




CHAPTER ONE

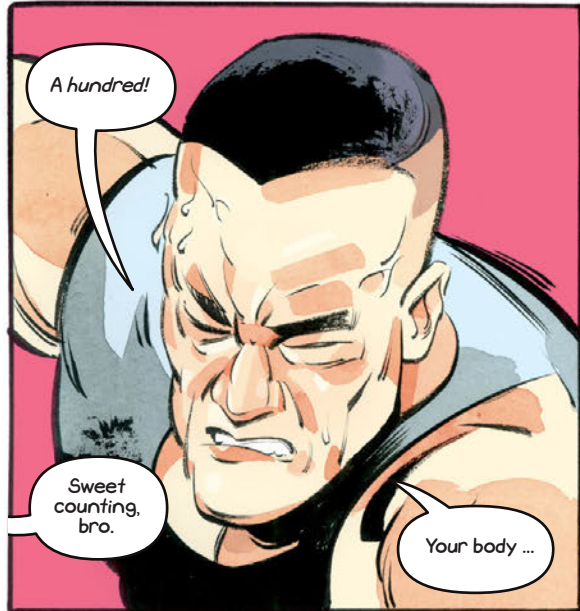


"You need to ...  
(ninety-seven) ... get  
your ... pump on."



I'm frankly (ninety-eight) ... shocked they let you on this (nnf ninety-nine) mission, the ... shape you're in.

People love me for my mind, not my body. Never my body.



A hundred!

Sweet counting, bro.

Your body ...



...and your mind are one, you idiot!

Shh! I'm exercising my mind. My mind is super-ripped.



Everything's a joke to you! I guess it's easy to coast when your rich auntie is pulling the strings!

Seriously?? Is there, like, some sort of aggro version of Space Madness I'm not aware of?

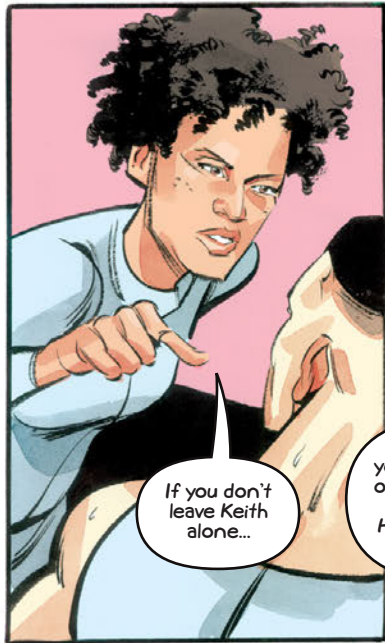
DOCTOR! COME QUICK! CASEY'S GOT SPACE AGGRESSION! WE'RE ALL IN DANGER 'CAUSE OF HIS MINDMUSCLES!



Fuck you, troll! You're a disgrace to this mission!

I'm a highly sought-after goddamn bio-engineer!

Now give me back Super Ghost Brothers, you neckless freak, or I'll—



If you don't leave Keith alone...



...every time you say a number out loud I will stab you in the leg, Hippocratic Oath be damned.

Ha! DOCTOR'S ORDERS, DICKWAD.

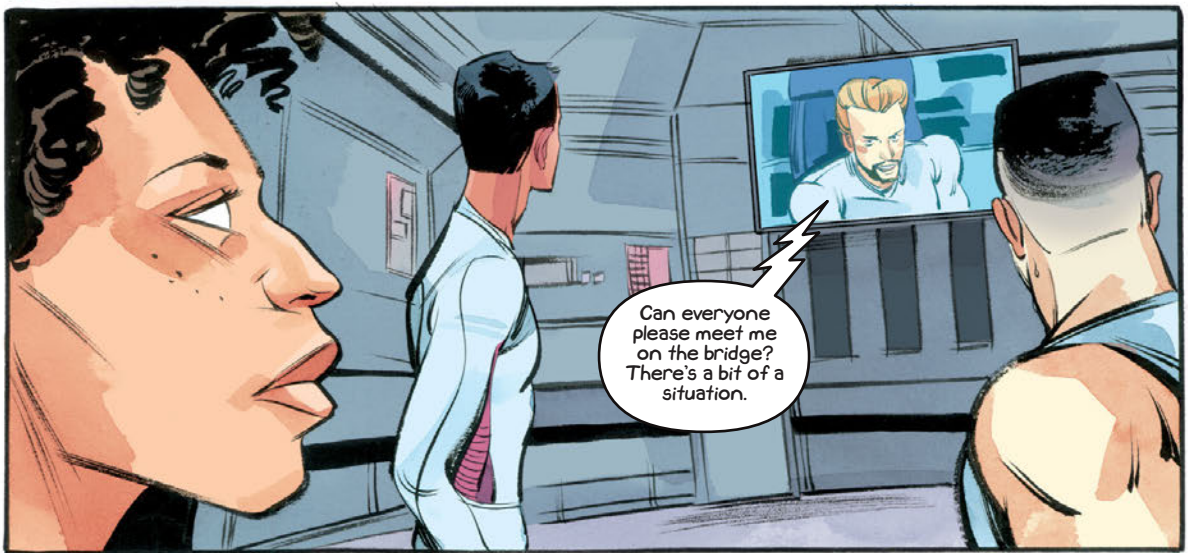


And if you keep baiting him..

...I'll send you to your room on the other side of the airlock.

Wow, unnecessary, Laurette. And, frankly, a little victim-blame-y if you ask—

**BIDDLEBEEP**



Can everyone please meet me on the bridge? There's a bit of a situation.



We have an asteroid problem.



Oh, god, we're going to die.

No, we're not. But for some reason, the Amor asteroids, which are supposed to be orbiting in a predictable pattern, aren't. They're erratic and, frankly, in our way. For the most part.

What does that mean, Lance?



Well, there's this: a gap. For some reason, the asteroids are, uh, orbiting this ... hole. Like a corridor. I don't know what it could be, but no debris is crossing it.

Diverting course around these asteroids would take days, which we don't really have, so I'm thinking we just shoot for this bullseye.

It appears to be safe.



"Appears???"

Pardon me, pilot, but I don't think you're qualified to make that claim!



Charming as always, Casey. Samantha?

I've run all the diagnostics. It's not actually exerting a gravitational pull, emitting higher-than-expected radiation or ... anything. It's just ... space, with a few hydrogen atoms.