

FLETCHER

STEWART

LOUGHRIDGE

TOONAMI



TRAPPED



PLANET: SHOGO 162

LOCATION: SEVERAL CLICKS SOUTH-EAST OF THE VINDICATION

I DUNNO WHAT YOUR SENSORS ARE PICKING UP, SARA, BUT ALL I SEE UP AHEAD IS SAND AND A LOT OF NOTHING... WITH AN EXTRA HELPING OF SAND ON THE SIDE.

WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE TO GET OFF THIS DESOLATE, STORMY, HILLSCAPE OF A PLANET.

YOU DID SAY YOU WANTED TO EXPLORE SHOGO 162, TOM, AND TRACKING DOWN THE ORIGIN OF THE SIGNAL WE JUST STARTED RECEIVING IS A GOOD OPPORTUNITY TO GET OUT OF THE HOUSE AND SEE THE SIGHTS.

THE ONLY SIGHT I WUNNA SEE IS A BRAND NEW, SAND-FREE, FULLY STOCKED STARSHIP WITH SYSTEMS THAT WON'T KICK OUT AND DELETE MY ONLY KARAOKE PARTNER.

I'D SAY I'M MORE OF YOUR KARAOKE VICTIM THAN A PARTNER.

BUT YES, TOM, IF THE VINDICATION SYSTEMS GO DOWN, I WILL LIKELY GO WITH THEM.

AND YOU WILL BE ALL ALONE...

STORY
BRENDEN FLETCHER

ART
CAMERON STEWART

COLOR
LEE LOUGHRIDGE

LETTERING
JARED FLETCHER

DEEP
DEEP

WAIT, SARA, I THINK THERE'S SOMETHING UP AHEAD.

TOM, YOU'RE CUTTING--
~CRACKLE~
NOT READING--
~CRACKLE~

WE'LL STOP YOUR GRINNIN' AND DROP YOUR LINEN...

SARA, ARE YOU THERE?

DEEP
DEEP

~CRACKLE~
STORM INTERFERING WITH THE--
~CRACKLE~

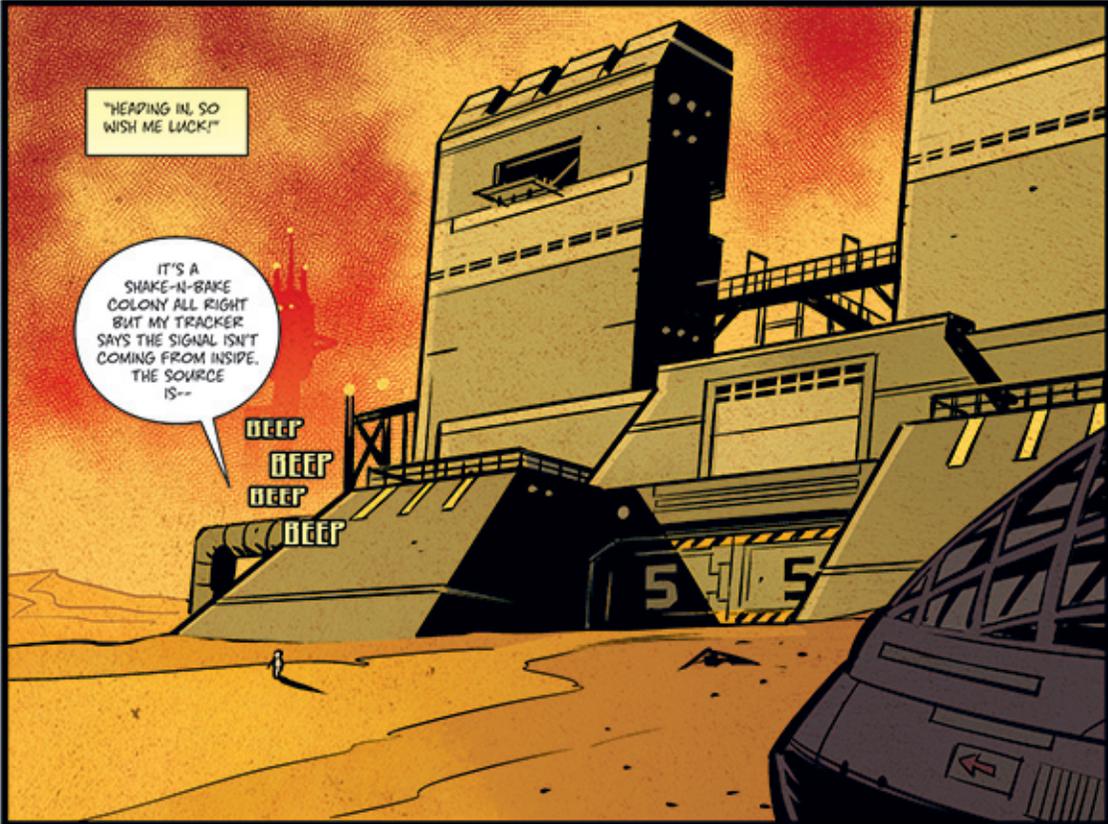
NOT SURE IF YOU CAN READ ME BUT I THINK I FOUND THE SOURCE OF OUR MYSTERIOUS SIGNAL.

DEEP
DEEP

"HEARING IN, SO
WISH ME LUCK!"

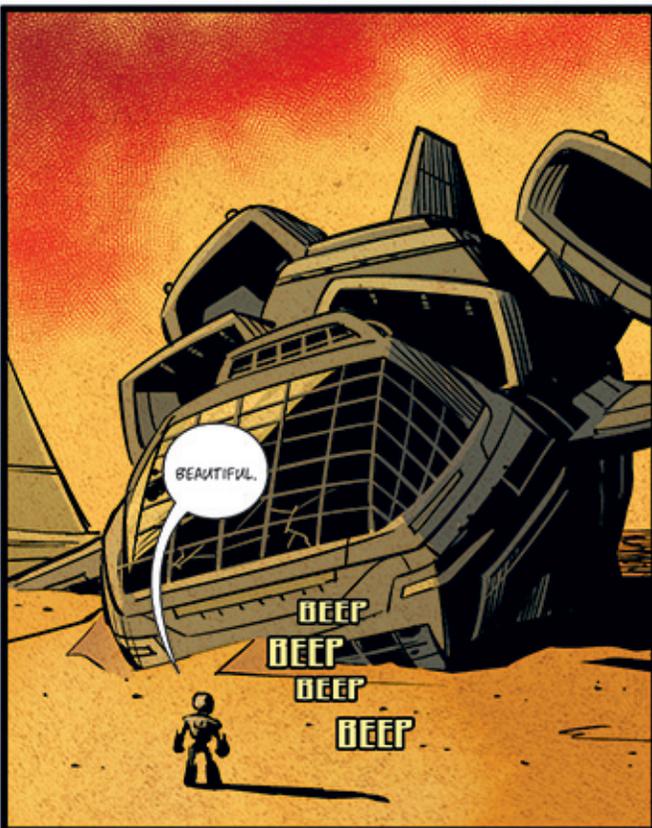
IT'S A
SHAKE-N-BAKE
COLONY ALL RIGHT
BUT MY TRACKER
SAYS THE SIGNAL ISN'T
COMING FROM INSIDE.
THE SOURCE
IS--

DEEP
DEEP
DEEP
DEEP



BEAUTIFUL.

DEEP
DEEP
DEEP
DEEP



I MUST'VE
BEEN A VERY,
VERY GOOD
ROBOT THIS
YEAR.

THIS
SHIP'S OLD
AND COVERED IN
DUST BUT IT COULD
BE THE ANSWER
TO ALL OUR
PRAYERS.

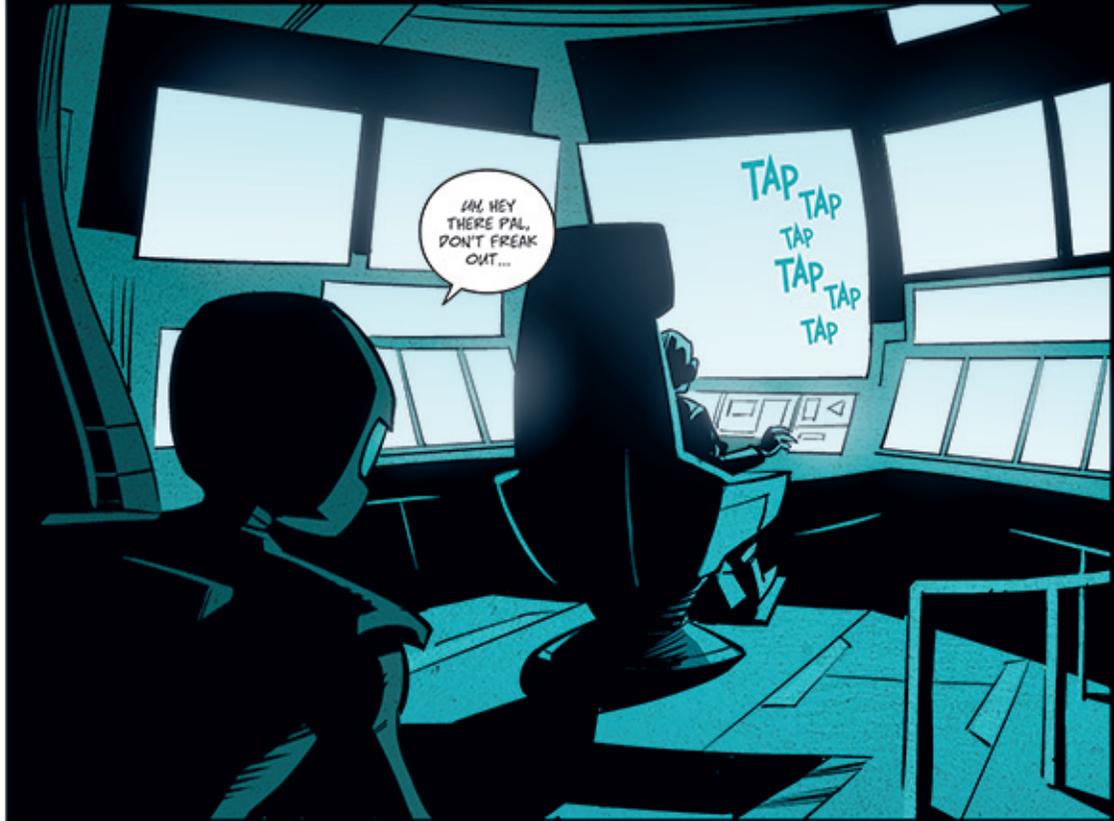
TAP
TAP
TAP
TAP
TAP
TAP
TAP
TAP



TAP
TAP
TAP
TAP
TAP
TAP

WAIT,
"TAP TAP
TAP"?
I'M NOT
ALONE IN
HERE...





WELL HEY THERE PAL,
DON'T FREAK
OUT...



I'M JUST A
FRIENDLY NEIGHBOR
DROPPING BY TO
BORROW A CUP
OF SUGAR, OR
Y'KNOW...

MAYBE YOUR
STARSHIP?



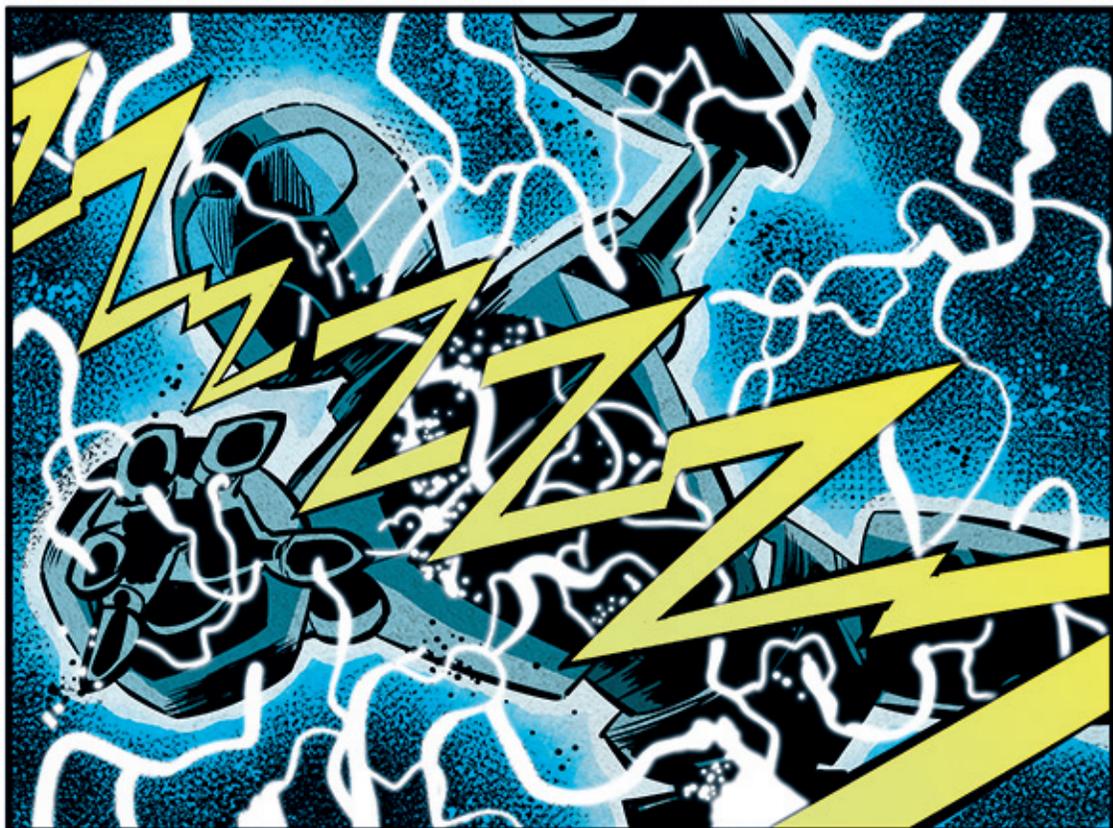
INTRUDER.



WHAT, ME? AN INTRUDER? NO, NO NO, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.



I'M JUST LOOKING FOR HELP WITH MY--



WAAAA...

WHAT HAPPENED TO ME?

I MUST BE DREAMING.

I FEEL SO... GROOVY. AND FAR MORE ACCURATELY ANTHROPOMORPHIZED.

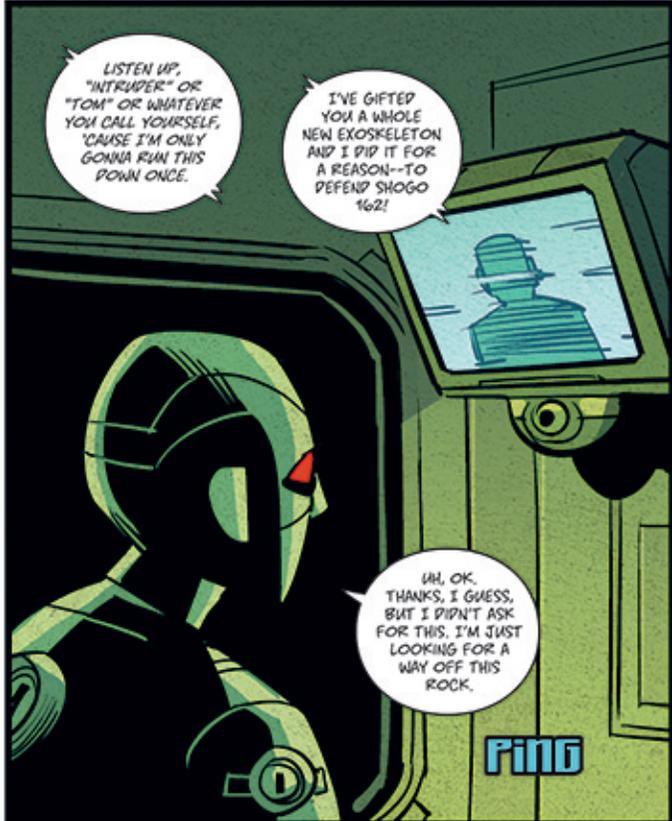
MAN, THIS FLOOR IS FREEZING.

WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO. FETCH YOUR SLIPPERS FOR YOU?



WHO'S THERE? WHAT HAPPENED TO MY OLD BODY?

NOT THAT I HAVE ANYTHING AGAINST THIS ONE, PER SE. BUT I'M USED TO HAVING THE PHYSIQUE OF AN ARTIFICIAL T.V. HOST.



LISTEN UP, "INTRUDER" OR "TOM" OR WHATEVER YOU CALL YOURSELF, 'CAUSE I'M ONLY GONNA RUN THIS POWN ONCE.

I'VE GIFTED YOU A WHOLE NEW EXOSKELETON AND I DID IT FOR A REASON--TO DEFEND SHOGO 162!

UH, OK. THANKS, I GUESS, BUT I DIDN'T ASK FOR THIS. I'M JUST LOOKING FOR A WAY OFF THIS ROCK.

PING



MAYBE THIS FANCY NEW ARM WILL LET ME CALL HOME BEFORE I GET FORCED INTO YOUR BATTLE OF THE PLANETS.

DON'T BOTHER, YOUR SIGNAL WON'T TRAVEL BEYOND THE SETTLEMENT'S RECEPTORS.

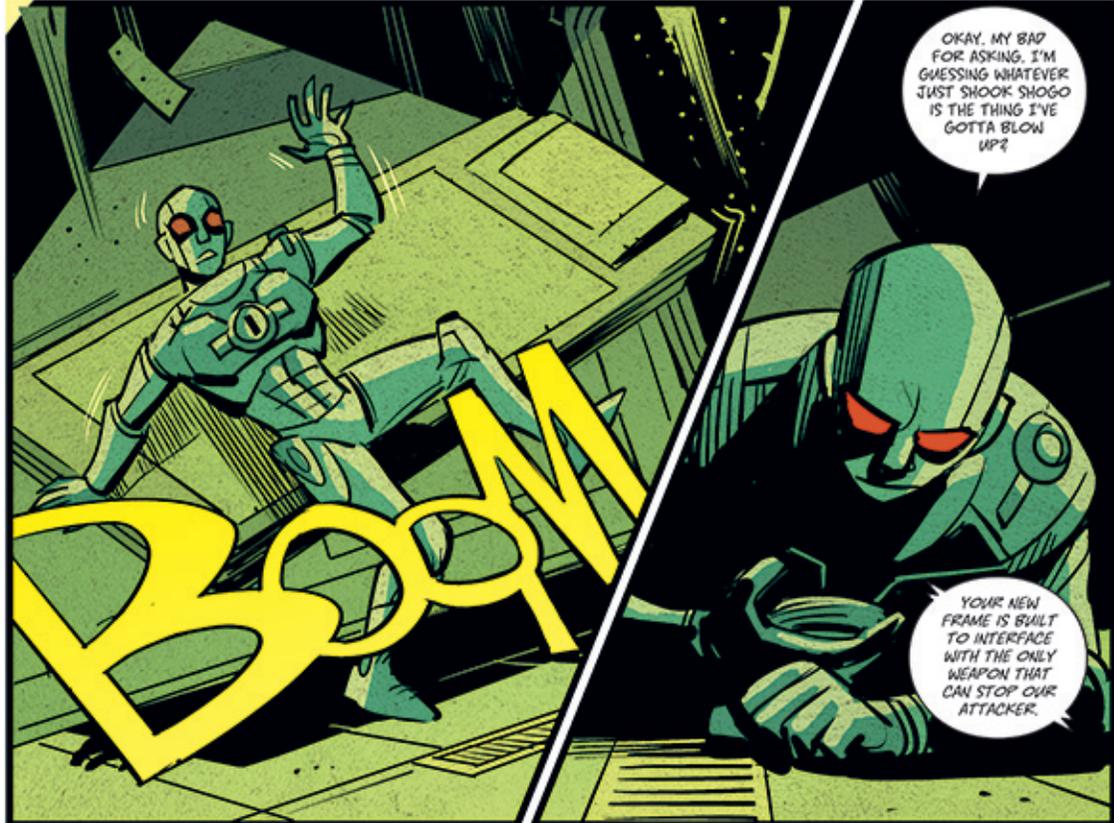
PING



AND EVEN IF IT COULD, NOBODY OUTSIDE WILL SURVIVE THE ONSLAUGHT TO COME LONG ENOUGH TO RESPOND TO YOU.

IF YOU HAVE PEOPLE OUT THERE, BEYOND OUR WALLS, WE WILL RETRIEVE THEM. BUT YOU, TOM, IT IS YOU WHO'LL KEEP THEM AND ALL THE BEINGS OF SHOGO 162 SAFE.

FROM WHAT?



OKAY. MY BAD FOR ASKING. I'M GUESSING WHATEVER JUST SHOOK SHOGO IS THE THING I'VE GOTTA BLOW UP?

YOUR NEW FRAME IS BUILT TO INTERFACE WITH THE ONLY WEAPON THAT CAN STOP OUR ATTACKER.



AND IF I DO THIS, FIGHT YOUR ENEMY, YOU'LL SAVE MY FRIEND, BACK AT MY BASE?



YOU GOT IT, SPACE COWBOY.

NOW GET MOVING! THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!



FOLLOW THE DIRECTIONS DISPLAYED ON THE CONTROL PANEL OF YOUR FOREARM.

I'VE GOT A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS.

AHEAD, YOU'LL
FIND THE MEANS
TO TRAVEL TO THE
WEAPON'S STORAGE
HOUSING, ON THE
OTHER SIDE OF THE
SETTLEMENT.



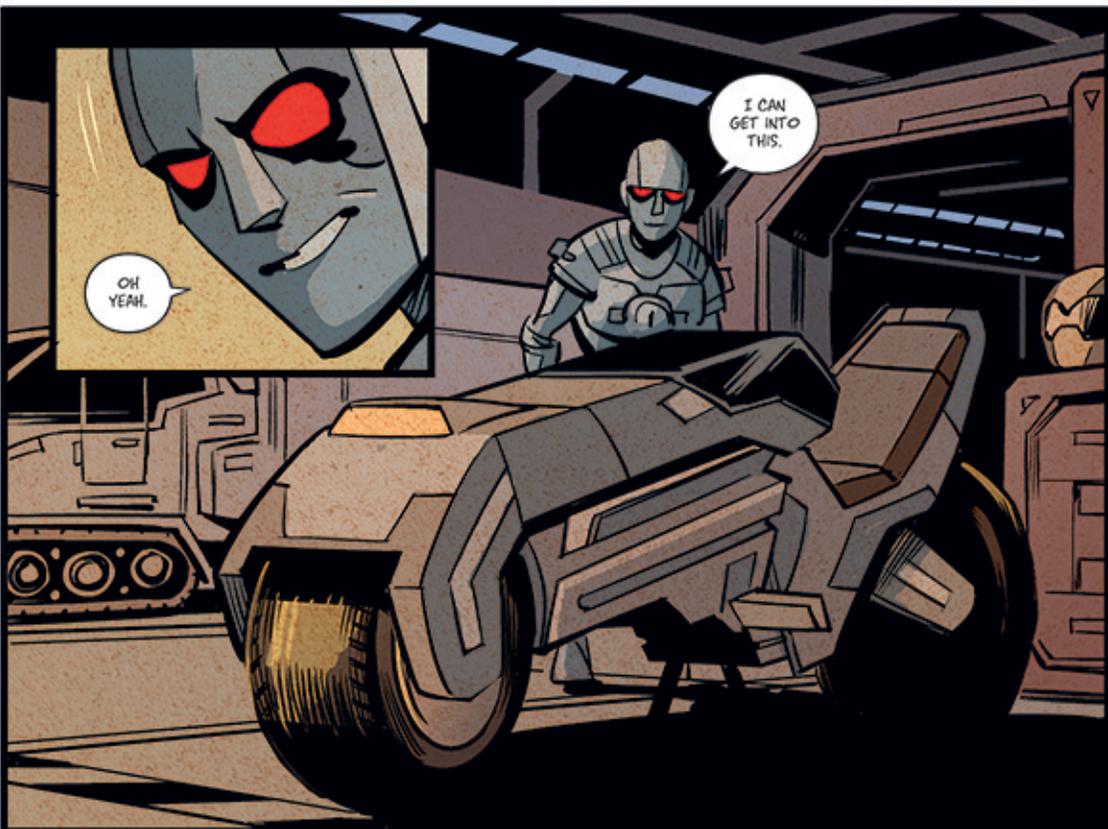
WHAT
THE HELL
IS THAT!

YOU'RE
LOOKING AT
THE TRABOGOG,
SCOURGE OF SHOGO
162, THE BEAST
YOU MUST
DESTROY.

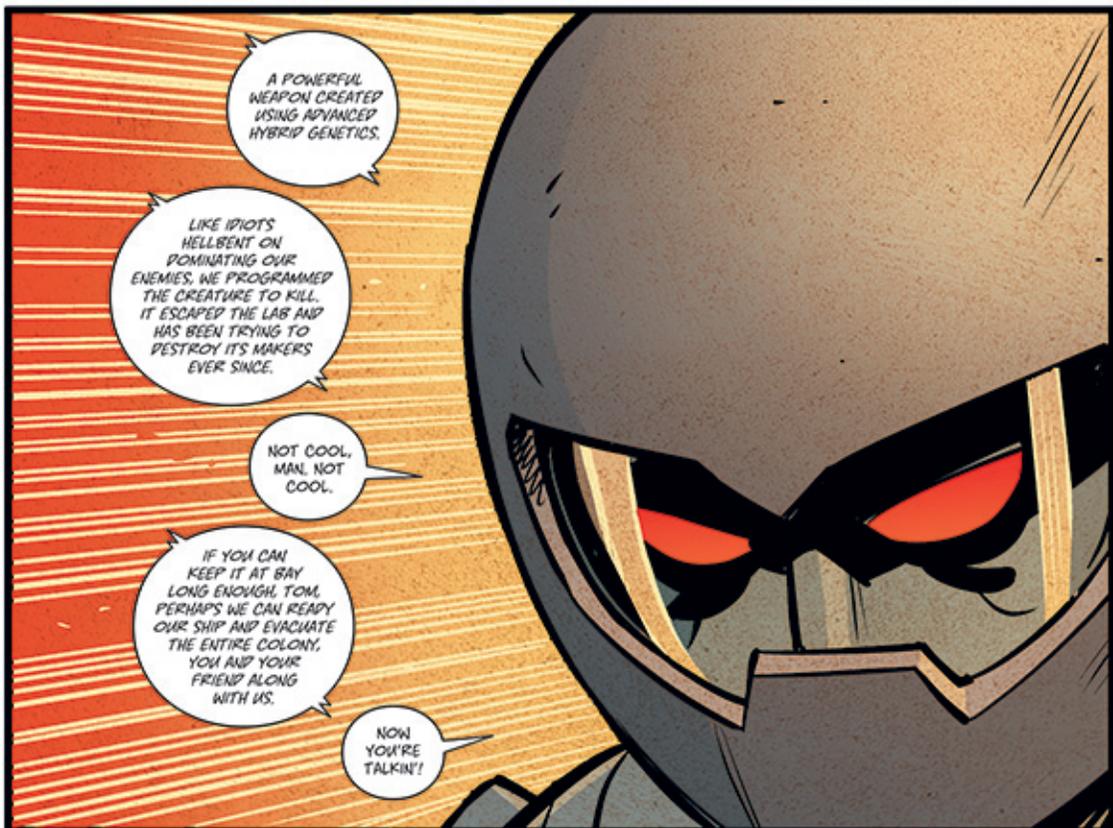
CHOOSE
A VEHICLE,
INTERFACE WITH
ITS NAVI-COMPUTER
AND FOLLOW THE
DIRECTIONS ACROSS
THE COMPOUND
TO DOCKING
BAY 94.

OH
YEAH.

I CAN
GET INTO
THIS.

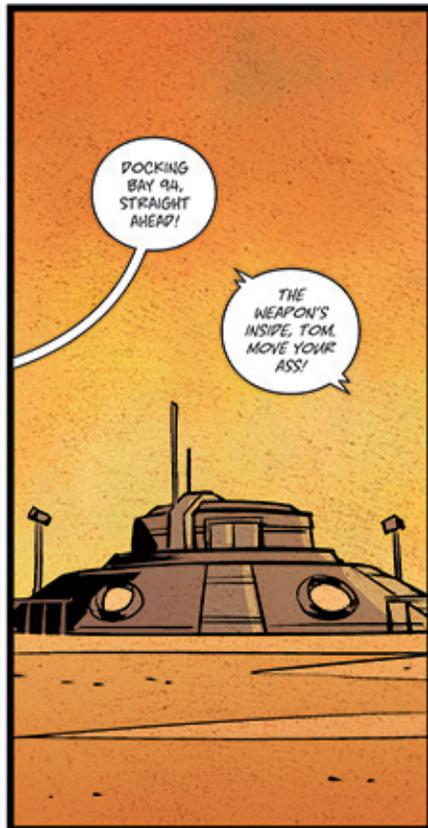






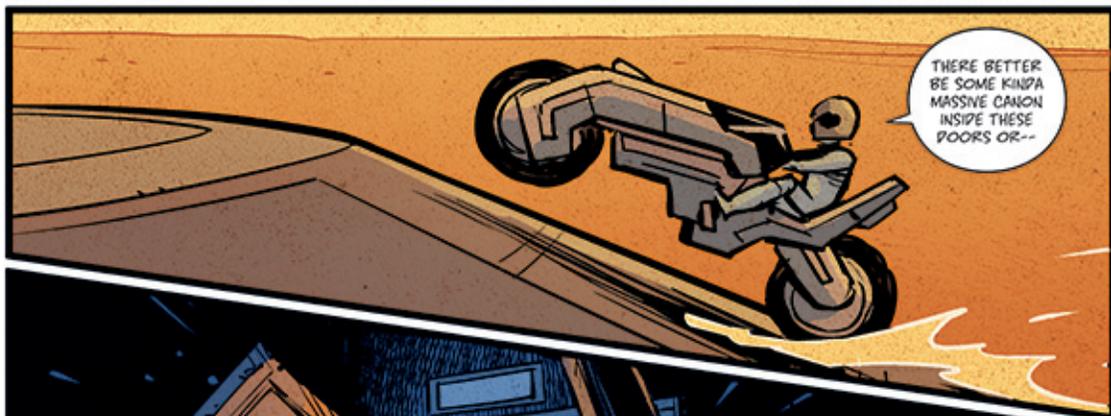


THERE IT IS!



POCKING BAY 94, STRAIGHT AHEAD!

THE WEAPON'S INSIDE, TOM. MOVE YOUR ASS!

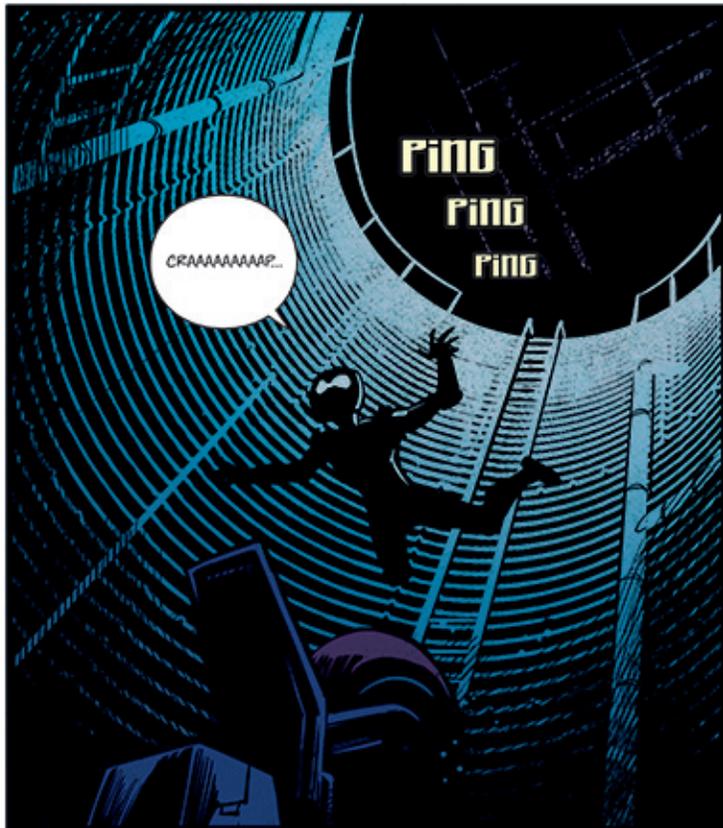


THERE BETTER BE SOME KINDA MASSIVE CANON INSIDE THESE DOORS OR--



AHHH CRAP CRAP CRAP...

SMASH



CRAAAAAAAP...

PING
PING
PING



POOM

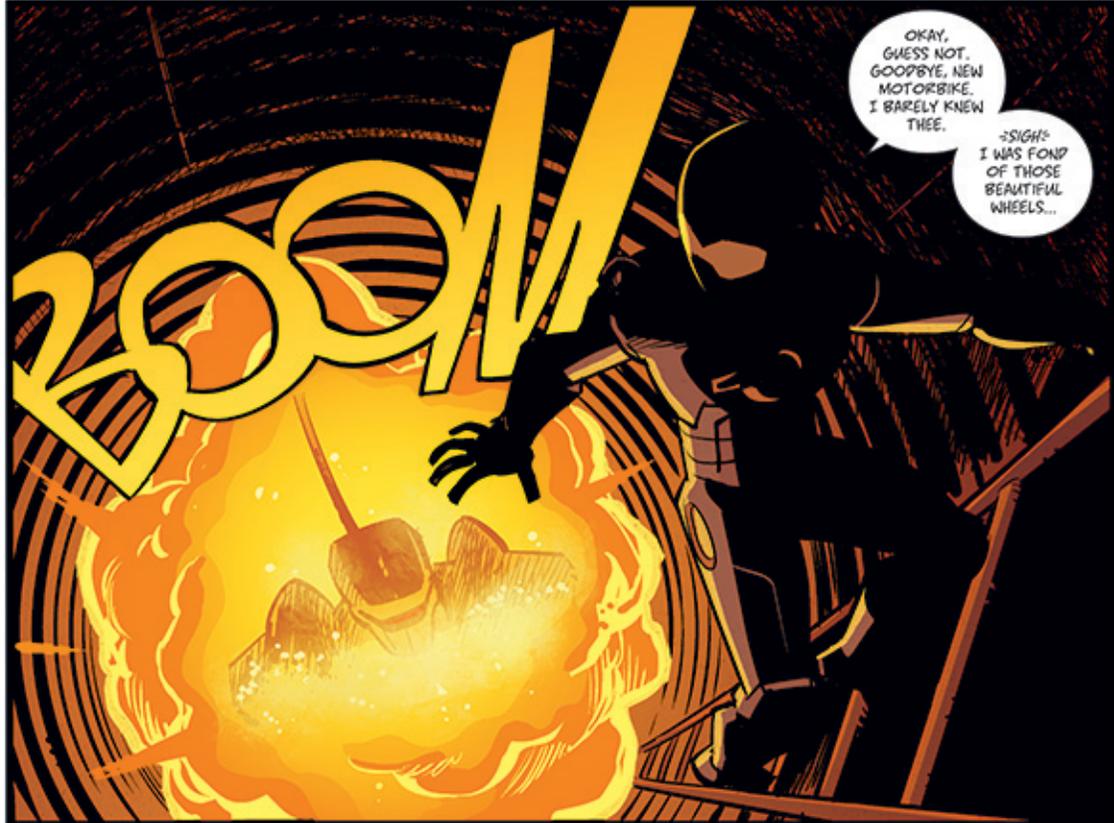


KLANG



SHREWS
THANKS FOR
THE AUTO SAVE,
NEW BODY.

HOPE
THAT SUPER-UP
MOTORBIKE'S GOT
SOME CRASH
CUSHIONS
OR--



OKAY,
GUESS NOT.
GOODBYE, NEW
MOTORBIKE.
I BARELY KNEW
THEE.

-SIGH-
I WAS FOND
OF THOSE
BEAUTIFUL
WHEELS...



BUT
I THINK
I MIGHT BE IN
LOVE WITH MY
GIANT NEW
TOY.

WHAT
HAVE WE
HERE?



THIS IS SO MUCH BETTER THAN A BIG CANNON. THINK I'M GONNA CALL YOU "BIG TOM".

NOW ALL I NEED TO DO IS FIGURE OUT HOW TO--



HURR
WAIT A
SECOND--



UCK!



COMMAND
CONTROL SYNC
COMPLETE.
SYSTEMS ONLINE.
WEAPONS
ACTIVATED...

BIG TOM,
SHOWTIME!



C'MERE,
YOU
JERK!



WHAM

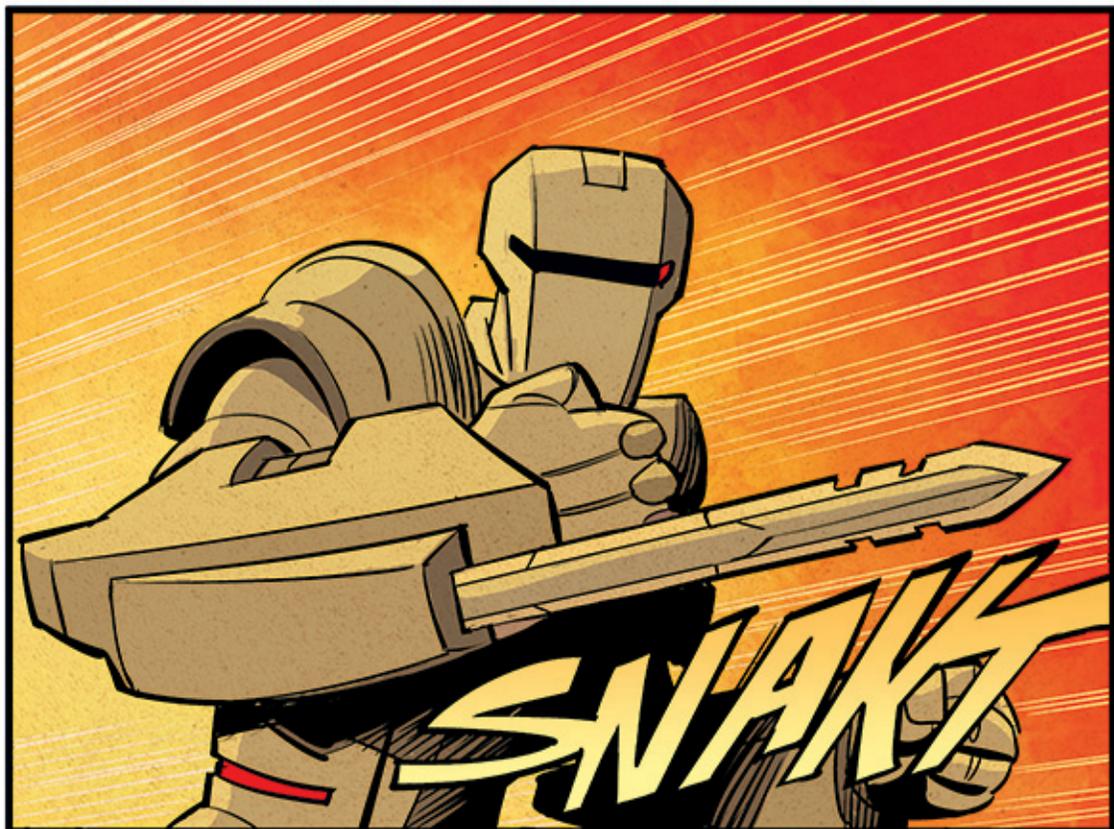


SKREEEK

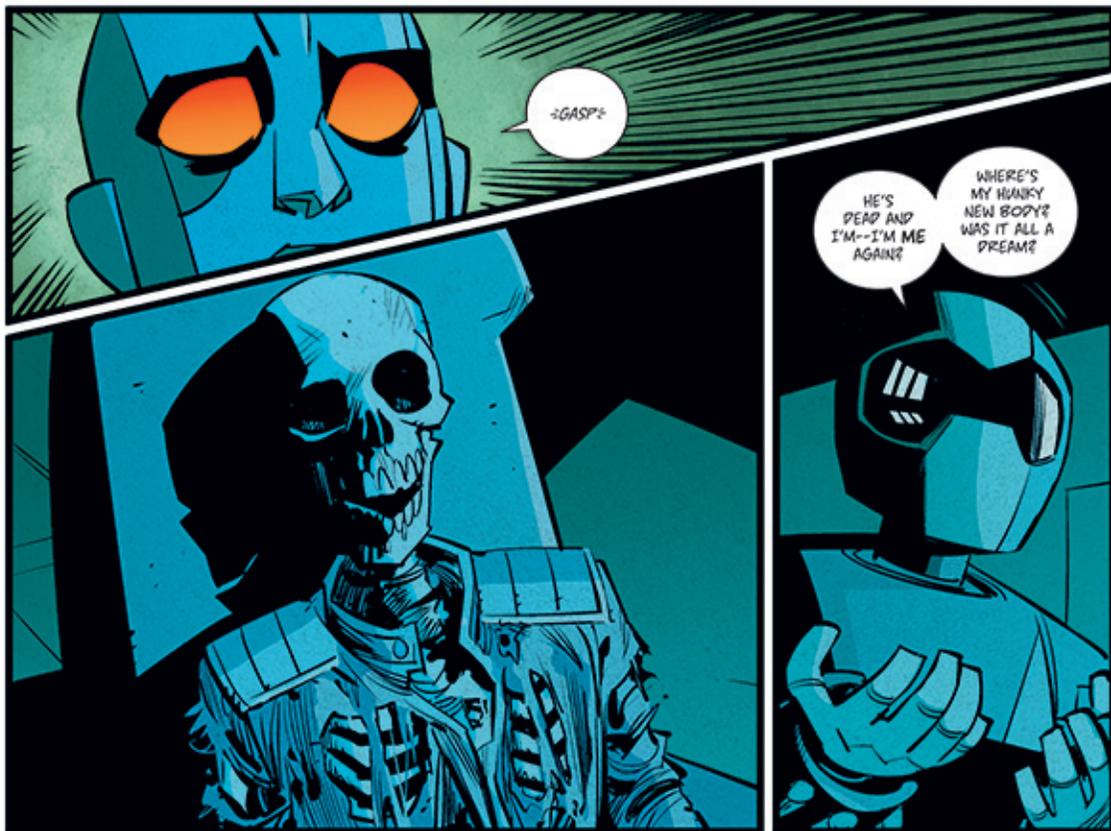
NO,
THAT'S NOT
WHAT I MEANT
TO DO! I BROUGHT
THE FIGHT TOO
CLOSE TO THE
VINDICATION...











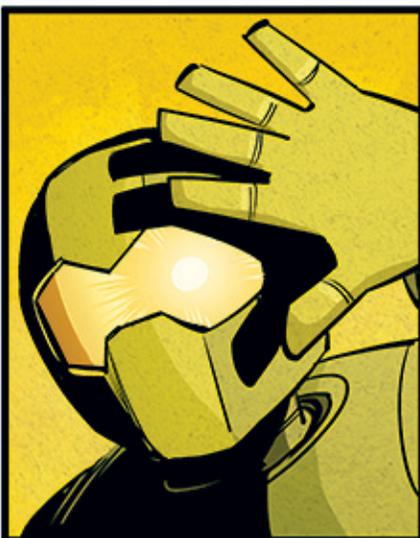


IMPOSSIBLE.



I JUST
KILLED THE
TRABAGOG BUT ITS
BONES LOOK DRY,
LIKE THEY'VE BEEN
OUT HERE FOR
YEARS.

AND THE
COLONY,
IT'S--



EMPTY.
A GHOST TOWN.
THERE'S NOTHING
ALIVE OUT
HERE.

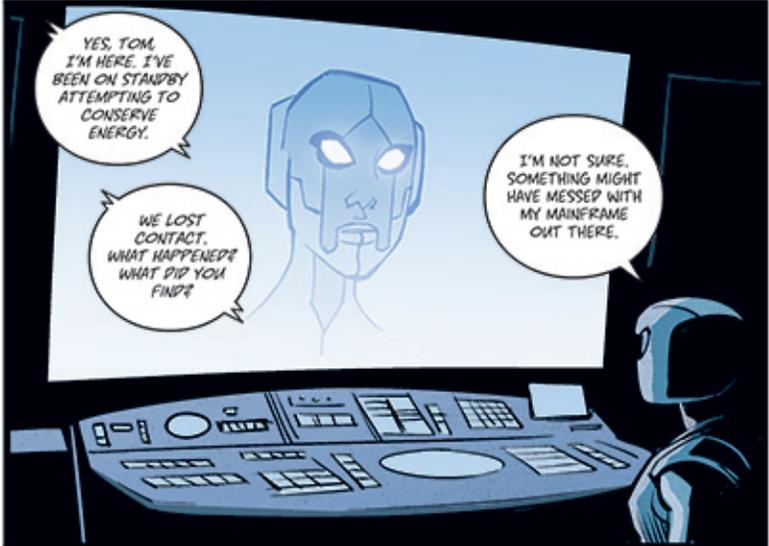
EXCEPT
MAYBE...



SARA, IF YOU
CAN READ ME,
COME IN! ARE
YOU OKAY?



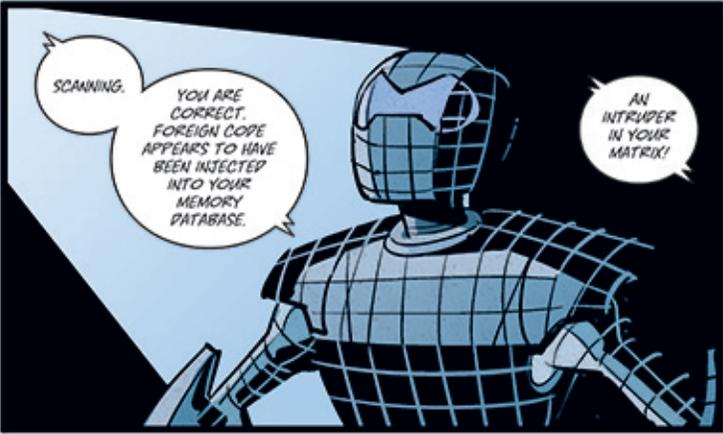
SARA!



YES, TOM,
I'M HERE. I'VE
BEEN ON STANDBY
ATTEMPTING TO
CONSERVE
ENERGY.

WE LOST
CONTACT.
WHAT HAPPENED?
WHAT DID YOU
FIND?

I'M NOT SURE,
SOMETHING MIGHT
HAVE MESSED WITH
MY MAINFRAME
OUT THERE.



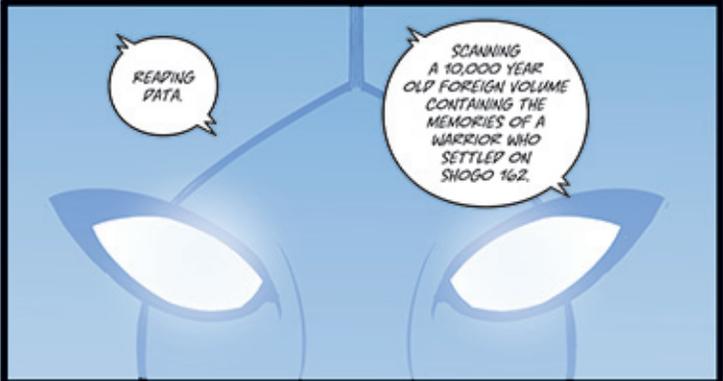
SCANNING.

YOU ARE
CORRECT.
FOREIGN CODE
APPEARS TO HAVE
BEEN INJECTED
INTO YOUR
MEMORY
DATABASE.

AN
INTRUDER
IN YOUR
MATRIX!



THIS IS A
HOLOGRAPHIC
REPRESENTATION
OF THE WARRIOR.
DOES IT LOOK
FAMILIAR TO
YOU, TOM?



READING
DATA.

SCANNING
A 10,000 YEAR
OLD FOREIGN VOLUME
CONTAINING THE
MEMORIES OF A
WARRIOR WHO
SETTLED ON
SHOGO 16Z.

THE BONES FROM THE SPACESHIP!

HE MUST'VE BOOBYTRAPPED HIS COCKPIT TO CONTROL ANY STORAGE DEVICE IN PROXIMITY--INCLUDING MY BRAIN--FILLING THEM WITH HIS MEMORIES.

STRANGE I DON'T HAVE ACCESS TO THEM...



YOU CARRY A GIFT WITHIN YOU NOW--MEMORIES OF A LONG DEAD RACE. PREVIOUS EXPLORERS WHO FOUND THEMSELVES TRAPPED ON SHOGO 162 AND PERISHED AT THEIR OWN HANDS.



UNTIL I INDEX AND REVIEW THE DATA WE CAN ONLY IMAGINE WHAT KNOWLEDGE THIS CIVILIZATION HAD. THE SECRETS THEY HELP. DISCOVERIES THEY MADE.

PROGRAMS LIKE THIS TEND TO WREAK HAVOC ON MODERN CIRCUITRY.



HOW DO YOU FEEL, TOM? ARE YOU OK?

I FEEL... FUNKY. MELANCHOLY, LIKE SOMETHING MAGICAL PASSED THROUGH ME AND VANISHED FOREVER. THE LAST BOTTLE OF RARE MICROBREW AT THE END OF A CRAZY LONG WEEKEND.

TOILET NIENDO WITHIN A PARTY METAPHOR SUGGESTS YOU'VE RETURNED TO SOME SEMBLANCE OF NORMALCY.

MAYBE. BUT NO MORE EXCURSIONS FOR A WHILE, OKAY, SARAH I THINK I'VE EARNED A BREAK.

I'M JUST HAPPY TO BE HOME.

