



ONYX
WILL AID
HOWEVER POSSIBLE.

[OHH-HIT]

[FON-IXE?]

If only that
were so.

[HELP
FOR OUR SICK
PLANET?]



[HE MUST
BE HERE TO
HELP.]

[YES... JUST
WHEN ALL HOPE
WAS LOST, HE
COMES.]

[BUT... MORE
CREATURES.]



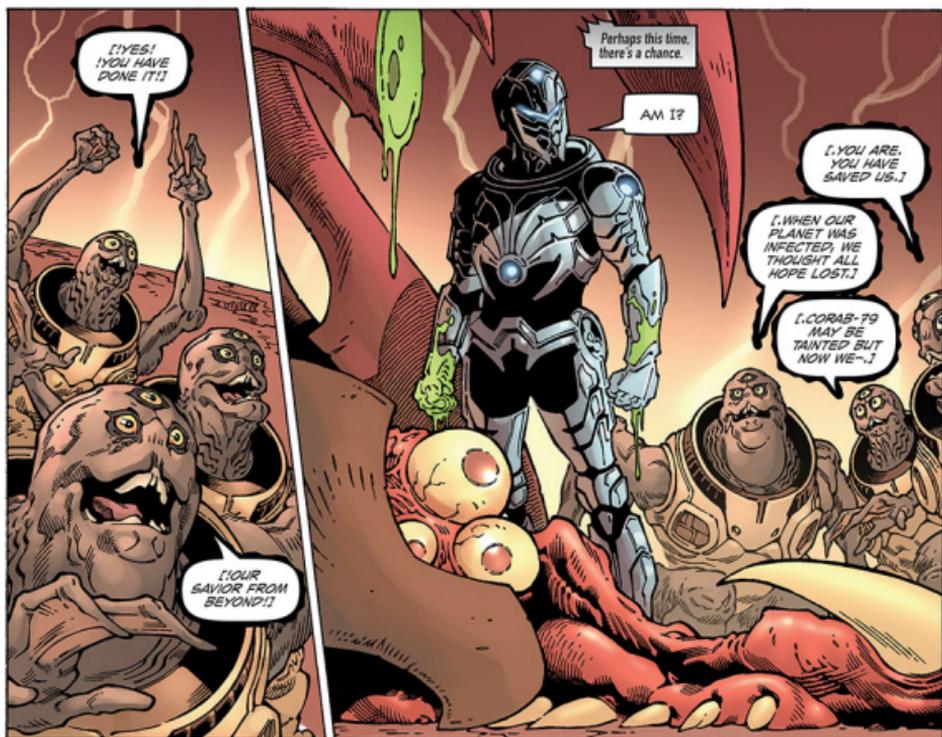
THESE
MUTATES WILL
FALL UNDER
MY BLADE!



ALL WHO
MENACE THIS
DOOMED
PLANET...



...WILL MEET
THEIR END
BEFORE IT
DOES.





ZZZ-SNIKT!



...IS SAY
GOODBYE.

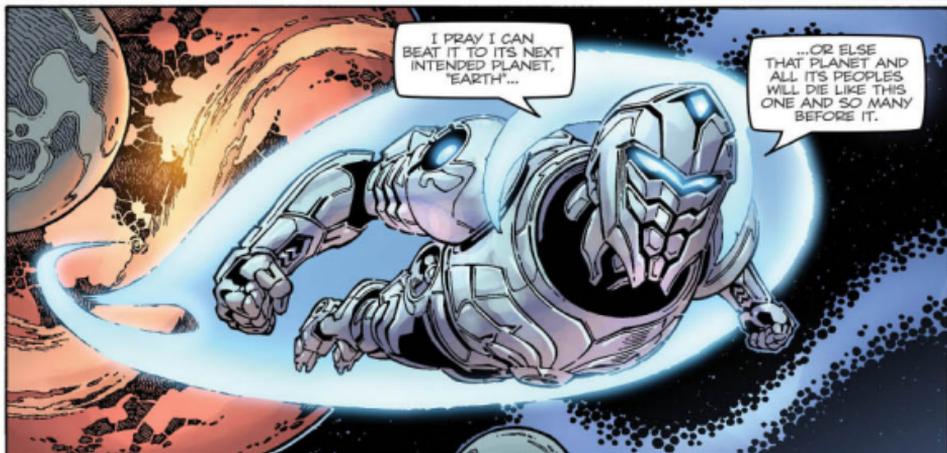


THESE POOR
CREATURES. THIS
SAD PLANET.

ITS DEATH
THREATS HAVE
BEGUN.



THE SPOOR'S
ENERGY TRAIL
SHOWS IT HEADED
TOWARD THE
ORION ARM OF
THE "MILKY WAY"
GALAXY.



I PRAY I CAN
BEAT IT TO ITS NEXT
INTENDED PLANET,
"EARTH"...

...OR ELSE
THAT PLANET AND
ALL ITS PEOPLES
WILL DIE LIKE THIS
ONE AND SO MANY
BEFORE IT.