

# SPOILS OF WAR



SCOTT BILLUPS

***A GRAPHIC NOVEL***

***SPOILS  
OF WAR***

***SCOTT BILLUPS***

# PROLOGUE

<< Work in Progress >>

**CREW QUARTERS  
BELT BARGE CALLISTO  
IN ORBIT AROUND EARTH**

THINKING ABOUT CAPTIAN BOB?

ME TO

BEEN THREE WEEKS SINCE HE JUMPED

WE SHOULD HEAD BACK TO THE BELT.

MIA?

THAT'LL MAKE ELON HAPPY.

I NEED A SHAVE AND A SHOWER.

YEAH --

HE'S NOT COMING BACK, IS HE?

YOUR CALL BRICE

SALLY, TRISH, AND LOIS ARE READY TO GO.

MOTHING LEFT FOR HER ON THE RING.

OK HOT-SHOT GO FIRE THIS BAD-BOY UP.

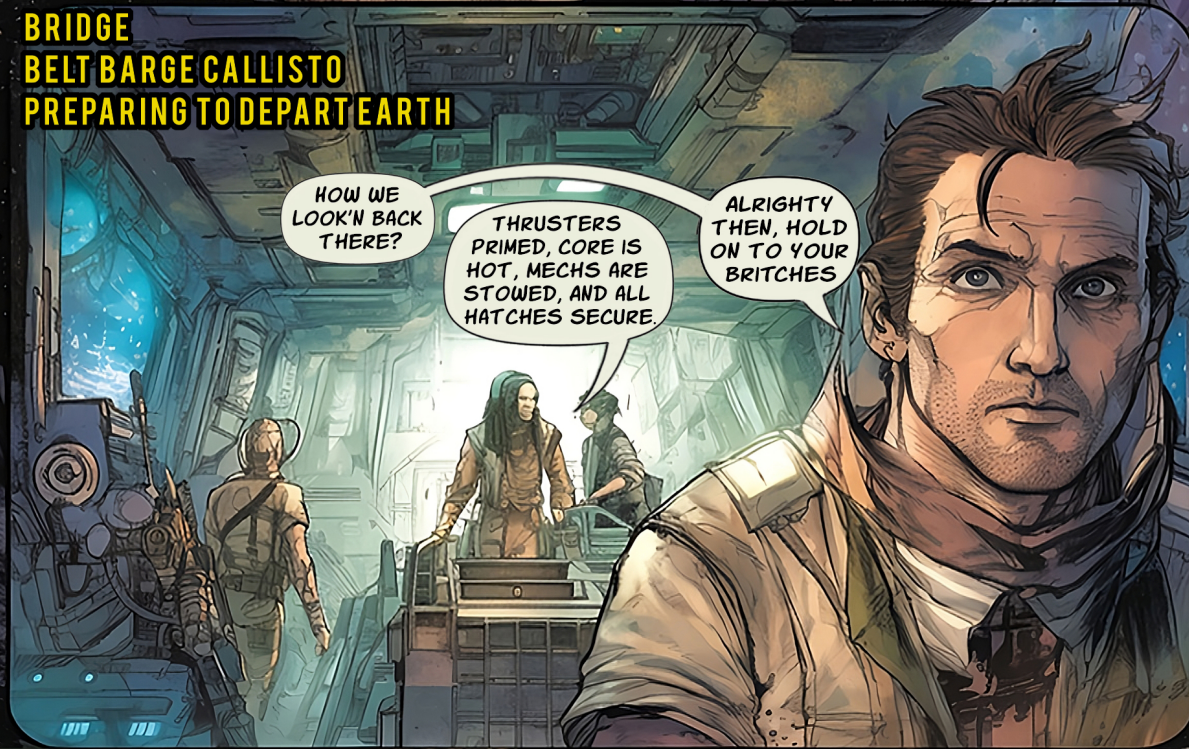


**BRIDGE  
BELT BARGE CALLISTO  
PREPARING TO DEPART EARTH**

HOW WE  
LOOK'N BACK  
THERE?

THRUSTERS  
PRIMED, CORE IS  
HOT, MECHS ARE  
STOWED, AND ALL  
HATCHES SECURE.

ALRIGHTY  
THEN, HOLD  
ON TO YOUR  
BRITCHES



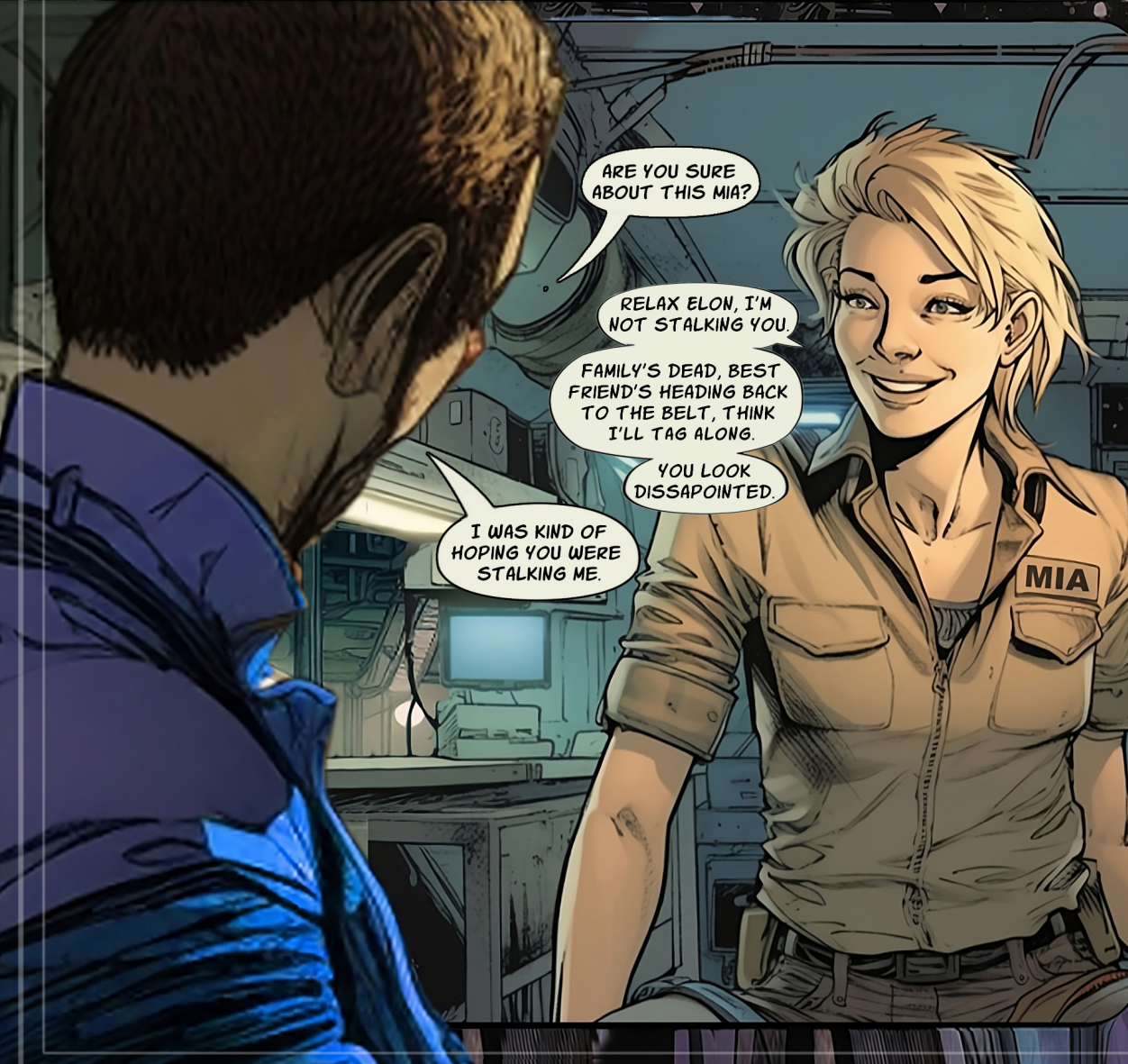
ARE YOU SURE  
ABOUT THIS MIA?

RELAX ELON, I'M  
NOT STALKING YOU.

FAMILY'S DEAD, BEST  
FRIEND'S HEADING  
BACK TO THE BELT,  
THINK I'LL TAG ALONG.

YOU LOOK  
DISSAPPOINTED.

I WAS KIND OF  
HOPING YOU WERE  
STALKING ME.



**BELT BARGE CALLISTO  
BETWEEN EARTH AND MARS**



WITH THE ZAGAN DEFEATED, BRICE, CHARLIE, AND THE CREW DECIDED THAT IT IS TIME TO HEAD BACK TO THE BELT. WITH ONLY ONE ENGINE, THE TRIP BACK IS TAKING LONGER, BUT AT LEAST THEY'RE HEADED IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

WITH TWO HUNDRED MILLION KILOMETERS OF SPACE BEHIND THEM, THE DIVERSE CREW OF THE CALLISTO HAS SETTLED BACK FOR THE LONG HAUL. WITHOUT THE MASS OF THE FORTY-KILOMETER-LONG LOAD OF SPANS, THEY WERE MAKING VERY GOOD TIME UNTIL...

**BELT BARGE CALLISTO  
COMMUNICATIONS STATION**

WHAT THE...?

MAYDAY!  
MAYDAY!

...THIS IS MARS BASE DELTA. WE ARE BEING ATTACKED BY DRONES!  
MAYDAY!

I REPEAT; WEAPONIZED DRONES ARE ATTACKING OUR STATION; SEND REINFORCEMENTS!

I THOUGHT WE JUST GOT RID OF THOSE SHINY RAT-BASTARDS.

HEY CHARLIE, GO GATHER THE CREW WHILE I CALL OUR FRIENDS ON MARS.

MARS  
HELLAS PLANITIA NASA  
STRATEGIC COMMAND CENTER

THIS IS  
FEDERATED BELT  
BARGE CALLISTO,  
BRAVO YANKEE FOUR,  
IN TRANSIT FROM EARTH  
TO THE BELT.

I'M READING  
YOU CALLISTO.

WE'VE GOT  
WHAT WE THINK  
ARE ALIEN DRONES  
ATTACKING US.

SHOE-BOX  
SIZED, HARD  
ANGLES, CHROME?

THAT IS  
AFFIRMATIVE.

SOUNDS LIKE  
YOU'RE FAMILIAR  
WITH THEM.

WE TOOK  
OUT ABOUT  
A MILLION OF 'EM  
THAT WERE ATTACKING  
EARTH ABOUT A  
MONTH AGO.

THEY HIT US  
PRETTY HARD TOO,  
TILL THEY JUST UP  
AND LEFT.

ALL OF  
A SUDDEN  
THEY'RE BACK  
AND MEANER THAN  
BILGE RATS.

THEY'RE NOT  
SHIELDED, SO  
BEST DEFENSE IS  
ELECTROMAGNETIC  
PULSE.

THAT DOESN'T  
WORK ANYMORE.

THEY'RE  
MUTATING.

OUR SCIENTISTS  
BELIEVE THAT THEY'RE  
RUN BY AI, AND SOMETHING  
HAPPENED TO THEIR CONTROLLER,  
SO NOW THEY'RE JUST MAKING  
IT UP AS THEY GO.

THEY GET HOLD  
OF OLD MACHINES  
AND BUILDING SUPPLIES  
AND WHATEVER THEY CAN  
FIND, AND BUILD THESE BIG 'OL  
TANKS AND BATTLE CRUISERS  
THAT ARE HARDER THAN THE  
DICKENS TO DESTROY.

THAT MAKES  
SENSE.

HOW'D YOU  
BEAT THE SHINY  
BASTARDS?

**ANTIMATTER**

LUCKY FOR  
YOU WE'RE  
BELTERS.

OUTLAWED  
ON MARS

BUILD US SOME  
DELIVERY DEVICES FOR  
SOMETHING 'BOUT THE  
SIZE OF A SHOEBOX-

WE'LL SEE  
YOU IN A  
WEEK.

ROGER THAT  
CALLISTO.



**BRIDGE GALLEY  
BELT BARGE CALLISTO  
BETWEEN EARTH & MARS**

I DISLIKE MARTIANS AS MUCH AS ANYONE, BUT WE CAN'T JUST SAIL ON BY WITHOUT TRYING TO HELP.

YOU NEED TELL THEM THAT WE'RE HEADED INTO A WAR.

YOU KNOW AS WELL AS ME THAT THEY WOULDN'T HESITATE.

BUT IT STILL NEEDS TO BE THEIR CHOICE.



WHY DON'T THEY JUST START LOBBING SMALL ANTIMATTER IEDS AT THEM?

JAYBIRD'S RIGHT.

THEY COULD HAVE THEIR MECHS FLY 'EM UP TO THE SHIPS.

THOSE THINGS DON'T BOTHER MECS.

THEY DON'T HAVE MECHS ON MARS.

...AND THEY BANNED THE USE OF ANTIMATTER 100 YEARS AGO.

LOOKS LIKE IT'S TIME TO CALL THE BELT FOR BACK-UP.

**MEANWHILE:**

**OUT ON THE MARTIAN SURFACE, TEAMS OF NASA AND SPACE-X HIT SQUADS ARE TRACKING DOWN THE ALIEN FABRICATION SITES IN A BOLD ATTEMPT TO HOLD BACK THE TIDES OF DESTINY.**



THIS IS **SPACEX** TEAM, **KILO 3**.

APPROACHING **TERBY** CRATER FROM SIX O'CLOCK.

WHAT'S IT LOOKING LIKE IN THERE?

**SPACEX** COMMAND TO **KILO 3**.

WE'RE NOT SEEING ANY MOVEMENT IN THE CRATER.

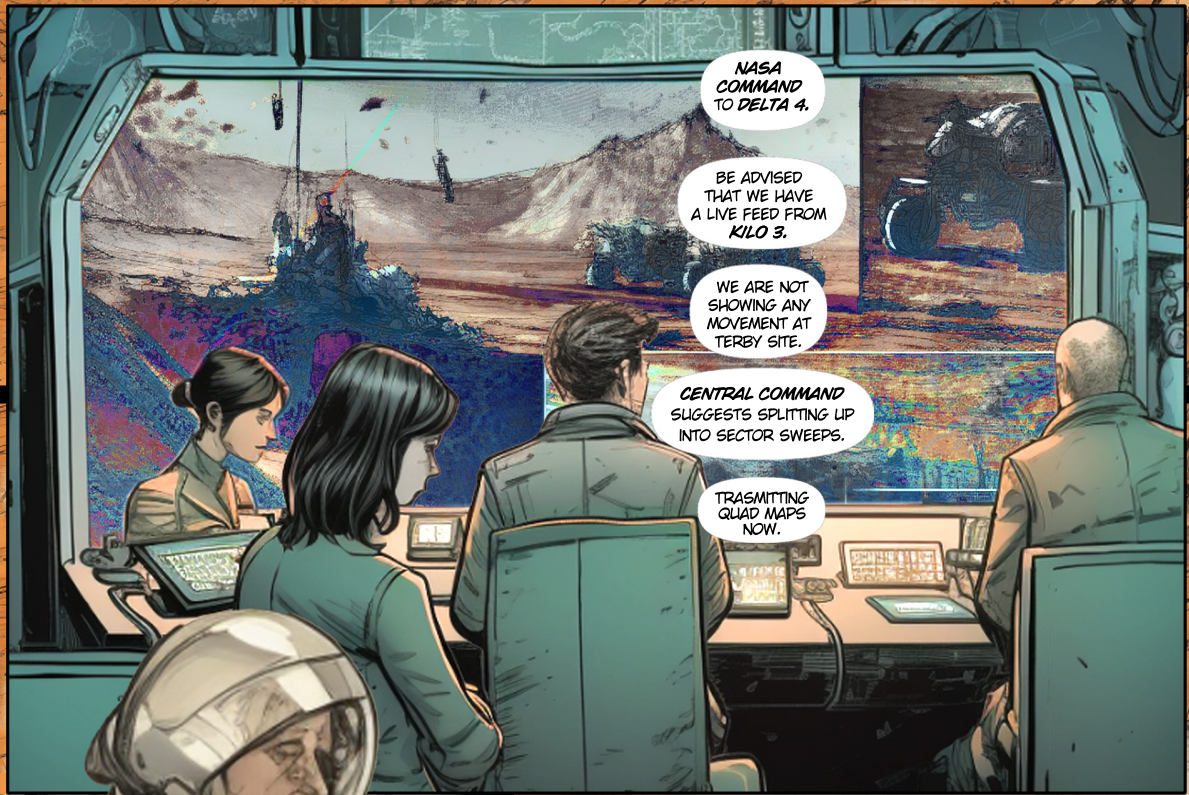
PROCEED WITH CAUTION.





THIS IS  
NASA TEAM DELTA 4  
APPROACHING FROM HIGH  
NOON, HALF A KLICK OUT.

WHAT'S  
THE SITREP  
ON KILO 3?



NASA  
COMMAND  
TO DELTA 4.

BE ADVISED  
THAT WE HAVE  
A LIVE FEED FROM  
KILO 3.

WE ARE NOT  
SHOWING ANY  
MOVEMENT AT  
TERBY SITE.

CENTRAL COMMAND  
SUGGESTS SPLITTING UP  
INTO SECTOR SWEEPS.

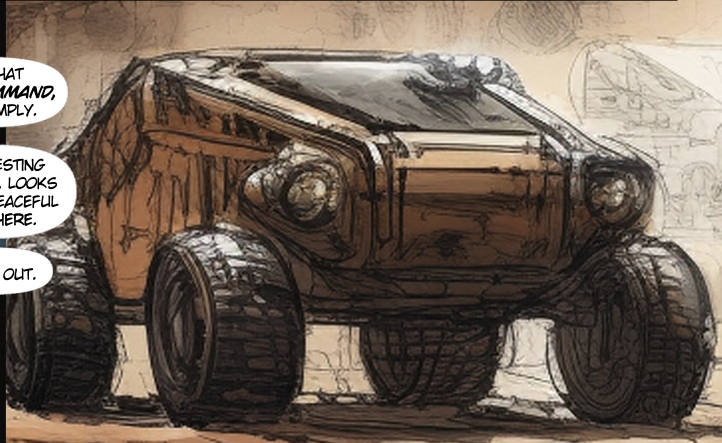
TRANSMITTING  
QUAD MAPS  
NOW.

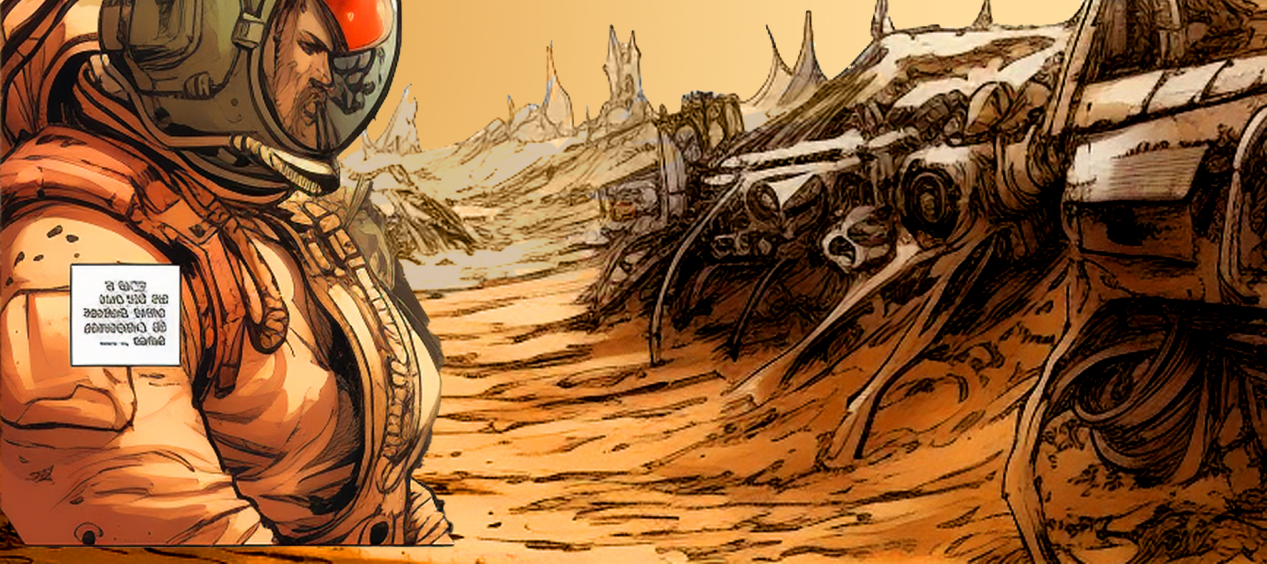


COPY THAT  
NASA COMMAND,  
WILL COMPLY.

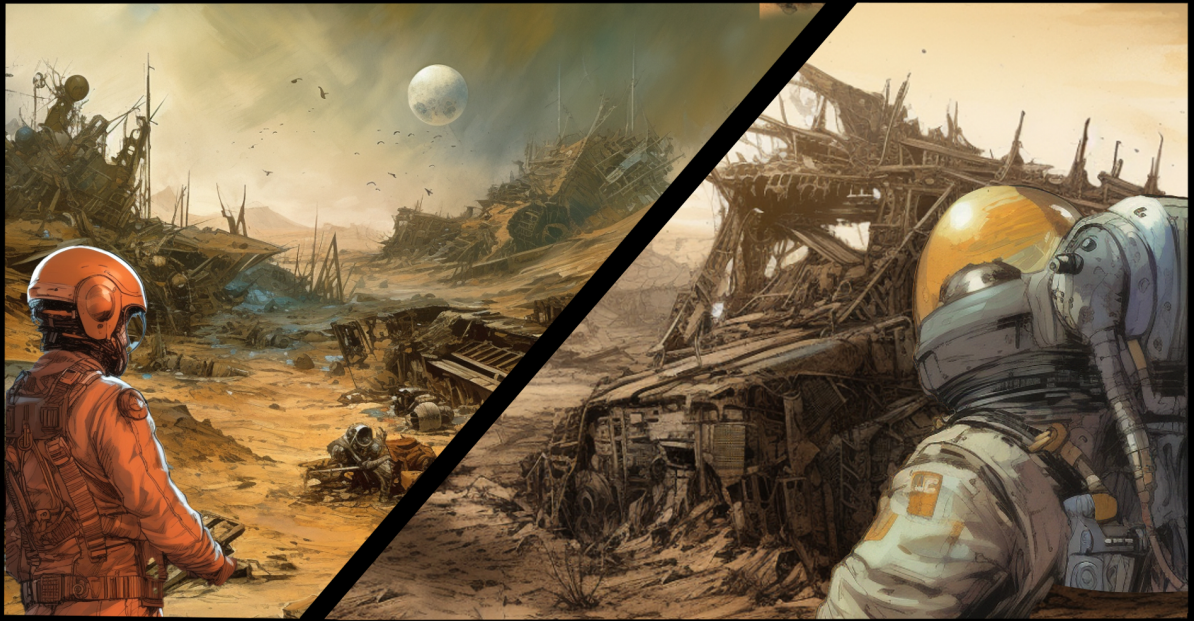
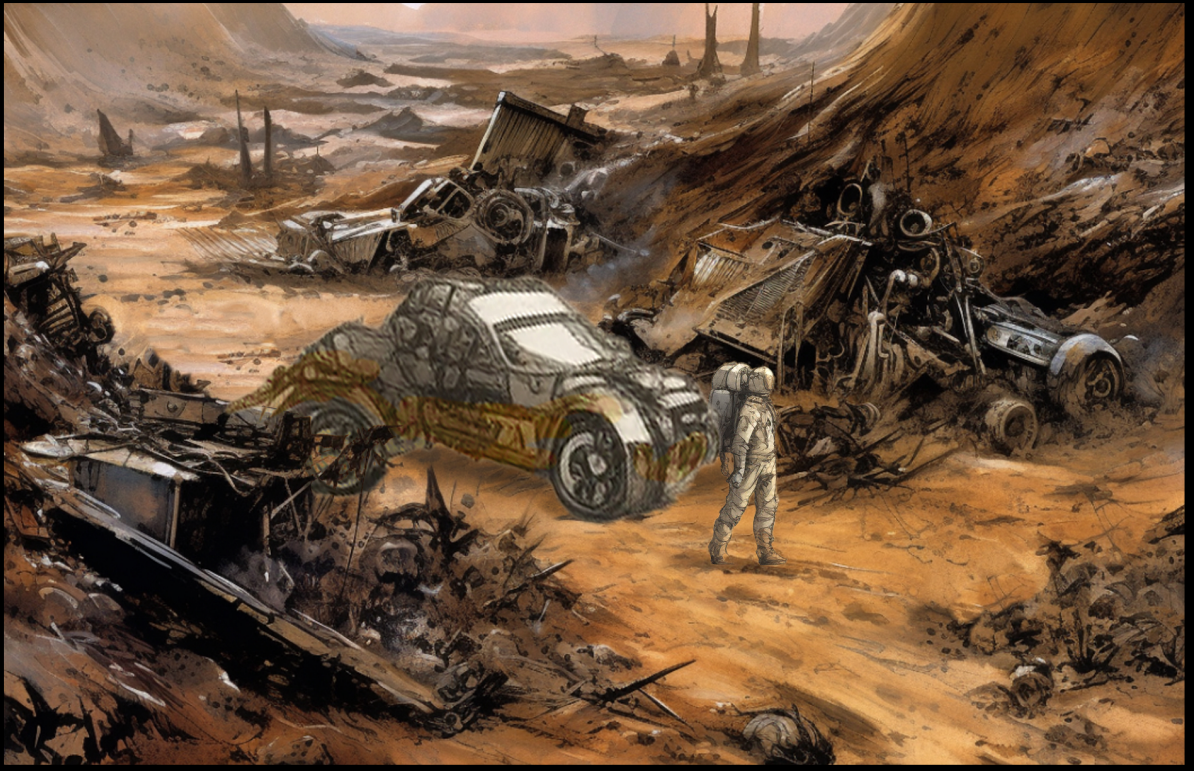
JUST CRESTING  
CRATER RIM, LOOKS  
NICE AND PEACEFUL  
DOWN THERE.

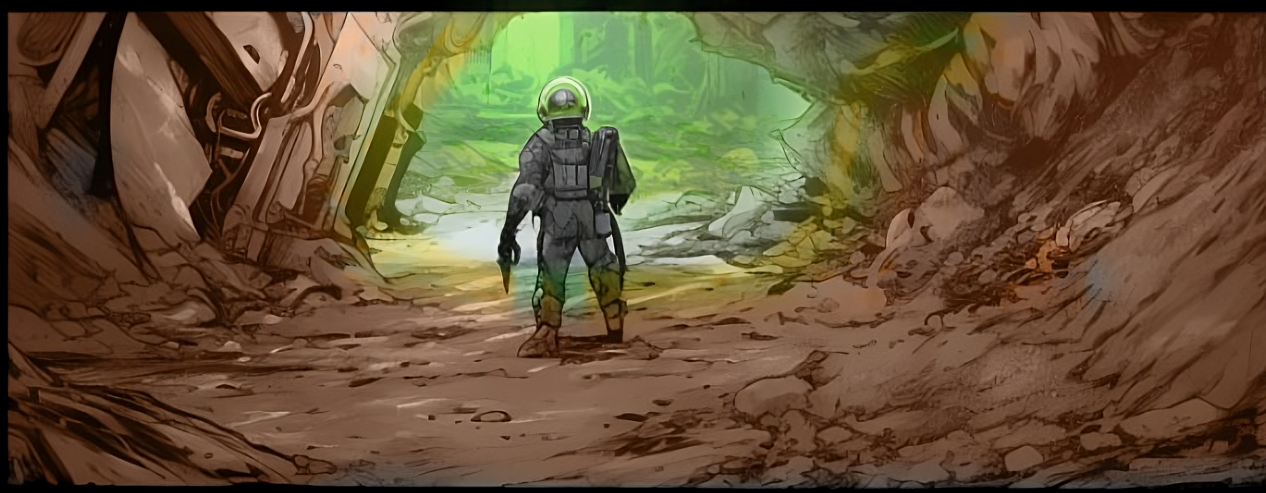
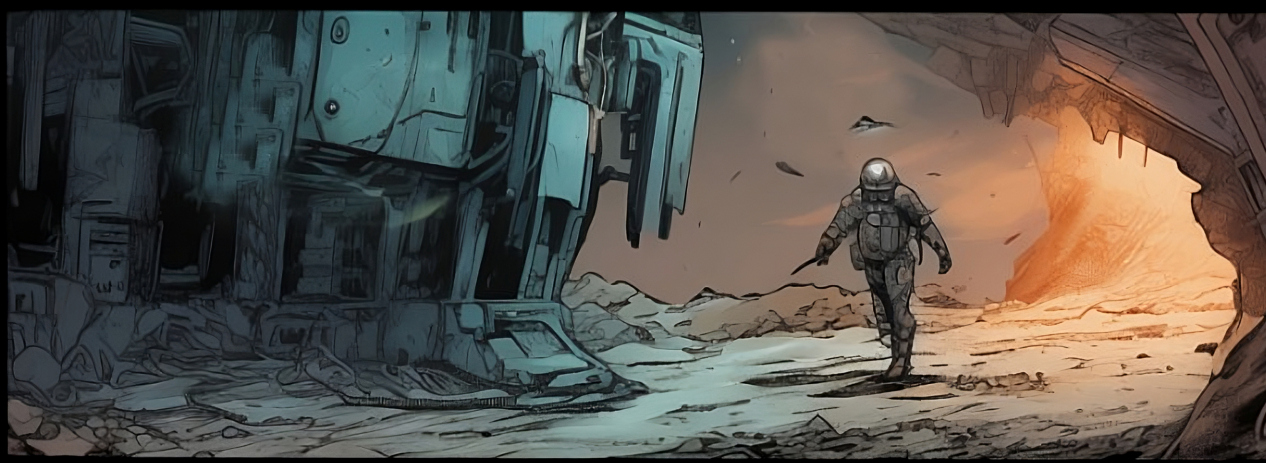
DELTA 4 OUT.





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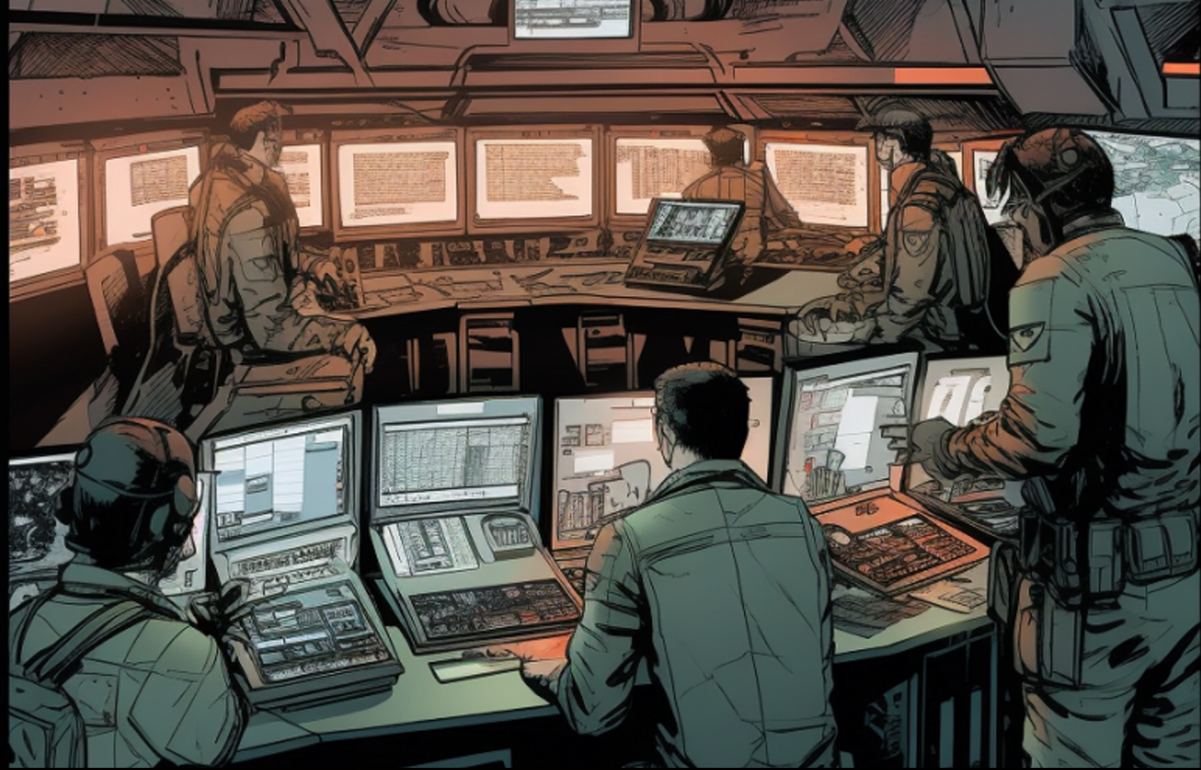




UHH... THIS IS  
DELTA MIKE 7 IN  
SECTOR TWELVE.

I'M OVER BY  
THE OLD LAVA  
TUBE COLONIES.

BRING  
ALL THE GUNS.









**WHISKEY - TANGO - FOXTROT**



**END OF  
PREVIEW**