SPACE HAPPY
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SPACE HAPPY

THE GOD BOX

ROBERT ZOLTAN

Story, Art and Design

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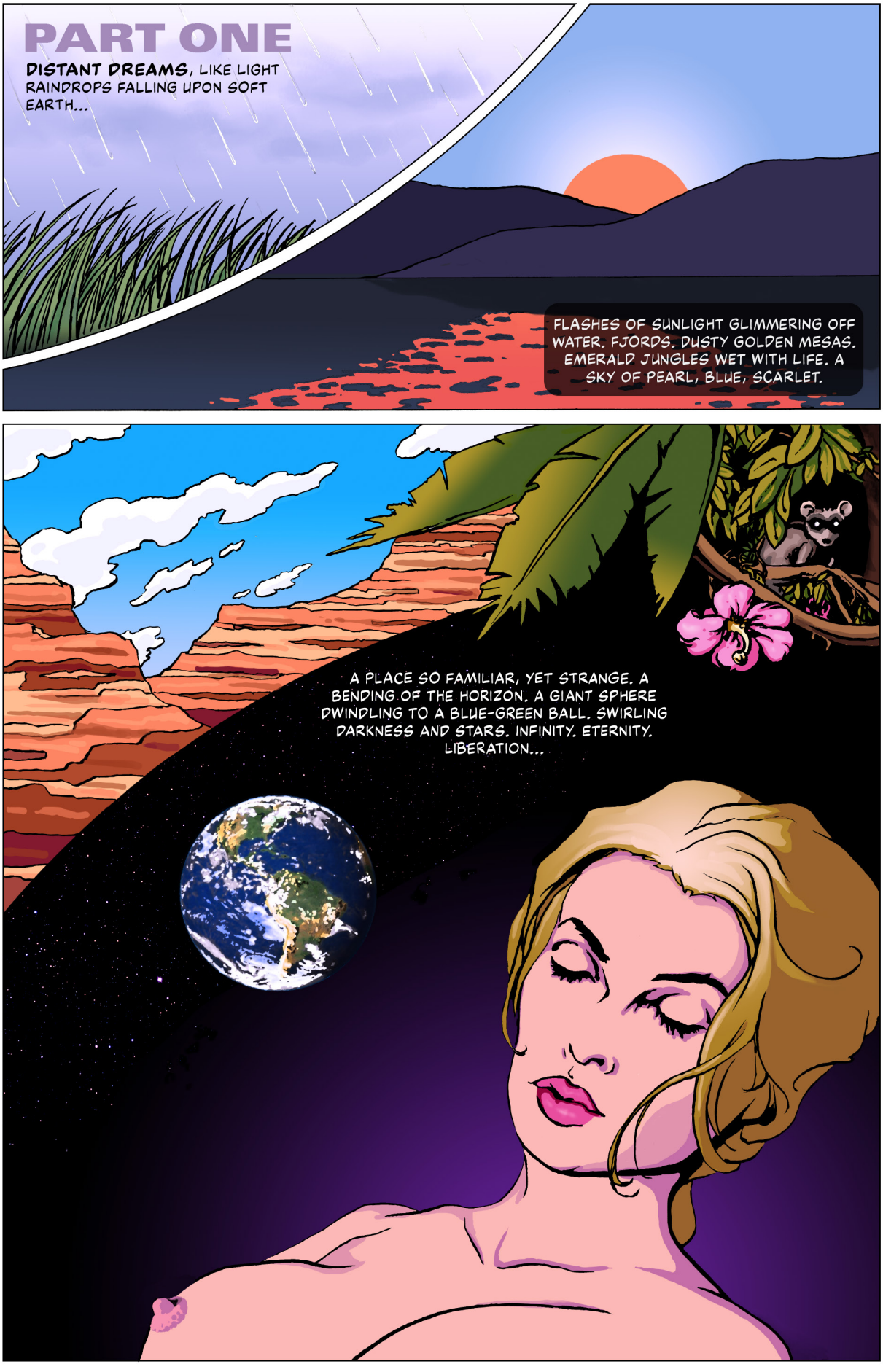
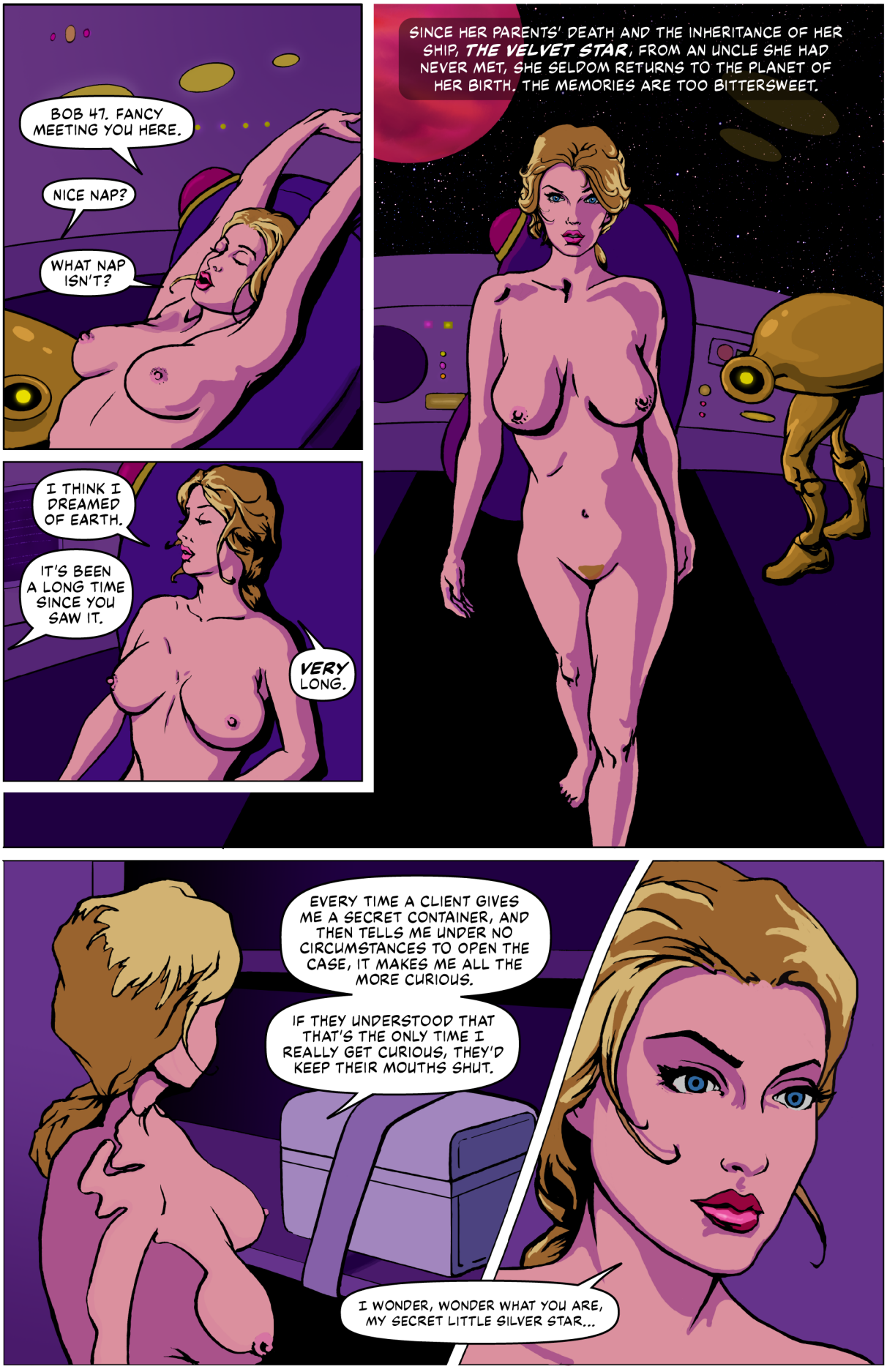
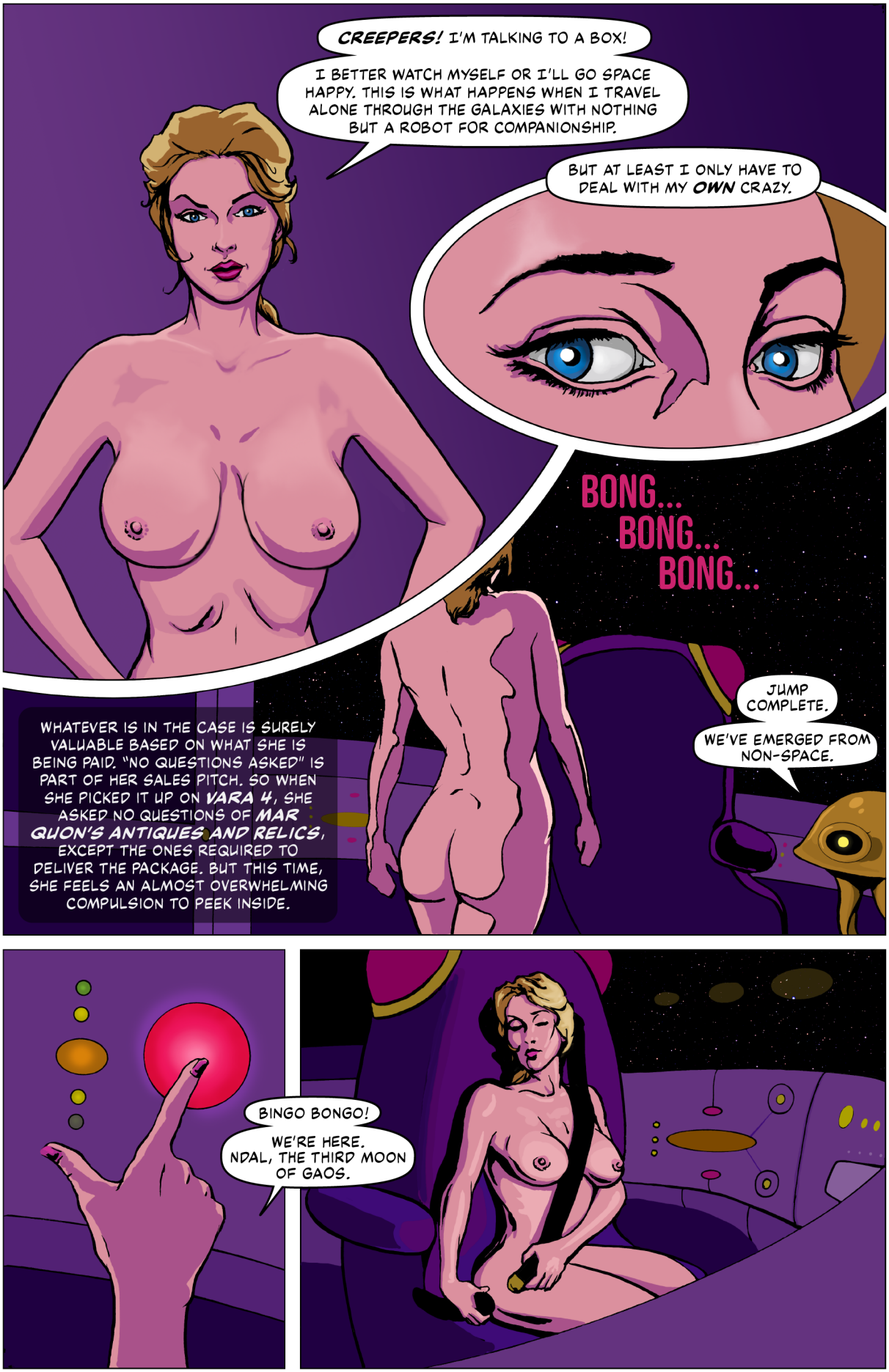
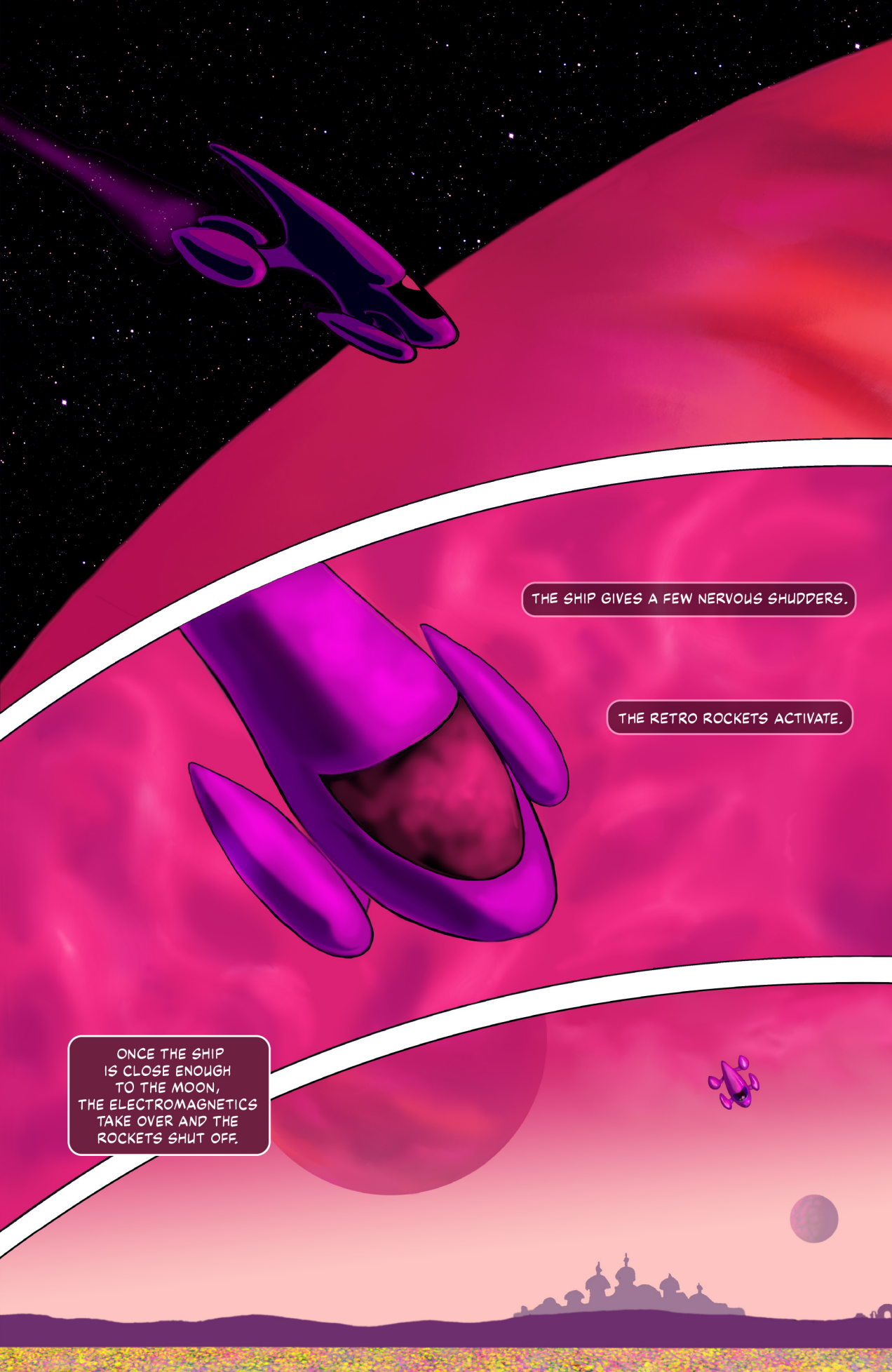

PART ONE
DISTANT DREAMS, LIKE LIGHT RAINDROPS FALLING UPON SOFT EARTH...
FLASHES OF SUNLIGHT GLIMMERING OFF WATER. FJORDS. DUSTY GOLDEN MESAS. EMERALD JUNGLES WET WITH LIFE. A SKY OF PEARL, BLUE, SCARLET.
A PLACE SO FAMILIAR, YET STRANGE. A BENDING OF THE HORIZON. A GIANT SPHERE DWINDLING TO A BLUE-GREEN BALL. SWIRLING DARKNESS AND STARS. INFINITY. ETERNITY. LIBERATION...

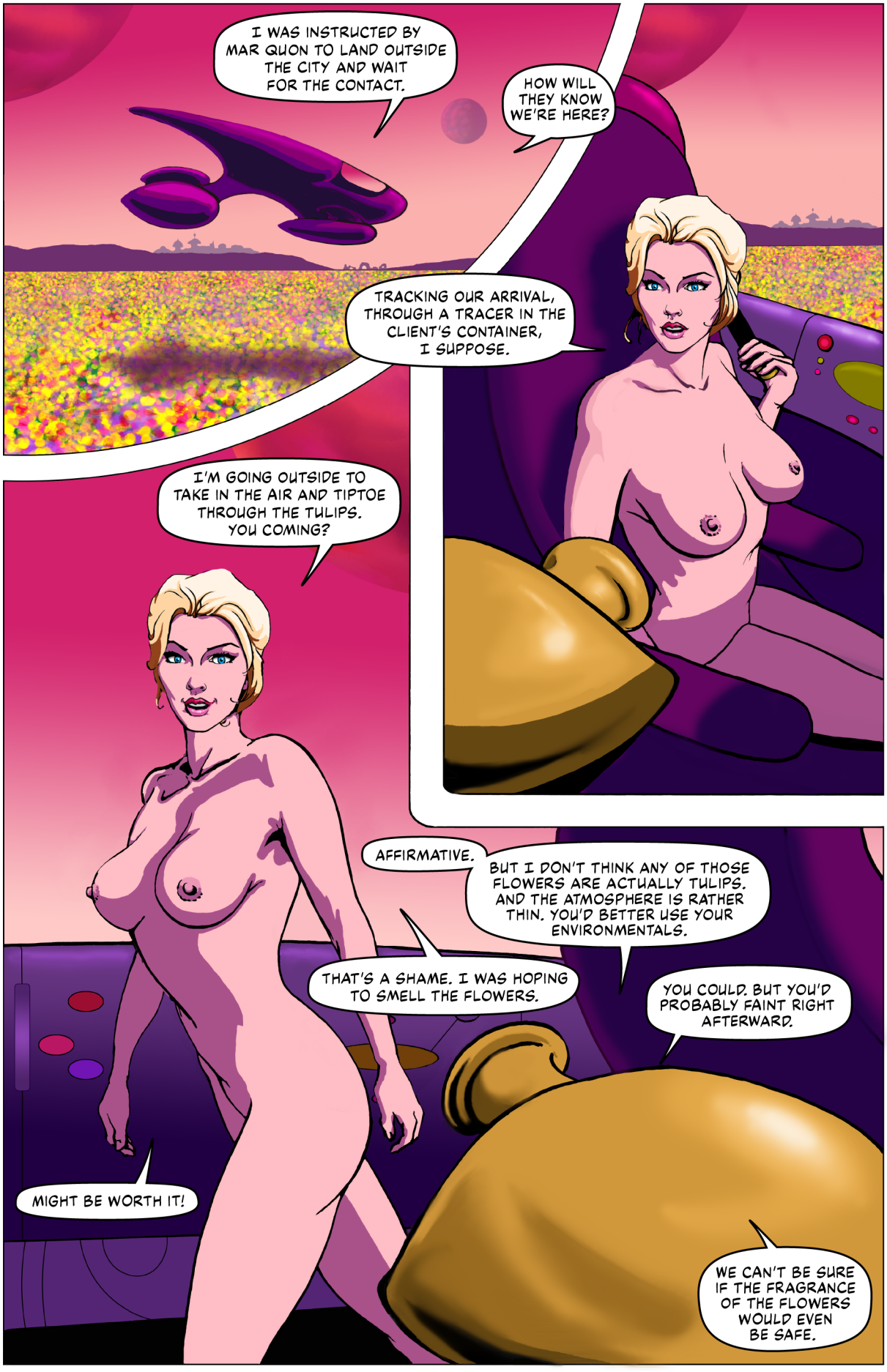
JONESY?


BOB 47. FANCY MEETING YOU HERE.
NICE NAP?
WHAT NAP ISN'T?
I THINK I DREAMED OF EARTH.
IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE YOU SAW IT.
VERY LONG.
SINCE HER PARENTS' DEATH AND THE INHERITANCE OF HER SHIP, THE VELVET STAR, FROM AN UNCLE SHE HAD NEVER MET, SHE SELDOM RETURNS TO THE PLANET OF HER BIRTH. THE MEMORIES ARE TOO BITTERSWEET.
EVERY TIME A CLIENT GIVES ME A SECRET CONTAINER, AND THEN TELLS ME UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES TO OPEN THE CASE, IT MAKES ME ALL THE MORE CURIOUS.
IF THEY UNDERSTOOD THAT THAT'S THE ONLY TIME I REALLY GET CURIOUS, THEY'D KEEP THEIR MOUTHS SHUT.
I WONDER, WONDER WHAT YOU ARE, MY SECRET LITTLE SILVER STAR...

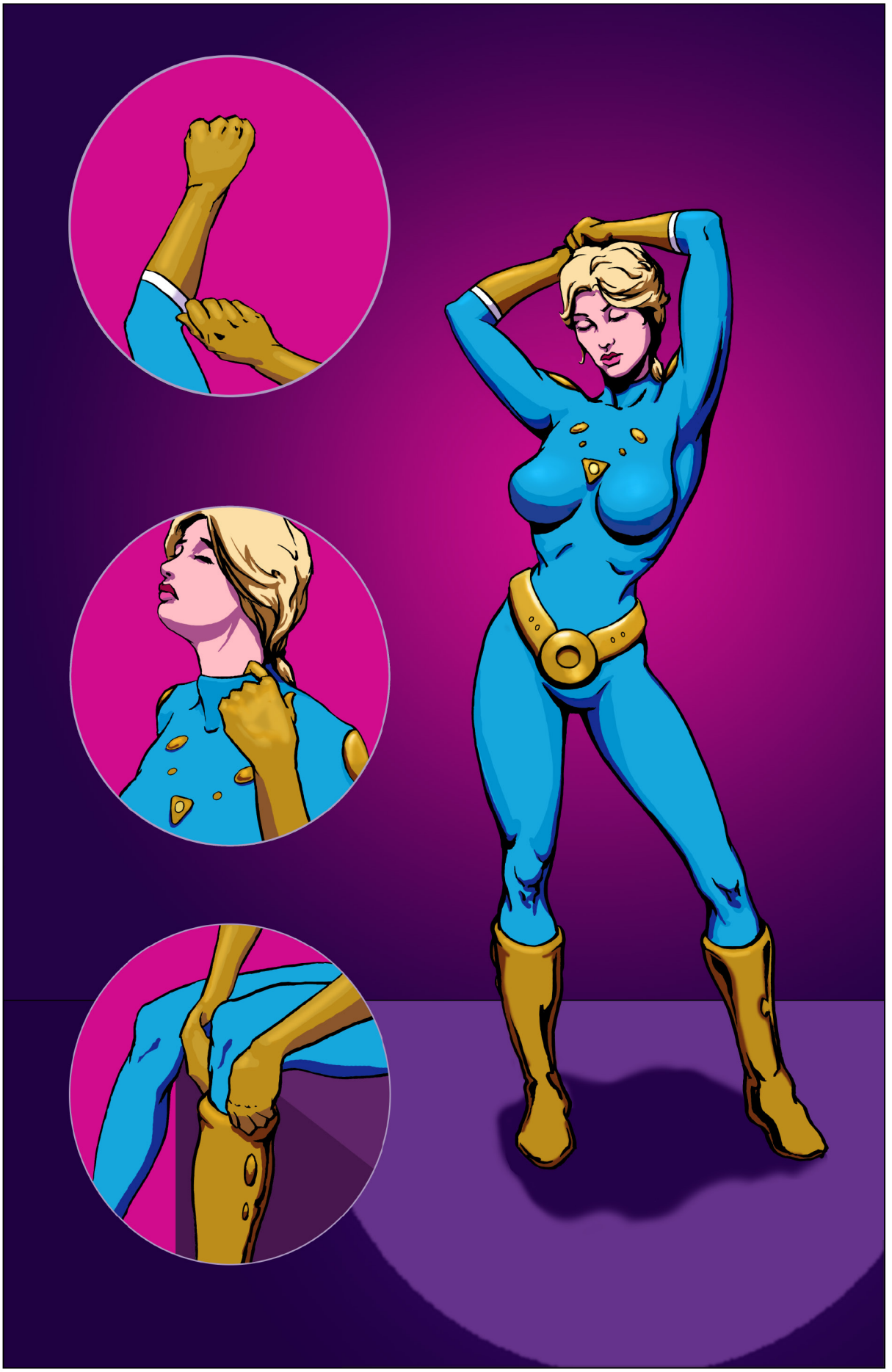

CREEPERS! I'M TALKING TO A BOX!
I BETTER WATCH MYSELF OR I'LL GO SPACE HAPPY. THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I TRAVEL ALONE THROUGH THE GALAXIES WITH NOTHING BUT A ROBOT FOR COMPANIONSHIP.
BUT AT LEAST I ONLY HAVE TO DEAL WITH MY OWN CRAZY.
BONG... BONG... BONG...
WHATEVER IS IN THE CASE IS SURELY VALUABLE BASED ON WHAT SHE IS BEING PAID. "NO QUESTIONS ASKED" IS PART OF HER SALES PITCH. SO WHEN SHE PICKED IT UP ON VARA 4, SHE ASKED NO QUESTIONS OF MAR QUON'S ANTIQUES AND RELICS, EXCEPT THE ONES REQUIRED TO DELIVER THE PACKAGE. BUT THIS TIME, SHE FEELS AN ALMOST OVERWHELMING COMPULSION TO PEEK INSIDE.
JUMP COMPLETE.
WE'VE EMERGED FROM NON-SPACE.
BINGO BONGO!
WE'RE HERE. NDAL, THE THIRD MOON OF GAOS.

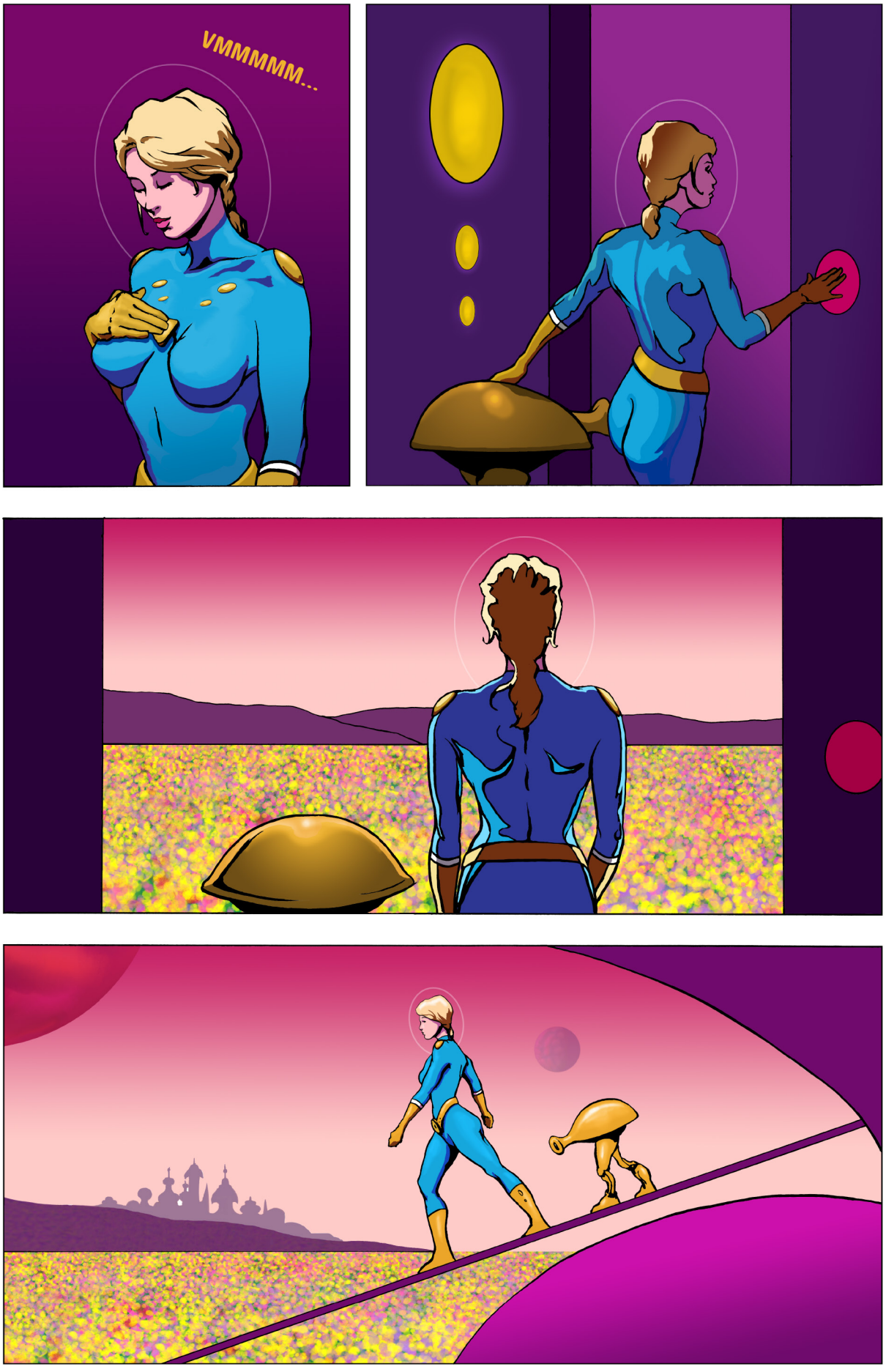

THE SHIP GIVES A FEW NERVOUS SHUDDERS.
THE RETRO ROCKETS ACTIVATE.
ONCE THE SHIP IS CLOSE ENOUGH TO THE MOON, THE ELECTROMAGNETICS TAKE OVER AND THE ROCKETS SHUT OFF.

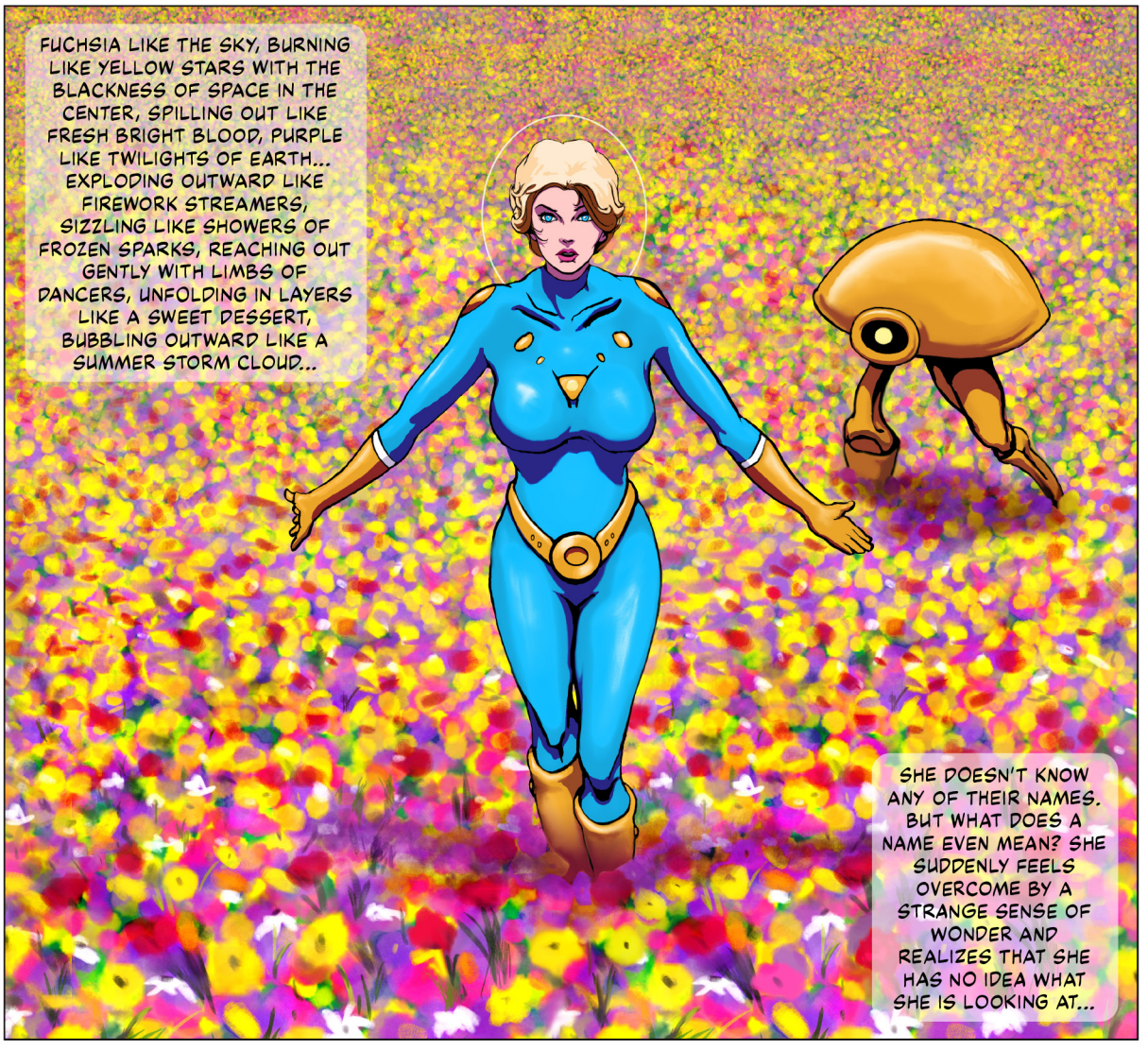
ARE THOSE ACTUALLY *FLOWERS?*
INDEED, THEY ARE.
BOB, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE! I DON'T KNOW IF I'VE EVER SEEN SUCH FIELDS BEFORE!

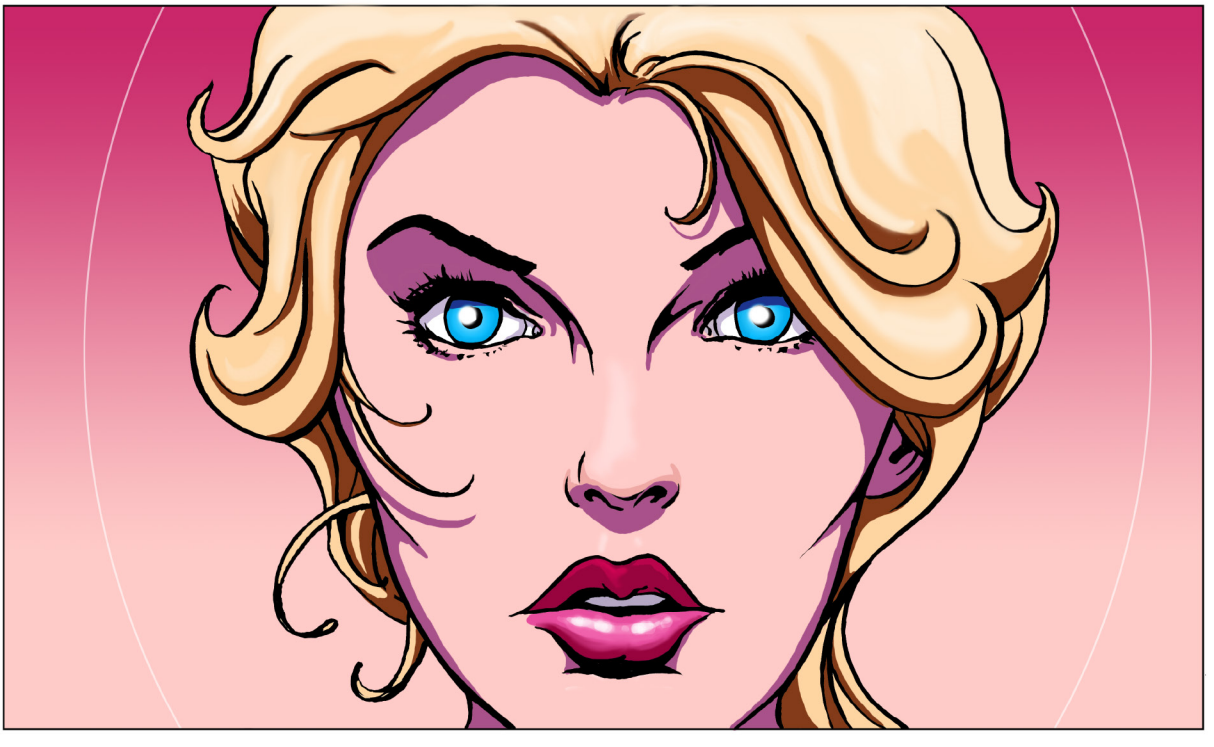

I WAS INSTRUCTED BY MAR QUON TO LAND OUTSIDE THE CITY AND WAIT FOR THE CONTACT.
HOW WILL THEY KNOW WE'RE HERE?
TRACKING OUR ARRIVAL, THROUGH A TRACER IN THE CLIENT'S CONTAINER, I SUPPOSE.
I'M GOING OUTSIDE TO TAKE IN THE AIR AND TIPTOE THROUGH THE TULIPS. YOU COMING?
AFFIRMATIVE.
BUT I DON'T THINK ANY OF THOSE FLOWERS ARE ACTUALLY TULIPS. AND THE ATMOSPHERE IS RATHER THIN. YOU'D BETTER USE YOUR ENVIRONMENTALS.
THAT'S A SHAME. I WAS HOPING TO SMELL THE FLOWERS.
YOU COULD. BUT YOU'D PROBABLY FAINT RIGHT AFTERWARD.
MIGHT BE WORTH IT!
WE CAN'T BE SURE IF THE FRAGRANCE OF THE FLOWERS WOULD EVEN BE SAFE.

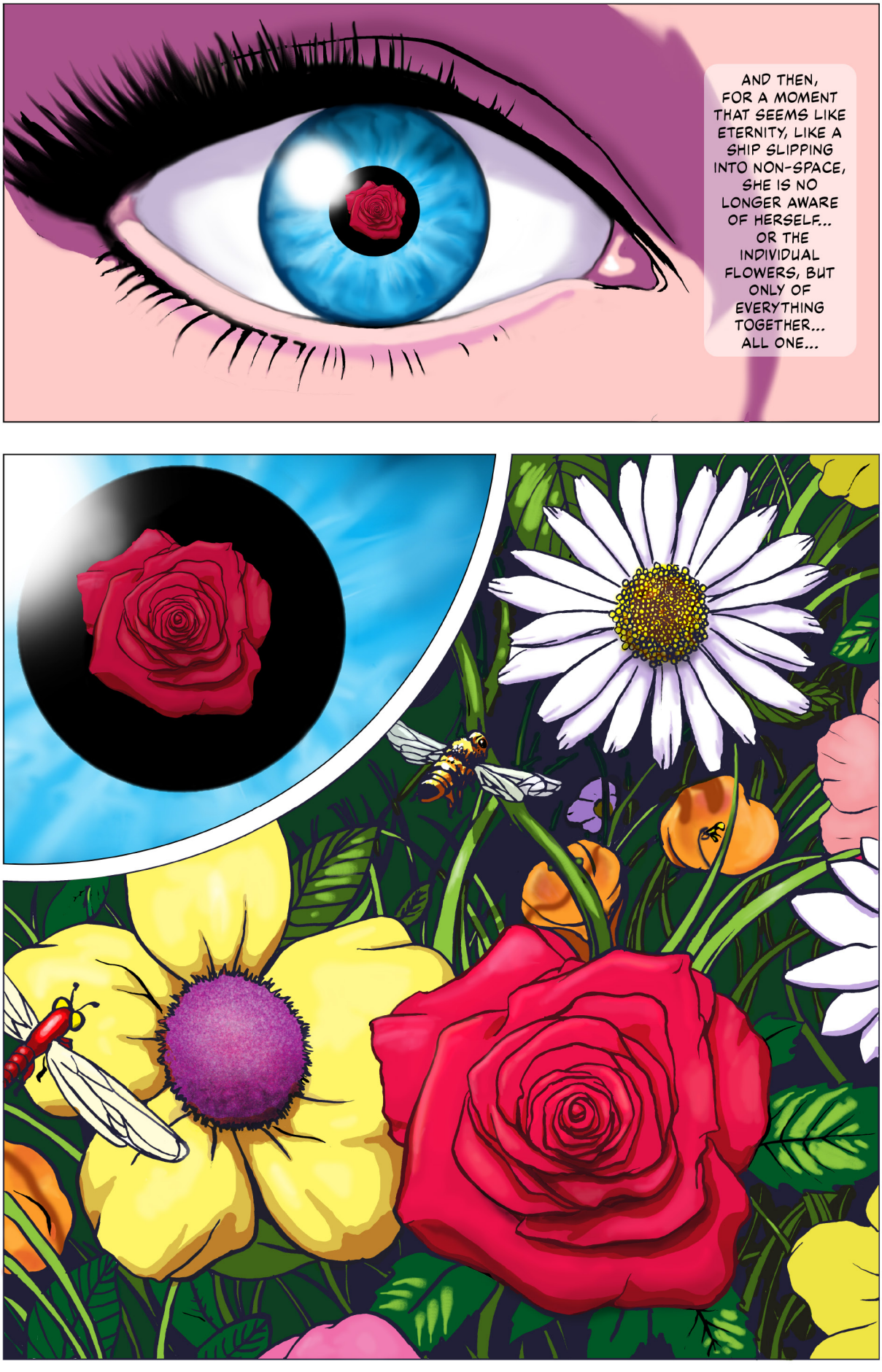
OKAY, OKAY, I GET IT!
PARTY POOPER.
CREEPERS! IS THIS SPACESUIT TIGHTER THAN I REMEMBER, OR HAVE I GAINED WEIGHT?
YOU'VE GAINED WEIGHT.
SHUT UP, BOB.

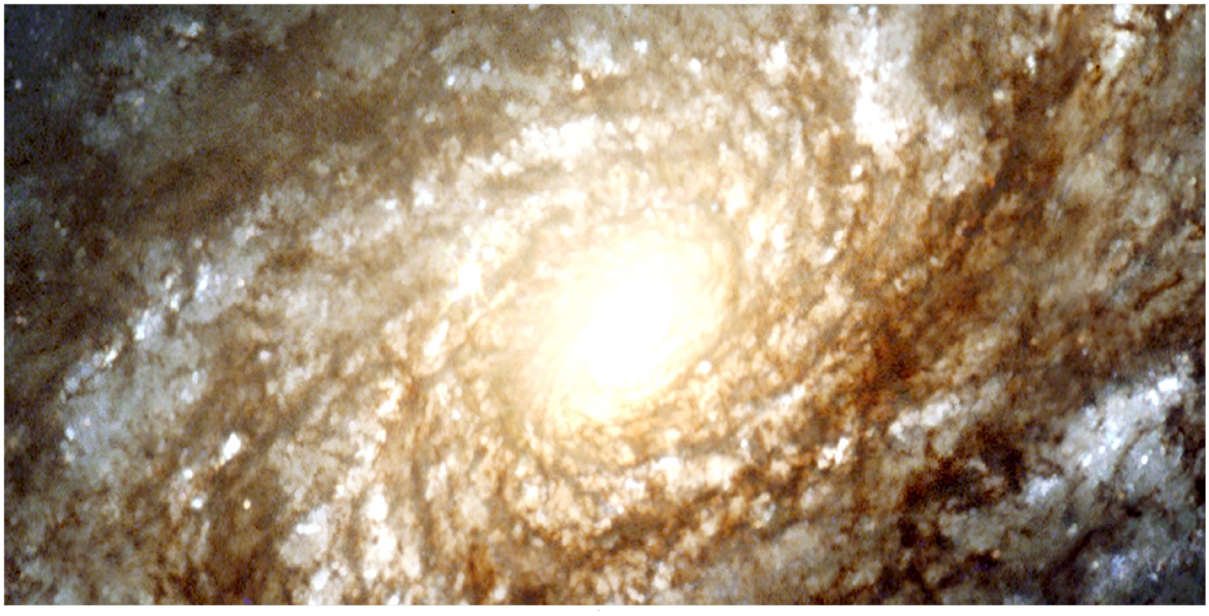


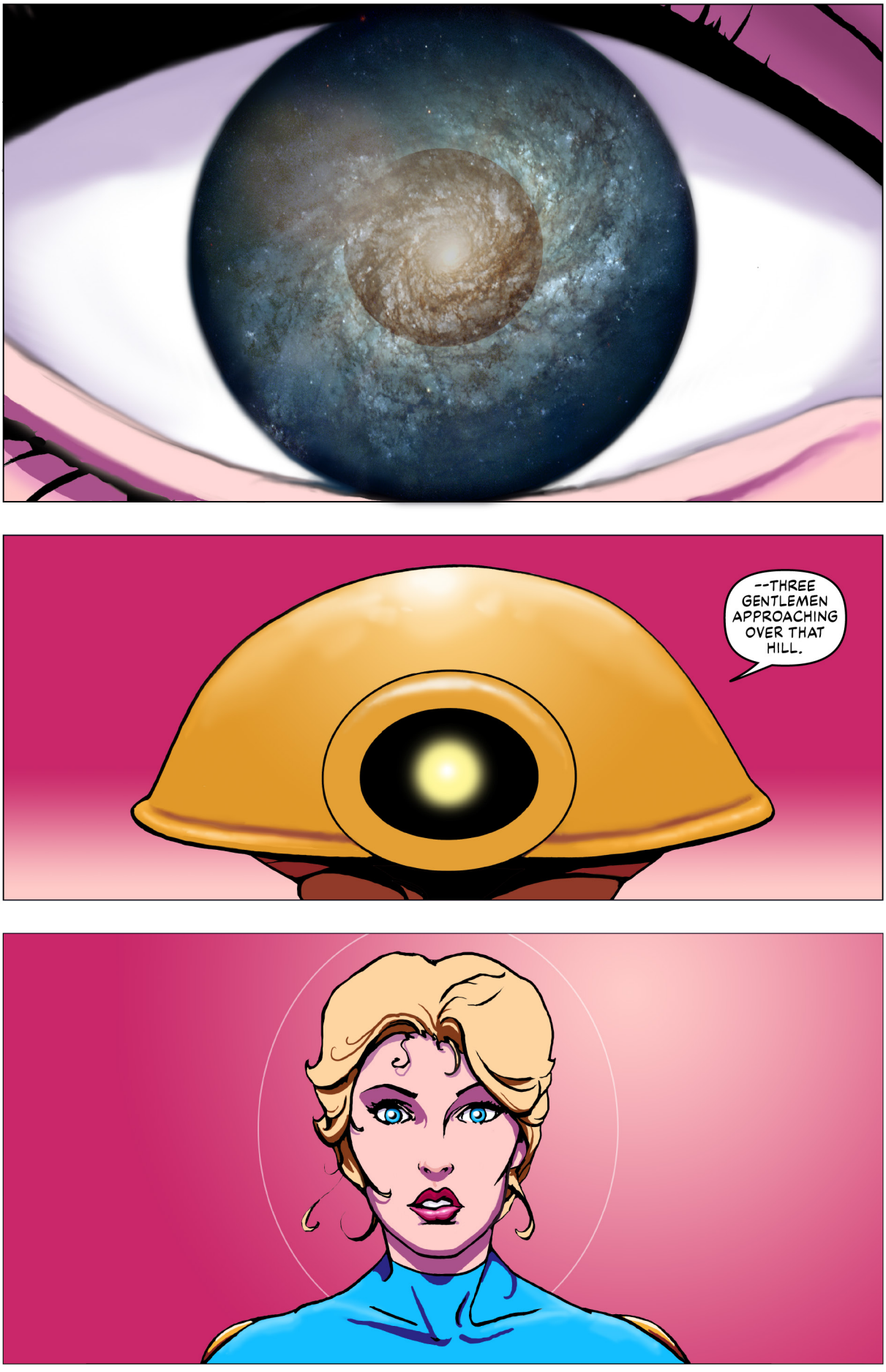

VMMMMM...


FUCHSIA LIKE THE SKY, BURNING LIKE YELLOW STARS WITH THE BLACKNESS OF SPACE IN THE CENTER, SPILLING OUT LIKE FRESH BRIGHT BLOOD, PURPLE LIKE TWILIGHTS OF EARTH... EXPLODING OUTWARD LIKE FIREWORK STREAMERS, SIZZLING LIKE SHOWERS OF FROZEN SPARKS, REACHING OUT GENTLY WITH LIMBS OF DANCERS, UNFOLDING IN LAYERS LIKE A SWEET DESSERT, BUBBLING OUTWARD LIKE A SUMMER STORM CLOUD...
SHE DOESN'T KNOW ANY OF THEIR NAMES. BUT WHAT DOES A NAME EVEN MEAN? SHE SUDDENLY FEELS OVERCOME BY A STRANGE SENSE OF WONDER AND REALIZES THAT SHE HAS NO IDEA WHAT SHE IS LOOKING AT...



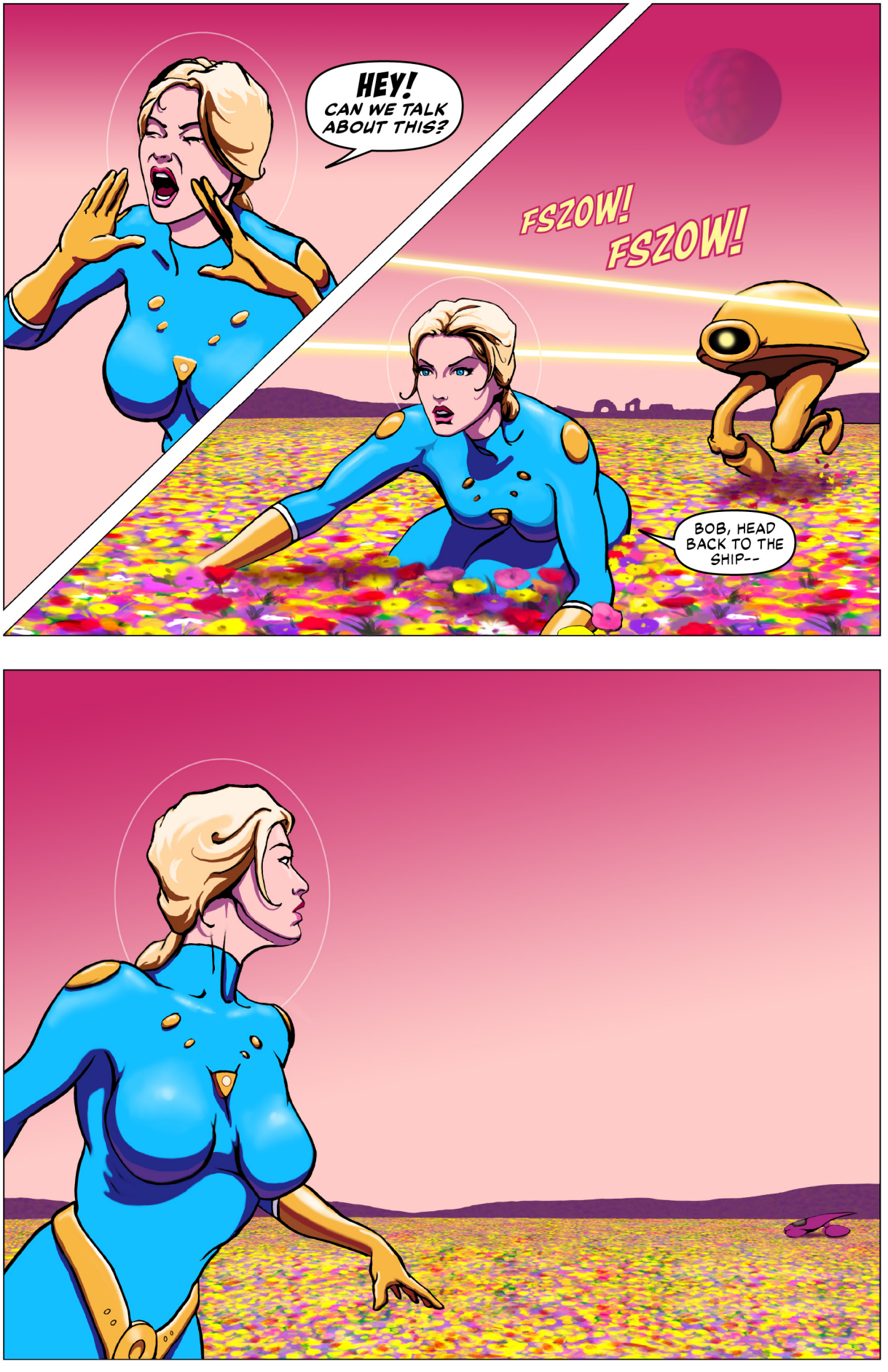

AND THEN, FOR A MOMENT THAT SEEMS LIKE ETERNITY, LIKE A SHIP SLIPPING INTO NON-SPACE, SHE IS NO LONGER AWARE OF HERSELF... OR THE INDIVIDUAL FLOWERS, BUT ONLY OF EVERYTHING TOGETHER... ALL ONE...

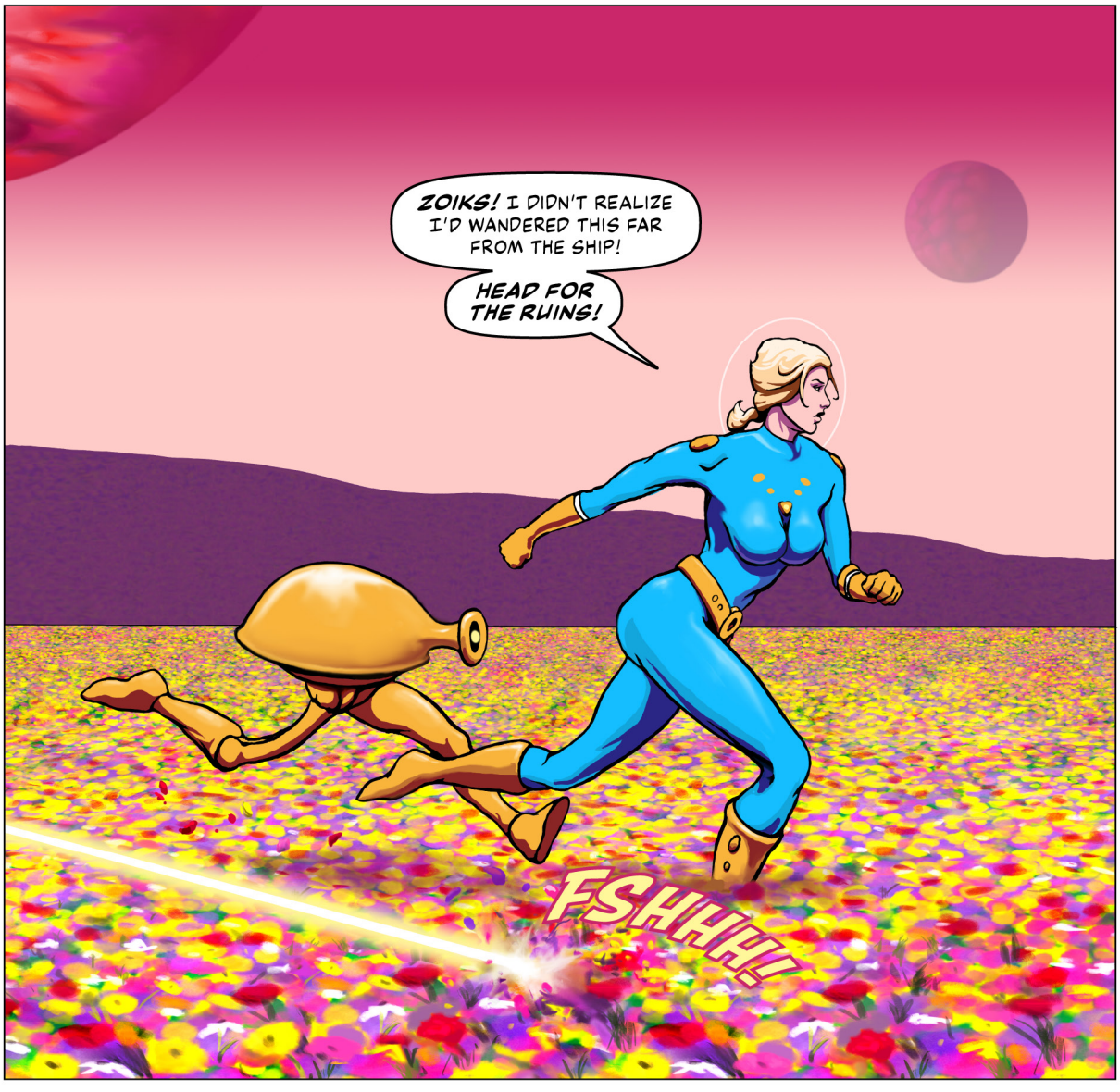


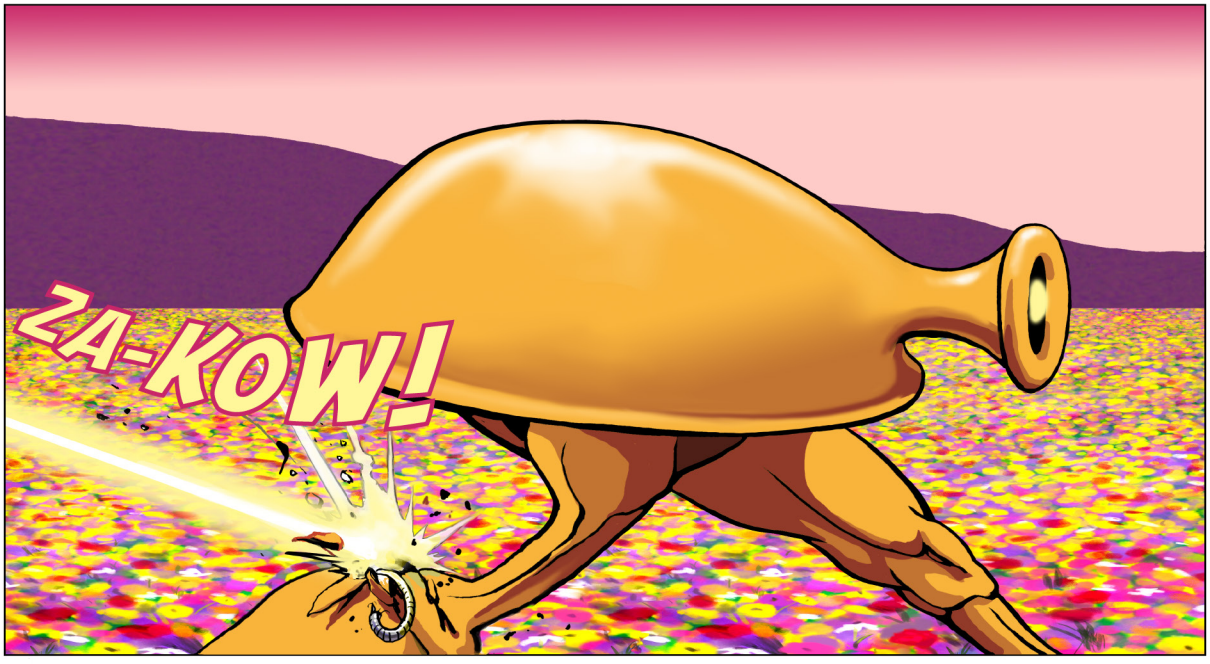

--THREE GENTLEMEN APPROACHING OVER THAT HILL.

FSZOW!

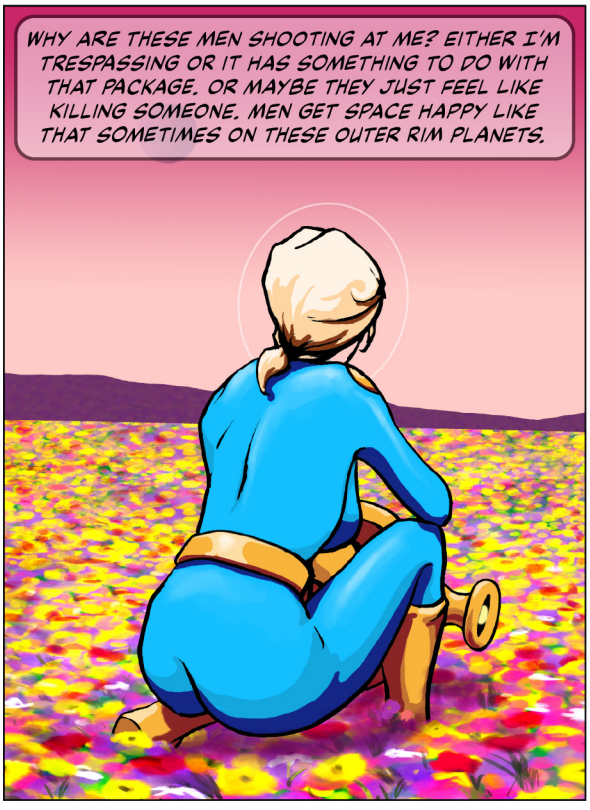
YOU MEAN, THREE ASSHOLES APPROACHING OVER THAT HILL!
FSZOW!
FSZOW!
FSZOW!


HEY!
CAN WE TALK ABOUT THIS?
FSZOW!
FSZOW!
BOB, HEAD BACK TO THE SHIP--

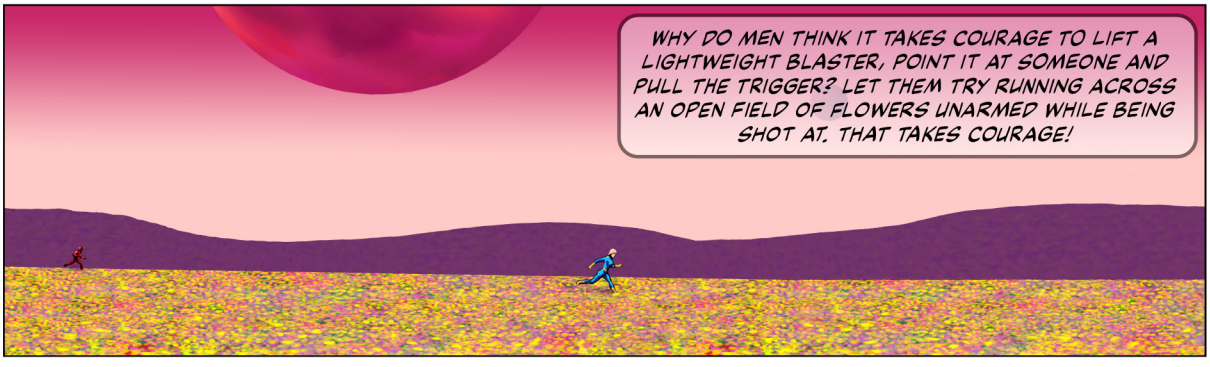

ZOIKS! I DIDN'T REALIZE I'D WANDERED THIS FAR FROM THE SHIP!
HEAD FOR THE RUINS!
FSHHH!

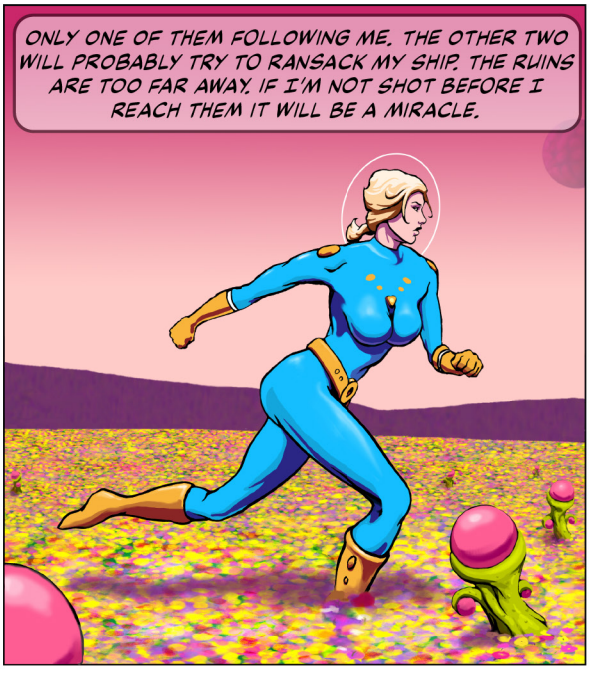

ZA-KOW!

BOB!
OW.
COME ON! GET UP!
I CAN'T. MY LEG IS DAMAGED.
RUN! SAVE YOURSELF!
I CAN'T LEAVE YOU HERE!
YOU CAN! I'LL BE FINE.
GO!


WHY ARE THESE MEN SHOOTING AT ME? EITHER I'M TRESPASSING OR IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT PACKAGE. OR MAYBE THEY JUST FEEL LIKE KILLING SOMEONE. MEN GET SPACE HAPPY LIKE THAT SOMETIMES ON THESE OUTER RIM PLANETS.

PEOPLE KEEP TELLING ME I SHOULD CARRY A GUN, BUT I HATE GUNS! IF I KILLED THESE MEN, I COULD LEAVE THEIR BODIES BEHIND, BUT THEY'D TRAVEL WITH ME THE REST OF MY LIFE. AND I DON'T LIKE EXTRA BAGGAGE ON THE VELVET STAR!

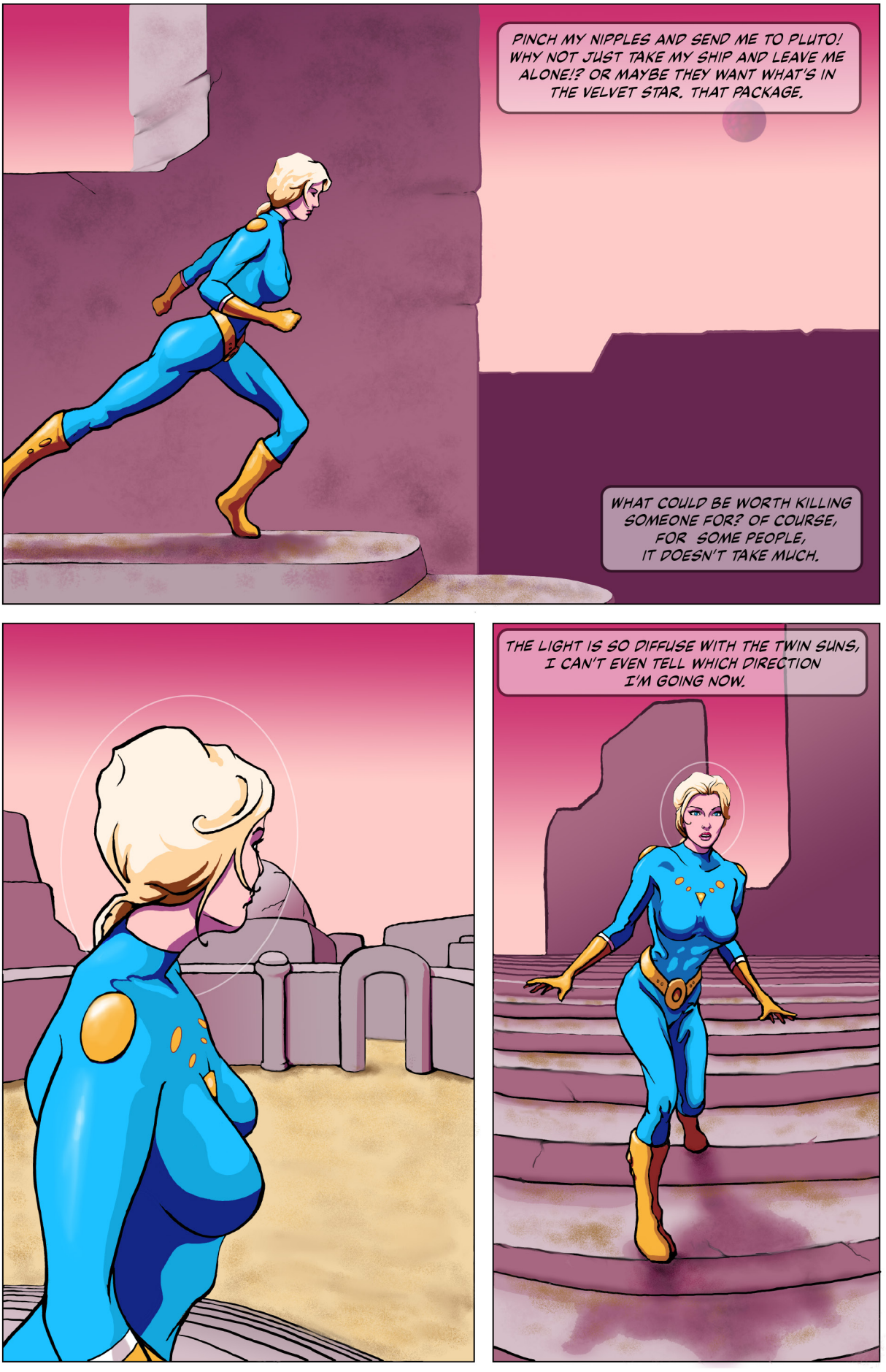

WHY DO MEN THINK IT TAKES COURAGE TO LIFT A LIGHTWEIGHT BLASTER, POINT IT AT SOMEONE AND PULL THE TRIGGER? LET THEM TRY RUNNING ACROSS AN OPEN FIELD OF FLOWERS UNARMED WHILE BEING SHOT AT. THAT TAKES COURAGE!

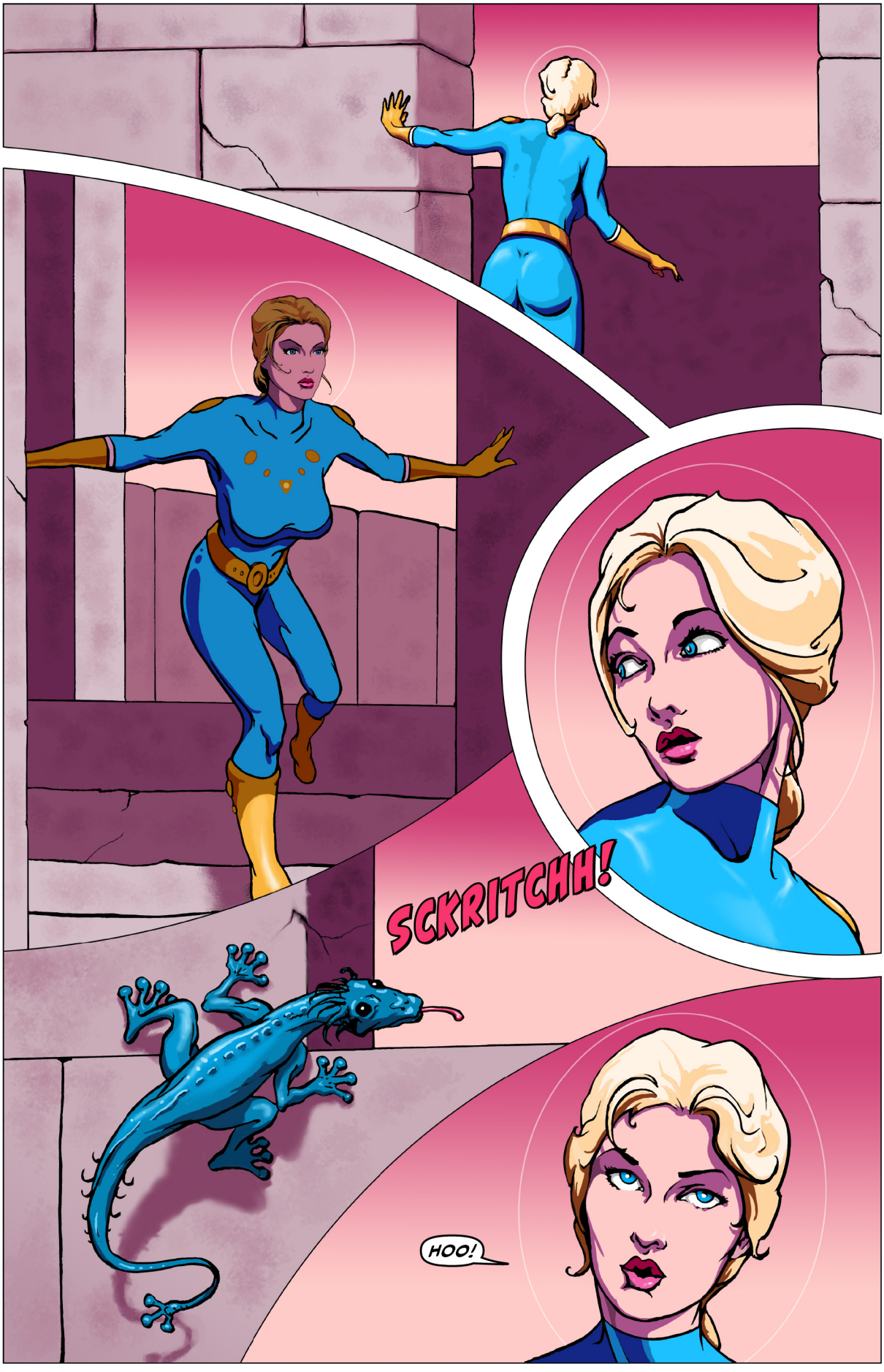

ONLY ONE OF THEM FOLLOWING ME. THE OTHER TWO WILL PROBABLY TRY TO RANSACK MY SHIP. THE RUINS ARE TOO FAR AWAY. IF I'M NOT SHOT BEFORE I REACH THEM IT WILL BE A MIRACLE.

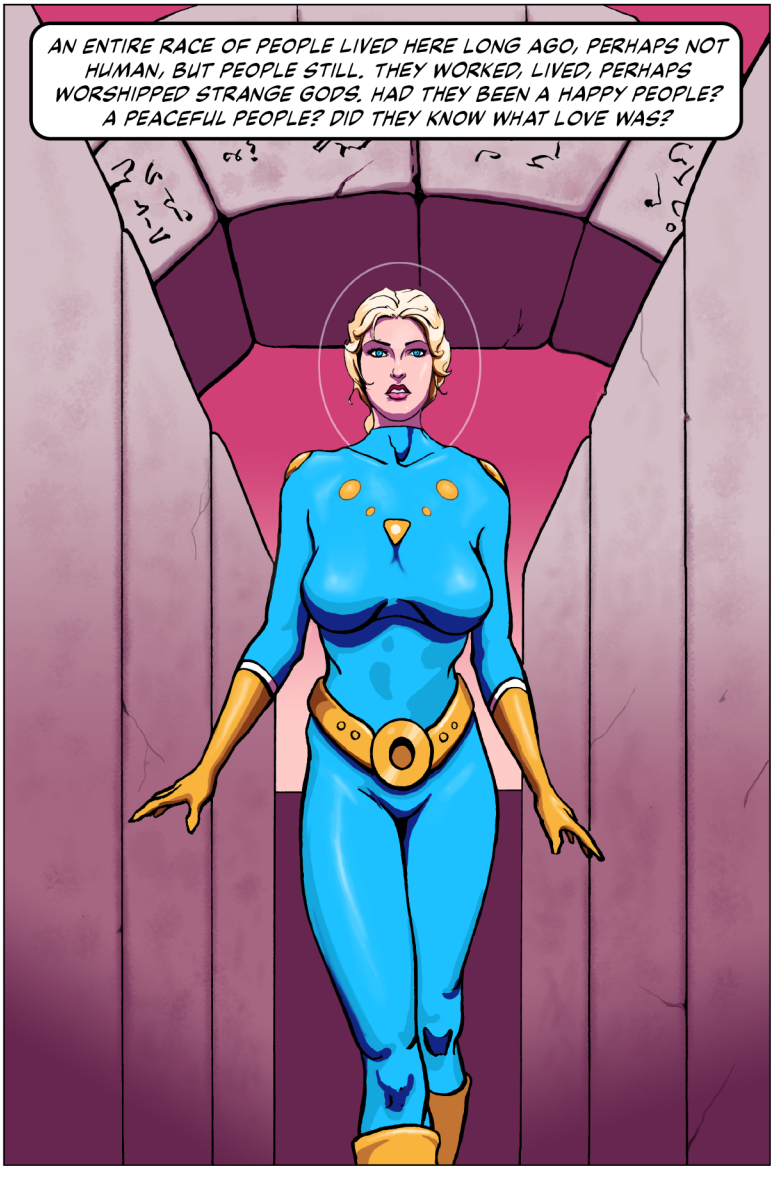
POP!

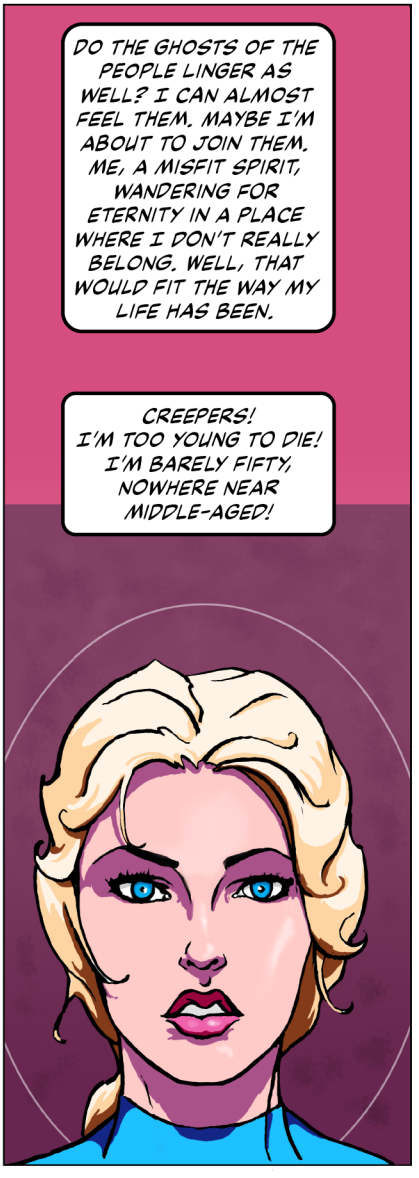
FSHHHHH!
A PINK MIRACLE!

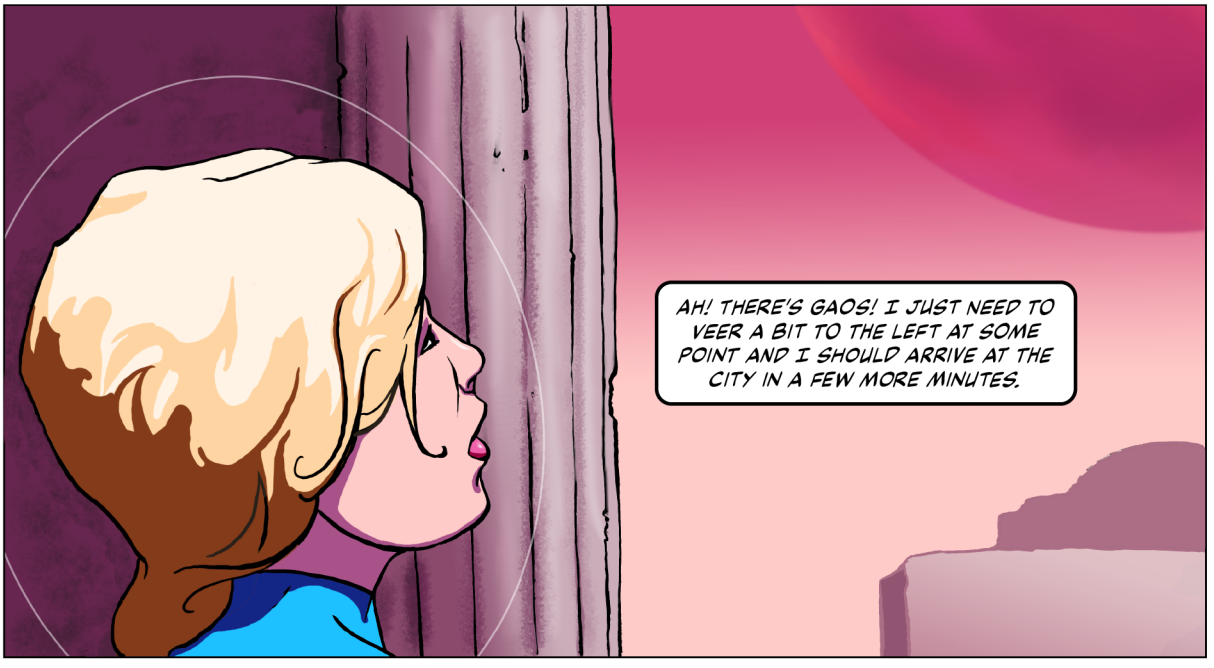
DAMN IT, HE'S STILL COMING!


PINCH MY NIPPLES AND SEND ME TO PLUTO! WHY NOT JUST TAKE MY SHIP AND LEAVE ME ALONE!? OR MAYBE THEY WANT WHAT'S IN THE VELVET STAR. THAT PACKAGE.
WHAT COULD BE WORTH KILLING SOMEONE FOR? OF COURSE, FOR SOME PEOPLE, IT DOESN'T TAKE MUCH.
THE LIGHT IS SO DIFFUSE WITH THE TWIN SUNS, I CAN'T EVEN TELL WHICH DIRECTION I'M GOING NOW.


SCKRITCHH!
HOO!


AN ENTIRE RACE OF PEOPLE LIVED HERE LONG AGO, PERHAPS NOT HUMAN, BUT PEOPLE STILL. THEY WORKED, LIVED, PERHAPS WORSHIPPED STRANGE GODS. HAD THEY BEEN A HAPPY PEOPLE? A PEACEFUL PEOPLE? DID THEY KNOW WHAT LOVE WAS?


DO THE GHOSTS OF THE PEOPLE LINGER AS WELL? I CAN ALMOST FEEL THEM. MAYBE I'M ABOUT TO JOIN THEM. ME, A MISFIT SPIRIT, WANDERING FOR ETERNITY IN A PLACE WHERE I DON'T REALLY BELONG. WELL, THAT WOULD FIT THE WAY MY LIFE HAS BEEN.
CREEPERS! I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE! I'M BARELY FIFTY, NOWHERE NEAR MIDDLE-AGED!


AH! THERE'S GAOS! I JUST NEED TO VEER A BIT TO THE LEFT AT SOME POINT AND I SHOULD ARRIVE AT THE CITY IN A FEW MORE MINUTES.

SCKKERCH!
WHAT WAS THAT?! PLEASE LET IT BE ANOTHER LIZARD...

END OF PART 1
COULD THIS BE JONESY'S LAST DELIVERY!? READ THE EXCITING CONCLUSION TO "THE GOD BOX" IN THE 48-PAGE DEBUT ISSUE!
CLICK HERE TO FOLLOW THE SPACE HAPPY KICKSTARTER NOW!