

GEORGE R.R. MARTIN

# STARPORT



ART AND ADAPTATION BY RAYA GOLDEN

# George R.R. Martin

## Starport

### Аннотация

Law & Order meets Men in Black in this graphic novel adaptation of a TV pilot script by the author of A Game of Thrones. Ideal for fans of Saga. **SECOND CITY. FIRST CONTACT.** Ten years ago, representatives from an interstellar collective of 314 alien species landed on Earth, inviting us to become number 315. Now, after seemingly endless delays, the Starport in Chicago is operational, a destination for diplomats, merchants, and tourists alike. Inside, visitors are governed by intergalactic treaty. Outside, the streets belong to Chicago's finest. Charlie Baker, newly promoted to the squad that oversees the Starport district, is eager to put to practical use his enthusiasm for all things extraterrestrial; he just never expected to arrive on his first day in the back of a police cruiser. Lieutenant Bobbi Kelleher is married to the job, which often puts her in conflict with Lyhanne Nhar-Lys, security champion of Starport and one of the galaxy's fiercest warriors. Undercover with a gang of anti-alien extremists, Detective Aaron Stein has no problem mixing business with pleasure—until he stumbles upon evidence of a plot to assassinate a controversial trade envoy with a cache of stolen ray guns. Now the Chicago PD must stop these nutjobs before they piss off the entire universe. Based on a TV pilot script written by George R. R. Martin and adapted and illustrated by Hugo Award–nominated

artist Raya Golden, this bold and brilliant graphic novel adaptation brings Martin's singular vision to rollicking life. With all the intrigue, ingenuity, and atmosphere that made *A Game of Thrones* a worldwide phenomenon, Starport launches a new chapter in the career of a sci-fi/fantasy superstar.

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## PROLOGUE

A decade ago, something amazing happened: Aliens discovered Earth. Three Chaseen ships landed, all randomly searching for active sports stadiums, looking to make a real entrance. The first ship landed in Singapore during the AFF Tiger Cup Championship. The second landed in Denmark at the Parken Stadium during a New Firm local rivalry pregame and unfortunately caused a small stampede of university students—which was indeed an entrance, although maybe not the one that particular pilot was looking for. The third landed at one other notable stadium on the other side of the planet, but more on that later.

Thankfully, they didn't come to rule over us or anything dramatic like that. Instead, humanity got to join the 314 other species within the Harmony of Worlds. With the help of three main pilgrim species—the Lohb, the Nhar, and the founding Chaseen—Earth began to construct three intergalactic treaty ports: one in Singapore, the first to open, six years after the landing; one in Copenhagen, which opened the following year

...and one plagued with delays and all sorts of  
intrigue, opening two years after that...

## CHAPTER ONE

...*IN CHICAGO.*

...*WHILE THE AMERICAN STARPORT'S FIRST  
ANNIVERSARY IS APPROACHING AND AS  
EARTH CELEBRATES ITS TEN-YEAR ANNIVERSARY OF  
HUMANITY'S DISCOVERY BY THE HARMONY OF WORLDS.*

*THE PRESIDENT IS BUSY WORKING WITH OTHER  
GLOBAL LEADERS TO COMMEMORATE THE DAY.  
AN INTERNATIONAL HOLIDAY IS BEING PROPOSED, BUT  
MASSIVE TENSION ERUPTED OVER WHICH STARPORT WILL  
HOST THE CELEBRATION. AND HERE IN CHICAGO...*

...PROTESTS

CONTINUE AS NATIONAL  
MOTORS PREPARES TO  
FINALIZE ITS CONTROVERSIAL  
POWERCELL DEAL WITH  
HARMONY'S MOST ELUSIVE  
SPECIES, THE SKRIT.

CHARLIE?

WHAT TIME

IS IT?

*MUCH REST ON THE SUCCESSFUL CONCLUSION OF  
THIS VENTURE, WHICH MIGHT FINALLY PUT CHICAGO IN  
LINE WITH SINGAPORE...*

*...AND COPENHAGEN AS AMAJOR ECONOMICPOWER—  
DESPITE THE MANYDELAYS THAT PLAGUED THEOPENING  
OF ITS STARPORT JUST ABOUT A YEARAGO.*

SIX-THIRTY

A.M.

WAKING

UP BRIGHT

AND EARLY FOR

YOUR NEW

JOB, HUH?

YES...

DAMN IT!

HERE,

LET ME.

YOU'RE

GOOD.

I THOUGHT

YOU LEARNED THAT

LAST NIGHT...

YOU THINK

THIS COLOR'S

OKAY?

YOU

LOOK

FINE.

SEVEN

YEARS IN UNIFORM,  
ALL YOU KNOW  
IS BLUE.  
IT'S AN  
ADJUSTMENT.  
WAIT...  
WHERE'S MY  
BADGE?  
DETECTIVE BAKER,  
ARE YOU TELLING ME THAT  
YOU LOST YOUR NEW GOLD  
SHIELD WITHIN TWENTY-  
FOUR HOURS OF  
GETTING IT?  
THAT'S  
NOT FUNNY,  
STACY.  
IT HAS  
TO BE HERE  
SOMEPLACE!  
WE DIDN'T GO  
ANYWHERE LAST  
NIGHT...  
IT'S RIGHT  
HERE, SILLY. YOU  
DEPUTIZED ME,

REMEMBER? IT  
WAS JUST  
AFTER—  
RIGHT! WELL,  
I'D BETTER GET  
GOING. MAKE SURE  
YOU LOCK UP  
WHEN YOU...  
OF COURSE.  
AND IF YOU  
BUMP INTO GORT,  
TELL HIM *KLAATUBARADA NIKTO* FOR ME.  
BOY, THAT'S  
THE WAY TO COMMUTE,  
HUH? WOULDN'T YOU  
LOVE TO OWN ONE OF  
THOSE BABIES?  
GOOD LUCK! THEY  
DON'T SELL THEM  
TO THE LIKES  
OF US...  
SURE THEY  
DO, IF YOU GOT A  
COUPLE MILLION TO  
SPARE. I HEAR THE  
SAUDIS BOUGHT

A DOZEN.

I READ

THAT JAY LENO'S

GOT ONE.

YEAH, AND

THE NEW TESLA

REALLY LOOKS LIKE ONE.

THAT'S NOT THE POINT.

POINT IS, THEY SHOULDN'T

BE ALLOWED TO FLY THEM

IN THE CITY. IF ONE OF

THEM CRASHES...

THEY DON'T

CRASH.

SAYS WHO?

THE MUNCHKINS?

I MEAN, WHAT THE

HELL DO YOU EXPECT

*THEM* TO SAY?

ACTUALLY,

THEY'RE DESIGNED

NOT TO CRASH. EVEN

IF YOU *TRY* TO SMASH INTO SOMETHING, THE

SKIMMER WON'T LET YOU.

NOW, IF

YOU'LL EXCUSE

ME, THIS IS  
MY STOP.  
FIGURES.

SON  
OF A...

*HEY!*

STOP!

POLICE!

*COPS!* EVERYBODY SPLIT!

EARTHBLOODS!

GRAB AS MANY  
AS YOU CAN!

PUT

DOWN THE

BAT, SON.

HAHA

HAHAHA

HAHA!

I SAID

DROP IT,

YOU LITTLE

SHIT!

DROP

THE GUN,

ASSHOLE!

*NOW!*

OKAY,  
AGAINST THE  
WALL. SPREAD  
'EM!  
I'M A  
COP, FOR  
CHRISSAKE!  
UH-HUH.  
*SURE YOU ARE.*  
LET'S SEE  
A BADGE  
THEN  
I...  
I SEEM  
TO HAVE  
LOST IT.  
RIGHT.  
HAPPENS TO  
*ME ALL THE TIME.* NOW GET MOVING!  
WAIT! IT'S  
GOT TO BE  
AROUND HERE  
SOMEPLACE—  
YOU HAVE  
THE RIGHT  
TO REMAIN SILENT.

YOU HAVE THE RIGHT  
TO AN ATTORNEY. IF  
YOU CAN'T AFFORD  
ONE, ONE WILL BE  
APPOINTED FOR  
YOU-

LISTEN TO  
ME, OFFICER...  
OFFICER...WHAT'S  
YOUR NAME?

OFFICER  
LISA RUTLEDGE.  
ANYTHING YOU SAY  
CAN AND WILL BE USED  
AGAINST YOU...  
ESPECIALLY THAT CRAP  
ABOUT BEING A COP!  
IN YOU GO.

YOU  
ALL RIGHT,  
MA'AM?  
WHAT  
DID SHE  
SAY?

*AYSACH LEESAY NOAHASOMU WAILAANIS. CHAIT  
SLEEVA CHAI!*

HOW THE  
HELL DO I KNOW?  
I DON'T SPEAK  
MUNCHKIN.  
I DON'T  
*BELIEVE THIS!*  
LIFE'S A  
BITCH, MAN.  
ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU  
GET YOUR ASS HANDED  
TO YOU BY A BUNCH  
OF UMPA  
LUMPA-LOVIN'  
COPS!  
THIS IS  
*NOT HAPPENING ON MY FIRST DAY.*  
LISTEN, IF YOU  
COULD JUST LET  
ME SPEAK TO THE  
CAPTAIN...  
I WANT  
A SHYSTER,  
MAN! I GOT  
RIGHTS!  
...CAN I  
GET YOUR FULL

NAME FOR OUR  
REPORT?

JANE

MANISCALCO,

DEAR.

GET

YOUR HANDS

OFF!

THIS IS *NOT* HAPPENING.

HOW DO

YOU SPELL THAT,

MA'AM?

MANISCALCO.

JUST LIKE IT SOUNDS,

OFFICER PARK. IT'S

NOT JUST THE

MONEY.

ALL MY CREDIT

CARDS WERE IN

THERE. AND THE PICTURES

OF MY GRANDKIDS...

AND MY DRIVER'S

LICENSE.

WE'LL DO

OUR BEST TO GET

THEM BACK FOR YOU,

MRS. MANISCALCO.  
CAN YOU DESCRIBE  
THE PURSE?  
YOU WERE  
THERE, OFFICER  
MORELLO.  
BROWN.  
IT WAS  
BROWN.  
OR DID  
I TAKE THE  
BLACK ONE  
TODAY?  
YOU AND PARK  
HAD HIM, AND YOU  
LET HIM GET  
AWAY!  
GIMME A BREAK,  
SARGE. THE GUY TOOK  
OFF! WHAT THE HELL  
WERE WE SUPPOSED  
TO DO?  
RUN HIM  
DOWN—THE WAY  
WE DID WHEN I  
WAS ON THE

STREETS!

IT WAS A SIMPLE  
PURSE-SNATCHING,  
MORELLO. MAYBE IF  
YOU SPENT MORE TIME  
IN THE GYM AND LESS  
IN THE DONUT SHOP,  
RUNNING DOWN A  
SUSPECT WOULDN'T  
BE SO...

NO OFFENSE,  
SERGEANT  
MONDRAGON, BUT  
WHEN YOU WERE ON  
THE STREETS, THE  
PURSE-SNATCHERS  
DIDN'T HAVE  
WINGS!

*EXCUSE ME?*

YEAH. HE  
WASN'T RUNNING  
AWAY. THE LITTLE  
PISSANT COULD  
*FLY.*

...AS I  
SAID.

BUT WE'VE  
ALREADY ASSIGNED  
HALF A DOZEN MEN  
TO THE HOTEL. AND I  
CAN'T GIVE EVERY  
VISITING DIGNITARY A  
FULL DETAIL...

...I  
UNDERSTAND,  
BUT THAT WAS  
THE POPE!  
THEN TELL  
TOPMAN TO CALL  
THE MAYOR AND GET  
US APPROVED FOR  
MORE OVERTIME!  
NO, I DON'T  
NEED TO TALK TO  
TOPMAN MYSELF.  
NO REALLY,  
THERE'S...

*STAMM!*

NO, I WASN'T  
TALKING TO YOU,  
AND I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT THAT MEANS IN

YOUR LANGUAGE.  
CAN YOU GIVE ME  
A MOMENT,  
PLEASE?  
EMILE, IF  
YOU LIGHT THAT THING,  
I SWEAR I'M GOING TO  
SHOVE IT RIGHT UP  
YOUR—  
NO, I'M STILL  
HERE. I WAS  
SPEAKING TO SOME-  
ONE ELSE...YES, AND  
TO YOU CHAY'ASH  
LENAERHI. A PLEASURE.  
THIS IS LIEUTENANT  
KELLEHER.  
YES, PROFIT  
TO YOUR HOUSE,  
TOO. YES, OF COURSE  
WE UNDERSTAND THE  
IMPORTANCE OF  
THESE TALKS...  
TOPMAN,  
WE'LL DO EVERYTHING  
IN OUR POWER TO

PROTECT THE TRADE  
ENVOY, BUT YOU MUST  
UNDERSTAND...

FINE. *YOU* SPEAK TO THE MAYOR! AND TO THE  
GOVERNOR.

HELL, YOU  
MIGHT AS WELL  
SPEAK TO THE  
PRESIDENT. MAYBE  
SHE'LL BE ABLE  
TO HELP  
YOU!

STAMM, I  
WARNED YOU  
ABOUT THAT  
CIGAR.  
SORRY,  
LIEUTENANT.  
I MUST NOT HAVE  
HEARD...

I DIDN'T  
WANT TO  
EAVESDROP.  
WORD IS  
YOU'RE GOING TO  
STICK ME WITH A

NEW PARTNER.  
DETECTIVE  
CHARLES K. BAKER, A  
TRANSFER FROM THE  
22ND. SEVEN YEARS ON  
THE FORCE, JUST GOT  
HIS GOLD SHIELD.  
C'MON, L.T.,  
GIMME A BREAK.  
YOU KNOW I DON'T  
DO VIRGINS.  
STAMM, WHAT  
I KNOW IS YOU GO  
THROUGH PARTNERS LIKE  
A HYPOCHONDRIAC GOES  
THROUGH KLEENEX. BAKER  
IS SUPPOSED TO BE A  
GOOD COP.  
YEAH, SO  
WHERE THE  
HELL IS THIS  
PARAGON?  
GOOD  
POINT. HE'S  
LATE.  
JUST WHAT

WE NEED—A  
DETECTIVE WHO  
CAN'T EVEN FIND  
HIS OWN DESK.  
HEY, MAN,  
WHY DON'T YOU  
LOCK UP THE FREAKIN'  
ALIENS INSTEAD?  
YOU OUGHT  
TO ARREST THEM  
FOR SELLING  
THAT CRAP!  
EARTH  
FIRST, EH?  
YOU BOYS  
LOOK GOOD  
BEHIND  
BARS.  
EXCUSE ME,  
OFFICER, BUT  
THERE'S BEEN A  
MISTAKE. I'M  
A COP.  
HELL,  
YEAH. ME,  
TOO!

YEAH, MAN!  
AND I LOST MY  
GUN AS WELL. CAN  
I HAVE THAT  
BACK NOW?  
HEHEH...  
SCREW  
YOU. *I'M WITH THE FBI!*  
MMM-  
HMMM.  
ALL RIGHT,  
GENTLEMEN, SETTLE  
DOWN. WE'RE GOING  
TO TAKE YOU UP ONE  
AT A TIME AND BOOK  
YOU. YOU GET ONE  
PHONE CALL  
APIECE.  
LISTEN,  
IF I COULD JUST  
SEE CAPTAIN SWOBODA  
FOR A MINUTE...  
YOU FIRST,  
PRETTY BOY,  
SINCE YOU'RE  
SO EAGER.

SO  
YOU'RE  
A COP,  
HUH?  
THIS IS NOT  
HAPPENING...  
HERE HE IS,  
LIEUTENANT. HE TRIED  
TO USE MANNING'S  
HEAD FOR BATTING  
PRACTICE.  
WHAT'S  
ERNIE KVETCHING  
ABOUT?  
I WHIFFED,  
DIDN'T I? TELL  
HIM "ALMOST" ONLY  
COUNTS IN HORSE-  
SHOES AND HAND  
GRENADES.  
YOU SURE  
I CAN'T GIVE HIM  
A FEW DINGS, FOR  
AUTHENTICITY?  
THANK  
YOU, SERGEANT

MONDRAGON.

THAT'LL BE

ALL.

AARON, THIS

IS SAM WINEGLASS

FROM THE STATES

ATTORNEY'S OFFICE.

SAM, THIS IS

DETECTIVE AARON

STEIN.

DETECTIVE?

THAT ISN'T A

REAL TATTOO...

IS IT?

ONLY MY

HAIRDRESSER WILL

EVER KNOW FOR

CERTAIN.

WHAT THE

HELL WERE YOU

DOING AT THE EL THIS

MORNING, ESPECIALLY

AT A STOP THAT'S

THREE BLOCKS

AWAY? ARE YOU

NUTS?

WHAT DO  
YOU THINK I WAS  
DOING? I WAS  
GETTING MYSELF  
ARRESTED!  
THEY LIVE LIKE  
A PACK OF WILD DOGS,  
AND HOLLANDER'S GOT  
SOMEONE ON ME 24/7,  
SINCE I'M THE NEW  
GUY AND SO  
CHARMING  
AND ALL.  
THIS WAS  
THE ONLY WAY TO  
REPORT IN, MAKE SURE  
I DIDN'T GET STUCK  
EXPLAINING MYSELF  
AT THE WRONG  
DISTRICT.  
WE GOT  
A FEW OF THEM  
OFF THE STREETS,  
ANYWAY.  
WELL, GO  
PUT THEM BACK.

THEY'LL WALK ANYWAY.  
ENTRAPMENT. THIS  
MORNING'S LITTLE  
PRANK WAS  
MY IDEA.

LITTLE PRANK?  
TRY FELONY ASSAULT,  
BATTERY, MALICIOUS  
DESTRUCTION OF  
PROPERTY...

...AND A  
PARTRIDGE  
IN A PEAR  
TREEEEE.  
DIME-STORE  
CRAP, COUNSELOR.  
THE BIS PRIZE IS  
STILL BEHIND  
DOOR NUMBER  
THREE.

EARTHBLOOD'S  
GOING TO TRY AND  
WHACK THE SKRIT  
TRADE ENVOY.  
DAMN IT!  
ARE YOU

SURE?

I CAN'T TELL  
YOU WHEN OR  
WHERE—YET. BUT  
BELIEVE ME,  
LIEUTENANT, IT IS  
GOING DOWN.

CAN

WE BRING

'EM IN?

CONSPIRACY  
CHARGES ARE  
NOTORIOUSLY HARD  
TO PROVE.

THEN HOW

ABOUT ARMS  
SMUGGLING?

HOLLANDER'S

UGLY, BUT HE'S NOT  
STUPID. AND HE'S NOT  
GOING TO TRY AND  
SNUFF ONE OF OUR  
FRIENDS FROM THE  
STARS WITH A  
SATURDAY-NIGHT  
SPECIAL.

WORD IS,  
HE'S FIXED TO  
GET HIS HANDS ON  
SOME HEAVY-DUTY  
FIREPOWER.

ARE WE  
TALKING UZIS,  
HERE? HAND  
GRENADES,  
BAZOOKAS?  
WHAT?

NAH, EVEN  
BETTER. SOMETHING  
STRAIGHT OUTTA  
STARPORT...

*RAYGUNS!*

CHAPTER TWO

WHAT DID  
HE EXPECT ME  
TO DO, FLAP MY  
ARMS AND  
THINK ABOUT  
CHRISTMAS?

YOU ASK  
ME, MONDRAGON'S  
HAD A BUG UP HIS

BUTT EVER SINCE HE  
MADE SERGEANT. HE'S  
LIKE ME. A MAN OF  
ACTION CAN'T BE  
HAPPY BEHIND  
A DESK.

A MAN OF  
*ACTION?*

DON'T GIVE  
ME THAT LOOK,  
PARK. YEAH, OKAY, I'M  
NOT INTO YOUR  
KUNG-FU...

...BUT I'M  
STILL WHO  
I AM, YA  
KNOW?

HAPKIDO.  
A MAN OF  
ACTION.

DAMN  
STRAIGHT!  
HEY,  
MORELLO.

*THERE HE IS!*  
HELP!

THIEF!

*LEGGO!*

HEY,

*HOLD IT!*

GET

DOWN

HERE! I'M

WARNING YOU,

I SWEAR...

HAHA

HAH!

*SKREEEE!*

HAHA

HAH!

*SKREEEE!*

I TOLD

YOU, LITTLE FILTH

MONKEY...

*HISSSSS!*

...TO

*GET DOWN HERE!*

HAHAHA

HAHAHAHA

HAHAHA!

ARE YOU

ALL RIGHT,

MA'AM?

HE...

IT...

I SAW.

CAN I

HAVE MY

PURSE BACK

NOW?

THAT'S *IT!* I'LL SHOOT ITS WINGS OFF NEXT TIME,

*I SWEAR!*

I WAS FOUR YEARS,

TWO MONTHS, AND FIVE

DAYS FROM MY PENSION WHEN

I MET MY FIRST ALIEN. REMEMBER,

BOBBI, WHEN THE MUNCHKINS LANDED

AND THEY ANNOUNCED HOW THEY'D

BEEN WATCHING US FOR NEARLY SIXTY

YEARS, WAITING? AND THE DELAYS

TRYING TO OPEN A STARPORT HERE?

WHAT WAS IT, FIVE YEARS OF

ANTICIPATION BEFORE THEY EVEN

SET FOOT ON AMERICAN SOIL?

ENDLESS CONGRESSIONAL MEETINGS,

TREATIES, AND RED TAPE OUT

THE ASS. THE TUNNEL COLLAPSE,

THE RIOTS IN NEW YORK.

ENDLESS.  
POINT IS, THEY  
TOOK SIX DECADES  
TO COME KNOCKING ON  
OUR DOOR, AND ONE MORE  
BEFORE KNOCKING ON MINE,  
SO DON'T YOU THINK THEY COULD  
HAVE WAITED A BIT LONGER? MAYBE  
LET ME GET ON WITH MY DAMNED  
RETIREMENT BEFORE I BECAME  
BEHOLDEN TO SOME PINK  
FROG-FACED ASSHAT WHO  
INSISTS ON BEING  
ADDRESSED AS  
"TOPMAN"?  
AND WHY HERE,  
KELLEHER? WHY ME?  
WHY MY CITY?  
DON'T WORRY,  
CAPTAIN, YOU STILL  
GET TO RETIRE. THE  
TOPMAN HAS SENT A  
SKIMMER. IT SHOULD  
BE OUTSIDE RIGHT  
NOW.  
THAT'S ALL

I NEED. IF GOD HAD  
MEANT CARS TO FLY, HE  
WOULDN'T HAVE GIVEN  
THEM WHEELS.

I SPENT MY  
WHOLE LIFE ON  
THE FORCE, BOBBI.  
UNTIL THE STARPORT  
OPENED, I FIGURED I'D  
SEEN JUST ABOUT  
EVERYTHING...

BUT...HE  
LOOKS LIKE A  
COCKROACH.  
WHO?

THE SKRIT  
TRADE ENVOY.  
HE'S FIVE FEET THREE  
INCHES TALL, ONLY HE'S  
A COCKROACH. KAFKA  
WOULD BE PROUD, BUT  
IT CREEPS ME RIGHT  
THE FUCK OUT.

WITH 314  
OTHER SPECIES  
IN THE HARMONY, IT

FIGURES THAT SOME OF  
THEM MIGHT BE  
INSECTS...

THE MAYOR  
IS GOING TO GIVE  
HIM A KEY TO THE CITY.  
HE'LL PROBABLY SHAKE  
HANDS WITH HIM. CAN  
COCKROACHES SHAKE  
HANDS?

DO  
COCKROACHES  
EVEN *HAVE* HANDS?

MAYOR DALEY

WOULD *NEVER* HAVE GIVEN A COCKROACH THE  
KEY TO THE CITY!

WELL...

MAYBE IF IT WAS A  
DEMOCRAT?

IF THERE'S

NO DRIVER, I'M NOT  
GETTING IN.

C'MON,

CAPTAIN.

THE TOPMAN'S  
EXPECTING

US.  
WOULD YOU  
ENJOY TO HEAR  
LISTEN ATTEND TO  
MUSIC TUNE  
MELODY?  
NO. NO,  
WE'RE FINE.  
POSSIBLY  
PREFER TALK  
CONVERSE  
SHARE-VIEWS?  
SHOULDN'T  
YOU WATCH WHERE  
YOU'RE FLYING?  
BUT, OF  
INTERESTING  
ARE YOU...  
NOT  
NECESSARY VITAL  
IMPORTANT, OF  
FLIGHT ACHIEVEMENT  
DESTINATION,  
PARAMETERS  
FUNCTION WORKING  
TOP TIPS.

JUST  
HUMOR US,  
OKAY?  
AHHHH!  
HUMOR  
FUNNY HA-HA.  
HOKAY!  
SPECIES 26,  
91, AND 214  
WALK INTO TAVERN  
SALOON BAR.  
SALOON  
TENDER PROPRIETOR  
SPEAKS REMARKS,  
SAYING...  
DID YOUR  
SPORE FALL FROM  
ITS BRANCH BEFORE  
SUN'S ZENITH? YES!  
ENJOYMENT!  
THE POLICE  
ARE HERE!  
STEP ASIDE,  
PLEASE. MOVE  
ASIDE.  
WHAT'S THE

PROBLEM?  
WHAT THE  
HELL TOOK YOU  
SO LONG?  
THE POLICE...  
THANK YOU,  
JESUS!  
UH-OH.  
ANGELS.  
WORSE.  
MAROON  
CADRE.  
DO YOU  
CHAMPION THESE  
THIEVES?  
UH, YES.  
WE DO. WHAT  
SEEMS TO BE THE  
PROBLEM?  
SHE'S  
CRAZY!  
SHE PULLED  
THAT LASER KNIFE  
THINGY ON MY  
HUSBAND, THEN  
TRIED TO TAKE

OUR PHONE!  
STILL YOUR  
TONGUE, HUMAN...  
OR DIE BESIDE  
YOUR MATE!  
YOU HEARD  
HER. ARREST  
THEM!  
HOW  
DARE  
THEY?  
EARTH  
FIRST!  
CAREFUL,  
SHE'S GOT ONE  
OF THEM SWORD-  
STICKS!  
SETTLE DOWN,  
ROOKIE. NOW, DO  
ME A FAVOR AND  
HANDLE THE  
CROWD.  
WILL  
EVERYBODY  
JUST SHUT UP AND  
CALM DOWN FOR

A MOMENT?  
HI THERE,  
SIR. I'M OFFICER  
ERNIE MANNING. MAY  
I SEE YOUR PHONE,  
PLEASE?  
VERY NICE.  
WHERE YOU FOLKS  
FROM?  
I...IOWA.  
WE'RE ON  
VACATION...  
AND HOW  
CLOSE DID YOU  
GET WHILE TAKING  
PICTURES OF  
THEM?  
I...THEY'RE  
SO TALL AND  
COLORFUL! AND  
WE'VE NEVER  
SEEN...  
ALIENS  
BEFORE.  
NO.  
AH.

THERE

IT IS.

LOOKS LIKE YOU FOLKS

DIDN'T GET THROUGH YOUR

NEW-SPECIES-INTERACTION

PAMPHLET AT THE AIRPORT, HUH?

MISSED THE BIT ABOUT HOW

SERIOUSLY THESE GUYS

TAKE THEIR PERSONAL

SPACE?

DO YOU

MIND IF I ERASE

YOUR PHOTOS AND

TURN OFF YOUR

PHONE, SIR?

YES! *YES*, OF COURSE! WHATEVER YOU NEED,

OFFICER.

THERE, I'VE

ERASED ALL

THE IMAGES. THEY

ARE TOTALLY

IRRETRIEVABLE.

IS HONOR

SATISFIED?

NO. THE

THEFT IS UNDONE,

YET THE INSULT  
STILL STANDS.  
TELL THE  
NICE LADY  
YOU'RE SORRY.  
I DIDN'T...  
THESE ARE  
NHAR, SIR. ANGELS.  
IF YOU HAD READ  
YOUR PAMPHLET,  
YOU'D KNOW THAT BY  
STEPPING INTO HER  
PATH AND TAKING THAT  
UNFLATTERING PHOTO,  
YOU'VE INADVERTENTLY  
STOLEN HER SPACE  
AND "BESMIRCHED"  
HER IMAGE.  
I DIDN'T  
KNOW! I DIDN'T  
MEAN TO...I'M SORRY!  
SO SORRY. I'LL READ  
THE PAMPHLET AT  
THE HOTEL. I  
PROMISE!  
YOU HEARD

HIM. HE DIDN'T MEAN  
ANYTHING. HE'S SORRY.  
AND HE'S NOT EVEN  
ARMED. LOOK  
AT HIM!

THIS APOLOGY  
IS A POOR THING,  
AND YET I WILL  
HEAR IT.

BUT,  
SHOULD IT  
HAPPEN  
AGAIN...

*NAH-TO!*

TREASURE  
THIS LESSON AS  
A GIFT FROM DAHRYS  
NHAR-KQL, ARYANNE OF  
THE MAROON CADRE  
OF THE CHILDREN OF  
THE ENDLESS  
NIGHT.  
PAY THE  
HUMAN FOR HIS PITIFUL  
COMMUNICATION  
DEVICE.

WHAT  
WAS THAT ALL  
ABOUT?  
GET USED  
TO IT, ROOKIE.  
BEING A COP IN  
CHICAGO ISN'T  
WHAT IT USED  
TO BE.  
BUT...SIR, I DON'T  
THINK THAT'S ENOUGH  
TO COVER MY PHONE.  
IT WAS BRAND-NEW,  
AND ON A PAYMENT  
PLAN...  
SO WHO'S  
GOING TO PAY  
FOR THE  
REST?  
SEND THE  
BILL TO THE TOPMAN,  
CARE OF STARPORT  
CHICAGO.  
OK. WHICH ONE  
OF YOU DOUCHEBAGS  
KILLED DETECTIVE

BAKER AND STOLE  
HIS GUN?  
HERE!  
I MEAN, I'M  
BAKER. I DIDN'T  
KILL ANYONE!  
SO HOW COME YOU'RE  
COVERED WITH  
BLOOD?  
HUH. THAT'S  
WHAT THEY  
ALL SAY.  
IT'S  
FRUIT  
JUICE.  
THEY RAN  
A MAKE ON YOUR  
GUN. IMAGINE THE  
HORROR WHEN IT  
TURNED OUT TO BE  
ONE OF OURS...  
YO, LIVINGSTONE,  
BETTER UNLOCK MY  
PARTNER, HERE. LET'S  
SEE IF MAYBE I CAN  
KEEP HIM OUT OF

TROUBLE.

MMMM-

HMMM.

HERE WE ARE,  
SKIP, AT CHICAGO'S  
FINEST, DISTRICT 19,  
AKA THE ZOO, AKA  
THE UNIVERSE'S  
CRAP HOLE.

AND ON

THAT SUBJECT,  
THERE'S THE  
CRAPPER. DEEP,  
I KNOW...

HEY,

RICHY!

IT'S SERGEANT  
MONDRAGON,  
DETECTIVE STAMM,  
NOT RICHY.

I SEE

THEY'VE GIVEN  
YOU A NEW  
PARTNER.

I'M SERGEANT  
RICHARD MONDRAGON.

WELCOME TO THE  
ZOO, SON.  
AND MY  
SYMPATHIES  
ON YOUR  
PARTNER.  
HEY...  
AND ANOTHER  
BATHROOM... YOU  
GETTING ALL  
THIS?  
SO,  
JUST HOW  
SEXY AM  
I?  
ABOUT  
AS SEXY AS  
SOMETHING I'D  
FLUSH DOWN  
THE TOILET.  
I CAN'T  
BELIEVE SHE'S  
SENDING YOU  
BACK IN.  
YEAH, WELL,  
SHE HAS TO. I

HAVEN'T LEARNED  
ALL THE WORDS TO  
"EARTHLAND UBER  
ALLES" YET.

I WANT  
YOU TO WEAR  
A WIRE.

LOVE TO!

DARLING IDEA,  
REALLY. SO KIND  
OF YOU TO  
SUGGEST IT.

THE THING IS,  
THERE'S THIS HOT  
LITTLE EARTHBLOOD  
NUMBER WHO CAN'T  
KEEP HER HANDS  
OFF ME.

SO IMAGINE,  
THERE WE ARE  
PETTING IN THE BUNKER,  
AND SHE SLIDES HER  
HAND UNDER MY SHIRT,  
AND...OH MY  
GOODNESS...  
SURPRISE!

IT'S. A.

*WIRE!*

ONLY YOU

WOULD HAVE THAT

KIND OF PROBLEM,

AARON.

YEAH,

WELL...

...I KNEW THE

JOB WAS DANGEROUS

WHEN I TOOK IT. DON'T

BE JEALOUS, RICHY.

IT LOOKS BAD

ON YOU.

HEY, NICE LOOK, MORELLO.

YOU UNDERCOVER AS A

COUCH POTATO, OR DID

YOU JUST FORGET

YOUR SHIRT?

I'VE HAD

THAT URGE MYSELF,

FROM TIME

TO TIME.

THAT'S "EAT

IT, *DETECTIVE* STAMM."

THESE ARE

OUR NEIGHBORS,  
OFFICERS JI-HUN PARK  
AND LOUIS MORELLO,  
UNDERCOVER CHICAGO  
FASHION ICONS.

AN ALIEN...

UHH...HEH...*THREW UP* ON HIM.

EAT IT,  
STAMM!

THAT'S MY  
DESK BACK BY THE  
STAIRS, AND THIS IS  
YOU. MY LAST PARTNER  
DIED IN THAT CHAIR.  
MASSIVE CEREBRAL  
HEMORRHAGE.

WENT

JUST LIKE

THAT.

HOW MANY

PARTNERS

HAVE YOU HAD,

ANYWAY?

YOU

CAN'T COUNT

THAT HIGH.

DAMN,  
MORELLO, YOU  
FORGET HOW  
TO USE A  
REMOTE?  
SCREW YOU,  
DETECTIVE  
STAMM.  
PARK, CAN  
YOU HELP ME?  
YOUR PEOPLE  
MADE THIS DAMN  
THING...  
MY PEOPLE  
ARE KOREAN.

*THAT* “DAMN THING” IS JAPANESE, AND—  
REGARDLESS OF ITS ORIGIN—NOT MY PROBLEM.

HERE,  
LET ME  
TRY.  
LET’S SEE.  
YOU JUST NEED  
TO GET INTO THE  
MENU—THERE IT  
IS—AND...  
THAT

SHOULD  
DO IT!  
GOOD  
LORD...  
WHASSAMATTER,  
MORELLO, WERE THEY  
ALL OUT OF *DEBBIE DOES STARPORT?*  
FOR YOUR  
INFORMATION,  
I'M DOING SOME  
RESEARCH.  
MAYBE I  
CAN HELP. I'M  
SOMEWHAT OF  
AN AMATEUR  
XENOLOGIST...  
UHHHHH...  
IT MEANS  
I'VE READ JUST  
ABOUT EVERYTHING  
I CAN GET MY HANDS  
ON CONCERNING  
THE ALIENS.  
CAN YOU  
DESCRIBE HIM  
FOR ME?

WE'RE TRYING  
TO GET A MAKE ON  
AN ALIEN PURSE  
SNATCHER.  
YEAH. SHORT-  
SMALLER THAN A  
MUNCHKIN, EVEN-WITH  
BIG EARS, WINGS,  
AND NO PANTS.  
SORT OF  
A MONKEY/BAT/  
GREMLIN LOOK.  
REALLY?  
THAT'S WEIRD.  
NONE OF THE WINGED  
SPECIES I KNOW  
FIT THAT  
DESCRIPTION...  
SO WHAT...  
PUKED ON  
ME, THEN?  
I DON'T KNOW.  
SO LET'S SEE IF WE  
RECOGNIZE OUR  
WINGED FRIEND IN THIS  
LOVELY DEPICTION

*OF DEBBIE DOES STARPORT...*

*SPACE. THE LAST UNKNOWN. FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS, MEN HAVE LOOKED UP INTO THE STARRY NIGHT, WONDERING WHAT WAS OUT THERE...*

*WHO'D'VE THOUGHT,  
FOR ALL THOSE YEARS,  
THAT THE ANSWER WAS  
"MUNCHKINS"?*

*I'M TELLING  
YOU GUYS, I'VE  
SEEN THIS VIDEO  
BEFORE, AND THERE'S  
NO SPECIES LIKE  
THAT!*

*THE HARMONY OF WORLDS. VAST FLEETS OF FASTER-  
THAN-LIGHT STARSHIPS, LINKING NINE THOUSAND  
INHABITED PLANETS, MOONS, AND COLONIES.*

*A VAST TRADING WEB THAT UNITES AN  
ENTIRE GALACTIC ARM, WITH THE ANCIENT WISDOM  
AND ACCUMULATED SCIENCE OF 315 SENTIENT SPECIES.*

*WELCOME TO OUR PLANET'S GUIDE TO THE  
HARMONY OF WORLDS, AND OUR FRIENDS FROM THE  
STARS...*

*...THEY CAME TO US NEARLY TEN YEARS AGO, DURING  
THE SUPER BOWL...*

*CHAPTER THREE*

PLEASE TO  
FOLLOWING  
LIGHT OF INDICATION-  
PROGRESSION-  
WALKING DESTINATION.  
OFFICE TOPMAN  
AWAITS.  
WELCOME  
TO STARPORT  
CHICAGO. I'M  
MELANTHA MOORE, FROM  
THE UNITED NATIONS  
INTERSTELLAR TRADE  
ORGANIZATION.  
PROFIT  
TO YOUR  
HOUSE.  
AND  
TO YOURS,  
CHAY'ASH.  
CAPTAIN  
SWOBODA.  
LIEUTENANT KELLEHER.  
APPRECIATION FOR  
YOUR PRESENCE. YOUR  
FLIGHT WAS SWIFT

AND EXCELLENT,  
I TRUST?  
WELL...  
IT WAS  
SWIFT.  
YOU ARE  
UNCOMFORTABLE,  
CAPTAIN?  
I JUST  
GET A LITTLE...UH....  
NERVOUS AROUND  
HEIGHTS.  
AH, ONE  
UNDERSTANDS...  
AND REQUIRES BUT  
A MOMENT TO  
RECTIFY.  
PLEASE TO  
BE SEATED.  
IT IS  
SUPERIOR TO  
SPEAK IN COMFORT,  
*NAI?*  
UH, YEAH.  
LOOK, I'LL  
COME RIGHT TO

THE POINT. WE'VE UNCOVERED  
EVIDENCE OF AN ASSASSINATION  
PLOT AGAINST THE SKRIT TRADE  
ENVOY. WE BELIEVE IT'S THE  
WORK OF A GROUP CALLED  
EARTHBLOOD...

THEY ARE A  
RADICAL OFFSHOOT  
COMBINATION OF  
THE EARTH-FIRST AND  
ALT-RIGHT PURITY GROUPS.  
BASICALLY, THEY...OBJECT  
TO THE ALIEN  
PRESENCE.

OBJECT?  
ISOLATIONISTS  
AND BIGOTS, CHAY'ASH.

*WE'SHEY ASSIAYAS NOVO TELLA NASH-TARA.*  
THERE'S NOT  
MANY OF THEM—  
NO MORE THAN  
TWENTY.

THEN SO  
FEW CAN PRESENT  
NO TRUE DANGER TO  
THE TRADE ENVOY,

*NAI?*

I WISH

THAT WERE TRUE,  
BUT THESE PEOPLE  
ARE VIOLENT AND  
UNPREDICTABLE.

THEY MAY

EVEN HAVE AN ALLY  
WITHIN STARPORT.

RUMOR HAS IT THAT  
SOMEONE IS SUPPLYING  
THEM WITH OFF-WORLD  
WEAPONRY.

IMPOSSIBLE!

STARPORT

SECURITY WOULD  
NEVER ALLOW

THIS!

THE

CHAY'ASH

SPEAKS

TRULY.

THE VIOLET

NHAR HAVE GUARDED

# Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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