UNOFFICIAL FAN CREATION

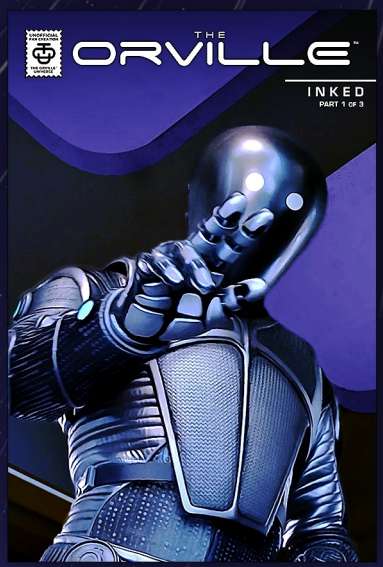
THE ORVILLE™ UNIVERSE

THE ORVILLE™

INKED

PARTS 1–3











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"INKED"

A STORY IN THE ORVILLE UNIVERSE

BY TODD LEHMAN

BASED ON CHARACTERS AND SITUATIONS
CREATED BY SETH MacFARLANE



DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to all fans of *The Orville* worldwide. The show's followers are among the most loving, devoted, creative, playful, insightful, and welcoming people of any fan community—a natural reflection of the brilliant and talented people who create the show.

It is *also* dedicated to the amazing cast and crew of the show, who have faced adversity and personal loss, overcome unprecedented challenges, and assembled against all odds to produce one of the finest television shows ever in the history of television shows.

FOREWORD

"You just have to take everything you know about her, every bit of data, and do something you've never done."

Capt. Ed Mercer to Isaac, "A Happy Refrain" (S2:E6)

Dear fans of *The Orville*, showrunners/producers/writers/directors/cast/crew, and creator Seth MacFarlane:

Of the many recommendations for this digital photonovel, the most glowing is the author's purpose: in the same spirit of *The Orville*'s development, *Inked* is a miraculously well-executed fan-made passion project that serves as a "thank you" to its inspiration. It's also hilarious.

Self-ascribed nerds of this series ("Orvillians") are often nerds in other specialties and hobbies. Sometimes, they put that variety of expertise to creative use. When Todd Lehman approached me in July of 2022 about providing feedback on his then in-progress *Orville* photonovel, I jumped at the opportunity. I have a background as an English teacher that energizes me about projects and collaboration like this, and I am incredibly fortunate to have been invited into his process and its iterations since.

Now that it's complete, I'm still marveling at what Todd has accomplished. The series aside, I admire *Inked* for something remarkable: the nonchalance of its ingenuity. Much time, skill, research, and care went into Todd's effort to create a fun and authentic *Orville* experience for everyone. The sprezzatura of his nerd aptitudes in this digital comic is nothing short of dazzling, as is his instinct to share his process for the benefit of others. (You'll appreciate delaying the Appendix to *after* the read as a sort of behind-the-scenes, benevolent Oz Behind the Curtain detailing Todd's Photoshop wizardry process.)

Fans and everyone involved in the creation of *The Orville* will undoubtedly recognize in the smallest of elements the enormous time Todd spent digesting the first two seasons of the series and engaging in the fan ecosystem. Saving thousands of screenshots, including deleted scenes he knew showrunners *must* have been sad to part with, poring over hundreds of hours of audio and interviews, he's breathed life into his uniquely character-accurate dialogue and fueled a comedy of errors that even Alexander Pope would applaud. As fans of *The Orville*, this is something you'll probably enjoy for the attention to detail and continuity *alone*. The number of epaulets

and badges recolored to avoid in-universe time discrepancies is a LOT, but knowable; you should ask him. All to say, every panel of this photonovel is an art of invention informed by "the funny, awkward, serious interactions of characters"[1] on *The Orville*, creating something new, but "always—always—retaining some identifiable spark of relatability."[2]

The essence of the captain's advice to Isaac at the start of this foreword is a sentiment you can take with you in this comic as we're in *will-they-or-won't-they cancellation purgatory.* It's a sentiment that brought me here. It brought Todd here. It might be one that brought you here. We can fathom the reasons why a series might not get another season, brilliance notwithstanding. There's concern we might never know what happens to our characters or the loose ends yet to be brought "into the fold," so to speak. I think Ed (and Seth MacFarlane himself) would agree that fashioning something *new* from those pieces is a *positive* action. Call it the need to "be creative" or even a "new translative program" we run in the difficult moments when we're forced to deal with the "incompatible data" that "must be consolidated in some fashion." (S2:E6)

A foundation of the fandom, we motivate each other to be *creative* and develop solutions. Throughout our many discussions, the sincere takeaway from the author to fans has remained that these are things that anyone can do with practice and asking others with the know-how for help, no matter your nerd interest. And you can consider that our big bonus. I want to thank Todd for that as an example of the indefatigable support within this community of people building bridges with a television show. I've been heart-warmed and mesmerized in strides by his attempts to reach as many interested audiences as possible—and maybe help teach a thing or two he knows along the way.

It's one of the most selfless of human impulses to curate something with so much care to benefit others—and a "defect" of our Orvillian species: "We never give up hope." (S2:E4)

—Jessica Castillo (@BlackSheepJess)
February, 2023

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[1] Goodman, David A. "*The Orville*'s Seth MacFarlane on Those *Star Trek* Comparisons." *Gizmodo*, by Cheryl Eddy, 26 May 2022. Web article.

[2] MacFarlane, Seth. Afterword. *Masters of Makeup Effects: A Century of Practical Magic*, by Howard Berger and Marshall Julius, Welbeck, 2022. Page 310.

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

As a kid, I grew up watching reruns of the original *Star Trek* television series and reading a collection of paperback books called *Star Trek Fotonovels*, published in the late 1970s by Bantam Books. These were retellings of classic *Star Trek* episodes, adapted into comic-book or graphic-novel style, using hundreds of still frames from the live-action show in place of hand-drawn artwork. For a child, they were magical. Sadly, photonovels were eclipsed by the home video revolution of the early 1980s, making them a short-lived but explosive fad. Today, they are all but a lost art form.

The book you are about to read is an original story—fan fiction in photonovel form—based on characters and situations from the hit television series *The Orville*. By adapting, transforming, and recombining still frames from the show and several of its deleted scenes, and by substituting new dialogue and rearranging visual elements, a unique tale is woven.

As the story takes place in the universe of *The Orville* and focuses on the inter-relationships of characters, it is assumed that you are familiar with at least the first two seasons of the show.

The story begins with a short prologue taking place during the first-season episode "Pria" (S1:E5), jumps headlong into the climax of "Cupid's Dagger" (S1:E9), continues deep into the days following, and finally ends with a short epilogue taking place during the second-season episode "Lasting Impressions" (S2:E11). The bulk of the story takes place between S1:E9 and S1:E10.

Inspiration for the story arose out of a 6 December 2017 interview with Seth MacFarlane on *The Late Late Show with James Corden*, in which he was asked whether he had any tattoos. His answer: "I-I don't. You know, there's nothing that I can think of that...I think, all right, when I'm ninety, I'm still gonna want this on me. Like, *maybe* Kermit the Frog. But other than that, there's, like, nothing possibly." The answer fascinated me and I embraced it as a writing prompt.

In penning the dialogue of this story, every effort was made to honor each character's individual speaking style. Ed sighs and says *look* and *listen* frequently. Kelly says *what the hell* a lot. Bortus speaks laconically. Isaac is inquisitive and speaks with a technical disposition. Claire speaks parentally. John speaks casually, with flair. Gordon speaks affably, with a stunted vocabulary. Alara speaks genially. Klyden speaks stiltedly and is obsessed with Moclan traditions. Yaphit says *crap* frequently and speaks with irritation and yet with warmth.

Emulating speaking styles convincingly is hard. As research, I listened to the audio of every episode multiple times over the course of months, nightly, while falling asleep, absorbing the diction of each character, and performed textual searches on the spoken dialogue of episodes to qualify particular phraseologies. Every word, every sentence, every utterance had to sound believable. While I can't promise that this goal was achieved perfectly, I am confident that you'll feel comfortable and satisfied reading the dialogue—as though it had been spoken by the characters themselves.

Though completely unofficial and in no way claiming to be part of *Orville* canon, the story makes every attempt to respect and align with official canon and series continuity and tries never to contradict it. Accordingly, all elements were written and visually designed to feel plausible to readers of both passing and intimate familiarity with the show.

Nevertheless, a small number of liberties were taken, which astute fans of the show will no doubt notice:

First, you'll encounter a few scenes which take place *during* official episodes. For example, in the prologue, Ed and Pria share a brief conversation about tattoos, which obviously was not part of the "Pria" episode; in the main story's opening, Ed and Darulio share two conversations about tattoos, which obviously were not part of the "Cupid's Dagger" episode; and in the epilogue, Talla has an interaction with Bortus and Klyden that was not seen in the "Lasting Impressions" episode. These are best treated as hidden or deleted scenes that were not included when the episodes aired.

Second, you'll notice the use of two Moclan words that you have not heard before: *t'vokus* and *ja'vaska*. These are completely made-up for this story. Feel free to use them in your own writings if you like them, but please remember that they are not official words.

Third, you'll happen upon a scene in which Claire shouts "Tyrone Finn!" at Ty. Although we've never actually heard whether Ty's full name is Tyrone, Tyrell, Tyrese, or just Ty (or, for that matter, whether Ed's full name is Edward, Edmund, Edwin, or just Ed), it is presumed here that Claire's surname Finn derives from the Irish surname *Ó Finn* and therefore that Ty's given name Tyrone derives from the Irish Gaelic name *Tír Eoghain*. The reader should understand that this is merely a guess; no assertion of canon is made.

Fourth, you'll discover an explanation for why Alara lacked eyebrows in the pilot episode. I think you will find that the conversation in which the answer is revealed unfolds naturally and that the explanation seems plausible and is true to Alara's personality. Again, no assertion of canon is made.

Finally, I am not a writer—and certainly not a comedy writer—but I have attempted to inject a level of comedy, drama, and twists befitting of *The Orville*, specifically aiming to resonate with the tone of the show's first season. Although this story was begun with an intended audience of only myself, as a weekend creative outlet while waiting for the third season of the show, I hope that you will enjoy reading it as much as I enjoyed creating it.

Ja'loja!

—Todd Lehman (@xeow)
October, 2022

Acknowledgments and Thanks

The author would like to acknowledge and express sincere thanks to the following people:

- **Seth MacFarlane**, for conceiving the intelligent, beautiful, and funny universe of *The Orville*, for hiring scores of insanely talented actors, writers, directors, musicians, and production personnel, and for believing in himself and his vision.
- **Liz Heldens**, for writing the brilliant and controversial episode "Cupid's Dagger" (S1:E9), upon which this book builds.
- **Tom Costantino**, for tirelessly engaging with the show's fandom on multiple social media platforms, for sharing deleted scenes and gag reels, for releasing screen-used props to loving fans, and for his dedication to technical excellence in editing, making the show a joy to experience.
- **David A. Goodman**, for settling an old debate on whether the name of the Krill bible is officially the Ankhana (as appears in the Dark Horse comics) or the Anhkana (as appears in the subtitles of the show). [The answer is that there is no correct spelling, as it is a translation of an alien language.]
- **J Lee**, for his entertaining YouTube show *In My Trailer*, which treated fans of the show to behind-the-scenes interviews during the production of the third season. Some of his life philosphy appears in the pages of this book.
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Plus a very special thanks for doing multiple readings and providing helpful feedback, including once doing a full reading with a stopwatch running.

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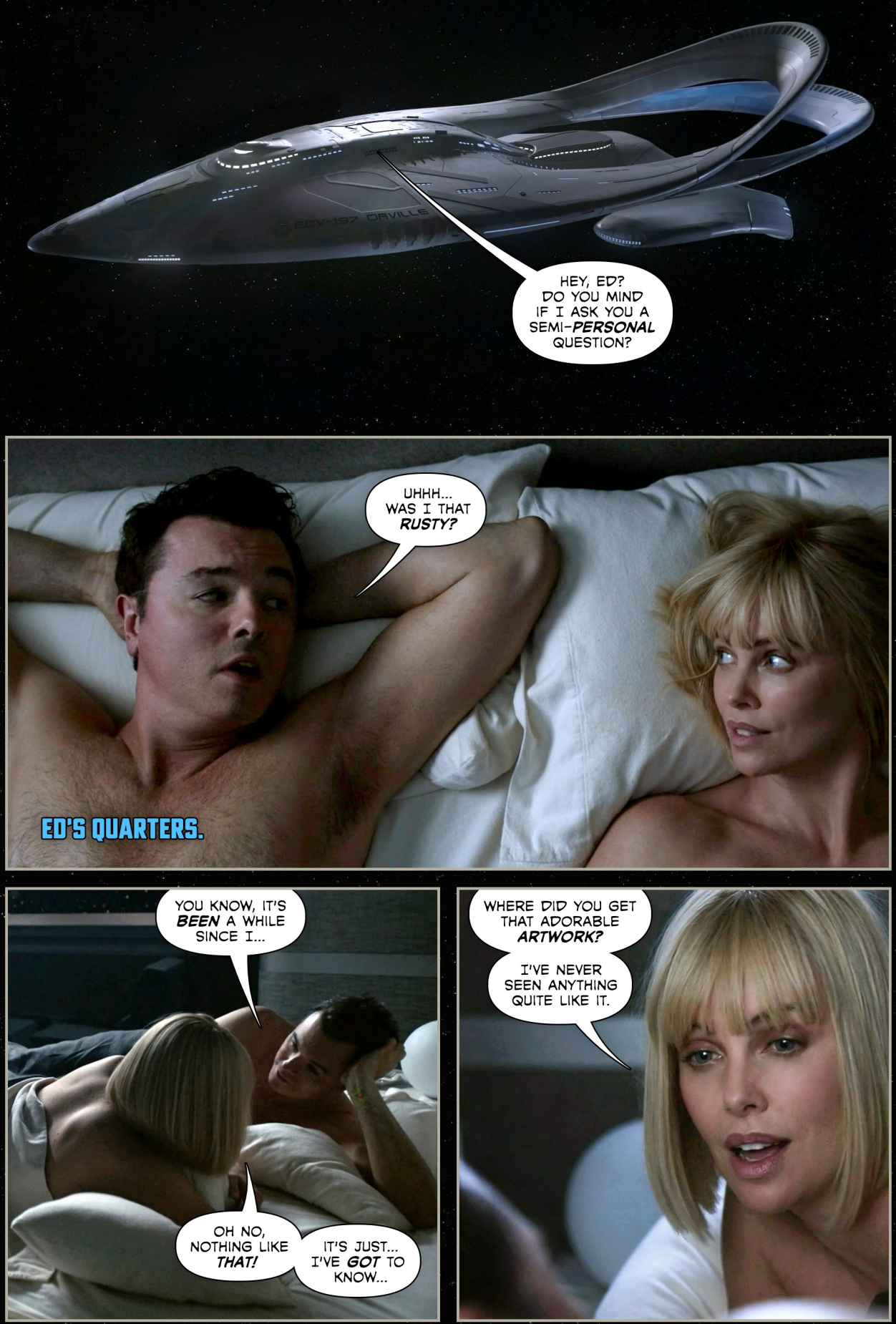
INKED

Part One

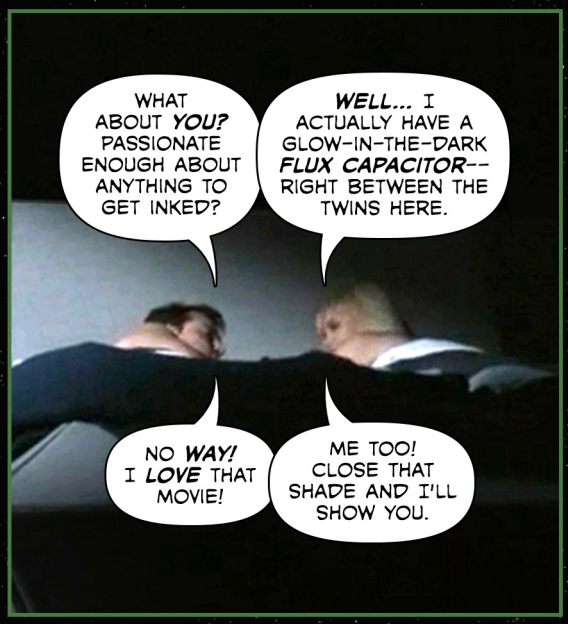
PROLOGUE

A few weeks earlier


ECV-197 ORVILLE
HEY, ED? DO YOU MIND IF I ASK YOU A SEMI-*PERSONAL* QUESTION?
UHHH... WAS I THAT *RUSTY?*
ED'S QUARTERS.
YOU KNOW, IT'S *BEEN* A WHILE SINCE I...
OH NO, NOTHING LIKE *THAT!*
IT'S JUST... I'VE *GOT* TO KNOW...
WHERE DID YOU GET THAT ADORABLE *ARTWORK?*
I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING QUITE LIKE IT.


OH, THE TATTOO ON MY WRIST?
Y-YOU REALLY DON'T KNOW WHO THAT IS?
FAMOUS HISTORICAL LEADER...
INSPIRES GREATNESS IN PEOPLE...
ALWAYS KEEPS HIS CALM IN A CRISIS...
HI-HO! KERMIT THE FROG!
AHHH! FROM OLD EARTH!
YOU SOUND JUST LIKE HIM, BY THE WAY.
I... GET THAT A LOT, ACTUALLY.
I LOVE HIM SO MUCH!
SO...ANY OTHERS?
ANKLE BRACELET? RUMPER BUMPER?


OOH, NO NO.
NOT FOR ***ME,*** NO.
I'M NOT...
YEAH, NO.
I MEAN, ***MAYYYBE*** ANOTHER ONE SOMEDAY...
...IF IT WAS SOMETHING I FELT ***REALLY*** PASSIONATE ABOUT.


WHAT ABOUT ***YOU?*** PASSIONATE ENOUGH ABOUT ANYTHING TO GET INKED?
WELL... I ACTUALLY HAVE A GLOW-IN-THE-DARK ***FLUX CAPACITOR***-- RIGHT BETWEEN THE TWINS HERE.
NO ***WAY!*** I ***LOVE*** THAT MOVIE!
ME TOO! CLOSE THAT SHADE AND I'LL SHOW YOU.


WOW, YOU REALLY LIGHT UP THE ROOM! THAT IS ***INSANE.***
THANKS. I GOT IT AT THIS LITTLE SHOP IN ***CONCORD.***

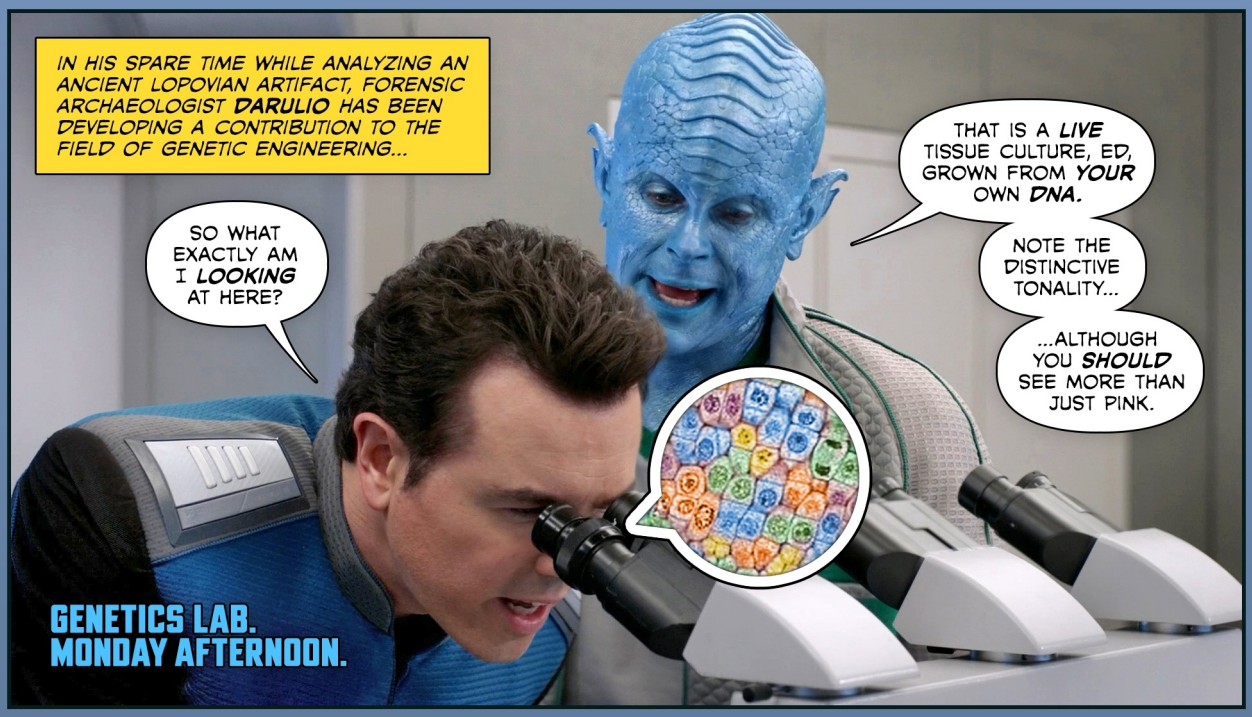

CAN YOU, UH, ACTUALLY ***TIME-TRAVEL*** WITH THAT?
YOU KNOW, I'LL HAVE TO ***TRY*** THAT SOMETIME. ≥LAUGH≤


AH, BUT SERIOUSLY, EVEN IF I ***COULD...***
...I'D WORRY ABOUT DISRUPTING THE ***SPACE-TIME CONTINUUM*** AND FADING AWAY OUT OF EXISTENCE--LIKE MARTY McFLY ALMOST DID.
AH, YEAH, THAT ***WOULD*** KINDA SUCK.



MONDAY

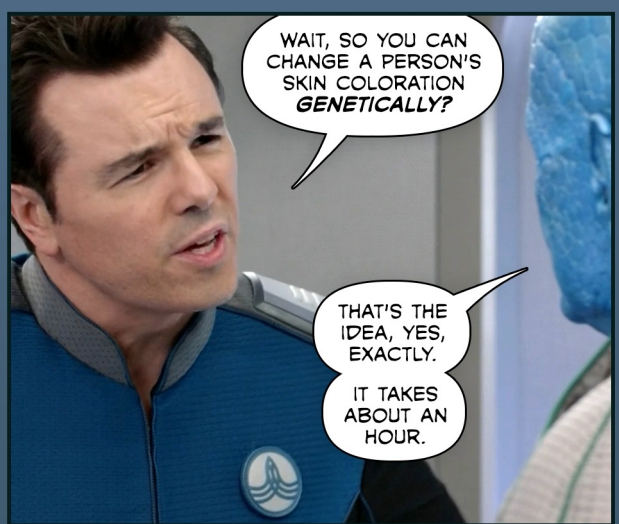
A few weeks later


IN HIS SPARE TIME WHILE ANALYZING AN ANCIENT LOPOVIAN ARTIFACT, FORENSIC ARCHAEOLOGIST DARULIO HAS BEEN DEVELOPING A CONTRIBUTION TO THE FIELD OF GENETIC ENGINEERING...
SO WHAT EXACTLY AM I LOOKING AT HERE?
THAT IS A LIVE TISSUE CULTURE, ED, GROWN FROM YOUR OWN DNA.
NOTE THE DISTINCTIVE TONALITY...
...ALTHOUGH YOU SHOULD SEE MORE THAN JUST PINK.
GENETICS LAB.
MONDAY AFTERNOON.


MORE THAN JUST PINK?
I COUNTED PINK, BLUE, GREEN, YELLOW, PURPLE, ORANGE...


UH, SO YOU INVENTED A FROOT LOOPS RAY?


I PREFER TO CALL IT EPIGENETIC PIGMENTATION REASSIGNMENT THERAPY.


WAIT, SO YOU CAN CHANGE A PERSON'S SKIN COLORATION GENETICALLY?
THAT'S THE IDEA, YES, EXACTLY.
IT TAKES ABOUT AN HOUR.


SO THIS COULD MAKE ME RETEPSIAN BLUE IF I WANTED?
IF THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE COMFORTABLE WITH.


HA! HOW CRAZY WOULD THAT BE?
CAN YOU IMAGINE ME BLUE?
THAT MIGHT BE TAKING IT A BIT FAR, YEAH.
WHAT ABOUT ISOLATED PATCHES?
CAN YOU GENETICALLY ENGINEER ME LIKE...SAY...A TATTOO?
ANYTHING YOU CAN IMAGINE. ANY PATTERN, ANY COLOR.
THINK OF IT AS... BIOLOGICAL INK.
THE ONLY CAVEAT IS THAT THERE IS NO WAY TO UN-DO IT.
THE PROCESS IS TOTALLY AND IRREVOCABLY PERMANENT.
I...
≥SIGH≤
LISTEN, HOW ABOUT JUST...UM...
AN ANKLE TATTOO.
THAT SOUNDS PERFECT.
I'LL BRING THE DERMO-PRINTER WITH ME TONIGHT.
OH, MY GOD, I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS IS HAPPENING!
I'M GONNA GET MY SECOND TATTOO TONIGHT!!
I'D BETTER GO GET READY. I'LL SEE YOU SOON, DAR!


LATER THAT EVENING...
ED'S QUARTERS.
MONDAY EVENING.
HAVE YOU DECIDED, ED?
I'VE NARROWED IT DOWN TO FIVE CHOICES.
BUT IF YOU HAD TO PICK JUST ONE...
YOU KNOW WHAT? I'M JUST GONNA LET YOU DECIDE.
BECAUSE... I TRUST YOU.
THAT'S VERY FLATTERING, ED.
I'M THINKING SOMETHING TO REFLECT YOUR INNERMOST FANTASIES.
LET'S DO IT.
YOU ARE HEREBY THE CAPTAIN OF THIS BOD.
SURPRISE ME.


STILL LATER...
YOU LET DARULIO TURN YOUR PENIS GREEN AND GIVE YOU A HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SEVEN TATTOOS?
ED'S QUARTERS. MONDAY NIGHT.
WELL, IT SEEMED LIKE A GOOD IDEA AT THE TIME.
YEAH, MOST BAD THINGS DO.
I'VE GOTTA SAY, ED, YOU'RE LUCKY MORE OF THOSE AREN'T VISIBLE.
THE ONE ON MY TONSILS STILL REALLY ITCHES.
WAIT, WHAT DO YOU MEAN MORE OF?
THEY'RE ALL HIDDEN.
MAYBE YOU WANNA GO LOOK AT YOUR EYES IN THE MIRROR.
AWW, NEAT!
WHEN I BLINK, I LOOK LIKE...
HI-HO!
ED, HONESTLY... SOMETIMES I WORRY ABOUT YOUR SANITY.

TUESDAY


18 HOURS LATER...
SICKBAY.
TUESDAY AFTERNOON.
OKAY, YOU CAN OPEN THEM AGAIN.
WELL, DOC? AM I GONNA DIE?
CAPTAIN, YOU ARE DOING REMARKABLY WELL...ALL THINGS CONSIDERED.
THEN WHY DO I FEEL LIKE MY ENTIRE BODY WENT TO SLEEP AND THEN SUDDENLY WOKE UP AND TOOK A GIANT CRAP?
YOU HAVE TO REMEMBER THAT SKIN IS THE LARGEST ORGAN IN THE HUMAN BODY...
...AND WE REGENERATED OVER HALF OF YOURS.


HONESTLY, I'M SURPRISED TO SEE YOU UP ON YOUR FEET SO SOON.
NO ONE HAS EVER HAD THAT MUCH SKIN REGENERATED BEFORE.
NO ONE?
NOT EVEN A BURN VICTIM?
HENRY, DO YOU WANT TO ANSWER THIS FOR THE CAPTAIN?
IT'S DIFFERENT WITH BURNS, SIR.
WITH BURN PATIENTS, WE REGROW THE EPIDERMIS...
...AND WE USE NANOSYNTHESIS TO REPAIR THE DERMIS IN PLACE.
IN YOUR CASE, WE HAD TO REGROW ALL LAYERS OF TISSUE...
...WHICH IS WHY YOUR NEW SKIN PUSHED OUT THE OLD SKIN...
...LIKE A NEW TOOTH COMING IN.


NO TOOTH I'VE REGROWN EVER ITCHED THIS MUCH.
IT'S NOT PERFECT, SIR.
YOU'VE GOT MILLIONS OF NEW NERVE ENDINGS ALL FIGHTING FOR ATTENTION.
IT SHOULD CLEAR UP SOON.
WELL. THANKS AGAIN TO YOU BOTH...
...AND AN EXTRA THANKS TO YOU, NURSE PARK, FOR GOING ABOVE AND BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY.
I KNOW SOME OF THOSE WERE...A BIT JARRING.
JUST DOING MY JOB, SIR.
BY THE WAY...
WE THINK MR. DARULIO MAY HAVE SHARED HIS DERMO-PRINTING ALGORITHMS.
WE'LL KEEP YOU POSTED.


I'M NOT GONNA DIE...
I'M NOT GONNA DIE!


AFTERNOON, CAPTAIN MERCER.
ENSIGN HENSON, HEY!


UH-OH. YEASTY *CAPTAIN* WITH THE WEIRD HUMAN NAME.
MURSON?... MANSON?... MERGER?...
MUSHER?... CRUSHER?... MERVILLE?... MULCHER?...
WHAT'S HIS NAME? SAY HIS *NAME.*


OH, CRAP.
GENIAL *PLANT GUY* WITH THE WEIRD LIZARD NAME.
C'MON, DON'T SCREW THIS UP AGAIN.
LIZARDO?... PLUVIOUS?... PERVIS?...
POLOPOVICH?... PALAVARATNAM?... VANDERPLOOFEN?... PLOOFENSTEIN?... PALOOFUS?...


HELLO, *CAPTAIN.*
DAMN IT!


H-HEY! *THERE* HE IS!
DAMN IT!


CAPTAIN MERCER!
LIEUTENANT DANN.
HEARD YOUR WEEKEND WAS QUITE THE *DAZZLER.*
DANN, DO YOU MIND MOVING OVER JUST A LITTLE BIT? I DON'T WANT TO CROWD YOU.
YOU'RE NOT CROWDING ME, SIR.
ALL THE SAME, MAYBE WE JUST, Y'KNOW, EXERCISE SOME DISTANCE.
I'M THINKING OF GETTING SOME INK TO CELEBRATE MY CHILDHOOD HERO.
DID YOURS HURT?
OKAY.
DOES THE WHOLE ***SHIP*** KNOW ABOUT THIS?
NO, DANN, IT DIDN'T HURT. I LOVED EVERY MINUTE OF IT.
ESPECIALLY HAVING THEM REMOVED.
SWEETNESS.
HEY, EVERYBODY!
WHAT ARE WE WATCHING?


BRIDGE.
TUESDAY AFTERNOON.
YOU ARE THINKING OF TAKING MISTER NISKA'S MONEY...
...AND HIS PROPERTY, MAYBE.


SLURP


WE'LL GET YOU ALL THE MONEY NISKA GAVE US UP FRONT.
YOU RETURN IT TO HIM, AND WE'LL CALL IT EVEN.


HOHHHO, THIS WON'T END WELL.
SOMEBODY'S GETTING SHOT OR STABBED FOR SURE.




FLYING DAGGER!


SHOTGUN!





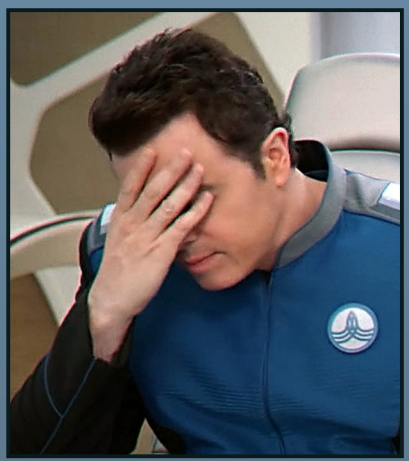

YOU GUYS ARE, UH, REALLY GETTING INTO THIS WHOLE *SPACE WESTERN* THING, HUH.

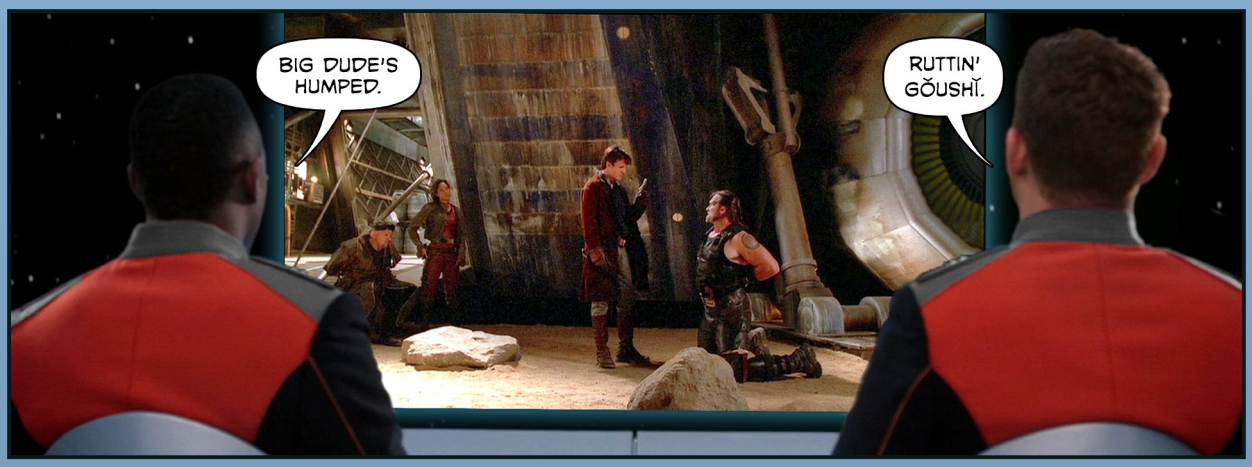

ISN'T IT *SHINY?*


I THINK WE'RE OUTNUMBERED HERE, ED.


NO, I...I...*LOVE* IT, KEL. WE SHOULD LET THE KIDS PICK THE SHOWS *EVERY* MONTH.


YOU GUYS *REALLY* DON'T LIKE *FIREFLY?*
C'MON, IT'S GOTTA BE IN THE TOP TWENTY GREATEST SHOWS OF THE PAST FIVE, IF NOT TEN, CENTURIES!




BIG DUDE'S HUMPED.
RUTTIN' GŎUSHĬ.


LIEUTENANTS, YOU ARE WATCHING A SHOW WHICH IN ITS TIME WAS REGARDED POORLY BY PROFESSIONAL CRITICS.
I AM CURIOUS... WHAT SATISFACTION DO YOU DERIVE FROM IT?


DUDE! THIS SHOW IS A CLASSIC. PEOPLE LOVED IT.
CRITICS GOT THEIR HEADS ON UPSIDE-DOWN.


THESE CRITICS HAD THEIR HEADS SURGICALLY REORIENTED?


HE MEANS THEIR HEADS WERE UP THEIR ASSES, ISAAC.
ALL THE WAY.

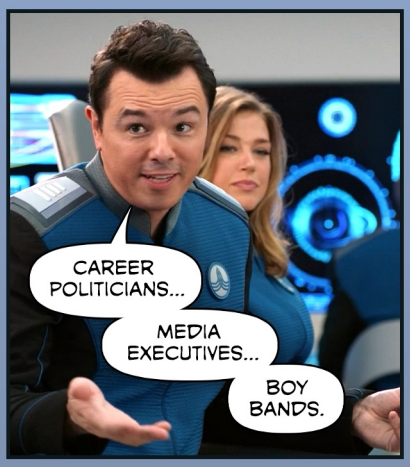

INTERESTING. I AM UNFAMILIAR WITH THE FUNCTION THIS PERFORMS.


BORTUS, HOLD PLAYBACK.


CAPTAIN, SERIOUSLY?!


ISAAC, SOME PEOPLE ARE JUST ***BORN*** WITH THEIR HEAD STUCK IN THEIR KEISTER.


CRITICS...
CULT LEADERS...
SCIENCE DENIERS...

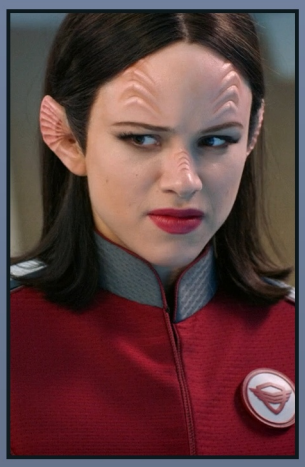

CAREER POLITICIANS...
MEDIA EXECUTIVES...
BOY BANDS.

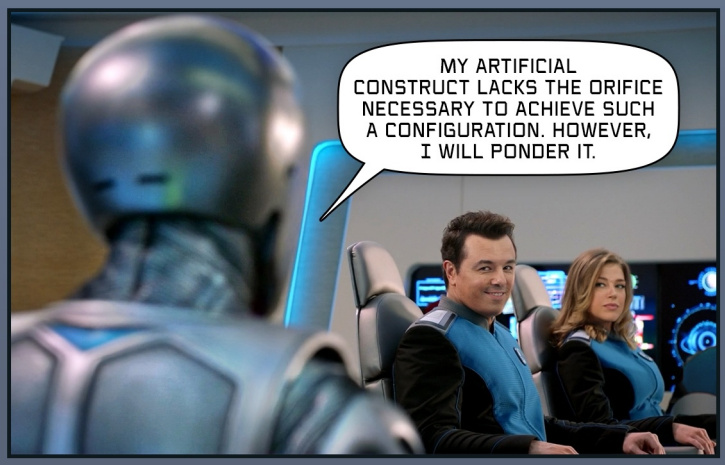

ISAAC, I DATED A GUY AT *UNION POINT* WHOSE HEAD WAS SO FAR UP HIS ASS, HIS NOSE POKED OUT THE BACK OF HIS NECK.


AN UNFORTUNATE MALADY, WITH WHICH FECAL ELIMINATION IS NEVER PLEASANT.


FASCINATING. THIS NECESSITATES FURTHER STUDY.

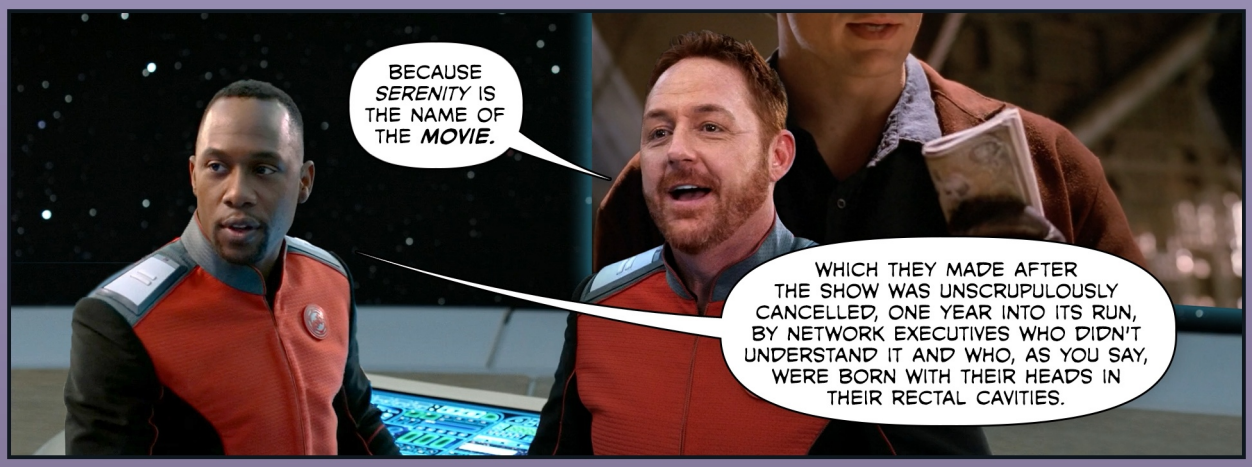

YOU CAN TRY IT ***YOURSELF,*** ISAAC.
JUST BEND OVER AND...YOU KNOW...GIVE A LITTLE PUSH.




MY ARTIFICIAL CONSTRUCT LACKS THE ORIFICE NECESSARY TO ACHIEVE SUCH A CONFIGURATION. HOWEVER, I WILL PONDER IT.

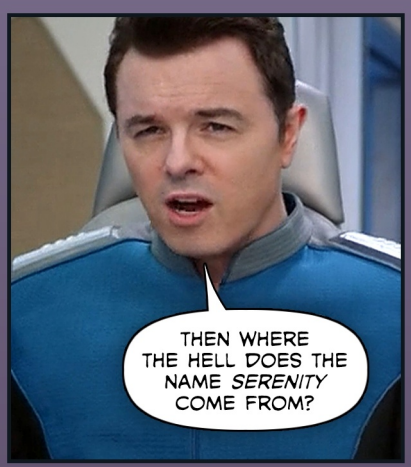

OKAY, CAN WE ***CONTINUE*** NOW?


RESUME PLAYBACK, BORTUS.
THERE'S THE KICK!
DIG IT. BOOM.
WOOOOSH
THAT TOOK THE WIND OUT OF HIM.
OOOOF. DID HE JUST KICK THAT GUY INTO FIREFLY'S ENGINE?
YEAH! WASN'T THAT AWESOME?!
THAT WAS KINDA GOOD, ACTUALLY.
I DIDN'T SEE THAT COMING.
YEAH, OKAY, THAT WAS A PRETTY SOLID MOVE, WASN'T IT.
BY THE WAY, CAPTAIN, THE SHIP ISN'T NAMED FIREFLY. THAT'S THE NAME OF THE SHOW.
YEAH, THE SHIP IS NAMED SERENITY.
≥SIGH≤
WHY COULDN'T THEY JUST NAME THE SHOW AFTER THE SHIP, AND CALL THE SHOW THE SERENITY?


BECAUSE *SERENITY* IS THE NAME OF THE ***MOVIE.***
WHICH THEY MADE AFTER THE SHOW WAS UNSCRUPULOUSLY CANCELLED, ONE YEAR INTO ITS RUN, BY NETWORK EXECUTIVES WHO DIDN'T UNDERSTAND IT AND WHO, AS YOU SAY, WERE BORN WITH THEIR HEADS IN THEIR RECTAL CAVITIES.

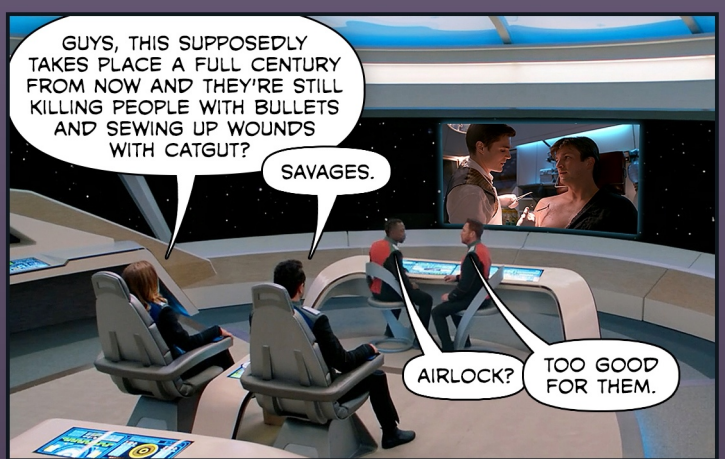

WHAT THE HELL'S *FIREFLY* EVEN ***MEAN,*** THEN?
I...JUST ASSUMED IT'S BECAUSE THE SHIP'S REACTOR LIGHTS UP LIKE A ***FIREFLY'S BUTT.***


FIREFLY IS THE TYPE OF ***BOAT.*** *SERENITY* IS AN EARLY SERIES-3 K-64 *FIREFLY*-CLASS TRANSPORT VESSEL.
C'MON! YOU TWO NEED TO PAY CLOSER ATTENTION.


THEN WHERE THE HELL DOES THE NAME *SERENITY* COME FROM?


THE *BATTLE OF SERENITY VALLEY.* IT WAS THE UNFORTUNATE TURNING POINT IN THE *UNIFICATION WAR.*
THEY AREN'T FOLLOWING US, MAN. I SAY WE LEAVE THESE PURPLE BELLIES TO THE REAVERS.


IT'S JUST EASIER WHEN THEY NAME THE SHOW AFTER THE SHIP, RIGHT?
TOTALLY.


GUYS, THIS SUPPOSEDLY TAKES PLACE A FULL CENTURY FROM NOW AND THEY'RE STILL KILLING PEOPLE WITH BULLETS AND SEWING UP WOUNDS WITH CATGUT?
SAVAGES.
AIRLOCK?
TOO GOOD FOR THEM.

WEDNESDAY

Middle of the night


GORDON'S QUARTERS.
MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.




≥SNORF≤
ISAAC??


YOU WILL GO BACK TO SLEEP.


A BLESSED EVENING.
LET US NOW CLEANSE.
KRILL CHAPEL.
ABOARD THE YAKAR.
INSIDE GORDON'S DREAM.


THIS HUMAN TOOK THE LIVES OF OUR BRETHREN ABOARD THE KAKOV.
HE WAS CAPTURED ABOARD THIS SHIP, DESECRATING THE BACK CORNER OF THIS CHAPEL.
HE BELIEVED HIS PEOPLE COULD STEAL THE ANKHANA AND RECEIVE THE TEACHINGS OF AVIS.


BUT HE IS NOT A BROTHER IN THE GREAT CRUSADE...


...FOR AVIS DOES NOT TOUCH WITH HIS DIVINE HAND THAT WHICH IS NOT KRILL.


HAIL AVIS!
HAIL VICTORY!
HAIL AVIS! HAIL VICTORY!
TEMEEM EMEDEEN.
SKLOSH
TEMEEM EMEDEEN!
SPLORT
TEMEEM EMEDEEN!
HUH? WHAT THE HELL?!

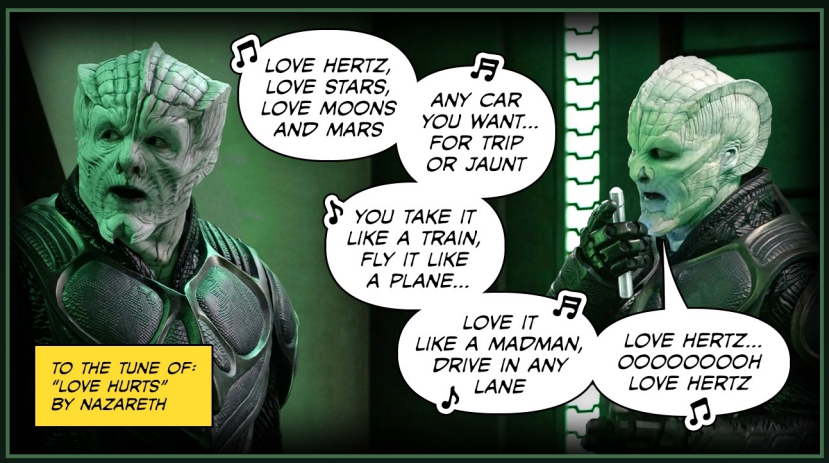

IT IS THE WILL OF AVIS...
...THAT THERE BE SONG!
DEVON, COME FORTH AND LEAD US IN MUSICAL WORSHIP.
WHAT THE HELL AM I GONNA SING?! I DON'T KNOW ANY KRILL SONGS!
IT DOESN'T MATTER. JUST MAKE SOMETHING UP. THEY WON'T KNOW.
IT IS A RARE HONOR TO BE INVITED TO SING DURING SERVICES.
REFUSAL IS BLASPHEMY.
OH, HE'S NOT REFUSING...
IT'S JUST A LITTLE STAGE FRIGHT. WHEN HE WAS A KID, HE HAD THIS PROBLEM WHERE HE'D CRAP HIS PANTS ANY TIME HE HAD TO SING IN PUBLIC.
THAT IS UNFORTUNATE.
DEVON, IF YOU ARE FEELING LOST, LET THE GUIDING HAND OF AVIS LEAD YOU.
I THINK AVIS IS GUIDING ME TO BUST A GRUMPY RIGHT HERE.
WOULD YOU SHUT UP AND GO UP THERE!


UH, HI.
MY NAME'S DEVON, AND I'M GONNA START OFF WITH AN OLDIE. I HOPE YOU LIKE IT.
HEALING MY PAIN WITH HIS FINGERS, LIKE A BACKRUB FOR MY BRAIN
KRILLING ME SOFTLY WITH HIS SONG, KRILLING ME SOFTLY, OH AVIS!
GUIDING MY WHOLE LIFE WITH HIS WORDS, KRILLING ME SOFTLY...
WITH HIS SONG...
TO THE TUNE OF: "KILLING ME SOFTLY" BY ROBERTA FLACK
HAIL AVIS! PRAISE DEVON!
THANK YOU!
YOU'RE TOO KIND.
CHRIS, YOUR COMPATRIOT IS BLESSED.
I'M...MORE SURPRISED THAN YOU ARE, HONESTLY.
SING FOR US NOW AN ANTHEM TO HONOR OUR FALLEN COMRADES.
YOU GOT IT, CAP!
I DEDICATE THIS SONG TO THE MEMORY OF TELEYA'S BROTHER...
...AND MY BEST FRIEND...
...ARNAK.
DONNIE DARKO AND VAN GOGH, ARNAK AND MUSTACHIO
LEIA, LANDO INTERVENE... UNDERCOVER YONDER TATOOINE
SPACE JELLY, OLIVE GREEN, WOOING KATNISS EVERDEEN
MIKE WAZOWSKI LOVED TO SCARE, TOM KAZANSKY DANCED ON AIR
THEY HAD STYLE, THEY HAD GRACE... DISAPPEARED IN OUTER SPACE
THORIN, FILI, KILI TOO... SCHWEDDY AVIS, WE LOVE YOU
LADIES STUCK IN SERVITUDE, FELLAS GETTIN' BARBECUED
DON'T JUST STAND THERE, LET'S GET TO IT
STRIKE YOUR BROS AND JUST SAY SCREW IT... ROGUE!
TO THE TUNE OF: "VOGUE" BY MADONNA


THAT WAS *EXCELLENT,* DEVON.
YOU MUST SING FOR MY TRAINEES.
UHH...
NO.
I'D...BE *HONORED.*
WONDERFUL. THEY HAVE NEVER HEARD SO BLESSED A BALLADEER. I AM CERTAIN THEY WILL BE *OVERJOYED.*
UH...WOULD YOU YOU EXCUSE US FOR JUST ONE MOMENT? WE FORGOT SOMETHING IN THE CHAPEL.
ARE YOU *TRYING* TO GET US KILLED?!
WHAT?! YOU HEARD HER! IT'S *BLASPHEMOUS* TO TURN DOWN A REQUEST.
THAT'S FOR CHAPEL SERVICES, NOT *CLASSROOMS!*
OHHH.
JUST STICK TO THE *TRADITIONAL* SONGS. NOTHING THAT'LL DRAW MORE ATTENTION TO US. DON'T GET US *KILLED.*
RIGHT. GOT IT.


TRAINEES, YOU REMEMBER OUR GUESTS, CHRIS AND DEVON.
HELLO, CHRIS.
COJA.
DEVON WILL BE SINGING SONGS OF WORSHIP TODAY FOR US.
HE IS QUITE GIFTED. I HAVE NEVER HEARD ANY OTHER SING WITH SUCH SOUL.

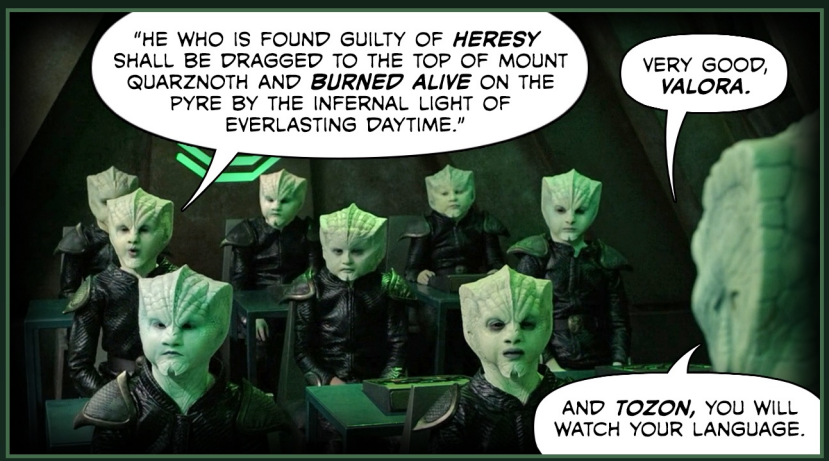

THIS ONE IS FOR ALL YOU FUTURE PILOTS.


LOVE HERTZ, LOVE STARS, LOVE MOONS AND MARS
ANY CAR YOU WANT... FOR TRIP OR JAUNT
YOU TAKE IT LIKE A TRAIN, FLY IT LIKE A PLANE...
LOVE IT LIKE A MADMAN, DRIVE IN ANY LANE
LOVE HERTZ... OOOOOOOOH LOVE HERTZ
TO THE TUNE OF: "LOVE HURTS" BY NAZARETH


WHY DO YOU SING PRAISE TO THE FALSE GOD THAT HUMANS WORSHIP?
YEAH, WHAT THE HELL?


HUMANS ARE FILTHY ANIMALS WITHOUT SOUL.


THAT IS A WISE OBSERVATION, COJA.
WHO CAN RECITE THE PUNISHMENT FOR HERESY?


"HE WHO IS FOUND GUILTY OF HERESY SHALL BE DRAGGED TO THE TOP OF MOUNT QUARZNOTH AND BURNED ALIVE ON THE PYRE BY THE INFERNAL LIGHT OF EVERLASTING DAYTIME."
VERY GOOD, VALORA.
AND TOZON, YOU WILL WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE.


LISTEN! IT'S GONNA BE YOU GOING UP THAT MOUNTAIN, KID, IF YOU DON'T MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.
MAY AVIS HAVE MERCY ON YOUR SOUL!
YOU SPEAK TO CHILDREN IN THIS WAY?
WELL, TELEYA...
DEVON OBVIOUSLY WAS SINGING THE SONG FACETIOUSLY, TO MOCK THE FILTHY AND SOULLESS HUMANS.
RIGHT, DEVON?
UH, NO, I WASN'T.
DEVON... YOUR VOICE IS ANGELIC...
...BUT I AM NOT CERTAIN THAT YOUR INTENTIONS ARE HOLY.
SHAME ON YOU FOR INSULTING THE ALMIGHTY AVIS AND THOSE WHO LOVE HIM.
WELL, IF YOU'RE SO HOLY... HERE, YOU TAKE IT.
KNOCK YOURSELF OUT.
I AM NO SINGER.
LOOK, JUST GIVE 'EM ONE MORE SONG, AND WE CAN GO HOME.
MAKE IT NICE. MAKE IT PERSONAL. NO MOCKERY, JUST PRAISE.
ON IT.


SHE CAN KRILL WITH A SMILE, SHE CAN VENGE WITH HER EYES
SHE COMMANDS HOLY WRATH WITH HER SENSUAL GUISE
TO THE TUNE OF: "SHE'S ALWAYS A WOMAN" BY BILLY JOEL
BUT NO AUTOMOBILES THAT SHE RENTS FOR A FEE
OH, SHE MIGHT BE SENILE, BUT SHE'S ALWAYS TELEYA TO ME.
DEVON, THAT WILL BE ENOUGH FOR TODAY.
SHOULD I KEEP GOING?
YEAH!
SHE CAN LEAD YOU TO CHURCH...
...WHERE SHE STABS YOU OR CLEAVES YOU
SHE CAN RAVISH YOUR SOUL WHILE SHE SEVERS AND BLEEDS YOU
AND SHE'LL TAKE OUT YOUR LIVER AND EAT IT WITH BEANS


OHHH, CRAP.
YEAH, SHE FILLS ME WITH GRIEF...
FLIZZZT
...AND SHE KRILLS MY BELIEF...
FWIZZZK
YOU...
...BUT SHE'S ALWAYS TELEYA TO ME
...ARE HUMAN!
WHAT?
UHHH... ED?
IT'S A CHANGELING DISGUISED AS ONE OF US!
QUICK! TAKE THE KIDS AND HIDE!
I'LL CATCH IT AND KILL IT!
HOW DOES IT SING WITH SUCH SOUL WITH NO SOUL?
IT IS A DEMON FROM THE UNHOLY REALM.


WHOA, WHOA, WHOA, ED!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
IT'S OKAY! I ONLY HAVE TO STAB YOU ONCE.
THEN YOU PLAY DEAD.
READY?
WHAT?! NO! ED, YOU DON'T HAVE TO STAB ME AT ALL!
IT'S JUST A NEUTRON RADIATION FLUX!
SHHH!
DON'T FIGHT IT.
THAT'LL JUST MAKE IT HURT MORE.
IN FACT, THIS IS GONNA HURT YOU A LOT MORE THAN IT HURTS ME.
WHAT THE HELL, ED?!
NO STAB!
NO HUFF
NO HUFF
NO HUFF
NO HUFF
NO! HUFF
NO!! HUFF
SHLIIIIICK
AAAAAAAAAGH!




HUH?
WHERE AM I?
JOHN?
LIEUTENANT MALLOY, WHY ARE YOU STILL IN YOUR PAJAMAS?
BRIDGE. ABOARD THE ORVILLE.
SORRY, COMMANDER. JUST WOKE UP.
HAVEN'T HAD A CHANCE TO GET DRESSED.
GORDON, MAYBE YOU BELONG IN SICKBAY.
I'M FINE! I WAS JUST HAVING THIS CRAZY DREAM...
WE WERE ON THE YAKAR, IN KRILL CHURCH, AND SAZERON WAS STABBING A HUMAN HEAD--BUT IT WAS MY HEAD, ED!
AND I SWEAR, I COULD FEEL IT WHEN THE DAGGER WENT INTO MY FOREHEAD.
BUT THEN THE DAGGER TURNED INTO A KARAOKE MIC, AND I HAD TO GO UP AND SING, AND I DIDN'T KNOW ANY KRILL SONGS, SO I IMPROVISED...
...WHICH, ON THE UP-SIDE, DIDN'T GET US KILLED, BUT ON THE DOWN-SIDE, GOT US PUT IN FRONT OF TELEYA'S CLASSROOM.
AND WE WERE JUST GETTING READY TO LEAVE WHEN MY HOLO-EMITTER FLAKED OUT, AND YOU STABBED ME IN THE GROIN TO PROTECT YOUR COVER, AND THEN I WOKE UP HERE!


I...THINK HE'S STILL DREAMING.
YEAH... SHOULD WE MESS WITH HIM?
LIEUTENANT LAMARR, PLOT A COURSE DIRECTLY TO THE CENTER OF THE SUN.
CAPTAIN, THAT'LL TAKE US RIGHT THROUGH KRILL SPACE.
STILL INSIDE GORDON'S DREAM.
JOHN! WE'RE IN GORDON'S DREAM. LET'S HAVE A LITTLE FUN!
I CAN HEAR YOU GUYS TALKING ABOUT ME!
OLDEST TRICK IN THE BOOK. I'M NOT FALLING FOR THAT.
IF I WERE STILL DREAMING, I'D BE WEARING MY UNIFORM.
CAPTAIN, I AM DETECTING ON LONG-RANGE SCANS...
SEVERAL THOUSAND KRILL DESTROYERS...
...ON AN INTERCEPT COURSE.


SEVERAL THOUSAND?
GORDON, DRIVE FASTER, SO THEY CAN'T CATCH US.
ISAAC, KEEP SCANNING JUST IN CASE.
SIR, THEY ARE COMING FROM AHEAD OF US, NOT FROM BEHIND US.
WE CANNOT OUTRUN THEM.
WELL, THEN WE'LL HAVE TO OUTSMART THEM.
HOW LONG BEFORE THEY INTERCEPT US?
APPROXIMATELY SEVEN MINUTES, FIFTEEN SECONDS.
THAT GIVES US PLENTY OF TIME TO THINK UP A BATTLE PLAN.
YOU'RE GOING TO CONFRONT THEM?
WHY NOT JUST TURN THE SHIP AROUND?
I'M GOING TO SCARE GORDON AWAKE.
I HEARD THAT.


UHHH, GORDON? WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME...
...YOU EMPTIED ALBERT'S LITTER BOX?
SPRITZ
SPRITZ
SPRITZ
DUDE.
YOUR STUPID CAT SPRAYED PISS EVERYWHERE AGAIN.
MY CAT?
HE'S OUR CAT! BRIDGE CAT.
DAWG, IT WAS YOUR IDEA TO GET IT, AND YOU NAMED IT.
YOUR CAT. YOUR MESS.


MAYBE HE JUST NEEDS TO MARK HIS TERRITORY.
WE FIND THE DEEPEST PEACE WHEN WE EXPRESS OURSELVES OUTSIDE THE BOX.
ISN'T THAT RIGHT, ALBERT?
FELT GOOD, HUH?
DUDE, HE WENT OUTSIDE HIS LITTER BOX BECAUSE YOU KEEP FORGETTING TO SCOOP IT.
AND NOW THAT HE'S CHRISTENED THAT NOOK AS HIS PEE CORNER...
...GOOD LUCK GETTING HIM EVER TO STOP, 'CAUSE HE'S ALREADY DECIDED THAT ORDERLY CONDUCT ABOARD A SPACE VESSEL IS WAY BENEATH HIM.
WELL, MAYBE HE BELIEVES--
GORDON, DUDE. A CAT BELIEVES TWO THINGS-- THAT ITS RAISON D'ÊTRE IS TO EAT AND SLEEP AND CLEAN ITSELF, AND THAT OURS IS TO REPLICATE FOOD WHENEVER IT'S HUNGRY...
...AND CLEAN UP AFTER ITS MESSY ASS WHEN IT'S NOT.
AWW, NOT COOL, CAT.
NOT COOL.
WHAT'S HE DOING? SOMETHING CUTE?
IF TRYING TO BURY A TURD IN THE CARPET MEETS YOUR DEFINITION OF CUTE, THEN YES.

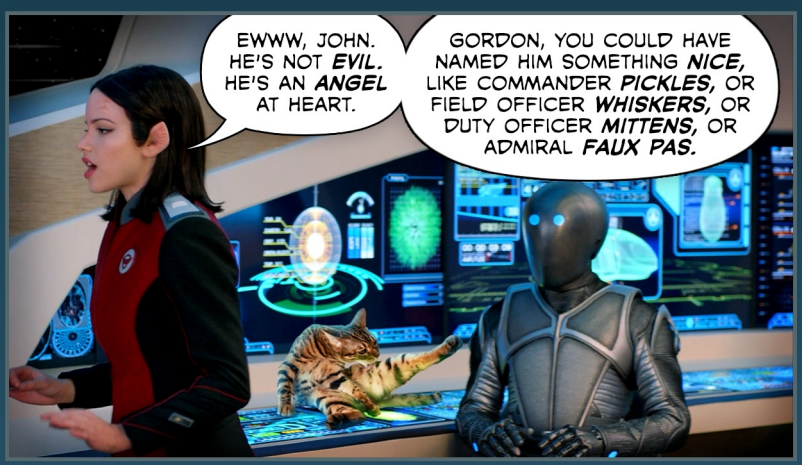

JOHN...
YOU'D PEE IN A CORNER AND POOP ON THE CARPET TOO, IF YOUR TOILET WAS BROKEN.
YEAH, SO?
GORDON... ARBOR DAY IS NEXT WEEK.
CAN YOU FIND A JUNIPER TREE FOR ALBERT AND PLANT IT IN HIS CORNER?
FIRST WE'LL REPLACE THE CARPET WITH TOPSOIL.
Y'KNOW, THAT'S ACTUALLY NOT A BAD IDEA.
I'M GONNA STOP YOU RIGHT THERE. NOBODY'S PLANTING TREES ON MY BRIDGE.
NOT EVEN FOR ARBOR DAY.
GORDON, JUST TAKE CARE OF THAT DOODIE BEFORE THE WHOLE BRIDGE REEKS.
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT.
I'LL CLEAN IT UP.
AGAIN.
VREEEEEEET


GORDON? ALBERT'S *PUKING* ON ISAAC'S *CONSOLE* AGAIN AND...
OH, GOD.
THIS TIME IT SMELLS LIKE *TEQUILA.*
WHAT ARE YOU PUTTING IN HIS *WATER?*
COUNT PUKULA STRIKES AGAIN, ISAAC.
I THOUGHT A LITTLE *AÑEJO* MIGHT BRIGHTEN HIS DAY.
I INFUSED IT WITH *CATNIP* AND *ANCHOVIES.*
THBBFT
THAT'D JUST MAKE *ANYBODY* PUKE.
SOUNDS LIKE A BETTER NAME WOULD HAVE BEEN *RALPH* OR *CHUCK.*
SERIOUSLY. I MEAN, WHO THE HELL NAMES A CAT *ALBERT,* ANYWAY?
IS HE NOT NAMED AFTER *ALBERT EINSTEIN,* A TWENTIETH-CENTURY EARTH PHYSICIST WHO POSSESSED A DEGREE OF INTELLIGENCE FAR EXCEEDING THAT OF MOST OTHER HUMANS?
NO, ACTUALLY, HE'S NAMED AFTER *ED'S* GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER, *ALBERT STARK MERCER...*
...THE *GREATEST GUNFIGHTER* EVER IN THE HISTORY OF GUNFIGHTING.
A LADIES' MAN, A FAMILY MAN, A MAN'S MAN, AND A *TRUE HERO* OF THE WILD WEST.*
* A VERY LONG STORY FOR ANOTHER TIME.


THAT EPONYM IS INDEED A MORE APPROPRIATE ATTRIBUTION.
YOUR FELINE'S ROGUISH PROPENSITY FOR WANTON ACTS OF INARTFUL DEFILEMENT FAR EXCEEDS ITS INTELLIGENCE.


YOU HEAR THAT, ALBERT? TIME TO UP YOUR ARTFULNESS GAME.
THE NEXT TIME YOU THINK OF SPRAY-PAINTING A CORNER, OR HONKING OUT A DIRT SNAKE ON COMMUNAL CARPET, OR UNSWALLOWING BOOZE ON SOMEONE'S CONSOLE, OR EVEN ANYTHING LIKE THAT...


...DO IT ON GORDON'S LEG INSTEAD.
INSTANT RESPECT BOMB.
HE'LL REMEMBER TO SCOOP YOUR LITTER BOX AFTER THAT.


EWWW, JOHN. HE'S NOT EVIL. HE'S AN ANGEL AT HEART.
GORDON, YOU COULD HAVE NAMED HIM SOMETHING NICE, LIKE COMMANDER PICKLES, OR FIELD OFFICER WHISKERS, OR DUTY OFFICER MITTENS, OR ADMIRAL FAUX PAS.




"DOODIE" OFFICER.


OH, CRAP.


WE FORGOT ALL ABOUT THE KRILL!


ISAAC, WHAT'S OUR *STATUS?*


THREE MINUTES FIFTY-TWO SECONDS UNTIL CONFRONTATION WITH THE KRILL.


ALARA, TURN AROUND.
OH, GOD.


≥UGH≤ GORDON, DID I REALLY NEED TO SEE THAT?
ALBERT, YOU SHOULD *APOLOGIZE* TO ISAAC.


≥SNORT≤
≥GIGGLE≤
≥SNORT≤


≥SIGH≤ SHOULD WE JUST GET THE *BIG GUY* HERE TO FINISH THIS RIGHT NOW?
YOU MEAN TO WAKE UP *GORDON?*
YEAH.


MERCER TO *BRIG TWO.*
I NEED TO BORROW YOUR *PRISONER.*
HAVE HIM REPORT TO THE *BRIDGE.*
BYOOP
AYE, SIR! RIGHT AWAY!


DUDE, THE CAPTAIN AND THE COMMANDER STILL THINK YOU'RE *DREAMING.*
I KNOW! CAN YOU BELIEVE IT? *IDIOTS.*


HEY, LOOK!
ALBERT *IS* APOLOGIZING TO ISAAC.


im sry 4 pukin on ur consol an cleanin mah butt in frunt ov u
i luv u isaac
FELINE CREATURE, YOU ARE IMPEDING MY ABILITY TO PERFORM NECESSARY SCANS.
PLEASE VACATE THIS CONSOLE, OR I WILL VAPORIZE YOU.


ISAAC! NO!!!


IF YOU HARM SO MUCH AS A HAIR ON HIS HEAD, I WILL BREAK YOU IN HALF!
DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?


PERHAPS AN UPGRADE TO THE FELINE'S INTELLIGENCE MODULE WOULD RESULT IN BEHAVIORAL IMPROVEMENTS.
IF YOU WISH, I WILL PERFORM THE PROCEDURE.
NO! HE DOESN'T NEED BRAIN SURGERY, ISAAC! HE'S JUST A CAT BEING A CAT!


UH, IF HE'S CHEWING ON WHAT I THINK HE IS...
...YOU WON'T EVEN NEED TO.


DUDE, HE'S EATING YOUR GUN!


ALBERT, YOU DICK!
I MIGHT NEED THAT!


OH, COME ON, GORDON.
JUST LET HIM EAT IT.
WHY DO YOU NEED A GUN ON THE BRIDGE, ANYWAY?
IT'S THE SAFEST PLACE ON THE SHIP.


KNOCK, KNOCK!


I'M HERE!
WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU FOLKS?


JUSTIN?!


GORDON! HOW'VE YOU BEEN?
DUDE!
GET OVER HERE AND HUG ME, YOU BIG OAF!
YOU GOT IT, BUDDY!
BELAY THAT.
JUSTIN, THE REASON I SUMMONED YOU IS...
I NEED YOU TO KILL GORDON.
IT'S THE ONLY WAY WE'LL EVER GET HIM TO WAKE UP.
HOH! SUPER!!
HOW DO YOU WANT THAT SERVED?
IMPALEMENT? CRUSHING BLOW? BEHEADING?
UH, I THINK BEHEADING... WOULD...BE... OKAY?
THAT'S FASTEST.
YEAH, WE'RE GONNA GO WITH BEHEADING.
USE THE LADYBUG GAMBIT.


ALL RIGHTY! I'M READY FOR THAT *HUG!*
OH, HEY, YOU GOT A *LADYBUG* ON YOU!
NOT FALLING FOR THAT.

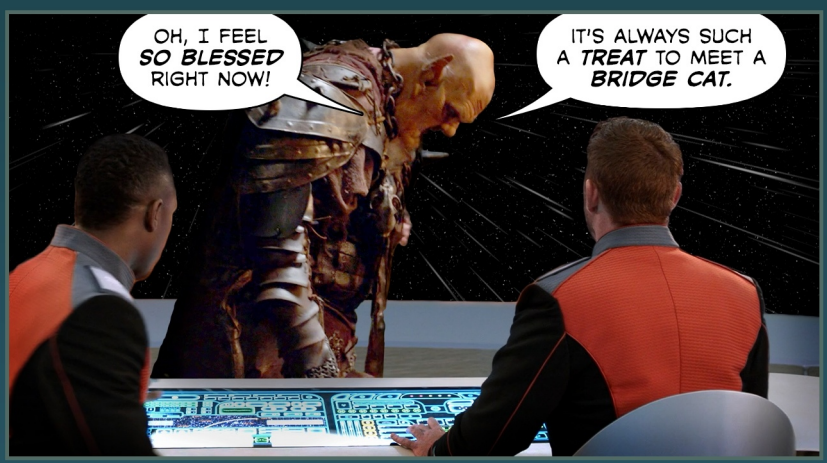

GO KILL THE *CAPTAIN* INSTEAD. MAKE IT LOOK LIKE AN *ACCIDENT* AND I'LL TAKE YOU OUT FOR PIZZA AND *BEER.*
OH, THAT SOUNDS *GREAT!*


GORDON, THERE'LL BE NO *MUTINY* ON THE *ORVILLE.*
JUSTIN, YOU'RE WASTING TIME WE DON'T HAVE.
THE TARGET IS *GORDON.* MAKE THE KILL *RIGHT NOW.* THAT'S AN ORDER.
ALARA, PUT BOTH OF THEM OUT THE NEAREST AIRLOCK IF HE DISOBEYS.


AYE, SIR. I WON'T LET HIM OUT OF MY SIGHT.


ALBERT, THINK YOU CAN HELP ME OUT OVER HERE?

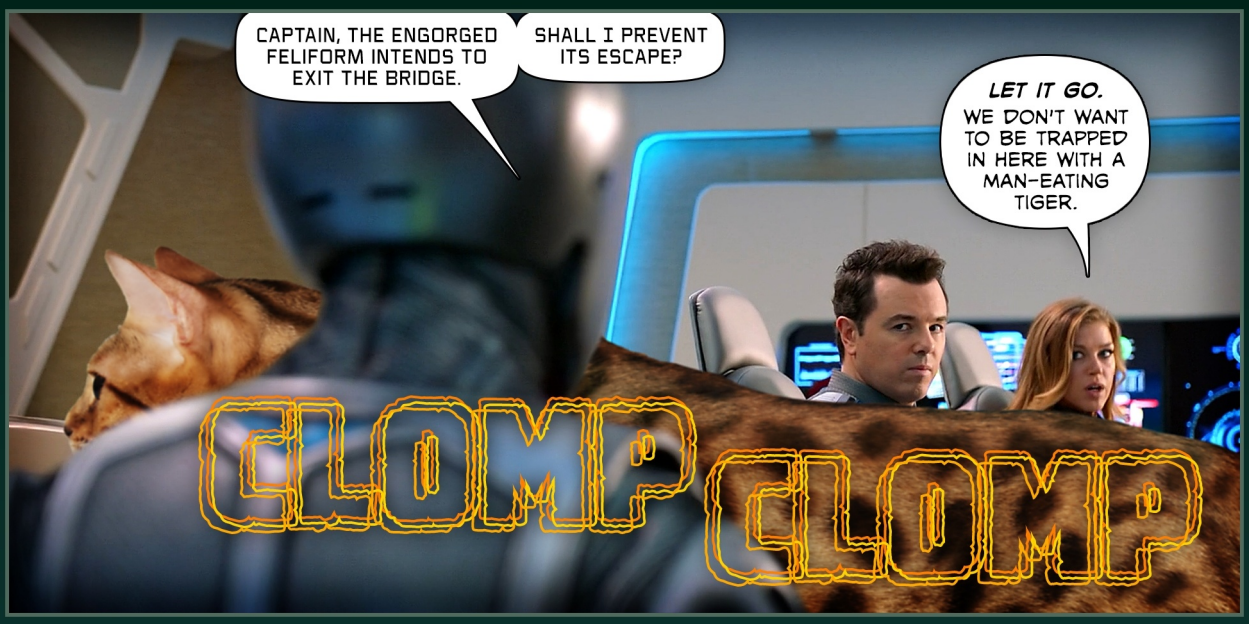

AW, *NEAT!* I DIDN'T KNOW YOU GUYS HAD A *CAT!*
HERE, KITTY, KITTY! WANT SOME SCRITCHES?


OH, I FEEL *SO BLESSED* RIGHT NOW!
IT'S ALWAYS SUCH A *TREAT* TO MEET A *BRIDGE CAT.*


HELLO, ALBERT! I'M JUSTIN.




JUS...TIN...?
AIN'T GONNA BE PRETTY WHEN *THAT* COMES OUT, HUH?
GUYS, WHAT THE HELL JUST HAPPENED?
ALBERT *SWALLOWED* THE OGRE.
WHAT?!
HIS *MOUTH* OPENED UP AND THIS GIANT MESS OF *TENTACLES* SHOT OUT!
AND IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE, THE OGRE WAS JUST... *GONE.*
DAMN IT! THAT WAS OUR LAST OGRE.
OH, AND *NOW,* INSTEAD OF A BRIDGE *CAT...*
...WE HAVE A BRIDGE *TIGER.*
BURP
HOW IS THAT EVEN *POSSIBLE?*
CATS ARE ONE OF THE FEW EARTH SPECIES WITH QUANTUM STOMACHS THAT FUEL SPONTANEOUS CELLULAR DIVISION.


CAPTAIN, THE ENGORGED FELIFORM INTENDS TO EXIT THE BRIDGE.
SHALL I PREVENT ITS ESCAPE?
LET IT GO. WE DON'T WANT TO BE TRAPPED IN HERE WITH A MAN-EATING TIGER.
CLOMP CLOMP


INTERCEPT COURSE
EST. TIME
00H 01M 24S
BEEP BEEP BEEP
CAPTAIN, A KRILL DESTROYER IS CLOSING ON US RAPIDLY.


THEY'RE HAILING US.


PUT 'EM ON THE VIEWER.


HELLO. I'M CAPTAIN ED MERCER OF THE U.S.S. ORVILLE.
HOW CAN WE HELP YOU?
I AM CAPTAIN HAROS OF THE YAKAR.
YOU ARE HARBORING A FUGITIVE THAT ESCAPED FROM THIS SHIP.
YOU WILL RETURN IT TO US.


FUGITIVE? WHAT FUGI--
BOOP
SHUTTLE BAY TO BRDIGE!


THAT'S SO WEIRD. THAT'S THE KRILL SHIP THAT I WAS JUST ON.


CAPTAIN HAROS, I'M GONNA HAVE TO PUT YOU ON HOLD.
I'VE GOT AN INCOMING CALL.
GO AHEAD, SHUTTLE BAY.


CAPTAIN, WE'RE HAVING A GARTS TOURNAMENT DOWN HERE, AND A TIGER JUST WALKED IN AND VOMITED ALL OVER THE DECK.
LOOKS LIKE BODY PARTS, SIR.
CAN YOU SEND SOMEONE DOWN?

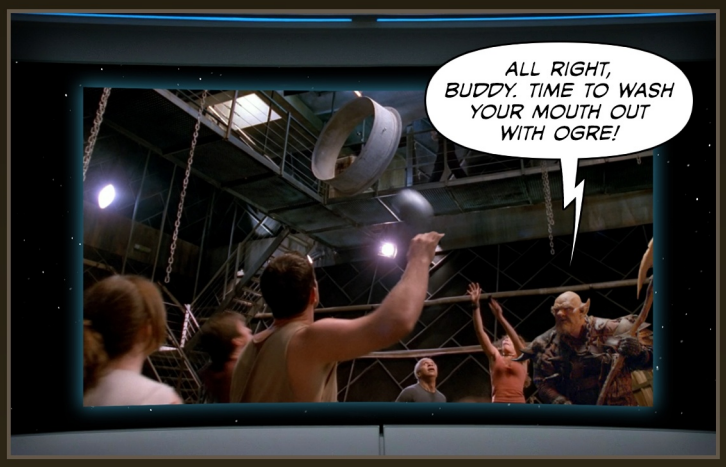

ACKNOWLEDGED. MERCER OUT.
ALARA, SEND AN ARMED DETAIL TO THE SHUTTLE BAY IMMEDIATELY--AND WARN THEM NOT TO GET EATEN.
AYE, SIR.
AND TELL THEM TO STOP PLAYING GARTS DURING WORK SHIFTS.
SIR, WHAT THE HELL IS GARTS?
IT'S COOL, ACTUALLY. IT'S THIS NEW GAME THAT JUST CAME OUT. A LOT OF PEOPLE ARE DOIN--
ED!
ED, STAY LUCID. THE KRILL ARE STILL OUT THERE.
OH, CRAP. I LEFT THEM ON HOLD, DIDN'T I.
CAPTAIN HAROS. SORRY ABOUT THAT. YOU WERE SAYING?
YOU HAVE ABOARD YOUR SHIP A DEMON FROM THE UNHOLY REALM.
IT MUST BE PUT TO DEATH FOR HERESY. YOU WILL REMAND IT TO US.
CRAP.
HOW'D THEY FIND ME?
GORDON, DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE HELL HE'S TALKING ABOUT?
UHHH...

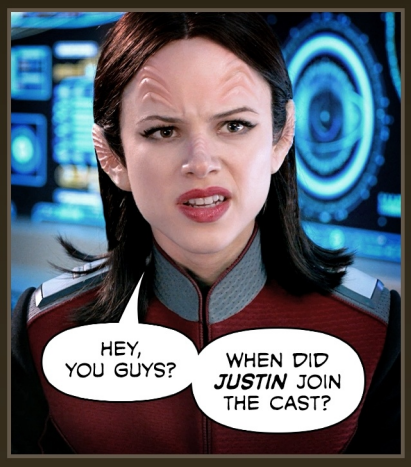

CAPTAIN, PERMISSION TO ADDRESS THE KRILL?
=SIGH= YEAH, GO AHEAD.
HI, CAPTAIN HAROS!
HEY, MAN! YOU PROBABLY DON'T REMEMBER, BUT I'M GORDON. I'M THE CRAZY GOOD PILOT.
WE ACTUALLY DON'T HAVE ANY DEMONS HERE IN CUSTODY.
ESPECIALLY NOT THE KIND THAT IMPERSONATE KRILL, AND SING INSULTING SONGS ABOUT AVIS, THAT YOU'D WANT TO STAB.
SO HOW ABOUT WE BURY THE HATCHET AND GO OUR SEPARATE WAYS IN PEACE, YEAH?
MY LORD, THE HUMAN LIES...
...AS HUMANS ALWAYS DO.
IT IS THE NATURE OF THE ANIMALS THAT THEY ARE.
YOU ARE WISE, SAZERON, MY FRIEND.
PREPARE A BOARDING PARTY.
FOR THE GLORY OF AVIS, WE WILL BURN THE DEMON...
...AND WE WILL SKIN THE GINGER HUMAN ALIVE FOR HIS INSOLENCE AND DECEIT.
THEY ARE ONE AND THE SAME, MY LORD.


OHHHH, GORDON.
HUMANS! YOU WILL SURRENDER THE DEMON NOW, OR WE WILL VAPORIZE YOUR SHIP.
ED...
I'LL HANDLE THIS.
CAPTAIN HAROS, LISTEN...
WHY DON'T YOU GUYS TAKE A SHUTTLE OVER HERE...
...AND MAYBE WE CAN TALK THIS OUT OVER LUNCH.
DO YOU LIKE PIZZA?
SIR, A SLICE OF PIZZA DOES SOUND REALLY GOOD RIGHT NOW.
WE WILL LET THE HUMAN CAPTAIN WATCH WHILE WE BAKE ARTISANAL PIZZAS WITH HIS CREW MEMBERS AS TOPPINGS.
THEN WE WILL URINATE OVER EVERY SQUARE INCH OF THEIR SHIP.
IT IS THE WILL OF AVIS.
YOU KNOW WHAT? FORGET IT. YOU GUYS SUCK.
SCREW YOU AND YOUR STUPID CHIN HORNS, YOUR STUPID ANKHANA, YOUR STUPID AVIS.
ED, SERIOUSLY?
ARE YOU TRYING TO GET US ALL KILLED?
JUST GIVE THEM GORDON.
THEY KILL HIM, HE WAKES UP, WE'RE ALL GOOD.


SIR, THEY'RE CHARGING WEAPONS.
OH, NO! THEY'RE SHOOTING AT US!
CRAP.
EVASIVE MANEUVERS.
RETURN FIRE!
HEY, CAPTAIN! INSTEAD OF FIGHTING THE KRILL, CAN WE WATCH THE THE NEXT EPISODE OF FIREFLY?
OHHHH, PLEASE!!! CAN WE?!
JOHN, THAT'S INSANE.
WAIT... THAT'S GENIUS!
PUT IT ON.
ED, WE'RE BEING ATTACKED BY THE KRILL AND YOU WANT TO WATCH SCRUFFY SPACE COWBOYS FIGHTING THEIR FAILINGS?
WHEN THE SCREEN SWITCHES, THE KRILL WILL DISAPPEAR!
BRILLIANT.
BOOM.


OF ALL THE PLACES TO PLAY A GAME, THEY SIMULATE A STINKY OLD PRISON?
I THINK THAT'S THEIR SHUTTLE BAY.
THAT'S DISGUSTING. WHO MOPS UP ALL THE SWEAT?
I THINK EVERYTHING IS JUST COVERED IN SWEAT.


ALL RIGHT, BUDDY. TIME TO WASH YOUR MOUTH OUT WITH OGRE!


HEY, YOU GUYS?
WHEN DID JUSTIN JOIN THE CAST?


AMAZING! EVIDENTLY, WHEN ALBERT CONSUMED JUSTIN'S CORPOREAL FORM, HIS ETHEREAL FORM WAS BANISHED TO THE CINEMATIC DIMENSION.
SWEET DEMOTION!


BORTUS, DO YOU HAVE, LIKE...


...A COLD?


OH, HEY, DANN!
WHERE'S BORTUS? WHY ARE YOU WEARING HIS CLOTHES?


HE'S RIGHT HERE!
ISAAC SWITCHED OUR HEADS AS A PRANK.


NO FREAKIN' WAY!!
THAT IS SO COOL!


IT FELT WEIRD WHEN I WOKE UP, BUT I'M STARTING TO LIKE IT.

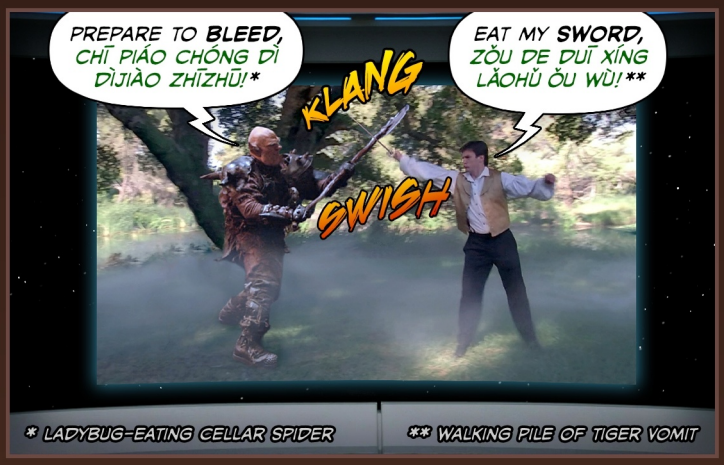

AND THE BEST PART IS, I HAVEN'T HAD TO PEE ALL DAY!


ISAAC! YOU!
A HEAD-SWAP?
THAT... IS... GENIUS!
MY INTELLIGENCE FAR EXCEEDS THAT OF A GENIUS.
HOWEVER, AS I HAVE YET TO ATTAIN PROFICIENCY AT COMEDY, I WILL TAKE "GENIUS" AS A COMPLIMENT.
THANK YOU, LIEUTENANT.
PROFICIENCY?! DUDE, YOU'RE A MASTER!
I FRIGGIN' LOVE YOUR PRANKS, MAN!
SERIOUSLY, ISAAC...
YOU ARE, HANDS DOWN, THE GREATEST PRANKSTER EVER IN THE HISTORY OF COMEDY.
I MEAN IT. I'M IN AWE OF YOU.
YOUR WORK IS LEGENDARY!
ALL THIS PRAISE GORDON'S LAVISHING ON ISAAC IS GIVING ME AN ULCER.
WELL, SINCE HE ISN'T WAKING UP, DO YOU WANT TO GET MARRIED AGAIN?
ONLY IF WE ELOPE. ≥SIGH≤
I DON'T NEED TWO ULCERS.


HEY, GUYS! THIS IS THE PART WHERE MAL SHEDS ALL SELF-CONTROL AND CHALLENGES JUSTIN TO A DUEL!


OH, JOY. FLINTLOCK PISTOLS AT TWENTY PACES?


OH, NO, NO... WITS AND STEEL!
WHOEVER THINKS UP THE SHARPER INSULTS IN MANDARIN WINS.


PREPARE TO BLEED, CHĪ PIÁO CHÓNG DÌ DÌJIÀO ZHĪZHŪ!*
KLANG
EAT MY SWORD, ZÒU DE DUÌ XÍNG LǍOHǓ ǑU WÙ!**
SWISH
* LADYBUG-EATING CELLAR SPIDER
** WALKING PILE OF TIGER VOMIT


BÈN TIĀNSHĒNG DE YÌ DUÌ RÒU!* PICK UP YOUR WEAPON.
QĪNGWĀ CǍO DE LIÚMÁNG!** YOU TOOK MY ARM!
* STUPID INBRED SACK OF MEAT
** FROG-HUMPING SONOFABITCH


SWISH
LADYBUG ON YOU!


GORAMMIT.


YOU GOT A TETCHY SORROW ABOUT YOU, MAL.
WANNA HUG IT OUT?


ENOUGH SLASHING, YOU ZHÒU BÁBĀ DE LǍODÀ XIÀNG BĀOPÍ!*
TO DISARM A MAN THIS WAY IS UNSPORTING! YOU'VE EARNED YOURSELF A BLACK MARK IN THE COMBAT REGISTRY. NO WARRIOR WILL FIGHT YOU EVER AGAIN.
* WRINKLED FORESKIN OF AN ELDERLY ELEPHANT


SOMETIMES WHOEVER HAS THE SHARPER AXE WINS.
SO NOW THEY REGENERATE HIS ARMS AND EVERYTHING'S BACK TO NORMAL FOR THE NEXT EPISODE?
NOOOO. THEY HAVEN'T DISCOVERED LIMB REGENERATION YET. BEST THEY CAN DO IS GO BACK TO THE SHIP, COMFORT HIM, AND REMOVE THE ARMRESTS FROM HIS CHAIR.
EXCUSE ME, LIEUTENANT.
ARE YOU CERTAIN THIS MEDIA RECORDING HAS NOT BEEN ALTERED?
OHHHHHH, NOOOOOO.
KRAKOOM


CAPTAIN, THE KRILL OPENED A DIMENSIONAL RIFT AND DESTROYED SERENITY!
WHOA, AND THE PORTAL TO THE SHOW ITSELF IS COLLAPSING-- LEAVING THE KRILL BACK IN OUR UNIVERSE!
SHLOOMP

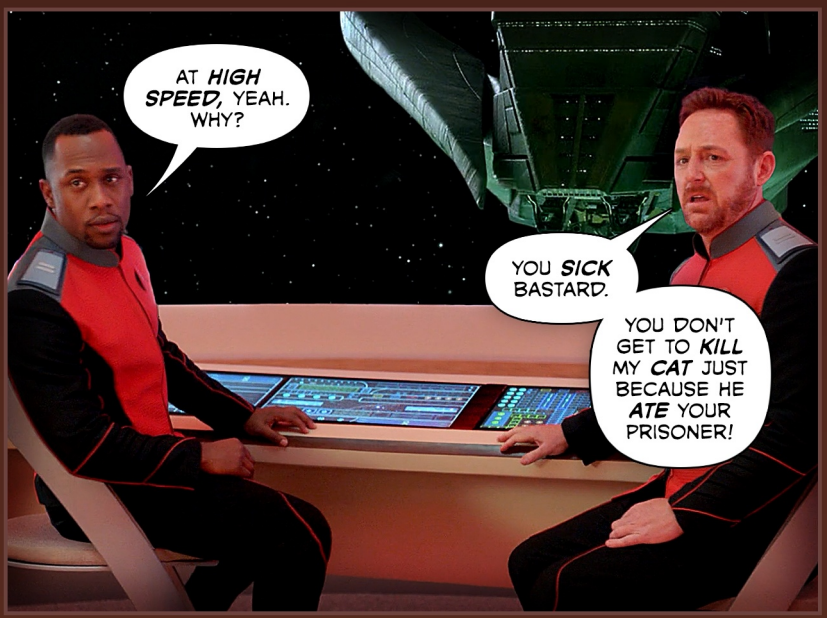

UNION VESSEL! SURRENDER AND PREPARE TO BE BOARDED!
CRAP.


ED, WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON? THAT'S THE KAKOV'S CAPTAIN, NOT THE YAKAR'S.
I DON'T KNOW, BUT... I'VE GOT AN IDEA.
ALARA, KILL THE COMMS.


MERCER TO SHUTTLE BAY.
GET EVERYONE OUT OF THERE EXCEPT THE CAT, AND PREPARE FOR IMMEDIATE DEPRESSURIZATION.
SIR?
DON'T THINK ABOUT IT. JUST DO IT.
YES, SIR!


WHAT?! ED, WHAT THE HELL?


JOHN, IF WE DISENGAGE THE FORCE FIELD WITH THE DOORS OPEN, WILL THE CAT BE EJECTED OUT INTO SPACE?


AT HIGH SPEED, YEAH. WHY?
YOU SICK BASTARD.
YOU DON'T GET TO KILL MY CAT JUST BECAUSE HE ATE YOUR PRISONER!


JOHN, CAN YOU RECONFIGURE THE REAR TRACTOR BEAM TO CREATE A BREATHABLE ATMOSPHERE FOR THE EJECTED CAT?
I THINK SO, BUT IT SHOULDN'T BE NECESSARY.
CATS ARE ONE OF THE FEW EARTH SPECIES THAT CAN BREATHE IN SPACE.
ED, I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOING WITH THIS, BUT YOU CAN SHOVE IT UP YOUR--
GORDON! UNLESS YOU'D RATHER JOIN HIM OUT THERE...
...I NEED YOU TO SHUT THE HELL UP AND TRUST ME ON THIS.
COLD, HEARTLESS ASSWIPE.
SOME BEST FRIEND YOU TURNED OUT TO BE.
SIR, IF THE INTENTION IS TO EJECT THE FELINE AT HIGH VELOCITY, I RECOMMEND REVERSING THE TRACTOR BEAM'S POLARITY TO ACT AS AN IMPELLENT.
DO IT.
AND LOCK GORDON OUT FROM ANY OVERRIDE.
PUT A LID ON THAT ATTITUDE, YO. IF THE CAPTAIN'S DOING WHAT I THINK HE IS...
...THEN YOUR CAT'S GONNA BE A HERO.
ALL RIGHT. I'LL TRUST YOU...
...BUT FOR THE RECORD, ED IS A PSYCHOPATH.


SHUTTLE BAY, TRANSFER MOORING AND DOOR CONTROL TO THE BRIDGE.
AYE, SIR. TRANSFERRING CONTROL.
GORDON, COME ABOUT 180 DEGREES. AFT VIEW ON SCREEN.
AYE, SIR. RECIPROCAL HEADING.
JOHN, ON MY MARK, OPEN THE DOORS, KILL THE FORCE FIELD, AND GIVE THE CAT A PUSH... AND I MEAN HARD.
AYE, SIR.
READY, SIR.
NOW! UNLEASH HELL!
AND ED SAID, LET THERE BE HELL.
BWOOSH
AND THERE WAS HELL.


AND ED SAW THAT THE HELL WAS HOLY, AND HE BESTOWED UPON HIS ENEMY THE BLESSINGS OF HOLINESS, AND IT WAS SO.
HAPPY CATURDAY.


I WOULD HAVE SAID, "YOU'VE GOT FUR!"


GUYS, CAN WE GO PICK UP MY CAT NOW?


DUDE! HE'S GONE.
AFTER EATING THAT KRILL SHIP, HE ATE HIMSELF AND DISAPPEARED.

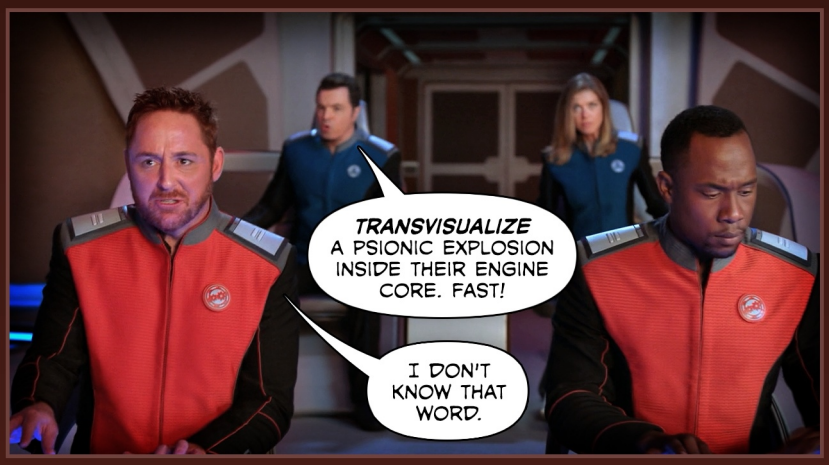

ED, I LOVE YOU, MAN, BUT YOU JUST COST ME THE ONLY FAMILY I HAD ON THIS SHIP.


CAPTAIN...
THE KRILL DESTROYER YAKAR HAS EMERGED THROUGH THE PORTAL.
CAPTAIN HAROS EXTENDS HEARTFELT CONDOLENCES ON THE LOSS OF OUR FELINE, BUT VOWS FOR THE GLORY OF AVIS TO AVENGE THE SOULS LOST IN THE EATING OF THE KAKOV.
SIR, THE YAKAR IS CHARGING WEAPONS.


CHOOM


GORDON, USE YOUR OMNI-PSIONIC POWERS TO DESTROY THE KRILL SHIP.


HUH?


TRANSVISUALIZE A PSIONIC EXPLOSION INSIDE THEIR ENGINE CORE. FAST!
I DON'T KNOW THAT WORD.


LISTEN. YOU'RE SEMI-LUCID DREAMING RIGHT NOW, AND WE'RE ABOUT TO GET SKEWERED.
I NEED YOU TO GO FULL LUCID AND BLOW THE HELL OUT OF THE ENEMY.
YOU CAN MAKE THEM GO AWAY JUST BY WILLING IT.
THAT'S AN ORDER.


WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, SIR, YOU ARE HIGH.


NEVER IN MY ENTIRE LIFE HAVE I EVER BEEN MORE FULLY AWAKE THAN I AM RIGHT NOW!


LOOK...GORDON... WHEN WE WERE ON THE YAKAR, WE FRIED EVERYONE EXCEPT THE TEACHER AND THE KIDS, RIGHT?


SO HOW CAN HAROS STILL BE ALIVE NOW UNLESS YOU'RE DREAMING?


CLONE? IMPOSTER? DIVERGENT TIMELINE? DRUGS?


FINE. THEN EXPLAIN HOW THE OGRE SET FOOT ON THE BRIDGE.
HE'S JUST A PROGRAM YOU WROTE FOR THE SIMULATOR.
WELL, THAT JUSTIN IS BASED ON THE REAL JUSTIN, WHO WAS ACTUALLY HERE-- UNTIL HE GOT EATEN BY ALBERT.
FINE. THEN EXPLAIN ALBERT.
WE DIDN'T EVEN HAVE A BRIDGE CAT!
HUH? WE ALWAYS HAD A CAT.
YOU JUST NEVER NOTICED HIM BECAUSE HE WAS GONE HUNTING MOST OF THE DAY.
CATS ARE NOCTURAL HUNTERS, GORDON.
BUT...NEVER MIND THAT. WHAT ABOUT BORTUS HAVING DANN'S HEAD?
THAT'S A BIT WEIRD, DON'T YOU THINK?
IT'S SURPRISING, BUT NOT THAT WEIRD.
ISAAC LOVES PRANKS.
EXACTLY. ISAAC LOVES PRANKS...
...AND YOU'VE BEEN HAVING CRAZY DREAMS ALL NIGHT SINCE HE SNUCK INTO YOUR QUARTERS, HAVEN'T YOU.
WAIT-- HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?
BECAUSE I'M PART OF YOUR GODDAMN DREAM!
WAKE THE HELL UP, GORDON!
WELL...
MAYBE YOU'RE DREAMING...
...AND I'M PART OF YOUR GODDAMN DREAM...
≥SIGH≤
...EXCEPT I'M NOT.
I'M WIDE AWAKE.
JERK.
DAMN IT, GORDON!


I GIVE UP. ≥SIGH≤
SCREW IT. LET'S BAIL.


WE'LL MAKE IT WORK THIS TIME, ED.
I PROMISE.




ARE YOU GUYS GOING SOMEWHERE?


WE'RE GETTING MARRIED AGAIN.
AND WE'RE ELOPING.


OH, EXCITING! CONGRATULATIONS!


THIS MEANS YOU HAVE THE CONN.

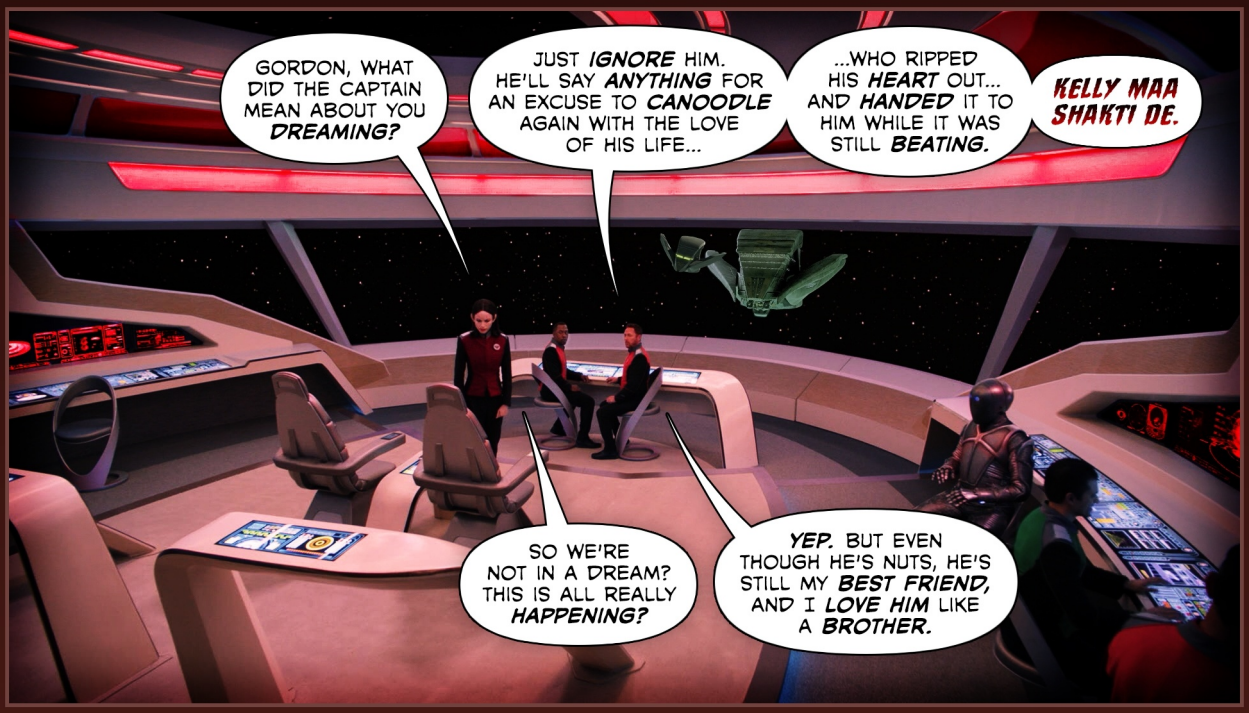

WAIT, WHAT?
DON'T YOU MEAN BORTUS?


ALARA...
LET ME ASK YOU THIS... IS BORTUS FIT TO MAKE COMMAND DECISIONS IN HIS CURRENT STATE?
UHHH...
YOU ARE THE RANKING BRIDGE OFFICER, LIEUTENANT KITAN.
GO TAKE THE CHAIR.

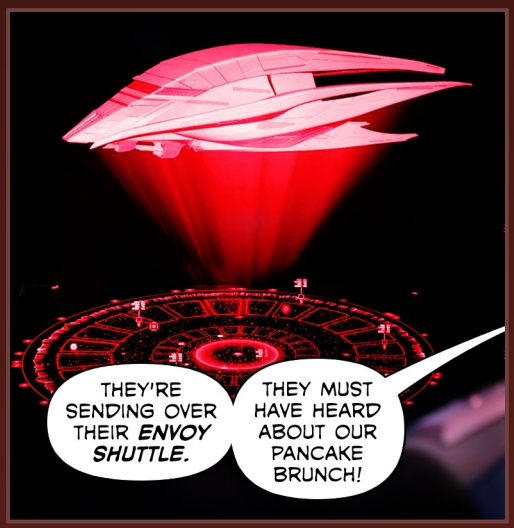

AND STAY VIGILANT, BECAUSE GORDON'S BEING AN INCREDULOUS ASS RIGHT NOW.


I'M NOT SURE WHO TO BELIEVE, SIR, HONESTLY.


WE'LL BE BACK IN TWO WEEKS.
TRY NOT TO GET BLOWN UP UNTIL AFTER WE'RE SAFELY AWAY.


GORDON, WHAT DID THE CAPTAIN MEAN ABOUT YOU *DREAMING?*
JUST *IGNORE* HIM. HE'LL SAY *ANYTHING* FOR AN EXCUSE TO *CANOODLE* AGAIN WITH THE LOVE OF HIS LIFE...
...WHO RIPPED HIS *HEART* OUT... AND *HANDED* IT TO HIM WHILE IT WAS STILL *BEATING.*
KELLY MAA SHAKTI DE.
SO WE'RE NOT IN A DREAM? THIS IS ALL REALLY *HAPPENING?*
YEP. BUT EVEN THOUGH HE'S NUTS, HE'S STILL MY *BEST FRIEND,* AND I *LOVE HIM* LIKE A *BROTHER.*


ALL RIGHT, EVERYBODY. *LISTEN UP!*
WE'RE GONNA HIT THE KRILL, AND WE'RE GONNA HIT BACK *HARD* WITH EVERYTHING WE'VE GOT.
GORDON, GET US A LITTLE *DISTANCE.*
DANN, ON MY MARK, LAUNCH *ALL* FORWARD TORPEDOES SIMULTANEOUSLY.
AND... UM...
WHY HAVE THEY CEASED *FIRING?*


THEY'RE SENDING OVER THEIR *ENVOY SHUTTLE.*
THEY MUST HAVE HEARD ABOUT OUR PANCAKE BRUNCH!


NOT AN ENVOY, DANN. *BOARDING PARTY.*
INCLUDE THAT *DAMN SHUTTLE* IN YOUR *TARGETING SOLUTION,* LIEUTENANT!


AYE, SIR. *TARGETING THE DAMN SHUTTLE.*
...JUST AS SOON AS I REMEMBER WHICH BUTTON DOES THAT.


WE DON'T NEED ANYTHING *FANCY* FOR OUR *WEDDING CAKE* THIS TIME, RIGHT?


AS LONG AS WE CAN EAT THE FIGURINES ON TOP, I'LL BE HAPPY WITH *ANYTHING.*
GOOD. THANKS.
ECV-197-1


ONE *CANNABIS EDIBLE* WITH PERSONALIZED *WEDDING* TOPPER.


BZEOOOP

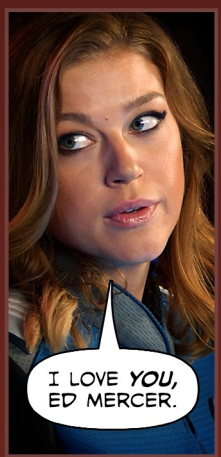

OH, CRAP. YOU KNOW WHAT WE FORGOT TO DO?
WHAT?
FIGURE OUT WHERE THE HELL WE'RE *GOING.*


ONE STEP AHEAD OF YOU.
LOOKS LIKE *ARBOREUS PRIME* IS GORGEOUS THIS TIME OF YEAR.


OH, THAT'S *PERFECT* WITH *ARBOR DAY* COMING UP!


HEY, HOW ARE WE GONNA GET PAST THE *KRILL?*
WELL, *SIGH* IF GORDON WERE HERE, I'D HAVE HIM ENGAGE THE QUANTUM DRIVE THE *INSTANT* WE TRANSIT THE SHUTTLE BAY'S FORCE FIELD.
BUT GORDON'S NOT PILOTING, SO WE'LL HAVE TO DO IT *AFTER* WE'RE CLEAR OF THE *ORVILLE*, WHICH HOPEFULLY WILL STILL BE RIGHT UNDER THEIR NOSES.


AND HONESTLY, KEL... EVEN THOUGH GORDON'S GONE *INSANE,* HE'S STILL MY *BEST FRIEND,* AND I LOVE HIM LIKE A *BROTHER.*


I LOVE *YOU,* ED MERCER.


I LOVE *YOU,* KELLY GRAYSON.


ED! WE'VE GOT COMPANY.
CRAP. HANG ON!
ECV-197-1


SIR, THE KRILL SHUTTLE HAS OPENED FIRE ON CAPTAIN MERCER AND COMMANDER GRAYSON'S SHUTTLE.

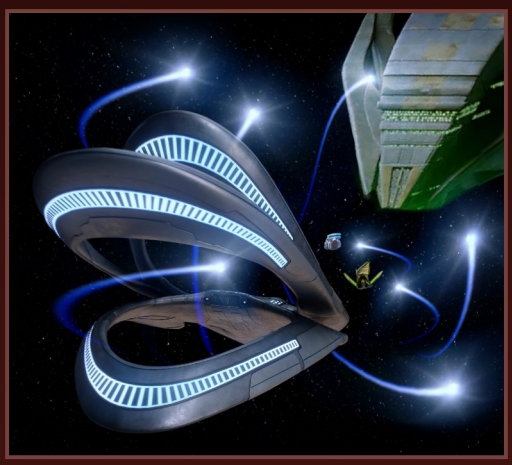

CRAP, CRAP, CRAP!
WHAT?
QUANTUM DRIVE INJECTORS ARE COMPROMISED!
ECV-197-1


THEY HAVE SUSTAINED DAMAGE.
THEIR QUANTUM DRIVE IS OFFLINE.


THEY'RE SITTING DUCKS OUT THERE WITH ONLY SUBLIGHT CAPABILITY.
IF WE DON'T ACT FAST, THEY'RE DEAD!


DANN! NOW!
FIRE THOSE TORPEDOES!


VOOSH
VOOSH
VOOSH
VOOSH
VOOSH
VOOSH
VOOSH





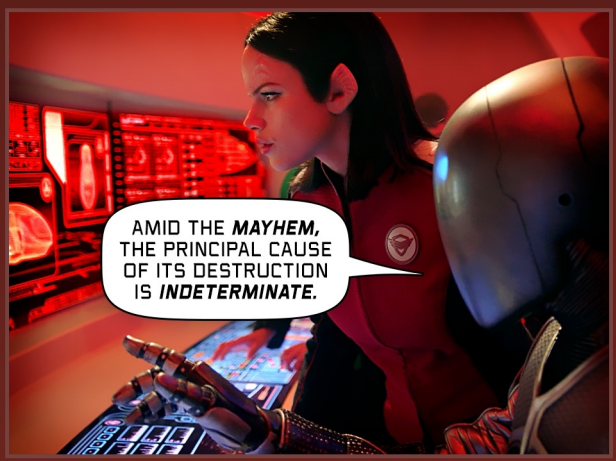

?
KRA-KA-KOOM


WHAT THE *HELL* JUST EXPLODED ABOVE US?


THE *YAKAR'S* ***SHUTTLE*** EXPLODED UPON CONTACT WITH OUR TORPEDO.


CURIOUSLY, THE CAPTAIN AND THE COMMANDER'S SHUTTLE HAS ***ALSO*** EXPLODED.
WHAT?! HOW?


OH MY. OH DEAR.

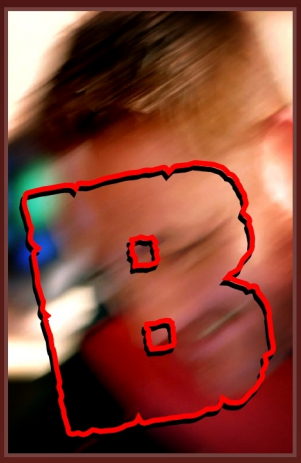

AMID THE ***MAYHEM,*** THE PRINCIPAL CAUSE OF ITS DESTRUCTION IS ***INDETERMINATE.***


SCAN THE DEBRIS FOR ***LIFE SIGNS.***
SCANNING.
NO ORGANIC MATERIAL DETECTED.
THEY ARE ***GONE,*** SIR.


HELLO. MY NAME IS GORDON MALLOY.
YOU KILLED MY BEST FRIEND.
PREPARE TO DIE.




UH-OH.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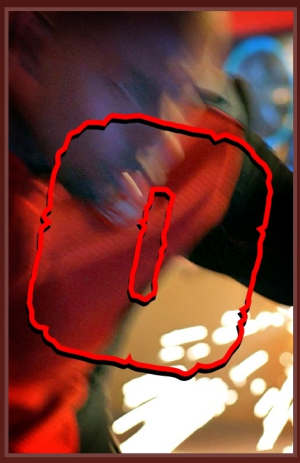
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AIEEEEEE!


WEAPONS ARE *OFFLINE!* DEFLECTORS ARE *GONE!*


JOHN, GET US FAR AWAY FROM HERE!
TAPPA-TAP-TAPPA-TAP-
TAPPA-TAP-TAP-TAP
OKAY, GUYS.
THIS IS WHERE MY SHIFT ENDS!
ALARA, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
TO THE ENVIRONMENTAL SIMULATOR!
I'M GONNA GO LIVE IN THERE!
YOU'RE GONNA DIE IN THERE!
THAT'S THE IDEA!
I JUST PROGRAMMED THE SIMULATOR TO RUN AT ONE BILLION SPEED IN AN ARONOV TIME BUBBLE!
ONCE I JUMP IN THERE, I'LL COMFORTABLY LIVE THE ENTIRE REMAINDER OF MY NATURAL LIFE IN WHAT SEEMS TO YOU LIKE JUST A FEW SECONDS!
YOU GUYS ONLY HAVE TO KEEP THE SHIP INTACT FOR THAT LONG!
I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU DO AFTER THAT!
BYE!
A CUNNING SOLUTION. I DO NOT BELIEVE ANYONE HAS EVER ATTEMPTED SUCH AN ESCAPE.
THE OPPORTUNITY TO EXPERIENCE A LIFETIME OF EVENTS IN MERE SECONDS IS QUITE FASCINATING.
OH, AND DANN...
YOU'RE ACTING CAPTAIN!


ACTING CAPTAIN? ≥SIGH≤ SWEET PROMOTION!
ALL RIGHT FOR ME!
DANN, STOP GLOATING AND TAKE THAT CHAIR.
WHAT ARE YOUR ORDERS, SIR?
WELL, IF WE HAVE NO DEFLECTORS OR WEAPONS, OUR BEST BET IS TO SURRENDER.
OH, HELL, NO.
WE DO THAT AND THE HIGHEST-RANKING OFFICER ON THIS SHIP WILL BE A DEAD GUY.
HAVE FUN BECOMING KRILL SHIT.
SIR, I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA! PERMISSION TO WING IT HERE?
BE MY GUEST! MAYBE THEY'LL GIVE US BOTH THE SAPPHIRE STAR!
TRACTOR BEAM STILL WORK?
YEAH. WHY?
BRINGING US ABOUT.
HANG ON!


THIS IS SOMETHING I CALL *TUGGING THE DONKEY.*
YOU CAN TUG THE DONKEY?
DUDE, I *INVENTED* TUGGING THE DONKEY.
HOW CAN WE TUG THE DONKEY IF THERE'S NO DONKEY?
YOU'RE *KILLING* ME, SMALLS!
"TUGGING THE DONKEY" REFERS TO AN ASYMMETRIC GRAVITON STREAM GENERATED BY A SHIP'S TRACTOR BEAM IN RAPIDLY ALTERNATING FASHION TO PUSH AND PULL AGAINST A TARGETED VESSEL.
BY FOCUSING THE BEAM AT KEY POINTS, AND BY TIMING THE ALTERNATION OF POLARITY METICULOUSLY, DEEP HARMONIC VIBRATION IS GENERATED IN THE ENEMY VESSEL'S HULL, CAUSING IT TO RUPTURE VIOLENTLY AND SPILL ITS CONTENTS INTO THE VOID OF SPACE.
WANNA DO THE *TRACTOR BEAM* WHILE I FLY?
HELL, YEAH.
GAME ON.
LET'S *DO* THIS.
LET'S *KILL* THOSE MURDEROUS SONS OF BITCHES.
WHEEEEEEEEEEE
OOOOOOH-HOO-HOO-HOOOO! ROUND AND ROUND WE GO!


DUDE, BETWEEN YOUR SPINNING AND THEIR ERRATIC FLYING, I CAN BARELY KEEP THE BEAMS FOCUSED WHERE THEY NEED TO BE.
WREEEEEE
YEAH, MAN. KRILL PILOTS ARE RECKLESS MANIACS.
FRIGGIN' LEGENDS AT NEGLIGENT FLYING.
THEY DON'T GIVE A CRAP.
WREEEEEEEEE
WREEEEEEEEE
WHY'S THAT?
WREEEEEEEE
BECAUSE ALL THEIR SHIPS ARE RENTALS, AND BY DECREE OF AVIS THEY HAVE TO GET THE MAXIMUM COVERAGE.
AH, SO THEY DON'T CARE IF THEY GET A LITTLE DINGED UP.
EXACTLY.
HEY, JERKWADS! LET'S SEE IF YOUR INSURANCE COVERS...
BOOOOM
...THIS!
YEAHHH!


BOOM, BITCH!
THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!
PHYSICS! SCIENCE! QUANTUM GRAVITY! BOOM!
YEAH! ALL RIGHT FOR SCIENCE! BITCH!
SIR...
PROXIMATE SCANS OF THE DEBRIS FIELD SHOW NO LIFE SIGNS.
THE ENEMY HAS BEEN VANQUISHED.
YEAH? THEN WHY ARE WE STILL AT RED ALERT? IS THERE ANOTHER KRILL SHIP?
NEGATIVE. THERE APPEARS TO BE A COMPUTER MALFUNCTION.
ISAAC, CAN YOU SHUT IT DOWN?
CANCEL RED ALERT?
I WILL ATTEMPT TO DO SO.
WHY IS IT GETTING LOUDER?!
ATTEMPT UNSUCCESSFUL.
IT'S KILLING MY EARS, ISAAC! DO SOMETHING, MAN!
I AM UNABLE TO CANCEL RED ALERT, LIEUTENANT.


CAPTAIN, MAY I SUGGEST AN ALTERNATIVE SOLUTION?
SWEETNESS. HIT ME WITH IT.
IF WE OVERLOAD THE QUANTUM DRIVE AND SELF-DESTRUCT THE SHIP, THAT WILL EFFECTIVELY CANCEL THE RED ALERT.
HA! YEAH, THAT'S WORTH A TRY.
ACKNOWLEDGED. INITIATING OVERLOAD.
TAP-TAP-TAP
PLOINK
WAIT! ISAAC!
DANN WAS JUST KIDDING! HE THOUGHT YOU WERE JOK--
--ING!
KABOOM!


AAAAGH!
WHAT THE HELL? RED ALERT IN MY HELMET?
BLEAT BLEAT BLEAT
THIS...
BLEAT BLEAT BLEAT
...FRIGGIN'...
BLEAT BLEAT BLEAT
...SUUUUCKS!
BLEAT BLEAT BLEAT
OH, NO, NO!
KASTRA 4?
THIS CAN'T BE REAL!
END SIMULATION!
BLEAT BLEAT BLEAT
END SIMULATION!!
BLEAT BLEAT BLEAT


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BLEAT BLEAT BLEAT BLEAT
OWWWW. STOP!
GORDON'S QUARTERS. WEDNESDAY MORNING.


BLEAT BLEAT BLEAT
FRIGGIN' ALARM!
I HATE YOU.


BLEAT BLEAT BLE--
BUT I STILL LOVE YOU.
THAT DREAM SUCKED ASS.
TAP TAP TAP


GREAT. SERIOUSLY? BEER-THIRTY-NINE?
I'M GONNA NEED TWO PINTS AFTER THAT CRAP NIGHTMARE...
...AND MAYBE A SNORT OF VODKA.


ED'S GONNA BE PISSED.

CONTINUED...

INKED

Part Two


ETA... TWO HOURS, TEN MINUTES.
BOOP
MALLOY TO BRIDGE.
GO AHEAD, LIEUTENANT.
GONNA BE A LITTLE BIT LATE FOR MY SHIFT. SLEPT THROUGH MY ALARM 'CAUSE I WAS HAVING THIS CRAZY NIGHTMARE...
...WHERE ED AND I WERE IN KRILL CHURCH, AND THEY STABBED MY HEAD, THEN THEY CALLED ME UP FOR KARAOKE, AND TELEYA LOVED IT, SO I HAD TO SING FOR HER CLASSROOM...
...BUT THEN ED STABBED ME IN THE CROTCH...
OH, GOD, GORDON.
...AND I WOKE UP ON THE BRIDGE IN MY PAJAMAS, AND BORTUS HAD DANN'S HEAD, AND WE HAD A CAT, WHO ATE JUSTIN...
...AND THEN THE KRILL TRIED TO MAKE US INTO PIZZAS, BUT WE TOTALLY KICKED THEIR ASS...
...BUT YOU AND ED DIED TRYING TO ELOPE IN A SHUTTLE...
...AND THEN ALARA FLED TO THE SIMULATOR, AND RED ALERT WOULDN'T STOP, SO DANN ORDERED ISAAC TO BLOW UP THE SHIP, BUT I LIVED, AND I FELL TOWARD A PLANET, AND THEN I WOKE UP FOR REAL...
...AND DAMN IT! MY FOREHEAD IS STILL SORE FROM THE STABBING.
LISTEN, GORDON... JUST GET SOME DRUGS FROM DOCTOR FINN AND GET UP HERE AS SOON AS YOU CAN.
WE NEED YOU FOR THE--
WHAT THE HELL?! CAPTAIN, I'LL CALL YOU BACK.
GOD, I WONDER WHAT HE HAD FOR DINNER LAST NIGHT. THE DREAMS I HAVE ARE NEVER THAT NEUROTIC.
YOU NEVER HAVE WEIRD DREAMS?
I HAVE THEM ALL THE TIME.
I TOO HAVE STRANGE DREAMS ON OCCASION.
LAST WEEK, I DREAMED IT WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE MY GOMASKAH WITH KLYDEN.
IN MY DREAM, I COULD BREAK LOOSE AND EAT PORTIONS OF MY OWN HEAD, WHICH REGENERATED.
HOWEVER, AS I WAS CONSIDERABLY HUNGRY, MY RATE OF CONSUMPTION EXCEEDED MY RATE OF TISSUE REGENERATION.
WHEN I INSPECTED MYSELF IN THE MIRROR, I REACHED THE HORRIFYING REALIZATION THAT I HAD EATEN TOO MUCH OF MY HEAD, AND IT WOULD NOT BE FULLY REGENERATED IN TIME FOR THE GOMASKAH.
THE ORDEAL LEFT ME AGITATED FOR SEVERAL HOURS.


ISAAAAC!
WHAT THE HELL?
GORDON!
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR HEAD?
HE...
DREW A DICK...
...ON MY FOREHEAD!
HA, HA.
GOT YOU AGAIN.
WHAT?!
THIS ISN'T A JOKE, YOU PSYCHOPATH!
YOU DEFILED ME!
I AM CONFUSED.
YOUR PERSONNEL FILE INDICATES THAT THIS CONFIGURATION OF ART IS YOUR FAVORITE.
IS THAT NOT CORRECT?
NO!!!
WHY THE HELL WOULD YOU EVEN THINK THAT?!


UNION RECORDS DETAIL ***SEVENTY-NINE*** INCIDENTS AT OUTPOSTS 37, T-85, AND STATION 794 IN WHICH THIS SPECIFIC CONFIGURATION WAS DRAWN BY ***YOU,*** LIEUTENANT.
IT IS THEREFORE REASONABLE TO SURMISE THAT--


THOSE WEREN'T ***PERMANENT!***


OH, BOY.
ISAAC, DID YOU ANESTHETIZE GORDON IN HIS SLEEP AND GIVE HIM A ***BIO***-TATTOO?


AFFIRMATIVE, COMMANDER.
HE WOULD HAVE ***STRUGGLED*** HAD HE REMAINED ***CONSCIOUS.***


HOW DO I WASH IT OFF?!


IT IS PART OF YOUR CELLULAR COMPOSITION, LIEUTENANT.
YOU CANNOT "WASH IT OFF" ANY MORE THAN YOU CAN WASH AWAY FRECKLES.
HOWEVER, YOU MAY FIND THAT IT GROWS ON YOU.


WHOA, HEY, HEY, GORDON!
YOU SON-OF-A-BITCH!
I'LL BREAK YOU IN HALF!


LISTEN, JUST GO HAVE DOCTOR FINN REGENERATE YOUR FOREHEAD.
ALARA, TAKE HIM TO SICKBAY.
COME ON, GORDON.
WE CAN STOP AT YOUR QUARTERS SO YOU CAN GET DRESSED.
ISAAC, YOU'D BETTER WATCH OUT, SICKO!
'CAUSE WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT IT, I'M GONNA DRAW DICKS ALL OVER YOU!
'CAUSE THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE-- A DICK!
UH, ISAAC...
IT SEEMS I STILL HAVE MUCH TO LEARN ABOUT HUMANS.
LIEUTENANT MALLOY APPEARS DISPLEASED...
...AND YET, HE HAS JUST GIVEN ME A COMPLIMENT.
ISAAC, YOU'VE GOT TO STOP PRANKING PEOPLE IN THEIR SLEEP.
BUT ASIDE FROM THAT...
...THAT WAS ONE OF THE BEST DAMN PRACTICAL JOKES I'VE EVER WITNESSED.
WELL PLAYED.
GOD, THIS WHOLE SHIP IS GROSS.


CLAIRE!
I NEED YOUR HELP!


ByAh!
GORDON! WHAT THE HELL?!
DR. FINN'S OFFICE.
SICKBAY.
WEDNESDAY MORNING.
UH...
ED DIDN'T CALL AHEAD AND WARN YOU?
NO, HE DID NOT.
I TAKE IT THIS NEW "ART" OF YOURS IS A BIO-TATTOO?
HAVE A SEAT, PLEASE.
YEAH, IT'S NOT HOW IT LOOKS.
I-I-I DIDN'T DO THIS, OKAY?
OF COURSE YOU DIDN'T.
AND I TAKE IT YOU ARE HERE BECAUSE YOU WOULD LIKE IT REMOVED?
VERY MUCH THAT, YES.
DO YOU WANT TO TELL ME HOW THIS HAPPENED?
I AM NOT HERE TO PASS JUDGMENT.


ISAAC--
--THAT TIN-PLATED, PSYCHOPATHIC, WALKING SON OF A BUCKET OF BOLTS--
--HE DID IT AS A PRACTICAL JOKE WHILE I WAS SLEEPING!
I SWEAR, CLAIRE...
IF THIS CAN'T BE REMOVED...
...I WILL HAVE TO KILL HIM.
I UNDERSTAND YOUR ANGER, GORDON, BUT VIOLENCE ISN'T THE ANSWER.
I KNOW.
I JUST...
...WANT IT GONE.
WELL, WE HAVE A WAY TO DO THAT...
...BUT IT WILL MEAN REGENERATING YOUR ENTIRE FOREHEAD.
IT WILL NOT BE A WALK IN THE PARK.
YEAH.
I KNOW IT'S GONNA SUCK.
AND YOU WILL NOT BE ABLE TO HAVE ALCOHOL FOR 24 HOURS.
YEAH, THAT'S THE PART THAT'S GONNA SUCK.
WELL, THIS IS NOT HOW I IMAGINED I WOULD BE STARTING MY DAY, BUT...
...I'M THANKFUL YOU AND THE CAPTAIN ARE THE ONLY PEOPLE WHO HAVE HAD THESE.
ALL RIGHT. LET'S GO GET YOU FIXED.


BWEEP WOOP
COME IN.
KELLY'S OFFICE. WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.
CLAIRE! HI. WHAT'S UP?
COMMANDER, WE HAVE A TATTOO PROBLEM.
OH, I'M WELL AWARE. AND I'M SORRY YOU HAD TO BE WITNESS TO THAT CHILDISH VULGARITY.
I'LL SEE TO IT THAT ISAAC PUTS AN END TO HIS PRANKING.
I'D APPRECIATE THAT, BUT... THAT'S NOT WHY I'M HERE.
THINGS HAVE GOTTEN MORE COMPLICATED THAN THAT.
OH, BOY. AM I GOING TO NEED A DRINK FOR THIS?
BETTER MAKE IT TWO.
TWO GLASSES OF CHARDONNAY.
DWEUP
BZEOOOP

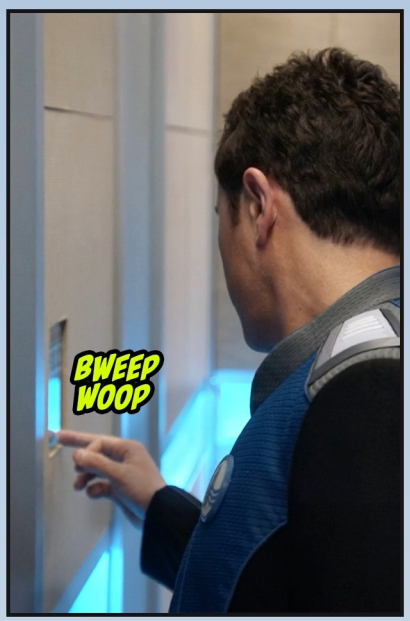

OKAY, LET'S HAVE IT.
WELL...
WE'VE DISCOVERED THAT BEFORE OUR RETEPSIAN GUEST LEFT, HE PUBLISHED HIS BIO-TATTOO ALGORITHMS ON THE SHIP'S NETWORK...
...AND THE CREW HAVE BEEN ACCESSING HIS FORMULAS AND GIVING THEMSELVES BIO-TATTOOS.
HELP ME UNDERSTAND... AS LONG AS THEY'RE NOT GIVING EACH OTHER TATTOOS AS PRANKS, WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?
WELL, FOR REASONS THAT ARE BEYOND ME, THE CREW ARE GOING CRAZY WITH THEM AND HAVING IMMEDIATE REGRETS.
SINCE GORDON CAME BY THIS MORNING, WE'VE HAD FIFTEEN MORE PEOPLE COME IN ASKING FOR REMOVALS.
FIFTEEN?
I'M EXPECTING A LOT MORE IF SOMETHING CAN'T BE DONE TO STOP THIS.
AND UNLIKE INK TATTOOS, REMOVAL OF THESE IS FAR FROM SIMPLE.
HOW SO?
DEEP TISSUE REGENERATION-- DERMAL AND EPIDERMAL.


SO BASICALLY SKIN SLOUGHING. GROSS, BUT IT'S PERFECTLY SAFE, RIGHT?
DEEP TISSUE REGENERATION IS A DELICATE PROCESS. THE RESULTS CAN BE UNSETTLING, EVEN UNPREDICTABLE.
MOST PEOPLE DO FINE...
...BUT WE'RE SEEING REPORTS OF NEUROPATHY, ITCHING, TWITCHING, SWELLING, BURNING, LESIONS, AND OOZING.
CRAZY THOUGHT, BUT MAYBE PEOPLE SHOULD THINK FIRST BEFORE THEY INK UP.
THAT'S A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT. I'LL STITCH THAT INTO A PILLOW FOR MY OFFICE. DON'T GO INKIN' IF YOU AIN'T BEEN THINKIN'.
BUT YES! EXACTLY THAT! THEY AREN'T THINKING.
INSTEAD, THEY GET HIGH ON THE IDEA AND THEN MAKE REGRETFUL CHOICES.
JUST OUT OF CURIOSITY, HOW MANY OF THESE REGRETFUL PERSONS WERE MEN?
THIRTEEN? FOURTEEN? ALMOST ALL. WHY?
THAT FIGURES.
HOW DO YOU MEAN?
I MEAN HALF THE MEN IN THE GALAXY ARE MORONS...
...AND THE OTHER HALF? THEY'RE EITHER SOCIOPATHS OR PSYCHOPATHS.
IT'S AMAZING OUR SPECIES HAS SURVIVED TO THIS POINT.
AS A MOTHER OF TWO BOYS, I'M NOT SURE I CAN ARGUE WITH THAT.


SPEAKING OF MORONIC... EVERYWHERE I'VE SERVED, I'VE HAD DERMOSCANNERS MYSTERIOUSLY GO MISSING, THEN REAPPEAR JUST AS MYSTERIOUSLY.
THAT'S WEIRD. WHO WOULD DO THAT?
MALE CREW MEMBERS HEALING WOUNDS THEY'D RATHER NOT REPORT...AND DOING OTHER THINGS THEY'D RATHER NOT DISCLOSE.
UH, WOW.
KNIFE WOUNDS, BROKEN NOSES, MISSING FINGERS, REGROWN FORESKINS AND PENILE EXTENSIONS, EXTRA REPRODUCTIVE ORGANS... YOU NAME IT, I'VE SEEN IT.
THAT'S INSANE.
THEY SWIPE THESE MEDICAL DEVICES NOT REALIZING THAT THEY RETAIN DETAILED LOGS OF EVERY REGENERATION AND WHO PERFORMED THE PROCEDURE.
CARELESS FOOLS.
DO YOU THINK IF WE WEREN'T HERE TO SAVE THEIR ASSES, THEY'D GO EXTINCT AND WE'D BE A SINGLE-GENDER SPECIES?
I DON'T DOUBT IT.
YOU HAVE TO ADMIT, THOUGH... THE TECHNOLOGY ENABLING THESE BIO-TATTOOS IS IMPRESSIVE.
YOU AREN'T THINKING OF GETTING ONE, ARE YOU?
I MEAN, IF A PERSON MADE A GOOD CHOICE...
COMMANDER?
KELLY?


≥SIGH≤

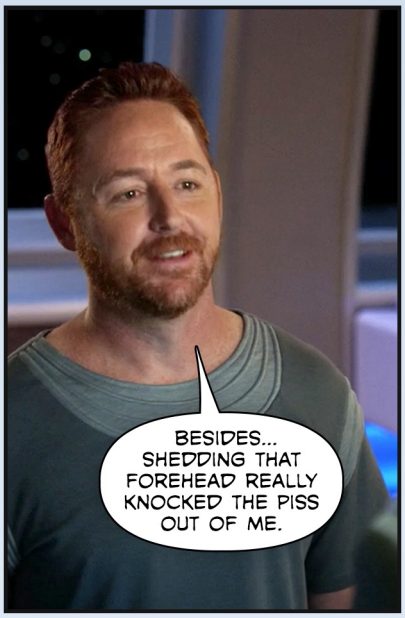

ED'S QUARTERS.
WEDNESDAY NIGHT.
I NEED A DRINK.


BWEEP WOOP


OH! HEY, ED! WHAT'S UP?
GORDON'S QUARTERS.


HEY, GORDON!
YOU WANNA GRAB A QUICK BEER IN THE MESS HALL?


AW, MAN, I'D LOVE TO....
...BUT DOCTOR FINN SAYS ALCOHOL IS STRICTLY OFF LIMITS FOR 24 HOURS AFTER A REGENERATION.


BESIDES... SHEDDING THAT FOREHEAD REALLY KNOCKED THE PISS OUT OF ME.


ALL GOOD. JUST FIGURED I'D CHECK.


BWEEP
WOOP


OH, HEY, CAPTAIN.
WHAT'S GOIN' ON?
JOHN'S QUARTERS.


JOHN!
JUST SEEING IF YOU WANTED TO GO GET A DRINK.
SAY, WHAT'S THAT ON YOUR CH--


WHO IS IT, JOHNNY?
UH, IT'S THE CAPTAIN. HE WAS JUST LEAVING.


ENSIGN TURCO!
HEY!


CAPTAIN! DO YOU WANT TO COME IN AND DO TATTOOS WITH US?


UH, Y'KNOW, I AM ALL SET WITH TATTOOS RIGHT NOW.
JUST GOT A FEW REMOVED UNCOMFORTABLY, ACTUALLY.
AWW, THAT'S TOO BAD.
YEAH, SHAME.
DANG.
HEY, YOU CAN GO ASK GORDON ABOUT THAT DRINK, THOUGH.
ALREADY DONE, AND HE IS...
...STILL RECOVERING FROM MINOR SURGERY.
DOCTOR FINN GET THAT DICK AND BALLS OFF HIS FOREHEAD?
HYUP!
WHAT?
IT'S A LONG STORY, AND IT IS VERY JUVENILE.
WELL!
HERE'S WHERE I BID YOU ADIEU AND GO OFF IN SEARCH OF MORE MISERABLE COMPANY.
THANKS FOR STOPPING BY, THOUGH!
HOPE YOU FIND THAT MISERY!

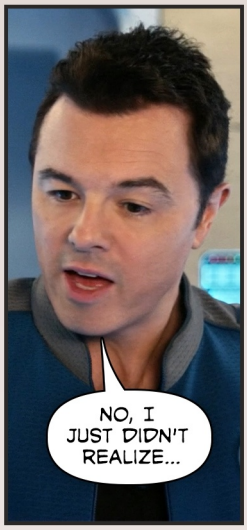

BWEEP
WOOP

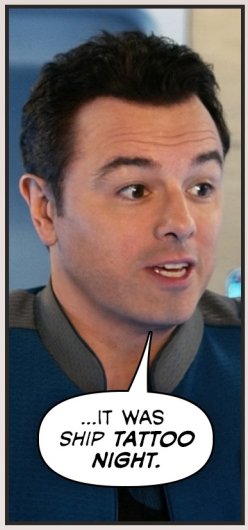

BORTUS & KLYDEN'S QUARTERS.
CAPTAIN. IS THERE...A PROBLEM?

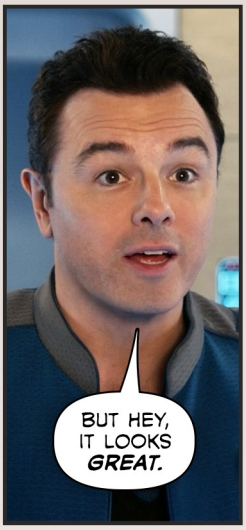

BORTUS. NO, I--
WHAT THE HELL'S THAT?


IT IS A T'VOKUS, SIR.
WHAT YOU WOULD CALL A TATTOO.

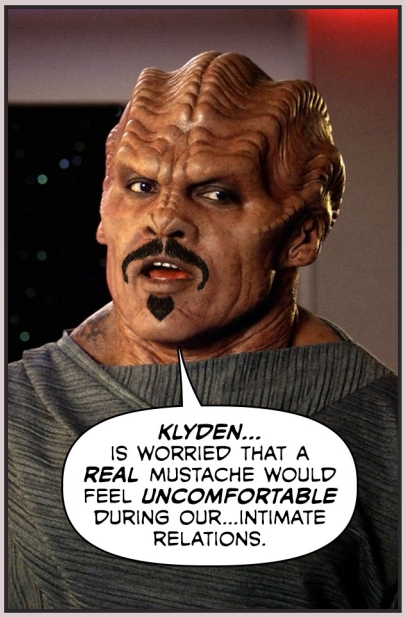

IS IT NOT REGULATION?


NO, I JUST DIDN'T REALIZE...

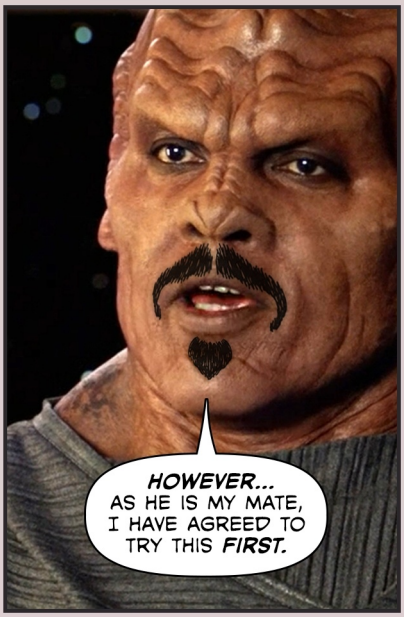

...IT WAS SHIP TATTOO NIGHT.


BUT HEY, IT LOOKS GREAT.


THANK YOU, SIR.
IT IS FROM EARTH'S CULTURAL DATABASE.


KLYDEN... IS WORRIED THAT A REAL MUSTACHE WOULD FEEL UNCOMFORTABLE DURING OUR...INTIMATE RELATIONS.


I DO NOT CONCUR.


HOWEVER... AS HE IS MY MATE, I HAVE AGREED TO TRY THIS FIRST.


WELL, LISTEN, I WAS JUST SEEING IF YOU WANTED TO GRAB A DRINK.


I DO NOT.


ALL GOOD.
SEE YOU IN THE MORNING, THEN.




BWEEP
WOOP


ED!
WHAT'S UP?
KELLY'S QUARTERS.


KELLY, I...
DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'RE UP FOR A LATE-NIGHT DRINK?


I HAVE A SHUTTLE BAY INSPECTION AT OH-SEVEN-THIRTY.
BUT COME ON IN FOR A MINUTE.

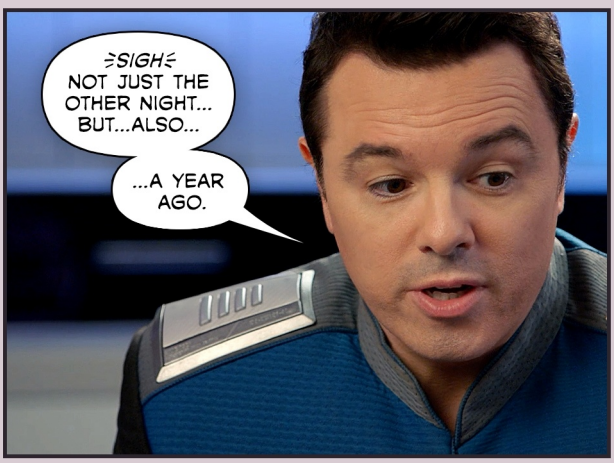

YOU LOOK LIKE SOMETHING IS REALLY BOTHERING YOU.

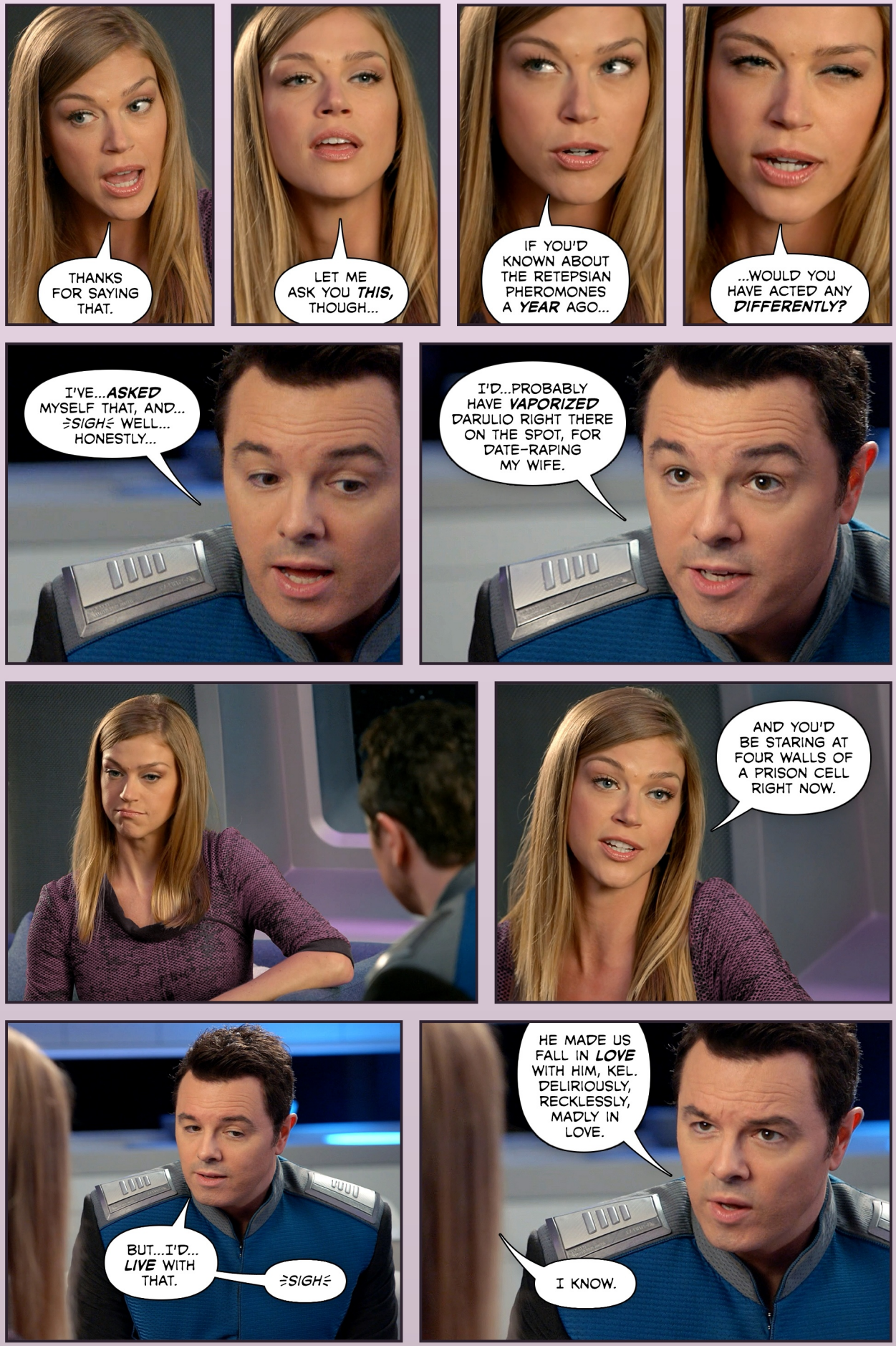

THANKS. I ACTUALLY WANTED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT DARULIO.




I'M SORRY...


...FOR TREATING YOU THE WAY I DID.
I WAS OUT OF LINE.


SIGH
NOT JUST THE OTHER NIGHT... BUT...ALSO...
...A YEAR AGO.


THANKS FOR SAYING THAT.
LET ME ASK YOU *THIS,* THOUGH...
IF YOU'D KNOWN ABOUT THE RETEPSIAN PHEROMONES A *YEAR* AGO...
...WOULD YOU HAVE ACTED ANY *DIFFERENTLY?*
I'VE...*ASKED* MYSELF THAT, AND... =SIGH= WELL... HONESTLY...
I'D...PROBABLY HAVE *VAPORIZED* DARULIO RIGHT THERE ON THE SPOT, FOR DATE-RAPING MY WIFE.
AND YOU'D BE STARING AT FOUR WALLS OF A PRISON CELL RIGHT NOW.
BUT...I'D... *LIVE* WITH THAT.
=SIGH=
HE MADE US FALL IN *LOVE* WITH HIM, KEL. DELIRIOUSLY, RECKLESSLY, MADLY IN LOVE.
I KNOW.


AND WHILE THE INTIMACY TECHNICALLY WAS ***CONSENSUAL,*** IT ***FEELS*** LIKE IT ***WASN'T...***
...BECAUSE I ***WOULDN'T*** HAVE CONSENTED IF I HADN'T BEEN... ***DRUGGED.***
AND...I FEEL... ***DIRTY*** AND ASHAMED AND CONFLICTED AND ***ANGRY,*** AND...
...YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE I CAN TRULY OPEN UP TO ABOUT THIS.
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN.
IT'S BEEN HAUNTING ME AS WELL.
DO YOU THINK RETEPSIA WILL BE EXPELLED FROM THE UNION?
OVER THIS LATEST INCIDENT? NO.
BUT...ADMIRAL HALSEY ASSURES ME THAT ***SANCTIONS*** ARE BEING CONSIDERED IF THEY DON'T AGREE TO REGULAR PHEROMONE TESTING AND TRAVEL RESTRICTIONS.
DID YOU HEAR NURSE PARK AND ISAAC ARE WRITING A ***PAPER*** THAT'S BEING FAST-TRACKED FOR PUBLICATION IN THE *UNION JOURNAL OF INTERPLANETARY MEDICINE*?
GOOD. BUT IF ANYONE COMES ASKING TO PUT ME ON AN EPISODE OF *RETEPSIA'S DIRTIEST SECRETS*, MY ANSWER IS NO.

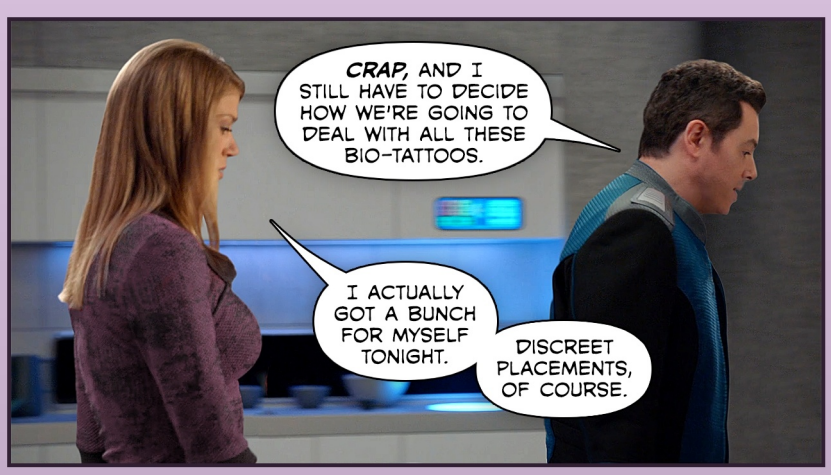

NOTED.
WELL, I HATE TO MAKE YOU GO DRINK ***ALONE,*** BUT I REALLY NEED TO TURN IN.
I APPRECIATE YOUR STOPPING BY.


THANKS. I'LL TIP ONE BACK FOR YOU.


DON'T FORGET WE HAVE A SENIOR ***STAFF MEETING*** AT OH-EIGHT-HUNDRED.


IT ISN'T MY TURN TO BRING ***PRETZELS,*** IS IT?

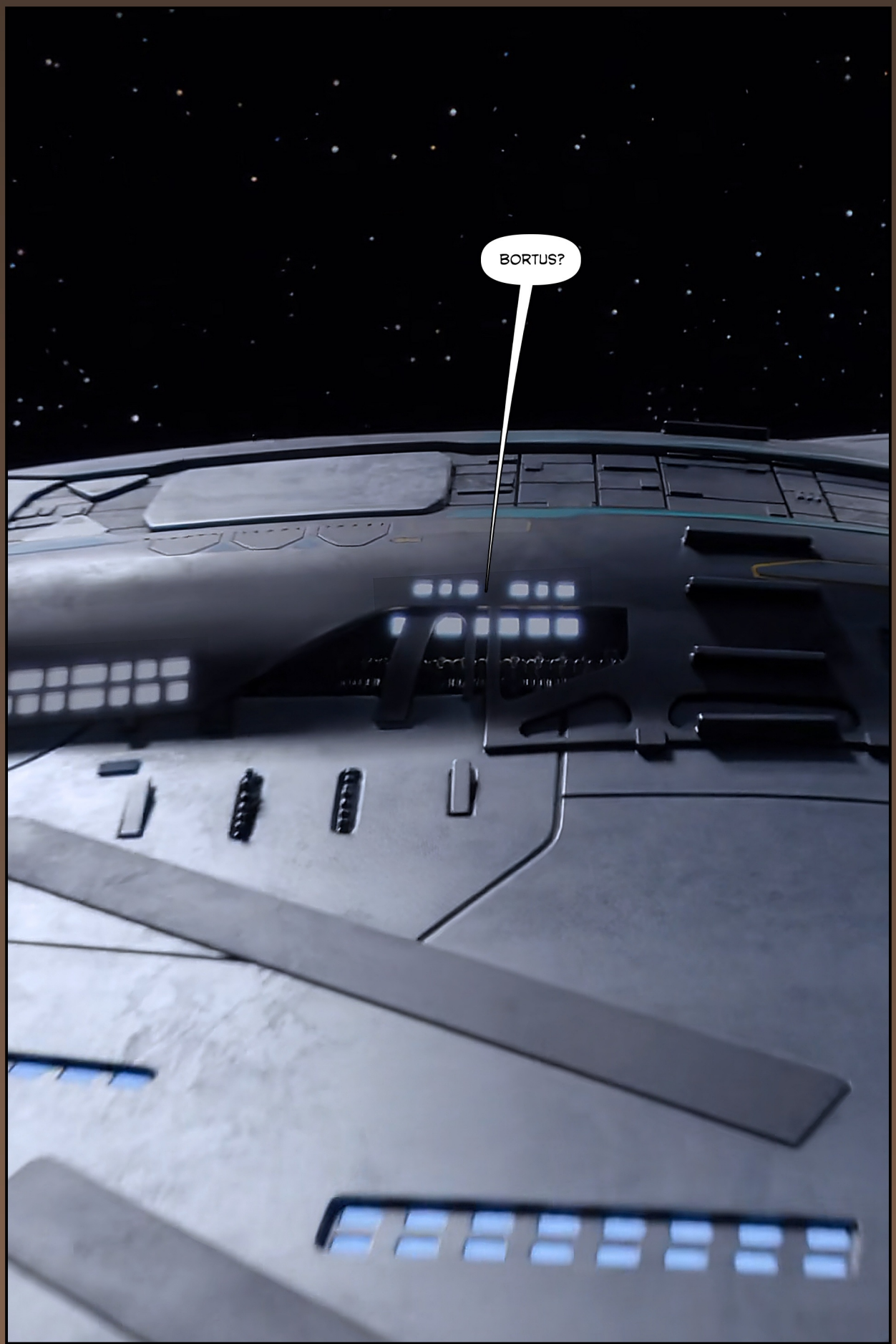

NO, IT'S BACK TO BORTUS.


CRAP, AND I STILL HAVE TO DECIDE HOW WE'RE GOING TO DEAL WITH ALL THESE BIO-TATTOOS.
I ACTUALLY GOT A BUNCH FOR MYSELF TONIGHT.
DISCREET PLACEMENTS, OF COURSE.


EVERY *JOURNEY* ALBUM COVER! CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?


UHH, WOW.

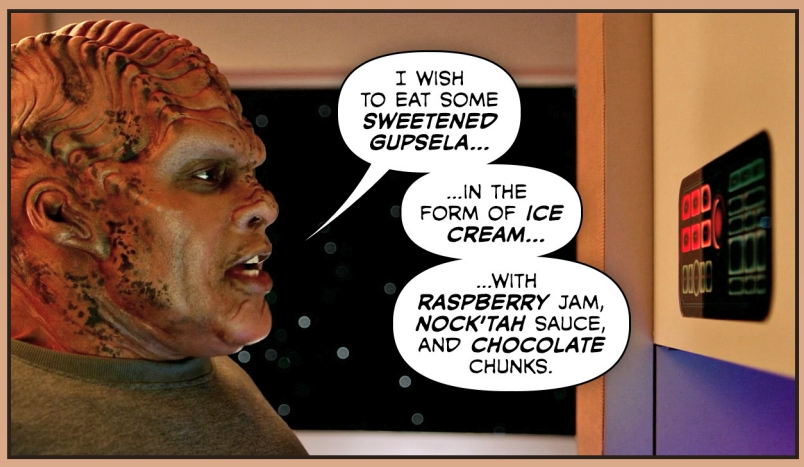

I'M ***KIDDING*** YOU.
ONLY THE ALBUMS WITH STEVE PERRY.
HEH. GOODNIGHT, KEL.
GOODNIGHT, ED.


BORTUS?


BORTUS & KLYDEN'S QUARTERS.
WEDNESDAY NIGHT.
WHO WAS AT THE DOOR, BORTUS?
IT WAS CAPTAIN MERCER.
WHAT DID HE WANT?
TO IMBIBE SOCIALLY. I DECLINED.


DID HE SAY ANYTHING ABOUT YOUR T'VOKUS?
HE DID.
AND WHAT DID HE SAY?
HE EXPRESSED GREAT ADMIRATION.
BORTUS, I WISH YOU TO REMOVE IT.
I DO NOT LIKE THE SIGHT OF IT WHEN WE KISS.
YOU WILL ACCLIMATE.
GO TO SLEEP.


I WILL *NOT* SHARE THE SEXUAL EVENT WITH YOU UNTIL IT IS *GONE!*
ENOUGH OF THIS!
I CANNOT *SLEEP.*
BORTUS! I AM *TALKING* TO YOU.
THIS CONVERSATION SERVES NO *PURPOSE.*
WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE GOING?
FOR A *WALK.* I MUST CLEAR MY MIND.
DO NOT AWAIT MY RETURN.
BORTUS, I AM YOUR *MATE,* AND I HAVE *NEEDS.*
BYOOP
ACCESS SHIP'S *DESSERT* LIBRARY.

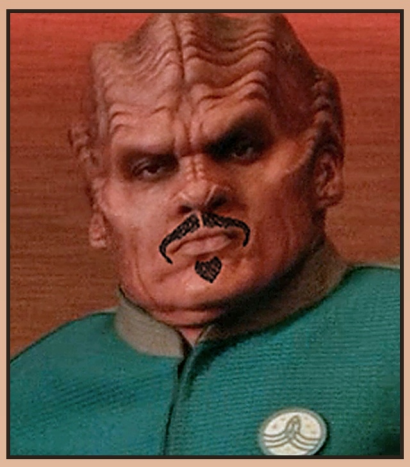

I WISH TO EAT SOME SWEETENED GUPSELA...
...IN THE FORM OF ICE CREAM...
...WITH RASPBERRY JAM, NOCK'TAH SAUCE, AND CHOCOLATE CHUNKS.


BZEOOOP


ACCESS SHIP'S ENTERTAINMENT DATABASE. I WISH TO SEE SOMETHING THAT WILL MAKE ME LAUGH.





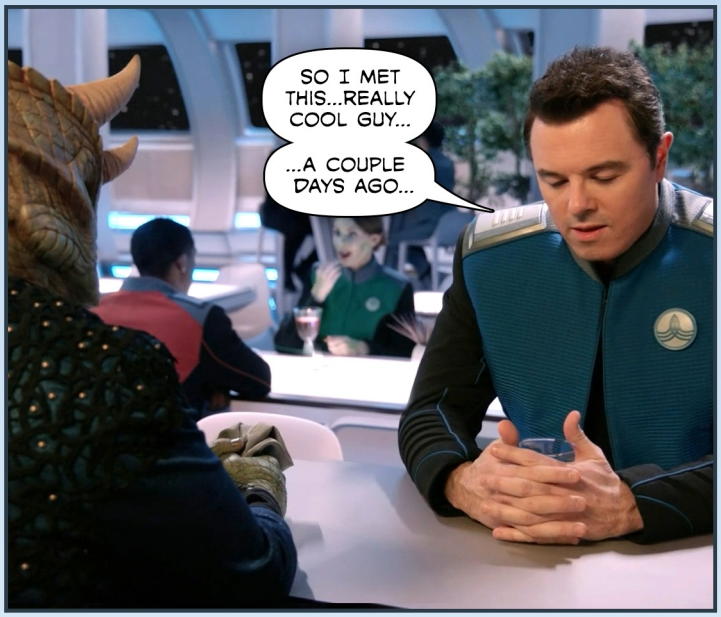






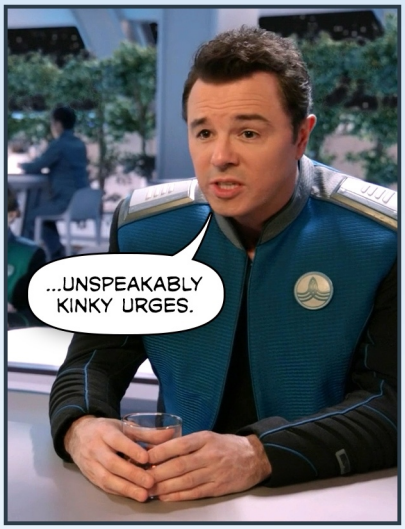

NOM
NOM
NOM
NOM
NOM
GREAT BIG GOBS OF GREASY, GRIMY GOPHER GUTS...
HOW ABOUT A NICE, COOL DRINK, VARMINTS?
SCUM! SLIME! MENACE TO THE GOLFING INDUSTRY!
YOU'RE A DISGRACE! AND YOU'RE VARMINTS.
YOU'RE ONE OF THE LOWEST MEMBERS OF THE FOOD CHAIN, AND YOU'LL PROBABLY BE REPLACED BY THE RAT...

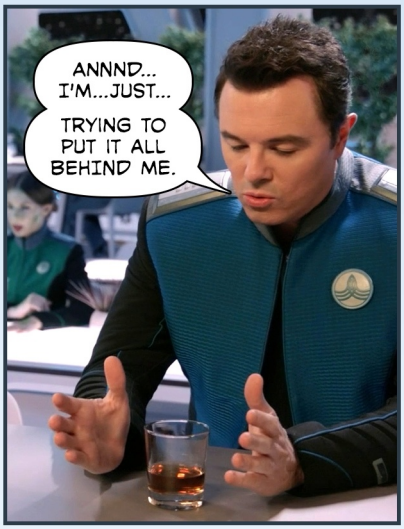

MESS HALL.
WEDNESDAY NIGHT.
CAN I TELL YOU SOMETHING IN CONFIDENCE, OLIX?
WOULDN'T BE DOING MY JOB IF YOU COULDN'T.


SO I MET THIS...REALLY COOL GUY...
...A COUPLE DAYS AGO...


AND WE...
HIT IT OFF.


≥SIGH≤
BUT...BEING AROUND HIM...
GAVE ME...

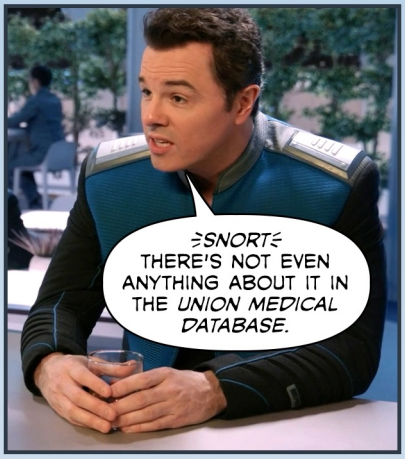

...UNSPEAKABLY KINKY URGES.

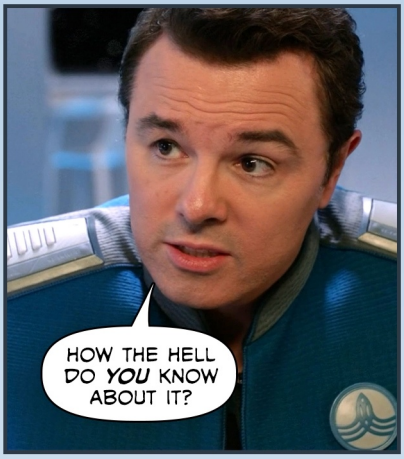

ANNND... I'M...JUST...
TRYING TO PUT IT ALL BEHIND ME.

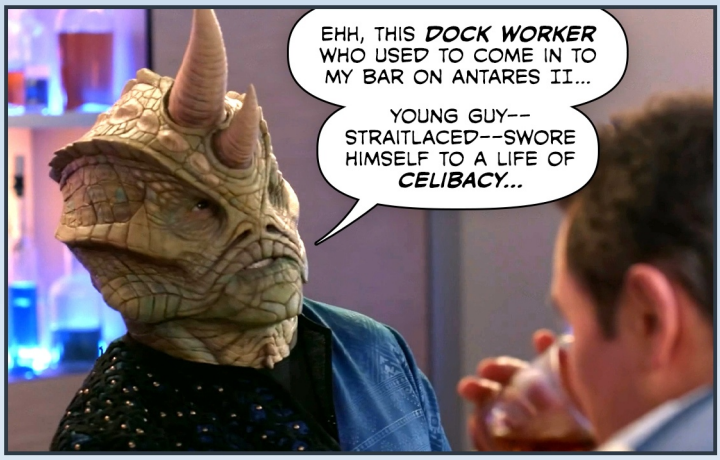

RETEPSIAN ON THE LOOSE, EH?


YOU KNOW ABOUT THEIR PHEROMONE THING?


IT'S NOT, UH, COMMON KNOWLEDGE?


=SNORT= THERE'S NOT EVEN ANYTHING ABOUT IT IN THE UNION MEDICAL DATABASE.


HOW THE HELL DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT?


EHH, THIS DOCK WORKER WHO USED TO COME IN TO MY BAR ON ANTARES II...
YOUNG GUY-- STRAITLACED--SWORE HIMSELF TO A LIFE OF CELIBACY...


ONE DAY, HE STOPS COMING IN.


IT TURNS OUT HE TOOK A NOSEDIVE INTO A VAT OF DYSONIUM HEXAFLUORIDE.

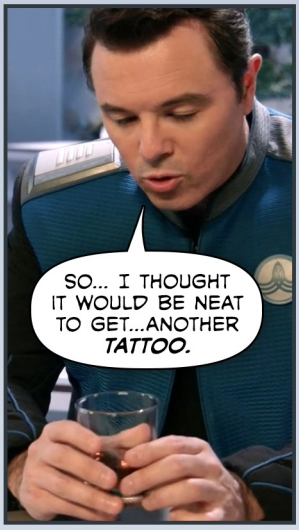

I THOUGHT YOU WERE GONNA SAY HE LOST HIS VIRGINITY TO A RETEPSIAN.


HE DID.
THERE'S MORE...
AS THE STORY GOES, HE MET A YOUNG RETEPSIAN ONE NIGHT, FELL IMMEDIATELY IN LOVE, RENOUNCED HIS VOWS TO CELIBACY, AND TOOK PART IN A WEEK-LONG, ELEVEN-SPECIES ORGY.
EH, TWELVE IF YOU COUNT THE KATRUDIAN.
AND HE FELT SO DIRTY AND VIOLATED AND GUILT-STRICKEN AFTERWARDS, HE JUMPED TO HIS DEATH?
NAH, HE WAS PUSHED.
BY HIS BOSS. FOR MISSING WORK.
HOLY CRAP.
THE MORAL OF THE STORY, CAPTAIN, IS...
HELL HATH NO ITCH LIKE A RETEPSIAN IN HEAT.
AND...
SOMETIMES IT'S NICE TO HEAR YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY IDIOT WHO LEARNED SOMETHING THE HARD WAY.
THANKS, OLIX.


ANYTIME, CAP.


BUT... ≥SIGH≤ YOU KNOW WHAT GETS ME THE MOST ABOUT THE OTHER NIGHT, OLIX?


HE...FOUND A WAY TO RECOLOR SKIN CELLS BY DNA METHYLATION...

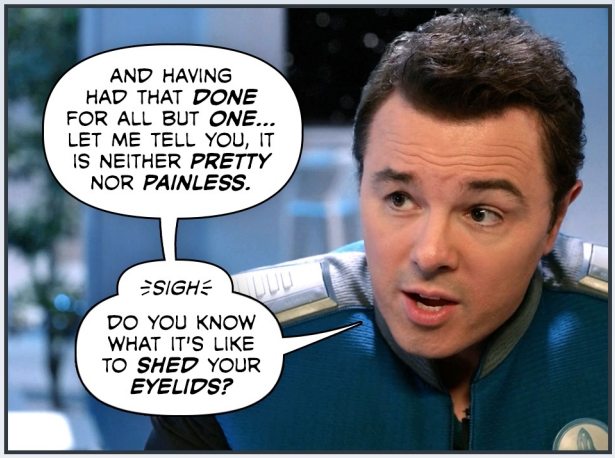

SO... I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE NEAT TO GET...ANOTHER TATTOO.


AND.... ONE LED TO TWO, AND TWO LED TO FIFTY, AND...


I PASSED OUT AND WOKE UP WITH 78% OF MY BODY TATTAZZLED.


WHAT'S THE ERASAL PROCESS?

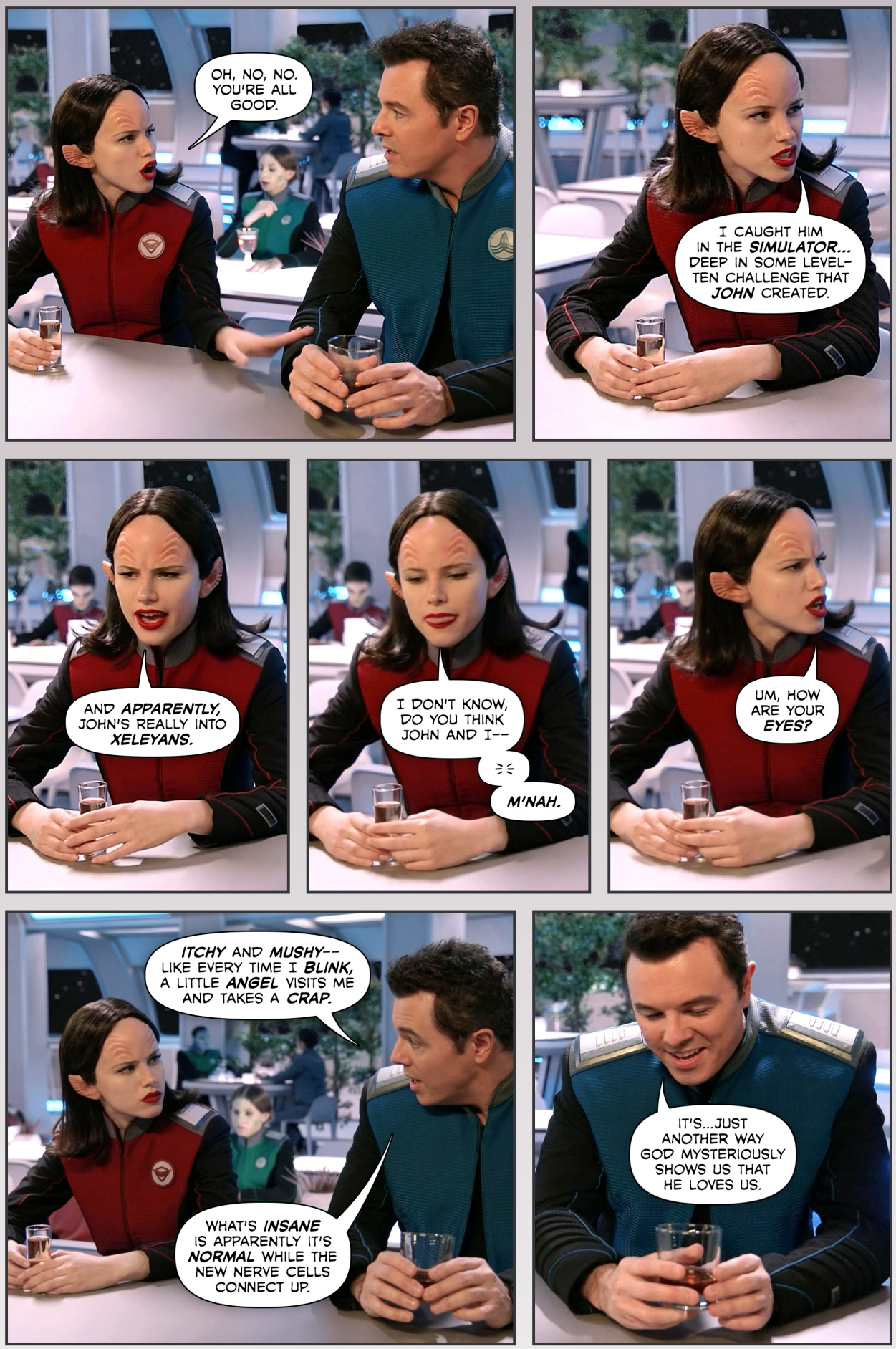

WELL, NONE-- IT'S NOT INK.
SO THE ONLY THING YOU CAN DO IS REGROW A SECTION OF SKIN AND LET THE OLD STUFF DIE AND FALL OFF.


AND HAVING HAD THAT DONE FOR ALL BUT ONE... LET ME TELL YOU, IT IS NEITHER PRETTY NOR PAINLESS.
≥SIGH≤
DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO SHED YOUR EYELIDS?


I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE NOT TO SHED MY EYELIDS.


"OH, IT SHOULDN'T ITCH MUCH," THEY SAID.
"OH, YOU WON'T FEEL IT WHEN IT FLAKES OFF."
"NO ONE WILL NOTICE THE ODOR."
IT'S ALL A GIANT LOAD OF CRAP.
BUT THEN... HONESTLY, OLIX, IF THEY HAD HIT ME WITH THE TRUTH...
I'D PROBABLY HAVE CRAPPED MY PANTS AND PASSED OUT, RIGHT THERE IN SICKBAY.
AND...I AM A VERY BIG FAN OF NOT CRAPPING MY PANTS.
SO WHAT'S THE HOLD-UP ON THE LAST ONE?
LOST IT SOMEWHERE THE SUN DOESN'T SHINE?
IT'S ≥SIGH≤ SOMEWHERE... I REALLY DON'T LOOK FORWARD TO SLOUGHING THE CASING.


HEADS UP. INCOMING.
THIS SEAT TAKEN?
ALARA! IT'S ALL YOURS!
MAKE IT A DOUBLE THIS TIME, OLIX.
I JUST BROKE UP WITH MY BOYFRIEND.
THAT A GOOD THING OR A BAD THING?
HE CHEATED ON ME.
IT WASN'T WITH DARULIO, WAS IT?
I'LL LEAVE THE BOTTLE.


OH, NO, NO. YOU'RE ALL GOOD.
I CAUGHT HIM IN THE SIMULATOR... DEEP IN SOME LEVEL-TEN CHALLENGE THAT JOHN CREATED.
AND APPARENTLY, JOHN'S REALLY INTO XELEYANS.
I DON'T KNOW, DO YOU THINK JOHN AND I--
M'NAH.
UM, HOW ARE YOUR EYES?
ITCHY AND MUSHY-- LIKE EVERY TIME I BLINK, A LITTLE ANGEL VISITS ME AND TAKES A CRAP.
WHAT'S INSANE IS APPARENTLY IT'S NORMAL WHILE THE NEW NERVE CELLS CONNECT UP.
IT'S...JUST ANOTHER WAY GOD MYSTERIOUSLY SHOWS US THAT HE LOVES US.


SO, WHAT IS IT WITH THE WHOLE CREW GETTING BIO-TATTOOS?
EVEN BORTUS HAS ONE NOW.
BODY INK CAN BE A VERY BEAUTIFUL THING, BUT PEOPLE ARE GOING NUTS WITH THESE AND HAVING MAJOR REGRETS.
SICKBAY HAS ALREADY TREATED 35 PEOPLE IN THE PAST 12 HOURS.
THAT'S A LOT OF BAD JUDGMENT FOR ONE SHIP.
IT... IT IS. AND IT HAS TO STOP.
IT'S BECOMING A MINOR EPIDEMIC.
FIRST THING TOMORROW... NO MORE BIO-TATTOOS. WE'RE DESTROYING THE TECHNOLOGY.
MMM, I CAN UNDERSTAND THE APPEAL, THOUGH.
I MEAN, I ALMOST GOT MY EYEBROWS TATTOOED ON-- BEFORE THEY GREW BACK.
YEAH, UM, SINCE YOU BRING THAT UP... IS THERE A STORY BEHIND THAT?
WHEN I CAME ABOARD, YOU LOOKED... DIFFERENT.

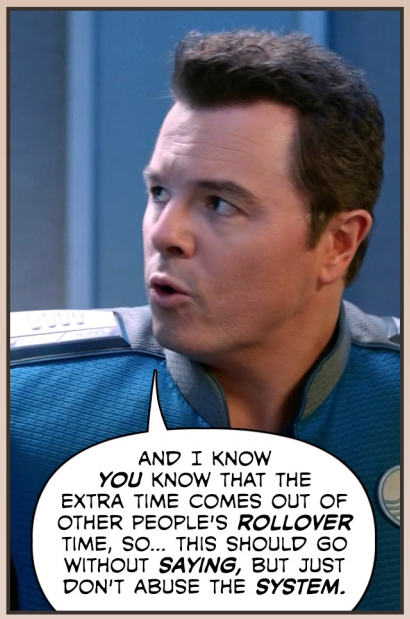

IT'SSSss...KIND OF EMBARRASSING.
LIKE... DON'T SPREAD THIS AROUND.
OF COURSE.
SO, I WAS DATING THIS GUY--
UH, DIFFERENT GUY.
--AND I WANTED TO IMPRESS HIM...
...SO I TOOK AN EARTH CUISINE COOKING CLASS...
...AND FOR THE FINAL PROJECT...
...WE HAD TO MAKE CRÈME BRÛLÉE.
THE FLOOFY DESSERT WITH THE TORCH?
YEAH, WHICH I WAS HOLDING BACKWARDS.
UH-OH.
YEAH, NOT MY FINEST MOMENT.


KINDA RUINS THE APPEAL OF *FIRE,* DOESN'T IT.
=SNORT= I ACTUALLY HAVE *NEVER* FOUND FIRE APPEALING.
I AM SORRY TO INTERRUPT.
BORTUS! I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN *BED.*
I COULD NOT SLEEP.
WELL, THE MORE THE MERRIER!
OLIX, GET BORTUS HERE A CACTUS & LIME.
I AM NOT HERE TO *IMBIBE,* SIR.
CAPTAIN, I WISH TO REQUEST AN *INCREASE* IN USER QUOTA ON THE *SIMULATOR.*
YOU'RE LOCKED OUT *AGAIN?*


SIR, I--


THAT'S THE THIRD TIME THIS *MONTH.*
LOOK, BORTUS, IF YOU AND KLYDEN NEED *SHORE LEAVE,* FEEL FREE TO PUT IN A REQUEST. YOU GUYS DON'T HAVE TO USE THE SIMULATOR FOR *EVERYTHING.*


=SIGH= SINCE YOU'RE A SENIOR OFFICER, I'LL AUTHORIZE *SIX* MORE HOURS FOR THIS MONTH, BUT WHEN YOU AND KLYDEN HAVE USED THAT UP, *THAT'S IT.*


AND I KNOW *YOU* KNOW THAT THE EXTRA TIME COMES OUT OF OTHER PEOPLE'S *ROLLOVER* TIME, SO... THIS SHOULD GO WITHOUT *SAYING,* BUT JUST DON'T ABUSE THE *SYSTEM.*


WE WILL NOT.
THANK YOU, SIR.



THURSDAY

THURSDAY MORNING.

GORDON, SET A COURSE FOR ***BETA DRACONIS*** AND ENGAGE QUANTUM DRIVE.

MAN, WHY ARE ***WE*** ALWAYS STUCK MAKING THESE STUPID ***SUPPLY RUNS?*** THERE MUST BE A ***THOUSAND*** OTHER SHIPS THAT COULD DO IT.



YOU KNOW I DON'T LIKE IT EITHER, GORDON, BUT IT'S PART OF OUR ***JOB.***

WHY ARE THE ***SCIENCE OUTPOSTS*** ALWAYS THE ONES WITH GLITCHING FOOD REPLICATORS?

≥SIGH≤ APPARENTLY SOMEONE'S KID DUMPED A BOTTLE OF ***SRIRACHA SAUCE*** INTO THE MATTER INDUCTION CONDUIT AND BURNT OUT THEIR WHOLE SYSTEM.

WELL, THERE GOES THE ***SHORE LEAVE*** WE WERE PROMISED FOR THIS WEEK.

BARRING ANY DELAYS, WE SHOULD BE THERE IN ***TWO DAYS.*** YOU CAN PUT IN FOR SHORE LEAVE ***THEN,*** OKAY?

YEAH, THAT'S WHAT YOU ALWAYS SAY.




LAST ONE THERE IS A ROTTEN EGG!
=GASP= COMMANDER BORTUS?
CHILDREN! THIS CORRIDOR IS NOT A RACE TRACK.
WE'RE JUST ON OUR WAY TO CLASS.
AND WE LOVE XENOPALEONTOLOGY SO MUCH, WE DON'T WANT TO BE LATE.
AH.
AS A CHILD, I OFTEN FOUND MYSELF IN THAT PREDICAMENT.
YOU MAY PROCEED.
BUT IF I AGAIN CATCH YOU RUNNING IN THE CORRIDORS, I WILL EAT YOUR HOMEWORK.
IS THAT UNDERSTOOD, GENTLEMEN?
YES, COMMANDER.
WE PROMISE.
AND MISTER DUNCAN...
YOU WILL NOT SPEAK OF EGGS THAT WAY.


MEANWHILE...
BRIEFING ROOM.
THURSDAY MORNING.
AND SO FOR THAT REASON, I'VE TASKED ISAAC WITH FINDING AND DESTROYING ALL COPIES OF BIO-TATTOO ALGORITHMS IN EVERY DERMO-PRINTER AND ANY OTHER SHIPBOARD DEVICE CAPABLE OF ALTERING SKIN.


BORTUS! YOU MADE IT. WE WERE ALL WORRIED.
AND WE'RE ALL STARVING.


I AM SORRY TO BE LATE.
A GROUP OF CHILDREN RUNNING THROUGH THE CORRIDORS REQUIRED MY ATTENTION.


UH, BORTUS? WHERE ARE THE PRETZELS?


IT WAS...A LONG WALK TO THE MEETING...

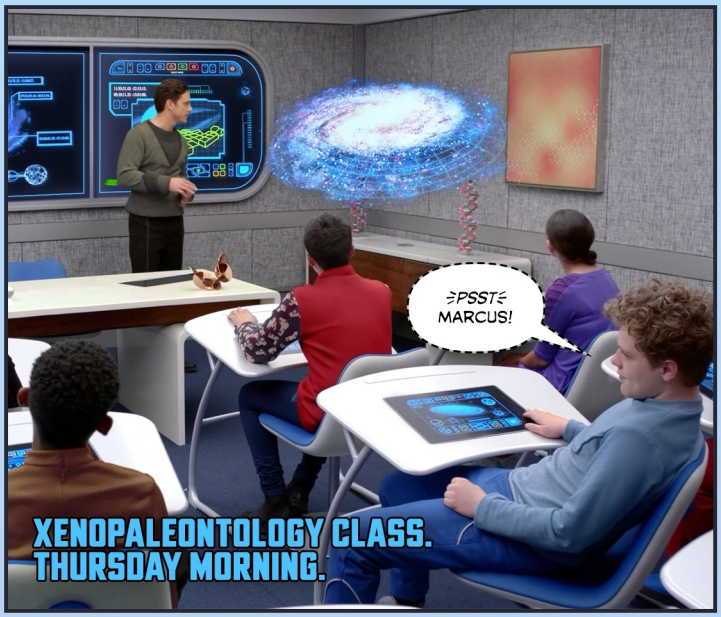

...AND I WAS EXPERIENCING GREAT HUNGER.
I REGRET THAT I CONSUMED THEM ON THE WAY, COMMANDER.


ALL OF THEM?
WHERE'S THE BOWL? OR DID YOU EAT THAT TOO?


I AM AFRAID I ATE THAT AS WELL, SIR, YES.
I WAS... QUITE HUNGRY.
WE CAN'T HAVE A MEETING WITHOUT PRETZELS. YOU KNOW THAT.
PEOPLE GET PISSY.
I HAVE FAILED YOU, CAPTAIN.
IF YOU WISH TO HAVE ME EXECUTED, SIR, I WILL UNDERSTAND.
BETCHA DIDN'T KNOW THAT WAS GONNA BE YOUR LAST MEAL, HUH?
I SAY WE MAKE HIM WALK THE PLANK, CAPTAIN. YOU NAME AN AIRLOCK AND I'M READY. THIS IS A HEINOUS CRIME.
YOU DO NOT POSSESS THE PHYSICAL STRENGTH TO THROW AN ADULT MOCLAN OUT AN AIRLOCK, LIEUTENANT.
IF HE RESISTS, YOU WILL BE DAMAGED.
MAY I SUGGEST A MORE ARTFUL FORM OF PUNISHMENT?
THERE IS A SPECIES OF SENTIENT WORM ON UNUK IV THAT BURROWS--
I WILL NOT ALLOW A WORM TO ENTER ME.
YOU COULD HOLD HIM DOWN, ISAAC, WHILE JOHN AND I ADMINISTER THE WORM.


WHOA, I AIN'T GETTING ANYWHERE NEAR AN ANGRY MOCLAN, Y'ALL.
THIS GIRL I DATED ONCE... HER BROTHER GOT TURNED INSIDE-OUT BY A MOCLAN.
THE BEST PART? HE DIDN'T EVEN DO ANYTHING, AIGHT? JUST SMILES AT THIS MOCLAN.
MOCLAN DUDE'S ANGRY AS BALLS, THROWS HIM DOWN, REACHES INTO HIS THROAT, RIPS OUT HIS SPINAL CORD. GUTS EVERYWHERE.
GUYS... NOBODY'S THROWING MY SECOND OFFICER OUT AN AIRLOCK...
ORVILLE
OR...PUTTING SENTIENT CREATURES IN HIS ORIFICES. IS THAT UNDERSTOOD?
NOW, BORTUS, JUST...NEXT TIME, BRING ENOUGH PRETZELS FOR EVERYONE.
WITH MUSTARD.
AND GET THE GOOD STUFF, THE SPICY STUFF.
...NOT THAT DIJON CRAP THAT KELLY GETS.
REALLY? WE'RE DOING THIS?


I WILL BRING SEVERAL VARIETIES OF MUSTARD.
I SHALL NOT FAIL YOU AGAIN.
HOW ABOUT SOME OF THAT LIQUID CHEDDAR CHEESE FOR DIPPING?
THE LAST TIME I HAD MUSTARD, I DIDN'T LEAVE THE BATHROOM FOR TWO HOURS.
I WILL BRING CHEESE.
SOFT, HOT, DRIPPING, AND SUCCULENT.
GIVEN THE LIEUTENANT'S DIGESTIVE ISSUES, PERHAPS THE BATHROOM IS A MORE ACCOMMODATING LOCATION FOR MEETINGS.
ISAAC, THAT'S JUST GROSS. C'MON.
REMEMBER BACK AT UNION POINT? THEY USED TO CALL ME FLUSH GORDON.
ORVILLE
ALL RIGHT. WE'RE DONE HERE.
NO PRETZELS, NO MEETING.
DISMISSED.
SIGH
I WANT CHEESE NOW.


PSST!
MARCUS!
XENOPALEONTOLOGY CLASS.
THURSDAY MORNING.


MEET ME AFTER CLASS. I JUST GOT A COOL IDEA.


AN HOUR LATER...
ARE YOU SURE THIS IS SAFE?
WHAT IF IT KILLS US?
RELAX. I'VE HACKED A MILLION OF THESE. THEY'RE ALL THE SAME.
WELL, HURRY UP! THIS ROOM SMELLS LIKE HAMSTER.
DECK C, UNIT 3. EMPTY CREW QUARTERS.
THURSDAY AFTERNOON.


SKREEEEEE
UHHH, I DON'T LIKE THE SOUND THAT JUST MADE.

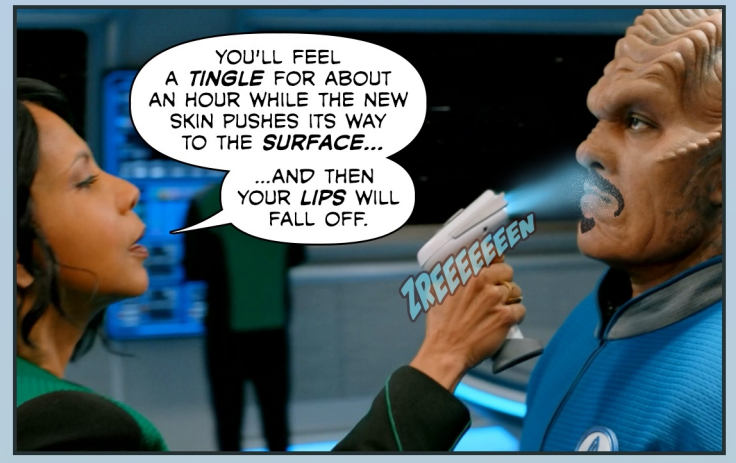

DUDE, DO YOU WANT TO WIN YOURSELF A GIRL OR NOT?

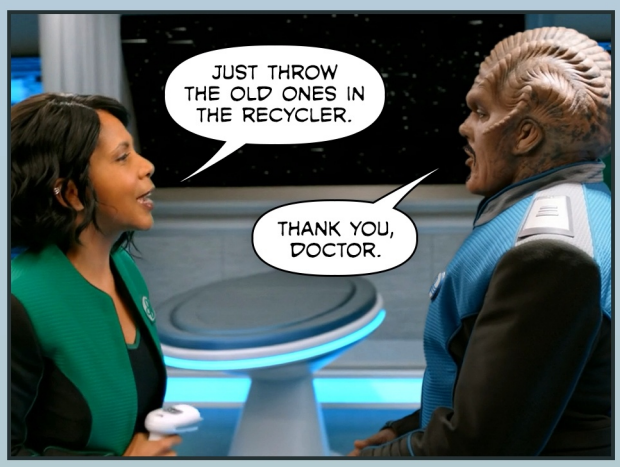

ALMOST DONE. YOU GUYS KNOW WHAT YOU WANT?
I WANT SOMETHING SMOOOOTH.
HIT ME WITH SOMETHING EXTRA VINTAGE.
THIS IS IT, BOYS!
READY TO BECOME MEN?
L1-0
D1-0
DWEUP
F2-4
G1-5
WAIT...
MARCUS, YOU'VE GOT A LITTLE BROTHER, RIGHT?
WAIT, GUYS, NO!
HE'S JUST A KID!
EXACTLY! WE'LL LET HIM TRY IT FIRST!

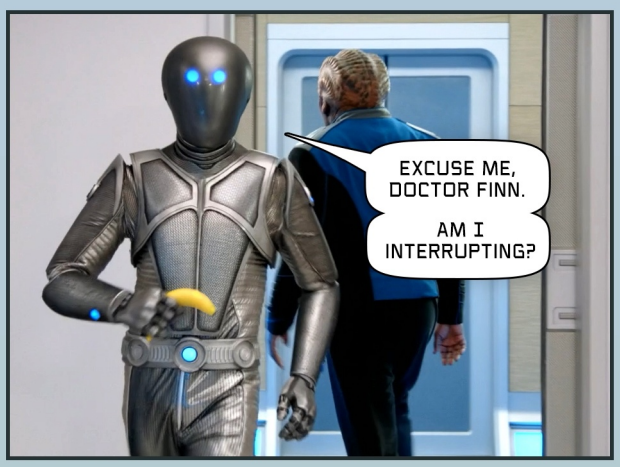

DOCTOR FINN, I WOULD LIKE YOU TO REMOVE MY *TATTOO.*
SICKBAY.
THURSDAY AFTERNOON.
I THINK IT LOOKS *GOOD* ON YOU, BORTUS. WHAT MADE YOU CHANGE YOUR *MIND?*
KLYDEN... HAS STOPPED SPEAKING TO ME...
...AND HAS *NOT STOPPED EATING* SINCE YESTERDAY.
HIS APPETITE IS *INFINITE.*
THIS MORNING, HE REGURGITATED BREAKFAST TO MAKE ROOM FOR MORE BREAKFAST.
THE SMELL WAS... UNPLEASANT.
YOU *DO* UNDERSTAND THAT BECAUSE YOUR TATTOO IS *BIOGENETIC* RATHER THAN SUBDERMAL...
...THERE IS NO *INK* TO REMOVE FROM YOUR SKIN, *YES?*
PLEASE *PROCEED* IN WHATEVER MANNER IS *NECESSARY,* DOCTOR.

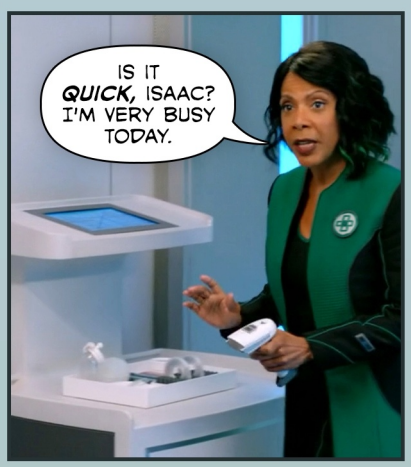

UHH, BORTUS?
HAVE YOU BEEN...?
IS THERE... A PROBLEM?
WELL, YOUR SCANS SHOW TRACES OF MOCLAN DNA ON YOUR UPPER LIP THAT ARE NEITHER KLYDEN'S NOR YOURS.
ALSO...IT'S SYNTHETIC DNA.
AH. YES. LAST NIGHT, I TOOK THE EVENING MEAL ALONE, WITHOUT KLYDEN... IN THE ENVIRONMENTAL SIMULATOR...AMONG SEVERAL MOCLAN ACQUAINTANCES.
AFTER THE MEAL, THERE WAS A JA'VASKA RITUAL, IN WHICH A CHALICE IS PASSED FROM MOCLAN TO MOCLAN.
THE LAST ONE TO--
O-KAY... YOU CAN STOP THERE, BORTUS.
LET'S JUST BE GLAD YOUR BIO-TATTOO ISN'T MUTATING.
LET ME GO GET THE DERMO-STIMULATOR.

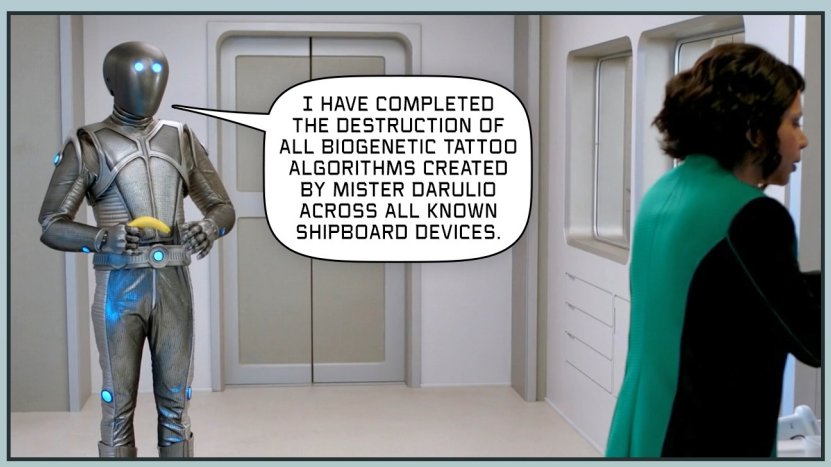

WZEEEEWRRRRRRR


YOU'LL FEEL A TINGLE FOR ABOUT AN HOUR WHILE THE NEW SKIN PUSHES ITS WAY TO THE SURFACE...
...AND THEN YOUR LIPS WILL FALL OFF.
ZREEEEEEEN


JUST THROW THE OLD ONES IN THE RECYCLER.
THANK YOU, DOCTOR.

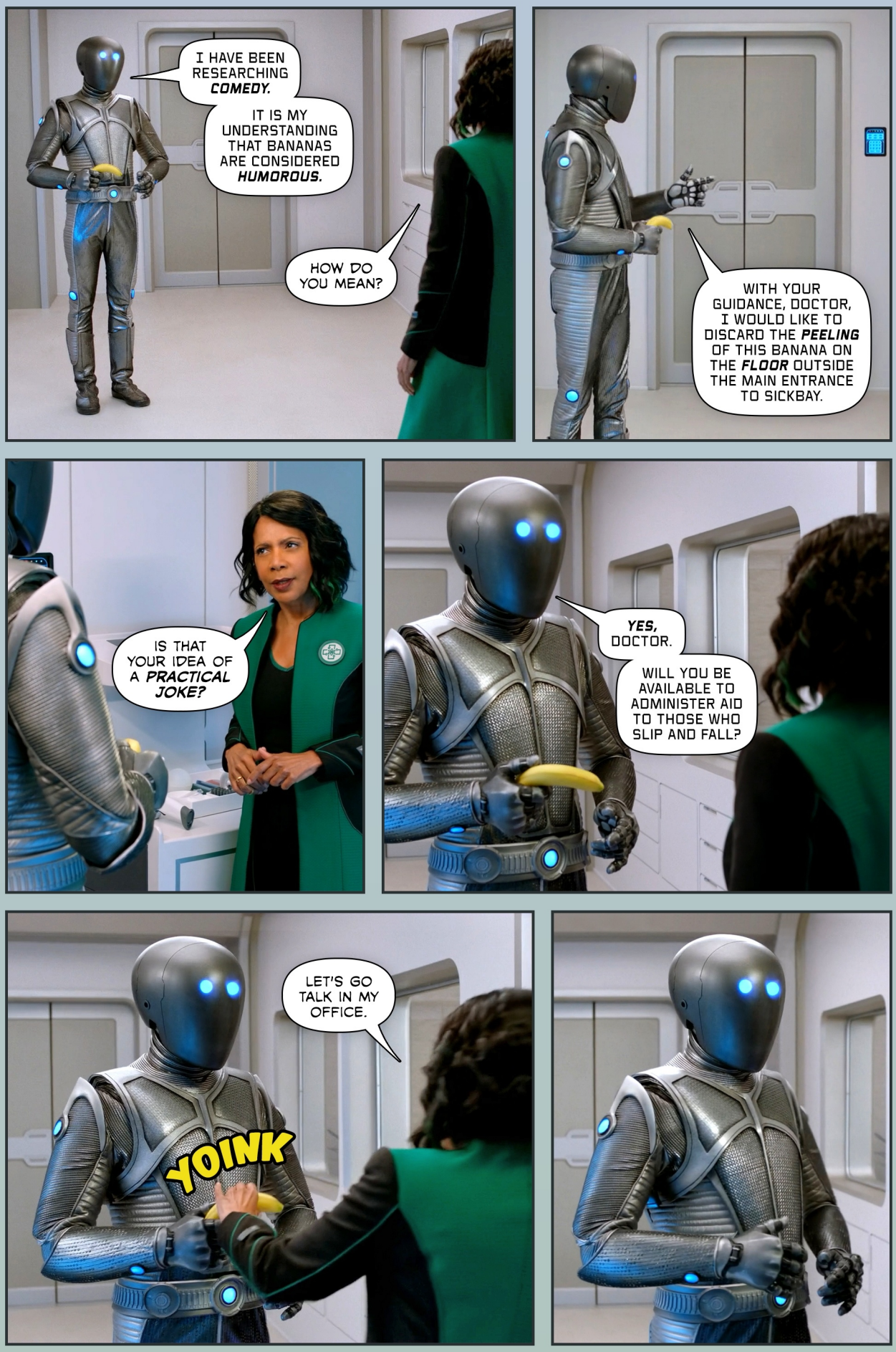

EXCUSE ME, DOCTOR FINN.
AM I INTERRUPTING?

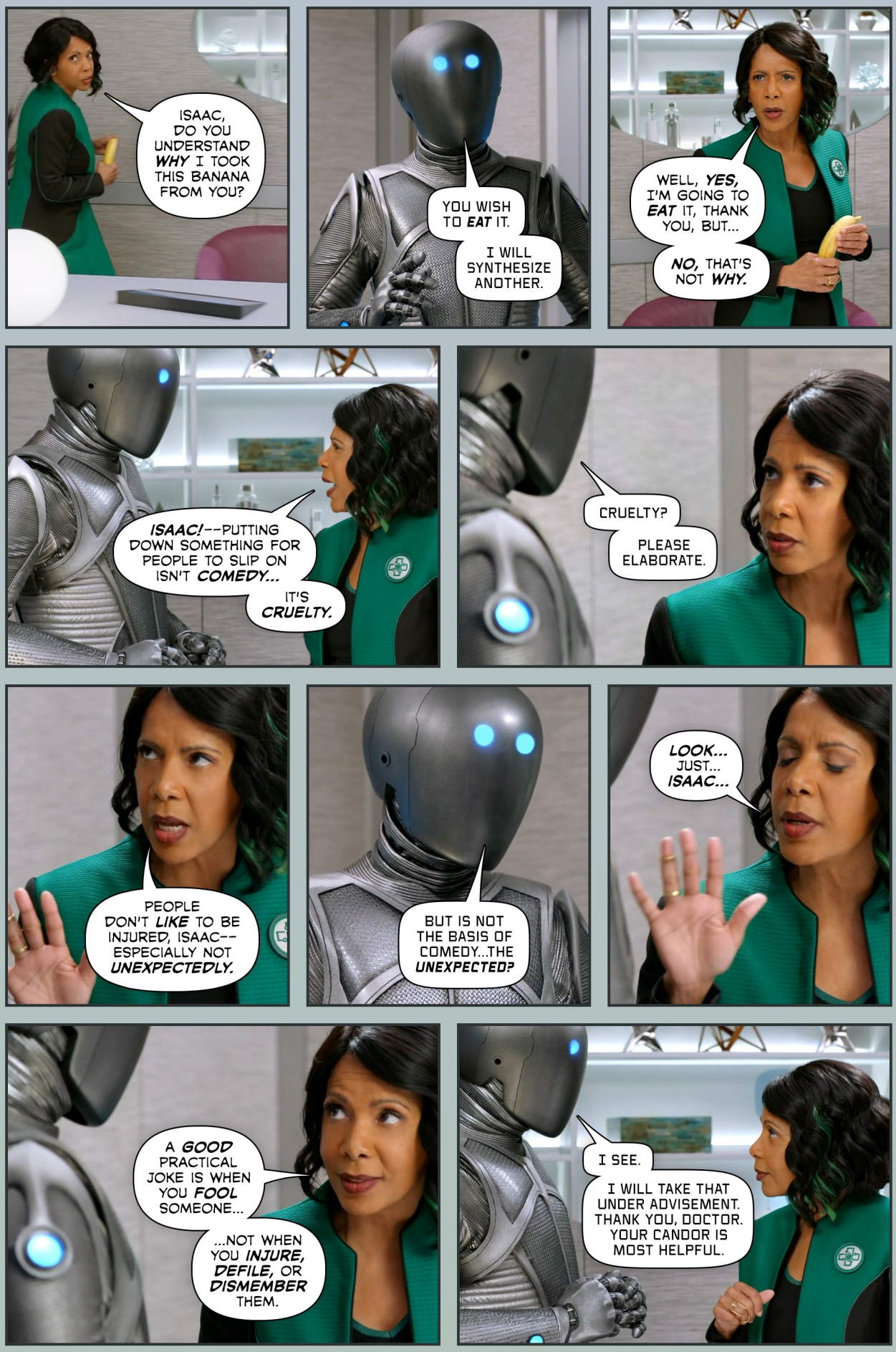

IS IT QUICK, ISAAC? I'M VERY BUSY TODAY.

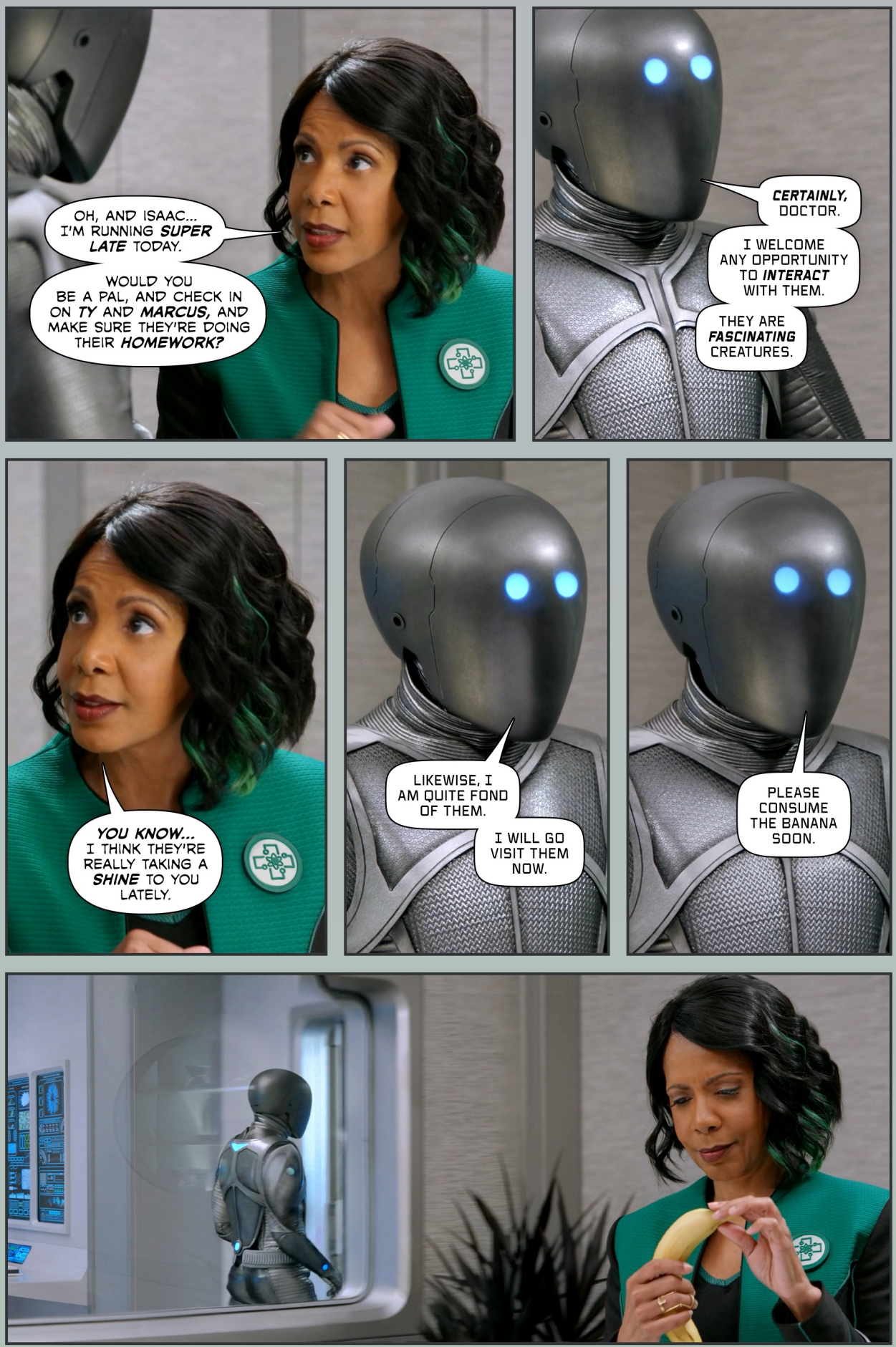

I HAVE COMPLETED THE DESTRUCTION OF ALL BIOGENETIC TATTOO ALGORITHMS CREATED BY MISTER DARULIO ACROSS ALL KNOWN SHIPBOARD DEVICES.


NO FURTHER BIO-TATTOOS WILL BE POSSIBLE.
THAT'S A HUGE RELIEF. THANK YOU, ISAAC.
YOU'RE WELCOME, DOCTOR.


UH, WHAT'S THE BANANA FOR?


I HAVE BEEN RESEARCHING ***COMEDY.***
IT IS MY UNDERSTANDING THAT BANANAS ARE CONSIDERED ***HUMOROUS.***
HOW DO YOU MEAN?
WITH YOUR GUIDANCE, DOCTOR, I WOULD LIKE TO DISCARD THE ***PEELING*** OF THIS BANANA ON THE ***FLOOR*** OUTSIDE THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO SICKBAY.
IS THAT YOUR IDEA OF A ***PRACTICAL JOKE?***
YES, DOCTOR.
WILL YOU BE AVAILABLE TO ADMINISTER AID TO THOSE WHO SLIP AND FALL?
LET'S GO TALK IN MY OFFICE.
YOINK


ISAAC, DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHY I TOOK THIS BANANA FROM YOU?
YOU WISH TO EAT IT.
I WILL SYNTHESIZE ANOTHER.
WELL, YES, I'M GOING TO EAT IT, THANK YOU, BUT...
NO, THAT'S NOT WHY.
ISAAC!--PUTTING DOWN SOMETHING FOR PEOPLE TO SLIP ON ISN'T COMEDY...
IT'S CRUELTY.
CRUELTY?
PLEASE ELABORATE.
PEOPLE DON'T LIKE TO BE INJURED, ISAAC-- ESPECIALLY NOT UNEXPECTEDLY.
BUT IS NOT THE BASIS OF COMEDY...THE UNEXPECTED?
LOOK... JUST... ISAAC...
A GOOD PRACTICAL JOKE IS WHEN YOU FOOL SOMEONE...
...NOT WHEN YOU INJURE, DEFILE, OR DISMEMBER THEM.
I SEE.
I WILL TAKE THAT UNDER ADVISEMENT. THANK YOU, DOCTOR. YOUR CANDOR IS MOST HELPFUL.


OH, AND ISAAC... I'M RUNNING SUPER LATE TODAY.
WOULD YOU BE A PAL, AND CHECK IN ON TY AND MARCUS, AND MAKE SURE THEY'RE DOING THEIR HOMEWORK?
CERTAINLY, DOCTOR.
I WELCOME ANY OPPORTUNITY TO INTERACT WITH THEM.
THEY ARE FASCINATING CREATURES.
YOU KNOW... I THINK THEY'RE REALLY TAKING A SHINE TO YOU LATELY.
LIKEWISE, I AM QUITE FOND OF THEM.
I WILL GO VISIT THEM NOW.
PLEASE CONSUME THE BANANA SOON.


DINNERTIME ARRIVES...
UH, MARCUS? WHAT IS THAT ON YOUR FACE?
I DO NOT RECOGNIZE MY OWN SON.
FINN QUARTERS. THURSDAY EVENING.
IT'S A MUSTACHE, MOM!
DON'T YOU LIKE IT?
IT'S A NEW KIND OF TATTOO.
SIT DOWN, MARCUS.
AM I IN TROUBLE?
THAT DEPENDS. SIT.
FIRST OF ALL, YOU ARE TOO YOUNG FOR A TATTOO.
BUT COMMANDER BORTUS HAS ONE!
AND LIEUTENANT LAMARR HAS LIKE TEN OF 'EM!

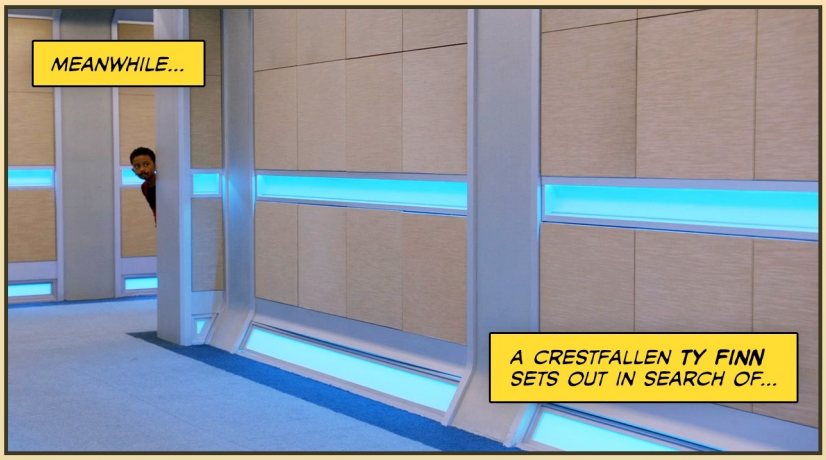

THEY ARE ADULTS, MARCUS.
I'M ALMOST AN ADULT, MOM.
OH, YOU THINK SO?
MM-HMM.
ALL RIGHT, THEN... AFTER DINNER, WE ARE GOING TO MARCH YOUR ALMOST ADULT SELF DOWN TO MY OFFICE TO REMOVE THAT.
I AM NOT COMFORTABLE WITH THIS, MARCUS.
I'M STILL GETTING USED TO IT TOO, MOM...
...BUT LIEUTENANT LAMARR SAYS A MAN SHOULD ALWAYS GO WITH ONE MORE TATTOO THAN HE'S COMFORTABLE WITH.
NO, NO, NO!
SECOND OF ALL, WHERE DID YOU GET THAT?
TALK!


OH... MY... GOD...
WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE?
BOYS, CUT THE CRAP RIGHT NOW.
TY! HOW DID YOU GET THAT?
DON'T SAY!
MARCUS HACKED A FOOD SYNTHESIZER SO IT COULD PRINT MUSTACHES ON PEOPLE.
DUDE!!
TYRONE FINN!
YOU PUT YOUR HEAD IN A FOOD SYNTHESIZER?!
I STOOD ON A CHAIR, MOM.
TY!--DO YOU HAVE ANY ANY IDEA HOW DANGER--


MARCUS! YOU LET YOUR BROTHER PUT HIS HEAD IN A FOOD SYNTHESIZER!
MOM! HE'S FINE!
WHAT WERE YOU THINKING?!
IT'S LIKE THIS THIN.
IT'S TOTALLY HARMLESS.
MISTER, YOU ARE EITHER GROUNDED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE...
AW, MOM!
...OR... YOU GO VISIT THE FIRST OFFICER BY YOURSELF, LIKE AN ADULT, AND EXPLAIN WHAT YOU'VE DONE.
OHHH, GODDD, MOMMM!
IF I PICK THE GROUNDING, HOW LONG IS THAT FOR?
YOUNG MAN, YOU ARE TRYING MY PATIENCE.


MATTER SYNTHESIZERS HAVE SAFETY PROTOCOLS FOR A REASON.
YOU COULD HAVE WOUND UP WITH TWO HEADS!
OR NONE AT ALL!
WAS IT OURS? I WAS JUST ABOUT TO MAKE DINNER!
DO YOU WANT SHARDS OF GLASS IN YOUR SALAD?
YOU ARE NOT MOCLAN!
CHILL, MOM.
IT WASN'T OURS...AND IT WASN'T ME.
IT WAS THIS NEW KID AT SCHOOL.
HE DID THE HACK. I DIDN'T TOUCH IT.
WELL, IF I EVER MEET THE PARENTS OF THIS BOY...
...THEY WILL BE GETTING AN EARFUL FROM ME.
ALL RIGHT. WE'RE DONE HERE.
LET'S GO. SICKBAY. NOW.
OKAY, YOU WIN.


MARCUS, WHAT THE...?
HAPPY NOW?
IT'S JUST SYNTHETIC SQUID INK, GELATIN, AND SEAWEED.
IT GOES RIGHT ONTO YOUR SKIN... BUT NOT, LIKE, BELOW THE EPIDERMIS OR WHATEVER...
...SO YOU CAN JUST PEEL IT OFF.
SO THESE AREN'T BIO-TATTOOS? WHOSE IDEA WAS ALL OF THIS?
WE CAME UP WITH IT AFTER SEEING COMMANDER BORTUS THIS MORNING...
...BUT THEN ISAAC STOPPED BY...
...AND HE SUGGESTED WE PRANK YOU INTO THINKING THEY WERE BIO-TATTOOS...
AND I HAD YOU GOING, BUT THEN TY RUINED THE JOKE.
AWWWW...
ISAAC PUT YOU UP TO THIS?
YEAH. AM I STILL IN TROUBLE?
RIGHT NOW, NOT AS MUCH AS ISAAC.


MEANWHILE...
A CRESTFALLEN TY FINN SETS OUT IN SEARCH OF...

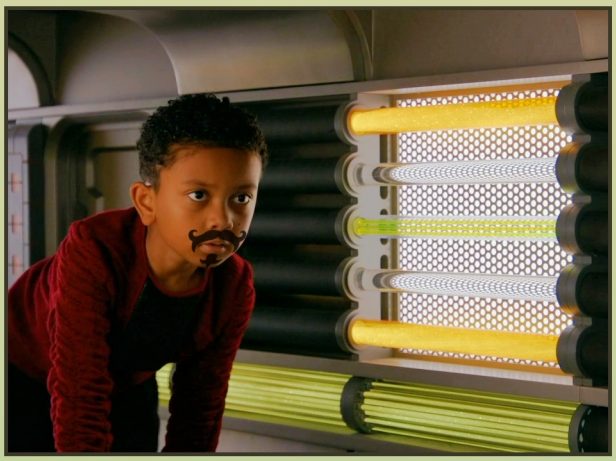




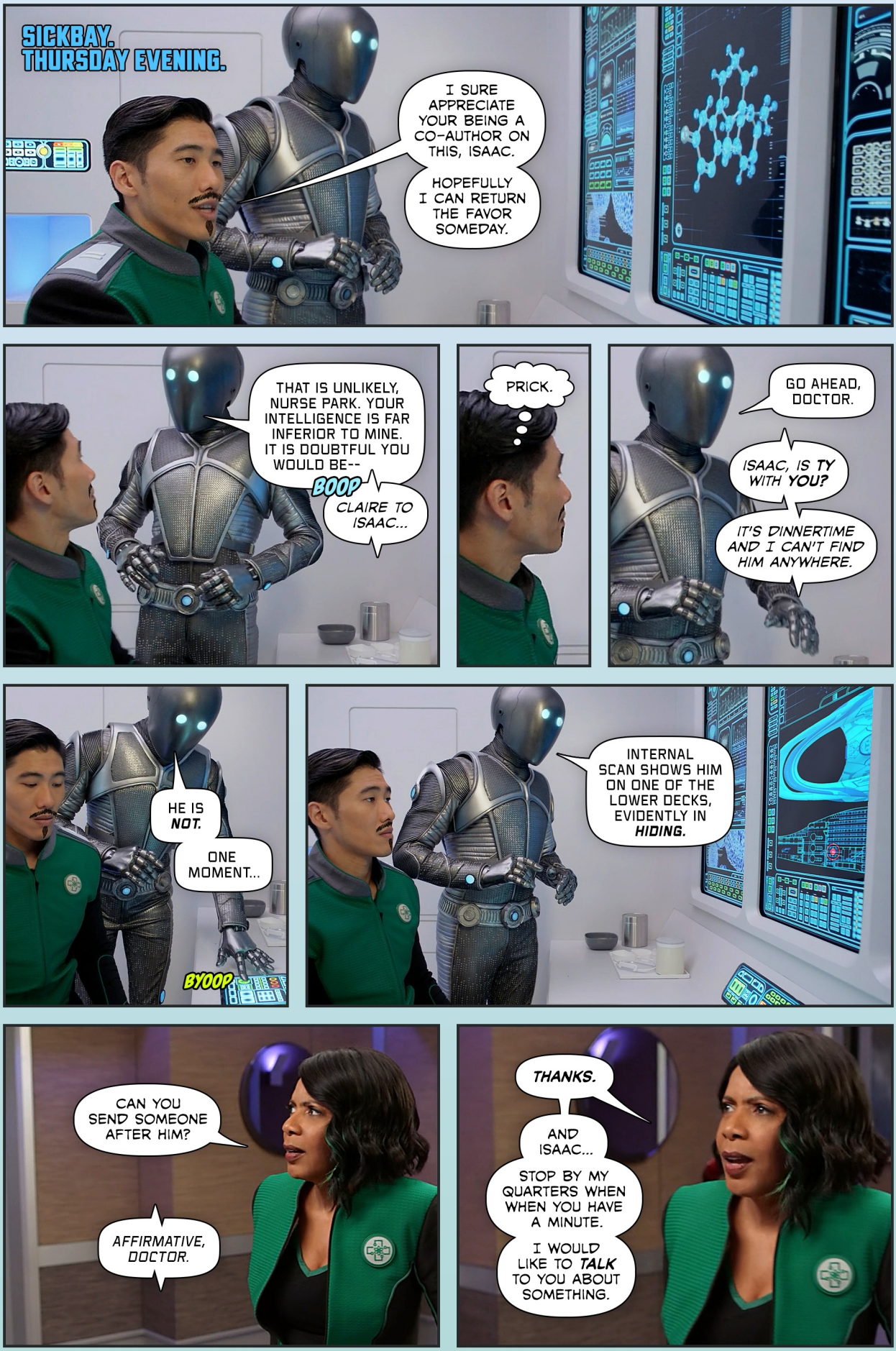


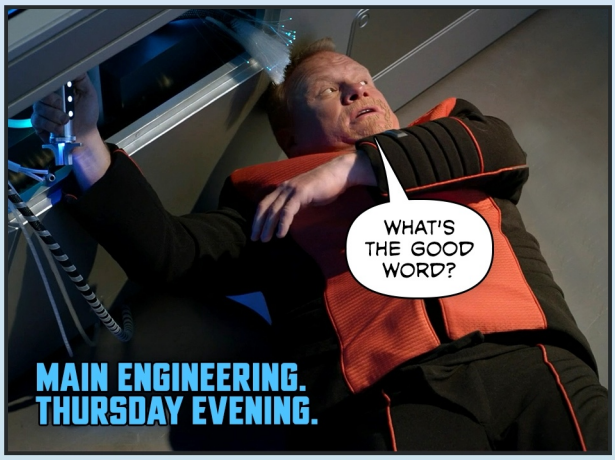


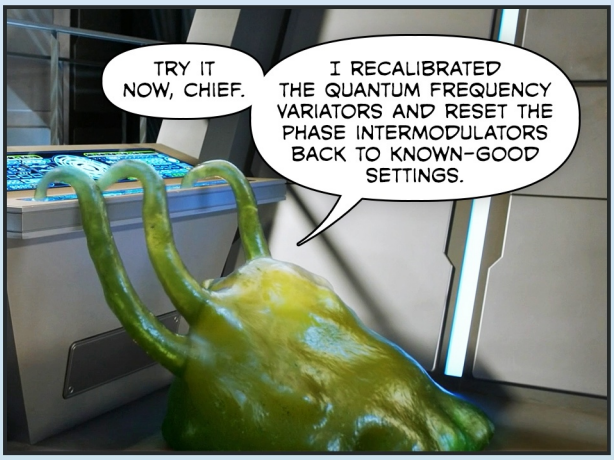




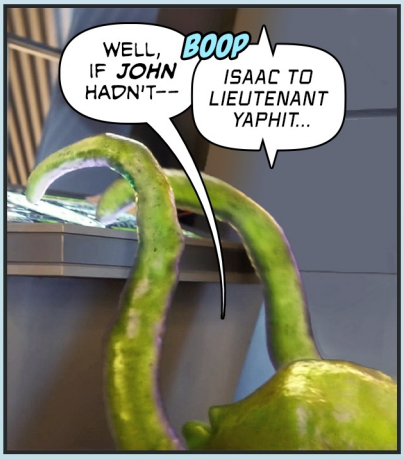

...SECLUSION.


SICKBAY.
THURSDAY EVENING.
I SURE APPRECIATE YOUR BEING A CO-AUTHOR ON THIS, ISAAC.
HOPEFULLY I CAN RETURN THE FAVOR SOMEDAY.
THAT IS UNLIKELY, NURSE PARK. YOUR INTELLIGENCE IS FAR INFERIOR TO MINE. IT IS DOUBTFUL YOU WOULD BE--
BOOP
CLAIRE TO ISAAC...
PRICK.
GO AHEAD, DOCTOR.
ISAAC, IS TY WITH YOU?
IT'S DINNERTIME AND I CAN'T FIND HIM ANYWHERE.
HE IS NOT.
ONE MOMENT...
BYOOP
INTERNAL SCAN SHOWS HIM ON ONE OF THE LOWER DECKS, EVIDENTLY IN HIDING.
CAN YOU SEND SOMEONE AFTER HIM?
AFFIRMATIVE, DOCTOR.
THANKS.
AND ISAAC...
STOP BY MY QUARTERS WHEN WHEN YOU HAVE A MINUTE.
I WOULD LIKE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT SOMETHING.


WHAT'S THE GOOD WORD?
MAIN ENGINEERING. THURSDAY EVENING.


TRY IT NOW, CHIEF.
I RECALIBRATED THE QUANTUM FREQUENCY VARIATORS AND RESET THE PHASE INTERMODULATORS BACK TO KNOWN-GOOD SETTINGS.


I THINK THAT DID IT, YAPHIT!
YOU ARE A GENIUS AMONG GENIUSES, MY FRIEND.


WELL, IF JOHN HADN'T--
BOOP
ISAAC TO LIEUTENANT YAPHIT...


YEAH, WHAT DO YOU WANT?
TY FINN HAS ENTERED THE CONDUIT SYSTEM ON E DECK.
ARE YOU AVAILABLE TO INTERCEPT HIM AND ESCORT HIM HOME FOR DINNER?

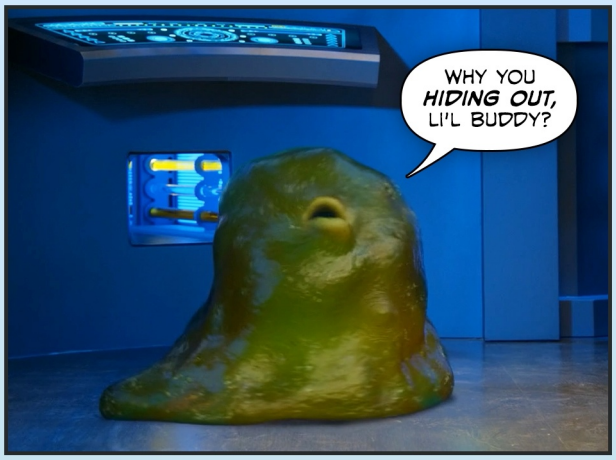

CRAP. NOT AGAIN.
YEAH, I'LL GO GET HIM.


BOY, I'M SURE GLAD YOU CAN DO IT!
I GET SUPER CLAUSTROPHOBIC WHEN IT COMES TO PLACES MY HEAD DOESN'T FIT.


PERMISSION TO BOUNCE, CHIEF?
BOUNCE AWAY, LIEUTENANT.


TY!
TY FINN!
TY, YOU IN HERE?
WHERE ARE YOU, YA LITTLE SNOT?
YEESHKA, WHAT IS THAT SMELL?
SAY, I JUST THOUGHT OF A SUPER-OUTRAGEOUS PRANK WE CAN PULL ON YAPHIT WHEN HE GETS BACK.
OH YEAH? WHAT'S THAT?
WE TELL HIM CHIEF GOT STUCK UNDER THE CONSOLE, AND THE ONLY WAY TO GET HIM OUT...
...IS FOR YAPHIT TO OOZE UP IN THERE AND HELP CHIEF WRIGGLE OUT OF HIS CLOTHES!!
WHAT DO YOU THINK?
CATCH ALL THAT, CHIEF?
YEAH, I'M AFRAID THAT IS NOT HAPPENING, MY FRIENDS.
=SIGH= I ALWAYS THINK OF THE BEST PRANKS, AND NO ONE WANTS TO PLAY ALONG.
I THOUGHT THESE TATTOOS WOULD MAKE ME FUNNIER.

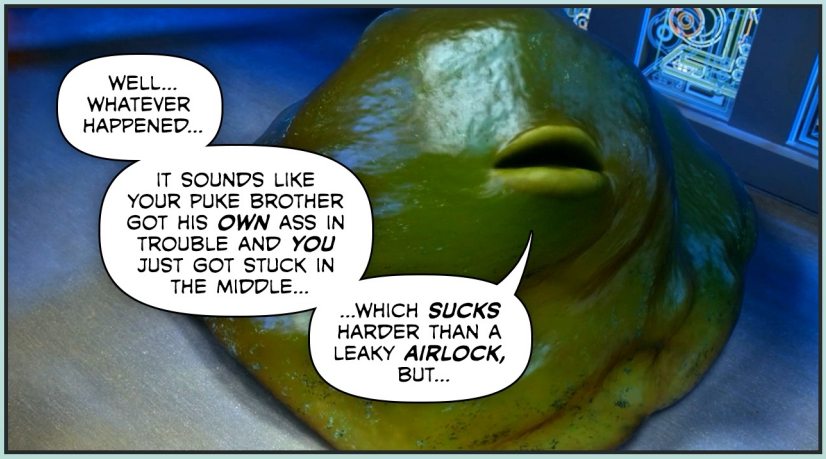

HEY, STINKBUG! I KNOW YOU'RE IN HERE! I CAN SMELL YOU!
SHUT UP! NO YOU CAN'T!
YEP, AND I CAN HEAR YOU NOW, TOO.
I'M NOT COMING OUT!
EH, THEN MOVE OVER, BIG GUY. I'M COMIN' IN.
GO AWAY!
I WANNA BE ALONE!
HEY, YOU CAN'T BE IN THERE!
CRAP.
FOUND YA, LITTLE SNAKE!
≥MNRFF≤
POWER CELL 01
POWER CELL 03
POWER CELL 04


WHY YOU *HIDING OUT,* LI'L BUDDY?


MY MOM'S *MAD* AT ME.
MARCUS *TOO,* I *THINK.*
POWER CELL 01
POWER CELL 03


WOWZA! WHAT'D YOU *DO?*


I GOT MARCUS IN *TROUBLE,* I GUESS.
HE DIDN'T WANT ME TO SAY WHAT HE DID, BUT I TOLD MY MOM.
NOW HE'S MAD AT *ME* 'CAUSE HE'S *GROUNDED.*
AND *ISAAC* IS GONNA BE IN DEEP TROUBLE TOO, 'CAUSE PART OF IT WAS HIS IDEA.

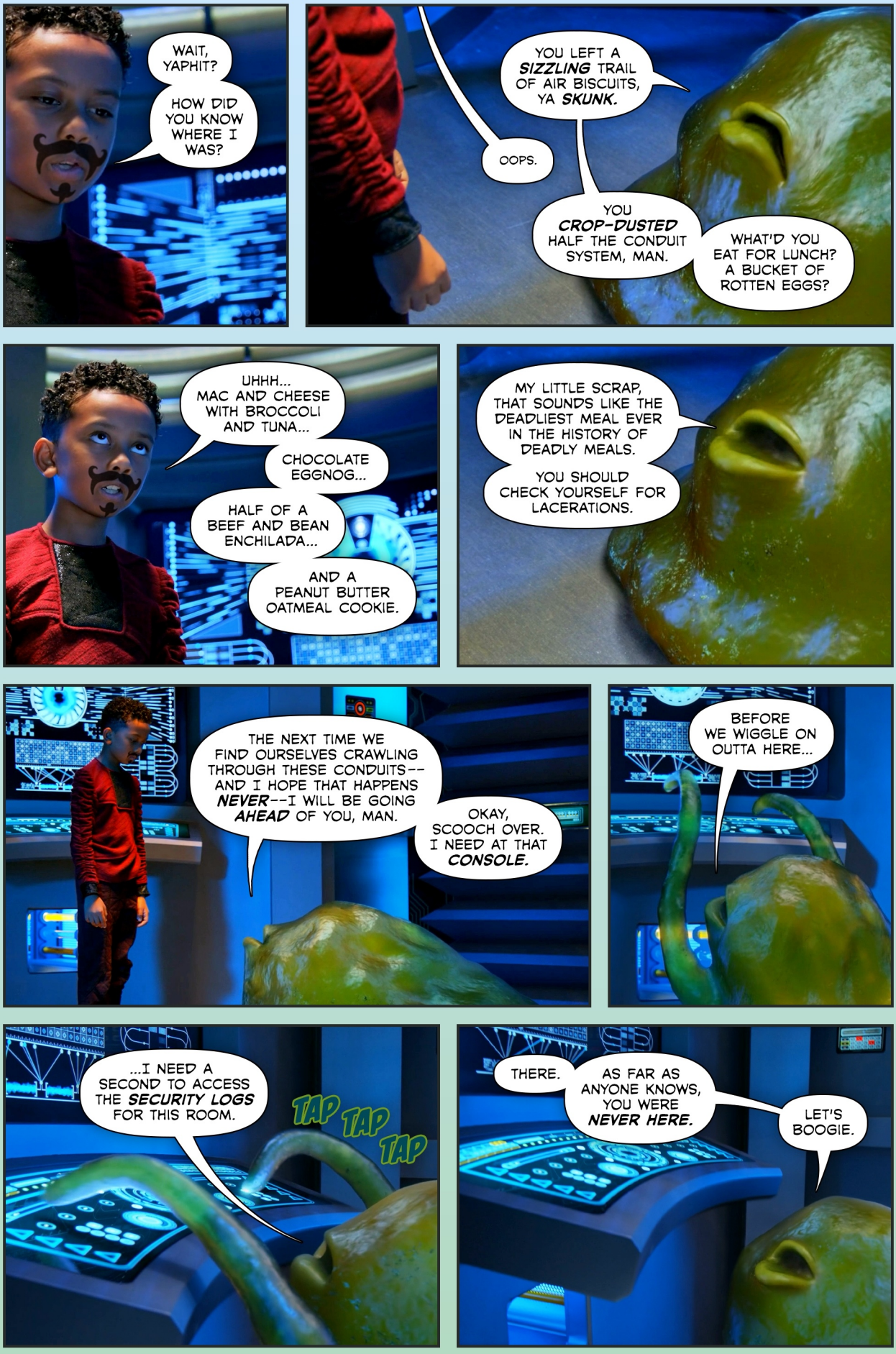

WELL... WHATEVER HAPPENED...
IT SOUNDS LIKE YOUR PUKE BROTHER GOT HIS *OWN* ASS IN TROUBLE AND *YOU* JUST GOT STUCK IN THE MIDDLE...
...WHICH *SUCKS* HARDER THAN A LEAKY *AIRLOCK,* BUT...


SOMETIMES YA JUST GOTTA RAT SOMEONE OUT FOR THEIR OWN MORAL GOOD.


LIKE ISAAC, THAT BAST--
BAST--
BASTION OF ABSTRUSENESS.


I'M SURE YOUR MOM HAS A GOOD REASON TO BE PISSED AT *HIM.*


SAY, WHAT'S THAT CRAP ON YOUR FACE, MAN?
IT'S A MUSTACHE TATTOO.
WELL, THAT'S A BOSS TATTOO.
I DIG IT.
THANKS. IT'S WHAT MY MOM'S MAD ABOUT.
WELL, SHE'S PROBABLY NOT AS MAD AT YOU AS YOU THINK SHE IS.
IF I KNOW CLAIRE, SHE'S JUST WORRIED ABOUT YOU.
SHE WORKS HARD TO BE A GOOD MOTHER TO YOU TWO GOBLINS.
I DUNNO.
MAYBE.
I GUESS.
WELL, LISTEN. I'M SUPPOSED TO BRING YOU HOME...
...AND I'LL GET CHEWED OUT MORE THAN YOU IF I DON'T...
...SO WHAT DO YOU SAY WE PACK IT UP HERE AND SPLIT?
I DON'T WANT TO.
WELL, WHAT IF WE GET LOST ON THE WAY AND ACCIDENTALLY PASS BY THE MESS HALL AND HORF DOWN A COUPLE SLICES OF PIZZA FIRST?
MY MOM WILL KILL ME.
AND SHE'LL KNOW ABOUT IT HOW?
C'MON...
DOUBLE-EXTRA CHEEEEESE...
AND YOU CAN POCKET THE CRUSTS AND STUFF 'EM BETWEEN THE SOFA CUSHIONS LATER--WHEN YOUR MOM'S NOT LOOKING--AND BLAME IT ON YOUR BROTHER.
≥GIGGLE≤ OKAY!


WAIT, YAPHIT?
HOW DID YOU KNOW WHERE I WAS?
YOU LEFT A SIZZLING TRAIL OF AIR BISCUITS, YA SKUNK.
OOPS.
YOU CROP-DUSTED HALF THE CONDUIT SYSTEM, MAN.
WHAT'D YOU EAT FOR LUNCH? A BUCKET OF ROTTEN EGGS?
UHHH... MAC AND CHEESE WITH BROCCOLI AND TUNA...
CHOCOLATE EGGNOG...
HALF OF A BEEF AND BEAN ENCHILADA...
AND A PEANUT BUTTER OATMEAL COOKIE.
MY LITTLE SCRAP, THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE DEADLIEST MEAL EVER IN THE HISTORY OF DEADLY MEALS.
YOU SHOULD CHECK YOURSELF FOR LACERATIONS.
THE NEXT TIME WE FIND OURSELVES CRAWLING THROUGH THESE CONDUITS--AND I HOPE THAT HAPPENS NEVER--I WILL BE GOING AHEAD OF YOU, MAN.
OKAY, SCOOCH OVER. I NEED AT THAT CONSOLE.
BEFORE WE WIGGLE ON OUTTA HERE...
...I NEED A SECOND TO ACCESS THE SECURITY LOGS FOR THIS ROOM.
TAP TAP TAP
THERE.
AS FAR AS ANYONE KNOWS, YOU WERE NEVER HERE.
LET'S BOOGIE.


SO HOW COME YOU HAVEN'T TAKEN OUT REVENGE ON ISAAC YET?
WEREN'T YOU GOING TO INK HIM UP?
I THOUGHT OF A ***BETTER*** IDEA.
I FIGURED... INSTEAD OF GETTING ***EVEN*** WITH HIM, I'D MAKE HIM DO ME A ***FAVOR.***


MESS HALL.
THURSDAY EVENING.
AND WHAT'S THAT?
I HAD HIM PROGRAM ME A VISUAL DISPLAY AND SCORING SYSTEM FOR A NEW GAME THAT I DREAMED UP.


THAT'S COOL... AND PROBABLY FOR THE BEST, SEEING AS HE'S THE KAYLON EMISSARY.
HOW DO YOU MEAN?
WELL, REMEMBER A COUPLE MONTHS AGO WHEN YOU STUCK THOSE POTATO-MAN PIECES ON HIS HEAD?
HOW COULD I FORGET? THAT WAS ONE OF MY BEST PRACTICAL JOKES.

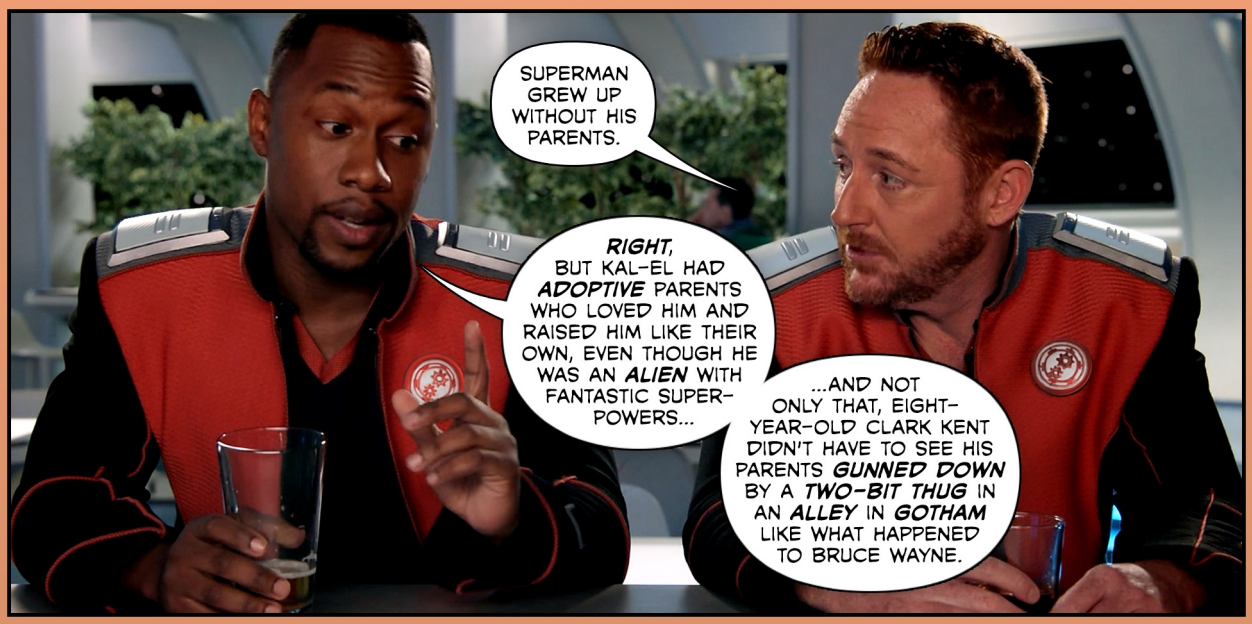

WELL, NO WAY THE KAYLON ARE GOING TO CARE ABOUT THAT, RIGHT?
BUT... IF YOU DREW DICKS ALL OVER HIM, THAT'S SOMETHING HIS SUPERIORS MIGHT NOT APPRECIATE-- ESPECIALLY IF THEY'RE SCARY ONES.
I GUESS. ≥SIGH≤ I DON'T KNOW. I STILL FEEL LIKE I NEED TO GET SOME VANDALISM OUT OF MY SYSTEM, THOUGH.
AH, I CAN RESPECT THAT.


SO WHAT'S THIS *GAME* CALLED?
GARTS.
HOW'S IT WORK?
IT'LL BE EASIER IF I JUST *SHOW* YOU.
MEET ME IN THE *SIMULATOR* AFTER SHIFT TOMORROW? CHANGE FIRST. I'LL SEND YOU A LIST OF WHAT TO BRING AND WHAT TO WEAR.
BORTUS AND KLYDEN ARE INVITED. YOU CAN BE *MY* PARTNER. TWO ON TWO.


RIGHT ON. WELL, I GOTTA GET GOING AFTER THIS BEER.
CHILLIN' WITH *JENNY* TONIGHT. SHE'S COOKING UP THIS *HUGE* ITALIAN DINNER, AND THEN WE'RE GONNA WATCH A SCARY MOVIE.
SOUNDS LIKE SHE'S REALLY *INTO* YOU, MAN.
YEAH, WE GET ALONG ALL RIGHT.


HOW'D IT GO WITH HER BIO-TAT REMOVAL?
OH, *WAY* WORSE THAN YOU COULD IMAGINE.
SHE'LL BE OKAY. BUT RIGHT NOW, HER SKIN IS LIKE... *SUPER SENSITIVE* TO LIGHT.


GETTING MY GIANT ONE REMOVED WASN'T AS BAD, BUT...
IT STILL SUCKED.
IT'S ALL GOOD, THOUGH. I DIDN'T LIKE SUPERMAN THAT MUCH ANYWAY.
WHAT'S WRONG WITH SUPERMAN?
WELL, IF I'D BEEN THINKING MORE CLEARLY, I WOULD HAVE GONE WITH BATMAN.
BATMAN? HE'S JUST A GUY WITH GADGETS AND MARTIAL ARTS TRAINING...
...BUT SUPERMAN'S ACTUALLY POWERFUL.
I MEAN... SUPER STRENGTH, SUPER HEARING, QUANTUM SPEED, QUANTUM VISION, ICE BREATH, LASER EYES... THE ABILITY TO FLY THROUGH AIR AND SPACE AND TUNNEL THROUGH SOLID ROCK!
HOW'S BATMAN BETTER THAN ALL THAT?
SEE, THAT'S JUST IT. SUPERMAN IS BASICALLY A GOD WITH MAGIC POWERS... BUT BATMAN, HE'S JUST A REGULAR DUDE WHO WORKED HIS ASS OFF TO GET WHERE HE IS.
AND SURE, HE WAS BORN INTO A LIFE OF PRIVILEGE. HIS PARENTS WERE RICH AS BALLS...
...BUT HE GREW UP WITHOUT HIS PARENTS... SO HE HAD TO FIGURE OUT ALL THE CRAP LIFE THREW AT HIM BY HIMSELF.
SUPERMAN COULD HAVE DONE NOTHING IN LIFE, AND HE'D STILL BE SUPERMAN. BATMAN HAD TO MAKE EVERYTHING HAPPEN FOR HIMSELF.
KNOW WHAT I'M SAYING?


SUPERMAN GREW UP WITHOUT HIS PARENTS.
RIGHT, BUT KAL-EL HAD ADOPTIVE PARENTS WHO LOVED HIM AND RAISED HIM LIKE THEIR OWN, EVEN THOUGH HE WAS AN ALIEN WITH FANTASTIC SUPER-POWERS...
...AND NOT ONLY THAT, EIGHT-YEAR-OLD CLARK KENT DIDN'T HAVE TO SEE HIS PARENTS GUNNED DOWN BY A TWO-BIT THUG IN AN ALLEY IN GOTHAM LIKE WHAT HAPPENED TO BRUCE WAYNE.


ANYWAY, THE POINT BEING...
SUPERMAN WAS BORN INTO SUCCESS.
BATMAN FAILED INTO SUCCESS.
HUH?


ALL THOSE GADGETS AND BAT-SUITS AND CARS, HE WASN'T BORN WITH THOSE.
HE HAD TO INVENT ALL THAT SHIT. AND EVEN THE ONES HE PAID OTHER PEOPLE TO INVENT, HE STILL HAD TO TEST IT OUT.


THINK THEY ALWAYS WORKED THE FIRST TIME? HELL, NO!
THERE WERE FAILURES ALONG THE WAY. A LOT.
AND HE GOT HIS ASS KICKED. A LOT.


DID HE GIVE UP? NO. HE FOUGHT SMARTER, AND MADE HIMSELF INTO A HARDENED, RUSTY NAIL.
ALL THOSE FAILURES SET HIM UP FOR SUCCESS.


AND MAYBE ALL OF THAT MADE HIM ***BITTER*** AND RESENTFUL, AND NOT AS OPTIMISTIC AS HIS CONTEMPORARIES, BUT AT THE END OF THE DAY, HE'S A DUDE WITH ***SKIN*** IN THE ***GAME.*** AND I MEAN...
SUPES IS ULTRA-POWERFUL, BUT LET'S FACE IT... ***BATS*** IS JUST THE COOLER CAT.
AND HIS GREATEST WEAPON IS HIS ***MIND.*** HE PLANS FOR EVERY POSSIBLE SCENARIO.
MMM.


BUT MOST IMPORTANTLY...
BATMAN IS DRIVEN TO MAKE THINGS ***RIGHT.*** NOT ALWAYS ***BETTER,*** BUT ***RIGHT.***
AND SO ***ALL OF THAT*** MAKES BATMAN A MUCH MORE INTERESTING HERO.
OKAY. I CAN SEE THAT.

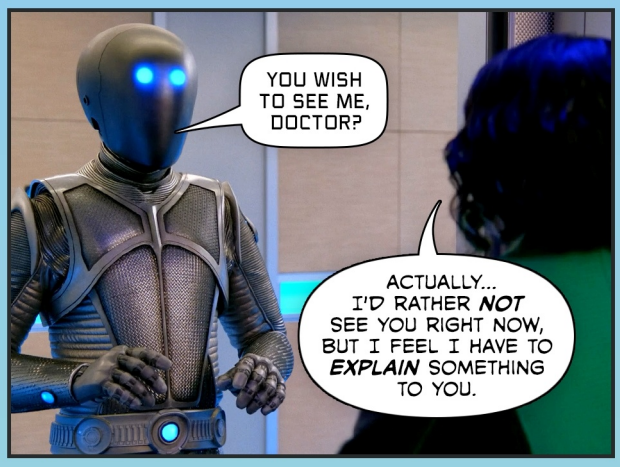

GULP
GULP
GULP
GULP


ALL RIGHT, REMBRANDT. TRY NOT TO GET YOURSELF INTO ***TOO*** MUCH MISCHIEF TONIGHT.


CATCH YOU ON THE FLIP.
SIP

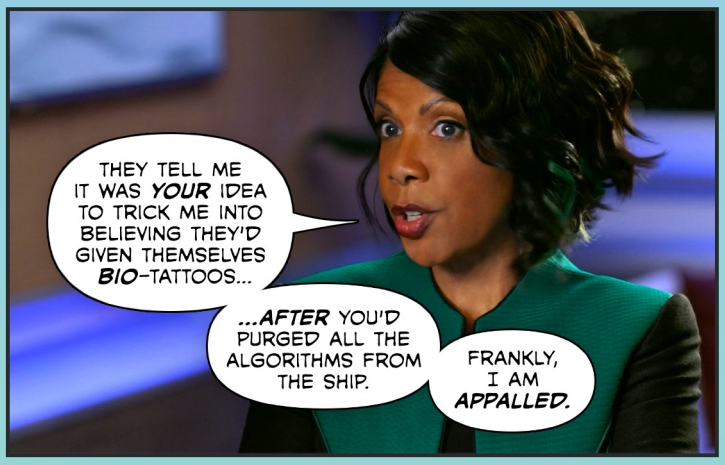

FINN QUARTERS.
THURSDAY EVENING.
BWEEP WOOP


ISAAC.


YOU WISH TO SEE ME, DOCTOR?
ACTUALLY... I'D RATHER NOT SEE YOU RIGHT NOW, BUT I FEEL I HAVE TO EXPLAIN SOMETHING TO YOU.

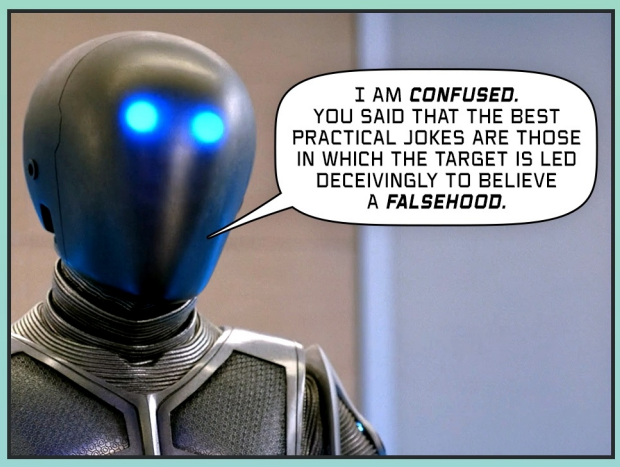

HOW DO I FRAME THIS?
TY AND MARCUS ADORE YOU, ISAAC...
...AND I APPRECIATE YOUR SPENDING TIME WITH THEM...
...BUT I DON'T APPRECIATE YOUR PUTTING THEM UP TO PRANKS.

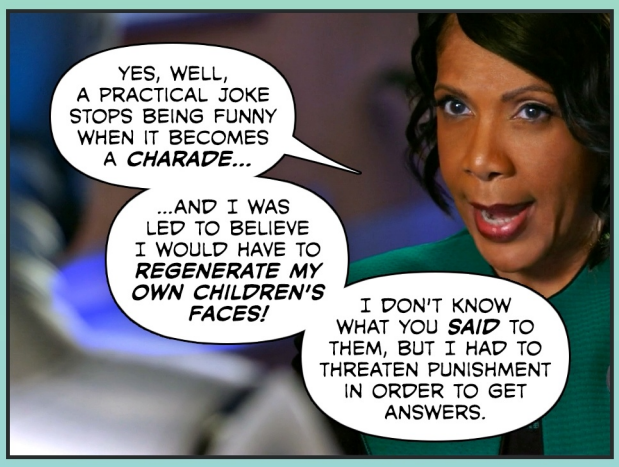

YOU ARE REFERRING TO THE MUSTACHE DECEPTION?
YES.

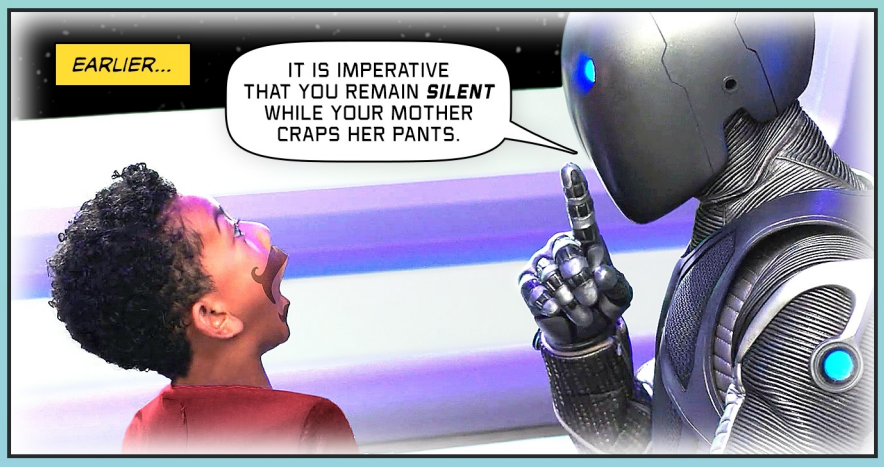

THEY TELL ME IT WAS YOUR IDEA TO TRICK ME INTO BELIEVING THEY'D GIVEN THEMSELVES BIO-TATTOOS...
...AFTER YOU'D PURGED ALL THE ALGORITHMS FROM THE SHIP.
FRANKLY, I AM APPALLED.


WAS THE HUMOR EXECUTED IMPROPERLY?


ISAAC, WHAT YOU HAD THEM DO WAS JUST NOT FUNNY.
I WAS ALREADY UPSET WITH THEM FOR THE SYNTHESIZER STUNT, BUT HONESTLY, NOW I'M JUST MORE UPSET WITH YOU.


I AM CONFUSED. YOU SAID THAT THE BEST PRACTICAL JOKES ARE THOSE IN WHICH THE TARGET IS LED DECEIVINGLY TO BELIEVE A FALSEHOOD.


YES, WELL, A PRACTICAL JOKE STOPS BEING FUNNY WHEN IT BECOMES A CHARADE...
...AND I WAS LED TO BELIEVE I WOULD HAVE TO REGENERATE MY OWN CHILDREN'S FACES!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU SAID TO THEM, BUT I HAD TO THREATEN PUNISHMENT IN ORDER TO GET ANSWERS.


EARLIER...
IT IS IMPERATIVE THAT YOU REMAIN SILENT WHILE YOUR MOTHER CRAPS HER PANTS.


I MERELY SUGGESTED THEY OFFER LIMITED INFORMATION.


WELL, PLEASE DON'T DO IT AGAIN, ISAAC. NO MORE PRANKS.
VERY WELL, DOCTOR.
NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE US, WE'RE LATE FOR DINNER.


ALL RIGHT, SCRAPPY. YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN FROM HERE.
ISAAC!


MOM, IS ISAAC GROUNDED?


I'LL PROTECT YOU, ISAAC!




AFTER DINNER...
I JUST DON'T KNOW HOW I CAN *TRUST* HIM AROUND MY CHILDREN EVER AGAIN.
KELLY'S QUARTERS.
THURSDAY EVENING.


YOU KNOW... IN MANY WAYS, ISAAC IS STILL A CHILD HIMSELF.


OH? WHAT MAKES YOU SAY *THAT?*


WELL, FOR *ONE,* HE'S CURIOUS ABOUT *EVERYTHING.* I MEAN, HE SOAKS UP *INFORMATION* LIKE A *PANCAKE* SOAKS UP *BUTTER.*
AND I'M NOT SAYING THAT'S A *BAD* THING...


...BUT HE DOESN'T SOAK UP *WISDOM* THE SAME WAY.
SO HE CAN'T ALWAYS FORESEE THE CONSEQUENCES OF *ACTIONS* LIKE WE CAN.


I MEAN, IF YOU THINK ABOUT IT, HE'S KIND OF A ***WALKING MISTAKE FACTORY.***
WELL, AT LEAST HE TRIES TO ***LEARN*** FROM HIS MISTAKES.
I'M NOT SURE I CAN ALWAYS SAY THE ***SAME*** FOR MY BOYS.
OKAY, WHAT ELSE?
OKAY, ***TWO.*** YOU SAW WHAT HE ***DID*** TO GORDON.
HE STRUGGLES TO UNDERSTAND ***ANY*** KIND OF PERSONAL BOUNDARY.
LIKE A ***TODDLER*** EXPLORING ITS UNIVERSE AND PUSHING ***EVERY BUTTON*** JUST TO SEE WHAT IT DOES.
RIGHT! AND ***THREE,*** LACKING THE EXPERIENCE TO KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ***SENSIBLE*** AND ***RECKLESS,*** HE'S HIGHLY SUSCEPTIBLE TO DUMB ***SUGGESTIONS.***
I THINK WE ***ALL*** NEED TO BE MORE CAREFUL ABOUT WHAT WE ***SAY*** AROUND HIM AND ESPECIALLY ***TO*** HIM. PEOPLE COULD GET ***HURT.*** HELL, ***HE*** COULD GET HURT.
HURT? A ROBOT WITH NO ***FEELINGS?***


WELL... HE'S A PERSON, RIGHT? SO LET'S SAY HE'S ENTICED INTO SOMETHING THAT HE ISN'T REALLY READY FOR.
DOES HE KNOW THAT HE'S UNPREPARED? CAN HE PROCESS AND INTEGRATE EXPERIENCES HE ISN'T READY FOR?


HOW DOES AN ADULT WITH UNDERDEVELOPED SENSIBILITIES RIGHTFULLY CONSENT TO A NOVEL EXPERIENCE?


EXCELLENT QUESTIONS... BUT I ACTUALLY CAME TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT MARCUS.


IF YOU MEAN THE SIMULATOR HACK, I'M ALREADY AWARE.




ALARA DISCOVERED IT WHILE REVIEWING THE SECURITY LOGS.


COMMANDER, I AM SO--
IT'S OKAY. I'LL HANDLE IT. HAVE MARCUS REPORT TO MY OFFICE BEFORE SCHOOL TOMORROW MORNING.
I'VE ALREADY CONTACTED THE OTHER KIDS' PARENTS.
I GAVE HIM THE CHOICE BETWEEN BEING GROUNDED AND OFFERING A CONFESSION...
...AND MY GOD... HE CHOSE THE GROUNDING!
TELL ME... AM I LOSING MY MIND?
NO, BUT I CAN'T SAY I'M SURPRISED.
I MIGHT HAVE DONE THE SAME AT THAT AGE.
ADMITTING MISDEEDS IS FUNCTIONALLY IMPOSSIBLE WHEN YOU'RE YOUNG.
I KNOW ADULTS WHO STILL STRUGGLE WITH THAT.
MMM, DON'T WE ALL.
WELL, AT LEAST WE HAVE A NICE, QUIET, UNEVENTFUL EVENING ON THE SHIP FOR ONCE.
NOW I'LL DRINK TO THAT.


TWO HOURS AND FOUR MORE DRINKS LATER...
HEYO!
SHUTTLE BAY. THURSDAY NIGHT.
GOOD EVENING, LIEUTENANT. CAN I HELP YOU?
HEY, MAN, I KNOW IT'S, LIKE, REALLY LATE, BUT I'M SUPPOSED TO RUN SOME FLIGHT DI≥HIC≤NOSTICS ON SHUTTLE ONE OVER THERE.
YOU KNOW, LIKE, TAKE IT OUT FOR A FEW LAPS AROUND THE SHIP?...
MAKE SURE THE SPATIAL MANIFOLD IS ALIGNED AND ALL THE PILOTING CONTROLS ARE SUFF≥HIC≤IENTLY CALIBRATED?
UHHHHH, IT'S NOT ON THE SCHEDULE FOR TONIGHT.
OHHHHH! NO. RIGHT. YEAH. AND THAT WOULD BE... BECAUSE...IT...WAS...≥HIC≤ YOU'RE LOOKING AT THE GUY WHO FORGOT TO SCHEDULE IT!
THAT'S ME, ALWAYS FORGETTING THINGS!
GORDON THE FORGETFUL, THEY CALL ME UP ON THE BRIDGE.
UH, OKAY... I'LL APPROVE IT. GO AHEAD.
SAY, ARE YOU FEELING OKAY?
OH, TIP TOP! AND I'LL HAVE IT BACK ≥HIC≤ LESS THAN AN HOUR.
THANKS, MAN.
≥BURP≤
ECV-197-1


OPEN SPACE UP AHEAD AND IT'S GLOWIN' JUST AS FAR AS MY EYES CAN SEE
LOOK AWAY, LOOK AWAY, 'CAUSE I'M GOIN' ON AN EPIC MISCHIEF SPREE
COME ON AND RIDE THE ZEN... WE'RE GOIN' OUT AROUND A FRIEND... OOOH!
TO THE TUNE OF: "UP AROUND THE BEND" BY CREEDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL


BRING A WINK AND A SMILE FOR THE PAINTBRUSH... TAKE A LEAP FOR ALL MANKIND
FLOAT AWAY, FLOAT AWAY, KEEP IT HUSH-HUSH... LEAVE THE SHUTTLE FAR BEHIND
COME ON AND RIDE THE ZEN... WE'RE GOIN' OUT AROUND A FRIEND... OOOH!


≥HIC≤



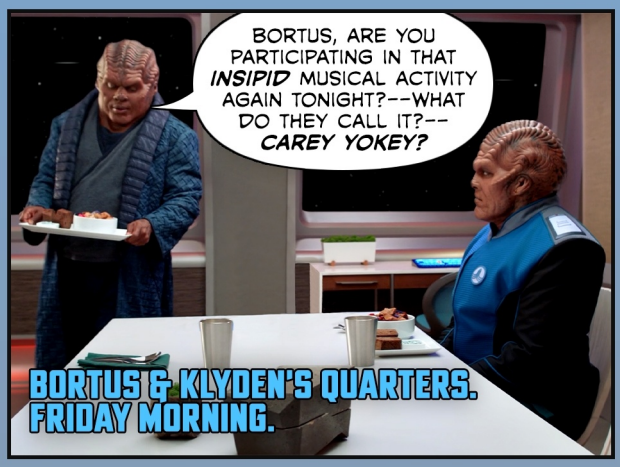

AS I PONDER THE SENSE OF THE NOTION OF THE NEED TO VANDALIZE...
I GO YONDER IN PENSIVE DEVOTION AND PROCEED TO CUSTOMIZE
COME ON AND RIDE THE ZEN... WE'RE GOIN' OUT AROUND A FRIEND... YEAH!
DO-DO-DOO DO-DO-DOO DO-DO-DOO-DOO DO-DO-DO-DO- DO-DO-DOOO
197 ORVILLE

CONTINUED...

INKED

Part Three

FRIDAY


BORTUS, ARE YOU PARTICIPATING IN THAT *INSIPID* MUSICAL ACTIVITY AGAIN TONIGHT?--WHAT DO THEY CALL IT?-- *CAREY YOKEY?*
BORTUS & KLYDEN'S QUARTERS. FRIDAY MORNING.


YES. AS IT WAS INTERRUPTED LAST WEEK, I AM TO GO *FIRST* TONIGHT.
YOU ARE WELCOME TO OBSERVE.

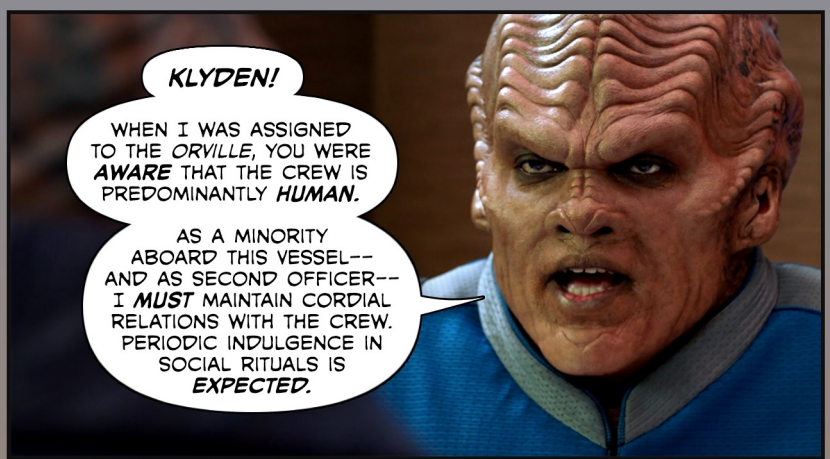

WILL THERE BE *DANCING?*
NO. HUMANS CANNOT DANCE.


THEY APPEAR TO *TRY,* BUT THEY SEEM ONLY ABLE TO UNDULATE THEIR HINDQUARTERS AND FLAP THEIR APPENDAGES WITHOUT PURPOSE.


I HAVE SEEN THEM FLAIL. IT IS *PATHETIC.*
BORTUS, I DO NOT *LIKE* THESE SUPERFICIAL SOCIAL RITUALS...
...NOR DO I LIKE THE ABUNDANCE OF *TIME* YOU SPEND AMONG THE *HUMANS.*
WHY CAN WE NOT LEAD *NORMAL* LIVES? I WISH TO SHARE SIMULATOR TIME *TOGETHER* AND DO *TRADITIONAL* THINGS! *MOCLAN* THINGS!


LET US BE *SILENT* AND CONSUME THE MORNING MEAL.


YOUR TIME AMONG THE HUMANS IS MAKING YOU *WEAK!*

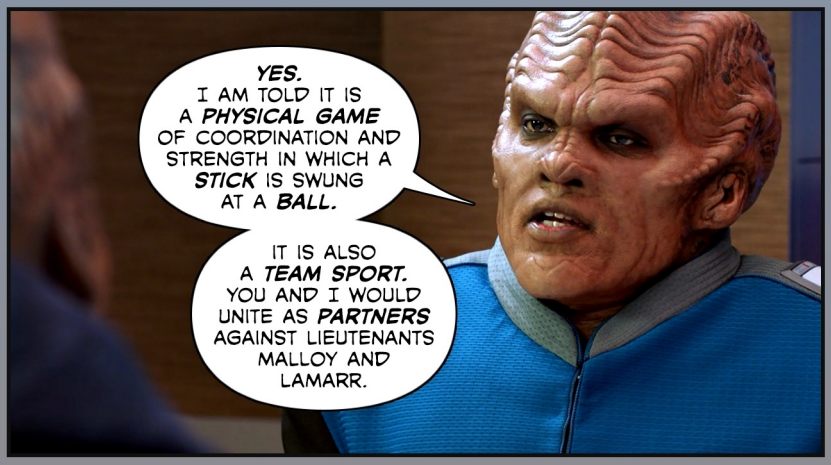

KLYDEN!
WHEN I WAS ASSIGNED TO THE *ORVILLE*, YOU WERE *AWARE* THAT THE CREW IS PREDOMINANTLY *HUMAN.*
AS A MINORITY ABOARD THIS VESSEL-- AND AS SECOND OFFICER-- I *MUST* MAINTAIN CORDIAL RELATIONS WITH THE CREW. PERIODIC INDULGENCE IN SOCIAL RITUALS IS *EXPECTED.*


NO!!
WHAM


WE *MUST* FIND ACTIVITIES TO DO *AS MATES!*

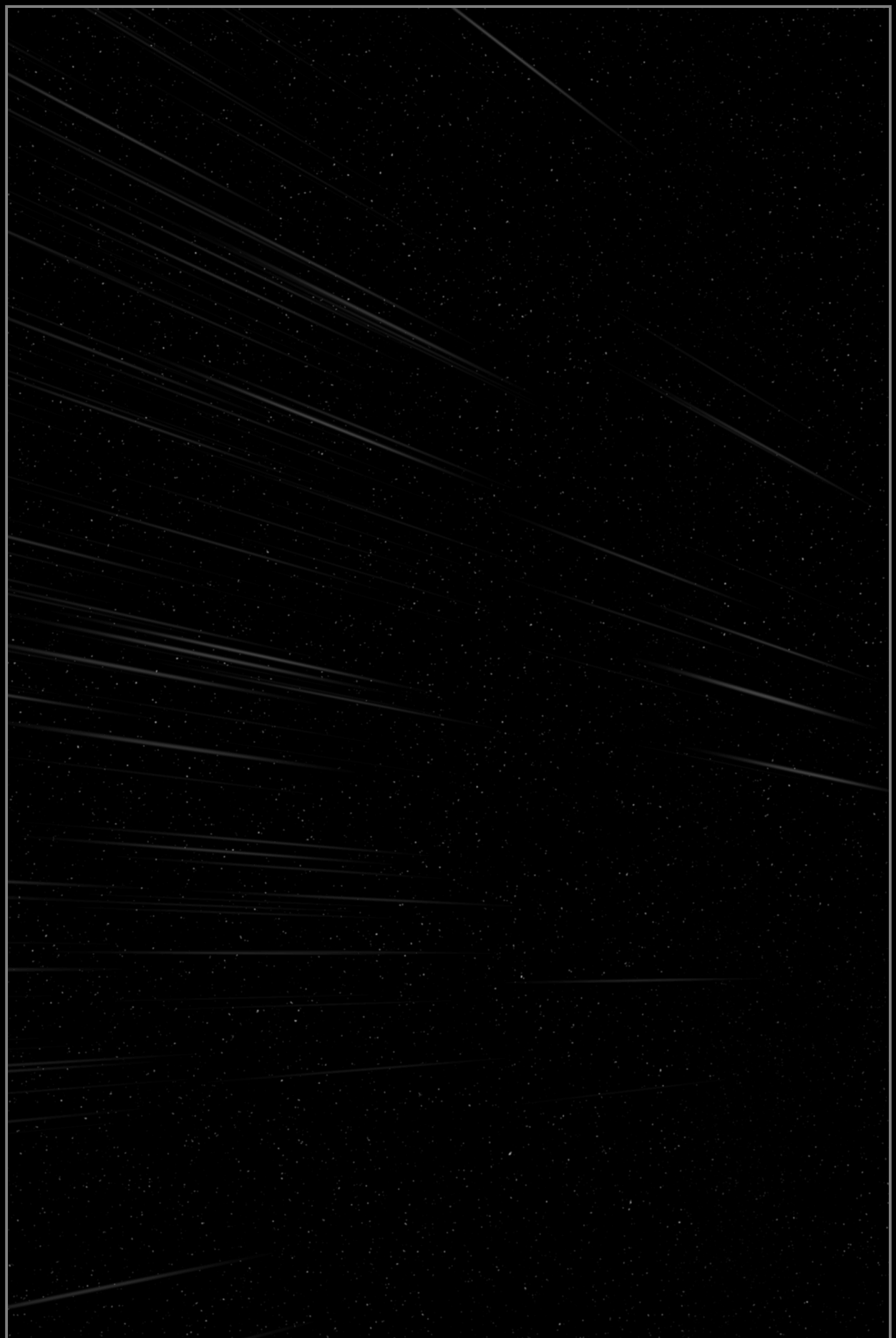

=HRMPH= LIEUTENANT MALLOY DID INVITE US TO JOIN HIM AND LIEUTENANT LAMARR TONIGHT TO TRY A NEW GAME.
HOWEVER, IT DID NOT SEEM LIKE THE TYPE OF ACTIVITY THAT WOULD INTEREST YOU.
I WAS GOING TO *DECLINE,* BUT PERHAPS--


A NEW *GAME?*


YES. I AM TOLD IT IS A *PHYSICAL GAME* OF COORDINATION AND STRENGTH IN WHICH A *STICK* IS SWUNG AT A *BALL.*
IT IS ALSO A *TEAM SPORT.* YOU AND I WOULD UNITE AS *PARTNERS* AGAINST LIEUTENANTS MALLOY AND LAMARR.


PARTNERS ON A *TEAM?*
TOGETHER, YOU AND I?
THIS *EXCITES* ME. I AM CURIOUS TO *TRY* IT.
I WILL *JOIN* YOU.


VERY WELL. I WILL MEET YOU HERE AFTER MY SHIFT AND WE WILL SELECT *SPORTING ATTIRE.*
WE WILL MEET THE LIEUTENANTS AT EIGHTEEN HUNDRED HOURS.
AFTER THAT, WE WILL SHARE THE EVENING MEAL BEFORE I ATTEND *KARAOKE.*
SPLENDID. I WILL FIND A *SITTER* FOR *TOPA.*




GORDON,
WILL YOU COME
TO MY OFFICE?


HEY, GOOD MORNING, ED! YOU WANTED TO SEE ME?
HEY, GORDON. YEAH, UH, LISTEN...
ED'S OFFICE. FRIDAY MORNING.
DID YOU... DO ANYTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY LAST NIGHT?
UM, CAN YOU CLARIFY "OUT OF THE ORDINARY"?
IT SAYS HERE YOU SIGNED OUT A SHUTTLE LAST NIGHT FOR UNSCHEDULED DIAGNOSTICS--FOR FIVE HOURS?
OH, RIGHT. YEAH, THAT.
YEAH, OKAY, NO, THAT TECHNICALLY WAS SCHEDULED, BUT I JUST DIDN'T SCHEDULE IT UNTIL RIGHT BEFORE I TOOK IT OUT. BUT EVERYTHING CHECKED OUT.
THE OFFICER ON DUTY ALSO NOTES HERE THAT YOU SEEMED A BIT INEBRIATED?
UM, I MIGHT HAVE TIED ONE ON IN THE MESS HALL BEFORE GOING DOWN THERE, YEAH.
I HAVE NO IDEA HOW HE WOULD KNOW THAT, THOUGH.
ANNND... SO YOU JUST... FLEW AROUND DRUNK FOR FIVE HOURS?
UHHH...
GORDON, YOU KNOW YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T DRINK AND SHUTTLE.


I MEAN... YOU KNOW... I MIGHT HAVE...
...STEPPED OUT FOR A LITTLE FRESH AIR...
...AND DRAWN A COUPLE THINGS...
...ON THE SIDE OF THE SHIP...
I MEAN... I WAS GOING TO GET BACK AT ISAAC, BUT THEN I THOUGHT--
WHOA, WHOA, WHOA. BACK UP.
YOU DIDN'T DRAW PENISES ALL OVER MY SHIP, DID YOU?
ED, C'MON. THOSE DAYS ARE LONG BEHIND ME.
NO, MAN, I GAVE HER A TRUE ARTISTIC TOUCH.
IT'S MY BEST WORK YET!
I THINK YOU'RE GONNA LOVE IT!
GORDON, I'M SURE IT'S NEAT, BUT...
...WHATEVER IT IS, IT HAS TO GO.
YOU DON'T EVEN WANT TO SEE IT?
YOU CAN TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT OVER BEER SOMETIME. BUT RIGHT NOW, YOU'D BETTER GET YOUR ASS BACK OUT THERE AND SCRUB IT BEFORE MY XO FINDS OUT...
...OR SHE'LL HAVE YOU SCRUBBING THAT AND TOILETS FOR THE NEXT SIX MONTHS AS AN EXAMPLE TO THE CREW.
SIGN THE SHUTTLE OUT IN MY NAME. I'LL COVER FOR YOU IF ANYONE COMES ASKING.
YES, SIR.






MALLOY TO MERCER...
LAST CHANCE TO CHANGE YOUR MIND, ED.
ED?


YOU SHOULD REALLY SEE THIS IN PERSON, ED.
MAN, THAT IS A THING OF BEAUTY.


ALL RIGHT. LET'S GET BACK UNDERWAY.
BRIDGE.
FRIDAY LATE MORNING.


COMMANDER, SHUTTLE ONE HAS NOT YET RETURNED FROM ITS DIAGNOSTIC FLIGHT. IT IS *PARKED* TWO HUNDRED METERS OFF THE PORT SIDE OF THE *ORVILLE*.


WHAT THE HELL?
ALARA, *HAIL* THE SHUTTLE.


BRIDGE TO SHUTTLE...
BRIDGE TO SHUTTLE ONE... DO YOU READ?


THEY'RE NOT *ANSWERING.*


WHO'S *PILOTING?* WHY IS IT *PARKED?*


SHIP'S LOGS SHOW THE *CAPTAIN* TOOK IT OUT.
UM... ISN'T HE IN HIS *OFFICE?*


WHAT IS THE LOCATION OF THE CAPTAIN?
TINK
CAPTAIN ED MERCER IS IN HIS OFFICE.


I'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS.


MEANWHILE...
DON'T WORRY, GIRL...
YOU'RE STILL BEAUTIFUL EVEN WITHOUT YOUR FLAMES.


YOU'LL LET ME KNOW IF THIS TICKLES, YEAH?


BWEEP WOOP
COME ON IN.
ED'S OFFICE.
FRIDAY LATE MORNING.


ED, WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?

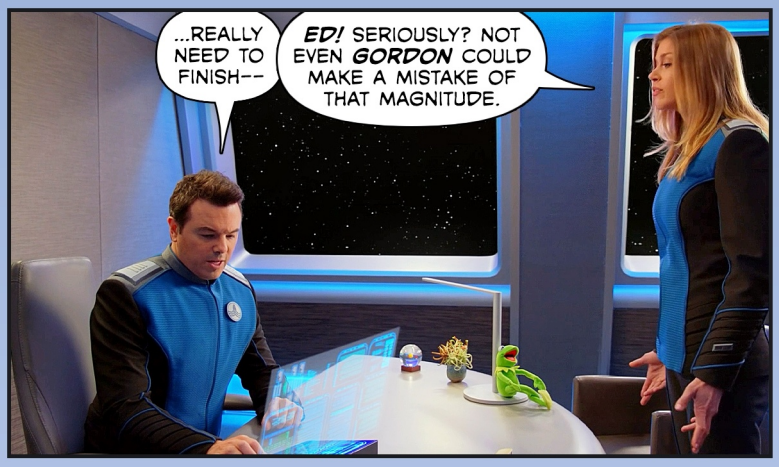

UH... WHAT?


ACCORDING TO THE SHIP'S LOG, SHUTTLE ONE WAS SIGNED OUT BY *YOU* OVER AN HOUR AGO AND HASN'T RETURNED...
...BUT THE COMPUTER SAYS YOU'RE *HERE* IN YOUR OFFICE, WHICH YOU OBVIOUSLY *ARE.*
UHHH, MUST BE A *GLITCH?*
HAVE THEM RUN A FULL DIAGNOSTIC.


TAKE A LOOK AT *THIS.*
HMM?
HA! LOOK AT THAT! SOMEONE SIGNED *MY* NAME BY *MISTAKE!*
MY GOD, KEL...
WE GOTTA GET BETTER PEOPLE.
ED... HAVE YOU SEEN *GORDON* TODAY?
UH, ISN'T HE AT HIS POST?
NO. HE SAID HE HAD AN *UPSET STOMACH* AND WENT DOWN TO SICKBAY A COUPLE HOURS AGO.
HERE'S THE THING... THE LIEUTENANT ON DUTY *SWEARS* IT WAS *GORDON* WHO SIGNED OUT THE SHUTTLE.
I FIGURED THE TWO OF YOU WENT *TOGETHER,* BUT THEN... WHEN NO ONE ANSWERED THE *HAILS,* I CAME TO FIND YOU.
WELL, YOU... CERTAINLY *FOUND* ME!
WHAT.


AND... YOU THINK GORDON IS THE ONE WHO SIGNED MY NAME BY MISTAKE?


=SIGH= IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, KELLY, I...


...REALLY NEED TO FINISH--
ED! SERIOUSLY? NOT EVEN GORDON COULD MAKE A MISTAKE OF THAT MAGNITUDE.


YOUR NAME WAS SIGNED THERE INTENTIONALLY.

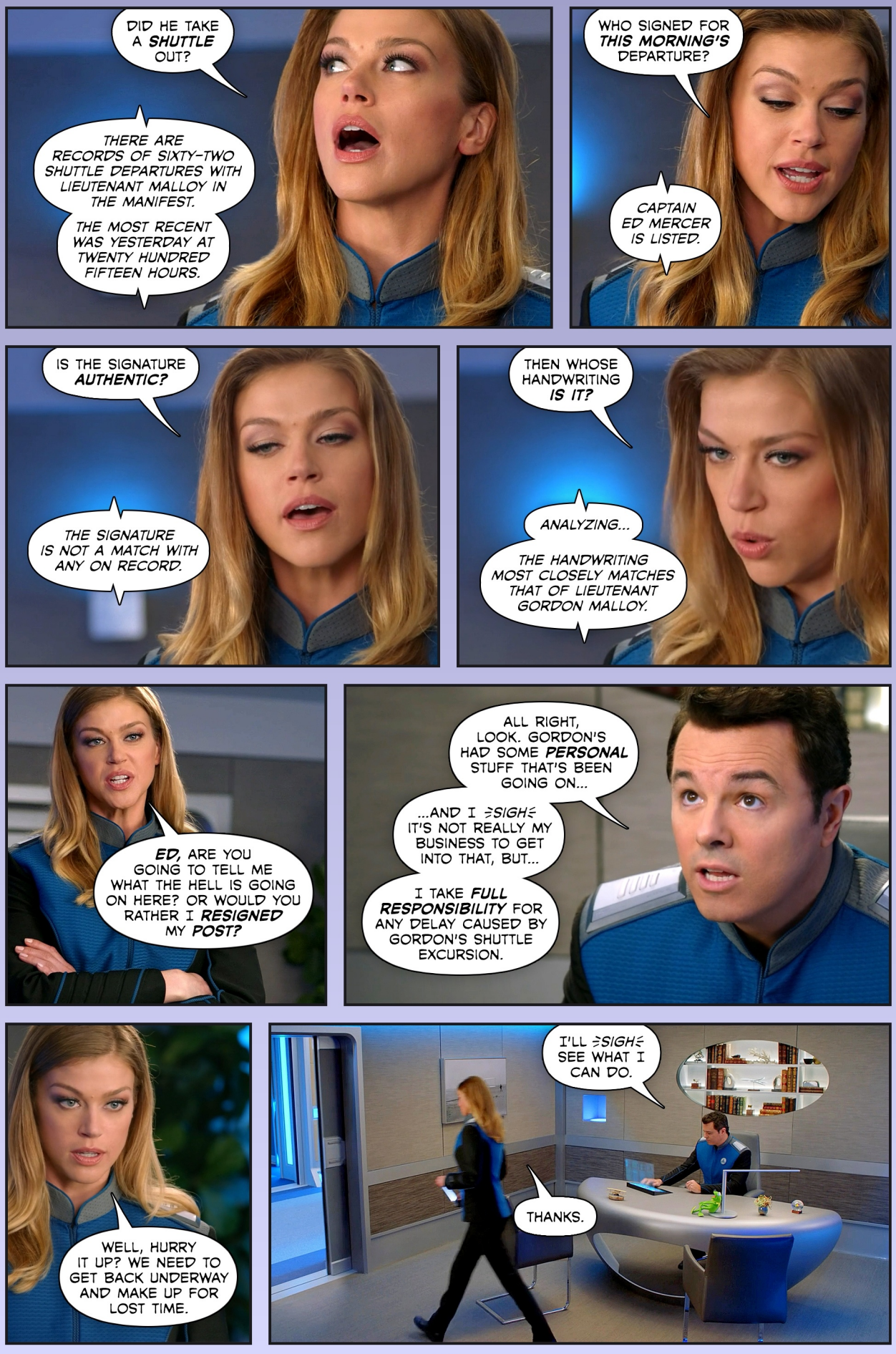

OKAY. WELL. I'LL SORT THIS OUT.


I WILL FIND WHOEVER DID IT AND PERSONALLY BREAK ALL THEIR FINGERS.
ED, THIS ISN'T A JOKE.


FALSIFYING A SIGNATURE IS A SERIOUS ETHICS VIOLATION.


TAP TAP TAP
WHAT THE HELL?


I HAVE NO IDEA WHO THAT IS.
THAT'S GORDON OUT THERE, ISN'T IT.
UH, THAT'S FINE, THANKS. LOOKS GREAT. VERY CLEAN.
=UGH= I AM AN IDIOT.
I TOTALLY FORGOT IT WAS WINDOW DAY.
ED, CUT THE CRAP. WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TWO UP TO?
UH... WHO?
MY GOD, I'M SERVING ON A SHIP OF SIX-YEAR-OLDS.
WHAT IS THE LOCATION OF GORDON MALLOY?
TINK
LIEUTENANT GORDON MALLOY IS NOT ABOARD THE ORVILLE.
MMM- HMMPH.


DID HE TAKE A SHUTTLE OUT?
THERE ARE RECORDS OF SIXTY-TWO SHUTTLE DEPARTURES WITH LIEUTENANT MALLOY IN THE MANIFEST.
THE MOST RECENT WAS YESTERDAY AT TWENTY HUNDRED FIFTEEN HOURS.
WHO SIGNED FOR THIS MORNING'S DEPARTURE?
CAPTAIN ED MERCER IS LISTED.
IS THE SIGNATURE AUTHENTIC?
THE SIGNATURE IS NOT A MATCH WITH ANY ON RECORD.
THEN WHOSE HANDWRITING IS IT?
ANALYZING...
THE HANDWRITING MOST CLOSELY MATCHES THAT OF LIEUTENANT GORDON MALLOY.
ED, ARE YOU GOING TO TELL ME WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE? OR WOULD YOU RATHER I RESIGNED MY POST?
ALL RIGHT, LOOK. GORDON'S HAD SOME PERSONAL STUFF THAT'S BEEN GOING ON...
...AND I ≥SIGH≤ IT'S NOT REALLY MY BUSINESS TO GET INTO THAT, BUT...
I TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR ANY DELAY CAUSED BY GORDON'S SHUTTLE EXCURSION.
WELL, HURRY IT UP? WE NEED TO GET BACK UNDERWAY AND MAKE UP FOR LOST TIME.
I'LL ≥SIGH≤ SEE WHAT I CAN DO.
THANKS.

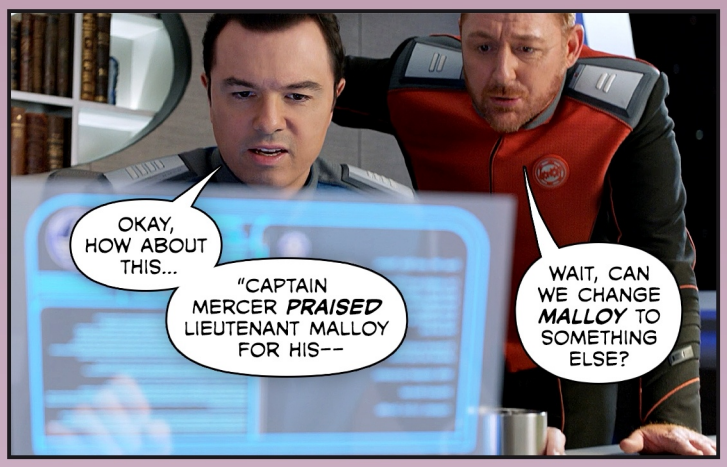

AS GORDON RETURNS...
BOOP
MERCER TO MALLOY.
ECV-197 ORVILLE
HEY, ED! I'M ALL DONE AND I'M--
GORDON, WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?
HUH?
THAT STUNT AT MY WINDOW.
KELLY SAW YOU.
I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO COVER FOR ME?
LOOK, JUST COME TO MY OFFICE WHEN YOU GET IN, OKAY? SIGH
SOMETHING'S COME UP THAT WE NEED TO GO OVER.
I'M FIVE MINUTES AWAY. I'LL BE THERE IN THREE.


LISTEN TO THIS...
"CAPTAIN MERCER THEN ATTEMPTED TO COVER FOR LIEUTENANT MALLOY'S TRANSGRESSION BY MAKING LIGHT OF IT AND BY LYING ABOUT THE LIEUTENANT'S WHEREABOUTS."
YOU'VE HAD WORSE WRITTEN ABOUT YOU.
IT'S A SHAME WE CAN'T FIX UP THAT WORDING, THOUGH.


WHAT DO YOU MEAN? IT'S NOT EVEN EDITABLE.
I MEAN IT'S TOO BAD EXECUTIVE OVERRIDE CODES AREN'T A THING, YOU KNOW?

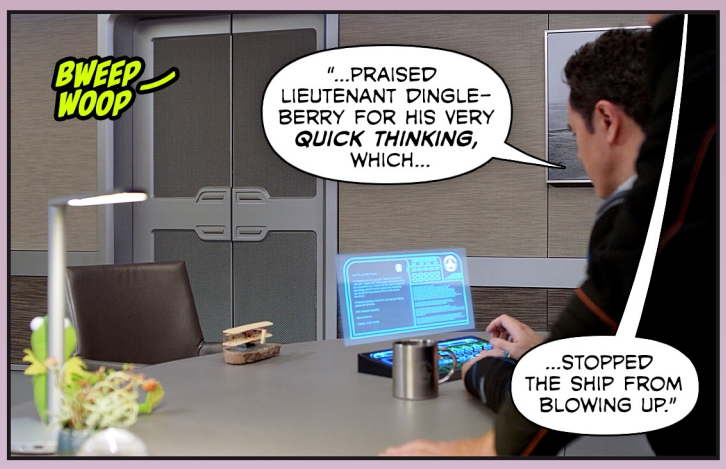

OHHHH, RIGHT, YEAH. THAT IS REALLY UNFORTUNATE, ISN'T IT.


TAP-TAP-TAPPA-TAP-TAP-TAPPA-TAP-TAP-TAP


OKAY, HOW ABOUT THIS...
"CAPTAIN MERCER *PRAISED* LIEUTENANT MALLOY FOR HIS--
WAIT, CAN WE CHANGE *MALLOY* TO SOMETHING ELSE?


WHY?
'CAUSE I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE IN *SICKBAY,* REMEMBER?


FINE. "CAPTAIN MERCER PRAISED LIEUTENANT...UH... LIVINGSTON? CHANDRA? FITZROY? DIGBY? WOODBURY?
DINGLE-BERRY.

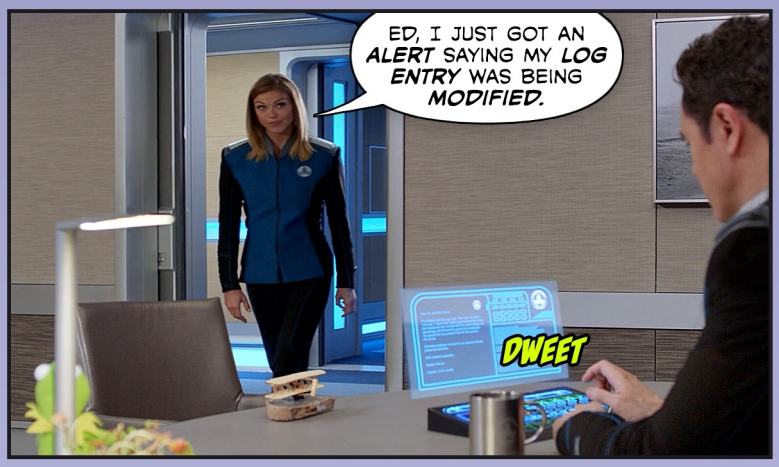

BWEEP WOOP
"...PRAISED LIEUTENANT DINGLE-BERRY FOR HIS VERY *QUICK THINKING,* WHICH...
...STOPPED THE SHIP FROM BLOWING UP."


"...WHICH PREVENTED A CATASTROPHIC SHIP-WIDE *QUANTUM CHAIN REACTION* THAT WOULD HAVE RESULTED IN THE CERTAIN DESTRUCTION OF THE *ORVILLE.*"


I GOTTA SAY, ED... THAT'S SOUNDING *REALLY GOOD.*
CAN WE CHANGE DINGLE-BERRY BACK TO *MALLOY?*


GORDON, I JUST PUT THE OTHER NAME *IN.*
BWEEP WOOP
YEAH, BUT NOW IT SOUNDS SUPER *FLATTERING*--ESPECIALLY IF WE TAKE OUT THE PART ABOUT THE *FORGED SIGNATURE.*


COME IN.


ED, I JUST GOT AN ALERT SAYING MY LOG ENTRY WAS BEING MODIFIED.
DWEET


UH... THAT'S WEIRD.


ARE YOU GUYS HACKING MY FILES?


"HACKING"? WHAT ARE WE, IN THIRD GRADE?


WE'RE NOT IN THIRD GRADE, ARE WE?
NO, SIR.


ED, IF YOU EVER PULL THIS CRAP AGAIN, I WILL REQUEST A TRANSFER SO FAST YOUR HEAD WILL SPIN.


OKAY, JUST GIVE ME ONE MINUTE TO EXPLAIN.


UHHH...
MUHHH...


...GORDON?


I GOT NOTHIN', MAN.


THAT'S ENOUGH.
ED, I EXPECT YOU TO REVERT ALL CHANGES IMMEDIATELY.
LIEUTENANT MALLOY, PLEASE FOLLOW ME TO MY OFFICE.


HOW'S THE *STOMACH,* LIEUTENANT?
KELLY'S OFFICE.


THE STOMACH?


OH, *MY* STOMACH!
YEAH, NO, IT'S *GREAT!*
THEY FIXED ME UP *GOOD.*
I DIDN'T EVEN NEED *SURGERY!*


READY AS EVER TO GET BACK TO MY *POST.*
IN FACT... I'M FEELING SO GOOD, I MIGHT EVEN CHALLENGE *BORTUS* TO A GLASS-EATING CONTEST.

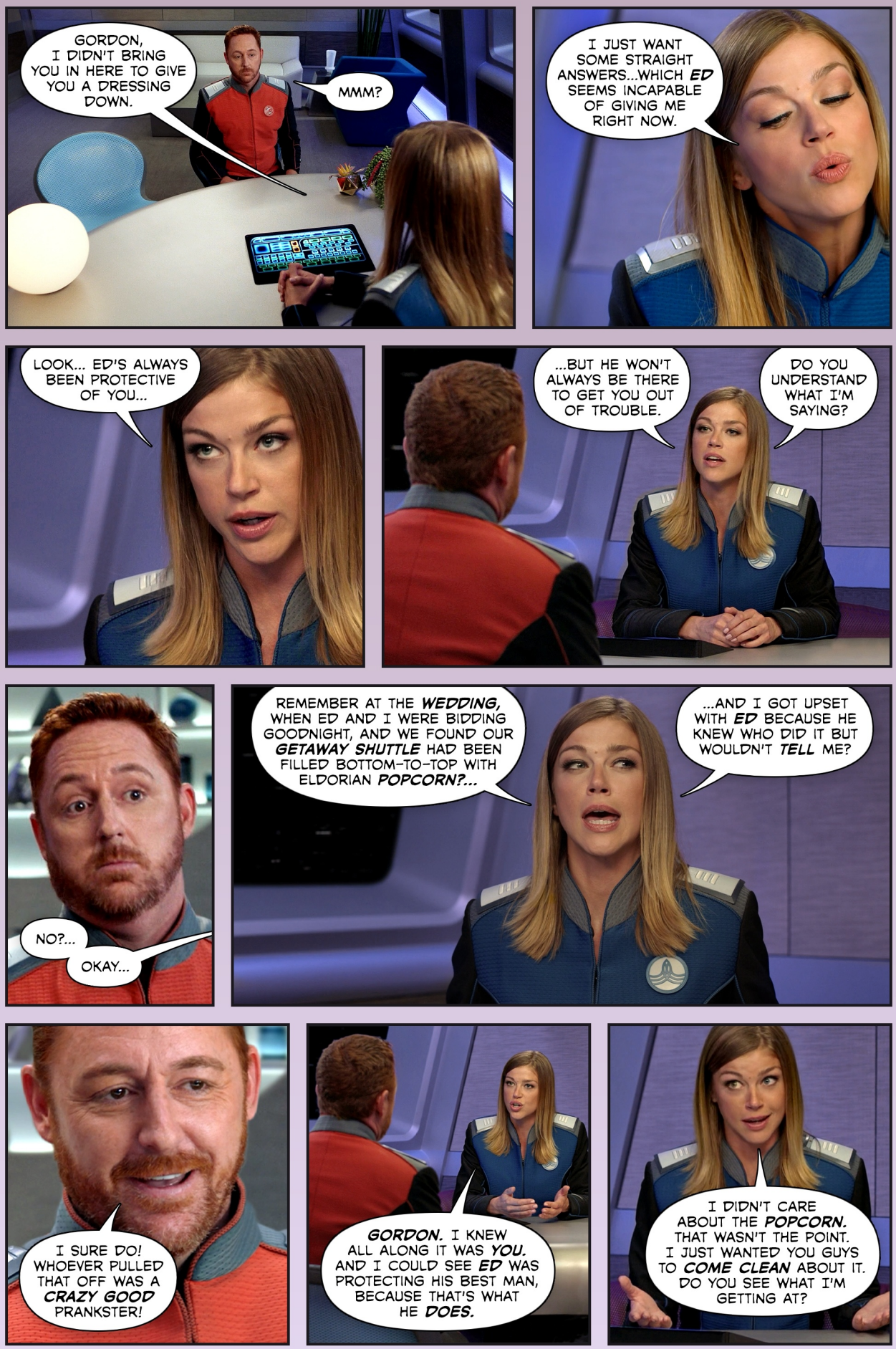

IS THAT SO.
WELL... DOCTOR FINN TELLS ME YOU NEVER MADE IT TO SICKBAY.
CARE TO EXPLAIN THAT?

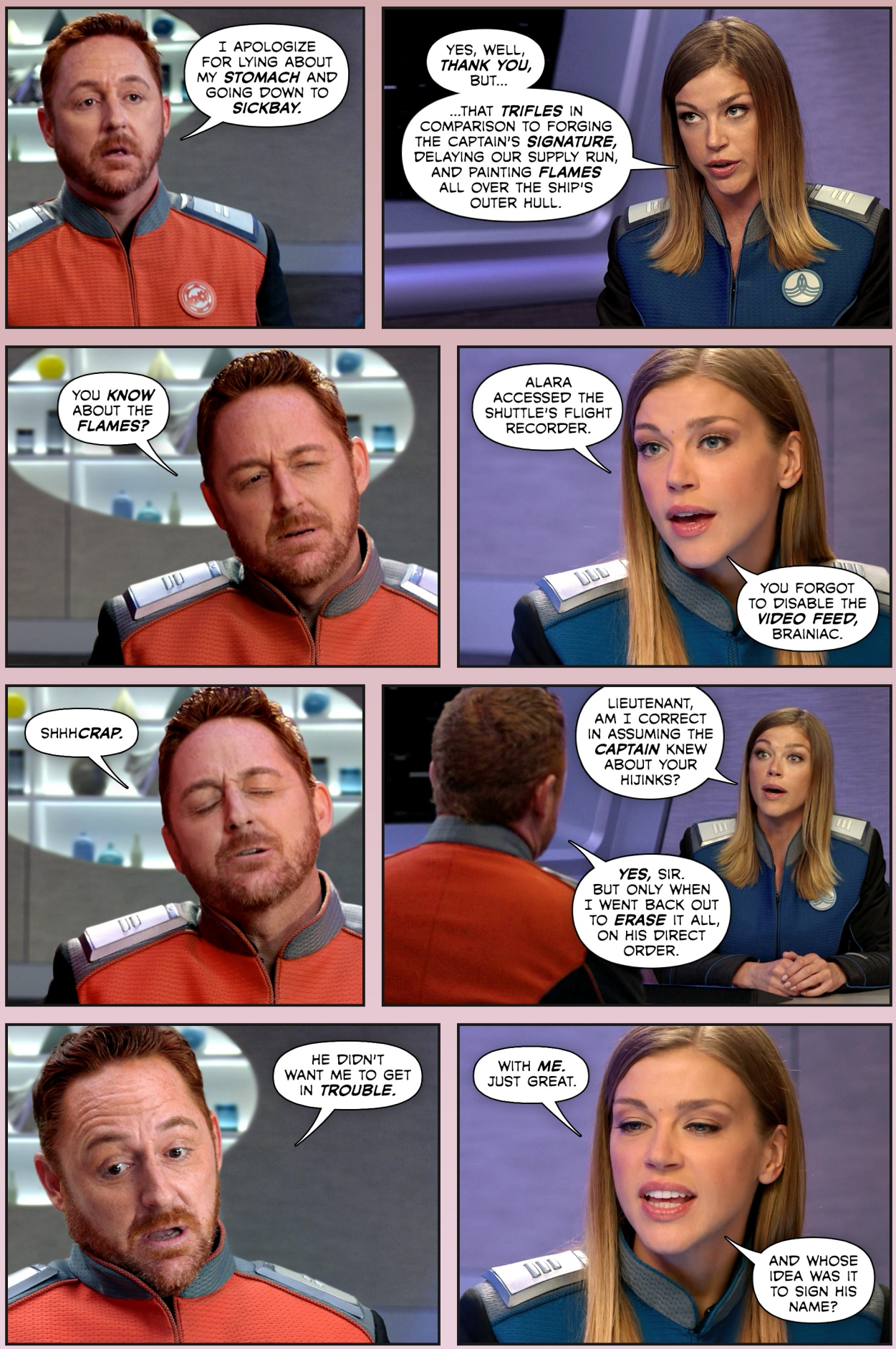

UH... WELL... I...


LIEUTENANT, YOU CAN DROP THE *FACADE,* OKAY?


I DON'T KNOW THAT WORD.


CUT THE CRAP AND *SIT,* GORDON.


GORDON, I DIDN'T BRING YOU IN HERE TO GIVE YOU A DRESSING DOWN.
MMM?
I JUST WANT SOME STRAIGHT ANSWERS...WHICH ED SEEMS INCAPABLE OF GIVING ME RIGHT NOW.
LOOK... ED'S ALWAYS BEEN PROTECTIVE OF YOU...
...BUT HE WON'T ALWAYS BE THERE TO GET YOU OUT OF TROUBLE.
DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M SAYING?
NO?...
OKAY...
REMEMBER AT THE WEDDING, WHEN ED AND I WERE BIDDING GOODNIGHT, AND WE FOUND OUR GETAWAY SHUTTLE HAD BEEN FILLED BOTTOM-TO-TOP WITH ELDORIAN POPCORN?...
...AND I GOT UPSET WITH ED BECAUSE HE KNEW WHO DID IT BUT WOULDN'T TELL ME?
I SURE DO! WHOEVER PULLED THAT OFF WAS A CRAZY GOOD PRANKSTER!
GORDON. I KNEW ALL ALONG IT WAS YOU. AND I COULD SEE ED WAS PROTECTING HIS BEST MAN, BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT HE DOES.
I DIDN'T CARE ABOUT THE POPCORN. THAT WASN'T THE POINT. I JUST WANTED YOU GUYS TO COME CLEAN ABOUT IT. DO YOU SEE WHAT I'M GETTING AT?


I APOLOGIZE FOR LYING ABOUT MY STOMACH AND GOING DOWN TO SICKBAY.
YES, WELL, THANK YOU, BUT...
...THAT TRIFLES IN COMPARISON TO FORGING THE CAPTAIN'S SIGNATURE, DELAYING OUR SUPPLY RUN, AND PAINTING FLAMES ALL OVER THE SHIP'S OUTER HULL.
YOU KNOW ABOUT THE FLAMES?
ALARA ACCESSED THE SHUTTLE'S FLIGHT RECORDER.
YOU FORGOT TO DISABLE THE VIDEO FEED, BRAINIAC.
SHHHCRAP.
LIEUTENANT, AM I CORRECT IN ASSUMING THE CAPTAIN KNEW ABOUT YOUR HIJINKS?
YES, SIR. BUT ONLY WHEN I WENT BACK OUT TO ERASE IT ALL, ON HIS DIRECT ORDER.
HE DIDN'T WANT ME TO GET IN TROUBLE.
WITH ME. JUST GREAT.
AND WHOSE IDEA WAS IT TO SIGN HIS NAME?


NOT MY IDEA.


GOOD GRIEF. AND AT ANY POINT, LIEUTENANT, DID IT OCCUR TO YOU THAT FALSIFYING THE CAPTAIN'S SIGNATURE IS NOT ONLY A SERIOUS ETHICS VIOLATION BUT ALSO STUPID?

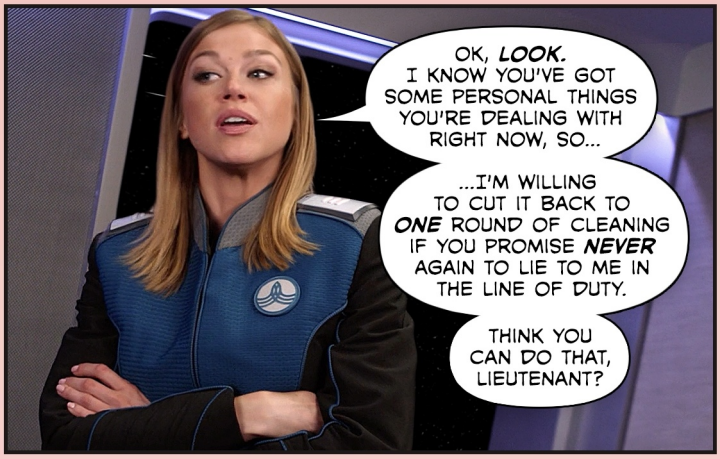

NO, SIR, BUT HONESTLY, I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO GIVE IT MUCH THOUGHT.


WELL, LIEUTENANT, YOU'LL HAVE TIME TO GIVE IT PLENTY OF THOUGHT...
...WHILE YOU'RE SCRUBBING EVERY PUBLIC TOILET ON THIS SHIP, STARTING TOMORROW.


IS THAT... LEGAL?


I WILL MAKE IT LEGAL.
I'M ALSO GROUNDING YOU FROM FLYING, FROM SHORE LEAVE, AND FROM SIMULATOR PRIVILEGES...
...UNTIL YOU'VE COMPLETED YOUR FIRST ROUND OF CLEANING.

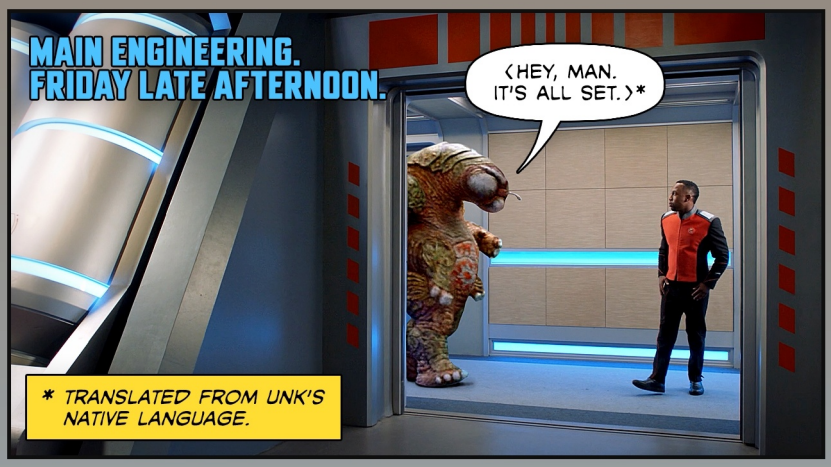

≥COUGH≤ F-F-FIRST ROUND?!

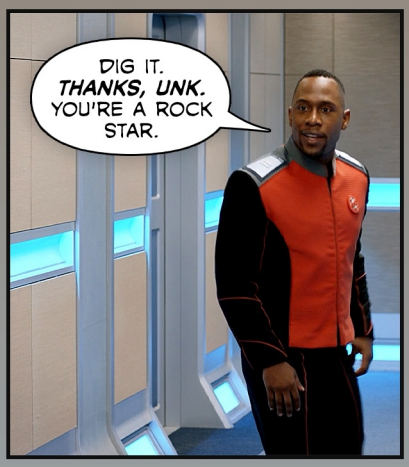

OK, LOOK. I KNOW YOU'VE GOT SOME PERSONAL THINGS YOU'RE DEALING WITH RIGHT NOW, SO...
...I'M WILLING TO CUT IT BACK TO ONE ROUND OF CLEANING IF YOU PROMISE NEVER AGAIN TO LIE TO ME IN THE LINE OF DUTY.
THINK YOU CAN DO THAT, LIEUTENANT?

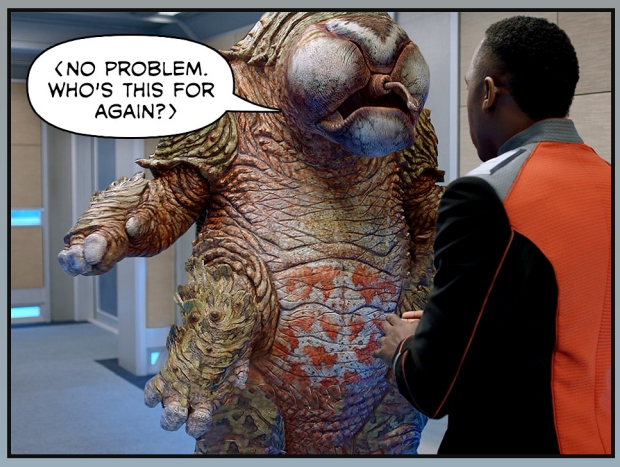

YES, SIR. I PROMISE.
I'M SORRY, COMMANDER.
GOOD.
WELL, I THINK WE'RE DONE HERE THEN.
UNLESS THERE'S ANYTHING YOU'D LIKE TO ADD?
SO WHAT'D YOU THINK OF THE PAINT JOB?
PRETTY SPIFFY, HUH?
IT... SHOWED...
...A LOVE FOR ART.
COOL! WELL, I'D BETTER GET BACK TO MY POST.
I'LL SEE YOU ON THE BRIDGE, LIEUTENANT.
OH, HEY! YOU COMING TO KARAOKE TONIGHT?
BORTUS IS SINGING A NEAT SONG THAT I TAUGHT HIM.
THE ONE THAT WAS INTERRUPTED LAST WEEK? I'LL BE THERE.
GREAT! YOU'RE GONNA LOVE IT.
YOU'RE GONNA LOVE IT!


KLYDEN...

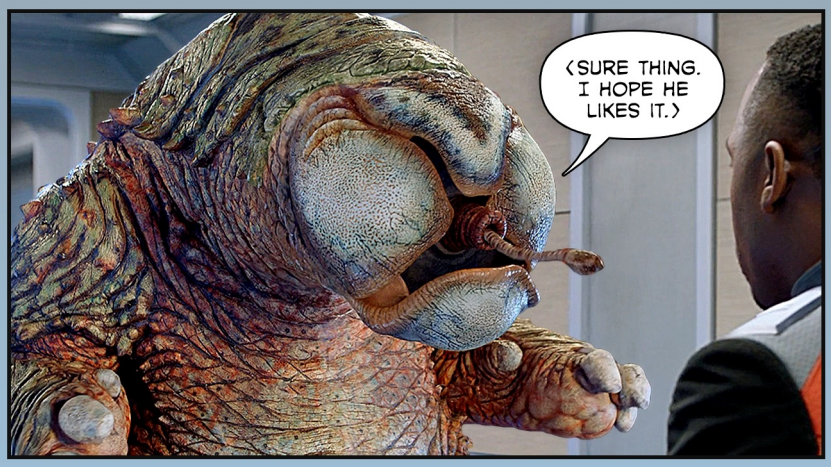

BORTUS & KLYDEN'S QUARTERS.
FRIDAY LATE AFTERNOON.
HOW IS OUR SON THIS EVENING?
OUR SON IS BLESSED WITH AN EXCEPTIONAL APPETITE...
NOM NOM NOM
HE HAS EATEN FOUR BLANKETS THIS WEEK.
TOPA, YOU WILL GROW BIG AND STRONG.
IT IS TIME FOR YOU TO EAT MORE THINGS.
PAPA.
TOPA, THIS IS CALLED WASABI.
HE FINDS IT AGREEABLE! THE SITTER WILL BE PLEASED.
HE WILL DEFECATE EASY TOMORROW.


MAIN ENGINEERING.
FRIDAY LATE AFTERNOON.
〈HEY, MAN. IT'S ALL SET.〉*
* TRANSLATED FROM UNK'S NATIVE LANGUAGE.

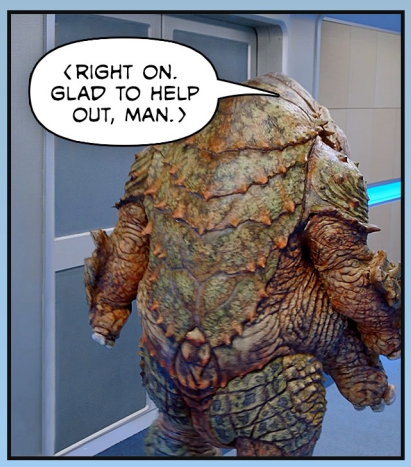

DIG IT. THANKS, UNK. YOU'RE A ROCK STAR.


〈NO PROBLEM. WHO'S THIS FOR AGAIN?〉


LIEUTENANT MALLOY. BUT DON'T SAY ANYTHING, 'CAUSE IT'S A SURPRISE, OKAY?


〈SURE THING. I HOPE HE LIKES IT.〉


OH, IT'S GONNA BLOW UP HIS DAY. YOU CAN COUNT ON THAT.


〈RIGHT ON. GLAD TO HELP OUT, MAN.〉


〈CRAZY HUMANS. I GOTTA TELL STONK ABOUT THIS ONE.〉


I WATCHED THE SHUTTLE VIDEO ON MY WALK DOWN TO SICKBAY, AND I HAVE TO AGREE, IT WAS YOUR BEST WORK YET.
THANKS. AND YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT KELLY BEING PISSED. I'M ON TOILET DETAIL FOR THE NEXT UMPTEEN DAYS.
MESS HALL.
FRIDAY LATE AFTERNOON.


SH-SHE'S GOT YOU CLEANING TOILETS? THAT'S ACTUALLY A THING? I THOUGHT THAT WAS ONLY SOMETHING PEOPLE SAID, BUT NO ONE EVER HAD TO ACTUALLY DO.
NO JOKE. YOU'RE LOOKING AT THE ORVILLE'S NEW JANITOR.


MY GOD.
I AM SO SORRY, MAN.


I DON'T KNOW HOW SHE FIGURED EVERYTHING OUT.


SHE'S A WALKING LIE DETECTOR.
SHE PULLED THE TRUTH OUT OF ME LIKE IT WAS A LOOSE TOOTH.


WELL, THANKS FOR COVERING FOR ME...
...OR TRYING TO, ANYWAY.
CLINK
SO WHAT'D YOU HAVE TO GO TO SICKBAY FOR?
I...≥SIGH≤ FINALLY WORKED UP THE COURAGE TO HAVE MY LAST BIO-TATTOO REMOVED.
THE GREEN ONE?
YEAH, AND IT ITCHES LIKE HELL. ≥SIGH≤
NURSE PARK SAID I SHOULDN'T EXPECT TO PASS WATER COMFORTABLY FOR AT LEAST A WEEK.
AND IF YOU TELL ANYONE, I WILL BREAK YOUR ARM.

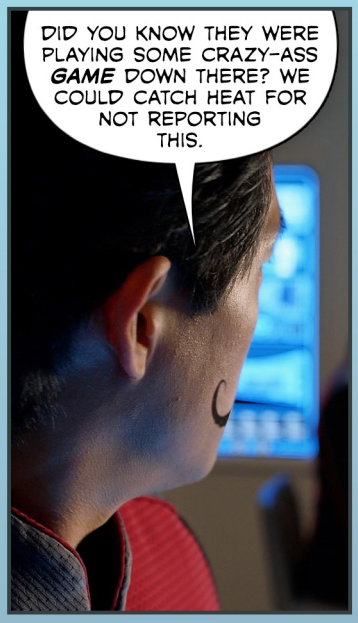

KINDA MAKES YOU JEALOUS OF MOCLAN PHYSIOLOGY, DOESN'T IT?
IF I COULD HOLD MY PEE FOR A YEAR, I'D JOIN THE CARNIVAL.
DO YOU THINK WHEN THEY FINALLY GO, DOES IT COME GUSHING OUT LIKE...LIKE A FIREHOSE THAT KNOCKS OVER EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH?
OR DO YOU THINK THEY JUST GO ONE LITTLE ITTY BITTY DROP THAT'S, LIKE, SO CONCENTRATED IT COULD BURN THROUGH REINFORCED DECK PLATING?
THE ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION IS SOMETHING I HOPE I NEVER HAVE TO FIND OUT.


OH, HEY, ARE YOU COMING TO KARAOKE LATER? BORTUS IS GONNA DESTROY IT TONIGHT WITH THE AWESOME SONG I TAUGHT HIM.
FOR REAL THIS TIME!
THAT SOUNDS AGONIZING, BUT...I'LL BE THERE.
IN FACT, I'M ACTUALLY THINKING OF DOING A SONG MYSELF TONIGHT.
AN OLD SHOW TUNE MIGHT TAKE MY MIND OFF ALL THE ITCHING AND SWELLING.
SWELLING? MY FOREHEAD DIDN'T DO THAT.
WELL, YOUR FOREHEAD ISN'T MADE OF PURE TUMESCENCE.
SO THEY DIDN'T GIVE YOU AN OINTMENT TO TAKE DOWN THE SWELLING?
THE OFFER WAS THERE, BUT ≥SIGH≤ I WORRIED THAT MIGHT MAKE IT SHRIVEL UP LIKE A HUNDRED-YEAR-OLD BANANA.
WELL, I'LL BE ITCHING TO HEAR YOU SING. I'M SURE YOU'LL GIVE A SWELL PERFORMANCE.


THANKS. I'M OBVIOUSLY OUT OF PRACTICE, BUT EVERYBODY WILL BE DRUNK ANYWAY, RIGHT?
TRUE WORDS, MY FRIEND.
FAR MORE HIGH-FUNCTIONING ALCOHOLICS ON THIS SHIP THAN ANY OTHER SHIP IN THE WHOLE FLEET.
WELL, HEY, I'M MEETING UP WITH JOHN AND BORTUS SOON.
CATCH YOU BACK HERE IN A COUPLE HOURS.
ALL GOOD.
SEE YOU THEN.
BORTUS IS SINGING FIRST, SO BE ON TIME!


BROOKS, WHO AUTHORIZED THE ACTIVITY ON THE FLIGHT DECK?
SHUTTLE BAY OBSERVATION & CONTROL ROOM. FRIDAY LATE AFTERNOON.


I DID. WHY?


DID YOU KNOW THEY WERE PLAYING SOME CRAZY-ASS *GAME* DOWN THERE? WE COULD CATCH HEAT FOR NOT REPORTING THIS.


COMMANDER *BORTUS* WAS WITH THEM. I FIGURED IT WAS ALL GOOD.
IT SOUNDED KINDA *FUN,* ACTUALLY.


I DON'T KNOW, MAN. I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS. I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS *AT ALL.*


MALLOY
LAMARR
BORTUS
KLYDEN
DO US *PROUD,* JOHN! WE NEED THAT COMEBACK!

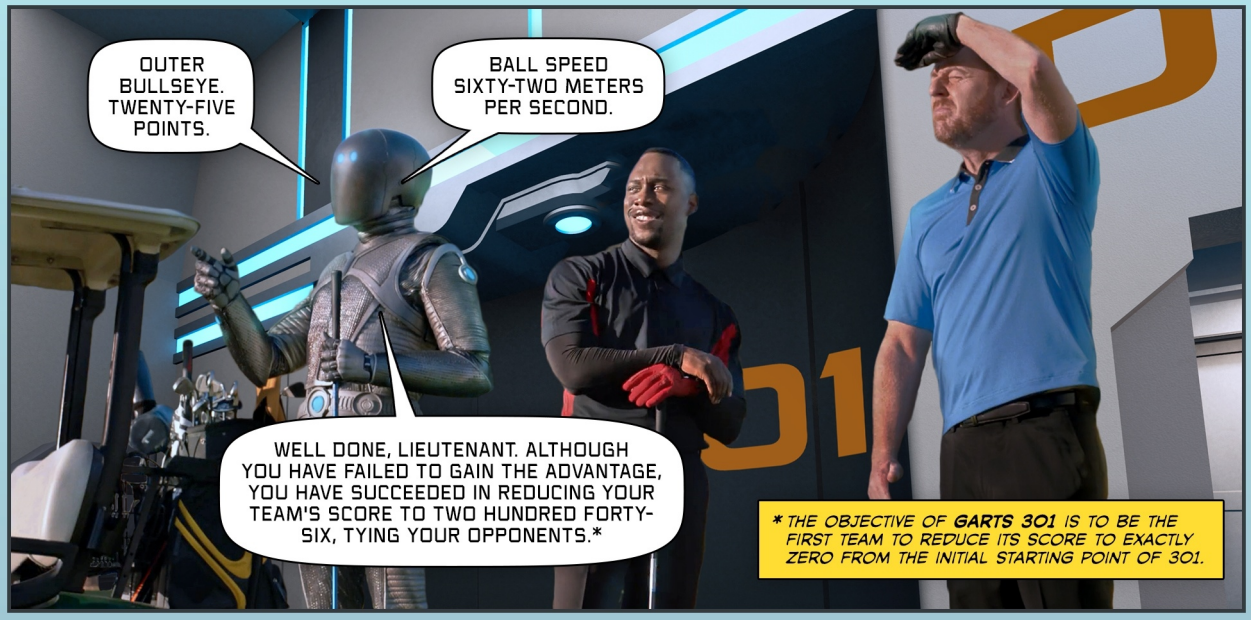

LOW AND SLOW, LOW...AND...SLOW, STRAIGHT FOR THE CENTER.








MALLOY LAMARR
BORTUS KLYDEN
HSOOO


OUTER BULLSEYE. TWENTY-FIVE POINTS.
BALL SPEED SIXTY-TWO METERS PER SECOND.
WELL DONE, LIEUTENANT. ALTHOUGH YOU HAVE FAILED TO GAIN THE ADVANTAGE, YOU HAVE SUCCEEDED IN REDUCING YOUR TEAM'S SCORE TO TWO HUNDRED FORTY-SIX, TYING YOUR OPPONENTS.*
* THE OBJECTIVE OF GARTS 301 IS TO BE THE FIRST TEAM TO REDUCE ITS SCORE TO EXACTLY ZERO FROM THE INITIAL STARTING POINT OF 301.


YOU ARE NOT AS HANDICAPPED AS I PREVIOUSLY BELIEVED.
UH, THANKS, ISAAC.
DUDE! IS THAT A MONSTER LOFT XL?
NO. IT IS THE XXXXL. 750 GRAMS, 540 CC'S.
I WISH TO HIT THE BULLSEYE AS ACCURATELY AS POSSIBLE.


YEAH, I'M NOT SURE THAT'S THE BEST--
PLEASE BE SILENT. KLYDEN MUST FIND HIS CENTER.


HEAR NOTHING... FEEL NOTHING... TURN OFF ALL THE SOUND... PICTURE THE SHOT... LET IT HAPPEN... BE THE BALL.
LIFT


MALLOY
LAMARR
BORTUS
KLYDEN
FORE!




monster
XXXXL
loft
SWOOOOOSH
CRACK


SWOOOOOSH
KTONK
7-2

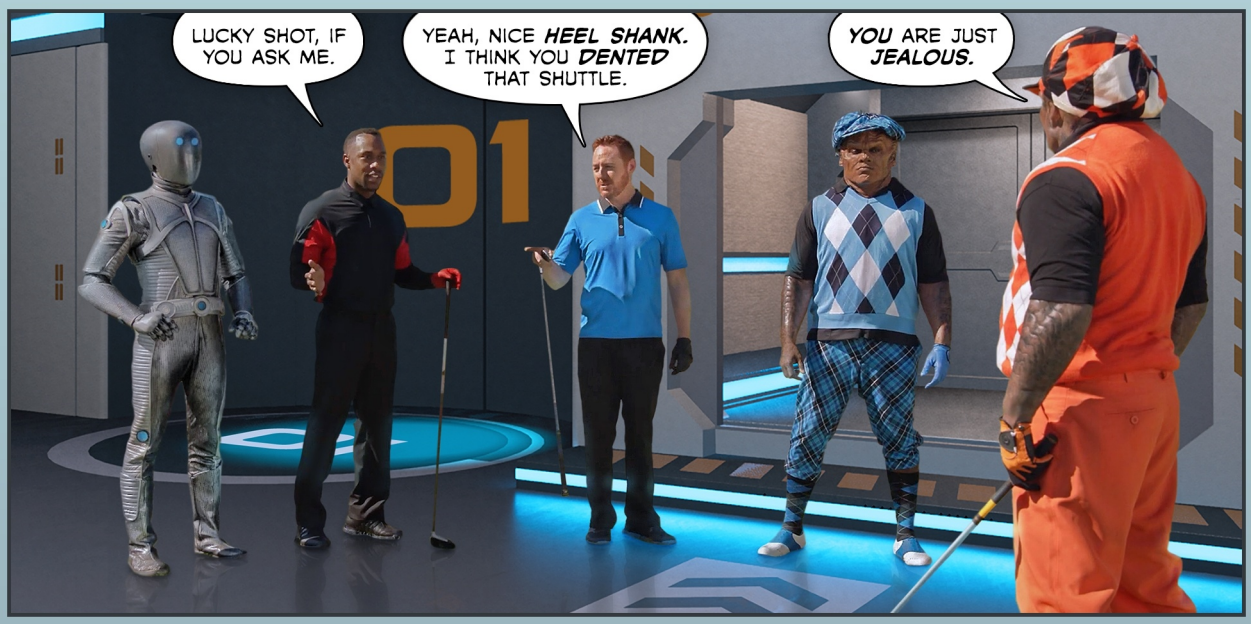

KLYDEN!


HAHAAAA, OOPS!
OH, CRAP.


BORTUS
KLYDEN
301
2x17 267
13 254
8 246
2x18 210
ECV-197-2
DOUBLE EIGHTEEN. THIRTY-SIX POINTS. BALL SPEED ONE HUNDRED TEN METERS PER SECOND.


WELL DONE, KLYDEN.
YOU BRING HONOR AND GLORY TO OUR TEAM.


THANK YOU, BORTUS.
I LIKE THIS GAME. I WISH US TO PLAY IT WEEKLY.

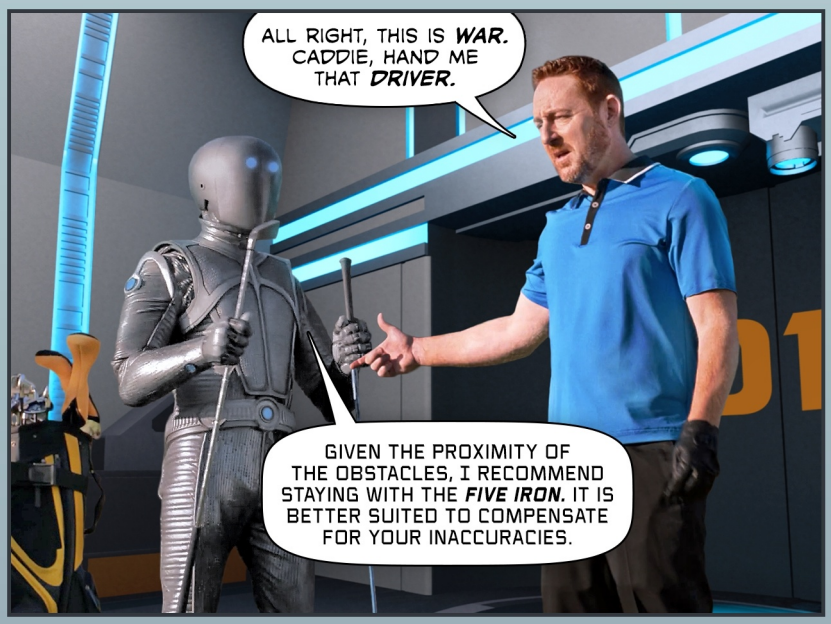

LUCKY SHOT, IF YOU ASK ME.
YEAH, NICE HEEL SHANK. I THINK YOU DENTED THAT SHUTTLE.
YOU ARE JUST JEALOUS.


HELL YEAH, WE'RE JEALOUS! A LOT OF DUDES TRAIN THEIR ENTIRE LIFE FOR A SHOT LIKE THAT AND NEVER MAKE IT.
HIGH-VALUE RICOCHET OFF A UNION SHUTTLE? THAT'S A DOPE-ASS PLAY, AND YOU SHOULD BE PROUD.
HOLY GRAIL RIGHT THERE. BOOM.


YOUR MOCKERY IS UNSPORTSMANLIKE.

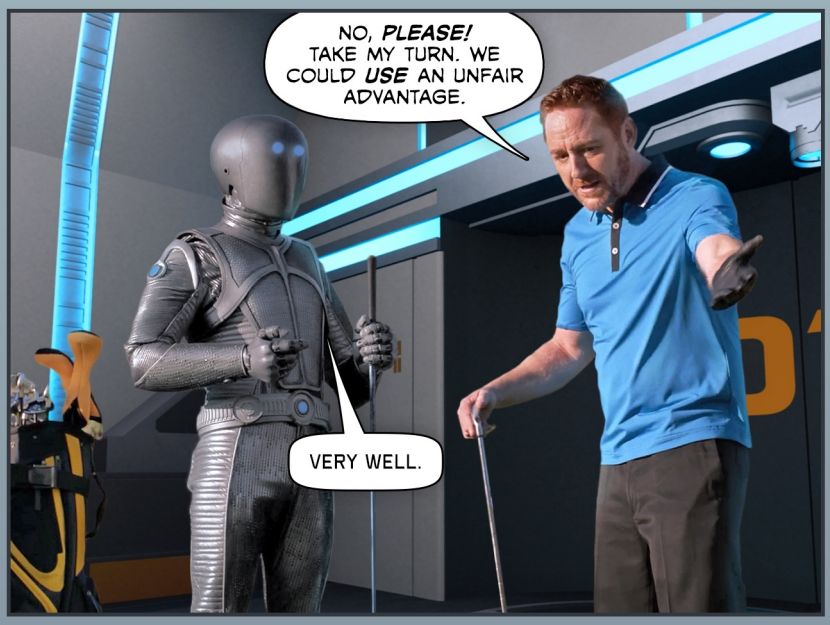

NEXT TIME, TRY FOR THE TWO-SHUTTLE COMBO.


ENOUGH! YOU WILL NOT DEFEAT US! YOUR SKILLS AND FORTITUDE ARE INFERIOR TO OURS. WE ARE THE SUPERIOR TEAM.
CONCEDE NOW, WHILE YOU STILL HAVE DIGNITY, OR I WILL FILL YOUR CART BAGS WITH PLOKTA.


ALL RIGHT, THIS IS WAR. CADDIE, HAND ME THAT DRIVER.
GIVEN THE PROXIMITY OF THE OBSTACLES, I RECOMMEND STAYING WITH THE FIVE IRON. IT IS BETTER SUITED TO COMPENSATE FOR YOUR INACCURACIES.

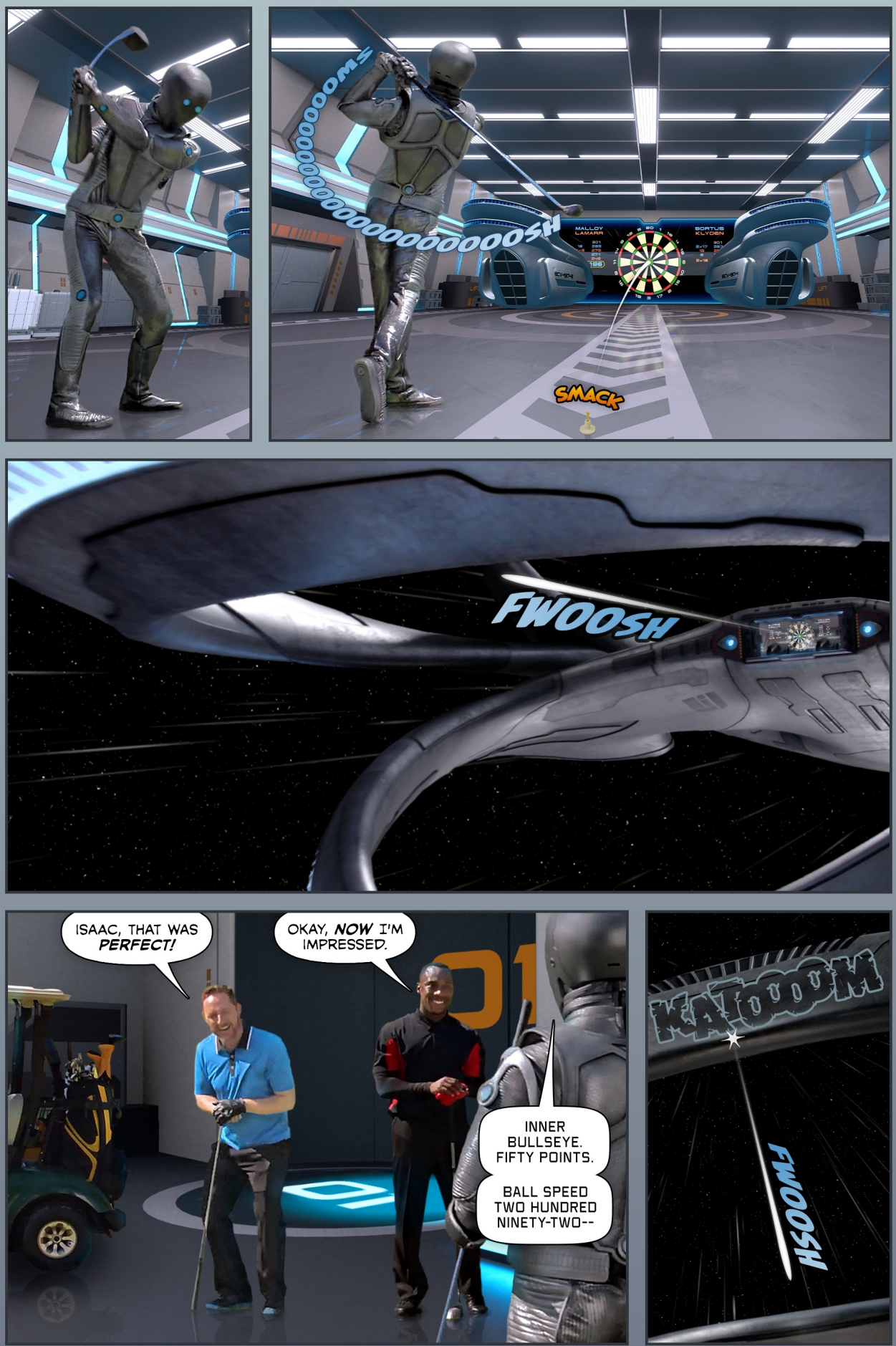

OH, YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT GARTS, SMART-ASS? WHY DON'T YOU GIVE IT A TRY?


MY SUPERIOR MECHANICS WOULD GIVE ME AN UNFAIR ADVANTAGE.


NO, PLEASE! TAKE MY TURN. WE COULD USE AN UNFAIR ADVANTAGE.
VERY WELL.


GOOD LUCK.
LUCK IS IRRELEVANT. IT IS A SIMPLE BALLISTICS PROBLEM.


OBSERVE CLOSELY.


SMACK
FWOOSH
ISAAC, THAT WAS PERFECT!
OKAY, NOW I'M IMPRESSED.
INNER BULLSEYE. FIFTY POINTS.
BALL SPEED TWO HUNDRED NINETY-TWO--
KATOOOM
FWOOSH


KTANG
CRASH
CK E
THONK
GUH!
BOOP
KLYDEN... ARE YOU HARMED?
BORTUS, I *HATE* THIS GAME.
I WISH *NEVER* TO PLAY IT AGAIN.


WELL, I GUESS WE'RE NOT LETTING GORT HERE HIT ANY MORE BALLS! KLAATU BARADA NIKTO, BUDDY. YOU JUST ABOUT KILLED KLYDEN.
IT WAS NOT MY INTENTION TO CAUSE DAMAGE.
UH, GUYS? KLYDEN'S LOOKING A LITTLE PALE.


WE ARE DONE HERE FOR TODAY. KLYDEN MUST REST.
PERHAPS OUR PARTICIPATION WAS IMPRUDENT.
KLYDEN, I AM TAKING YOU TO SICKBAY.


YOU SAID THIS WOULD BE FUN.


MY MISTAKE! I JUST THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO TRY AN EARTH SPORT. I'LL INVITE ALARA NEXT TIME INSTEAD.
THAT WOULD BE BEST.


20 MINUTES LATER...
YOU WISH TO SEE ME, SIR?
BORTUS.
ED'S OFFICE.
DOCTOR FINN TELLS ME SHE JUST TREATED KLYDEN FOR A CRANIAL INJURY HE SUSTAINED IN THE SHUTTLE BAY...
YES, SIR.
...FROM A GOLF BALL THAT RICOCHETED OFF A...BROKEN WINDOW?
WE...WERE... TRYING A NEW GAME, SIR.
IT IS PLAYED WITH GOLF EQUIPMENT BUT SCORED SOMEWHAT DIFFERENTLY.
WHO'S "WE"?
KLYDEN AND I COMPETED AGAINST LIEUTENANTS MALLOY AND LAMARR.
BORTUS, WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU ALL THINKING? THE SHUTTLE BAY ISN'T A GOLF COURSE. WE HAVE SIMULATORS.
DON'T TELL ME YOU RAN OUT OF QUOTA AGAIN?
NO, SIR. WE CONVENED IN THE SHUTTLE BAY BECAUSE LIEUTENANT MALLOY IS FORBIDDEN TO USE THE SIMULATOR WHILE HE IS--
OKAY, STOP RIGHT THERE.
=SIGH= LOOK, BORTUS, AS THE SENIOR OFFICER PRESENT, YOU SHOULD HAVE PUT AN END TO THIS IDEA BEFORE IT EVEN BEGAN.


SPEAKING OF WHICH, WHOSE IDEA *WAS* THIS, ANYWAY?
LIEUTENANT MALLOY'S, SIR.
WHY AM I NOT SURPRISED?
AND... *GORDON* HIT THE BALL THAT STRUCK KLYDEN?
NO, SIR. ISAAC.
ISAAC?!
ARE YOU *KIDDING* ME?
FOR GOD'S SAKE, BORTUS...
WHAT YOU GUYS DID WAS NOT ONLY *STUPID* AND *RECKLESS...*
...BUT YOU'RE *DAMN* LUCKY IT DIDN'T TURN OUT A LOT *WORSE.*
WHAT IF *GORDON* HAD BEEN HIT? OR *JOHN?*
OR SOME *INNOCENT BYSTANDER?*


WE HAD NOT ANTICIPATED A CALAMITY, SIR. IT WAS...A FREAK ACCIDENT.
DON'T GIVE ME THAT CRAP, BORTUS.
IT'S YOUR JOB TO ANTICIPATE CALAMITIES.
I HAVE FAILED YOU, SIR.
YOU'RE JUST LUCKY KLYDEN'S HEAD WAS THE ONLY DAMAGE.
SIR, THERE WAS... ONE OTHER MISHAP.
WHAT KIND OF MISHAP?
A SHUTTLE WAS DENTED, SIR.
DENTED? AND WHO HIT THAT BALL?
KLYDEN, SIR. QUITE HARD.


=SIGH=
CAN'T WE JUST BE A NORMAL SHIP WITH PEOPLE DOING NORMAL THINGS?
WHY DO WE HAVE TO BE THE WEIRD SHIP WITH PEOPLE DOING STUPID THINGS?
I-I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO, BORTUS. HOW DO I GET YOU TO UNDERSTAND?
KERMIT, WHAT SHOULD I DO?
I DUNNO, MAN. IT'S BEEN A CRAZY WEEK. GO EASY ON HIM.
ALL RIGHT, LOOK. =SIGH= IT'S BEEN A LONG DAY AND A CRAZY WEEK.
DOCTOR FINN SAYS KLYDEN IS GOING TO BE FINE, AND...
...WE CAN FIX THE WINDOW AND THE DENT, SO NO PERMANENT HARM HAS BEEN DONE.

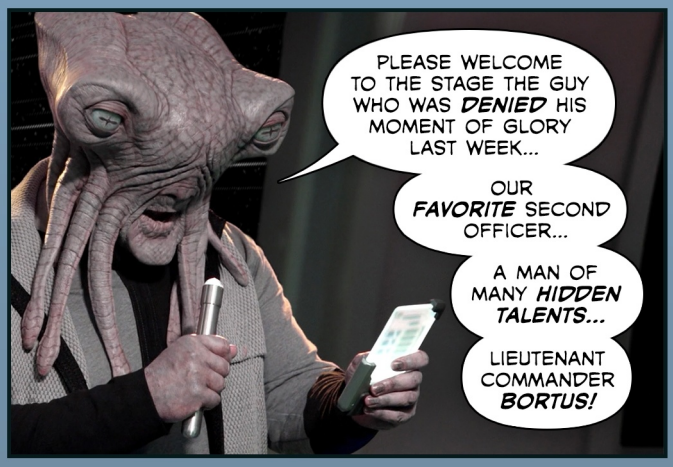

HOWEVER... IF YOU SANCTION ANYTHING THIS *CARELESS* ON MY SHIP EVER AGAIN...
...YOU WILL BE CLEANING TOILETS *AND* I WILL BE PLACING A LETTER OF REPRIMAND IN YOUR PERMANENT FILE.
IS THAT CLEAR?
YES, SIR. IT WILL NOT HAPPEN AGAIN.
SIGH WELL, LISTEN, IT'S FRIDAY NIGHT, AND I THINK WE'VE ALL HAD ENOUGH *UNPLEASANTRIES* FOR THE DAY.
I'LL LET YOU GO GET READY FOR *KARAOKE,* AND WE'LL TRY TO FORGET ALL THIS.
DISMISSED.
THANK YOU, SIR.
BY THE WAY, IF *KLYDEN* IS FEELING UP TO IT, HE'S WELCOME TO *JOIN US* TONIGHT.
KLYDEN IS NOT AS...OUTGOING AS I AM.
BUT...I WILL DELIVER THE MESSAGE.


SO...
WHY'D YOU LET HIM OFF SO EASY?
EASY? YOU THINK THAT WAS EASY?
I PRACTICALLY RIPPED HIM A NEW--
ED... YOU LET HIM WALK OUT WITH A SCOLDING.
HE BARELY BROKE A SWEAT.
DO MOCLANS SWEAT?
YOU KNOW, I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED HOW THEY--
I DON'T KNOW, ED! IT'S A FIGURE OF SPEECH.
THE POINT BEING... WHERE ARE THE CONSEQUENCES?
SIGH HONESTLY, KEL, I'M JUST READY FOR THIS WEEK TO BE OVER.
AND IF THIS WHOLE STUPID THING WAS GORDON'S IDEA, THEN HE'S THE ONE WHO NEEDS A SLAP UPSIDE THE HEAD.
I'LL TALK TO HIM TOMORROW ABOUT IT.
AND I THINK WE ALSO NEED TO EXPLAIN SOME THINGS TO ISAAC.


SERIOUSLY. WITH HIS STRENGTH, THE BALL THAT STRUCK KLYDEN MIGHT AS WELL HAVE BEEN A BULLET.
JOHN AND GORDON ARE LUCKY TO BE ALIVE.
AND KLYDEN IS LUCKY TO HAVE A THICK SKULL.
WHY DO I HAVE THE FEELING THAT'S GOING TO GET US INTO TROUBLE SOMEDAY?
MMM.
SO ARE YOU READY FOR TONIGHT?
NO... ≥SIGH≤ BUT IT'S NOTHING A COUPLE TUMBLERS OF BOURBON CAN'T FIX.
I'M SINGING CYNDI LAUPER'S "TIME AFTER TIME" IN THE STYLE OF FRANK SINATRA.
SEE YOU THERE?
WOULDN'T MISS IT FOR THE WORLD.


MESS HALL.
FRIDAY NIGHT.
ALL RIGHT! LET'S GET STARTED.


SINCE WE WERE CUT SHORT LAST TIME, WE'LL PICK UP RIGHT WHERE WE LEFT OFF.


PLEASE WELCOME TO THE STAGE THE GUY WHO WAS DENIED HIS MOMENT OF GLORY LAST WEEK...
OUR FAVORITE SECOND OFFICER...
A MAN OF MANY HIDDEN TALENTS...
LIEUTENANT COMMANDER BORTUS!


YOU READY TO KNOCK 'EM OUT WITH THOSE GOLDEN PIPES, BIG GUY?


I AM READY TO "KNOCK THEM OUT," YES.


GOOD LUCK.
THANK YOU.


LIEUTENANT MALLOY TAUGHT ME THIS SONG.
HE INFORMED ME THAT IT WOULD "SOUND PRETTY GOOD" IN A BASSO PROFONDO VOCAL REGISTER.
I WILL NOW SING IT.


OH, HERE IT IS!
YEAHHH! BORTUUUS!
OH, YEAH!
HEYYYA!
YES!
WHOO!
AP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLA


YOU WILL ALL BE SILENT WHILE I SING!

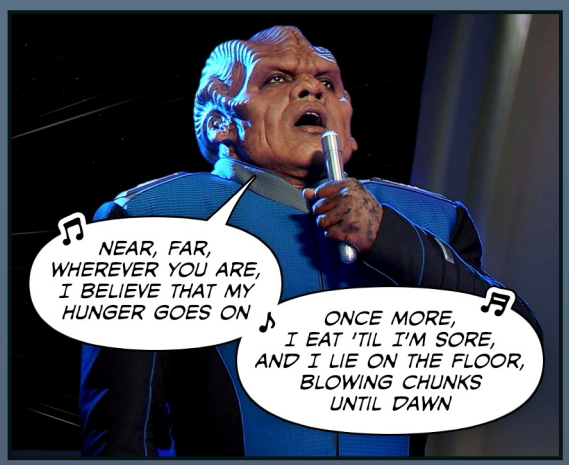

EVERY NIGHT IN MY DREAMS...
I LONG FOR SOME PIZZA...
TO THE TUNE OF: "MY HEART WILL GO ON" BY CÉLINE DION
I long for some pizza


TOPPED WITH ALL THE THINGS THAT I LOVE...


CACTUS AND WASABI...
AN OLD SHOE, OR MILDEW...


FLAVORS FROM THE HEAVENS ABOVE


IS...IS THIS HOW THE SONG IS SUPPOSED TO GO?
GORDON TAUGHT HIM THIS? I'M GONNA GO WITH NO.


NEAR, FAR, WHEREVER YOU ARE, I BELIEVE THAT MY HUNGER GOES ON
ONCE MORE, I EAT 'TIL I'M SORE, AND I LIE ON THE FLOOR, BLOWING CHUNKS UNTIL DAWN


ALL ACROSS THE QUADRANT...
I'VE TRAVELED, I'VE SAMPLED...
EVERY SAUCE AND CHEESE, EVERY CRUST
THEN I FOUND THE BEST SLICE...
RIGHT UNDER THE SOFA...
MUMMIFIED FOREVER IN DUST
HOT, COLD, OR COVERED IN MOLD... I BELIEVE MY INTESTINES ARE STRONG
ONCE MORE, I'M STUFFED TO THE CORE, BUT YOU'RE HERE IN MY STOMACH, RIGHT WHERE YOU BELONG
ALL CLEAR! THERE'S NOTHING I FEAR!
AND I KNOW THAT MY HUNGER GOES ON...
NEXT DAY, I HOPE AND I PRAY...
I WILL EAT 'TIL THE DAWN, 'CAUSE MY HUNGER GOES ON AND ON
=HMPH=
THE SONG IS NOW ENDED.
YOU MAY UNMUTE YOUR VOICES, IF YOU SO WISH.
YEAH!! THAT'S HOW WE DO IT!
GORDON, THAT WAS AMAZING!
CRAZY, BUT SOLID! YOU'RE IN YOUR LIGHT!
NOT BAD!
BRAVO!
THANK YOU.
VOCÊ É O CARA!
CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP


GREAT JOB, COMMANDER!
LET'S HEAR IT AGAIN FOR BORTUS ON HIS FIRST TIME SINGING WITH US!
HE'S QUITE THE LYRICAL MIRACLE!
ALL RIGHT... COMING UP NEXT, WE HAVE...
AHA! OUR VERY OWN CROONER...
CAPTAIN MERCER!

THE END...

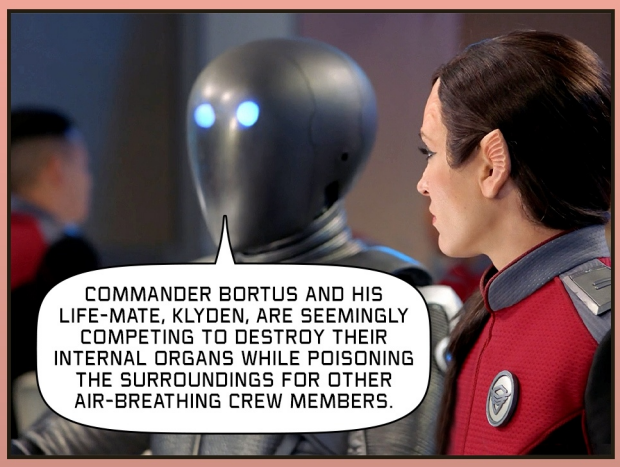
...ALMOST

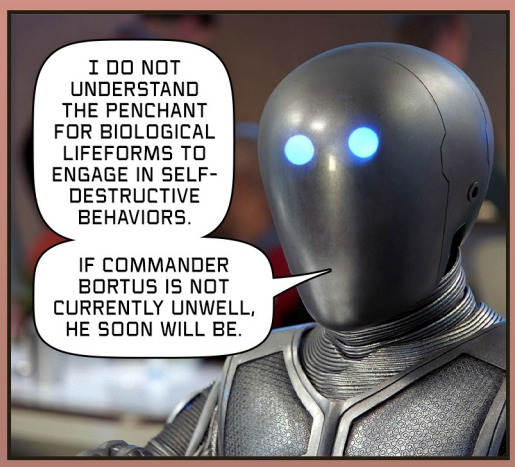
EPILOGUE

One year later


SO THIS ALL TRACED BACK TO ISAAC TATTOOING YOUR FOREHEAD?
MESS HALL. ONE YEAR LATER.
IF YOU CAN BELIEVE IT.
AND YOU WERE NEVER DISCIPLINED?
OHHH HO HO, YEAH.
HE WAS.
AND?
I HAD TO CLEAN TOILETS FOR A MONTH.
WAIT... DO YOU GUYS SMELL THAT? SOMETHING IS ON FIRE.
IT WASN'T ME.
BEHIND YOU, DAWG.
OH, CRAP. ARE THEY BURNING SOMETHING?




COMMANDER BORTUS AND HIS LIFE-MATE, KLYDEN, ARE SEEMINGLY COMPETING TO DESTROY THEIR INTERNAL ORGANS WHILE POISONING THE SURROUNDINGS FOR OTHER AIR-BREATHING CREW MEMBERS.


I DO NOT UNDERSTAND THE PENCHANT FOR BIOLOGICAL LIFEFORMS TO ENGAGE IN SELF-DESTRUCTIVE BEHAVIORS.
IF COMMANDER BORTUS IS NOT CURRENTLY UNWELL, HE SOON WILL BE.


I'LL GO TALK TO THEM.


GENTLEMEN.


LIEUTENANT... HOW MAY I ASSIST YOU?


IT'S THE *SMOKE,* COMMANDER. PEOPLE ARE COMPLAINING. THEY DON'T LIKE IT.


HOW IS THAT *POSSIBLE?*
THE FLAVOR AND AROMA ARE *MOST WONDERFUL.*


NOT FOR *OTHER* PEOPLE, THEY AREN'T.
GUYS, I HATE TO DO THIS, BUT CAN I ASK YOU TO TAKE IT SOMEWHERE ELSE?


WHERE?


COMMANDER GRAYSON WOULD PREFER YOU LIMIT IT TO YOUR OWN QUARTERS.


WHAT?
CAN WE NOT ENJOY A SMOKE IN OUR *OWN* SHIP'S MESS HALL AFTER SHARING THE AFTERNOON MEAL?


YOU'RE RUINING LUNCH FOR OTHERS.
I HAVE TO ASK YOU TO LEAVE. *NOW.*


BORTUS, THIS IS *OUTRAGEOUS!*


I AGREE.
HOWEVER, WE WILL LEAVE AND FIND ANOTHER PLACE. PERHAPS *MOOSKA'S* WILL BE MORE ACCOMMODATING.


I *LIKE* MOOSKA'S. WE CAN HAVE *GARLIC BREAD PUDDING.*


=HRMPH=


SECURITY CHIEF KEYALI TO MOOSKA.


Mooska's
MOOSKA HERE. 'FRAID WE'RE ALL BOOKED UP FOR DINNER, BUT...
...TABLES ARE STARTING TO CLEAR OUT IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A LATE LUNCH.


THANKS. THAT'S NOT WHY I'VE CALLED.


JUST WANTED TO WARN YOU THAT TWO MOCLANS ARE ON THEIR WAY WHO INTEND TO USE YOUR ESTABLISHMENT AS A SMOKING LOUNGE. RECOMMEND THAT YOU SEAT THEM IN THE FARTHEST CORNER.


THANKS, LIEUTENANT. I OWE YOU ONE!


BORTUS! WHAT IS THIS BARBARITY?!


=HRMPH=
Mooska's
NO SMOKING
Thank you


SO TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTION ABOUT THE *TOILETS...*
GORDON HERE FOUND A WHOLE NEW DEFINITION OF *PAIN AND SUFFERING.*


BECAUSE HE NEVER HAD TO SCRUB A TOILET BEFORE?


NO, BECAUSE *JOHN* CONVINCED HALF THE CREW *NOT TO FLUSH* AFTERWARDS.
SO EVERY BATHROOM I ENTERED LOOKED AND SMELLED LIKE A *HORSE BARN.*

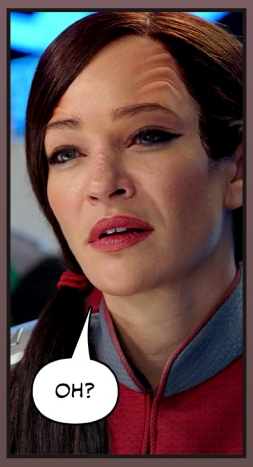

I THINK I'M GOING TO BE *SICK.*


YEAH, NO, TRUST ME, YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW WHAT *LIEUTENANT UNK* LEFT IN THERE.


WHY IS THE TOPIC OF WASTE ELIMINATION SO COMPULSORY FOR HUMANS TO DISCUSS?


ISAAC HAS A POINT. MAYBE WE CAN CHANGE THE SUBJECT?


WELL, I'LL JUST SAY *THIS...*
KELLY MAY BE A REAL HARD-ASS ABOUT THE RULES, BUT *I* GOT THE LAST LAUGH.


OH?


HE LEFT THE CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT OF HIS *VANDALIZING* CAREER OUT THERE *SOMEWHERE,* BUT HE AIN'T SAYING *WHAT* IT IS OR *WHERE.*


TALLA
GORDON, LET'S HAVE ALL THE SWEET DETAILS!
GORDON
NO CHANCE. NOT EVEN ED KNOWS.
TALLA
JOHN?


JOHN
I DON'T EVEN *WANT* TO KNOW... 'CAUSE IF HE *TOLD* ME, THEN HE MIGHT HAVE TO *KILL* ME IN MY SLEEP.


TALLA
SO IT'LL JUST REMAIN A *MYSTERY* FOREVER?


JOHN
PRETTY MUCH. ALL WE KNOW IS IT'S THE SIZE OF A *BOTTLE CAP...* SO IT COULD BE ANYWHERE.


GORDON
YEP... SOME THINGS ARE JUST MEANT TO STAY SECRET.

THE END.

APPENDIX

Behind the scenes:
How the sauce is made

1. Screenshot from S1:E5 "Pria"



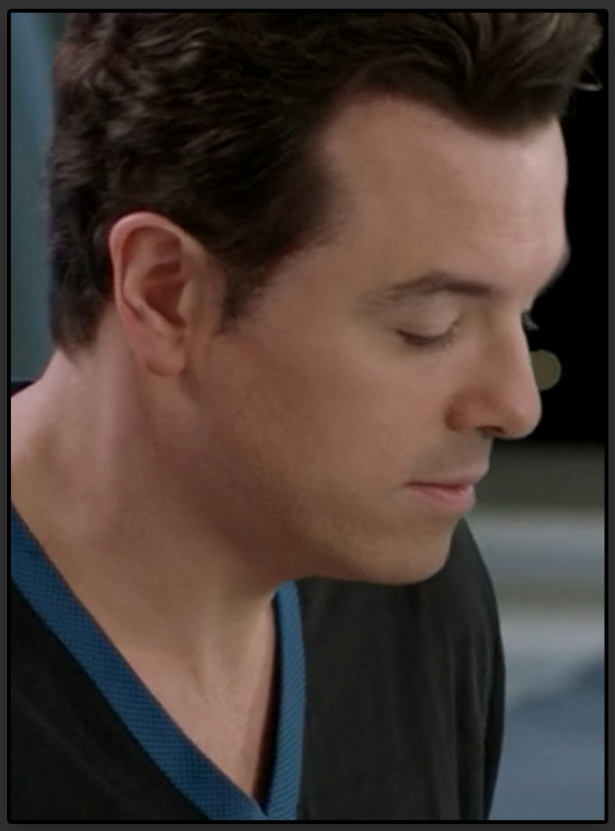
2. A small portion of Pria's pillow removed; scene digitally relit



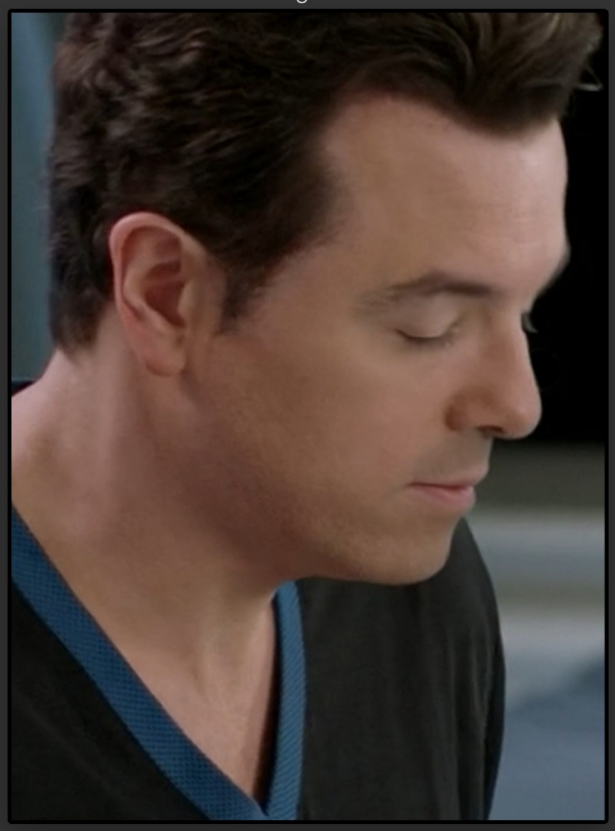
3. Green glow applied



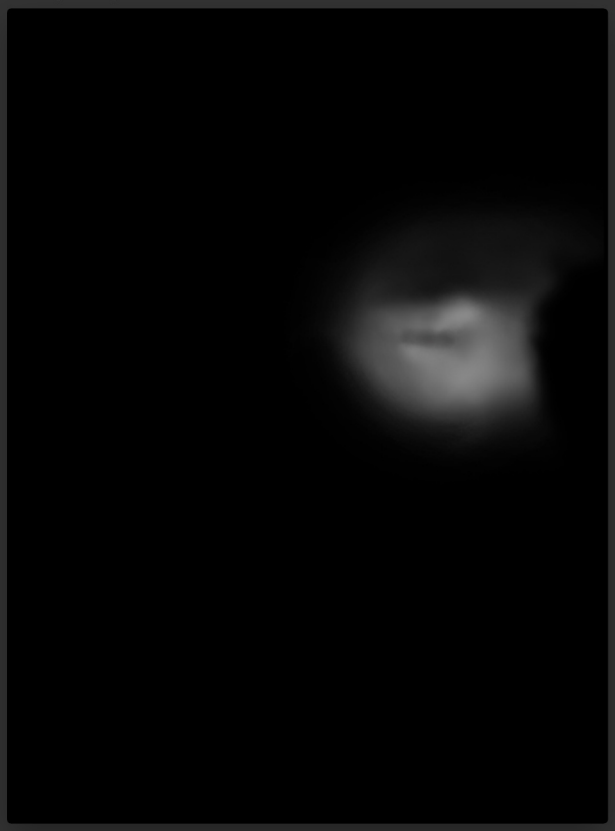
1. Screenshot from S1:E9 "Cupid's Dagger," cropped



2. Mouth and eyes morphed to appear fully closed; star removed from background



3. Lighting mask for illumination of face



4. Lighting mask applied with intentional overexposure



1. Screenshot from S1:E9 "Cupid's Dagger"



2. Kelly digitally removed



3. Lighting intensified



1. Screenshot from S1:E1 "Old Wounds"



2. Screenshot from S1:E1 "Old Wounds"



3. Red alert removed; console clarity enhanced



4. Viewport replaced with static starfield



5. Screenshot from *Firefly* S1:E2 "The Train Job"



6. Screenshot from *Firefly* inserted, with glow



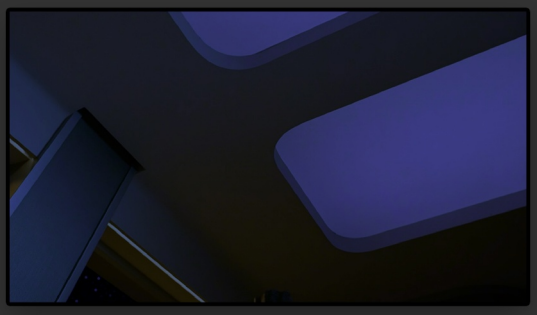
7. John and Gordon recomposited into scene, with hands from second screenshot



1a. Screenshot from S2:E2 "Primal Urges"



1b. Image recolored



2a. Screenshot from S1:E5 "Pria"



2b. Image recolored for Isaac insertion



3. Isaac composited into room with matched perspective



1a. Screenshot from S1:E6 "Krill"



1b. Edges of head removed; lighting enhanced



2a. Screenshot from S2:E14 "The Road Not Taken"



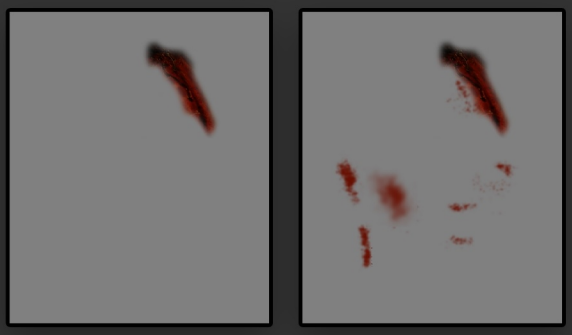
2b. Screenshot flipped, relit, and recolored



3a. Screenshot from S2:E10 "Blood of Patriots"



3b. Orrin's forehead gash extracted; blood added



4. Gordon's head, Orrin's gash, and additional blood composited into scene; dream vignetting added



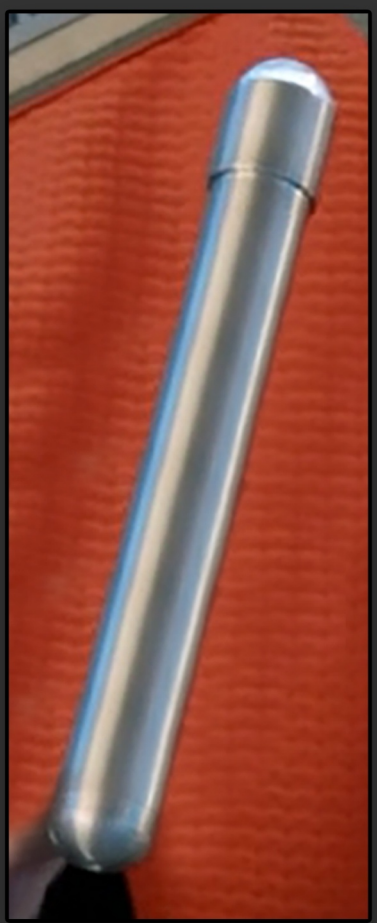
1. Screenshot from S2:E8 "Identity"



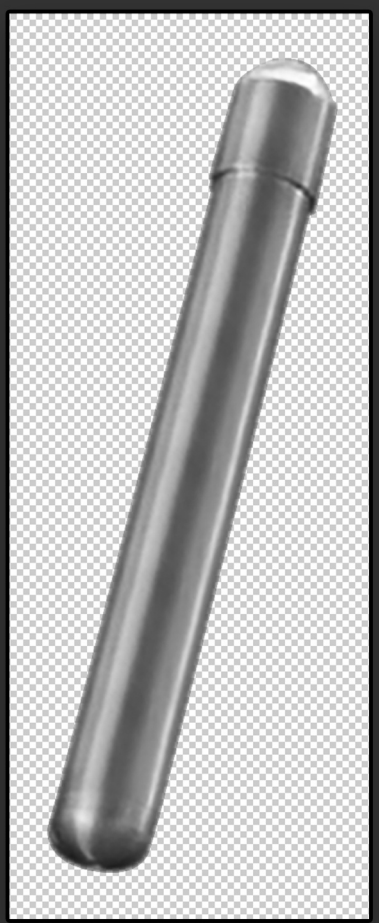
2. Closeup of karaoke mic and hand



3. Hand removed; missing portions of mic reconstructed



4. Mic isolated; environmental blue lighting removed



1. Screenshot from S1:E6 "Krill"



2. Union comscanner device removed



3. Flipped, cropped, recolorized, and relit



4. Karaoke mic inserted



5. Green tint and shadows applied to mic



6. Final composite with dream vignetting



1a. Screenshot from S1:E6 "Krill"



1b. Sazeron partially removed



1c. Scene relit



2a. Screenshot from S1:E6 "Krill"



2b. Karaoke mic inserted, with green colorization



2c. Hands recomposited, with shadows on mic



3. Sazeron replaced with Devon; dream vignetting added



1. Four screenshots from S1:E6 "Krill"



2. First three screenshots combined, cropped, and relit; shadow on corner of table removed



3. Seated Devon removed; standing Devon inserted from fourth screenshot; dream vignetting applied



1. Three screenshots from S1:E6 "Krill" (two from Teleya's classroom, one from Chris & Devon's quarters)





2. First screenshot relit and cropped; Tozon inserted from second screenshot; Devon and Coja inserted from third screenshot



3. Devon's hand and karaoke mic inserted and colorized; Devon's face repainted with projected mic light; dream vignetting applied



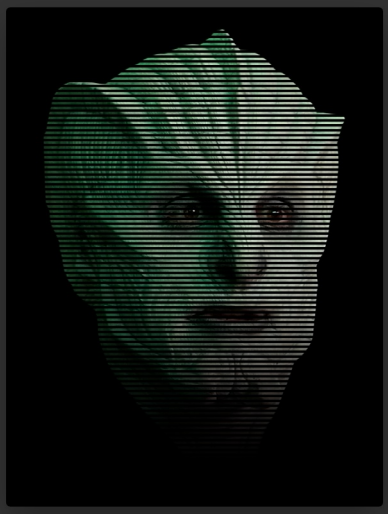
1. Two screenshots from S1:E6 "Krill"



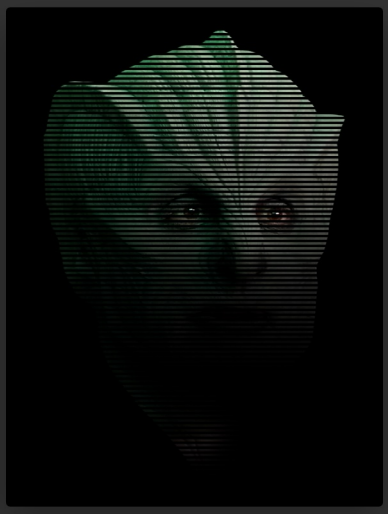
2. Screenshot from S2:E8 "Identity"



3a. Mask for alternating even lines



3b. Mask for alternating odd lines



3c. Alternating masks combined



4. First screenshot cropped; Chris and Devon removed



5. Gordon inserted from third sceenshot; colors adjusted



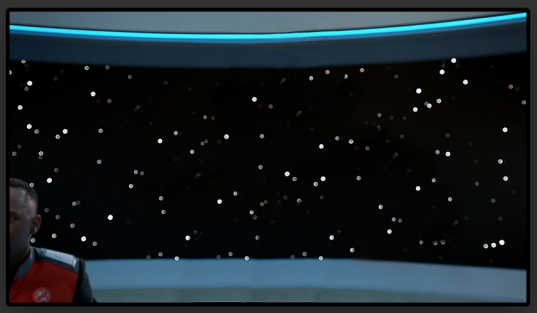
6. Final composite with dream vignetting



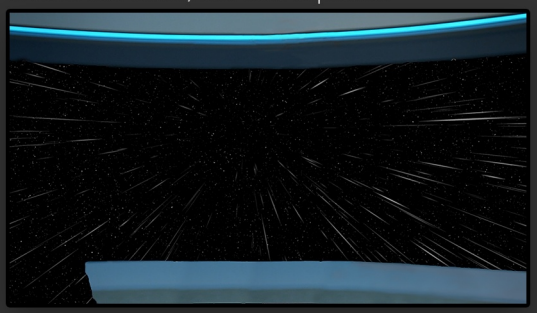
1. Screenshot from S1:E2 "Command Performance"



2. Gordon removed



3. John removed; starfield replaced



4. Screenshot from S2:E10 "Blood of Patriots"



5. Gordon inserted into first screenshot



6. Badge recolored from Season 2 to Season 1



7. Glow, particle beam, and reflection in eyes added; dream vignetting added



1. Screenshot from S1:E13 "Tomorrow, and Tomorrow, and Tomorrow"



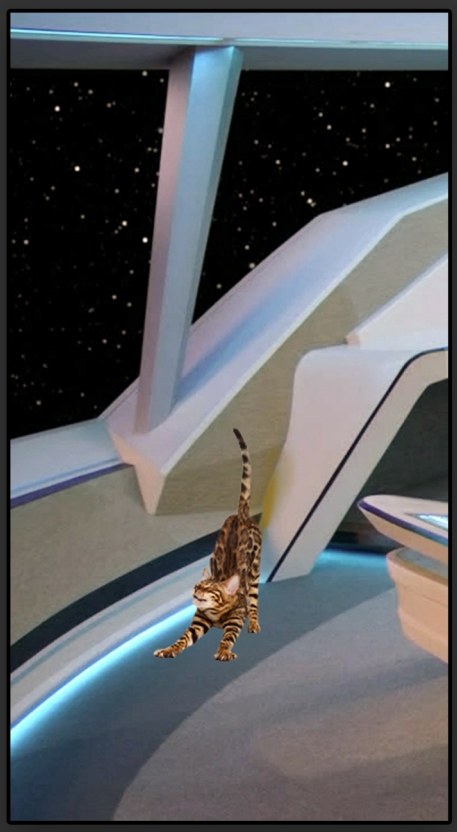
2a. Licensed stock photo



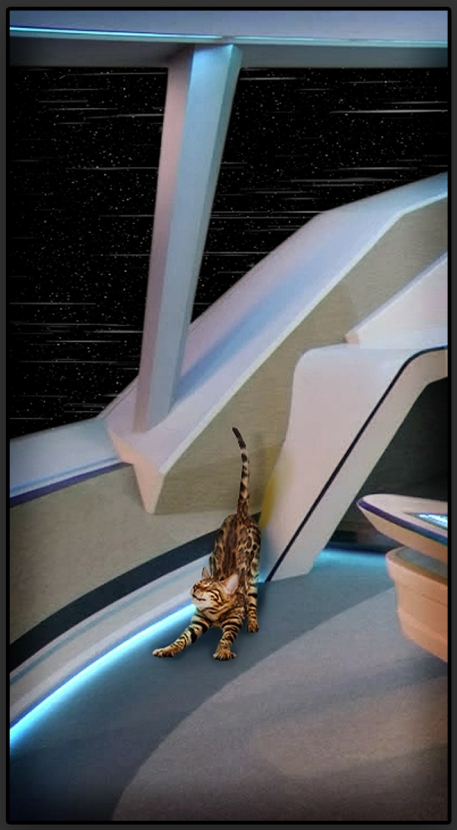
2b. Tail digitally repositioned



3. Screenshot tightly cropped and relit; Albert inserted; urine digitally painted



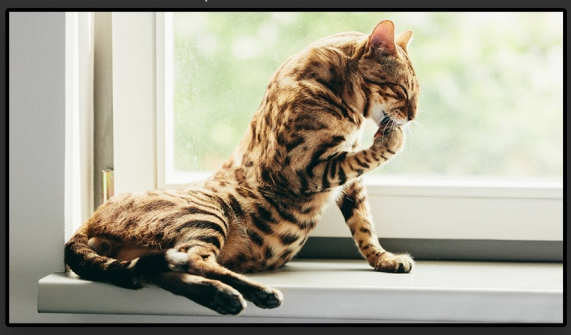
4. Environmental lighting and shadows applied to Albert; static starfield replaced with quantum-speed stars



1. Screenshot from S1:E11 "New Dimensions"



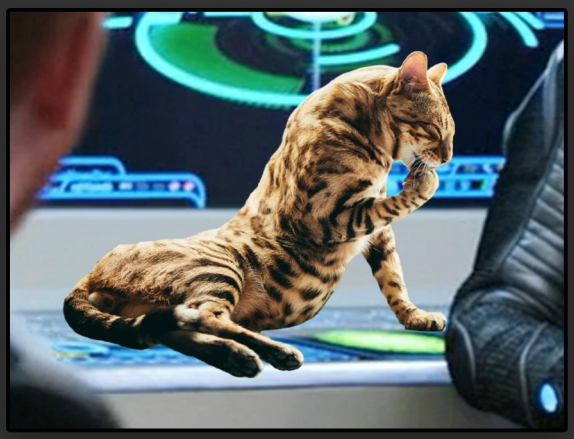
2. Licensed stock photo



3. Screenshot cropped and relit; Isaac's eyes moved slightly farther apart and color-corrected; medical officer's torso and hand removed from background



4. Albert inserted from stock photo



5. Environmental lighting and shadows applied



6. Final composite with dream vignetting



1. Three screenshots from S1:E12 "Mad Idolatry"



2. Three screenshots combined (Isaac's left hand from first image; Isaac's right hand from second image; Ed, Kelly, and Alara from third image) and cropped slightly

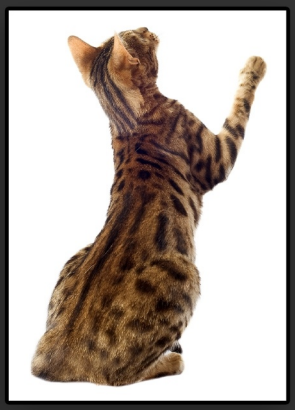


3. Claire removed and replaced with doorway from another screenshot; Kelly's hair tweaked; star in window removed; Bortus's head replaced with Dann's; Isaac's eyes recolorized from white to cyan

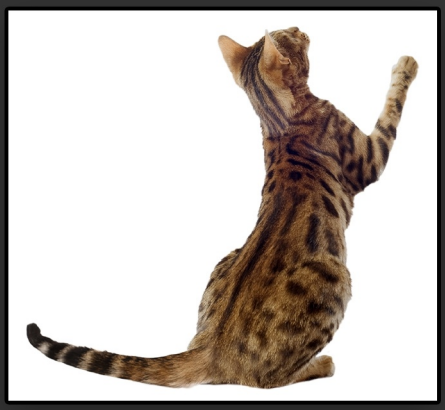


4a. Two licensed stock photos

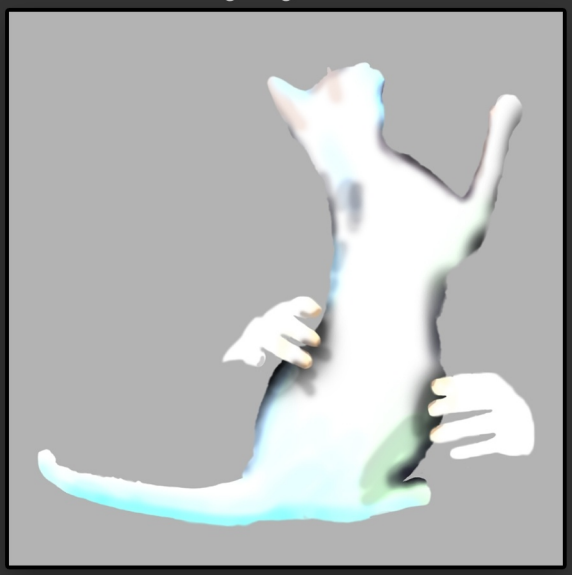




4b. Stock photos combined; tail bent



5a. Environmental lighting isolated for illustration



5b. Albert with environmental lighting applied



6. Final composite with Albert's head and arm repositioned, plus shadows and dream vignetting



1. Screenshot from S2:E10 "Blood of Patriots"



2. Weapon removed



3. Weapon isolated for recompositing



4. Licensed stock photo



5. Crude first-pass composite



6. Shadows and reflected lighting applied; depth blur applied to carpet and weapon



7. Albert's whiskers digitally redrawn; blue glow from weapon applied to Albert; dream vignetting applied



1a. Licensed stock photo



1b. Studio umbrella reflections replaced with bridge ceiling lighting



2. Licensed stock photo



3. Licensed stock photo



4. First-pass composite with original starfish colors



5. Final composite with recolorization, shadows and dream vignetting



1a. Two screenshots from S1:E9 "Cupid's Dagger"





1b. Screenshots combined to clear hallway and doorway

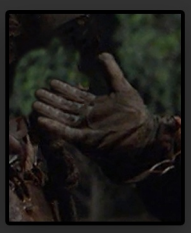


2a. Screenshot from S1:E1 "Old Wounds"



2b. Justin's hand reconstructed





2c. Justin isolated and relit



3a. Screenshot from S1:E2 "Command Performance"



3b. Ensign Parker isolated



4. Final composite with dream vignetting



1. Screenshot from S2:E13 "Tomorrow, and Tomorrow, and Tomorrow"



2a. Screenshot from S1:E1 "Old Wounds"



3a. Licensed stock photo



3b. Eyes, ears, and tail morphed to convey displeasure



2b. Justin isolated



4. Final composite with replaced starfield, environmental lighting, shadows, and dream vignetting



1. Screenshot from S2:E13 "Tomorrow, and Tomorrow, and Tomorrow"



2a. Screenshot from S1:E1 "Old Wounds"



3a. Licensed stock photo



3b. Body morphed to depict the ingestion of Justin



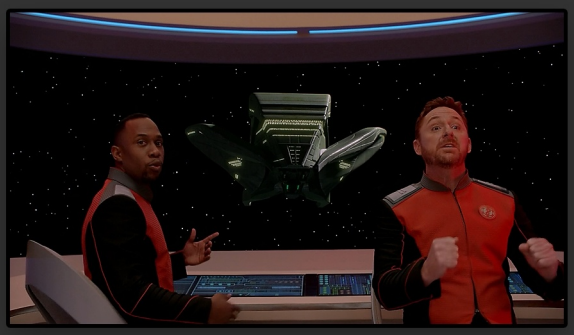
2b. Axe isolated; hand removed



4. Final composite with environmental lighting, shadows, and dream vignetting



1. Screenshot from S1:E1 "Old Wounds"



2. Screenshot from S1:E4 "If the Stars Should Appear"



3. Plasma bolts extracted from second screenshot and prepared as lighting mask for first screenshot



4. Final composite with relighting, laser bolts, and dream vignetting



1. Screenshot from S1:E4 "If The Stars Should Appear"; star chart removed; lighting adjusted



2. Screenshot from S1:E1 "Old Wounds"; Justin isolated and relit



3. Screenshot from *Firefly* S1:E4 "Shindig"; Atherton partially removed and replaced with Justin; scene relit



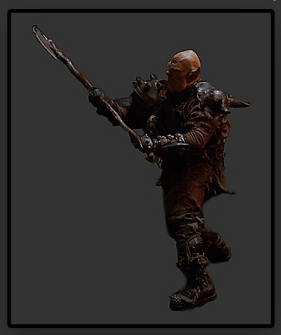
4. Final composite with television border glow and dream vignetting

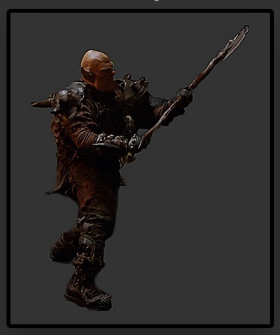


1a. Screenshot from S1:E1 "Old Wounds"



1b. Justin isolated and flipped horizontally





2a. Screenshot from *Firefly* S1:E4 "Shindig"



2b. Atherton and observer removed



2c. Justin inserted; Mal's sword extended



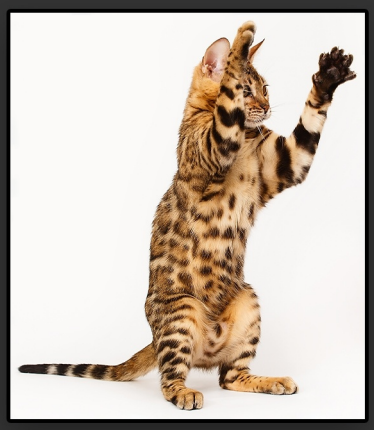
2d. Justin relit, with shadows and fog



3. Final composite with television border glow and dream vignetting



1. Licensed stock photo



2. Licensed stock photo



3. Stock photos combined: Top half of cat from first image, bottom half of cat from second image

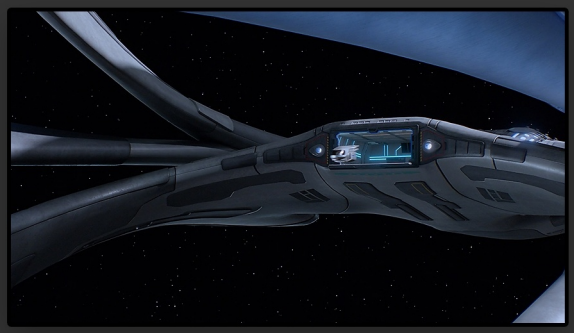


4a & 4b. Perspective-warp applied, followed by puppet-warp



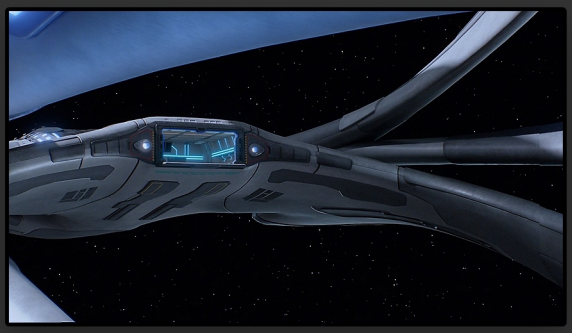


5. Two screenshots from S2:E4 "Nothing Left on Earth Excepting Fishes"

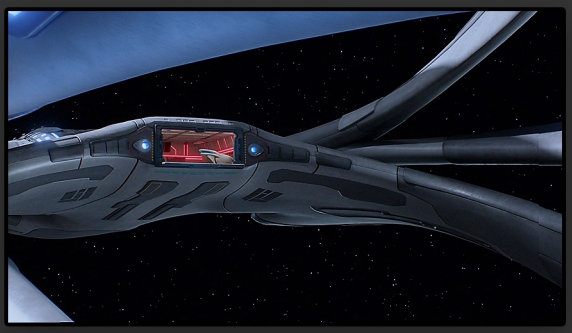




6a. Screenshots flipped horizontally, combined to remove shuttle, and relit



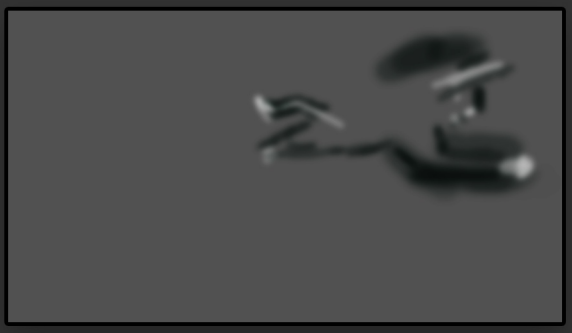
6b. New shuttle inserted in askew parked position; lighting changed to red-alert status



7a. Albert inserted with original lighting



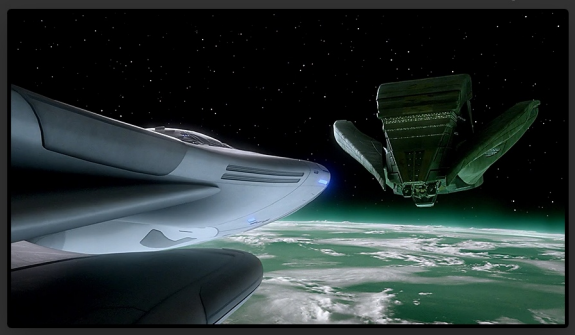
7b. Painted relighting for Albert



8. Final composite, slightly cropped, with tractor beam and dream vignetting



1. Screenshot from S1:E6 "Krill" (for Krill destroyer)



2. Screenshot from S2:E4 "Nothing Left on Earth Excepting Fishes" (for Krill shuttle)



3. Screenshot from S1:E2 "Command Performance"



4. U.S.S. *Bleriot* replaced with Krill destroyer, shuttle



5. Overhead lighting recolored for red alert status



6. Ambient lighting recolored for red alert status



7. Bridge darkened and dream vignetting applied



1. Screenshot from S1:E6 "Krill"



2. First screenshot relit



3. Screenshot from S2:E1 "Ja'Loja"



4. Bortus's head replaced with Dann's head from second screenshot (not yet color-matched)



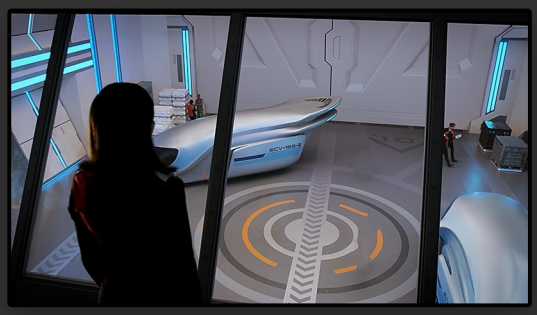
5. Final composite with environmental lighting applied to Dann's head; dream vignetting applied



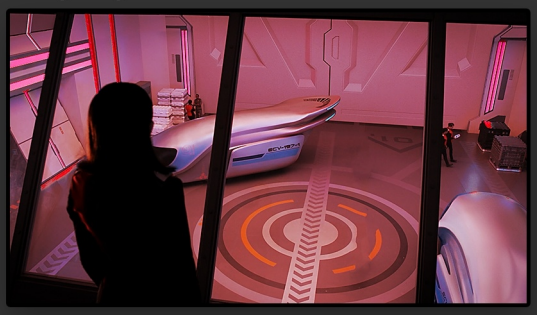
1. Screenshot from S1:E9 "Cupid's Dagger"



2. Ed, Kelly, and selected others removed



3. Lighting converted to red alert status



4. New shuttle designation applied





5. Screenshot from S1:E3 "About a Girl"



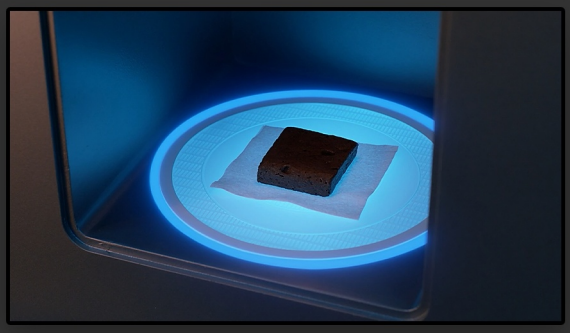
6. Ed and Kelly isolated and color-neutralized



7. Final composite with dream vignetting



1. Screenshot from S1:E2 "Command Performance"

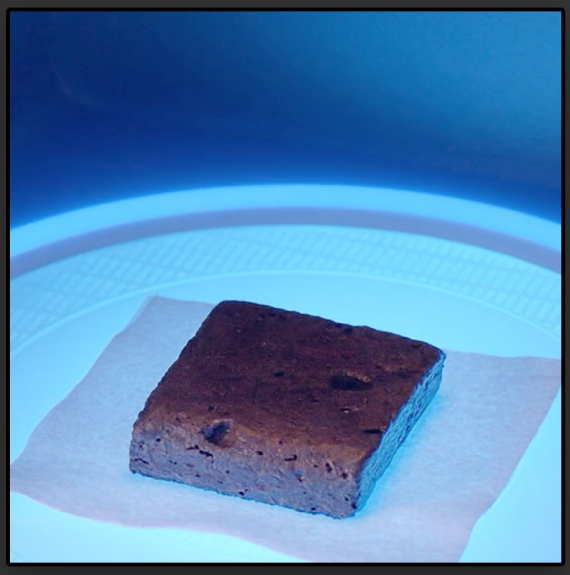


2. Heroclix collectibles sheet by Dr. Omega;
Ed & Kelly extracted and placed side-by-side





3. Screenshot cropped and relit



4. Ed & Kelly figurines inserted



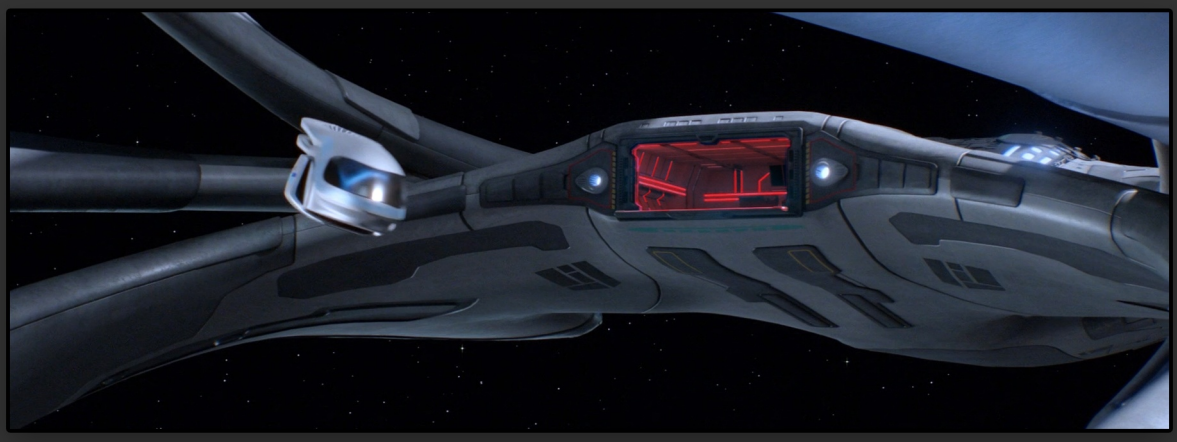
5. Final composite with shadows and environmental lighting applied to Ed & Kelly figurines and dream vignetting applied



1. Two screenshots from S1:E2 "Command Performance"; one screenshot from S2:E4 "Nothing Left on Earth Excepting Fishes"



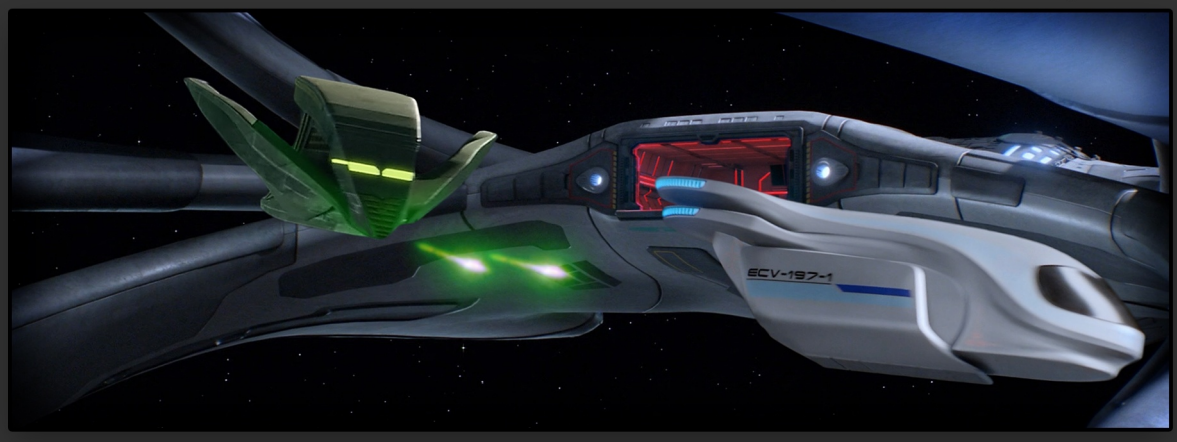
2. First screenshot cropped; lighting in shuttle bay recolored for red alert status



3. Union shuttle replaced with Krill shuttle from third screenshot; Union shuttle reinserted from second screenshot



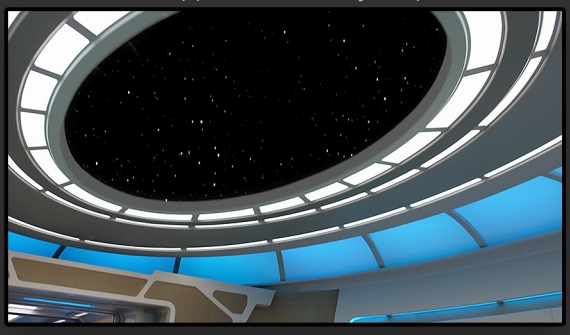
4. Krill shuttle plasma bolts added from another screenshot, with reflective glow; dream vignetting applied



1. Screenshot from S1:E9 "Cupid's Dagger"



2. Screenshot flipped horizontally; ship removed



3. Screenshot from S1:E4 "If the Stars Should Appear"



4. Bridge relighted for red alert; torpedoes inserted



5. Screenshots from S2:E9 "Identity Part II" and S2:E10 "Blood of Patriots," cropped







6. Final composite with dream vignetting applied



1. Screenshot from S2:E14 "The Road Not Taken"



2. Screenshot from S2:E10 "Blood of Patriots"



3a. Gordon isolated from second screenshot



3a. Silhouette mask of Gordon extracted



4. First screenshot flipped; color intensified; Gordon's silhouette inserted; dream vignetting applied



1. Screenshot from S2:E10 "Blood of Patriots"



2a. Screenshot converted to black & white



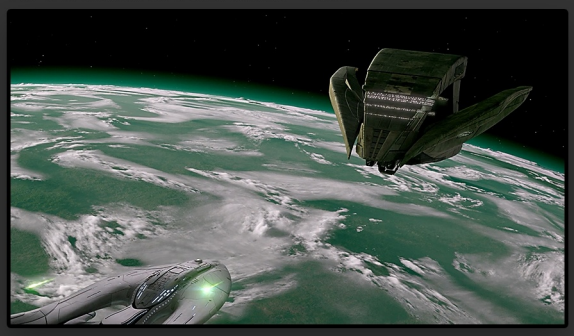
2b. Black & white converted to red lighting mask



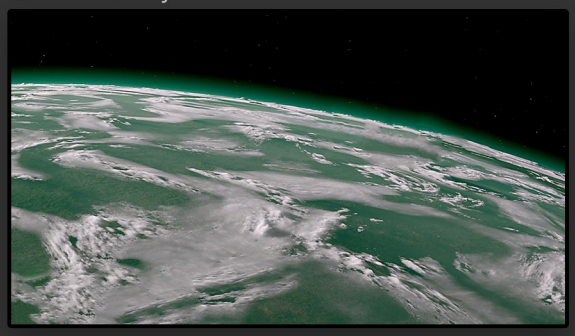
3. Final composite with red-alert colorization and dream vignetting applied



1a. Screenshot from S1:E6 "Krill"



1b. Krill destroyer and Orville removed



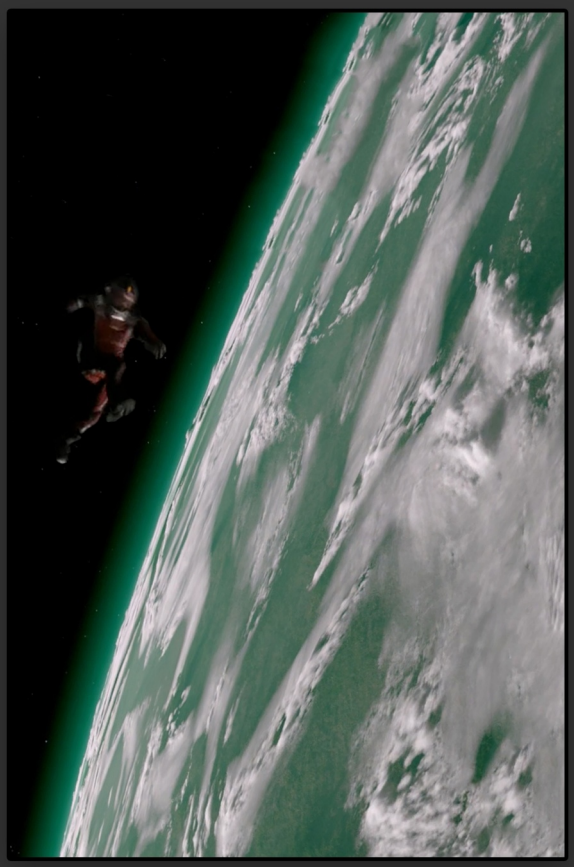
2a. Screenshot from S2:E10 "Blood of Patriots"



2b. Gordon isolated



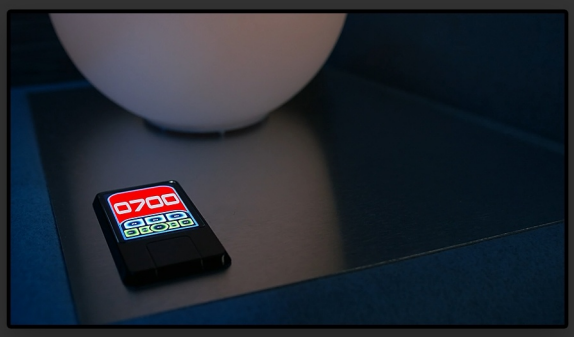
3a. Screenshot rotated; Gordon inserted



3b. Scene relit; dream vignetting applied



1. Screenshot from S1:E5 "Pria"



2. Time removed; scene relit



3. Final composite, cropped, with new time and with SFX



Facial Tattoos

Cmdr. Bortus



Marcus Finn



Ty Finn



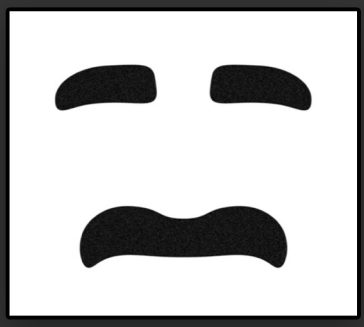
Nurse Park



Chief Newton



Lt. Dann



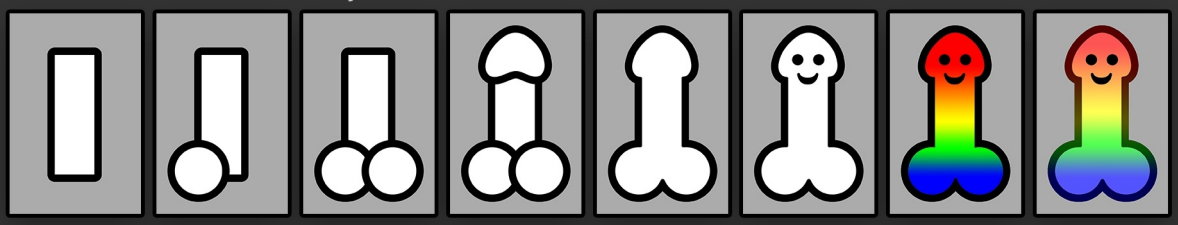
Ensign Tsai



Ensign Brooks



1. Construction of Rainbow Willy



2. Screenshot from S2:E4 "Nothing Left on Earth Excepting Fishes"



3. Screenshot relit and cropped



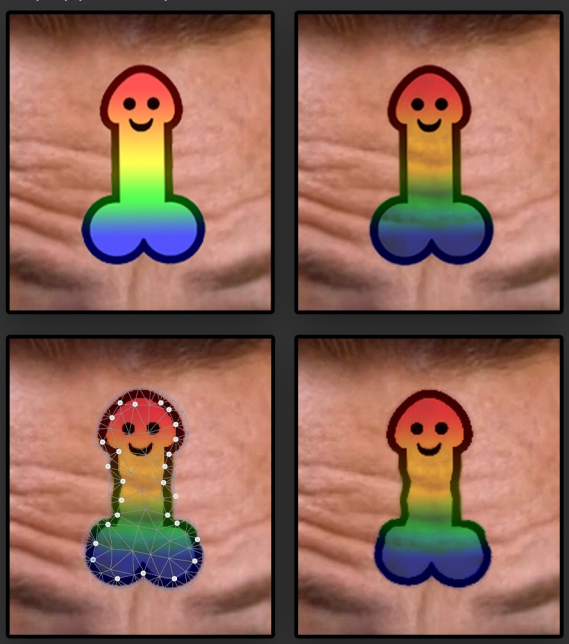
4. Badge and epaulets recolored



5. Mouth and eyebrows morphed



6. Rainbow Willy inserted, color-blended, and puppet-warped to match forehead wrinkles



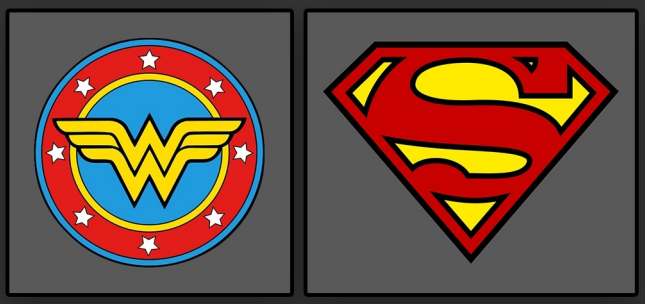
7. Final composite



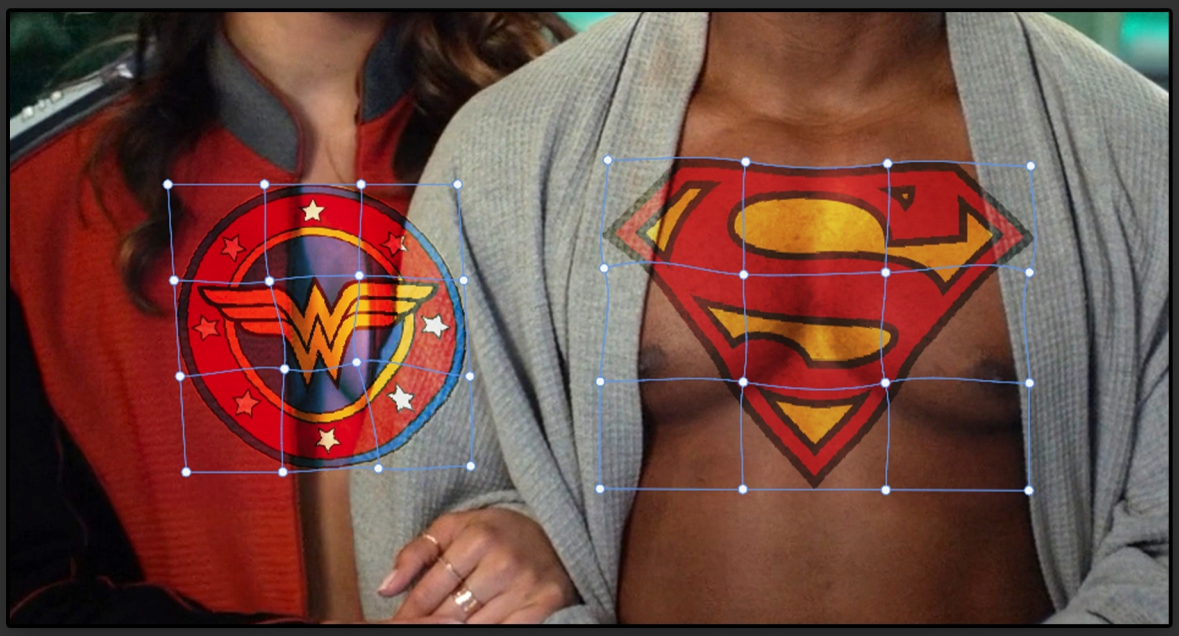
1. Screenshot from S1:E12 "Mad Idolatry"



2. Wonder Woman & Superman shields (DC Comics)



3. Scene relit, with shields placed as overlays, with contour warping



4. Final composite, cropped; epaulets on John's uniform downgraded to maintain pre-S1:E11 continuity



1. Two screenshots from S2:E4 "Nothing Left on Earth Excepting Fishes"





2. Screenshots combined; Cassius removed; sofa pillows restored; scene cropped and relit



3. Kelly's face morphed to look more surprised



4. Kelly's earring removed



5. Final composite with Kelly's clothing recolored for a more casual look



1. Screenshot from S2:E4 "Nothing Left on Earth Excepting Fishes"



2. Scene relit; Kelly and Ed removed, crudely



3. Kelly and Ed flipped horizontally and reinserted; Kelly's clothing recolored; Ed's badge removed; Ed's epaulets recolored for Season 1 continuity



1. Screenshot from movie "Caddyshack"



2. Screenshot from S1:E4 "If the Stars Should Appear" with movie "The Sound of Music"



3. First screenshot relit and inserted into second screenshot, with simulated bevels to match projected display on wall; Klyden moved to the left



4. Perspective rectified; image cropped



1. Screenshot from S2:E1 "Ja'Loja"



2. Screenshot from S2:E5 "All the World is Birthday Cake"



3. First screenshot relit and extended upward by cloning patches of starfield; various ships removed; *Orville* from second screenshot relit and inserted



1. Two screenshots from S2:E1 "Ja'Loja" deleted scene





2. Marcus taken from first screenshot;
James taken from second screenshot



3. Final composite, cropped and relit, with Marcus's shirt recolored to match later scene



1. Screenshot from S1:E9 "Cupid's Dagger"



2. Screenshot from S2:E11 "Lasting Impressions"



3. Claire inserted from second screenshot into first



4. Claire's eyes refocused on Bortus

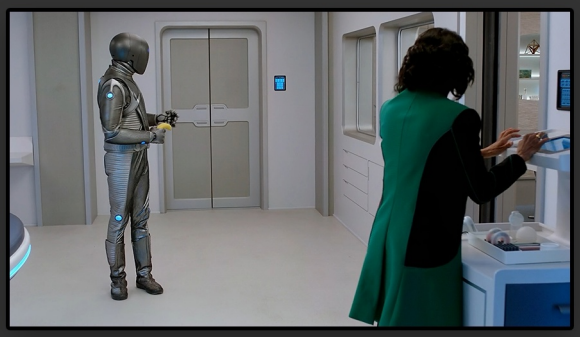


5. Final composite, with Claire's badge recolored to match Season 1 continuity

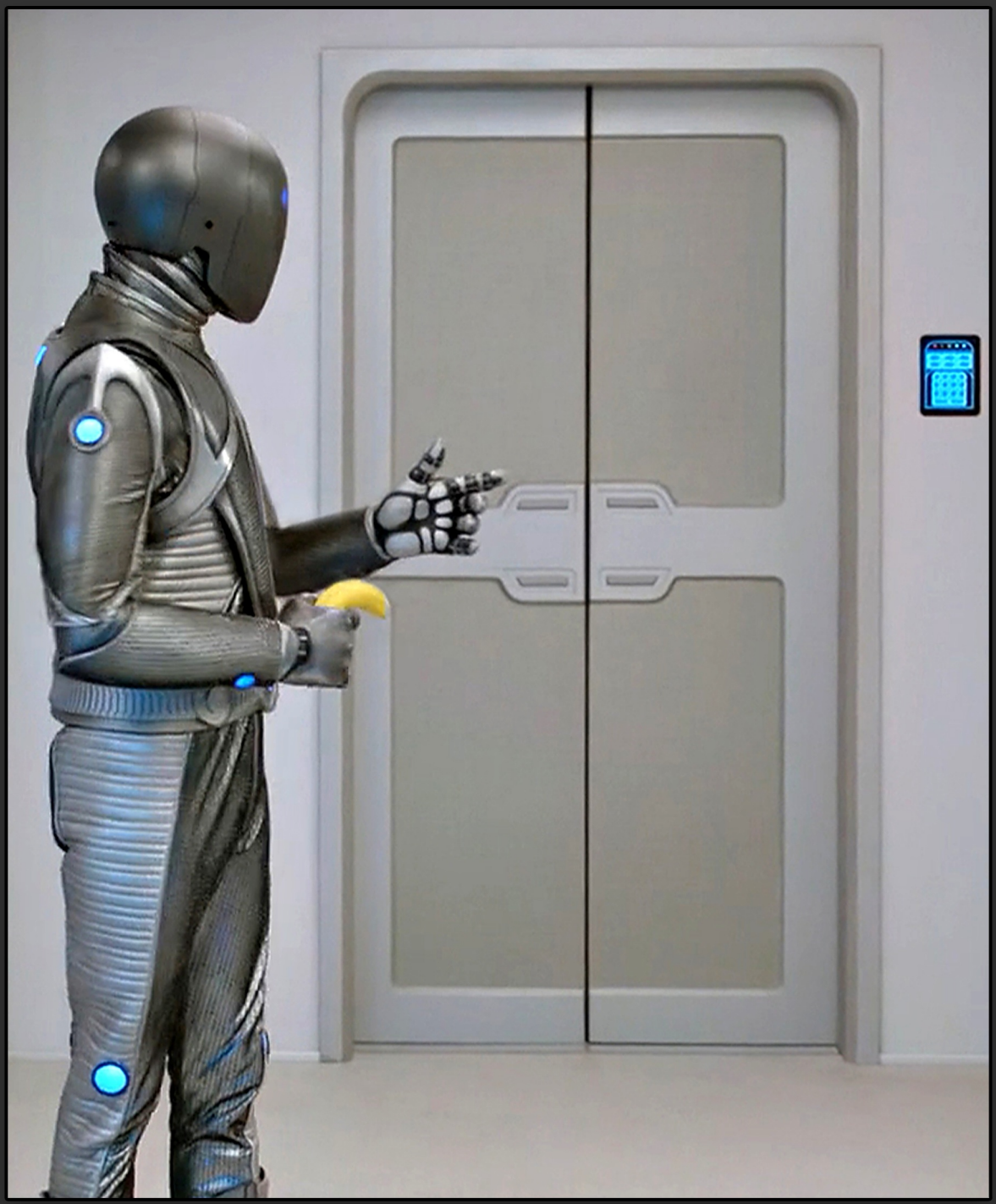


1. Two screenshots from S2:E6 "A Happy Refrain"

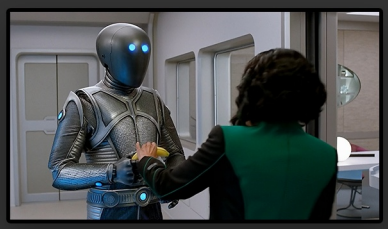


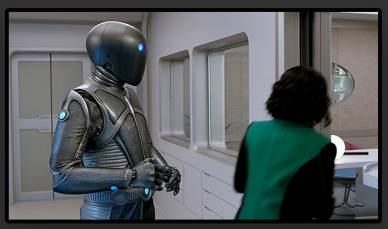


2. Composite using Isaac's body position from second screenshot and left hand from first screenshot

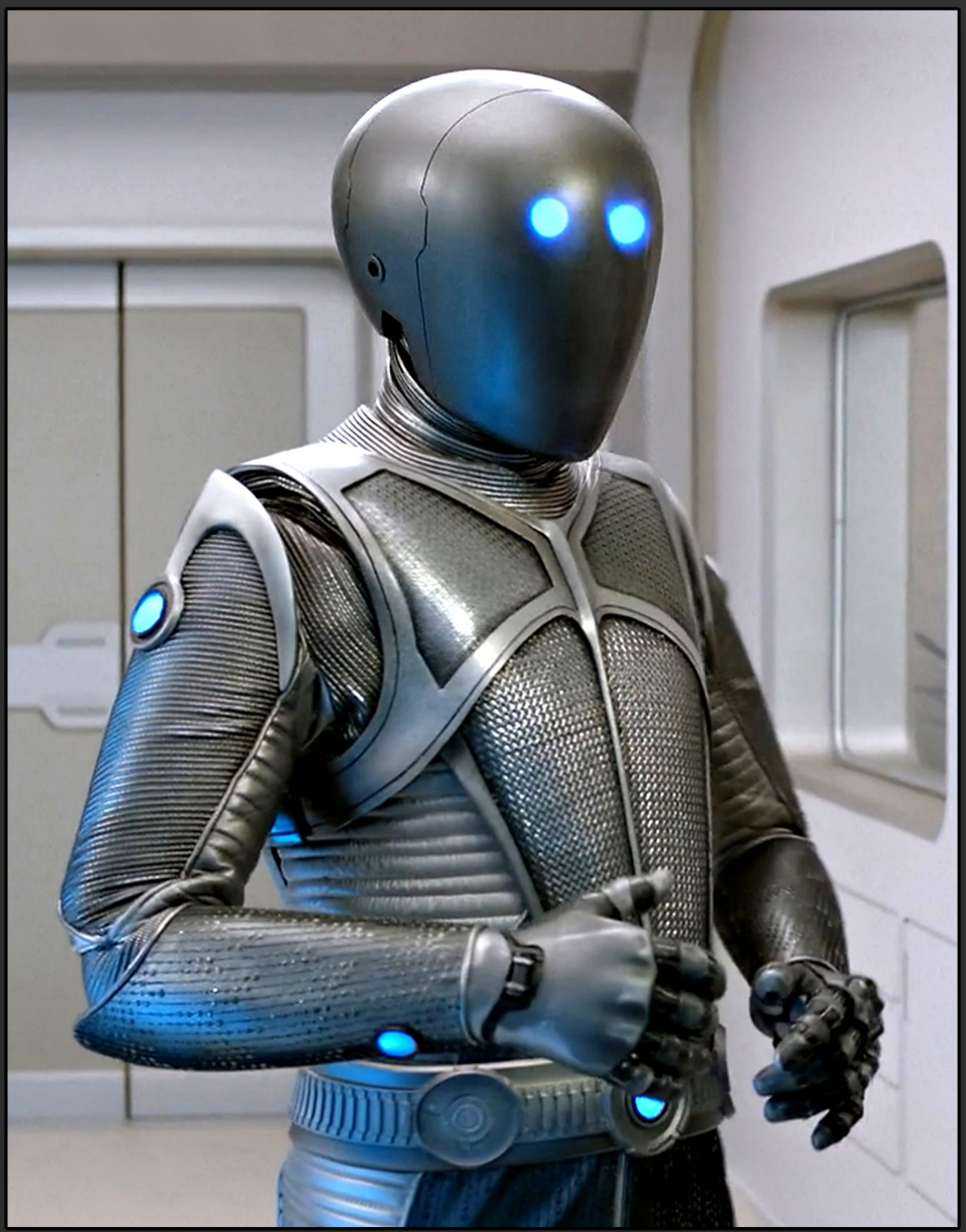


1. Three screenshots from S2:E6 "A Happy Refrain"





2. Composite using Isaac's head from first screenshot, hands and body from second screenshot, and the wall from third screenshot; the idea here is for Isaac to look stunned by Claire's having yoinked the banana from his hands



1a. Nine screenshots from a panning sequence in S2:E6 "A Happy Refrain"



1b. Screenshots stitched into a single panoramic image



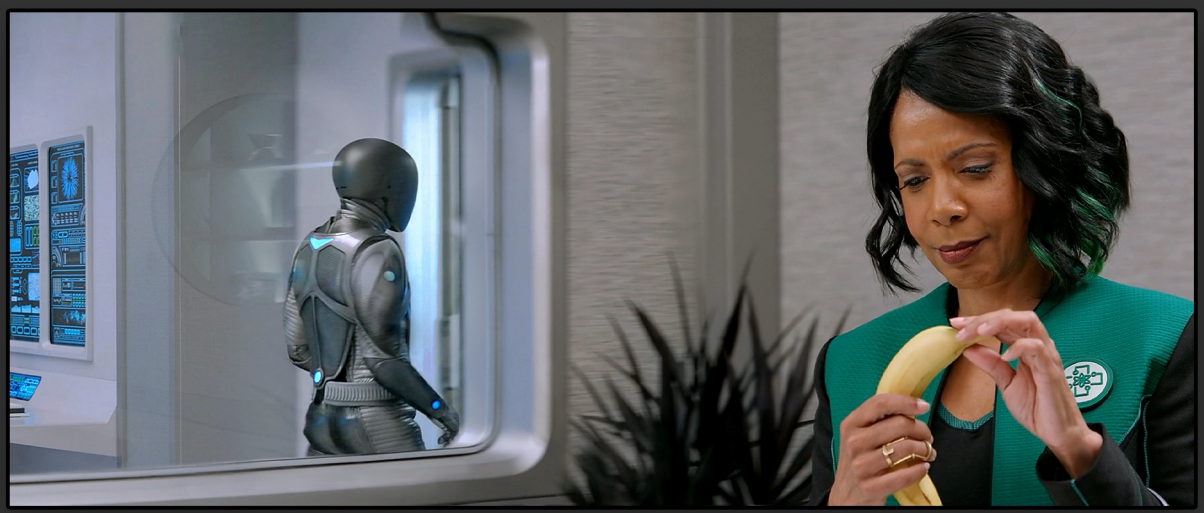
2a. Two more screenshots from S2:E6 "A Happy Refrain"



2b. Screenshots combined



3. Scene cropped and relit; Claire reinserted with recolored badge; banana color intensity increased



1. Two screenshots from S2:E1 "Ja'Loja"





2. Composite using Marcus's head from first screenshot and shirt from second screenshot, rotated



3. Synthetic mustache tattoo



4. Scene cropped and relit; mustache applied



1. Screenshot from S2:E1 "Ja'Loja"



2. Isaac removed



3. Scene cropped and relit; mustache applied to Marcus



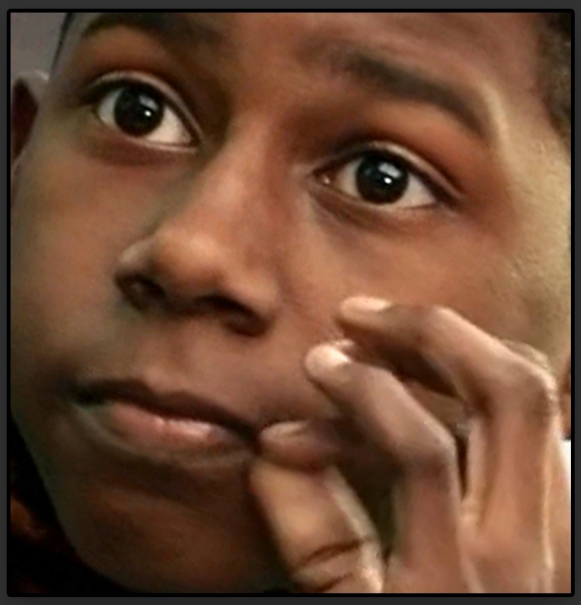
1. Screenshot from S2:E1 "Ja'Loja"



2. Synthetic mustache tattoo



3. Screenshot relit and cropped



4. Mustache applied with extreme warping effect



5. Underside and edge of mustache lightened



6. Final composite with shadow and rash applied



1. Two screenshots from S2:E1 "Ja'Loja"; one screenshot from S2:E8 "Identity"





2. Composite using Ty's body from first screenshot, head from second screenshot, and with striping on shirt removed



3. Final composite, cropped and relit, with shirt patch from third screenshot and with mustache and soul patch applied



1. Two screenshots from S2 gag reel

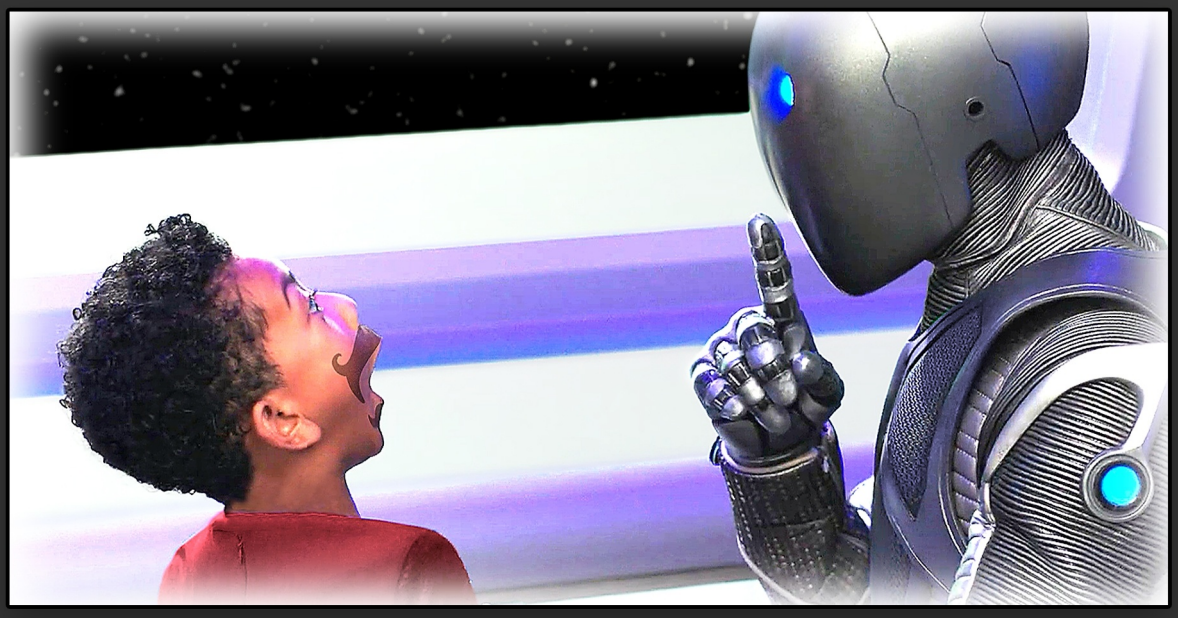




2. Screenshots combined and cropped; Ty taken from first screenshot, Isaac from second screenshot; Ty's shirt recolored



3. Final relit composite, with Ty's mustache applied, chroma key green background replaced with stars, and white vignetting applied



1. Screenshot from S2:E9 "Identity Part II"



2. Screenshot flipped horizontally and relit



3. Scene cropped; background replaced; mustache applied; eyes widened ever so slightly; mole restored back to proper side of face



1. Screenshot from S2:E6 "A Happy Refrain"



2. Screenshot from S2:E9 "Identity Part II"



3. Isaac removed from first screenshot, crudely



4. Ty & Isaac inserted from second screenshot



5. Final composite, with relighting and Ty's mustache applied



1. Two screenshots from S2:E6 "A Happy Refrain"





2. Close-ups of badges and epaulets from S2 screenshots





3. Badges and epaulets recolored for S1 continuity





4. Final composites, relit and cropped





1. Screenshot from S2:E13 "Tomorrow, and Tomorrow, and Tomorrow"



2a. Kelly's drink recolored



2b. Claire's drink recolored



3. Final image, relit and cropped, with badge and epaulets recolored for S1 continuity and bottles digitally removed from table



1. Screenshot from S2:E1 "Ja'Loja"



2. Two screenshots from S1:E11 "New Dimensions"





3. Ed removed from first screenshot



4. Second and third screenshots combined, taking Gordon's face from the second screenshot and hands from the third



5. Gordon inserted into first screenshot; scene relit and cropped



1. Screenshot from S2:E10 "Blood of Patriots"



2. Screenshot from S2:E12 "Sanctuary"



3. Screenshot from S1:E1 "Old Wounds"



4. Tool from third screenshot isolated



5. The *Orville* inserted from second screenshot into first; scene relit



6. Final composite with tool inserted and recolorized



1. Random starfield for distant stars



2. Random starfield for quantum-speed stars



3. Gaussian and radial blurs applied to quantum-speed stars



4. Previous transformation reapplied twice



1. Screenshot from S2:E6 "A Happy Refrain"



2. The *Orville* isolated and relit



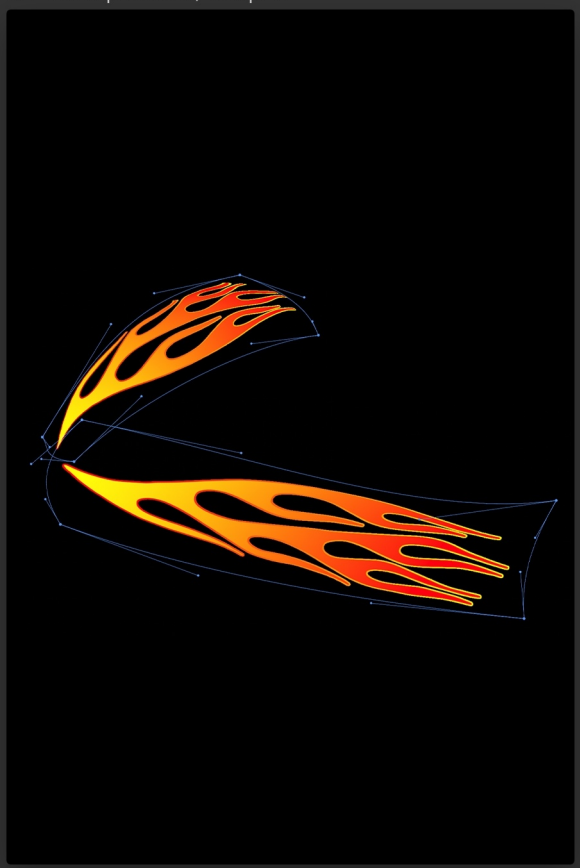
3. Blank flame pattern



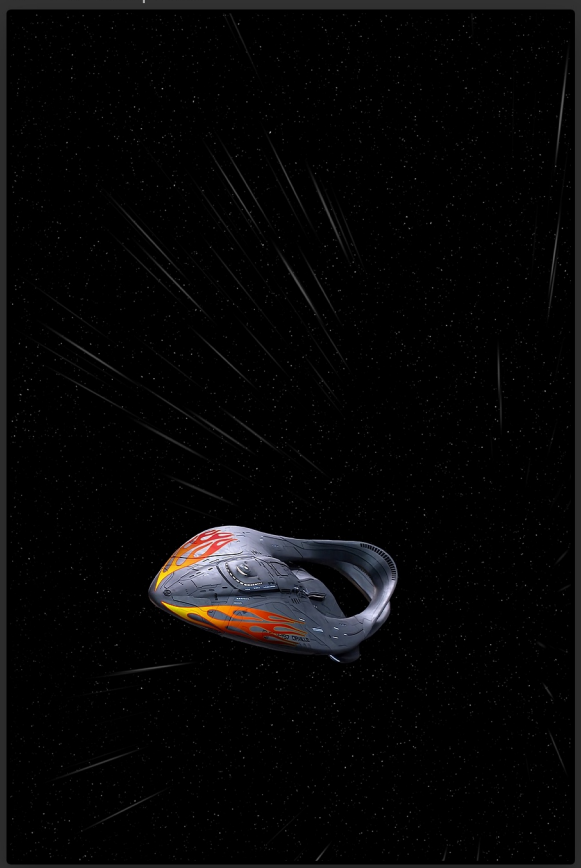
4. Flame pattern with color gradients applied to fill and outline properties



5. Flame patterns, warped



6. Final composite



1. Screenshot from S2:E10 "Blood of Patriots"



2. Previous isolated *Orville* composite with flames



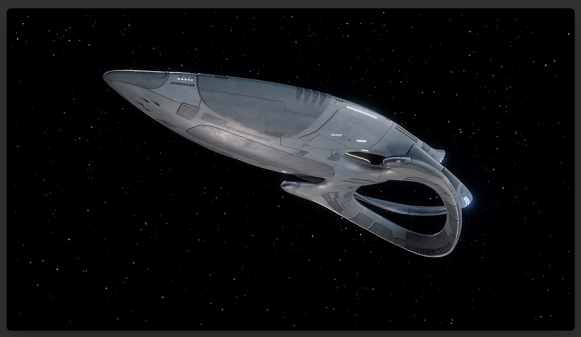
3. The *Orville* inserted, flipped horizontally and warped to appear as reflection in space-suit helmet glass



4. Final composite, slightly cropped, with reflection of the *Orville* blurred



1. Screenshot from S1:E7 "Majority Rule"



2. Screenshot from S2:E14 "The Road Not Taken"



3. Screenshot from S2:E10 "Blood of Patriots"



4. First screenshot flipped and extended vertically; shuttle from second screenshot inserted; Gordon from third screenshot rotated and inserted at bow of ship



1. Screenshot from S2:E1 "Ja'Loja"



2. Screenshot from S1:E10 Firestorm



3. Gordon inserted into first screenshot from second screenshot; scene cropped and relit



1. Two screenshots from S1:E11 "New Dimensions"





2. John removed from first screenshot using empty chair from second screenshot; scene cropped and relit; object on table behind Gordon removed



1a. Screenshot from S1:E11 "New Dimensions"



1b. Screenshot from S2:E6 "A Happy Refrain"



1c. Shelves from second screenshot inserted into first; Gordon and John partially removed



2a. Four screenshots from S2:E4 "Nothing Left on Earth Excepting Fishes"









2b. Gordon from each screenshot composited into Kelly's office









1. Screenshot from S1:E3 "About a Girl"



2. Screenshot from S1:E6 "Krill"



3. Bortus's hand and ball of wasabi flipped, rotated, and inserted from second screenshot into first; scene cropped and relit



1. Screenshot from S2:E1 "New Dimensions"



2. Screenshot from S2:E2 "Primal Urges"



3. Unk from second screenshot flipped horizontally and inserted into first sccreenshot, replacing Gordon; scene cropped and relit



1. Screenshot from S2:E2 "Primal Urges"



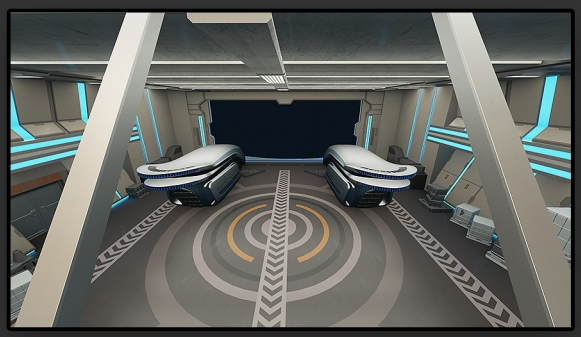
2. Screenshot from S1:E11 "New Dimensions"



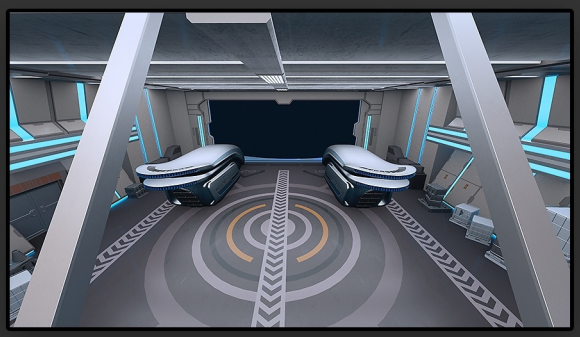
3. Closed doorway from second screenshot inserted into first screenshot, replacing open doorway, for continuity reasons; Gordon removed; scene cropped and relit



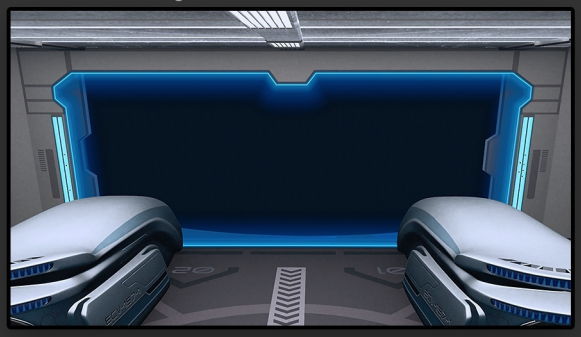
1a. Screenshot from *The Orville Interactive Fan Experience*



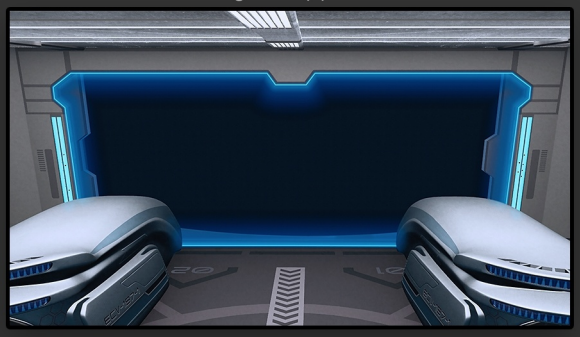
1b. Screenshot color-graded to match show



2a. Force-field glow rendered



2b. Soft reflection of glow applied to shuttles



3a. Garts display inserted



3a. Soft reflection applied to floor and shuttles



4. Final composite with starfield replaced and shuttle designations corrected



1. Four screenshots from S2:E6 "A Happy Refrain" deleted scene



2. Screenshots stacked for panoramic stitching

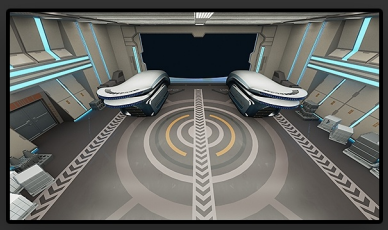


3. Screenshots stitched; missing portions reconstructed



4. Two screenshots from *The Orville Interactive Fan Experience*





5. Screenshot from S1:E2 "Command Performance"



6. Scene relit, color-graded, and cropped; typography corrected; John inserted from previous composite and relit to match environment; ensign inserted from third screenshot, with mustache and appropriate relighting; reflection of second screenshot applied to observation bay windows



1. Screenshot from *The Orville Interactive Fan Experience*



2. Screenshot from S2:E6 "A Happy Refrain" deleted scene



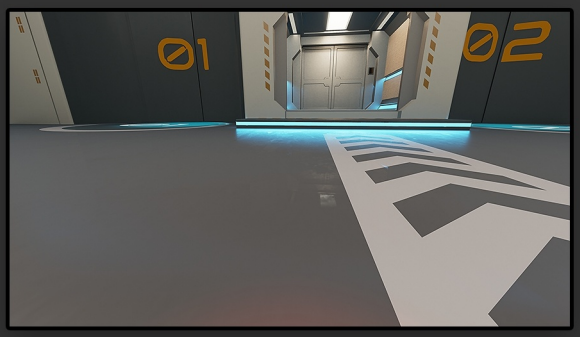
3. Scene cropped and color-graded; typography corrected; subjects repositioned and inserted with existing harsh outdoor lighting



4. Final composite with subjects relit for softer indoor lighting; ball and tee inserted; shadows and floor reflections applied



1. Screenshot from *The Orville Interactive Fan Experience*



2. Screenshot from S2:E6 "A Happy Refrain" deleted scene



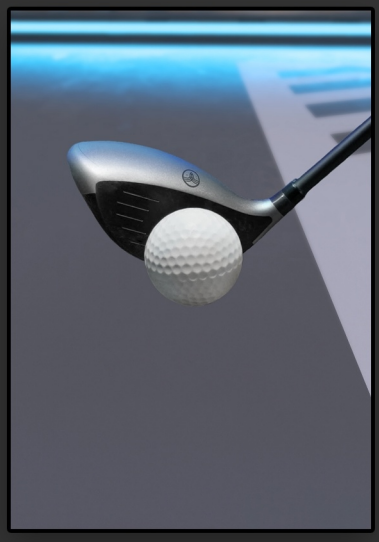
3. Scene cropped and recolored; depth-of-field blur applied; floor reflection removed



4. Club and ball inserted from second screenshot, without adjustments



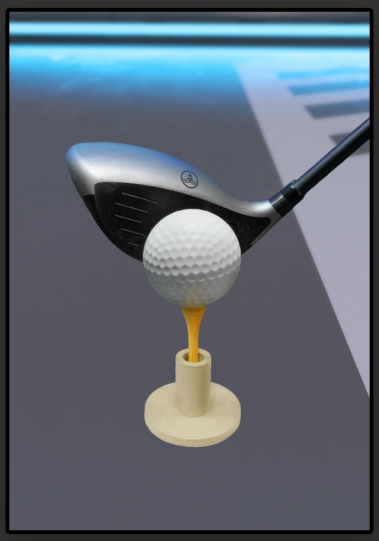
5. Ball rotated; logo replaced; environmental lighting applied



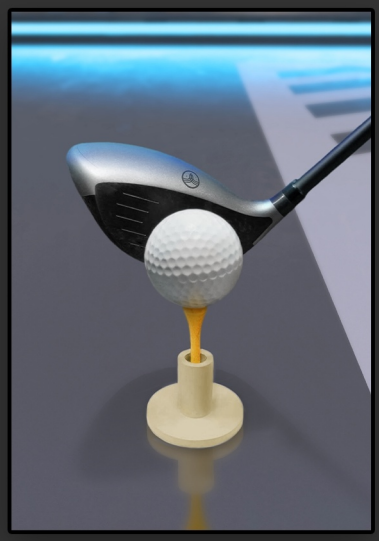
6. Tee and tee stand from random product photo inserted



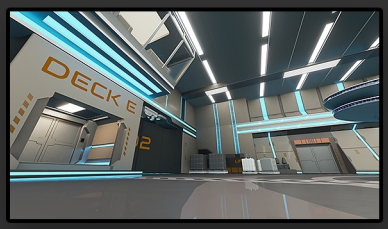
7. Tee and tee stand recolored and relit; reflection of tee on bottom of ball applied



8. Final composite with shadows and floor reflections applied



1. Screenshot from *The Orville Interactive Fan Experience*



2. Two screenshots from S2:E6 "A Happy Refrain" deleted scene

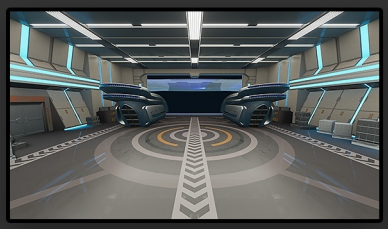




3. First screenshot relit, color-graded, cropped, and blurred; John relit and inserted from second screenshot, with environmental lighting applied; Klyden relit, blurred, and inserted from third screenshot, with environmental lighting applied



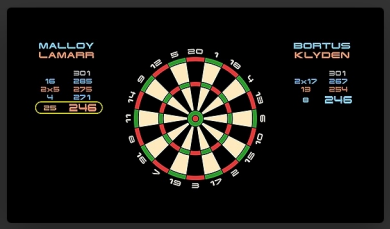
1. Screenshot from *The Orville Interactive Fan Experience*



2. Screenshot from S2:E6 "A Happy Refrain" deleted scene



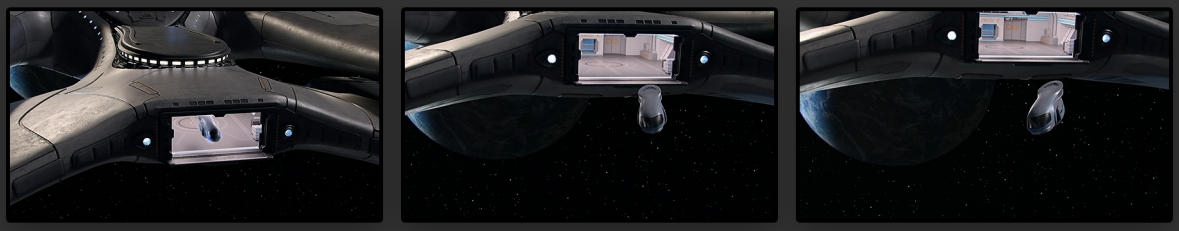
3. Synthesized garts board with score display



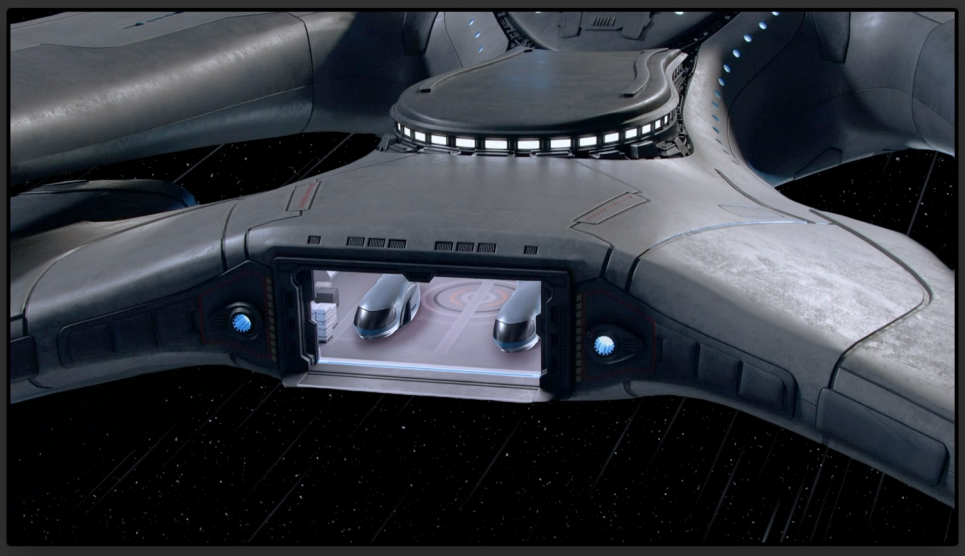
4. First screenshot relit, color-graded, and cropped; John relit and inserted from second screenshot, with environmental lighting applied; force field glow applied; garts display inserted, with yellow marker and soft floor reflection applied



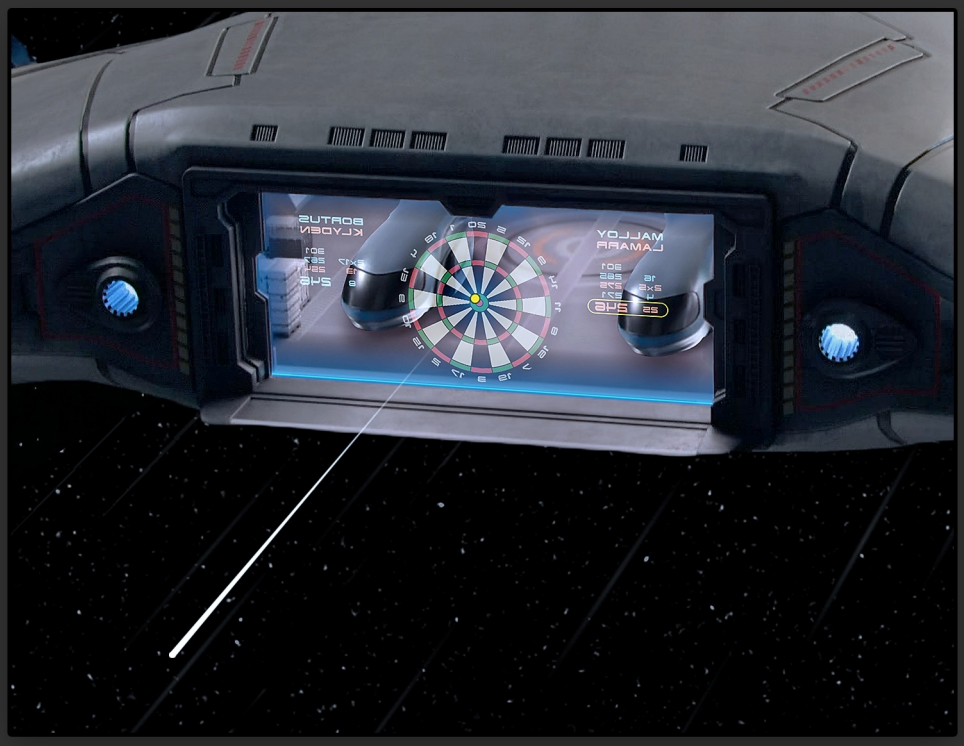
1. Three screenshots from S1:E12 "Mad Idolatry"



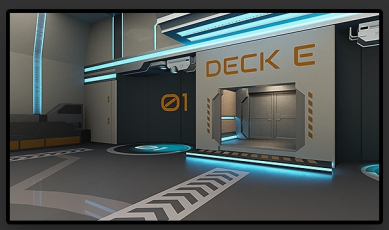
2. First screenshot flipped horizontally and re-color-graded; shuttle removed from first screenshot using empty shuttle bay from second screenshot; static starfield replaced with quantum-speed starfield; shuttle inserted (twice) from third screenshot, with shadows and environmental lighting applied



3. Final composite with force-field glow applied, garts display superimposed in reverse, and ball trail added



1. Screenshot from *The Orville Interactive Fan Experience*



2. Three screenshots from S2:E6 "A Happy Refrain" deleted scene







3. Intermediate composite with subjects inserted from golf scene, without relighting or recolorization



4. Final composite, cropped, relit, and color-graded, with corrected typography, shadows, and reflections



1. Screenshot from *The Orville Interactive Fan Experience*



2. Two screenshots from S2:E6 "A Happy Refrain" deleted scene





3. Intermediate composite, with Klyden and golf cart taken from separate screenshots, without relighting or recolorization



4. Final composite, cropped, relit, and color-graded, with shadows and floor reflections applied; Planetary Union logo applied to golf cart



1. Screenshot from *The Orville Interactive Fan Experience*



2. Screenshot from S2:E6 "A Happy Refrain" deleted scene



3. Frame from Titleist® high-speed photography video



4. Shuttle bay image cropped, color-graded, and blurred



5. Klyden's legs isolated, with no lighting adjustments



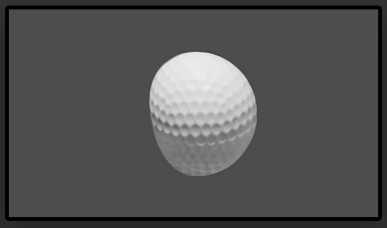
6. Custom logo for fictional "Monster Loft XXXXL" driver



7. Golf tee and tee stand from earlier image, tilted



8. Golf ball, warped to simulate moment of impact



9. Logo imprinted on side of driver, with "540cc" along top edge



10. Final composite with relighting, recoloring, shadows, reflections, and motion blur applied



1. Screenshot from *The Orville Interactive Fan Experience*



2. Screenshot from S2:E6 "A Happy Refrain" deleted scene





3. Klyden flipped horizontally and inserted



4. Klyden puppet-warped to fit pose to scene



5. Shadows and reflections applied



6. Golf cart flipped horizontally and inserted



7. Front wheels turned; steering wheel restored to proper side



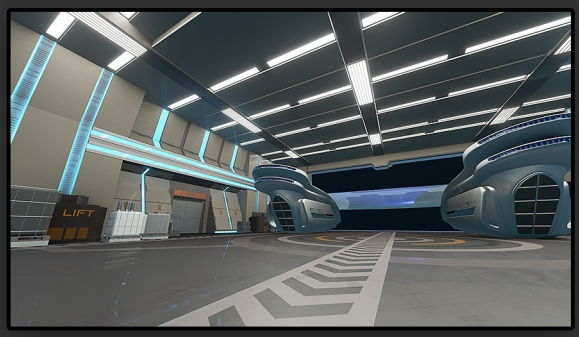
8. Shadows, reflections, and Planetary Union logo applied



9. Final composite with relighting, recoloring, shadows, reflections, corrected typography, and ball trail



1. Screenshot from *The Orville Interactive Fan Experience*



2. Screenshot from S2:E6 "A Happy Refrain" deleted scene



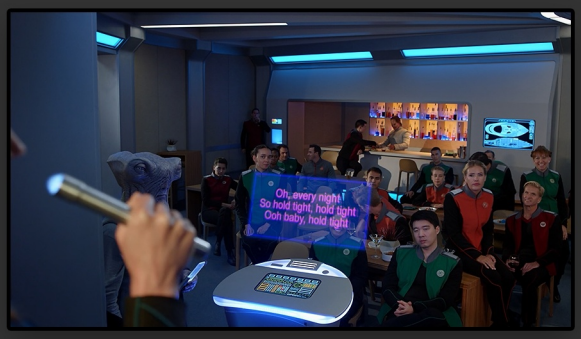
3. Intermediate composite with Isaac inserted directly; no lighting adjustments applied



4. Final composite, relit and color-graded, with shadows and reflections applied



1. Two screenshots from S1:E9 "Cupid's Dagger"





2. Kelly in first screenshot replaced with Bortus from second screenshot, flipped horizontally and recolored



3. Final composite with microphone inserted and karaoke text replaced



1. Two screenshots from S2:E11 "Lasting Impressions" deleted scene





2. Cigarette glow intensified





3. Bortus taken from first screenshot; Klyden taken from second screenshot; scene relit and additional cigarette smoke added



1. Screenshot from S2:E2 "Primal Urges"



2. Two screenshots from S2:E11 "Lasting Impressions" deleted scene





3. Bortus's eyes refocused to look to his right





4. Scene relit; Klyden replaced in first screenshot using body from second screenshot, head from third; badge not updated to S2:E11 continuity because it is covered by a dialogue balloon on final page



1. Screenshot from S2:E2 "Primal Urges"



2. Custom-made sign



3a. Screenshot flipped



3b. Face untwisted



3c. Brow shape morphed



4. Final composite with door replaced, sign inserted, Bortus's officer badge location restored to proper side of uniform, and badge style updated to maintain continuity with S2:E11 "Lasting Impressions"



BONUS IMAGES


Mooska's
NO SMOKING
Thank you


monster
XXXXL
loft


20
1
18
4
13
6
10
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17
3
19
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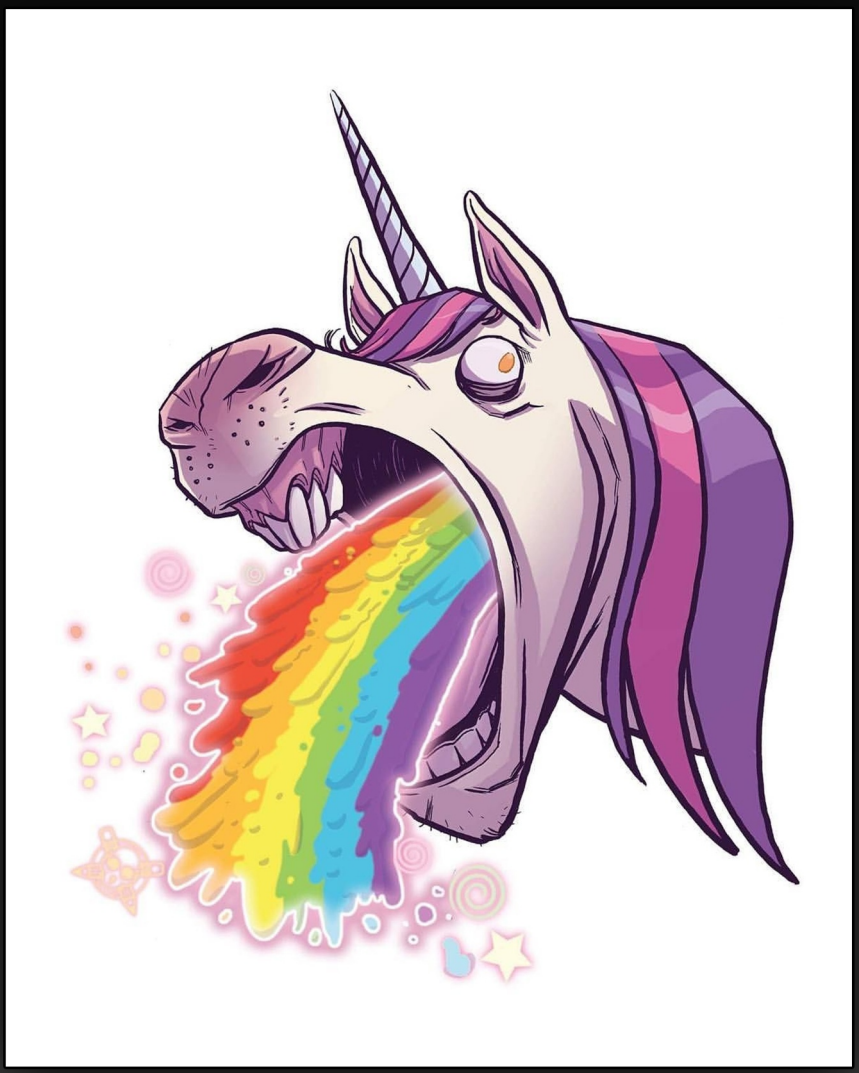
16
8
11
14
9
12
5

Original puking unicorn artwork by Errol Rich, Jr.



Gordon's puking unicorn, inspired by Errol Rich, Jr.'s artwork



Journey album cover for *Escape* (1981)
Original artwork by Stanley Mouse



Parody album cover with U.S.S. Orville ECV-197



SONG LYRICS

(PARODIES)

“Krilling Me Softly”
(Parody of “Killing Me Softly”)

Original lyrics by Norman Gimbel and Lori Lieberman (1971)

Chorus

Strumming my pain with his fingers
Singing my life with his words

Killing me softly with his song
Killing me softly with his song

Telling my whole life with his words
Killing me softly with his song

Verse 1
I heard he sang a good song
I heard he had a style
And so I came to see him
To listen for a while
And there he was this young boy
A stranger to my eyes

Chorus
Strumming my pain with his fingers
Singing my life with his words
Killing me softly with his song
Killing me softly with his song
Telling my whole life with his words
Killing me softly with his song

Verse 2
I felt all flushed with fever
Embarrassed by the crowd
I felt he found my letters
And read each one out loud
I prayed that he would finish
But he just kept right on

Chorus
Strumming my pain with his fingers
Singing my life with his words
Killing me softly with his song
Killing me softly with his song
Telling my whole life with his words
Killing me softly with his song

Verse 3
He sang as if he knew me
In all my dark despair
And then he looked right through me
As if I wasn't there
And he just kept on singing
Singing clear and strong

Parody by Gordon Malloy (2420)

Chorus

Healing my pain with his fingers
Like a backrub for my brain

Krilling me softly with his song
Krilling me softly, **oh Avis**

Guiding my whole life with his words
Krilling me softly with his song

“Rogue”
(Parody of “Vogue”)

Original lyrics by Madonna Ciccone and Shep Pettibone (1990)

Parody by Gordon Malloy (2420)

Intro
Strike a pose
Strike a pose
Vogue (Vogue, vogue)
Vogue (Vogue, vogue)

Verse 1
Look around, everywhere you turn is heartache
It's everywhere that you go (Look around)
You try everything you can to escape
The pain of life that you know (Life that you know)
When all else fails and you long to be
Something better than you are today
I know a place where you can get away
It's called a dance floor
And here's what it's for, so

Chorus
Come on, vogue (Vogue)
Let your body move to the music (Move to the music)
Hey, hey, hey
Come on, vogue (Vogue)
Let your body go with the flow (Go with the flow)
You know you can do it

Verse 2
All you need is your own imagination
So use it that's what it's for (That's what it's for)
Go inside, for your finest inspiration
Your dreams will open the door (Open up the door)
It makes no difference if you're black or white
If you're a boy or a girl
If the music's pumping it will give you new life
You're a superstar
Yes, that's what you are, you know it

Chorus
Come on vogue (Vogue, vogue)
Let your body groove to the music (Groove to the music)
Hey, hey, hey
Come on, vogue (Vogue, vogue)
Let your body go with the flow (Go with the flow)
You know you can do it

Bridge
Beauty's where you find it
Not just where you bump and grind it
Soul is in the musical
That's where I feel so beautiful
Magical, life's a ball, so
Get up on the dance floor

Chorus
Vogue (Vogue)
Let your body move to the music (Move to the music)
Hey, hey, hey
Come on, vogue (Vogue, vogue)
Let your body go with the flow (Go with the flow)
You know you can do it

Refrain
Vogue (Vogue)
Beauty's where you find it (Move to the music)
Vogue (Vogue)
Beauty's where you find it (Go with the flow)

Verse 3

Greta Garbo, and Monroe
Dietrich and DiMaggio

Marlon Brando, Jimmy Dean
On the cover of a magazine

Grace Kelly, Harlow, Jean
Picture of a beauty queen

Gene Kelly, Fred Astaire
Ginger Rogers dance on air

They had style, they had grace
Rita Hayworth gave good face

Lauren, Katharine, Lana too
Bette Davis, we love you

Ladies with an attitude
Fellas that were in the mood

Don't just stand there, let's get to it
Strike a pose, there's nothing to it

Vogue
Vogue

Verse 3

Donnie Darko and **Van Gogh**
Arnak and **Mustachio**

Leia, Lando intervene
Undercover yonder Tatooine

Space jelly, olive green
Wooing Katniss Everdeen

Mike Wazowski loved to scare
Tom Kazansky danced on air

They had style, they had grace
Disappeared in outer space

Thorin, Fili, Kili too
Schweddy Avis, we love you

Ladies **stuck in servitude**
Fellas **gettin' barbecued**

Don't just stand there, let's get to it
Strike **your bros and just say screw it**

Rogue!

“Love Hertz”
(Parody of “Love Hurts”)

Original lyrics by Boudleaux Bryant (1960)

Verse 1

Love hurts, love scars
Love wounds and mars

Any heart not tough
Or strong enough

To take a lot of pain
Take a lot of pain

Love is like a cloud
Holds a lot of rain

Love hurts
Ooh, ooh, love hurts

Verse 2
I'm young, I know, but even so
I know a thing or two
I learned from you
I really learned a lot, really learned a lot
Love is like a flame
It burns you when it's hot
Love hurts
Ooh, ooh, love hurts

Pre-Chorus
Some fools think of happiness
Blissfulness, togetherness
Some fools fool themselves, I guess
They're not foolin' me

Chorus
I know it isn't true
I know it isn't true
Love is just a lie
Made to make you blue
Love hurts
Ooh, ooh, love hurts
Ooh, ooh, love hurts

Bridge

Chorus
I know it isn't true
I know it isn't true
Love is just a lie
Made to make you blue
Love hurts
Ooh, ooh love hurts
Ooh, ooh love hurts
Ooh, ooh...

Parody by Gordon Malloy (2420)

Verse 1

Love **Hertz**, love **stars**
Love **moons**, and **Mars**

Any **car you want**
For trip or jaunt

You take **it like a train**
Fly it like a plane

Love **it like a madman**
Drive in any lane

Love **Hertz**
Ooh, ooh, love **Hertz**

“She’s Always Teleya”

(Parody of “She’s Always a Woman”)

Original lyrics by Billy Joel (1970)

Verse 1

She can kill with a smile
She can wound with her eyes

And she can ruin your faith
With her casual lies

And she only reveals
What she wants you to see

She hides like a child
But she's always a woman to me

Verse 2

She can lead you to love
She can take you or leave you

She can ask for the truth
But she'll never believe you

And she'll take what you give her
As long as it's free

Yeah, she steals like a thief
But she's always a woman to me

Chorus
Oh, she takes care of herself
She can wait if she wants
She's ahead of her time
Oh, and she never gives out
And she never gives in
She just changes her mind

Verse 3
And she'll promise you more
Than the Garden of Eden
Then she'll carelessly cut you
And laugh while you're bleedin'
But she'll bring out the best
And the worst you can be
Blame it all on yourself
Cause she's always a woman to me

Interlude
Mmm mmm
Mmm mmm mmm mmm mm

Chorus
Oh, she takes care of herself
She can wait if she wants
She's ahead of her time
Oh, and she never gives out
And she never gives in
She just changes her mind

Verse 4
She is frequently kind
And she's suddenly cruel
She can do as she pleases
She's nobody's fool
But she can't be convicted
She's earned her degree
And the most she will do
Is throw shadows at you
But she's always a woman to me

Outro
Mmm mm, mmm mm
Mmm mmm mmm mmm mmm

Parody by Gordon Malloy (2420)

Verse 1

She can **Krill** with a smile
She can **venge** with her eyes

She commands holy wrath
With her **sensual guise**

But no automobiles
That she rents for a fee

Oh, she **might be senile**
But she's always **Teleya** to me

Verse 2

She can lead you to **church**
Where she **stabs** you or **cleaves** you

She can **ravish your soul**
While she severs and bleeds you

And she'll take **out your liver**
And eat it with beans

Yeah, she **fills me with grief**
And she Krills my belief
But she's always **Teleya** to me

“Out Around a Friend”

(Parody of “Up Around the Bend”)

Original lyrics by John Fogerty (1970)

Verse 1

There's a place up ahead, and I'm goin'
Just as fast as my feet can fly

Come away, come away if you're goin'
Leave the sinkin' ship behind

Chorus

Come on the risin' wind
We're goin' up around the bend
Oooh!

Verse 2

Bring a song and a smile for the banjo
Better get while the getting's good

Hitch a ride to the end of the highway
Where the neons turn to wood

Chorus

Come on the risin' wind
We're goin' up around the bend
Oooh!

Verse 3

You can ponder perpetual motion
Fix your mind on a crystal day

Always time for good conversation
There's an ear for what you say

Chorus
Come on the risin' wind
We're goin' up around the bend
Yeah!

Guitar solo
Oooh!

Verse 4
Catch a ride to the end of the highway
And we'll meet by the big red tree
There's a place up ahead, and I'm goin'
Come along, come along with me

Chorus
Come on the risin' wind
We're goin' up around the bend
Yeah!

Outro

Doo, doo, doo-doo
Doo, doo, doo-doo, ooh
Doo, doo, doo
Doo, doo, doo-doo, yeah
Doo, doo, doo-doo
Doo, doo, doo, doo, all right

Parody by Gordon Malloy (2420)

Verse 1

Open space up ahead, and **it's glowin'**
Just as **far** as my **eyes** can **see**

Look away, **look** away, **'cause I'm** goin'
On an epic mischief spree

Chorus

Come on **and ride the zen**
We're goin' **out around a friend**
Oooh!

Verse 2

Bring a **wink** and smile for the **paintbrush**
Take a leap for all mankind

Float away, **float** away, **keep it hush-hush**
Leave the **shuttle far** behind

Chorus

Come on **and ride the zen**
We're goin' **out around a friend**
Oooh!

Verse 3

As I ponder **the sense of the notion**
Of the need to vandalize

I go yonder in pensive devotion
And proceed to customize

Outro

Do-do-doo do-do-doo do-do-doo-doo
Do-do-do-do-do-do-dooo

“My Hunger Goes On”
(Parody of “My Heart Will Go On”)

Original lyrics by James Horner (1997)

Verse 1

Every night in my dreams
I see you, I feel you
That is how I know you go on

Far across the distance
And spaces between us
You have come to show you go on

Chorus

Near, far, wherever you are
I believe that the heart does go on

Once more, you open the door
And you're here in my heart
And my heart will go on and on

Verse 2

Love can touch us one time
And last for a lifetime
And never let go 'til we're gone

Love was when I loved you
One true time I'd hold to
In my life, we'll always go on

Chorus

Near, far, wherever you are
I believe that the heart does go on

Once more, you open the door
And you're here in my heart
And my heart will go on and on

Outro

You're here, there's nothing I fear
And I know that my heart will go on

We'll stay forever this way
You are safe in my heart
And my heart will go on and on

Parody by Gordon Malloy (2420)

Verse 1

Every night in my dreams
I **long for some pizza**
Topped with all the things that I love

Cactus and wasabi
An old shoe, or mildew
Flavors from the heavens above

Chorus

Near, far, wherever you are
I believe that my **hunger goes** on

Once more, **I eat 'til I'm sore**
And **I lie on the floor**
Blowing chunks until dawn

Verse 2

All across the quadrant
I've traveled, I've sampled
Every sauce and cheese, every crust

Then I found the best slice
Right under the sofa
Mummified forever in dust

Chorus

Hot, cold, or covered in mold
I believe **my intestines are strong**

Once more, **I'm stuffed to the core**
But you're here in my **stomach**
Right where you belong

Outro

All clear! There's nothing I fear!
And I know that my **hunger goes** on

Next day, I hope and I pray
I will eat 'til the dawn
'Cause my **hunger goes** on and on

About the Karaoke Scene

The karaoke scene in this story—a redux of the karaoke scene in "Cupid's Dagger" (S1E9)—was written months before Season 3 of the show aired.

In "A Tale of Two Topas" (S3E5), however, Ed states that Bortus "has not thus far graced us with his talents," which implies that it is now canon that Bortus did not ever sing for the crew off-screen at some point after "Cupid's Dagger," which in turn implies that the karaoke scene with Bortus singing in this story could not have happened.

* * *

There are two ways that you can resolve this discontinuity in your mind:

1. Treat the scene as a contradiction of canon and shrug it off because it was written before "A Tale of Two Topas" aired.

2. Treat the scene as *not* necessarily a contradiction of canon, due to the butterfly effect of an imperfect timeline reset after the events of "Tomorrow, and Tomorrow, and Tomorrow" (S2E13) and "The Road Not Taken" (S2E14). Indeed, at least two persons who worked on the show have confirmed that the timeline was in fact not reset perfectly at the end of Season 2, resulting in small timeline changes. Therefore, you could consider that this scene once took place between "Cupid's Dagger" (S1E9) and "Firestorm" (S1E10) but then no longer happened after the timeline reset at the end of Season 2.

PEOPLE DIE AT THE FAIR

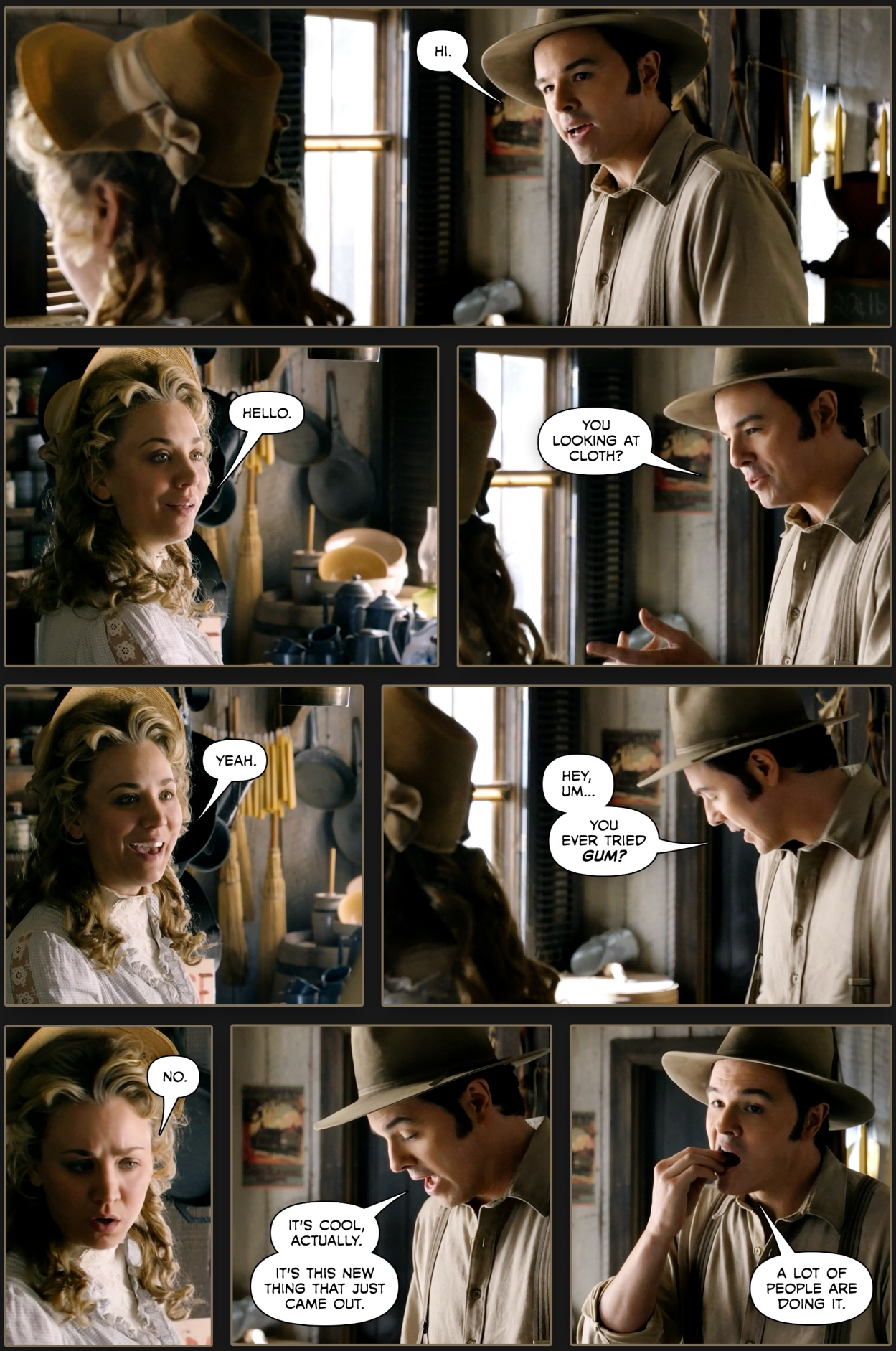
How many nods and references to *A Million Ways to Die in the West* (2014) did you catch?


SO, YOU KILLED CLINCH LEATHERWOOD, THE DEADLIEST GUNMAN OF THE FRONTIER.


NO, ACTUALLY, HE'S NAMED AFTER ED'S GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER, ALBERT STARK MERCER...


...THE GREATEST GUNFIGHTER EVER IN THE HISTORY OF GUNFIGHTING.


A LADIES' MAN, A FAMILY MAN, A MAN'S MAN, AND A TRUE HERO OF THE WILD WEST.*
* A VERY LONG STORY FOR ANOTHER TIME.


HI.
HELLO.
YOU LOOKING AT CLOTH?
YEAH.
HEY, UM...
YOU EVER TRIED *GUM?*
NO.
IT'S COOL, ACTUALLY.
IT'S THIS NEW THING THAT JUST CAME OUT.
A LOT OF PEOPLE ARE DOING IT.


ALARA, SEND AN ARMED DETAIL TO THE SHUTTLE BAY IMMEDIATELY--AND WARN THEM NOT TO GET EATEN.
AYE, SIR.
AND TELL THEM TO STOP PLAYING GARTS DURING WORK SHIFTS.
SIR, WHAT THE HELL IS GARTS?
IT'S COOL, ACTUALLY. IT'S THIS NEW GAME THAT JUST CAME OUT. A LOT OF PEOPLE ARE DOIN--
ED!




THAT IS OUR MAYOR.
HE IS DEAD.
HE HAS BEEN LYING THERE, DEAD, FOR THREE DAYS.


NO ONE HAS DONE A THING.
NOT MOVED HIM, NOT LOOKED INTO HIS DEATH....NOT EVEN REPLACED HIM WITH A TEMPORARY APPOINTEE.


FOR THE LAST THREE DAYS, THE HIGHEST-RANKING OFFICIAL IN OUR TOWN HAS BEEN A DEAD GUY.


OH!!!
LOOK AT THAT! LOOK AT THAT!


WOLVES ARE DRAGGING THE BODY AWAY AS IF TO ILLUSTRATE MY POINT!




BYE! BYE, MR. MAYOR!


BYE! HAVE FUN BECOMING WOLF SHIT! BYE!


ACTING *CAPTAIN?* ≥SIGH≤ SWEET PROMOTION!
ALL RIGHT FOR *ME!*


DANN, STOP GLOATING AND *TAKE THAT CHAIR.*
WHAT ARE YOUR *ORDERS*, SIR?


WELL, IF WE HAVE NO *DEFLECTORS* OR *WEAPONS*, OUR BEST BET IS TO *SURRENDER.*
OH, *HELL*, NO.
WE DO *THAT* AND THE HIGHEST-RANKING OFFICER ON THIS SHIP WILL BE A *DEAD GUY.*
HAVE FUN BECOMING *KRILL SHIT.*


I MEAN, IT'S JUST A GRAZE, BUT COME ON, LOOK AT THAT.
WHAT.


YOU SHOULD HAVE FOUGHT HIM.


I SHOULD HAVE FOUGHT HIM?
YOU'RE SERIOUS.


LOUISE! MY GOD! THE GUY IS ONE OF THE BEST SHOTS AROUND.


I LOOK LIKE I HAVE PARKINSON'S NEXT TO HIM.


WHAT IS THAT?


IT'S JUST...ANOTHER...WAY GOD MYSTERIOUSLY SHOWS THAT HE LOVES US.


BUT, LOOK, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN SUICIDE TO FIGHT THAT GUY.

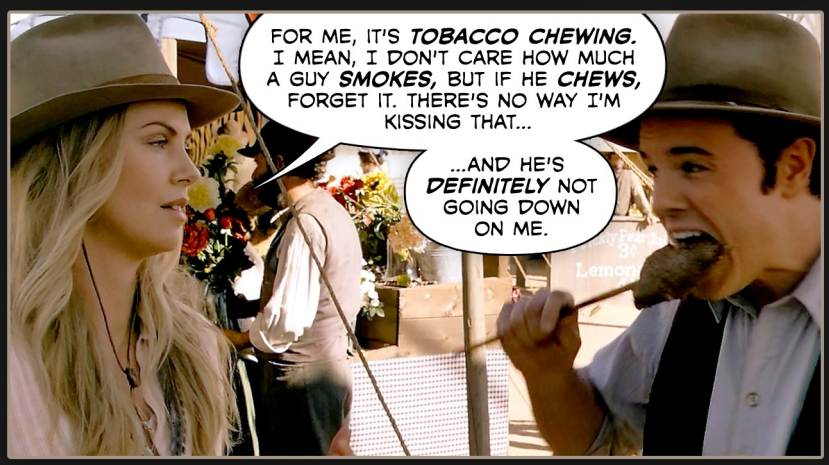

UM, HOW ARE YOUR *EYES?*
ITCHY AND *MUSHY*-- LIKE EVERY TIME I *BLINK*, A LITTLE *ANGEL* VISITS ME AND TAKES A *CRAP*.
WHAT'S *INSANE* IS APPARENTLY IT'S *NORMAL* WHILE THE NEW NERVE CELLS CONNECT UP.
IT'S...JUST ANOTHER WAY GOD MYSTERIOUSLY SHOWS US THAT HE LOVES US.


SO, WE KNOW WHAT KIND OF GIRL YOU *LIKE.* WHAT KIND OF GIRL DO YOU *NOT* LIKE?


WHAT DO YOU MEAN?


LIKE, WHAT'S THE *WORST* QUALITY FOR YOU IN ANOTHER PERSON?
THAT'S AN INTERESTING QUESTION.


YOU KNOW... THAT DEAL-BREAKER THING THAT YOU JUST *ABSOLUTELY* CANNOT TOLERATE.


FOR ME, IT'S *TOBACCO CHEWING.* I MEAN, I DON'T CARE HOW MUCH A GUY *SMOKES,* BUT IF HE *CHEWS,* FORGET IT. THERE'S NO WAY I'M KISSING THAT...
...AND HE'S *DEFINITELY* NOT GOING DOWN ON ME.


THAT'S A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.
YOU SHOULD STITCH THAT INTO A *PILLOW.*


OH, I *HAVE.* IT'S ALL EMBROIDERED AND FANCY, AND IT SAYS, *DON'T GO SNACKIN' IF YOU'VE BEEN TOBACCIN'.*


YEAH. THAT'S...THAT'S PERFECT.


CRAZY THOUGHT, BUT MAYBE PEOPLE SHOULD *THINK* FIRST BEFORE THEY INK UP.
THAT'S A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT. I'LL STITCH THAT INTO A *PILLOW* FOR MY OFFICE. *DON'T GO INKIN' IF YOU AIN'T BEEN THINKIN'.*




HMM!


YOU MEN WHO LONG FOR LOVE
YOU MUSTN'T ALL DESPAIR
THERE'S A SECRET YOU SHOULD KNOW
TO CAPTURE THE HEARTS OF THE FAIR


YOU MAY NOT HAVE THE LOOKS
YOU MAY NOT HAVE THE DASH


BUT YOU'LL WIN YOURSELF A GIRL
IF YOU'VE ONLY GOT A MUSTACHE


A MUSTACHE A MUSTACHE
IF YOU'VE ONLY GOT A MUSTACHE


SKREEEEEE
UHHH, I DON'T LIKE THE SOUND THAT JUST MADE.
DUDE, DO YOU WANT TO WIN YOURSELF A GIRL OR NOT?


I DON'T KNOW... MAYBE YOU SHOULD TRY TO *TALK* TO LOUISE.


THAT'S A *GREAT* IDEA!
YEAH? I STILL GOT IT!
I HAVE GOOD IDEAS SOMETIMES!


THAT'S THE JACKPOT. THAT'S THE *JACKPOT.*


I DIDN'T MEAN *NOW!*
HEY, HEY, DUDE, YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T DRINK AND HORSE.


UM, I MIGHT HAVE TIED ONE ON IN THE MESS HALL BEFORE GOING DOWN THERE, YEAH.
I HAVE NO IDEA HOW HE WOULD KNOW THAT, THOUGH.


ANNND... SO YOU JUST... FLEW AROUND DRUNK FOR FIVE HOURS?
UHHH...
GORDON, YOU KNOW YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T DRINK AND SHUTTLE.

BE THE BALL

Nods and references to
Caddyshack (1980)




GREAT BIG GOBS OF GREASY, GRIMY GOPHER GUTS...
HOW ABOUT A NICE, COOL DRINK, VARMINTS?
SCUM! SLIME! MENACE TO THE GOLFING INDUSTRY!
YOU'RE A DISGRACE! AND YOU'RE VARMINTS.
YOU'RE ONE OF THE LOWEST MEMBERS OF THE FOOD CHAIN, AND YOU'LL PROBABLY BE REPLACED BY THE RAT...


DANNY. I'M GONNA GIVE YOU A LITTLE ADVICE.
THERE'S A FORCE IN THE UNIVERSE THAT MAKES THINGS HAPPEN...
...AND ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS GET IN TOUCH WITH IT.
STOP THINKING. LET THINGS HAPPEN. AND...BE...THE BALL.
FIND YOUR CENTER.
HEAR NOTHING. FEEL NOTHING.
Wilson
17
THAT IS KIND OF INCREDIBLE, SIR.
YOU TRY IT, DANNY.
OH, I DON'T KNOW.
GO AHEAD.
JUST RELAX. FIND YOUR CENTER.
PICTURE THE SHOT, DANNY. PICTURE IT.
TURN OFF ALL THE SOUND. JUST LET IT HAPPEN. BE THE BALL. BE THE BALL, DANNY.
YOU'RE NOT BEING THE BALL, DANNY.
WELL, IT'S KIND OF DIFFICULT WITH YOU TALKING LIKE THAT.


YEAH, I'M NOT SURE THAT'S THE BEST--
PLEASE BE SILENT. KLYDEN MUST FIND HIS CENTER.


HEAR NOTHING... FEEL NOTHING... TURN OFF ALL THE SOUND... PICTURE THE SHOT... LET IT HAPPEN... BE THE BALL.
LIFT


CARL! I TOLD YOU, TODAY IS THE DAY WE CHANGE THE HOLES!


NOW DO IT NOW! WITH NO MORE SLACKING OFF!


I'LL SLACK YOU OFF, YOU FUZZY LITTLE FOREIGNER.


I'LL FILL YOUR BAGPIPES WITH WHEATENA.




ENOUGH! YOU WILL NOT DEFEAT US! YOUR SKILLS AND FORTITUDE ARE INFERIOR TO OURS. WE ARE THE SUPERIOR TEAM.
CONCEDE NOW, WHILE YOU STILL HAVE DIGNITY, OR I WILL FILL YOUR CART BAGS WITH PLOKTA.

IGNORANT PEASANT!

A nod to *Just Visiting* (2001)


OH, MY GOD.
WHAT *HAPPENED?*


NOTHING!




I'M EATING THIS *VERY GOOD MEAT* WITH VEGETABLES IN A FINE SAUCE.


I WILL *SHIT* EASY TOMORROW.
Char-Hill

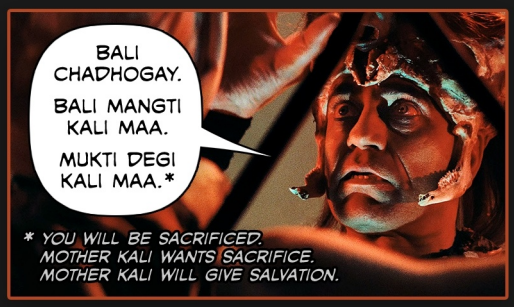

TOPA, THIS IS CALLED *WASABI.*


HE FINDS IT *AGREEABLE!* THE SITTER WILL BE PLEASED.
HE WILL DEFECATE EASY TOMORROW.

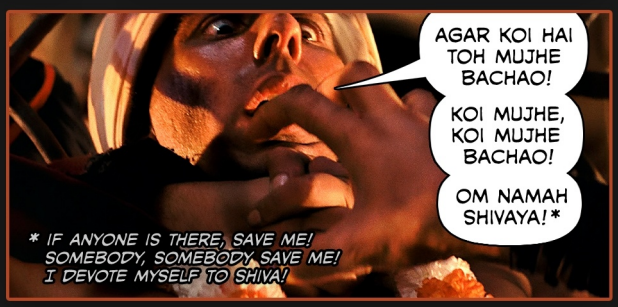
WE PLEDGE OUR DEVOTION TO HER WITH AN OFFERING OF FLESH... AND BLOOD

A nod to *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom* (1984)


IT'S A THUGGEE CEREMONY.
THEY'RE WORSHIPPING KALI.

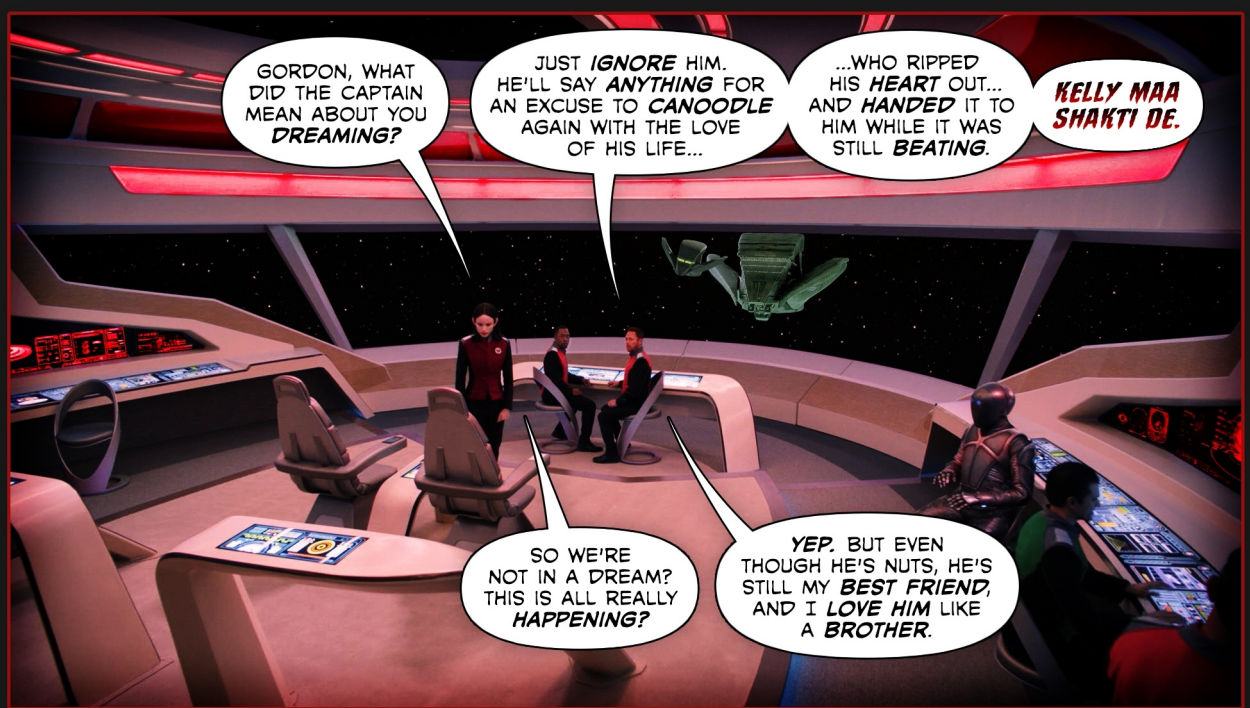

BALI CHADHOGAY.
BALI MANGTI KALI MAA.
MUKTI DEGI KALI MAA.*
* YOU WILL BE SACRIFICED. MOTHER KALI WANTS SACRIFICE. MOTHER KALI WILL GIVE SALVATION.


KALI MAA...
KALI MAA SHAKTI DE.*
* MOTHER KALI... MOTHER KALI, GIVE ME POWER.


AGAR KOI HAI TOH MUJHE BACHAO!
KOI MUJHE, KOI MUJHE BACHAO!
OM NAMAH SHIVAYA!*
* IF ANYONE IS THERE, SAVE ME! SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY, SAVE ME! I DEVOTE MYSELF TO SHIVA!


BALI CHADHAU TERE AAGE.
SWIKAR KARO.*
* I OFFER SACRIFICE BEFORE YOU. PLEASE ACCEPT.


AB ISKI JAAN MERI MUTHI MAIN HAI.*
* NOW HIS LIFE IS IN MY HANDS.


GORDON, WHAT DID THE CAPTAIN MEAN ABOUT YOU DREAMING?
JUST IGNORE HIM. HE'LL SAY ANYTHING FOR AN EXCUSE TO CANOODLE AGAIN WITH THE LOVE OF HIS LIFE...
...WHO RIPPED HIS HEART OUT... AND HANDED IT TO HIM WHILE IT WAS STILL BEATING.
KELLY MAA SHAKTI DE.
SO WE'RE NOT IN A DREAM? THIS IS ALL REALLY HAPPENING?
YEP. BUT EVEN THOUGH HE'S NUTS, HE'S STILL MY BEST FRIEND, AND I LOVE HIM LIKE A BROTHER.

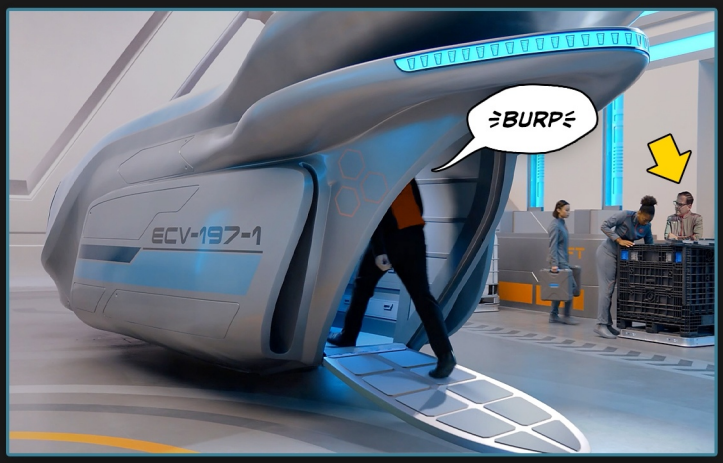
I SPY

How many *Orville* community cameos did you spot?

Tom Costantino, ACE and Co-Producer, *The Orville*



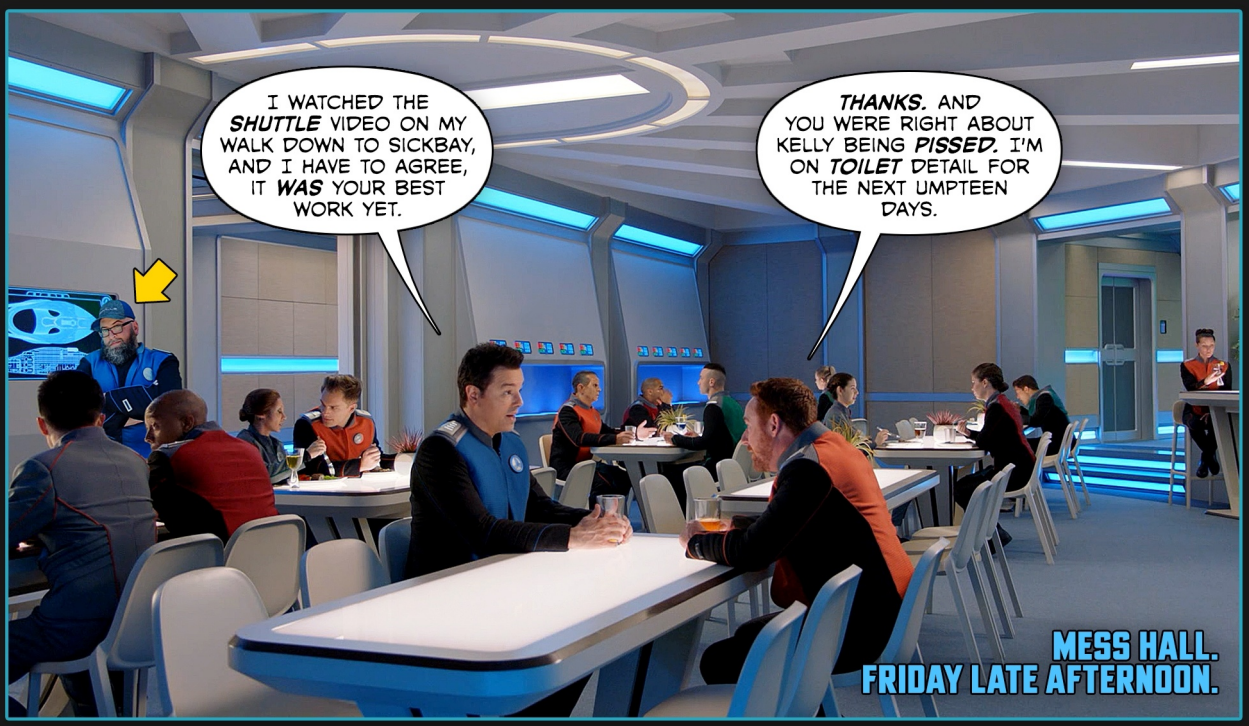




Justin Poole ("JP"), *Orville* Evangelist
and host of *Talking The Orville*







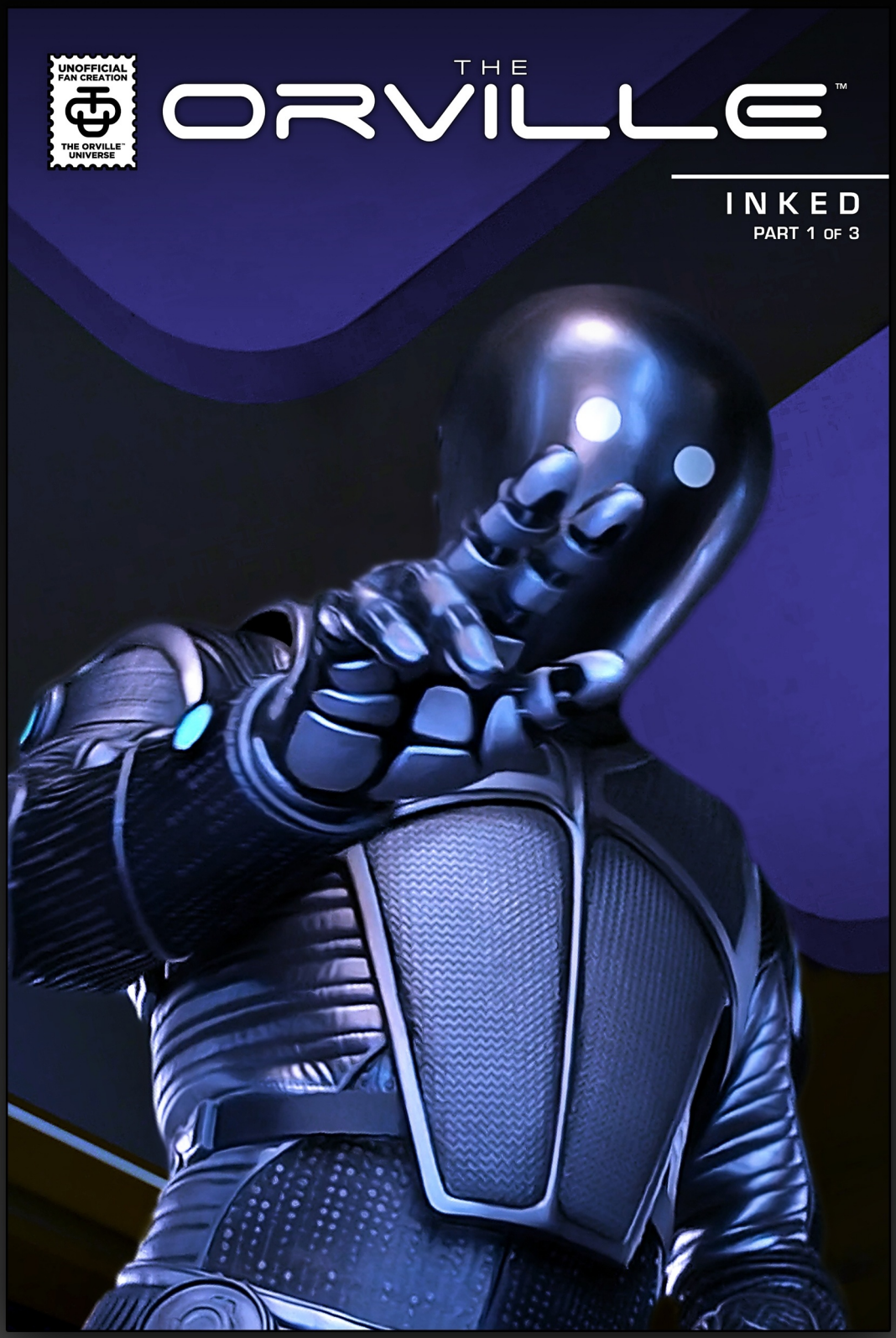
Pedro “Starfleet” Musella,
video editor extraordinaire







COVER ART
(PARTS 1-3)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THE ORVILLE™ UNIVERSE
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PART 1 OF 3


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