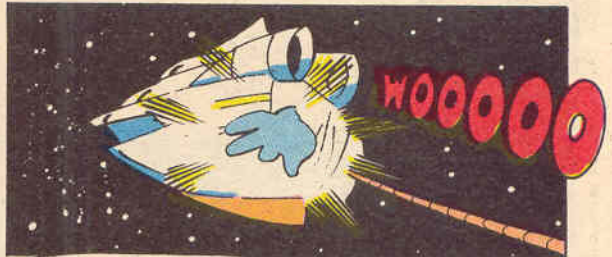


THE "FLEMING" IS
DROPPING BACK CAP...

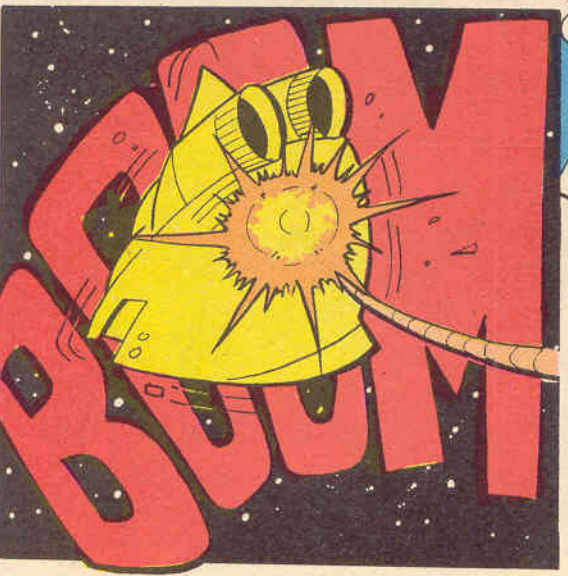
... BUT IT JUST
LAUNCHED SOMETHING!



BLORP!

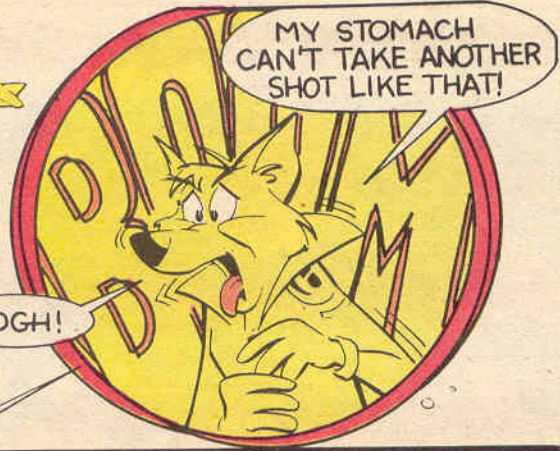
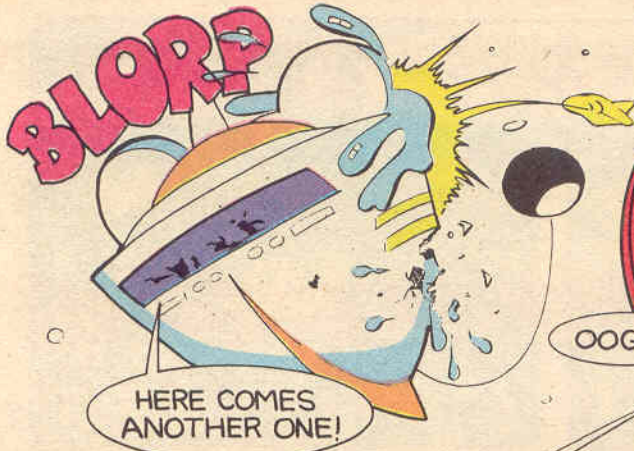


WOOOOO



BROOKLYN, WHERE'S
THAT WARPED DRIVE?

SOME BEER GOT IN DA
CONVERTER CONSOLE SOMEWAYS,
CAP, BUT I CAN JUMP IT. GIMME
FIVE MINUTES!



LATER, DROPPING OUT OF HYPERSPACE...

OKAY, ENGINES
FULL STOP.

SCREEEEEH



WELL, I
GUESS WE...

!?!

SWOOSH

EEEEEEK!

ZING

I'LL SEND
HIM UP. LATER,
CAP...

GEEZ! WE'RE
TRYING TO SURVIVE AND
AND BOLTZ IS OUT THERE
HAVING A BALL!

BROOKLYN, TELL
SLINX I WANT TO
THANK HIM PERSONALLY
FOR SAVING OUR
BACON BACK THERE.

I NEED DA
LIGHT
RIGHT NOW.

GAS CLOUD DEAD
AHEAD, CAPTAIN, SENSORS
WON'T PUNCH THROUGH.

BUT I THINK
WE'RE ABOUT TO!

SYNCHRONOS!

YES, THE TIMEPIECE FOR THE GALAXY.

WE DID IT!

JUST A BOEBENT, CABTAIN. I'D SAID I'D RULE THIS GALAXY AND I BEAN TO DO JUST THAD!

!?

YOU HAVE ONE BIDUTE TO HAD IT OVER BEFORE YOU AD BY WATCH OFFER EXPIRE!

OH BROTHER!

"THEY MUST HAVE LOCKED ONTO OUR RADIATION SIGNATURE AND WE CAN'T FIGHT UNTIL WE KNOW THE TIME! NUTS!"

GEEZ, HIS STOMACH IS SO REGULAR YOU COULD ALMOST SET YOUR... UH... WATCH... BY...

WHAT'S YOUR EATING SCHEDULE?

SPEAKING OF NUTS CAPTAIN.

I'M GETTING A BIT HUNGRY.

HONESTLY, BARKER, AT A TIME LIKE THIS?

BARKER! WHAT TIME DO YOU USUALLY EAT?

ALL THE TIME!

WELL, BREAKFAST IS ALWAYS AT SEVEN... THEN, A LITTLE SNACK AROUND 7:30 TO TIDE ME OVER TILL EIGHT, LIKE MAYBE WHIPPED CREAM ON RYE OR...

FIFTY SECUDS, CABTAIN.

FORTY SECUDS...

THIRTY SECUDS...

ENOUGH WITH THE JUNK FOOD! WHEN'S LUNCH?

12:30 SHARP, SIR.

WHICH MEANS DINNER'S AT...

DINNER... DINNER ... GEE, I CAN'T THINK WITH ALL THIS EXCITEMENT!

LOOK, YOU LITTLE GARBAGE DISPOSAL,

IF YOU DON'T START THINKING REAL QUICK, YOU'RE GOING TO DIE... HUNGRY!

TWENTY SECUDS...

TEN SECUDS...

1800 HOURS, CAP! THAT'S RIGHT! 1800 HOURS!

1800 HOURS... LET'S SEE... AFTER TWELVE YOU ADD... UH... UH...

SIX O'CLOCK, AND THE COMPUTERS ARE SYNCHRONIZED!

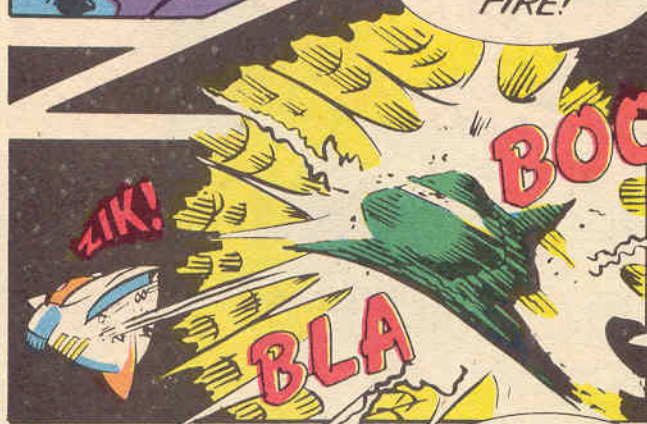


DOW, YOU FEEL THE
ULTIMATE FURY OF THE
BUCOIDS, PREPARE TO
MEET YOUR DOOB!

YOU FIRST,
NOSEWIPE!
FIRE!



NUTS! MISSED THE
FLAGSHIP!



BOOM

BLA

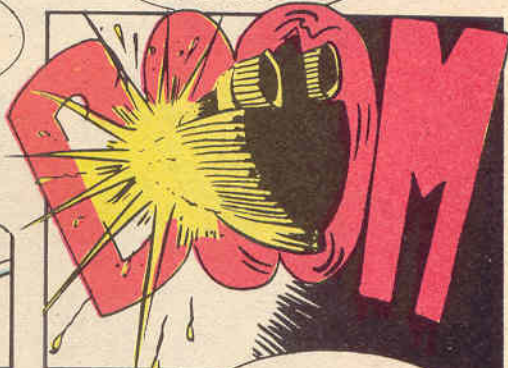


HE'S FIRING
AGAIN!



SHPLAT

GUNPORTS
JAMMED WITH
ICK, SIR!



OKAY, LET'S
TRY THAT
AGAIN,

SHIELDS JUST
FAILED, CAPTAIN.



OH I CAN'T
LOOK!



FIRE

AAAGH!

SNAP
CRACK
POP

BARKER, WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

I AM SYNCHRONOS, THE
TIME BEING. ALL OF YOUR DEVICES
WILL NOW OPERATE PROPERLY.

IN GRATITUDE FOR THE RETURN OF MY
VITAL MEMBER I GRANT YOU FULFILLMENT
OF ONE WISH. SPEAK, AND IT SHALL BE DONE.

TIME
NOBEL
PEACE
PRIZE
DR. WHOOT

BROOKLYN,
NO!!

SAY CAP, WHAT'S
HAPPENIN'? ME AND SLINX
CAN'T HEAR NOTHIN' DOWN
THERE, I WISH...

... SOMEBODY WOULD
TELL ME WHAT'S GOING
ON AROUND HERE!

WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE THE
BIG HAND IS ON THE EIGHT
AND THE LITTLE HAND IS
ON THE MUCOIDS!

P
O
O
F

GEE
TANKS!

LATER...

WELL, THE ASTRO-
GATOR'S PERKED UP...

...SO I GUESS WE CAN
HEAD HOME NOW.

ARRRGH!

SORRY I CALLED YOU A
GARBAGE DISPOSAL BACK
THERE, ENSIGN.

DEAD? BARKER, DO I LOOK
LIKE SOME KIND OF ANIMAL,
FOR ORION'S SAKE?

NO, BOLTZ
AND I PUT THEM INTO
HERMETICALLY SEALED FREEZE
CHAMBERS AND SET THEM ADRIFT. THEY'LL
OPEN WHEN THEY REACH A HABITABLE
PLANET.

OH, THAT'S OKAY, CAP.
I KNOW YOU DIDN'T MEAN IT.
BUT, UH, WHAT DID YOU DO WITH
THE MUCOIDS? I MEAN, YOU
DIDN'T... THEY AREN'T...

YOU MEAN...?

"SO THE U.S.S. SPACE ARK TURNS AND
HEADS FOR HOME, IT'S CREW SECURE IN
THE KNOWLEDGE THAT THEY'VE HELPED
MAKE THE GALAXY A SAFER
AND HAPPIER PLACE-FOR
THE TIME BEING."

YEP, THE MUCOIDS
GOT JUST WHAT THEY'VE
NEEDED ALL ALONG: TIME-
RELEASE COLD CAPSULES!

NEXT TIME: YOU'LL BE COUGHING UP
FUR BALLS (NOT TO MENTION A BUCK
SEVENTY-FIVE) WHEN YOU JOIN THE CREW
AS THEY FIND THEMSELVES
CATTY CORNERED!