



**AP**  
ANTARCTIC  
PRESS

**21**  
SEPT.  
1994

\$2.75  
U.S.  
\$3.85  
Can.

ANTHROPOMORPHIC

# FURRLOUGH



# ANTARCTIC BLAST

SEPTEMBER 1994

## REFLECTIONS ON SAN DIEGO

by Ben Dunn

Well, another San Diego Comic Con has come and gone. This year's Con was purported to be the biggest ever (approximately 50,000 people showed up from what I heard). Which leads me to conclude that people are becoming more aware of the comics industry...or does it? I saw many new companies, but I also noticed that many companies that were there last year did not show up this year. Were these new companies filling a vacuum or signs of definite growth in the industry. It is hard to say. All I can say is that we did pretty good.

I decided not to do any sketching this year in order to spend more time with my friends and acquaintances. In the past I used to do sketches to help subsidize AP's expense in going to San Diego, so I never really got a chance to see much of the Con or San Diego. However, AP's growth this past year was tremendous and our inventory had grown to the point that doing sketches was simply not needed from me. So this year I decided to simply enjoy myself and not work during the Con. Needless to say, I did enjoy myself, but as I wandered the show I began to notice certain things that both delighted and depressed me.

What made me happy was seeing how well-received we were by our readers and to see how many more we picked up since last year. In fact we had several pros come by our table and pick up stuff. I was able to talk to many seasoned pros and a lot of up-and-coming pros (they know who they are). I was able to get feedback on our books to see what we were doing well and what we were doing wrong. It was quite an experience.

Having more time than usual, I wandered the floor and was able to see many of the dealers and their wares. My conclusion would have been that if a nuclear bomb were to wipe out the San Diego Comic Con, every single major Gold and Silver Age comic would have been wiped out as well. I saw so many major key books on display that it wasn't even funny. I thought these suckers were supposed to be rare or something. I do not collect comics anymore (except for the old issue or two), but I like looking at them. Something about old comics like that appeals to me. I guess, since I'm a history buff, these books act sort of like a window into the past. Not just my past but America's past. I can see how these

books have changed over the years and how America has changed. It's kind of cool.

It was certainly distressing to see all the incredible displays set up by other comic companies. AP's display consisted of two spaces and a plastic sign that read "ANTARCTIC PRESS" along with some laminated color copies and comic racks for back issues. The big companies had huge monolithic displays that were impressive, but even companies smaller than AP had great displays. So next year I vow to put together a really cool display. One that can greet the AP reader in a way that will show that he or she was something special.

Another thing that sort of bothered me was the lack of AP books in general. Not that I'm complaining, mind you (more business for us), but it would have been nice to have been more prolific among dealer inventory. I guess shows like these are expensive and they must figure that they should bring books that will give them a high profit margin (though with all the price slashing one wonders). AP sold books there and people picked them up. With no discounts, no hard sell, no loud music, no special editions (except the foiled NHS #0 which was old by 4 months) people simply walked up, saw what they wanted and got it. No questions asked. Unfortunately, most of what we had was output from last year and most of this year, so many older issues could not be had.

I guess my editorial from a couple of months ago ("A LITTLE RESPECT") was actually unnecessary. At the time I was little pissed by how we were being treated and threw a little tantrum (I am human you know), but realized we were doing really well DESPITE them. It's gotten a little better though. Several of the fanzines have acknowledged our existence (thanks to books like STRANGERS IN PARADISE) though they still exclude us for the most part. I mean when was the last time you saw an ARC comic?

Yes, San Diego reaffirmed my strength and commitment. To do better this year than last. To never rest on past victories and to forge ahead with new and better product. And to all our readers who attended San Diego Comic Con: THANKS FOR YOUR SUPPORT!

## Trust Us, You'll Love It.

by Herb Mallette

As the Antarctic Press heads steadily toward its tenth year, a lot of people probably think they have us pretty well figured out. We're that small but dependable company that does all those anthropomorphic and manga books, with a couple of creator-owned adventure titles thrown in on the side. A lot of people are probably getting pretty comfortable with that image of our company. Just in time for us to start changing it.

Now before all you manga and anthropomorphics fans worry too much, I'm not talking about getting out of those areas we've come to be so heavily identified with...I'm talking about getting into other things as well. Hopefully, by the end of next year, a lot of other things.

December marks the beginning of a new push for us. We've got three new, offbeat, hip kind of books coming out that month that should burst any preconceptions about Antarctic Press being stuck in just a couple of genres: **Schizo** is a book full of gleefully cynical looks at reality from Ivan Brunetti — about the nicest, most personable manic-depressive you could ask for. **S.A. King's The Naked Eye** has garnered praise from Dave Sim and Peter Bagge, among others, for its searing wit. And **Nick Ryan: The Skull** is a loopy pulp adventure from the feverish brains of David Watkins and Kevin Miller, who know what the 1940s should have been like, even if they weren't.

But wait! There's more! Also in December, Ben Dunn turns his creative skills to **Warrior Nan Areola**, an action-packed miniseries of heroics that should really turn some heads in the comics "mainstream." And then in January we're serving up more hipness with David Hahn's **Private Beach: Fun And Perils In The Trudyverse**, a series I frankly can't even describe in a single sentence. And more after that, and more, and more.

The reason for all this? Well, we turn ten years old in just a few months, and we figure it's time to start making some real noise. So we're embracing the underground, alternative side of comics and stepping out into the mainstream as well. There are readers in all genres of comics who don't have enough clever, inventive, artistic books to choose from, and our goal is to get big enough to do something about that.

Want to help? We promise you won't be disappointed.

CHECK OUT  
ANTARCTIC PRESS' other releases

RELEASE DATES SUBJECT TO CHANGE

- |   |   |  |
|---|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Small-Bodied Ninja High School #3    | <input type="checkbox"/> Mangaize #35                         | <input type="checkbox"/> Vanity Angel #1 (Venus)         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Small-Bodied NHS Deluxe Ed. #3       | <input type="checkbox"/> Gold Digger #15                      | <input type="checkbox"/> Emblem #4 (Venus)               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Konny and Cui #1                     | <input type="checkbox"/> Furlough #21                         | <input type="checkbox"/> Amazing Strip #8 (Venus)        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Ninja High School 1994 Color T-Shirt | <input type="checkbox"/> Ninja High School 1994 Color T-Shirt | <input type="checkbox"/> A-Bomb #4 (Venus)               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nightmare #2                         | <input type="checkbox"/> Mangaize #14 (rebit)                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Gears #4 (Venus)                |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sentai #4                            | <input type="checkbox"/> Antarctic Press Ten-Pack             | <input type="checkbox"/> Bondage Fairies #1 2nd printing |

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RRI, OUGH no. 21, September 1994 is published monthly by the Antarctic Press, 7272 Wurzbach Suite #204, San Antonio, Texas, 78239. FAX #: (210) 614-5029. All stories and artwork © 1994 their respective creators. All other material is TM and copyright © Antarctic Press. No similarities to any characters (s) and/or places (s) is intended, and any similarity is purely coincidental. Nothing in this book may be reproduced without the express written consent from the Antarctic Press, except for purposes of review or "Home... home is where you hang your hat" Print run: 2700. Printed by Brenner Printing, San Antonio, Texas.

# FURRLOUGH

NUMBER 21 • VOLUME 1 • SEPTEMBER, 1994



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Sorry to say that events have conspired to prevent us from bringing you  
“Romanics” by Joe Rosales this issue. Look for its return soon!

--EW & SH

# ZAIBATSU TEARS

STORY & ART:  
RICHARD BARTROP

TITLE by KATHERINE & KEVIN JEPSON

THEY SAY I SOLD MY SOUL TO THE CORPORATION

IT WAS MORE LIKE A LONG-TERM LEASE

AND IF I HAD A SOUL, IT WAS REPLACED  
IN A CHIBA CLINIC WITH EVERYTHING  
ELSE.

BUT I WANTED THE EDGE, AND THIS  
LOOKED LIKE THE BEST WAY TO GET IT.

I BECAME A SAIYUSOGU - AN INDENTURED CYBORG - FOR  
DOMAIYOSHI, A DEFENDER OF CORPORATE LAW.

I WAS GOOD. SOME SAY I WAS THE BEST.

I TOOK THE BIG RISKS. I WENT FOR THE BIG BOUNTIES. EACH  
ONE BROUGHT MY FREEDOM THAT MUCH CLOSER.

UNTIL THEN, I WAS COMPANY PROPERTY. THEY HAD INVESTED A LOT IN ME, THEY SAID, AND THEY HAD TO PROTECT THAT INVESTMENT.



THEY IMPLANTED A TRACER SO I COULDN'T RUN. I LIVED IN A COMPANY DORM, ATE A COMPANY SPECIFIED DIET...



...AND THEY NEVER LET ME FORGET WHO OWNED ME.

THE TRACER WAS A COMMUNICATOR. I WAS ON CALL 24 HOURS A DAY, EVERY DAY. SOME BRIGHT YOUNG SUIT ONCE CALLED ME AT 3 AM TO MOVE A FRIDGE. WHEN MY CONTRACT IS UP, THEY'LL PUT IN AN OFF SWITCH.

THIS IS PL. I'M NOT IN RIGHT NOW, BUT IF YOU LEAVE A MESSAGE, I'LL GET BACK TO YOU.

HI, RYU.

RYU WAS DOKUYOSHI'S SAMURAI HANDLER. HE TRIED TO SOUND LIKE OUR FRIEND, BUT ALWAYS CAME OFF PATRONIZING, LIKE I WAS A VERY CLEVER PET.

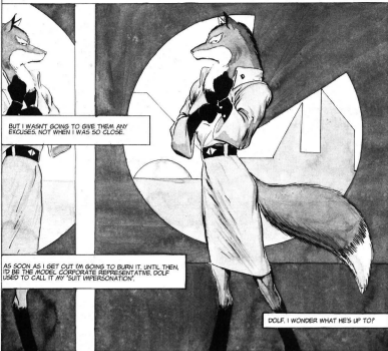
VERY FUNNY, PL.

BE IN MY OFFICE IN HALF AN HOUR. I HAVE AN IMPORTANT JOB FOR YOU.

I HOPE IT'S NOT ANOTHER FRIDGE.



"ALWAYS REMEMBER THAT YOU REPRESENT THE CORPORATION, SO ACT AND DRESS ACCORDINGLY." TO ME THE CORPORATE UNIFORM WAS JUST ANOTHER REMINDER THAT I WAS PROPERTY. I HATED IT.





SOMEONE STEALING COMPANY SECRETS AGAIN?

IT'S MURDER, PL. AN EXECUTIVE.

SINCE WHEN DID THEY NEED  
A SAIMUSOGU TO DEAL WITH  
A DEAD SUIT?

NOT JUST ANY SUIT, PL.

IT'S ONE OF *THE* SUITS.



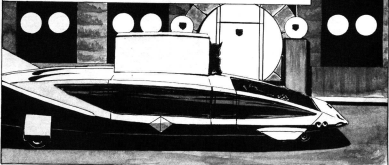
NO KIDDING. ALBRECHT MINDYAN-WU WAS 4TH EXECUTIVE. RUMOR HAD IT HE  
WAS BEING BROODMED TO REPLACE THE OLD CHAIRMAN.

THIS ONE WOULD WIFE OUT MY DEBTS.  
FIND ONE SUIT-KILLER, AND I'D BE FREE  
AT LAST.



SO WHY DID I HAVE SUCH A BAD  
FEELING ABOUT THIS ONE?

THE BODY WAS BEING HELD AT A METROPOL STATION. THE PROBLEM WAS, METROPOL WAS A GOV  
AGENCY, AND THE GOYS ALL THOUGHT THEY RULED THE WORLD.





WHICH ONE OF YOU IS LT. TANAKA?



GM TANAKA, WHAT DO YOU WANT?

YEP. 90 KILOS OF PURE GOV ARROGANCE, LEARNED FROM A HUNDRED BAD COP SHOWS.



THE DOWRAYOSHI CORPORATION RESPECTFULLY REQUESTS THAT YOU TURN OVER ALL EVIDENCE PERTAINING TO THE MURDER OF ALBRACHT MIKOVAN-WU.



CYBORG, HMP? SUPPOSE I REFUSE THIS REQUEST?

WE BOTH KNOW THAT'S NOT GOING TO HAPPEN, LIEUTENANT.

DAMN STRAIGHT IT ISNT.



TELL ME, SAIMUBOSU-SAN, WHAT MAKES SOMEONE HATE FLESH SO MUCH THAT THEY'LL BECOME A SLAVE TO GET RID OF IT?

IT ISNT LIKE THAT, LIEUTENANT.

YOU CANT EXPLAIN WHAT IT'S LIKE TO HAVE THE EDGE.

TO BE STRONGER, FASTER.

TO NEVER BE HURT.

WE FOUND THE BODY IN THE UNDERCITY. HE HAD MERC BODYGUARDS. DIDNT HELP HIM.



THERE WERE NO **mph** VALUABLES, SO WE SUSPECTED **oof** ROBBERY, come on you effing piece of junk...



ALLOW ME.



NICE, HUH? WE HAD TO ID. HIM FROM HIS DNA. EVEN A SUIT DOESNT DESERVE THIS.

H-HOW DID IT HAPPEN?

HE WAS SHOT SEVERAL TIMES IN THE HEAD AND UPPER BODY. WE THINK THE REST WAS TO MAKE HIM UNRECOGNIZABLE.



WE FOUND THESE IN THE BODY. WERE STILL WAITING ON BALLISTICS.



YOU'LL FIND THEY'RE ORDINARY BALL BEARINGS, LIEUTENANT. AND THEY WERENT SHOT. THEY WERE THROWN.

BY A CYBORG?

YES, ITS LESS OBVIOUS THAN A GUN. AND QUIETER. ONLY A FEW OF US USE THEM.



LIKE THE ONE WHO TAUGHT ME. DAMN YOU DOLF, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

TO THE SUITS, THE SAYUBOGU WERE EQUIPMENT, TO BE USED, TO OTHER SAYUBOGU, YOU WERE COMPETITION FOR THE BOUNTIES THAT WOULD SET THEM FREE.

THEN THERE WAS DOLF.

SEE THAT BRIGHT STAR, PUP

HE WAS ALSO A SAYUBOGU, BUT HE WAS DIFFERENT.



THEY'RE BUILDING STARSHIPS UP THERE. (W) GONNA TO BE ON ONE SOMEDAY.

HE TREATED ME LIKE I WAS SPECIAL.



WILL YOU COME WITH ME?

LIKE I WAS A PERSON.



TO THE STARS?

WE BECAME FRIENDS.

THEN WE WERE LOVERS.

TO THE STARS.

HE BOUGHT OUT HIS CONTRACT SOON AFTER THAT. THEN HE DISAPPEARED.

THERE WERE RUMORS, OF COURSE. SOME SAID HE WAS IN SPACE. OTHERS SAID HE WAS FIGHTING IN SOME GOV WAR.

SOMEONE SAID HE DIED.

AND NOW I'D HAVE TO FIND THE TRUTH.



I WONDERED WHAT A HIGH-RANKING DOMAIYOSHI SUIT WAS DOING IN THE UNDERCITY, BUT NOT FOR LONG.

SOME OF THE SUITS HAD EXOTIC TASTES, AND THERE WERE PLACES IN THE UNDERCITY THAT CATERED TO THEM.



MAYBE THEIR GOLDEN BOY WASN'T QUITE SO GOLDEN, MAYBE...



BRREEEEEEEEEEPII

MY MASTER'S VOICE.

HELLO, RYU.

JUST THOUGHT I'D LET YOU KNOW WE GOT A DNA PRINT OFF THOSE BEARINGS.

PLEASE LET ME BE WRONG.

NO SUCH LUCK.

GO GET HIM, PL.



WHY DID YOU DO IT, DOLF?

IF I REFUSED, OR LET HIM GET AWAY, THEY'D SAY I WAS UNRELIABLE. I'D NEVER GET THE BIG ASSIGNMENTS. I COULD BE STUCK HERE FOREVER.

THEY HAD SET THE PRICE FOR MY FREEDOM, AND IT WAS TO BE THE ONLY ONE I EVER LOVED.

DAMN YOU, DOLF.

DAMN YOU, DOMAIYOSHI.

To be continued...

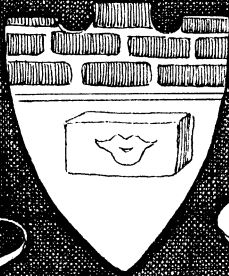
# Here Comes A Candle...

In the Course of mine Employment, I was regubled to visit ye Shoppe of the Tackal Anton. One Day, while waiting for him to Attend to an Important Customer ~

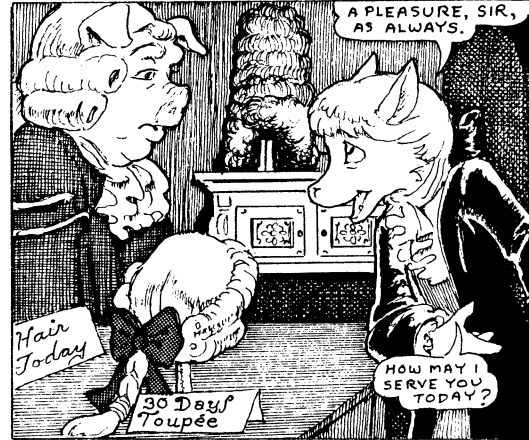
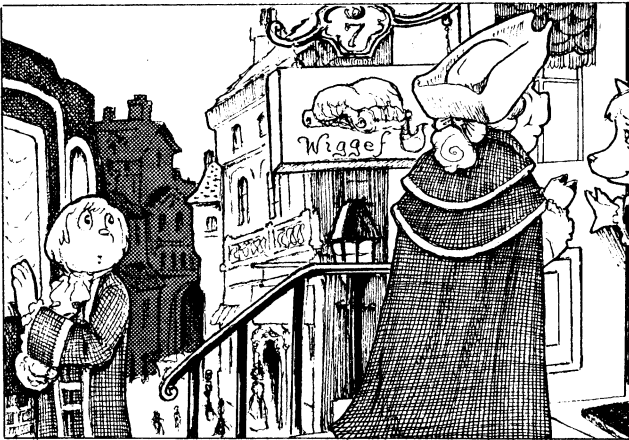
I chanced upon a Detail in the Life of ye Towne, which had hitherto escaped my Notice.

DRESS  
TO  
OPPRESS

CLOTHIERS  
AFTER A FASHION



Kiss my Bricks



A PLEASURE, SIR, AS ALWAYS.

Hair Today

30 Days Toupée

HOW MAY I SERVE YOU TODAY?

ANTON, ARE YOU AWARE THAT THIS TOWN MAY ACTUALLY ACQUIRE A SOCIAL SEASON?

YES INDEED! AMONG THE UPPER CLASS, IN THE CAPITAL, IT SEEMS RUSTICITY IS TO BE THIS YEAR'S VOGUE.



I ADORE THE COUNTRYSIDE! EVERYTHING THERE IS SO-- UM --AH-- SO NATURAL! DON'T YOU AGREE, DARLING?

BUT YES!



'TIS NO SILLIER THAN LAST YEAR'S PASSION FOR GLASS SLIPPERS, EH?

DID I MENTION THE EXCELLENT IMPRESSION I MADE IN THE CAPITAL?

THIS BRINGS US TO MY  
PURPOSE IN COMING.

I SEEK A BIT OF--  
SHALL WE SAY,  
ENDOWMENT?  
IN A CERTAIN  
AREA?

AH!  
LET ME DIRECT  
YOUR HONOR'S  
ATTENTION TO THE  
NEWEST ARRIVALS  
IN THIS SECTION.

Retail  
Selection

PERUSE THEM IF  
YOU WILL, WHILE I  
STEP INTO THE BACK  
FOR ONLY A MOMENT.

At First, I took the  
poor Fellow waiting with  
me, to be a Customer.

BUT SO BITTER-LOOKING! AND  
HARDLY PROSPEROUS ENOUGH  
TO AFFORD  
ONE OF  
ANTON'S  
"CREATIONS."

WE'RE NEARLY DONE, BIRCH, BUT  
CAN YOUR EMPLOYER'S BUSINESS  
WAIT TIL I DEAL WITH THIS  
SELLER, HERE? OR WILL  
YOU RETURN LATER?

I'LL WAIT.  
THE TRIP BACK IS COLD.

AT LEAST IT'S  
WARM IN HERE, EH?  
JUST WHAT IS IT YOU SELL?

DON'T ANSWER, THEN,  
IT ISN'T MY BUSINESS,  
ANYHOW.

PRAY FORGIVE THE  
DELAY, SIR.

AH, YES ANTON,  
THIS TIME OF YEAR, THE  
NOBLES GLITTER IN THE  
CAPITAL, BUT COME SUMMER  
— WHO KNOWS?

WHEN OUR OWN  
LORD THOMAS RETURNS TO  
CARABAS HALL WITH HIS  
HIGHBORN BELLE, WILL  
THAT NOT ATTRACT THEM  
HITHER?

ABOUT HIS LORDSHIP SIR,  
— DO YOU KNOW WHETHER  
IT'S TRUE WHAT I'VE HEARD?  
THAT HE'S KILLED A FULL  
DOZEN OPPONENTS  
IN DUELLING?

OH! —AH— SAHEME  
OF COURSE IT'S TRUE!  
HIS LORDSHIP AND I ARE  
ON THE MOST INTIMATE OF  
TERMS, HE KEEPS NOTHING  
FROM ME!

DO HAVE MY PURCHASES  
CONVEYED TO BRICKMANOR  
WITHIN THE WEEK.

WELL, AND LET ME  
SEE THE MERCHANDISE --



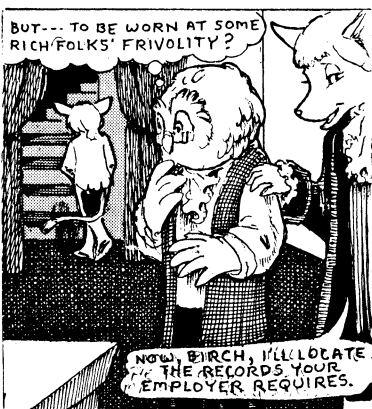
NOT BAD. GIVE YOU  
TEN FESTOONS FOR IT.

FIFTEEN!

ELEVEN.

DONE.

YOUR TAIL?  
YOU'RE SELLING  
YOUR TAIL?

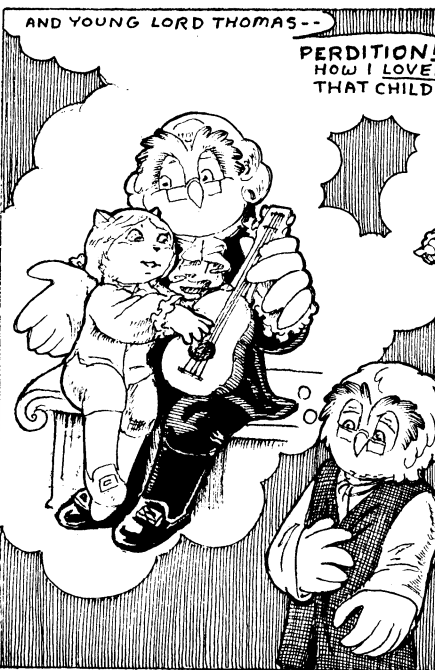


BUT... TO BE WORN AT SOME  
RICH FOLKS' FRIVOLITY?

NOW, BIRCH, I'LL LOCATE  
THE RECORDS YOUR  
EMPLOYER REQUIRES.



TO THINK THAT  
ONCE UPON A TIME, I  
SOUGHT THE FAVOR  
OF THESE PROFLIGATES!



AND YOUNG LORD THOMAS--

PERDITION!  
HOW I LOVED  
THAT CHILD!

A DUELLIST NOW.  
A COLDHEARTED  
KILLER!



I'VE  
BROUGHT  
YOU SOME  
PUDDING

YET, WHEN I REMEMBER IT,  
THERE WERE SIGNS,  
DESTRUCTIVE BEHAVIOR, THE NASTY  
LITTLE PRANKS WHEN I WAS  
RECOVERING FROM MY ILLNESS--

OUR--! WELL, TOSH!  
"WOULD SEEM YOUR BED  
REACHED ME BEFORE  
I REACHED IT."

THE ARROGANCE, THE CRUELTY,  
OH YES, IT'S IN THEIR BLOOD,  
AND NO MISTAKE.



FINISHED ALREADY? OUT  
YOU GO, THEN. HERE IS  
YOUR MONEY.



BUT THIS IS ONLY  
FIVE FESTOONS!

TAX,  
PERMISSION FEE,  
SERVICE CHARGE--



COME BACK, I GAVE YOU  
TOO MUCH!

INTOLERABLE!  
A NEW ORDER IS  
NECESSARY!

I'LL JOIN THE  
REFORM. LONG  
LIVE THE CAUSE!



IT MIGHT BE RECALLED THAT WE LEFT NEDWIN IN A NASTY PREDICAMENT, SO WE'D BETTER RETURN, BEFORE---

TOSS THIS'N OVER?

NA, LET 'IM BE. HE'LL COME AROUND, I THINK.



SEE THERE? BACK ALREADY.

HOW D'YOU FEEL, QUALITY?



TERRIBLE! ~~3~~GAGG~~3~~ SOMEONE GOT AN ARM ACROSS MY THROAT AND---

~~3~~KOFFE

IT HURTS TO TALK.

THEN SHUT UP.



JUST REST IT, QUALITY. LOOK THEY COULD'VE SHOT US, BUT THEY DIDN'T.

PEG LEG, HERE, SPOKE UP FOR ME, AND I SPOKE UP FOR YOU.

I'M GOING TO BE JOINING THEM NOW.



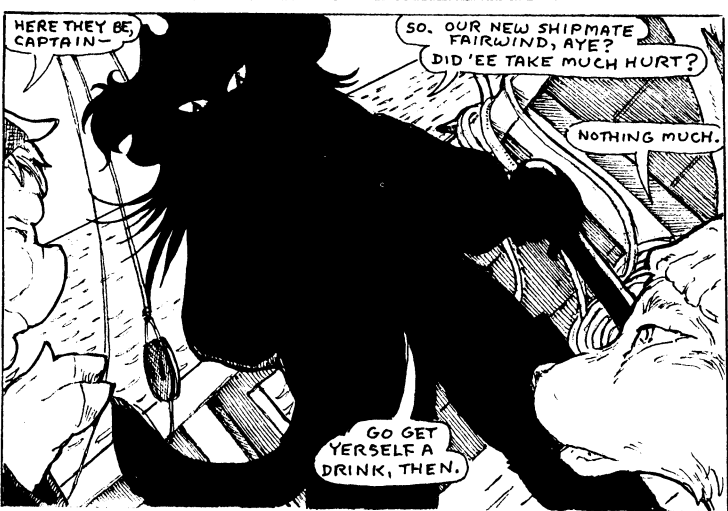
WHAT? WHY? ~~3~~CHOKE~~3~~

AW, I'M SEEN ALIVE NOW, AFTER THE SHIP'S BEEN LOST, CAPTAIN WEATHERCOCK WILL WANT SOMEONE TO BLAME.

I CAN'T PROVE I WASN'T IN ON IT, AND YOUR FRIEND WITH THE SHIRT WILL SWEAR I WAS.

I'LL HANG. THAT'S THE KING'S JUSTICE, I SEEN IT BEFORE. COURSE, YOU BEING QUALITY, GOT NO SUCH WORRY.

HE'S FOR GLACKBOOTS TO DEAL WITH.



HERE THEY BE, CAPTAIN--

SO. OUR NEW SHIPMATE FAIRWIND, AYE? DID 'EE TAKE MUCH HURT?

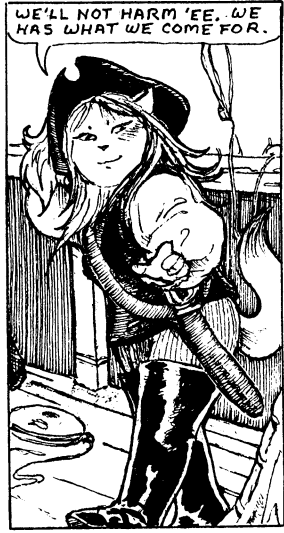
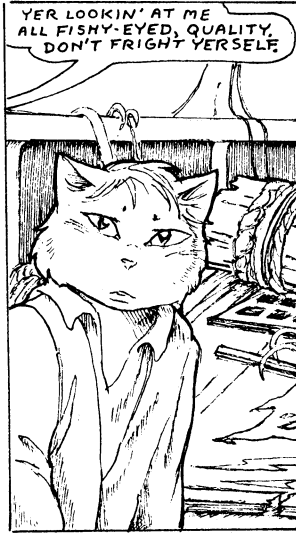
NOTHING MUCH.

GO GET YERSELF A DRINK, THEN.



AND THIS BE OUR GUEST. WHAT! CAT GOT YER TONGUE?

THEY THROTTLED HIM GOOD, CAPTAIN. HIS VOICE AIN'T BACK YET.





IT MUST BE  
I'M AT SEA  
TOO LONG.



IT'S IMPOSSIBLE,  
REALLY. SHE'S  
NOT MY TYPE,  
OR MY CLASS!



SHE'S TOO BIG!  
AND COARSE--!?

-- BUT SHE IS A  
CORSAIR, OF  
COURSE --

THAT MEANS A  
CRIMINAL! QUITE  
POSSIBLY A  
MURDERER!

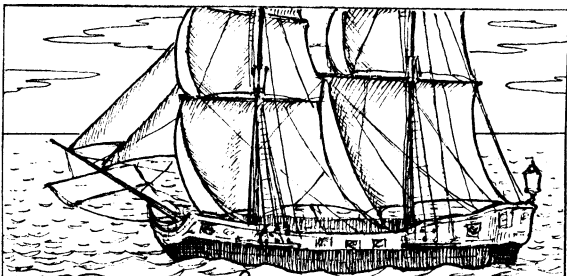
AND I'M NOT SQUINT,  
AFTER ALL. SO, I FIND  
THE LADY INTERESTING!  
WHAT OF IT?



LOVE AT FIRST  
SIGHT. THAT'S A  
PECK OF PICKLED  
PEPPERS.



STILL, SHE DOES HAVE THE  
BIGGEST PAIR OF  
BOOTS I'VE EVER SEEN,  
AND--



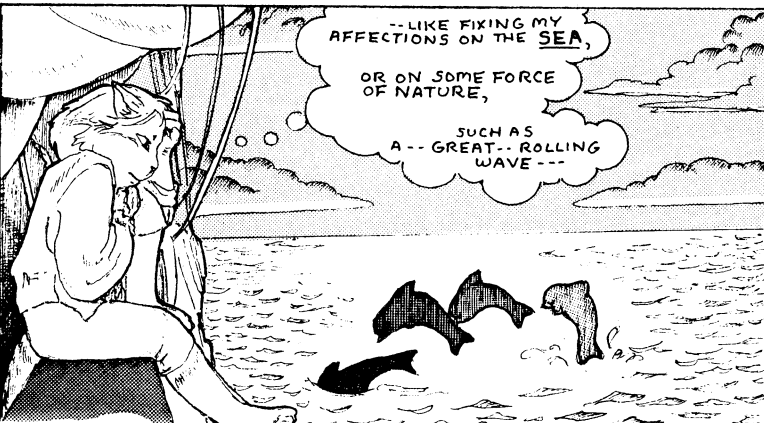
AND  
SHE'EN WOULDN'T GANDER  
DROP A FEW TAILFEATHERS IF  
THE CAPTAIN AND I WERE TO ---

!!-- WHAT'S THE  
MATTER WITH ME?



WHAT CAN BE  
MAKING ME SO  
STUPID?

I CAN'T BE IN  
LOVE WITH HER.  
THAT WOULD BE LIKE--



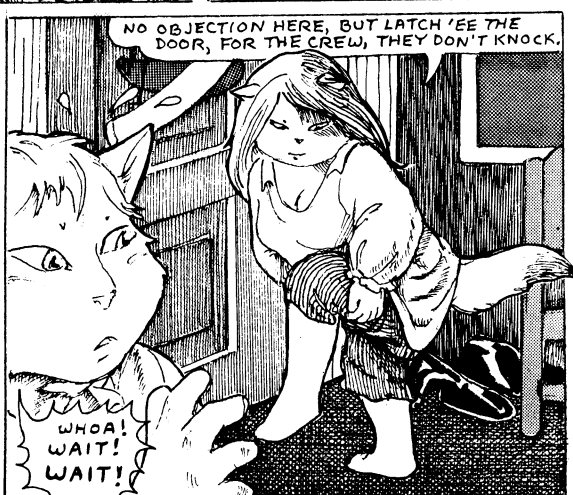
-- LIKE FIXING MY  
AFFECTIONS ON THE SEA,

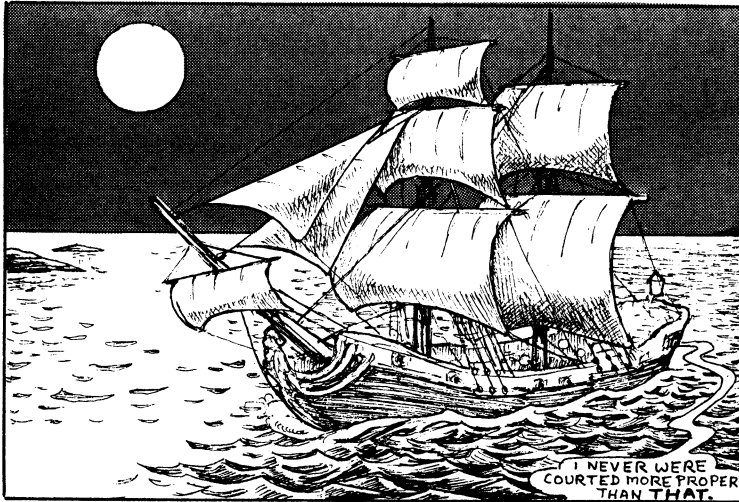
OR ON SOME FORCE  
OF NATURE,

SUCH AS  
A-- GREAT-- ROLLING  
WAVE--

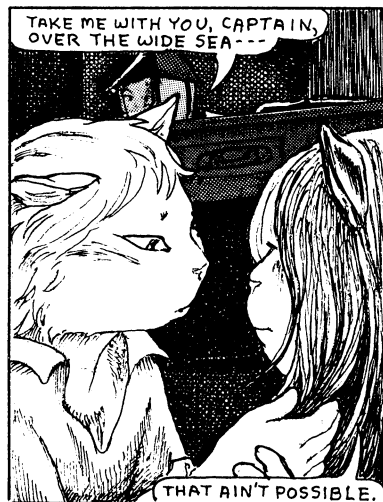


IF IT KILLS ME  
I'VE GOT TO HAVE HER!





I NEVER WERE  
COURTED MORE PROPER  
THAN THAT.

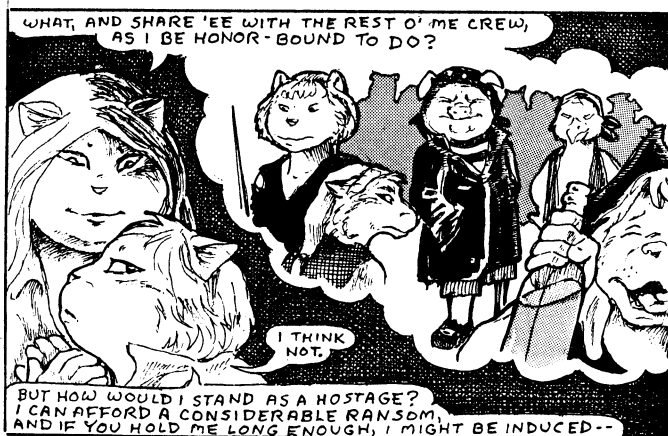


TAKE ME WITH YOU, CAPTAIN,  
OVER THE WIDE SEA---

THAT AIN'T POSSIBLE.



YOU COULD  
THINK OF ME  
AS BOOTY.



WHAT, AND SHARE 'EE WITH THE REST O' ME CREW,  
AS I BE HONOR-BOUND TO DO?

I THINK  
NOT.

BUT HOW WOULD I STAND AS A HOSTAGE?  
I CAN AFFORD A CONSIDERABLE RANDOM,  
AND IF YOU HOLD ME LONG ENOUGH, I MIGHT BE INDUCED--



OUT! OUT  
WITH'EE!

HOLD! WAIT, HERE'S  
ANOTHER IDEA!



MARRY ME, CAPTAIN?

WELL, SHIVER  
ME TIMBERS!

OH, I'D LIKE  
TO TRY THAT.



ONWARD SAILS THE BOBBY SHAFTOE,  
INTO THE NIGHT. FORTUNATELY, ANY  
SHIVERING OF TIMBERS IS DONE IN A  
FIGURATIVE SENSE ONLY.

BY NOW, OF COURSE, THE NINTH LORD PUSS-IN-BOOTS OF CARABAS HALL HAS MADE HIS ARRIVAL IN THE CAPITAL WITH HIS STEPMOTHER, TO BEGIN A COURTSHIP WHOSE OUTCOME HAS BEEN DETERMINED LONG YEARS BEFORE.



INDEED, THIS IS THE CITY WHERE THE KING AND THE HOLDERS OF THE HIGHEST TITLES IN THE LAND SHAPE THE DESTINIES OF THOUSANDS... AMID THE TWITTER OF ROCOCO LAUGHTER, AND A PLETHORA OF EXCESSIVELY FLOWERY NARRATION.

FROM THE MOMENT OF THEIR ARRIVAL, THE NEWCOMERS RECEIVE THE MOST LAVISH HOSPITALITY, NOT TO MENTION THE MOST MINUTE SCRUTINY. THIS IS THE PARTY SEASON, WHEN ANY NOVELTY IS APPRECIATED.



THOMAS IS INTRODUCED, EVER SO CORRECTLY INTO COMPANY FAR DIFFERENT FROM THAT IN WHICH HIS BROTHER HAS SO RECENTLY FOUND HIMSELF.



SO, THIS IS THE YOUNG SUITOR, ABOUT WHOM WE'VE HEARD SO MUCH.

YOUR GRACE--

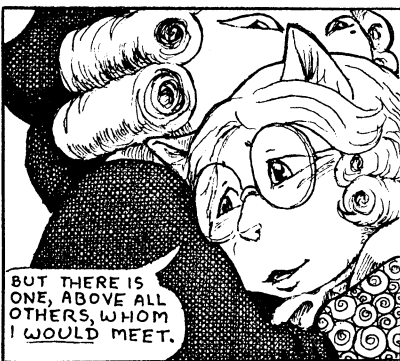
WHY, YES I AM! HOW CLEVER OF YOU TO KNOW MY NAME.

OH! NOT AT ALL, MADAME.

AND HOW BECOMINGLY MODEST.

MILADY IS TOO KIND.

YOU KNOW ENOUGH FLATTERY TO BE CHARMING, BUT NOT SO MUCH AS TO BE FULSOME. I APPROVE.



To Be Continued....

MANDALA

THE ALTERNATIVE  
WOULD BE THAT  
RISING TRAVERSE  
ON THE LEFT.  
RISKY, BUT  
IF WE ARE TO  
CONTINUE...

IT'S A LONG WALK  
IN THE OPEN, GREAT  
LADY. PERHAPS IF WE  
WAIT TIL DUSK...

REACHING IT  
WOULD BE A STRUGGLE,  
BUT THERE WILL BE  
ACCESS TO WATER.  
SNOWMELT IS  
EVERYWHERE.

THERE IS NO  
TRACE OF OUR  
PURSUERS. THAT  
SLUMP IN THE CRUST  
LOOKS DANGEROUS;  
LET US TRY  
THE MORE  
DIRECT ROUTE.





ON WE GO!

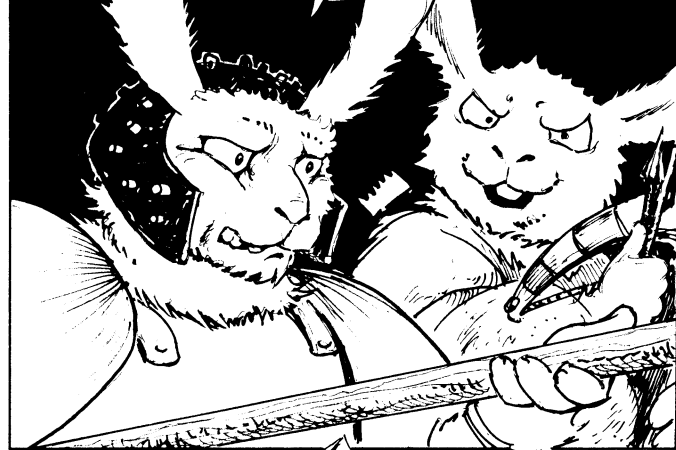
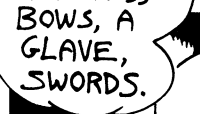
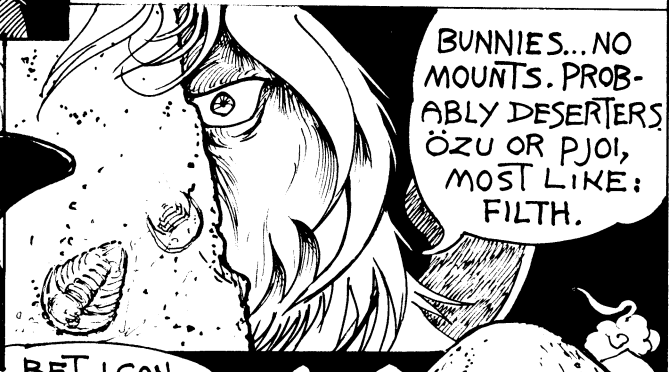
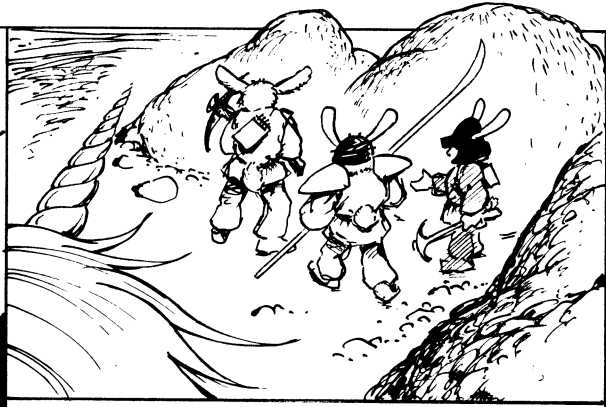
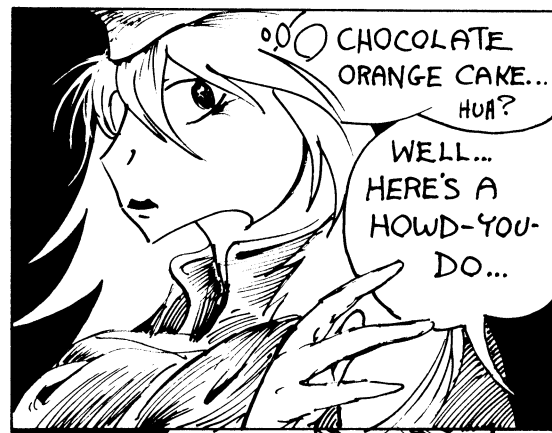
IF YOU WERE PINNED DOWN, YOU COULDN'T FLY, COULD YOU?

SU-STAY-ZEE! PLEASE KEEP UP!

AFTER ALL THIS TIME, SHE STILL CAN'T PRONOUNCE MY NAME.



SO COLD! I'D KILL FOR A CHEESE-BURGER... I WASN'T ALWAYS AN UNGULATE, YOU KNOW!

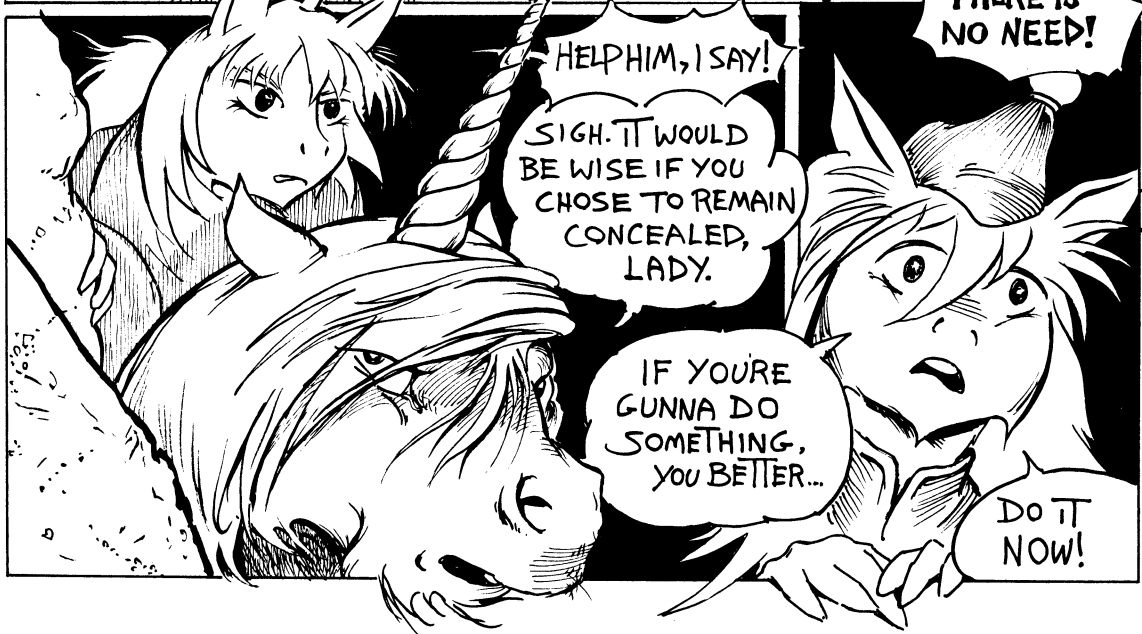




WATCH  
THIS!



THERE IS  
NO NEED!




HELPHIM, I SAY!

SIGH. IT WOULD  
BE WISE IF YOU  
CHOSE TO REMAIN  
CONCEALED,  
LADY.

IF YOU'RE  
GUNNA DO  
SOMETHING,  
YOU BETTER...

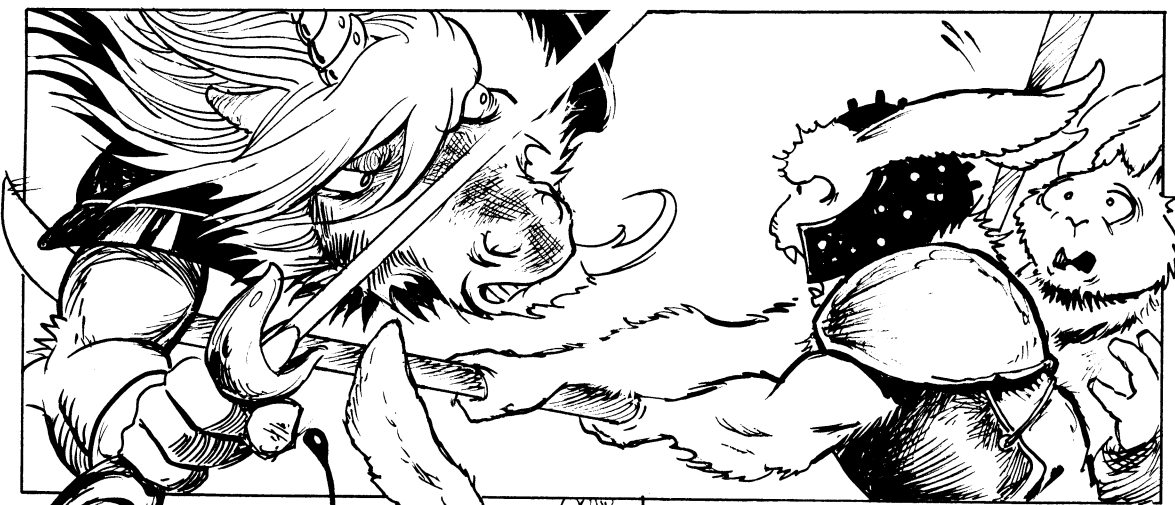
DO IT  
NOW!



NOW LET'S  
HAVE A LOOK!

WHAT  
ARE  
YOU-?

GAH!



TWO WEEKS AGO,  
STATION TWELVE  
WAS DESTROYED  
BY AN  
AVALANCHE...

DROP YOUR  
WEAPONS,  
GUARDS-MAN!

WE WERE  
THE SOLE  
SURVIVORS.

I MUST  
REPORT TO  
FORT  
AZUMENEI...

HELP  
ME!

HE DRANK  
FROM THE  
COPPER LAKE!

...I THINK  
HE IS MAD!

I WAS HOPING TO  
FIND A CARAVAN  
OR ENCAMP-  
MENT IN  
ORDER TO  
COMMANDEER  
A MOUNT, BUT I WAS  
FORCED TO TRAVEL  
WITH THEM... THEY  
WERE UNCONTROLLABLE.  
WHAT WAS I TO DO?  
I AM NO SLAYER...

NO!



HE CAN DO NO MORE HARM...  
**SEIZE THE OPPORTUNITY:**  
AVOID CREATING FURTHER KARMA  
OF KILLING.

OH!  
I SAVED YOUR  
LIFE, SAVAGE!  
...HOW RUDE...

THANK YOU!  
BUT NOW I AM  
RESCUED; MORE  
BLOODSHED IS  
UNNECESSARY.

A  
NOVEL  
SENTIMENT.

PLEASE...  
HELP  
ME...

PISH.

WHO ARE YOU,  
BEGGAR?

MY NAME IS, 'MIND-LIKE-THE-SKY';  
A WANDERING MENDICANT.  
'CLOUD-APPARITION MONASTERY' IS  
NEARBY. THERE  
IS A DOCTOR...

YOU ARE  
SERIOUSLY  
HURT!

ARE YOU  
A  
PRIEST?

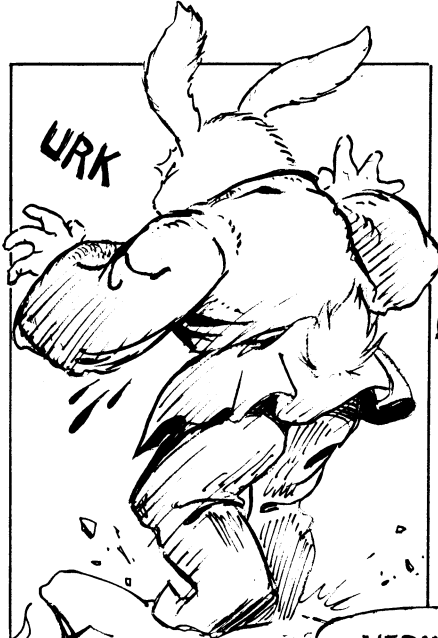
NOW HEAR THE GREAT MANTRA  
THAT PREVENTS REBIRTH IN  
THE LOWER REALMS!!!

**LISTEN!**

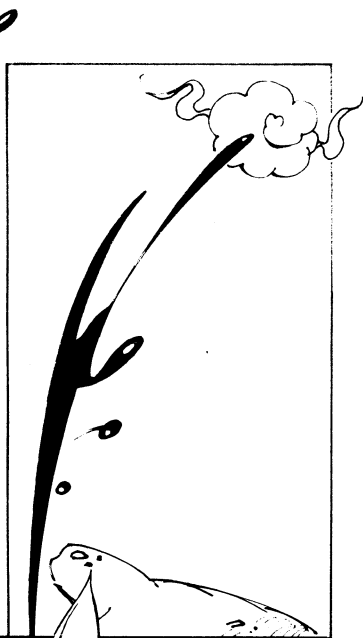
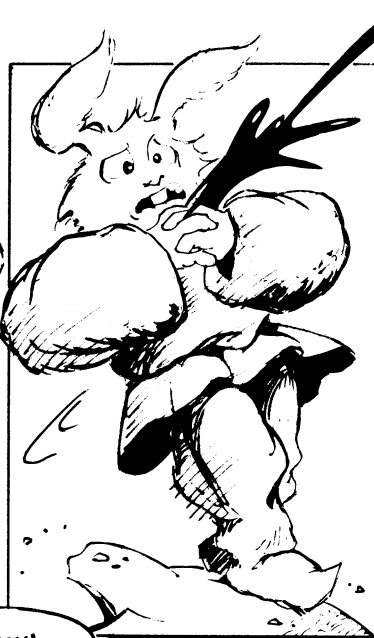
DO I NEED  
HELP?  
WATCH THIS!

**YAH**





URK



VERMIN'S  
FATE!



REVEREND  
SIR,  
WE  
REQUIRE  
YOUR  
ASSISTANCE.

NOT FATE... IT IS POSSIBLE TO  
PURIFY EVIL KARMA...

LADY- DO  
NOT SHOW YOURSELF!  
THESE...

CERTAINLY!

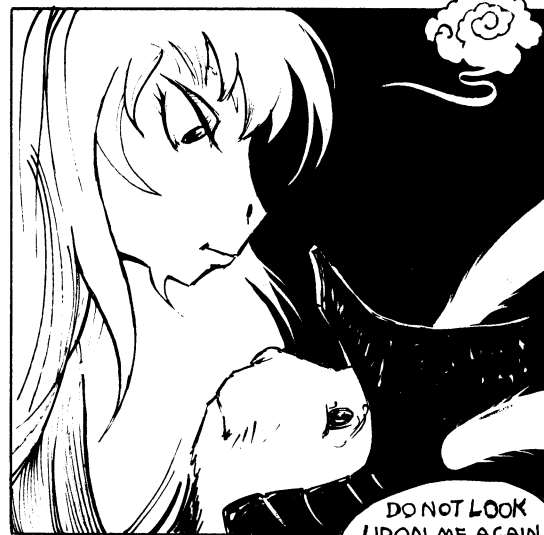
MY RESOURCES  
ARE LIMITED.  
HOWEVER...





AND  
I AM  
CERTAIN  
WE MAY  
RELY  
ON  
THIS  
GENTLE-  
MAN..

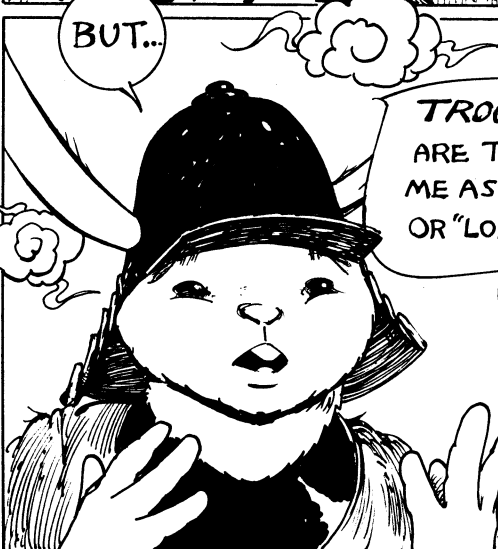
LET US  
UTILIZE WHAT LIES  
AT HAND...



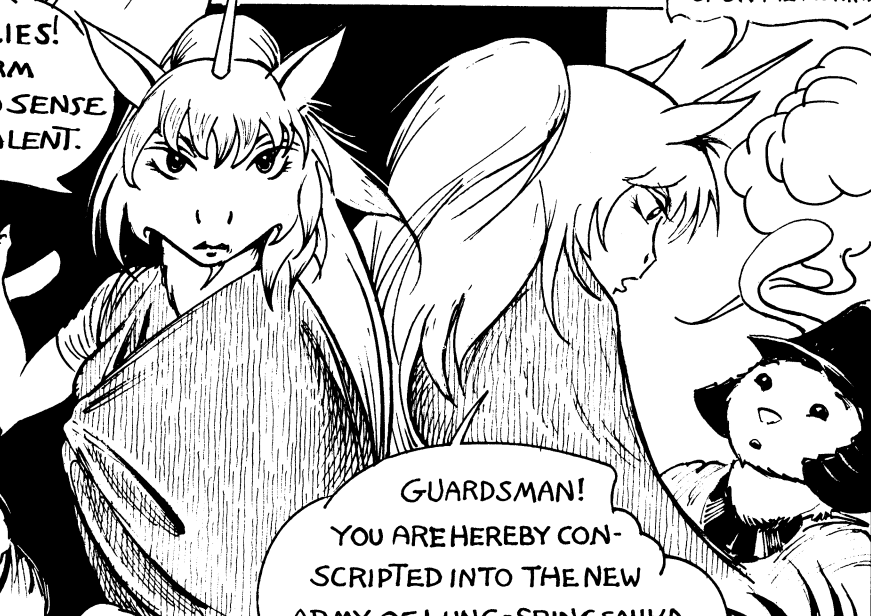
DO NOT LOOK  
UPON ME AGAIN.

IRON-THAT FLIES!  
BEHOLD THE GERM  
OF VICTORY! NO SENSE  
IN WASTING TALENT.

BUT...



BUT...



GUARDSMAN!  
YOU ARE HEREBY CON-  
SCRIPTED INTO THE NEW  
ARMY OF LUNG-SRINGSAKKA.  
SERVE WITH LOYALTY, VIM,  
AND COURAGE!

TROOP, YOU  
ARE TO ADDRESS  
ME AS "EXCELLENCY"  
OR "LORD GENERAL".

FURTHER  
IMPUDENCE WILL  
BE REGARDED AS  
TREASON.

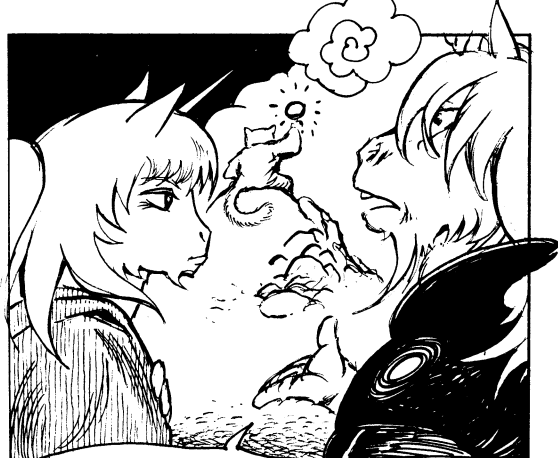




SIR,  
WE ARE IN  
NEED.

YES, BUT  
FOR THE DEAD, I MUST  
FIRST RECITE THE PITH  
INSTRUCTIONS FOR  
NAVIGATING THE AFTER-  
DEATH-STATE.

UNFORTUNATELY, WE  
HAVE NOTHING TO  
EASE YOUR PAIN. IS  
THERE?..



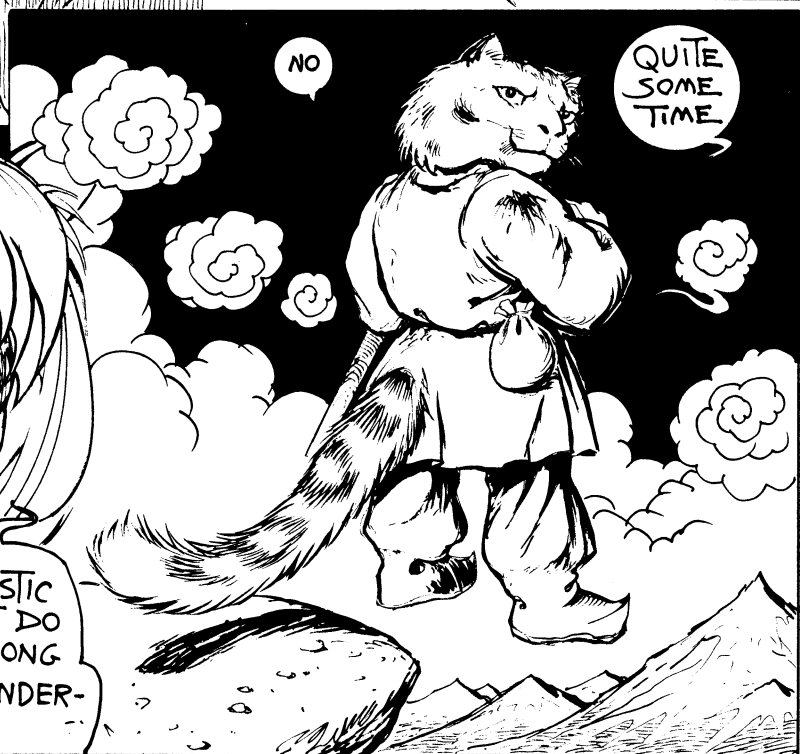
THE DEATH RITES WILL SOON BE OVER,  
AND THE YOGIN WILL LEAD US TO THE  
MONASTERY; THE MONKS WILL BE  
DISCRETE, I TRUST.



THE CONSCIOUS  
PRACTICE OF PAIN  
IS TO SINCERELY  
DESIRE THAT ONE'S  
SUFFERING BE A  
SUBSTITUTE FOR  
THE SUFFERING  
OF ALL ...



FORGIVE ME, THE ALTRUISTIC  
MOTIVE IS OBVIOUS, BUT DO  
YOU LOVE PAIN? HOW LONG  
HAVE YOU BEEN A WANDER-  
ING YOGI?



NO

QUITE  
SOME  
TIME



# DEER JOHN

LETTERS TO FURRLOUGH  
7272 WURZBACH SUITE 204  
SAN ANTONIO, TX, 78240

Dear Friends,

There were two surpassingly excellent comic books published this week, two stories that were so far above the rest that they deserve special attention. One was **Uncle \$crooge Adventures #27**, "Guardians of the Lost Library", by Don Rosa, from Gladstone Comics, and the other was the feature story "Here Comes a Candle", by Mary Hanson-Roberts, in the anthology title **Furrrough #17**, from Antarctic Press.

These two stories are so noteworthy that, with your kind forgiveness, I am writing a single fan letter to the publishers, editors, and writers of both, with hopes that each publisher might recognize the hand of genius in the works of the other.

Deferring to his age, I'll speak of Uncle \$crooge McDuck first. Don Rosa's story blends raw humor and even Duckish slapstick with serious archaeological and historical truth. He takes us on an odyssey all around the earth, in search of the greatest treasure of all: knowledge. The wise curates in Umberto Eco's Name of the Rose might nod in quiet pride at McDuck's quest...but it is with an American flavor that the story ends, with an ironic conclusion in the style of O. Henry or Mark Twain, for, of course, what the crusty old quintessentiallionaire has been seeking has been virtually in his back pocket the whole trip.

The story is helped along, in a sad way, by the absence of Donald, who remains glued to his television, allowing for a series of mordant digs at the expense of "romance novel" adventure shows-- the sort that are stamped from die like bottle caps, all the same, all ultimately disposable.

We, the readers, are drawn in to a quest for the distant past, but are shown how great distances are, perhaps, not as great or unbridgeable as we may imagine. (My grandfather's grandfather was born a few years before George Washington died; the past is still reaching out to us, still seeking to share itself with us.) The recurring motif of

the lost knowledge-- burnt scrolls, mildewed parchments, and rat-nibbled books-- is tragic, and lends the quest a desperate poignancy, with the flavor of a rescue mission. But it is not the past -- dead and buried-- which needs rescue, but we, ourselves.

The in-jokes, referring to the Junior Woodchuck Guidebook and Reservoir of Inexhaustible Knowledge and \$crooge's resignation to its omniscience, are also a delight to an old Duckburg fan, and those of us above the age of eight can only bewray, with \$crooge, our lost opportunities to become Woodchucks. (The joke, of course, is that education is ageless, and Woodchuckery is always open to everyone.)

The art is crisp and clean, sparkling Rosa at its sharpest; but it is the story that inspires.

Mary Hanson-Roberts, in her adventures subsequent to the tale of Puss-in-Boots, takes us into a past, of sorts: an age of elegance, an eighteenth century that would have been familiar to George Washington, had George Washington been a white-feathered eagle rather than a white-peruked man. This is an Aesopian otherworld, a yarn with a moral, a story for the child inside the adult.

This petit conte, this little tale, invokes the sense of nostalgia, but it is a sophisticated nostalgia, and the story is for the compromised intellect of men and women more than for boys and girls.

The story is pleasantly and ironically self-aware-- Master Birch's saucy conversations with the narrative boxes, and the narrative's difficulties in deciphering his handwriting stands as an elegant example. The story brings back to us the innocent joys of childhood-- making fortresses of the furniture and arming ourselves with cookies-- and the innocent fears of childhood-- the strange deliriums of fever and the unquestioning comfort that is given when someone cares to stay the night awake by the bedside of an ill child.

Youthful awakening to adult responsibilities, echoed in the Western World's awakening to the Age of Reason, is made accessible in this Mother Goose-epoch

tale. The peccadillos of country life and the petty squabbles for status and for the squire's estate occupy center stage, and far, far removed are the horrors of war, famine, and death. Only pestilence takes a bow, aided by the well-meaning incompetence of the practitioners of "The Youngest Science" (in the words of the late Doctor Lewis Thomas). Even His (pestilence's, not Thomas' !) clutch is feeble, though, and the pain of death is eased by an eighteenth century vision of heaven, wherein all hurts are eased.

Two stories. Two brilliant stories. Each contains in-jokes, hidden wit, running gags, quips and humor concealed in the background, an element of surrealism, an element of realism, and a friendliness, an amical approachability that invites the reader's desire to live in such a milieu. Who among us would not trade toenails for webbed feet, and move to Duckburg (although not, perhaps, as Donald Duck's next-door neighbor, please!) Who would not find a kind of comfort in a fantasy-perfect Mother Goose Europe, and rejoice in witnessing the laying of the foundation stones of modern science and philosophy?

Each is about animals-- ducks, cats, owls, and a salacious weasel-- learning what it means to be "human". Each is about children, learning what it means to be an adult. Each is about the past; each is about wisdom.

Two brilliant stories. Two of the best stories of the age, and, without any question, two of the best yarns in comics of the year. Hats off to Don Rosa and deep bows and curtsies to Mary Hanson-Roberts. Thank you for fulfilling the promise of the genre. Thank you for telling us these wonderful tales of joyous youth.

Thank you,  
Sincerely,  
Jefferson P. Swycaffer  
San Diego, CA

*Wow! What a letter! I was going to edit it down for space, but after reading the whole thing, I felt it should all see print. Thanks for writing in Jefferson, we enjoyed hearing from you! As for the rest of your mugs, how come you're not writing?! Let us know what you loved, what you hated, and what you'd like to see more of! Tell us what you think! --EW*

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