

OUTBOUND



\$ 6.99 US

ISSUE

1



THE SCIENCE FICTION COMICS ANTHOLOGY

The Boston Comics Roundtable &
River Bird Studios Present

OUTBOUND #1

Featuring:

THE CAERULEAN DREAM

by Brett Barkley and Roho

SPACE AND TIME

by Josh Mills and Mike Paoloni

THE NULL DEVICE

by David Marshall

FLEK

by Erik Heumiller

SCIENTIST GONE WILD

by Eric Boeker

MARK AND THE ALIENS

by Aya Rothwell

BLACK FUSKA

by Roho

PREVIEW
THE NEW KID
by Dan Mazur

with a painted cover by

MARCELO BUCHELLI

chapter covers by

DAVID NEWBOLD

RICHARD JENKINS

Additional illustrations by

RON LEBRASSEUR

JASON BAROODY

magazine design

AERIAL
INDUSTRIES



HUNTER PREY

an interview with director

SANDY COLLORA

by **DARREN ALBERT**

of Scifiscoop.com. Illustrated by

CHRIS RING / PAGE 64

MARSNIK VI PAPER MODEL

by MARCEL SIRER from

elcartonmilenario.com

SHORT FICTION SHOWCASE

Edited by **MICHAEL A. BURSTEIN**

BREEZES OF HEAVEN

written **JOE CANNON** art by **PAUL MARQUIS** / PAGE 60

HOW I LEARNED TO TOLERATE VEGEMITE

written and illustrated by **AYA ROTHWELL** / PAGE 62



MAY 2009

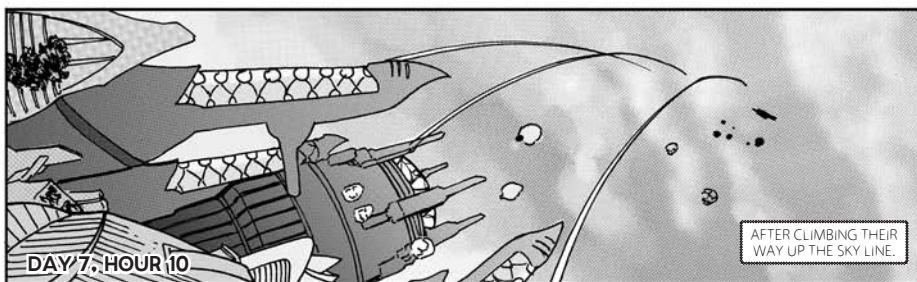
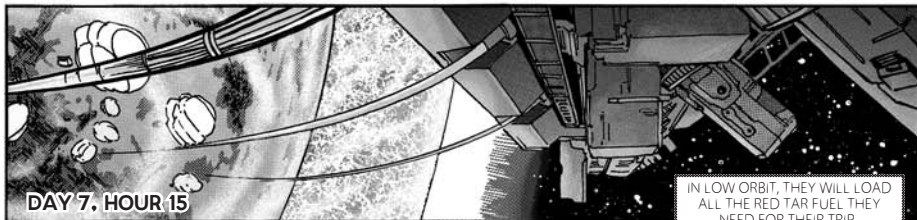
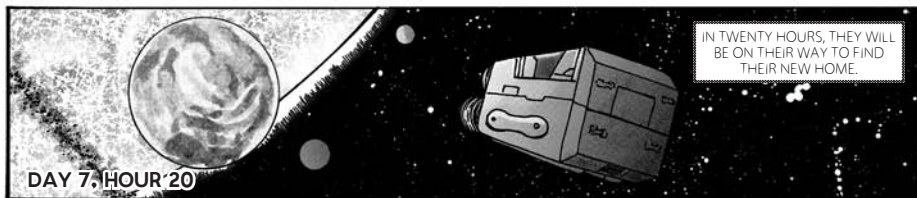
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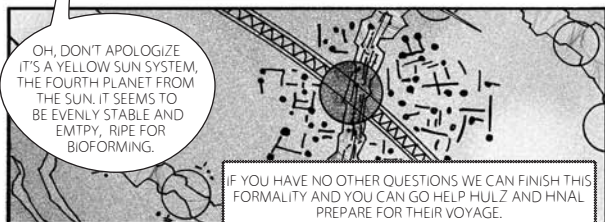
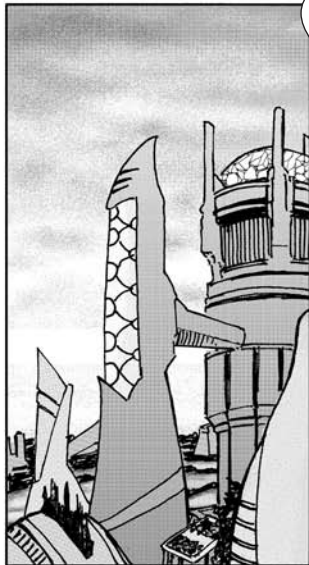
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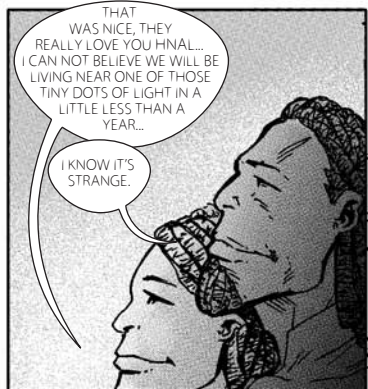
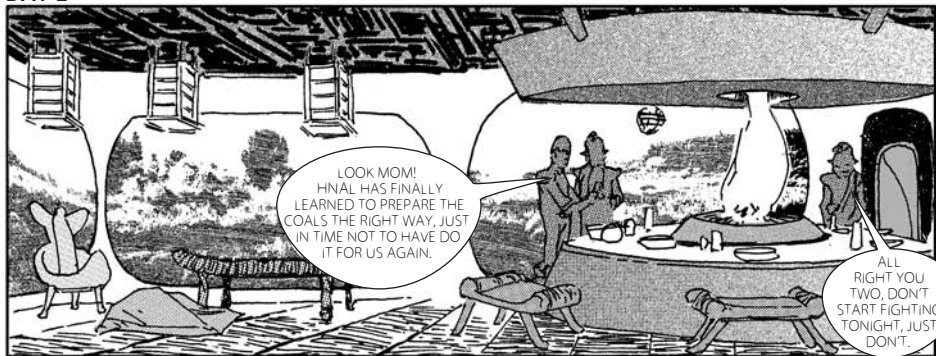
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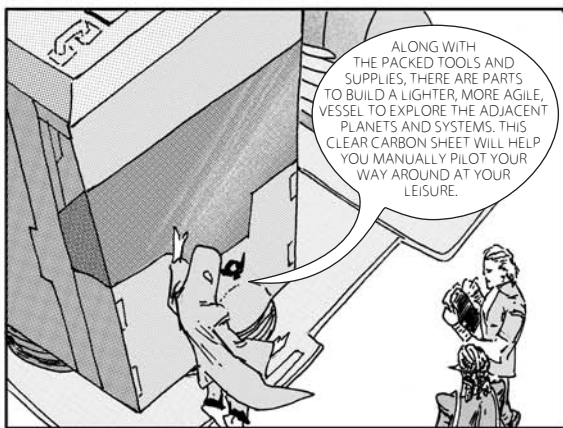
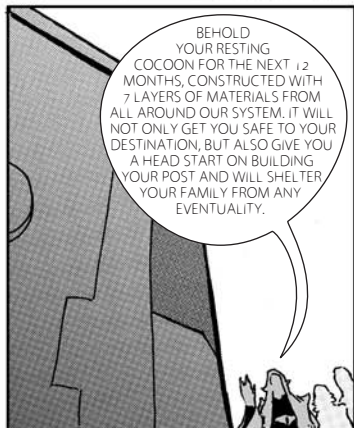
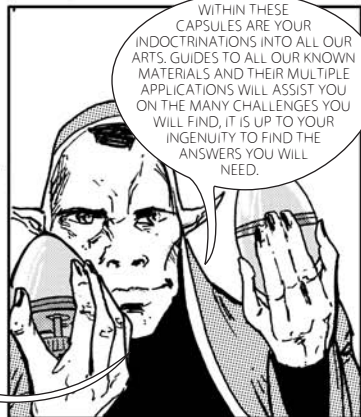
THE CAERULEAN DREAM

PART 1: "ASCENSION"
BY ROHO AND BRETT BARKLEY

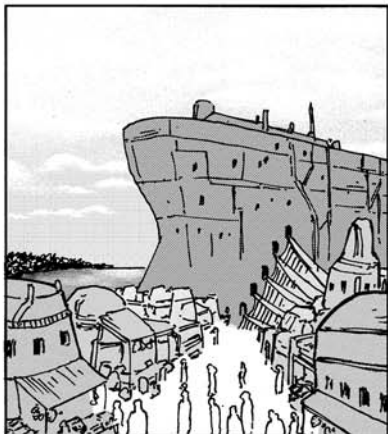


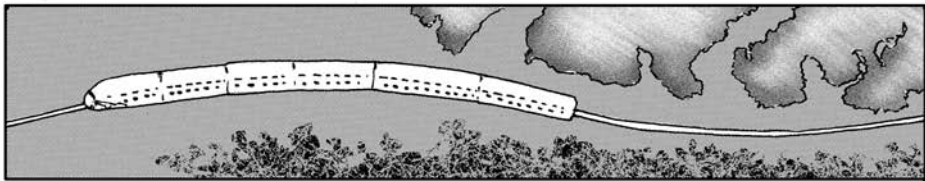
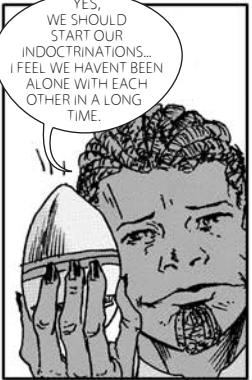
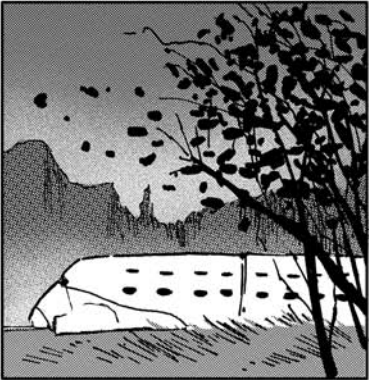






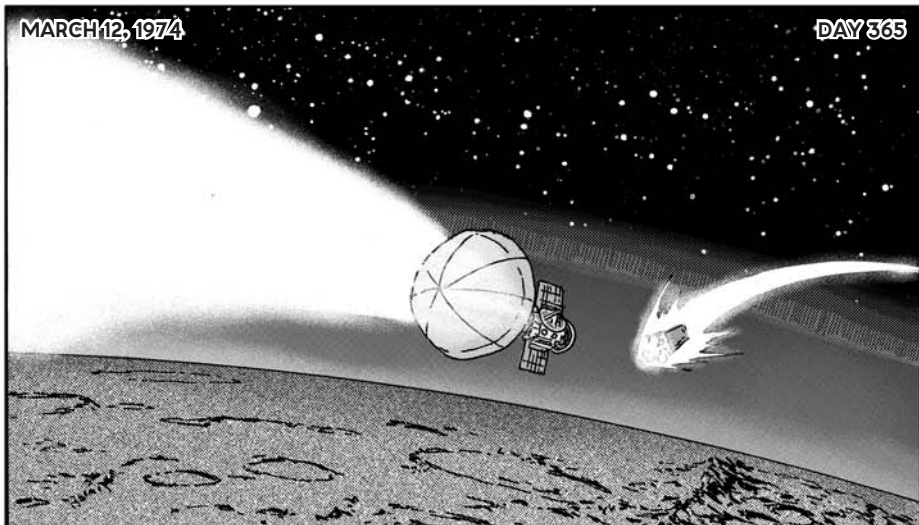
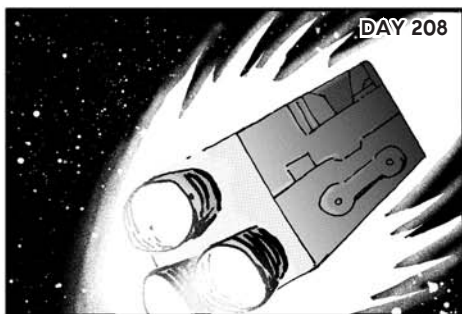
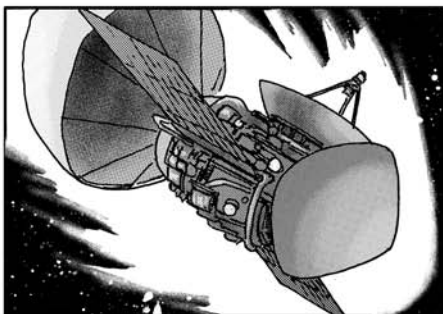
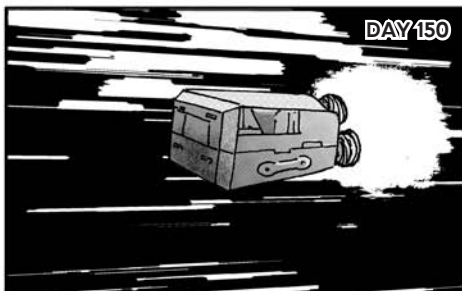
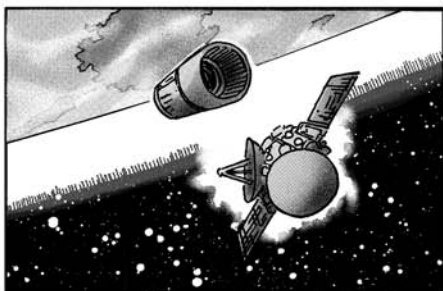
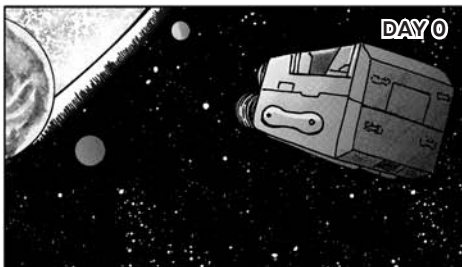






USSR

AUGUST 5, 1973



23.90s, 19.42w MARGARITIFER TERRA, MARS

TO BE CONTINUED

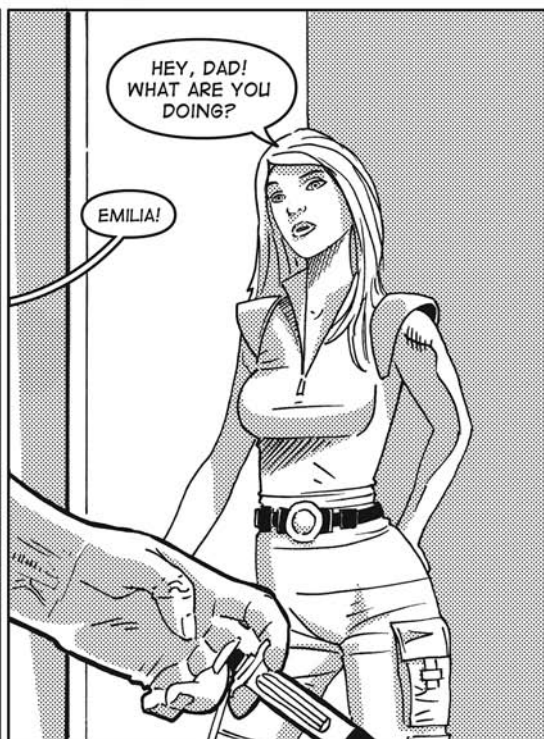
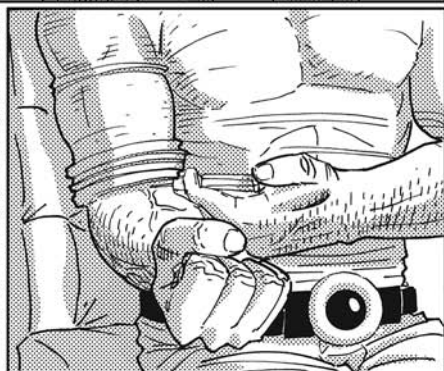
SPACE & TIME

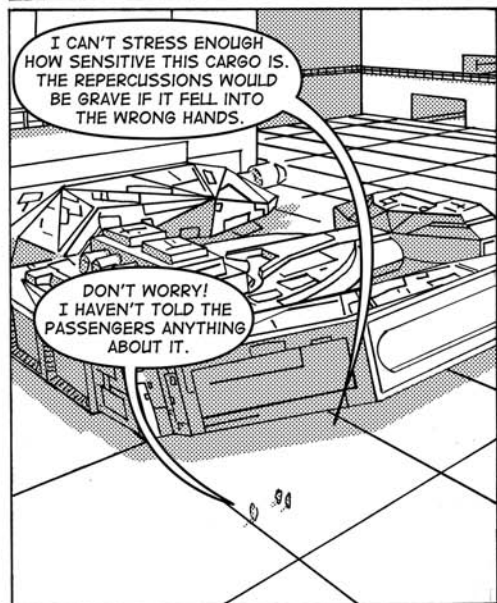
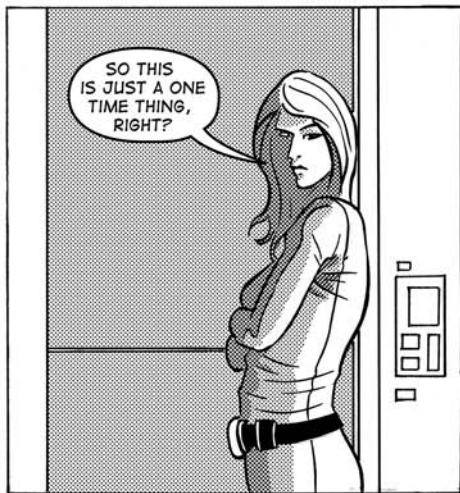
WRITTEN BY
JOSH MILLS &
MIKE PAOLONI
ART BY
JOSH MILLS
ART ASSISTANT
ALEXANDRA MILLS
CHAPTER COVER
DAVID NEWBOLD
& JOSH MILLS

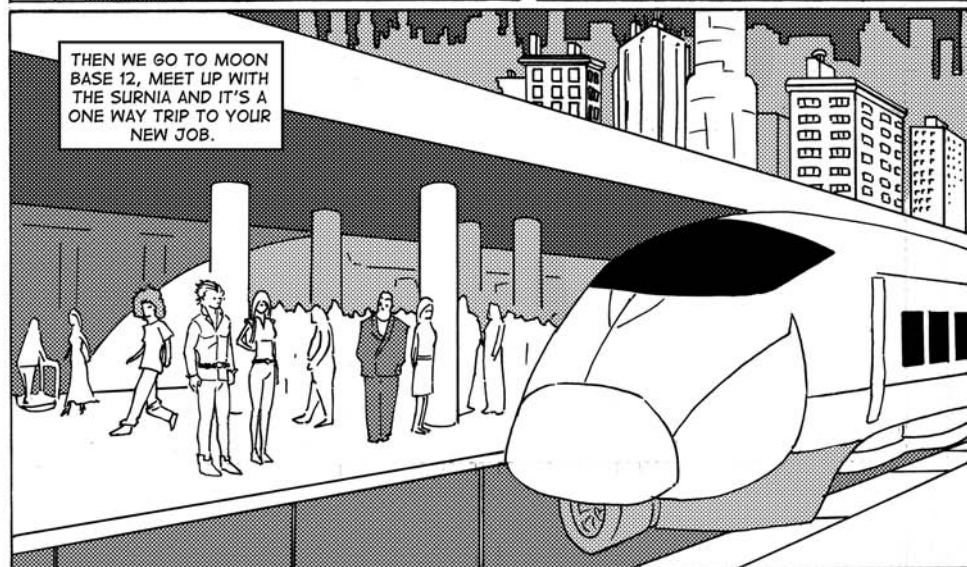
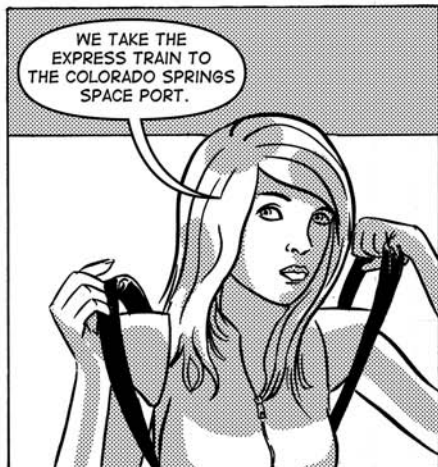


DAVID
NEWBOLD
2009

CREATED BY JOSH MILLS AND MIKE PAOLONI

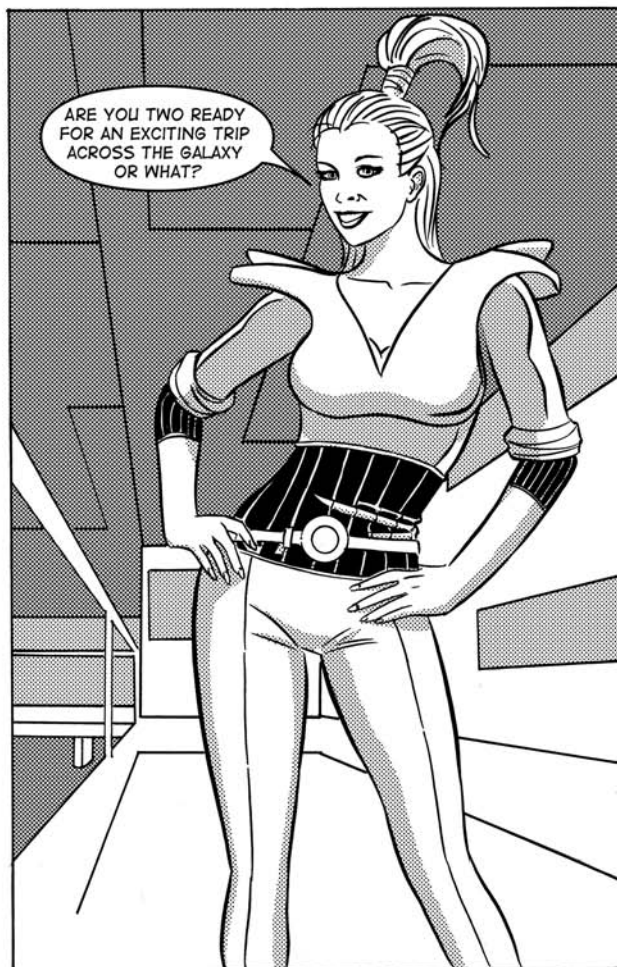


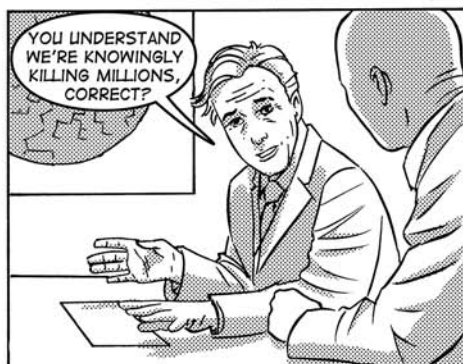
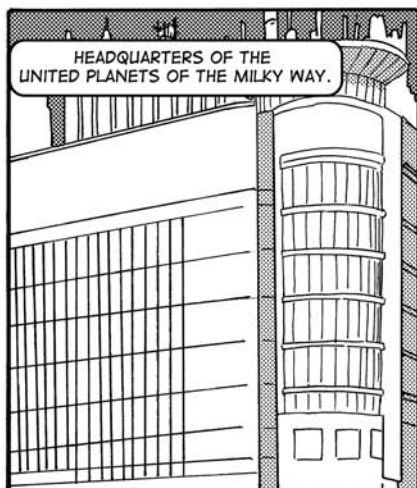


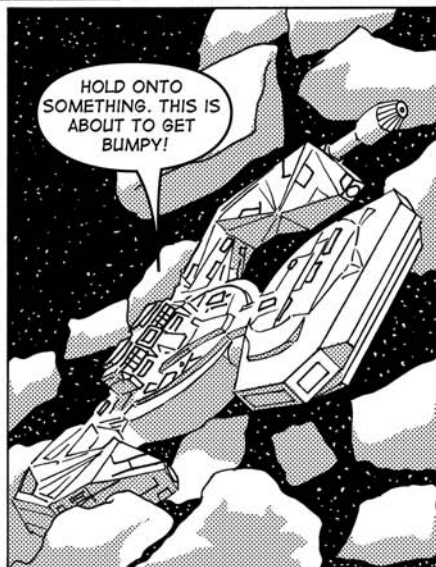
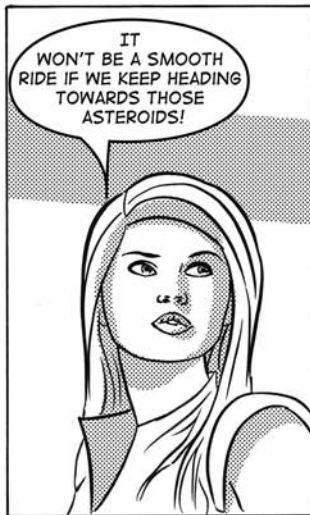












TO BE CONTINUED...

BIP BOOP, I HAVE GATHERED ALL THE
REMAINING INFORMATION FROM THE
ANCIENT EXTINCT CIVILIZATION KNOWN AS
"HUMANITY" I HAVE FOUND BIP BEP BAAAP
THE OPALESCENCE RECORD OF THE HISTORY
IN A PLACE CALLED **BOSTON** BET BITY BET
THE DATA SIGNATURE POINTS TO AN
OCCULT GROUP KNOWN AS
THE BOSTON COMICS ROUNDTABLE.



COMING IN YOUR FUTURE
INBOUND 4 "THE HISTORY ISSUE"
BOSTONCOMICSROUNDTABLE.COM

The Null Device

by David S. Marshall ©2009

■ Chapter 01: "ls-a"

■ Chapter 02: ".../"

■ Chapter 03: "::shutdown/"



SOMEWHERE NEAR THE END OF THE WORLD...

JESUS, WHAT WAS I THINKING?

TOO ERRATIC.

KIK!

CAN'T WORK IN CHAOS.

KIK!

DRINKS TOO MUCH. **KLIK!**

GOLDENEY, IAN B
 RMC DIV
 DOB 01-02-1962
 POB 105 6'2" BLACK P
 HM MANCHESTER NH
 LOC HN
 ST AVAL

RESULTS
 AGENTS 0000

TOO CORRUPT. **KLIK!**

LOST A LEG IN NAIROBI.

CHECKED INTO A MENTAL INSTITUTION.

FAR TOO BLOODTHIRSTY.

EVEN BY TODAY'S STANDARDS.

HOLD ON, K.

KARLS

HELP'S COMING.

DIV DOB PHY HOME LOCATI STATUS

AGENT NUMBER

841369

VERENG

NOPE, WE'LL CRACK UNDER PRESSURE.

DIV DOB PHY HOME LOCATI STATUS

362436

SALDANH

TOO GREEN.

DIV DOB PHY HOME LOCATI STATUS

775225

MARS. HALL D



073129

MAN
DOB
DOB
DOB
DOB
DOB
DOB

SPECIAL AGENT
CURRENT OFF
ON-03-10-11
IN 155 6'2" 180 LB
10/10/10 09, 2010 10
HOME
INACTIVE

INACTIVE

SLOPPY,
ARROGANT.

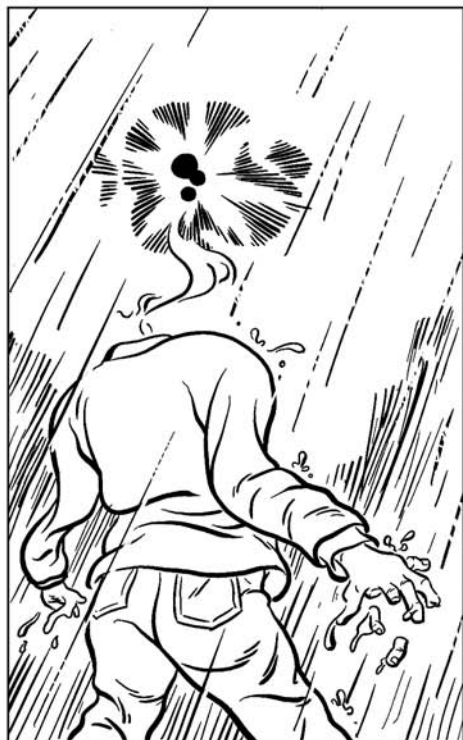
TOO MUCH
LIKE ME.

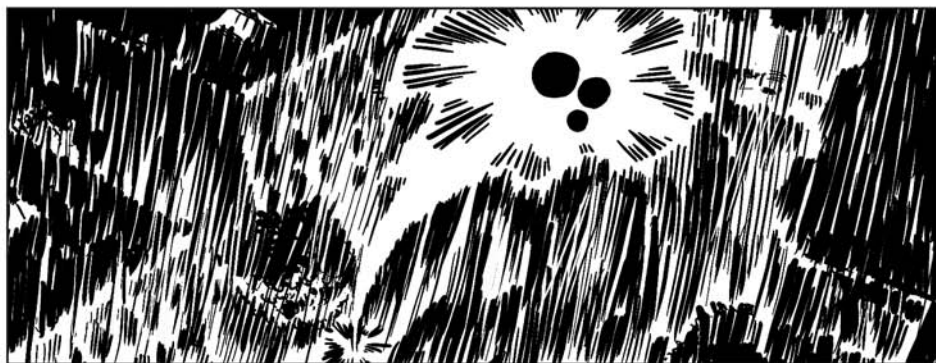
BUT
WE'RE OUT
OF TIME.

The Null Device

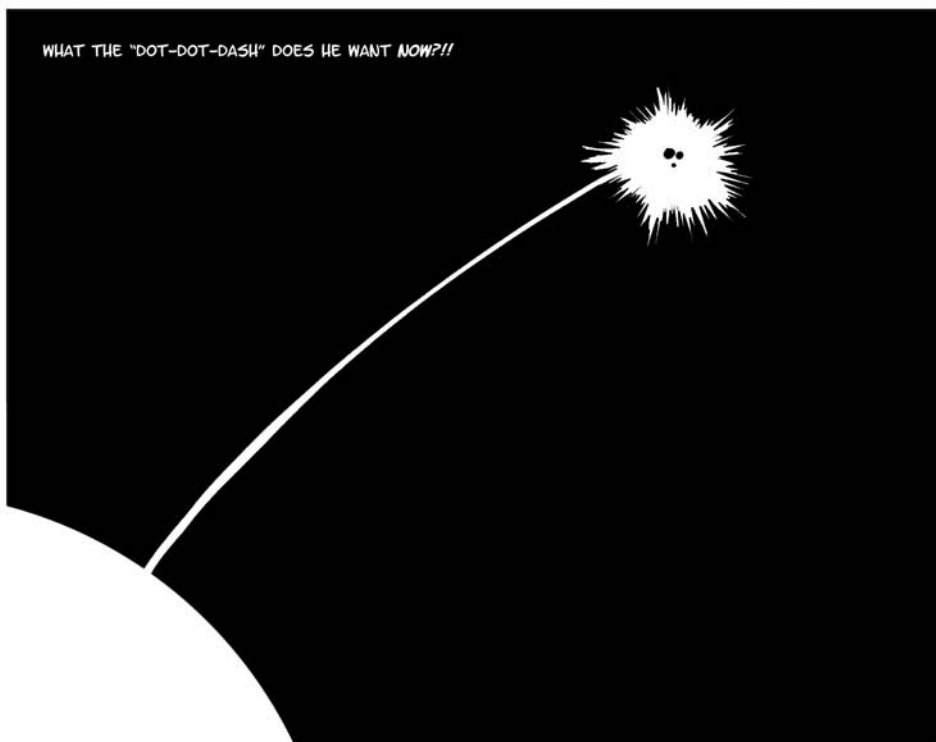
Chapter 01: "Is-a"

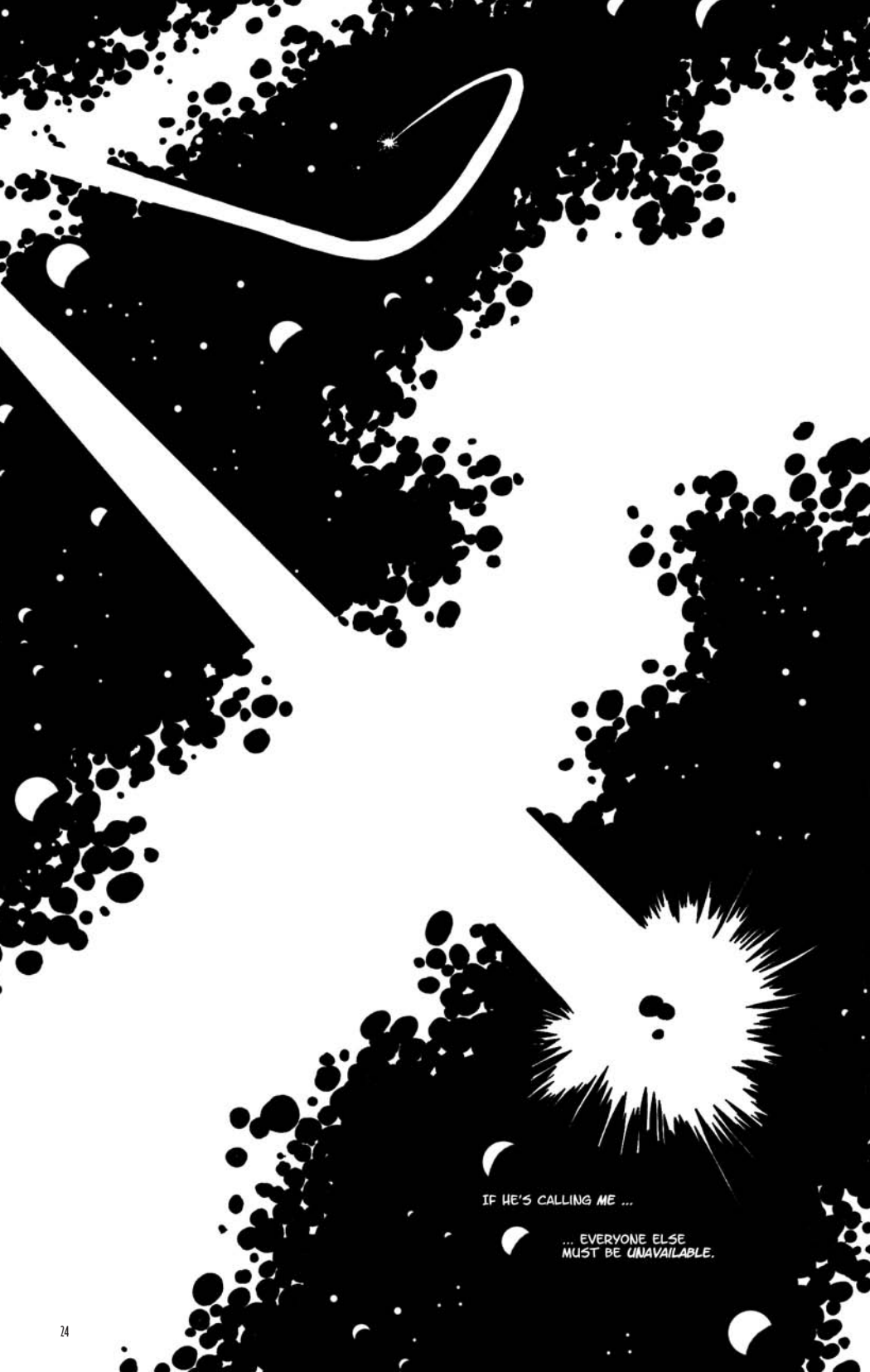






WHAT THE "DOT-DOT-DASH" DOES HE WANT NOW?!!





IF HE'S CALLING ME ...

... EVERYONE ELSE
MUST BE UNAVAILABLE.



WE NEVER KNOW
WHAT IS ENOUGH UNTIL
WE KNOW WHAT'S MORE
THAN ENOUGH.

DOING SOMETHING
YOU LOVE CAN COST
YOU YOUR HEALTH.

JOCKS ARE TAUGHT
HOW TO HANDLE ADVERSITY
A LOT BETTER THAN
BOOKWORMS.

I FEEL LIKE A
FUGITIVE FROM THE
LAW OF AVERAGES.

THE ONLY REASON I CAN'T
RECOMMEND HEROIN TO KIDS?
THE EFFECTS WEAR OFF.



A GIRL'S LEGS ARE
HER BEST FRIENDS,
BUT THE BEST OF
FRIENDS *MUST* PART.

FEAR IS NORMAL;
PANIC WILL GET
YOU KILLED.

TECHNOLOGY COMPANIES
HAVE *SCREWED US* BY CREATING
A DEPENDENCY WE SOMEHOW
GOT ALONG WITHOUT.

THE FOOD HERE IS
SO *TASTELESS*, YOU
COULD EAT IT, BELCH
IT, AND IT WOULDN'T
REMINDE YOU
OF ANYTHING.

DEPRESSION IS
ANGER POINTED
INWARD.

GIRLS GROW QUICKER
THAN BOYS, MEN GROW
FASTER THAN WOMEN.

THERE ARE
10 TYPES
OF PEOPLE IN
THE WORLD:

THOSE WHO
UNDERSTAND BINARY,
AND THOSE
WHO DON'T.

SOMETIMES IT'S
WORSE TO WIN A FIGHT
THAN TO LOSE.

THE POINT OF DRINKING
IN MODERATION IS THAT
SOMETIMES YOU DON'T
DRINK IN MODERATION.

MOST OF THE RACE
HASSLES ARE REALLY
MONEY HASSLES
IN DISGUISE.

BEAUTY MAY BE
SKIN DEEP, BUT
UGLY GOES CLEAR
TO THE BONE.

I ALWAYS FORGET HOW BUGGY
HIS ENCRYPTION MODE IS.

THEN AGAIN, HE IS IN CHARGE
OF PROTECTING A WORLD ...

DON'T DO DRUGS
TO BE COOL, DO
'EM BECAUSE YOU
HATE YOURSELF.

LIFE GIVES
YOU THE FACE YOU
HAVE AT THIRTY.

AT FIFTY YOU
GET THE FACE
YOU DESERVE.

HEALTH NUTS ARE
GOING TO FEEL STUPID
SOMEDAY, LYING IN HOSPITALS
DYING OF NOTHING.

HEROES ARE
COWARDS WHO'VE
RUN OUT OF
OPTIONS.









NEXT ISSUE: ".../33"

BE THERE, OR WE'LL FIND YOU AND
DRILL A USB PORT IN YOUR SKULL!

CHENOPODIUM CAPITATUM!

HELLO THERE! IF
YOU CURRENTLY GROW
YOUR VEGETABLES ON YOUR
SHIP OR ASTEROID AND YOU ARE
TIRED OF THE SAME OLD SPACE
POTATOES, GET SOME
**CHENOPODIUM
CAPITATUM!**

THEY
GIVE YOU
STRAWBERRY-LIKE
FRUITS AND LEAVES.
THAT TASTE BETTER THAN
REGULAR OLD EARTH'S
SPINACH.

DO AS SPACE FARMER RHON TELLS
YOU AN GET SOME TODAY!

Paid for the Vegan Overlord Saturn Society



ILLUSTRATION BY RON LEBRESSAUR

LOOK FOR THE COUPON TO ORDER SOME DELICIOUS CHENOPODIUM CAPITATUM ON OUTBOUND#2
ALSO KNOWN AS STRAWBERRY SPINACH OR BEETBERRY. ASK YOUR LOCAL SEED VENDOR ABOUT IT.



FLEK!

space flea

SURVIVING
THE 1,000 LEGS
OF **DEATH**

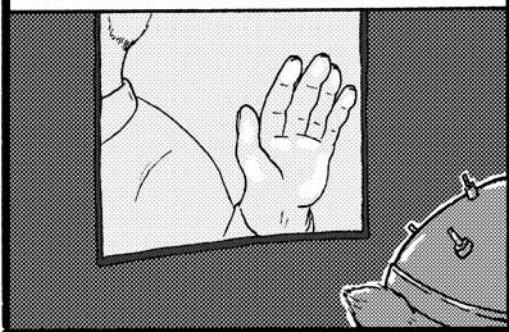


by Erik HEUMILLER

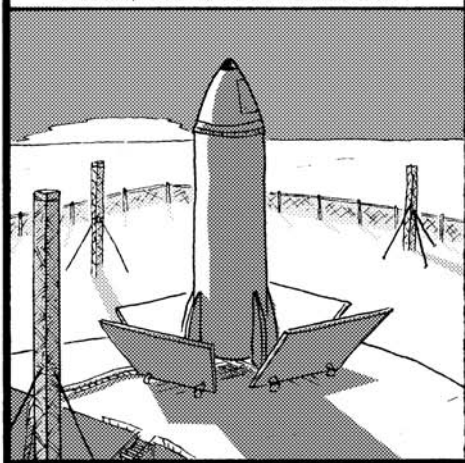
On December 13th, 1958 NASA prepared to launch a squirrel monkey into orbit around the Earth.



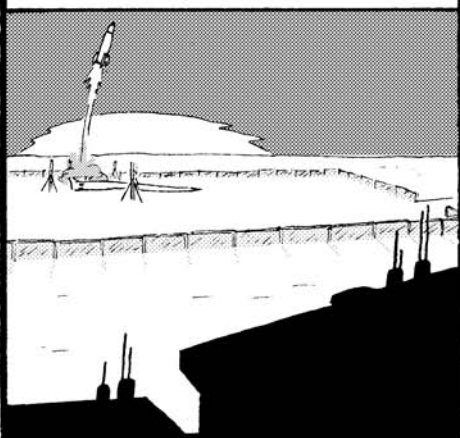
His name was Gordo and he had spent over three months training for this with the US Navy. Despite all the training, he was still not accustomed to all the wires.



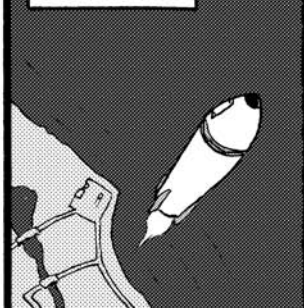
Housing Gordo and the biological testing equipment was a state-of-the-art Jupiter IRBM AM-13 rocket.



As the AM-13 launched, everyone in mission control held their breath. So far, missions like this had proven to be failures, costing 3 monkeys their lives.

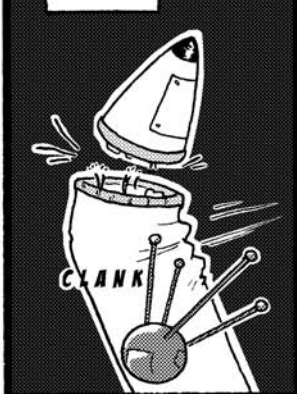


AM-13 IS IN ORBITAL POSITION.

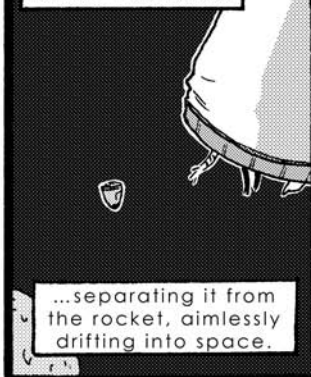


As the rocket reached it's target altitude, the tragedy they feared...

...struck.



A small satellite hit the AM-13 just below the nose...

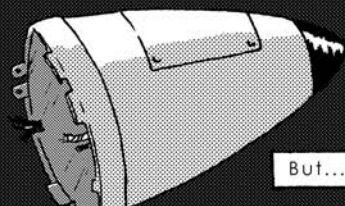


...separating it from the rocket, aimlessly drifting into space.

Without any long term life support aboard the rocket, it was only a matter of **HOW** Gordo would die.

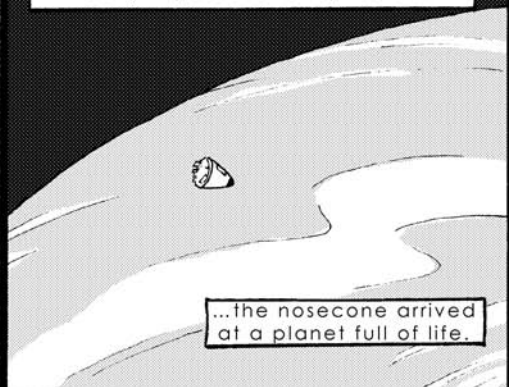
Dehydration.

Or asphyxiation.

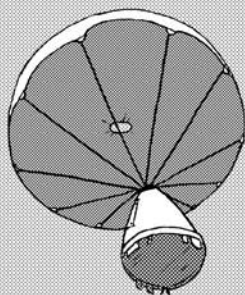


But...

After two days and a series of events nearly impossible to replicate...



...the nosecone arrived at a planet full of life.



Just as surprising, the parachute actually deployed successfully upon re-entry.

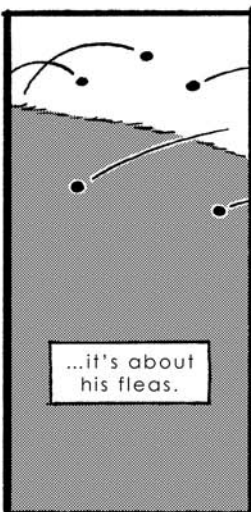
Gordo found himself free of the nosecone, yet still somewhat hesitant of this strange new world he had found.



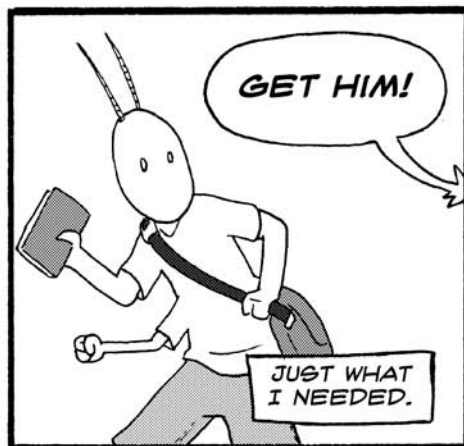
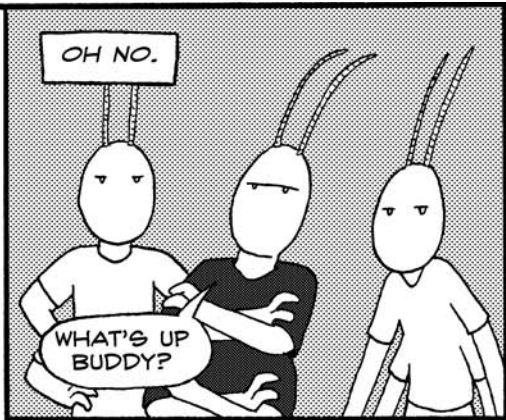
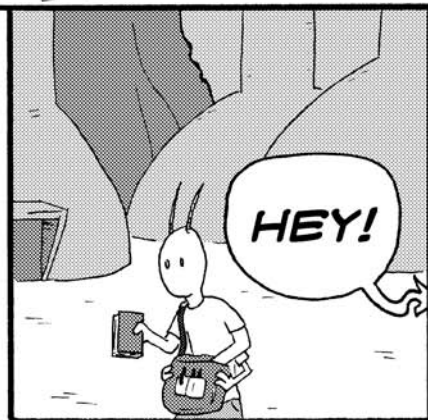
What unknown and strange wonders would his newfound home hold for him?

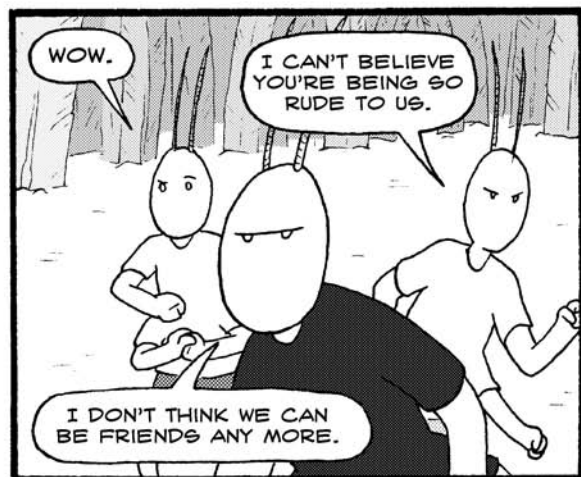
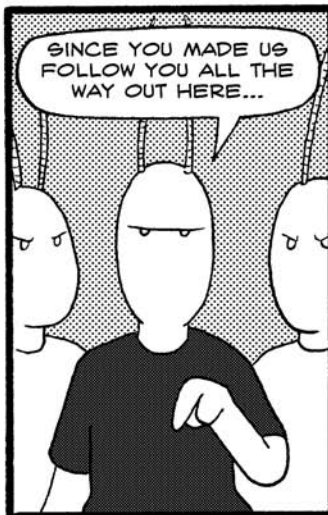
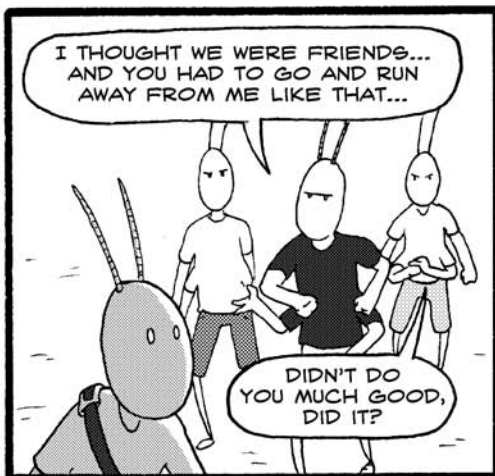
I do not know.

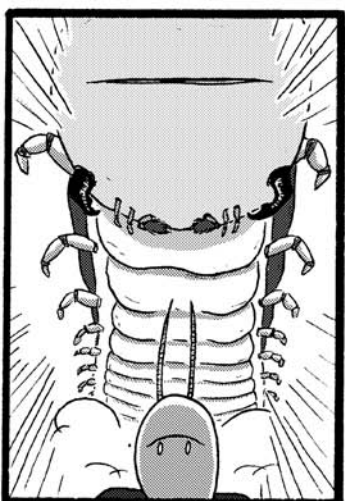
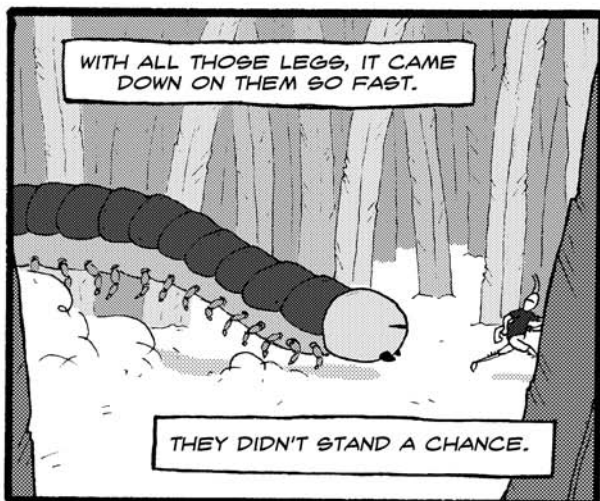
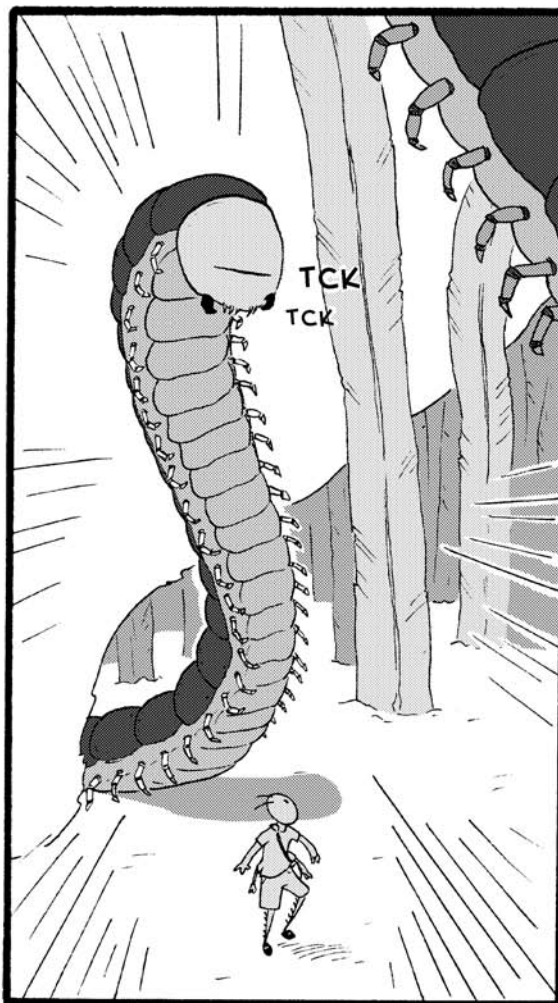
This story isn't about Gordo...

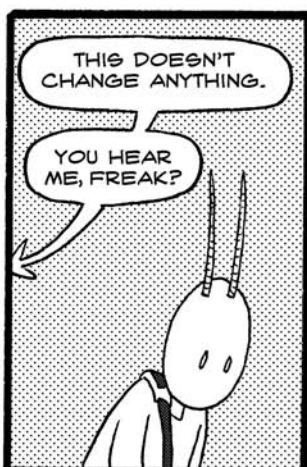
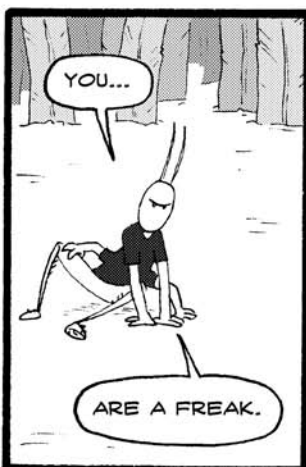
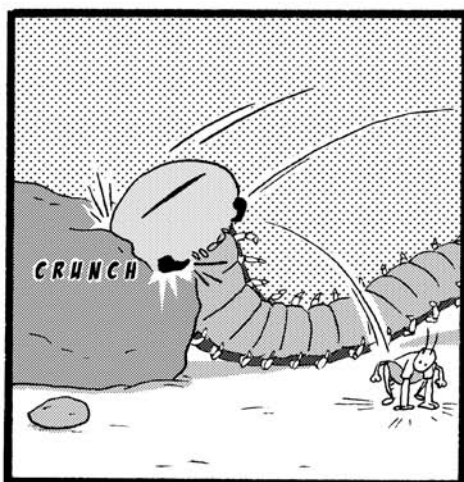


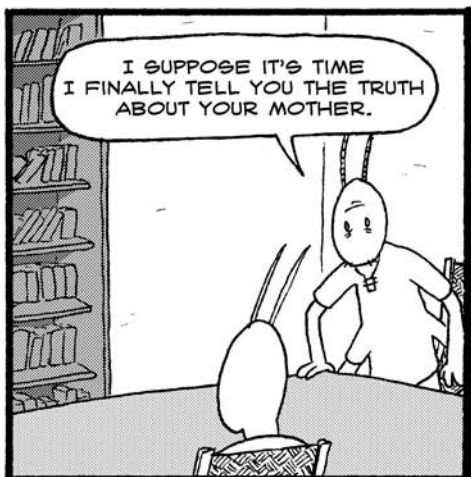
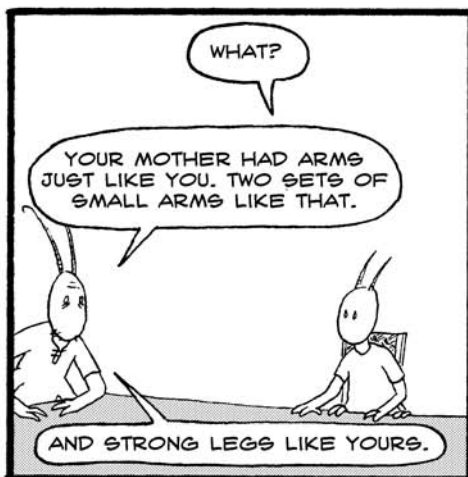
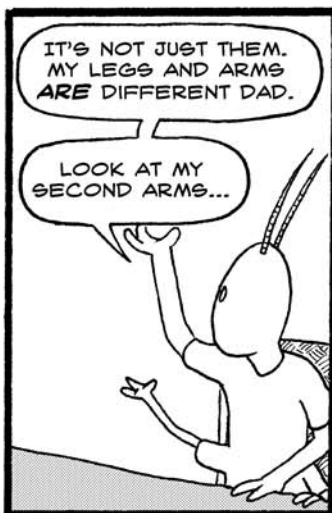
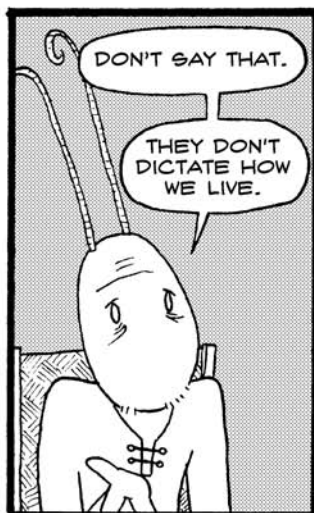
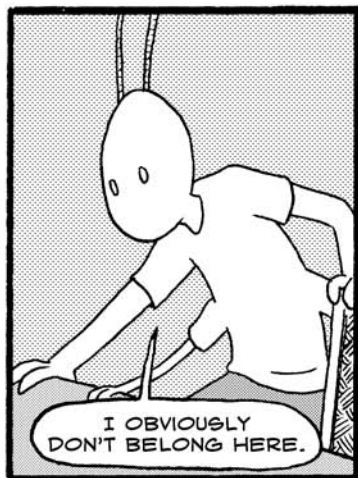
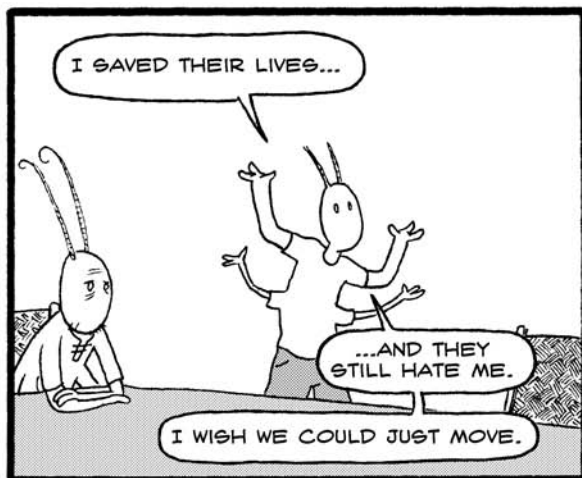
...it's about his fleas.

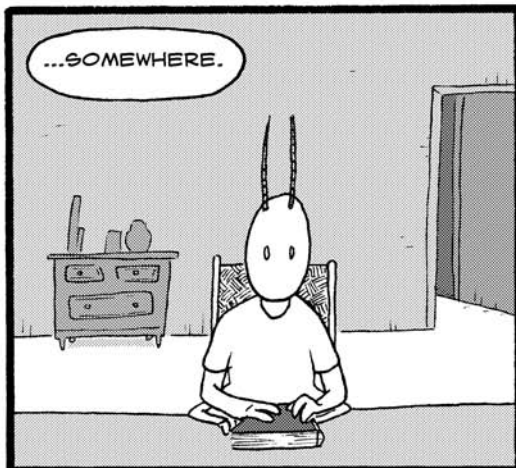
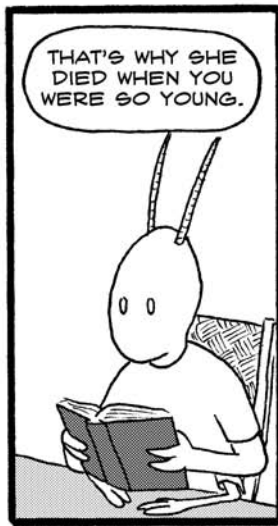
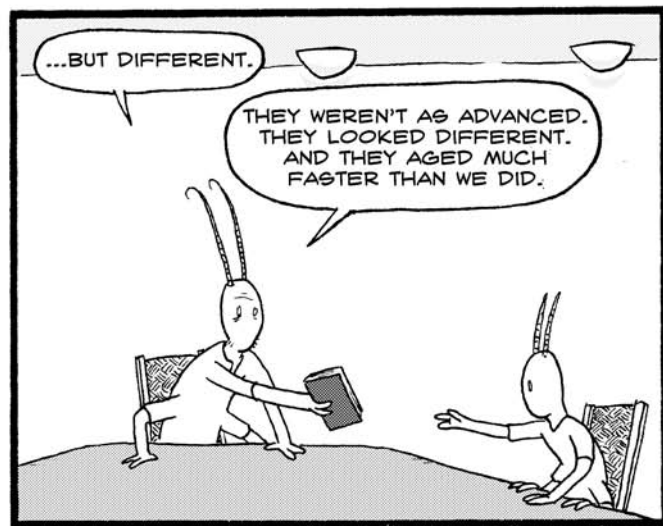
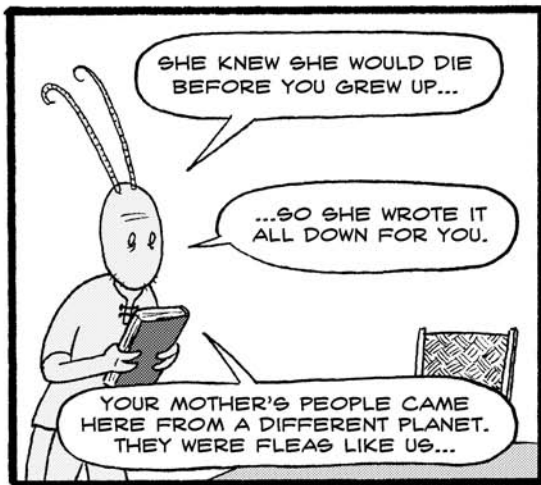












TO BE CONTINUED...

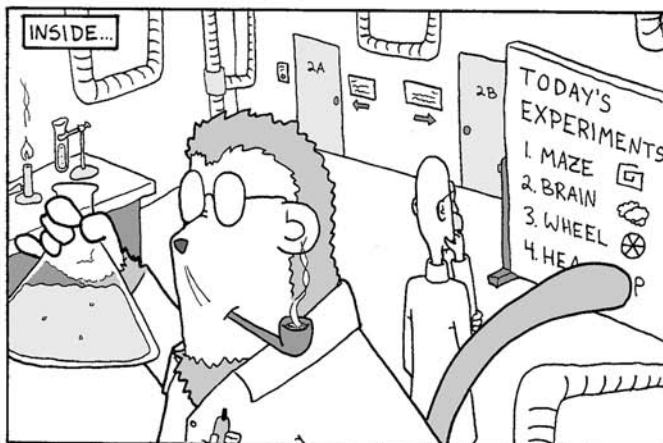
SCIENTISTS GONE WILD
PRESENTS:
MYSTERIOUS CONTENTS
BY ERIC BOEKER

GERBIL T. FUZZBUN
FISHY McFISHERSTEIN
HERB DOODER
ERNEST SCURRYMAN
PICKLES

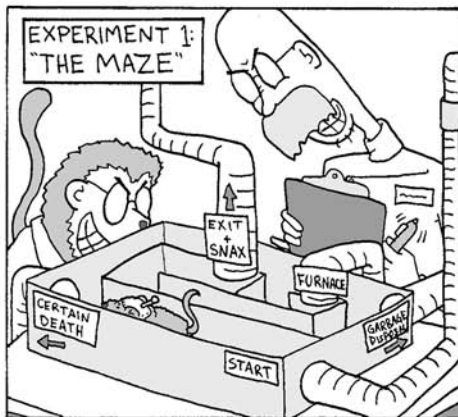
OUTSIDE THE SECRET
"SCIENTISTS GONE
WILD" LABORATORY
IN ST. LOUIS, MO...



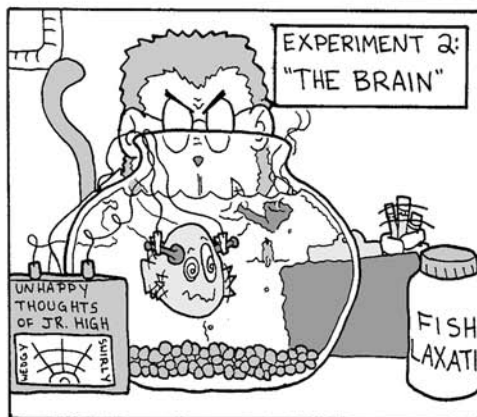
INSIDE...



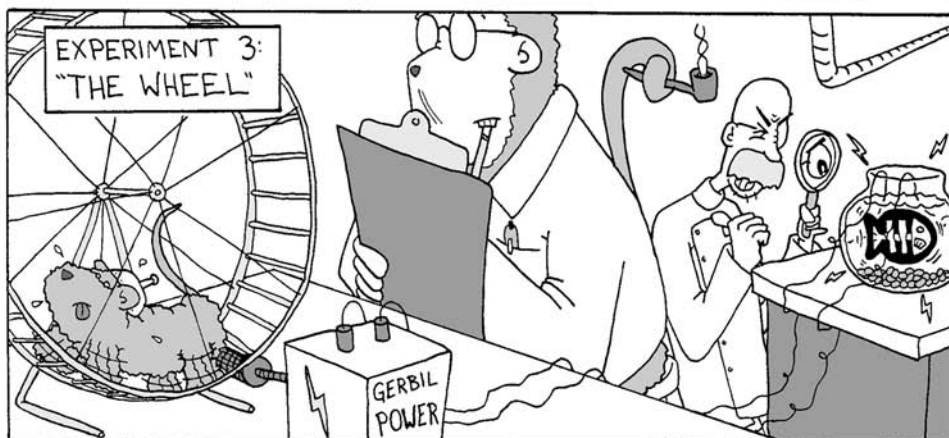
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"THE MAZE"

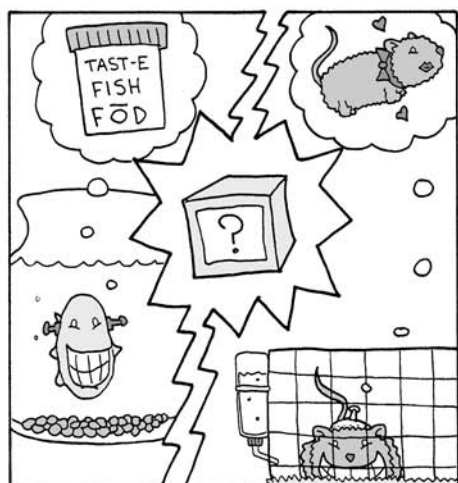
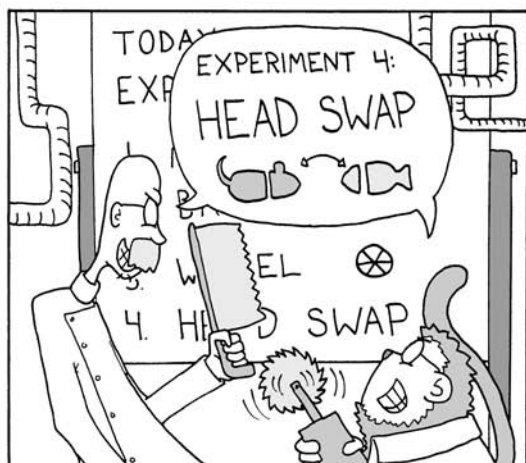


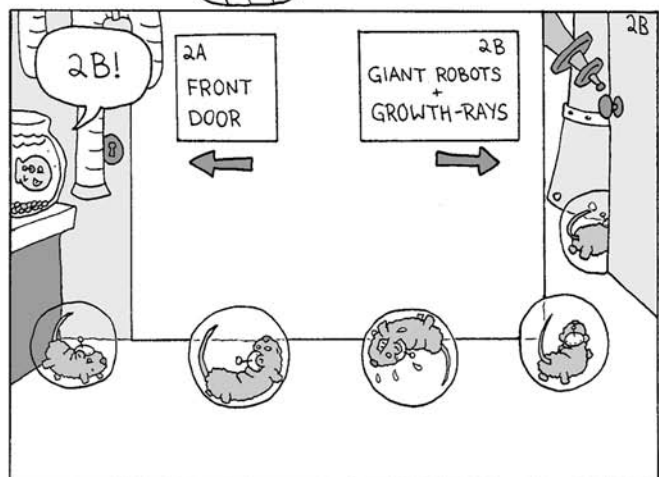
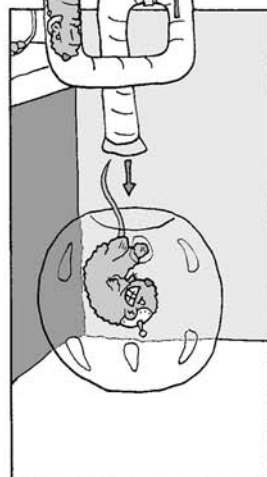
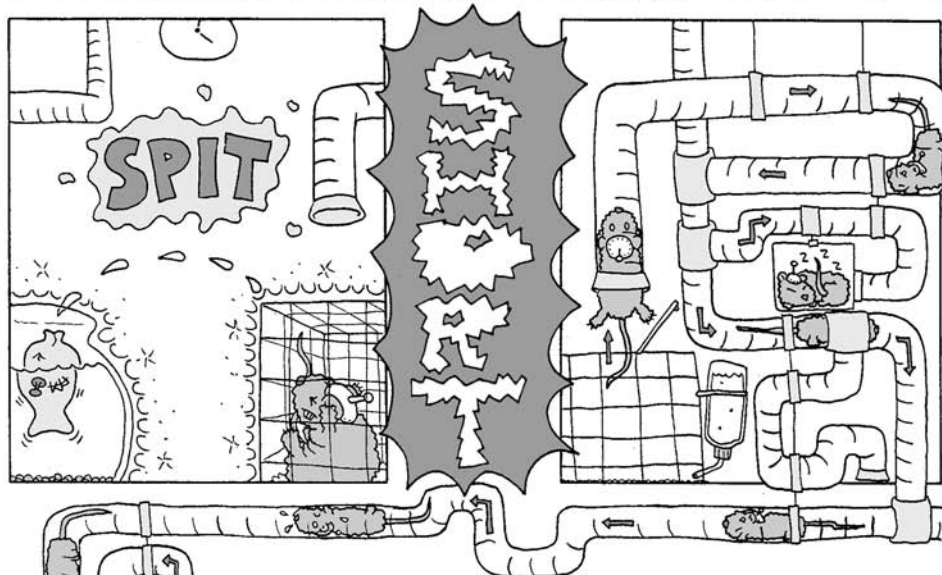
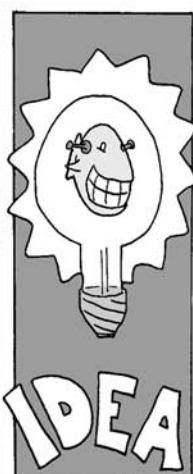
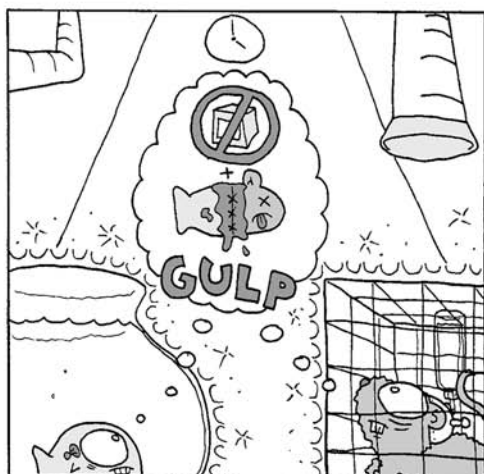
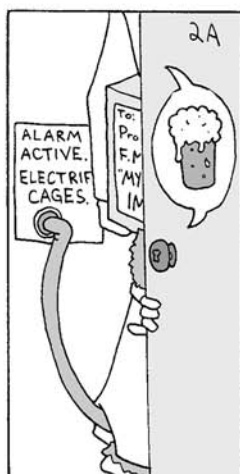
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"THE BRAIN"



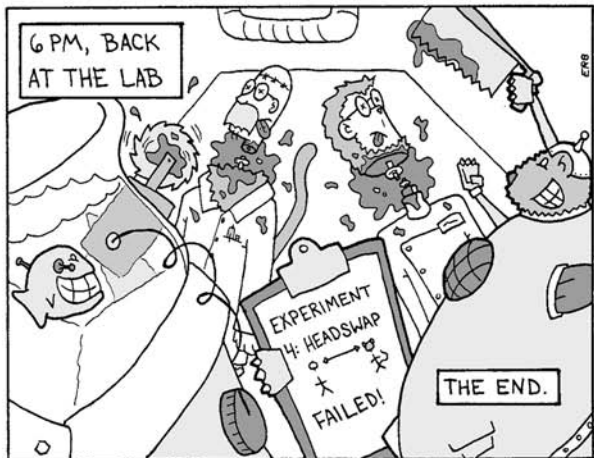
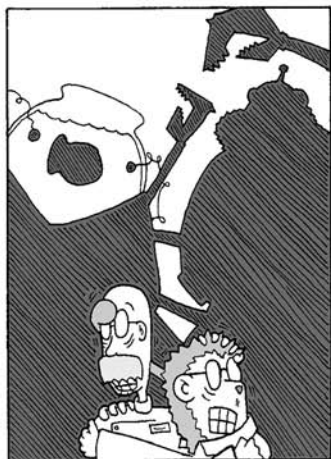
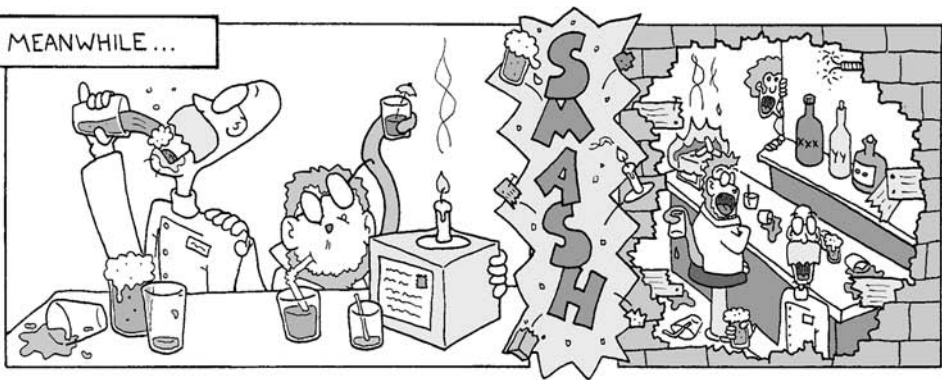
EXPERIMENT 3:
"THE WHEEL"





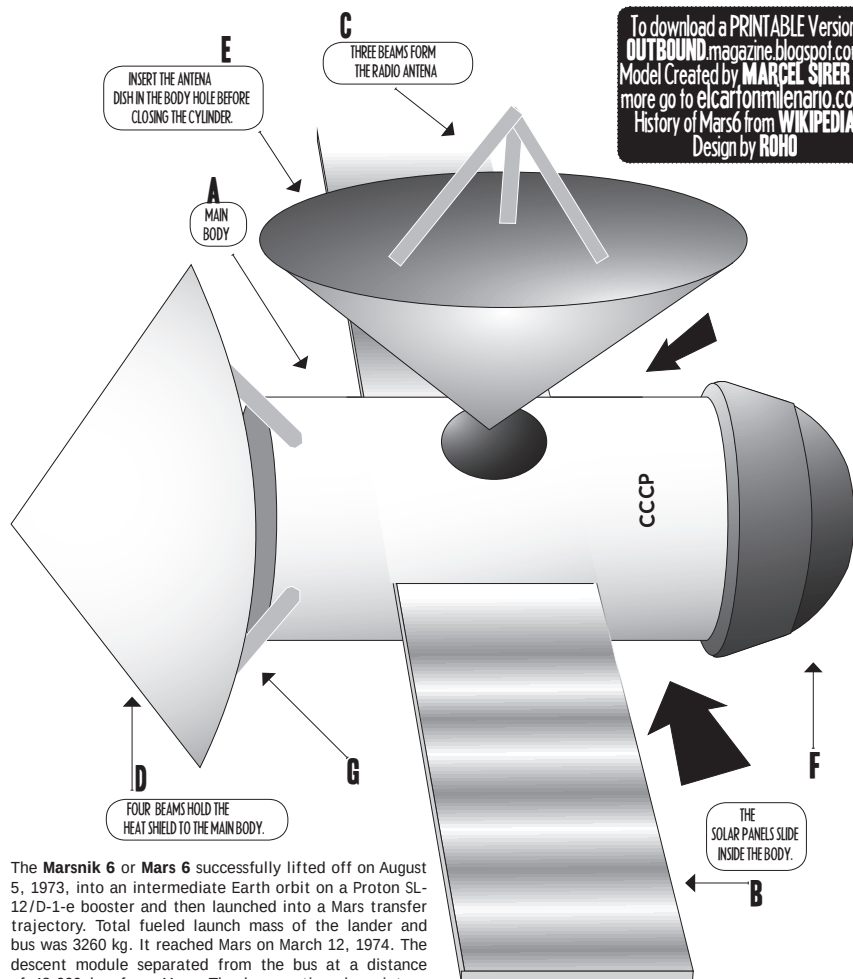


MEANWHILE...



MARSNIK IV

Cutout Paper Model of the Soviet Mars Probe: MARSNIK IV (1973)



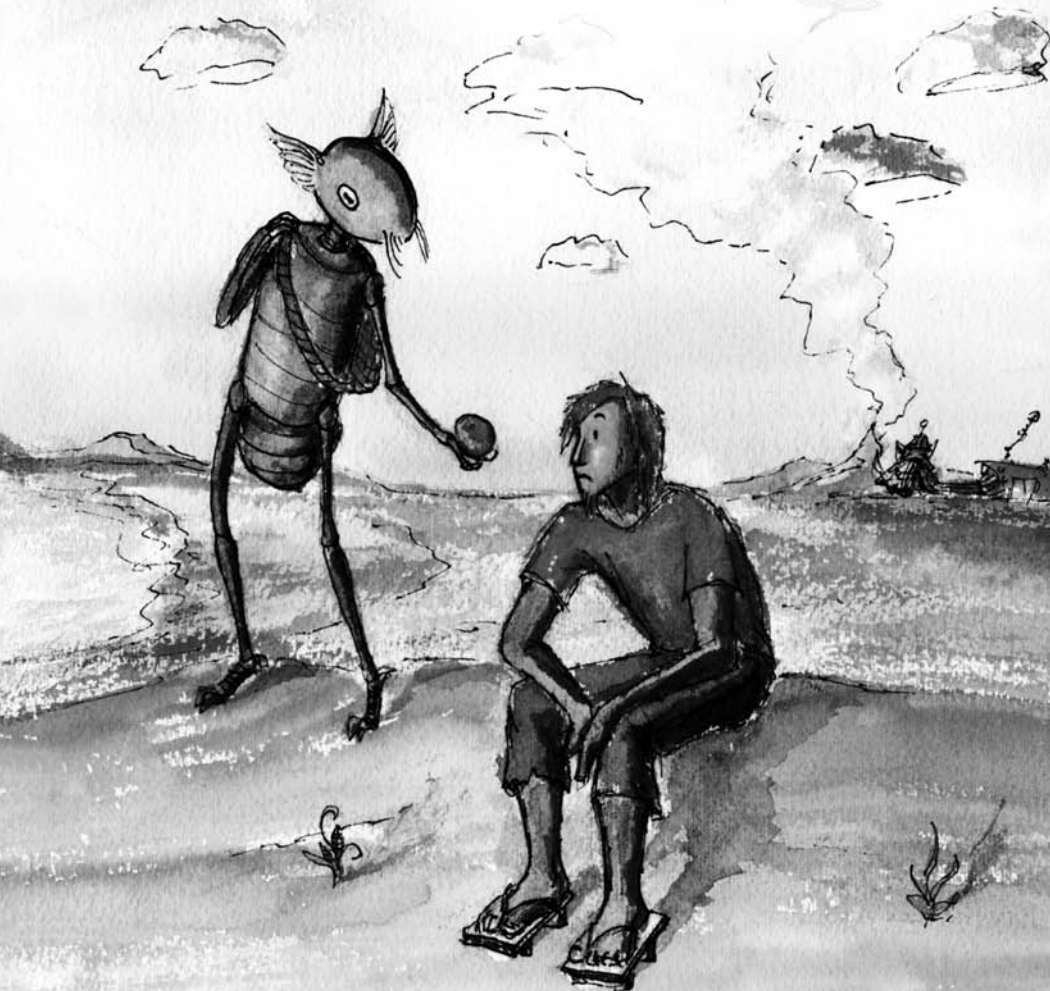
To download a PRINTABLE Version:
OUTBOUND.magazine.blogspot.com
 Model Created by **MARCEL SIRER** for
 more go to elcartonmilenario.com
 History of Mars6 from **WIKIPEDIA**
 Design by **ROHO**

The **Marsnik 6** or **Mars 6** successfully lifted off on August 5, 1973, into an intermediate Earth orbit on a Proton SL-12/D-1-e booster and then launched into a Mars transfer trajectory. Total fueled launch mass of the lander and bus was 3260 kg. It reached Mars on March 12, 1974. The descent module separated from the bus at a distance of 48,000 km from Mars. The bus continued on into a heliocentric orbit after passing within 1600 km of Mars. The descent module entered the atmosphere at 09:05:53 UT at a speed of 5.6 km/s. The parachute opened at 09:08:32 UT after the module had slowed its speed to 600 m/s by aerobraking. During this time the craft was collecting data and transmitting it directly to the bus for immediate relay to Earth. Contact with the descent module was lost at 09:11:05 UT in "direct proximity to the surface," probably either when the retrorockets

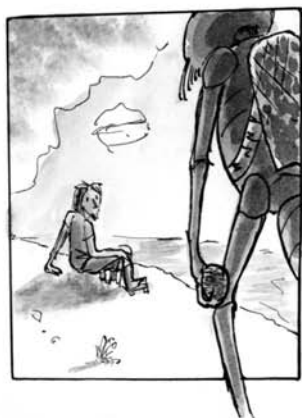
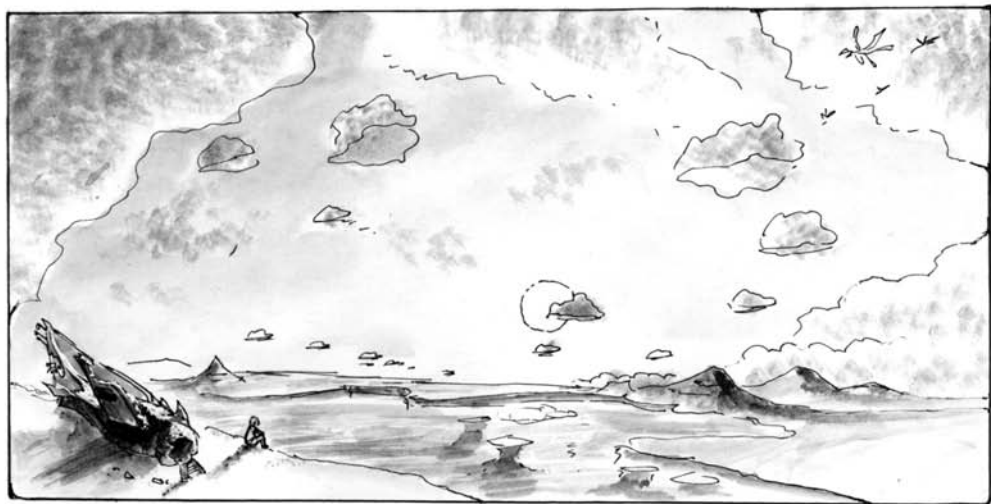
fired or when it hit the surface at an estimated 61 m/s. Mars 6 landed at 23.90° S, 19.42° W in the Margaritifer Terra region of Mars. The landed mass was 635 kg. The descent module transmitted 224 seconds of data before transmissions ceased, the first data returned from the atmosphere of Mars. Much of the data was unreadable due to a flaw in a computer chip which led to degradation of the system during its journey to Mars.

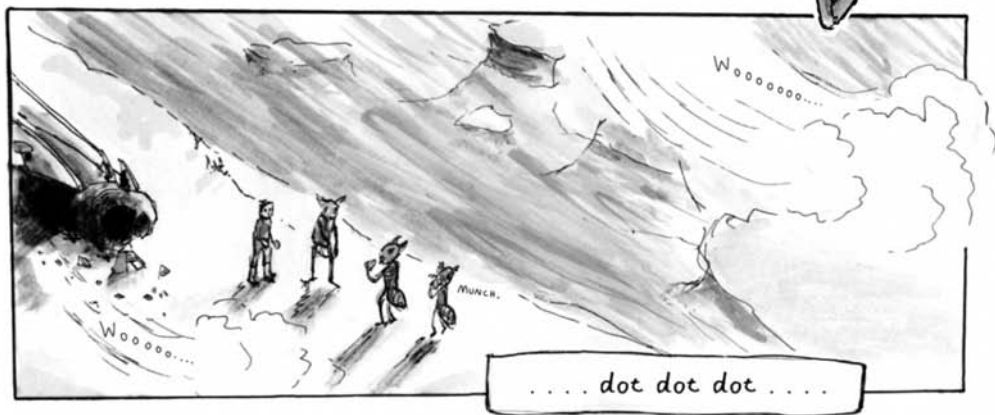
TO BUILD YOUR OWN MARSNIK GO TO PAGE 70 ➡

Mark AND THE Aliens



by Aya Rothwell





Sometimes,



The worst part is,
I am completely dependent on them
for food, shelter and company.

And since I am the only one of my kind
walking around town...





Still,

(I figure)

life could be
worse.

Another Mango
then, Mark?

Thank
you,
D....
Daimai.

Well,
close enough.

Huh?

Oh look
it's Mark.

Don't
be silly.
His eyes
scare me!

April 2008



COVER BY RICHARD JENKINS
STORY BY ROHO

BLACK FUSKA

CHAPTER I
"ARRIVAL"





...A CONTINUACION EN
RADIO 220 AM DE RIVERA TTTTZZ
HOY 25 DE FEBRERO TzzTZZzzz...

CAPÃO
DA CANOA!
FINALLY A SIGN.



CRAPPY AM
RADIOS... DID I BRING
THE CASSETTES? LET'S
SEE WHAT THIS IS...



YAAAAWNN

AWN...
WHAT IS THIS
SHIT!



NO!

I
DON'T
THINK SO...

I DON'T EVER
HAVE TO LISTEN TO THIS
AGAIN...EVER!



Say a whisger on my pillow
Leave the winter on the ground
I wake up lonely, is there a silence
In the bedroom and all around

CLICK! CLACK!

WHAT
ELSE DID I
BRING...
DAMN, I CAN'T
SEE



YEAH!
THIS IS WHAT
I NEED...



LA LLUVIA CAE SOBRE
MONTEVIDEO...

LLUVIA A CAE
SOBRE
MONTEVIDEO...

HOY COMO AYER...

COMO
AYER...

Y NO
HABRA NADAA
ESPECIAL.

Y NO HABRA NADA ESPECIAL.

HOY COMO AYER...



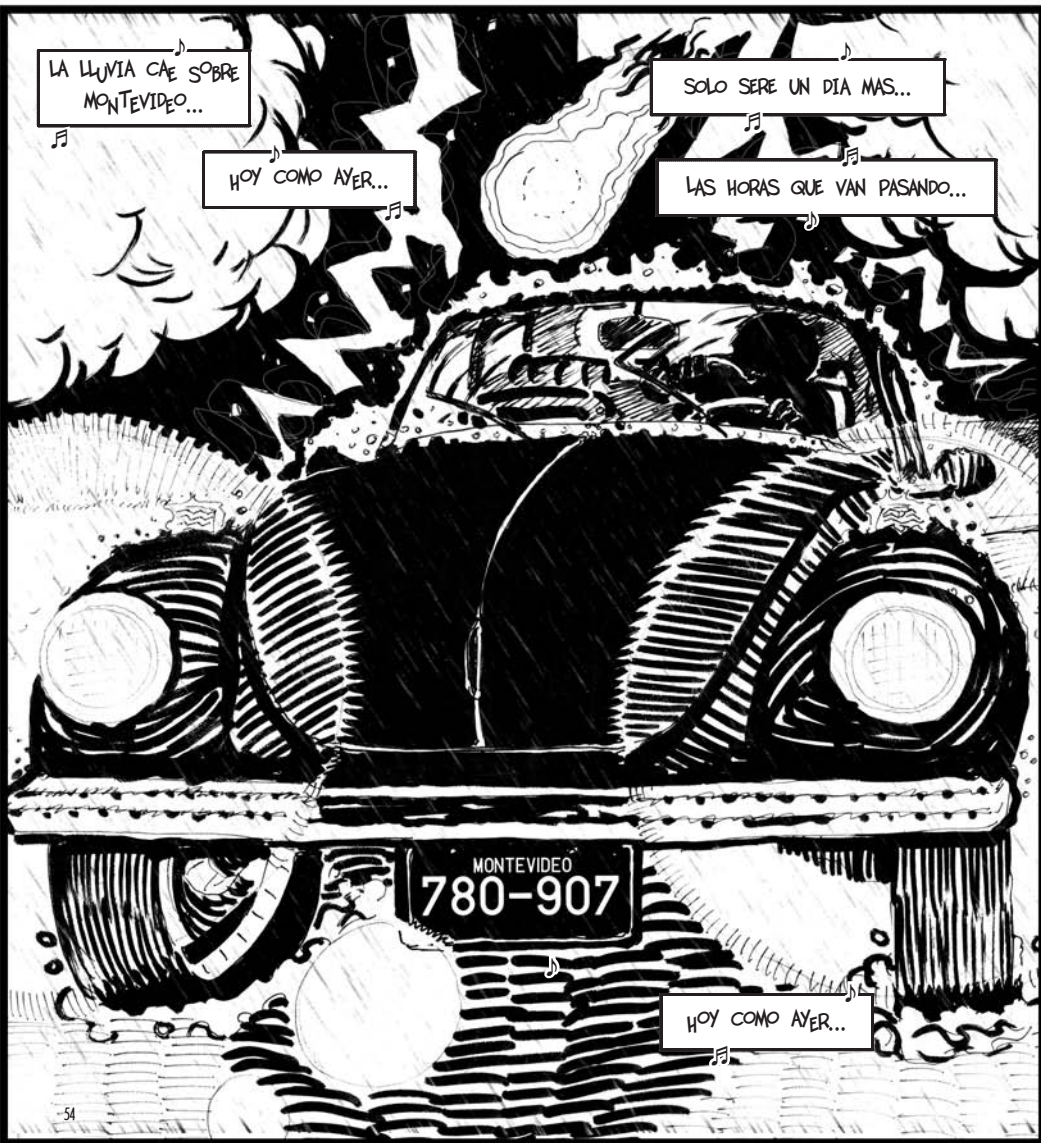
TODO EL LIBRETO ES IGUAL.



UN LUGAR Y SU GENTE

LAS PALABRAS EN LA MISMA SITUACION...

EN LA MISMA DIRECCION.



LA LLUVIA CAE SOBRE
MONTEVIDEO...

HOY COMO AYER...

SOLO SERE UN DIA MAS...

LAS HORAS QUE VAN PASANDO...

MONTEVIDEO
780-907

HOY COMO AYER...

WUDDY

TERMINAN

CONMIGO

BUZZZZ

Y

BUZZZZ

CON

LOS

DEMÁS...

♪ ♪

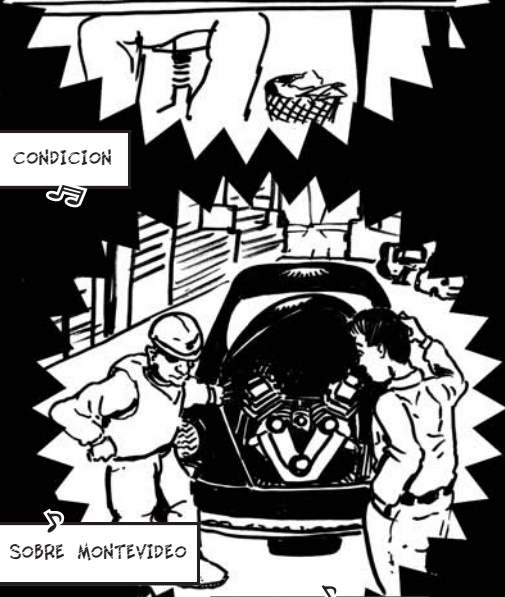
OTRO DIA EN LA MISMA PUDRICION



UN REFLEJO DE LA GENTE



EN LA MISMA CONDICION



LAS LAGRIMAS CAEN SOBRE MONTEVIDEO

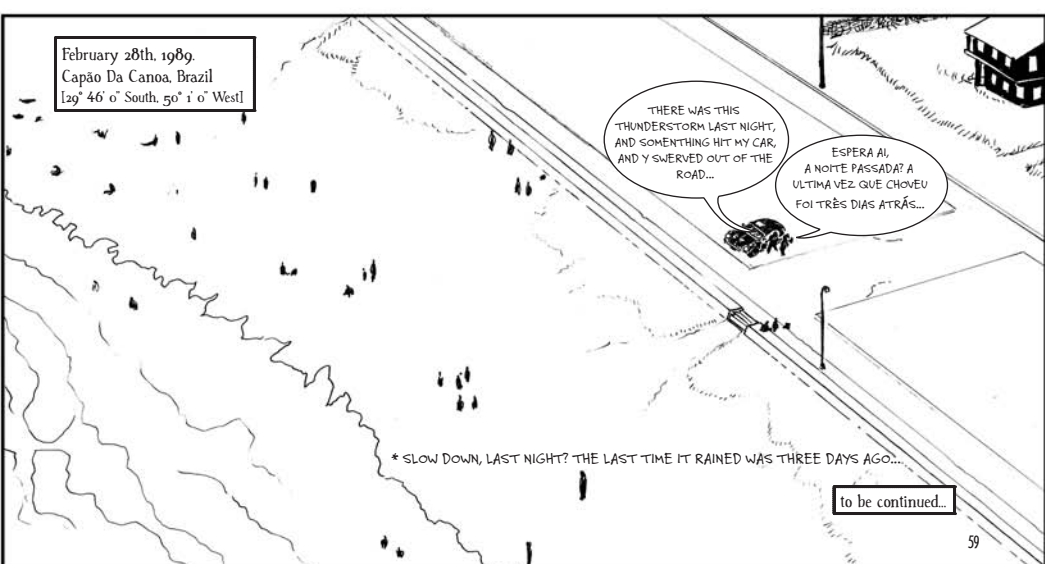
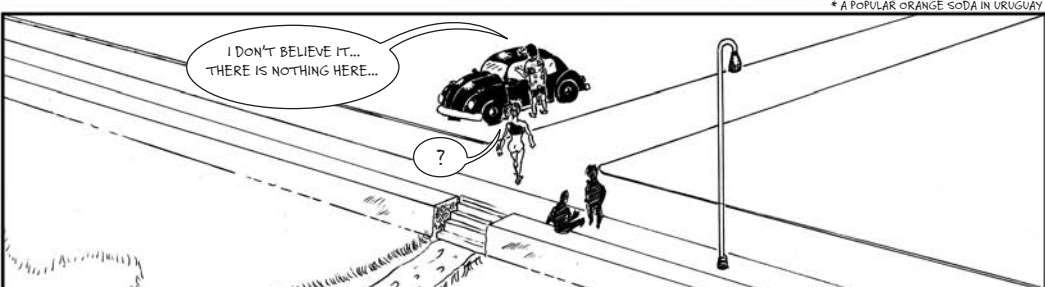
HOY COMO AYER!





* CAN YOU SIT UP?





BREEZES OF HEAVEN

by Joe Canon

It's been two weeks so far. Two years and four months to go.

I've been staying in my space suit because every day or so I have to go out and fix a panel or check on the navigation system and make sure it wasn't hit by any debris.

It is really pissing Nancy off.

I'm trying to push back any fights for a while. We definitely will fight because we are spending almost two and a half years alone together, but I figure if I can put it off until month six or so then things will go easier. I'm not taking my space suit off though. Not until the computer says we are in open space with no chance of being hit by asteroids or meteorites.

The reason we won this opportunity is because we look like a perfect couple, we look like a perfect couple because we keep our distance, but I think we both wanted to win this trip as a way to force us to be closer. We never really talked about it like that, and in the past two weeks the lines of communication haven't been any more open, but we have time and I'm hopeful.

"The computer says that we are out of that asteroid field," Nancy says over the intercom. "You can go out and check on the panels now."

I don't say anything for a while, trying to think of the right thing to say, the thing that will immediately make her less angry.

That thing probably doesn't exist.

"When I come back do you want to watch a movie," I ask over the intercom.

There is nothing for a while, and I'm rubbing my space suited finger over the eject button.

"Ok," she says back with no excitement. I ignore it for now; I can deal with that when I get back, one thing at a time.

I press the eject button and the airlock starts, and in no time I'm outside fixing the ship, something I know I'm very good at. When I get back in the ship I am shocked to discover a man standing in the living room with a recorder and a note pad.

"Hello Ned, My name is Oscar Bulk and I am here to do research for your biography."

"Hello," I say and take my helmet off.

"I am here on behalf of the Buxmen Publishing Group. They have sent me back in time to get the most accurate facts I can on how you and your girlfriend Nancy traversed the vastness of space to become the first civilians to land on the now flourishing planet of Neecos."

"Now flourishing?"

"By which I mean to say in my time, about 200 years in the future, it is a flourishing and prosperous world. Free from all the mistakes and better from all the lessons of Earth."

"You can time travel in the future?"

"Mmm," Oscar says and makes a 'sort

of' motion with his hands. "You're really not supposed to, but people do." We all sat down in the living room, Nancy and I on the couch and Oscar on the chair. We watched a movie and Oscar watched us, and wrote down what he saw.

"Did you notice that I took my spacesuit off," I whisper to Nancy.

"Did you do it for me or for Oscar?"

I probably did take it off so I could look normal in front of Oscar, but I didn't want to say that, so I just pinch her leg. She screams a little and wiggles away from me.

I stop paying attention to the movie and start to think about how I'm going to fix the problems in me and Nancy's relationship. I want to surprise her with a gift. That kind of thing always helped before, but being on a spaceship I didn't have many gift options available. But with this Oscar guy showing up I might be able to figure something out. Without realizing it I pinch Nancy's leg again in excitement. She screams louder and moves to the other side of the couch. Its ok, my plan will make up for that.

• • •

"What did you bring with you" I ask Oscar when we are alone in the computer room.

"Just my tape recorder and notepad," He says.

"No I mean for your trip here. Do you have a suitcase or a change of clothes or anything?"

"I brought a few things, yes."

"Would you mind if I took a look at what you have. I don't want to be intrusive, and I'm sure you don't want to interfere with our trip to much, but I was hoping you would have something I could buy off you."

"You have money?"

"No, but I could pay you back maybe. When I'm old and you're just being born... I don't know I didn't think it out all the way. Ok here's my dilemma, the other day I was digging through the closet to try and find some snacks because our rations just aren't enough sometime. Anyway I stumbled upon a box and in that box was the complete Cosby Show series on data disk. Awesome right, except that on the box it said 'For Ned for first x-mas.' That means that Nancy used one of her two personal item boxes to bring a Christmas present for me."

"What are personal item boxes," Oscar asks.

"We got two boxes before we boarded that we could fill with any two items we wanted. Not for things like clothes or whatever, but personal things that would remind us of home."

"What did you bring?"

"I brought a big box of crackers in one, because I knew I would get hungry, and the complete Cosby Show series on data disk in the other, because I really love that show. Only Nancy doesn't even know I brought that because I only watch it when she makes me sleep on the couch."

It really helps me calm down.

"Anyway what I'm getting at is that I didn't bring Nancy a present, and I'm going to look like a jerk, even more of a jerk, if I don't have something to give her on Christmas."

• • •

There is a picture on the wall in the living room. It is the picture that Nancy and I got taken to send in with all our information when we applied for this trip. We are both smiling; we both have what-are-now bad haircuts that seemed cool back then. Only two years ago. Both of our lips were softer back then too, I notice that a lot. And I have bags under my eyes now that I didn't then. I was happier back then, even if the smile in the picture was fake, I was happier because I didn't have this picture to remind me how unhappy I am now.

Oscar asked me if he could take a picture of that picture for his article and I told him he could have it.

• • •

We look through Oscar's things but don't find much. A toothbrush, toothpaste, soap, shampoo; apparently hygiene is still an everyday struggle in the future. The problem of what to do about Nancy's Christmas present is all I can think about for some reason, which is a problem because that means I don't have much to talk to her about.

"What are you and Oscar doing," she asks.

"I'm just showing him how the ship works and stuff, you know reporter stuff."

"Are we all going to have dinner later?"

"Uh..." I think about maybe making a meal or really nice dessert for Nancy for Christmas. Would that be something she would want? "Uh yeah sure, Dinner would be great, I'll tell Oscar."

"What if I write you a note saying something like 'bring a really nice dress with you' and I keep it in my pocket until I meet you in the future. Would that work?"

"What size dress is she?"

"I don't know. Let's go find out."

We sneak out of the computer room towards the bedroom when Nancy sees us and calls us to dinner.

"Sure," I say "but sit down and let me give you a back rub, you've had a tough day."

As I give her a backrub I check the tag on the dress she is wearing; size three. I flash three fingers at Oscar and tell Nancy that we have to take our dinner in the computer room.

"Ok so I'm writing down that you should bring a really nice size three dress with you. And now I'll just put it in my pocket and..."

Nothing happens.

"Maybe we should check your luggage for..." I'm cut off by the ship shaking violently and the warning lights going off. The computer screens flash the words "Asteroid Field" and "Navigation Malfunction."

"Oh not now," I say. "I have to get my space suit on. I'll be right back Oscar." It takes me a while to get my space suit on, and when I'm done the shaking has stopped and it's safe to go out and check for damages.

It's disheartening to go into space. Not scary, although a stray rock could come out of nowhere and crack my helmet and kill me, just bleak because when I look out I don't recognize the stars. People on Earth spent millions of years naming the stars and putting them into shapes, and determining their fates from them. I don't know what the stars I see mean.



Illustration by Paul Marquis

There are two loose panels that I screw down and then realign the navigation system. As I move across the ship I can see through one of the portholes that Nancy is in the kitchen doing dishes, I can also see the reflection of the stars in the window but decide not to look up, and keep crawling to the hatch.

I get to the hatch and see the plaque that was put on there to inspire us. It is from a letter Johannes Kepler wrote to Galileo. I read it every time I come back in.

"As soon as somebody demonstrates the art of flying, settlers from our species of man will not be lacking on the moon and Jupiter... Given ships or sails adapted to the breezes of heaven, there will be those who will not shrink from even that vast expanse."

...

I come back in and take my helmet off and consider keeping the rest of my space

suit on just in case I have to go back out, but decide instead to take it off.

"Nancy," I say over the intercom.

"Yeah," she asks back.

"Why don't you and Oscar sit at the table and I'll make us all some nice dessert."

"I would like that," she says "but Oscar went back home."

"What? Already?"

"He was helping me with the dishes and then he said he thought he was getting in the way and packed up his stuff and wasn't there anymore."

"Oh, well would you still want to have some dessert with me?"

"If you want to start I'll probably be done with the dishes by the time you get done with dessert."

"Ok," I say and head to the fridge to check for ingredients. While we both silently work in the kitchen I start to say something four or five times, but never

do. We sit down for strawberry shortcakes and I find enough words to get started.

"Are we back on the right course," Nancy eventually asks.

I pause for a second to think. "Yeah, we are realigned with our destination and every day we are getting a little bit closer."

"I'm glad," she says and gives me a kiss on the cheek.

I don't look through all my stuff to make sure there isn't a really nice dress in there somehow. Instead I read "The Martian Chronicles" to Nancy until she falls asleep. I bring her to bed and for a while I look at her sleeping face. When I shut the light off I see the stars outside moving by.

Two years and four months to go.



FIND MORE STORIES BY JOE AT www.ikindoflikejoe.com

HOW I LEARNED TO TOLERATE VEGEMITE

by Aya Rothwell

I was working part time in an internship. They paid me a meager stipend, more for appearances than anything. But they did promise me free lunches and rides in the company vehicle. And in the interview, they said that interesting things happened in the company. By "interesting," well, I'd know more as time passed. And that is where the Vegemite comes in.

I'm sure you all know what Vegemite is? Sort of a brownish, yeast-based paste stuff that is apparently very healthy for you. I think it comes from Australia, and seems to be popular in that area of the world. Mind you, my internship doesn't take place in New Zealand or Australia, but one way or another there was still Vegemite involved.

It began a few days after I'd settled into my internship.

"Hey," Cynthia said to me one morning, striding past the office's chrome and glass furnishings. Her elbow brushed against some of the clutter and knocked it to the floor. She didn't notice. "Take a break from filing those things. I need you to ride shotgun with me. We're dropping off the Anton case files to a client on St. Mick's Street."

I hesitated before replying. "Did you mean Hartsfield Boulevard?" Two years had passed since the construction, but a lot of people still called the area by its old name.

Cynthia brushed aside her thin, dark hair and gave me a cool look. "St. Mick's, Eliza, St. Mick's. The client is Mrs. Tian Keretsford, located at 32 St. Mick's Street, two years five months twenty-three days and seven hours ago."

I wriggled the manila folder in my hand uneasily, unsure how to respond to this seemingly insane statement.

• • •

"Oh for gawd's sake, Cynthia, stop messing with new intern." Tim wandered into the room, eating animal crackers and cheerfully spilling crumbs everywhere. I liked Tim more than Cynthia. Tim was actually normal. Let me give an example, by describing the very first day of work. When I stepped through the doors, I supposed I gave some intern-ish aura with my newly-bought business-casual outfit. Because the moment Cynthia saw me, she immediately put a book in my hand and began giving convoluted instructions on where to file it away. Then, in the middle of her instructions, she wandered off. All I could do was stand there helplessly.

But then Tim came to my rescue.

Late middle-aged and comfortably chubby, he warmly introduced himself. He asked my name and what year in school I was, and showed me around the facility while letting me meet the staff. Then

he paused by an orange bookshelf. Tim explained: *that* was where Cynthia meant for me to put the book. Then, much to my relief, he started quietly laughing about Cynthia. See, isn't Tim nice?

Which is why I really thought Tim had come to my rescue again, when he poked his head into the archive room and chided Cynthia. But then he kept going.

"Besides not giving any explanation, Cynthia," Tim said, "you haven't even fetched rations of Mitim."

"I already ate some for lunch," she replied, a tad defensively. "I always eat some for lunch."

"All right, you ate the Mitim. What about Eliza?"

Oh, Tim, I thought, *where are you when I'm not at my internship, to help me with the world's Cynthias?* Granted, I still didn't understand what Tim was talking about. So

I waved at him in a confused way.

"Oh," explained Tim, noticing my gesture, "Cynthia's personally delivering a case file to a client. The client is located across town and about two years in the past, so she's using the company time machine."

— *What? Tim! I thought you were on my side!*

• • •

It looked like a giant jellybean, with ferns sprouting out of it. Clearly, it was a modern art display. Or oversized new age furniture, which was supposed to show qualities in tune with nature. Maybe.

"So there's the time machine," said Tim, sweeping his arm towards the fern-covered giant furniture, as we finished making our way into the lab. Tim was still not helping the situation. "And here, Eliza, is the Mitim." Tim handed me a little paper cup like you see in McDonald's for ketchup.

I looked inside, and there was a generous dollop of some thick-looking red paste. I wafted the scent with my hand, as chemists do. It wasn't ketchup. I prodded at the stuff with my pinky, and found it had a texture like peanut butter. I tentatively licked my pinkie.

"Tim," I said.

"Yes?"

"This tastes like Vegemite."

Cynthia, nearby, shrugged and gave a wave of her hand that suggested, *Just eat it already.*

"We're working on that," apologized Tim. "Cynthia may be fine with what she invented ten years ago, when we were just starting up. But the company's expanded since then, and it's really taking too long for new staff to acquire the taste of Mitim. Still — in the meantime —" Tim began rooting around in the pantry behind him, "— you can spread the paste on some toast with butter and gobble it down that way, if you'd like."

"Tim," I said. "I think you put red food dye in Vegemite and gave it to me."

"Ah, I cherish that bluntness of yours, Eliza! You know, for instance, that you are the only intern who has been able put up with Cynthia for this long? But no, no, the stuff you hold has a distinctly nutty taste, compared to Vegemite. More importantly, Mitim will ward off any time travel nausea. And, can you believe it, Mitim is additionally nutritious and good for your health!" Tim continued to ramble. "Even Oscar's taken to eating some at

lunchtime, have you noticed? — Ah, found it. Here!"

Tim tossed me a bag of pre-sliced oatmeal bread from the Stop and Shop grocery store across the street. The plastic bag had a "buy two get one free" sticker on it.

Eying the red Vegemite, I reasoned Tim was too nice to feed me anything poisonous. Plus, come to think, I *had* seen Cynthia eating the stuff on toast every day for lunch. So I finally ate the Vegemite. It was still gross and salty.

I was prodding at the ferns on said time machine, wondering what on Earth they did. Tim, watching me, commented, "We really need to trim those down again.... Oh! Eliza, that's a project you can do when you get back."

And, I am sorry to report, most of time traveling was just as anticlimactic as Tim's comment.

All right, I guess the inside of the fern-covered art-sculpture of a machine was pretty sweet. Cynthia, being Cynthia, didn't want to bother with an airplane cockpit of buttons and screens. So she created an intuitive holo-display where one pointed at a picture of what one wanted to operate the time machine. Of course, I'm just guessing that Cynthia is the one behind the design. It would follow, though, from what I'd seen of her so far — develop an ingenious machine-passenger interface because she hated knobs and levers, but don't bother changing the god-awful tasting Vegemite paste since it didn't personally bother her.

But like I said, the inside of the modern-art-sculpture time machine was the most interesting part of the trip.

Because when we actually traveled back two years five months whatever Cynthia had said, I stepped out... and couldn't tell the difference.

Yes, it looked like twisty old St. Mick's Street, I'll give it that. And maybe the leaves on the trees didn't look the same as when I walked to my internship this morning. Perhaps the wind carried a different smell, too. But I was looking for grander signs. Of course, I didn't really have time for close observations: Cynthia finished soon enough and came striding back. She was hustling for the return trip and not the least bit interested in letting me absorb my first time traveling experience.

But as it turned out, I would be going on many more time travel trips during the spell of my internship.

Something about the design of the machine meant that having two minds on board stabilized time travel exponentially. The regular staff was busy with running the company in the present, so the interns were generally chosen to ride along with the time traveler. And among those who knew how to operate the time machine, Cynthia was the best. So despite everything, she often did the time-traveling errands.

And (as Tim said) I was the only intern who could even begin putting up with Cynthia. Thus, without fail, I was the one called to ride shotgun with her.

• • •

As time passed — and I mean, in the present sense, with my internship progressing — I eventually started to



Illustration by Aya Rothwell

understand Cynthia. She was like me. Blunt, yet vaguely absent minded. Except to an insane degree, in Cynthia's version. (I hope this doesn't mean I will become like Cynthia, as I grow older.)

Despite such thoughts, I think Cynthia and I began to feel a mutual acceptance of each other. On the last day of my internship, she let me have a joy ride through time.

I saw Proterozoic oceans, a Maiasaur tending to her young, a greyback and a bluebelly soldier secretly meeting to trade tobacco and coffee, a gentleman and a lady in the streets arguing over "The Origin of Species," a view of a bustling, living Machu Picchu — and finally, two hominid looking creatures, stepping through soft muddy ground, one pausing to give a hesitant look back at the horizon. In other words, all the things I had always wanted to see.

Don't tell anyone, but that joy ride was

the first time I actually began to accept the whole time travel business. Up until then, most of the time travel was limited between three months to seven years in the past, and for company purposes. The range of what I saw just didn't convince me.

But the real root of my disbelief was...

The Vegemite.

I ate the gross stuff each and every time I went on a time trip, especially after I forgot once and came back with my head spinning for a good half an hour. Despite all that, you'd think I'd link Vegemite with somewhat novel time traveling errands, and thus form a positive association.

But honestly, I never acquired the taste of Vegemite. I just learned to tolerate it. If eating salty Vegemite (spread on toast) had not been introduced as a crucial factor of time traveling company errands, I might have taken time travel seriously

a lot sooner.

...

On my last day, Tim gave me a sample of the new time travel Vegemite he was working on. Incidentally, he's the only one who calls it by the actual name of Mitim. Anyway, the new paste was still Vegemite in essence, but there was a strong flavor of strawberries now. It was a dried fruitbar sort of palpability, and absolute heaven compared to the original flavor.

I was annoyed that Tim was introducing this new strawberry-flavor time travel Vegemite after my internship had ended. But he's such a nice guy that, eventually, I forgave him.



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HUNTER PREY

Exclusive Interview With Filmmaker
SANDY COLLORA
by Darren Albert

Ask us what our top five most anticipated sci-fi films of the year are and you'll hear 'Sandy Collora's Hunter Prey' included in the mix. If you're one of the few sci-fi fans who haven't yet heard of Sandy Collora or Hunter Prey, then you should take the time to visit io9 who, back in Nov 08 provided an in depth look at the film via a comprehensive interview with him. If you want the short version: Collora is the filmmaker who in 2003 scored a demigod hit with his fan-made short film, *Batman: Dead End* (the one where Batman battles against the Joker, an Alien, and a Predator). Since then he's had a legion of fans chomping at the bit to see what he can do with a full length feature film.

Hunter Prey is that film.

The story follows a team of special forces commandos who must recapture an escaped alien prisoner after the military transport ship carrying it crashes on a desolate and hostile planet. Although we've yet to see any footage (more on when that will change included in the interview below), the first wave of stills had many fans comparing elements of the images to *Star Wars*. Further, our own discussions about the film have regularly evoked elemental comparisons with James Cameron's *Terminator*, Ron Moore's *Battlestar Galactica*, Wolfgang Petersen's *Enemy Mine*, *Star Trek*, 2001 *A Space Odyssey*, and more. Whether these comparisons turn out to be accurate or not, the reality remains that yes, we're very eager to see this movie.

So when will we see it? Many people were expecting *Hunter Prey* to be released last month but once March came, and with no word on the status of the film to hand, the usual speculation that something was wrong began to surface. Fortunately we can now confirm that there is no further need for such speculation for yesterday Sandy Collora gave us a status update, sent over a few new never before seen images, and fielded a few of our questions with answers that have only served to heighten our anticipation.

INTERVIEW WITH SANDY COLLORA:

Last we heard you were embarking on adding all the visual effects. How has that turned out?

Sandy Collora: Phenomenal. I'm very

pleased with all the Visual Effects for the film. Johnnie Semerad and his award winning team of artists have generated some truly stunning imagery that certainly elevates the film to another level. That aspect of the film has grown considerably since I first sat down in NY with Johnnie and discussed what direction I felt the CG should go and where I felt it most applicable. Once they started completing shots and Toby (my editor) cut them into the film, Johnnie would say, "Hey, maybe we do a little something here, on this shot or that shot..." Little things that just made some stuff more fantastic and engaging. He also talked me into an idea he had for the opening of the film, which turned out incredibly well. Johnnie has great instincts and is a very talented artist and painter, so his ideas and what he brought to the film as whole, were very cool. We're finishing up the last half dozen shots or so this week, so I'm very excited. Everything from the simplest of cosmetic fixes, to the breathtaking landscapes, look incredible. I think people are going to be shocked at the level of CG that was achieved for such a low budget film. Everything is seamless. Natural. Unobtrusive. The CG enhances the world and the story, and is only used where we felt it necessary, and is not overbearing. It compliments the movie quite well, I'd say.

Were there any reasons for the delay that you can elaborate on?

SC: There's quite a few actually, there always are... People's schedules were a big problem, because when you're not paying people their full rate, or in some cases not even close to it, you have to be flexible as far as their schedules are concerned. People have businesses to run, bills to pay and families to feed. Their availability might not always click with when you want them to do something, which is very normal in the low budget movie world. You get put on the back burner because you're not a big paying job, which is completely understandable. The Visual FX ran late because shots were added, or changes were made to certain things to get the best result possible. I felt it was better to wait a bit longer to have the shot be perfect. I tried very hard along the way, not to compromise the artistic integrity of the film. Too many people worked too damn hard, to just say "Oh, that's good enough...". It's just that simple. I think it makes a huge difference and matters that much... I truly do.

The music also held us up for a long time. It's finally worked out now and we have an incredibly talented composer named Chris Hoag scoring our film, but the guy I originally wanted to work with, just could not commit to the job and a lot of time and effort was spent, ultimately in vain, trying to accommodate him. It happens all the time in this business, you just move on... Things are proceeding along quite well now.

I think there's going to be a lot of people that want to see this film, not just in the US but worldwide. Can you give us some idea of how you intend to

distribute the film?

SC: Another good question, to which unfortunately, the answer is; I don't know yet. Of course, I'd love for this film to get a theatrical release, both overseas and here in the states, but that's not up to me. It depends on who likes the film, how much they like it, and how much they're willing to spend on P&A to get it into the theaters. I'll say this; I've seen films that I personally felt were not worthy of it, get released theatrically. They all had varying results. Some made money, some didn't. But the fact of the matter is, there are many different reasons why films get released the way they do, and I openly admit, I have no idea what some of those are and what criteria a film must meet and for whom, to get released in a certain manner. Marketing a film to buyers is quite different from marketing a film to an audience, and again, I'm just starting to learn how that all works. What I do know for sure however, is this; I have a film that if marketed correctly, will appeal to a lot of people, and that it will definitely be released in some form. All of you will be able to see this movie. Don't worry about it "never seeing the light of day" as some of you put it, because that is simply not the case.

One of your approaches to film-making is to be conscious of what it is that's made other genre films great and to try and synthesize that into your own work. Do you think you've managed to infuse some of these elements into *Hunter Prey*?

SC: I think so. The true test of that of course, will be what audiences think. That's more up to them at this point than it is me. I feel I've done my job. I feel I've given the audience, especially the Sci Fi fans, something they really can embrace. I see elements of great Sci Fi films that have come before it, in the film and think I've paid homage to them in the purest of ways... Of course I'm biased, but I truly think there's some old school, 70's Sci Fi magic in "Hunter Prey", but I guess we'll see soon enough.

You've endured a lot of challenges to get to the point of even being able to produce an indie film. What's been the biggest challenge you've faced during production?

SC: Every element of it is the biggest challenge, until you figure it out and move on to the next thing, which then of course, becomes the biggest challenge... True, but to answer more succinctly; I'd have to say the biggest challenge was raising the money. To me, the creative parts of filmmaking come very naturally and are fun and challenging in different, less stressful ways than the the business end of things for me.

Is everything coming together in line with your original vision?

SC: Yes it is, but even the biggest of A-list directors, making 100 million dollar films, will tell you it's never exactly what you want. Making a movie is like being in a



Illustration by Chris Ring

war. You're always fighting the budget and time, people doubting you, all kinds of stuff, but I'd have to say, most of this movie has fallen into place the way I originally envisioned it. Some things, mostly because of the budget, had to change. Some for the better, some not, but that's part of being a director. You have to be on your game, every minute of every day and be able to think on your feet when different situations present themselves, whether good or bad. Being able to adapt and deal with things that can change on a minute to minute basis, is essential to making a good, low budget film. I'm very happy with the movie. It's very much the picture I wanted to make. I'm proud of it and I'm proud of the cast and crew, who supported me with the gifts of their time, talent and dedication, making my vision for Hunter Prey, a reality.

What has turned out better than you could have hoped for?

SC: Wow. Lots of things. Honestly though, the biggest thing that turned out better than I could have imagined, was the fan reaction to the first photos and interviews about the movie. I was truly overwhelmed by the warmth and outpouring of love and support for the film. My email box was literally jammed the first few days after io9 ran the first piece, and people couldn't believe how cool everything looked. A lot of people said very nice and very encouraging things. Some even went as far as to say that what they saw in those pictures, was the kind of stuff they had expected to see in other popular Sci Fi films, but were always left unsatisfied.

I think people can really relate to the film and to us, because we're the underdogs, the little guys. We get it. One website in particular, that was pleasantly surprised by the amount of attention we're getting, called us; "The little Sci Fi film that could." I love that... So cool.

The music score to a movie is to my mind one of the most important aspects of a film — the right music can really make a film shine, the wrong score can break even an otherwise good film. You've commented on various aspects of your film before but I don't think you've mentioned the music. How do you see the importance of the right score and what has been your approach to the soundtrack for Hunter Prey?

SC: There's a good reason why I haven't talked about that aspect until very recently. Like I mentioned above, the guy that we were trying to do a deal with to score the picture, kind of strung us along a little bit. He's an incredible musician, but for many reasons that unfortunately became apparent to me too late, he had a problem with making a commitment to us and to the project. In the end, it just became too difficult to get him involved, and we went in another direction. Which worked out very well and in this case, much, much better. We were fortunate enough to get a very talented guy named Chris Hoag to score Hunter Prey. Chris has got me so excited about the work he's doing, I can barely hold a thought. He earned an emmy nomination for his work on the TV show House, and he's kind of an "old soul" if you will, when it comes to film scores. He's very much into the

same movies and movie music that I am, and we see 100% eye to eye on what the score for this film needs to be and he's doing an incredible job. The score will be very traditional, in a sense, with heavy thematic pieces and title music, but will also have a very odd, Planet of the Apes edge to it. As Chris describes it: "The first part of the movie, when they crash on the planet and start tracking the creature, needs to be very primitive, very alien... Lots of odd percussive elements and things to make you go; I don't think we're in Kansas anymore..."

If there was one thing you could say to get people excited about Hunter Prey, what would it be?

SC: It comes from the heart and is pure...

I'm also aware the story of Hunter Prey is part of a bigger picture...if it's successful, do you plan to take the story into a sequel?

SC: Well, a sequel to Hunter Prey is certainly possible, and myself and Nick Damon, who co wrote Hunter Prey with me, have definitely tossed some ideas around. Again, I think the reality of a sequel is going to be dictated by the performance of the film. I'm also prepping two other projects. One is a horror film, that I also developed and wrote with Nick, and the other is another Sci Fi movie, but with a much bigger scope than Hunter Prey. We'll see what happens... I'm sure I'll do something cool... Stay tuned...

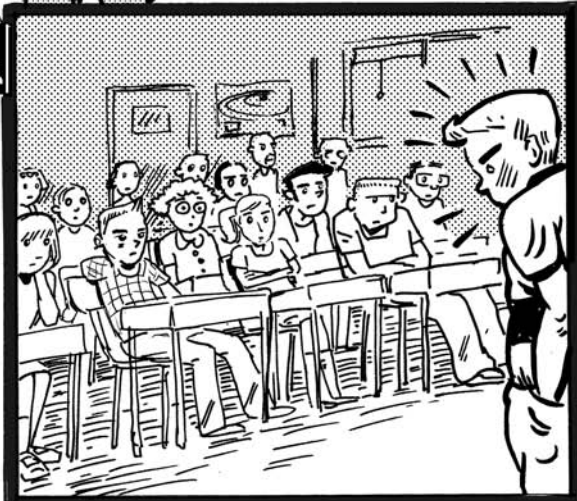
THIS INTERVIEW APPEARED ORIGINALLY ON SCIFISCOOP.COM
MORE ABOUT THE MOVIE AT www.hunterpreymovie.com

PREVIEW

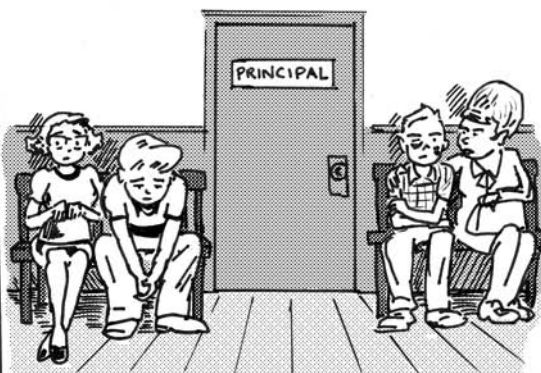
THE NEW KID

BY
DAN
MAZUR





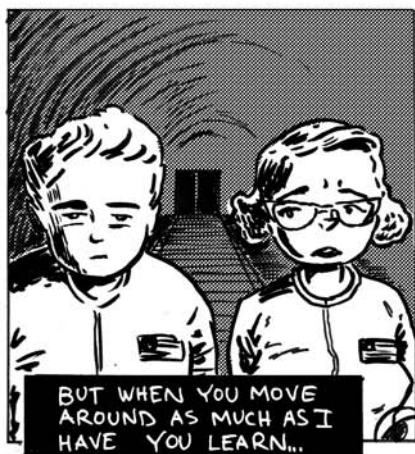
AND IF YOU'RE KINDA BIG,
LIKE ME, PEOPLE EXPECT
THINGS FROM YOU.



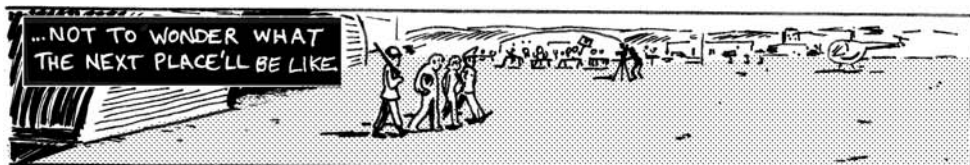
THAT'S ME, A REAL PEOPLE-PLEASER.



WELL AT LEAST I'M
LEAVING ALL THAT CRAP
BEHIND.

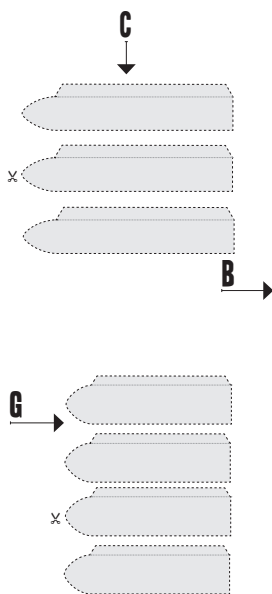


BUT WHEN YOU MOVE
AROUND AS MUCH AS I
HAVE YOU LEARN...



MARSINK IV MODEL

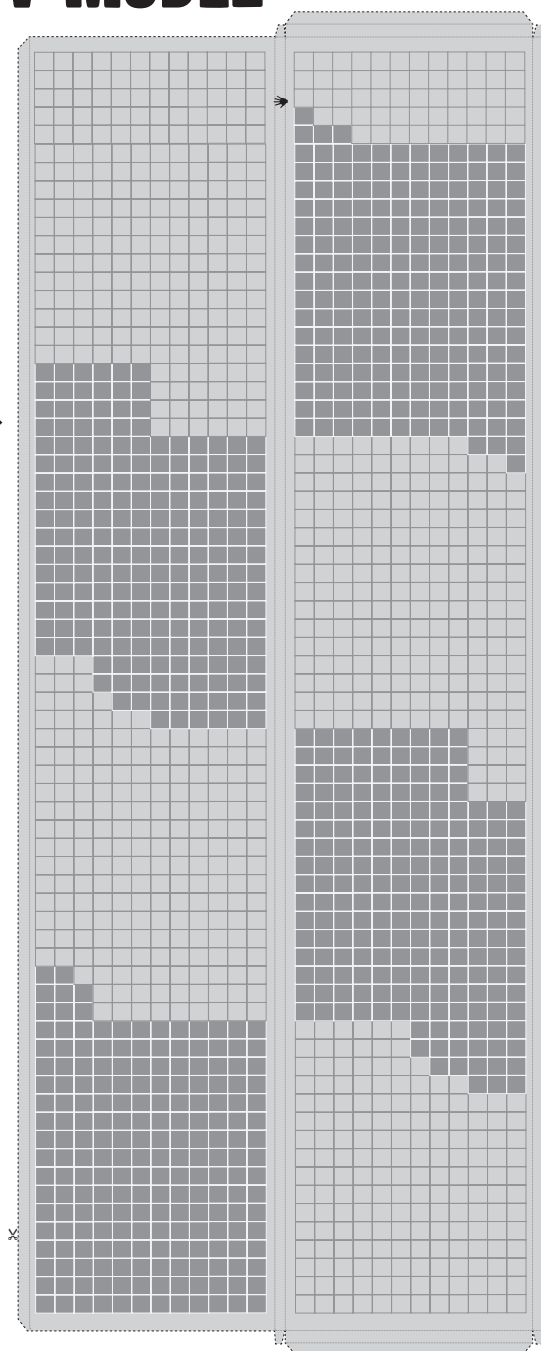
by Marcel Sirer, Roho and the USSR



INSTRUCTIONS

As seen on *The Caerulean Dream* the Marsnik 6 can be yours. Just cut each part carefully and fold where indicated. A little glue and some patience are recommended.

This model is recommended for ages 10 and up. Please do not eat, it may cause you to speak Russian at random times or dream that you are landing on Mars when you sleep.

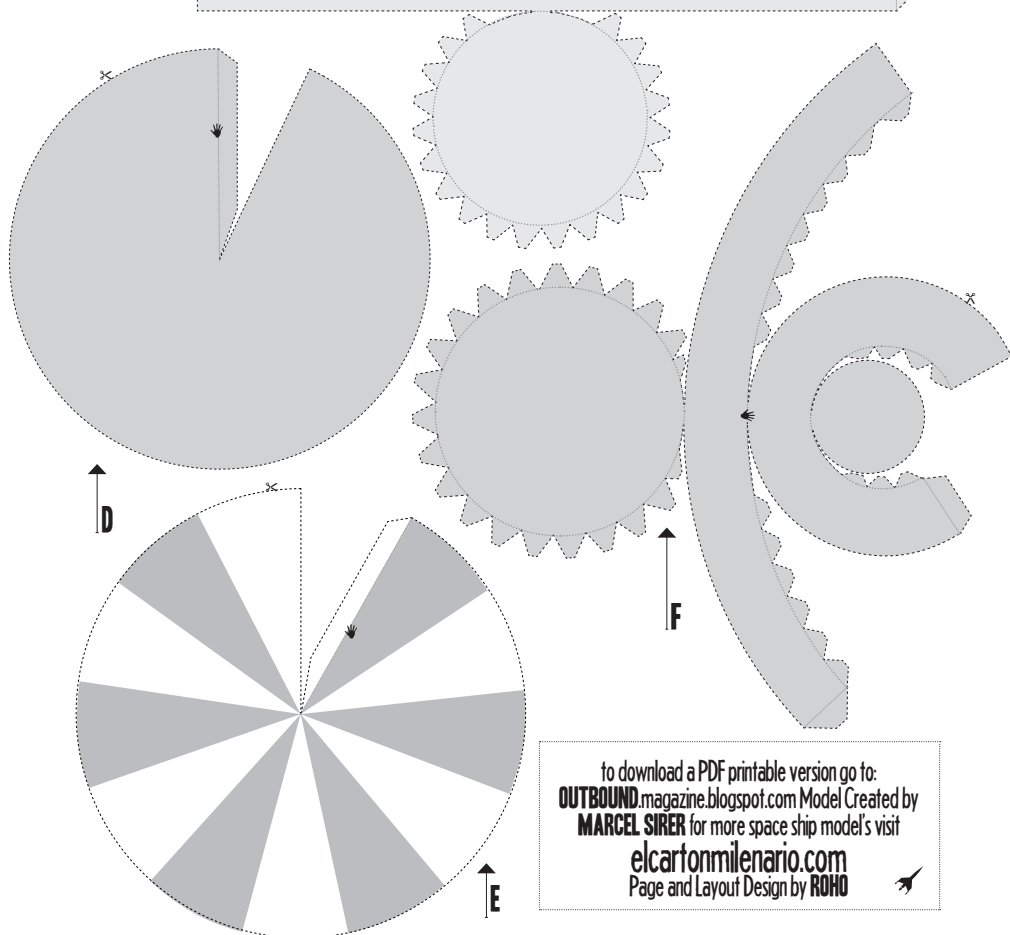




A →

MAPC 6

CCCP



to download a PDF printable version go to:
OUTBOUND.magazine.blogspot.com Model Created by
MARCEL SIRER for more space ship model's visit
elcartonmilenario.com
 Page and Layout Design by **ROHO** 

READER MAIL

Edited by Lindsay Moore

Welcome to the Outbound Readers Mail Section. We hope you enjoyed the stories so far. Clarifications in order this being the first issue you may be wondering: how is it possible to have reader's mail already? There is a simple answer my faithful reader, we punched a hole in the space-time continuum of our Mail Editor Lindsay Moore's head. Thanks to this we are able to address readers' concerns before they happen thus creating a far superior Science Fiction publication than your average galactic pulp, at the cost of a few childhood memories of our dedicated Editor. Without any more boring technicalities I leave you to the letters.

ROHO ~Outbound Editor

Dear Outbound,

I recently ordered one pair of "X-Ray Specs" from your fine publication, and I do believe that they are defective. I can see through objects and clothing, as promised in the advertisement, however, everyone around me appears to be wearing Sarah Palin novelty panties. I believe that the glasses are defective and would like another pair.

All sincerities,

Professor Edgar
Whipplestein

Dear Professor Whipplestein,

We here at "Outbound" are very thorough in the manufacture of all of our fine products. However, we have been known to make mistakes, and we will send you one (1) new pair of "X-Ray Specs." If you continue to see Sarah Palin novelty panties, might we suggest relocating to somewhere that isn't Alaska?

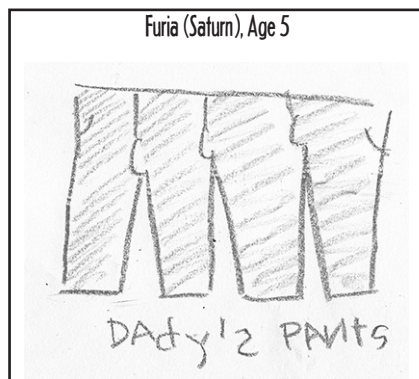
~ Outbound



Dear Outbound,

I have been a loyal reader of your fine publication for over three decades, and I was outraged by the strip about Saturnians in last week's issue. As a proud inhabitant of Saturn, I was deeply offended by your depiction of my esteemed and noble race. Saturnians have evolved quite a bit in the last three decades; we have four legs, not six. The artist who drew Saturnians obviously had no knowledge of Saturnian anatomy, and has incredibly poor taste. So to help your artist with reference my little darling Furia drew a little something, so you can go ahead and enjoy my pants.

~ Angry Saturnian



Dear Angry Saturnian,

We at "Outbound" sincerely apologize for our inappropriate depiction of your people. We have fired the illustrator, and have fed him and his entire family to Gorkoks. We offer our most sincere apologies and hope that you will continue to enjoy our fine publication.

~ Outbound

Dear Outbound,

We, the collective persona that forms the planet Omegatron 73.5, have just recently subscribed to your magazine, and we love it! Keep up the good work!

~ Omegatron 73.5

Dear Omegatron 73.5,

We're so glad that you all love our magazine so much! Thanks for your letter!

~ Outbound

That is all for this edition of the **Outbound Reader Mail**. We thank Saul from your sketch and we are glad you are enjoying the **Black Fuska Cartoon**. We look forward to having tons of letters from you for **Outbound #2** (Lindsay just forgot what blue is). For Electronic Email you can write at outbound@aerealcity.com. We hope to have a Snail Mail address as soon as we find a spot to park our space ship. And also keep checking our Blog at outboundmagazine.blogspot.com for updates and sneak previews of our next issue, till then we say farewell and enjoy your soylent cookies.

~ Outbound



Publisher: **ROHO** Short Fiction Editor: **MICHAEL A BURSTEIN** Copy Editors: **JAIME GARMENDIA** and **LINSAY MOORE** Sequential Supervisor for Black Fusk: **RICHARD JENKINS** D.A.: **ALICE LEWIS**

THE SCIENCE FICTION COMIC

by Michael A. Burstein

Science fiction and comics. At first glance, the two of them would appear to be the most obvious marriage in the world. Science fiction is a genre that thrills the imagination and lends itself to the most wondrous artwork imaginable, while comics are a medium that relies on art to move its stories forward. Even historically, some of the first people involved in comics were also involved with science fiction. One of the first science fiction fanzines, *Time Traveler*, was co-published by Julius Schwartz and Mort Weisinger, who later went on to become influential editors of comic books.

And yet science fiction has never been in the forefront of the comic book genre. Yes, there have been science fiction comics in the past, and obviously elements of science fiction have permeated comics throughout the decades. But if you ask comic book fans about science fiction comics, chances are they'll draw a blank. Even though superhero comics are inherently fantastic, and many independent comics rely upon the iconography of

science fiction, fans don't tend to think of those comics as science fiction (at least in the US).

Which is a shame, but possibly understandable. Like the medium of comics, the genre of science fiction has also fought for its share of respectability. Perhaps it is for this reason why the two have usually stayed at arm's length; it was hard enough for either one to earn accolades by itself. Perhaps the writers and artists of comics felt that declaring their work science fiction would just be another obstacle for them to overcome in the marketplace.

Outbound is here to change that notion.

In *Outbound*, you'll find stories of aliens and spaceships; of normal worlds turned weird and of weirdness encountered as normal; and of the limits of the human imagination. Both comic book fans and science fiction fans will find that the two elements work well together, and wonder why they were ever kept apart in the first place.

Welcome to *Outbound*.

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TEAM



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MOORE



JAIME
GARMENDIA



AYA
ROTHWELL



RICHARD
JENKINS

Special thanks to Dan Mazur, Los Bermejós, Shelli Paroli, David Kender, Lauren Farina, all the members of The Boston Comics Roundtable, TenTon Studios and Celio Pedrosa. Without your help and support *OUTBOUND* would have been just a Mad Scientist Dream.

INDEX OF CREATORS

DARREN ALBERT.....www.scifiscoop.com
BRETT BARKLEY.....brettbarkley.com
JASON BAROODY.....jasonbaroody.blogspot.com
ERIC BOEKER.....www.webcomicsnation.com/eboeker
MARCELO BUCHELLI.....marcelobuchellibrutal.blogspot.com
MICHAEL BURSTEIN.....www.mabfan.com
JOE CANNON.....www.ikindoflikejoe.com
ERIK HEUMILLER.....thegoldenhare.com
RICHARD JENKINS.....www.studiohijinx.com
RON LEBRASSEUR.....home.earthlink.net/~ronlebrasseur

PAUL MARQUIS.....www.pmarq.com
DAVID MARSHALL.....www.illdave.com
DAN MAZUR.....danmazur.livejournal.com
JOSH MILLS.....www.joshmillsart.com
LINSAY MOORE.....www.underdoggirl.deviantart.com
DAVID NEWBOLD.....www.davidnewbold.com
CHRIS RING.....www.pmkane.com/ring
ROHO.....riverbirdstudios.blogspot.com
AYA ROTHWELL.....www.ayarothwell.com
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ERIC BOEKER, AYA ROTHWELL,
ROHO and MICHAEL PAOLONI.**

A preview of **THE NEW KID** by **DAN MAZUR.**

We have a short fiction showcase edited by
MICHAEL A. BURSTEIN with stories by
JOE CANON and Aya Rothwell. Also an interview
with director **SANDY COLLORA** and a model of
USSR's Marsnik IV probe. Additional illustrations by
**DAVID NEWBOLD, RICHARD JENKINS,
RON LEBRESSEUR and JASON BAROODY.**

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