



THERE IT IS OFF NEPTUNE! I KNOW THE GREAT VOYAGE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN.




SIR, YOU ARE ONE OF THE GREATEST SPACERS OF ALL TIME. I AM ONE OF THE SCOUTS GOING AHEAD OF THE VENTURE! I WISH TO HAVE YOU AS MY SHIP-CONTROL.




ME PLUGGED INTO A COMPUTER! OH NO, MY BOY. I'VE HAD MY FILL OF SPACE! I'M CONTENT QUIETLY RUSTING ON EARTH.

SIR, THE LATEST PREDICTION IS THAT ALL LIFE HERE WILL BE DESTROYED WITHIN ONE YEAR.



SIR, I HAVE TO REPORT THE VESSEL IS UNDER ATTACK.




THOSE UNFRIENDLY ALMOST-HUMANS I MENTIONED EARLIER, GRANDSON!



SIR, DOES THIS MEAN YOU ARE COMING?

I RECKON SO, GRANDSON. TELL YOUR SHIPMAN THAT A JOLT OF HIGH VOLTAGE DISCOURAGES THOSE MUTATIONS.



THEY'RE GONE BUT I'M GOING TO MISS THOSE BOYS. USED TO LIVE DULL DAYS HAVING THEM TRYING TO BREAK IN TO GET AT THE GOODIES THEY THOUGHT I HAD HIDDEN AWAY.



AAARGH!



THIS IS ANDROID AD964. HE IS THE REST OF OUR CREW ON THE SCOUT!

I'LL CALL HIM ANDY. I'VE NOTHING AGAINST BIONIC FOLK, BEING MOSTLY THAT WAY MYSELF.