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# KEIF LLAMA

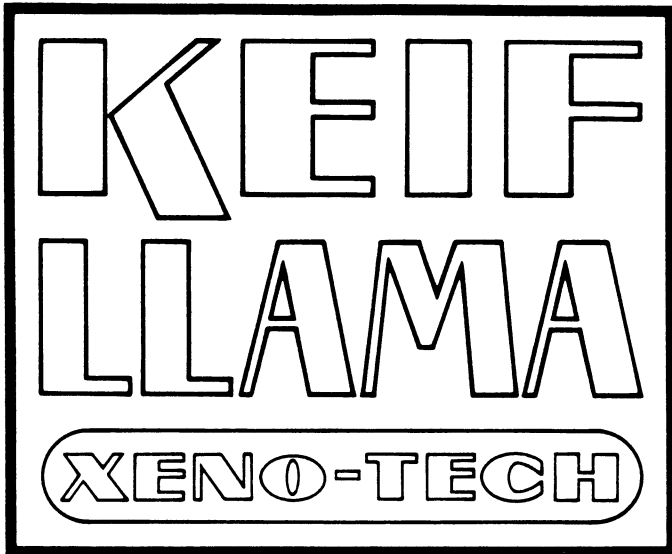
XENO-TECH

BY MATT HOWARTH



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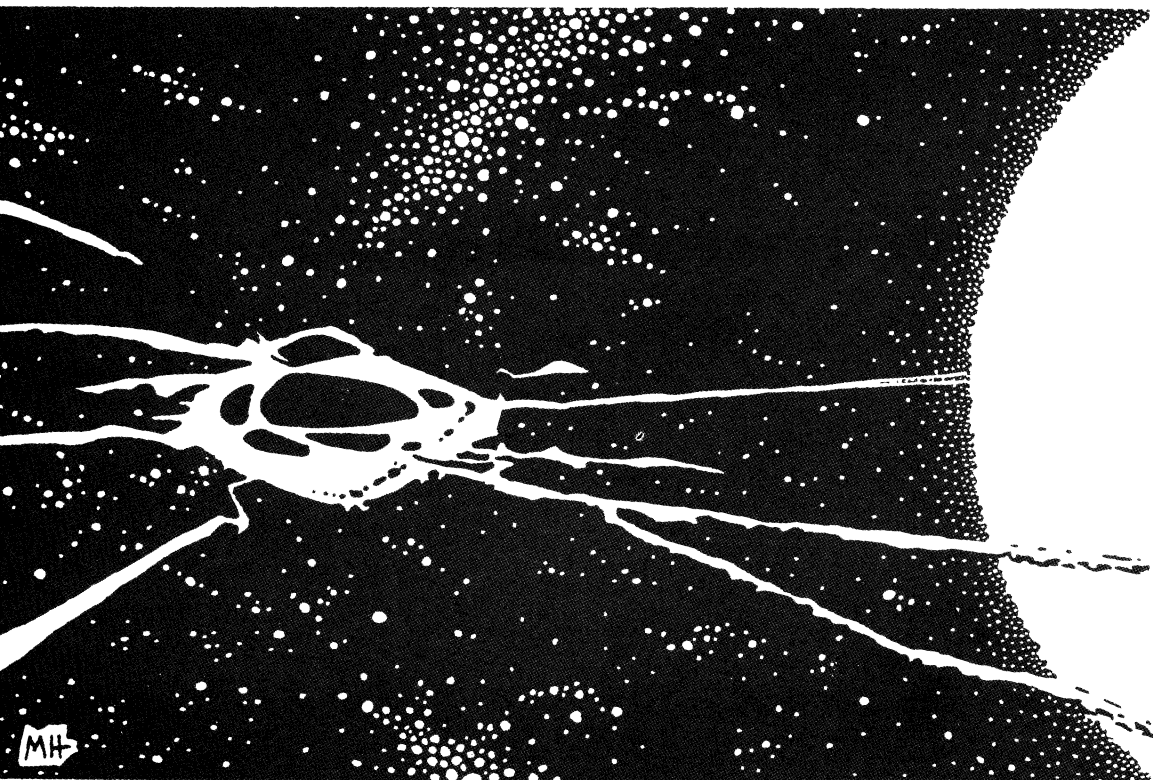
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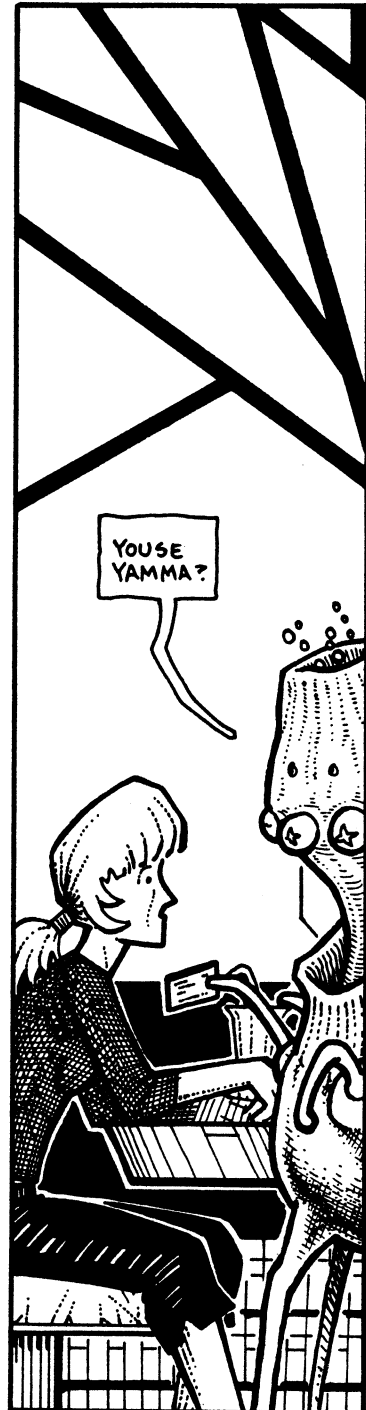
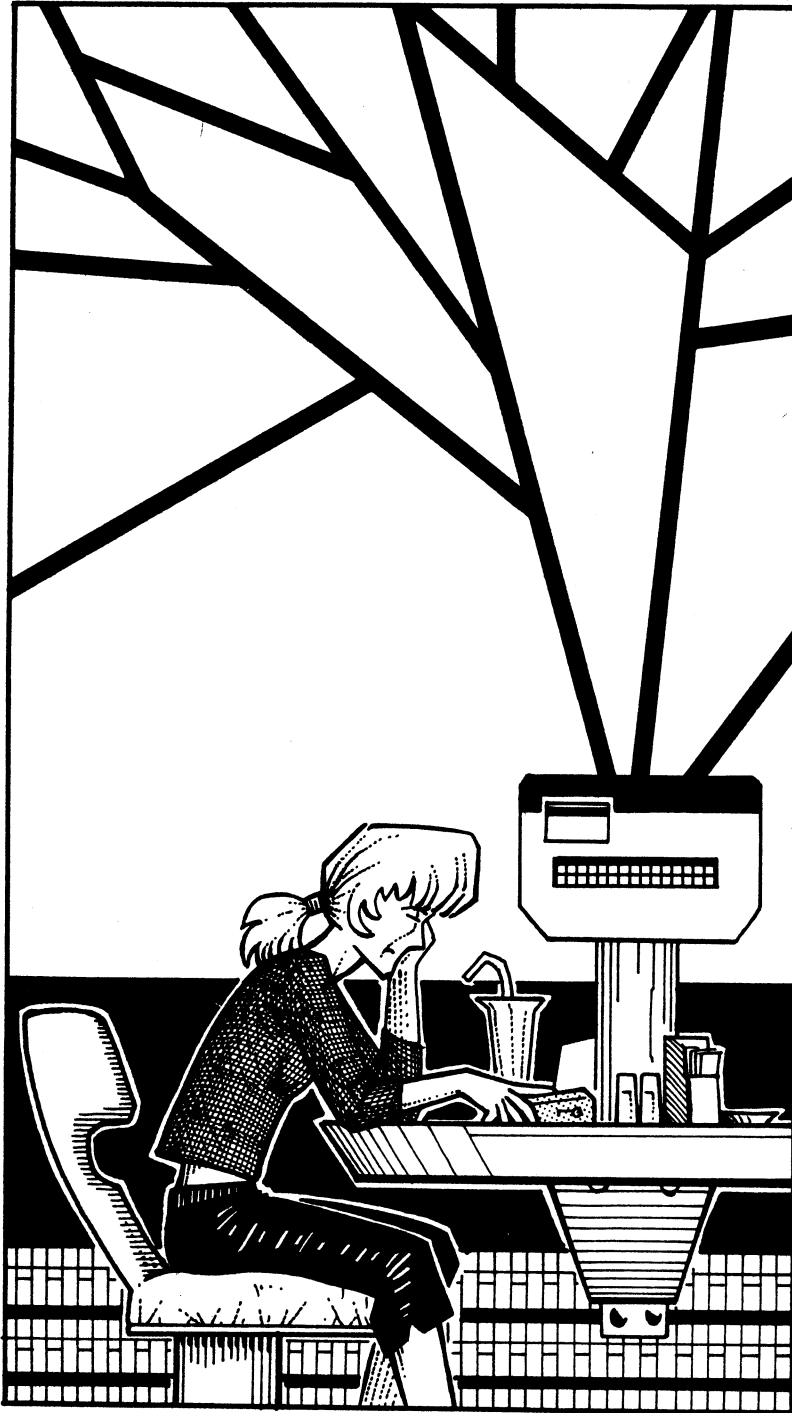
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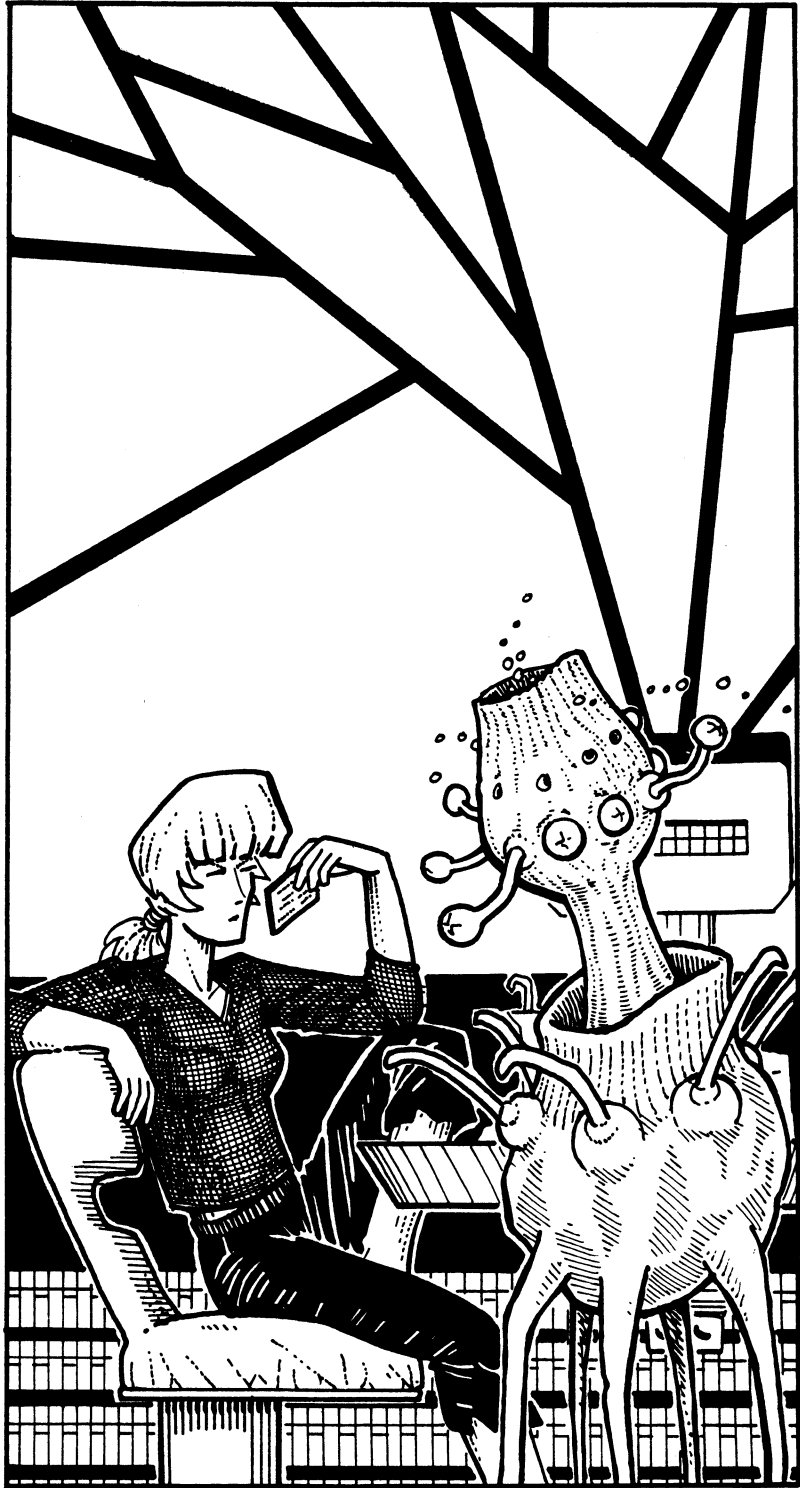
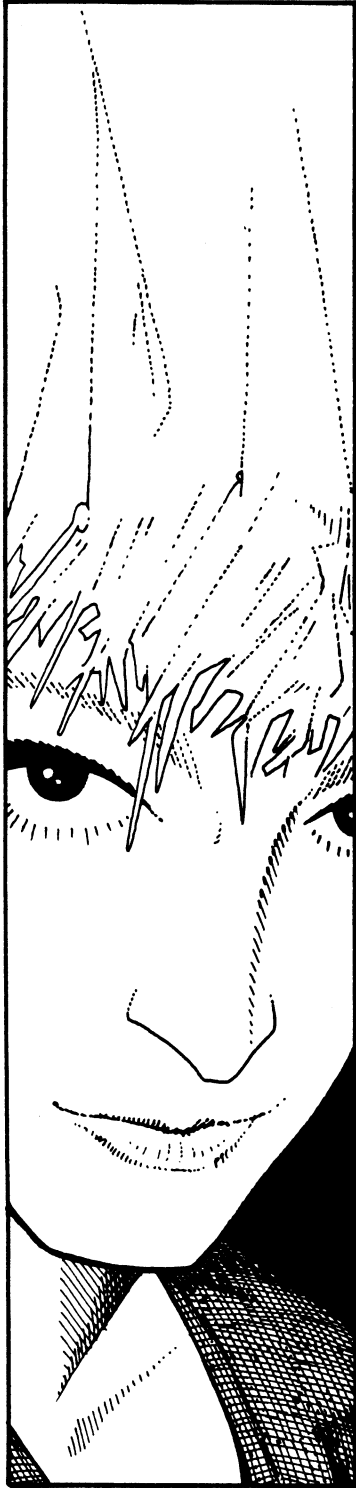
# EYEWITNESS and DOCUMENT

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YOU RECIEVED THE SUMMONS WHILE IN OZZIE'S SODA SHOP. THIS MUCH IS ON RECORD.

THAT'S RIGHT. I WAS HALFWAY THROUGH MY MILKSHAKE AND A TEXT ON BI-MARGINAL REFRACTING TECHNIQUES WHEN THIS FELLOW STARTS FANNING MY LIP WITH A RED CARD. HE'S STANDING THERE, CHANTING INQUIRY BOARD REGS AT ME IN TEMPO WITH OZZIE'S JUKEBOX... WELL, IT ALL SEEMED MORE LIKE A GINRELLER-NOIR FILM THAN REALITY.



YOU WERE UNABLE TO BELIEVE IT WAS HAPPENING TO YOU.



THAT'S NOT WHAT I SAID.

THEN BE MORE PRECISE IN YOUR REMARKS,  
MISS LLAMA. YOUR FATE HANGS ON YOUR  
CHOICE OF WORDING IN THIS INQUIRY.

OKAY, HOW'S THIS?  
OF WHAT EXACTLY  
AM I BEING ACCUSED  
IN THIS INQUISITION?



PLEASE CONTINUE YOUR ACCOUNT, MISS LLAMA.

WELL, IT WAS A RUBE ASSIGNMENT. I'M A QUALIFIED CIVIL SERVICE XENO-TECH, THIRD GRADE (44), NOT A KINDERGARTEN SCHOOL-MARM. STICKING ME WITH THE JOB OF TAKING SOME INDUSTRIALIST GROUP'S KIDS OUT FOR AN AFTERNOON PICNIC IS SIMPLY NOT MY IDEA OF A CAREER CHALLENGE.

... A  
CHILDREN'S  
PICNIC...

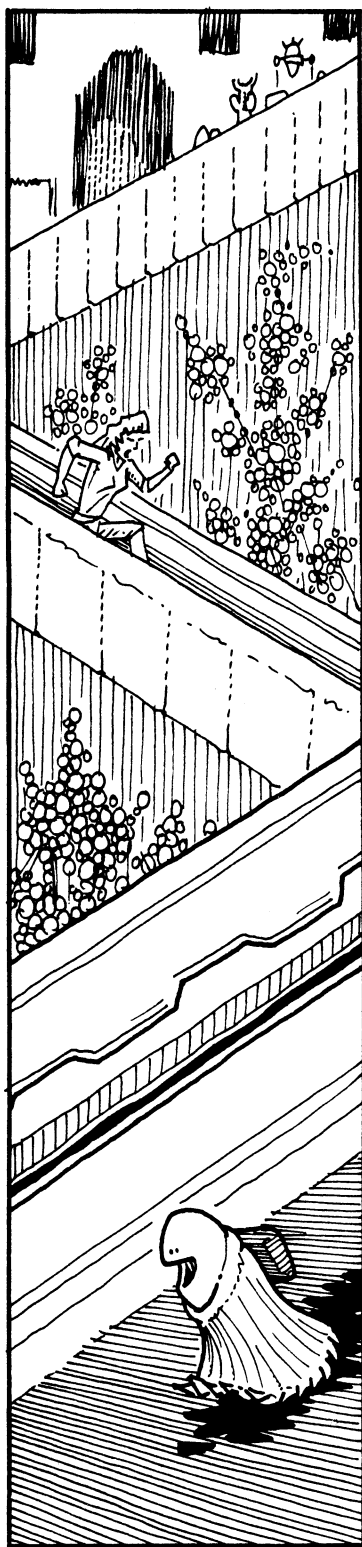
THEY'VE  
GOTTA BE  
JOKING.

DISPATCH

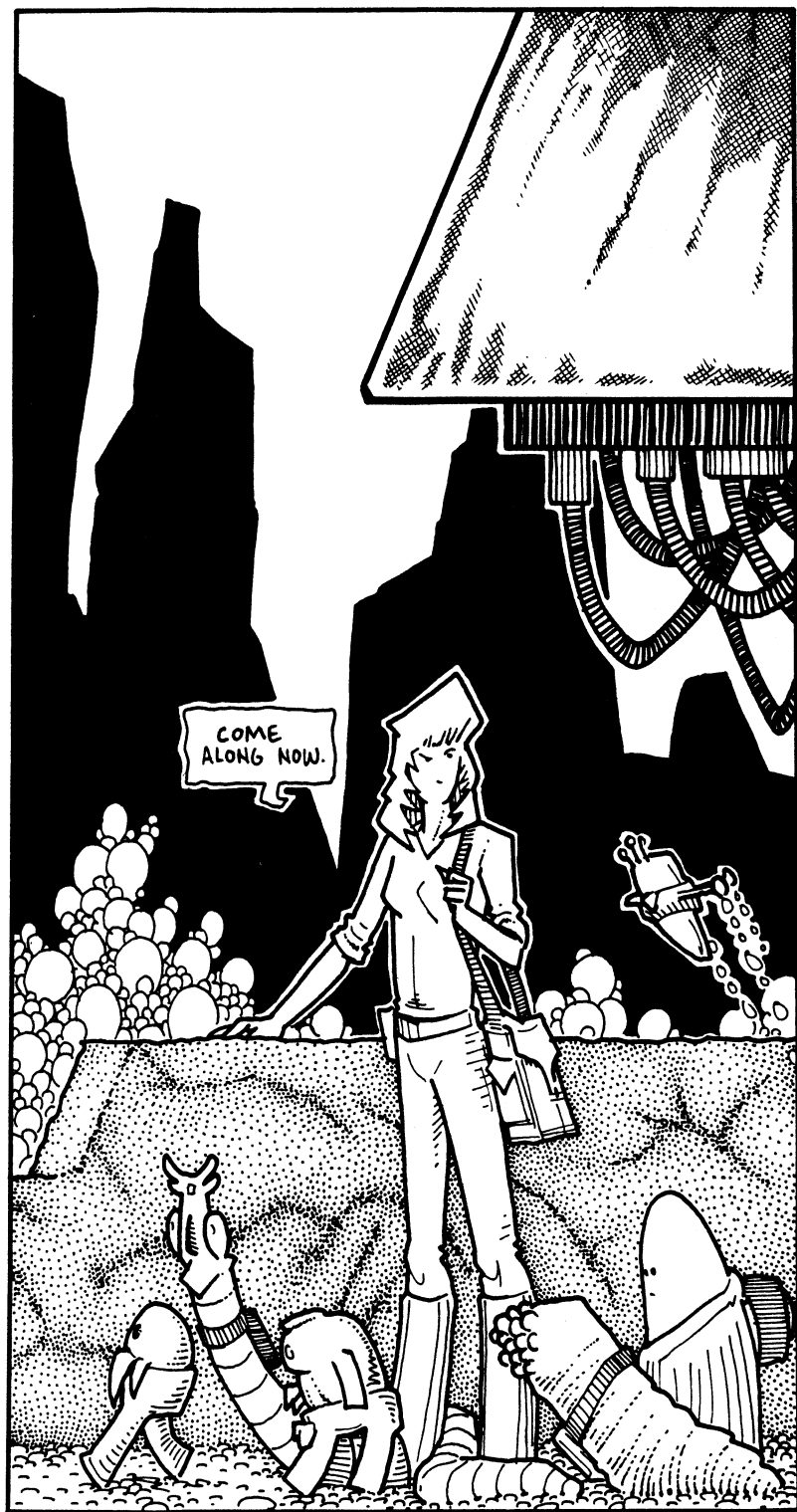
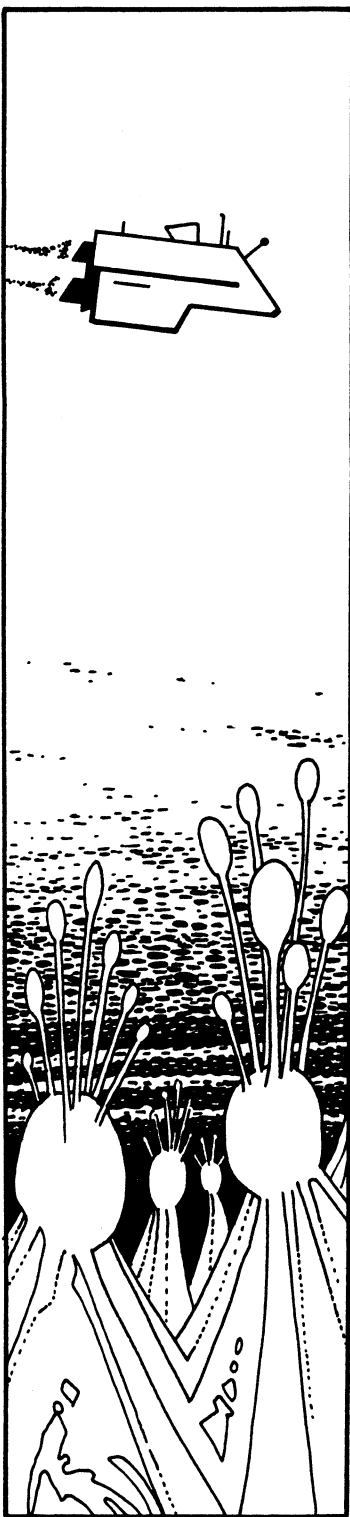


THE STORY, PLEASE, MISS LLAMA.

THERE WERE SIX OF THEM, SIX KNEE-HIGH, WHINING TERRORS, AND MY ASSIGNMENT WAS TO SEE THAT ALL SIX OF THEM WERE SAFELY ESCORTED ON A PICNIC OUTING TO WHISPERING FALLS. WE TOOK THE RS SHUTTLE OUT OF TOWN. KEEPING ORDER ON THE RIDE OUT WAS DECEPTIVELY EASY. IT WAS WHEN WE REACHED THE JUNCTION STATION THAT THE SMART-ASS DECIDED TO BOLT.



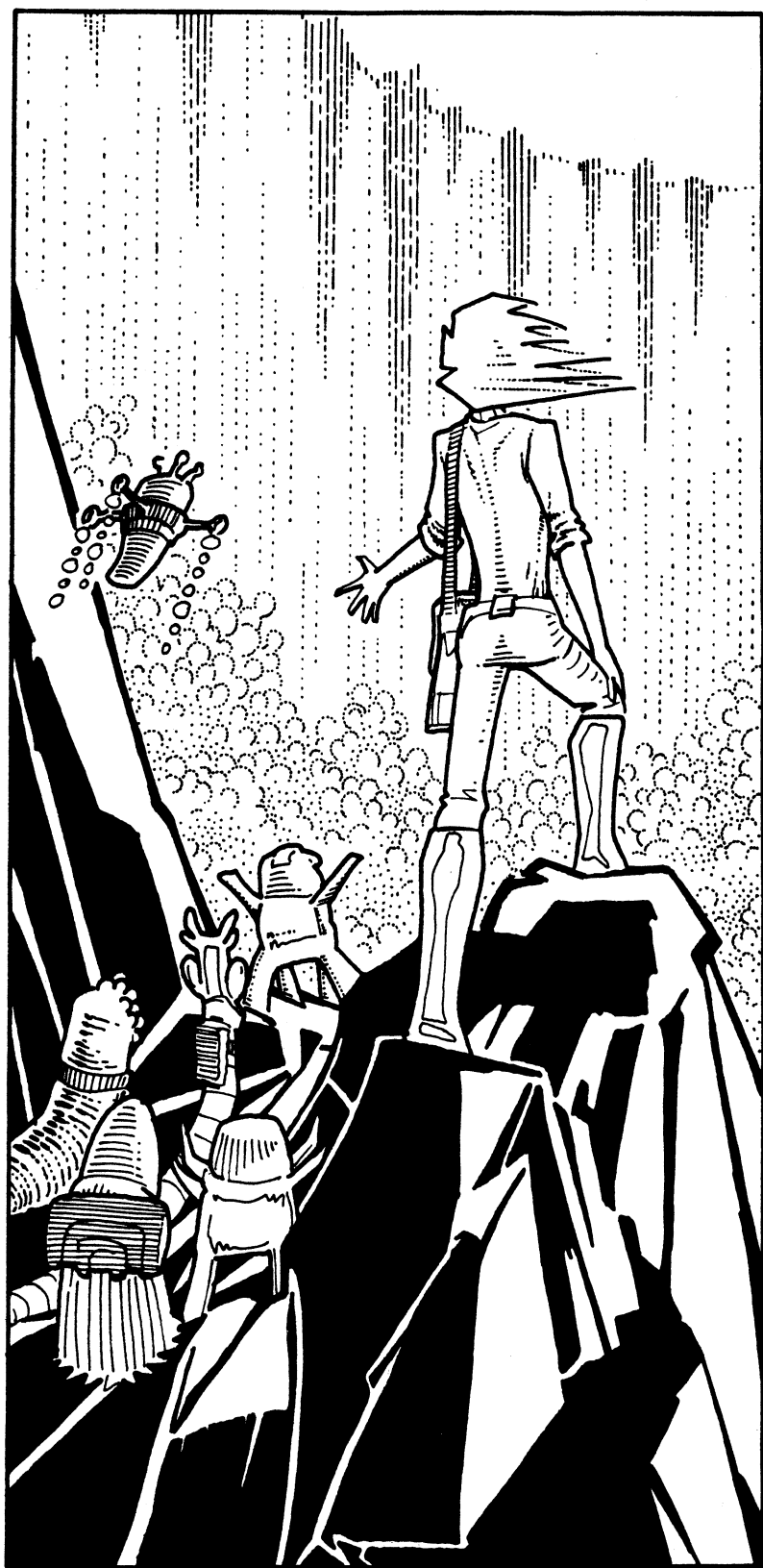
THE JOURNEY FROM JUNCTION TO FALLS WAS UNEVENTFUL, ONLY BECAUSE I HAD THE FORETHOUGHT TO LOCK THE SIX OF THEM UP IN A PRIVATE COMPARTMENT FOR THE RIDE. WHETHER THEY'RE ALIEN OR NOT, KIDS THAT HAVE BEEN FED TOO MUCH SUGAR ARE UNIVERSALLY A PAIN. BY THE TIME WE REACHED WHISPERING FALLS, THE SIX OF THEM WERE BEGINNING TO SLOW DOWN. I FIGURED A NICE UPHILL HIKE WOULD BURN THEM OUT ALTOGETHER.



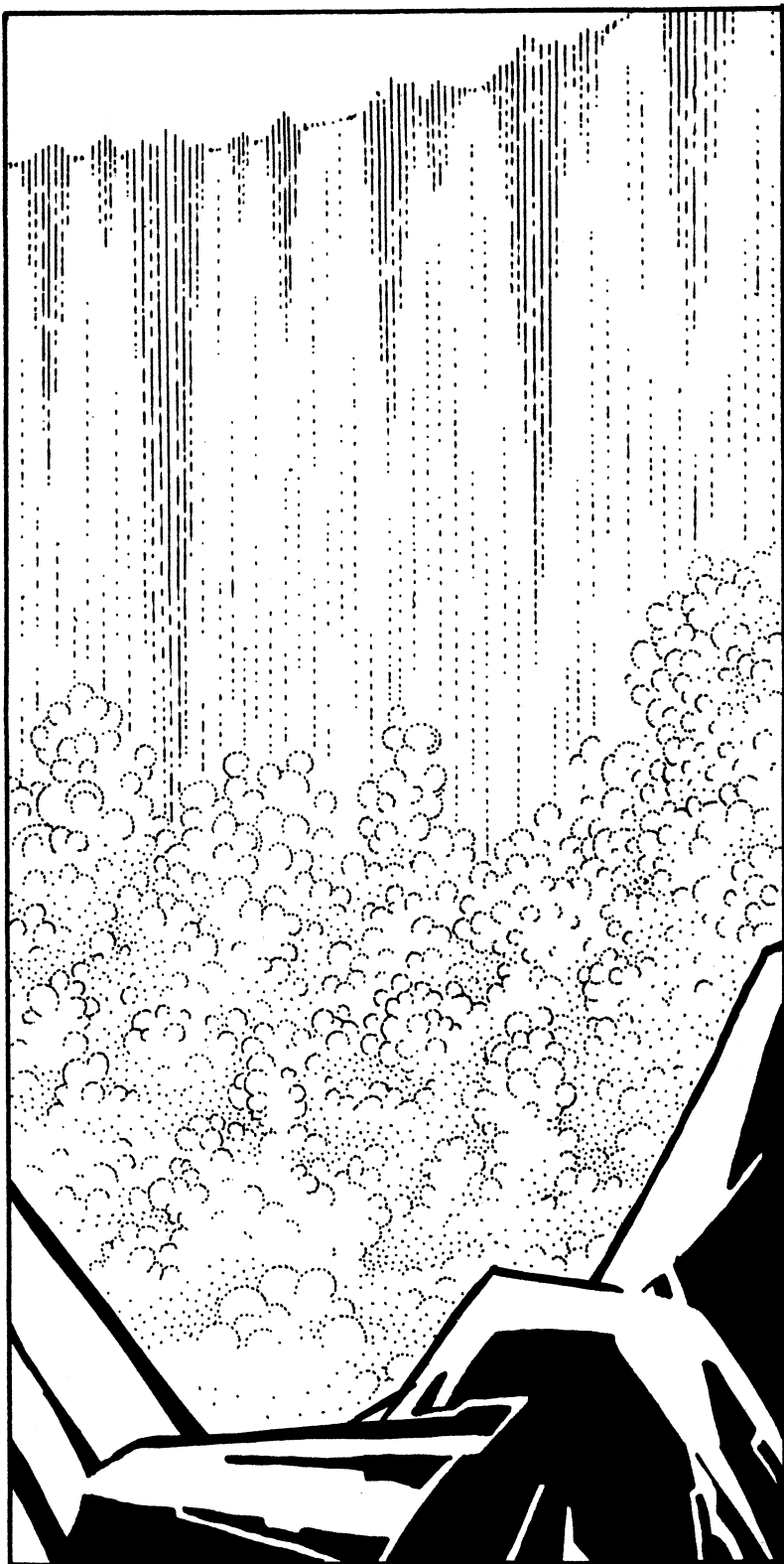
A CUSTODIAN AT THE FALLS OFFICES (A SELF-PROFESSED FATHER OF FORTY-SEVEN) TOOK PITY ON ME AND LOANED ME A PHOTASER TO HELP KEEP THE SIX OF THEM ON THE PATHS AND OUT OF TROUBLE. THE HARMLESS-BUT-FLAMBOYANT BOLT OF LIGHT THE PHOTASER FIRED WAS VERY HANDY IN KEEPING THE SMART-ASS WITH THE GROUP WITHOUT MY HAVING TO CHASE HIM.



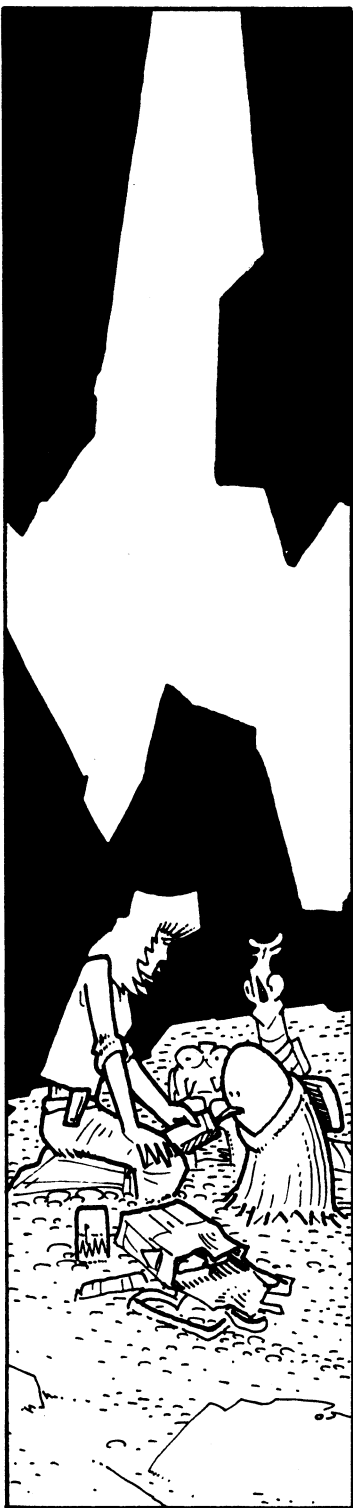
FINALLY, WE REACHED THE OBSERVATION APEX AND THE FALLS' FULL MURMUR WASHED OVER US.



I'D NEVER BEFORE BEEN OUT TO SEE THE FALLS, I FOUND IT TO BE A FAIRLY EPIC SPECTACULAR. IT EVEN SILENCED THE SIX OF THEM FOR A WHILE, BUT THEY SOON RESUMED CAPERING ABOUT, THEIR FROLIC REVITALIZED BY THE FALLS' GRANDEUR.



BY HIGH NOON, THE FALLS WERE UP TO THEIR FULL VOICE, AND THE KIDS WERE HUNGRY. I BROKE OUT THE NUKIBACHI, WARMED UP LUNCH, AND MADE SURE EVERYBODY GOT HIS OWN THERMOS. I KEPT THE SIX OF THEM REASONABLY SUBDUED FOR THE MEAL BY EXPLAINING HOW THE ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS OF THE SUN ACTIVATE THE NOISIUM IN THE ROCKS, AND HOW THAT RESONANCE AND THE FALLING WATER MAKES THE FALLS WHISPER. THAT WAS WHEN IT HAPPENED.





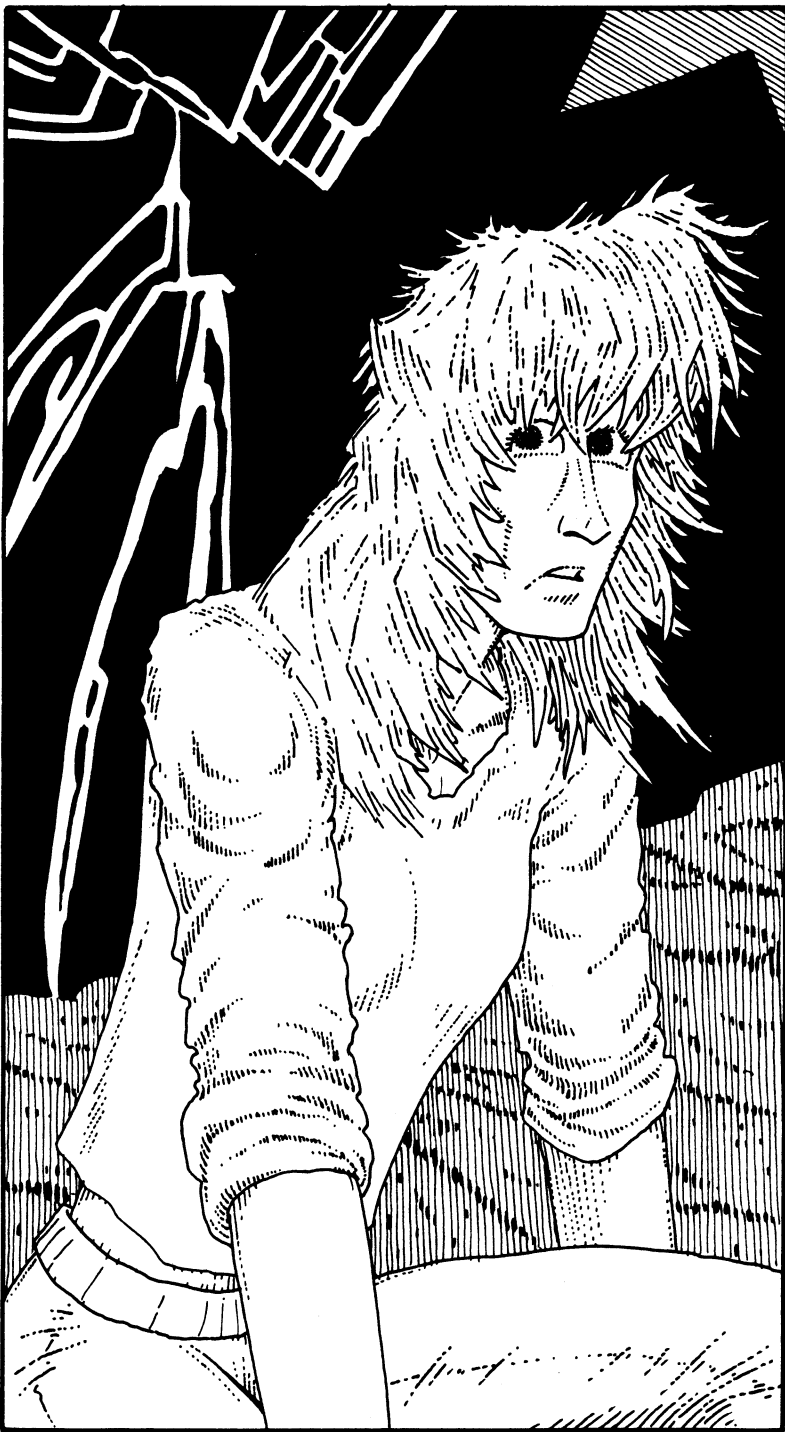
I HAD POSITIONED OUR PICNIC SITE SOMEWHAT BACK FROM THE APEX'S EDGE, FOR REASONS OF SAFETY. THIS PUT US EXACTLY OUT IN THE OPEN FOR WHEN THE SNIPER BEGAN SHOOTING. THE FIRST SHOT HIT GROUND RIGHT BETWEEN MY KNEES. I RECOILED, STUMBLED AND FELL OFF A LEDGE. THE KIDS SCATTERED IN PANIC. I AM ETERNALLY GRATEFUL THAT THEIR PANIC DIRECTED THEIR FLIGHT AWAY FROM THE APEX, BACK INTO THE ROCKS AND OUT OF THE GUNMAN'S LINE OF FIRE.



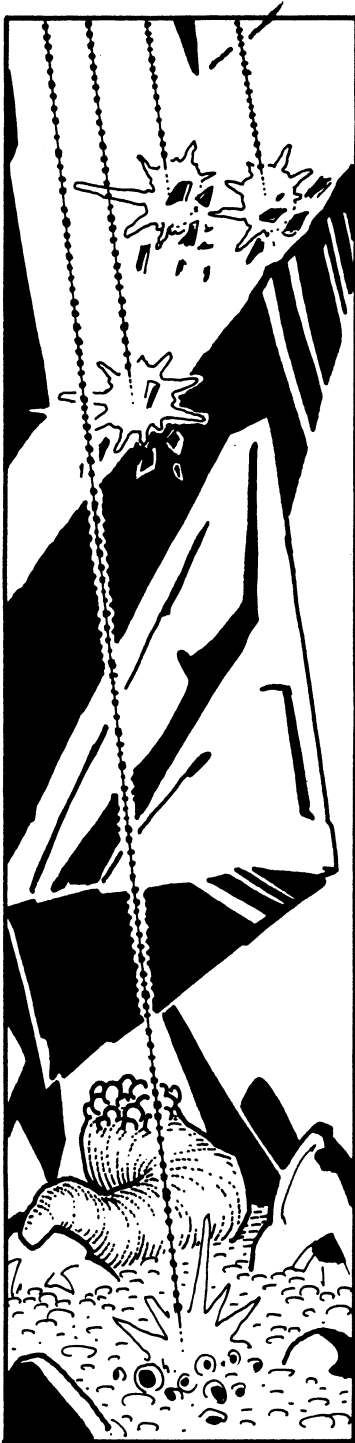
AS I FELL, A PANIC OF MY VERY OWN STRETCHED A SECOND INTO ETERNITY, UNTIL I REMEMBERED THAT I HAD ONLY FALLEN FROM A LEDGE, AND NOT INTO THE FALLS. I ENDED UP FALLING ONLY A SHORT DISTANCE, BUT FAR ENOUGH TO REMOVE MYSELF FROM THE SNIPER'S AIM.



I COULD HEAR THE SNIPER'S BOLTS CHEWING UP OUR PICNIC SITE. WE SEEMED TO BE SAFE FOR THE MOMENT, BUT IT WOULD ONLY BE A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THE KILLER MOVED TO A VANTAGE POINT WHERE HE COULD REACH US WITH HIS GUNFIRE. AT THAT TIME, I WAS UNCONCERNED WITH **WHO** THE SNIPER WAS AFTER—**THAT** WAS SOMETHING THAT WOULD BE OF INTEREST ONLY TO THE SURVIVORS. GETTING EVERYONE (THE KIDS AND MYSELF) TO SAFETY WAS THE SENSIBLE PRIORITY. I IMMEDIATELY SPOTTED THE DEEP FISSURE IN THE ROCK THAT HAD LED US TO THE APEX AND HURRIED THE SIX OF THEM TOWARDS ITS SHELTER ... ONE ... TWO, I COUNTED ... THREE ... FOUR ...

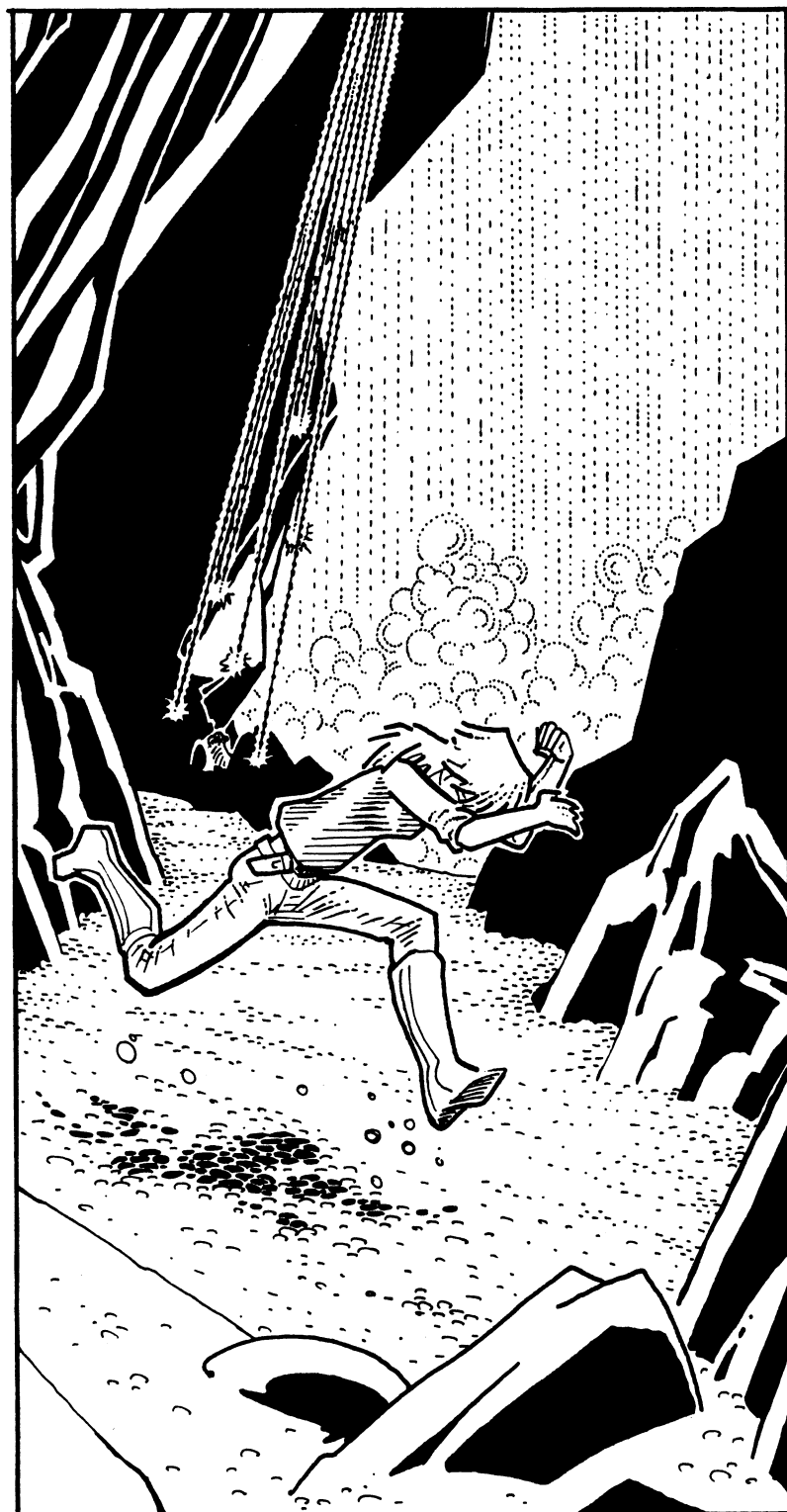


...FIVE... FIVE... A CHILD WAS MISSING... WHICH GAVE THE SNIPER'S CONTINUED SHOOTING A VERY UNPLEASANT, DARKER MEANING. I LEFT THE FIVE KIDS IN THE CREVICE (USING THAT MOST ANCIENT AND MONSTROUS OF THREATS TO KEEP THEM THERE: "OR I'LL TELL YOUR PARENTS!"). HOMING IN ON THE GUNFIRE, I WAS ABLE TO LOCATE THE SPOT WHERE THE MISSING CHILD HAD CRAWLED TO COVER.

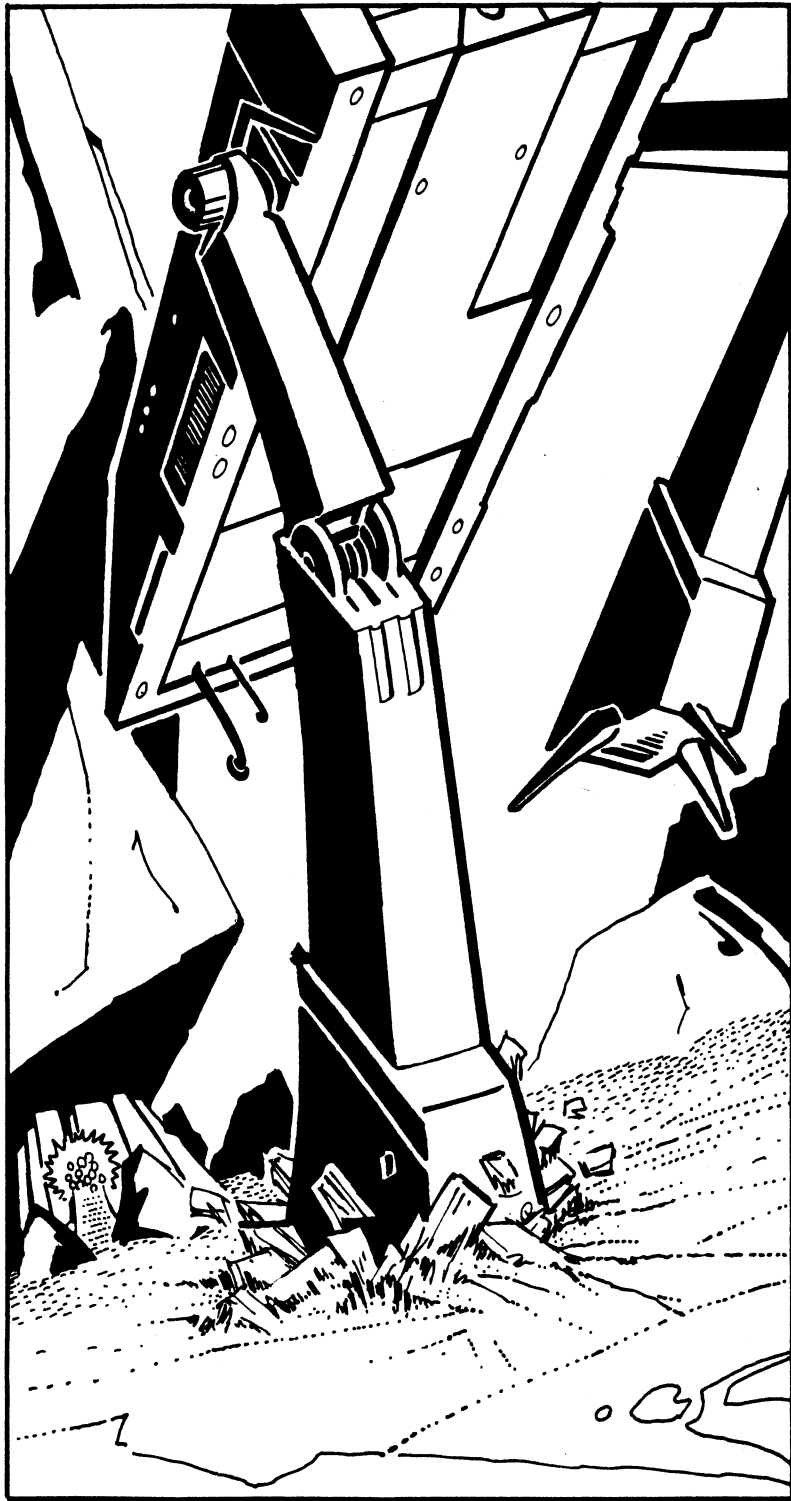


WHICH ONE OF THE INDUSTRIALIST GROUP'S CHILDREN WAS IT, MISS LLAMA?

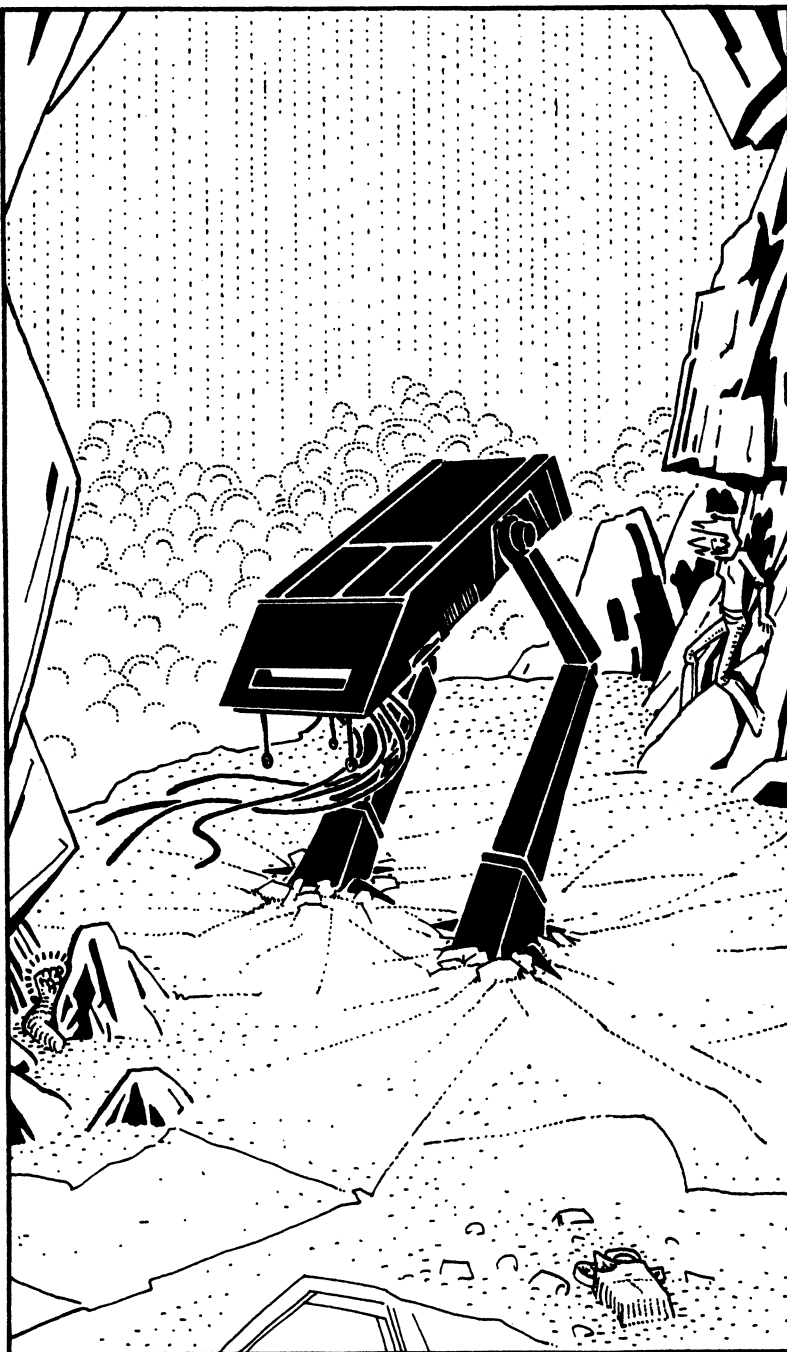
IT WAS GARVEY, THE MORTON GRUBBER. HE'D WORMED HIS WAY UNDER AN OUTCROPPING AND WAS PARALYZED WITH TERROR. THE SNIPER WAS INCREASING HIS BARRAGE, THOUGH, AND THE CHILD'S COVER WAS BEING STEADILY WHITTLED AWAY. I PLUNGED OUT INTO THE OPEN, SHOUTING AS LOUD AS I COULD, RACING IN A SERPENTINE FOR THE FAR SIDE OF THE APEX'S CLEARING. I MADE AS OBVIOUS A TARGET AS POSSIBLE... BUT I DREW NO FIRE FROM THE GUNMAN.



THE SNIPER HAD IGNORED MY DIVERSION. WHATEVER HIS MOTIVES WERE, CLEARLY THE CHILD WAS HIS TARGET OF PREFERENCE. SQUINTING INTO THE SUN, I TRIED TO ASCERTAIN THE GUNMAN'S STATION IN THE ROCK-FACE ABOVE. I HAVE NEVER FELT SO HELPLESS. THEN HE APPEARED: FROM BEHIND A CRAG AND LEAPING INTO THE AIR—A THICK-BODIED SILHOUETTE AGAINST THE PAINFULLY YELLOW SKY—SWOOPING DOWN TO SNATCH ITS PREY. IT WAS A SHADOW OF WINGSPAN AND CLAWS THAT CAME TO A THUNDEROUS LANDING IN THE APEX CLEARING.

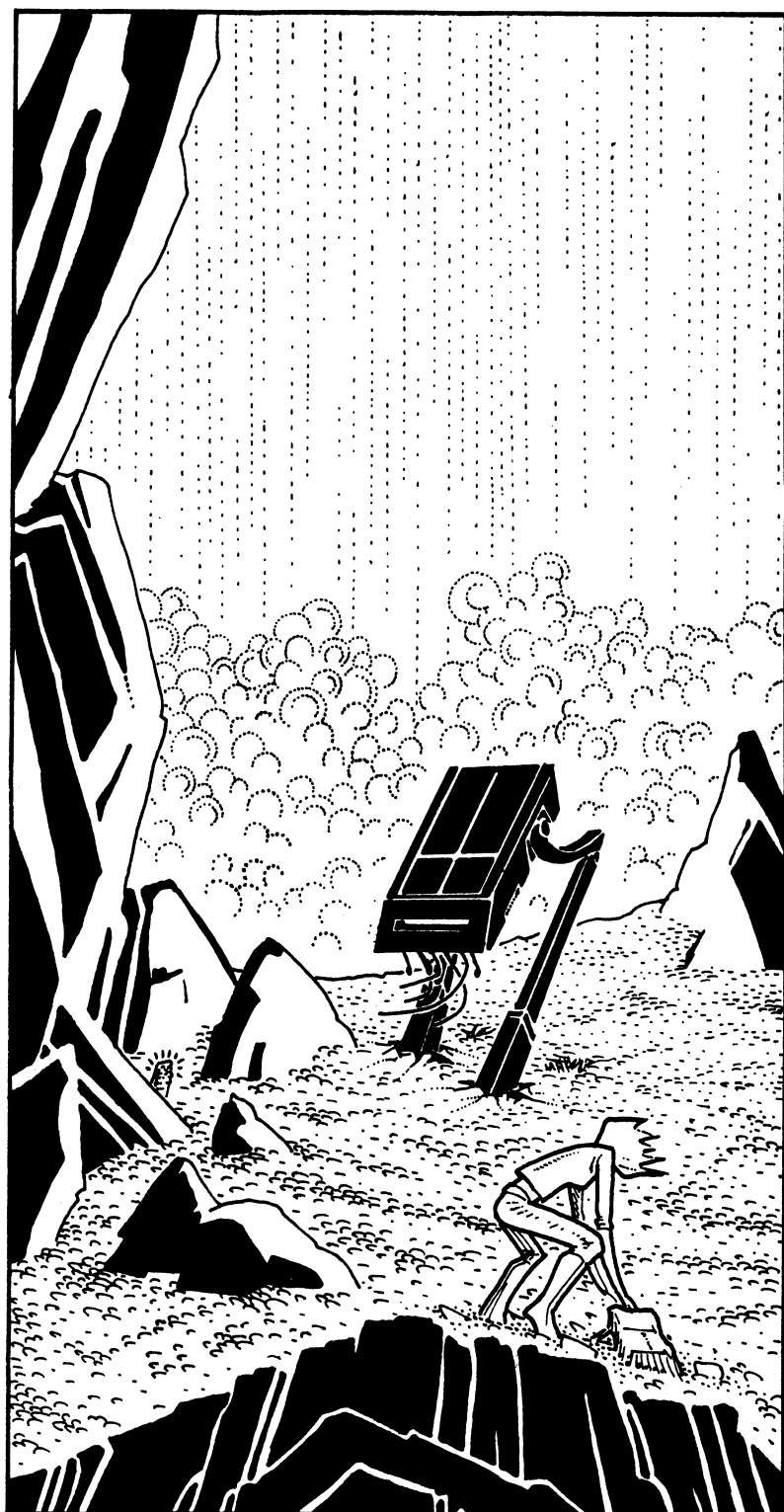


THE IMPACT OF ITS DROP ACTUALLY FRACTURED THE GROUND. THE SNIPER WAS WEARING A FORTRESS (I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE THE MODEL — FOR ALL I KNOW HE COULD HAVE BEEN A ROBODROID). HE WASTED NO TIME IGNORING ME AND DEPLOYED A SERIES OF OPTIC FIBERS IN GARVEY'S DIRECTION. THE POOR KID WAS WAILING WET. I MADE AN INSANE DASH FOR THE NEARBY RUINS OF OUR PICNIC SITE. I DON'T KNOW WHAT I HOPED TO FIND IN MY DISCARDED BACKPACK... I DON'T THINK ANYTHING SHORT OF AN ARMOR-PIERCING SHELL COULD'VE GOTTEN THE SNIPER'S ATTENTION. THE FOOD PACKETS, A FIRST-AID COMP.UNIT, THE NUKIBACHI MINI-STOVE, MY XENO-CODER, SEVEN RETURN SHUTTLE TICKETS AND A PEN-KNIFE, A FEW THERMOS SHARDS SCATTERED IN THE RUBBLE — A DISMAL SELECTION OF WEAPONRY.



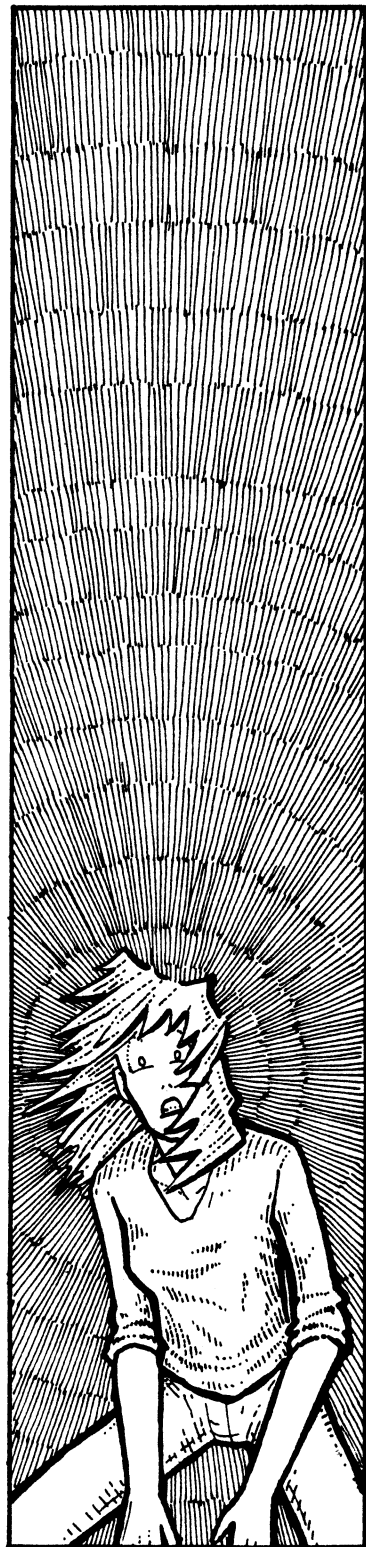
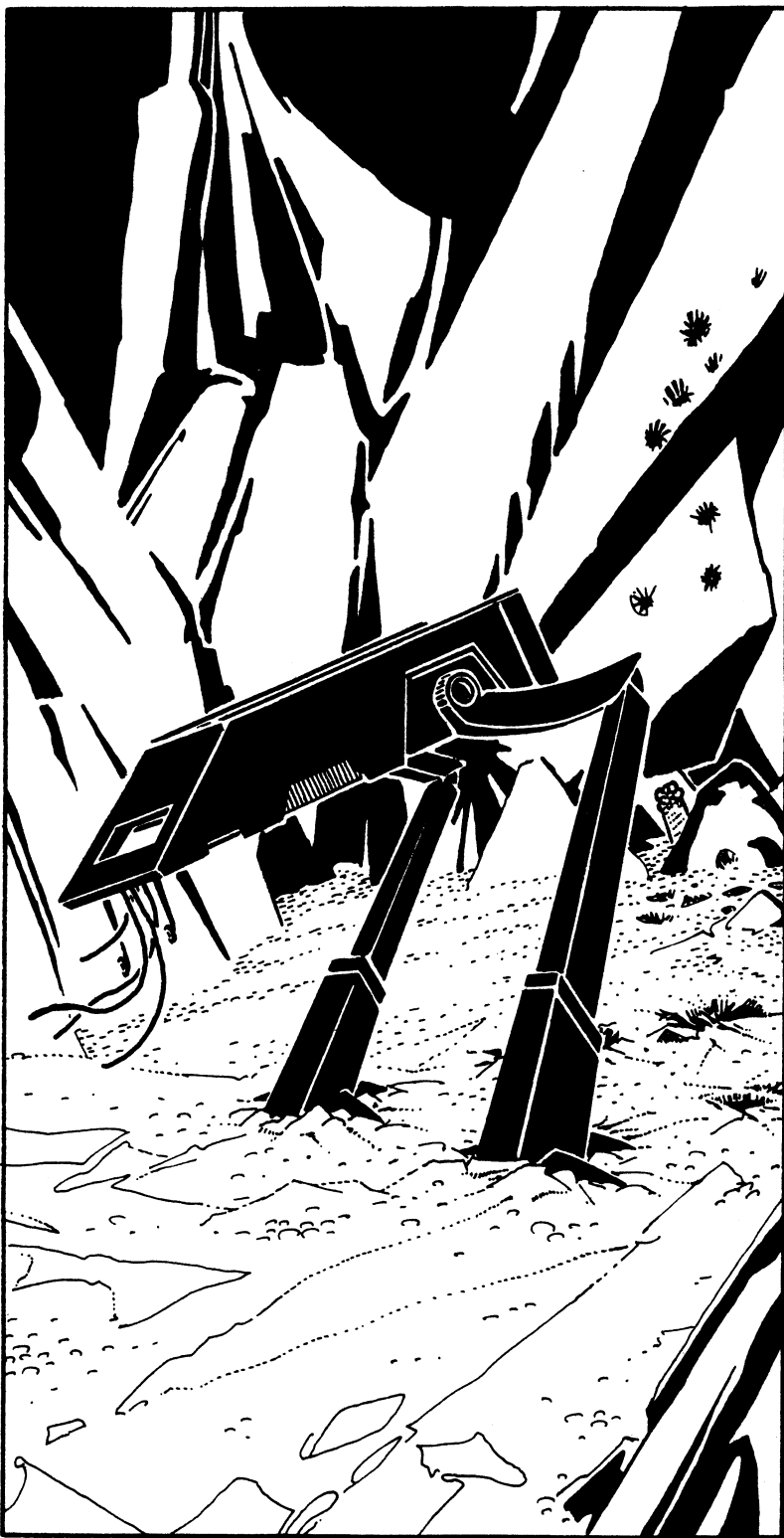
THE SNIPER WAS FOCUSING ITS ASSAULT ON THE MORTON-GRUBBER CHILD?

YES, THE SNIPER ONLY HAD EYES FOR THE KID, OR AT LEAST SO IT HAD SEEMED UP TO THAT POINT. THE OPTICAL TENDRILS GOT THEIR LENSES IN REAL CLOSE ON GARVEY... AND THEN APPEARED TO LOSE INTEREST IN THE CHILD. NOW—WITH ME WIDE OUT IN THE OPEN AND MY HANDS ENTANGLED IN THE USELESS CONTENTS OF MY BACKPACK—**NOW** HE HAD DECIDED TO NOTICE ME.

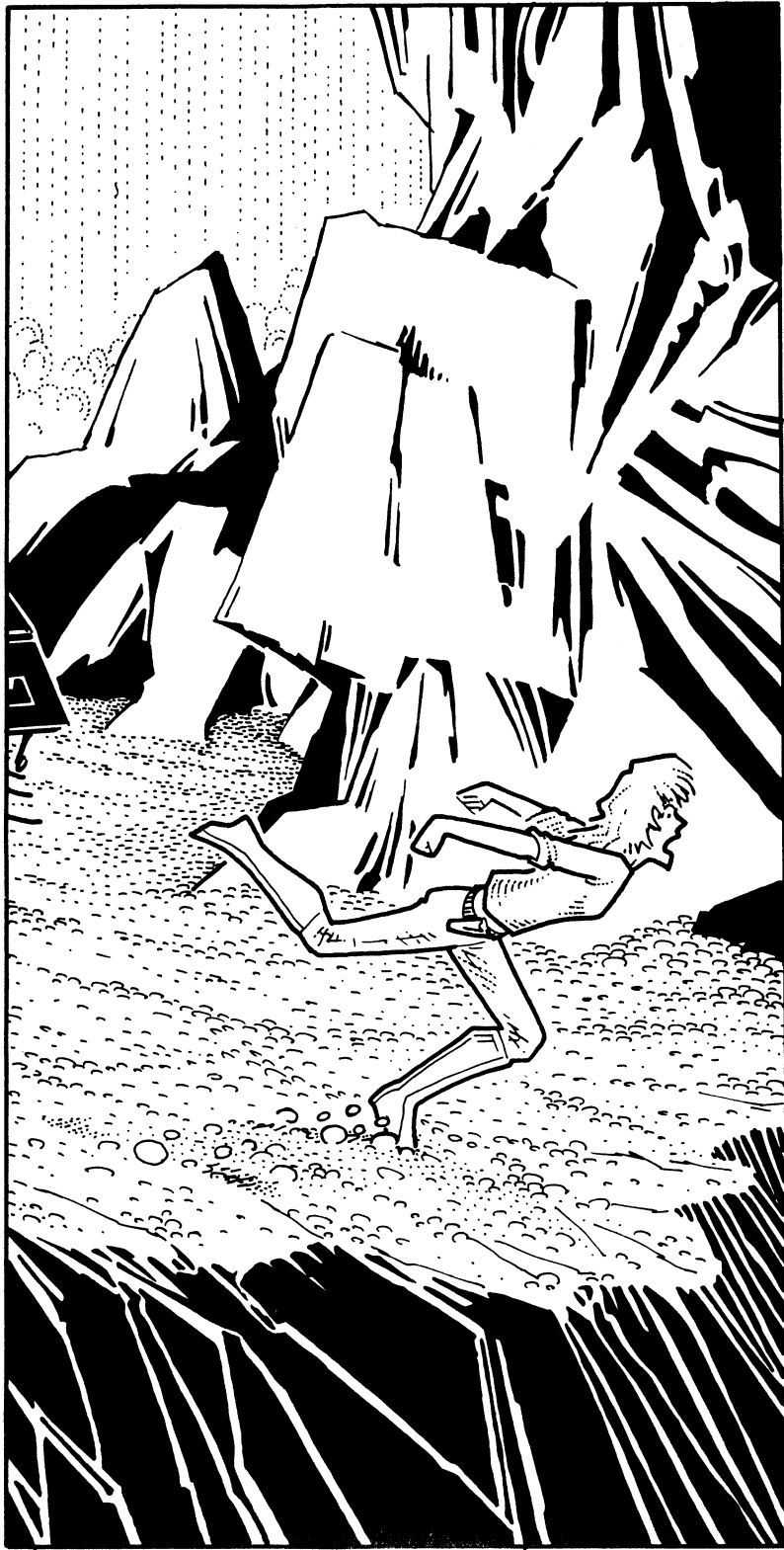
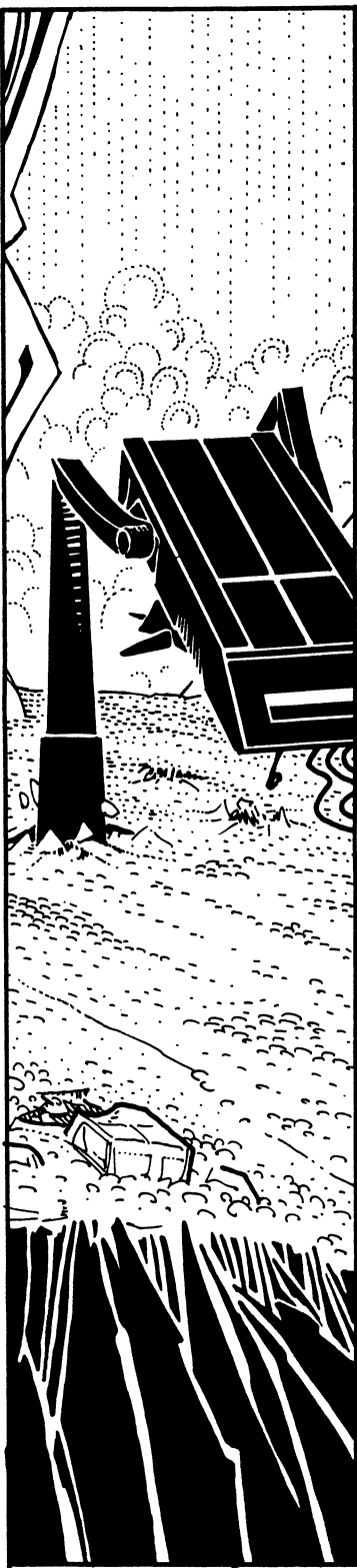




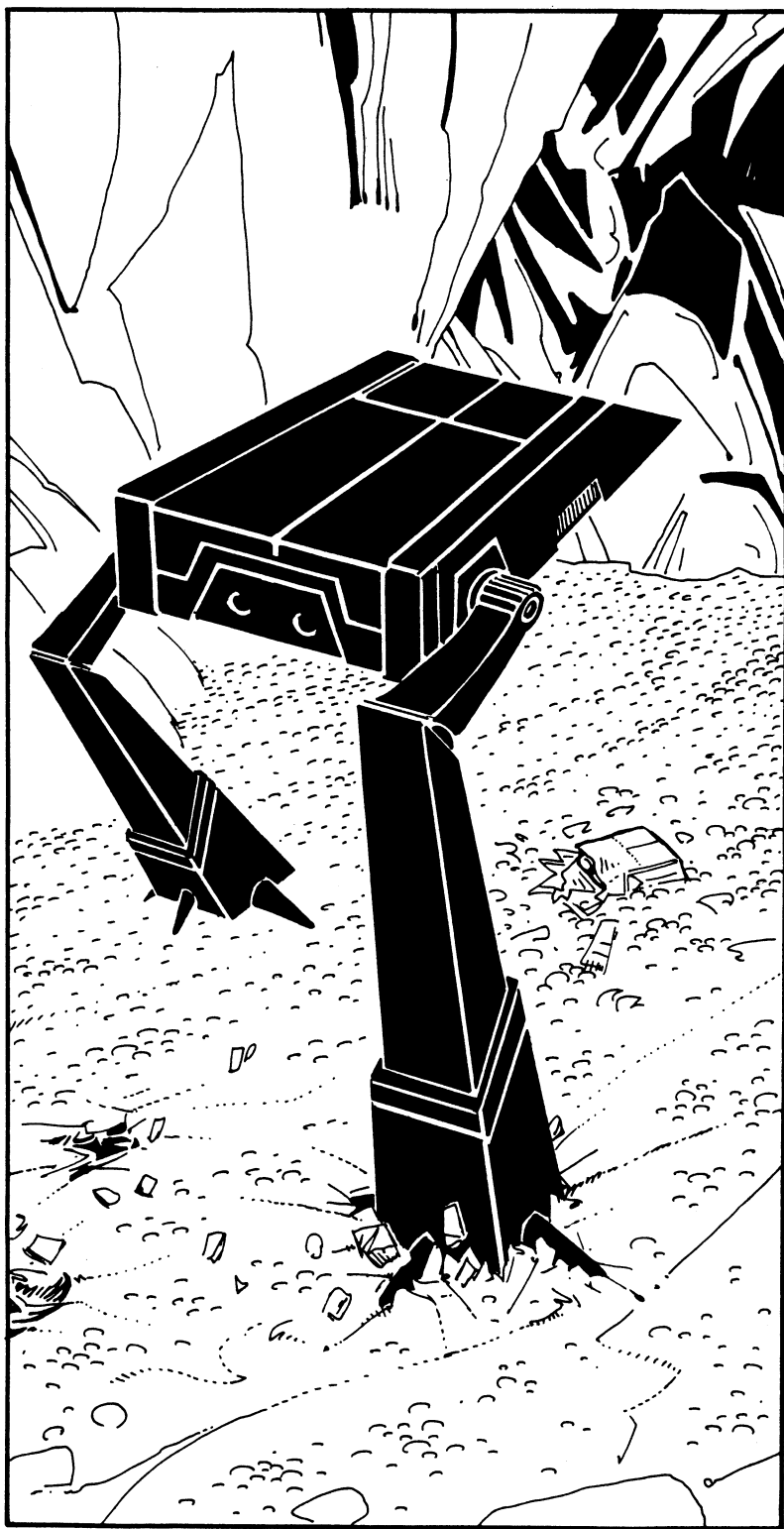
WE FACED EACH OTHER FOR A LONG MOMENT: SILENT FLESH AND MOTIONLESS METAL. FINALLY THE SNIPER'S OPTIC FIBERS STARTED TO BLINK, BREAKING THE HYPNOTIC INTERLUDE. IT TOOK A FORWARD STEP—I TOOK A DEEP BREATH. IT TOOK A SECOND STEP—I TOOK ANOTHER STEP. MY BRAIN REFUSED TO LET ME EXHALE.



AND SUDDENLY I WAS RUNNING, ALTHOUGH I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHERE I THOUGHT I WAS GOING. I COULD HEAR THE SNIPER'S BODY-ARMOR STOMPING IN PURSUIT... ANY SECOND I EXPECTED ONE OF HIS GUN BLASTS TO GO RIPPING THROUGH ME.



I RAN BLINDLY IN THE DIRECTION MY NOSE WAS POINTED. I RAN RIGHT OFF THE APEX, PITCHING INTO A RAVINE. AS I FELL, I COULD SEE THE SNIPER STORMING AFTER ME. THE LAST I SAW OF HIM, HE HAD REACHED THE PICNIC SITE RUBBLE IN HIS PURSUIT AND WAS STILL COMING.



I LANDED IN THE RAVINE AND THE ENTIRE FALLS-SIDE SHOOK WITH A LOUD CRACK. DAZED, WORRIED (NEEDLESSLY) ABOUT BROKEN BONES, EXPECTING THE DEATH-BLOW ANY SECOND—IT WAS A FEW MOMENTS BEFORE IT OCCURRED TO ME TO WONDER WHAT THE NOISE HAD BEEN. AND THE SMELL. I CAUTIOUSLY CRAWLED UP THE RAVINE'S INCLINE...



...TO DISCOVER THE PICNIC SITE HAD BECOME A LARGE CRATER SURROUNDED BY SNIPER PIECES.  
I WAS ALIVE... GARVEY WAS UNHURT...



... AND THE REST OF THE KIDS WERE STILL SAFE. FALLS SECURITY ARRIVED MOMENTARILY, ATTRACTED BY THE EXPLOSION. THEY TOOK CUSTODY OF THE CHILDREN, AND I FILLED OUT A REPORT-VID ON WHAT HAD HAPPENED. AND THAT'S HOW IT WAS.

HAVE YOU BEEN ABLE TO DETERMINE YET WHAT CAUSED THE EXPLOSION ?

ANALYSIS INDICATES AN EIGHTY-SEVEN PERCENT PROBABILITY THAT THE ASSASSIN STEPPED ON YOUR DISCARDED BACKPACK, CRUSHING THE NUKIBACHI'S FISSION POWER CELL. THIS RESULTED IN A SMALL SCALE NUCLEAR BLAST THAT DESTROYED THE ROBODROID.

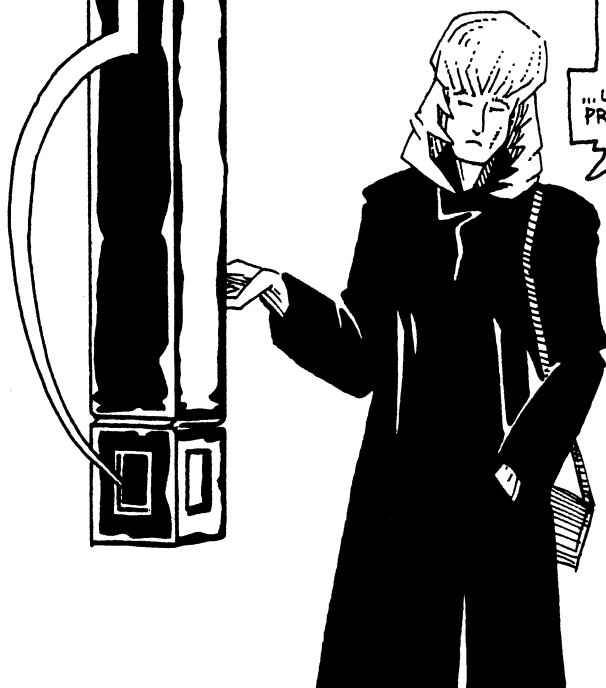
IT WAS A ROBOT ?

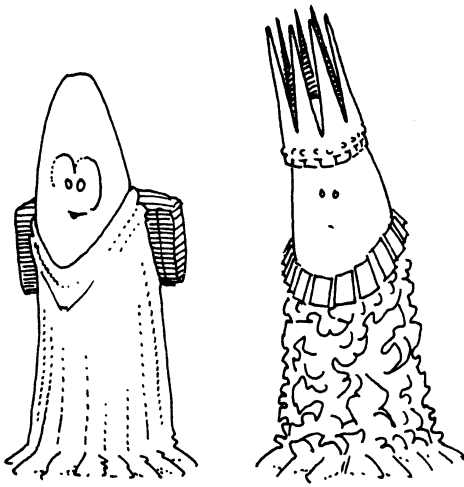
A NEBO KILLING MACHINE OF THE ROYAL COURT OF GRIFFINION, TO BE EXACT, MISS LLAMA.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND - I SAVED SIX CHILDREN FROM A ROBOT KILLER, AND I GET CALLED UP BEFORE AN INQUIRY BOARD.

THE ASSASSIN WAS SUPPOSED TO KILL THE PRINCE.

...WHAT PRINCE ?



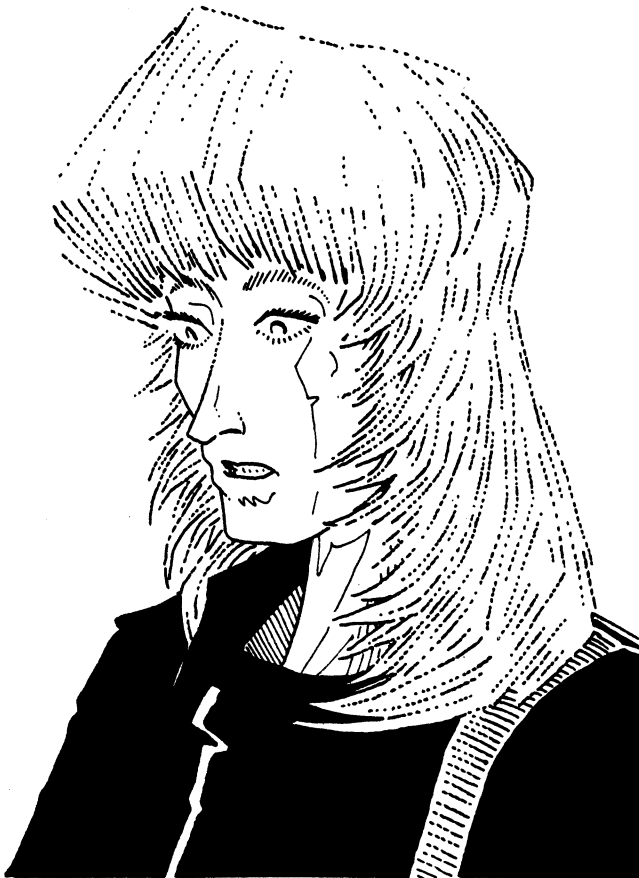


THE YOUNG GRIFFINION PRINCE WHO, AS A JOKE, HAD SWITCHED PLACES WITH THE GRIFFINION CHILD FROM THE INDUSTRIALIST GROUP. THE ROBODROID WAS NEVERTHELESS STILL ABLE TO TRACK HIM DOWN FOR ASSASSINATION.

YOU'RE TELLING ME THAT I'M UP ON CHARGES BECAUSE I PREVENTED THE ASSASSINATION OF A CHILD ?

BY GRIFFINION CUSTOM, ONCE THEIR PRINCE IS A CERTAIN AGE, HE IS KILLED. THIS IS HOW HE IS CROWNED KING. BY THIS MEANS, GRIFFINION REMAINS A MONARCHY, WHILE THEIR ACTUAL LOCAL GOVERNMENT IS ELECTED TO MEMBERSHIP IN THEIR ROYAL COURT.

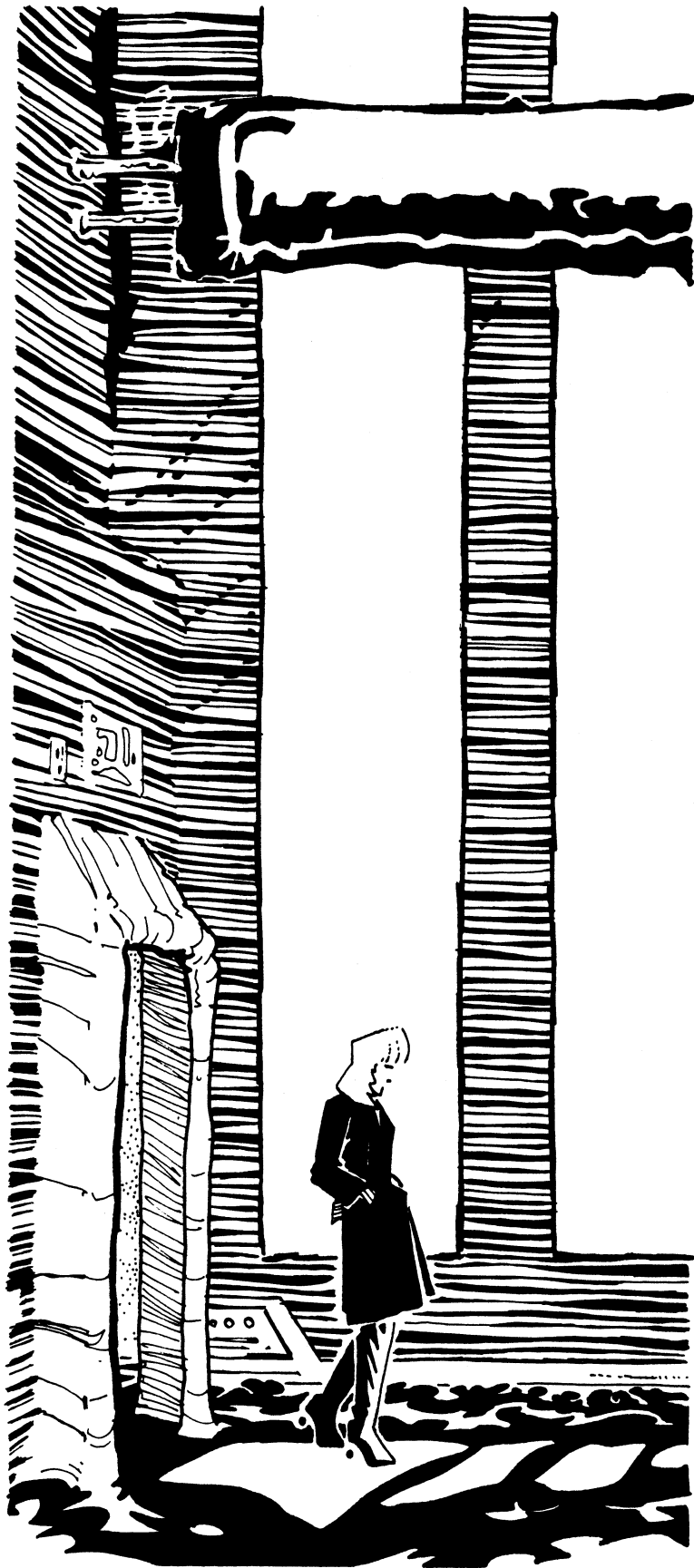
HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE KILLED?! THAT'S SICK !



IT IS THE OPINION OF  
THIS INQUIRY BOARD,  
MISS LLAMA, THAT  
YOU ARE NOT GUILTY  
OF INFRACTION OF  
INTERSTELLAR PACT  
122, PARAGRAPH 147.

BY YOUR ACCOUNT  
TODAY AND YOUR  
ON-FILE REPORT-VID,  
THE ROBODROID'S  
HOSTILITIES WERE  
DIRECTED AT THE  
GROUP AND NOT JUST  
THE GRIFFINION  
PRINCE (WHOSE  
IDENTITY, BY YOUR  
ACCOUNT, YOU WERE  
IGNORANT OF). THE  
ROBODROID MUST  
HAVE MALFUNCTIONED.  
PERHAPS THE  
RESONANCE OF THE  
FALLS DISRUPTED  
ITS S&D CIRCUITS.  
BUT IT WAS THROUGH  
NO ACTION OF YOURS  
THAT THE ROBODROID  
FAILED IN ITS  
ASSASSINATION  
ATTEMPT.

THIS BOARD ALSO  
FINDS YOU NOT  
DIRECTLY GUILTY OF  
THE DESTRUCTION  
OF SAID NEBO KILLING  
MACHINE AND  
THEREBY NOT LIABLE  
FOR ANY PENDING  
DAMAGE SUITS.





INNOCENT OR GUILTY, EITHER WAY IT'S A BLACK MARK ON MY PERMANENT RECORD. SIGH... USED TO BE YOU DID SOMETHING ETHICAL, NOBODY NOTICED... NOW SUCH BEHAVIOR IS BOUND TO GET YOU PUNISHED, THERE'S SO BLOODY MUCH CROSS-REFRING GOING ON WITH ALL THE INTERSTELLAR REGS THAT YOU COULD EASILY FIND A SITUATION WHERE MY BLINKING AN EYE WAS AN INFRINGEMENT ON SOME BEING'S INALIENABLE RIGHTS. THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH TRYING TO KEEP EVERYONE HAPPY—WHAT PACIFIES ONE MAJORITY, IS VERY LIABLE TO OFFEND ANOTHER MAJORITY. AN INDIVIDUAL CAN ONLY EXPECT TO SEE A VERY MINOR SHARE OF ANY "GREATER GOOD."



WELL, SOMEBODY SHOULD'VE TOLD ME THEY WERE SENDING AN ASSASSIN AFTER ONE OF THE KIDS IF THEY EXPECTED ME TO NOT GET INVOLVED... AND I DON'T THINK I'D HAVE LET THE KID BE KILLED THEN EITHER, ROYAL CUSTOMS OR NOT. BUREAUCRATIC MORALITY CAN BE SO CALLOUS, IT MAKES ME SICK. DAMMIT - I WILL NOT LET THEM MAKE ME FEEL BAD FOR SAVING A CHILD'S LIFE! I DID THE RIGHT THING.

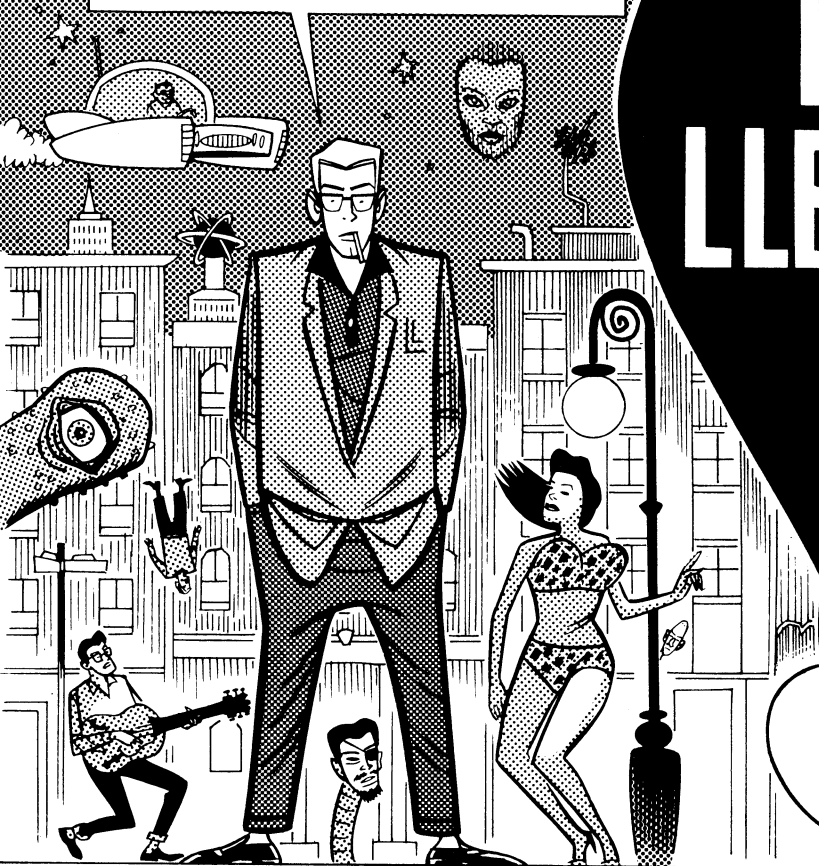
AND LANCE IS TRYING SO HARD TO CHEER ME UP.



I WONDER... SHOULD I WAIT UNTIL THIS EVENING TO LET HIM KNOW HE'S BEING SUCH A NICE GUY, OR SHOULD I JUMP HIS BONES HERE AND NOW .... ?

HMM...

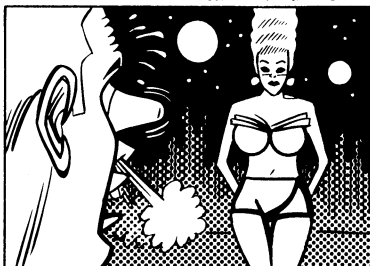
The city is a woman; a sultry, fickle goddess of stone and mortar; a crumbling Venus coarsely veiled in a cloak of steel, forever casting an icy shadow over all who cling too tightly to her bosom... not your ordinary whistle-bait. This is my city: *Endsville, The Naked Jungle, The Land of the Lost, A Town Called Trouble*. You can't miss it. All roads lead T here. Just follow the one paved with good intentions. They call me by many names: *The King of the Losers, The Chairman of the Bored, The Mayor of Lonely Street*. My friends call me Lloyd. You may call me *Mister Llewellyn*.



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—Art Black, AWAY FROM THE PULSEBEAT

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## ADVENTURES OF CAPT. JACK

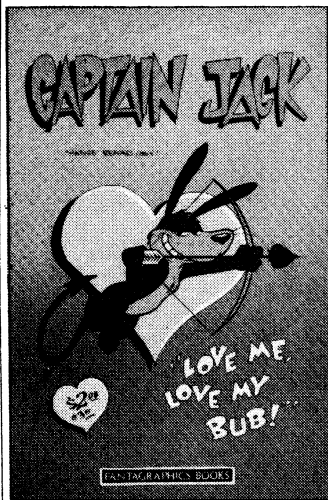
**Adventures of Captain Jack #3:** Part 2 of "Sat. Night": Herman and Beezlebug visit the netherworld.

**Adventures of Captain Jack #4:** Maniacal astronauts and a batty back-up strip.

**Adventures of Captain Jack #5:** "Farmer Fred, I'm In Love With Your Daughter" Part 1: Arrival on Janet's planet. (This is the one that drove the distributors nuts around the country.)

**Adventures of Captain Jack #6:** Part 2: Herman and Janet decide to go away together.

**Adventures of Captain Jack #7:** Part 3: Beezlebug intrudes in Herman and Janet's relationship.



**Adventures of Captain Jack #8:** A daring escape, the Captain in drag, and more.

**Adventures of Captain Jack #9:** Pool hustling with Saturated Fats, and the conclusion of the storyline!

**Adventures of Captain Jack #10:** Jack and the crew return to Detroit and discover lots of unpaid bills.

## CRITTERS

**Critters #4:** *Gnuff* and *Birthingright* continue, *Lionheart* premieres, and the first Ken Macklin cover painting!

**Critters #5:** *Birthingright* continues, the first *Gnuff* novel concludes (with a cover), plus Stan Sakai's *Nilson Groundthumper*!

**Critters #6:** *Usagi Yojimbo* tale with cover, *Birthingright* concludes, and the first *Firecracker Jack* by Mark Armstrong!

**Critters #8:** *Jack Bunny* by cover artist Mark Armstrong, Templeton Kelly tribute, and *Lionheart* begins.

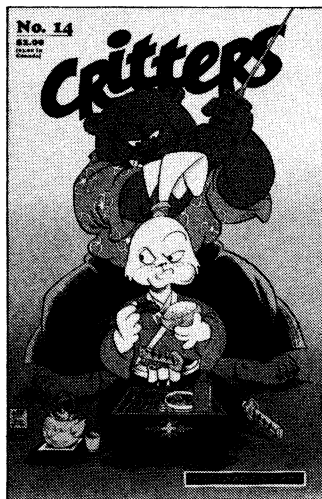
**Critters #9:** Halloween issue with *Gnuff* behind a mask, *Lionheart*'s nightmare, and *Dog Boy*.

**Critters #10:** *Usagi Yojimbo* cover! story, plus *Gnuff* and *Lionheart*.

**Critters #12:** *Birthingright* returns, plus Waller/Worley, and Sam Kieth!

**Critters #13:** *Gnuff* cover, plus *Birthingright* and Mark Armstrong.

**Critters #14:** *Usagi Yojimbo* story and cover, plus *Birthingright* and *Gnuff*.



**Critters #15:** *Blue Beagle* and *Fission Chicken*, and *Birthingright* races on!

**Critters #16:** *Gnuff* ends, another *Nilson Groundthumper* story by Sakai, and *Birthingright*!

**Critters #17:** *Lionheart* returns, plus the conclusion of *Birthingright*.

**Critters #18:** *Leggo Lamb* by Jim Engel premieres. Also, the conclusion to *Lionheart*, and *Blue Beagle*.

**Critters #19:** *Gnuff* returns, plus *Sam and Max*, *Freelance Police*, *Lizards*, and *Fission Chicken*.

**Critters #20:** *SpeakingStone* by Waller/Worley, *Gnuff* and *Fission Chicken*.

**Critters #21:** More *Gnuff*, *Lizards*, *Fission Chicken*—32 pages worth—plus a Sam Kieth cover!

**Critters #22:** *Watchmen* cover parody for *Blue Beagle* story, plus *Gnuff*, *Fission Chicken*, and *Ambrose*.

**Critters #23:** Christmas issue with *Gnuff*, *Lizards*, *Fission Chicken*, *Lionheart*, as well as strips by Marc

Schirmeister, Sam Kieth, Tim Fuller, Mike Kazaleh, Bob Conway, Ty Templeton and Anthony Van Bruggen—plus a flexidisc with songs performed by Templeton & Alan Moore!

**Critters #24:** *Gnuff* continues, plus *Lizards* and *Fission Chicken*.

**Critters #25:** The return of *Lionheart*, plus *Gnuff* and *Angst*.

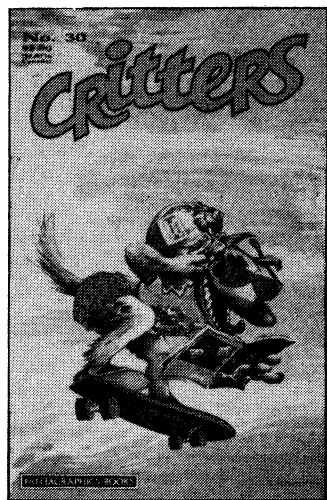
**Critters #26:** *Angst* cover by Van Horn, plus *Gnuff* and *Lionheart*.

**Critters #27:** Stan Sakai cover and Nilson Groundthumper story, plus *Lionheart* and *Fission Chicken*.

**Critters #28:** *Blue Beagle* in a Miami Vice/Coke parody, plus *Lionheart* and *Fission Chicken*.

**Critters #29:** The climax to *Lionheart*, plus *Lizards* and *Fission Chicken*, and a one-page *Captain Jack*.

**Critters #30:** Mark Martin cover and story, plus *Angst*, and *Gnuff* returns in the "The Big Sneeze."



**Critters Special #1—Nilson Groundthumper and Hermie:** Both the *Albedo* stories, plus a new 10-page strip!

## DOG BOY

**Dog Boy #1:** Journey off into surreal experiences with "Werewolf Bikers" and more!

**Dog Boy #2:** Sir Isaac Newton guest stars as reality unravels.

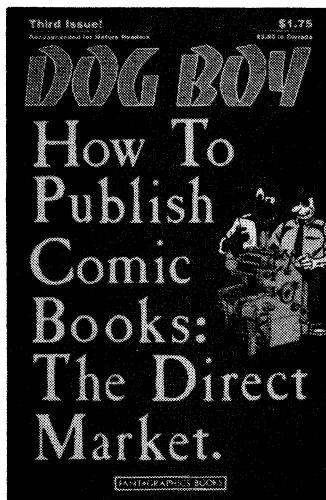
**Dog Boy #3:** *Dog Boy* shows how to publish your own comic book.

**Dog Boy #4:** *Dog Boy* goes to Hell, plus *Dog Girl* invades the White House. Guest starring Reagan!

**Dog Boy #5:** An experiment misfires, and Dog Boy and Benb combine to form... Dogb! Oh no!

**Dog Boy #6:** "Drinkin' Man's Blues," with a striking painted cover.

**Dog Boy #7:** Jazzy issue exploring Dog Boy's multiple personalities!



**Dog Boy #8:** Alfred Knoot starts a new newspaper, Dog Girl goes graffiti-crazy, and more!

**Dog Boy #9:** Dancing with the cats, Dog Girl in jail, Benb goes crazy!

**Dog Boy #10:** The epic conclusion of the saga! Breathtaking lunacy!

#### HUGO

**Hugo #1:** Milton (*Midnite*) Knight's feline "Meets the Baron."

**Hugo #2:** Hugo becomes a cartoonist and gets into deep trouble.

**Hugo #3:** Hugo is abducted by mermaids and fights sharks.

#### MYRON MOOSE

**Myron Moose Funnies #1:** Lots of goofy snot jokes, plus parodies of Dr. Seuss and Uncle Wiggly books.

**Myron Moose Funnies #2:** Parodies Batman, Mickey Mouse, Spirit, more.

**Myron Moose Funnies #3:** "Comic Book Fans," and more silly snot.

#### USAGI YOJIMBO

**Usagi Yojimbo #1 (2nd printing):** Usagi journeys tells how he became a samurai. Plus: Dennis Fujitake!

**Usagi Yojimbo #2:** Usagi goes into training and has his first duel.

**Usagi Yojimbo #3:** The continuation of "Samurai," and a "Croakers" strip by Don Dougherty.

**Usagi Yojimbo #4:** The conclusion to Usagi's origin, and the first half of a penguin strip by Gary Kato.

**Usagi Yojimbo #5:** A one-issue tale of silk, treachery, and greed, and the end of the penguin tale by Kato.

**Usagi Yojimbo #6:** Usagi vs. a water elemental, plus two more Usagi tales!

**Usagi Yojimbo #7:** Usagi makes a friend, plus Phil Yeh!

**Usagi Yojimbo #8:** A difficult assignment for Usagi, plus Tom Luth's "Rockhoppers."

**Usagi Yojimbo #9:** The return of the Blind Swordspig, plus a tale by Todd Kurosawa.

**Usagi Yojimbo #10:** "Blade of the Gods," plus a Usagi/Leonardo the T-M-N-Turtle tale by Peter Laird!

#### BOOKS, MAGAZINES, AND OTHER STUFF

**Usagi Yojimbo Book One:** Every *Usagi Yojimbo* story before *Usagi #1* collected in one handy 160-page volume, with a new Stan Sakai cover.

**Amazing Heroes #9:** Behind the scenes of DC's *Captain Carrot* comic with Scott Shaw! and Roy Thomas. Plus a funny-animal pictorial.

**Amazing Heroes #42:** Funny-animal issue with Joshua Quagmire cover and interview. Plus: Arn Saba on Neil the Horse and Dave Sim on Cerebus!

**Amazing Heroes #111:** Ty Templeton (of *Critters*) interviewed. It's funny.

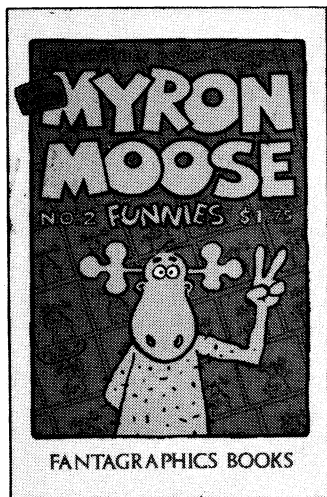
**Amazing Heroes #129:** Interviews with Steven A. Gallacci and Freddy Milton, "Why I Draw Funny Animals" by various, the new *Mighty Mouse* show, plus more!

**The Comics Journal #73:** Carl Barks featured, with long retrospective.

**The Comics Journal #82-83:** Mammoth interview with Dave (*Cerebus* the Aardvark) Sim.

**The Comics Journal #99:** Big interview with Arn (*Neil the Horse*) Saba.

**The Comics Journal #120:** Disney issue; interviews with Floyd Gottfredson, Ward Kimball, and Art Babbitt.



**Anything Goes! #3:** Featuring a full-color Captain Jack story by Mike Kazaleh, Cerebus vignette by Dave Sim, and Cerebus cover by Neal Adams.

**Anything Goes! #6:** Cover painting by Stan Sakai of Usagi Yojimbo, worth the cover price.

**NEMO #21:** 28 pages of Jack Kent's classic *King Aroo* strip—a treat for classic funny-animal lovers!

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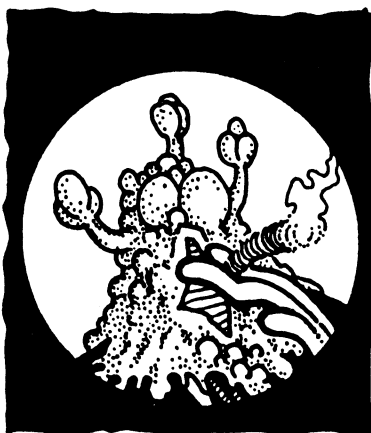


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