THE ASTEROID BELT—HUGE CHUNKS OF ROCK AND METAL ORBITING THE SUN BETWEEN JUPITER AND MARS...

...IT'S NO PLACE TO TRY AND FLY A SPACESHIP—ESPECIALLY THIS ONE.

WHAT IS THAT A METEOR SHOWER?

WE'VE HIT THE ASTEROID SHELL.

THE SHIP CAN WITHSTAND THE SMALLER IMPACTS...

...IF I CAN JUST FLY US THROUGH THE MESS OF IT.

THE SHIP'S PASSENGER IS KNOWN ONLY AS THE KRAUL. FEW HAVE EVER SEEN HIS FACE AND LIVED—THE STENCH OF HIS TOXIC BREATHING GAS IS ENOUGH TO KEEP ANYONE AT BAY.

THE CABIN—A DOZEN ALIEN LIFE FORMS STORED IN QUASI-DORMANT SLEEPING, EACH HELD WITHIN ITS OWN DATA-POD.

AT THIS MOMENT, PROBABLY THE MOST PRECIOUS CABIN IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

THE CARD—MUST BE PROTECTED!

EACH ALIEN HAS BEEN PAINSTAKINGLY COLLECTED FROM SPECIFIC LOCATIONS ACROSS THE GALAXY—LURED INTO THE POWER OF THE KRAULS FOR HIS OWN EVII PURPOSES...

WE'VE HIT AN ASTEROID!

I'VE LOST CONTROL.

WHAT PLANET IS THAT?

EARTH!

WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!
SOON...

THE SHELTER SPACESHIP HAD BLOWN UP! THE SHIP'S BEEN COMPLETELY DESTROYED—THERE'S NOTHING LEFT AT ALL!

BUT...

WHAT HAPPENED?

THE SHELTER SPACESHIP MUST HAVE BLOWN UP! THE SHIP'S BEEN COMPLETELY DESTROYED—THERE'S NOTHING LEFT AT ALL!

WHAT HAPPENED?

BUT IT CAN'T HAVE BEEN DESTROYED... SOMEONE'S DESTROYED IT DELIBERATELY!

IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG FOR SARAH JANE'S INVESTIGATIVE INSTINCTS TO LEAD HER TO A NEARBY CAVE...

THE HANG-ON HANG-ON HANG-ON...

IT'S O.K.

LUCAS—LUCAS—LUCAS—LUCAS—

I CAN'T HAVE FOUND SURVIVORS!

TAKE ONE MORE STEP— AND YOU SMOOCH!
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Back at Sarah Jane’s House...

What’s up, Mr Smith?

Aliens on Facebook?

Cyde and Rani have an emergency of their own to deal with.

My sensors have detected some kind of alien downloaded onto the internet?

I have isolated the specific part of the internet, but tracking the alien down will not be easy.

I hope Clyde, Clyde, but there is evidence of some kind of alien life, converted into digital bio-data, streamed directly into the world wide web.

Where’s exactly?

But invisible or not, it can’t fight gravity...

But what about Sarah Jane and Luke?

You mean we’re gonna online to find aliens?

Way cool!

To be continued...

Air Smith is the only computer on Earth capable of detecting this spaceship. To every other sensor on this detection, it is all but invisible...

Air Smith, are you still there?

KRRSHHH!

You said you could save the ship—so save it?

Before the engine exploded!

But what about me?

KRRUMMMPP!