



THE UNIVERSE.

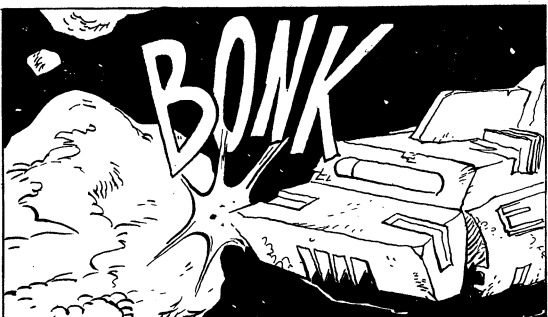
THE GALAXIES MOVE SLOWLY TOWARDS A MYSTERIOUS AIM DETERMINED LONG BEFORE THE VERY BEGINNING OF TIME.



THE SILENT ETERNITY, INCOMPREHENSIBLE TO THE SIMPLE INTELLECT WHICH INHABITS A HUMAN BEING AND YET FASCINATING LIKE EVERYTHING THAT IS LARGER THAN LIFE ITSELF.



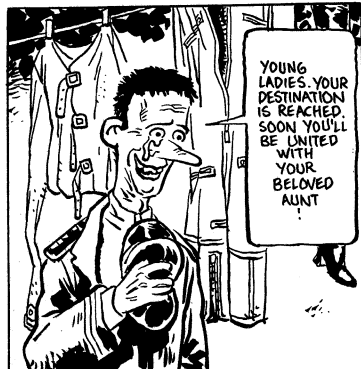
A LONELY SPACESHIP GLIDES AS A MAJESTIC PILGRIM THROUGH A FRAGILE MOMENT OF THE INFINITE.



BONK



BY EVERY INFAMOUS ROADKILL OF THE GALAXY HIGHWAYS!





CAPTAIN! A MESSAGE FROM THE SPACEPORT OF PTOLEMETREUS. WE ARE DENIED LANDING.



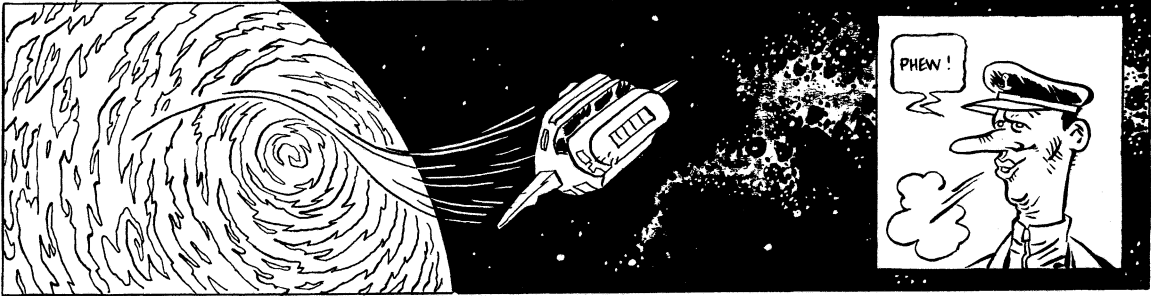
OH NO! DID THEY HEAR OF THAT INCIDENT WITH THE FAKE CUSTOM DECLARATIONS?

NOTHING LIKE THAT! THERE IS AN EPIDEMIC OF SPACE CHOLERA. THE WHOLE PLANET IS IN QUARANTINE.



WHAT ABOUT OUR PASSENGERS ???

THE GIRLS' AUNT IS COMING OUT IN A SPACE SCOOTER TO PICK THEM UP.

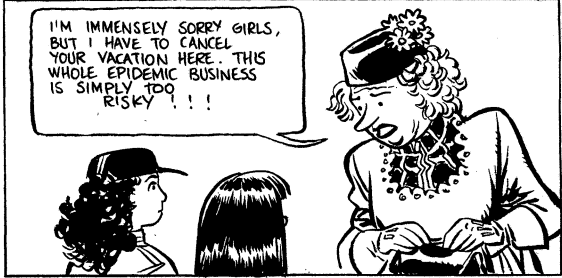


PHWEH!



GERALDINE! ALEXANDRA! MY BEAUTIFUL, BELOVED NIECES!

HI AUNTIE!



I'M IMMENSELY SORRY GIRLS, BUT I HAVE TO CANCEL YOUR VACATION HERE. THIS WHOLE EPIDEMIC BUSINESS IS SIMPLY TOO RISKY!!!



WE DON'T WANT YOU CONTAMINATED.

BACK HOME YOU GO, MY DARLINGS!



BUT AUNTIE, THIS SPACESHIP GOES TO THE ERENDAIA GALAXY! WHY DON'T WE JUST STAY ON BOARD AND TAKE OUR VACATION THERE?



THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE! THE ERENDAIA GALAXY IS FAR, FAR TOO DANGEROUS FOR SMALL GIRLS. MUCH MORE DANGEROUS THAN A BIT OF SPACE CHOLERA.



EXACTLY!... AND I ALREADY ARRANGED YOUR TRIP BACK. GRAB YOUR SUITCASES, GIRLS, THE METER IS RUNNING!

