

PENTHOUSE

mini

NOVEMBER 1996



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PENTHOUSE Comix

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Part III:
Slaying a field of critters is a yawn and a stretch for Denz. For the tough part, you'll have to see Queen Ichthya

18 BAD GIRL
Is it possible? Bad Girl actually volunteered for Dole's campaign staff? Stuffing envelopes, cold-calling for donations, bending over to pick up pencils— ooh, we might have something here!

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Beware an emasculated Dr. Mamasaki, he has the means to exact a horrific revenge on all women and one woman in particular!

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66 MONKEY JANK
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HEADQUARTERS



*Koh'Dabak Gross
dun Deetlun Tumblah!*

Mark Gruenwald is dead.

A ridiculous nonsense sentence. One that should not have been uttered for a couple of decades or so. His close friends made a ridiculous trip to attend a ridiculous memorial for him and it seemed that, as ridiculous as it was, he indeed no longer was in this plane of existence.

Mark worked his whole life in comics — at Marvel Comics. He was a comic enthusiast, believing that the comic medium is worth serious study (find his Omniverse Magazine, they're out there). His 10 year run at writing Captain America will not soon be matched by anyone.

The energy level he exerted in his everyday pursuit of comics could be infuriating to his assistants and bosses — and to his intimates. His attempts to list, organize and impose order on everything around him were phenomenal (he lived 15,760 days; his count). And always interesting.

He was a confirmed girl watcher. He attempted to prank and practical joke as hard as he could. He loved fart jokes (his passing will be honored with a 21 whoopie-cushion salute). He could chase down errant vouchers like no other editor. He organized some truly wild parties, full of innocent fun. He tried to speak in belches — with mixed success. He liked the Talking Heads and Smashing Pumpkins. He was a good Daddy to his daughter — he enjoined her "not to mope" if he should die. He expected that when he died, he would be absorbed into the universe, perhaps as pure knowledge. If he is elsewhere, he is not here and the Marvel Universe is a much emptier place. And I'll try not to mope too much, but it'll be tough.

—ERB

(CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE)

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Please fill it out after you've gone over the magazine. Answer the following statement, "My unit kissed Kleenex after reading this story":

	TRUE	FALSE
DENZ (pg. 4)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
BAD GIRL (pg. 18)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
DOC DARE (pg. 28)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
YOUNG CAPTAIN ADVENTURE (pg. 45)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
HIDDEN CAMERA (pg. 58)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
MONKEY JANK (pg. 66)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
ABDUCTED BY ALIENS (pg. 69)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>



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DENZ

DENZ began looking for his brother by attempting to perfect the interdimensional portal invented by their uncle. When he traveled through the portal, he brought trouble with him in the form of his shrewish secretary, Neema.

Unbeknownst to them, their physical selves are changed to reflect an inner desire. In DENZ, it resulted in a fighting prowess and muscular stature only equaled by the size of his dick. And in Neema, her flat-chested Earthling self turned into a lush, showgirl beauty — marred only by her egotistical psychosis. She managed to interrupt the reunion of DENZ and his brother by stealing the magical Locnar — key to the kingdom — and using it to knock out DENZ's brother and send DENZ back through the portal, in the process causing it to blow up.



Three long Earth years creep by with DENZ working feverishly to remake the portal and attempt to save the paradise that was no doubt being laid waste by Neema. He arrives on NeverWhere to find a female mystic who uses drugs to bang him and make him think he's nailing a young babe instead of an old harridan. He learns that ten miserable years of enslavement and tribal rivalry, all at the trembling mad hands of Neema —

Queen Neema now — have turned NeverWhere into a sad wasteland. With the Locnar, and the powers of the Elder Gods at her command, Den was cast down and finally, imprisoned. We leave DENZ just as he is about to be attacked by the local Dramites who are under Queen Neema's control — and there are hundreds of them...

Part III: TESTOSTERONY

by
RICHARD CORBEN &
JAN STRNAD



THE PLAIN OF **NEVERWHERE**
STRETCHED BEFORE ME,
LITTERED WITH THE CORPSES
OF SUB-DRAMITES, SOME SLAIN BY
ME, SOME BY THE RISING **SUN**.

FROM SOMEWHERE WITHIN THE
RUBBLE, A THIN **VOICE** CALLED.

HELLO? HAVE WE
WORKED OUT OUR
AGGRESSIONS YET?



SHOW YOURSELF,
WHINY ONE!

© 1996 RICH CORBEN AND JAN STRNAD



I DON'T KNOW--I
THINK YOU STILL
HAVE A FEW
HOSTILITY ISSUES
TO WORK OUT.

STAND UP, OR I'LL
HACK APART
THESE CORPSES
UNTIL I FIND YOU!



OKAY, OKAY, HERE I AM.
NOW DON'T GET ALL
TESTOSTERONEY
ON ME.

I CAN BE OF
GREAT VALUE
TO YOU...**ALIVE.**

TELL ME WHAT
YOU KNOW OF MY
BROTHER **DEN!**

I'LL GIVE YOU TWO MINUTES
TO EXPLAIN YOURSELF,
DRAMITE, BEFORE I RIP
YOUR ARMS OFF AND STUFF
THEM DOWN YOUR THROAT!



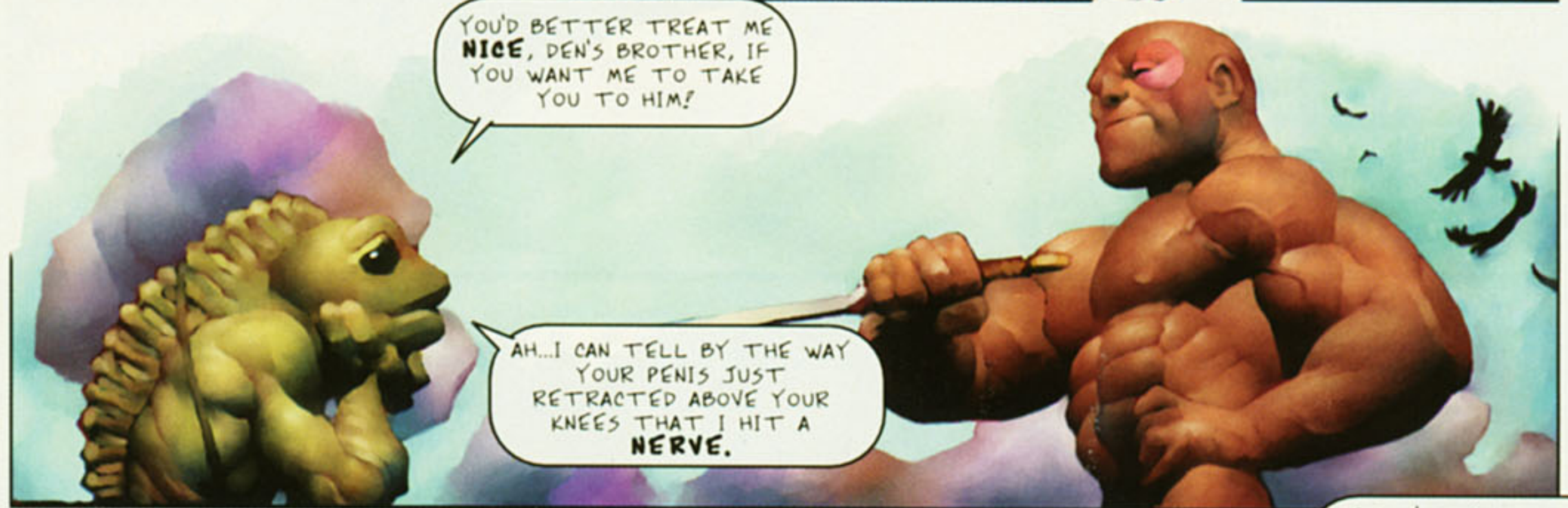
YOUR...B-B-BROTHER?
I GUESS
PREMATURE **HAIR**
LOSS RUNS IN THE
FAMILY, HUH?



UUGHN!

YOU'D BETTER TREAT ME
NICE, DEN'S BROTHER, IF
YOU WANT ME TO TAKE
YOU TO HIM!

AH...I CAN TELL BY THE WAY
YOUR PENIS JUST
RETRACTED ABOVE YOUR
KNEES THAT I HIT A
NERVE.



GATHER YOUR
THINGS AND
COME WITH
ME--



WE DON'T WANT TO BE
HERE WHEN THE
BOAR-DOGS SHOW UP
TO FEAST ON THESE
BODIES.

CHA-CHING CHING

THE DRAMITE WAS A MUTATION, ABLE TO TOLERATE SUNLIGHT AND MUCH MORE INTELLIGENT THAN MOST OF HIS KIND. I NAMED HIM **GABBY**.

GONNA HAVE TO LOSE THE **BELLS**, MY FRIEND. IT'S POOR STRATEGY TO ATTRACT **ATTENTION** AROUND HERE!

CHING CHA-CHING CHA-CHA-CHING CHING

IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN A FEW BONES TO SCARE **ME!**

CHING CHA-CHING CHA-CHA-CHING CHING


YAAAH!

I CAN'T GET RID OF THEM! I NEED THEM TO GET THROUGH THE QUITTS!


QUITTS-SCHMOITTS! WE'RE UP A TREE, HERE!

POUCH? GO ON?

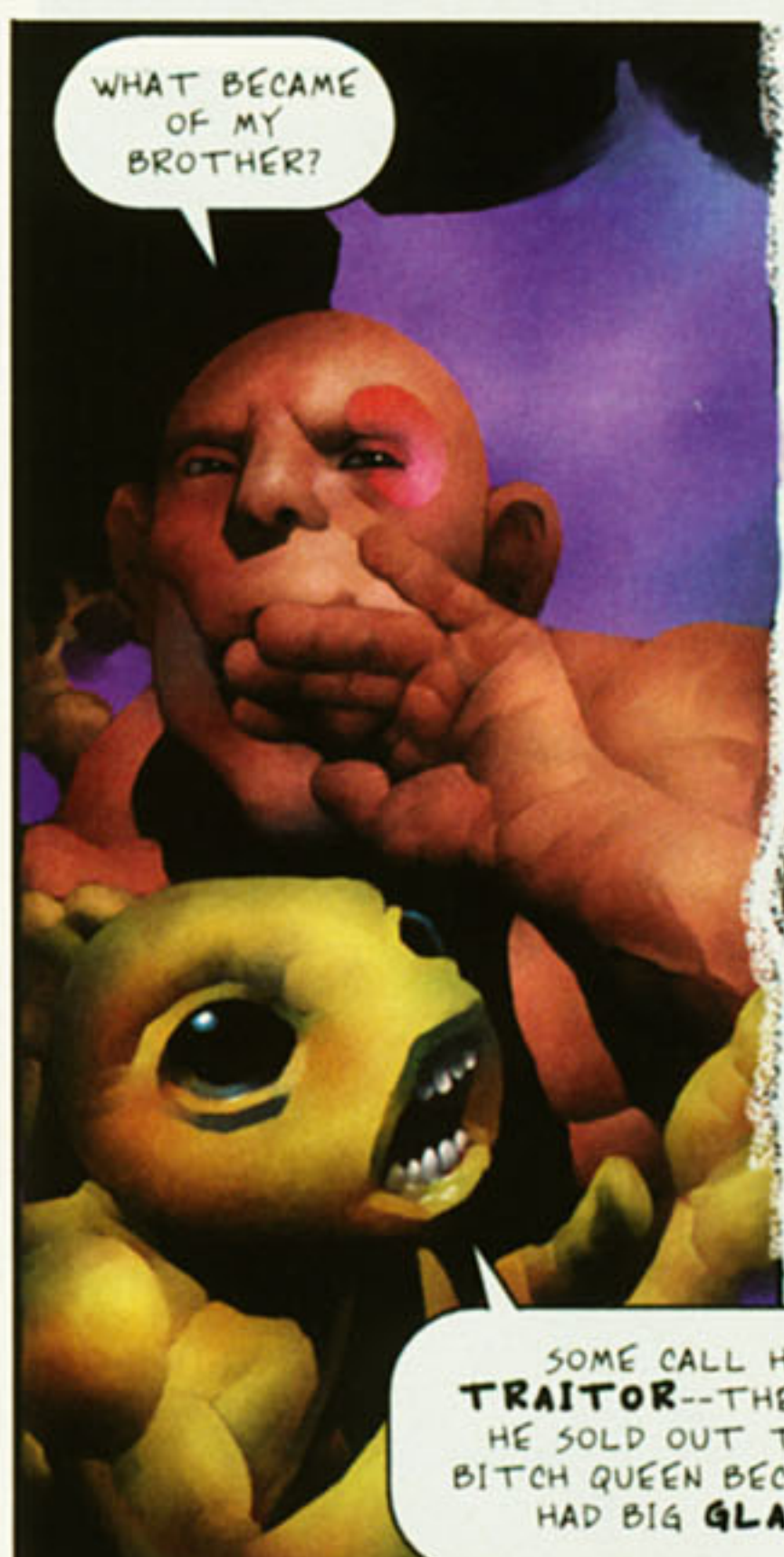




"WHEN THE **BITCH QUEEN** TOOK OVER, THE HIVES ALL BECAME AS ONE. WE HATED IT, BUT MALCONTENTS WERE **EXTERMINATED.**"




"THEY WERE MARCHED INTO THE PIT WHERE THEY PLUMMETED INTO THE DEEPEST DEPTHS OF NEVERWHERE, INTO THE MAW OF THE **ELDER GODS!**"



WHAT BECAME OF MY BROTHER?

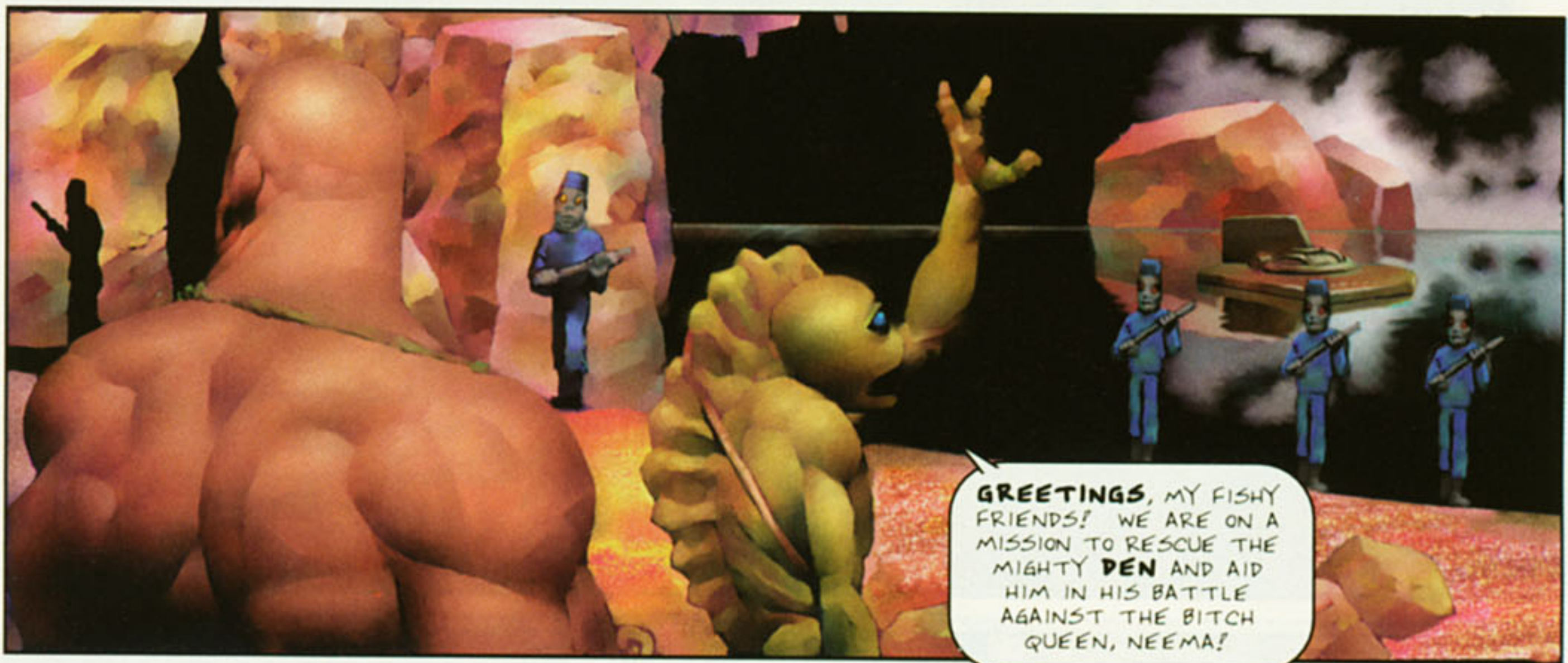
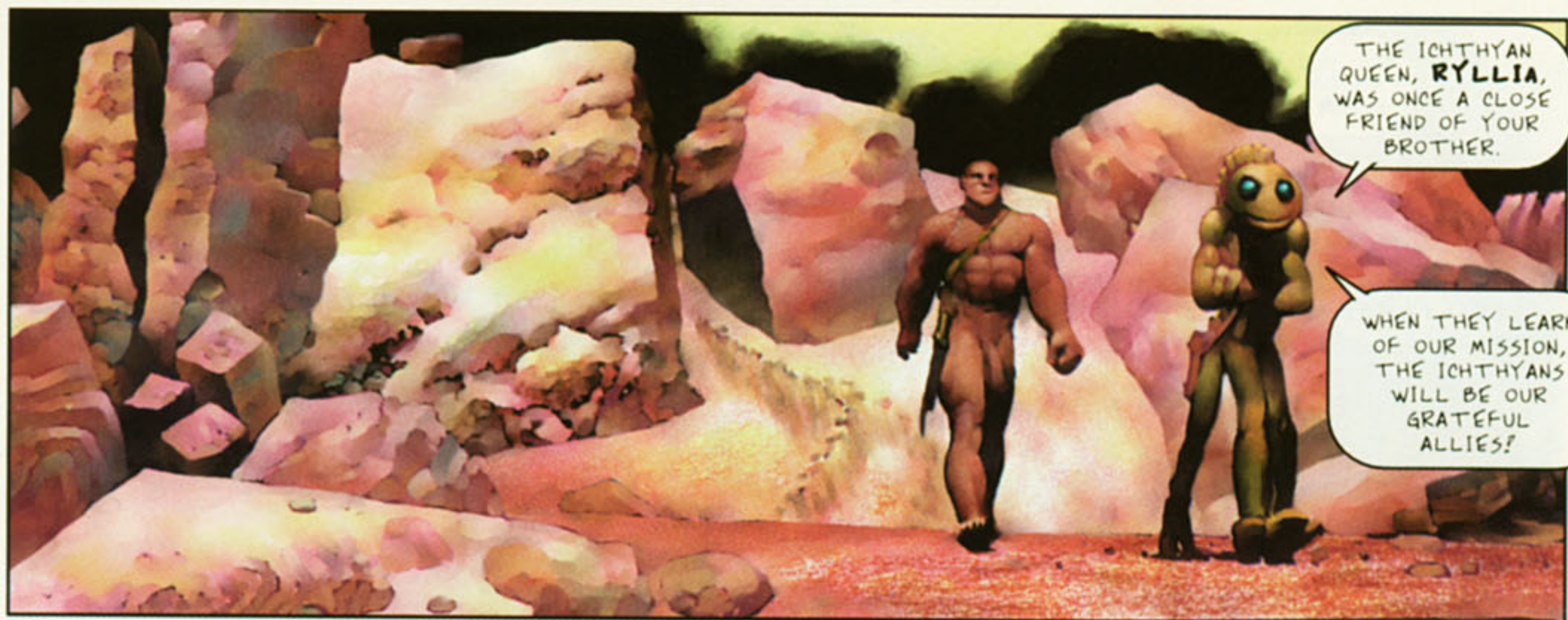
SOME CALL HIM A **TRAITOR**--THEY THINK HE SOLD OUT TO THE BITCH QUEEN BECAUSE SHE HAD BIG **GLANDS.**

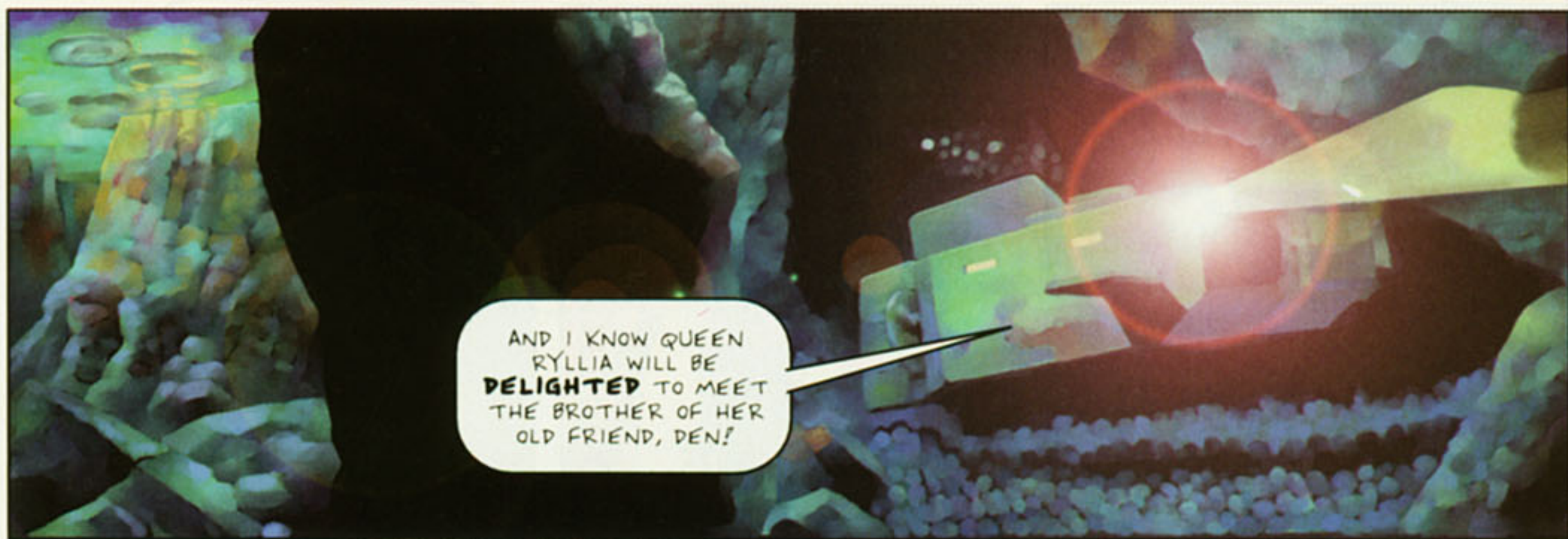


"SOME SAY HE'S A PRISONER IN HER PALACE, WHERE CARNIVOROUS **WORMS** EAT HIM ALIVE EVERY NIGHT!"









AND I KNOW QUEEN RYLLIA WILL BE **DELIGHTED** TO MEET THE BROTHER OF HER OLD FRIEND, DEN!



SOON ...

I SHOULD BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT!

YOUR BROTHER **SPURNED** ME, YOU KNOW!



I GUESS A **FISH WOMAN** WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR HIM? HE MUST HAVE FOUND ME...**UNATTRACTIVE** IN SOME WAY!



FLATTER HER, DENZ! ICHTHYAN WOMEN ARE NOTORIOUSLY VAIN!

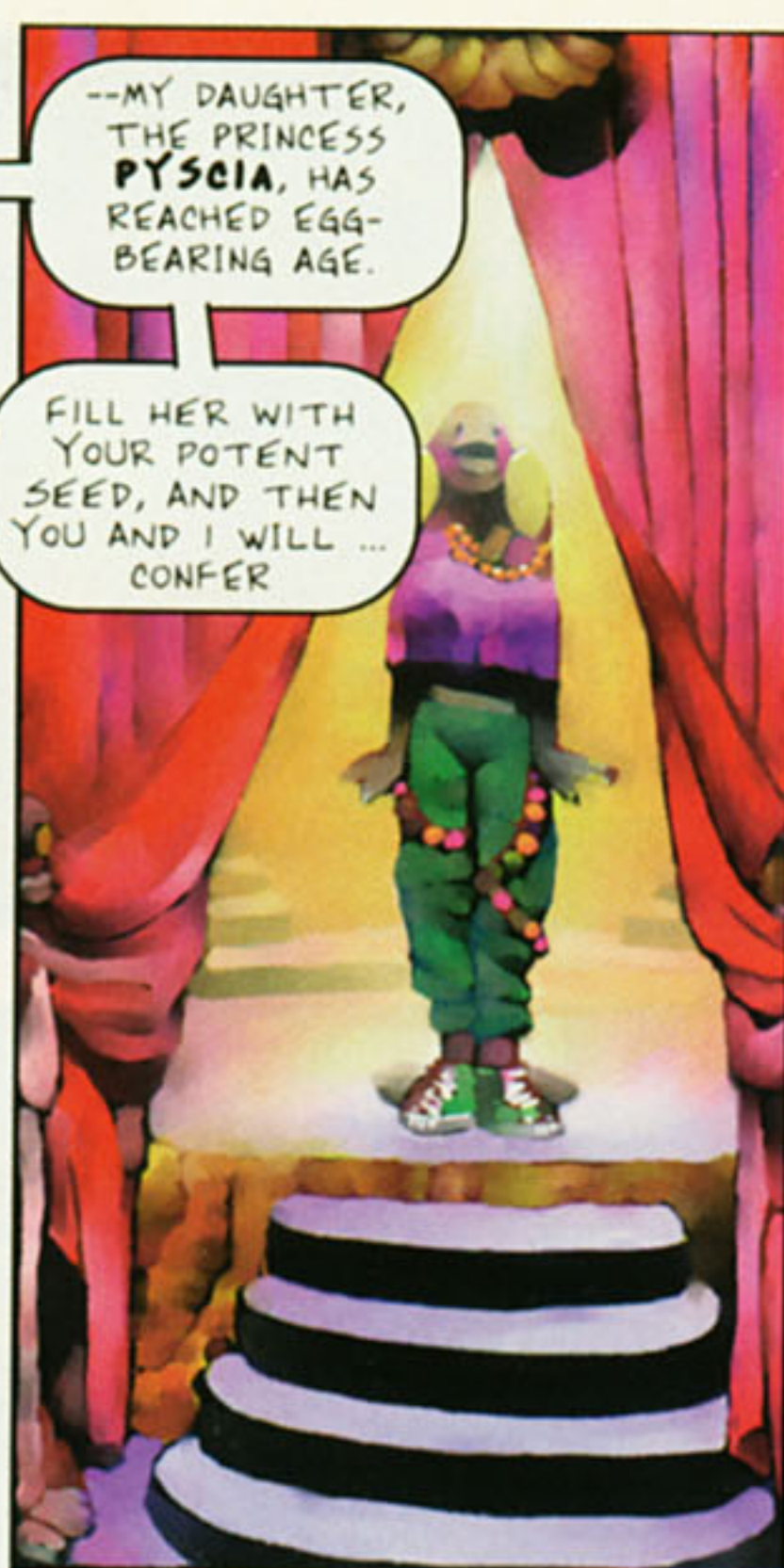
I'LL... TRY.



THEN HE WAS **BLIND**, O QUEEN! THY BREASTS ARE FULSOME, THY NIPPLES ARE ROSEATE BUDS, AND E'EN FROM HERE DO I DETECT THE FRAGRANCE OF THY WOMANHOOD! MY ROD **STIFFENS** IN THY GLORIOUS PRESENCE!



WELL SAID, BROTHER OF DEN. I WILL TEST THE SINCERITY OF YOUR WORDS LATER. BUT FIRST--



--MY DAUGHTER, THE PRINCESS **PYSCIA**, HAS REACHED EGG-BEARING AGE.

FILL HER WITH YOUR POTENT SEED, AND THEN YOU AND I WILL ... CONFER



FAIL, AND YOUR INSECT FRIEND WILL GRACE OUR BANQUET TABLE!



SHE MEANS IT, DENZ! I SMELLED **DRAMITE DIP** ON THE WAY IN!

BUT...THIS IS WRONG! I DON'T **BELIEVE** IN HAVING SEX WITH FISH YOU AREN'T MARRIED TO!

YOU **HAVE** TO DO IT. DENZ! REMEMBER, YOUR BROTHER AND I AND ALL OF NEVERWHERE ARE COUNTING ON YOU!

NOT THAT YOU SHOULD FEEL **PRESSURED** OR ANYTHING.



HOW ABOUT IF I
JUST NIBBLE YOUR
GILL SLITS?

TEE-HEE!
FUNNY MAN!



THIS IS THE
MATING POOL, OF
COURSE. YOU KNOW
WHAT TO DO.

WHAT'S
THIS, THE
HOT TUB?



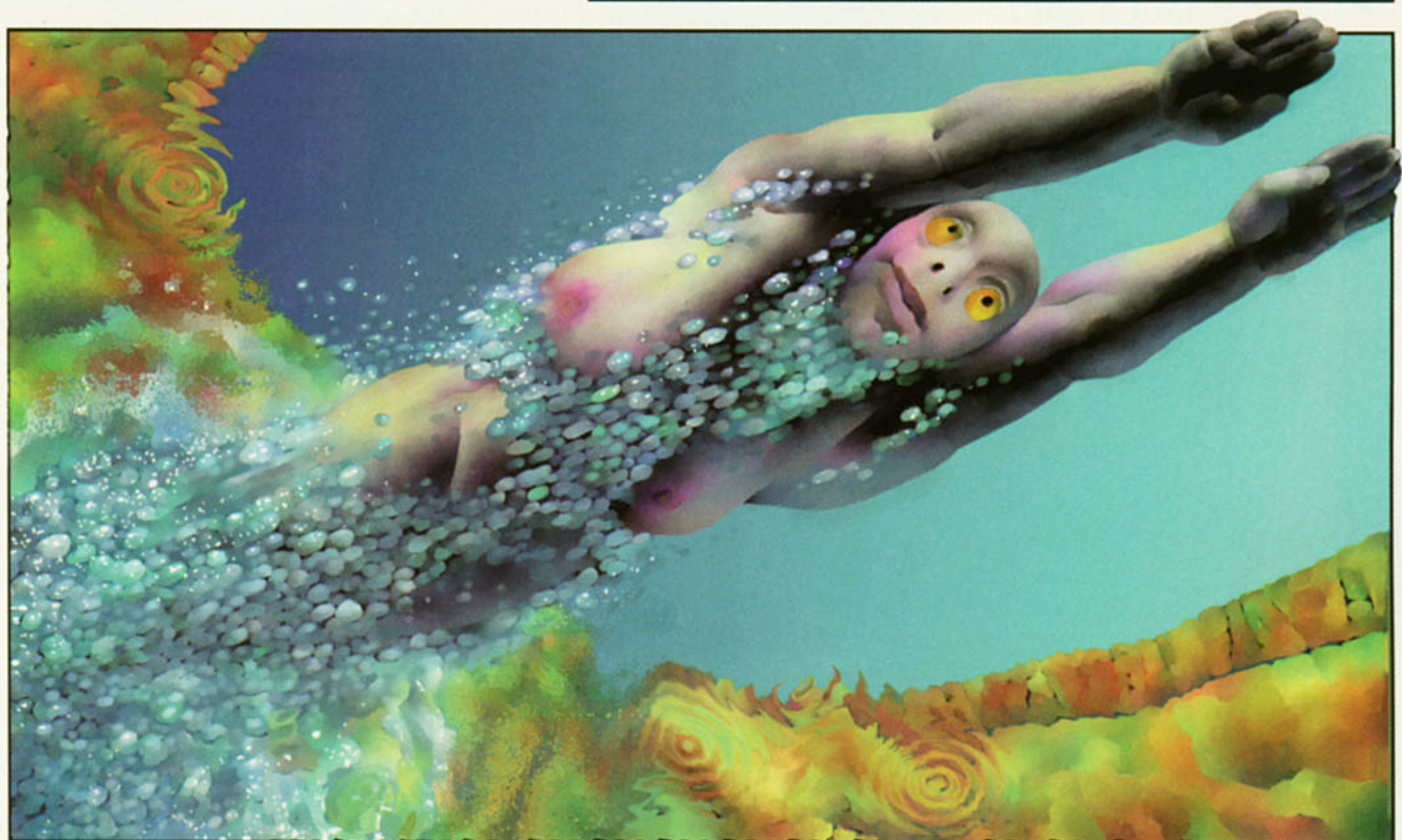
WAIT! THAT
WATER LOOKS
COLD! YOU
DON'T EXPECT ME
TO...I MEAN...!



YAAH
(GLUB)!



ENOUGH
FOREPLAY!
HERE I COME!





SHE KISSED
ME,



SQUEEZED ME
BETWEEN HER
LEGS, AND MY
PASSION WAS
AROUSSED!



I ROSE FOR
AIR, PLUNGED,



ROSE AND
PLUNGED,



PLUNGED, ROSE
AND PLUNGED,
AGAIN AND AGAIN!



AT LAST WE FLOPPED
BESIDE THE POOL, OUR
ENERGIES SPENT.

THAT WAS
WONDERFUL, PYSCIA!
I'VE NEVER KNOWN
SUCH PLEASURE!

AND I MEANT IT.

BAD GIRL

YES, SHE'S BAD GIRL, THE BLACK-LEATHER BABE-A-MATIC EVERY SUPER STUD CAN'T WAIT TO CHASE ACROSS A DOUBLE PAGE SPLASH. HER CRIMES ARE LEGENDARY, HER HEART AS BLACK AS THE FUTURE OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.



STARRING IN:
**DOLE'S
IN THE
HOUSE!**

WRITTEN BY: JOHN NUBBIN
PENCILS: SEAN SHAW

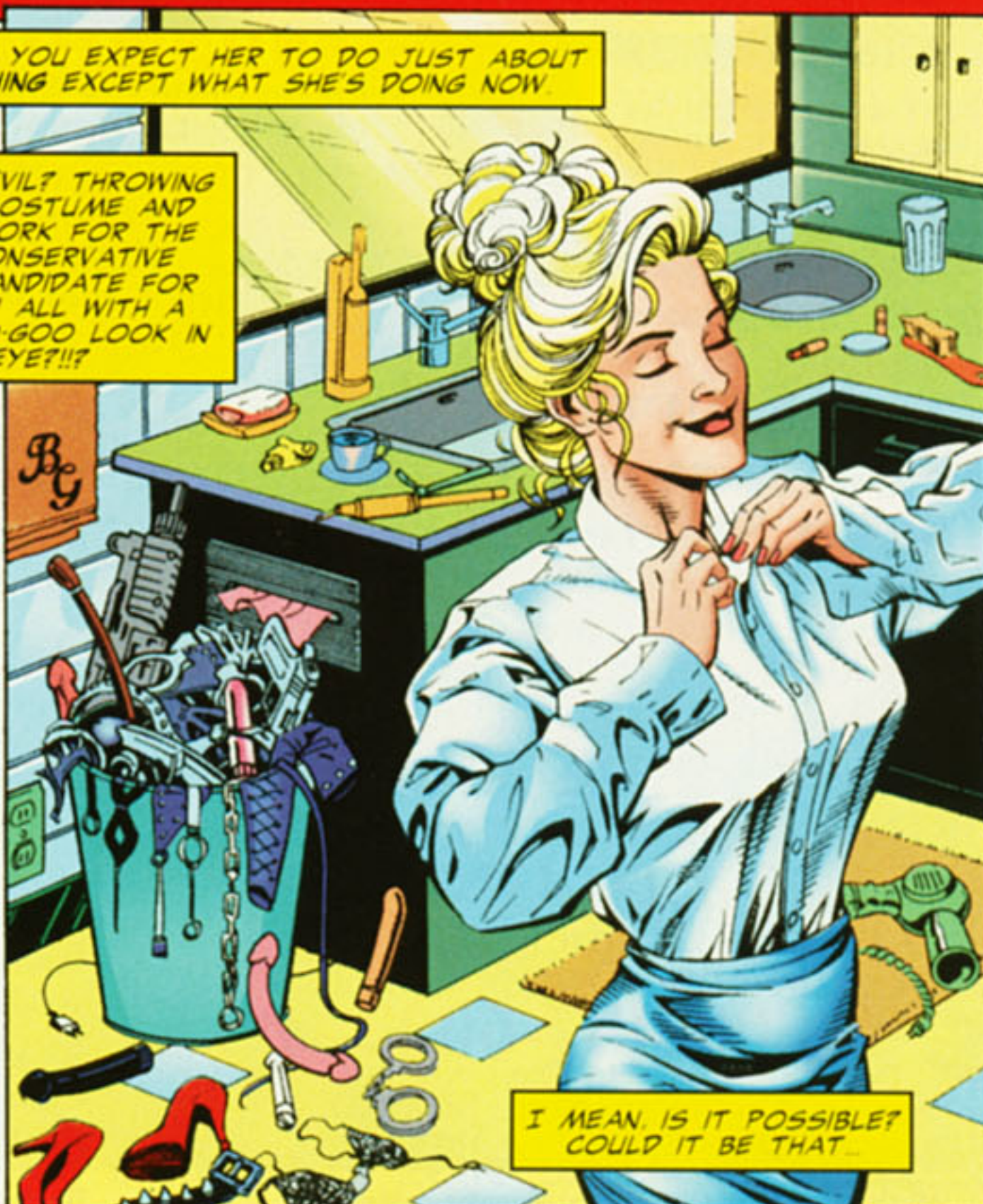
INKS & COLORING: GEORGE FREEMAN
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LETTERING: HENRY LOPEZ



YOU EXPECT TO FIND HER STEALING THE ORTIZ EMERALDS, LOOTING THE TREASURY OF A THIRD WORLD COUNTRY, OR PULLING A TRAIN IN THE WINNING LOCKER ROOM ON SUPER BOWL SUNDAY.

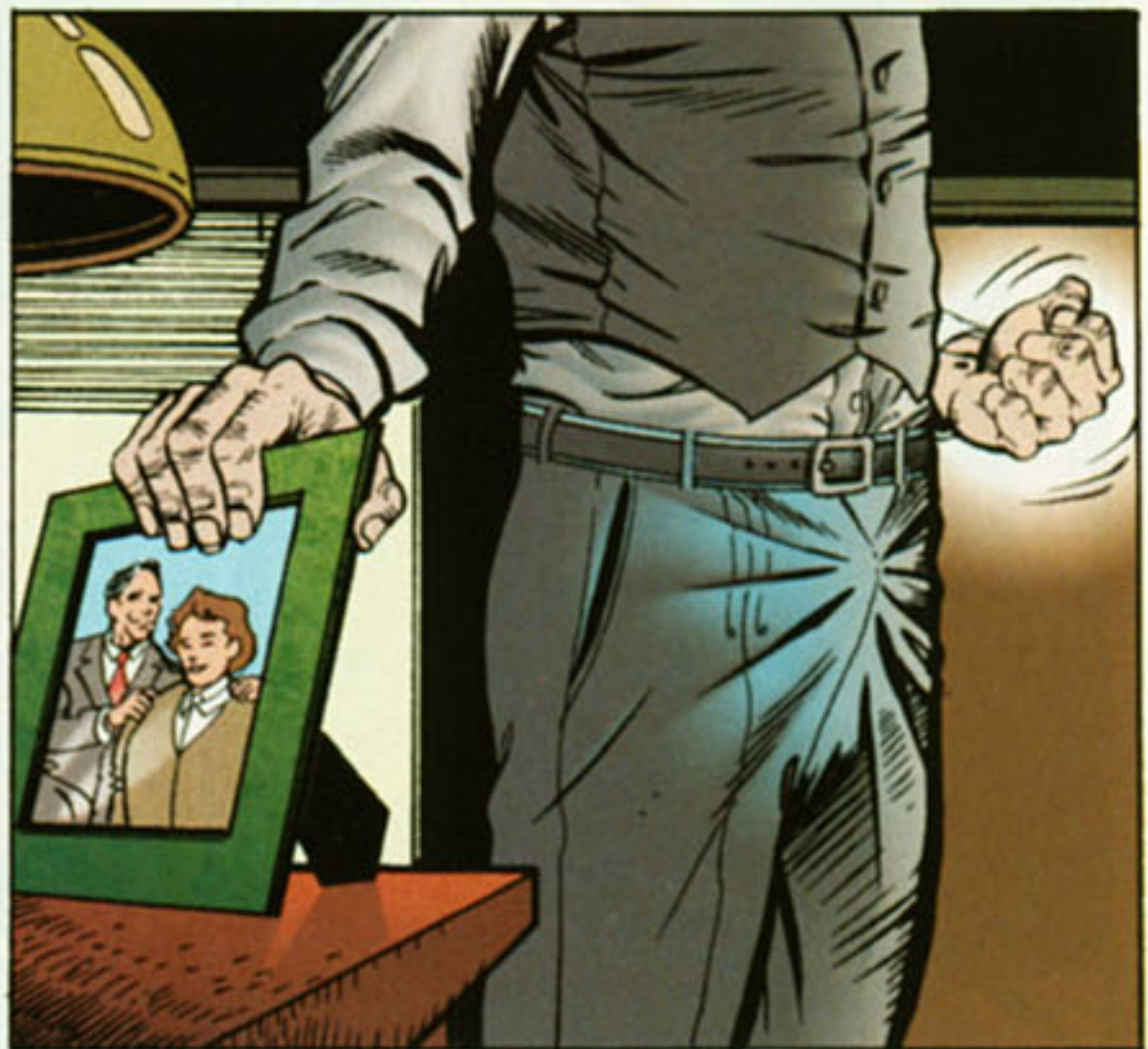
IN FACT, YOU EXPECT HER TO DO JUST ABOUT ANYTHING EXCEPT WHAT SHE'S DOING NOW.

RENOUNCING EVIL? THROWING AWAY HER COSTUME AND GOING TO WORK FOR THE LEADING CONSERVATIVE CHRISTIAN CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT? ALL WITH A STARRY, GOO-GOO LOOK IN HER EYE?!!?



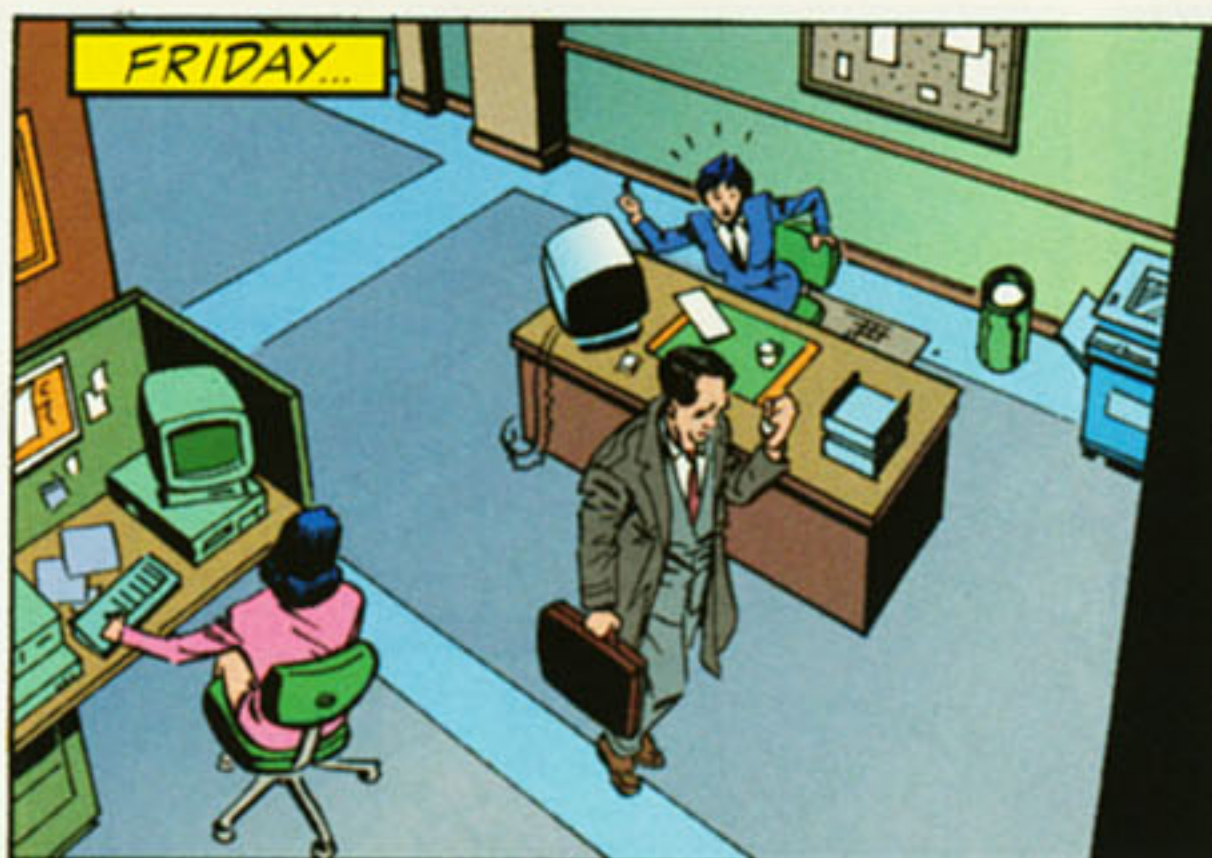
I MEAN, IS IT POSSIBLE? COULD IT BE THAT...

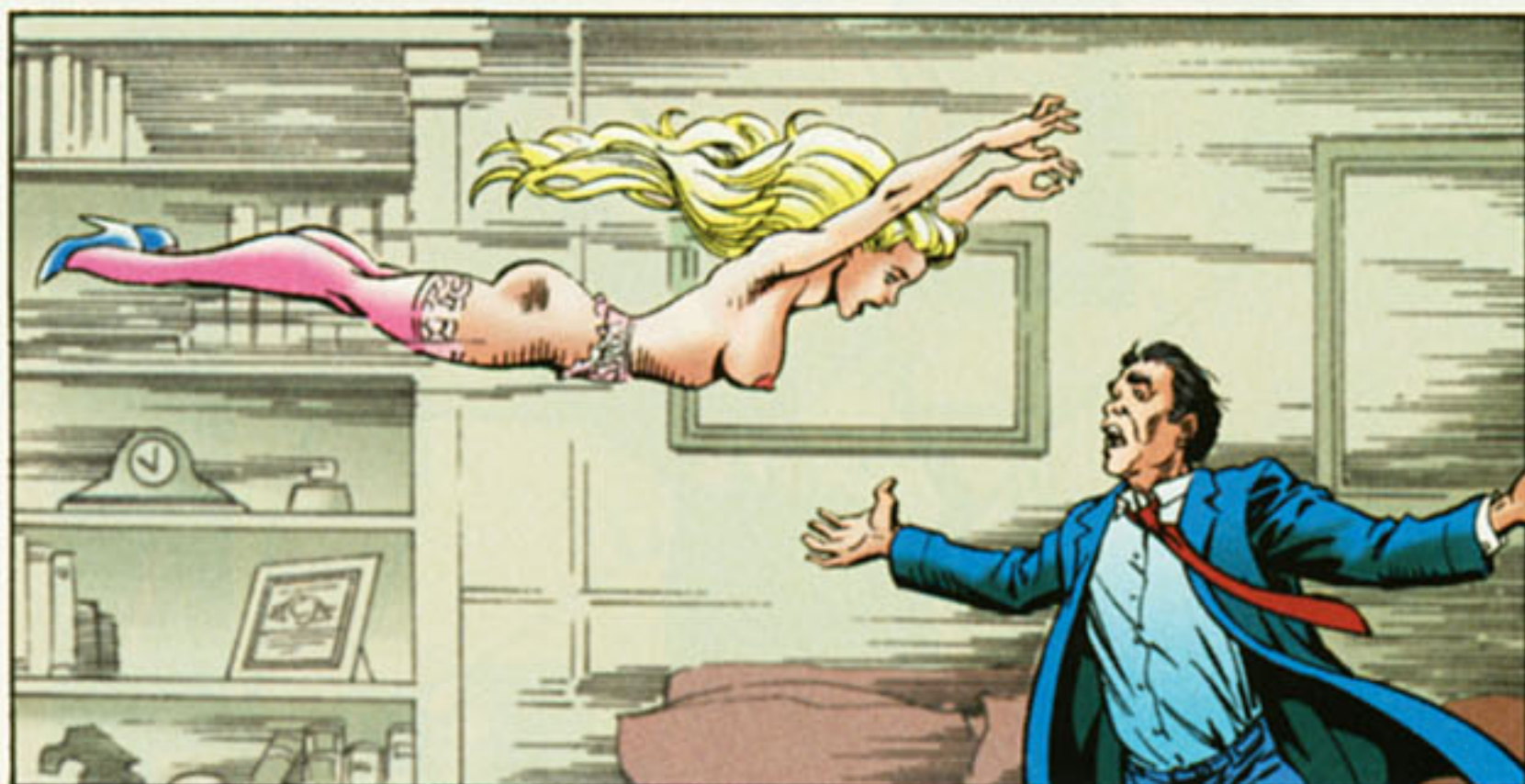






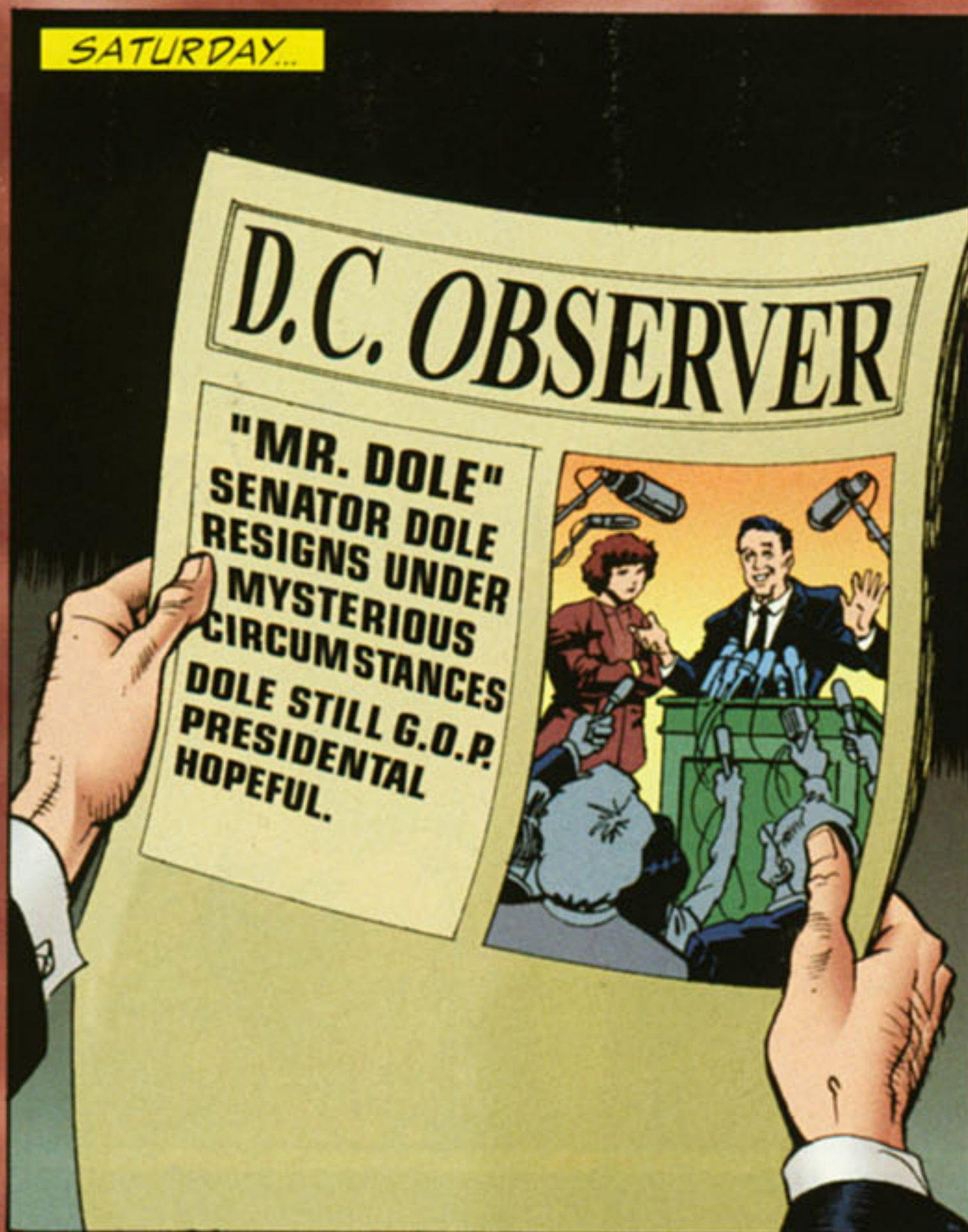








SATURDAY...



THE END!

DOC DARE

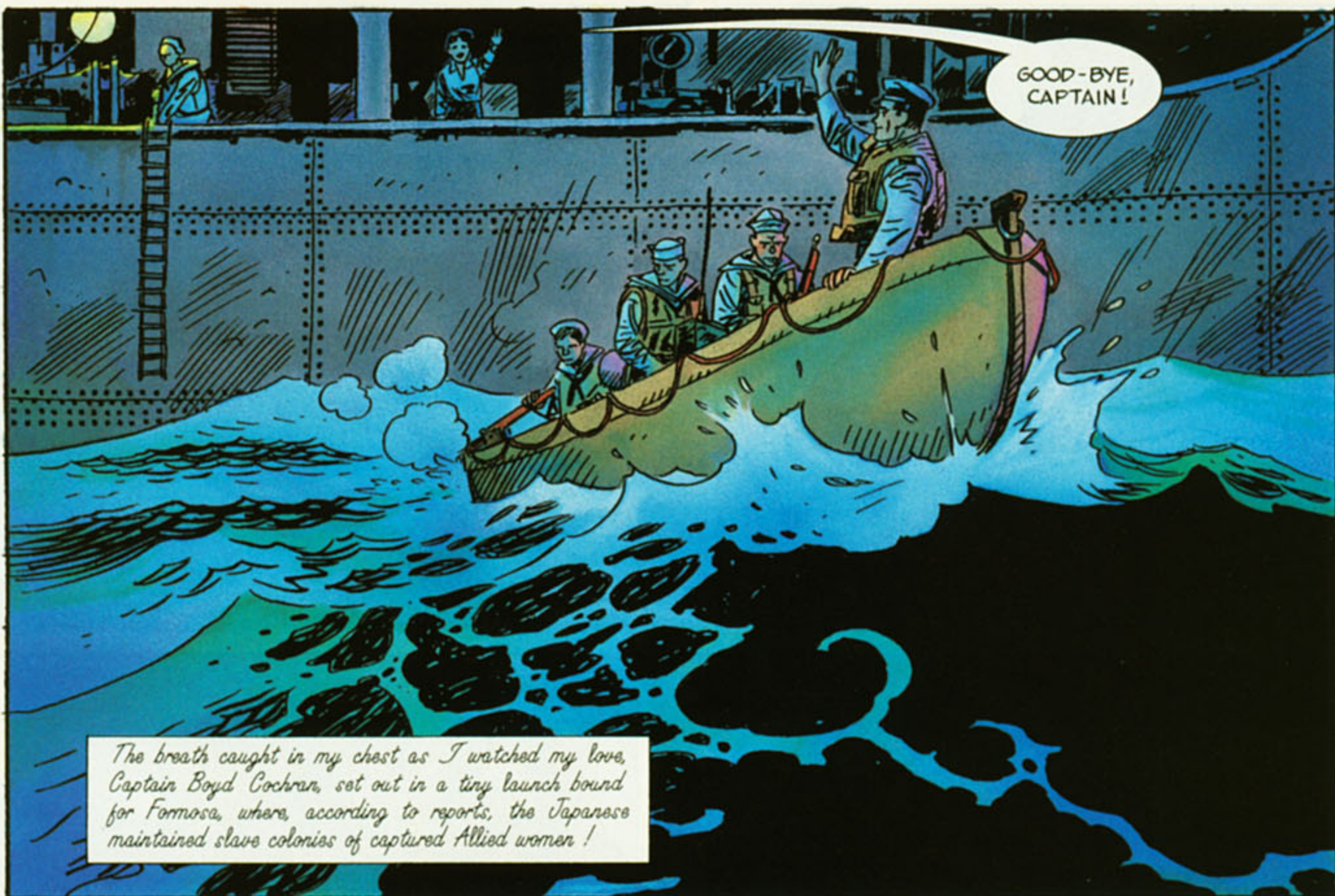
PART 3: THE SEX SLAVES OF MAMASAKI!



Joanna Dare, PhD, sexually-triggered super-heroine of WWII — on call from the back door of the White House and Eleanor Roosevelt — has been going through some changes. Lately, she's been ranging from school-marmish reserved to stereotype bawd on dollar-day at the whore house! These extremes of her personalities are making either side despise the other. Recently, we saw the lustful lungings of Japan's worst (during wartime) the vile, Dr. Mamasaki, and some of the carnage during the sinking of the USS Wichita. We met Capt. Boyd Cochran, USN, with whom Joanna — the shy and untransformed — has fallen for. Joanna recalled her days at the Manhattan Project where she averted atomic disaster but sopped up some real bad, glowing tailing stew in the process which seemed to supercharge her. It also supercharged her sexual appetites. We rejoin Joanna as she contemplates her new mission: to investigate awful rumors of female forced-labor camps run by the Japanese somewhere in the Philippines!



Story by JAN STRNAD Art by ALFONSO FONT
Coloring by SUYDAM STUDIOS Lettering by GAIL BECKETT

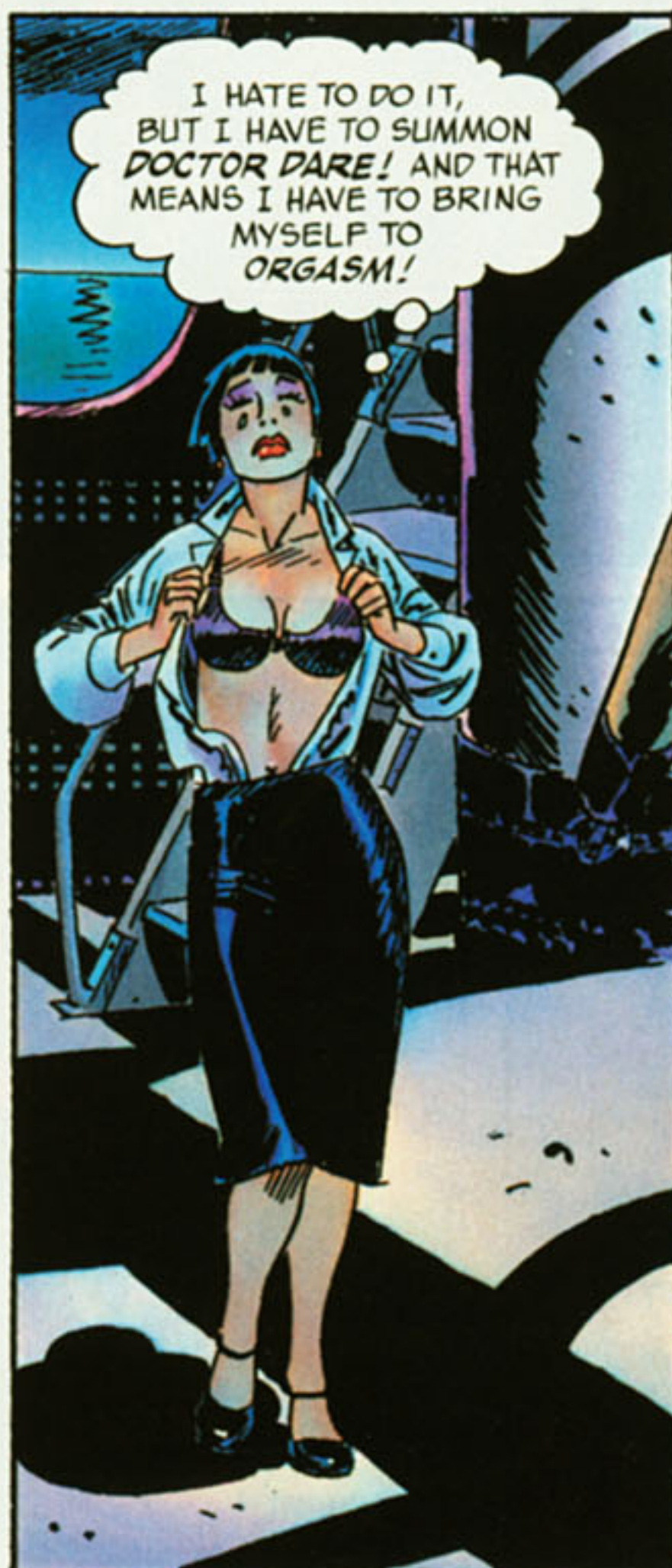


GOOD-BYE,
CAPTAIN!

The breath caught in my chest as I watched my love, Captain Boyd Cochran, set out in a tiny launch bound for Formosa, where, according to reports, the Japanese maintained slave colonies of captured Allied women!



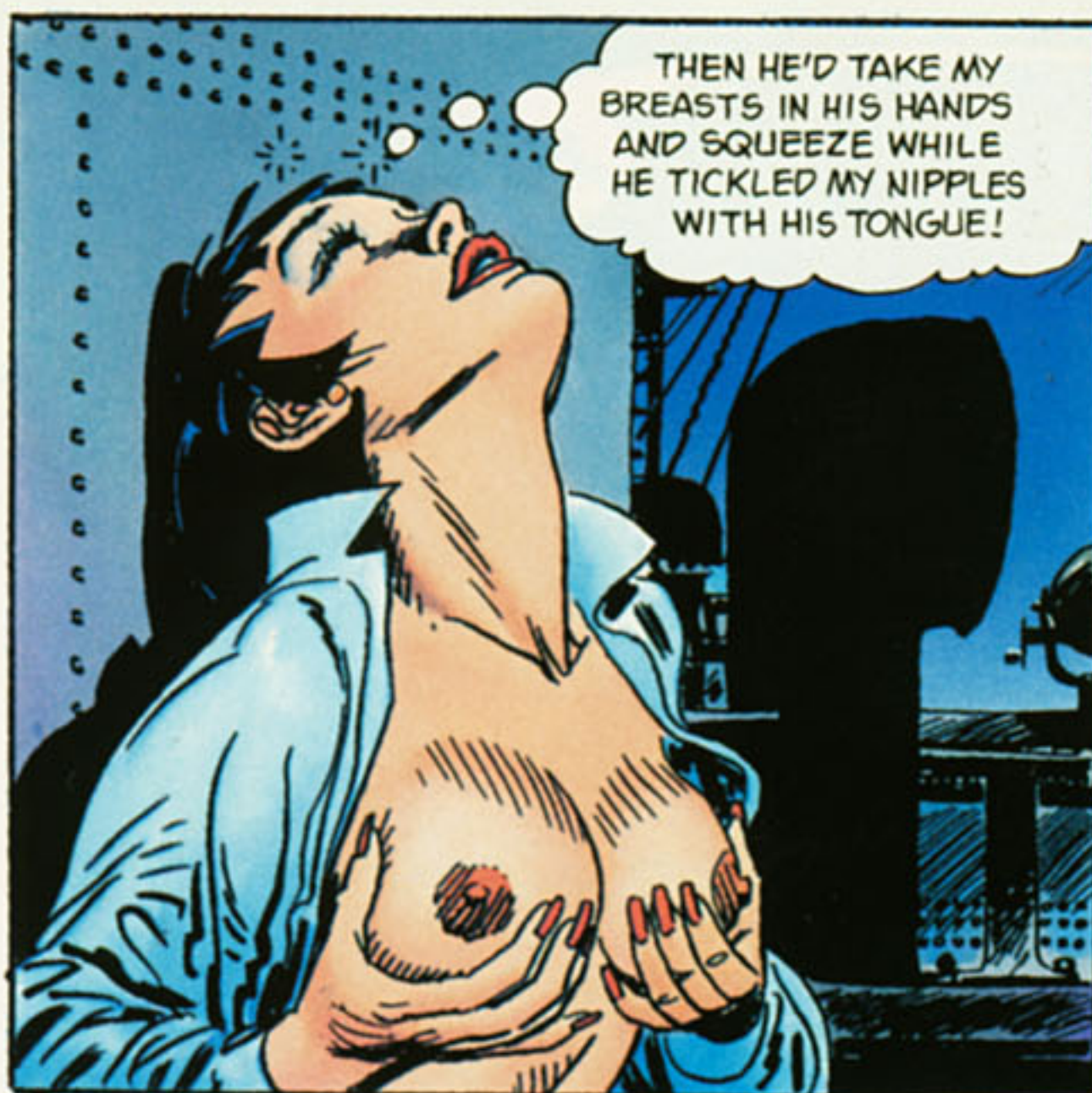
NO! I CAN'T STAND BY
WHILE BOYD RISKS HIS LIFE
TO RESCUE THOSE POOR
WOMEN... NOT WHILE
IT'S IN MY POWER
TO HELP!

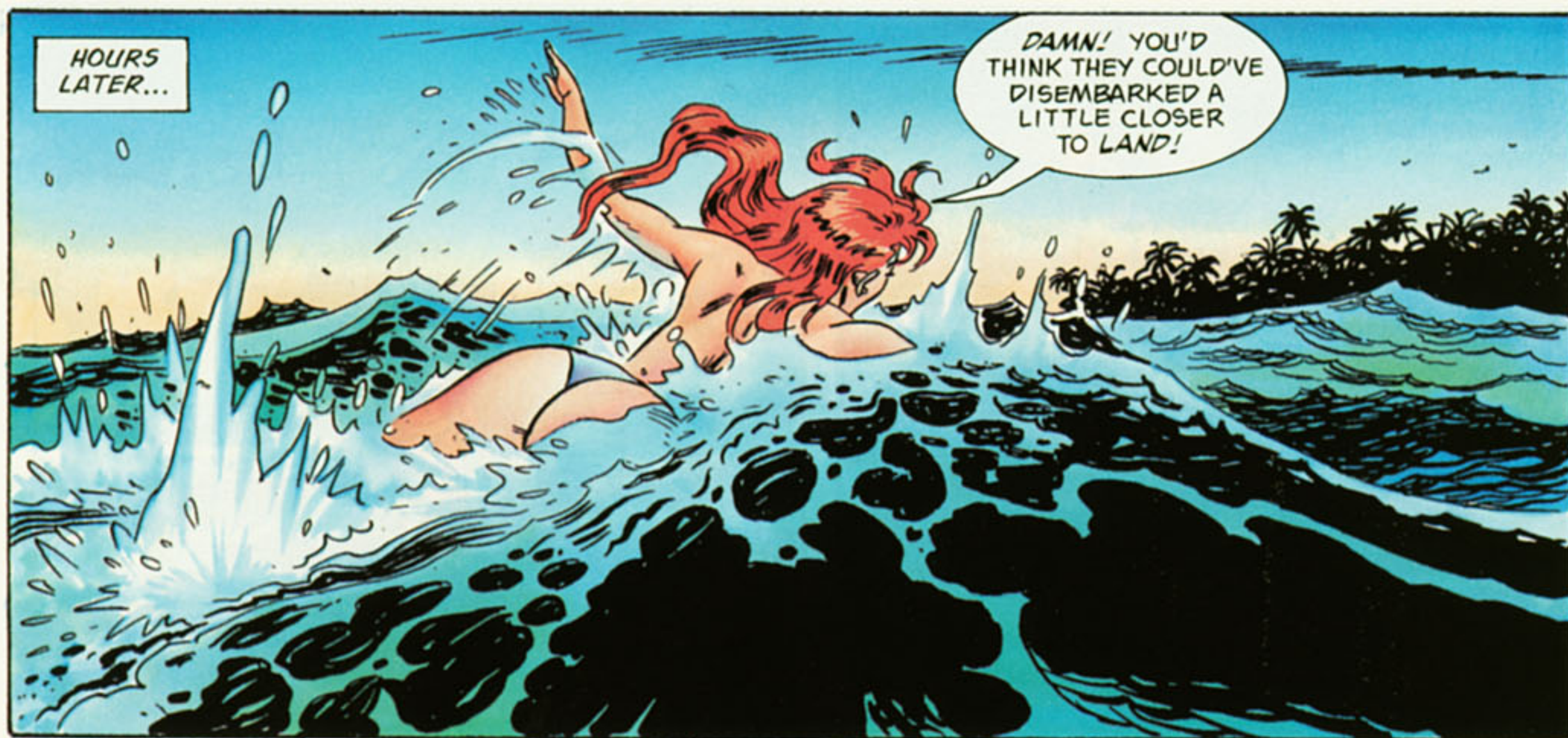
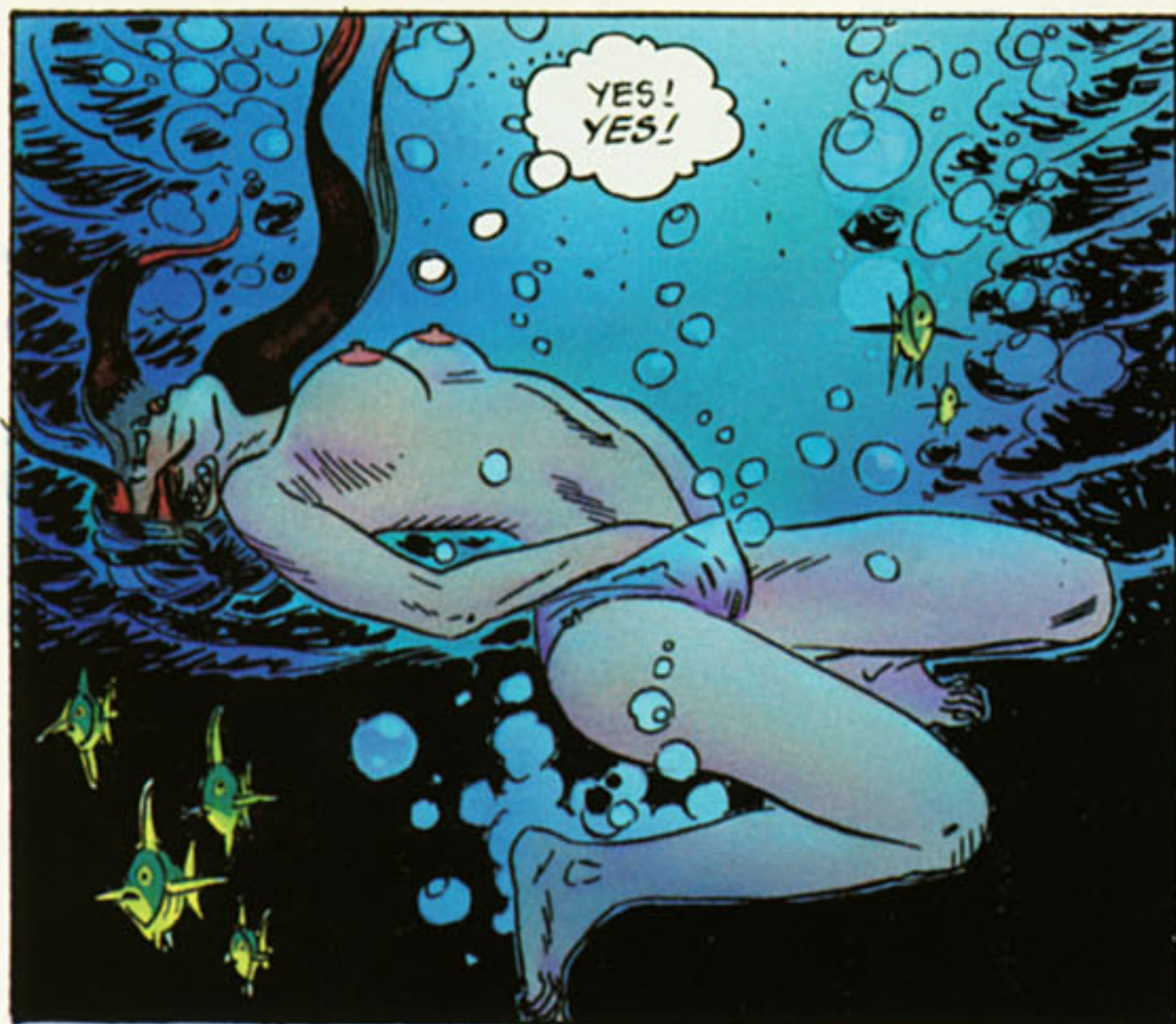


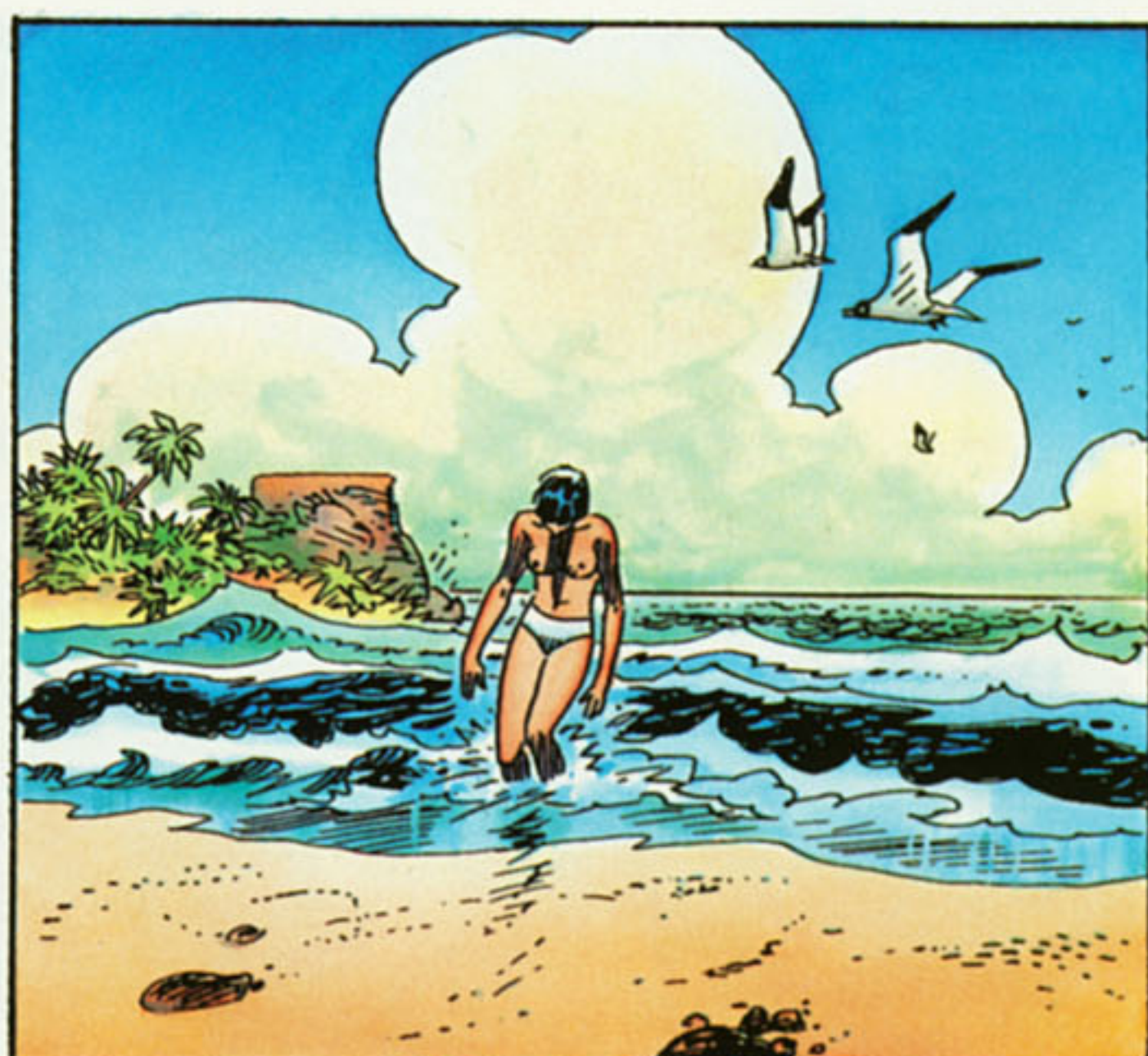
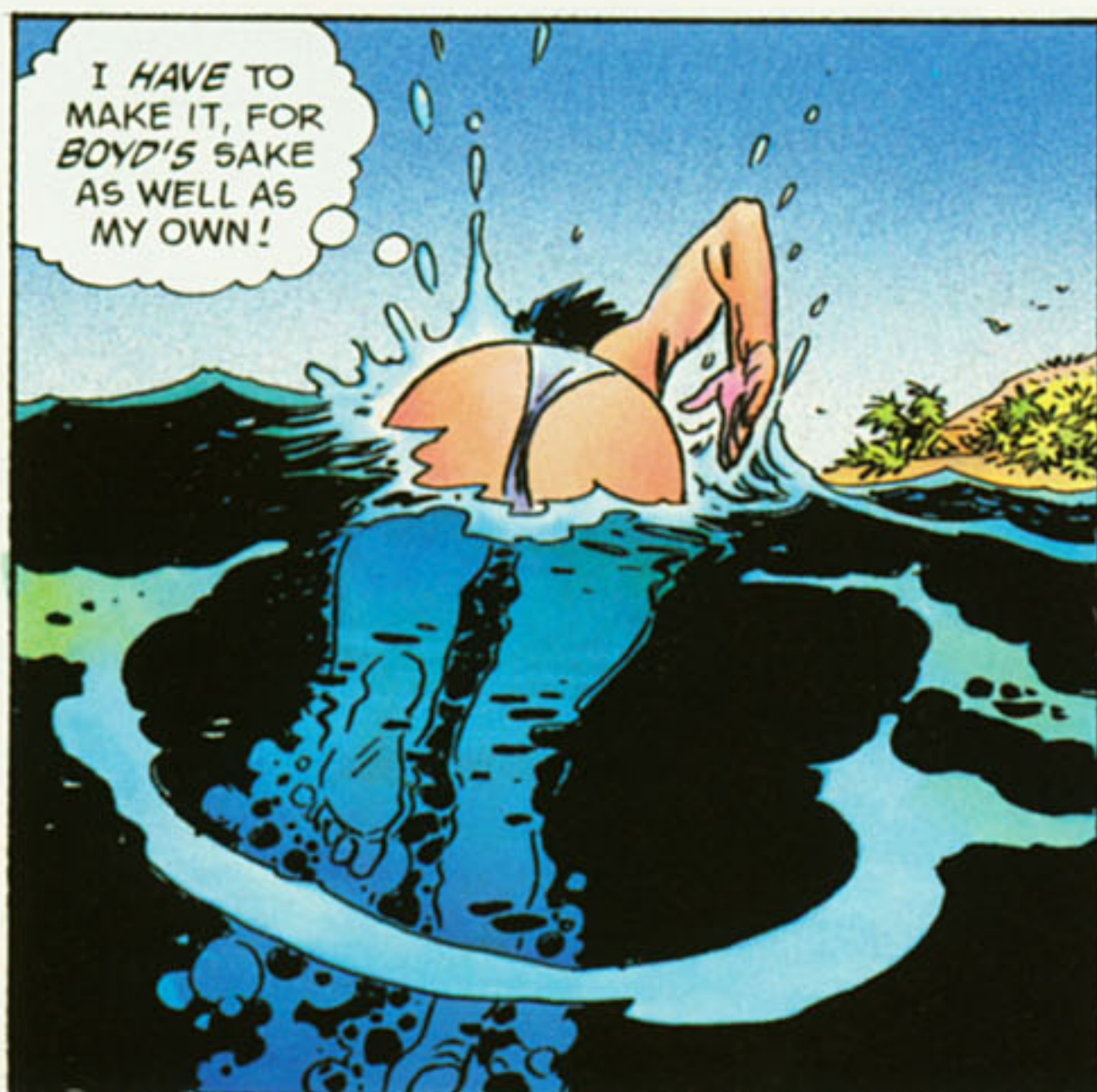
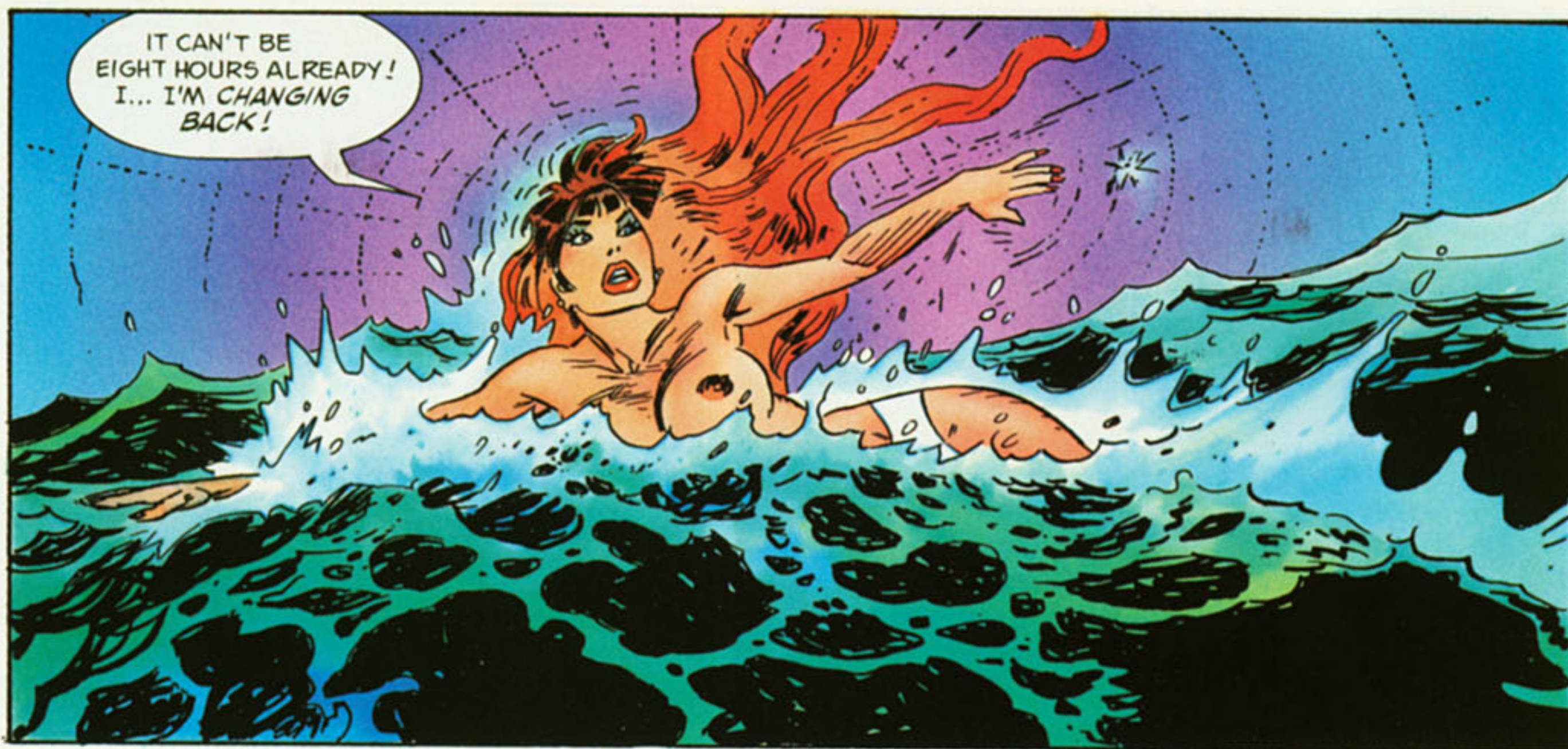
I HATE TO DO IT,
BUT I HAVE TO SUMMON
DOCTOR DARE! AND THAT
MEANS I HAVE TO BRING
MYSELF TO
ORGASM!

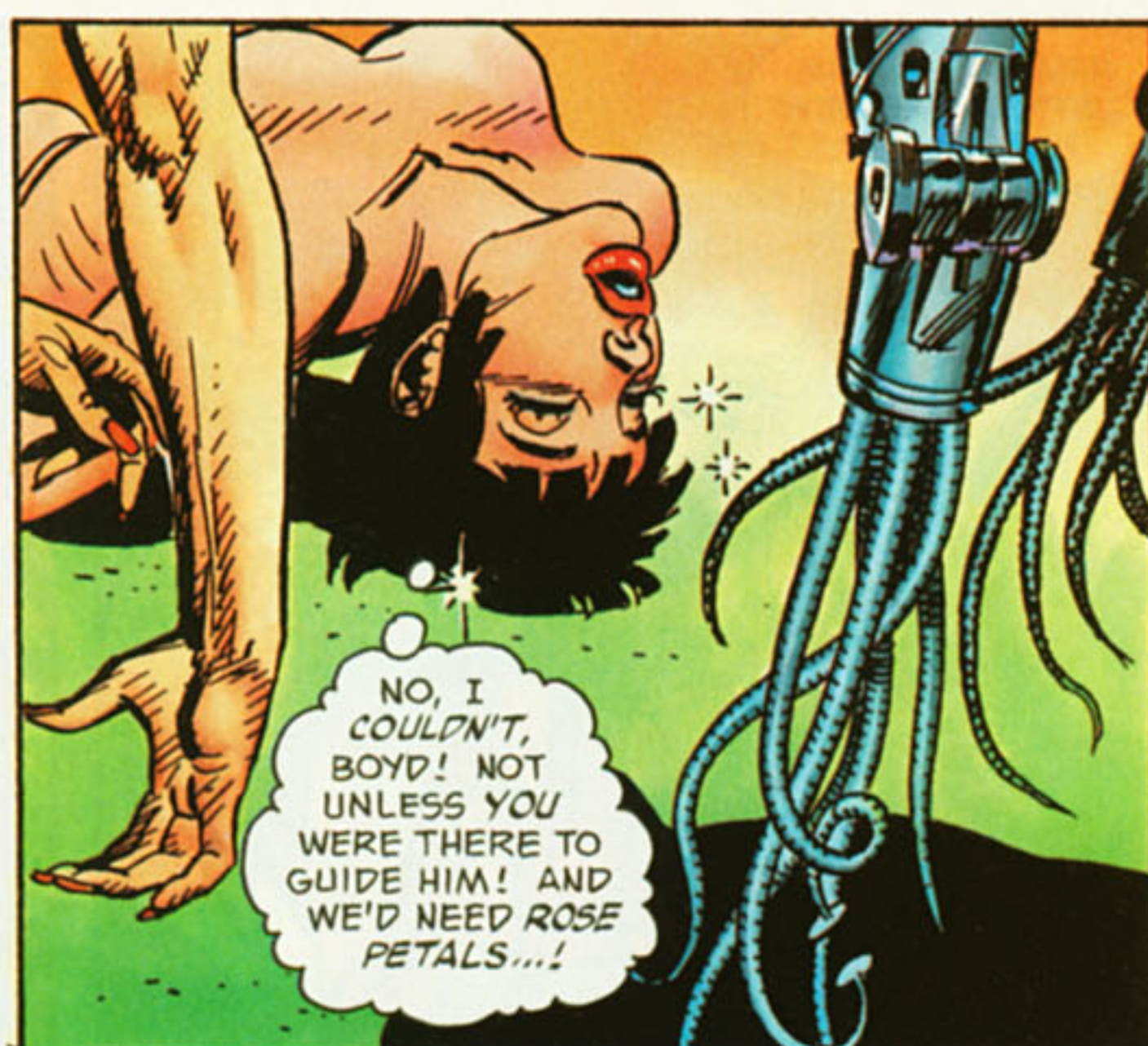


IF BOYD WERE HERE-- AND IT
WERE POSSIBLE FOR US TO HAVE
SEX WITHOUT MY CHANGING INTO
DOCTOR DARE-- HE'D BEGIN BY
RUBBING MY NIPPLES, MAKING
THEM HARDEN IN RESPONSE
TO HIS TOUCH!











IF I'D JUST MADE IT TO THE PART ABOUT THE NYMPHS AND THE OLIVE OIL, THINGS WOULD BE VERY DIFFERENT RIGHT NOW!



COME ON, BOYD! YOU'RE MISSING THE BEST PART OF THE WAR!

MY SOLDIER DOES NOT LEAP CASUALLY INTO COMBAT. HE CHOOSES HIS BATTLES WELL.



HEY, LOOK! THE JAPS HAVE A NEW RECRUIT!

ISN'T THAT...?



JOANNA!

BOYD!



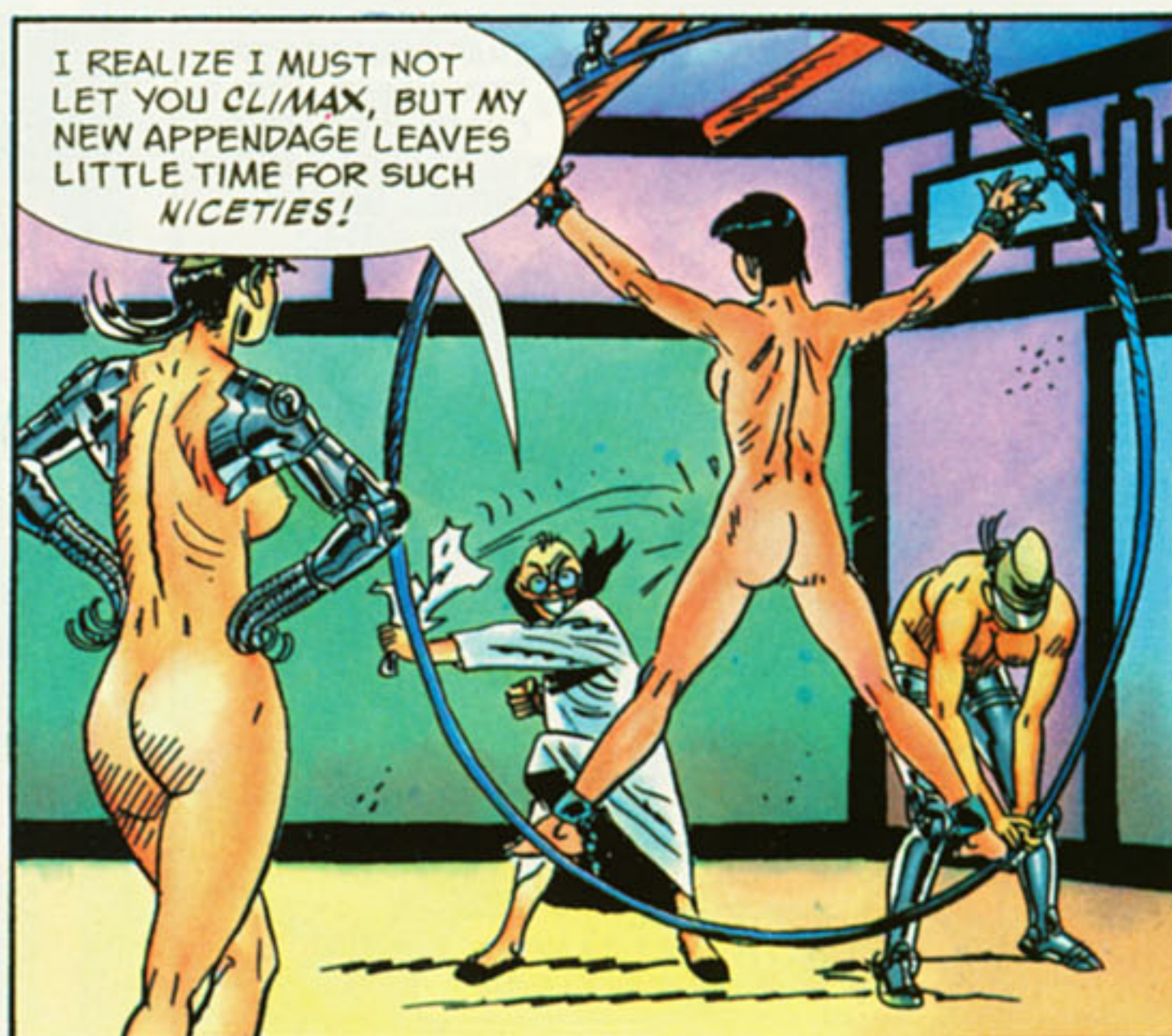
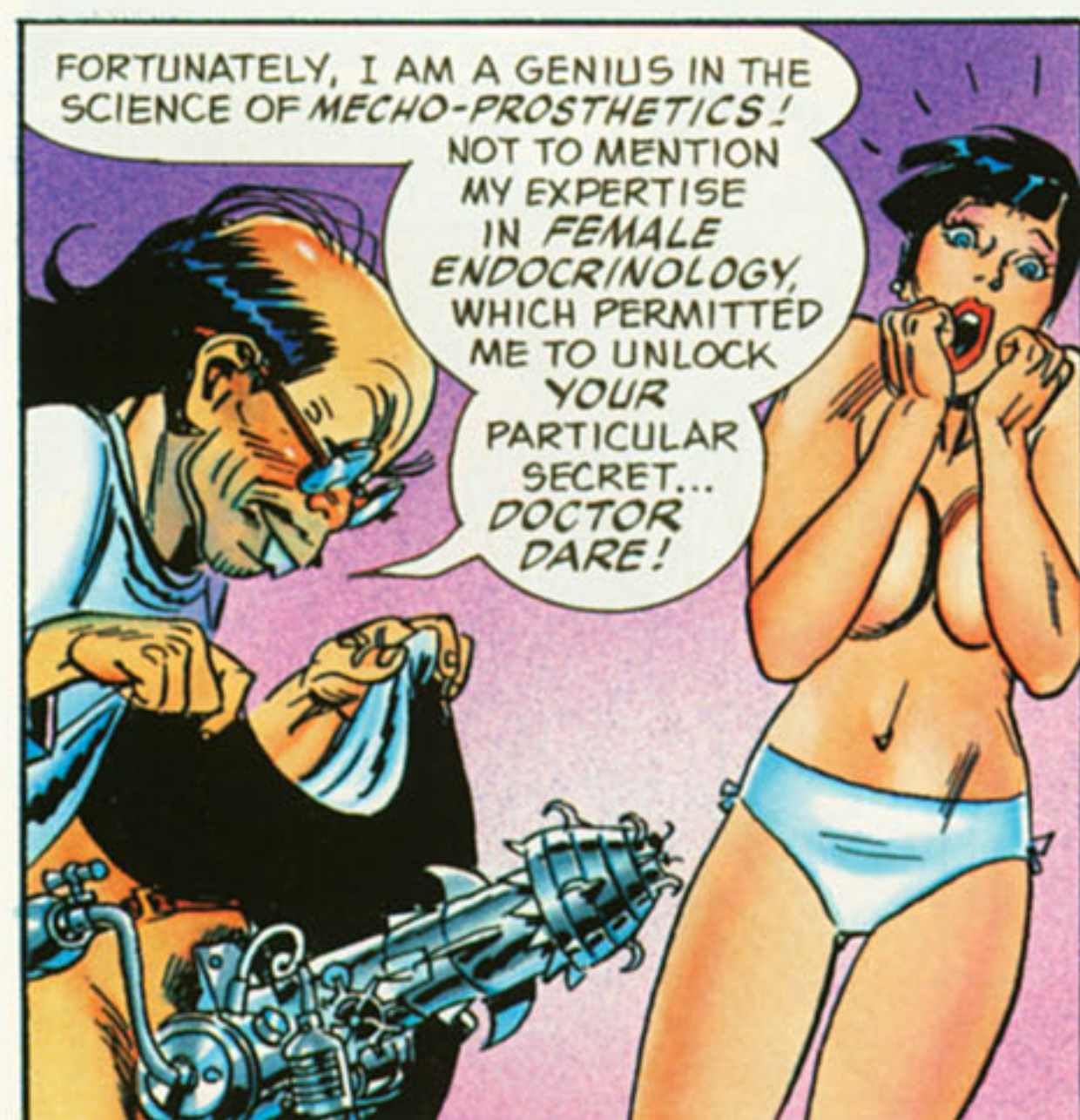
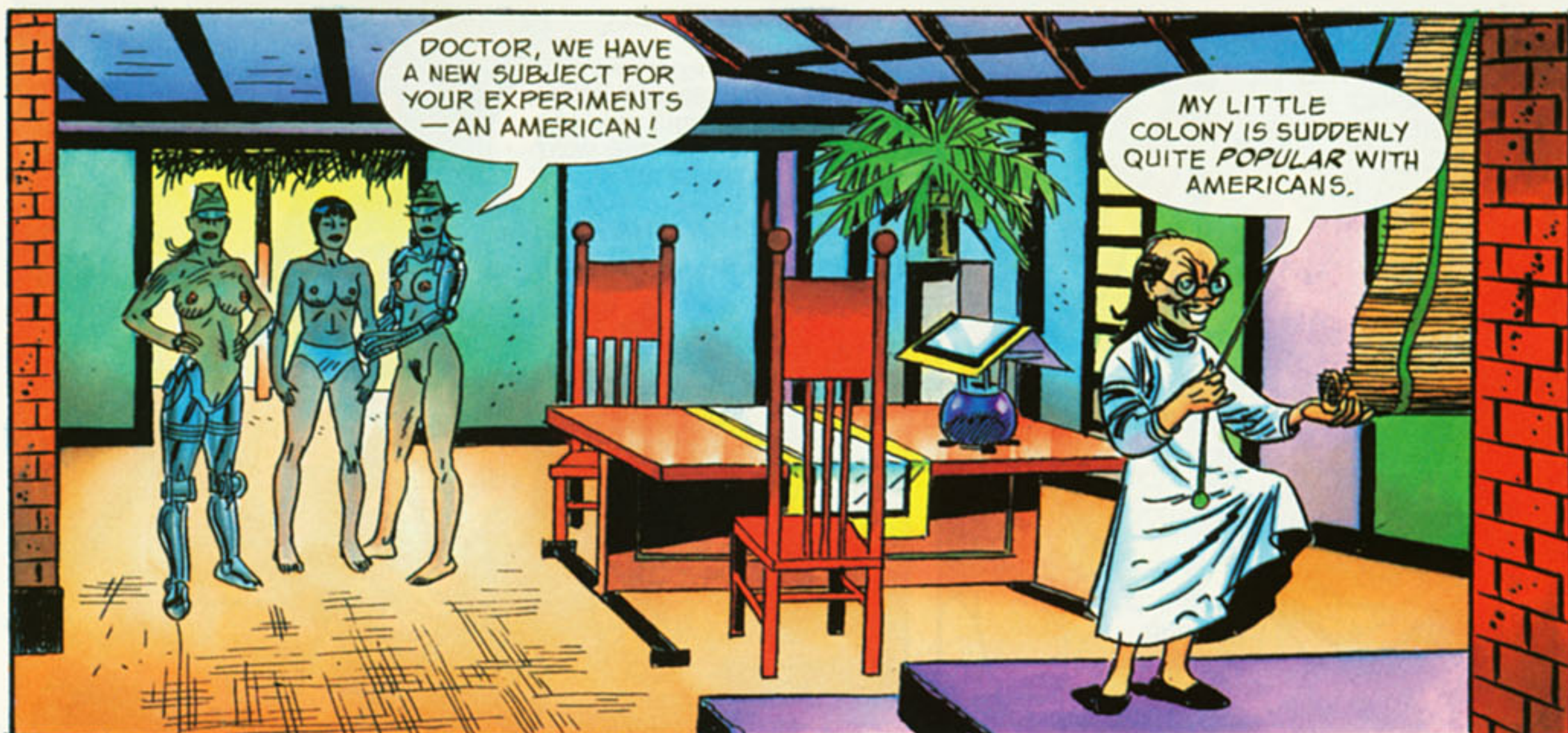
QUIET, ROUND-EYES! THAT ONE IS NOT YET CONDITIONED!

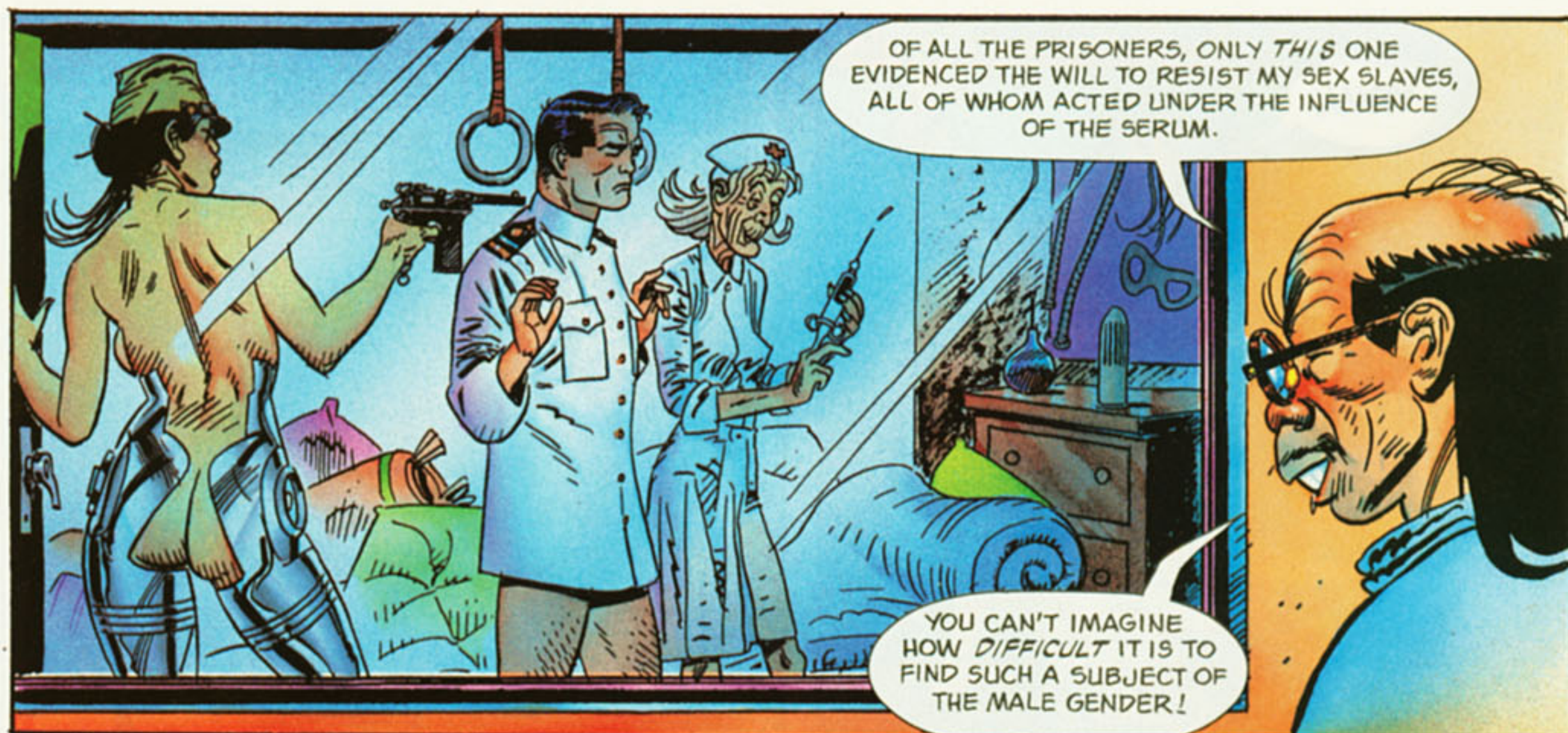
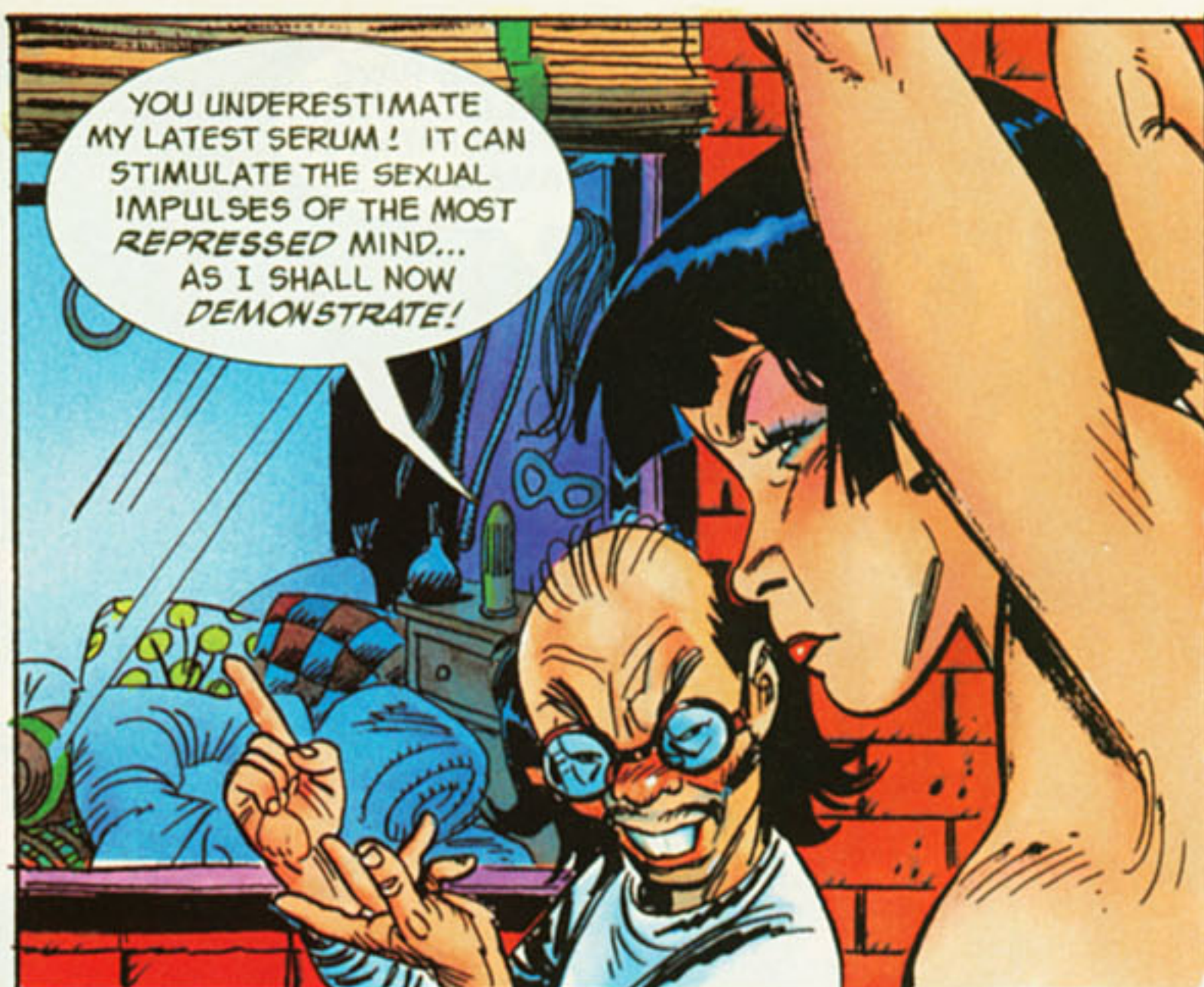


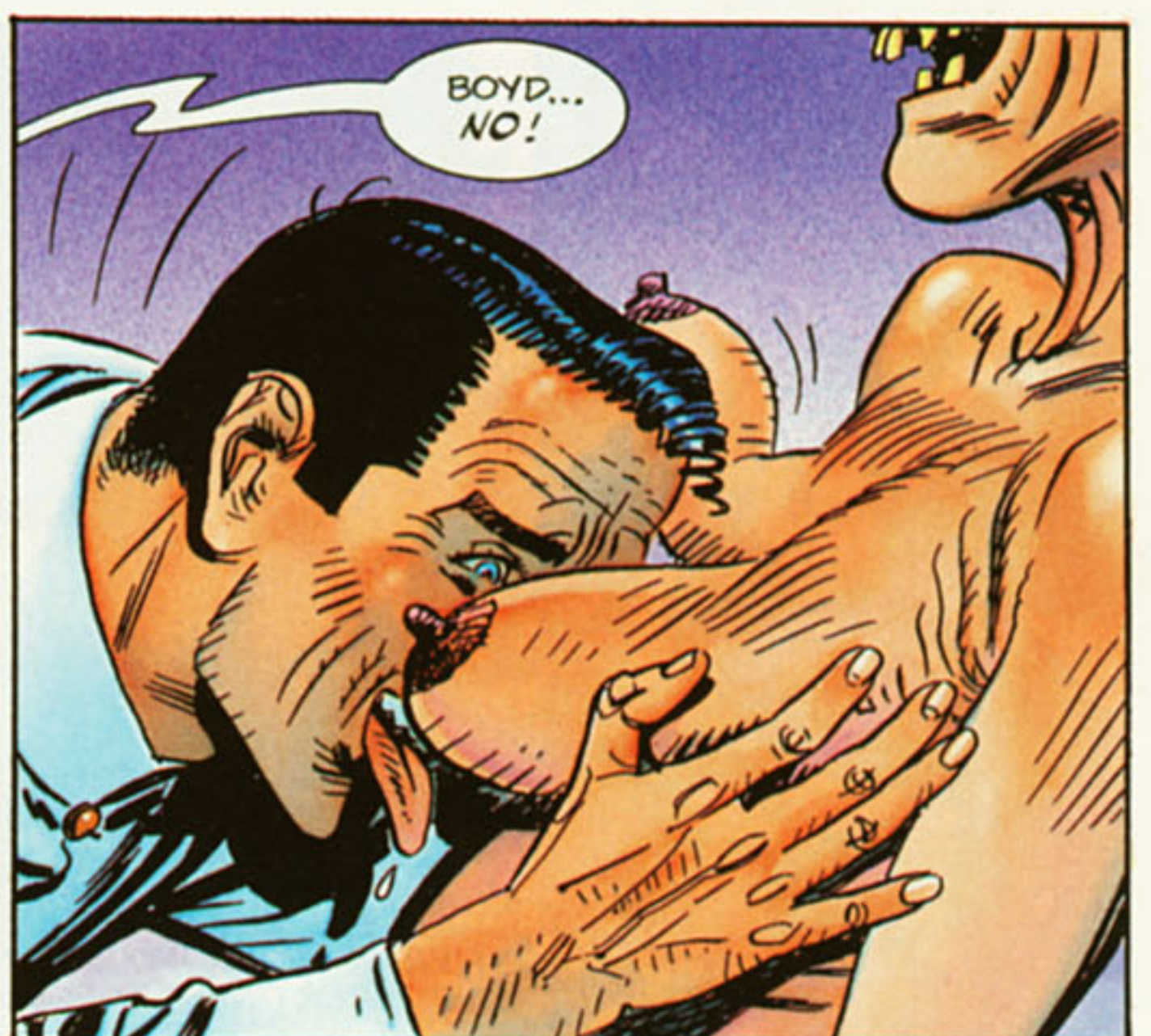
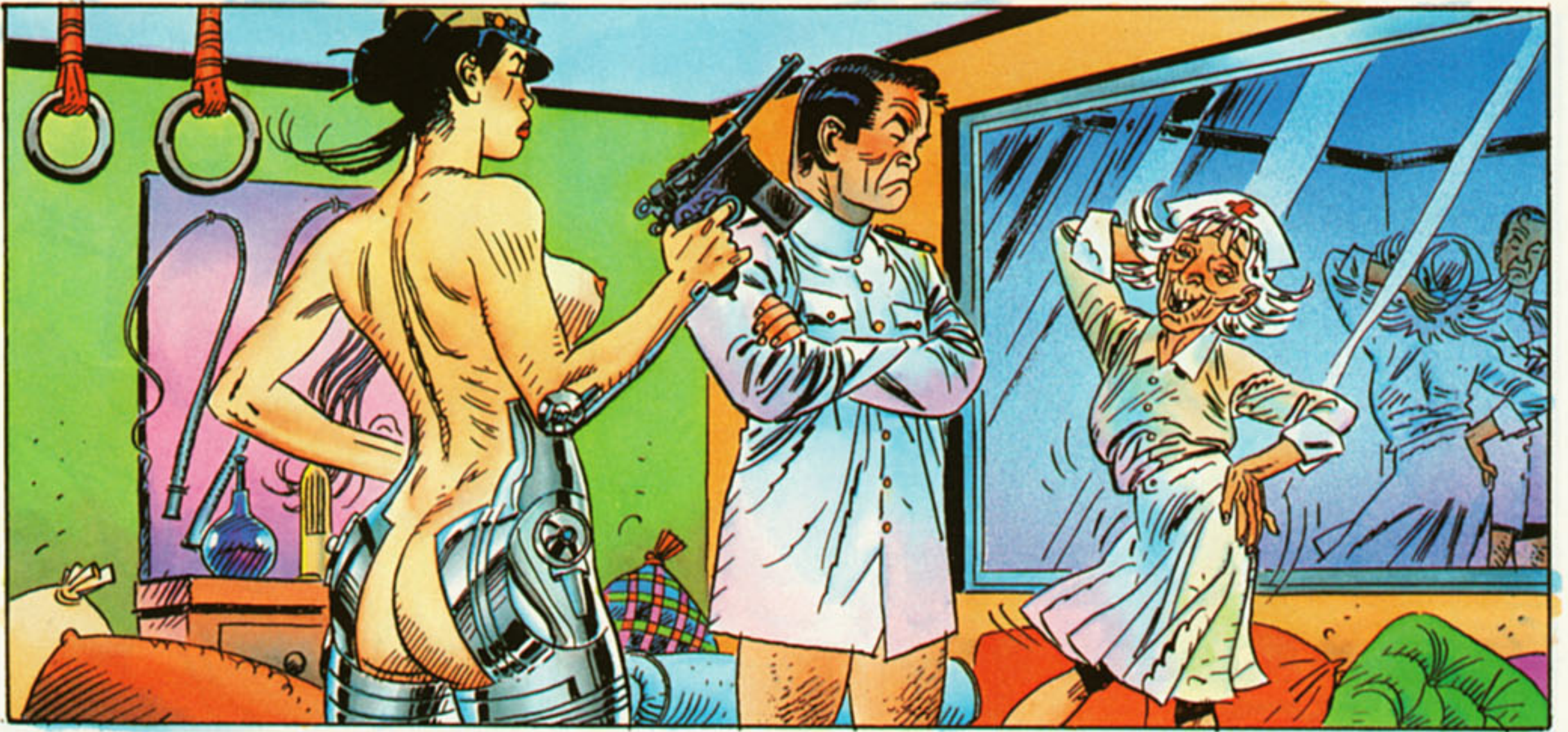
COME ALONG! DR. MAMASAKI INSPECTS ALL NEW ARRIVALS FOR THEIR SUITABILITY!

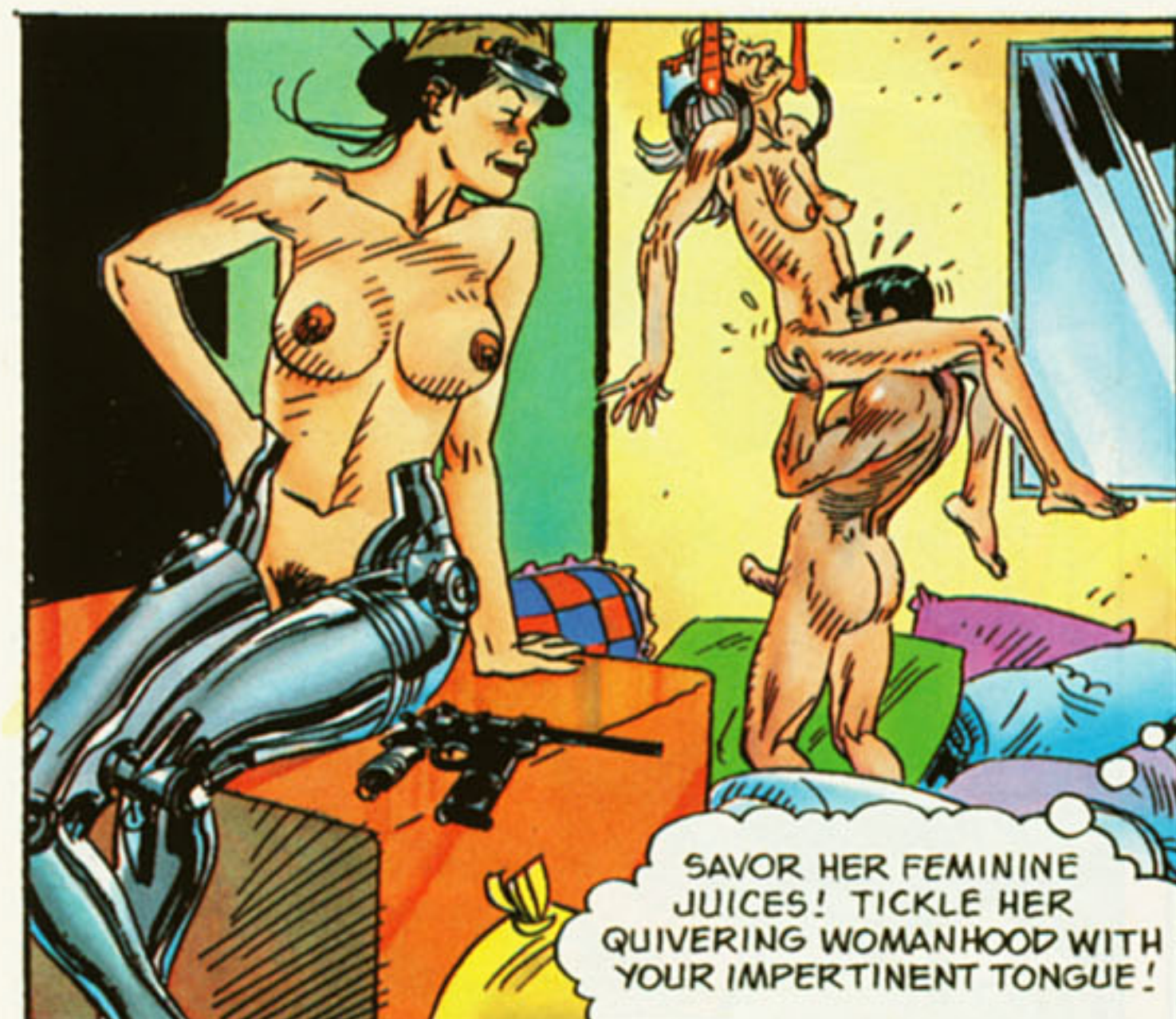
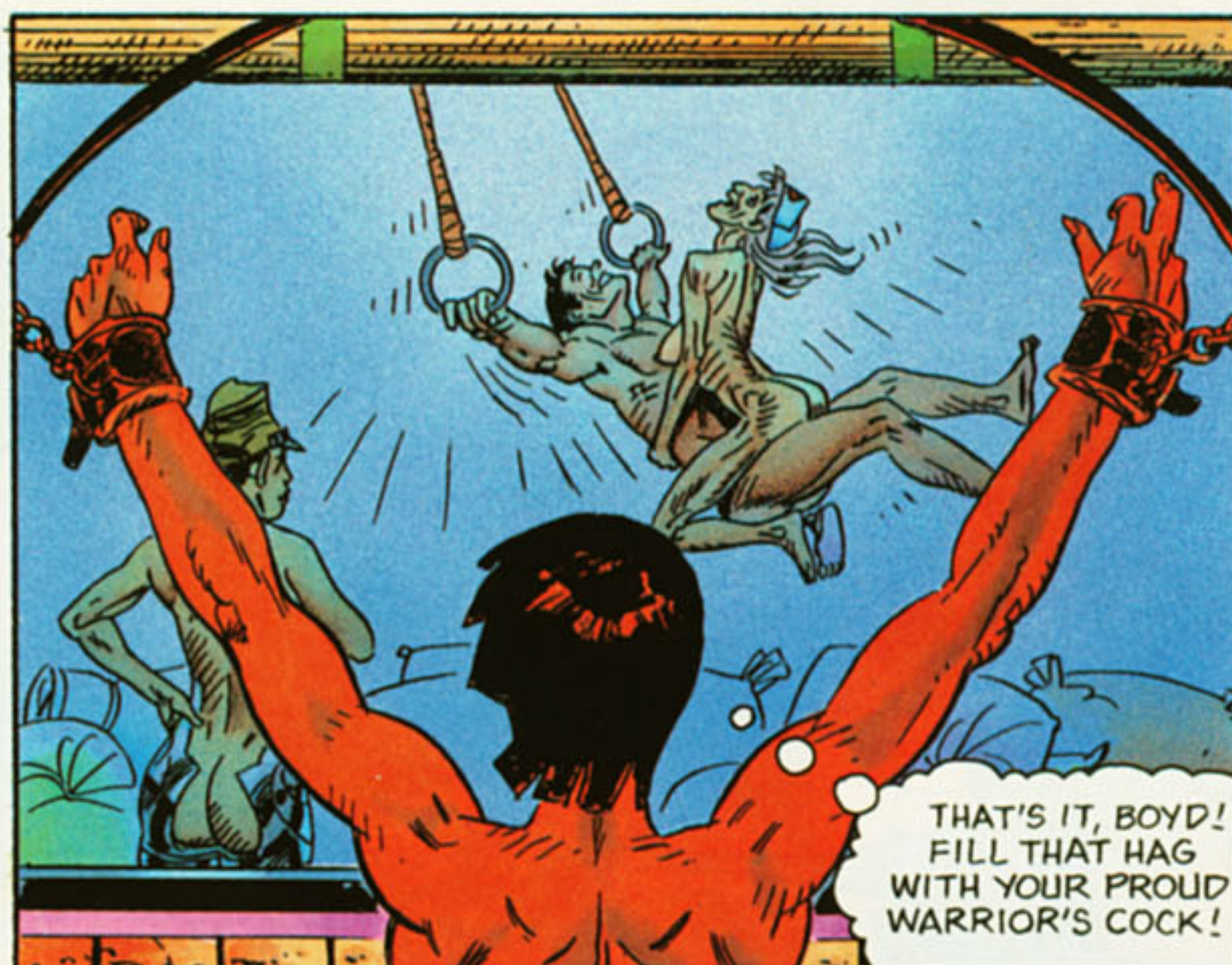
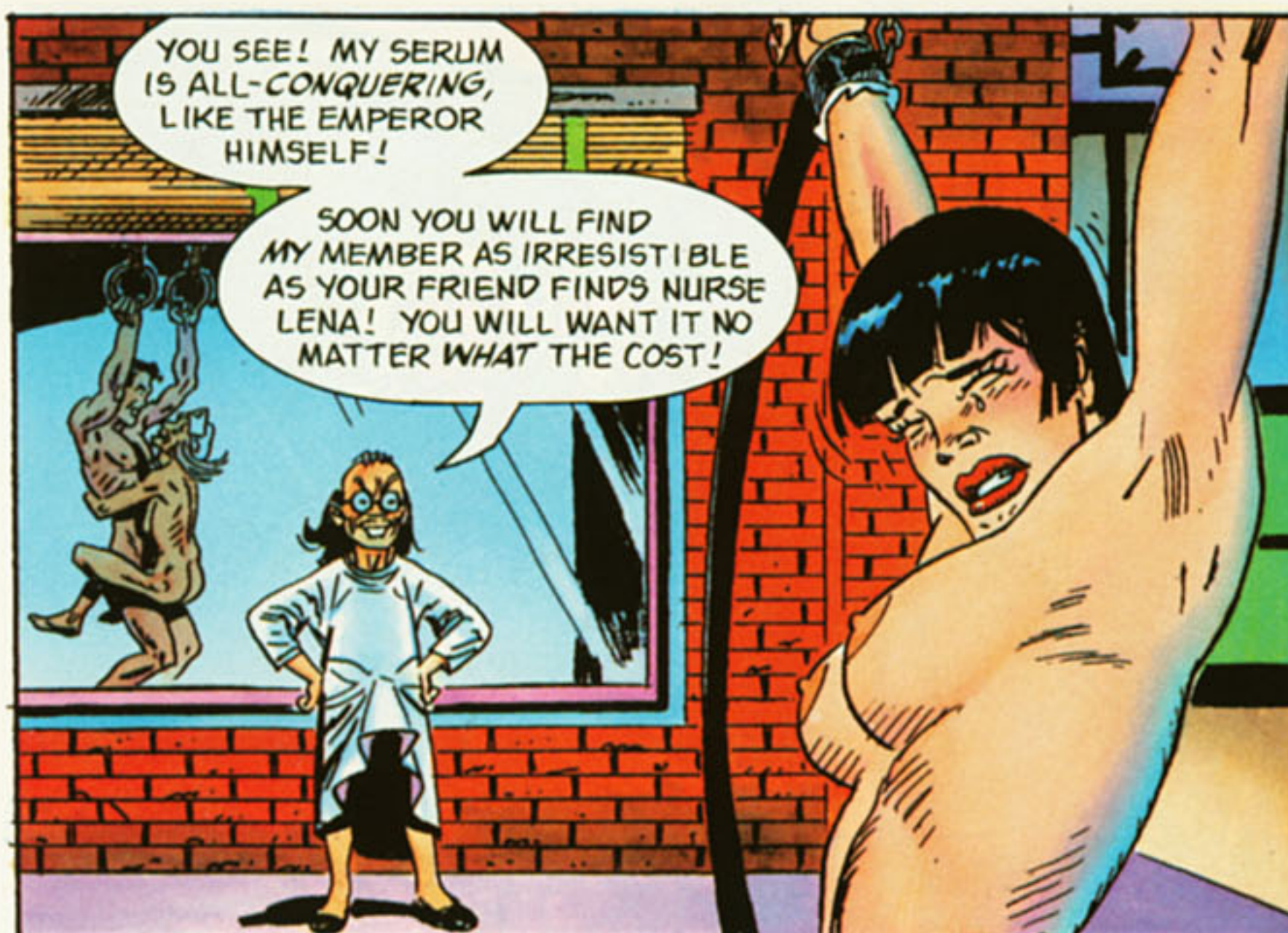
BOYD!

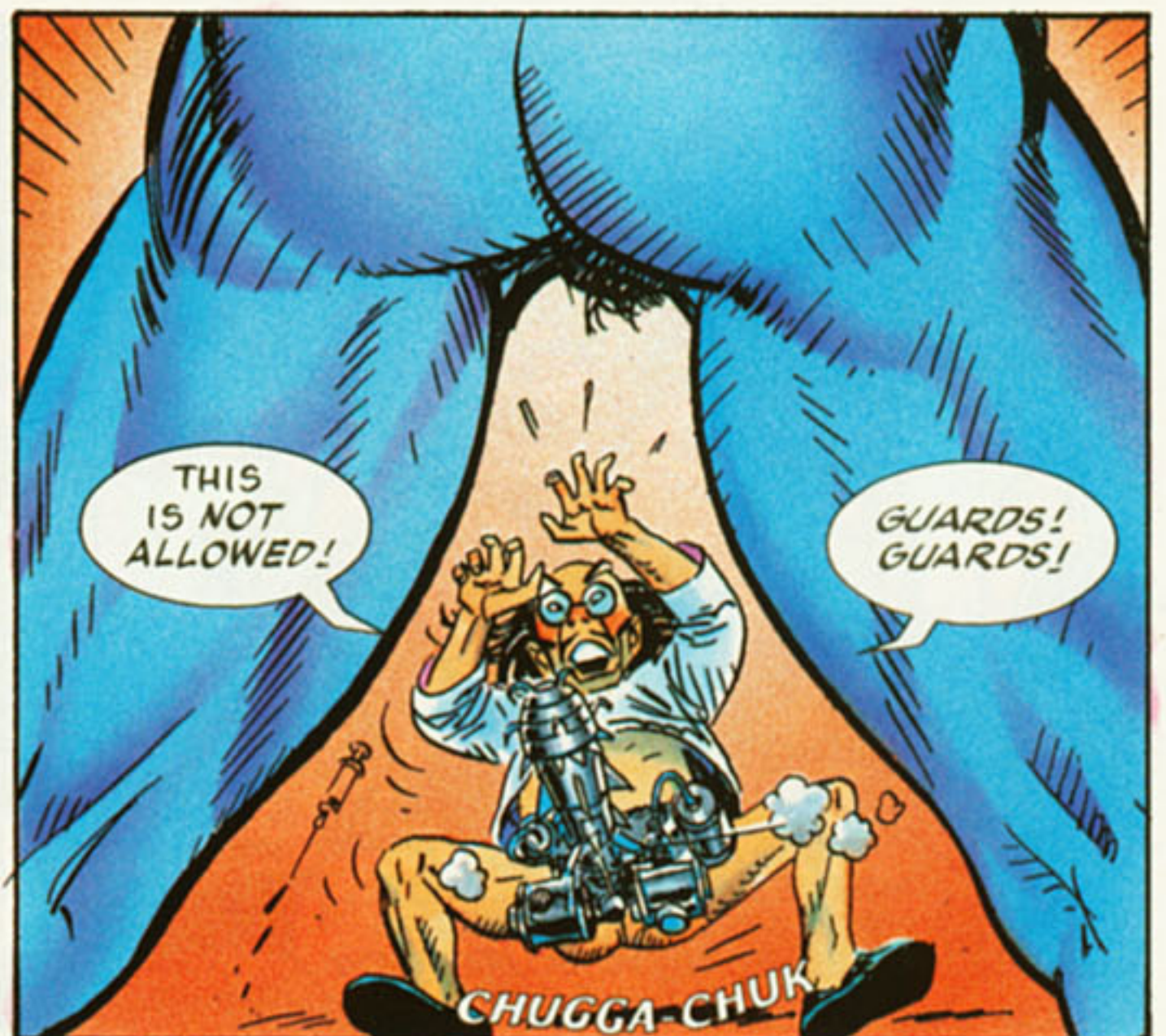
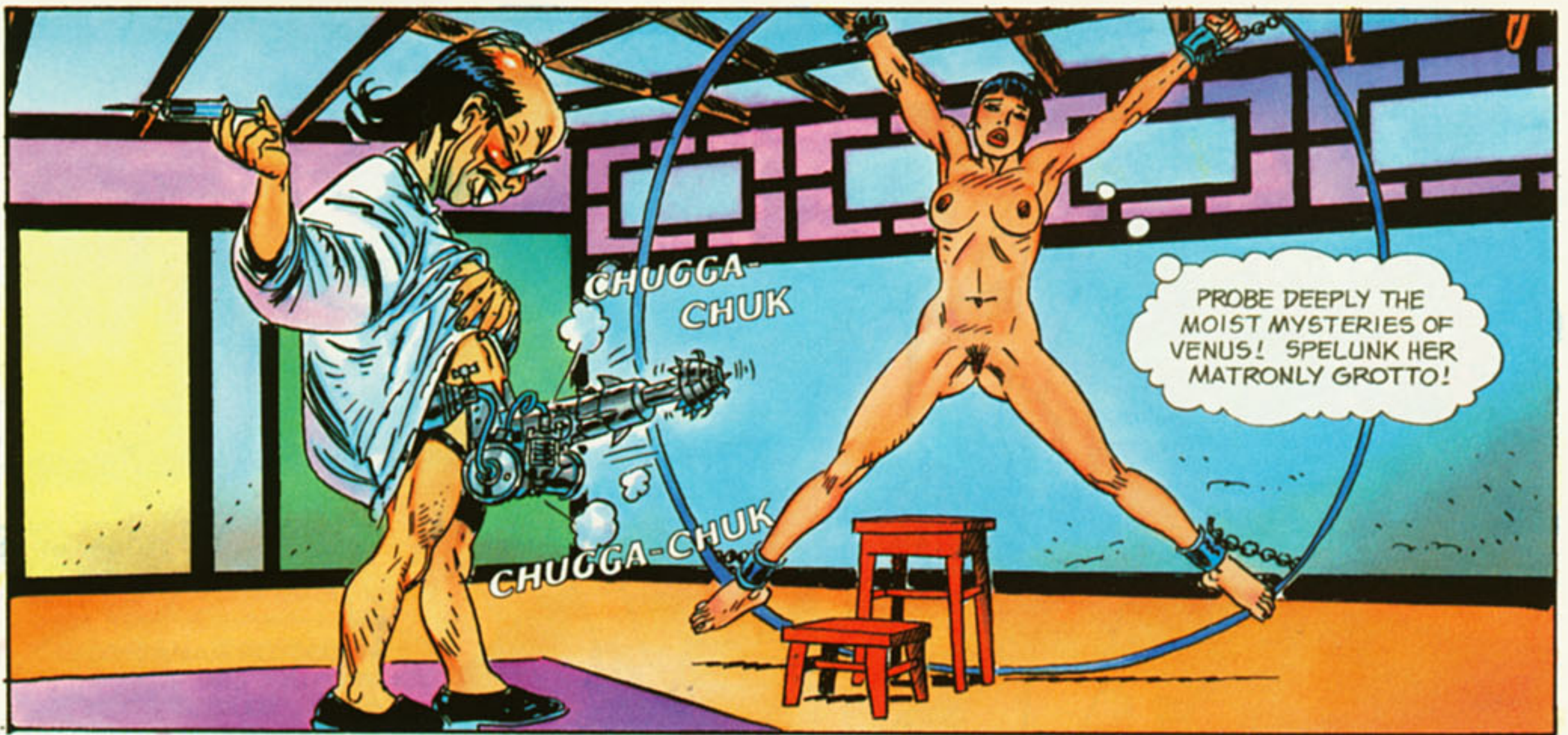
I DON'T HAVE TO GUESS WHAT THEY NEED TO BE SUITABLE FOR!

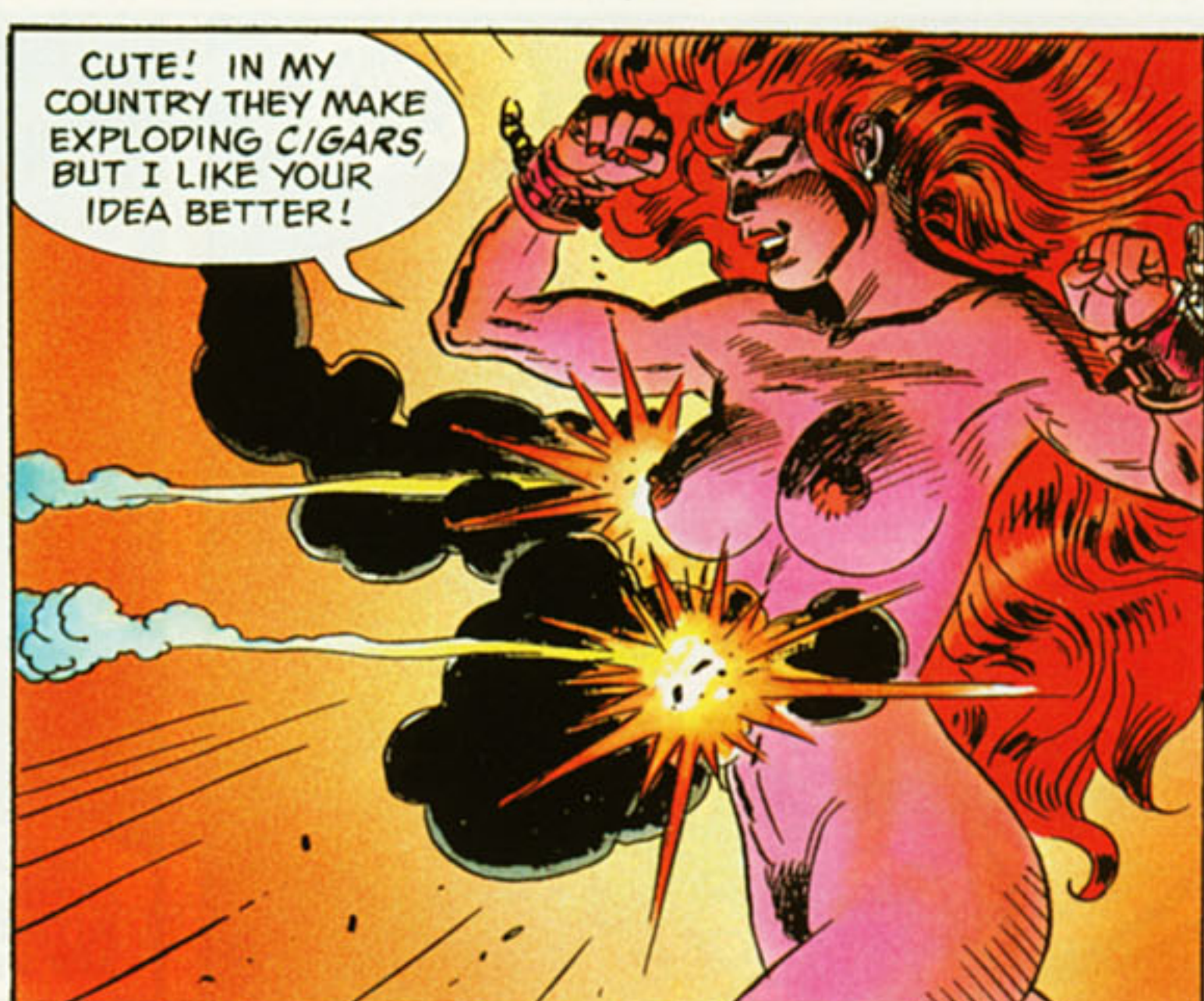
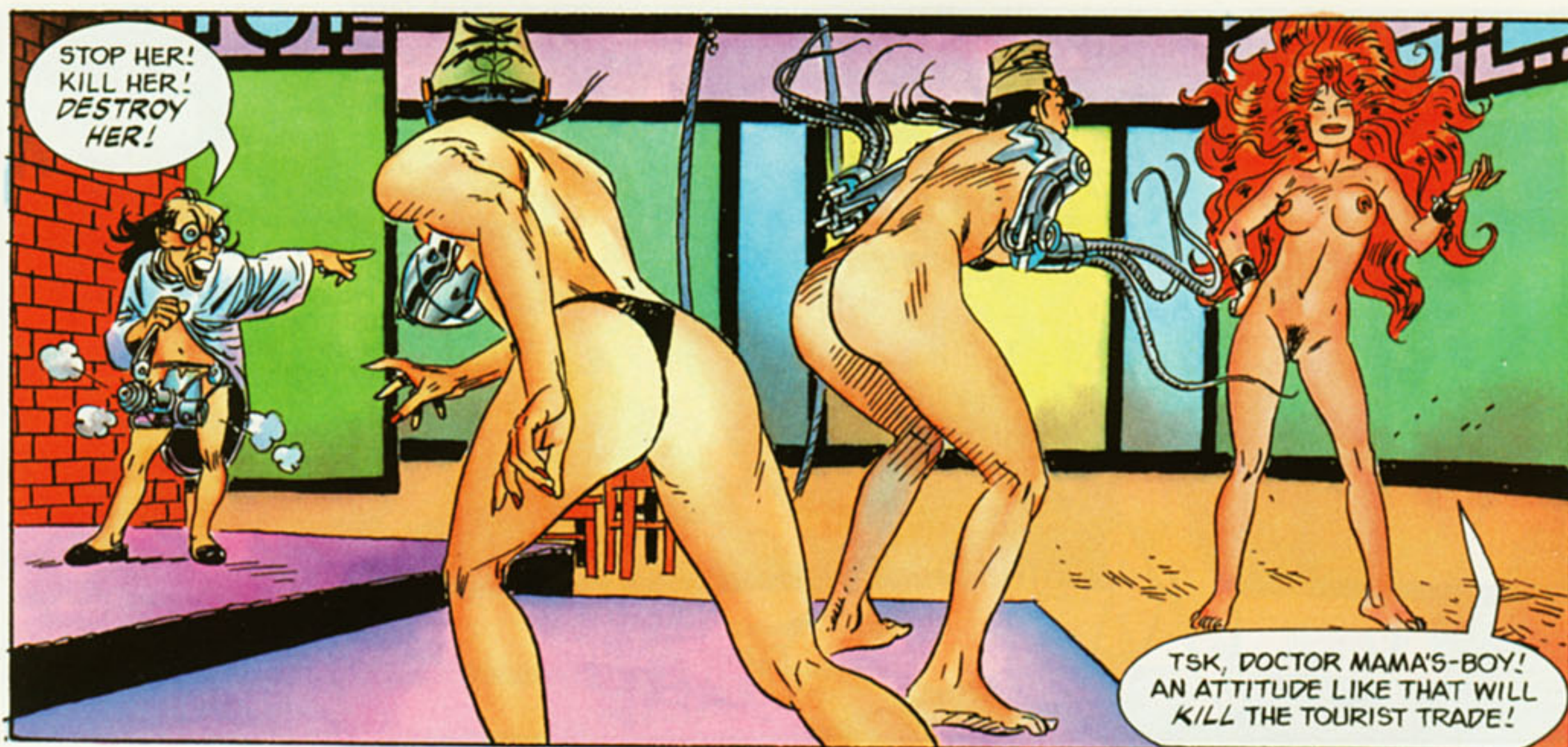


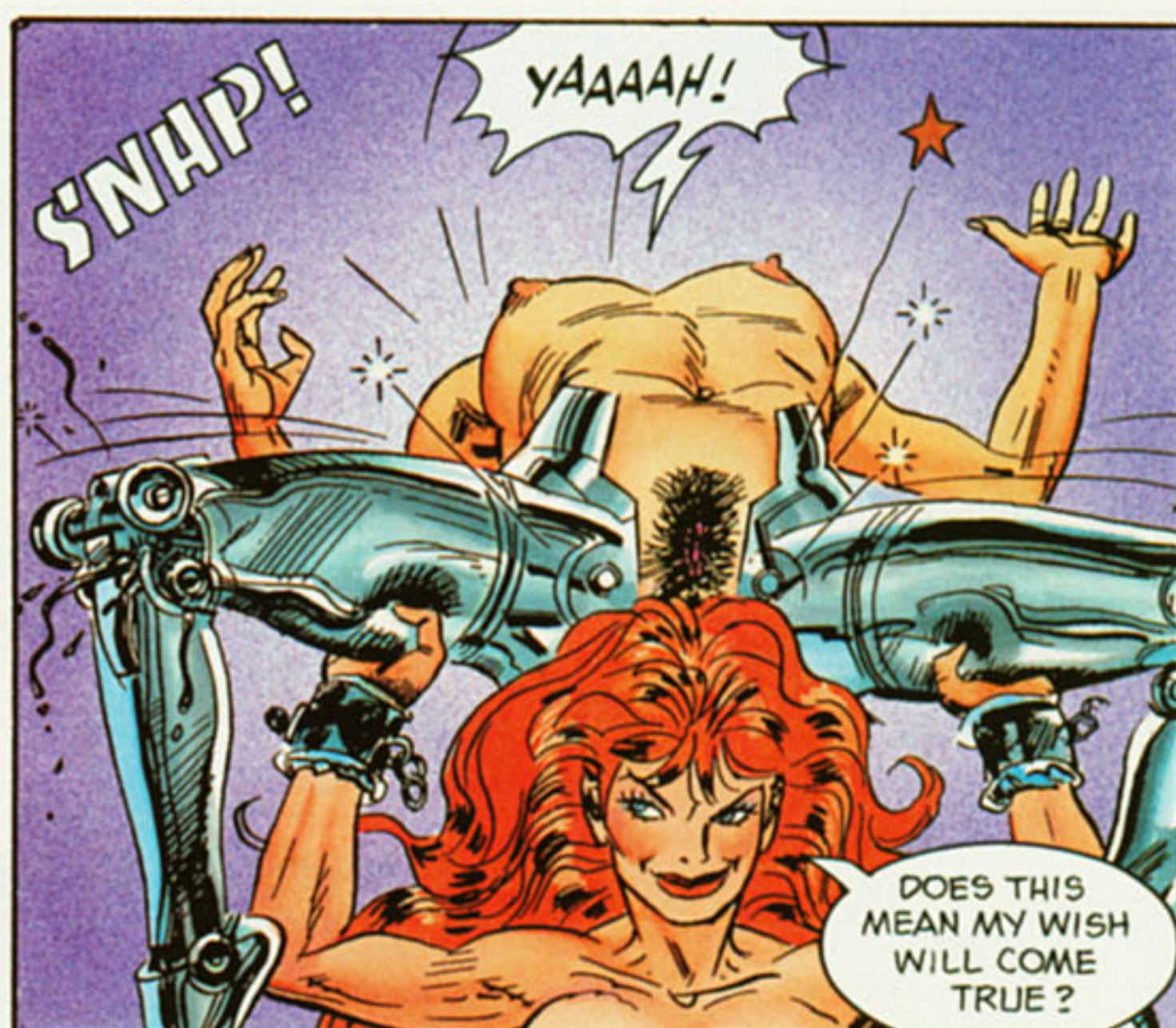
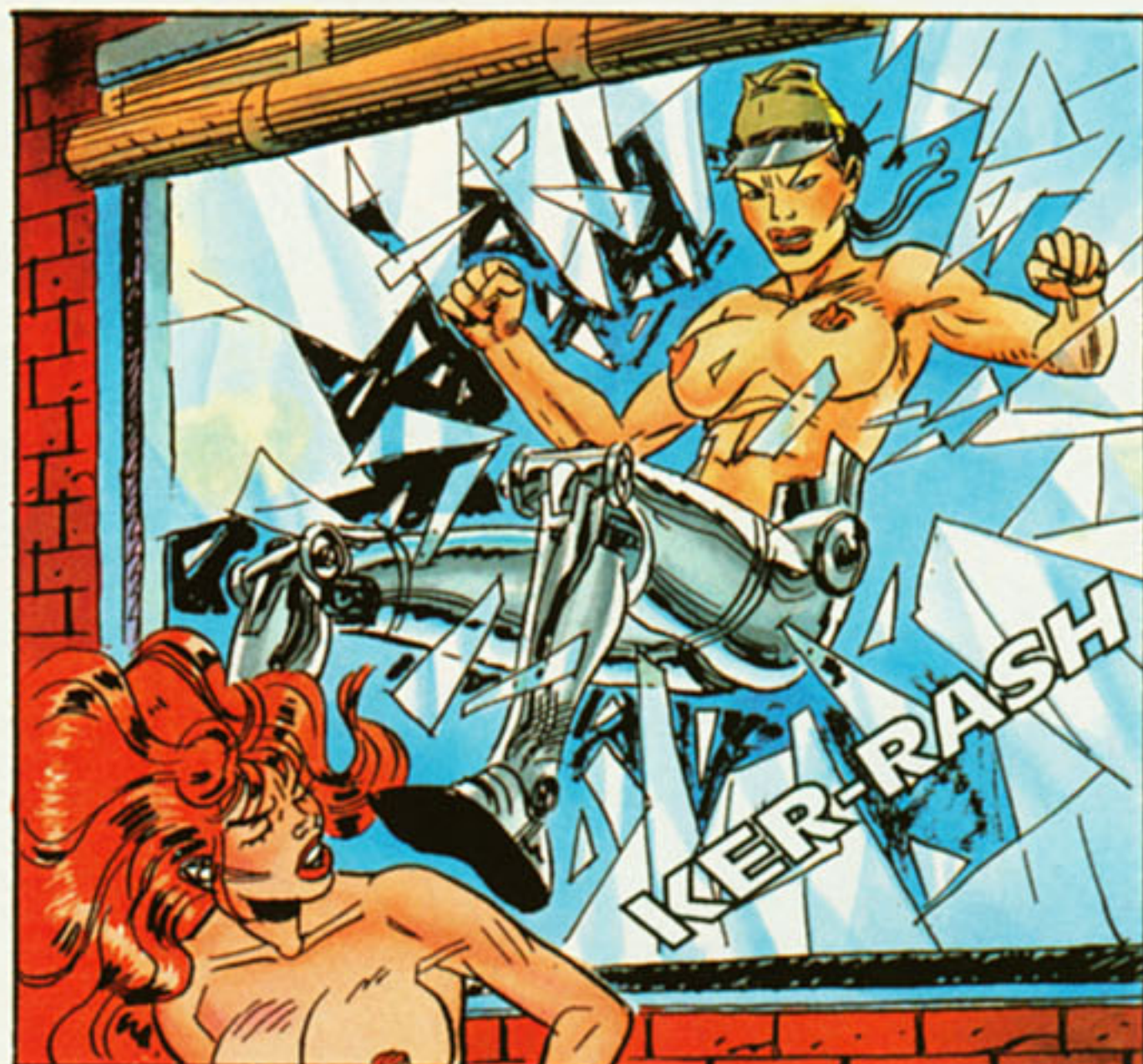


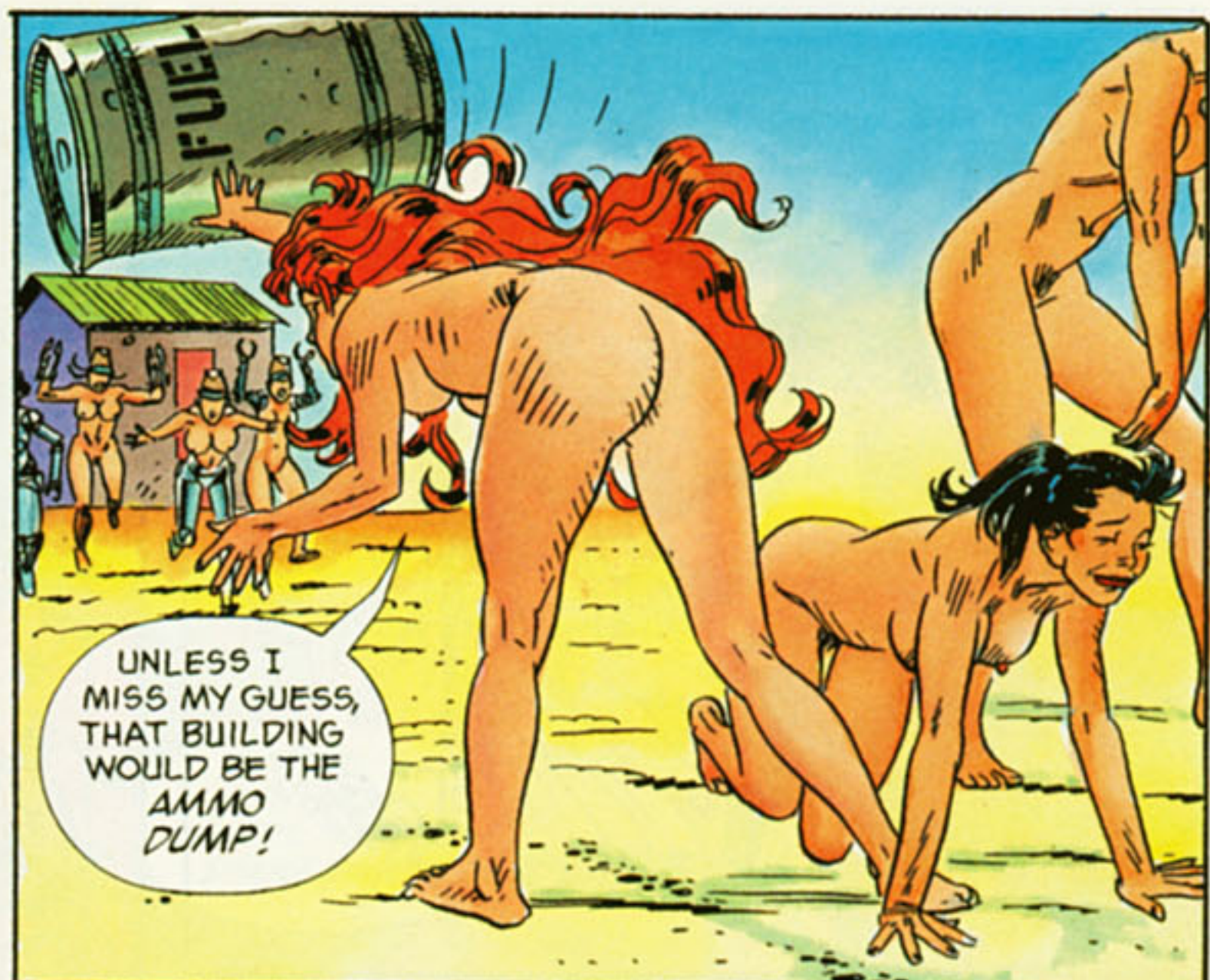
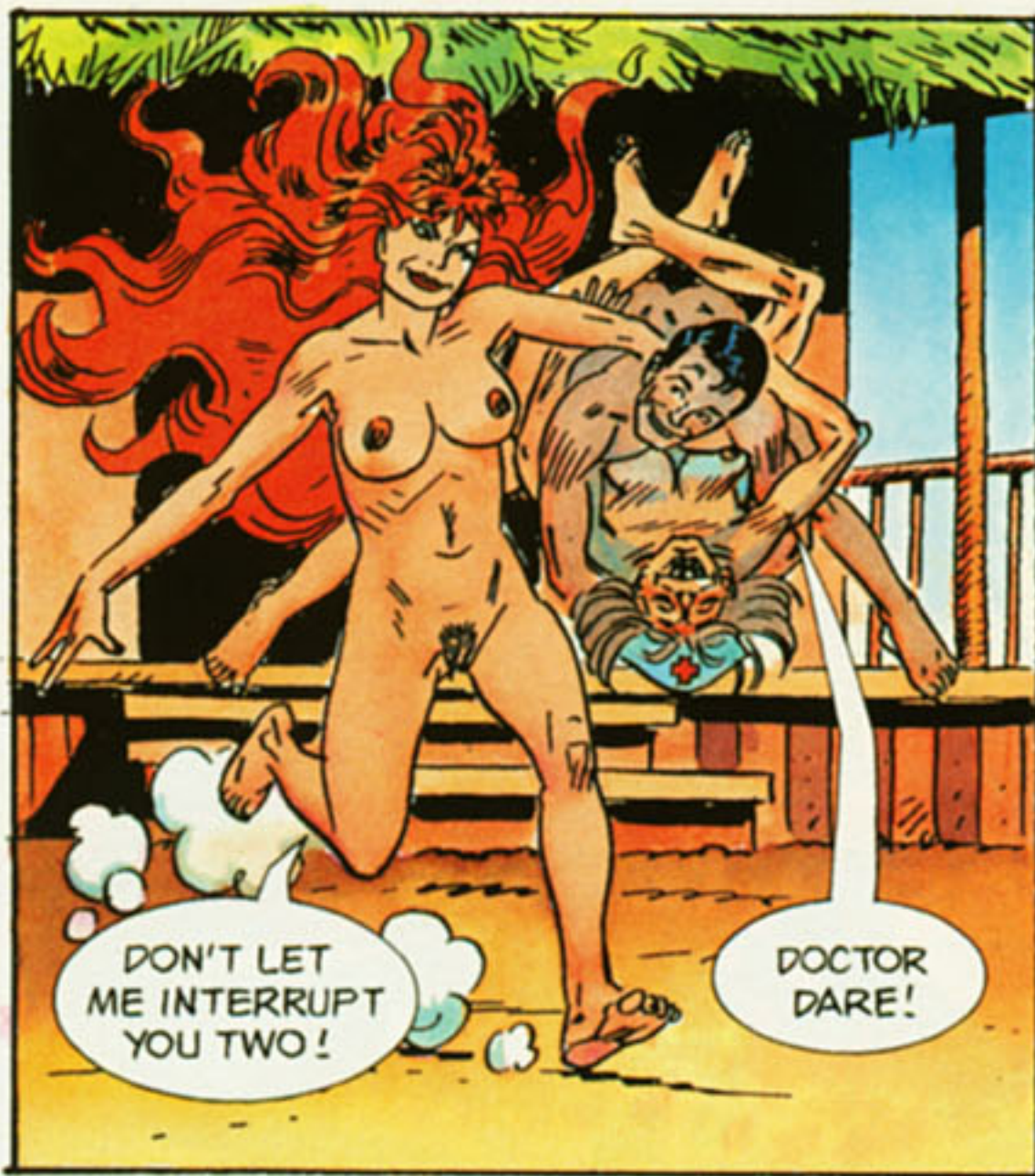














young CAPTAIN ADVENTURE

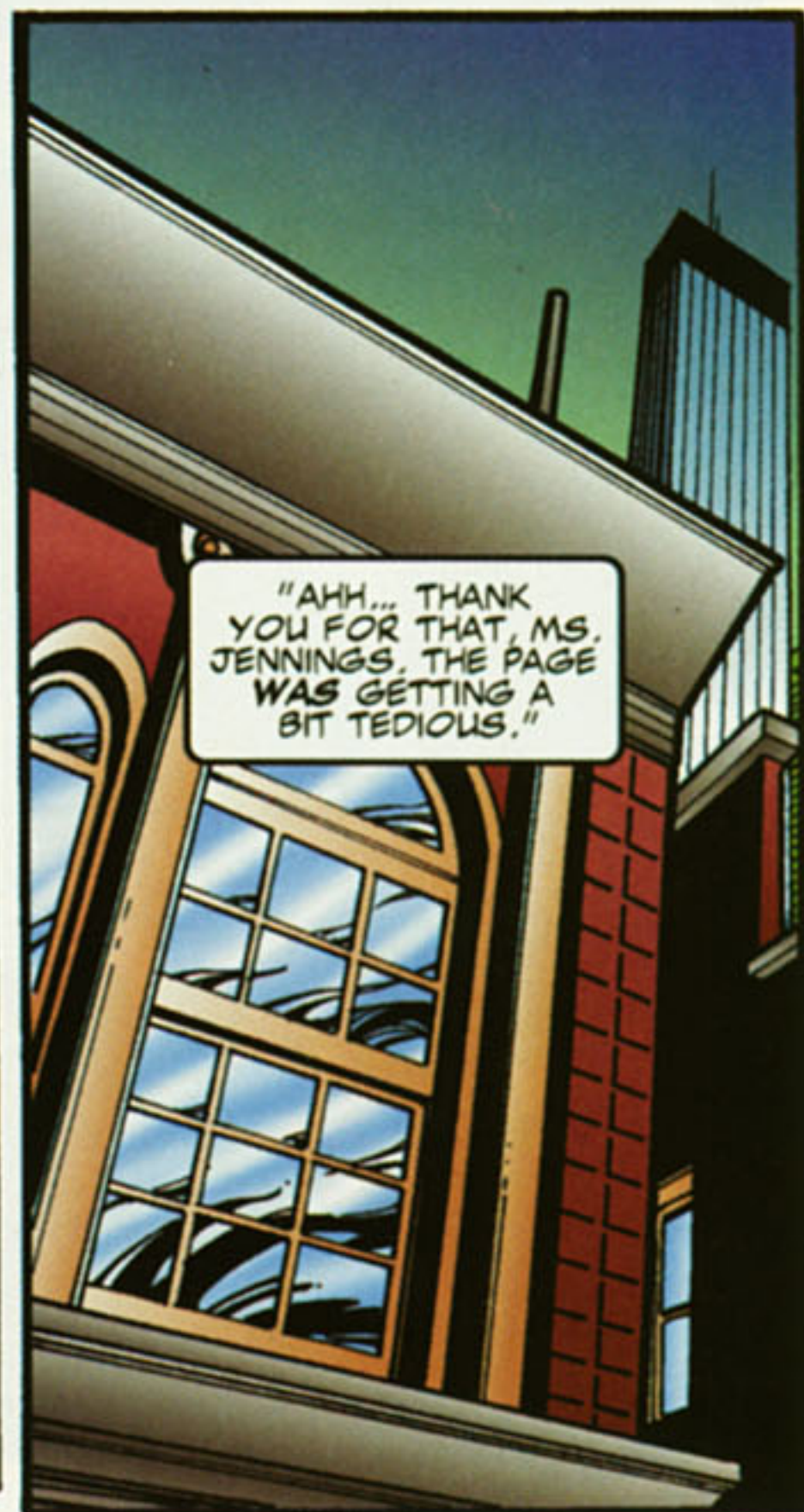
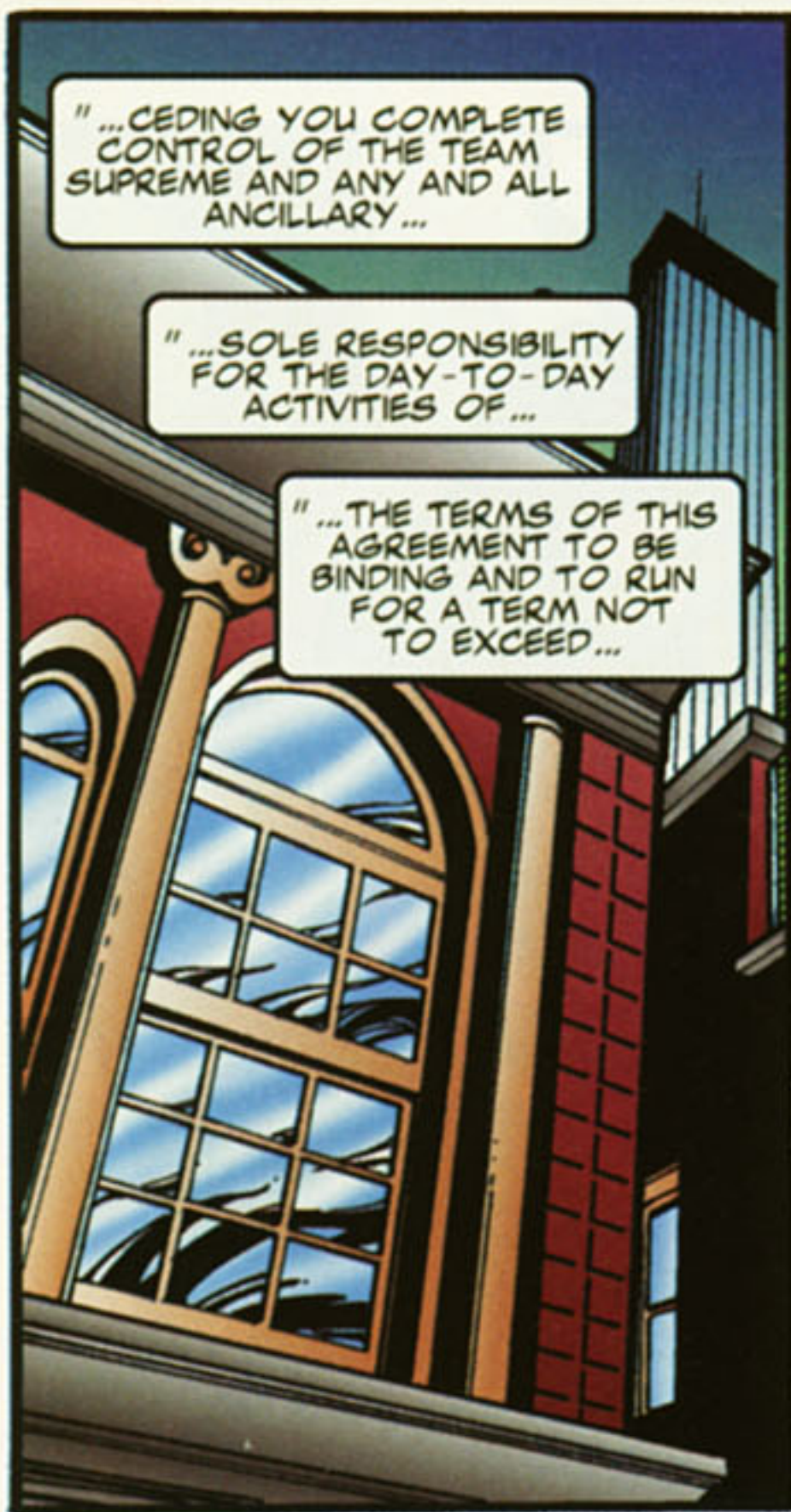


GOTCHA!

BART SEARS KEITH GIFFEN TWILIGHT GRAPHICS VIRTUAL CALLIGRAPHY
ART STORY COLOR LETTERS







TEAM SUPREME H.Q.
N.Y. REGIONAL BRANCH.

TEAM
SUPREME!

TEAM-
GODDAMN-SUPREME
AND I'M CALLING
THE SHOTS! WAIT'LL
THE OLD MAN HEARS
ABOUT THIS!

MY FUCKING
HAND IS KILLING
ME! IF I NEVER
SIGN MY NAME
AGAIN IT'LL BE TOO
SOON! BUT IT WAS
WORTH IT, EM'!
WAS IT EVER!

YOU SEE THOSE
PAPERS FLYING BY?
WHOOSH! WHOOSH!

AHH...JOEY?
YOU MIGHT...
I THINK YOU
SHOULD GIVE
THOSE PAPERS
A READ
THROUGH.

I...I'M SO
SORRY...

?



fixing
signature, Joseph
signee: Joseph
Pike assumes sole
responsibility for
any and all debts
from damages, or
otherwise current
outstanding. The
debts to be paid
on from the
organization:
Team Supreme
to the
signee...

new r
quorp
h fiscal
responsibility to
the natural
lifetime of the signee
and to be passed on
for a period not to
exceed twenty years
to the signees heirs
such heirs to be
produced within
three year period
from signing of

signee
voluntarily
waives any and
all claims of
proprietary re:
the organization:
team supreme and
agrees to step down
from his position
of leadership with
twenty four hours
of signing, taking
with him all
liabilities
for debts
incurred

MMMMMMOTHER-FUCKER!!





YOU COCK-SUCKING SONS OF... YOU SET ME UP!! YOU'LL NEVER MAKE THIS STICK! YOU WON'T--







THAT FEEL GOOD? ENJOY
IT. IT'S THE LAST GOOD
THING YER GONNA BE FEELIN'
FER A LO-OOONG
TIME.



LEMME GIVE YA TH' CLIFFS
NOTES VERSION. OVER 22
MILLION IN PROPERTY-DAMAGE
SUITS, 17 MILLION IN BACK
TAXES...



...7 MILLION
IN SEXUAL-
HARASSMENT
SUITS! THE LIST,
IT DO GO
ON!

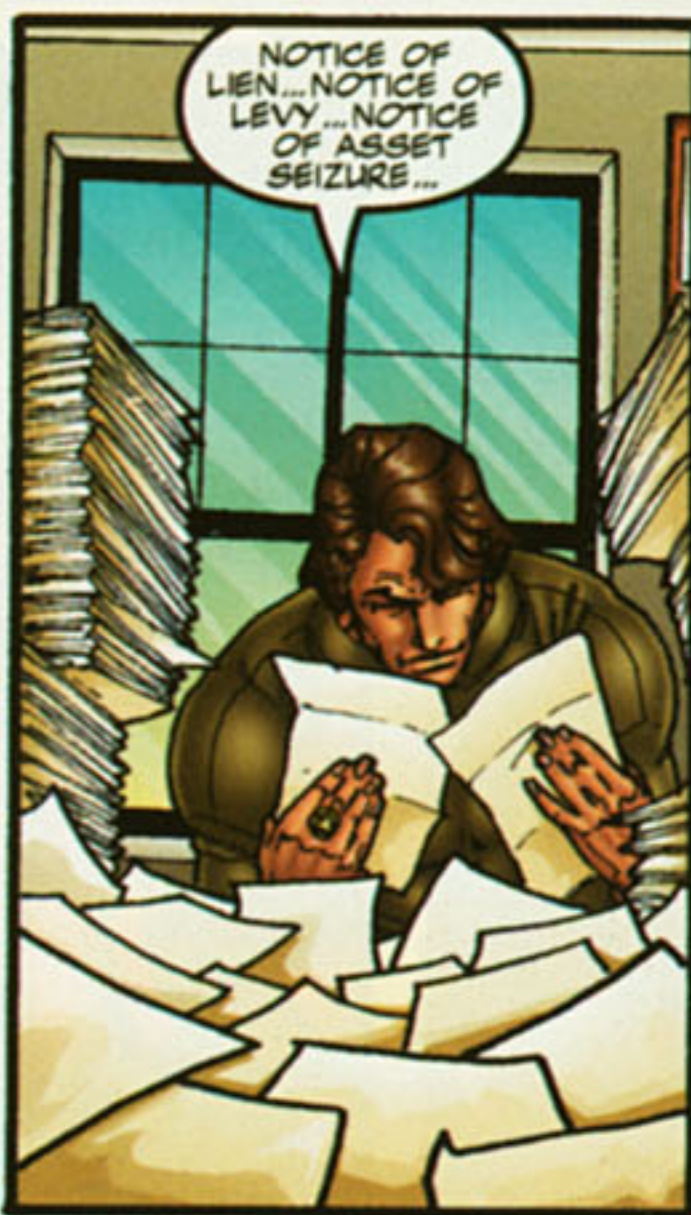
ALL YERS, PATSY-BOY. A LIFETIME OF PLANNED PURPOSE, COURTESY OF TH TEAM SUPREME!

AND NOW,
SEEIN' AS HOW
THIS IS A
PRIVATE CLUB
OF SORTS...

...AND YOU
NOT BEIN' A
MEMBER NO
MORE...
SPLIT!

OR SHOULD I CALL
TH' COPS AND ADD ILLEGAL
TRESPASS T' TH' LIST?
HAW!!!







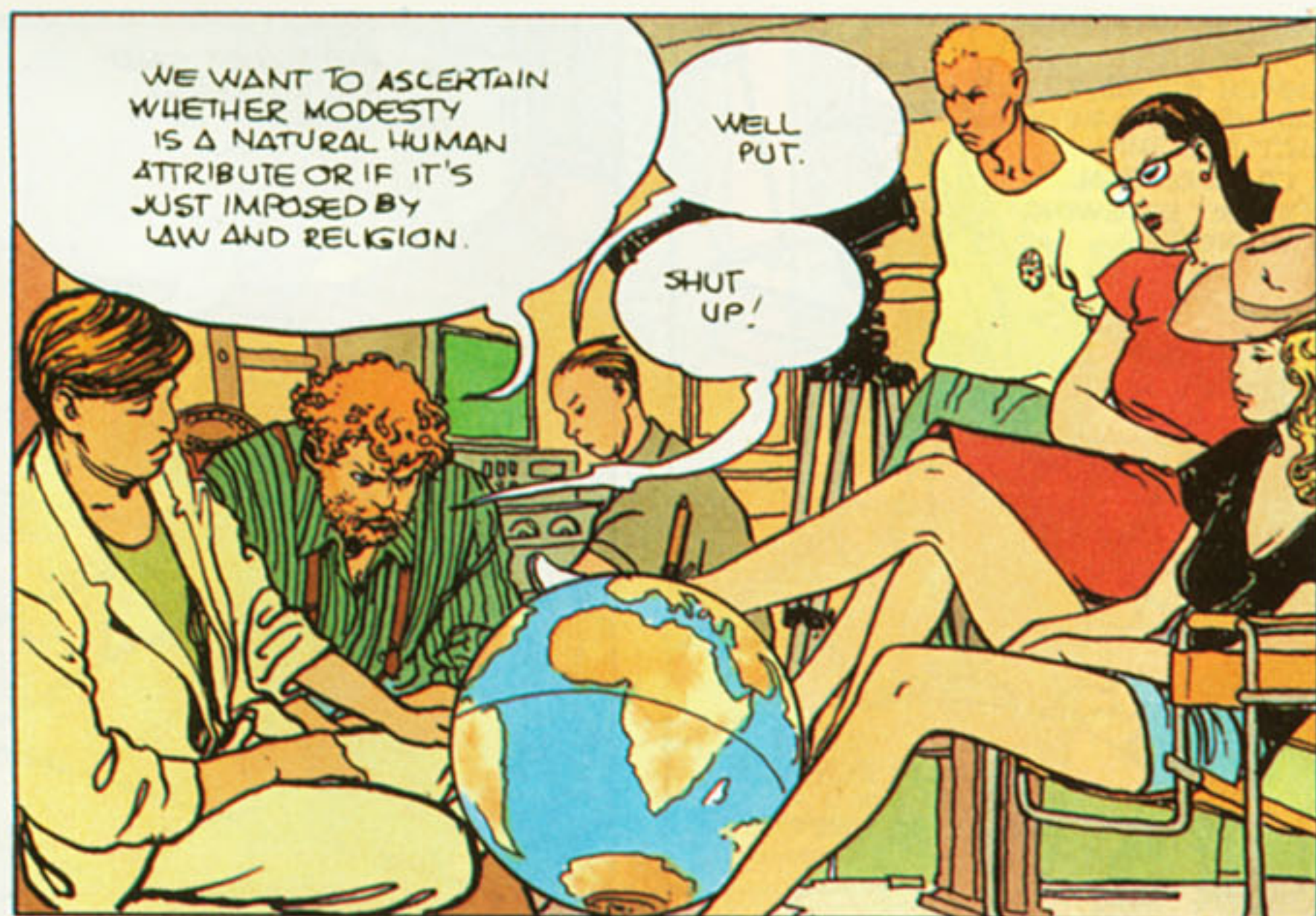
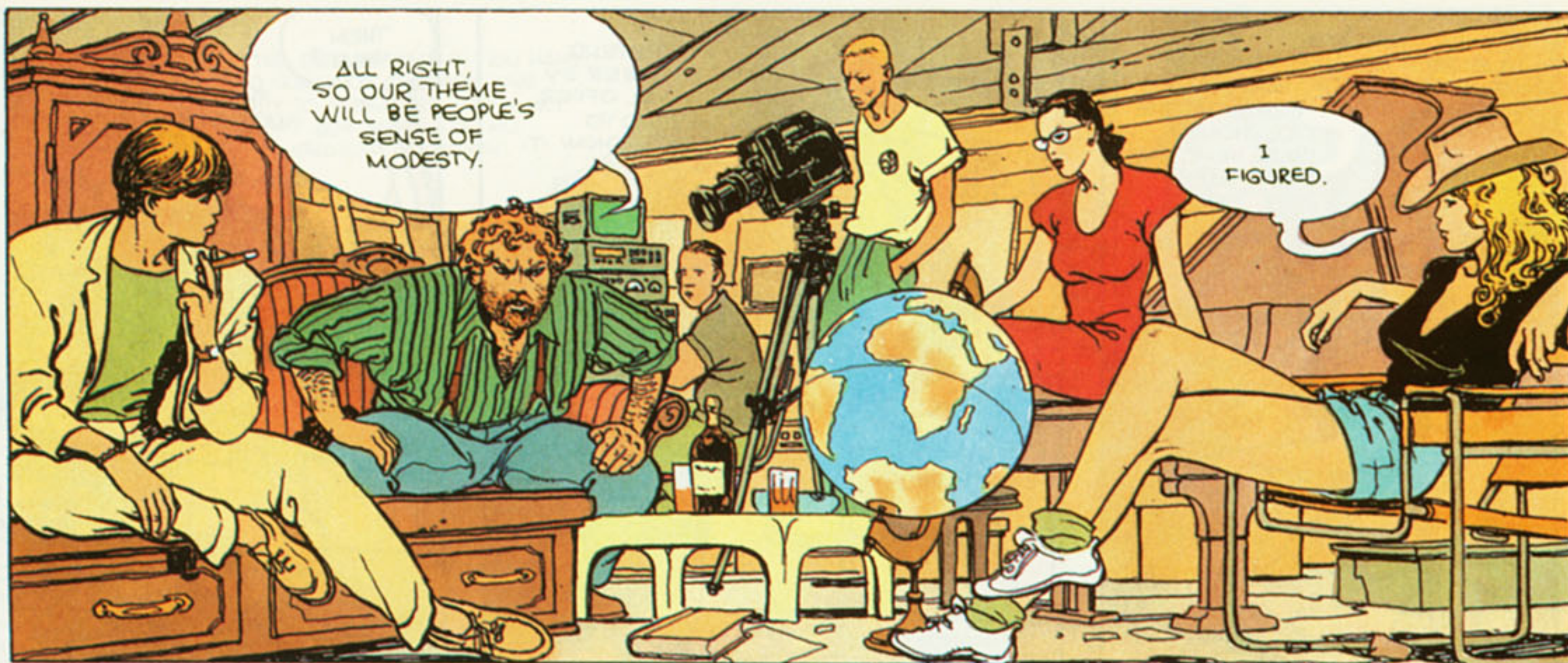


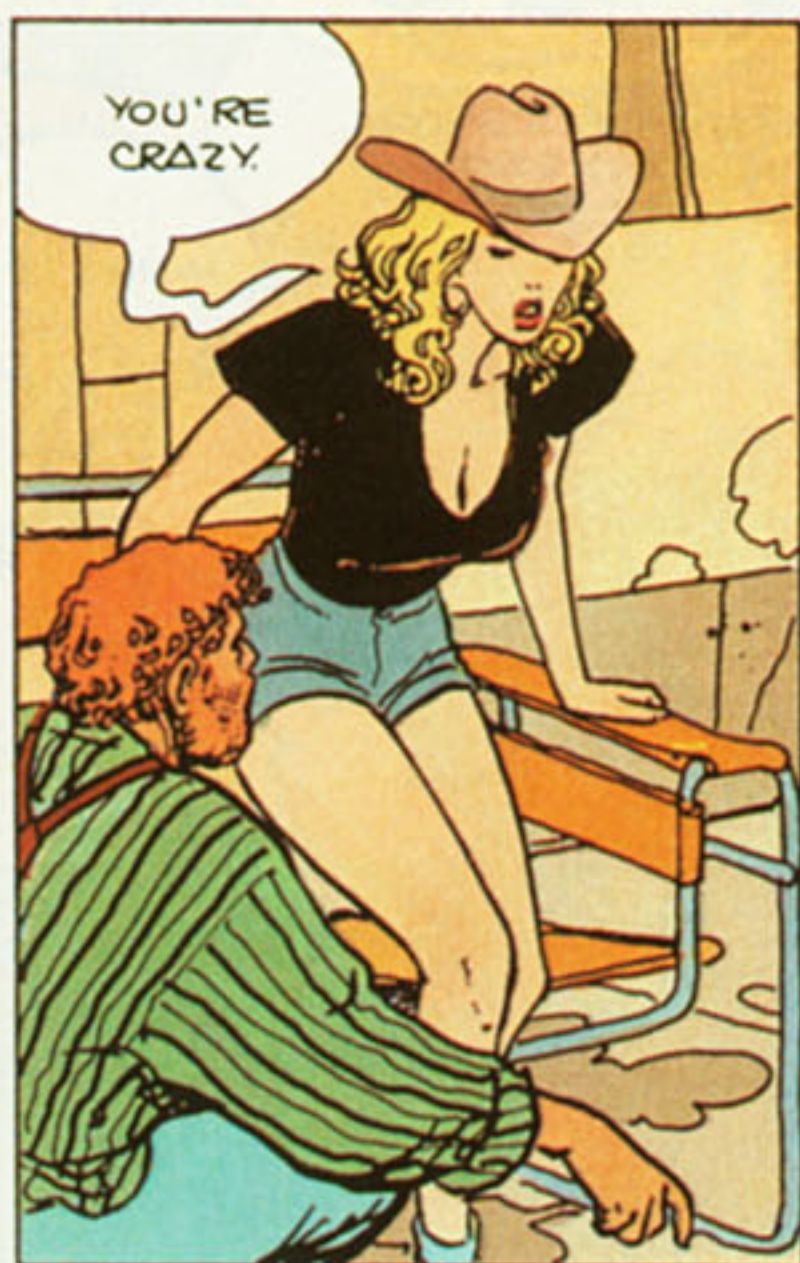
I'M GONNA
REGRET THIS...
I'M GONNA
REGRET THIS...
I'M GONNA
REGRET THIS...
I'M GONNA
REGRET THIS...

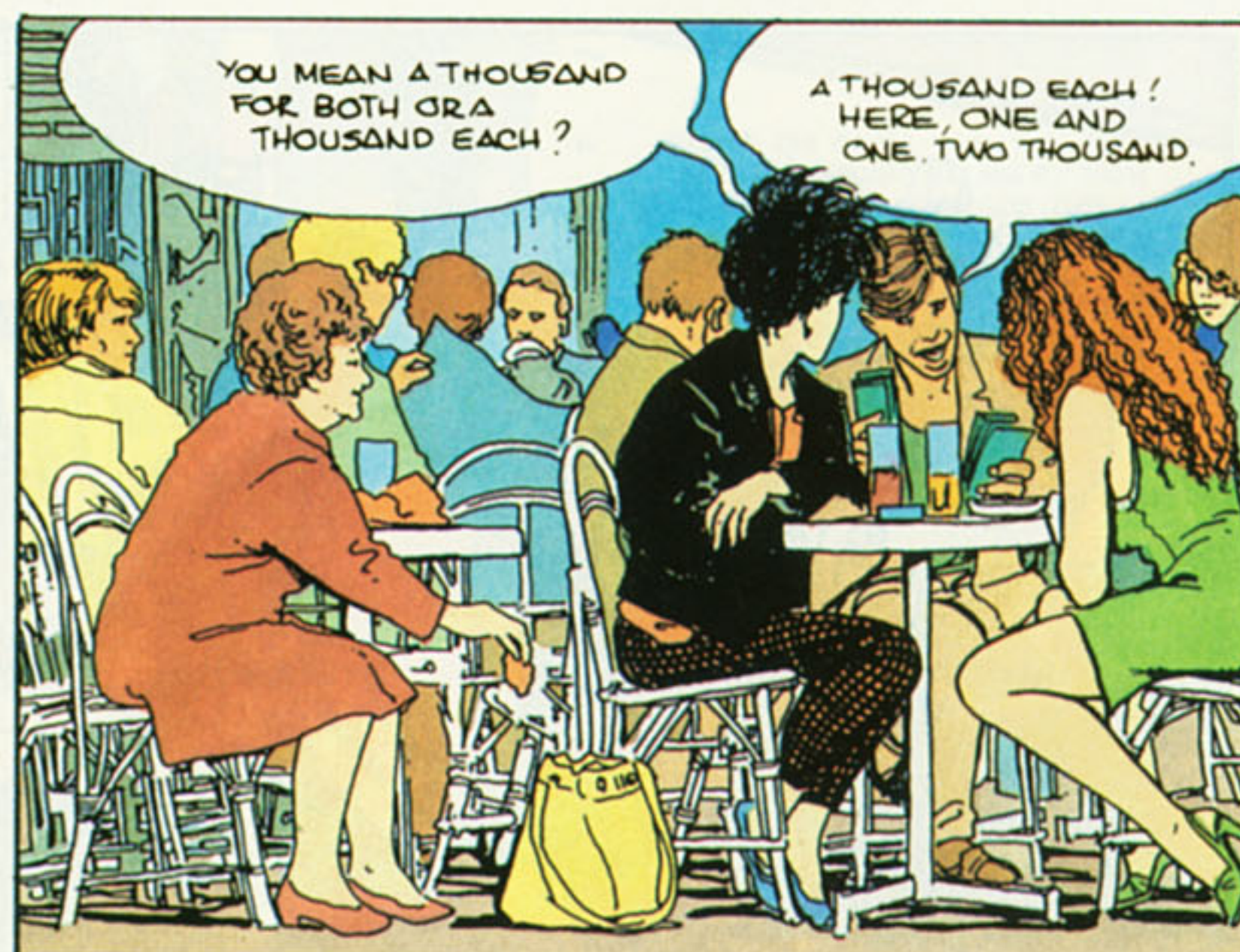
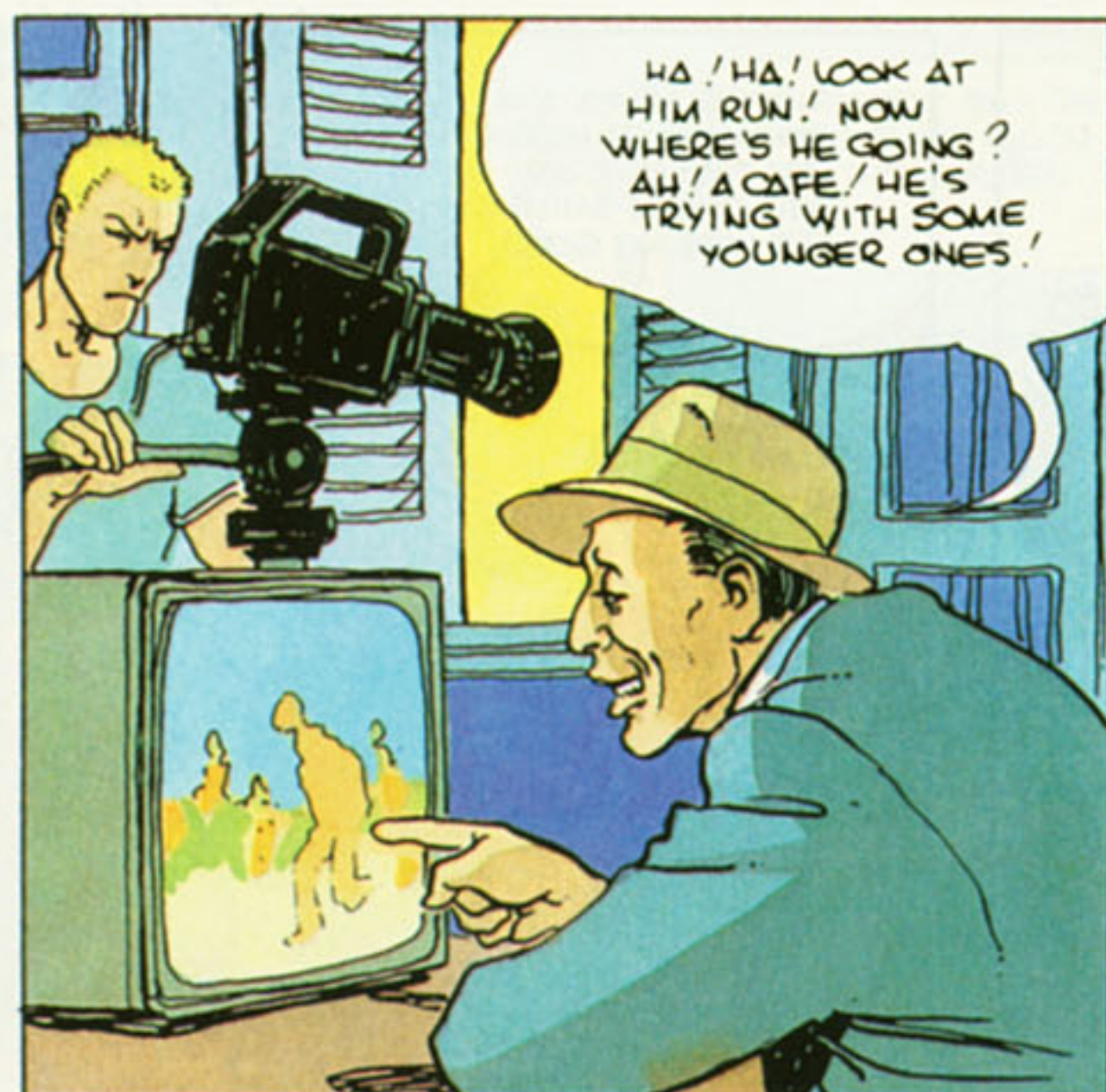
**NEXT TIME
REGRETS,
HE'S HAD A
FEW...**

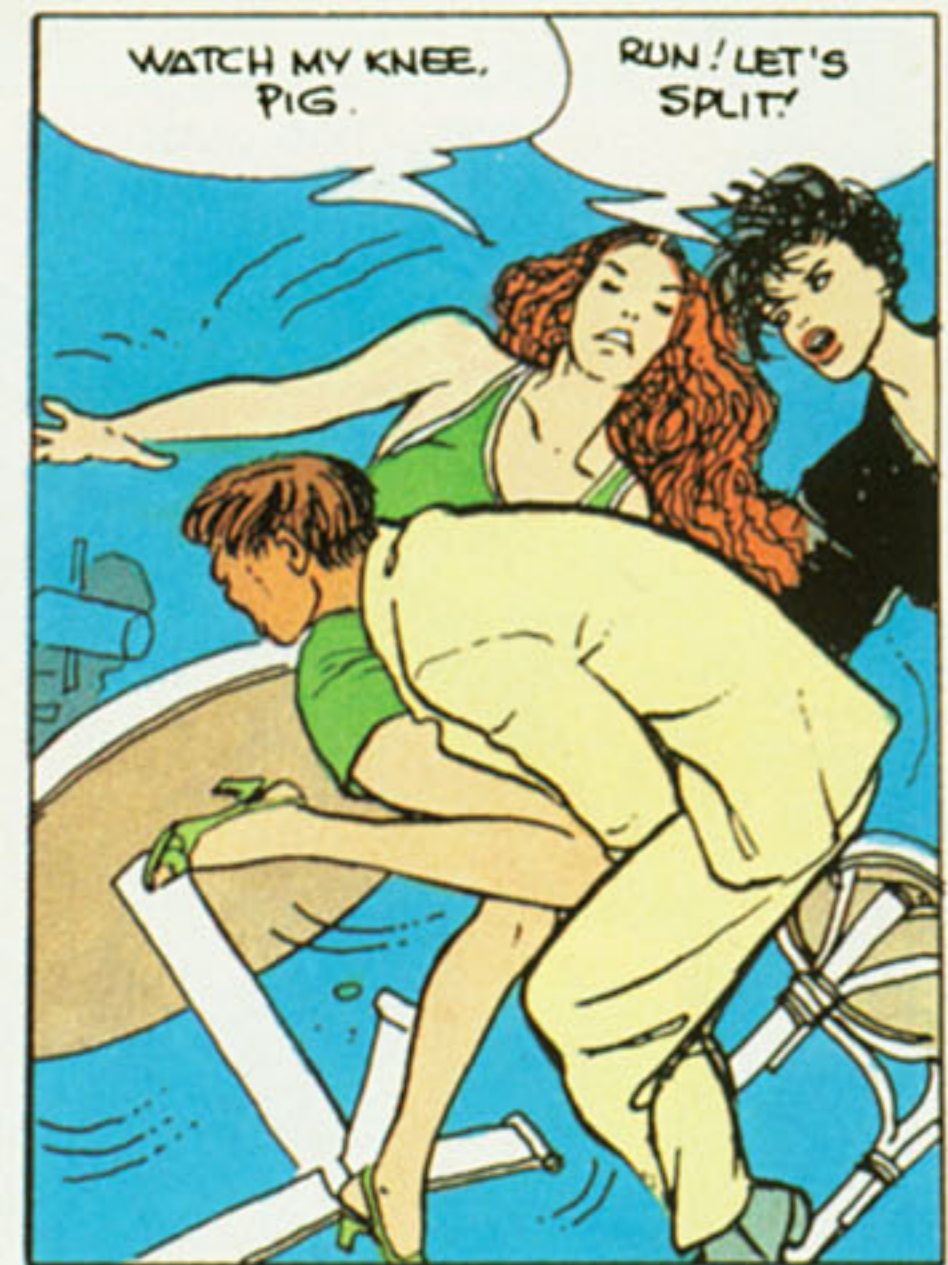
MILO MANARA'S HIDDEN CAMERA

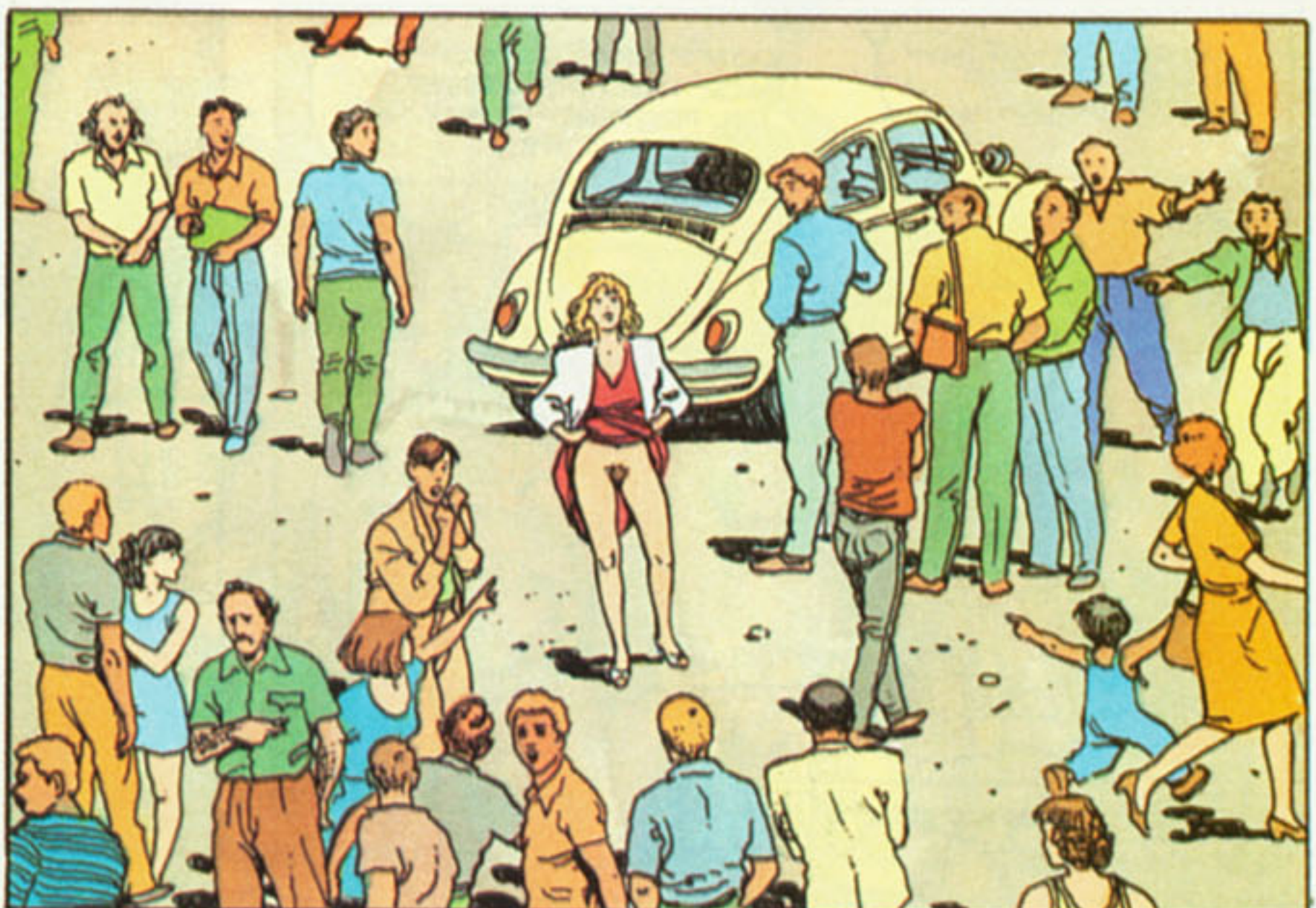
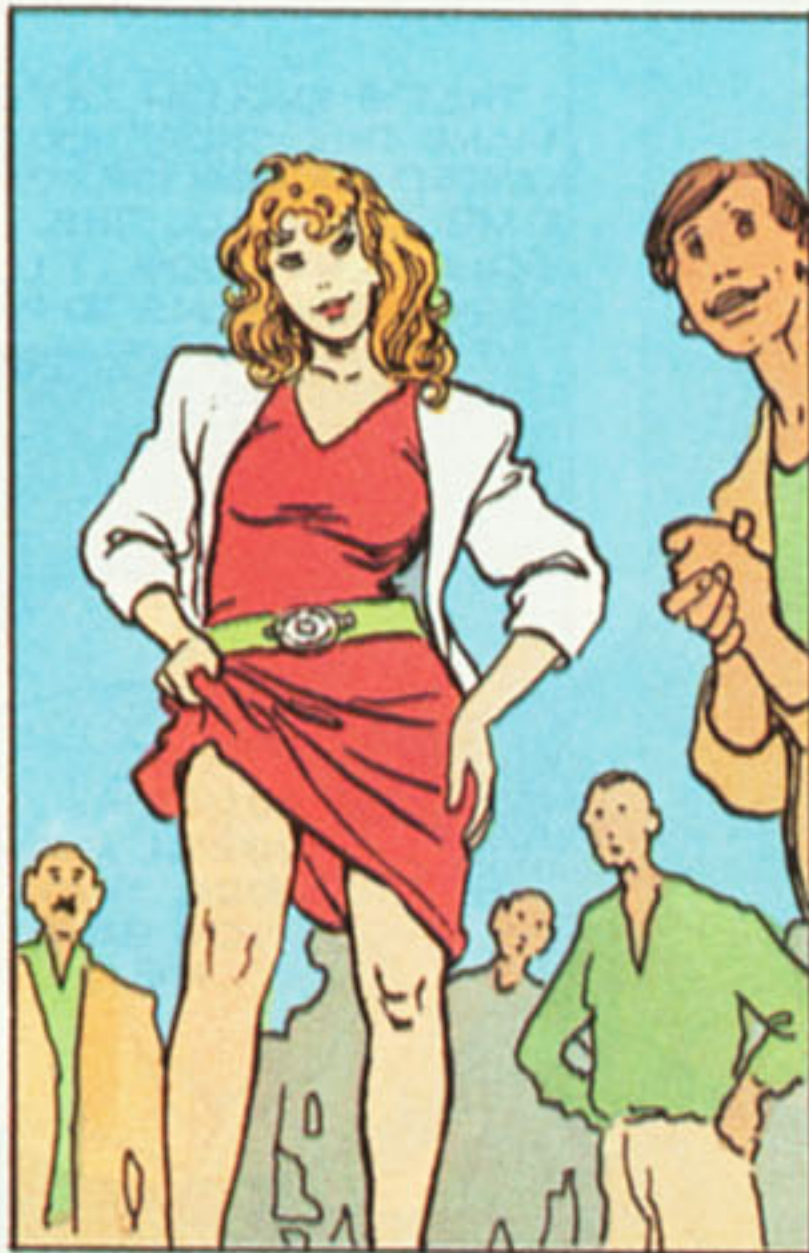
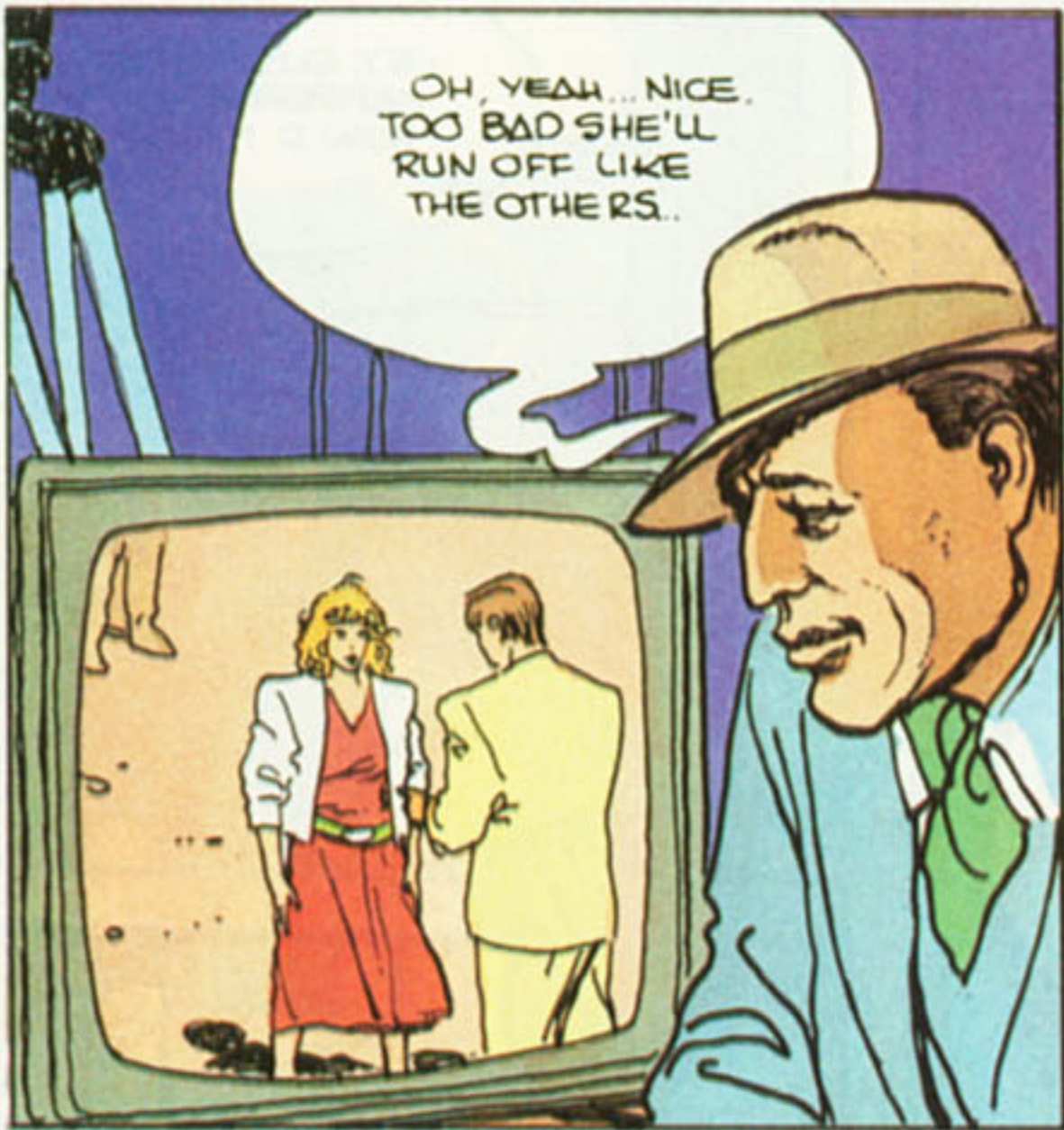
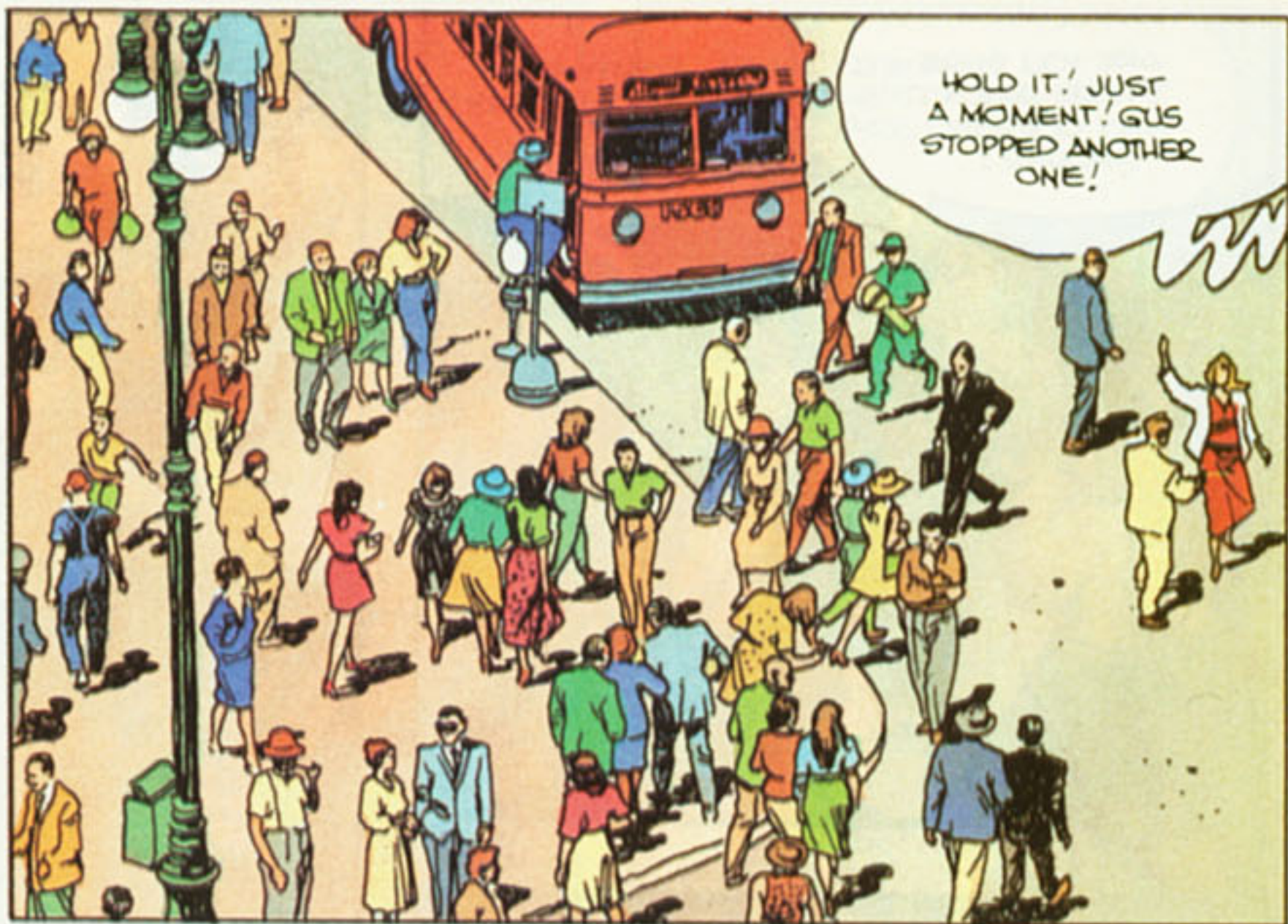


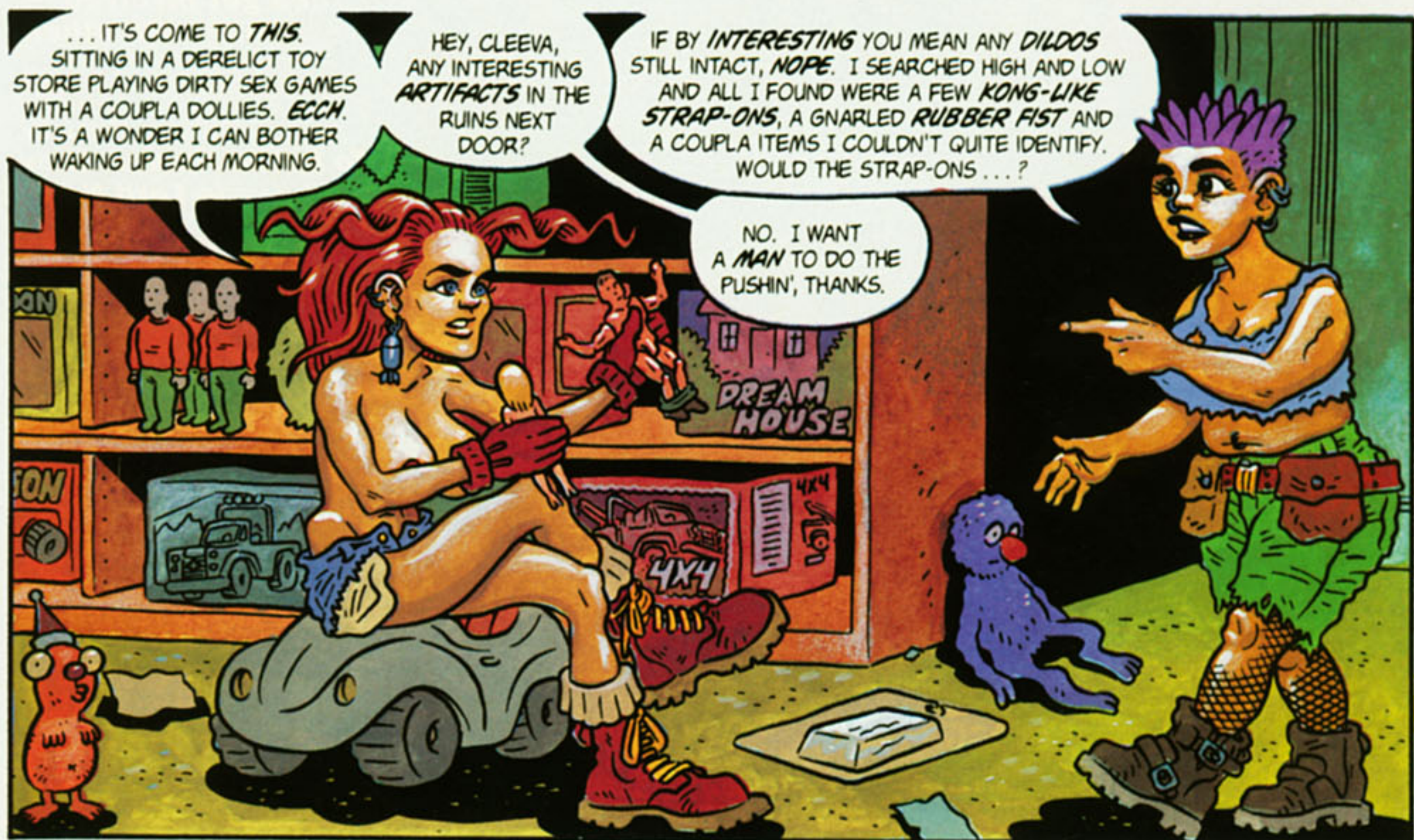
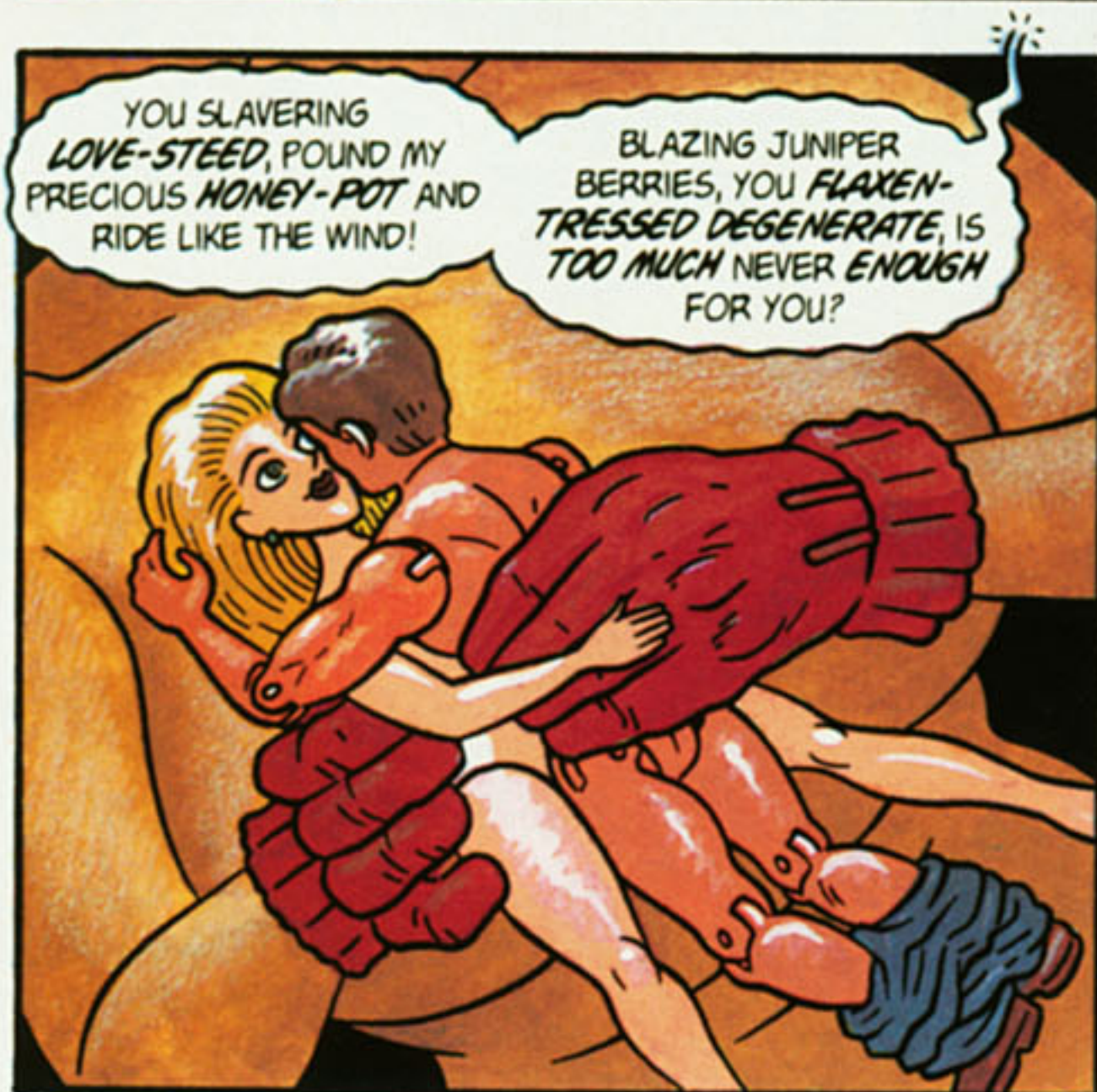
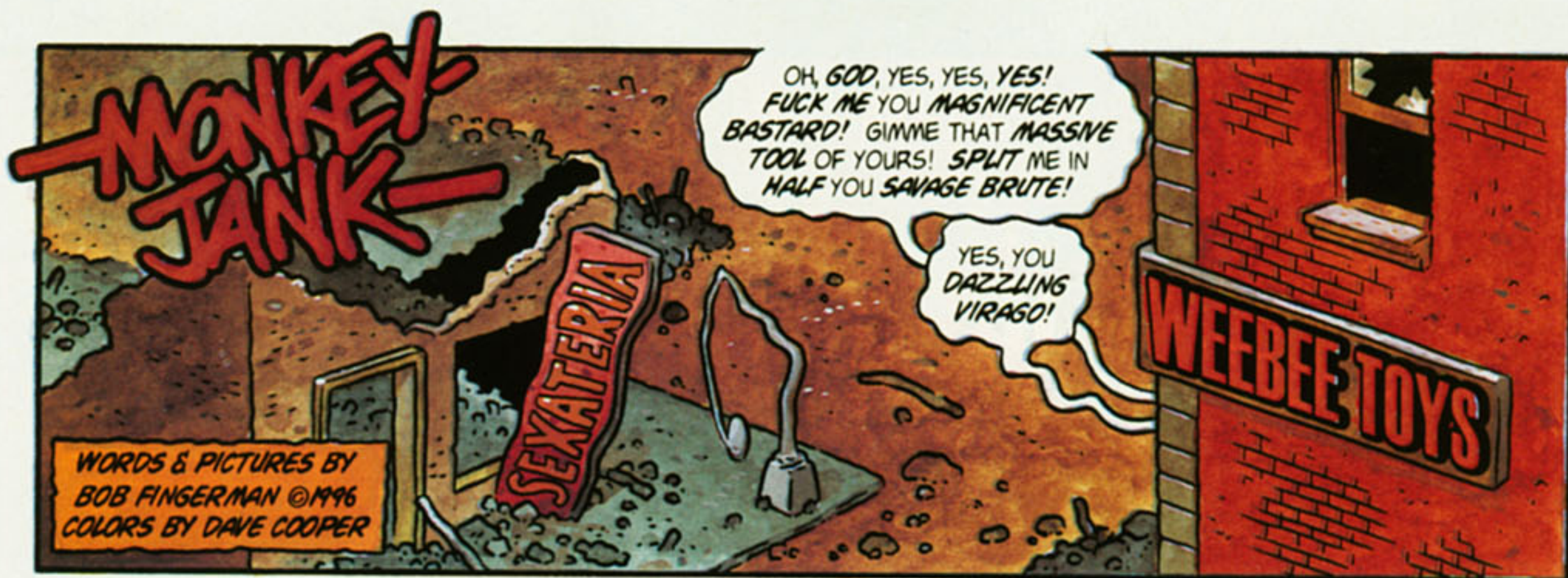


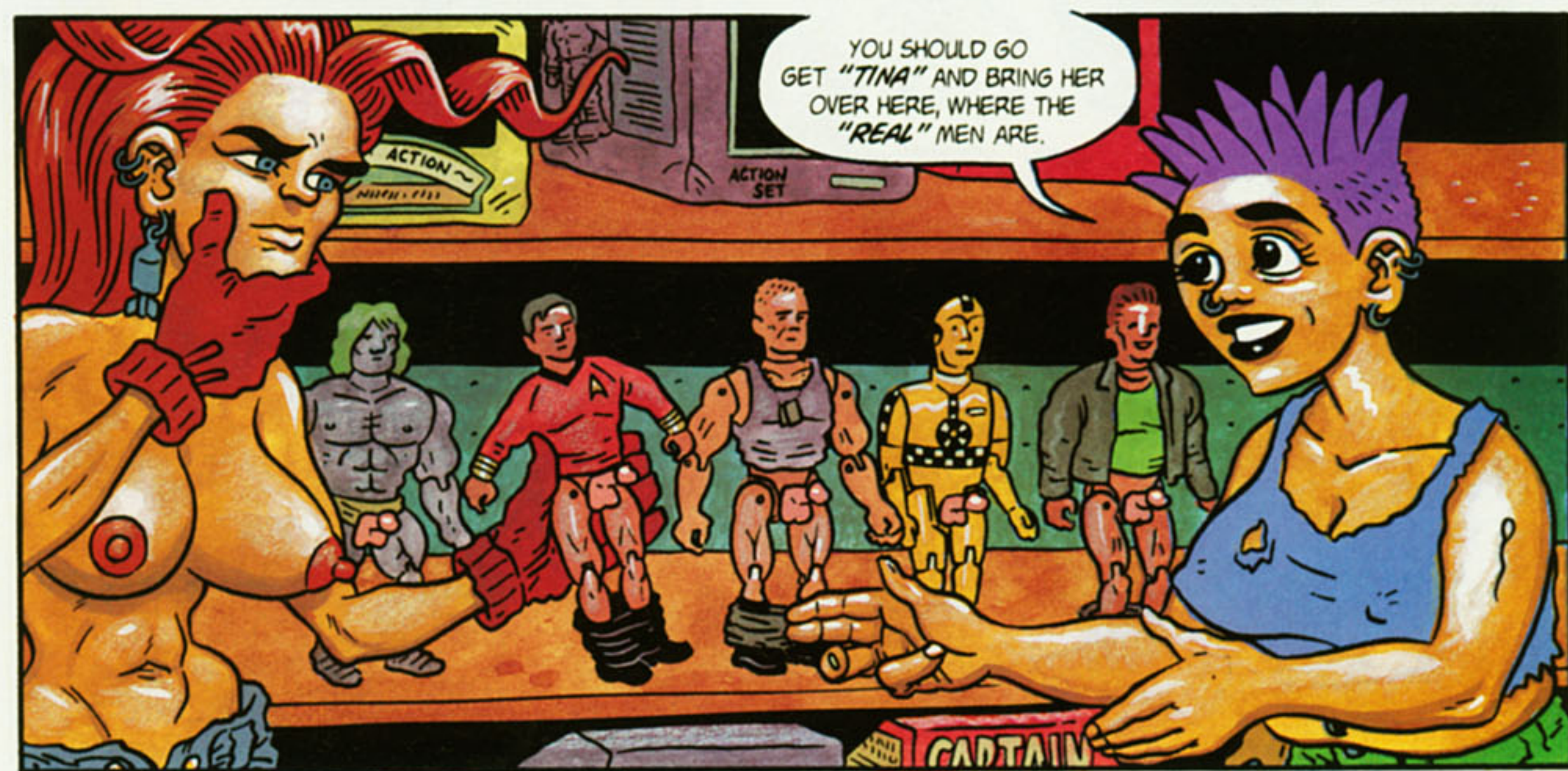
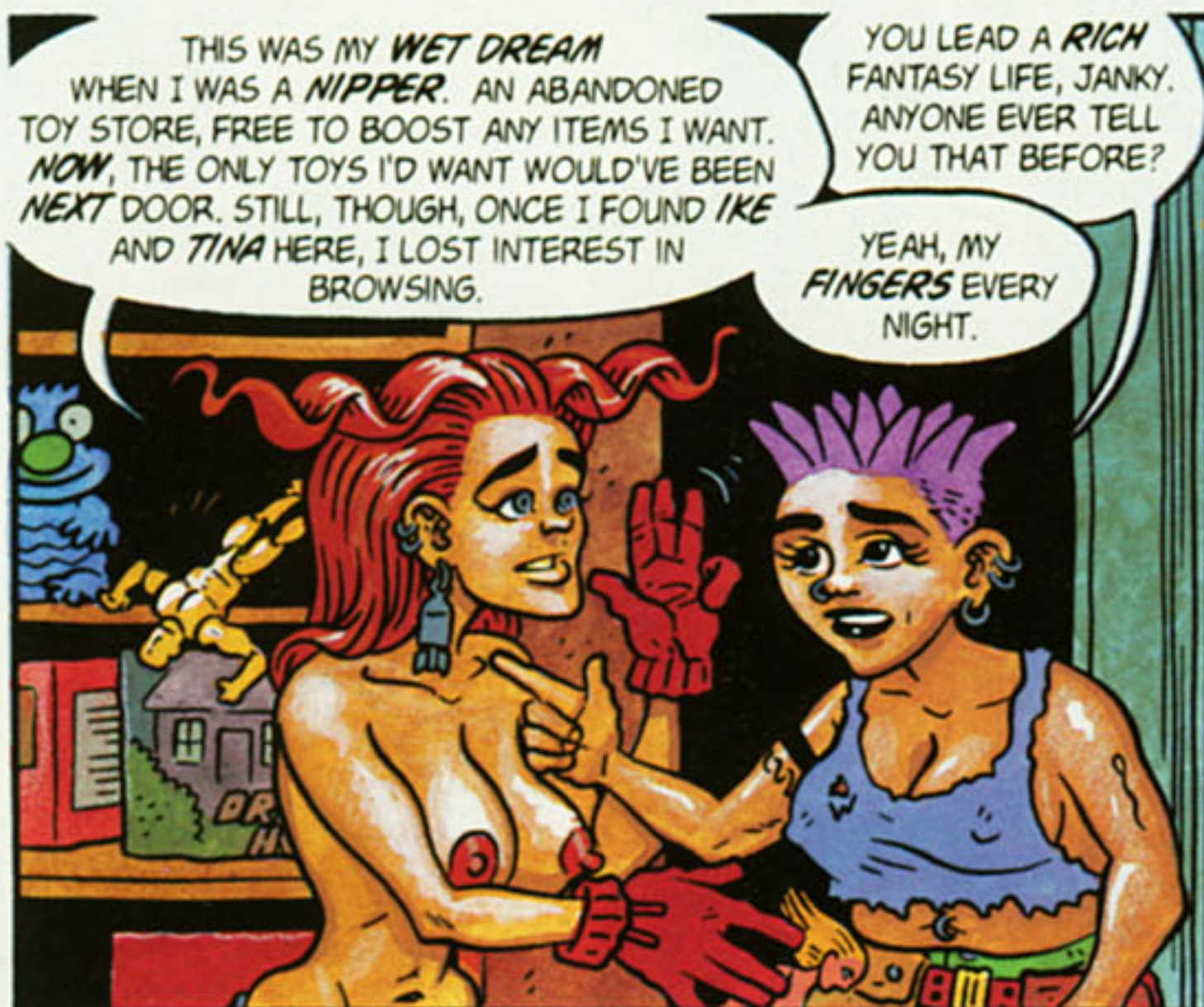






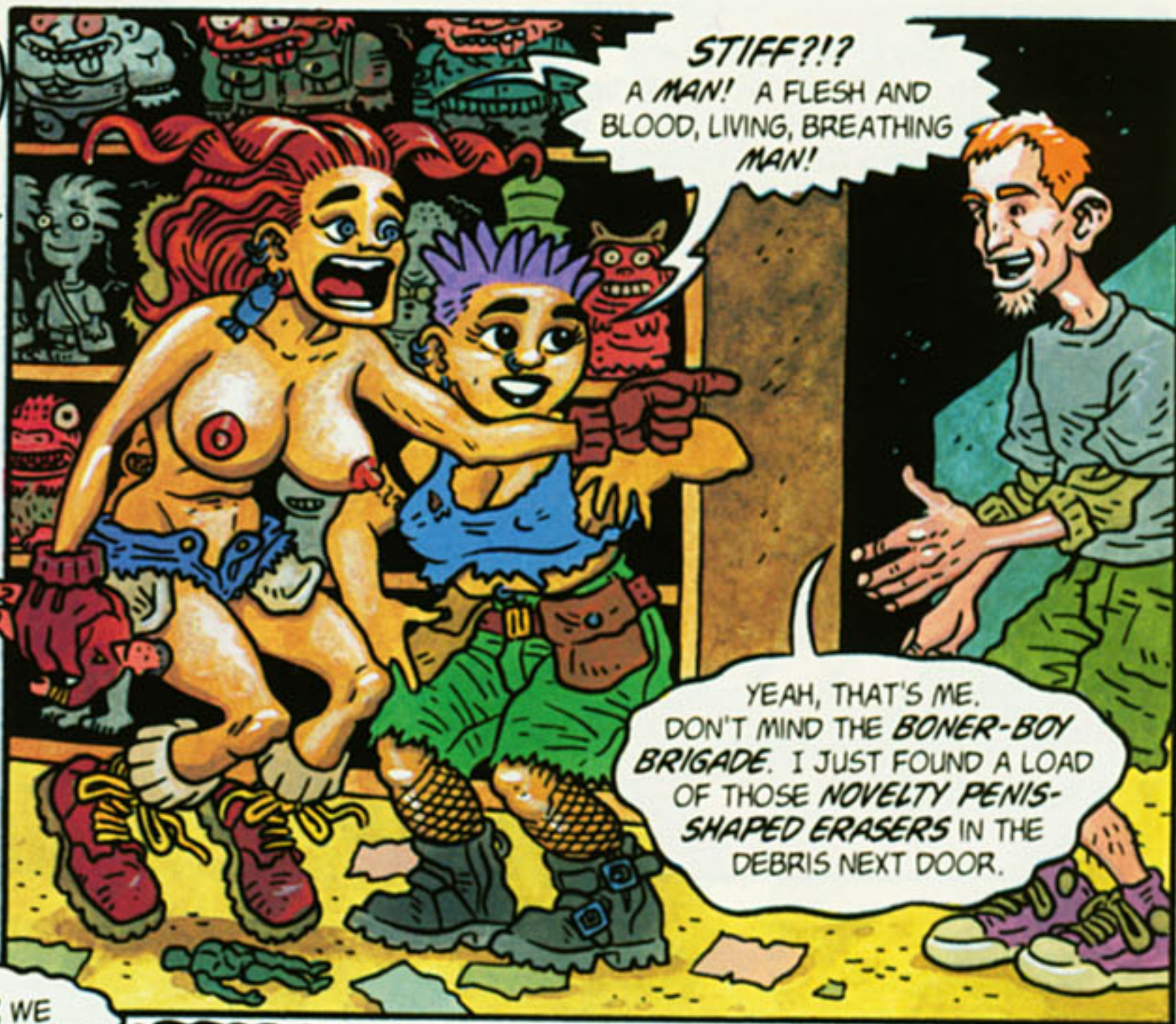






SAY, FELLA,
KNOW ANYONE LIKE YOU,
ONLY *MY SIZE* WITH A *PULSE*?
JEEZ, *SOMEONE'S BEEN BUSY*.
SOMEONE *WEIRD* ...

... AND
LONELY
AND *BORED*
STIFF.



STIFF?!?
A *MAN!* A *FLESH AND*
BLOOD, LIVING, BREATHING
MAN!

YEAH, THAT'S ME.
DON'T MIND THE *BONER-BOY*
BRIGADE. I JUST FOUND A LOAD
OF THOSE *NOVELTY PENIS-*
SHAPED ERASERS IN THE
DEBRIS NEXT DOOR.

CAN THE *BALLOON-*
JUICE, GEPPETTO, AND
MAKE WITH THE *POCKET*
ROCKET!

YEAH, *GRINGO*, WE
WANT *SAUSAGE* AND WE
WANT IT *NOW!!!*

I ... DON'T ... I'M
REAL GOOD WITH MY
TONGUE, GIRLS!

IF WE ONLY WANTED
TONGUE, WE'D BOTH BE DEFT
SLOT-GOBBLEERS BY NOW! WE
WANT *COCK, SAMMY! BIG, HARD,*
THROBBING MAN-MEAT!

BUT ...
BUT ...

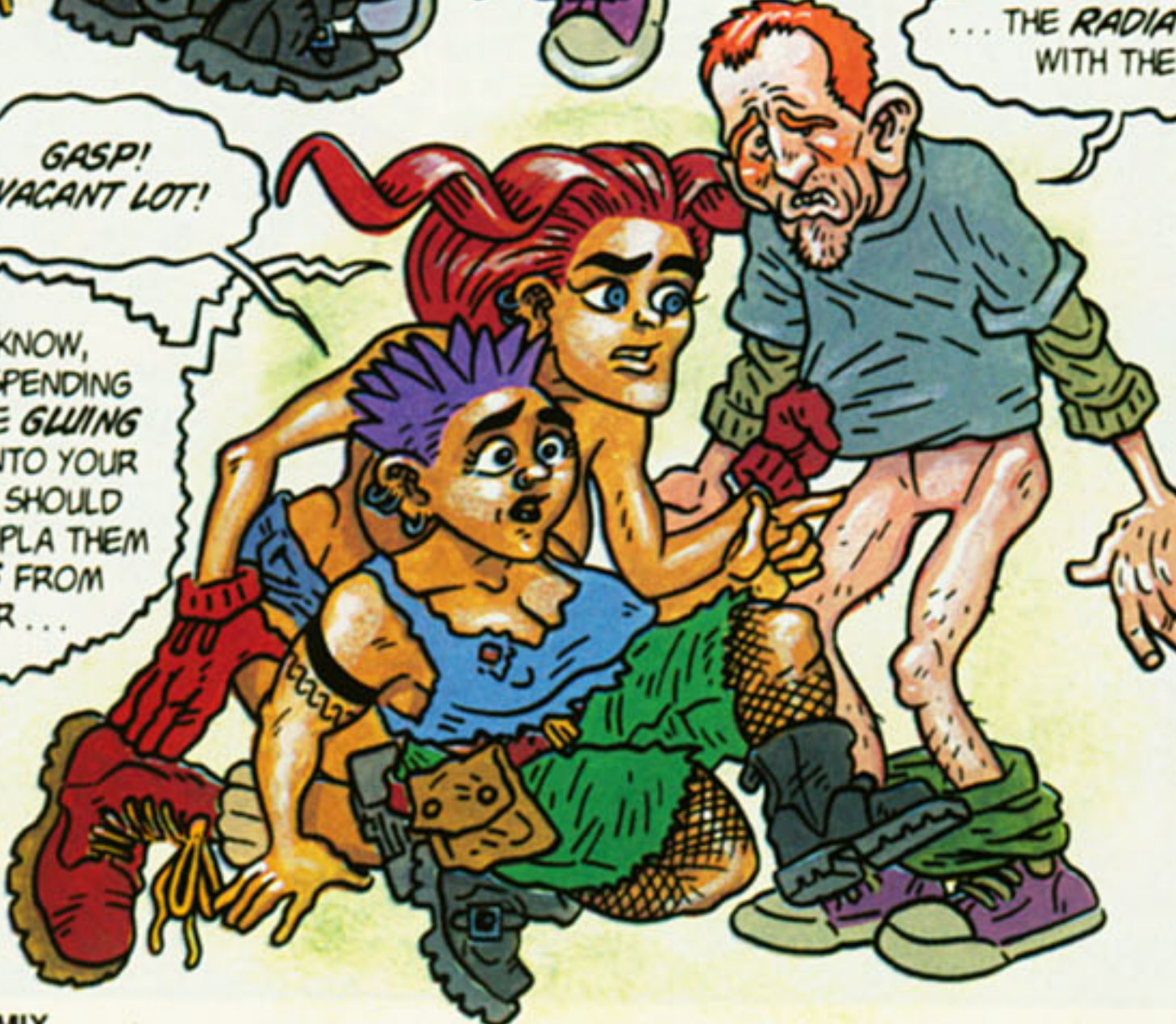


... THE *RADIATION* ...
WITH THE ...

AFTER ALL,
YOU COULD LEARN A LOT
FROM A *DUMMY!*

GASP!
VACANT LOT!

CHOKES! Y'KNOW,
INSTEAD OF SPENDING
ALL YOUR TIME *GLUING*
PEE-PEES ONTO YOUR
DOLLIES, YOU SHOULD
RESCUE A COUPLA THEM
STRAP-ONS FROM
NEXT DOOR ...




STORY BY:
CARAGONNE and
DIXON

SCRIPT BY:
ELIOT R. BROWN

ARTWORK BY:
JOHN M. BURNS


LETTERING BY:
VICKIE WILLIAMS

ABDUCTED BY
ALIENS




DATASTREAM ENTRY: ADMIRAL RH'OOT RECORDING. IT HAS BEEN 7 LONG CYCLES THAT WE HAVE BEEN CUT OFF FROM HOME. OUR MISSION TO RECOVER THE DIVERGENT GENETIC CODE OF OUR DISTANT ANCESTORS, THE HUMANOIDS OF THIS WRETCHED EARTH, HAS GONE FAR ASTRAY.


WITH THE LOSS OF OUR SISTER SHIPS, DUE TO OUR RAPIDLY DISINTEGRATING GENETIC MATERIAL AND THE ATTENDANT MENTAL INCAPACITY, OUR INABILITY TO REPAIR OUR CRIMBLING INFRASTRUCTURE HAS SEVERLY COMPROMISED OUR MISSION.




EVEN NOW, MY FORMERLY HIGHLY MOTIVATED CREW IS IGNORING ALL THE REQUISITES OF OUR CIVILIZATION. THE SURVIVING OFFSPRING ARE VIOLENT AND SUB-INTELLIGENT. THERE IS LITTLE MOTIVATION TO REAR THEM PROPERLY.



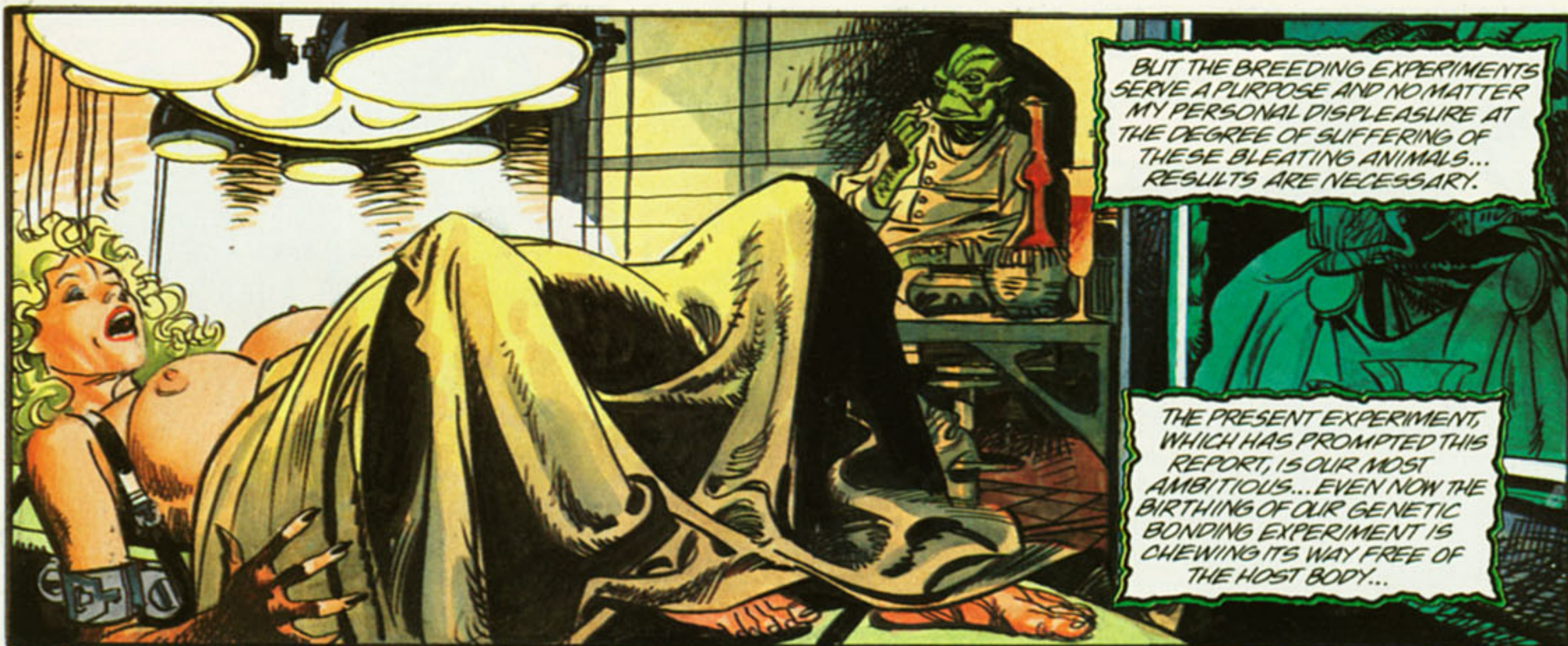
MY CREW IS DEMONSTRATING ABERRANT SEXUALITY. THIS COULD BE A PSYCHOTIC EXPRESSION OF THE STRESS OR THE DEGENERATION OF OUR GENETIC STUFF.



MORE DISTRESSING IS THE ABUSE OF OUR MISSION THAT ALLOWS FOR POINTLESS EXPERIMENTATION ON THE HUMANOIDS... FOR ENTERTAINMENT... FOR ENJOYMENT...



MORAL DECAY IS A NEW CONCERN... THERE IS POLITICAL INFIGHTING TO OBTAIN THE CLOSEST VIEW OF OUR MOST GRISLY EXPERIMENTS... BEVERAGES ARE SERVED...



BUT THE BREEDING EXPERIMENTS SERVE A PURPOSE AND NO MATTER MY PERSONAL DISPLEASURE AT THE DEGREE OF SUFFERING OF THESE BLEATING ANIMALS... RESULTS ARE NECESSARY.

THE PRESENT EXPERIMENT, WHICH HAS PROMPTED THIS REPORT, IS OUR MOST AMBITIOUS... EVEN NOW THE BIRTHING OF OUR GENETIC BONDING EXPERIMENT IS CHEWING ITS WAY FREE OF THE HOST BODY...



MY LIEUTENANTS, BI'GUN AND DHIKX'ON, ARE WAGERING ON THE LONGEVITY OF THE HOST...



RRRRRRGGG



AT LEAST THE OFFSPRING SURVIVED... BUT ALAS, THEY ARE NON-SENTIENT MUTATIONS. THIS DOES NOT IMPEDE THE CARNIVAL ATMOSPHERE AND WAGERING...



DOCTOR SKR'TOMM IS STILL EVALUATING THE MONSTERS. NORMALLY, THE BIRTH OF YOUNG ONES IS JOYOUS...THE ADVANCED STATE OF HEALTHY YOUNG ALLOWS THEM TO JOIN IN THE CELEBRATIONS...



ALAS, THESE UNTHINKING HORRORS ARE AN ABOMINATION...



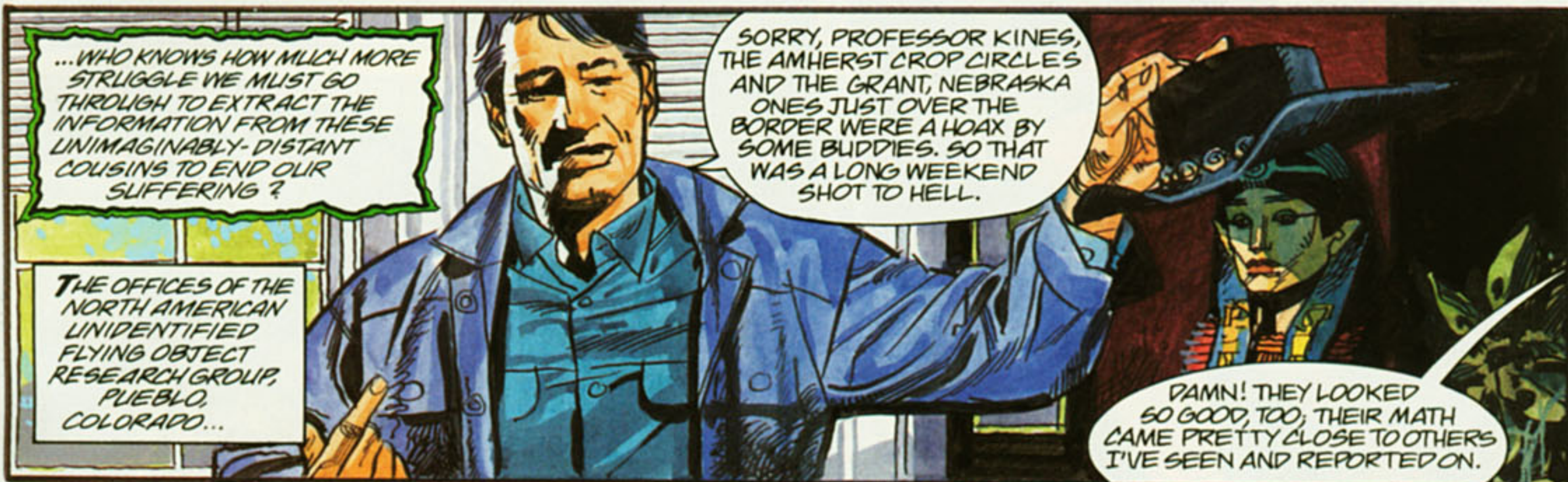
...WOULD THAT DHIKX'ON COULD BE SO EASILY DESTROYED.

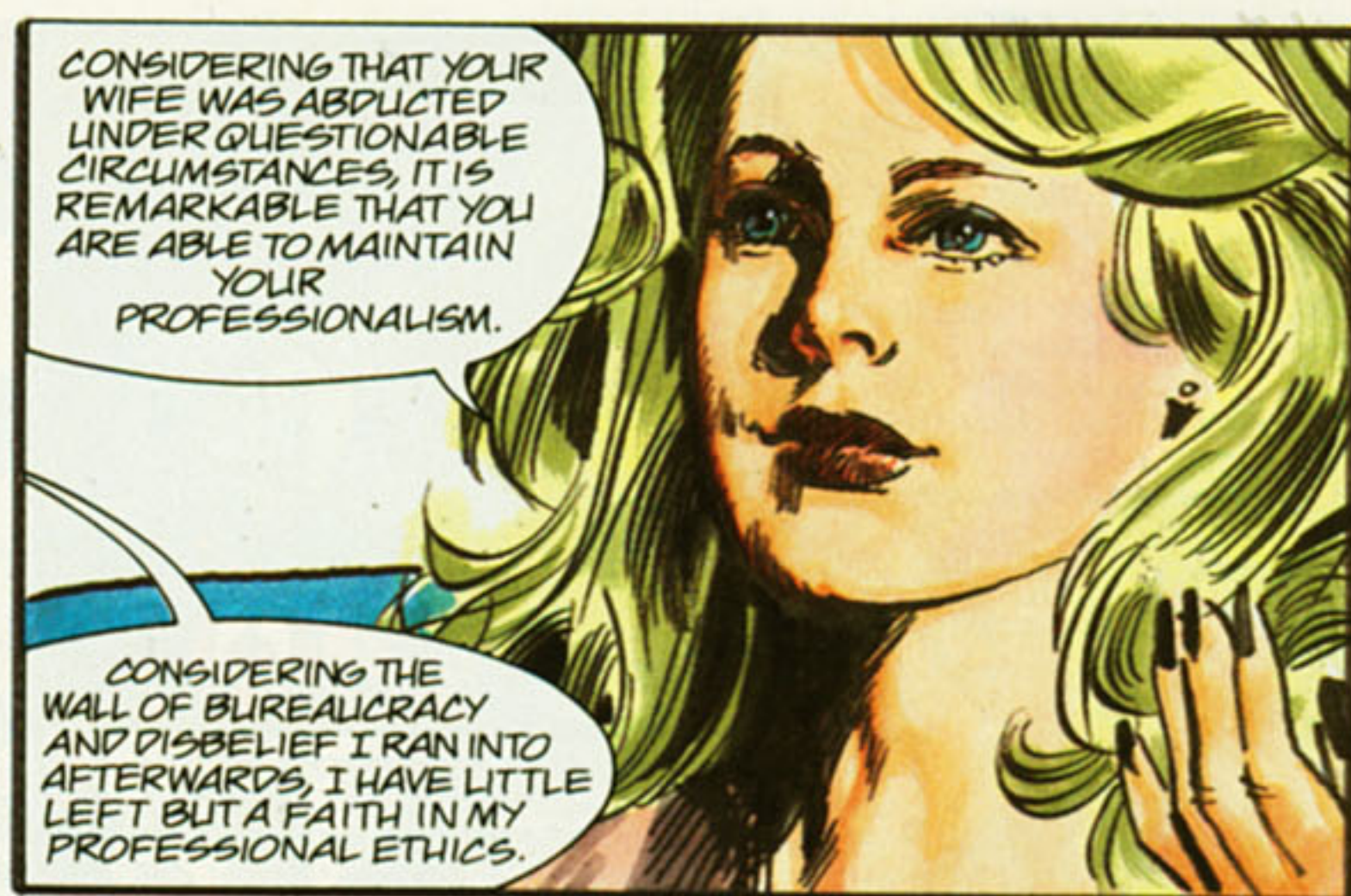


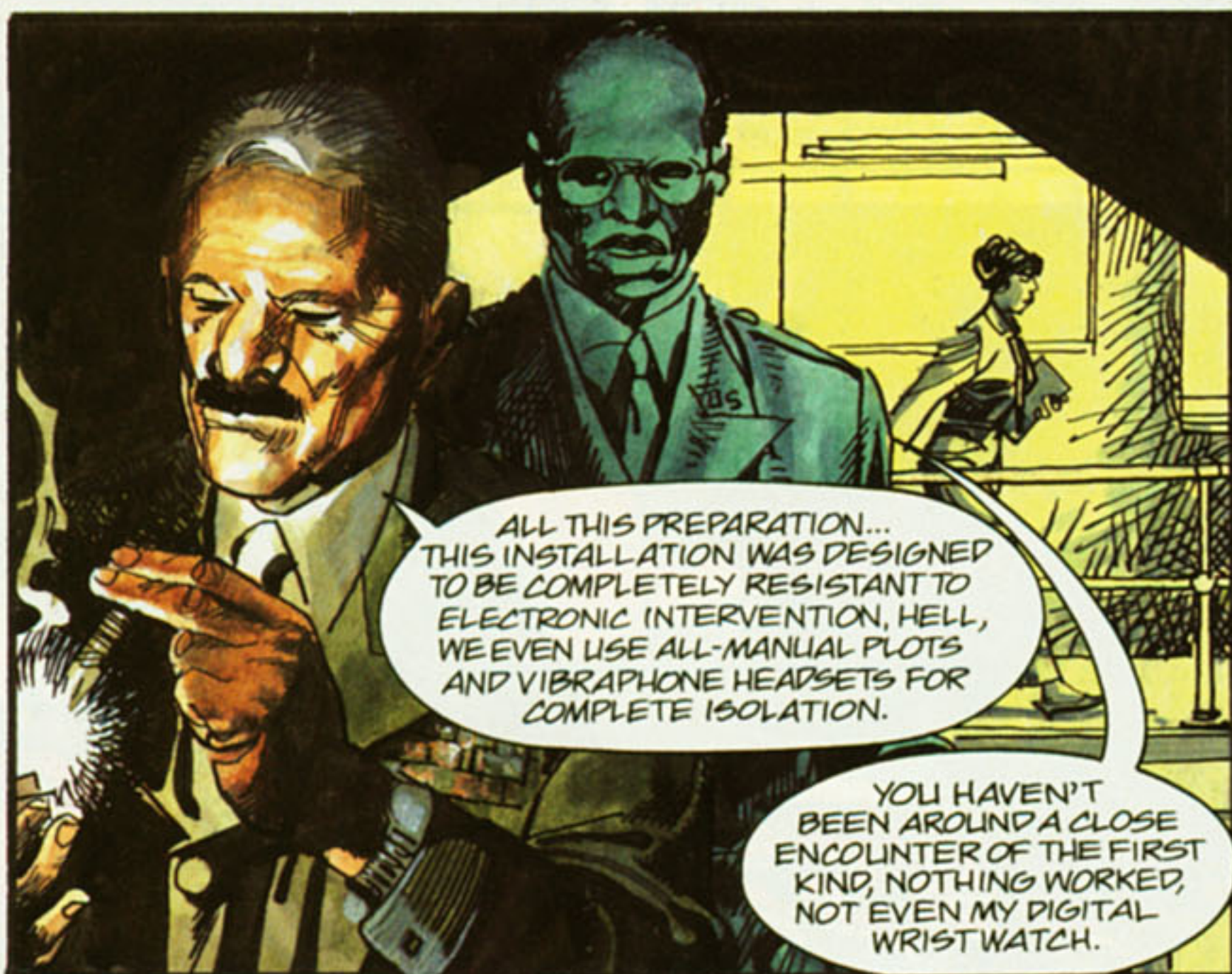
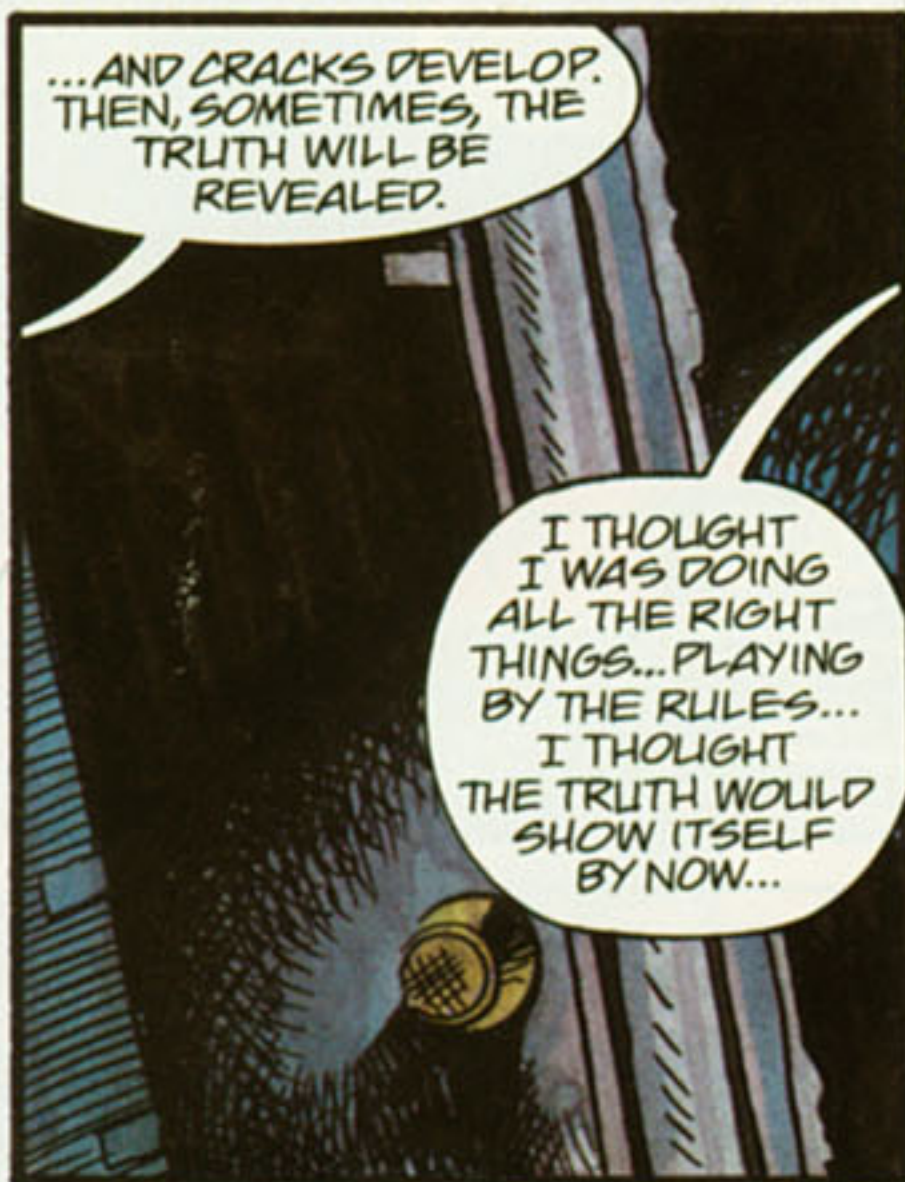
THE PITIFUL CREATURE WHO BORE THEM WILL BE FLASHED AWAY IN A MOLECULAR DISASSEMBLER...



LIKE HIM OR BI'GUN OR JONT' HOMUS OR KER'ANKH AND THE REST, THESE UNFORTUNATES ARE REMINDERS OF THE SAD FATE OF US ALL...









"...FOR HIM TO GIVE US WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW."

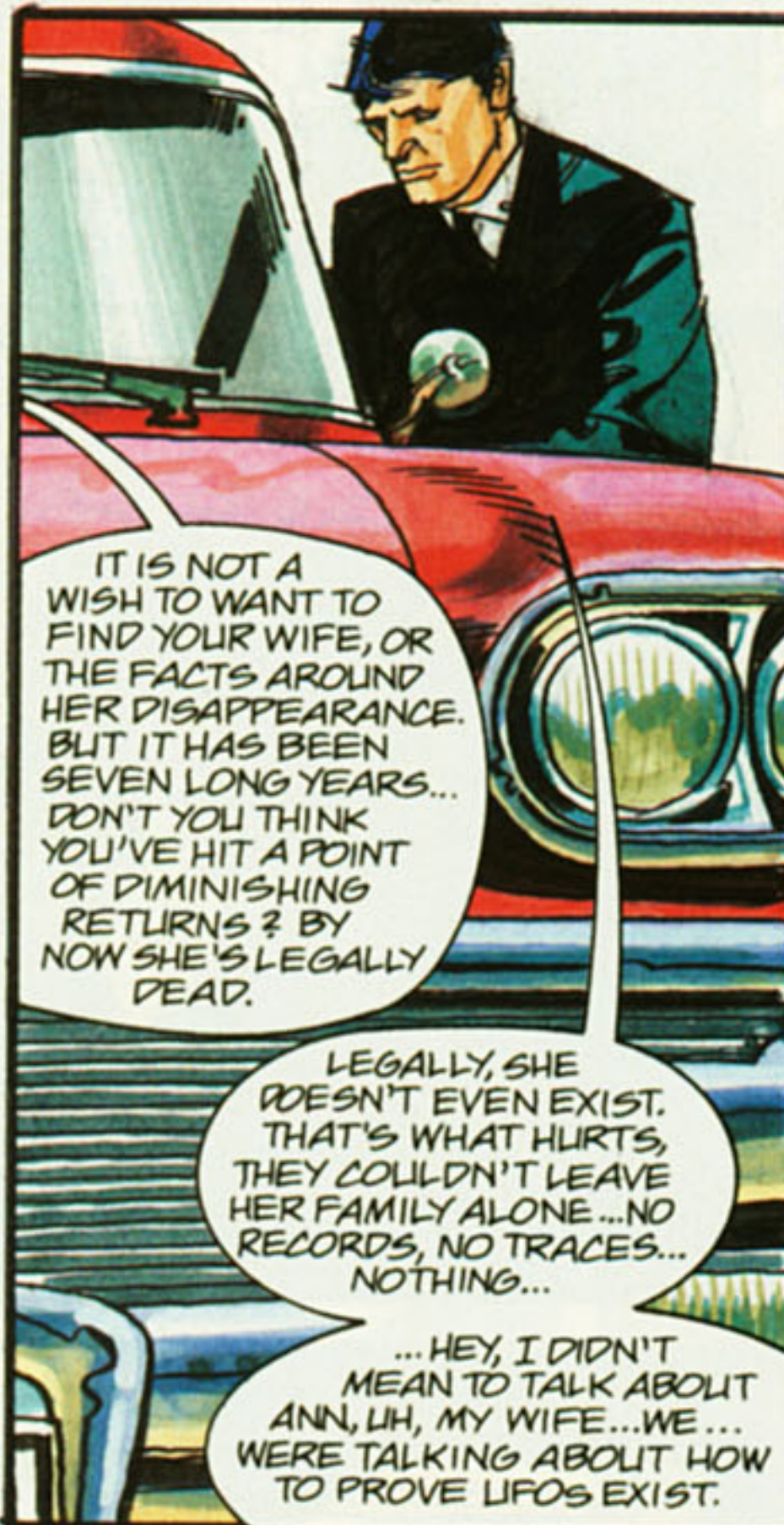
I UNDERSTAND THAT. IT'S THE WAY IN WHICH HE WANTS TO KNOW THAT I OBJECT TO. YOU CANNOT MAKE THE WORLD DO WHAT YOU WISH IT TO.

THANKS FOR THE LIFT, RICHARD. YOU SEEM TO JUST TOLERATE PROFESSOR KINES. HE WANTS TO KNOW THE TRUTH AS MUCH AS YOU DO.



THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD DOES ALLOW FOR THE PROPOSAL OF HYPOTHESES.

BUT ONLY AFTER RIGOROUS OBSERVATION CAN WE PROPOSE A THEORY. IT DOESN'T WORK THE OTHER WAY... WISHES, NO MATTER HOW APPEALING, ARE ONLY THAT-- WISHES.



IT IS NOT A WISH TO WANT TO FIND YOUR WIFE, OR THE FACTS AROUND HER DISAPPEARANCE. BUT IT HAS BEEN SEVEN LONG YEARS... DON'T YOU THINK YOU'VE HIT A POINT OF DIMINISHING RETURNS? BY NOW SHE'S LEGALLY DEAD.

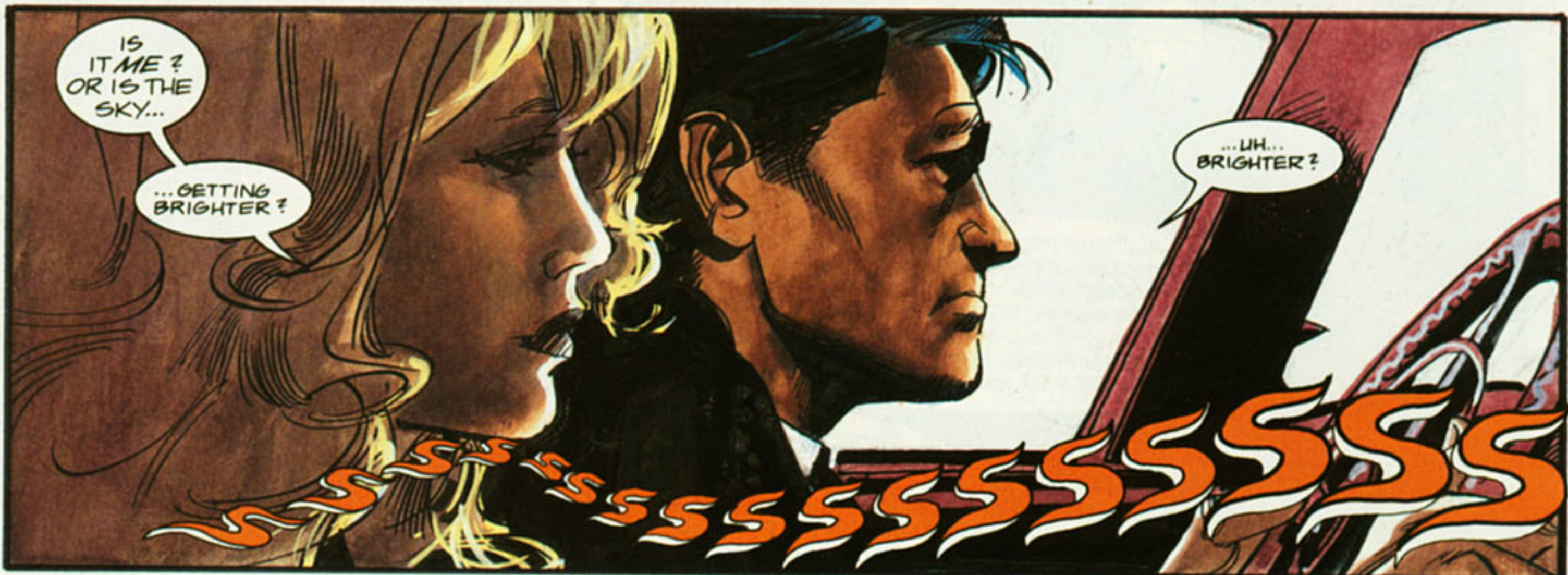
LEGALLY, SHE DOESN'T EVEN EXIST. THAT'S WHAT HURTS, THEY COULDN'T LEAVE HER FAMILY ALONE... NO RECORDS, NO TRACES... NOTHING...

...HEY, I DIDN'T MEAN TO TALK ABOUT ANN, UH, MY WIFE... WE... WERE TALKING ABOUT HOW TO PROVE LIFOS EXIST.



LIFOS, SURE-- YOU HUNGRY? COULD YOU USE A DRINK?

NOW YOU'RE TALKING... I KNOW A PLACE NOT TOO FAR FROM HERE...



IS IT ME? OR IS THE SKY...

...GETTING BRIGHTER?

...UH... BRIGHTER?



OH, RICH, I FEEL LIKE I JUST WOKE UP... GOD, I CAN HARDLY STAND... I DON'T THINK I'M DRUNK... RICH?

MY HEAD IS SPINNING... BUT I THINK WE JUST HAD SEX AND I FEEL MISERABLE. NO... MAYBE NOT, Y'KNOW, I CAN'T REMEMBER...



CAN'T REMEMBER! I'M SORE DOWN THERE... BUT... I CAN'T QUITE...

SORE? I'M SORRY... I GUESS, BUT I CAN'T RELATE TO HOW THAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED... WE MUST'VE GOTTEN REALLY LOADED.

AND Y'KNOW? THIS IS THE FIRST TIME IN OVER SEVEN YEARS, AND I CAN'T REALLY REMEMBER. MAYBE I'M GLAD... ADULTERY WOULD BE HARD TO DEAL WITH IF I COULD REMEMBER...



HEY! I'M INVOLVED HERE, TOO. I'M NO ADULTERESS... IT SEEMS WE MADE LOVE AND IT WAS BETWEEN YOU AND ME-- WHATEVER YOUR WIFE'S FATE, SHE'S NOT HERE, BUT I AM.

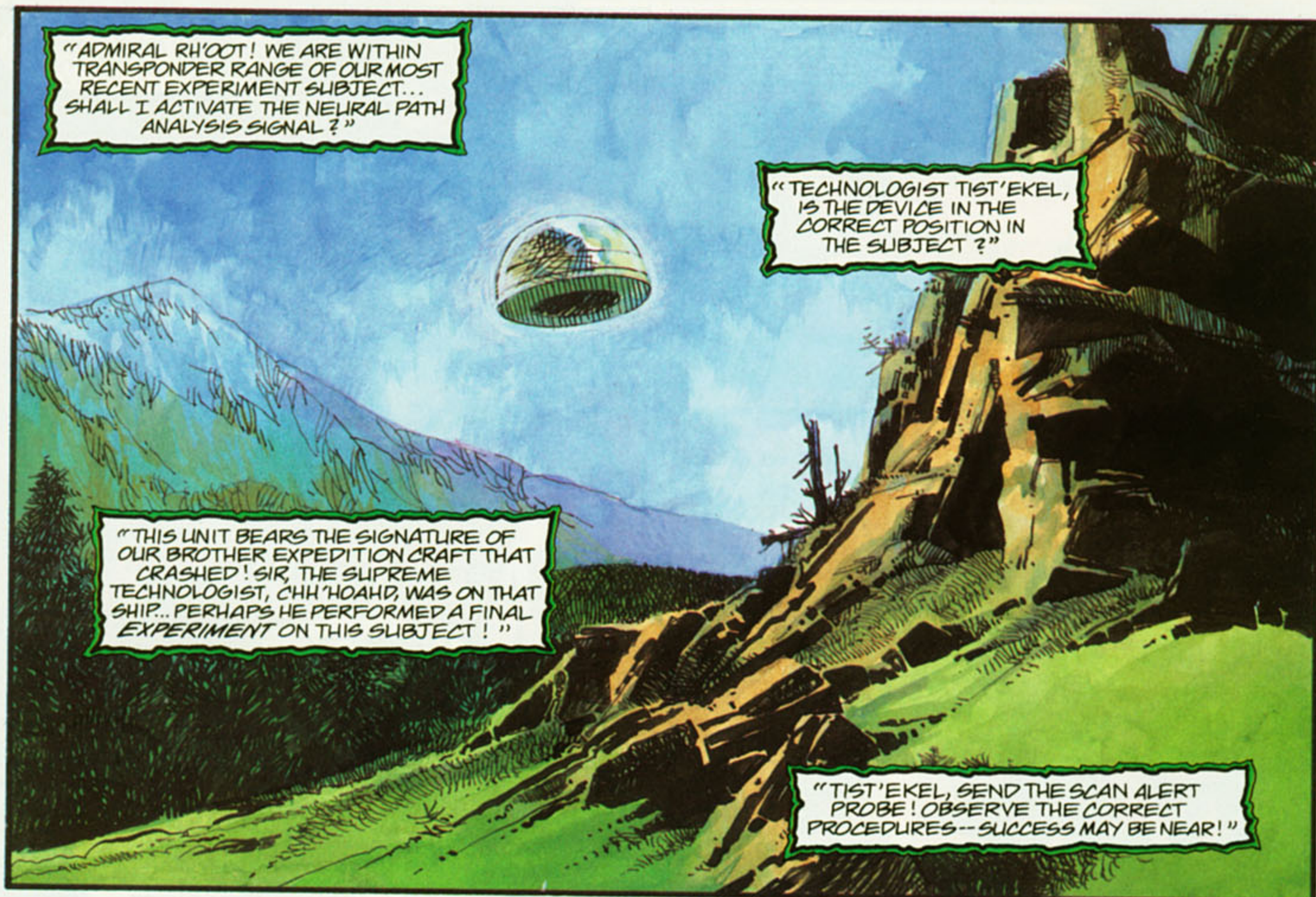
I'M A LITTLE DISORIENTED, BUT I REALLY THANK YOU... I GUESS I NEEDED SOME PASSION IN MY LIFE, THE ATTENTION OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN... I JUST WISH I COULD...

IF YOU'RE GETTING SOME AIR, GIMME 5 MINUTES TO TAKE A QUICK SHOWER--I'LL JOIN YOU.



CHRIST! I WAS JUST GOING TO WANDER OUT... I'M SORRY, I'LL CATCH A SHAVE WHILE YOU SHOWER. SORE, HUH?

YEAH, IN PLACES I DIDN'T KNOW I HAD... LET'S STAY SOBER FOR THE NEXT TIME, HMM?



"ADMIRAL RH'OOT! WE ARE WITHIN TRANSPONDER RANGE OF OUR MOST RECENT EXPERIMENT SUBJECT... SHALL I ACTIVATE THE NEURAL PATH ANALYSIS SIGNAL?"

"TECHNOLOGIST TIST'EKEL, IS THE DEVICE IN THE CORRECT POSITION IN THE SUBJECT?"

"THIS UNIT BEARS THE SIGNATURE OF OUR BROTHER EXPEDITION CRAFT THAT CRASHED! SIR, THE SUPREME TECHNOLOGIST, CHH'HOAH, WAS ON THAT SHIP... PERHAPS HE PERFORMED A FINAL EXPERIMENT ON THIS SUBJECT!"

"TIST'EKEL, SEND THE SCAN ALERT PROBE! OBSERVE THE CORRECT PROCEDURES-- SUCCESS MAY BE NEAR!"



GET OUT OF MY HEAD...
GET OUT OF MY HEAD...
GET OUT OF MY HEAD...
GET OUT OF MY HEAD!!

THEA?
THEA...?
ARE YOU...?



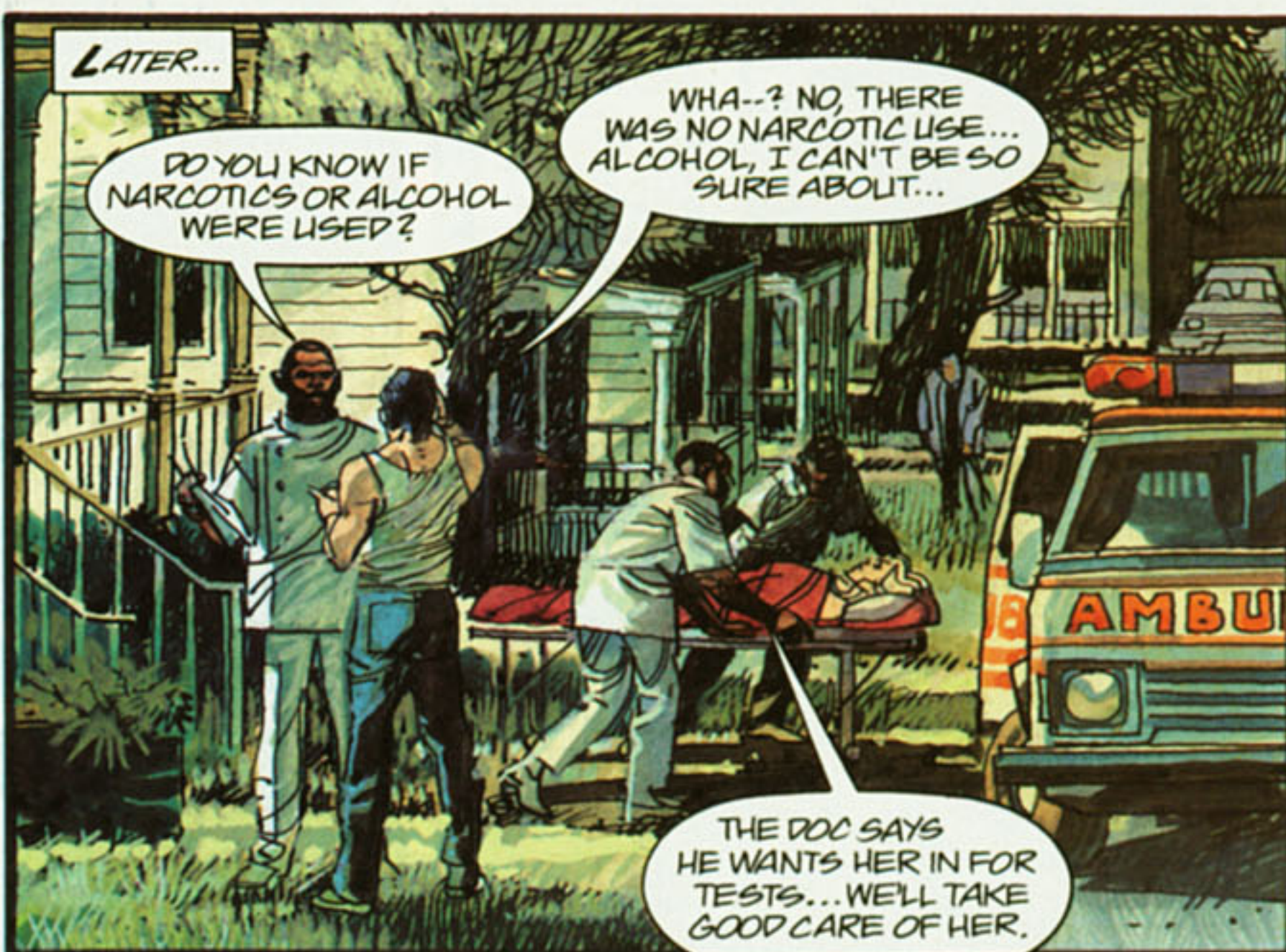
NO NO NO
NO NO NO
NoOOO!

THEA...
MYGOD!



THEA...! I'VE GOT YOU... WHAT'S WRONG...?

OH NO, OH NO, OH NO...

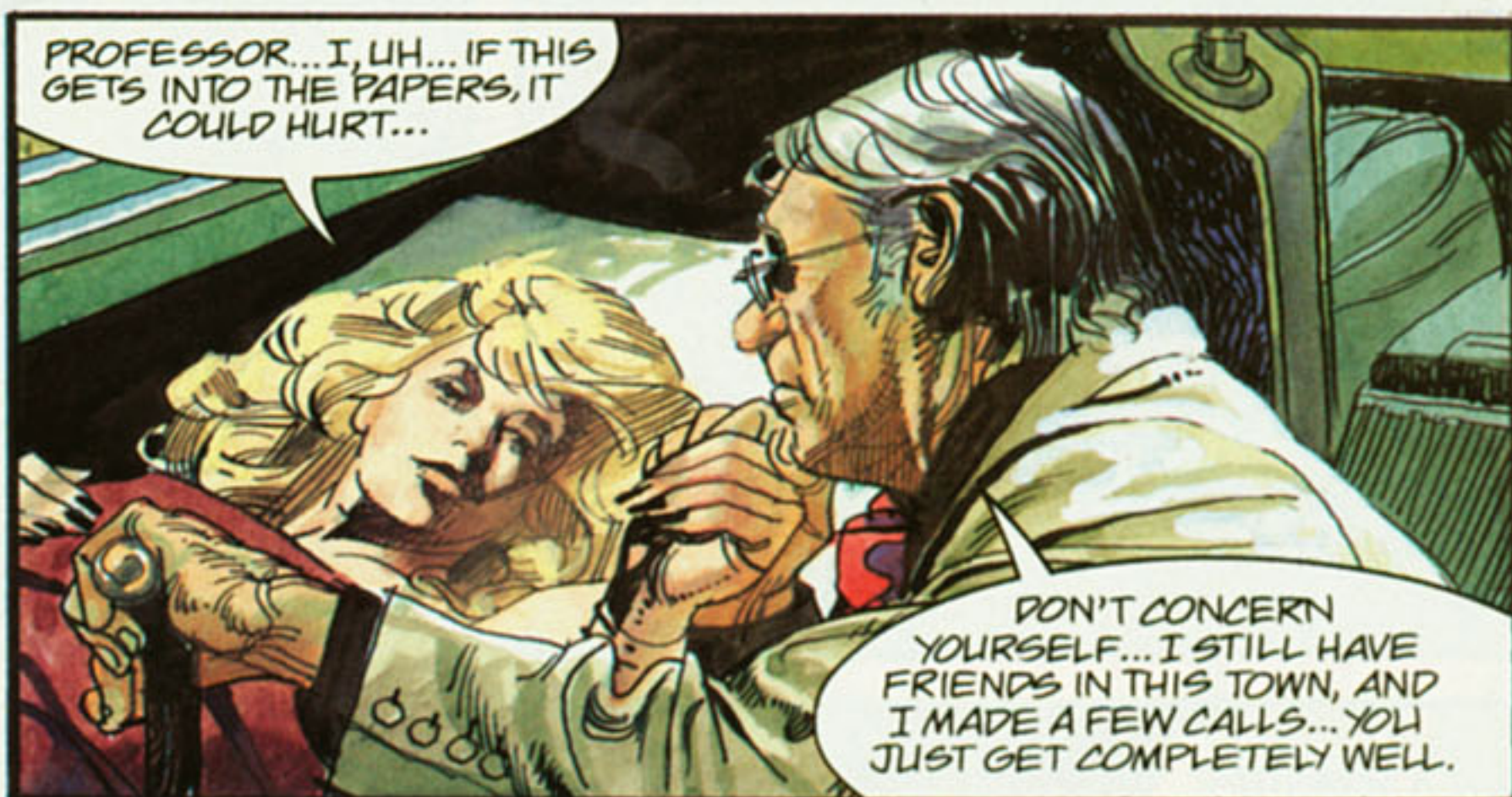


LATER...

DO YOU KNOW IF NARCOTICS OR ALCOHOL WERE USED?

WHA...? NO, THERE WAS NO NARCOTIC USE... ALCOHOL, I CAN'T BE SO SURE ABOUT...

THE DOC SAYS HE WANTS HER IN FOR TESTS... WE'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF HER.



PROFESSOR... I, UH... IF THIS GETS INTO THE PAPERS, IT COULD HURT...

DON'T CONCERN YOURSELF... I STILL HAVE FRIENDS IN THIS TOWN, AND I MADE A FEW CALLS... YOU JUST GET COMPLETELY WELL.



RICHARD, DON'T BEAT YOURSELF UP. THIS IS JUST A FLUKE... IT COULD BE FOOD POISONING FOR ALL YOU KNOW.

BUT THAT... THAT BLANK SPOT IN MY MIND... IT FEELS LIKE WHEN ANN DISAPPEARED! AND I FEEL JUST AS HELPLESS NOW AS I DID THEN!

I RECOMMEND THAT YOU LET IT SIT FOR A DAY OR TWO. YOU STILL HAVE THAT INTERVIEW WITH THE HEAD OF THAT OBSERVATORY TOMORROW.



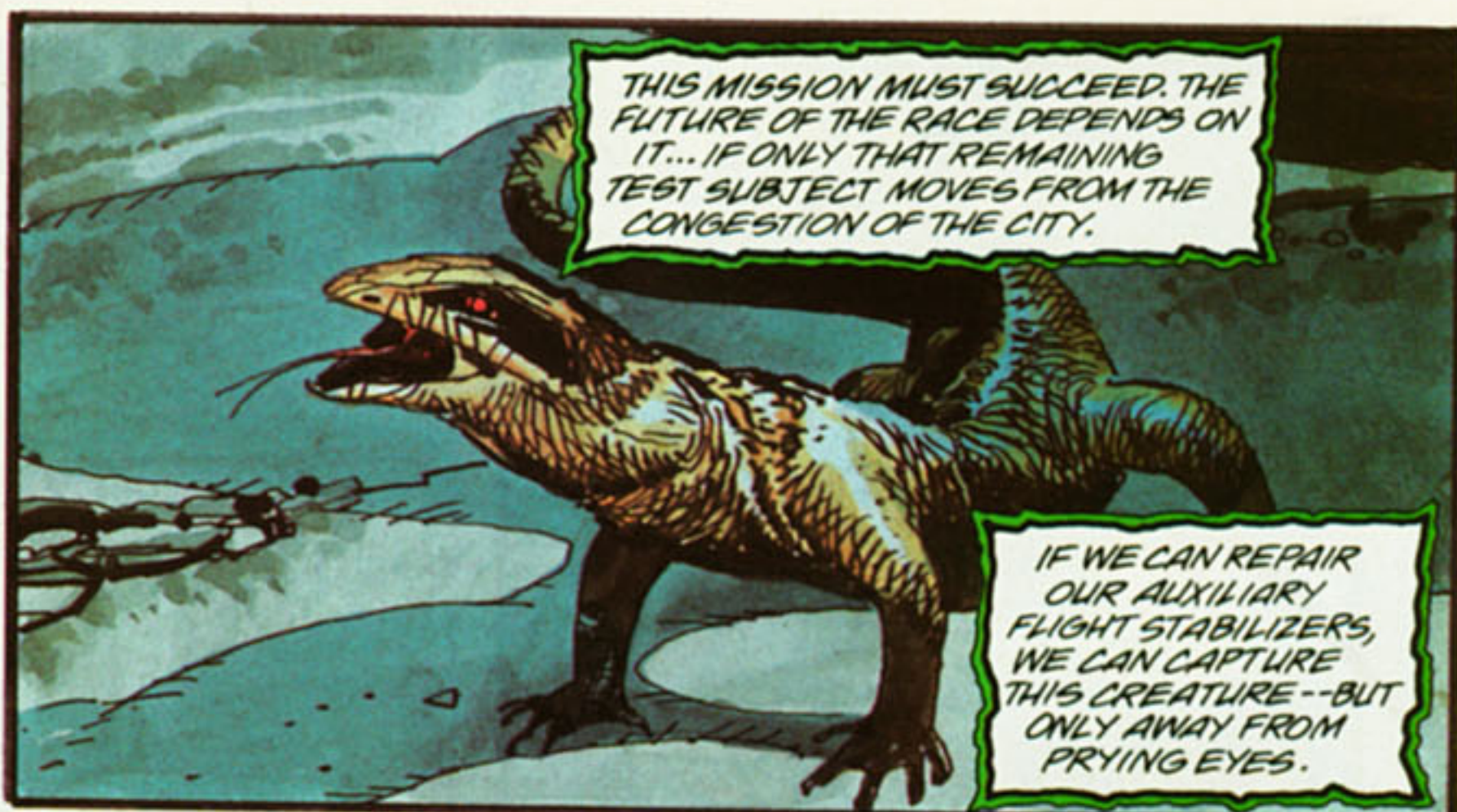
DO THE INTERVIEW, REST UP, THEN THE DAY AFTER WE CAN GO OVER ALL THIS.

YOU'RE RIGHT, PROFESSOR... CHRIST, I CAN USE SOME SLEEP... I'LL CALL IN TOMORROW.



RH'OOT
DATASTREAM.
I HAVE
DESTROYED
80% OF MY
CREW. WHILE
THAT GRIEVES
ME, I KNOW
THAT MY
REMAINING
VIGOROUS
CREW CAN
ONLY
ENHANCE THE
MISSION...

... AND NOT
DEFILE IT.



THIS MISSION MUST SUCCEED. THE
FUTURE OF THE RACE DEPENDS ON
IT... IF ONLY THAT REMAINING
TEST SUBJECT MOVES FROM THE
CONGESTION OF THE CITY.

IF WE CAN REPAIR
OUR AUXILIARY
FLIGHT STABILIZERS,
WE CAN CAPTURE
THIS CREATURE--BUT
ONLY AWAY FROM
PRYING EYES.



G'WAN,
YA LITTLE
BASTARD!

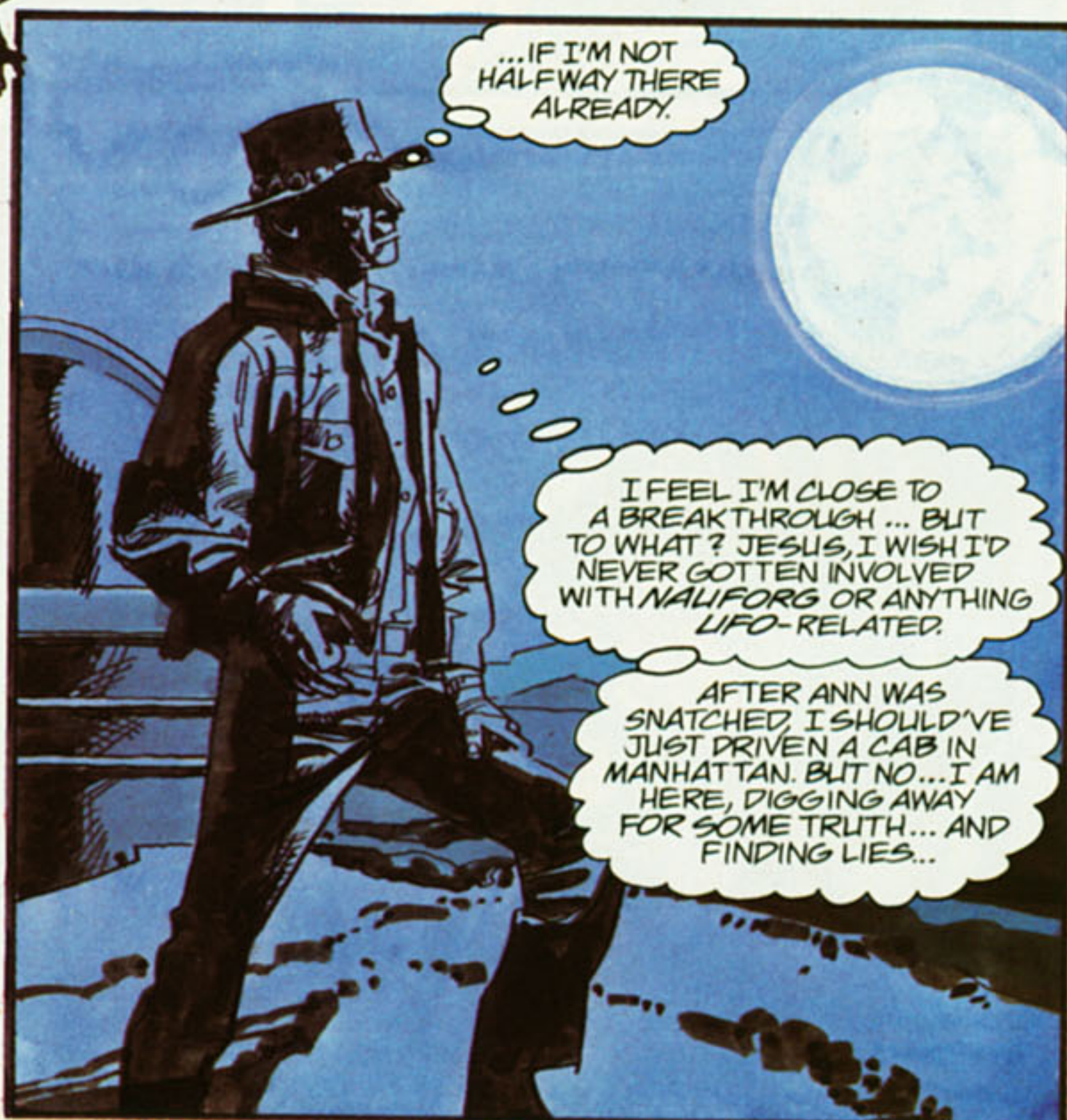
THUMP



HEY... THAT...
I KNOW THAT
THING...

...DON'T I?

THIS
JOB'LL CRACK
ME UP YET...



...IF I'M NOT
HALF WAY THERE
ALREADY.

I FEEL I'M CLOSE TO
A BREAKTHROUGH ... BUT
TO WHAT? JESUS, I WISH I'D
NEVER GOTTEN INVOLVED
WITH NALFORG OR ANYTHING
LIFO-RELATED.

AFTER ANN WAS
SNATCHED, I SHOULD'VE
JUST DRIVEN A CAB IN
MANHATTAN. BUT NO... I AM
HERE, DIGGING AWAY
FOR SOME TRUTH... AND
FINDING LIES...