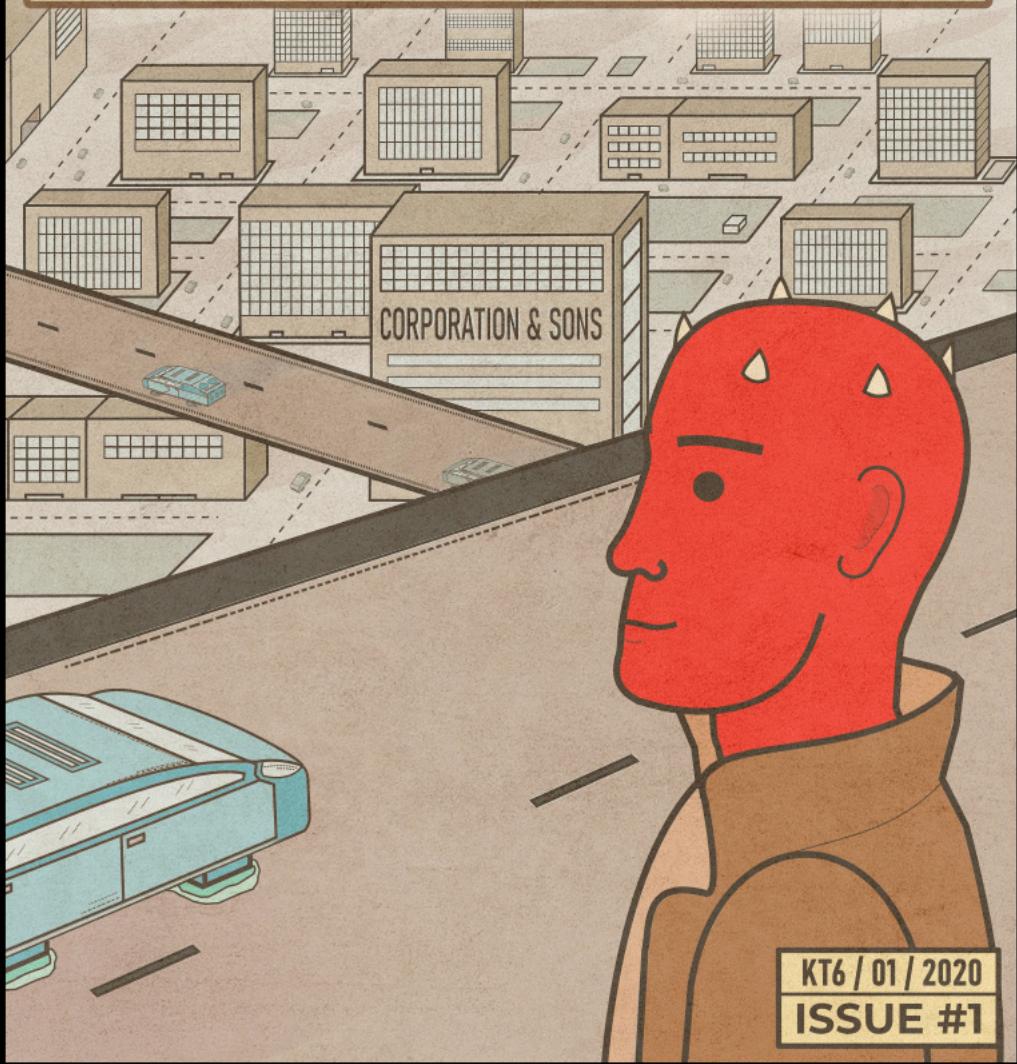


KILL TEAM 6

"BREAKING INTO PRISON"

AN ODYSSEY OF DANGER AND EXPLOSIONS*

*NO GUARANTEES - I'LL DO MY BEST



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artwork by
EMMET K YOUNG

story, writing by
EMMET K YOUNG
& KRALA

all material
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KRALA

FURIA

1



IMMORTALITY

990

DECISION
MAKING

4

RESPECT FOR
MY WRITING

1

THE SOLE SURVIVOR
OF AN UNFORTUNATE
PLANETARY DISASTER
THAT WIPE OUT THE
REST OF HIS PEOPLE
OVER 1000 YEARS AGO,
KRALA WOULD GET A LOT
MORE SYMPATHY IF
HE WASN'T SO
FUCKING ANNOYING.

PROLOGUE

(the bit before the story starts)

Hello everybody, and welcome to my story! My name is Krala, I'm roughly one-thousand-and-twelve years old, and I live in the Twin Systems. Where's that, you ask? Well, in cosmic terms it's not that far from you, actually. The Twin Systems orbit in the Andromeda Galaxy, only about two and a half million light years away, which really isn't that mu-

Remembering that it's not his place to introduce the story, Krala stops talking right away. Sitting - in **quiet** contemplation - on the edge of a motorway bridge in Lopine city centre, he stares into the distance. With a thoughtful look on his plain, red-skinned face, Krala soaks up the view; watching as the sun sets over the bustling metropolis below.

Woah woah woah ... what are you doing? Eh? I thought I made it clear I don't want my life story written as some oh-so-serious sci-fi garbage. That's why **I'm** doing the intro, Earth Man. Besides, you wrote me into this opening scene, so I may as well act it out. Anywayyy ... hey again, everyone! I hope you're all excited to read my very first story. Trust me - it's pretty damn entertaining.

I know you don't get a whole lot of action here on Earth, but where I come from it's pretty much explosions-o'clock every hour on the hour. Seriously, the Twin Systems has bounty hunters, criminal masterminds, about *ten billion* anonymous henchmen, death cults, planets that eat other planets, two solar systems (a rich one and a poor one) - the whole shebang! You really can't ask for more. And I would know - I've lived the whole thing already!

What's that you ask? How can some red dude tell you a story that he's already lived, when it's set right now, in a place that's several billion miles away? Well, let's just say: if you're gonna trust somebody, don't make that somebody a fuckin' asshole warlock who lives out in deep space.

Long story short, I asked him to send me back a few thousand years to 2020, so I could relive the awesome adventures I had in Kill Team 6. But instead, the prick sent me back to 2020 on *Earth*. Fucking sucks, right? But, you know, we have to make the most of what life gives us.

So, instead of reliving some of my best years, I'm here on Earth sharing my stories with you lucky readers. I'm just a charitable guy. And interesting - you don't get to 3000 years old without being a little interesting. Everyone says it. Well. They don't say it, exactly, but I definitely get the **vibe** that they think it.

THE TWIN SYSTEMS

QUARX SYSTEM



SUVIAN SYSTEM



The Quarx System

SANNOX

LAGG

PRIMORIA

SUN

GROUL

MILIRIA

HOSZ

SENTARA

SENEX

SUN

TIBERIA

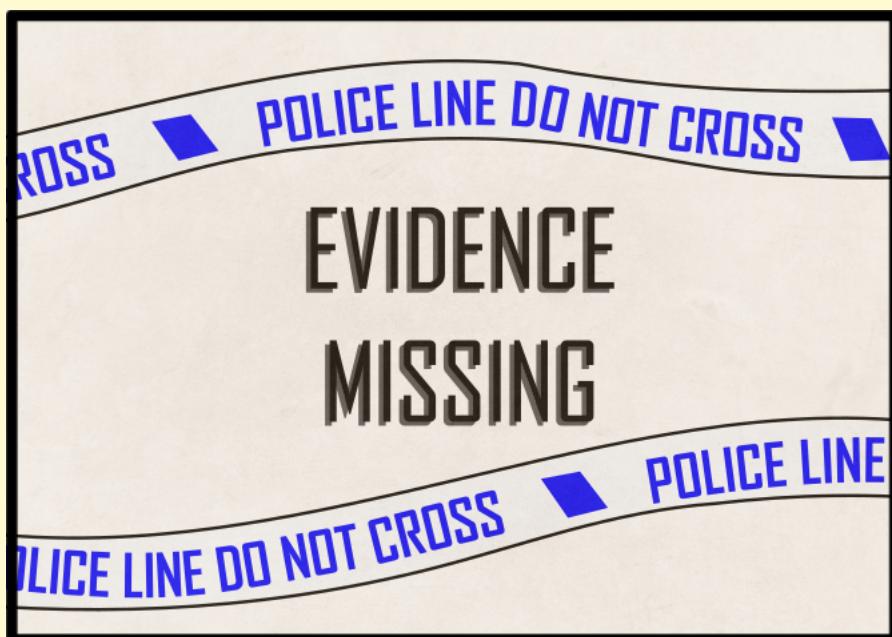
KELTONIA

LOPINE

The Suvian System

And why wouldn't they? I'm interesting, I'm relatable. I'm an (almost completely) immortal space alien who's travelled back in time about two thousand years to the right time but the wrong place and I'm telling you stories about my life when I was just 1012 and I was in a cool-as-fuck group of bounty hunters called Kill Team Six.

Well, now that you're all caught up ... why don't I introduce you to the team? You may have guessed that there's six of us - well done! You're paying attention. So - first there's Me, of course. The leader. The others may not agree and, you know, I don't make any plans or decisions, really, but ... essentially, I am their leader.



YASH

MILIRIA 2

LEADERSHIP

A

COMBAT

99

RELIABILITY

110

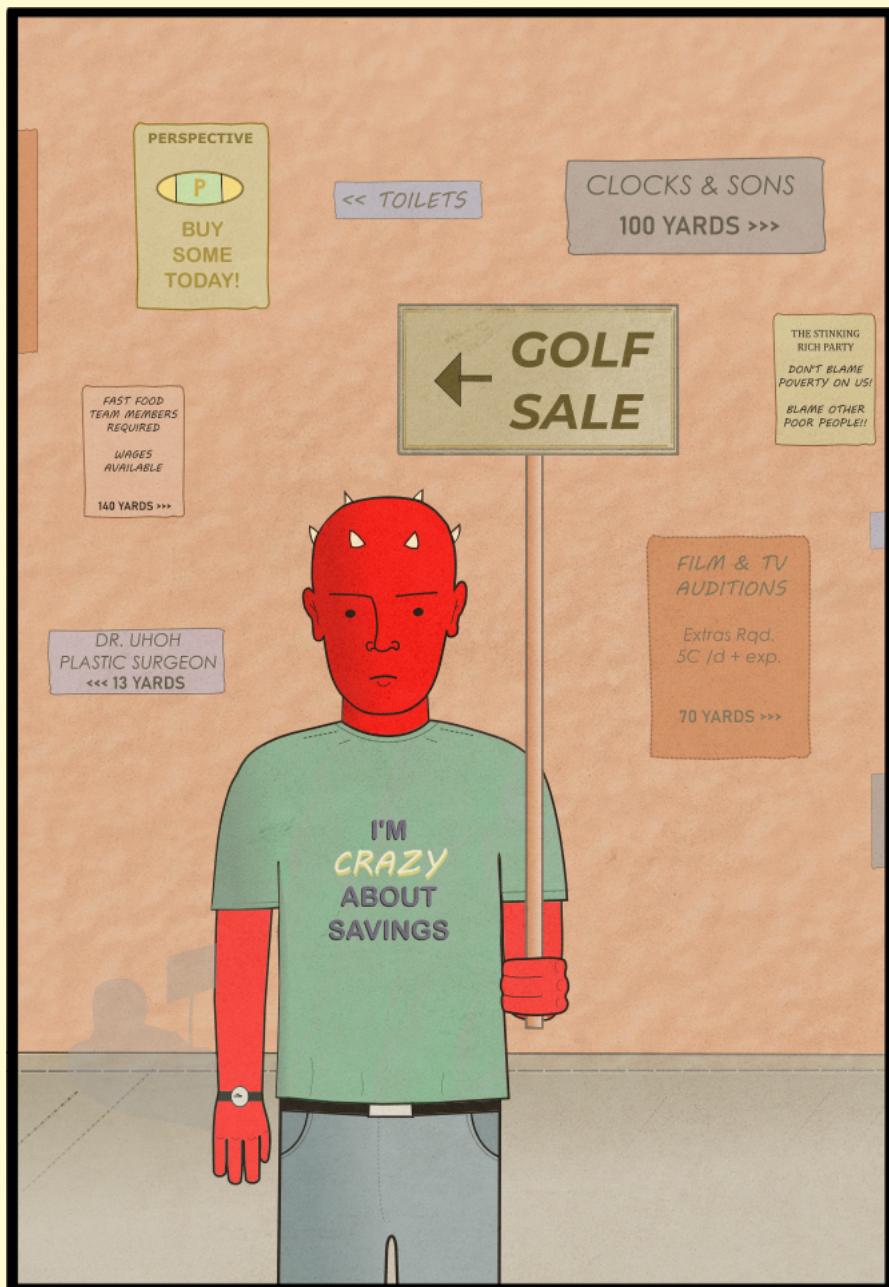
ONLY A FEW THINGS
ARE KNOWN ABOUT
YASHIR - THE MOST
DANGEROUS BOUNTY
HUNTER IN THE WHOLE
UNIVERSE - BUT ONE
THING IS VERY CLEAR :
SHE'S THE UNDISPUTED
LEADER OF KILL TEAM 6.

Then, of course, there's Yash – a teleporting ninja who's also the deadliest bounty hunter in the known universe. Little Guy – my three-year-old, half-reptilian son from a drunken one-night stand. Fikx – a thirty-something, pacifist cyborg and professional thief. And, finally, the royal twins – Ser, a hammer wielding giant, and Alia, her short, sharp-shooting older sister.

As moments in the history of the universe go, I have to say: the 2020s in the Twin Systems are pretty fucking awesome. It is ... was? Whatever. It's a decade filled with excitement, political intrigue, sudden revelations ... oh, and bombs. So many bombs.

Suddenly realising that this isn't an auto-biography, Krala shuts the fuck up. Composing himself, he turns his attention back to the gentle hum of the city. Below, alienoid office workers pour out of plain, soulless buildings, mentally counting the hours they have left before the working day starts all over again.

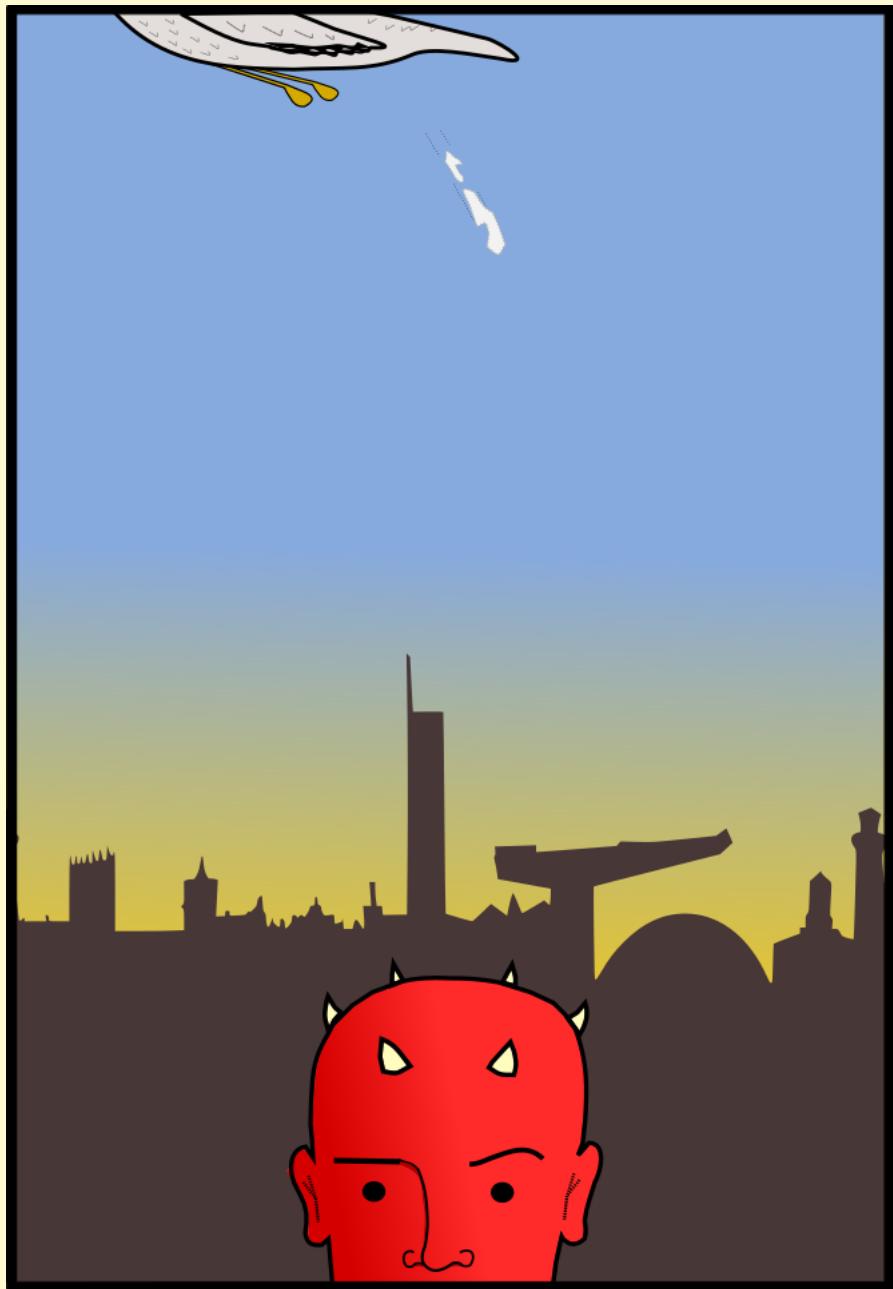
The bounty hunter gazes down at them from his seat on the edge of the motorway bridge, his brow furrowed in quiet contemplation. He tries to empathise with the trudging workers, but it's been five hundred years since he last had a regular job, and even then he only really worked weekends.



This workshy, laidback approach to life has left Krala no richer than a beggar, despite being over one-thousand-years-old. It's not all that surprising, though. He's never really needed that much to get by. When you're born genetically immortal you don't really **have** to eat food every single day.

As you'd expect, Krala's seen it all. Well, most of it ... One-thousand-and-twelve years might seem like a long time, but it's hard to get around to every *little thing*. Or most little things. In fact, to be honest, he's still got quite a lot left to do. I mean - it took him four months to work out that he should remove the plastic wrapping from a home-cook pizza. Another seven years were lost trying to play a games console that wasn't plugged in. And then there was that century he spent doing just three things: sleep, bubble-baths, and ice-cream. Maths, Science, Art? He'll get around to them.

Hey, arsehole! Stop butting-in to my god damn story! I was right in the middle of saying something really fucking important and you just shut me down all over again! Jesus! That's so **rude**. Who does that?! Besides - I'm the real author of this story. I *lived* it! I'm only letting you write it down because I need something to read while I continue to exist until the *end of fucking time*. Face it - I'm the big deal here. And you? You're just a small time, basic bi-



Krala struggles to keep quiet, babbling to no-one in particular as he sits on the edge of the bridge. Suddenly, swooping down from the skies above, a large, elegant bird relaxes its posterior, releasing a stream of white, gooey liquid. With the force of a gentle slap, it smatters against Krala's forehead, trickling down his stupid face and resting on his shoulders. Krala stares bitterly toward the heavens.

Bird shit? Really? So that's how you're playing it, huh? Well, you know what? I didn't want to tell you, but I'm gonna now – Earthling, your writing stinks like week old piss! Honestly, I've written more complex *shopping lists* than this bloody garbage.

Yeah ... and another thing! I've met Senexian pensioners with sharper instincts than you! I've met bricks with better imagination! I've seen incontinent teenage poets with more composure! I've stepped in **puddles** with a larger vocabulary! I've –

Suddenly, everything goes black. Krala opens his eyes, but only darkness awaits him. Underneath his prone body he feels every inch of the ground sliding and slithering; hissing tongues rasping in the air.

What the shit? Am I lying in a bed of fucking **snakes**?!

Did you actually just do that? Seriously? Okay – you win! You win! Well done – I hope you're proud of yourself! Clap – clap – clap ... just ... get me out of here, okay? That's the last time I jump right into the middle of the story. From now on, I'm gonna stick to the sidelines. There's no snakes on the fucking sidelines. And birds can't shit there either.

Oh, and, for the love of the ten space gods, just start the damn story already, will you? Cut out this "prologue" crap altogether. Yeah? I mean, you haven't even mentioned the bloody prison yet! It's in the fucking title! I thought you said you were a writer? Have you taken any classes? Because if you haven't, well ... maybe now's the time?

ahem

Around about now, in a galaxy not that far away, a team of six alienoid bounty hunters travel across the Twin Systems, righting wrongs and wronging wee shites.

They are:

KILL TEAM 6

notes

To be honest, I'm not sold on the logo.

- Krala

notes

Say what you like, mate, because I'm splitting your next issue with Yash. The readers want to hear about the most dangerous bounty hunter in the universe.

- Emmet

notes

But ... that wasn't in the last draft! You can't make drastic changes this late in the game! We'll look like amateurs! Don't you know anything?!

- Krala

notes

You don't get a vote until you start paying rent.

Welcome to Earth.

- Emmet