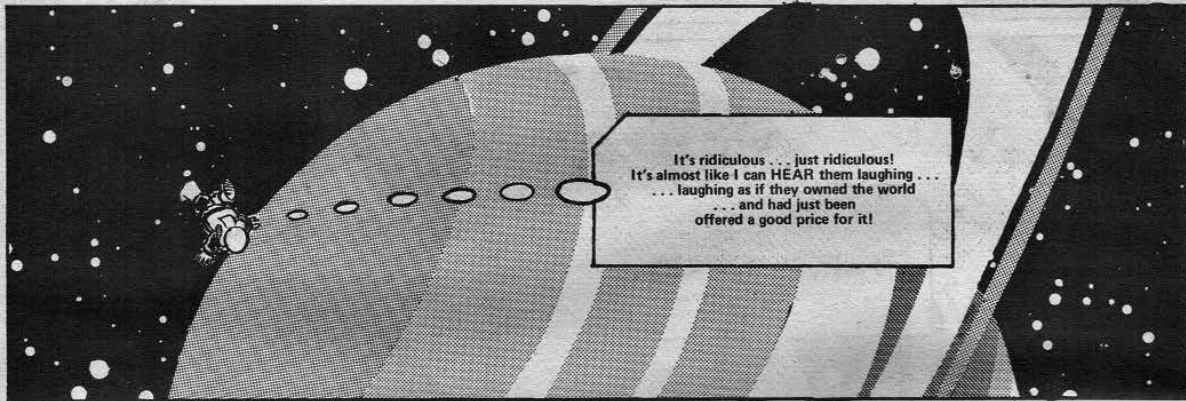




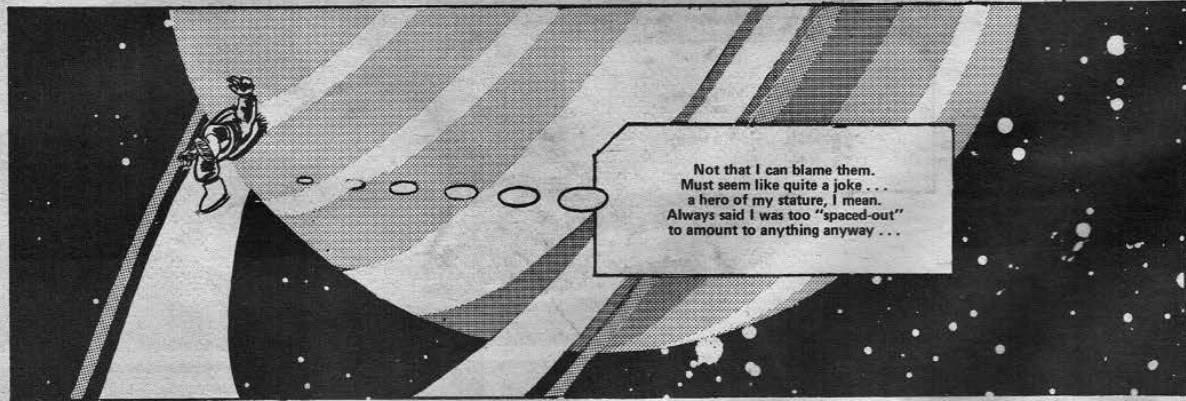
Oy . . . where am I?
Saturn, looks like.
I bet they're all having a good laugh
on me down there now . . . !



It's ridiculous . . . just ridiculous!
It's almost like I can HEAR them laughing . . .
. . . laughing as if they owned the world
. . . and had just been
offered a good price for it!

∴ "STAR ~ GAZER" ∴


STORY BY ROACHO RIZZO. ART BY JOHN BYRNE.




Not that I can blame them.
Must seem like quite a joke . . .
a hero of my stature, I mean.
Always said I was too "spaced-out"
to amount to anything anyway . . .



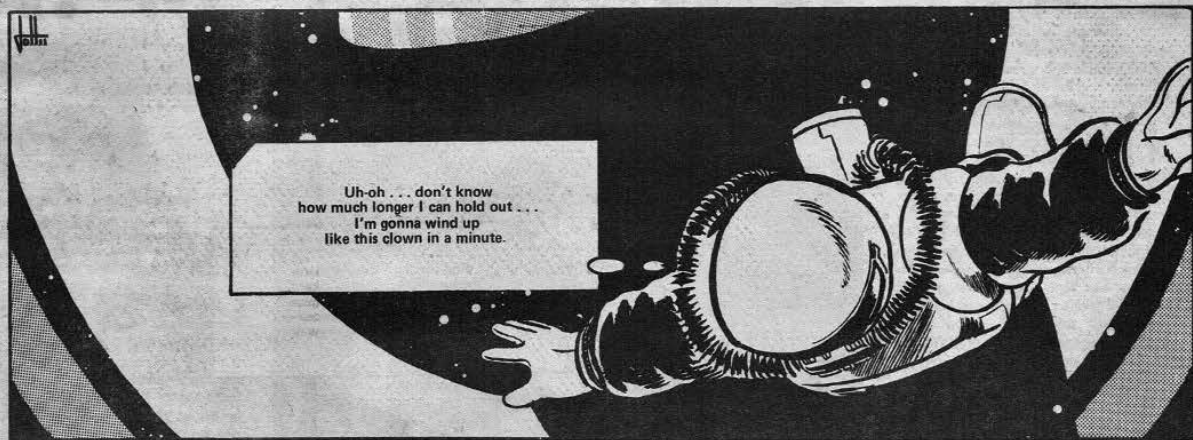
If I ever get back there alive,
I'm gonna give 'em
a piece of my mind!




Might as well . . . I'll tell 'em alright,
I'll shout it right
to their big smug face.
"The meek shall not
inherit the Earth . . .
by God, we'll DEMAND it!"



Why did I ever agree to this?
What could I have been thinking of?



Uh-oh . . . don't know
how much longer I can hold out . . .
I'm gonna wind up
like this clown in a minute.



Next time I'll take my chances
with the EXTERMINATOR* . . . !