



Once an ordinary working-class everyman, Sam Brausam concocted a secret and **HIGHLY COMBUSTIBLE** fuel known as **COBALTUM** that burns the brightest--and hottest--of azure hues! Donning his extraordinary **MERCURROTANK** and **WRIST-JETS**, Sam transforms himself into the virtuous **BLUE FLAME**, committed to defending the cosmos with blasts of sapph-FIRE from his own two hands!

Join the **BLUE FLAME**'s odyssey for answers that, indeed, lie at the **MYSTERIOUS CENTER OF OUR VERY UNIVERSE!**



WHAT IS THIS PLACE?



I THINK I'M ALL ALONE OUT HERE.

HOW DID I GET HERE?

HOW DO I GET BACK?

THIS IS AN UNKNOWN SECTOR.

COMPLETELY UNEXPLORED.

I'M WAY BEYOND THE DEMARCATION.



UNCHARTED CELESTIAL BODY.
ACCEPTABLE ATMOSPHERE.
GRAVITATIONAL PULL, SEDIMENT.

INSTRUMENTS IN MY NAV-SUIT
ARE DETECTING A HOMING
BEACON .00000241 PARSECS
AHEAD ALONG MY Z-AXIS.



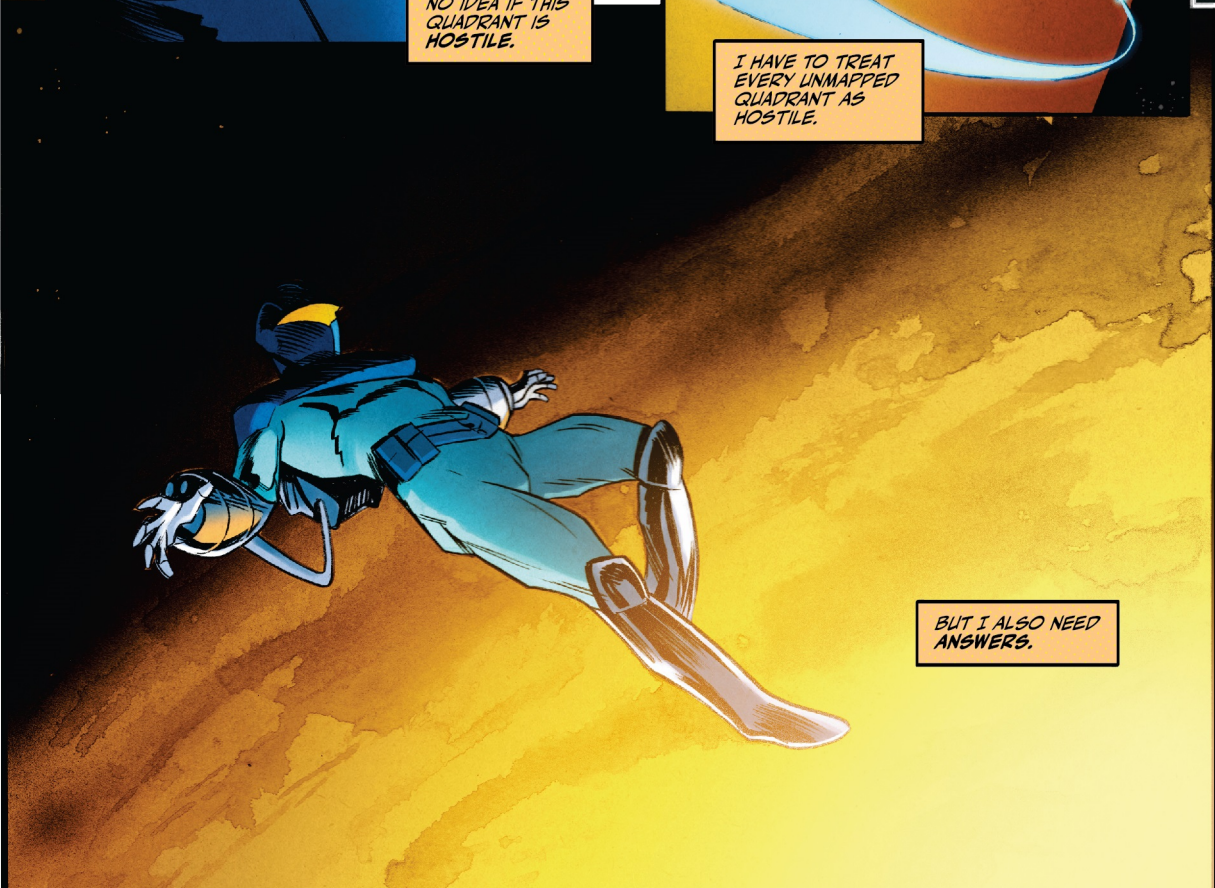
HMMM.



NO IDEA IF THIS
QUADRANT IS
HOSTILE.



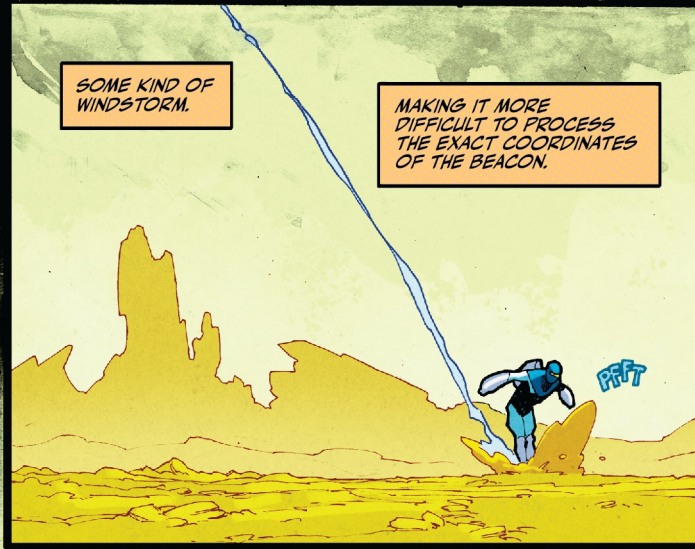
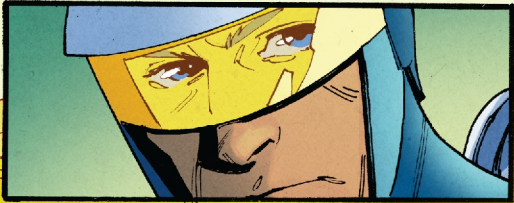
I HAVE TO TREAT
EVERY UNMAPPED
QUADRANT AS
HOSTILE.



BUT I ALSO NEED
ANSWERS.

SOME KIND OF WINDSTORM.

MAKING IT MORE DIFFICULT TO PROCESS THE EXACT COORDINATES OF THE BEACON.



LOOK AT THAT. BEAUTIFUL. LIKE THE BEST FLORIDA BEACH SANDCASTLE I'VE EVER SEEN. DEFINITELY AN ADVANCED INTELLIGENCE.



AND HERE THEY COME.

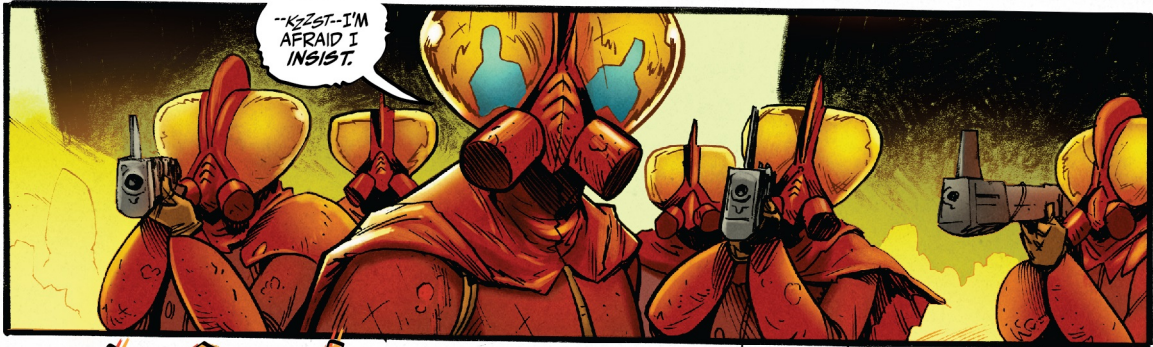


...//TRANSLATING//
--KZZST--EAN YOU NO HARM. WE'RE UNDER ORDERS TO ACCOMPANY YOU.

WHERE TO?

--KZZST--YOU'RE BEING CONSCRIPTED INTO COMPULSORY SERVICE.

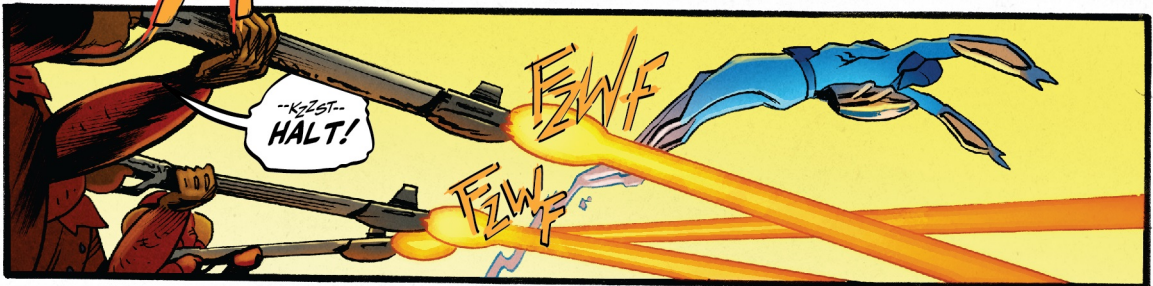
LIKE HELL I AM.



--KZZST--I'M AFRAID I INSIST.



SORRY, FELLAS, I'M JUST VISITING.



--KZZST-- HALT!



--KZZST--THIS IS OF UTMOST IMPORTANCE TO YOUR SECTOR! WE'RE USING NON-LETHAL FORCE!



--KZZST--BUT I'M CERTAIN THIS WOULD STILL HURT VERY MUCH.

THIS STRUCTURE IS FAR MORE ADVANCED THAN THE EXTERIOR SUGGESTS.

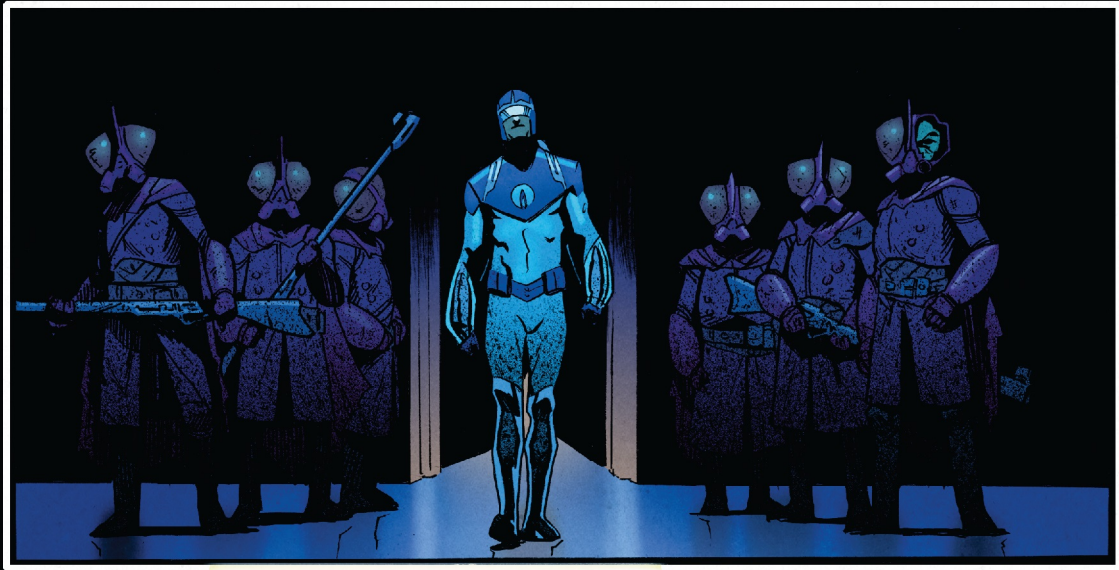
--KZZT--
I KNOW YOU LET US TAKE YOU INTO CUSTODY.

CORRECT. I COULD'VE KILLED YOU. BUT I'M CURIOUS.

A WISE CHOICE.

THIS IS AT LEAST A TYPE III CIVILIZATION.

PROBABLY HIGHER.



HELLO?

