

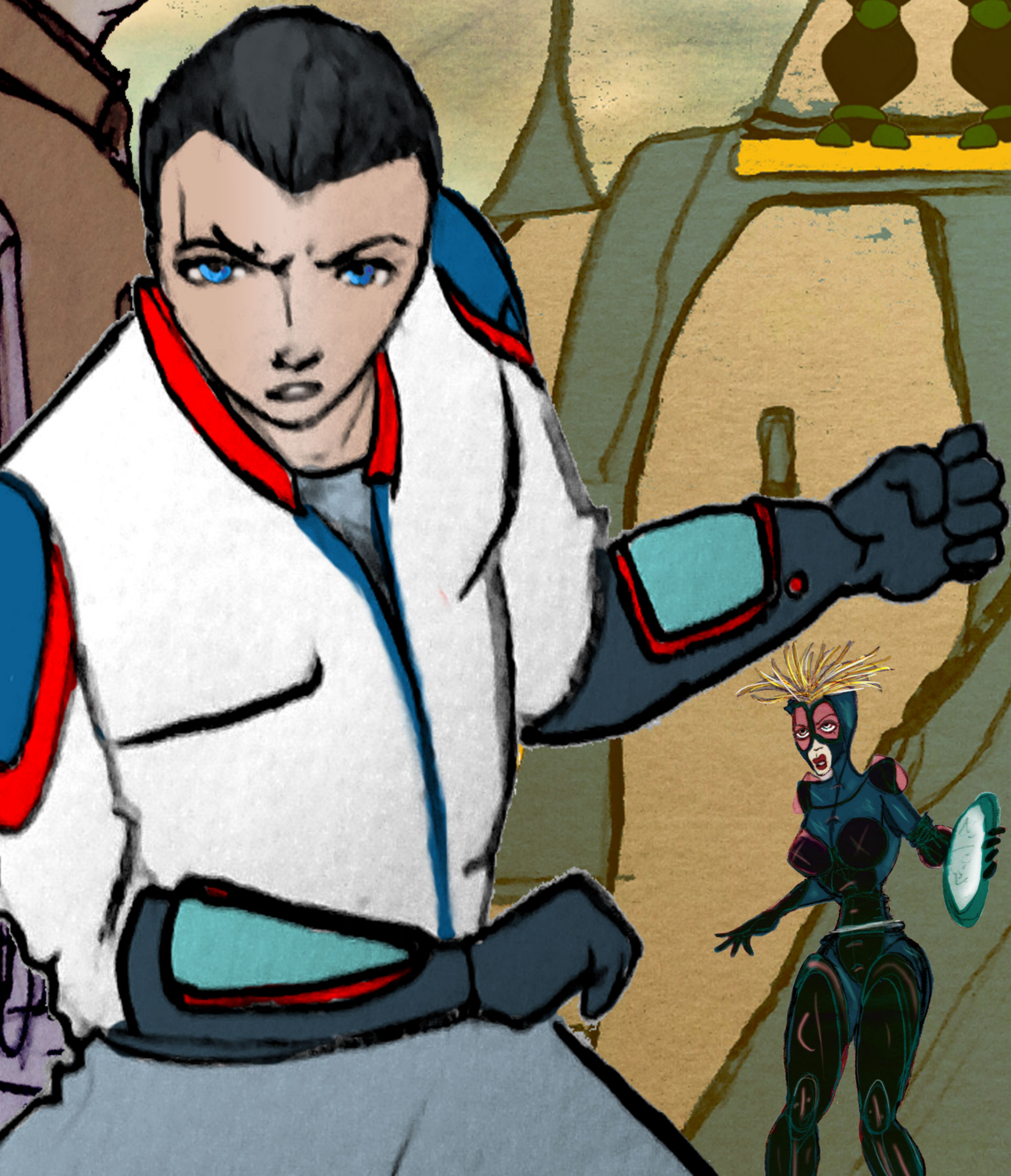


Fugitive Faction

TECHNOLOGICALLY ADVANCED FUTURE WARRIORS
BATTLE EVIL ACROSS TIME AND SPACE

COLLECTION ONE

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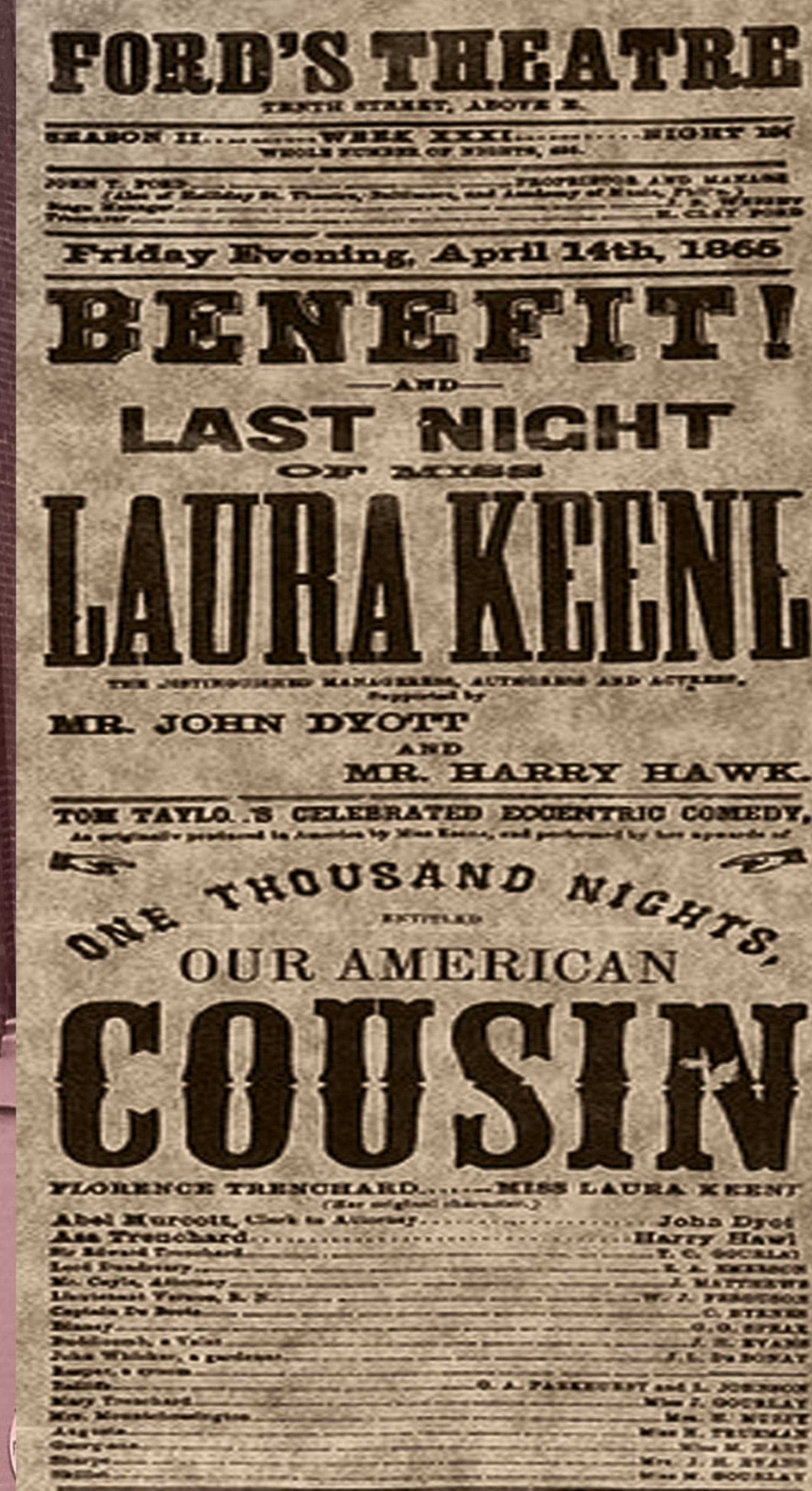
APRIL 15, 1865

THE CIVIL WAR HAS ENDED AND SOCIETY IN AMERICA ATTEMPTS TO ADJUST TO THIS TRAGIC ERA.

AN EVENING AT THE FORD'S THEATRE HELPS DISTRACT THE MASSES FROM THE FACT THAT THEY HAVE JUST SURVIVED AND ARE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOST BLOODY WAR THE UNITED STATES HAS EVER SEEN.

EVERY ONE LOST SOME ONE, SOME LOST EVERYTHING.

GRIEF STRICKEN AND STILL IN SHOCK, THE PEOPLE CARRY ON.



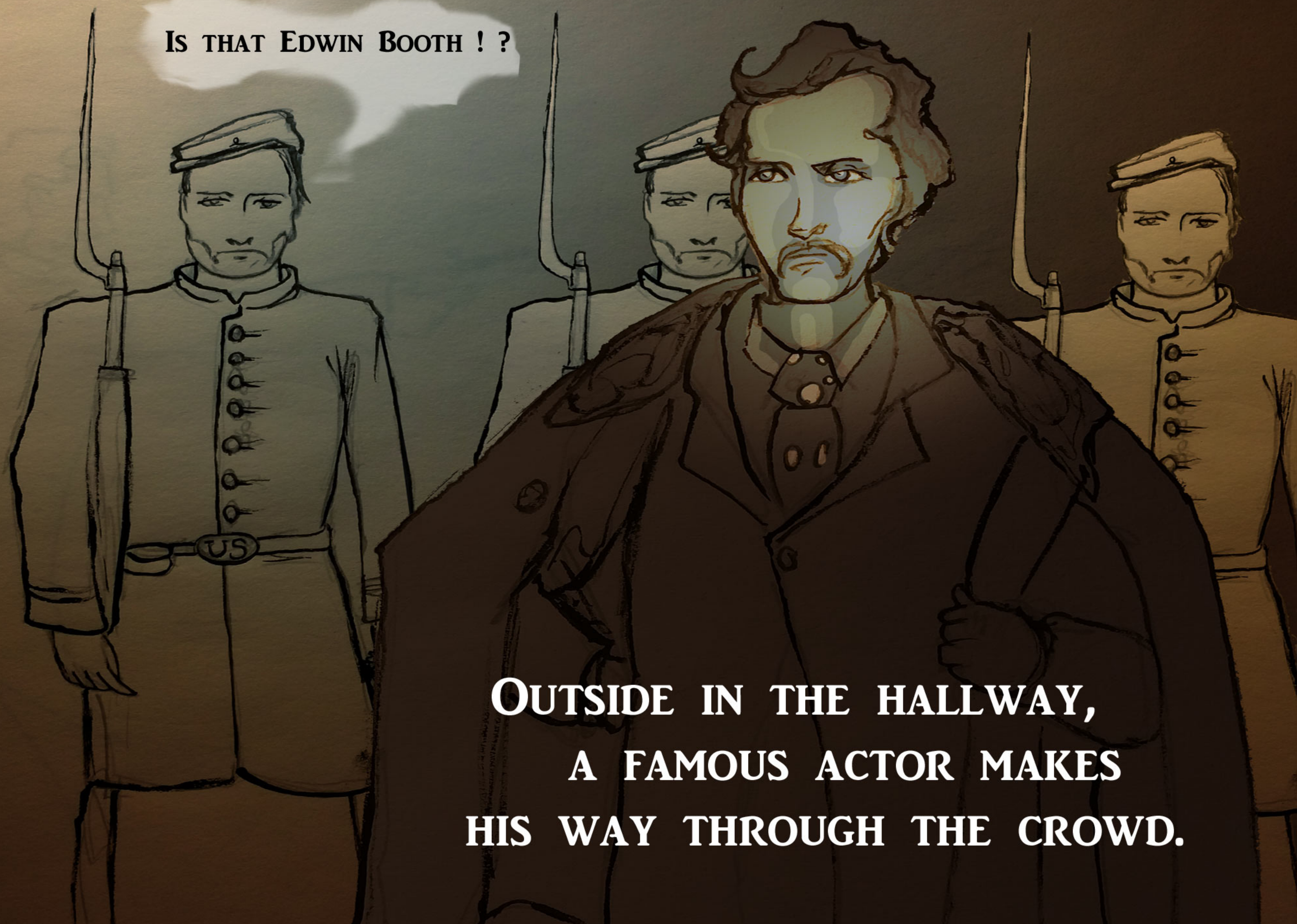
ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
PRESIDENT OF THESE
UNITED STATES, ATTENDS
THE PLAY THIS NIGHT.
HE TOO IS NO STRANGER
TO GRIEF OR LOSS.

THE NORTH HAS
WON THE WAR.

GOOD MEN GAVE
ALL SO FREEDOM
COULD LIVE ON.



IS THAT EDWIN BOOTH ! ?



OUTSIDE IN THE HALLWAY,
A FAMOUS ACTOR MAKES
HIS WAY THROUGH THE CROWD.

MONDAY EVEN'G, NOV. 19

Will be presented Skakspere's sublime Tragedy of 1877

HAMLET

HAMLET MR. EDWIN BOOTH

Ghost	Mr. Frank Weston
King	Mr. C. Ahrendt
Laerte	Mr. Jos. Haworth
Horati	Mr. F. C. Mosley
Poloni	Mr. J. B. Curran
Rosenc	Mr. Phillips
Guilde	Mr. Jas. Murray
Osrick	Chas. Hawthorne
Marcel	Albert Taverner
Bernar	Mr. John Ogden
Franci	Mr. F. W. Jackson
1st Ac	Mr. Fred. Barton
Act	Mr. R. Woodman
Gr	Frank Hartwell
Gr	
ELIA	
en	



THEATRE OF MUSIC
MEECH BROS. Managers.

First performance of the season
Monday, Tuesday & Wednesday evenings
Buffalo, N.Y.
September 12th, 13th and 14th.

Pair of **EDWIN BOOTH** and
LAWRENCE BARRETT

ARTHUR B. CHASE, Director.

MONDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 12,
Shakespeare's Historical Tragedy, in 6 Acts, 1857.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

BREXUS	MR. EDWIN BOOTH
ANTONY	LAWRENCE BARRETT
CICERO	F. J. RUCKLEY
CÆSAR	JOHN A. LANE
BRUTUS	CHARLES COLLINS
BRUTUS	BEN. G. ROGERS
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR	LAWRENCE HANLEY
METELLUS CIMBER	J. J. HENDERSON
POPILIUS LENAS	FREDERICK VROOM
TITINIUS	J. L. FRASER
FREBONIUS	CHARLES E. HANFORD
CINNA	EDWIN KOYLE
SCOTSAVER	M. E. STONE
PINDARUS	KENDALL WESTON
SERVILIUS	WALTER THOMAS
FLAVIUS	BEAUMONT SMITH
LUCIUS	MISS MIRIAM O'LEARY
FIRST CITIZEN	OWEN FAWCETT
SECOND CITIZEN	CHARLES KILBICK
PORTIA, Wife to Brutus	MISS MINNA K. GALE
CALPURNIA, Wife to Cæsar	MISS ELIZABETH ROBINS

EDWIN BOOTH

EDWIN BOOTH! EVERY ONE HAS ALWAYS MISTAKEN HIM FOR HIS MORE FAMOUS BROTHER, HIS GIFTED, WORLD RENOWNED ACTOR SIBLING ...UNTIL TODAY. FROM THIS DAY ON...ONLY JOHN WILKES BOOTH WOULD BE REMEMBERED.

The South SHALL rise again!

What the Devil!?



KA POW
GAME OVER
FOOL

Son, You just
saved my life
...and the UNION!



THE SOUTH WILL PAY DEARLY FOR THIS
ACT OF TREACHERY! I DO DECLARE!

WAIT WHAT





-Congratulations, You just broke time.

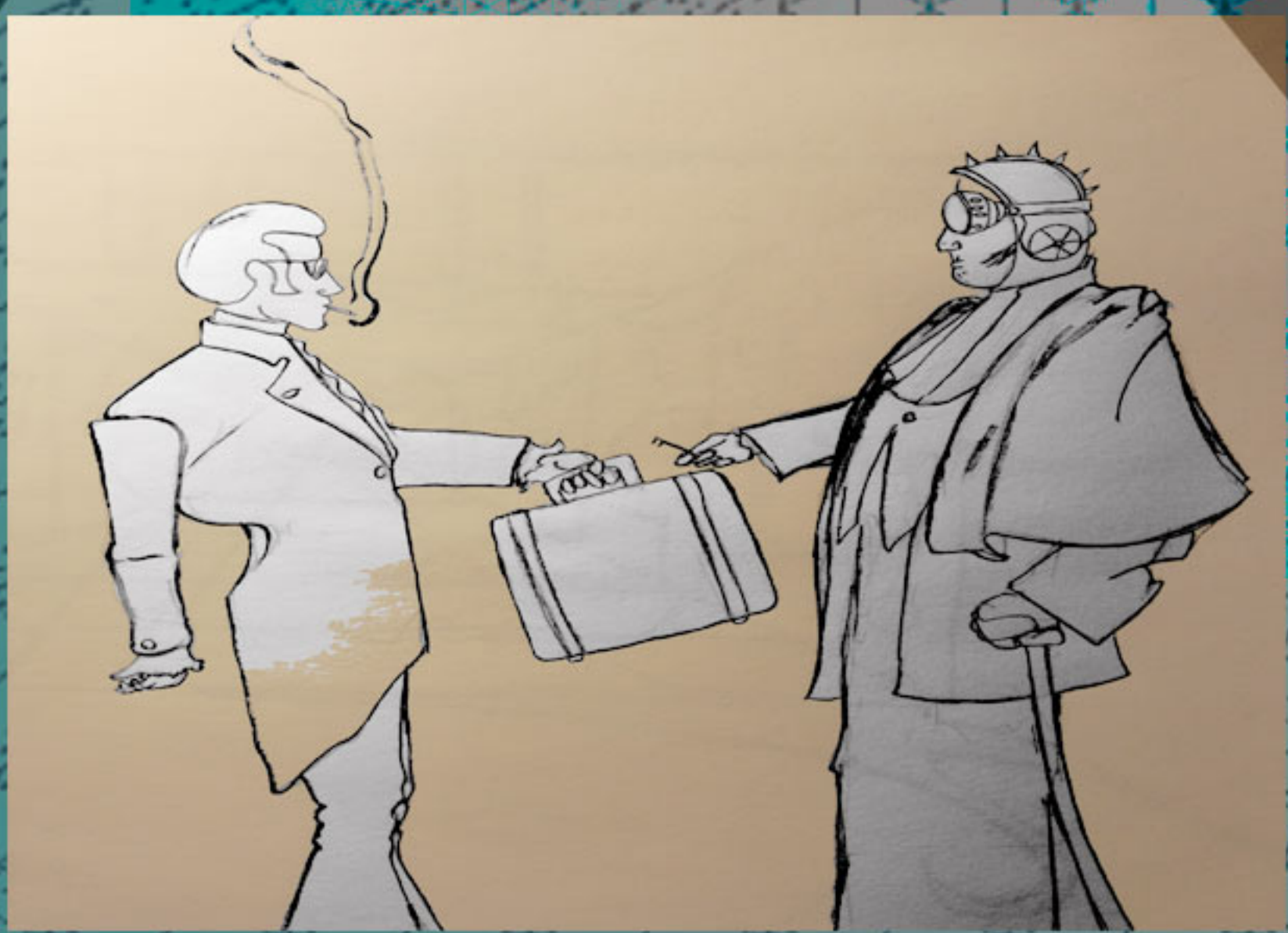
Your decision to alter the course of history has resulted in the second Civil War, one that would end in flames, famine and ruin... thanks to your actions. This will effect your final score and go against your possible induction to the **CROSS WORLDS NEXUS** Travel Agency.



HEY, WAIT, I SAVED THE PRESIDENT!



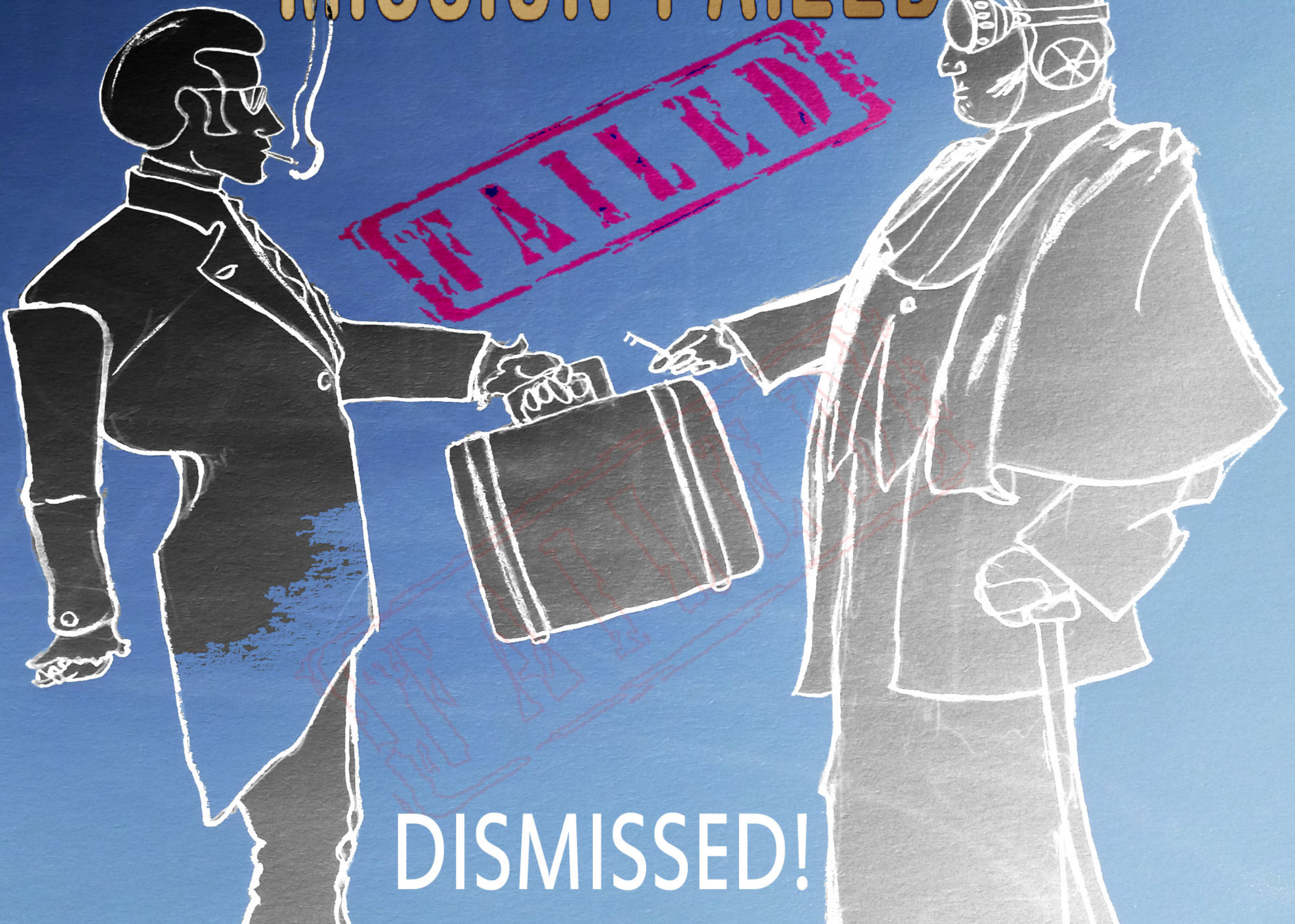
SO... WHAT
WAS THE
ANSWER
?



PROGRAM-
Isolate Objective...
Here you can see two
men out of time were
conducting a highly
illegal business deal...
during the Lincoln
assassination.
Always suspect
the unexpected...
critical thinking is
essential for this work.
End Simulation.

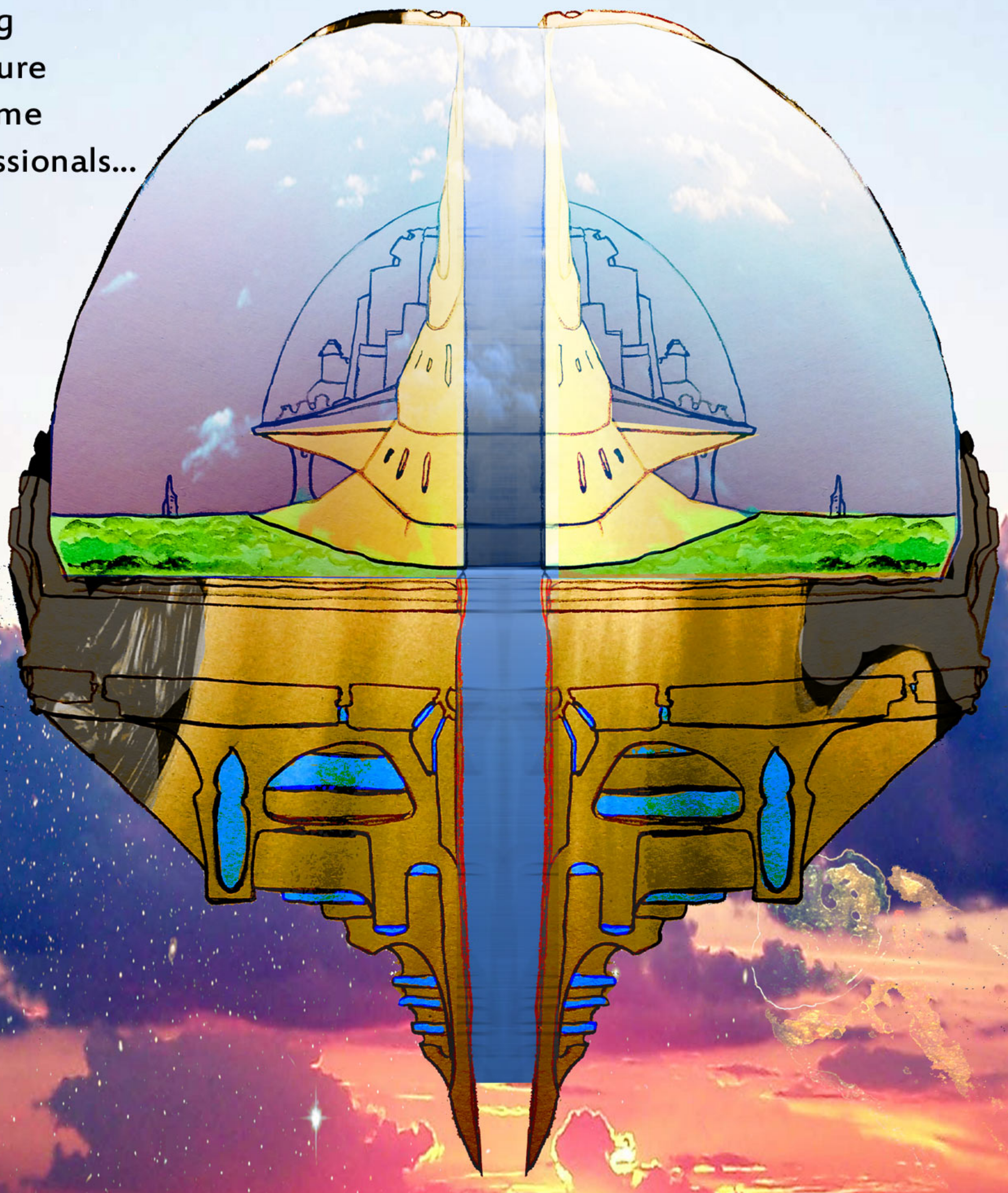
Ooooooh.

MISSION FAILED



DISMISSED!

This Orbital Training Facility is where future Travel Agents become highly skilled professionals...



Heard the rookie caused Civil War II!

Good Job, NOT!

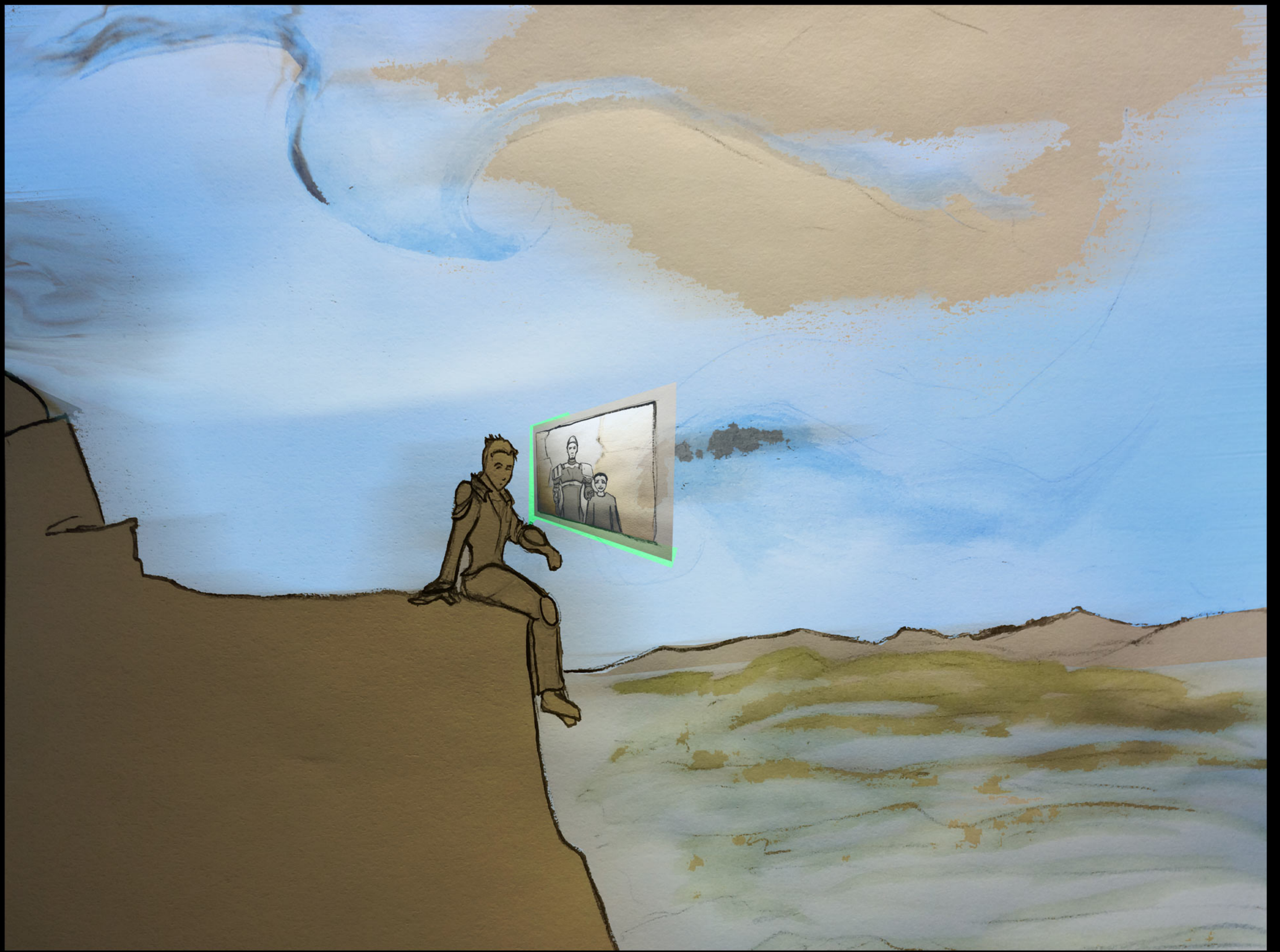
B Squad.

He won't be a first draft pick!

Pfft, More like Z squad!

BACK OFF, MAN!





**My only hope is that I can be a
travel Agent like my Guardian**



**...I just want to live a
life that would have made him proud.**

Hey! Quit feeling sorry for yourself. Technical Training class is almost ready to begin. If you don't learn the basics of Gauntlet Frequency Modulation, you are going to be in serious trouble on test day.

That's right! Man, at this rate, I'll never be a CROSS WORLDS NEXUS Travel Agent.



End!



1831

Somewhere in North America along the Atlantic coast line

The trade camp was dark, the night had passed into the calm and stillness when even the most dim candle is too bright for the eyes of man. In that hour is when the world demands peace and even the sea is calm. The Fog begins to rise and underneath something stirs...

On the docked merchant ship, the lucky bucket , the skeleton crew slept. Not knowing the fate that would soon befall the unsuspecting sea men.

The exertion of force was barely an effort from this ancient creature.



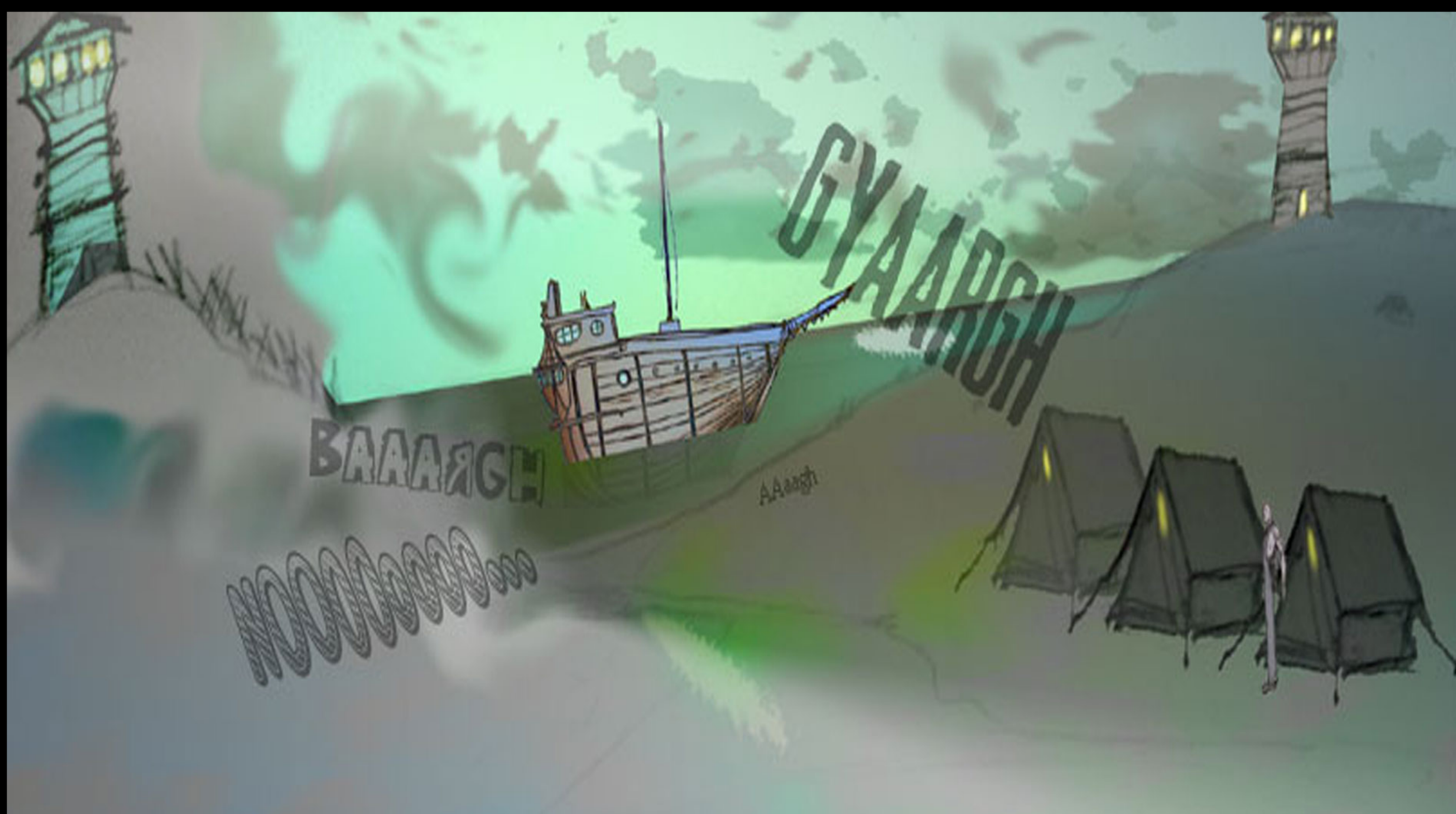
All is calm and silent.
The screams of the crew of the lucky bucket are no longer heard
and the sea is as still as glass.

The Trade Camp awakens into an uproar of confusion and bewilderment.



SOMETHING IS SINKING THE BOATS!

The men run to the shore to deal with this strange event, unknowingly for many...they race to their untimely departure from this place.





What do we got, Roxi?

Not your average day at the beach. Sir.

Looks like old Sigmund the sea monster woke up and is hungry for a late night snack.



Baaargh GYAARGH!



Madre los Cristos... run... Aqua Diablo!



BLAM!

Better call in some reinforcements.

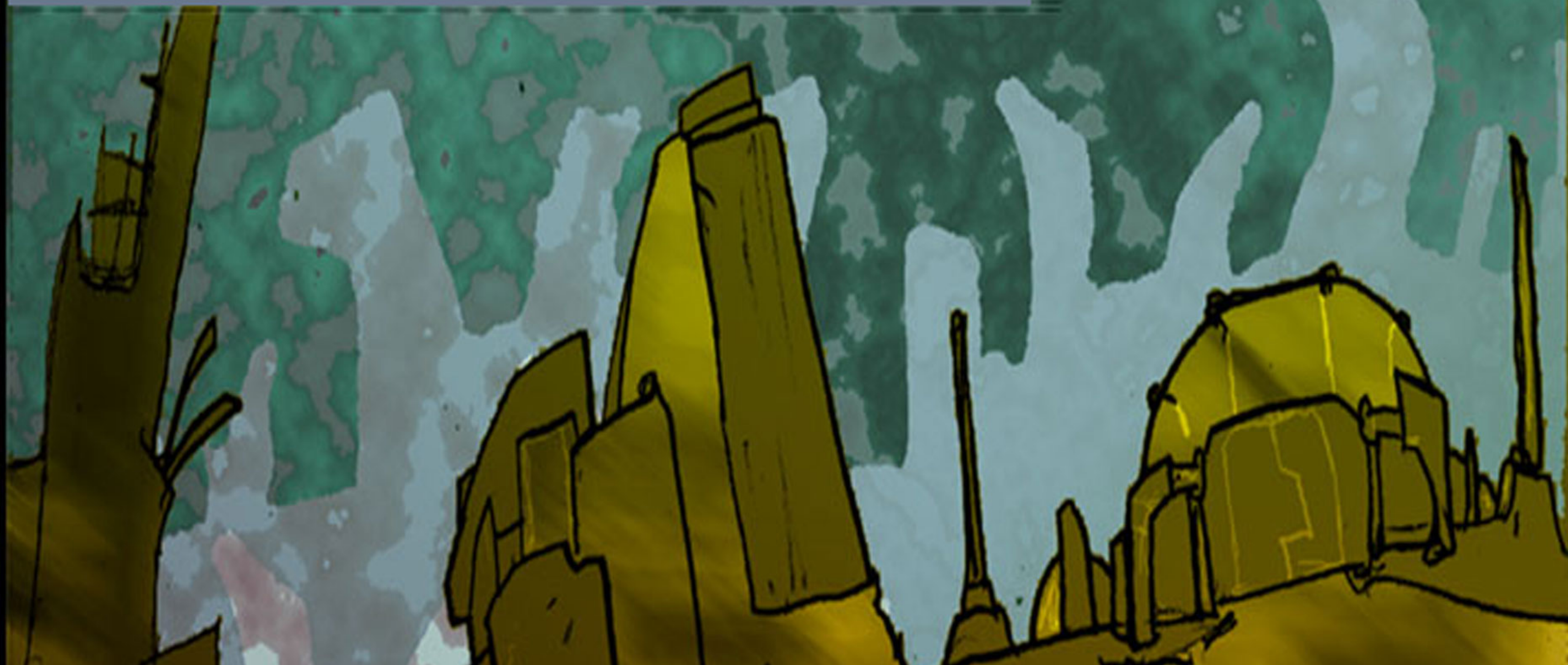


**Bring in the
Super Cycle
Baby Dolls and
suit up.
Find out where
Agent Kid is also.**

Yes
Sir.
...

Agent Kid...No one has
heard from him since...

Since that business in the old war zone...



Kid, Roxi and Travel Master DANGER SON of The CROSS WORLDS NEXUS Travel Agency have found themselves locked in a bitter stand off with a gang of thugs.



What do we got, Rox?

They say that they are the Heretics of Krill. Some mad scientists creations sworn to have revenge on humanity.

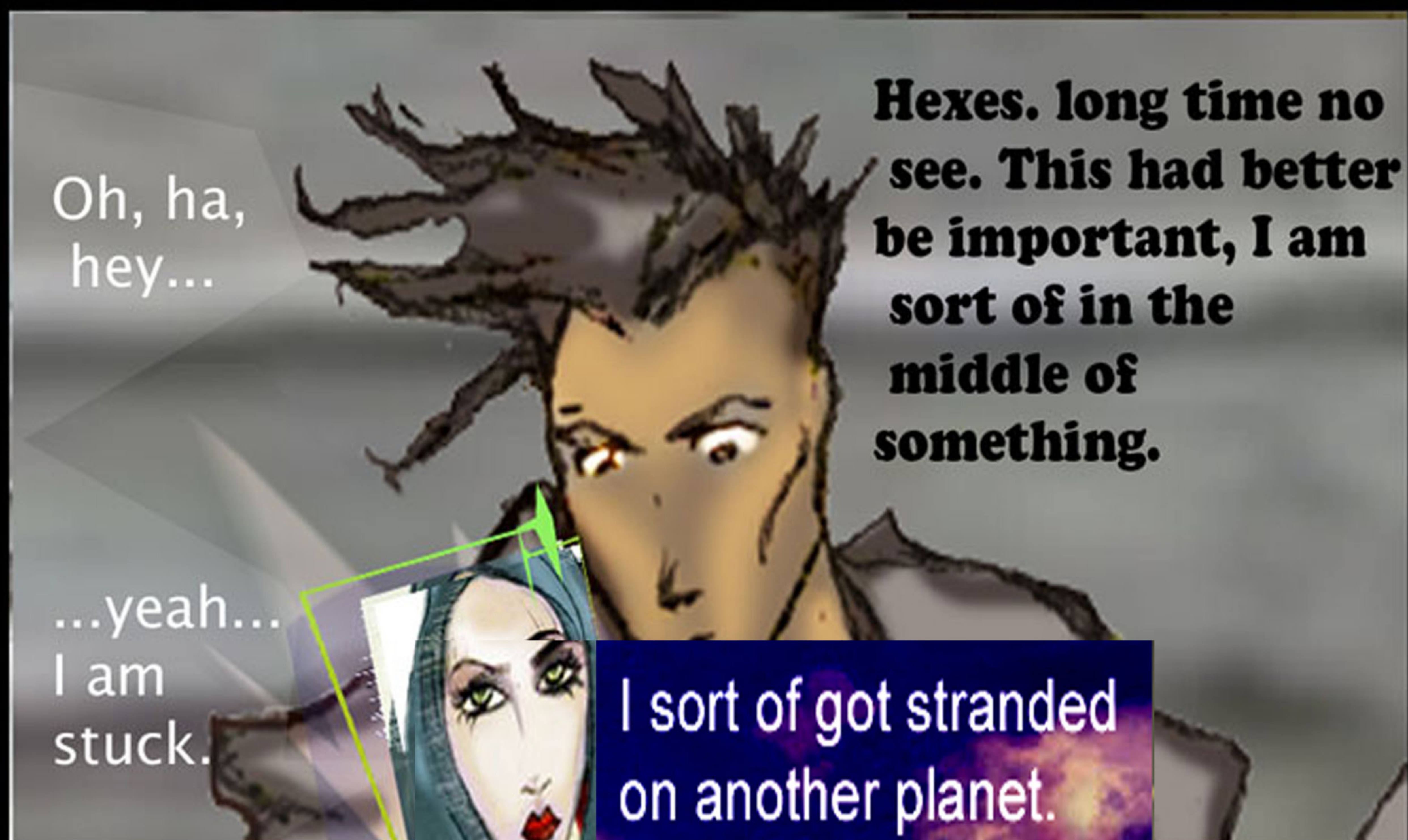
If they get that Special chemical vat back to the hidden lab, they can and will carry out the "revenge on humanity" plan.





Hold on, I got to take this call.

Seriously!?



Oh, ha, hey...

Hexes. long time no see. This had better be important, I am sort of in the middle of something.

...yeah... I am stuck.

I sort of got stranded on another planet.

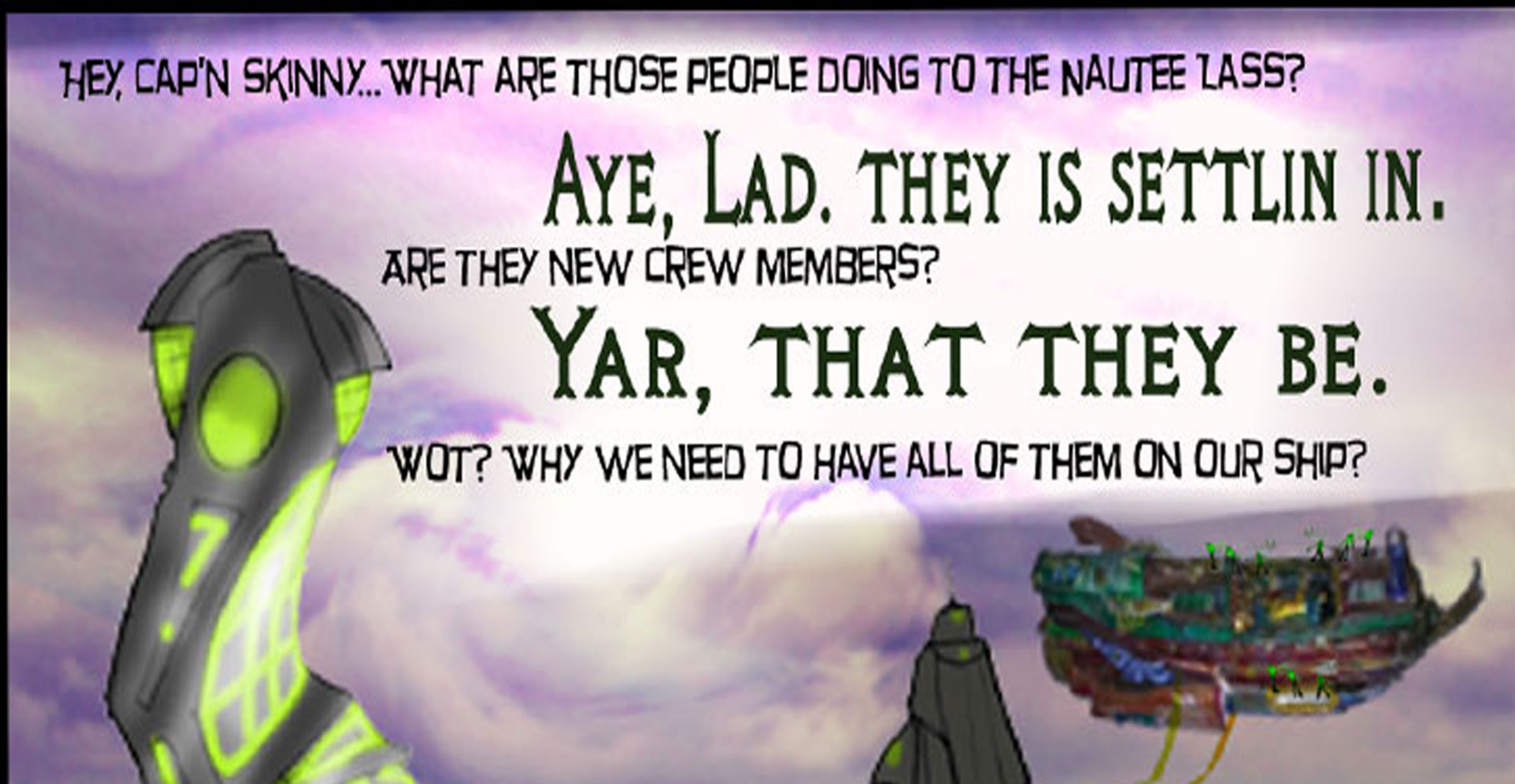
HEY, CAP'N SKINNY... WHAT ARE THOSE PEOPLE DOING TO THE NAUTEE LASS?

AYE, LAD. THEY IS SETTLIN IN.

ARE THEY NEW CREW MEMBERS?

YAR, THAT THEY BE.

WOT? WHY WE NEED TO HAVE ALL OF THEM ON OUR SHIP?



YE GOT THAT WRONG, LAD. THE NAUTEE LASS
...SHE BE MY SHIP, AT LEAST SHE WAS ME SHIP. NOW
SHE BELONGS TO THEM. **WAIT, WHAT?**

YAR, I SOLD HER. NOW ALL I GOT IS A BIG PILE
O LOOT IN ME BANK!

Cap'n Skinny! Why would you
sell our only way
off of this rock?

BAH, THIS IS A FINE PLACE.

LOOK IT. THEY GOT LOTS O'
GAMBLIN & SUCH.

OH! YAR...HEY...I GOT YINZ
SOME NICE THINGS , BAGS N
CLOTHES & WHAT NOT...
THEY BE O'ER THERE WITH
YOUR CRATES FULL OF
YOUR BELONGINGS.



WELL, TIME FOR YOU ALL TO GET ON WITH YER LIVES, GOOD LUCK.

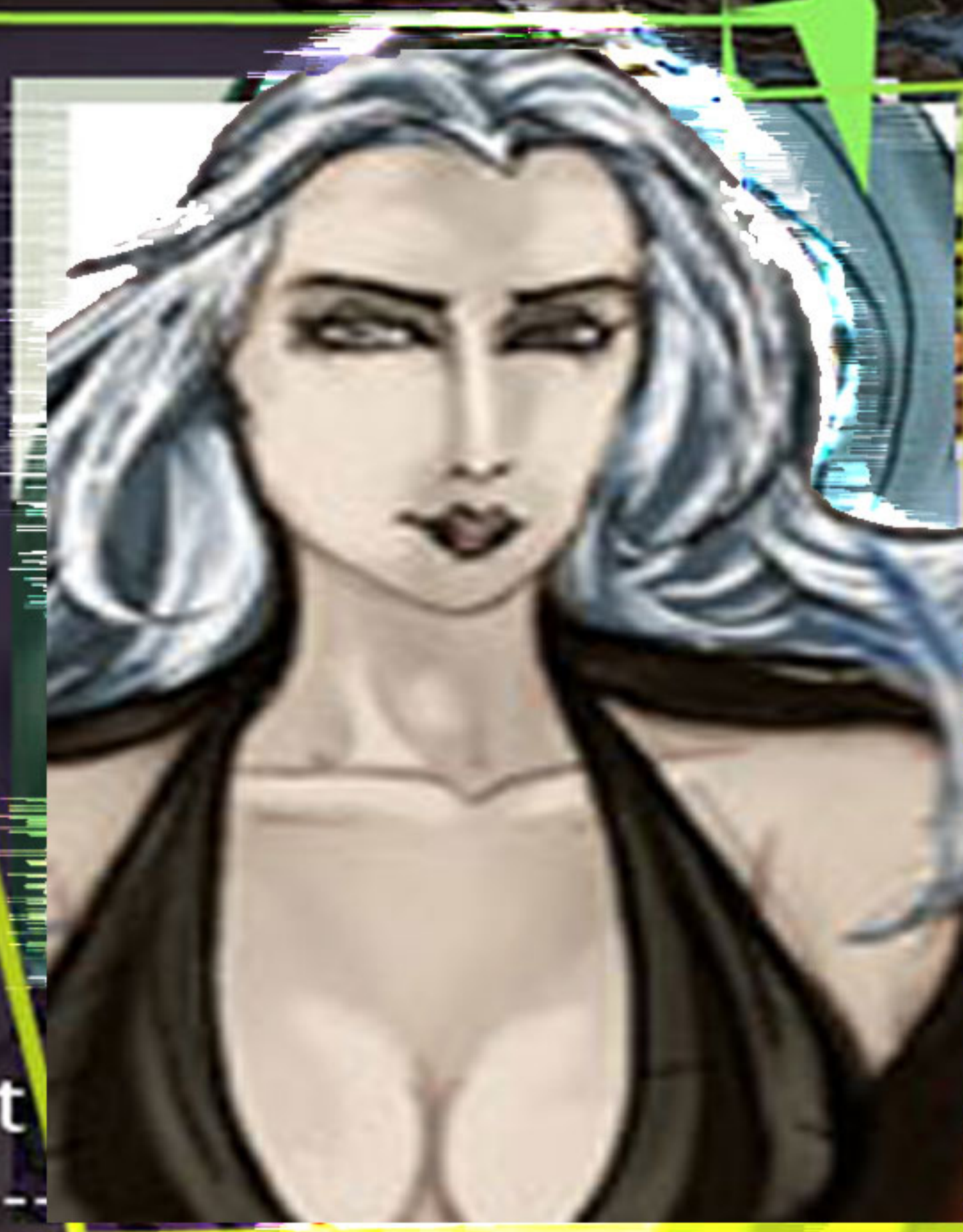
BUT, CAP'N SKINNY!

SCUSE ME, LAD, I GOTTS MONEY TO GO SPEND.



Look, would I ask you if I didn't NEED the help. I am stuck on a
dust bowl of a planet, Is there any way that you can help get
me out of here?

Fine,
I
under
stand
...and I
thought
that we--



**What? What
about Cap'n
Skinny & the
Nautee Lass?
I am a little
busy at the
moment.**

...

**Transfer over the
coordinates,
I'll see what I
can do.**

**I have
heard
enough
of this!**



So What exactly was that all about?

Hexes, Urgent Message, she needs a ride.

That PIRATE WENCH? it is probably another trap.

She is not a pirate... she is my friend.

Oh...Another "friend"...and

Yes...she does go around in a ship stealing things
...that is a pirate.

You just like to be used
by these "friends"

because it makes you

feel important

to have pretty

little wenches

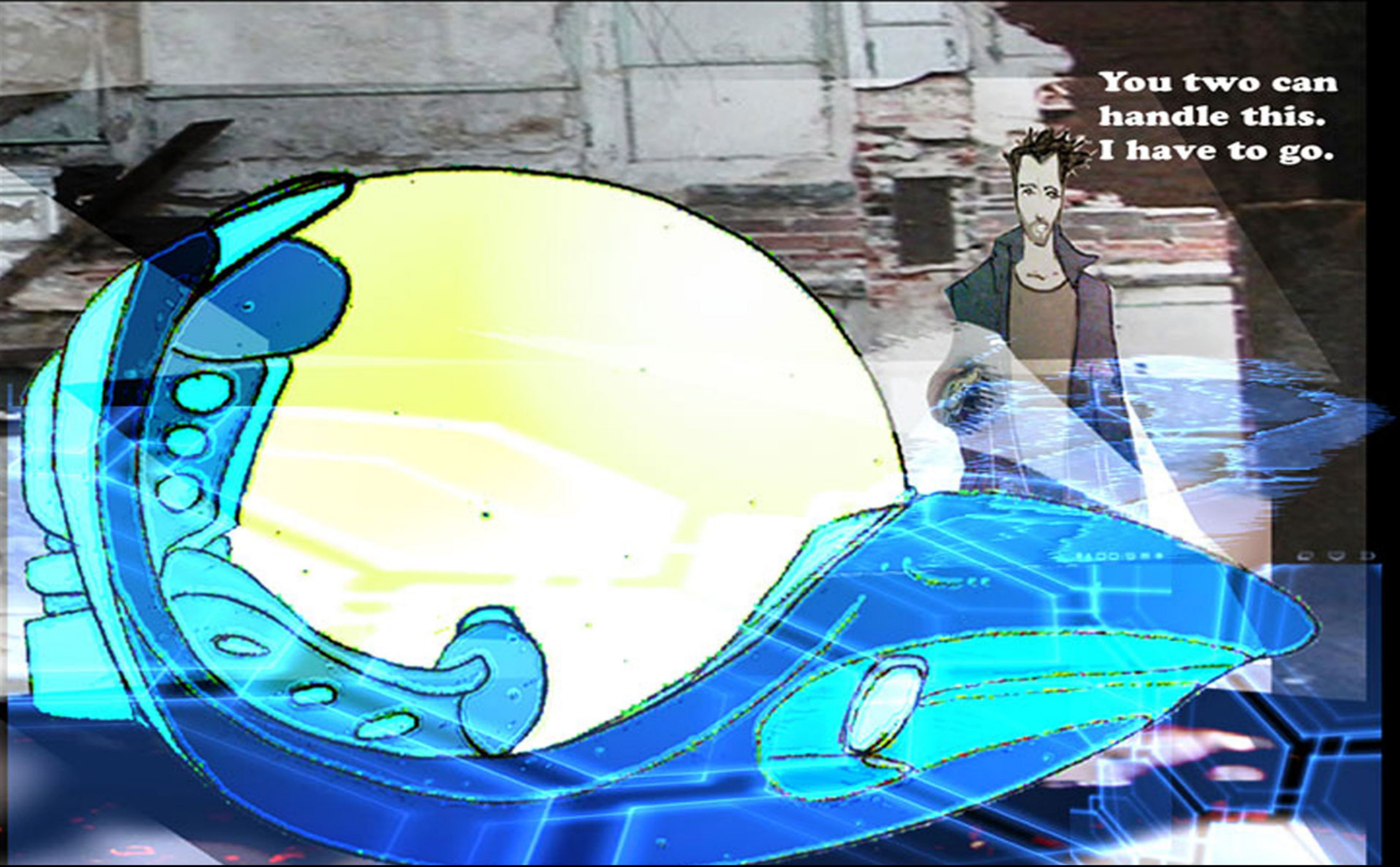
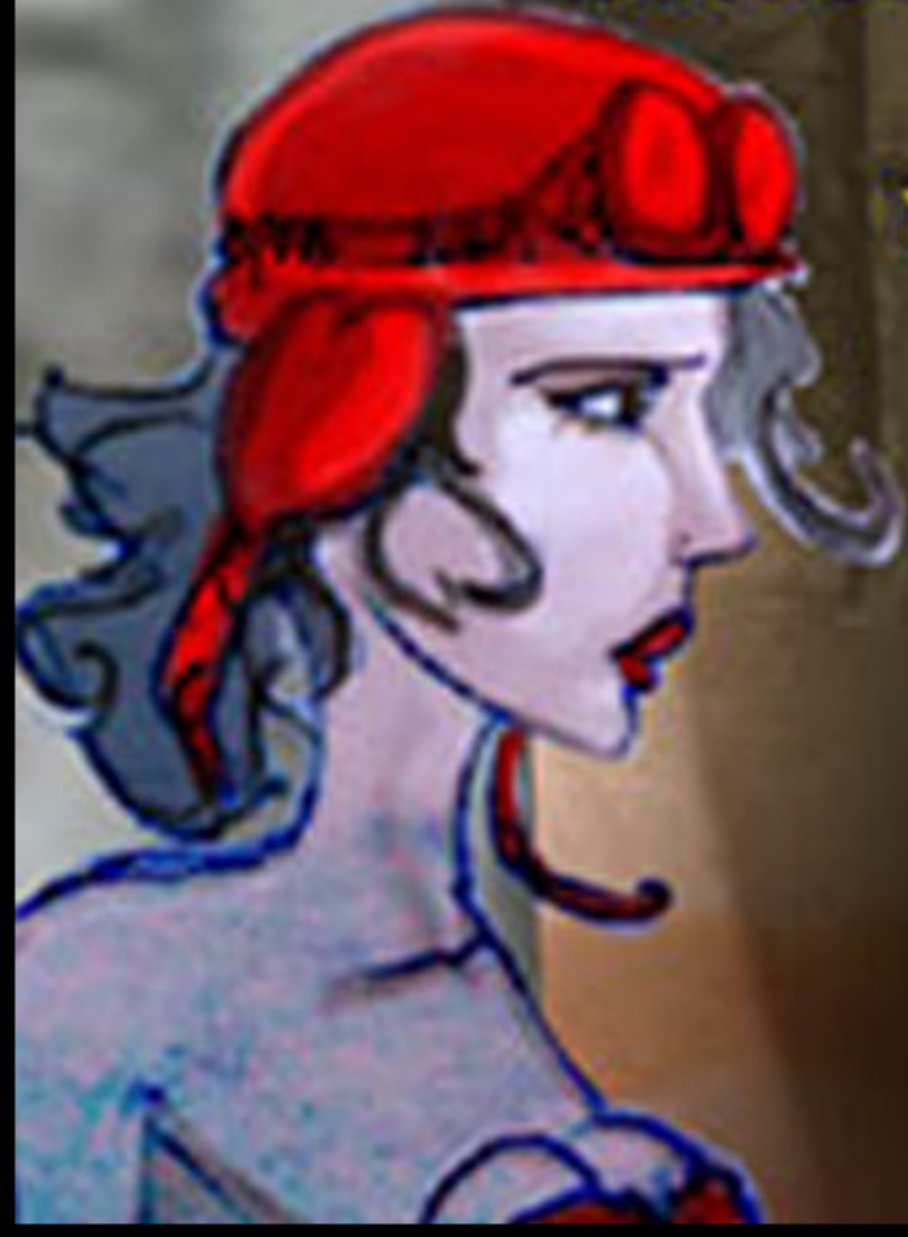
like her calling you...

My mind is made up,
Don't bother.

Come on...let's
clean this mess up
before doing
any thing else.

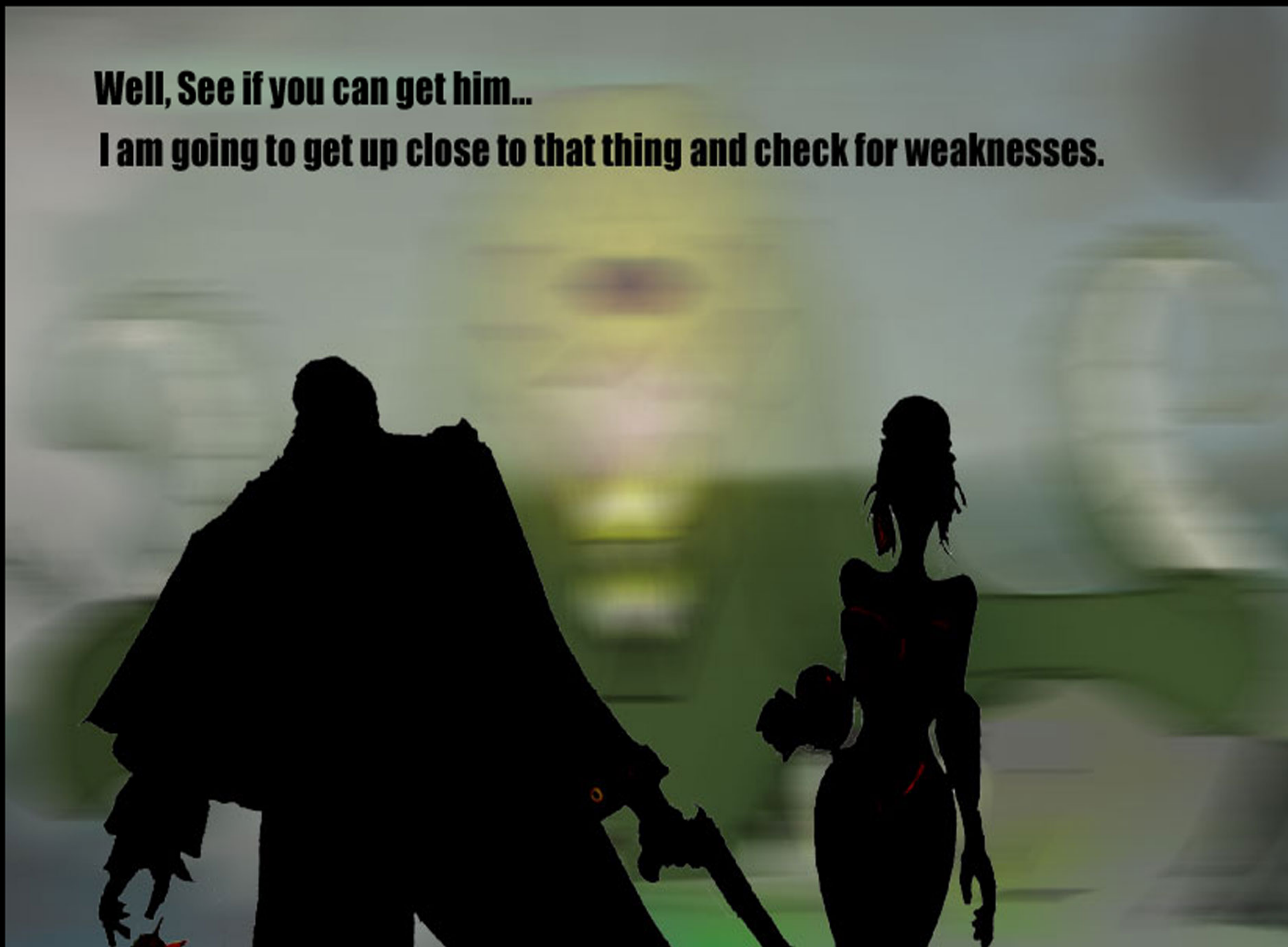
Nice work, Kid.

...and this concerns you
because...?

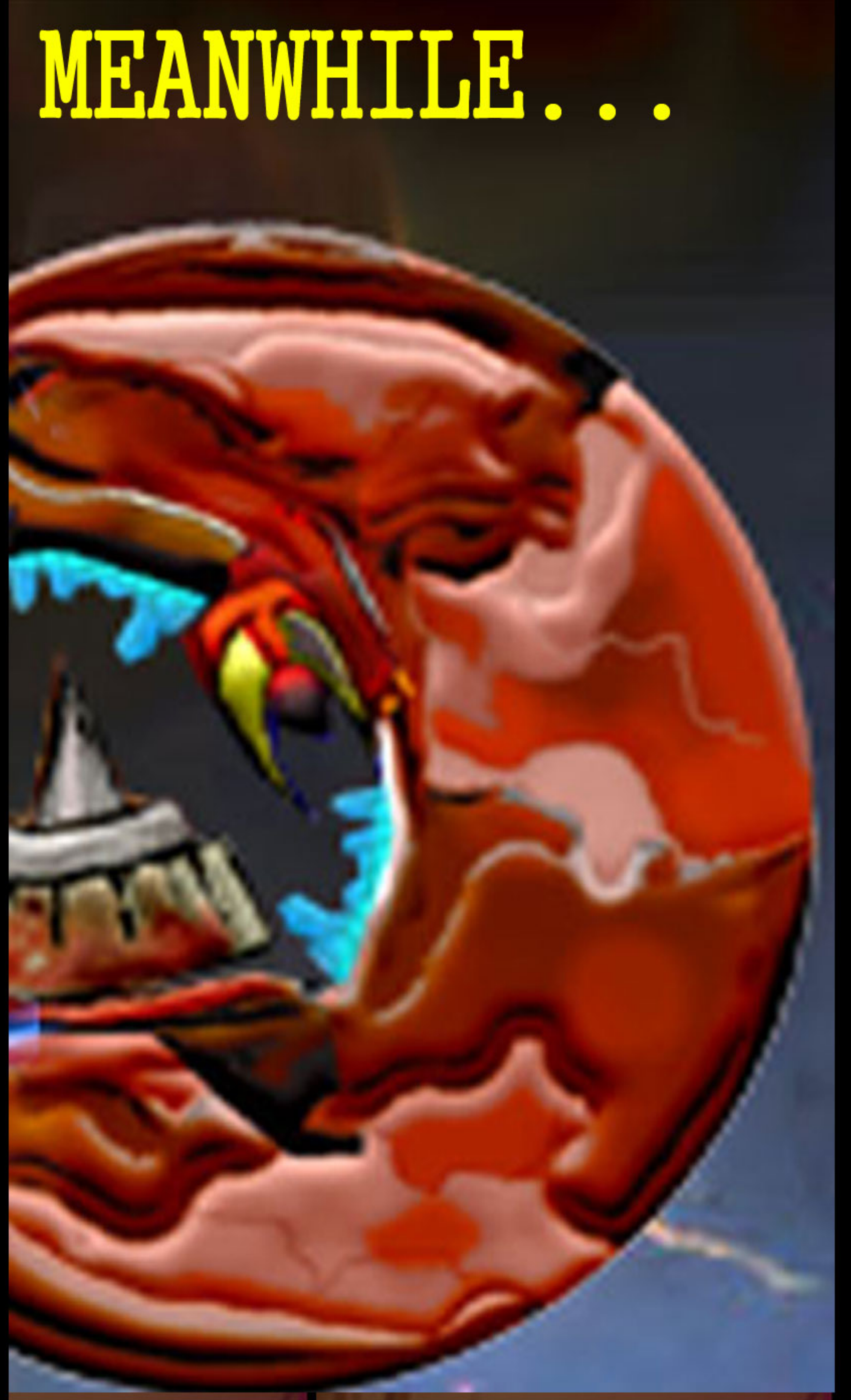


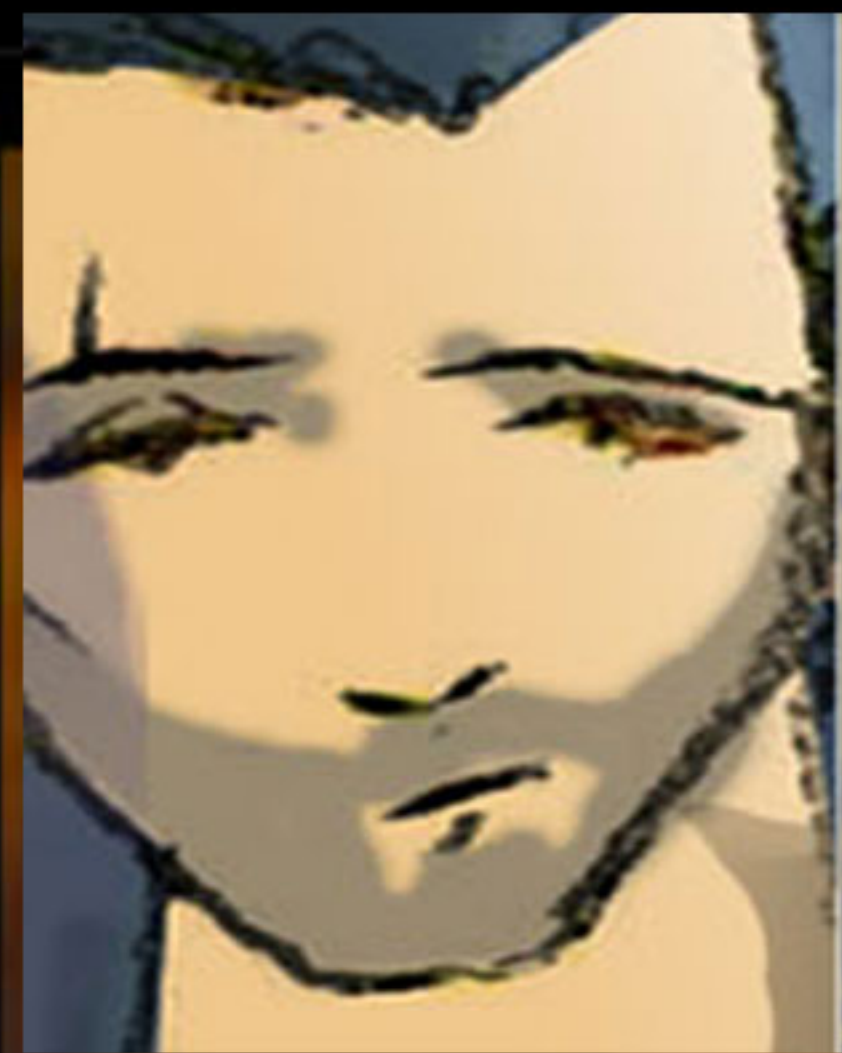
Well, See if you can get him...

I am going to get up close to that thing and check for weaknesses.

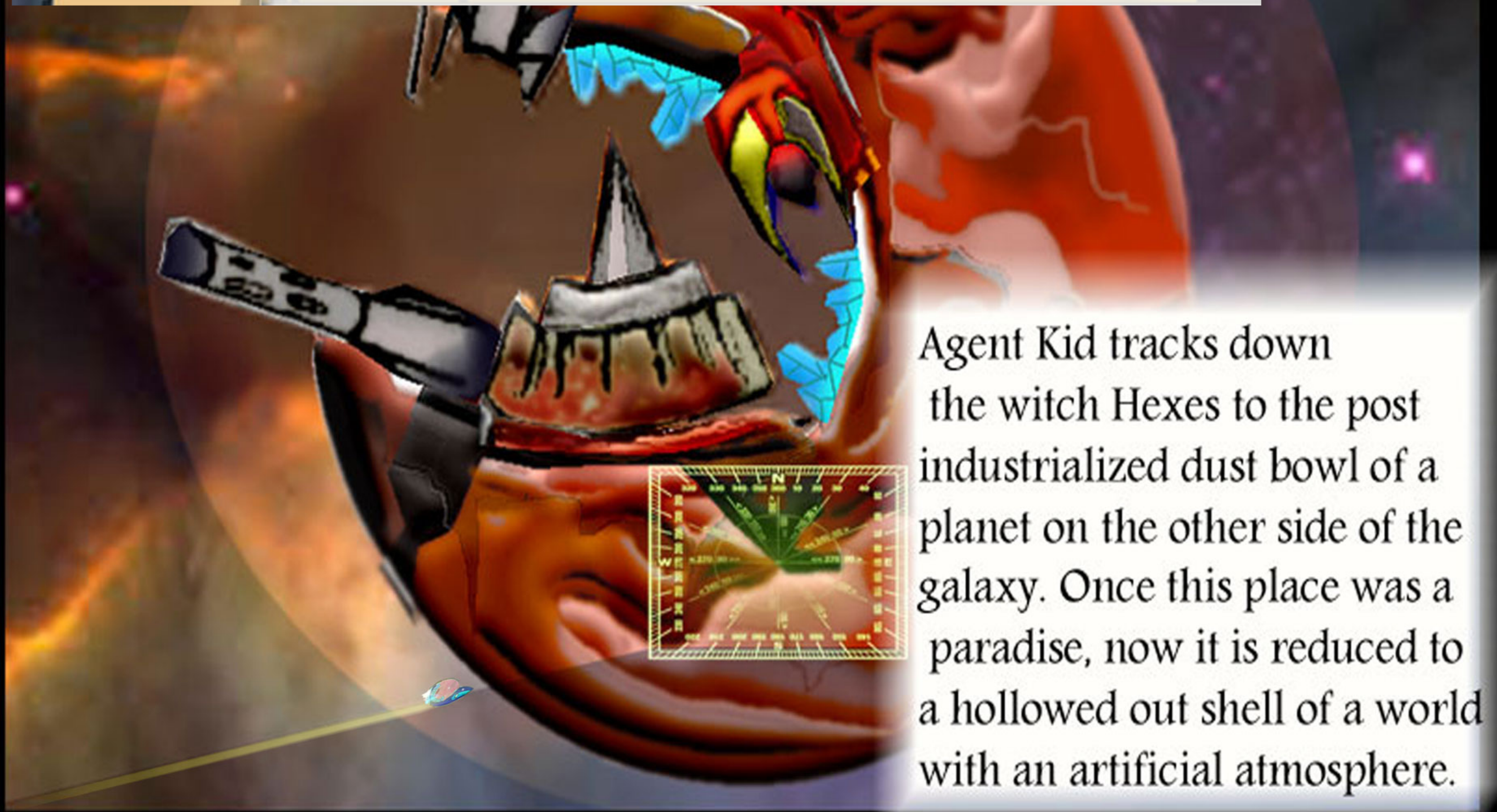


Too late





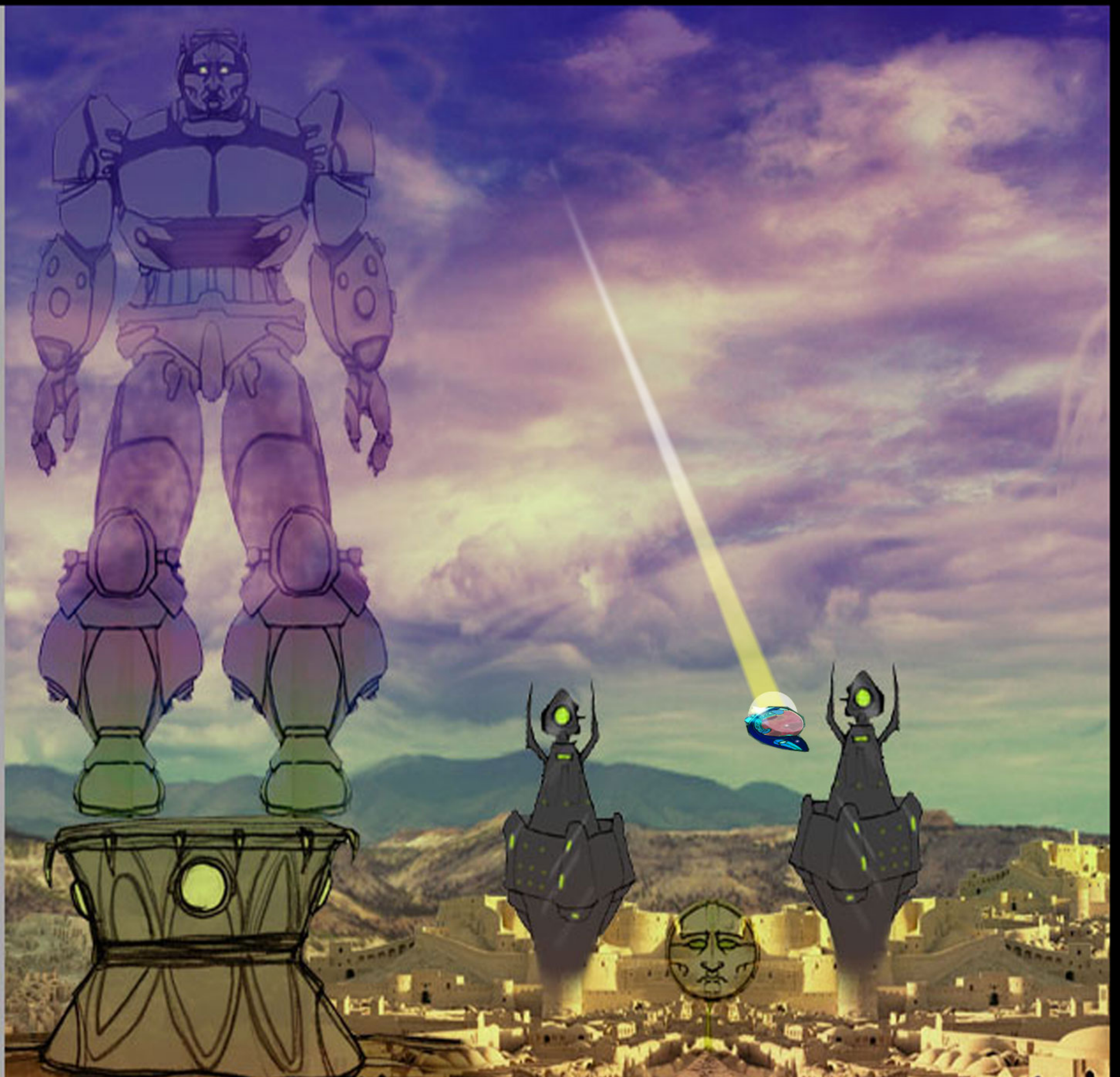
I should know better by now than to get involved with the average damsel in distress. Then again...Hexes is anything but average.



Agent Kid tracks down the witch Hexes to the post industrialized dust bowl of a planet on the other side of the galaxy. Once this place was a paradise, now it is reduced to a hollowed out shell of a world with an artificial atmosphere.

The Lone Monolith.

It stands watch over the planet and keeps all in line with the rule of the law. None dare to invite the wrath of the Monolith and the Industrium. None wish to wake the sleeping behemoth. The Industrium usually lands one Monolith per planet. As this planet is depleted of most of its valuable resources, it is expected that the lone monolith on this world will soon depart for some other world of more value. In this twilight of the industrial age of this world, things here have become more relaxed.



Agent Kid has arrived here and has been searching the city because his old friend Hexes has called him. She sent a message that she was stranded. Finally after tracking her energy signature, he has found her...



**YOU SHOULD NOT
BE HERE,
TRAVEL AGENT.**

Hey stranger, fancy meeting
you here.



Yeah, tell me about it, I was at work when
you called me. Well, come on, let's split.

I BELONG HERE NOW.

What are you talking about?!
Hey! Quit freaking me out, knock this crazy act off,
LOOK, are you coming with me or not, because
with or with out you, I am out of here, and if you
are staying, don't ever bother me again. I can't
believe I came all the way out here just to deal
with you telling Me that you are staying. Later.

I'M AFRAID THAT WILL NOT BE HAPPENING, INTERLOPER. YOU AND THE GIRL BELONG TO THE INDUSTRUM NOW. HAND OVER YOUR TECHNOLOGY AND FOLLOW ME.

Who the hell are you?



I AM THE MAN WHO WILL DESTROY YOU, TRAVEL AGENT KID OF THE CROSS WORLDS NEXUS.

ACTIVATING MONOLITH



...Why ...can't things ever just be easy?

TO BE CONTINUED!



**THE SUPER CYCLE
BABY DOLLS
ARRIVE**

Roxi is here with
the gear and
ready to
Rock n Roll
this big bitch
into the ground.



Ki-Active, Status...Online and Ready.



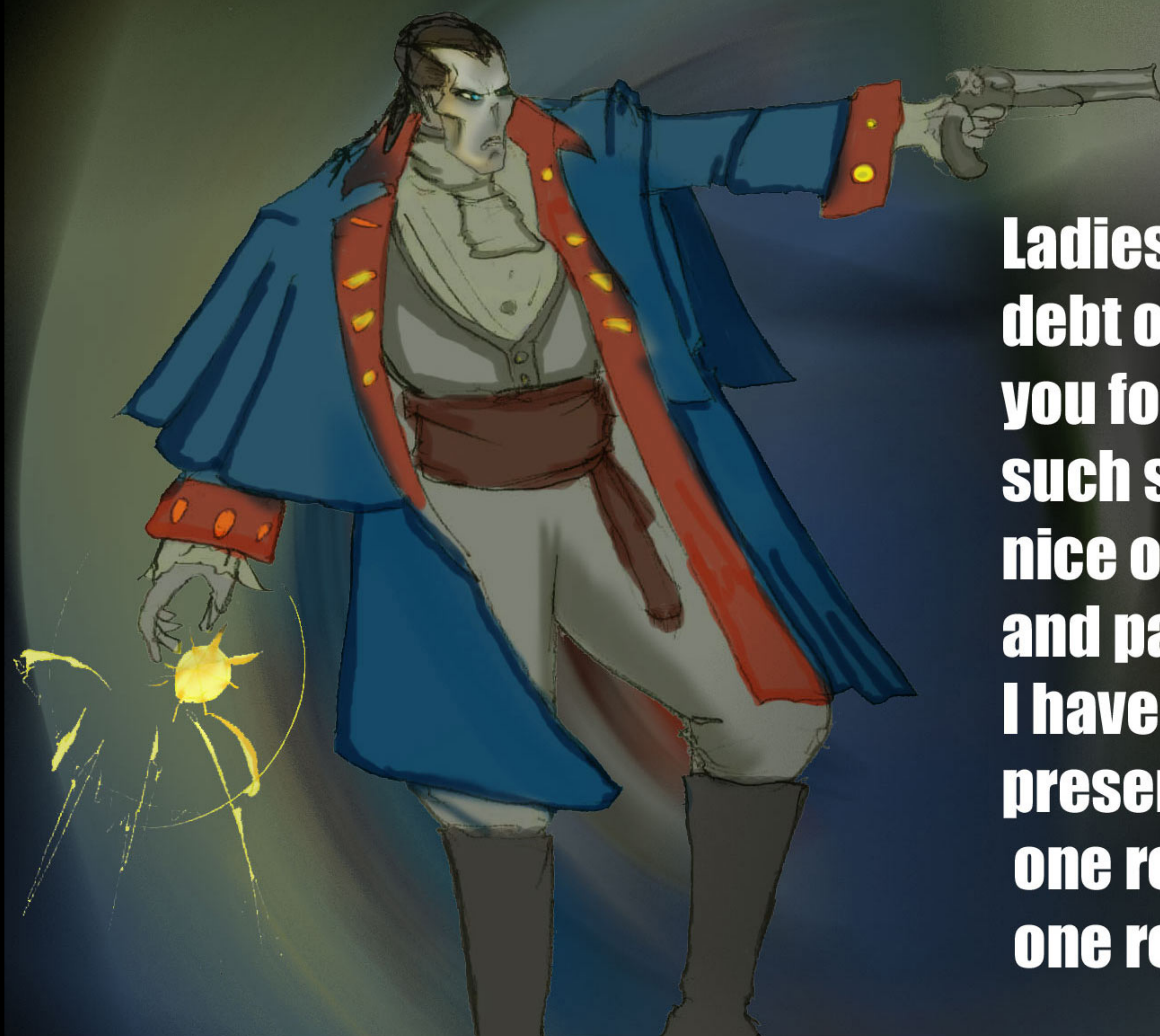
SHEBA SHARK
ACTIVE STATUS
FEET ON THE FLOOR
AND READY FOR MORE



**MONALISA JONES
ACTIVE STATUS
HERE TO GET THE
PARTY STARTED**

Enigma Rivercrow- Active, Status. online
and fully loaded to Maximum manifestation.





Ladies, I owe you all a debt of gratitude, thank you for making it on such short notice. It is nice of you to stop by and partake in the fun. I have summoned your presence to this situation one reason and one reason only...



Help me end this wretched creature from aeons birth and oceans folley for it has no Earthly purpose in this age and era!

Roxi, Where is Agent Kid?

He is still not able to get away from his own dilemma on Moon Mine #743-A, He rescued the Pirate wench of Pittsburgh from the mess that she got in and is currently on the run in a state of twilight mode.




He is using his travel gauntlets to alter his frequency so that he moves faster and undetectable than normally humanly possible ...and he is being Run Down by a Gigantic Military Robot.



Excellent!



Agent Kid! I order you to stop at once, stand your ground and do NOTHING, is this understood?



Sending
Mass Load
Transmission
in 5...4

Hey Danger Man

No problem.

I am absolutely ready to stop and get the hell out of here.

I would have done so earlier if I didn't have to blow so much of my charge getting away from a group of bad dudes back in the last town.

I pulled a bunch of tricks trying to rescue sleeping beauty here.

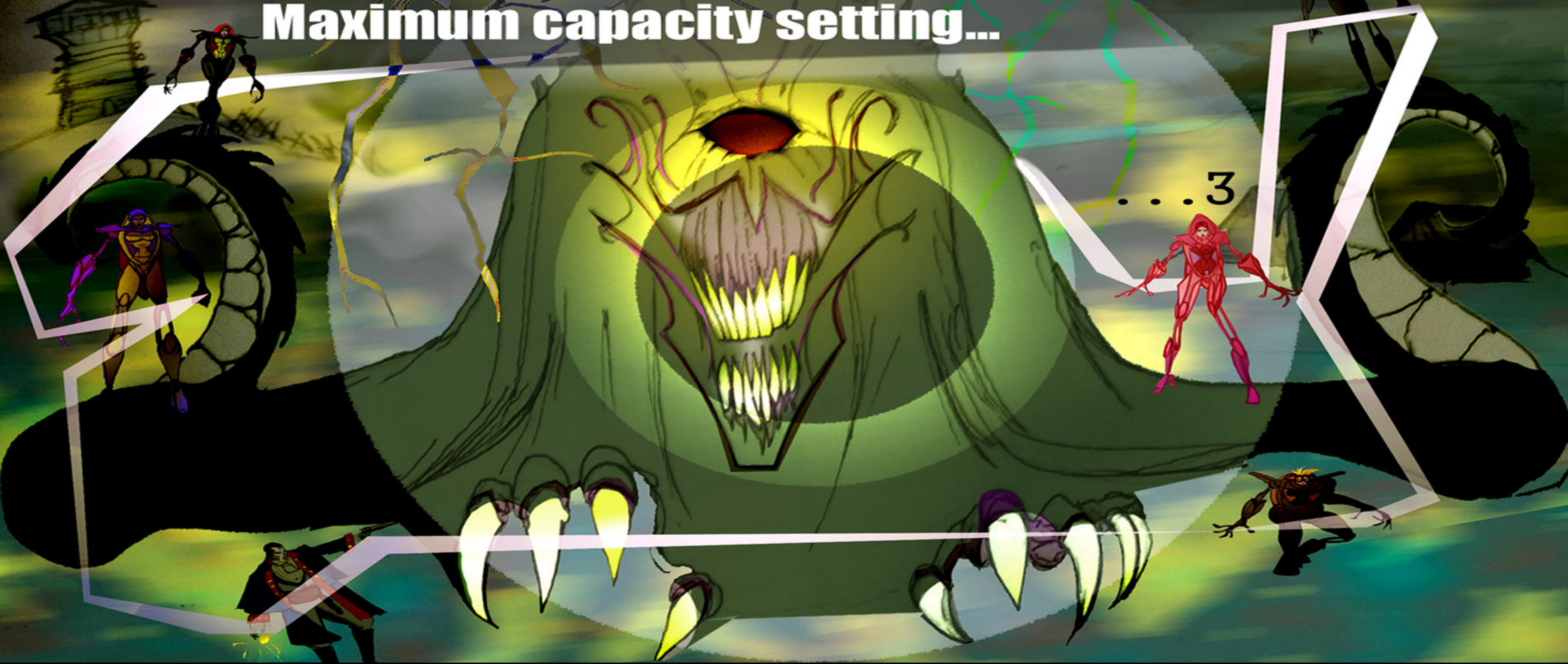
They sent that big walking tin can to kill us.

It is of the highest importance that you remain still and do not move from your current location is that clear!

Affirmative



Ladies, if you would be so kind as to establish the electronic perimeter and start a current relay, Maximum capacity setting...



...3

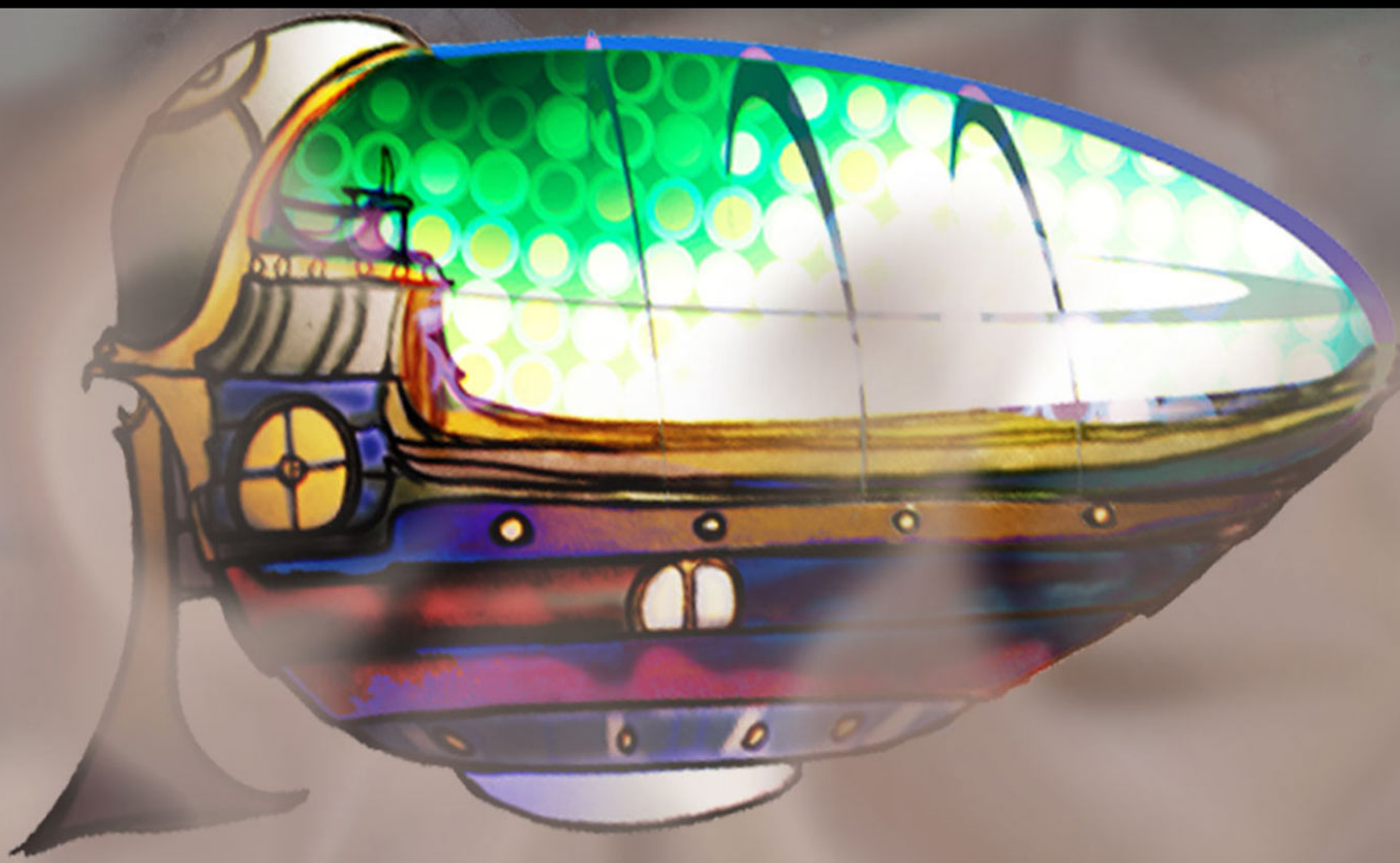
For Now we shall send our Agent Kid a MONSTERGRAM!



...2

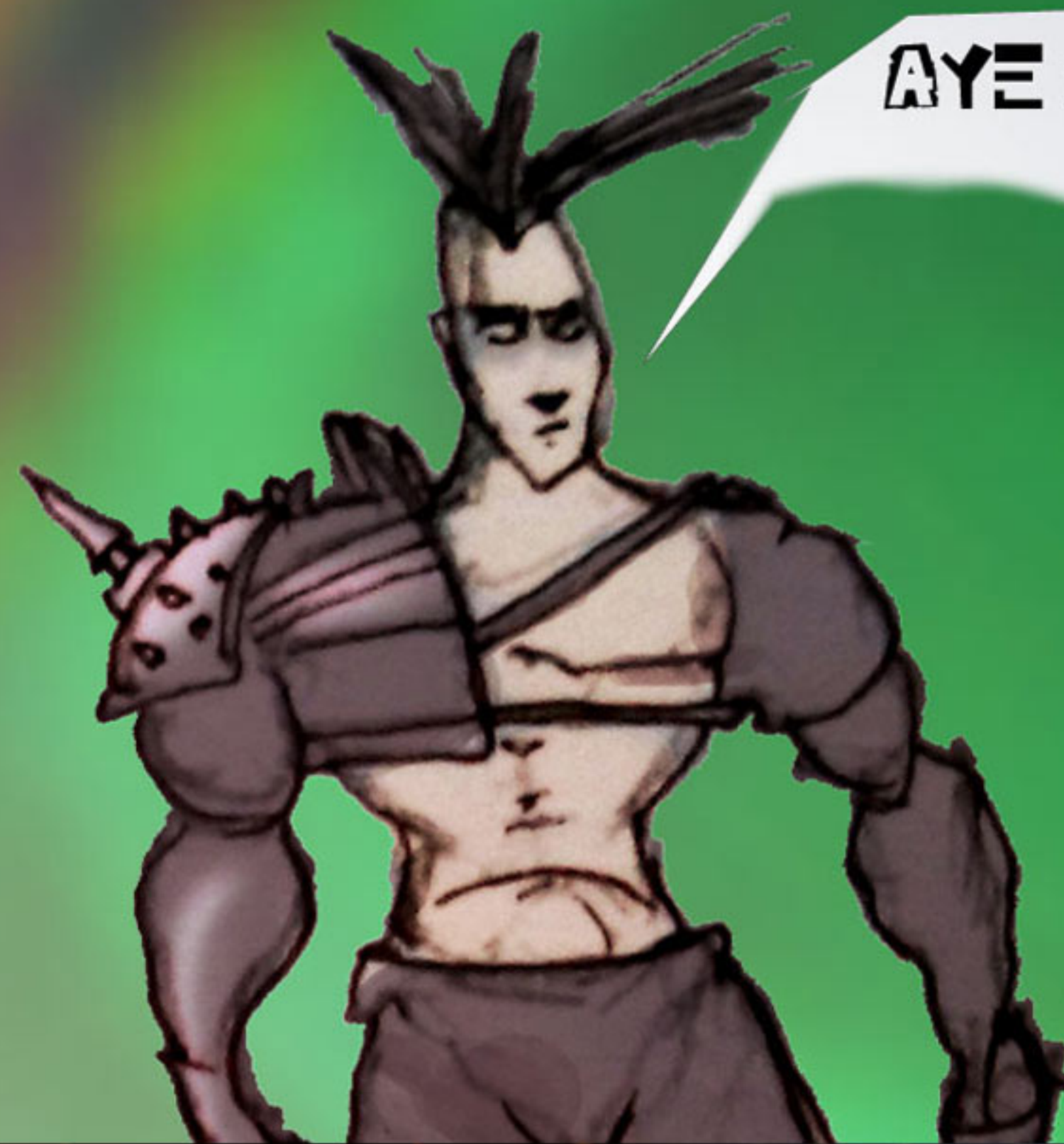






Hello you two crazy kids! Heard you need a ride off of this rock...
All aboard the Cap'n Skinny Express!

Mr. Thax... Lower the Magno Clamps



AYE AYE CAP'N SKINNY



HAB! HAR! YAR. CAP'N SKINNY BE PULLIN THE BACON OUT OF THE FIRE JUST IN THE ' NICK O' TIME. WOULDNTJA' SAY SOLD ME OLD BUCKET O' BOLTS GOT ME A FINE NEW SHIP. I DID! ONE WITH BETTER EVERYTHING!



Thanks cap' You fixed the problem that you created in the first place! Way to go... Sunshine!

Poor little Hexey, thought I'd be splittin' fer good, abandoning the dead weight. LEAVIN' her to rot in the alien sun of that dust bowl of a planet. Nay, could never be losin' me best first matey!

You absolutely did leave her and I had to ditch on my responsibilities just to go across the universe to bail her out .

"Dead Weight?"

ARRGH

AGENT KID, YE WILL FORK OVER A NICE CHUNK O' CHANGE TO BE RETURNED TO SAFETY, CAUSE I KNOW YOUR GAUNTLETS HAVE DONE BLEW THEIR CHARGE AGAIN AND YE HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE ...HAB HAB ...CAP'N SKINNY WINS AGAIN!

Thanks

You are Welcome.



NEVER MESS WITH THE
CROSS WORLDS NEXUS
TRAVEL AGENCY!
Everybody OK?

We did it!

Where is Danger Son?

Oh No! He is gone? Is it Possible that he was
ripped into the vortex that sent that monster
hurdlng across time and space!



...I would never abandon such lovely ladies with out first saying good bye.
Now, would you be so kind as to join me in humble congress for
I propose a toast...to a job well done ...and many happy returns.

I have confirmation of the beasts
destruction and port hole is sealed
with out any atmospherical anomalies
or disturbances.

A MEN TO THAT

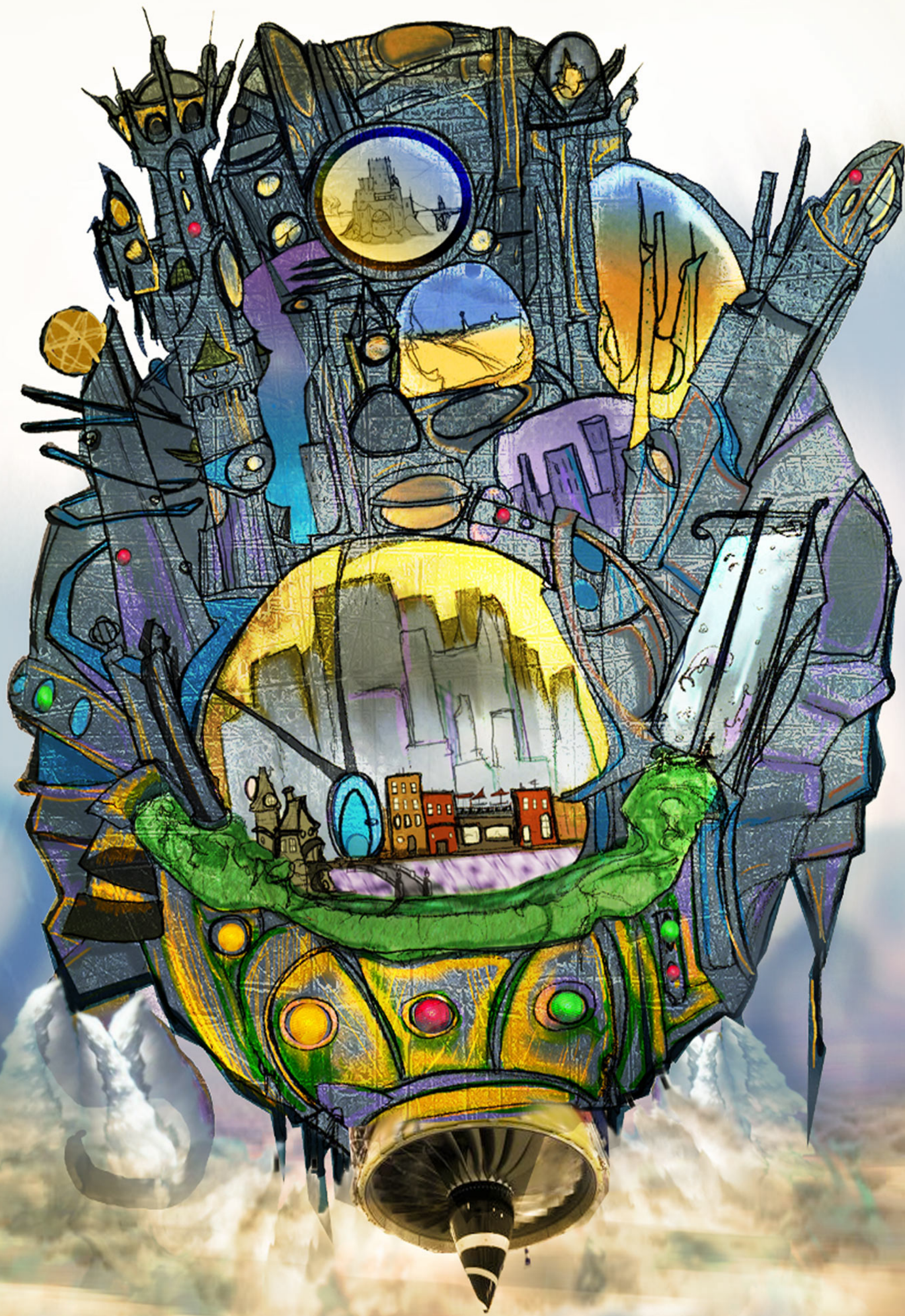
I COULD GO FOR A DRINK

~Salute.

I love this job.

We Fried that squid!





This is Nexxburgh, the city of time travellers and home of the Travel Agency. The agents operate through out time where ever there is a temporal breech by a Giant chaos monster, or a mad scientist decides to alter the laws of reality in their favor, or an Evil Warlock claims power over an entire age...or some other force attempts to over throw the natural order of events...The Travel Agents will be there to shut them down by any means necessary. Many leaders have come and gone to this esteemed agency.

The Current Leader of the Cross Worlds Nexus Travel Agency is Danger Son, the top secret agent of the 13 colonies Revolutionary War . As a problem solver for the Travel Agency whose exploits are legendary, Danger Son has earned the respect of his cohorts. The Over seer Maximus has called him in for a discussion on tactics...



You requested my presence?

I didn't pass the torch to you so you could get killed on your first missions as leader of the Cross Worlds Nexus Travel Agency!

- I do things my way, you did things your way.

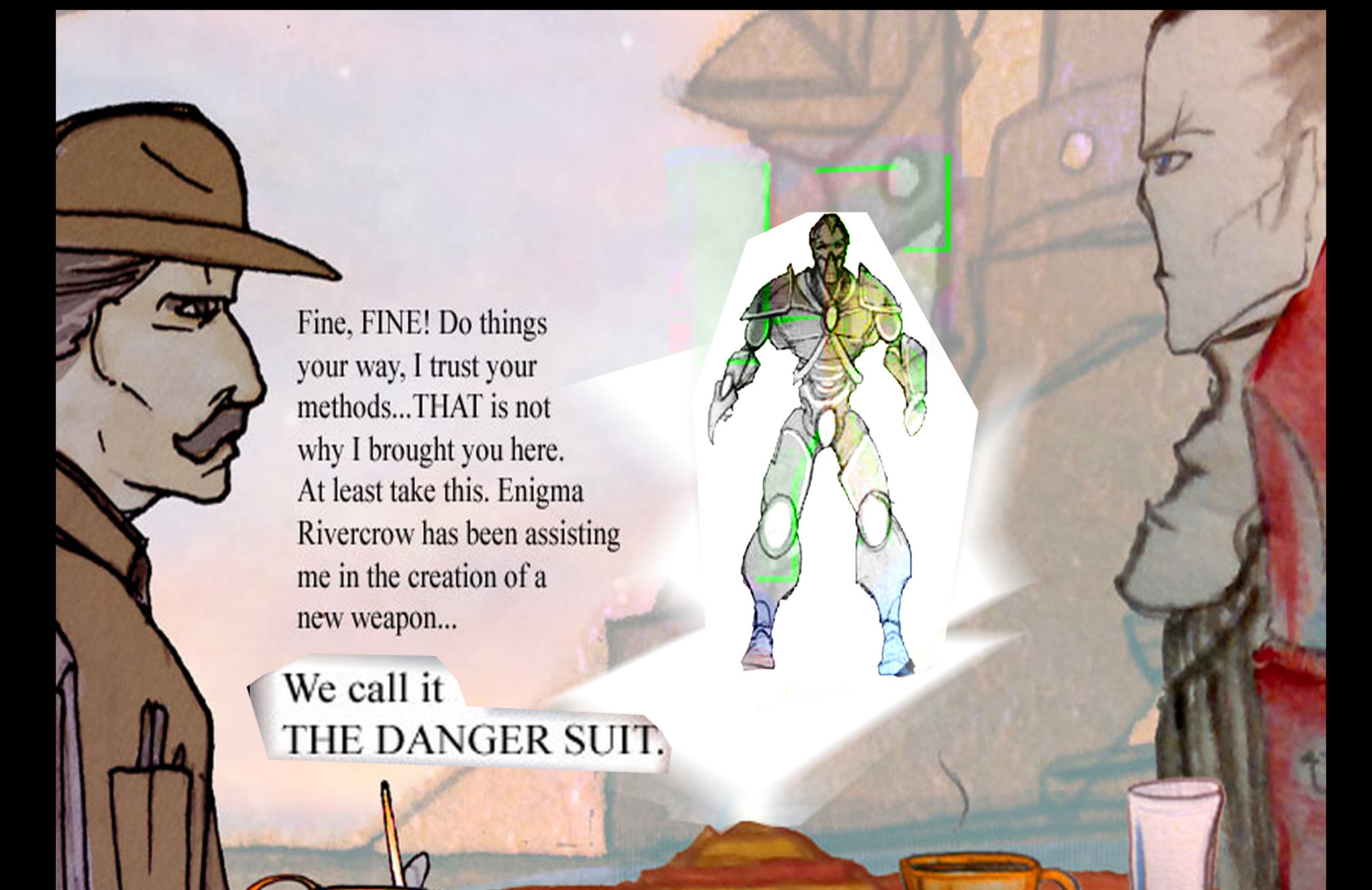
You lead from a safe place, not in the front lines!
If you die...everything falls to chaos!

With all due respect...How can you expect Any one to follow you if you are not willing to go into the fray yourself?

All of your agents know that you have proven your self in battle time and time again, that really isn't an issue here.

Did you ever question my mettle?


Of course not, I have seen you in battle many times. I have personally learned that you get your best intelligence from being able to meet the enemy face to face. I need to make surgical strikes and information is a key factor to that.



Fine, FINE! Do things your way, I trust your methods...THAT is not why I brought you here. At least take this. Enigma Rivercrow has been assisting me in the creation of a new weapon...

**We call it
THE DANGER SUIT.**

- It is a prototype armor, one of a kind...I had it designed for myself during the Mechanika War, That is all behind us now. This is your day, take it...go forth and lead our agents to victory.



**- For the Cross Worlds Nexus,
I will wear this suit with honor.**

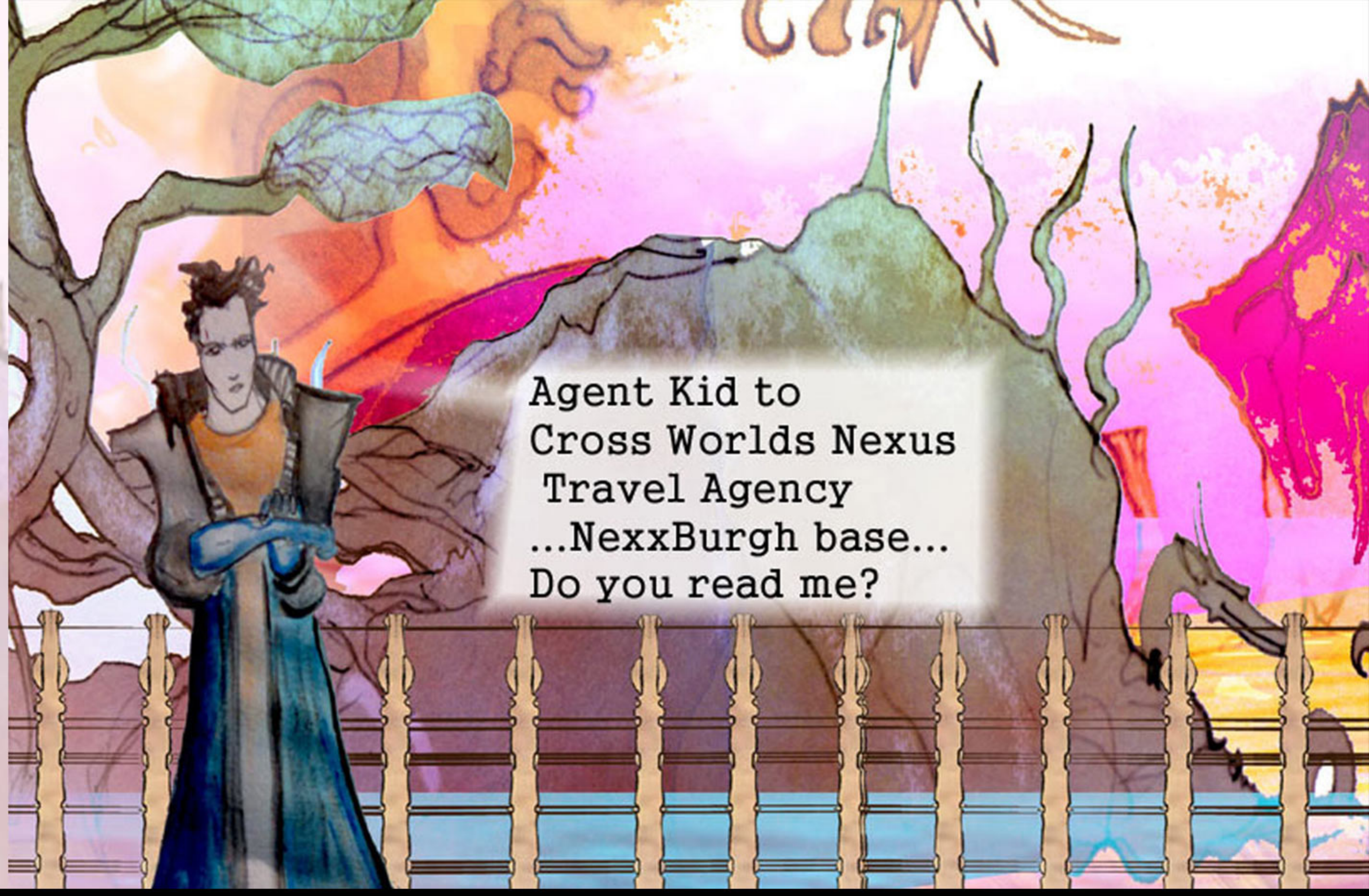


ON THE SEA OF STRANGE, CAP'N SKINNY SAILS HIS SHIP AND HIS CREW RELAX IN THE SUN



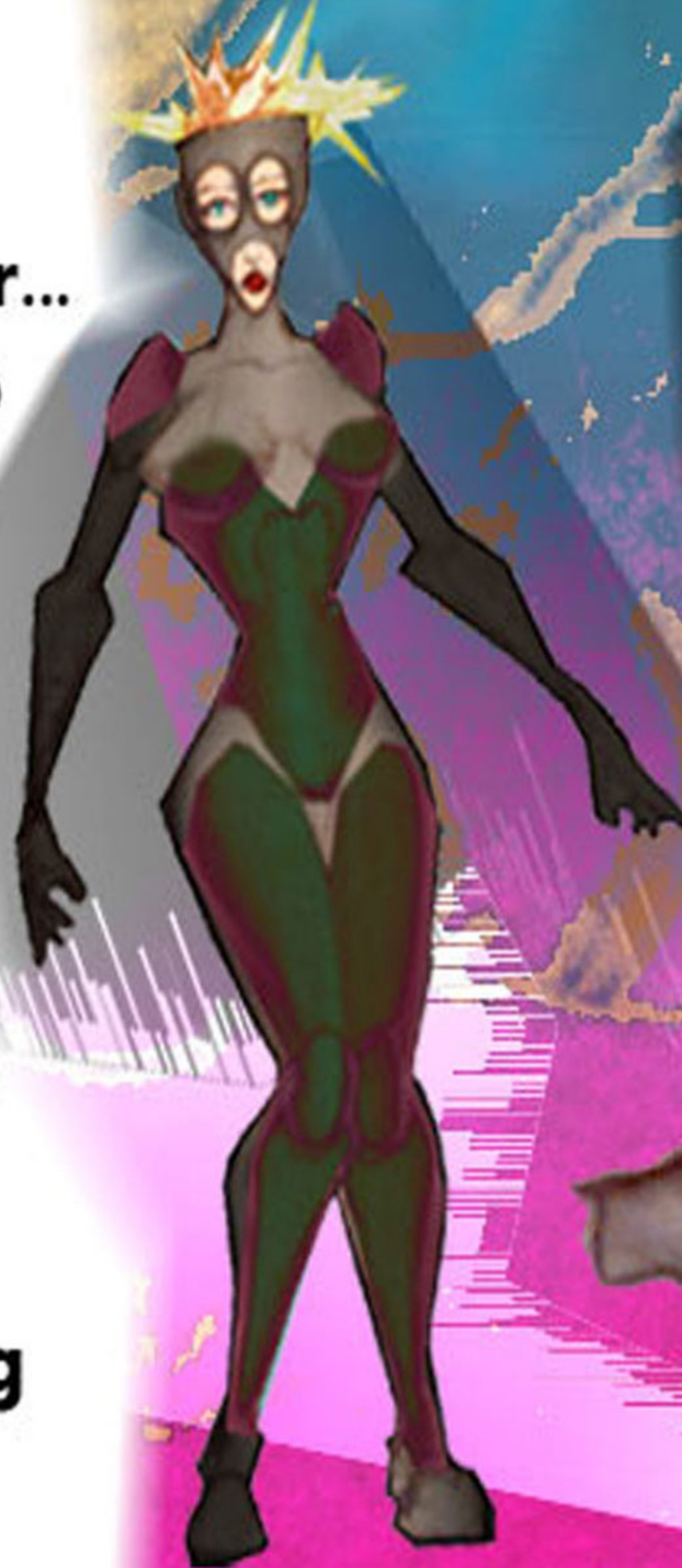
...AGENT KID IS BEING HELD FOR RANSOM.

Agent Kid to
Cross Worlds Nexus
Travel Agency...
NexxBurgh base
...come in.



Agent Kid to
Cross Worlds Nexus
Travel Agency
...NexxBurgh base...
Do you read me?

**Well well well
...If it isn't
the Lone Ranger...
always ready to
ride off on his
own and save
the day? How
is that rescue
of the damsel
in distress going
for you?
I see that Cap'n
Skinny is holding
you for ransom,
Hmmm?
And...Your Gauntlets abilities
have been greatly reduced because of your
continued performance as a loose cannon!**



Hey Enigma Rivercrow
...Can I talk to Danger Son
or Roxi?



**YOU are not in a place to make requests. Danger Son is busy
in a review board...Probably because of your inability to follow
orders...I imagine that they are more than likely discussing your
early retirement. I bet that a memory swipe is in your future.**



Awww....come on, you know that
I get things done when I need to...
So, no Danger Son, then...
How about Roxi? Can I talk to her?

Now you listen to me. Until further notice, I am your new boss. Your insubordination will not be tolerated and I will not release any power upgrades to your gauntlets. You are ...as of this moment, effective immediately...released from all duties and responsibilities concerning any and all Travel Agency matters and You will be on your best behaviour or else!



AND as far as paying for a ridiculous ransom to your drunken scallywag consortium, you may let them know that there will be no rewards for you. They can drop you into the Sea of Strange for all we are concerned. No worries, we won't let you sink all the way to the bottom.



We will be watching and observing, and if you so much as...

Nevermind, I'll call back later.

At the Rivercrow estate,
Danger Son meets
with Enigma to discuss
this new weapon...



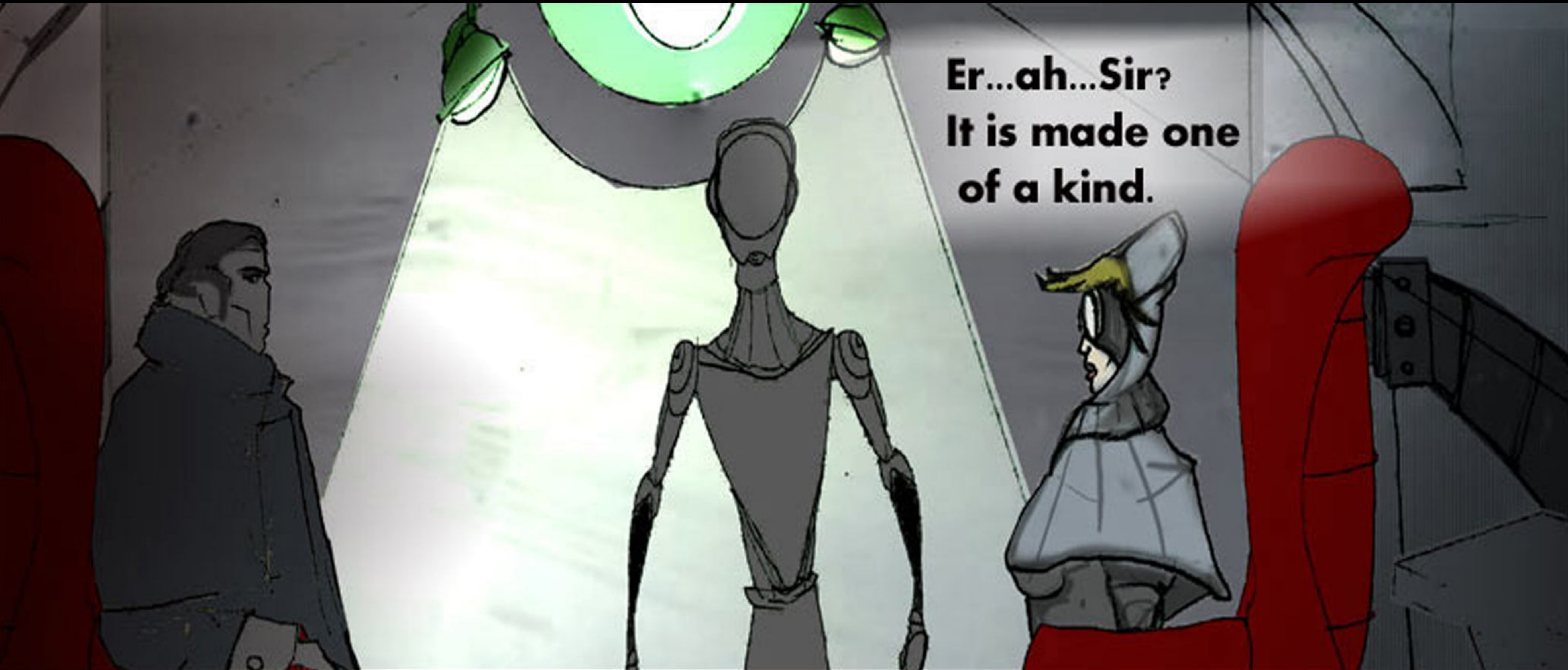
**This
prototype
armor,
I am
some
what
apprehensive
about it.
I understand
that it is a
weapon
as well?**

**Indeed it is, Danger Son.
The finest of weapons.
As we both know, the last
few missions have involved
an array of challenges,
from ancient sea beasts
to Giant robots to rogue
lab experiments...**

**Ofcourse, unlike the
gauntlets, the Danger
Suit has the program
upgrades of all of the
Travel Gauntlets
combined and the
ability to access all
forbidden areas
and a quantum
power source,
You will truly
be unstoppable.**

**This armor will keep you
from ever getting
destroyed in the line of duty.
It is able to withstand
megaton range weapons,
extreme cold...**

**Have you considered the possibilities of
this falling into the wrong hands?**



Er...ah...Sir?
It is made one
of a kind.


Yes, it is a prototype suit, I understand. Just like the first atomic bomb had a prototype and the first cannon and the first catapult. A weapon is a weapon. This suit could prove to be very useful if and when we ever need to use it. I want it to remain under the most careful vigilance locked away. We will not speak of it again unless I order it to be brought out of storage. Do you understand?



**That is
an order.**



**I...have many safety
features installed
in the code,
There really is
no chance that
any of it can
be accessed
by any sinister
individual.**



**Yes Sir, Only if it
is needed, Until then,
lock the Danger
Suit away.**



Vigilance is the key...



What the hell am I doing here, I don't belong here!

YAR, LAD YER JUST TOO DAMN UPRIGHT FOR YER OWN GOOD. HAVE YOUR SELF AN ALE AND TAKE A LOAD OFF!

You need to relax.

I wouldn't even be in this mess if it wasn't for you leaving Hexes on that mined out shell of a moon.

Cap rescued us. You should thank him.

Thank You!?

YAR, YAR!
YE OUGHT TO THANK ME.

YER WELCOME !



'CAPTAIN SKINNY

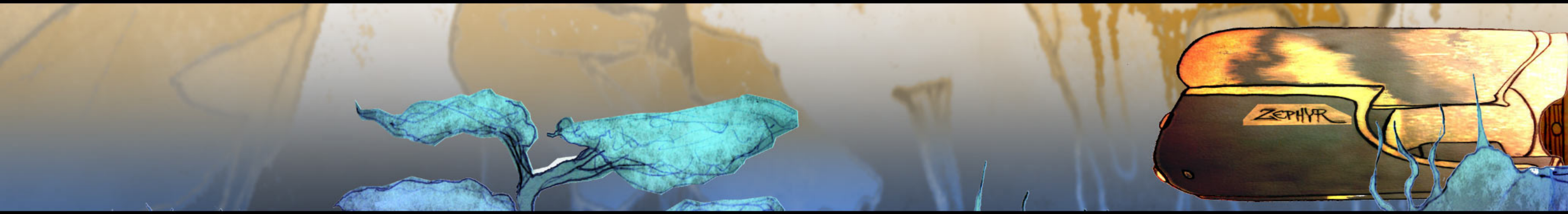


Uh oh.

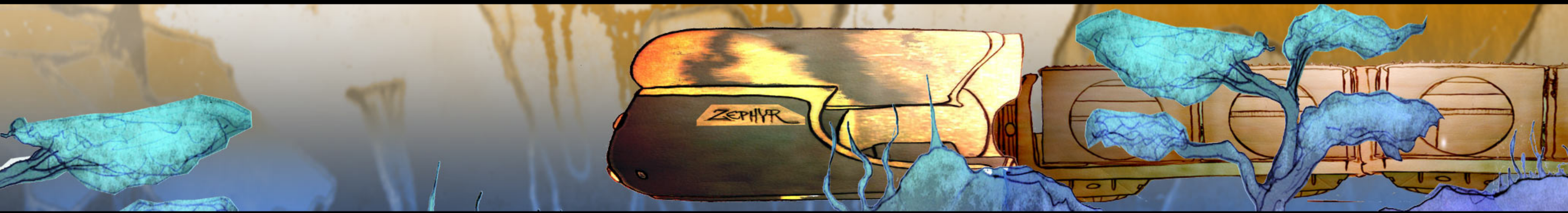
...YAR

**PREPARE TO BE BOARDED AND
SURRENDER YOUR CARGO!**





KALACK KALACK



KALACK KALACK

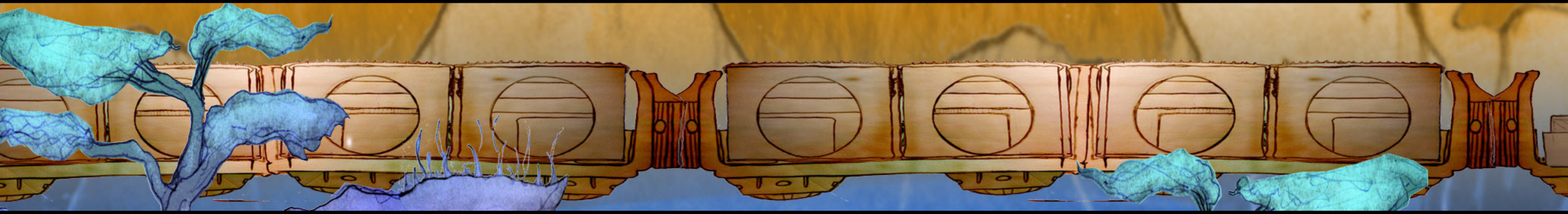
KALACK KALACK



KALACK KALACK

KALACK KALACK

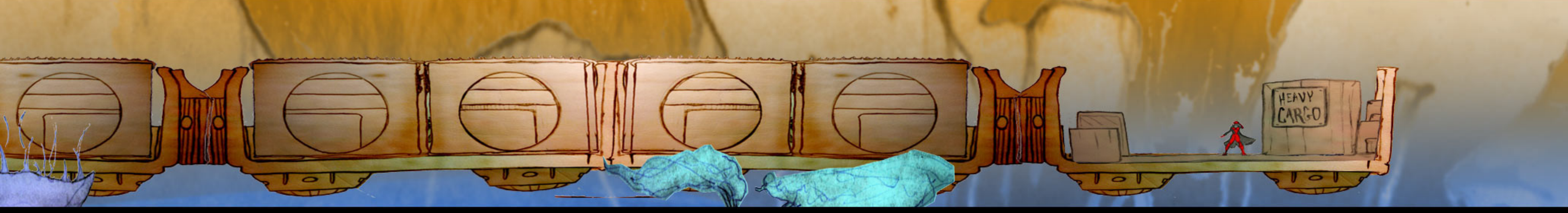
KALACK KALACK



KALACK KALACK

KALACK KALACK

KALACK KALACK



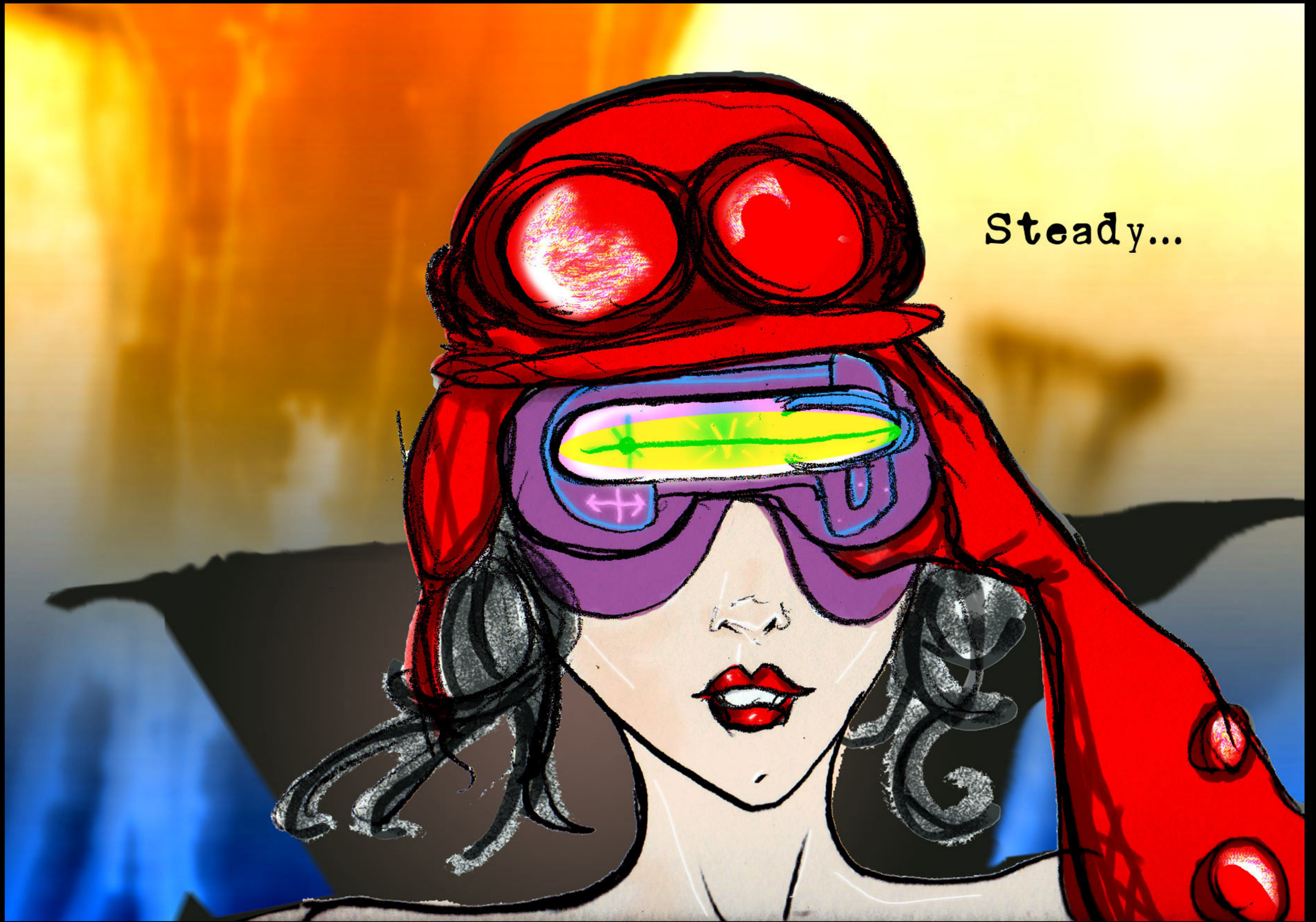
KALACK KALACK

KALACK KALACK

KALACK KALACK



KALACK KALACK





RIGHT ABOUT NOW, YE PROBABLY IS WONDERIN' WHO ALL THEM
FELLAS BE WITH GUNS POINTED IN OUR GENERAL DIRECTION.

The thought had crossed my mind, actually.

YAR, THEY BROUGHT A WHOLE SIEW OF THEM SOLDIERS WITH EM
SEEMS THEY HAS IDEA ABOUT THIS HERE SHIP HAVING A CREW
MEMBER WITH EXTREMELY ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY.

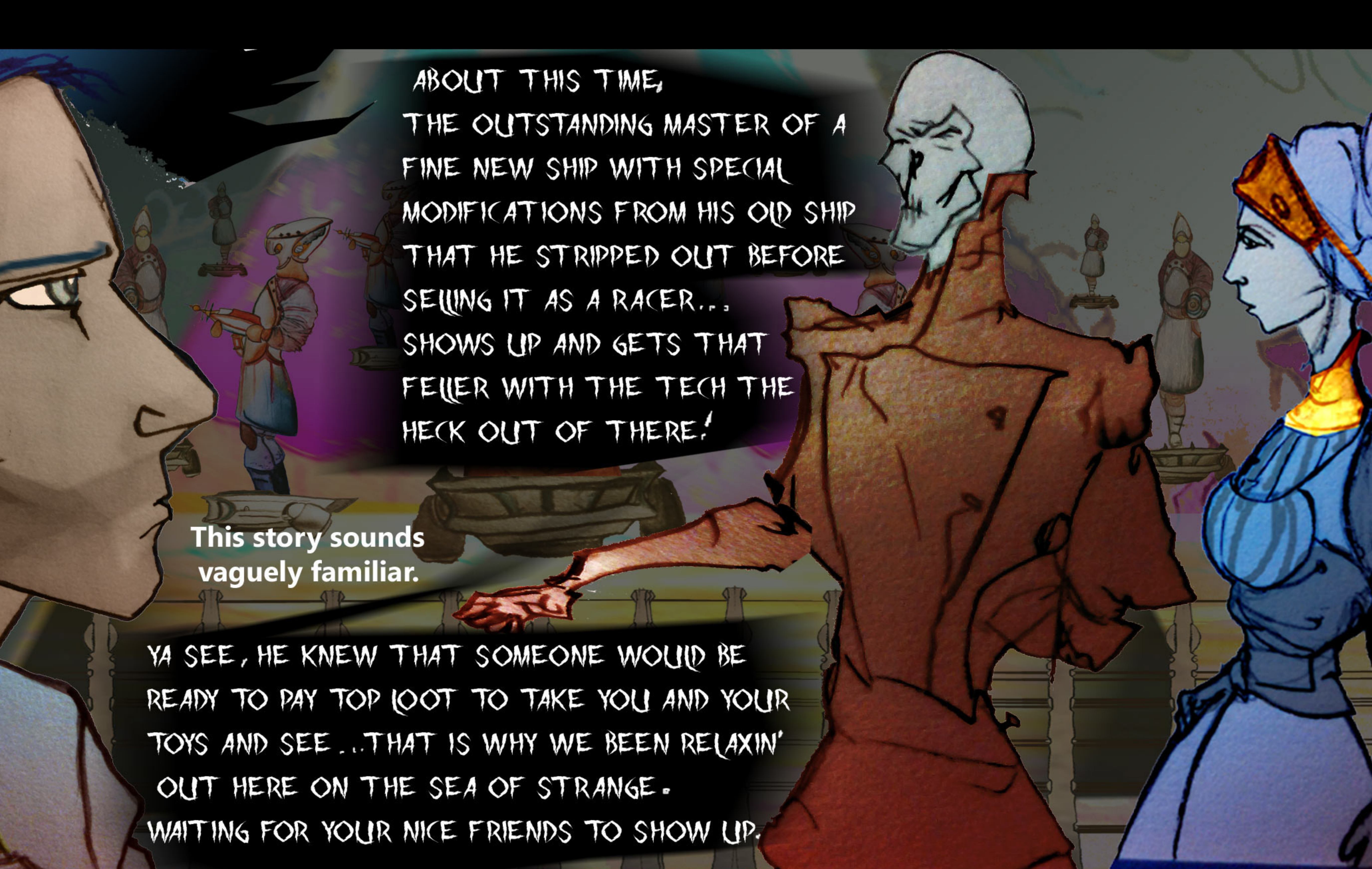
I can't imagine where they would get that idea from, Captain?

KID, DO YE LIKE STORIES?

You have a captive audience with me, Cap.

ONCE BY WAY OF A TIME. --THAR BE THIS OUTSTANDING MASTER OF A FINE SHIP WHO
HAD THIS IDEA TO TELL THESE FELLERS, WHO HE SAW HAD THEMSELVES A
GAMBUN PROBLEM, THAT HE WAS THE OWNER OF THE FASTEST SHIP IN
THE WHOLE CHUNK OF SPACE, ESPECIALLY THAT DIRTY OLD MOON MINE
WHERE THEY WERE. HE TOLD THEM THAT HE WOULD BE WILLING TO
PART WITH THIS SHIP FOR A PILE O' LOOT. THEN THOSE FELLERS DID
THE EXCHANGE AND LATER THEY GOT THEMSELVES TO RACING
THE SHIP THAT THEY BOUGHT AND SOON DISCOVERED THAT
THEY GOT THEMSELVES A GENUINE LEMON. ABOUT THIS TIME
THEY WENT TO THESE OTHER FELLERS CALLED THE INDUSTRIUM
AND TOLD THEM WHAT HAPPENED, SO THESE GUYS WENT
ABOUT FINDING THIS HANSOME FELLOW WHO MADE OFF WITH THE
LOOT AND SOON HAD HIM CORNERED. THEN OUR HERO
TELLS THEM THAT IF THEY SPARE HIM HE WOULD LEAD
THEM TO A MAN WITH REALLY SNAZZY WEAPONS VISITING THE VERY MINED OUT MOON
WHERE ALL OF THIS WAS HAPPENING, SO, THEY WENT ABOUT SENDING A BIG OL' ROBOT
TO TRACK THIS NEW FELLER DOWN. THEY ALMOST HAD HIM, UNTIL A GIANT SQUID
BEAST MATERIALIZED OUT OF NO WHERE AND DESTROYED THAT ROBOT
WHICH I RECKON, MADE THEM PRETTY SOUR.

You don't say...



ABOUT THIS TIME,
THE OUTSTANDING MASTER OF A
FINE NEW SHIP WITH SPECIAL
MODIFICATIONS FROM HIS OLD SHIP
THAT HE STRIPPED OUT BEFORE
SELLING IT AS A RACER...
SHOWS UP AND GETS THAT
FELLER WITH THE TECH THE
HECK OUT OF THERE!

This story sounds
vaguely familiar.

YA SEE, HE KNEW THAT SOMEONE WOULD BE
READY TO PAY TOP LOOT TO TAKE YOU AND YOUR
TOYS AND SEE... THAT IS WHY WE BEEN RELAXIN'
OUT HERE ON THE SEA OF STRANGE.
WAITING FOR YOUR NICE FRIENDS TO SHOW UP.

SEEMS LIKE THEY AIN'T GONNA
THE INDUSTRIUM, ON
THE OTHER HAND...
THEY IS HERE
WITH A WHOLE BUNCH
OF SOLDIERS!



*CAP'N SKINNY PREPARE TO BE
BOARDED AND HAND OVER THE CARGO*



And You are going to sell me out.

WHAT CAN I SAY, KID... I BE OUT GUNNED!



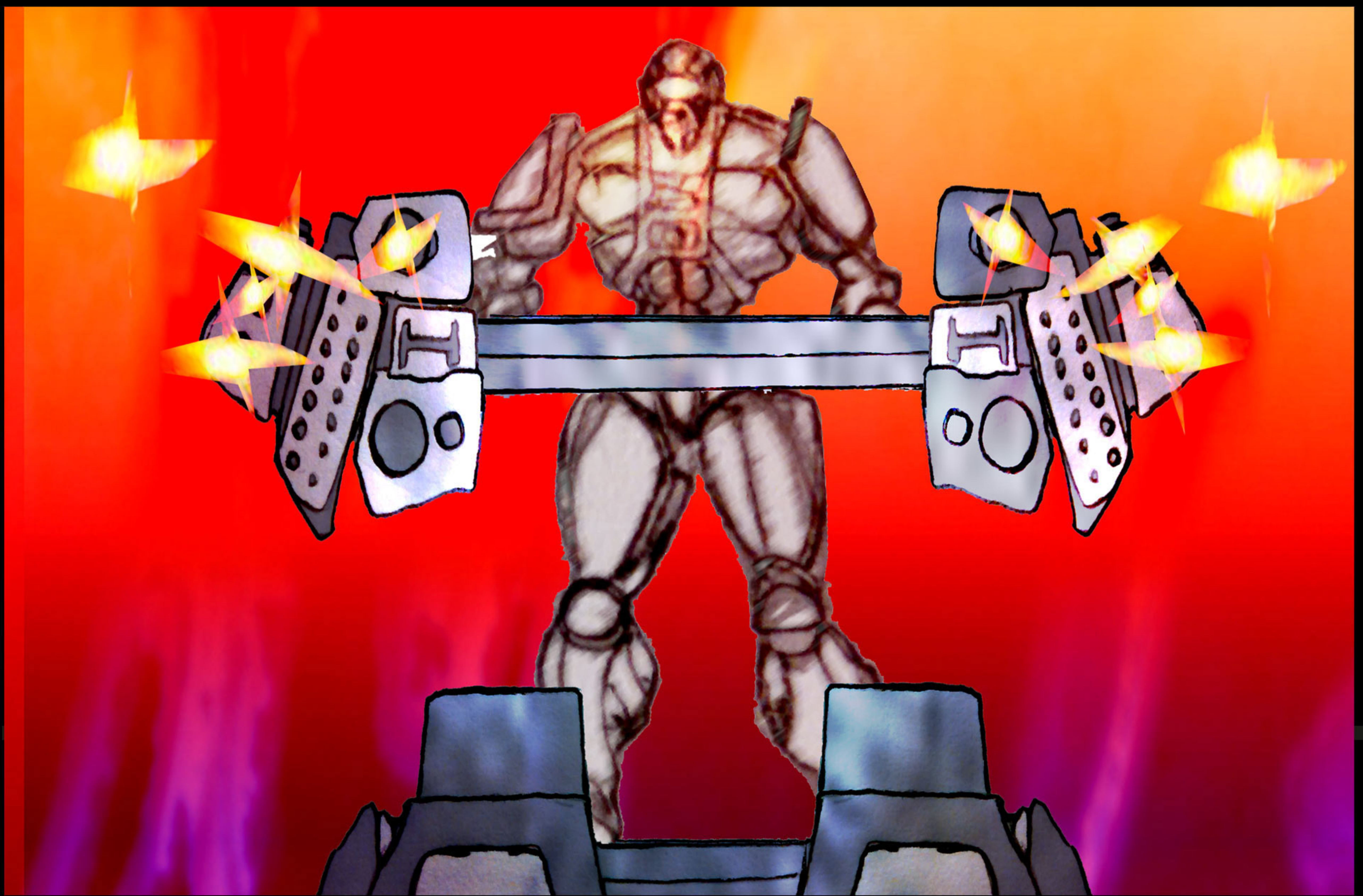
Oh, Kid...you damn FOOL.



NOW!

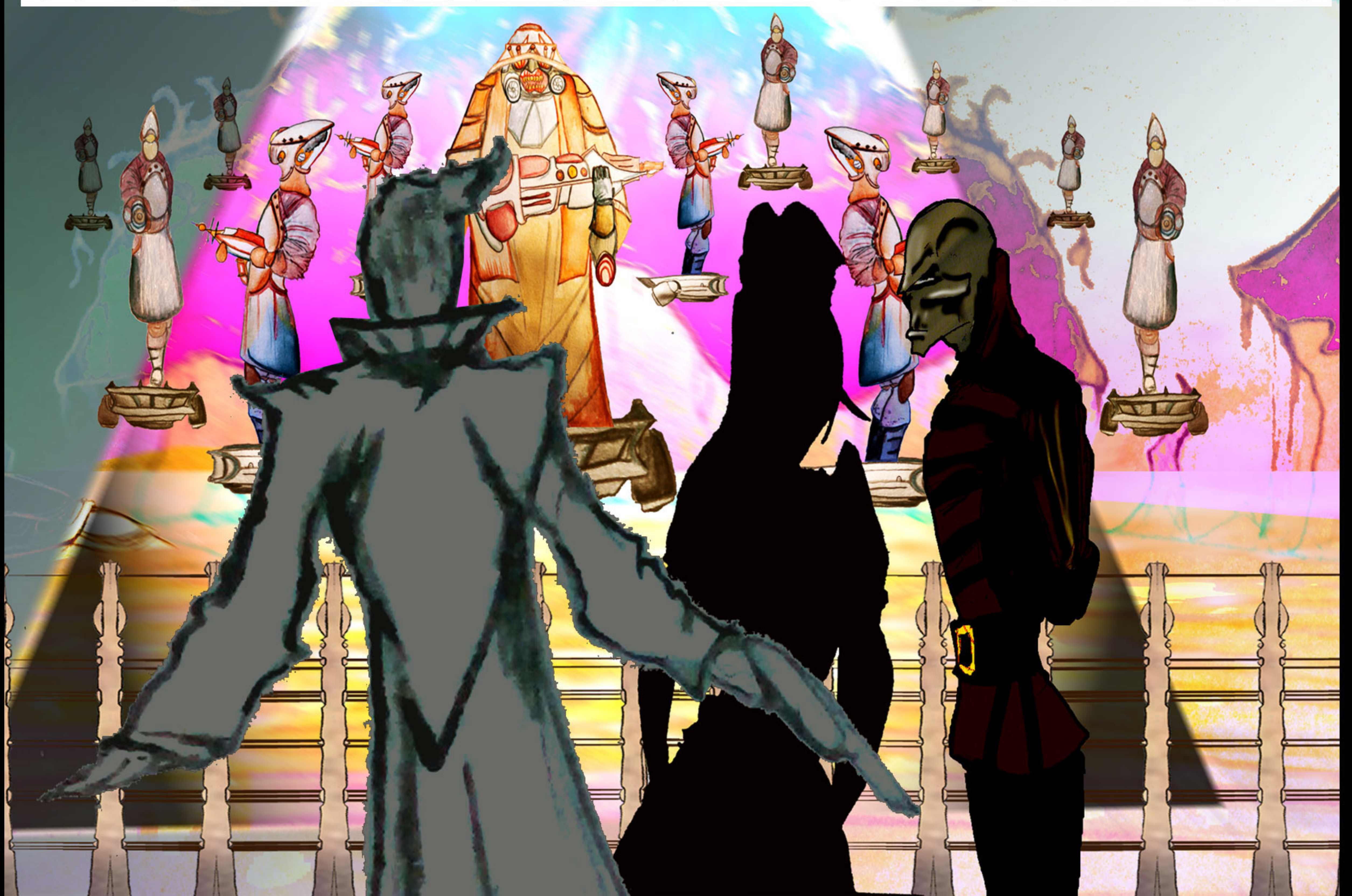
The Nexus Danger Suit Field Test # 001.00

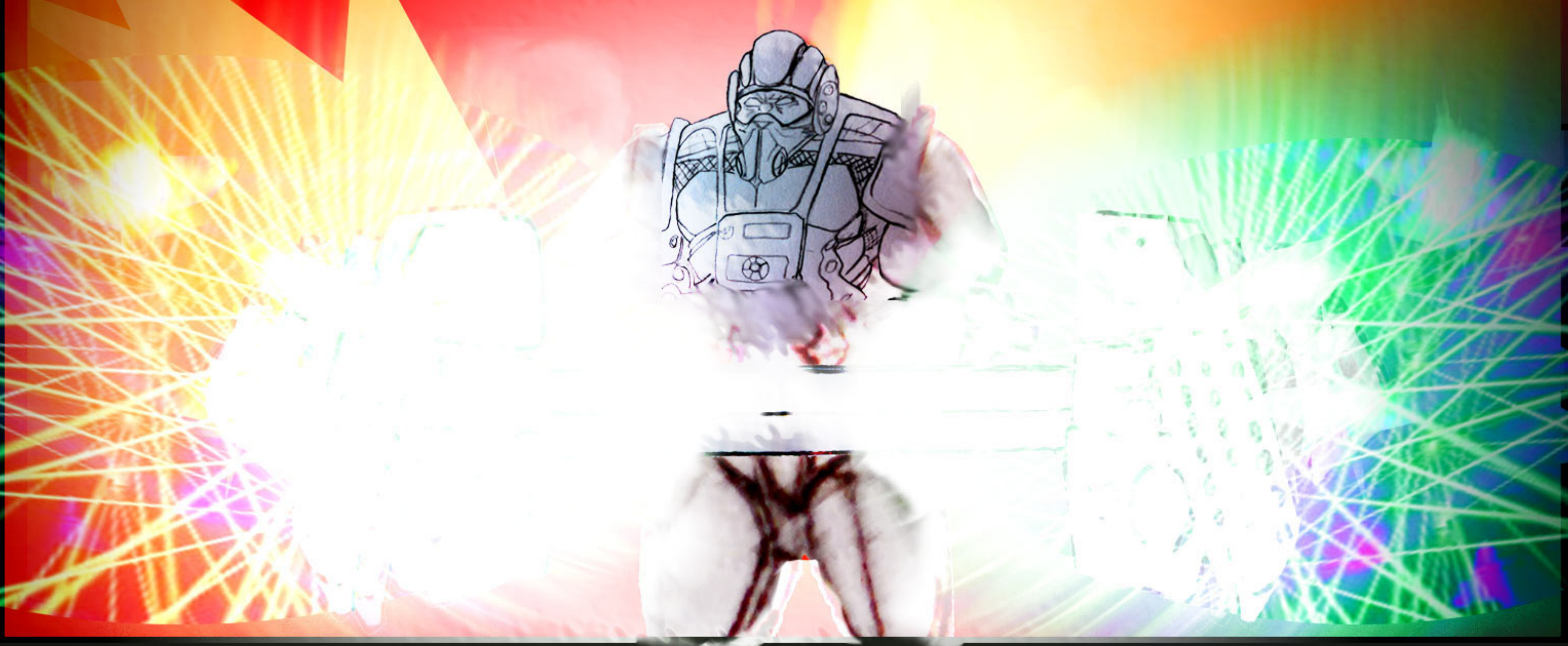
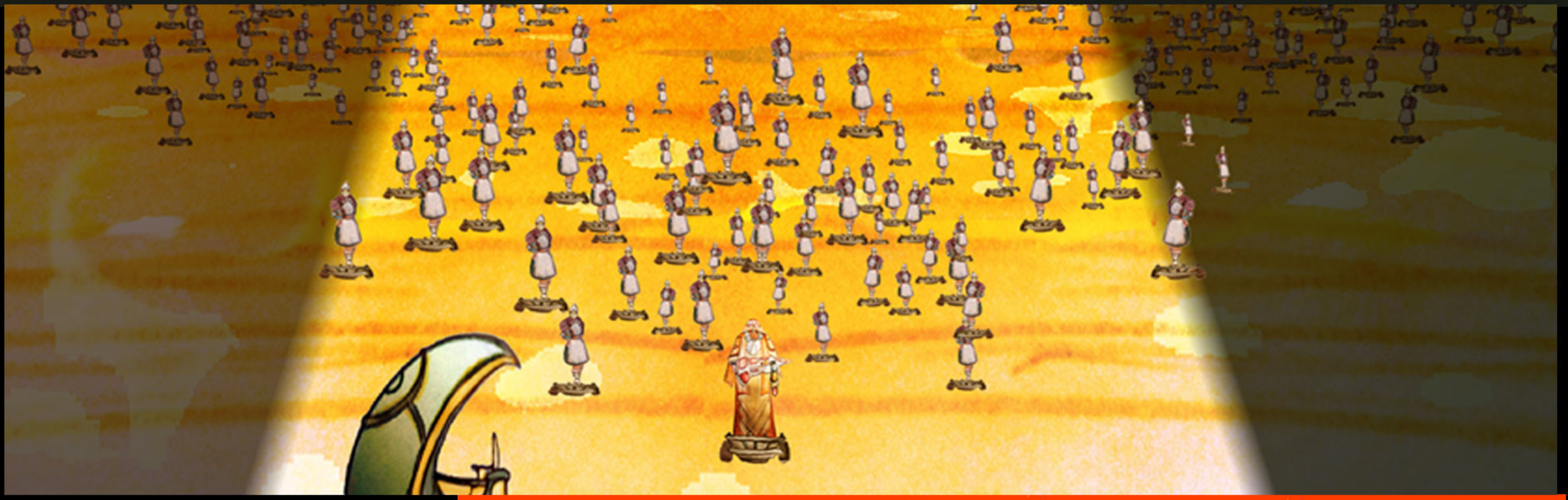




The Laser guided tracking system is suitable for neutralizing multiple foes in mere seconds utilizing a phaser grid, every shot finds it's target whether they are in motion or at rest. High powered combustion bursts allow for accurate target acquisitions from a considerable distance.

THE TRAVEL AGENT KNOWN AS KID BELONGS TO THE INDUSTRIUM!





OY CAP SKINNY,
WHO BE ALL
DEM GUYS!?



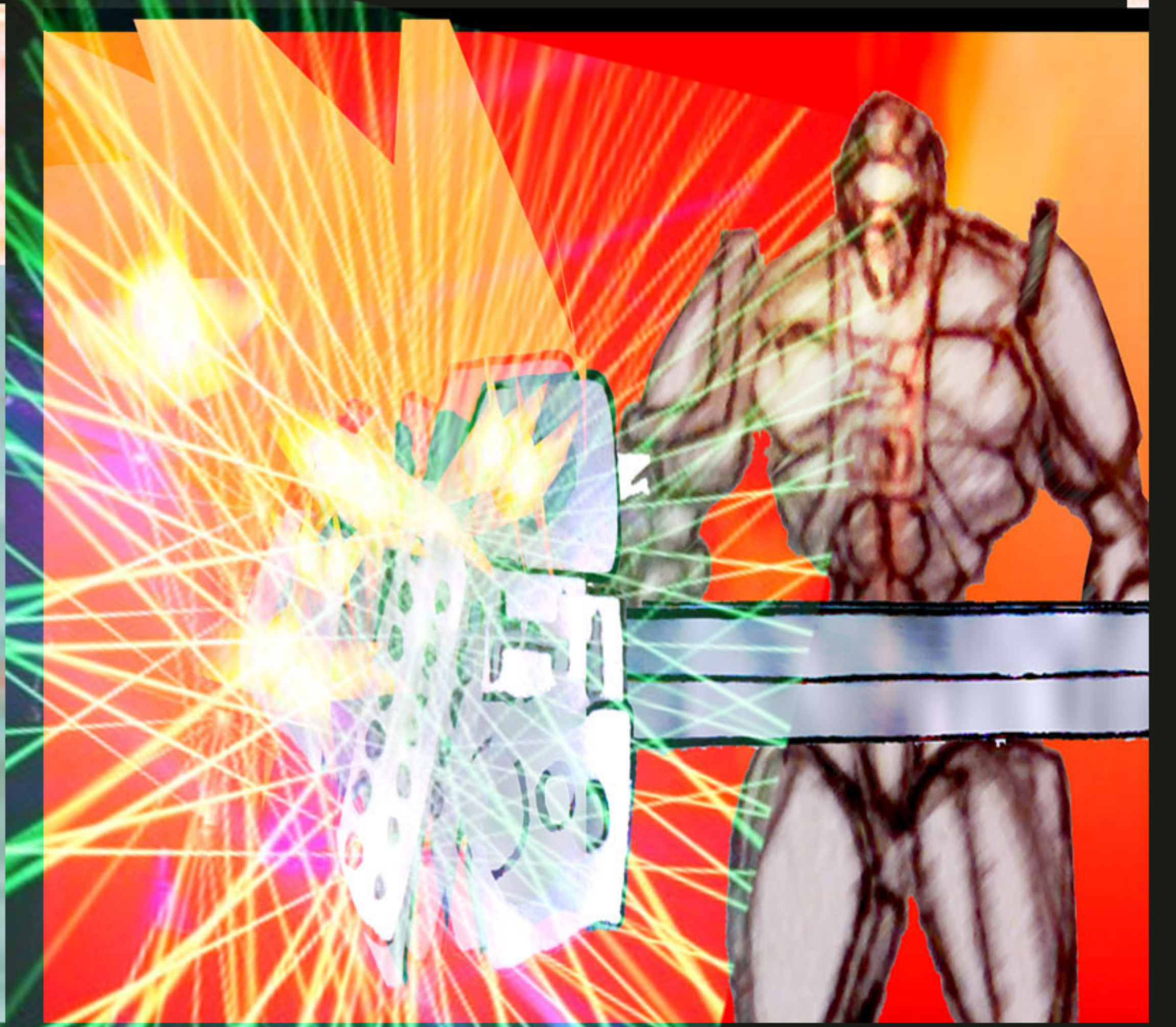
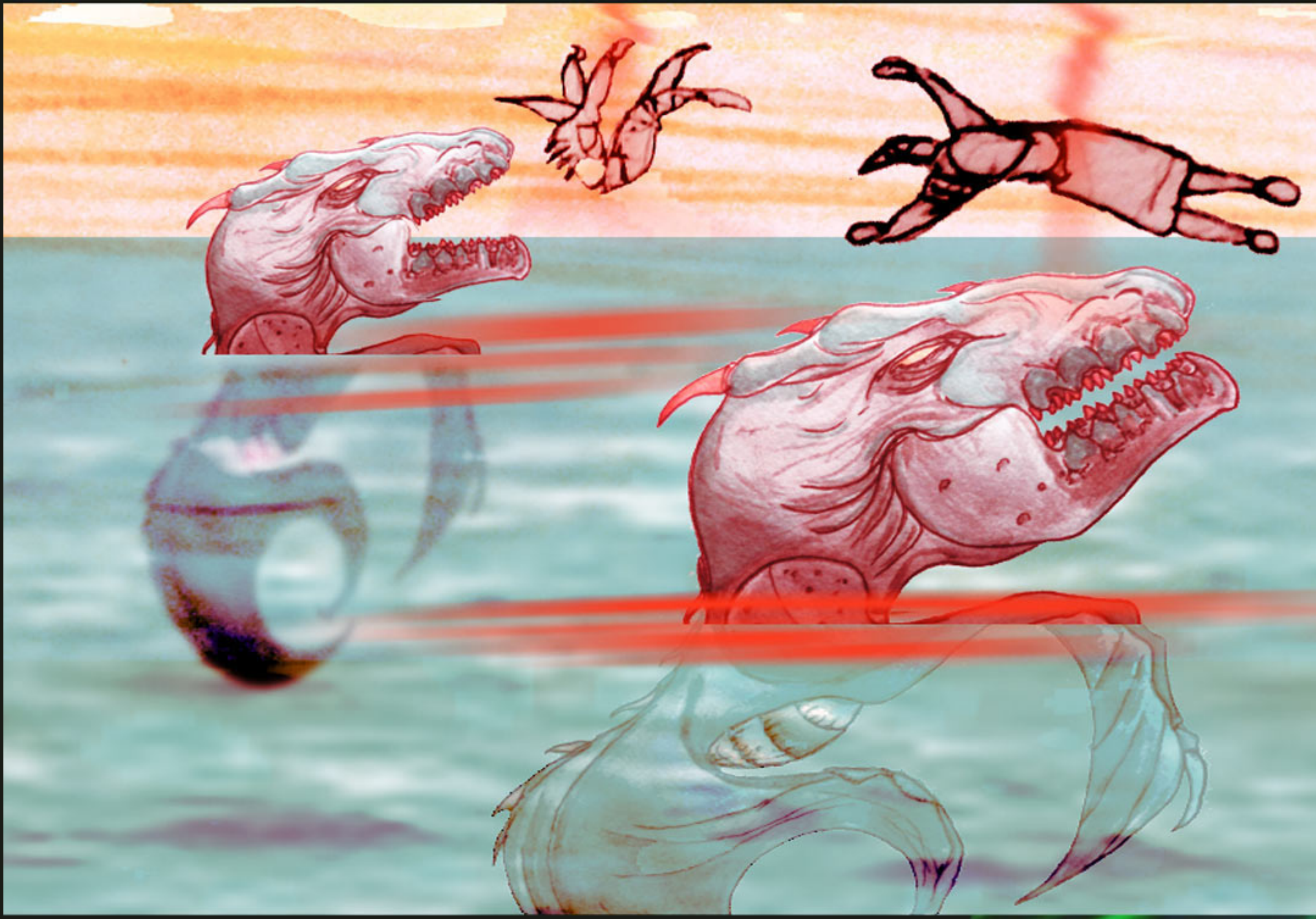
MISTER THAX! TAKE FIRST MATEY PRETTY
HEXEY TO THE SAFETY BELOW
AND LOCK UP THE REST OF
THE CREW.

EXCEPT FOR
OUR GUEST
HERE...

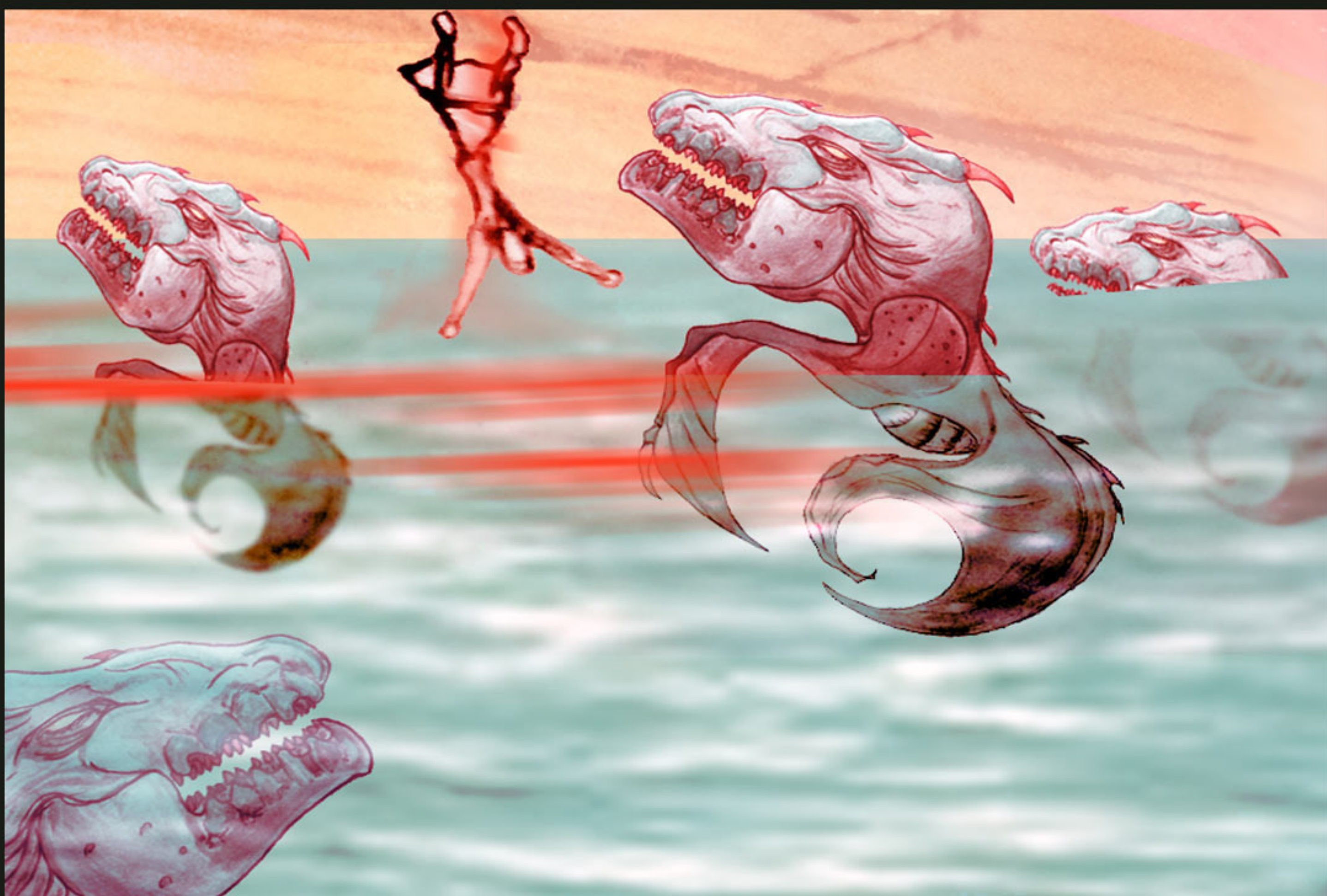
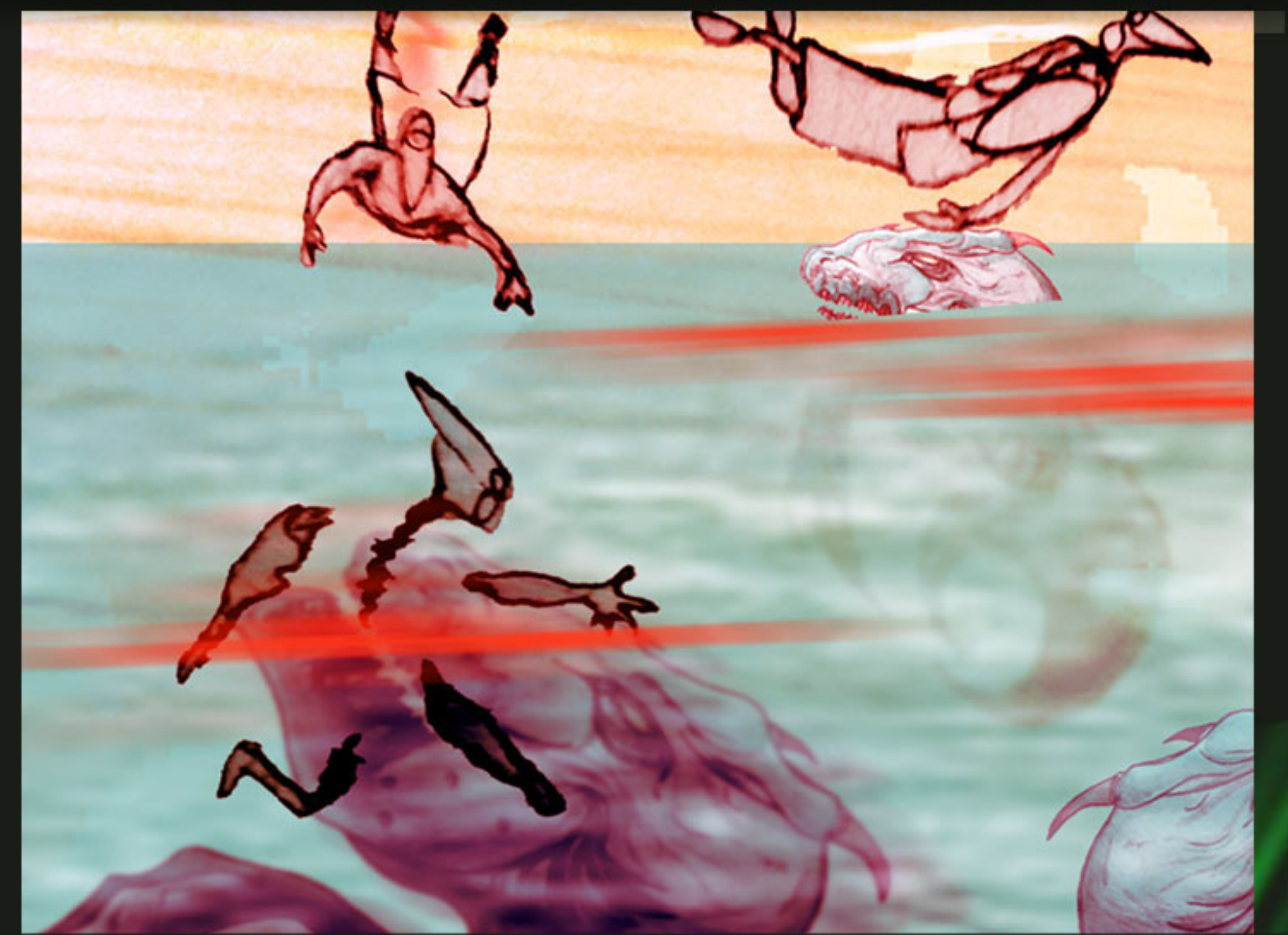
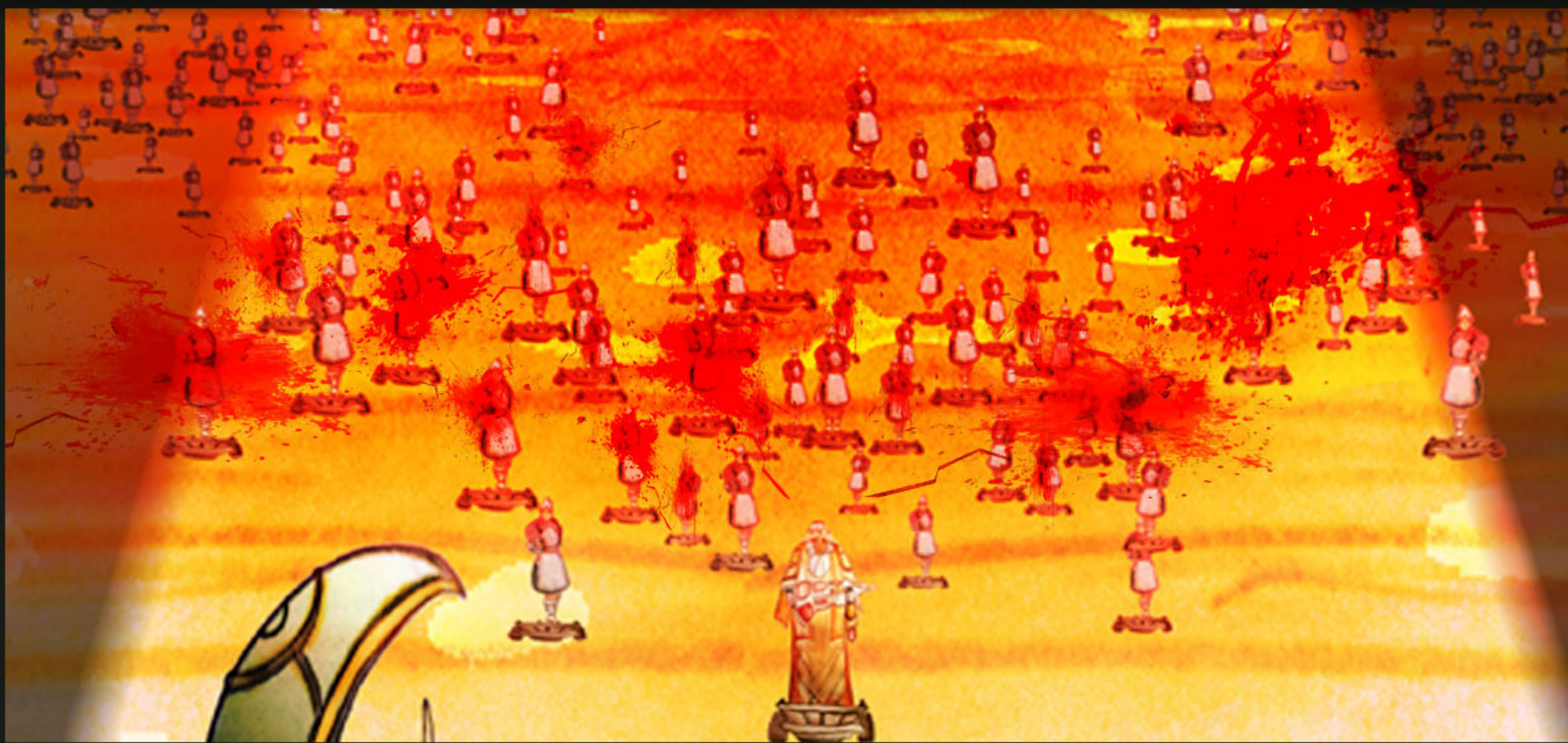
HE BE GOIN'
WITH
"DEM GUYS."

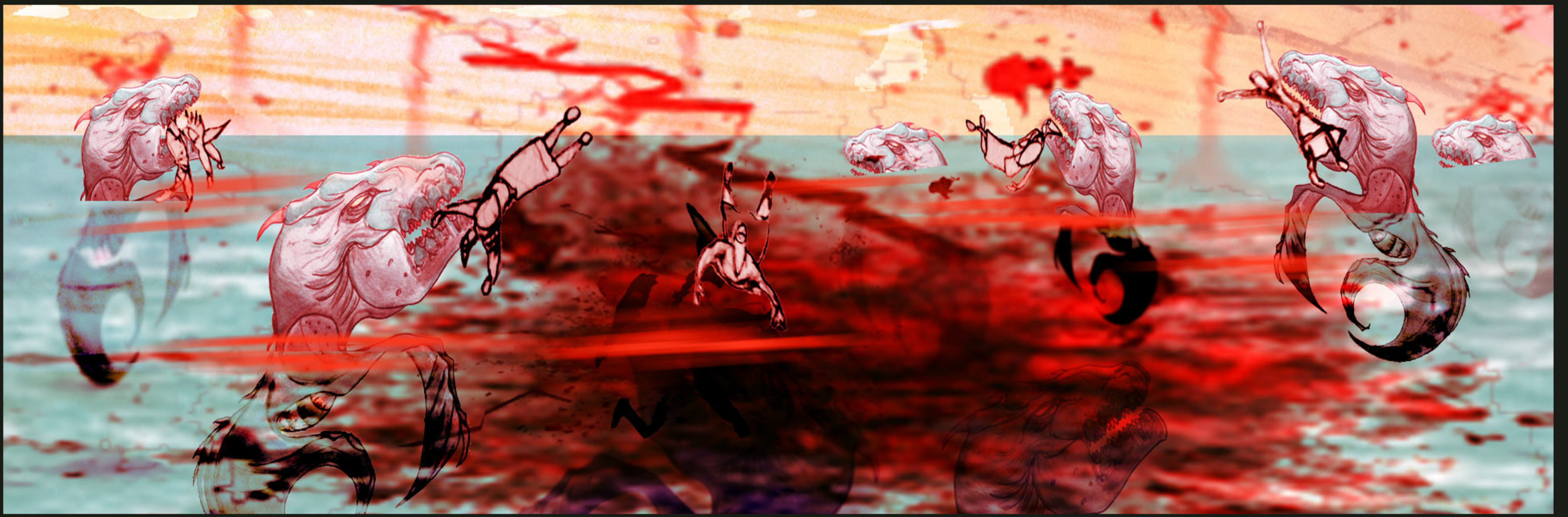
AYE AYE,
CAPPY!





Mechanized Death. The army of the Industrium fall down like rain and the sea of strange rises to eat them. First the little fish, then the larger creatures...

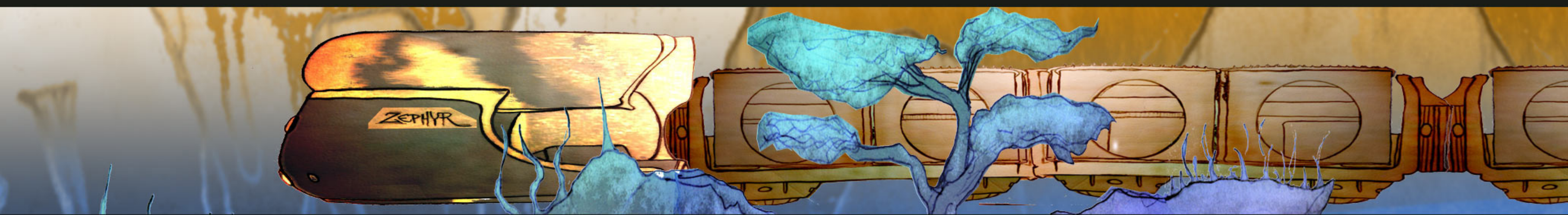
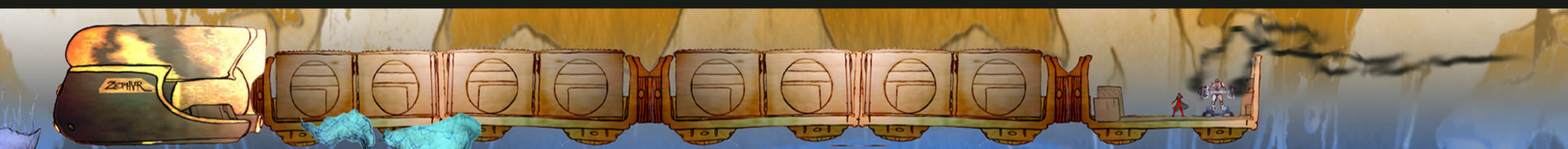




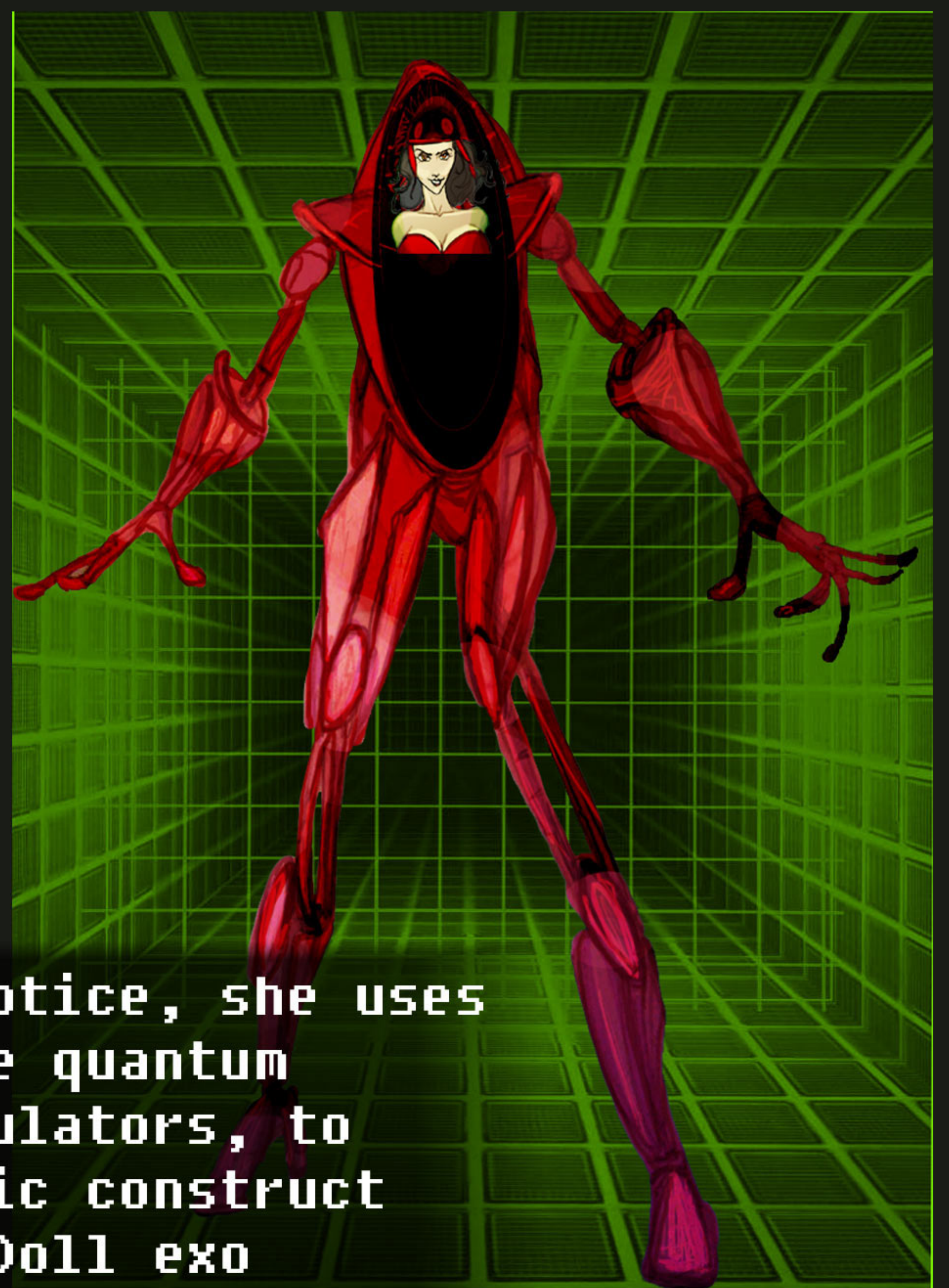
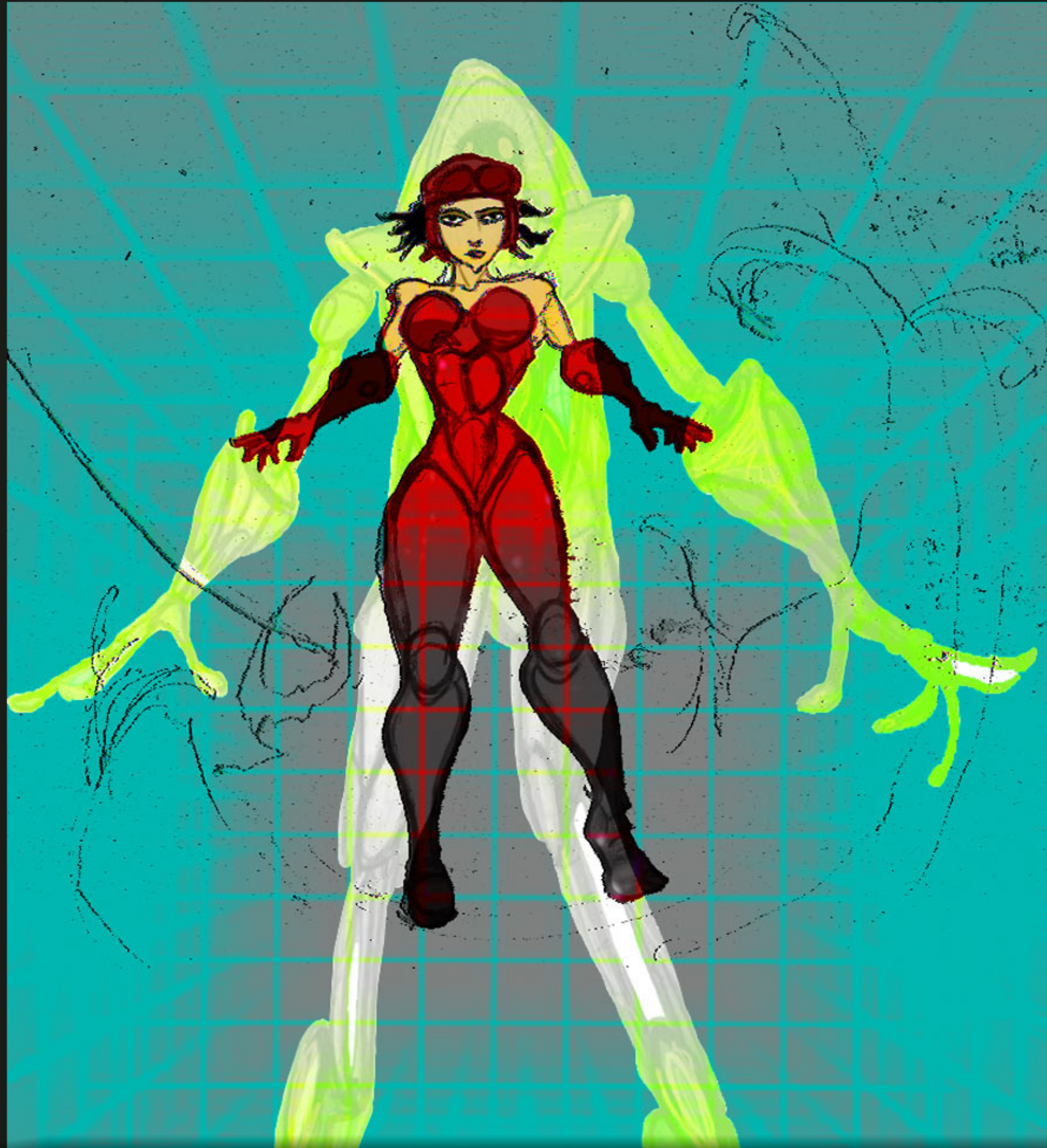
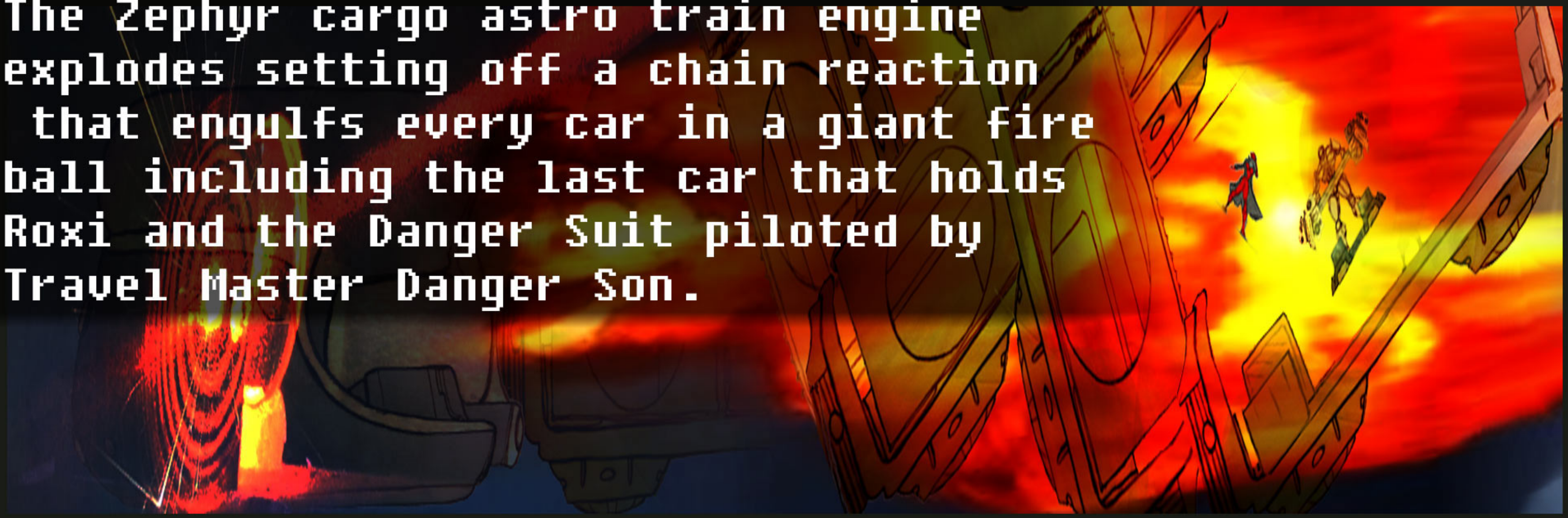
**WHAT SORT OF
TREACHERY IS
THIS...NO ONE
BETRAYS THE
ORDER OF THE
INDUSTRUM.**



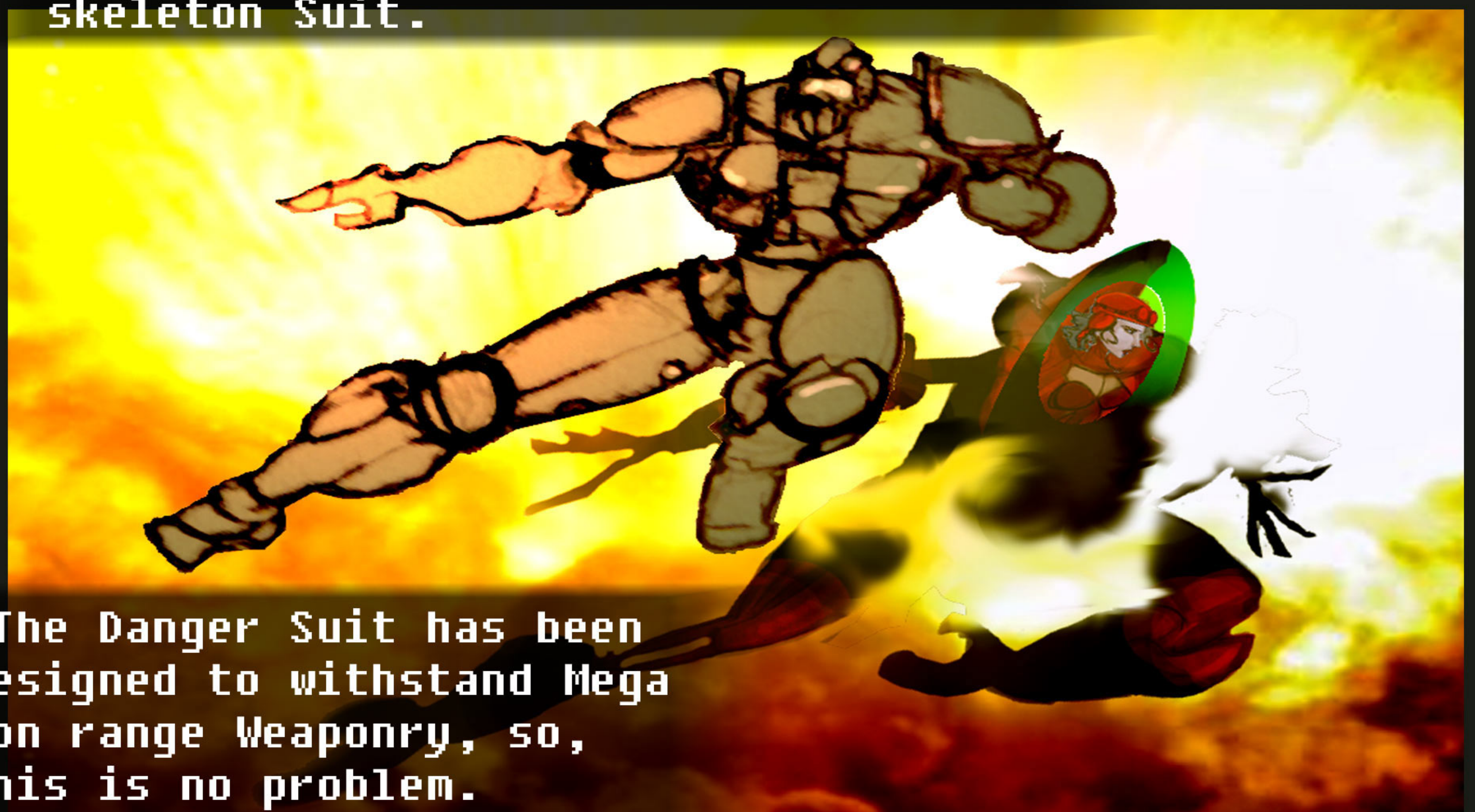
ZUUB ZUUB ZUUB ZUUB PZOWOWOWOWOW



The Zephyr cargo astro train engine explodes setting off a chain reaction that engulfs every car in a giant fire ball including the last car that holds Roxi and the Danger Suit piloted by Travel Master Danger Son.

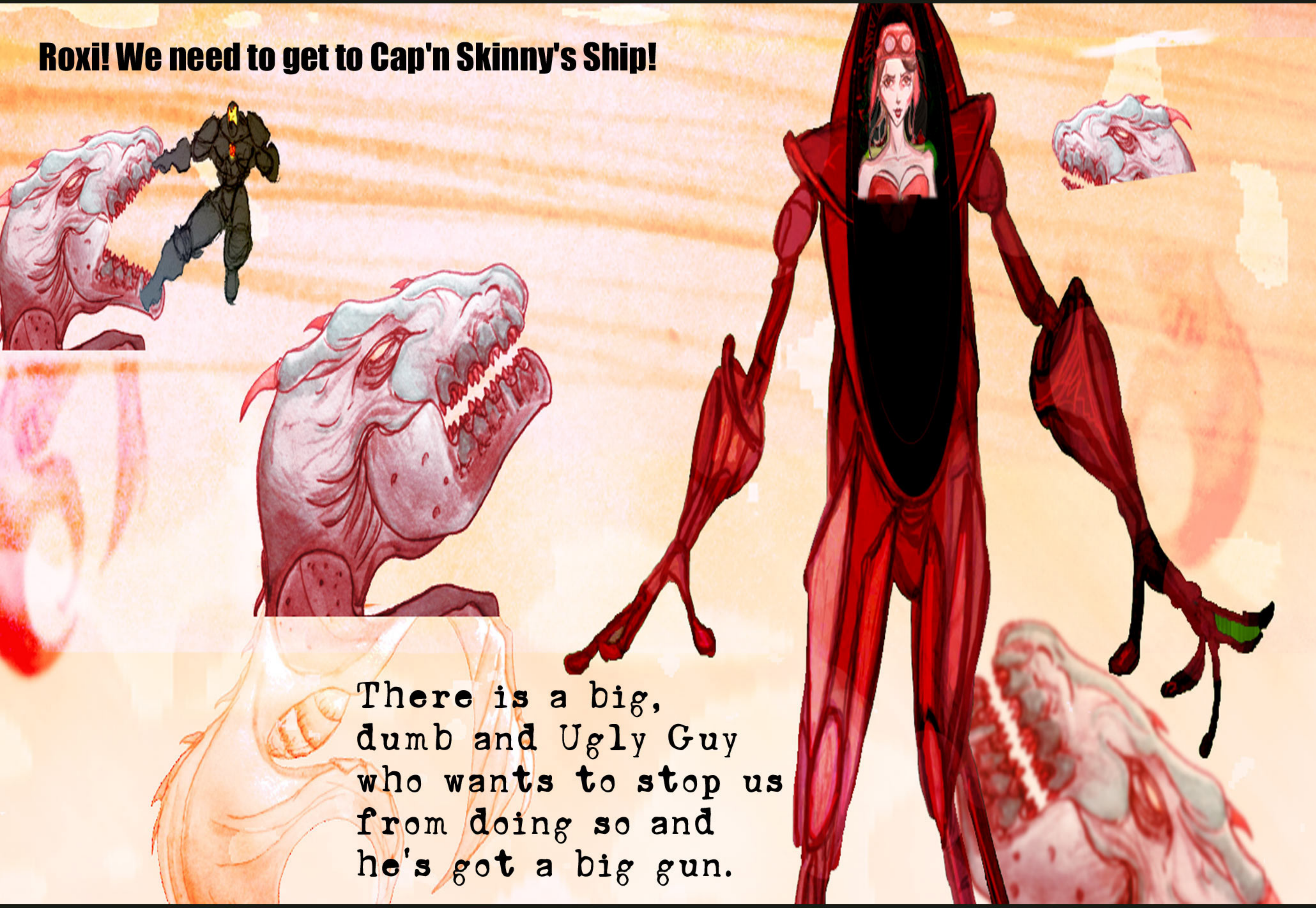


For Roxi, in a moments notice, she uses her Travel gauntlets-the quantum mechanical frequency modulators, to create the electromagnetic construct of her Super Cycle Baby Doll exo skeleton Suit.



The Danger Suit has been designed to withstand Mega Ton range Weaponry, so, this is no problem.

Roxi! We need to get to Cap'n Skinny's Ship!



There is a big,
dumb and Ugly Guy
who wants to stop us
from doing so and
he's got a big gun.

IMPOSSIBLE TO STOP WITH STAMP BY MATTER OF PLACEMENT, GAINING

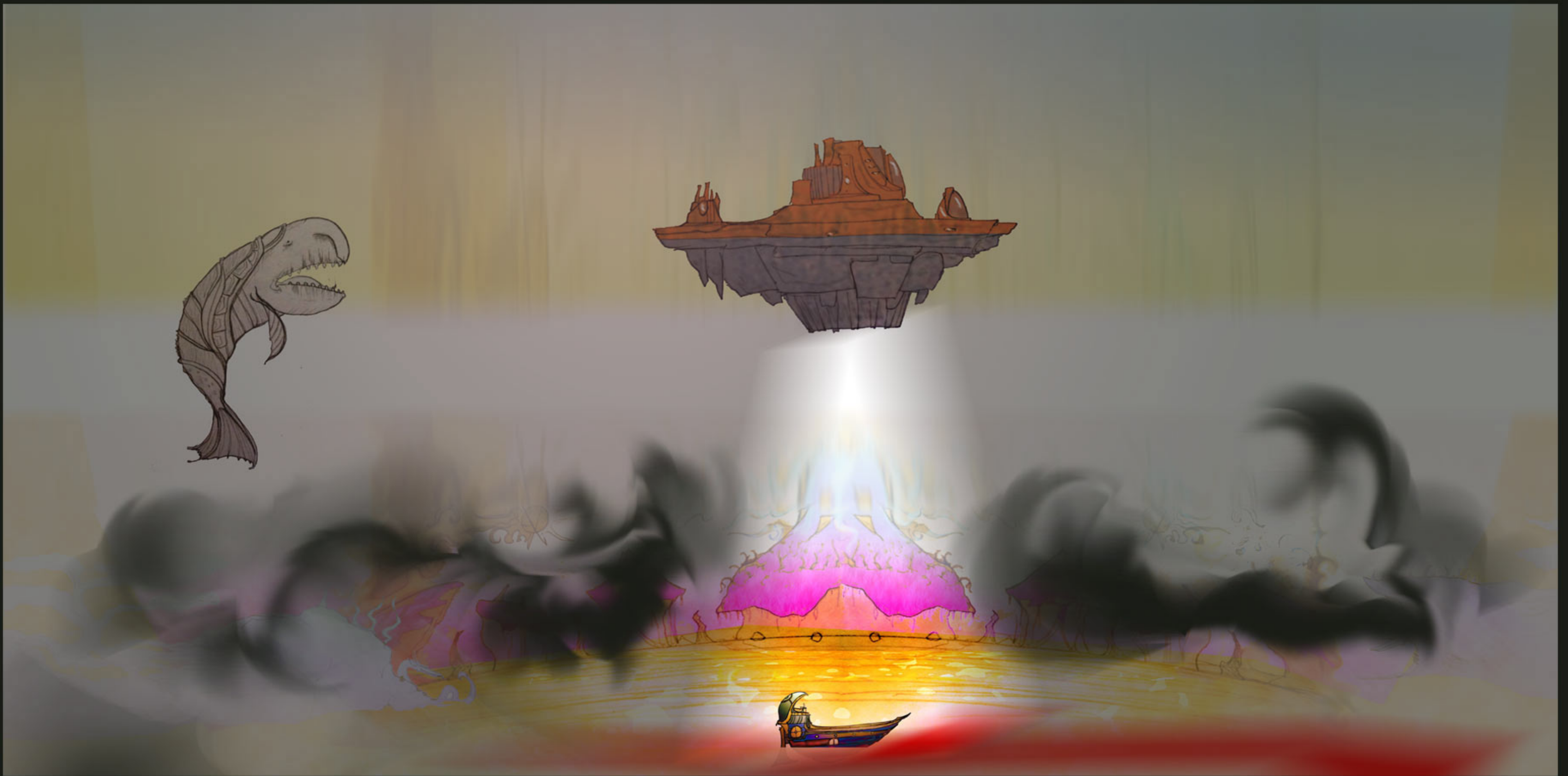




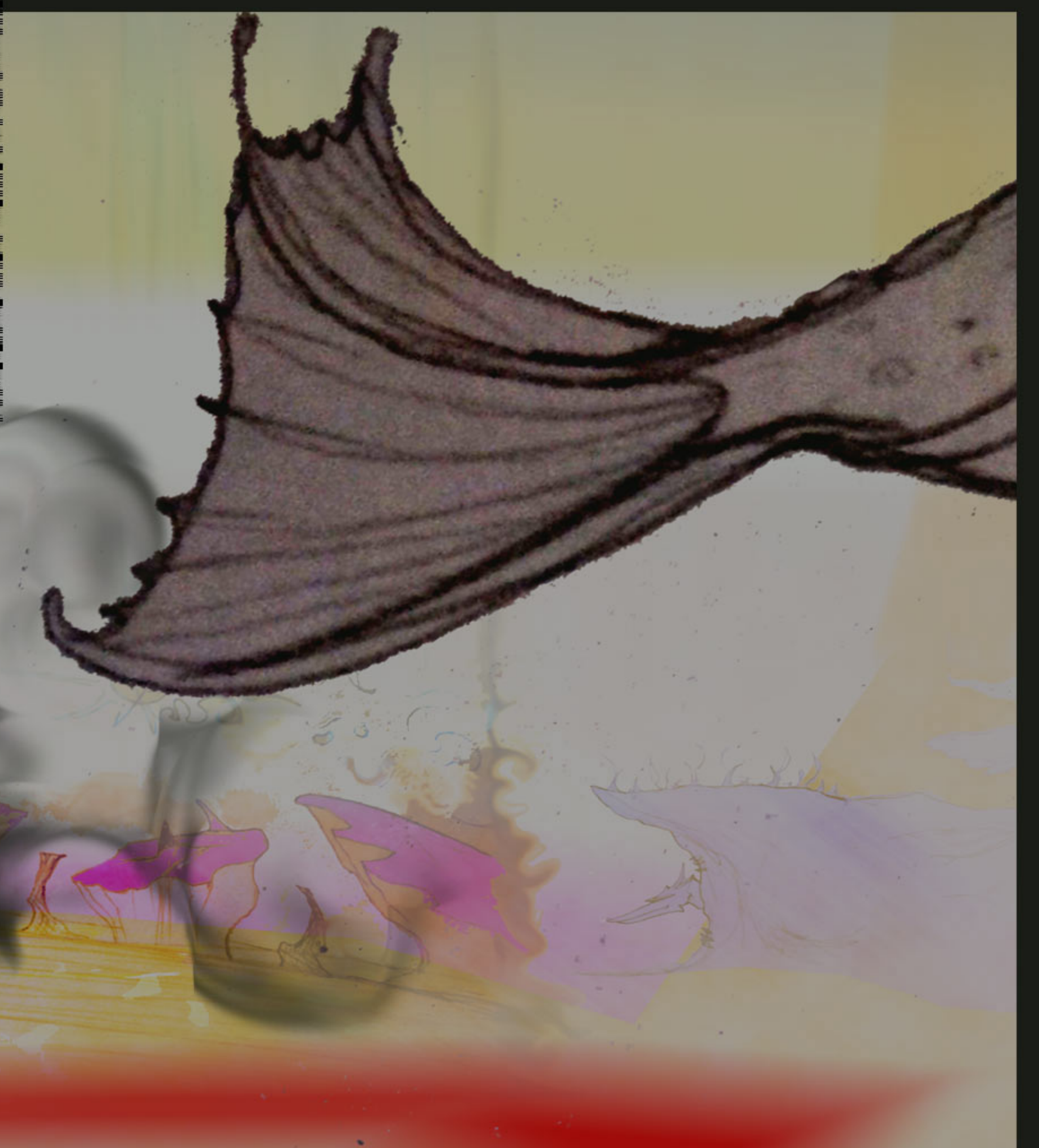
**Time to give this guy a
FIST FULL of FREEDOM!**



CLANK!



In the Sea of Strange, Many unique life forms have evolved in this closed eco system. One of which is the Great Noctournal Sky Moby...who has an appetite for space ships full of soldiers ...apparently ~



SO, KID, YA KNOW, I HAVE FOUND IT IN MY HEART
TO FORGIVE THE RANSOM THAT I PUT ON YER HEAD.
AND IF THIS PRETTY FRIEND OF YOURS WOULD LIKE
YOU TO ACCOMPANY HER BACK TO WHERE EVER IT IS
YINZ PEOPLE IS FROM, THEN I
WON'T
STOP YE.



OR YOUR GIANT OMINOUS FRIEND WHO KEEPS GLARING
AT ME. WELL, SO LONG!

I told you it was a trap, Kid.

I remember.

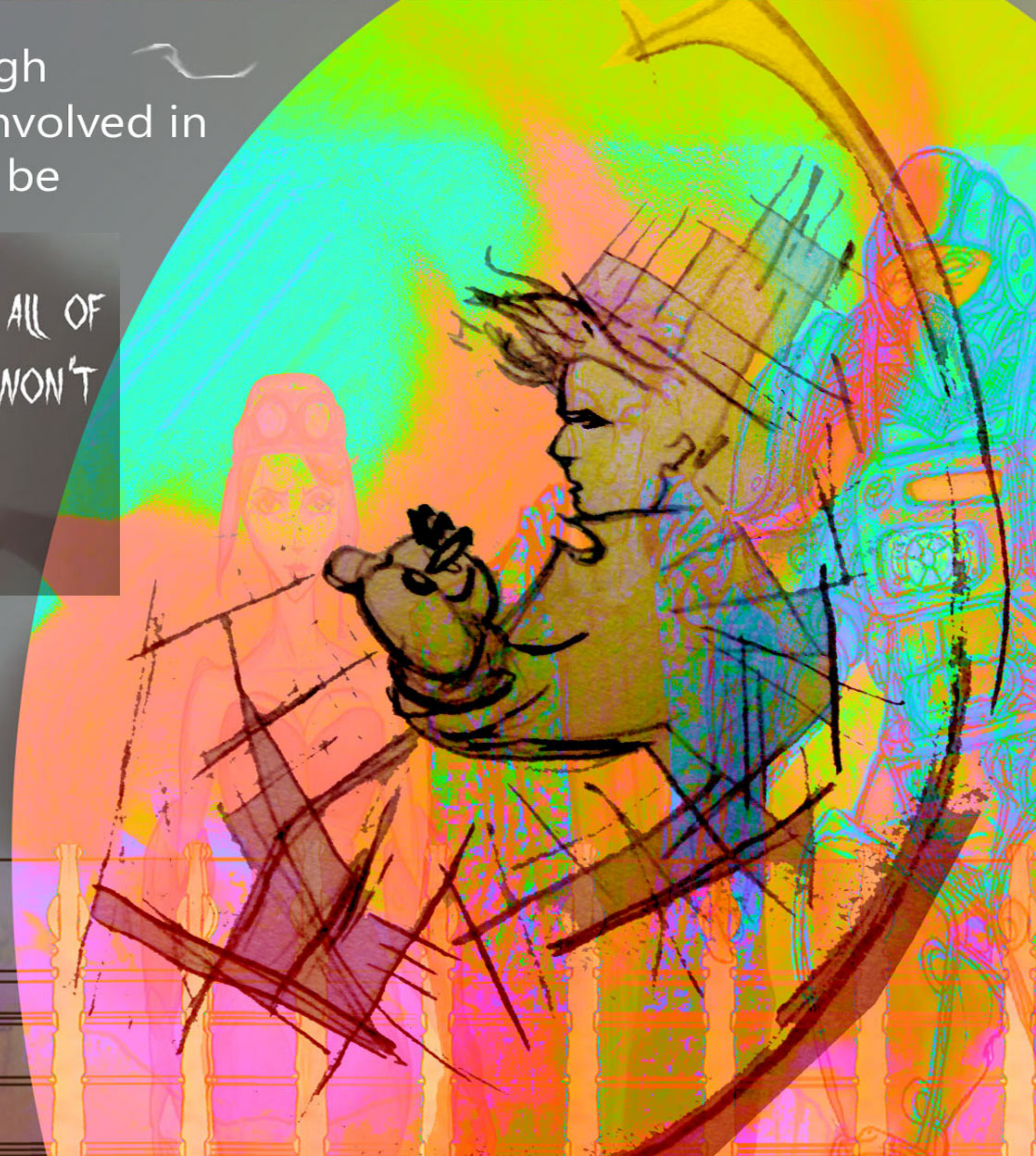
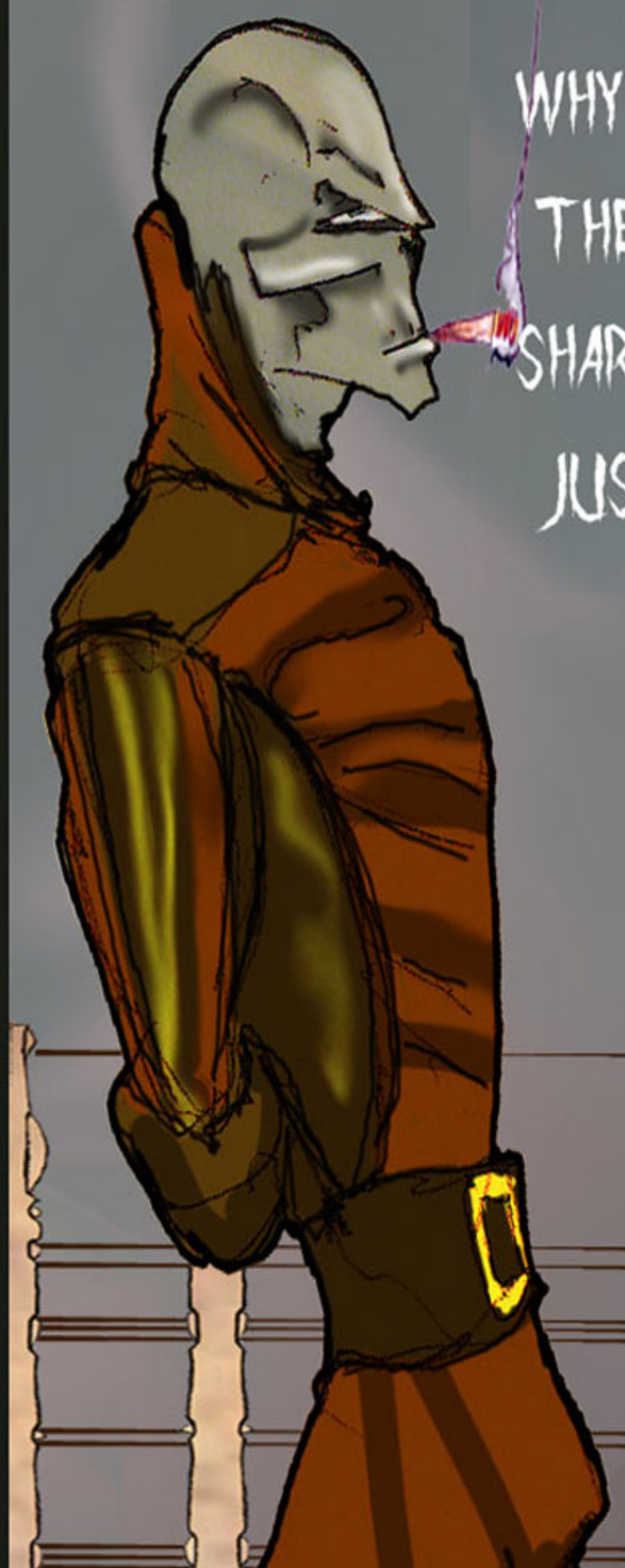


Bunch of Pirates.



Lock set coordinates to Nexxburgh
Captain Skinny, try to not get involved in
any more shenanigans. We will be
watching you...

WHY THEY HAS TO GO AND SHOW OFF ALL OF
THEM TOYS THAT I WANT AND THEY WON'T
SHARE THEM.
JUST DOWN RIGHT SELFISH, TIS'





IF I HAD ME A PAIR OF THEM SPARKEY GLOVES I'D BE
...AH...
IN MORE TROUBLE THAN I CARE TO BE IN
AT THE MOMENT.

Alveterzane Cap...and hey...THANKS!



NOW THAT KID AND HIS FRIENDS GOT
THEM INDUSTRIUM BOUNDERS OFF MY BACK
I CAN GET BACK TO THE REAL REASON THAT
I BE FLOATIN' ROUND THE SEA OF STRANGE...



Captain Skinny's ship, the Nautee Lass,
Converts into a submarine and breaks surface into
the fathoms below ~

I CAME HERE BECAUSE I BE KNOWIN' 'BOUT A
SECRET SUNKEN TREASURE... AND NOW NO ONE
WILL STOP ME FROM GETTING TO IT... HAR HAR HAR!