



THE ADVENTURES OF
ROGER WILCO™

ROGER
WILCO

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THE ADVENTURES OF

ROGER WILCO

Written by

PAUL O'CONNOR

Illustrated by

**ANDREW WALLS &
CRAIG TAILLEFER**

Lettered by

GAIL BECKETT



ANDREW WALLS • Cover TOM O'CONNOR • Cover Colors

DAVE OLBRICH • Publisher CHRIS ULM • Editor-In-Chief
DAN DANKO • Editor KIM SCHOLTER • Publishing Coordinator
TOM MASON • Creative Director STACY HERRING • Production
TY RULLI • Circulation

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DON'T SUCCUMB
TO ECSTATIC
FIBRILLATIONS,
WILCO 1205C.

YOU'RE STILL 187,638
PARSECS FROM XENON,
WITH NO IDEA HOW TO
GET HOME, OR HOW TO
DELIVER THE **STAR
GENERATOR DESTRUCT
CODE** TO THE AUTHORITIES.
I PREDICT THE DEMISE OF
YOUR COGNITIVE FUNCTIONS
BEFORE COMPLETING YOUR
MISSION WITH 99.9999%
PROB—

FIGURES CAN
LIE, AND LIARS
CAN FIGURE,
COMPUTER—

HOW ABOUT MAKING YOURSELF
USEFUL BY TELLING ME WHAT
YOU KNOW ABOUT THOSE SARIENS
WHO RAIDED THE ARADA.

THE SARIENS ARE FORMER CITIZENS OF OUR GALAXY, EXILED FOR THEIR
WARLIKE WAYS. COMMANDED BY THE MYSTERIOUS VOHAUL, THEY ARE
DREAD PIRATES OF THE SPACEWAYS. BY CAPTURING THE **STAR GENERATOR**
FROM THE ARADA, THEY NOW HAVE THE MEANS TO CONQUER OUR GALAXY,
AN EVENTUALITY I PREDICT WITH A CERTAINTY OF 99.999—

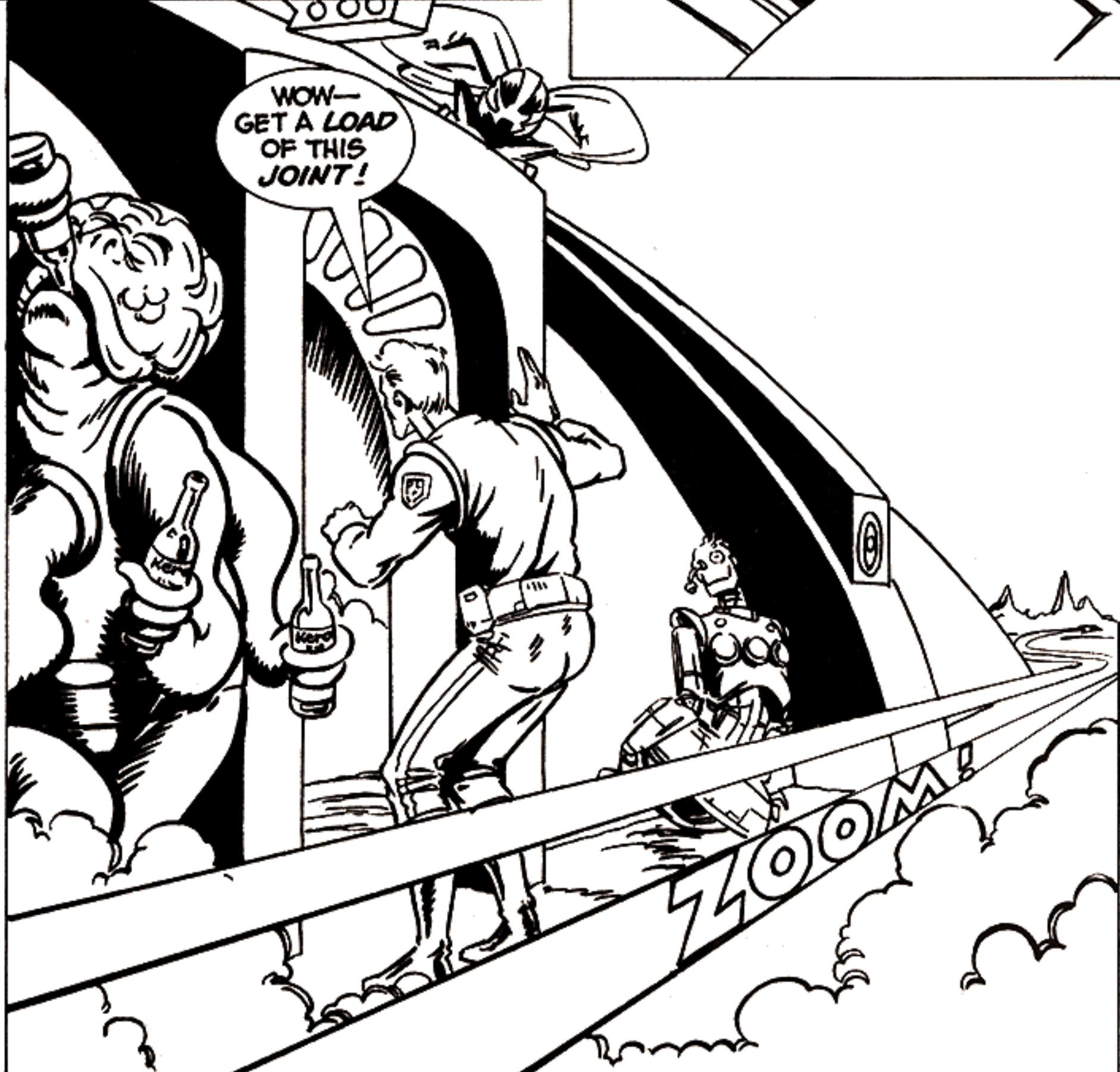
UNLESS I DELIVER THE
DESTRUCT CODE TO
XENON, YOU MEAN.

FORGIVE ME IF I DON'T OVERLOAD MY
CHIPS WAITING FOR THAT TO HAPPEN.

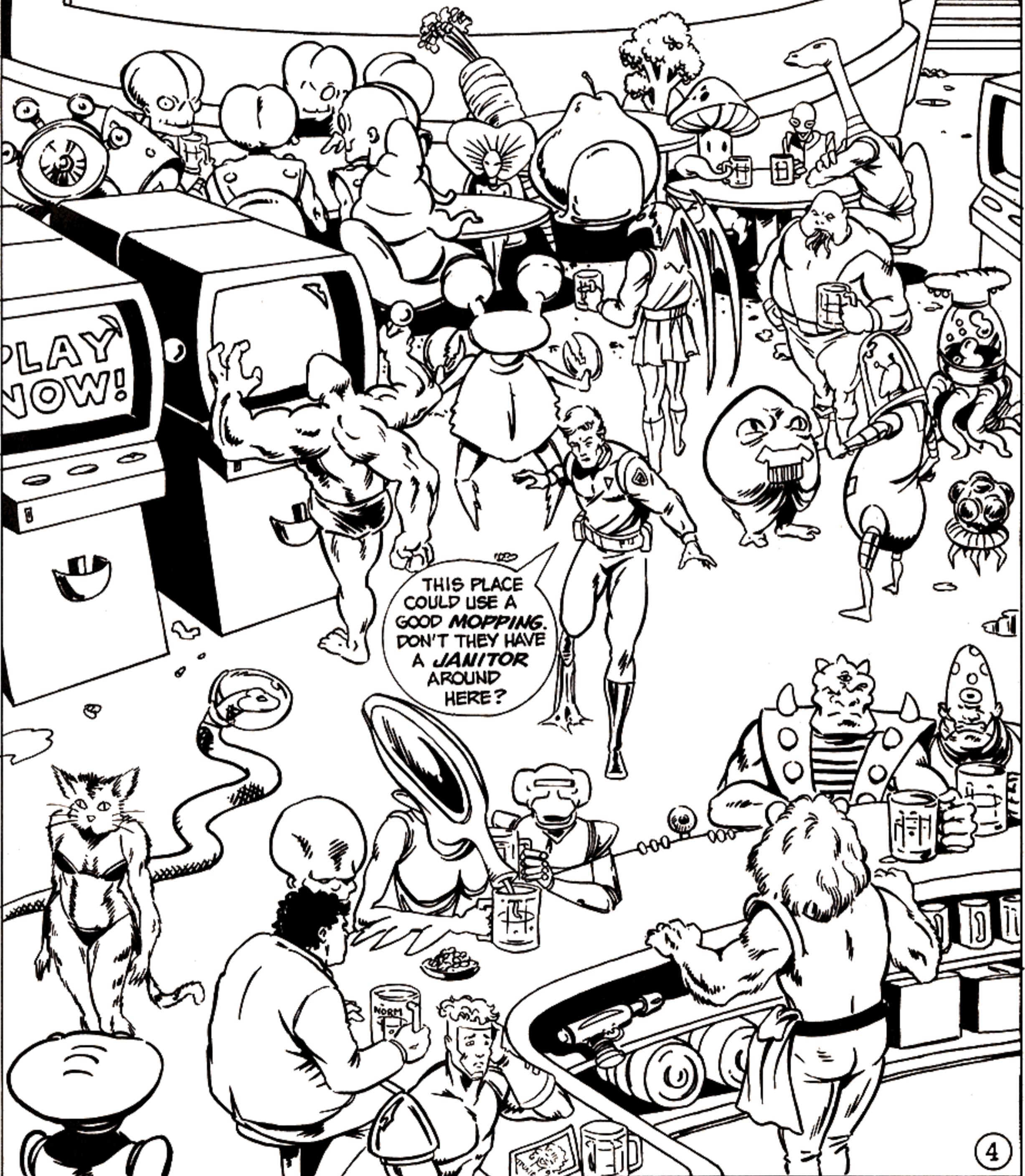
HERE
WE ARE,
COMPUTER—
TIGGY'S!

THOSE MULTI-ARM GUYS SAID
THIS WAS THE PLACE TO LOOK FOR
TRANSPORTATION OFF THIS PLANET
TO XENON. *

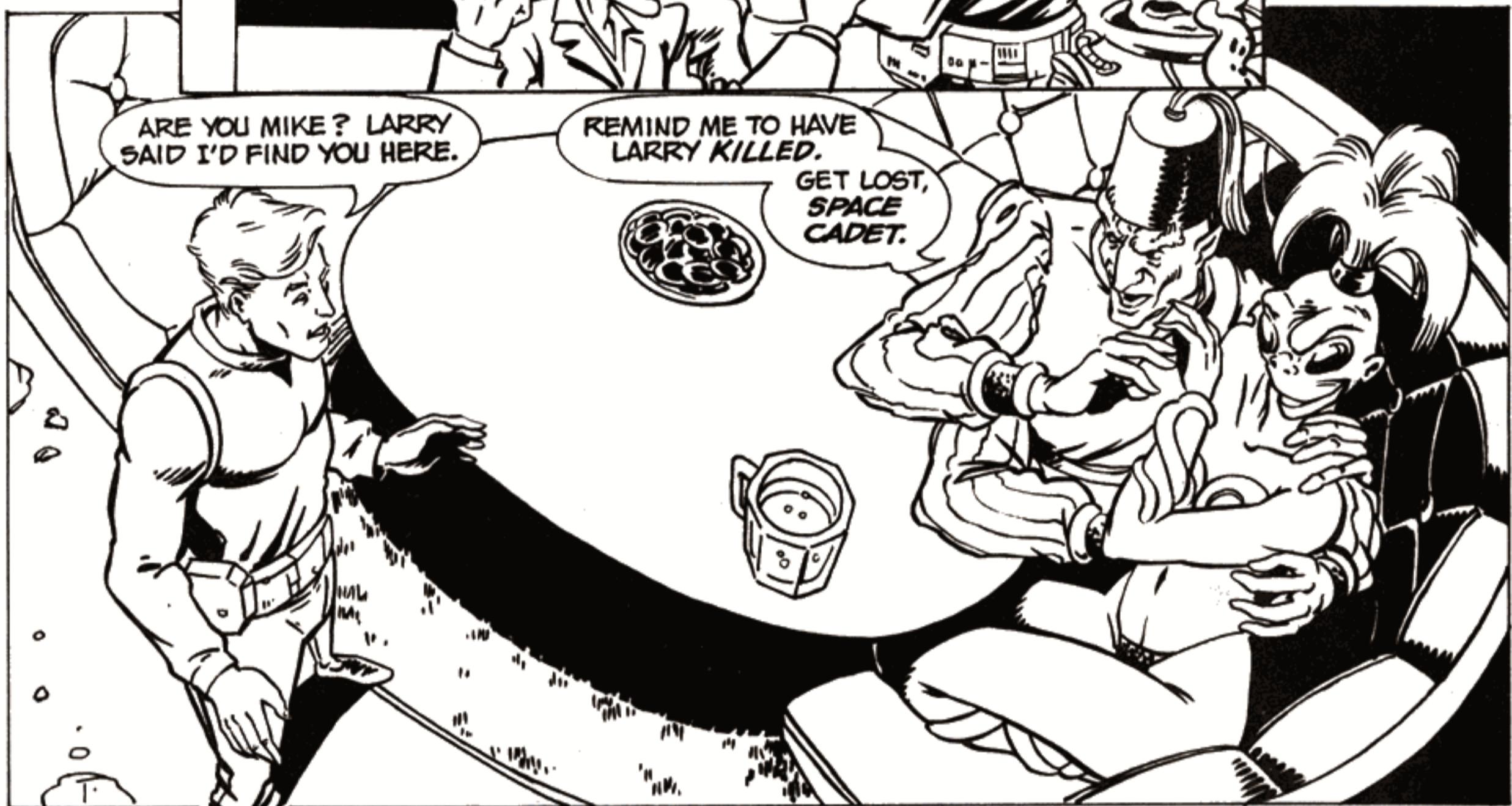
* SEE LAST ISSUE.

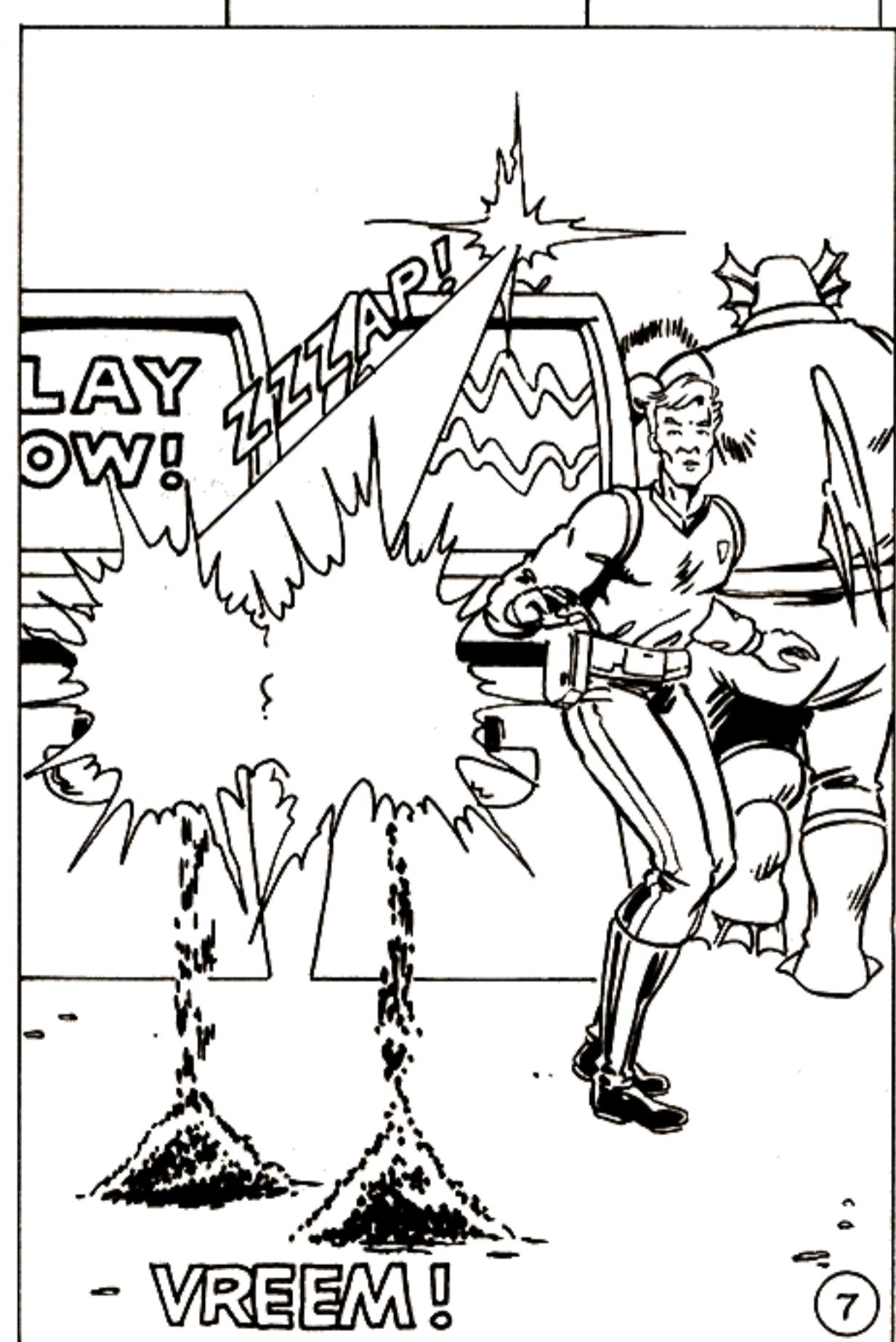
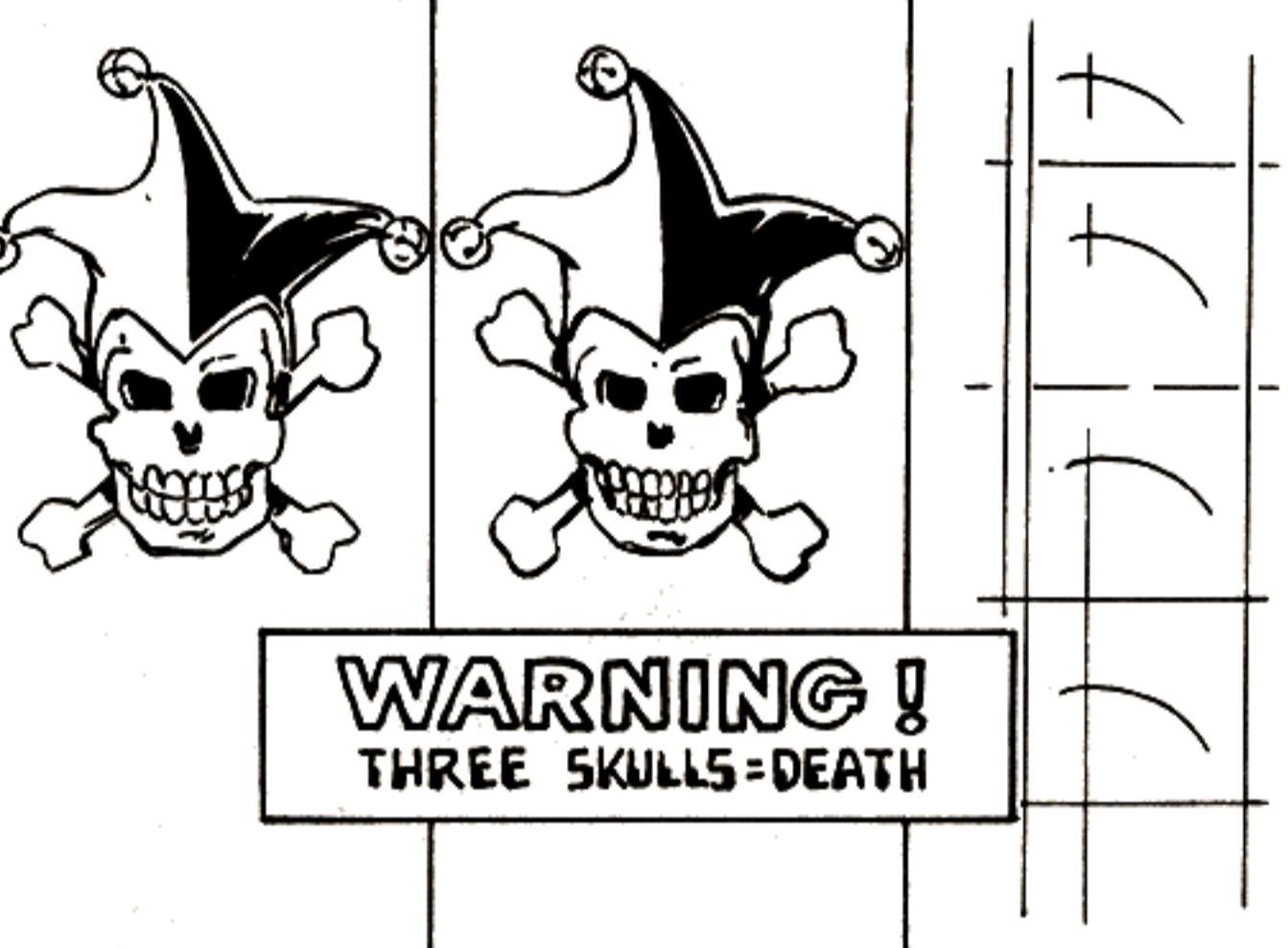
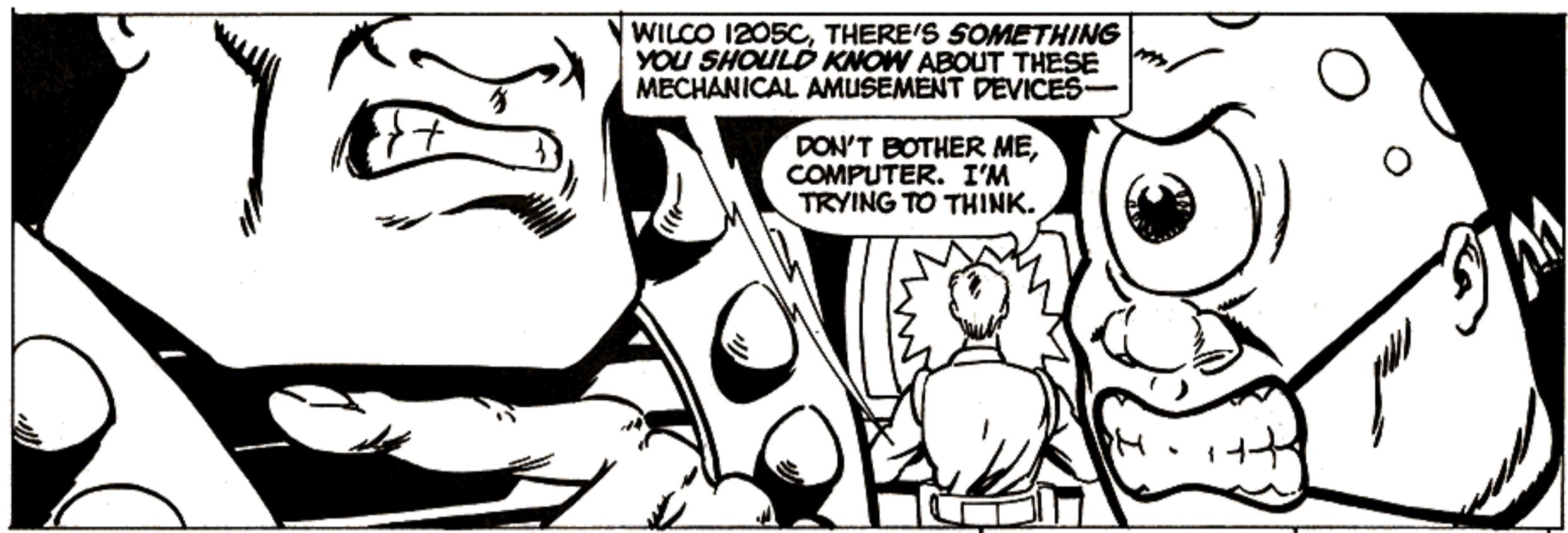


♪ ♪ ♪ SWEET HOME CHICAGO IV ... ♪ ♪ ♪

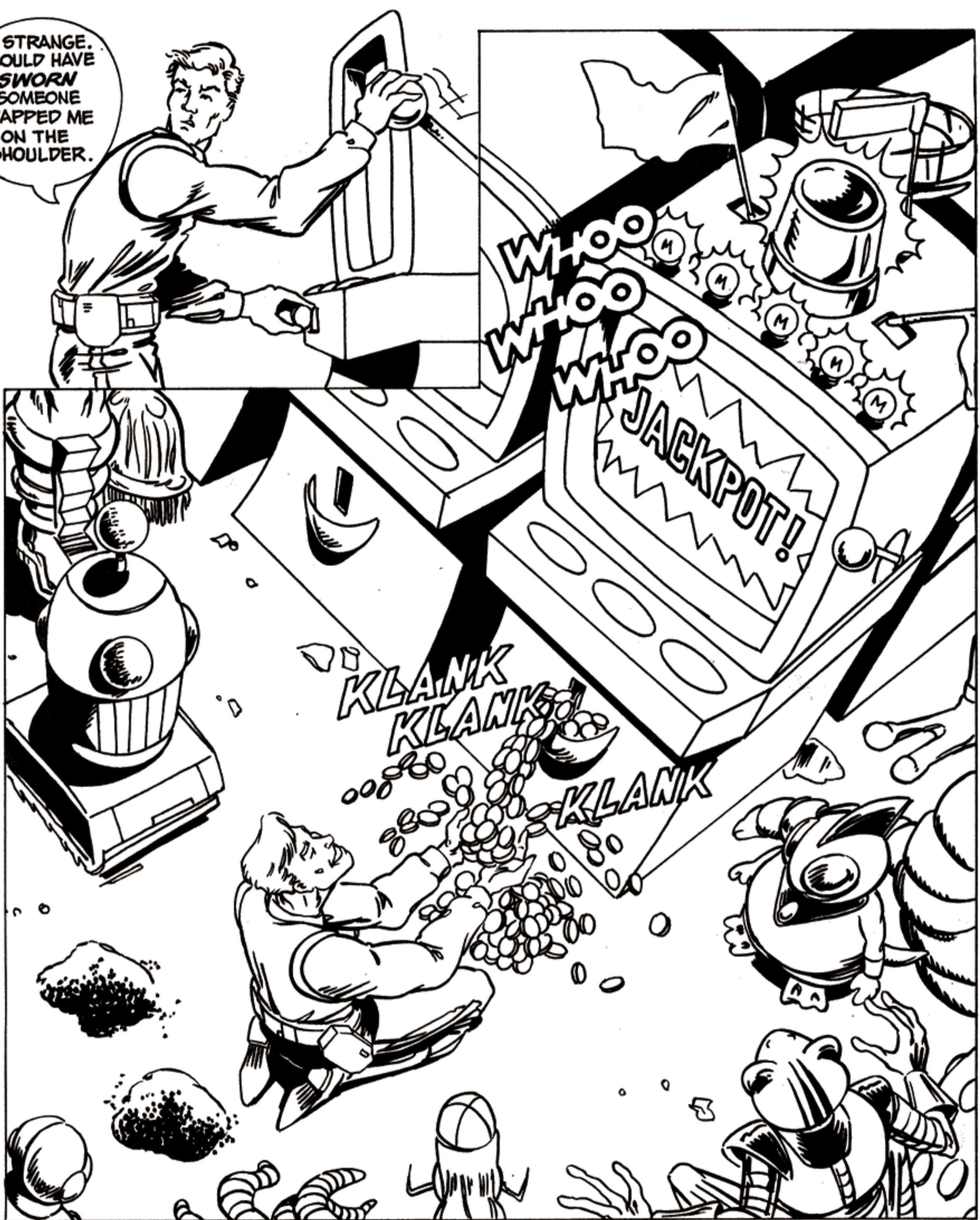








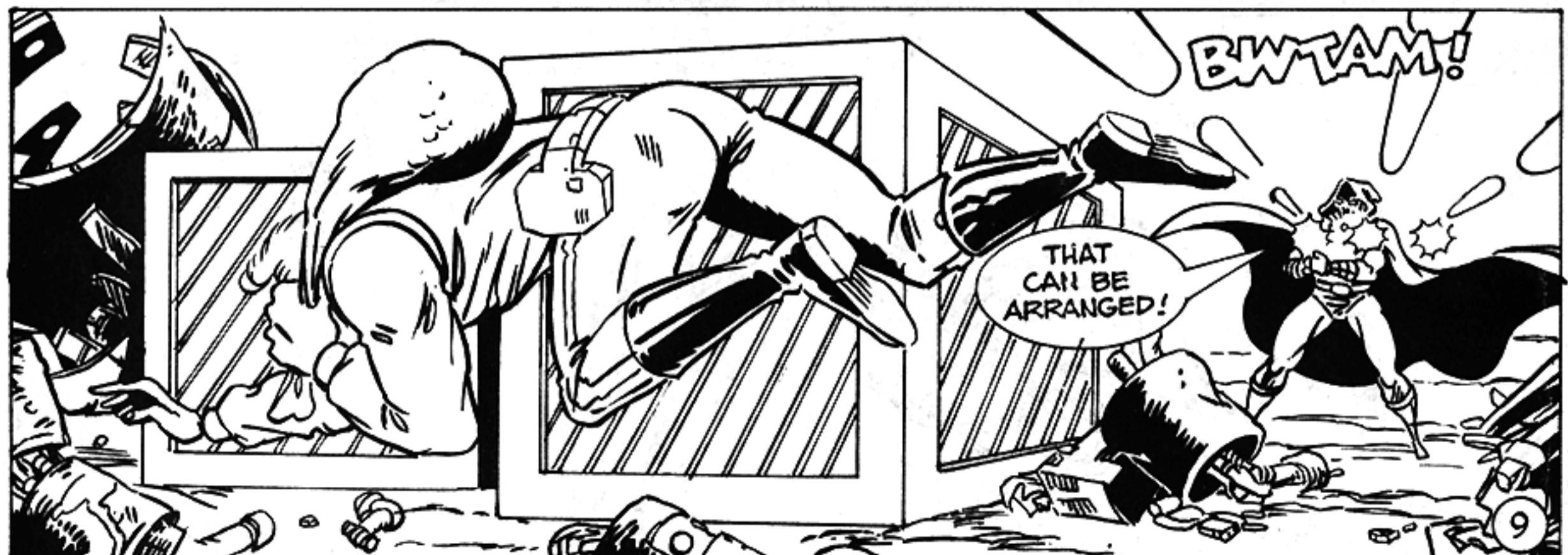
STRANGE.
COULD HAVE
SWORN
SOMEONE
TAPPED ME
ON THE
SHOULDER.



NEAT ROBOT,
I COULD HAVE
USED ONE OF
THOSE ABOARD
THE ARCPAD.

COME ON, COMPUTER.
WE'VE GOT A DATE
WITH TINY.

SWEEPA
SWEEPA





I'VE NEVER BEEN SO
INSULTED IN MY LIFE.

NOW, IF YOU'VE
GOT ANY SENSE
AT ALL—

BWNTAM!

-ACK!

SERVES YOU RIGHT,
PINHEA—

AIIIEEE!

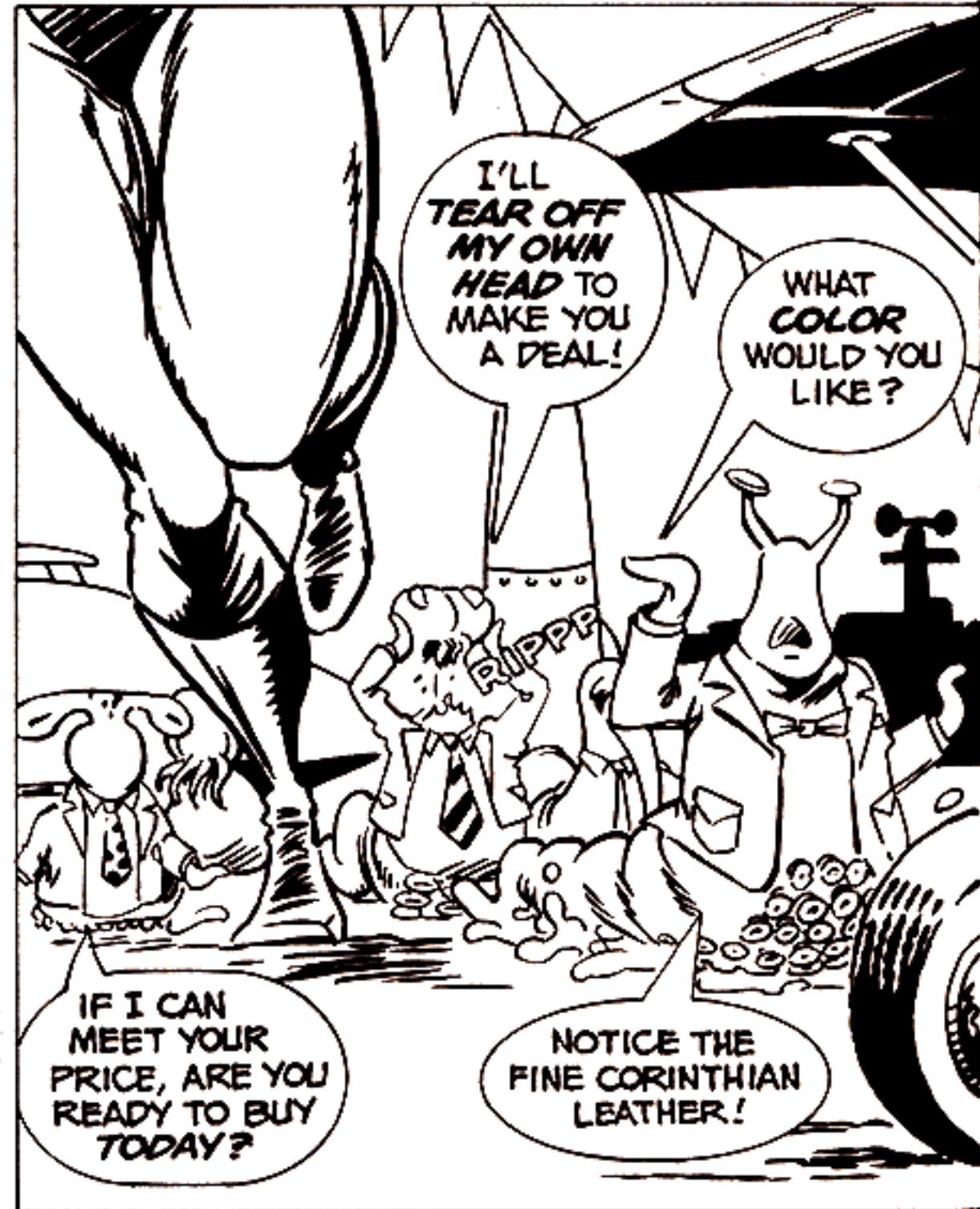
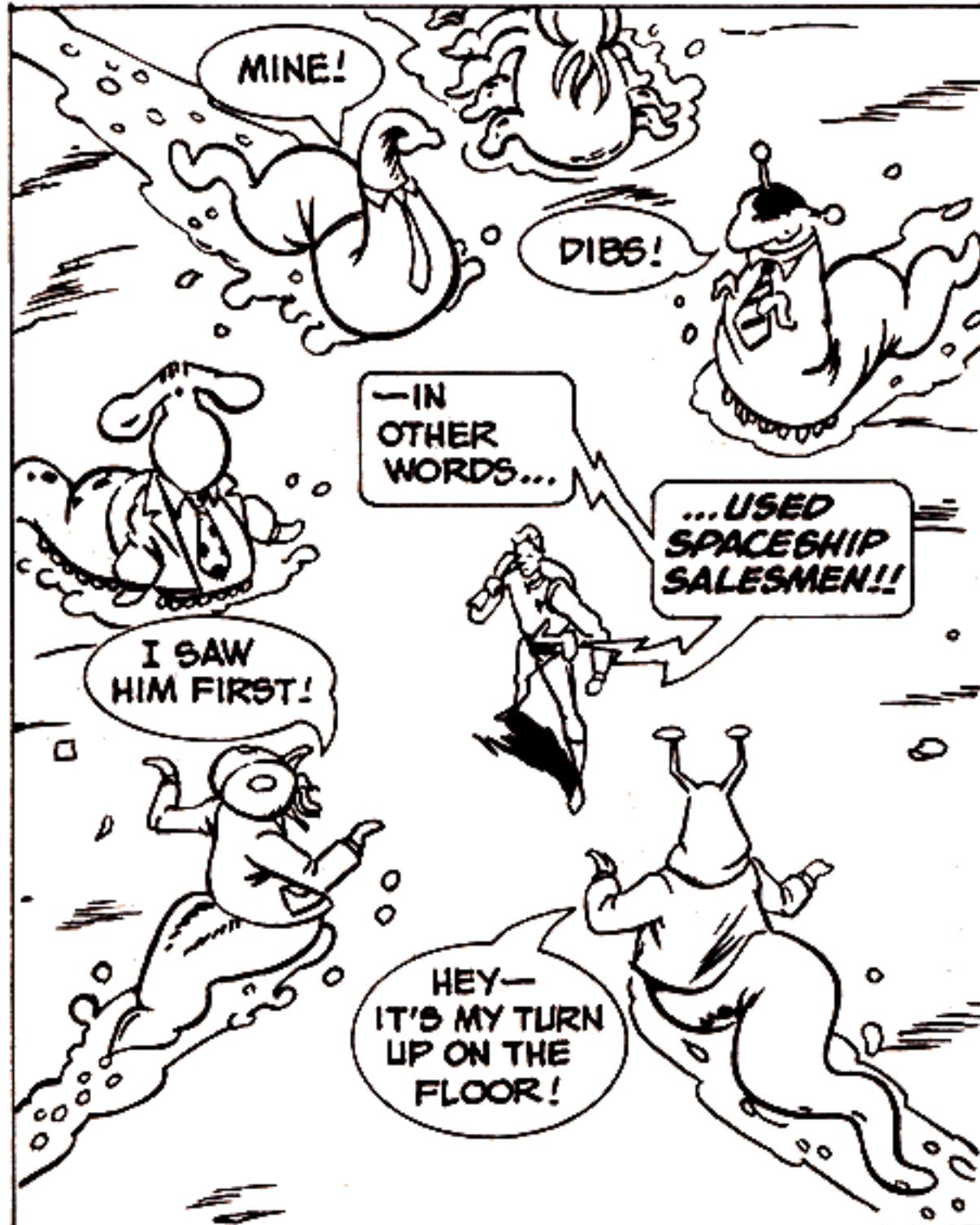
KRAK!

GOOD RIDDANCE
TO YOU ALL, I SAY.

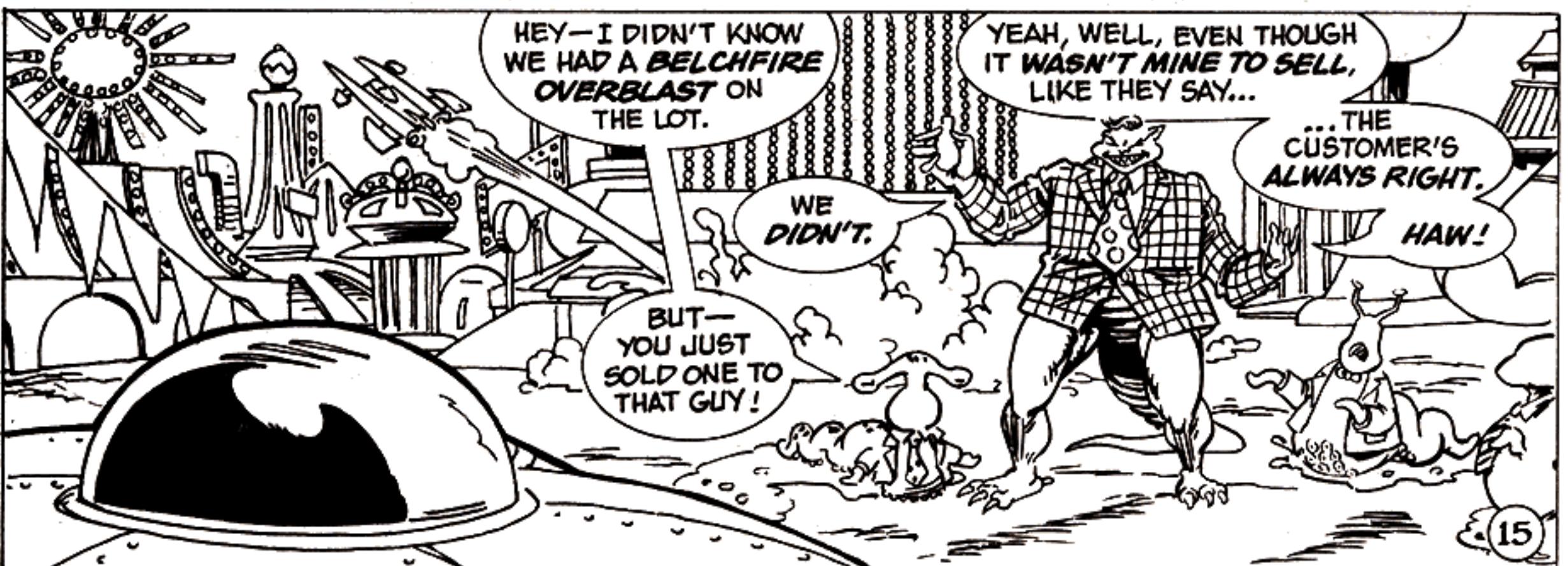
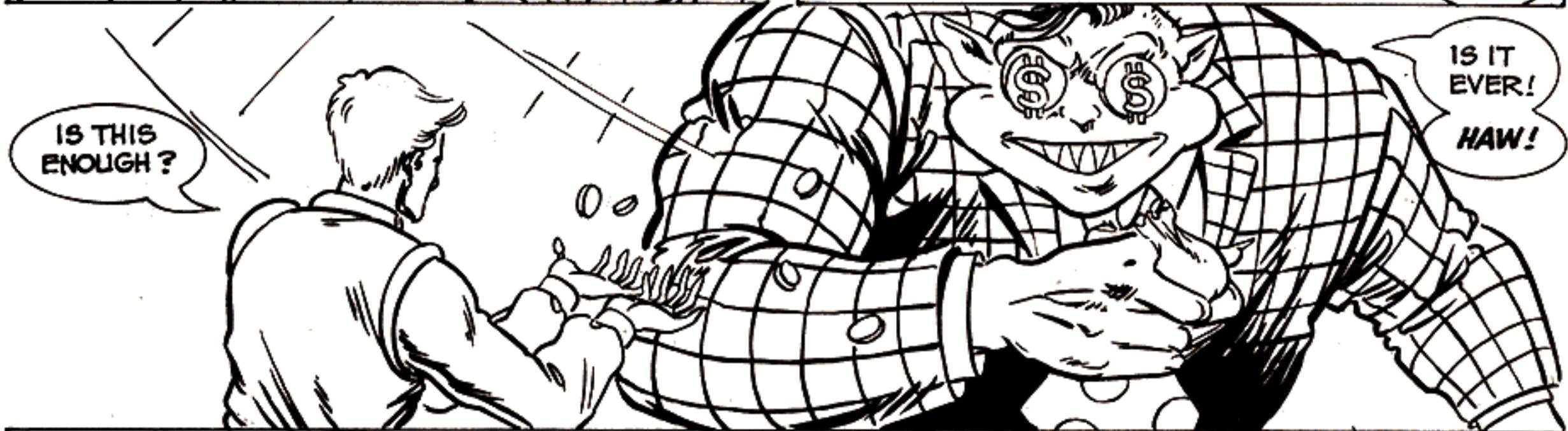
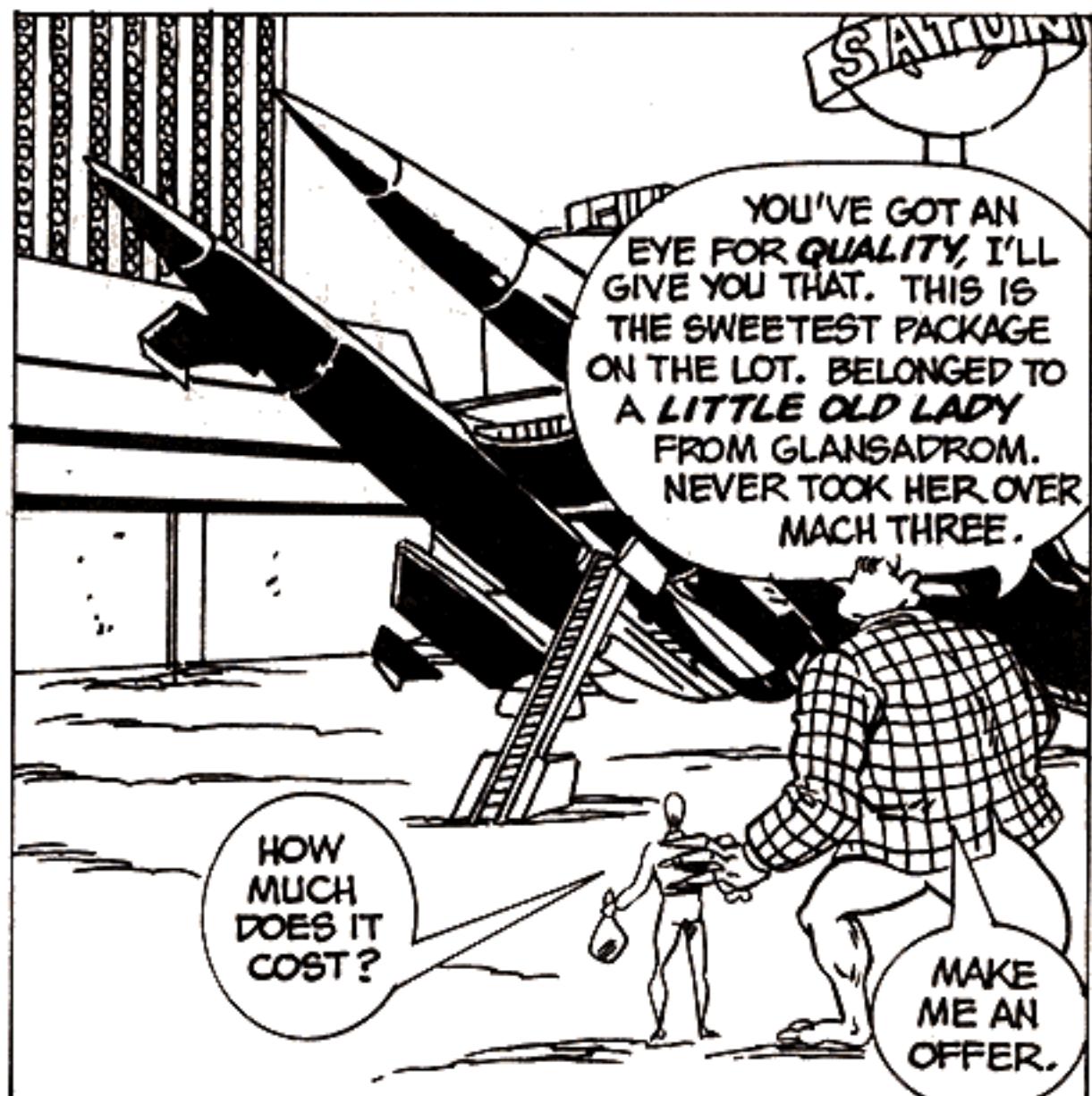
LET'S GET OUT OF
HERE, COMPUTER—

—THIS ALLEY'S TOO
SURREALISTIC
FOR ME.









HIGH SOONER

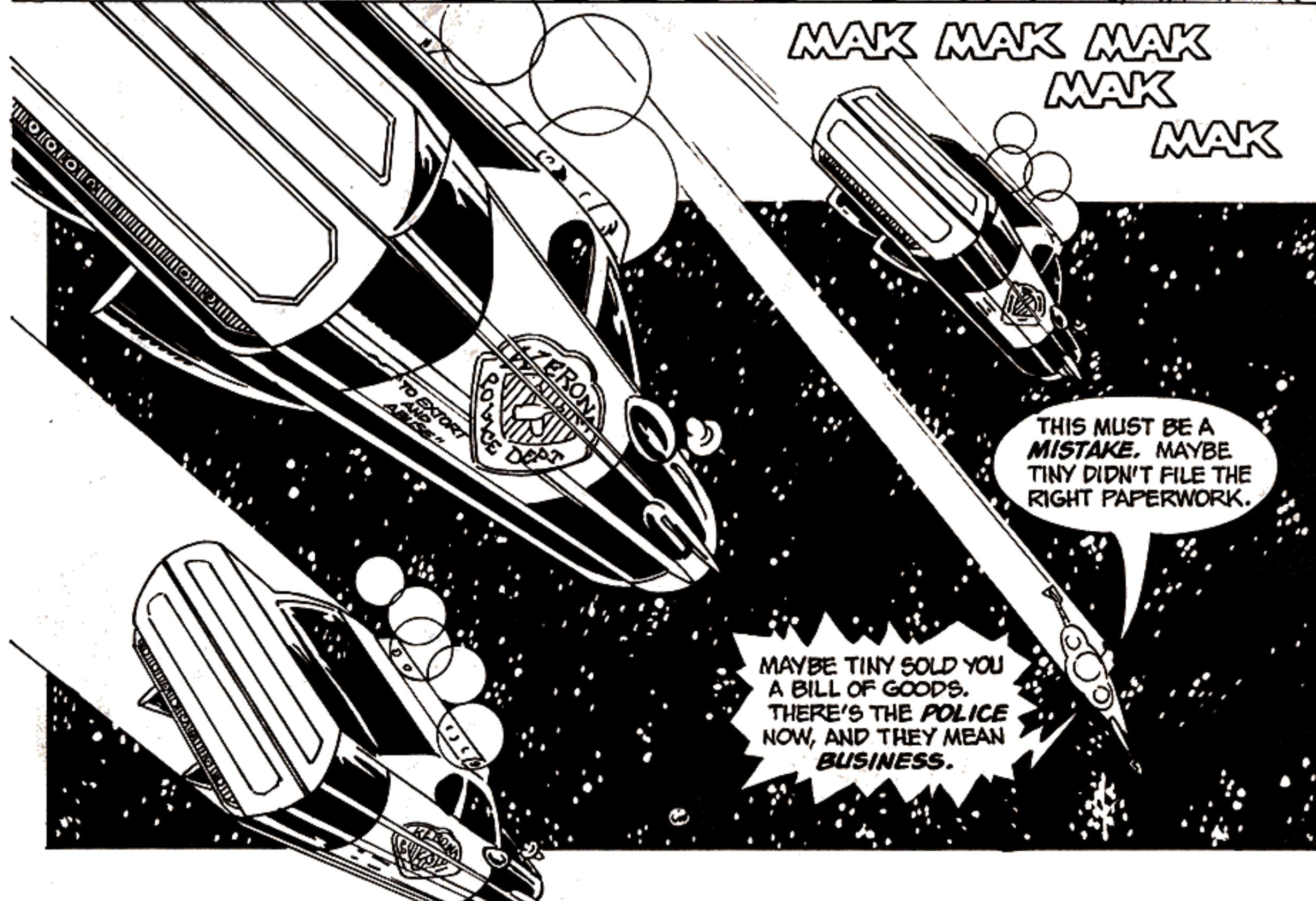
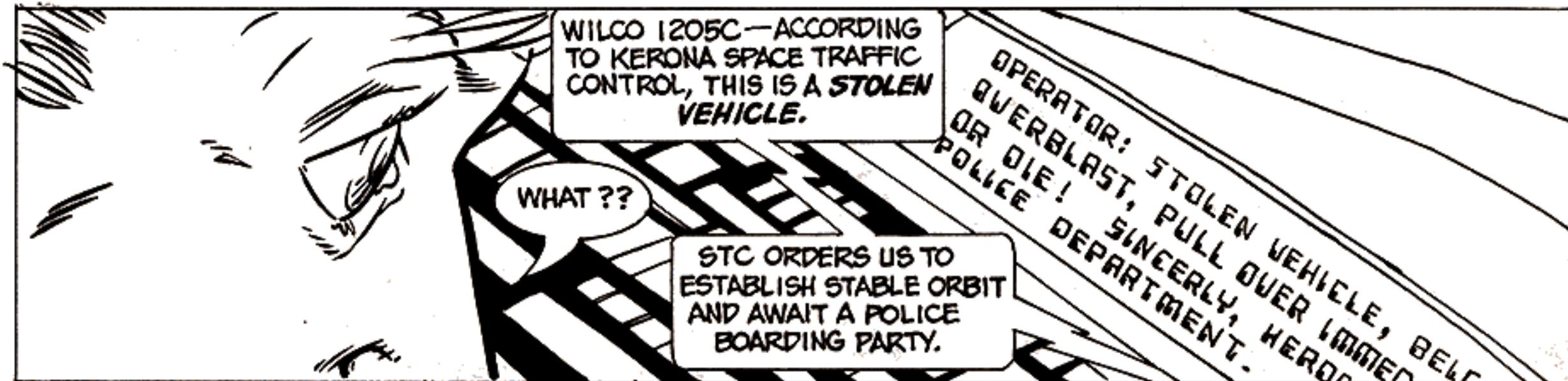
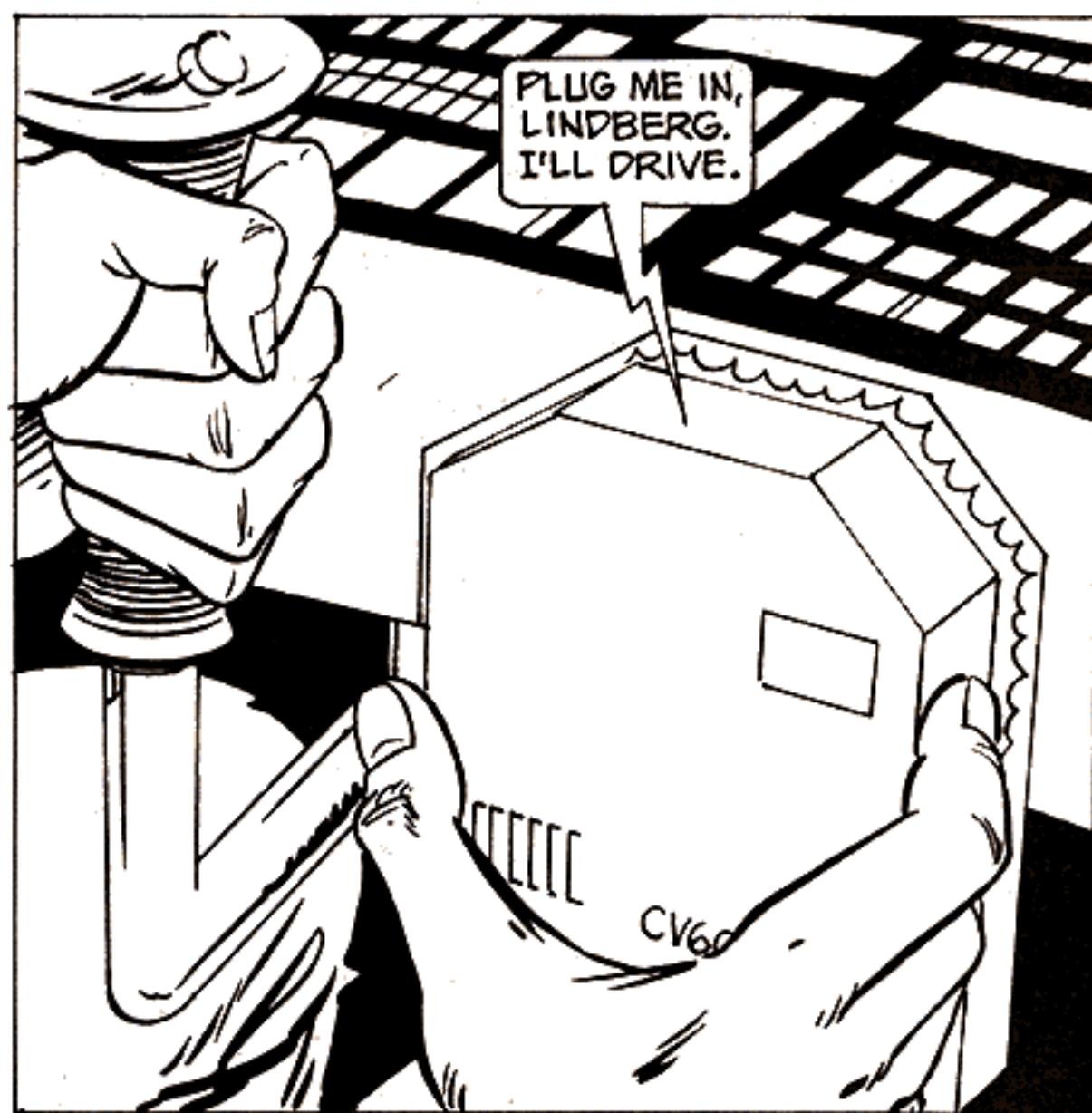


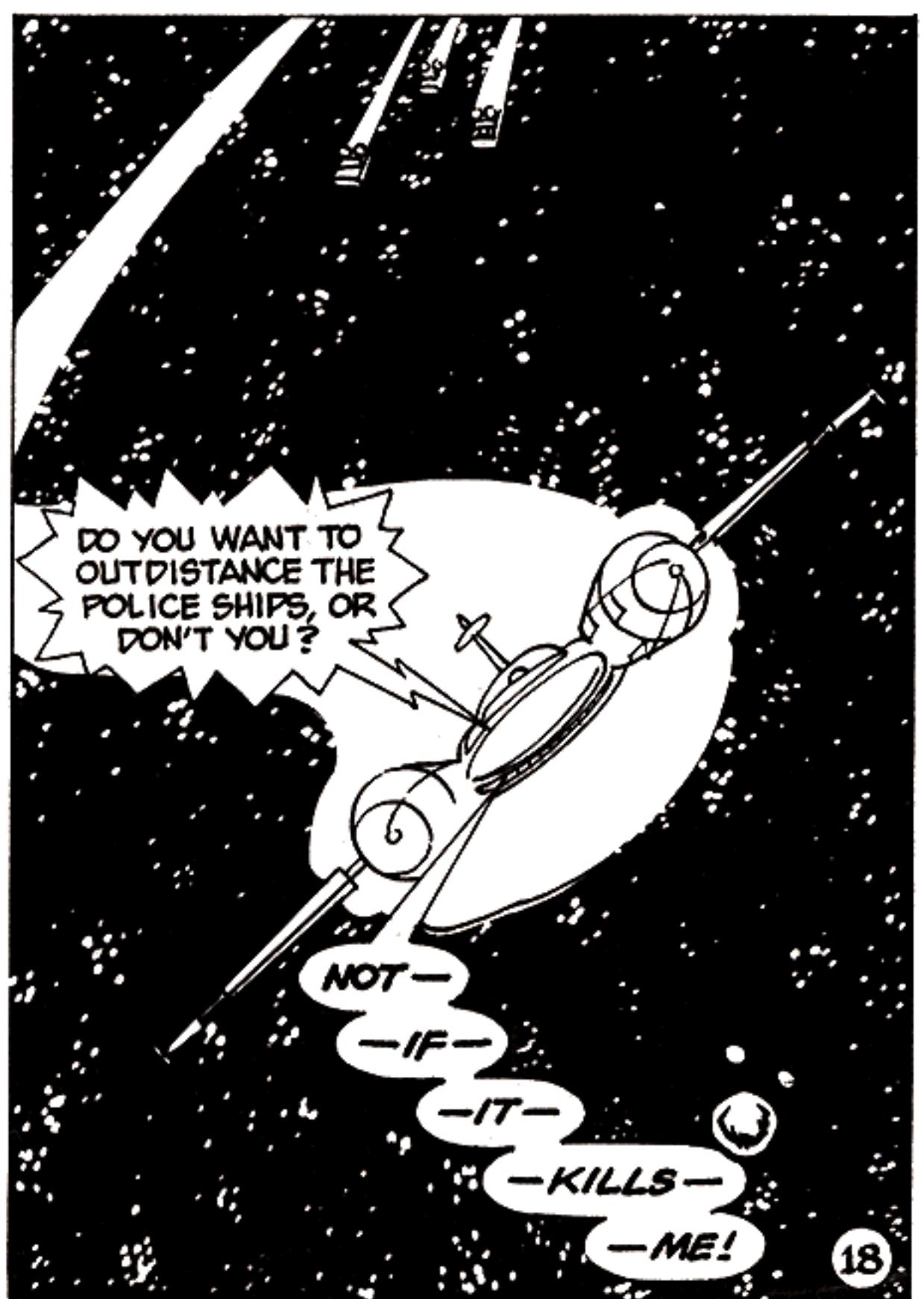
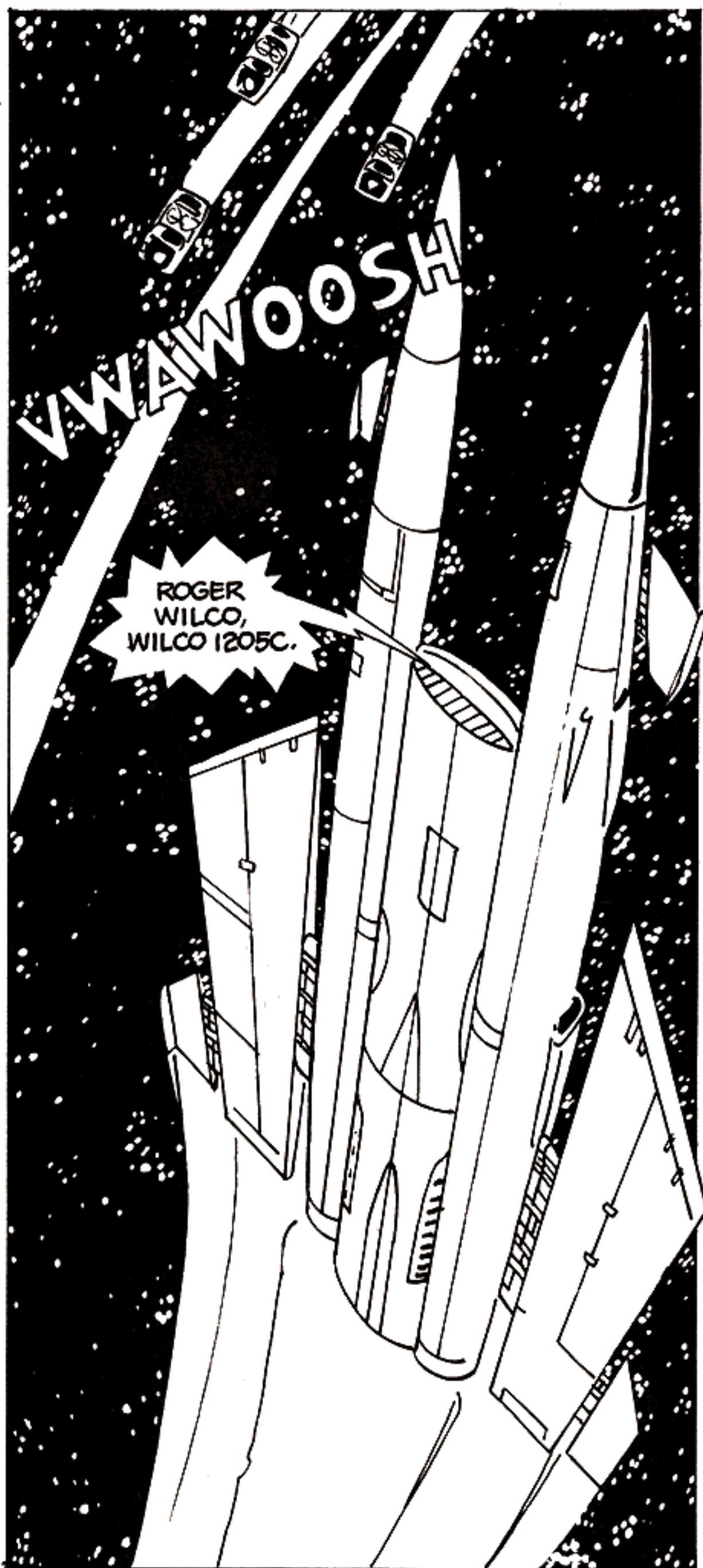
CONGRATULATIONS,
WILCO 1205C. YOU'VE ESCAPED
KERONA, DESPITE SPIDER DROIDS,
CAPRICIOUS ALIENS, MUGGERS,
USED SHIP SALESMEN,
AND BAD LIQUOR.

GUESS I'M THE
STUFF OF HEROES
AFTER ALL, HUH?

DON'T GET A SWOLLEN CRANIUM.
DO YOU KNOW HOW TO NAVIGATE THIS
VEHICLE?

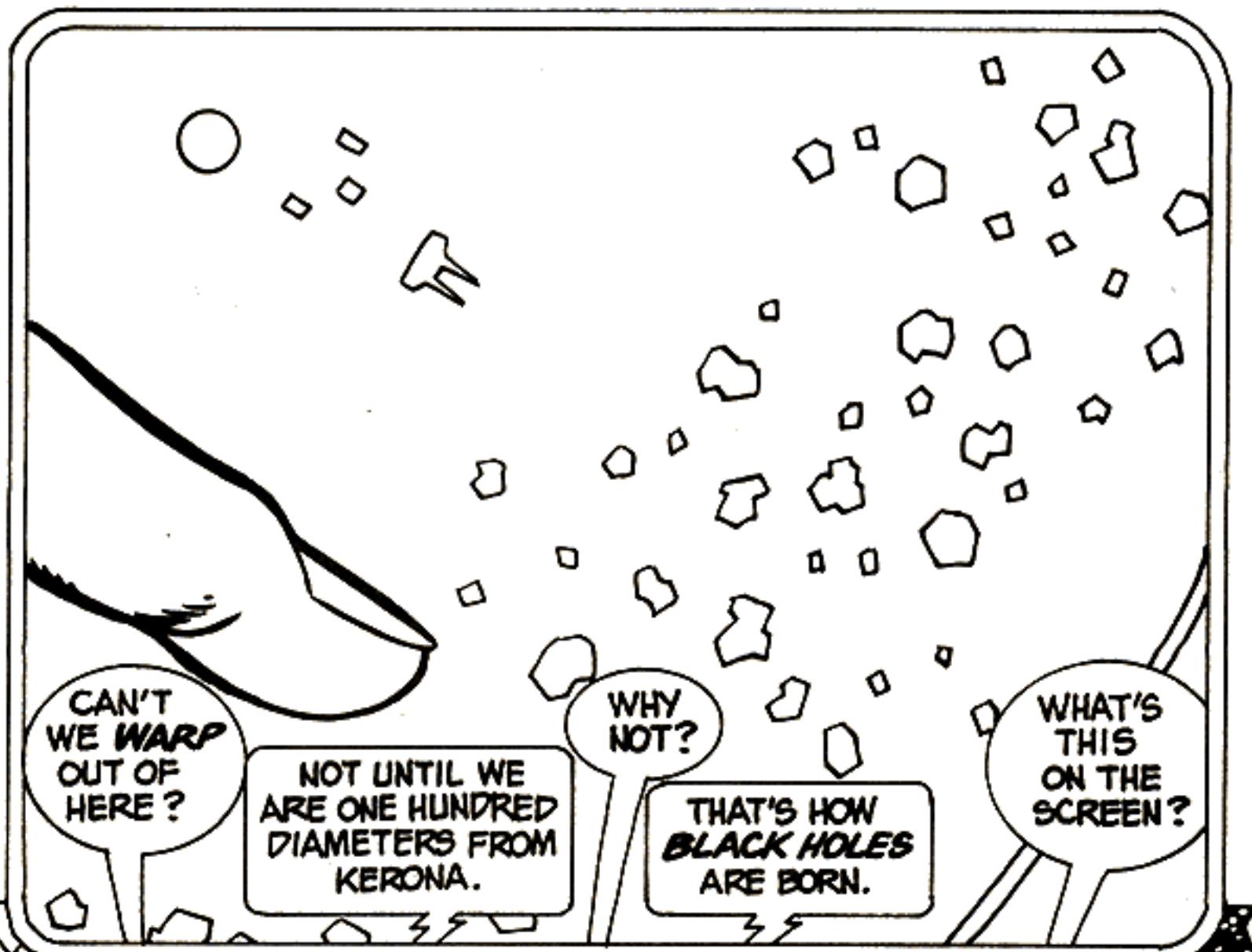
ACTUALLY,
NO.



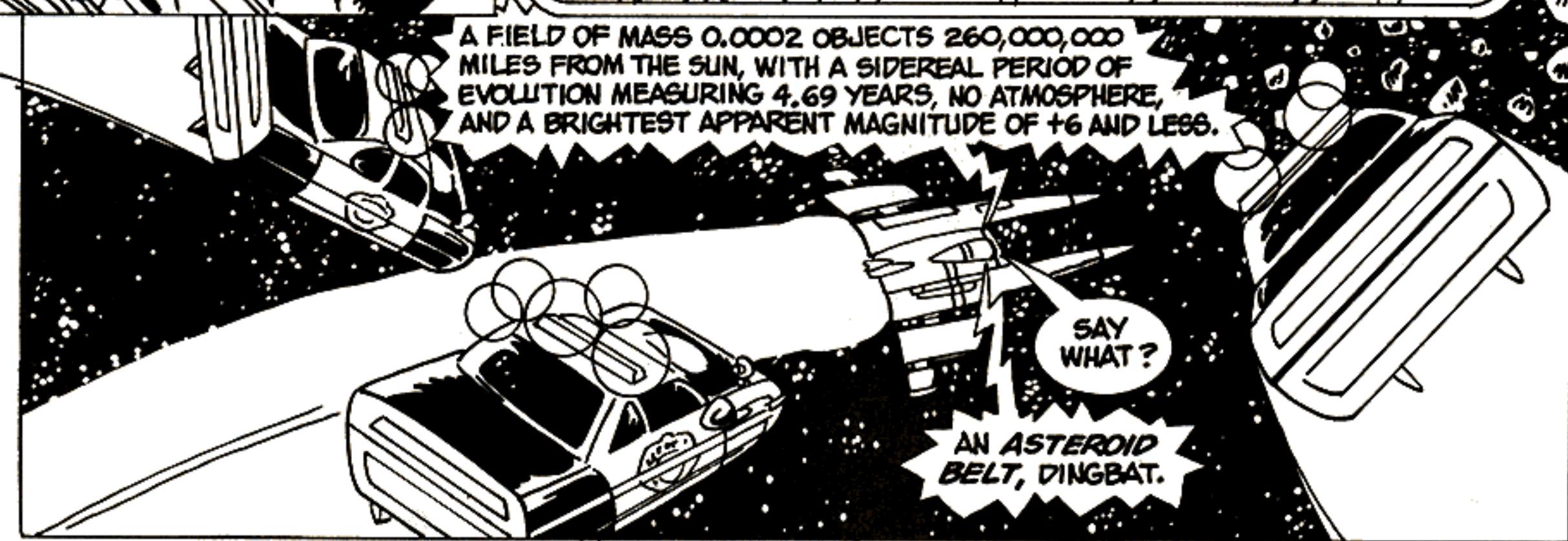


RETURNING TO
STANDARD THRUST,
WILCO 1205C.

POLICE WILL
INTERCEPT IN
3.27 STANDARD
MINUTES.



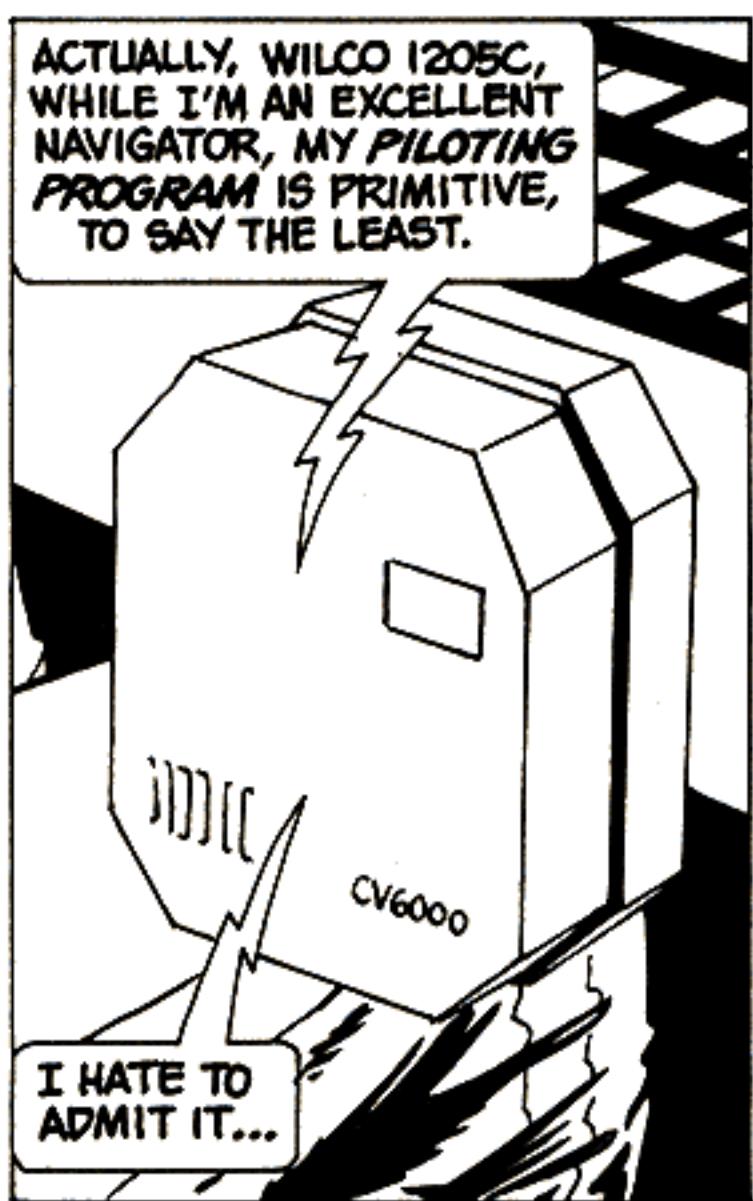
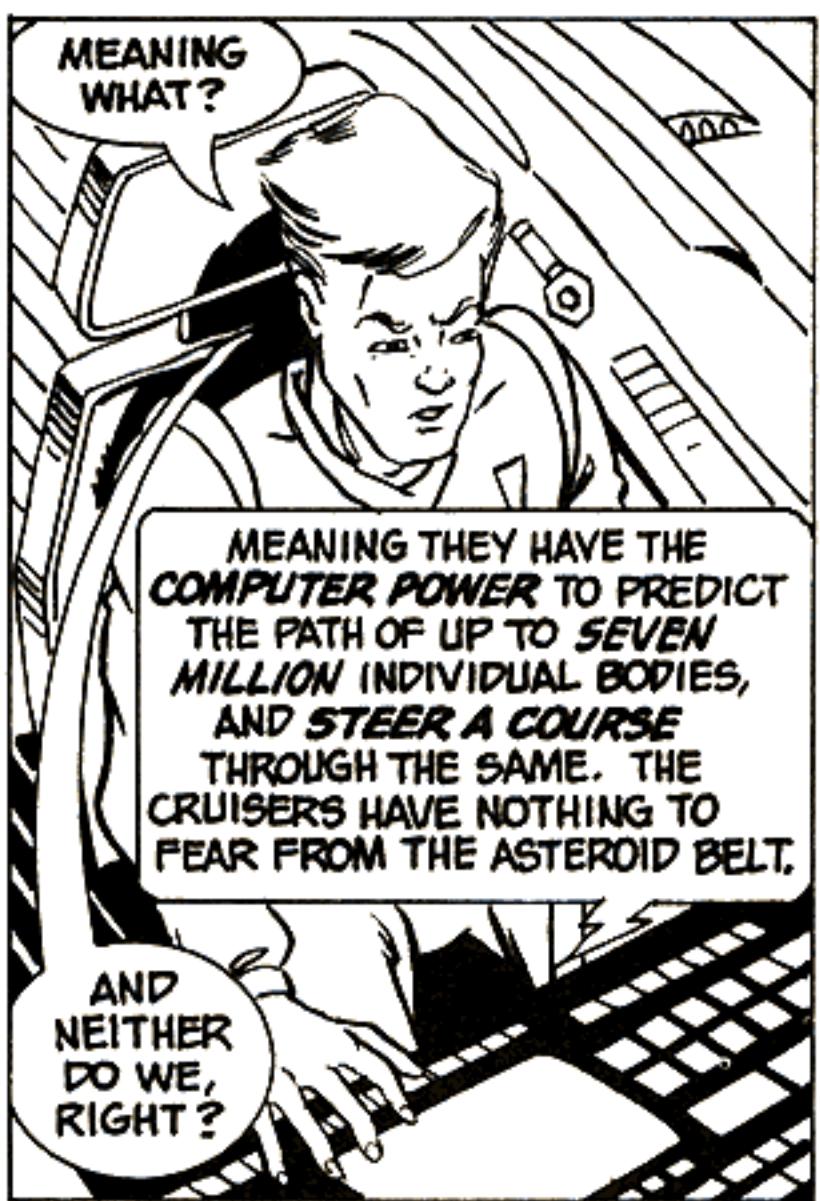
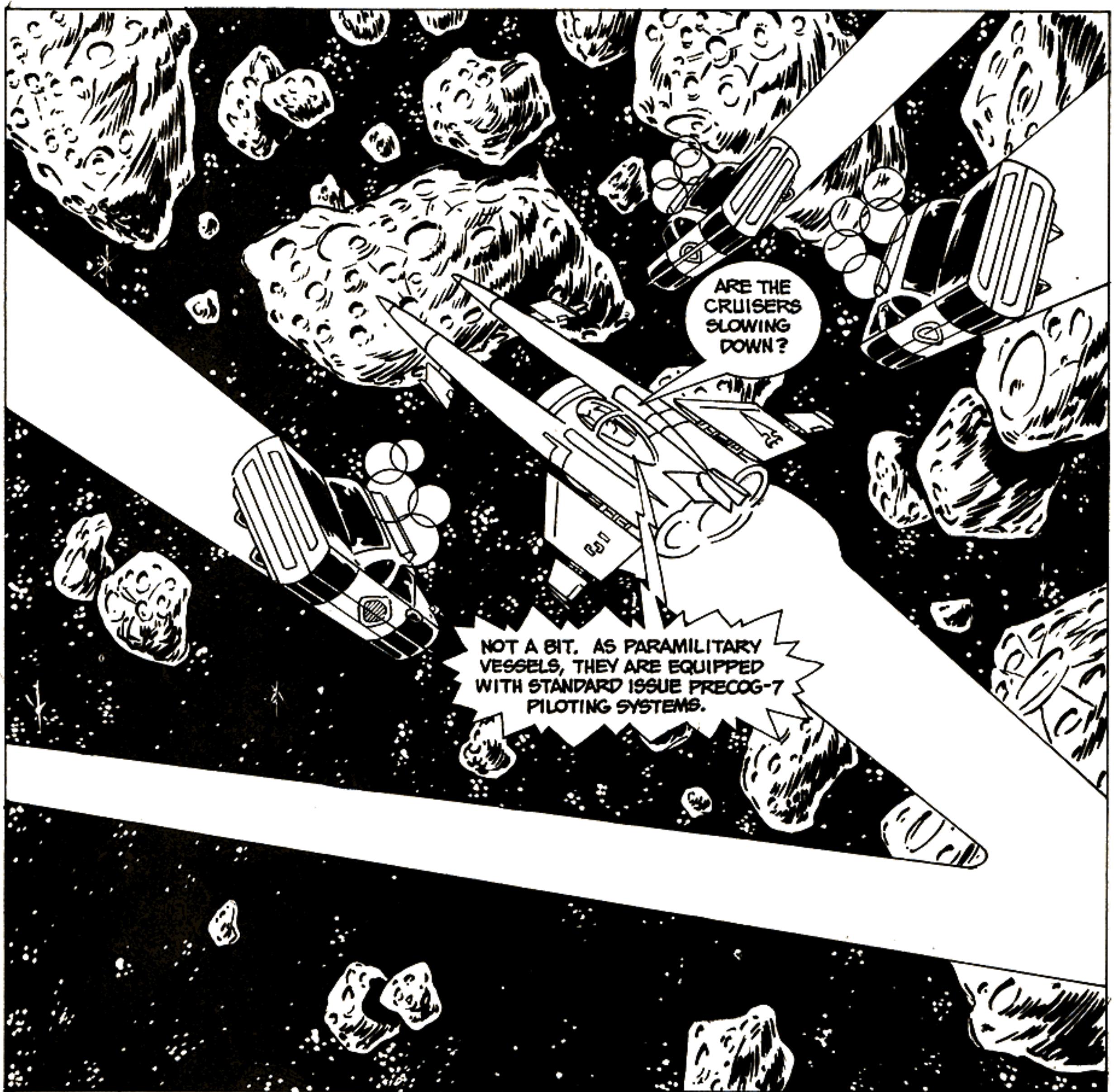
A FIELD OF MASS 0.0002 OBJECTS 260,000,000 MILES FROM THE SUN, WITH A SIDEREAL PERIOD OF EVOLUTION MEASURING 4.69 YEARS, NO ATMOSPHERE, AND A BRIGHTEST APPARENT MAGNITUDE OF +6 AND LESS.



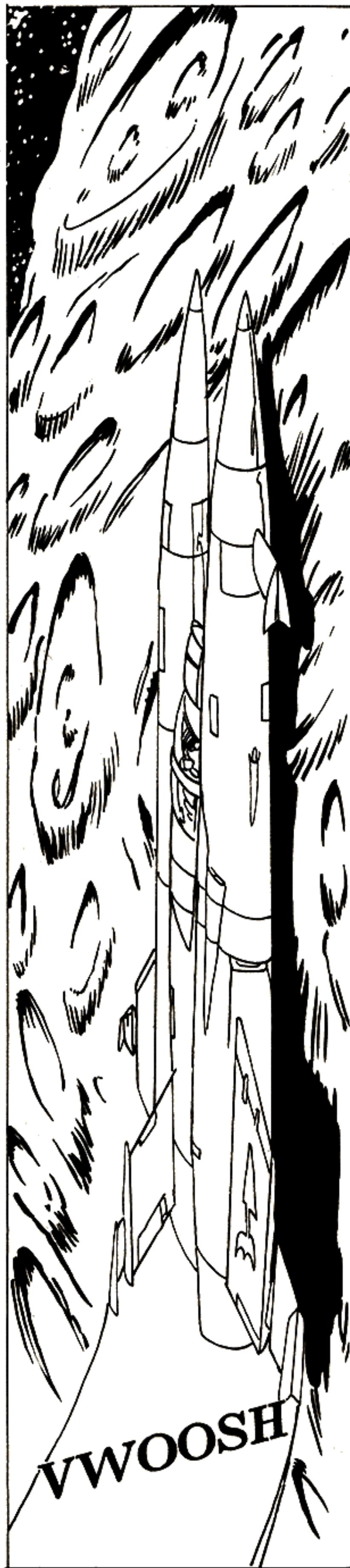
PERFECT! WE'LL LOSE 'EM IN THE ASTEROID BELT, THEN WARP OUT ON THE OTHER SIDE.

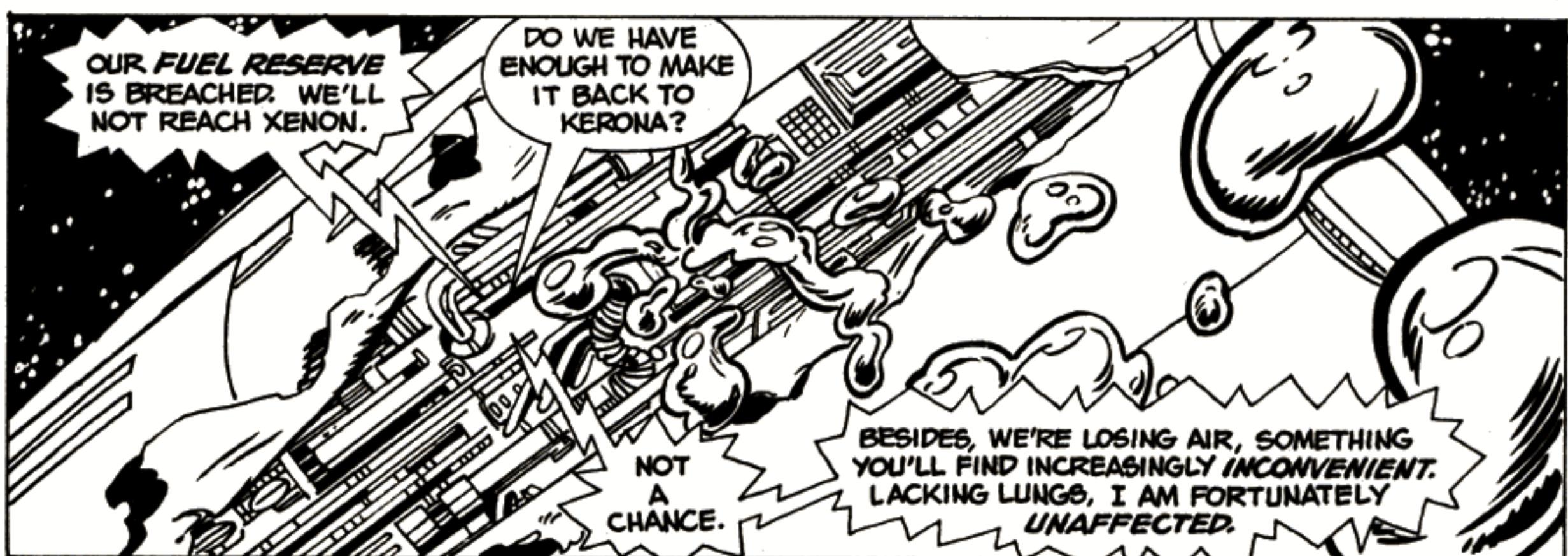
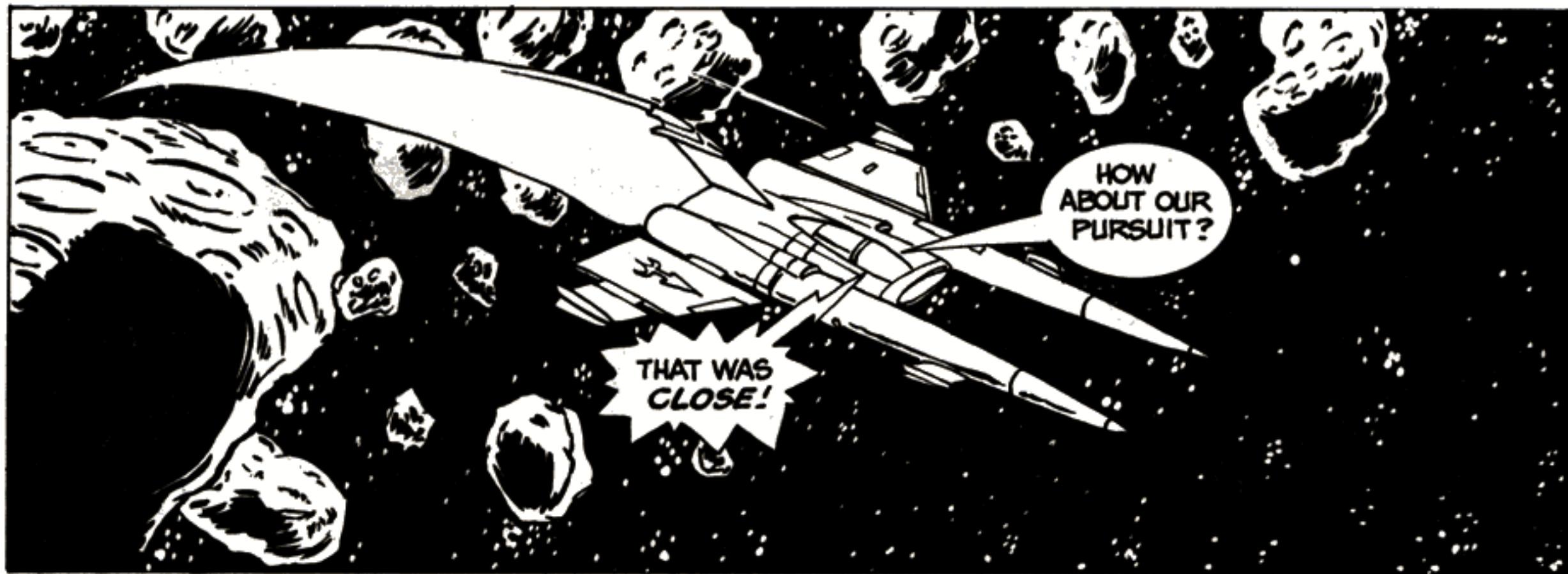
SET A COURSE FOR THE ASTEROIDS, COMPUTER, AND DON'T SPARE THE HORSES!

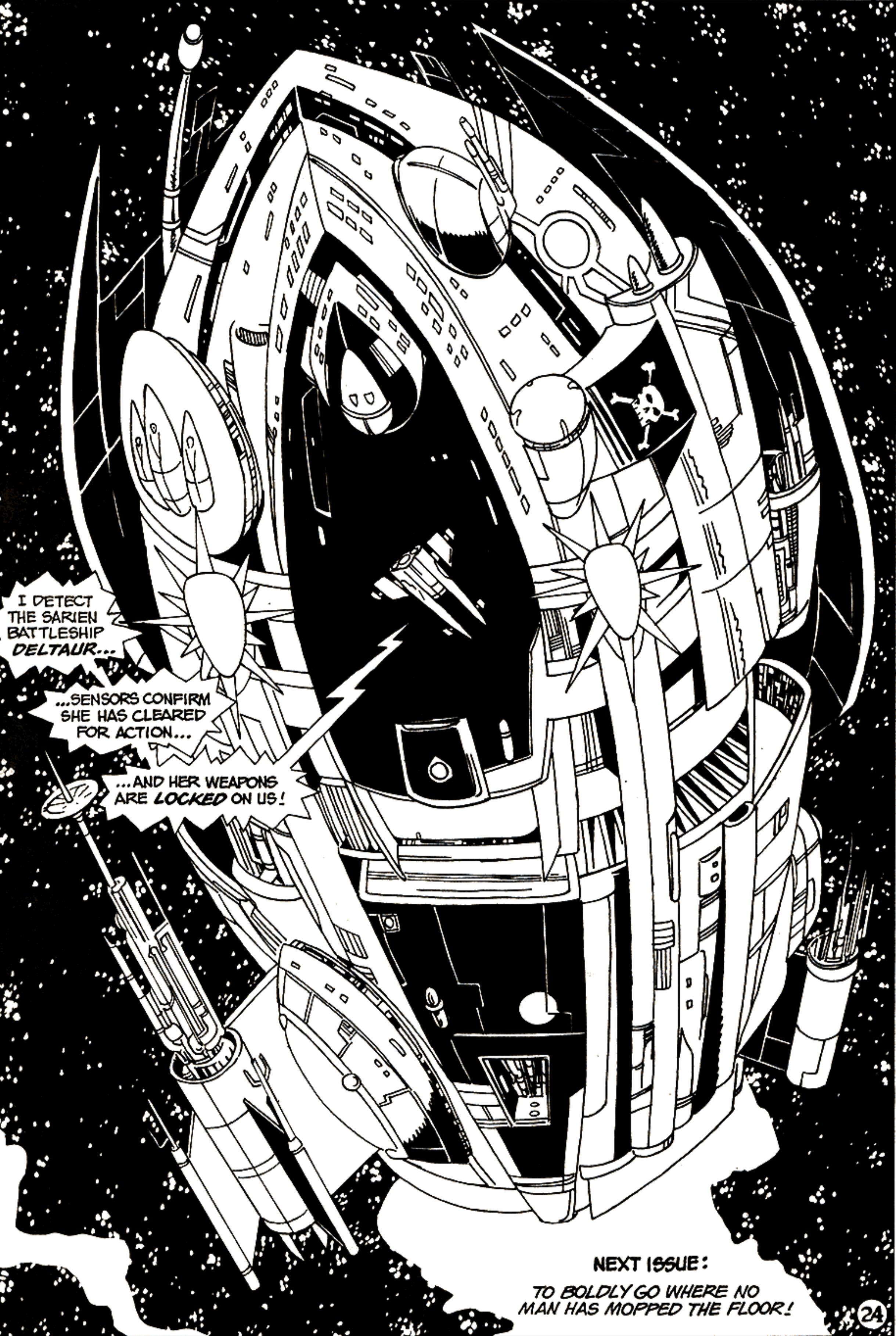






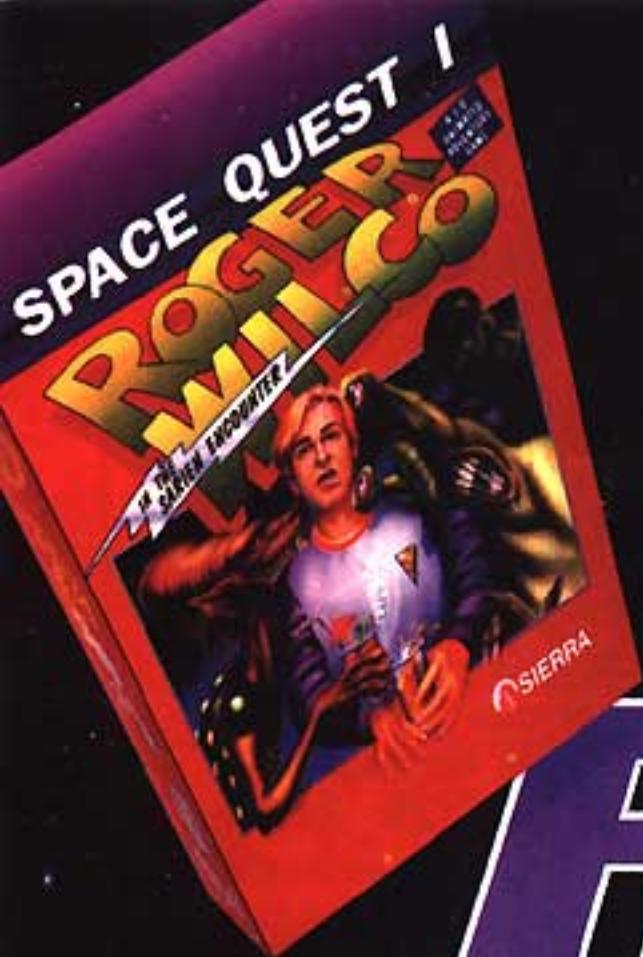






NEXT ISSUE:

TO BOLDLY GO WHERE NO
MAN HAS MOPPED THE FLOOR!



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Roger Wilco He's Out To Clean Up The Universe But He Doesn't Do Windows

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TO BOLDLY GO WHERE NO MAN HAS SWEPT THE FLOOR.

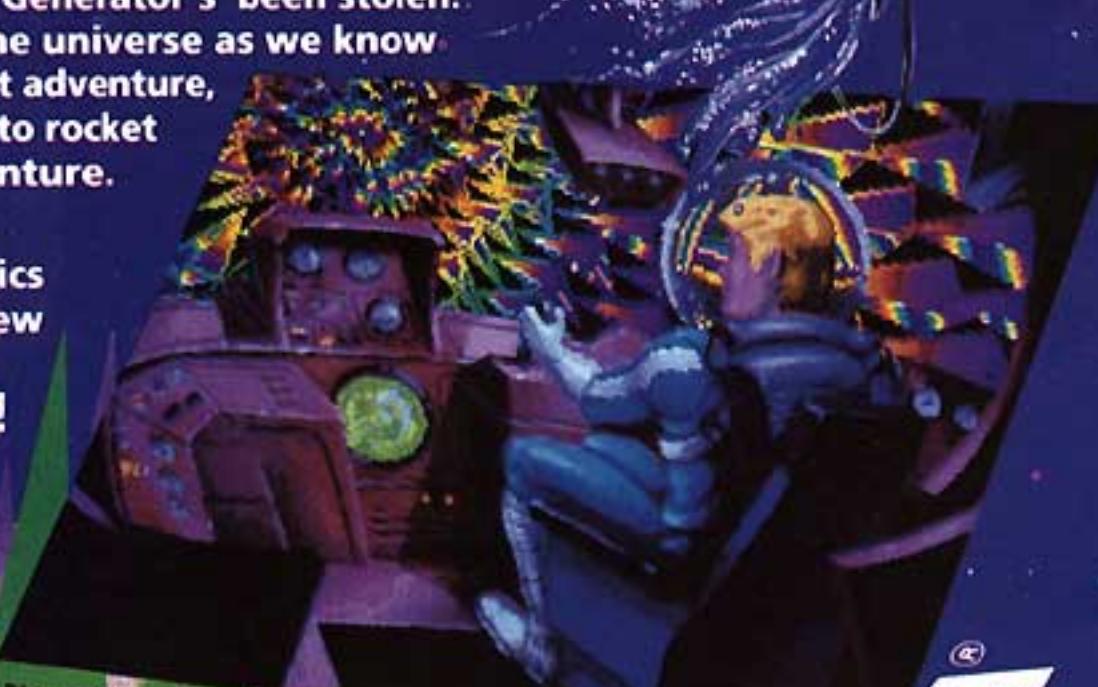
But while he was napping in the broom closet, his starship was hijacked. Now the top-secret Star Generator's been stolen. And if Roger doesn't get it back, the universe as we know it is toast. It's the original Space Quest adventure, re-illustrated, re-animated, and ready to rocket you into new worlds of wacky adventure.

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