



SAMURAI

PENGUIN

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Shut Up and Listen

an editorial

This issue of Samurai Penguin is an anniversary for me. It's been one year since I began this adventure in self abuse better known as Slave Labor Graphics. The knowledge that I've gained and the experiences that I've had could fill up an entire book, but I'll try and sum it up in the space of one editorial.

I have learned more about running a business in the past year than I did the entire time I was in college. I've met and worked with more talented people in a short period of time than I thought I ever would. I've also met more liars, thieves, and son of a bitches than I ever care to know.

I travel more than I care to; the flip side of that being that I've been to places I probably never would have gone. I have experienced the strange dichotomy of being treated like dirt by some fan or retailer or distributor and then only days later being treated with respect and enthusiasm by book editors from some of the worlds largest publishing companies.

Yeah, it's been one hell of a weird year, and as I look back and reflect, I realize one thing.

If I weren't already crazy, I'd probably go insane.

Thank you for your time, we now return you to the regular nonsense,

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MURTAUGH STATION: ANTARCTICA

THIS HAS GOT TO BE THE
DAMNDEST THING I'VE EVER SEEN.

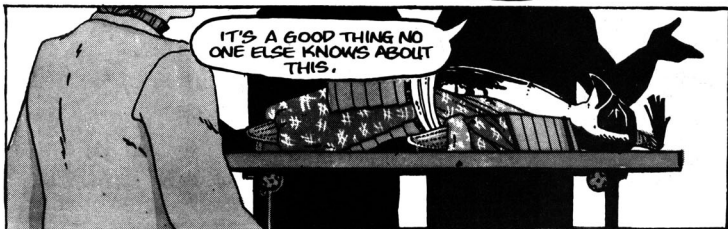
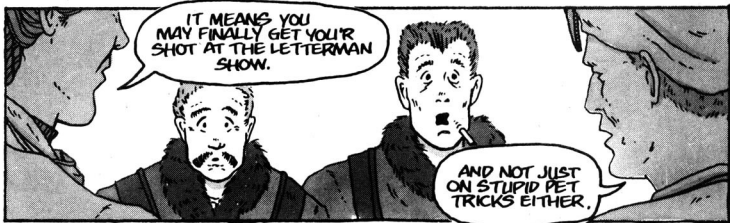
DEFINITELY ONE
FOR THE MEDICAL
JOURNALS, EH DOCTOR?

EITHER THAT OR THE
NATIONAL ENQUIRER.

DO YOU THINK
IT'LL LIVE, JOHNSON?
JOHNSON?

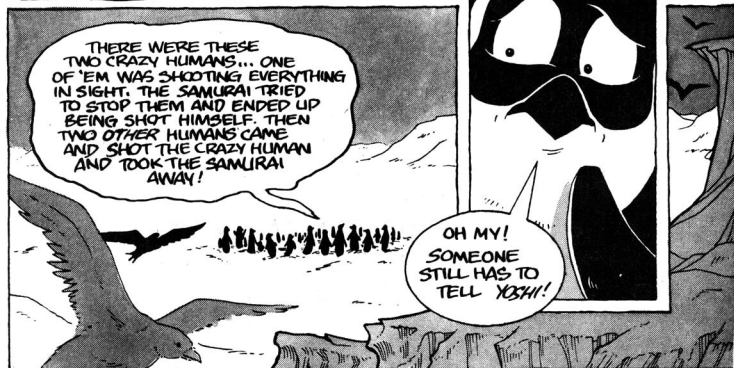
DUNNO, STEINER.
IT DEPENDS ON
WHETHER OR NOT
THE DOC CAN FIGURE
OUT WHAT IT IS.

GOT IT!



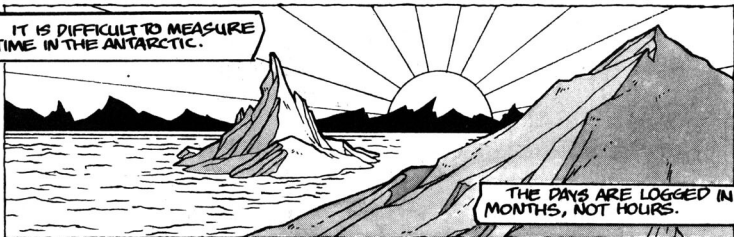


WRITER~DAN VADO CO-ARTIST~FRANK CIRIOCCO (LAYOUTS & DESIGN) CO-ARTIST~E. WISE (FINISHES) LETTERING~CHUCK AUSTEN





IT IS DIFFICULT TO MEASURE
TIME IN THE ANTARCTIC.



THE DAYS ARE LOGGED IN
MONTHS, NOT HOURS.

BUT THE PERPETUAL DAYLIGHT
IS OFTEN A SOURCE OF OPTIMISM.

AND DURING THESE
TROUBLED DAYS OPTIMISM
IS A RARE COMMODITY.

I'VE COME TO THE CHAMBER
OF THE CHOSEN LOOKING FOR
ANSWERS AND BRINGING ONLY HOPE.



THE FLAME
IS THE
SOURCE
OF OUR
POWER.

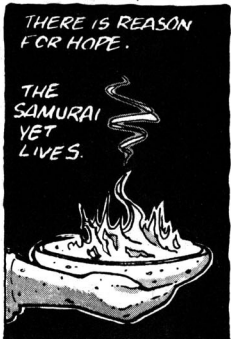


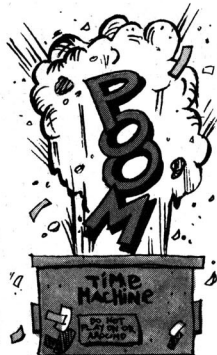
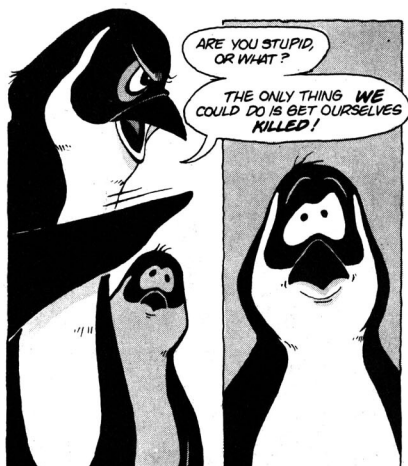
IT DWINDLES...
BUT IT DOES NOT DIE.



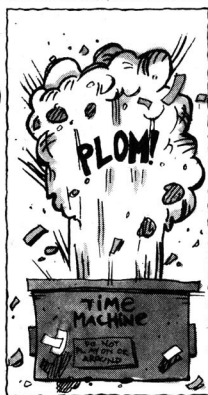
THERE IS REASON
FOR HOPE.

THE
SAMURAI
YET
LIVES.

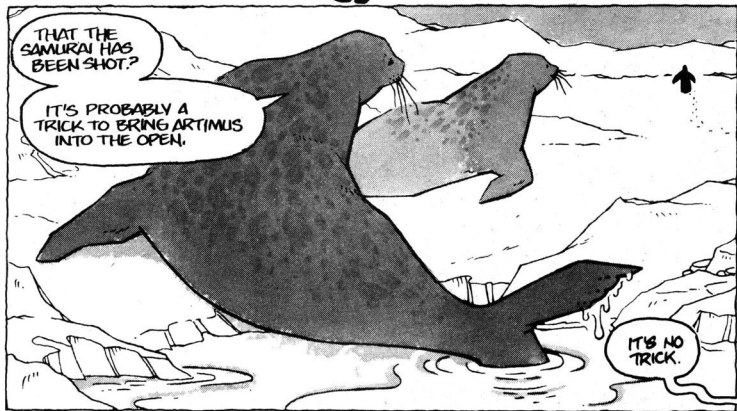
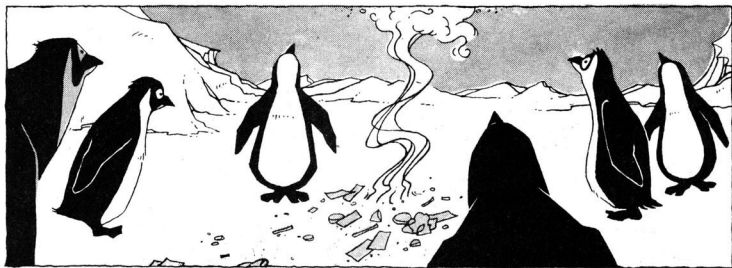


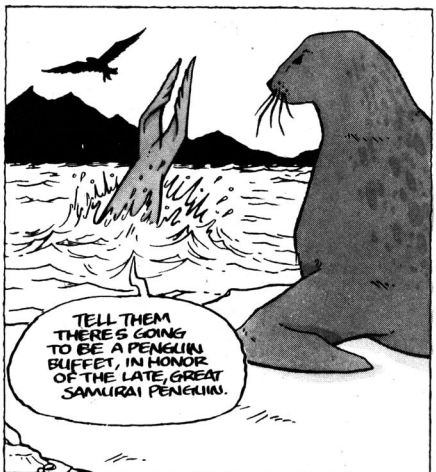
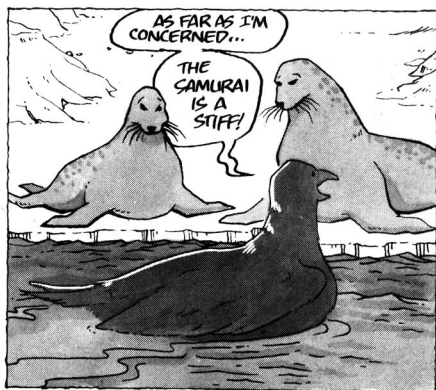






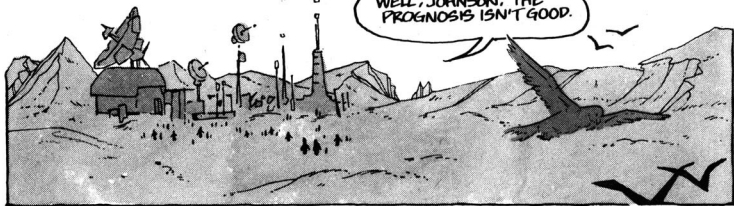
FOR MORE FUN WITH DR. RADIUM, READ... IT'S SCIENCE! #3 ON SALE NOW AT BETTER COMICS STORES!





MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE RESEARCH STATION...
THE PENGUINS HAVE BEGUN TO GATHER.

WELL, JOHNSON, THE
PROGNOSIS ISN'T GOOD.



WHERE DID ALL
THOSE PENGUINS
COME FROM.

SINCE I DON'T KNOW
WHAT IT IS, I HAVE NO
IDEA HOW TO TREAT IT.



WHAT I'D LIKE TO DO
IS OPEN IT UP AGAIN AND
EXAMINE IT'S INTERNAL
ORGANS A LITTLE MORE
CLOSELY.

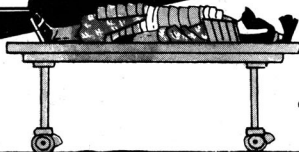


WHO KNOWS, MAYBE
WE'LL OPEN HIM UP AND FIND
FRANK OZ.



HA HA HA HA HA HA

THEY DON'T KNOW IT...
BUT I CAN HEAR THEM
LAUGHING.



LAUGHING...
WHEN I NEED THEIR
HELP MOST.

USELESS PEOPLE.

THEY AREN'T EVEN
GOING TO LET ME DIE
WITH DIGNITY.



I GUESS IT'S
TIME I STOPPED
TAKING ALL THIS
LYING DOWN.

I GUESS IT'S TIME TO
START FIGHTING BACK.

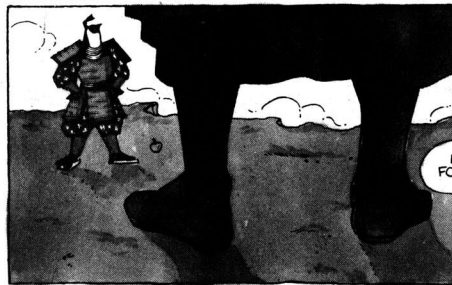
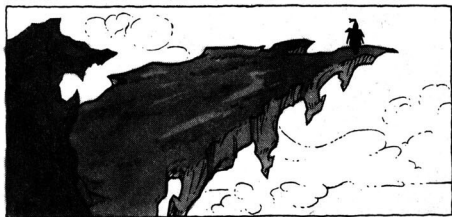


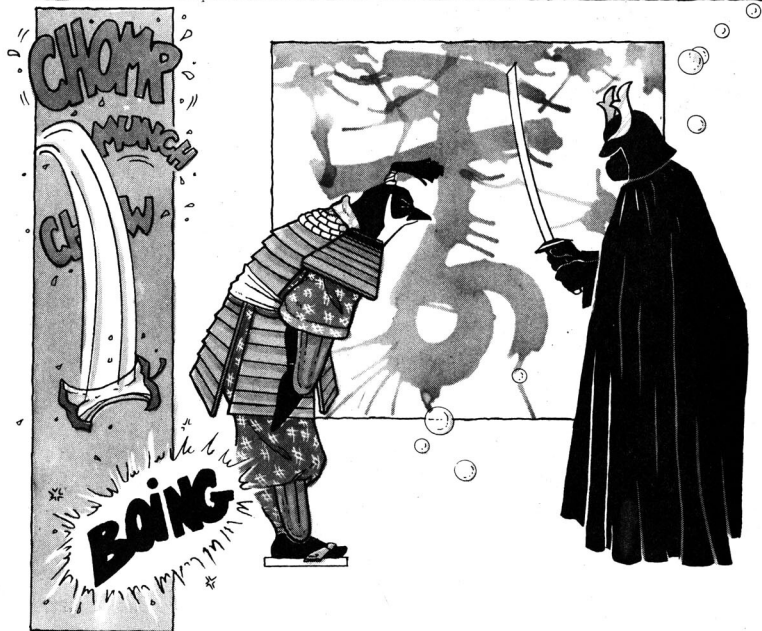
BUT FIRST...

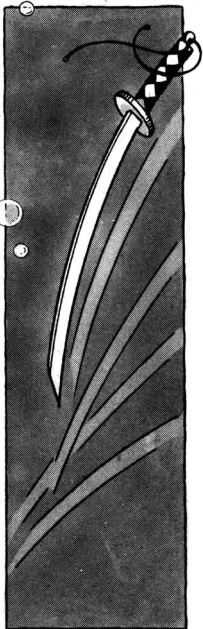
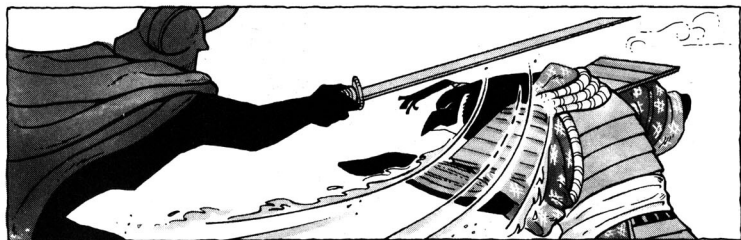


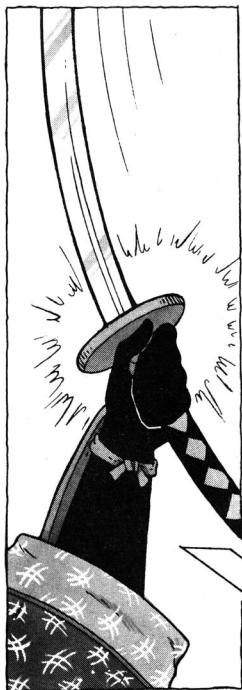
.. I HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE.













A WISE MAN
ONCE SAID THAT
GOD SPEAKS IN
SMALL VOICES.



THAT THE BURNING BUSHES AND PARTING SEAS
ARE DISPLAYS RARELY SEEN.



WELL, IF THAT'S SO, THEN
GOD MUST HAVE SOME-
THING ON HIS MIND.

BECAUSE IN AFRICA
A LAKE BUBBLES AND
STEAMS, AND EVERY
LIVING THING AROUND
IT DIES,



IN GREECE, A SMALL
TOWN RUMBLES AND
SHAKES AND DISAPPEARS
FROM THE MAP.



AND IN ANTARCTICA...

..A PENGUIN SPEAKS.

MAY I
COME IN?

WHEN I SLEEP
I DREAM IN COLOR

NEXT ISSUE

A THREE-
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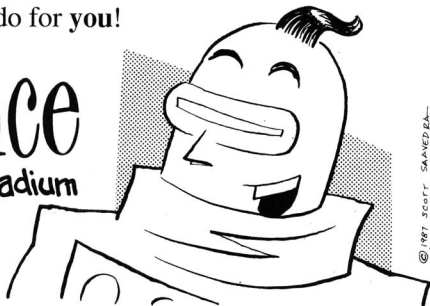


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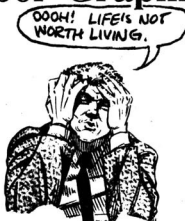
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