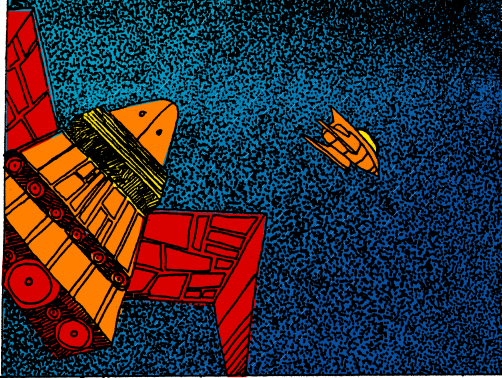
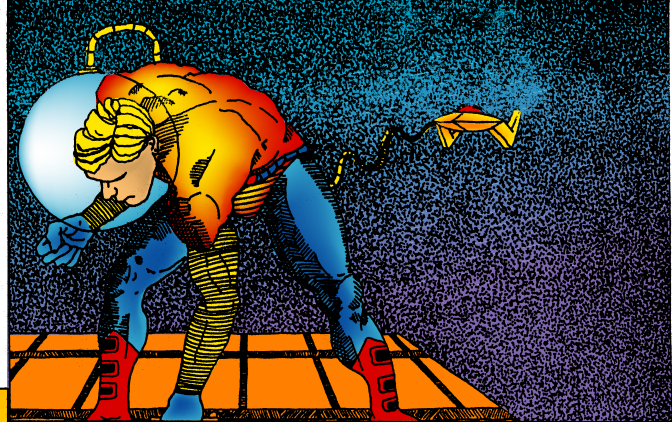


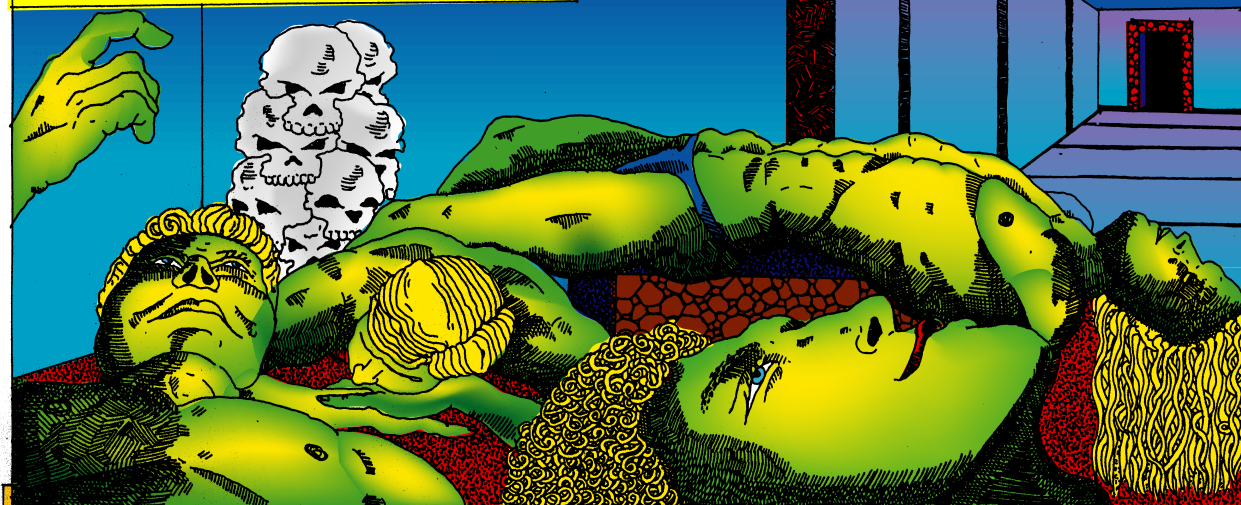
The S.S. Newark was 3 days late with its ozone shipment to Earth when I came across it. I had a queezy feeling as I watched it drift before me.



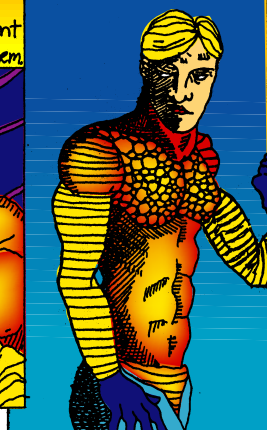
I'm Bob. My job is to investigate missing spacecraft. Not your average 9-5 job but the pay is good and I get weekends off. Besides, it sure beats working as a urinalysis expert.



As I boarded the ship the stench reminded me of a Venusian waste pit. The crew looked like a bunch of sausages at a pitball convention.



The entire crew was dead. I began to wonder about the current whereabouts of whatever did this to them.



In space, there are any number of parasites, carnivores, and predators that consider humans to be one of the 4 basic food groups. I wasn't terribly upset, therefore, when my search uncovered only a silent, unresponsive young girl who appeared to be in shock. She was the only survivor.

