



SMOKOVICH:
Mon-oh-man, this ish is
gettin' craaazzy!! 🤪

LINDA:
I'm sorry, who's this?

SMOKOVICH:
Some popsicle surfin' space
bros just slid in and are like,
straight savagin'! They
made out of gelatin, Bruh!!

I just GOT ZAPPED!! ⚡⚡

LINDA:
I'm afraid
you have the
wrong person.
This is Linda.
I work in
accounting.

SMOKOVICH:
What the heck is Polish and
squad gonna do, Steve???

LINDA:
Listen, I don't
know you or what this
nonsense is about,
but there's no Steve
here, this is Linda.
Now please stop!

SMOKOVICH:
There's a frickin' merman here,
dude!!

Ahh dang! Lookn 4 Steve. My bad,
Linda

LINDA:
Wait! Did you just say you're
with a... MER... MAN?

SMOKOVICH:
TOTALLY!

LINDA:
Mmm Hmm... well...

Go on. 😊🍦🍦

SMOKOVICH:
Aha, nice, Linda!

Ok, so...it ain't always been bonkers
space dudes and mermen. Things
started in simpler times. Roughly...

...two weeks ago.

MEET POLISH
AND THE SPACE
ESCALADE TEAM.

LIKE ANY RESPECTABLE
INTERDIMENSIONAL FLUNKY
HOMBRE, POLISH PUTS HIS
JUMPSUIT ON ONE LEG AT
A TIME AND MAKES SOME
OF THE TASTIEST AUDITORY
TRANSMISSIONS THIS
SIDE OF SOGAL 7.

POLISH IS A RARE BREED OF HERO (A PACIFIST, TO BE EXACT)
WITH A MENAGERIE OF SONIC GADGETRY. HIS APPROACH IS
REALLY QUITE SIMPLE: WITH SOME SMARTS, A GOOD ATTITUDE,
A LITTLE SPACE-ELBOW GREASE, AND LOTS OF VOLUME,
ANY FRACAS, NO MATTER THE RUCKUS, CAN BE RESOLVED.

WHAT DOES
THAT MEAN,
EXACTLY?

OH, AND HE
CAN FLY.

THINK BATMAN BUT IN SPACE--WHO
USES SOUND INSTEAD OF IMPALING
PEOPLE WITH BOOMERANGS.

WAIT? DID I
MENTION HE'S
ALSO POLAND'S
AMBASSADOR
TO SPACE?

ON SECOND
THOUGHT, FORGET
THAT WHOLE
BATMAN THING.



WHO'S THE
GOOD BOY?
CHUBS IS!



CHUBS (CAPABLE OF HUMUNGIOUS BITE SIZES)
REPRESENTS THE CUTTING EDGE IN SEARCH AND
RESCUE CYDORGS. THANKS TO ADVANCEMENTS IN
TECHNOLOGIES WHICH ALLOW VERY SMALL DOGS
TO EAT, AND THEN REGURGITATE, VERY LARGE
OBJECTS, CHUBS IS THE PERFECT BACK-UP FOR
WHEN THE TEAM HAS BITTEN OFF MORE THAN
THEY CAN QUITE LITERALLY CHEW.*

*NOTE: OBJECTS
MAY BE, LET'S SAY...
A BIT MORE MOIST
ON THEIR WAY OUT.

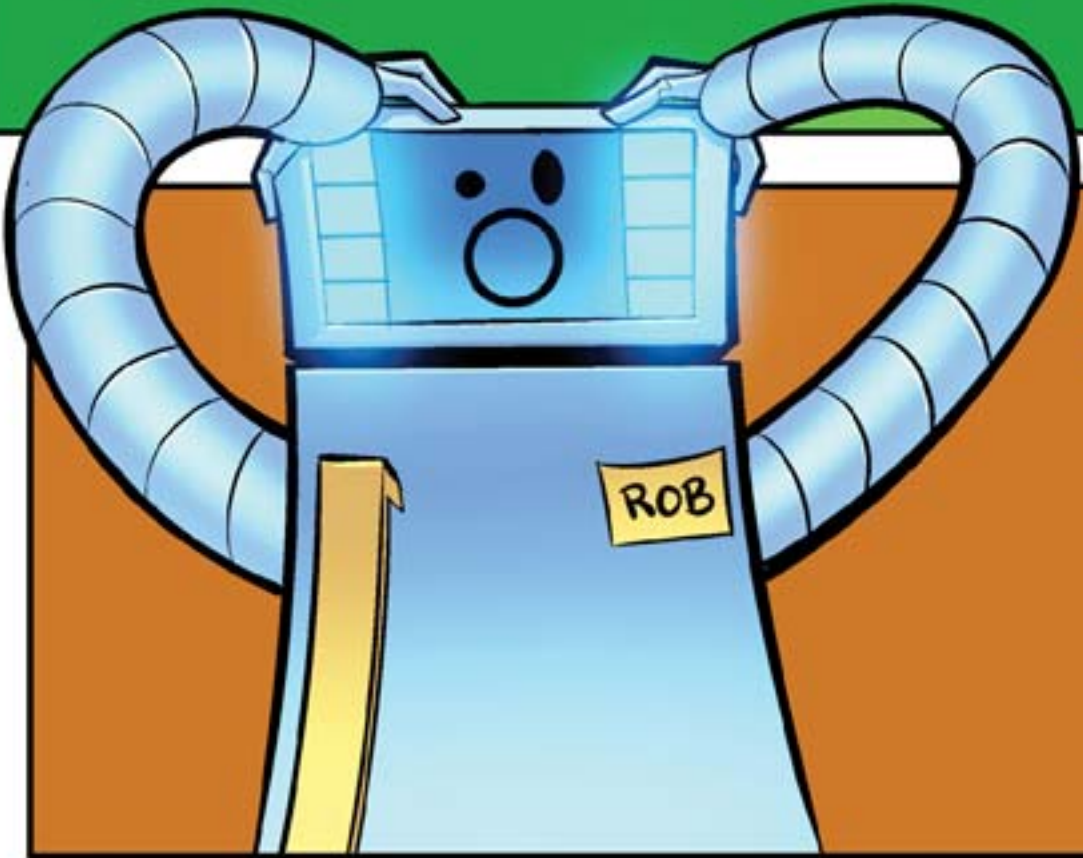
CAPTAIN OF THE
SPACE ESCALADE:
KT SNEAKERS.

GRADUATING AT THE TOP
OF HER OF CLASS FROM
FUNKFLEEK ACADEMY, AND
DAUGHTER TO CONGRESSMAN
SNEAKERS, IT'S SAFE TO SAY
KT HAS SOME PRETTY BIG
SHOES TO FILL.

TO SOME, IT'S BEEN A BIT OF
A MYSTERY WHY SOMEONE
WITH KT'S PEDIGREE WOULD
JOIN SUCH A RAGTAG BUNCH,
BUT NOT POLISH, WHO FEELS
IT'S CLEAR SHE'S GUNNIN' TO
MAKE HIM THE SPACE SAM
TO HER SPACE DIANE.



(SPOILER:
POLISH'S CLUE
READING SKILLS
COULD USE SOME
CALIBRATING.)



AND...THIS
IS ROBBOT.

THE THING ABOUT ROB IS,
WELL... ALTHOUGH HE WAS
BORN AS A CYBERNETIC
SENTIENT REFRIGERATOR,
HE JUST FEELS MORE AT
HOME IDENTIFYING AS A
CYBERNETIC SENTIENT
JANITOR.

IN ADDITION TO
TRAVERSING SPACE AND
TIME WITH POLISH AND
SQUAD, ROBBOT'S ALSO
A FERVENT SUPPORTER
OF LIFEFORMS OF ALL
MOLECULAR MAKEUPS
CHOOSING IDENTITIES
OF THEIR OWN DESIGN.

(INSTEAD OF THE
ONE A CYBERNETIC
SENTIENT REFRIGERATOR
MANUFACTURER CHOSE
FOR THEM.)

I MEAN,
SURE...IT HAS
IT'S ISSUES, BUT
YOU KNOW
WHAT?

THIS PLACE
IS SORT OF
GROWING
ON ME.

BARH

OH,
POLISH...



Earth: Outer Orbit

Your Ad Here
888-8008

OF
COURSE
IT IS.



crunch

HEYYY...
WURTS THUT
SHUPPOSED
TUH MERN?

SUPPOSED TO
MEAN? POLISH, WE'VE
BEEN HERE FOR WEEKS.
ALL I'M SAYING IS THAT
IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO START
FOCUSING ON WHY THE U.N.
SENT US HERE IN THE FIRST
PLACE INSTEAD OF GETTING
CAUGHT UP IN EVERY **LITTLE
WEIRD** PROBLEM THAT POPS
ON THIS **EXTREMELY
WEIRD** PLANET.

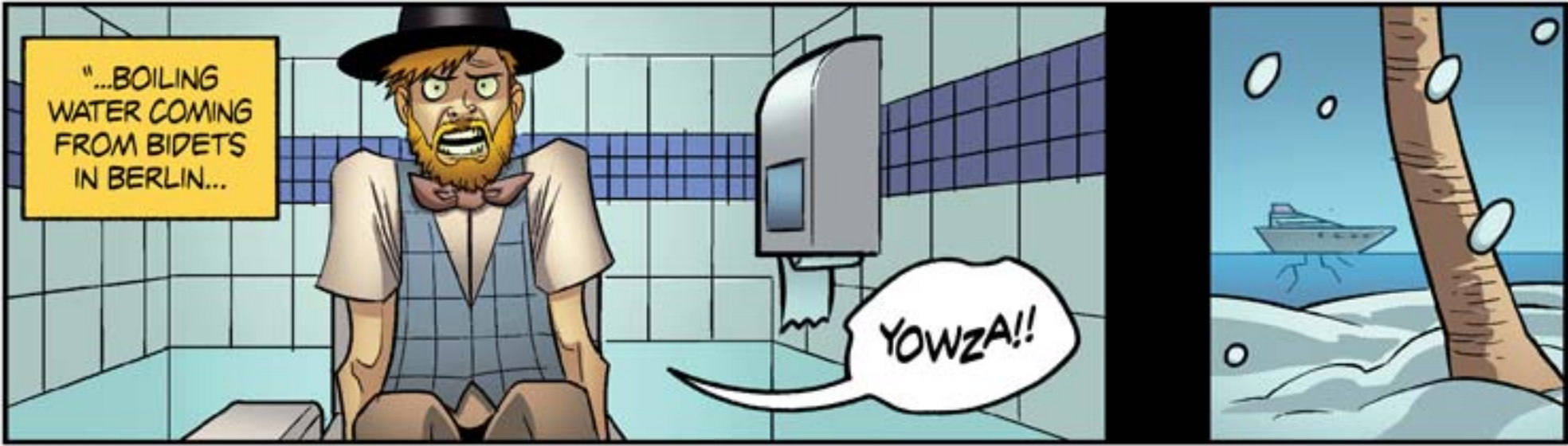
CAPTAIN SNEAKERS IS CORRECT,
POLISH. NO ONE LIKES TO TIDY A
MASSIVE MESS MORE THAN I, BUT
UNFORTUNATELY, TIME IS OF THE
ESSENCE. PERHAPS IT'S WISE TO
WORK ON COMPLETING THE MISSION
SO THAT WE MAY RETURN.

ROBBOT!

HEADS
UP!

BARH!





...MAKING HER THE SECOND KARDASHIAN SISTER TO HOLD AN ELECTED SEAT IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE.



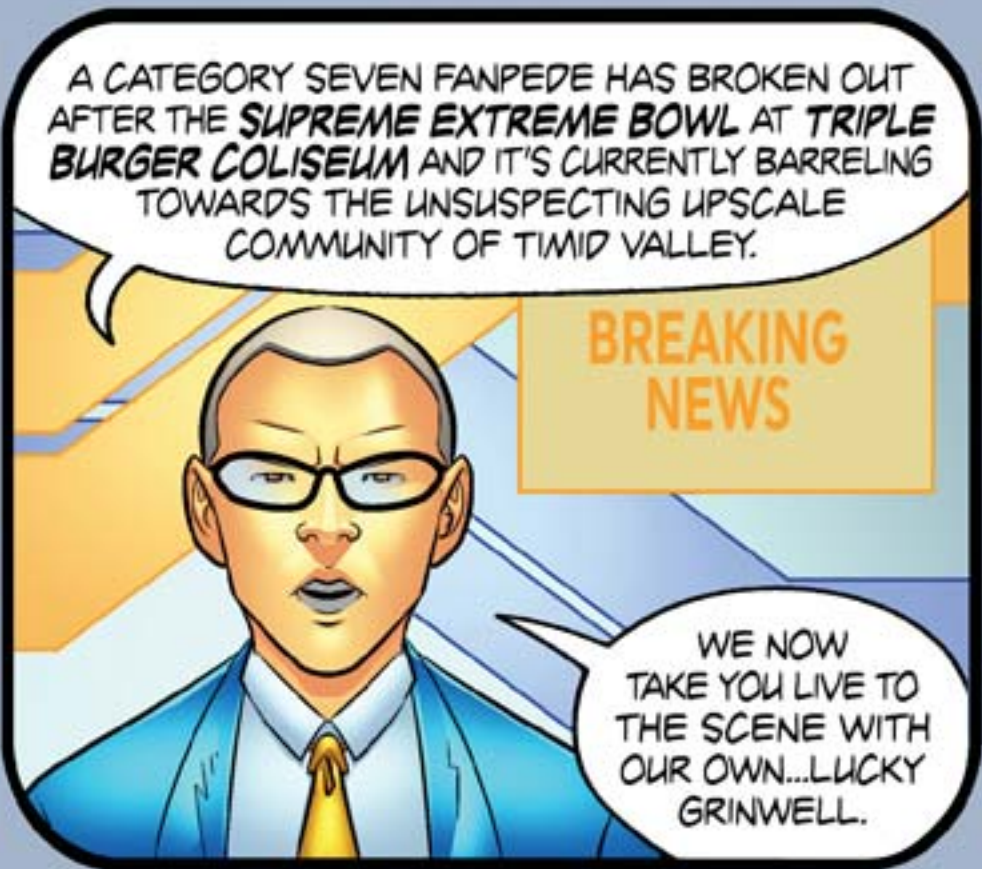
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THIS JUST IN...



A CATEGORY SEVEN FANPEDE HAS BROKEN OUT AFTER THE **SUPREME EXTREME BOWL** AT **TRIPLE BURGER COLISEUM** AND IT'S CURRENTLY BARRELING TOWARDS THE UNSUSPECTING UPSCALE COMMUNITY OF TIMID VALLEY.

BREAKING NEWS

WE NOW TAKE YOU LIVE TO THE SCENE WITH OUR OWN...LUCKY GRINWELL.

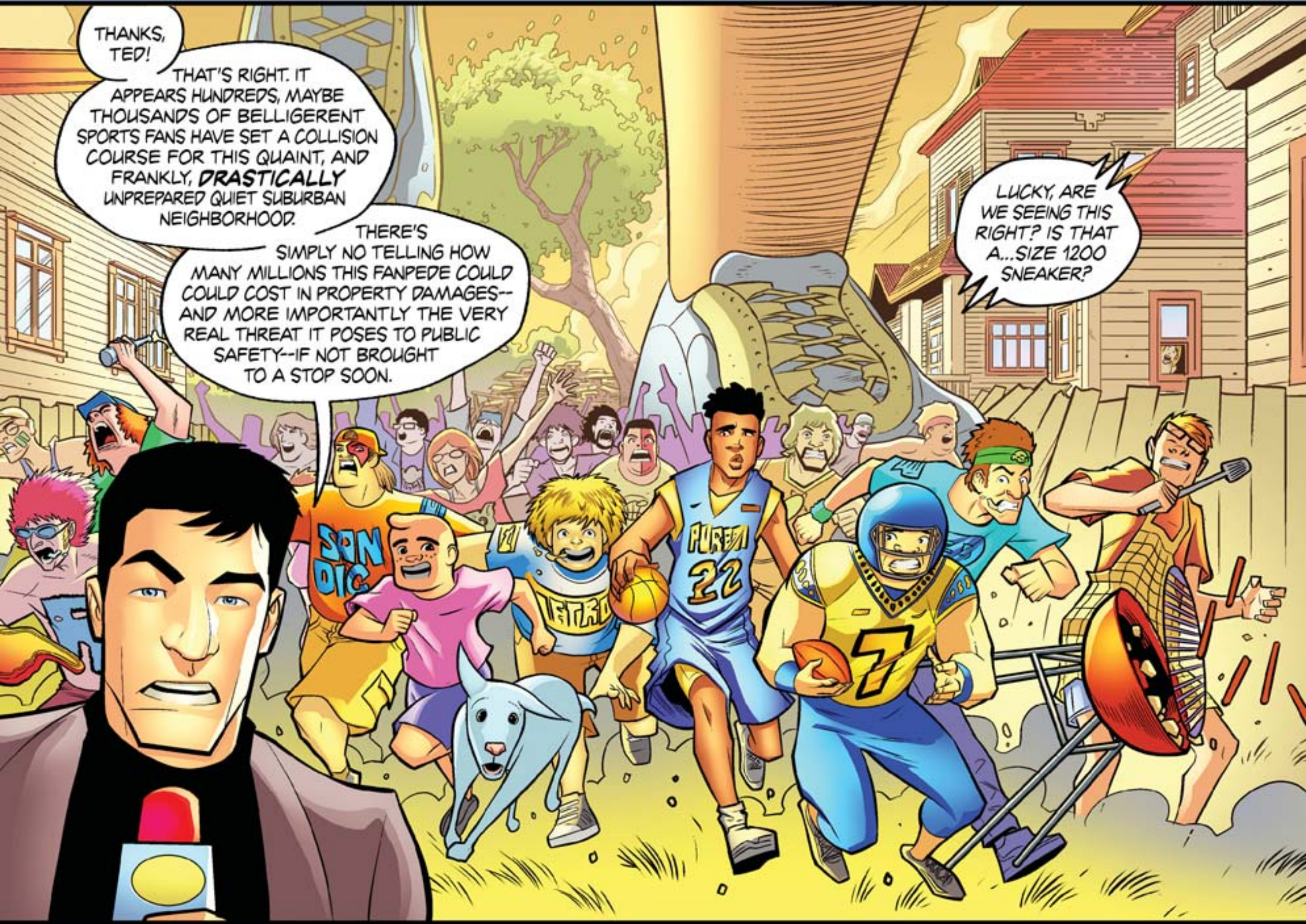


THANKS, TED!

THAT'S RIGHT. IT APPEARS HUNDREDS, MAYBE THOUSANDS OF BELLIGERENT SPORTS FANS HAVE SET A COLLISION COURSE FOR THIS QUAIN, AND FRANKLY, **DRASTICALLY** UNPREPARED QUIET SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD.

THERE'S SIMPLY NO TELLING HOW MANY MILLIONS THIS FANPEDE COULD COST IN PROPERTY DAMAGES--AND MORE IMPORTANTLY THE VERY REAL THREAT IT POSES TO PUBLIC SAFETY--IF NOT BROUGHT TO A STOP SOON.

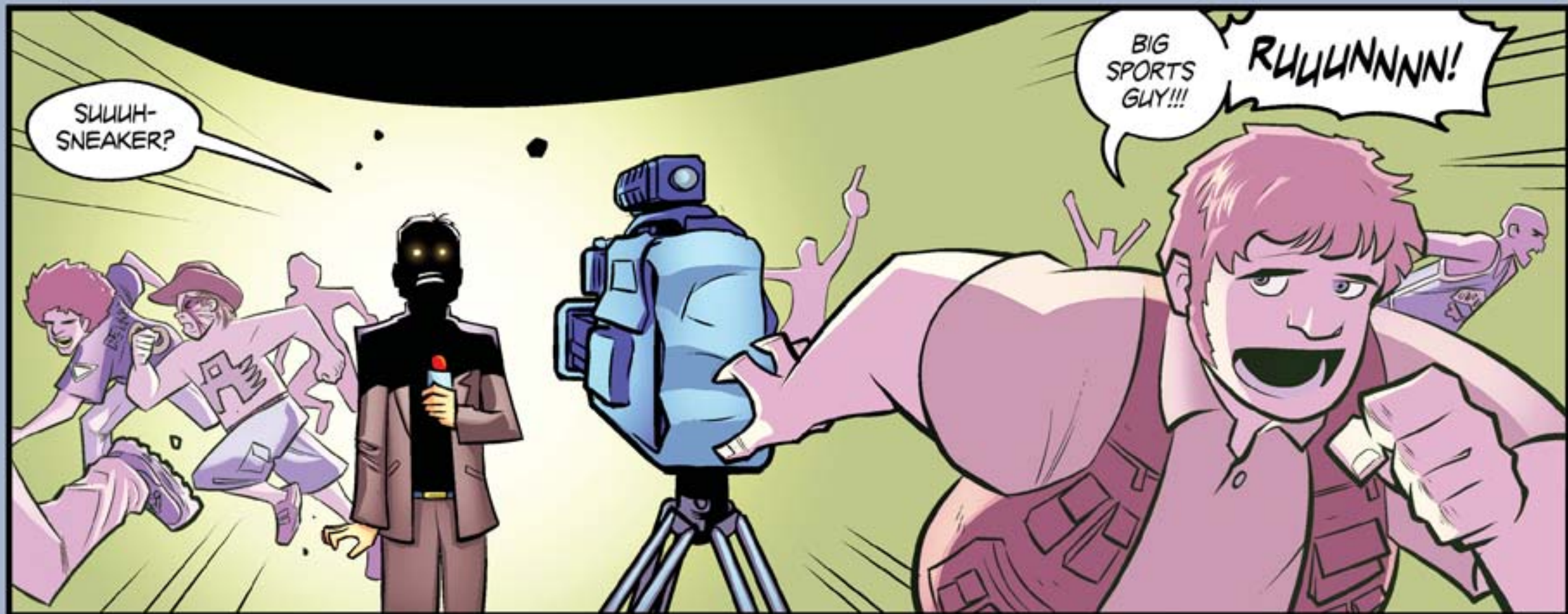
LUCKY, ARE WE SEEING THIS RIGHT? IS THAT A...SIZE 1200 SNEAKER?



SUUUH-SNEAKER?

BIG SPORTS GUY!!!

RUUUUNNNN!





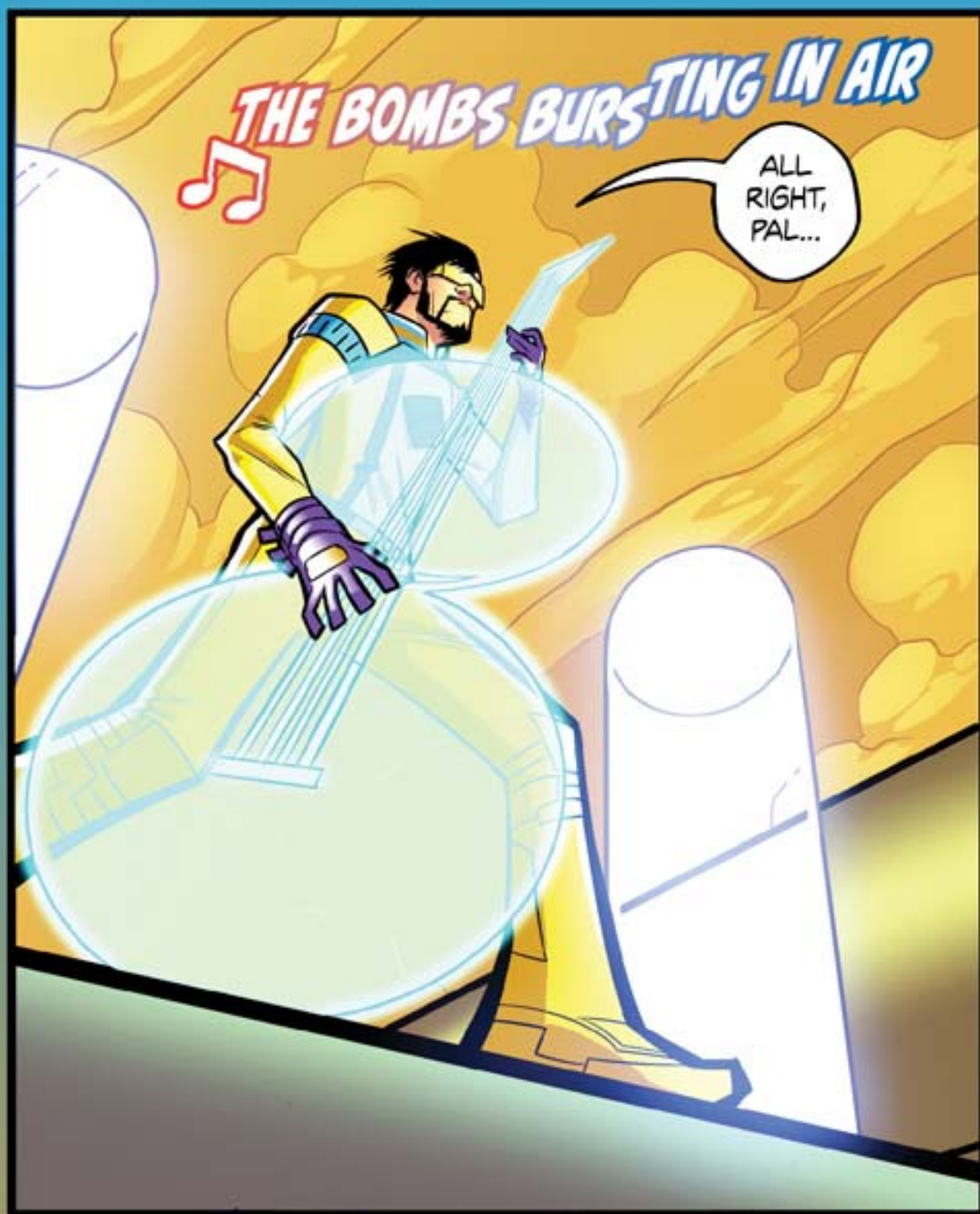


--AN ORPHANAGE!

















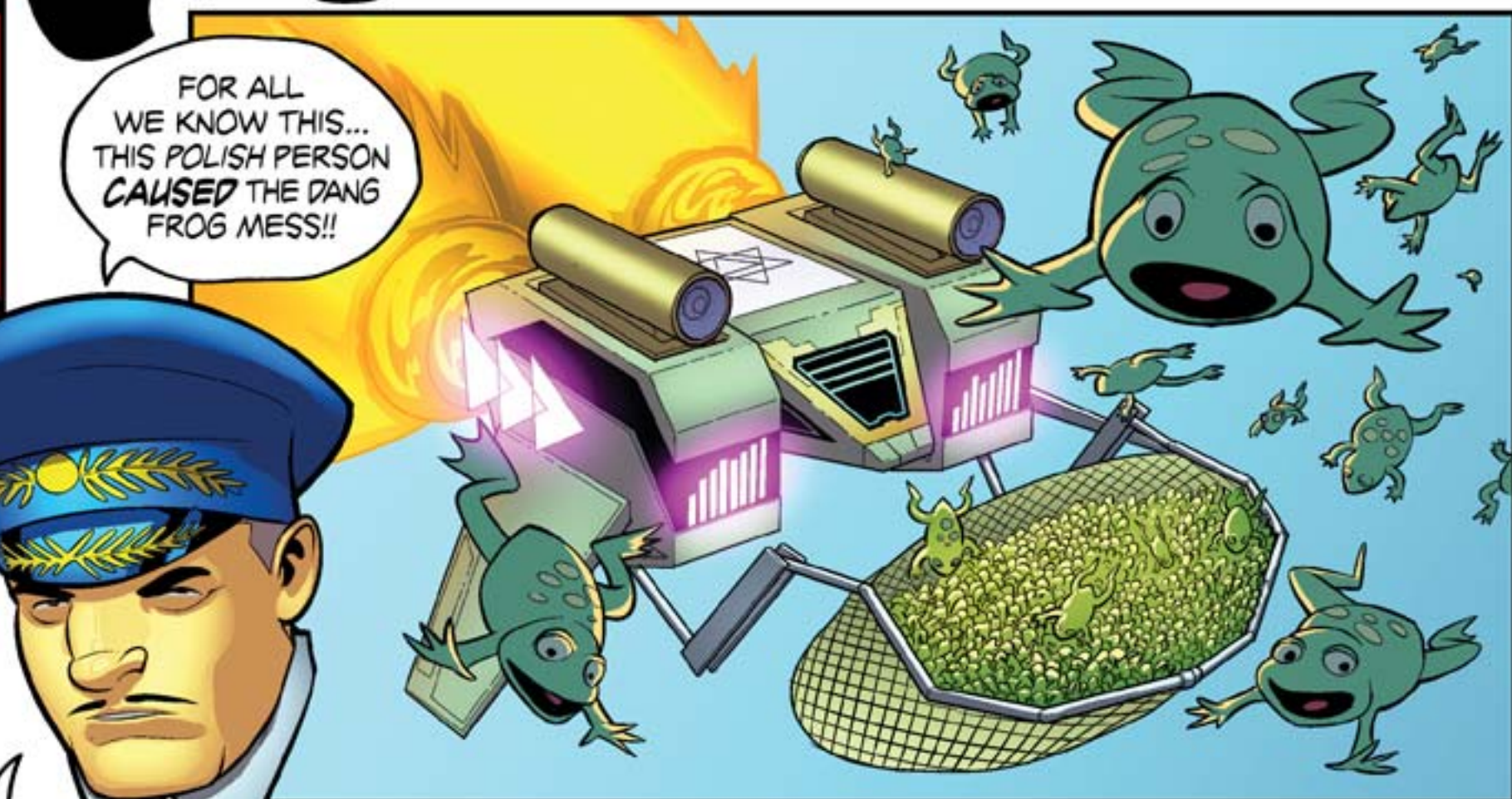
LHH...
YES, MR.
PRESIDENT.

OF-OF
COURSE.

:-GULP:-



THEIR SHIP
WAS FIRST SPOTTED
A FEW WEEKS AGO
DURING THE FROG
INCIDENT.



FOR ALL
WE KNOW THIS...
THIS POLISH PERSON
CAUSED THE DANG
FROG MESS!!



THAT'S
PRECISELY WHAT
WE PRESUMED UNTIL
WE WITNESSED THEM
RETURNING THE FROGS
TO SAFETY,
AND UH--

MUCH TO OUR
SURPRISE, THEY
THEN PROCEEDED
TO HAVE A, UMMM,
A RAVE--

A
WHAT?!

A RAVE, SIR.
AN IMPROMPTU
DANCE PARTY, I
GUESS YOU COULD
CALL IT.



BUT IS HE
DANGEROUS?

WHAT KIND OF
ALIEN WEAPONRY
ARE WE DEALING
WITH HERE?

WE JUST
SAW THESE JOKERS
TAKE DOWN A FRICKIN'
SPORTSPERSON THE SIZE
OF A GODDANG MOUNTAIN!!
I'M TELLIN' YOU, IT'S
TIME TO ACT!

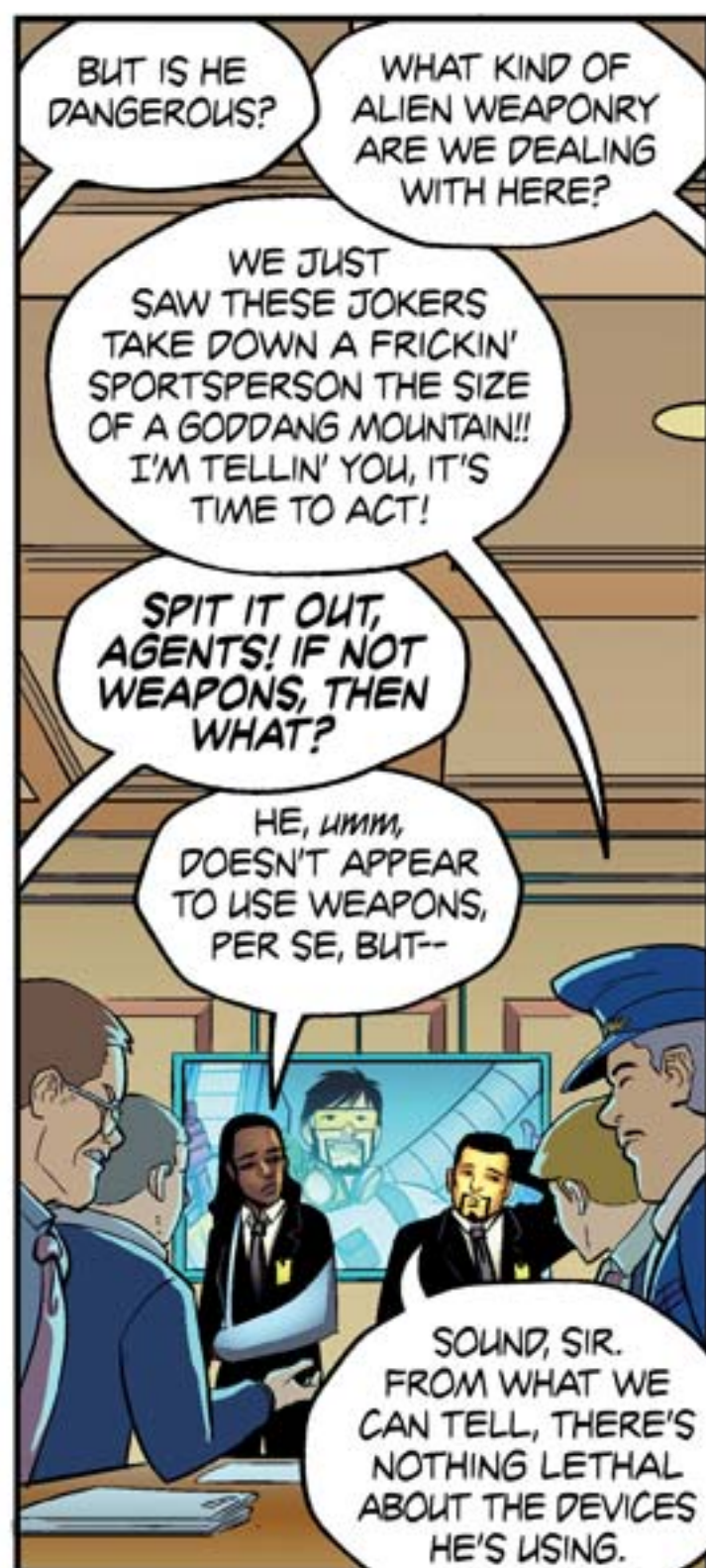
SPIT IT OUT,
AGENTS! IF NOT
WEAPONS, THEN
WHAT?

HE, UMMM,
DOESN'T APPEAR
TO USE WEAPONS,
PER SE, BUT--

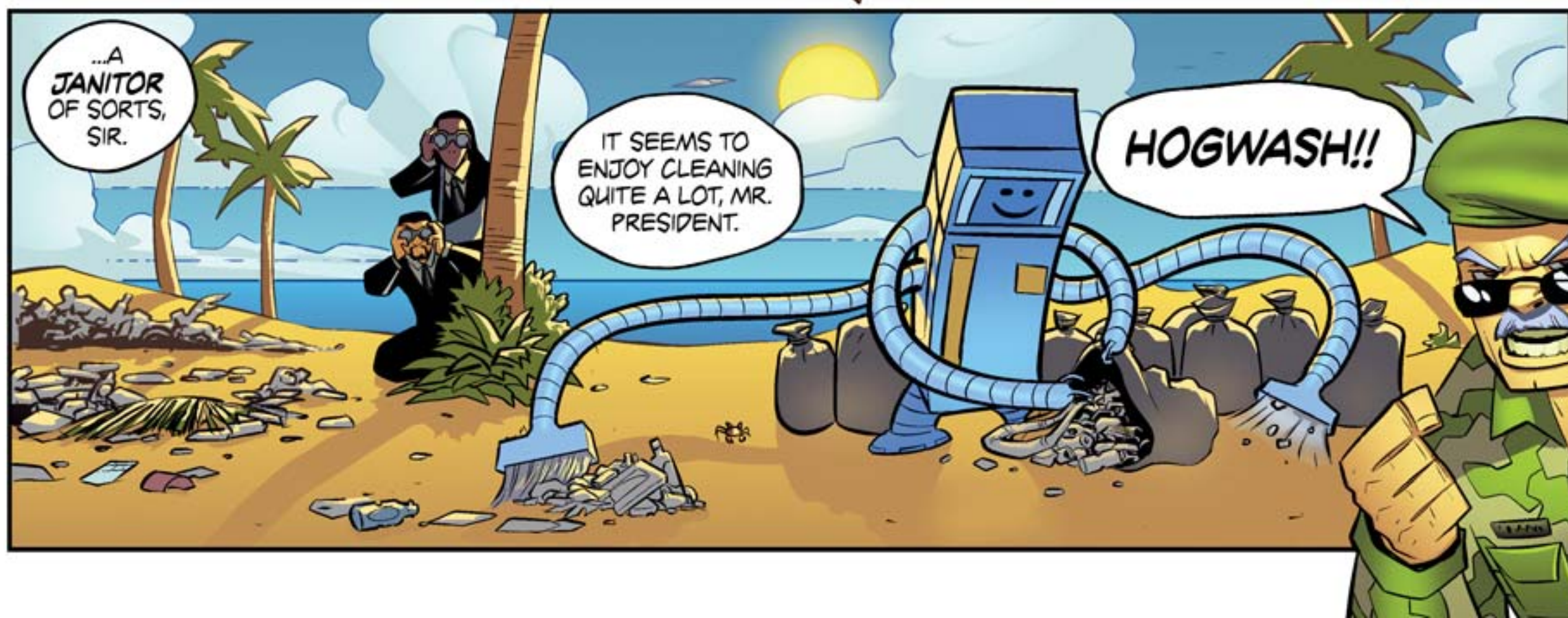
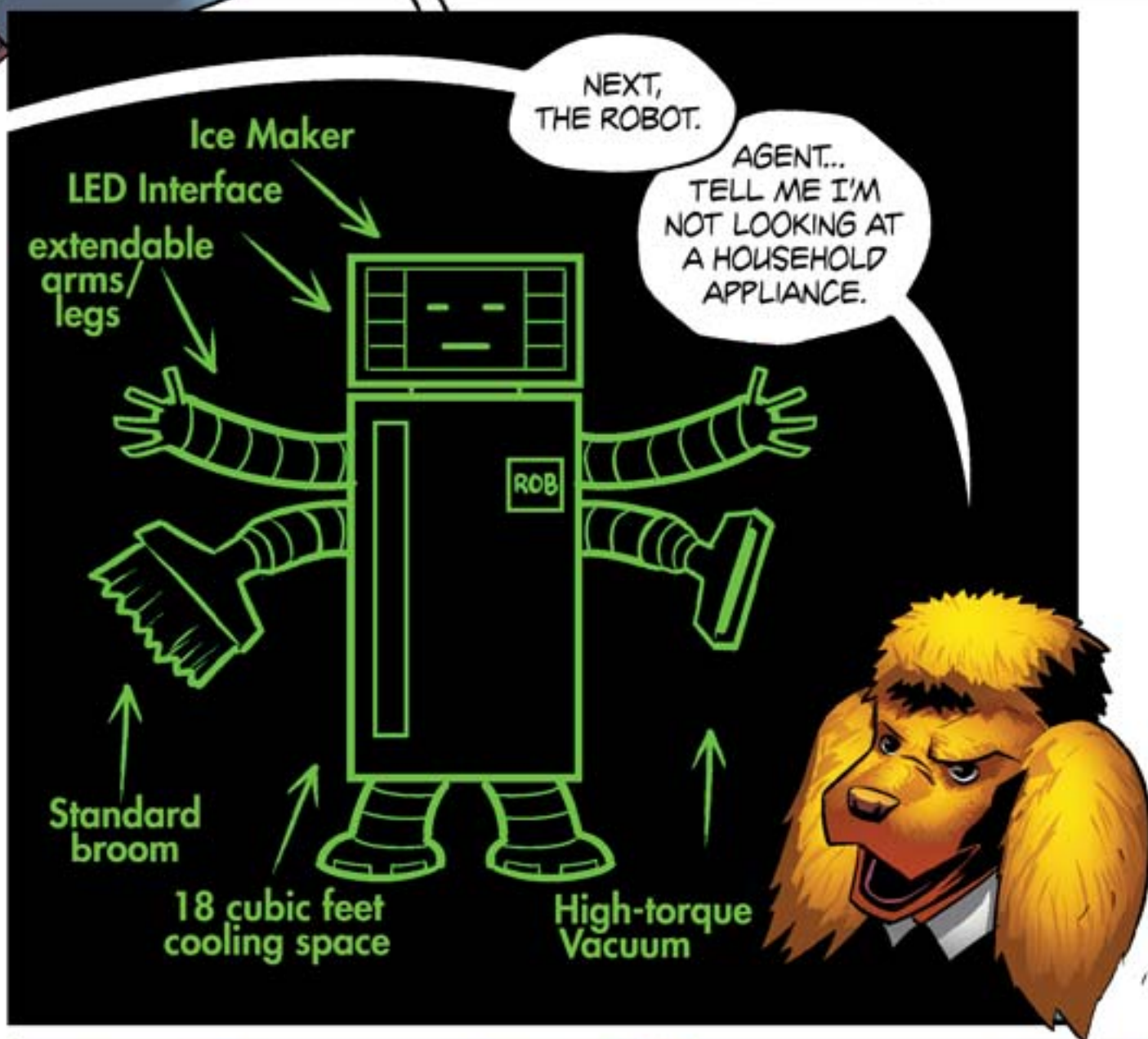


IT APPEARS
HE'S ALSO A DJ
OR SOME SORT
OF MUSIC
MAKER.

IT'S ALL
ACTUALLY QUITE
UNCLEAR AT THE
MOMENT, SIR.



SOUND, SIR.
FROM WHAT WE
CAN TELL, THERE'S
NOTHING LETHAL
ABOUT THE DEVICES
HE'S USING.



YOU'RE NOT GOING TO STAND HERE AND TELL ME THIS--WHATEVER IT IS--AIN'T DANGEROUS?!

IT'S GOT A RAY GUN COMING OUT OF ITS **FACE**, FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD!

THAT ALARMED US AS WELL. IT APPEARS, HOWEVER, LIKE THE FRIDGE'S **OTHER** MODIFICATION, THIS HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH ITS COOLANT SYSTEM.

MEANING?!

IT'S BEEN TURNED UP TO ELEVEN, SIR.

AND THEN THERE'S THE LITTLE DOG, PERHAPS THE MOST **PERPLEXING** ONE OF THE BUNCH.

AHHHHHHH!!!

AHHHHHHH!!!

AHHHHHHH!!!

AHHHHHHH!!!

BURP

Hu, uhh...EATS STUFF.

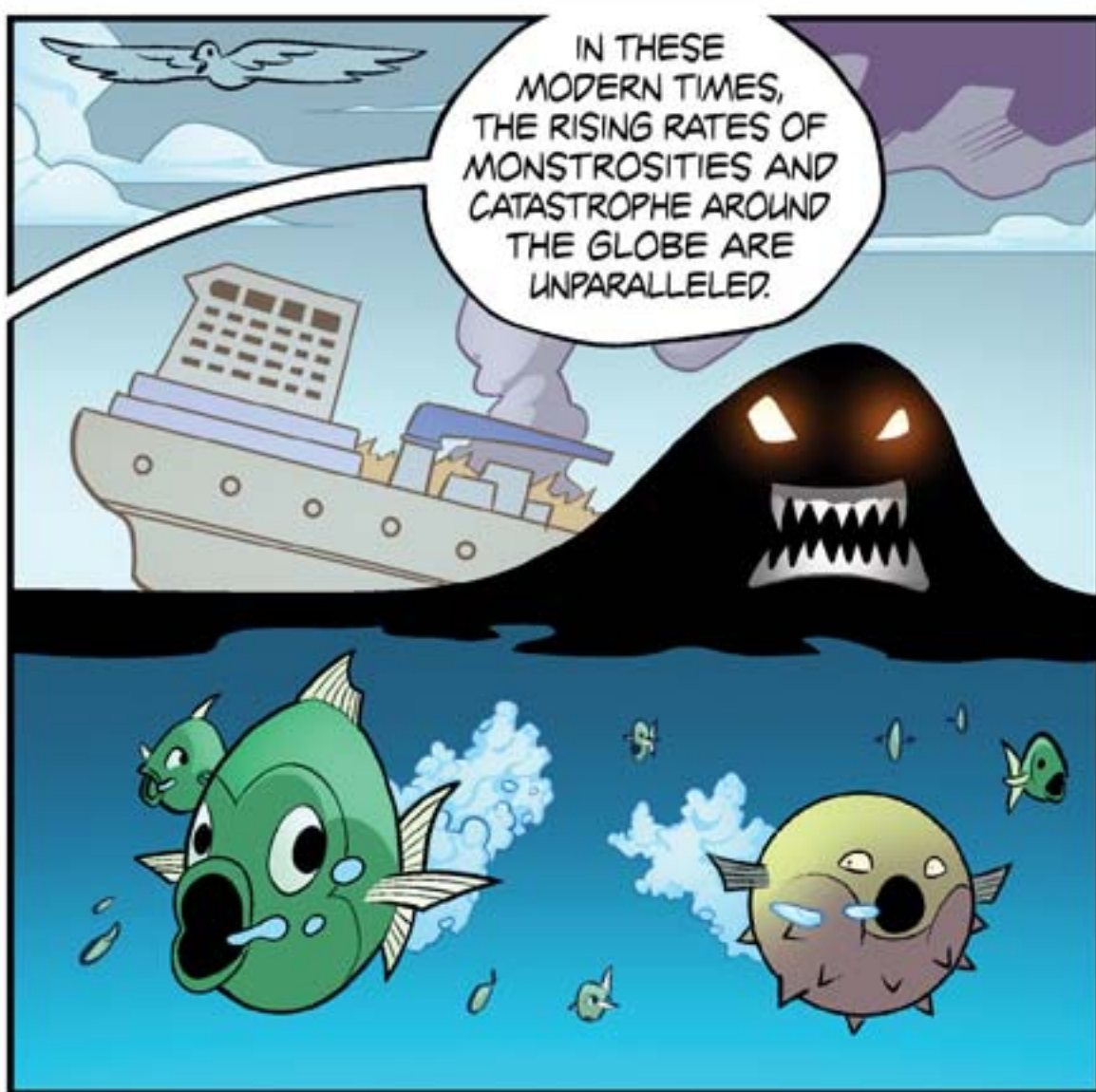
GLAARRP

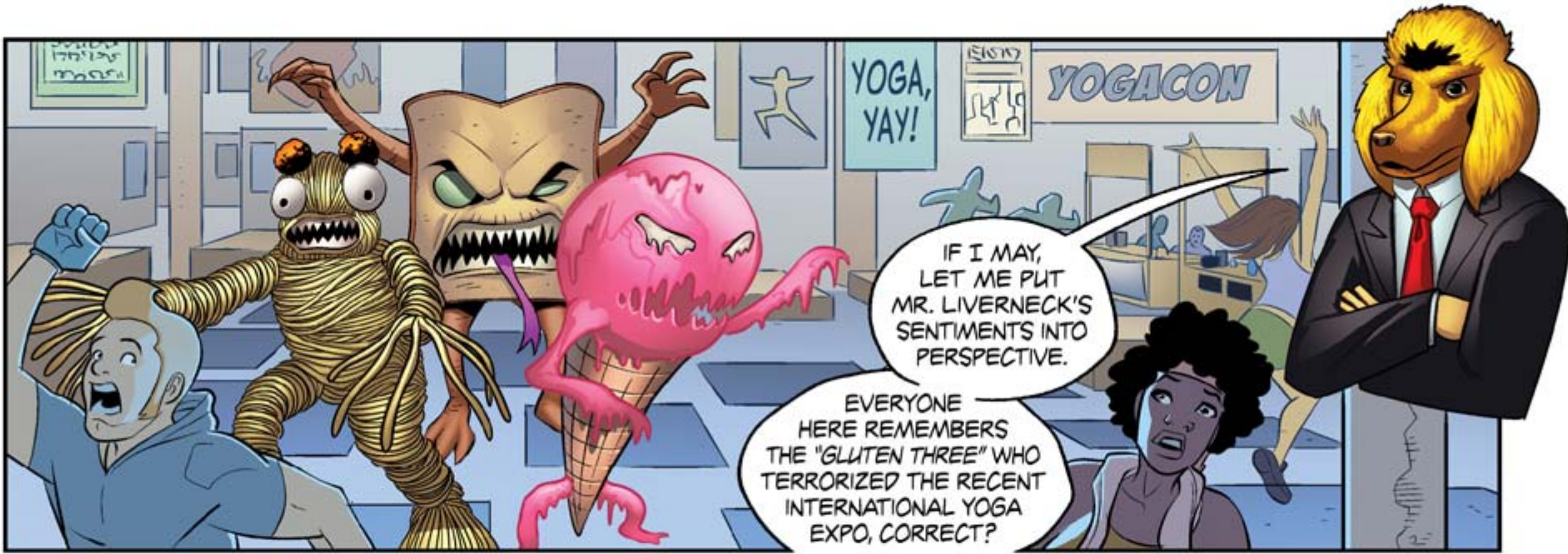
YAAAYYYY!!!

AGENTS, LET ME STOP YOU RIGHT THERE!

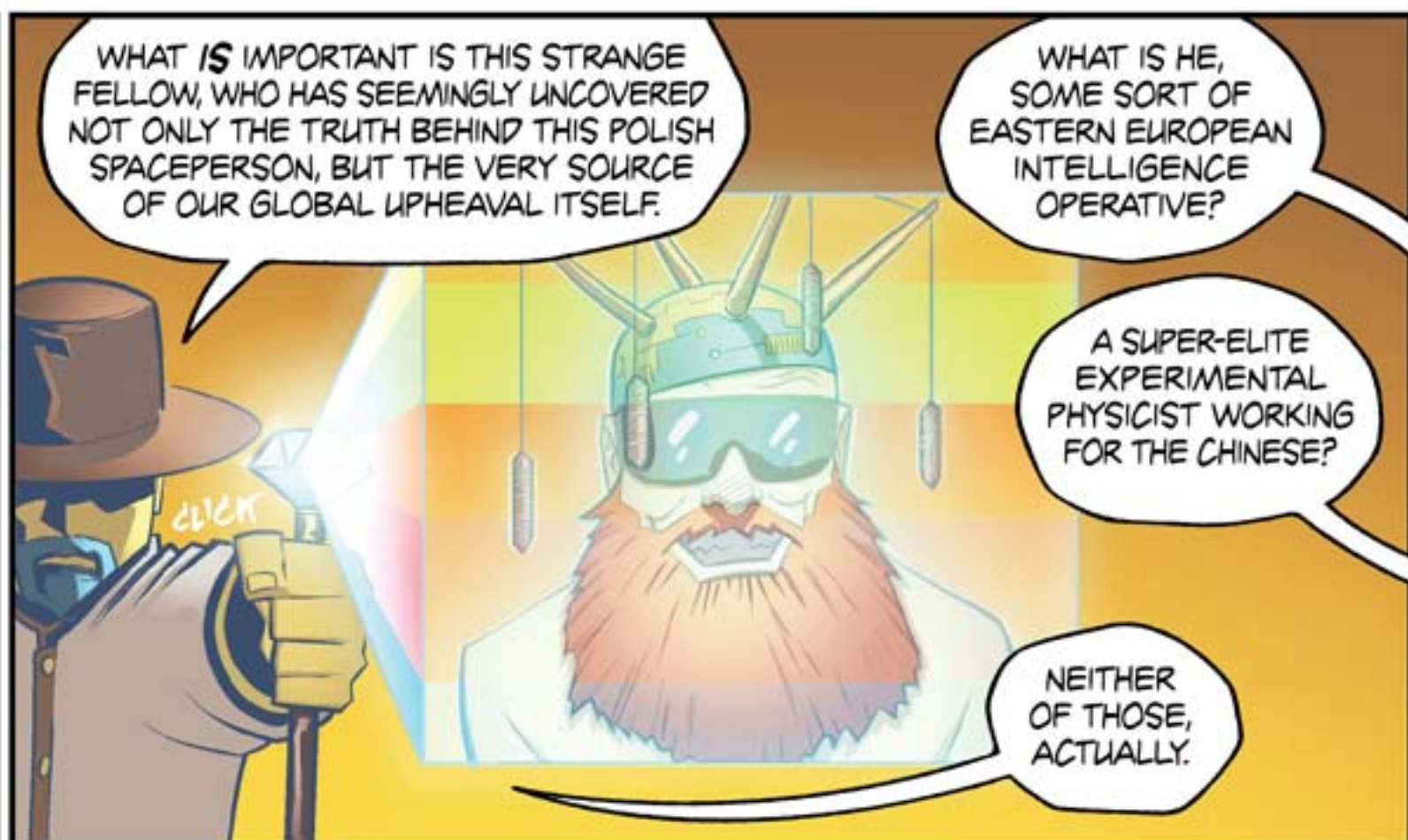








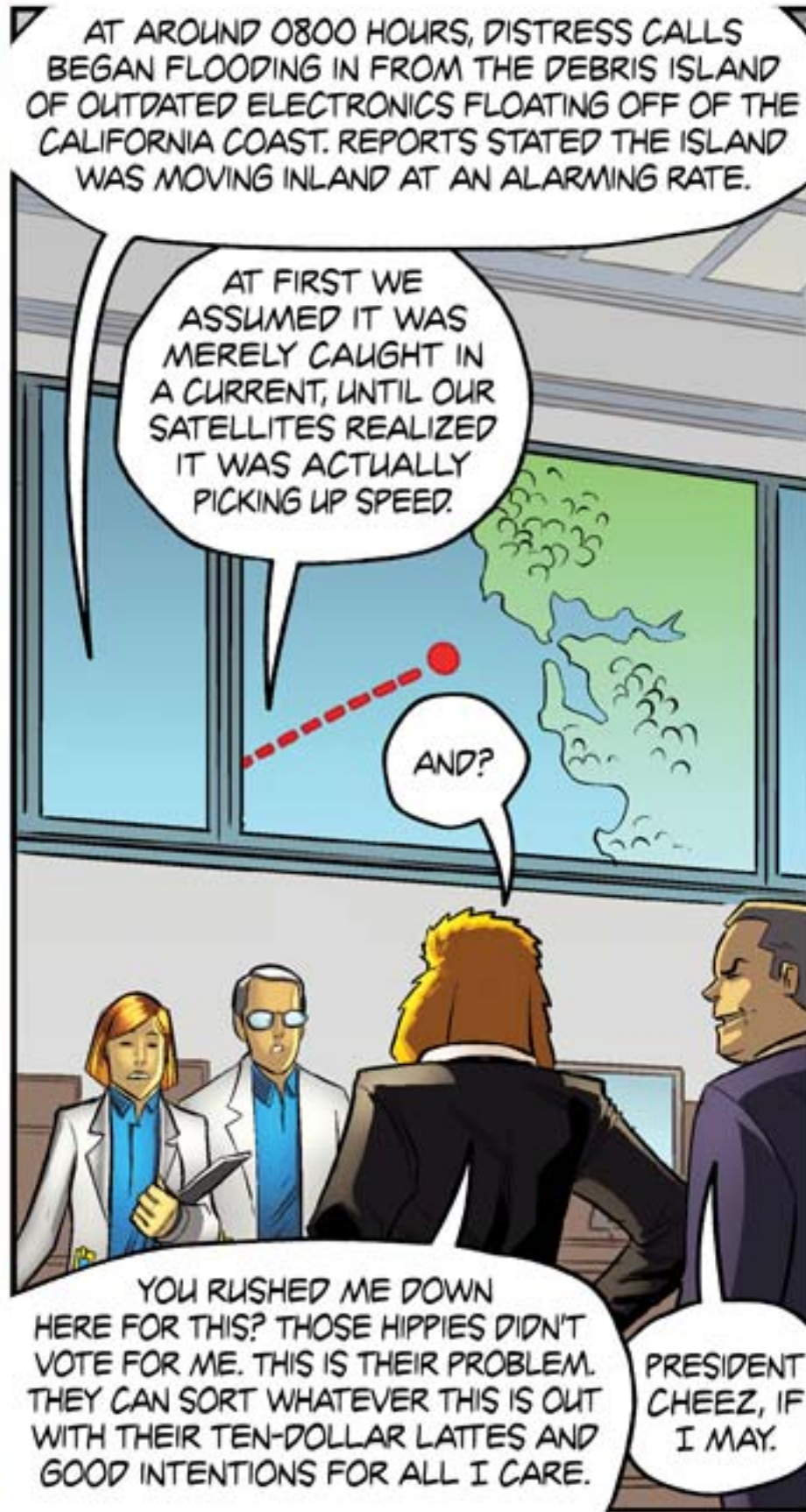






MR. PRESIDENT,
=HUFF HUFF=

YOUR
PRESENCE
IS NEEDED IN
MISSION CONTROL
IMMEDIATELY!



AT AROUND 0800 HOURS, DISTRESS CALLS
BEGAN FLOODING IN FROM THE DEBRIS ISLAND
OF OUTDATED ELECTRONICS FLOATING OFF OF THE
CALIFORNIA COAST. REPORTS STATED THE ISLAND
WAS MOVING INLAND AT AN ALARMING RATE.

AT FIRST WE
ASSUMED IT WAS
MERELY CAUGHT IN
A CURRENT, UNTIL OUR
SATELLITES REALIZED
IT WAS ACTUALLY
PICKING UP SPEED.

AND?

YOU RUSHED ME DOWN
HERE FOR THIS? THOSE HIPPIES DIDN'T
VOTE FOR ME. THIS IS THEIR PROBLEM.
THEY CAN SORT WHATEVER THIS IS OUT
WITH THEIR TEN-DOLLAR LATTES AND
GOOD INTENTIONS FOR ALL I CARE.

PRESIDENT
CHEEZ, IF
I MAY.



ALTHOUGH I
COULDN'T AGREE
MORE WITH THAT LINE
OF THINKING, SIR...WELL...
I ALSO THINK THIS SITUATION
PRESENTS US WITH AN
EXTREMELY VALUABLE
OPPORTUNITY.



LOOK, OUR
TIME IS LIMITED.
I'M GOING TO GET
RIGHT TO IT.

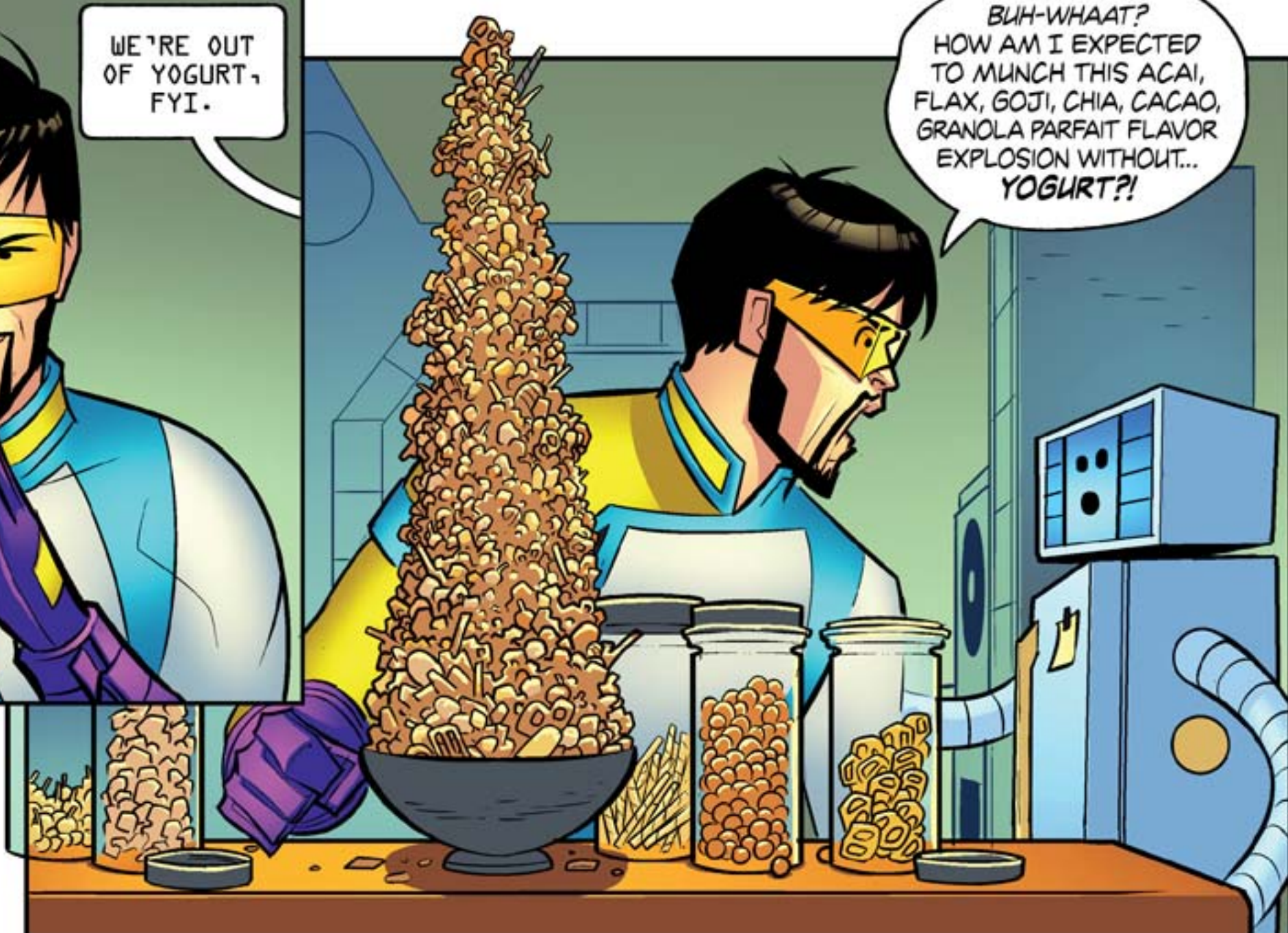


I'M HERE
TO RECRUIT THE
TWO OF YOU FOR A
GOVERNMENT AGENCY
SO SECRET EVEN THE
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED
STATES ISN'T AWARE OF
ITS EXISTENCE.

WAIT?
ARE YOU
TELLING ME
YOU'RE--



THAT'S
RIGHT, AGENT.
WE'RE S.A.D!! THE
SHENANIGAN ANALYSIS
DIVISION, AND WE'RE
EXACTLY WHAT **THE
WORLD NEEDS
RIGHT NOW!**





SKREEEYOOINKKK



SMOKOVICH:
And...that pretty much brings us up to date.

Oh, that and the alternate dimensions stuff.

LINDA:
But...what happened to the merman?

SMOKOVICH:
Ahh crap, right! Sorry 😞

LINDA:
Wait...now there's more dimensions?

SMOKOVICH:
Yup, like totes other dimensions.

Linda, you there?

LINDA:
Sigh 😞

Still here. Well?

SMOKOVICH:
Well?

LINDA:
I guess I need to hear about these other dimensions.

SMOKOVICH:
Haha, that's what's up! Then you better get buckled up, Linda.

Cause this one's gonna be a doozy! 🤪⚡💩