

GI JOE®

A REAL AMERICAN HERO™

OPERATION OUTER SPACE



A
Listen 'n Look Book™
By
Hasbro Industries, Inc.

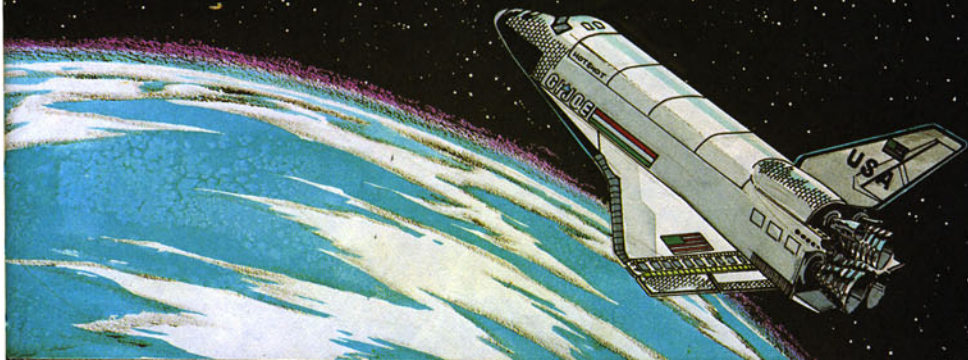


OPERATION OUTER SPACE

Hello, troopers and welcome to your G.I. Joe Listen and Look Book. Every time you hear this sound . . . it means it's time to turn the page in your storybook. Now, if you are ready, we will start the adventure of "G.I. Joe: Operation Outer Space". When you finish listening to the story, you can turn the tape over and record your own G.I. Joe adventure. Alright, it's time to begin . . .

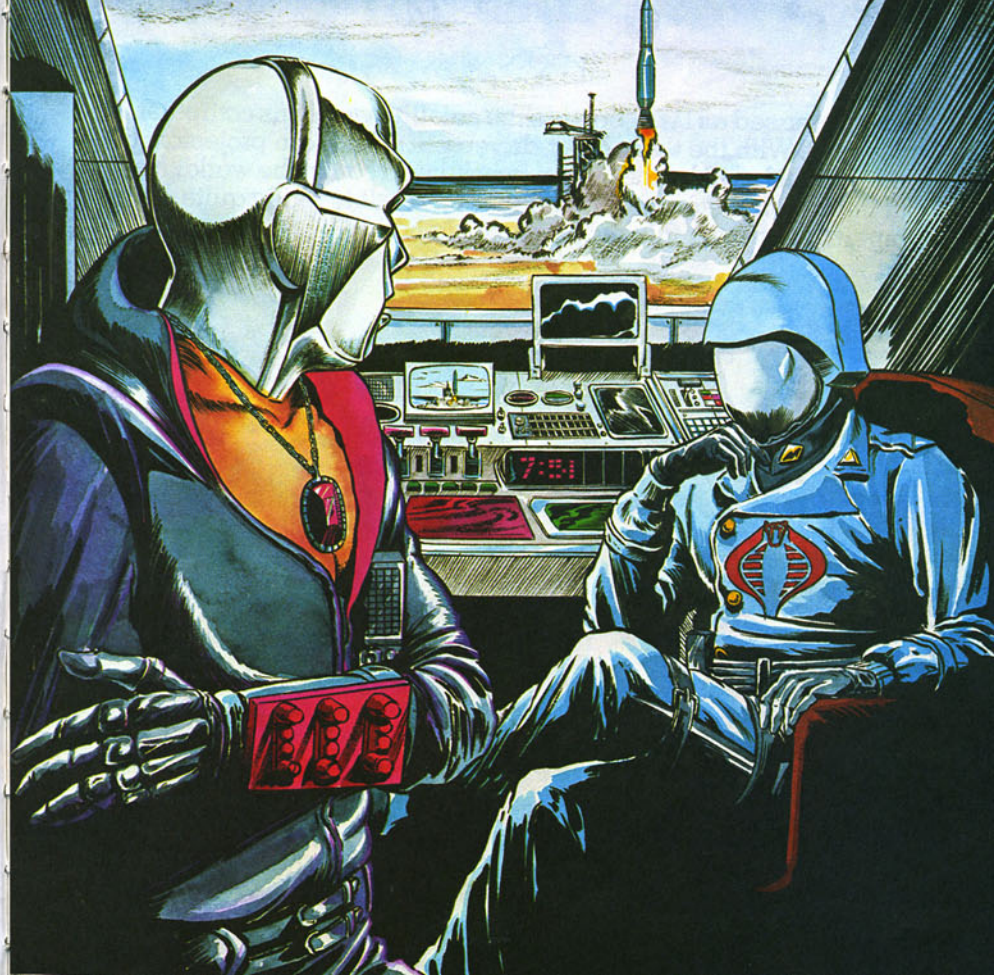
Designed and Illustrated by Ron Ruddat

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Deep in the North African desert, hundreds of miles from the nearest village, the sand glowed white-hot as the huge first stage rockets thundered skyward. Nearby, within the safety of the titanium alloy shelter, Cobra Commander and Destro looked on, unable to suppress their glee.

"Well, Commander, what did I tell you. The launch went off perfectly. My armament research team assured me that this new rocket had the lift power necessary to put the payload into high Earth orbit and it now appears they were right. Trajectory readouts indicate the satellite will reach its desired orbit in another twelve minutes. I do hope you are pleased."



"Not as pleased as I will be once the satellite weapons computer is activated. With the three laser-driven particle beam projectors on board, Crush will be the most powerful weapon in the world. It will put me in complete control once and for all. It is really quite amusing, don't you think so, Destro? Ha ha ha!"



But Cobra Commander was wrong. Miles above the launch site in a radar evasive spy jet was counter intelligence officer Shama M. O'Hara, Code name: Scarlett.

"Priority one, security clearance Alpha. This is Scarlett calling G.I. Joe Headquarters. Come in. Do you read me? Over."

"We're receiving you loud and clear, Scarlett."

"What happened to you guys? Ace and a squadron of bombers were due here at Fourteen hundred hours to stage a pre-emptive strike against Cobra but their launch went off without a hitch. Are you guys having a picnic or what? Over."

"Very funny, sweetheart. This is Ace coming at you. The mission was scrubbed due to weather. Geoscan reports indicated huge sandstorms all over the area up to one hundred thousand feet. Over."

"Yeah, I know. We're flying through one right now. Can't see a thing. So, what's the plan? It's getting kind of lonesome up here. Over."

"Scarlett, this is Duke. Tell your flyboy to bring you home but not to headquarters. I repeat, not to headquarters. We'll meet you at the cape."

"At the cape? What in blazes is going on? Over."

"Unable to broadcast the information you request. Orders from the very top. Just join us at the Kennedy Space Center at Cape Canaveral as soon as possible. This is Duke. Over and out."

Now that the Joes' first line of defense, the bombing raid on the Cobra launch site, had been scrubbed, they would have to move on to plan Beta. If the killer satellite couldn't be knocked out on Earth, it would have to be taken out of commission in space. Top level Pentagon officials authorized a mission to destroy the Cobra mega-weapon now in Earth orbit hundreds of miles above the surface of the planet. The vehicle: a newly developed military space shuttle armed with enough fighter power to turn the Cobra super-weapon into space dust. Code name: Hotshot. It's a tough and dangerous mission, but the G.I. Joe team has never been known to shy away from danger, especially now, with the fate of the free world riding on the outcome!



Less than twenty-four hours later the G.I. Joe team was gathering at the Kennedy Space Center, planning their mission. But they were not the only military experts in the area. Off the Florida coast, far beneath the currents of the Gulf Stream, Cobra Commander and his crew were lurking in an atomic minisub.

"Those freedom-loving fools! Do they think I am a complete idiot? Perhaps they expect me to sit idly by and watch while they launch the shuttle. From the very first moment of the flight we will have our missiles trained on their ship. Just one hit from our rockets and the skies above Cape Canaveral will look like a Fourth of July celebration. They will never stop Cobra! Never!"

At the first light of dawn the following morning, the G.I. Joe team suited up and boarded the shuttle. It was less than two hours until lift off. Everything was going smoothly. . . so far.

"This is launch control at T minus One hour, thirty-two minutes and counting. Fueling is complete and all systems are green. Hotshot looks good and we are go for a launch as scheduled at Zero eight hundred."

In the cockpit, high atop the mighty Saturn rocket, the three person G.I. Joe team was going down the checklist.



"Liquid hydrogen at flight pressure?"

"That's affirmative. Ace. We are at flight pressure."

"All on-board guidance computers interfaced with Houston?"

"The interface looks good. We'll know more at the built-in hold at T minus ten minutes."

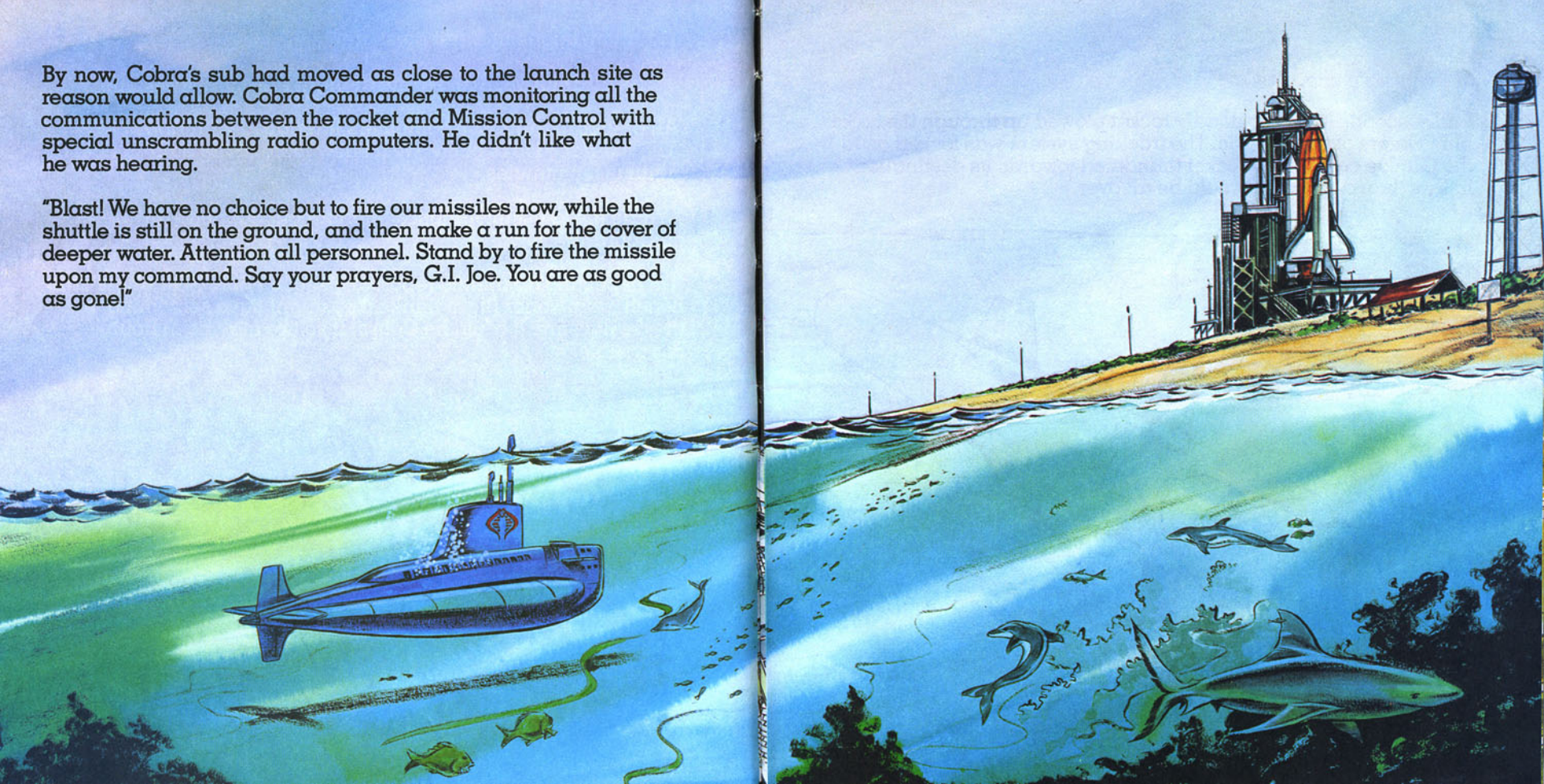
"What's the latest intelligence information, Scarlett? Any news on Cobra?"

"I'm expecting an update report any second now, Ace. West Palm Beach radar/sonar flight thinks they might have something, but they're not sure. It could be Cobra. If so, we may be in trouble. Big trouble!"



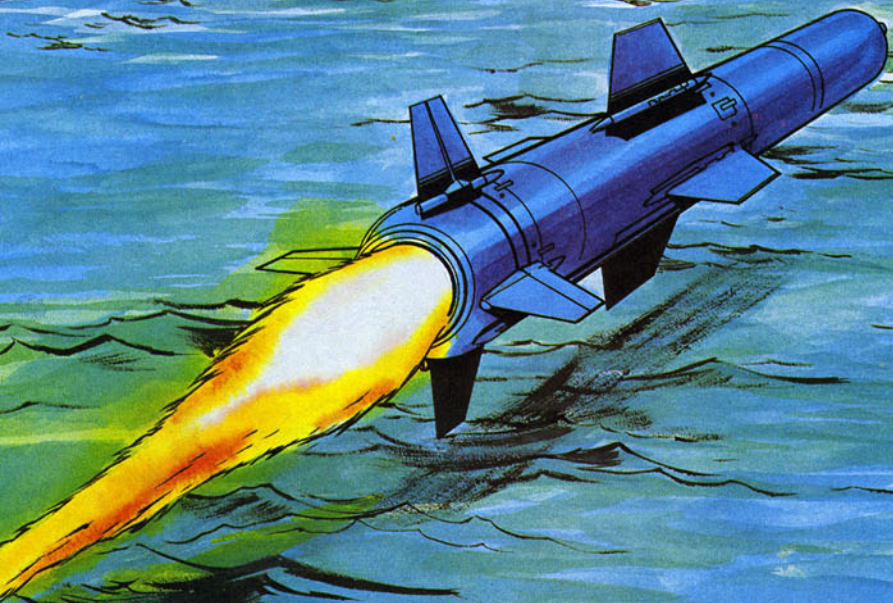
By now, Cobra's sub had moved as close to the launch site as reason would allow. Cobra Commander was monitoring all the communications between the rocket and Mission Control with special unscrambling radio computers. He didn't like what he was hearing.

"Blast! We have no choice but to fire our missiles now, while the shuttle is still on the ground, and then make a run for the cover of deeper water. Attention all personnel. Stand by to fire the missile upon my command. Say your prayers, G.I. Joe. You are as good as gone!"



"Fire missile one... NOW!"

Milli-seconds later, the deadly rocket plowed up through the calm blue waters of the Atlantic. The tracking system was locked on to the G.I. Joe craft as the rocket thundered towards its destination. In less than a minute it would be all over.



"Mayday! Mayday! Cobra missiles airborne. Oh no! They're headed right at us!"

"Can we fire at them?"

"Too close for that!"

"We only have one chance. We have to lift off now and pray we can outrun the Cobra missiles. All ground personnel are clear. We'll have to blow the tower. Mission Control, this is Hotshot. Give me override for liftoff! We're outta here!"

"Green! Green! Go Hotshot! Make a run for it! It's gonna be close!"

"Go baby, go!"

The launch tower crumbled to the ground as the mighty rocket tore loose from the pad and roared upward. On the horizon, the G.I. Joe crew could see the Cobra missile racing towards them. Second by second they were gathering speed!

"We did it! The missile is falling behind. Our own Anti missile missiles should be closing in momentarily!"

The G.I. Joe crew watched on as the Cobra missile was hit far below them by the A.B.M.'s and the warhead detonated high above the Atlantic. The concussion from the blast rocked the ship but it was too far below to do any real damage. Up ahead lay the endless blackness of space!



Traveling at incredible speeds, it took the G.I. Joe team on board Hotshot just a few minutes to reach the weightlessness of space. Duke noticed it first.

"Ha ha ha! Look at Scarlett's hair, the way it's floating around."
"Who knows, back on Earth this style might just be the latest rage. Ha ha ha! The outer space look! Ha ha ha!"

As the team looked out the viewing window of the shuttle, they could see the surface of Earth far below. Duke readied the maneuvering rockets mounted on the sides and tail section of the shuttle.

"Well folks, enough sightseeing. It's time to get down to work. We've got a job to do and the sooner we get started, the sooner we can head back home."

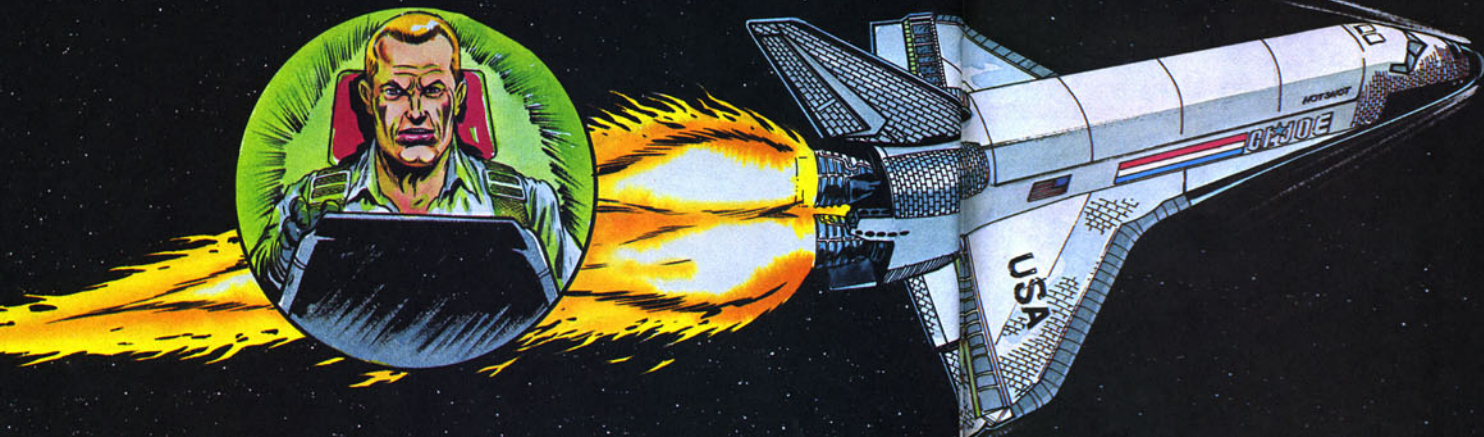


The burn time of the rockets was critical to the success of the mission. If the burn was too brief, the G.I. Joe team might never rendezvous with Crush. Worse yet, if the burn went on for a second too long, it could send the spacecraft racing off into outer space. The ship and all its crew could be lost forever!

"Do you think we've got the right information on the duration of the burn?"

"We've got to give it our best shot. Stand by for burn in ten seconds. Six, five, four, three, two, one, ignition! We have burn!"

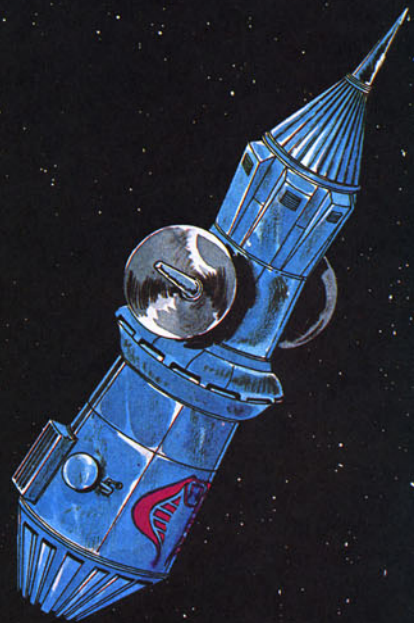
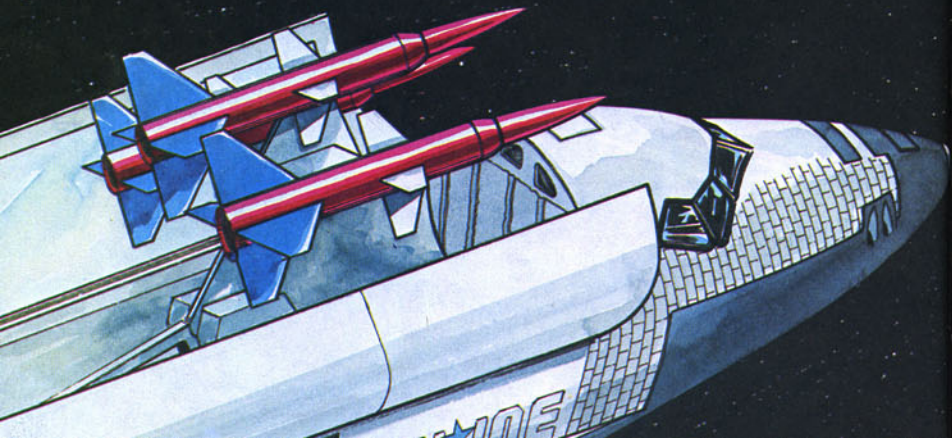
The sleek ship rattled as the powerful thruster rockets sent the spaceship flying off through the inky blackness.



Peering out through the ship's window, Duke was the first crew member to spot the metallic hull of Crush. It glowed blood-red in the light of the sunrise.

"Look! Up there at three o'clock! That's gotta be our baby!"

"All cabin lights off! I'm throttling back the engines to a crawl. If the killer satellite is already armed and activated it just might start shooting at us."



"Okay. I've got Crush in my sights. It looks good. This is gonna be like shooting fish in a barrel. Steady... steady... Stand by... Firing NOW!"

With a brilliant blue and white flash, the bomb struck the hull of Crush and detonated. A cloud of space dust mushroomed outward as the satellite cracked open like an egg. Then the Joes grew wide-eyed in disbelief. Crush was hollow! No weapons, no computers, nothing, just an empty shell.

"Our computers have been tracking the wrong object. Cobra must have launched two satellites, one large and easy for us to track and a second one. My hunch is *that* one is much smaller and a lot more deadly! I wonder where in blazes it is!"



"Look out boys! Crush off our starboard wing and closing fast!"

"Cobra's firing on us! Get us out of here, Ace."

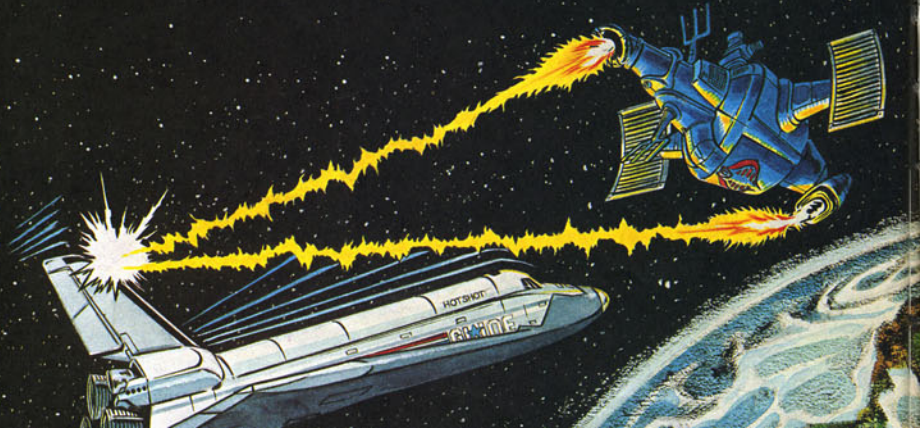
"Yo Joe!"

Ace fired the port thrusters and the Hotshot rolled over and fell away beneath the attacking satellite, dodging chunks of the dummy satellite on the way.

"Where is it? I can't get it in my sights."

"Directly above us, sir. Let me roll the ship around thirty degrees so you can have a better shot!"

Just as Ace was maneuvering the shuttle into firing position, Crush let loose a barrage of firepower which tore at the tail section of the shuttle.



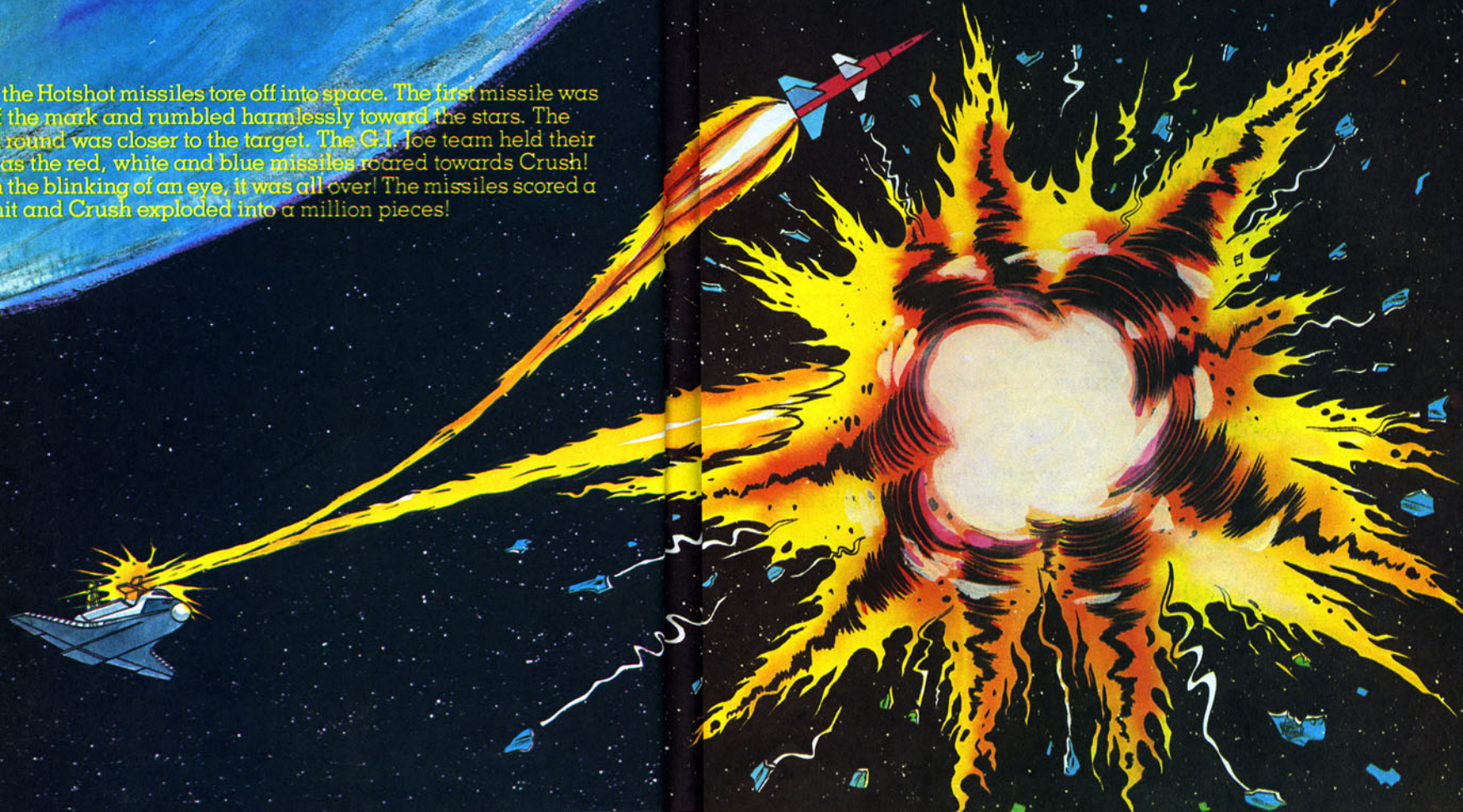
"We've been hit!"

"No time to assess damage now. If we don't start shooting back, we're dead!"

Duke locked the tracking computers on to Crush. With a skilled eye and lightning-fast reflexes he prepared to open fire on the deadly satellite.

"Hold this baby steady for me, Ace. It's now or never!"

Again, the Hotshot missiles tore off into space. The first missile was wide of the mark and rumbled harmlessly toward the stars. The second round was closer to the target. The G.I. Joe team held their breath as the red, white and blue missiles roared towards Crush! Then in the blinking of an eye, it was all over! The missiles scored a direct hit and Crush exploded into a million pieces!



"Great shot, Duke! You blew it right out of the sky!"

"And not a moment too soon. That was too close for comfort."

"I got angry when the missiles scratched the paint on this baby. After all, we don't own it. We just borrowed it for a couple of days and I want to bring it home in one piece!"

"Home. What a nice sounding word."

"I agree, Ace. Take her down nice and easy."

"So...Crush was indestructible was it? After the billions I paid in research and development! You shall pay for this stupid blunder. You shall pay dearly, Destro!"

"Your threats mean less than nothing to me, Commander. Perhaps you forget who is supplying you with all your armaments, who could supply the enemy with all your vital secrets. Never threaten me again, Commander. Do you understand? Never!"



After a red-hot descent through the Earth's atmosphere, the shuttle broke through the period of radio silence as it glided down through the high clouds over the Pacific Ocean.

"Mission Control, this is Hotshot. Do you read me? Over."

"Hotshot, this is Mission Control reading you loud and clear. Welcome home, friends, welcome home!"

"Thanks, good buddy. It's good to be back. Over."

Below the G.I. Joe team, as far as their eyes could see, lay a beautiful sight. It was America. The green hills of the California coast gave way to the towering Rocky Mountains which seemed to rise to the heavens. Suddenly, it all became clear. This is what they were fighting for. For the millions of families all across the wide countryside, the farmers, the teachers, the workers, and most of all, the children. They all deserved a chance at freedom. And for the G.I. Joe team, fighting for freedom is what it's all about. This is what makes G.I. Joe a real American hero!

