

THE COMPLETE COLLECTION

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*"Excellent sci-fi action...
highly recommended."*

— THE COMICS JOURNAL

THEY APPEARED FROM NOWHERE,
AS IF THEY TORE A HOLE IN SPACE
ITSELF TO ENTER OUR GALAXY...

THERE WAS NO COMMUNICATION,
THEY JUST OPENED FIRE,
BOMBARDED THE PLANET WITH
ENERGIES OUR SENSORS COULDN'T
EVEN BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND.

GOD KNOWS WHAT IT
WAS LIKE DOWN THERE...
ON THE SURFACE.

THEY DIDN'T HAVE LONG
TO SUFFER, THOUGH. IT
WAS ALL OVER IN LESS
THAN TEN MINUTES...

A WORLD DESTROYED,
AN ENTIRE RACE WIPED
OUT. JUST LIKE THAT, AS
IF WE WERE NOTHING.

I WAS COMMANDER OF
THE INTERNATIONAL SPACE
STATION. WE WERE BLOWN
OUT OF EARTH'S ORBIT BY
THE ENERGY BACKLASH.

MY FELLOW
ASTRONAUTS
WERE KILLED.

THE SPACE STATION — WHAT
REMAINED OF IT — DRIFTED
UNTIL IT WAS PICKED UP BY
THE SAME SCAVENGERS
WHO HAD YOU GUYS.



'CONSIDERING WHAT HAD JUST HAPPENED, TELLING THEM I CAME IN PEACE WAS PROBABLY A LITTLE NAIVE.'

SLAVE ARENA.
PLANET OBIIDOS.

GUESS THE
UNIVERSE ISN'T
BIG ON
PEACE...

HARD TO BELIEVE
I'M THE ONLY
ONE LEFT.

THE
LAST HUMAN
BEING.

SURPRISING, THAT.
THE SUCCUBI ARE
USUALLY MORE
THOROUGH.

SINCE THE GREAT
TERROR, THE SUCCUBI HAVE
BEEN FREE TO SUCK DRY ALL THE
BACKWATER WORLDS IN EXISTENCE...

BACKWATER? THAT'S
EARTH YOU'RE TALKING
ABOUT, GODDAMNIT!
THE HUMAN RACE!
WE WALKED ON
THE MOON!

EARTH? YOU
NAMED YOUR PLANET
AFTER DIRT AND YOU'VE
ONLY FLOWN TO YOUR
OWN MOON?

YOU MUST
BE **BACKWARD**
AS WELL AS
BACKWATER!

MY FELLOW SENTIENTS, FOR
THOSE OF YOU WHO HAVEN'T
VISITED MY INTERGALACTICALLY
RENNOWNED MARKET BEFORE, I AM
RANCOUR, SLAVEMASTER
EXTRAORDINAIRE.

SERVANTS, LABOURERS,
GLADIATORS OR LOVERS —
WE HAVE CREATURES TO SUIT ALL
POSSIBLE REQUIREMENTS.

FEEL FREE TO
INSPECT THE MERCHANDISE,
THE AUCTION'LL START
SHORTLY...



PRICELESS SPECIMEN.

PRIME STOCK FOR THE BENE GESSERACT STUP FARM.

YOU MIGHT HAVE TO BID AGAINST ME, SISTER...



... ESPECIALLY IF THE REST ARE AS PUNY AS THIS!

WHATEVER IT IS...

THERE'S A SAYING BACK WHERE I COME FROM, BUDDY — SIZE DOESN'T MATTER.

THE **BIGGER** YOU ARE, THE **HARDER** YOU FALL!



MMMPH!

TOLD HIM TO KEEP QUIET.

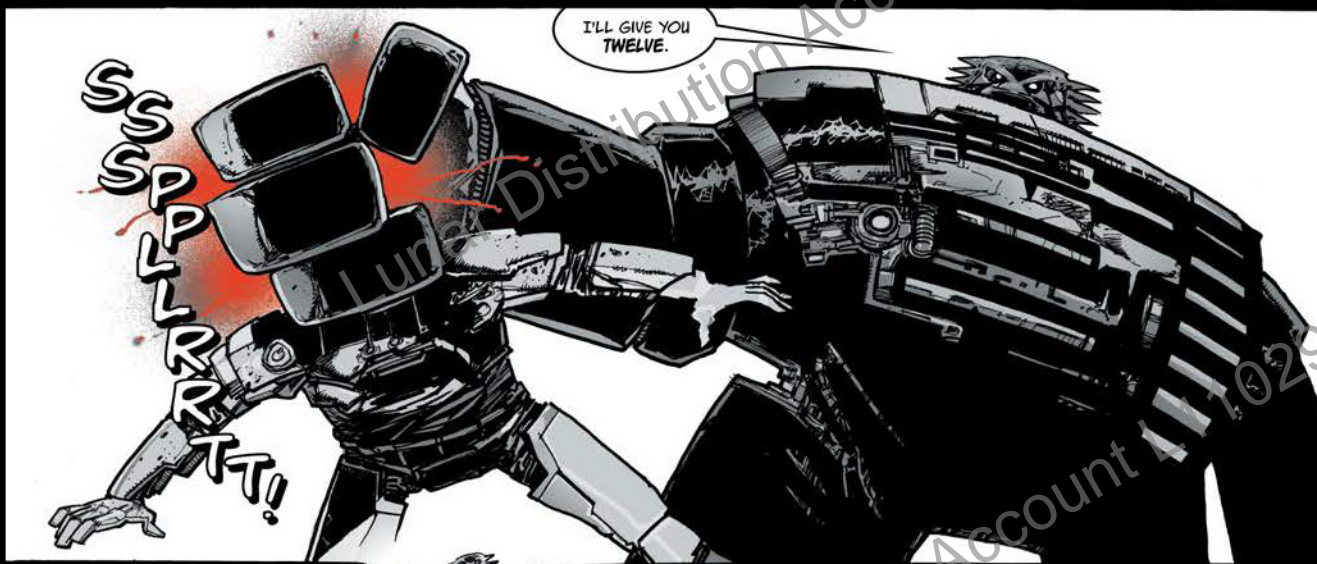
SURE DID. NO ONE TO BLAME BUT HIMSELF.



YOU'RE INTERESTED IN THE HUMAN, **MAJOR THORN**? WE ONLY INCLUDED HIM FOR **NOVELTY VALUE**. SAYS HE'S THE **LAST** OF HIS RACE.

LAST OF HIS RACE? HOW MUCH?

FOR YOU, **SEVENTEEN CENTARI**.



I'LL GIVE YOU **TWELVE**.

SSPPRRRTT!



HHMMM...

SMELLS **SWEET**. WONDER WHAT HE **TASTES** LIKE...

SSSKREEE! GGGNNHH!

UUURRKK!

ABOVE US!

SOMETHING'S
BREACHED THE
FORCESHIELD!



SHAKARA!

