

On the Improvise:

Now listen here, Sproko. This is MY ship. Mine, mine, mine and as long as you are on it, you'll do as I say!

Captain, it's about time I told you that the crew and I are on STRIKE. We want more shore leaves!

This Space for LEASE

Lost in Spa

AETRA ON STRIKE

FREIBURGER WAS HERE

But the KLINGONS have just turned and are ready to attack!! We'll have to finish our talk a little later, Sprok.

Let's GO, gang! The Captain can fight 'em all by himself!

(AMT model)

(AMT model)

Aboard the SLUG:

OWW!!!

You dumb robot! Watch that SWORD!

BEEP! BEEP!

[Hee! Hee!]

HAPPY DAYS

BLANK

poke!

Okay, men! We're gonna attack the IMPROVISE!

YAY!

YAY!

YAY!

Boo!

SWORDS AT READY? LET'S GO!!!

BLEEP Bip BIP! It's about TIME!

Let's go, gang! The sands of Mars are nice this time of year!

SPROK! Come back! The KLINGONS!!

We'll fight them when we get back in two months!!! Bye, now!!

Scotchy, you're staying?

Aye, Cap'n, a plague of the worst kind has broke out on Mars.

What? Chicken pox? Mumps? Botulism? Smallpox? Bubonic plague? Swine flu?

Worse than all those combined... V.D.

Just what Sprok deserves for leaving us here with KLINGONS on the attack!

Heck, Jim, I'll help ya. I'm still here waitin' for my taxi. With Sprok gone, you won't have to worry about that green-eared pixie spoutin' off about phaeton torpedo Converters 'n the like ... since he's off to Mars.

Mint Julep

Send 4.98 plus postage to HITS 504 SEA 20001

BUCK RO

SWOOSH

I'm NOT going to let that snotty-nosed DeCoy cut me down while I'm away! I'm going to stay!!

Why did ya come back, mon?

I forgot Nurse Chapeau.

Good. Now we have four against 50,000,000. The odds are just about even, I would say...

ONLY on "Voyage to the Bottom of the Lake."

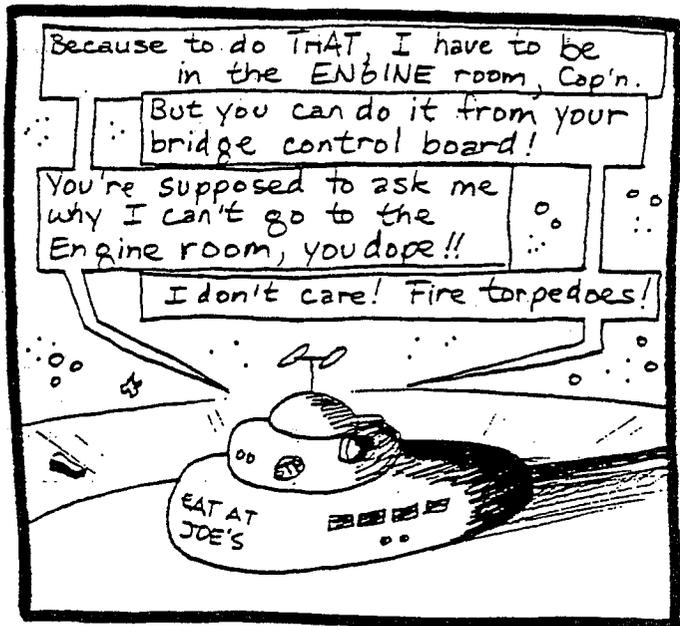
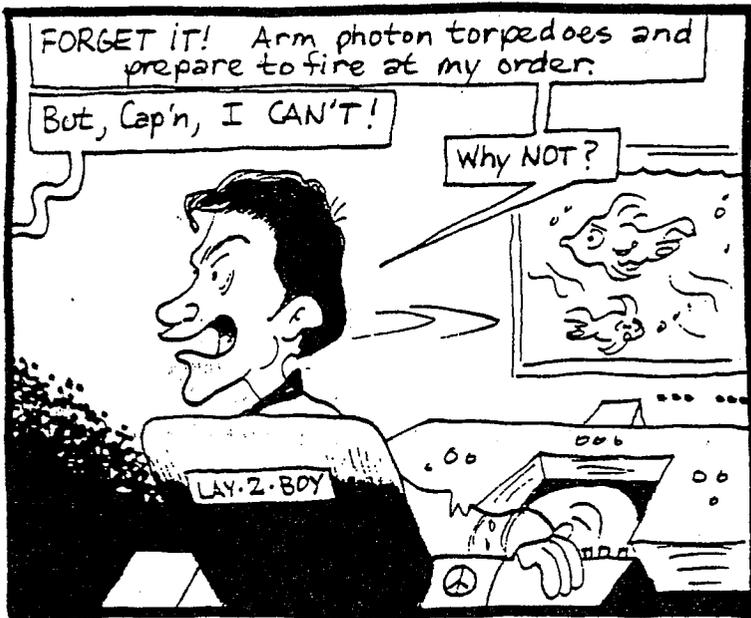
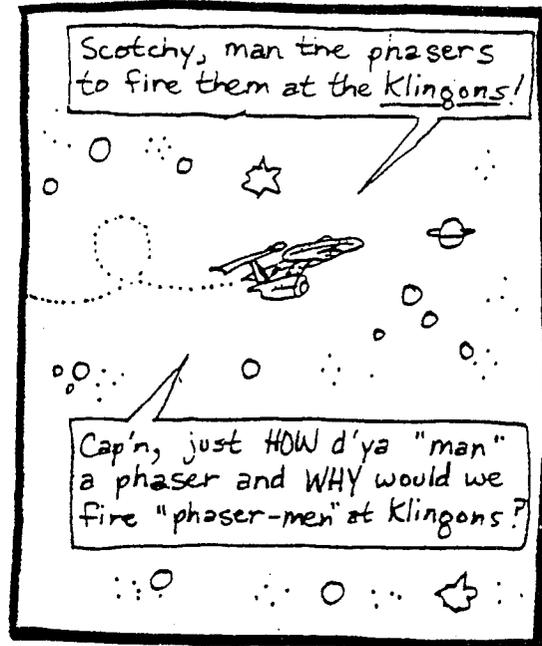
... or "Bottom of the Barrel"

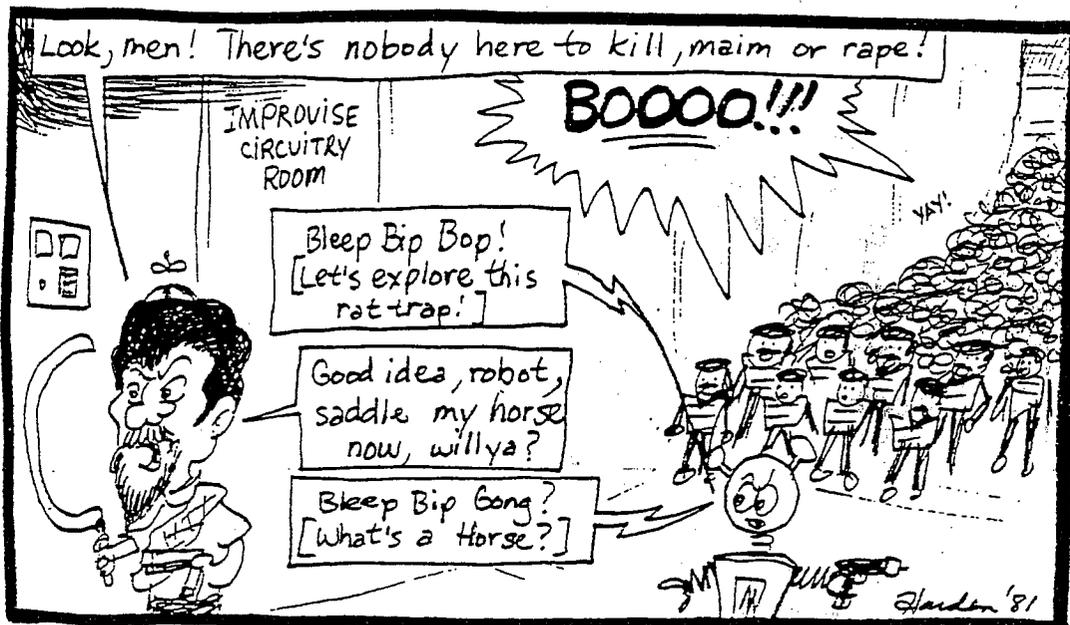
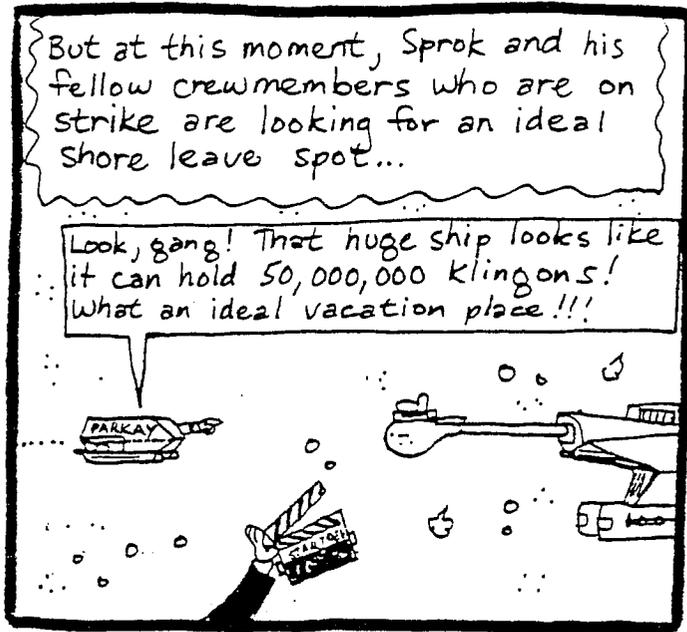
Well, I decided to leave again. Nurse Chapeau's hair keeps changing color...

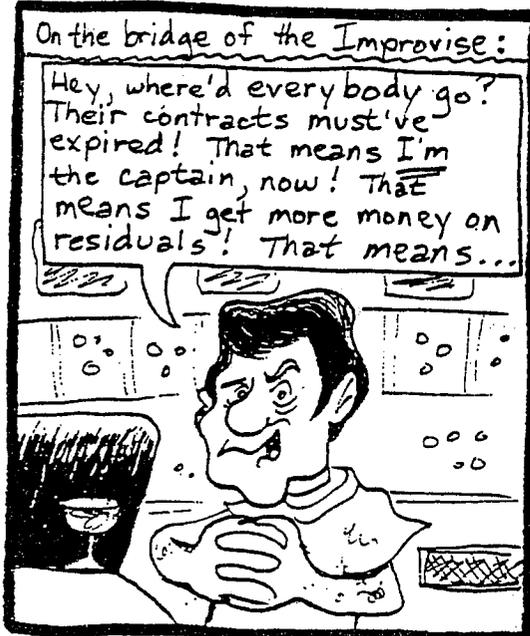
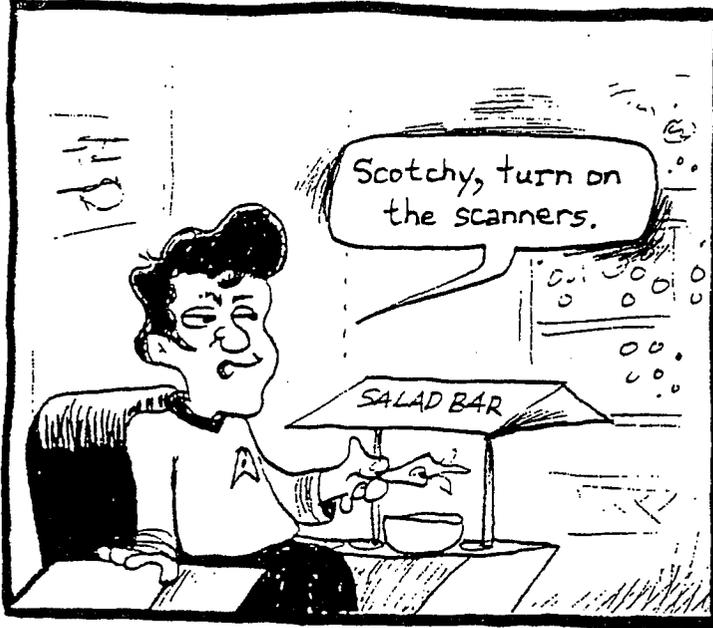
Aboard the SLUG: ROBOT!! Go back and get my MACE!!

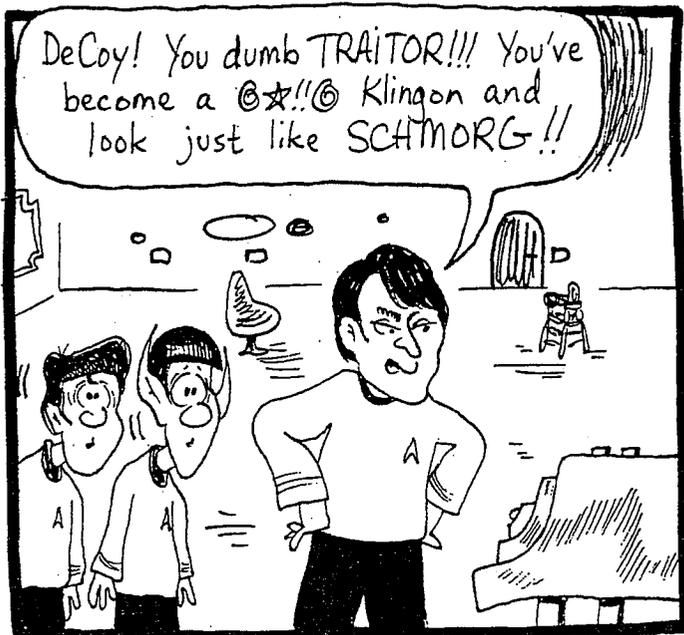
Beep Bip Boing Bong Ding Dong Acon calling Kabong! [Listen here, you twerp, I'm a Union member and being a slave robot is not in the contract. Get it yourself before I call Robot Workers of Klingon!]

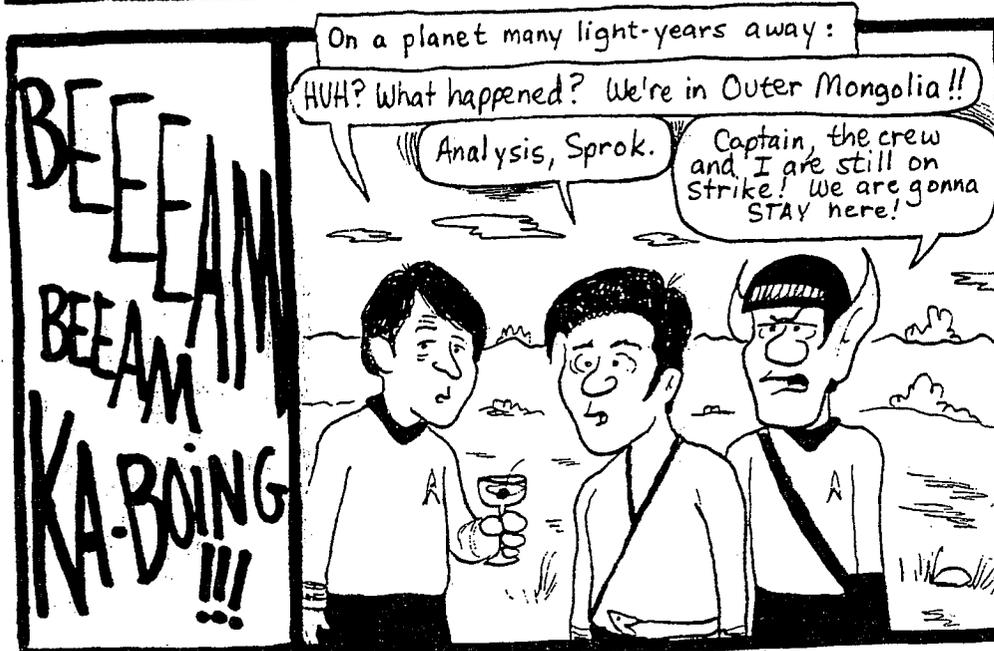
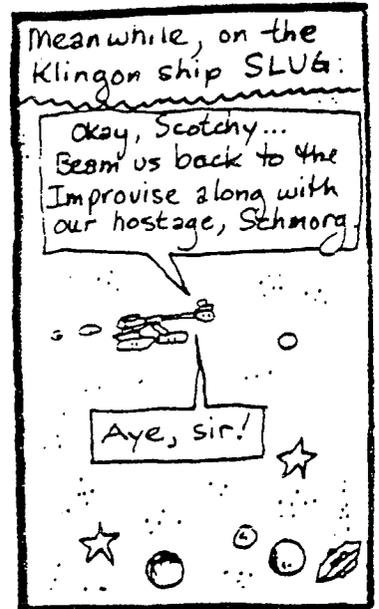
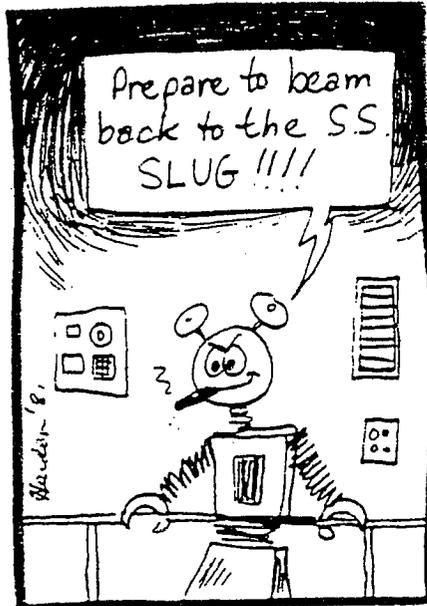
Brandon '80

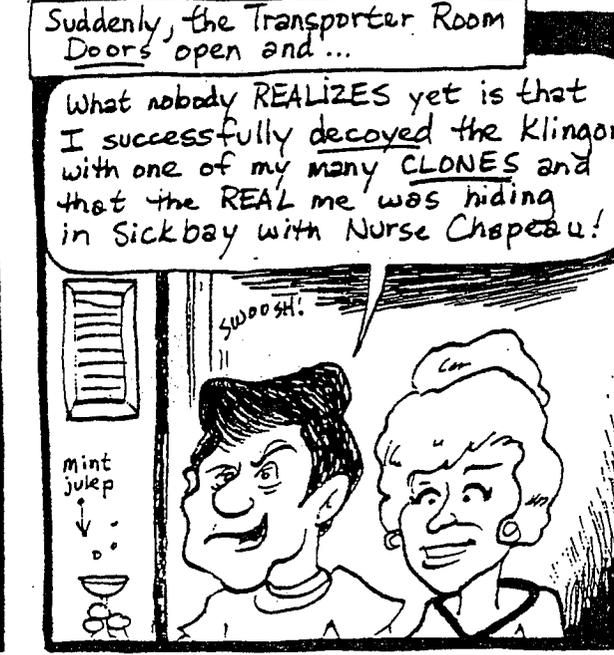
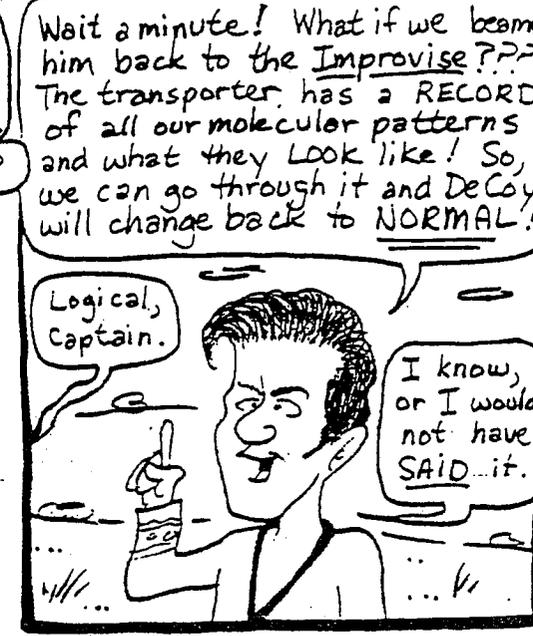










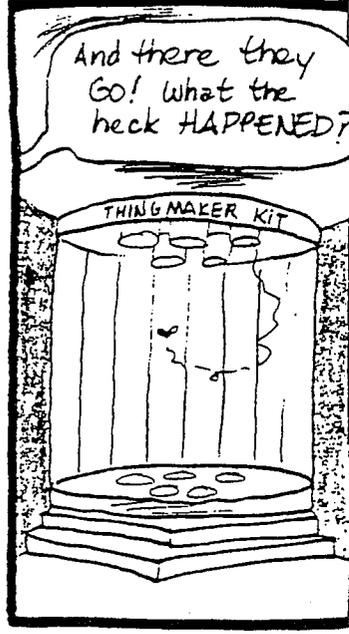
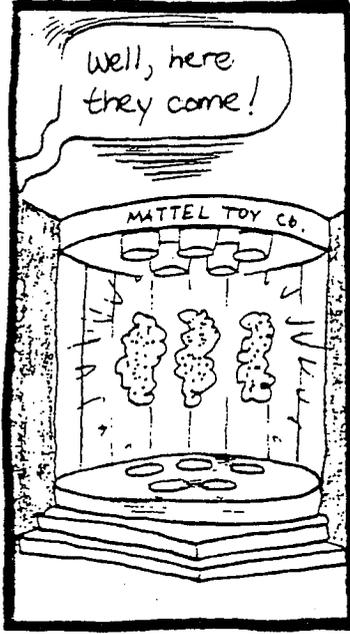


I guess it's up to ME again to save those poor ignorant souls from Outer Mongolia and this show from the bottom of the NEILSEN's.

Let's see what happens when I turn this...

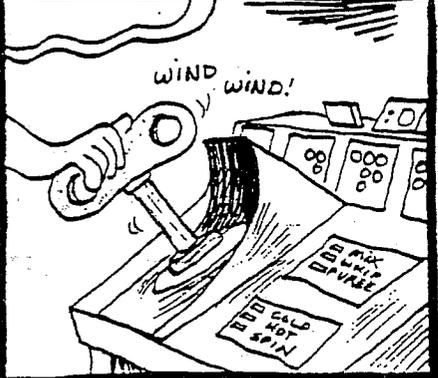


BEE-ZAP!
WHRRRRR
WHEEZ!



Well, let's give it another SHOT, here. I knew I shoulda learned how to work this blasted atomic scattergun!

It better work this time!



BEE-ZIP!
WHIRL!
SHEE-BANG!

Why, it WORKED! Well, Jim, it looks like I saved all ya'lls LIVES again! I thought I'd NEVER get this cranky transporter working!

Bones? You're here!

Yep. The old clone trick, Jim!

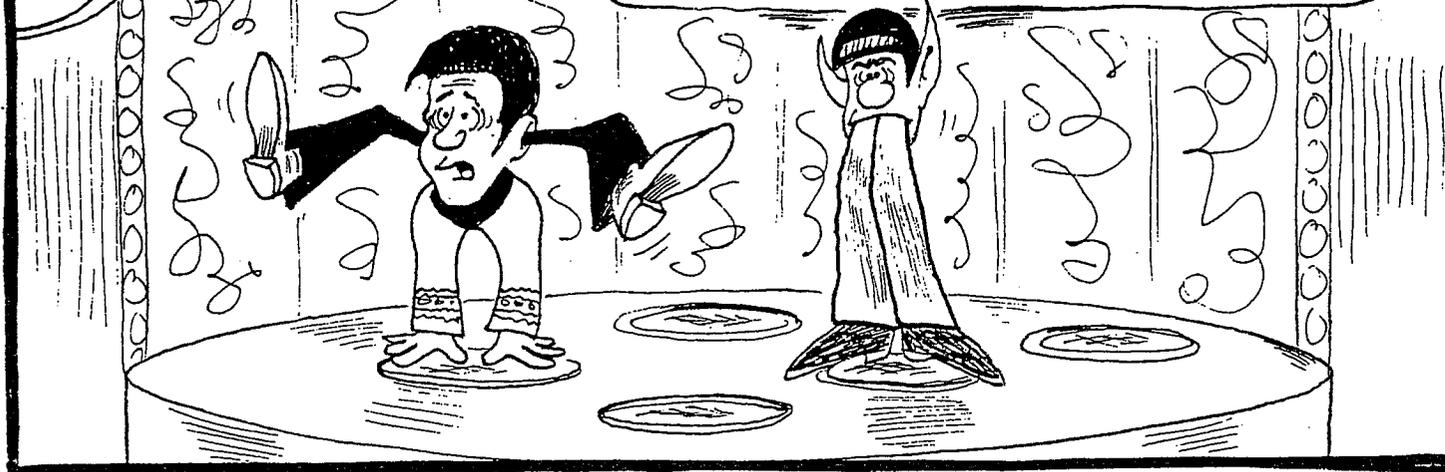


Good thinking! NOW think of a way to return us back to NORMAL!!

Whaddya MEAN, Jim?

Well, to BEGIN with, my arms and legs are in the WRONG place and Sprok's feet are coming out of his MOUTH!

That's crazy Vulkan anatomy for you, Jim...





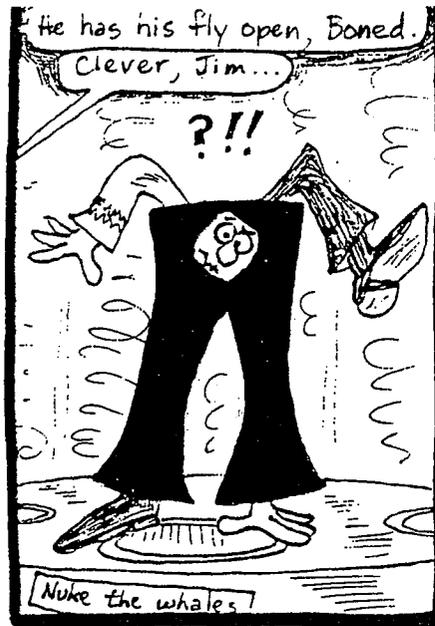
Boned! What happened to us?



Heck if I know, Jim. You'd better ask SCOTCHY. I'm a DOCTOR, not a blasted transporter chief extra.

Scotchy can't talk. His FACE is in his Pants, Boned...

But, how can he see?



He has his fly open, Boned. Clever, Jim...

?!!

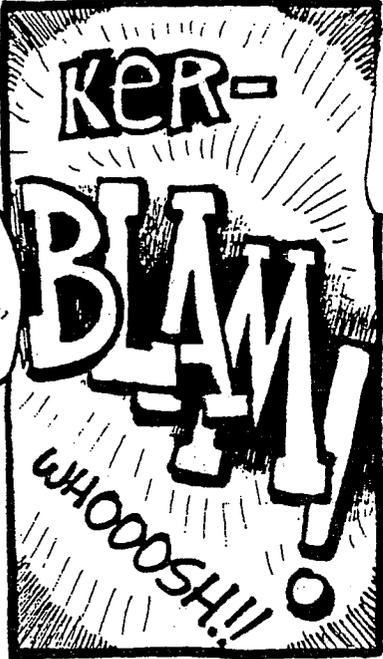
Nuke the whales!

Uh-oh! Sprok's EARS just turned inside out and there's an UNMENTIONABLE thing sprouting from his forehead! I think I'd better put him out of our misery...



I always said that a little bit of suffering does WONDERS for acne, not to mention - euthanasia...

ZAP!



Gee, Boned, what's ACNE got to do with it? Anyway, ya misse Sprok and he ran downstairs. And it'll be a long time from now in a galaxy far, far away before we can get another shot at...



But the blasted wall look so much BETTER, Jim!!

I'll try to overlook that pun...



Scotchy! You ran downstairs, too, but now you're back to NORMAL! How?

I'm not tellin', lad.

Boned, where's that phaser?



It was delicious, Jim. But you'd better get Scotchy to fix that HOLE in the wall, though...

The stars DO look pretty through it, but I guess you're right... the air IS getting kinda THIN in here...

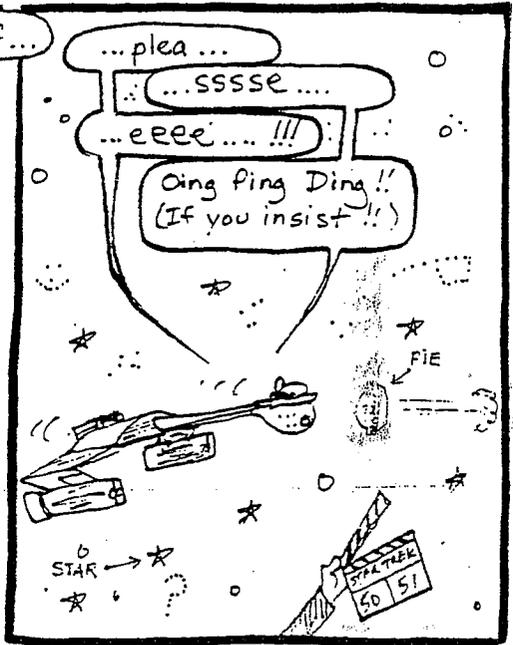
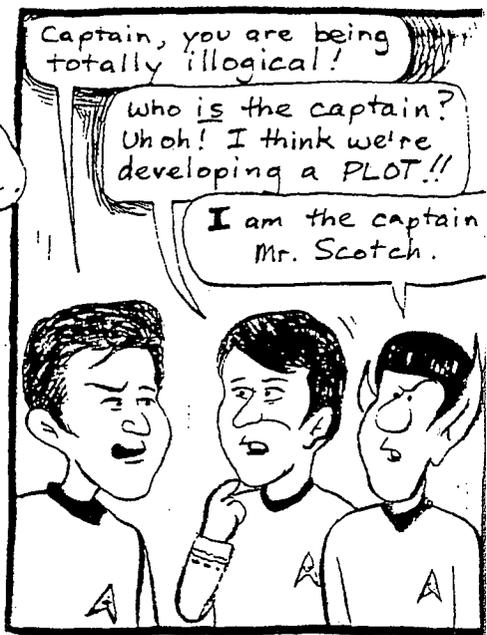


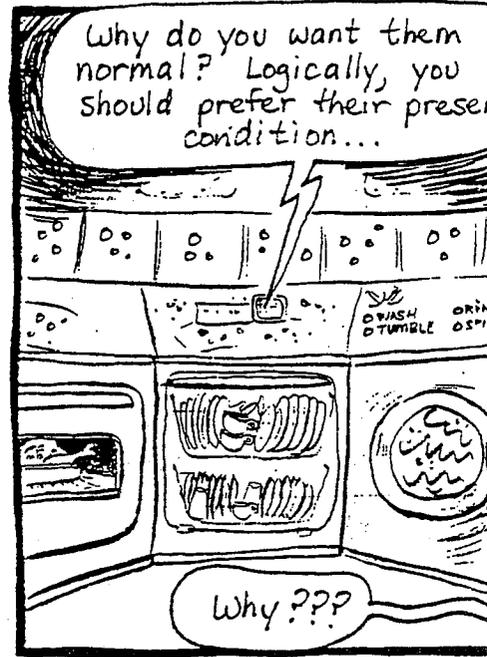
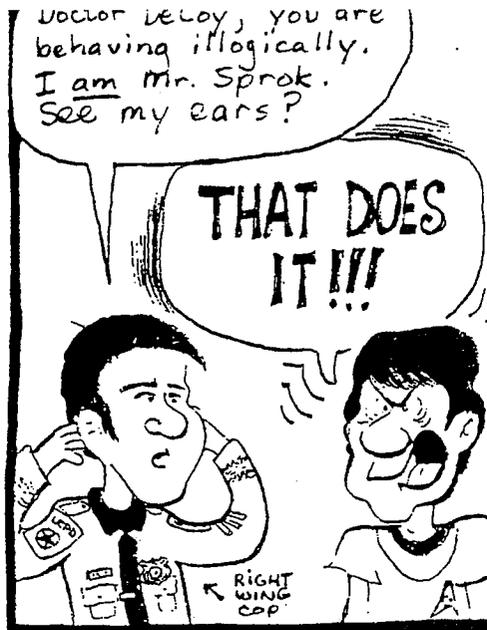
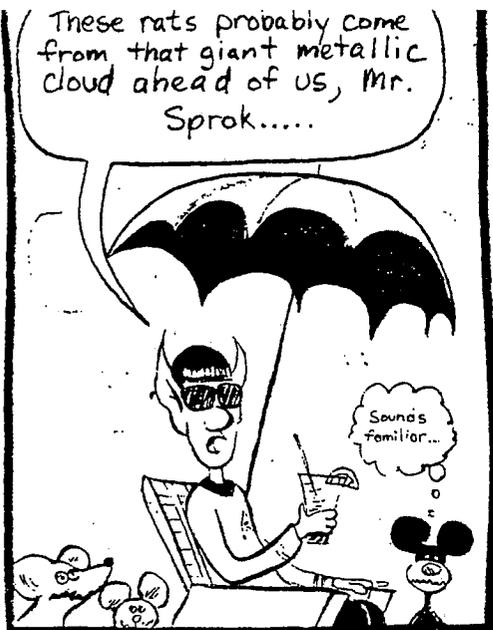
Hey, Jim, SPROK is back to normal, too!

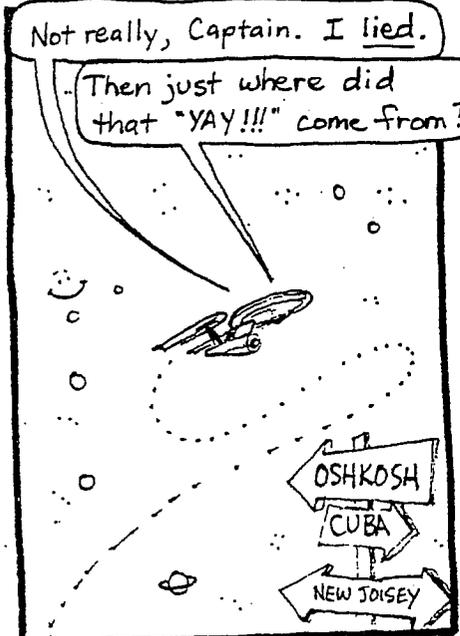
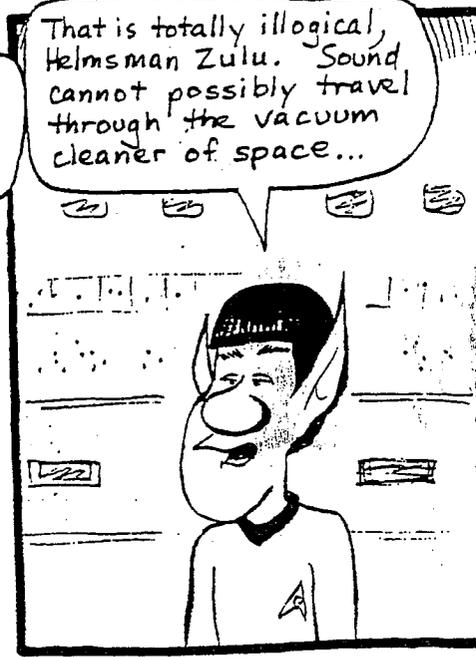
Boned, I think I'll go downstairs and see what's going on.

Where am I? What's happening to me?

I GO POGO







I've done much better, like the times I imitated Schmorg's voice so well you were hypnotized into believing you actually SAW him. In fact, I hypnotized you into believing this whole story!



I don't believe you, Sprok.

I don't blame you. It was all just another lie.



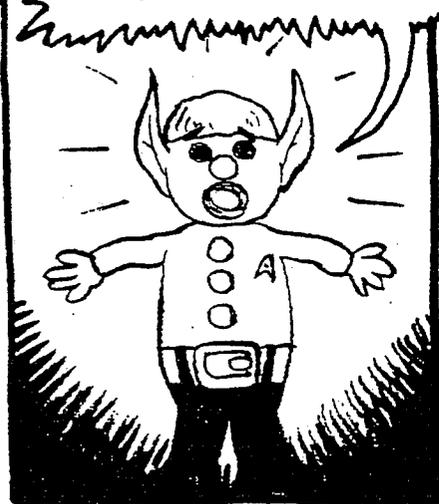
FORGET IT! A mind as SIMPLE as yours so obviously is, could not possibly even BEGIN to understand what I am talking about.



In REALITY, I have hypnotized YOU, Sprok into believing that you are Sprok when, in reality, you are Zulu; Zulu is Scotchy; Scotchy is DeCoy and DeCoy is ALSO you! Whaddya say to THAT?



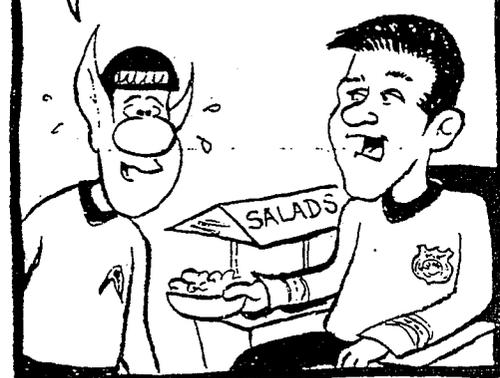
OH NOOO!!!



Hey, Sprok, I was just kidding.

Ohhh!! Well, let's finish this episode and start on another one!

Hmm... Good idea. Of course, Captain.



Hey, Jim, aren't we supposed to have some sort of social commentary here ???

Usually you just say something snide about Sprok and then he counters with an outstanding statement on human behavior.

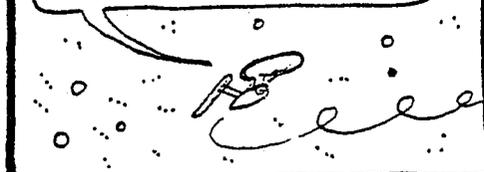


All right, then. Sprok, you are an insidious wimp!!!

So what?



Nevermind, Boned. Mr. Zulu, AHEAD WARPED FACTOR TWO AND 1/3RD!



And so the starship Improvise leads a ragtag group of actors on a quest for a bright new promising object... known as....

....a PLOT!
The End ...