

\$1.25
1994E
#3

QUACK!

DUCKS?!

WHO CARES?

HELP!

**THE
BEAVERS**
BY DAVE SIM

SIM
&
LEIPOLDT



22 March 1977
Hayward, CA

Welcome again.

Please note that after late June of 1977 that we'll be moving Star*Reach Productions down to the San Diego area. You'll be informed of an exact address in the first set of new releases after the move. Hopefully our regular production schedule won't be interrupted.

We've been able to put this issue together a bit faster, just three months after the last one. I hope we can continue at this pace.

This is an active month. Along with this issue, STAR*REACH No. 8 and PUDGE, GIRL BLIMP No. 3 are being released. I'd like to make a particular plug for PUDGE, my personal favorite comic book. One presumes that you're reading this issue because you're out for chuckles and thrills. If so, then you're definitely gonna enjoy PUDGE. Artist/writer Lee Marrs has developed a character universally loved (look, I'm male and skinny as a guitar neck and I identify with her) and presents it in an art style that's all its own. There's nobody in the world who draws like Lee and I'm particularly proud to be publishing this, her great contribution to American folk art.

(See, Stan, see, Jenette, I can lay on the hype as well as anyone!)

When I started writing these editorials three years back I promised myself I wouldn't be so stupid as to publish advance information unless I was sure the news would be correct later on. Well, I've done it. There's no duck story from Frank Brunner this issue, as I promised last time, nor is there likely to be one for the near future. Frank's been waylaid by a maurading Cimmerian barbarian for the nonce and it's more than reckless to guess when advanced silliness will strike him again and he presents his "ultimate duck story".

However, you must've noticed by now that we've got a whole flock of ducks for you this issue anyway, though not quite the way you've ever seen them before. It started first with Mike Gilbert's idea for a "Duck Death" story, then coincidentally Ted Richards came up with this mad-doctor duck (a "quack", naturally) and when Dave Sim submitted his "Beavers" strip, I knew there was a trend here. So quickly I commissioned a cover from Dave and — er — smoothed the feathers of Steve Leialoha (who's originally been cajoled into doing another Rabbit Wonder story for the cover) by allowing him to ink and color the cover, as well as do the back cover.

Scott Shaw and Ken Macklin contribute stories which have nothing to do with ducks, which may be all to the good, considering the treatment they're getting elsewhere in this issue.

Another promise I made myself, broken too many times already, is to keep the deadline pressure away. Well, it's 2 a.m. and this is due at the typesetter's at noon and I need some sleep. See you in three months.



QUACK No. 3 is published by Star*Reach Productions, P.O. Box 385, Hayward, CA 94543; Mike Friedrich, editor and publisher. ©1977 Star*Reach Productions. World Rights Reserved. Front cover art and the story "The Beavers" ©1977 Dave Sim. Back cover art and the story "The Rabbit Wonder Meets The Barbarian Bunny" ©1977 Steve Leialoha. "E.Z. Wolf: The Case of the Missing Quack" ©1977 Ted Richards. "The Wraith: Duck Death" ©1977 Michael Gilbert. "The Deserter" ©1977 Ken Macklin. "You-All Gibbon: On the Trail of Pigfoot" ©1977 Scott Shaw. Address all inquiries c/o Star*Reach Productions.

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ANY SIMILARITY TO REAL PERSONS, LIVING OR DEAD (or real animals), EXCEPT FOR THE PURPOSES OF SATIRE, IS COINCIDENTAL.

THE BEAVERS

I DON'T SEE HOW SOMEONE WITH YOUR SENSE OF HUMOUR CAN THINK IT'S *NOT* FUNNY...



I MEAN, THE IDEA OF A DUCK IN THE WORLD OF HUMANS WOULD KILL ME EVEN IF THE STORY *WASN'T* FUNNY...



LIKE HERE WHERE THE MARTIAN NECTARINE IS COMING FOR HIM...

FUNNY, Y'KNOW?

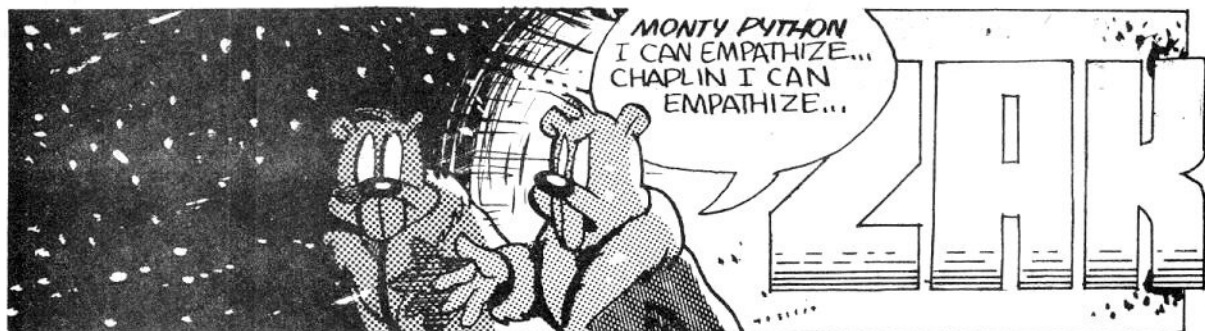
NO! DON'T! PLEASE!



BUT WHERE'S THE *EMPATHY*? YOU CAN ONLY LAUGH IF IT'S REAL ENOUGH TO *EMPATHIZE* WITH....

WAAK!

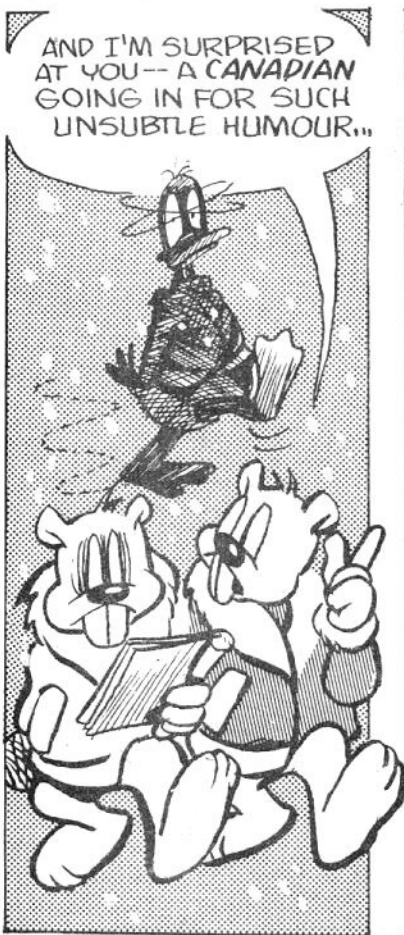




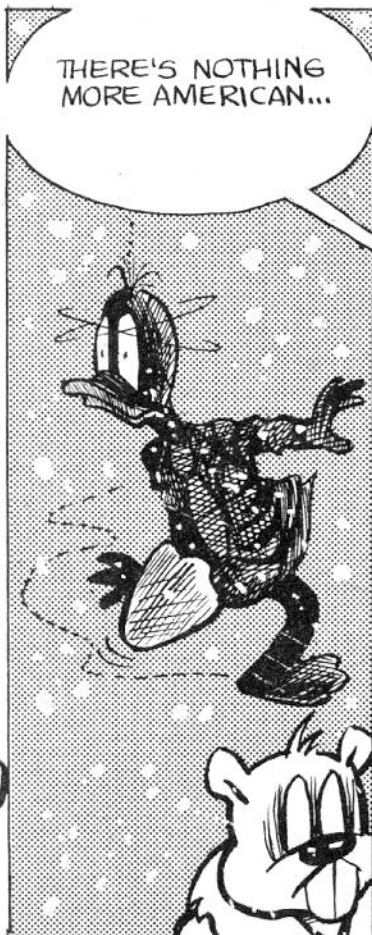
WHAT SORT OF MORON
WOULD FIND *HUMOUR*
IN A DUCK BEING
ZAPPED BY A PIECE
OF *FRUIT*?



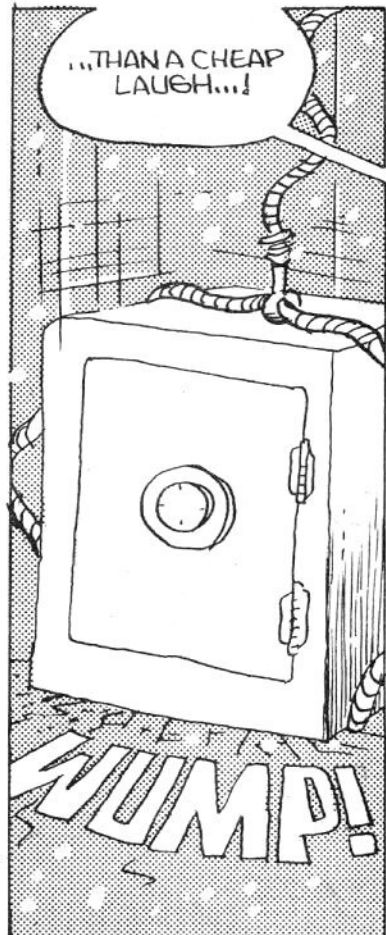
AND I'M SURPRISED
AT YOU-- A *CANADIAN*
GOING IN FOR SUCH
UNSUBTLE HUMOUR...



THERE'S NOTHING
MORE AMERICAN...



...THAN A CHEAP
LAUGH...!

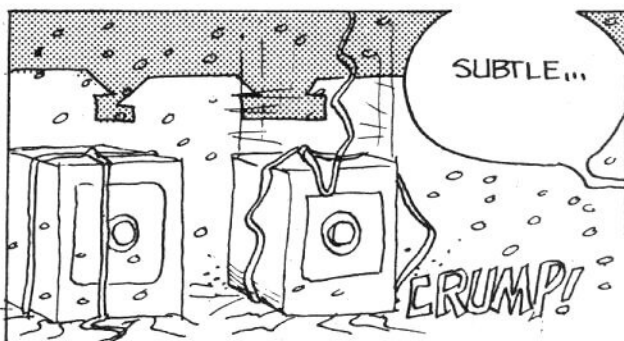




FORTUNATELY,
CANADA ISN'T
LIKE THAT...OUR
HUMOURISTS
USE SOPHISTICATED
HUMOUR



STEPHEN
LEACOCK IS A
GOOD EXAMPLE



SUBTLE...

CRUMP!



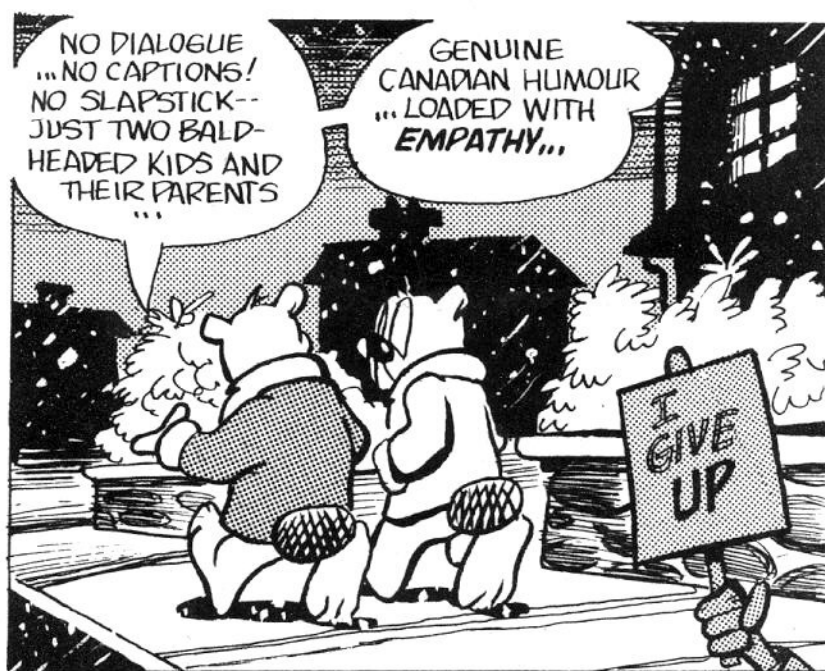
OUR CARTOONISTS
HAVE ALWAYS
BEEN SUBTLE
TOO...

...TERRY MOSHER
SID (MILD, ISN'T IT?)
BARRON, ROY
PETERSON...

DENISE



...DOUG WRIGHT!
ONCE A WEEK IN THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE,
A CLASSIC STRIP...



NO DIALOGUE
...NO CAPTIONS!
NO SLAPSTICK--
JUST TWO BALD-
HEADED KIDS AND
THEIR PARENTS

GENUINE
CANADIAN HUMOUR
...LOADED WITH
EMPATHY...

I GIVE UP

IT IS IMPORTANT
THAT AS CANADIAN
COMIC CHARACTERS
WE ARE PART OF A
HISTORY OF PANEL
ART SOPHISTICATION
AND EXCELLENCE.

IT IS A GREAT
HONOUR AND A
RESPONSIBILITY
...

YESSIR...

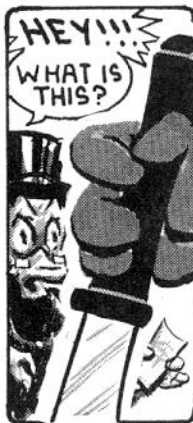
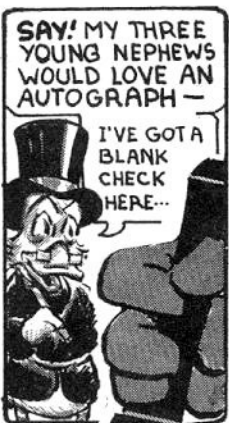
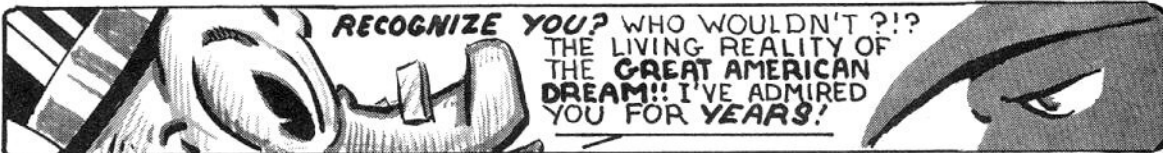
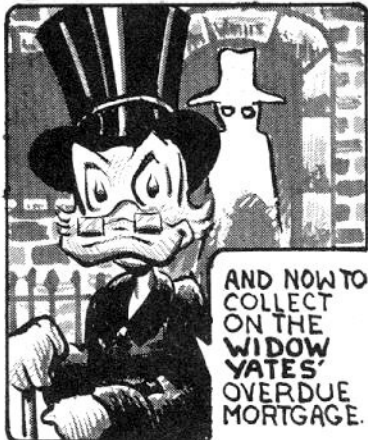
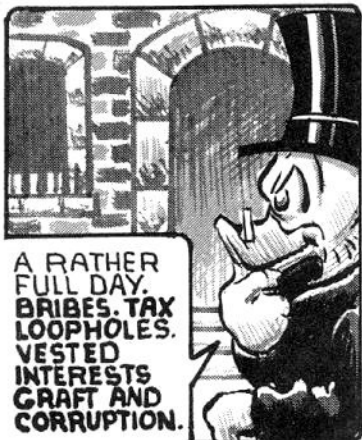
AND WITH
ENOUGH TASTE
AND JUDGEMENT
...

WE CAN
MAINTAIN
THAT TRADITION
FOR MANY YEARS
TO COME!

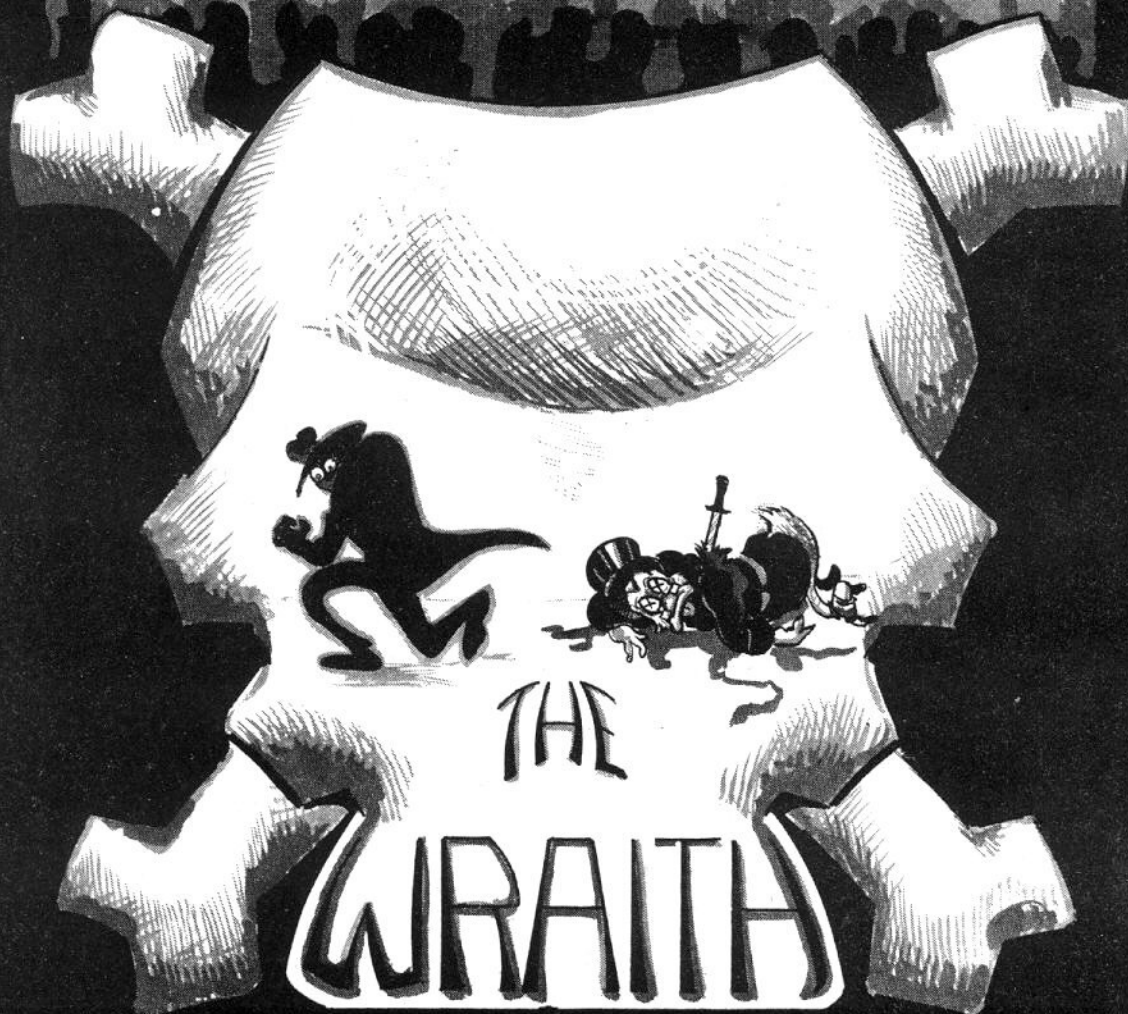
SIM
4/7

FIN

INTRO-DUCK-TION

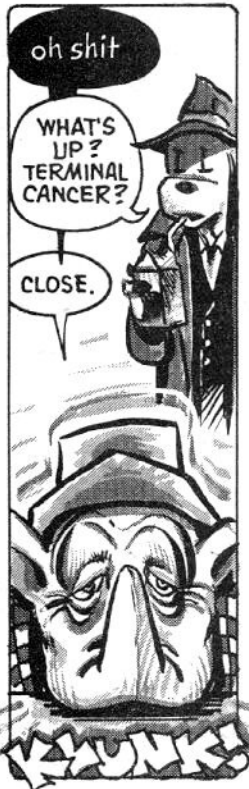


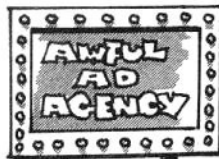
D U C K



© 1977 MICHAEL T. GILBERT ²¹

D E A T H

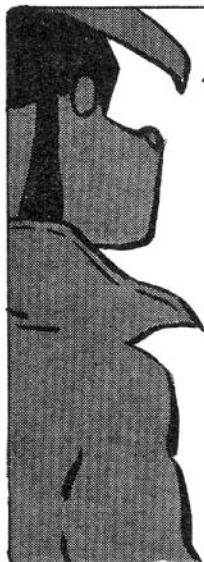




EXCUSE ME, I'M
HERE TO SEE
STAN FLEA ABOUT ...

YOU A BILL
COLLECTOR? NO.

DOOR'S OPEN,
CHARLIE.



MR FLEA? I'M...

THE WRATH, RIGHT?

WRAITH,
NOT WRATH.

EXCELSIOR! CALL ME
STAN. CALL ME GREAT.

CALL ME ANY-
THING, ONLY
DON'T CALL
ME LATE TO
SUPPER, OK?

Ah, WHAT'S
IN A NAME,
eh, WRATH?

WRAITH:
HMM...

WELCOME TO THE AWFUL AD
AGENCY, EFFENDI. LET ME SHOW
YOU AROUND THE PLACE. SAY,
YOU WOULDN'T BE INTERESTED
IN SQUID FLAVORED DOUCHE,
WOULD YOU? GREAT STUFF!

WELL DIS
MUS' BE
DE PLACE...

DID YOU
HEAR A
'SPLAT'
BACK THERE,
WRAITH?

NAH. YOUR
IMAGINATION'S
WORKING
OVERTIME,
KID.

ONE OF
OUR NEW
ACCOUNTS.

JOHN-BABY, THE DELICIOUS DOUCHE ACCOUNT
WANTS A 40 - PAGE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET
FOR THEIR NEW SQUID-FLAVORED DOUCHE.
THEY WANT QUALITY. THEY WANT INTENSITY.
THEY WANT IT BY 4:00.

CREATIVE
GROUP

YOU WANT ME
TO DO 40 PAGES
OF DETAILED
ART, SINGLE-
HANDEDLY,
BY 4:00?

HEY,
THERE'S
JAZZY
JONNY,
OUR ART
DIRECTOR.

HACK! HACK! HACK!
REDUNDANT BRBS

I'LL START ON
IT RIGHT AFTER
LUNCH, STAN.

REMEMBER,
DON'T DO IT
RIGHT, DO IT
TUESDAY.

NICE
BOOBS,
KID.

HEY!

Ahem...
AS I WAS
SAYING...

CREEP

AND NOW DOWN TO
BUSINESS, FRANTIC ONE.
WITH ALL THESE DUCK
KILLINGS GOING ON, I'M
WORRIED ABOUT PROTECTING
OUR STAR MODEL -- WE'VE
GOT A MULTI-MILLION-
DOLLAR CAMPAIGN
BASED ON HIM.

WHO IS THIS
WUNDERKIND?

HARVARD THE DUCK,
OF COURSE... AND...

SAY! I'VE BEEN
LOOKING FOR A
FRESH FACE TO
STAR IN A NEW
DOUCHE CAMPAIGN
BASED ON A SUPER-
HERO MOTIF (A
THROWBACK FROM
A PREVIOUS JOB).

SQUID
DOUCHE?

IKK

SOMETHING LIKE...
"DELICIOUS -- THE
SUPER-DOUCHE!"

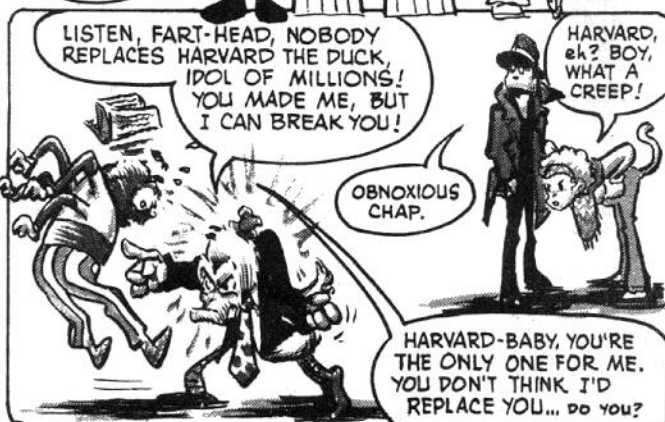
?

AND
GUESS
WHO
THAT
NEW
FACE
IS...?

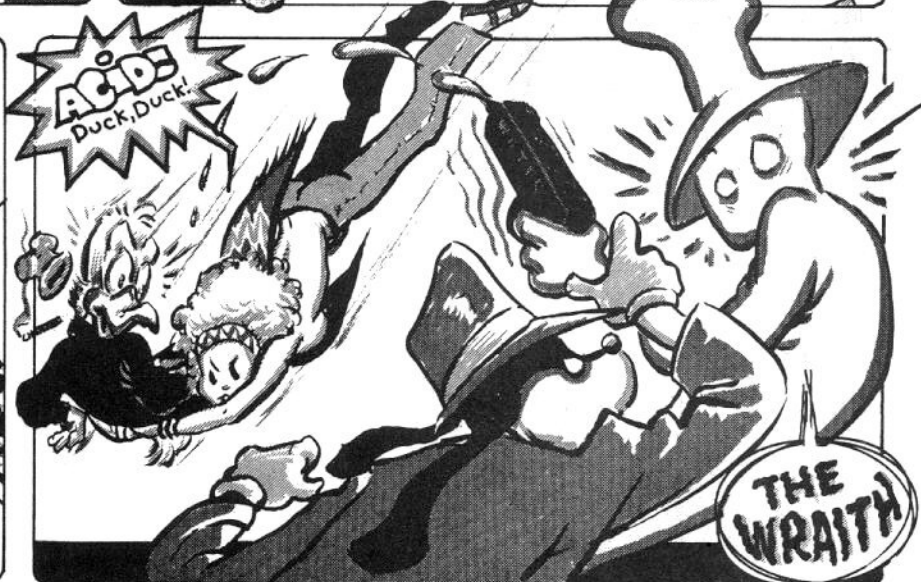
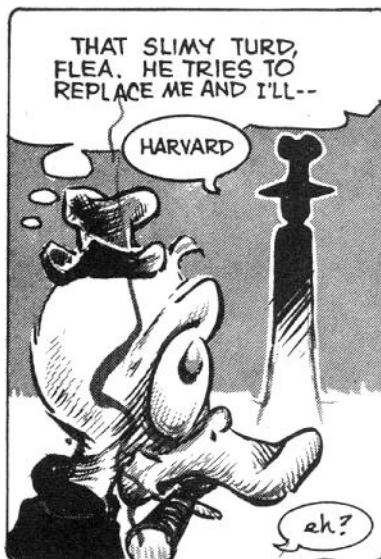


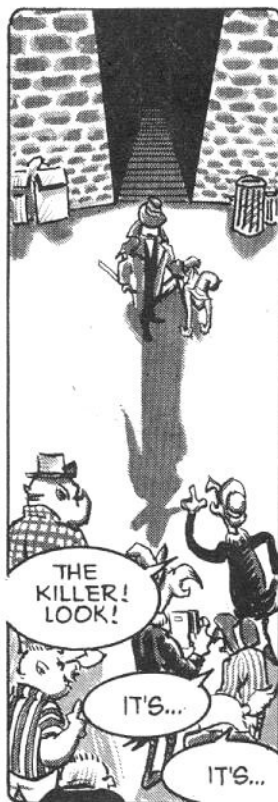
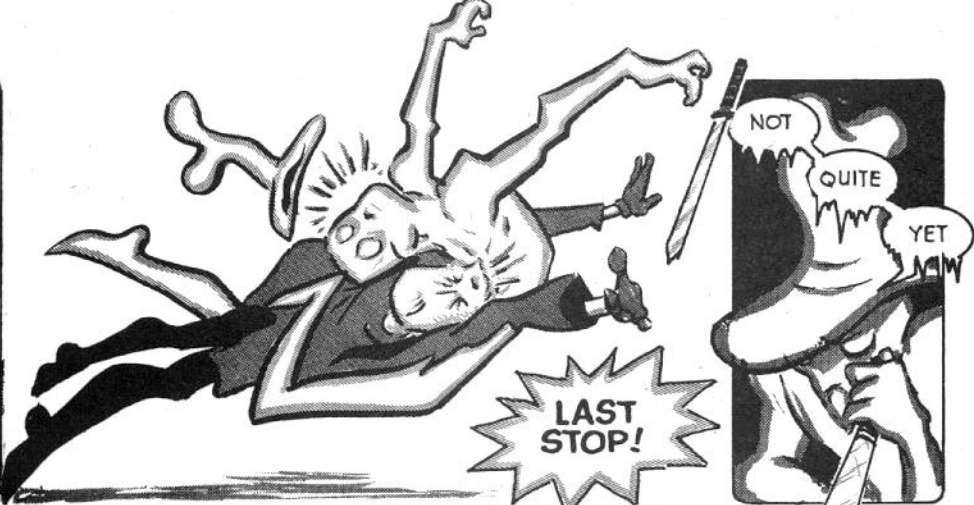
HACK! HACK! HACK!
REDUNDANT BRBS













I AM THE HORATIO
ALGER OF THE
POULTRY WORLD.



MINE IS THE STORY
OF THE GREAT
AMERICAN DREAM...
POOR BOY MAKES
GOOD, AND ALL THAT.



I STARTED SELLING
SOUTHERN FRIED
COCKROACHES IN THE
BACK OF MY TRUCK.



SOON IT BRANCHED
OUT INTO A MULTI-
BILLION DOLLAR
ENTERPRISE. PEOPLE
LOVED THE GREASY
STUFF.



THE NAME OF CHICKEN...
COLONEL CHICKEN...
BECAME SYNONYMOUS
WITH **FOOD, FAME**
AND **GROSS PROFITS!**



DUCKS!



DUCKS ON THE TV,
DUCKS IN THE COMICS,
MOVIES & RADIO!
DISCO - DUCKS...
DONALD - DUCKS...
RUBBER - DUCKS...



DUCKS TO THE RIGHT,
DUCKS TO THE LEFT,
EVERYONE WAS
DUCK-CONSCIOUS.
INFERNAL CREATURES!



WITHIN MONTHS,
NO ONE WAS
TALKING CHICKEN...
THINKING CHICKEN...
BUYING CHICKEN!



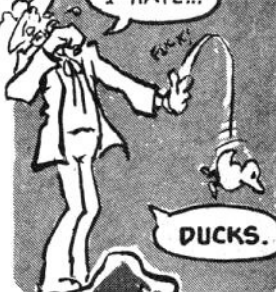
THE NAME OF
COL. CHICKEN FADED
FROM THE SCENE.
MULTI-BILLION
FRIED COCKROACH
FRANCHISES... **GONE.**

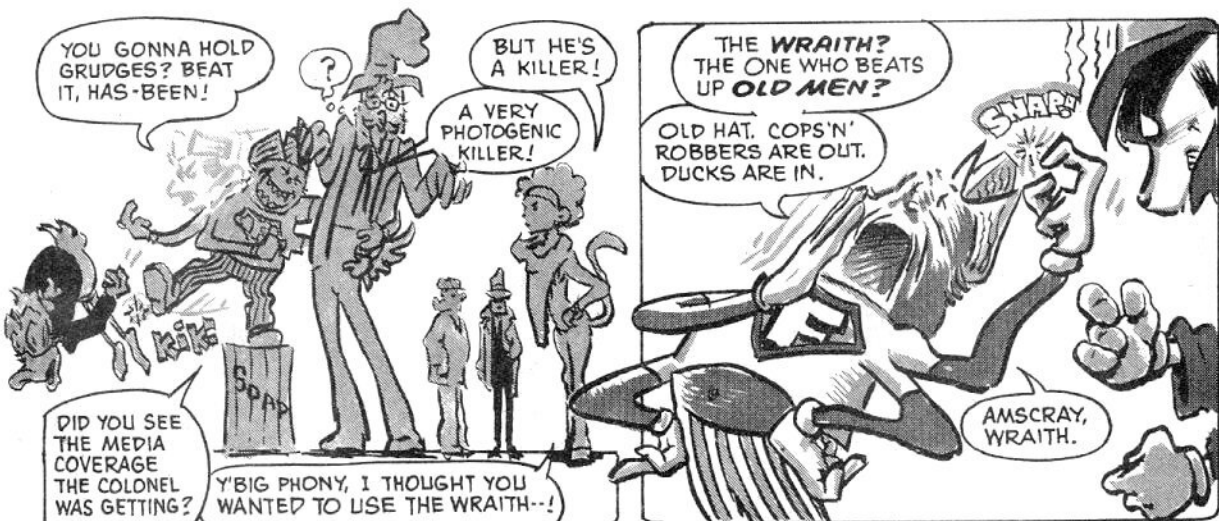


BECAUSE OF **DUCKS!**
PENNILESS, SENILE,
EMBITTERED, IS IT ANY
WONDER THAT I SOUGHT
REVENGE ON THOSE
FOWL CREATURES?



AND THAT, MY
FRIENDS...
IS WHY...
I HATE...





E.Z. WOLF AS WOLFJACK

IN THE CASE OF THE MISSING QUACK

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THE DAY BEGAN INNOCENTLY ENOUGH. IT WAS RAINING, AND SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE A DOG WAS BARKING.



BY TED RICHARDS AND LARRY GONICK WITH A HELPING J. MICHAEL HAND FROM: LEONARD

IHADN'T SEEN A CASE IN WHAT SEEMED LIKE SIX MONTHS. NOT THAT THIS WAS UNUSUAL FOR A PART-TIME DETECTIVE HERE IN **TERMINUS**, WHICH IS JUST ANOTHER SMALL TOWN IN THE DEEP SOUTH. BUT WHEN SOMETHIN' DOES HAPPEN, IT'S REALLY **STRANGE** AND **WEIRD**...



SUDDENLY THE DOG'S BARKING TURNED TO A VICIOUS **HOWL**. THEN SILENCE. I DECIDED TO CHECK IT OUT...



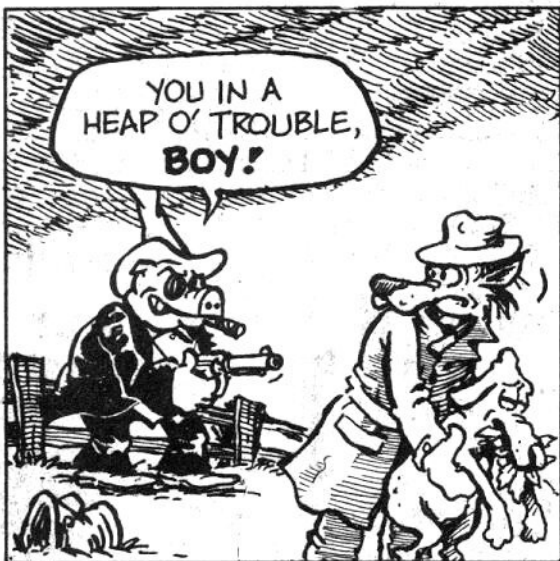
I FIGURED THE DOG'S BARK BELONGED TO **OL' HUNCHER**, BRER BILL GOAT'S COON HOUND. SO I HEADED ON UP TO HIS SHACK.



I FOUND OL' HUNCHER OUT COLD, AND **DUCK FEATHERS** STREWN ABOUT THE YARD.



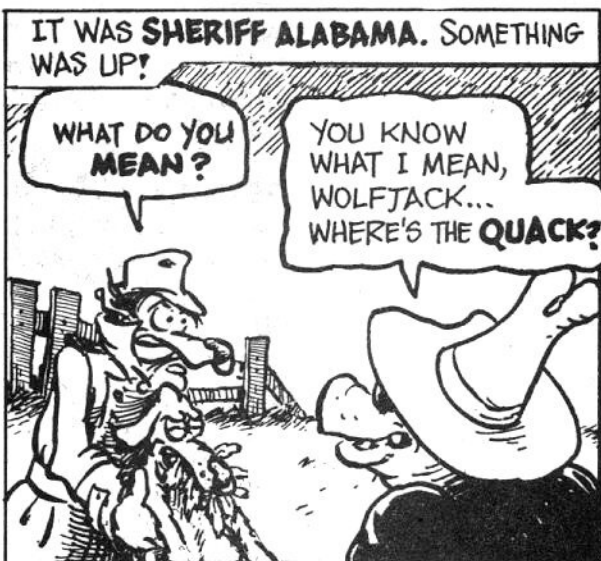
YOU IN A HEAP O' TROUBLE, **BOY!**



IT WAS **SHERIFF ALABAMA**. SOMETHING WAS UP!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN, WOLFJACK... WHERE'S THE **QUACK?**



THE **QUACK?** WHY I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT, SHERIFF...

DON'T GET **WISE** WITH ME, **BOY...** ... YOU'RE STANDIN' IN THE MIDDLE OF **DUCK FEATHERS** HOLDING A **DOG** WITH A FEW OF 'EM ON HIS **MOUTH!**



C'MON, SHERIFF... WHAT ARE YOU **CHARGIN'** ME WITH?... MAKIN' **ILLEGAL PILLOWS** OR SOMETHIN'? YOU'RE BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE AN' YOU **KNOW** IT!

WELL...A'RIGHT, WOLFJACK, BUT IF YOU HAPPEN TO SEE A **CRAZY LITTLE DUCK** AROUND HERE, YOU LET ME **KNOW...** IT'S **IMPORTANT...**



A FEW HOURS LATER, I WAS MULLIN' IT ALL OVER IN MY OFFICE, WHEN SUDDENLY THERE WAS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

C'MON IN...THE DOOR IS ALWAYS OPEN...

KNOCK

I DIDN'T EXPECT WHAT SAUNTERED ACROSS MY MODEST THRESHOLD...

HELLO...ARE YOU MR. WOLFJACK?

UH—STUTTER—YES, MA'AM!
AND WHO, MAY I ASK,
ARE YOU?

I AM **DAGMAR**...I WAS TOLD BY FRIENDS YOU COULD BE **TRUSTED**...AS YOU CAN SEE, I'M NOT FROM AROUND HERE AND I NEED **HELP** FROM A LOCAL-ER- **PRIVATE DETECTIVE**?

THAT I AM, MA'AM, AND A BIT **MORE**... HOW MAY I HELP YOU?

I WANT YOU TO FIND MY HUSBAND, **DR. QUINCY QUACK**?

UH... O.K., BUT **FIRST** I'LL NEED SOME BACK-GROUND INFORMATION...

IF YOU MUST...FIRST OF ALL, QUINCY IS A VERY FAMOUS **NUCLEAR SCIENTIST**. ALL OUR TROUBLES BEGAN SEVERAL MONTHS AGO, WHEN HE PERFECTED A SUBATOMIC PROCESS THAT CONVERTED A **TREE** INTO A **BARREL OF OIL**!

BUT A TREACHEROUS ASSISTANT REPORTED HIS PROCESS TO THE **ARAB OIL CARTEL**, AND OUR LIVES HAVE BEEN SUBJECTED TO A DAILY DIET OF **DANGER** AND **INTRIGUE** EVER SINCE. QUINCY FINALLY **FREAKED OUT** AND RAN AWAY TO HIDE IN YOUR SMALL TOWN. I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FIND HIM, BUT I'M **SO FRIGHTENED**! I NEED HELP, AND—SNIF—ALL I HAVE IS **MONEY**....

UH... WELL, I THINK **WE'LL** BE ABLE TO WORK SOMETHING OUT.

SOB!



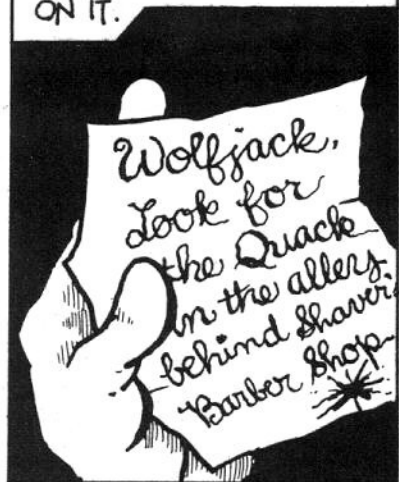
I WAS UP AND OUT EARLY TH' NEXT DAY, SO I STOPPED BY THE **PICK 'N' CHEW** FOR MY USUAL BREAKFAST OF A **MOONPIE** AND AN **R.C. COLA**.



WHEN I BIT INTO THE **MOONPIE**, A PIECE OF PAPER STUCK BETWEEN MY TEETH.



I PICKED IT OUT AND SAW IT HAD A MESSAGE WRITTEN ON IT.



I HUSTLED OVER TO THE ALLEY AND STUMBLED UPON ONE OF THE **GRISLIEST** SIGHTS I'D SEEN SINCE NED CRANE MURDERED HIS WIFE WITH A LAWNMOWER.*

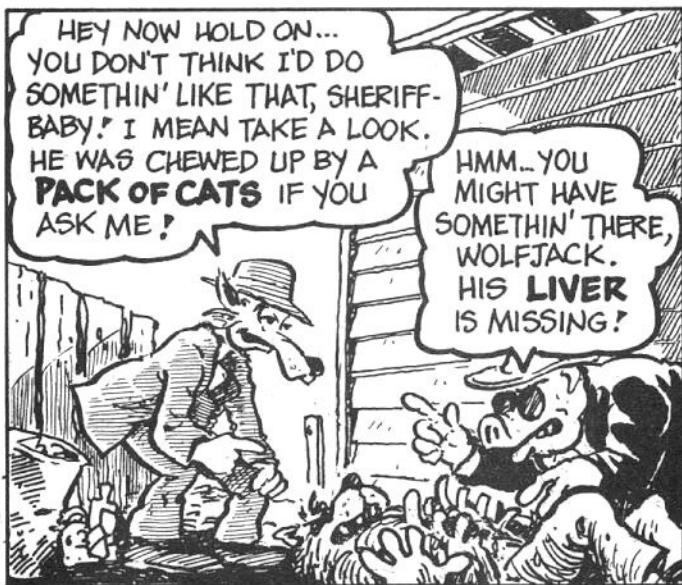


A'RIGHT, WOLFJACK! YOU IN A **HEAP** O' TROUBLE NOW! MURDERIN' A **GOV'MNT AGENT**!



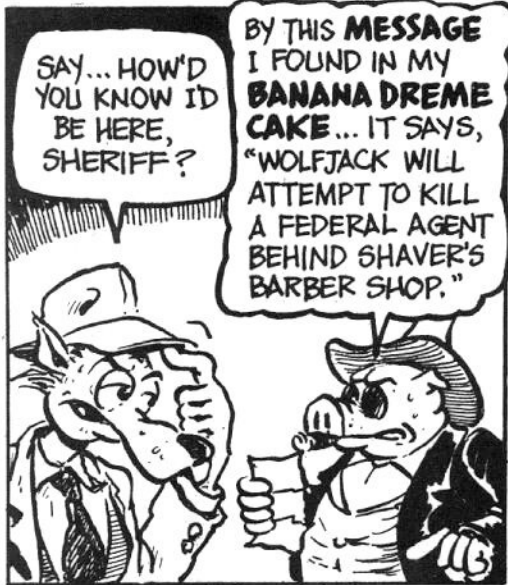
HEY NOW HOLD ON... YOU DON'T THINK I'D DO SOMETHIN' LIKE THAT, SHERIFF-BABY! I MEAN TAKE A LOOK. HE WAS CHEWED UP BY A **PACK OF CATS** IF YOU ASK ME!

HMM... YOU MIGHT HAVE SOMETHIN' THERE, WOLFJACK. HIS **LIVER** IS MISSING!



SAY... HOW'D YOU KNOW I'D BE HERE, SHERIFF?

BY THIS MESSAGE I FOUND IN MY **BANANA DREME CAKE**... IT SAYS, "WOLFJACK WILL ATTEMPT TO KILL A FEDERAL AGENT BEHIND SHAVER'S BARBER SHOP."



WELL, AFTER THE SHERIFF SHOWED ME HIS NOTE, I SHOWED HIM MINE, AND WE BOTH AGREED WE'D BEEN **SET UP**. IN TURN I MANAGED TO WEASEL OUT OF HIM THAT DAGMAR HAD BEEN BY HIS OFFICE AND HAD FILLED OUT A MISSING PERSON REPORT ON THE **QUACK**...



YEAH, WELL...
WHAT ARE YOU
GONNA TELL THE
FEDS 'BOUT
THEIR MAN GETTIN'
CLAWED UP?



WELL, I'LL TELL 'EM A **SWAMP MONSTER** OR SOMETHIN' GOT HIM... BUT THEY **AIN'T** GONNA BELIEVE IT AND I TELL YOU WHAT... YOU AND BRER BILL BETTER CLOSE UP THAT NEW **MOONSHINE STILL**, 'CAUSE THEY'RE GONNA BE LOOKIN' FOR **BLOOD**!



I WASTED LITTLE TIME HEEDIN' THE SHERIFF'S ADVICE. BRER BILL WAS STILL MISSING FROM HIS SHACK, BUT **OL' HUNCHER** WAS UP AND AROUND, SO I TOOK HIM WITH ME UP TO THE NEW MOONSHINE STILL.

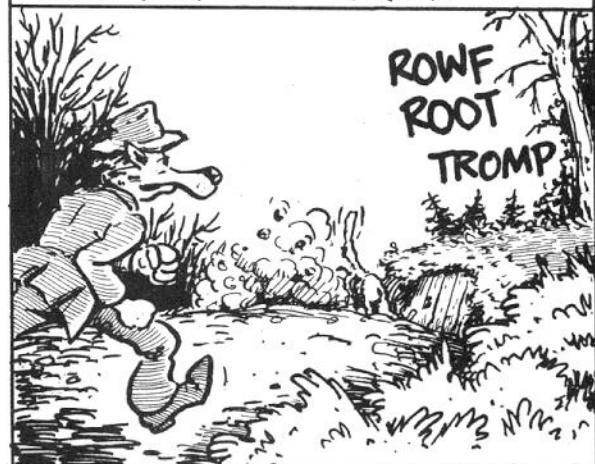


HEY BILL?!
IT'S ME...
WOLFJACK!

GO FIND BILL,
HUNCHER!
WHERE'S **BILL**?
GO **FIND** HIM!



OL' HUNCHER HAD HIS FAULTS, BUT HE WAS ONE HELL OF A **COON DOG**, WITH A NOSE THAT WOULDN'T QUIT?



WHAT'S THAT?
YOU SAY **OL' BILL'S**
IN **THERE**, HUNCHER?
WELL, LET'S TAKE
A LOOK!



OL' HUNCHER HAD STUMBLED UPON WHAT LOOKED LIKE A **SECRET UNDERGROUND LABORATORY**, AND I FIGURED RIGHT OFF IT BELONGED TO THE **QUACK**!

BILL? ANYONE
HERE? IS IT SAFE?

WOLFJACK! AM
I GLAD TO SEE YOU!
HURRY! THAT
CRAZY QUACK
FELLER STEPPED
OUT FOR A MINUTE!

FIRST LET'S GET YOU
UNTIED... HUNCHER,
YOU GUARD THAT
DOOR...

NO NEED TO DO
THAT, WOLFJACK.
JUST KEEP AN EYE
OUT ON THAT FANCY
T.V. SCREEN, AN'
YOU CAN SEE HIM
A'COMIN'!

GOOD! WHILE
WE'RE WAITIN', WHY
DON'T YOU FILL
ME IN ON WHAT
THIS BOY'S UP TO!

WELP... I WAS FETCHIN'
WOOD FOR THE **COOKER**
ON THE **STILL**, WHEN I
STUMBLED UPON THAT
DOOR OUT THERE. I
FOOLED AT IT FOR A
MINUTE, THEN WENT
TO GET A **CROWBAR**...

HE **JUMPED** ME WITH A GUN DOWN BY
THE SHACK... OL' HUNCHER GOT A PIECE
OF 'IM THOUGH, 'FORE HE WAS KNOCKED
FLAT... BUT I'M TELLIN' YA WOLFJACK,
THIS QUACK IS CRAZY! LET'S GET
OUT OF HERE RIGHT NOW, 'FORE
HE COMES BACK!!

HOLD ON, BILL...
WHY DO YOU
THINK HE'S
CRAZY...

HE'S FOOLIN' WIT' TH'
DEVIL, I TELL YA! SEE
THAT MACHINE OVER YONDER?
HE TALKS TO IT! ONE
TIME HE TURNED TO ME AN'
SAID, WHY SHOULD I SHOOT
YOU — WE'RE **ALL** GONNA
BE **DEAD** WHEN I FINISH
WITH THIS MACHINE!

I CALMED BILL DOWN, AND WE SETTLED IN TO WAIT FOR THE QUACK...

YOU'RE RIGHT, BILL...THIS MACHINE **DOES** LOOK LIKE IT'S GOT SOMETHIN' TO DO WITH TH' DEVIL...

WOLFJACK!
IT'S THE QUACK!
HE'S COMIN'!

A COUPLE OF MINUTES LATER, I PLUCKED HIM OFF THE LADDER.

HEY, YOU SURE ARE A LITTLE FELLER TO BE CAUSIN' SUCH **BIG TROUBLE!**

HUH!
ANK!
SQUAWK!

WE OUGHTA LET **OL' HUNCHER** GET A'HOLT OF 'IM!

HOLD ON, BILL! DR. QUACK'S **WIFE** IS WILLING TO PAY ME A NICE PILE OF CHANGE WHEN I TURN HIM OVER TO HER!

NO! NOT **DAGMAR!** SHE'S A NO-GOOD ROTTEN **STRUMPET!** SHE'LL HAVE ME **KILLED!** SHE **BETRAYED** ME! SOLD ME **OUT!**

BUT SHE'LL GET WHAT SHE DESERVES, IF I CAN ONLY **FINISH MY MACHINE...** SLOBBER SOB... **PLEASE** LET ME FINISH MY MACHINE... IT ONLY NEEDS THIS ONE PART...

I THINK **WE** MIGHT HAVE A VESTED INTEREST IN SEEING HIS MACHINE COMPLETED, **WOLFJACK!**

DAGMAR!
AND... OH, NO!
THE CATMAN!

OH YES, DAGMAR...YOU'RE SO **WICKED**, BUT SO **WISE...** YES, A MACHINE THAT TURNS **TREES** INTO **OIL!** BUT I'VE WORKED SO LONG, SO HARD, THAT NOW (**SOB**) I WANT ONLY TO SEE IT **WORK!** THAT'S ALL! YOU CAN **HAVE** IT AFTER I'VE FINISHED! **HONEST!**

SINCE THE CATMAN HAD AN ARMYFUL OF VICIOUS TRAINED CATS, THE QUACK MANAGED TO FINISH HIS MACHINE!

HA HA HA **NOW!!**
STAND BACK AND BEHOLD
THE GRANDEST, MOST AWESOME
SCIENTIFIC INVENTION
OF ALL TIME!

HAHAHAHAHA
YOU **FOOLS!** YOU'LL NEVER
SEE A MACHINE THAT TURNS
TREES INTO OIL... BUT
INSTEAD MY **ANTI-
MATTER BOMB!** **WHAT?**

QUINCY! WHAT
ARE YOU TALKING
ABOUT? YOU'LL
KILL ALL OF US!
IT'S ONLY **ME**
YOU WANT TO
HARM!

HAHAHA...YES (PANT)
(SLOBBER) NOT ONLY YOU,
DAGMAR...THE ONE
I LOVE...BUT THE
OTHERS WHO DARED
TO BASK IN YOUR
AFFECTIONS! FIRST IT
WAS THE **LAB BOYS!**

THEN MY COLLEAGUES...
I HEARD THE WHISPERS
BEHIND MY BACK...
(MOAN) **CUCKOLD!**
BRILLIANT, BUT A
CUCKOLD! WAIL!
THEN...THEN...THE
FOOTBALL TEAM!

NEANDERTHALS, ALL
OF THEM—COMPARED
TO MY GENIUS!!
(SOB) YES, I'M A
MEGALOMANIAC,
BUT I DON'T CARE
IF I'M **SICK!** I'M
GONNA DESTROY
THE WHOLE WORLD
ANYWAY!

HAHAHA
HAHA
SOB...CRY

FZZT
POP SMOLDER

PUSH!

AWK! I
MADE A MISTAKE IN
MY CALCULATIONS!
 $2^p + 2^q = 4^{pq}$, NOT
 5^{pq} !!

**POOSAI
PUSSIES!**

**NO!
DONT!**



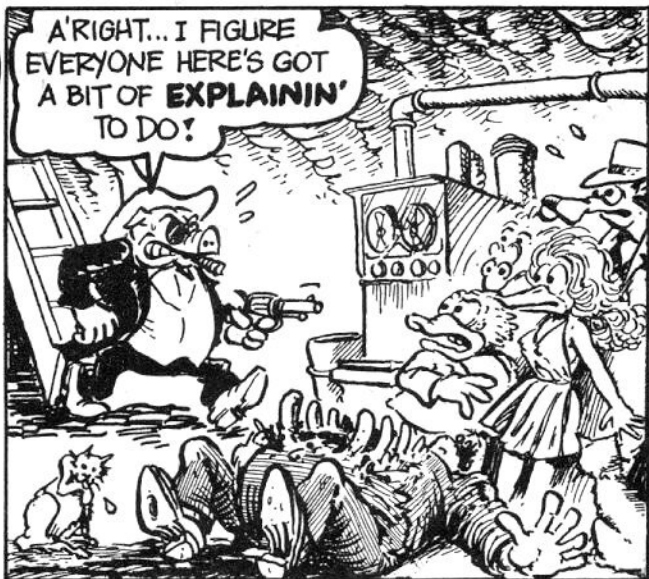
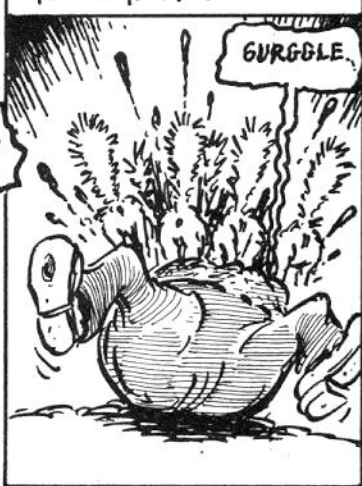
LUCKY FOR THE QUACK, THERE
WAS ONE THING OL' HUNCHER
HATED WORSE THAN HIM: **CATS!**



AFTER A MINUTE OR TWO WITH
THE LIKES OF OL' HUNCHER, THE
CATS TURNED CRAZY AN' LEAPED UP
AT THE **CATMAN**...



IT WAS CURTAINS FOR
THE CATMAN!



WE SPENT THE NEXT FEW MINUTES RUNNIN' OUR STORIES DOWN TO THE SHERIFF, AND HE SEEMED TO BE SATISFIED.

SO IT WAS THIS CATMAN WHO DID IN THAT **GOV'MNT MAN**... WELL, THAT'S THE MAIN MONKEY OFF MY BACK AT LEAST.

YES... YOU SEE HE THOUGHT THE AGENT WAS LOOKING FOR THE QUACK AND FOLLOWED HIM UP TO THE **MOON-SHINE STILL!**

WELL, HE WAS NOTHIN' BUT AN OL' **ALCOHOL & TOBACCO TAX MAN**...

REALLY? OH, THE CATMAN WAS **SO RUTHLESS!** I DON'T KNOW WHAT GOT INTO ME... I GUESS IT WAS THE MONEY!

THAT'S ALL YOU'VE EVER LOVED, DAGMAR! **MONEY!**

OH WOLFJACK! TAKE ME **AWAY** FROM HIM! HE'S SUCH A LITTLE **CREEP!** I CAN'T STAND HIM!

UH... NOW, DAGMAR... I DON'T THINK YOU'RE MY TYPE... ER... UH... WHY DON'T YOU AN' THE **QUACK** HERE TRY GETTIN' **ALONG** WITH EACH OTHER?

UH, WELL... WHAT DO YOU **SAY**, TOOTS? WANT TO MAKE ANOTHER **GO** OF IT?

NOW I WOULDN'T BE TWO-TIMIN' ON HIM ANY MORE, 'CAUSE YOU SEE HOW **RILED UP** HE GETS!

WELL, QUINCY, I GUESS YOU DID MAKE YOUR POINT!

THE SHERIFF ENDED UP WITH TH' CATS, AN' OL' BRER BILL AND I PUT THE QUACK'S **LABORATORY** TO GOOD USE!

I THINK TH' COMPUTER'S GOT IT FIGURED OUT THIS TIME!

THE END

YOU-ALL GIBBON

THE JUNK-FOOD MONKEY!

mmm BOY!
NOTHIN' SMELLS
QUITE AS GOOD AS
NICE GREASY BACON
CRACKLIN' OVAH
TH' CAMPFIRE!

JOIN THE APE WITH
THE APE-TITE AND
HIS ADDLED ALLIES,
AS THEY CONFRONT
THEIR MOST RIDICU-
LOUS CHALLENGE YET,
"ON THE TRAIL OF

**PIG-
FOOT**
THE AWFUL BOAR!"

OUR STORY OPENS ON A RATHER
CHILLING NOTE AS THE BARON
OF BAD TASTE OBSERVES...

FEH.

ICE-O-MA

ZILCH

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT...
I'VE GOTTA GET MAHSELF
SOMETHIN' TO EAT... MAH
STOMACH'S STOPPED
GROWLIN'... NOW
IT'S BARKIN'
AT ME--

DING!
DONG

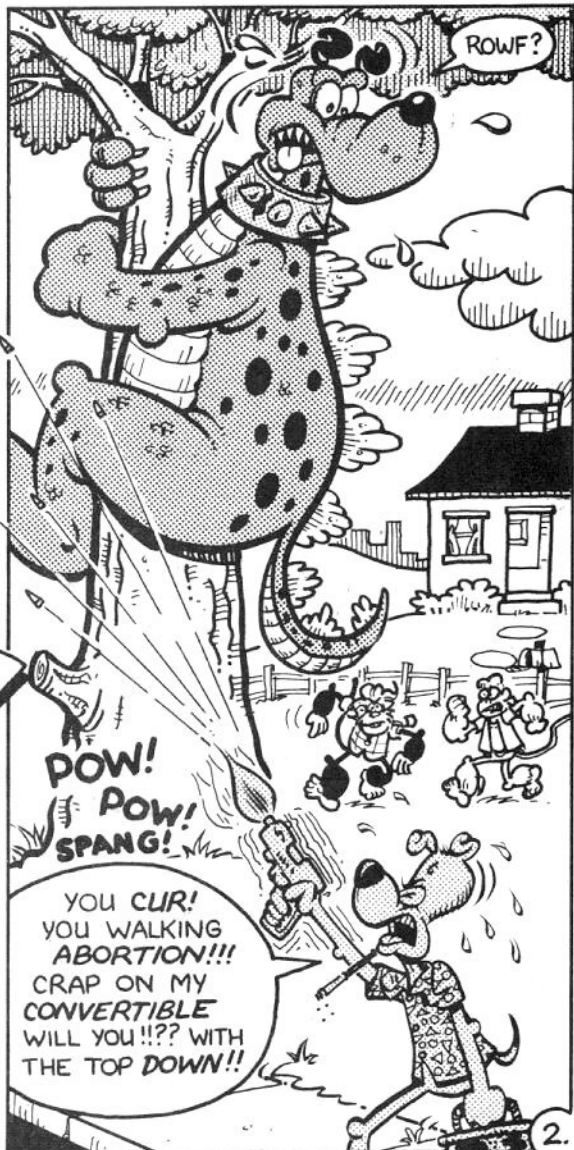
HEY!

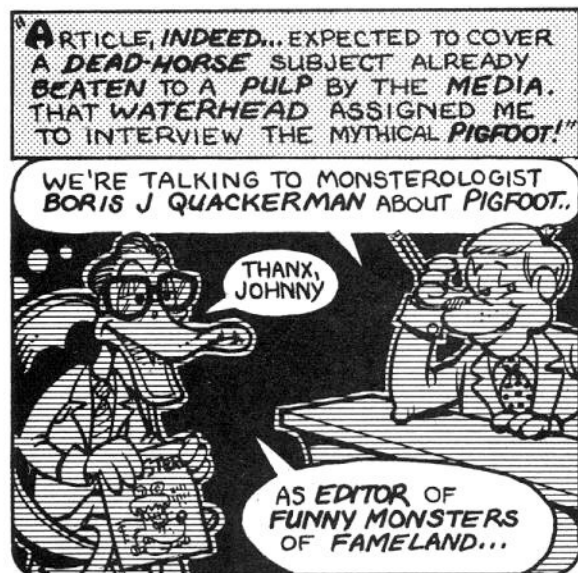
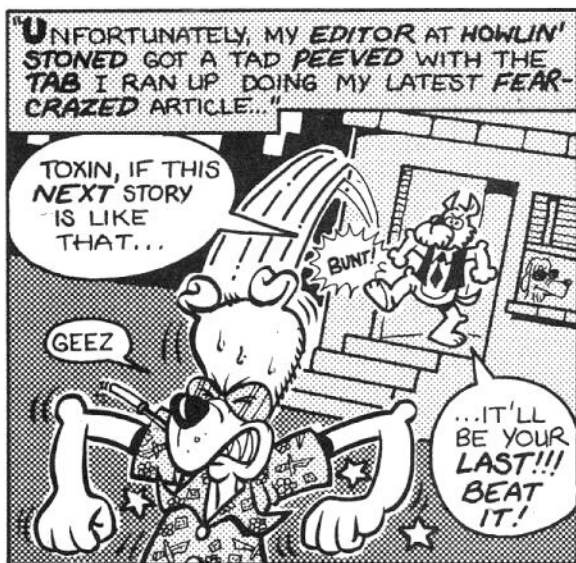
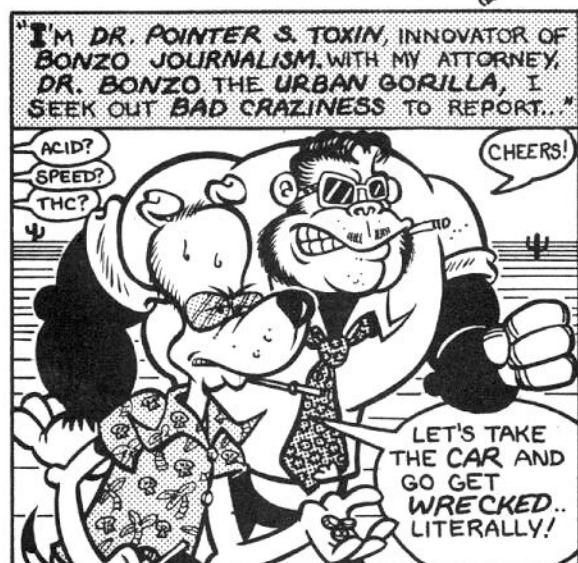
MEBBE THAT'S A
PIZZA DELIVERY
MAN LOOKIN' FOR
DIRECTIONS!

STORY AND
ART BY **SCOTT SHAW!**

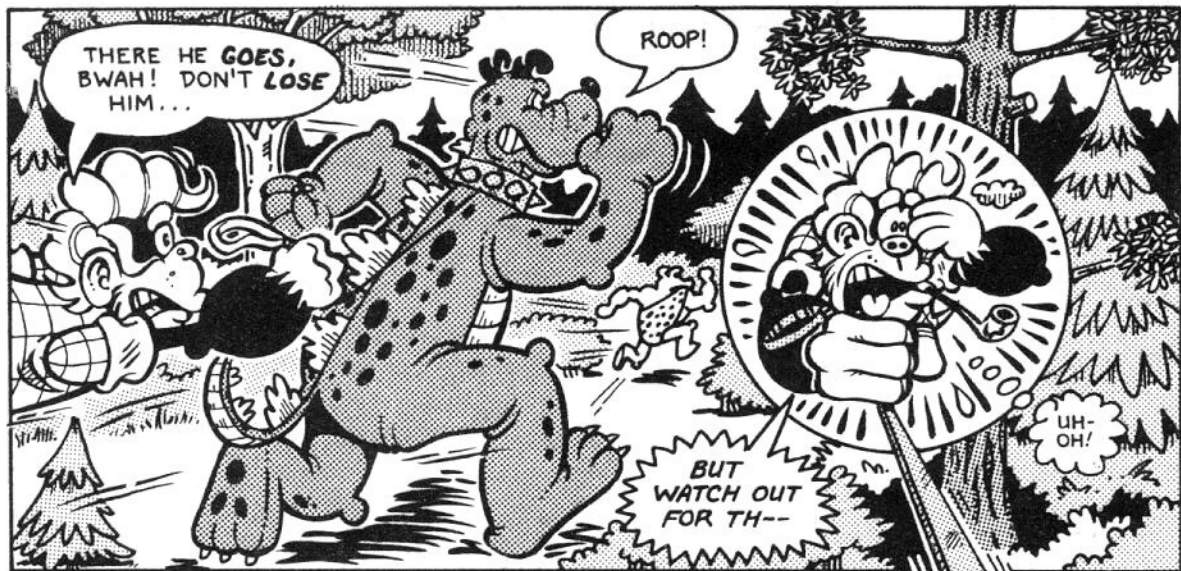
LETTERING BY
CAROLYN LAY

WITH A TIP OF THE HAT TO JACK
KIRBY, GENE HAZELTON, JAY WARD,
AND GILBERT SHELTON...







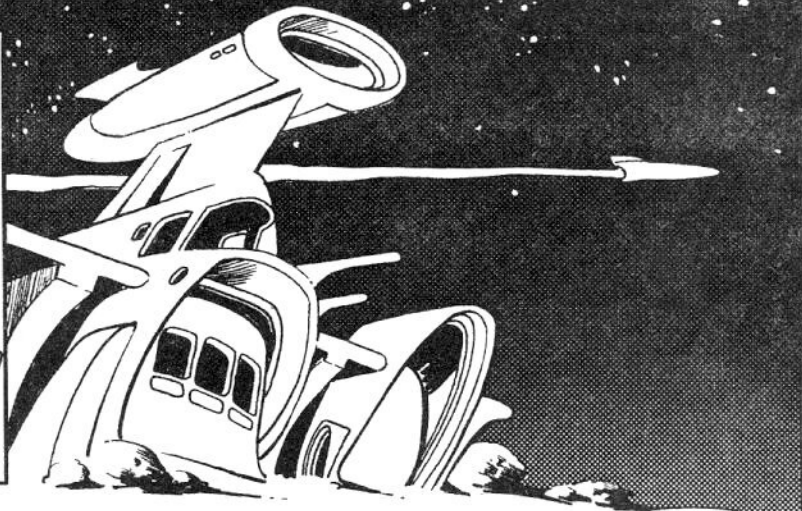




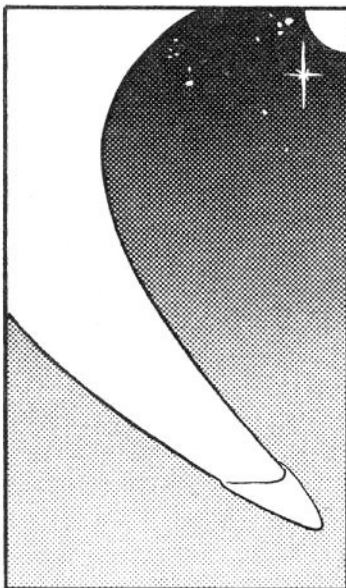
AND THE TROUBLE'S JUST **BEGINNING** FOR OUR **SIMIAN STALWART** AND HIS **CRAZY CREW**, SINCE THEY'RE ABOUT TO MEET **LORD LIZARD**, OF
"THE LAND THAT TIME IGNORED!"
CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE!

I THINK I'VE BEEN GYPPED. I SIGNED ON FOR A TEN YEAR HITCH. I WAS OFF ON AN EXCITING CAREER AS A PILOT, I THOUGHT. NEXT THING I KNEW I WAS SHIPPED OUT TO THIS DUMP, THE HIGHLY SECLUDED RESEARCH CENTER.

HERE I'D BEEN STUCK FOR THREE YEARS NOW, TWO OR THREE LIGHT YEARS FROM NOWHERE AND NO WAY TO GET OFF EXCEPT FOR THE OCCASIONAL CIRCLING OF EXPERIMENTAL TEST CRAFT.



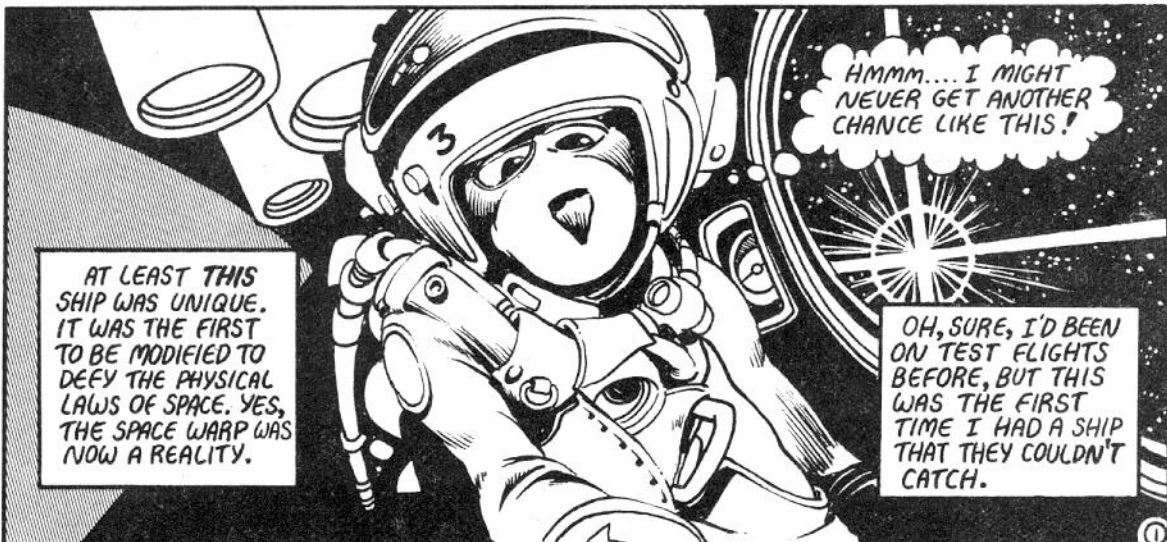
SEVEN YEARS LEFT OF GOOD PAY BUT NOTHING TO SPEND IT ON.



MAN, IF I COULD JUST GET OUTTA HERE! THERE IS NOTHING TO DO ON THIS ROCK BUT JOCKEY THESE SILLY TEST SHIPS!



AT LEAST THIS SHIP WAS UNIQUE. IT WAS THE FIRST TO BE MODIFIED TO DEFEY THE PHYSICAL LAWS OF SPACE. YES, THE SPACE WARP WAS NOW A REALITY.



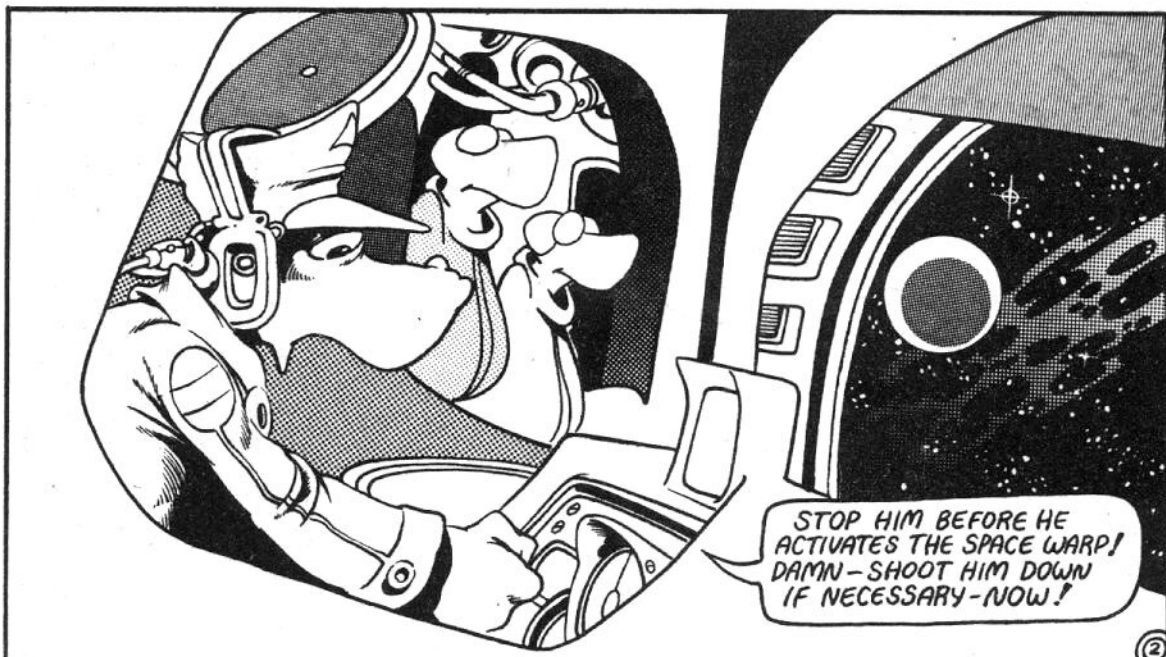
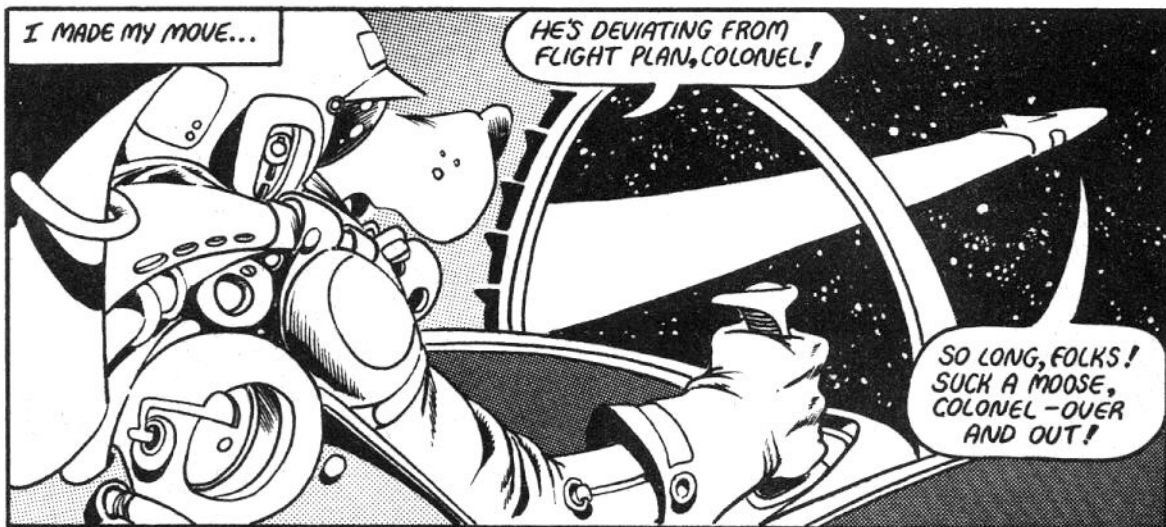
HMMM.... I MIGHT NEVER GET ANOTHER CHANCE LIKE THIS!


OH, SURE, I'D BEEN ON TEST FLIGHTS BEFORE, BUT THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME I HAD A SHIP THAT THEY COULDN'T CATCH.

I KNEW THE COLONEL WAS WATCHING ME CLOSELY. HE'D PROBABLY BE VERY CONCERNED IF HIS PRECIOUS TEST CRAFT BLEW UP.



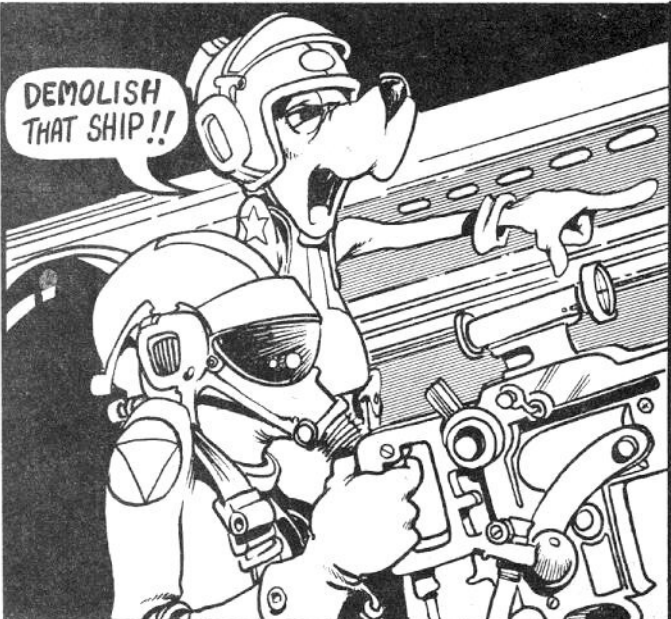
I MADE MY MOVE...



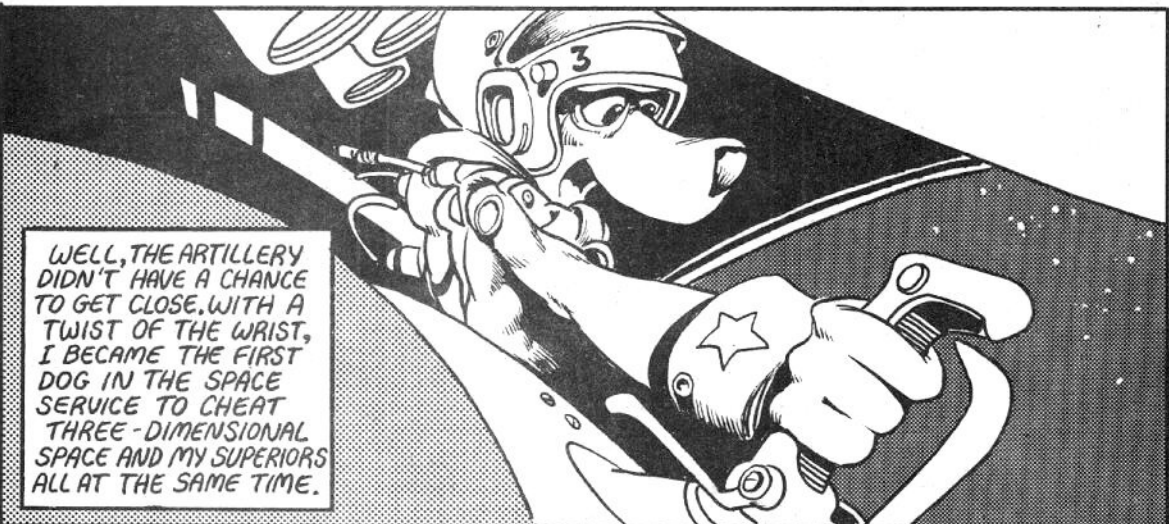
A black and white comic panel showing a dog character in a military pilot's uniform and helmet, sitting in a cockpit. He is looking forward with a determined expression. A speech bubble from above contains the text: "ATTENTION ALL MAIN BATTERIES! COLONEL'S ORDERS-BRING DOWN THE TEST SHIP!"

ATTENTION ALL MAIN BATTERIES! COLONEL'S ORDERS-BRING DOWN THE TEST SHIP!

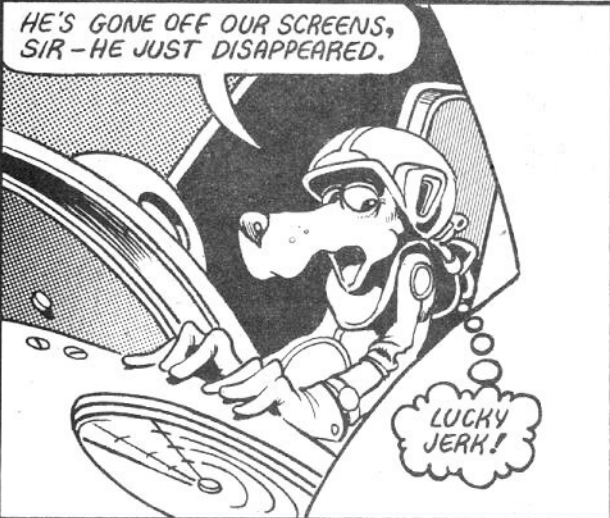
THAT'S RIGHT, THE TEST SHIP! OPEN FIRE!

A black and white comic panel showing a dog character in a military pilot's uniform and helmet, shouting and pointing forward. A speech bubble contains the text: "DEMOLISH THAT SHIP!!".

DEMOLISH THAT SHIP!!

A black and white comic panel showing a dog character in a military pilot's uniform and helmet, sitting in a cockpit. He is looking forward with a determined expression. A speech bubble from above contains the text: "WELL, THE ARTILLERY DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO GET CLOSE. WITH A TWIST OF THE WAIST, I BECAME THE FIRST DOG IN THE SPACE SERVICE TO CHEAT THREE-DIMENSIONAL SPACE AND MY SUPERIORS ALL AT THE SAME TIME." A thought bubble from below contains the text: "LUCKY JERK!"

WELL, THE ARTILLERY DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO GET CLOSE. WITH A TWIST OF THE WAIST, I BECAME THE FIRST DOG IN THE SPACE SERVICE TO CHEAT THREE-DIMENSIONAL SPACE AND MY SUPERIORS ALL AT THE SAME TIME.

A black and white comic panel showing a dog character in a military pilot's uniform and helmet, sitting in a cockpit. He is looking forward with a determined expression. A speech bubble from above contains the text: "HE'S GONE OFF OUR SCREENS, SIR - HE JUST DISAPPEARED." A thought bubble from below contains the text: "LUCKY JERK!"

HE'S GONE OFF OUR SCREENS, SIR - HE JUST DISAPPEARED.

A black and white comic panel showing a dog character in a military pilot's uniform and helmet, sitting in a cockpit. He is looking forward with a determined expression. A speech bubble from above contains the text: "DAMN." A thought bubble from below contains the text: "LUCKY JERK!"

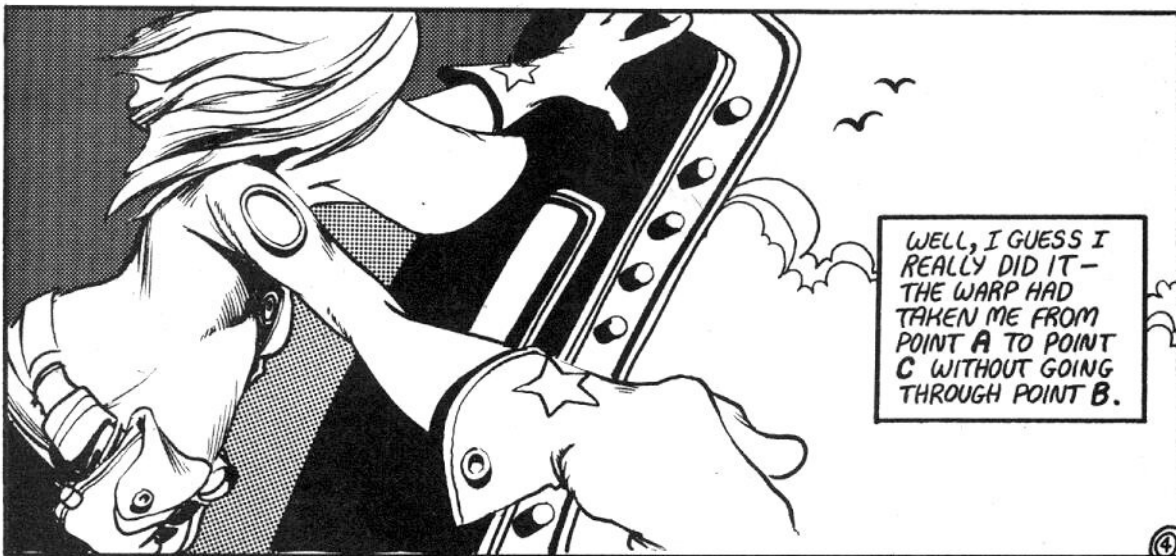
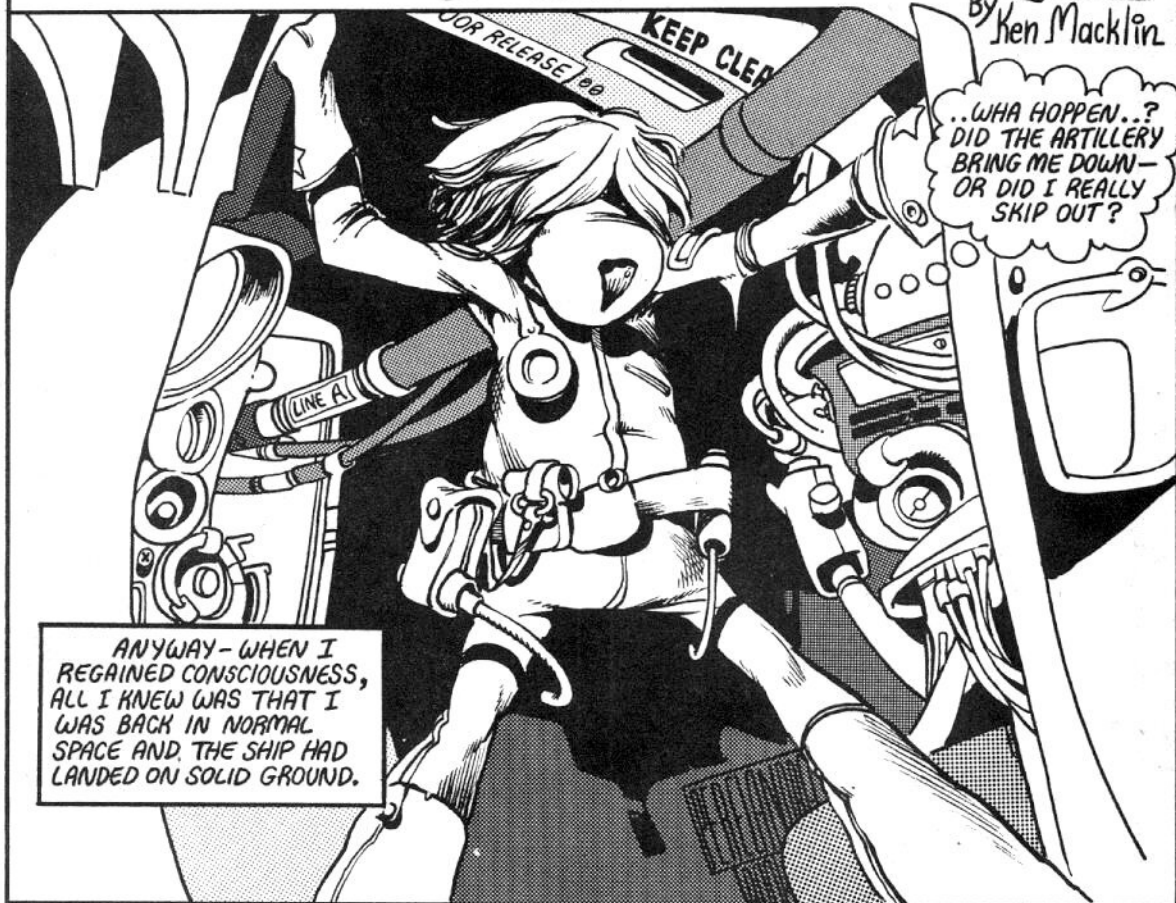
DAMN.

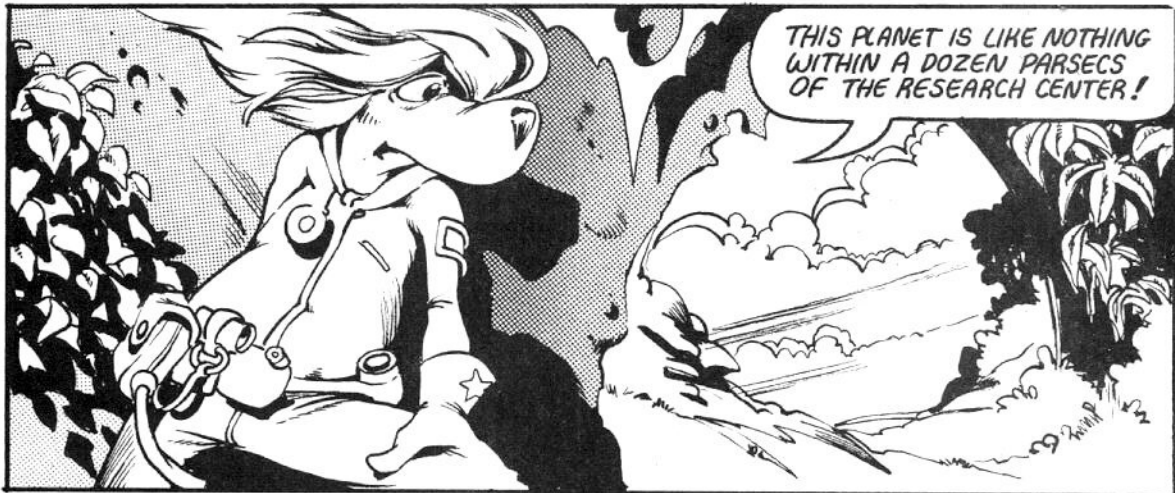
LUCKY JERK!

NONE OF THE ENGINEERS
WERE EXACTLY CERTAIN
WHAT WOULD HAPPEN WHEN
THE WARP WAS ACTIVATED
... BUT THAT WAS WHY
WE HAD RESEARCH CENTERS
—RIGHT?

DESERTER

By Ken Macklin





THIS PLANET IS LIKE NOTHING
WITHIN A DOZEN PARSECS
OF THE RESEARCH CENTER!

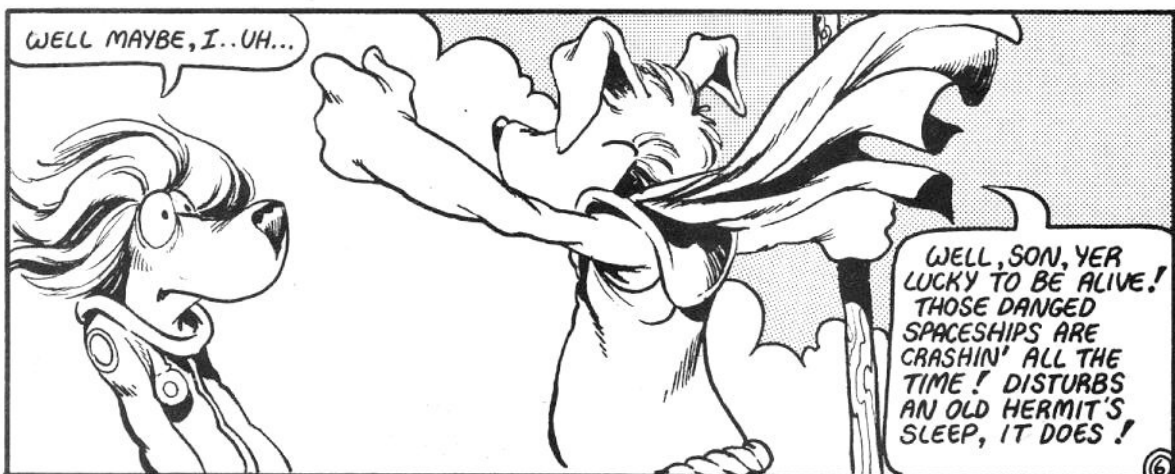
HAH! HAH! I DID IT!
I REALLY DID IT!! I'M
FOOTLOOSE AND FREE!
EXCITING LIFE HERE I COME!

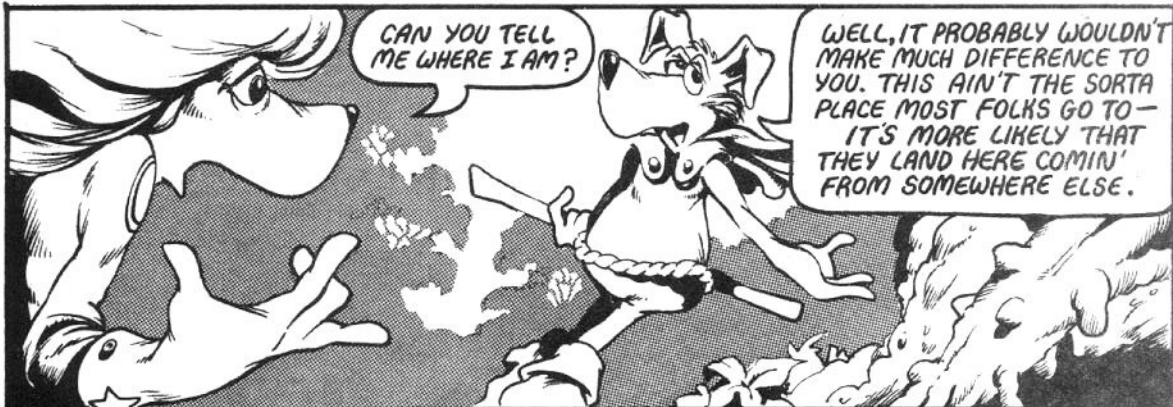


≡ SIGH ≡



GEE.... I'M
KINDA HUNGRY.





CAN YOU TELL
ME WHERE I AM?

WELL, IT PROBABLY WOULDN'T
MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE TO
YOU. THIS AIN'T THE SORTA
PLACE MOST FOLKS GO TO—
IT'S MORE LIKELY THAT
THEY LAND HERE COMIN'
FROM SOMEWHERE ELSE.



ISN'T THERE ANY CIVILIZATION
AROUND HERE? YOU KNOW...
PEOPLE, ACTION... CHILI DOGS...?



YOU ARE A REAL SPACE CADET, AIN'T YA?
I KNOW THE STORY WELL... YEAH, "JOIN
THE LEGION AND SEE THE GALAXY!"

WELL, I LOOK UP EVERY NIGHT AND SEE
LOTS OF GALAXIES AND I GOT NUTHIN'
TO DO WITH THE LOCAL SCOUT TROOPS!



STAY IF YOU LIKE, BUT THERE'S NOTHING
TO EAT BUT CRANBERRIES RIGHT NOW.

AND YOU'LL
HAVE TO FIND
YOUR OWN.

HEY, THIS GUY IS NUTS!
CRANBERRIES AND NUTS!
GOT TO BE SOMETHING
ELSE AROUND—A GUY
COULD GO HUNGRY
AROUND HERE!

WHEN I WENT BACK TO THE SHIP,
I FOUND A GROUP OF STRANGE
LOOKING CHARACTERS IN MILITARY
UNIFORMS NOT QUITE LIKE ANYTHING
I'D EVER SEEN BEFORE. THEY WERE
REALLY INTERESTED IN MY TEST
CRAFT. (DID I SAY MINE?)



HI, GUYS! WHAT'S UP?

WE WERE ON MANEUVERS
WHEN ONE OF THE MEN
SPOTTED THIS STRANGE
SPACECRAFT.

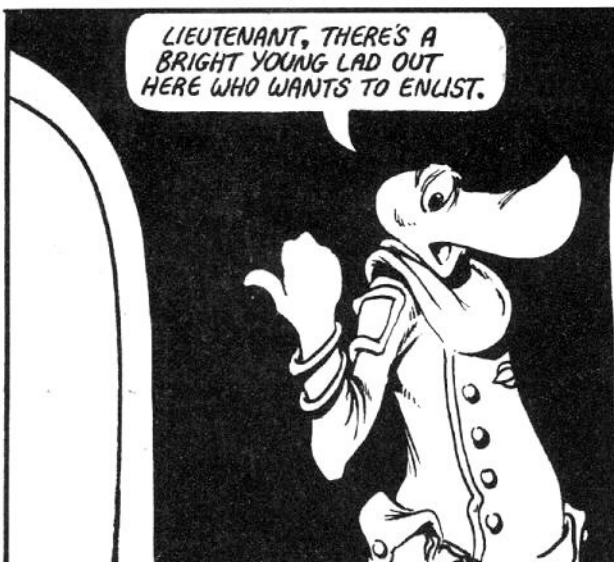


IT'S LIKE NOTHING
WE'VE EVER SEEN!

REALLY!



LIEUTENANT, THERE'S A
BRIGHT YOUNG LAD OUT
HERE WHO WANTS TO ENLIST.



FINE, FINE. ALWAYS
GLAD TO GET A
NEW VOLUNTEER!



(END)

WELCOME ABOARD! AS YOU MAY RECALL, OUR HERO - NEWTON (THE RABBIT WONDER) WAS LAST SEEN "FLOATING" IN OUTER SPACE. WELL, IT WAS SOME TIME BEFORE HE CAME BACK DOWN TO EARTH. BUT, ALAS, HE WAS HOMESICK! AND WHAT RABBIT WOULDN'T BE? HE WAS ANXIOUS TO RETURN TO THE BUNNIES HE LEFT BEHIND. However~ BEING THE SOFT TOUCH THAT HE IS, NEWTON WAS TALKED INTO BEING ACCOMPANIED BY SHERMAN (THE WONDERING BOY). -- SO, JOIN US NOW AS OUR INTREPID DUO REACH THE END OF THEIR DIMENSIONAL JUMP FROM OUR EARTH IN A STORY WE SHALL CALL --

THE RABBIT WONDER MEETS THE BARBARIAN BUNNY

"IN THE EVER WAGING BATTLE 'TWTX ORDER and CHAOS THERE ARE MANY BRAVE and VALIANT WARRIORS and THERE IS ONE WHO IS THOUGHT TO BE --- A GOD ---"

"THE LAST OF A RACE OF KINGS and WARLOCKS - ELRIK, WHOSE NAME IS SPOKEN IN HUSHED TONES OF FEAR and AWE!"

WITH HIS ENCHANTED SWORD, SOULSUCKER, ELRIK FIGHTS THE NEVER-ENDING BATTLE FOR TRUTH, JUSTICE and THE COSMIC WAY! "

-- DOOMSDAY CHRONICLES (*** FINAL)

GEE, BUT IT'S GREAT TO BE BACK HOME!

I'M GLAD I CAME WITH YOU, NEWTON. WHAT A BEAUTIFUL PLACE..

Story & Art:

STEVE LEIALOHA

AND



ALL NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED TO PROTECT THE INNOCENT



AHA! DIMENSIONAL TRAVELERS
BEING MENACED BY A MINION OF
THE DARK ONES! ONCE AGAIN
I FIND THE NEED TO DRAW
THIS ACCURSED BLADE!

MMMMMMMM?

BACK FOUL BEAST!
AWAY, SPAWN OF HELL!!



THE MIGHTY BEHEMOTH RECOILS FROM
THE DEADLY ONSLAUGHT OF ELRIK and
HIS MIGHTY SWORD...

mmmmmm!

CREATURES OF THE
DARK CANNOT ABIDE
THE LIGHT OF TRUTH!

THE COSMIC TRUTH
ALWAYS PREVAILS!



BEGONE, MISBEGOTTEN
MISCREANT!!

STUPID BEAST! ALWAYS
GETTING OUT OF ITS PEN!
ALWAYS CAUSING TROUBLE!

THE GREAT ELRIK HAS
MORE IMPORTANT THINGS
TO DO THAN CHASING
RUNAWAY DINO-PUPS!..



ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF!
I AM ELRIK! THE LAST OF THE LOST
RACE OF KINGS; ELRIK THE WARLOCK!
AND THIS -- IS MY SWORD -- MY

POWER -- SOULSUCKER!

TOGETHER WE HOLD THE
FORCES OF CHAOS AT
BAY! NEAT, EH?

mmmmmm...

ER -- GLAD TO MEET
YOU. I'M NEWTON
and THIS IS MY BOY,
SHERMAN! SAY HELLO,
SHERMAN...

HELLO.

I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU
KNOW WHERE WE ARE.
YOU SEE, WE'RE LOST...



LOST~ LOST? IF ONE CAN BE LOST, THEN IT IS I, ELRIK, LAST OF THE COSMIC LORDS, WHO IS THE LOST! CAN ONE WHO BATTLES CHAOS IN THE REALM OF THE DARK GODS THEMSELVES REALLY EXIST IN THOSE CONCEPTS WE KNOW AS TIME & SPACE? THE MULTITUDES OF THE COSMIC REALM, PEAKS OF DIVERGENCE, COLLAPSE...

IS HE FOR REAL?

HUSH, SHERMAN! THAT'S ALL VERY NICE, SIR, BUT DO YOU SUPPOSE YOU COULD HELP US TO GET BACK HOME--SIR?



WHAT?! AM I NOT ELRIK, LAST OF THE COSMIC LORDS? AM I NOT ELRIK THE WARLOCK? AM I NOT --

-- YEAH, YEAH. WE KNOW! EASY BOY, CALM DOWN, OL' PAL. WE WAS JUST MAKIN' THE INQUIRY.

IS THAT A YES!

I'M SURE GLAD HE'S ON OUR SIDE -- HE IS ON OUR SIDE, ISN'T HE? :-



EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT I...

COME!

UPPITY LITTLE CHAP, ISN'T HE?

mmmmmm...

Page three.



I GUESS WE HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO TRUST HIM, eh, NEWTON?

DON'T WORRY, SHERMAN, I THINK MR. COSMIC WILL GET US OUT OF THIS!

LIKE HELL, I DO!



MASTER, MASTER!
BAD NEWS CAME TODAY ~
THE WIZARD CAME BY
AND TOOK HER AWAY!

STEADY YOURSELF,
GOODFELLOW! ~ TOOK
WHO AWAY?

THANOTINA!

TOOK HER AWAY? WITH FORCE?!
YOU MEAN HE CAME TO MY HOME,
MY CASTLE, AND DARED TO
ABDUCT MY FAIR LADY, THE
BEAUTIFUL THANOTINA!!?



COULD YOU HOLD THIS
A SECOND?

SURE, I...

YUP! SO WHAT'LL
WE DO, HUH, BOSS?



HEY, WHERE ARE YOU
GOING? WHAT ABOUT
US?!

CLAM IT, CLOWN.

I DEMAND TO
KNOW WHERE
WE'RE GOING

OK, OK! THE
WIZARD'S DIES--
DEATH
CASTLE!

OR?
I'M SORRY
I ASKED!

OOOOOH, IS HE
GONNA GET IT...



SUDDENLY--

BACK NOBLE
COMPANIONS!
THE WIZARD
BEGINS THE
ASSAULT!

MMMMMMMMMMMM???

IT'S BEEN
SWELL
KNOWIN'
YA, BOSS.



FEAR NOT, FAITHLESS
ONE! SEE HOW THE
DEMONS RETURN
FROM WHENCE
THEY CAME...

THE WIZARD IS MERELY TESTING
HIS NEWLY MISBEGOTTEN
POWERS... USURPED FROM MY
BELOVED, THANOTINA...

SO, AS THE MINUTES DRAG INTO WHAT SEEM LIKE MINUTES, THE TREK IS ENDED...

BEHOLD!
DEATH
CASTLE!

THAT?
YOU MUST
BE JOKING!

ELRIK NEVER JOKES!

SO I GATHERED

Well, NOBODY HOME.
LET'S GO...

SO! THE CURRENTS
OF MAGIC SURROUND
US! THIS IS TRULY A
PLACE WHERE THE
FORCES OF EVIL THERE.

MMMMMMMM!

HEAR ME, WIZARD!
END THIS FOLLY ~~AND~~
RELEASE THANQUINA!
YOU CANNOT ELUDE ME!

ELRIK
COMMANDS!

YEAH! SAME GOES
FOR ME!

WITHOUT WARNING...

FOOL RABBIT!
YOU HAVE FALLEN INTO
MY TRAP! THERE IS
NO ESCAPE!

SURE! WHATEVER
YOU SAY...

YOU SPEW FORTH
TIREDSOME Cliches,
WIZARD!

MY NOBLE COMPANIONS!
RUN, FIND
THANOTINA!!

YOU DARE TO MEDDLE
IN THE AFFAIRS OF THE
GODS... FOR THAT YOU
SHALL PAY!

YOU SEE, WIZARD!
YOUR SPELLS ARE
USELESS AGAINST
MY SWORD & I!

WE'LL FIND
'ER, BOSS!

THAT'S IT, BOSS!
KEEP 'IM OCCUPIED!

SO WITH THE BATTLE
RAGING AROUND THEM...

WELL, SHERM-
LET'S LOOK DOWN-

LOOK! IS
THAT HER?

IT MUST BE!
LET'S GET
HER OUT!

THE SIGHT OF HIS IM-
PRISONED BELOVED
DRIVES A TRING
ELRIK TO RENewed
FURY

BUT NEWTON,
WE CAN'T GET
UP THERE!?

WE WON'T HAVE
TO! SHE'LL
COME TO US!

AT THE BASE OF THE COLUMN BEGINS
THE HURCULEAN TASK...

YOU REALLY THINK
THIS IS GONNA WORK?
WON'T SHE GET HURT?

IT AIN'T LIKELY!
SHE'S NO ORDINARY
LADY. NOW SHUT-UP
AND PUSH!

AWAY FROM THERE, FOULSH MORTALS!

ONE MYSTIC BLAST WILL--
WHAT'S THIS?!

THOSE TWO!
THEY ARE NOT
AFFECTED!

THE COLUMN BEGINS
TO SWAY...

HARDER, SHERMAN!
IT--IT'S GOING!

WITH A THUNDERING CRASH
THE COLUMN TOPPLES. WHAT
HAD ONCE BEEN THE BEAUTIFUL
Thamotina IS NOW THE EM-
BODIMENT OF THE FORCES OF
'AOS! WITH A PIERCING
SHREEK SHE IS FREE--

YOUR MAD SCHEMES
OF CONQUEST ARE
FINISHED, EVIL MAGE!

YOU WILL PAY FOR
THIS INDIGNITY!!

FOUL MOCKERY OF A
MAN! I WILL SEND YOUR
SOUL TO THE PITS OF HELL
FOR ALL ETERNITY!!

NO!

ISN'T SHE
WONDERFUL?!



SEVERAL MONTHS LATER...



A new
genre...

The
unique
synthesis
of
underground
and
overground...

GROUND LEVEL COMICS

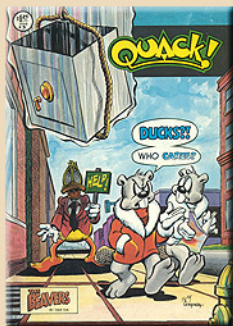


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PUDGE, GIRL BLIMP #1-2-3
QUACK #1-2-3

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Sir Real's

UNDERGROUND COMIX CLASSIX

Quack #3

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- 3 - The Beavers
- 7 - The Wraith in "Duck Death"
- 19 - E.Z. Wolf as Wolfjack in "The Case Of The Missing Quack"
- 29 - You-All Gibbon, The Junk-Food Monkey in "Pig-Foot"
- 35 - Deserter
- 43 - The Rabbit Wonder Meets The Barbarian Bunny
- 51 - Star*Reach Productions (Ad)

Artists:

- Mike Friedrich (Editor) - 2(e)
- Dave Sim - 1+, 3-6
- Steve Leialoha - 1+, 43-50+, 52
- Michael T. Gilbert - 7-18
- Tom Orzachowski - 7-18(l)
- Ted Richards - 19-28+
- Larry Gonick - 19-28+
- J. Michael Leonard - 19-28(a+)
- Scott Shaw - 29-34
- Carol Lay - 29-34(l)
- Ken Macklin - 35-42
- Alex Nino - 43-50+

Comments:

n/a