



BEYOND THE **GRID**

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THE NEW ADVENTURES OF
**BLUE SENTURION
& NINJOR**

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THE VOID.

"WHY AM
I STILL
ALIVE?"

"TELL ME
THAT,
PLEASE."

"I DON'T
UNDERSTAND
WHY, AFTER
SO MANY
HAVE DIED--
I AM STILL
HERE."

"WHY
HAVE I
BEEN KEPT
ALIVE?"

"FOR WHAT
PURPOSE,
WHEN SO
MUCH ELSE
IS GONE?"

HCSSSS

A-99 SCOUT SHIP.

WE
DON'T MEAN
TO HURT
YOU.

DO
YOU MEAN TO
INTERROGATE
ME, CAPTAIN
ANDROS?

IS THAT WHY
YOU SPARED ME
INSTEAD OF
KILLING ME?





I'M NO CAPTAIN, ELLARIEN. WE'RE NO ARMY, OR CONQUERORS--

HNH. YOUR GREEN MAN INSISTS YOU ARE "THE GOOD GUYS," BUT ONE BACKWATER BIOLUMINESCENT TAVERN BRAWL--

--WHICH, I MIGHT ADD, SAVED YOUR HIDES AS MUCH AS MINE--

--DOES NOT A BOON COMPANION MAKE.

MAN, DATING IN THIS WORLD MUST BE WILD.

WE WOULDN'T HURT YOU, ELLARIEN--

TANYA, PLEASE, NO SUDDEN MOVEMENTS IN FRONT OF THE VOLATILE ALIEN DUO--



"TANYA"?

I AM REMI. APOTHECARY, BARKEEP, AND MEDIC ON THE MAKE, AND THIS BEAUTIFUL, CHEERFUL, OPTIMISTIC SEAFLOWER IS ELLARIEN.

YOU'RE THEIR--WHAT, HEALER, TANYA?

YEAH.

SHE'S SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

WELL, HEH, NOT LITERALLY.

ACTUALLY, I'M MUCH MORE OF A LION-TAMER.



I DON'T LIKE HAVING THE THIEF WHO SLURPED UP THE PROMETHEA'S ENERGY LIKE IT'S ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT SPAGHETTI JUST HANGING OUT AND HOBNOBBING ON THIS SHIP, HECKYL.

WE SHOULD GIVE HER A SECOND CHANCE.

SHE DESERVES THAT, DOESN'T SHE?



YOU HAVE THIS KNACK FOR TALKING ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE WHEN I GET THE DISTINCT IMPRESSION YOU'RE ACTUALLY TALKING ABOUT YOU AND ME.

I'VE HEARD THAT'S CALLED "CHARM."



THEY'RE LIKE YOU, ARI! THEY HAVE THE SAME POWERS, THE SAME ARMOR--

IF THE PRAETOR WANTS THE SOLARIX, AND THESE PEOPLE, THESE...**RANGERS** CAN DRAW ON THE SAME ENERGY THAT THE PRAETOR'S HUNTING--

YOU MIGHT BE FIGHTING ON THE SAME SIDE!

THERE IS NO ONE "ON MY SIDE," REMI.

THEY'D BE TOO EASY TO TARGET.

THE **FLUFF**, YOU SAY! AND I'M WHAT--CHOPPED LIVERFISH?

HEH. NAW. REMI, YOU'RE-- WELL...

NOT THAT.



I...I UNDERSTAND YOUR PREDICAMENT, ELLARIEN. THIS DEADLOCK.

I HAVE FAMILY TO PROTECT, BACK ON OUR SHIP.

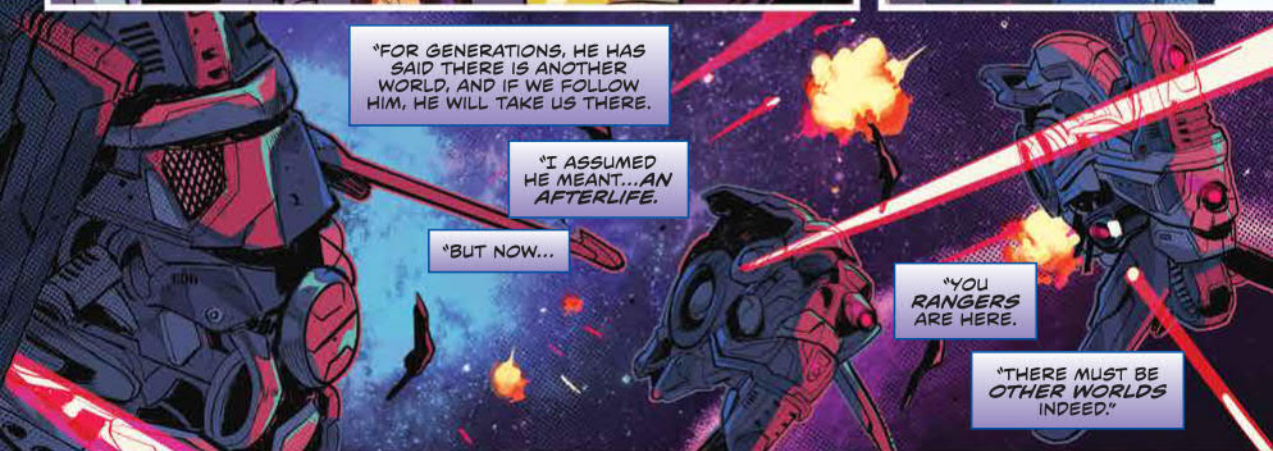
THE SHIP I DRAINED.



WHO IS THIS-- PRAETOR WHO IS HUNTING YOU?

THE PRAETOR... IS A CONQUEROR. A DESTROYER.

HE TELLS US...THIS UNIVERSE IS DYING.



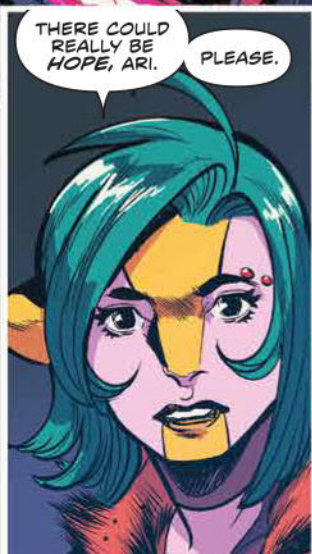
"FOR GENERATIONS, HE HAS SAID THERE IS ANOTHER WORLD, AND IF WE FOLLOW HIM, HE WILL TAKE US THERE.

"I ASSUMED HE MEANT...AN AFTERLIFE.

"BUT NOW...

"YOU **RANGERS** ARE HERE.

"THERE MUST BE OTHER WORLDS INDEED."



THERE COULD REALLY BE HOPE, ARI.

PLEASE.



RANGERS, THE PRAETOR... WANTS THIS.

IT IS CALLED THE **SOLARIX**.

THE RUINED EARTH.

*FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS, OUR UNIVERSE HAS BEEN DYING BY DEGREES.

*NOTHING NEW FORMS, AND WORLDS WITHER AND CRUMBLE.

*NOW, AT LAST, WE'VE BEGUN TO CIRCLE THE DRAIN.

*THERE WILL ONLY BE A FEW MORE YEARS BEFORE ALL OF IT IS ASH AND SILENCE IN THE DARK OF THE VOID.

*MY FRIENDS AND I WERE MERELY CHILDREN UNDER THE SHADOW OF THAT FATE.

*SO WE STOLE WHAT WE COULD.



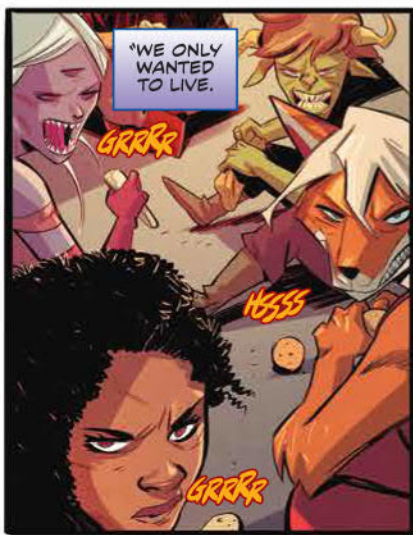
"FOR CENTURIES,
WE SIMPLY
SURVIVED--LIVED
LIFE AMONG THE
RUINS.



"FEEDER PLANETS
BLOW UP AND AWAY--
SOMETIMES FROM THE
PRAETOR'S ARMIES AND
SOMETIMES FROM THE
SLOW STRANGLING
DEATH OF THE VOID--
AND THE WORLDS THAT
RELIED UPON THEM
STARVE.



"THE FORESTS AND
JUNGLES ARE TAKING
BACK THE CITIES, AS
THE LIVING BECOME
THE DEAD.



"WE ONLY
WANTED TO
LIVE.

GRRRR

HESSS

GRRRR



"WAS THAT SO
WRONG?"