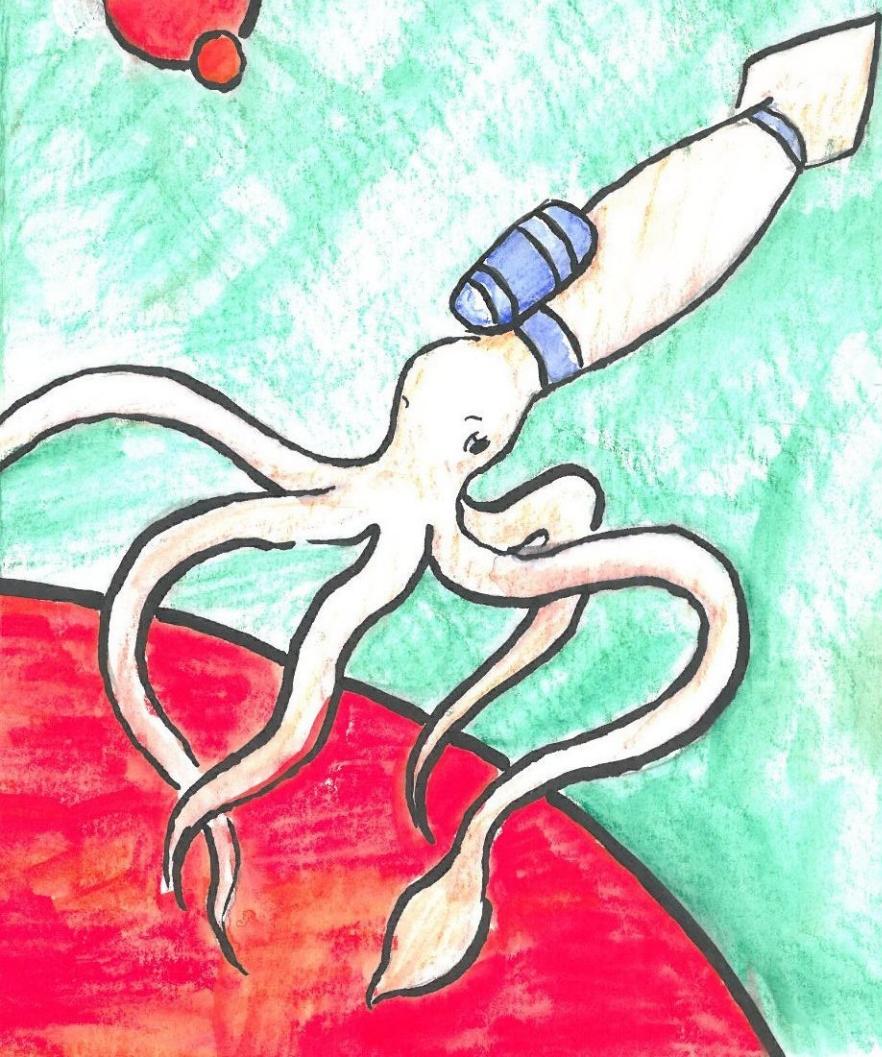
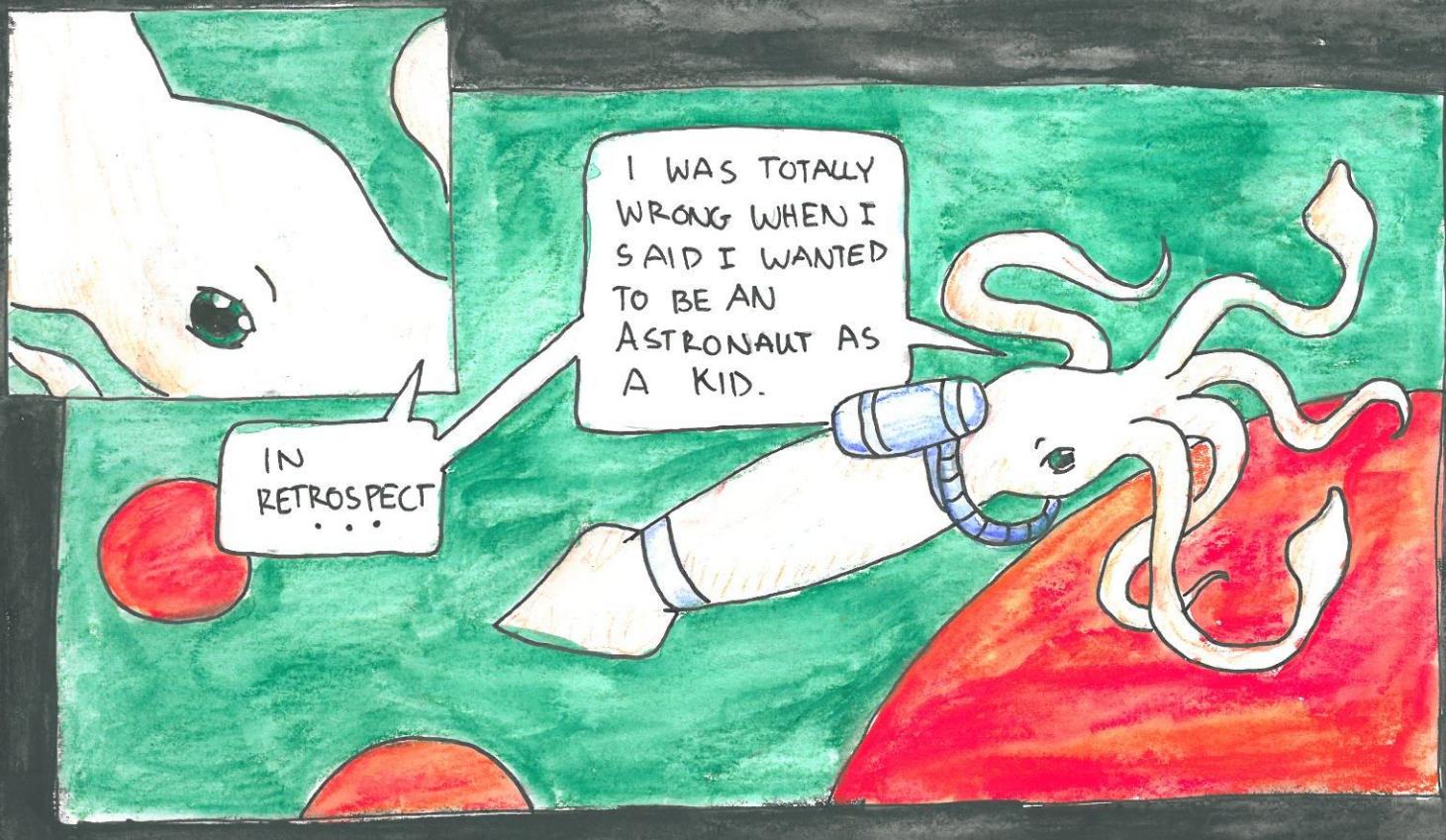
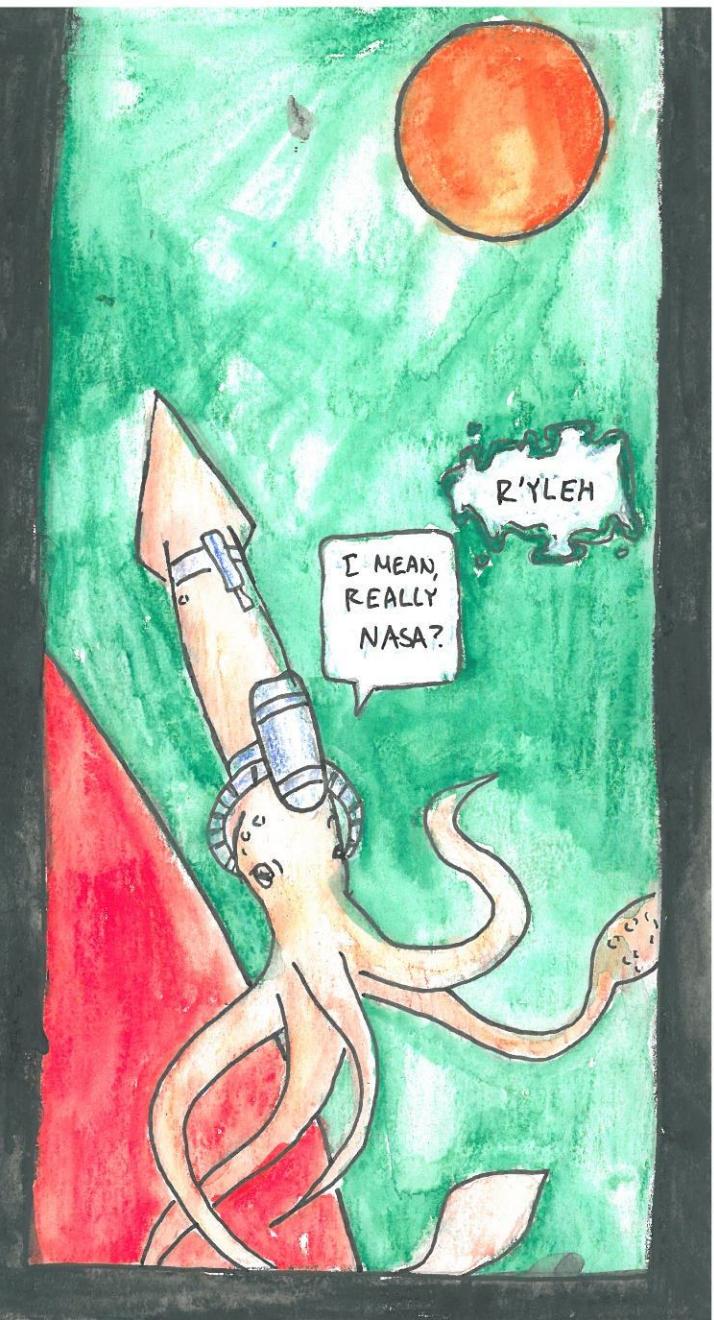
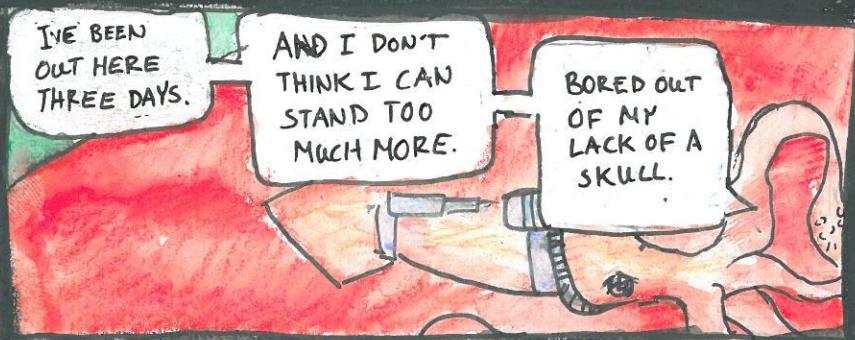


THE

MISADVENTURES OF HAROLD







WAIT,
WHO AM
I TALKING
TO?

WHO-? OH,
YOU'RE NOT
A CULTIST.

CTHULHU.
THE GREAT
CTHULHU.

LOOK, IT'S HARD
TO TALK TO
SOMEONE YOU
CAN'T SEE.

LIKE TALKING
TO AIR OR
LACK THEREOF.

NOT TO PESTER,
BUT WHERE
ARE YOU?

WHAT
PART OF
CTHULHU
DO YOU NOT
GET?

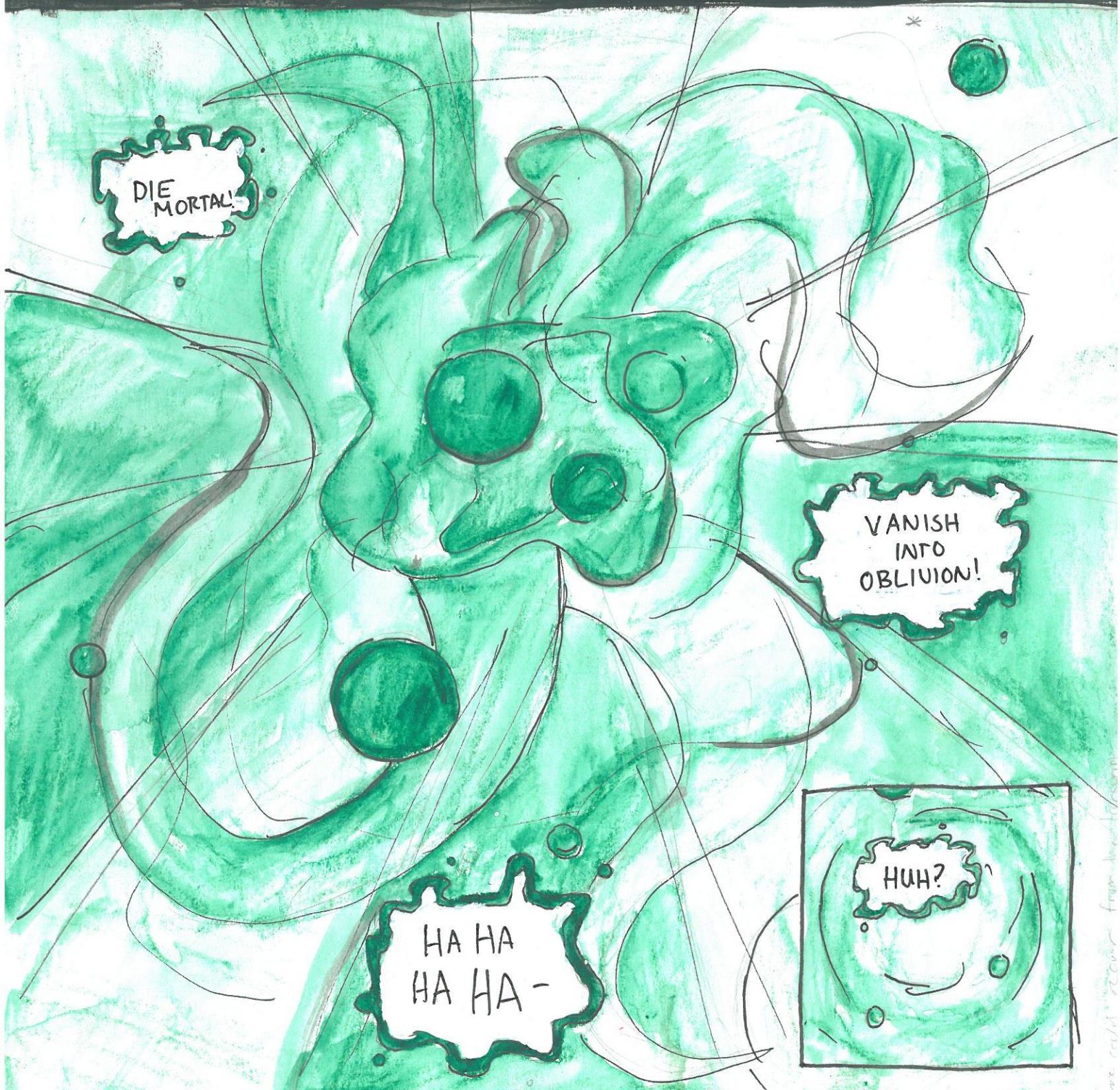
I RESIDE
IN A DIMENSION
BEYOND MERE
MORTAL
COMPREHENSION

SHEESH!
NO NEED TO
BE RUDE.

SOME OF MY
BEST FRIENDS
ARE MORTALS.

ALL I WANT
IS JUST TO
SEE WHO I'M
TALKING TO.

THE SIGHT OF
ME WOULD
BLAST YOUR BRAIN
INTO...



*At this point, Howard can't work more and has to spend 12 years in therapy at Asylum Asylum. He can't say fear tho.

I MEAN,
DO PEOPLE
REALLY
BUY ALL
THAT?

YOU HAVE NO
IDEA. BUT STILL,
EVEN WITHOUT
THE SPEECH,
THAT WAS 16
DIMENSIONS.

IT SHOULD
HAVE
SHATTERED
YOUR BRAIN.

THAT'S
IT?

WHAT'S THE
BIG DEAL?
YOU AREN'T THAT
UGLY.

AND CAN WE
NOT WITH THE
"PUNY MORTAL"?

SO WHAT IF
SOME OF US
ONLY DIE
ONCE?

BUT - 16
DIMENSIONS -
YOUR
BRAIN -

JUST A DIMENSION.
WHAT'S 13 MORE?
SEEN THEM.

FUNNY,
THAT USUALLY
WORKS.

WELL, HUMANS
USUALLY GO
BATTY.

PFT, HUMANS.
NO WONDER. THEY
TAKE THINGS TOO
SERIOUSLY.

ALWAYS OVER-
REACTING, HMM?

STILL,
NOT BEING
ABLE TO
DESTROY
A BRAIN...

HAPPENS
TO
EVERYONE.

SO WHY
ARE YOU
HERE?

NOT EXACTLY
A VACATION
HOME.

OH, YOU KNOW.
*Pnglui myval-hu
Chthul, li khe way
nei green.*

DEAD?

EXACTLY!

HUMANS
CAN'T GET
ANYTHING
RIGHT,
EH?

OR RATHER
*Pnglui myval-hu
Chthul, li khe way
nei green*

"IN HIS
HOUSE IN
JUPITER,
DEAD CTHULU
WAITS."

I'M FINISHED
WITH THAT
SUNKEN CITY
CRAP.

STILL, YOU
CALL THIS A HOUSE?
NO DAMN RUNNING
WATER OR INDOOR
PLUMBING.

EXCEPT
FOR
"WAITS."

I WOULD
BE OUT OF HERE
IF IT WASNT FOR
SOME DIMENSIONAL
LOCK ON THE
PLACE.

COSMIC
POWER YOU
CAN'T COMPREHEND,
AND I NEED
CULTISTS TO OPEN
A GODDAMN
LOCK.

I'LL
PROBABLY
NEVER
GET OUT.

WELL,
I'M SICK OF
WAITING.

ME,
THE GREAT
CTHULHU, DEPENDING
ON A BUNCH
OF GIBBERING,
DROOLING
MORTALS.

THAT'S THE
MOST
HUMILIATING
PART OF
IT ALL
...

CANT YOUR
FRIENDS GET
YOU OUT?

...
WHAT?

I'VE GOT A
JOB FOR YOU.

AUG 18TH,
2014

"THE GREAT
CTHULHU."

WANT TO
TRY AGAIN?

PONGLUEY
MEATBALL
REALLY - BLEAH!

NO, NO, NO!
THAT'S ALL
WRONG!
COMPLETELY
WRONG!

- I'VE MADE A
NEW... FRIEND.

AND
"CTHULHU" HAS
A "C"!

HE'S A
BIT
SNOBBY
...

BUT HE
SEEMS NICE
ENOUGH.

HONESTLY,
YOU'RE AS
BAD AS A
HUMAN.

HOW?

ELDER
GOD.

RIGHT.

"CTHULHU
FTAGN."
IS THAT SO
HARD?

FTAGN
YOU!

WHO'S
ACTUALLY GETTING
THE GATE OPEN?

IF I'M SO
INCOMPETENT,
GOOD LUCK
FINDING
SOMEONE
ELSE.

AWW,
C'MON. I
NEED YOU.

I THINK WE'LL
HAVE AN
INTERESTING
TIME.



WHAT
FOR THOUGH?

SORRY,
I'M JUST
TENSE.

WE'RE
IN A
HURRY.



ARE YOU
KIDDING?

"A HURRY"?
ALL WE'RE
DOING IS
FLOATING
AROUND.

NOT IF
I WANT TO
EVER GET
OUT.

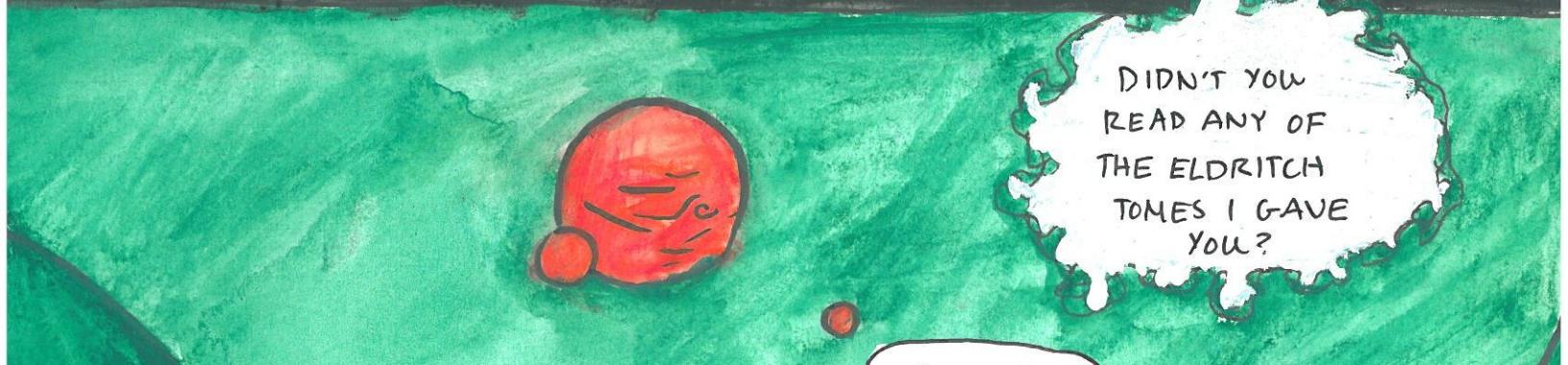


THE GATE
ONLY OPENS
WHEN THE
STARS ARE RIGHT.

THE RITUAL
WILL THEN
UNLEASH ME.



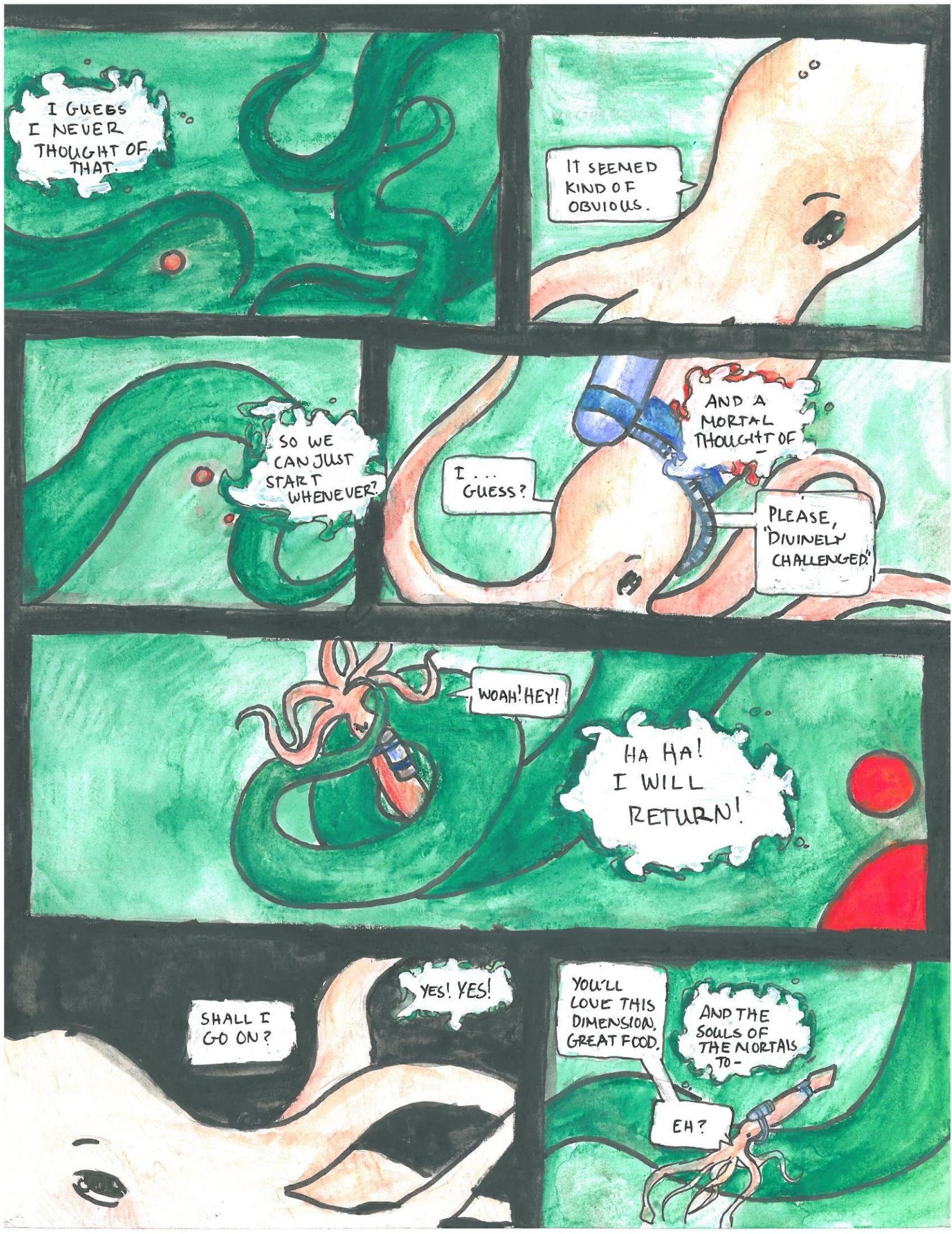
DIDN'T YOU
READ ANY OF
THE ELDritch
TOMES I GAVE
YOU?



YOU REALIZE
WE'RE IN
SPACE?



WHY DOES THE
POSITION OF THE
STARS TO THE EARTH
MATTER?



AUG 20,
2014.
THE BIG
DAY!

EVERY-
THING
READY? OH MY
SELF, THIS IS
FANTASTIC!

PENTAGRAM?
CHECK!

PLANETS?
CHECK!

INCANTATION?
CHECK!

BLOOD
OF A
VIRGIN?

SHHH!

... CHECK.

ALTHOUGH I
DON'T REALLY
KNOW HOW IT
WORKS.

YUP.
TRADITION,
I'M AFRAID.

FINE.
YOU BETTER
REALLY ENJOY
EATING THE
WORLD.

HEY, DONT
JOKE. I TAKE
WORLD EATING
VERY SERIOUSLY.



IS THE
HAT
REALLY
NECESSARY?

SURE YOU
DO. SURE
YOU DO.

JUST
START

OK, OK!

ER... PW-
UMM...
PWGLUEY...

M... NG
ERN...
WAL-

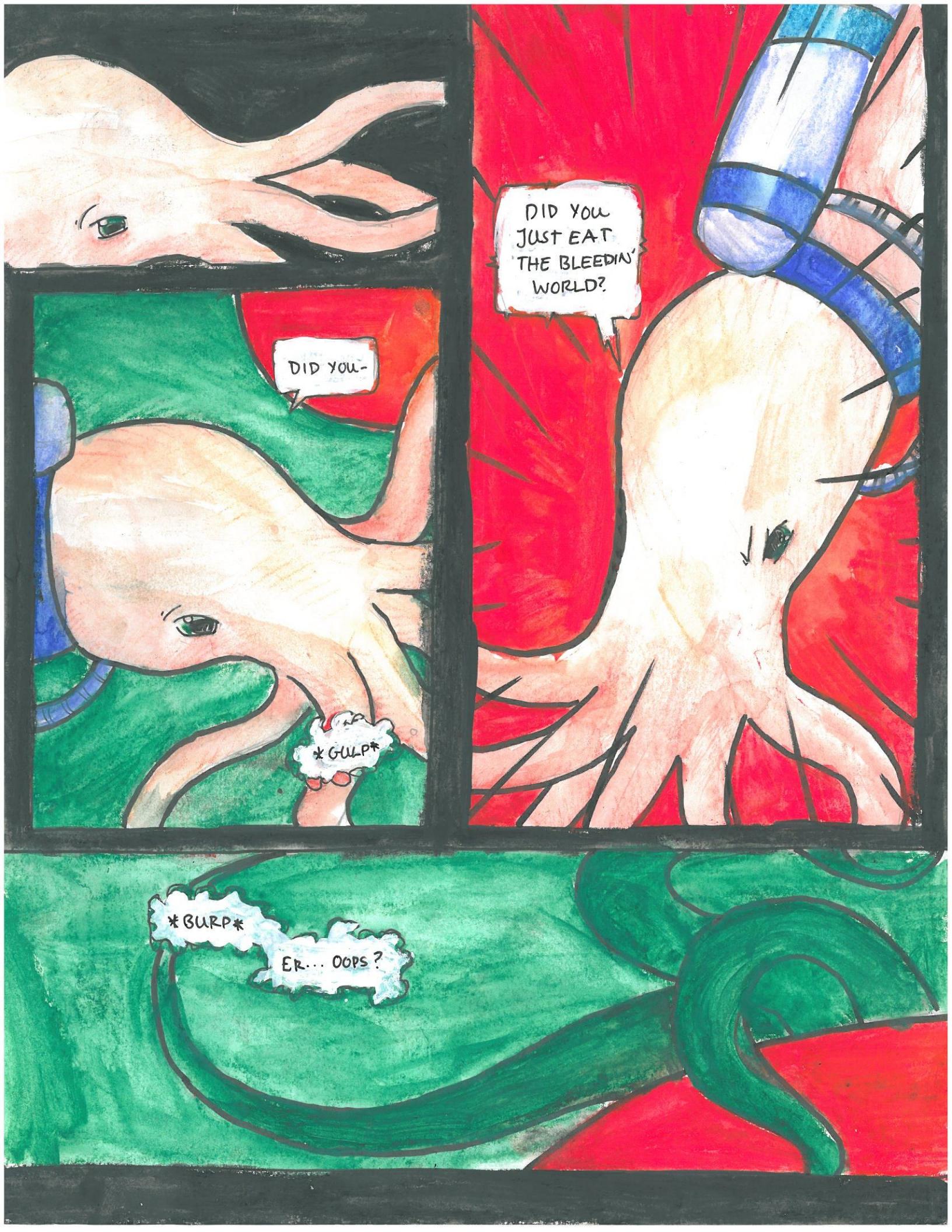
CTHULHU
... DANN!
... SORRY-

R'LYEH, er
JUPITER-EH-
OW!

WAG-HAL...
-WOAH!







DID YOU-

DID YOU
JUST EAT
THE BLEEDIN'
WORLD?

GULP

BURP

ER... OOPS?

"OOPS"?
OOPS DOESN'T
EVEN COVER
IT.

THAT
PLANET
WAS MY
HOUSE.

MY ELDER-
GODS - DANN
HOUSE!

I ACTUALLY
LIKED THAT
PLANET!

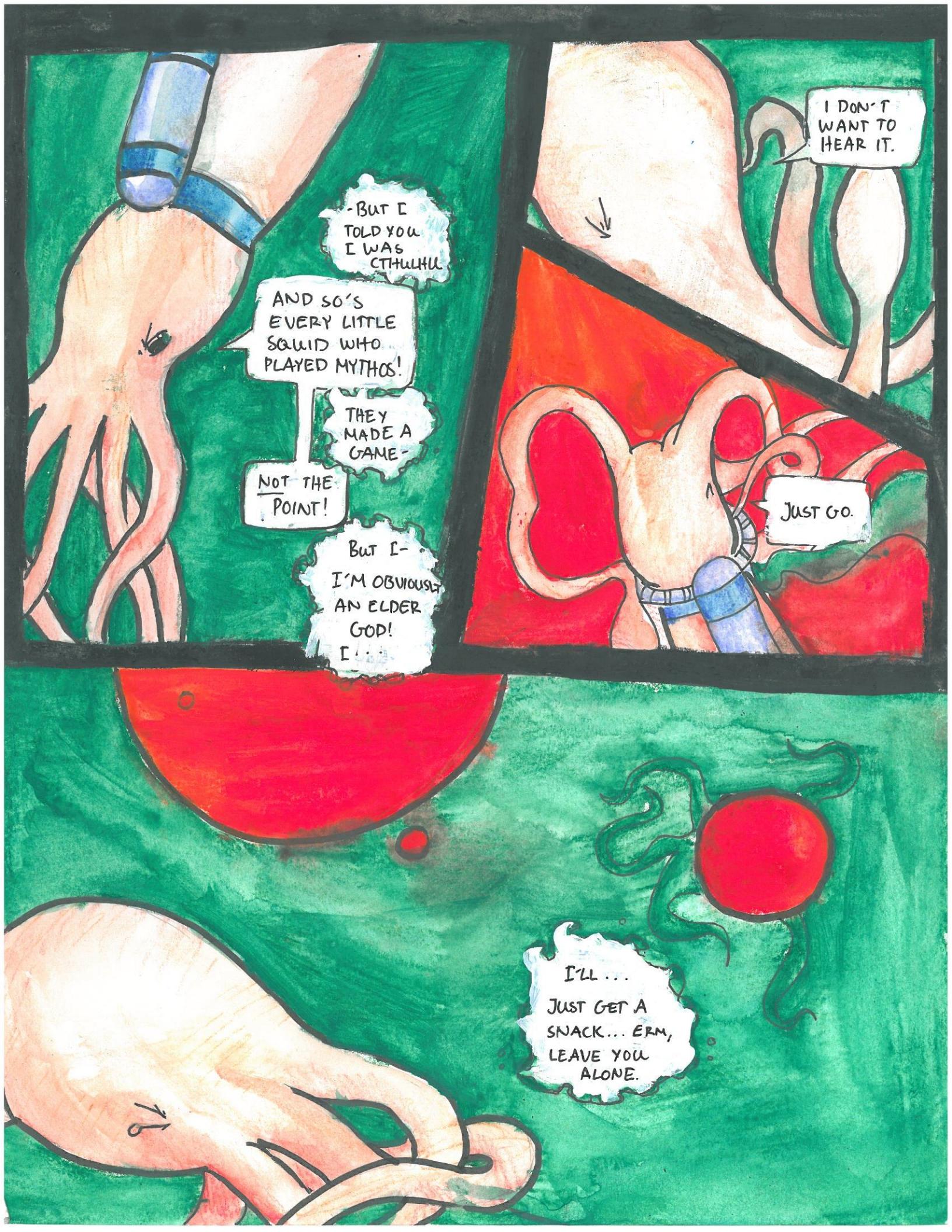
I THOUGHT
YOU WERE
MY FRIEND
AND YOU
WENT
ATE MY
HOUSE?!

I DID TELL
YOU THAT
I...
X'KNOW
... EAT WORDS.

AND YOU REALLY
EXPECTED ME TO
BELIEVE THAT?

WHERE I COME
FROM, WHEN
PEOPLE SAY THAT,
THEY'RE JOKING
OR SOMETHING.

NOT SHOVING
THE BLOODY
PLANET DOWN
THEIR GULLET.



I DON'T
WANT TO
HEAR IT.

-BUT I
TOLD YOU
I WAS
CTHULHU

AND SO'S
EVERY LITTLE
SQUID WHO
PLAYED MYTHOS!

THEY
MADE A
GAME-

NOT THE
POINT!

BUT I-
I'M OBVIOUSLY
AN ELDER
GOD!
I...

JUST GO.

I'LL...
JUST GET A
SNACK... ERM,
LEAVE YOU
ALONE.

A-HEM.

EAT ANYONE
ELSE'S HOME,
PLANET
SCARFER?

I-
I BROUGHT
SOME OF
THE MOON.

HARRY

PLEASE-

AREN'T WE
...
... FRIENDS?

THAT'S
FUNNY.

I
THOUGHT
SO TOO,
CTHULHU.

AND THEN
SOMEONE
ATE MY
FAVORITE
PLANET.

I REALLY
THOUGHT WE
WERE FRIENDS!

I
TRUSTED
YOU!

ER!!

...
I'M
SORRY.



ALRIGHT.

APOLOGY
ACCEPTED.

I DON'T
BLAME YOU
ANYMORE.

WE ALL
MAKE MISTAKES.

SO WHAT DO
YOU WANT TO
DO NOW THAT
THE EARTH'S GONE?

AUG 20,
2014, #2

I MEAN, I NEVER DREAMED OF ANY OF THIS WHEN I SIGNED UP FOR NASA.

ABSOLUTELY CRAZY.

I TAKE BACK EVERYTHING ABOUT SPACE BEING BORING.

WELL, I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO GO ON A CULINARY ROADTRIP.

THE DOLPHINS SAY THE COCKTAILS ON SATURN'S MOONS ARE TO DIE FOR.

I HEAR THE MOONS THEMSELVES ARE QUITE TASTY.

HAROLD OUT.