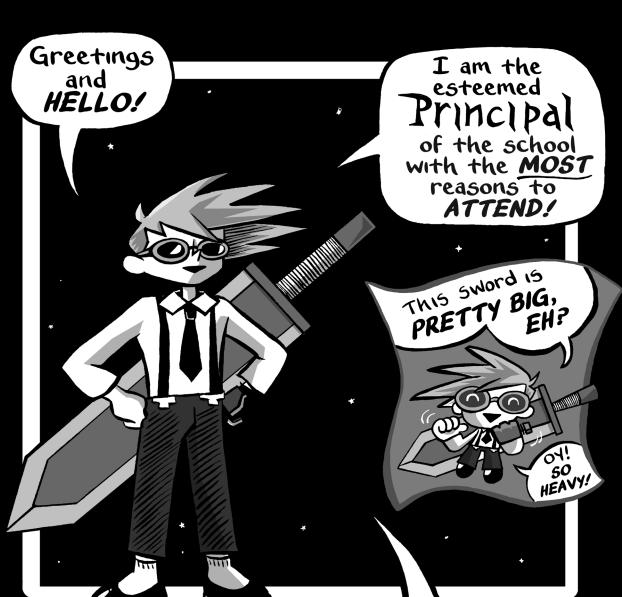


**Book 1: FALL SEMESTER** 









And I am letting you know that this weapon is not JUST for showing off (ALTHOUGH FEEL FREE TO BE IMPRESSED!)



This FORGED symbol of instructional excellence was bestowed upon me by the power of the Intergalactic Educational Advisory Board and the local P.T.A!

I also got this crafty robotic arm-- Just one of the perks of tenure.

NOW! Let's start making points! We all know that the future of education is in OUTER SPACE!

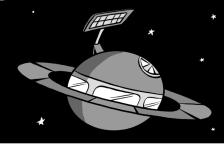


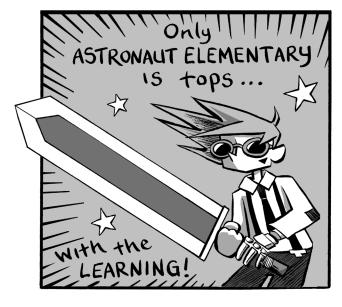
But that does not mean you should RANDOMLY be sent spiraling into that oxygen-devoid vacuum.

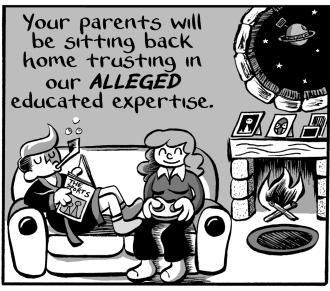
So don't choose a sub-par facility where you are hypothetically forced to share chalk with co-students who don't take themselves seriously or sleep in late.



You owe it to the FUTURE of yourself to choose NOW!



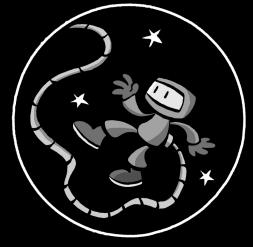




## A diverse curriculum means MANY CLASSES TO CHOOSE!



ADVANCED HEART STUDIES! ANTI-GRAVITY GYMNASTICS!





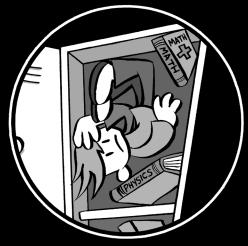
WEARING CUTE HATS!



FIRE THROWING!



RUN-ON SENTENCES!



LOCKER!

AND SEVERAL OTHERS!!! (without illustrated examples)

If dominating test scores is as important to **you** as it is to **MY SWORD**, then you'll love that our teachers are on **PAYROLL!** 

LIKE: Mrs. Bunn



Who is old enough to know so many answers to **QUESTIONS!** (YOU MIGHT BE IMPRESSED!)

AND: Mr. Namagucci



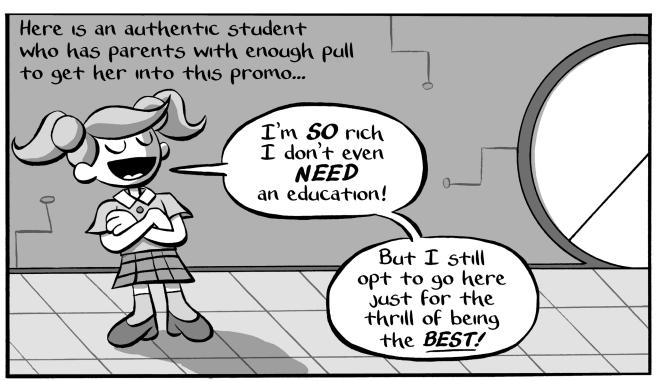
Who may or may not have magical powers but is still HANDSOME!

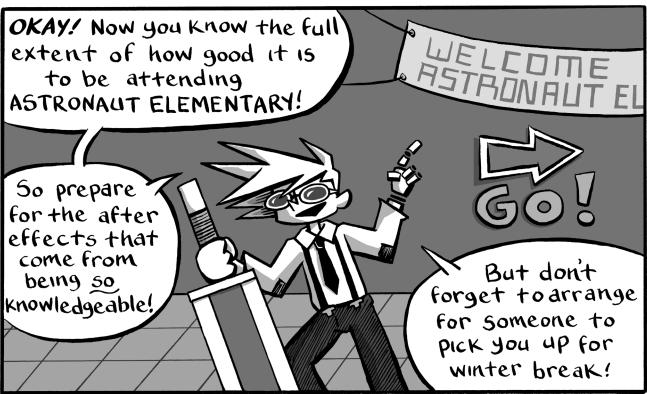
(ASK AROUND!)

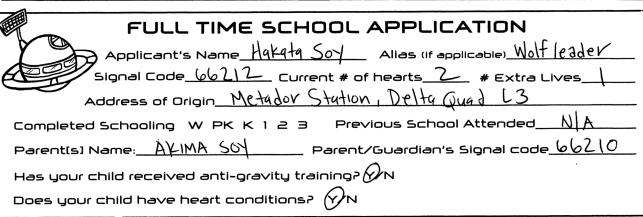


A brand new ADDITION to our faculty!

(STILL NOT EXTINCT!)







## \*

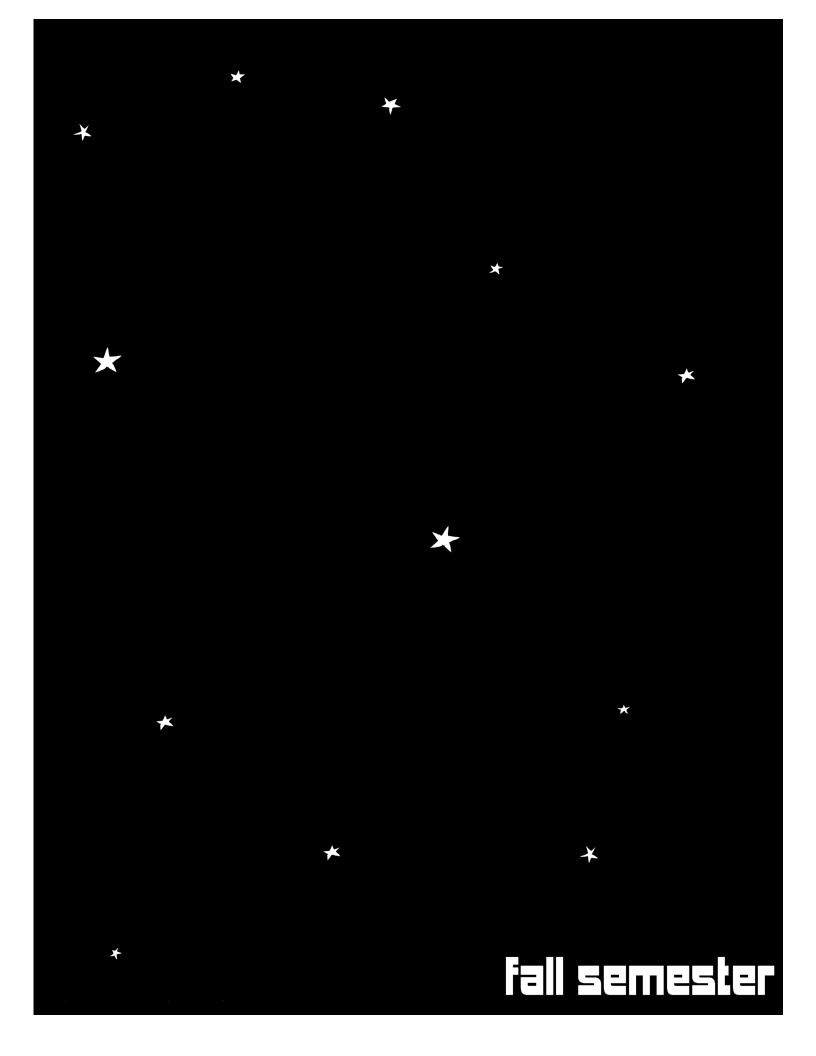
## astronaut elementary

\*

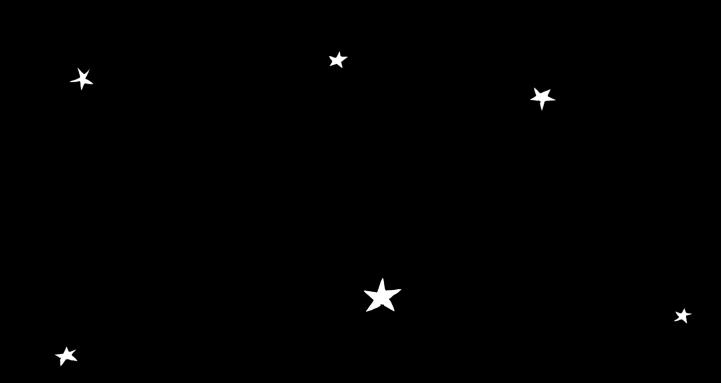
\*

\*

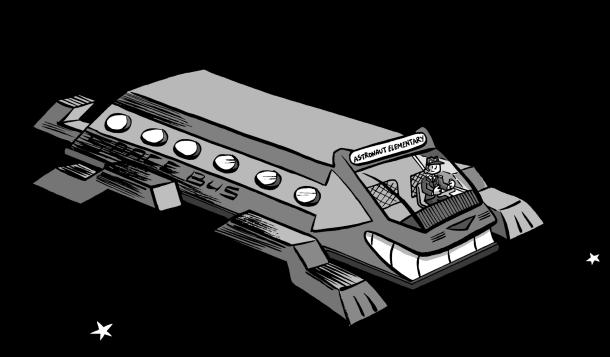
\* \*



It's easy to focus on how cold and lonely a **SPACE** the galaxy can be.







Especially when you are by **YOURSELF.** 



But I must CONDITION
myself for
HARSH ENVIRONMENTS...
if I expect to survive
the next few months.







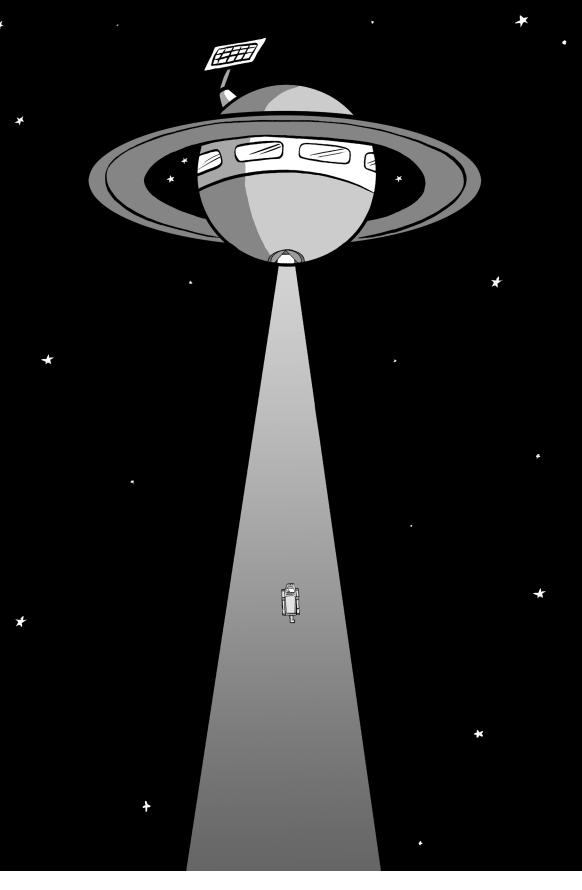


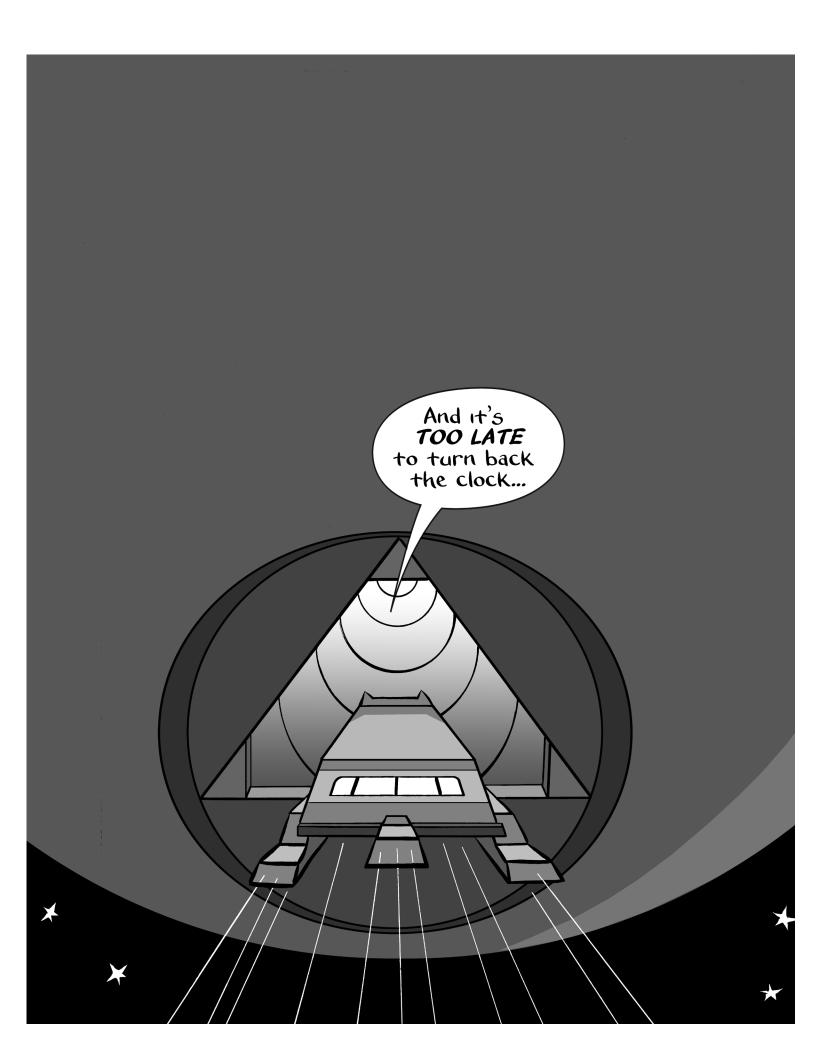


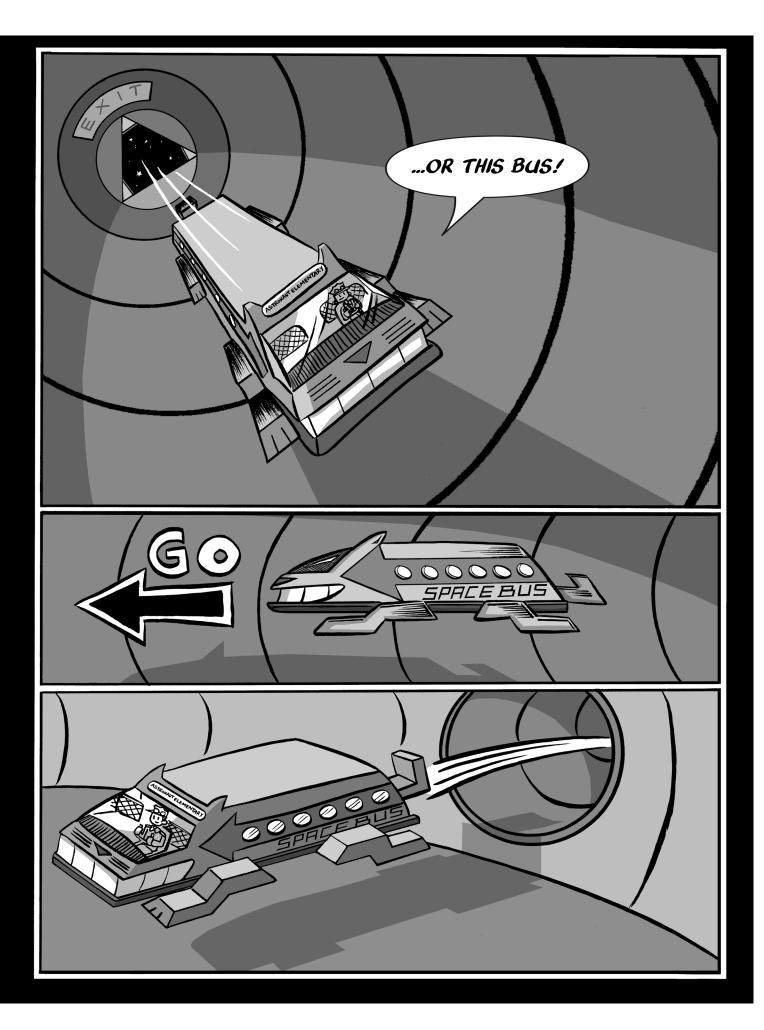


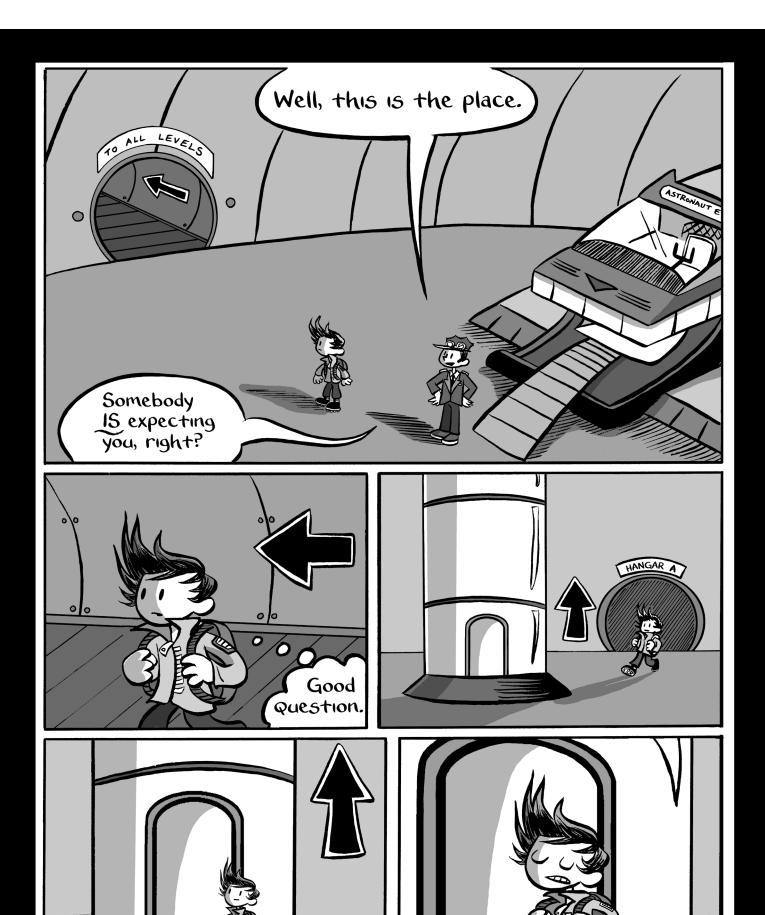


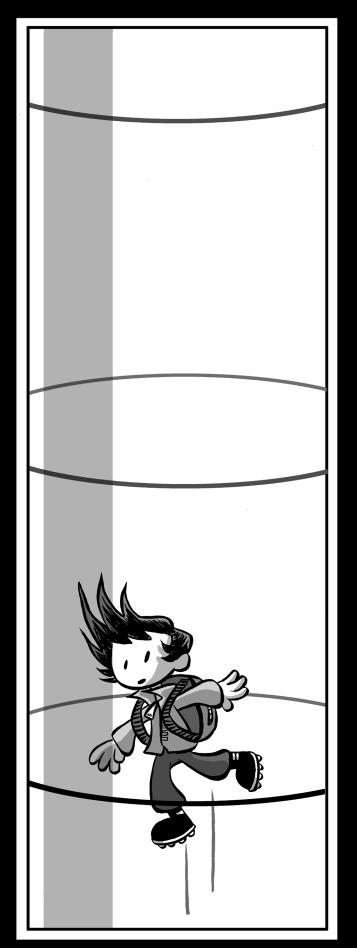
## Before you realize it...you're already gravitating toward a MAGNETIC FIELD!

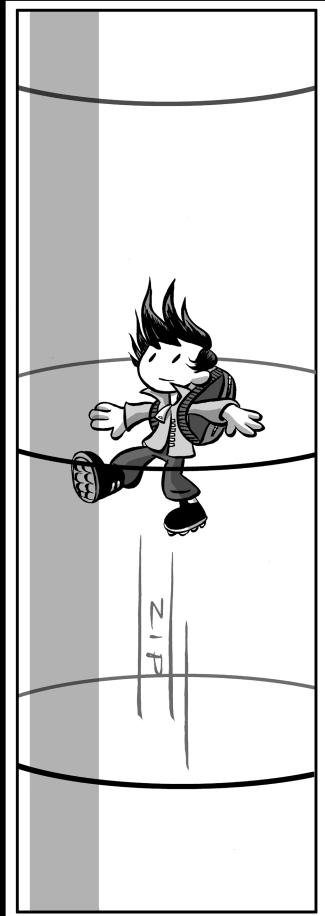


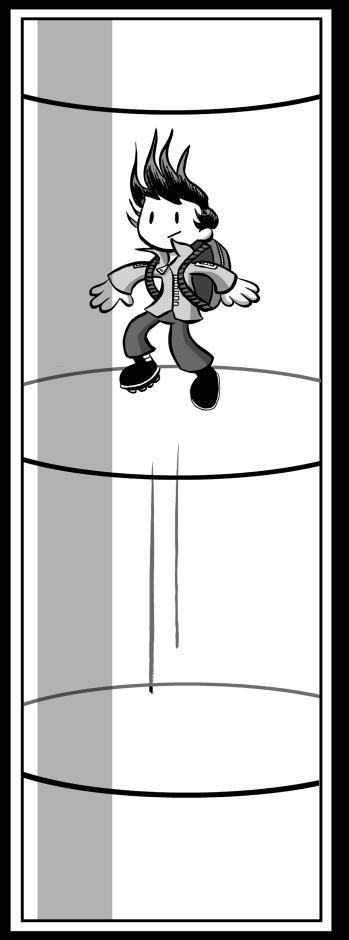


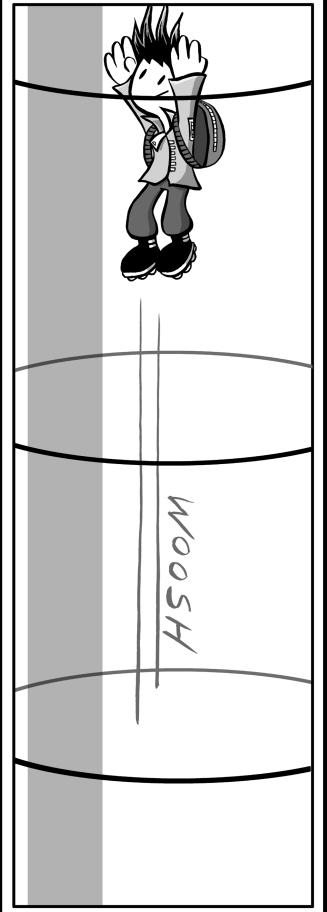


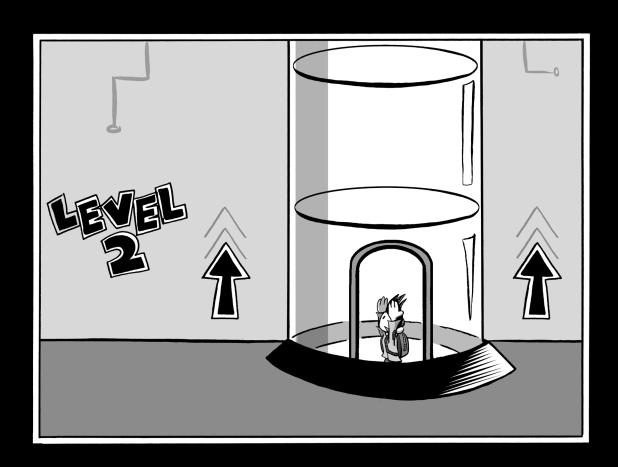


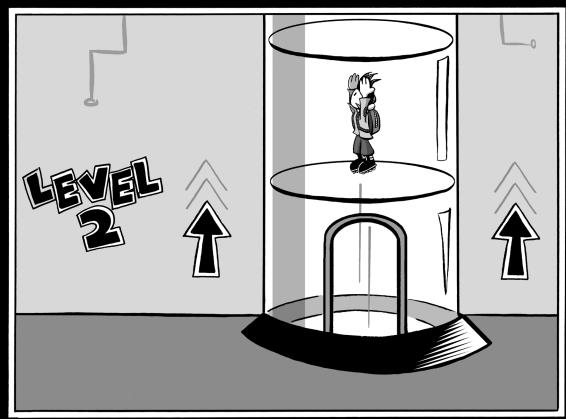


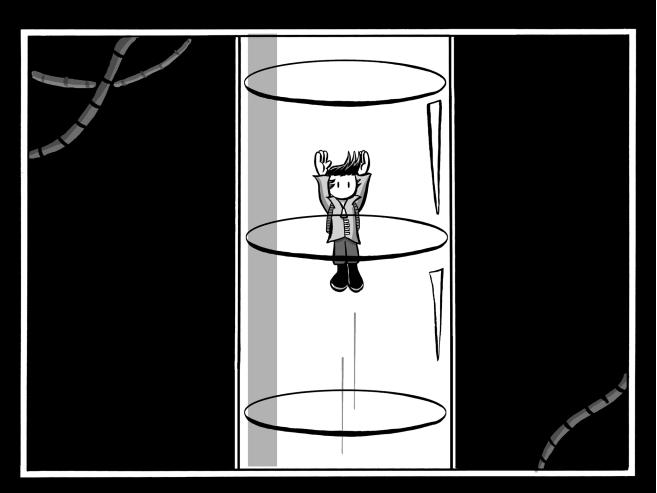


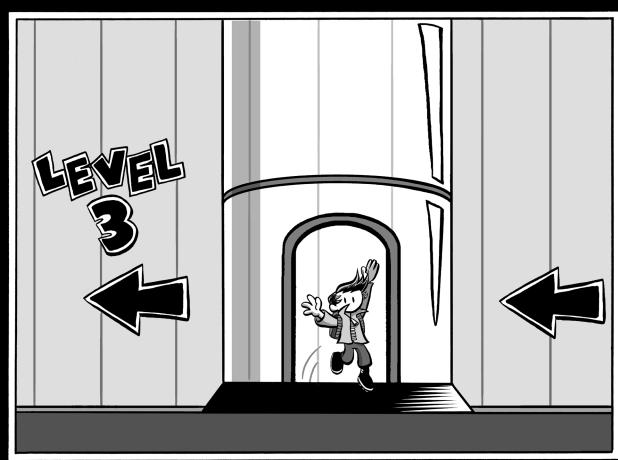


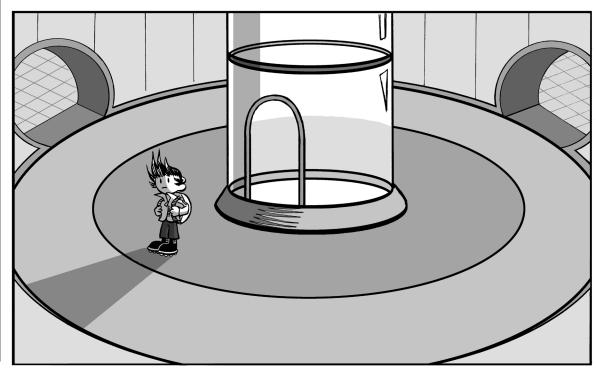


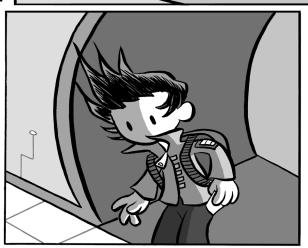




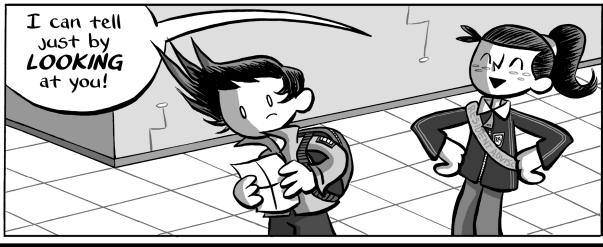


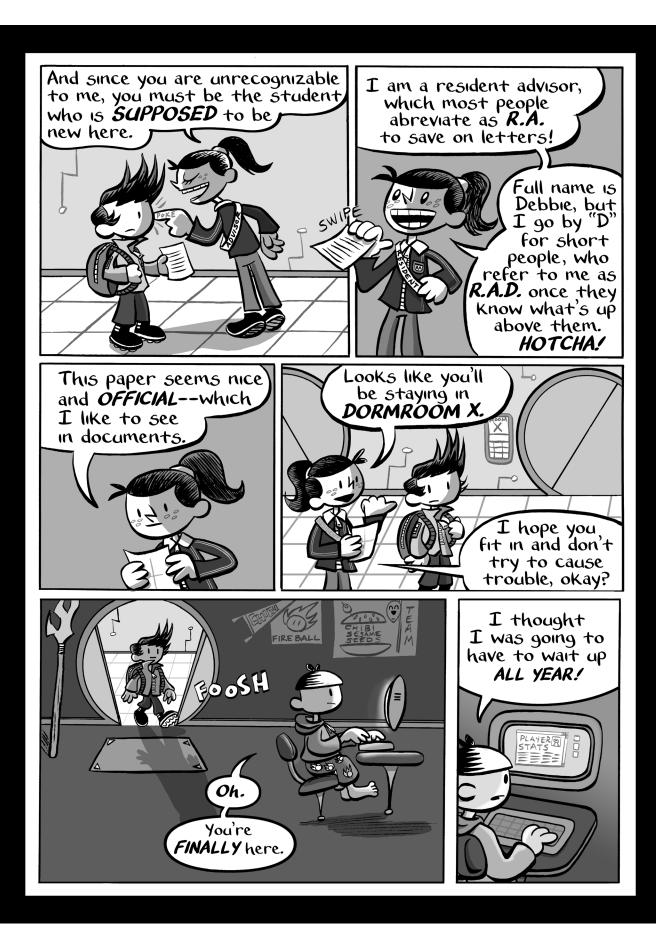




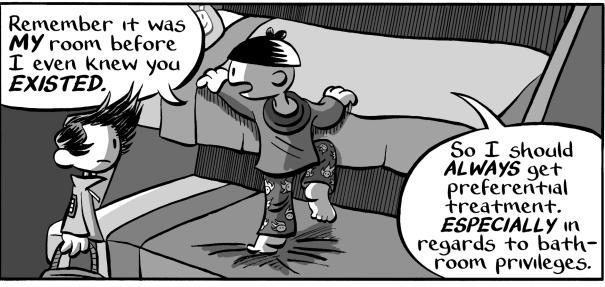






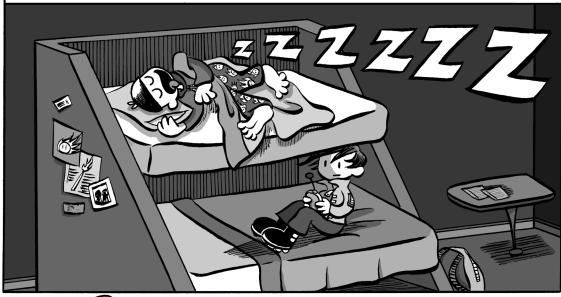


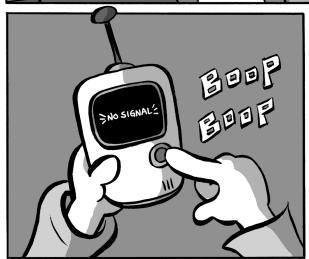




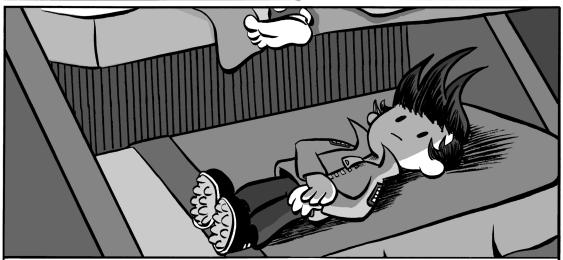


It will take a lot of ADJUSTING to get used to this new life.









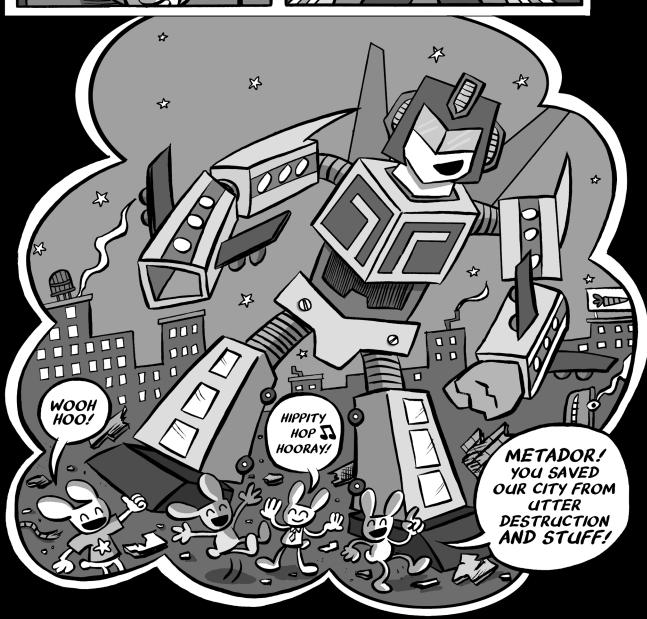
Even though we are floating in the OUTER SPACE this school does not feel like my place in the universe. I can't help but feel LOWER TO THE GROUND.

But I shall attempt to fall into some SLEEP for I know it is needed for my body to avoid becoming WEAK.



And sleep is what activates DREAMS, which is where my COMFORT comes to visit me in my TIRED mind.







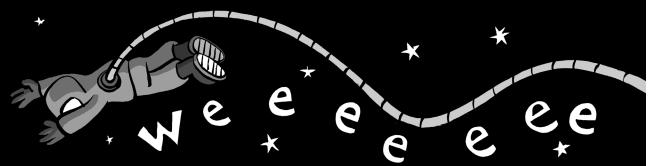


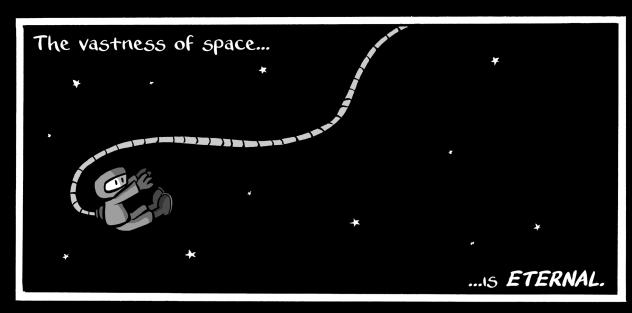


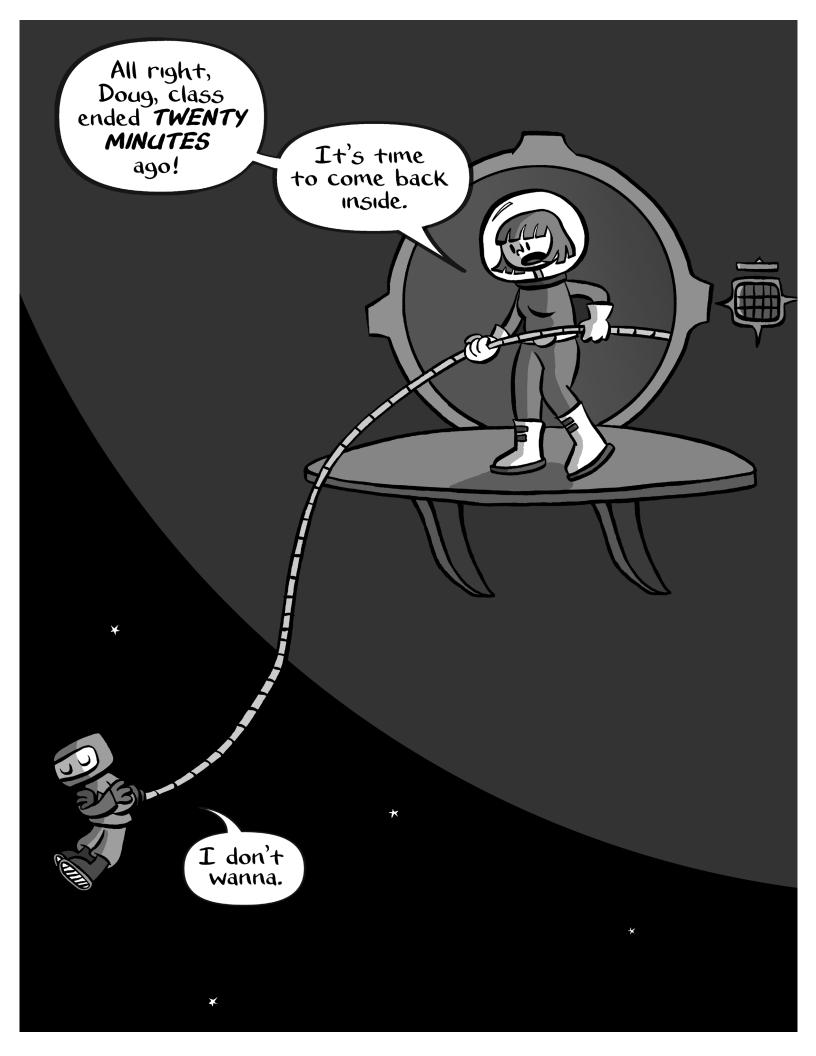








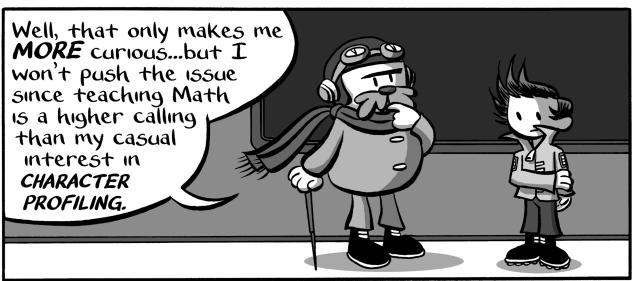




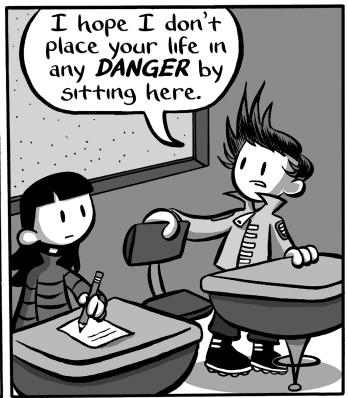






















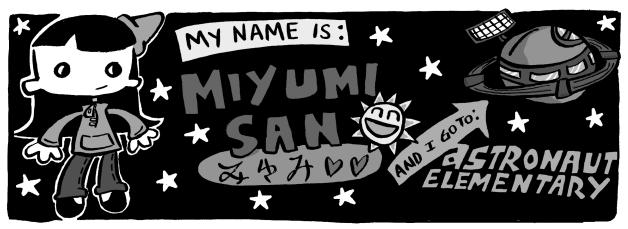








END!









Well tich people often make BIG MISTAKES! I would love to see her fall on her face, which is smug...







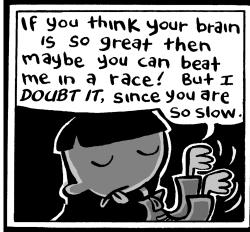










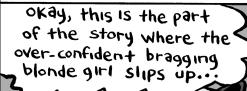
















Heh-Heh... She probably thinks because I am rich that I am also NAÏVE from being brought up PAMPERED. But I Know WHAT'S UP.





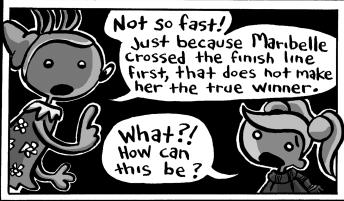


maribelle is in the lead; so craze;













That boy at the table, who I have never seen before is so handsome in a way that makes me ask *OUTLOUD*, who could he be?!



Do you think I should try to get to know him better before I agree to MARRY HIM?



But you can not get married unless he comes from MONEY, which I do not believe he does based on his choice in clothing—which is POOR.

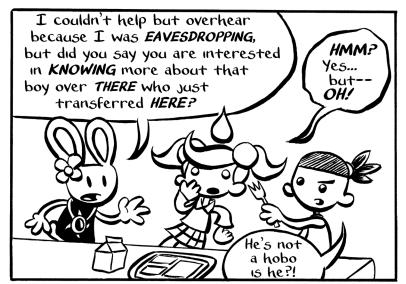


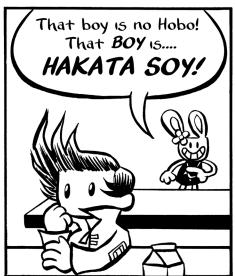


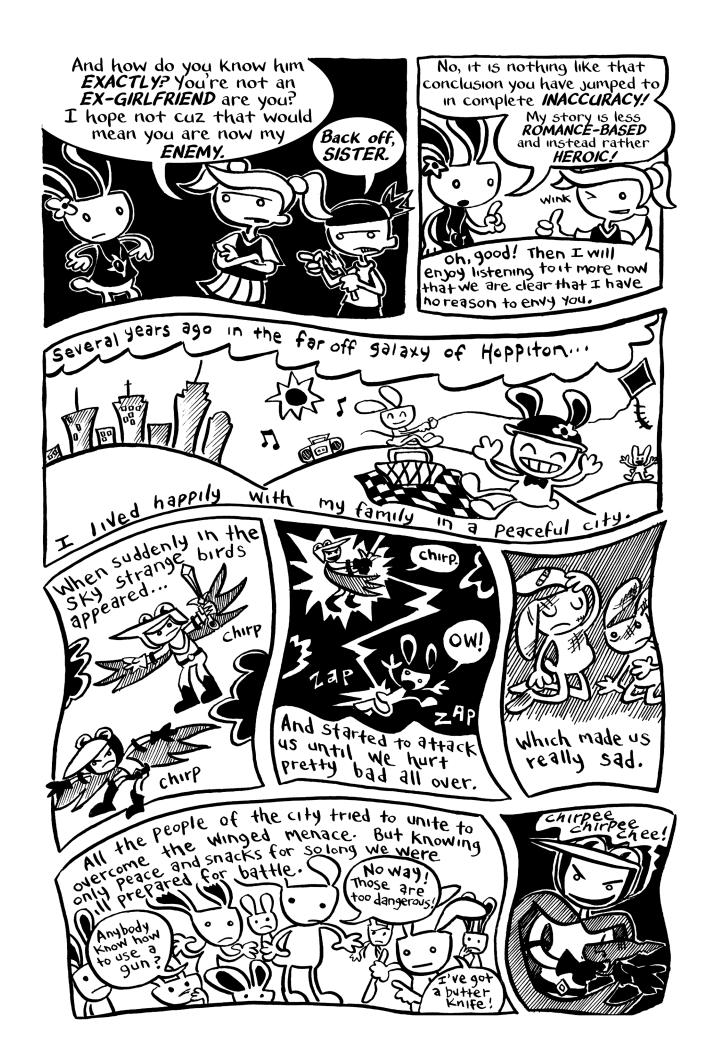
You wouldn't love a HOBO, right? Please say no or I will have to GASP: for air while I stop being your friend!

Save your breaths!
For I still have HIGH
STANDARDS. But, since
this new boy is so
MYSTERIOUS WE Know
nothing about him!

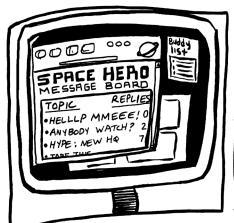


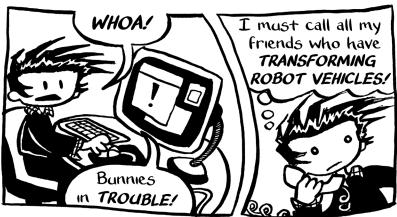


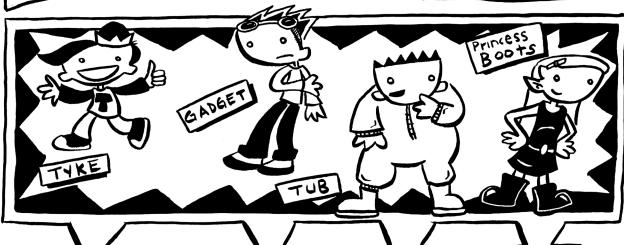




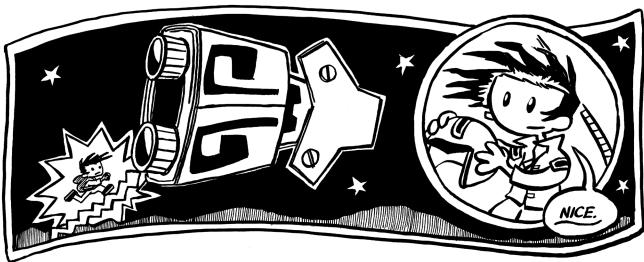










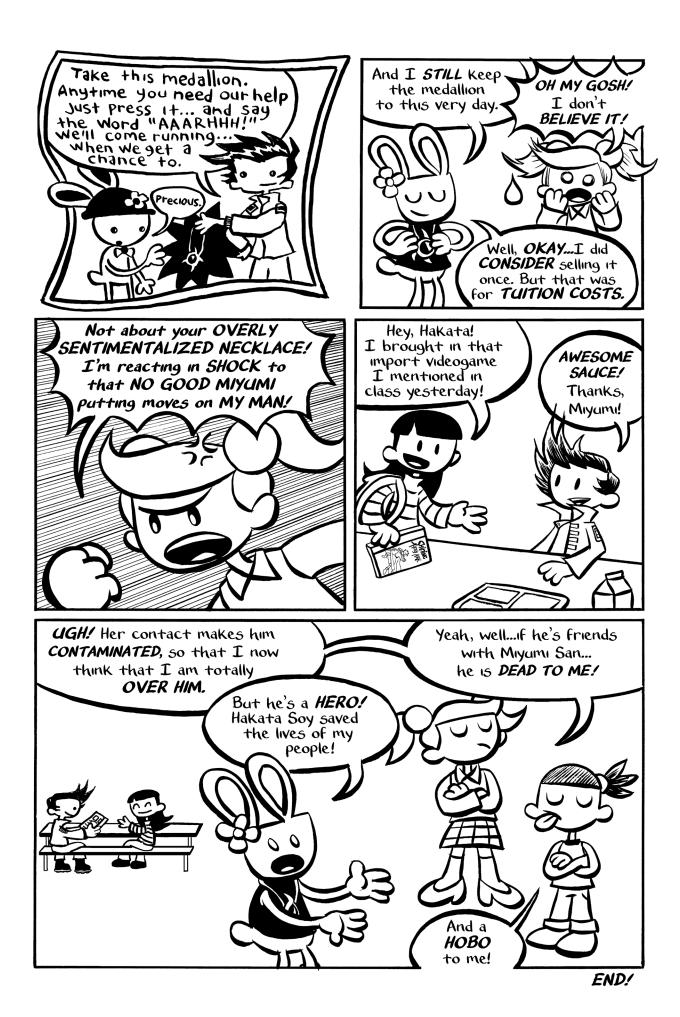










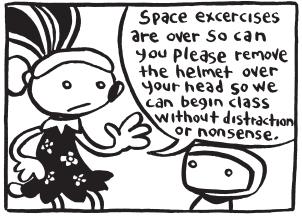






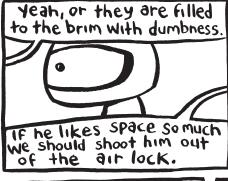








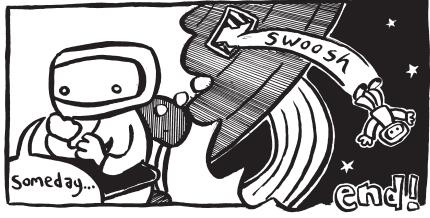


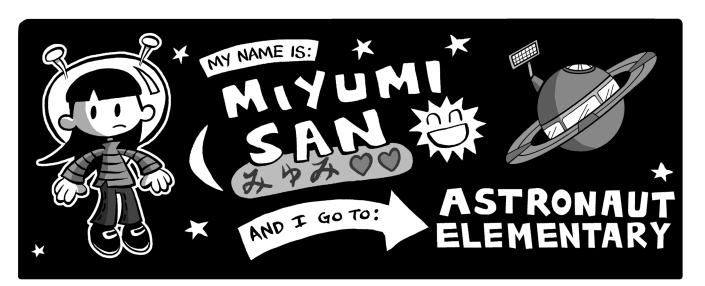














**BOY ALERT!** 











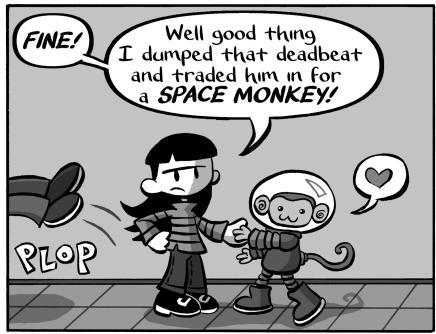






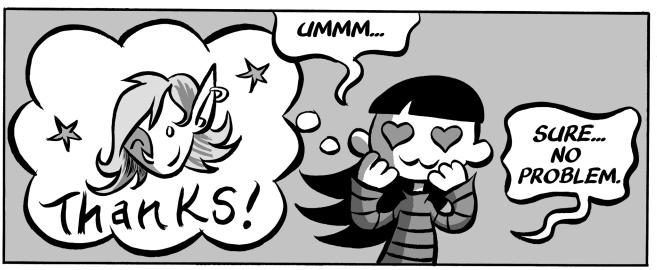










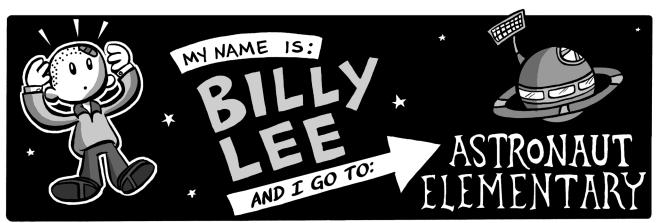












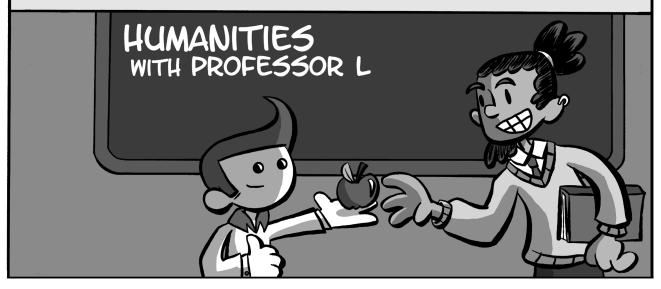


But due to the sensitive nature of CURRENT EVENTS...

I'd probablty now opt to focus on:

My ability to love.

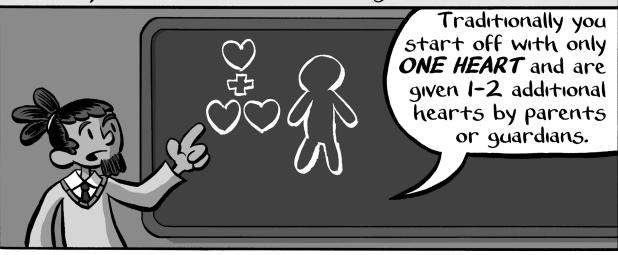
And if in a SPECULATIVE EXPOSE there was a Question about what USED to be my favorite subject of school, I would have ORIGINALLY said:

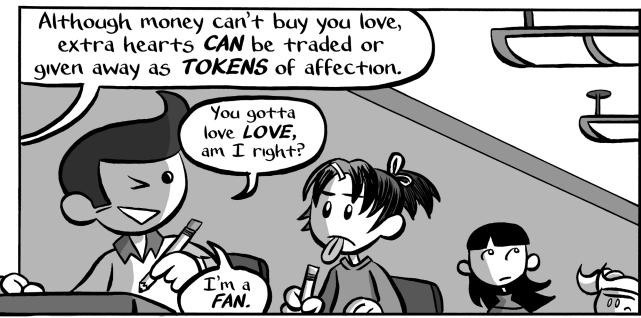


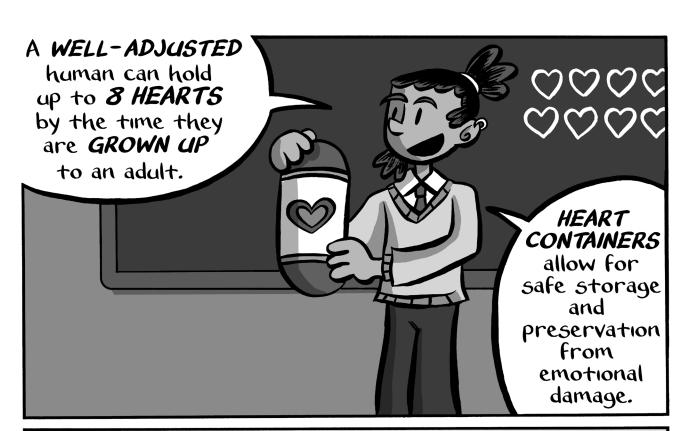
For the original weeks of this semester, I was the ONLY BOY smart enough to sign up for HUMANITIES, a class known for its appeal to girls.



THE LADIES, as I refer to them, are eager to learn about mushy stuff like the inner workings of human hearts.

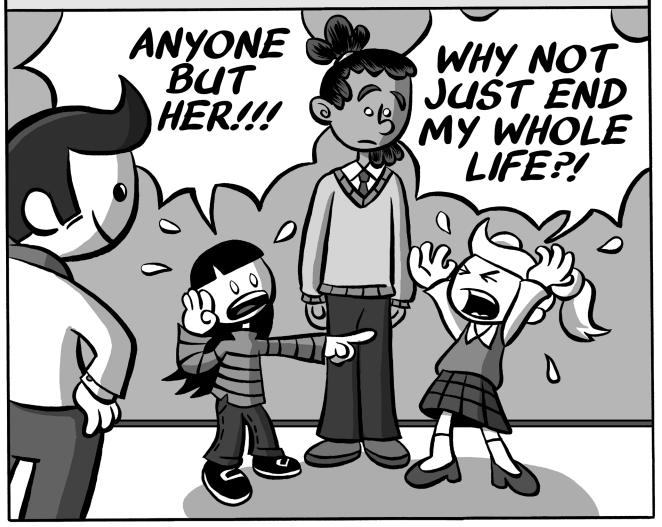






The GOLDEN AGE of this class was becoming lab partners with the two most ANTAGONISTIC girls in school:

MIYUMI SAN and MARIBELLE MELLONBELLY!









The time was *RIPE* for making a *FRESH* start if I ever wanted to find myself in a *FRUITFUL* relationship. So I asked my Dad for advice.

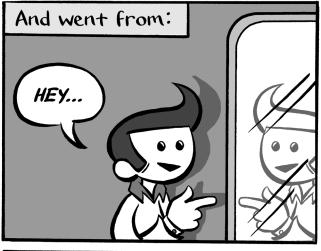


Refreshed my knowledge of the **WOO**.

OH...It's all about FIRST impressions!



I must have originally skipped this chapter.





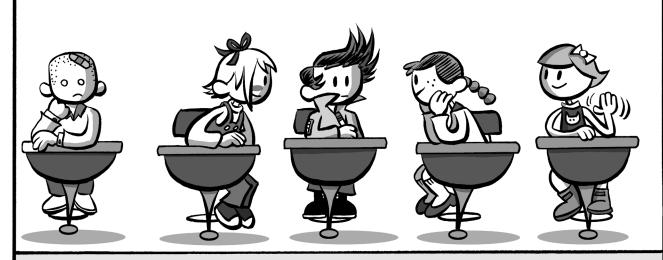


Things went from **BALD** to **WORSE** once Hakata arrived on the scene.



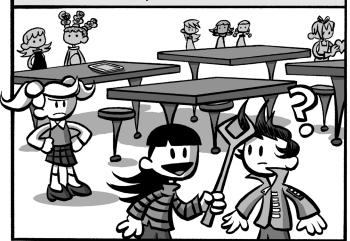


I couldn't argue with his logic. So now the class (which used to be my favorite) has TWO guys.



Which gives me less of an **ADVANTAGE** considering my lack of mysterious past or the benefits of being **NEW**.

Hakata immediately struck a bond with Miyumi which I thought would serve to rile up Maribelle.









So, yeah... I guess the **THRILL** is gone. Two of my hearts will always belong to Miyumi and Maribelle and the hatred they have for each other. But if I was aksed to go on record, I'd have to confess:





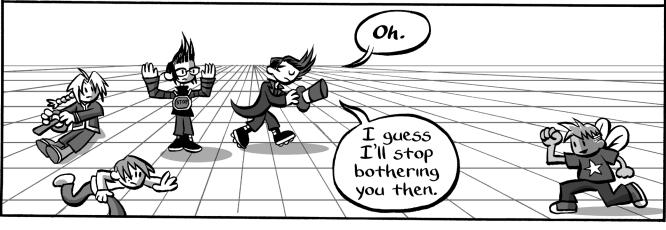
For the past few weeks I've been sitting next to this guy Hakata Soy in math class.

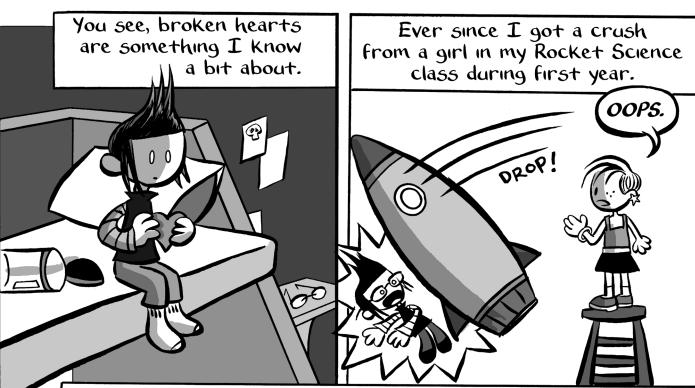


He's also in the same TACTICAL RANDOMNESS WORKSHOP as me on weekends.

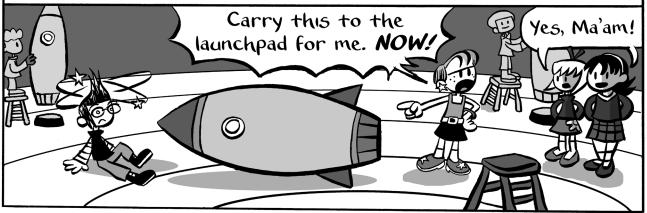


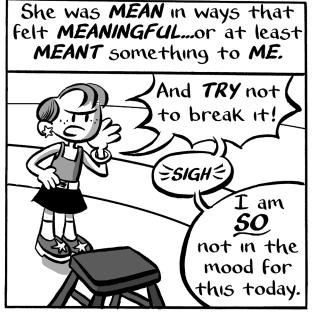
I may not know the guy's **BACKSTORY**, but I can tell you one thing for certain: someone special must have broken at least one of his hearts.





I don't know what I saw in her and I STILL don't even know her name! Supposedly she was fairly popular which normally is a huge TURNOFF for someone as ANTI-SOCIAL as me.

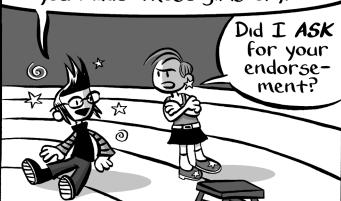






Then I had to go and RUIN IT by trying to talk to her.

That was pretty awesome how you made those girls cry.



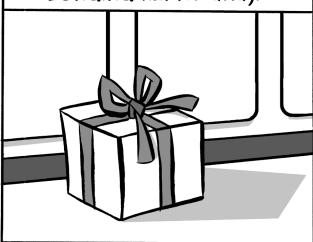
Having her be SARCASTIC right to my face made my heart pound in my chest.



I'd lay awake at night, clenching my chest unable to think about anything but her **SNARKY TONE OF VOICE.** 



Eventually *THE BEATING* was unbearable! So in a rash decision, I decided to give my LONGING HEART away.



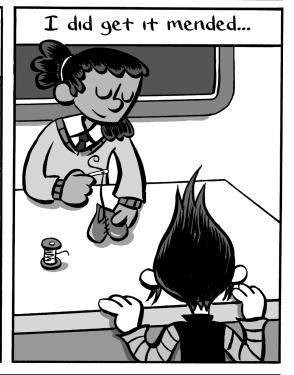






By the time I managed to retrieve my heart it was SHATTERED IN TWO.





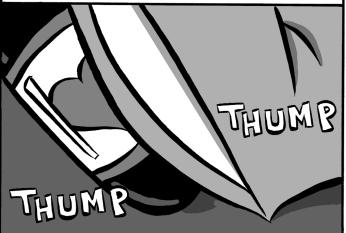
...But now whenever I *REABSORB* it...



...My body starts to feel OVERWHELMED and OUT OF BALANCE.



So I've been keeping the unsettled heart underneath my pillow at night.





Sorry, I didn't mean to go completely off-topic but that's my theory about this new kid, Hakata Soy.

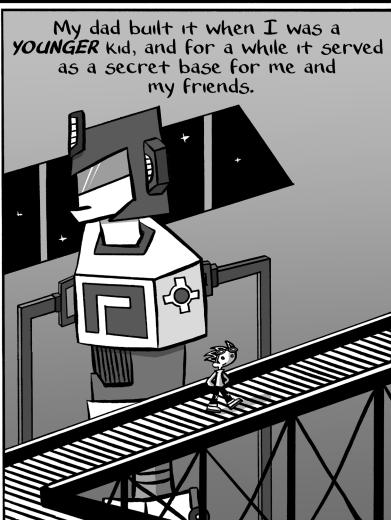


He's trying not to let his past weigh him down. To focus on life here at Astronaut Elementary. But all his hearts, just aren't IN IT.





I live in a small ASTEROID SUBURBAN COMMUNITY. Most of my awake hours are spent in this lab, which belongs to me.

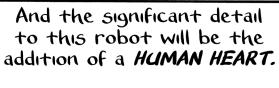




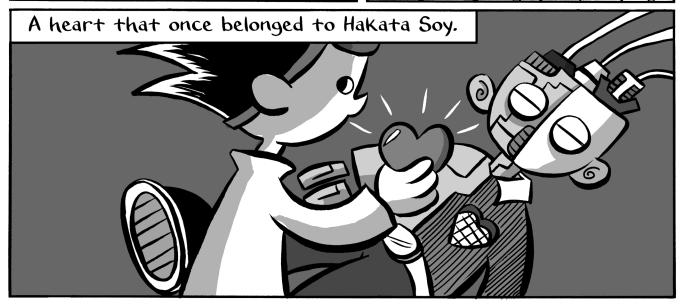
I especially miss Hakata Soy because he was like a brother who WASN'T RELATED to me. It's been several long weeks that have passed since his parents sent him away to boarding school FAR AWAY from where I live.













Add extra page to this scene to make room for bigger images.













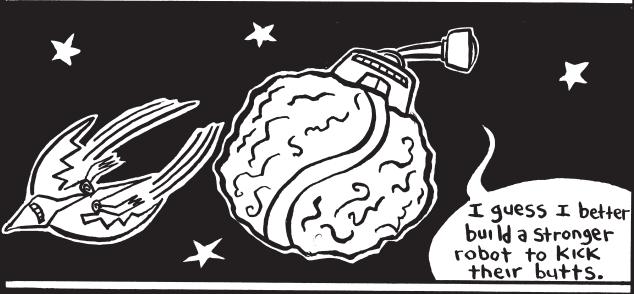














So today class we will be practicing how to assemble satellite equipment in non atmospheric environments.



you will be Judged on your expediency and how well you incorporate the advanced skills we've practiced during the semester you've had so far.













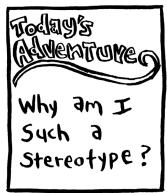
Well normally I'd say We've done enough tumbling for one semester.



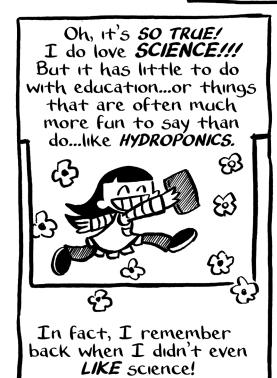
...But since you are Wearing that fancy crown it sounds like a royal idea.

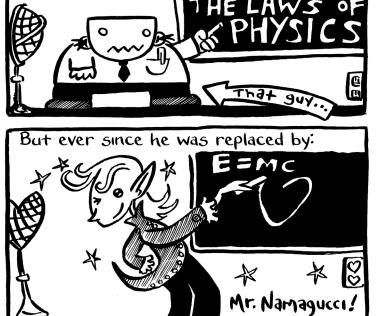




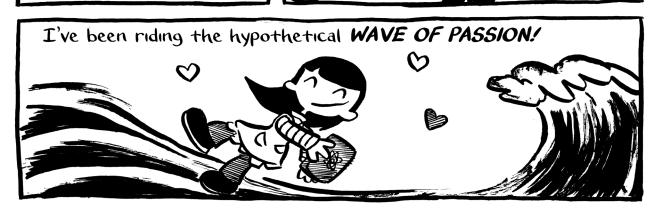


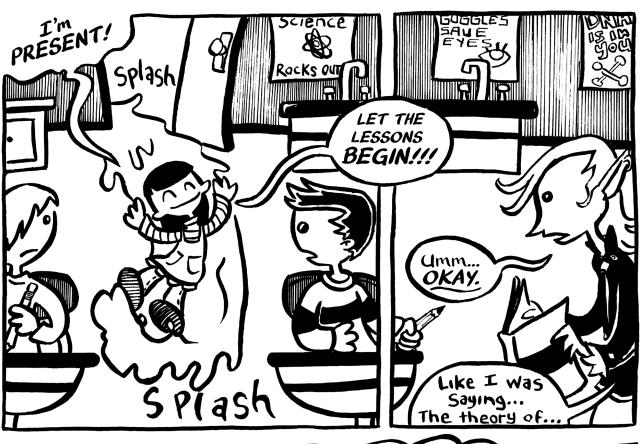






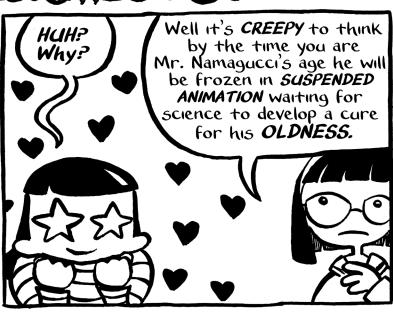
That's back when our teacher was:













The "big deal" is that you are a STUDENT and he is your TEACHER!



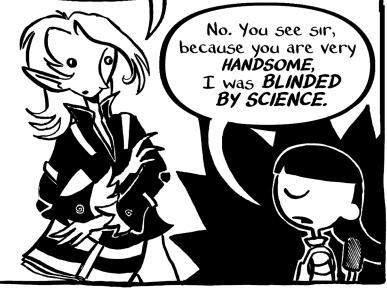
So for you to choose HIM as your schoolgirl crush would make you a STEREOTYPE!



It 15 predictable!
How did I become
such a parody of
TYPICAL BEHAVIOR?



Miyumi San, can you answer the **QUESTION**I just **ASKED** the class while you were **NOT**paying attention?



And there is no THEORY for why we fall in love and no EQUATION for finding the ideal object of our affection.

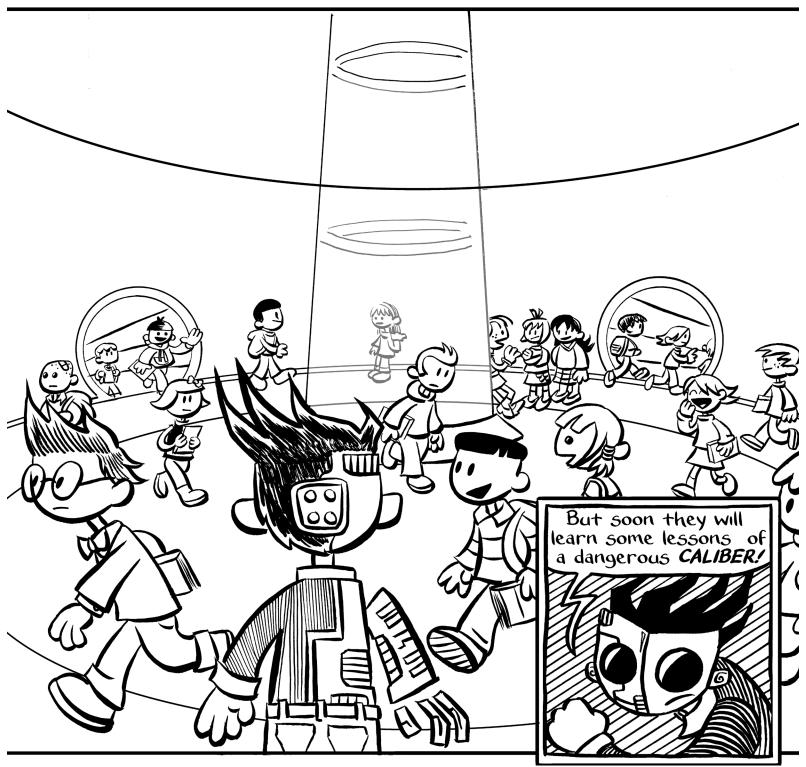


So if you don't mind, I'll just go sit in the back of the class and take a

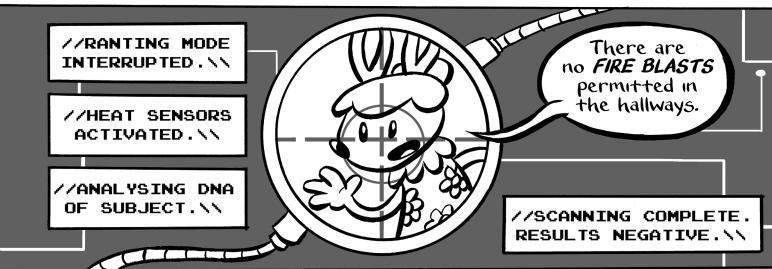




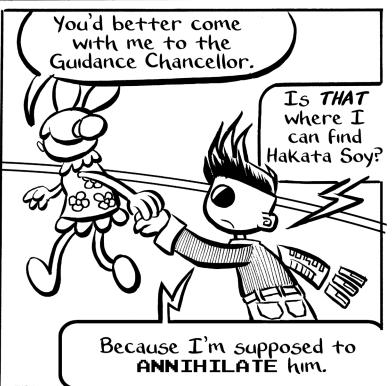




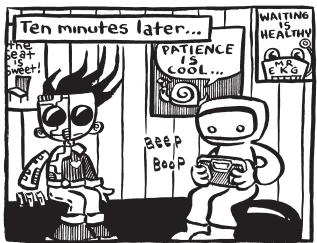








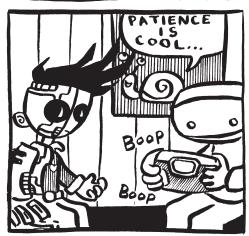


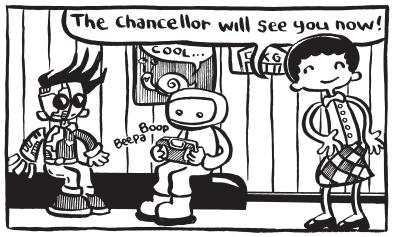


Even though my Scanners say you are not HAKATA SOY, would you like to still be of use to me?



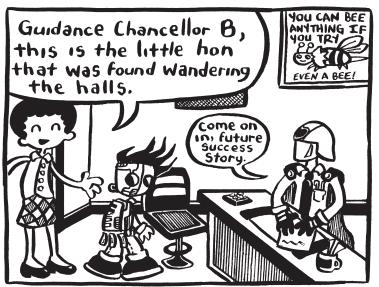
Just prepare me for what to expect from this person of authority. Do they know the location of specific students?



















But I'm more about

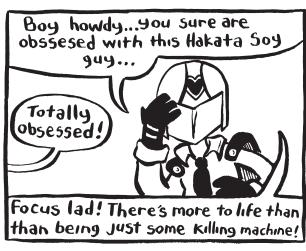










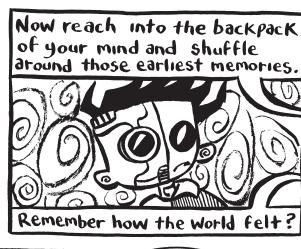




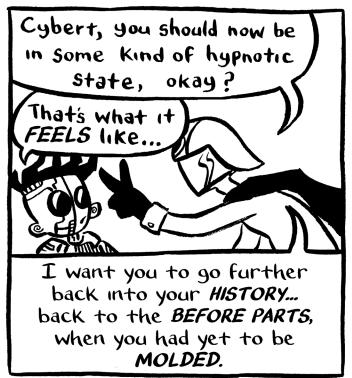




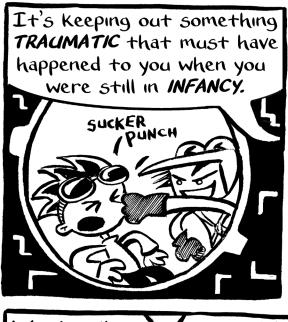






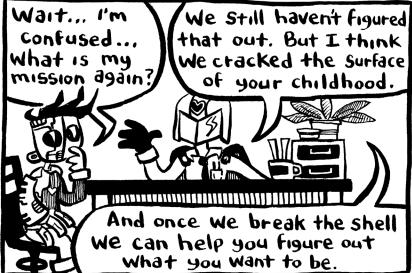




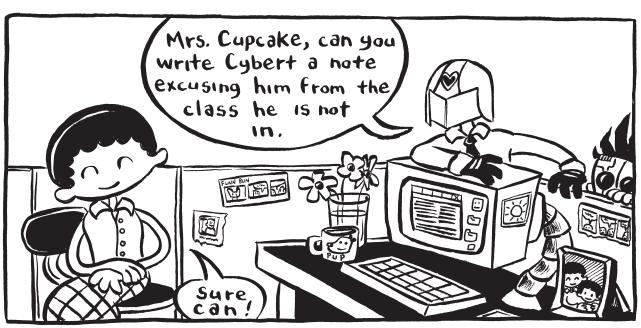








I'm gonna recommend you take a copy of my book. Read it and swing by after winter break and we can continue our progress.

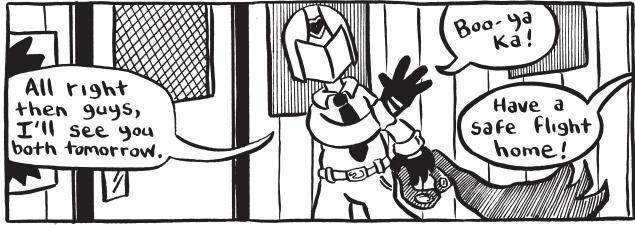


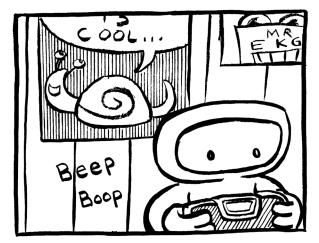




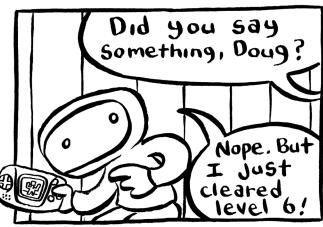








































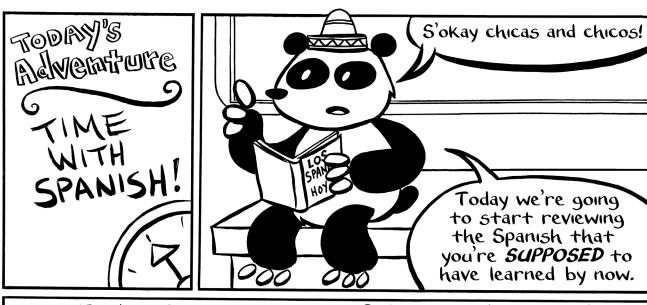






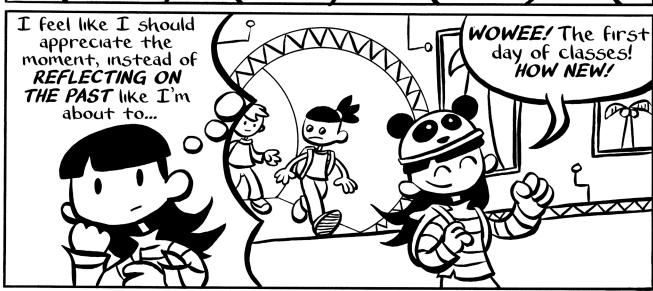


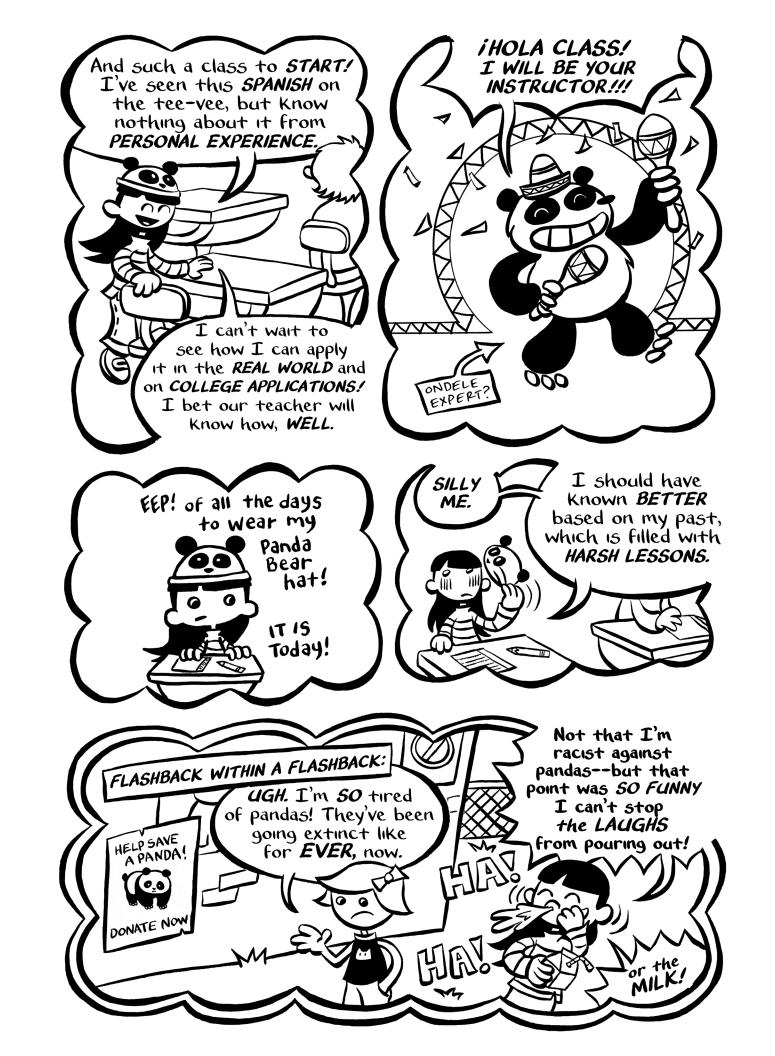


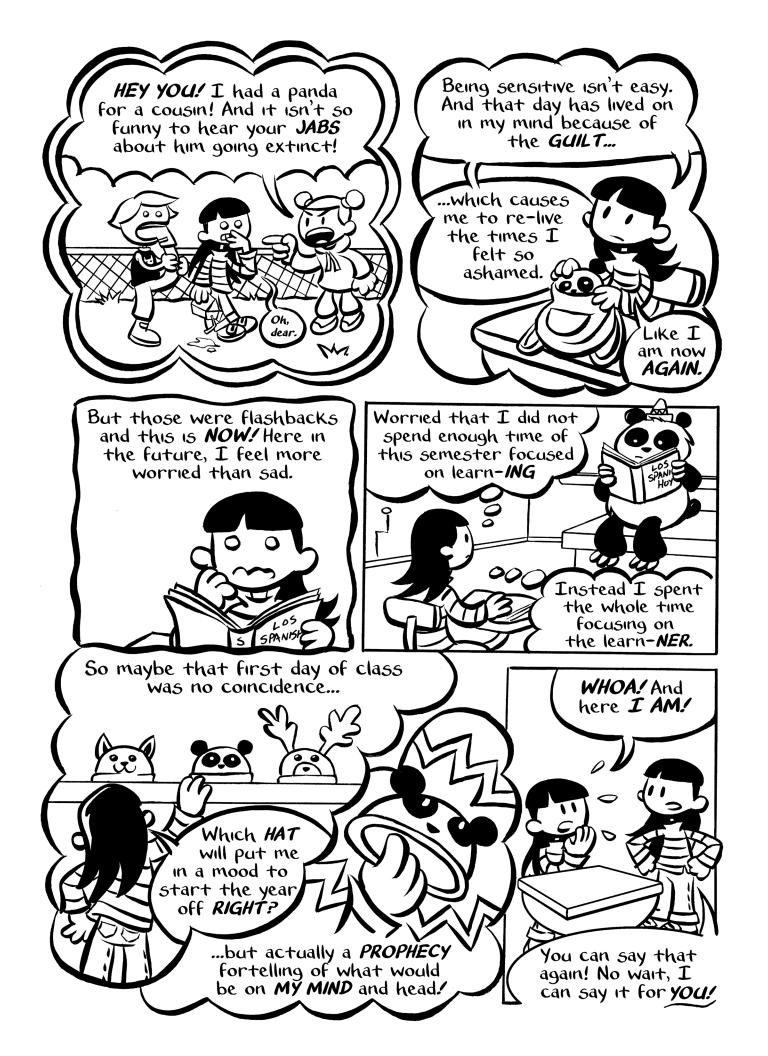


OY, VEY! Already with the reviewing? Time sure does move fast when you live in the future—like we do. It still feels like yesterday JUST HAPPENED! (I can't get over that!)





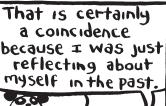






of course, which is comforting

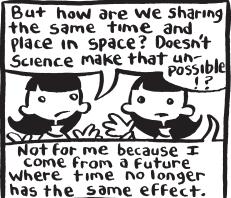






And I am like the future version of that Miyumi, who looked slightly younger like I must to you.









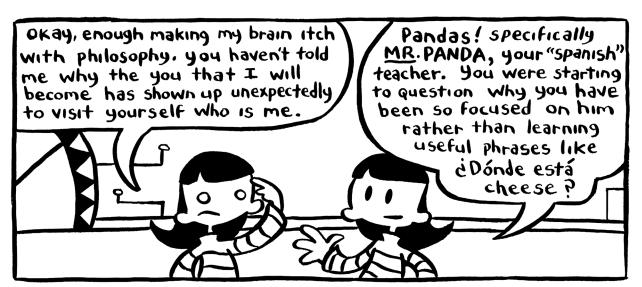


Too bad. I could sure use a regular Watch that could help me stop forgetting to Watch-- my favorite TV Shows.





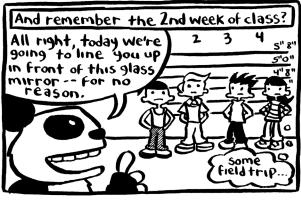




Well you don't have to be from the future (like me) to know-tice Mr. Panda hasnt exactly been the spanish teacher we thought he'd be back in that flashback you (and technically I) had earlier.



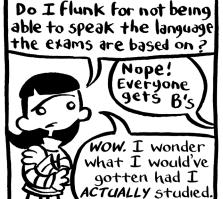


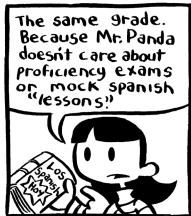






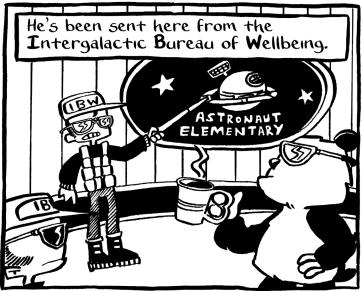






























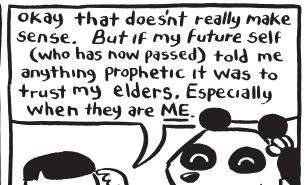
I had been thinking of giving it to you so you could help me in my top secret investigation since you are such a thoughtful person and don't have a criminal record.















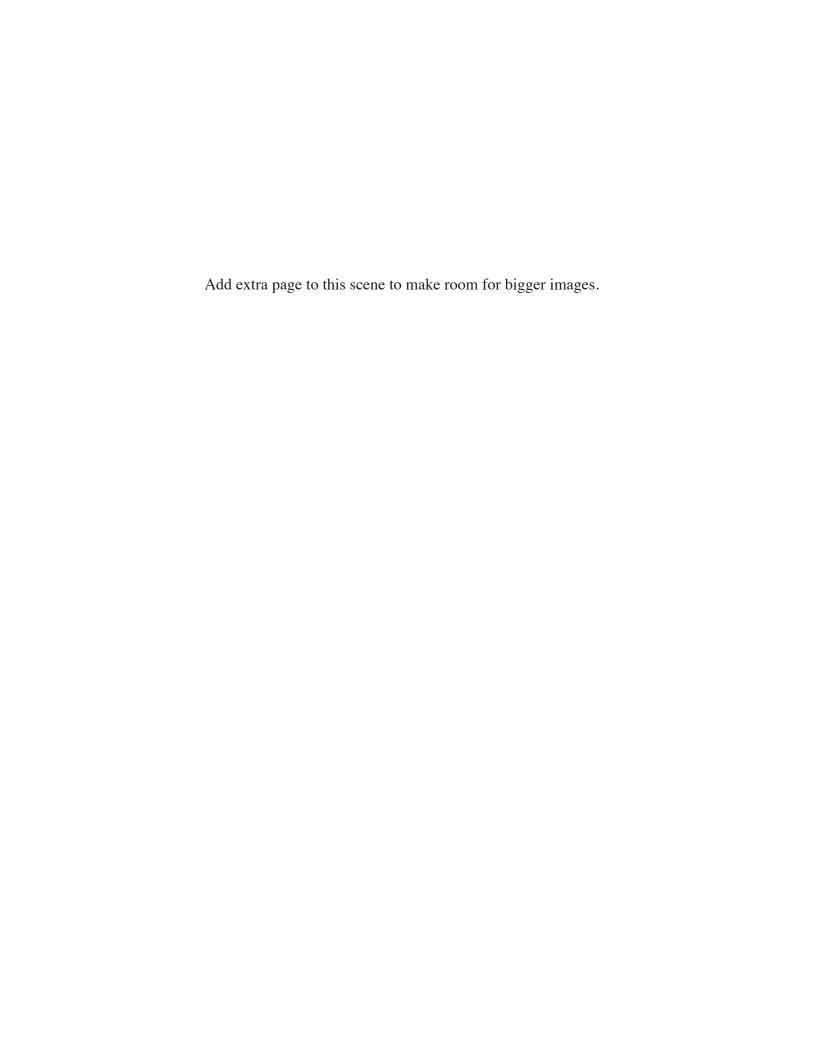


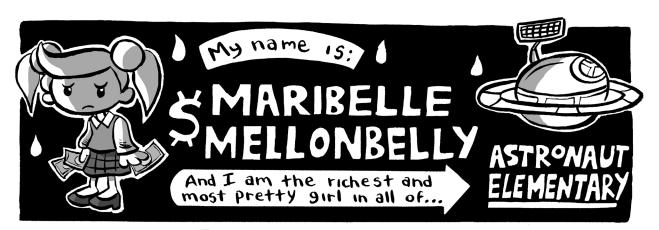


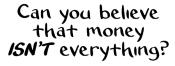
Or... a Panda:













I know it seems like CRAZY TALK the way it sounds so unrealistic.

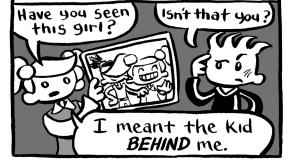
And I should know since I'm the kind of girl who comes from a family that is LOADED...



Even a *LOT* of money is not **ENOUGH** for me any more.



I didn't even know I was CAPABLE of a sad expression until a few days ago--when my best friend DISAPPEARED!



I heard that some alien catthing rode in on rollerblades and banked her.



All the rumors that are going around are making me SUSPICIOUS OF FOUL PLAY ...

## ...and FOUL BREATH as well.

After the panda explained how time travel works he dragged her off to some secret government compound!



I like to blame Miyumi San because she is my arch-rival. But accusations do nothing to fill the EMPTY SPOT by my side.











tell them I said "Hi"



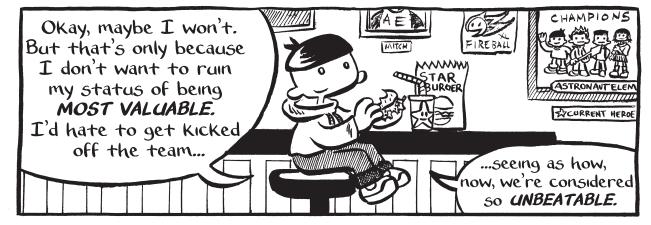


If I was a wuss, or something corny like that kid in that movie with the dog... and all the crying... I might get upset from time to time.

But Momma says I

gotta be TOUGH for her









How can anyone not like Fireball? It is only the BEST physical activity EVER! And I am Saying that because I'm really, really good at it--so I know what I am talking about here.











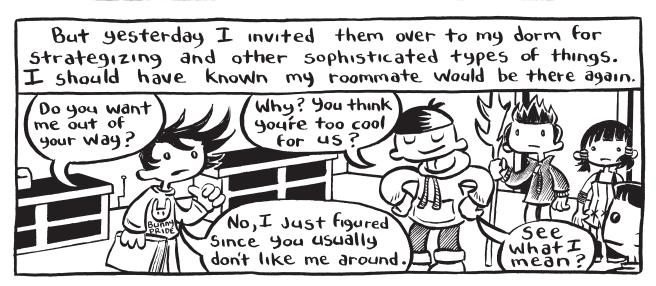
I'm busy enough as it is. Being on the Fireball team is a full-time commitment. People expect us to be awesome all the time. But sometimes I just want to take a nap. I guess that's the price of fame. You only get sleep at night.

























Ever since Thalia entered my life it's getting harder and harder not to think of "SISSY" stuff.





If she asked.



























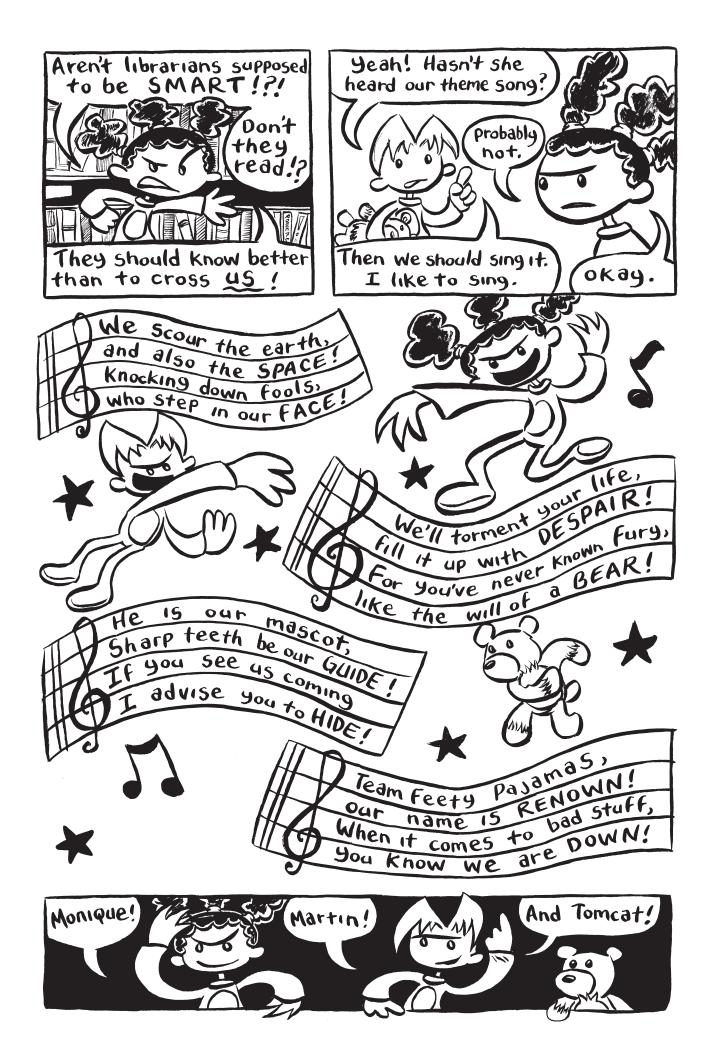


























we can read that book!





while it lasts.

Librarian.





Please... pass these little blue test books to the Kid Who sits behind you.









You're supposed to









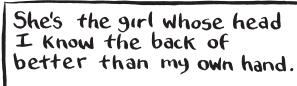




Mathematical History

... in all of





Practically
a stranger\*
(by comparison)

\* INSERT "TALK TO THE HAND"
"DON'T TALK TO STRANGERS"
JOKE HERE.

## It's my favorite hour of the day.

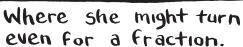


Watching her ears Poke out through her brown hair.

I sit Patiently.



Waiting for those fleeting moments.





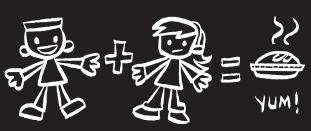
Her quarter view like a four leaf clover...



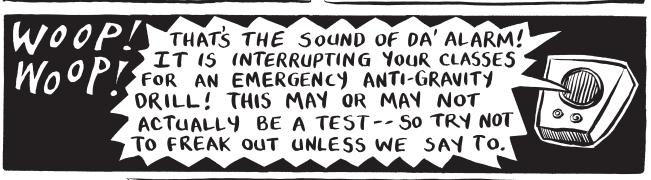




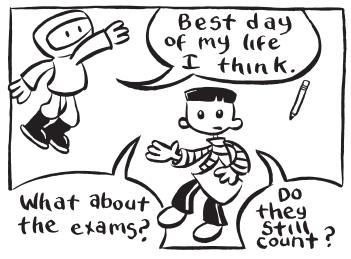
I owe it all to Sabrina and her acute angles.



If only we could spend quantitative time in some conversing line or common denominator. Just me and her equaling a reciprocal of one.





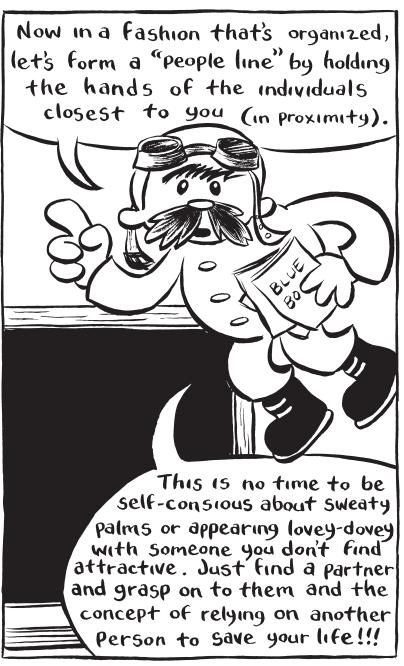


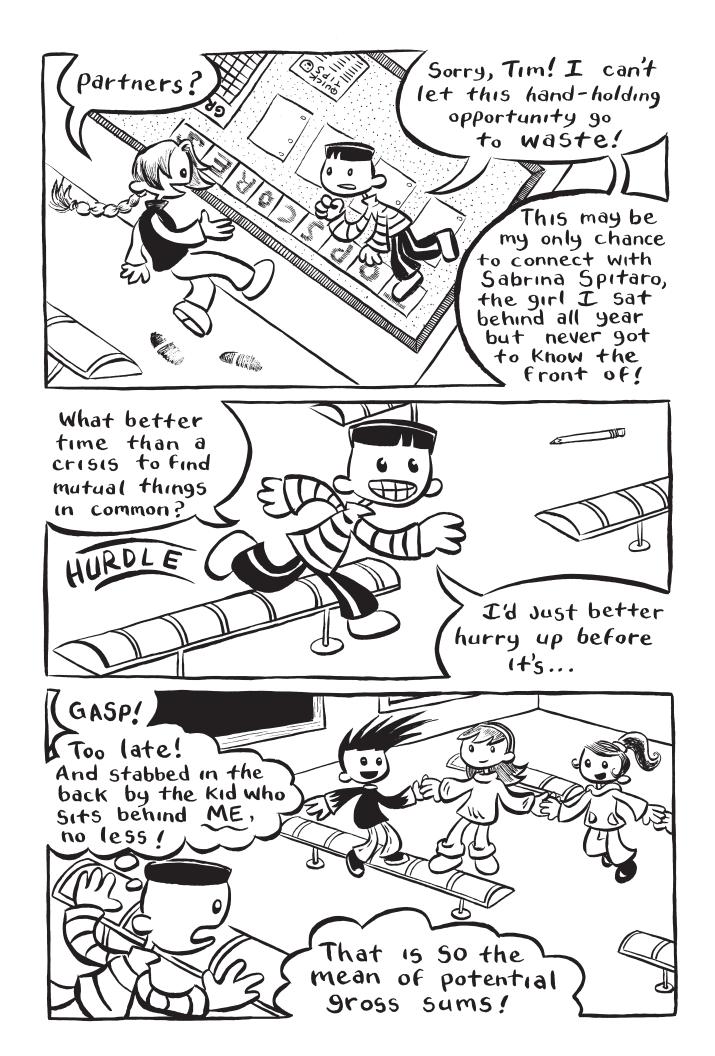
All right now, hand in your booklets to avoid cheating or losing them in a nearby wormhole.

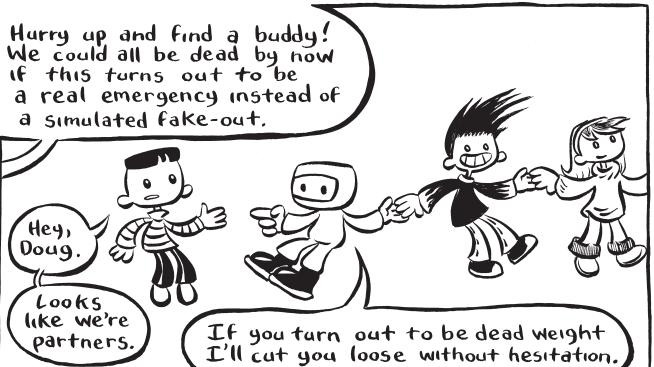












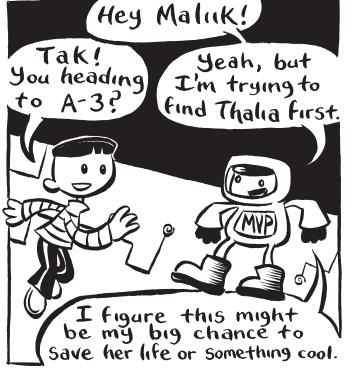


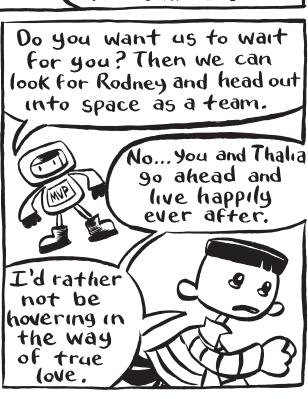
If only I was a forward thinker and made a MOVE While Sabrina Was right in front of me! Perhaps if we hadn't remained strangers it would be MY hand that was helping. 00 not too familiar Based on the law of averages there is a good probability they'll end up getting married because of this. And I'll end up depending on Doug Hiro for emotional support.





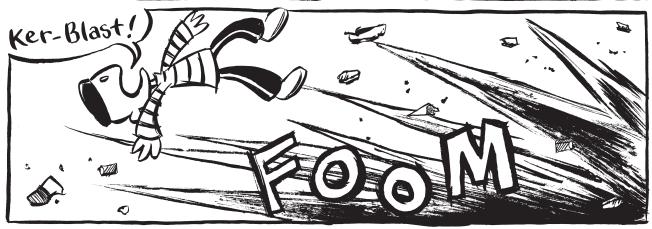










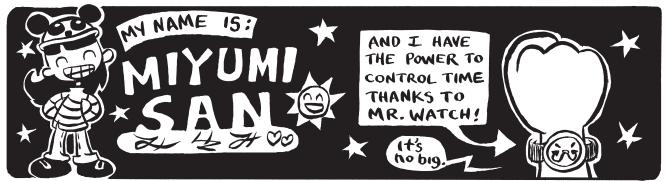












I AM A STUDENT AT ASTRONAUT ELEMENTARY



Revel Without a pause. Whew: This I.B.W. watch sure is good for slowing down and not Jumping into things.



But I still don't have enough time to explain to this bystander the details of how I came to acquire such desirable attributes.

Best to put some distance between us before things start to **ESCALATE**.

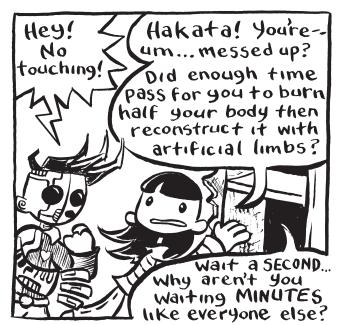


Besides, I came here looking for a *FRIEND*--not to find myself in an *EXPLOSIVE RELATIONSHIP*.

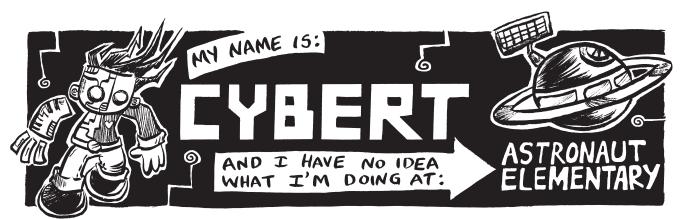


I knew that Hakata didn't have many friends but never thought to ask him if he had a Nemesis.









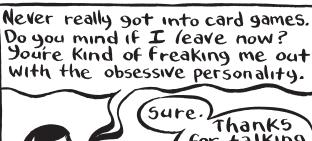






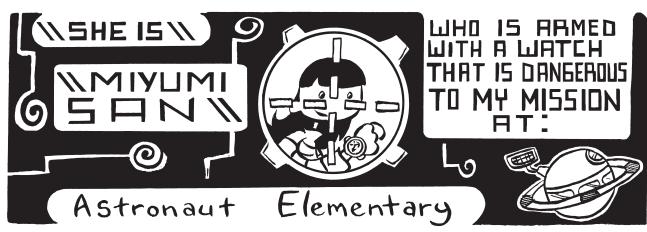




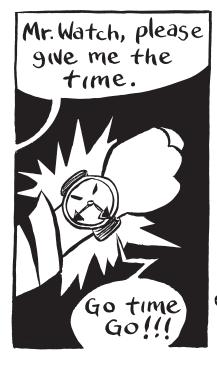






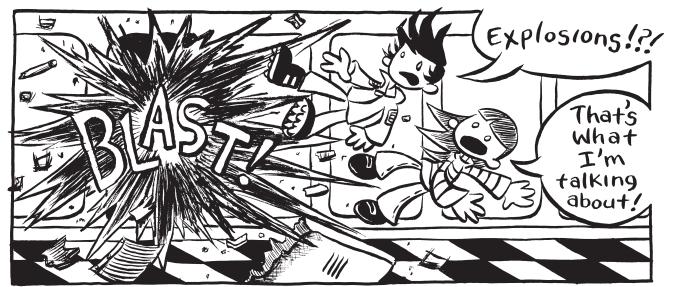






























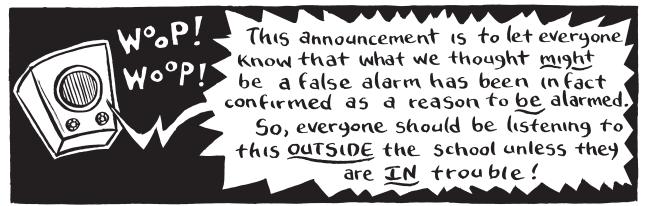




















to thaw..



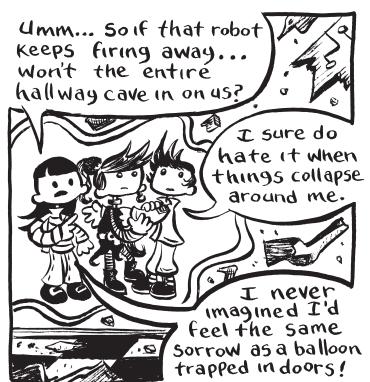


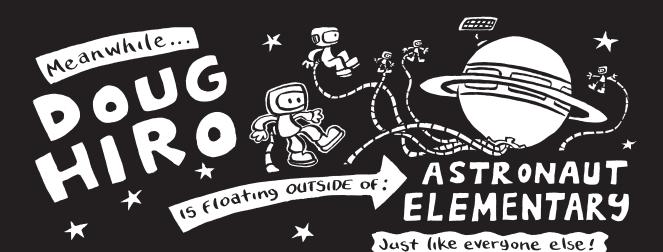












Learning how to evacuate the School was probably the most stirring educational experience I've had.



If we did stuff like this every day, I could totally warm up to the academic process.





I can't believe all these kids 90 to the same school as me and I never noticed them before.



A few of them actually look pretty cute.

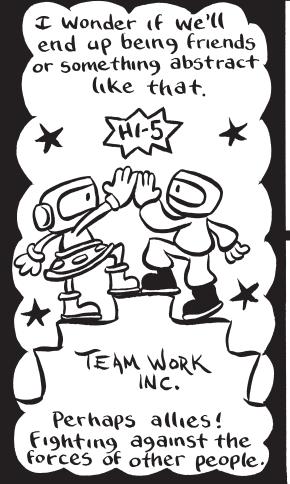
I guess sometimes it takes seeing people out of the usual context or gravity before you realize how interesting they can be.



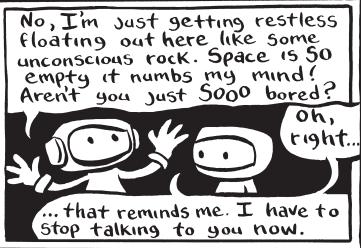
Excuse me, are those original C-64 air carburetors you have on?











I should have known better. Underneath the pretty exterior everyone is exactly the same. Gross.

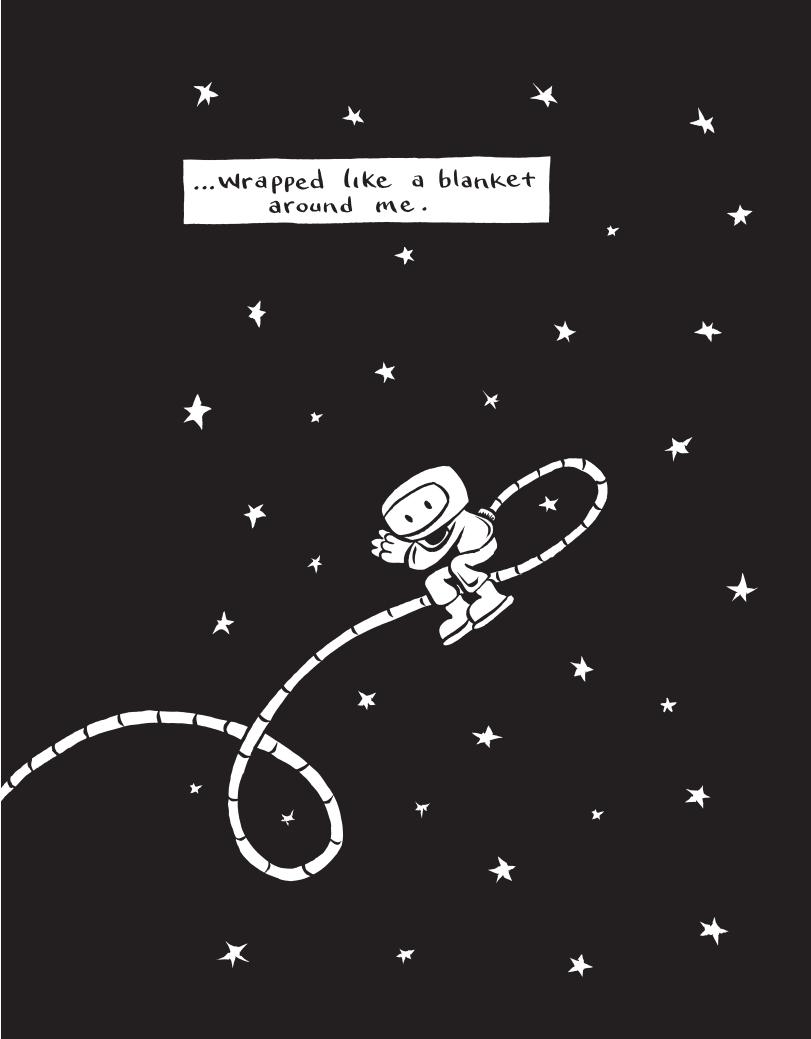


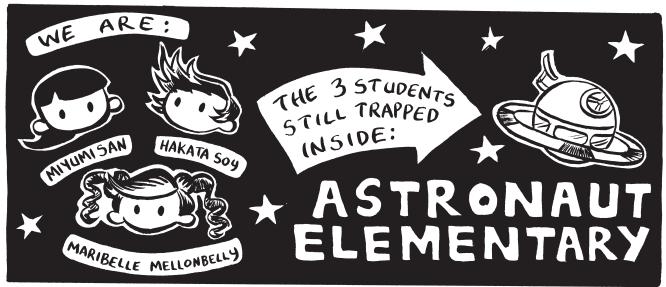


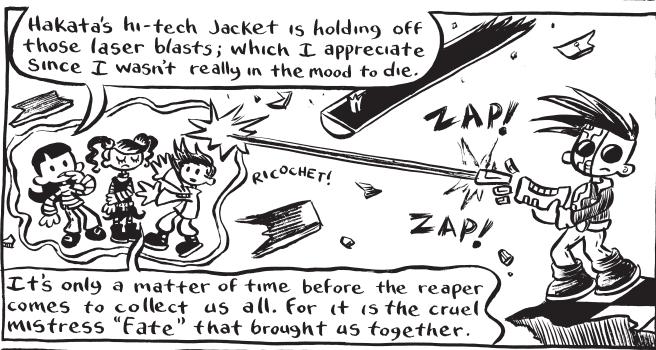




of a billion stars...







SHEESH, Maribelle. I think your new wardrobe has really gone to your head, which used to be BIG but now is SAD.



Well excuse me for feeling pain that no forcefield can protect me from.

If it wasn't for you I'd still have my best friend AND my natural blonde locks.



It's not MY fault Scab Wellington got SENT AWAY for detainment! Blame that PLASTIC FORK she wielded as a weapon without a permit.





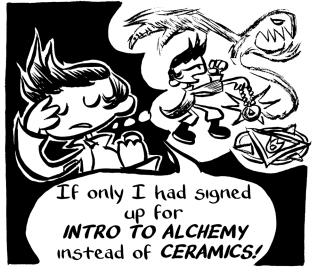






Okay, we'll wait till the robot finishes that chapter, *THEN* make our move!





Not to sound like praise or anything flattering... but I've seen Miyumi summon fireballs that are pretty hot.



Is that true?
Do you think you
can make one
powerful enough
to melt METAL
into SCRAP?









That's certainly true ...

... But so far even being trapped here with you hasn't produced enough



Maybe we've grown too much as people.

Perhaps a FLASHBACK Will rekindle that past anger and instigate the

spark we need!

You keep your flashbacks in your belly button 2

Doesnt everyone?



think Back ... all the way to the Bouncing Ball party I had in nursery school



Remember What bouncyfull Hoo-Ha it was?







I always love that:











No, but first you have to fill us in on the deal with that cousin of yours with the teddy bear fixation.



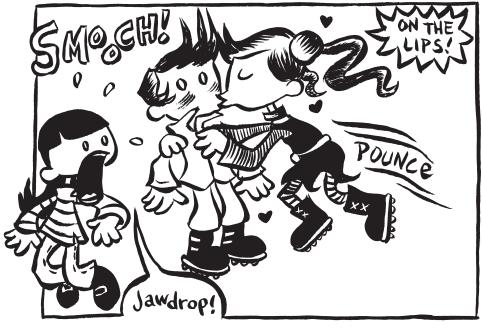




resort left.

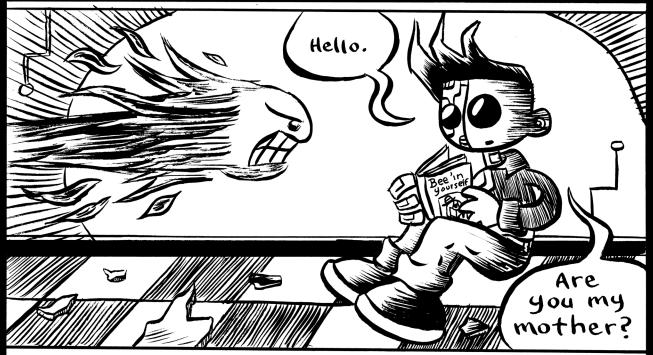






































**公The End!** 公







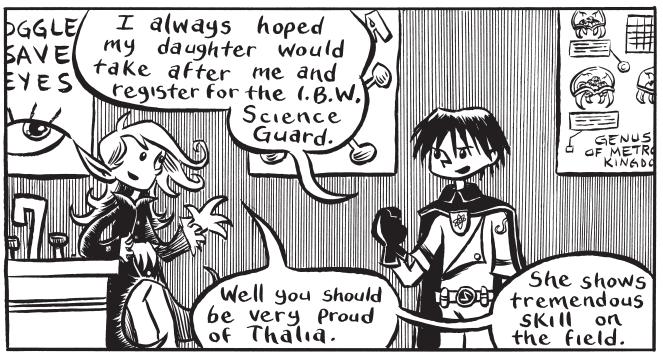


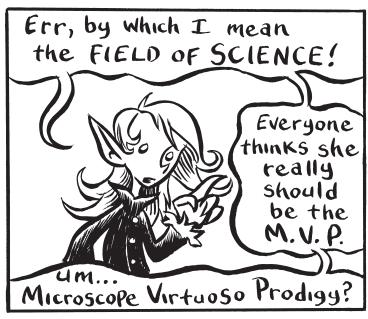
hoping maybe they put in a

good word for their old mom.



I always assumed elves didn't believe in the stuff on account of being magic.









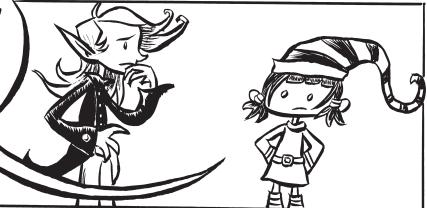




I won't make it a habit to deceive parents.

Especially a highranking Science Officer Who could deport me back home through the Realm Send. And you're
too good a
Fireball player
to Keep it a
secret from your
dad for ever
and ever.

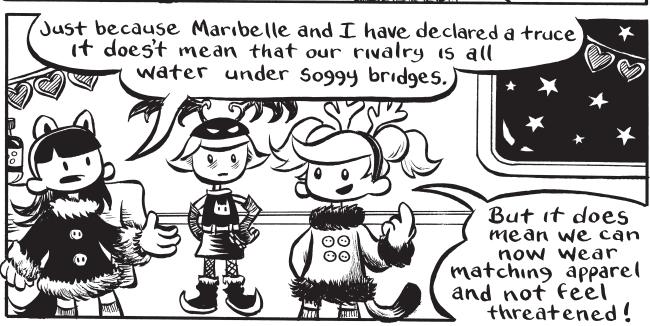
I just don't know if he's mature enough to accept that I might not grow up in footsteps like his.







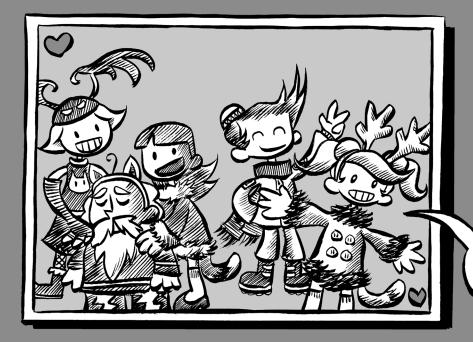








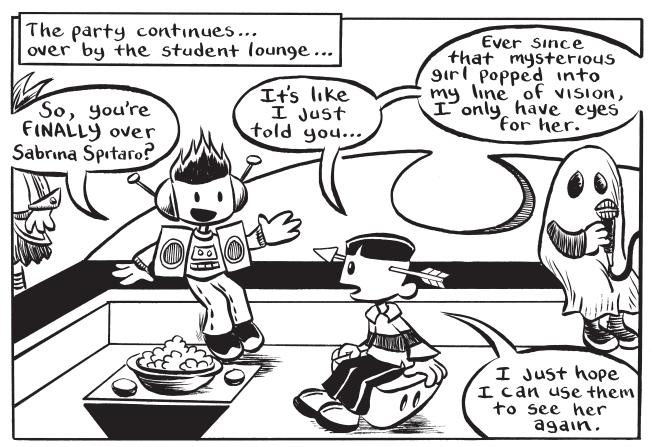




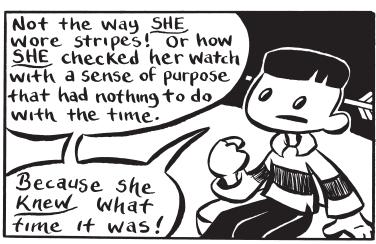




SNAP!









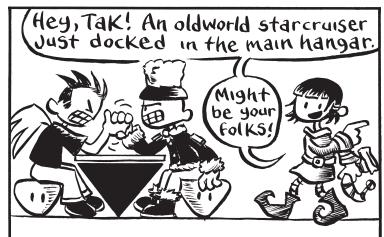












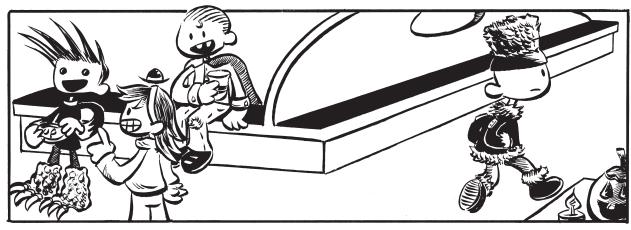


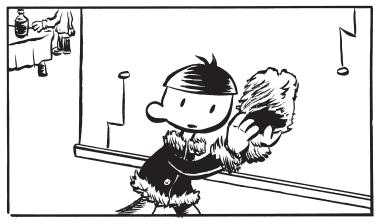
Not cuz I'm a wuss, okay? Even hardcore toughsters have nothing to gain from leaving their parents to wander halls aimlessly.



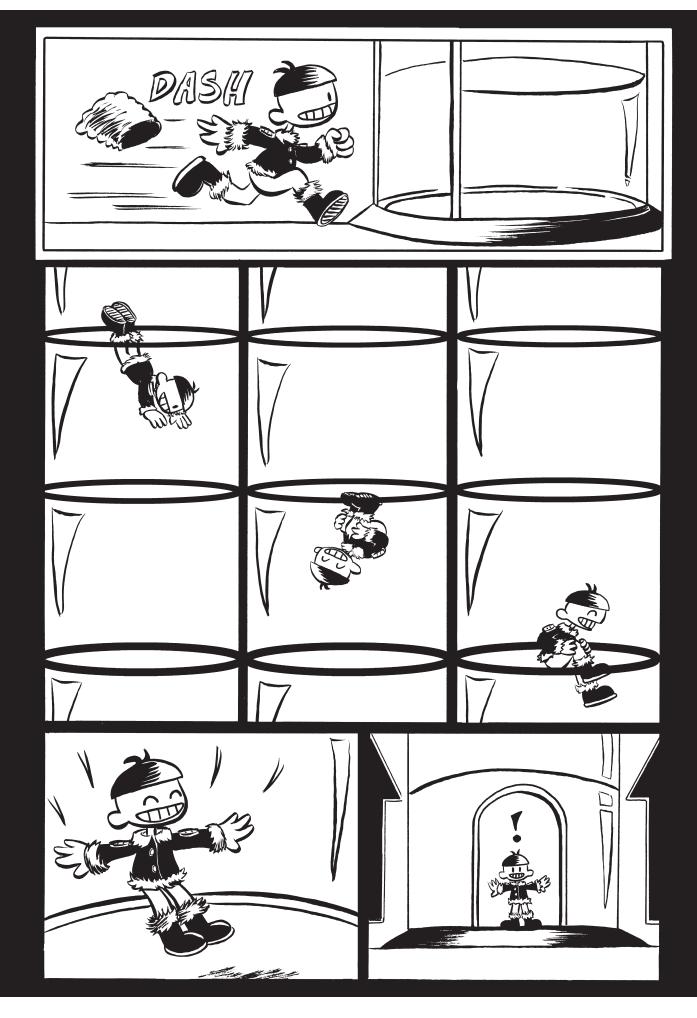


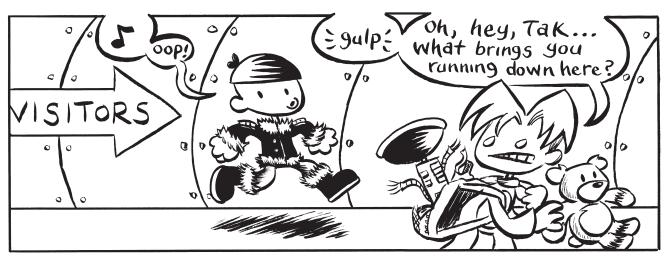










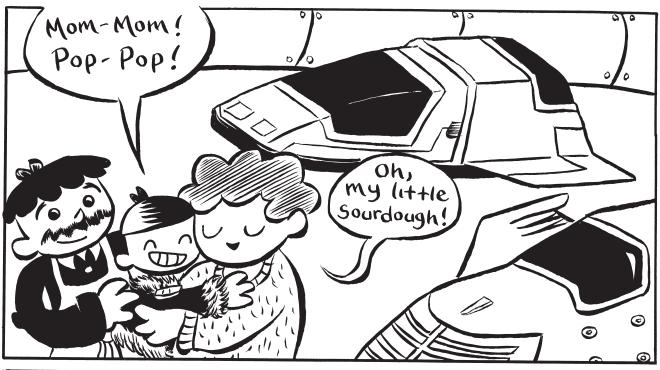






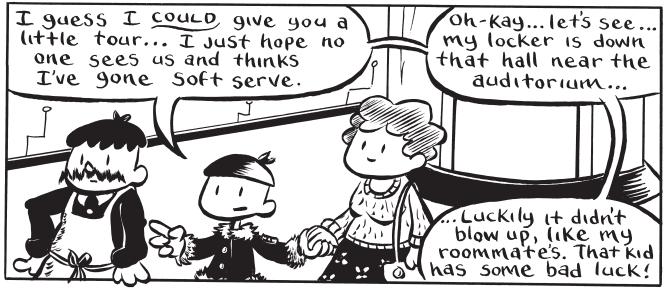






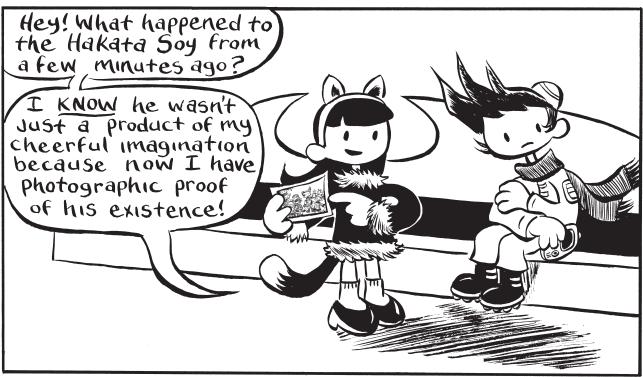










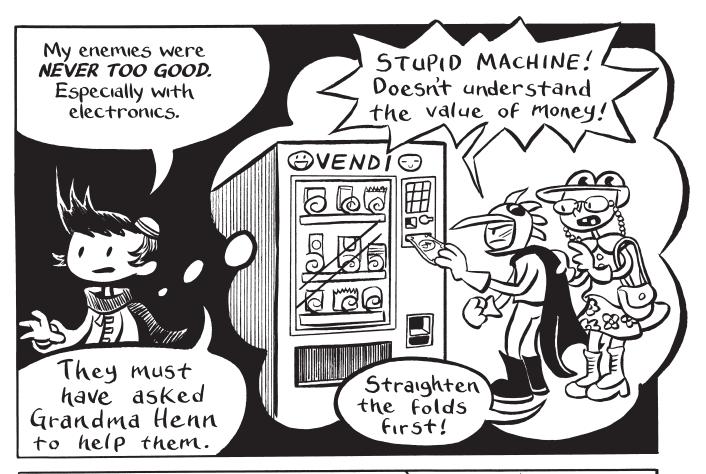


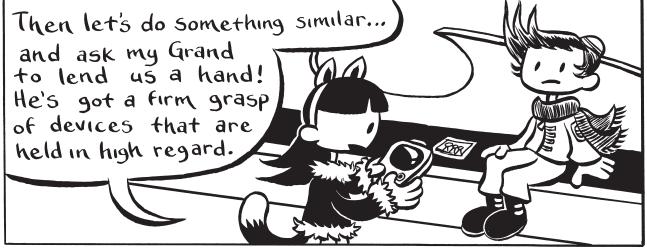




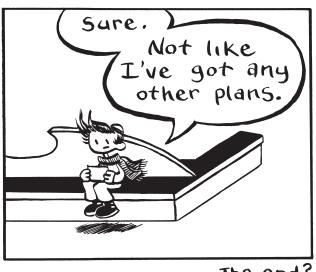
Sounds suspiciously like

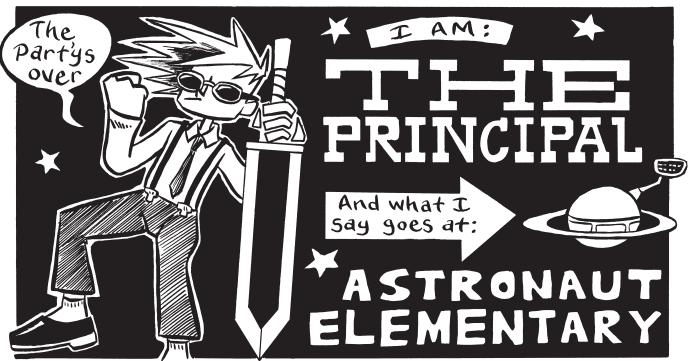
\* FROM OFF PANEL.

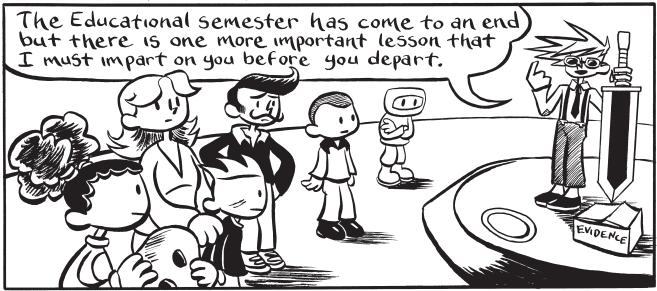




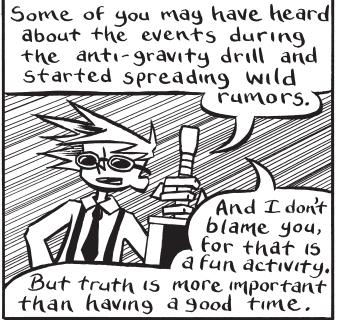


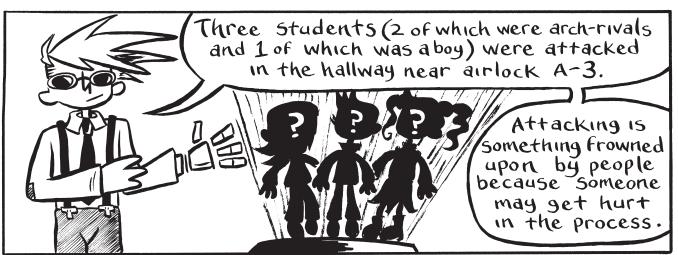


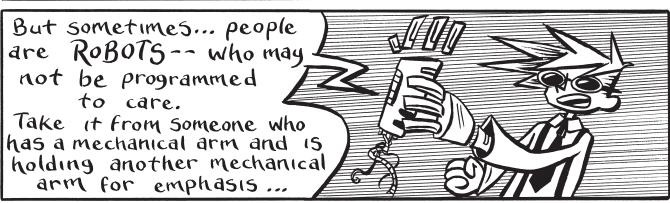


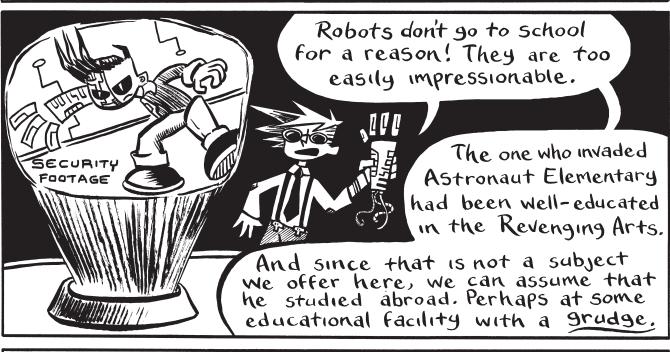




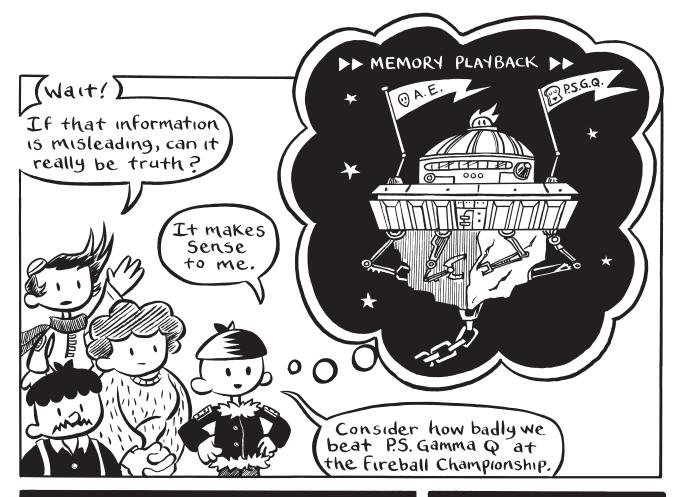








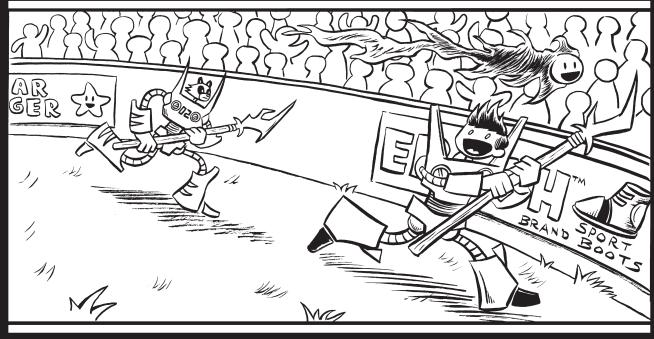


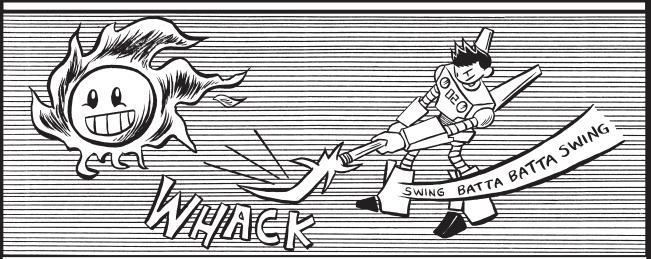


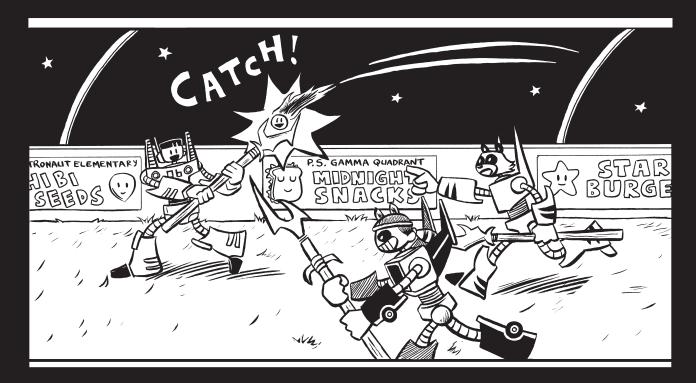


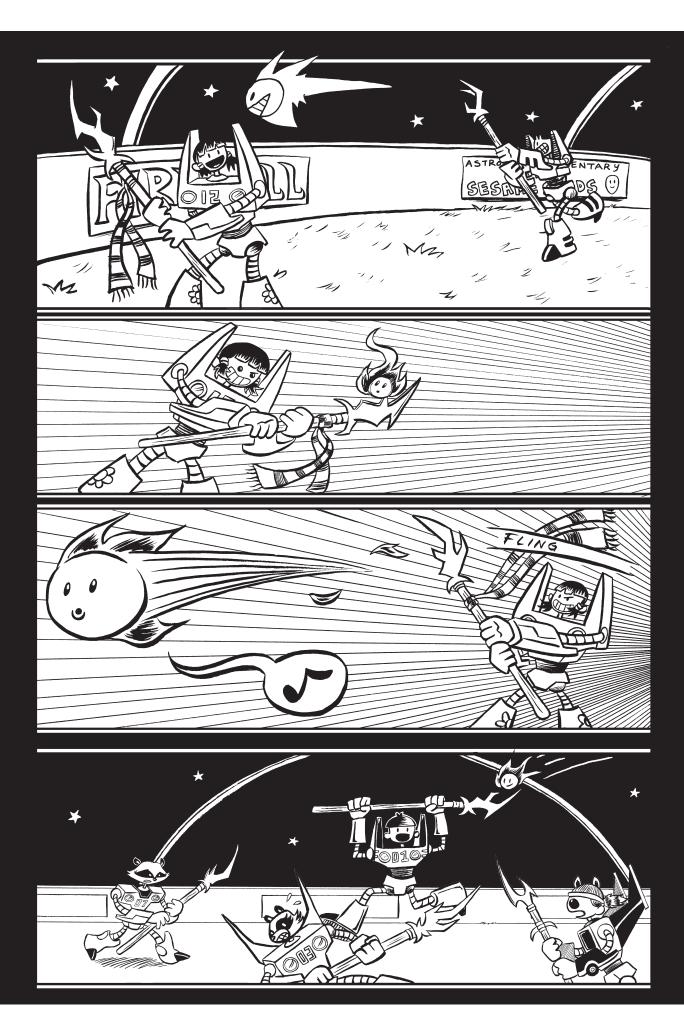


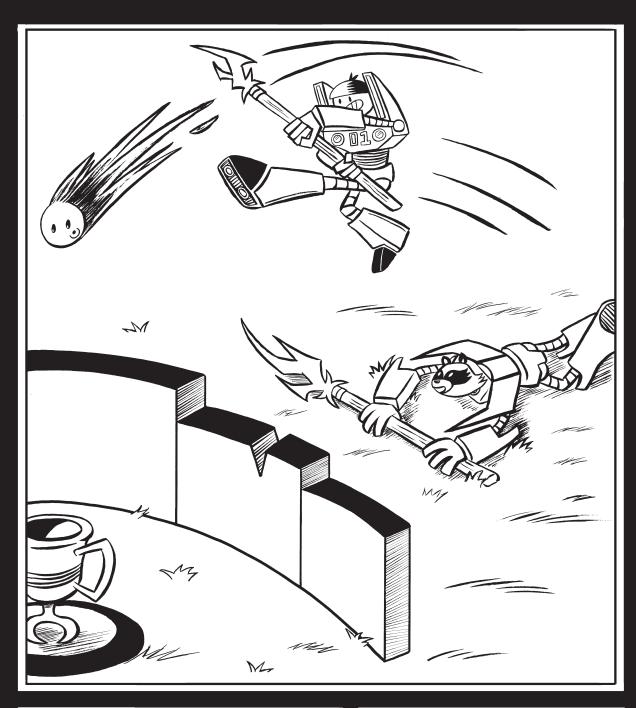


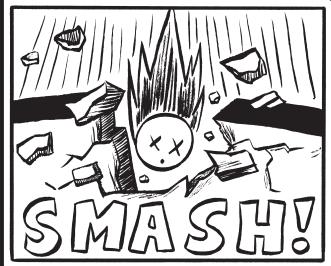




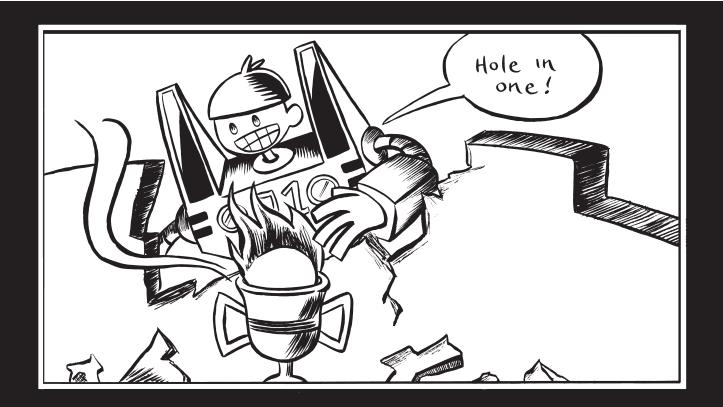


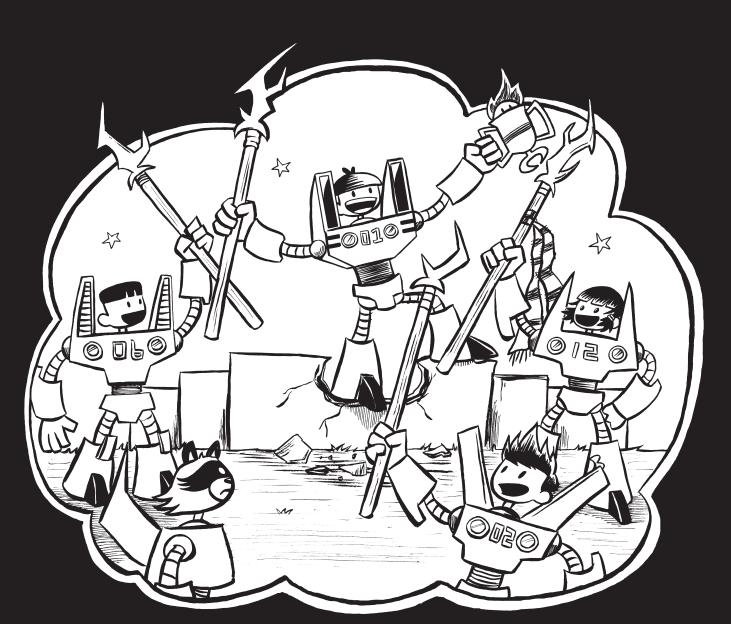






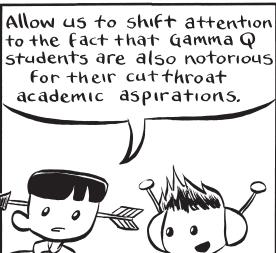


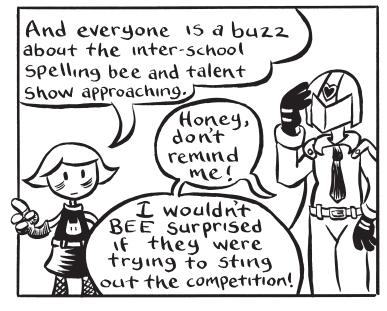








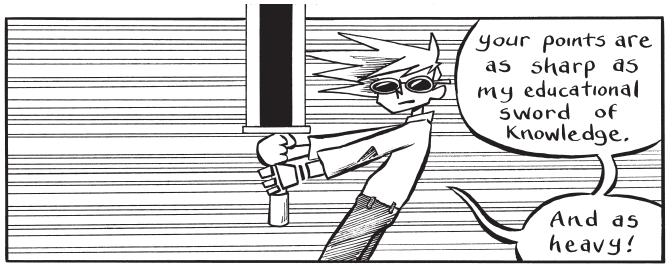






Good

save!

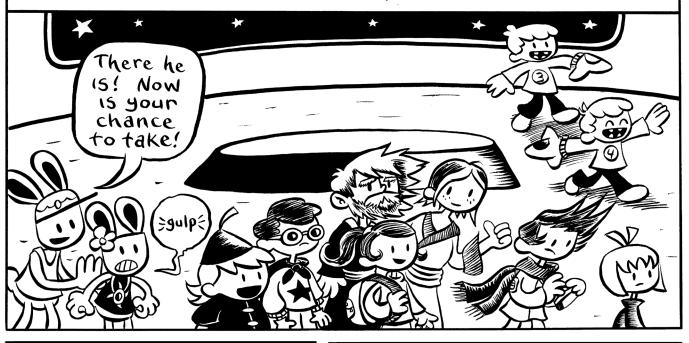




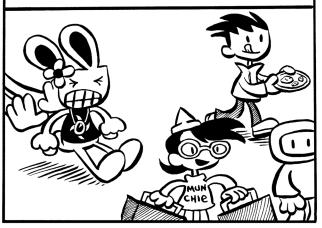




Watching the crowd shuffle away, I tried to find some last-minute COURAGE to do something LOUDER than WIGGLE MY NOSE like a bunny with no confidence.



All semester, I've tried to think of things to say that would make me sound like I was someone worth KNOWING--ya Know?

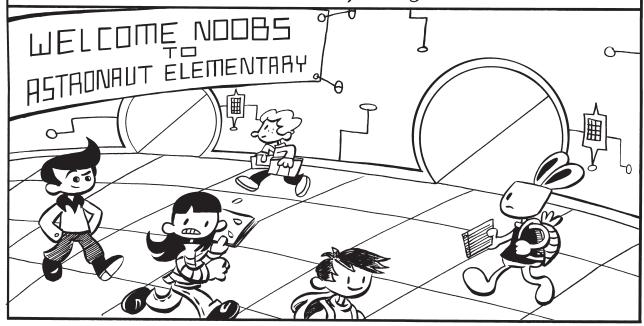


And it would be so much easier if he was <u>JUST</u> some attractive boy with **UNREALISTICALLY COOL HAIR.** 



But this one in particular happens to be Hakata Soy, the boy who **SAVED MY LIFE!** 

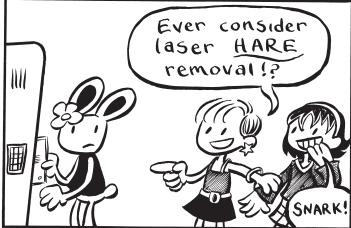
I had a hard time adapting to the new TERRAIN of school life. The first few weeks were ROUGH on my feelings.



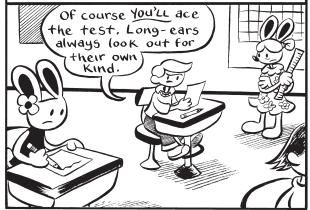
Especially the *FEET*, which were raised and lowered on *SOFT TEXTURES* like grass and soil more so than the tile and shag carpeting of space stations.



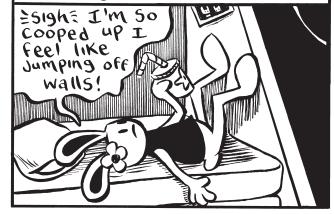
And you see, I never saw the importance of *APPEARANCES* before people started pointing out how much I don't look like them.

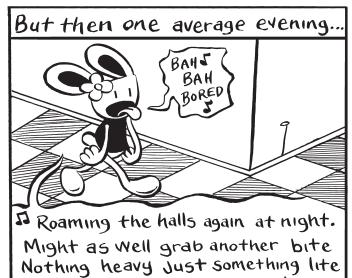


And the only person who resembled me was a *TEACHER*, which is never in style.

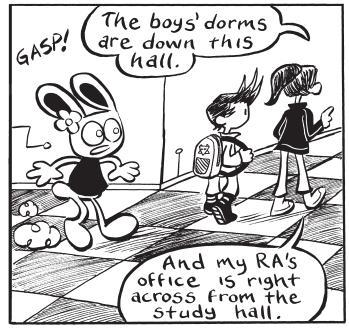


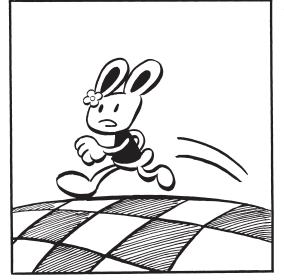
Even after I managed to make a few friends, I still longed for HOPPIER times.





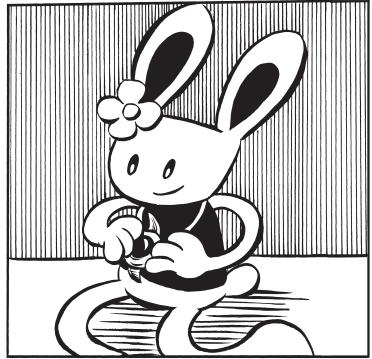
Hey, who's that new Kid Just out of sight?



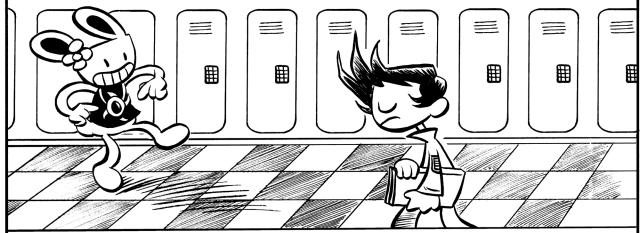




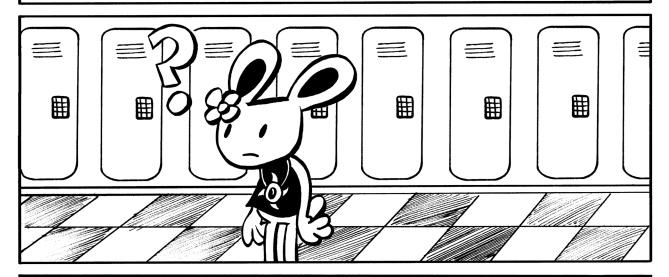




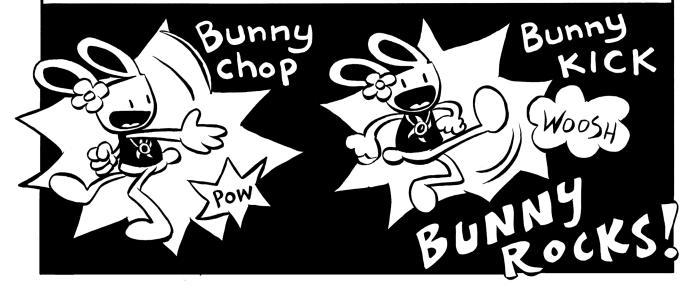
I guess I hoped he'd recognize the medallion or maybe even remember me.



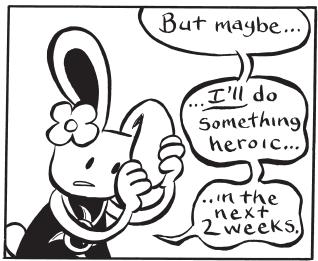
But he always looked so lost in his own thoughts and drama. I didn't have the heart to bother him.



But Just Knowing that one of my role models was going to the same school as me gave me a renewed sense of confidence.





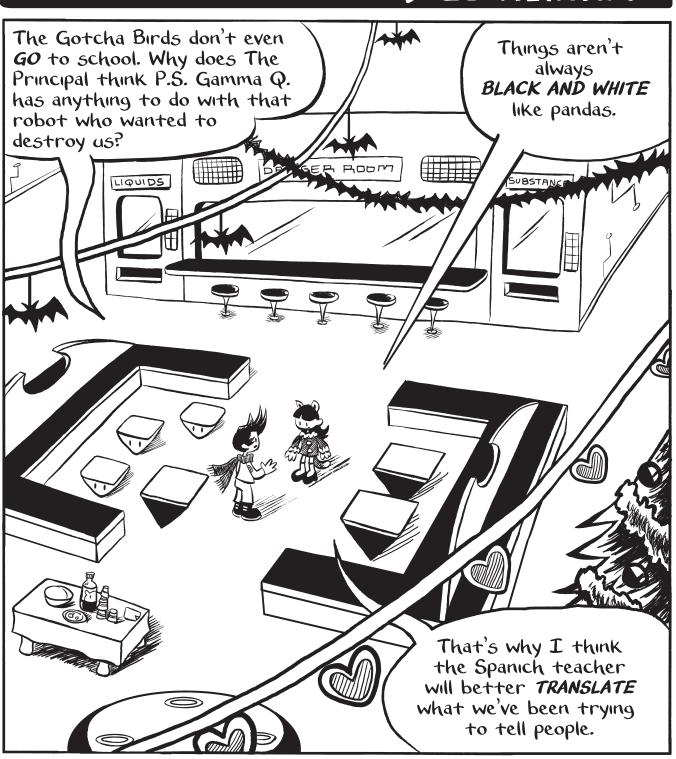


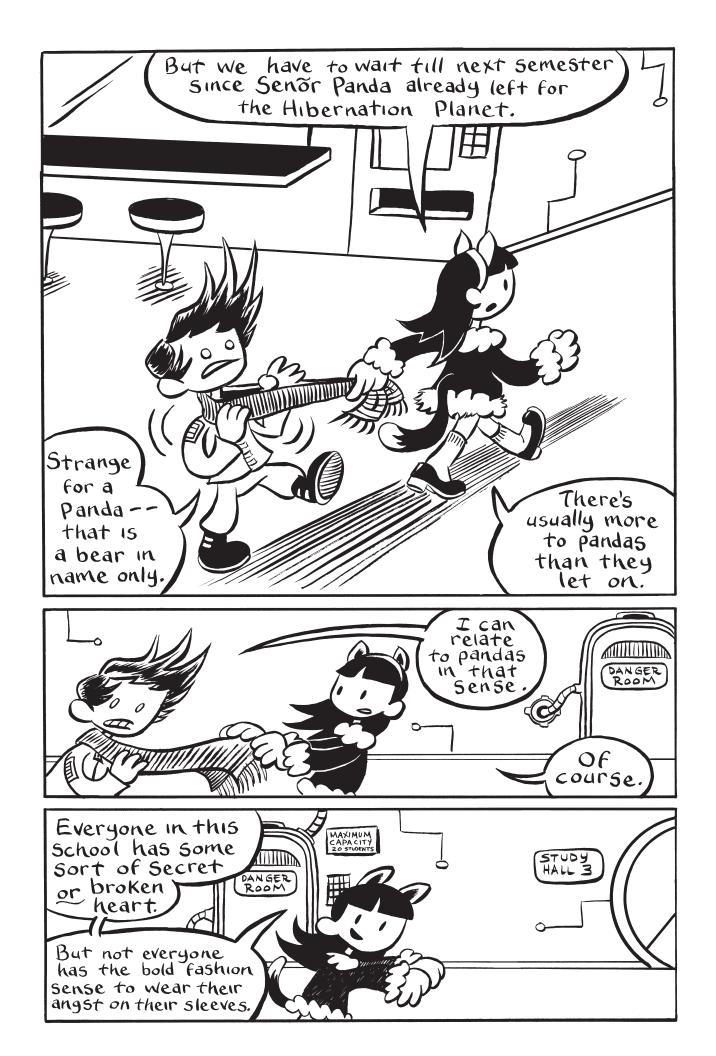










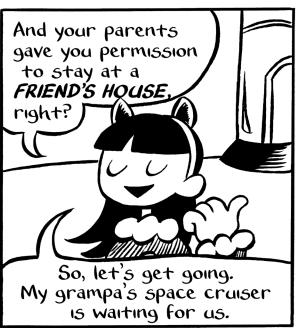


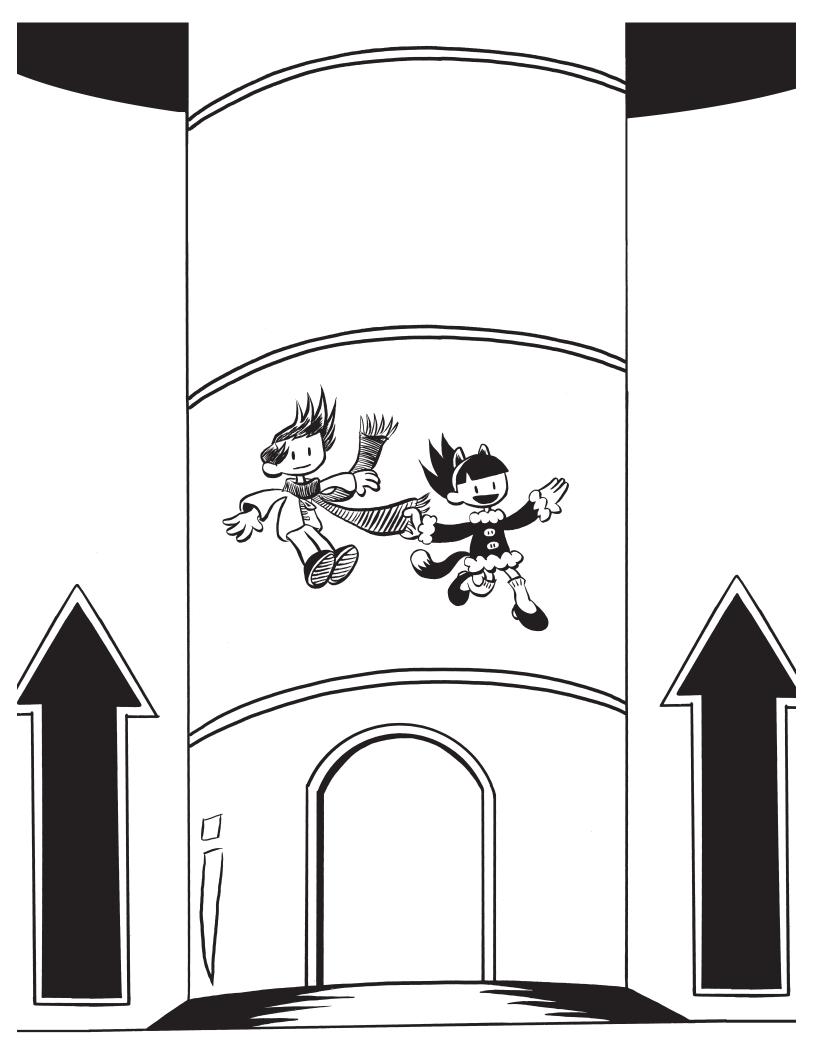


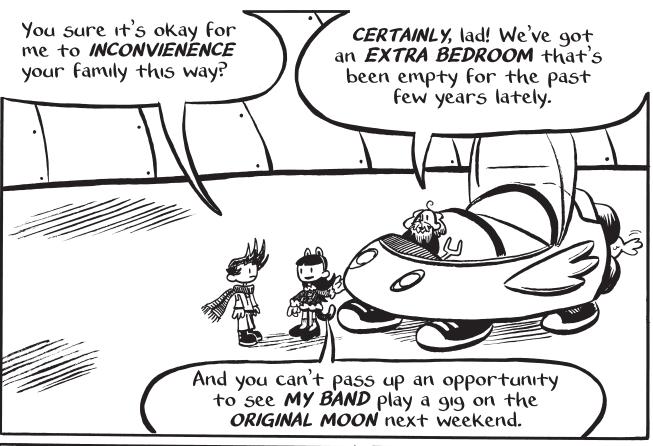








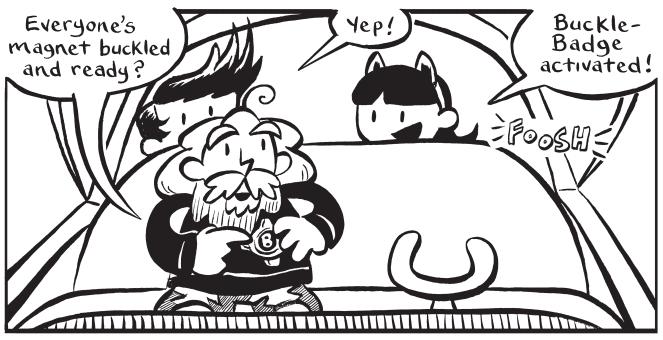




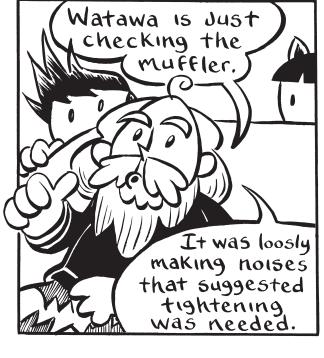








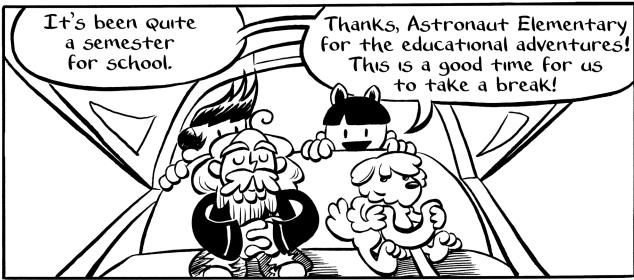


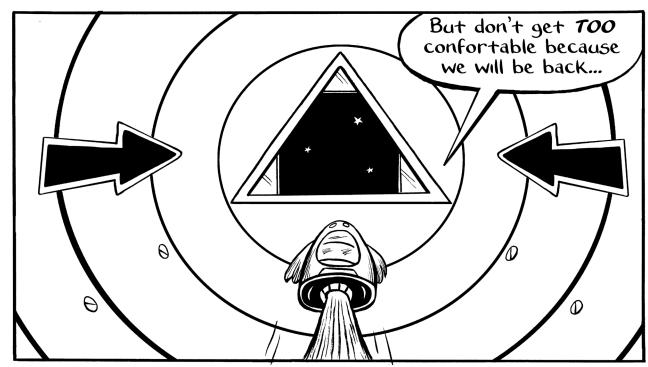


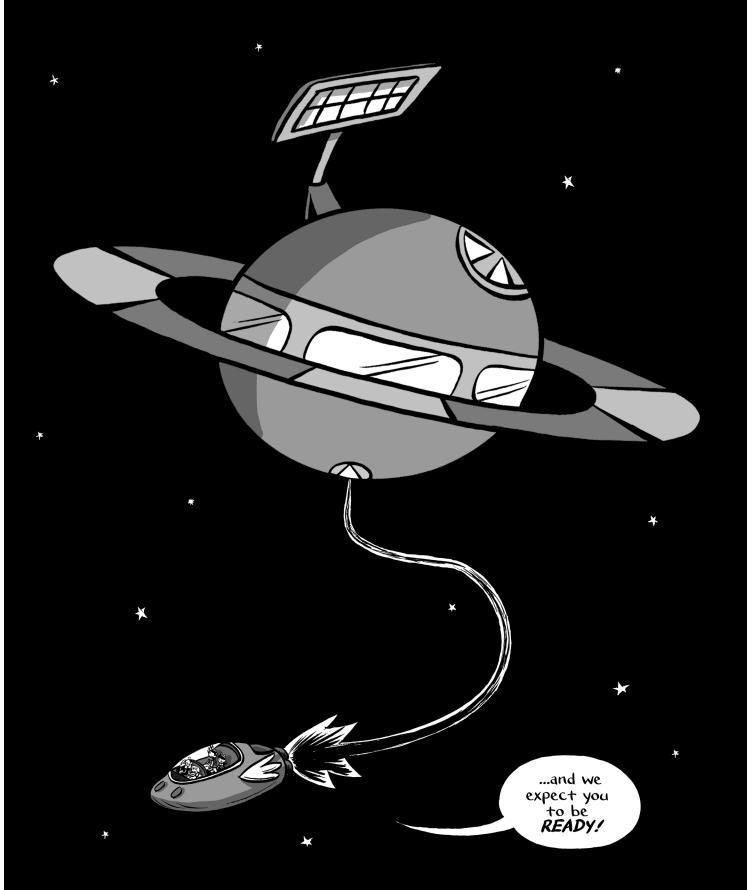


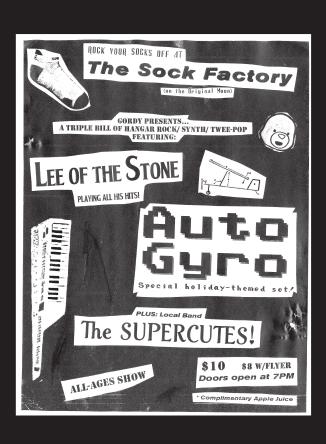












\*

\*

\*

Astronaut Elementary continues in...

## Book 2: SPRING SEMESTER