

TEAM FORTRESS®

#1
OF 6



"MANN CO
NO MORE!"

VALVE

CRASH

SAW SAW SAW SAW

SKKTTCHHH

MISTER
HALE?

CRASH

SAW SAW SAW SAW

SKKTTCHHH

MISTER
HALE?

SMASH

CREEEEAKKK

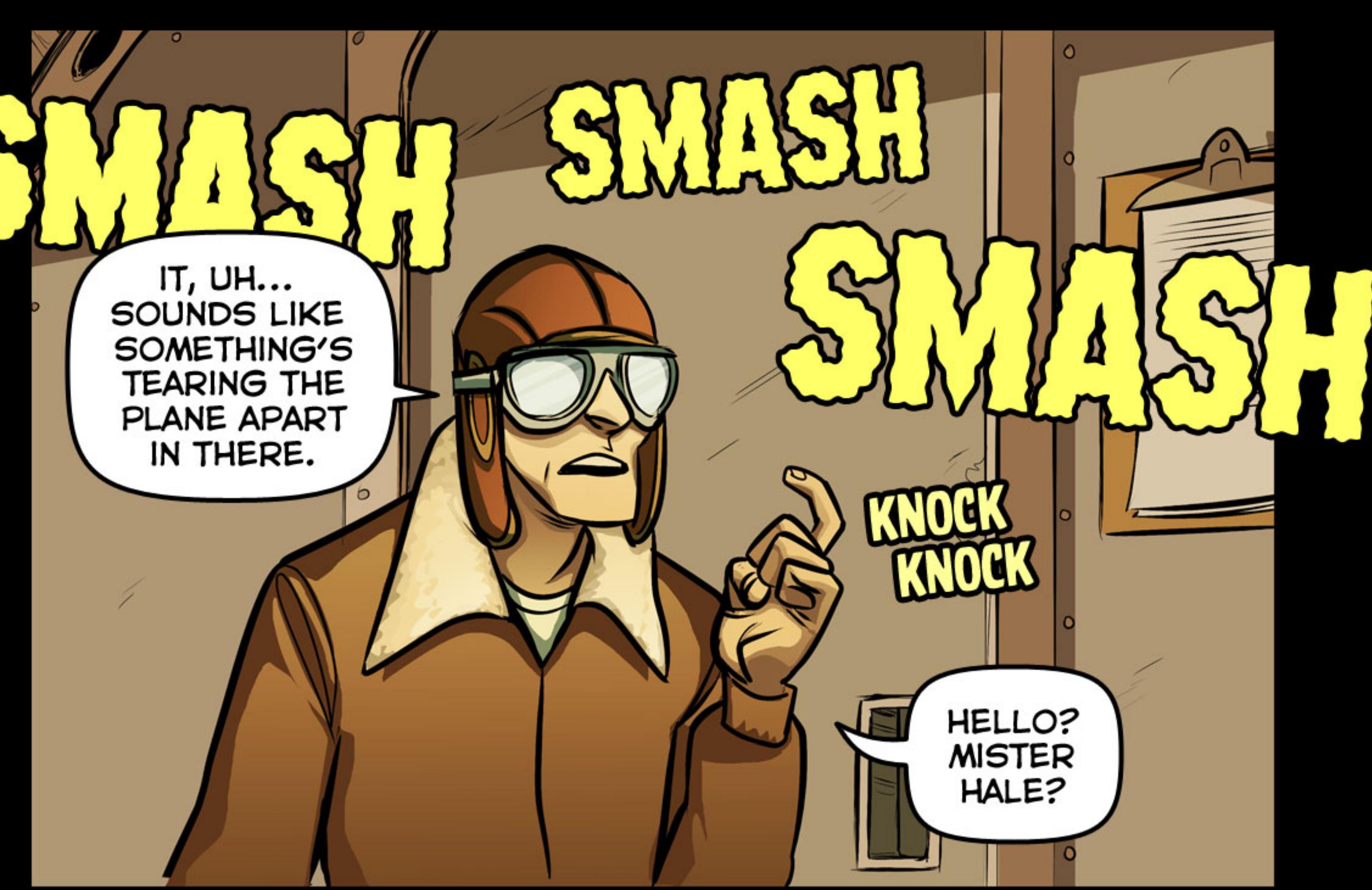
PUNCH

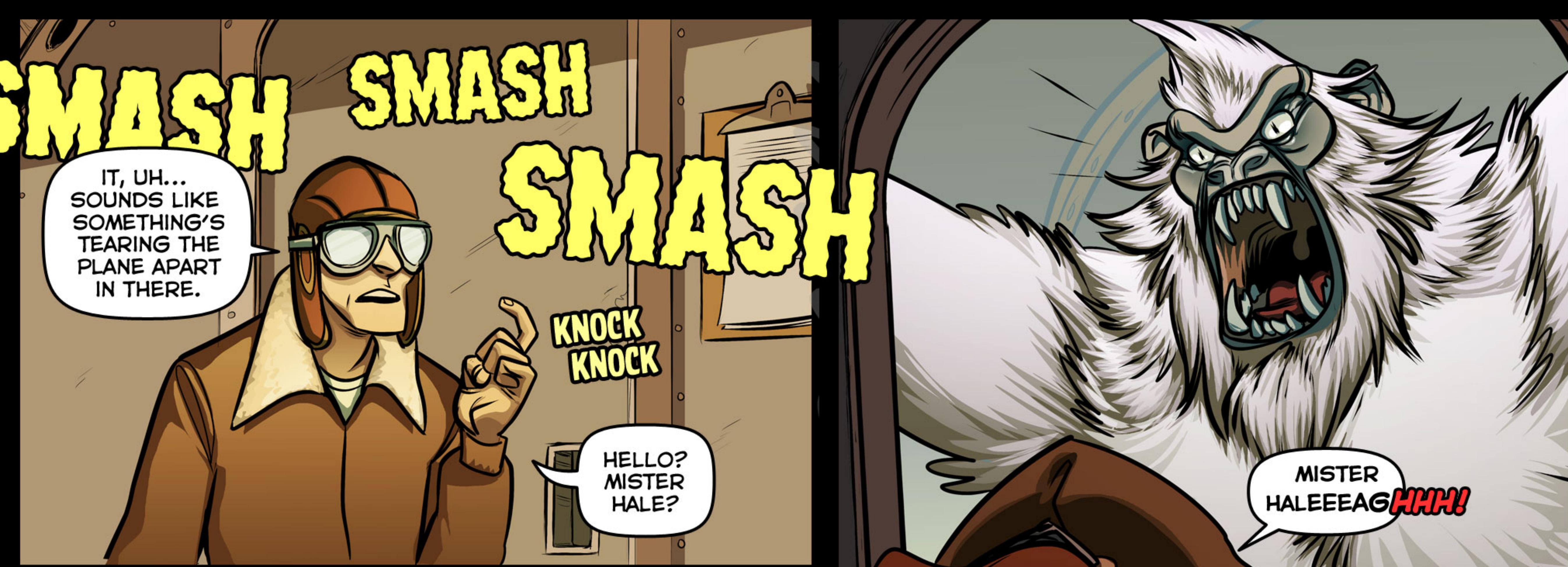
PUNCH

PUNCH

PUNCH

MISTER HALE,
IS EVERYTHING
ALRIGHT?





IT'S STUFFED,
JERRY.

WHAT'S UP?
WE THERE YET?

ABOUT A
MINUTE OUT,
SIR.

I, UH... WAS
ASKED TO REMIND
YOU ABOUT OUR
NEW INSURANCE
POLICY.

NO MORE
JUMPING OUT OF
THE PLANE.

I HEARD.

WHAT IF
THERE WAS ENGINE
TROUBLE? COULD WE
JUMP OUT OF THE
PLANE THEN?

WELL.... SURE.
WE'D HAVE TO
EVACUATE IF-

HERE, HOLD
THESE ENGINE
PARTS.

♪

SAXTON HAAAAAAALE!



AT THIS POINT IN A BATMAN COMIC,
YOUR HERO'D BE KNEELING IN AN
ALLEY, CRYING OVER SOME DEAD
OPERA LOVERS! NOT HERE!

WITH TEAM FORTRESS COMICS,
YOU'LL GET ONLY THE HIGHEST
QUALITY WHITE-KNUCKLED PROSE!

THEN WE'LL SMASH IT LIKE A FIERY
ZEPPELIN INTO ACTION-GORGED
DRAWINGS OF ME HOLDING YETIS
I KILLED WITH MY BARE HANDS WHILE
I PLUMMET OUT OF PLANES THAT I
ALSO JUST KILLED WITH MY BARE HANDS!

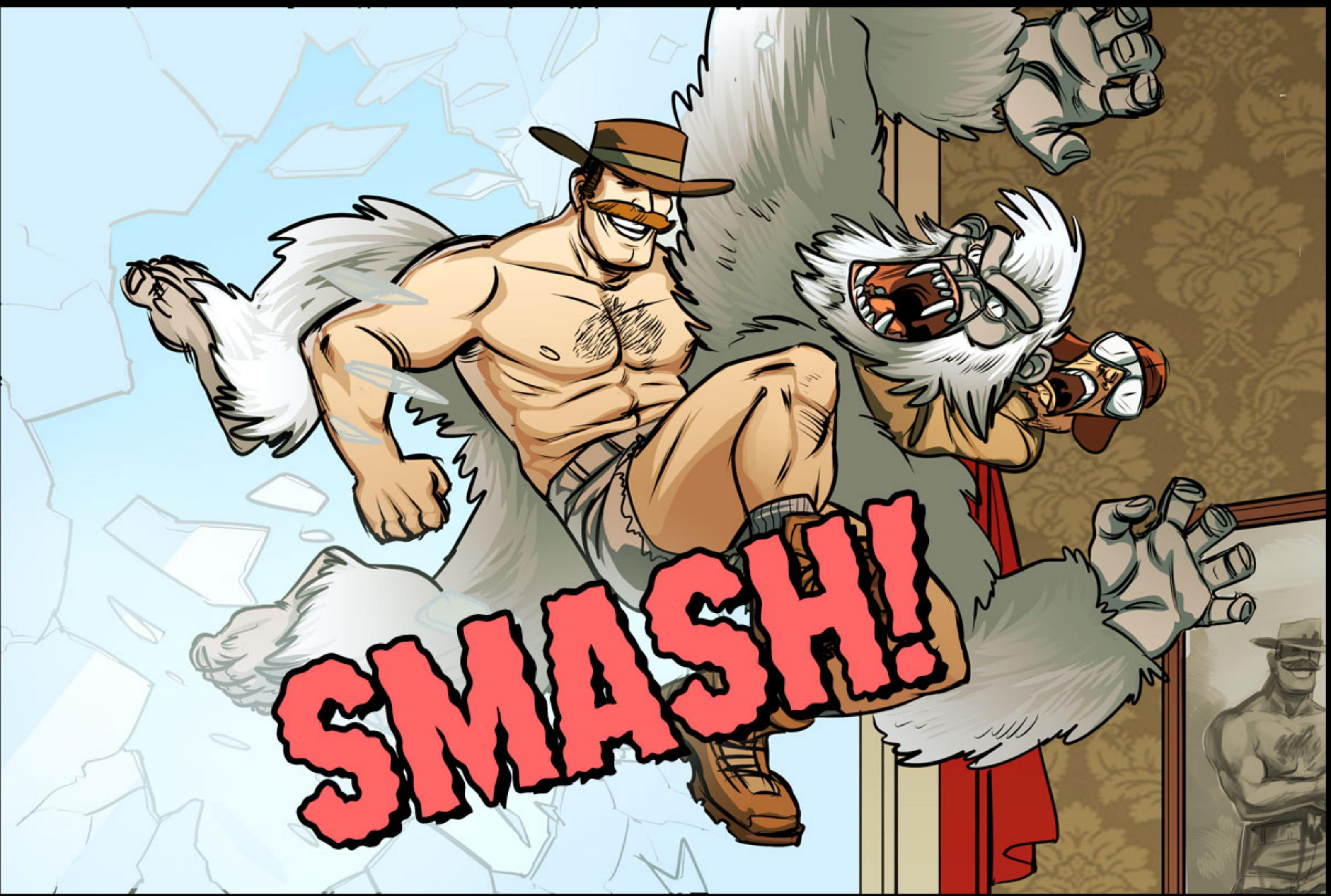
GET READY FOR THE MOST MONUMENTAL
EVENT IN COMICS HISTORY: AN ONGOING
SERIES STARRING ME (PLUMMETING TO MY
DEATH!) AND ALSO THE MERCENARIES WHO
WORK FOR ME (NOT CURRENTLY PLUMMETING
TO THEIR DEATHS, BUT JUST YOU WAIT!)

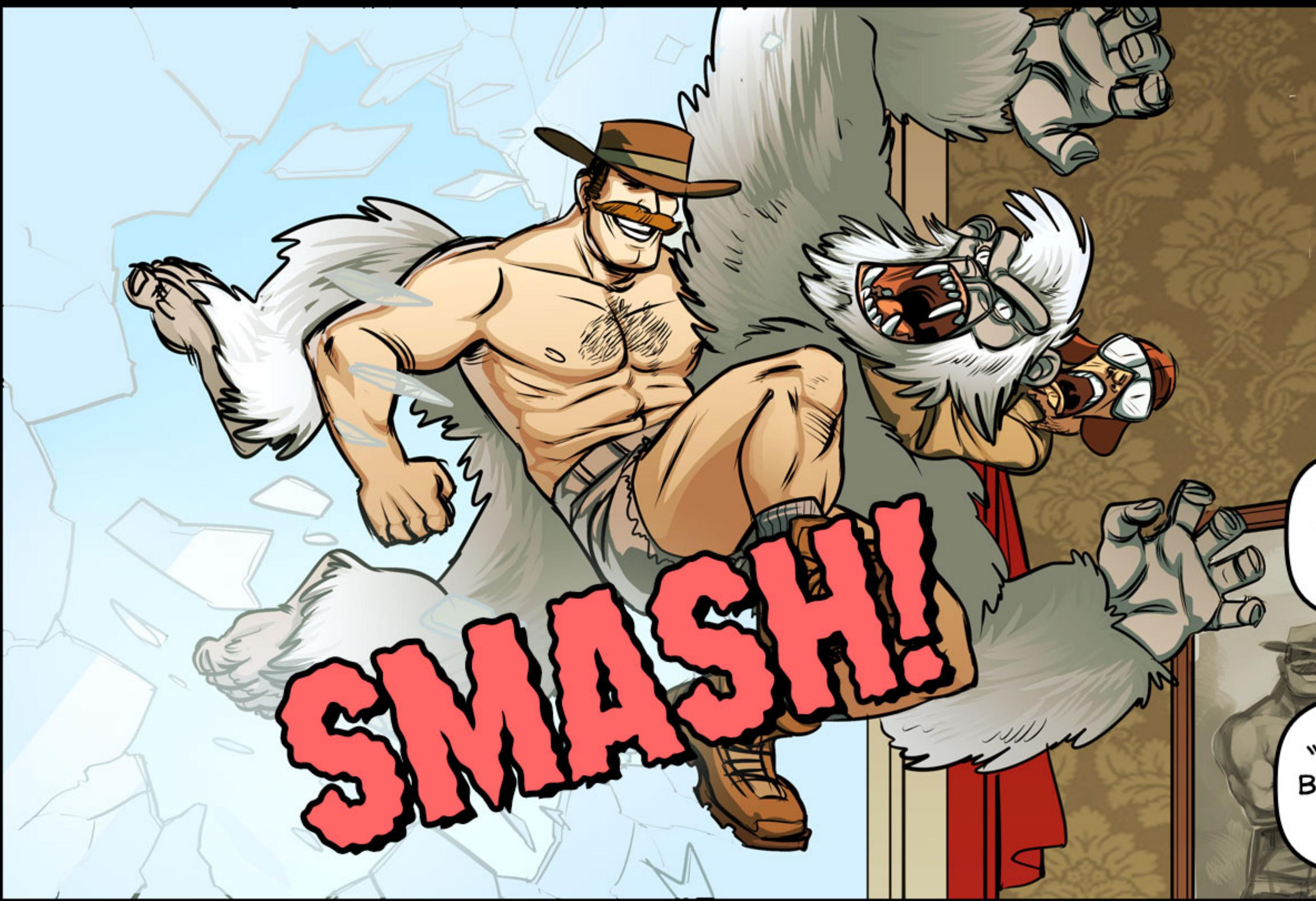
ALMOST FORGOT! HERE'S THE
TITLE OF THE FIRST ISSUE!

PART ONE:

RING OF FIRED





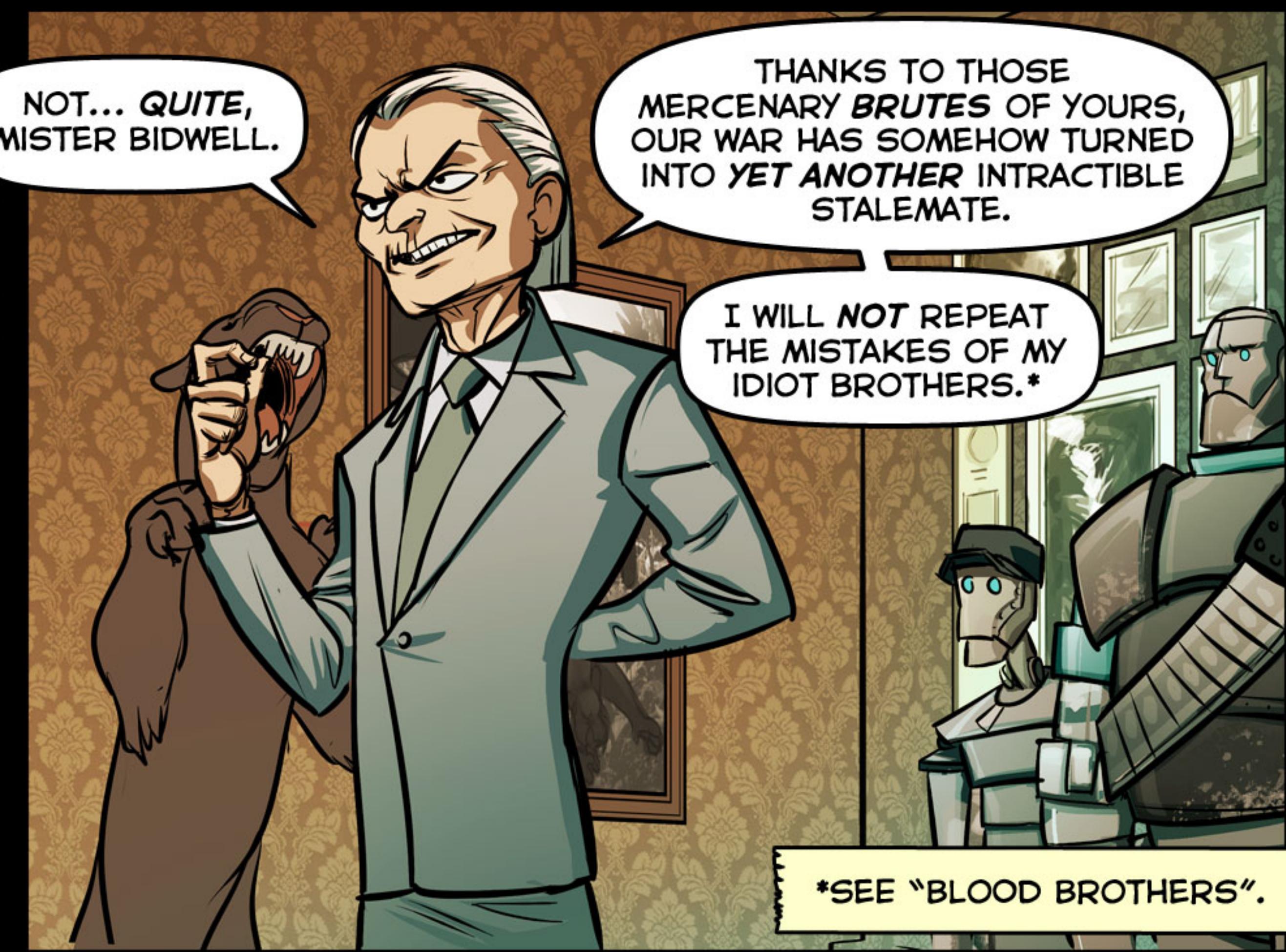
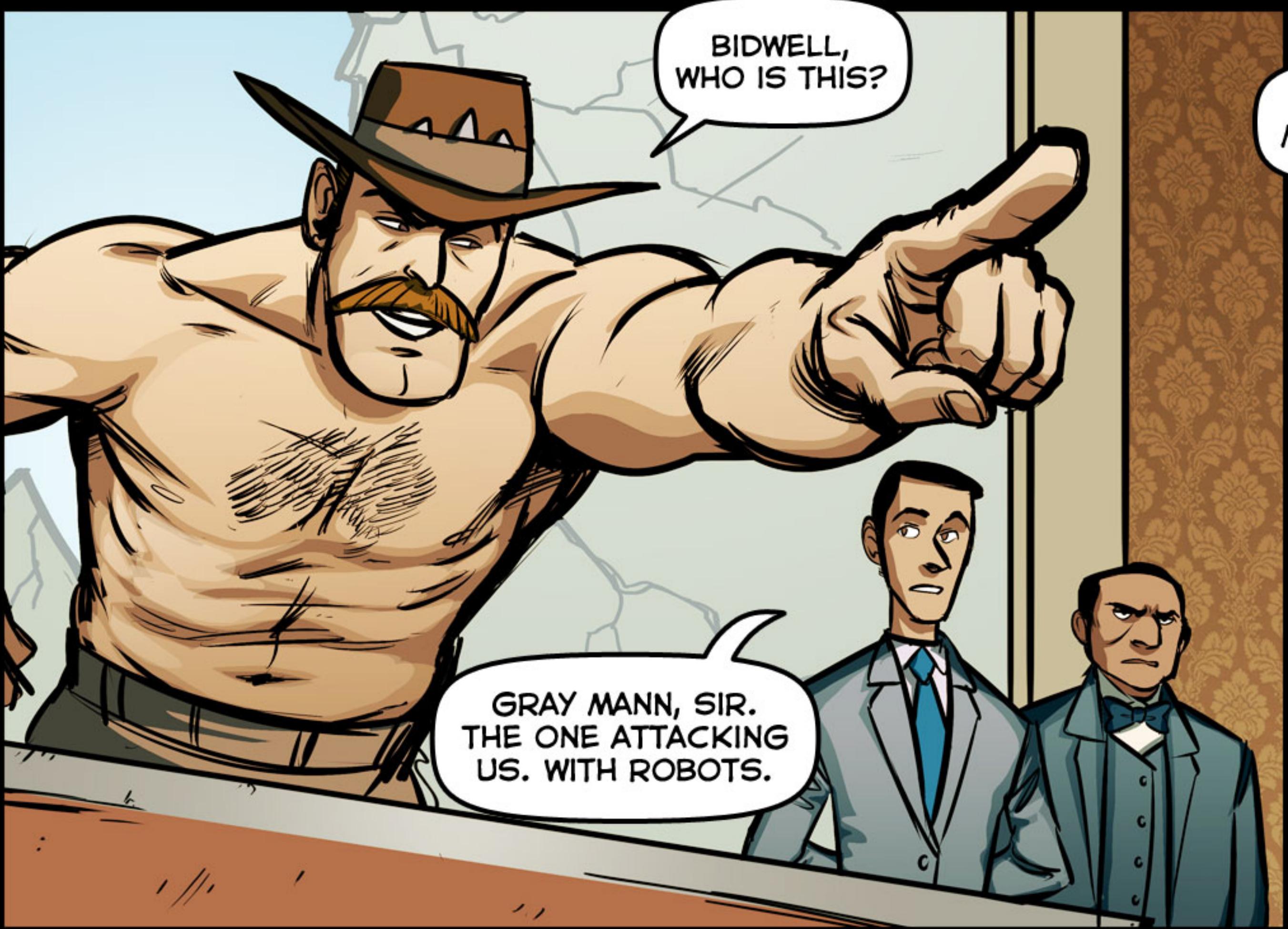












NOTHING!

I THINK YOU'LL
FIND YOUR HANDS
HAVE BEEN SEARED
TO A PERFECT 135
DEGREES.

MY FLESH!
IT FALLS OFF
MY BONES!

HA! YOU SAID IT!
WAIT'LL YOU SEE WHAT IT DOES
TO THESE RIBEYES!

DON'T FILL UP ON
HAND MEAT, NOW! SAVE ROOM
FOR STEAK AND EGGS!

I'M NOT... HERE
FOR EGGS, HALE.

SIZZLE

I'M HERE
FOR THE
MANN CO.
CHALLENGE.

BIDWELL?

THE CEO OF ANY
OTHER COMPANY CAN TAKE OVER
MANN CO. LEGALLY IF THEY BEAT YOU
IN UNARMED COMBAT, SIR.

THAT IS A
FANTASTIC
POLICY.

YOU
WROTE
IT, SIR.

WAIT. SO IS THIS
SALLOW-CHESTED OLD
MUMMY SAYING WHAT I
SINCERELY PRAY TO GOD
THAT HE'S SAYING?

HEH. IN A
MANNER OF
SPEAKING,
YES. LET-

NOTHING!

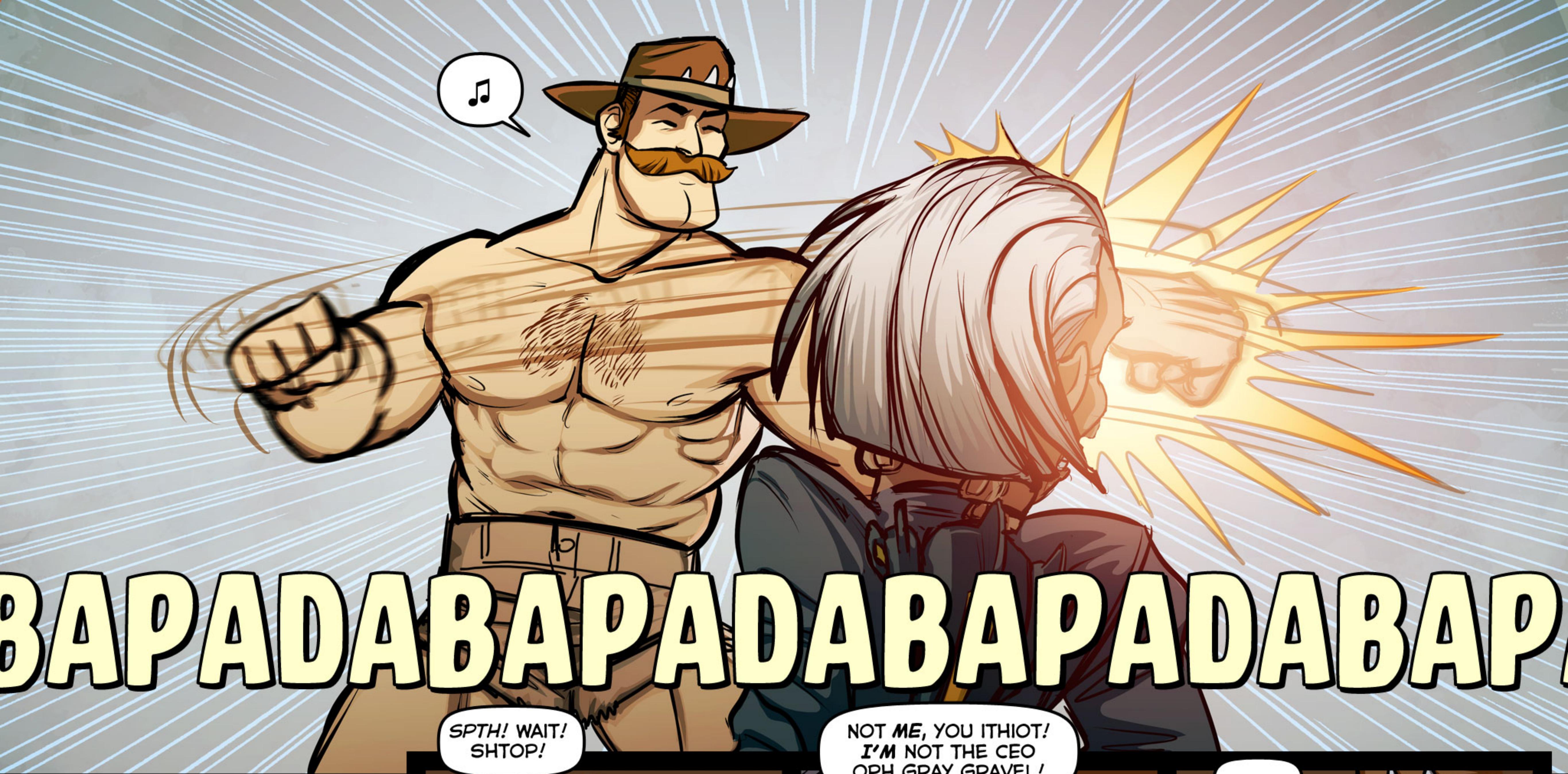
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HA! YOU SAID IT!
WAIT'LL YOU SEE WHAT IT DOES
TO THESE RIBEYES!

DON'T FILL UP ON

I'M NOT... HERE
FOR EGGS, HALE.







YOU... YOU WANT
ME TO BEAT UP
A LITTLE GIRL?

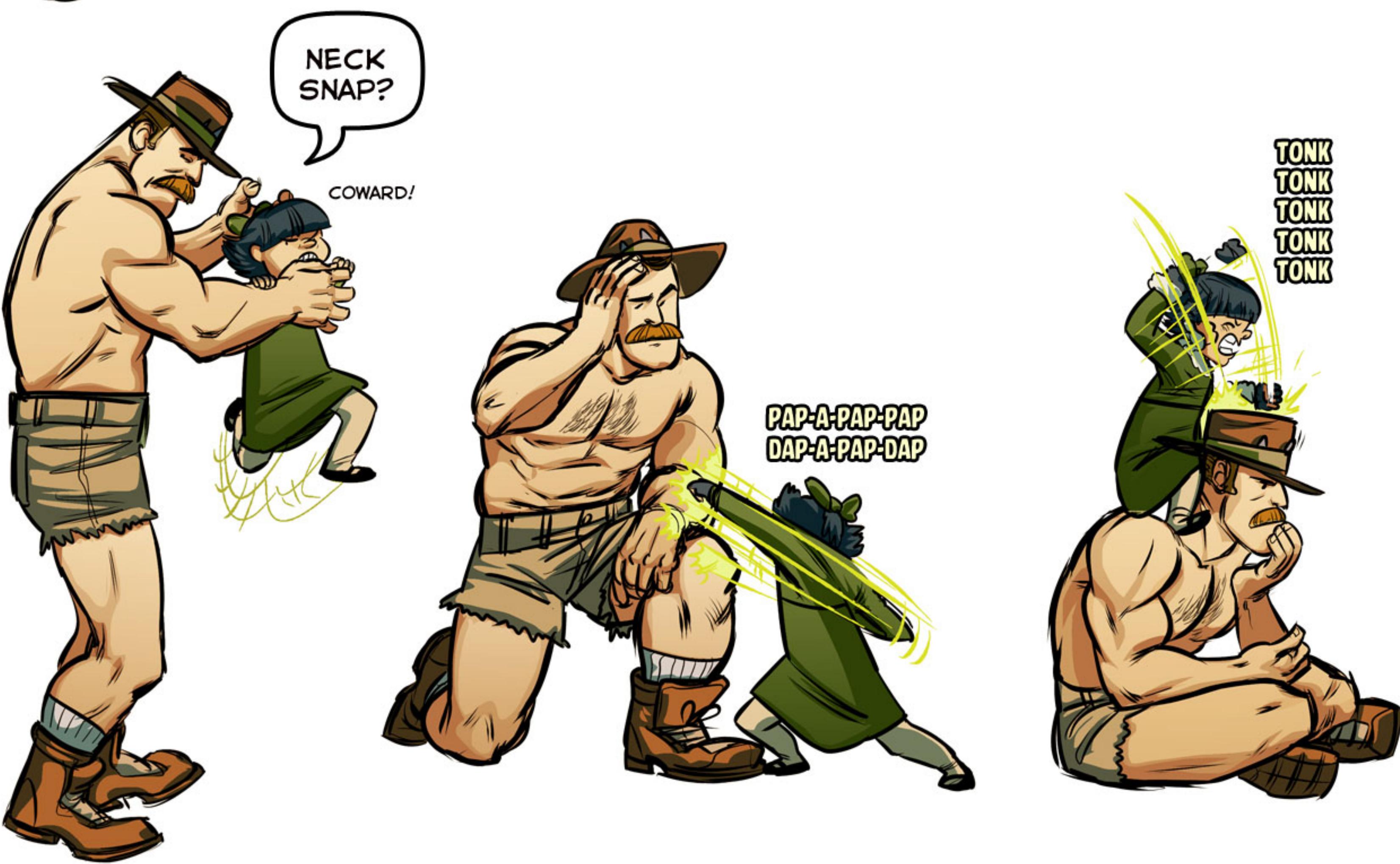
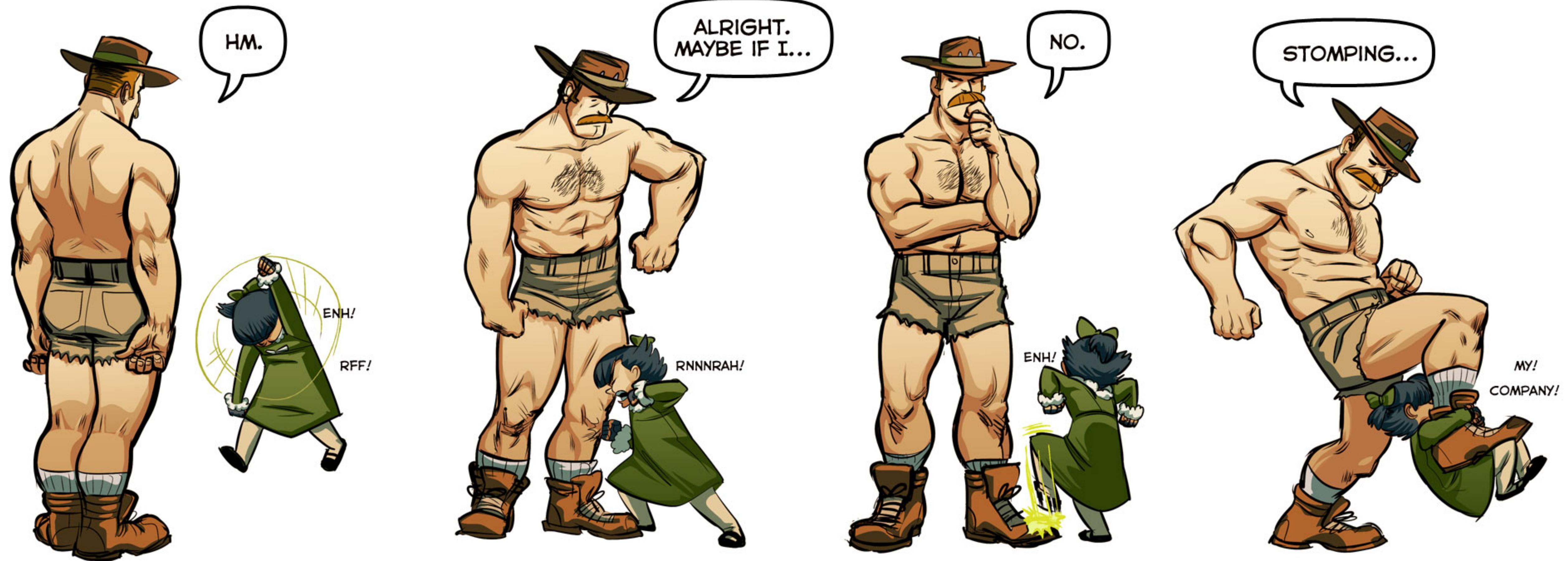
HH HH HH HH!
YESH, SAXSHTON.

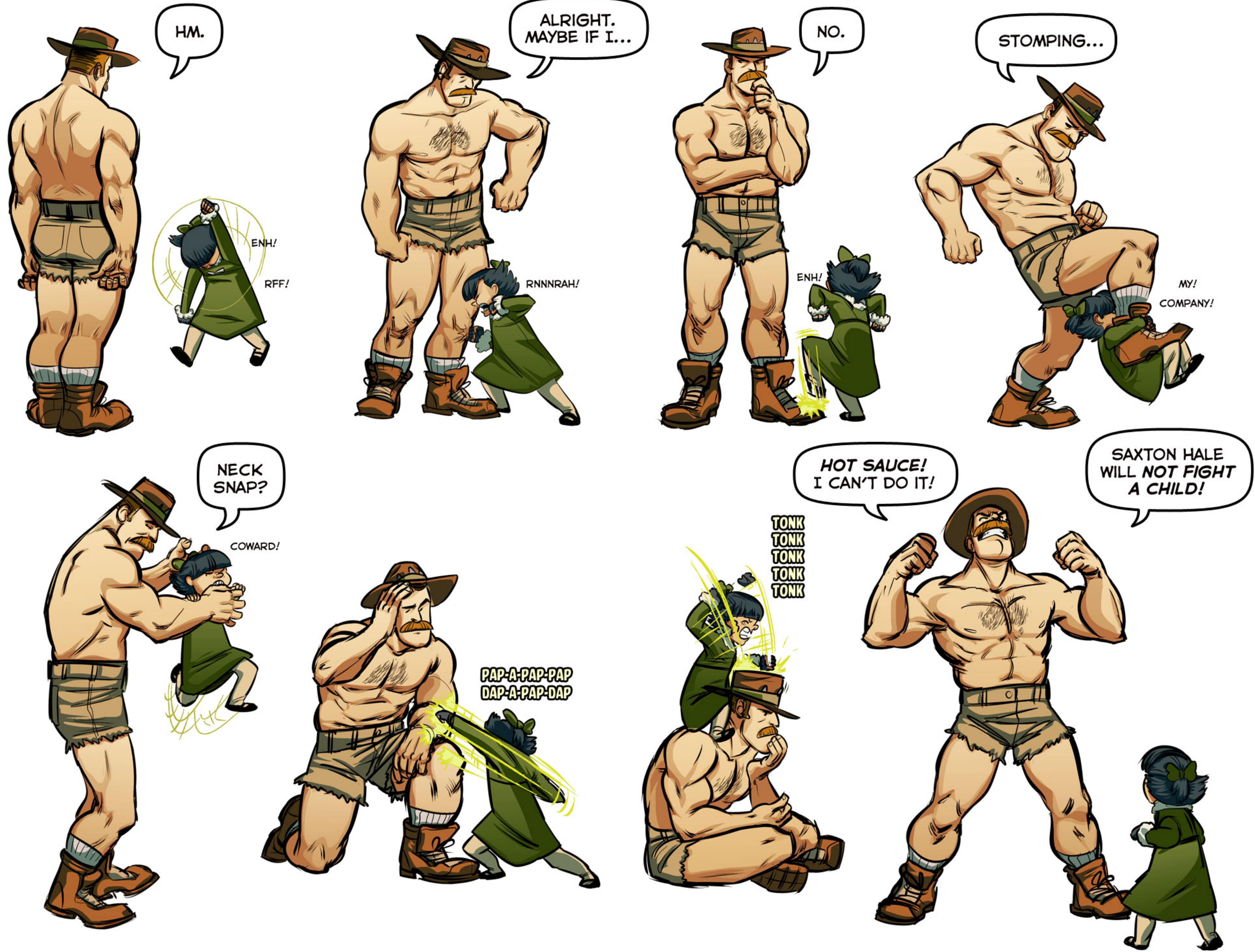
AND WHEN YOU
CAN'T, MANN CO.
IS MINE.



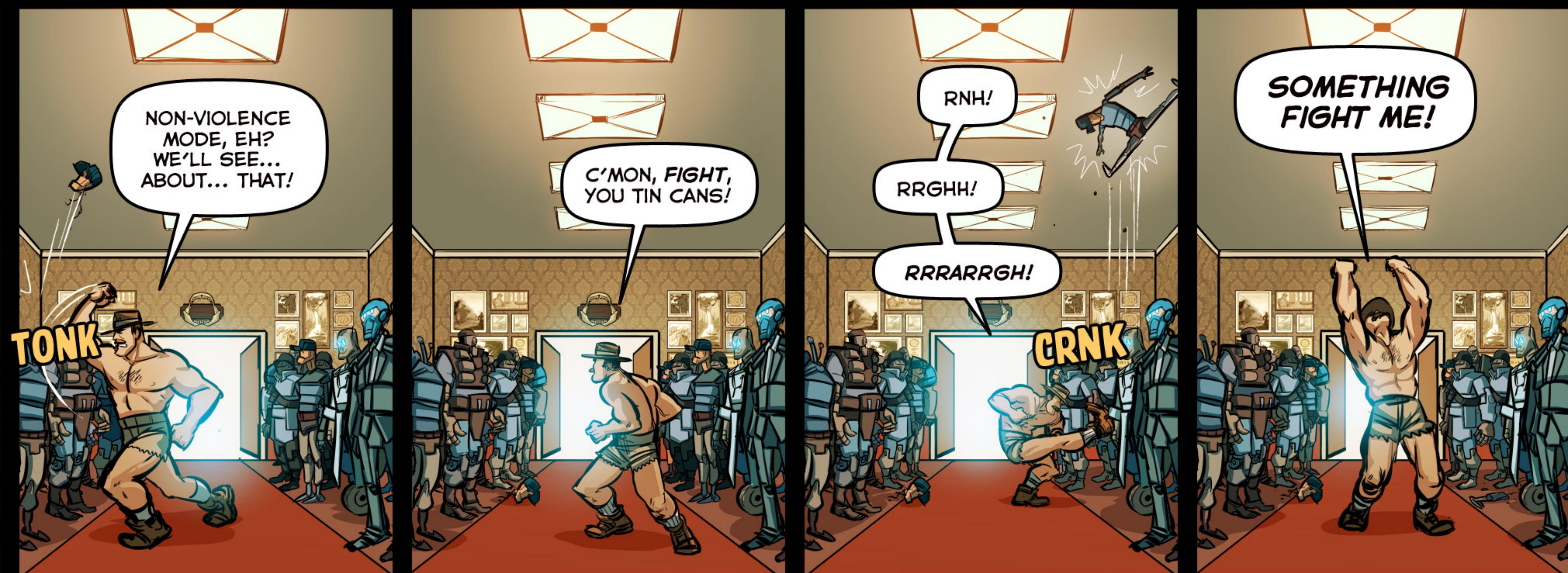
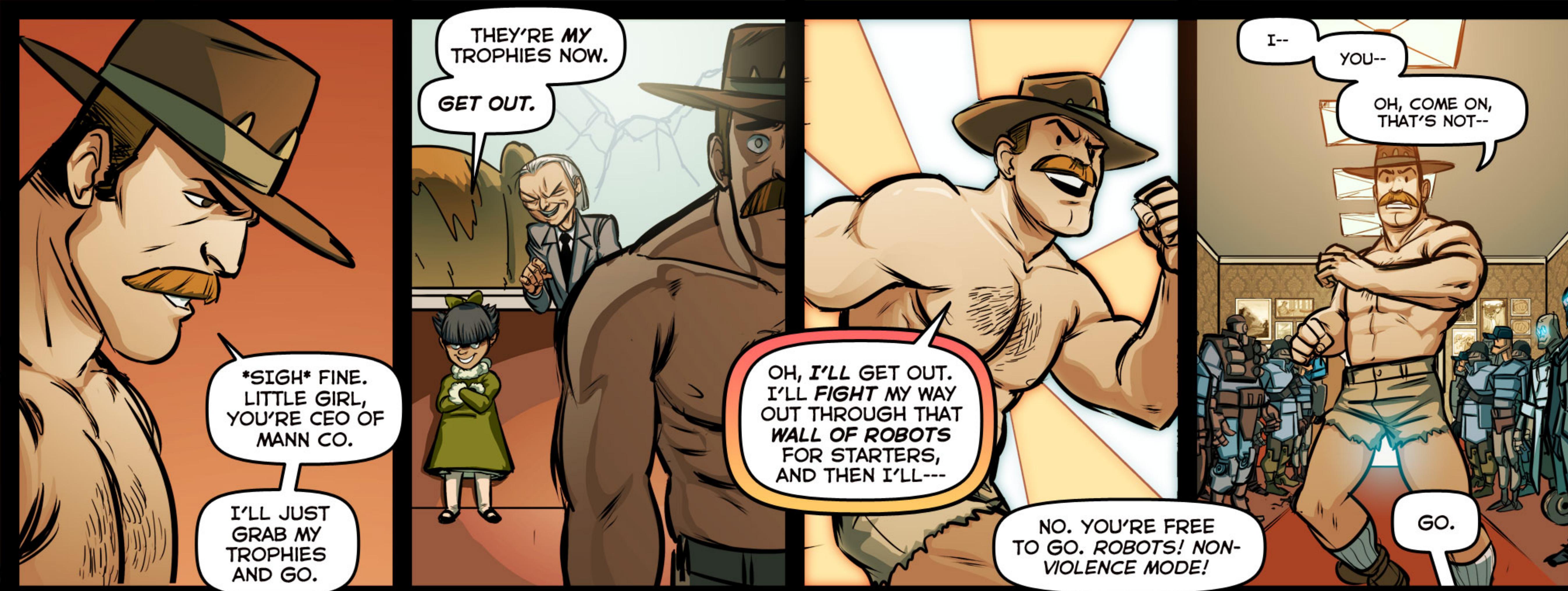
OOOO, YOU
ROTTEN OLD SON
OF A BITCH. I'LL-















ADMINISTRATOR?

...HH...
...HH...

ADMINISTRATOR?

ADMINISTRATOR!

...HH...
...HH...

HH... HE DID IT!
HE... HH... ACTUALLY
DID IT!

GRAY MANN'S
TAKEN CONTROL
OF MANN CO!

HALE'S LEFT
THE COUNTRY, GRAY
FIRED THE MERCS,
AND... AND...



ADMINISTRATOR!

...HH...
...HH...

HH... HE DID IT!
HE... HH... ACTUALLY
DID IT!

GRAY MANN'S
TAKEN CONTROL
OF MANN CO!

HALE'S LEFT
THE COUNTRY, GRAY
FIRED THE MERCS,
AND... AND...

ADMINISTRATOR?

> MISS PAULING
>>
> HIDE ■

SIX MONTHS LATER



LISTEN UP,
MEN!

BEHIND ME! BETWEEN THOSE
TWO COWS! THREE HUNDRED BRAVE
MEN DIED DEFENDING FORT STANWIX
FROM THE BRITISH!

I DON'T
SEE A FORT...

WHAT? IF IT WAS NOT FOR
THESE MEN, YOU WOULD ALL
BE SPEAKING ENGLISH RIGHT
NOW! BRITISH ENGLISH!

THESE MEN PUKE BLOOD
FOR YOUR FREEDOM! AND BY
GOD, YOU BLIND OLD LADIES
WILL SEE THEIR FORT!



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WILL SEE THEIR FORT!





MISTER DOE, SOLDIERS
ARE NOT CELEBRITIES.

SISTER, YOU
ARE LOOKING AT
THEIR HOME!

IT WILL BE A
DARK NIGHT TONIGHT!
BECAUSE ALL THE
STARS ARE BURIED IN
THIS FIELD!

MISTER DOE, SOLDIERS
ARE NOT CELEBRITIES.

SISTER, YOU
ARE LOOKING AT
THEIR HOME!

IT WILL BE A
DARK NIGHT TONIGHT!
BECAUSE ALL THE
STARS ARE BURIED IN
THIS FIELD!

IF YOU'RE
NOT GOING TO
SHOW US WHERE
FAMOUS PEOPLE
LIVE, MISTER
DOE...

...I WANT A REFUND.

MISTER DOE, SOLDIERS
ARE NOT CELEBRITIES.

SISTER, YOU
ARE LOOKING AT
THEIR HOME!

IT WILL BE A
DARK NIGHT TONIGHT!
BECAUSE ALL THE
STARS ARE BURIED IN
THIS FIELD!

IF YOU'RE
NOT GOING TO
SHOW US WHERE
FAMOUS PEOPLE
LIVE, MISTER
DOE...

...I WANT A REFUND.

SO YOU
SOPPY OLD SLOP
RAGS WANT MOVIE
STARS, HUH?

I KNOW
JUST THE
PLACE.

DISMISSED!

ALRIGHT,
TROOPS,
LISTEN UP!

WE HAVE GOT
A LONG MARCH
AHEAD OF US!

SHOVE

SO WE WILL NEED TO
TRAVEL LIGHT IF WE ARE
GOING TO RUN THERE!

YOU!
DROP THE
PURSE!

YOU!
THIS WIG
IS GOING
TO GET YOU
KILLED!

IF YOUR
PACEMAKERS HAVE
ANY ALARMS, TURN
THEM OFF!

BECAUSE
WE ARE
MOVING OUT!

1400 HOURS.



TO YOUR LEFT IS WHERE DICK VAN DYKE HELD HIS GUTS IN HIS HANDS AFTER TAKING A MUSKET SHOT IN THE STOMACH FROM AVA AND ZSA ZSA GABOR!

1600 HOURS.



SEE THOSE SUBMERGED LOGS OVER THERE? THAT IS THE BEATLES! DO NOT STOP RUNNING!

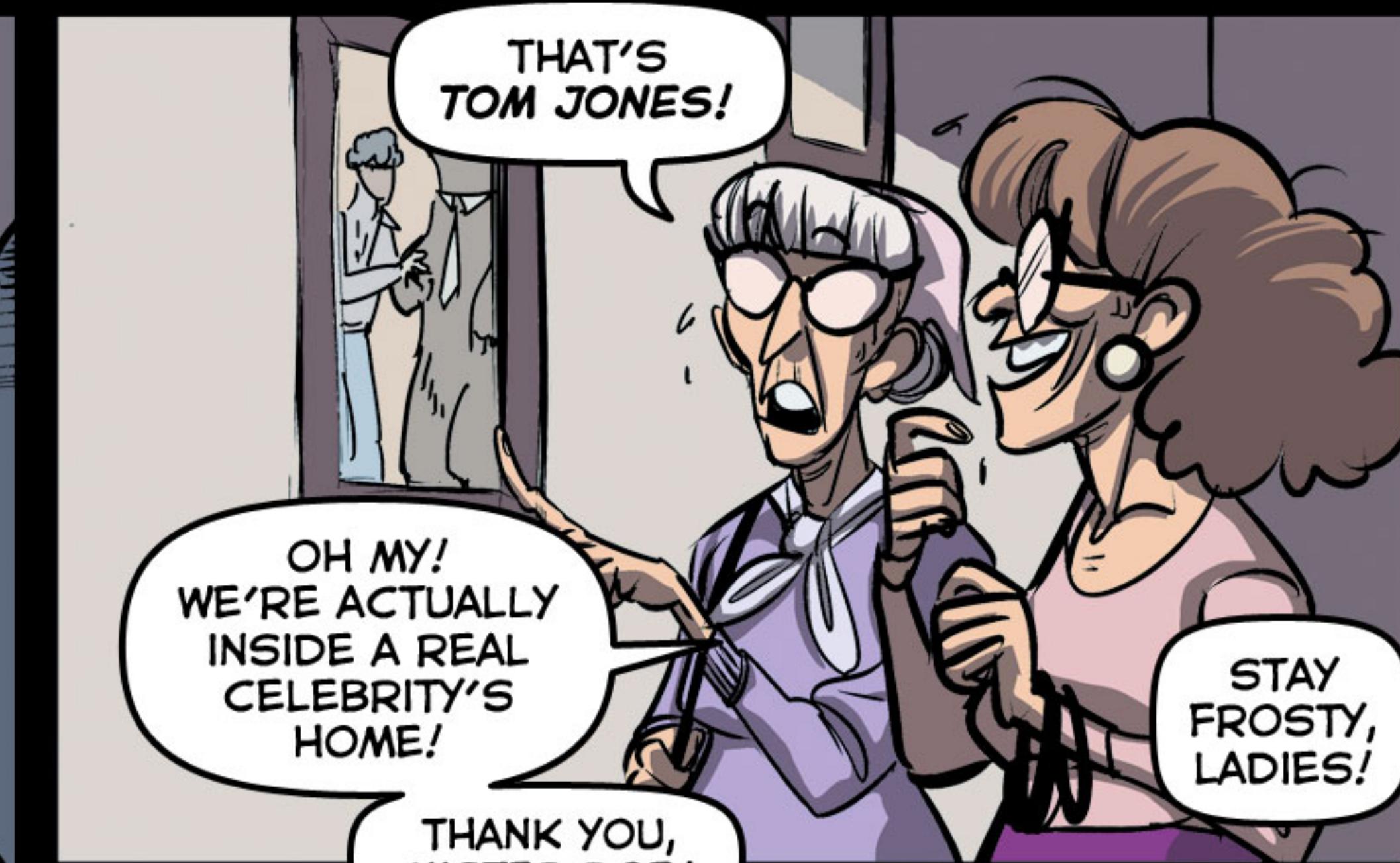
1400 HOURS.



1600 HOURS.



1900 HOURS.



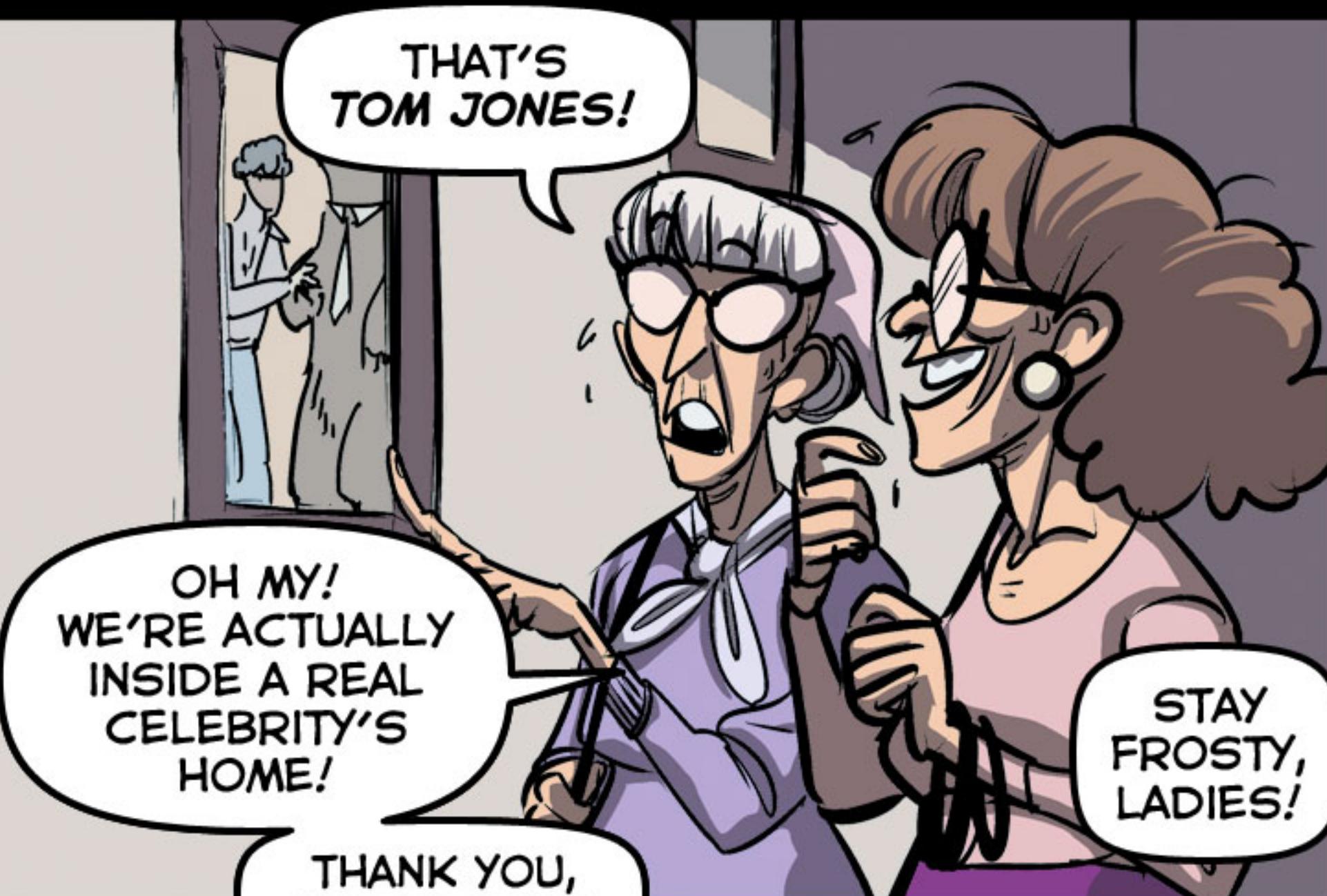
1400 HOURS.



1600 HOURS.



1900 HOURS.



HUTTAH!

TOM? I
HEARD A
CRACKING
NOISE!

ARE YOU CRACKING
SOME POPCORN?

BECAUSE I ALREADY
MADE SOME!

CHK
CHK
CHK
CHK
CHK
CHK
CHK
CHK
CHK
CHK

OH MY
GOD OH OH
MY GOD

HUTTAH!

TOM? I
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NOISE!

ARE YOU CRACKING
SOME POPCORN?

BECAUSE I ALREADY
MADE SOME!

CHK
CHK

OH MY
GOD OH OH
MY GOD

NECK SNAP!

YOU.

HELLO,
MERASMIUS!

YOU--

WHY--

WHY CAN'T
I EVER BE RID
OF YOU?

I'M CALLING
THE POLICE!



UM. ALRIGHT, EVERYBODY CALM DOWN!



I DON'T KNOW HOW THINGS WORK IN THE BADLANDS, SON, BUT AROUND HERE WE DON'T TAKE KINDLY TO MURDERING TOM JONES!



OFFICER MISS PAULING, WHAT I AM ABOUT TO SAY WILL SHOCK YOU: I WAS FRAMED.

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO JAIL, SOLDIER.

I'M GETTING THE TEAM BACK TOGETHER.

ACTUALLY, YOU'RE THE FIRST ONE I'VE TRACKED DOWN.

YOU HAVEN'T HEARD FROM ANY OF THE OTHERS, HAVE YOU?

I'VE SEEN SCOUT. HE HELPED ME MOVE OUT OF MY CASTLE INTO A BOX. THEN I ACCIDENTALLY BROKE BOTH HIS ARMS.

SO IF THE LAST TIME I SAW HIM IS ANY INDICATION, HE'S PROBABLY AT THE CRYING HOSPITAL WITH MASCARA RUNNING DOWN HIS STUPID FA--

SIGH RIGHT. WELL, BEFORE WE GO TO THE CRYING HOSPITAL, I'VE GOT A COUPLE LEADS WE SHOULD CHECK OUT.

HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF FRONTIER ENGINEERING?

CONGRATULATIONS, EVERYONE!

FRONTIER
ENGINEERING

WE'VE JUST HAD OUR
BEST QUARTER EVER.

LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN, WE'RE
ALL MILLIONAIRES!

AND OF COURSE,
IT'S ALL DUE TO THE
INSPIRING LEADERSHIP
OF OUR NEW CEO.

HEAR,
HEAR!

CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP

I SAY!

WOULD YOU
LIKE TO SAY A
FEW WORDS,
SIR?

THE GRAVEL STREET JOURNAL

TOM JONES MURDERED

HYSTERIC
WITCH-WOMAN
HELD FOR
QUESTIONING



BEATLES STILL MISSING
LAST SEEN NEAR POND

from MANN CO.
AS = BACCARAT DETECTORS = AND MORE

DISPENSER COSTUMES
Secrets of the Orient...
REVEALED FOR THE FIRST TIME WITHIN
THE "FORBIDDEN" ORIENTAL SEX SPACE
Ju Kitsu Masters have guarded the
secrets of "nutmeg" for untold
centuries. NO LONGER! Unleash its
fearsome power TODAY! Watch its
WHAT HAPPENS. You could become a MILLIONAIRE!

MASTER THE FIGHTING SECRETS OF
A CATAPULT

Hi, I'm Terry. If you're
like me, you enjoy hitting
people, but are tired of
being a COWARD. What if I
told you there was a
STEP ONE: Find your
right in their
MOVING, so
the person

MEN!

PLAY THE PIANO
WHILE I BEAT YOU UP
I am a tone-deaf man with no musical
talent. I can never learn to play the piano
but you can! Learn how when I take you out my
house at my own independence on
my 12-STEP MANN CO. PLEASE

WE'VE JUST HAD OUR
BEST QUARTER EVER.

LADIES AND
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LAST SEEN NEAR POND

WUBBUE
LYPTOE SAYDAH FOOBIRDS,
SIRP?

SIRP?

SIGH

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BEST QUARTER EVER.

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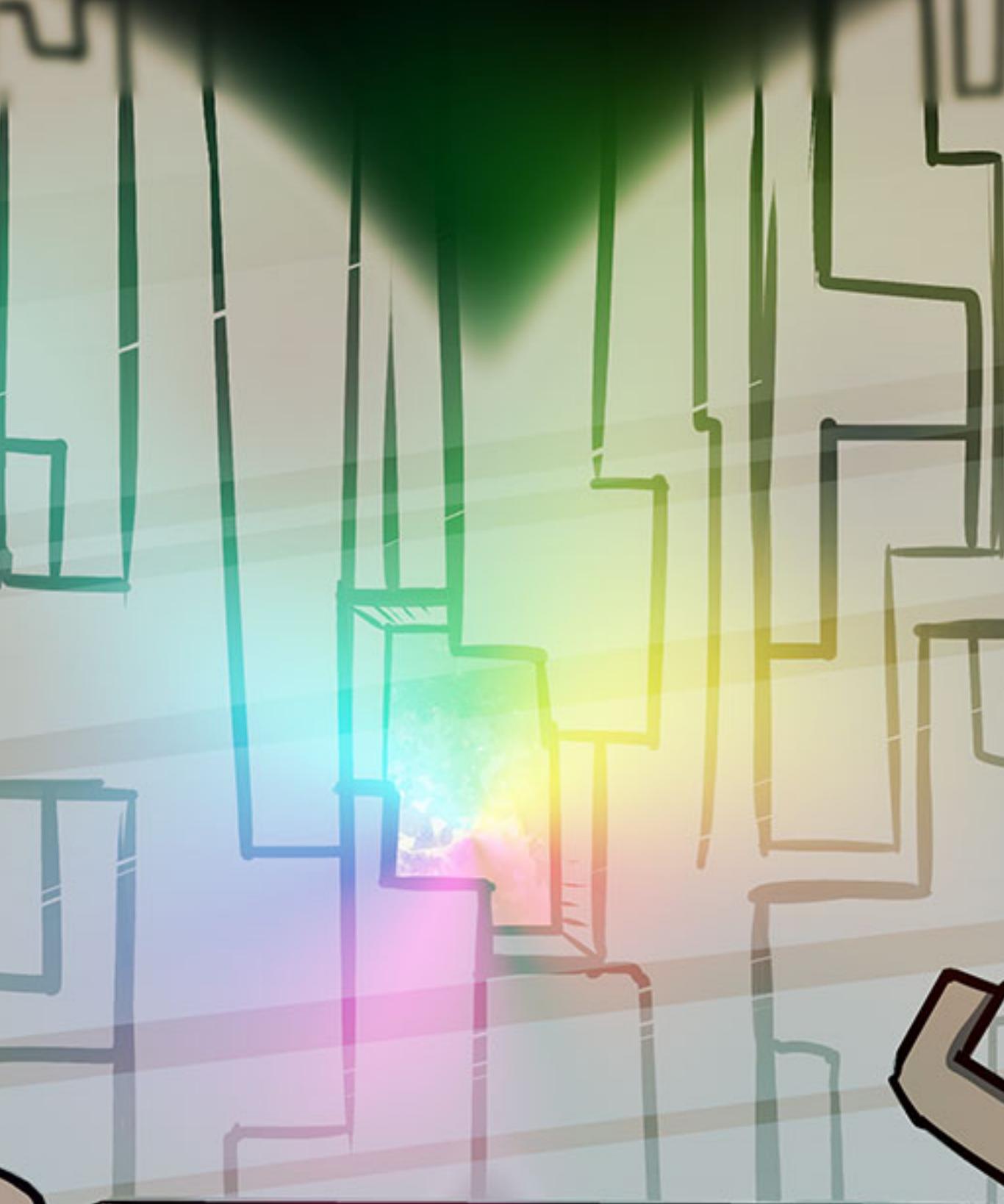
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ARBOO
FLEEBINGO
KAY?



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Secrets of the Orient...

"NUTMEG"

Ju Kitsu Masters have guarded the

contested

children's cartoon

television Dispenser Lordy Dispensol

of them all in bold! Why not buy all

them? Come the dispenser costume

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STEP ONE: Find

people have been

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MOVING, so

the person

PLAY THE PIANO

WHILE I BEAT YOU UP

I can't tone-deaf man with no musical

talent, but you can't learn to play the piano

at my own indepedence.

12-STEP MANN CO. PLEASE

ROBOT DISGUISE

of robots getting all the women?

Romeos, clunking Casanovas

latherios at their own

ROBOT DISGUISE

and

MEN!

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MEN!

Play the piano

while I beat you up



OH MY
GOD...



OH MY
GOD...



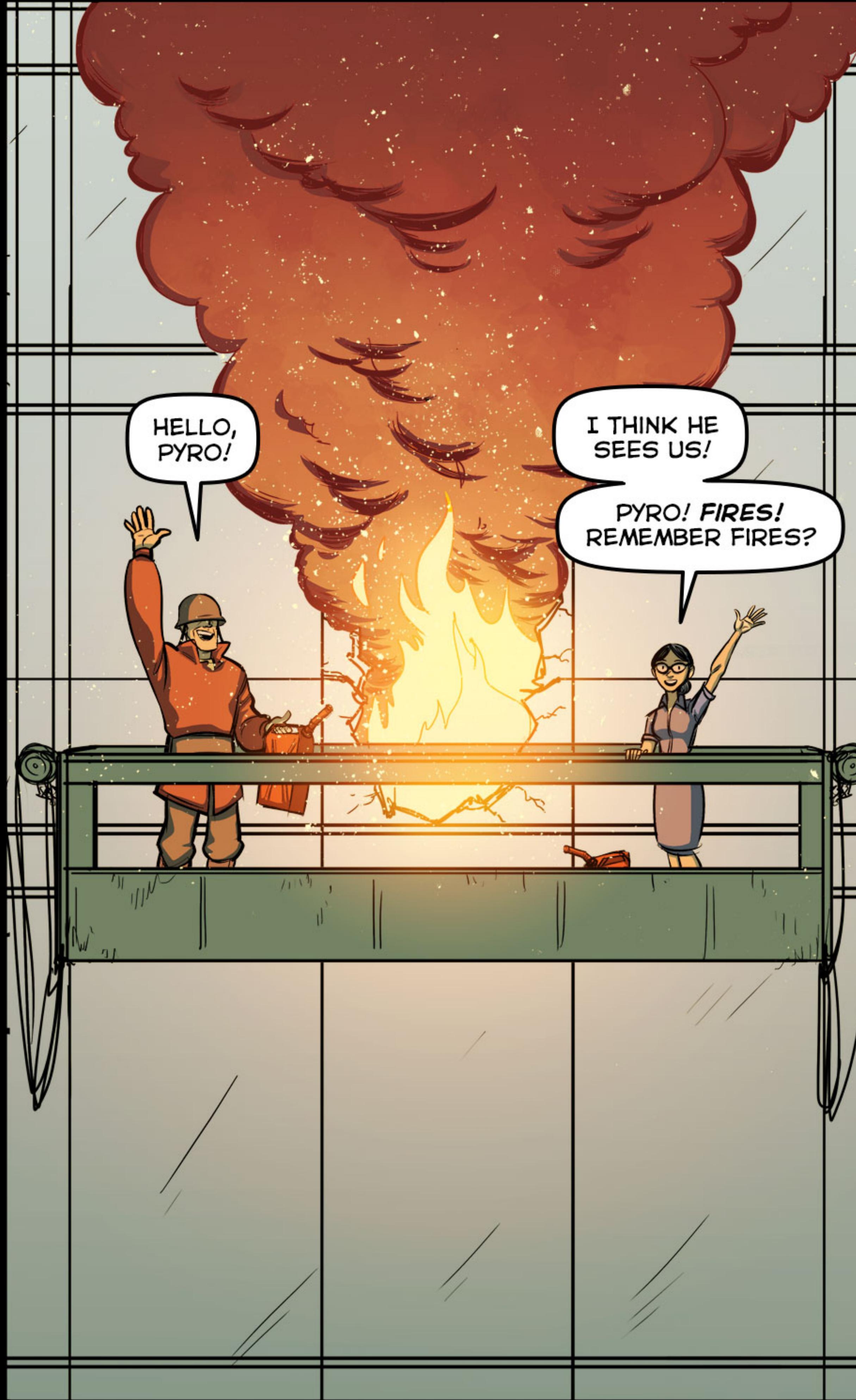
Ha ha
ha ha ha
ha ha!



wheeee!

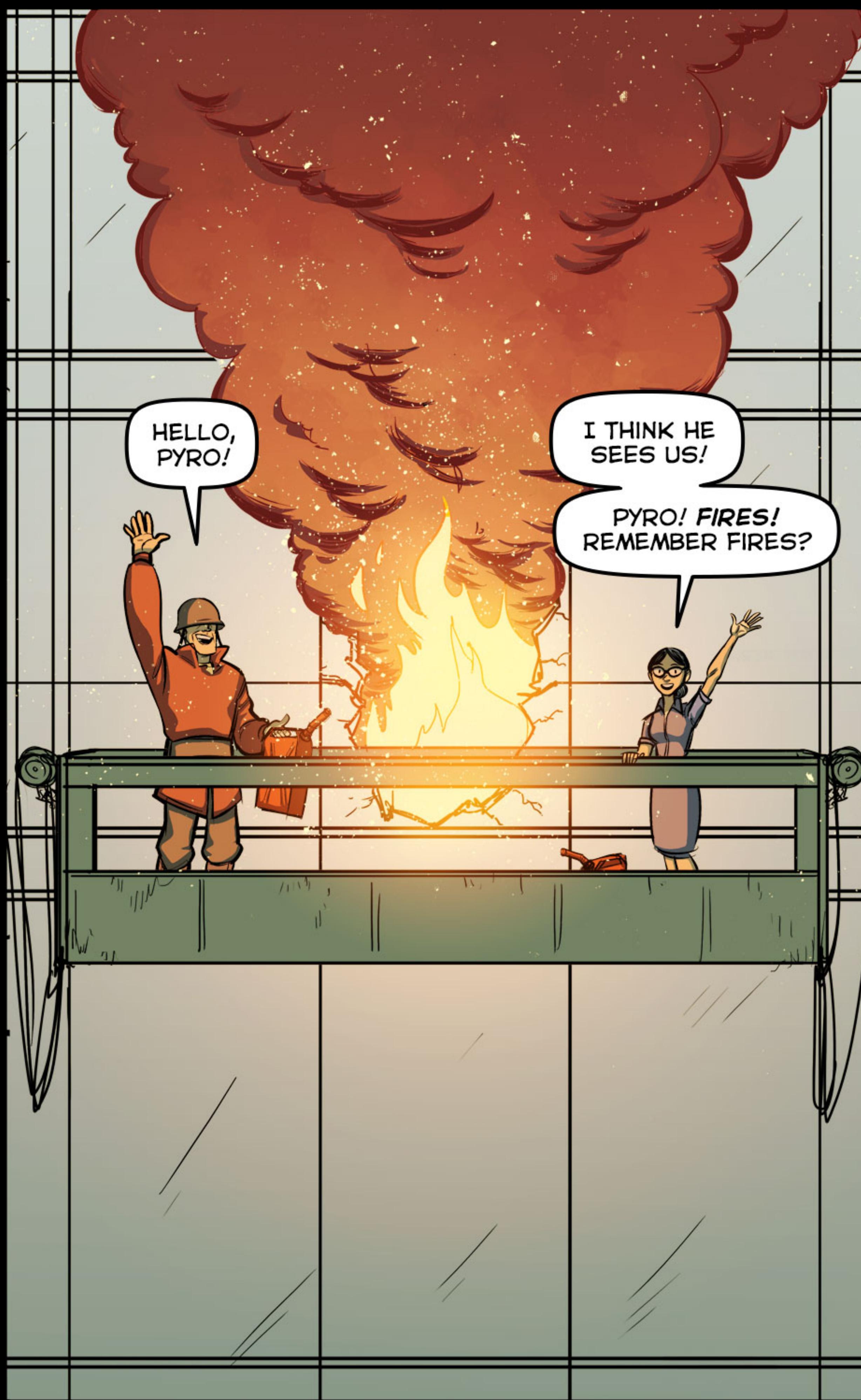


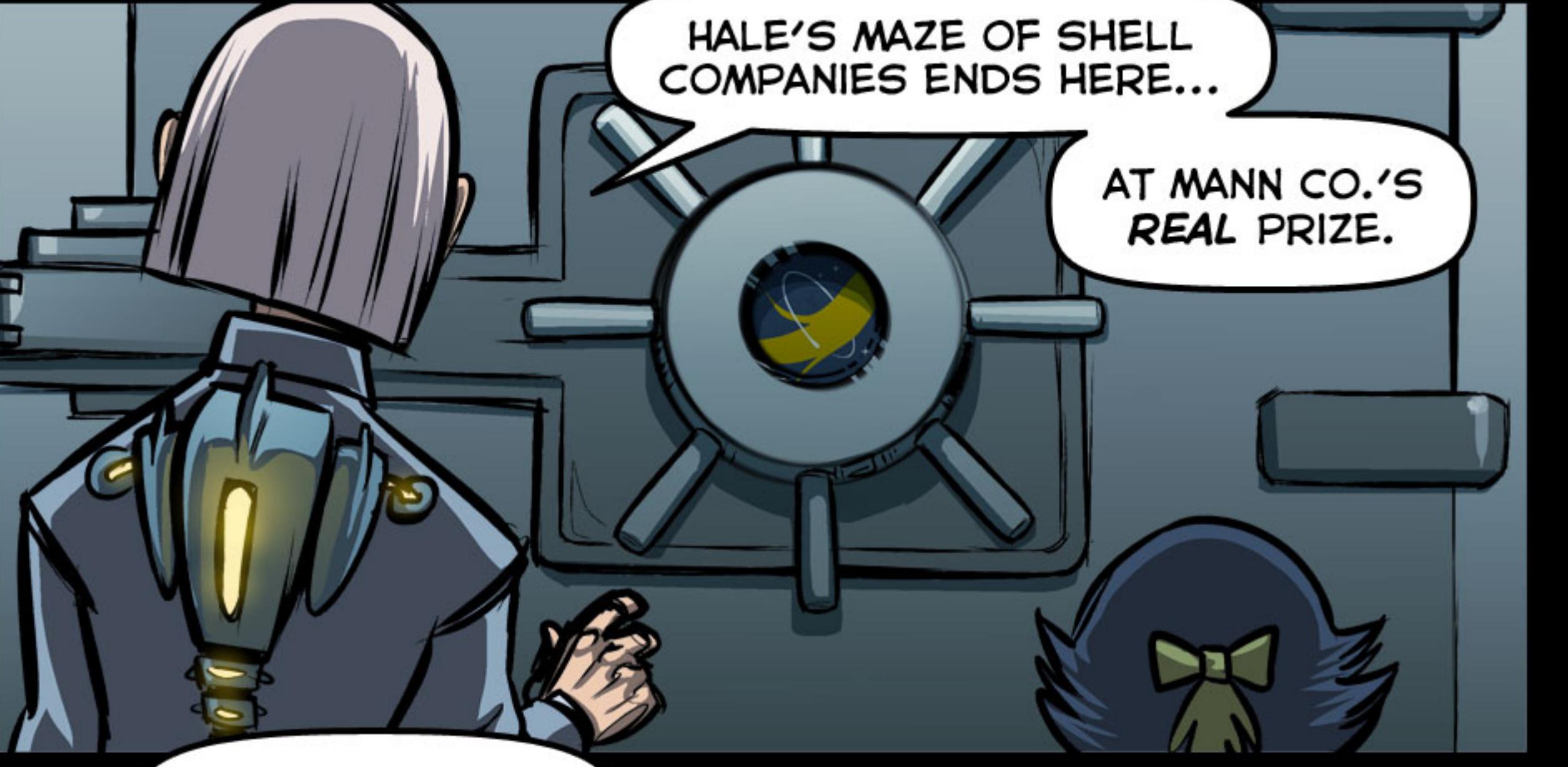
OH MY
GOD...





OH MY GOD...





HALE'S MAZE OF SHELL
COMPANIES ENDS HERE...

AT MANN CO.'S
REAL PRIZE.

AUSTRALIUM.
TWO HUNDRED
THOUSAND POUNDS
OF IT.

KRNNNK

GATHERING
DUST WHILE THAT
MUSCLE-HEADED OAF
BARTERED FOR
HEADWARE.



AND NOW
IT'S MINE.



TONY HATS,
THIS COURT
FINDS YOU
GUILTY!

MAMA MIA!
BUT WHO'S-A
GONNA DO ALLA
MY CRIMES?

DON'T WORRY,
TONY.

YOU'LL HAVE
PLENTY OF TIME
TO COMMIT
CRIMES...

...IN
PRISON.

WHY-A,
YOU...

GOOD WORK,
SIR.

NOT GOOD
ENOUGH,
TODD.

SIGH
SOME DAY...

YOU'RE THE **BEST**, JOHN PHANTOM.
THE MAYOR WANTS YOU TO D.A. ALL
THE CRIMES FROM NOW ON.

THANK YOU,
YOUR HONOR.

BUT I'M AFRAID
THE DEFENSE
RESTS.

...IN PEACE.

DOODLY-DOODLY-DOOT
CLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAP

YOU'RE THE **BEST**, JOHN PHANTOM.
THE MAYOR WANTS YOU TO D.A. ALL
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THANK YOU,
YOUR HONOR.

BUT I'M AFRAID
THE DEFENSE
RESTS.

...IN PEACE.

DOODLY-DOODLY-DOOT
CLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAP

STAY TUNED FOR
MORE "GHOST D.A.!"

UGH. "THE DEFENSE
RESTS"? HE'S THE
@\$%ING PROSECUTION!

GHOST D.A.!
"DISTRICT ATTORNEY"!
IT'S IN THE TITLE OF
THE @\$%ING SHOW!

KNOCK
KNOCK

IF GHOST D.A.
WAS A DEMOLITIONS
EXPERT, THEY'D HAVE
ALREADY REPLACED
HIM WITH A BLOODY
ROBOT.

AND WHAT'S WITH THAT
"DOODLY DOODLY DOOT"
NOISE? I'M A GHOST
SWORD! HAVE I EVER
MADE A @\$%ING NOISE
WHEN I DISAPPEAR?

I SWEAR, SOMETIMES
I THINK THIS SHOW
ISN'T EVEN WRITTEN
BY GHOSTS.

KNOCK
KNOCK

...I'D LIKE TO SEE
A BLOODY ROBOT
DEFEND A BLOODY
CAP POINT FOR...

IT'S BEEN SIX
MONTHS, MAN.
LET IT GO.

KNOCK
KNOCK
DO YOU STILL
HEAR A GAVEL
BANGING?

TAVISH!

SOMEONE'S
BEEN KNOCKIN' AT
THE DOOR FOR TEN
MINUTES!

ACH!
M'BUSY.

TOCK

BUSY SITTIN' ON
YER BAIG PILLA O'
A BACKSIDE, MAYBE!
TAVISH FINNEGAN
DEGROOT, GO GET
THAT DOOR!

TAVISH!

SOMEONE'S
BEEN KNOCKIN' AT
THE DOOR FOR TEN
MINUTES!

ACH!
M'BUSY.

TOCK

IT MIGHT BE A JOB,
TAVISH. AN' LAIRD KNOOS
YAE COULD USE ONE.

I DUNNAE
WANT ANOTHER
JOB, MUM.

AND I DUNNAE CARE
WHAT YOU WANT, LAD.

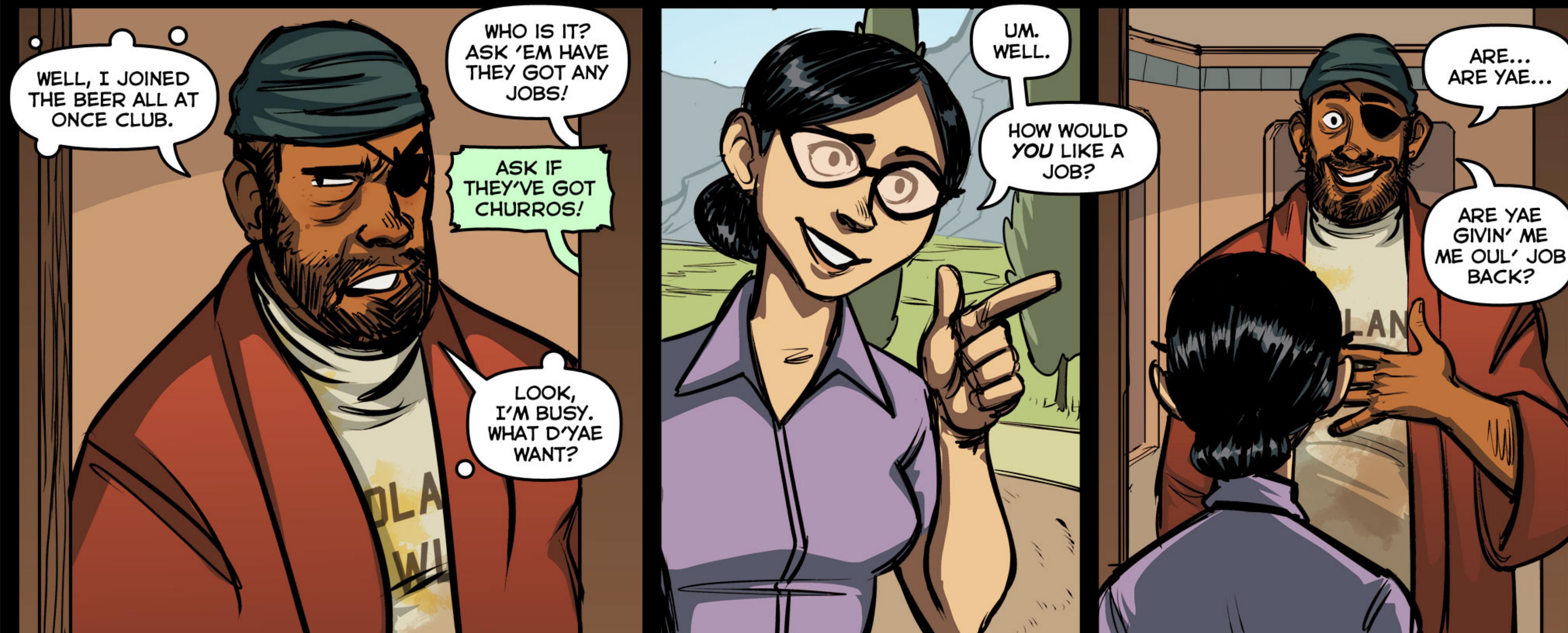
YOU AND
YAIR LAZY GOOST-
SWORD ...

BUSY SITTIN' ON
YER BAIG PILLA O'
A BACKSIDE, MAYBE!
TAVISH FINNEGAN
DEGROOT, GO GET
THAT DOOR!

HEY! I'M
DEAD, LADY!
NOT DEAF!

...NEED TAE GET
OOT THIS HOOSE AND
BLOW SOMETHIN' UP
FOR MONEY, OR I'LL
HAVE TAE BURY YE IN A
BIG ROUND BOX!







THIS WAS IN
MY MAILBOX THIS
MORNING.

Assemble
the team.

DEMO--
SHE'S BACK.

SO YE'VE
FOUND HER
THEN?

UM.
NO.

BUT...
YE KNOW
WHAT THE
JOB IS.

NOT A
CLUE. YOU
IN?

WE'VE GOT
A JOB!

ME BOY!

EYELANDER!

YAE ROOSTY WEE
BOOTER KNIFE! PUT
YER SHEATH ON!

AUSTRALIUM CORE 19.5%
DEPLETED. MEDICBOT'S
DIAGNOSIS: RECHARGE
IMMEDIATELY. *BEEP*

MM. RECHARGE MY AUSTRALIUM-
FUELED LIFE EXTENSION MACHINE.
WITH AUSTRALIUM.

WHY DIDN'T I
THINK OF THAT.

DISMISSED.

TELL ME
YOU'VE GOT
GOOD NEWS.

HER ASSISTANT'S
DISAPPEARED.

HH. YOU'RE
KIDDING.

WE SEARCHED THE
AUSTRALIUM SITES.
HER OFFICE.

NOTHING.

IT'S A COLD
TRAIL, MANN.

IF YOU'D CALLED US
SIX MONTHS AGO...

AUSTRALIUM CORE 19.5%
DEPLETED. MEDICBOT'S
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DISAPPEARED.

WE SEARCHED THE
AUSTRALIUM SITES.
HER OFFICE.

NOTHING.

IT'S A COLD
TRAIL, MANN.

IF YOU'D CALLED US
SIX MONTHS AGO...

I'VE CALLED YOU NOW.
AND I'M PAYING YOU A
FORTUNE.

FIND HER AND
GET IT BACK.

SHE'LL PUT UP
A FIGHT, YOU KNOW.
THOSE PET THUGS
OF HERS...

HH. THEM?

DON'T WORRY
ABOUT THEM.
YOU'VE GOT
US NOW.

SO. IT'S A
TWELVE HOUR FLIGHT
TO SIBERIA.

AYE. WE
GRAB HEAVY...

...THEN FLY TO
AUSTRALIA...

PICK UP
SNIPER...

...AND HOME
AGAIN. FOUR
DAYS TOPS.

THAT STILL
LEAVES—

MISS PAULING!
PYRO IS ON MY
SIDE OF THE
CAR AGAIN!

PYRO,
DON'T GO ON
SOLDIER'S
SIDE.

THAT STILL
LEAVES ENGIE,
MEDIC, SPY
AND SCOUT.

HUH. MEDIC? I'D
FORGET ABOUT HIM.
HE'S GOT HISSELF A
FANCY JOB NOW.

WE'LL
CONVINCE
HIM.

I'M MORE WORRIED
ABOUT THE ENGINEER. IT'S
LIKE HE DROPPED OFF THE
FACE OF THE—

MISS PAULING!
PYRO CUT OFF
MY HAND.

PYRO,
DON'T CUT
OFF SOLDIER'S
HANDS.

TWO MINUTES LATER.



SCOUT'LL TURN
UP ON HIS OWN.

BUT SPY...

HE COULD BE
ANYWHERE, DISGUISED
AS ANYTHING.



TWO MINUTES LATER.



SCOUT'LL TURN UP ON HIS OWN.

BUT SPY...

HE COULD BE ANYWHERE, DISGUISED AS ANYTHING.

ACH, WELL... LET'S WORRY ABOUT THAT BACKSTABBER WHEN WE NEED TAE.

AS IT STANDS WE'VE GOT A PLANE TAE CATCH, AN'...

UM.

I THINK WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO MISS THE FLIGHT.

BLOODY HELL...

A woman in a purple dress stands near a doorway, looking towards the right.



