WELCOME
TO
ALFLOLOL

BY
J.C. MEZIERES
AND P. CHRISTIN
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HODDER DARGAUD LTD.
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TECHNOROG! VAST PLANET OF INEXHAUSTIBLE RESOURCES. ONE OF THE CENTRAL NERVE CENTERS OF THE TERRAN GALACTIC EMPIRE. HERE ARE METALS DESTINED FOR THE EMPIRE'S SPACECRAFT ARE EXTRACTED, HERE THE MAGNETIC SALTS WHICH FUEL THE ULTRA-LIGHT MOTORS ARE STORED; AND HERE THE HEAVY EQUIPMENT DESTINED FOR THE OTHER PLANETS UNDER EARTH'S CONTROL IS ASSEMBLED.

TECHNOROG! WORLD WITH A HARSH CLIMATE, WHERE THE FELT-LESS BASHO WINDS OFTEN BLOW FROM THE DESERT, BUT WITH ADORABLE FORRESTS: STRANGE OCEANS WITH BRIGHTLY COLORED WAVES, AND IMPRESSIVE MOUNTAINS.

FOR PURPOSES OF INTENSIVE DEVELOPMENT MEN HAVE SETTLED THIS OTHERWISE UNHABITED WORLD; THAT IS, EXCEPT FOR VARIOUS SPECIES OF GIANTIC ANIMALS—INOFFENSIVE AS LONG AS YOU LEAVE THEM ALONE.

PROTECTED BY EARTH'S IMPOSING TECHNOLOGICAL MACHINERY, SHELTERED UNDER DOMES WHICH REPRODUCE THE CYCLE OF DAY AND NIGHT, THEY KNOW NOTHING OF THE WORLD SURROUNDING THEM, OR THE RHYTHM OF DARKNESS AND LIGHT WHICH EVERY THIRTY TERRAN DAYS PLUNGES THE PLANET INTO OBSCURITY FOR THE DURATION OF A LUNAR MONTH. ABSOLUTE MASTERS OF THE SOIL WHICH THEY EXPLOIT, THEY WORK ON... COLONIZATION... WHICH NOW GOES BACK ALMOST TWO CENTURIES... HAS NEVER ENCOUNTERED ANY PROBLEMS, AND THE FEW VESTIGES OF AN ANCESTRAL RACE, APPARENTLY EXTINCT FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS, HAVE BEEN TRANSFERRED TO THE SPACE MUSEUM AT GALAXITY... BACK ON FARAWAY EARTH...

THIS IS THE WORLD FAST BEING LEFT BEHIND BY ONE OF THE SPATIOTEMPORAL SERVICE'S SHIPS WHICH IS NOW APPROACHING THE ASTEROID BELT SURROUNDING TECHNOROG...

... A SHIP BELONGING TO TWO OF THE SERVICE'S YOUNG AGENTS, VALERIAN AND LAURELINE, WHO ARE GETTING READY TO RETURN TO EARTH UPON COMPLETION OF THEIR INSPECTION MISSION ON TECHNOROG.
PHREW! AM I GLAD TO BE GETTING OUT OF THAT PLACE! WHAT A DISMAL BUNCH DOWN THERE ... IT'S UNBELIEVABLE THAT ANYONE COULD LIKE WORK THAT MUCH!

THAT'S UNFORTUNATE, LAUREL. TECHNOROG HAS THE BEST ENGINEERS IN THE EMPIRE WITHOUT THEM, YOU WOULDN'T BE SITTING HERE COMFORTABLY WAITING TO MAKE THE BIG LEAP TO GALAXY WITHOUT LIFTING A FINGER.

BESIDES, THEY'RE ALL VOLUNTEERS. TECHNOROG IS THE SPEARHEAD OF TERRAN INDUSTRY...

OKAY, OKAY! SING AND DANCE FOR YOUR INSPECTION REPORT. YOU'LL BE BETTER OFF PAYING ATTENTION TO YOUR PILOTING IN THIS RUBBLE.

HMM ... YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT. WE'RE APPROACHING THE REEFS. I'LL ASK THEM TO OPEN THE PROTECTIVE SHIELD.

CIRCULATING PRUDENTLY AMONG THE REEFS, MANEUVERING THROUGH THE CHANNEL MARKED BY ELECTROMAGNETIC RELAY BEACONS WHICH ENCLOSE TECHNOROG IN AN UNASSAILABLE PROTECTIVE NETWORK ...

TECHNOPORT? VALERIAN HERE. SHIP XB 982. WE'RE NEARING CHANNEL NUMBER EIGHT. REQUEST OPENING OF PROTECTIVE SHIELD.

TECHNOPORT HERE. REQUEST GRANTED. GO AHEAD, XB 982.
Valerian heads his craft for free space while the shield, open an instant, closes behind him.

Good! The spatiotemporal coordinates are set, we can make the jump to Earth now. Ready, Laureline?

Laureline, what's wrong?

Valerian, it's... it's so strange... I felt a sort of call, a cry of despair...

There's somebody or something near us, and that something needs our help. I could feel it!

Holy comets! If there's really something there, we should be able to detect it. Go over to the screens while I keep alongside the shield...
WHILE VALERIAN STEERS HIS CRAFT SLOWLY THROUGH THE MASSES OF ROCK...

LAURELNE STRIVES TO PINPOINT THE STRANGE CALL'S SOURCE...

... FOR WHAT SEEMS AN ETERNITY SHE SEARCHES THROUGH SPACE IN VAIN WHEN...

VALERIAN!

THERE STRAIGHT AHEAD!

GOT IT. I'LL HEAD FOR IT!

WHAT AN ODD STRUCTURE!
IT'S A SHIP IN DISTRESS! LOOK, IT'S FALLING TOWARDS THE PROTECTIVE SHIELD!

IT STRUCK THE SHIELD! AND NOW IT'S GLANCED OFF AND HEADED FOR THE RING OF ASTEROIDS...

IT'S ALL OVER. THE SHIP'S CRASHED!

THE SAME THING WILL HAPPEN TO US IF I KEEP GOING. WE'LL HAVE TO STAY IN ORBIT HERE AND GO OUT TO EXAMINE THE WRECK.

WHAT'S STRANGE IS THAT THERE WAS NO OTHER CALL FOR HELP. DO YOU THINK THAT THE... Uh... PEOPLE ON THE SHIP WERE KILLED IN THE COLLISION?

RIGHT... EVEN I CAN'T GO ANY FARTHER... IT'S TOO DANGEROUS!
LEAVING THEIR CRAFT, VALERIAN AND LAURELINE FLOAT LIGHTLY THROUGH THE ETHER AND, SLIPPING IN AMONG THE TANGLE OF ROCKS...

THEM FINALLY REACH THE AREA AROUND THE MYSTERIOUS, PARTIALLY-RENT VESSEL...
UP THERE... THAT MUST BE THE PILOT'S STATION!

AND THIS MUST BE THE LIVING QUARTERS FOR THE VESSEL'S OCCUPANTS... BUT THEY'RE COMPLETELY EMPTY...

EMPTY AS WELL... THEY RAN OUT OF FOOD. DO YOU THINK MAYBE THAT'S WHY THEY WERE TRYING TO APPROACH TECHNOROG LAURELINE?

OH NO! NOT AGAIN! THAT GIRL HAS A GIFT FOR GETTING HERSELF INTO IMPOSSIBLE SITUATIONS!

HMMM... IN ANY CASE, THIS IS AN EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL SHIP. SINCE EVERYTHING IS OPEN, WE CAN ASSUME THEY DON'T BREATHE OXYGEN FROM THE SIZE OF THESE THINGS, THOSE BEINGS MUST BE ENORMOUS...

YES... THEY MUST ALSO HAVE A HEARTY APPETITE. COME LOOK?

LAU...

THERES FOOD RESERVES!
WHERE'S SHE FLYING OFF TO LIKE THAT?

IT'S NOT EASY TO FOLLOW SOMEONE IN HERE!

OH NO! LOST HER!

UNLESS... THAT LIGHT UP AHEAD...
No doubt about it, those are the vessel’s inhabitants! But...

Can’t you awaken little being? I can sense your mind, alive but a prisoner...

I must be dreaming... I can hear that giant and he’s speaking to Laureline... a telepath!

I’ll have to break your shell and try to bring you round! I am powerless so long as you are inside your carapace...

Don’t touch anything!!!

Horrors! That’s Laureline’s spacesuit he wants to...
WATCH OUT!

THIS IS A DEADLY WEAPON!

AH! WE THOUGHT WE COULD FEEL A SECOND MIND! KEEP CALM, FRIEND...

WE WISH NO HARM TO THE OTHER LITTLE BEING. ON THE CONTRARY, WE KNOW IT CAME HERE TO HELP US...

BUT OUR ANCESTOR GAROL; SHE WHO HAD THE GIFT OF TAKING OVER MINDS, IN NEARING DEATH, IN HER TERRIBLE SLEEP SHE CAN NO LONGER FREE THE LITTLE BEING SHE CALLED...

THAT IS HER? SHE'S SERIOUSLY WOUNDED...

YES! SHE WAS STRUCK BY ROCKS WHEN OUR GREAT VESSEL FOUNDERED AGAINST THEM AND...

BUT... WHO ARE YOU?

MAYBE I CAN SAVE HER IF YOU CAN BRING US BACK TO MY SHIP, BUT HOW ARE WE...

MY WIFE ORGAL HAS THE GIFT OF MAKING THINGS MOVE THROUGH SPACE. SHE IS THE ONE WHO DREW YOUR LITTLE BEING TO US. IT'S SHE WHO MADE OUR SHIP SAIL THROUGH SPACE, MAYBE SHE WILL BE ABLE TO TAKE ALL OF US.

THEN LET'S NOT WASTE ANY TIME! WE'LL CARRY THE WOUNDED ONE AND HER PRISONER ON BOARD MY SHIP. MY FRIEND'S LIFE IS LINKED TO OUR ANCESTOR'S FATE.

VALERIAN, A HUMAN FROM THE FAR-OFF PLANET EARTH, MY NAME IS ARGOL; HE WHO HAD THE GIFT OF SPEAKING IN- MINDS...

I'LL TRANSLATE MY FAMILY'S WORDS FOR YOU... THOSE TWO ARE MY CHILDREN, THEY HAVEN'T DISCOVERED THEIR GIFTS YET...

AND THE ANIMAL IS OUR PET GOULMOUN. HE IS THE ONE WHO SENSED YOUR PRESENCE...
SHUSH... BE SILENT, FRIEND. ORGAL NEEDS ALL HER CONCENTRATION TO MOVE OUR OVERBURDENED CRAFT...

CAN WE LEAVE NOW? WE HAVE TO GO THAT WAY...

THEN, IN THE COLD SILENCE OF SPACE, A STUPRED VALERIAN SEES THE LITTLE SHIP SLOWLY RISE...

... AND POWERED SOLELY BY THE FORCE OF ORGAL'S INTENSE GAZE FIXED ON A MYSTERIOUS POINT AHEAD, AND SEEMINGLY PALPITATING WITH ENERGY...

... HEAD SMOOTHLY TOWARDS HIS CRAFT.

THERE! YOU CAN TALK NOW!

OF COURSE... IN THE DAWN OF TIME OUR ANCESTORS PULLED THESE SHIPS FROM THE SOIL OF OUR WORLD. NOW THERE ARE NO OTHERS TO BE FOUND. WE USED OURS TO VISIT HUNDREDS OF WORLDS BEFORE COMING BACK AND CRASHING ON ALFLOLOL...

INCREDIBLE... SO THIS IS HOW THAT HUGE SHIP OF YOURS WORKED?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN ON ALFLOLOL?
WHY, DON'T YOU KNOW THE NAME OF THE WORLD YOU JUST LEFT? THIS WORLD IS OURS AND ITS NAME IS ALFLOLOL...

HA/HA/HA/YOU MUST BE JOKING/WHEN WE LEFT TO WANDER THE STARS 50,000 MOONS AGO, THIS PLANET WAS CALLED ALFLOLOL AND IT STANDS TO REASON THAT IT IS STILL CALLED ALFLOLOL, RIGHT?

NOT AT ALL; IT'S CALLED TECHNOROG AND IT BELONGS TO OUR PLANET, EARTH, THE ONE I TOLD YOU ABOUT...

TECHNOROG'S LUNAR MONTHS LAST 30 TERRAN DAYS, SO YOU'VE LEFT... UMMM...

ABOUT 4,000 YEARS AGO...

I THINK I'M BEGINNING TO CATCH ON...

YES, IT'S SIMPLE, REALLY. WE'RE RETURNING HOME AFTER A LITTLE TRIP.

A LITTLE TRIP/TELL ME, ARGOL, HOW LONG DO YOU PEOPLE LIVE?

OH, THAT DEPENDS... OUR MATERNAL ANCESTOR PASSED AWAY AT THE START OF THE TRIP WHEN HE WAS ABOUT 900,000 MOONS OLD...

... OUR POOR MATERNAL ANCESTOR IS ONLY 280,000 MOONS OLD, WHICH IS PRETTY YOUNG TO DIE...

???, YOUNG? AT OVER 17,000 YEARS OLD? AND YOUR CHILDREN, HOW OLD ARE THEY?

LOGAR AND LAGOR? THEY'RE STILL BABIES, THEY'RE ONLY 48,000 AND 93,000 MOONS OLD...

HUM... 350 AND 850 YEAR-OLD YOUNGESTERS, HOLY COWs!

A LITTLE FARTHER...

GOOD, I'LL OPEN THE HOLS SO THAT YOU CAN GO IN.
LEAVING THE LITTLE SHIP, VALERIAN ENTERS HIS CRAFT AND A FEW SECONDS LATER ARGOL AND HIS PEOPLE ARE ABOARD.

HURRY! FOLLOW ME, WE'RE GOING TO TAKE YOUR ANCESTRESS TO MY LABORATORY!

LABORATORY? I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU MEAN BUT I TRUST YOU TERRAN...

ONE MINUTE LATER...

I THINK I'VE SUCCEEDED, THE DEHYDRATION HAS STOPPED.

SHE MOVED! I THINK SHE'S RECOVERING CONSCIOUSNESS...
LAURELINE!
MY LITTLE LAURELINE!!!

OH, DROP IT! LUCKILY THERE ARE OTHERS WHO LOVE ME MORE THAN YOU DO...

BUT...

CERTAINLY... AND OTHER FAMILIES ARE RIGHT BEHIND US. WE LIKE TO TRAVEL AND, FROM TIME TO TIME, ALL OF US GO FAR AWAY TOGETHER... AND THEN WHEN OUR RESERVES ARE EXHAUSTED OR WHEN WE MISS OUR NATIVE SOIL, WE COME BACK... IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN THIS ON ALFLOLOL...

LAURELINE!!! I SWEAR...

FRIEND, OUR ANCESTORS THANKS YOU THROUGH ME. SHE FEELS MUCH BETTER! OUR FRIENDSHIP WILL BE ETERNAL!

OH, IT WAS NOTHING... TELL ME, ARGOL... EARLIER I THOUGHT I UNDERSTOOD YOU. NOW, I SEE YOU WERE RETURNING TO TECHNO... I MEAN TO ALFLOLOL BECAUSE IT'S YOUR HOME PLANET?

BUT WHAT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IS HOW OUR SHIP WAS WRECKED. THERE'S SOME NEW THING HERE THAT DREW US LIKE...

POOR ARGOL! THAT NEW THING, AS YOU CALL IT, IS THE PROTECTIVE SHEIELD AROUND TECHNOLOG. I'LL EXPLAIN...

VALERIAN!
A CALL FROM TECHNOLOG! THEY'RE FURIOUS AND DEMAND TO KNOW WHY WE'RE STAYING IN THE CHANNEL AREA... APPARENTLY IT'S DANGEROUS...

HMM... THIS CALLS FOR A QUICK DECISION... PUT A CALL THROUGH TO THE GOVERNOR. TOP PRIORITY!
FRIENDS, you're sure you want to return home?

But... what could stop us?

Thanks, that's all I wanted to know...

I hope you're going to give that man a piece of your mind. These poor people can't go on like this...

I'll do what I can!

The Governor is ready to answer now.

DO YOU REALIZE THAT YOU'RE IN VIOLATION OF...

A LITTLE LATER, HAVING PASSED THROUGH THE CHANNEL AGAIN, VALERIAN'S CRAFT, AT THE REQUEST OF ARGOL AND HIS FAMILY, IS FLYING OVER THE SURFACE OF TECHNOID...

MR. GOVERNOR, SIR, I WOULD LIKE TO REQUEST PERMISSION TO RETURN TO TECHNPORT...

Uh... ah... well, I suppose the audience and authorization to land are granted...

I would also like to request an audience as soon as I arrive, the situation is serious...
AS THEY PASS OVER THE ENORMOUS FLOATING STATIONS IN MAGNET OCEAN...

...THE GIGANTIC MINES IN THE MOUNTAINS...
...THE COLOSSAL FACTORIES INSTALLED ON THE PLAINS...
...AND THE PERFECTLY REGULAR HYDROPONIC PLANTATION...

STUPEFACTION REIGNS AMONG THE SPACECRAFT'S PASSENGERS...

BUT... WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO OUR WORLD? NO LONGER RECOGNIZE IT...

WHAT YOU SEE HERE IS EARTH AND HER CIVILIZATION AT WORK, ARGOL.
AHHH! THERE I RECOGNIZE THAT. IT'S NAINL FOREST. THE BEAUTIFUL FOREST NEAR OUR CAMPBITE...

YOUR CAMP? WHERE IS IT LOCATED?

OVER THERE, ON THE GENTLE HILL OF...

OHHH!! ALL THOSE THINGS ON OUR HILL ON THE SOIL OF OUR ANCESTORS!!

THERE? THAT'S TECHNO-ROG-VILLE!!

AND WHAT ARE THOSE BIG... UH, TRANSPARENT TENTS FOR?

FOR PROTECTION, BECAUSE TERRANS DON'T KNOW HOW TO LIVE THE WAY YOU DO... ALFLOL'S SKY IS PAINFUL TO THEM...

THEN WHY DID THEY COME?

TO WORK!!

I REALLY DON'T UNDERSTAND!

YOU'RE GOING TO UNDERSTAND SOON ENOUGH...

CAREFUL! WE'RE GOING TO LAND. I THINK THAT THEY'RE IMPATIENTLY AWAITING US.
I HAVE AN AUDIENCE WITH THE GOVERNOR. LET ME THROUGH...

FOREIGNERS! US! THEY'RE THE ONES WHO ARE...

YOU, FINE! YOUR FRIENDS, NO! SANITARY CONTROL FOR ALL FOREIGNERS!

DROP IT, FRIEND... DO WHAT THEY TELL YOU, YOU'LL MAKE MY TASK EASIER!

AND THAT ANIMAL THERE / THE DOOR RESERVED FOR GALACTIC LIVESTOCK /

OUR GOUMMUN!!!

I'LL GO WITH HIM AND MEET YOU AFTERWARDS...

AGENT VALERIAN, THERE'S A CRAPT WAITING FOR YOU.

I'M GOING. I'M GOING.

AND WHILE VALERIAN ENTERS TECHNOROGVILLE'S ENCLOSURE...

LET'S GO, HURRY IT UP, SCUM!

INSIDE TECHNOROG, THE USUAL SIGHTS AWAITS VALERIAN...
Crews leaving for the mines...

... Coming home from the factories...

... Preparing to go out to magnet ocean...

... Or returning home from the plantations.

When Valerian leaves the industrial zones for the leisure zones, he finally spots the enormous administrative building which, from the height of Technosci's central hill, dominates the city.

A few seconds later, at the top of the monumental edifice...

"So, agent Valerian! Yet another of your whims! Why did you take so long to return to Technosville? I'm worried, and I've better things to do than wait around for you!"
NEVERTHELESS, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO STAY STILL A MOMENT AND LISTEN TO ME. TECHNOROG'S FORMER INHABITANTS HAVE RETURNED!!

I BROUGHT BACK A FAMILY OF FIVE IN MY CRAFT...

FIVE? OH... GOOD. IN THAT CASE EVERYTHING WILL WORK OUT FINE.

ANNOYING OR NOT, YOU KNOW THE GALACTIC CODE, I TRUST. AFTER ALL, IT WAS GALAXY THAT SET UP THE CODE, TO ITS EVERLASTING CREDIT.

YES, CERTAINLY... BUT THE CODE HAS NEVER BEEN APPLIED IN A SIMILAR CASE...

AND... AHEM... DO THEY SEEM HOSTILE, THESE ALF... AFLOL... WHAT DID YOU CALL THEM?

THE ALFLOL... HOSTILE?

NO NOT AT ALL.

MY DEAR VALERIAN, THAT'S EXCELLENT NEWS... THEN WE'LL BE ABLE TO NEGOTIATE WON'T WE?

HEE HEE HEE / EXACTLY / THE ALFLOL... THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL THEMSELVES, TOOK A TRIP. THAT'S ALL, AND THE REMAINS AND OTHER OBJECTS FOUND BY OUR RESEARCHERS BELONG TO THEIR ANCESTORS, BUT THEY'RE VERY MUCH ALIVE!

AND... AND HOW MANY OF THEM ARE THERE?

YOU THINK SO? SOONER OR LATER, OTHER FAMILIES WILL FOLLOW THIS ONE...

REALLY?... HOW ANNOYING. RIGHT WHEN OUR INDUSTRY WAS REALLY GETTING OFF THE GROUND, THIS IS...

... THIS IS THE FIRST TIME A NATIVE POPULATION HAS BEEN FOUND AFTER A PLANET HAD BEEN COLONIZED BY EARTH AND...

COME ON NOW! CALL GALAXY IF YOU WISH, BUT THEY'LL TELL YOU THE SAME THING... THE ALFLOL... HAVE THE RIGHT TO RETURN TO THE LAND THAT'S THEIRS...

... THEY'RE NOT HOSTILE, BUT THEY'RE VERRY STRONG, VERY INTELLIGENT, AND THEY HAVE SOME VERY STRANGE POWERS...
Big, strong... listen, Valerian, I can't make any decisions withoutconvoking the Council of Technorog...

I propose we put your Alflo... Alfoidolians in quarantine to avoid any contamination. After which...

I proceeded with the automatic tests when I gave one of them medical attention on my ship. There were no traces of any micro-organisms.

TSK, TSK... Quarantine first, I tell you. I'm going to issue an order that...

What's that racket?!

It's Us!

They were pesterings us with all their medical inspections so we decided to join you. You're happy to see us, aren't you?

I... I forbid you...

Me? Oh...

The alarm systems! All at once!!

It's interesting here, look, what are those little red lights that just lit up?

What's going on??
EVERYTHING'S ALL TOPSY-TURVY!!

WELL, ER, YES... IT'S OUR FAULT...

THE GOUMOON AND I WERE JUST PLAYING AROUND...

DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA OF WHAT'S GOING ON, YOU LITTLE FOOL?

THOSE THINGS AIN'T VERY LUCKY WE DIDN'T EVEN PLAY WITH THEM VERY LONG.

SO, YOU'RE THE ONE WHO IS DESTROYING MY CITY! YOU'RE GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT THAT WILL COST YOU. FIRST, GET OUT OF HERE!! IF YOU DON'T GET OUT, MY GUARDS...

NO! WE'RE NOT LEAVING! WE WANT TO STAY! WE LIKE IT HERE AND WE HAVE EVERY RIGHT...

THAT'S THE LAST STRAW... YOU...

WAIT, MR. GOVERNOR-SIR, I DON'T THINK YOU UNDERSTAND. I EXPLAINED THEIR RIGHTS TO THE ALFLLOLIONS. NOW, ARGOL'S FAMILY LIVED ON THIS EXACT SPOT BEFORE THEY LEFT...

I SHOULD THINK SO! THE GENTLEST MILLL ON ALL ALFLLOLOL, MY COMPLIMENTS, GOVERNOR. YOU CHOSE WELL...

HN-HN... YOU'LL HAVE TO PROVE IT FIRST...
THAT'S EASY.
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS DEMOLISH YOUR BUILDING AND DIG DOWN DEEP ENOUGH...

YES, THE TOMBS OF OUR VERY ANCIENT FAMILY ARE BURIED UNDER THIS HILL...

VALERIAN, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LET THEM DO THAT!

UM... I'M AFRAID, GOVERNOR, THAT YOU HAVE NO CHOICE. THE GALACTICAL CODE IS CATEGORICAL.

AND, IN THE ARTIFICIAL EVENING OF A HARD-WORKING TECHNOROS SLUMBERING UNDER ITS PROTECTIVE DOME, UNEXPECTED NOISES RING OUT FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE ADMINISTRATIVE PALACE...

WHERE BREAKING WITH THE FUNCTIONAL FRIGIDITY OF THE PLACE, THE ALFLOLOLIANS HAVE SET UP CAMP...

FRIENDS, WHAT JOY TO HAVE YOU AMONG US! WE ARE GOING TO HOLD A FITTING CELEBRATION OF OUR RETURN TO LOVELY ALFLOLOLI!
FIVE TERRAN DAYS LATER ...

WATCH IT, CHILDREN. DON'T BREAK TOO MANY THINGS. THE TERRANS DON'T LIKE US, THEY SEEM TO ATTACH MORE IMPORTANCE TO MATERIAL THINGS THAN WE DO.

IF YOU CATCH ME YOU GET A KISS!

CRAAK

UH-OH! NOT AGAIN! VALERIAN'S GONNA BE MAD. THAT BOY'S ENTIRELY TOO SERIOUS.

BUGS ME... SHE'S STARTING TO BUG ME... AND I'M TIRED OUT...

FIVE DAYS OF CELEBRATING, I'M BEAT...

OH, VALERIAN... YOU'RE WANDERING THE HALLS TOO...

DON'T THOSE PEOPLE EVER SLEEP?

YES, OF COURSE... OF COURSE THEY DO... A FEW SECONDS HERE, A FEW SECONDS THERE... THAT'S ALL THE SLEEP THEY NEED...

OH REALLY? WELL, I'M GOING TO TAKE A REST. THE WORST OF IT IS THAT I CAN'T GET ANY WORK DONE WITH ALL THIS RACKET...

WORK? THEY OBVIOUSLY DON'T UNDERSTAND THE MEANING OF THE WORD. SO HOW CAN YOU EXPECT THEM TO LET YOU WORK?
SO THERE YOU ARE? YOU'RE NOT SULKING, ARE YOU?...
NO, I'M JUST TIRED...

BETWEEN US, SO AM I...

STAY HERE A BIT...

BUT THEY'RE SO NICE, SO MUCH FUN...

HMMMMM...

MUCH LATER...

DOOF, WE MUST HAVE SLEPT A LONG TIME...

YES... BUT... I DON'T HEAR ANYTHING...

GONE!

I'M SPEAKING TO MY FRIENDS VALERIAN AND LAURELINE THROUGH THIS MACHINE. WE HAVE DECIDED TO LEAVE THIS PLACE, THE TERRAN CITY DOES NOT AGREE WITH ALFLOLOLIANS.

WE MUST SET OFF AGAIN FOR OUR HUNTING GROUNDS WHERE OUR CHILDREN WILL LEARN TO CAPTURE THE CRUEL FURUTZ AND OTHER ANIMALS GOOD BYE, MY FRIENDS, YOU MAY FORGET US BUT REMEMBER OUR FRIENDSHIP IS ETERNAL...

LOOK! THERE'S A MESSAGE ON THE VIDEO!

BUZZ!

VALERIAN!
... and the other Terrans have nothing to fear from us. The Alfololians are not a war-like folk...

Your... your curious companions...

... have done it again!

Really?

We were having a council meeting when... but why don't I just show you...

More than a thousand guards, policemen...

... radarmen and other workers...

... all cataleptic, stricken dumb and incapable of the slightest reaction!

Pffff...

Umm... I see that ancestors Garol has completely recovered... a thousand at the same time!
AND WHAT ABOUT ME, THE GENERAL DIRECTOR OF PRODUCTION FOR ALL OF TECHNOROG'S FACTORIES? I MUST WARN YOU TO BE CAREFUL...

YOU'RE CRAZY! YOUR AFFAIRS DON'T CONCERN THEM! WHY DON'T YOU JUST LEAVE THEM ALONE...

YOU HAVE A SUBVERSIVE ATTITUDE, YOUNG LADY! BUT YOU, VALERIAN, YOU AT LEAST UNDERSTAND THAT TECHNOROG'S INDUSTRIAL POTENTIAL IS AT STAKE HERE! DON'T YOU? TECHNOROG IS AN INDUSTRIAL PLANET, NOT AN ADVENTURER'S CAMPAIGN, WHICH IS WHY WE LACK PEOPLE LIKE YOU AND WHY YOU'RE GOING TO LEAD THE EXPEDITION...

THAT'S ENOUGH! BETTER US THAN SOMEONE ELSE, ISN'T IT?

IN THAT CASE...

ALWAYS DUTY FIRST, EH?

AND A LITTLE WHILE LATER:

WHAT ABOUT ALL THE GUARDS?

THEM? WE REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS BUT DON'T REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED...

THE MOST MODERN EQUIPMENT AND THE MOST QUALIFIED OFFICERS HAVE BEEN GATHERED TOGETHER FOR YOUR EXPEDITION...

BAH! YOU'RE TOO KIND!!! BUT ENOUGH CHIT-CHAT, SINCE WE HAVE TO, LET'S GO!
MUCH LATER...

CAN WE GET GOING OR WHAT?

IMPOSSIBLE! WE CAN'T GET STARTED, THE MOSS HAS EATEN EVERYTHING!

MUCH FARTHER...

THE LAST SEARCH VEHICLE MADE A WRONG MOVE AND...

FARTHER STILL...

AAH!!

DO SOMETHING!!!!

OUR LAST ABLE-BODIED MEN ARE PRISONERS OF THAT CARNIVOROUS PLANT. WE'LL HAVE TO FREE THEM AND THEN TURN BACK!

YOU'RE RIGHT

WE'LL KEEP ON GOING!

ALL YOUR HARDWARE'S USELESS AND YOUR GUARDS AREN'T MUCH BETTER. YOU THERE, FREE THOSE MEN AND TAKE THEM BACK...

AND WE'LL KEEP ON, WON'T WE, VALERIAN?

YEAH, WE'RE GOING TO KEEP GOING... WITH OUR ONLY EQUIPMENT A FAULTY DETECTOR AND A SILENT MICRO-RADIO COMPLETELY STIFLED BY THIS DAMN JUNGLE...

COME ON! I'M SURE WE'LL FIND THEM.
WHILE THE JUNGLE THICKENS AROUND THEM, AND AFTER HOURS AND HOURS OF WALKING...

WELL, WHAT'S THE DETECTOR SAY?

IT INDICATES A WEAK PRESENCE, BUT THAT COULD BE ANYTHING... THE TRACE IS SO OLD...

LOOK AT THE MAP... WE CROSSED THE FOREST AT ITS NARROWEST POINT. I'M SURE THAT THEY TOOK THE SAME PATH TO GET TO MAGNET OCEAN.

NO DOUBT, WE'LL FIND OUT. WE'RE QUITE CLOSE TO THE SHORE NOW...

BUT FIRST... LET'S MAKE CAMP, GET SOME SLEEP AND RECOVER A BIT. WE'VE BEEN ALONE AND ON THE MARCH FOR OVER 48 HOURS...

WHATEVER YOU SAY.

AND...

SUDDENLY...

VALERIAN! IT'S CARRYING ME OFF!

INCREDIBLE! SHE'S GETTING HERSELF HIGH-JACKED BY ANOTHER MONSTER! THIS IS BECOMING A HABIT! MY WEAPON... QUICK!

I CAN'T AIM! I'M AFRAID I'LL HIT LAURELINE... AND WHERE IS THAT BEAST TAKING HER?
THE SEA!

I'LL HAVE TO RISK IT... I'M GOING TO SHOOT BUT...

THE GOUJOUN! WHAT A SLAUGHTER...

YOU'RE NOT HURT, ARE YOU, BEAUTIFUL? NO! BUT LUCKY FOR ME THE GOUJOUN GOT HERE IN TIME BECAUSE YOU...

YES! HE DID A GREAT JOB!

VALERIAN...

LAURELINE!!

... I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD...

HERE WE ARE, VALERIAN
ARGOL!!! HOW DID YOU KNOW...

THE GOMULUN! HE LOVES YOUR LITTLE FRIEND, HE SENSED SHE WAS IN DANGER AND ALL WE HAD TO DO WAS FOLLOW HIM.

ALAS, SHE WAS IN THE ARMS OF A SHALAFUT PERSONALITY-SPLITTER AND I'M AFRAID THAT... BUT... WHAT IS IT, LOGAR?

DEAR LOGAR! YOU SHALL BE SHE-WHO-SAVES-FROM-NASTY-BEASTS, KISS ME, DAUGHTER...

MY DAUGHTER HAS FOUND HER GIFT!!

SAVED!!

STILL, ONCE AGAIN I'M THE ONE WHO GOT THE WORST OF IT! WHY DON'T THESE THINGS EVER HAPPEN TO YOU? EVEN THE FAUNA OF SPACE IS CHAUVINISTIC...

MY FRIENDS, DON'T ARGUE, COME, RATHER, AND SEE THE BOAT WITH WHICH WE'LL HUNT THE CRUEL FURUTZ, OF THE DELICATE FLESH...

YES BUT... YOU KNOW I'M SUPPOSED TO BRING YOU BACK?

COME ON! MY SON HAS TO CATCH HIS FIRST FURUTZ... BE OUR GUESTS FOR THE BIG CATCH... BUT NOW LET'S CELEBRATE YOUR FRIEND'S RESCUE...

MUCH LATER...

NOT BAD AT ALL THIS... JUST A BIT HEAVY! WITHOUT COUNTING THE FACT THAT WE HAVE TO THINK ABOUT OUR MISSION...

KILLJOY! WE'RE HAVING A GREAT TIME, RIGHT? MY ADORABLE GOMULUN? MY SAVIOR...

SHE'S REALLY GETTING ON MY NERVES WITH THAT GOMULUN OF HERS!

LET'S GO, FRIENDS! THE SEA IS BRIGHT YELLOW AND IT'S A PERFECT DAY FOR FURUTZ, AND LAGOR IS IN A HURRY TO SEE HIS FIRST HERO...
AND SOON...

WHAT BOthers ME are those floating houses. LET’S HOPE THERE ARE still Pourtz HERE...

THose ARe MagNet oCEAn’S Salt ExtrAcTION PlANTS. WE MUST BE CareFUL TO STEER CLEAR of THEM...

DON’T worry. THose things are of no interest to US. HEY... but, over there!

LOOK, LAGOR... A Hero of Pourtuz/LEd by the STRONGest MAle. He’s the one who will lead the Combat and he’s the one you’ll have to hit.

BUT even as the Hunt begins amid the Family’s joyous Cries...

LOOK HOW Happy they are... AND stay on course! Argol entrusted the helm to you.

I’m Smaller than he is...

I’m doing the best I can!!

Oh great! loudy radio/wHAT a moment to...

raise your head, Agent Valerian...

Agent Valerian...
So, Valerian! Have you forgotten that Magnet Ocean is a strategic industrial zone? Warn your friends...

Holy comets! The governor's craft and the whole fleet with him! They picked up our trail!

Argol! They're going to fire! Stop the hunt...

...and tell them the Furutz hate noise! A herd without its leader is a panicked herd and it could cause immense damage!!

Did you hear that up there?

Too late! Look! The old male is bearing down on us for a fight!

But... but... Argol!

Go on, son. Steady your arm...

Perfectly! But the perimeter around the stations is off-limits. Move off or we shoot!

Withdrow from the floating extraction plants or we'll open fire!
While Argol and his folk go on with the hunt, indifferent to the deluge of fire opening up before them...

...All hell breaks loose on the Furuiz head abandoned by its old guide...

But the effect obtained is not at all what was expected and, within seconds, the enraged Furuiz are slicing into the floating stations...

...Destroying, with horrifying brutality, all the pipes in their wake...

...Before diving back beneath the strangely colored waves barely begun, the battle draws to a close, on a spectacle of intense desolation...
AT THE SAME TIME, SOMEWHERE ALONG THE SHORE BORDERING ANANIL FOREST...

WONDERFUL MY DEAR SON! YOU STRUCK THE FUTURE EXACTLY WHERE I TOLD YOU, IN HIS ONLY VULNERABLE SPOT! NOW YOU TRULY BELONG TO ALFLOLOL!

WHAT DEVASTATION!

TERRAN AGENTS!

IT'S THE FAULT OF THOSE IMBECILES UP THERE...

THE IMBECILES ARE ON THEIR WAY! DON'T MOVE AND KEEP AN EYE ON THE FLOOD... ON THOSE FILthy NOMADS OF YOURS!

GOOD! THE GAME'S GONE ON LONG ENOUGH! THOSE SAVAGES HAVE BEEN CAUSING ONE DISASTER AFTER ANOTHER, DISORGANIZING OUR SYSTEM OF PRODUCTION...

THAT'S NOT SO! IT'S YOU WHO...

THAT'S ENOUGH! IN ANY CASE, THERE HAVE BEEN FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS AND THE COUNCIL HAS MADE SOME DECISIONS REGARDING THE ALFLOLOLANS!

CLOSE TO A HUNDRED FAMILIES ARE WAITING FOR US TO OPEN THE PROTECTIVE FIELD TO REGAIN THEIR NATIVE PLANET. LUCKY FOR US THE ALFLOLOLANS PRACTICE SPONTANEOUS BIRTH CONTROL. IT SEEMS, IN FACT, THAT THE PLANET'S ENTIRE POPULATION IS NOW REUNITED...

AND... THESE DECISIONS?

THE GALACTIC CODE DOESN'T ALLOW US TO REFUSE THEIR ENTRY TO TECHNOROG. IT ALSO OBLIGES US TO GIVE THEM BACK SOME LAND. WELL AND GOOD...

BUT TECHNOROG IS ENORMOUS! LUCKILY WE CAN REGROUP THEM WITHIN AN AREA WHOSE BOUNDARIES WE DEFINE.

YOU'RE GOING TO COOP THEM UP ON A RESERVATION! THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO!!
IN FACT, SEVERAL HOURS LATER, AMID THE UPROAR AND CONFUSION OF A LONG CARAVAN FLANKED BY TERRAN GUARDS AND CRAFT...

THIS IS IT! ALL THIS IS YOURS, AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE!

BUT THESE ARE THE WORST HUNTING GROUNDS ON ALL ALFLOLOL!!!

AND THOSE HOUSES SMOKING OVER THERE WILL SCARE AWAY THE GAME.

YOU NOMADS ARE NEVER SATISFIED ANYWAY... IF YOU HAVE ANY COMPLAINTS, SEE YOUR BENEFACCTOR, VALERIAN MYSELF. I HAVE TO GET BACK TO TECHNOCRAT INDUSTRY. DON'T WAIT! YOU CAN UNDERSTAND THAT, CAN'T YOU?

I WOULDN'T BE SO PROUD OF MYSELF IF I WERE YOU! WHEN I THINK THAT YOU'RE CHARGED WITH ADMINISTERING THIS...

AND WHILE ALL THE TERRAN CRAFTS EXCEPT THOSE CHARGED WITH THE SURVEILLANCE OF THE ALFLOLOLIAN CAMP RETURN TO THE CITY...

THAT'S NO EXCUSE FOR YOU TO GO ALONG WITH THIS PARCE!

IT'S TRUE, YOU REALLY DO HAVE A NEGATIVE ATTITUDE! THERE'S ENOUGH ROOM ON ALFLOLOL FOR EVERYBODY.

WHAT DO YOU WANT? THE ALFLOLOLIANS TRUST ME, AND WHAT'S MORE, IT'S ONLY A PROVISIONAL APPOINTMENT...
BUT DAY AFTER TERRAN DAY... COMPLAINT FOLLOWED UPON COMPLAINT... AND ALL THE COMPLAINTS ARE ALIKE...

YOU CALL THAT GAME, VALERIAN? LOOK AT THIS PITIFUL POUPOUON! IT'S ONLY SKIN AND BONES! THAT'S ALL THE GAME WE TOOK TODAY...

TASTE THIS, LITTLE ONE, AND TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK.

IT SMELLS LIKE YOUR FACTORIES OVER THERE! WHAT A STENCH!

YOU'RE NOT GOING HUNTING TODAY?

WE'RE IN THE SIROCCO REGION. WHEN IT STARTS TO BLOW, IT BLOWS TILL THE END OF THE MOON. THEN MAN AND BEAST SEEK SHELTER.

A LITTLE LATER, IN THE GUBERNATORIAL PALACE...

WELL, YOU TWO HAVE BEEN VERY PERSUASIVE BECAUSE THE COUNCIL MEMBERS HAVE BEEN KIND ENOUGH TO ACCEPT YOUR SUGGESTIONS... WE'RE GOING TO FEED THOSE GOOD-FOR-NOTHINGS OF YOURS...

THEY'RE NOT GOOD-FOR-NOTHINGS!

LAURELINE, PLEASE...

VALERIAN, THINGS CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS!

I KNOW, I KNOW, BUT WHAT CAN WE DO?

GO TO THE GOVERNOR'S AND EXPLAIN THE SITUATION TO HIM. IF WE MUST KEEP THE AIPLOLOLIANS PRISONERS HERE, THEN AT LEAST WE SHOULD FEED THEM!

PRISONERS! YOU'RE EXAGGERATING, STILL... ALL RIGHT, I'LL CALL IN...

CONVOYS OF SUPPLIES WILL GO OUT EVERY NIGHT FROM THE PLANTATIONS, BUT...

BUT WATCH OUT! KEEP THOSE BRUTES OF YOURS CALM OR ELSE...

PRODUCTION, CHILDREN, IS SACRED! WE HAVE NORMS TO RESPECT, YOU KNOW. THE SLIGHTEST PROBLEM, AND POOF...

AND IN THE SIROCCO WHICH CONTINUES TO BLOW...

AH... THERE'S THE SECOND CONVOY...

WHAT A LIFE! LOOK WHAT WE'VE REDUCED THE AIPLOLOLIANS TO, MY POOR GOUMON!

LINE UP FOR THE DISTRIBUTION OF SUPPLIES!

TRUE... THESE TERRAN FOODS ARE PRETTY BAD, ODORLESS AND TASTELESS, BUT STILL... WE WON'T DIE OF HUNGER...

THERE'S A CALL FROM TECHNOGUALIVE FOR YOU!
WHAT IS IT THIS TIME?

IT'S JUST THAT... I HAVE THE BEGINNINGS OF AN UPRISING ON MY HANDS HERE. AT TECHNOROSVILLE, CAN YOU IMAGINE? UNTHINKABLE! BUT YOU REALIZE THAT THERE'S A RULE ON THIS PLANET. YOU EARN A LOT OF MONEY...

...BUT THOSE THAT DON'T WORK, DON'T EAT! ONLY LOGICAL, DON'T YOU THINK? IN A WORD, THE COUNCIL'S DECISION TO FEED THE ALFLOLILIANS FOR FREE WAS TAKEN VERY BADLY... UMM...

GO ON, THIS IS GETTING INTERESTING...

GO ON, SPIT IT OUT, AT THIS POINT...

WELL THEN, HERE IT IS: THE ALFLOLILIANS ARE GOING TO HAVE TO WORK TO PAY FOR THEIR FOOD! TO START WITH, WE THOUGHT WE'D PUT THEM ON THE PLANTATIONS: THAT WAY THEY CAN BE OUTSIDE, IN THEIR NATURAL ELEMENT, HUM?...

THEM WORK? THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW THE MEANING OF THE WORD! DO YOU WANT TO KILL THEM, OR WHAT?

AND...

YOU'RE GOING TO BE EVEN MADDER AT ME, BUT I'VE ACCEPTED SOMETHING REALLY ROTTEN...

ENOUGH! YOU BROUGHT THEM HERE, YES OR NO? WELL THEN, YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE THEM AT HOME ON THE PLANTATIONS! I CALLED GALAXITY AND THEY'RE IN AGREEMENT, EITHER YOU OBEY, OR ELSE...

A LITTLE LATER ON A HYDROPONIC PLANTATION...

YOU KNOW, THINGS AIN'T WORKING OUT SO BADLY, THEY LOOK LIKE THEY'RE ADAPTING...

BE QUIET! I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANOTHER THING FROM YOU...
Besides, it'd be better if you just beat it. With all the guards, we don't need another spy. Anyway, no one wants you here anymore ... me, I'm going to stay and live like them ...

Come on, my sweet little Goumoun, we're going to work, the two of us ...

But ...

Bah! It's a dog's life ...

I'll go set up my dome around here and wait. What else can I do? I'm no longer really needed ...

So somewhere in the most desolate part of the great Alflodolian Desert, while the planet's long night falls, the artificial days go slowly by inside a badly tended dome ...

Until ...

TECHNOROGVILLE CALLING VALERIAN !...

Yeah!

A catastrophe? What sort of catastrophe? Bah! Onward Valerian. Whatever you do, your goose is cooked. So...

You're forgetting yourself, young man. But I'll let it pass for now because you're going to be useful to me. One last time I'll be waiting for you at the plantations as soon as you can get there. A catastrophe has occurred over and out.

You again! Get lost!!
NEAR THE PLANTATION...

UH-OH!

AND GUESS WHO TRANSFORMED ALL THOSE NASTY PLANTS INTO PRETTY FLOWERS? MY SON, LAGOR...


THAT'S NICE, ARGOL... BUT... UMM... IS THAT STUFF EATABLE?

AGENT VALERIAN, THE GOVERNOR IS WAITING TO SPEAK TO YOU.

WELL...

HAVE YOU SEEN WHAT THOSE PEA-BAGS OF YOURS HAVE DONE? TECHNO-RAGSVILLE IS ON THE VERGE OF FAMINE, THERE ARE MUTTERINGS OF REVOLT. THE COUNCIL HAS MET AGAIN AND WE'VE MADE SOME NEW DECISIONS...

...AND AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...

OH, OH! SO THERE YOU ARE, FRIEND! WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THIS? IT'S ALREADY MORE HOSPITABLE, DON'T YOU THINK?

UH...
TELL ME ABOUT IT, GOVERNOR, I CAN TELL THIS IS NOT GOING TO BE ANOTHER STROKE OF GENIUS.

NONE OF YOUR WISE CRACKS, THE POINT IS TO DIVIDE UP THOSE SPACE BUMS IN A RATIONAL AND USEFUL WAY FOR THE COMMUNITY.

MAYBE IF WE SPLIT THEM UP WE'LL BE ABLE TO USE THEM MORE EFFICIENTLY. AFTER ALL, THEY'RE CLEVER AND STRONG. HERE'S WHAT WE'VE DECIDED. A THIRD OF THEM WILL GO TO THE MINES, A THIRD TO THE FACTORIES, AND A THIRD TO THE POWER PLANTS...

IT'S UP TO YOU TO ENFORCE THESE MEASURES AND FAST...

OH, YOU REFUSE... DO YOU? I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW THAT I HAVE HERE A MESSAGE FROM GALAXITY DISMISSING YOUR FRIEND LAURELINE FOR HER INJUSTIFIABLE CONDUCT IN THE COMPANY OF THAT STELLAR TRASH SHE SEEMS TO HAVE ADOPTED...

I CAN MAKE USE OF THIS MESSAGE... OR NOT. IF I DO USE IT, SHE'LL FINISH HER DAYS IN THE MINES! NO MORE COZY SPACESHIPS COURTESY OF THE SPATIOTEMPORAL SERVICE FOR HER!

ALL RIGHT. I'LL FOLLOW ORDERS. THE MINES, FACTORIES, POWER PLANTS, PRODUCTION IS GOING TO PICK UP STEAM, I CAN TELL!

A LITTLE LATER, WHILE THE UNFORTUNATE ALFOLUANS START OUT ON YET ANOTHER EXODUS...

SPARE ME YOUR COMMENTS... AND REMEMBER, ALL OF TECHNOROS'S GUARDS WILL BE AT YOUR DISPOSAL TO CARRY OUT ORDERS. HEADQUARTERS HAVE BEEN SET UP FOR YOU... BE SO GOOD AS TO STAY IN THEM... AND TRY TO LOOK A BIT MORE LIKE ONE OF GALAXITY'S REPRESENTATIVES...

LAURELINE, DEAR. LAURELINE, LET ME EXPLAIN...

YOU GOT IT...

LET'S GO! HURRY IT UP! YOU BUNCH OF FLEABAGS!

LAURELINE, DEAR. LAURELINE, LET ME EXPLAIN...

DO YOU KNOW THAT MAN, GJOUNN MINE? COME ALONG. WE'RE LEAVING FOR THE FACTORIES.

BAH... WHEN EVERYTHING GOES WRONG...
SEVERAL TERRAN DAYS LATER, AT VALERIAN'S HEADQUARTERS...

YOUR CRAFT IS READY FOR THE TOUR OF INSPECTION AND THE GOVERNOR WISHES TO REMIND YOU THAT HE'S WAITING FOR YOU AT TECHNOLOGVILLE AT THE CONCLUSION OF YOUR TOUR...

I KNOW, LET'S GO...

AND...

HERE ARE THE FIRST FACTORIES...

WHAT'S THEORETICALLY MANUFACTURED HERE?

ROCKETS, SPACESHIPS...

ARE YOU SURE? LET'S GO DOWN AND HAVE A LOOK...

AH! WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU! IT'S DREADFUL! EVERYTHING SEEMS TO HAVE GONE CRAZY! LOOK AT THE GHOULISH THINGS WHICH ARE COMING OFF OUR ASSEMBLY LINES...

MAMM YEAH... FUNNY!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, FUNNY? IT'S TRAGIC...

THERE'S ONE FAMILY IN PARTICULAR WHICH STANDS OUT DUE TO ITS EXTRAORDINARY ILL WILL OR APPALLING INNOCENCE...

DON'T TELL ME WHICH, I CAN ALREADY GUESS! THERE'S A TERRAN GIRL WITH THEM, RIGHT?

OH YES, TELL ME ABOUT IT? SHE'S...

TELL ME, RATHER, SINCE YOU'RE IN CONTACT WITH TECHNOLOG'S OTHER INDUSTRIAL COMPLEXES, HOW ARE THEY GETTING ALONG ELSEWHERE?

TERRIBLE EVERYWHERE! AT THE ATOMIC WEAPONS PLANT, ALL THEY CAN PRODUCE ARE POCKET KNIVES...

... AND AT THE BIOLOGY CENTER THEY ALL HAVE HAY FEVER...
FINE, LET'S TAKE OFF TO THE MINES, OLD MAN...

YOU SEEM PRETTY CHEERFUL, THOUGH THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANY REASON TO...

HEE HEE HEE! MAYBE THERE IS THINGS ARE TAKING SHAPE. GO ON, STEP ON IT! THESE LITTLE CRATES SURE ARE SLOW...

AND IN THE SKIES OF TECHNOLOGIAGAIN...

RIGHT, A QUICK LOOK AT THE ENERGY PLANTS AND THEN WE'LL MAKE FOR THE GOVERNOR'S

VERY GOOD! IT'S USELESS TO LAND. I ONLY HOPE THERE AREN'T ANY VICTIMS, BUT KNOWING THE ALFEOLOLANES, THAT WOULD SURPRISE ME... OFF WE GO! TO THE CITY...

FINALLY AT THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE...

WELL, WELL! NOTHING WORKS!

DO YOU REALIZE TECHNOLOGI IS IN A DESPERATE FLIGHT?

WHAT'S GALAXITY GOING TO SAY WHEN WE OWN UP TO THIS?

PRODUCTION, MY YOUNG FRIEND... PRODUCTION HAS COME TO A COMPLETE HALT!

THERE, THERE, GENTLEMEN... I THINK I HAVE A SOLUTION.

NO, UNFORTUNATELY! DO YOU REALIZE THAT I HAD TO WALK TO WORK TODAY... FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE... OH MY... A LONG TIME AGO... IT'S SO FAR...
LET THE ALFloLOLIANS LIVE AS THEY PLEASE ON THEIR PLANET! THEIR KIND OF LIFE WILL NEVER ENCOUNTER YOUR OWN IF YOU LEAVE THEM IN PEACE... TECHNOROG IS ENORMOUS, YOU SAID SO YOURSELVES, SO WHAT GOOD ARE THOSE SHAMEFUL RESERVATIONS...

I ADMIT... HMM... THAT WE HAVE ENVISIONED THAT POSSIBILITY... SINCE WE NO LONGER HAVE MUCH OF A CHOICE, WOULD YOU AGREE TO CARRY SUCH A MESSAGE TO THEM IMMEDIATELY? THEY’LL BELIEVE YOU.

LEAVE THEN! YOU CAN EVEN TAKE YOUR PERSONAL CRAFT TO SAVE TIME...

AND DON'T FORGET, YOUNG MAN, OUR PRODUCTION IS IN YOUR HANDS! EVERY MINUTE LOST COSTS US A FORTUNE...

A LITTLE LATER, IN THE EVER-DARK SKY OF ALFloLOLI/TECHNOROG...

LAURELNE IS THE ONE WHO'S GOING TO BE REALLY HAPPY, ACCORDING TO THE RADIO, THEIR MISCHIEF DONE, THE ALFloLOLIANS HAVE ALL COME BACK TO THEIR RESERVATION, THAT'S WHERE I'M GOING TO TELL THEM THE GOOD NEWS!

WHAT'S THIS? THEY'RE ALL LEAVING/ WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?!

THERE'S THE RESERVATION BUT...

THERE! A FEW LEFT... GOT TO LAND QUICK!
HOW ARE YOU, FRIEND?

WELL, HELLO, STRANGER!

WHY DID THEY ALL LEAVE? AND I WAS JUST COMING BACK TO ANNOUNCE THAT THEY WERE FREE AGAIN ON ALFLOLUL.

FREE ON ALFLOLUL / FREE ON A PLANET LIKE THIS / POOR VALENIAN, YOU REALLY DON'T UNDERSTAND ANYTHING! THEY ALL LEFT BECAUSE THEY NO LONGER WANT ANY PART OF THEIR PLANET AND I've STAYED BEHIND IT WAS BECAUSE ARGOL AND HIS FAMILY NO LONGER HAVE A SHIP...

BUT, BUT...

COME ON, YOU'LL GET OVER IT, MY BOY, IN YOUR OWN WAY YOU DID WHAT YOU COULD ... BUT IT WAS THE WRONG WAY, THAT'S ALL...

WHAT IF ... WHAT IF I TOOK YOU ALL WITH IN MY CRAFT? AND IF I GUIDED THE OTHERS THROUGH THE CHANNEL?

OH, I DIDN'T EXPECT ANY LESS OF YOU...

AND SOON... IN THE DANGEROUSLY CONGESTED VICINITY OF THE PLANET, A LONG CONVOY IS MAKING ITS WAY TOWARDS SPACE...
YOU WANT US TO OPEN THE PROTECTIVE SHIELD? SO YOU CAN LEAVE WITH ALL THOSE RAGGED TRAMPS BEHIND YOU?

OH! OH! AND HOW! BUT GET ONE THING THROUGH YOUR HEAD, THE SHIELD'S NOT ABOUT TO OPEN IN THE OTHER DIRECTION, AND THAT GOES FOR ALL YOU WOULD-BE SPATIOTEMPORAL AGENTS, TROUBLE-MAKERS, SABOTEURS...

"YOU'RE LUCKY I DON'T CARE TO INFORM GALAXY ABOUT YOUR EXPLOITS, BECAUSE OTHERWISE..."

THAT GUY'S GETTING REDUNDANT! INSTEAD OF LISTENING TO HIM, TELL ME WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO NOW THAT WE'RE OUT! THE OTHER FAMILIES HAVE DECIDED TO SPLIT UP AND SEEK ADVENTURE AGAIN...

"I'VE GOT AN IDEA..."

...WHEREVER YOU SAY, TERRAN, WE TRUST YOU...

MUCH LATER, ON TERRA, AT GALAXY'S ASTROPORT...

THEY'RE ARRIVING.

IS EVERYTHING READY? YOU KNOW THAT ACCORDING TO THE GALACTIC CODE, ALL REPRESENTATIVES OF A NEW RACE MUST BE WELCOMED ON TERRA WITH THE RANK OF AMBASSADOR AND ENTERTAINED FOR SO LONG AS THEY SO DESIRE...

THE CELEBRATION WILL BE A MERRY ONE, SIR, VERY MERRY AND PERFECTLY ORGANIZED.

THE END