



Once an ordinary working-class everyman, Sam Brausam concocted a secret and **HIGHLY COMBUSTIBLE** fuel known as **COBALTUM** that burns the brightest--and hottest--of azure hues! Donning his extraordinary **MERCUROTANK** and **WRIST-JETS**, Sam transforms himself into the virtuous **BLUE FLAME**, committed to defending the cosmos with blasts of sapph-FIRE from his own two hands!

Join the **BLUE FLAME**'s odyssey for answers that, indeed, lie at the **MYSTERIOUS CENTER OF OUR VERY UNIVERSE!**

WHAT IS THIS PLACE?

I THINK I'M ALL ALONE OUT HERE.

HOW DID I GET HERE?

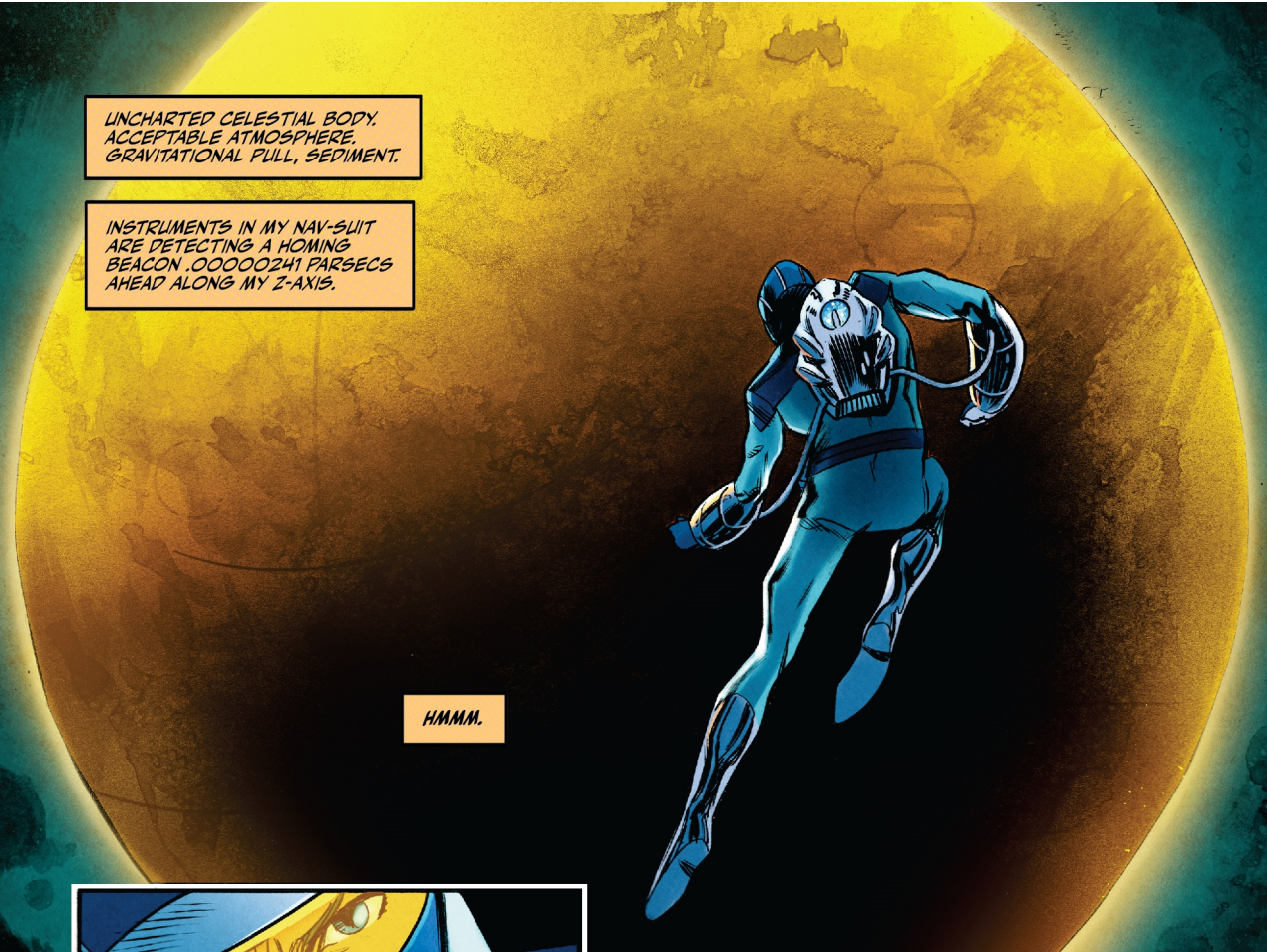
THIS IS AN
UNKNOWN
SECTOR.

HOW DO I GET BACK?

COMPLETELY
UNEXPLORED.

I'M WAY BEYOND
THE DEMARCATION.





UNCHARTED CELESTIAL BODY.
ACCEPTABLE ATMOSPHERE.
GRAVITATIONAL PULL, SEDIMENT.

INSTRUMENTS IN MY NAV-SUIT
ARE DETECTING A HOMING
BEACON .00000241 PARSECS
AHEAD ALONG MY Z-AXIS.

HMMM.



NO IDEA IF THIS
QUADRANT IS
HOSTILE.



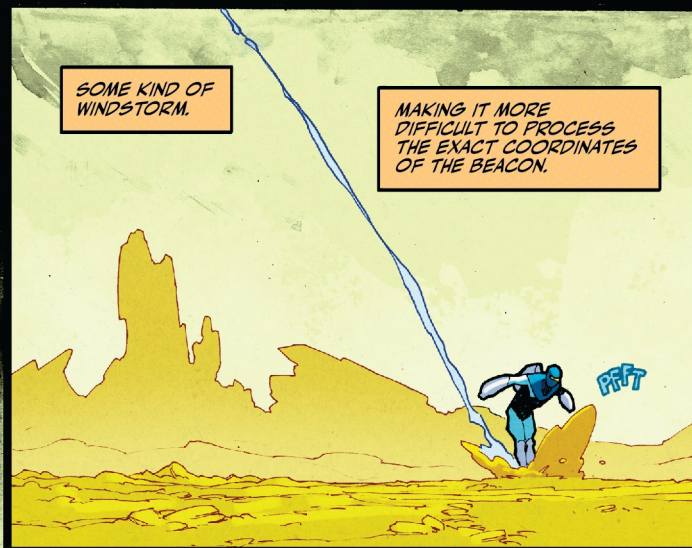
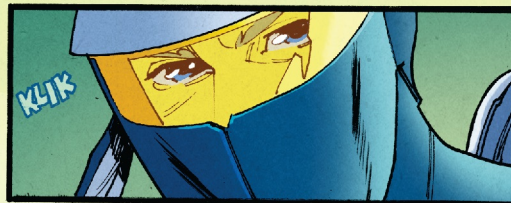
I HAVE TO TREAT
EVERY UNMAPPED
QUADRANT AS
HOSTILE.



BUT I ALSO NEED
ANSWERS.

SOME KIND OF
WINDSTORM.

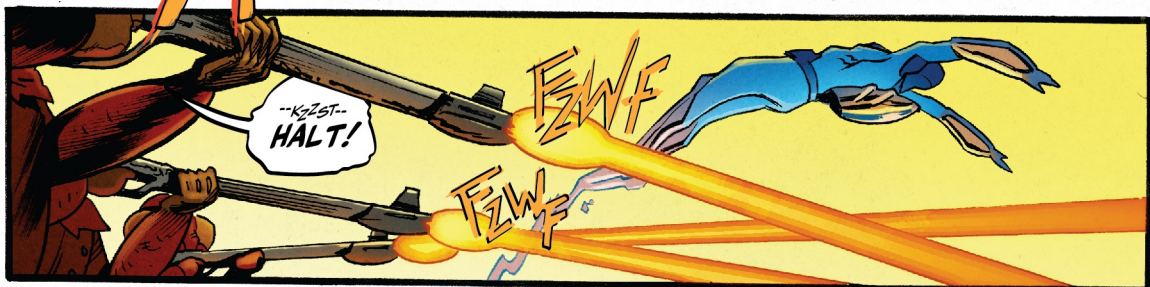
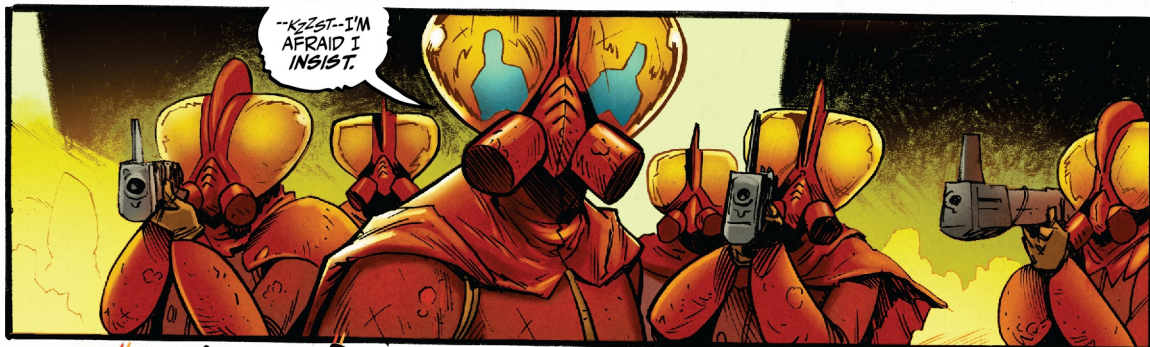
MAKING IT MORE
DIFFICULT TO PROCESS
THE EXACT COORDINATES
OF THE BEACON.



LOOK AT THAT.
BEAUTIFUL, LIKE THE
BEST FLORIDA BEACH
SANDCASTLE I'VE EVER
SEEN. DEFINITELY AN
ADVANCED INTELLIGENCE.



AND HERE THEY COME.



THIS STRUCTURE IS FAR
MORE ADVANCED THAN THE
EXTERIOR SUGGESTS.

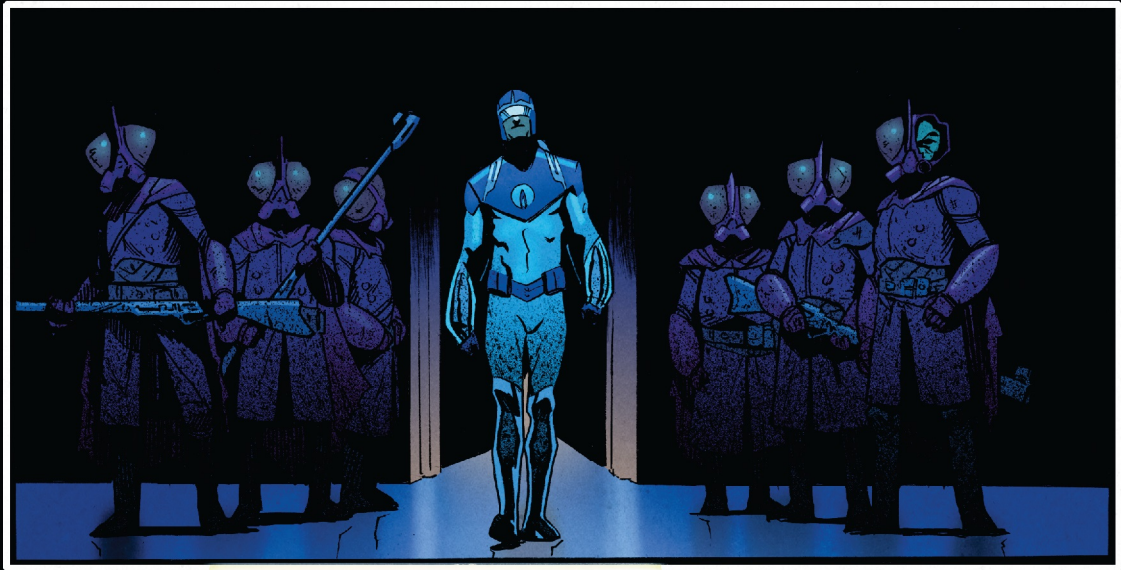
--KZZT--
I KNOW YOU
LET US TAKE
YOU INTO
CUSTODY.

CORRECT.
I COULD'VE
KILLED YOU.
BUT I'M
CURIOUS.

A WISE
CHOICE.

THIS IS AT LEAST A
TYPE III CIVILIZATION.

PROBABLY HIGHER.



HELLO?

