

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 **MERCUROTANK** 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.



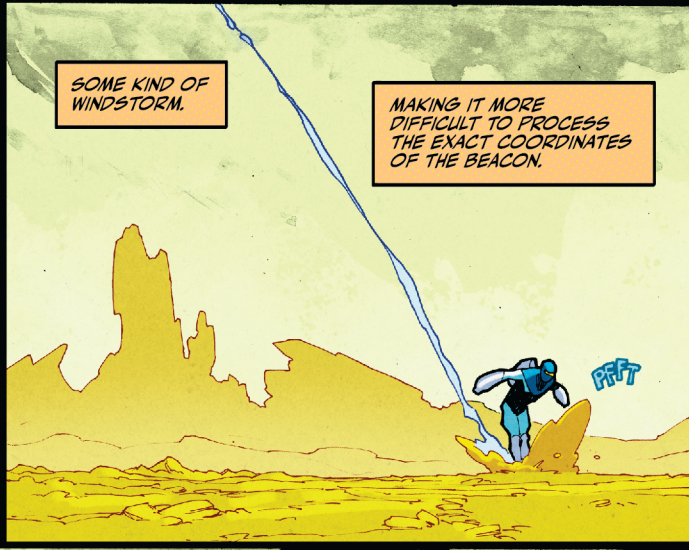
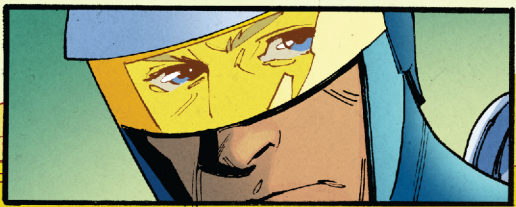
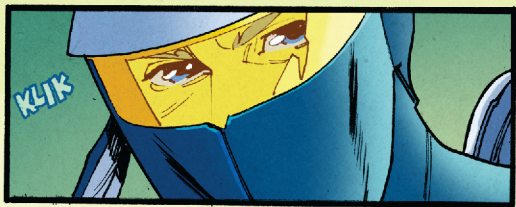
I HAVE TO TREAT  
EVERY UNMAPPED  
QUADRANT AS  
HOSTILE.



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.



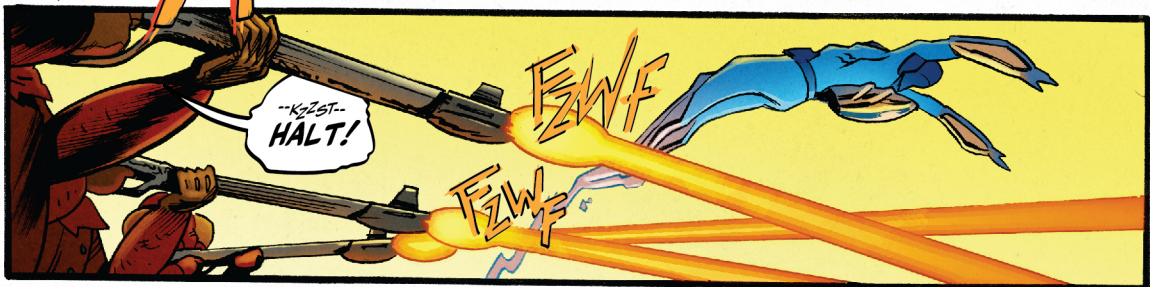
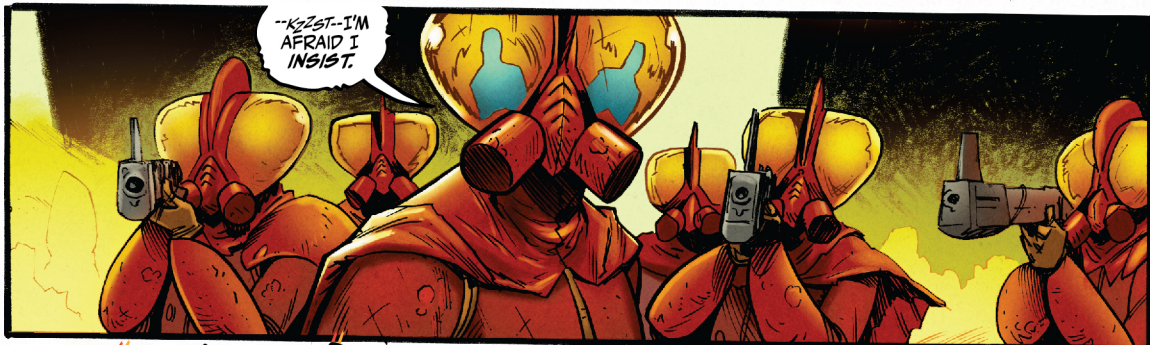
AND HERE THEY COME.

...//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.



THIS STRUCTURE IS FAR MORE ADVANCED THAN THE EXTERIOR SUGGESTS.

--KZST--  
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?

