# SPROCKETT!™

No. 1
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BY
KIRK CHAVARRIA

# SPROCKETT!

## Previously in Sprockett!:

After taking a heroic stand against
a common thug, Sprockett finds himself
unconcious and dying only to awaken in
a strange new place, wounds cleaned
and bandaged.
And now the adventure continues...

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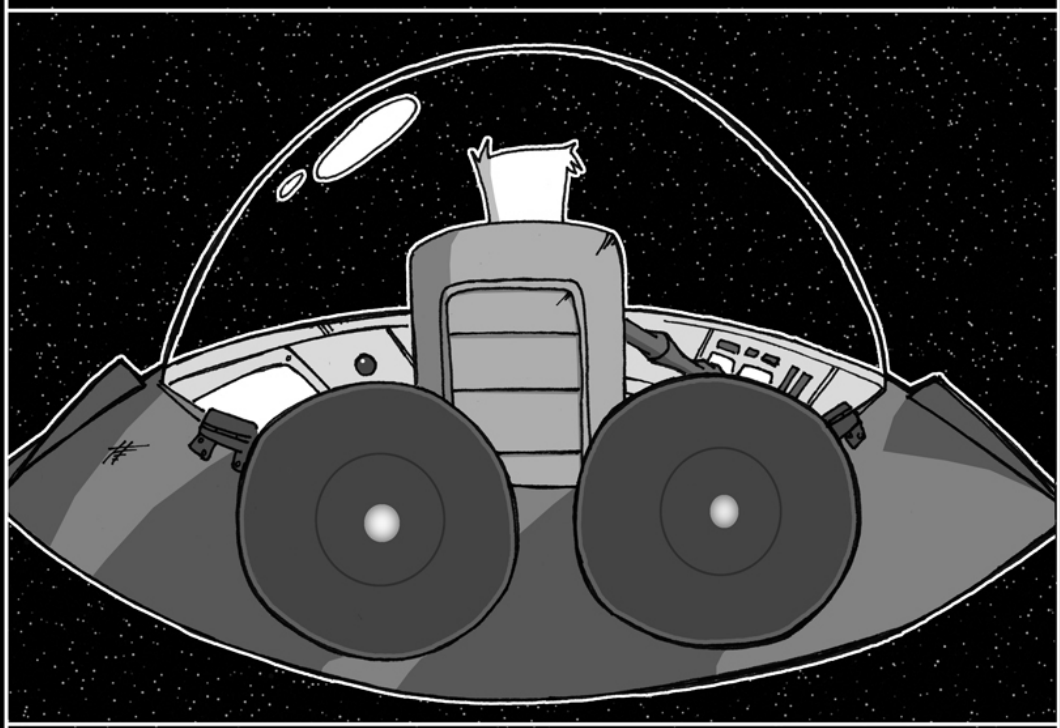
# "ONE OF THOSE DAYS"



KIRK CHAVARRIA:

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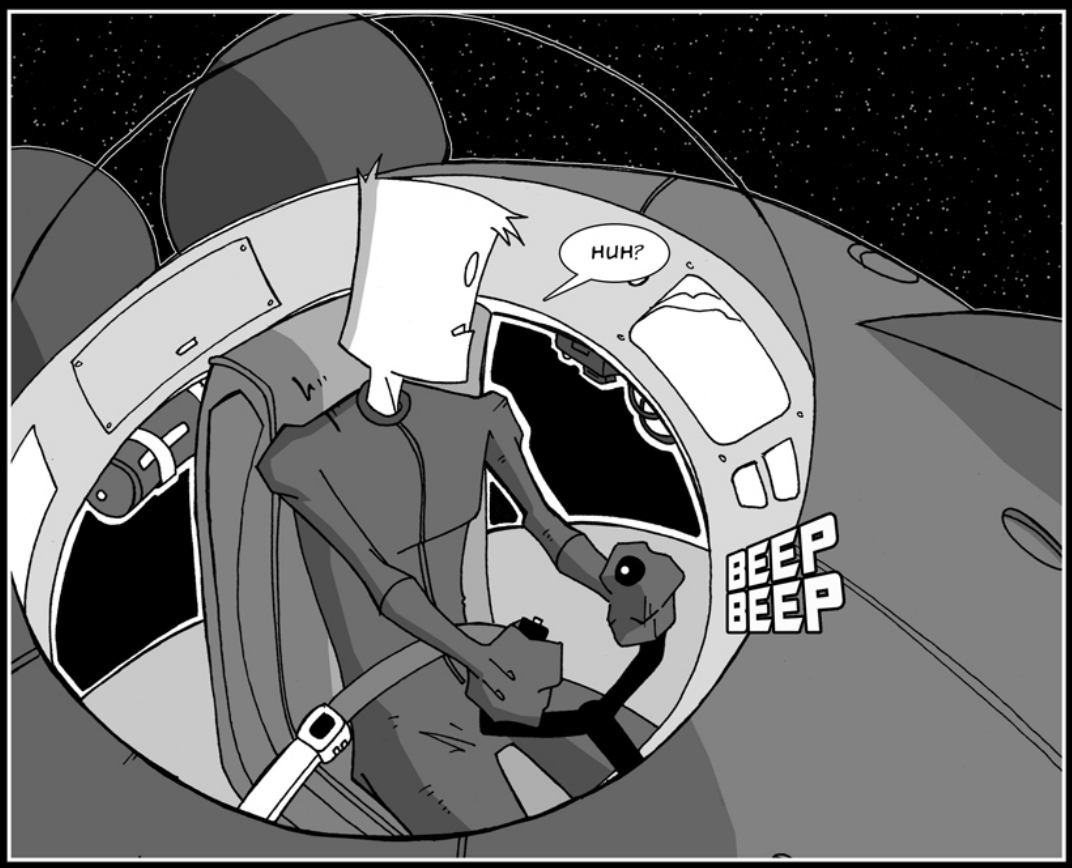
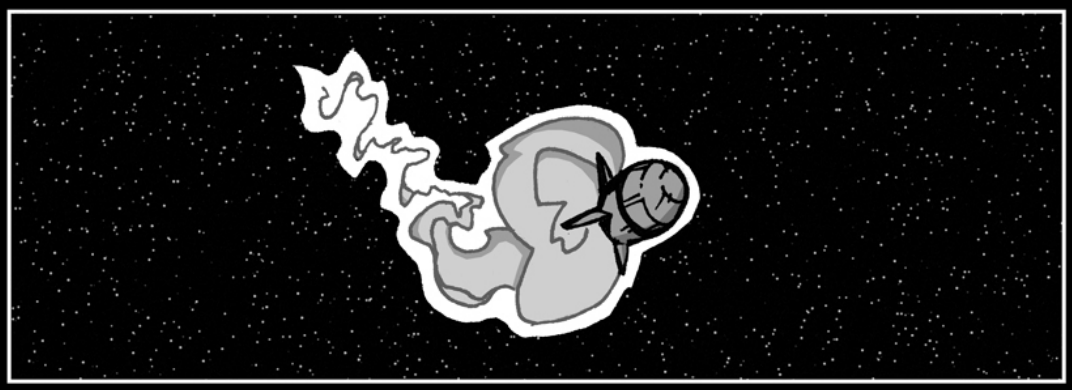
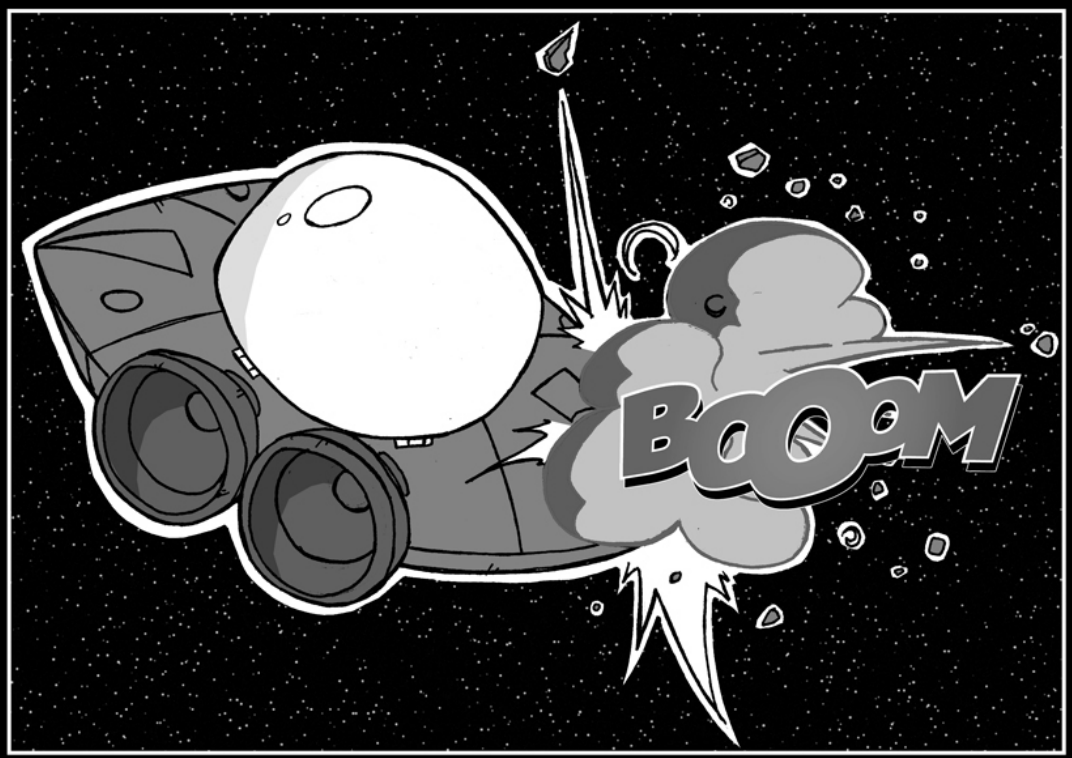
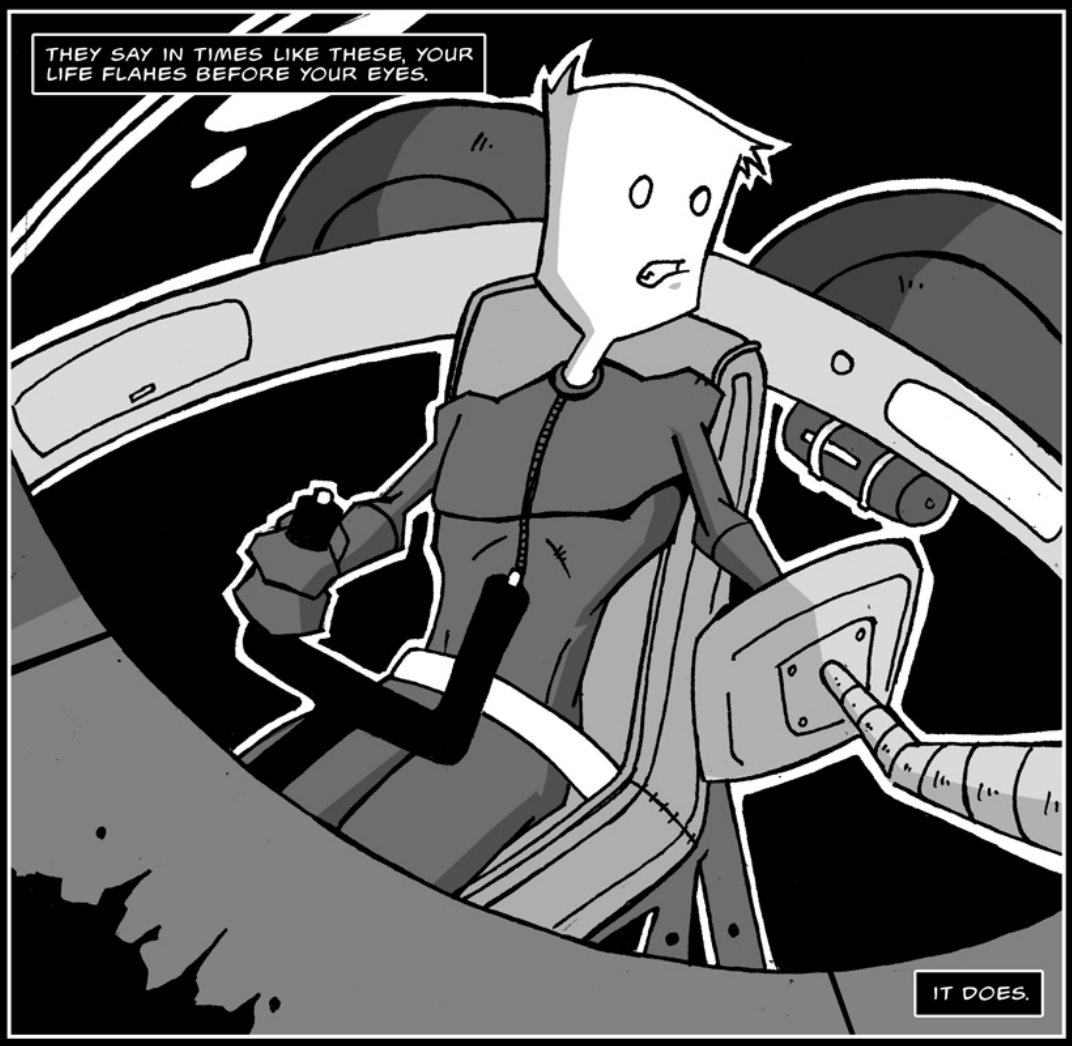

HUH?
BEEP
BEEP

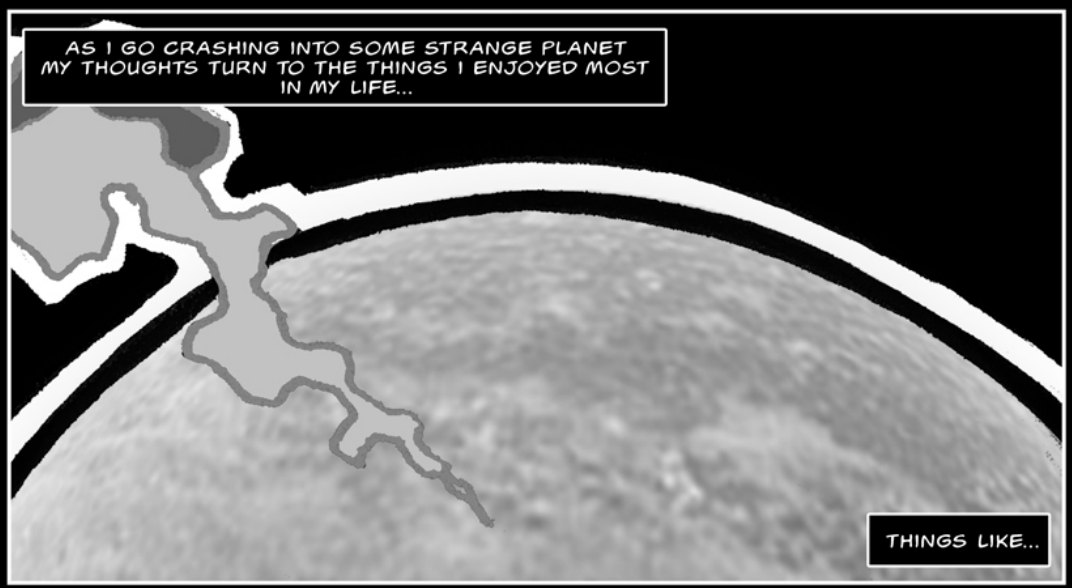
WONDER WHAT THAT MEANS?
BEEP
BEEP

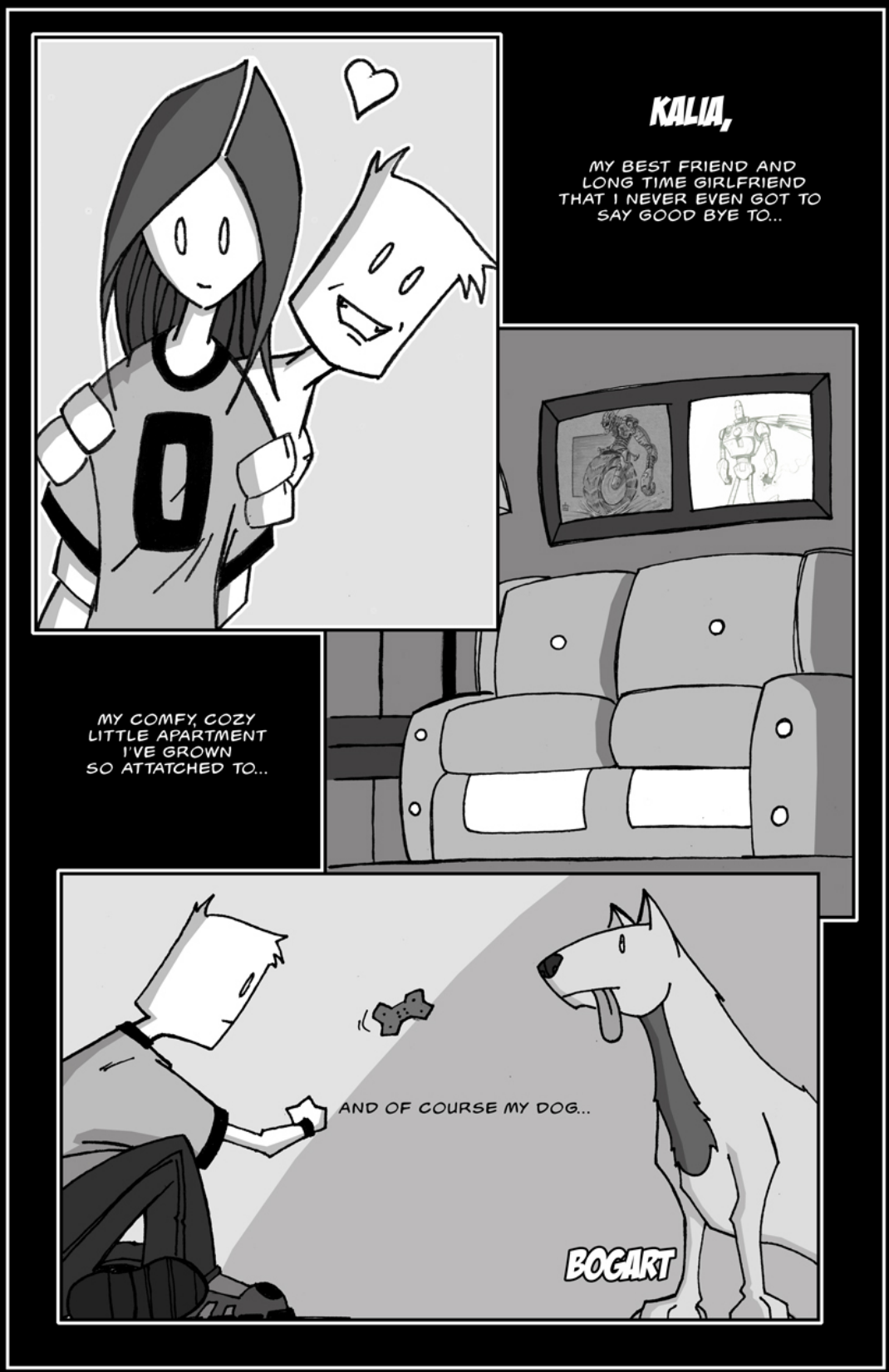


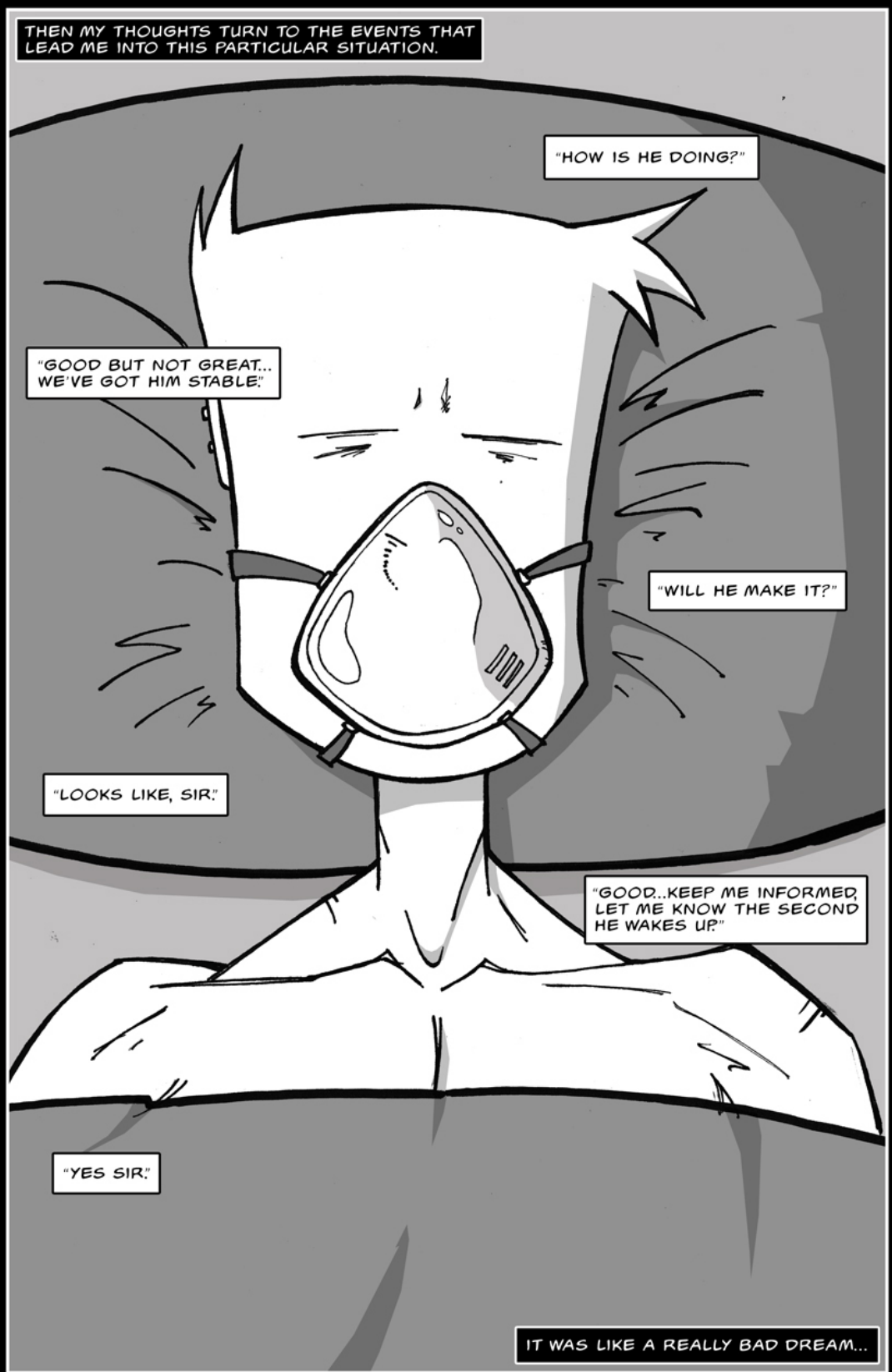
UH-OH.

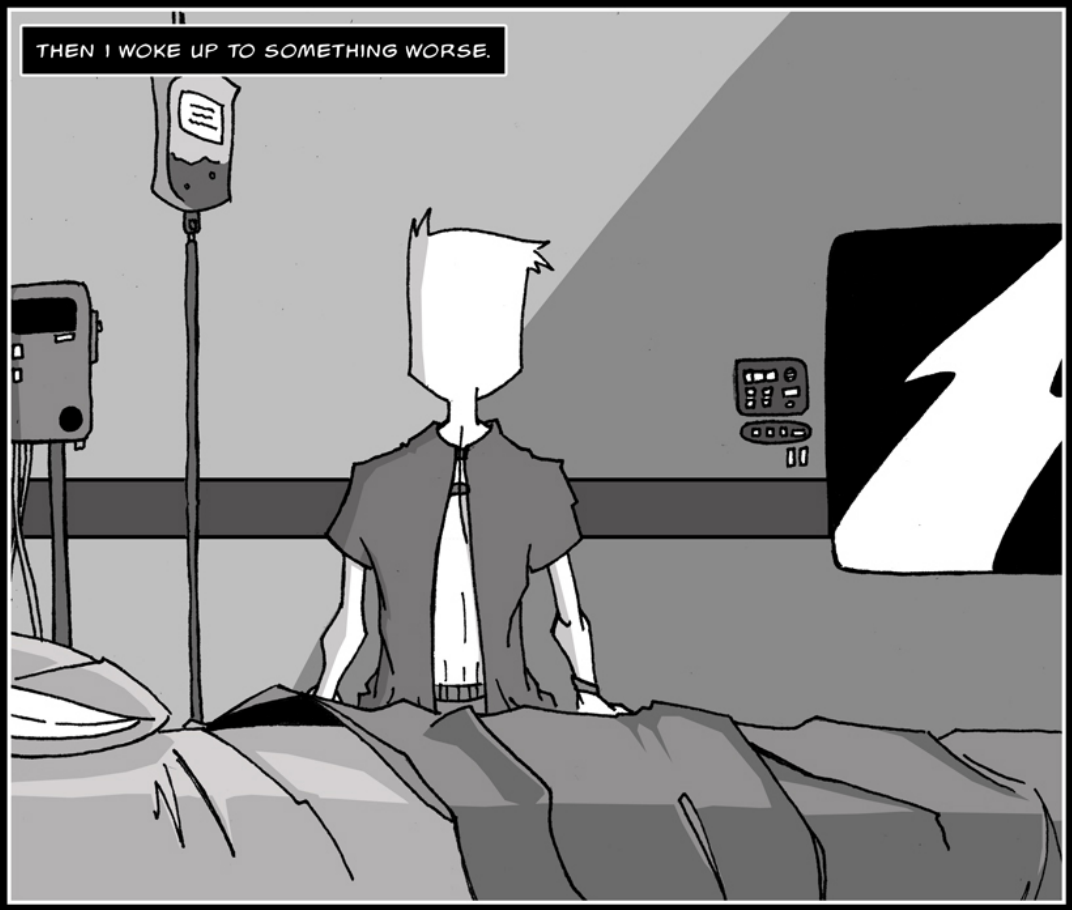

BOOOM

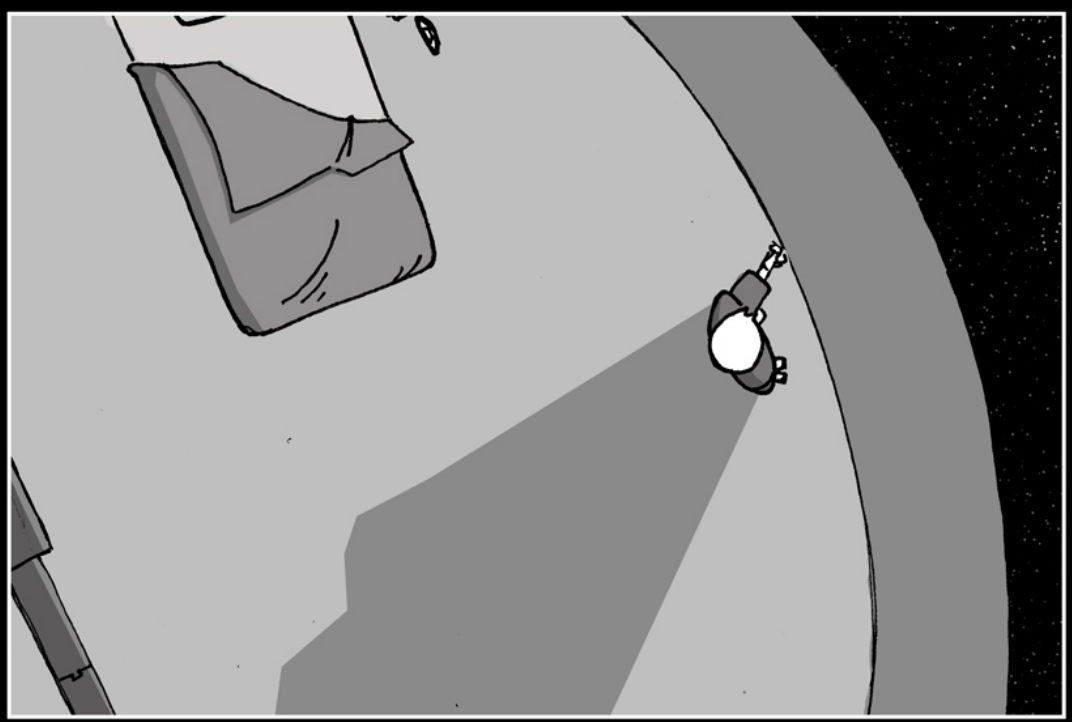

THEY SAY IN TIMES LIKE THESE, YOUR LIFE FLAHES BEFORE YOUR EYES.
IT DOES.

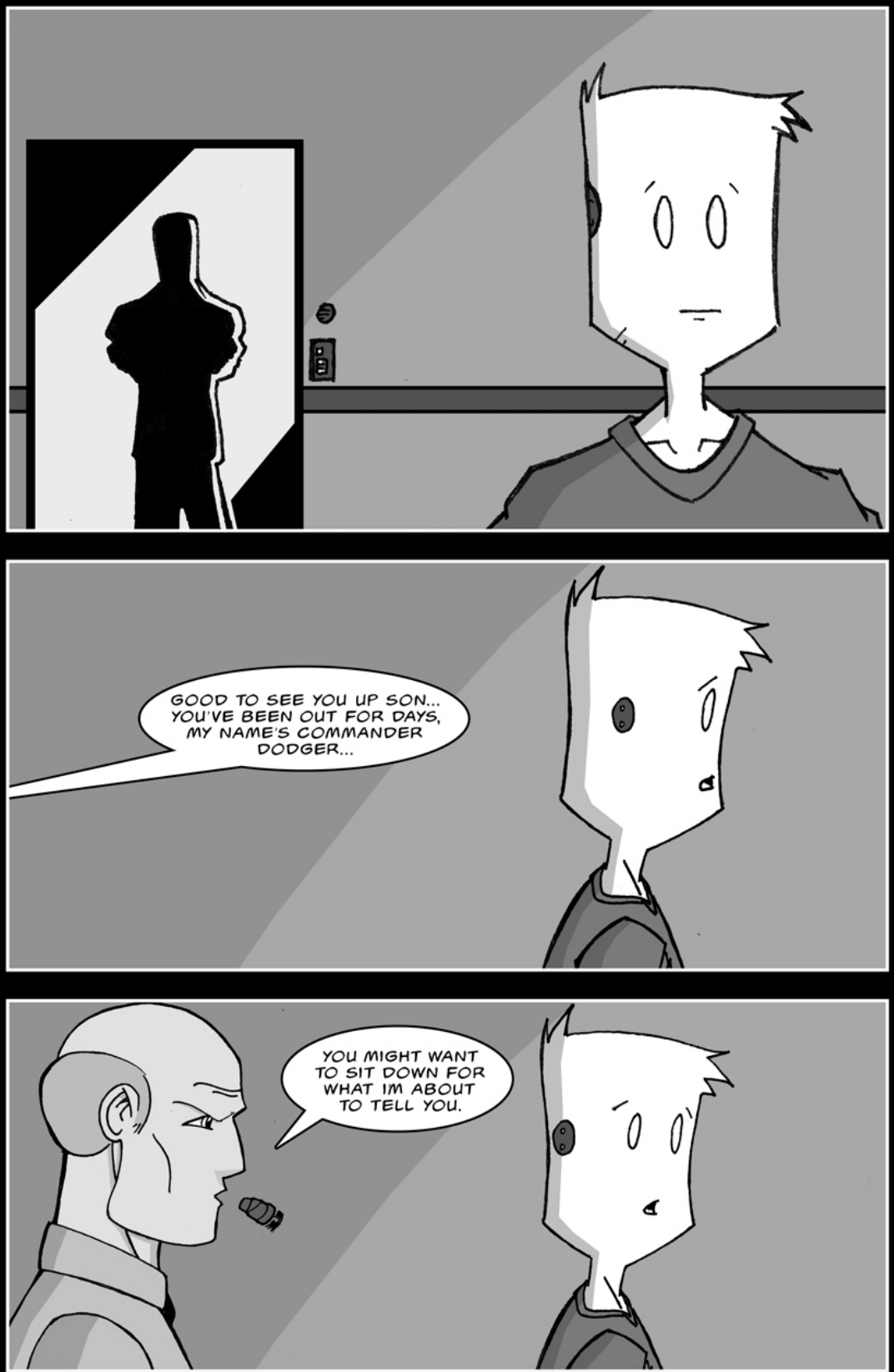

AS I GO CRASHING INTO SOME STRANGE PLANET MY THOUGHTS TURN TO THE THINGS I ENJOYED MOST IN MY LIFE...
THINGS LIKE...

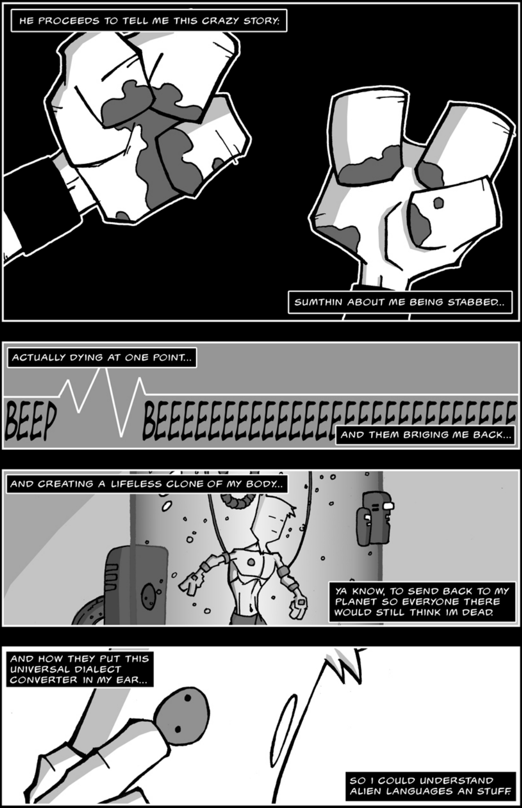

KALIA,
MY BEST FRIEND AND LONG TIME GIRLFRIEND THAT I NEVER EVEN GOT TO SAY GOOD BYE TO...
MY COMFY, COZY LITTLE APARTMENT I'VE GROWN SO ATTATCHED TO...
AND OF COURSE MY DOG...
BOGART

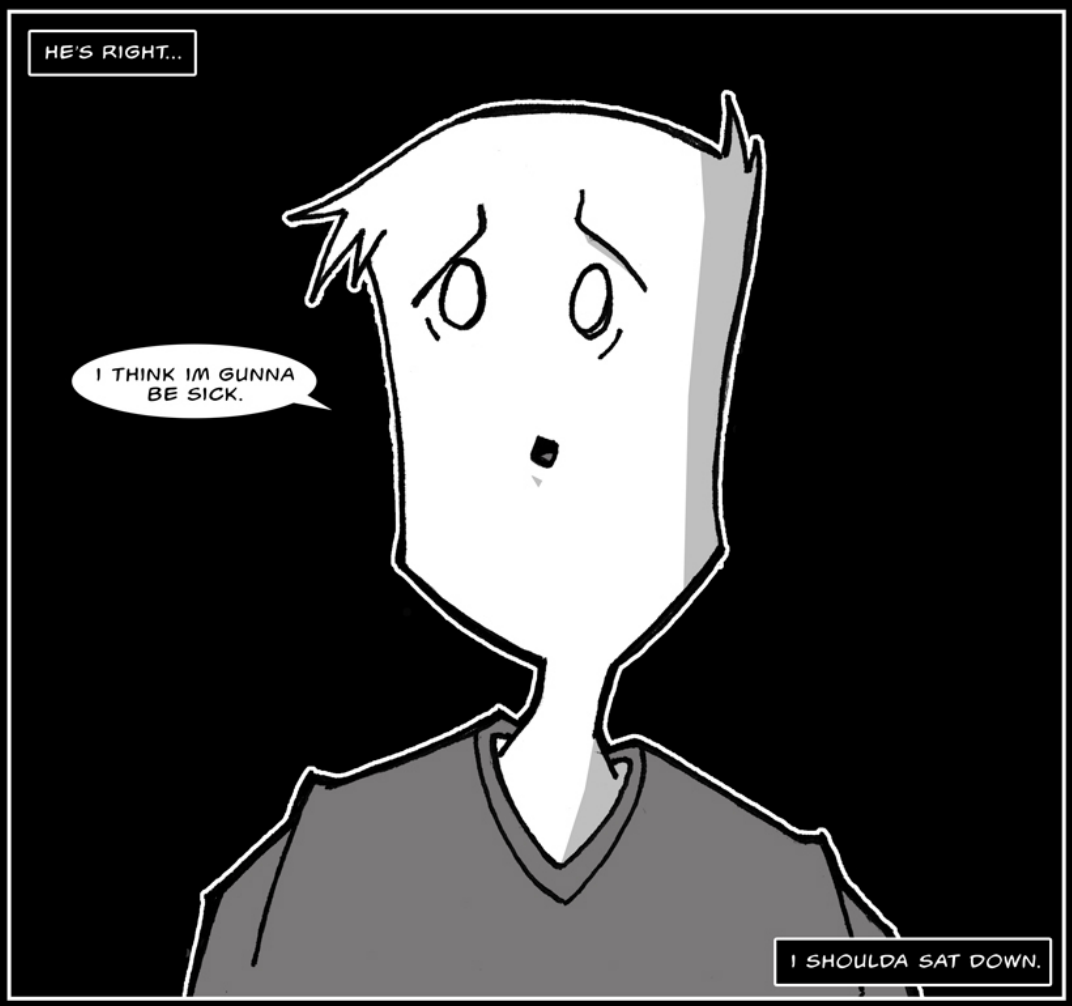

THEN MY THOUGHTS TURN TO THE EVENTS THAT LEAD ME INTO THIS PARTICULAR SITUATION.
"HOW IS HE DOING?"
"GOOD BUT NOT GREAT... WE'VE GOT HIM STABLE."
"WILL HE MAKE IT?"
"LOOKS LIKE, SIR."
"GOOD...KEEP ME INFORMED, LET ME KNOW THE SECOND HE WAKES UP."
"YES SIR."
IT WAS LIKE A REALLY BAD DREAM...


THEN I WOKE UP TO SOMETHING WORSE.




GOOD TO SEE YOU UP SON... YOU'VE BEEN OUT FOR DAYS, MY NAME'S COMMANDER DODGER...
YOU MIGHT WANT TO SIT DOWN FOR WHAT IM ABOUT TO TELL YOU.

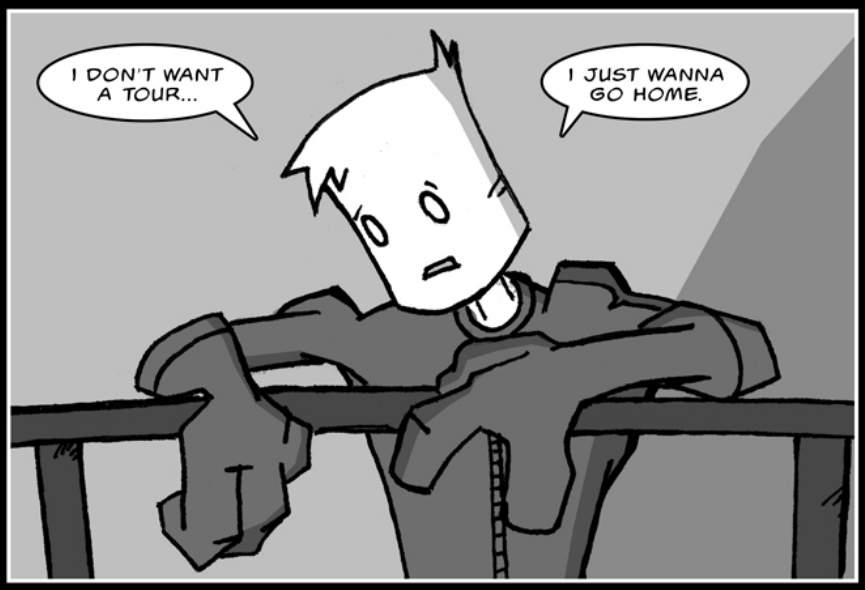

HE PROCEEDS TO TELL ME THIS CRAZY STORY:
SUMTHIN ABOUT ME BEING STABBED..
ACTUALLY DYING AT ONE POINT...
BEEP
BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
AND THEM BRIGING ME BACK...
AND CREATING A LIFELESS CLONE OF MY BODY...
YA KNOW, TO SEND BACK TO MY PLANET SO EVERYONE THERE WOULD STILL THINK IM DEAD.
AND HOW THEY PUT THIS UNIVERSAL DIALECT CONVERTER IN MY EAR...
SO I COULD UNDERSTAND ALIEN LANGUAGES AN STUFF.


HE'S RIGHT...
I THINK IM GUNNA BE SICK.
I SHOULDA SAT DOWN.

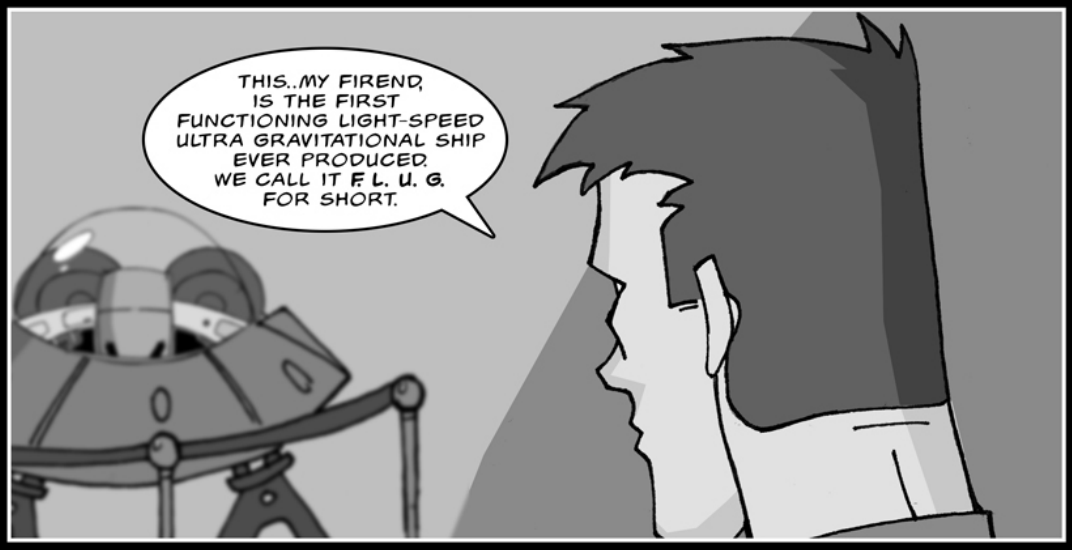
WELL, WHEN YOU'RE DONE WITH THAT, YOU CAN TAKE THAT BANDAGE OFF OF YOUR EAR AND PUT ON SOME CLOTHES...
THEN MEET ME IN THE HALL... WE HAVE THINGS TO DISCUSS.

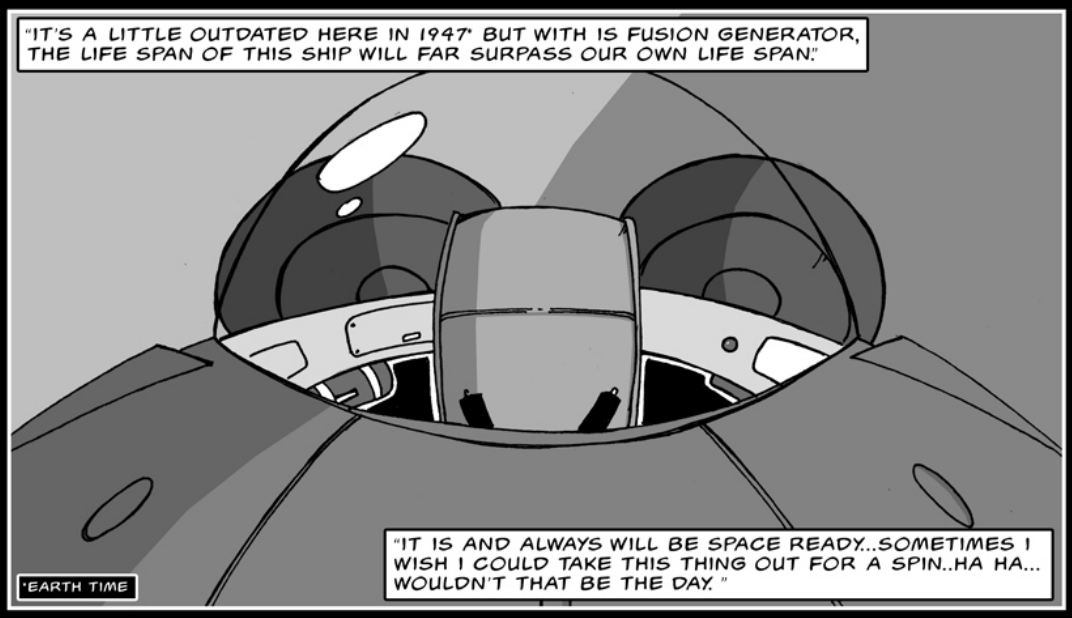
MOMENTS LATER...
I DON'T UNDERSTAND... BASICALLY YOU'RE SAYING THAT I CAN'T LEAVE HERE...EVER?!
IN A NUT SHELL, YES. BUT THERE'S MORE TO IT THAN THAT.
THIS IS MY LIFE YOU'RE MESSIG WITH... SHOULD'NT SOMETHING LIKE THIS BE MY DECISION?? MY CHOICE???!!
IT'S NOT QUITE THAT SIMPLE KID, YOU'D BE DEAD RIGHT NOW WITHOUT US... SO REALLY...
NO, YOU DON'T HAVE A CHOICE ANYMORE. SORRY SON. END OF DISCUSSION

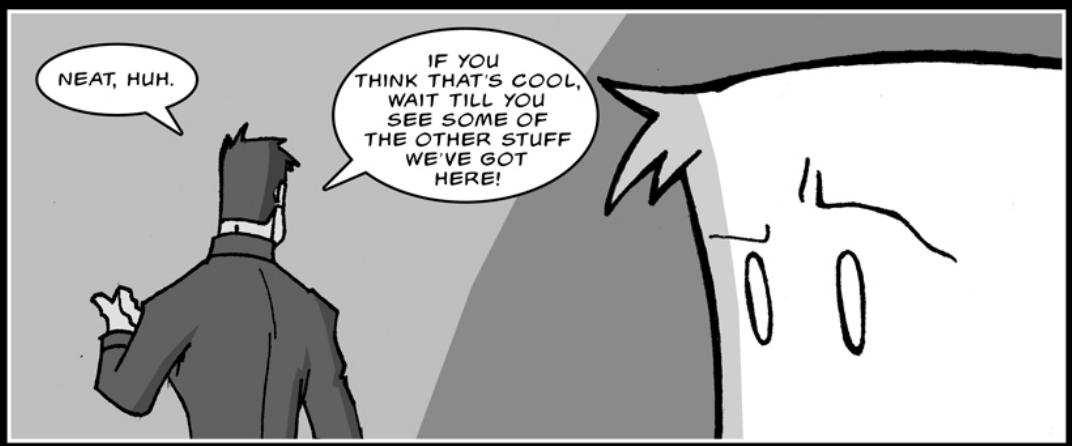
RADFORD HERE IS GOING TO GIVE YOU A TOUR OF THIS SPACE STATION...
THEN HE'LL BRING YOU TO CONFERENCE ROOM 7 WHERE WE WILL TALK ABOUT YOUR NEW FUTURE.

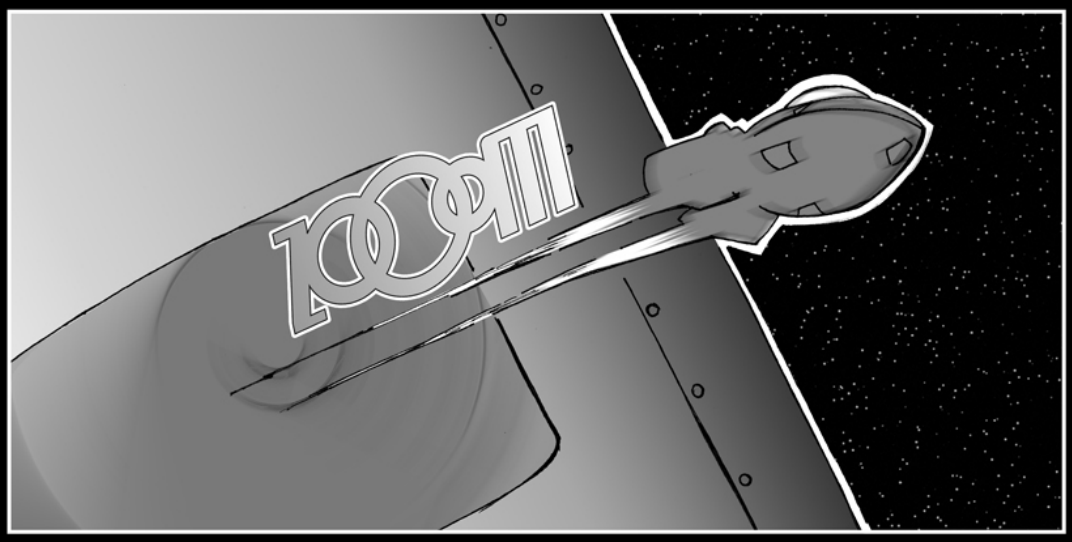

I DON'T WANT A TOUR...
I JUST WANNA GO HOME.

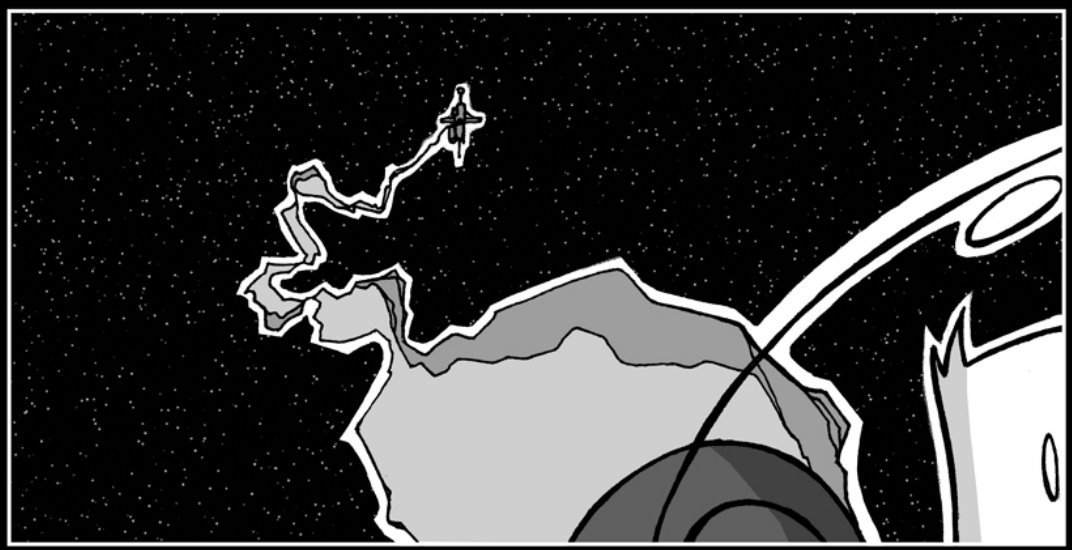
CHEER UP MAN... IT'S NOT THAT BAD HERE... LET ME SHOW YOU SOMETHING AWESOME THAT MIGHT TAKE YOUR MIND OFF OF THINGS..


THIS..MY FIREND, IS THE FIRST FUNCTIONING LIGHT-SPEED ULTRA GRAVITATIONAL SHIP EVER PRODUCED. WE CALL IT F. L. U. G. FOR SHORT.


"IT'S A LITTLE OUTDATED HERE IN 1947* BUT WITH IS FUSION GENERATOR, THE LIFE SPAN OF THIS SHIP WILL FAR SURPASS OUR OWN LIFE SPAN."
"IT IS AND ALWAYS WILL BE SPACE READY..SOMETIMES I WISH I COULD TAKE THIS THING OUT FOR A SPIN..HA HA... WOULDN'T THAT BE THE DAY."
*EARTH TIME

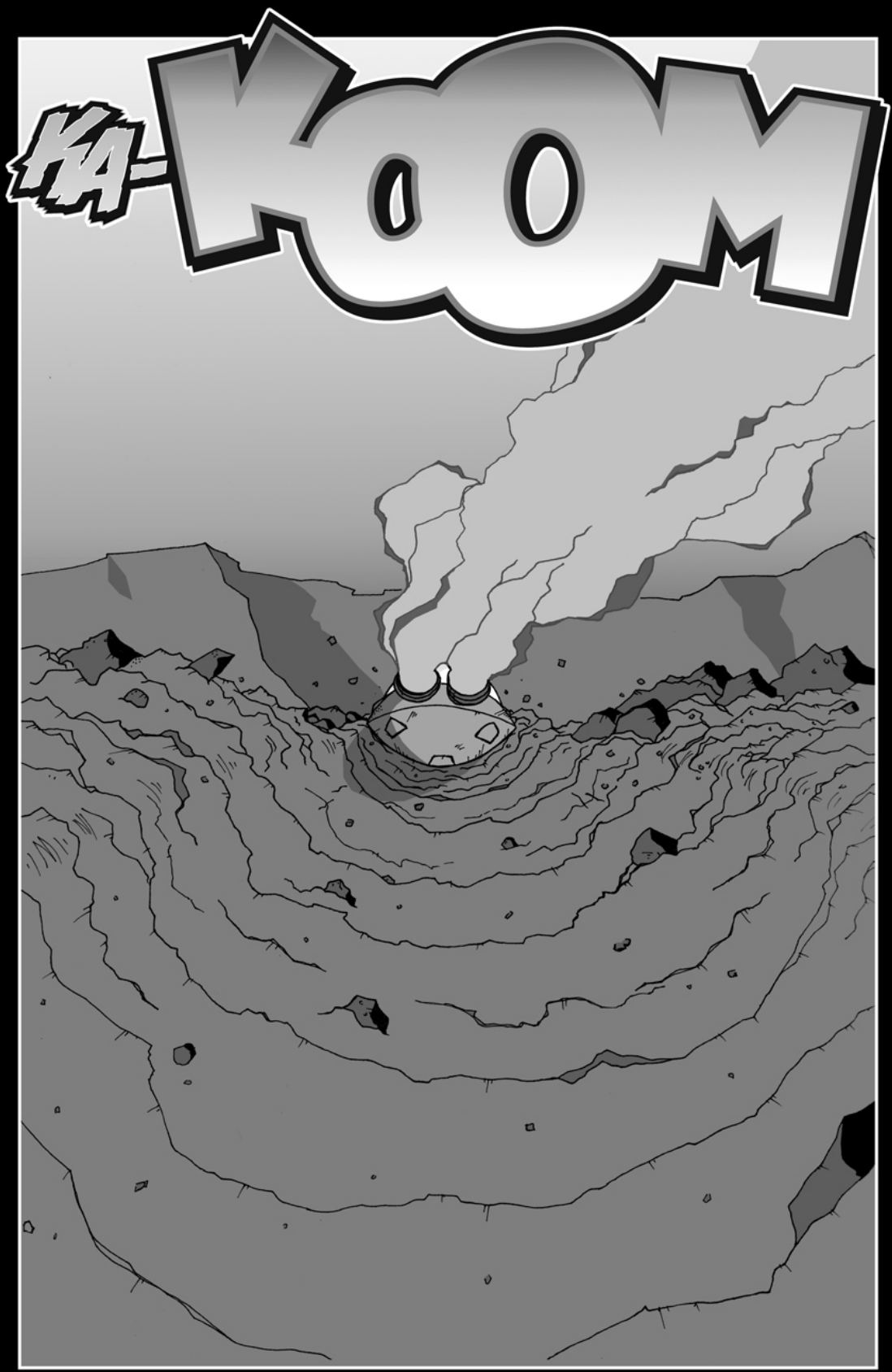

NEAT, HUH.
IF YOU THINK THAT'S COOL, WAIT TILL YOU SEE SOME OF THE OTHER STUFF WE'VE GOT HERE!

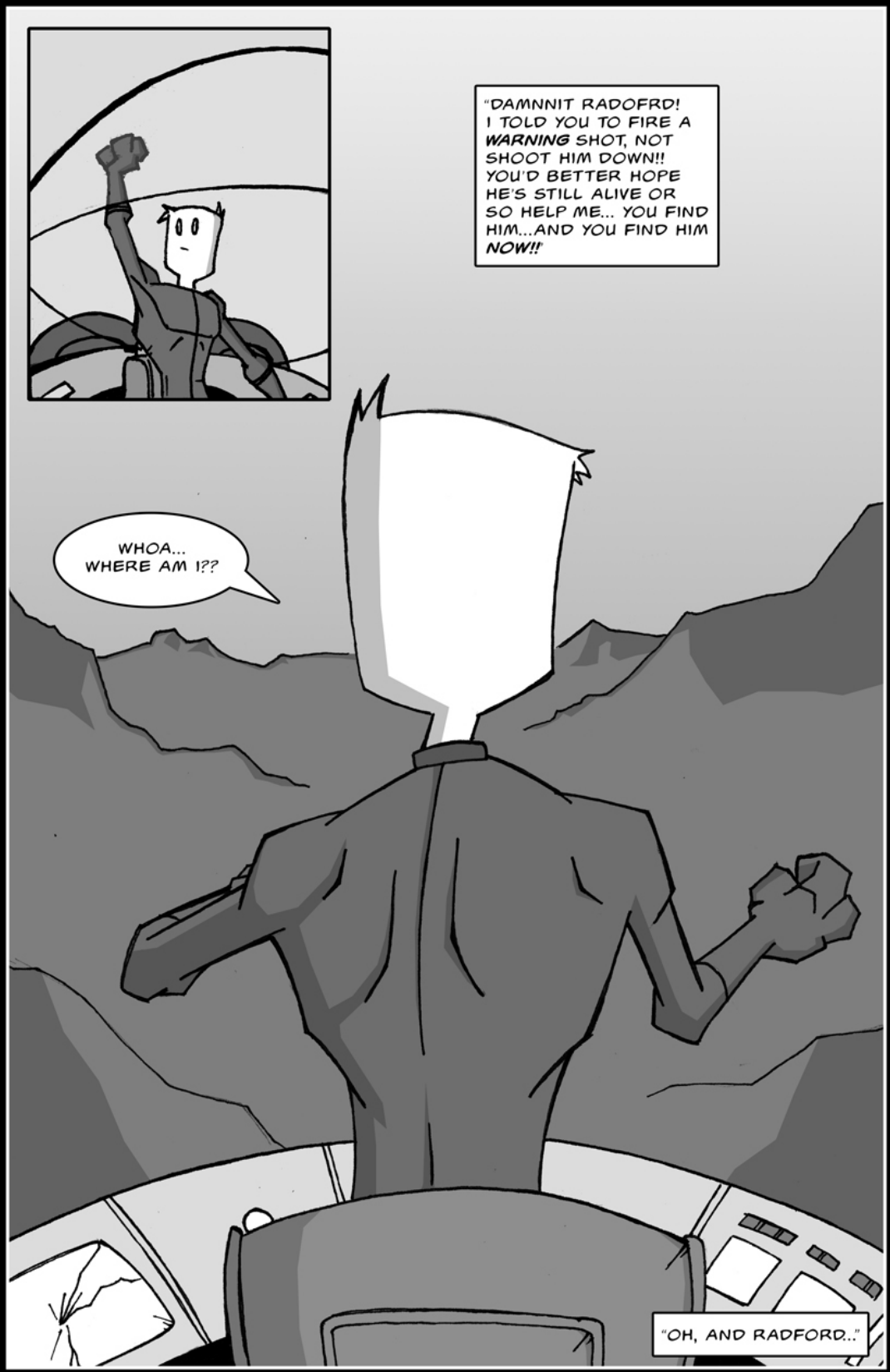

ZOOM



CRAP.

THEN MY THOUGHTS TURN BACK TO THE SITUATION AT HAND.
THIS IS GUNNA HURT.
HRRRRRRRRRR
RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR


KA-
KOOM


"DAMNNIT RADOFRD! I TOLD YOU TO FIRE A *WARNING* SHOT, NOT SHOOT HIM DOWN!! YOU'D BETTER HOPE HE'S STILL ALIVE OR SO HELP ME... YOU FIND HIM...AND YOU FIND HIM *NOW!!*
WHOA... WHERE AM I??
"OH, AND RADFORD.."

TO BE CONTINUED...