



WOW! This space farmers-market smells amazing! I wanna eat EVERYTHANG!

Well, make sure the free samples aren't poisonous to our species this time, k? Replacing your melted stomach was expensive.

Yes dear.

Turnipotatoz! 6 vegetarian dollars per baker's half dozen!

Dehydrated Whatever!

...reporting live from the Xambax farmers's market, I'm foodmaster Sq...

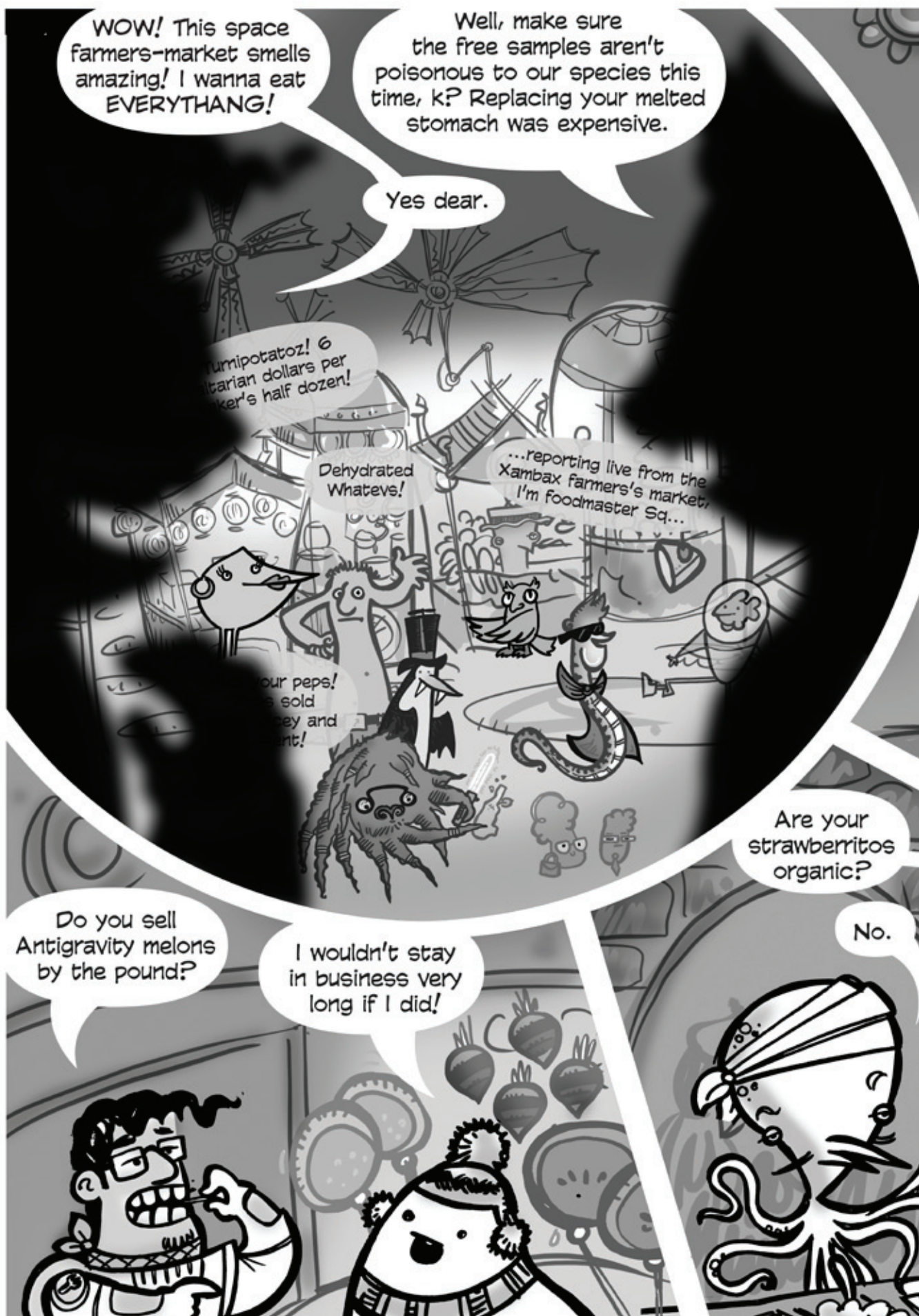
our peps! sold money and rent!


Do you sell Antigravity melons by the pound?

I wouldn't stay in business very long if I did!


Are your strawberritos organic?

No.







Yum!
These muffins
are scrumptious!
What's your
secret?




My nanobot chocolate
chips are reassembling your
tastebuds! Now everything you
buy from me will taste
delicious!




Look! They're selling
Hyper-Truffles! Those only grow
in the negative light that comes
from black holes! Harvesting
them is super tricky!



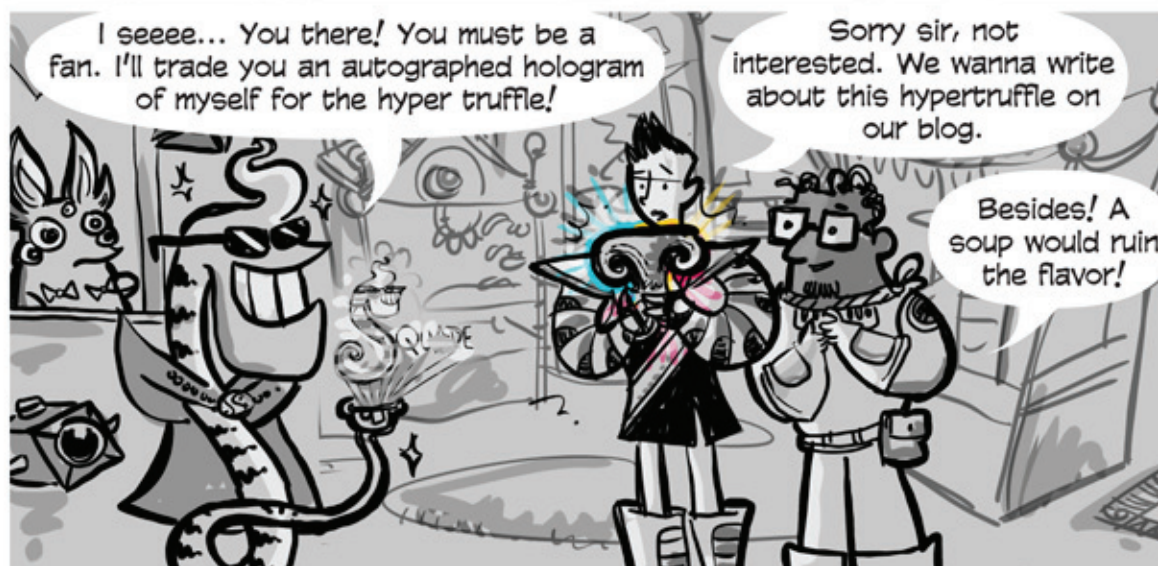
It's your lucky day,
that's the very last one!
Ever! The whole farm went
supernova!



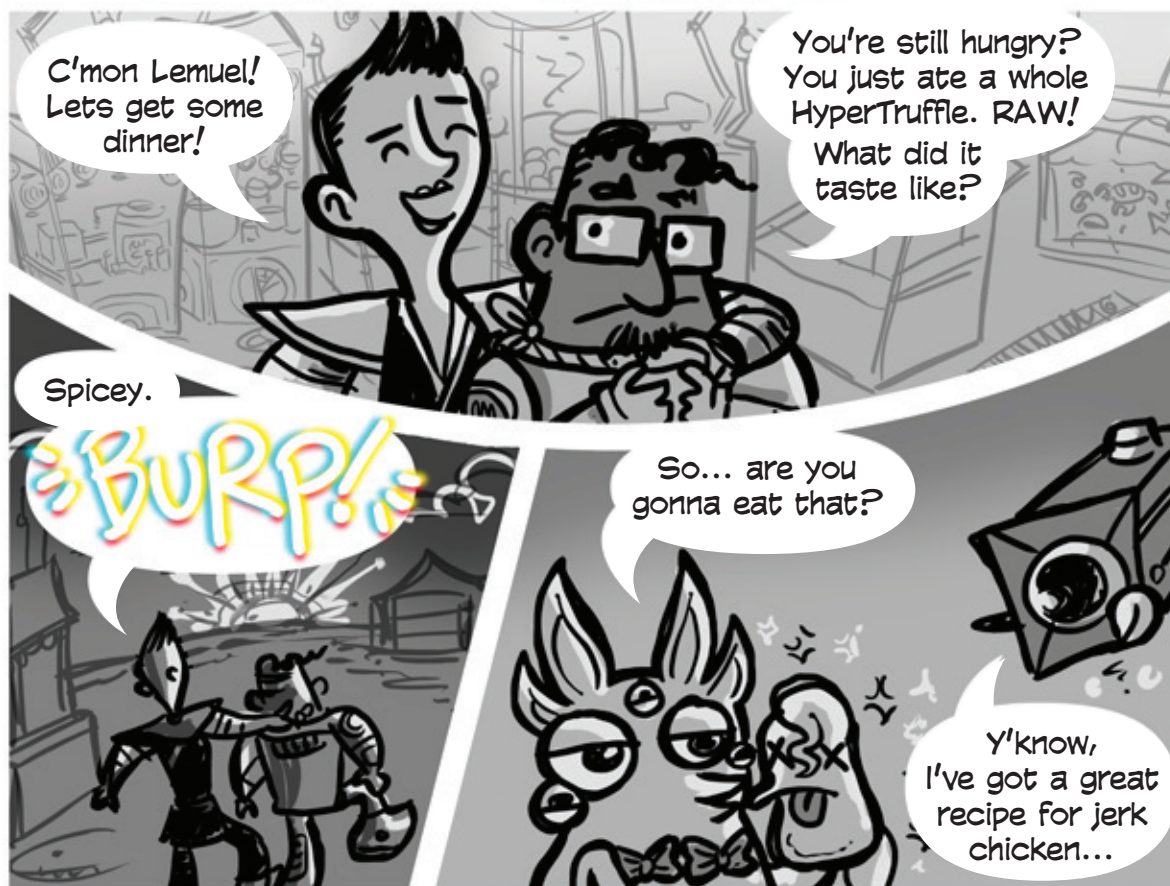
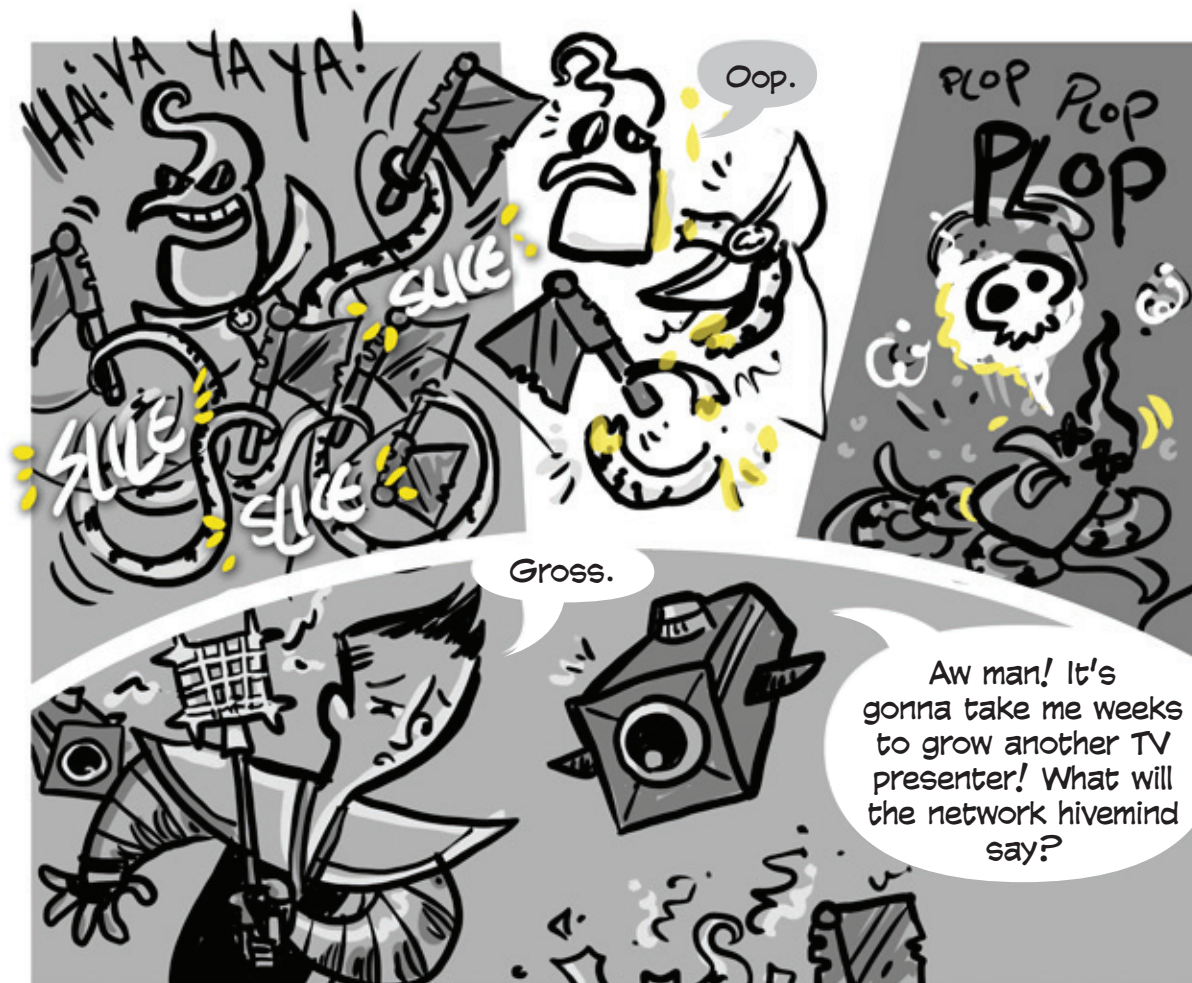
Well are
they carbon
based?



Honey, let's
mortgage the rocket.
We ***HAVE*** to
buy a hypertruffle!
PLEEEEEASE!







And here is where I flip the script, and do aliens eating human food, instead of humans eating alien food. Not sure which version I prefer. I'll crack it someday...





GREETINGS, CREAM SLINGER! TWO CONES PLEASE! ONE WITH EVERYTHING AND THE OTHER WITH EVERYTHING ELSE.

CHOMP!



WHAT ARE YOU GONNA ORDER, MY LIL SUGAR-CIRCUIT?



HMM. IS THIS STUFF ORGANIC?

Yes!

SHAME. I'M INORGANIC. WELL, IS IT GLUTEN FREE?

SHRUG?

TRICK QUESTION. GLUTEN TYRANNY IS THE SCOURGE OF THE GALAXY. AT LEAST IT'S CARBON BASED, RIGHT?

LEAVE ME ALONE.



AUGH! BRAIN FREEZE!

YOU MONSTERS! NOBODY FREEZES MY WIFE'S BRAIN BUT ME!

PEW PEW! ZORCH!



I'M OKAY NOW.

COOL... I WASN'T GONNA MENTION IT, BUT YOUR SPECIES DOESN'T HAVE A CENTRAL BRAIN, YOU DO YOUR THINKING USING A SERIES OF CEREBRAL FLUID CLUMPS, THAT ARE--



BURNING RUBBLE SELFIE! YOU SHOOT THE LASERS, I SHOOT THE PHOTOS.

K'CHKI!

WE'LL CROP OUT THAT GUY. THE LEFT IS MY GOOD SIDE.



WELL, I THINK THIS PLANET IS QUANT A.F. WE SHOULD SPEND THE WHOLE DAY HERE! WE COULD GET NIGHT-BRUNCH! AND GO ANTIQUING!

HELL NO.

SIGH. FINE. SO, WHERE'D YOU PARK THE SHIP?



BEEP!



YOU GO GET IT BACK, MR. PERFECT, I'M GONNA FORAGE FOR TACOS!

NOT EVERY PLANET HAS TACOS!

YES THEY DO!!!

THE END