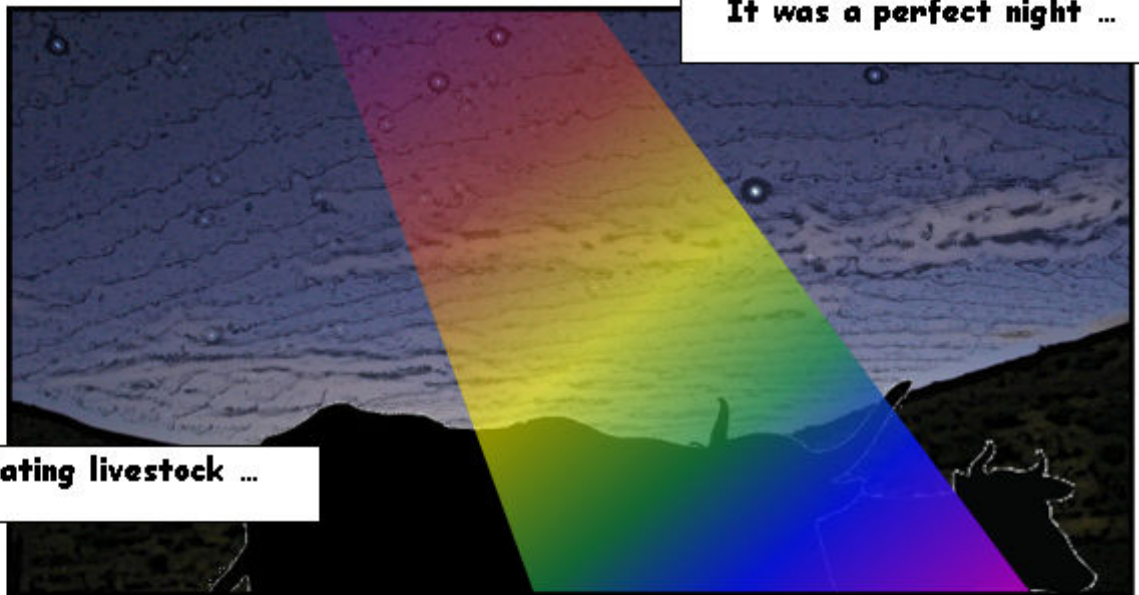


Dude, Where's My Transdimensional Intergalactic Transport?



It was a perfect night ...

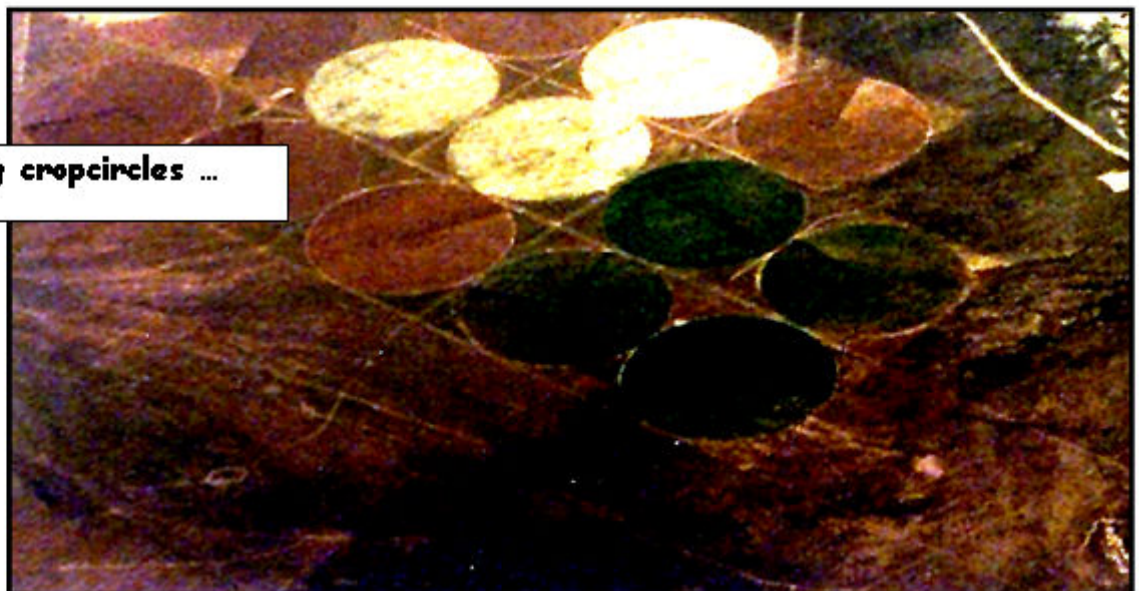
... mutilating livestock ...

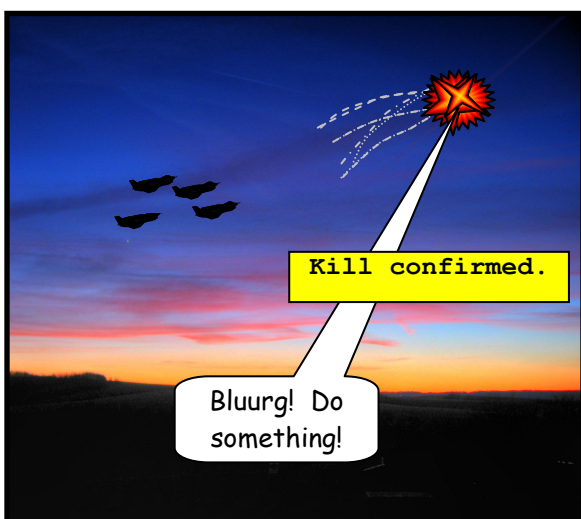
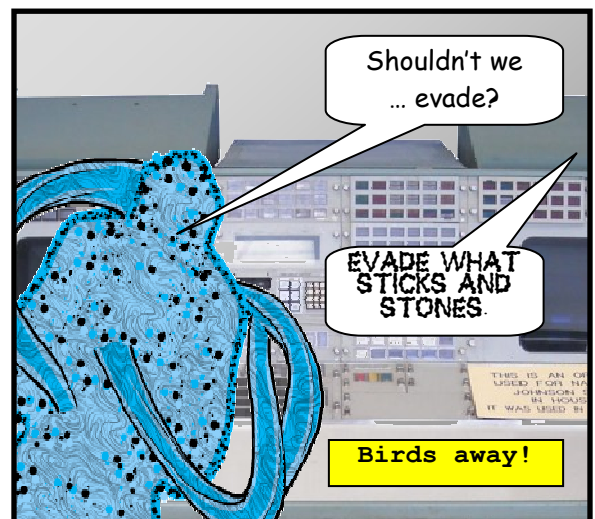
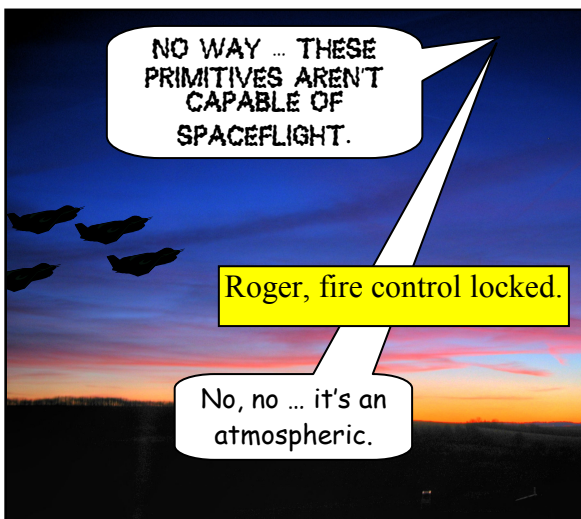
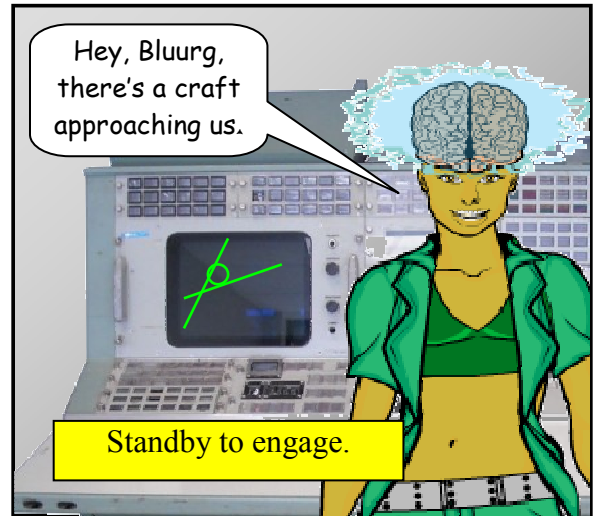
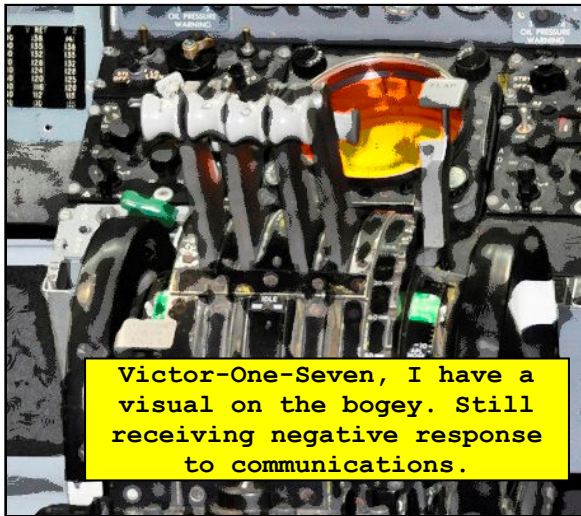


... buzzing rednecks ...



... making cropcircles ...



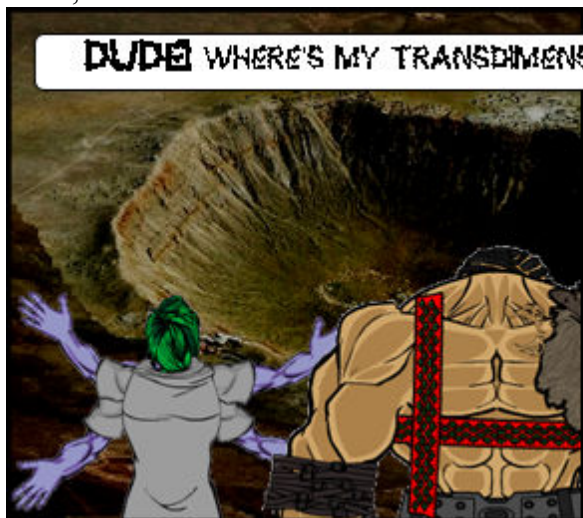




Later, after a quick scan for fuel ...



Then, back at the crash site...





Will Bluuurg call his parental unit for help?

