

THE MIDAS FLESH™

NORTH / PAROLINE / LAMB

#SIX
OF EIGHT



BOOM! BOX™

THE MIDAS FLESH™

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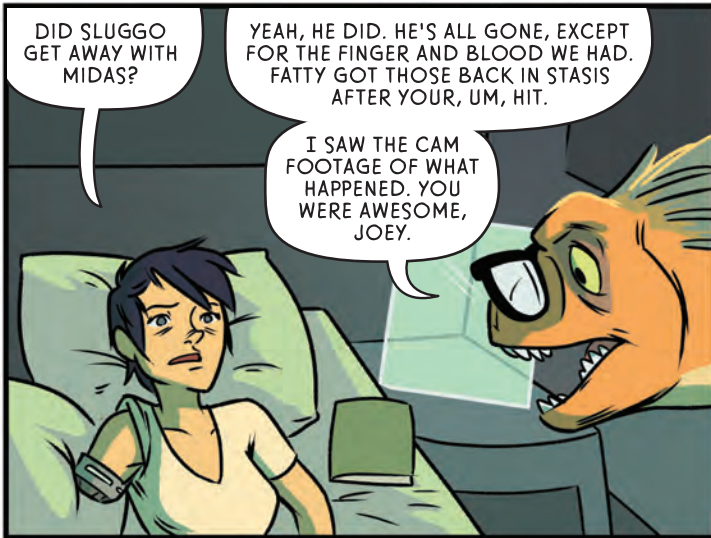
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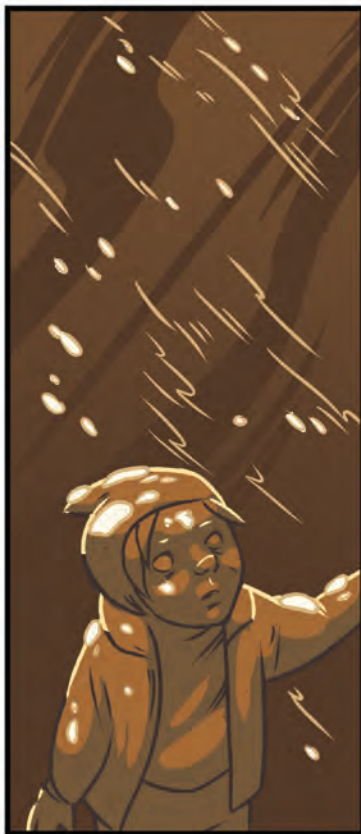
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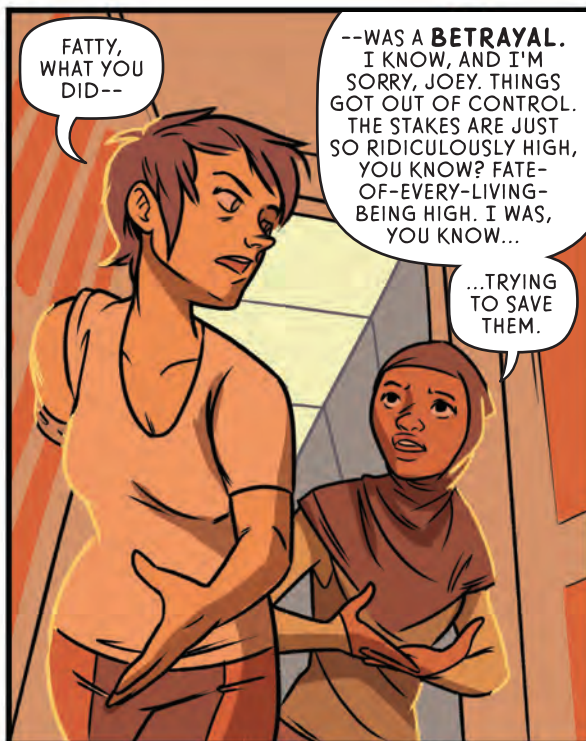
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FATTY,
WHAT YOU
DID--

--WAS A **BETRAYAL**.
I KNOW, AND I'M
SORRY, JOEY. THINGS
GOT OUT OF CONTROL.
THE STAKES ARE JUST
SO RIDICULOUSLY HIGH,
YOU KNOW? FATE-
OF-EVERY-LIVING-
BEING HIGH. I WAS,
YOU KNOW...

...TRYING
TO SAVE
THEM.



BUT
THAT HASN'T
CHANGED.

BUT THE
CIRCUMSTANCES HAVE.
THE FEDERATION HAS MIDAS,
AND THAT MEANS THE ONLY
WAY TO SAVE EVERYONE IS TO
STOP THEM AND DESTROY THE
FLESH. WE'RE ON THE SAME
SIDE, JOEY. IT WON'T
HAPPEN AGAIN.

I PROMISE.



THANK
YOU. I
ACCEPT YOUR
APOLOGY.

AND
I'M SORRY
TOO, FATIMA. I
SHOULD'VE
LISTENED MORE
TO WHAT YOU
WERE--



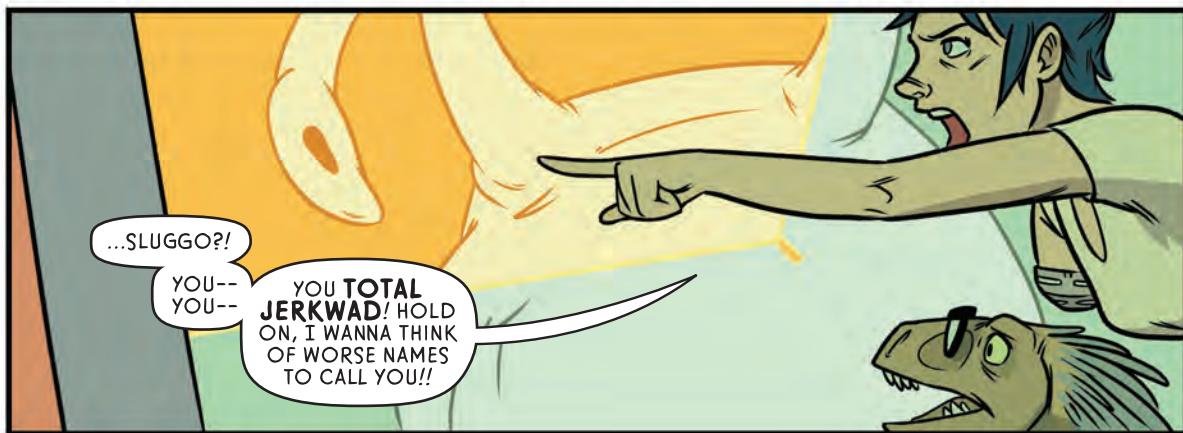
GUYS, PICKING UP A
TRANSMISSION FROM
THE CARPATHIA.

IT LOOKS
LIKE IT'S DIRECTED
SPECIFICALLY TOWARDS
US, BUT IT'S WEIRD. IT'S
BEING PIGGYBACKED
ON A NAV
FREQUENCY.



SOMEONE
TRYING TO
HIDE THE
TRANS-
MISSION?

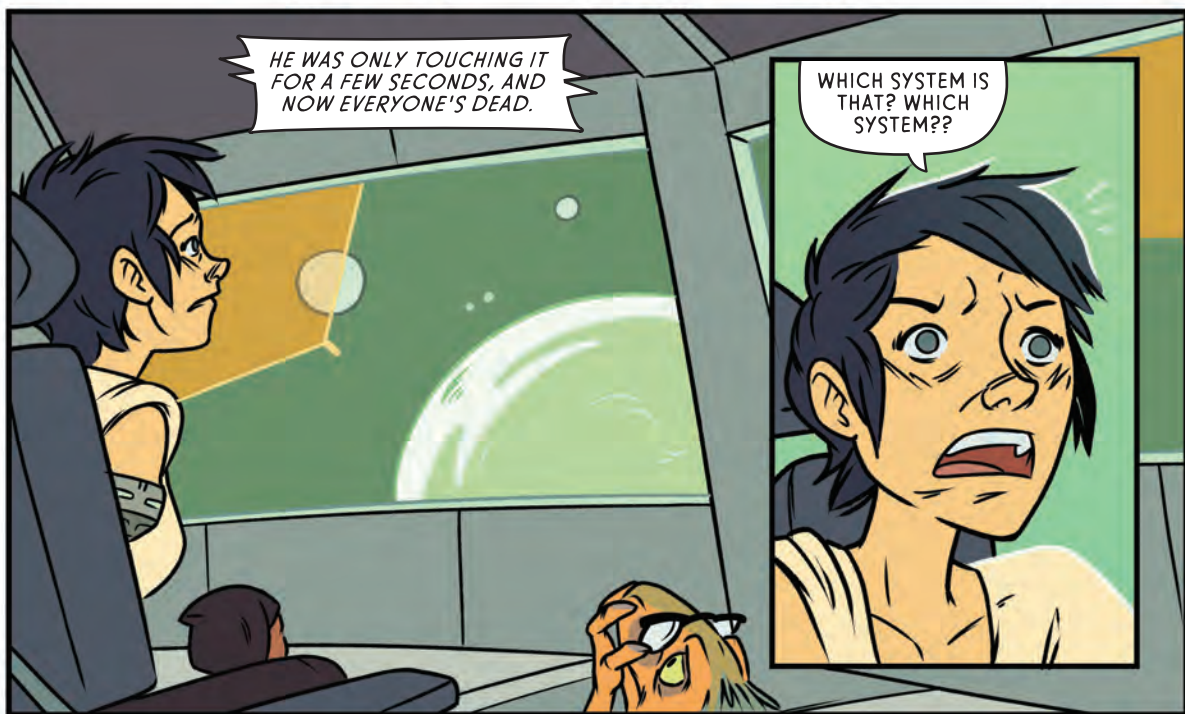
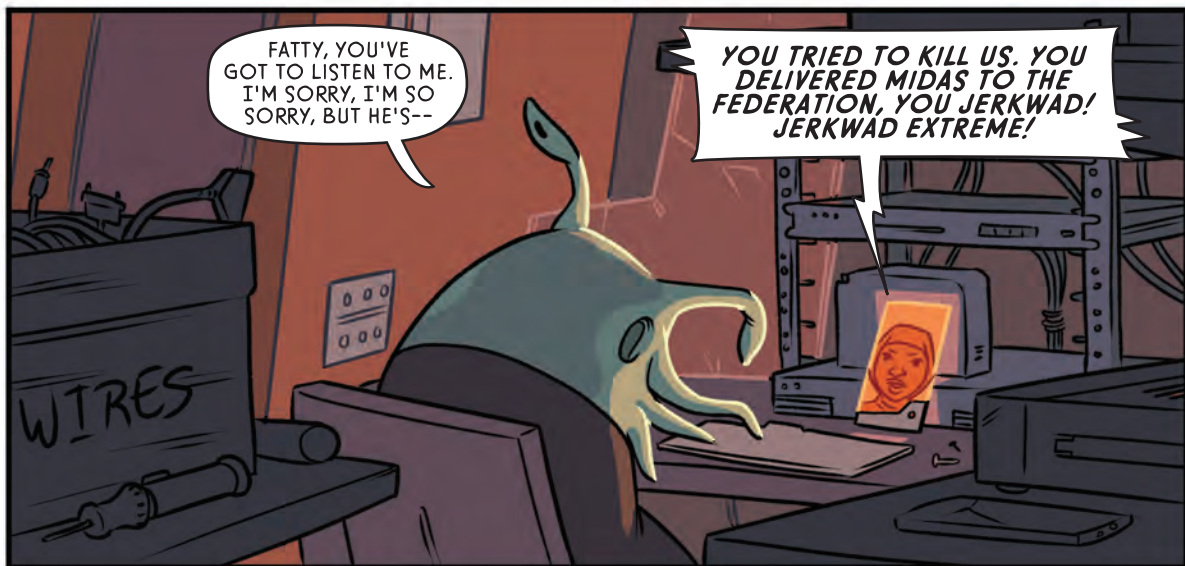
PUT IT
THROUGH.

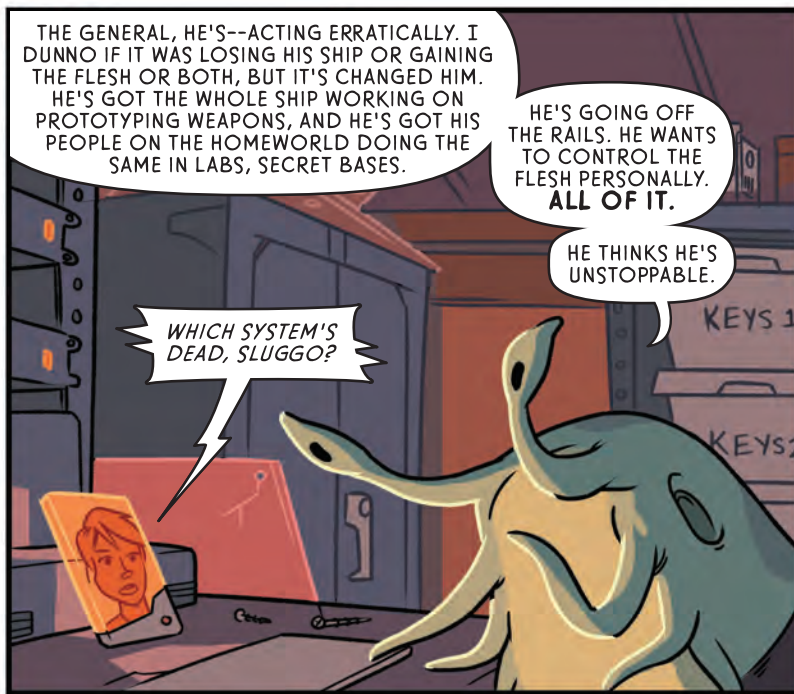


...SLUGGO?!

YOU--
YOU--

YOU **TOTAL
JERKWAD!** HOLD
ON, I WANNA THINK
OF WORSE NAMES
TO CALL YOU!!





THE GENERAL, HE'S--ACTING ERRATICALLY. I DUNNO IF IT WAS LOSING HIS SHIP OR GAINING THE FLESH OR BOTH, BUT IT'S CHANGED HIM. HE'S GOT THE WHOLE SHIP WORKING ON PROTOTYPING WEAPONS, AND HE'S GOT HIS PEOPLE ON THE HOMEWORLD DOING THE SAME IN LABS, SECRET BASES.

HE'S GOING OFF THE RAILS. HE WANTS TO CONTROL THE FLESH PERSONALLY. ALL OF IT.

HE THINKS HE'S UNSTOPPABLE.

WHICH SYSTEM'S DEAD, SLUGGO?



I TRIED TO STOP HIM, FATTY. I WAS ABLE TO REDUCE THE CONTACT TIME, BUT ONLY BY A SECOND OR SO. IT WASN'T ENOUGH. YOU WERE RIGHT, JOEY. HE WANTS TO HURT YOU, KILL YOU, EVEN TO THE DETRIMENT OF THE FEDERATION. I CAN'T STAND AGAINST HIM, BUT I--

TELL ME WHICH SYSTEM YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT RIGHT NOW, SLUGGO.



JOEY. IT'S YOURS. TITAN.

OH MY GOD. MY FAMILY. MY FAMILY LIVES--

WHY?! WHY'D HE DO THAT??



SHUCKS.

I GUESS I JUST WANTED YOUR ATTENTION, CAPTAIN JOEY.



WHOA, HOPE
YOUR ARM ISN'T
BOTHERING YOU
TOO MUCH!

SO LISTEN, I KNOW SLUGGO
TOLD YOU I'M CRAZY. I'M NOT:
I'M EFFICIENT. YOUR PLANET
WAS ALWAYS TROUBLESOME,
AND THIS JUST SAVED US A LOT
OF TIME AND MONEY.

AND ACTUALLY,
MADE US A LOT
OF MONEY TOO,
ONCE THE MINING
CREWS ARRIVE.

HOW MUCH DID YOUR
MOTHER WEIGH? ABOUT
70 KILOS, I'M
GUESSING? DO YOU HAVE
ANY IDEA HOW MUCH
MONEY 70 KILOS OF
GOLD WILL ADD
TO FEDERATION
COFFERS?

I
HONESTLY
CAN'T
WAIT TO
SELL HER.



WHAT
DO YOU
WANT?

*YOU HAVE SOMETHING
THAT DOESN'T BELONG TO
YOU, CAPTAIN JOEY. I
WANT MY FLESH BACK.*

NO. NOT
GONNA HAPPEN,
YOU--

*OH, I
REALLY
THINK IT
WILL.*



HELLO, SLUGGO.
YOU COMMITTED
TREASON BY
CONTACTING THE
PROSPECT.

SIR, I FELT I WAS ACTING IN
CONCORDANCE WITH THE FEDERATION'S
BEST PRINCIPLES. DUE TO YOUR
ERRATIC BEHAVIOR, I--

NEXT TIME
YOU COMMIT
TREASON, DO IT
IN A WAY I CAN'T
DETECT.

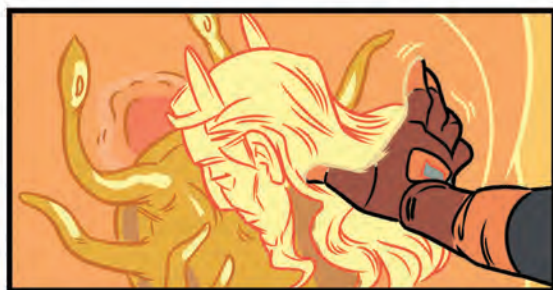


SIR, I'M ENTITLED TO TRIAL! THERE'S NO
PRECEDENT FOR THIS! PLEASE, YOU CAN'T
JUST EXECUTE OTHER FEDERATION
OFFICERS! YOU--

HA!
LISTEN TO
ME: "NEXT
TIME."



WHAT NEXT TIME
COULD I POSSIBLY
BE TALKING
ABOUT?



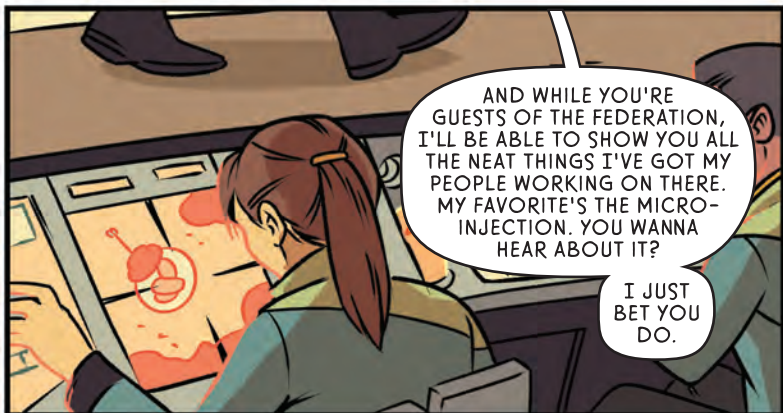


I'D LIKE MY FLESH
PLEASE, CAPTAIN JOEY.



SO HERE'S THE
DEAL. WE'RE GONNA
MEET AT THE FEDERATION
HOMEWORLD, AND YOU'RE
GOING TO RETURN THE
PARTS OF MIDAS YOU'VE
STILL GOT LEFT.

YOU KNOW.
THE PARTS YOU
STOLE.



AND WHILE YOU'RE
GUESTS OF THE FEDERATION,
I'LL BE ABLE TO SHOW YOU ALL
THE NEAT THINGS I'VE GOT MY
PEOPLE WORKING ON THERE.
MY FAVORITE'S THE MICRO-
INJECTION. YOU WANNA
HEAR ABOUT IT?

I JUST
BET YOU
DO.



"IT'S GREAT. YOU PUT A FEW CELLS OF
FLESH IN A MICRO STASIS FIELD, AND
INJECT IT INTO A PRISONER'S BODY.
THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW IT'S THERE!"



THEN YOU RELEASE THE
PRISONERS, AND WHEN
THEY MAKE THEIR WAY BACK
TO WHATEVER ENEMY
STRONGHOLD THEY'RE
FROM, YOU TURN THE
STASIS FIELD OFF REMOTELY.
TADA! 100% EFFECTIVE
UNDERCOVER AGENTS WHO
DON'T EVEN KNOW THEY'RE
WORKING FOR US!

I
LOVE
IT!!



ANYWAY,
WE'LL BE
WAITING THERE
FOR YOU. I'M
GONNA GET
THERE FIRST,
GIVE MY PEOPLE
SOME FLESH TO
WORK WITH,
REALLY GET
THINGS RAMPED
UP. CAN'T
WAIT!

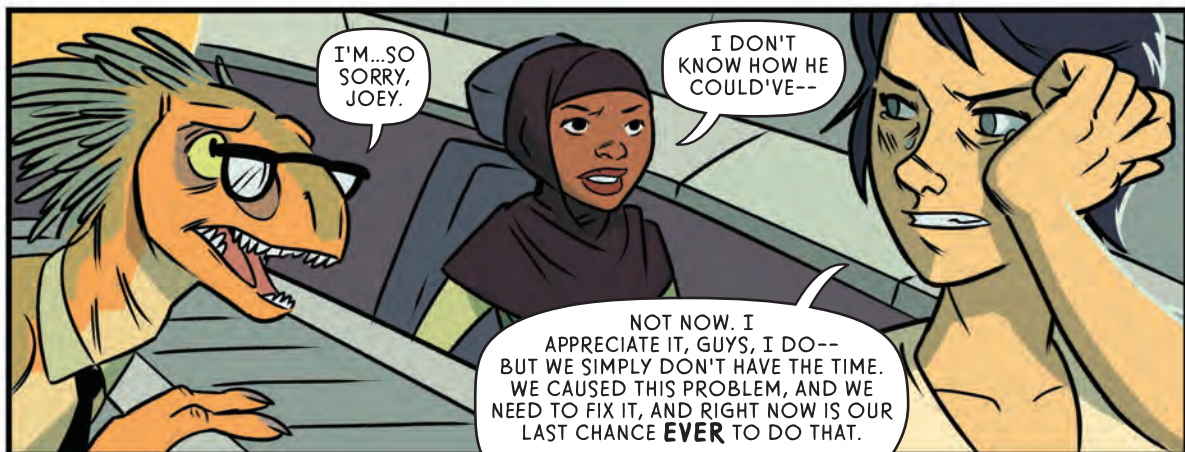


OH, ONE MORE THING: IF YOU DECIDE
NOT TO SHOW UP, I'VE GOT PLENTY OF
OTHER PLANETS I'D LOVE TO TRY THIS
OUT ON. JUST GIVE ME THE EXCUSE,
CAPTAIN JOEY, AND IT'LL HAPPEN--
I PROMISE YOU THAT.

YOU KNOW
ME...

...MY WORD
IS AS GOOD
AS GOLD.

CARPATHIA
OUT.



I'M...SO
SORRY,
JOEY.

I DON'T
KNOW HOW HE
COULD'VE--

NOT NOW. I
APPRECIATE IT, GUYS, I DO--
BUT WE SIMPLY DON'T HAVE THE TIME.
WE CAUSED THIS PROBLEM, AND WE
NEED TO FIX IT, AND RIGHT NOW IS OUR
LAST CHANCE **EVER** TO DO THAT.



RIGHT NOW WE'RE THE
ONLY NON-FEDERATION
PEOPLE WITH ACCESS TO
THE SAME WEAPON THE
GENERAL HAS.

IT'S THE LAST
TIME IN HISTORY
WE'LL EVER KNOW
EXACTLY WHERE THE
FEDERATION'S ENTIRE
SUPPLY OF MIDAS
FLESH WILL BE: MOST
ON THE CARPATHIA,
AND SOME ON
THE PLANET.

AND THAT
MEANS THAT WE
DON'T HAVE A
CHOICE. WE HAVE
TO DO THIS.

IT'S
A TRAP,
JOEY.

OBTUSELY.



BUT WE HAVE TO TAKE OUR CHANCES.
THE ONLY REASON WE'VE GOT THIS SHOT
IS BECAUSE THE GENERAL SEES US AS A
DANGEROUS LOOSE END HE WANTS TIED
UP, AND I'M NOT SURE HOW MUCH
LONGER HE'LL CARE ABOUT US. LET'S
NOT GIVE HIM TIME TO
CHANGE HIS MIND.

YEAH MAN!
LET'S **DO**
THIS.



SWEET, THIS'LL DEFINITELY
WORK! AND ALL WE NEED TO DO
IS DEFEAT AN OLYMPIC-CLASS SHIP
THAT'LL BE READY AND WAITING
FOR US RIGHT IN THE HEART OF
FEDERATION SPACE, RIGHT? YOU
KNOW, BEFORE WE RECOVER ALL
THE FLESH THAT'LL BE SCATTERED
THROUGHOUT THEIR HOMEWORLD??
WAIT, WHERE DID SLUGGO SAY THAT
FLESH WOULD BE AGAIN?

OH RIGHT!
**SECRET
BASES.**



...RIGHT. COOPER, YOU'RE EXACTLY
RIGHT. THAT'S WHAT
HE'S EXPECTING,
ISN'T IT? ATTACK THE
SHIP, RECOVER THE
BODY, SEARCH THE
HOMEWORLD. HE
THINKS WE WANT TO
CONTROL THE FLESH
AS BADLY AS HE
DOES!

UM.
DON'T
WE?



I
DUNNO,
FATTY.

WHAT
IF WE
DON'T?



WHAT IF WE **IGNORED** MIDAS AND WENT FOR THE PLANET FIRST? WE TURN IT TO GOLD AND WHATEVER FLESH THE GENERAL'S DISTRIBUTED THERE IS LOST. AND UNTRACEABLE, SINCE THERE'LL BE NO SHOCK-WAVES TO LEAD ANYONE TO IT.

HECK, WITH ANY LUCK, IT'LL BE BURIED IN SOME "SECRET BASE" BENEATH TONS OF SOLID-GOLD GROUND NOBODY CAN EVER TOUCH AGAIN.



AND YEAH, HE'S FASTER, BUT **WE'RE** STILL MORE MANEUVERABLE THAN THE CARPATHIA.

WE DO WHAT HE'S NOT EXPECTING, MAKE THE GENERAL COME AFTER US, AND RUIN ANY PREPARATIONS HE'S PUT IN PLACE.

LEAD HIM AWAY FROM HIS OWN DEFENSES. FIGHT HIM ON **OUR** TERMS.



THAT PLANET--**FEDERATION HOMEWORLD**--IS GONNA BE SURROUNDED BY SHIPS, GUYS. INSANELY OVER-POWERED SHIPS.

SURE.



THEN I GUESS IT'S REAL LUCKY FOR US THAT WE'VE GOT A DOOMSDAY DEVICE ON BOARD, HUH?



WE COULD **DO** THIS, GUYS. WE CAN PUT THIS GENIE BACK IN THE BOTTLE.

LET'S USE THE FEW HOURS WE'VE GOT. LET'S SLICE THAT FINGER UP, LET'S MAKE OURSELVES SOME WEAPONS, AND LET'S GO SAVE THE WHOLE FREAKIN' GALAXY.



...I GUESS IT REALLY IS OUR ONLY MOVE. WHAT DO YOU SAY, FATTY?

LET'S.



LATER:

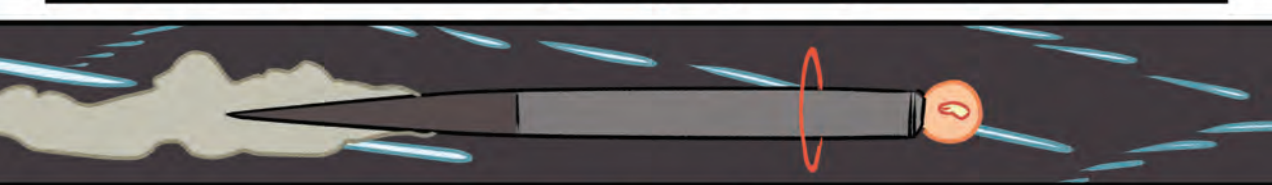
REPORT.

A BUNCH OF
WARSHIPS IN ORBIT
AROUND THE
HOMEWORLD, BUT
NO SIGN OF THE
CARPATHI--

--WAIT, WAIT,
I'M PICKING UP A
SPATIAL DISTORTION
THAT I HAVEN'T
SEEN BE--

IT'S THEM: THEY
WERE HIDING IN WARP,
JOEY! I--I DON'T
KNOW HOW THAT'S
POSSIBLE!!

EVASIVE!



THEY'VE WEAPONIZED
HIM TOO--WE'VE GOT
MIDAS INBOUND,
GUYS!

DOWN HARD
TO PORT! **GET
US OUT OF
RANGE,
FATTY!**

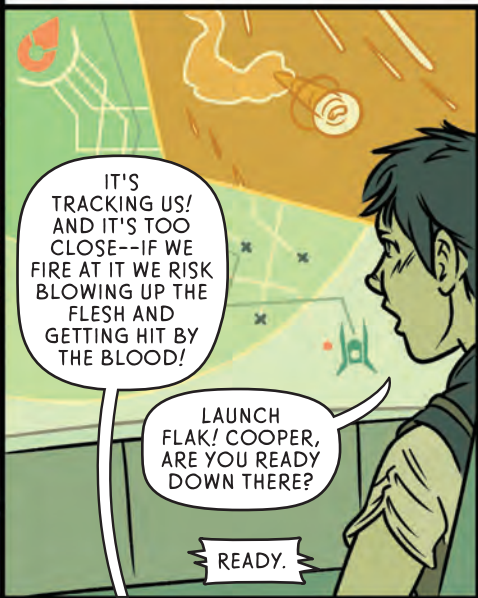
ON IT!!



IT'S
TRACKING US!
AND IT'S TOO
CLOSE--IF WE
FIRE AT IT WE RISK
BLOWING UP THE
FLESH AND
GETTING HIT BY
THE BLOOD!

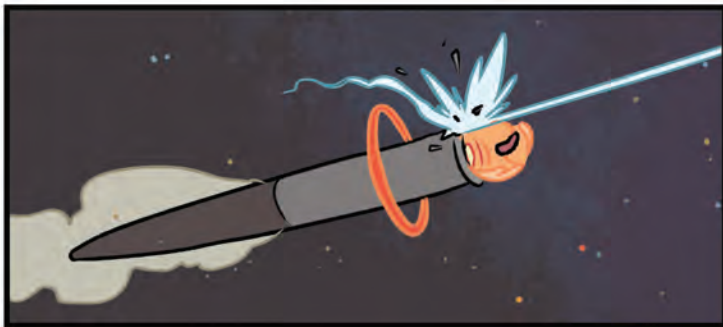
LAUNCH
FLAK! COOPER,
ARE YOU READY
DOWN THERE?

READY.





JUST KEEP
HER STEADY,
FATTY.



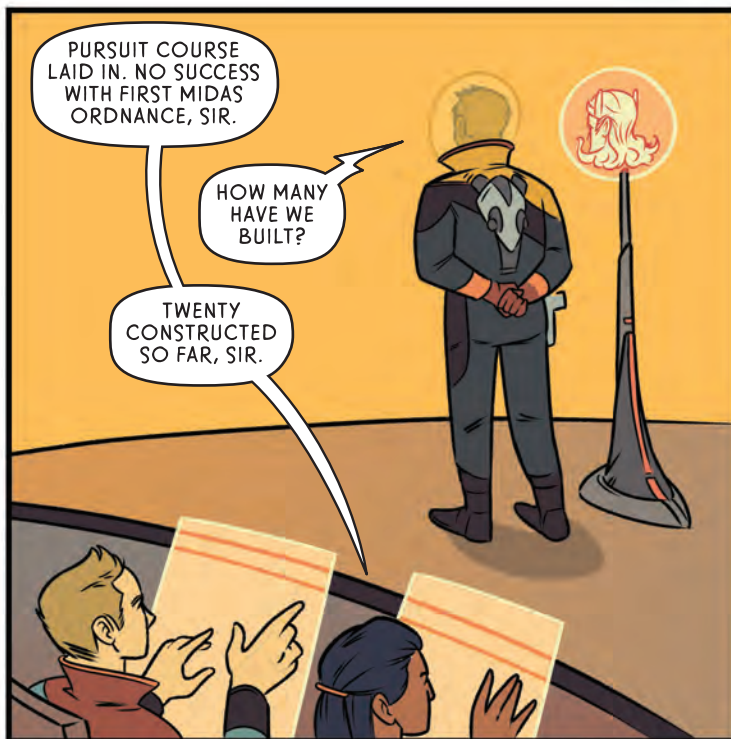
GOT IT!! DIRECT
HIT TO ITS STASIS
FIELD, GUYS. THAT
GOLD MISSILE ISN'T
TRACKING
ANYONE NOW.

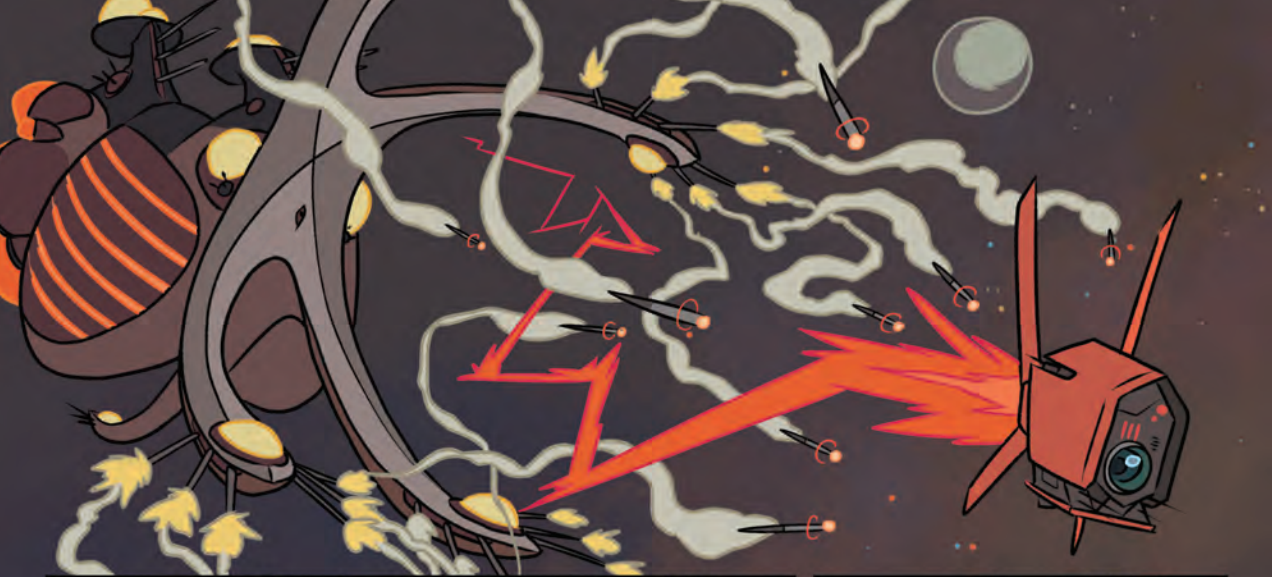
BUT, UH,
I'VE ONLY
GOT TWO
MORE
SHOTS.



COOPER IT
MAY BE THE FACT
YOU JUST SAVED ALL
OUR LIVES TALKING
BUT REAL TALK: I
SERIOUSLY LOVE
YOU!

AS A
FRIEND, BUT
COME ON,
THAT'S STILL
REALLY
GREAT





OH CRAP. JOEY, WE'RE OUT OF CARPATHIA'S WEAPONS RANGE, BUT THERE'S TWENTY MIDAS MISSILES TRACKING ON OUR POSITION.

TOP SPEED TOWARDS THE PLANET, FATIMA: GET US THERE NO MATTER WHAT, AND MAKE SURE THE COMPUTER'S TRACKING THE POSITION OF ANY FLESH AROUND US. WE'LL WANT TO PICK IT UP LATER.

COOPER, TAKE WHATEVER SHOTS YOU GET.

SO, HEY--

YOU GUYS HEARD ME WHEN I SAID I ONLY HAD TWO BULLETS LEFT, RIGHT??

FRIIIIIIG.

FRIIIIIIIIIIG!!



ALRIGHT FATIMA, HERE'S THE PLAN. WE DON'T CARE ABOUT THE SHIPS, JUST THE PLANET. GET US AS CLOSE AS YOU CAN. I'LL TAKE WHATEVER SHOTS WE CAN GET WITH OUR OWN MIDAS WEAPONS.

COOPER, HANG ON! PUT YOUR GRAVITY BOOTS ON MAXIMUM!

YOU DON'T THINK I'VE ALREADY DONE THAT?



THAT WAS LIKE THE FIRST THING I DID WHEN I CAME OUT HERE!!



THAT'S ONE MORE MISSILE DOWN. YOU, UM, GONNA TAKE OUT THOSE SHIPS UP AHEAD, JOEY?

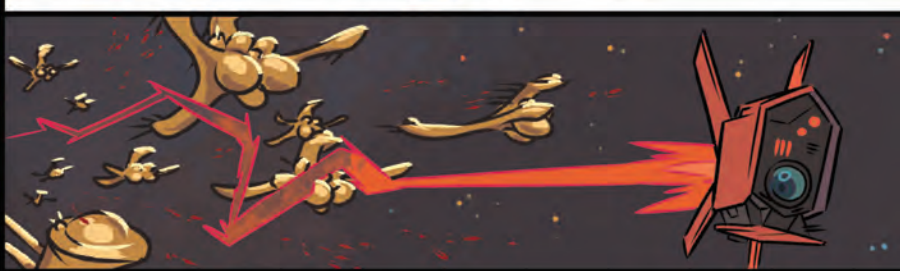
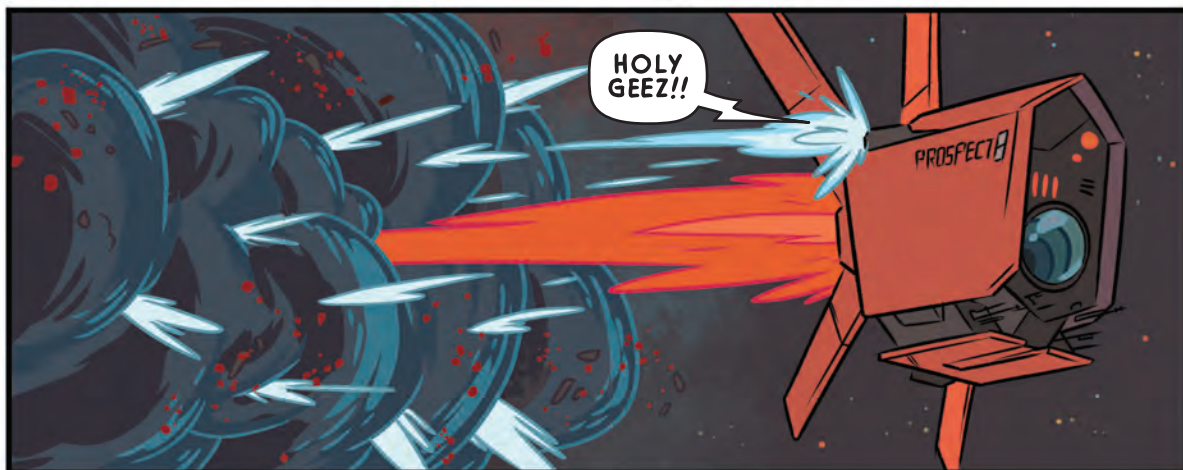
WE DON'T HAVE ENOUGH MIDAS SHOTS FOR ALL OF THEM, COOPER--BUT WATCH AND LEARN.

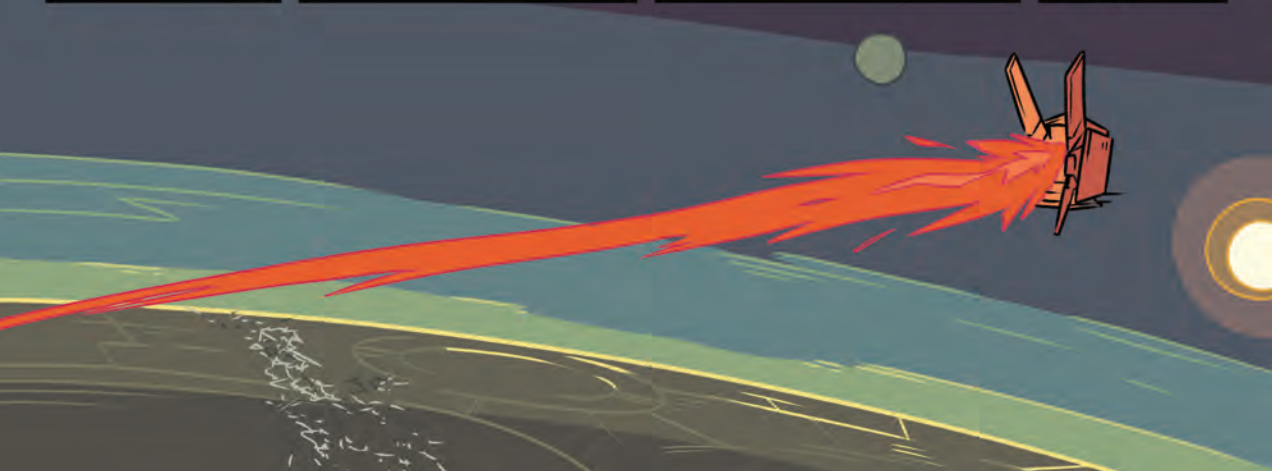


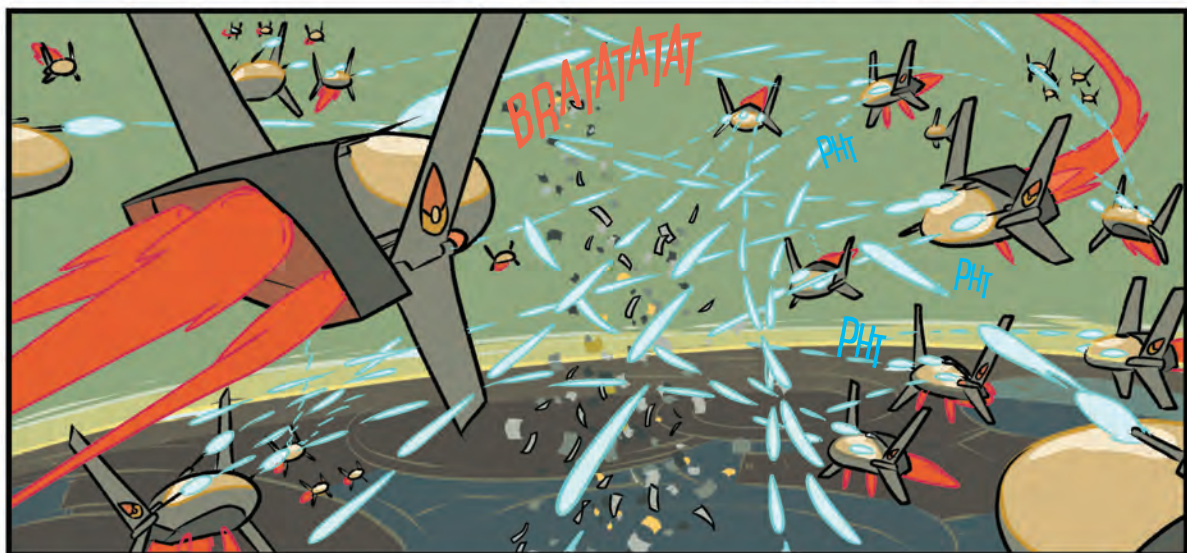
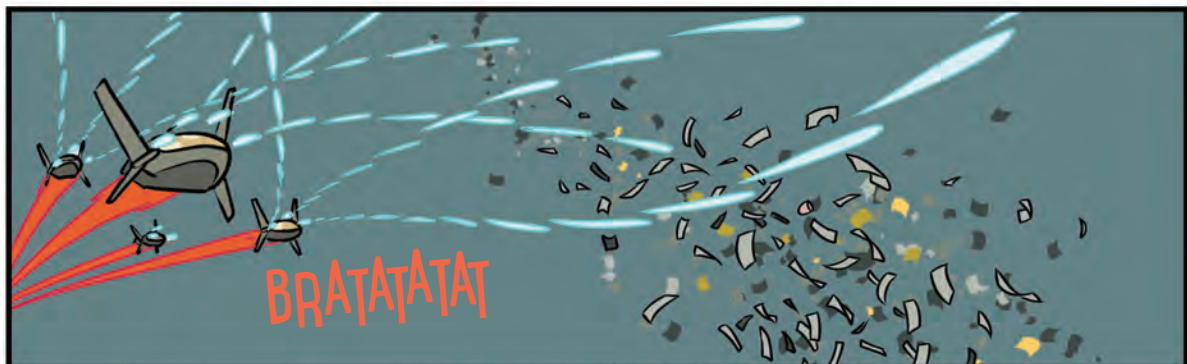
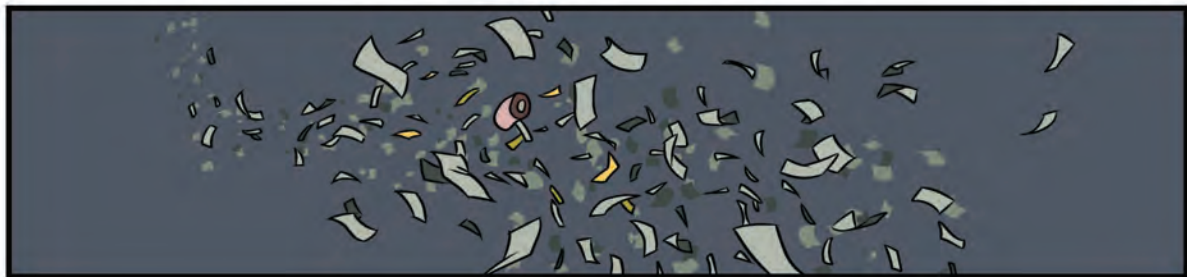
THAT'S RIGHT! GIVE 'EM A TASTE OF THEIR OWN MISSILES MIXED WITH OURS! **NICELY DONE, FATTY.**

YOU TOO, JOEY! I--WAIT!

--SEVEN MORE WARSHIPS ADVANCING ON OUR POSITION! THEY'RE SURROUNDING US!









THE FIRST MOMENT OF IMPACT WASN'T LONG ENOUGH FOR THE TRANSFORMATION WAVE TO COMPLETE. HALF THE PLANET'S GOLD, BUT THE CORE LEFT OVER WAS STILL UNDER INSANELY HIGH PRESSURE--AND SUDDENLY, IT HAD AN OUTLET.





...THAT WAS THE MOST INCREDIBLE THING I'VE EVER SEEN.

AND THERE GOES THE OTHER HALF INTO GOLD TOO. LOOKS LIKE THERE WAS SOME FLESH IN STASIS THERE THAT SUDDENLY FOUND ITSELF WITHOUT POWER. JOEY...

IT'S DONE.



THAT'S FOR TITAN, GENERAL.

UM, THAT, UH--

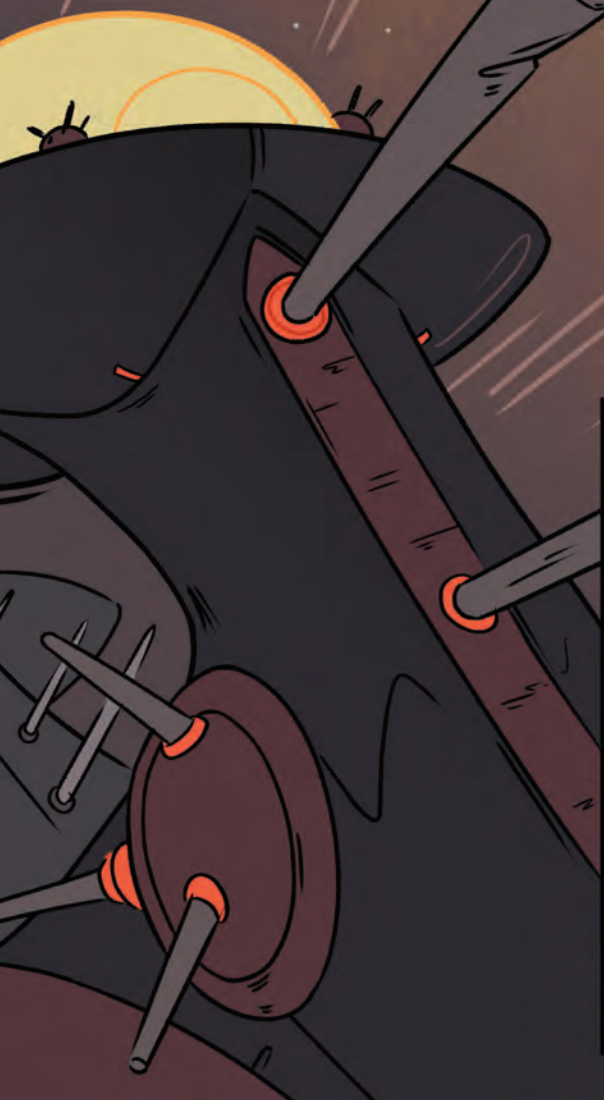
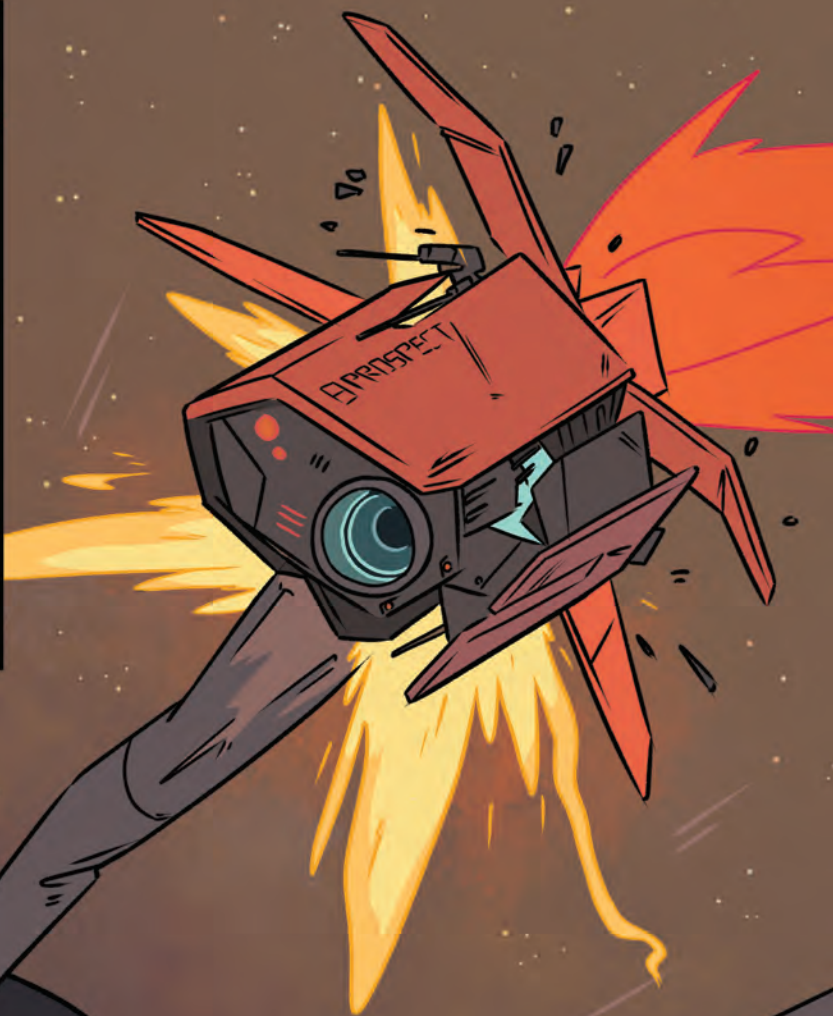
--THAT'LL TAKE CARE OF WHATEVER MIDAS THEY HAD THERE. WOW.



ALRIGHT, COOPER, HOLD ON TO THAT BLOOD. IT'S THE LAST WE'VE GOT AND WE'RE ABOUT TO USE IT. FATIMA, BRING US BACK TOWARDS THE CARPATHIA, AVOIDING ANY OTHER FEDERATION SHIPS AS BEST YOU CAN. WE'RE GONNA END THIS.

WAIT. WAIT, I CAN'T SEE THE CARPATHIA! THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE!

I'VE LOST THEIR POSITION!!



THAT,
CAPTAIN
JOEY,
IS GOING
TO COST
YOU.

CONTINUED
NEXT MONTH!