

FUSION



**“THE
DEVASTATOR
AFFAIR!”**

the ECLIPSE PENUMBRA

WRITE TO: ECLIPSE COMICS - P.O. BOX 1099 - FORESTVILLE - CALIFORNIA - 95436

ON THE RACKS

- **AIRBOY** no. 47 Part 2 of 4
"The Airboy Diary" continues as Misery sets out to destroy New York City!
- **FUSION** no. 13
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- **ZOT!** no. 25
It's the third and final chapter in Zot's death-duel with the universe's most ruthless killer—9-Jack-9!

THE RAIN: When the rain comes to coastal northern California, it settles in to stay. A low-flying cloud three hundred miles long lays atop us and from it water is distilled, falling so softly we almost forget it's falling. Everything is wet. On the old apple trees the grey lichens swell, and on the old oaks and maples the mosses glow incandescently. The crisp fallen leaves that have briefly reminded Easterners of their far-away homes collapse upon themselves in soggy flattening drifts. But no clean snow follows, and the Easterners feel homesick for a land they say has four seasons.

Here in the West, it starts to rain in November and once it settles in it doesn't stop 'til May. The Easterners among us wonder if it will ever rain hard enough for them to use their umbrellas or turn cold enough for them to wear their full-length Winter coats. Lacking heavy sweaters and rubberized ponchos, they stand at the windows and look out doors. They say "the weather's bad today" and "it's funny how there is no Winter here," not knowing this is it.

Like Easterners, imported trees and shrubs learn to make do with the climate in these parts. They drop their leaves in Fall as they were taught to do back home, but we wonder if they take it seriously or play at dormancy from force of habit. They seem to think we have "mild Winters" and, like the Easterners they really are, they'll demand we water them in summer when it's dry.

The native plants know better. This is the time of water, this is the time to grow, and they must flower and fruit before the deadly dry of summer sends them into dormancy.

The mushrooms are the first to bloom, some under dead leaves and pine needles, some in clumps among the pastures where transient sheep have grazed. After a week or two of steady rain, strange mildews and fungi break forth, covering city shower curtains in smutty grey and running yellow streaks down the

walls of red country barns.

Beneath the cloud, the grasses turn from Summer's brown to Winter's green green green. The Easterners begin to joke that "sunny California is just a myth" and speak nostalgically of sledding. We visit them as one visits the sick and show them how to kill the creeping mildew with vinegar and bleach. We buy them sweaters for the solstitial holidays and invite them to go walking in the rain.

But even after they become acclimatized, most Easterners don't realize how catastrophic it would be if the Winter rains failed us. This year we have had a broken rain pattern, and after a promising start the skies cleared up for almost a month. A month of sun in Winter! A tragedy in the making!

As the days of clear skies piled up upon each other, as the semi-permanent Pacific high pressure ridge kept all our storms at sea, we took to worrying. The new green grass was turning brown at the tips, the soil was drying out.

Only Westerners know that worry. The Easterners among us love it when we have a drought. They say "it's a beautiful day" and gloat over the temperature difference between here and where they came from. They don't understand it's not the thermometer we should watch, but the rain gauge. It can be 60 degrees here every day, and it probably will be, but still it has to rain!

Today is comforting and grey. The big cloud has come down again to lay atop us, blown by no wind, distilling chilly drops and drizzles that fall everywhere eventually. Tomorrow there'll be mushrooms. Slow rain, edible mushrooms, and heavy sweaters: that's all we ask for in the Winter on the land along the coast. That's all we really need.


catherine yronwode


The DEVASTATOR AFFAIR

PART III

WHILE SCAVENGING A DEEP SPACE SARGASSO FOR SCRAP METAL AND ELECTRONICS, THE CREW OF THE TSUNAMI DISCOVER A DERELICT STARSHIP, THE SIZE OF A SMALL PLANETOID, HIDDEN AT THE SARGASSO'S CORE.

SOUNDS LIKE EASY MONEY, EXCEPT FOR ONE SMALL DETAIL: THE DERELICT IS STILL FUNCTIONING-- AND IT'S MOVING WITH A PURPOSE--



-- STRAIGHT TOWARD THE DEKHANNA SYSTEM--THREE PLANETS AND FIVE WHEEL-WORLDS FILLED WITH THE MEANEST, TOUGHEST STAR PIRATES IN THE KNOWN GALAXY.

HAVE A NICE DAY...

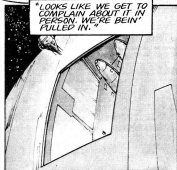
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MAYBE ONCE
INSIDE WE'LL FIND
SOME ANSWERS TO--
UGGHHNNN...@

HAVEN!

LOOK, WE CAN
ASSUME THIS
THING'S MOVING
AT MAX WARP.

THAT MEANS
WE'LL BE IN THE
DEKHANNA SYSTEM
BEFORE YOU CAN SAY
"ANNIHILATION."

C'MON--
WE GOTTA GET
HER DOWN TO
MEDICAL!

THE TSUNAMI'S
IN THE HOLD. THERE'S
NOTHING OUT THERE
TO HURT.

I SAY WE
START PUSHING
BUTTONS. AT THE
LEAST, WE CAN
MAYBE GET OFF
THE BRIDGE. WE
MIGHT EVEN STOP
THE THING.

PUSHING
BUTTONS WAS
WHAT GOT US INTO
THIS MESS, DOW--
OR HAVE YOU
FORGOTTEN?

HEY--I DIDN'T
PUSH THE BUTTON!
IT STARTED BY
ITSELF--

SSSHHHWHIPP!!

--JUST
LIKE THAT.

RHMM. DON'T
LIKE THIS. THIS SHIP
SEEMS ALMOST--

ALIVE?
I WAS JUST
THINKING
THAT.



WHY YOU NOT
TELL US BEFORE, EH?
KNOW HOW I HATE
SURPRISES!

I -- DON'T KNOW.
AT FIRST I WASN'T
SURE IF I WANTED TO
GO THROUGH WITH IT.
THEN I WAS -- ASHAMED
FOR NOT HAVING BEEN
MORE CAREFUL.



I THOUGHT I'D
JUST SNEAK OFF QUIETLY
WHEN THE TIME CAME --
DIDN'T ANTICIPATE BEING
IN THE MIDDLE OF AN
EMERGENCY --

I STILL
WORRY ABOUT
LEAVING BEOLVOCH
BACK THERE
ASLEEP.

CARZ WILL
WATCH OVER
HIM. WHAT WE
NEED NOW IS
A PLAN.

YOU OUGHTTA
KNOW BETTER THAN
THAT -- WE ALWAYS IN
THE MIDDLE OF AN
EMERGENCY.

THIS SHIP'S
SO BIG, WE
COULD WANDER
AROUND 'TIL
DOOMSDAY.



DOOMSDAY MAY
NOT BE THAT FAR
OFF, IF WE DON'T
CHANGE THIS THING'S
COURSE SOMEHOW.

WHAT DID BEO
SAY EARLIER WHEN
I ASKED HIM IF THIS
WAS A MEEHOOK
SHIP?

HE
SAID NOT
QUITE.

YET THE
COMMAND
CHAIR FIT
HIM...



YOU KNOW
WHAT I
THINK?



NO, BUT
I THINK
WE'RE IN DEEP
TROUBLE...



AUGGHHH!!

THAT'S IT, KID--
IT'S HAPPENING!
KEEP PUSHING--



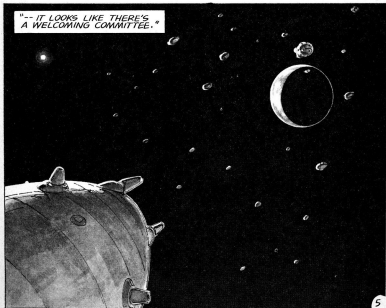
--FINESTKIND...

I HOPE I'M NOT
INTERRUPTING
ANYTHING, BUT--



--WE SEEM
TO BE DROPPING
INTO SUBLIGHT.
AND--

"-- IT LOOKS LIKE THERE'S
A WELCOMING COMMITTEE."





DON'T
TELL ME.
WE DIED AND
WENT TO
HEAVEN.

MUST'VE BEEN
SOME KIND OF INTRASHIP
BEAMER-- MAKES SENSE
IN A VESSEL THIS SIZE.
AN EXPRESS ROUTE FROM
THERE TO HERE.

YEAH, BUT--
WHERE'S
HERE?

I THINK I KNOW
WHY THINGS KEEP WORKING
WHETHER OR NOT WE PRESS
BUTTONS. THAT WASN'T THE
BRIDGE WE WERE
ON BEFORE.

THIS
IS THE
BRIDGE.

CARZ
WAS RIGHT--
THE SHIP IS
ALIVE.

< VISUAL
CONFIRMS SENSOR
REPORT, ADMIRAL >

< A NIGHTMARE
OUT OF THE PAST...
STATUS! >

< ALL CAPTAINS
REPORT PLASMA
CANNONS PRIMED
AND READY,
ADMIRAL. >



FIRE!!!



OOO! SYSTEMS
DISRUPTION!



SOMETHING
HIT US!
SOMETHING
BIG!

YOU OKAY,
HAVEN?

YES-- BETTER
GET BACK UP TO THE
BRIDGE. I'LL-- WE'LL BE
ALL RIGHT HERE.



ENORMOUS
POWER BUILDUP
REGISTERING-- BUT
FOR WHAT?

AND
WHAT HIT
US JUST
THEN?



<SENSORS
INDICATE ENEMY
HAS SUSTAINED
NO DAMAGE,
SIR!>

<IMPOSSIBLE! WE
THREW EVERYTHING WE
HAVE AGAINST IT!>



WHAT'S
GOING ON?

SOMETHING
BIG-- AND
SOMETHING
BAD--!





FIRELORDS
PRESERVE US...

WHAT
D'YOU THINK
HAPPENED?

I DON'T KNOW.
I DON'T THINK I
WANT TO KNOW.



WHAT SENTIENT BEING IN ITS RIGHT MIND WOULD BRING CHILDREN INTO A WORLD THIS FILLED WITH VIOLENCE...?

...THERE MUST BE SOMETHING I CAN DO TO HELP STOP THIS MADNESS!



HEY! WE GOT OUR COMMA BACK!

HOW THAT HAPPEN, EH?

WHO CARES, MAN? TRY TO RAISE THE CAPTAIN!



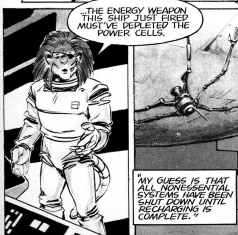
TSUNAMI TO EVA GROUP! DO YOU COPY? REPEAT-- CAPTAIN, DOW, CARZ-- DO YOU COPY?



WE READ YOU, TSUNAMI! FIRELORDS, IT'S GOOD TO HEAR YOUR VOICE AGAIN!

HOW COME THEY CAN GET THROUGH ALL OF A SUDDEN?

RRNN. I THINK I KNOW...



...THE ENERGY WEAPON THIS SHIP JUST FIRED MUST'VE DEPLETED THE POWER CELLS.

"MY GUESS IS THAT ALL NONESSENTIAL SYSTEMS HAVE BEEN SHUT DOWN UNTIL RECHARGING IS COMPLETE."



NOT EVERYTHING'S BEEN SHUT DOWN, GUYS. THIS SHIP'S MOVING. SENSORS INDICATE IT'S TAKING A COURSE TOWARD THE DEKHANNAN PRIMARY.

ENERGY WEAPON?
WHAT ENERGY
WEAPON?

"BASED ON WHAT WE SAW,
CAPTAIN, I'D SAY IT WAS
SOME MANNER OF
ELEMENTAL PARTICAL
DISRUPTOR. IT COMPLETELY
BLEW AWAY THE FLEET
AND THE PLANET."

IF
WE HADN'T
POKED
OUR NOSES
INTO THIS
THING--GOD,
BILLIONS
OF LIVES
LOST.

WE CAN'T DO
ANYTHING ABOUT
THAT NOW. WE CAN
ONLY TRY TO STOP
THIS THING FROM
DESTROYING MORE
WORLDS.

"OH, FIRELORDS..."

CAPTAIN...

--WAS BUILT BY A
VARIANT OF THE
MEEHOOK RACE BACK
AT THE END OF THE
GENE/TECH WARS.

SO THAT'S WHY
THE FURNITURE
FITS HIM!

I MAY BE ABLE
TO HELP IN THAT
REGARD. SHIP'S ARCHIVES
INDICATE THAT THIS STAR
DESTROYER--DESIGNATED
'DEVASTATOR'--

OBJECTIVE
WAS EVIDENTLY
THE TOTAL
DESTRUCTION OF
THE DEKHANNAN
RACE. THE
DEVASTATOR
WAS, HOWEVER,
NEVER USED.

--THE POWER CELLS
ARE RECHARGING RAPIDLY.
THEY'LL BE AT FULL
CAPACITY BY THE TIME
WE'RE WITHIN FIRING
RANGE OF THE SUN.

I THOUGHT AS
MUCH. WONDER WHAT
HAPPENED? HOW DID IT
WIND UP A DERELICT,
WITH NO CREW?

UH, WHAT
CAN A
PARTICAL
DISRUPTOR
DO TO A
STAR?

THE "MARIE
CELESTE" OF SPACE.
WE'LL PROBABLY
NEVER KNOW.

AIEE...
UNTIL
NOW.

DOES THE
WORD "NOVA" ANSWER
YOUR QUESTION?

I HATE TO BE THE
BEARER OF MORE
BAD NEWS, BUT--

OH, WOW...



THERE'S GOT TO BE A WAY TO REPROGRAM THE SHIP'S BRAIN.

MAYBE, JUST MAYBE...



THIS SHIP APPEARS TO BE USING SOULSTARS FOR CIRCUIT NODES, WHICH MEANS SOMEONE COULD POSSIBLY INTERFACE WITH IT.

BUT THE PSI-CONFIGURATION WOULD BE ALIEN TO ANYONE EXCEPT--



LISTEN UP, GUYS. WE'VE GOT TO WAKE UP BEOLVOCH. HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN MAYBE TALK SOME SENSE INTO THIS PLANETKILLER.

--A MEEHOOK...

EXACTLY.



RRHM. EASIER SAID THAN DONE. THAT ONLY THING THAT WILL WAKE HIM UP IS FOOD.



EXACTLY. TAN, WHIP UP A MEEHOOK BLUE PLATE SPECIAL IN THE FOOD SYNTHESIZER AND GET IT TO BEOLVOCH ASAP.

COPY THAT, MON CAPITAN!



PUNCHING UP HIS FAVORITE: RAW PROTEIN ON A STICK.

SEE? TOLD
YOU! CAN FIX
ANYTHING,
I CAN...

HUH?!

UH-OH...

TAN? EDDY?
HURRY IT UP GUYS;
WE'RE RUNNING
OUT OF--

LOOKS LIKE TAN'S
MESSING WITH THE
SYNTHESIZER FIXED
IT SO IT WON'T
PRODUCE ANYTHING
BUT BHEER...

#0x!v%!!

"WELL, HE'D BETTER FIX IT FAST--
I ESTIMATE LESS THAN AN HOUR
BEFORE THE DEVASTATOR'S WITHIN
FIRING RANGE OF THE SUN..."

THIS THING'S
GONNA DESTROY THE
WHOLE SYSTEM--AND
AFTER THAT, WHAT?
THE REST OF THE
GALAXY?

DOW...

...DON'T FALL
APART ON ME NOW.
NOT NOW.

LIKE I
SAID, INDIO--
I DO WHAT
I CAN.

SLAM!

THERE!
IS FIXED!

THAT'S WHAT
YOU SAID THE
LAST TIME...

WHEOO, MAN--
THAT SMELLS
AWFUL!


CHOKE
YEAH--

--JUST
THE WAY HE
LIKES IT!




ON OUR WAY,
CAPTAIN!

GREAT!
TAKE THE MAIN
COMPANIONWAY
TO THE FIRST
CROSSING, THEN
RIGHT TO--



HAVEN? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

AS WELL
AS CAN BE
EXPECTED,
ALSHAIN.



I SURE HOPE
THAT FEATHERED
BIPED KNOWS WHAT
TO DO WHEN HE
WAKES UP FROM
HIS NAP.

SLEEP
LITTLE ONES.
MAY YOU HATCH
TO A BETTER WORLD
THAN THE ONE
I DID.

IF HE DOESN'T,
WE WON'T HAVE TO
WORRY ABOUT THE
DEKHANNAN WANTING
REVENGE--THERE WON'T
BE ANY LEFT.



HHRRR...?



HEY! WATCH
FINGERS!

CHOM!

I AM AWAKE
AND SATIATED
HAITZO CAPTAIN--

--WHAT
DO YOU
REQUIRE
OF ME?

NO TIME TO EXPLAIN NOW,
BEOLVOCH. ALL OF YOU--
LEAVE THE BRIDGE AND
FOLLOW THE ROUTE I'M
ABOUT TO GIVE YOU...

TEN MINUTES
TO FIRING RANGE,
PEOPLE...

WE'VE
REACHED THE
CHAMBER YOU
SPECIFIED, CAPTAIN.
WHAT HAPPENS
NOW?

YOU'LL
SEE...

FAR
OUT...

WHOOAAHH...!

BEOLVOCH! YOU'RE
THE CLOSEST GENOTYPE
TO WHOEVER RAN THIS
SHIP! YOU'VE GOT TO
INTERFACE WITH ITS
COMPUTER AND
SHUT IT DOWN!

IT IS DIFFICULT...THE
COMPUTER LANGUAGE IS
QUITE DIFFERENT.

TRY!

"FIVE MINUTES--"

IT IS
DONE, I
THINK...

FINESTKIND!
WE'RE SAVED!

OR
MAYBE
NOT...

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU DID IN
THERE, BUT IF THIS
GAUGE WERE ANY
FURTHER IN THE
RED, ONLY EDDY
COULD SEE IT!

SO THE UPSIDE IS
YOU STOPPED THIS THING
FROM BLOWING UP THE
DEKHANNAN PRIMARY.
THE DOWNSIDE--?

IS THAT I
APPARENTLY BLEW
THE FAILSAFES FOR
THE MAIN DRIVES.
THEY ARE GOING
TO BLOW.

TSUNAMI,
THIS IS AN
ORDER. USE
MAXIMUM
FIREPOWER
TO BLAST
THROUGH
THE HOLD.

HOW
SOON?

QUITE SOON.

GET
OUT OF
HERE!

CAPTAIN, WE
CAN'T LEAVE YOU!

BEOLVOCH--
WHAT--?

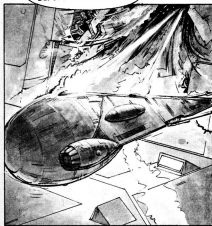
YOU HAVE NO CHOICE--
THERE'S NO TIME! I'M
BETTING THAT HULL ISN'T
AS STRONG ON THE INSIDE
AS THE OUT-- BY
THE FIRELORDS --!!

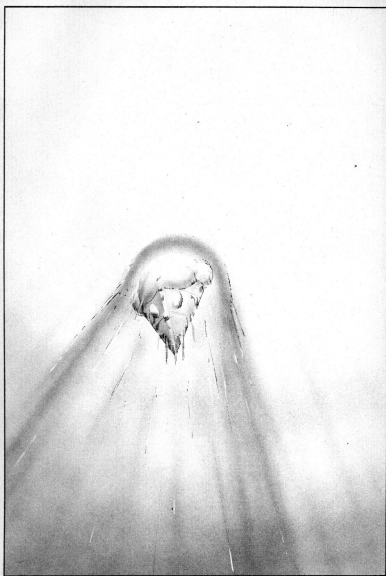
LET'S GET OUT OF
HERE-- NOW! CRASH
STATIONS, EVERYONE!

CRASH
STATIONS,
HAVEN!

I MANAGED TO
INTERFACE WITH THE
BEAMING CIRCUITRY.

I
AM, I
AM--!







Take Off!



Welcome Back to the Future...

...of **FUSION!** In the last issue, the crew of the Tsunami, on a salvage mission, had noticed some odd sensor readings, so they sent a party to check out the huge hulk from which the strange signals originated. As the crew was trying to figure out what type of ship the wreck was, it suddenly came to life, powering up its engines and trapping the landing party inside. It also captured the Tsunami with a powerful tractor beam, and then started heading toward a very dangerous part of space. Meanwhile, a suspicious-looking probe of unknown origin had latched onto the Tsunami. To make matters worse, Beo passed out from low blood-sugar due to a lack of food, and Haven, onboard the Tsunami, was feeling and acting strangely.

The cover for this issue is painted by the one-and-only Rick Sternbach. Rick is well-known to science fiction fans for his terrifically detailed cover paintings; for his work in the SF field Rick has won two Hugo awards. Rick worked on the "Cosmo" television series, for which he won an Emmy award. He also put in some time at Digital Productions, working on many projects, including "The Last Starfighter." Rick is currently working on "Star Trek: The Next Generation" (although he did sneak away for a while to work on "Star Trek V"). In his spare time, Rick is an avid collector of Japanese animation. We here at **FUSION** are pleased and proud to be able to wrap our comic with the artwork of Rick Sternbach!

Contest Results:

In issue #11 I asked what the crew of the Tsunami do for exercise, as an outlet for physical tension and as a way to build teamwork while encouraging competition. I wanted to know what they do in zero-g, and what they do when they hit gravity. As always, you readers didn't let me down! Thanks to Noel Tominack, Malcolm Bourne, Bill Kieffer, David Gibbons, Jeff Kallman, Jed Martinez, Sharni Cannon, Philip Smith, B.J. Johnson, and Sara K. Gray for their terrific entries. I've summarized the entries below:

"I think the crew would enjoy a good game of racquetball in zero-g; not only does it keep the muscles in shape from rebounding off the walls, but it sharpens the reflexes. Another good zero-g sport is playing Frisbee, except the Frisbee must be made of a material that will let it bounce. In gravity, I'd imagine they like swimming, Frisbee, Tennis, and maybe some weightlifting. Note that all of these sports are non-contact."

—Noel Tominack

"When in space, the crew of the Tsunami are actually intergalactic champions at zero-gravity rollerball. Sadly, the mechanics of the game mean that the championship is only held every 10 years, so they're safe for a while. On the ground, they enjoy speedbike racing through Muir Woods, as well as underwater hockey (or 'Octopush,' as it's known)."

—Malcolm Bourne

In Space:

Most of the Crew: Zero-G Tag, Fencing
Beo: Competitive Cat's Cradle
Tan: Quantum Tinker Toys,
Creative Bheer Brewing, and Cheating
Dow: Varied Gravity Cross-Country Skiing

Planetfall:

Most of the Crew: Skiing, Hang-Gliding
Beo: People Watching, Wild Game Hunting
Tan: Bar Fights of the Rich and Famous
Dow: Cross-Country Skiing

—Bill Kieffer

"One zero-grav game the crew enjoys is Vee-Ball.

Originated by the Whammo Corporation of Earth, Vee-Ball is really just a set of rules, a 'smart,' very bouncy quarter-kilo ball, and a couple of goals. The goals are variable diameter hoops which sense the passage of a ball, player, or appendage. They also have low-energy drive systems which allow them to maintain preset positions in the play sphere. The ball is the game scorer, timer and controller, and it also indicates when someone or something has hung onto the ball for too long, or touched it illegally. Vee-Ball is a passing game, so the ball can't be touched twice in a row by the same player."

—David Gibbons

"Zero-Gee (Single Player): Juggling Charged Objects in a Magnetic Field

"Zero-G (One-On-One): Handball in a Uniform Magnetic and Electric Field:

"This game is played in an inflated plastic cylinder. The ball is charged, so that its path inside the cylinder is a spiral. Each player guards an endcap using charging gloves, which can reverse the charge on the ball. Just to make things interesting, there is a low level of ultraviolet light in the cylinder to knock charges off the ball and thus cause the ball's spiral path to widen and eventually hit the cylinder wall if the ball was initially moving down the cylinder too slowly.

"Zero-G (Team-On-Team): Spherical Volleyball: similar to Handball."

—Jeff Kallman

"Zee-Gee: Ten-Ball is a 3-D billiards game performed in a specially assembled room, rectangular in shape, with pockets in each corner.

"Zee-Gee: Dodg is a variation of the old Earth game 'dodgeball,' in a 3-D space. Uses a six-pointed 3-D projectile with soft tips that looks a lot like an old Earth jack.

"In Gravity: Keep-Away. My inspiration for coming up with this game was the illustration Lela drew for **Amazing Heroes** #138, with the crew of the Tsunami at the beach. When I saw Tan attempting to catch the Frisbee, I thought, 'That's the one piece of equipment that anyone can play with.'"

—Jed Martinez

"I think track-and-field sports are the forté of the Tsunami crew. Eddy is a natural at gymnastics, especially the parallel bars and the rings; Carz is big on the hammer throw; Beo excels in both the long jump and the hop, step and jump. Tan flies high in the pole-vault while Haven flies away with the high-jump! Alehain looks good for hurdling, Dow is a dark-horse for the pentathlon, and Indio is a natural gymnast.

"As a group, they play Frisbee—Aussie rules! There are two teams, and the object is to get the Frisbee into the opponents' goal. You can't take more than two steps to throw the Frisbee once you've 'marked' or caught it, and if you've taken a mark, then the opposition has to let you make your throw without hassling you."

—Sharni Cannon

"Here is an activity which can be used to relieve 'physical tension and irritated emotions.' Basically, it is a zee-gee version of 'spin-the-bottle.' The difference is in the bottle, which is a metal cylinder with tapered ends, several small reaction jets, and a small computer. The game goes as follows: the players form a sphere around the bottle, which is then set in motion by its reaction jets. As it spins, the computer randomly fires the jets, changing the spin axis. The bottle spins for 10 to 25 seconds. When it stops, the two players at whom the bottle is pointing must kiss, or hug if kissing would be inconvenient or embarrassing. When played properly, it can relieve tension and mend strained relations. It would be wonderful to see Indio kiss Beo, or Eddy hug Tan."

—Philip Smith

"Zero-G: Vectorball is played in a chamber with two hemispherical nets as goals. The ball is a hollow rubber affair rather like a giant racquetball. Scoring is like soccer with the walls being out-of-bounds. To move and maneuver the players use a special object called a vectorweight. This is a padded sandbag attached with a cord or chain to the player's belt. To move, the player spins it and then releases it in the direction he or she wants to go, letting the weight pull them.

"Velcro Baseball: just like terrestrial baseball except the players run around the side walls on magnetic slippers to vertically-mounted bases, and the hemispheres above and below the basepath are the outfield. There are no foul hits.

"In Gravity: Havocball! This game, which they made up themselves, resembles rugby without rules, but it's different. The ball, a soccer ball, can be moved by kicking, dribbling, carrying and passing. The goal is the net from Vectorball left hanging on its chain and a goal is scored when the ball passes the rim. At present the only place this game is played is on the Tsunami and near the spacecraft on Sutter's Eyeball in the Crab Nebula."

—B.J. Johnson

"They play 'Over-the-Line' in gravity, and 3-D H₂O Billiards in Zero-G. Little force-fields hold a small amount of water in spherical form, each with a target on one side. When the cue ball strikes it on the target, the field blips away and the water evaporates. In a really good game, the inside of the play cube mists up. In advanced games, the players wear jet-boots or blindfolds."

—Sara K. Gray

So, who are the winners? This was a tough contest to judge. Several of the entries were very similar, and it was hard to choose between them. After a long and involved series of deliberations, including some test time in a zero-gravity simulator, the following three winners have been chosen to win FUSION cloisonné pins: Jeff Kallman, with the juggling, handball and volleyball in charged fields; Sharni Cannon, for Frisbee-Aussie Rules, and B.J. Johnson, for Velcro Baseball and Havocball. I'd like to commend everyone who entered for their terrific and very creative entries! Who says that you can't enjoy both reading comics and participating in sports?! Not our readers, that's for sure! (B.J., I need your address to send you your prize!)

New Contest:

This month's contest is again going to involve leaping ahead to the future of FUSION, and then looking back to the "present" of our century. If you read the papers or watch the news on television, you know that there is no clear consensus about who did what when and with whose permission in the Iran/Contra Scandal. And the issue of who killed President Kennedy is more confused and muddled now than it was twenty-five years ago. What I want to know is, considering the rate at which "facts" are muddled, distorted and confused, what will the folks from the time after Gene/Tech "know" about the period in which we have all lived? Who will be remembered hundreds of years from now? For what? (Remember, it won't necessarily have anything to do with what they *really* did!)

As an example, I speculate that Tan knows of Elvis Presley as a famous mythical specter. If someone tells Tan that they've just "seen Elvis Presley," it means that that someone is pulling Tan's leg. If someone says they're going to go "talk to Elvis" it means they just want to be alone. I call this contest "Future Misinformation," or "Future Folklore."

As always, this contest is open to anyone who can clearly type or print their name and address on a piece of paper. Add to this paper your contest entry and mail it to: FUSION Contest, Eclipse Comics, P.O. Box 1099, Forestville, CA 95346. All entries become the property of LX, Ltd. All entries should be received by February 28, 1989, but late entries are accepted.

Two winners will receive copies of the book "More of the Straight Dope," by Cecil Adams. It doesn't have anything to do with FUSION, but it is a great book that answers a lot of very strange and important questions about modern misinformation.

Thanks for Writing:

Once again I'm out of room, but there are still plenty of great letters I want to share with you! Thanks to David Hoffman, David Logan, Noel Tominack, Malcolm Bourne, Bill Kieffer, David Gibbons, Madec Pope, Rob Caswell, Michael Higgs, Jeff Kallman, Julie Brodeur, Jed Martinez, Sharni Cannon, Philip Smith, B.J. Johnson and Sara K. Gray for writing to us!

Some quick notes: **Malcolm Bourne** wants to know what happened to "Doctor Watchstop." Ken Macklin is too busy right now to create any more adventures of the good Doctor. Eclipse will be publishing a collection of the good Doctor's exploits this April! **Bill Kieffer** wants to know if anyone would recognize Tan without his hat. I don't know if he would even be able to find himself in the mirror if he took off his hat! **David Gibbons** complains that the fishbowl helmets on the Tsunami's spacesuits do not make good engineering sense. True enough, David, but sometimes when the technology is advanced enough, fashions and trends come along which seem to contradict common sense. **Madoc Pope** wrote to comment on the background debris on page 16 of issue #11. Specifically, Madoc spotted a B-52 bomber, the spaceship Discovery from "2001," the Fireball XL-5, possibly the Yargo from "Space Cruiser Yamato," and one of the Earth environment pods from "Silent Running." **Rob Caswell** also noticed the Fireball XL-5 and the Discovery, and wrote in to tell us about them, and to comment on the last couple of issues. **Julie Brodeur** speculates that most weasels prefer the classic crunch of "crunchy" Cheezies over the melt-in-your-mouth vanishing act of "puffy" Cheezies. **Sharni Cannon** wants to see another cover by Ken Macklin. (For those of you who were curious, the cover to issue #11 was painted by Lela, as was the cover to #12.) **Philip Smith** noted in the debris in issue #11 references to Erma Felna, "Star Trek," "Alien" and "2001." He also offered this comment on the issue of sexism in psi-space: "While it may apply to Indio, it does not apply to Alshain, because she usually doesn't wear any clothes. To borrow a joke from Walt Kelly, she wouldn't do well in a game of strip poker because all she has to strip is her skin."

Coming Next Issue:

As issue #14 of FUSION opens, Haven lies in a coma, her fate in the mechanical hands of the medical unit which cradles her unconscious form. Indio is maintaining a vigil at Haven's side, waiting for some sign of improvement, some sign that Haven will snap out of the coma and recover.

As Indio waits, she thinks back over the years, remembering their first encounter during the Gene/Tech Wars. It wasn't a case of instant friendship—Indio's clan served the Biogenic empire, while Haven fought for the Technic forces. Indio and Haven found themselves forced together out of the necessity for personal survival.

"The Nestling," a two-part story, is written by Christy Marx; art will be by Larry Dixon, Lela Dowling and Steve Gallacci. In addition, FUSION #14 will have a story by Steve and Lela which will uncover some of the crew's history!

And of course, those wacky, wonderful weasels will return in another dose of unintentional law and order, wreaking havoc on the do-badders of the galaxy! "The Weasel Patrol" is by Lela Dowling and Ken Macklin. Accept no substitutes—"The Weasel Patrol" is available only in the pages of FUSION!

All of this, plus another first-rate painted cover by Lela Dowling, will be in FUSION #14, in your stores in March 1989! Don't you dare miss it!

That's it for this issue, I'm pooped. See you all in two months! Gordon Garb, Production Mangler

FUSION



PEARSON
& SIMONS

"Planet of the Didactic Fascist Dwarf Rhinos" by Joe Pearson and Dave Simons

Have You Ever Wanted to DO SOMETHING About Fixing the Ozone Layer, Stopping Pollution, and Cleaning Up Toxic Waste— But Didn't Know Where to Start?

Well, Here's a BEGINNING!

You've probably seen television news shows or heard reports on the radio that massive pollution is causing increased environmental problems, the worst of which is the "hole" in the atmosphere's ozone layer. Some gloomy environmental scientists even predict that Earth's atmosphere has been so compromised that we have created an irreversible "greenhouse effect," which will lead to the flooding of coastal cities while inland areas become virtual deserts. Meanwhile, we're being told that repeated safety violations at U.S. nuclear weapons plants have been contaminating workers and local residents for years, that agricultural workers are being poisoned by pesticides, that the world's rain forests are being felled so fast the entire planet will soon be running an "oxygen deficit," and that the cost of cleaning up our nation's worst toxic waste dumps will run into the multi-billions of dollars.

These are frightening stories, and you might feel helpless to prevent or reverse the destruction you are being told about almost daily. Even if you feel strong enough or have time enough to devote to solving the problems, your options are limited. You aren't a super-hero—you won't be able to go to the Amazon and single-handedly stop loggers from destroying rain forests.

What should you do? Should you join a "save the whales" campaign, boycott pesticide-laden table grapes, or write a letter to the President? What good can one person do, anyway? Maybe it would be easier to turn off those news shows and buy another comic book, so you can see a real hero beat the crap out of those evil aliens from outer space.

WE THINK YOU CAN DO SOMETHING. IT WON'T BE BIG, BUT IT WILL BE EASY! You won't have to give up any time, march around with a picket sign, boycott anything you don't want to boycott, or even stop reading comics to do it!

This little plan will NOT save the world (or even the whales) but it WILL stop a growing area of toxic pollution, that caused by landfills full of **STYROFOAM FAST FOOD CONTAINERS**. Sure, styrofoam fast food containers are a tiny part of the really long list of toxic pollution problems facing the world, but they are **POISONOUS** and their proliferation CAN be stopped by local initiative and by awakening public opinion.

Here's what you do: **PHOTOCOPY** this page a bunch of times (don't cut up your comic book) and clip out the coupon at the bottom. Every time you buy something at a fast food restaurant, check off the appropriate box and hand the coupon to the clerk, asking that it be passed along to the manager. That's all! It's simple, it's easy, and you will have done your part to help heal the Earth! (Yes, a small part, but what the heck, you're not a super-hero—yet!)

☐ THANK YOU FOR USING RECYCLABLE PAPER OR CARDBOARD IN PACKAGING YOUR DELICIOUS FOOD. I JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT I NOTICE IT AND I SUPPORT YOU.

☐ YOUR FOOD IS DELICIOUS, BUT PLEASE STOP PACKAGING IT IN TOXIC, NON-RECYCLABLE STYROFOAM CONTAINERS. I AM NOT BOYCOTTING YOU, BUT IF A LOCAL INITIATIVE TO BAN STYROFOAM FAST FOOD CONTAINERS COMES ONTO THE BALLOT, I WILL VOTE TO BAN STYROFOAM IN THIS TOWN.

☐ YOUR FOOD IS DELICIOUS, BUT I WILL NO LONGER BE BUYING IT UNTIL YOU STOP USING TOXIC, NON-RECYCLABLE STYROFOAM CONTAINERS.

JOB'S
NOW LAWS!
WANTED

HELP WANTED
Genetic
Engineering Co.
Going public in
6 months. Huge
benefits.
Apply in person.
Transton,
Pennsylvania.

THAT'S
FOR
ME!

THIS WEASEL PATROL
WORK IS OKAY, BUT IT DOESN'T
PAY VERY MUCH. I GOTTA
GET ANOTHER
JOB.

A WEASEL PATROL ADVENTURE

LEROY LANDS A JOB

Story & Art - **KEN MACKLIN**, **LELA DOWLING** Lettering - **L. LOIS BUHALIS**
Editor - **LETITIA GLOZER** Conceptual Editor - **LEX NAKASHIMA**

MEANWHILE, IN
PENNSTON,
TRANSYLVANIA...

THEY LAUGHED
AT ME IN TOWN,
BUT WHEN MY
MONSTER COMES TO
LIFE AND DESTROYS
THE VILLAGE, I'LL
SHOP WHERE
I PLEASE!

ONLY A MAD
GENIUS SUCH AS MYSELF
COULD TRANSFORM
A GARDEN VEGETABLE
INTO A HULKING
LEVIATHAN!

MY BEET HAS
THE POWER, THE STRENGTH,
THE ENDURANCE. IT ONLY LACKS...
THE KILLER INSTINCT!! (BUT
NOT TOO KILLER, HE MUST
BE OBSEQUIOUS ENOUGH
TO BOSS AROUND...)

I MUST FIND
A SUBJECT WHOSE
BRAIN THIS
APPARATUS CAN
SCAN AND PROGRAM
INTO MY
CREATURE.



A SUBJECT
WITH THE PROPER
KILLER INSTINCT...
SOMEONE LIKE
THOSE WEASELS I
READ ABOUT IN THE
AMERICAN
NEWSPAPERS!

♪ DING
♪ DONG



HI, IS THIS
THE GENETIC
ENGINEERING
COMPANY? I'M
LOOKING FOR
A JOB.



YES, HERE AT,
er, uh... GENETIC
ENGINEERING COMPANY,
WE'RE DOING A LOT OF
WORK WITH ROOTS.

GOSH!

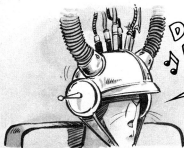
JUST
RELAX THERE
AND I'LL BE
BACK IN A
FEW
MINUTES.

Uh, DO I
GET COFFEE
BREAKS?



♪ DING
♪ DONG

Uh, oh...
IT'S THE
DOORBELL.



HI, PAL. SAY, YOU LOOK LIKE A LITERATE FELLOW INTERESTED IN CURRENT EVENTS, FASHIONS, TELEVISION, BASKET WEAVING, TAXIDERMY, AND HOT RODS. CAN I COME IN AND TELL YOU ABOUT AN AMAZING MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTION OFFER MADE JUST FOR YOU?

HARD
HAT
AREA

THIS IS A
HARD HAT AREA,
THOUGH, SO YOU
BETTER PUT
THIS ON...

SURE, PAL,
SURE... SAY, IS
YOUR MOM
OR DAD
HOME?

OKAY.

THIS
IS THIRSTY WORK.
I'D BETTER GET A
DRINK OF MILK
BEFORE I TELL
MY BOSS ABOUT
THE MAGAZINE
OFFER.

OMIGOSH!

MEANWHILE, IN THE LAB...

NOW WHEN I THROW
THIS SWITCH THAT WEASEL'S
BRAIN PATTERNS WILL BE
TRANSMITTED TO MY BOTANICAL
BEAST... AND HE
WILL BECOME
ANIMATED AND
SERVE AS MY
OBEDIENT
WEAPON!

WATCH
LOOKOUT

OFF



HALF THE
NEWSSTAND PRICE
DELIVERED TO YOUR
DOOR! NEVER MISS
AN ISSUE AGAIN!

STOP!
STOP! I
CREATED YOU! MY
DUNGEON IS ALREADY
FILLED WITH OLD
MAGAZINES!

THREE YEARS
FOR THE PRICE OF
TWO!

HELP ME
WIN A TRIP TO
DISNEYLAND!

IT'S TOO HORRIBLE!
NOT EVEN THE VILLAGERS
DESERVE THIS! I'VE GOT
TO DESTROY IT!

GOODBYE, MY
MASTERPIECE...
CHOKE!

LET ME TELL
YOU ABOUT BONUS
PRIZES WITH
EVERY SUBS...

VEGETATIC FLOOR MODEL

YOU'RE
UNDER
ARREST!

THAT'S
THE ONE WHO
STOLE MY
BEET!

HIS
CAREER IS
BORSCHT UP.

GOOD THING
WE WERE
PATROLLING
OUR BEET.

SHORTEST
JOB I
EVER HAD.

NO! NO!
I ONLY WANTED
TO DESTROY
THE VILLAGE!

VEGETATIC FLOOR MODEL

HEY, DO YOU GUYS KNOW
YOU COULD LEARN TO REMODEL YOUR
BATHROOM AND SAVE YOUR MARRIAGES
AT HALF THE NEWSTAND PRICE?

HEY! WAIT, FELLAS...
IF YOU OWN A TV, VCR,
OR SKATEBOARD, YOU'LL
WANT TO SUBSCRIBE...

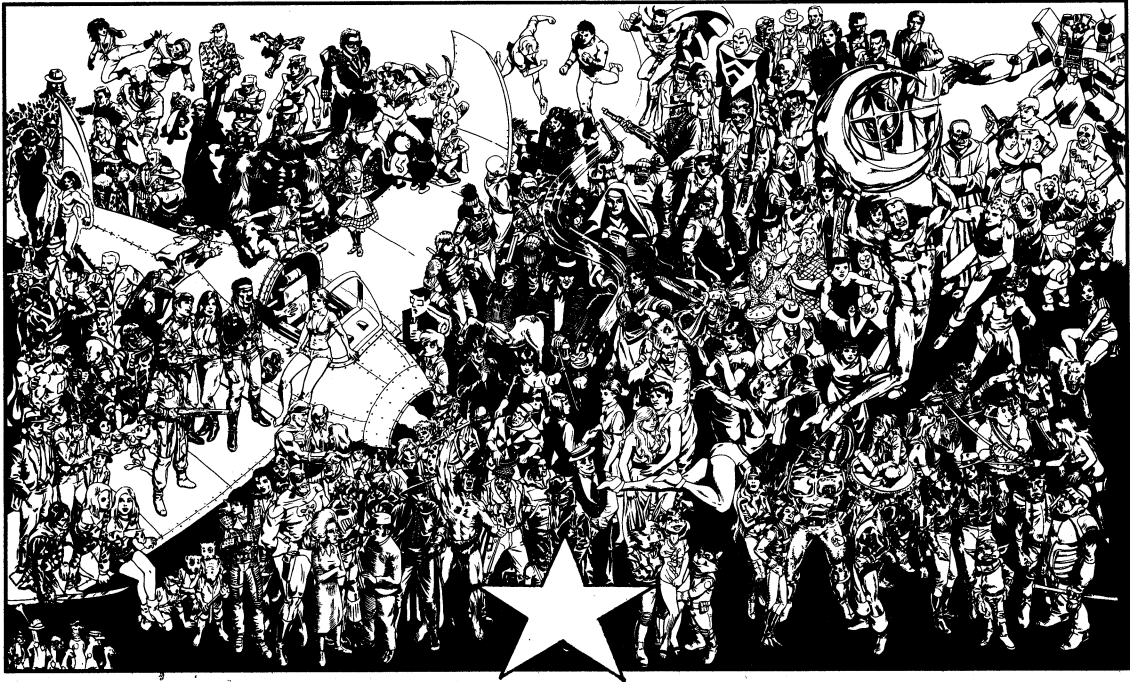
MAYBE I
COULD SELL
"GRIT."

END

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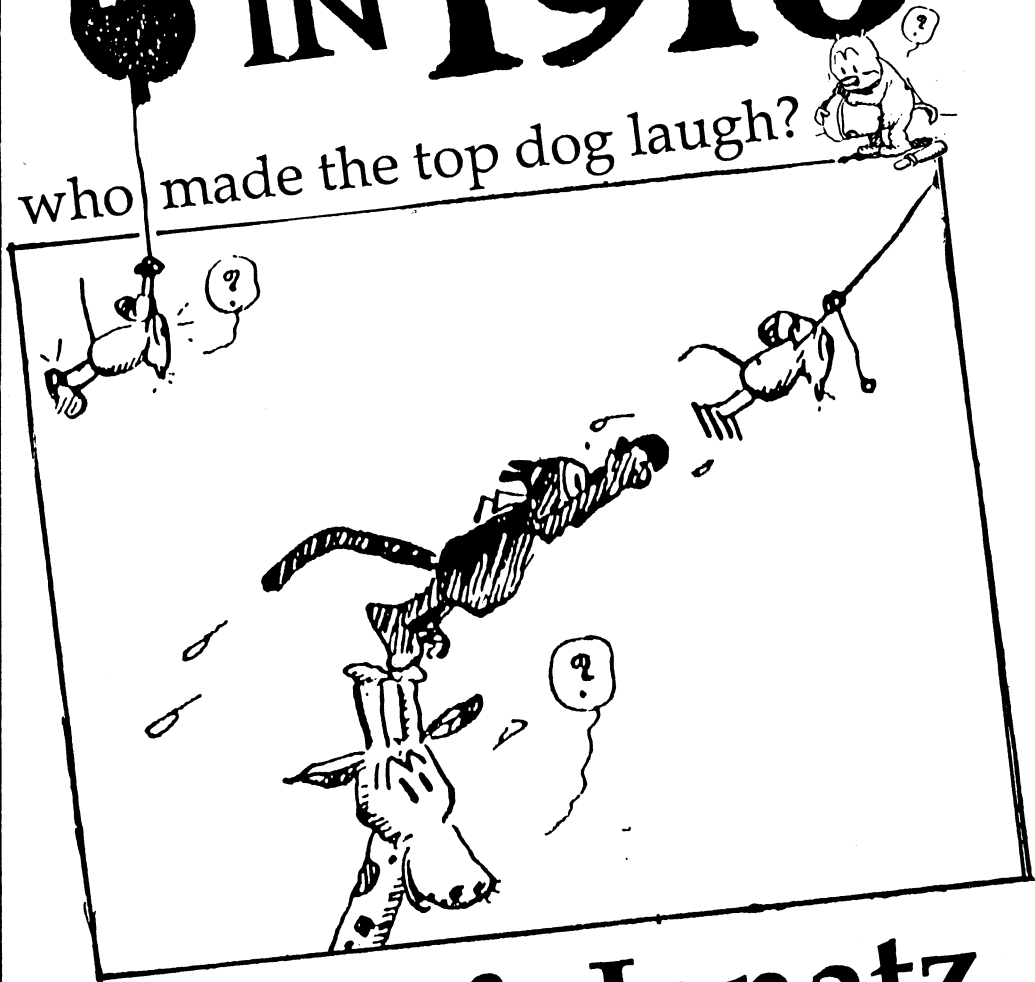
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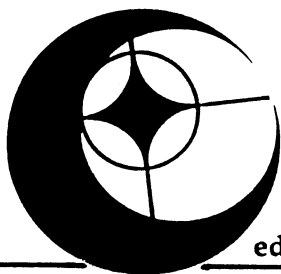
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who made the top dog laugh?



Krazy & Ignatz, that's who!



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by George Herriman
Volume One: 1916

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