

# SPACE ACE



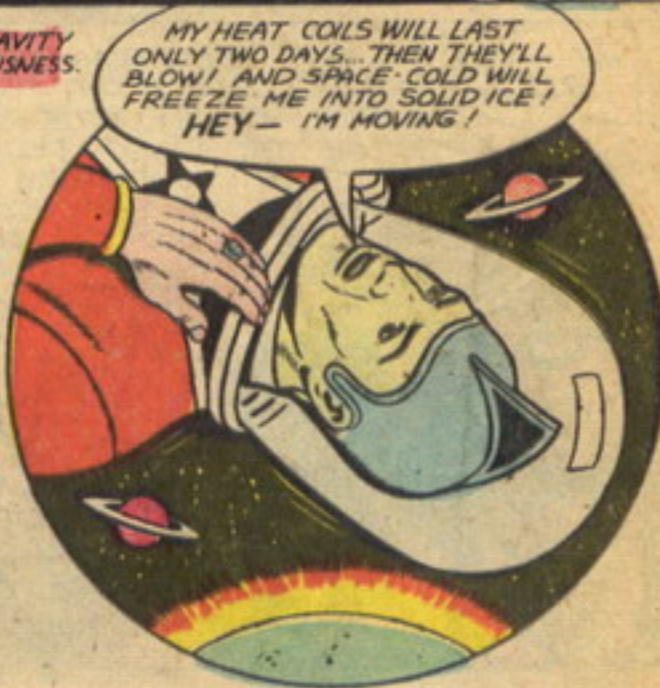
— FRED GARDNER

SOMEWHERE OFF THE MARS-JUPITER RUN... A BODY HURTTLES FROM THE AIR-LOCK OF A BIG SPACER...



ON YOUR WAY, JET BLACK. YOU CAN FREEZE YOUR TOENAILS IN SPACE!

DRIFTING AIMLESSLY IN SPACE, WHERE THERE IS NO GRAVITY AND THEREFORE NO UP OR DOWN, JET BLACK RECOVERS CONSCIOUSNESS.



MY HEAT COILS WILL LAST ONLY TWO DAYS... THEN THEY'LL BLOW! AND SPACE-COLD WILL FREEZE ME INTO SOLID ICE! HEY - I'M MOVING!



AN ASTEROID! TUGGING ME TOWARD IT... BY ITS GRAVITY-PULL!



IF THERE'S WATER HERE I MAY BE ABLE TO... GET ALONG UNTIL I CONTACT JAK TAL... BY SPACE VOX...

# MANHUNT!



HAS SPACE ACE  
GONE SPACE MAD?  
HAS HIS REASON  
SNAPPED? OR IS  
THERE SOME  
DEEPER MEANING  
BEHIND HIS DELIGHT  
AT FINDING THE  
"GOLDEN DUST"?  
LET'S UP-END THE  
HOURGLASS AND  
GO BACK IN TIME  
THREE WEEKS, TO  
A CANAL-SIDE  
TAVERN IN  
MARS...




# MANHUNT!



SHOT DOWN IN COLD BLOOD FOR MONEY AND JEWELS, JET THIS CRIME WAVE IS SPREADING! THE CROOKS ARE GETTING COCKY, AND MUCH BOLDER!

THEY ACT AS IF THEY'RE SAFE FROM US! THAT ANYTHING WE CAN DO WON'T BE ENOUGH TO TRAP THEM. WHAT'S THE ANSWER?



JET, LOOK! THE FLIER SQUAD PICKED UP A BULLET-RIDDLED CANAL-CROOK. WE FOUND THIS GOLDEN SAND IN HIS SUIT.

ALWAYS THE GOLDEN SAND! EVERY CROOK FOR THE LAST YEAR HAS HAD SOME OF THOSE SAND PARTICLES ON HIM WHEN WE FOUND HIM!

I DON'T KNOW WHETHER THE SAND IS TO BLAME, BUT I'M GOING TO FIND OUT. AFTER A CRIME. WAVE, WE KNOW A LOT OF CROOKS DISAPPEAR WELL - I'LL DISAPPEAR ALONG WITH 'EM!

CANAL TRAMPS TELL US THEY'VE SEEN THE CRIMINALS BOARD ILLEGAL SPACERS GOING OUT TOWARD JUPITER. I'LL BOARD A REGULAR SPACER AND SEE WHAT I CAN FIND OUT!



I HAVE A MINIATURE SPACE-VOX SET IN THE FORM OF A RING, JAK. IF I RUN INTO ANYTHING BIG - YOU'LL HEAR FROM ME! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS SMASH THE PLASTIC COVER ON IT!

CHECK ON THAT!



JET BLACK - THE SPACE ACE IF HE SEES ME I'M A GONE GOOSE!

# MANHUNT!

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND MILES OUT OF MARS...

I'LL GIVE MY SPACE HELMET A ONCE-OVER, JUST IN CASE A METEOR DENTS OUR HULL... DOESN'T HAPPEN OFTEN, BUT IT'S JUST AS WELL TO BE PREPARED...



SWEET DREAMS, BLACK!

UGGH!



I'LL LET HIM SUFFER A WHILE. WHEN HE COMES TO OUT IN SPACE, HE'LL FREEZE TO DEATH! IF I LEFT THAT HELMET OFF, HE'D DIE IMMEDIATELY WHEN I SHOVE HIM OUT THE AIRLOCK!



NOW, TO RETURN TO THE DRIFTING ASTEROID, WE SEE JET BLACK, LETTING THE GOLDEN SAND SIFT THROUGH HIS FINGERS, LIFT HIS HEAD SUDDENLY...



MUSIC! THE TWANGING OF HARP'S STRINGS! WHO COULD BE PLAYING A HARP... ON THIS DESERTED THING?

A GIRL!  
WHAT IN THE WORLD IS SHE DOING HERE?

COME, MY FRIEND. THIS ASTEROID I CALL THE ANGEL'S ASTEROID... I AM THE ANGEL OF MERCY!



I LIVE HERE AND I BEFRIEND MEN WHO HAVE HAD SPACE ACCIDENTS, WHO FLOAT IN SPACE. I HAVE SAVED MANY OF THEM, VERY MANY! YOU MUST COME NOW TO MY CHAMBERS!



I'M SURE GLAD YOU SAVED ME!



OR-AM I?



# MANHUNT!



# MANHUNT!



WE DON'T NEED YOU, EITHER, LADY!

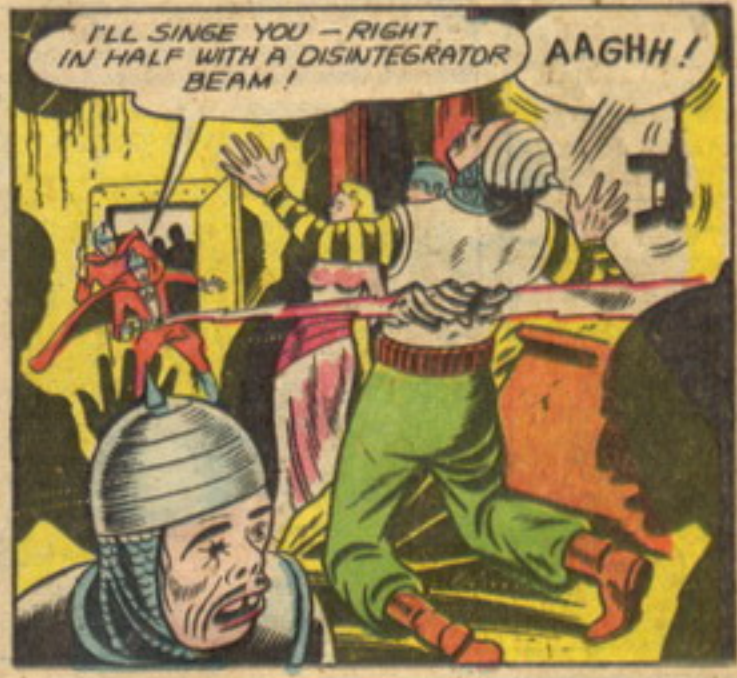
YEAH, WE'LL TAKE OVER YOUR PRECIOUS ASTEROID!



THANKS FOR SAVING THE FIRST 'CROOK WHO TOLD THE OTHERS ABOUT THIS SWELL HIDE OUT, LADY - BUT WE DON'T NEED YOU NO MORE!



I'LL TAKE THE FIRST SHOT. WATCH ME SINGE HIS LEFT ARM -



I'LL SINGE YOU - RIGHT IN HALF WITH A DISINTEGRATOR BEAM!

AAGHH!



JAK TAL! HOW IN THE UNIVERSE DID YOU GET HERE?

THE MAN WHO KONKED YOU AND SHOVED YOU INTO SPACE ALSO SMASHED THE COVER ON YOUR SPACE-VOX RING. WE'VE LISTENED IN EVER SINCE HE TOSSED YOU OUT!



WE PICKED THE MAN UP WHO SLUGGED YOU ON THE SPACE SHIP. WE JET BLASTED IT HERE SOON'S WE FIGURED OUT THE POSITION OF THE ASTEROID. NICE GOING, JET. THIS WILL SMASH THAT CRIME WAVE - PRONTO!



IT ALSO SMASHED THE ANGEL'S ASTEROID, TOO. I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON! NO MORE ASTEROID SO THAT NO MORE CRIMINALS MAY USE IT!