THE LIFE COMIX 2014 CHILLED OUT SUMMERTIME JAM

ONE NIGHT ONLY

BRUCE DELO

FLYKNIFE COMICS

A FOREWORD BY KYLE MORGAN

If you had told 15-year-old me that I'd one day be writing the foreword to the collected edition of George Frahnley's The League of Danger, I'd have said you'd been deluded by one of Vik Vexlor's mind-rays, and only the League themselves could save you. Then again, the magic of the League's stories lies in their pervasive sense that anything can be, especially that which seems impossible.

Many such things can be found in the universe of LoD, that magical and terrible land populated by Captain Cyclone, Lady Venus, Osiris and the twin terrors, Dracula Man and the Green Zombie. I have taken the time to enumerate a few here, for the benefit of newcomers to the series:

1. A superhero team that anticipates the X-Men, or even those favourites of the hipper-than-thou comics elite, the Doom Patrol. Receiving its own title in 1959, LoD also predates any notion of a co-ordinated Justice League (League? Oh yes).

2. An arch-villain who is legitimately sympathetic. The League fights many evils, but their main adversary, Vexlor, is a well-drawn character with complex motivations, to whom the word 'evil' is ascribed only twice in the series' run.

3. Lady Venus, one of the first truly feminist superheroes. While Wonder Woman was busy deciding whom to marry (Mer-Man or Amoeba Man? The debate rages to this day), Lady V. was rounding up criminals by the dozen each day and convicting them at night as her alter-ego, tough and independent night-court lawyer Venus Marston.

These, and other storytelling innovations, make LoD a masterful narrative. I spent many days sailing the seas on Captian Cy's futuristic ship, crossing the sky on Osiris' wings and following Lady V. to worlds far away. I would thrill whenever the twin terrors turned the powers of the undead to the side of good, and whenever Vexlor and his rogue's gallery were smitten by one of the League's physics-defying combination attacks. To this day, I am transported to that heroic land whenever a League issue touches my hand.

How, then, could such a visionary title fade so completely from the public eye?

Of course, much has been made of LoD's use of violence. The pervasiveness and brutality of the violence was not unprecedented, but its stylized quality had never been seen before. Frahnley applied the same masterful grace, the same striving for beauty, to the blood-soaked shooting of a policeman as to the elegant hips and cheekbones of Lady V.

This helped elevate LoD above its contemporaries, giving it an 'art' quality atypical of even the best popular titles of the day, but it may have contributed to the series' demise as much as did anything else. Young comics enthusiasts, raised on violence, weren't interested in seeing guts and limbs go flying with the sort of heartbreaking beauty one might expect from Little Nemo. They found no stimulation in the series' muted colour palette, rich with pastels and film noire shadow effects. LoD's body count increased by six hundred per-cent over the series' original ten-year run, a bald-faced attempt to get kids interested in art by filling it with increasingly daring acts of violence (all in the name of justice, of course), but it did no good.

Frahnley's style also made LoD a favourite punching-bag for academics, and those parents clever enough to follow them. Popular criticism of the day interpreted Frahnley's eerily beautiful fight scenes as evidence that violence was becoming increasingly fetishized, placed on a pedestal to be admired and worshipped. Looking at the world today, it's hard to believe that the fetishization of violence was ever something that American parents cared about, but times do change.

The first LoD cover I ever saw, dated 1961, had become moderately well-known as a classic example of the resurgence of the injury-to-the-eye motif. I chanced upon it in a book of critical theory during my years at Brown. Back then, I wouldn't have given second thought a comic book (ah, life), but I was drawn to the defiance inherent in that image. Dracula Man, tied to a slab in a sinister silver laboratory, is menaced by an elegant surgical weapon of alien design. "Will the FANGED HERO lose his mind forever? Will he recover his taste for HUMAN BLOOD?" A wicked Neptunian proclaims, "Your brain belongs to us now, VAMPIRE."
It would be hard not to interpret that image as a cry of war, a ray-gun taking aim at the soft, palpating eyeballs of Wertham and Adorno. It touched something in me. I left Brown, and the League of Danger was discontinued.

There is, though, yet more to it. As Osiris would say, 'the sky sees all,' and from the elevated vantage point of the present day, we can discern much that was hidden.
I left Brown in 1985, a year of prevailing Cold War paranoia not unlike that of the '60s, when LoD was released. The League is a superhero team with no true leader (no Superman, no wheelchair-bound professor pulling the strings), a sort of collective, fighting a villain who represents the worst excesses of capitalism (Vexlor, a Luthorian business magnate). There is a socialist/leftist strain to Frahnley's storytelling, and not in any oppressive way, but in a way that reminds us that people can work together and be extraordinary without something as outmoded as a power-structure. He was hoping, I think, to remind us that power need not belong to one person, and that human beings are as equally extraordinary as the members of his incredible League.

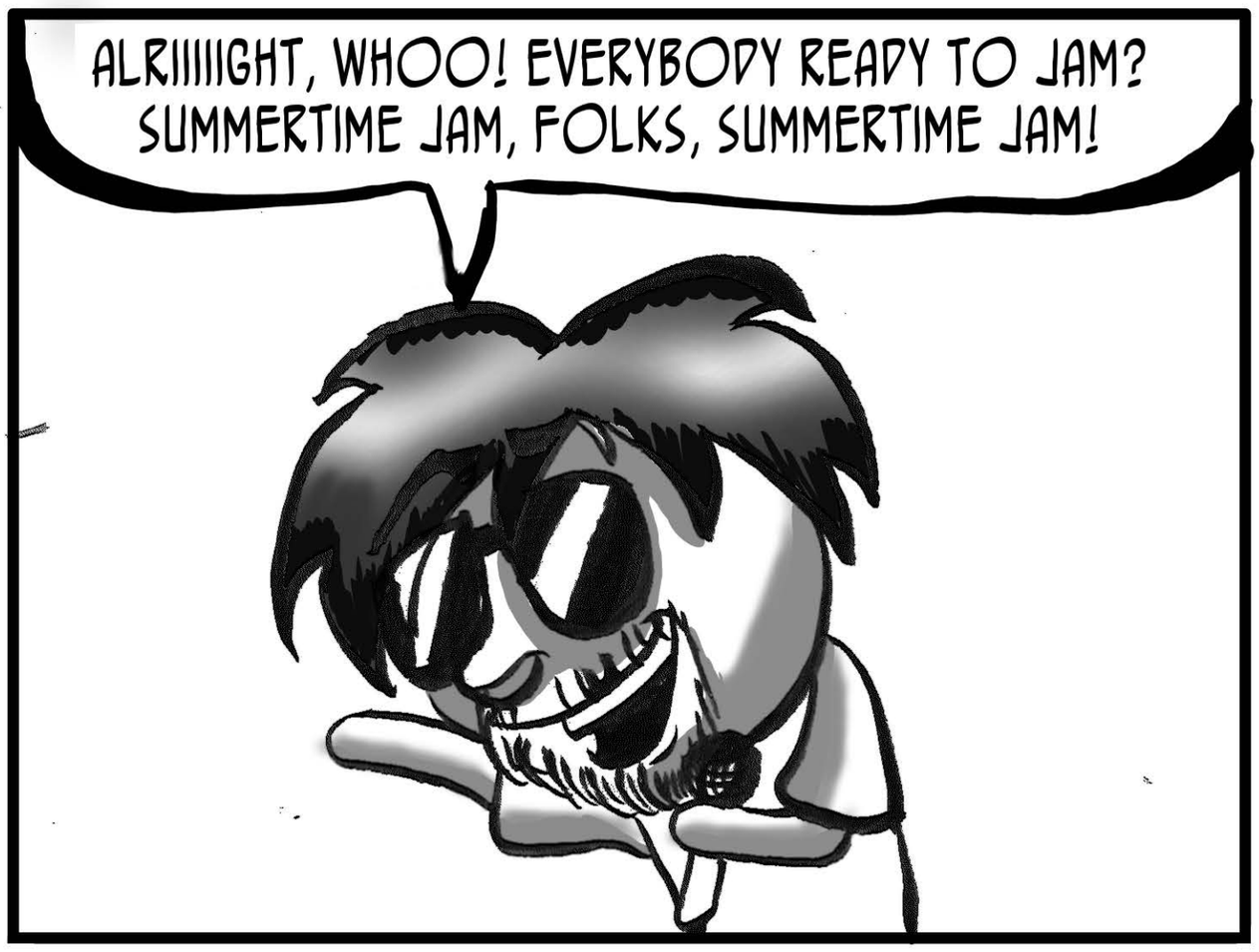
It's a small miracle that no one took this message. Frahnley, né Frankowitz, would have been put on show-trial and locked away. The League would have enjoyed notoriety as a Communist book and the development of comics might have been slowed even further. As it is, people simply put the comics down, aware only of a vague unease, a lack of satisfaction of their base instincts, a sense of something deeper, something uncomfortably like the yearning for beauty and truth, being stirred.

Returning to Frahnley's choice of colours, a friend in graphic design recently informed me that, of all the comic titles known to him (a large list), LoD's human characters were coloured most closely to the colours of real human beings. This, of course, is the whole thrust of my foreword. Despite its fantastical qualities, its unearthly beauty and anything-may-happen attitude to storytelling, LoD is the most truly human of the classic titles. I hope you find something in this collection that stirs you too.

-K. Morgan

EARTH

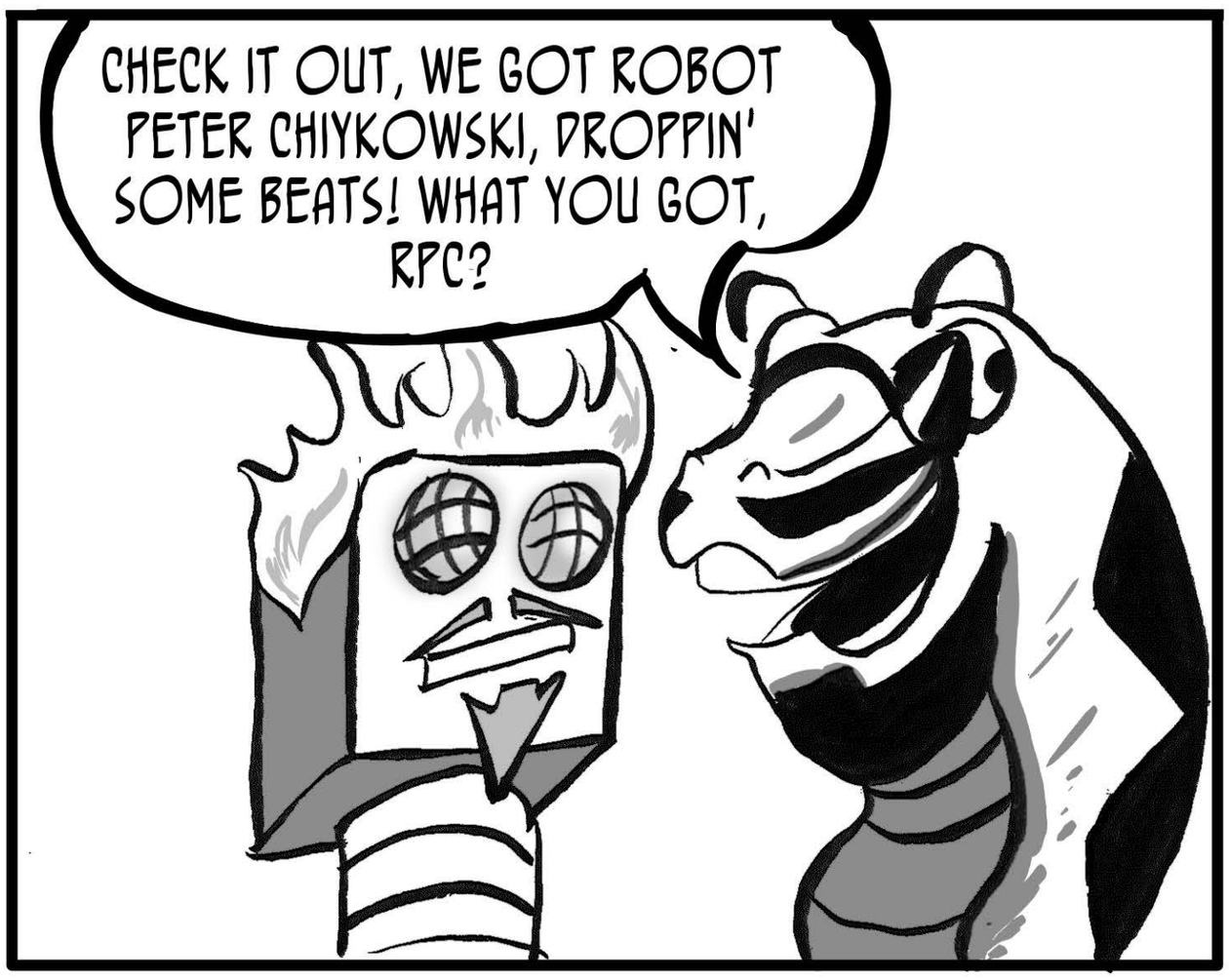
2014


ALRIIIIIGHT, WHOO! EVERYBODY READY TO JAM? SUMMERTIME JAM, FOLKS, SUMMERTIME JAM!

YEAH! WHAT'S UP, EVERYONE? WHAT'S UP! I HOPE Y'ALLS BE READY FOR SOME SICK BEATS! ON ACCOUNT OF THAT'S WHAT I GOT!

HUEERRRRGH

ALRIGHT! HEY! SNAKE LIFE, EVERYBODY, SNAKE LIFE! SCALES UP!

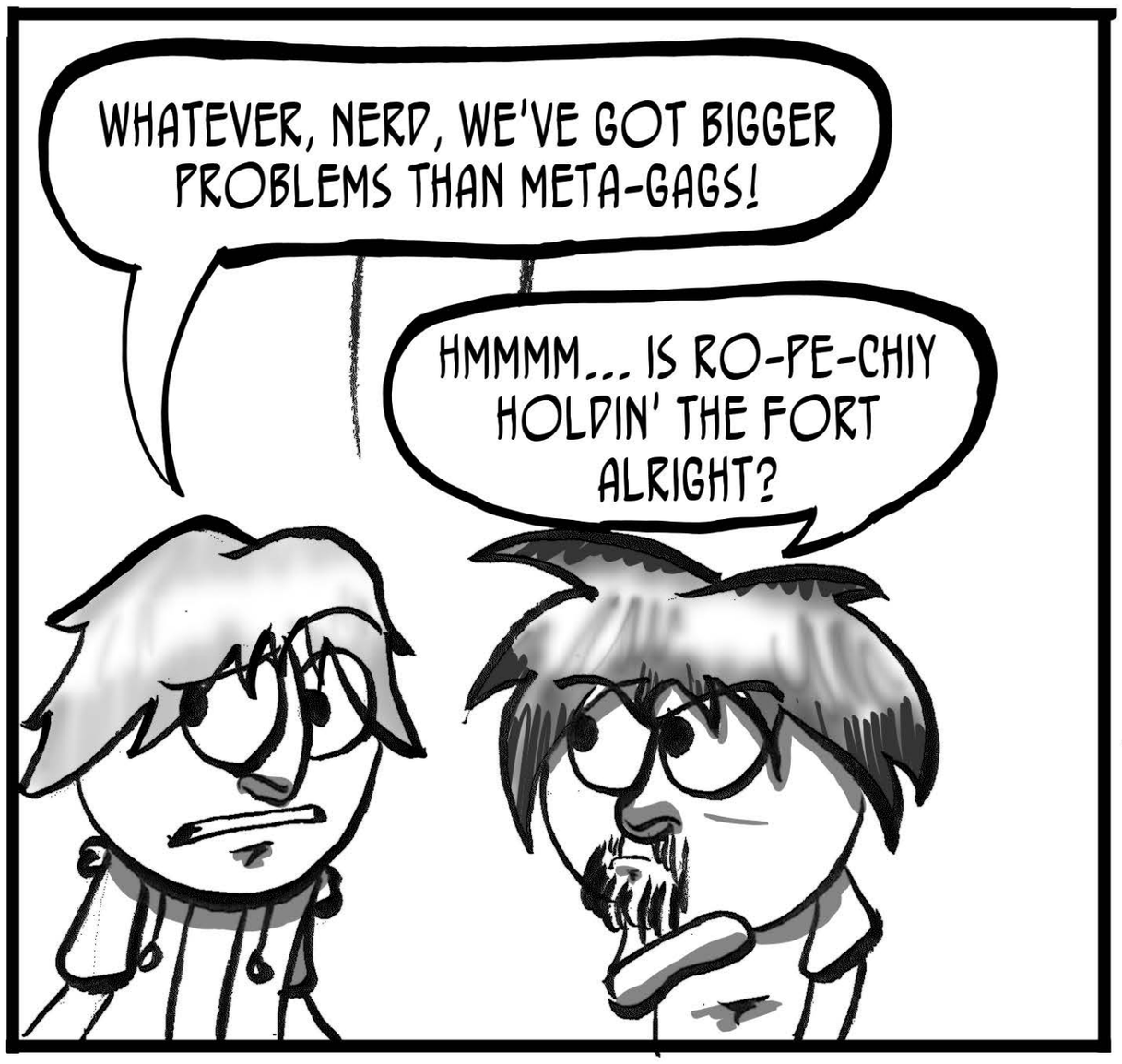

CHECK IT OUT, WE GOT ROBOT PETER CHIYKOWSKI, DROPPIN' SOME BEATS! WHAT YOU GOT, RPC?

SNAKE
BASS

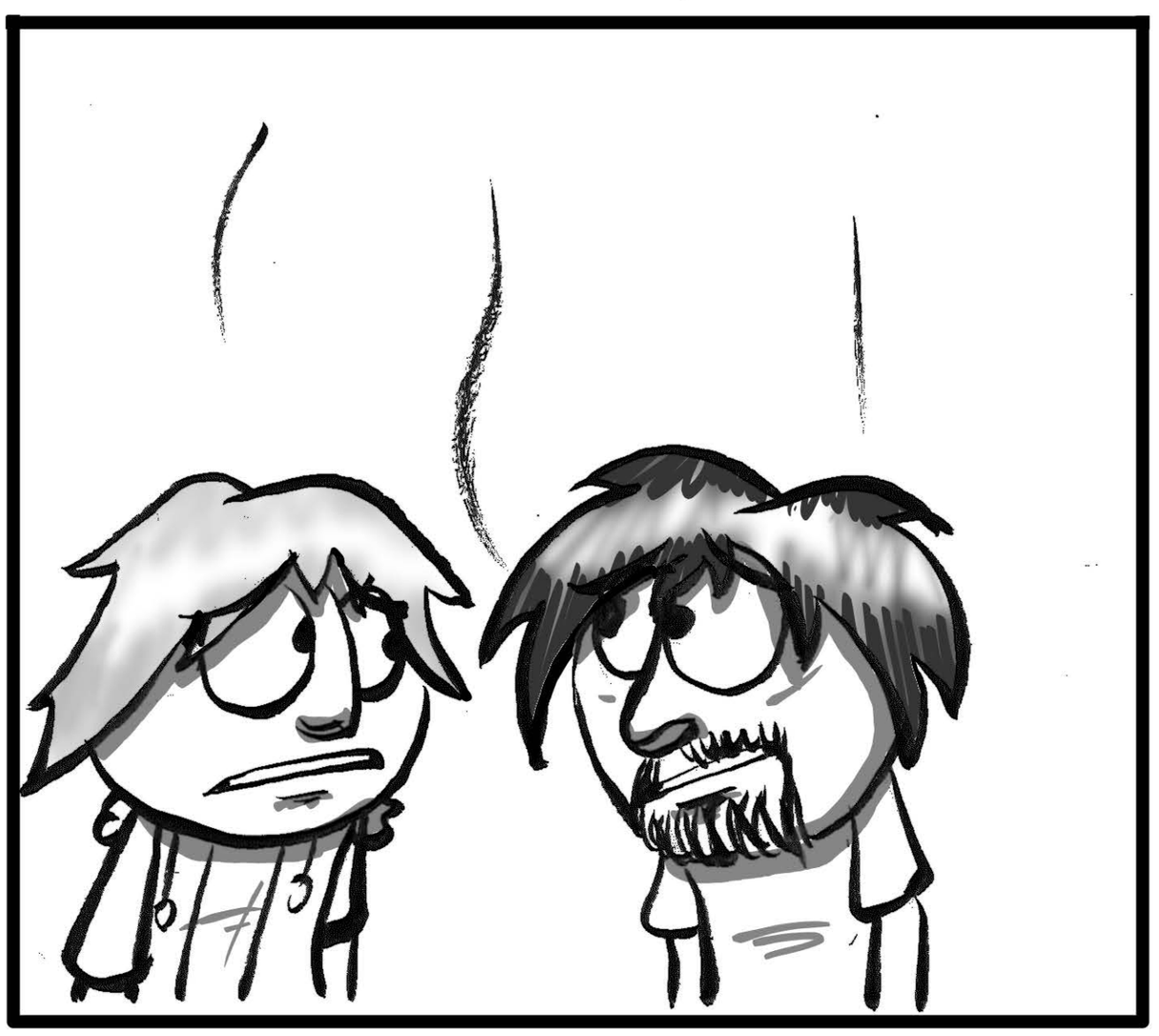
AW MAN, WE HELLA LOSIN' EM OUT THERE! WE'RE DYIN'!

I CAN DO MY SNAKE THING AGAIN.
NO, THAT WAS GROSS AND WEIRD! I DON'T KNOW WHY I LET YOU DO THAT!

AAUGH, THIS WAS A TERRIBLE IDEA! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU CAN'T HAVE A MUSIC FESTIVAL THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF COMIX! THERE'S NO SOUND!
DANG MAN, THEN HOW ARE WE TALKING?


WHATEVER, NERD, WE'VE GOT BIGGER PROBLEMS THAN META-GAGS!
HMMMM... IS RO-PE-CHIY HOLDIN' THE FORT ALRIGHT?

TRAIN LIFE
FITNESS



LOOK, YOU KEEP 'EM SITTING, I'LL GO GET SOME 'RAD SNAX'.
ROGER WILCO.

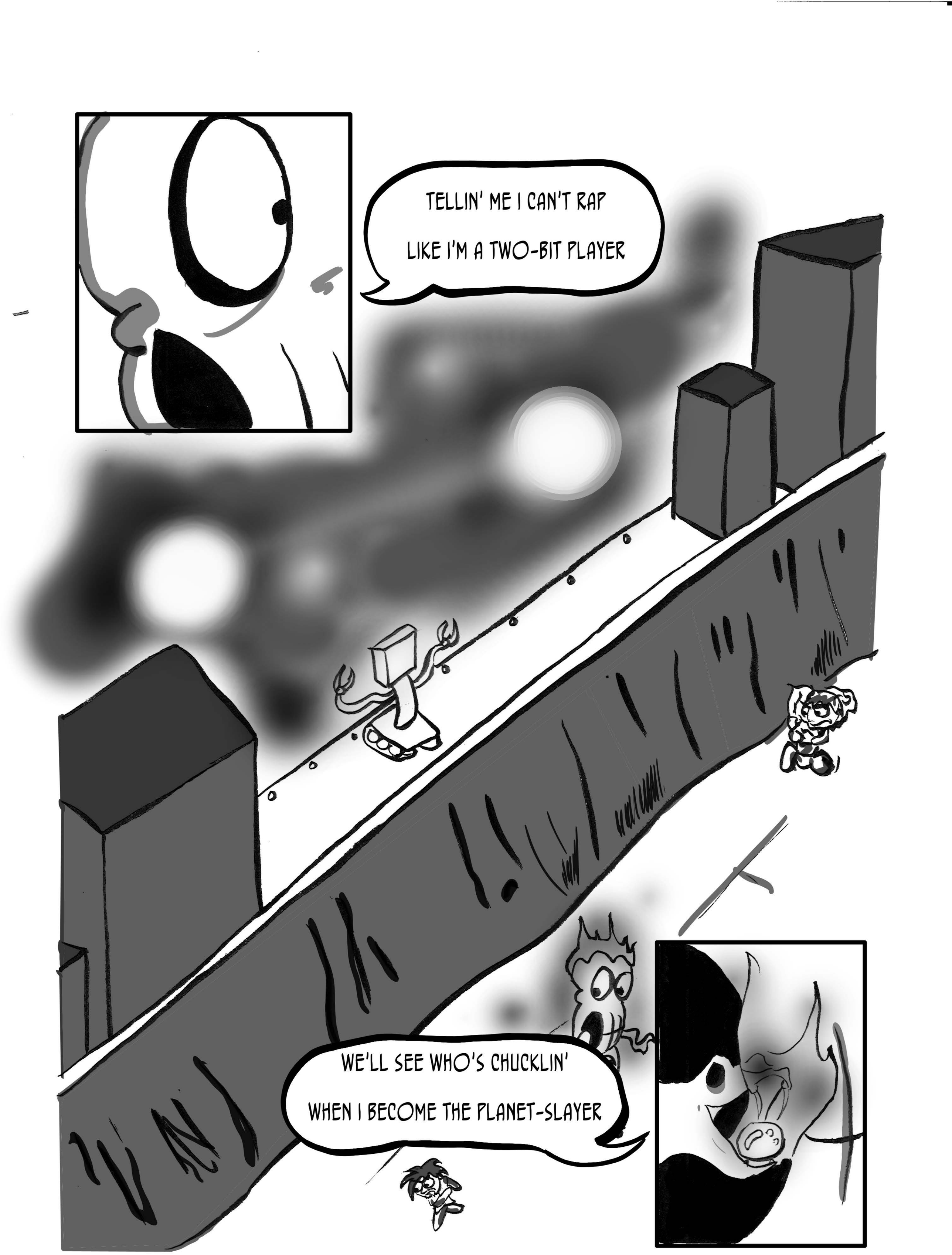
BRUUUUUUUUUUUUUCE...

BRUCE, PUT ME ON. I CAN RAAAAAAAP
DOUBLE-NO, SPOOKY JIM!
YOUR RHYMES ARE SPOOKY AND BAD!

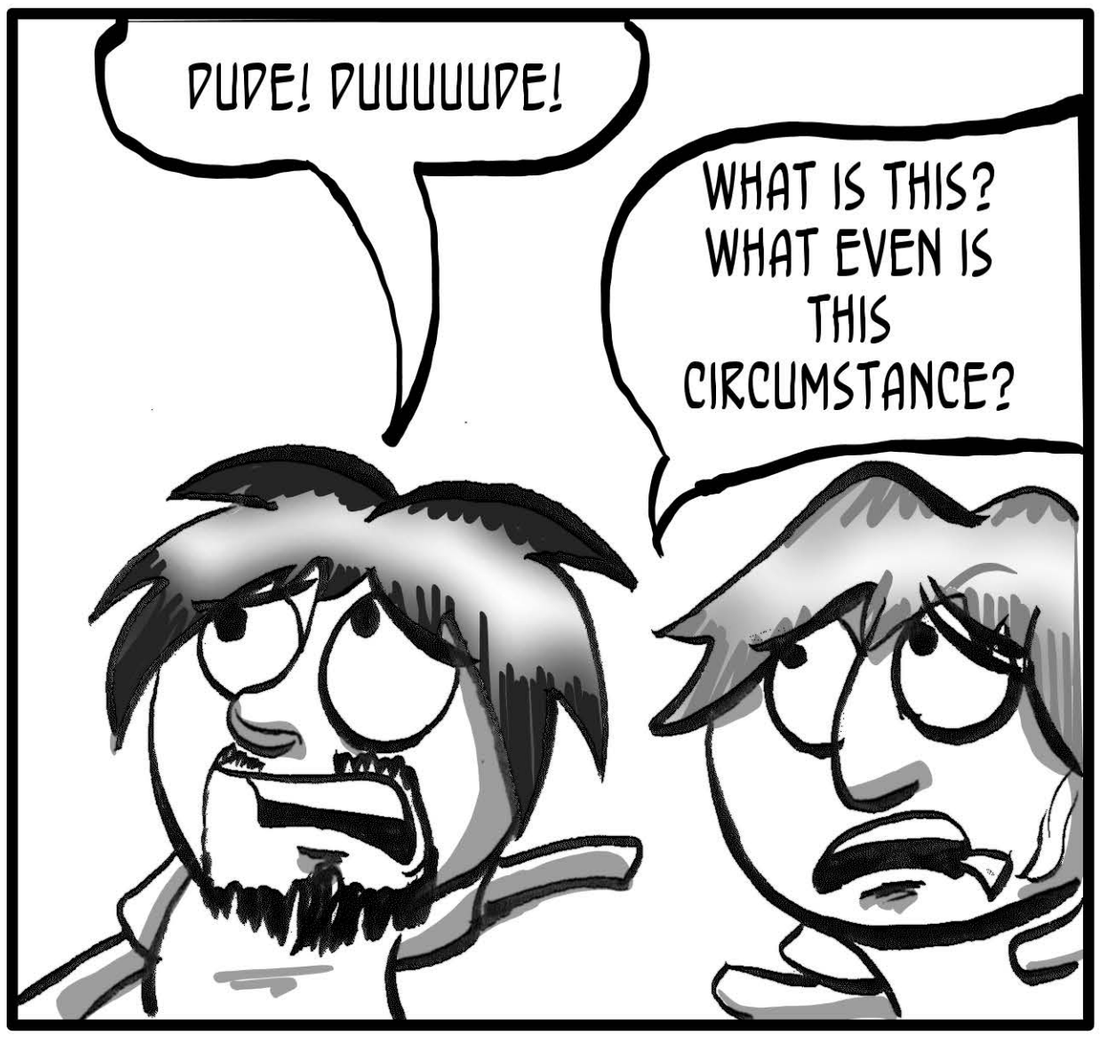
CHECK THIS, THOUGH:
'WORKIN' ALL DAY JUST TO PAY THE RENNNNNNNT...

...
SO, LIKE, IS THERE MORE?

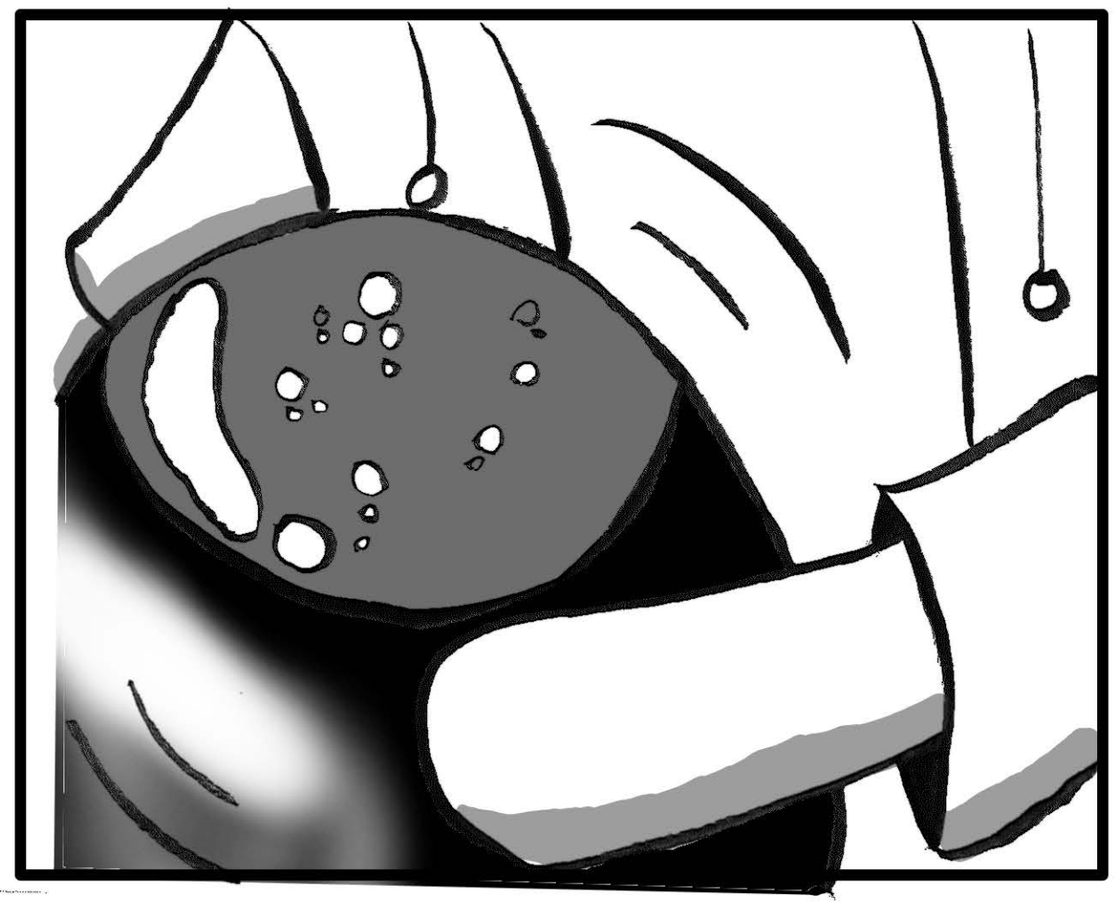
NAH, THAT'S IT.
SEE, THIS IS WHAT I'M TALKIN' ABOUT! FISH OFF, SPOOKY JIM!

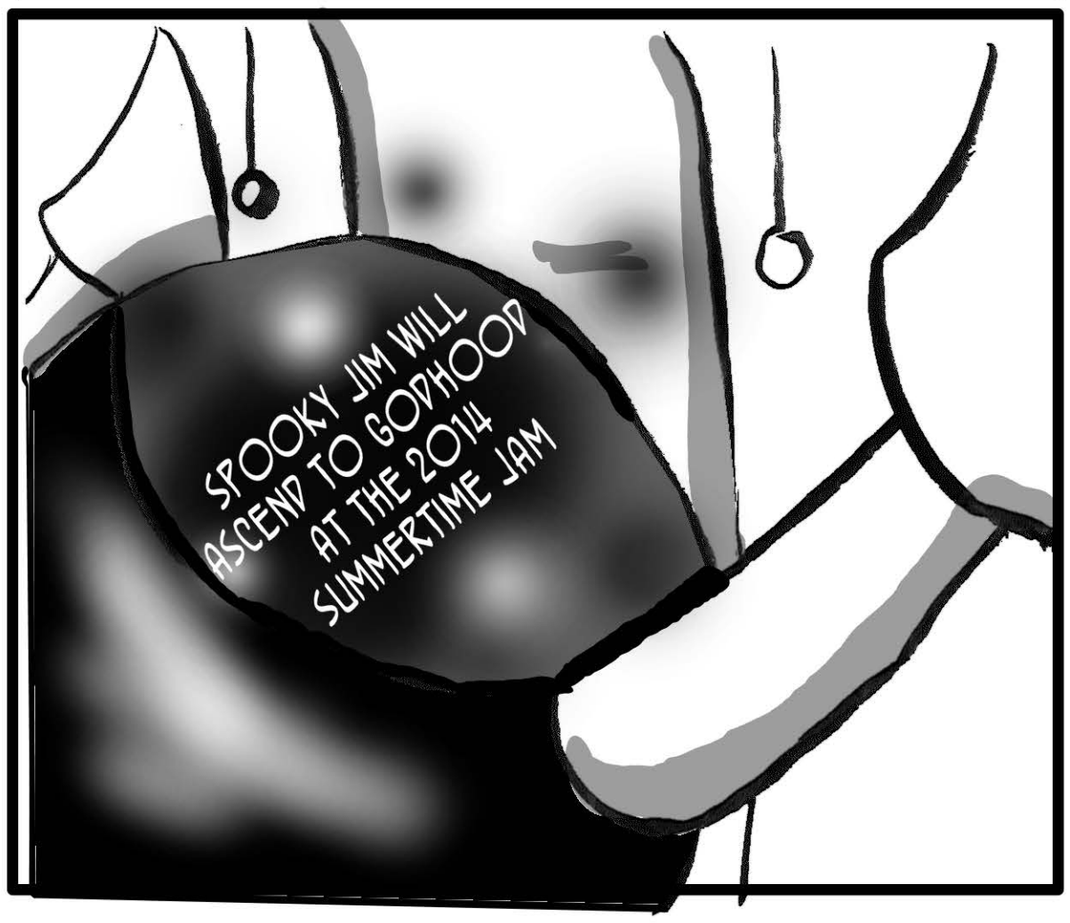

TELLIN' ME I CAN'T RAP
LIKE I'M A TWO-BIT PLAYER
WE'LL SEE WHO'S CHUCKLIN'
WHEN I BECOME THE PLANET-SLAYER

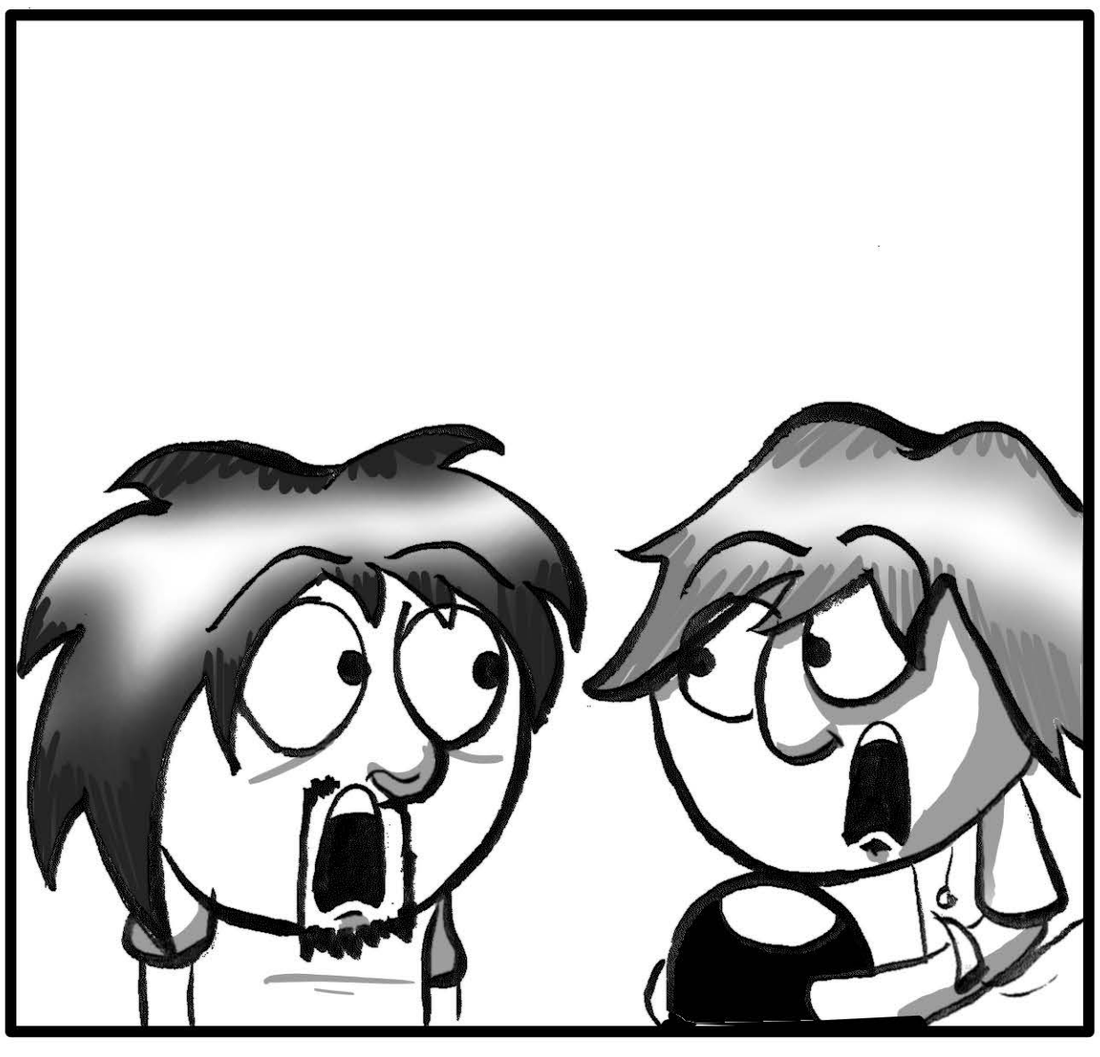
MY NAME IS SPOOKY JIM
AND I'M HERE TO SAY
ALL NERDS
MUST DIE


DUDE! DUUUUUDE!
WHAT IS THIS? WHAT EVEN IS THIS CIRCUMSTANCE?

CHECK THE PROPHECY STONE, DUDE!
I'M ON IT, CHUMMO!

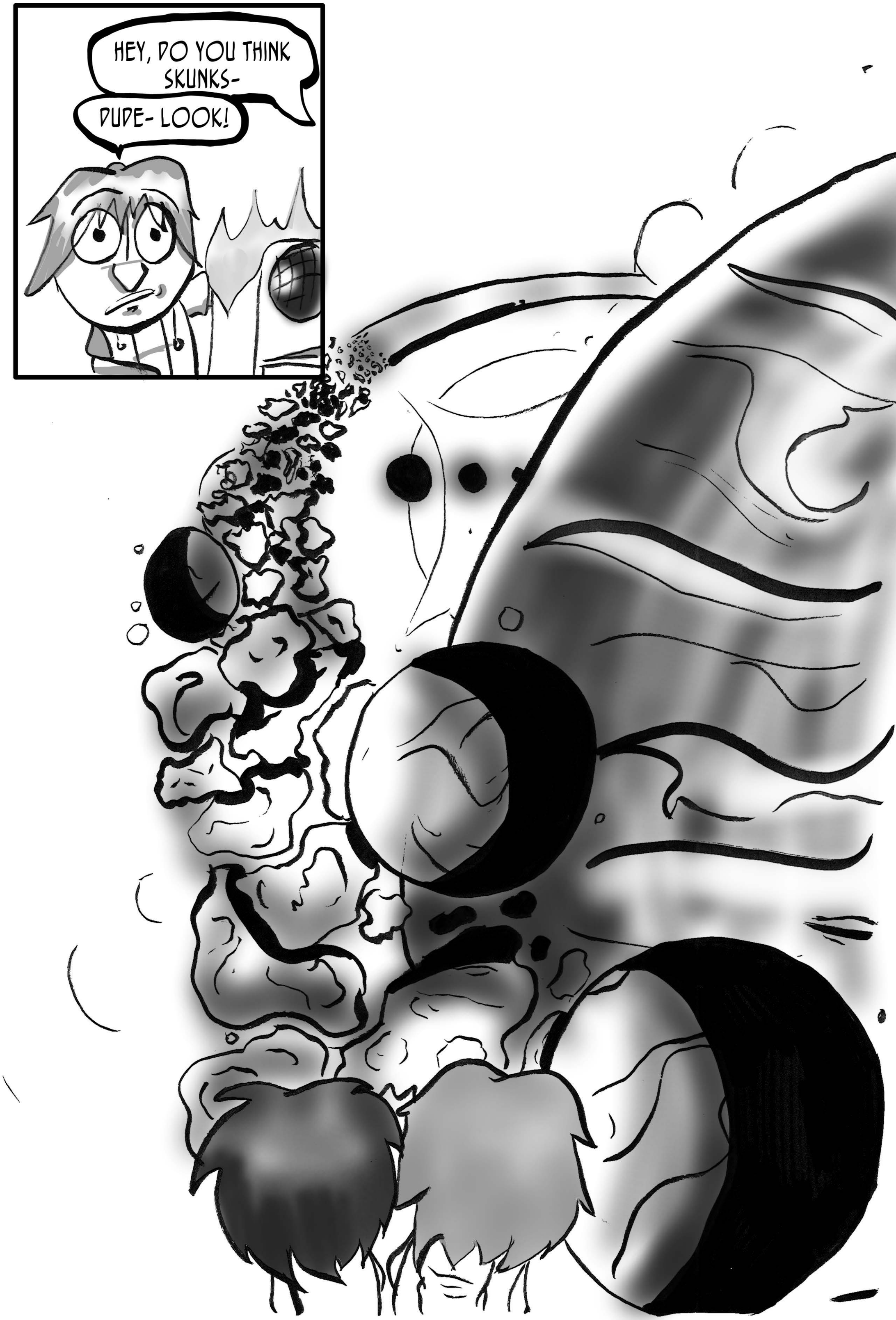



SPOOKY JIM WILL ASCEND TO GODHOOD AT THE 2014 SUMMERTIME JAM



THAT'S SO-
THAT'S SO SPECIFIC!
HOW DID WE MISS THAT?!

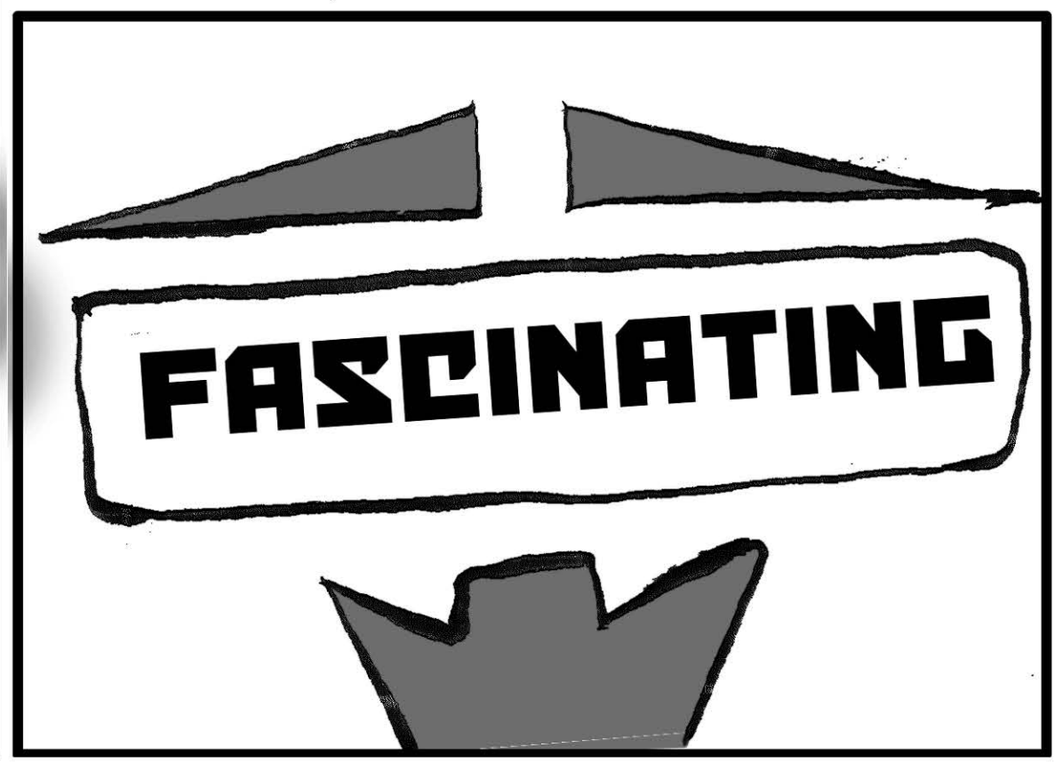
NOW THAT I HAVE BECOME UNTO A GOD, IT'S TIME TO SEND THE TWO OF YOU BACK WHERE YOU BELONG.
MILWAUKEE?
IN RETROSPECT, I OUGHT TO HAVE SEEN THAT COMING.


HEY, DO YOU THINK SKUNKS-
DUDE- LOOK!

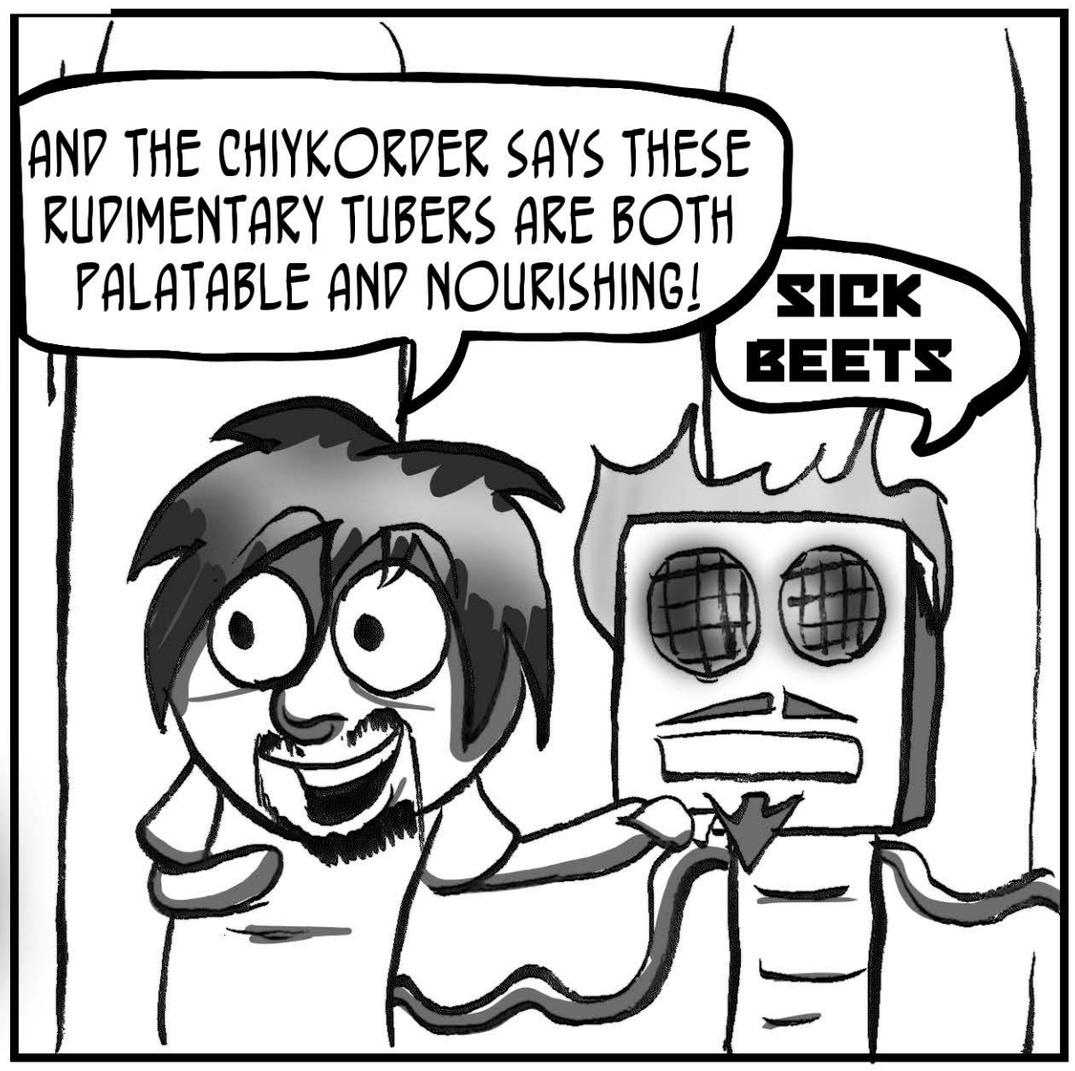
A TERRACOMPATIBLE PLANET THIS FAR FROM THE KAPLAN SECTOR? THAT'S UNHEARD OF!

AND THE AMOUNT OF OLD-GROWTH FOREST INDICATES A STABLE AND LONG-LIVED BIOSPHERE!

ROBO-PETEY-C, GIMME SOME CHIYKORDER READINGS!



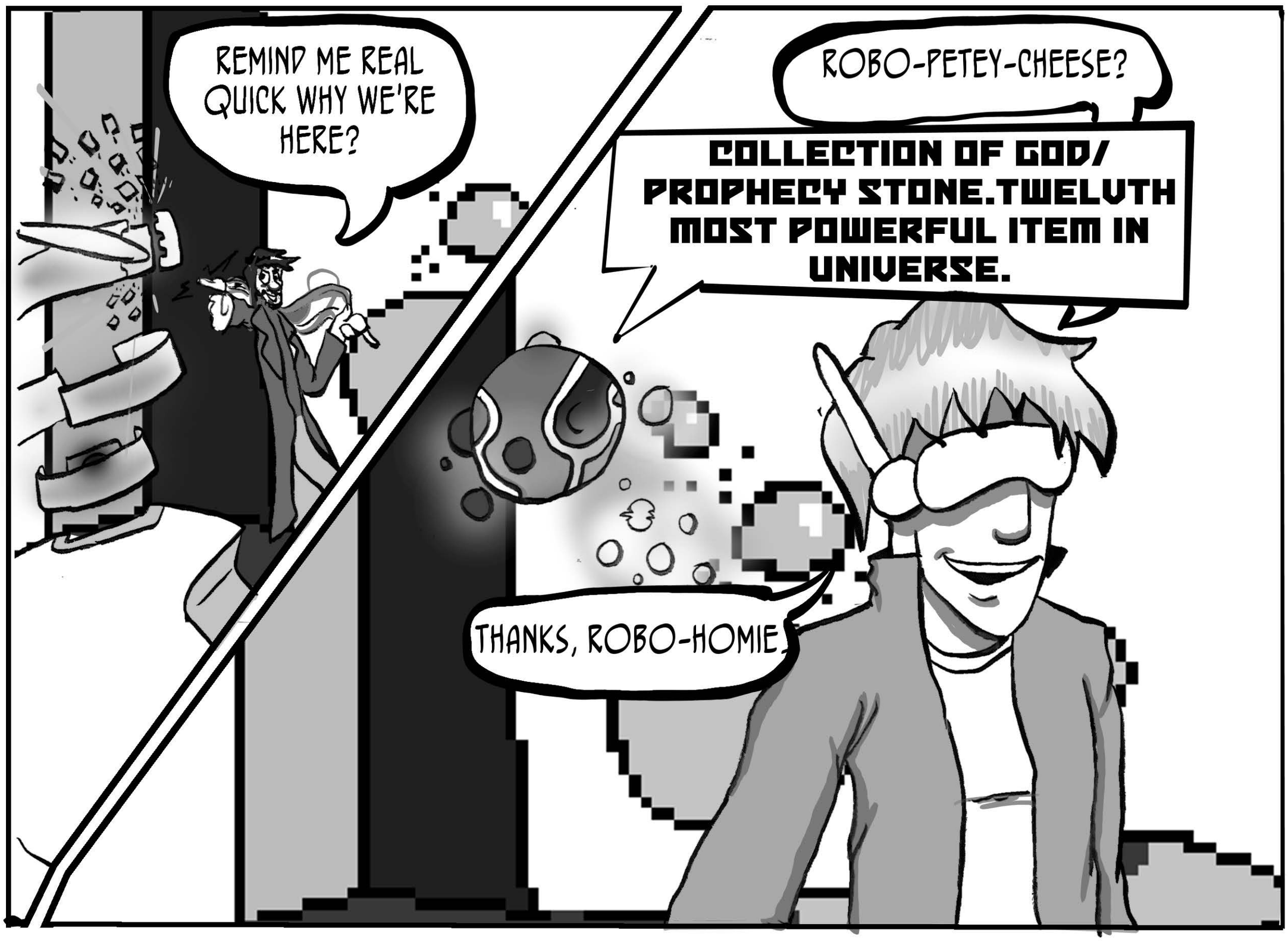
THESE MARKINGS LOOK LIKE WRITING- THEY COULD BE THE REMNANTS OF AN ANCIENT CIVILISATION!


AND THE CHIYKORDER SAYS THESE RUDIMENTARY TUBERS ARE BOTH PALATABLE AND NOURISHING!
SICK BEETS

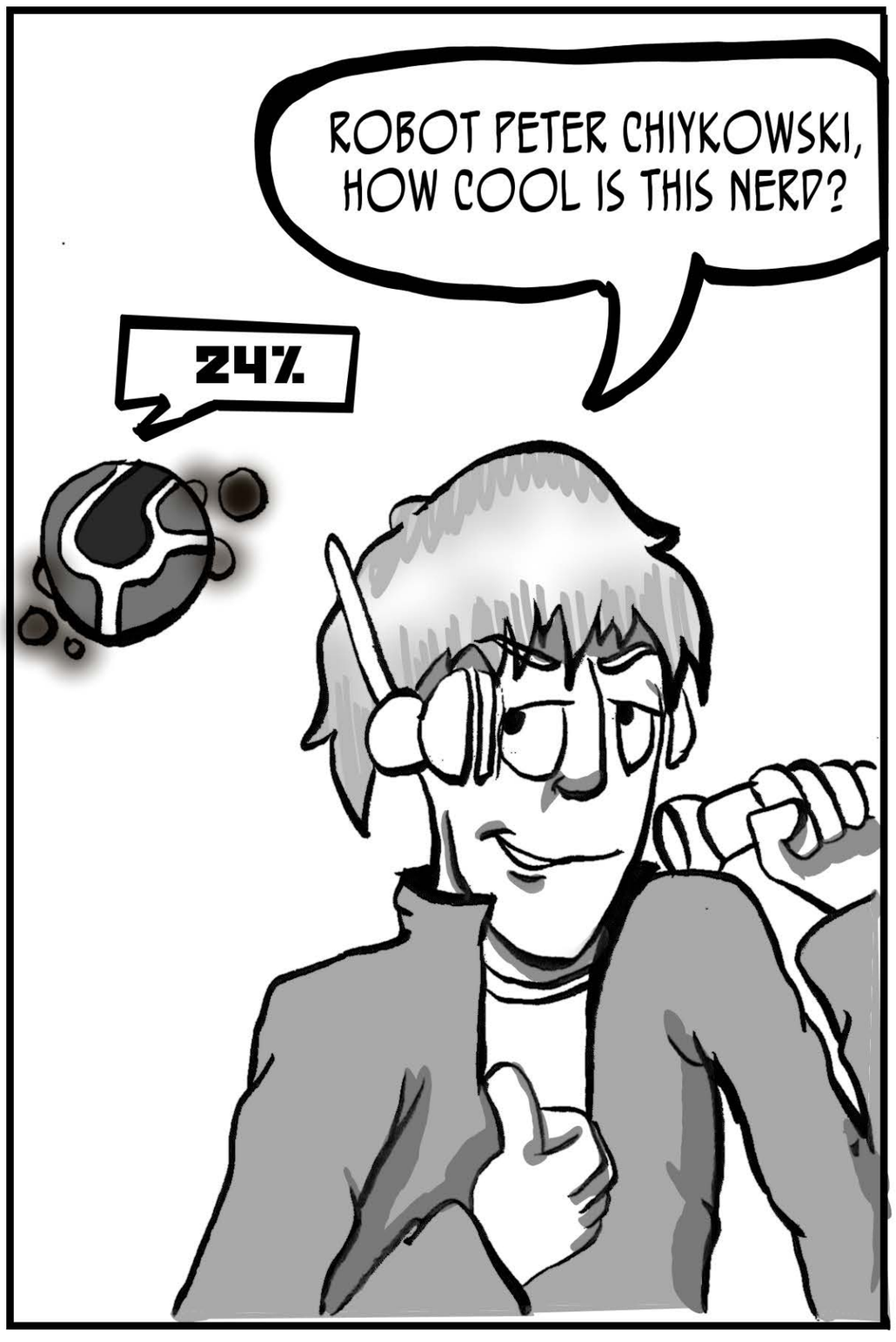
A WHOLE WORLD OF MYSTERIES... IT COULD TAKE US HUNDREDS OF YEARS TO UNCOVER THEM ALL.
YEAH... WE COULD SPEND THE REST OF OUR LIVES HERE.

WAIT, NO WE CAN'T- WE GOTTA GET SPOOKY JIM!
WE GOTTA MESS HIM RIGHT UP!

AIGHT, CHUMMO, THINK- HARD TIME. HOW DID SPOOKY JIM GET THE GODSTONE?
I'M TRYIN' TO THINK! WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME WE SAW IT...?
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN ABOUT SIX YEARS AGO... WE WERE DOING A ZAP RUN OUT IN THE HELIX SECTOR...
WE'D HEARD THE LEGENDS, WE WERE THERE FOR THE GODSTONES- OUR PURPOSE CLEAR, OUR MINDS SET ON A SINGLE, UNSHAKEABLE GOAL.

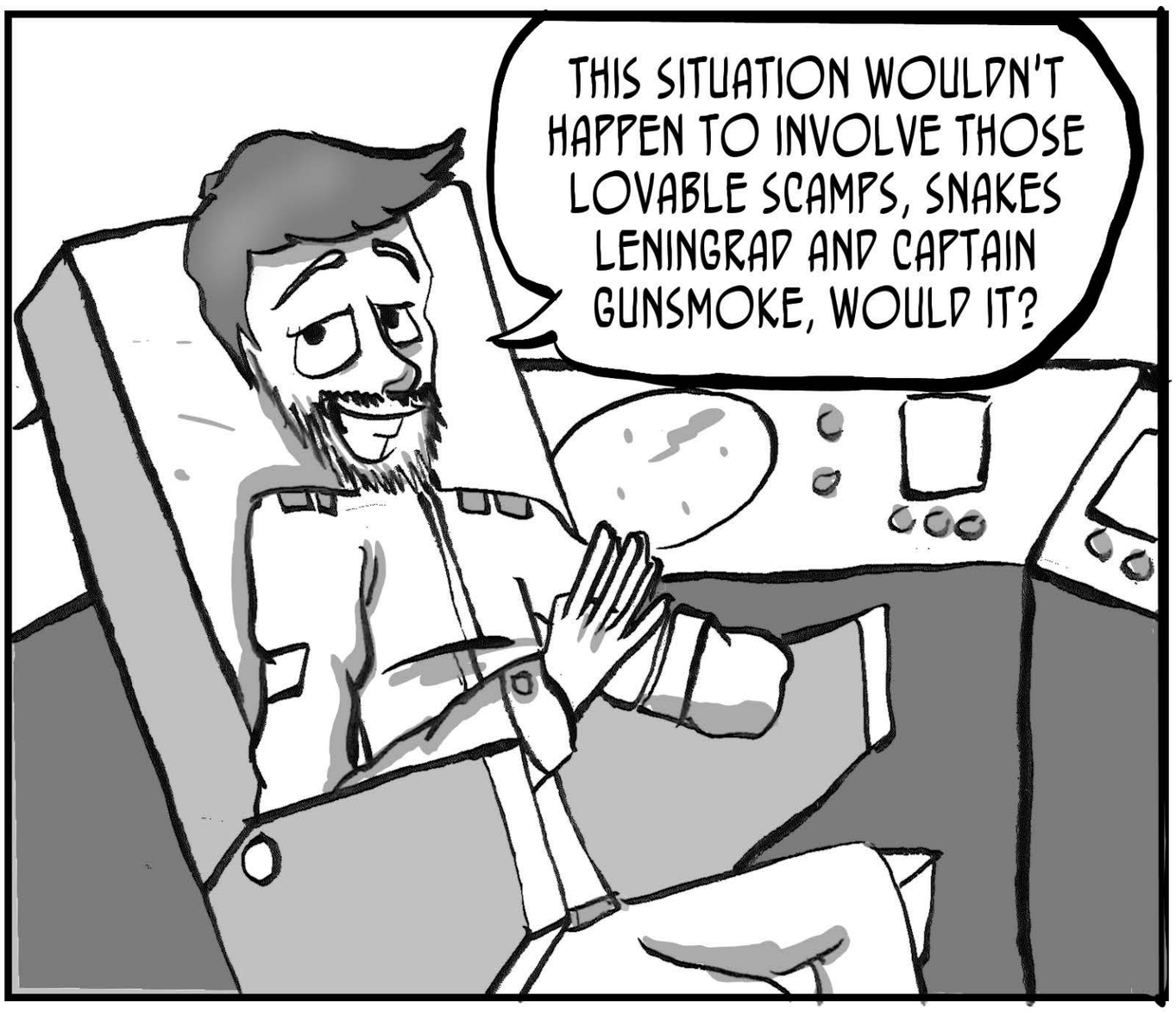

REMIND ME REAL QUICK WHY WE'RE HERE?
ROBO-PETEY-CHEESE?
COLLECTION OF GOD/ PROPHECY STONE.TWELVTH MOST POWERFUL ITEM IN UNIVERSE.
THANKS, ROBO-HOMIE.

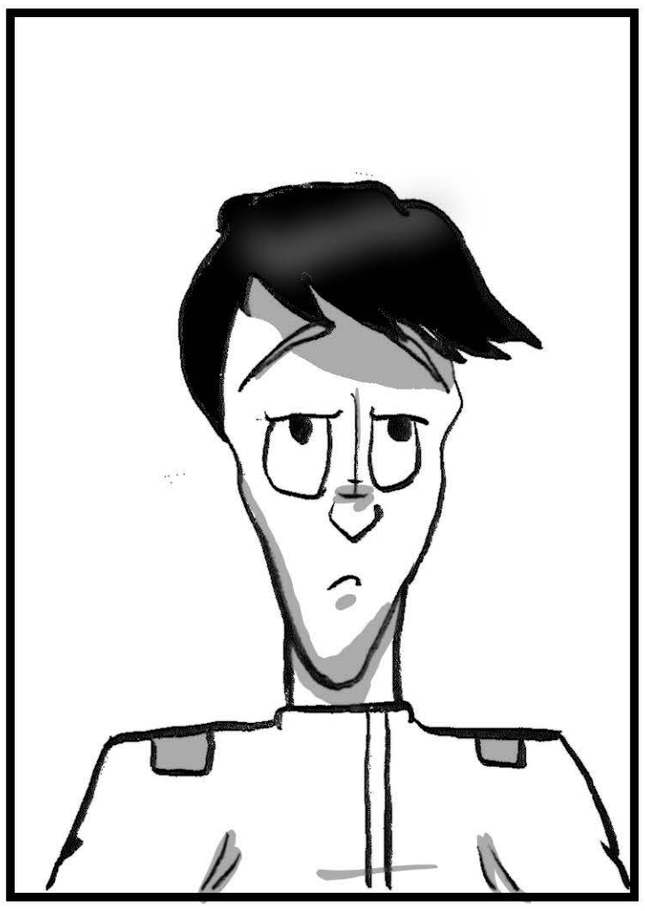
WELL, DON'T SLOW DOWN ON MY ACCOUNT, BUT IF THESE ROGUE CRYPTOGRAMS DON'T LET UP, I'MMA NEED TO LET THESE DOUBLEGUNS COOL OFF.
GONNA NEED SOME TEA AND A NICE SCOTCH EGG.


ROBOT PETER CHIYKOWSKI, HOW COOL IS THIS NERD?
24%

MEANWHILE
ABOARD THE 'NIGHT RANGER'
CARRIER GROUP 2
HERCULES FLEET

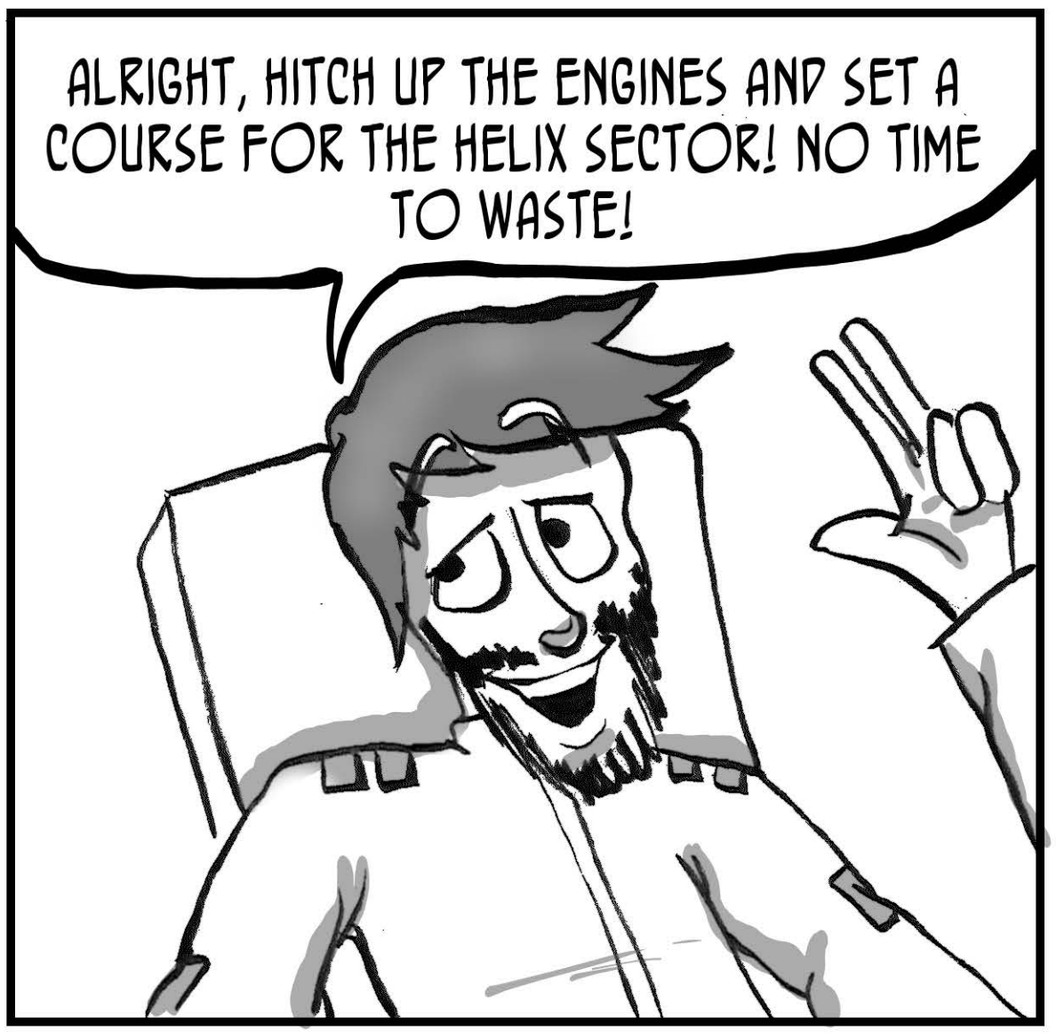
SIR, WE HAVE A DEVELOPING SITUATION IN PIXEL CITY-


THIS SITUATION WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO INVOLVE THOSE LOVABLE SCAMPS, SNAKES LENINGRAD AND CAPTAIN GUNSMOKE, WOULD IT?

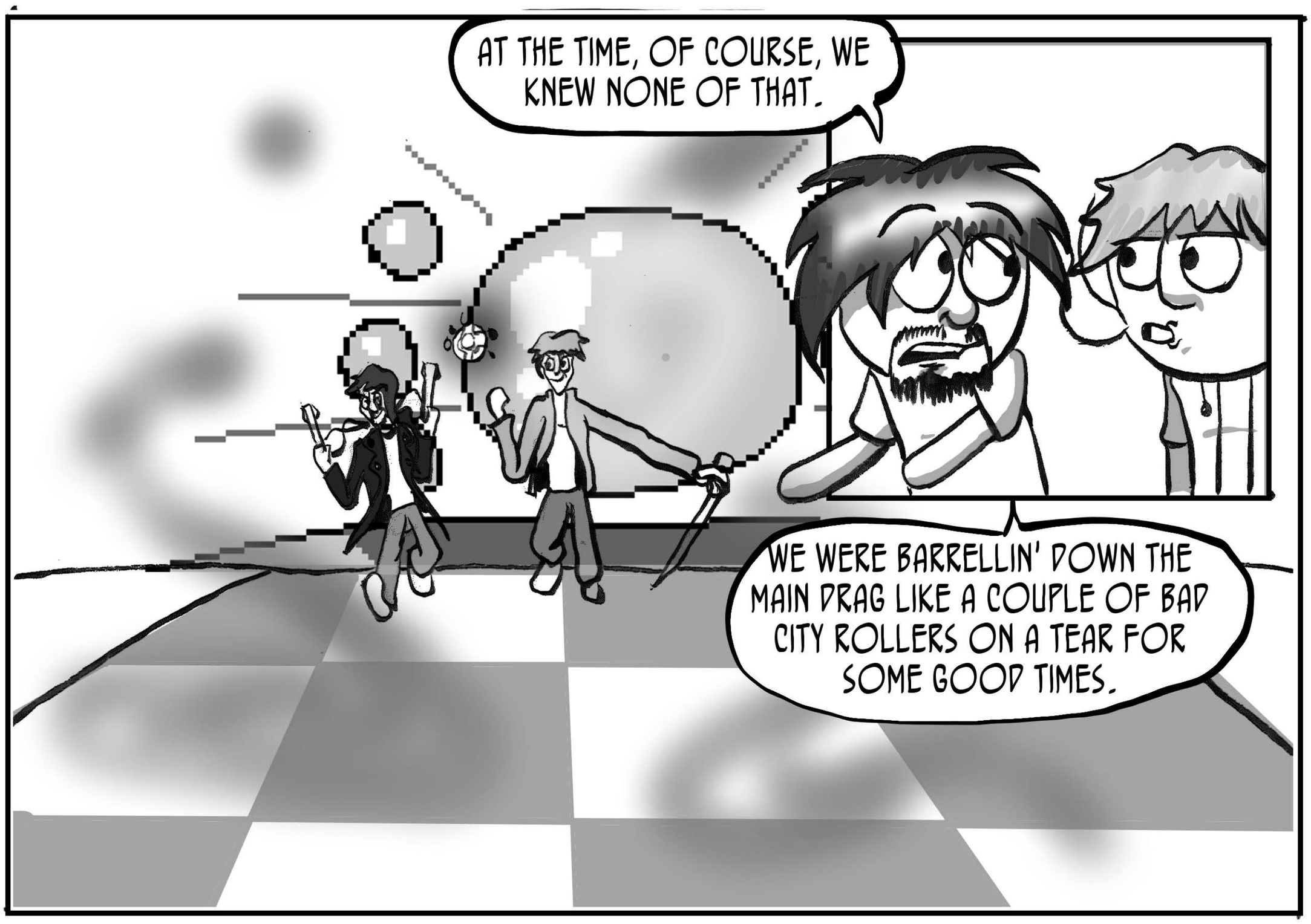


YES, IT WOULD, SIR.

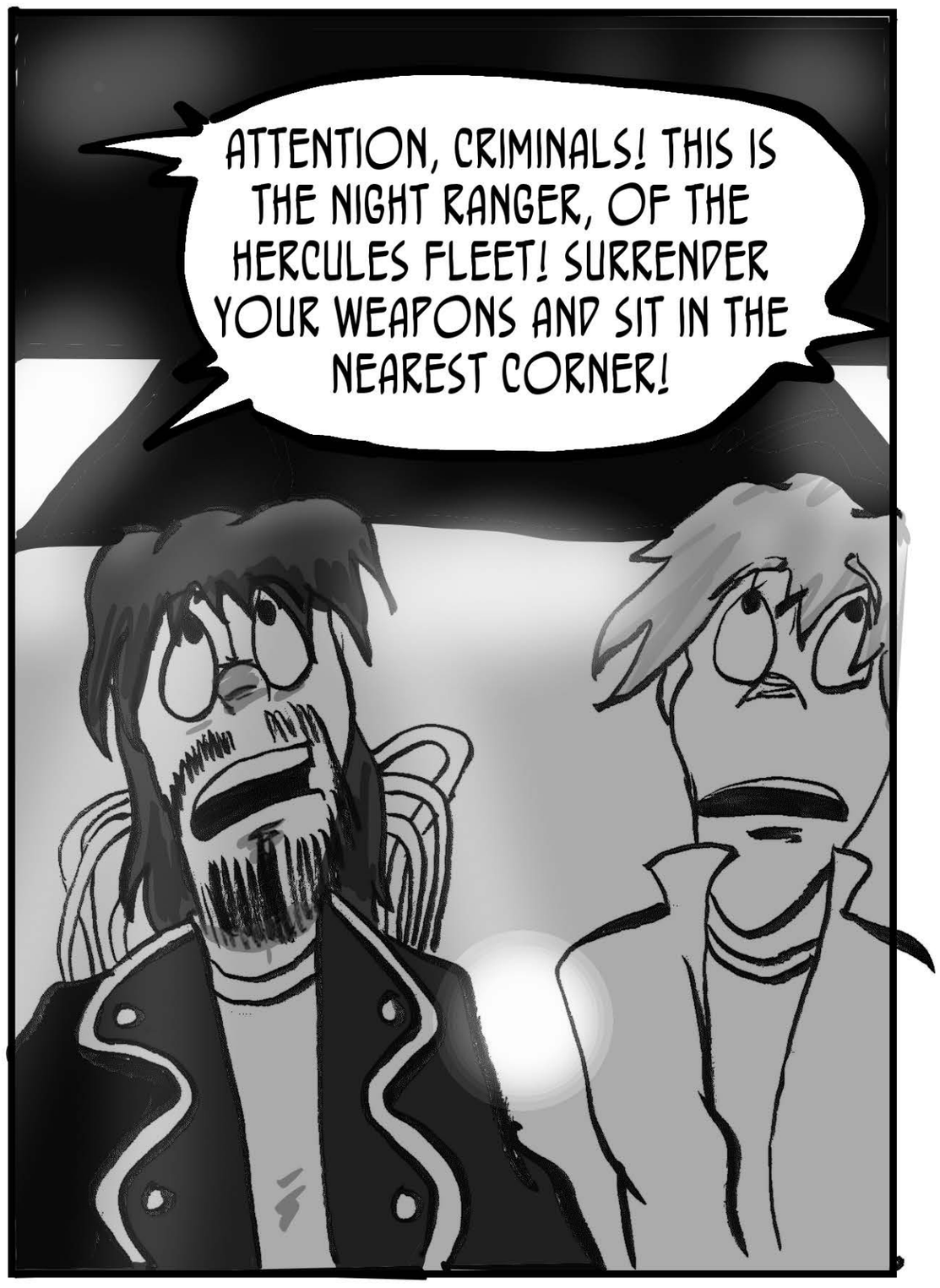
DANG, I'M ON POINT TODAY.


ALRIGHT, HITCH UP THE ENGINES AND SET A COURSE FOR THE HELIX SECTOR! NO TIME TO WASTE!

AND PUT ON 'FEAR OF A BLACK PLANET'. I'M IN A JAUNTY MOOD TODAY.


AT THE TIME, OF COURSE, WE KNEW NONE OF THAT.
WE WERE BARRELLIN' DOWN THE MAIN DRAG LIKE A COUPLE OF BAD CITY ROLLERS ON A TEAR FOR SOME GOOD TIMES.

THINK THE FOUNDING FATHERS EXPECTED ANYONE TO BREAK THROUGH THOSE CRYPTOGRAMS?
HELLA NO, THEY DIDN'T HAVE PEOPLE AS COOL AS US BACK THEN!


ATTENTION, CRIMINALS! THIS IS THE NIGHT RANGER, OF THE HERCULES FLEET! SURRENDER YOUR WEAPONS AND SIT IN THE NEAREST CORNER!

DANG, IT'S COMMANDER PEGASUS- THE GALAXY'S NICEST SPACE COP!

WORSE YET, MORE CRYPTOGRAMS! I THOUGHT WE ZAPPED ALL THEIR ENCRYPTION!

!?!

HAT TO ASK, 'CAUSE I HATE THE ANSWER, BUT... HOW'S YOUR ZAP-FU?

UNCOMMONLY... DARING.

AW YEAH, HOMIE

THAT'S THE GOOD STUFF.

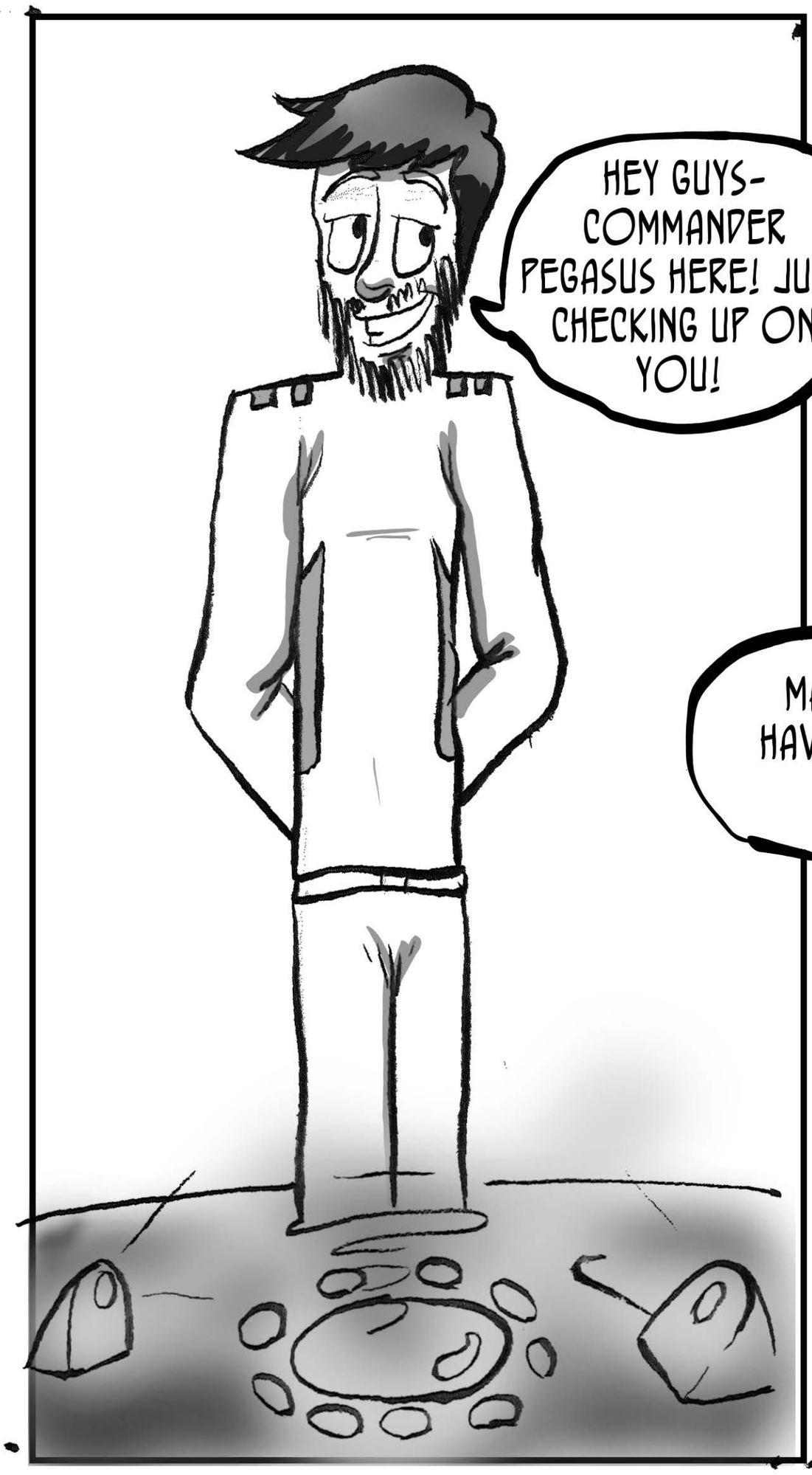
TIGER PUNCH!
GORILLA KICK!
DRAGON DROPKICK!
MARMOSET SLICE-EM-IN-HALF!
SLOTH SHOOT-WITH-A-GUN!

YEAH, I REMEMBER THAT DAY. YOUR ZAP-FU WAS SUPER TIGHT.
THANKS, HOMIE.
YOU REMEMBER THE REST OF IT- SLAM-BANG RACE TO THE ANCIENT VAULTS, WITH PEGASUS' SKIPFIGHTERS DOGGIN' US ALL THE WAY. IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOUR CODEBREAKING, WE MIGHT NOT HAVE MADE IT.
YEAH, IT'S ALL COMIN' BACK. BUT MY MEMORY'S BEEN FUZZY ON THOSE YEARS SINCE THE MARS RIOTS- HOW DID SPOOKY JIM GET HIS CREEPY HANDS ON THE GODSTONE?
I'M GETTIN' THERE. SO WE BROKE THROUGH THE VAULTS AND GOT OURSELVES SOME SICK GODSTONE ACTION.
I REMEMBER THE FEELING- LIKE WE WERE YOUNG GODS, ON THE CUSP OF INFINITY.

A FEW SKIPFIGHTERS LATER AND WE WERE BACK ON THE BLUES TRAVELLER, CRUISIN' OUTSYSTEM AT THE EDGE OF THE NIGHT RANGER'S GUN BATTERIES. BUT IT WASN'T GOING TO BE THAT EASY...

HE CAN'T HIT US, BUT WE'RE STILL IN COMM-RANGE!

AW, HECK! WE'RE BEING HAILED! HANG TIGHT, WE'RE NOT CLEAR YET!


HEY GUYS- COMMANDER PEGASUS HERE! JUST CHECKING UP ON YOU!

JUST CHECKING TO MAKE SURE YOU HAVEN'T STOLEN ANYTHING!

MAKING SURE YOU HAVEN'T STOLEN ANY GODSTONES!

MAKING SURE YOU HAVEN'T STOLEN ANY GODSTONES FROM PIXEL CITY, JUST NOW!

HOSE OFF, PEGASUS! WE AIN'T GOT NO GODSTONE AND WE AIN'T NEED YOU BUGGIN' US ABOUT IT!

AW, DANG MAN! DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT, MAN! YOU KNOW I CAN'T TAKE IT, MAN!

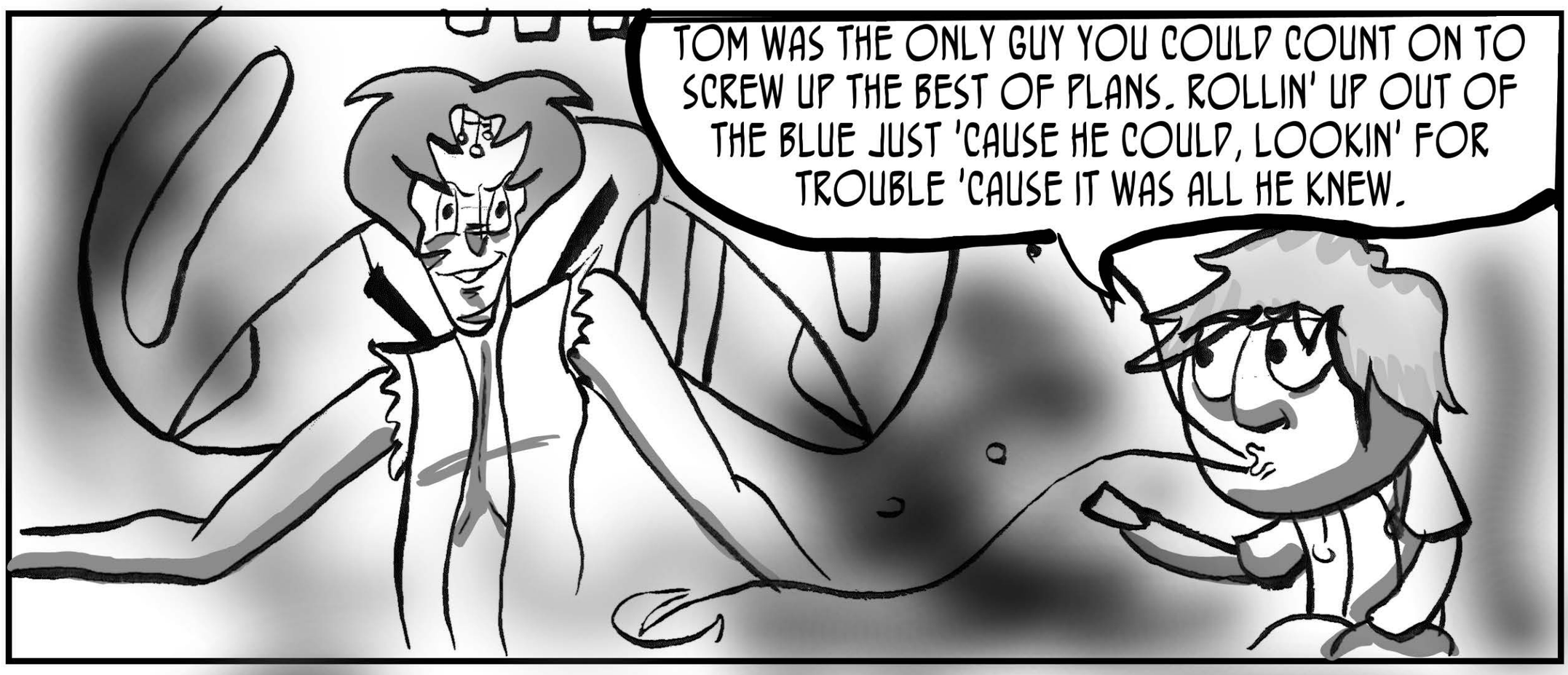
FORGET IT, MAN, I'M OUT! I'M DONE!
DAMMIT, PEGASUS, CAN'T YOU SEE YOU'RE HURTING HIM?!

AW, DANGIT! WE GOT YOUR DANG GODSTONE, JUST STOP LOOKIN' AT ME LIKE THAT!
YOU PLAY HELLA DIRTY, PEGASUS. YOU PLAY HELLA DIRTY.

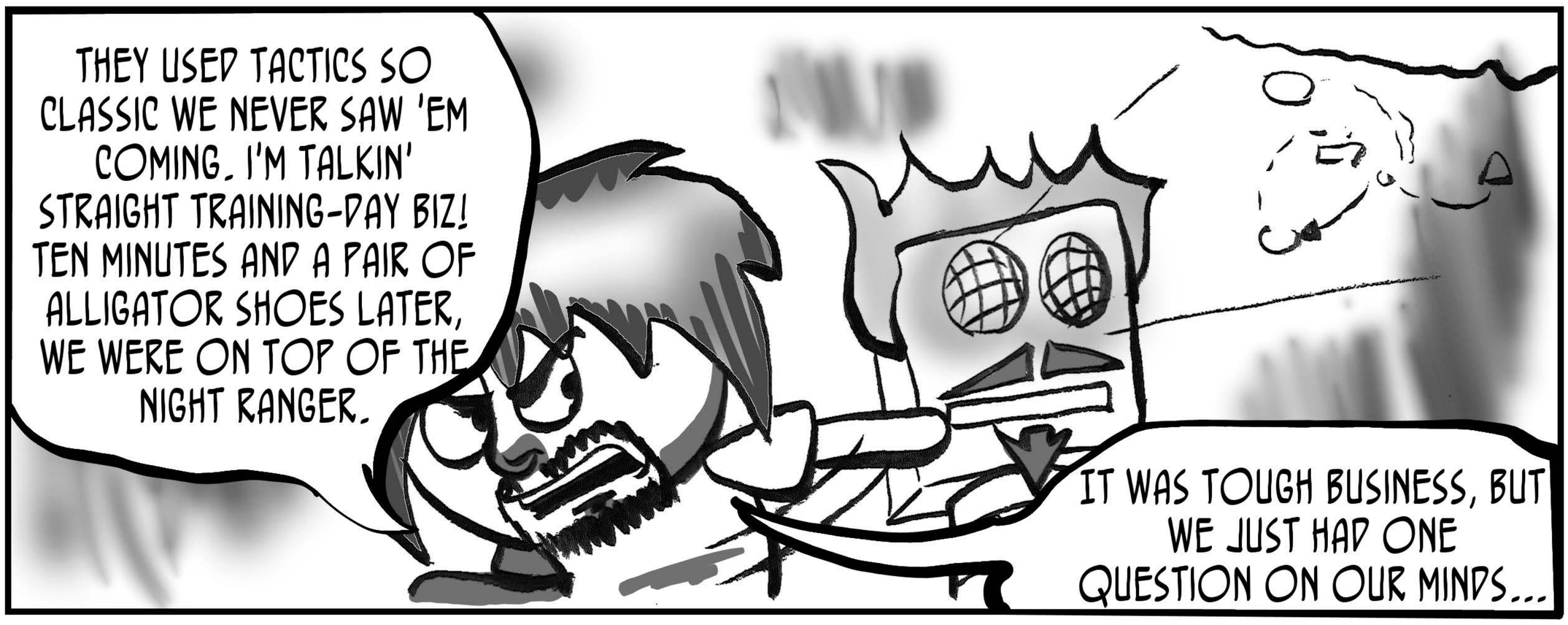
WELL, I APPRECIATE YOUR HONESTY-UNDER-DURESS. NOW, IF YOU'LL JUST HEAVE TO AND HANG OUT, WE CAN-
SIR, ZAP-HOLE OPENING NEARBY!
ATTENTION ALL NERDS! THIS IS TEN-VOLT TOM AND THE ANCIENT CIRCUMSTANCES!
WE HEARD SOME SUCKERS STOLE THE GODSTONE FROM ITS ANCESTRAL HOME! WE WERE ON OUR WAY TO DO THAT WHEN WE STOPPED FOR BURRITOS AND ICE CREAM!
WAY I SEE IT, WE WERE GONNA STEAL THAT JAM ANYWAY!
PRETTY MUCH, HAND OVER MY CRAP!

IT WAS A NIGHTMARE SCENARIO- TEN-VOLT TOM AND HIS GANG IN THE 'WHITESNAKE', BEARIN' DOWN ON US LIKE SHARKS AT CHOW TIME.

YEAH, I REMEMBER 'EM. TOM AND THE ANCIENT CIRCUMSTANCES WERE ONE OF THE HARDEST ZAP CREWS IN THE KAPLAN SECTOR.


TOM WAS THE ONLY GUY YOU COULD COUNT ON TO SCREW UP THE BEST OF PLANS. ROLLIN' UP OUT OF THE BLUE JUST 'CAUSE HE COULD, LOOKIN' FOR TROUBLE 'CAUSE IT WAS ALL HE KNEW.

AND THE ANCIENT CIRCUMSTANCES- THE CRAZIEST ASTRONAUT PUNK BAND THIS SIDE OF JUPITER. IF THOSE GUYS DIDN'T MAKE YOU DOUBLE TAKE, NOTHING WOULD.


THEY USED TACTICS SO CLASSIC WE NEVER SAW 'EM COMING. I'M TALKIN' STRAIGHT TRAINING-DAY BIZ! TEN MINUTES AND A PAIR OF ALLIGATOR SHOES LATER, WE WERE ON TOP OF THE NIGHT RANGER.
IT WAS TOUGH BUSINESS, BUT WE JUST HAD ONE QUESTION ON OUR MINDS...

TOM...
HOW'S YOUR ZAP-FU?

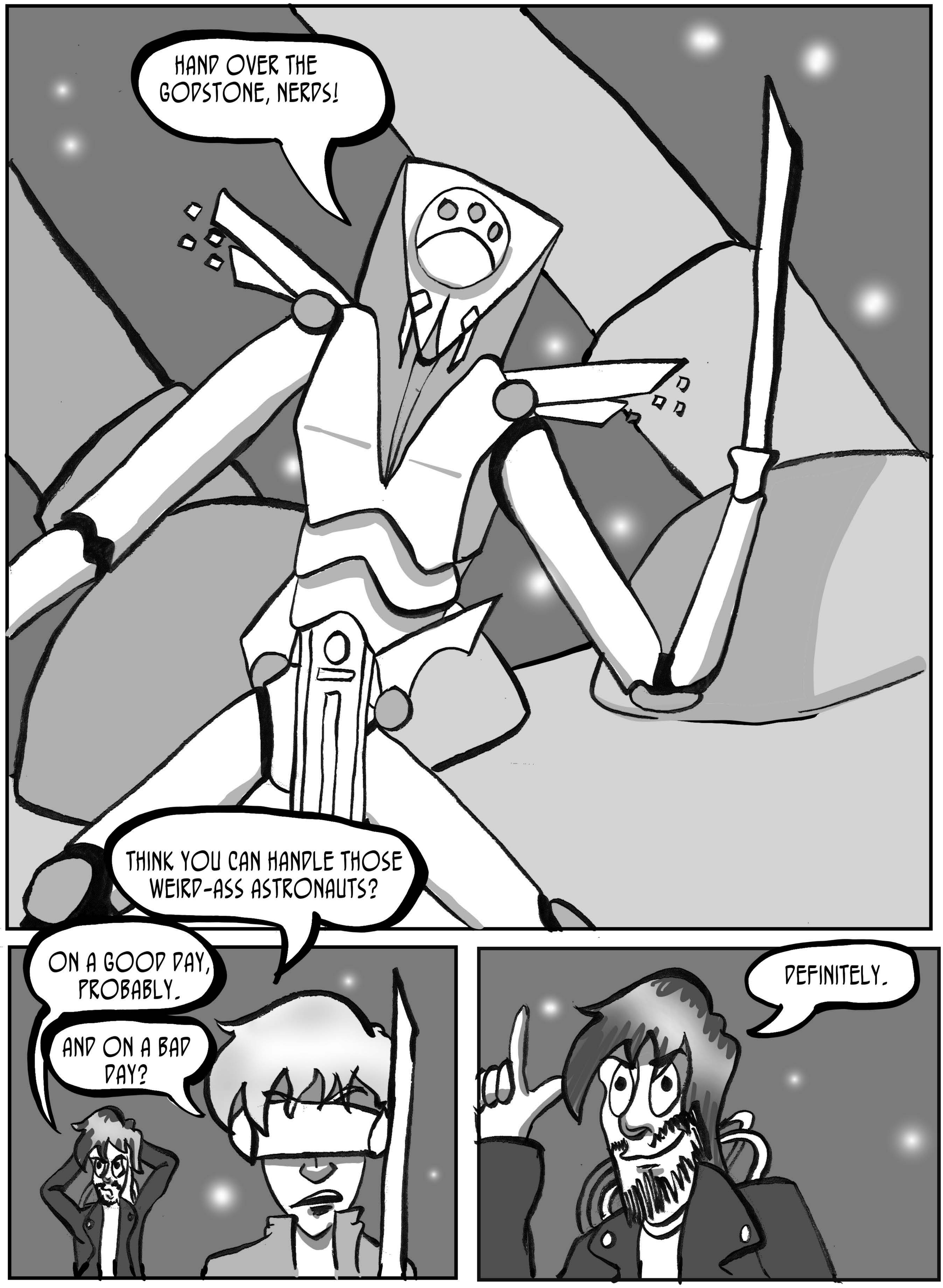
UPSETTINGLY ERRATIC, BUT THAT'S NOT IMPORTANT. YOU KNOW THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY WE CAN SETTLE THIS, GUNSMOKE- SO SHELVE THE ZAP-FU...

AND DO YOUR TALKIN' WITH YOUR LASER-BLADE!

WHY YOU BUGGIN' US, TOM? RUN OUT OF GROCERY STORES TO KNOCK OVER?
AYO!

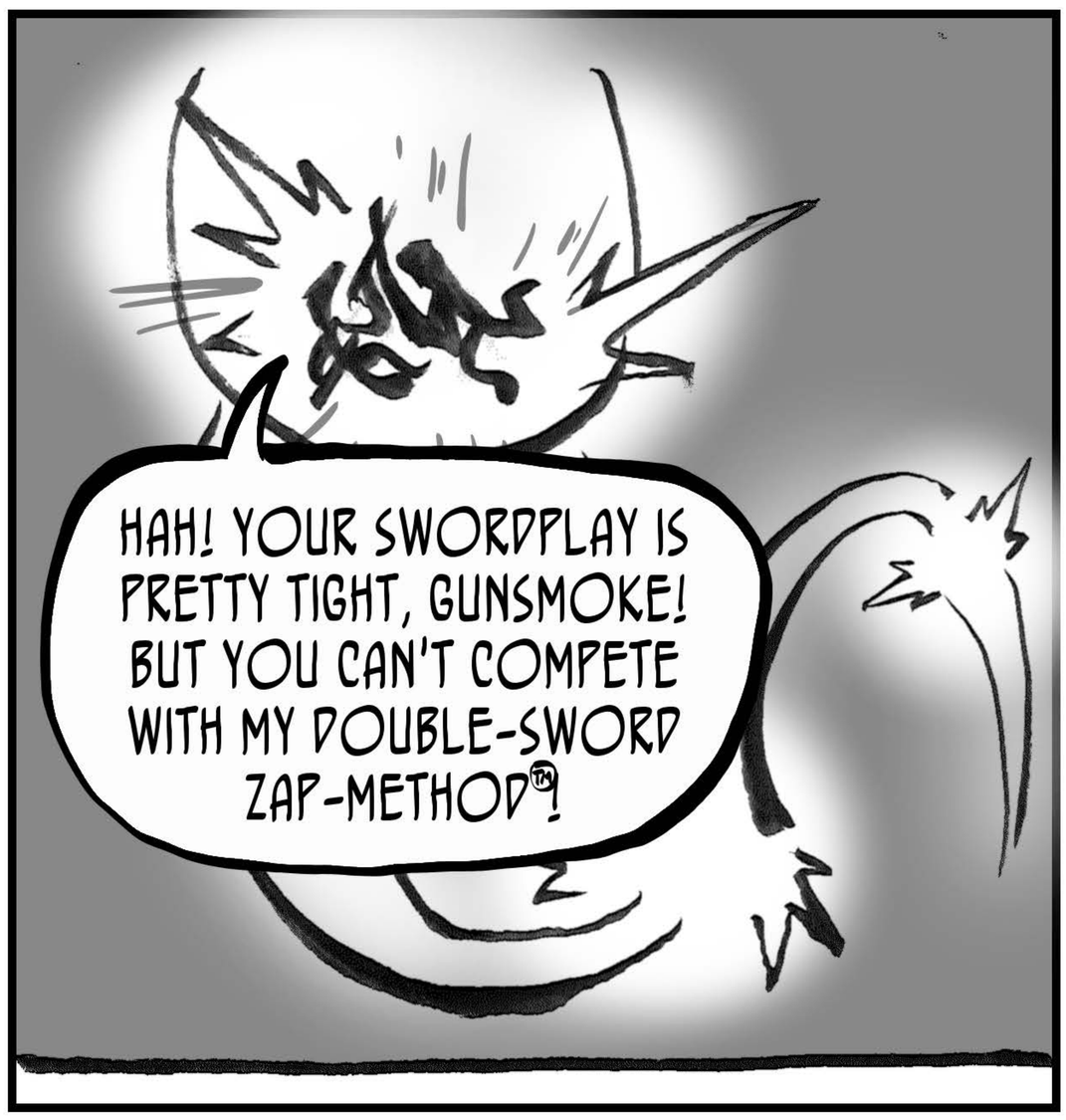
OKAY, FIRST, THAT WAS ONE TIME.

AND SECOND...


HAND OVER THE GODSTONE, NERDS!
THINK YOU CAN HANDLE THOSE WEIRD-ASS ASTRONAUTS?
ON A GOOD DAY, PROBABLY.
AND ON A BAD DAY?
DEFINITELY.

LANCELOT WARDRIVE DEPLOYED, SIR- SHOULD WE ACTIVATE THE POINT DEFENSES?
MMMM... BEST NOT TO.

I MEAN, IT'S A BIT RUDE, DON'T YOU THINK?

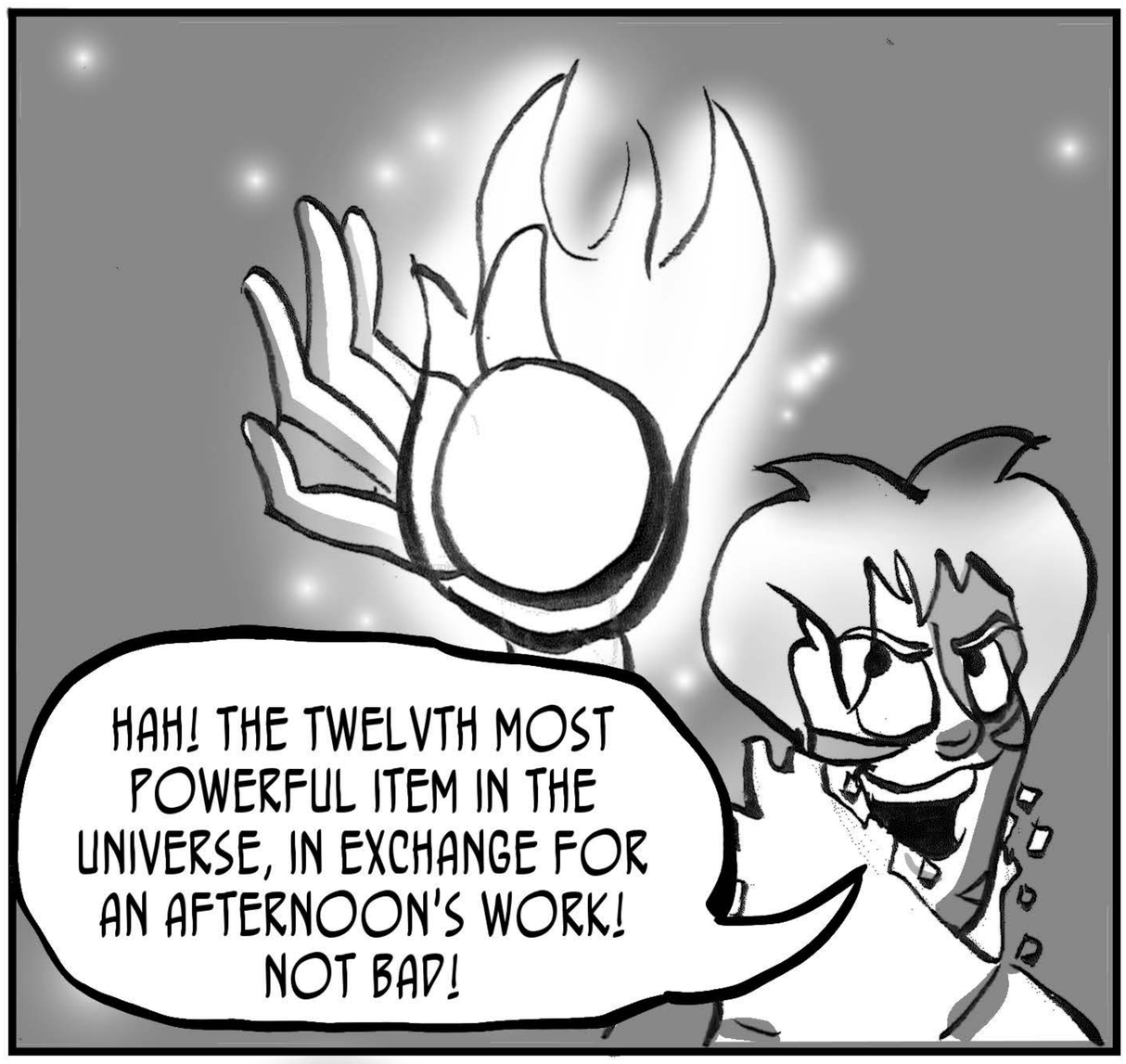

HAH! YOUR SWORDPLAY IS PRETTY TIGHT, GUNSMOKE! BUT YOU CAN'T COMPETE WITH MY DOUBLE-SWORD ZAP-METHOD™!

SNAKES, HOW'RE YOU HOLDIN' UP?

RUNNIN' OUT OF ANIMALS, BUT OTHER THAN THAT, ROCKIN' HARD!

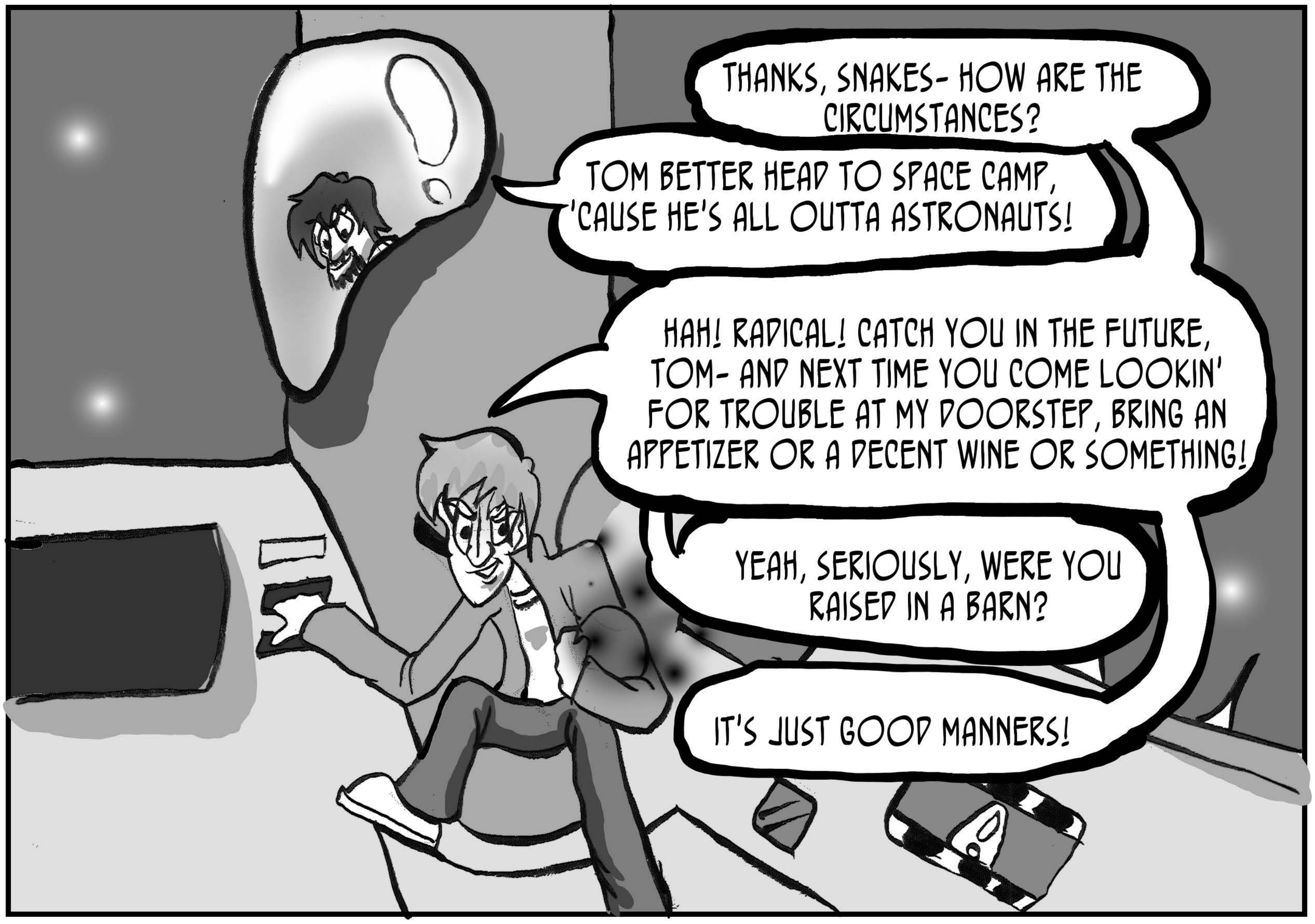
FUNNY YOU SHOULD MENTION ZAP-FU, EXACTLY LIKE YOU DID A COUPLE OF MINUTES AGO!

ARMADILLO STEAL-FROM-A-DORK!
UNCOOL!


HAH! THE TWELVTH MOST POWERFUL ITEM IN THE UNIVERSE, IN EXCHANGE FOR AN AFTERNOON'S WORK! NOT BAD!

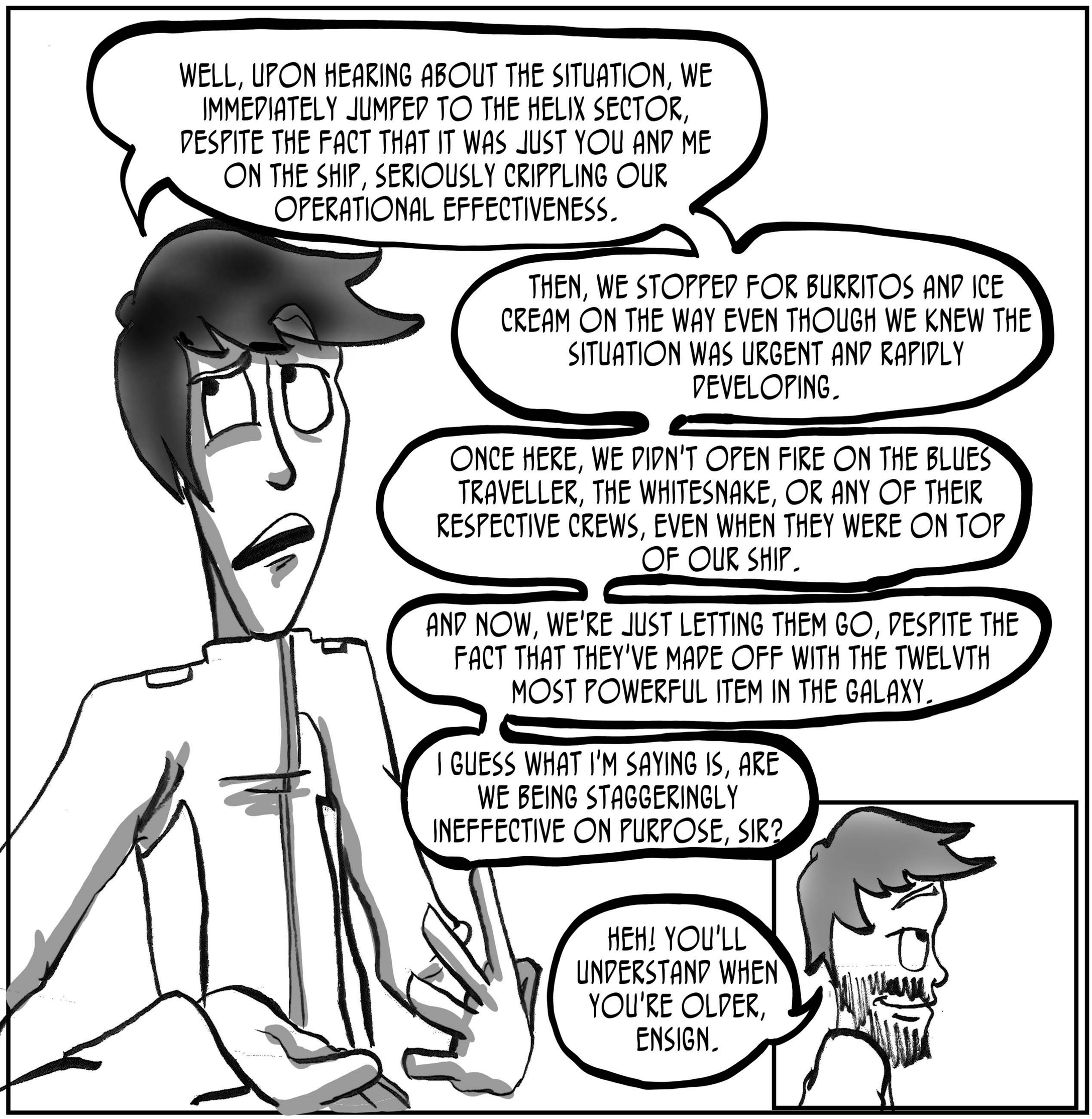
YEAH, BUT GOOD LUCK USING IT WITHOUT THIS!

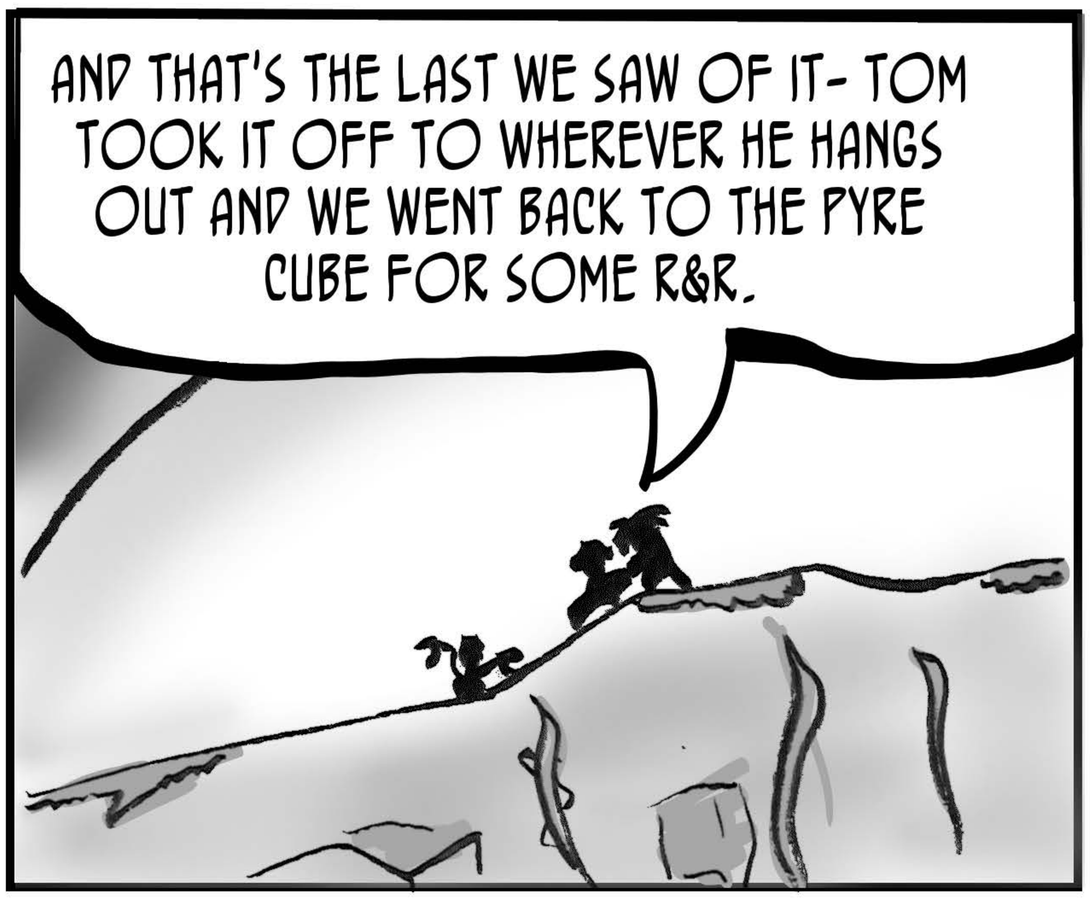
THE GODSTONE IS ONLY GOOD AT CERTAIN TIMES, IN CERTAIN PLACES- AND YOU WON'T KNOW 'EM WITHOUT THIS PROPHECY STONE!
DANG! YOU HAD THIS JAZZ FIGURED FROM THE START!
OF COURSE I DID!


THANKS, SNAKES- HOW ARE THE CIRCUMSTANCES?
TOM BETTER HEAD TO SPACE CAMP, 'CAUSE HE'S ALL OUTTA ASTRONAUTS!
HAH! RADICAL! CATCH YOU IN THE FUTURE, TOM- AND NEXT TIME YOU COME LOOKIN' FOR TROUBLE AT MY DOORSTEP, BRING AN APPETIZER OR A DECENT WINE OR SOMETHING!
YEAH, SERIOUSLY, WERE YOU RAISED IN A BARN?
IT'S JUST GOOD MANNERS!

DAMN YOU, NEEEEERRRRRRRRRDS!

SIR, THE WHITESNAKE IS ESCAPING- SHOULD WE GIVE CHASE?
MM- NAH, I'M NOT FEELIN' IT.
SIR, MAY I SPEAK CANDIDLY?
SURE, GOOD BUDDY.


WELL, UPON HEARING ABOUT THE SITUATION, WE IMMEDIATELY JUMPED TO THE HELIX SECTOR, DESPITE THE FACT THAT IT WAS JUST YOU AND ME ON THE SHIP, SERIOUSLY CRIPPLING OUR OPERATIONAL EFFECTIVENESS.
THEN, WE STOPPED FOR BURRITOS AND ICE CREAM ON THE WAY EVEN THOUGH WE KNEW THE SITUATION WAS URGENT AND RAPIDLY DEVELOPING.
ONCE HERE, WE DIDN'T OPEN FIRE ON THE BLUES TRAVELLER, THE WHITESNAKE, OR ANY OF THEIR RESPECTIVE CREWS, EVEN WHEN THEY WERE ON TOP OF OUR SHIP.
AND NOW, WE'RE JUST LETTING THEM GO, DESPITE THE FACT THAT THEY'VE MADE OFF WITH THE TWELVTH MOST POWERFUL ITEM IN THE GALAXY.
I GUESS WHAT I'M SAYING IS, ARE WE BEING STAGGERINGLY INEFFECTIVE ON PURPOSE, SIR?
HEH! YOU'LL UNDERSTAND WHEN YOU'RE OLDER, ENSIGN.


AND THAT'S THE LAST WE SAW OF IT- TOM TOOK IT OFF TO WHEREVER HE HANGS OUT AND WE WENT BACK TO THE PYRE CUBE FOR SOME R&R.

I FIGURE JIM MUST'VE KNOCKED OVER TOM'S TREASURE PLANET. SUCKS TO BE TOM, I GUESS

YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS, THOUGH.
TOM'S CRAPPIN' ENOUGH BRICKS TO PUT A NEW NOSE ON THE SPHINX?

NAW, DUDE, THINK ABOUT IT. TOM HAD ONE OF THE MOST LOADED TREASURE PLANETS IN THE ENTIRE SECTOR. IF JIM GOT IN THERE, THINK OF ALL THE WHIZ-BANG STUFF HE'S GOT.

THE SWORD OF EVIL'S BANE!
DIRK DEADLY'S DEADLY 'PIRATE' RADIO!
THE GARBAGE SAUNA!

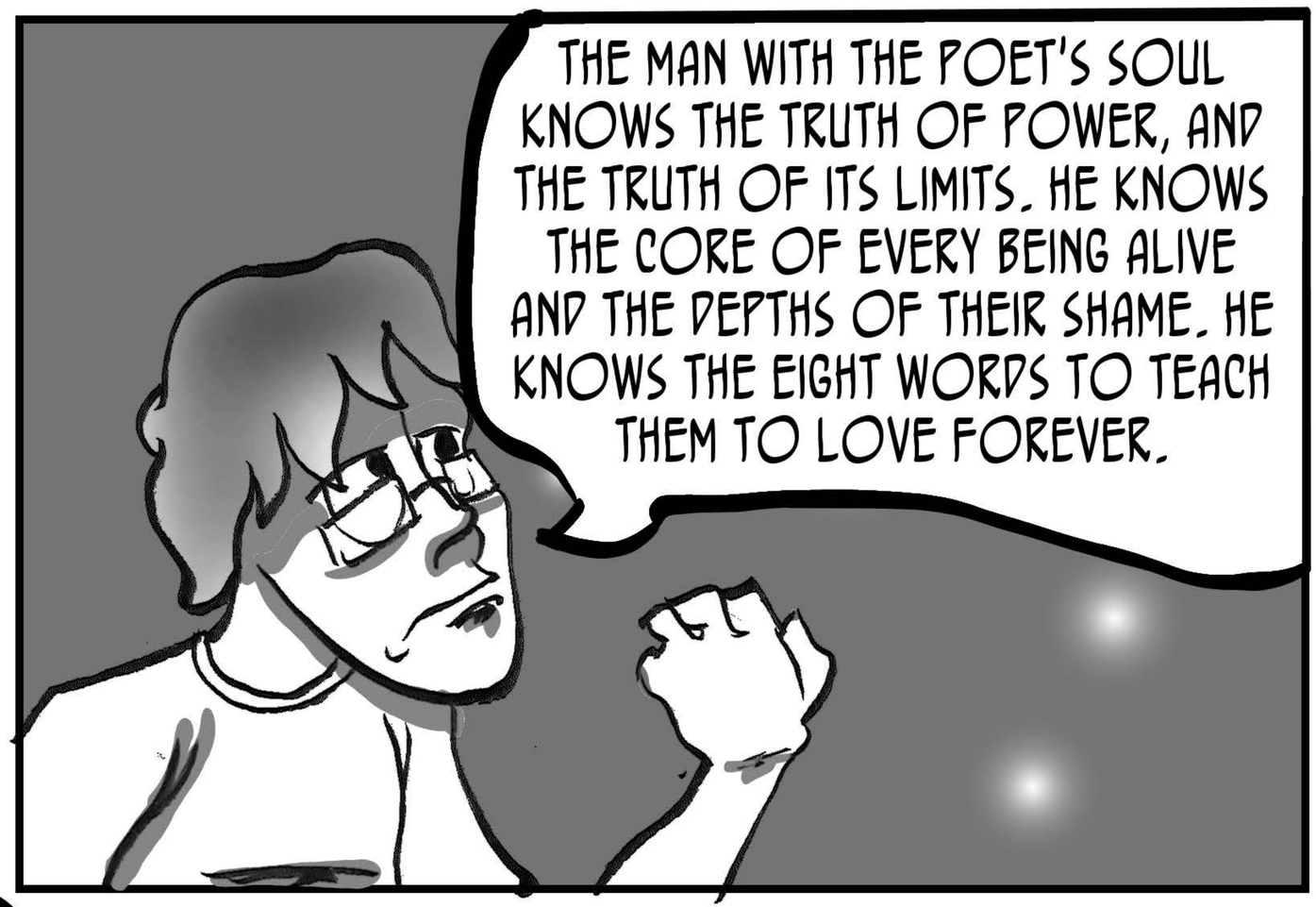
MY RUSH VINYLS!
AW, HELLA NO!
SPIDER-BITE NARF-GUZZLER'S GOT MY RUSH ALBUMS!

CONCURRENTLY, NEAR EARTH

WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE THE POET'S SOUL IS?

WHY DOESN'T ANYONE KNOW WHERE IT IS? IT'S LITERALLY THE ONLY REASON I CAME TO THIS CRAPPY PLANET.

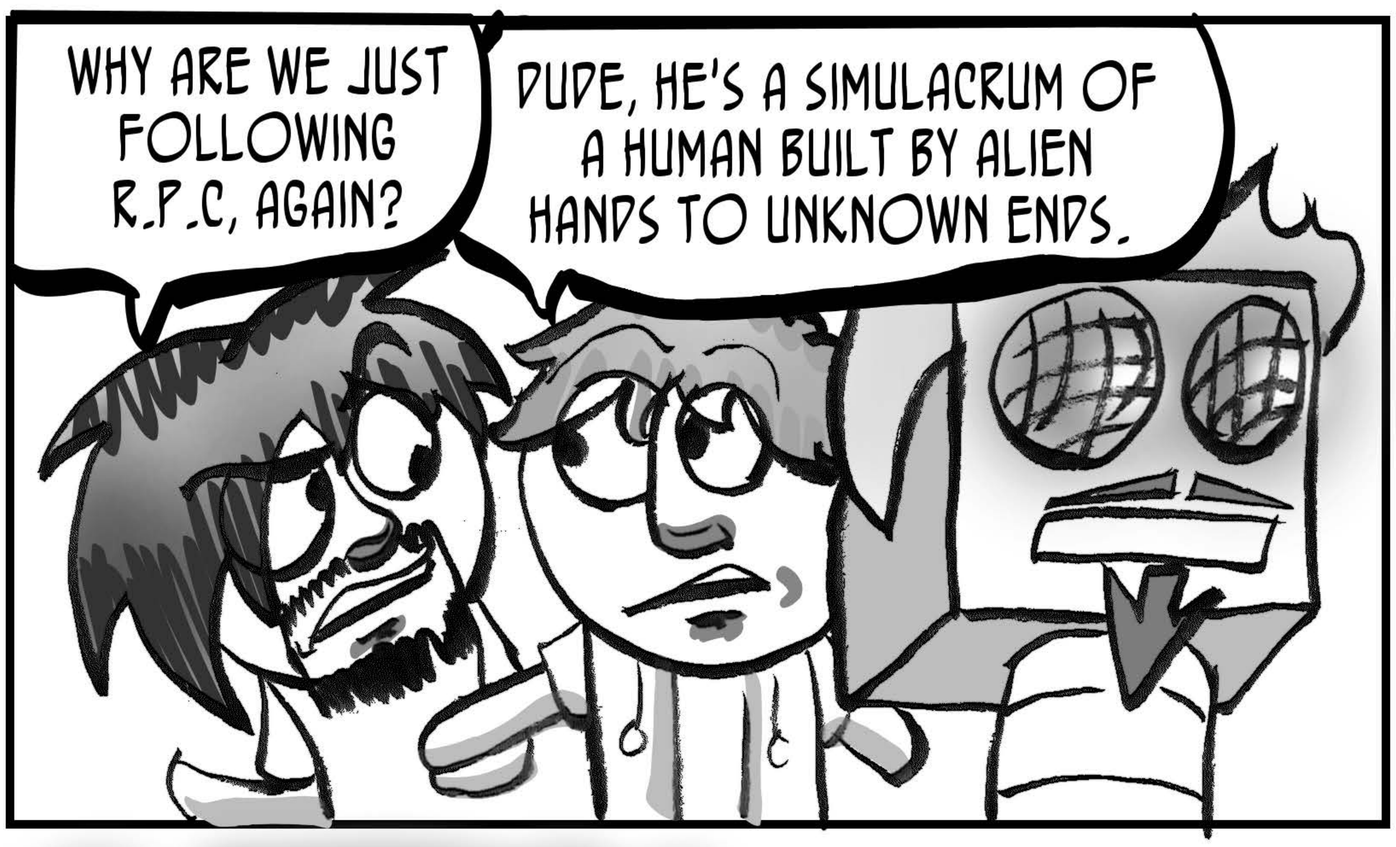
MAN, THE POET'S SOUL AIN'T A THING YOU GOT- IT'S A THING YOU FEEL.


THE MAN WITH THE POET'S SOUL KNOWS THE TRUTH OF POWER, AND THE TRUTH OF ITS LIMITS. HE KNOWS THE CORE OF EVERY BEING ALIVE AND THE DEPTHS OF THEIR SHAME. HE KNOWS THE EIGHT WORDS TO TEACH THEM TO LOVE FOREVER.

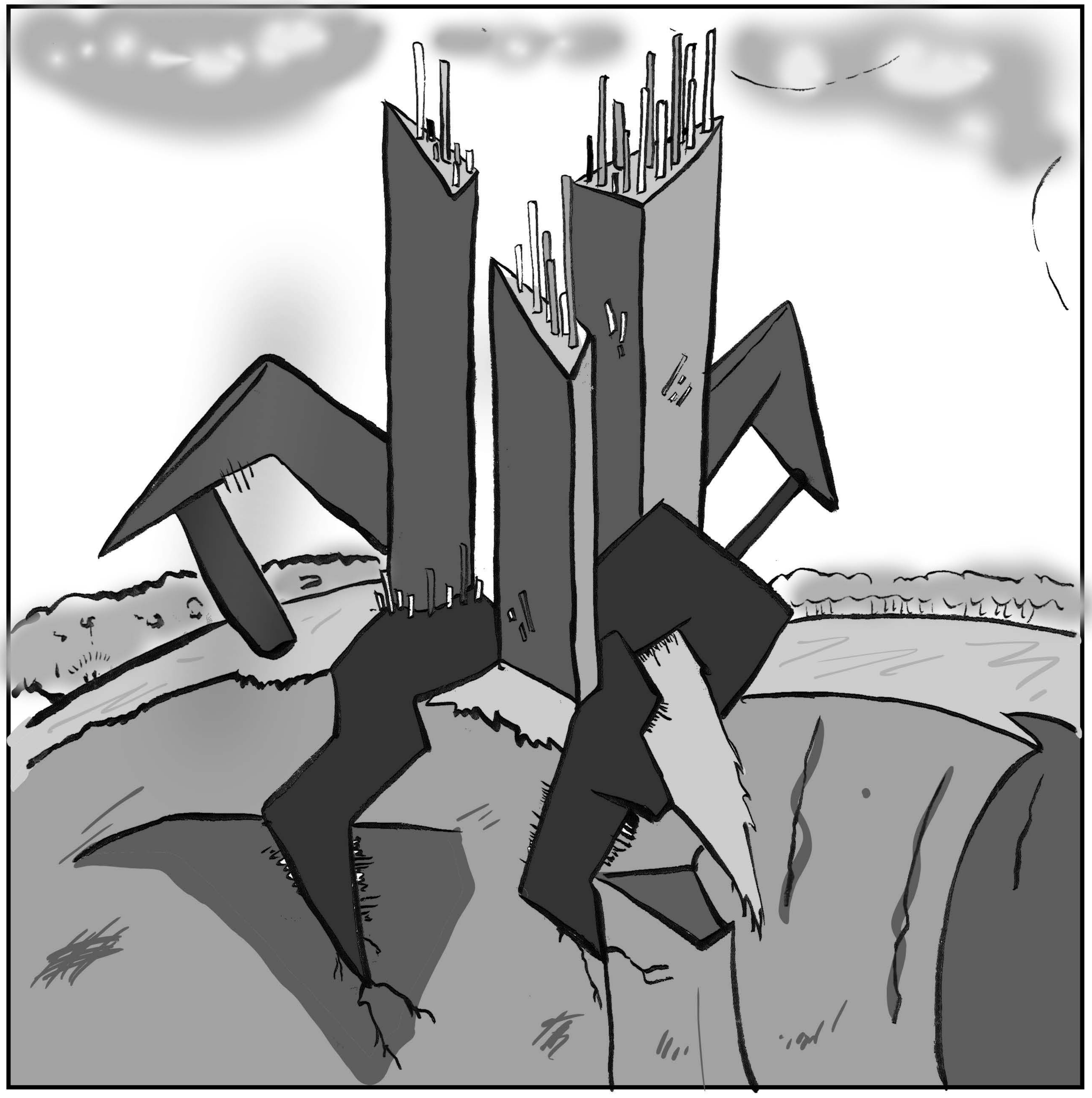
IT'S THE MOST POWERFUL FORCE IN THE UNIVERSE. GODS AND KINGS FOUGHT WARS AND SMASHED PLANETS OVER IT. YOU AIN'T EVER GONNA FIND IT 'CAUSE YOU AIN'T KNOW WHAT TO LOOK FOR.

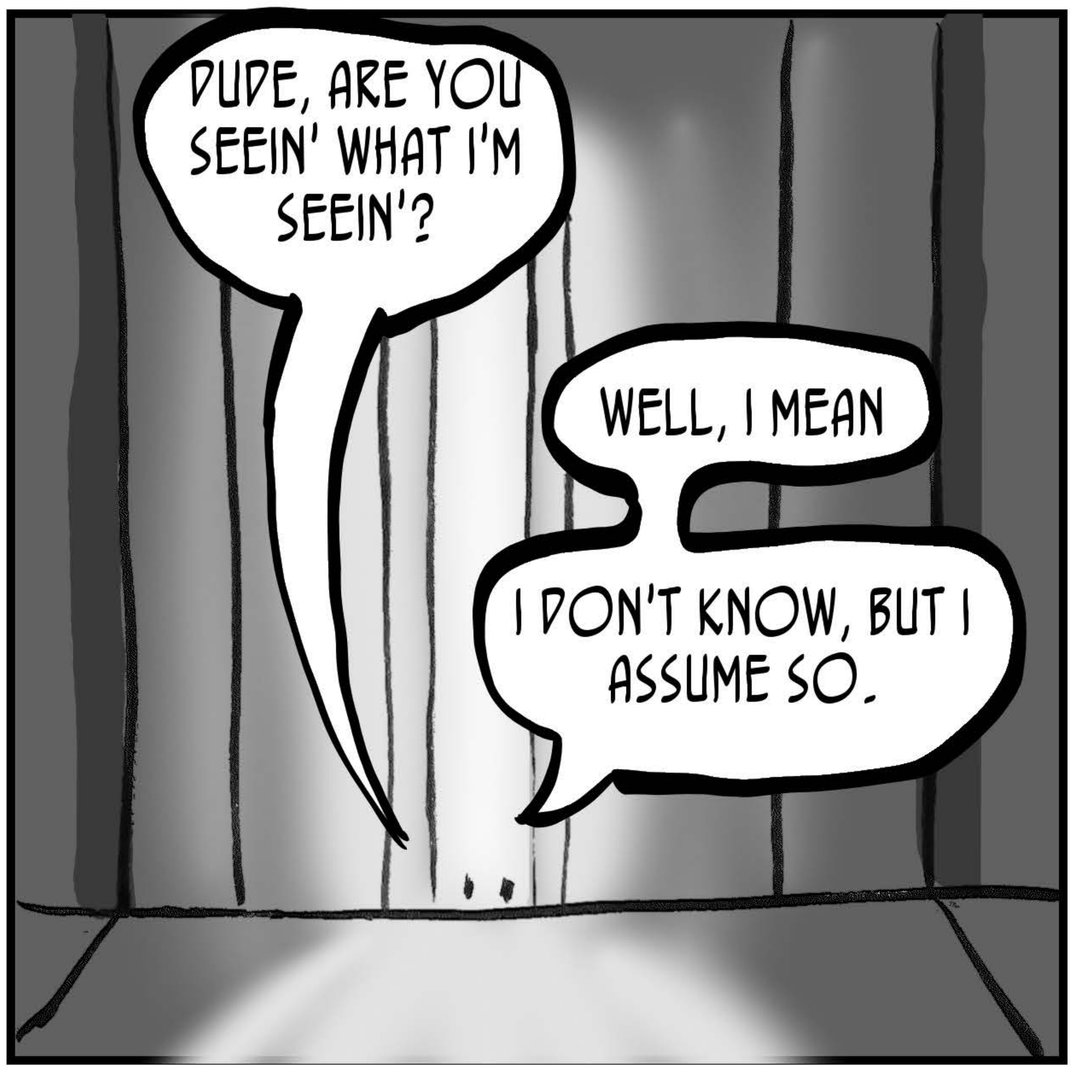
THANKS FOR NOTHING, SCHMENDRICK.

HRMMMM... AN ENTIRE PLANET OF SUCKAZ/WITH NO POET'S SOUL
GOTTA FIND MYSELF THAT POWER/ BEFORE I TRASH THIS SUCKHOLE.


WHY ARE WE JUST FOLLOWING R.P.C, AGAIN?
DUDE, HE'S A SIMULACRUM OF A HUMAN BUILT BY ALIEN HANDS TO UNKNOWN ENDS.

I THEREFORE TRUST HIM IMPLICITLY, AND I-
DUDE-!




DUDE, ARE YOU SEEIN' WHAT I'M SEEIN'?
WELL, I MEAN
I DON'T KNOW, BUT I ASSUME SO.

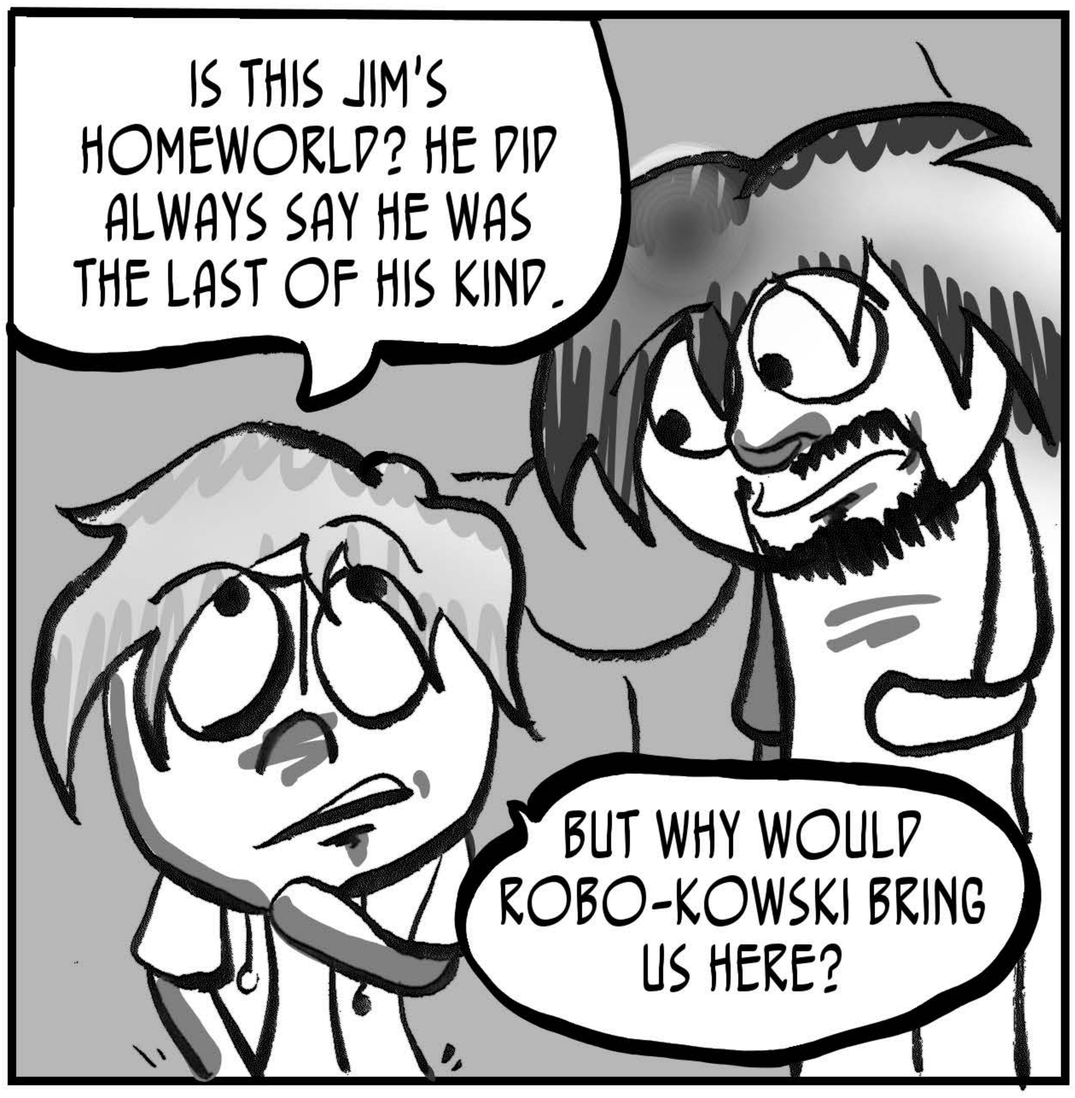
THIS LOOKS LIKE SOME KINDA TEMPLE, MAN. THIS IS MESSED UP, DUDE, HOW HAS NOBODY FOUND THIS?

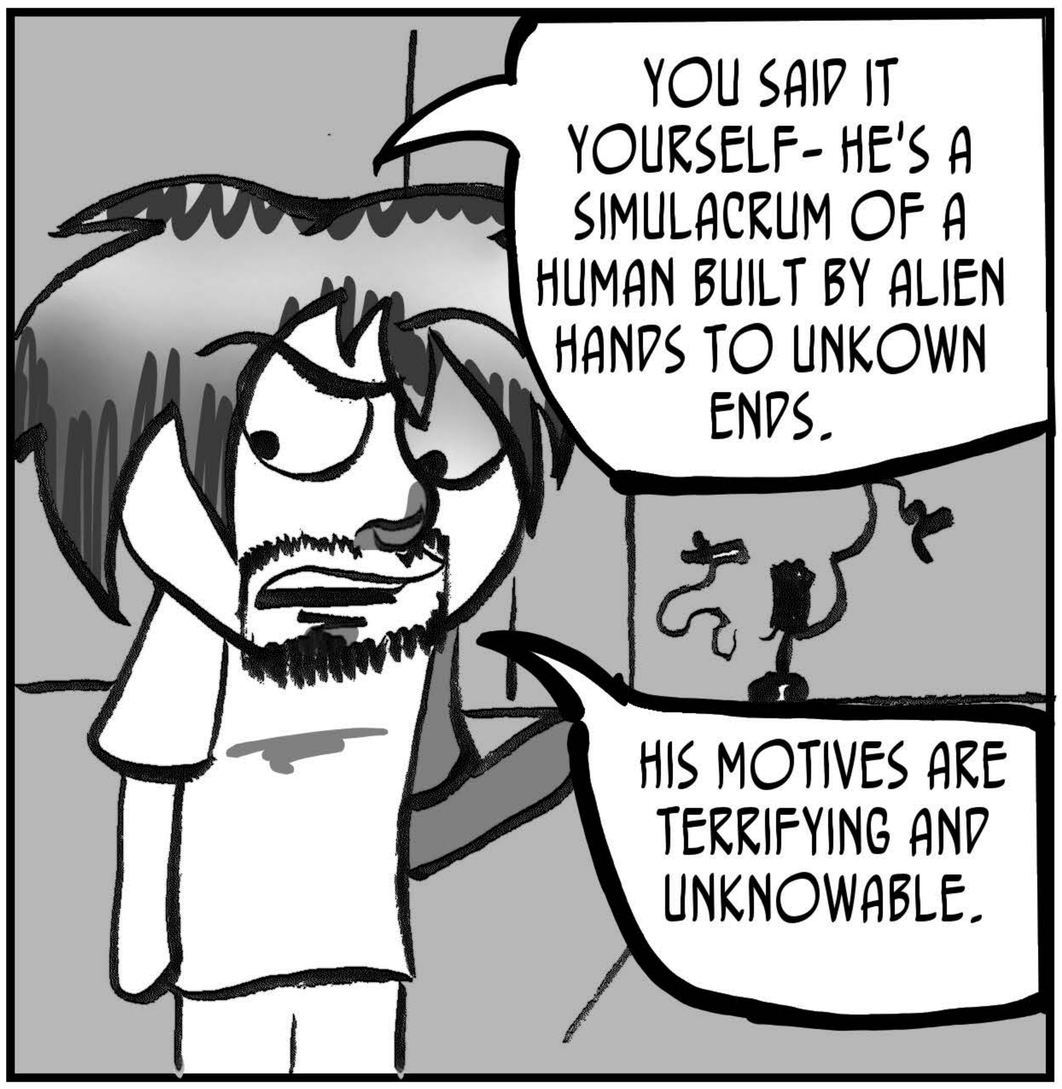
I DUNNO, BUT I AIN'T HAPPY ABOUT THIS. I'VE SEEN 'PROMETHEUS'. TWICE. I AIN'T HAPPY ABOUT THAT EITHER.

DUDE, LOOK AT THESE CARVINGS!
IF THEY'RE CARVINGS OF SOME H.R GIGER CRAP, I'MMA QUIT BEFORE IDRIS ELBA CRASHES A SHIP INTO ME.

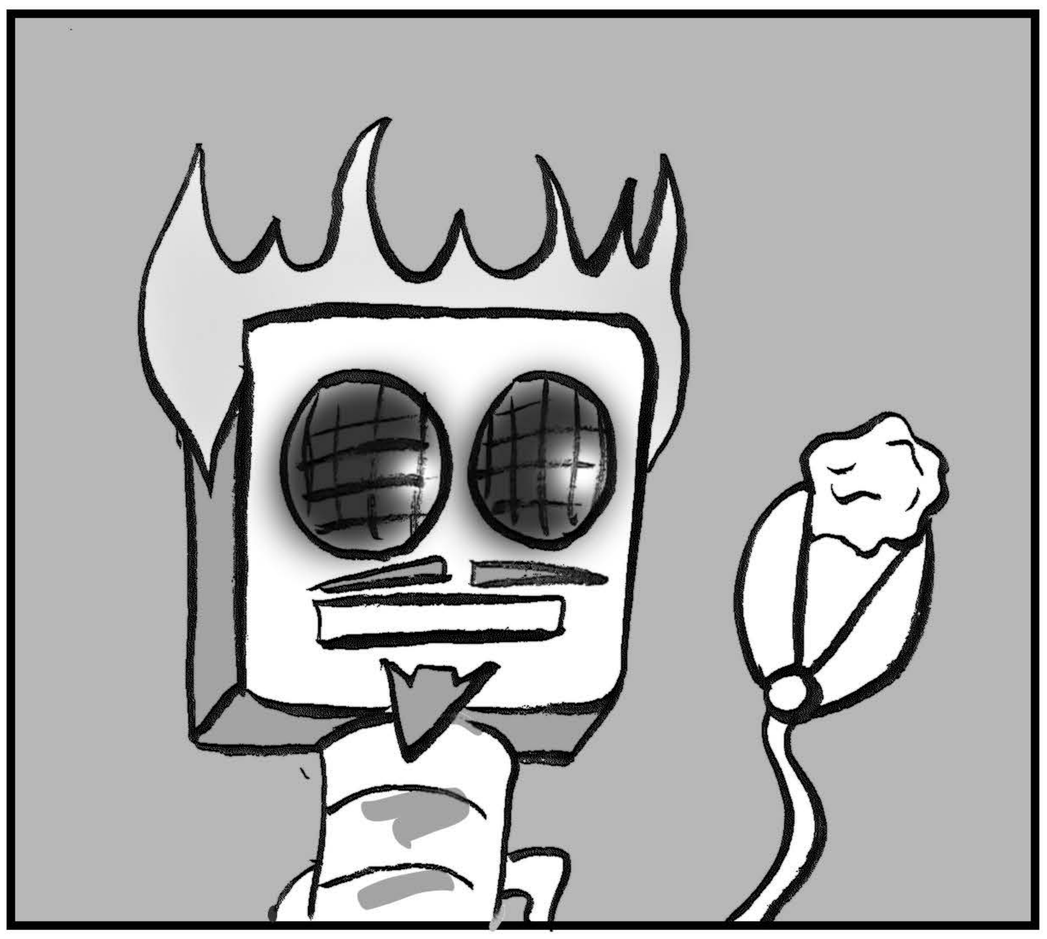
NAW, DUDE- THEY LOOK LIKE... THEY LOOK LIKE SPOOKY JIM!

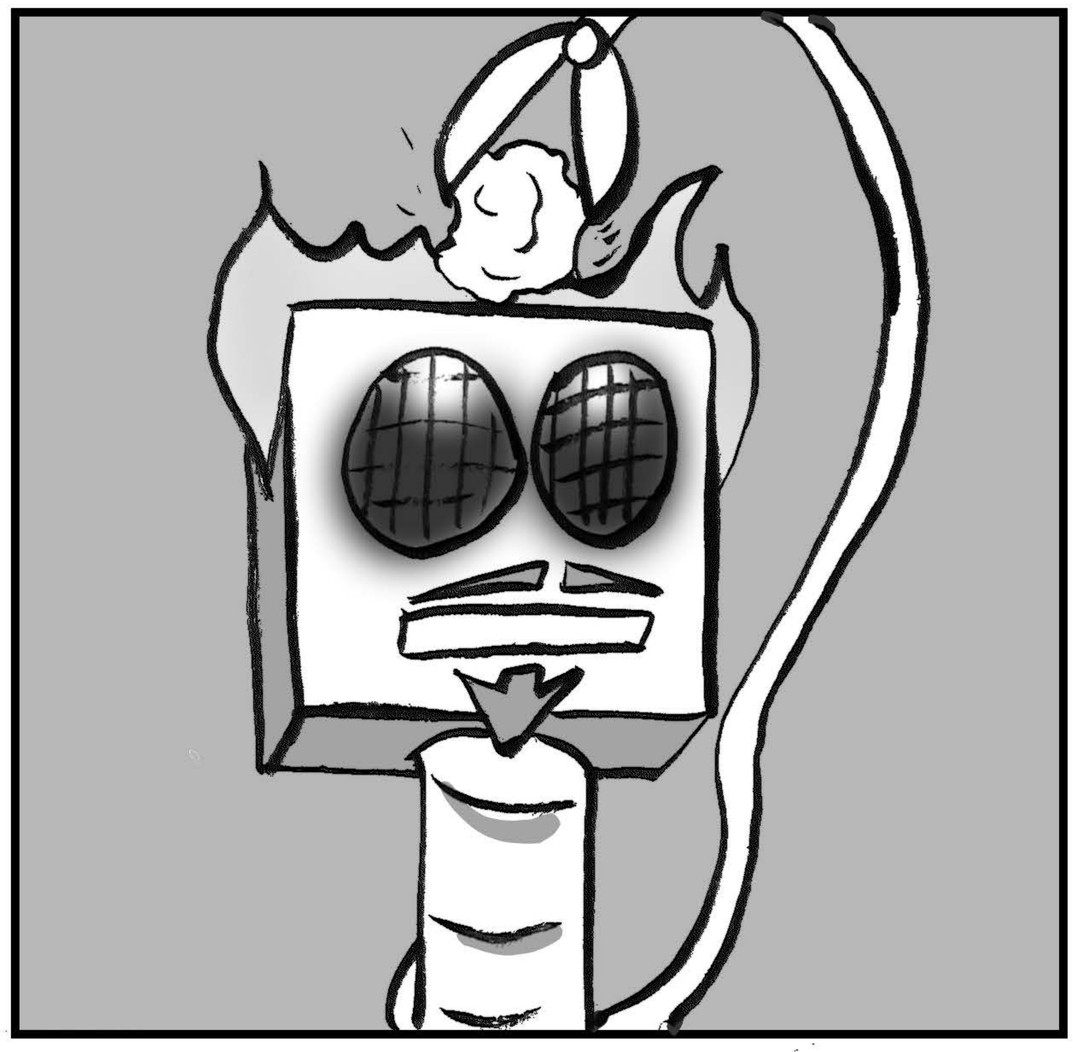
A WHOLE BUNCH OF SPOOKY JIMS...


IS THIS JIM'S HOMEWORLD? HE DID ALWAYS SAY HE WAS THE LAST OF HIS KIND.
BUT WHY WOULD ROBO-KOWSKI BRING US HERE?


YOU SAID IT YOURSELF- HE'S A SIMULACRUM OF A HUMAN BUILT BY ALIEN HANDS TO UNKOWN ENDS.
HIS MOTIVES ARE TERRIFYING AND UNKNOWABLE.

YEAH, BUT HE'S ALWAYS BEEN... I DUNNO, PURPOSEFUL, IF INSCRUTIBLE.





AW, WHO AM I KIDDING? WE'RE STUCK ON A DEAD-ASS PLANET WITH A BUSTED ROBOT AND A WHOLE BUCKET OF FAILINGS!

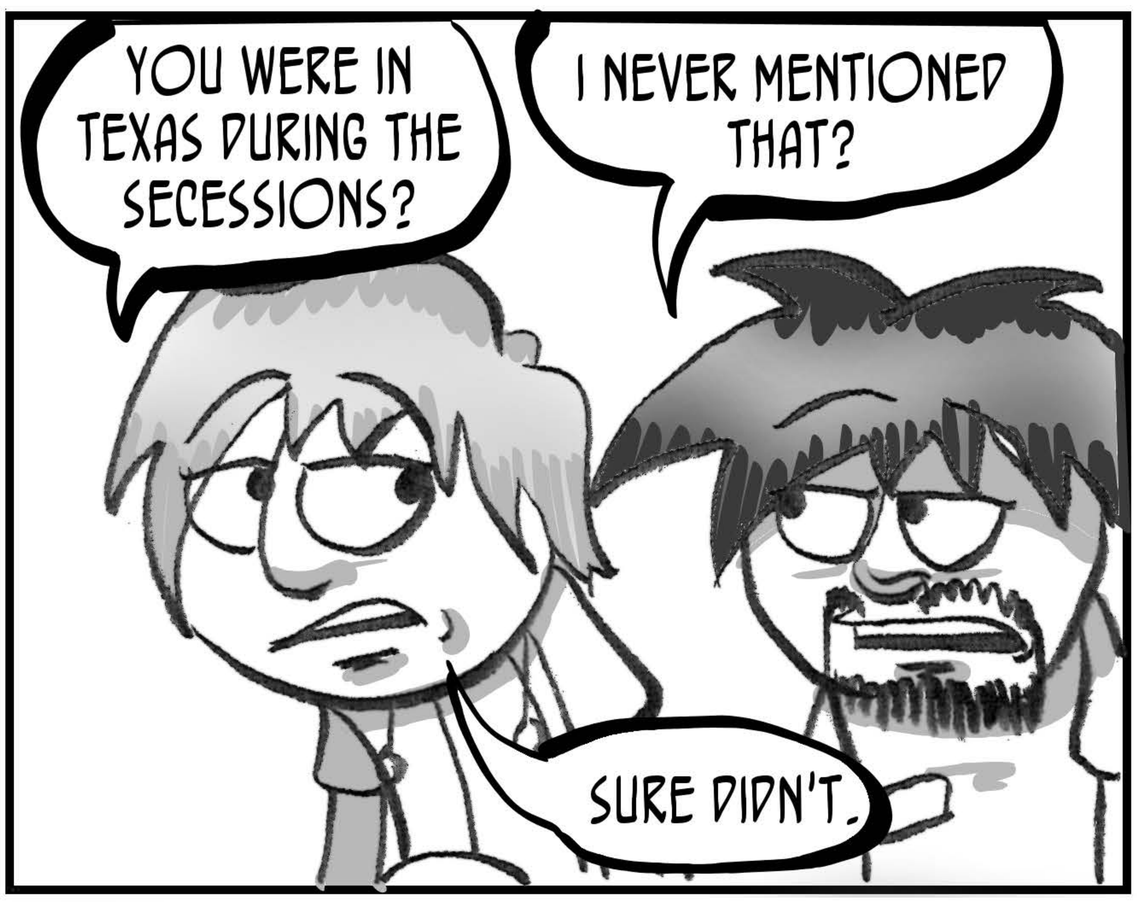
DUDE, WE DON'T KNOW HE'S BROKEN. HE MAY HAVE HAD A GREAT REASON FOR BRINGING US HERE.
DON'T JUDGE.

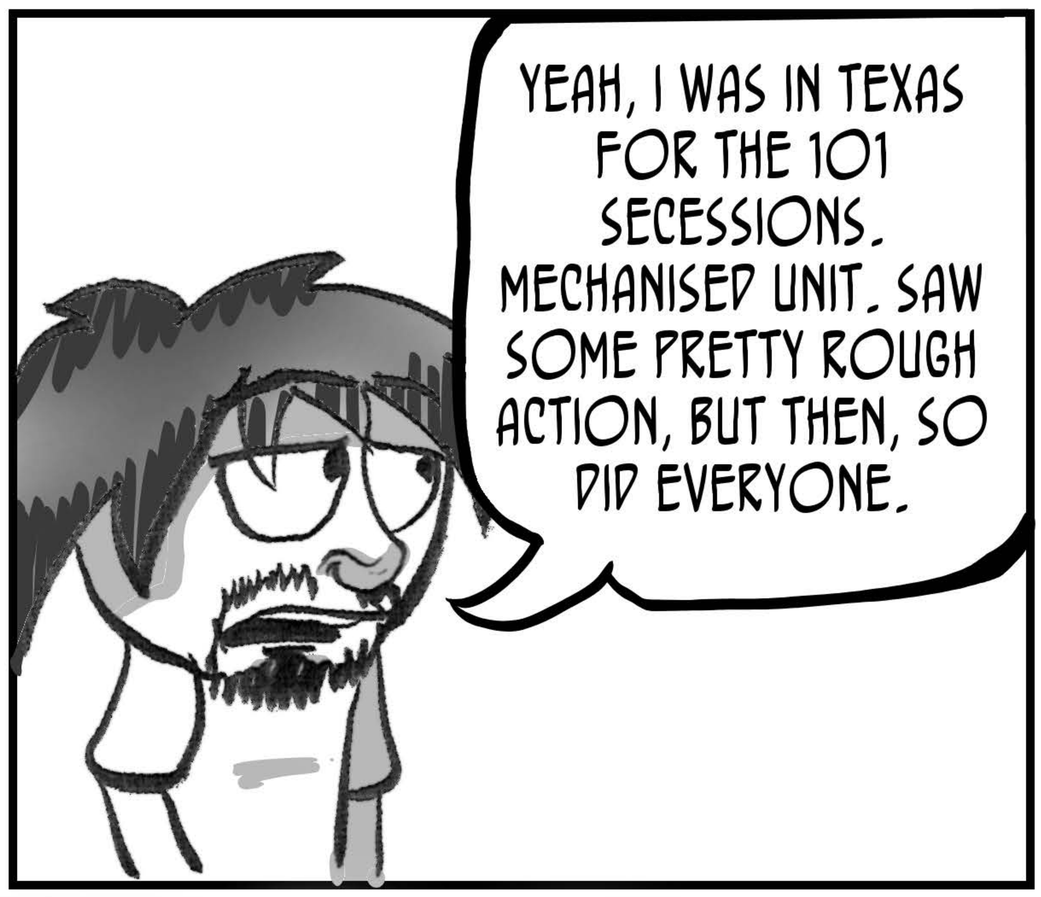
BRINGING US HERE? TO A BUSTED UP TEMPLE ON A DEAD PLANET? NAH, MAN, HE'S BLOWN A DONGLE IN THE DINGLE-DANG! HE'S COOKIN' ON MID-HEAT! HE'S A FEW G'S SHORT OF FLOATING OFF!

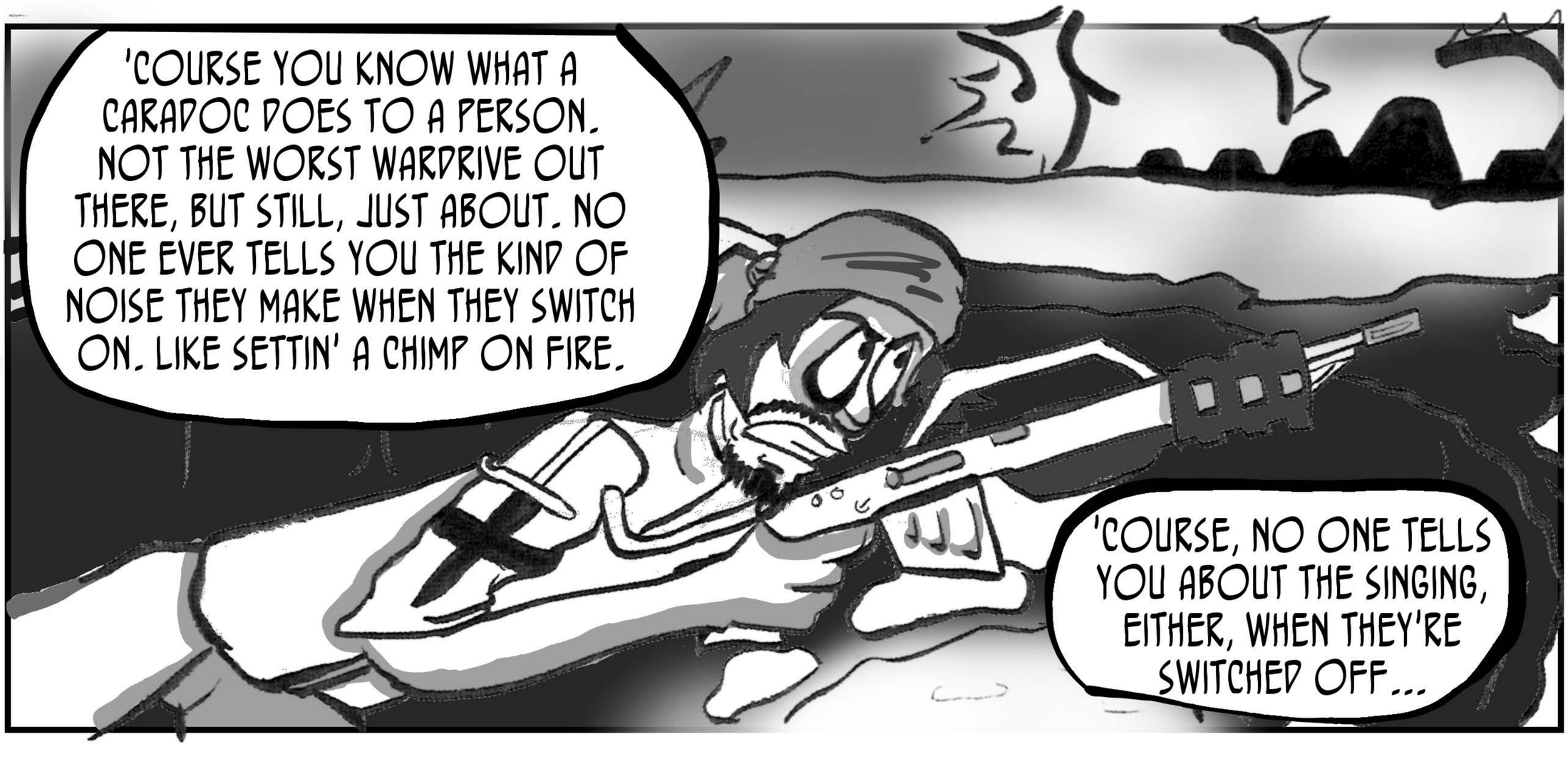
HE'S BUSTED, WE'RE SCREWED, WE MIGHT AS WELL GET USED TO THAT.

WHAT IS THIS THING, ANYWAY? THIS PYRAMID WITH THE FACE ON IT?

CARADOC WARDRIVE.
GET RIGHT THE HECK OUT.
TRUE FACT. RECOGNIZE 'EM FROM TEXAS.


YOU WERE IN TEXAS DURING THE SECESSIONS?
I NEVER MENTIONED THAT?
SURE DIDN'T.

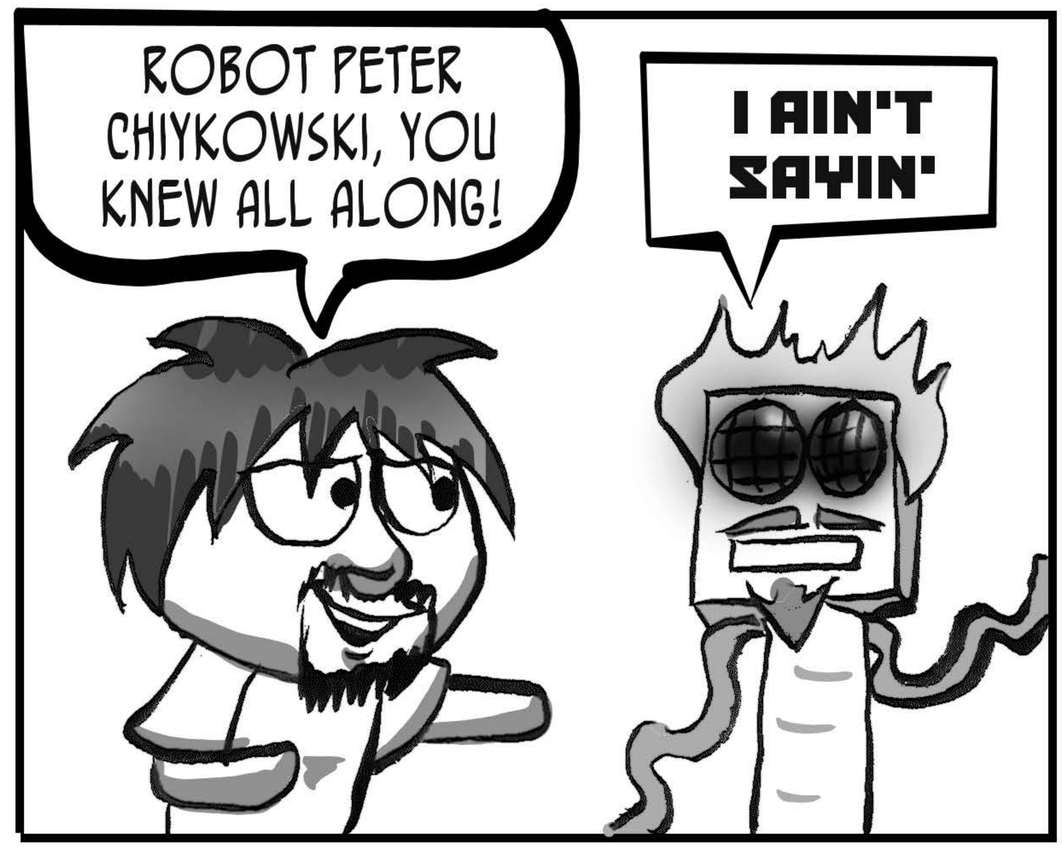

YEAH, I WAS IN TEXAS FOR THE 101 SECESSIONS. MECHANISED UNIT. SAW SOME PRETTY ROUGH ACTION, BUT THEN, SO DID EVERYONE.

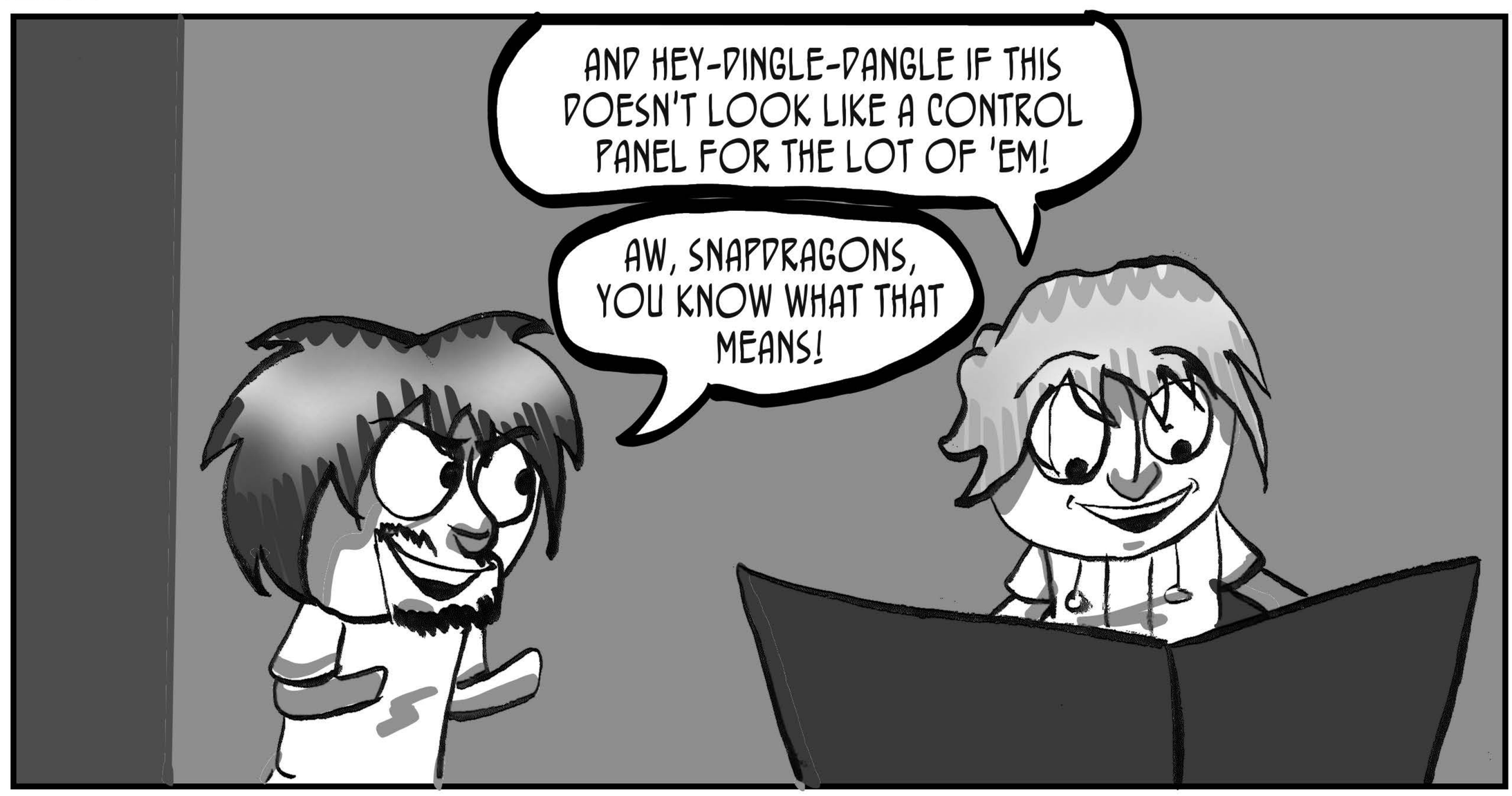

'COURSE YOU KNOW WHAT A CARADOC DOES TO A PERSON. NOT THE WORST WARDRIVE OUT THERE, BUT STILL, JUST ABOUT. NO ONE EVER TELLS YOU THE KIND OF NOISE THEY MAKE WHEN THEY SWITCH ON. LIKE SETTIN' A CHIMP ON FIRE.
'COURSE, NO ONE TELLS YOU ABOUT THE SINGING, EITHER, WHEN THEY'RE SWITCHED OFF...

ANYBUTT, THAT WAS BEFORE THE FLEET SHOWED UP.
A FEW SCREAMER BOMBS FROM ORBIT, AND NO MORE CARADOC WARDRIVES.
HM.
WHERE WERE THE CARADOC WARDRIVES MADE?
BANGOR, SAME AS THE OTHERS.
AND YOU'RE SURE THEY WERE WIPED OUT?
PRETTY DARN.
SO WHAT ARE CARADOC WARDRIVES DOING ON THE WALL OF A PLANET, BILLIONS OF LIGHTYEARS FROM BANGOR, IN A BUILDING NOBODY'S BEEN IN FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS?

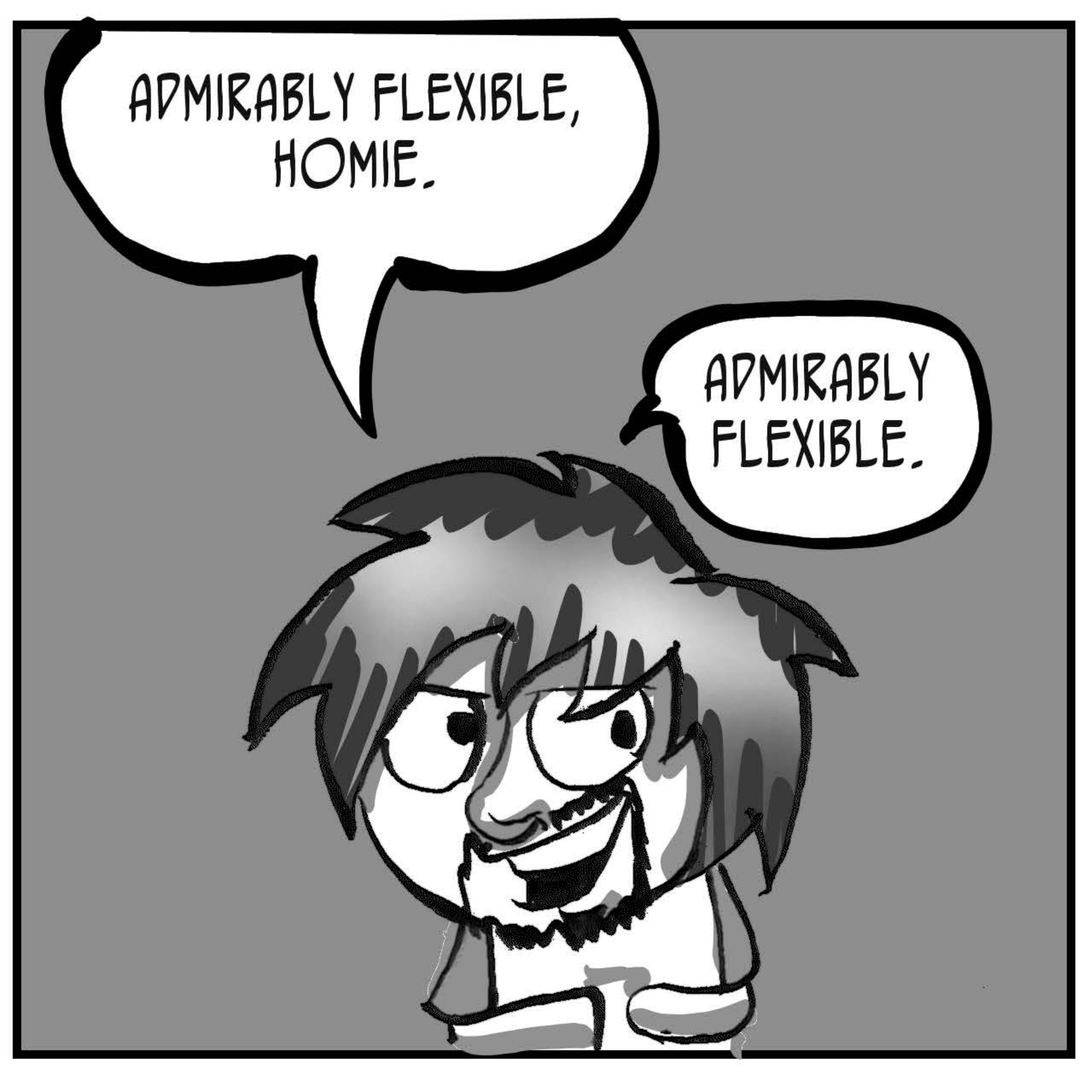
BANGOR STARTED MANUFACTURING THE WARDRIVES AFTER THEY SECEDED- BUT WE NEVER DID FIND OUT WHERE THE DESIGNS CAME FROM!
I'M THINKING WE MAY HAVE STUMBLED ACROSS THEIR HOMEWOLRD!
BUT THEN WHY WOULD SPOOKY JIM THROW US HERE? IF HIS PEOPLE MADE THE CARADOCS, HE MUST'VE KNOWN!
DUDE, IT'S SPOOKY JIM. HE COULD JUST BE DUMB AND WRONG
BUT WHY WOULD ROBOT PETER CHIYKOWSKI-
OH MY GOD! WE'VE ESTABLISHED THAT HIS MOTIVES ARE TERRIFYING AND UNKNOWABLE! LET IT GO!

CARADOC WARDRIVES! HUNDREDS OF 'EM! SPOOKY JIM'S PEOPLE WERE MAKING THEM ALL ALONG, AND WE NEVER KNEW, THE SNEAKY DONGLE!


ROBOT PETER CHIYKOWSKI, YOU KNEW ALL ALONG!
I AIN'T SAYIN'


AND HEY-DINGLE-DANGLE IF THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A CONTROL PANEL FOR THE LOT OF 'EM!
AW, SNAPDRAGONS, YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS!

I THINK IT MEANS WE FIRE THIS BATTLE PLANET UP AND GO WHIP SPOOKY JIM ONTO A NEW LEVEL OF THE KARMIC WHEEL. BUT BEFORE WE CAN DO THAT, I GOTTA ESTABLISH...
HOW'S YOUR ZAP-FU?


ADMIRABLY FLEXIBLE, HOMIE.
ADMIRABLY FLEXIBLE.

ELSEWHERE STILL...
DANG THIS LAME-ASS PLANET!
ALL THE TROUBLE OF CONQUERING IT, AND THERE'S NO POET'S SOUL ANYWHERE!

WELL, THAT'S FINE! I GUESS THE LEGENDS ARE JUST MADE-UP DINGLE-DANG, THEN! THE HUNDRED-AND-ONE SECESSIONS WERE FOR NOTHING!

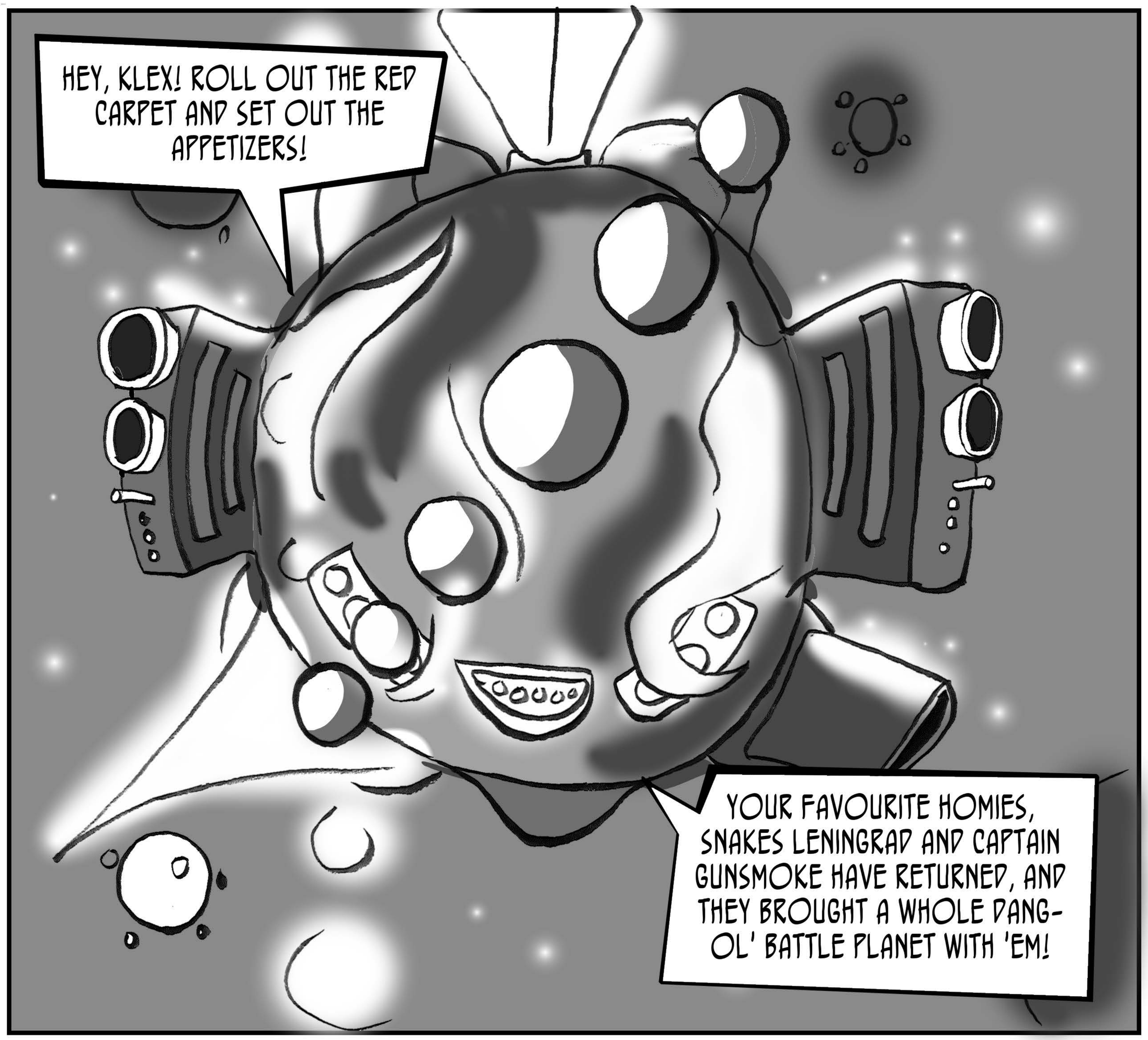
MAN, WHAT A WASTE OF A WEEKEND.

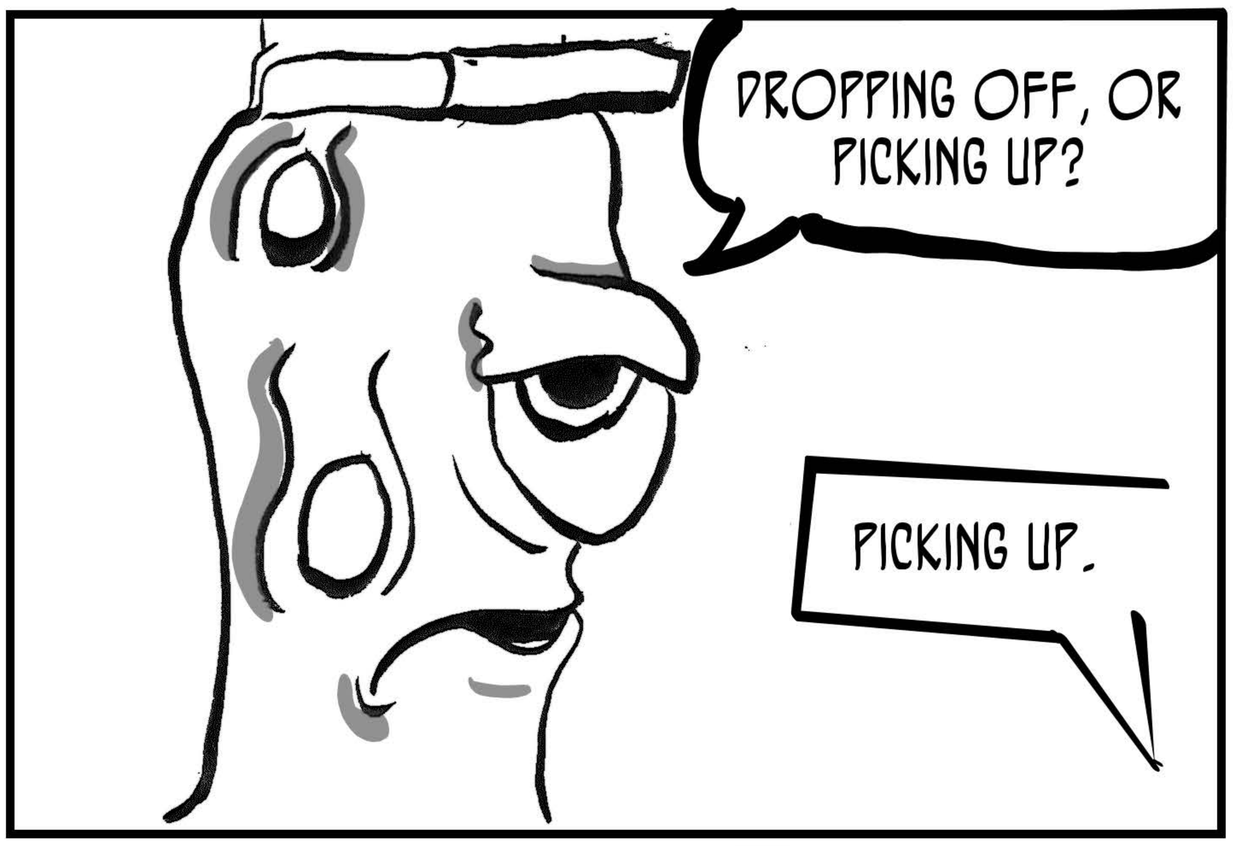
HMPH. WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY: IF YOU CAN'T BE WITH THE ONE YOU LOVE...

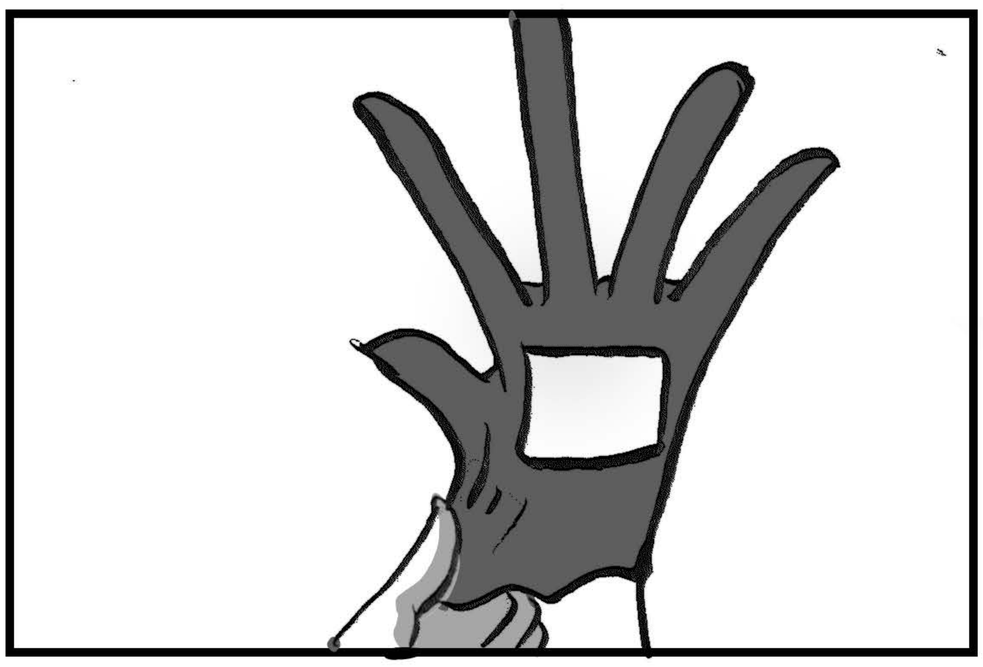
EAT A WHOLE PLANET AS A CONSOLATION PRIZE.
GOTTA TAKE TIME OUT FOR NUMBER ONE, Y'KNOW.

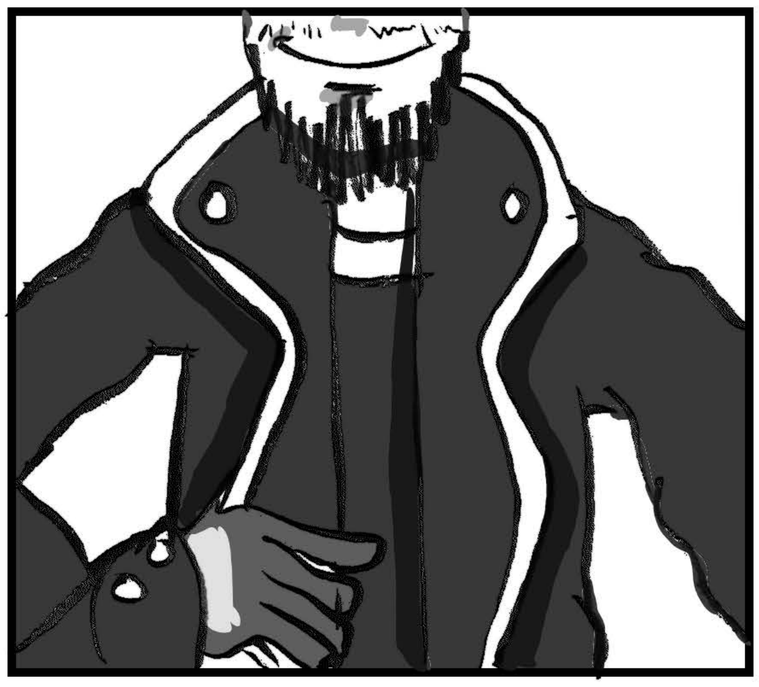
MEANWHILE, AT KLEX'S ASTRO STORAGE
KLEX'S STORAGE

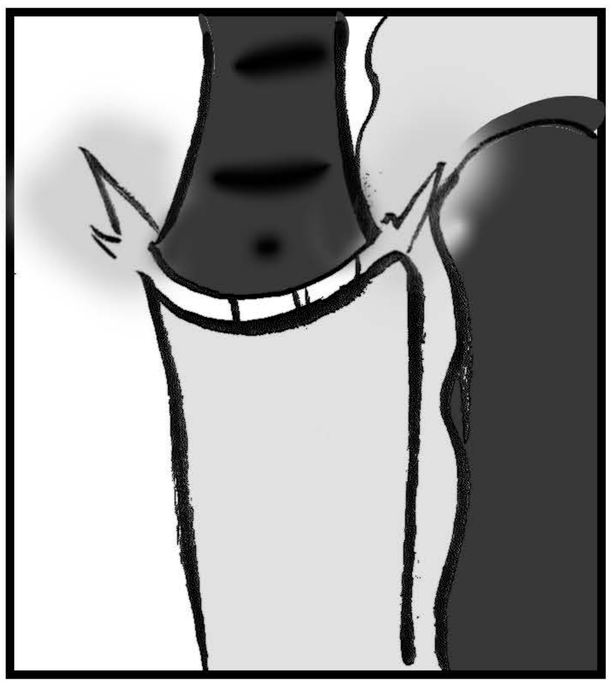
ATTENTION, KLEX
KLEX
SCANNERS SHOW NEW CONTACT APPROACHING

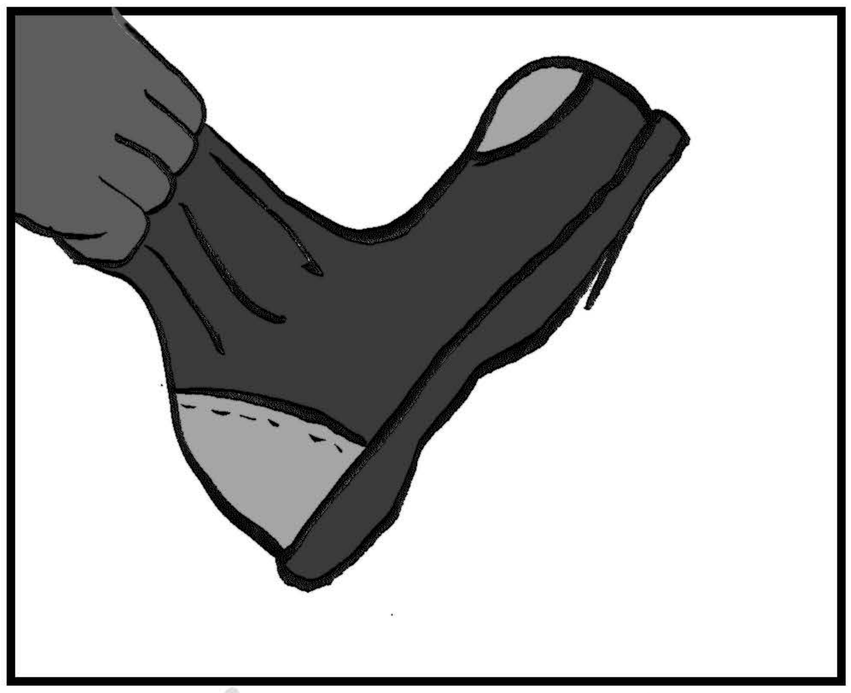

HEY, KLEX! ROLL OUT THE RED CARPET AND SET OUT THE APPETIZERS!
YOUR FAVOURITE HOMIES, SNAKES LENINGRAD AND CAPTAIN GUNSMOKE HAVE RETURNED, AND THEY BROUGHT A WHOLE DANG-OL' BATTLE PLANET WITH 'EM!

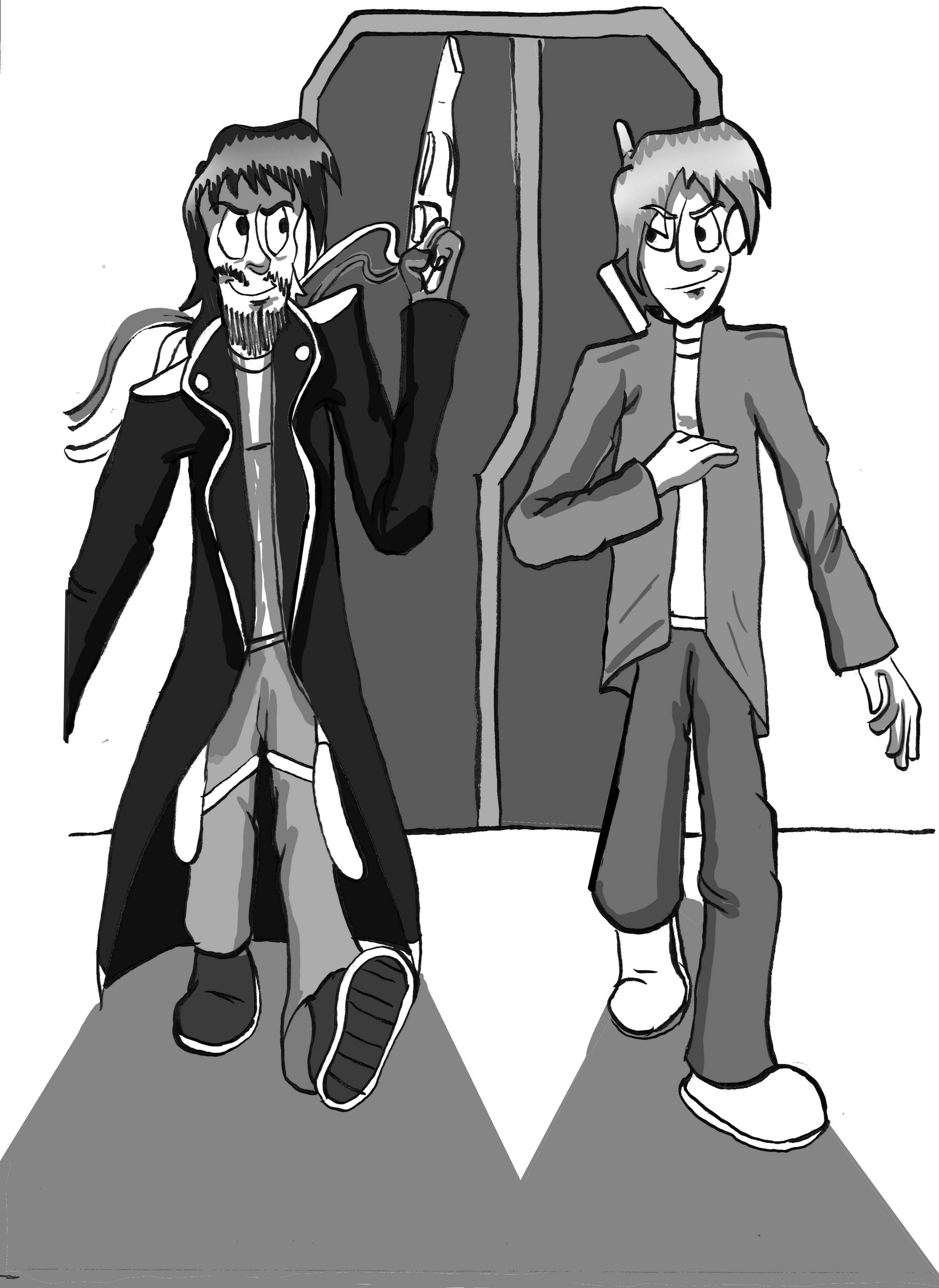

DROPPING OFF, OR PICKING UP?
PICKING UP.











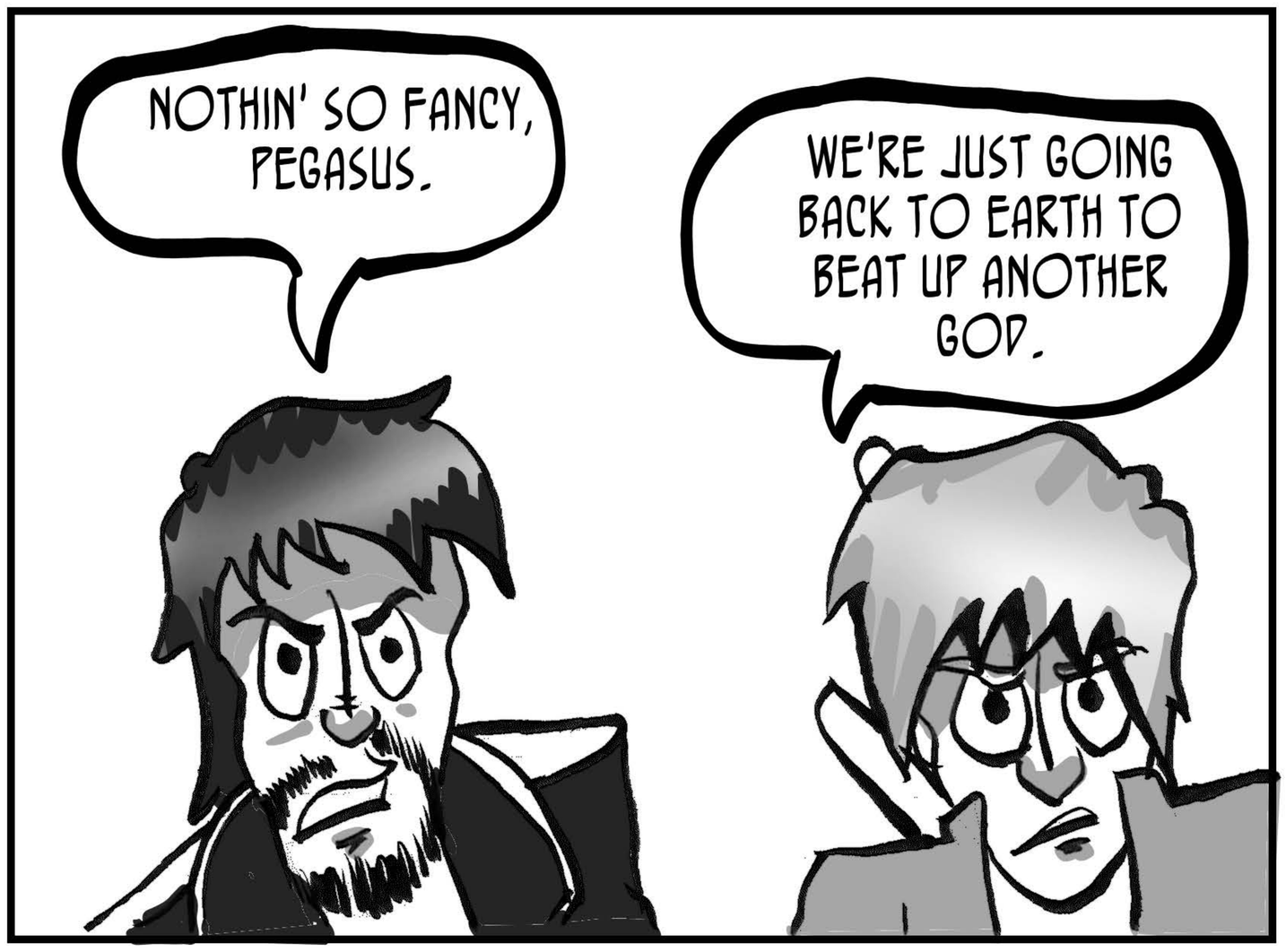
AIGHT, NOW IT'S JUST A STOP FOR BURRITOS AND ICE CREAM, THEN-

DANGIT, COMMANDER PEGASUS!
YOUR TIMING IS LITERALLY THE WORST THING ABOUT YOU!

HEY, SNAKES! NEW DOUBLEGUNS?
THESE OLD THINGS? HAD 'EM FOR YEARS.

AND GUNSMOKE, I SEE YOU'VE GOT A SHINY BATTLE PLANET PARKED OUTSIDE!
YEAH, IT'S THIS YEAR'S MODEL. TWICE THE FUEL EFFICIENCY AT HALF THE PRICE.

WELL, SINCE YOU'VE ALREADY BEEN IN THE SLAMMER FOR LARCENY, GRAND LARCENY, DOUBLE LARCENY, AND MEGA-LARCENY, I HOPE YOU'RE NOT PLANNING ANYTHING UNTOWARD.


NOTHIN' SO FANCY, PEGASUS.
WE'RE JUST GOING BACK TO EARTH TO BEAT UP ANOTHER GOD.

WELL, IN THAT CASE...
HOW 'BOUT A MILITARY ESCORT?

NIGHT RANGER
HOLY ZAP! THAT'S GOTTA BE THE WHOLE HERCULES FLEET!
PRETTY NEAR. THE WARRANT, THE STATUS QUO, THE TROOPER- THEY'RE ALL HERE.

WE'VE GOT A STAKE IN SEEING SPOOKY JIM GET HIS- IF YOU CAN STOMACH WORKING WITH THE FLEET FOR A WHILE, I'D SAY WE STAND A PRETTY REASONABLE CHANCE.

COMMANDER PEGASUS...

HOW'S YOUR ZAP-FU?
ALRIGHT, I'VE FINISHED MY INTRICATE PRE-MEAL RITUAL!
SAY HELLO TO MY CREEPY STOMACH, EARTHLINGS!

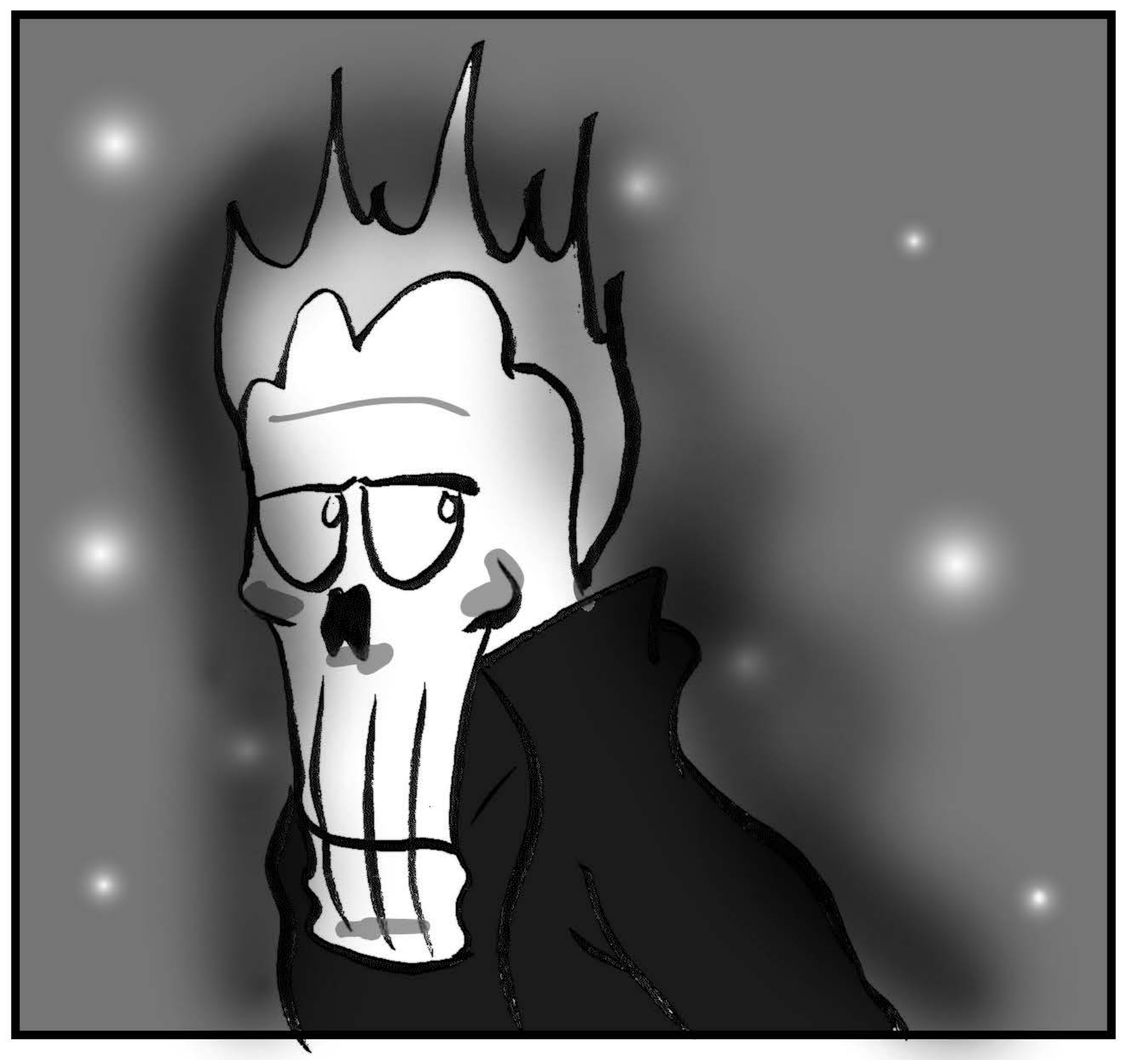
HUH? GUESTS?
I HOPE THEY BROUGHT AN APPETIZER OR A DECENT WINE OR SOMETHING.
HEY, SPOOKY JIM! I HOPE YOU'VE GOT YOUR AFFAIRS IN ORDER!
'CAUSE IT'S DINNERTIME AND WE ARE ABOUT TO DISPLAY SOME GENUINELY BAD MZANNERS!

WELL, WELL, WELL...

LOOKS LIKE I GET MY CONSOLATION PRIZE, AFTER ALL- THE POET'S SOUL MAY BE OUT OF MY GRASP, BUT IT'S WORTH IT NOW THAT YOU'VE ABANDONED YOUR SECRET IDENTITIES! I CAN FINALLY DESTROY YOU, SNAKES LENINGRAD AND CAPTAIN GUNSMOKE!

THE DEUCE YOU MEAN, 'SECRET IDENTITIES'?
WE HAVEN'T BEEN HIDING, YOU DORK! WE PUT THOSE NAMES ON OUR DEBUT ALBUM!

GUNSMOKE & LENINGRAD
STRAIGHT OUTTA GAS



2P START!

P1 P2

ALRIGHT, ME AN' GUNSMOKE ARE GONNA SPEARHEAD THIS DEALIE.

LEVEL 1

DISTRACT VILLAIN WITH HI-POWER!!

YOU GUYS OCCUPY JIM'S ATTENTION WITH THE BIGGEST GUNS YOU GOT...

LEVEL 2

APPROACH USING ZAP-FU!!

WHILE WE GET ALL CLOSE UP IN HIS GRILL.

LEVEL 3

CHOOSE VECTOR!!

A USE CUTTING TOOL TO COLLECT STONE!!

B ATTACK ENEMY BRAIN WITH "SPEAR OF DESTINY"!!

FROM THERE, I'LL GO AHEAD AND CUT THE GODSTONE OUT OF HIS CROSS...

WHILE GUNSMOKE FLIES INSIDE HIS HEAD AND DEPLOYS OUR EXPERIMENTAL WEAPON AGAINST HIS BRAIN!

ONCE HIS BRAIN IS DISRUPTED, I'LL CUT OFF THE GODSTONE TO MESS UP HIS DEFENCES!

LEVEL 4

CUT FREE GODSTONE WHEN BRAIN IS DISRUPTED!!

THEN YOU GUYS GO AHEAD AND GREASE HIM!

LEVEL 5

x2 x3 x4 x!!!

ACHIEVE "HUGE COMBO"!!

GAME WIN!

HA! NICE TRY, SUCKERS, BUT I JUST OVERHEARD YOUR ENTIRE PLAN!

DANG, HE'S GOT GOOD HEARING.

YOU DON'T HAVE A CHANCE- I USED TO BE SPOOKY AND LAME, BUT NOW...
I THINK YOU'LL FIND I'M JUST SPOOKY!

HE'S RIGHT! I'VE GOT THE HEEBIE-JEEBIES!
STOW THOSE JEEBIES, SNAKES!

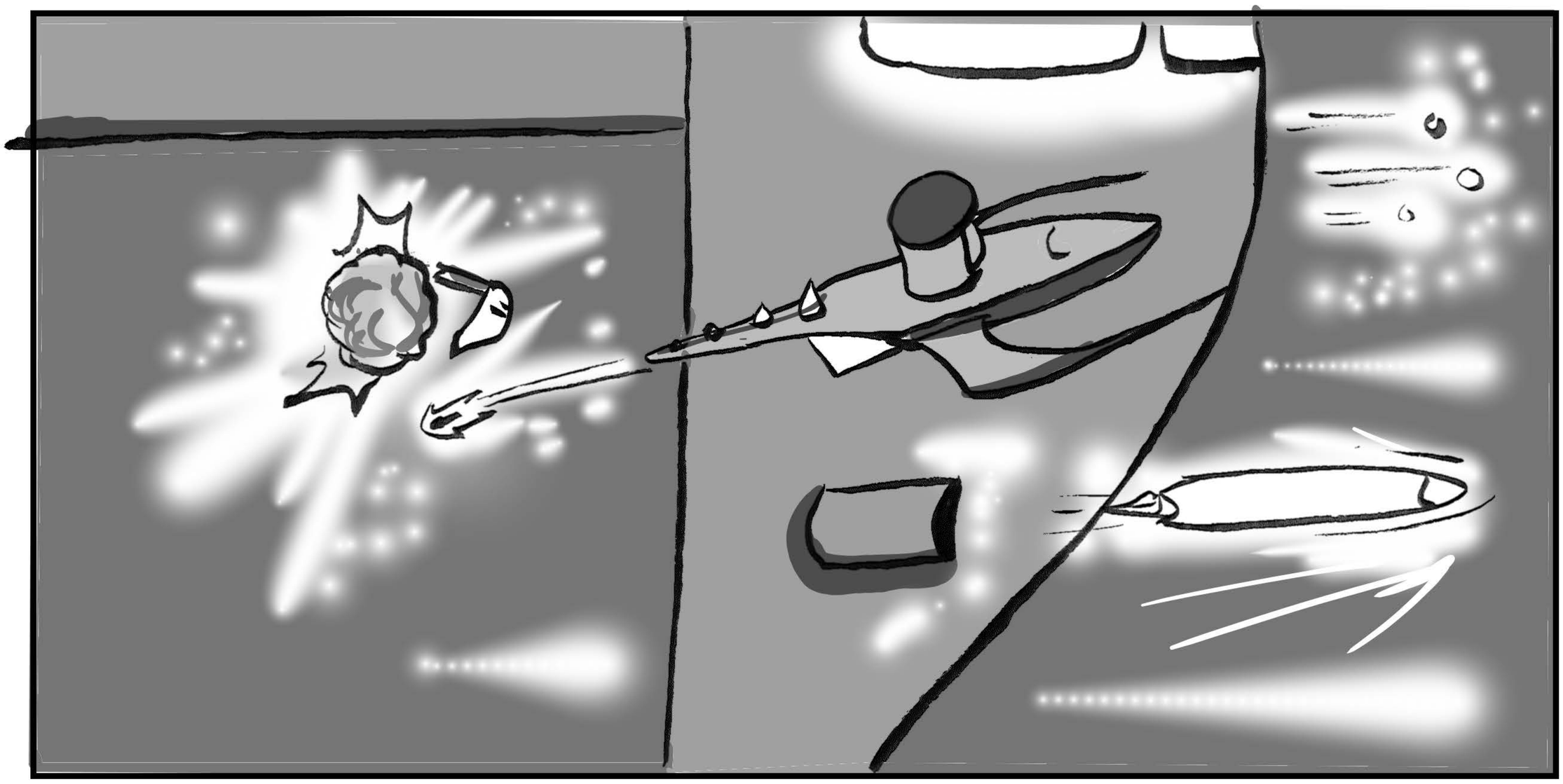
EVEN IF YOU CAN DEFEAT YOUR JEEBIES, YOU DON'T HAVE A HOPE...
NOT AGAINST MY ARMY OF TERRIBLE SPOOKLETS!

WELL... THAT WASN'T PART OF THE PLAN.

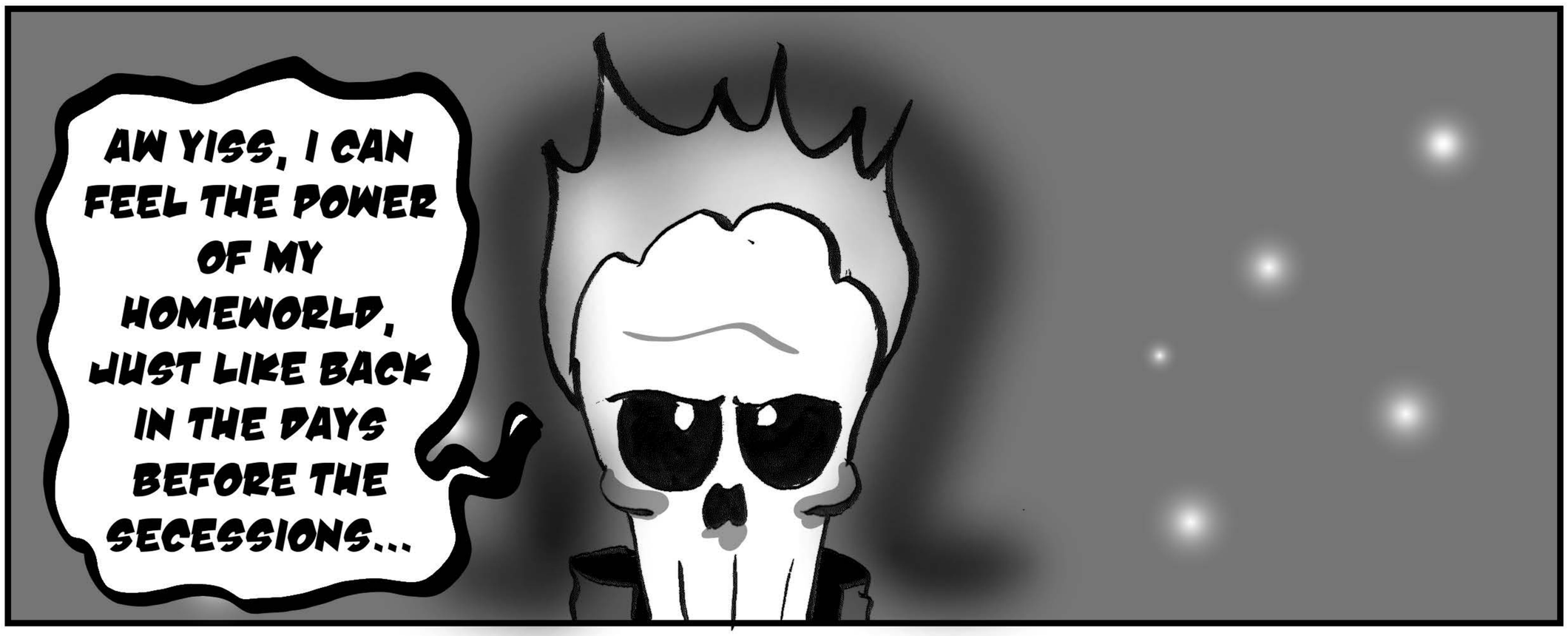
THIS IS CAPTAIN KOSOVO KRIEGER, ABOARD THE STRYPER- WE'LL HANDLE THE SPOOKLETS. BLUES TRAVELLER, ARE YOU CLOSING ON THE TARGET?
WE'RE SPLITTIN' OFF A BIT EARLIER THAN PLANNED, BUT WE'LL GET THIS DONE!

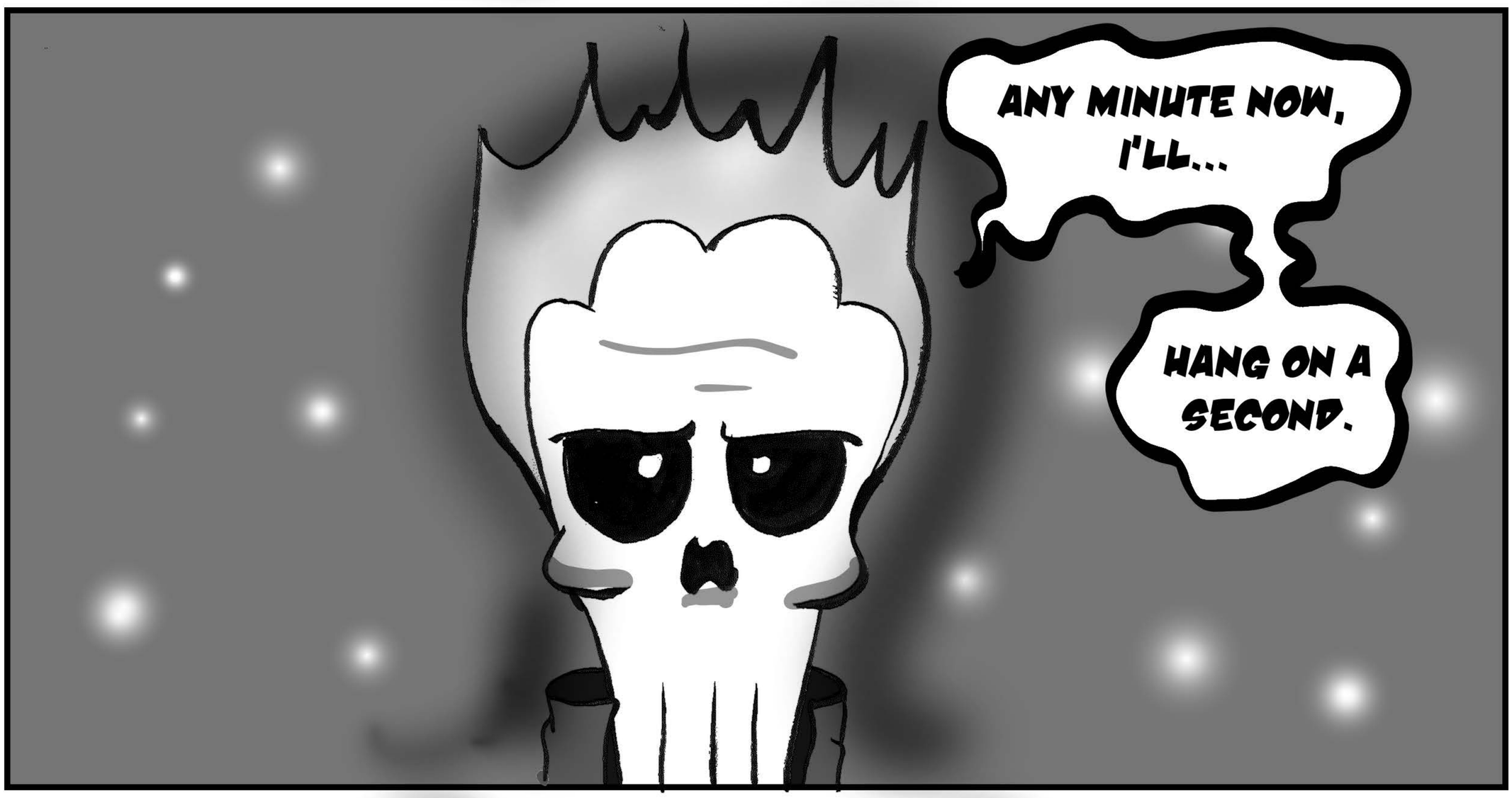
HOW'S THAT EVA SUIT COMIN'?
GIMME A SEC, JEEZ.
HAVEN'T HAD ONE OF THESE ON SINCE PROM NIGHT.

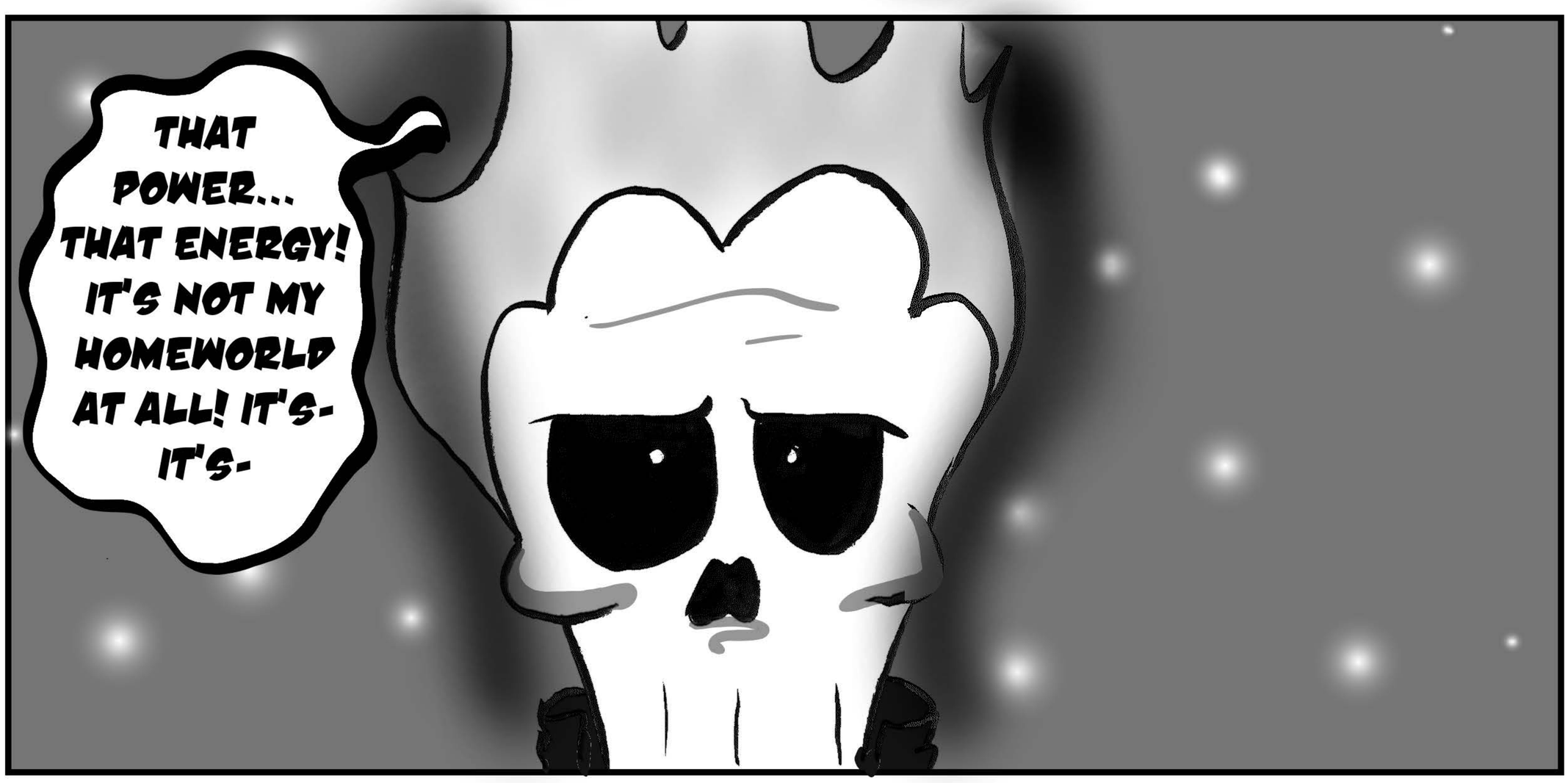
YOU SURE ABOUT THIS?
I'LL BE A SMALLER TARGET ON MY OWN, AND SPLITTING UP WILL BOOST OUR ODDS OF AT LEAST ONE OF US GETTING ON TARGET.
JUST MAKE SURE I HAVE MAD COVER!
YOU GOT IT, CHUMMO!



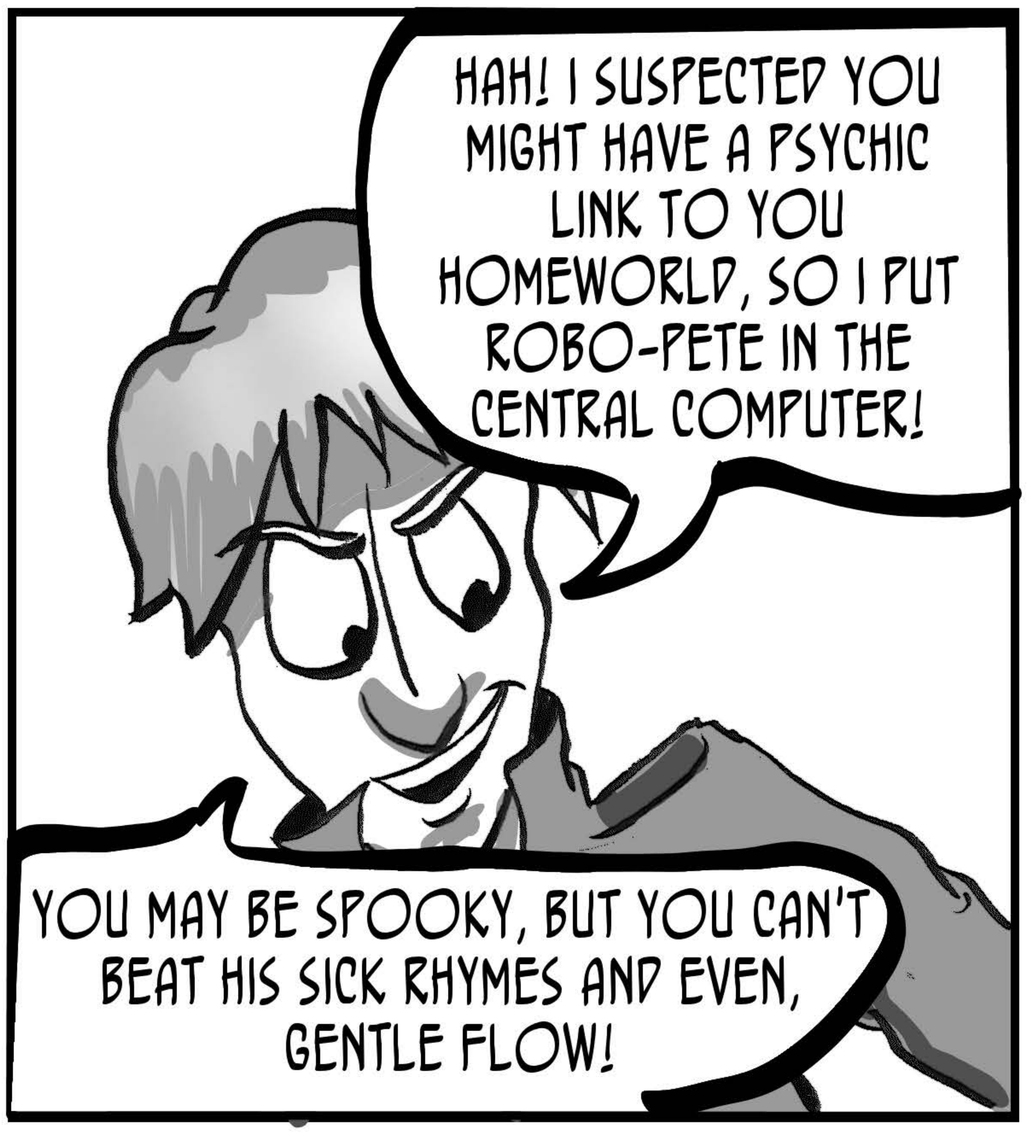
SIR! THE BATTLE PLANET IS MOVING INTO POSITION!
STRAIGHT UP? RAD! THAT THING MOVES SLOWER THAN YOU GETTIN' OUTTA BED ON A SUNDAY!
NO, SIR- I DON'T THINK IT'S FOLLOWING THE PLAN!
LENINGRAD, GUNSMOKE, I THOUGHT YOU WERE FLYING THAT BY WIRE!
LENINGRAD! GUNSMOKE! DAMN, THEY'RE NOT ANSWERING!
AH-HA! YOU NERDS BROUGHT BACK MY PLANET, AND ACTIVATED ITS WEAPONS!
NOW, I WILL ASSUME CONTROL OF IT, JUST AS I'D PLANNED!
I TOTALLY PLANNED THIS! THIS WAS PART OF MY PLAN!
...SIR?


AW YISS, I CAN FEEL THE POWER OF MY HOMEWORLD, JUST LIKE BACK IN THE DAYS BEFORE THE SECESSIONS...

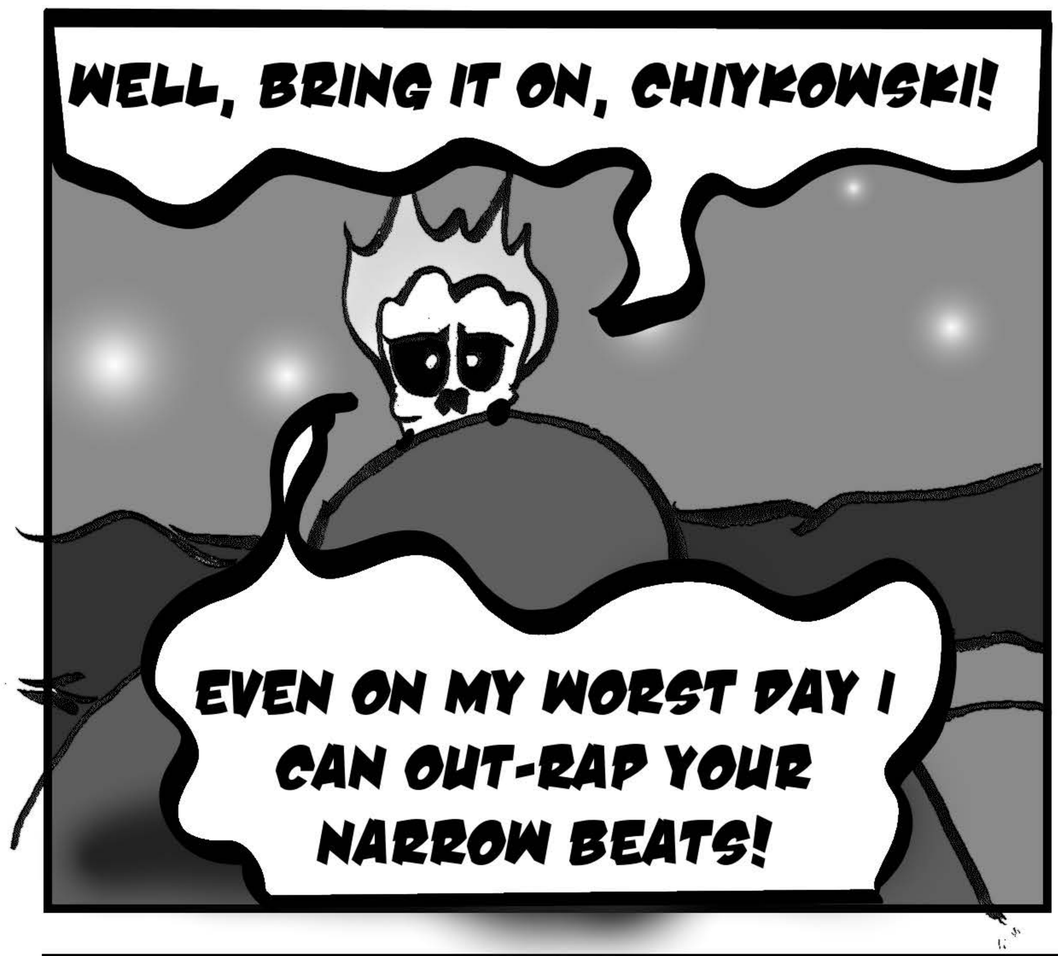

ANY MINUTE NOW, I'LL...
HANG ON A SECOND.


THAT POWER... THAT ENERGY! IT'S NOT MY HOMEWORLD AT ALL! IT'S- IT'S-

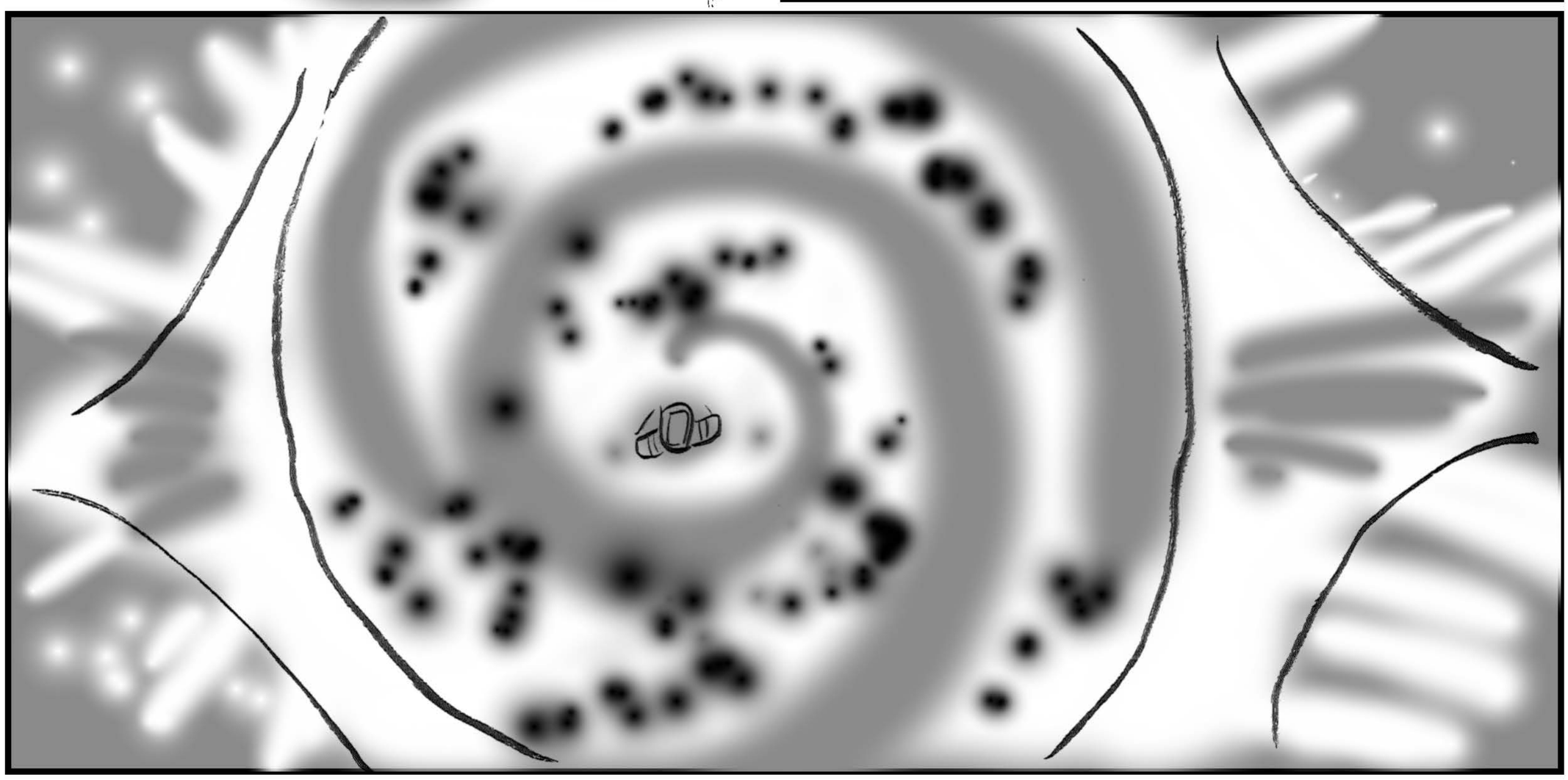
IT'S
THE POET'S SOUL!
WORD.

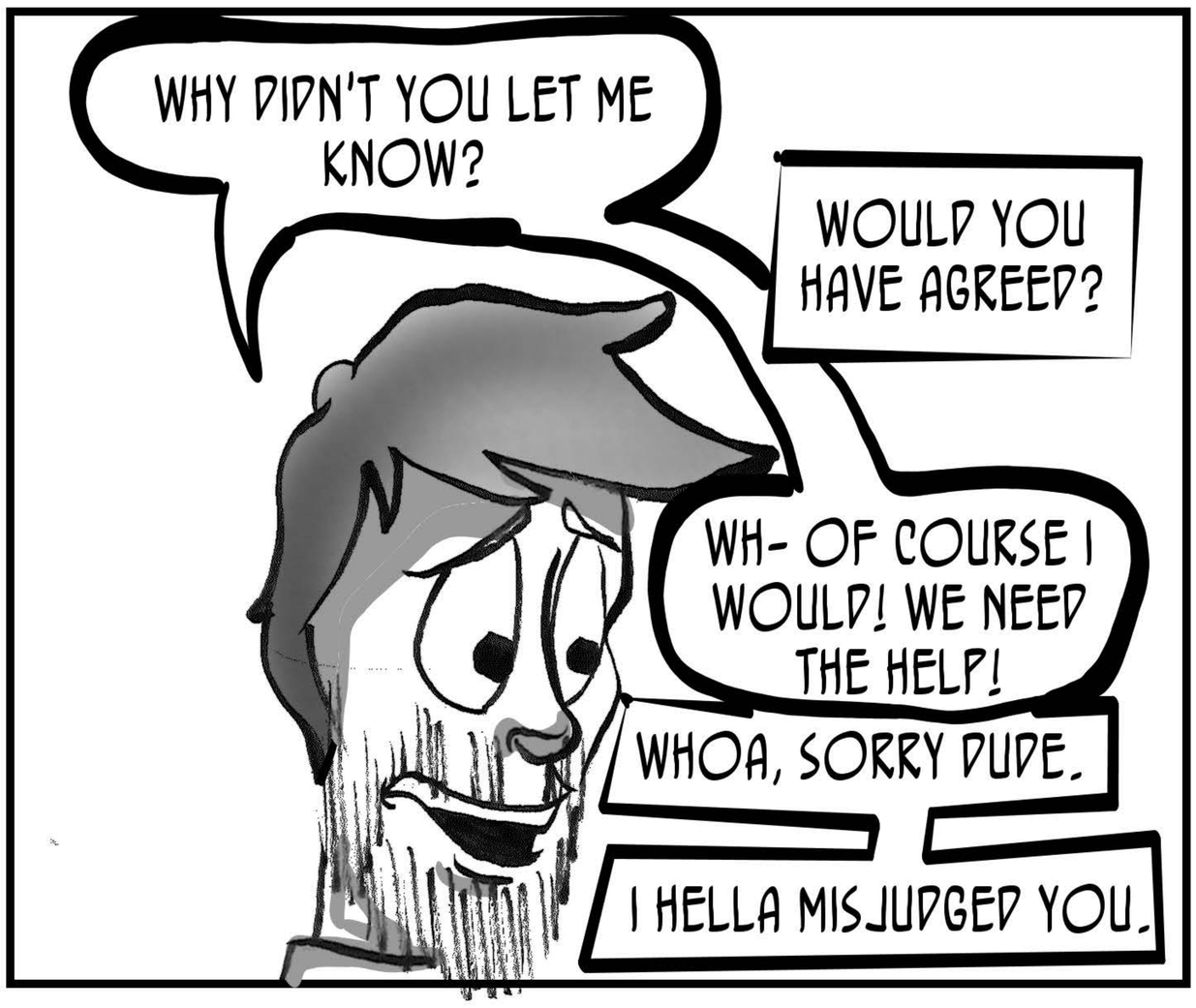

HAH! I SUSPECTED YOU MIGHT HAVE A PSYCHIC LINK TO YOU HOMEWORLD, SO I PUT ROBO-PETE IN THE CENTRAL COMPUTER!
YOU MAY BE SPOOKY, BUT YOU CAN'T BEAT HIS SICK RHYMES AND EVEN, GENTLE FLOW!

OH, SURE, BRING MY ARTISTIC STRUGGLE INTO THIS.
YOU IMMATURE JERK.


WELL, BRING IT ON, CHIYKOWSKI!
EVEN ON MY WORST DAY I CAN OUT-RAP YOUR NARROW BEATS!

YOU'RE GONNA HAVE A HARD TIME WITH THAT, SPOOKY JIM, WHAT WITH THE FRIENDS I BROUGHT!





ATTENTION, NERDS! THIS IS TEN-VOLT TOM, ABOART THE WHITESNAKE! I GOT WORD THE POET'S SOUL, THE GODSTONE, THE PROPHECY STONE AND THE ENTIRE HERCULES FLEET WERE HANGIN' OUT IN THE SAME PLACE!

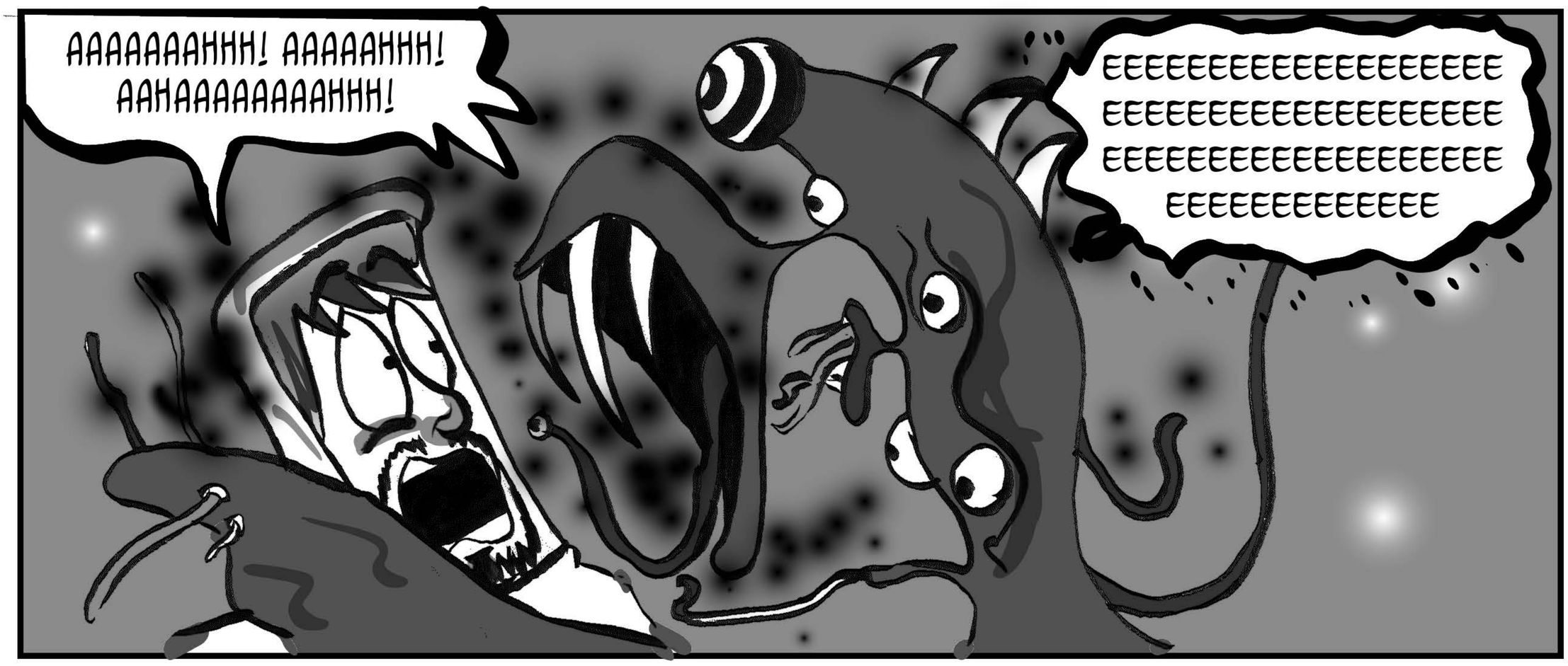
ALL THAT STUFF'S BEEN STOLEN FROM ME AT ONE POINT OR ANOTHER, SO EVERYBODY STAND DOWN, FORM AN ORDERLY LINE, AND HAND OVER EVERYTHING IN THE SECTOR!

ALTERNATIVELY, GET READY TO HAVE THE BIGGEST GUNS THIS SIDE OF CANNON TOWN ALL UP AND DOWN YOUR BACKSIDES!

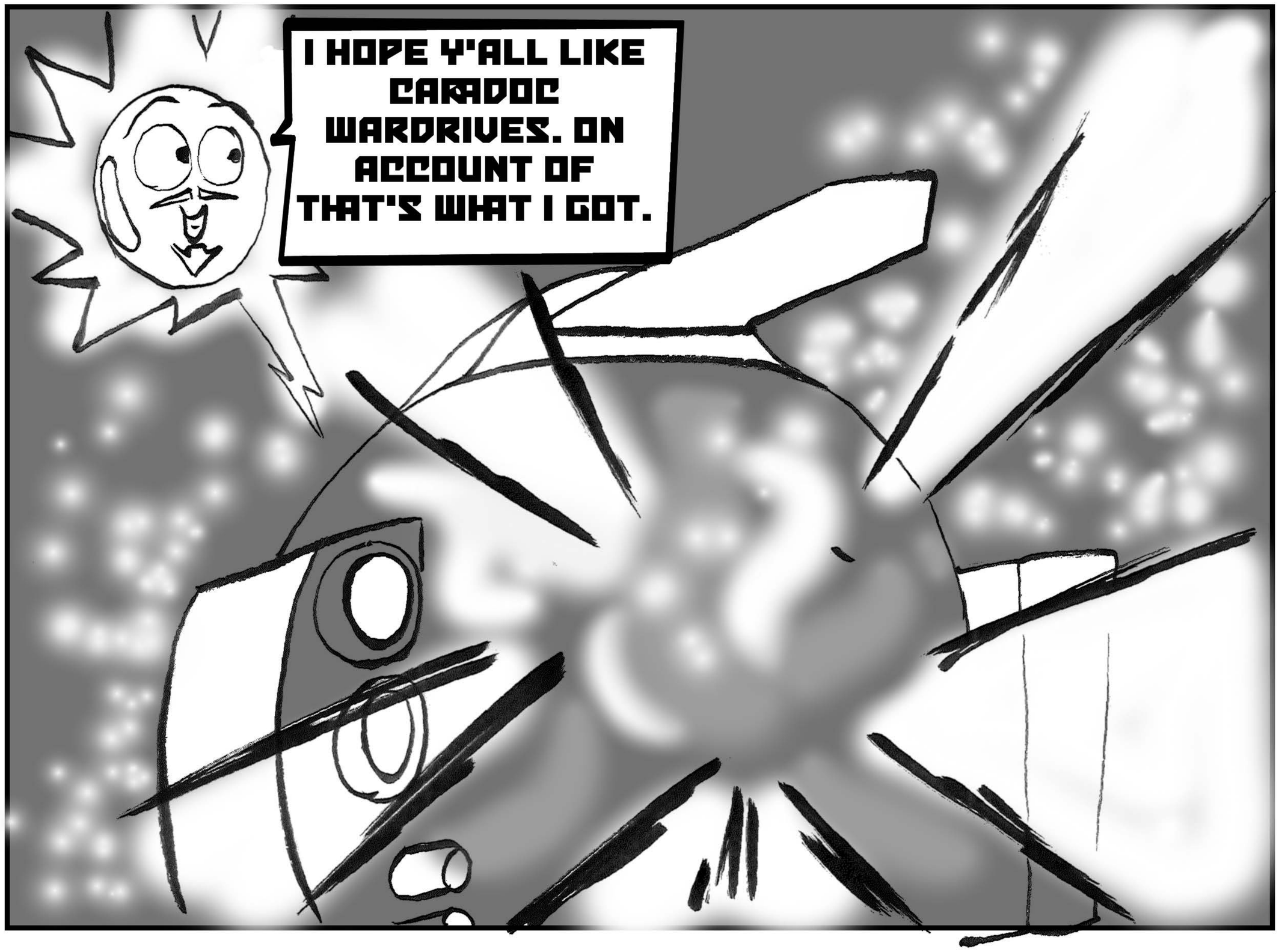
SORRY, TOM- WE GOTTA DEAL WITH THE BIG LOSER WITH THE SPOOKY HEAD BEFORE YOU CAN GET YOUR STUFF!
SNAKES! WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUTSIDE OF THE BLUES TRAVELLER!
DEALIN' WITH THE BIG LOSER WITH THE SPOOKY HEAD! PAY SOME FREAKIN' ATTENTION, TOM!
WELL, I DO HATE SPOOKY DORKS- BUT WILL I GET MY LOOT WHEN ALL'S SAID AND DONE?
TOM, I'LL GIVE YOU ALL THAT STUFF, A GOLD-PLATED ROLLS-ROYCE, AND THE BEST FUGU OF YOUR LIFE IF YOU KILL SPOOKY JIM!
NOT A BAD DEAL, NOT A BAD DEAL- BUT CAN I TRUST YOU? ROBOT PETER CHIYKOWSKI, HOW COOL IS THIS NERD?
11%
ALRIGHT, SNAKES, YOU GOT YOURSELF A DEAL!

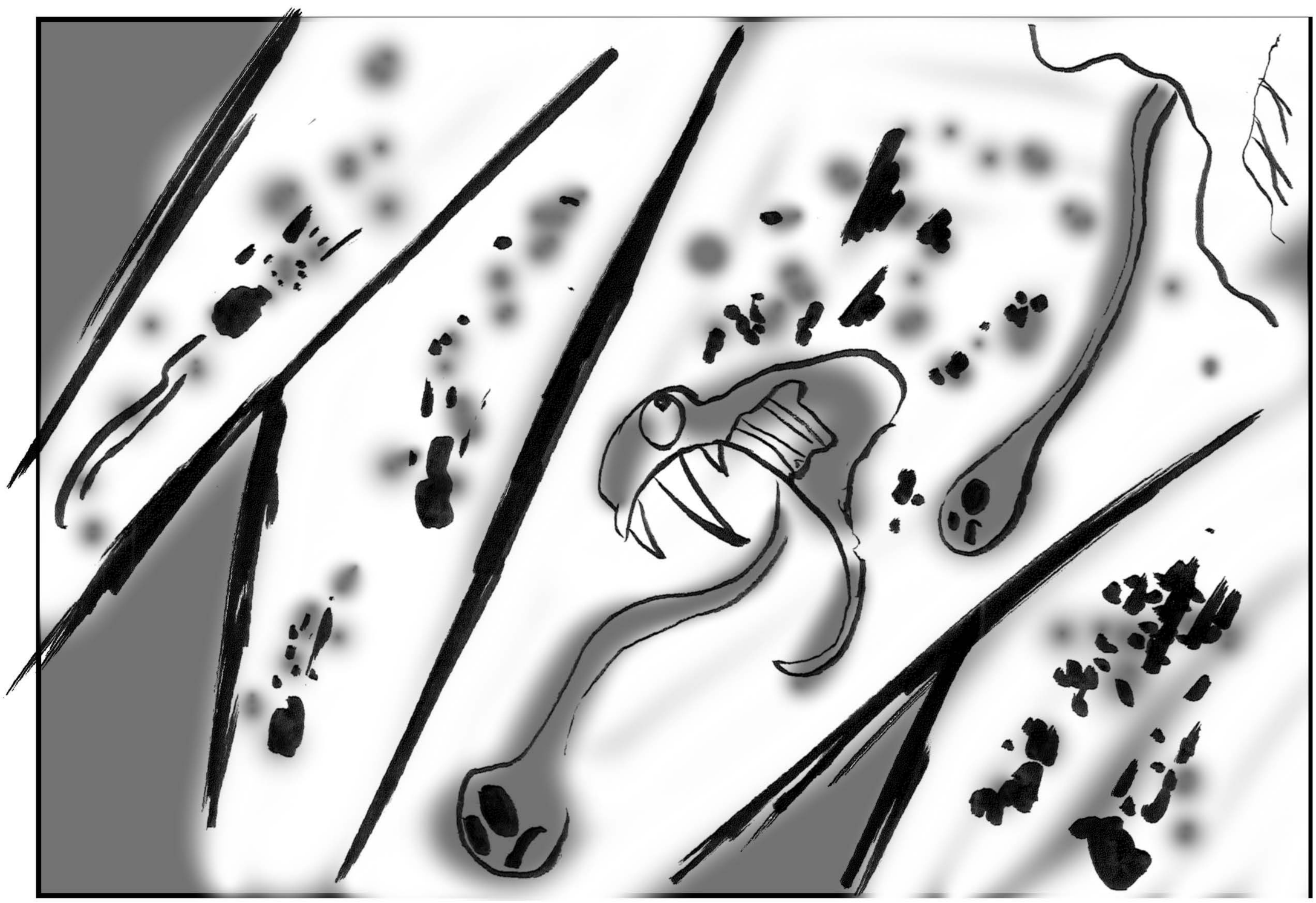
HEY GUNSMOKE, THE SPOOKLETS ARE GETTIN' AWFUL THICK OVER HERE- CAN YOU GIMME SOME COVER? I'M ALMOST-

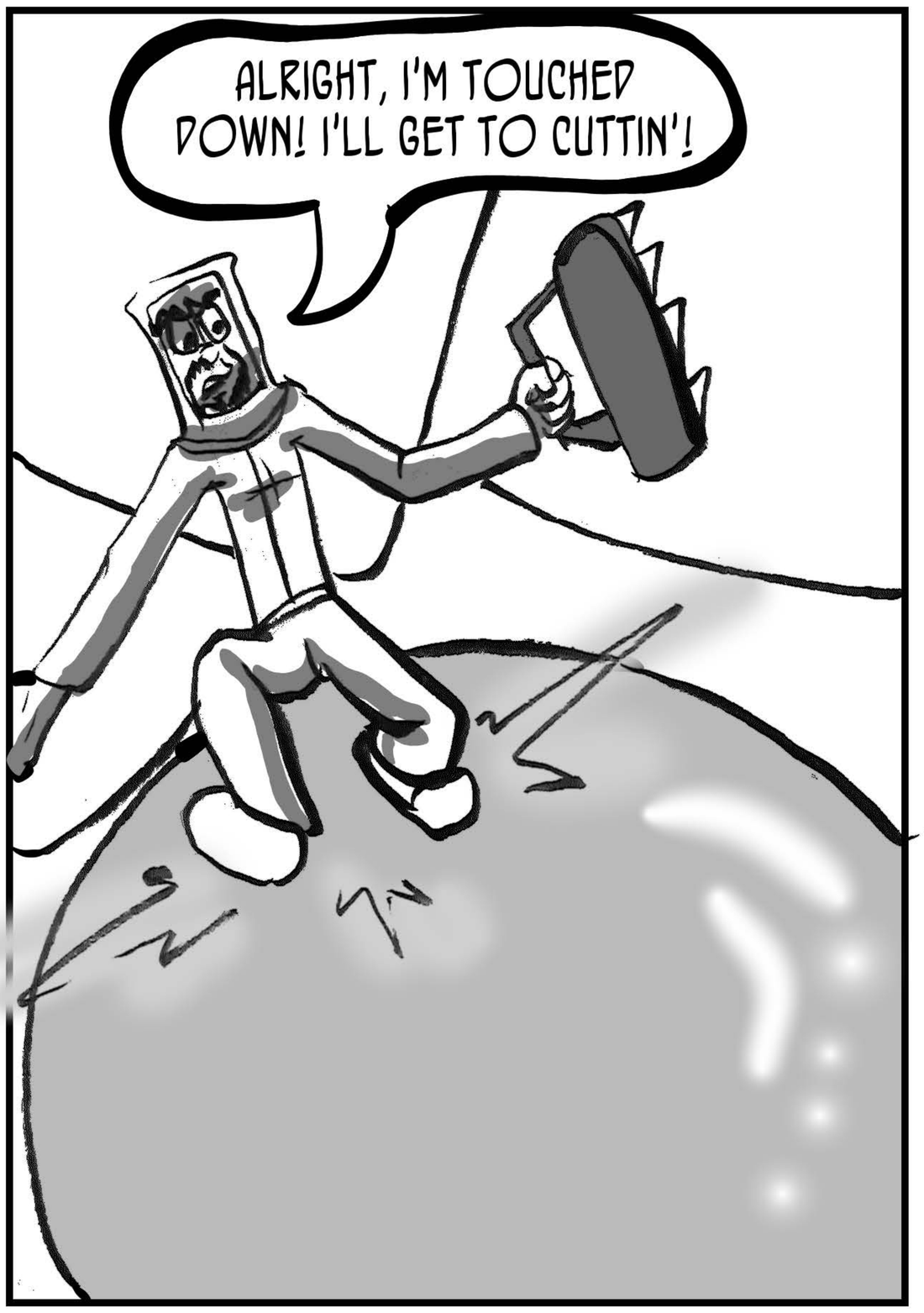
OOF!


AAAAAAAHHH! AAAAAHHH! AAHAAAAAAAAHHH!
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE EEEEEEEEEEEEE

OKAY THERE, HOMIE?
I AM NOW, BUD!

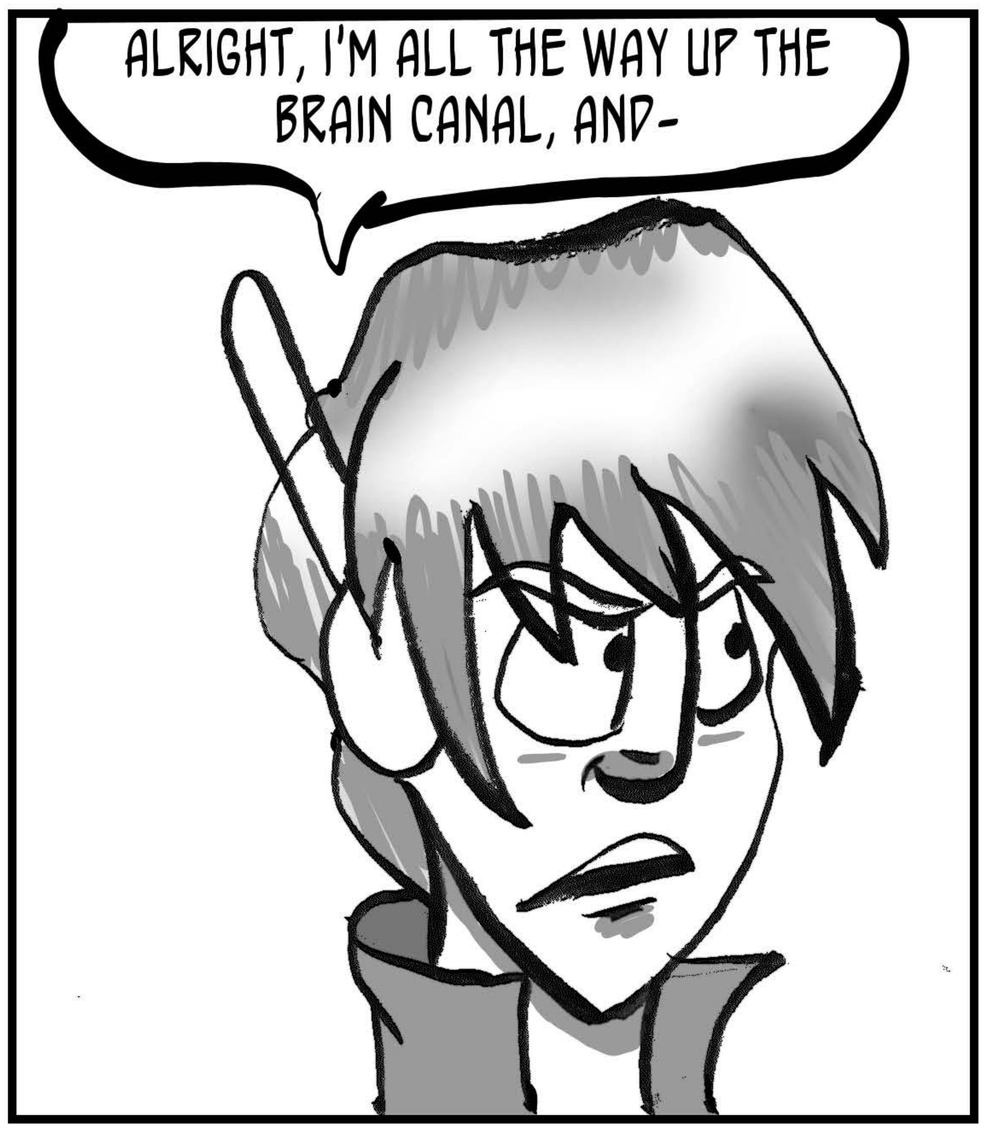

I HOPE Y'ALL LIKE CARADOC WARDRIVES. ON ACCOUNT OF THAT'S WHAT I GOT.




ALRIGHT, I'M TOUCHED DOWN! I'LL GET TO CUTTIN'!

ROGER, SNAKES, I'M INBOUND ON THIS DORK'S BRAIN! LET'S GET THIS DONE!

HEY, NICE BATTLE PLANET! HAND OVER THE CONTROLS SO'S I CAN SHOW YOU WHAT A REAL ZAP-MASTER CAN DO WITH IT!
NO.



Y'OKAY UP THERE, SPACE CADET? I DIDN'T CATCH THAT LAST BIT!

IT'S THE GODSTONE, SNAKES! IT'S GOT INTO HIS BRAIN!

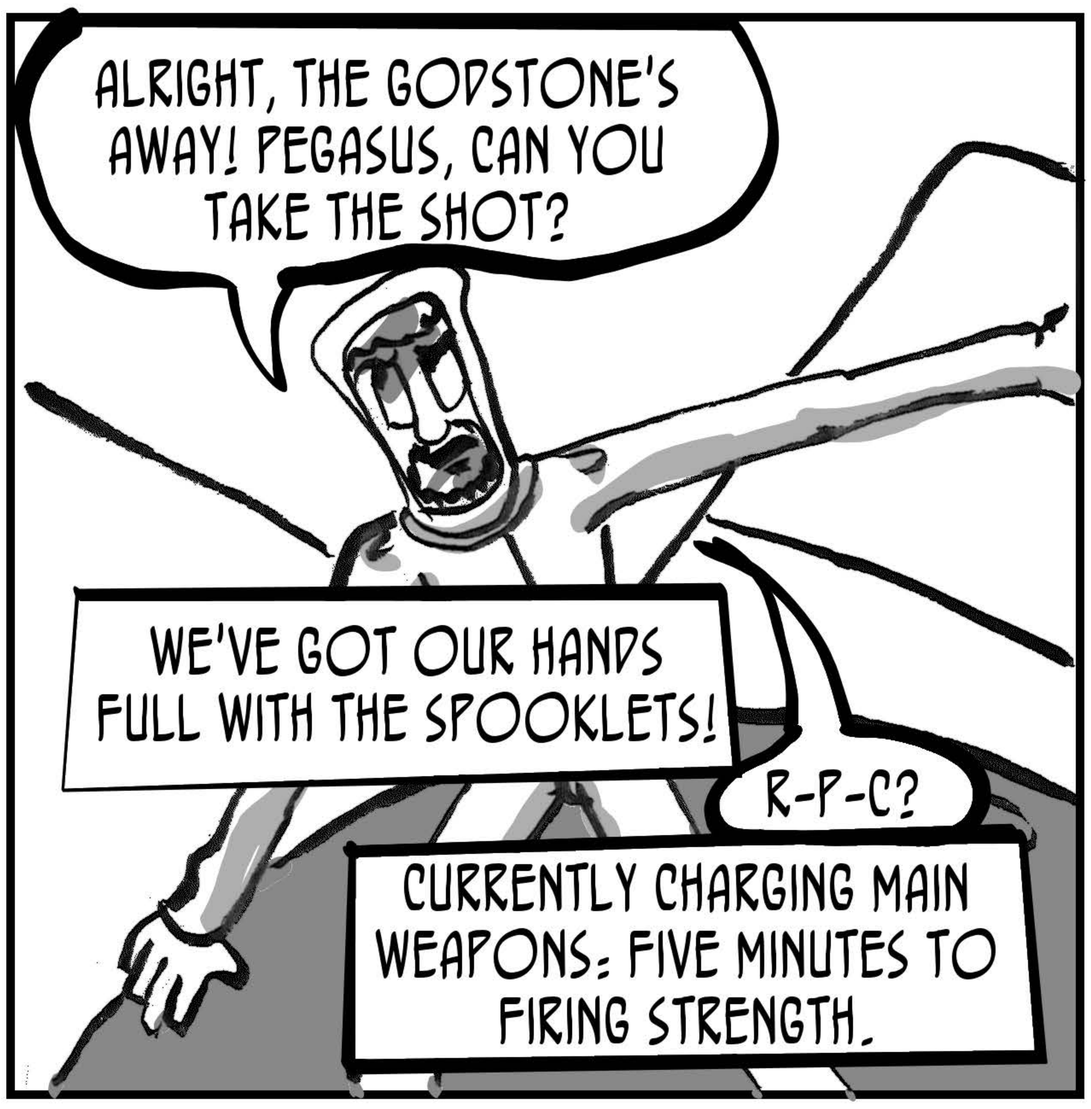
IT'S TURNING HIS BRAIN INTO A WARDRIVE!

WHAT? THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE! BIO-WARDRIVES WERE NEVER VIABLE!

NOW IS NOT THE TIME TO CONTRADICT ME, SNAKES!

YEAH, WELL, NOW'S NOT THE TIME TO DRAW ATTENTION TO MY INCREDULITY! NUKE THE THING AND EXIT STAGE LEFT!
NO PROBLEM, CHUMMO.
BUCKLE UP, SPOOKY JIM...

DUMB AND WRONG TO THE END, SPOOKY JIM!

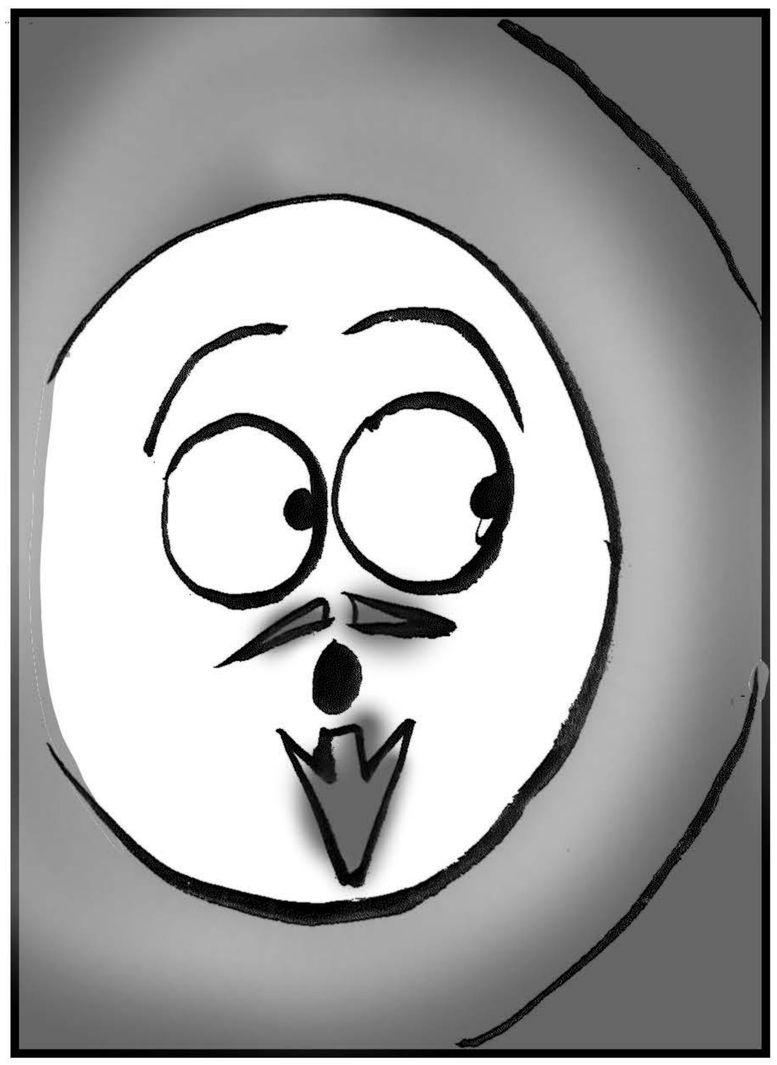

ALRIGHT, THE GODSTONE'S AWAY! PEGASUS, CAN YOU TAKE THE SHOT?
WE'VE GOT OUR HANDS FULL WITH THE SPOOKLETS!
R-P-C?
CURRENTLY CHARGING MAIN WEAPONS: FIVE MINUTES TO FIRING STRENGTH.

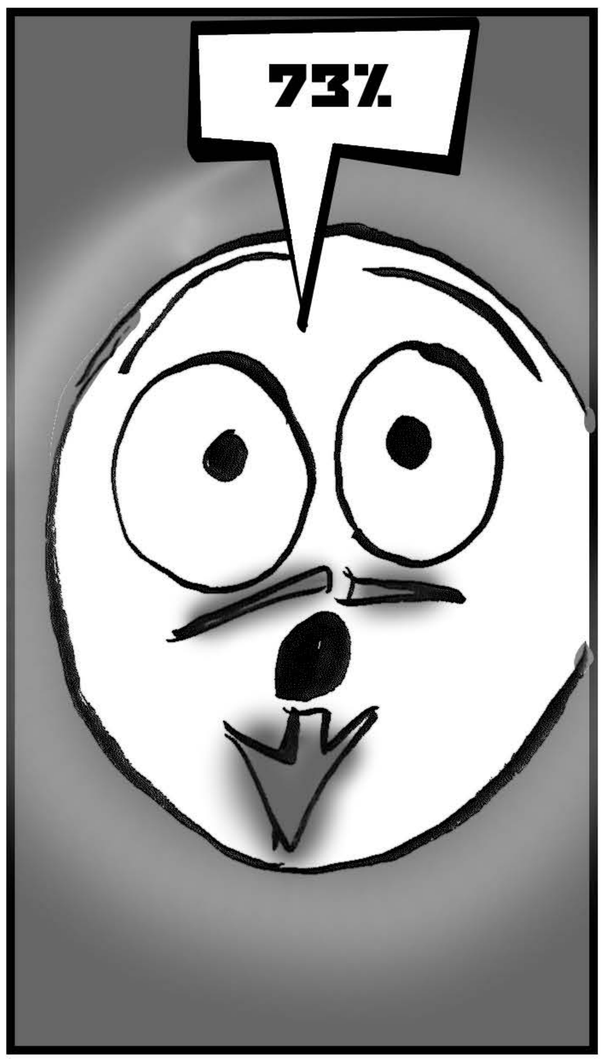
THEN IT'LL HAVE TO BE YOU, TOM!
RIGHT, GET TO A SAFE DISTANCE AND I'LL LIGHT HIM UP!
NO CAN DO, TOM- IT'S NOW OR NEVER!
STOW THAT, SNAKES, WE ALL GO HOME OR NO ONE GOES HOME!
NOW'S NOT THE TIME FOR IDEALISM, BUDDY!

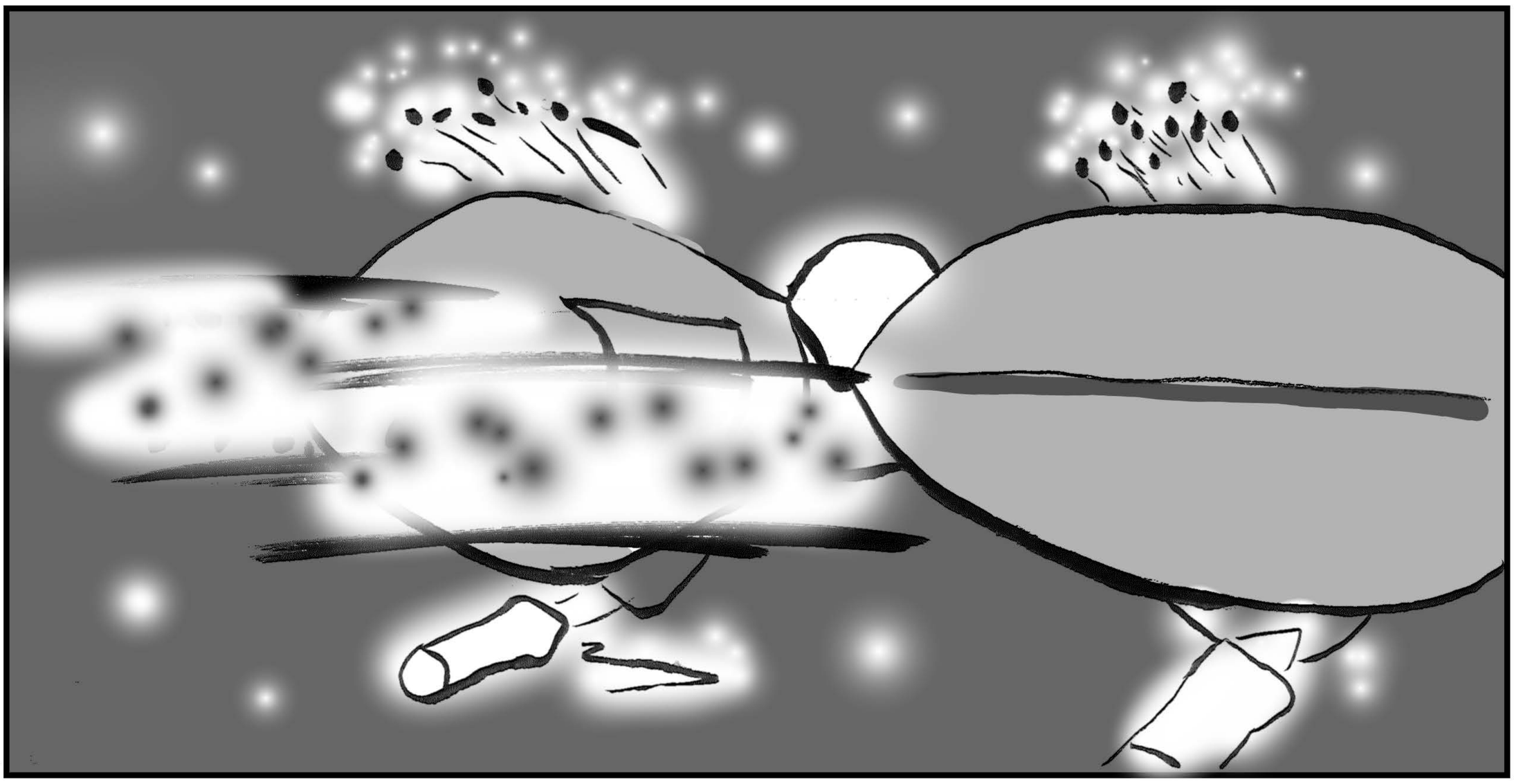
GUNSMOKE, TALK SOME SENSE INTO HIM!
HE'S RIGHT, TOM- TAKE THE SHOT!

WE CALLED YOU HERE BECAUSE YOUR GUNS ARE THE ONLY ONES BIG ENOUGH FOR THIS!
TIME TO BE A HERO, TOM! I WON'T HOLD IT AGAINST YOU!

... ROBOT PETER CHIYKOWSKI, HOW COOL IS THAT NERD?

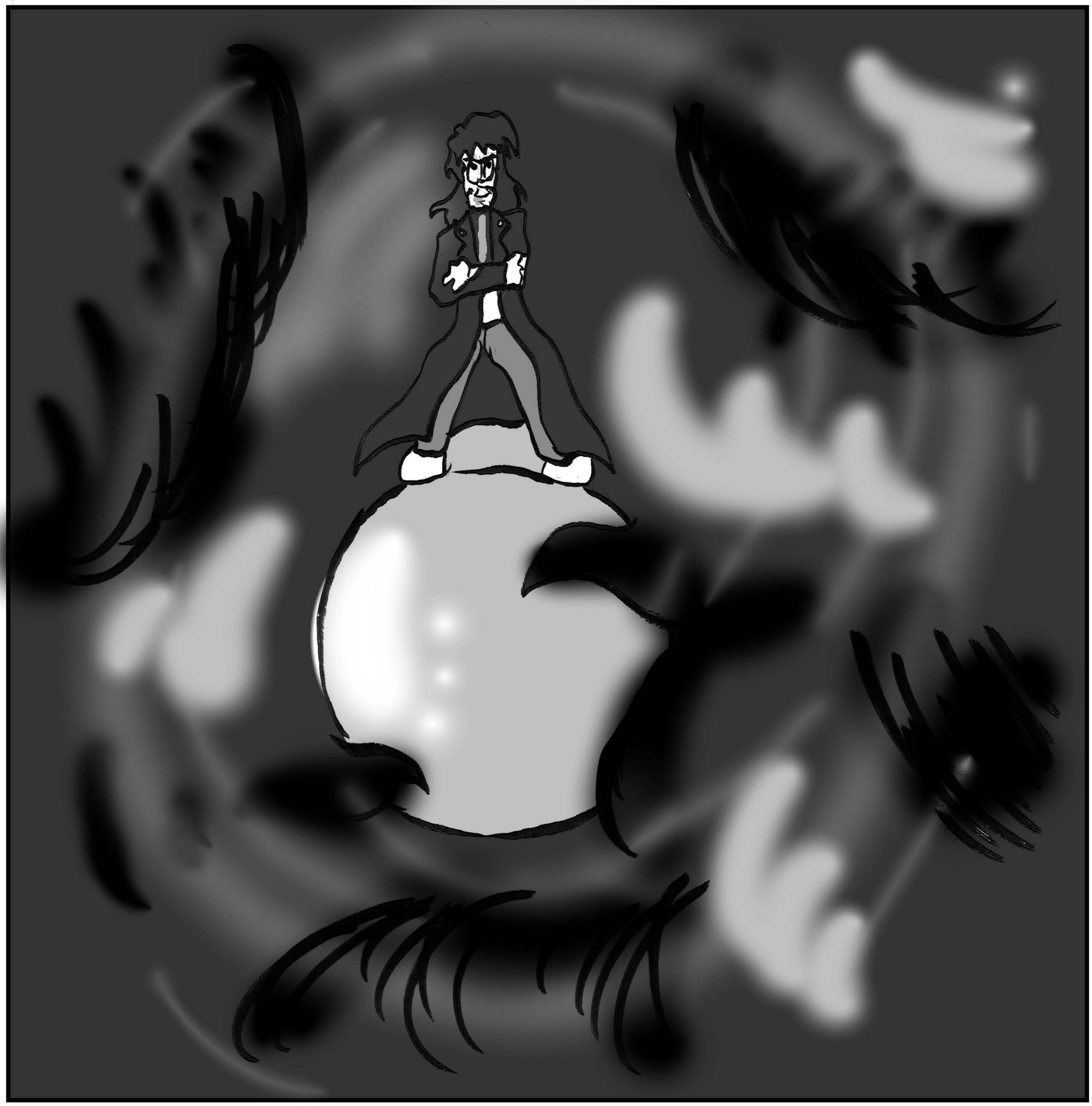


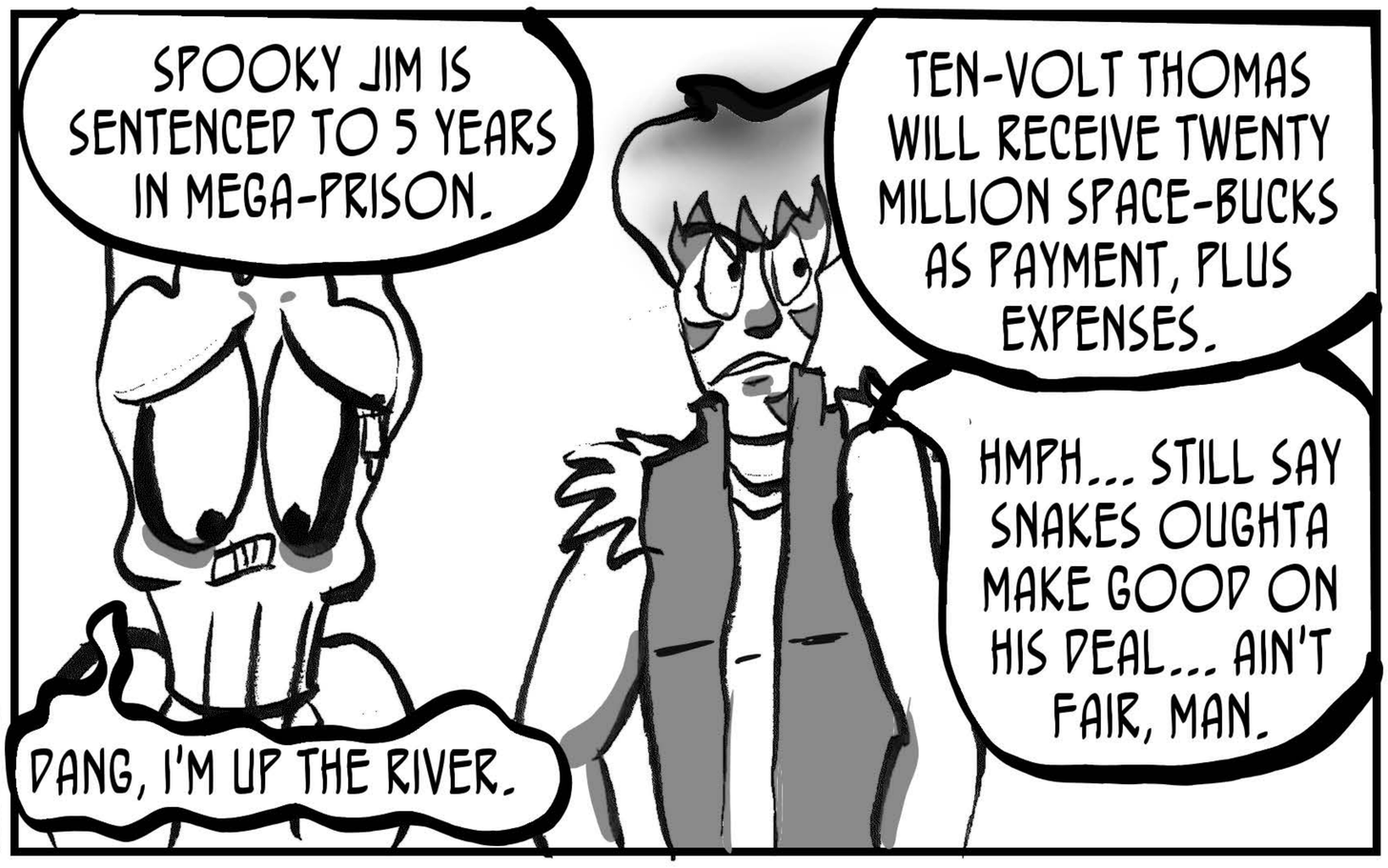

73%



DIRECT HITS ACROSS THE BOARD- SPOOKY JIM IS DOWN. ZERO LIFE SIGNS IN THAT SECTOR.

WAIT- WHAT'S THAT- COMING OUT OF THE SMOKE-!





FINALLY, FOR GALLANTRY ABOVE AND BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY, I HEREBY AWARD THE SILVER SHIELD OF COURAGE TO SNAKES CANBERRA LENINGRAD, CAPTAIN CHRISTOPHER EDISON GUNSMOKE, AND ROBOT PETER CHIYKOWSKI.

THEY WILL ALSO BE PERMITTED TO RETAIN CUSTODY OF THE PROPHECY STONE AND THE POET'S SOUL, WHILE TEN-VOLT THOMAS WILL BE GIVEN THE GODSTONE, PROVIDED IT REMAINS 100 METRES AWAY FROM THE PROPHECY STONE AT ALL TIME.

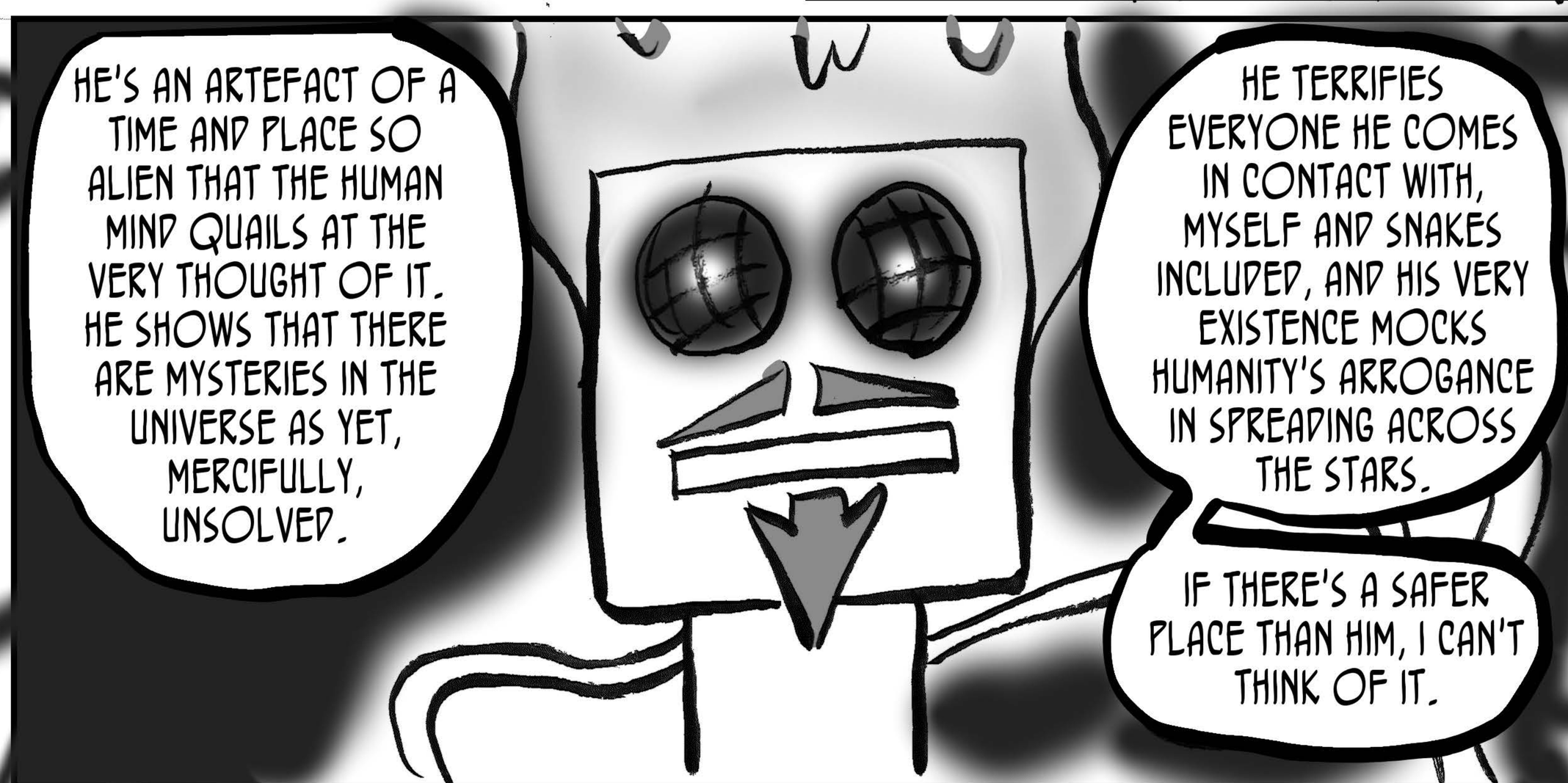
FINALLY, THIS DAY WILL HENCEFORTH BE COMMEMORATED WITH A BANK HOLIDAY, AND A YEARLY DONATION TO THE ROBOT PETER CHIYKOWSKI FUND FOR ROBOT RIGHTS.

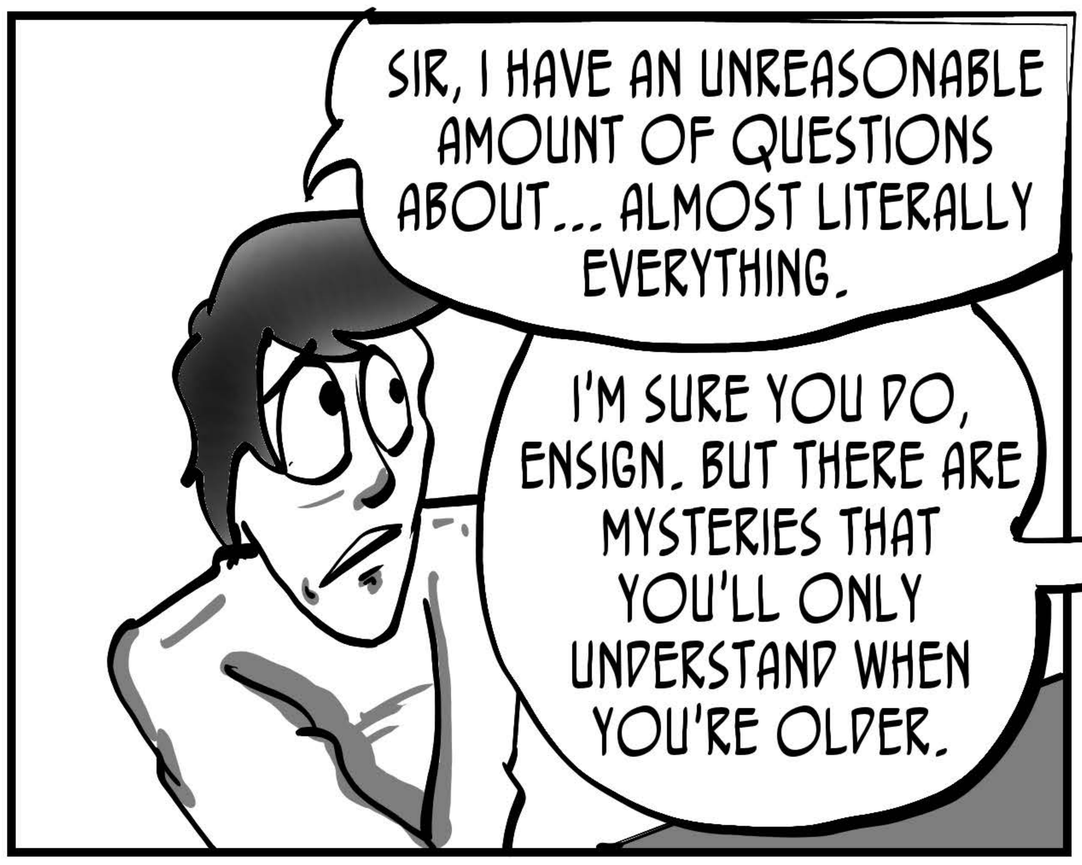
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, THEN- BUT SNAKES, DID YOU KNOW THE GODSTONE WOULD PROJECT A DEFENSIVE FIELD AROUND YOU?

DUNNO- HIT ME UP IN A FEW YEARS AND LET ME KNOW WHAT THE HISTORY BOOKS SAY.

ALRIGHT, BUT ANSWER ME THIS, YOU SCAMPS- WHY PUT THE POET'S SOUL BACK IN ROBOT PETER CHIYKOWSKI, AND NOT SOMEPLACE SAFER?

COMMANDER, HE'S A SIMULACRUM OF A HUMAN WEBCOMIC ARTIST BUILT BY ALIEN HANDS TO UNKNOWN ENDS.


HE'S AN ARTEFACT OF A TIME AND PLACE SO ALIEN THAT THE HUMAN MIND QUAILS AT THE VERY THOUGHT OF IT. HE SHOWS THAT THERE ARE MYSTERIES IN THE UNIVERSE AS YET, MERCIFULLY, UNSOLVED.
HE TERRIFIES EVERYONE HE COMES IN CONTACT WITH, MYSELF AND SNAKES INCLUDED, AND HIS VERY EXISTENCE MOCKS HUMANITY'S ARROGANCE IN SPREADING ACROSS THE STARS.
IF THERE'S A SAFER PLACE THAN HIM, I CAN'T THINK OF IT.


SIR, I HAVE AN UNREASONABLE AMOUNT OF QUESTIONS ABOUT... ALMOST LITERALLY EVERYTHING.
I'M SURE YOU DO, ENSIGN. BUT THERE ARE MYSTERIES THAT YOU'LL ONLY UNDERSTAND WHEN YOU'RE OLDER.

NOW, TAKE US HOME, KIDDO!
I'VE GOT A BOTTLE OF SCOTCH WITH MY NAME ON IT, AND A JUICE BOX FOR THE BEST LITTLE ENSIGN IN THE FLEET.

FINALLY, BACK HOME
WOW! WHAT A WACKY ADVENTURE!
I'M POSITIVELY CHUFFED, CHUMMO!

NOW WE GOTTA START PREPPIN' FOR THE ROCKIN WINTERTIME BASH!
OH, DANG! THROW ME SOME BEATS, HOMIE! SPIT SOME FIRE FOR ME!

I'M FEELIN' KIND OF A... WELL-A THERE SHE GOES, WITH HER BRAND NEW LOVE AFFAIR/DANCIN' WITH HIM LIKE SHE DON'T EVEN CARE!

WELL, LET HER DANCE! YEAH, LET HER DANCE, ALL NIGHT LOOOONG!

LLL-HUUUUUERG
OH! OHH!

AND IF YOU THOUGHT THAT WAS A NEAT TRICK, WAIT'LL YOU SEE THE NEXT ONE!
THE HUMAN ADVENTURE IS JUST BEGINNING, NERDS!

SEE YOU SNAKE COWBOY...

It's about 8:30 at night where I am, and I've already tried to write this afterword about nine times over the course of the last three months. It occurs to me now that there's something deeply fallacious about trying to write the afterword of a book before the book is done.

There's a lot about this book that didn't turn out the way I wanted it to. There's a lot of questions that I could have answered if I'd had three more months and eighty more pages, and a lot of art I'd do again if I had the chance. That being said, given the constraints imposed on it, I'm surprised on my second read-through that it even exists, let alone in any kind of finished form. It is, like Robot Peter Chiykowski, a wonder that at once terrifies and reassures.

There's a lot that you want to know, I'm sure. What is the Zap? The Pyre Cube? The Hundred and One Secessions? Where did Spooky Jim come from and why, if you read the Life Comix currently online, will you not see him anywhere? Is Snakes supposed to look like me? These are valid questions, I'm sure, but I know there's one question that looms high in your mind above all the others- whose fault is this book? Well, let me take a moment and spread the blame (i.e, hand out some special thanks).

First, thanks to Jay Paulin and Human Peter Chiykowski, who always seem to be down for listening to whatever damned-fool idea I'm cooking up. And a special thanks to Jay for being instrumental in inflicting this book upon you.

Thanks are also due to my friends Ali, Adam, Matt, and Greg, who continue to be an inspiration and who dutifully put up with me babbling incoherently about this weird thing I put together.

Profound thanks go out to my best bud Chris, without whom Life Comix would not exist, full stop. Words can never convey my gratitude- this book will have to suffice.

And finally, thanks to my parents, who were always happy to hear that I'd got this-many-pages done this week or that, and especially to my dad, who took time out of his vacation to scan these pages.

And if you bought this book, and read it all the way through, thanks. I'll never forget you.

- BRUCE DELO

www.flyknifecomics.com