



SAMURAI  
CAT 2

\$2.25

\$2.75 CAN

AUGUST 1991

EPIC COMICS®

BOOK  
2 OF 3

# Samurai Cat

TM

THE  
MALLARD!

THE  
MASTER!

THE  
MORON!

MEET THPACETI-THOTH

AND HIS LOVELY ASSISTANTS BAMBI & MUFFY!





# SAMURAI CAT™

## BOOK TWO

DARE GA SHITSUEN SHITE IMASU KA?

*(who are the stars?)*

RALPH MACCHIO

*writer*

FRANK CIROCCO

*pencils*

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*inks*

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*assistant editor*

NEL YOMTOV

*editor*

CARL POTTS

*executive editor*

*epic comics*

*based on the original stories by*

*Mark E. Rogers*

DEDICATED TO PODGE, THE WONDERCAT, WITH LOVE.



TAKING ADVANTAGE OF A SPECIAL HALF-PRICE SAMURAI FARE, SAMURAI CAT FLEW TO SERPENT-HAUNTED NABONIDEA, ONLY TO LEARN HIS NEXT PREY -- THE WIZARD THPAGETI-THOTH, A NABONIDEAN NECROMANCER -- WAS NOT THERE.



THOTH HAD CONCEIVED A MAD SCHEME OF TRAVELING FAR NORTH INTO SAVAGE PICTLAND TO USE HIS MAGICKS TO UNITE THE PICTS UNDER HIS RULE.

NOW, TOMOKATO FOLLOWS HIS TRAIL, READY TO PAUSE AT FORT TICONDEROGA, THE LAST AQUITANEAN STRONGHOLD BEFORE THE PICTISH BORDER.



TO THINK, AFTER ALL  
THOSE GLORIOUS  
CAMPAIGNS-- ALL  
THOSE WONDROUS  
BATTLES... TO BE  
SLAIN WHILE YOU  
SAT UPON YOUR  
THRONE.

BUT THAT IS WHAT  
HAPPENED TO YOU, MY  
BELOVED LORD  
NOBUNAGA-- RULER  
OF ALL SOUTHERN  
KONSHU.

AND I--YOUR TRUE SAMURAI-- HAVE VOWED  
TO BRING THE PERPETRATORS TO SWIFT  
JUSTICE AT THE END OF MY SWORD.

IN THIS SACRED  
TOME SHALL I  
IDENTIFY THOSE  
VILLAINS STILL  
AT LARGE.

UGH! A VERITABLE  
ROGUES GALLERY  
OF FELONS--ONE  
MORE EVIL THAN  
THE NEXT.

NOBUNAGA'S  
BIG BOOK  
OF  
BAD GUYS  
VOL. II

HERE IS THE ONE I SEEK--  
THE ONE I HAVE SINGLED OUT  
FOR REVENGE THIS TIME...  
THPAGETI-THOTH, THE  
NABONIDEAN MAGICIAN.



ALL ASHORE  
FOR FORT  
TICONDEROGA!  
CONNECTIONS  
TO BURBANK--  
AZUMA--AND  
COCCAMANGA!

THOSE OTHER  
DESTINATIONS MIGHT  
TEMPT A LESSER  
FELINE...

...BUT NOT A  
SAMURAI ON  
A MISSION  
OF SUPREME  
VENGEANCE!

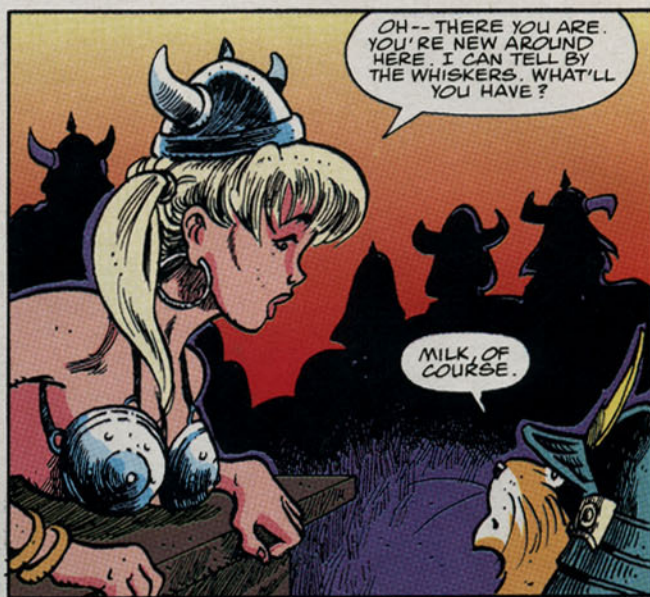


FIRST... MY THROAT IS PARCHED  
AND CRAVES THE SWEET NECTAR--  
MILK. : MEEOWWRRR?

Slut  
and  
Brew

THE AIR REEKS OF SOUR  
WINE AND OLD SWEAT. HERE  
ABIDE-- BARBARIANS!













HEY-- WAIT!  
HE'S NOT THAT  
TOUGH! WE  
CAN TAKE  
HIM!

LOOK-- I'M ONLY  
HALF THE MAN YOU  
ARE AND I'M NOT  
SCARED!



LATER ...

THERE HE IS,  
CAPTAIN ALMURIC.  
HE'S THE ONE... TOOK  
OUT FIVE OF OUR  
MEN WITH ONE  
STROKE!



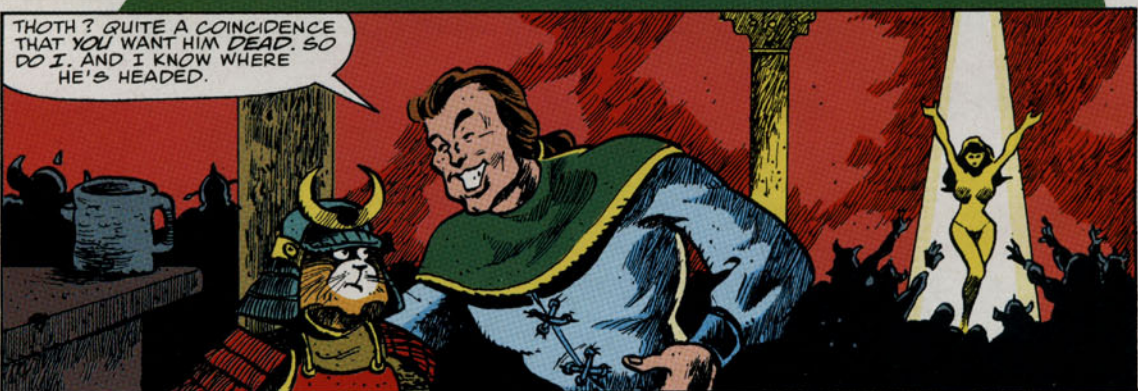
YOU DID  
THIS TO  
MY MEN?

YES. AND I COULD  
EASILY DO THIS TO THE  
REST. PLEASE DON'T  
MAKE IT  
NECESSARY.



WOULDN'T THINK OF IT. IN FACT,  
I'D LIKE TO RECRUIT YOU.

APOLOGIES,  
BUT I'M ON THE  
TRAIL OF ONE OF  
THE SLAYERS OF  
MY LORD,  
NOBUNAGA. HIS  
NAME IS  
THPAGETI-  
THOTH.



THOTH? QUITE A COINCIDENCE  
THAT YOU WANT HIM DEAD. SO  
DO I. AND I KNOW WHERE  
HE'S HEADED.



HE'S TRYING TO CREATE  
A PICTISH CONFEDERACY  
TO ATTACK AQUITAINE'S  
NORTHERN MARCHES.



HE MUST  
BE STOPPED,  
BY CHROME!

I'M SENDING  
A PARTY NORTH  
TO KILL HIM.



I COULD USE A CAT  
WITH YOUR SKILL!

STICK WITH ME  
AND I PROMISE  
YOU FIRST  
CRACK TO CREAM  
THOTH.



COME.

ONE HOUR LATER, IN THE COMMAND  
CABIN OF CAPTAIN ALMURIC...



TOMOKATO, LET ME  
INTRODUCE YOU TO MY  
MAIN MAN, THE FIERCEST  
WARRIOR EVER TO DON  
A LOINCLOTH.

JOHNNY  
WEISMULLER?  
HERE?!



I GIVE YOU  
**CON-ED--THE  
BARBARIAN!**



OH--  
GIVE ME A  
BREAK!





THPAGETI-THOTH MURDERED MY WOMAN! HOW COULD YOU PROMISE HIM TO THIS SCRAWNY LITTLE--

WONDERCAT! HE KILLED FIVE OF MY BEST MEN IN THE SLUT AND BREW EARLIER! HEAR THAT?! FIVE!

BY THE WAY, ANYONE EVER TALK TO YOU ABOUT YOUR BREATH?

CHROME AND BUMPER-- YOU'RE EASILY IMPRESSED! CAN'T YOU SMELL THE STINK OF CIVILIZATION ON THIS LITTLE SNOT?!



HE PROBABLY USES TOILET PAPER AND DOESN'T BELCH!

IT'S DIFFERENT IN BARBARIA! NOTHING WE LIKE BETTER THAN BELCHING AND FIGHTING... IN ANY ORDER. AND NO TOILET PAPER-- LEAVES!



=YAWN=

BARBARISM IS THE NATURAL STATE OF MANKIND! IT MUST TRIUMPH IN THE END!

NO LASERDISCS, CENTRAL HEATING, PERMANENT PRESS PANTS...



AND IT CONTINUES UNTIL THE SNORES DROWN HIM OUT.

LATER THAT EVENING, THE COMPANY OF SOLDIERS IS INTRODUCED TO TOMOKATO BEFORE EMBARKING ON THEIR MISSION.



ALMARIC

AMLARIC

AMLURIC

AMRALIC

AL MURIK

AL-MURIQ

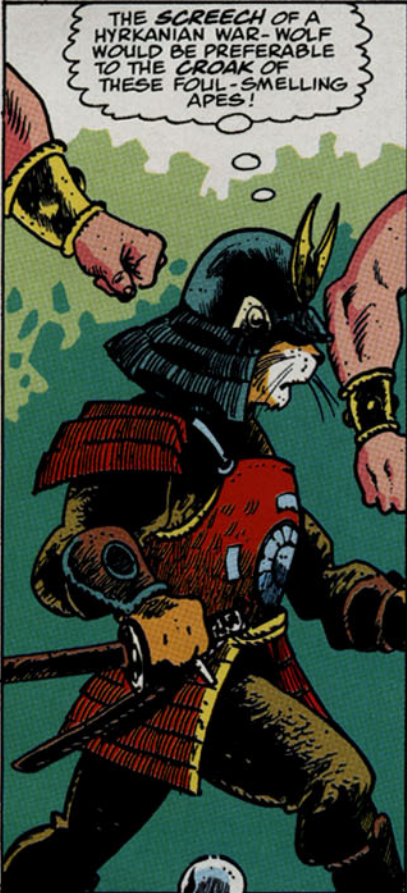


SOON, THE DARKENED FOREST REVERBERATES TO THE OFF-KEY SOUNDS OF A BARBARIC CHORUS...



WE'RE ALL LUMBERJACKS  
AND WE'RE OKAY.  
WE WORK ALL NIGHT  
AND WE SLEEP ALL DAY!

THE SCREECH OF A  
HYRKANIAN WAR-WOLF  
WOULD BE PREFERABLE  
TO THE CROAK OF  
THESE FOUL-SMELLING  
APES!



LATER...

THERE--THE  
BLACK WALNUT!  
IT'S THE BORDER  
BETWEEN CANADA  
AND PICTLAND!

LEGEND HAS IT THAT IT  
MAY ALSO BE THE FOSSILIZED  
REMAINS OF THE GIANT CLAM  
OF SUMATRA. BUT I TAKE  
LITTLE STOCK IN THAT.



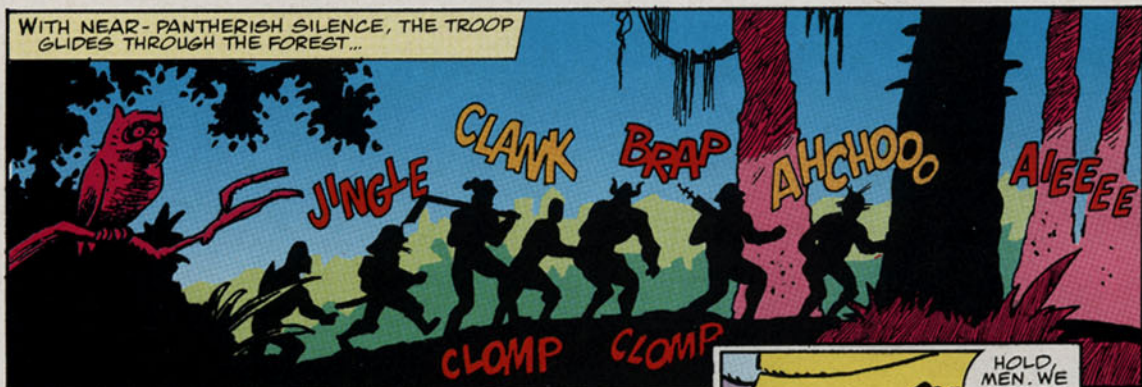
Welcome to  
**PICTLAND**  
POP: 21,672  
Please pack  
your trash  
out.

NOW BE ON YOUR GUARD! FROM  
THIS POINT ON, WE MIGHT RUN INTO  
THE DREADED PORKA PICTS!

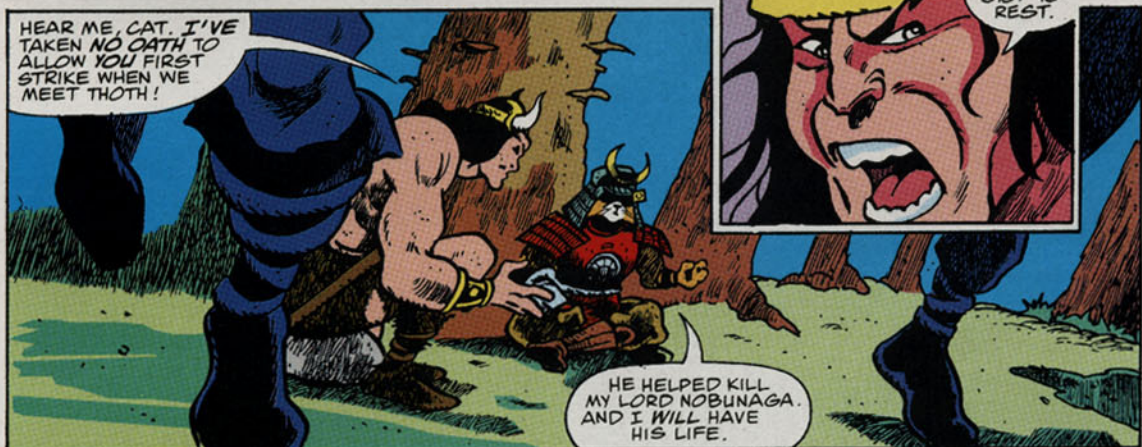




WITH NEAR-PANTHERISH SILENCE, THE TROOP GLIDES THROUGH THE FOREST...



HEAR ME, CAT. I'VE TAKEN NO OATH TO ALLOW YOU FIRST STRIKE WHEN WE MEET THOTH!



AND YOU ACTUALLY THINK YOU CAN BEAT ME TO HIM?



WHOOPS! WHAT'S THIS?!





THE PORKA PICTS ATTACK.  
AND THEY'RE AT THEIR  
MOST DANGEROUS -- IT'S  
BEFORE BREAKFAST.

WE'RE  
SURROUNDED  
AND OUT-  
NUMBERED!

LIKE A RONCO DELUXE PICT-SLICER,  
THE BLADE OF CON-ED WHIRS.

CHROME! THIS IS MORE FUN THAN LOOTING A NUNNERY!



YOU'LL NOT HAVE ALL THE FUN,  
CON-ED! NOT WHEN THE BLADE  
OF A TRUE SAMURAI FLASHES  
IN YOUR MIDST!



BLADE, SHMADE! YOU NEED TO USE A *PIECE*,  
CAT! WITH *THIS* KIND OF WEAPON MAKING PICT-  
SWISS CHEESE OF THE ENEMY-- NO ONE CAN  
GET NEAR ME!



SOON, TOMOKATO AND CON-ED ARE THE ONLY TWO  
SURVIVORS. THEY FIGHT BACK-TO-BACK,  
SLAUGHTERING PICT AFTER PICT.

ARE YOU STILL  
AMONG THE LIVING,  
BARBARIAN?

AYE! STILL AT YOUR  
BACK. SAVING YOUR FUR  
FOR CHROME-KNOWS-  
WHAT REASON!





HOURS  
LATER...

WE SLAUGHTER THEM BY THE HUNDREDS AND STILL THEY COME! WHAT WILL IT TAKE TO STEM THE TIDE OF THIS PICT-HEADED HOARD?!

MORE THAN TWO SWORD ARMS, NO MATTER HOW STAINCH! AND AS DISCRETION IS THE BETTER PART OF VALOR...



... FOLLOW  
ME!

MY EVERY  
INSTINCT REBELS  
AGAINST THIS  
FLIGHT!

HOW WOULD  
IT APPEAR TO  
MEMBERS OF MY  
CINNAMON CLAN--

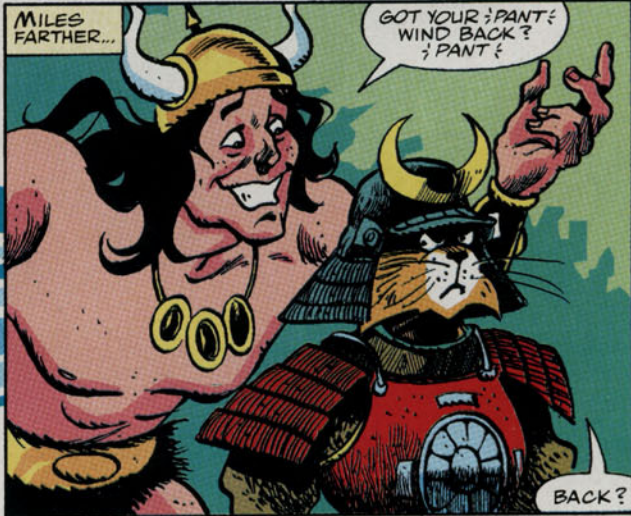
-- WHEN THEY  
SAW THEIR PROUDEST  
SON FLEEING?



OF COURSE, IF  
THEY EVER WANT TO  
SEE MORE THAN A  
WALLET PHOTO OF  
ME AGAIN...

MILES  
FARTHER...

GOT YOUR PANT-  
WIND BACK?  
PANT-



...THESE  
BARBARIAN  
BOOTS BETTER  
DO SOME FAST  
WALKIN'!

BACK?







DO MY SHARP BARBARIAN EARS DETECT THE SOUND OF WAR DRUMS, CAT?

NO. I BELIEVE WE'RE HEARING THE PICT VERSION OF "YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE!"

BADDA  
BADDA  
BOOM  
BOOM

BADDA  
BADDA  
BOOM  
BOOM

BADDA  
BADDA  
BOOM  
BOOM

IT APPEARS MOST OF THE VILLAGE IS ENGAGED IN CELEBRATION.

BADDA  
BADDA  
BOOM  
BOOM

EVEN THE SENTRIES APPEAR ABSENT. CIRCLE AROUND THE OTHER SIDE.

THEY'LL BE SUCH EASY PICKINGS FOR A BARBARIAN BORN. I ALMOST FEEL PITY FOR THEM.

BONEHEAD BORN.

ARR!

URR!



DO DE  
DUM DEE  
DE DUM  
DO.

BOOM  
BADDA BADDA BOOM

RARR!

RURR!

CONFIDENT THEIR PREY IS FALLING INTO THEIR TRAP, THE TWO PICTS ARE UNAWARE OF THEIR FOE'S INCREDIBLE--





-- CLUMBSINESS... AS  
CON-ED INADVERTENTLY  
HITS A TRIPWIRE...



THE  
SOURCE OF  
THE SOUNDS  
MUST BE  
OVER THIS  
ROOFTOP.





IN THE EERIE CRIMSON GLOW BELOW, THE PICTS HAD FORMED A FRENZIED CONGA LINE, CHANTING SAVAGELY AS THEY CIRCLED A PIT OF FIRE BEFORE A LARGE STAGE...

ONE, TWO, THREE, KICK!

ONE, TWO, THREE, KICK!

ONE, TWO, THREE, KICK!

ONE, TWO, THREE, KICK!

ONE, TWO, THREE, KICK!



THE PULSING RHYTHMS REACH A FEVERISH PITCH UNTIL...



... A SINISTER FORM APPEARS THROUGH THE SMOKE ...



AS IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW,  
I'M THPAGETI-THOTH THE  
MAGNIFICENT!

NECROMANCER OF  
UNPARALLELED EXPER-  
TISE, DISPENSER OF THE  
WISDOM OF THE ANCIENTS  
--SOOTHSAYER, SEER  
AND SAGE--

...AND  
SUBSTITUTE HOST  
FOR ED McMAHON ON  
STAR SEARCH!

BY THE WAY, LADIES AND  
GERMS, I JUST FLEW IN FROM  
AQUILONIA AND BOY ARE MY  
ARMS TIRED! BADDOOM-  
BOOM!

BUT  
SERIOUSLY, FOLKS,  
THESE ARE MY LOVELY  
ASSISTANTS, BAMBI  
AND MUFFY! AND  
THEY'LL KEEP ANY  
SAVAGE WORTH HIS  
SAUCE WARM ON A  
COLD NEMEDIAN  
NIGHT!

HEY, HEY,  
BOYS!

THIS IS  
BETTER THAN  
THE BOB HOPE  
TOURS, HUH,  
BAMBI?

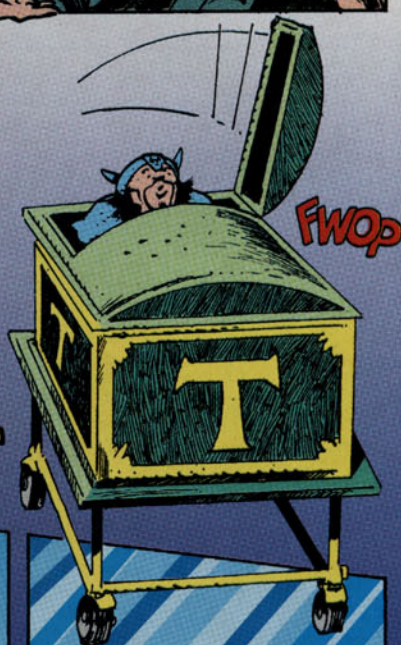




NOW PREPARE TO FEAST YOUR UNEDUCATED EYES UPON A FABULOUS FEAT OF PRRRRRESTIDIGATION!



SAWING A MAN IN HALF!



GASP! IT'S AL-MURIQ!



MY, OH, MY-- WHAT A BILLIG BLADE... AND IT VIBRATES, TOO! MMMMMMMMM!

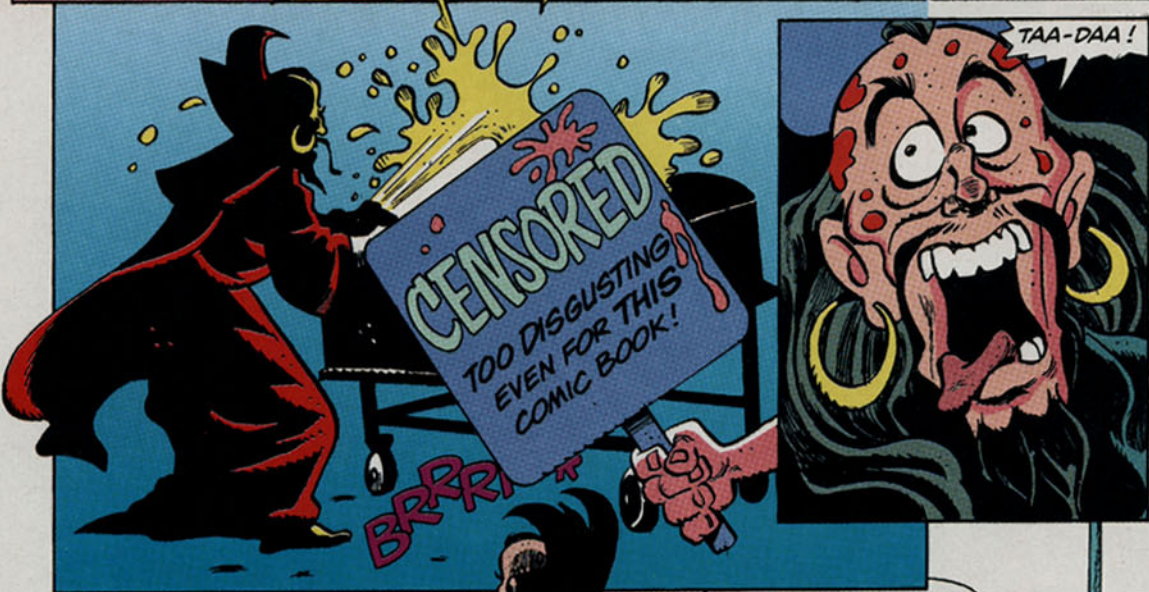


THANK YOU.

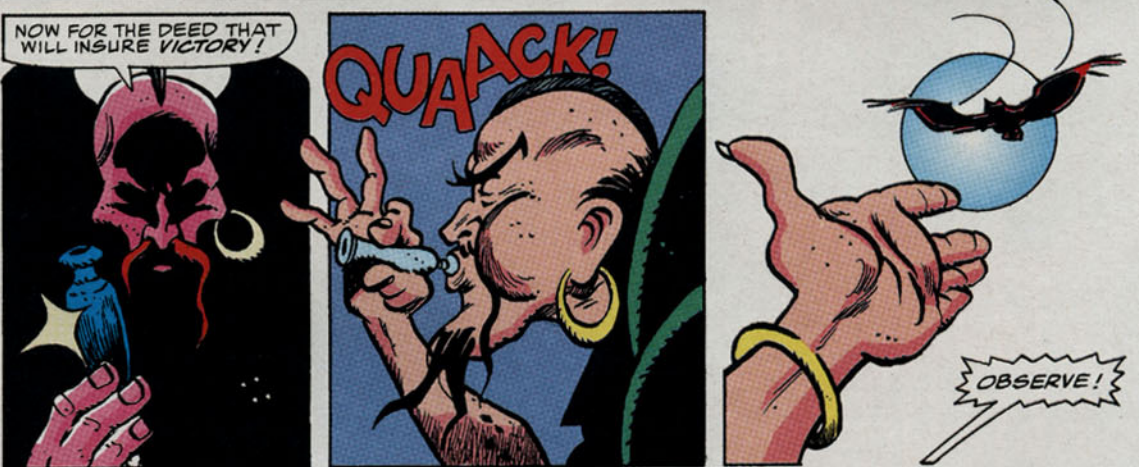
HERE'S YOUR LITTLE TOY, THOTHIE BOY!















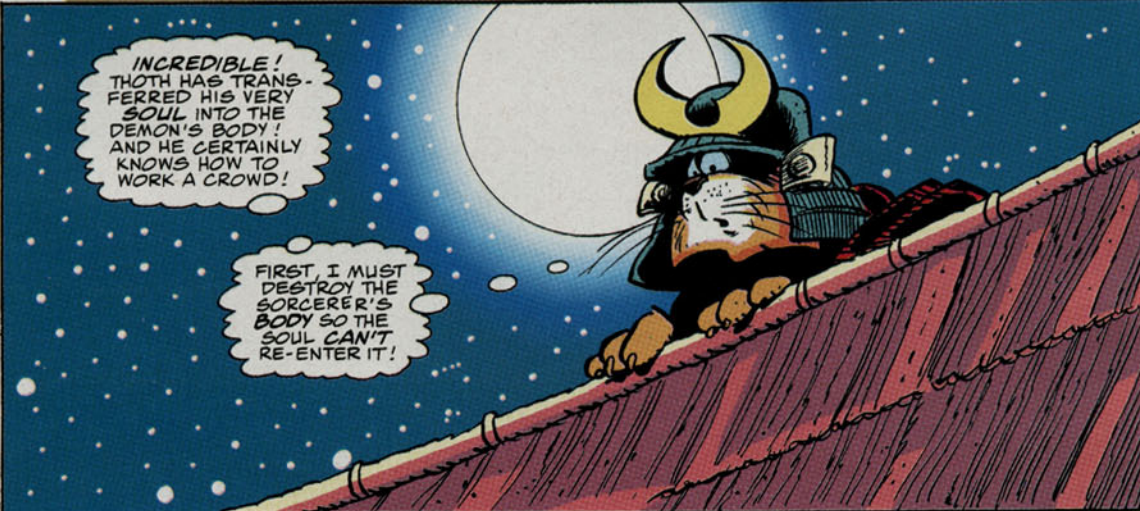
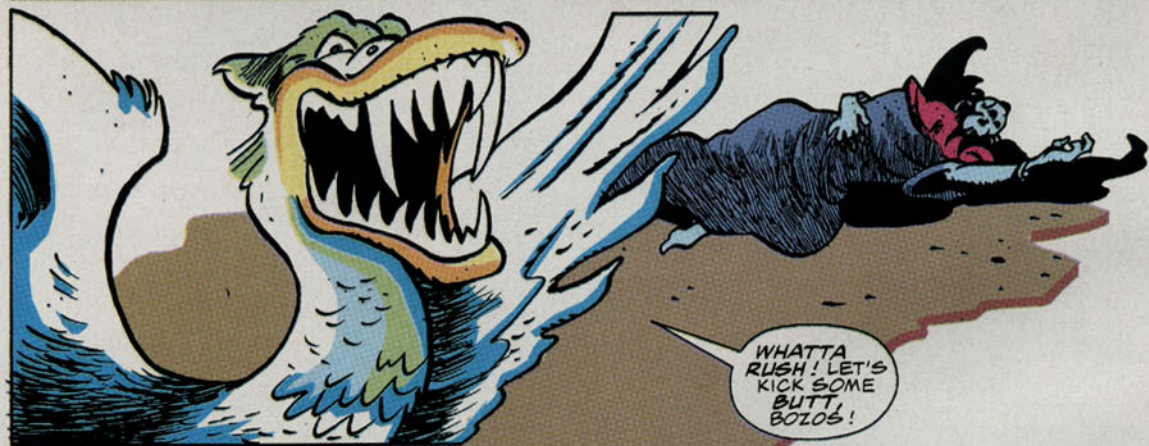


OKAY, LET'S  
GIVE THEM THAT  
BIT THAT WOWED  
'EM ON THE  
SULLIVAN SHOW  
CENTURIES  
AGO!

ALSO GOT  
ME THAT  
**LISTERINE**  
COMMERCIAL  
IN L.A.!



WHOOO! PUFF THE MAGIC  
DRAGON'S GOT NOTHING  
ON THIS ONE!



INCREDIBLE!  
THOTH HAS TRANS-  
FERRED HIS VERY  
**SOUL** INTO THE  
DEMON'S BODY!  
AND HE CERTAINLY  
KNOWS HOW TO  
WORK A CROWD!

FIRST, I MUST  
DESTROY THE  
SORCERER'S  
BODY SO THE  
SOUL CAN'T  
RE-ENTER IT!

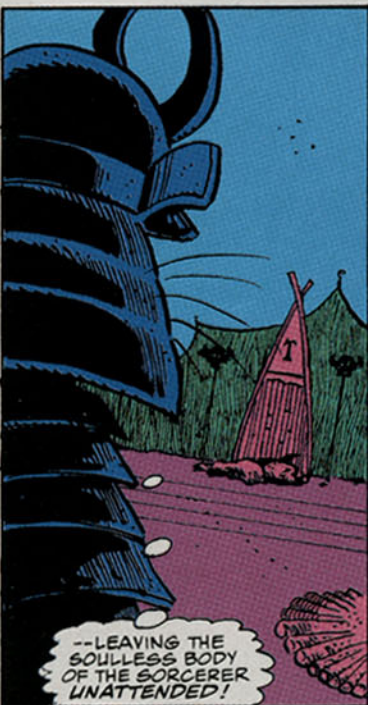


I NEED A DIVERSION TO  
REACH THE PLATFORM--  
AND THESE WILL SUFFICE.

GOOD THING I  
PICKED THEM UP  
AT THE BAR.



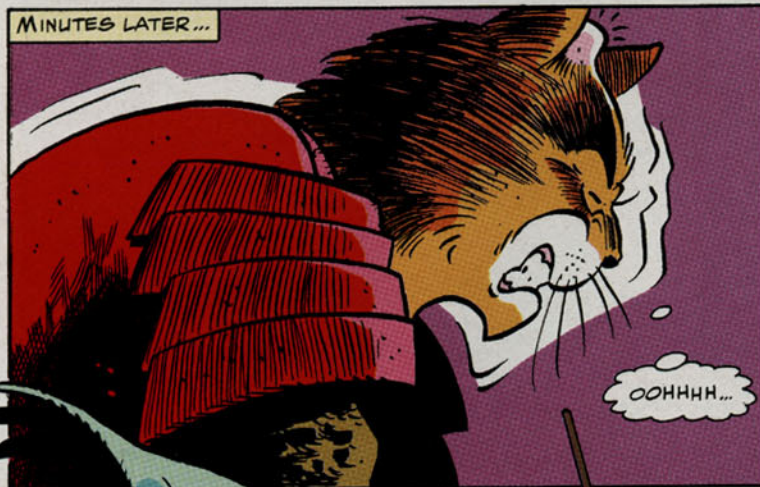
MOMENTS LATER...







MINUTES LATER...





RETURNING TO THE BATTLE...



SAVAGE AS YOU  
MAY BE, PICTS...

...YOU'RE  
LITTLE MATCH  
FOR THE SINGING  
BLADE OF A  
SAMURAI!

THE WIZARD'S  
BODY IS SLAIN-- BUT  
HIS SOUL STILL  
RESIDES IN THE BELLY  
OF THE BEAST!



AND BECAUSE THE  
CREATURE IS AIR-  
BORNE, I MUST  
SEEK A POSITION  
ABOVE IT!



AH! IT  
APPROACHES.

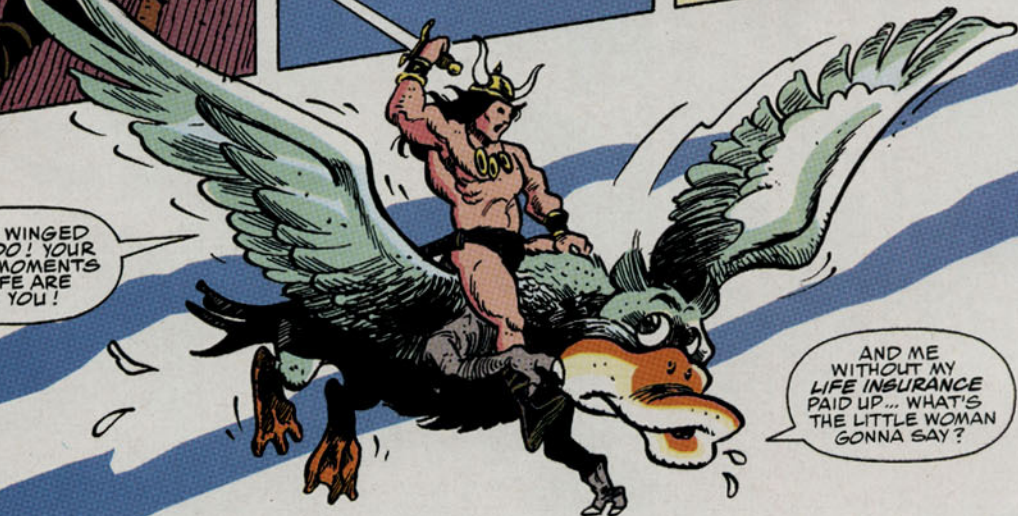
YES--COME  
CLOSER--  
CLOSER!



NOW!!

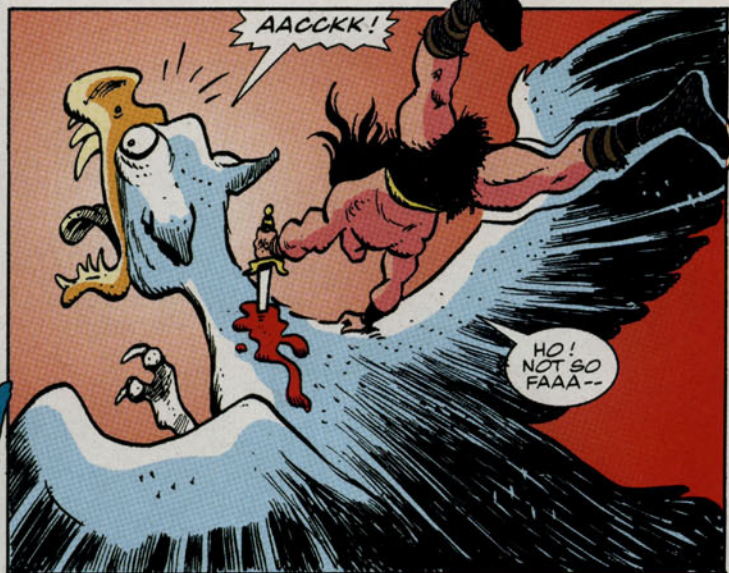


HO! WINGED  
WEIRDO! YOUR  
LAST MOMENTS  
OF LIFE ARE  
UPON YOU!



AND ME  
WITHOUT MY  
LIFE INSURANCE  
PAID UP... WHAT'S  
THE LITTLE WOMAN  
GONNA SAY?













RARRHH!

YOU'VE UNDER-ESTIMATED MY GUILE, BEAK-BREATH! CON-ED CAN KNOCK OUT ANYONE'S LIGHTS!

CHUNK

CRACK!



I ZPOSE YOU TINK DIS IS FENNY?

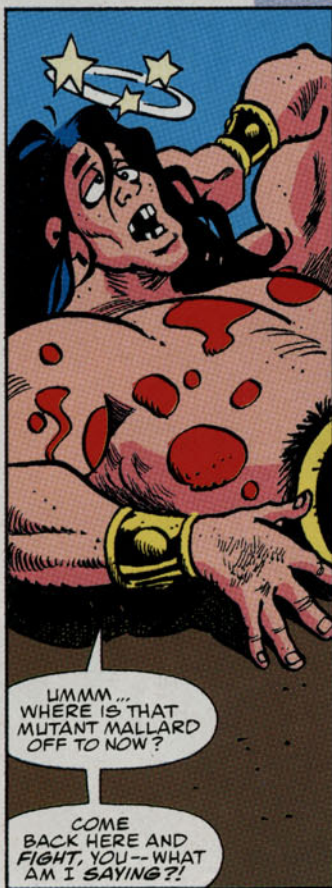
VELL, CON-ED, YOU'VE SCREWED UP MY BILL FOR DE LAS' TIME!



ZA OLD VINGTIP TWICK!

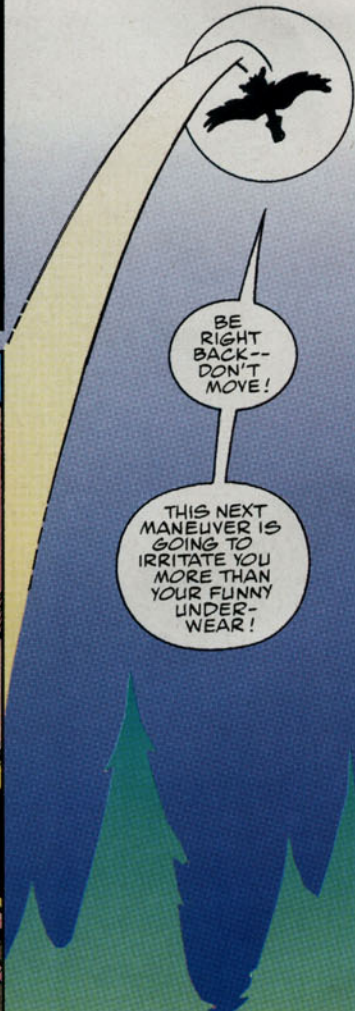
THWAK

DOOP!  
WINGED  
AGAIN!



UMMM...  
WHERE IS THAT  
MUTANT MALLARD  
OFF TO NOW?

COME  
BACK HERE AND  
FIGHT, YOU--WHAT  
AM I SAYING?!



BE  
RIGHT  
BACK--  
DON'T  
MOVE!

THIS NEXT  
MANEUVER IS  
GOING TO  
IRRITATE YOU  
MORE THAN  
YOUR FUNNY  
UNDER-  
WEAR!





GENERATIONS OF NEW YORKERS WILL HONOR ME AS THE ONE WHO PULLED THE PLUG ON CON-ED!

PREPARE FOR A MAJOR BLACK-OUT!

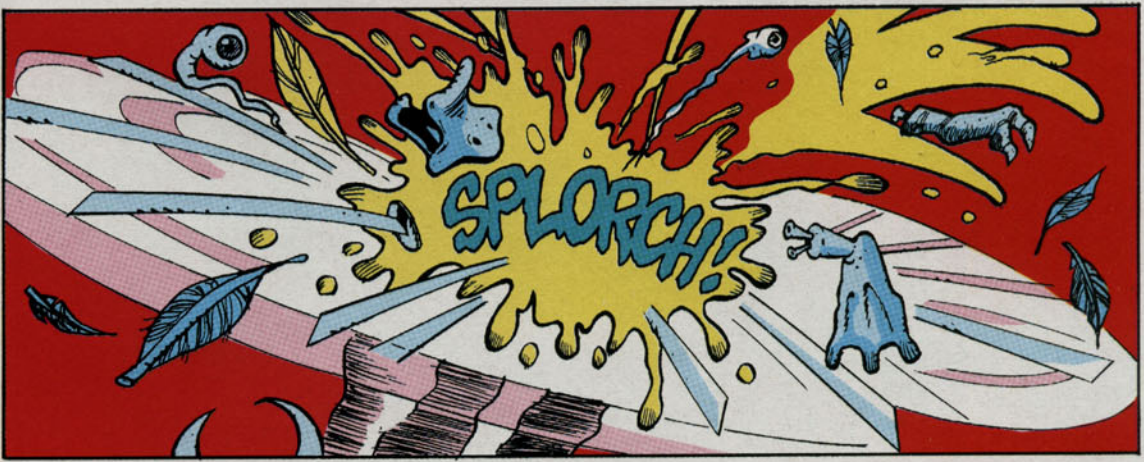


S-SOMETHING COMING STRAIGHT DOWN -- HEADED RIGHT AT ME!

TH-TH-THAT FEATHERED FOUL-UP! COULD IT BE...?



CHROME AND BUMPER!







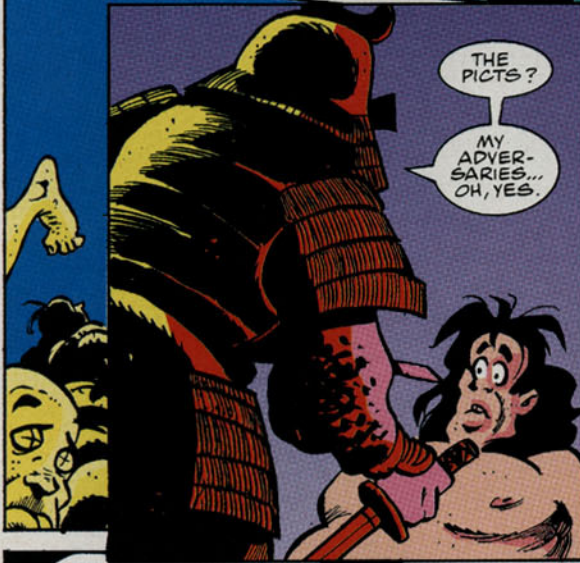
CAT! YOU--

POIT!

DESTROYED THE  
VESSEL HOUSING  
THOTH'S CURSED  
SOUL!

AND I SAVED  
YOUR BRAINLESS  
BARBARIAN HIDE  
AS WELL!

I WAS, ER,  
JUST PLAYING  
POSSUM, FELINE.  
NOW WHAT OF THE  
OTHER PICTS?



THE PICTS?

MY ADVER-  
SARIES...  
OH, YES.



THEY FARED  
LITTLE BETTER THAN  
THWACK. FEWER PIECES,  
PERHAPS.



YOU SEEM SURPRISED.  
YOU FORGET I AM FROM A  
SUPERIOR CULTURE...  
JAPANESE BARBARISM  
IS A WHIM OF  
CIRCUMSTANCE.

YOU ARE A BRUTE--  
LACKING DELICACY AND  
FINESSE. THUS, YOU  
FAIL.

SIMPLY  
PUT, BUTTHEAD  
--YOU ARE A  
BARBARIAN.



WHAT A  
STUD! S'LONG,  
WHISKERS!

WAIT FOR  
ME, SAMMY  
BABY!

NEXT ISH: THE EMPIRE STATE STRIKES BACK!



## THE STARS, Part 2



**Bill Oakley**, letterer, resides in Oneonta — that great cultural mecca in upstate New York. He feverishly pursues his lettering career but "only until Burger World starts hiring again." When not shackled to the drawing board, his habits include headbanging, consuming Dean Koontz novels and showing off his shrunken head collection to local octogenarians. Through his first son, Stephen Anthony, Mr. Oakley plans to continue his reign of terror long after arthritis has set in.



**Joe Roman**, colorist, hails from Dublin, CA. With high hopes and a set of Dr. Martin's dyes tucked under his arm, he headed East to make a name for himself in the ever-wacky comic book biz. First stop was The Joe Kubert School of Cartooning in New Jersey. He then managed to weasel a position at Marvel handling art corrections and mechanicals. Joe proclaims that *Samurai Cat* marks his "greatest achievement as a colorist!" When you can interrupt him from listening to his Walkman, this Dean of the Dyes will tell you that watching Humphrey Bogart movies is a favorite pastime.



**Nel Yomtov**, editor, was born in da Bronx, NYC during the sleepy Eisenhower Dynasty. His career at Marvel can be traced to the mid-70s when he held various positions in the comic book and licensing divisions. From '84-'90 he ran a production/marketing and communications firm working for various consumer goods corporations. The lure of the newsprint brought Nel back on staff as an editor on the *Epic* imprint. The savvy comic reader will recognize Nel's name as long-time colorist. Known throughout the provinces as harmonica tooter extraordinaire, "Bluesman" Yomtov resides in NYC with wife, Nancy, and son, Jesse.



**Suzanne Dell'Orto** broke into comics through a co-op work program. After her internship at Marvel ended, she headed to Chicago where she worked on a variety of artistically-praised, but financially-deprived painting assignments. She returned to Marvel as an assistant editor on the *Epic* line and serves as managing editor on Clive Barker's *Weaveworld*. Her über-coup was being the co-editor on *Captain America: The Classic Years*, the hardcover collection of the very first Cap stories. Suzanne takes painting classes, smokes cigarettes, and dyes her hair in her spare time. She aspires to be an art therapist. God knows, she could make a fortune at Marvel.



# STRAY TOASTERS

TRADE PAPERBACK





# FACE-TO-FACE WITH DARTH SHATNER!

**IN OUR  
NEXT  
ISSUE!**

**DON'T  
MISS  
IT!**





