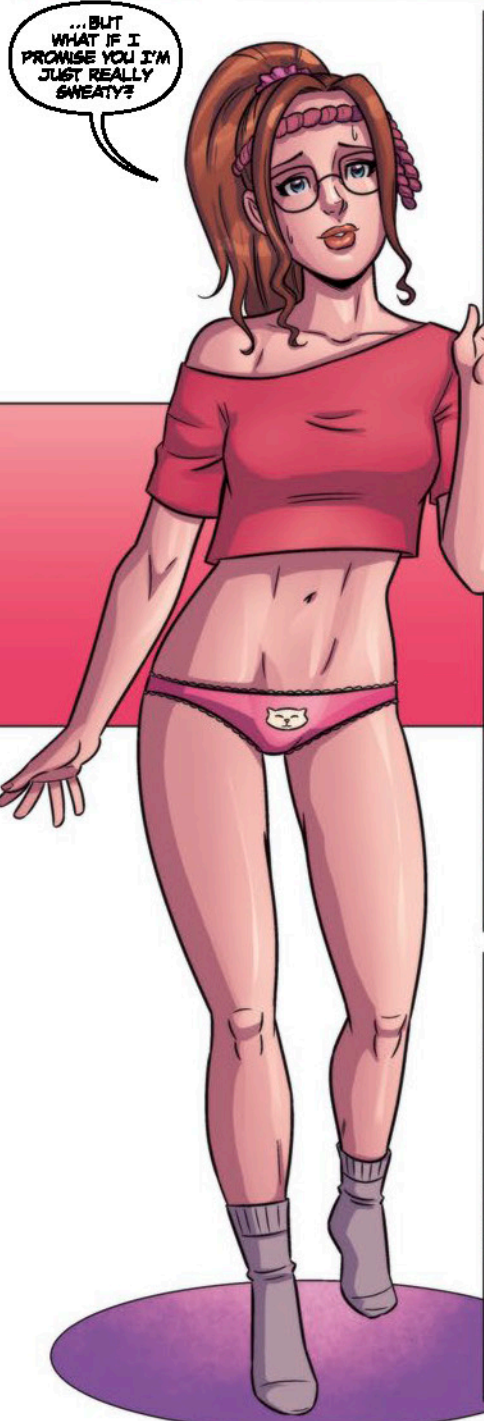
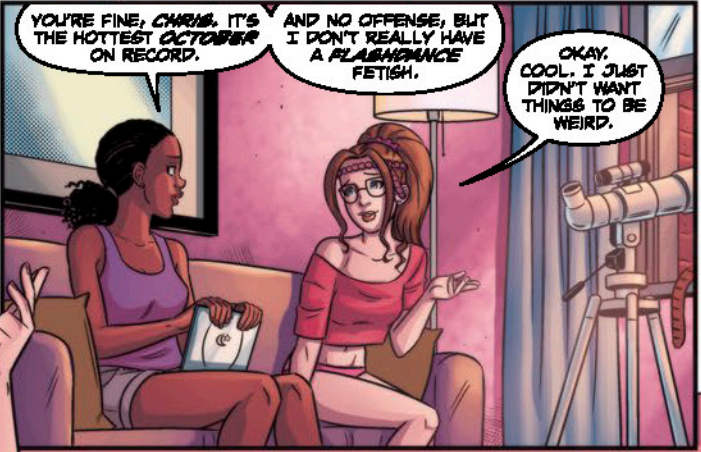


LOOK, BREE, I KNOW THE WHOLE TROPE ABOUT TRYING TO GET AT AN EX BY DRESSING PROVOCATIVELY...

HOT. SO HOT. VERY HOT. MILD HOT.



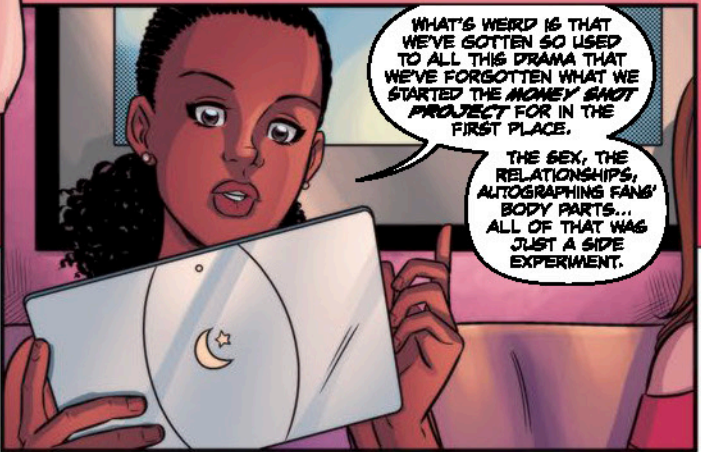
...BUT WHAT IF I PROMISE YOU I'M JUST REALLY SWEATY?



YOU'RE FINE, CHARMA. IT'S THE HOTTEST OCTOBER ON RECORD.

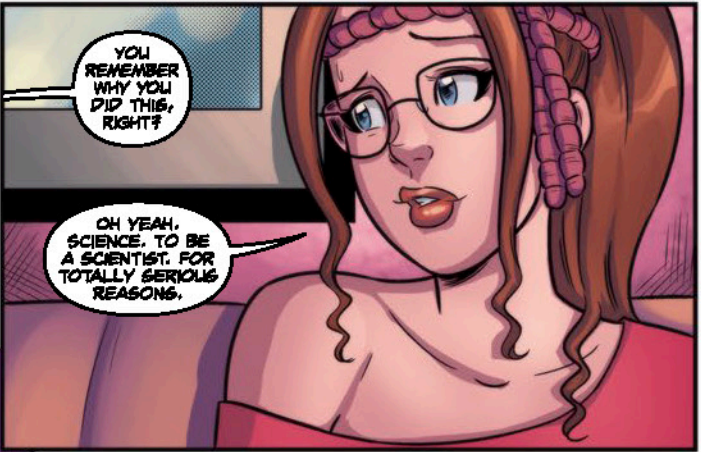
AND NO OFFENSE, BUT I DON'T REALLY HAVE A FLASHDANCE FETISH.

OKAY. COOL. I JUST DIDN'T WANT THINGS TO BE WEIRD.



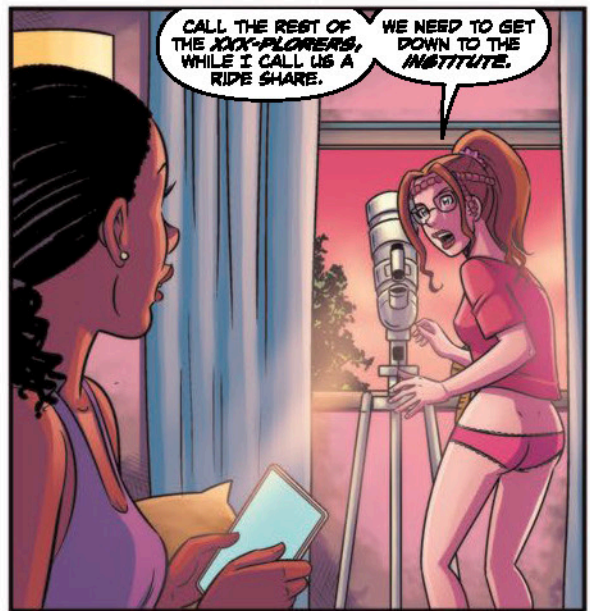
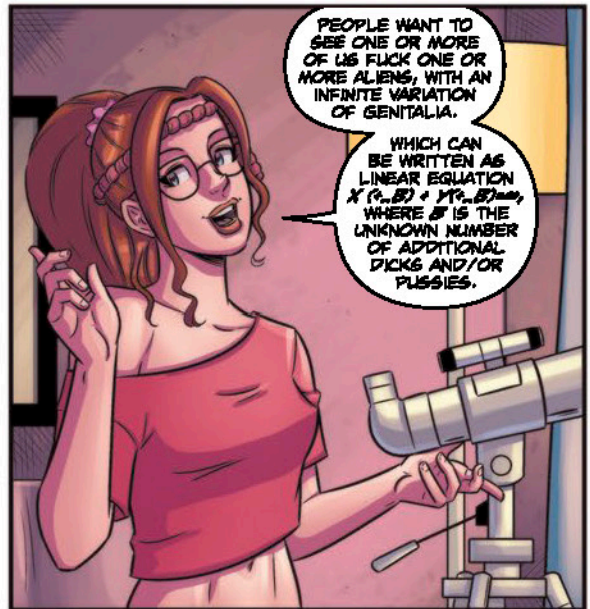
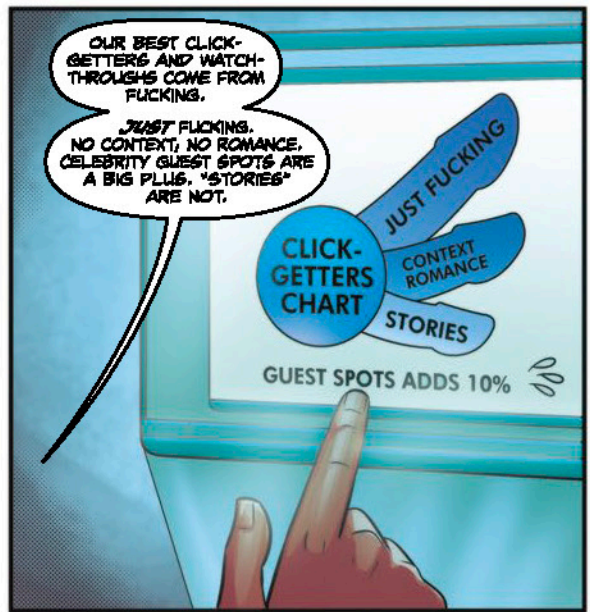
WHAT'S WEIRD IS THAT WE'VE GOTTEN SO USED TO ALL THIS DRAMA THAT WE'VE FORGOTTEN WHAT WE STARTED THE MONEY SHOT PROJECT FOR IN THE FIRST PLACE.

THE SEX, THE RELATIONSHIPS, AUTOGRAPHING FANS' BODY PARTS... ALL OF THAT WAS JUST A SIDE EXPERIMENT.



YOU REMEMBER WHY YOU DID THIS, RIGHT?

OH YEAH. SCIENCE. TO BE A SCIENTIST. FOR TOTALLY SERIOUS REASONS.



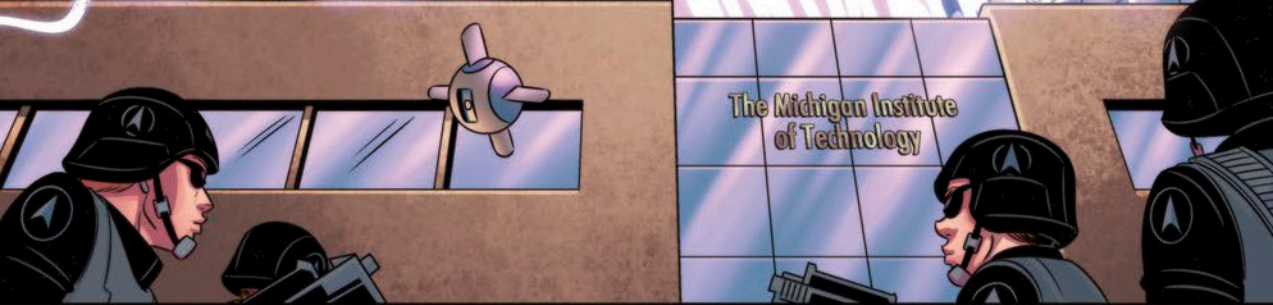


"WE'VE GOT VISITORS."

HUMANS!  
WE ARE THE  
HIGHER AUTHORITY  
OF THE COVALENCE,  
THE GOVERNING BODY  
OF THE CIVILIZED  
UNIVERSE.

WE HAVE  
COME TO YOUR  
WORLD TODAY  
TO SAY:

FUCK  
EARTH.



The Michigan  
Institute of  
Technology



FUCK IT IN  
ITS STUPID  
FACE.

IS THAT THE  
HOLY TRINITY?  
IT SMELLS LIKE  
TUNA-WATER.

WHATEVER  
IT IS, IT PISSED  
OFF SPACE  
FORCE.

OH  
NO.



INVADERS!  
IN THE NAME OF  
PRESIDENT LUKE  
KIRK--

--GET YOUR  
ALIEN ASSES  
OFF OUR  
PLANET!



OH SHIT!  
LAUNCH!

MY  
CONTROLS  
AREN'T  
RESPONDING!

DID YOU  
SAY "LUKE KIRK"?  
WE HATE THAT  
GUY.



WHOA, WHOA!  
HOLD UP THERE,  
BULLIES! IT'S US! THE  
XXX-PLORERS!

WE'VE MET  
BEFORE! WE'RE  
AMIGOS!

YOU GAVE US  
SUPERPOWERS BY RAIN-  
DOGGING US WITH  
TENTACLES!

ALSO WE  
SAVED YOU FROM  
ASSASSINS.

AND YOU  
DEEMED OUR SPECIES  
TO NO LONGER BE  
AWESOME. RINGING  
ANY BELLS?



YES. WE REMEMBER.  
TESLA COYLE. KNEELS BORE.  
TRINITY SPHERES. CONSTANCE  
PLANCK. SUPERMASSIVE  
BLACKHOLE.

THE XXX-  
PLORERS.

WE LIKED YOU.  
YOU TAUGHT US  
GOOD WORDS LIKE  
"FUCK" AND "WAND  
GOBBLER".



BUT  
THAT WAS  
BEFORE.

BECAUSE YOUR  
SPECIES STANDS  
ACCUSED  
OF TRYING TO FUCK THE  
COVALENCE, IN THE ASS,  
WITHOUT LUBE, OVER A  
STAINED COUCH.

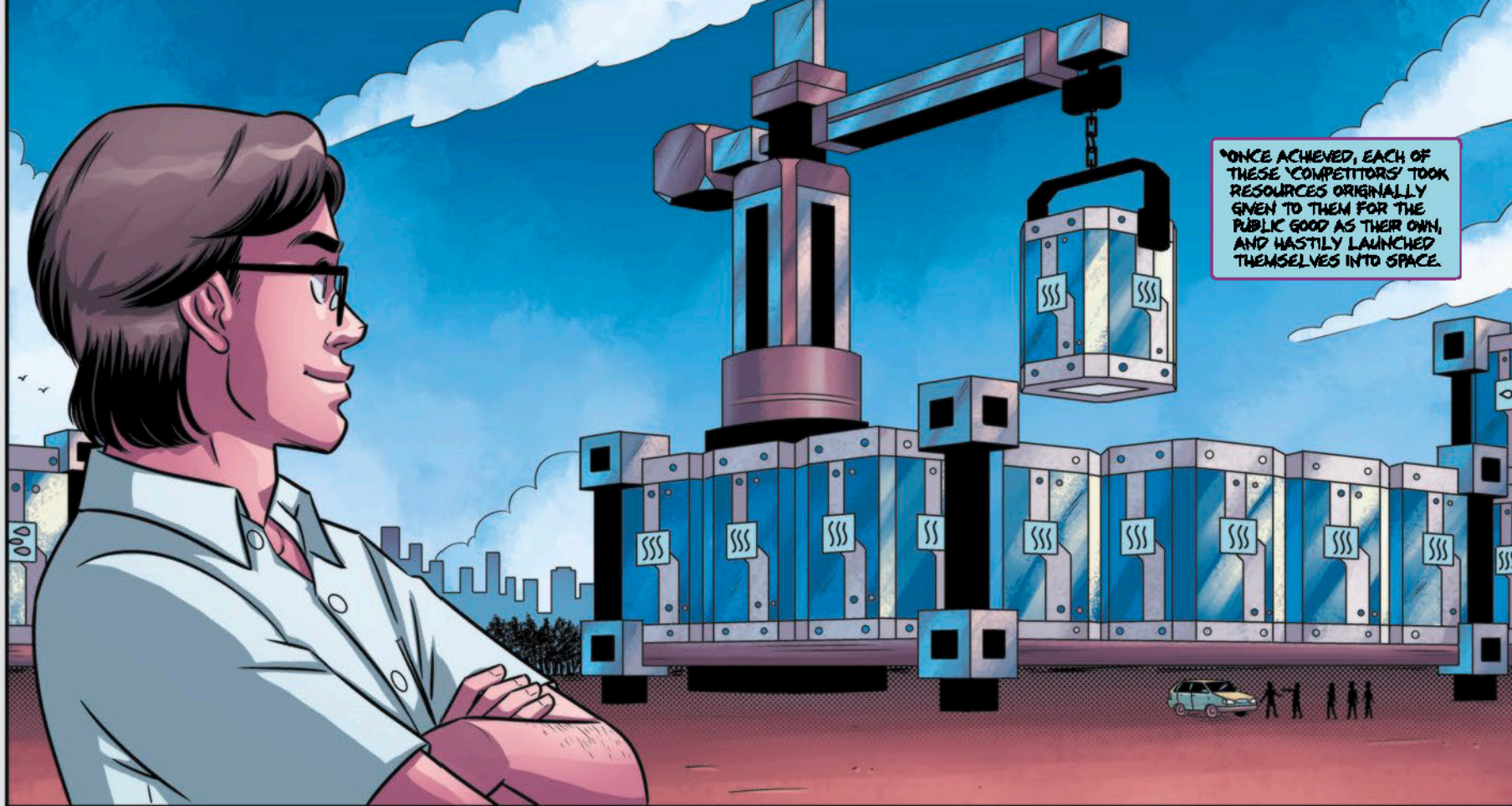


NOW, ALLOW US  
TO PRESENT THE  
EVIDENCE.

OOOH,  
TELEPATHIC  
FLASHBACK  
ASSISTANCE.

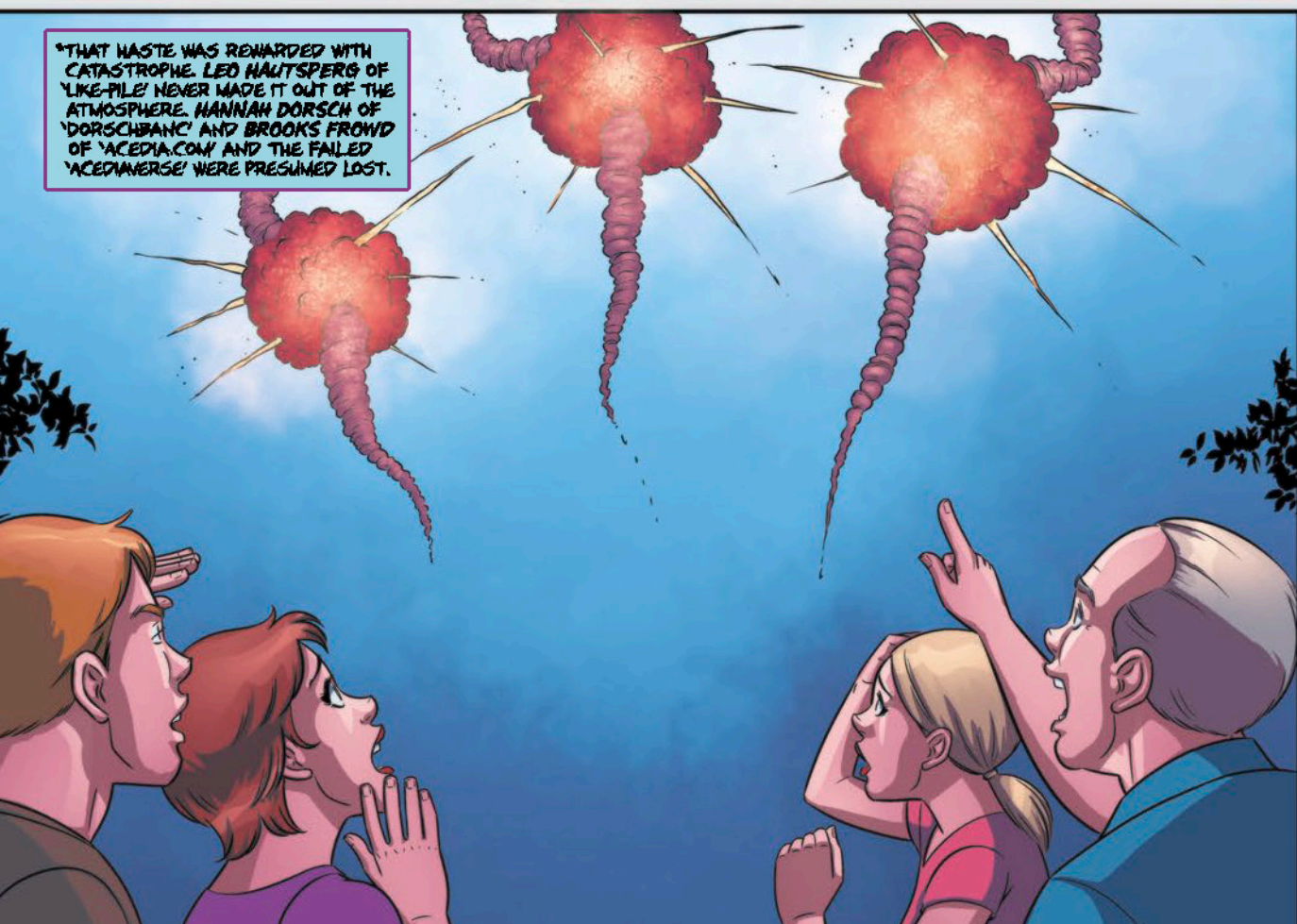
\*EIGHT EARTH-YEARS AGO, THE RICHEST MEMBERS OF YOUR SOCIETY DECIDED THEY NO LONGER WANTED TO PARTICIPATE IN YOUR SYSTEM OF TAXATION AND MUTUAL SOCIETAL BENEFIT.

\*AND SO THESE 'BILLIONAIRES' BEGAN A COMPETITIVE RACE TO BUILD INTERSTELLAR CRAFTS.



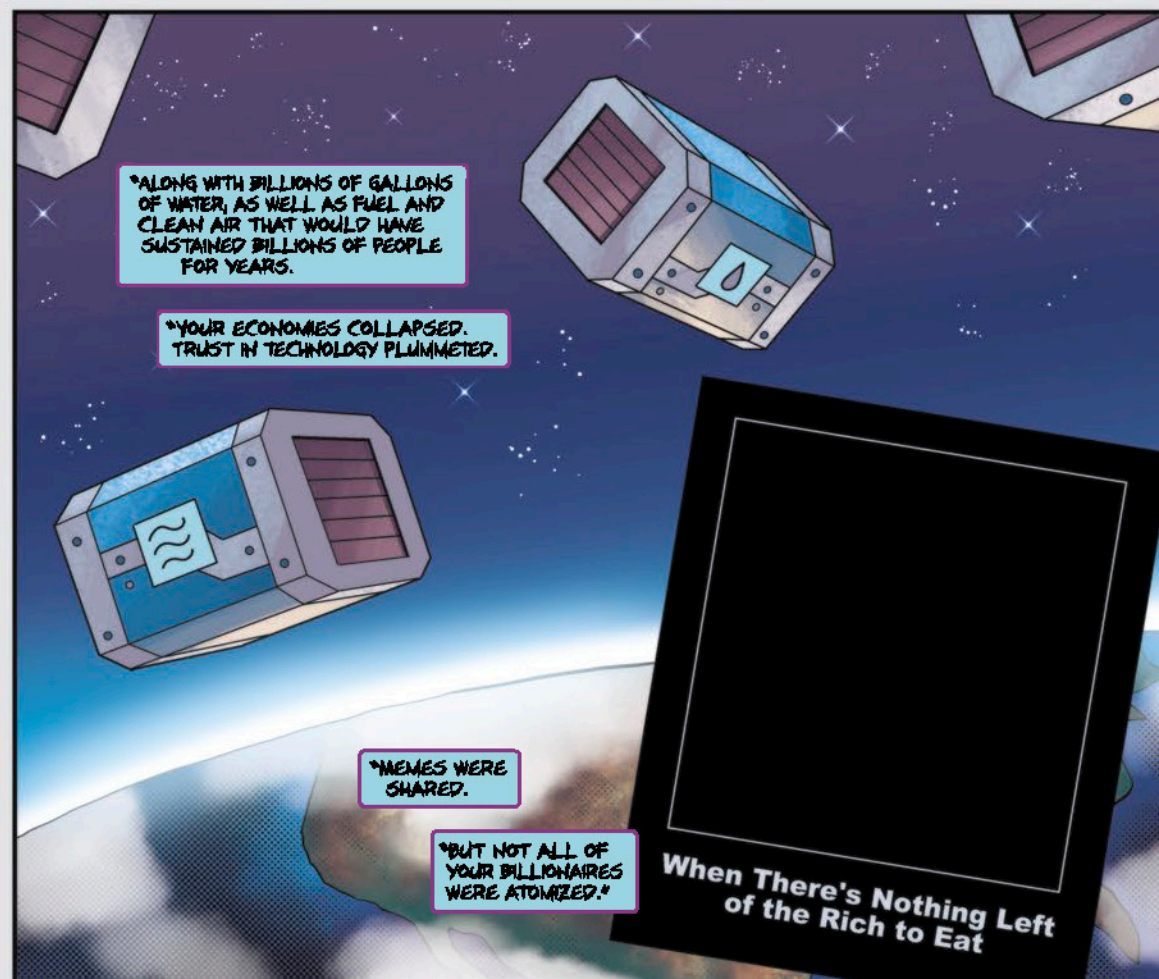
\*ONCE ACHIEVED, EACH OF THESE 'COMPETITORS' TOOK RESOURCES ORIGINALLY GIVEN TO THEM FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD AS THEIR OWN, AND HASTILY LAUNCHED THEMSELVES INTO SPACE.

\*THAT WASTE WAS REWARDED WITH CATASTROPHE. LEO HAUTSPERG OF 'LIKE-PILE' NEVER MADE IT OUT OF THE ATMOSPHERE. HANNAH DORSCH OF 'DORSCHBANC' AND BROOKS FROWD OF 'ACEDIA.COM' AND THE FAILED 'ACEDIAVERSE' WERE PRESUMED LOST.



\*ALONG WITH BILLIONS OF GALLONS OF WATER, AS WELL AS FUEL AND CLEAN AIR THAT WOULD HAVE SUSTAINED BILLIONS OF PEOPLE FOR YEARS.

\*YOUR ECONOMIES COLLAPSED. TRUST IN TECHNOLOGY PLUMMETED.



\*MEMES WERE SHARED.

\*BUT NOT ALL OF YOUR BILLIONAIRES WERE ATOMIZED.\*

When There's Nothing Left of the Rich to Eat