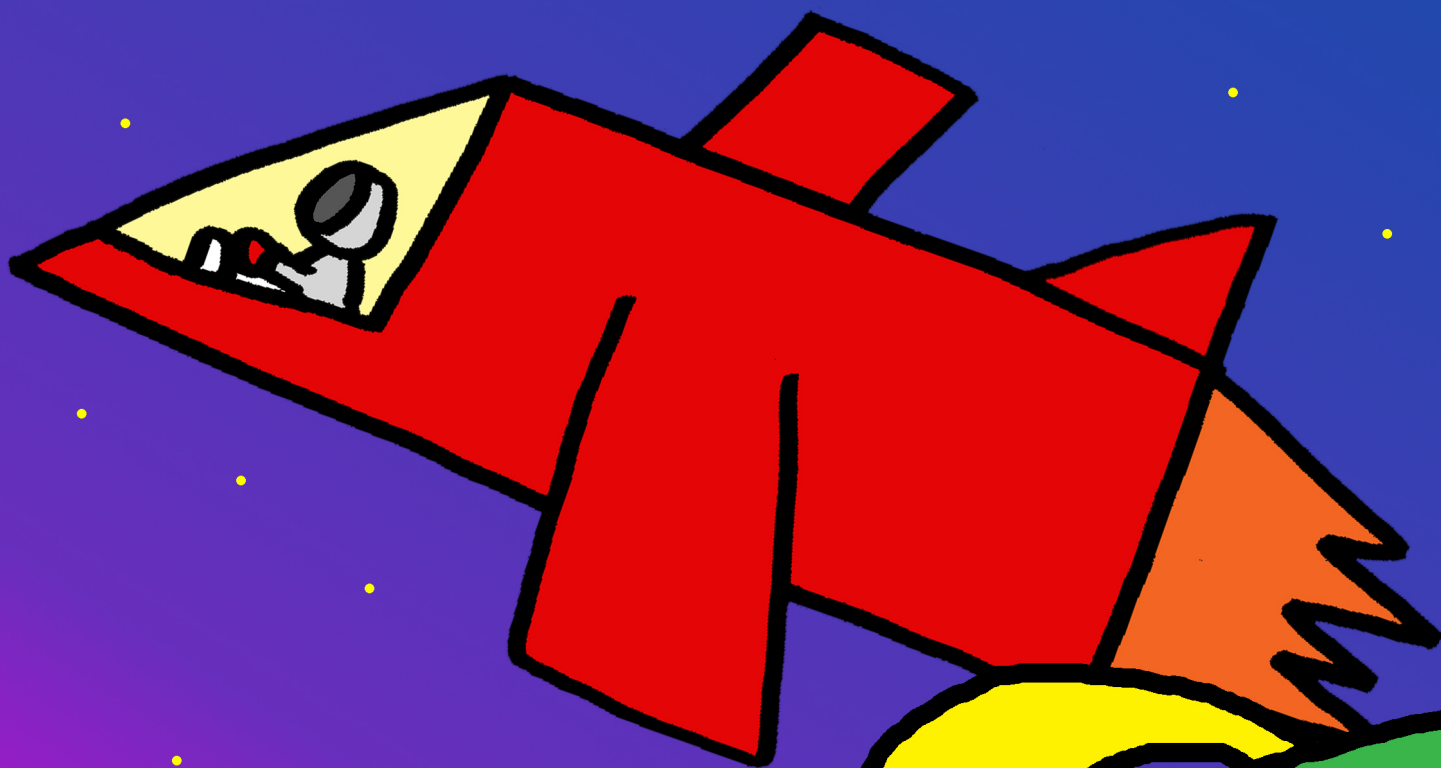



**MN**  
comics  
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# SPACE RANGER FRED

stories from his little red rocket




written and illustrated  
by Richie Williams



Once upon a time, in the second quadrant of the Calypson Galaxy, lived the youngest Space Ranger in the known and unknown universe; Fred Sanders, aged six-and-three-quarters.

Everyone just called him Space Ranger Fred.



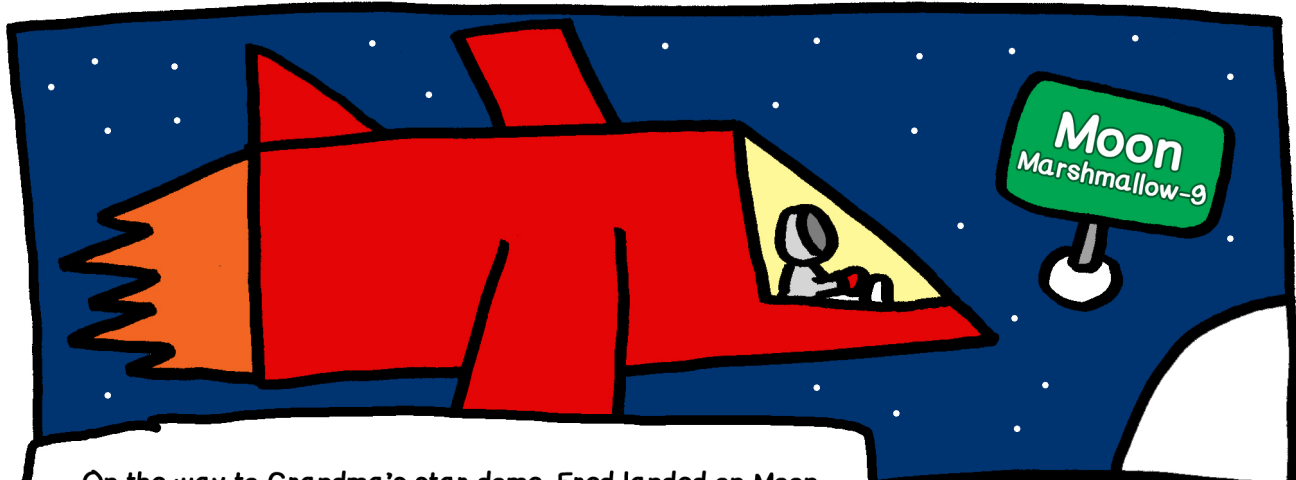
Fred had a shiny little red rocket ship that zoomed faster than a meteor milkshake.

One day, Fred got a beep-beep on his astro-watch.

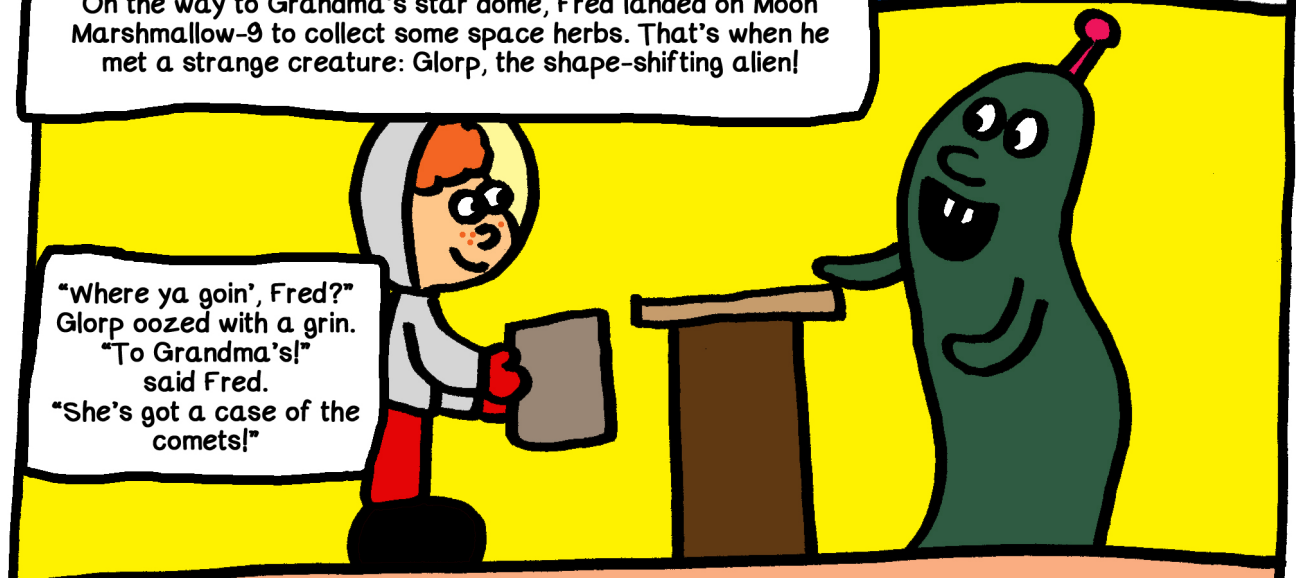
"Grandma's feeling sniffly," came the call from Planet Jambori. "Can you bring her some Pluto Pudding and Rocket Root Soup?"



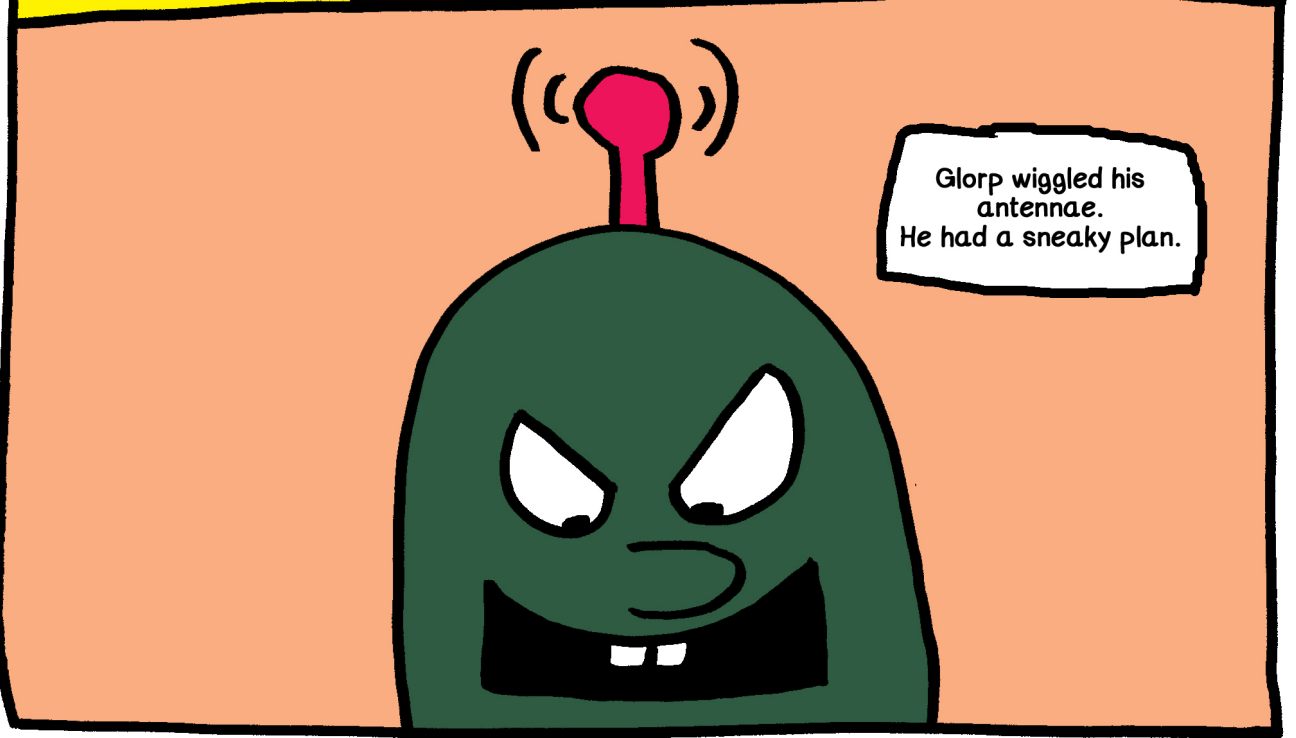
"On it!" said Fred, strapping on his helmet. And off he zoomed in his little red rocket.



On the way to Grandma's star dome, Fred landed on Moon Marshmallow-9 to collect some space herbs. That's when he met a strange creature: Glorp, the shape-shifting alien!

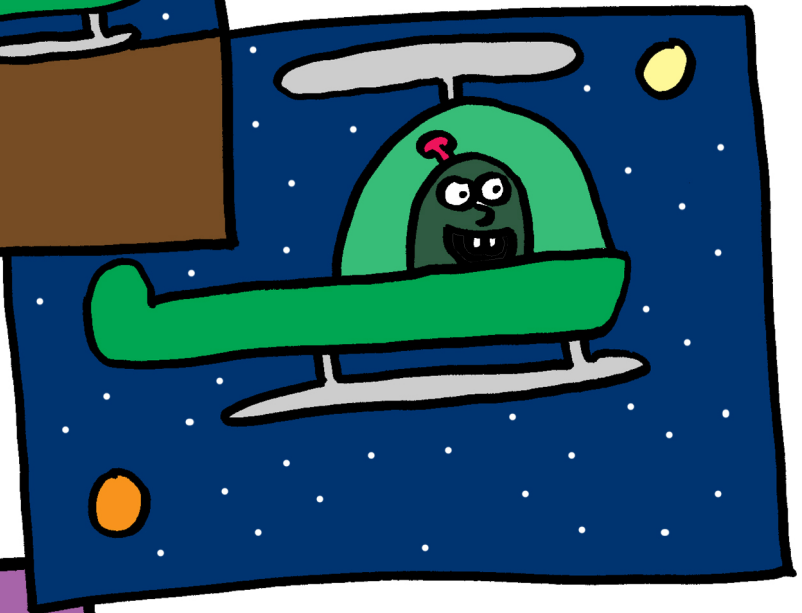
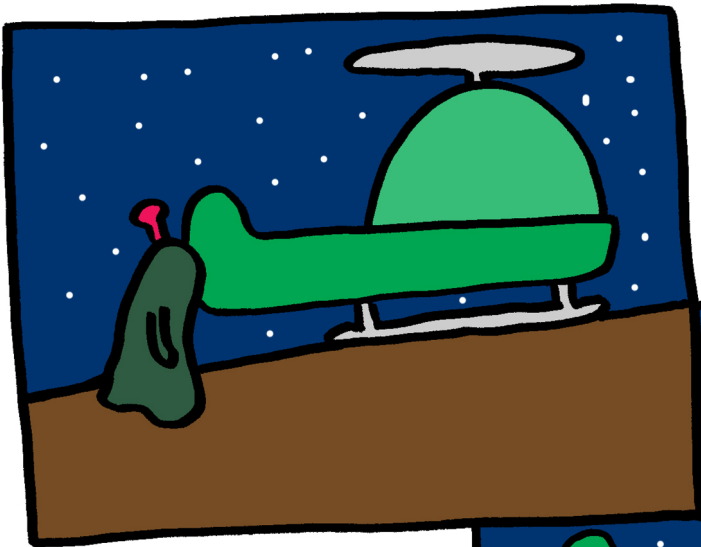


"Where ya goin', Fred?"  
Glorp oozed with a grin.  
"To Grandma's!"  
said Fred.  
"She's got a case of the  
comets!"



Glorp wiggled his antennae.  
He had a sneaky plan.

While Fred was gathering soup herbs, Glorp zoomed off in his slime-copter and reached Grandma's space pod first. Using his alien powers, he transformed into Grandma!



Well... sort of.  
He was still green. And very gooey.

When Fred finally arrived,  
he knocked on the door.  
Knock knock knock.



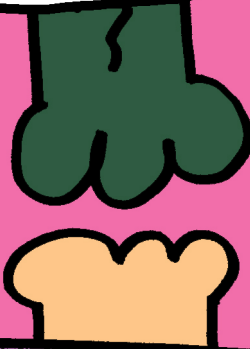
"Come in, dear!" came a wobbly voice.  
Fred stepped inside and tilted his head.



"Grandma... what big  
glowy eyes you have."  
"All the better to scan  
you with, dear."



"Grandma... what  
squishy skin you have."  
"All the better to hug you  
with, dear."

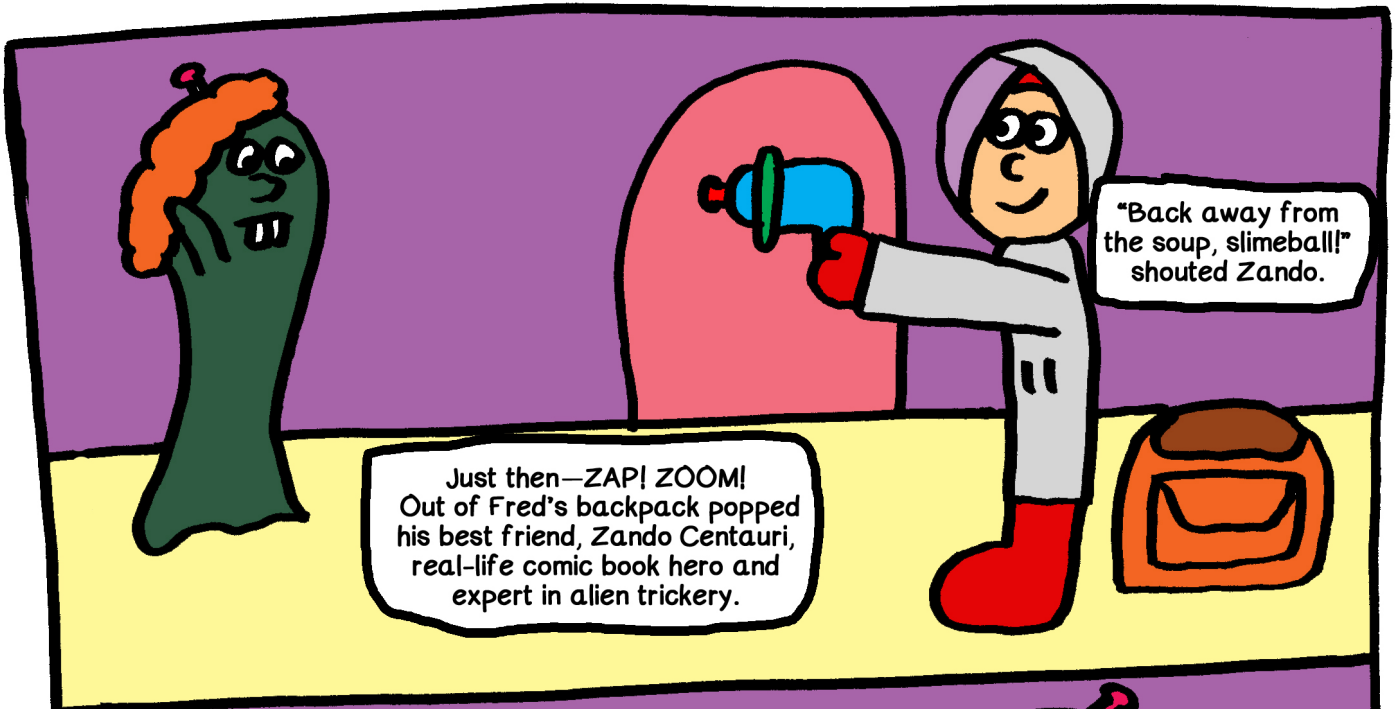


"Grandma... what  
GLOORPY voice you have!"



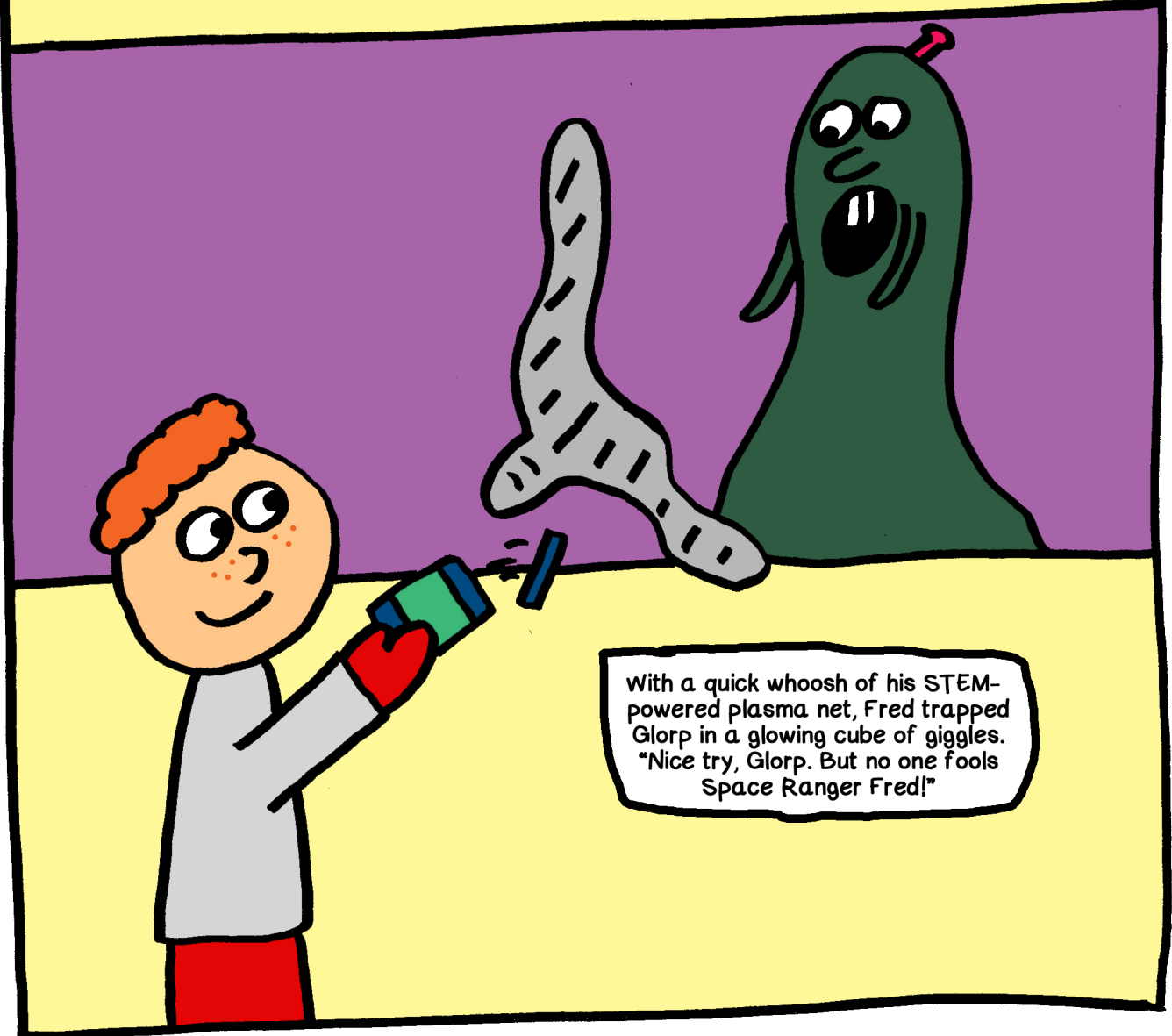
Then Fred paused.  
"Wait a nanosecond... you're not Grandma!  
You're GLORP!"





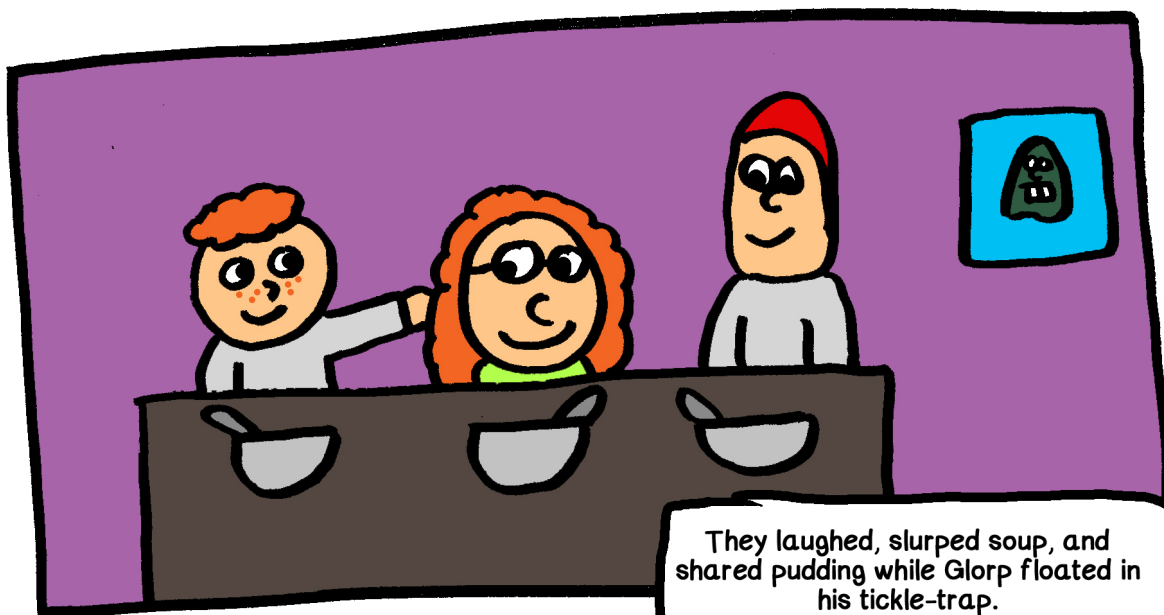
Just then—ZAP! ZOOM!  
Out of Fred's backpack popped  
his best friend, Zando Centauri,  
real-life comic book hero and  
expert in alien trickery.

"Back away from  
the soup, slimeball!"  
shouted Zando.



With a quick whoosh of his STEM-  
powered plasma net, Fred trapped  
Glorp in a glowing cube of giggles.  
"Nice try, Glorp. But no one fools  
Space Ranger Fred!"

Fred found Grandma hiding in the closet with her pet moon-mouse.



They laughed, slurped soup, and shared pudding while Glorp floated in his tickle-trap.



And from that day on, Fred always scanned twice before entering a star dome. Because even in the galaxy... you never know who might be wearing your Grandma's helmet.