

TOYS IN SPACE

DEEP TERMINAL 6



#1 THE NEW BINGO



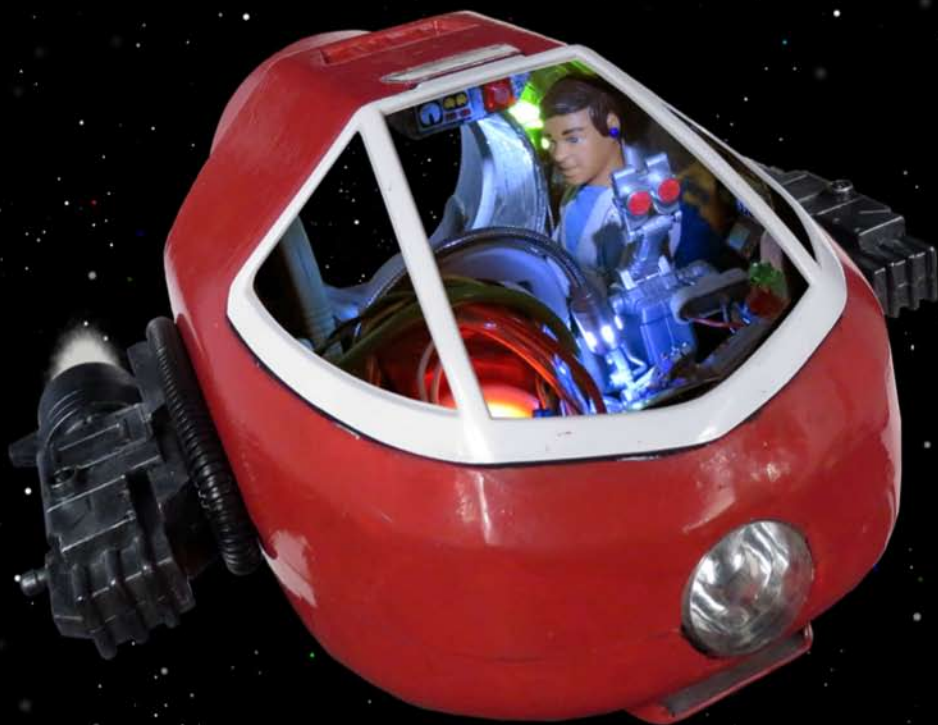
Toys in Space : Deep Terminal 6 : The New Bingo was written, photographed, constructed, produced, and directed by Jason Dewitt. Edited by Angela L. Jones. Creative consultant Nick Herzog. Any similarity to toys living or dead is purely coincidental. No part of this comic may be used or reproduced without the consent of WYX PRESS or their terrible enforcers. Toys are playthings; if you are upset by the way I have customized or bastardized things here you need to take a deep breath and go play outside. We recommend a nice Field of Flowers with puppies. Many thanks to MEGO for the years of joy they have engendered, and to the many other toy companies whose products I have mangled in the creation of this comic. This issue is dedicated to anyone who plays, has impossible dreams, or makes independent comics. Copyright 2018 WYX PRESS. Special thanks to Mrs. C. Bland. Dream a little dream, it can't hurt. If you don't believe me try the Field with the puppies. Don't be distracted by imitations or limitations. Work hard, play hard.

Exciting crew position
at a fast-paced distant
moonbase. Advance
quickly, no space
experience required,
lodging provided. An
adventure in employment.

Part-time janitorial w
get the most out of
toilets and floor
clean and



A TINY TRAVEL POD WHIRS
THROUGH DEEP TOY SPACE...



to: Ellen
subject: U were right!

Dear Ellen,

It's finally happening! You were so right about those weeks of cadet classes being totally worth it. I'm in a pod right now and headed to my first assignment and it's so beautiful in space! The ship itself is a little bit more cobbled together than I expected. They probably save the good ships for special assignments and stuff!

Maybe it's just an older model.
It sure is cramped in here!




Speaking of things too small, the uniform they gave me is crazy tight! I don't know if this is the new sexy cadet look or if they just made a mistake but kripes I can hardly sit without stressing the seams! I guess every brilliant space hero's career has these little bumps at the start, right?




Anyway, don't expect any pictures until I get a new uniform, I know how fond you are of blackmail ;-)



EVERYTHING
ALRIGHT, SIR?




I'm excellent but I'm getting better! Seriously though, everything is great, VAL.



I'm just sending some email and looking at the stars. Being out in the vastness of space sure makes a boy feel smaller.



IS THAT THE UNIFORM THEY ISSUED TO YOU AT PRE-FLIGHT? IT SEEMS A LITTLE SNUG.



I didn't know if I should say something. I guess mistakes happen.




OH, YOU HAVE NO IDEA.

When we were in the collection you'd talk about freedom and living outside of your packaging and I always wondered if I'd get a chance to know how that felt. I feel pretty damn free now, Ellie! Breaking out of the box was a rush of liberation but out here you get an even deeper perspective.



It's hard to explain... like the factory and being in the collection was all just a bad dream, and now it's time to really start being my own plaything.

I expect everything to be wonderful and wondrous from here on out!

A comic book page featuring a red pod in space. The pod is shown from a side-front perspective, with its nose and cockpit area visible. It's set against a black background with a large, bright, cratered moon or planet in the upper right. A speech bubble from the pod says, "WE'RE APPROACHING VEGAS 5, SIR. OUR DESTINATION IS THE THIRD MOON OF THAT GAS GIANT." Another speech bubble from an unseen character says, "I'LL HAVE TO ASK YOU TO POWER-DOWN YOUR LAPTOP UNTIL WE LAND." A third speech bubble from the pod says, "OF course. Wow, I'm so curious about my new job, whatever it is... Where is the moonbase? I don't see anything down there..." A small red pod is shown in the distance, and another speech bubble says, "DT6 THIS IS RED POD ON APPROACH, AWAITING AUTHORIZATION." A fourth speech bubble from the pod says, "Red Pod this is DT6, welcome home, VAL! Everyone is curious about the shiny new cargo! You are authorized for Blue Hanger on standard approach." A fifth speech bubble from the pod says, "Cargo?" A sixth speech bubble from an unseen character says, "This pod is barely big enough for us, what cargo?" A seventh speech bubble from the pod says, "SHE MEANS YOU, SIR." The pod is shown from a side-front perspective, with its nose and cockpit area visible. It's set against a black background with a large, bright, cratered moon or planet in the upper right.

WE'RE APPROACHING VEGAS 5, SIR. OUR DESTINATION IS THE THIRD MOON OF THAT GAS GIANT.

I'LL HAVE TO ASK YOU TO POWER-DOWN YOUR LAPTOP UNTIL WE LAND.

OF course. Wow, I'm so curious about my new job, whatever it is... Where is the moonbase? I don't see anything down there...

THAT'S THE IDEA, SIR.

DT6 THIS IS RED POD ON APPROACH, AWAITING AUTHORIZATION.

Red Pod this is DT6, welcome home, VAL! Everyone is curious about the shiny new cargo! You are authorized for Blue Hanger on standard approach.

Cargo?

This pod is barely big enough for us, what cargo?

SHE MEANS YOU, SIR.



Red Pod just checked in, boss. I guess the new Bingo is here.


Good. Fine. I'll be in my office.

And give the kid a break, Juanita. This is hard enough as it is.

He's not a new Bingo.

Yeah, I know.


That will never happen.



Oh wow, so the base
is all underground?



DEEP TERMINAL 6.
DEEP TERMINAL...



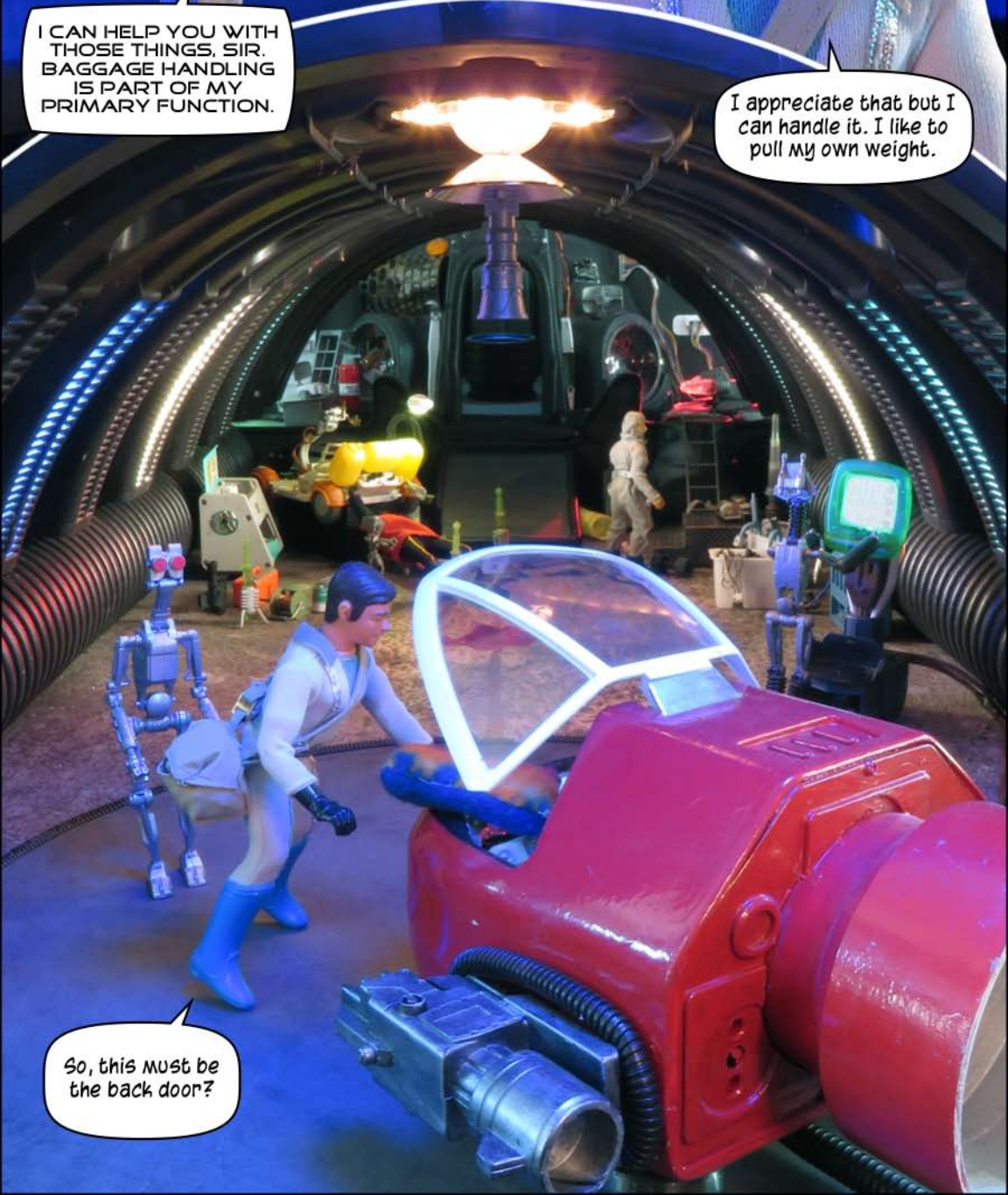
Ok, yeah. I get it.

RED POD COMES TO A GENTLE
LANDING IN BLUE HANGER.



I CAN HELP YOU WITH
THOSE THINGS, SIR.
BAGGAGE HANDLING
IS PART OF MY
PRIMARY FUNCTION.

I appreciate that but I
can handle it. I like to
pull my own weight.



So, this must be
the back door?



THIS IS BLUE HANGER. MOST OF THE MAINTENANCE AND REFUELING HAPPENS HERE.



ON THE UPCOMING TOUR YOU'LL SEE RED, GREEN, AND GOLD HANGERS.



SOUNDS LIKE CHRISTMAS!

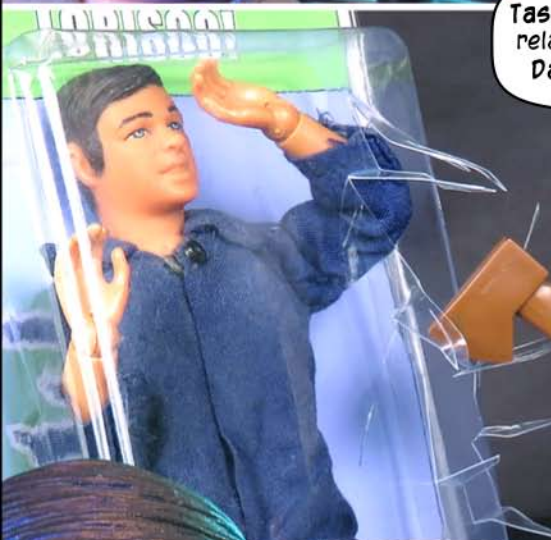




Yeah, I guess some wires got crossed somewhere. I'm hoping you guys have something a little better fitting.



Hmm yeah, good luck with that. I've been waiting on new knee pins for a year now!



Tastic, huh? You related to that Dan Tastic?



He's the **Liberado** who freed me from my collector, so I took his name! He saved me and a few others... we were lucky to get out of there with all of our pieces.

I guess you could say he made it possible for me to be here today!



From the stories I've heard that guy is one badass action figure!

Anyway, welcome to the show. You need something fixed you come see me, that's what everyone else does!



Will do!
Thanks, Vig!

THIS WAY TO
THE LIFT, SIR.



ANY QUESTIONS SO FAR?

Well, what *exactly* does this Moonbase, you know, do? They didn't tell me much about the job...

THE AREA MARSHAL WILL BRIEF YOU IN HIS OFFICE.


Area Marshal?

ONE OF THE FUNCTIONS OF DT6 IS SECURITY IN THIS REGION.

LUCKILY, THIS SECTOR IS DULL AS DUST.

HERE WE ARE.


AREA MARSHAL GAUSSIAN, THIS IS CADET GUY TASTIC.



...on behalf of all of us...

...welcome to our little... I think you'll find that...

Ugh.




Welcome to the doll house. I'm the dad.



Dangit Bing, see what you're putting me through now?




Tastic. Good. Fine. Come in.



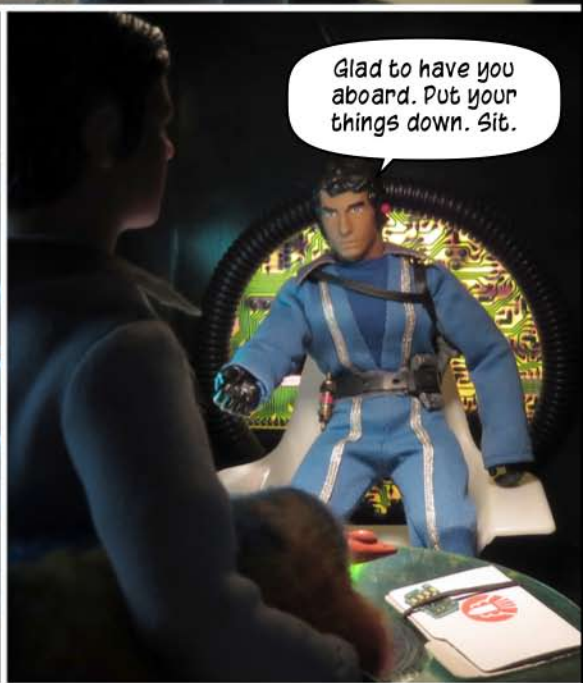
It's a real honor to be here, sir.

I've been dreaming about this ever since I got out of the box!

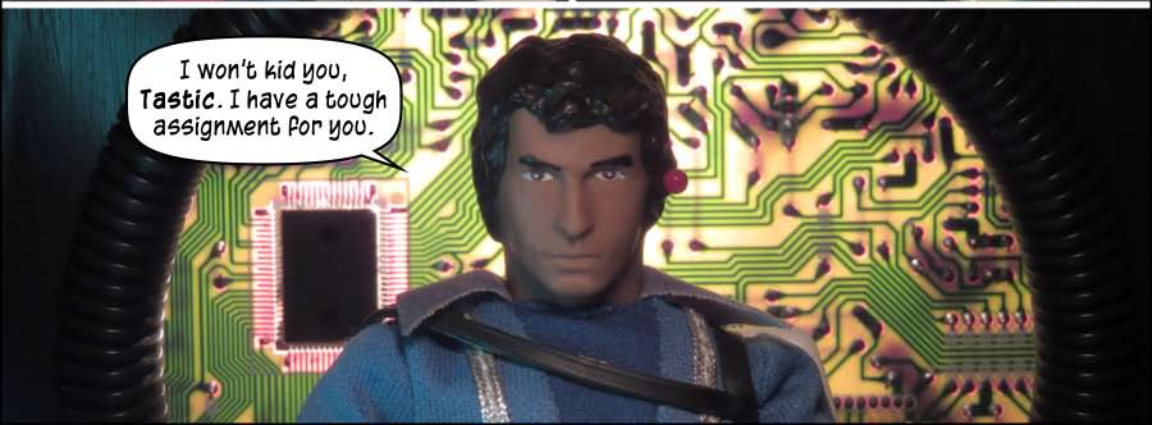
Which wasn't that long ago, really.



I can't believe you said that right now, you total dork.



Glad to have you aboard. Put your things down. Sit.



I won't kid you, Tastic. I have a tough assignment for you.



This job is demanding and success is critical, and I don't mean just keeping the pumps running.

Pumps?

We have a very diverse customer base and they all want special treatment. Some aren't even in our scale.



I have some housekeeping things first. This is your Welcome Package and security card. Standard stuff.

I've set you up in the system with the user ID *Cowboy*, I hope that will work for you.




I'll need the Entry Questionnaire and the Do Not Restraining Forms back as soon as you can. You'll need to keep up on the password of the day to get around in parts of the base.

Today's password is *Mukluks*. Tomorrow is *alcove*. And so on.




Mukluks. Yessir.




Deep Terminal 6 is the last stop before the Outer Reaches, where only the bravest toys dare to tread.

We're also not far from two major trade routes so we get all kinds in here wanting to fill-up.



Fill-up, Sir?




I'm guessing they didn't tell you much about this assignment. They rarely do.


This facility is the only refueling and repair depot for toy space vehicles in this quadrant.

Our crew runs the electron pump enterprise and we also act as a security force for the region.

And we do it all with a smile.



So, it's a gas station.



In simple terms, yes.
Your main function here as
Agent in Charge of Operations
is to make sure the electron
pumps are flowing.


But you're also here to guide
the customers through a positive
purchasing experience.

And take care of some
light clerical work.

Oh! Before I
forget... See that
crate on the ground?



Yessir.




Take that with you and
leave it unopened in your
quarters for a few days.

I know that's
probably an odd order,
but it's an order.

I'll take you to see **Auggie**
now so you can get your kit.
Let's walk and talk.



Yessir!



This is one of the first outposts the Articulated Space Administration ever built.

We've been upgraded more than a few times since, so the construction varies a lot.

It feels a little like rats in a maze at first but you'll get the hang of the place soon enough.



Yessir. I'm ready for the job!

Good. Fine. Now listen...

There are two things I want you to remember...

...and there will be serious problems if you forget.

Thing one is: the place is called **Deep Terminal 6**, not **Deep 6 Terminal**. People get it wrong all the time and it just sounds grim.

Bad for branding. Got it?



Deep Terminal 6.
Yessir.



Right. Thing two is...
We don't serve
Go'ons.

Ever.

Go'ons, Sir?



There is a lot to learn.
And you're replacing our
best teacher.

Here we are.




We call this **The Club**,
inFormally.


Officially it's a staging area
for missions on the surface but
we also use it as a place to
relax after a shift.

That window is the
Quartermaster's Shack. I need
to attend to a few things so I'll
leave you with **Auggie**. **VAL** can take
you down to your quarters.


After that, we'll see you at
roll call in the **Command
Center** tomorrow morning.



Get some rest,
Cadet. You've got a
steep learning curve
ahead of you.




Yessir. I'll
try, sir.




Hey there, sport! You must be the new toy on the block. I'm your world-class quartermaster!

Folks call me Auggie and so should you!



Thanks, I will! I'm Guy Tastic, the new Operations Agent.

At least I think that was the job title.



Oh boy, that uniform is so tight I can see your copyright date!






Here we go, this is your standard issue **plasma knife**, lovely green, I'm sure you know how to operate that.



...not much difference there but it's good to have options.

And finally my personal favorite...

FULL BLAST!

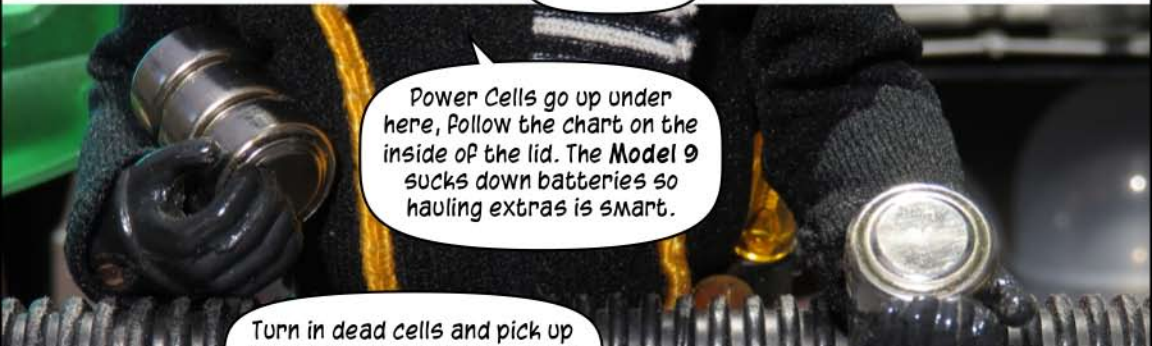
A man with blonde hair, wearing a black and white striped shirt, is working on a grey, box-like device with multiple slots. He is in a workshop with various tools and parts visible in the background.

This little sweetheart is the Model 9 Rocket Bike.

I love these babies! Feels like flying!

To start it up you grab the nav-grip here and rock this switch back and forth until you hear that whir...

Hear that?
Huh?

A close-up shot of a hand holding a cylindrical battery. The hand is wearing a black glove. The background is dark and out of focus.

Power Cells go up under here, Follow the chart on the inside of the lid. The Model 9 sucks down batteries so hauling extras is smart.

Turn in dead cells and pick up live ones all right here, either side of The Window!

A man in a white jumpsuit with blue boots is standing and talking to the man in the striped shirt, who is still working on the device. The workshop is filled with various tools, cables, and equipment.

Rocket Bike?

Wow...



Here's a few rubber bands to get you started and a T-pin, obviously.

That's it for now, pal!

I just need you to sign here saying that *you are you* and all of this *really* happened. I'll file the paperwork for that uniform ... and tell 'em it's an emergency...

Welcome to The Hole, kid!



Thanks! This stuff is so cool!



THIS WAY TO YOUR QUARTERS, AGENT TASTIC.

THEY WALK,
AND WALK,
AND WALK...

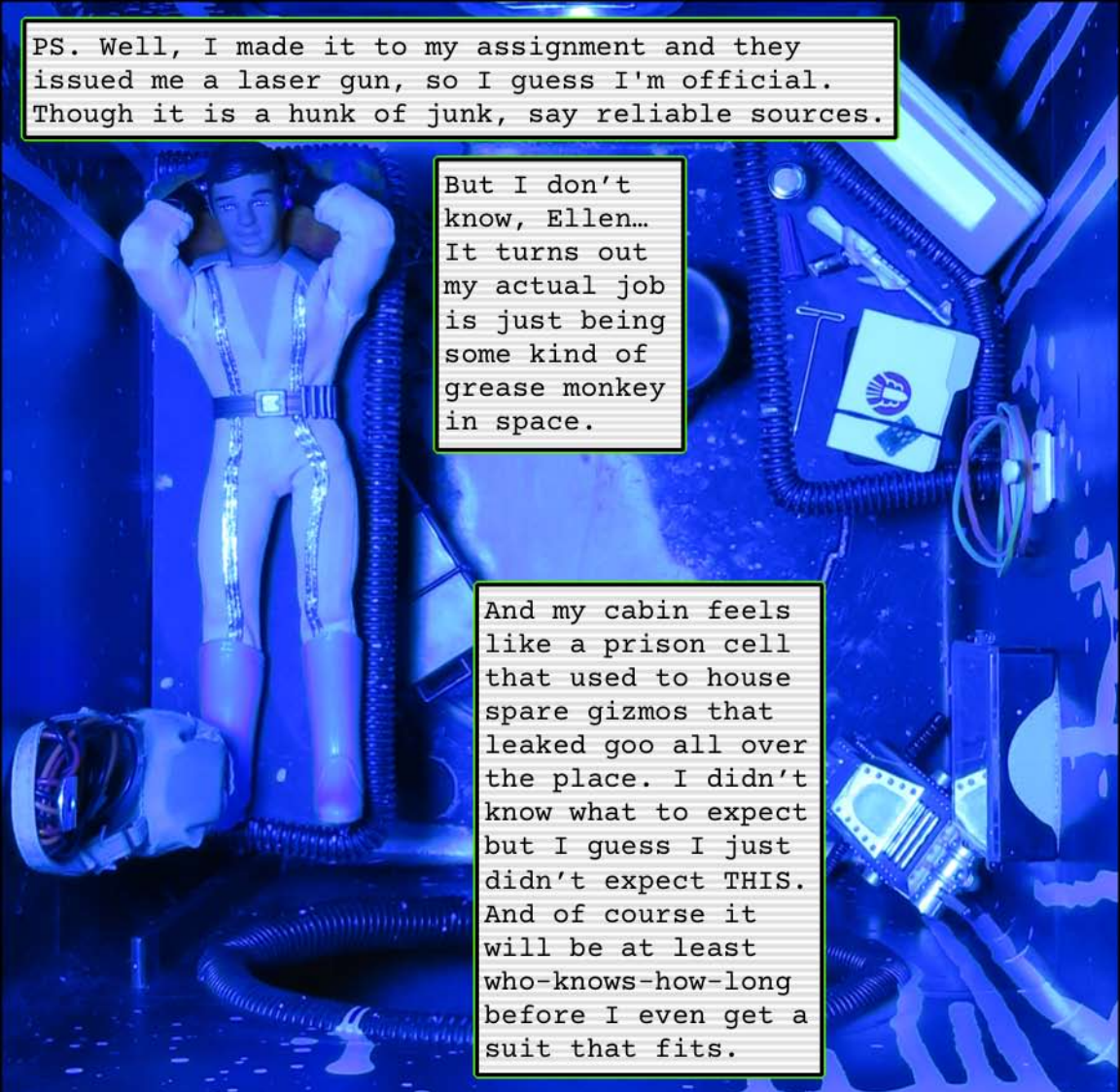
Whew! My cabin is
kind of far away
from things, huh?

YOUR NEW
QUARTERS
ARE JUST
AHEAD.

UNTIL RECENTLY WE
WE USED THE SPACE
TO STORE REDUNDANT
TECHNOLOGIES.

HERE
WE ARE.


So, it's a
parts closet.



PS. Well, I made it to my assignment and they issued me a laser gun, so I guess I'm official. Though it is a hunk of junk, say reliable sources.

But I don't know, Ellen... It turns out my actual job is just being some kind of grease monkey in space.

And my cabin feels like a prison cell that used to house spare gizmos that leaked goo all over the place. I didn't know what to expect but I guess I just didn't expect THIS. And of course it will be at least who-knows-how-long before I even get a suit that fits.



But I'm sure things will even out, right? I'm still a toy in space and that's pretty cool. Right?

So long for now and stay out of my stuff. -Guy

PPS. The space travel must have gone to my head because I just had the strangest dream...

I was naked except for a bubble helmet, on the moon's surface at a campfire, and I had these cowboy boots on...

There was a pot of beans on the fire and a big steer thing that was just standing there chewing.



Then for some reason I looked down at my boots and noticed little dolls doing a line dance, and then they crawled under the moon rocks and disappeared. And then the steer thing said...

Sorry to tell
yeh, Cowboy, but
there ain't no cows on
this here Moon.



It was so messed up.

THAT NIGHT IN THE CLUB...

... and that suit!
Seriously, it's
even small for a
female uniform!

I feel for the guy
but it's hard not to
bust out laughing!

I didn't get to see
him, is he cute?

Your meal is a
decal, Juan.

I give him a
month, tops.



Come on, give the kid a chance. He's noobie as hell but we all were once!

Did he have, like, a dreamy paint job?



Bing did the work of five toys. How is one cadet still in blue boots going to measure up to that?



Yeah. I miss him too, **Huck**.

THE NEXT MORNING...



Roll Call in
ten minutes!



I got
this...



A FEW TUNNELS LATER...

ACCESS DENIED

Uh... wait, is it Arsenic?
No, that's not right...

ACCESS DENIED

Astrology?
Aw kripes...

ACCESS DENIED

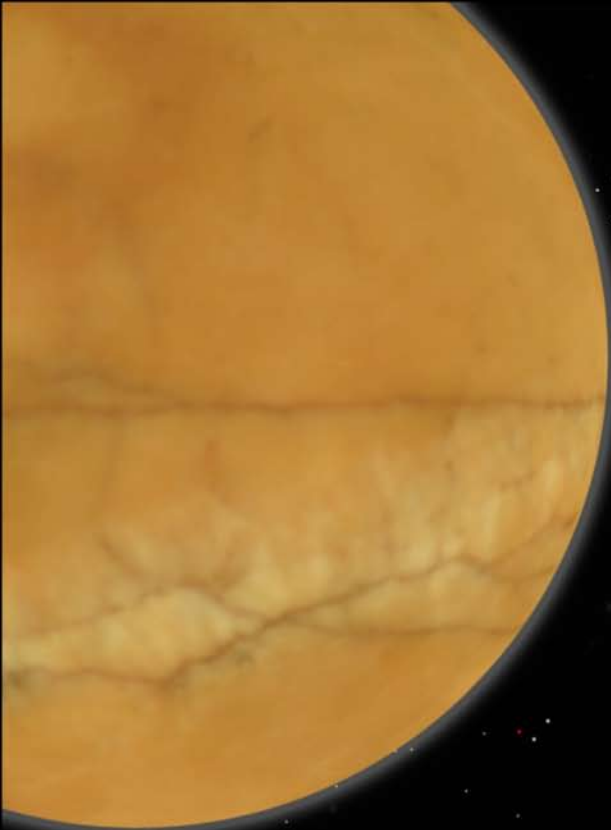
Ok... maybe it
was Avocado?

ACCESS DENIED



This is so not
how I wanted my
first day to start...





Anesthesia!

ACCESS DENIED

WATCH FOR DTG #2 BREAKING IN

JOIN THE TEAM



PLAY TO WIN