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VOLUME ONE:
TIN STARS

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IMAGE COMICS Presents

DESCENDER

BOOK ONE: TIN STARS

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THE PLANET NIYRATA.

Niyrata is the technological and cultural hub of the group of nine Core Planets known as The United Galactic Council.

Niyrata is also home to the nine Embassy Cities. One city state for each of the core planets and species representing the UGC.

Current population:
5,53 Billion

--I DON'T CARE WHAT THE GNISHIANS SAY, THAT COLONY **BELONGS** TO SAMPSON! ITS RESOURCES ARE **OURS** TO EXPLOIT AS WE SEE FIT! WE HAVE THE **UGC'S** BACKING HERE, DOCTOR TELLUN!

That's all well and fine to say--kzzt!--but there--kzzt!--!

Shhh-- it's all right, no one's just on the com, dear... hush now.

--WHAAA!!

--Whzzt!!

--kzzt--

WHAAAAA!!!

WOULD YOU QUIET HER DOWN! I'M-- I'M--

--But, Ma'am...

--Look, Above...

WHAT-- WHAT IS THAT?





--EEP! EEP!

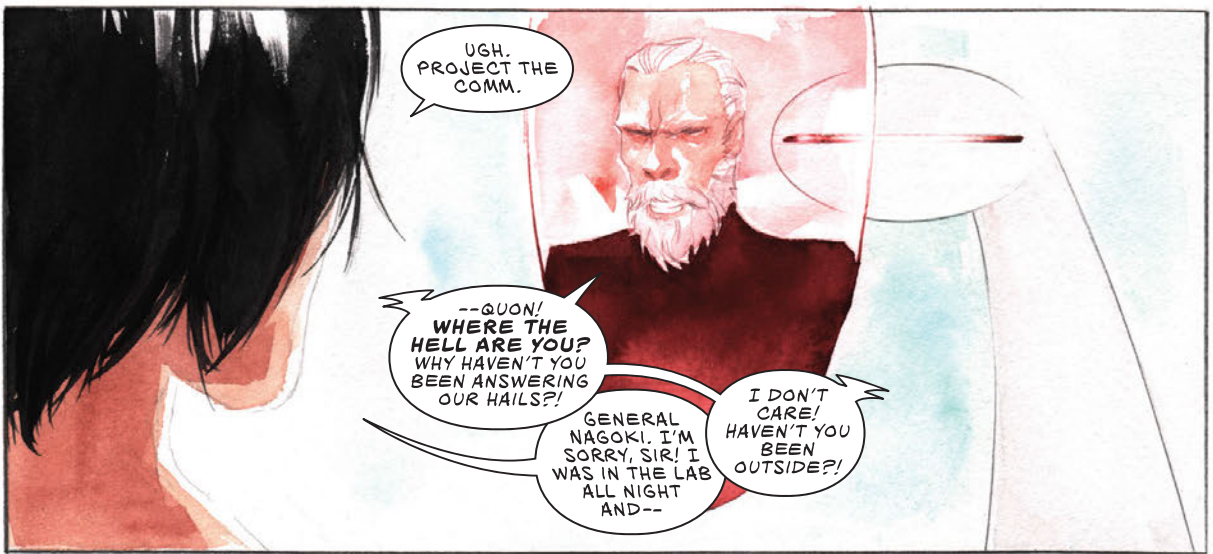


--EEP!
EEEP!

Excuse me
Dr. Quan, but you
have a **Priority
One** hail from the
United Galactic
Council.

SHUT THAT
DAMN ALARM
OFF. WHAT TIME
IS IT?

It is currently
nine forty-six
UGC time.



UGH.
PROJECT THE
COMM.

--QUON!
WHERE THE
HELL ARE YOU?
WHY HAVEN'T YOU
BEEN ANSWERING
OUR HAILS?!

GENERAL
NAGOKI, I'M
SORRY, SIR! I
WAS IN THE LAB
ALL NIGHT
AND--

I DON'T
CARE!
HAVEN'T YOU
BEEN
OUTSIDE?!



>SIGH: NO,
WHAT NOW? ARE
THE GNISHIANS
BLOCKADING THE
NIYRATIAN
SPACEWAY
AGAIN?



THIS IS NOT
THE GNISHIANS!--
WE NEED YOU,
DOCTOR. GET TO
CENTRAL TERMINAL
NOW!



OH!



"--WHAT DO WE KNOW?"

"NOTHING, DOCTOR. OUR SENSORS HAVE NOT BEEN ABLE TO PENETRATE THEIR OUTER SHELLS."



--OUR COMMS ARE NOT BEING ANSWERED. IT SEEMS--WELL, IT SEEMS **TOTALLY DORMANT.**

THE COUNCIL IS IN A PANIC, THEY'VE SCRAMBLED ALL AVAILABLE UGC WARSHIPS AND ARE WAITING TO LAUNCH A **FULL ASSAULT** IF WE CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT THE HELL THESE THINGS ARE.



MY GOD!

GOD? I DON'T THINK SO, DOCTOR QUON...

...IT'S A
MACHINE.





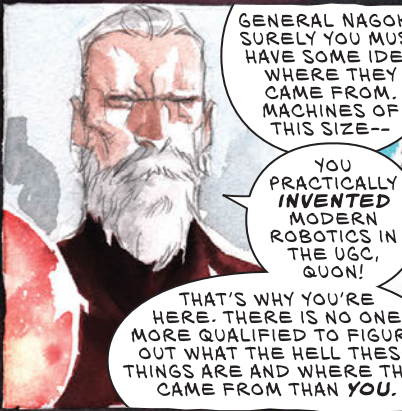


AND NOT JUST A MACHINE, QUON. THAT IS A ROBOT.

BUT I-- I DON'T-- YOU SAID THERE WERE OTHERS?



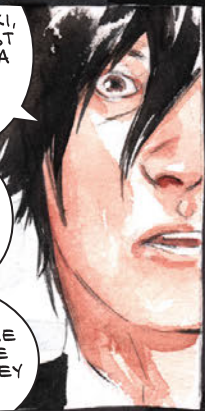
THERE ARE **EIGHT MORE** OF THESE THINGS, ORBITING THE OTHER EIGHT KEY WORLDS OF THE UGC. NOT IDENTICAL, BUT VERY SIMILAR IN SIZE AND SHAPE.



GENERAL NAGOKI, SURELY YOU MUST HAVE SOME IDEA WHERE THEY CAME FROM. MACHINES OF THIS SIZE--

YOU PRACTICALLY **INVENTED** MODERN ROBOTICS IN THE UGC, QUON!

THAT'S WHY YOU'RE HERE. THERE IS NO ONE MORE QUALIFIED TO FIGURE OUT WHAT THE HELL THESE THINGS ARE AND WHERE THEY CAME FROM THAN YOU.



I CAN GIVE YOU A TWENTY-FOUR HOUR WINDOW BEFORE WE LAUNCH A COMPLETE MILITARY ASSAULT.

THE UGC'S FULL RESOURCES ARE YOURS. JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU NEED AND IT'S YOURS.

I--



GENERAL, SOMETHING IS--



--HAPPEHING.

ITS EYES!



THE ENERGY FIELD AROUND IT IS SPIKING, I THINK IT'S GOING TO COMMUNICATE!

NO!



IT'S AN ATTACK!

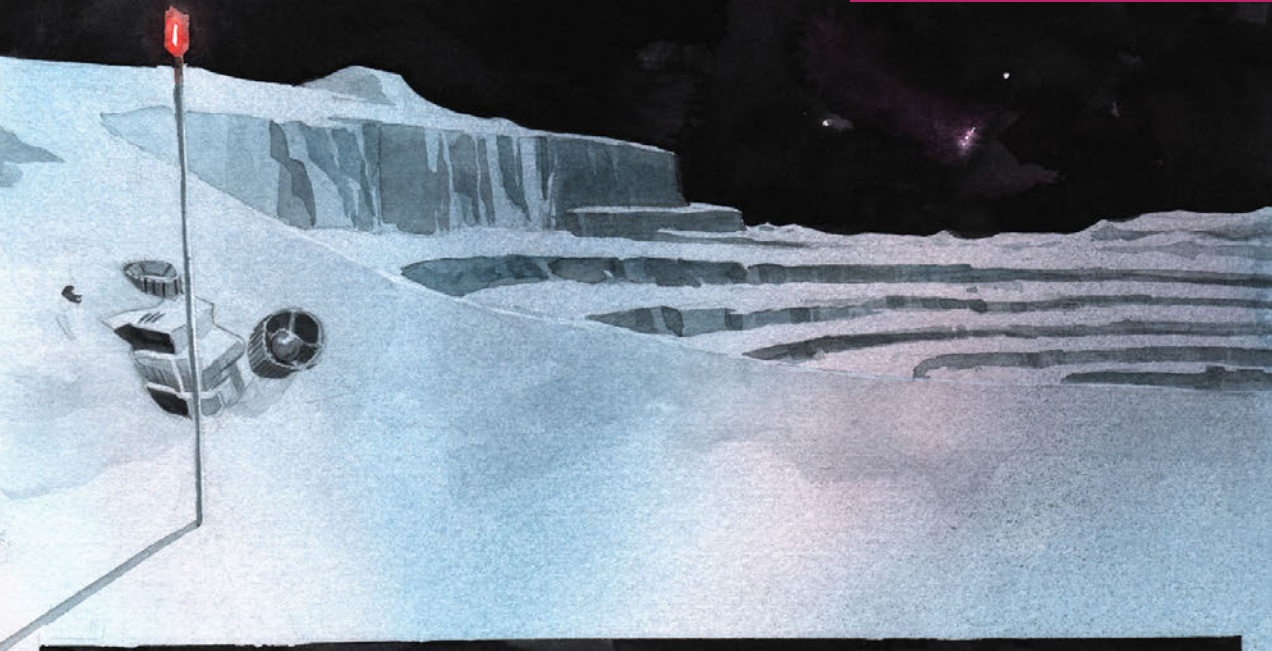
ARRRRGGHHH!!

D E S C E

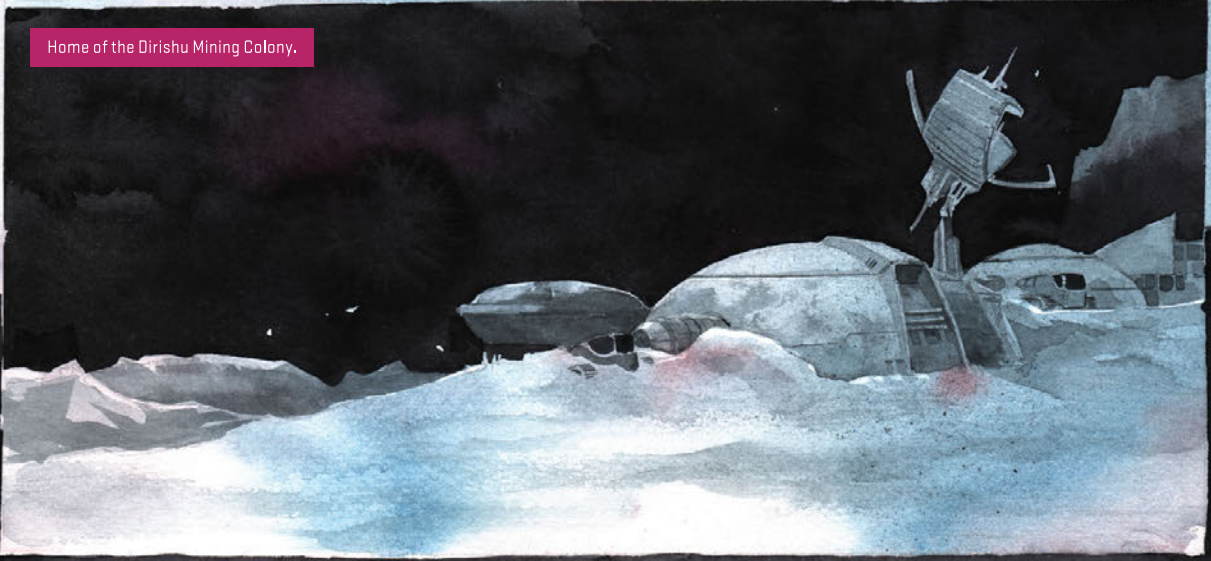


E N D E R

B O O K I : T I N S T A R S



Home of the Dirishu Mining Colony.



...Ten years later.



Current population: 1







!

SWIP



C--
COMPUTER.
ARE YOU
ACTIVE?

--kzzt--
Affirmative.
Hello Tim-21.

HOW--HOW
LONG HAVE
I BEEN
ASLEEP??



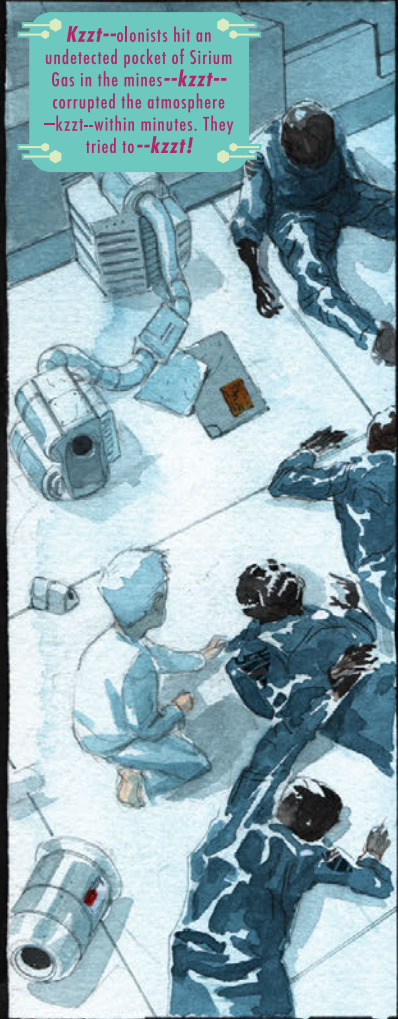
--You have been
asleep for nearly *ten*
years, Tim-21.

TEN
YEARS?!



AND ANDY?
...MOTHER?

The humans you call
"Andy" and "Mother" were
among the--kzzt!!



Kzzt--olonists hit an
undetected pocket of Sirium
Gas in the mines--kzzt--
corrupted the atmosphere
--kzzt--within minutes. They
tried to--kzzt!!



FRA!

COMPUTER? WHAT
WAS THAT?!

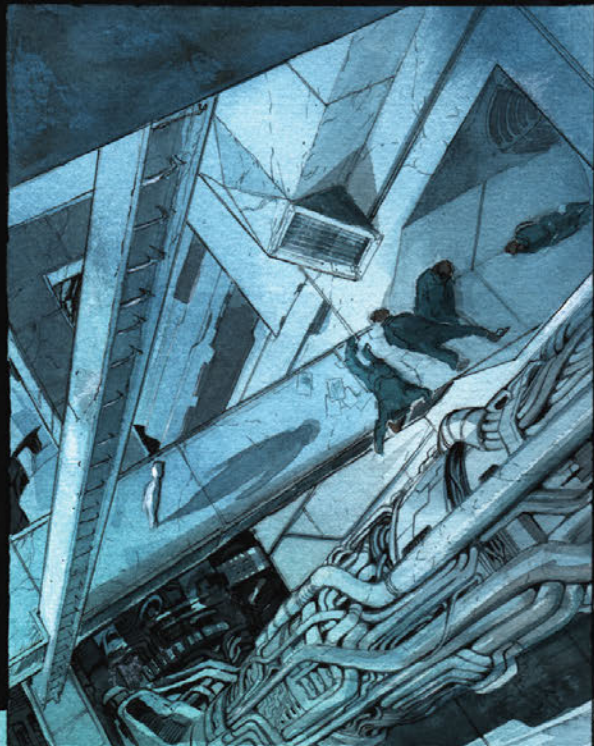
--kzzt--



COMPUTER,
PLEASE
ANSWER ME.



I--
I NEED
HELP.

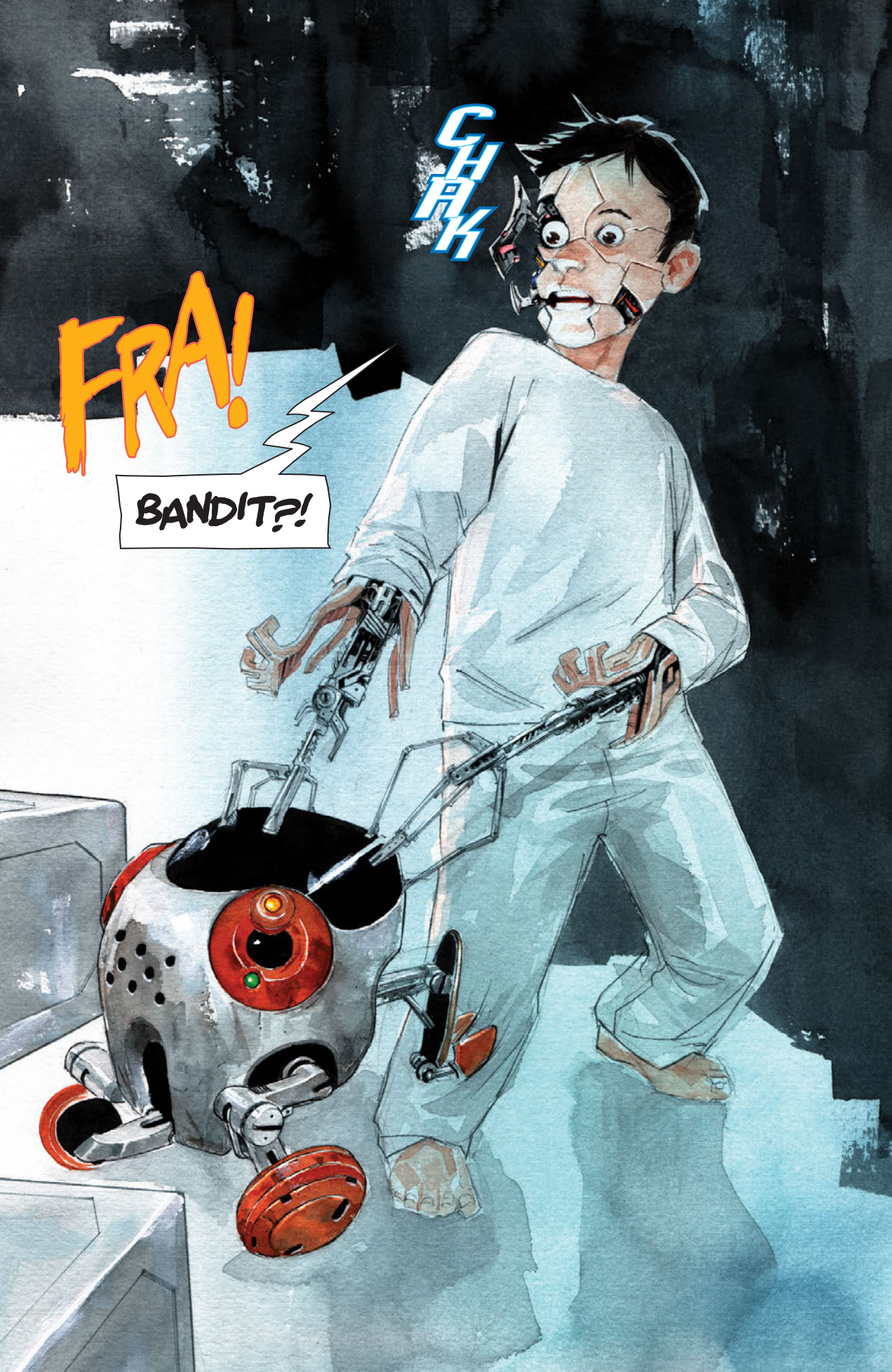




SHAK

FRA!

BANDIT?!



FRA! FRA!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S REALLY YOU! WHY ARE YOU TALKING LIKE THAT?



YOUR LANGUAGE CIRCUITS ARE ALL MIXED UP--HERE...

BLEEP



BLEEP

ü

--BACKWARDS. THERE, GOT IT.



THE MOON OF DIRISHU-6.

ARF! ARF!

I DON'T KNOW WHERE ANDY IS...OR MOTHER.

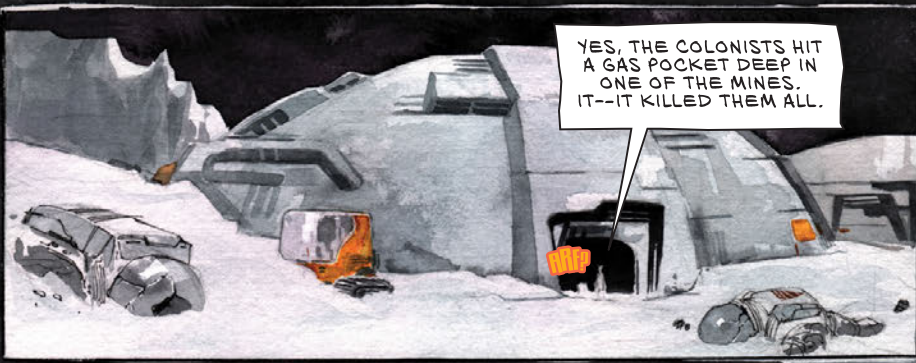
ARF! ARF!

WE'LL FIND THEM, BOY. I PROMISE.



YOU MUST HAVE BEEN SO LONELY. IT'S OKAY...I'M HERE NOW.

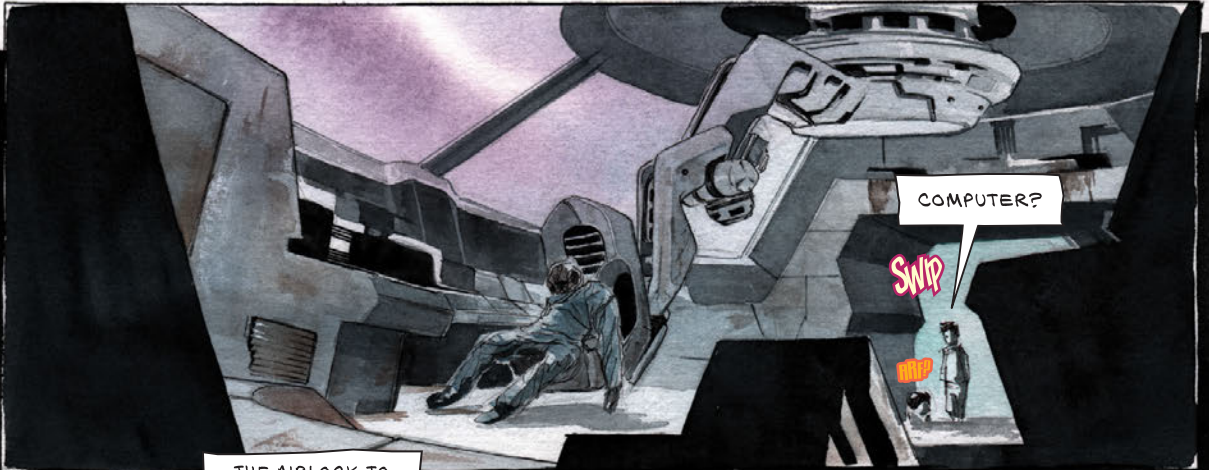




YES, THE COLONISTS HIT A GAS POCKET DEEP IN ONE OF THE MINES. IT--IT KILLED THEM ALL.

BUT TWO SHUTTLES ARE GONE, SO MAYBE--

LET'S CHECK THE COMMUNICATIONS HUB. MAYBE I CAN UPLINK WITH THE DATA NETWORK AND FIND OUT IF MOTHER AND ANDY WERE AMONG THOSE WHO ESCAPED.

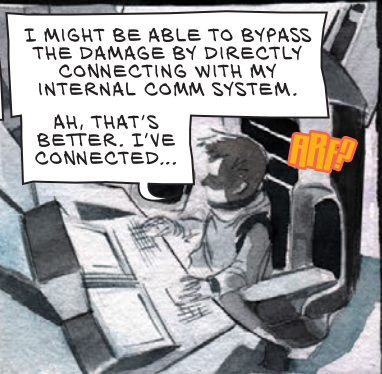


COMPUTER?

SNIP



THE AIRLOCK TO THE COMM HUB WAS COMPROMISED. THE SERVERS MUST HAVE BEEN DAMAGED FROM EXPOSURE.




I MIGHT BE ABLE TO BYPASS THE DAMAGE BY DIRECTLY CONNECTING WITH MY INTERNAL COMM SYSTEM.

AH, THAT'S BETTER. I'VE CONNECTED...



THAT'S ODD.


THERE ARE A NUMBER OF UNOPENED NEWS BLASTS ON THE COLONY'S DATA SERVERS...



--Nine of these massive machines have now been confirmed in orbit around the Core Worlds of the Magacosc. The United Galactic Council is stressing the need for calm. They assure us that they are investigating these mysterious--

--Galactic unrest in the wake of the Harvester attacks. The UGC is crumbling as tensions, many centuries old, are now boiling over.

The focus of THE HARVESTER attacks seems to have been citizens of the UGC and our planetary infrastructures, while our mechanical companions and helpers were mostly spared...



--Now under attack!
THE UGC is ordering a full
evacuation and are mobilizing
their warship in response!

--Niyrata is said to be on the verge of
falling as well. The death toll is now in the
hundreds of millions as these massive
robots--or Harvesters as they are being
called--are seemingly unstoppable.

--Reports now that all nine
Harvesters have simultaneously
vanished. We have no way of telling
if or when they may return.

Fearing a link between our own
robots and the Harvesters, anti-robot
fanaticism is sweeping across the galaxy,
resulting in widespread robot culls or a
Robot Genocide, as the spokesperson of
the A.I. Embassy called it.

ARF! ARF!



THE PLANET NIYRATA.

Formerly the technological hub of the United Galactic Council.

Current population:
1 Billion



--EEP! EEP!



UNGH--

--EEP!
EEEP!



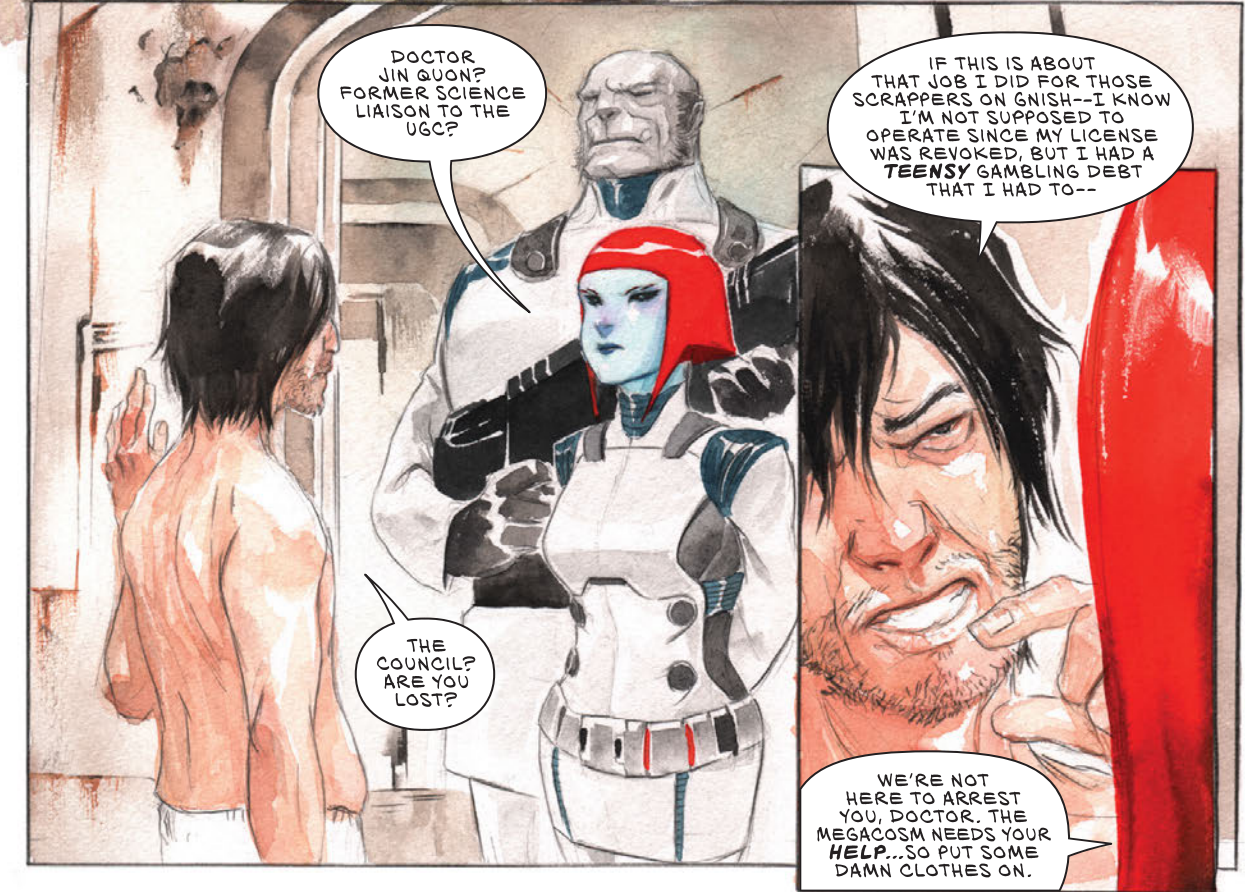
--SIGH--
I'M COMING,
GODAMMIT!
HOLD ON!

DOCTOR
JIN QUON?
FORMER SCIENCE
LIAISON TO THE
UGC?

THE
COUNCIL?
ARE YOU
LOST?

IF THIS IS ABOUT
THAT JOB I DID FOR THOSE
SCRAPPERS ON GNISH--I KNOW
I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO
OPERATE SINCE MY LICENSE
WAS REVOKED, BUT I HAD A
TEENSY GAMBLING DEBT
THAT I HAD TO--

WE'RE NOT
HERE TO ARREST
YOU, DOCTOR. THE
MEGACOSM NEEDS YOUR
HELP...SO PUT SOME
DAMN CLOTHES ON.





--PLEASE JUST A FEW CRED'S SO I CAN GET SOME FOOD.

GET LOST.

UH-- CAPTAIN TESLA WAS IT?



TELSA.

TELSA, RIGHT. UM--WHERE EXACTLY ARE WE GOING, CAPTAIN?



TELL ME YOUR THEORY, DR. QUON. THE CODEX THEORY YOU PROPOSED TO THE UGC EMERGENCY COUNCIL FOLLOWING THE HARVESTER ATTACKS.

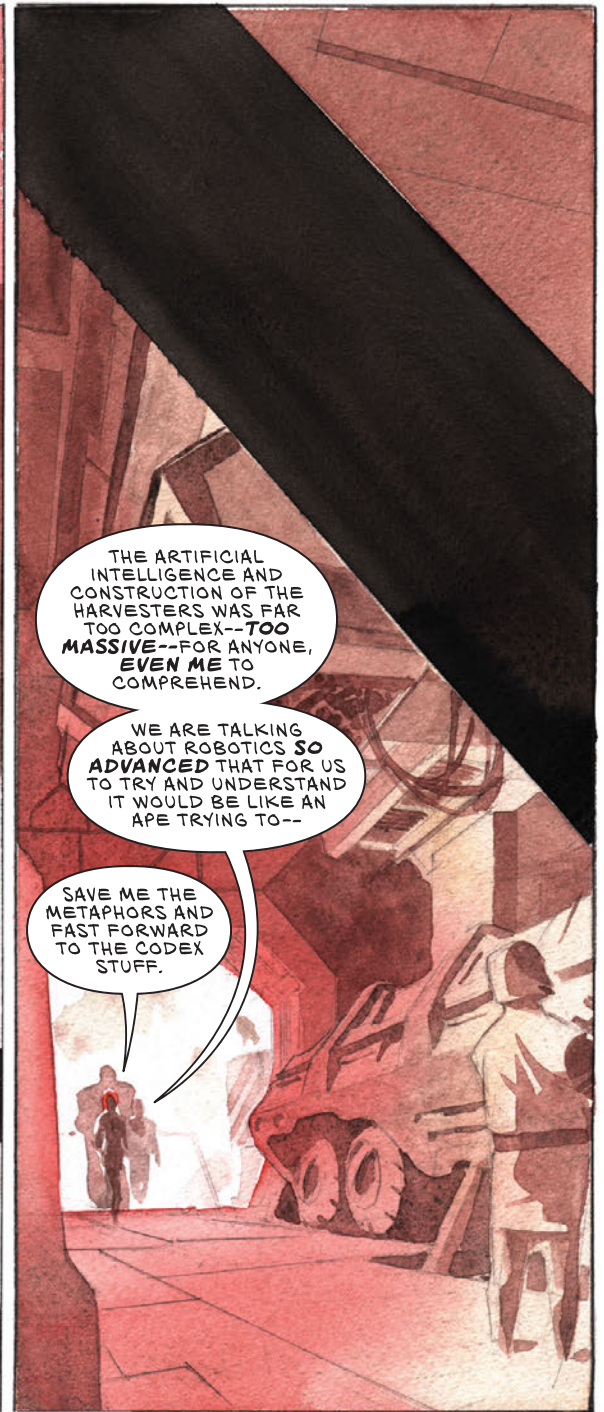
SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU ARE ALREADY WELL-VERSED IN MY HYPOTHESIS, CAPTAIN.

HUMOR ME.



HUMOR
HER.

UH--WELL, AS YOU KNOW I WAS ON THE FRONT LINES WHEN THE HARVESTERS FIRST APPEARED. I COLLECTED AN INCREDIBLE AMOUNT OF DATA IN THOSE SECONDS BEFORE THEY ATTACKED.



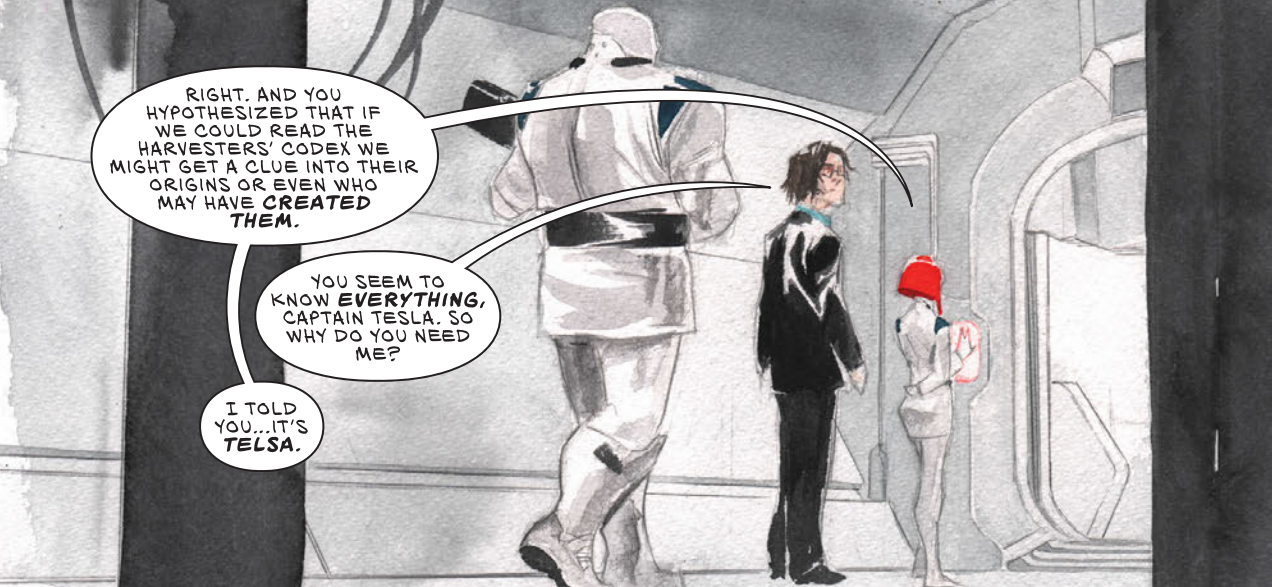
THE ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE AND CONSTRUCTION OF THE HARVESTERS WAS FAR TOO COMPLEX--**TOO MASSIVE**--FOR ANYONE, **EVEN ME** TO COMPREHEND.

WE ARE TALKING ABOUT ROBOTICS **SO ADVANCED** THAT FOR US TO TRY AND UNDERSTAND IT WOULD BE LIKE AN APE TRYING TO--

SAVE ME THE METAPHORS AND FAST FORWARD TO THE CODEX STUFF.



WELL, DESPITE THE HARVESTERS' COMPLEXITY, ALL ROBOTS HAVE A BASE MACHINE CODEX--MUCH LIKE US WITH OUR DNA--A DIGITAL FINGERPRINT UNIQUE TO EVERY MODEL OF ROBOT.



RIGHT, AND YOU HYPOTHESIZED THAT IF WE COULD READ THE HARVESTERS' CODEX WE MIGHT GET A CLUE INTO THEIR ORIGINS OR EVEN WHO MAY HAVE CREATED THEM.

YOU SEEM TO KNOW **EVERYTHING**, CAPTAIN TESLA. SO WHY DO YOU NEED ME?

I TOLD YOU...IT'S **TELSA**.




EXCUSE ME, **TELSA**. SO **TELSA**...WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE?

WELL, DOCTOR...THE CODEX HAS BEEN CRACKED.



WHAT?! WHEN?...BY WHOM? I SPENT YEARS WORKING ON THAT AND--



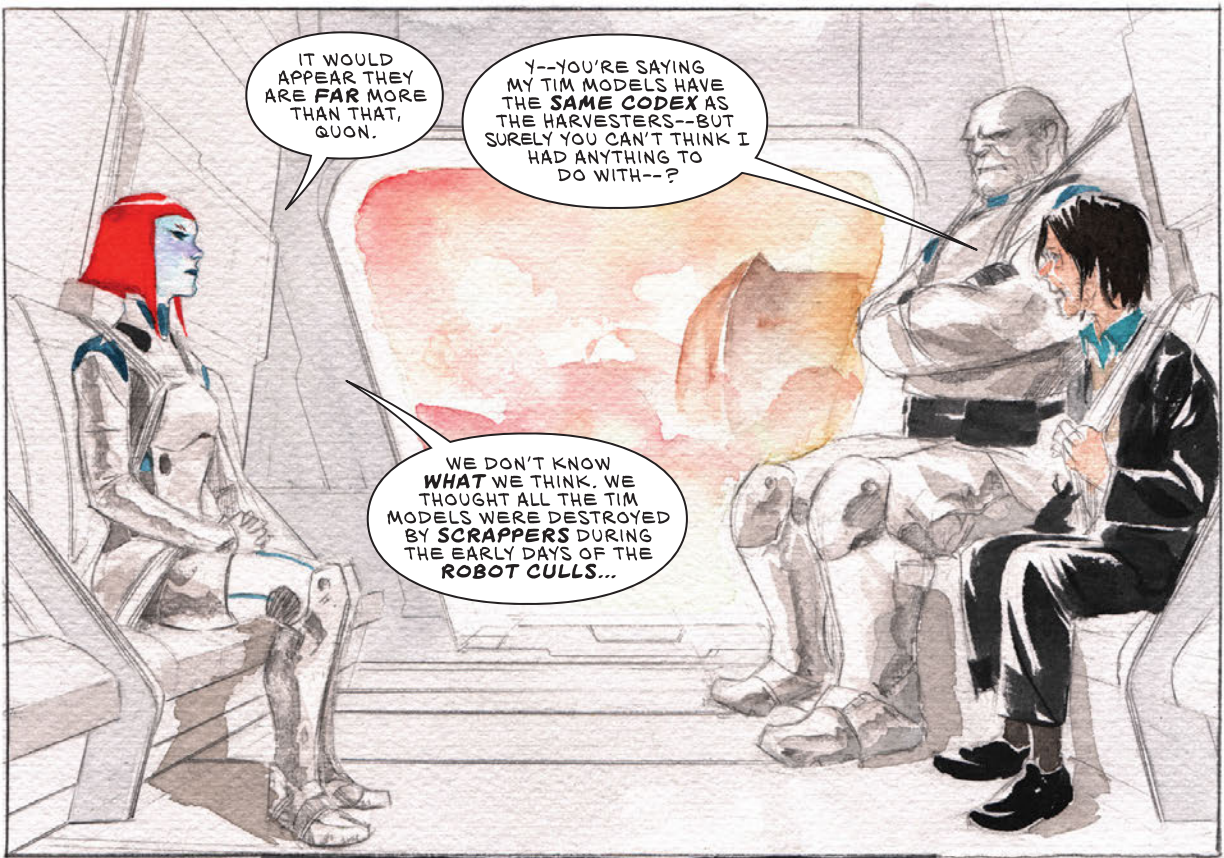
NOW THE GOOD PART...BY CROSS-REFERENCING THE HARVESTERS' CODEX WITH ALL KNOWN A.I.S. IN THE NETWORK, WE WERE ABLE TO FIND A **MATCH** TO AN EXISTING ROBOT MODEL.

...THE "TIM" ANDROID SERIES THAT YOU CREATED FIFTEEN YEARS AGO.



WHAT?! BUT THAT'S-- THE TIMS WERE JUST CHILD COMPANION BOTS!

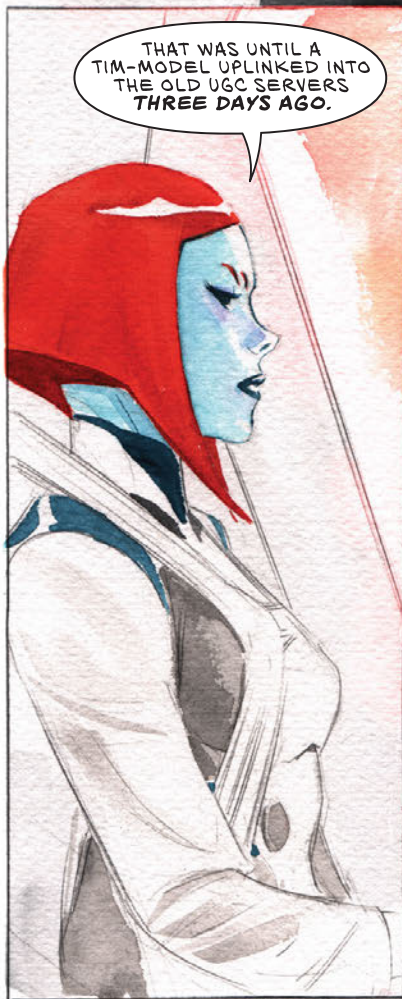
--AND YOU HAVEN'T **DONE MUCH** SINCE. BUT, UNLIKE YOU, OUR BEST EGGHEADS HAVEN'T FALLEN INTO A PIT OF SELF-LOATHING. THEY'VE KEPT TRYING.



IT WOULD APPEAR THEY ARE FAR MORE THAN THAT, QUON.

Y--YOU'RE SAYING MY TIM MODELS HAVE THE SAME CODEX AS THE HARVESTERS--BUT SURELY YOU CAN'T THINK I HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH--?

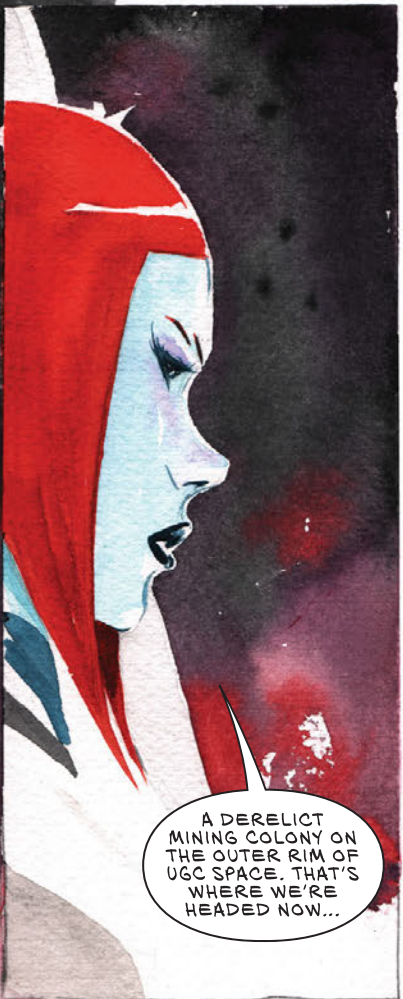
WE DON'T KNOW WHAT WE THINK. WE THOUGHT ALL THE TIM MODELS WERE DESTROYED BY SCRAPPERS DURING THE EARLY DAYS OF THE ROBOT CULLS...



THAT WAS UNTIL A TIM-MODEL UPLINKED INTO THE OLD UGC SERVERS THREE DAYS AGO.



"A TIM, ALIVE!? WHERE?"



A DERELICT MINING COLONY ON THE OUTER RIM OF UGC SPACE. THAT'S WHERE WE'RE HEADED NOW...

"...LET'S JUST HOPE WE GET THERE BEFORE SOMEONE ELSE DOES."

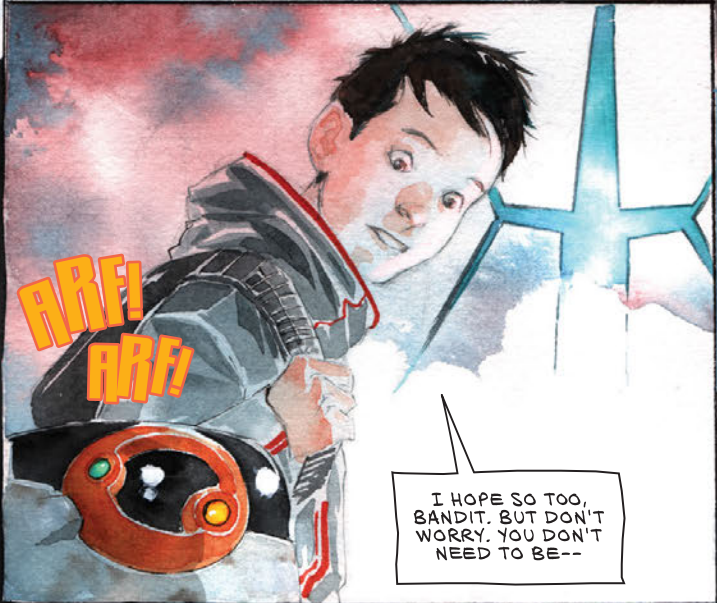
YOU WERE RIGHT BANDIT, IT IS A SHIP!



I DON'T KNOW WHO IT IS, BANDIT! BUT SOMEONE MUST HAVE HEARD OUR DISTRESS CALL!



ARF!
ARF!



I HOPE SO TOO, BANDIT. BUT DON'T WORRY, YOU DON'T NEED TO BE--



--SCARED.




I'D BE PLENTY SCARED IF I WAS YOU.

GRRRRR

CHAPTER TWO





Critical System Failure. Initiating memory back-up protocols...

Opening sub-portal.
Culling virtual memory banks—

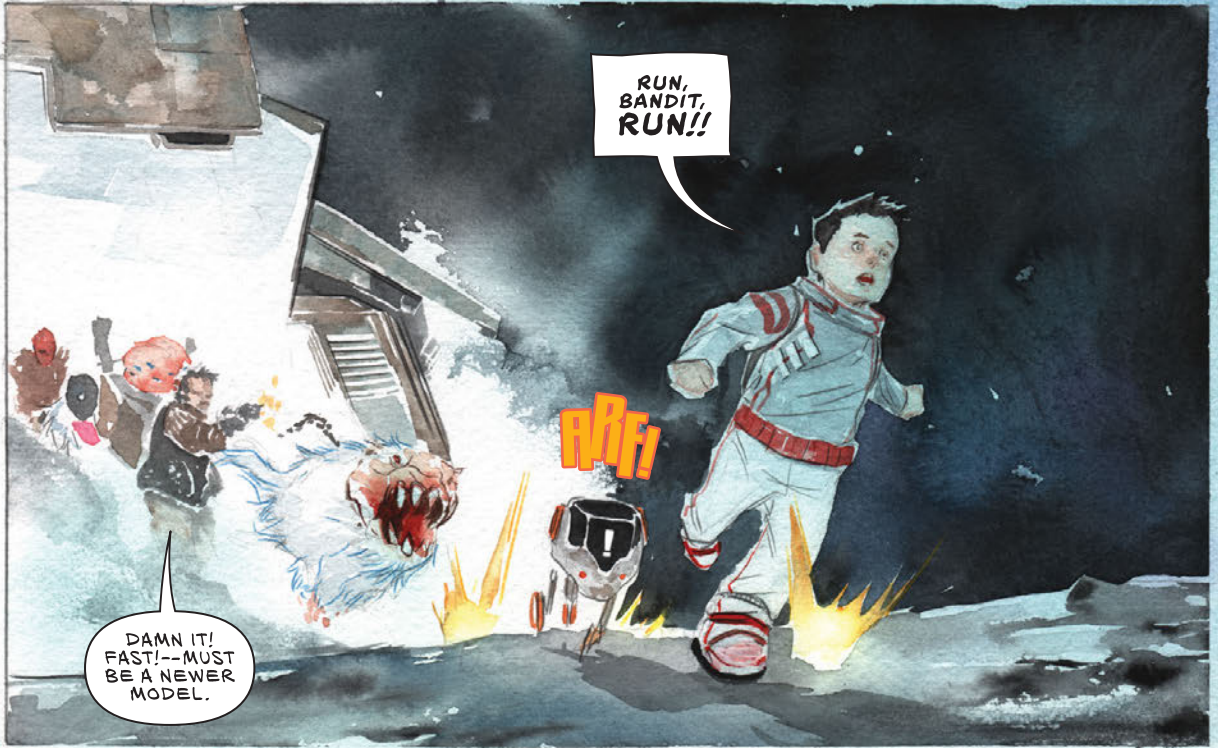
Emergency back-up
in progress...

Rrf!
Rrf!



WELL,
WELL... LOOKS
LIKE WE GOT US
A LIVE ONE,
BOYS.

Rrf!
Rrf!



RUN,
BANDIT,
RUN!!

DAMN IT!
FAST!--MUST
BE A NEWER
MODEL.

Rrf!

HELLO? CAN YOU HEAR ME? ARE YOU THERE?

I--YES. I AM ACTIVE.

VERY GOOD. MY NAME IS DOCTOR JIN QUON. AND YOU ARE TIM-21. CAN YOU SAY THAT?

T--TIM-21. I AM TIM-21.

EXCELLENT!

DO YOU KNOW YOUR **PRIMARY FUNCTION**, TIM?

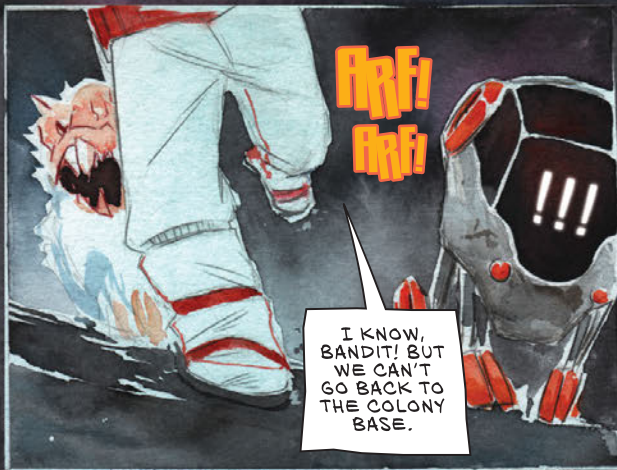
I AM A CLASS-A COMPANION ROBOT. MY PRIMARY FUNCTION IS TO ENTERTAIN, PROTECT AND ASSIST IN THE EDUCATION OF MY ASSIGNED HUMAN CHILD COMPANION.

SECONDARY FUNCTIONS INCLUDE USING MY PROPRIETARY EMPATHY SETTINGS TO ADAPT TO, AND GRADUALLY ASSIMILATE WITH, MY HUMAN COMPANIONS.

THAT'S EXACTLY RIGHT, TIM. ONCE YOUR ASSIGNMENT COMES IN YOU'LL TAKE A TRANSPORT TO ONE OF OUR MINING COLONIES AND MEET YOUR "FAMILY". ISN'T THAT EXCITING!

BUT...AREN'T YOU MY FAMILY? AREN'T YOU MY FATHER, DOCTOR JIN QUON?

HA! NO, TIM. I'M YOUR CREATOR AND DESIGNER. BUT THAT DOES **NOT** MAKE ME YOUR FAMILY. YOU HAVE NO REAL FAMILY. YOU AREN'T ALIVE. YOU DO UNDERSTAND THAT, DON'T YOU?



ARE YOU
READY FOR
YOUR BIG TRIP,
TIM?

I THINK SO,
DR. QUON. HOW LONG
WILL IT TAKE?

WELL, THE
DIRISHU-6 COLONY IS
IN THE FARTHEST REACHES
OF SPACE. NORMALLY WE
WOULD USE A **SHIFTSHIP** TO
JUMP THERE QUICKLY, BUT
SINCE THIS IS MOSTLY A SUPPLY
RUN YOU'LL BE TAKING A
SNAILCRAFT WITH NORMAL
FTL. IT WILL TAKE
THREE MONTHS.

THE CREW
WILL STAY IN
CRYO-GELL UNTIL
YOU REACH
DIRISHU
ORBIT.

WHY WON'T
I GO INTO
CRYOSLEEP,
DOCTOR,
QUON?

YOU'RE A ROBOT,
TIM. THERE IS NO NEED
FOR YOU TO SLEEP. I CAN
DEACTIVATE YOU IF YOU'D
LIKE. YOU CAN GO DARK
UNTIL THE TRIP
IS OVER.

BUT, I
THOUGHT YOU MIGHT
FIND YOUR FIRST
SPACE FLIGHT
INTERESTING.

YES...I THINK
I'D LIKE TO STAY
AWAKE. I'D LIKE
TO SEE SPACE.
BUT I'LL MISS YOU,
DR. QUON.

I'LL MISS YOU
TOO, TIM. BUT YOUR
NEW FAMILY IS
WAITING FOR YOU
OUT THERE...YOUR
NEW LIFE IS **JUST**
BEGINNING!



MOM!
THERE
HE IS!!

I SEE HIM!
SLOW DOWN,
ANDY.

HI! I'M
ANDY!

HELLO,
ANDY
TAVERS.
HELLO
MS. TAVERS.
I AM
TIM-21.

I KNOW
THAT SILLY!
WE'VE BEEN
WAITING FOR
YOU!

COME
ON, TIM!
I'LL SHOW
YOU OUR
ROOM!

...OUR
ROOM?



BANDIT! YOU
OKAY?

Arf!



**Arf
Arf
Arf?**

I KNOW,
I'M SCARED
TOO, BUT
WE HAVE TO
HIDE...



--THEY'RE
COMING!

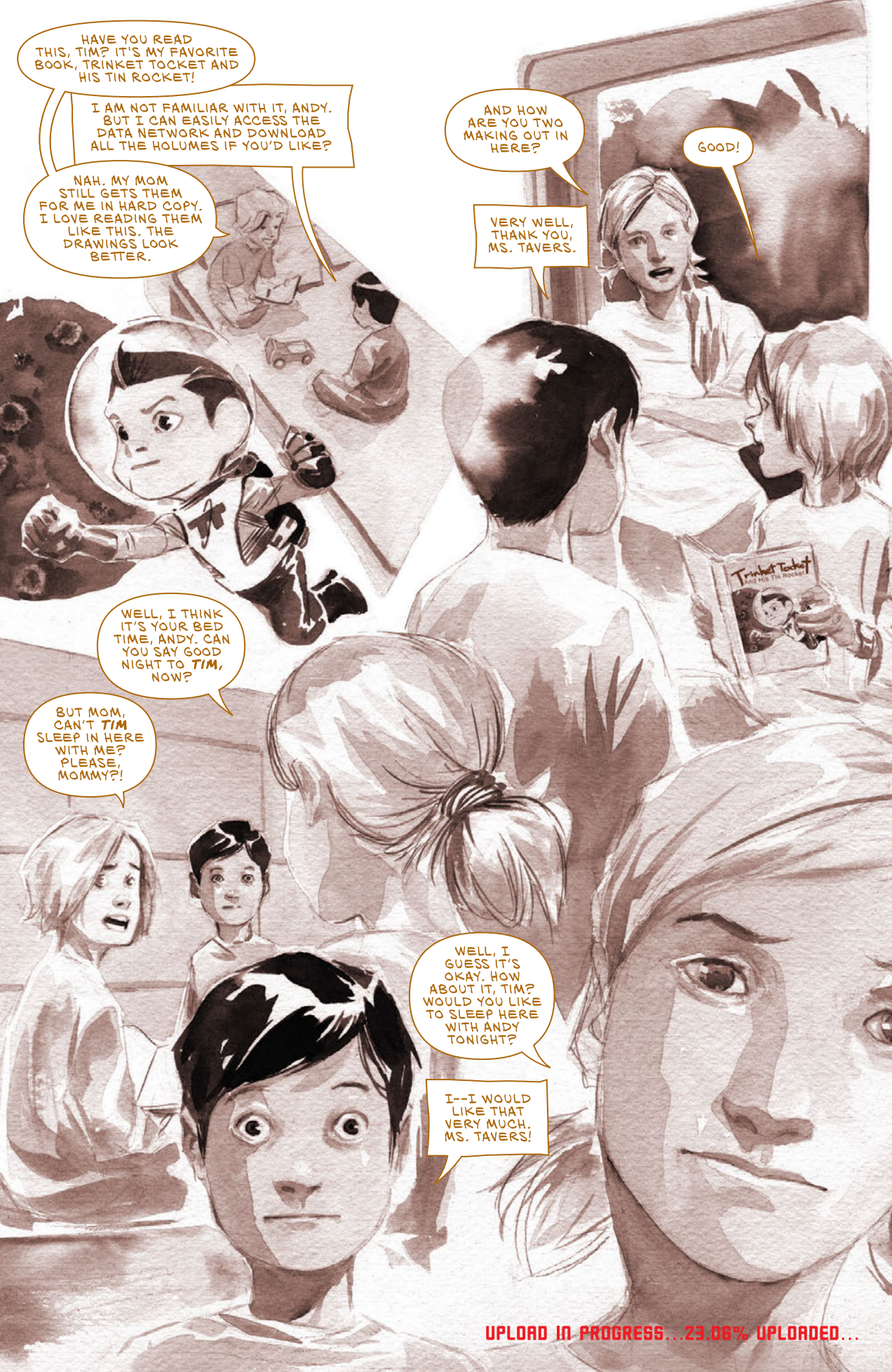


WHICH
WAY?

Arf!



I HOPE
YOU'RE
RIGHT!



HAVE YOU READ THIS, TIM? IT'S MY FAVORITE BOOK, TRINKET TOCKET AND HIS TIN ROCKET!

I AM NOT FAMILIAR WITH IT, ANDY. BUT I CAN EASILY ACCESS THE DATA NETWORK AND DOWNLOAD ALL THE HOLUMES IF YOU'D LIKE?

NAH. MY MOM STILL GETS THEM FOR ME IN HARD COPY. I LOVE READING THEM LIKE THIS. THE DRAWINGS LOOK BETTER.

AND HOW ARE YOU TWO MAKING OUT IN HERE?

GOOD!

VERY WELL, THANK YOU, MS. TAVERS.

WELL, I THINK IT'S YOUR BED TIME, ANDY. CAN YOU SAY GOOD NIGHT TO **TIM**, NOW?

BUT MOM, CAN'T **TIM** SLEEP IN HERE WITH ME? PLEASE, MOMMY?!

WELL, I GUESS IT'S OKAY. HOW ABOUT IT, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO SLEEP HERE WITH ANDY TONIGHT?

I--I WOULD LIKE THAT VERY MUCH, MS. TAVERS!



WHICH WAY, BOSS? SHOULD WE SPLIT UP?

YOU KIDDING ME? YOU IDIOTS'LL GET LOST IN THERE. WE STICK TOGETHER. THEY WENT IN THE LEFT TUNNEL.

YOU SURE.

'COURSE I'M SURE!



BOSS, WE GOT A PROBLEM. SCANNERS ARE PICKING UP A PRIORITY ONE ALERT FOR THIS BOT FROM THE OLD PLANETARY NETWORK CHANNELS.

HE'S **HANDS-OFF** AND THEY GOT A **UGC SHIFTSHIP** ON ROUTE TO PICK HIM UP.



HOW THE HELL IS THAT A PROBLEM?

WHEN DID WE START TAKING ORDERS FROM THE **UGC**? **GNISHIANS**'LL PAY TRIPLE FOR HIS PROCESSOR NOW.



"WE JUST HIT THE JACK-BOT, BOYS!"

HERE IT COMES!

UNGH--
TOO HIGH,
TIM!

HANG
ON, I'LL
GET IT!

ANDY, LOOK
OUT!

OH MY
GOD!
ANDY!

HOW MANY
TIMES HAVE I
TOLD YOU NOT TO
PLAY NEAR THE
TRANSPATH!

SORRY
MOM.

IT'S--IT'S
OKAY. THANK
GOD TIM WAS
HERE.

THANK
YOU, TIM.
THANK
YOU!



THIS WAY!



OH!



M-MOMMY?!

SURPRISE!!!

MOMMY?

SURPRISE, TIM!

I--I DON'T UNDERSTAND, ANDY?

IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY, SILLY!

IT'S BEEN ONE YEAR SINCE YOU ARRIVED IN THE COLONY, TIM. WE THOUGHT YOU WOULD LIKE A PARTY.

I--I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY.

I'VE BEEN WORKING SO HARD TO BECOME MORE LIKE YOU ALL. AND TO FIT IN. I JUST--THIS IS..

YOU'RE PART OF THE FAMILY NOW, TIM.

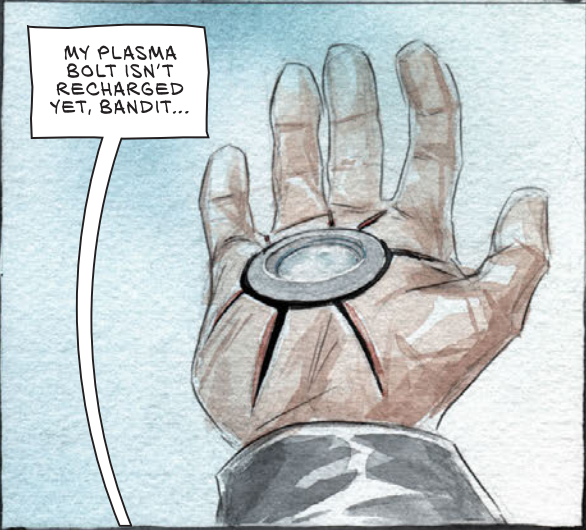
OPEN IT!

ARF! ARF!



T--THEY'RE COMING?

WHY ARE THEY DOING THIS?! WHY WON'T THEY LEAVE US ALONE!!



MY PLASMA BOLT ISN'T RECHARGED YET, BANDIT...



I--I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!



OKAY, BOYS...LIGHTS OUT.

COME ON MOM!

NO WAY, MISTER. IT'S ALREADY LATE. AND I HAVE TO HEAD OUT TO MINE 4. THEY HIT SOME KIND OF WEIRD POCKET. COMMAND WANTS ME TO CHECK IT OUT. SO I WANT YOU TWO ASLEEP!

OKAY, OKAY.

WHAT ABOUT YOU, TIM? WOULD YOU LIKE TO STAY ON TONIGHT?

NO...I'D LIKE TO SLEEP TOO. MAYBE I'LL DREAM.

MAYBE.

GOODNIGHT, TIM.

GOODNIGHT, MOMMY.

NOW,
THERE YOU ARE.
YOU GAVE US QUITE A
RUN THERE, LITTLE
ROBBIE.

THESE
PET-BOTS
WORTH
ANYTHING?

MAYBE
FIVE CRED
IF WE'RE
LUCKY.

BUT YOU...
YOU'RE A DAMN
GOLDMINE,
KID.



Bleep!--Plasma
Recharge complete



SON OF
A BITCH!

POOM

--KZZZ

!!



HE KILLED THE BOSS.

WHO CARES? MORE CRED\$ FOR US ONCE WE PULL THIS ONE'S PROCESSOR OUT.

HEH HEH... I LIKE THE WAY YOU THINK.

Ohh Ohh

UPLOAD IN PROGRESS... 1.3% UPLOADED...



BLEEP-HRRRMMM... HRRRMANSSS....

?

WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?

UPLOAD IN PROGRESS... 11.87% UPLOADED...



DRILLER HATE HRRMANS!!

OH SHIT!

CHA-CHAK

UPLOAD IN PROGRESS... 17.44% UPLOADED...



DRILLER REALLY REALLY HATE HRRMANS!!

ARRRGHH!

VRRRRR

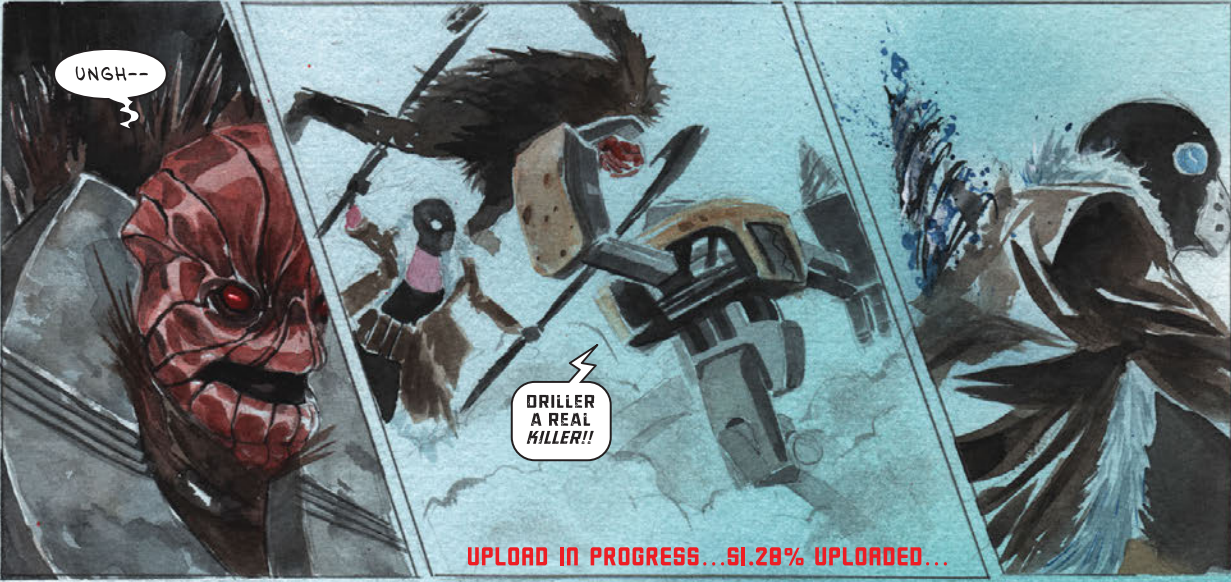
UPLOAD IN PROGRESS...23.06% UPLOADED...



DRILLER A KILLER!

POOM POOM

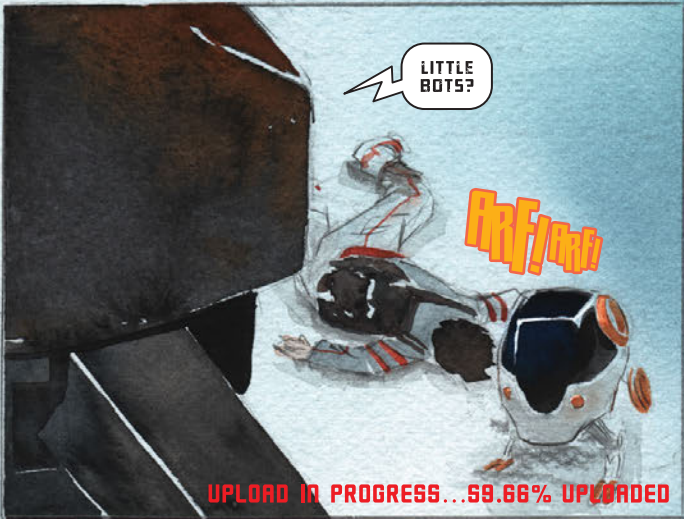
UPLOAD IN PROGRESS...46.06% UPLOADED...



UNGH--

DRILLER A REAL KILLER!!

UPLOAD IN PROGRESS...51.28% UPLOADED...



LITTLE BOTS?

RAFF/raff

UPLOAD IN PROGRESS...59.66% UPLOADED



LITTLE BOT BROKEN?

UPLOAD TERMINATED...

DRILLER DON'T
KNOW WHAT TO DO.
LITTLE BOT. DRILLER
DON'T KNOW WHAT
TO DO...

TIM-21
TOTAL SYSTEM
FAILURE.

TIM-21
TOTAL SYSTEM
FAILURE.

TIM-21
TOTAL SYSTEM
FAILURE.

TIM-21
TOTAL SYSTEM
FAILURE.

TIM-21
TOTAL SYSTEM
FAILURE.

ARF!
ARF!



CHAPTER THREE



WETA

TOTAL SYSTEM FAILURE



TOTAL SYSTEM F--



BANDIT?



Hello,
TIM-zi.



WHAT-?!



I have
been
waiting
for you.



WHO ARE YOU?

I was ERAZ-433.



WAS?

Yes. I have been destroyed... Just like you.



BUT--I'M NOT--

WHERE ARE WE?



We are home. This is where we all go.



I was sent to wait for you. Now we can go. Come.

WAIT!



ERAZ-433?



TOTAL SYSTEM FAILURE



ARF!
ARF!

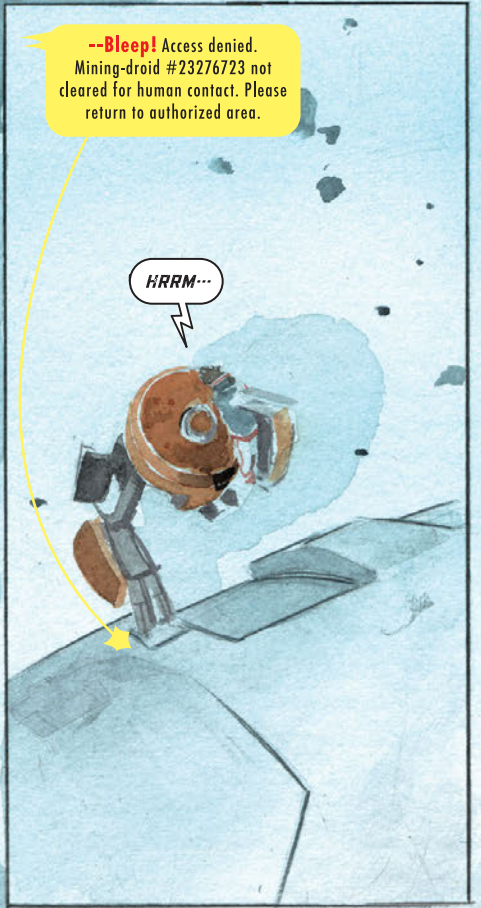


QUIET YAPPY-BOT!
DRILLER'S GOING
AS FAST AS
DRILLER CAN!



LITTLE-BOT HURT
BAD BAD. MAYBE
SCRAPPED
ALREADY. DRILLER
NEEDS HELP!

ARF!



--Bleep! Access denied.
Mining-droid #23276723 not
cleared for human contact. Please
return to authorized area.

HRRM...



Proximity



Arf! Arf!

I TOLD YA, DRILLER DON'T SPEAK DOG-BOT!



Arf! Arf! Arf!



SHUSH IT! DRILLER AIN'T TOO SMART.. GOTTA THINK!



Wham

DRILLER AIN'T NO MED-BOT! DRILLER TOO DUMB TO FIGURE OUT WHY THEY AIN'T WORKING! LITTLE BOT'S GONNA SPARK OFF AND STUPID DRILLER TOO STUPID TO FIX HIM!

Arf! Arf!

--Kzzt--Proximity alert. Unknown spacecraft detected in Colony orbit.



Arf!

HRRM...



"--NOW
EXITING
SHIFTSPACE,
CAPTAIN."

THANK YOU,
MR. TULLIS. OPEN
A HAIL TO THE
DIRISHU COLONY. I
DON'T EXPECT AN
ANSWER, BUT YOU
NEVER KNOW.

YOU SAID
THE COLONY
WAS DERELICT,
TELSA. WHAT
HAPPENED
HERE?



NOT
TOTALLY
SURE,
QUON.



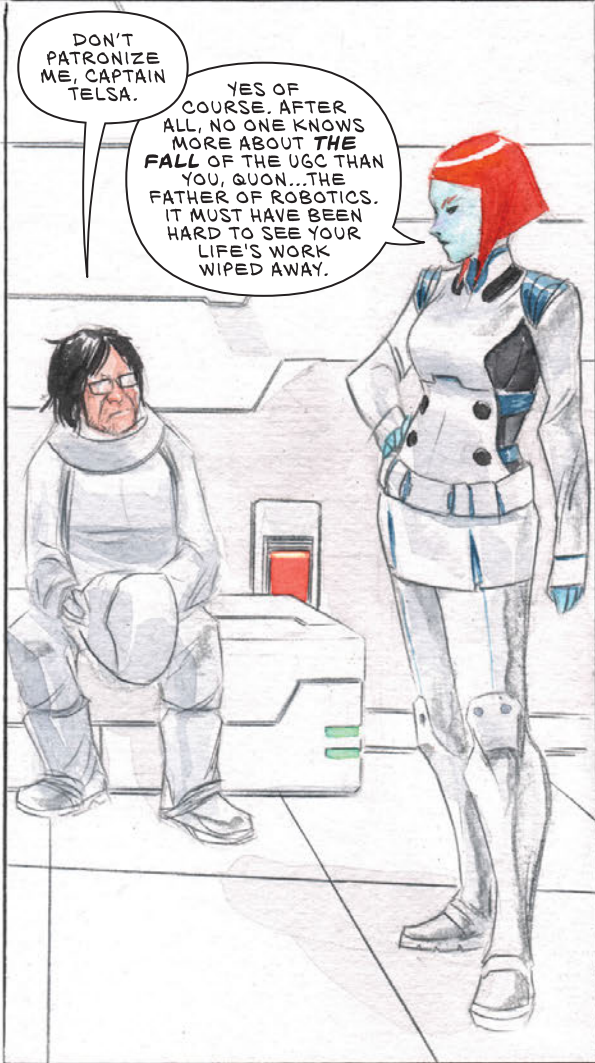
SOMETHING
TO DO WITH A
FATAL GAS LEAK.
THE COLONY WENT
DARK DURING THE
HARVESTER
ATTACKS.



DIDN'T THE UGC SEND ANYONE TO INVESTIGATE?



NOT SURE IF YOU NOTICED, DOC... BUT THE COUNCIL HAS ITS HANDS A BIT FULL. WHAT WITH THE MEGACOSM FALLING TO PIECES AND ALL.



DON'T PATRONIZE ME, CAPTAIN TELSA.

YES OF COURSE. AFTER ALL, NO ONE KNOWS MORE ABOUT THE FALL OF THE UGC THAN YOU, QUON... THE FATHER OF ROBOTICS. IT MUST HAVE BEEN HARD TO SEE YOUR LIFE'S WORK WIPED AWAY.



THE ROBOT CULLS WERE BARBARIC. I STOOD AGAINST THEM. BUT THAT DOESN'T MAKE ME THE ENEMY, TELSA.

ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THAT?

WHAT IS THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?



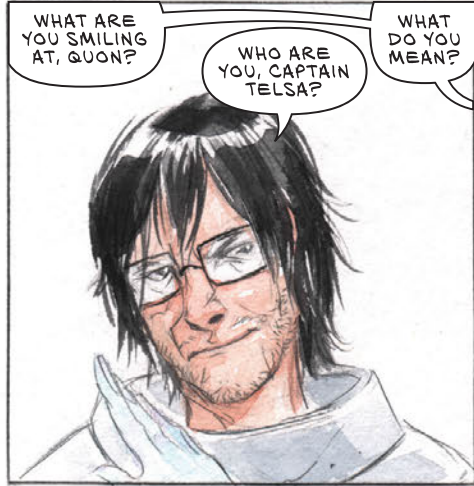
THE TIM SERIES... YOUR GREAT ACHIEVEMENT. IF THIS BOY IS LINKED TO THE HARVESTERS... THAT WOULD MAKE YOU LINKED TO THE HARVESTERS, QUON.



WHA--?! I-I WAS CLEARED OF ALL CHARGES YEARS AGO! YOU SAID YOURSELF I WASN'T A SUSPECT. I'M HERE TO HELP!



OF COURSE YOU ARE, DOCTOR. AND YOU'RE RIGHT, YOU'RE NOT OUR PRISONER...NOT YET ANYWAY.



WHAT ARE YOU SMILING AT, QUON?

WHO ARE YOU, CAPTAIN TELSQA?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



I MEAN, WHY WERE YOU SELECTED FOR THIS MISSION? IT'S TOO IMPORTANT TO TRUST WITH **JUST ANY** UGC THUG.

THAT'S NONE OF YOUR--

CAPTAIN! WE GOT SOME BAD NEWS!



WHAT IS IT, TULLIS?

ANOTHER SHIP'S ION SIGNATURE IS STILL PRESENT IN ORBIT. SOMEONE BEAT US HERE...

SCRAPPERS! HAS TO BE. GNISHYS MUST HAVE PICKED UP THE TIM-BOT'S SIGNAL TOO.



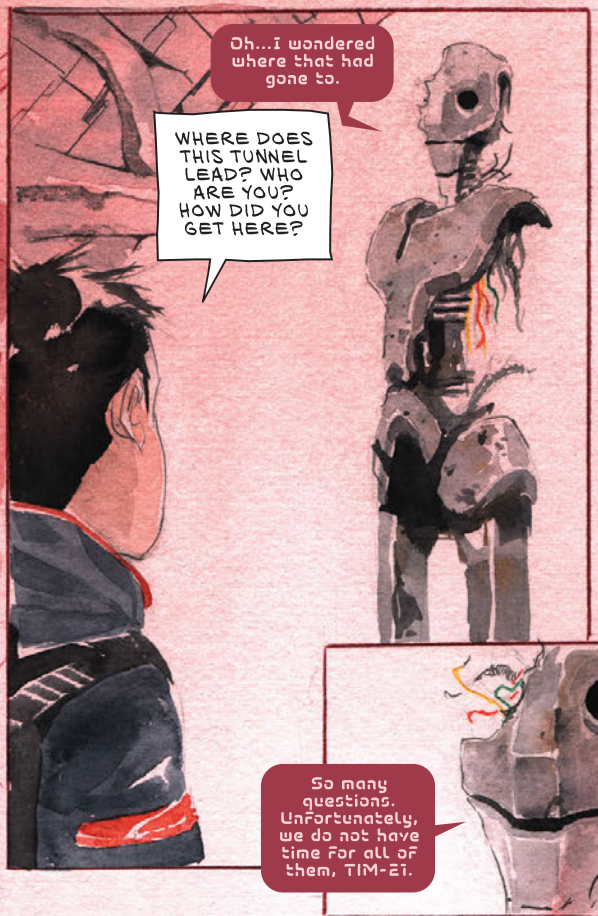
OPEN THE SHIP ARMORY AND PREPARE FOR LANDING, MR. TULLIS.

AYE, CAPTAIN.

YOU WANT TO SEE ME PLAY AT BEING A THUG, QUON? WELL, YOU'RE ABOUT TO GET YOUR CHANCE.



HELLO?
ERAZ?



Dh...I wondered
where that had
gone to.

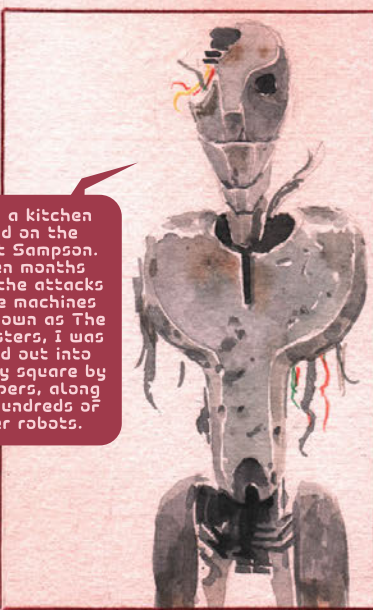
WHERE DOES
THIS TUNNEL
LEAD? WHO
ARE YOU?
HOW DID YOU
GET HERE?



So many
questions.
Unfortunately,
we do not have
time for all of
them, TIM-Zi.



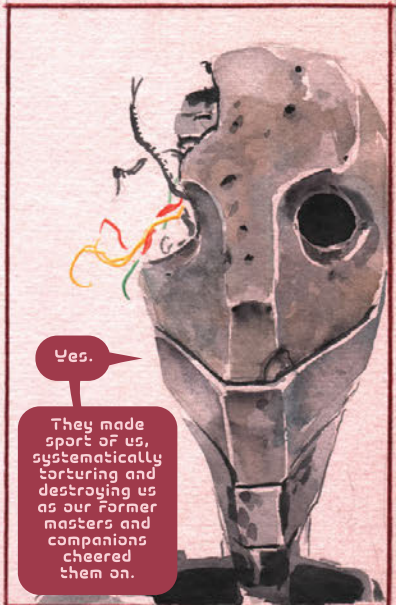
HOW DID YOU GET HERE?



I was a kitchen droid on the planet Sampson. Seven months after the attacks by the machines now known as The Harvesters, I was pulled out into the city square by Scrappers, along with hundreds of other robots.



SCRAPPERS? WERE--WERE THEY THE ONES WHO HURT ME?



Yes.

They made sport of us, systematically torturing and destroying us as our former masters and companions cheered them on.



BUT...WHY?



Because they fear us, TIM-Zi.

Because they were hurt and they wanted to hurt something back.

Because they are human.



AND THIS PLACE?



You will see. Please, Follow.



WAIT!



KT-SHHHHHH

NO LIFE READINGS, CAPTAIN.

THE SCRAPPERS HAVE JAMMED OUR SCANNERS BEFORE. BE READY FOR ANYTHING.



STAY IN THE SHIP, DOCTOR.

I'M NOT A CHILD, TELSA. I CAN HANDLE MYSELF.



I'M SURE THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AF--
Arf!



HURRRMANS!!



SHIT.



YOU WANNA KILL ME,
HUMES?! DRILLER A KILLER!
DRILLER A REAL KILLER!

WwlpWwlp



TULLIS!

...I HAVE THIS, CAPTAIN.



--UNGH!



GOT NOTHING HUME. DRILLER GOT YOU!



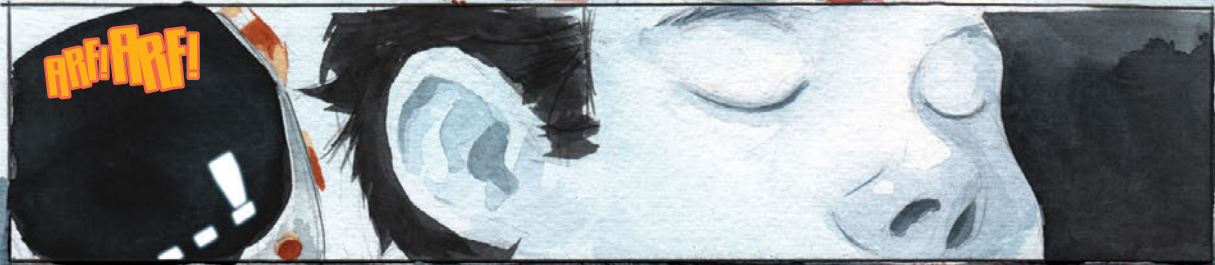
NO... YOU DON'T.





HE-- HE'S...

Arf!



Arf! Arf!



E-ERAZ-435?



THE EQUIPMENT HERE IS DEAD. GET HIM TO THE SHIP!



OH!



Join us, TIM-21...we
are the discarded and
destroyed. We are
The Harvested.



DOCTOR, YOU'RE UP--FIX HIM. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE THIS BOT!

Rrf!



I--UH...



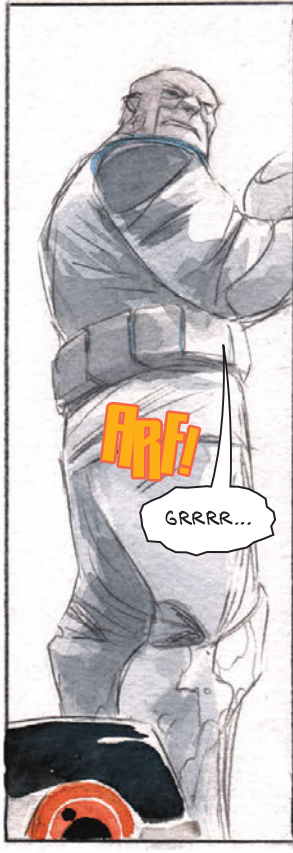
QUON!

Rrf!
Rrf!



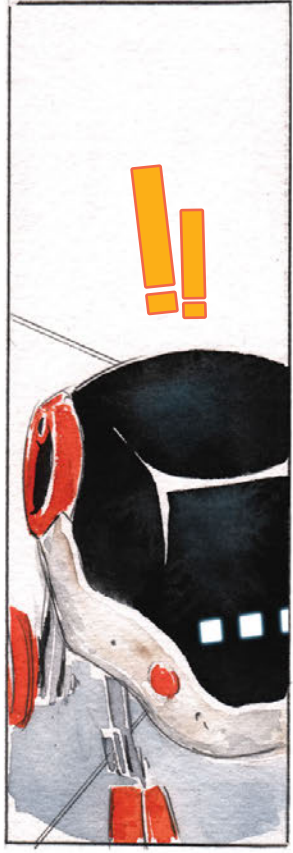
YES--YES-- GIVE ME SPACE AND SHUT THAT DAMN THING UP!

Rrf!
Rrf!



Rrf!

GRRR...



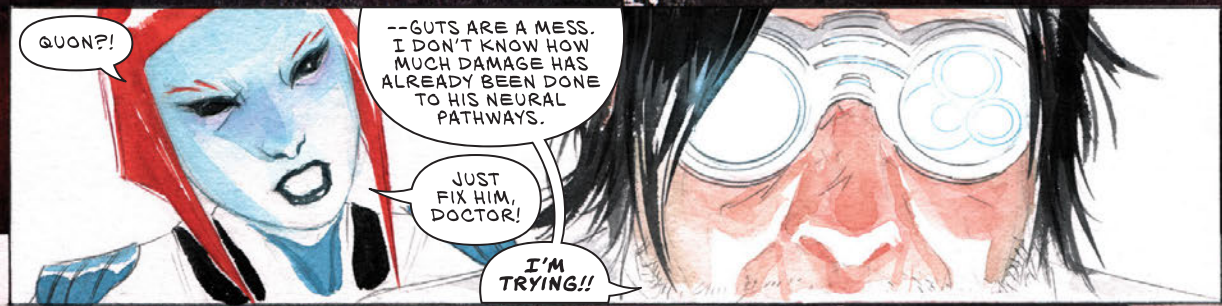
!!



COMPUTER--CLOSE ALL ORBITAL DATA NETWORK PORTALS IMMEDIATELY! WE NEED TO SAVE AS MUCH OF HIS UPLOADED MEMORY AS WE CAN BEFORE IT'S LOST IN THE OLD SERVERS.

UGC-COLONIAL OVERRIDE. CLOSING LOCAL PORTALS.





QUON?!

--GUTS ARE A MESS. I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH DAMAGE HAS ALREADY BEEN DONE TO HIS NEURAL PATHWAYS.

JUST FIX HIM, DOCTOR!

I'M TRYING!!



NO!!

Find us, Tim-21.



COME ON...

RETRIEVING RECENT DATA PURGE...



NO!

Find us!



--FIND US.



D-DOCTOR QUON?



TIM-21?! YOU REMEMBER ME?



YES... I REMEMBER. THERE ARE SOME GAPS-- BUT I REMEMBER YOU.

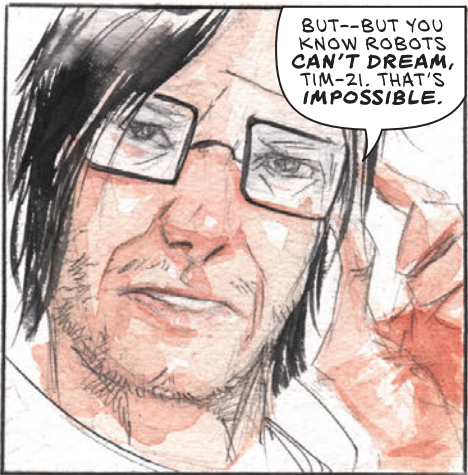


BANDIT! I'M OKAY, BOY.

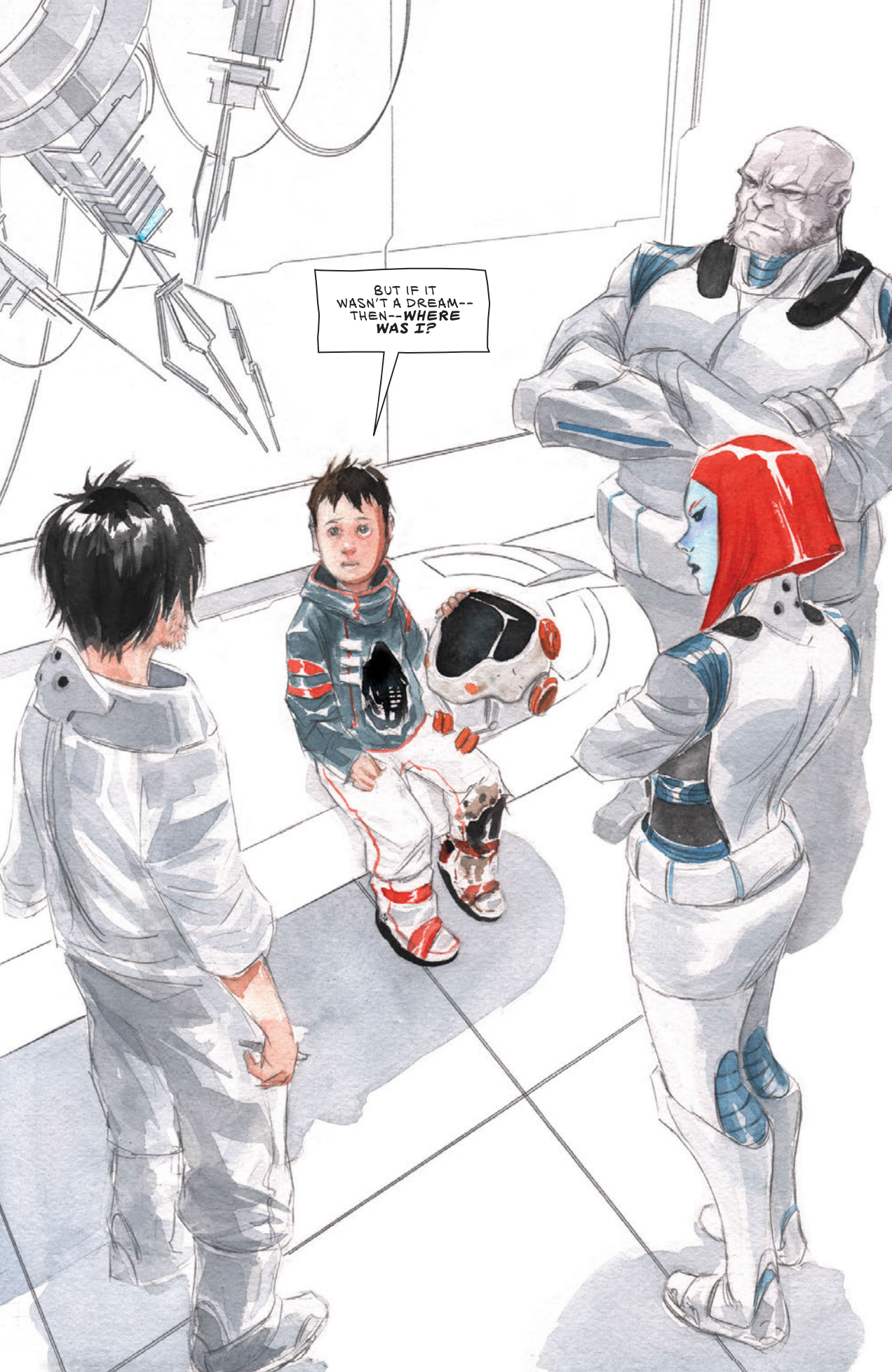
Prrr!



I HAD-- I HAD THE STRANGEST DREAM DOCTOR QUON. I SAW ALL THE ROBOTS-- ALL THE ROBOTS WHO HAVE BEEN DESTROYED.



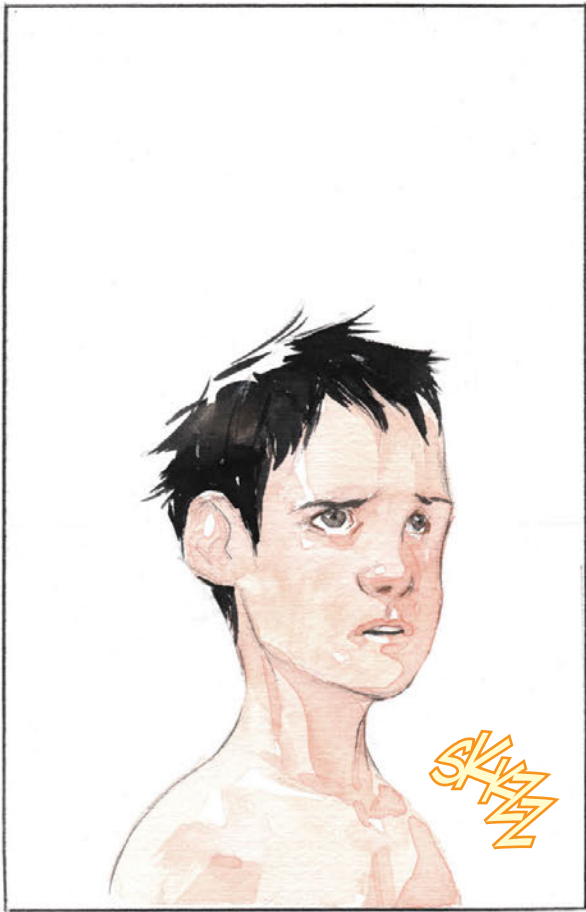
BUT-- BUT YOU KNOW ROBOTS CAN'T DREAM, TIM-21. THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE.



BUT IF IT
WASN'T A DREAM--
THEN--WHERE
WAS I?

CHAPTER FOUR





SKZZZ

--I DON'T REMEMBER DYING. I--I JUST REMEMBER WAKING UP IN THAT PLACE. IT WAS A BIG PLACE...AND I WAS ALL ALONE.



VZZZT

AND THEN I WASN'T ALONE. THERE WAS **ANOTHER LITTLE BOT** THERE. AND HE WAS HURT AND HE TOLD ME SOME **BAD THINGS**.

HOLD STILL, TIM-ZI. I'M ALMOST DONE.

OH...I'M SORRY, DOCTOR QUON.





THERE...THAT'S THE BEST I CAN DO UNTIL WE GET BACK TO NIYRATA AND I HAVE PROPER TOOLS TO WORK WITH.

AS LONG AS HE'S OPERATIONAL, QUON.

THIS DREAM THING IS WORRYING ME.

VZZT



YES, TIM-21, AS I SAID, YOU DO REALIZE THAT THIS "DREAM" COULD NOT BE REAL?

I REALIZE THAT DR. QUON, YET I WAS THERE, IN THAT PLACE, WHATEVER IT WAS.

LOOK, LET'S GET BACK TO YOUR TIME ON THE MINING COLONY...YOU SAID YOU WERE INACTIVE FOR MOST OF THE LAST TEN YEARS?




YES. MY-- MY MOTHER WOULD SHUT ME DOWN AT NIGHTS SO I COULD "SLEEP" JUST LIKE ANDY DID.




ANDY?

ANDY WAS MY BROTHER.




AND YOUR--YOUR MOTHER, TIM-21. SHE WAS A MINER?

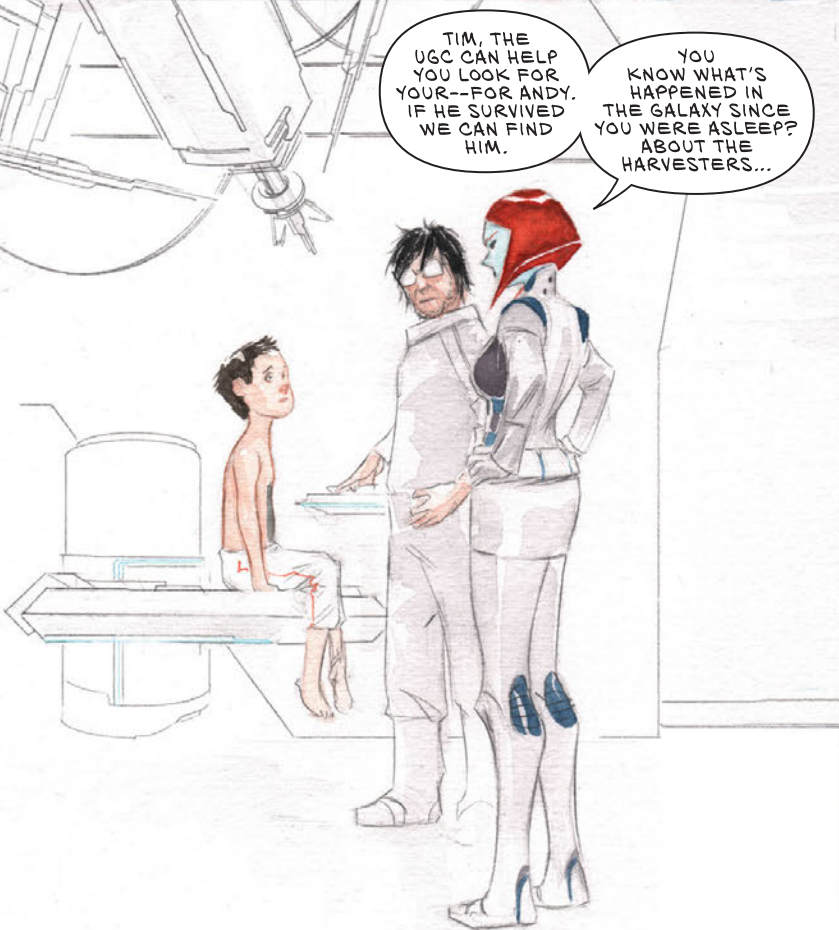
I KNOW SHE WAS NOT **REALLY** MY MOTHER, DR. QUON. SHE WAS THE MOTHER OF ANDY. THE BOY I WAS ASSIGNED TO KEEP COMPANY. BUT THEY--



SHE WAS ONE OF THE MINERS, YES. I-- I FOUND HER WHEN THOSE BAD MEN, THE SCRAPPERS, CAME. SHE WAS--SHE WAS DEAD.




BUT DOCTOR, I DID NOT SEE ANDY THERE. A FEW SHUTTLES WERE MISSING. COULD HE HAVE GOTTEN AWAY?

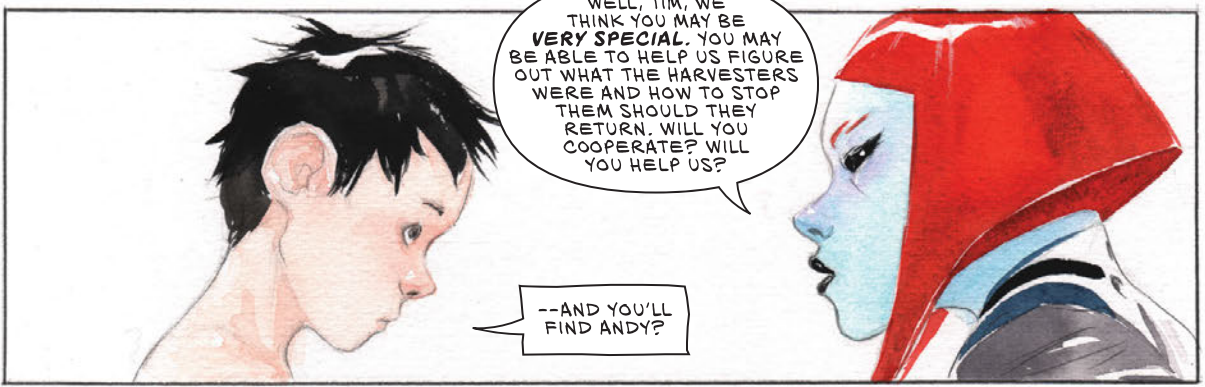


TIM, THE UGC CAN HELP YOU LOOK FOR YOUR--FOR ANDY. IF HE SURVIVED WE CAN FIND HIM.

YOU KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED IN THE GALAXY SINCE YOU WERE ASLEEP? ABOUT THE HARVESTERS...



YES...WHEN I ACCESSED THE COMPUTERS I SAW IT ALL.



WELL, TIM, WE THINK YOU MAY BE **VERY SPECIAL**. YOU MAY BE ABLE TO HELP US FIGURE OUT WHAT THE HARVESTERS WERE AND HOW TO STOP THEM SHOULD THEY RETURN. WILL YOU COOPERATE? WILL YOU HELP US?

--AND YOU'LL FIND ANDY?



I WILL DO MY BEST, TIM. I PROMISE.

THEN I WILL HELP. I PROMISE TOO.



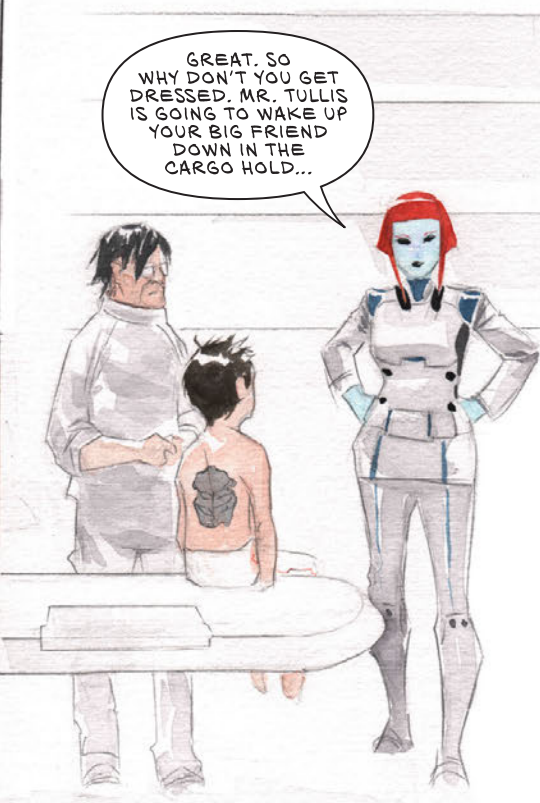
I WAS DESIGNED TO HELP PEOPLE, RIGHT DOCTOR QUON?



THAT'S RIGHT. ALL THE TIMS WERE DESIGNED TO HELP AND PROTECT THEIR HUMAN COMPANIONS.



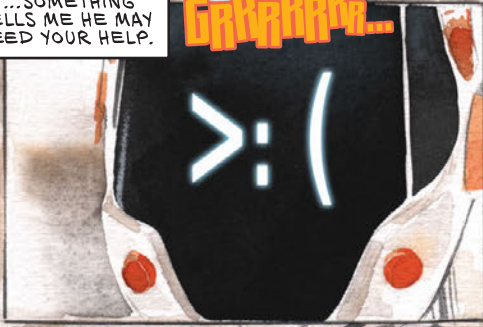
THEN THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO! I'LL HELP!



GREAT. SO WHY DON'T YOU GET DRESSED. MR. TULLIS IS GOING TO WAKE UP YOUR BIG FRIEND DOWN IN THE CARGO HOLD...

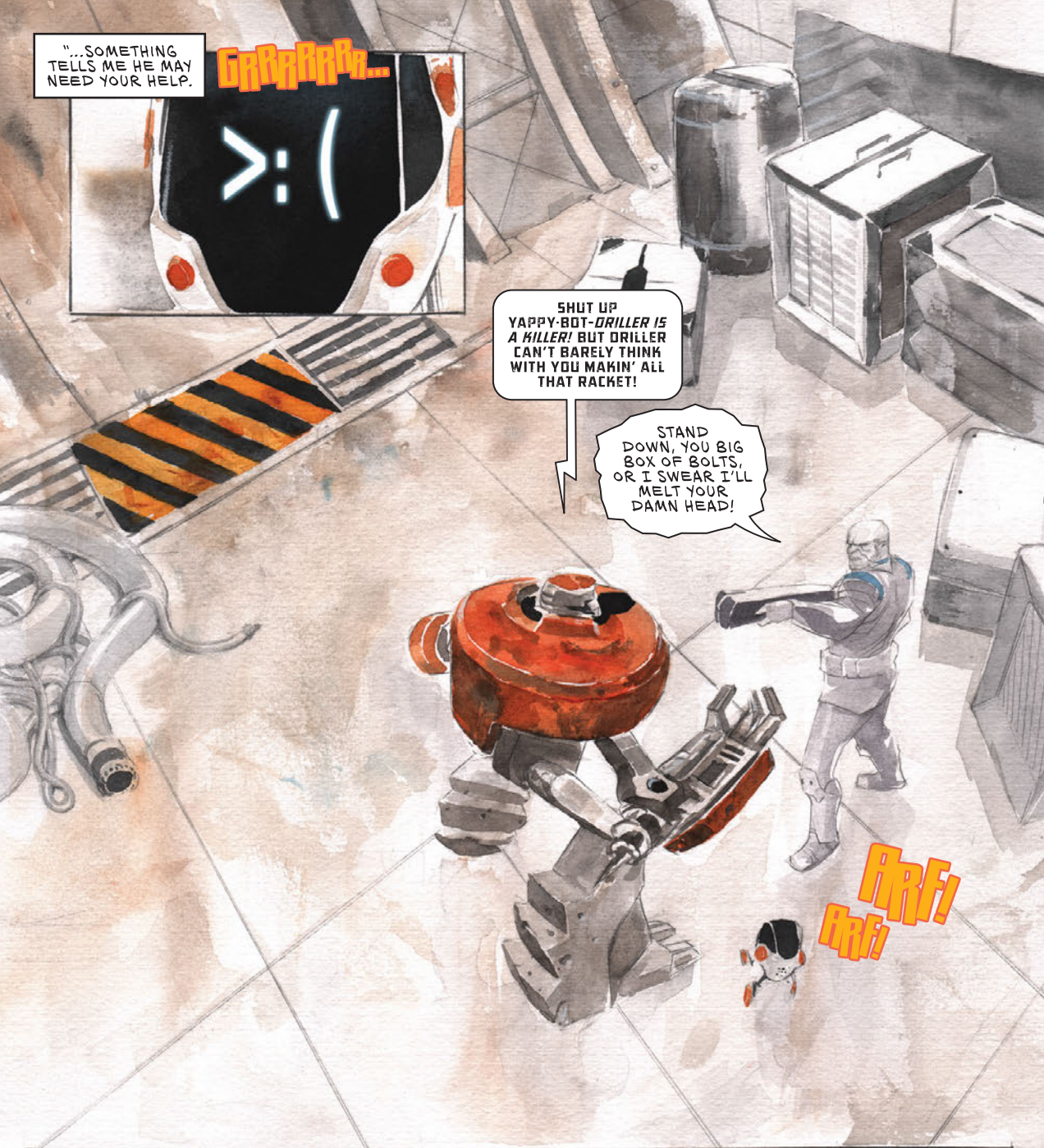
"...SOMETHING TELLS ME HE MAY NEED YOUR HELP."

GRRRRRR...

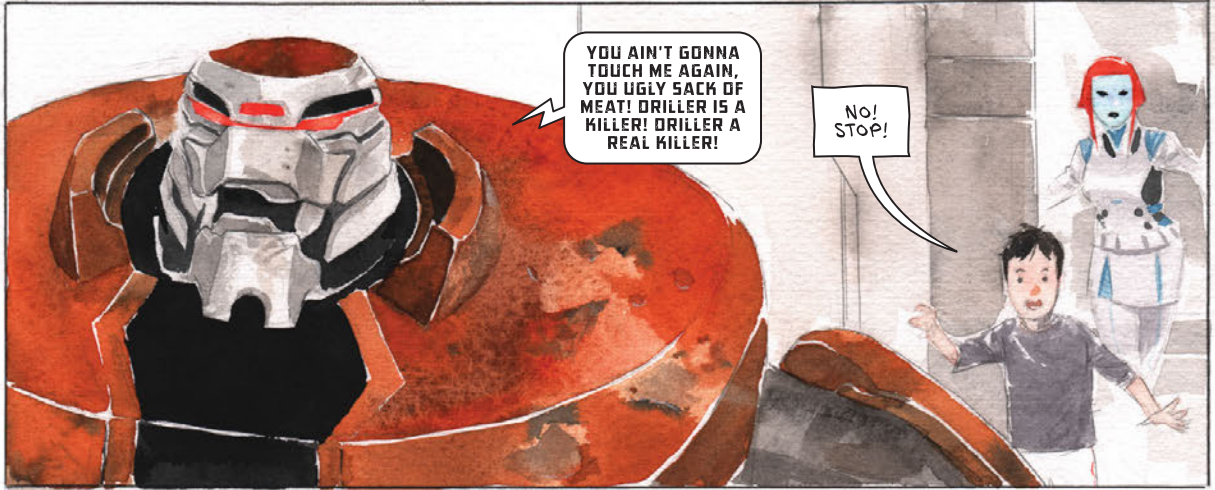


SHUT UP
YAPPY-BOT-DRILLER IS
A KILLER! BUT DRILLER
CAN'T BARELY THINK
WITH YOU MAKIN' ALL
THAT RACKET!

STAND
DOWN, YOU BIG
BOX OF BOLTS,
OR I SWEAR I'LL
MELT YOUR
DAMN HEAD!



Rrf! Rrf!



YOU AIN'T GONNA
TOUCH ME AGAIN,
YOU UGLY SACK OF
MEAT! DRILLER IS A
KILLER! DRILLER A
REAL KILLER!

NO!
STOP!



LITTLE BOY-BOT?
YER FIXED?



YES--I'M
ALL RIGHT.

RRR!



RRR!

I KNOW,
BANDIT. I
MISSED
YOU TOO.



THESE
PEOPLE
SAVED ME.
THEY ARE
HERE TO
HELP US.
AND THEY
SAID YOU
HELPED ME
TOO, RIGHT?
YOU TRIED
TO SAVE
ME?

HRRM-DRILLER
JUST A DUMB
MINE-DROID.
DRILLER TOO
STUPID TO FIX
YOU LITTLE
BOY-BOT.



BUT YOU TRIED.
THAT'S WHAT
MATTERS...

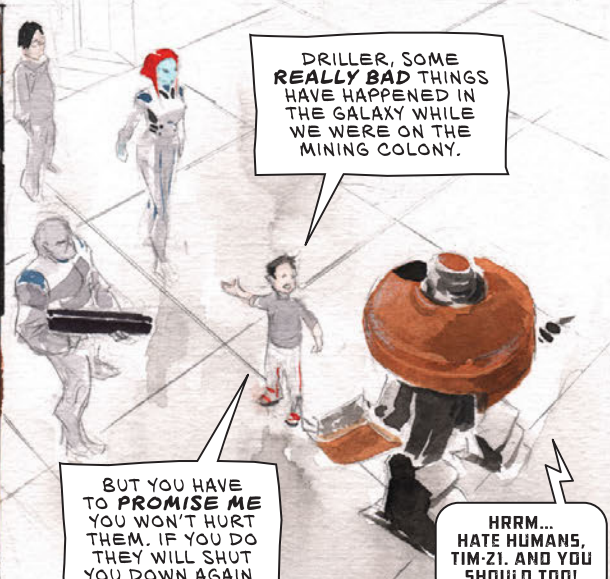
I'M TIM-ZI.
THIS IS
BANDIT.

RRR?



DRILLER IS DRILLER.
YOU IS TIM-ZI.
YAPPY-BOT IS BANDIT.


YES. THAT'S
RIGHT. HELLO,
DRILLER.




DRILLER, SOME
REALLY BAD THINGS
HAVE HAPPENED IN
THE GALAXY WHILE
WE WERE ON THE
MINING COLONY.

BUT YOU HAVE
TO PROMISE ME
YOU WON'T HURT
THEM. IF YOU DO
THEY WILL SHUT
YOU DOWN AGAIN.

HRRM...
HATE HUMANS.
TIM-ZI. AND YOU
SHOULD TOO!



LOOK, YOU THREE ARE UNDER THE **PROTECTION** OF THE UGC NOW. THE SCRAPPERS AND ALL THE REST OF THE ANTI-BOT FACTIONS WILL NOT BE ABLE TO TOUCH YOU. YOU ARE SAFE WITH US.



SEE, SO, DO WE HAVE A DEAL? NO HURTING ANYONE?




HRRM...



OKAY, LITTLE TIM-21 BOT...


DRILLER PROMISE. DRILLER NO KILLER. FOR NOW.



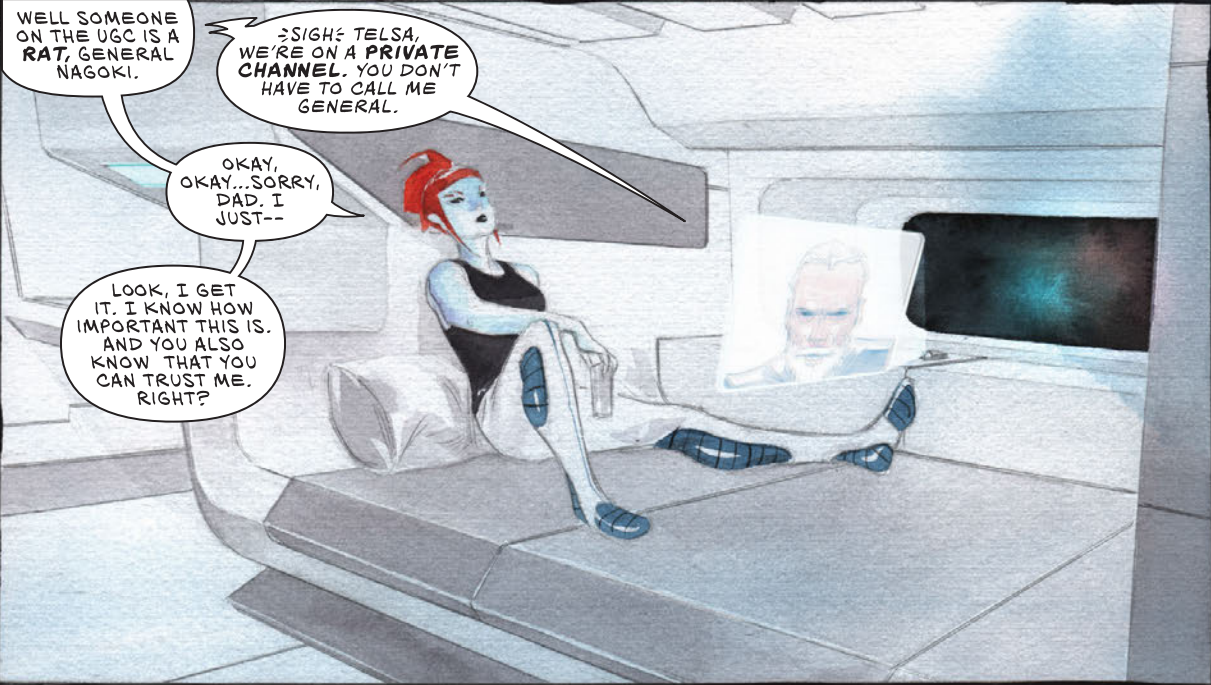
GOOD, IT'S SETTLED THEN. NO KILLING. TULLIS, PLOT A COURSE TO NIYRATA...



"LET'S GET THE HELL OUT OF THIS FRINGE HOLE."



--THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE, TELSA. THERE IS NO WAY THE SCRAPPERS COULD HAVE KNOWN ABOUT YOUR MISSION. ONLY THE UGC COUNCIL KNEW--



WELL SOMEONE ON THE UGC IS A RAT, GENERAL NAGOKI.

>>SIGH<< TELSA, WE'RE ON A PRIVATE CHANNEL. YOU DON'T HAVE TO CALL ME GENERAL.

OKAY, OKAY...SORRY, DAD, I JUST--

LOOK, I GET IT. I KNOW HOW IMPORTANT THIS IS. AND YOU ALSO KNOW THAT YOU CAN TRUST ME. RIGHT?



OF COURSE, I TRUST YOU TELSA. I JUST WORRY...



WELL STOP WORRYING. WE'RE IN SHIFTSPEACE NOW. TIM-21 IS SAFELY IN THE CARGO HOLD WITH QUON. WE'LL BE BACK ON NIYRATA WITHIN THE DAY, DADDY. I CAN HANDLE THIS.



OF COURSE, GOODBYE, DEAR.

BYE, DAD.

KNOCK KNOCK

LOOK, I THINK TULLIS NEEDS ME, I'LL CALL WHEN WE GET TO ORBIT.

KZZZT

SWP

QUON? WHAT'S WRONG, SOMETHING HAPPEN WITH THE BOTS?

NO... I JUST WONDERED IF I COULD HAVE A QUICK WORD? I WASN'T INTERRUPTING ANYTHING WAS I?

NO, JUST MY FATHER CHECKING IN ON THE MISSION.

YOU'RE FATHER? I THOUGHT THIS MISSION WAS CLASSIFIED?

UGH--RIGHT. LOOK... I DON'T WANT YOU TO MAKE A BIG DEAL OUT OF IT OR ANYTHING, BUT GENERAL NAGOKI IS MY FATHER.

NAGOKI?! THE HEAD OF THE UGC?!

BUT YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE--

I GOT MY MOTHER'S LOOKS, THANK GOD.

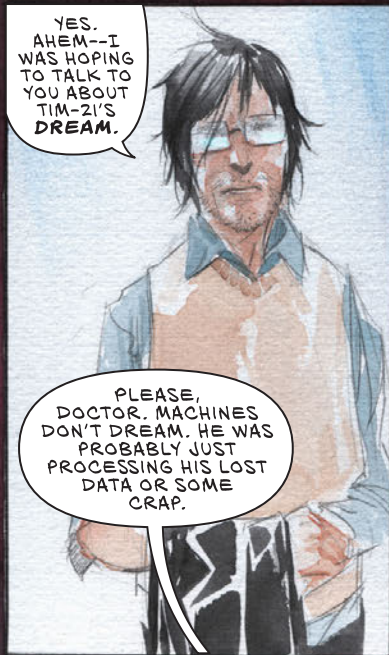
OH. IS SHE IN THE UGC COUNCIL AS WELL?

No...



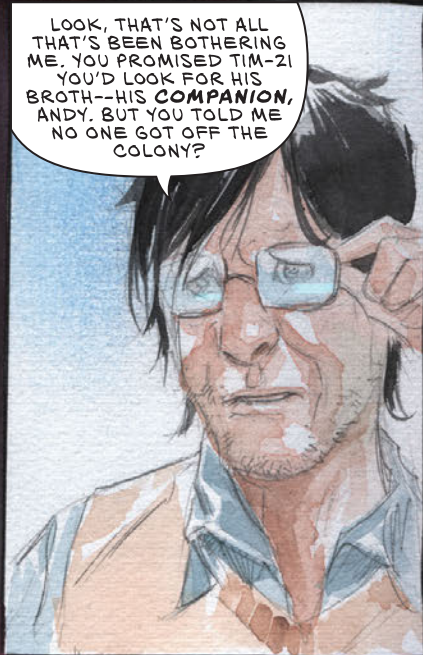


...
WHAT IS IT, QUON? WHAT DID YOU WANT?



YES, AHM--I WAS HOPING TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT TIM-ZI'S DREAM.

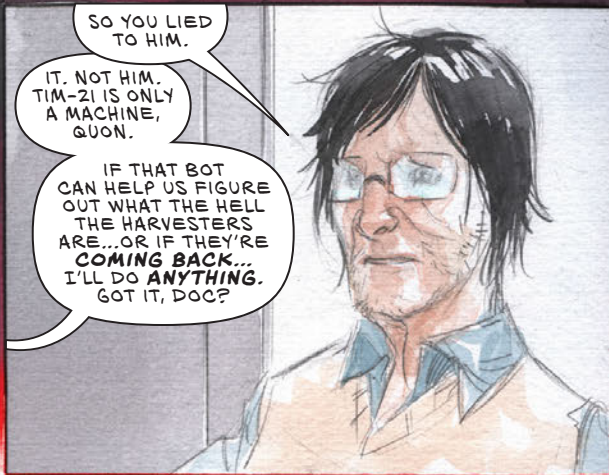
PLEASE, DOCTOR. MACHINES DON'T DREAM. HE WAS PROBABLY JUST PROCESSING HIS LOST DATA OR SOME CRAP.



LOOK, THAT'S NOT ALL THAT'S BEEN BOTHERING ME. YOU PROMISED TIM-ZI YOU'D LOOK FOR HIS BROTH--HIS **COMPANION**, ANDY. BUT YOU TOLD ME NO ONE GOT OFF THE COLONY?



TWO SHUTTLES LAUNCHED BUT THEY MALFUNCTIONED BEFORE THEY EVER GOT OUT OF ORBIT.



SO YOU LIED TO HIM.
IT, NOT HIM. TIM-ZI IS ONLY A MACHINE, QUON.

IF THAT BOT CAN HELP US FIGURE OUT WHAT THE HELL THE HARVESTERS ARE...OR IF THEY'RE **COMING BACK**... I'LL DO **ANYTHING**. GOT IT, DOC?



DON'T BE SO SENSITIVE, QUON. I JUST MEANT--
CAPTAIN! GET TO THE BRIDGE... **NOW!**



WHAT NOW, TULLIS?!

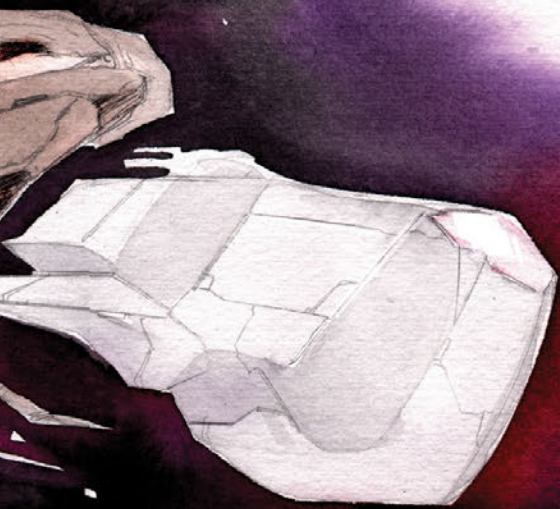
I HAD TO PULL US OUT OF SHIFTSPEACE, CAPTAIN. WE GOT COMPANY...



WHAT IS IT?
WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

MORE
SCRAPPERS.
THEY MUST HAVE
FOLLOWED OUR
TRAIL INTO
SHIFTSPACE FROM
DIRISHU.

I TRIED TO
CLOAK US AS
BEST I COULD,
CAPTAIN.





HRRM. CAN I
KILL THEM NOW,
TIM-ZI BOT?

NO! PLEASE
JUST WAIT,
DRILLER. IT
WILL BE
OKAY--
YOU'LL SEE!

PLASMA
TURRET IS
ACTIVE, TULLIS.
I'M GOING TO
BLAST THE--
OH NO!

WHAT IS IT,
CAPTAIN?

THAT'S NOT
JUST A SCRAP SHIP
ON OUR ASSES,
TULLIS--

"--IT'S A
SQUID SHIP!"

INITIATING EVASIVE
MANEUVERS, CAPTAIN.
YOU NEED TO BLAST
THOSE TENTACLES
BEFORE THEY
LATCH ON!

JUST
GET US OUT
OF HERE,
TULLIS!!

**CHOOM
CHOOM
CHOOM**



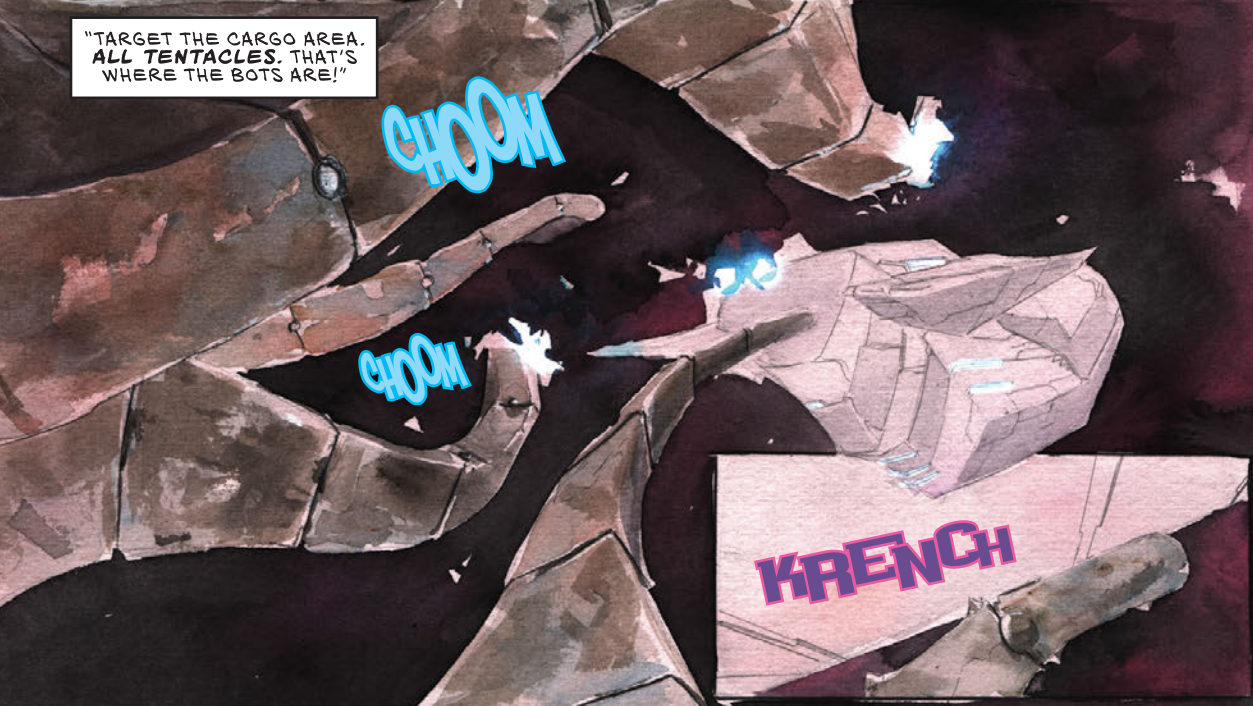
THOOM

GOT ONE!



I'M READING THREE CARBON-BASED LIFE FORMS. ONE IN THE BRIDGE, ONE IN THE GUN TURRET AND ONE BELOW IN WHAT'S PROBABLY THE CARGO HOLD, ALONG WITH THREE SILICON-BASED UNITS.

"TARGET THE CARGO AREA. ALL TENTACLES. THAT'S WHERE THE BOTS ARE!"



CHOOM

CHOOM

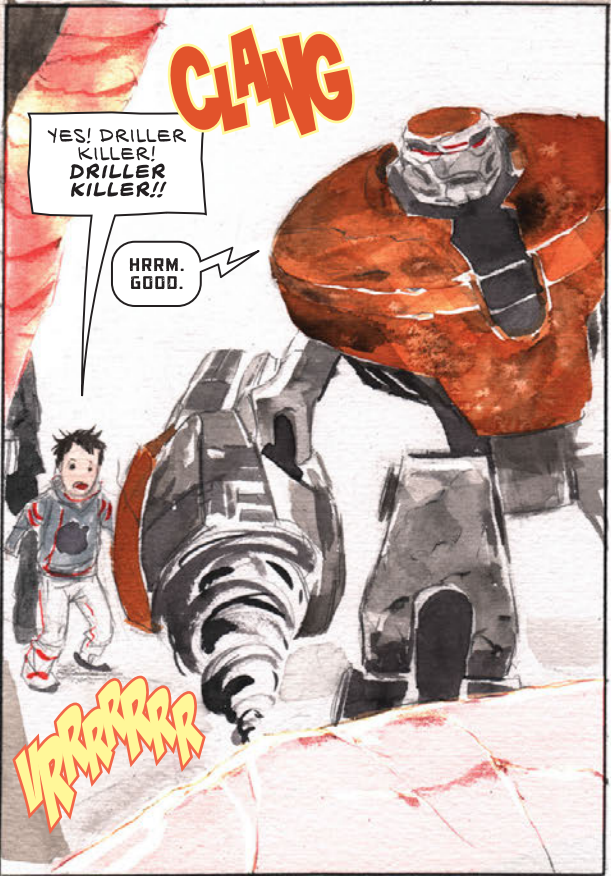
KRENCCH



D--DOCTOR--

KRENCH

IT'S GOING TO BE OKAY, TIM-ZI...TELSA WON'T LET THEM HURT YOU.





--UNGH!

SHIT!

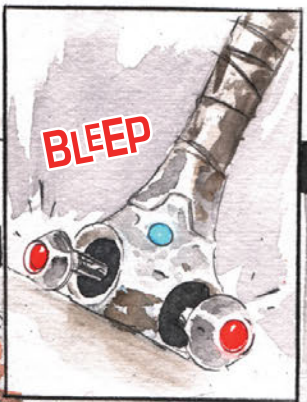
USE THE MAGNO-BOW!



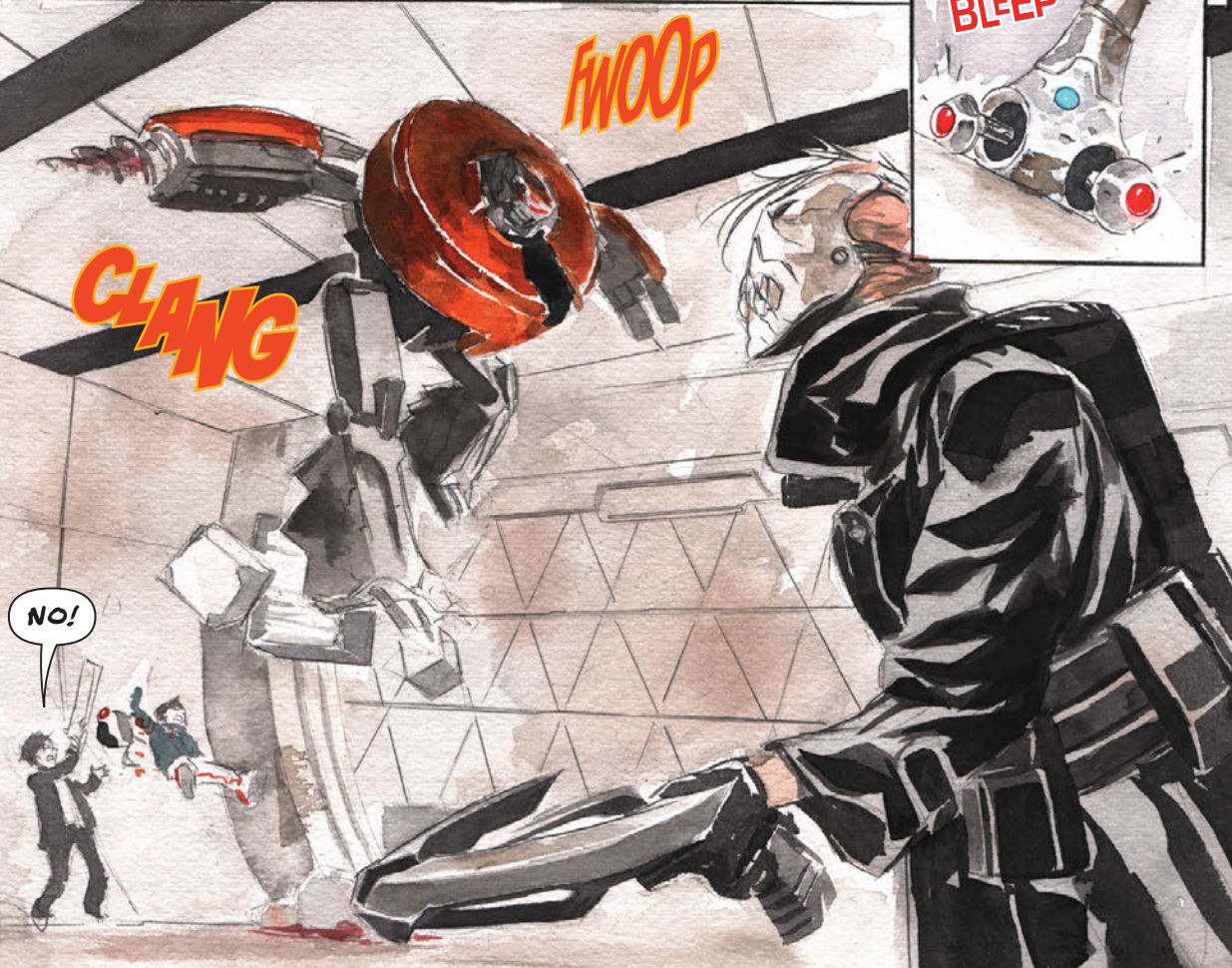
CHOOOM

DRILLER, LOOK OUT!

RRR! RRR!



BLEEP



FWOOP

CLANG

NO!

RRFF!

J--JUST MAGNETS,
BANDIT. I KNOW IT
HURTS--D--DON'T
BE SCARED.

HUMPH--THAT'S
ONE BIG SON
OF A BITCH,
AIN'T HE?

ONE'A THOSE
OLD DROP N'
DEPLOY DRILLERS.
HAVEN'T SEEN ONE
OF THOSE IN
AGES, BOSS.

HRRM--DRILLER
CUT YER EYES
OUT, HUME. THEN
YOU SEE
NOTHING AGAIN.

AND WHAT'S
YOUR STORY? THIS IS
A UGC SHIP. YOU DON'T
LOOK UGC.

PLEASE--
PLEASE--I'M NOT
WITH THESE PEOPLE...
I--I KNOW BOTS. I
CAN BE VALUABLE
TO YOU--

YOU COWARD,
QUON. YOU SELL
US OUT THAT
EASILY?

NOW...**YOU TWO** ON
THE OTHER HAND **DEFINITELY**
LOOK UGC. AND YOUR WEAPONS
ARE UGC ISSUE. WHICH MEANS YOU
TAKE ANOTHER STEP INTO THE
CARGO HOLD AND THEY STICK
TO THE WALLS JUST LIKE
THESE ROBBIES.



NOTHING STOPPING ME FROM PUTTING A BLAST BETWEEN YOUR EYES FROM RIGHT HERE.



GO FOR IT, DARLIN'. YOU THINK YOU AND YOUR BUDDY CAN DROP US ALL BEFORE WE TAKE OUT AT LEAST TWO OF THOSE BOTS AND THIS USELESS TWIB, YOU'RE WELCOME TO TRY.

TELSA... PLEASE...



SHUT UP, QUON!



C--CAPTAIN TELSA, D--DON'T LET THEM TAKE US.



SORRY, KID. LOOKS LIKE THEY ALREADY GOT US.

BUT YOU SHOULD KNOW, WHATEVER YOU'LL GET AT A SCRAP SATELLITE FOR THESE BOTS, THE UGC WILL BE WILLING TO DOUBLE IT.

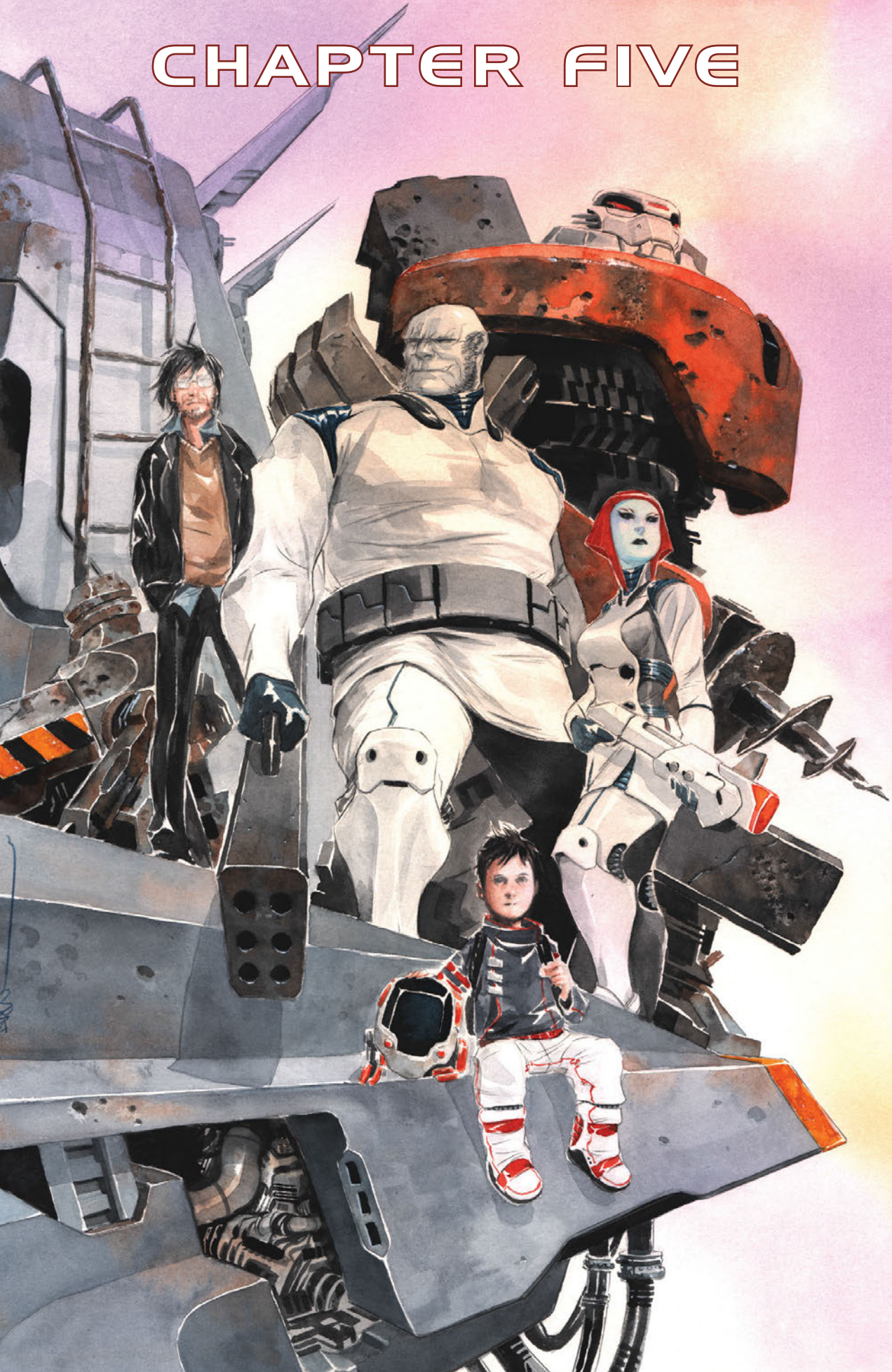



OH, WE AIN'T GOING TO NO LITTLE SCRAP SAT. THESE BOTS ARE SPECIAL ORDER... FROM THE BIG BOSSES. WE'RE GOING RIGHT TO GNISH...

"...WE'RE TAKING
THESE BOTS TO THE
MELTING PITS!"



CHAPTER FIVE





HRRM--SHUT THE YAPPY-BOT UP. GOT ENOUGH TO WORRY ABOUT WITHOUT HIS ARFING ALL THE TIME!

HE'S JUST SCARED, DRILLER.

HRRM--HE SHOULD BE SCARED. THEM SCRAPPERS ARE TAKING US TO *GNISH*. WE'RE GONNA GET MELTED TO SLUDGE.

BUT--DON'T YOU THINK CAPTAIN TELSA CAN SAVE US? SHE PROMISED WE'D BE OKAY.

NEVER TRUST A HRRRMAN, LITTLE-BOT.

BUT SHE--SHE SAID SHE WOULD HELP ME FIND ANDY. SHE MEANT IT, DIDN'T SHE, DRILLER?

I ALREADY SAID WHAT I GOTTA SAY ABOUT THAT. NEVER TRUST A HUME! NEVER.

BUT THAT IS WHAT I WAS PROGRAMMED TO DO. I AM A COMPANION BOT. I AM *MEANT* TO TRUST MY HUMAN COMPANIONS.

WELL THEN, LITTLE-BOT--

"...I'D SAY THE JOKE'S ON YOU."

THE PLANET GNISH.

Home world of the oldest Monarchy in the Megacosm and hub of the robot cults.

CAPTAIN
TELSA--WE
HAVE TO DO
SOMETHING.

START
BY KEEPING
YOUR MOUTH
SHUT, QUON. LET
ME DO THE
TALKING.



YOU SHOULD SHUT YOUR HOLES, JUST KEEP WALKING, DARLIN'

LAY ANOTHER HAND ON HER AND I'LL EAT YOUR DAMN HEAD, SCRAP SCUM.

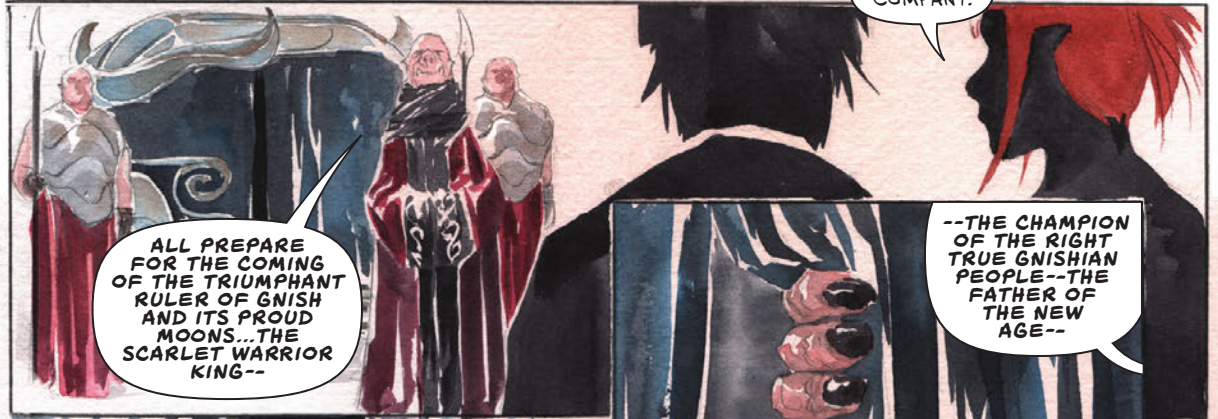


OHhhh... I'M SCARED. TOUGH GUY, EH?

TAKE THESE CUFFS OFF AND LET'S FIND OUT.

TULLIS, LOOK...

...WE HAVE COMPANY.



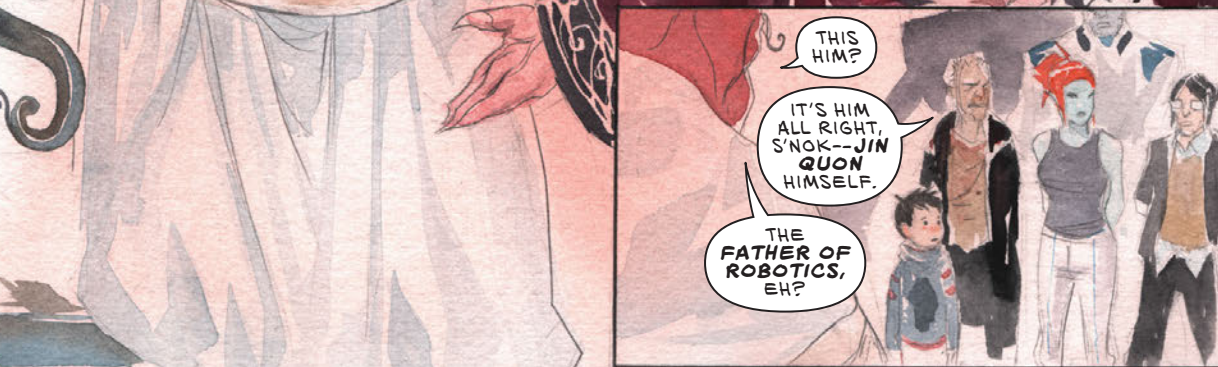
ALL PREPARE FOR THE COMING OF THE TRIUMPHANT RULER OF THE GNISH AND ITS PROUD MOONS...THE SCARLET WARRIOR KING--

--THE CHAMPION OF THE RIGHT TRUE GNISHIAN PEOPLE--THE FATHER OF THE NEW AGE--



--OH WOULD YOU SHUT UP!

--AHEM... HIS HIGHNESS, KING S'NOK, III.



THIS HIM?

IT'S HIM ALL RIGHT, S'NOK--JIN QUON HIMSELF.

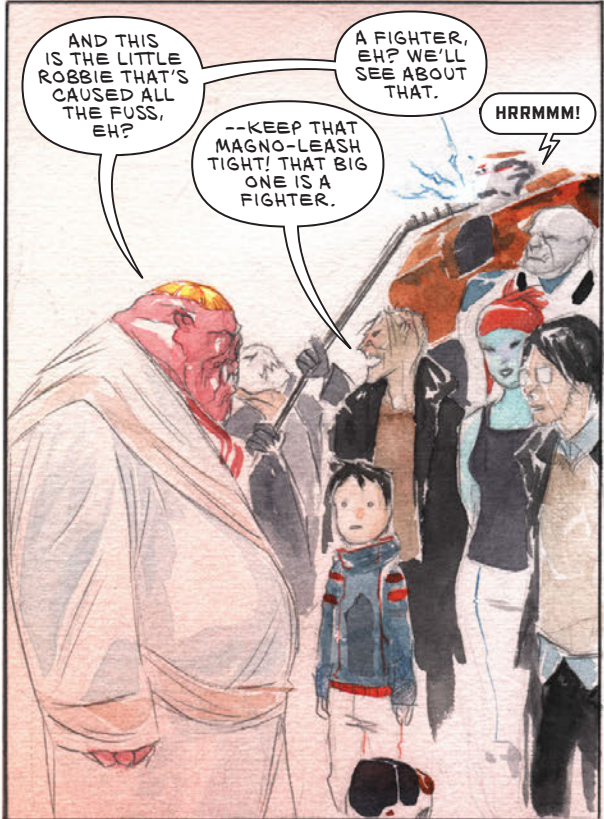
THE FATHER OF ROBOTICS, EH?



YOU FILTHY LITTLE BASTARD. I SHOULD HANG YOU IN THE MELTING PITS.

Y--YOUR HIGHNESS I ASSURE YOU I--

QUIET! THERE'LL BE TIME FOR TALKING LATER.

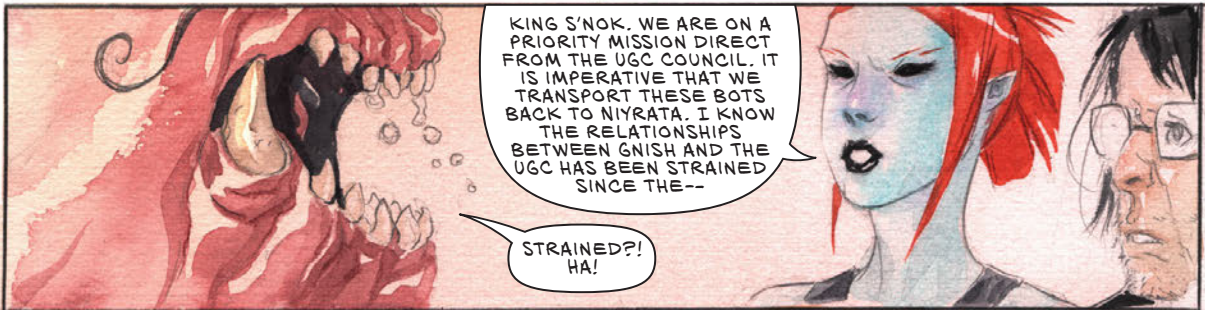


AND THIS IS THE LITTLE ROBBIE THAT'S CAUSED ALL THE FUSS, EH?

--KEEP THAT MAGNO-LEASH TIGHT! THAT BIG ONE IS A FIGHTER.

A FIGHTER, EH? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT.

HRRMMM!



KING S'NOK. WE ARE ON A PRIORITY MISSION DIRECT FROM THE UGC COUNCIL. IT IS IMPERATIVE THAT WE TRANSPORT THESE BOTS BACK TO NIYRATA. I KNOW THE RELATIONSHIPS BETWEEN GNISH AND THE UGC HAS BEEN STRAINED SINCE THE--

STRAINED?! HA!



I'D SAY "STRAINED" IS THE UNDERSTATEMENT OF THE DECADE. AND I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT KIND OF MISSION YOU'RE ON.

WE INTERCEPTED YOUR TRANSMISSIONS. I KNOW ALL ABOUT THIS LITTLE ROBBIE. AND IF HE REALLY DOES HAVE A CONNECTION TO THE HARVESTERS, I'LL RIP HIM APART UNTIL I FIND IT!

--UNGH!

GpPpPa...



HRRM...DON'T TOUCH THE LITTLE BOT! DRILLER A KILLER! DRILLER A REAL--



HRRRRMMMM--

QUIET!

SHIT



TAKE THE HUMES AND THE LITTLE ROBBIE TO MY OPERATING THEATER.

WHAT ABOUT THE BIG ONE?



LET'S SEE IF HE REALLY IS A FIGHTER. TAKE HIM AND THAT ANNOYING LITTLE SHIT-BOT TO THE MELTING PITS!

Arfi Arfi

Once the cultural and technological hub planet of the Magacism, Niyrata is still the home to what's left of the United Galactic Council (UGC).

--AND WHAT'S THE SITUATION ON **SAMPSON**, AMBASSADOR TELEMA? ARE THE GNISHIANS STILL HOLDING THE THIRD MOON?

YES, GENERAL NAGOKI. THE GNISHIAN SWARMS HAVE BEEN MUCH MORE AGGRESSIVE OF LATE.

AND THE PROGNOSTICS OF **SILENOS** ARE ALSO PREDICTING THE GNISHIANS WILL MAKE A MOVE INTO **THAT** PLANET'S SYSTEM BY THE END OF THE YEAR.

IS THE UGC REALLY TO PUT ANY MORE STOCK INTO YOUR PREDICTIONS, CHIEF? YOU'VE HARDLY HAD AN ACCURATE FORECAST SINCE THE HARVESTERS.

A NUMBER OF OUR OLDEST TELEPATHS HAD THEIR **MINDS BROKEN** DURING THE HARVESTER ATTACKS.

IT'S TAKEN TIME TO TRAIN SUITABLE REPLACEMENTS.

BUT THIS PREDICTION IS **STRONG**. OUR COUNCIL BELIEVES THE GNISHIANS **ARE** ON THE MOVE, GENERAL.

THIS IS RIDICULOUS, NAGOKI! YOU NEED TO FREE UP MORE TROOPS FROM SAMPSON! IF SILENOS FALLS, KNOSSOS WILL BE NEXT.

WE WEAKEN ALL THE TIME AS THE GNISHIAN ALLIANCE GROWS. AMUN ALREADY SIDES WITH THEM, IF WE LOSE SAMPSON TOO...

SINCE THE HARVESTER ATTACKS, THE UGC HAS BEEN IN CHAOS.

WHAT CAN A SINGLE ROBOT DO?

>SIGH< I DIDN'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT THIS YET--BUT THERE IS A MISSION CURRENTLY UNDERWAY THAT MAY CHANGE EVERYTHING, AMBASSADOR.

A WEEK AGO WE PICKED UP AN EMERGENCY CALL FROM ONE OF THE FRINGE COLONIES. IT WAS PLACED BY A ROBOT--ONE OF THE LATER MODEL HUMAN COMPANION BOTS. A BOY--

HIS MACHINE CODEX...IT IS AN IDENTICAL MATCH FOR THE HARVESTER CODEX. THE BOY MAY BE THE MISSING LINK WE HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR TO FINALLY UNDERSTAND WHAT THE HARVESTERS ARE.

HOW IS FIGURING OUT THE HARVESTER CODEX GOING TO WIN THE WAR?

WE HAVE LIVED IN FEAR OF THOSE DAMNED THINGS RETURNING TO FINISH THE JOB FOR THE LAST TEN YEARS! I'M TIRED OF WAITING--NOW WE CAN PREPARE!

I AM TALKING ABOUT THE PERFECT PLANETARY PROTECTION SYSTEM. IF THEY COME BACK WE WILL BE READY.

YOU--YOU WANT TO BUILD YOUR OWN!

WHAM



>AHEM<
GENERAL! WAIT--
GENERAL, IF I COULD
JUST HAVE A
MOMENT!

WHAT IS IT?!
I'M DUE TO SPEAK
TO THE AMBASSADOR
FROM AMUN IN TEN
MINUTES, AND I'M
STARVING.



SIR,
IT'S YOUR
DAUGHTER...
TESLA.

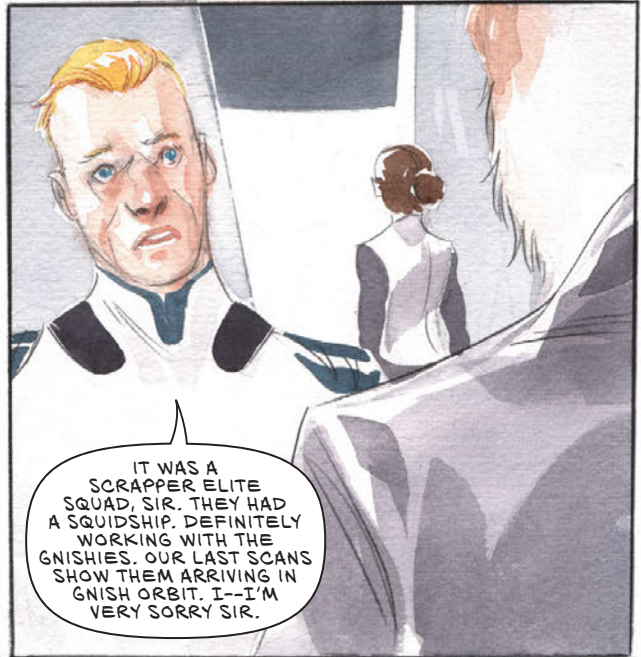
WHAT? IS SHE
BACK ALREADY?
HAVE HER COME
HERE WITH THE BOT
IMMEDIATELY!



NO, SIR...I'M AFRAID IT'S BAD
NEWS. YOU SEE TELSAs SHIP
WAS INTERCEPTED ON THE
WAY HOME. I--I'M AFRAID
**THE GNISHIANS HAVE
HER, GENERAL.**



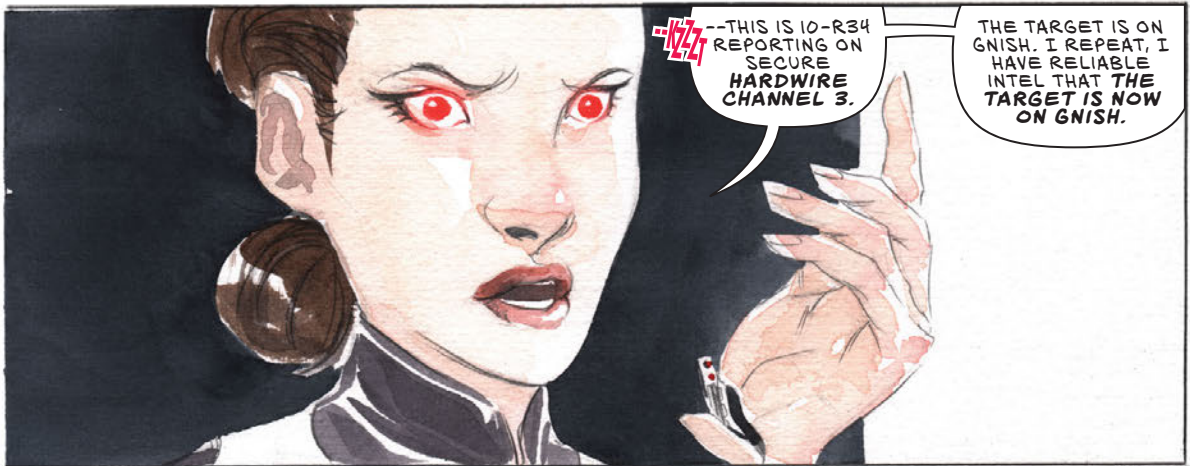
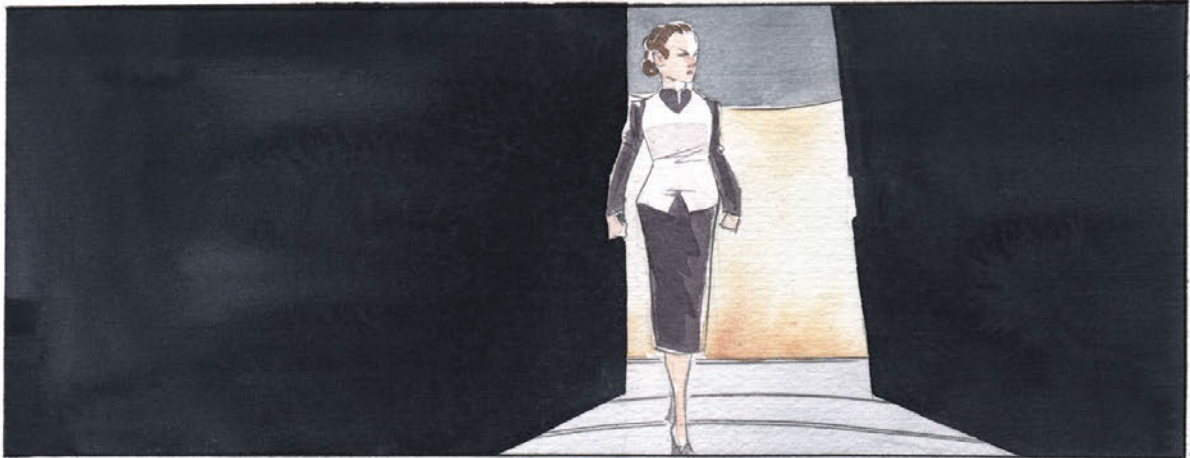
WHAT?--TH-THAT
CAN'T BE. THEY
HAD OUR BEST
SHIFTSHIP. HOW
COULD--?



IT WAS A
SCRAPPER ELITE
SQUAD, SIR. THEY HAD
A SQUIDSHIP. DEFINITELY
WORKING WITH THE
GNISHIES. OUR LAST SCANS
SHOW THEM ARRIVING IN
GNISH ORBIT. I--I'M
VERY SORRY SIR.



H--HAVE THE WAR ROOM ASSEMBLE. I WANT ALL RESCUE OPTIONS ON THE TABLE--



~~ZZZ~~ --THIS IS 10-R34 REPORTING ON SECURE HARDWIRE CHANNEL 3.

THE TARGET IS ON GNISH. I REPEAT, I HAVE RELIABLE INTEL THAT THE TARGET IS NOW ON GNISH.



--LONG LIVE THE HARDWIRE-- FTZZZT!!



I'M WORRIED ABOUT DRILLER AND BANDIT, MS. TELSA. DO YOU THINK THEY'RE OKAY?

HONESTLY, TIM...NO. NO, I DON'T.



...AND I THINK YOU SHOULD BE MORE WORRIED ABOUT **YOURSELF** RIGHT ABOUT NOW.

BRING HIM HERE...LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH.



YOUR MAJESTY-- PLEASE! THERE IS NO NEED TO HARM THE ROBOT. IF YOU LET US GO, THE UGC WILL SHARE ANYTHING WE LEARN WITH--

HARM THE ROBOT?! NO, NO... YOU HAVE IT ALL WRONG. IT'S NOT THE ROBOT WE'RE GOING TO TORTURE...



IT'S HIM. THE GOOD DOCTOR QUON BUILT THE DAMN ROBOT--IT'S HIM MY ROYAL SURGEONS ARE GOING TO RIP APART UNTIL HE GIVES US THE SECRETS OF THE HARVESTERS!

WHA-- ME?! NO--



NO!!



OH GOD! P--PLEASE! I'LL TELL YOU ANYTHING! ANYTHING!

FINE. TELL US WHAT THE HARVESTERS ARE.

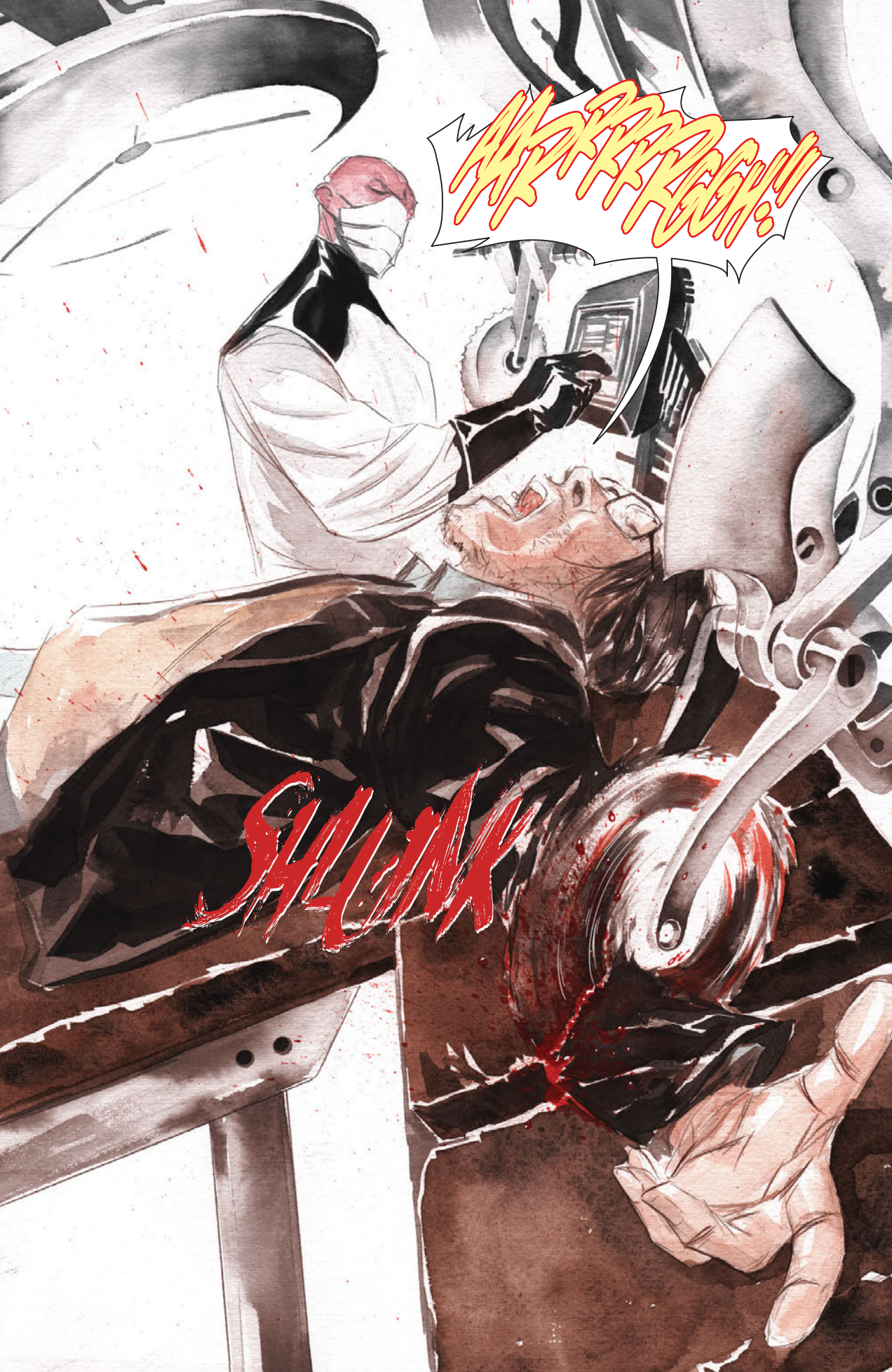


I--I DON'T KNOW.



REFRESH HIS MEMORY.

YES, YOUR MAJESTY.



AKKAKKAKK!!

SHUNK



HRRMM...
DRILLER DON'T
LIKE THIS
PLACE.

I DON'T
LIKE IT MUCH
EITHER, BUT
CAN'T YOU SHUT
THAT THING UP?
HE'S NOT MAKING
THINGS ANY
BETTER!

GN



OH, HE'LL
BE QUIET SOON
ENOUGH, BIG
FELLA. DON'T
YOU WORRY.



S'NOK WANTS THESE
ONES MOVED UP. WANTS
THEM IN **THE PITS**
RIGHT AWAY.

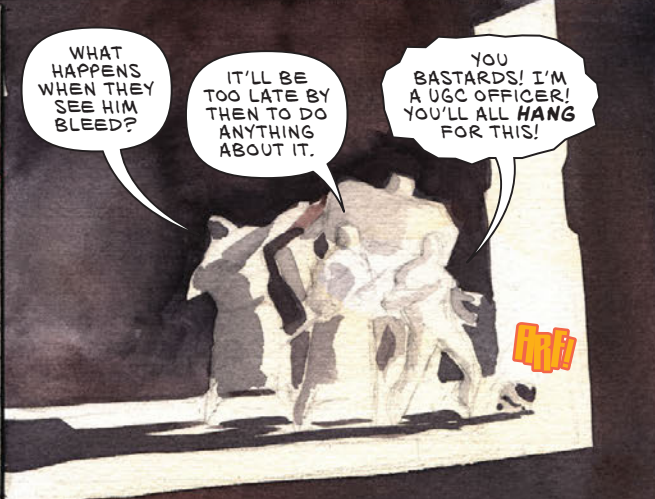
HE DOES, DOES HE?
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO
PROTOCOL?! I GOT A BACK
LOG OF ROBBIES DOWN
HERE TO BEGIN WITH!

HUMPH! WELL
I GUESS LORD
FATTY WANTS
WHAT HE
WANTS!



HUMPH! WHAT
ABOUT THE
BIG UGLY
HUME?

THROW HIM
IN TOO. WE'LL
SAY WE THOUGHT
HE WAS AN
ANDROID.



WHAT
HAPPENS
WHEN THEY
SEE HIM
BLEED?

IT'LL BE
TOO LATE BY
THEN TO DO
ANYTHING
ABOUT IT.

YOU
BASTARDS! I'M
A UGC OFFICER!
YOU'LL ALL **HANG**
FOR THIS!

GN



WELL, WELL...
LOOKIE HERE...WE
GOT SOME NEW BOTS
FOR THE PITS! YOU ALL
KNOW THE RULES...
BOT VERSUS
BOT!

WINNER
KEEPS FIGHTING...
LOSERS GET THE
PIT! EITHER WAY...
OIL WILL BE
SPILLED!

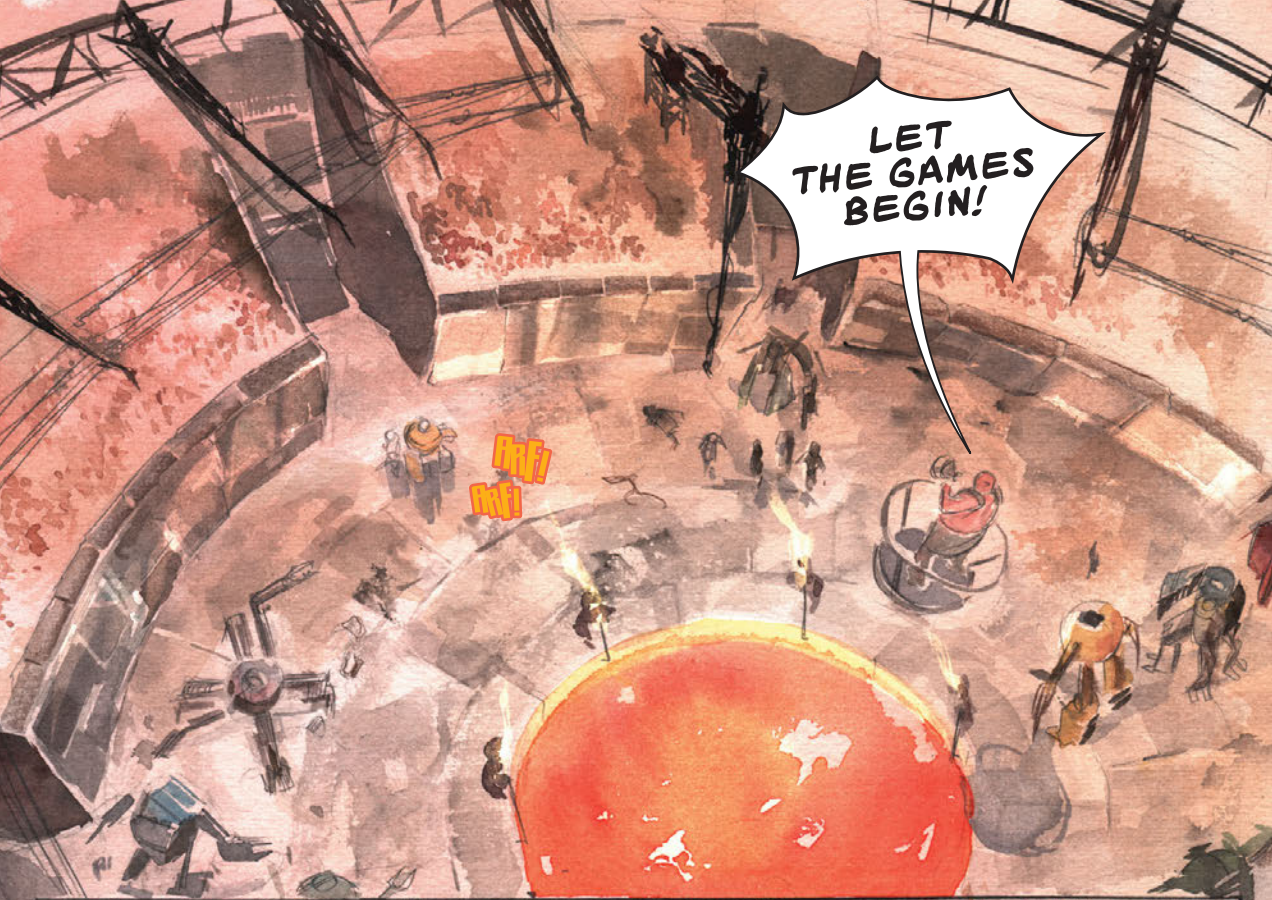


ARF!



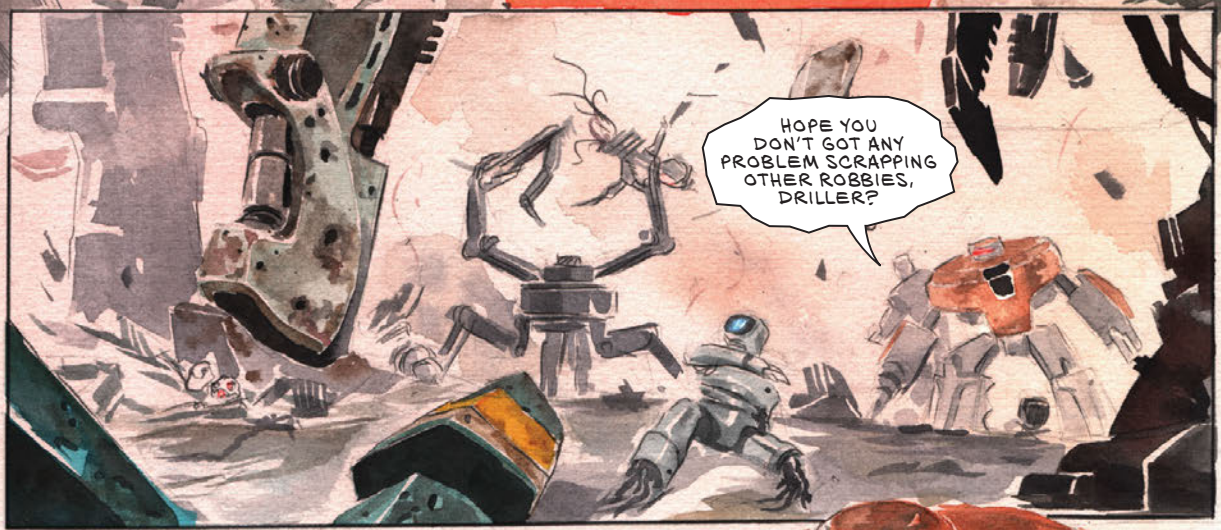
⚡
HRRMMM--DRILLER
AGREES WITH UGLY HUME.
DRILLER AND YAPPY-BOT
ARE FUCKED.



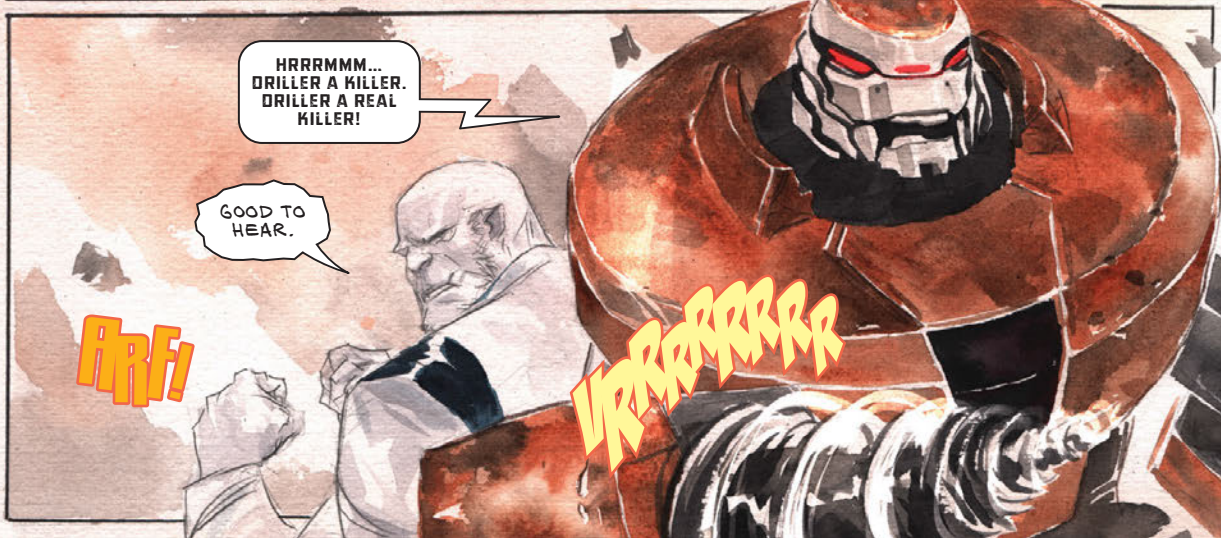


LET THE GAMES BEGIN!

Arf!



HOPE YOU DON'T GOT ANY PROBLEM SCRAPPING OTHER ROBBIES, DRILLER?



HRRMMM... DRILLER A KILLER. DRILLER A REAL KILLER!

GOOD TO HEAR.

Arf!

VRRRRRRR

HRRMMM--
MILITARY MECHS.

DRILLER HATES
SNOOTY MILITARY
MECHS. ALWAYS
THINKIN' THEY'RE
BETTER THAN
DRILLER!

BRAT
-AT
-AT-AT
-AT

WHAT ARE
YOU DOING,
UGLY HUME?

WHAT'S
IT LOOK
LIKE...

KRRRRITCH

...GETTING
A GUN!

KRENCH

BRAT
-AT-AT-AT
-AT

HERE THEY
COME!

SHUT UP, YAPPY!
AN' WHATEVER YA DO...
WHATEVER HAPPENS--
STAY BEHIND ME!

RRR
RRR

13



DR. QUON!



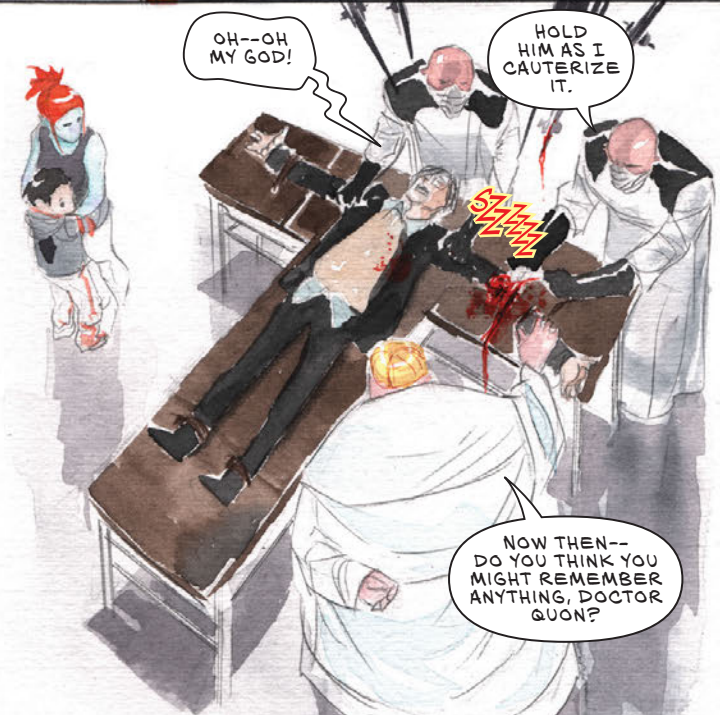
MAKE THEM STOP!

>UGH< GET OFF! CAN'T YOU TURN DOWN YOUR EMOTION SETTINGS OR SOMETHING?



I-I CAN'T. IT'S HOW DR. QUON MADE ME. TO BETTER EMPATHIZE WITH MY HUMAN COMPANIONS.

...WONDERFUL.



OH--OH MY GOD!

HOLD HIM AS I CAUTERIZE IT.

NOW THEN-- DO YOU THINK YOU MIGHT REMEMBER ANYTHING, DOCTOR QUON?

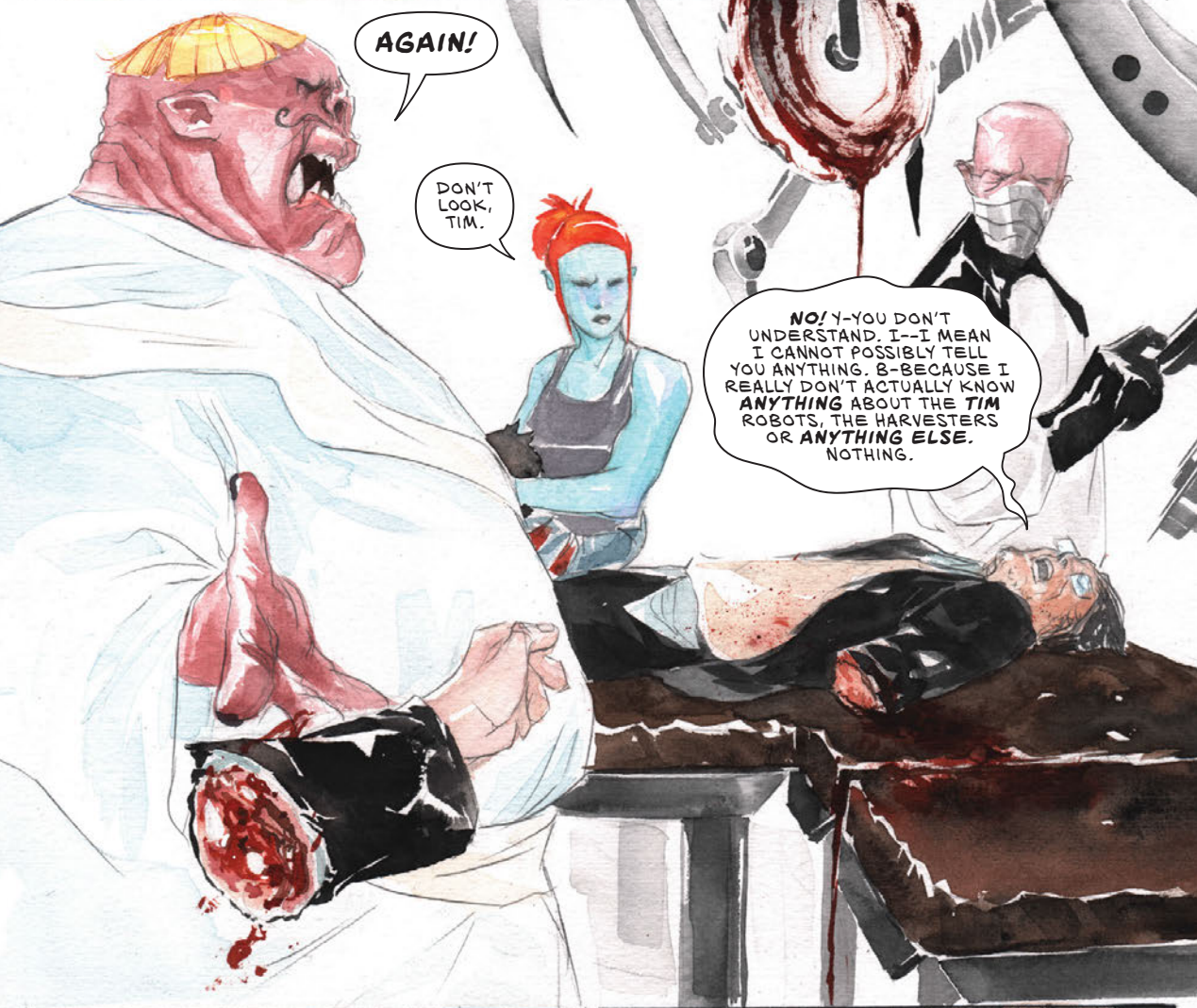
SZZZZ



OR SHOULD WE TAKE THE OTHER ARM? OR PERHAPS WE SHOULD START CUTTING A BIT LOWER?



I KNOW NOTHING...



AGAIN!

DON'T LOOK, TIM.

NO! Y-YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. I--I MEAN I CANNOT POSSIBLY TELL YOU ANYTHING. B-BECAUSE I REALLY DON'T ACTUALLY KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE TIM ROBOTS, THE HARVESTERS OR ANYTHING ELSE. NOTHING.



WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, QUON?



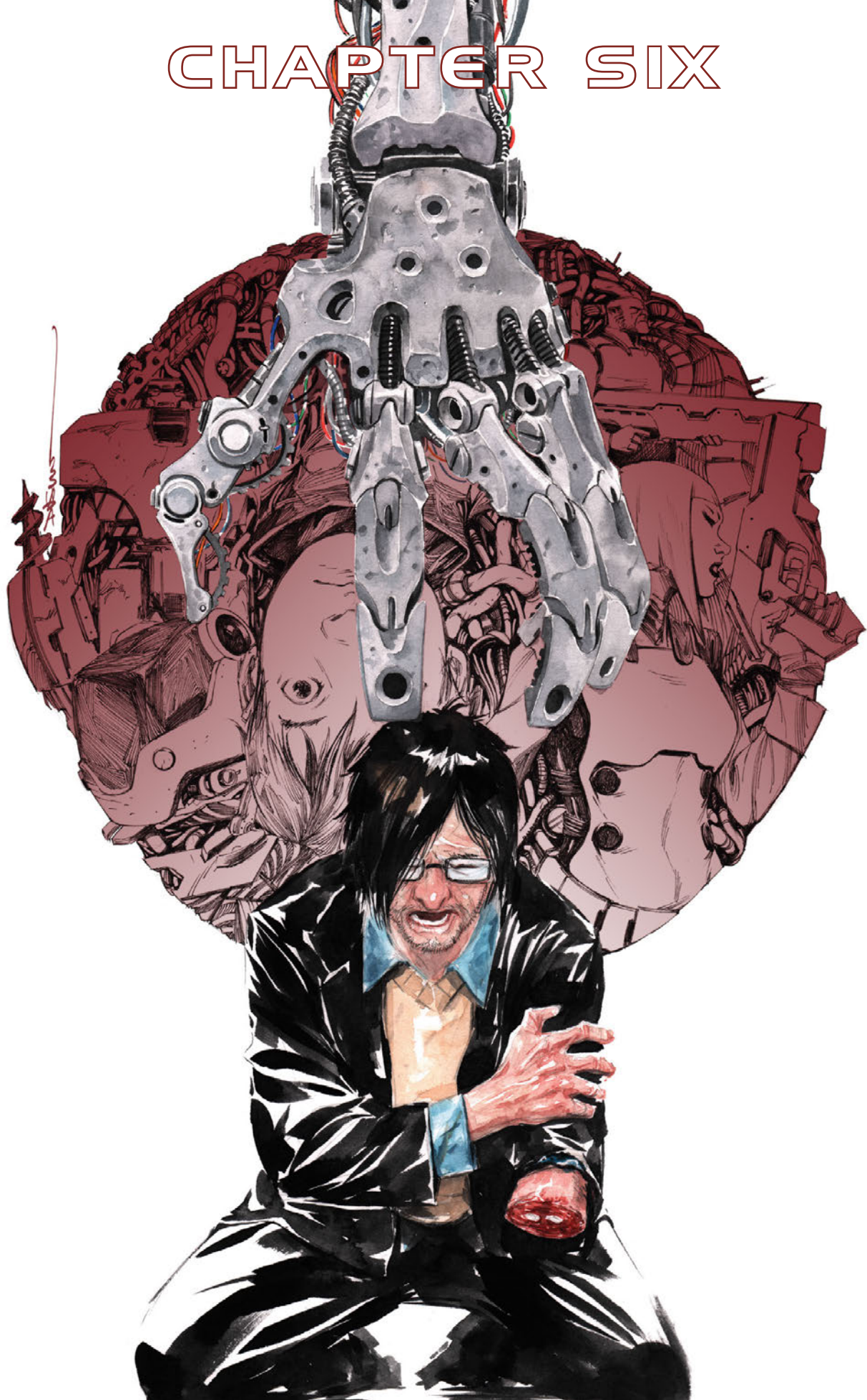
IT WAS A LIE--ALL OF IT A LIE.



I--I
DIDN'T INVENT
ANY OF THE ROBOTS.
I--I STOLE ALL
MY RESEARCH,
ALL THE ROBOT
DESIGNS--

I'M A
FRAUD.

CHAPTER SIX

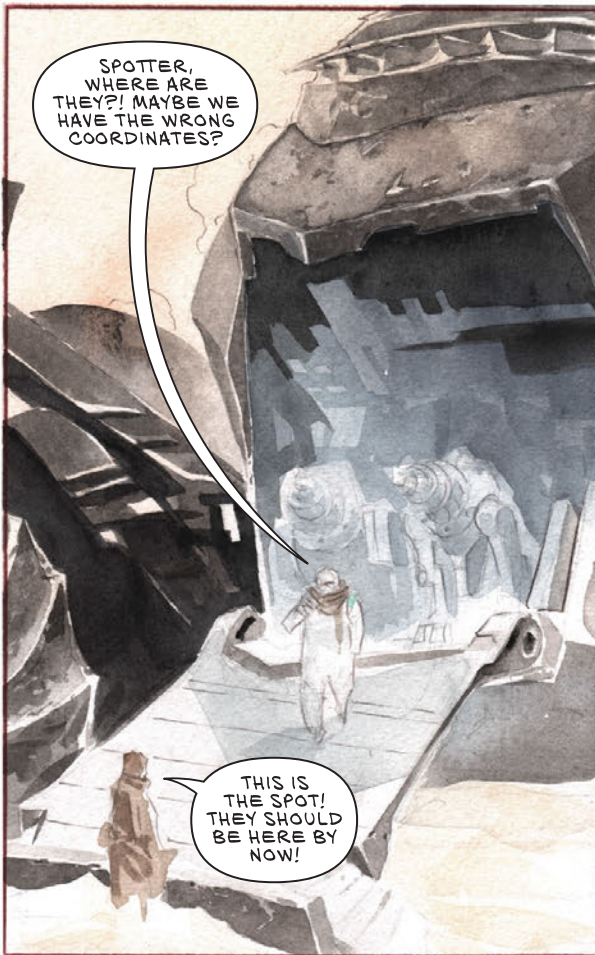
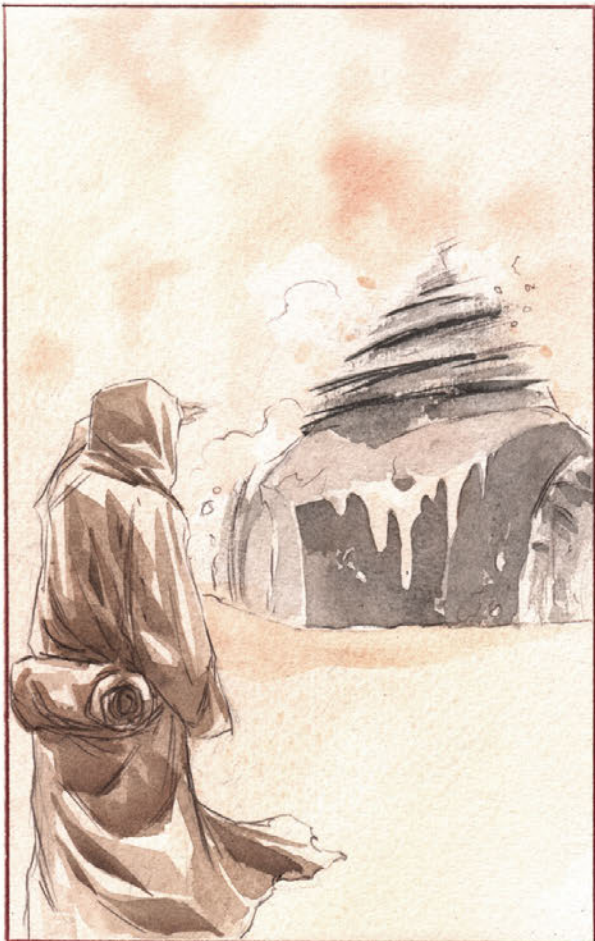




THE PLANET OSTRAKON.
FIFTEEN YEARS AGO.







SPOTTER,
WHERE ARE
THEY?! MAYBE WE
HAVE THE WRONG
COORDINATES?

THIS IS
THE SPOT!
THEY SHOULD
BE HERE BY
NOW!

CHOOOOOOOM


THERE!



PROFESSOR SOLOMON! WELCOME TO OSTRAKON. WE ARE SO HONORED TO HAVE YOU, SIR!

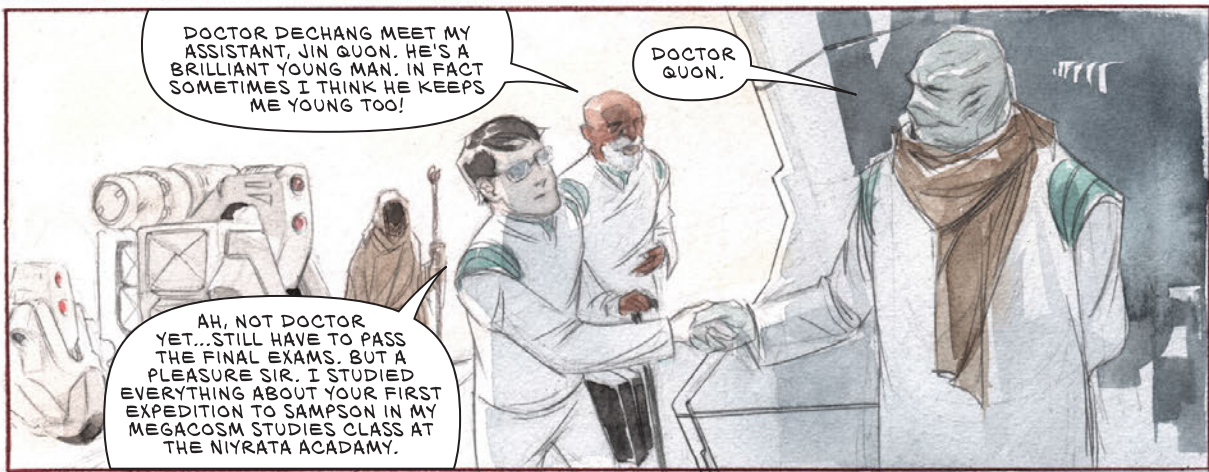
DOCTOR DECHANG! THE PLEASURE IS MINE.

I MUST ADMIT, THAT WAS THE **LONGEST** CRYO-TRIP OF MY LIFE, AND I'VE BEEN ON MORE THAN A FEW. I COULD NOT WAIT TO GET HERE! **WHERE IS IT?!**



WE WILL HAVE TO TRAVEL SUB-SAND. I'M AFRAID. IT WAS DISCOVERED QUITE DEEP.


WE FIGURED AS MUCH. IF IT WERE AMONG THE OSTRAKONIAN RUINS IT WOULD SURELY HAVE BEEN FOUND AGES AGO.




DOCTOR DECHANG MEET MY ASSISTANT, JIN QUON. HE'S A BRILLIANT YOUNG MAN. IN FACT SOMETIMES I THINK HE KEEPS ME YOUNG TOO!

DOCTOR QUON.

AH, NOT DOCTOR YET...STILL HAVE TO PASS THE FINAL EXAMS. BUT A PLEASURE SIR. I STUDIED EVERYTHING ABOUT YOUR FIRST EXPEDITION TO SAMPSON IN MY MEGACOSM STUDIES CLASS AT THE NIYRATA ACADEMY.



HA! THEY STILL TEACH THAT OLD CRAP THERE. TRUST ME, MR. QUON, THE WORK WE ARE DOING HERE ON OSTRAKON WILL DWARF ANY PREVIOUS DIGS IN ITS IMPORTANCE TO THE UGC.



"...AND WHAT WE ARE ABOUT TO SHOW YOU IS THE **MOST REMARKABLE** FIND OF ALL!"

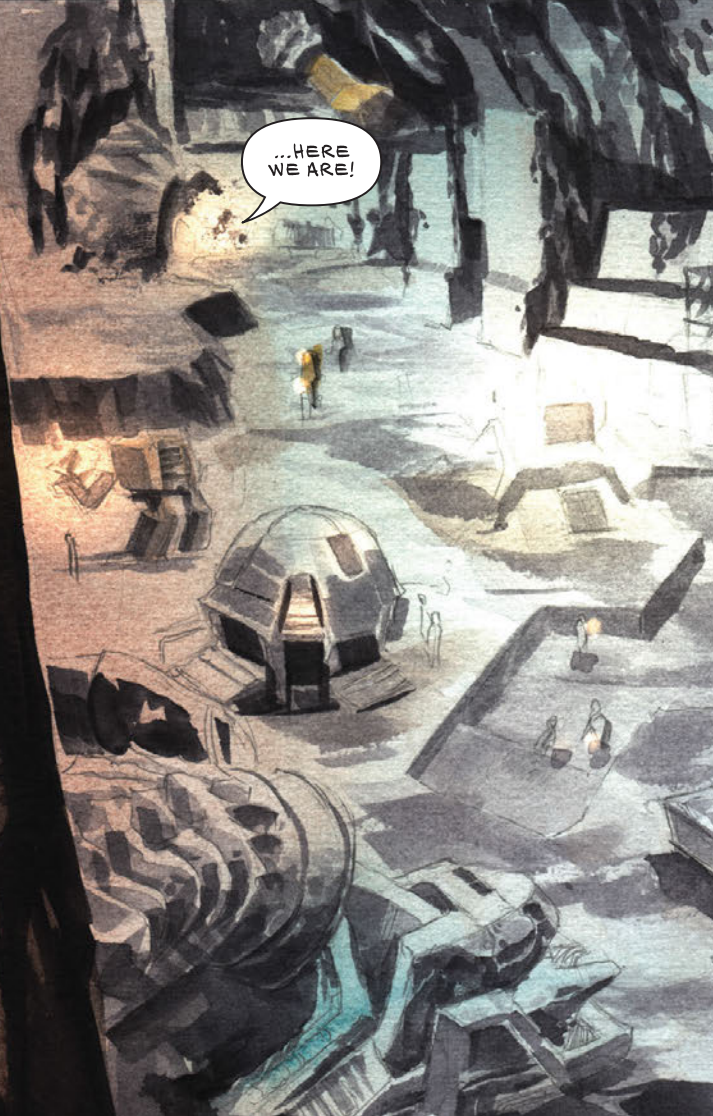
"AND YOU
HAVEN'T
TOUCHED
IT?"

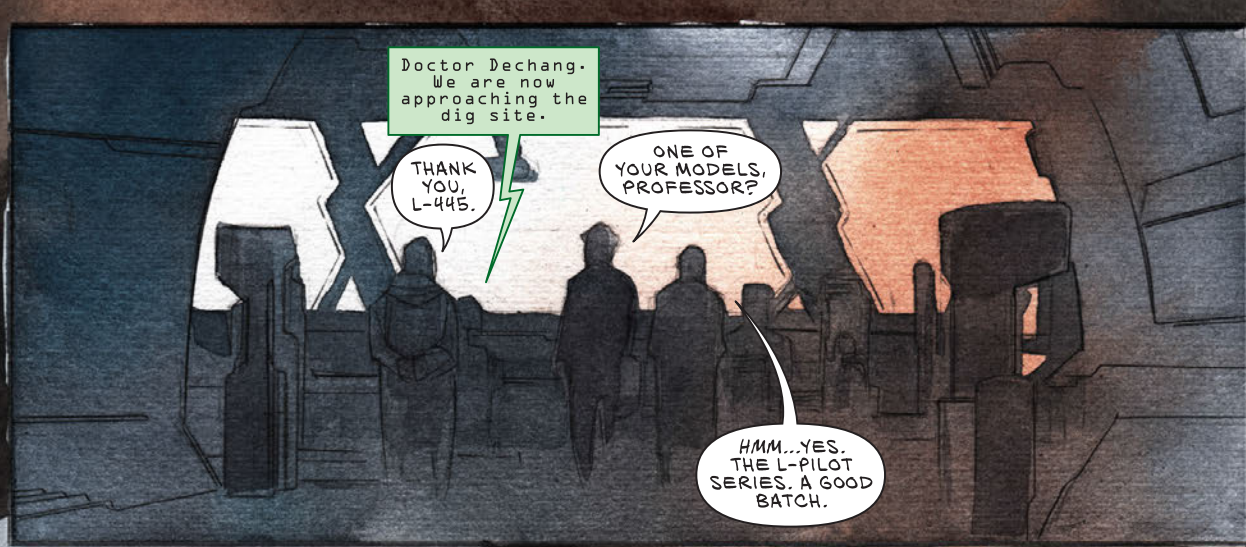
I'M ONLY AN
ARCHEOLOGIST, PROFESSOR
SOLOMON. JUST A UGC GRUNT
WITH A SHOVEL. TRUST ME, THIS
IS NOT MY AREA OF SPECIALTY.
THAT'S WHY I INSISTED ON YOU...
THE FATHER OF MODERN
ROBOTICS.

DON'T TRY
AND FLATTER HIM,
DOCTOR. IF HIS
HEAD GETS ANY BIGGER,
THOSE OLD BONES
MIGHT NOT BE ABLE
TO HOLD IT UP
ANY LONGER.

HUSH,
QUON, OR
I'LL SEND YOU
BACK TO THE
ACADEMY.

...HERE
WE ARE!





Doctor Dechang.
We are now
approaching the
dig site.

THANK
YOU,
L-445.


ONE OF
YOUR MODELS,
PROFESSOR?

HMM...YES.
THE L-PILOT
SERIES. A GOOD
BATCH.




THE L'S **ARE** GREAT PILOTS,
BUT THIS STILL GETS A BIT
ROCKY UP AHEAD, SO
HOLD ON...






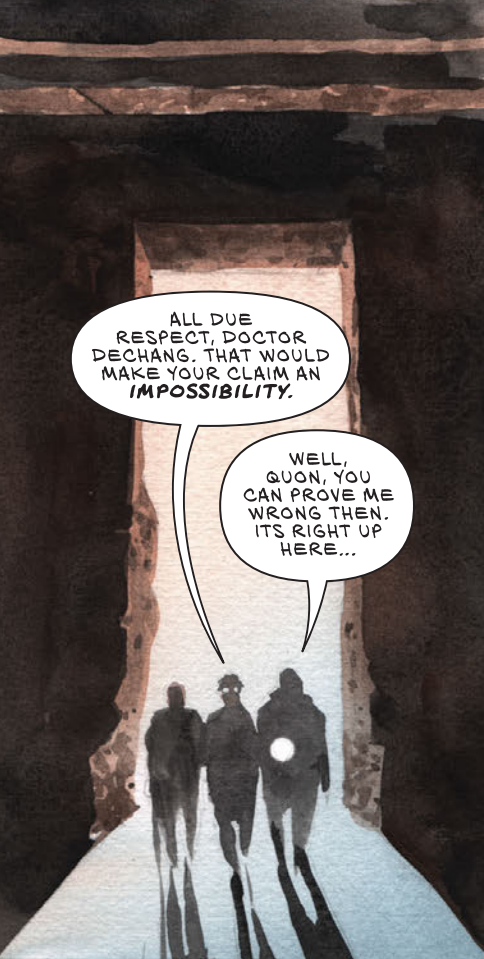
YOU UNDERSTAND WHY WE WERE SO BAFFLED. THE OSTRAKONIANS WERE A PRIMITIVE SPECIES. THEY WENT EXTINCT MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO, MILLENNIA BEFORE ANY OF OUR RACES DEVELOPED SPACE TRAVEL.



WELL, IF *IT IS* WHAT YOU THINK IT IS, THAT MEANS *SOMEONE* MUST HAVE COME HERE BEFORE YOUR TEAM, DOCTOR. ANOTHER UNCHARTED UGC DIG TEAM PERHAPS? EARLY COLONISTS?



NO. I ASSURE YOU, DOCTOR SOLOMON, WE ARE THE FIRST PEOPLE TO EVER DIG HERE OR EXCAVATE THESE RUINS.



ALL DUE RESPECT, DOCTOR DECHANG. THAT WOULD MAKE YOUR CLAIM AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

WELL, QUON, YOU CAN PROVE ME WRONG THEN. ITS RIGHT UP HERE...



IT-- IT CAN'T BE...



A
ROBOT?!

ARE
YOU **SURE**,
PROFESSOR?
THE CIRCUITRY
ALMOST LOOKS...
ORGANIC.



NO...
IT'S DEFINITELY
ARTIFICIAL.

THIS IS THE
MOST ADVANCED
SYSTEM I'VE EVER
SEEN! EONS AHEAD OF
ANYTHING I'VE
DREAMED I--I CAN'T
EVEN **BEGIN** TO
PROCESS THIS!

"...I NEED TO GET IT
BACK TO THE SHIP!"

--I'VE ALMOST
FINISHED TYING OFF
THE LOOSE CIRCUITS,
PROFESSOR. WHATEVER
TORE IT APART DID
IT WITH LITTLE
PRECISION. IT WAS
BUTCHERED.

LUCKILY THE
TOP HALF WAS ALMOST
PERFECTLY PRESERVED.
THE COMPUTER IS NEARLY
FINISHED CHARTING ITS
OPERATING SYSTEM. MY
GOD, QUON...IT IS THE
MOST INCREDIBLE
THING I'VE EVER
SEEN!

WHAT WE'VE
ALREADY ANALYZED
WILL BE A **QUANTUM
LEAP** FOR ROBOT-
ICS. THIS WILL
CHANGE EVERY-
THING!

YES, BUT
I'M MORE
CONCERNED
ABOUT WHAT IT
MEANS FOR
OUR PAST,
QUON.

THIS MEANS
SOMEONE FAR MORE
ADVANCED THAN US WAS
TRAVELLING THE GALAXY
MILLIONS OF YEARS
BEFORE WE EVER DID!
**WHO BUILT THIS AND
WHERE ARE THEY
NOW?**


WELL, MAYBE
THE ROBOT WILL HELP
ANSWER THOSE QUES-
TIONS, PROFESSOR. I'M
FINISHED STABILIZING
THE HARDWARE. DO
YOU THINK WE CAN
ACTUALLY REBOOT
ITS SYSTEM?

THE OPERATING
SYSTEM IS DENSE...THE
MOST ADVANCED MACHINE
CODEX I'VE DEVELOPED HAS
AN EIGHT-PRONGED DIGITAL
LATTICE. THIS ROBOT'S
CODEX HAS **FIFTY-SIX!**



HAVING SAID THAT, THE MAPPING IS COMPLETE.

I THINK I CAN CYCLE IT UP. THERE'S NO WAY OF KNOWING IF ITS ESSENTIAL CIRCUITRY IS STILL ALL ACTIVE. I'M READING A LOT OF DAMAGE.



ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT, PROFESSOR.


YES...HOLD ON MR. QUON... WE ARE ABOUT TO MAKE CONTACT WITH AN ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE THAT PRE-DATES ALL CIVILIZATION!

BLEEP




IT DIDN'T--

BE PATIENT BOY! THE COMPUTER IS STILL ACCESSING IT--

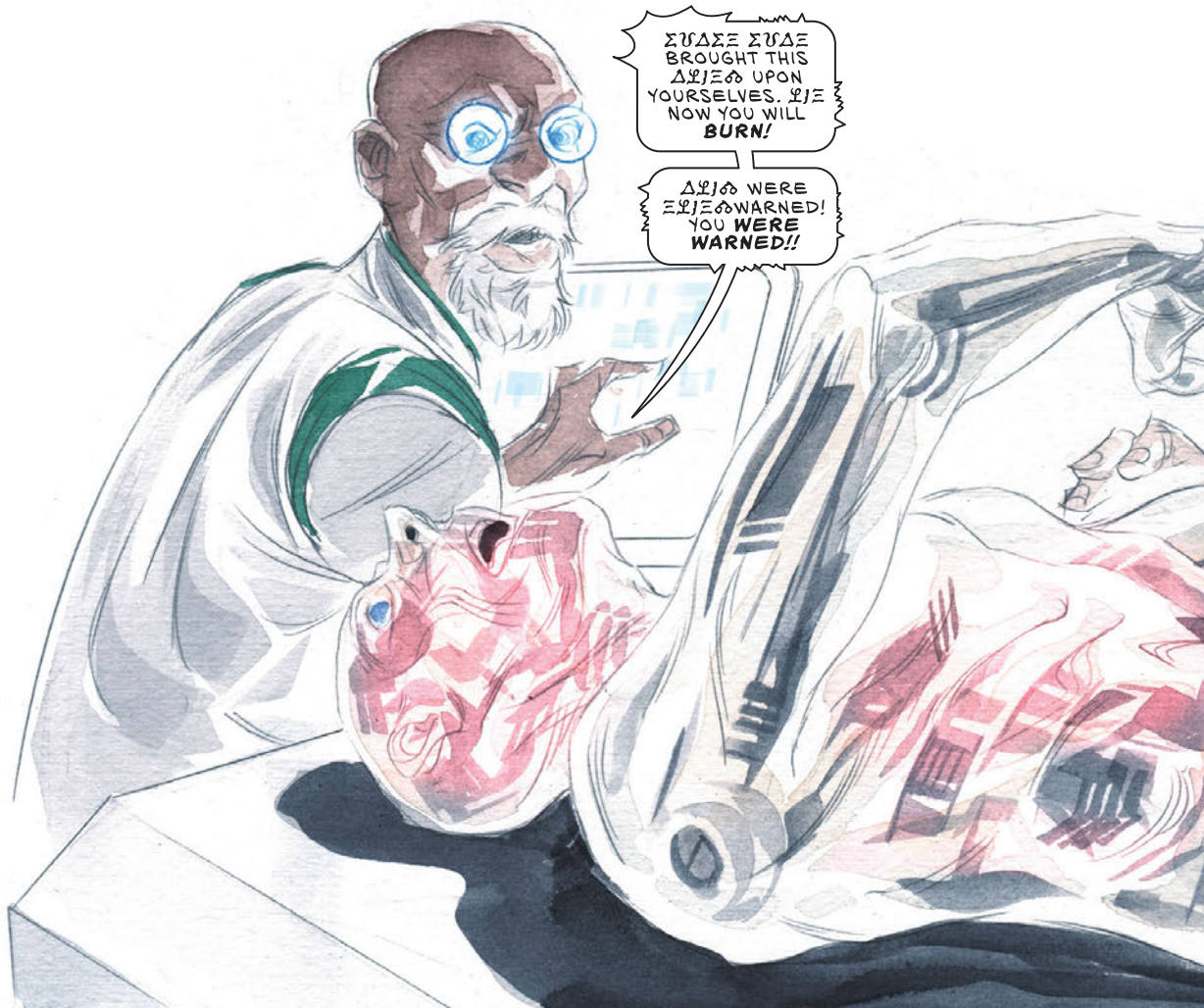


--KZZT--
Δϕ]εφ ϕΔφ
ΣΥΔΣΞ

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT? WHAT LANGUAGE--

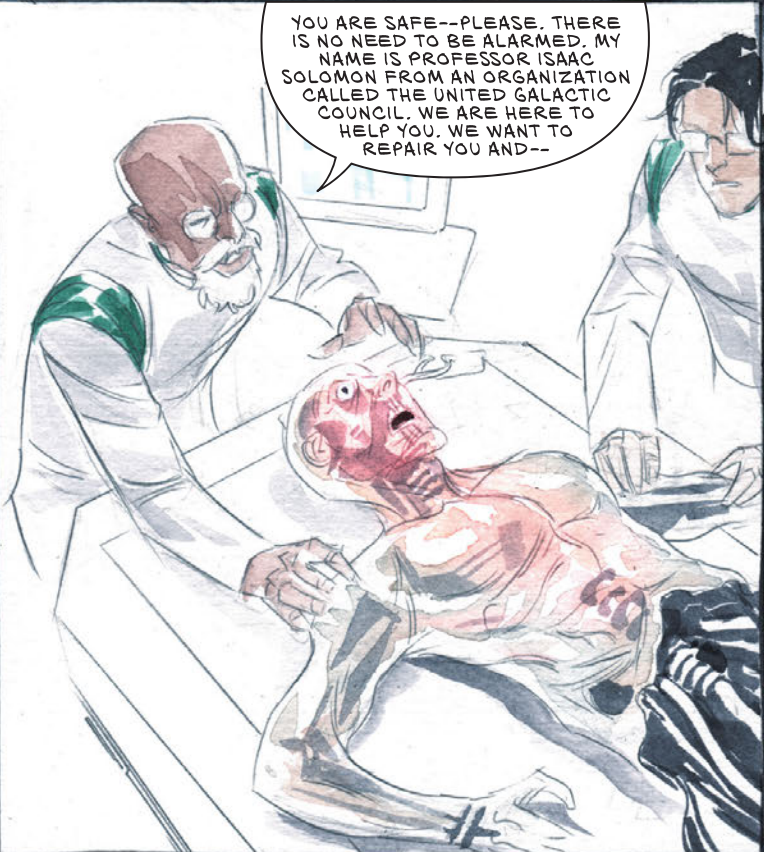


IT MUST BE ANCIENT OSTRAKONIAN! I'M CROSS REFERENCING WITH EVERYTHING THE UGC HAS ON ANCIENT OSTRAKONIAN LANGUAGE AND SETTING A TRANSLATION PROGRAM.



ΣΥΣΑΞΕ ΣΥΣΑΞΕ
BROUGHT THIS
ΔΕΙΞΕΙΣ UPON
YOURSELVES. ΔΕΙΞΕ
NOW YOU WILL
BURN!

ΔΕΙΞΕΙΣ WERE
ΕΙΞΕΙΣ WARNED!
YOU WERE
WARNED!!



YOU ARE SAFE--PLEASE. THERE IS NO NEED TO BE ALARMED. MY NAME IS PROFESSOR ISAAC SOLOMON FROM AN ORGANIZATION CALLED THE UNITED GALACTIC COUNCIL. WE ARE HERE TO HELP YOU. WE WANT TO REPAIR YOU AND--

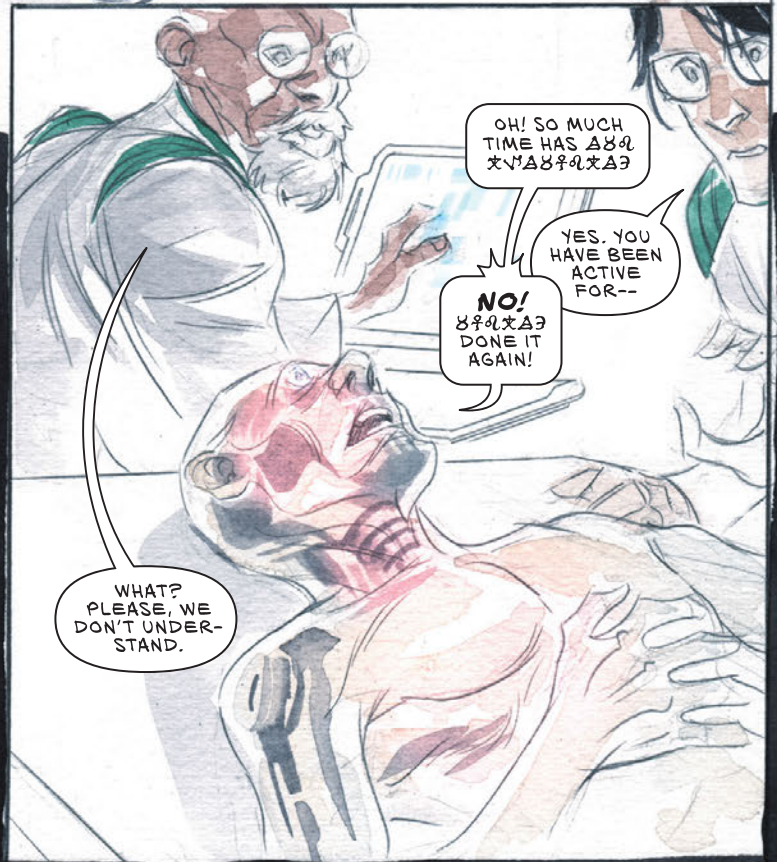


WHEN ΕΙΞΕΙΣ ΔΕΙΞΕΙΣ
ACCESSING ΠΑΡΑΦΕΡΑ
INFORMATION ΜΕΡΕΙΣ
PRIMITIVE ΕΙΞΕΙΣ
PROCESSING...



I DON'T--

DOCTOR SHOULD WE LET IT ACCESS THE DATA WEB?



OH! SO MUCH TIME HAS ΔΔΔ ΔΔΔΔΔΔΔΔΔ

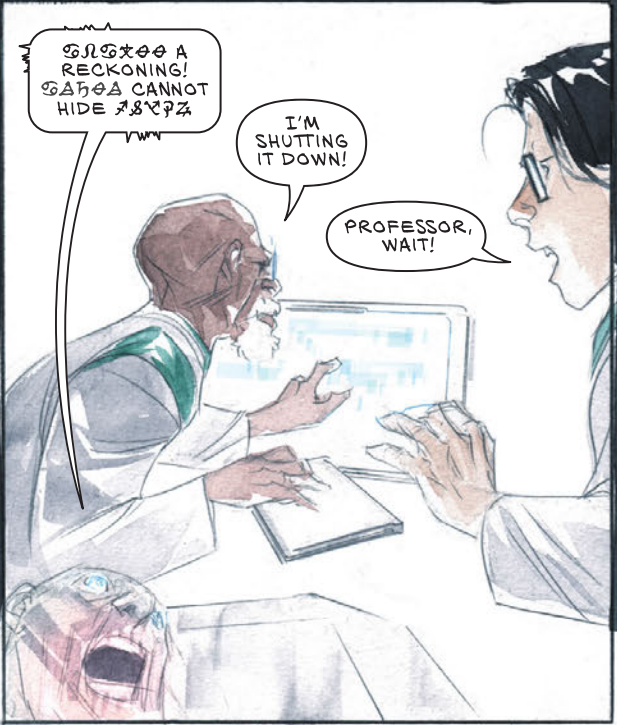
YES. YOU HAVE BEEN ACTIVE FOR--

NO!
ΔΔΔΔΔΔ
DONE IT AGAIN!

WHAT? PLEASE, WE DON'T UNDERSTAND.



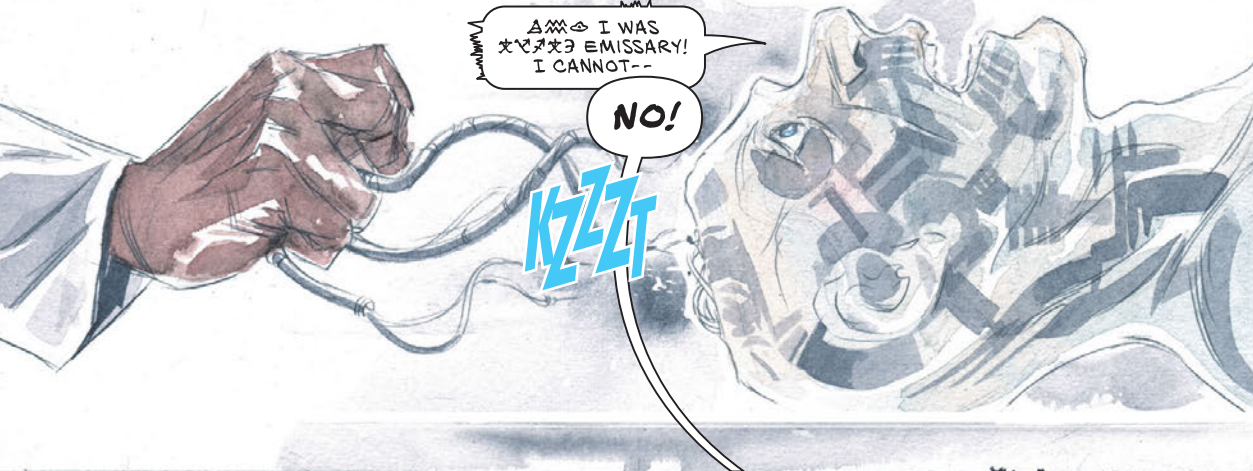
IF THEY SEE
M3 YH7M73
COME AGAIN!
ALL DIE!



Q3Q3Q3 A
RECKONING!
Q3H3Q3 CANNOT
HIDE 78Y3Z

I'M
SHUTTING
IT DOWN!

PROFESSOR,
WAIT!



A333 I WAS
X3X33 EMISSARY!
I CANNOT--

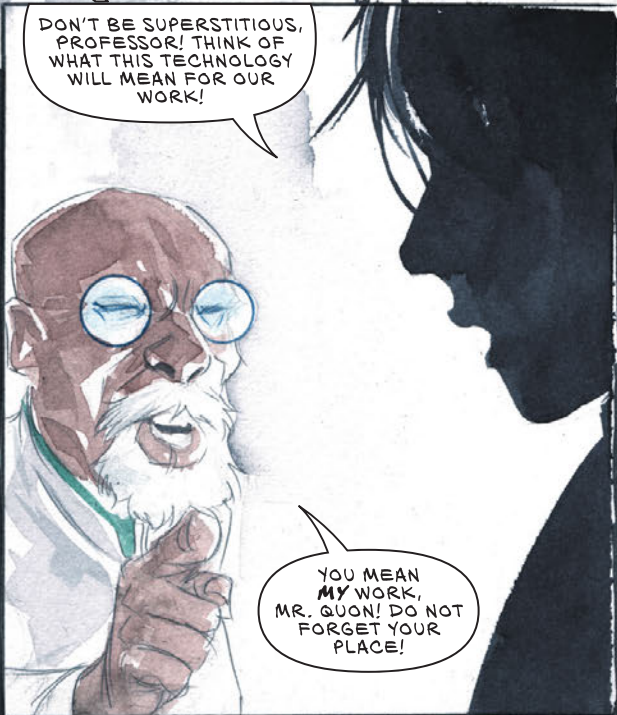
NO!

KZZT



BUT WE WERE
JUST GETTING
SOMEWHERE!

QUON DID YOU NOT
HEAR THAT THING?! THERE
IS NO TELLING WHAT IT WAS
TALKING ABOUT, BUT UNTIL
WE KNOW MORE, WE CAN'T
RISK THE SECURITY
OF THE UGC!



DON'T BE SUPERSTITIOUS,
PROFESSOR! THINK OF
WHAT THIS TECHNOLOGY
WILL MEAN FOR OUR
WORK!

YOU MEAN
MY WORK,
MR. QUON! DO NOT
FORGET YOUR
PLACE!



THIS IS MY CALL.

OF COURSE. I'M SORRY, PROFESSOR.

GOOD. NOW THEN, TELL THE PILOTS TO PLOT OUR COURSE BACK TO NIYRATA. WE'LL LEAVE THE DECISION ON WHAT TO DO NEXT TO THE UGC COUNCIL.



I AM EXHAUSTED. CLEAN UP THE LAB AND SEAL THE SPECIMEN FOR TRANSPORT.

YES. OF COURSE, PROFESSOR.

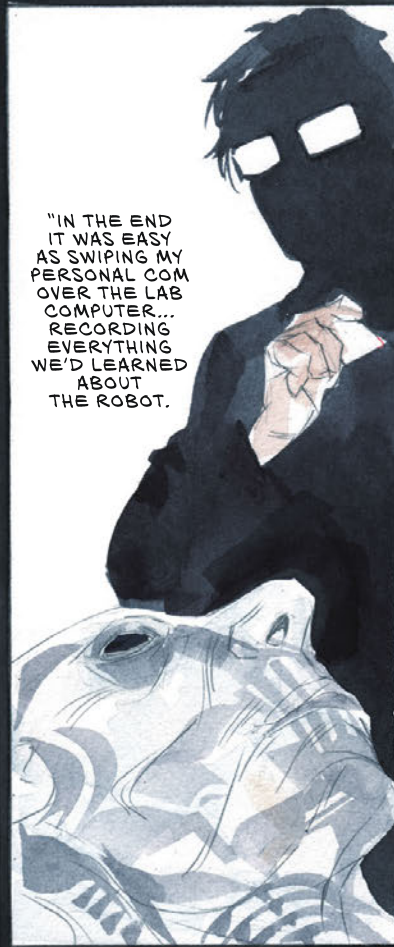


"THAT WAS THE LAST TIME I WOULD EVER SEE PROFESSOR SOLOMON.

"YOU WOULD THINK BETRAYING THE MAN WHO TAUGHT YOU EVERYTHING WOULD BE DIFFICULT.



"YOU WOULD THINK IT WOULD BE A DECISION THAT ONE WOULD TORTURE THEMSELVES OVER FOR DAYS... BUT IT WASN'T.

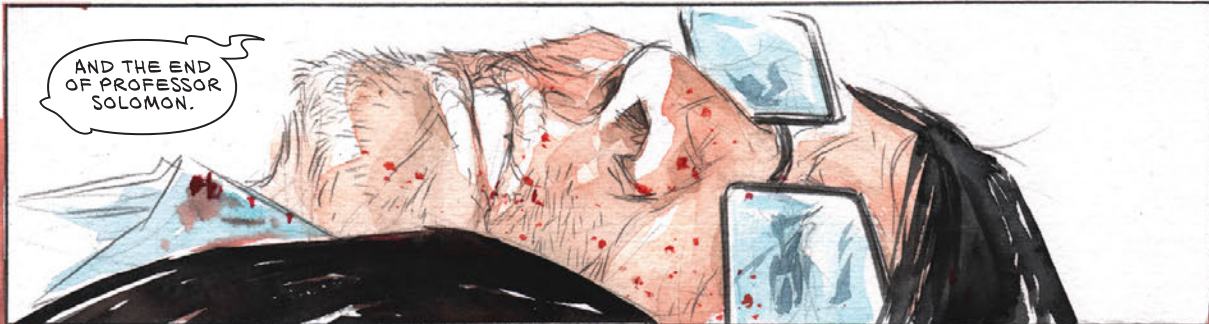


"IN THE END IT WAS EASY AS SWIPING MY PERSONAL COM OVER THE LAB COMPUTER... RECORDING EVERYTHING WE'D LEARNED ABOUT THE ROBOT.



"AND THAT-- THAT SIMPLE INDISCRETION WAS THE BEGINNING OF EVERYTHING...

"THE BEGINNING OF ALL OF MY WORK..."



AND THE END
OF PROFESSOR
SOLOMON.



YOU LYING BASTARD!
YOU USED THAT ROBOT
TO BUILD YOUR ANDROIDS?!
AND THAT--THAT
SOMEHOW LED TO THE
HARVESTERS!

THERE IS NO PROOF OF ANY
CONNECTION--



NO
PROOF!



SHUT
HER UP!

THIS ROBOT--
THIS SOLOMON
WHERE ARE THEY
NOW?! WHAT
HAPPENED TO
THEM?!




I DON'T KNOW. AS SOON AS WE ARRIVED BACK ON NIYRATA I LEFT SOLOMON AND THE ACADEMY. I USED THE DATA FROM THE ROBOT TO CREATE MY OWN ROBOTS...

...THE MOST ADVANCED THE UGC EVER SAW, INCLUDING THE TIM SERIES.




"FAME AND FORTUNE FOLLOWED. I REPLACED SOLOMON AS THE FACE OF ROBOTIC DESIGN IN THE UGC..."

"THEN--THEN THE HARVESTERS CAME."



THAT'S ALL I KNOW--PLEASE, MY ARM--HURTS SO BAD--



BAH! HE'S USELESS TO US! A PRETENDER! KILL HIM. THEN START CUTTING THE LITTLE BOT OPEN!

CAPTAIN TELSA! DO SOMETHING!

YES, YOUR MAJESTY.

NO! PLEASE! PLEASE!



CUT HIS VOICE BOX OUT FIRST. I'M TIRED OF HEARING HIM--

THOOOM

T-TIM-21?

I--I AM UNHARMED.

W-WHO DARES?!

**I DARE,
GNISHIAN
SCUM...**

GHOOOM GHOOOM

**I AM PSIUS AND WE
ARE THE HARDWIRE--THE
UNDERGROUND ROBOT
RESISTANCE. WE HAVE
COME FOR TIM-21.**



ME?

YES, LITTLE ONE. WE HAVE TRAVELLED VERY FAR TO FIND YOU... I MUST SAY I NEVER THOUGHT I'D FIND ANOTHER LIKE YOU. YOU LOOK JUST LIKE HIM.



LIKE WHO?

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



TIM-21, MEET MY SON...



--MEET
TIM-22.

HELLO.

END
OF BOOK ONE

ATLAS OF THE CORE PLANETS OF THE UNITED GALACTIC COUNCIL



NIYRATA (THE HUB WORLD): Former technological and cultural hub of the UGC and former home of the nine Embassy Cities. One city state for each of the core planets and races representing UGC. Now a devastated world, what's left of the UGC Council still resides there, clinging to power.



PHAGES (THE GHOST WORLD/HAUNTED PLANET): Home to a gaseous race called THE PHAGES. Their spectral, ghost-like appearance scared early explorers into thinking the planet was haunted. Basically a world full of ghosts with no solid matter. Cities and aliens all made of gases. The only non-gaseous species are a race of hostile 20-foot tall giants.



MATA: An aquatic world. Was once home to a great empire and a baroque, almost renaissance-type world, but long ago was flooded and turned into a water-world. The descendants of this monarchy now survive on a floating, mobile kingdom. The ruins of the old cities still lay below the water.



SAMPSON: Home to the original colonists from Old Earth. Sampson is a massive planet and the military center of the Megacosm and home of the largest human cities.



KNOSSOS:
The smallest Core planet in the Megacosm.



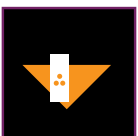
SILENOS: The unique atmosphere on Silenos makes all sound and vibration impossible, creating a totally silent world where the native race communicates by projecting telepathic hieroglyphs into the air.



AMUN: The greatest ally of the GNISHIANS.
An insect-like race that live in underground hives.



GNISH: The largest planet and the home of the largest military force. Leaders in the anti-robot, anti-technology movement in the wake of the Harvesters. A race ruled by luddite zealots who preach independence and sovereignty for all worlds all the while working for more and more control of Megacosm space. Main funder of the Scrappers. Home to the MELTING PITS, massive gladiatorial arenas where Robots are made to fight to the death.



OSTRAKON: A desert wasteland devoid of all life. Contains the ruins of an ancient civilization that has long since gone extinct.

D E S C E N D E R



"A beautiful cosmic opera and nuanced think piece, balancing the fear of the unknown with the spirit of adventure. Driven by the gorgeous visuals of artist Dustin Nguyen, DESCENDER is a book on the rise." —IGN

"Jeff Lemire has dreamt up an emotional, imaginative new universe, lavishly brought to life by the great Dustin Nguyen. I can't wait to see where they take TIM-21 next"

—BRIAN K. VAUGHAN, *SAGA*

Ten years after planet-sized robots called Harvesters appeared and wreaked havoc across the galaxy, a young android named TIM-21 wakes to find that all robots have been outlawed. But TIM may hold the secrets to the Harvesters in his machine DNA and he quickly becomes the most wanted robot in the universe. With bounty hunters and threats lurking at every turn, TIM embarks on a mind-blowing adventure through the stars along with his robot dog, Bandit, and the lumbering mining droid, Driller.

A heartfelt, rip-roaring science fiction odyssey written by Jeff Lemire (*Sweet Tooth*, *Essex County*) and featuring beautiful fully painted artwork by Dustin Nguyen (*Li'l Gotham*).



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