

# ROBOTECH™

THE GRAPHIC NOVEL





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## Genesis: ROBOTECH™

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BASED ON A PLOT BY

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The ROBOTECH Graphic Novel that you hold in your hands is the culmination of a process of creation which spans nearly 22 months. For those of you not familiar with ROBOTECH, the best way to describe it is as a phenomenon in terms of science fiction storytelling. With its roots in an animated television series produced and syndicated around the world by Harmony Gold, ROBOTECH has gone on to become a part of American popular culture. Drawing from a cycle of unrelated animation originally produced in Japan, the creative team assembled by Harmony Gold and Intersound, Inc. set out to create a complex "soap opera" which details the efforts of three generations of humans as they attempt to save their planet from the threats of inter-galactic conquest. Concepts such as Robotechnology, Protoculture, biogenetic engineering, transformable mecha, clone masters, genesis pits, simulagents, organic fusion and the mystery of the Invid Flower of Life all contributed to the mythology of the original ROBOTECH series.

The success of ROBOTECH has demanded, in fact necessitated, the creation of what is known as "the back story." Many of the "loose ends" of the plot of ROBOTECH will be explained in various media. Some of the story will be detailed in a feature film entitled, simply enough, *ROBOTECH: The Movie*. Other aspects of the ROBOTECH legend will be explored in the sequel to the original series, *ROBOTECH II: The Sentinels*. In this animated serial, the action focuses on the Robotech Expeditionary Force's mission to travel to the homeworld of the Robotech Masters. The lives and loves of Rick Hunter, Lisa Hayes, Max and Miriya Sterling, Dr. Emil Lang, and Lynn Minmei, as well as the other survivors of the final battle between the Zentradi and the Robotech Defense Force, is the focus of the story. *The Sentinels* also tells the story of the hunger for power sought by Col. T.R. Edwards. Which brings us in a roundabout way to the plot of this graphic novel, *Genesis: ROBOTECH*.

The plot of the graphic novel clears up many points in the pre-history of the ROBOTECH mythology. It tells the story of the decisions which led to the appearance of the SDF-1. It tells of the final days of Zor. It also functions as an untold story which deals with the early career of Roy Fokker and his archenemy, Colonel T.R. Edwards. *Genesis: ROBOTECH* tells the story of the first mission of the United Earth Government into the mysterious smouldering ruins of an alien ship—a ship which crashed onto a tiny island in the south Pacific and would eventually change the course of human history. It is the first step in the continuing development of the ROBOTECH Universe and it seems fitting that Comico, Harmony Gold's first ROBOTECH licensee, should present the tale.

The graphic novel is all new. It draws upon the original story of ROBOTECH and fills in many gaps and gray areas. Mike Baron, Neil Vokes, and Ken Steacy should be commended for their loving attention to detail and their willingness to participate in the birth of new ROBOTECH concepts. This is not the end of the story. The adventures of the ROBOTECH defenders will continue in novels, comics, movies and television series. The best is yet to come.

Carl Macek  
West Hollywood, CA

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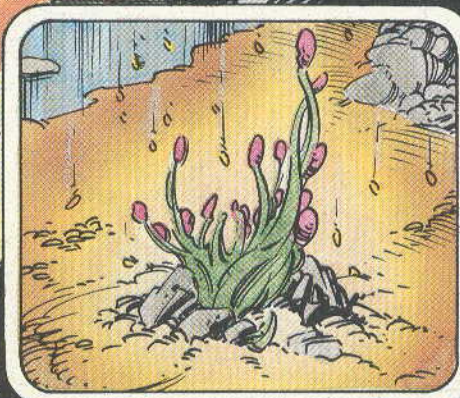
# Genesis: ROBOTECH™

A REMOTE PLANET IN AN UNINHABITED SECTION OF THE NINTH QUADRANT OF THE "KNOWN UNIVERSE" AS PERCEIVED BY THE ROBOTECH MASTERS.

A SHIP NEARLY TWO KILOMETERS LONG RAINS SEED ON ONCE BARREN SOIL.

SIR--THE SEEDS ARE SPROUTING.

EXCELLENT! WE'LL CIRCUMNAVIGATE THE PLANET ONCE MORE AND MARK THE MOST FERTILE AREAS.





ABOARD THE HUGE SHIP, KNOWN AS THE SDF-1.

COMMANDER ZOR-- WE'RE TAKING TOO MUCH TIME HERE. THE ROBOTECH MASTERS HAVE ORDERED US TO MOVE ON BEFORE THE INVID GET A FIX ON US.

NO DOUBT THAT IS WHY THEY SUPPLIED US WITH INVID FIGHTERS. BUT LOOK AT THESE SEEDS! THE MIRACLE OF CLEAN ENERGY-- IT NEVER FAILS TO ASTOUND ME.

HOW EACH SEED STRIVES TO DIVIDE-- BUT WHEN PLACED IN A PRESSURIZED CHAMBER, IS ARRESTED IN MID-DIVISION...

SO LONG AS THE PRESSURE IS PRECISELY MAINTAINED, THE SEED RADIATES HEAT, WHICH WE ULTIMATELY CONVERT TO ENERGY. I HAVE ALWAYS THOUGHT THIS TOO GREAT A GIFT TO SQUANDER ON WAR.

COMMANDER ZOR-- THIS PLANET IS NOT ON THE ROBOTECH MASTERS' LIST, AS YOU CLAIMED.

YOU MUST MOVE ON TO THE NEXT TARGET, IMMEDIATELY.

I'M AFRAID NOT, DOLZA. I'M IN CHARGE HERE AND I SAY WE RETURN TO BASE.

IT WAS A MISTAKE TO TRUST THIS SHIP TO SOMEONE AS INEXPERIENCED AS YOU. SCIENTISTS DON'T APPRECIATE HOW TRULY DANGEROUS THE INVID ARE. WE APPROPRIATED THE FLOWER OF LIFE FROM THEM FOR OUR GREATER GLORY, AND THEY WILL NOT REST UNTIL THEY HAVE IT BACK!

AND YOU, DOLZA, DO NOT UNDERSTAND HOW TRULY DANGEROUS ARE YOUR MASTERS, IGNOBLE PATRIARCHS WHO WOULD USE THIS PRECIOUS GIFT TO MAKE MINDLESS WAR.





BUT OUR WORK IS DONE FOR TODAY. LET US RETURN TO BASE AND PREPARE TO DEPART THE PLANET--AS SOON AS THE GERMINATED FLOWERS ARE READY TO BE ACTIVATED BY PROTOCOLURE.

WE WILL LAUNCH SIX DRONES TO CIRCLE THE PLANET AND MARK THE FERTILE AREAS.

WE SHOULD DEPART NOW. YOU SHOULD NOT EVEN PERMIT THE SDF-1 TO SET DOWN.

PRESERVE US FROM THE MILITARY. I PROMISED THE CREW A CHANCE TO STRETCH THEIR LEGS.

THE SDF-1 LANDS IN A GRASSY FIELD THAT MERE DAYS AGO HAD BEEN LIFELESS SAND. UPON ZOR'S ORDERS, THE CREW DEPARTS, ENTERING THE VAST BASE. SOME REMAIN OUTSIDE TO SAVOR THE NEWLY SWEETENED AIR.

UNBELIEVABLE--SOME OF THESE FLOWERS ARE ALREADY MATURE. WE MUST TAKE SOIL SAMPLES.

SO SOON?

ALMOST MATURE? WE MUST LEAVE IMMEDIATELY! THE INVID SENSOR NEBULA CAN SPOT US!

WARNING! WARNING! INVID TROOP CARRIERS ENTERING UPPER ATMOSPHERE!

I TOLD YOU, ZOR.

I AM A SCIENTIST! NOT A SOLDIER!





ZENTRAEDI TO YOUR BATTLEPODS!  
WE MUST PROTECT THE SHIP AT  
ALL COSTS!

I HAVE TAKEN  
MEASURES OF MY  
OWN TO PROTECT  
THE SDF-1.

WHAT  
ARE YOU  
DOING?

I AM SENDING THE SDF-1 FAR  
AWAY FROM THIS STUPID CONFLICT.

THE SDF-1--ACTIVATED? BUT  
HOW? THERE'S NO ONE ABOARD  
BUT THE GUARD--UNLESS IT WAS  
INFILTRATED BY THE INVID...

NOT  
THE INVID,  
DOLZA...

THEN WHO?

ALL THOSE  
SHIFTS IN SPACE--  
I TOOK THE OPPORTUNITY  
TO SEEK OUT A PLACE, A  
WORLD FAR REMOVED  
FROM OUR PETTY  
CONFLICTS--WHERE  
THEY COULD USE THE  
PROTOCOLURE--

YOU FOOL!  
WHAT IF THE  
INVID CAPTURE  
IT?

THEY WON'T--WE GOT IT  
OFF THE GROUND IN TIME, AND  
ONCE IT REACHES ORBIT, IT WILL  
BE TOO FAST FOR THEM.

IF I WERE NOT SWORN  
TO PROTECT YOU, I  
WOULD KILL YOU!

I DO NOT EXPECT  
YOU TO UNDERSTAND--  
BUT YOU MUST FIGHT  
THE INVID. THAT IS  
WHY YOU WERE  
CREATED.



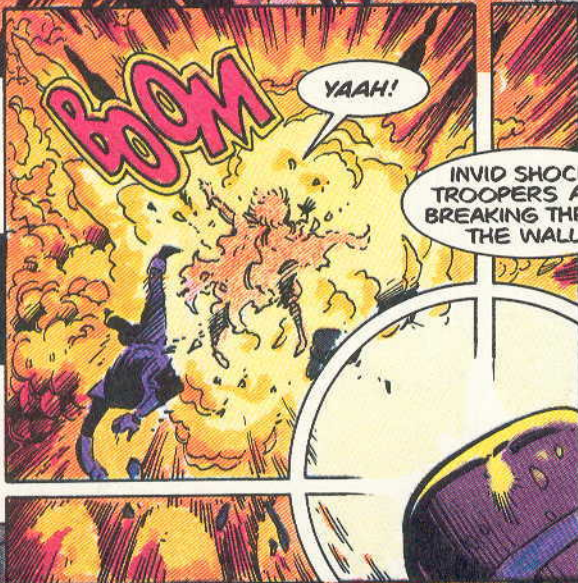




SO, FIGHT THEM!  
FULFILL THE ZENTRAEDI  
IMPERATIVE!

KRAKA-POW

WAM  
WAM



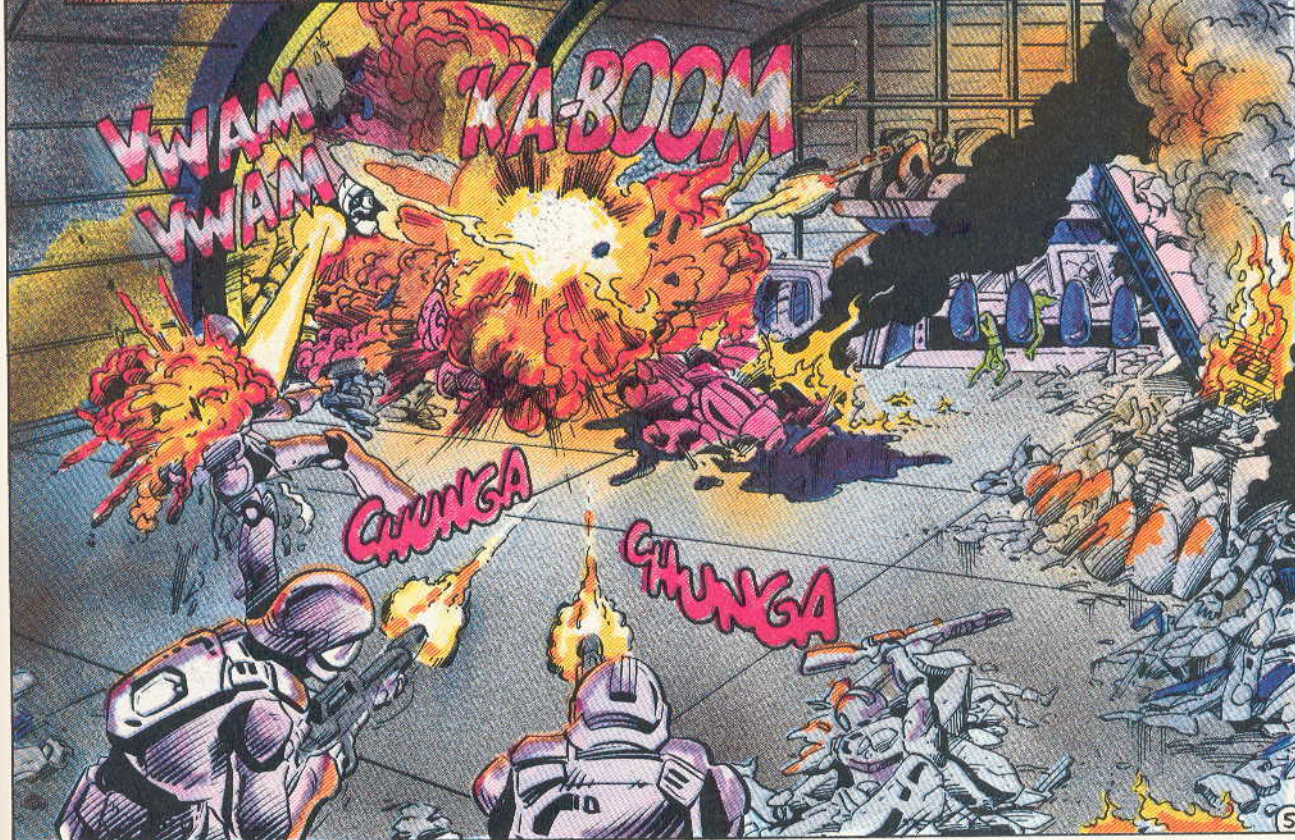
BOOM

YAAH!

INVID SHOCK  
TROOPERS ARE  
BREAKING THROUGH  
THE WALL!



ZOR IS  
DOWN! SAVE  
ZOR!



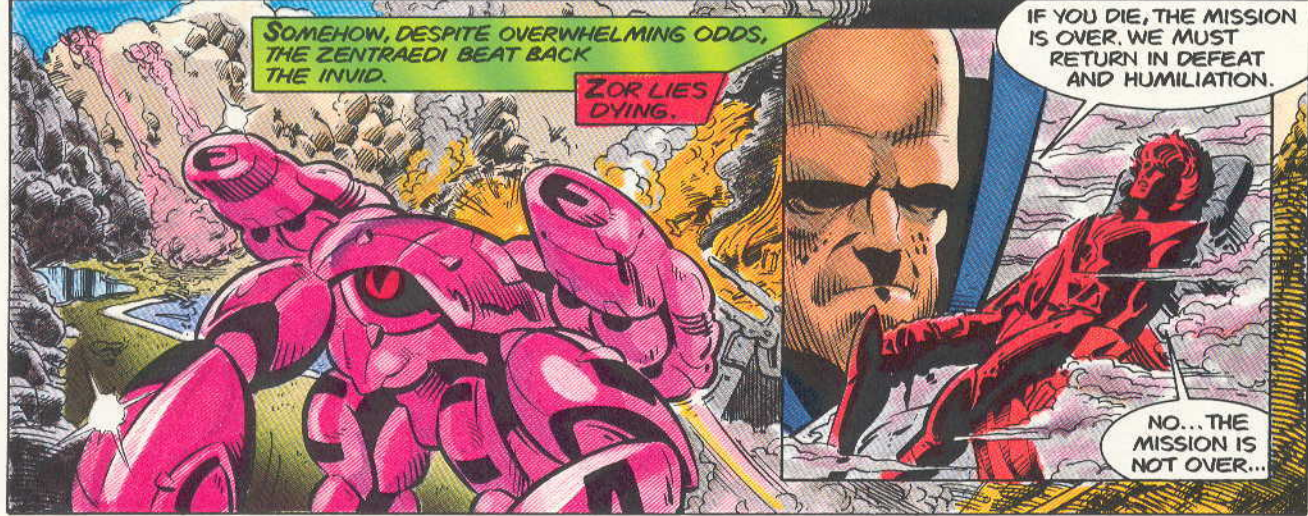
WAM  
WAM

KA-BOOM

CHUNGA

CHUNGA





SOMEHOW, DESPITE OVERWHELMING ODDS, THE ZENTRAEDI BEAT BACK THE INVID.

ZOR LIES DYING.

IF YOU DIE, THE MISSION IS OVER. WE MUST RETURN IN DEFEAT AND HUMILIATION.

NO... THE MISSION IS NOT OVER...



IT IS ONLY BEGINNING...  
RATTLE!



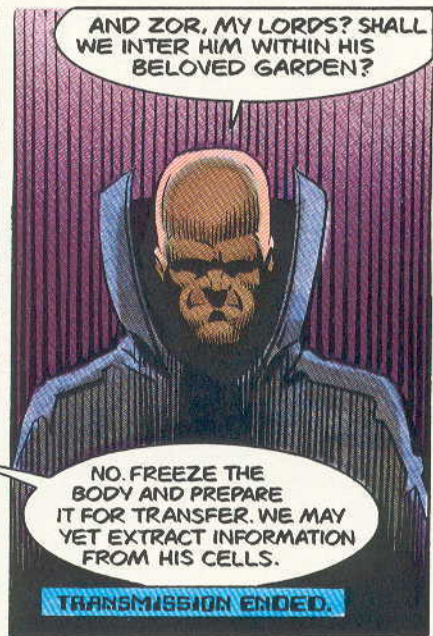
DOLZA TO ROBOTECH MASTERS.

I AM SORRY TO REPORT THE DEATH OF YOUR AGENT, ZOR, AND THE LOSS OF THE SDF-1. INSTRUCTIONS?



THE SDF-1 MUST BE RECOVERED AT ALL COSTS!

DISPATCH A TRACKING SQUAD IMMEDIATELY! STAND BY TO RENDEZVOUS WITH ZENTRAEDI NTH FLEET AND ENGAGE IN FULL PURSUIT!



AND ZOR, MY LORDS? SHALL WE INTER HIM WITHIN HIS BELOVED GARDEN?

NO. FREEZE THE BODY AND PREPARE IT FOR TRANSFER. WE MAY YET EXTRACT INFORMATION FROM HIS CELLS.

TRANSMISSION ENDED



THEY KNOW... OR SUSPECT! ZOR, ZOR... WHAT A FOOL YOU WERE...



FAREWELL, ZOR! MAY YOU SERVE THE MASTERS BETTER IN DEATH THAN YOU DID IN LIFE!



**DOLZA CALLS  
ON HIS MOST  
TRUSTED  
COMMANDER.**

DOLZA!  
BREETA  
REPORTING.

BREETA...

...ZOR IS DEAD.  
BUT HE HAD PROGRAMMED  
THE SDF-1 TO SEEK  
OUT A NEW PLANET.

WHAT PLANET?

ALAS, WE DO  
NOT KNOW. HE  
HAS BEEN SECRETLY  
SEEDING WORLDS AND  
KEEPING NO RECORDS  
OF WHICH WE  
ARE AWARE.

BUT WHY? WHY  
WOULD HE DO SUCH  
A THING?

WALK WITH ME AROUND  
THE PERIMETER...  
I DO NOT  
WISH TO BE  
OVERHEARD.

DO YOU  
KNOW WHAT  
PROTOCOLURE  
IS?

I KNOW,  
AND YET  
I DO NOT  
KNOW.

THEN I WILL TELL YOU.  
IT IS THE ENERGY PRODUCED  
BY THE INVIO FLOWER OF  
LIFE, WHICH OUR MASTERS  
TOOK AS THEIR OWN. IT  
IS THE BOND THAT  
PERMITS US TO  
INTERACT WITH OUR  
SHIPS, OUR ARMOR...

IT IS POTENTIALLY THE  
GREATEST BOON IN THE UNIVERSE.  
WITH IT, THE ZENTRAEDI NATION  
WILL RISE TO NEW AND GLORIOUS  
HEIGHTS OF CONQUEST!

WE ARE SOLDIERS,  
BREETA. OURS IS NOT  
TO PHILOSOPHIZE...

BUT  
ZOR--?

...ZOR CHOSE  
TO QUESTION THE  
WILL OF OUR MASTERS.  
HIS GOAL, IT APPEARS,  
WAS TO GIVE THE  
PROTOCOLURE TO  
OTHER INTELLIGENT  
RACES, SO THAT  
IT COULD BE  
USED FOR PEACE.

UNTHINKABLE!

YOU ARE MY  
BEST FIELD COMMANDER.  
YOU WILL LEAD THE  
TRACKING SQUAD AFTER  
THE SDF-1.

BUT...IT  
JUMPED!

I KNOW YOUR  
TASK IS DIFFICULT.  
BUT YOU MUST SUCCEED.  
YOU MUST BE  
THERE...



"...TO RECOVER THE PROTOCOL  
FACTORY, AND PREVENT THE  
INVID FROM DENYING  
US EVERYTHING  
WE HAVE  
WORKED  
FOR!"

FAR, FAR AWAY FROM THE  
PLANET WHERE ZOR DIED,  
THE SDF-1 PLUNGES  
THROUGH SPACE SEEKING  
THE WORLD ZOR HAD  
CHOSEN TO RECEIVE THE  
GIFT OF PROTOCOL.

A SMALL GREEN  
WORLD, THIRD  
FROM THE  
SUN.

MARY ANN!  
LOOK!



CHUNGA  
CHUNGA  
CHUNGA


FOKKER TO  
KENOSHA! FOKKER  
TO KENOSHA! *BLAST!*  
THAT RAT PUT A  
PILL THROUGH  
MY RADIO!

FRESH OUT  
OF STERN ROCKETS  
AND SUCKIN' AIR  
FOR FUEL.

OKAY,  
COLONEL.  
MATCH THIS  
MANEUVER!

DARN. HE  
DID!






COLONEL T.R. EDWARDS IS TRYING TO PUNCH MY TICKET. I'LL HAVE TO TRY A TRICK I LEARNED IN POP HUNTER'S FLYING CIRCUS...




THE OLD "STALL AND CORKSCREW" ROUTINE... CUT THRUSTERS-- HE'LL THINK I'M OUT OF GAS...



WHAT THE HELL?! I AM OUT OF GAS!



NO! JUST LOST FEED FOR A SECOND... OKAY, COLONEL-- READY FOR A BIG SURPRISE?

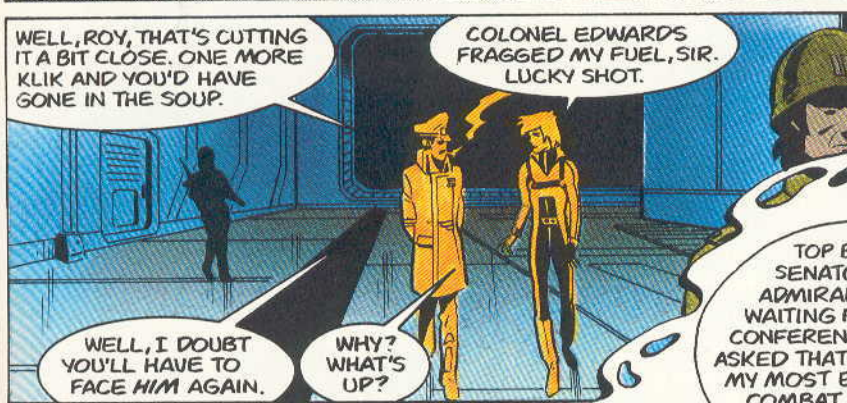
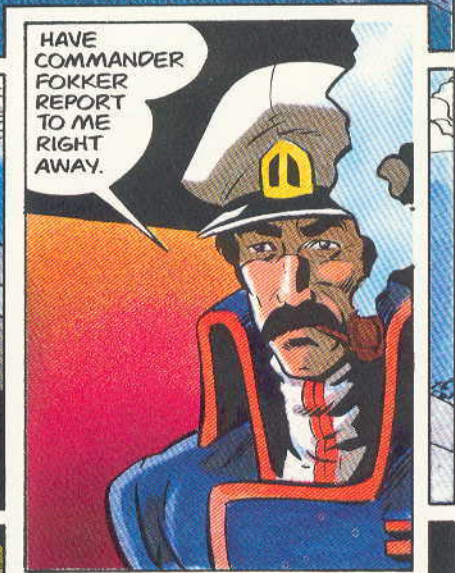
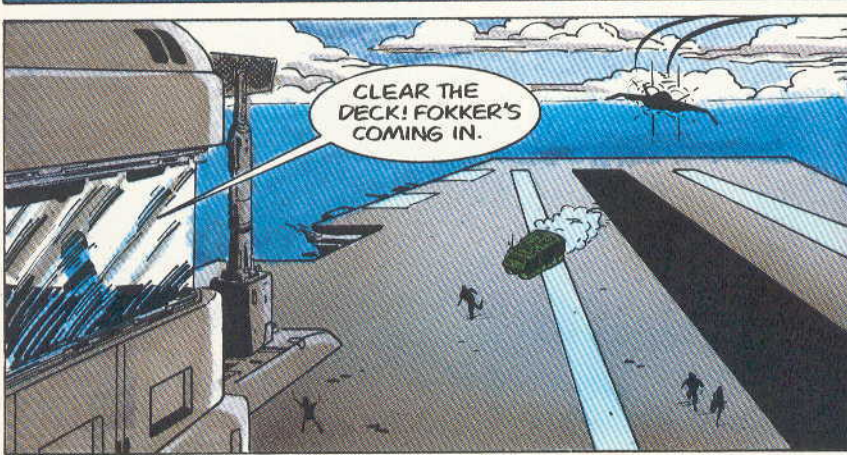
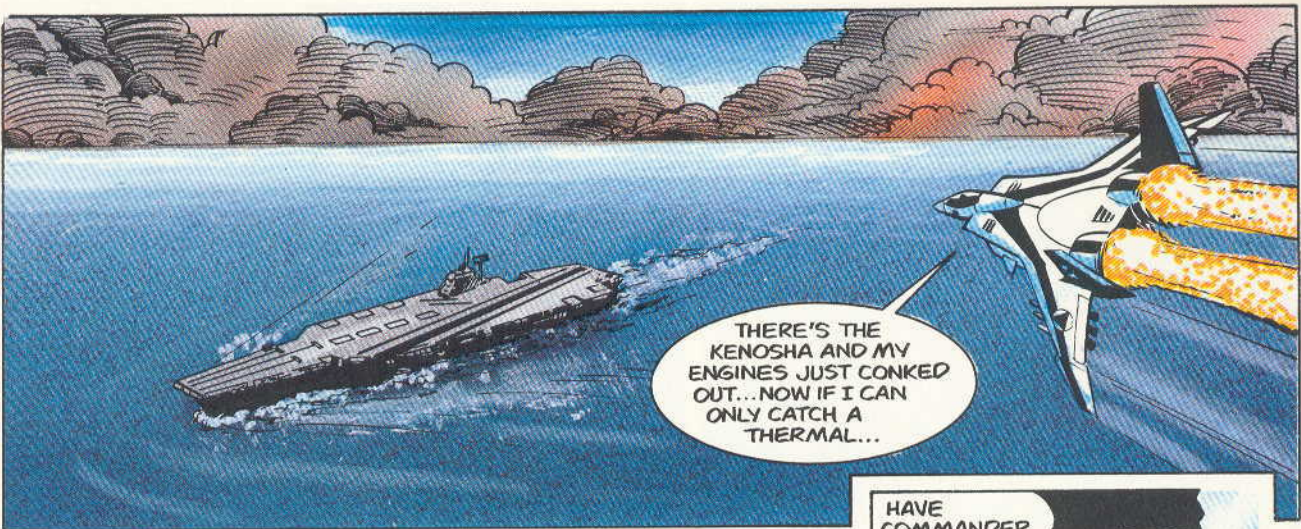


NOW I REALLY AM RUNNING ON EMPTY. LUCKY FOR YOU, COLONEL...

YAHOO! GOT YOU!

GO AHEAD-- RUN BACK TO YOUR FASCIST MERCENARY PALS...



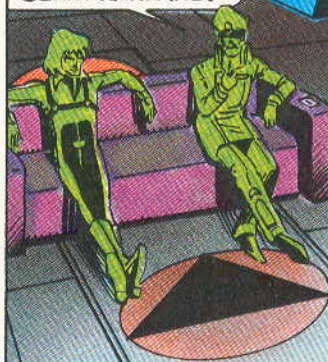




...UNLESS WE FIND SOME MEANS TO END IT, IT WILL END US. WE ARE ALREADY GETTING REPORTS THAT THE EURASIANS ARE USING GERM WARFARE IN MANCHURIA!



GERM WARFARE?



THAT'S RIGHT, GLOVAL. AND THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO CONTROL IT, ANY MORE THAN THEY COULD CONTROL THAT OUTBREAK OF TACTICAL NUKES THAT DESTROYED MOST OF THE MIDDLE EAST.



WE ARE CAUGHT IN AN ENDLESS CYCLE OF ESCALATION. WE MEET HERE NOW--IN SECRET--TO BREAK THAT CYCLE. SENATOR RUSSO HAS AN INTERESTING PLAN.



I PROPOSE THAT WE MANUFACTURE A CRISIS... SOMETHING SO DRASTIC, IT WILL FORCE ALL THESE CRAZY NATIONALISTS, TERRORISTS, SEPARATISTS, AND WACKOS TO FORGET THEIR PETTY DIFFERENCES AND UNITE FOR THE VERY SURVIVAL OF THE HUMAN RACE.



BUT, SENATOR--WHAT IF THIS CRISIS YOU CREATE IS EVEN WORSE THAN THE PRESENT SITUATION?



I DON'T MEAN A REAL CRISIS... I MEAN A FAKE CRISIS.

A HOAX?

ONLY A HANDFUL OF TOP MEN AND WOMEN WILL KNOW.



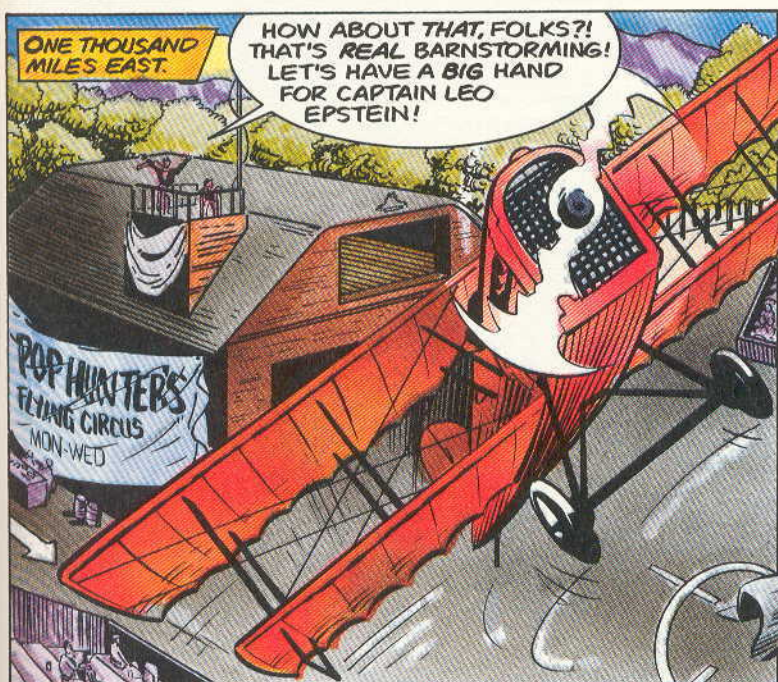
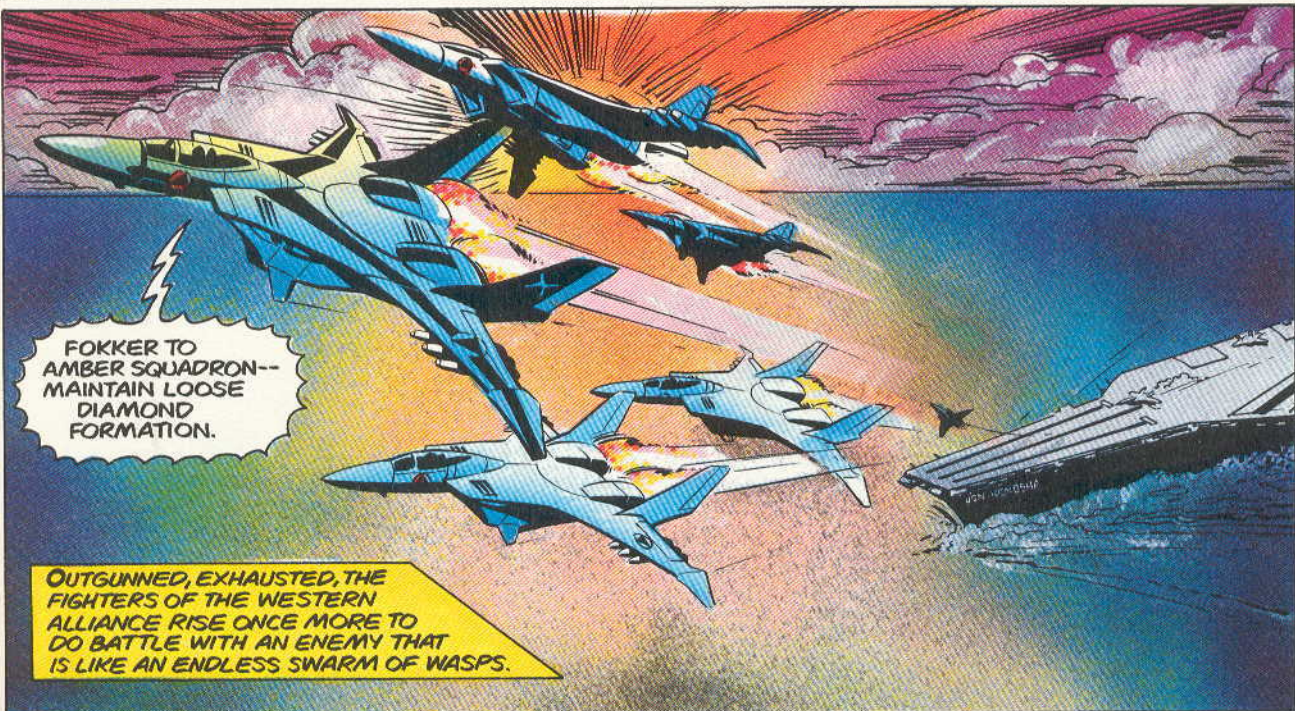
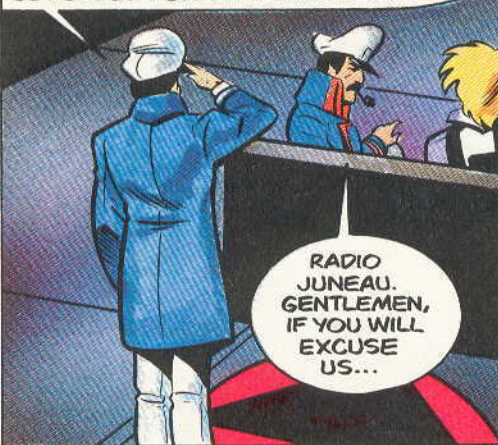
EXCUSE ME, SIR-- BUT IF THAT'S THE CASE, WHY AM I INVOLVED?



BECAUSE, LT. COMMANDER, WE WILL NEED AN EXPERIENCED COMBAT VETERAN TO ADVISE US. OUR CRISIS MUST APPEAR ABSOLUTELY CONVINCING.



EXCUSE ME, SIR--RADAR SHOWS A WING OF BOMBERS BEARING NORTHEAST--COULD BE HEADED FOR THE ALEUTIANS...

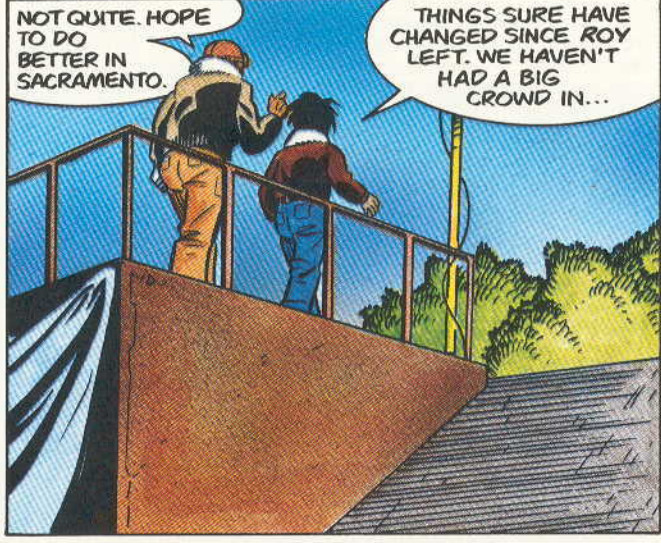






WELL, COME ON, BOY. LET'S PACK UP AND MOVE OUT BEFORE THE SHERIFF COMES BACK.

DID WE COVER EXPENSES, POP?



NOT QUITE. HOPE TO DO BETTER IN SACRAMENTO.

THINGS SURE HAVE CHANGED SINCE ROY LEFT. WE HAVEN'T HAD A BIG CROWD IN...



IT AIN'T ROY'S LEAVIN', RICK. IT'S THE WAR. PEOPLE DON'T LIKE TO SEE NOthin' THAT REMINDS 'EM OF THE WAR.

DARN WAR! WHY DID ROY HAVE TO LEAVE?



ROY JUST FIGURED HE HAD A JOB TO DO.

WILL I HAVE TO GO TO WAR, POP?



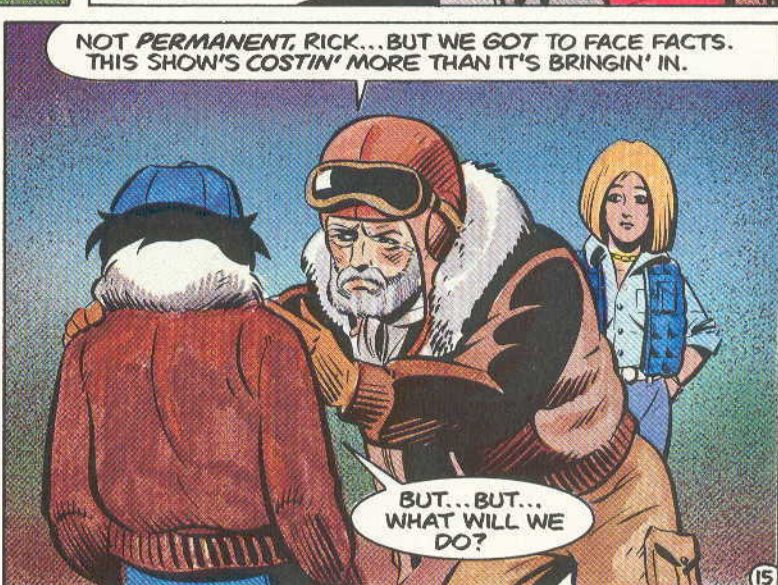
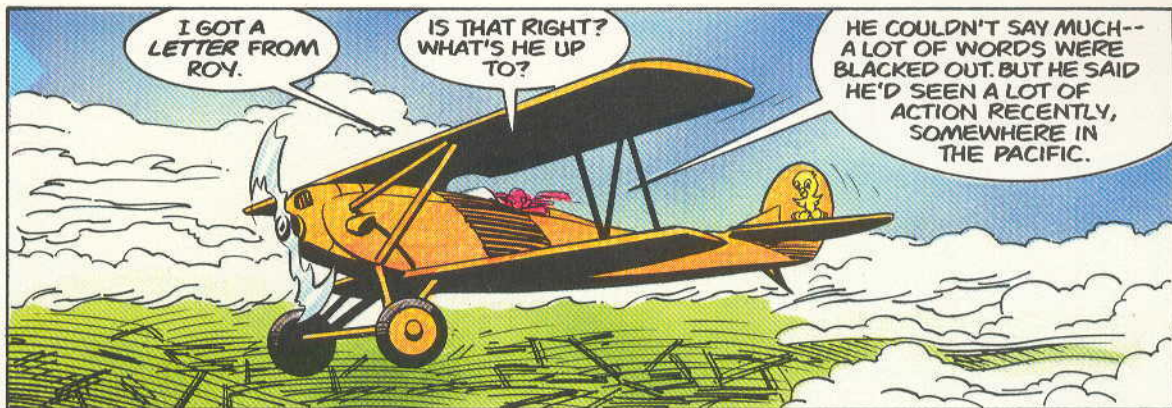
HECK OF A SHOW, LEO.

THANKS, POP. WHO'S GOING TO FLY TWENTY BIRD TO SACRAMENTO?

HELL, NO! IT'S A DAMN FOOL WAR. BUNCH OF LITTLE NATIONS FUSSIN' AND SCRAPPIN' OVER A DINNER BOWL... I HOPE IT'S OVER BY THE TIME YOU START FLYIN'.

ME AND THE TYKE, I RECKON.







DON'T WORRY, RICK. YOUR POP IS TOO SMART TO LIE DOWN FOR LONG. IT'S THE WAR-- IT WON'T LAST FOREVER.

TELL YOU WHAT, RICK-- WE'LL GO INTO TOWN TONIGHT, MAYBE CATCH A MOVIE. WHAT DO YOU SAY?

CAN WE AFFORD IT?

YOU LET ME WORRY ABOUT THAT. ALICE? CARE TO JOIN US?

SEEING AS HOW YOUR GROUND TRANSPORTATION HASN'T SHOWED, I'D BETTER.



ONE GOOD THING ABOUT THE WAR-- YOU CAN ALWAYS FIND PARKING.

HOW'S GAS HEREABOUTS?

TIGHT. I'M LUCKY I HAVE CONNECTIONS.



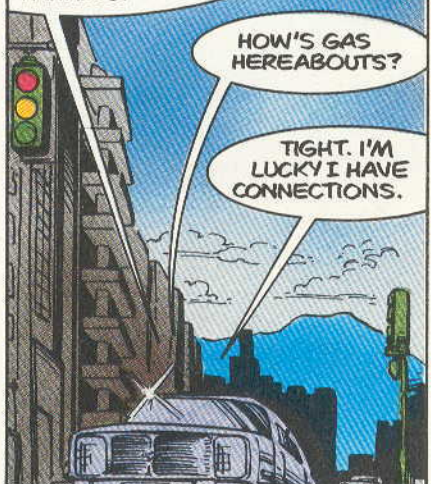
WITH MOST OF THE CITY'S LIGHTS OUT, YOU CAN SEE THE STARS AGAIN.

LOOK! A SHOOTING STAR!

QUICK-- MAKE A WISH!

WOW-- WHAT A BEAUTY!

THAT'S NOT A SHOOTING STAR!



CRACK!

KA-BOOM!

MY GOD!

LET'S TAKE COVER! HURRY!





SEVERAL MILES TO THE WEST.

ALEUTIANS,  
HELL! THOSE  
BUZZARDS ARE  
AFTER THE RICHMOND  
OIL REFINERIES!

ATTENTION, COMMANDER  
FOKKER--WE ARE TRACKING A  
LARGE SATELLITE APPROACHING  
EARTH ORBIT IN YOUR  
QUADRANT. OVER.

LISTEN, TOWER! I'M IN THE MIDDLE  
OF AN AIR BATTLE! DON'T BUG  
ME WITH IRRELEVANT DATA!  
OVER.

THIS COULD  
BECOME RELEVANT  
VERY SHORTLY,  
COMMANDER.  
OVER.

YOU GIVE OLD T.R. ENOUGH  
SHOTS, HE'S GOING TO NAIL  
YOU! GOTTA CLIMB...

COMMANDER FOKKER,  
THAT BOGIE IS ENTERING  
THE ATMOSPHERE IN YOUR  
QUADRANT. OVER.

DIE, YOU SCUM-SUCKING  
DOG! DIE IN THE NAME OF THE  
GREATER NORTHEAST ASIA  
CO-PROSPERITY SPHERE!

GET OFF MY  
BACK, T.R.

COMMANDER...

SHUT  
UP!

AGH! T.R.  
EDWARDS IS  
ON MY TAIL!  
THANKS A  
HEAP, TOWER!  
OVER AND  
OUT!

TRYING TO AVOID EDWARDS' ONSLAUGHT, ROY PUTS  
HIS JET INTO A STEEP CLIMB, APPROACHING THE  
OUTER LIMITS OF EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE.



**CRACK!**

**KA-BOOM!**

HOLY--!!  
IT'S HERE!!  
COMMANDER FOKKER  
TO TOWER! WHAT  
WERE YOU SAYING?  
OVER.

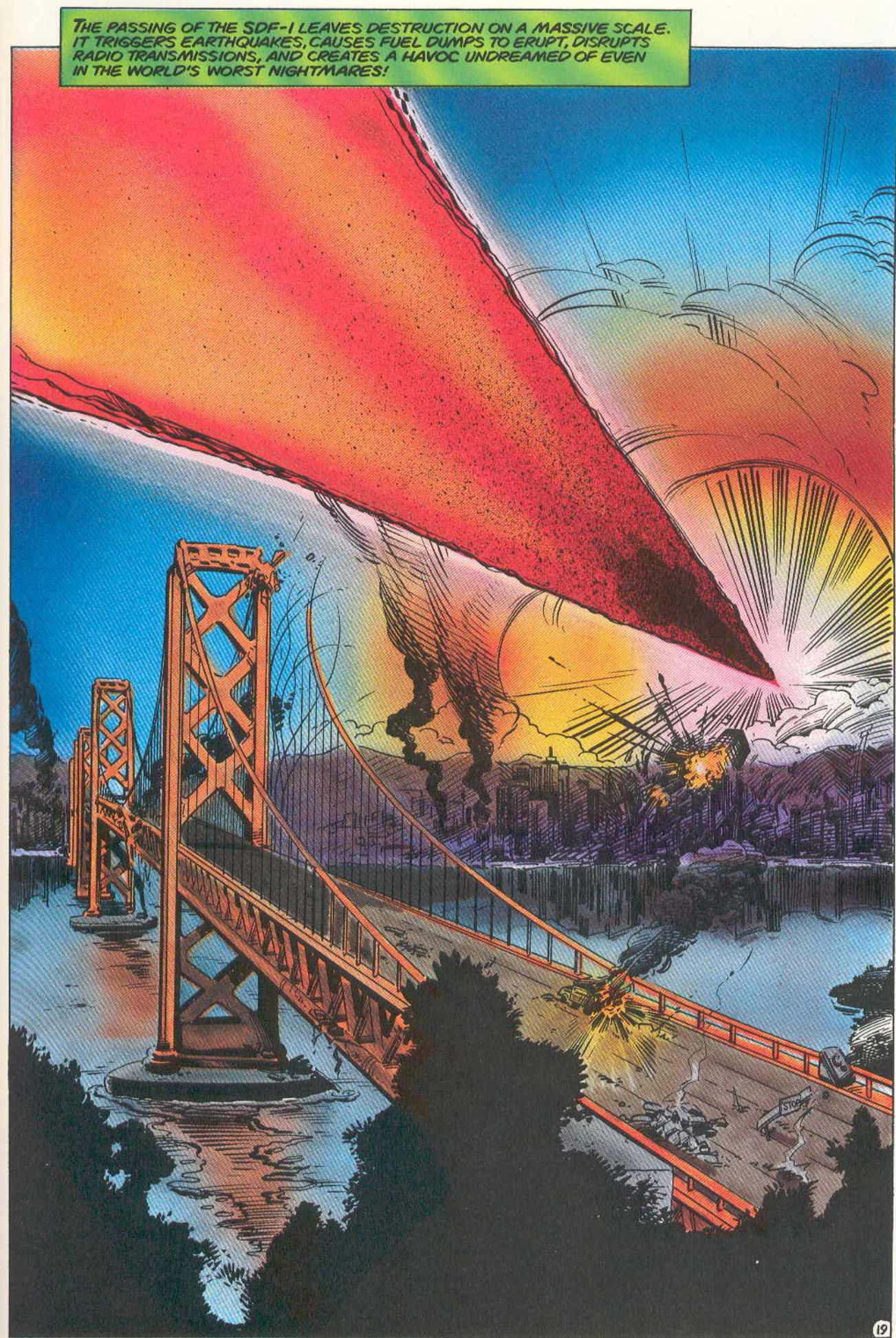
COMMANDER FOKKER--  
BREAK OFF ENGAGEMENT  
AND RETURN TO THE  
KENOSHA AT ONCE.  
OVER.

YES,  
SIR. OVER  
AND  
OUT.

LOOKS  
LIKE T.R.'S  
BEING  
RECALLED,  
TOO.



THE PASSING OF THE SDF-1 LEAVES DESTRUCTION ON A MASSIVE SCALE. IT TRIGGERS EARTHQUAKES, CAUSES FUEL DUMPS TO ERUPT, DISRUPTS RADIO TRANSMISSIONS, AND CREATES A HAVOC UNDREAMED OF EVEN IN THE WORLD'S WORST NIGHTMARES!





ONE HOUR LATER, THE WAR ROOM ABOARD THE U.S.N. KENOSHA.

COMMANDER, CAN YOU DESCRIBE WHAT YOU SAW?

I'M STILL NOT SURE. WHATEVER IT WAS, IT WAS ENORMOUS-- A KILOMETER LONG, AT LEAST. IT SIMPLY BURST OUT OF THE SKY LIKE A METEOR...

MY HAT'S OFF TO YOU GUYS. IT SURE LOOKED REAL.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

THIS IS NO STUNT, COMMANDER. THE SATELLITE IS OF EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL ORIGIN. WE HAVE TRACKED IT TO A SMALL, DESERTED ISLAND IN MICRONESIA...

IT'S ALMOST AS IF THE GODS HAVE GIVEN US THIS OPPORTUNITY...

YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT A HOAX, RIGHT? THIS IS IT, RIGHT? A STUNT TO PULL US ALL TOGETHER?

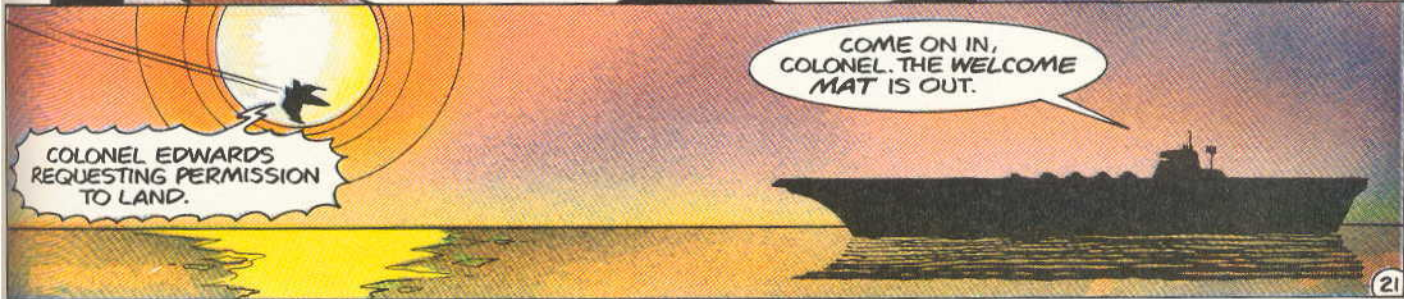
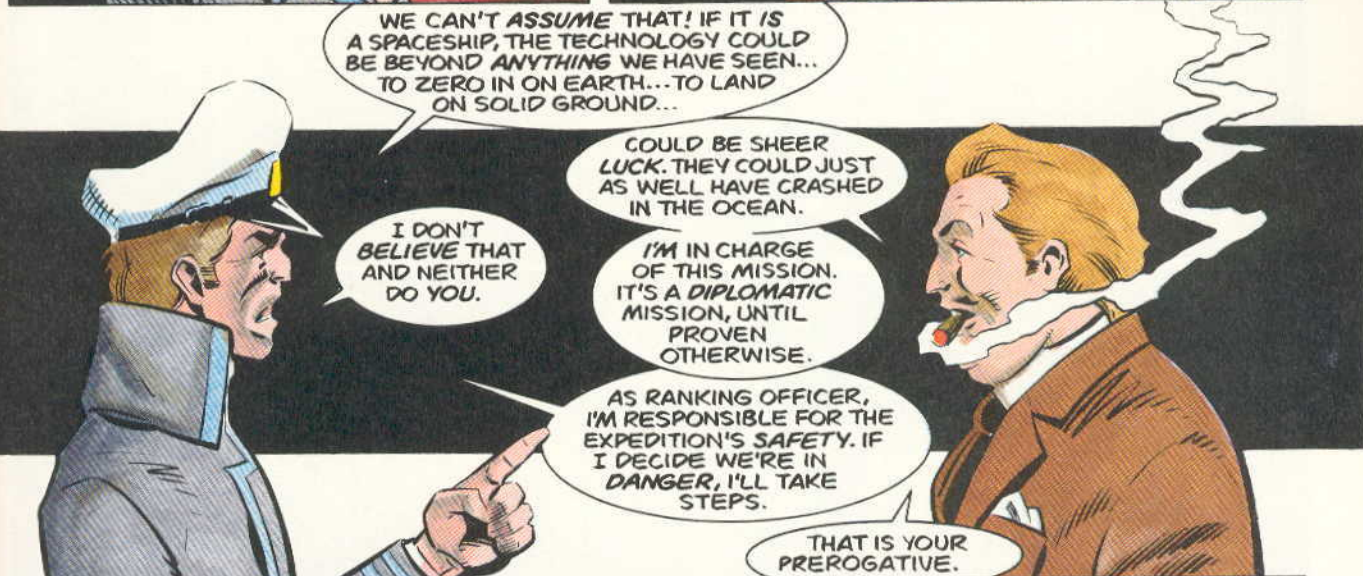
THE SATELLITE HAS CAPTURED THE WORLD'S ATTENTION FAR BETTER THAN ANYTHING WE MIGHT INVENT. WE MUST REGARD IT AS A SIGN-- TO STOP THE FIGHTING AMONG OURSELVES.

GENTLEMEN, YOU WILL NOT ACCUSE ME OF HYPERBOLE IF I TELL YOU THAT THIS COULD BE THE MOST IMPORTANT EVENT SINCE THE BIRTH OF THE NAZARENE! EVIDENCE OF A SUPERIOR CIVILIZATION... OUT THERE...

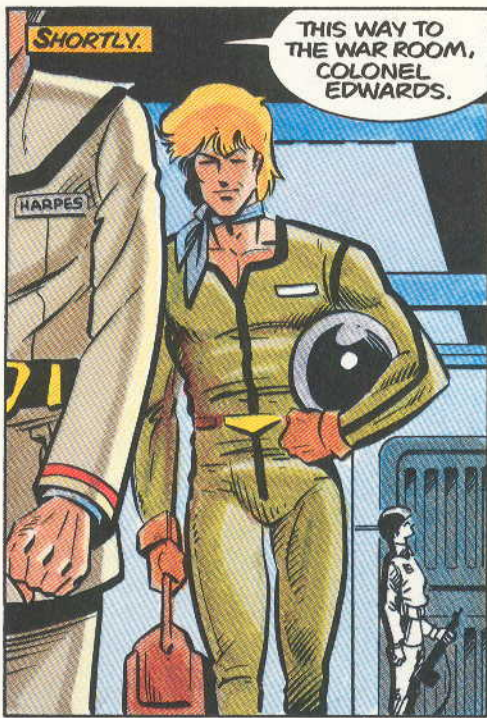
WE ARE TRYING TO CONTACT ALL GOVERNMENTS-- WE HAVE TENTATIVELY AGREED TO A CEASEFIRE WHILE WE DETERMINE THE NATURE AND MEANING OF THIS OBJECT.

WHAT IF IT CONTAINS OCCUPANTS? ALIEN OCCUPANTS?









SHORTLY.

THIS WAY TO  
THE WAR ROOM,  
COLONEL  
EDWARDS.



I'LL ESCORT  
THE COLONEL FROM  
HERE.

AYE-AYE,  
SIR.

ROY FOKKER?

THAT'S RIGHT, COLONEL.  
I'LL TELL YOU-- I FEEL  
A WHOLE LOT BETTER  
ABOUT LIFE WITHOUT  
YOU TRYING  
TO FLY UP MY  
TAIL.



WHY DO YOU FLY FOR  
THEM, COLONEL?

I BEG YOUR  
PARDON?

THAT GANG OF FASCIST  
CLOWNS, THE NE ASIAN  
CO-PROSPERITY SPHERE.  
WHY DO YOU  
DO IT?

WHY? I'M A  
SOLDIER, THAT'S  
WHY. THEY PAY  
ME-- THEY PAY ME  
MORE IN A WEEK  
THAN YOU MAKE  
IN A YEAR!



AND DON'T RAISE THE FLAG IN MY FACE--  
YOUR GROUP IS JUST AS BAD.

THE WESTERN  
STATES ARE A  
DEMOCRACY.

SURE  
THEY ARE.



DON'T BE NAIVE! AFTER A SCORE  
OF BLOODY SQUABBLES OVER ENERGY,  
FOOD, RELIGION--YOU NAME IT--  
OUR WORLD HAS COMPLETELY  
DISINTEGRATED! DOESN'T  
MATTER WHAT YOUR  
POLITICS ARE-- ONLY IF  
YOU'RE ON THE  
WINNING SIDE.

THEN  
WHY ARE YOU  
HERE?

MAN,  
ARE YOU  
FOR REAL,  
OR WHAT?







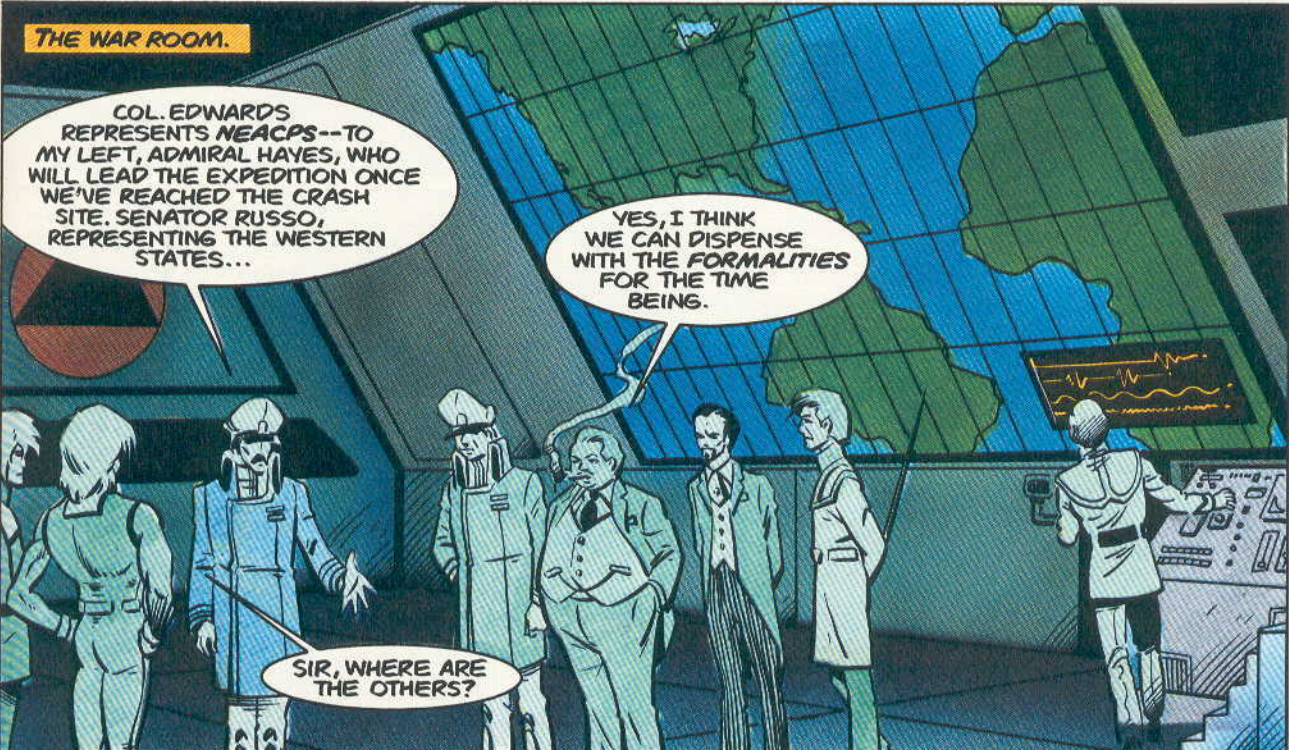
I'M HERE FOR THE SAME REASON YOU ARE-- TO TAKE A CLOSE LOOK AT THAT BOGIE AND CHECK OUT THE HARDWARE.

FOR ALL WE KNOW, THIS OVERNIGHT ARMISTICE WON'T LAST. THIS COULD BE JUST THE HALFTIME. AND THAT BOGIE COULD BE THE KEY TO WINNING.



I DON'T LIKE YOU UP CLOSE ANY MORE THAN I DID IN THE AIR.

THE WAR ROOM.



COL. EDWARDS REPRESENTS NEACPS--TO MY LEFT, ADMIRAL HAYES, WHO WILL LEAD THE EXPEDITION ONCE WE'VE REACHED THE CRASH SITE. SENATOR RUSSO, REPRESENTING THE WESTERN STATES...

YES, I THINK WE CAN DISPENSE WITH THE FORMALITIES FOR THE TIME BEING.

SIR, WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?

OTHERS?

I UNDERSTOOD THIS WAS TO BE A MULTI-NATIONAL PROJECT.

WELL, YES. HARUMPH! WE WILL BE JOINED SHORTLY BY REPRESENTATIVES OF THE EASTERN SOVIET REPUBLICS, CHINA, THE EASTERN UNITED STATES AND FRANCE...

HOW SHORTLY?

NOT SOON ENOUGH TO JOIN US ON THE INITIAL FORAY. TSK. PITY.





WE JUST HAPPENED TO BE IN THE RIGHT PLACE AT THE RIGHT TIME. DR. LANG, SHOW COL. EDWARDS WHAT WE KNOW...



WE TRACKED THE BOGIE TO THIS UNINHABITED ISLAND IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC. IT MADE A COURSE CORRECTION A FEW MINUTES BEFORE IMPACT...



A COURSE CORRECTION? GOOD LORD!

SPA FON, INDEED.

IN THE MEANTIME, WE HAVE TRIED TO CONTACT HIM/HER/IT/THEM ON EVERY AVAILABLE FREQUENCY-- EVERYTHING FROM BACH TO THE THEME FROM "CLOSE ENCOUNTERS."

ONE THING WE KNOW FROM AIR RECON-- WHATEVER THAT OBJECT WAS, IT ISN'T HOT. IN FACT, ITS RADIATION READINGS ARE FREAKISHLY LOW FOR SOMETHING THAT JUST BURNED THROUGH EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE.

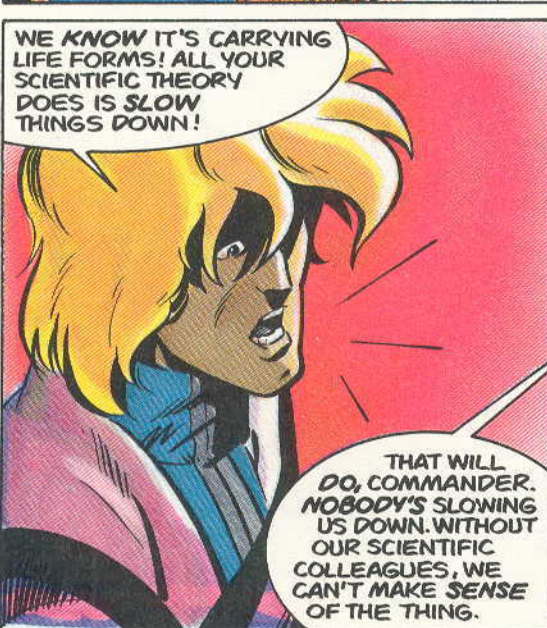


DR. LANG, WHY DON'T YOU...



WHAT IT MEANS IS-- THE OBJECT WAS DESIGNED TO WITHSTAND RADIATION. SO IT MUST HAVE BEEN CARRYING PERISHABLE MATERIAL. POSSIBLY LIFE FORMS.

YOU SCIENTISTS!



WE KNOW IT'S CARRYING LIFE FORMS! ALL YOUR SCIENTIFIC THEORY DOES IS SLOW THINGS DOWN!

THAT WILL DO, COMMANDER. NOBODY'S SLOWING US DOWN. WITHOUT OUR SCIENTIFIC COLLEAGUES, WE CAN'T MAKE SENSE OF THE THING.



YOU'RE ASSUMING THIS SPACECRAFT IS GOING TO LIE DOCILE WHILE WE CUT INTO IT.

WE'RE ASSUMING NOTHING. YOU AND COL. EDWARDS ARE IN CHARGE OF SECURITY FOR THIS OPERATION.



ME AND HIM?

THAT'S RIGHT, COMMANDER. AND I EXPECT YOU TO GIVE COL. EDWARDS YOUR FULL COOPERATION. DO WE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER, COMMANDER?



A MEANINGLESSLY LARGE DISTANCE AWAY, THE ROBOTECH MASTERS CONFER WITH THEIR ZENTRAEDI COMMANDER.

DOLZA!  
WHERE IS ZOR'S  
BODY?

IT IS  
HERE WITH  
ME.

WE MUST HAVE ZOR'S BODY  
BEFORE IT DETERIORATES--  
BEFORE WE ARE UNABLE  
TO READ THE ORGANS.

YOU WERE  
TO RETURN  
THE BODY AT  
ONCE. WHY  
HAVEN'T  
YOU?

BUT, MY LORDS--  
YOU ALSO INSTRUCTED  
ME TO TRACE THE SDF-1.  
ALL MY FORCES ARE  
STRETCHED TO THE LIMIT  
TRACKING THE POSSIBLE  
TIME/SPACE LINES...

WE HAVE ZOR'S BODY  
IN A STASIS BAG. THERE  
SHOULD BE NO  
DETERIORATION.

ERROR,  
DOLZA,  
ERROR.

THE STASIS BAG FUNCTIONS  
ERRATICALLY OUTSIDE THE  
PROTECTION OF A PLANETARY  
ATMOSPHERE.

COSMIC  
RAYS CAN DO  
IRREPARABLE  
DAMAGE,  
STASIS BAG  
OR NO.


SPLIT YOUR FORCES IF  
NECESSARY. BUT RETURN  
ZOR'S BODY  
IMMEDIATELY.

BUT, MY  
LORDS...


DOLZA! YOU  
HAVE BEEN INSTRUCTED!  
IMMEDIATELY!

AS YOU  
SAY.





HERE IS ZOR'S BODY. RETURN IT TO OUR MASTERS AT ONCE. TAKE THE NECESSARY PRECAUTIONS.



AS YOU COMMAND, DOLZA. BUT IF I TAKE AN ARMATURE, YOUR POWER AND RANGE WILL SUFFER.


THAT CANNOT BE HELPED.



MAY WE MEET AGAIN ON THE HOMELAND.



I'VE ALREADY SPLIT MY FLEET ONCE--WHEN I SENT BREETA AFTER THE SDF-1. WE'LL JUST HAVE TO FOLLOW AS BEST WE CAN. GO NOW.

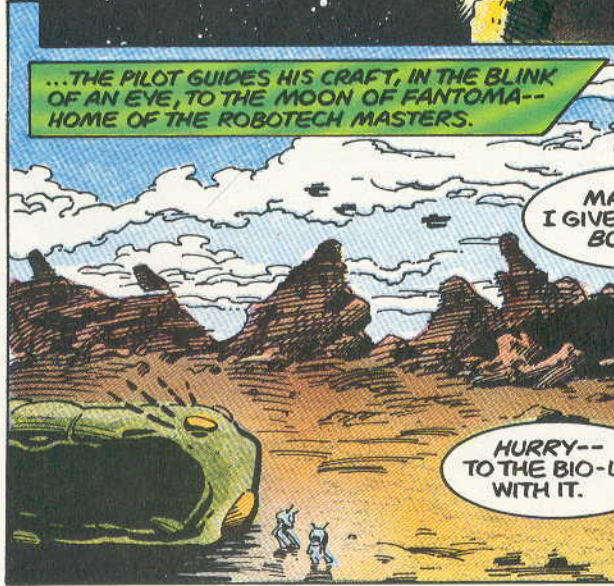


THE GIANT ORGANIC DEEP SPACECRAFT SPLITS IN TWO, A MONSTROUS CELL IMITATING THE MOST BASIC ACTION OF REPRODUCTION.



YET, MEASURED AGAINST THE VASTNESS OF SPACE, THE ROBOTECH SPACECRAFT IS LESS THAN A GRAIN OF SAND ON THE BEACH.

FLYING A FASTER-THAN-LIGHT DRIVE BASED ON A MONOPOLE MAGNETIC PROPULSION DEVICE UTILIZING PROTOCULTURE AS AN ENERGY SOURCE...



...THE PILOT GUIDES HIS CRAFT, IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE, TO THE MOON OF FANTOMA--HOME OF THE ROBOTECH MASTERS.



MASTERS-- I GIVE YOU ZOR'S BODY.

HURRY-- TO THE BIO-LAB WITH IT.



BIO-TECHNICIAN--YOU KNOW WHAT MUST BE DONE.

HURRY. WE HAVE WASTED TOO MUCH TIME ALREADY.

AS YOU SAY.

SPEAK TO US, ZOR. LET MEMORY SERVE THE LIVING... WHERE DID YOU SEND OUR PROTOCULTURE FACTORY?

THE BRAIN STILL RETAINS A FAINT ELECTROMAGNETIC IMPRINT...

MANY SPOT DETAILS HAVE BEEN LOST. BUT SEE--WHAT IS THIS? A SYSTEM APPEARS ON THE SPACE SIMULATOR...

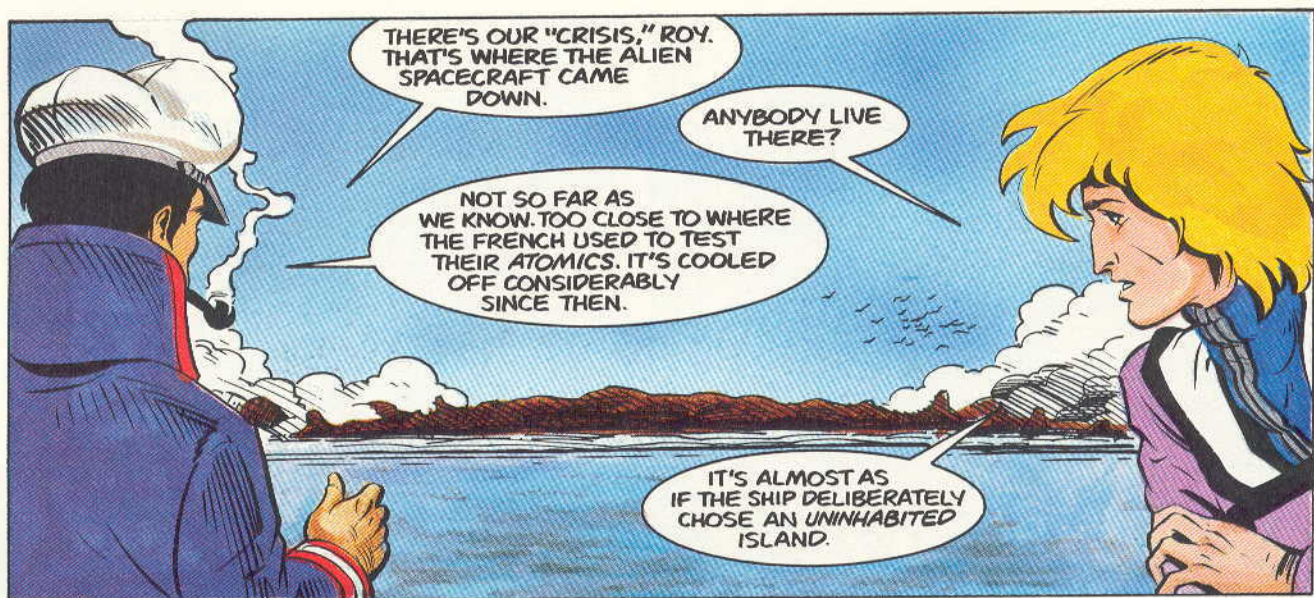
A SMALL YELLOW SUN...NINE PLANETS...AND SEE HOW HIS MEMORY HIGHLIGHTS THE THIRD PLANET...YES, HE HAS LED US TO HIS HIDING PLACE... AND NOW, A NAME SURFACES IN MEMORY YET GREEN...

EARTH? BUT HOW SHALL I FIND SUCH A PLACE?

"...EARTH."

WE HAVE GIVEN YOU THE CONFIGURATIONS. THE REST IS UP TO YOU.





THERE'S OUR "CRISIS," ROY. THAT'S WHERE THE ALIEN SPACECRAFT CAME DOWN.

ANYBODY LIVE THERE?

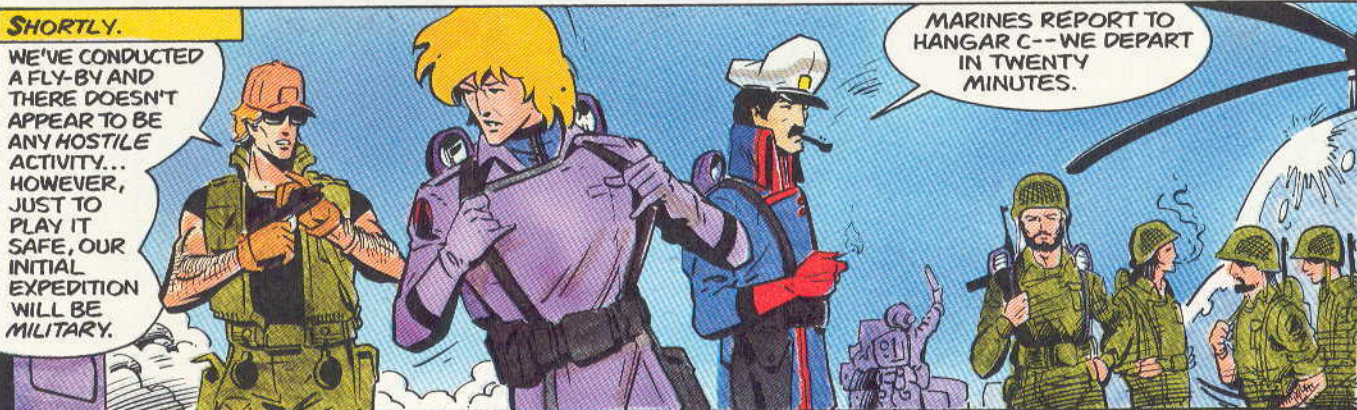
NOT SO FAR AS WE KNOW. TOO CLOSE TO WHERE THE FRENCH USED TO TEST THEIR ATOMICS. IT'S COOLED OFF CONSIDERABLY SINCE THEN.

IT'S ALMOST AS IF THE SHIP DELIBERATELY CHOSE AN UNINHABITED ISLAND.

### SHORTLY.

WE'VE CONDUCTED A FLY-BY AND THERE DOESN'T APPEAR TO BE ANY HOSTILE ACTIVITY... HOWEVER, JUST TO PLAY IT SAFE, OUR INITIAL EXPEDITION WILL BE MILITARY.

MARINES REPORT TO HANGAR C-- WE DEPART IN TWENTY MINUTES.



STAND BACK THERE, CAPTAIN. I'LL PILOT THIS BIRD.

YES, SIR, COLONEL EDWARDS.

YOU WANT TO TAKE OVER, FOKKER? BE MY GUEST.

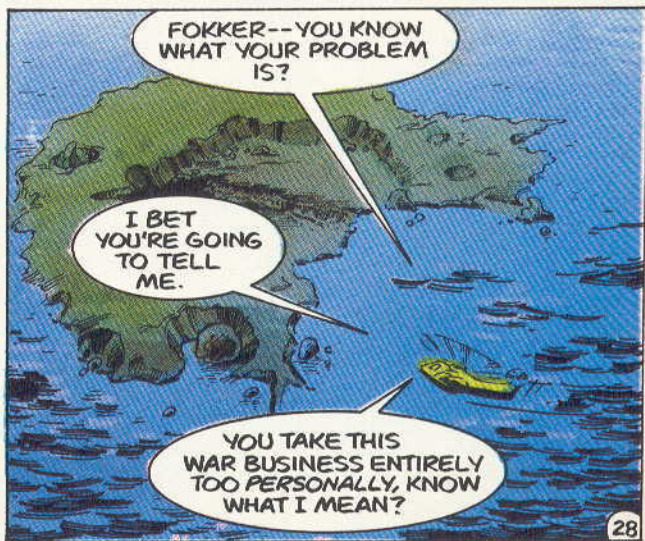
NO THANKS, T.R. I JUST THOUGHT I'D SLIP UP HERE AND MAKE SURE YOU DON'T PUT US IN THE TURF.



FOKKER-- YOU KNOW WHAT YOUR PROBLEM IS?

I BET YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME.

YOU TAKE THIS WAR BUSINESS ENTIRELY TOO PERSONALLY, KNOW WHAT I MEAN?





GREAT GOD!

YEAH--  
KIND OF  
HARD TO MISS,  
ISN'T IT?

BABY BIRD TO MOMMA  
HEN. WE HAVE FOUND THE  
BOGIE--IT APPEARS TO BE  
APPROXIMATELY 1200 METERS  
LONG AND STILL IN  
ONE PIECE, OVER.

GO AHEAD AND  
LAND, IF YOU THINK IT'S  
SAFE. OVER.

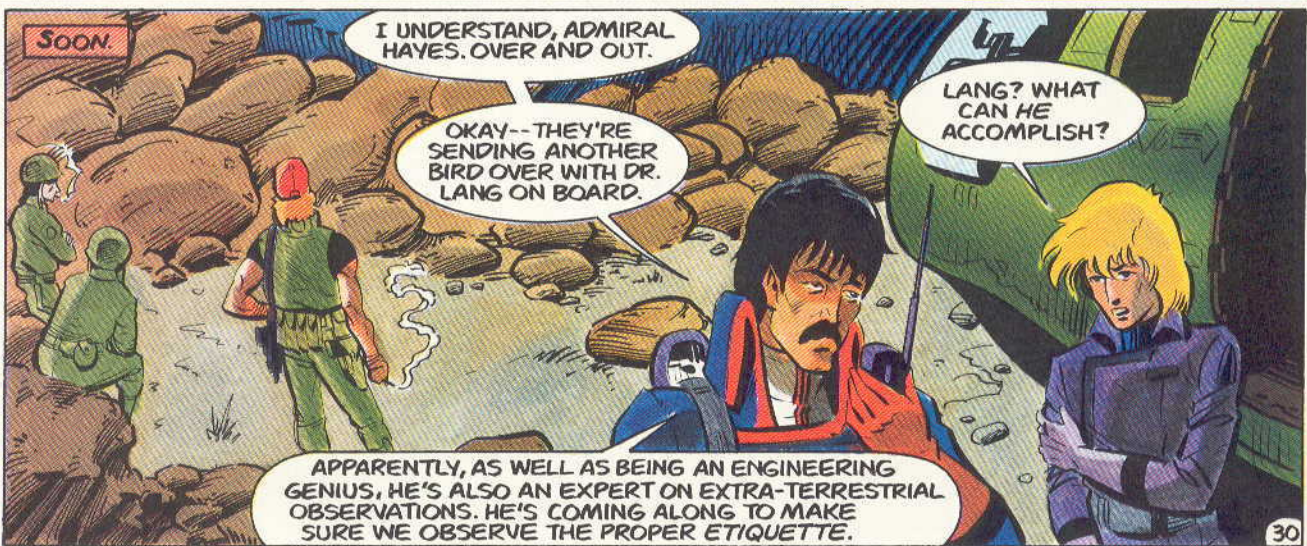
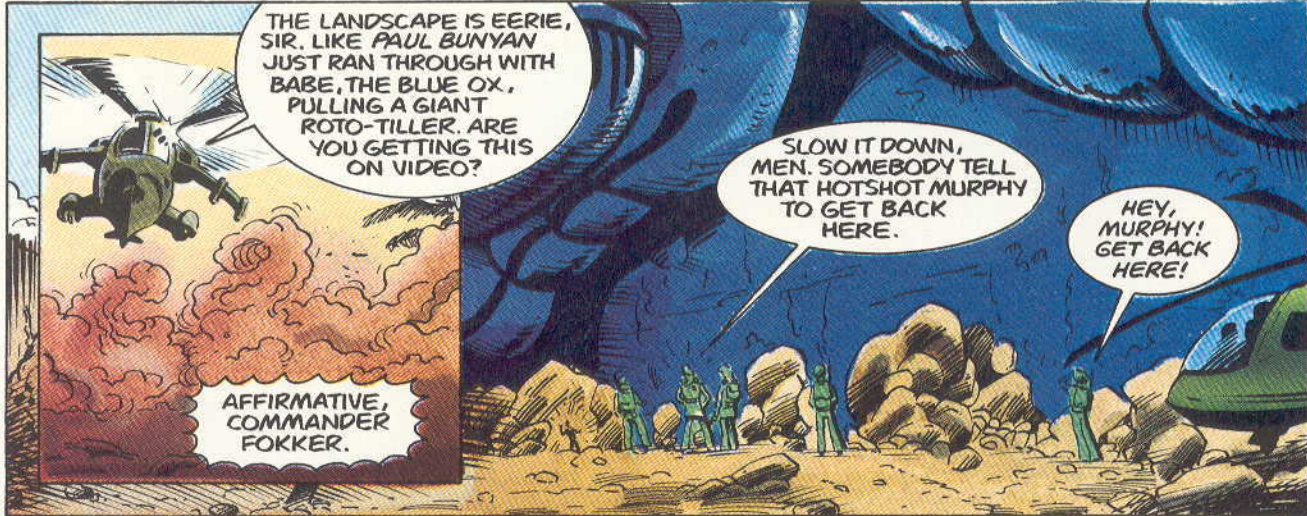
ROGER, WILCO.  
OVER.

CASPER--TAKE  
A RAD READING OFF  
THAT STRIP OF  
SCORCHED EARTH.

ONLY A LITTLE HOTTER  
THAN NORMAL, SIR. PROBABLY  
DUE TO THE FRESHLY  
UNCOVERED EARTH.

LET'S  
SET HER  
DOWN.







THEY COULD HAVE INTERPRETED MURPHY'S ACTIONS AS HOSTILE... OR THIS COULD SIMPLY BE THEIR WAY OF SAYING HELLO. MAYBE MURPHY'S INSIDE SHAKING TENTACLES AND HAVING A COLD ONE.

YEAH--AND IF YOU BELIEVE THAT, I'VE GOT SOME LAND IN FLORIDA I WANT TO SELL YOU!



BUT, DOC--WE CHECKED THE LEVELS. IT'S COOL.

OUT HERE, MAYBE. BUT THIS THING JUST FELL OUT OF SPACE. WHO KNOWS WHAT TYPES OF RADIATION OUR SCOPES CAN'T EVEN BEGIN TO CHART--NOT TO MENTION GERMS--ARE BUZZING AROUND INSIDE?



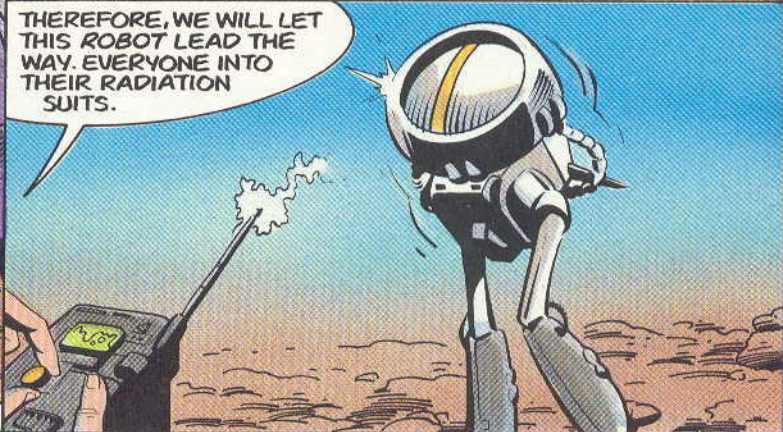
EVERYBODY INTO THEIR SUITS.



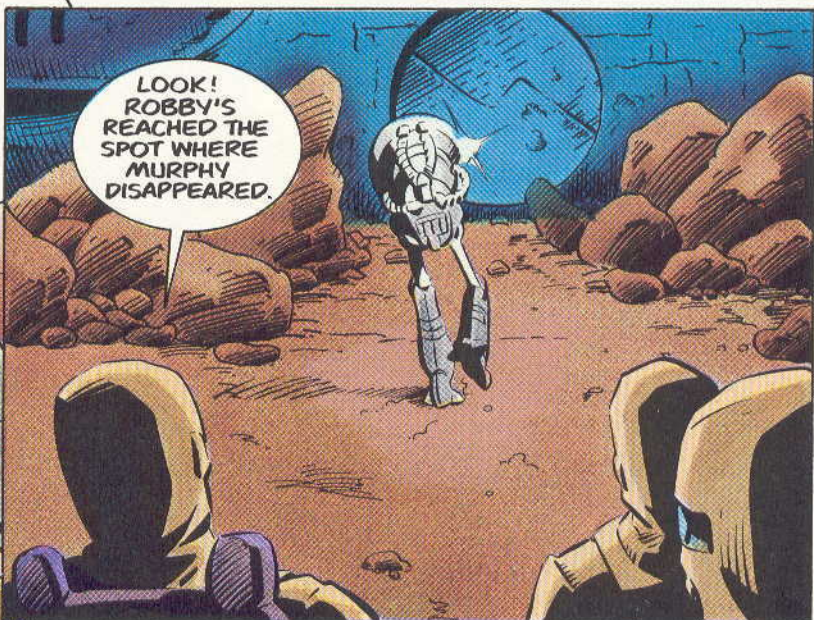
LANG ARRIVES.

JUDGING FROM THE VIDEOTAPE, IT SEEMS AS IF MURPHY'S PROXIMITY TRIGGERED THAT HATCH AUTOMATICALLY.

THEREFORE, WE WILL LET THIS ROBOT LEAD THE WAY. EVERYONE INTO THEIR RADIATION SUITS.



LOOK! ROBBY'S REACHED THE SPOT WHERE MURPHY DISAPPEARED.



NOTHING'S HAPPENING. SEND ROBBY INSIDE--LET'S GET A VISUAL.

I'M TRYING. IT'S NOT RESPONDING.







ALL RIGHT--  
LET'S MOVE OUT.  
WEAPONS READY,  
SAFETIES  
OFF.



THIS...THIS IS  
UNBELIEVABLE.

IT'S ANOTHER  
WORLD--IT'S...  
IT'S...



IT'S BIG.

STAY RIGHT  
HERE--SCOPES ON  
AND SWEEP. ANY SIGN  
OF MURPHY?

NEGATORY.

NEGATIVE.



ROY, WE'RE GOING TO SPLIT INTO TWO GROUPS. TAKE FOUR MEN. DR. LANG, YOU COME WITH ME.

RADIATION AND BACTERIAL LEVELS APPEAR TO BE WELL WITHIN THE SAFETY ZONE. I THINK WE CAN DISPENSE WITH THESE SUITS.

OKAY, SUITS OFF. BUT KEEP YOUR RE-BREATHERS HANDY.

WHAT'S THE PLAN?

LEAD YOUR GROUP UP THE PORT PERIMETER-- CIRCLE THE CRAFT CLOCKWISE. I'LL TAKE STARBOARD. LET'S SEE IF WE RENDEZVOUS.

OTHERWISE, THIS IS OUR FALL-BACK POSITION. REGROUP HERE AT EXACTLY 1600 HOURS, SHOULD WE FAIL TO MAKE CONTACT BY THEN. I'VE GOT MEN STANDING BY OUTSIDE, TO MAINTAIN CONTACT WITH THE SHIP.

ALL RIGHT, LET'S GO.

DOCTOR, YOU GET EVERYTHING ON TAPE-- AND SPEAK UP IF YOU THINK WE'RE DOING SOMETHING WRONG.

THAT'S WHY I'M HERE.

GLOVAL'S GROUP MOVES OUT, LEAVING BEHIND THE NON-FUNCTIONING ROBBY.

WHIRR...

CLANK-  
WHIRR...



**OUTSIDE.**

HEY, PAUL--  
DID YOU TRIGGER  
THAT MOBILE?

NO--DR. LANG'S GOT  
THE CONTROLS. HE MUST  
HAVE GOT IT WORKING  
AGAIN.

**INSIDE.**

THIS SOFT LIGHT IS  
PLAYING TRICKS ON US.  
DOES IT LOOK TO YOU  
LIKE THE WALLS  
ARE MOVING?

YEAH, KINDA...  
LIKE THERE'S A  
FOG FLOWING  
THROUGH ALL  
THE NOOKS  
AND CRANNIES...

ALL RIGHT--  
LET'S MOVE  
OUT.

CARRUTHERS! HEY,  
CARRUTHERS!

WAIT! HERE  
HE COMES. WHAT'S  
THE PROBLEM,  
CARRUTHERS?

HEY, HE  
DOESN'T LOOK  
RIGHT. SOMETHING'S  
GOT HIM...

HOLY--!





THAT THING  
MADE NO NOISE AT  
ALL! THAT'S WHAT  
MUST HAVE HAPPENED  
TO MURPHY!

WE'RE  
NOT DOIN'  
REAL GOOD,  
COMMANDER.  
THERE GOES  
HERSCH.

WHAT IS  
THAT-- A  
RAYGUN?

ARGH!

KA-CHOOM  
KA-CHOOM



OH MY GOD! THERE GO  
MOE AND CESAR! RAISE  
GLOVAL!

NO CAN DO,  
COMMANDER--  
HERSCH HAD  
THE TWO-WAY.

BRATATAT

GA #9!!

THOOM  
THOOM

THOOM  
THOOM



WHAT ARE THOSE THINGS  
MADE OF? THEY'RE  
SHRUGGING OFF STEEL  
JACKETS LIKE  
LIGHT RAIN!

CHING

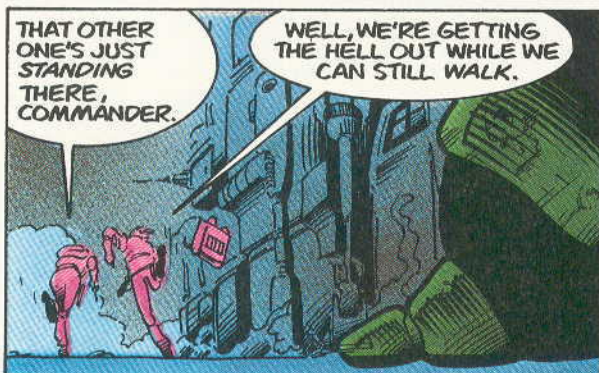
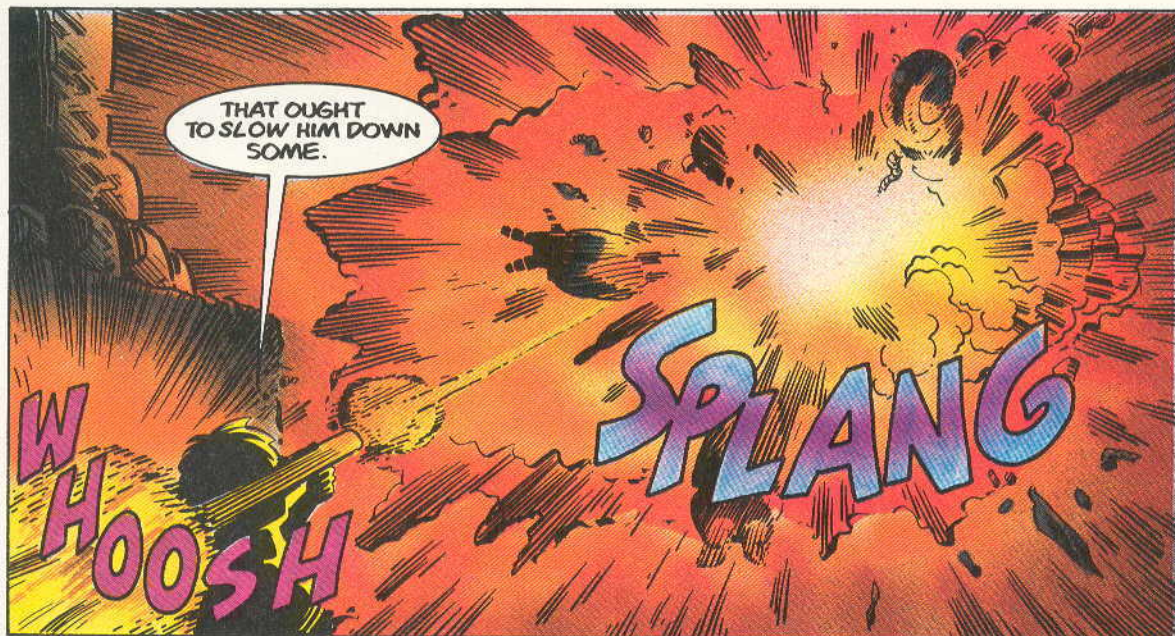
FRANK, GIVE  
ME THE  
ROCKET  
LAUNCHER.



THINK THIS IS A GOOD  
IDEA, COMMANDER? WHAT  
IF WE DETONATE  
SOMETHING?

WE DON'T HAVE A  
CHOICE, FRANK! IF WE  
DON'T STOP THAT THING,  
IT'S GOING TO KILL  
US!







MEANWHILE...

ARE YOU GETTING THIS ON CAMERA, DR. LANG?

YES... BUT THE SHAPES ARE SO STRANGE... I GET DIZZY JUST LOOKING...

ANYBODY ELSE HAVING TROUBLE?

YES, SIR. IT IS KIND OF HARD, UH... I'M GETTING A LITTLE VERTIGO.

EVERYBODY STOP.

LET ME CHECK OUT THAT CORRIDOR.

VERY WELL, COLONEL.

WELL?

I'VE FOUND MURPHY-- YOU'D BETTER STEEL YOURSELVES-- THIS IS PRETTY HARD TO TAKE--

-- HE'S BEEN CUT UP AND PUT INTO SOME KIND OF NUTRIENT BATH.

YOU MEN KEEP WATCH-- WHATEVER DID THIS TO MURPHY COULD STILL BE AROUND.

THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE! HE'S BEEN SURGICALLY DISSECTED!

LET'S GET HIM OUTTA THERE--

DON'T TOUCH HIM!

WHO KNOWS WHAT THAT SOLUTION IS? DRAW A SAMPLE IN ONE OF YOUR SPECIMEN BOTTLES, BUT DON'T TOUCH IT.





CAPTAIN!

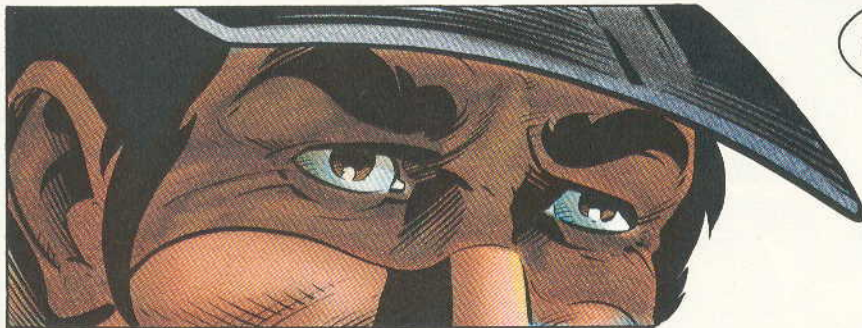
AT EASE, SON.  
WHAT HAVE YOU  
GOT?

THAT  
CORRIDOR WE  
JUST CAME  
THROUGH?

WHAT  
ABOUT  
IT?



IT'S GONE, SIR.  
IT WAS WHERE ALL  
THAT MACHINERY  
IS NOW!

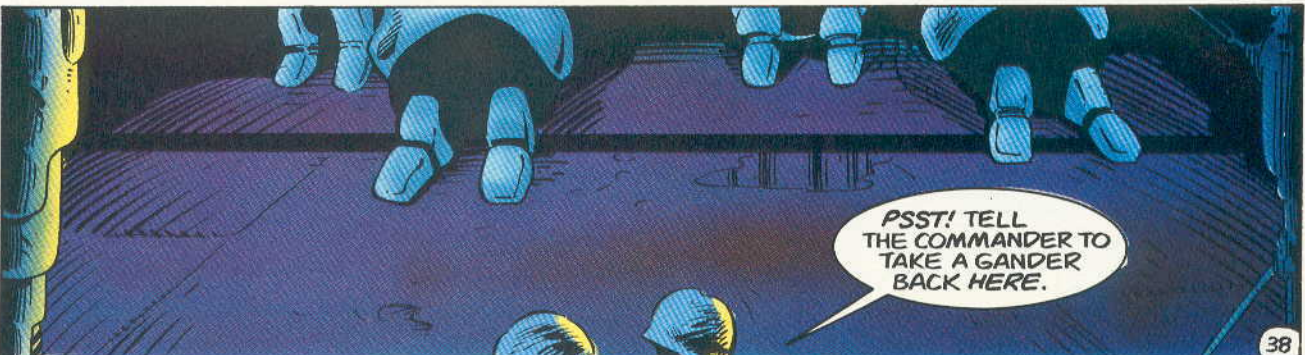


ALL RIGHT--WE'RE  
MOVING OUT. STAY  
TOGETHER. T.R., YOU  
TAKE POINT.



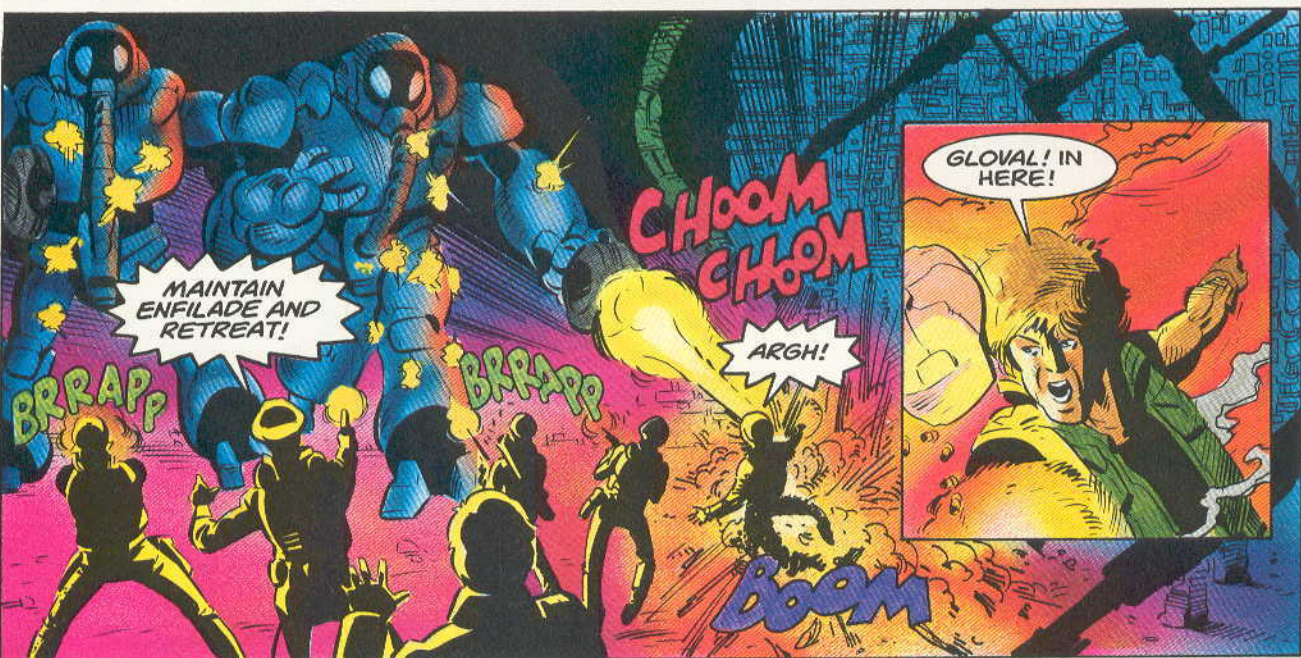
HEY,  
JENKINS!  
HEY--!

I SEE  
'EM.

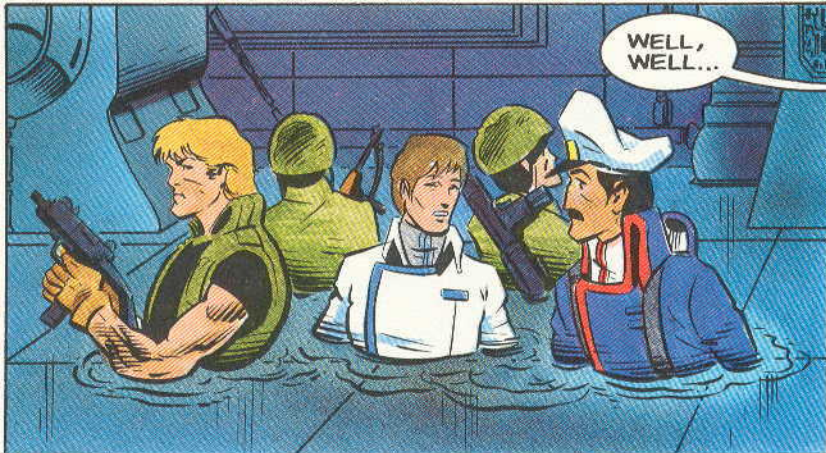


PSST! TELL  
THE COMMANDER TO  
TAKE A GANDER  
BACK HERE.









WELL,  
WELL...

...IT'S ABOUT TIME  
YOU GUYS  
SHOWED  
UP!



ROY?!

**SOON.**

WE KNOCKED IT DOWN, BUT THE  
DAMN ROBOT KEPT ON SHOOTING.  
SOUNDS LIKE YOU RAN INTO  
THE SAME THING, SIR.

ONE THING PUZZLES ME. THESE ROBOTS--OR  
WHATEVER THEY ARE--OBVIOUSLY HAVE THE POWER TO  
WIPE US OUT, BUT THEY DIDN'T. IT'S ALMOST  
AS IF THEY JUST WANTED TO SHOW  
US WHAT THEY COULD DO.



FOR ONCE I HAVE  
TO AGREE WITH  
YOU, EDWARDS!



IT'S A TRAP, SIR! THEY'VE  
OBVIOUSLY BEEN TRYING  
TO HERD US ALL HERE. WHY  
ELSE WOULD WE BOTH HAVE  
ENDED UP AT THE  
SAME PLACE?



GENTLEMEN--WE'RE IN WAY  
OVER OUR HEADS. IT'S TIME  
TO TURN AROUND.

HOW WILL WE EVER  
FIND OUR WAY OUT? THE  
BLOODY MONSTER  
KEEPS CHANGING  
THE FLOOR  
PLAN!



I MAY  
HAVE FOUND  
SOMETHING...



THIS ROOM WE'RE  
IN IS THE SHIP'S NERVE  
CENTER. AND UNLESS I  
MISS MY GUESS... OVER  
HERE ARE THE  
CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS.

JUST HOLD  
UP, DOC. LET  
ROY GO  
FIRST.



BINGO!

OH!

LOOK OUT! YOU IDIOT!

ZZZT

GOOD GOD! IT'S HUMAN!

IT'S A "GREETINGS" PLATE FROM ONE OF THESE TECHNO-VOYAGERS.

GREAT SCOTT! WHAT'S THAT?

SOME KIND OF WAR MACHINE... NASTY LOOKING...

COMMANDER, I THINK WE'D BETTER RETREAT.

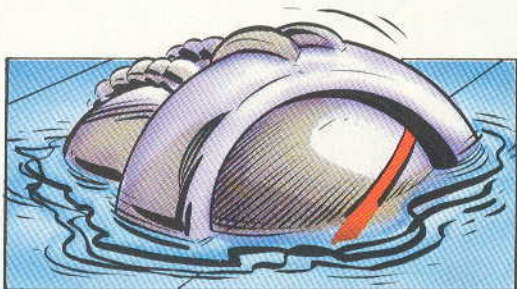
BUT HOW?

OUR CHARTS ARE USELESS IF THIS BLASTED SHIP KEEPS REARRANGING ITSELF.

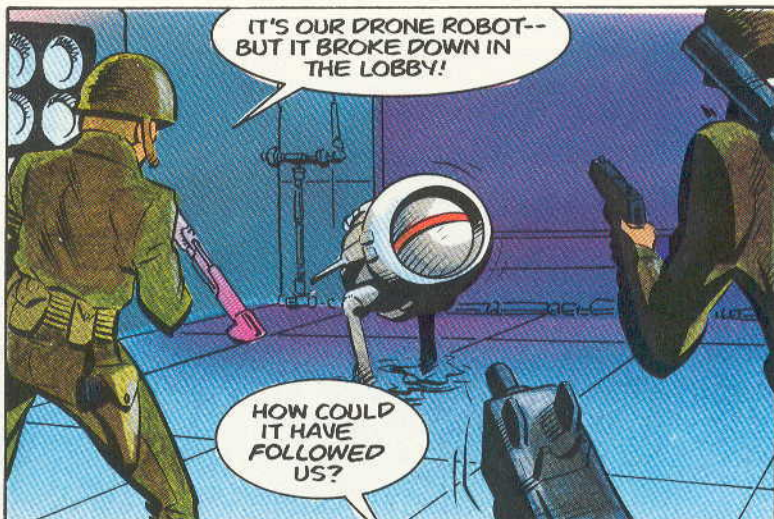
LOOK!



SOMETHING'S  
COMING THROUGH  
THE FLOOR!

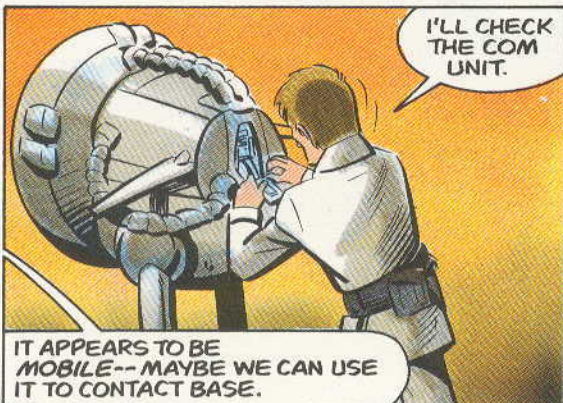


IT'S OUR DRONE ROBOT--  
BUT IT BROKE DOWN IN  
THE LOBBY!



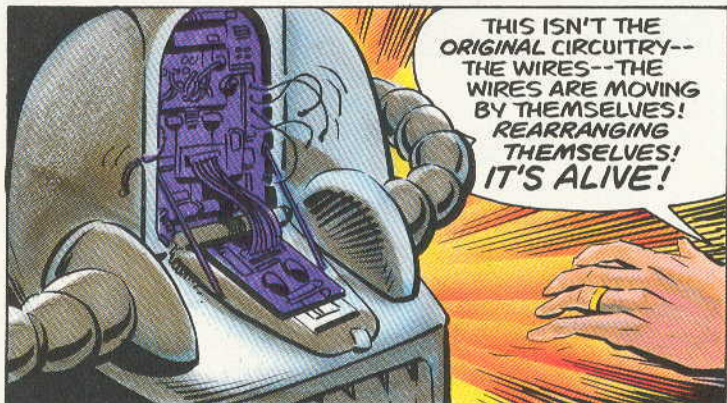
HOW COULD  
IT HAVE  
FOLLOWED  
US?

I'LL CHECK  
THE COM  
UNIT.



IT APPEARS TO BE  
MOBILE-- MAYBE WE CAN USE  
IT TO CONTACT BASE.

THIS ISN'T THE  
ORIGINAL CIRCUITRY--  
THE WIRES--THE  
WIRES ARE MOVING  
BY THEMSELVES!  
REARRANGING  
THEMSELVES!  
IT'S ALIVE!

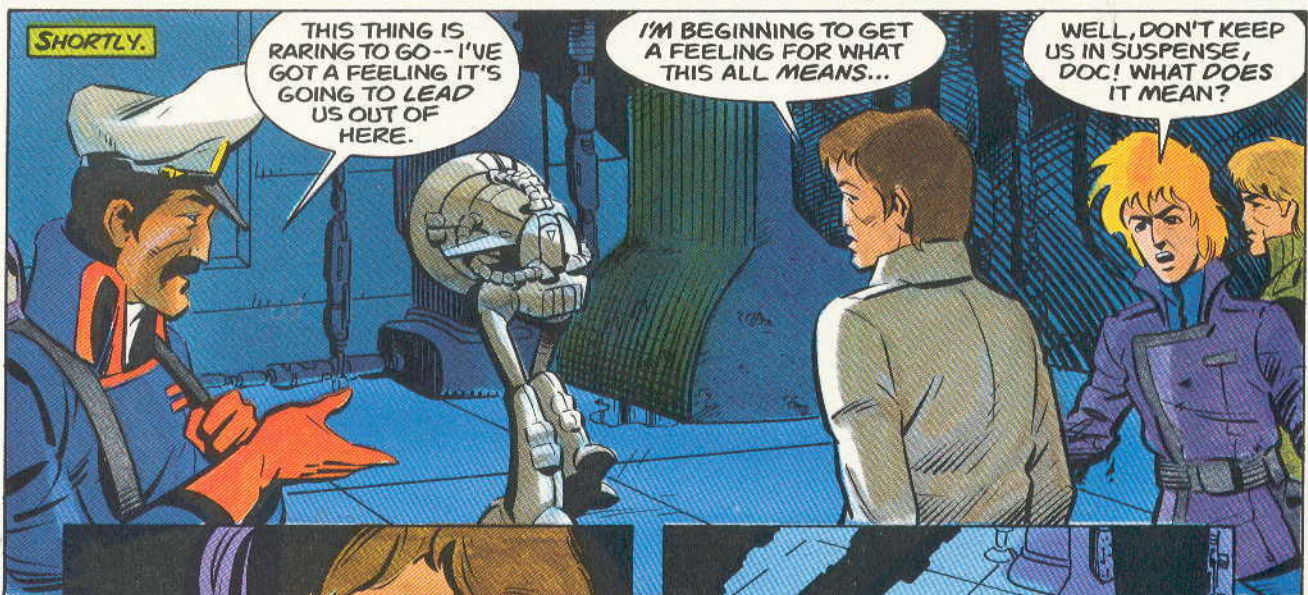


SHORTLY.

THIS THING IS  
RARING TO GO-- I'VE  
GOT A FEELING IT'S  
GOING TO LEAD  
US OUT OF  
HERE.

I'M BEGINNING TO GET  
A FEELING FOR WHAT  
THIS ALL MEANS...

WELL, DON'T KEEP  
US IN SUSPENSE,  
DOC? WHAT DOES  
IT MEAN?



IT MEANS THE  
EARTH IS GOING  
TO HAVE MORE  
VISITORS. LOTS MORE.







THIS UNIT DEFINITELY SEEMS TO KNOW WHERE IT'S GOING.

IT COULD BE LEADING US AROUND IN CIRCLES.



I SEE DAYLIGHT!

THANK GOD! WE'VE BEEN IN HERE FOR HOURS!



HOLD IT--WE'RE NOT OUT OF THE WOODS YET.



THEY LOOK LIKE THEY'RE WAITING FOR US.

BRING UP THOSE ROCKET LAUNCHERS! WE'RE BUSTING OUT OF HERE NOW!



OUTSIDE.

HANG ON--I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING...

SURE IS HOT OUT HERE.



COME ON, COLONEL!

BRRAPP

FWOOSH



CAPTAIN GLOVAL! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? WHAT HAPPENED?

WHY, YOU BLASTED IDIOT! DIDN'T YOU HEAR THE FIREFIGHT? WE ALMOST DIDN'T MAKE IT! WE'VE BEEN FIGHTING OUR WAY THROUGH THAT THING FOR SIX HOURS!



THAT CAN'T BE RIGHT, SIR. YOU'VE ONLY BEEN GONE FIFTEEN MINUTES.



THIS ENTIRE AREA IS TO BE CORDONED OFF--NOBODY INSIDE WITHOUT MY PERMISSION.

GET A BIRD READY--I HAVE TO REPORT TO SENATOR RUSSO AND ADMIRAL HAYES...

I HOPE THEY BELIEVE ME. FRANKLY, I'M NOT SURE WHAT WE SAW IS REAL.

DR. LANG, WHAT ABOUT THIS TANK IN WHICH THEY PLACED OUR MAN? COULD THEY HAVE MISTAKEN HIM FOR ONE OF THEIR OWN?

IT'S POSSIBLE, SIR. JUDGING FROM THE VIDEO--WHICH WAS OBVIOUSLY PREPARED FOR US--WHOEVER BUILT THE CRAFT WAS BASICALLY HUMANOID IN APPEARANCE.

IF THAT IS THE CASE, WHY DID YOU MEET WITH SUCH RESISTANCE?

SIR, I HAVE A THEORY...

WHOEVER SENT THIS SHIP MEANT TO BURY IT... BUT I THINK WE CAN LEARN SOMETHING FROM THIS TECHNOLOGY.

THERE IS NO TIME TO WASTE! I BELIEVE SOMEONE WILL COME TO RETRIEVE THE VESSEL.

THIS SHIP MIGHT BE OUR ONLY PROTECTION--WE MUSTN'T ALLOW THIS OPPORTUNITY TO SLIP THROUGH OUR FINGERS!

I CONCUR--SOMEONE IS COMING. WE MUST PREPARE. THE FUTURE OF THE HUMAN RACE IS ALL THAT MATTERS.

DOCTOR--YOU MUST REALIZE THAT SURVIVAL IS OUR NUMBER ONE PRIORITY. AND THERE IS NO DOUBT IN MY MIND THAT THE NEXT FEW YEARS WILL BE CRITICAL TO THE SURVIVAL OF THE HUMAN RACE.

BUT WHAT OF THIS GIFT FROM THE HEAVENS AND ALL THE KNOWLEDGE IT CONTAINS?

THERE WILL BE NO NEED FOR RESEARCH IF WE ARE ALL DEAD.



TEN YEARS LATER--A  
HILLTOP GRAVEYARD  
NEAR SAN FRANCISCO.

WELL, POP--YOU WERE  
RIGHT. CIVILIZATION IS ON  
THE MOVE AGAIN--THINGS  
ARE GETTING BETTER  
INSTEAD OF  
WORSE.

IT ALL STARTED WHEN THAT  
SPACESHIP LIT UP THE SKY OVER  
SAN FRANCISCO, THAT NIGHT WE  
WENT INTO TOWN WITH ALICE--

THE EMERGENCY WORLD GOVERNMENT HELD TOGETHER A LOT LONGER  
THAN ANYONE THOUGHT--ALL THOSE PETTY LITTLE CIVIL WARS  
DIED DOWN. THEY JUST DIDN'T SEEM TO MATTER, NOT AFTER  
THE DISCOVERY OF ROBOTECHNOLOGY...

SENATOR RUSSO  
SPEARHEADED THE PUSH  
TO MILITARIZE A NEW  
WORLD GOVERNMENT--

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN  
OF ALL NATIONS--FOR LACK OF A  
BETTER WORD, WE CALL THIS EXCITING  
DISCOVERY "ROBOTECHNOLOGY"--A  
SYMBIOTIC LINK BETWEEN  
MAN AND MACHINE.

WE MUST EXPLOIT  
ROBOTECHNOLOGY TO THE  
FULLEST! WE MUST CONSTRUCT  
AN EARLY WARNING SYSTEM IN  
SPACE, TO PREPARE OUR-  
SELVES FOR THE DAY  
WHEN THE ALIEN SPACE-  
CRAFT'S ORIGINAL OWNERS  
RETURN...





BUT, ABOVE ALL, WE  
MUST SEIZE THIS GIFT  
FROM THE STARS...



...AND  
MAKE IT  
OURS.

"IN THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED,  
SENATOR RUSSO BECAME THE  
SPOKESPERSON FOR THE  
NEW GOVERNMENT.

"COLONEL EDWARDS' NEW TITLE AND DUTIES  
IN RUSSO'S GOVERNMENT ARE A LITTLE  
VAGUE-- BUT HE'S CLOSER TO THE TOP  
THAN ROY IS...



"ADMIRAL HAYES  
BECAME THE  
MINISTER OF  
DEFENSE.



"... THEN AGAIN,  
ROY NEVER WAS  
THE AMBITIOUS  
TYPE.

"RUSSO GOT HIS MILITARY BASE ON MARS, AND ON THE EARTH'S  
MOON. WE'VE BEEN SCANNING THE SKIES EVER SINCE.



"THEY'VE BUILT UNDERGROUND RESEARCH FACILITIES  
ALL OVER THE WORLD TO STUDY AND  
EXPLOIT ROBOTECNOLOGY...



"MOST OF IT GOES INTO  
WEAPONS RESEARCH.



"MACROSS ISLAND HAS BECOME THE SCIENCE CENTER OF THE WORLD. COMMANDER GLOVAL HAS BEEN PUT IN CHARGE OF REBUILDING THE ALIEN SPACECRAFT--THE SDF-1-- INTO EARTH'S ULTIMATE WEAPON. AND DR. LANG DID GET HIS ROBOTECH RESEARCH CENTER--ACCORDING TO ROY..."

THAT'S THE REAL KICKER, POP--THE TOPPER. I FINALLY HEARD FROM ROY--JUST LAST WEEK. GOT THE WHOLE STORY--AND MORE...

# INVITATION #1021

~To the honorable  
Rick Hunter~

Your presence is  
requested at the maiden  
voyage of the SDF-1.

The ceremony will  
take place on  
July 1st, 2009 at  
Macross Island.

See you at the party, flyboy!  
Best-- Roy

SO, THAT'S IT, POP. I'M GOING OFF TO SEE ROY BEFORE HE HEADS OUT INTO THE GREAT UNKNOWN--IT'LL ALMOST BE LIKE HAVING THE OLD FLYING CIRCUS BACK TOGETHER AGAIN. ALMOST.

I'LL BE THINKING OF YOU, POP.

## SOMEWHERE IN SPACE.

COMMANDER BREETAI.


REPORT, EXEDORE.

WE HAVE TRACED THE TRANSMISSION TO THE 7TH QUADRANT, COMMANDER. WE HAVE LOCATED THE SDF-1 ON THE THIRD WORLD FROM THE SUN.

ARE YOU POSITIVE?

YES, COMMANDER. IT IS ZOR'S HIDING PLACE. IT IS THE WORLD CALLED EARTH.

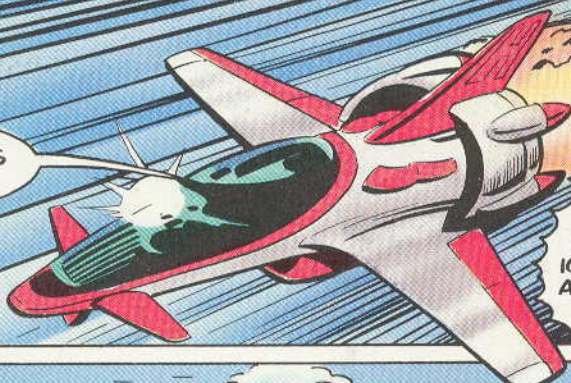




AT LAST!  
SOON WE SHALL  
RECLAIM ZOR'S SHIP AND  
RETURN TO THE MASTERS  
IN TRIUMPH! THEN LET  
THE INVAD ATTACK!

EXECUTE  
HYPER-SPACE  
FOLD.

NINETEEN HOURS AFTER  
LEAVING HIS FATHER'S  
GRAVESITE...



THIS IS RICK HUNTER,  
INVITATION #1021, REQUESTING  
PERMISSION TO LAND.  
OVER.

INVITATION  
CONFIRMED PLEASE  
FOLLOW HEADING  
1069 FOR LANDING.  
AND WELCOME TO  
MACROSS ISLAND!  
OVER.

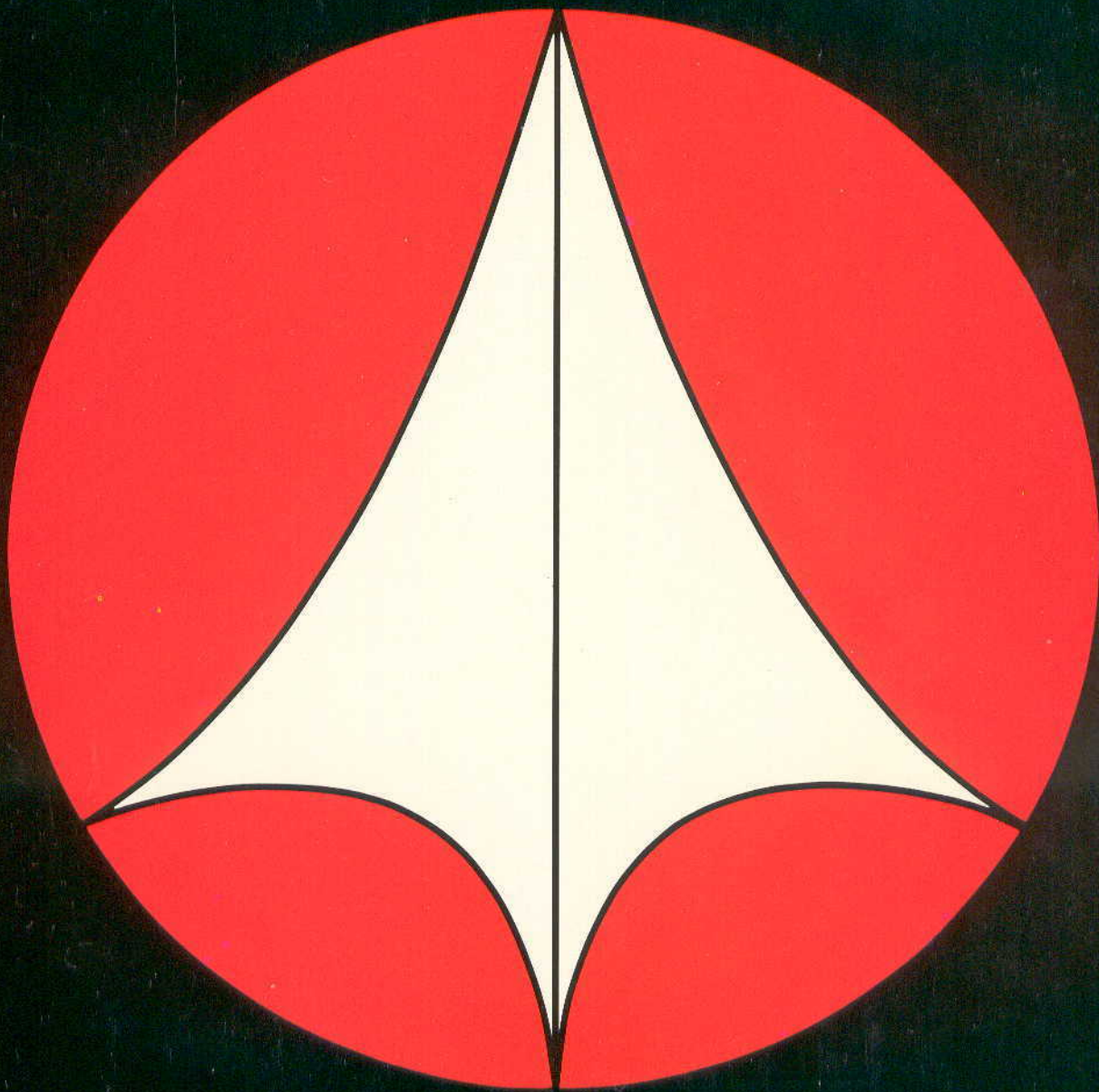


I READ  
YOU LOUD  
AND CLEAR!  
OVER AND  
OUT.



THE BEGINNING...





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