

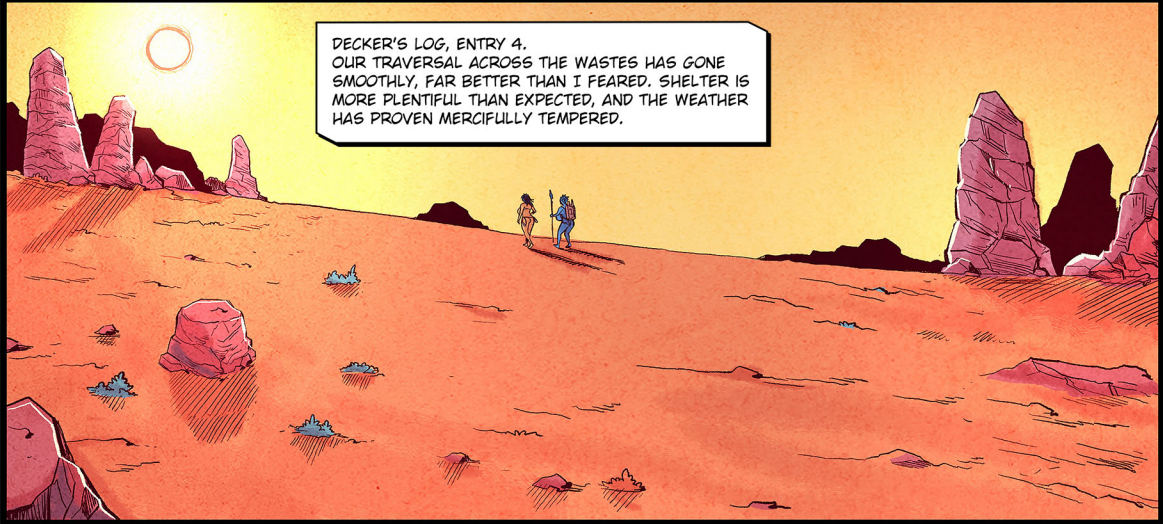
EXPANSIONFAN

A L I E N H O R I Z O N S


EXPANDING THE COLONY

WRITER:
LOQUACIOUS
JANGO
ARTIST:
FRANTIC





DECKER'S LOG, ENTRY 4.
OUR TRAVERSAL ACROSS THE WASTES HAS GONE SMOOTHLY, FAR BETTER THAN I FEARED. SHELTER IS MORE PLENTIFUL THAN EXPECTED, AND THE WEATHER HAS PROVEN MERCIFULLY TEMPERED.



MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL, HAWKINS HAS PROVEN TO BE A NEAR ENDLESS SOURCE OF NOURISHMENT. THE MUTATIONS THAT SHE HAS UNDERGONE HAVE TRANSFORMED HER BODY INTO A PHOTOSYNTHETIC MIRACLE.

SHE IS CAPABLE OF PRODUCING SUBSTANTIAL AMOUNTS OF NUTRIENT-RICH JUICE FROM ONLY SUNLIGHT AND TRACE ENVIRONMENTAL ELEMENTS.

THE COMMS UNIT THAT HAWKINS MANAGED TO REPAIR HAS HELPED KEEP US ON A STRAIGHT PATH. SHE ASSURES ME THAT WE'RE GETTING CLOSE TO ITS SOURCE. MAYBE ANOTHER FOUR OR FIVE DAYS, BARRING COMPLICATIONS.



SHE IS COMPLETELY SELF-SUSTAINING, AND IS HAPPY TO SHARE HER SURPLUS WITH ME.

VERY HAPPY.

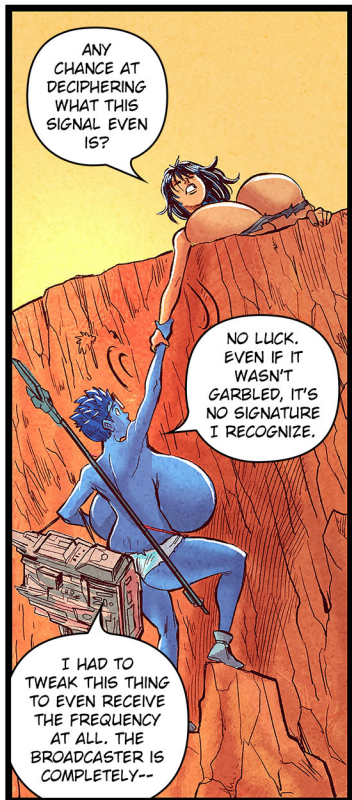


AS WE GROW CLOSER TO OUR DESTINATION, MORALE REMAINS HIGH.



SIGNAL'S GETTING A LITTLE FUZZY. MUST BE SOMETHING IN THE ROCKS THAT'S MESSING WITH THE EQUIPMENT.

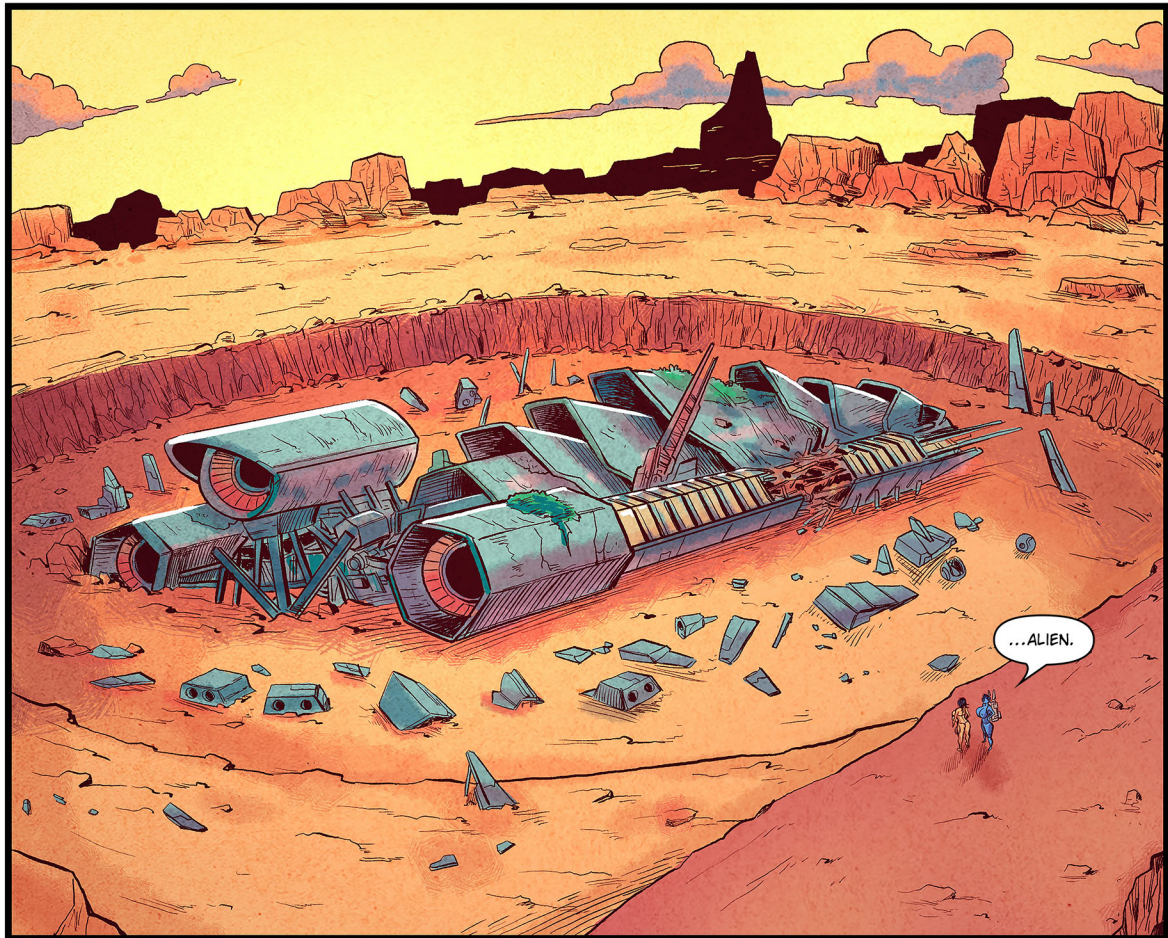
IT MUST BE A POWERFUL BROADCAST TO GET THAT FAR OUT FROM THE MOUNTAINS.



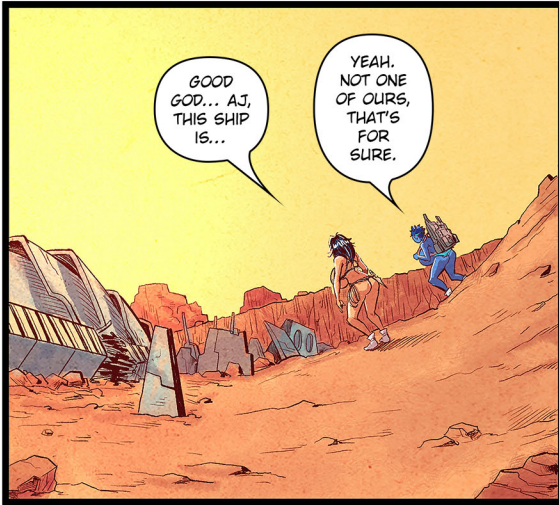
ANY CHANCE AT DECIPHERING WHAT THIS SIGNAL EVEN IS?

NO LUCK. EVEN IF IT WASN'T GARBLED, IT'S NO SIGNATURE I RECOGNIZE.

I HAD TO TWEAK THIS THING TO EVEN RECEIVE THE FREQUENCY AT ALL. THE BROADCASTER IS COMPLETELY--

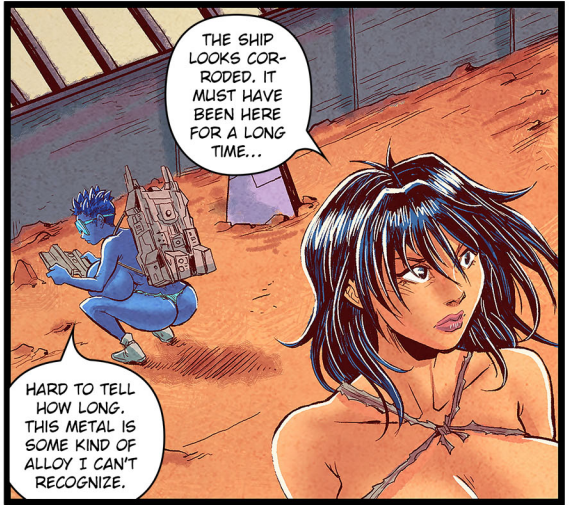


...ALIEN.



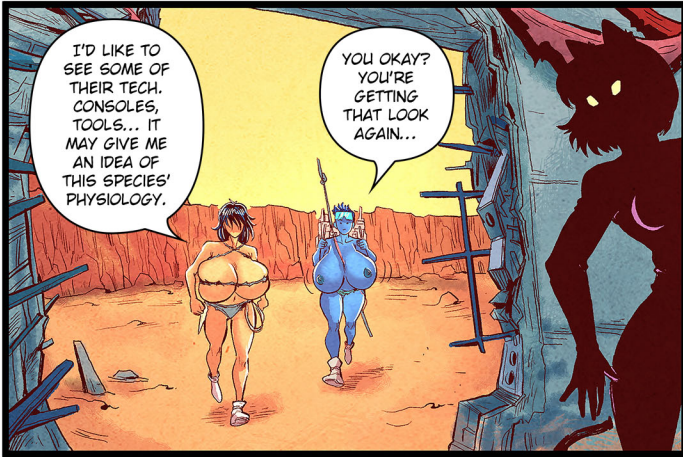
GOOD GOD... AJ, THIS SHIP IS...

YEAH. NOT ONE OF OURS, THAT'S FOR SURE.



THE SHIP LOOKS CORRODED. IT MUST HAVE BEEN HERE FOR A LONG TIME...

HARD TO TELL HOW LONG. THIS METAL IS SOME KIND OF ALLOY I CAN'T RECOGNIZE.



I'D LIKE TO SEE SOME OF THEIR TECH. CONSOLES, TOOLS... IT MAY GIVE ME AN IDEA OF THIS SPECIES' PHYSIOLOGY.

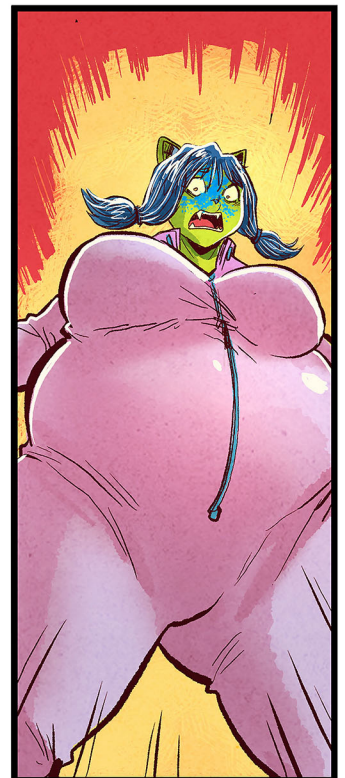
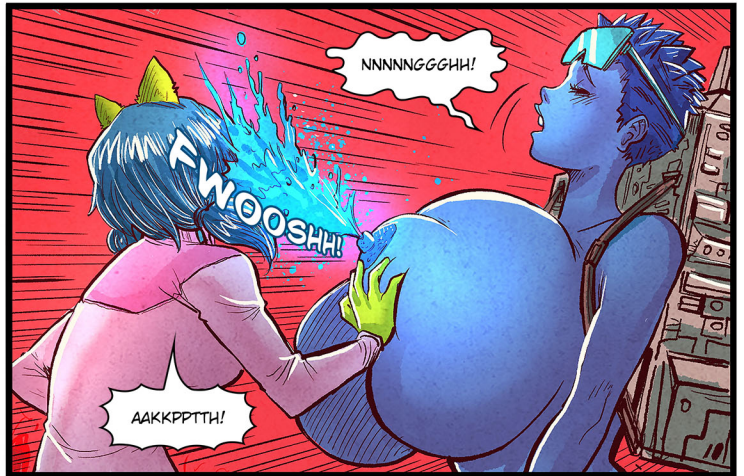
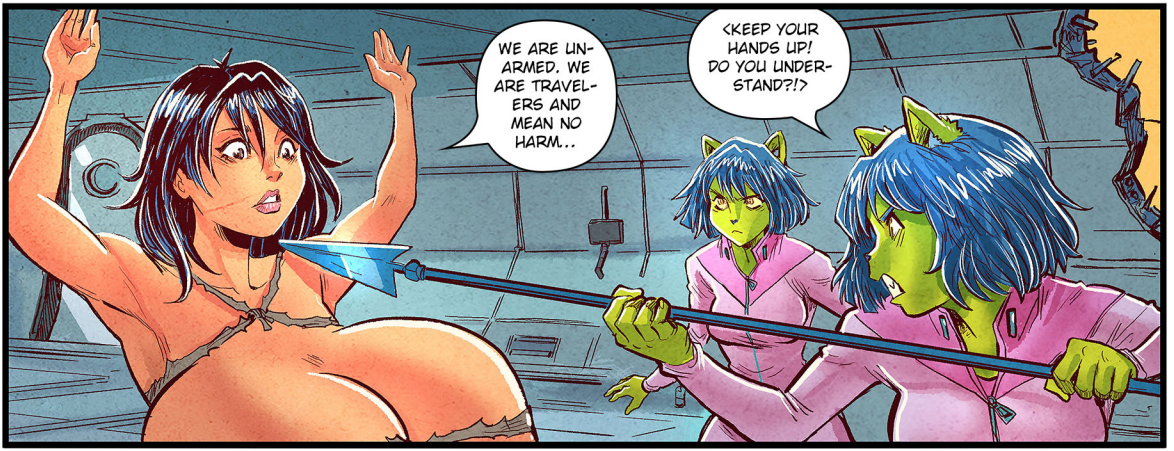
YOU OKAY? YOU'RE GETTING THAT LOOK AGAIN...

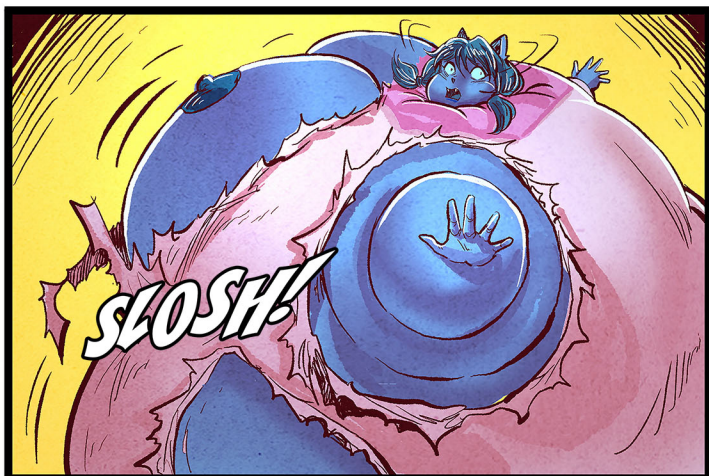
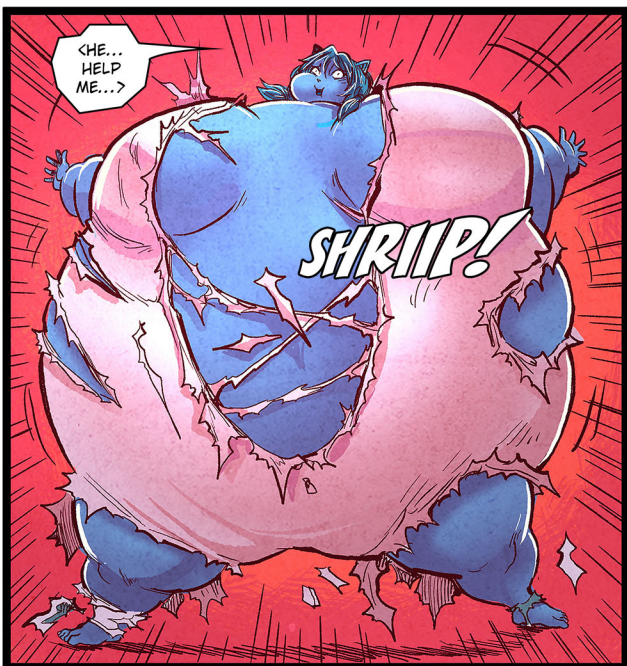


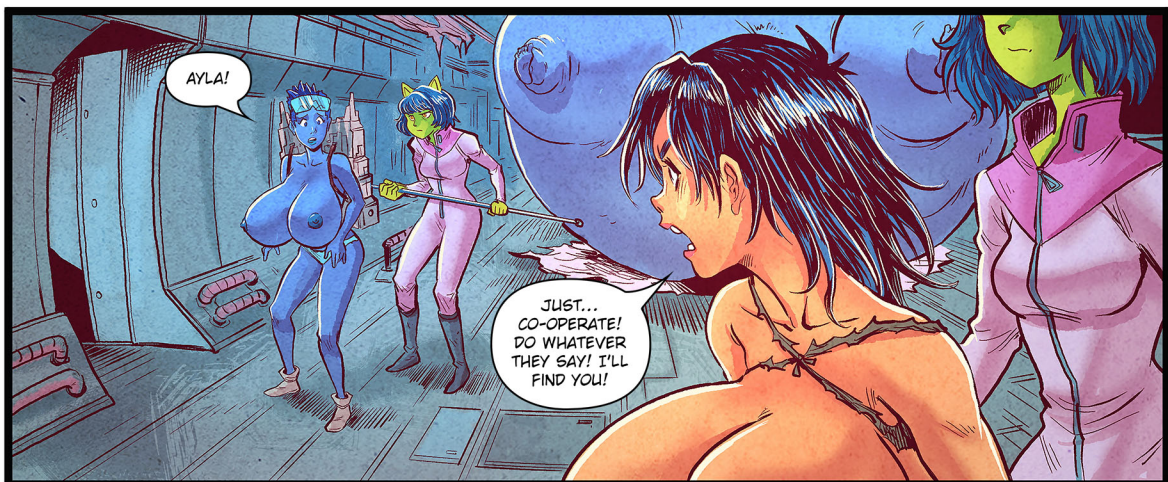
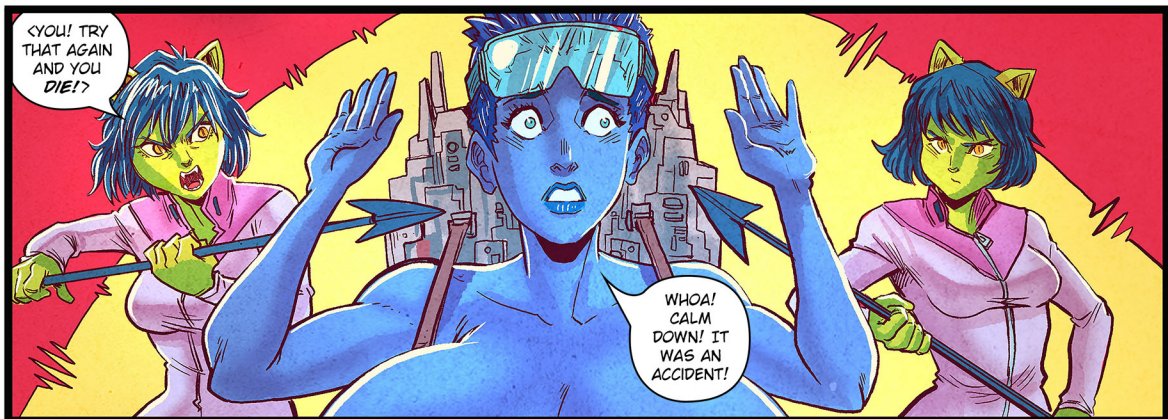
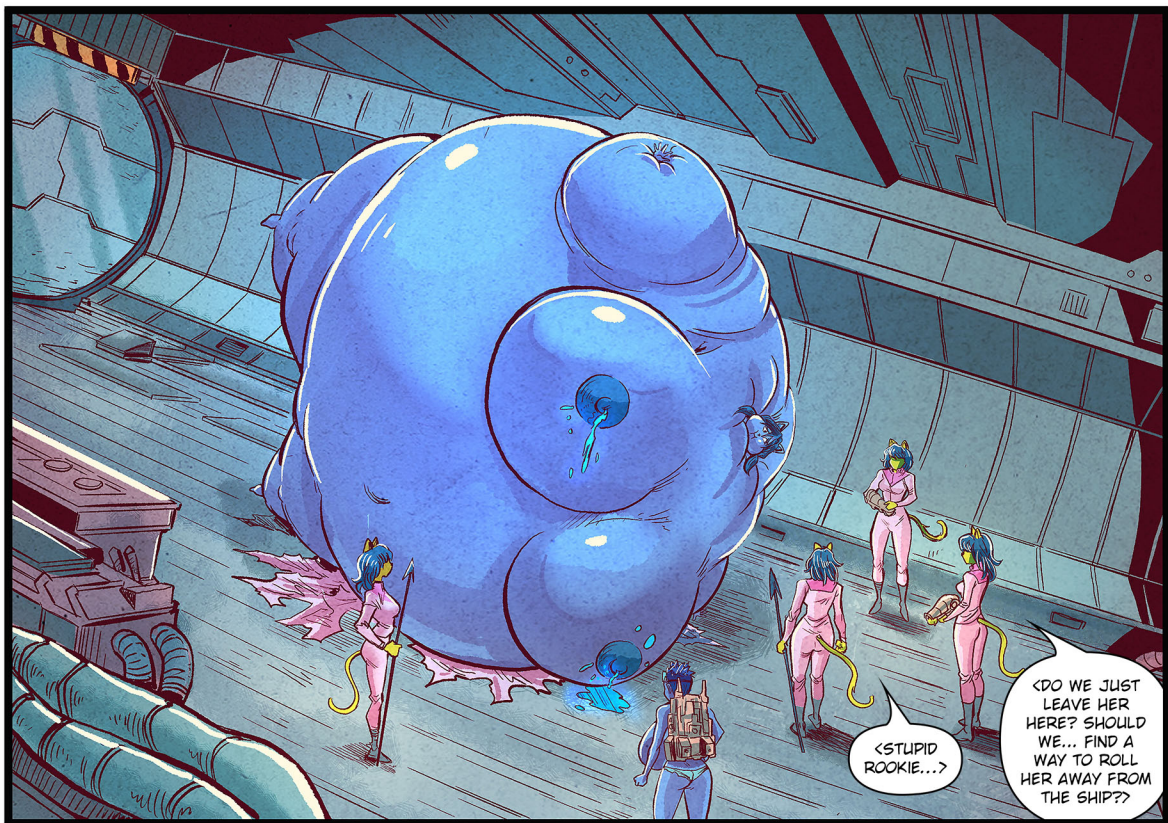
JUST GETTING A SENSE OF DEJA VU. I'M BEGINNING TO THINK...



THIS PLACE ISN'T ABANDONED!



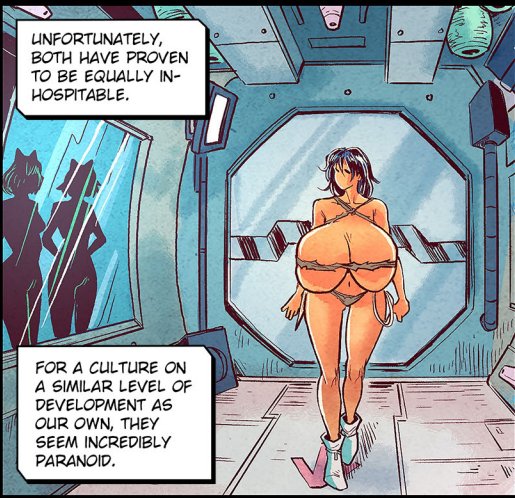




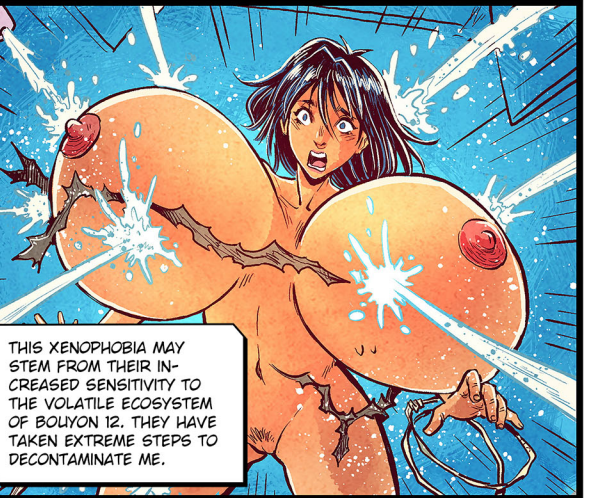
DECKER'S LOG: ADDENDUM.
BOLYON 12 CONTINUES TO BE A TREASURE
TROVE OF DISCOVERY. WE HAVE MADE CON-
TACT WITH A SECOND INTELLIGENT ALIEN
SPECIES IN AS MANY MONTHS.



UNFORTUNATELY,
BOTH HAVE PROVEN
TO BE EQUALLY IN-
HOSPITABLE.



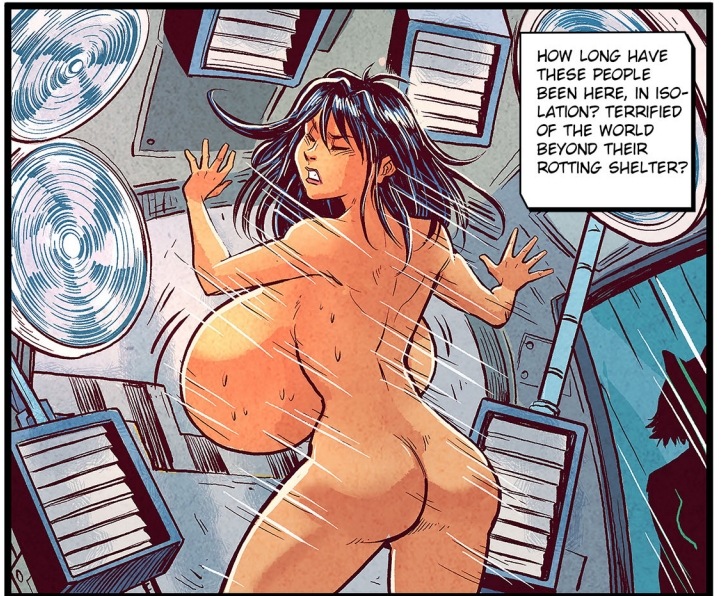
FOR A CULTURE ON
A SIMILAR LEVEL OF
DEVELOPMENT AS
OUR OWN, THEY
SEEM INCREDIBLY
PARANOID.



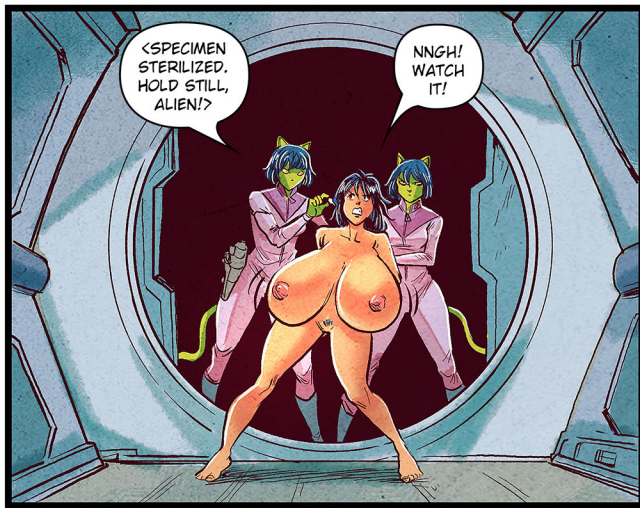
THIS XENOPHOBIA MAY
STEM FROM THEIR IN-
CREASED SENSITIVITY
TO THE VOLATILE ECOSYSTEM
OF BOLYON 12. THEY HAVE
TAKEN EXTREME STEPS TO
DECONTAMINATE ME.



HE... HA!
THOSE
TICKLE!



HOW LONG HAVE
THESE PEOPLE
BEEN HERE, IN ISOLA-
TION? TERRIFIED
OF THE WORLD
BEYOND THEIR
ROTTING SHELTER?

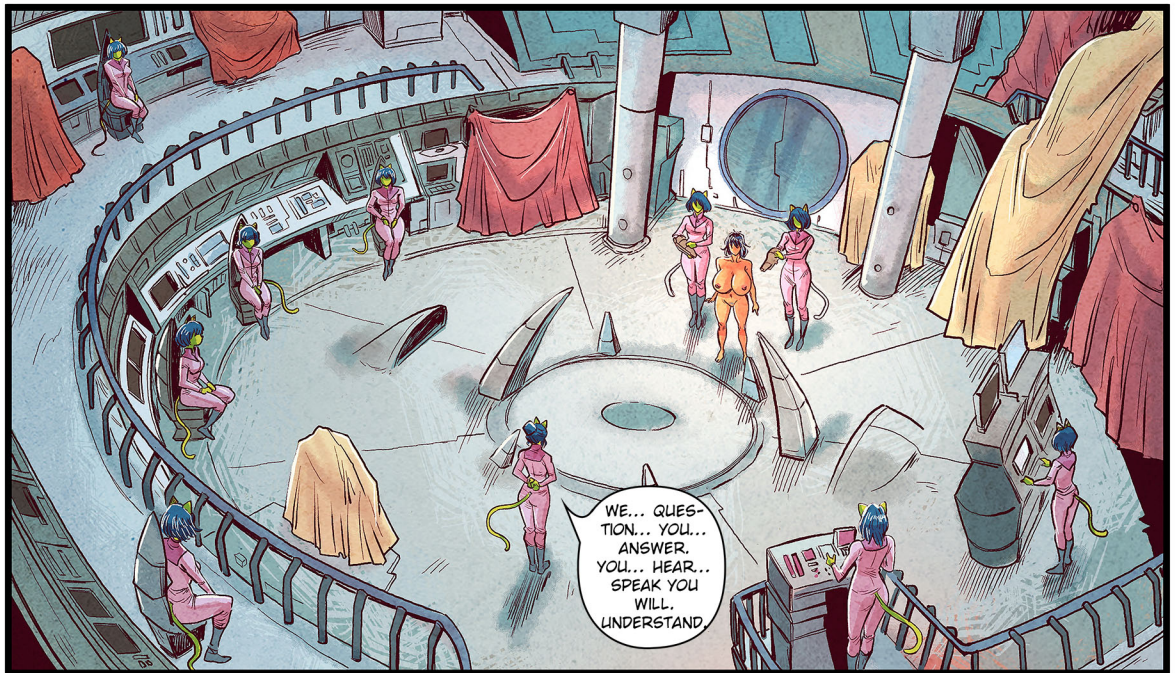


<SPECIMEN STERILIZED. HOLD STILL, ALIEN!>

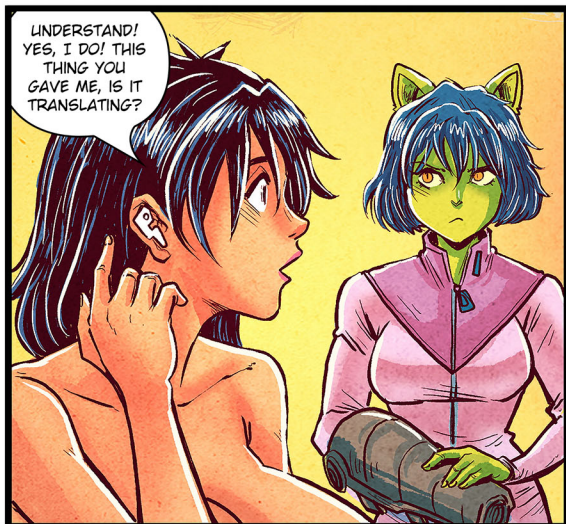
NNGH! WATCH IT!



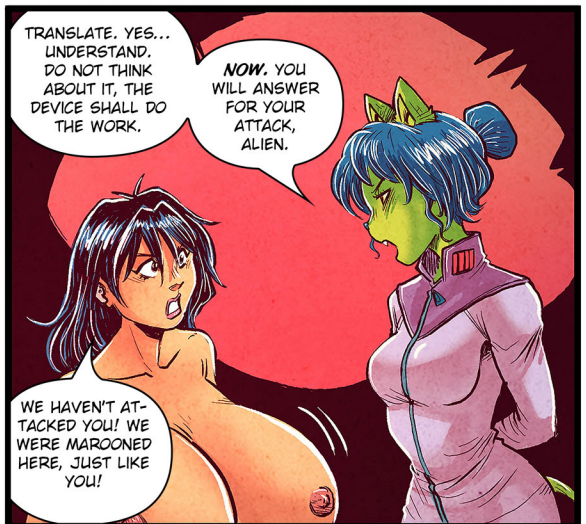
WHAT DID YOU JUST DO? TAG ME?



WE... QUESTION... YOU... ANSWER. YOU... HEAR... SPEAK YOU WILL. UNDERSTAND.



UNDERSTAND! YES, I DO! THIS THING YOU GAVE ME, IS IT TRANSLATING?



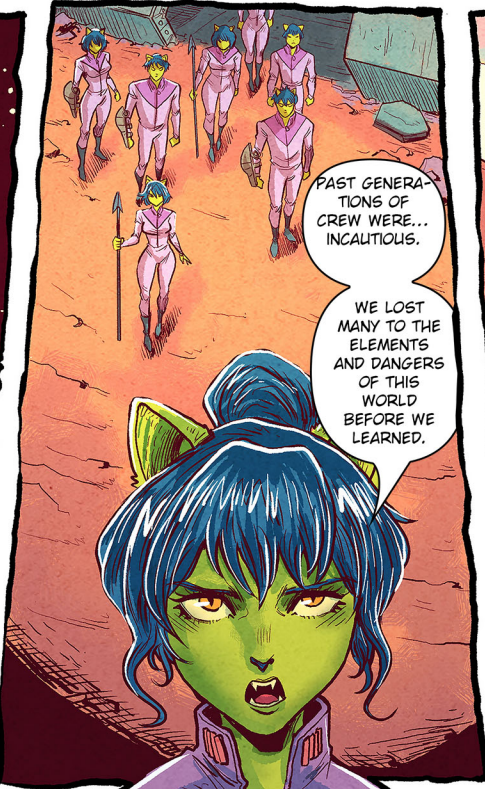
TRANSLATE. YES... UNDERSTAND. DO NOT THINK ABOUT IT, THE DEVICE SHALL DO THE WORK.

NOW. YOU WILL ANSWER FOR YOUR ATTACK, ALIEN.

WE HAVEN'T ATTACKED YOU! WE WERE MAROONED HERE, JUST LIKE YOU!



"WE ARE *NOT* THE SAME. OUR SHIP CRASH LANDED HERE GENERATIONS AGO, FOR REASONS LOST TO TIME."

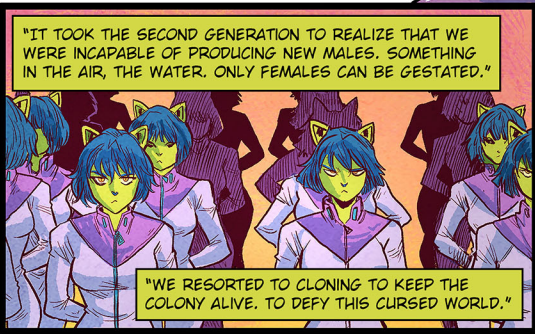


PAST GENERATIONS OF CREW WERE... INCAUTIOUS.

WE LOST MANY TO THE ELEMENTS AND DANGERS OF THIS WORLD BEFORE WE LEARNED.



"THE WORLD PAST OUR SANCTUM IS DEATH AND DEPRIVITY. WE HAVE ALREADY BEEN... *TAINED.*"



"IT TOOK THE SECOND GENERATION TO REALIZE THAT WE WERE INCAPABLE OF PRODUCING NEW MALES. SOMETHING IN THE AIR, THE WATER. ONLY FEMALES CAN BE GESTATED."

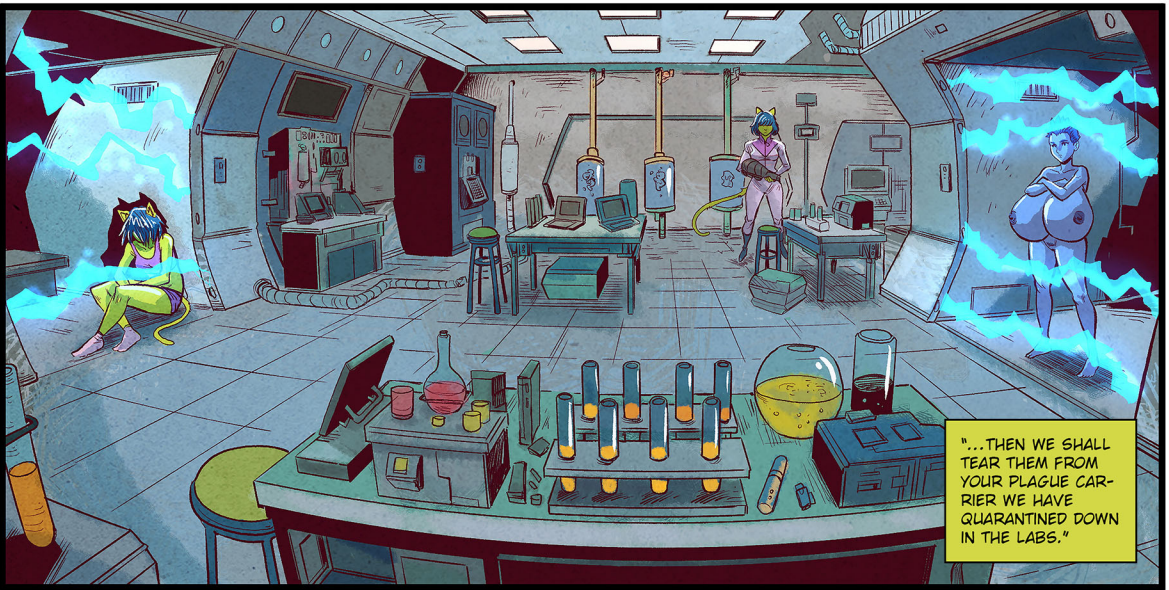
"WE RESORTED TO CLONING TO KEEP THE COLONY ALIVE. TO DEFY THIS CURSED WORLD."



NOW, HOW MANY MORE OF YOU ARE THERE? IS IT YOUR PLAN TO BLEED CONTAMINANTS INTO OUR SANCTUM? WHAT OTHER OFFENSES DOES THE BLUE ONE POSSESS?

WE'RE REFUGEES FROM A SHIP, LIKE YOU! WE HAVE NO HOSTILE INTENTIONS!

ENOUGH LIES, ALIEN! IF YOU DO NOT GIVE US THE ANSWERS WE SEEK...

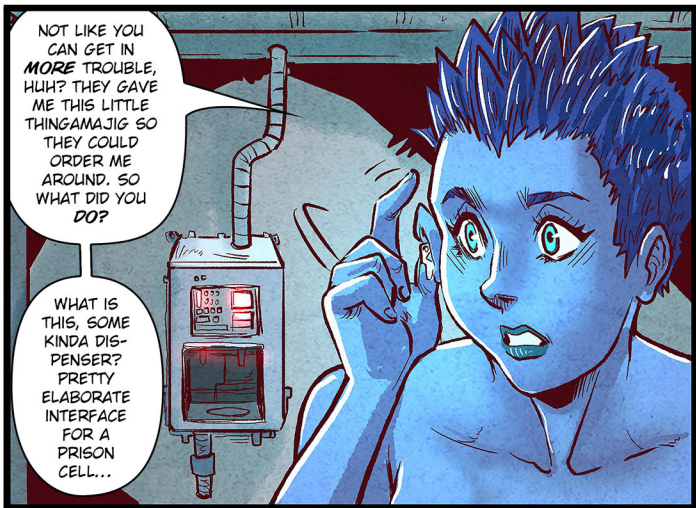


"...THEN WE SHALL TEAR THEM FROM YOUR PLAGUE CARRIER WE HAVE QUARANTINED DOWN IN THE LABS."



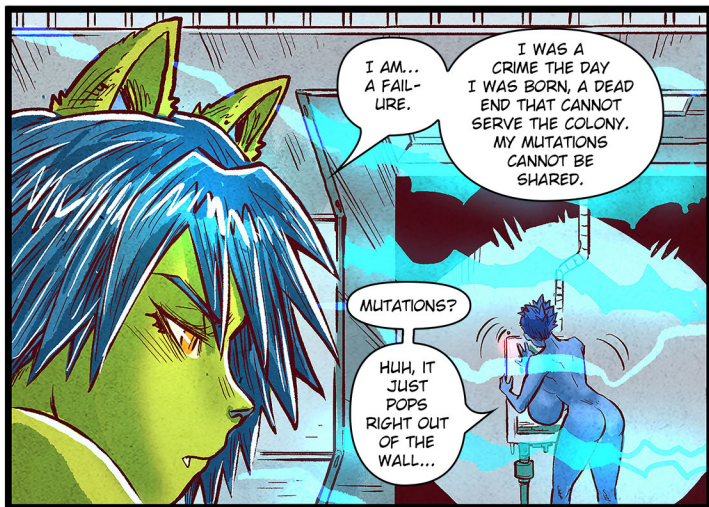
UM... HEY THERE. WHAT ARE YOU IN FOR?

I SHOULDN'T TALK TO YOU...



NOT LIKE YOU CAN GET IN MORE TROUBLE, HUH? THEY GAVE ME THIS LITTLE THINGAMAJIG SO THEY COULD ORDER ME AROUND. SO WHAT DID YOU DO?

WHAT IS THIS, SOME KINDA DISPENSER? PRETTY ELABORATE INTERFACE FOR A PRISON CELL...

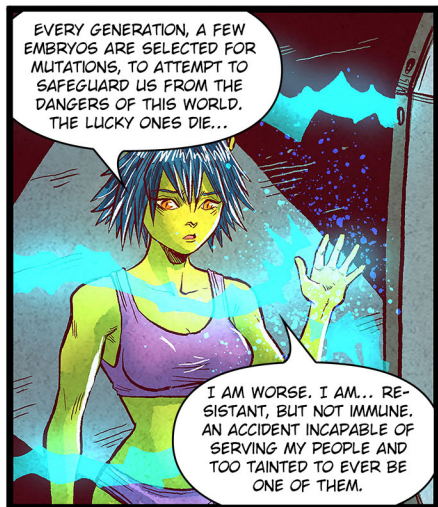


I AM... A FAILURE.

I WAS A CRIME THE DAY I WAS BORN, A DEAD END THAT CANNOT SERVE THE COLONY. MY MUTATIONS CANNOT BE SHARED.

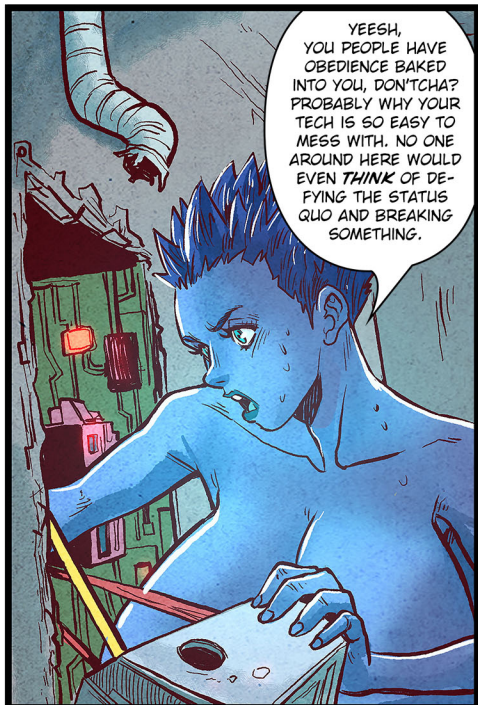
MUTATIONS?

HUH, IT JUST POPS RIGHT OUT OF THE WALL...

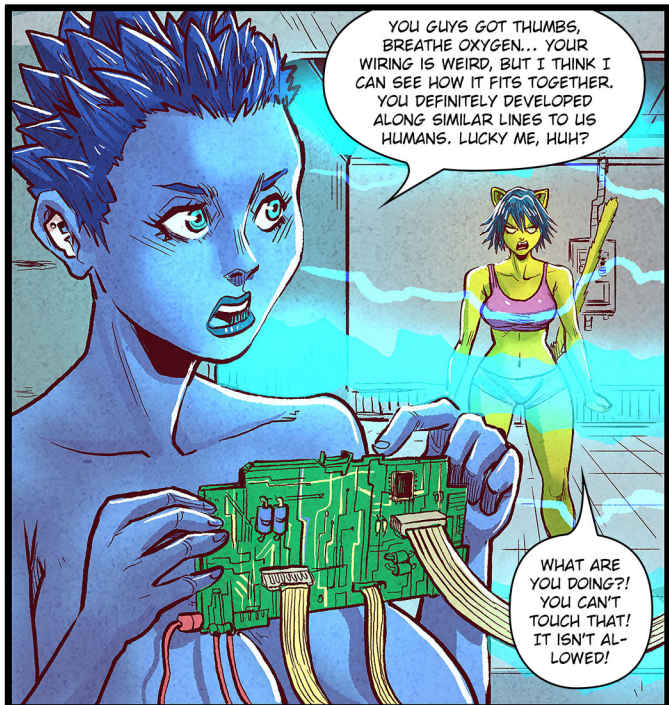


EVERY GENERATION, A FEW EMBRYOS ARE SELECTED FOR MUTATIONS, TO ATTEMPT TO SAFEGUARD US FROM THE DANGERS OF THIS WORLD. THE LUCKY ONES DIE...

I AM WORSE. I AM... RESISTANT, BUT NOT IMMUNE. AN ACCIDENT INCAPABLE OF SERVING MY PEOPLE AND TOO TAINTED TO EVER BE ONE OF THEM.

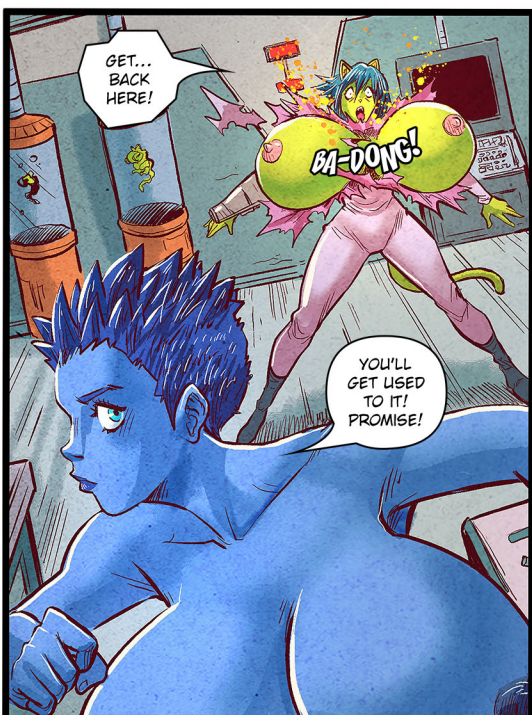
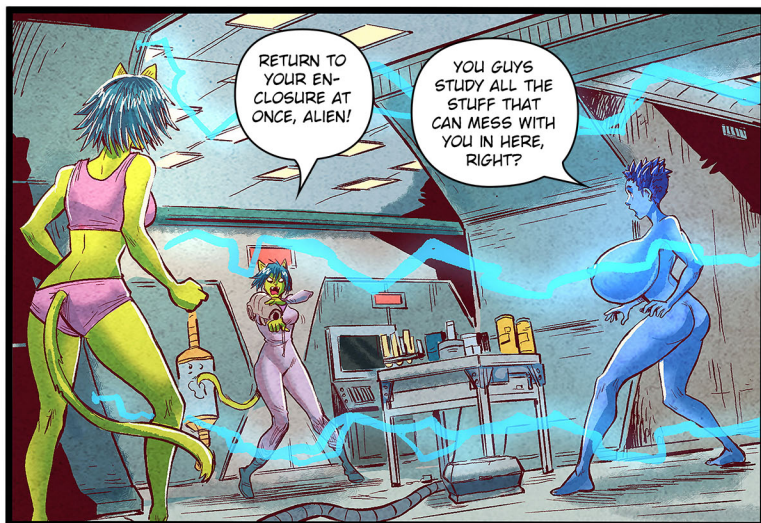


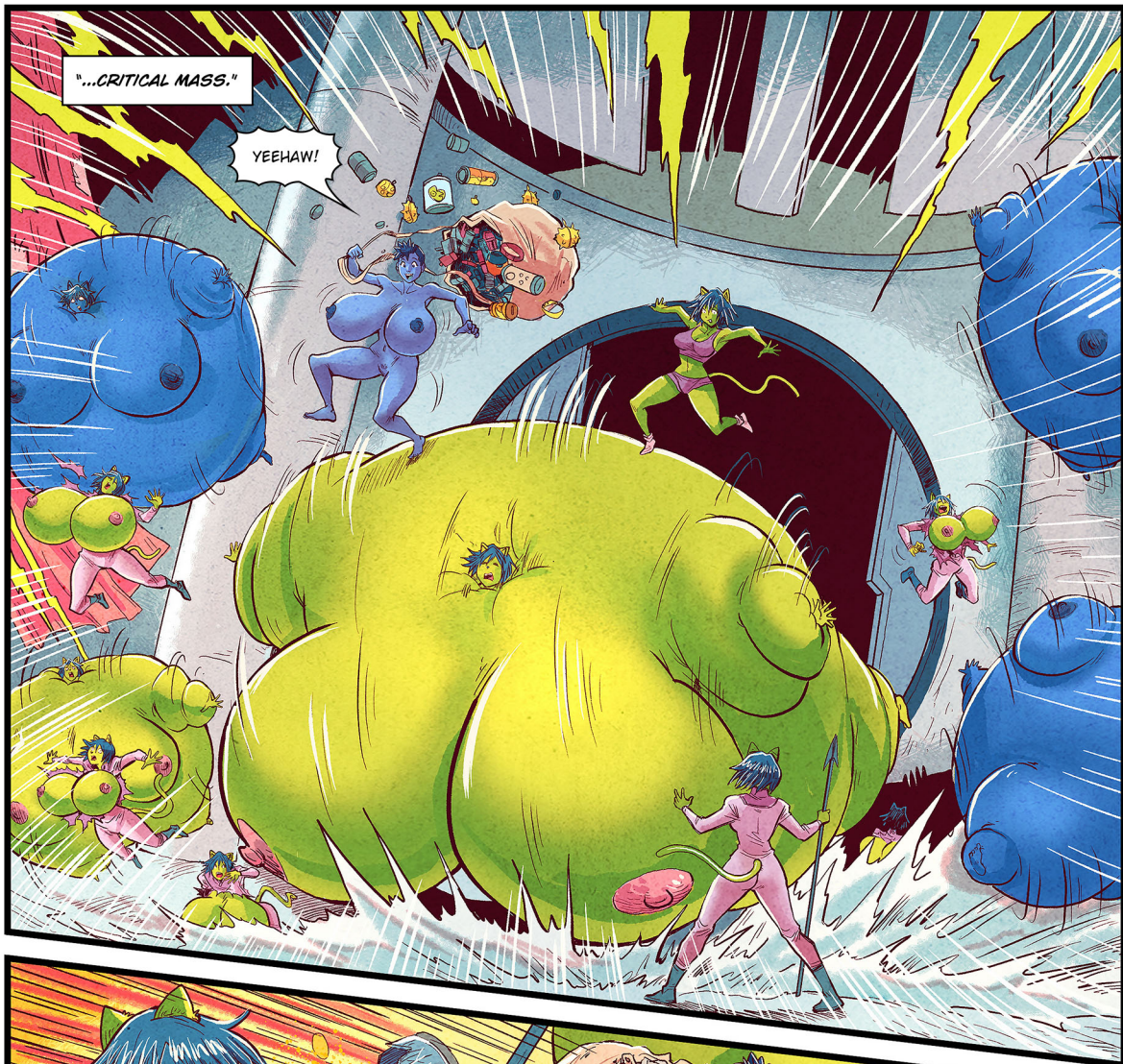
YEEESH, YOU PEOPLE HAVE OBEDIENCE BAKED INTO YOU, DON'TCHA? PROBABLY WHY YOUR TECH IS SO EASY TO MESS WITH. NO ONE AROUND HERE WOULD EVEN THINK OF DEFYING THE STATUS QUO AND BREAKING SOMETHING.



YOU GUYS GOT THUMBS, BREATHE OXYGEN... YOUR WIRING IS WEIRD, BUT I THINK I CAN SEE HOW IT FITS TOGETHER. YOU DEFINITELY DEVELOPED ALONG SIMILAR LINES TO US HUMANS. LUCKY ME, HUH?

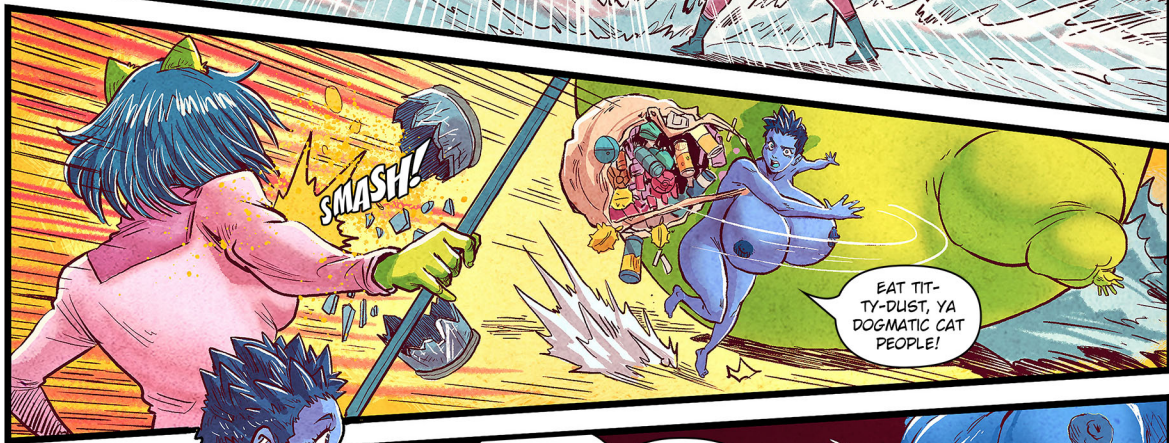
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! YOU CAN'T TOUCH THAT! IT ISN'T ALLOWED!





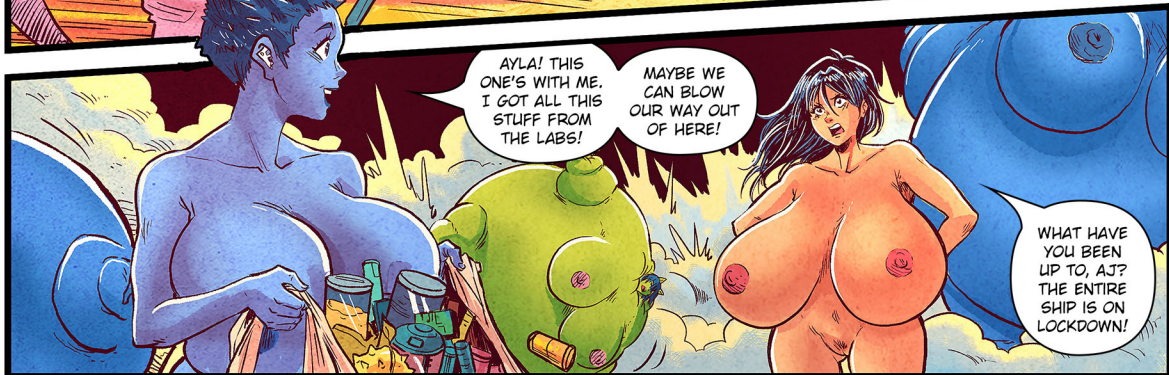
"...CRITICAL MASS."

YEEHAW!



SMASH!

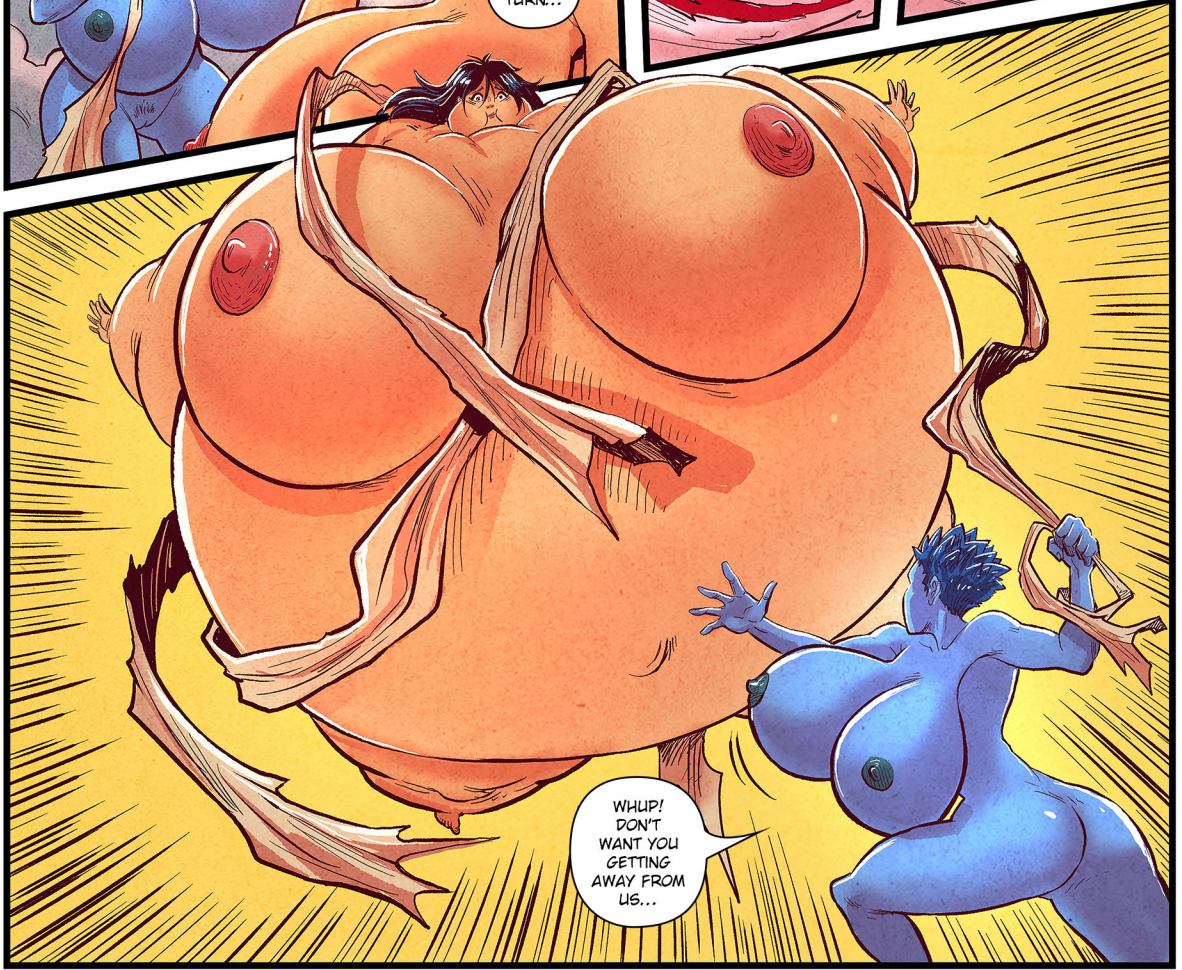
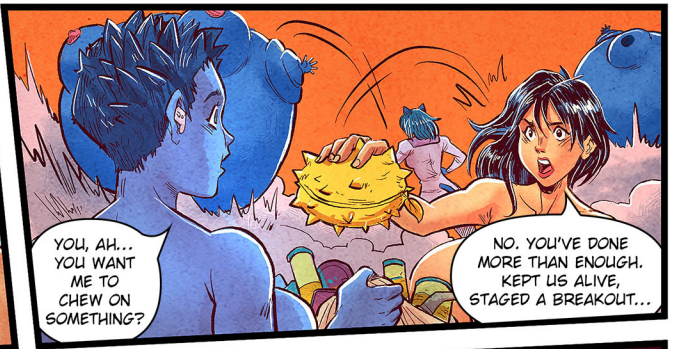
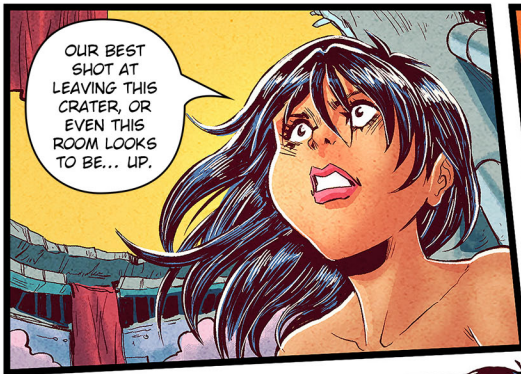
EAT TIT-TY-DUST, YA DOGMATIC CAT PEOPLE!



AYLA! THIS ONE'S WITH ME. I GOT ALL THIS STUFF FROM THE LABS!

MAYBE WE CAN BLOW OUR WAY OUT OF HERE!

WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO, AJ? THE ENTIRE SHIP IS ON LOCKDOWN!



DECKER'S LOG: SECOND ADDENDUM.
WE HAVE ESCAPED THE CLUTCHES OF
THIS NEW, INSULAR ALIEN FACTION.
WHILE FAR MORE TECHNOLOGICALLY
ADVANCED THAN THE TRIBALS WE MET,
I FEAR THAT THEY HAVE REGRESSED
MUCH FURTHER DUE TO THEIR OWN
FEARS.

I CANNOT LET THAT
SAME DREAD CLAIM ME.
IT SEEMS WE HAVE
FOUND A NEW FRIEND,
AND THE HORIZON
CALLS.

THE
WORLD.
IT'S SO...
BIG.

I FEAR WHAT WE
HAVE LEFT BEHIND
THOUGH. DESPITE
OUR IMPRISONMENT,
WE HAD NO RIGHT
TO LEAVE THOSE
PEOPLE IN HAVOC.

THOSE STILL
LEFT ON THEIR
FEET WILL HAVE
TO PICK UP THE
PIECES IN OUR
WAKE.

AND I DOUBT THEY
SHALL FORGET US.
OR FORGIVE.

TO BE CONTINUED...

CHECK OUT SOME
PREVIEW PAGES FROM OUR
UPCOMING COMIC LINEUP!



GODDESS of PASSION

AUTHOR:
UNSTOPPABLE IDEFIX

ARTIST:
WANTEDWAIFFUS

