

**HOT & SEXXXY JUNGLE FEVER!!**

# PENTHOUSE COMIX

APRIL 1997

**RETURN  
TO THE  
LOST  
WORLD**

U.S. \$4.95  
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N.Z. \$12.95

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**PENTHOUSE**  
**Comix**  
cover by boris vallejo



Lobby Cisenberg - as nasty a bargain hunter as ever ploughed through  
Bloomingdale's - lands THE BIG ONE with a fabulously wealthy  
fiancee, a Park Avenue plastic surgeon. Their fate has been chronicled in  
these pages for years! We roll back the clock to just before that turning  
point. We meet flight attendant Latischa and visit the fateful flight  
deck about an hour before its date with destiny...

# Latischa of the lost world

Written by  
**REX EDWARDS**

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**ALEX HORLEY**

Color Rendering  
**DIGITAL CHAMELEON**

Lettering  
**VICKIE WILLIAMS**



"AREN'T YOU DR. ABDUL JALFRAIZI ?  
THE RENOWNED PLASTIC SURGEON ?"



WHY, YES,  
THAT'S ME.

AND HE'S WITH ME.



LIBBY!!

UNDERSTAND, BITCH ?  
HAVE YOU GOT IT ?



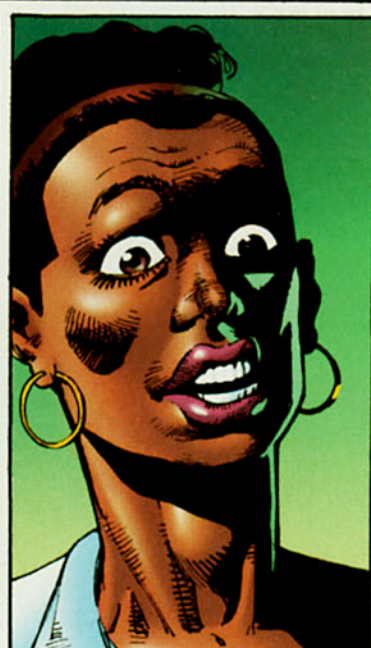
Y-YES,  
I DIDN'T MEAN  
ANYTHING.

I'LL GET EVEN WITH  
THAT PRINCESS  
ONE DAY, ANN ! YOU  
MARK MY WORDS !



SHE'S MARRIED  
HIS WELLET. IT'LL END  
IN TEARS. OK, I'LL TAKE  
OVER HERE, YOU LOOK  
AFTER THE GROUP  
UPSTAIRS, BUT LATISCHA,  
I WARN YOU ...

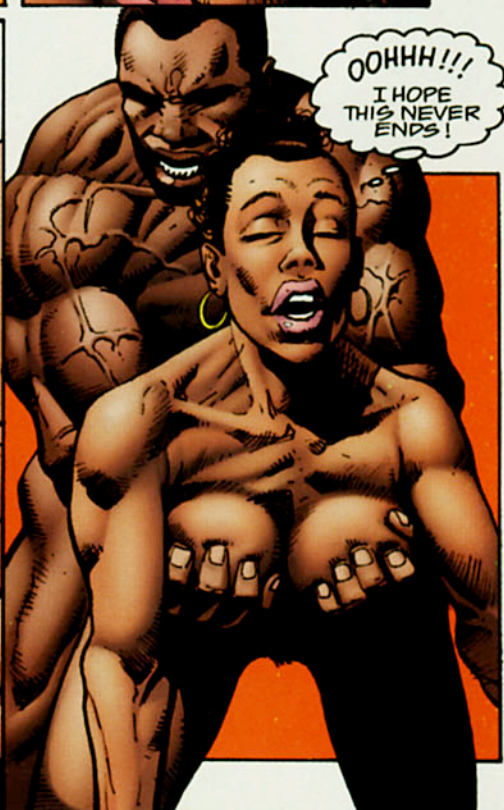
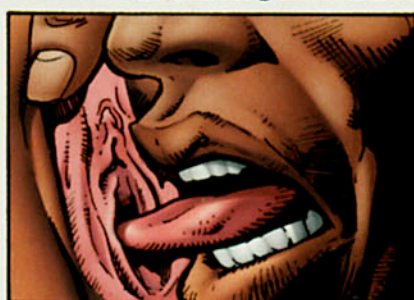
...YOU'LL HAVE  
YOUR HANDS  
FULL !







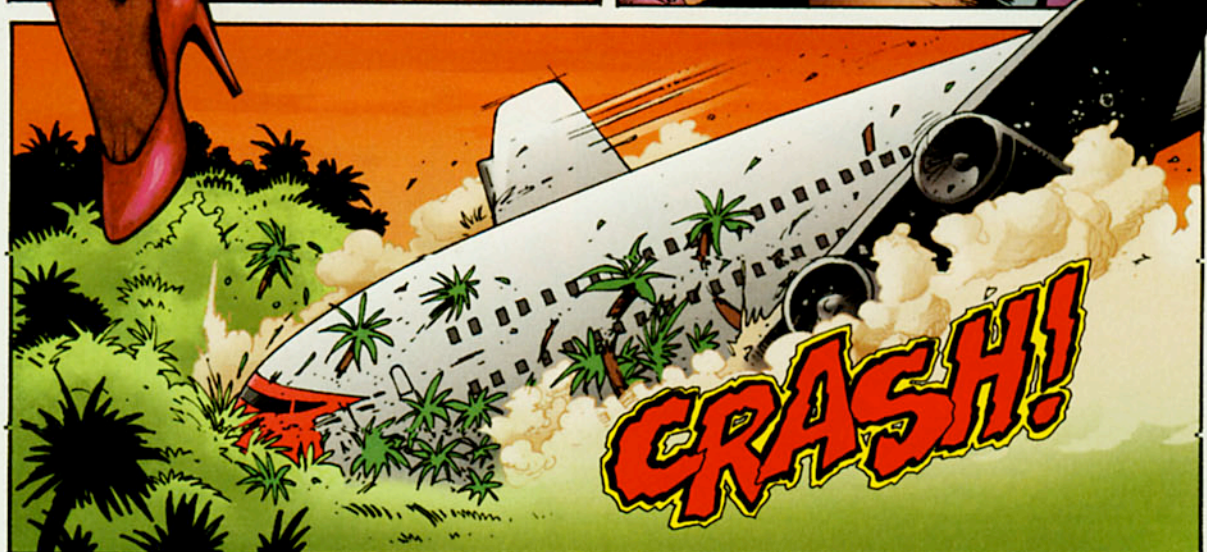












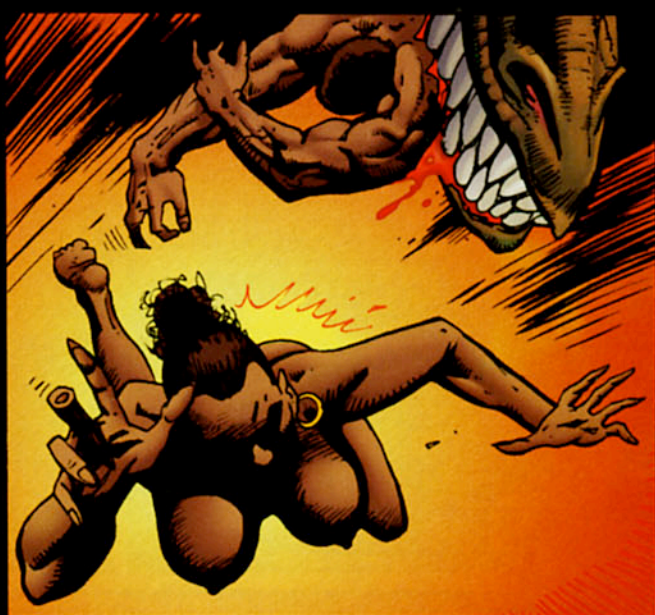




NIGEL !!?



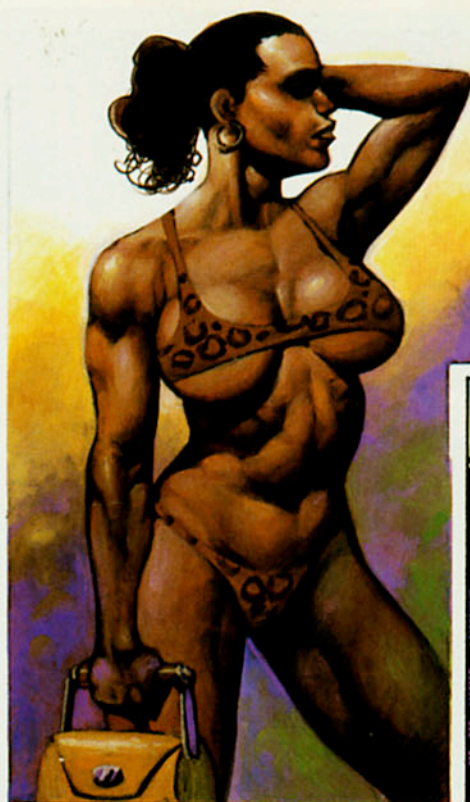
I HAD A FEELING WE WERE GOING TO BE TOGETHER FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES... JUST YOURS, I GUESS!



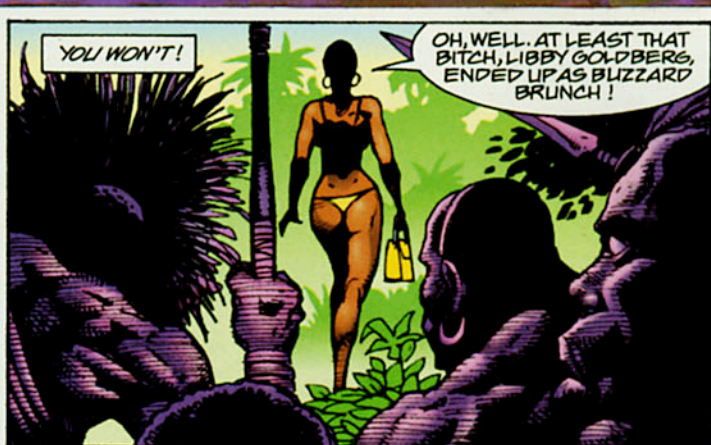
BRING HIM BACK, YOU BASTARD! DON'T YOU DARE EAT HIM!







I GUESS THIS BIKINI SEEMS APT. I JUST HOPE I DON'T HAVE TOO FAR TO GO TO FIND ANYONE!



YOU WON'T!

OH, WELL. AT LEAST THAT BITCH, LIBBY GOLDBERG, ENDED UP AS BUZZARD BRUNCH!

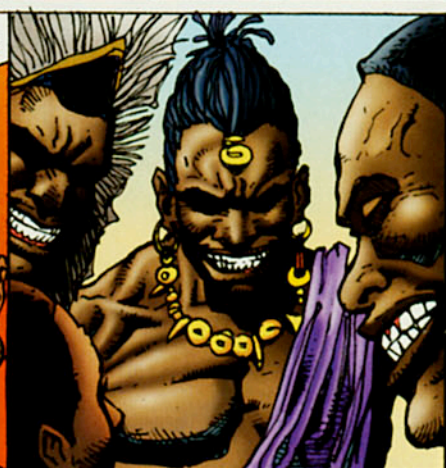


OH, NO!

THEY ARE GOING TO EAT ME!



WHAT DO YOU WANT?

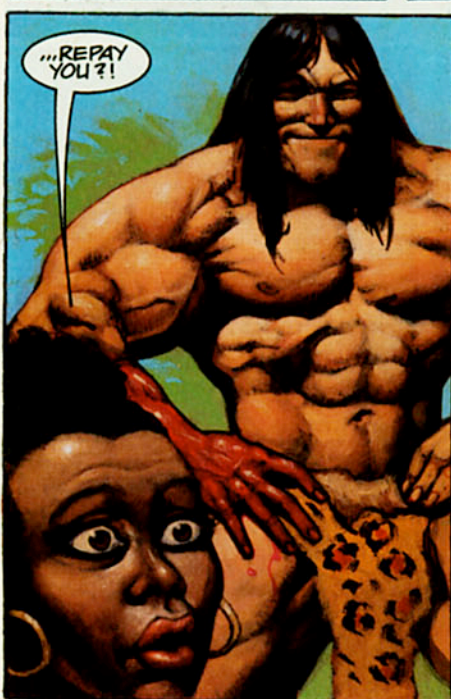


LOOKS LIKE I WAS PARTLY RIGHT ABOUT THEM EATING ME.

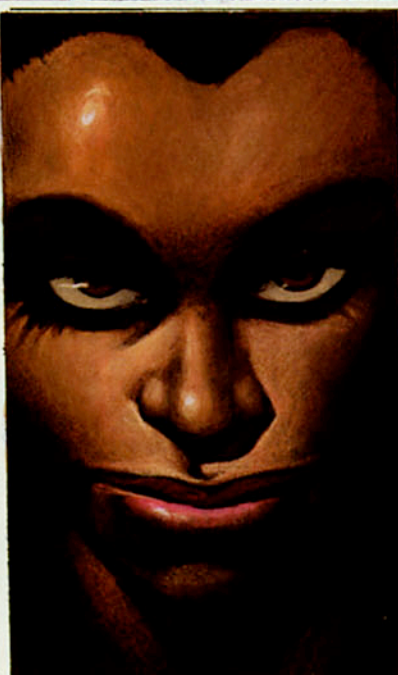




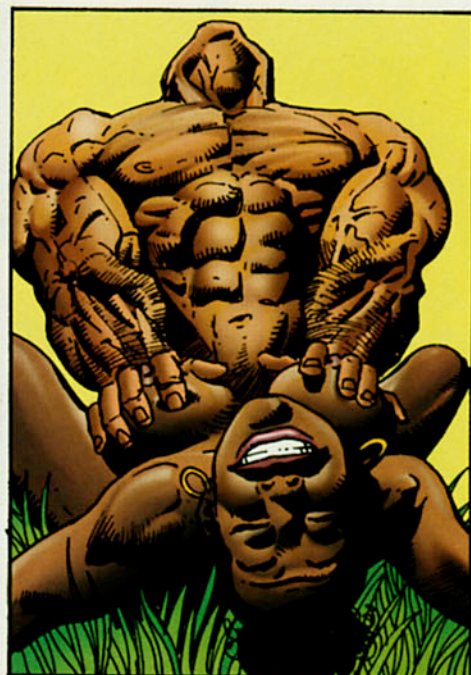
















HMM! MORNING  
ALREADY? YOU  
MAYBE WANNA TRY  
THAT AGAIN?



ER--  
LOOK, I CAN  
EXPLAIN...



YOU  
CAUSE OF  
THIS?!



THEY ATTACKED  
ME, BUT I...

I HAVE HEARD  
ENOUGH! THEY  
DIED WITH  
SHAME!

BUT,  
YOU ARE PROUD.  
YOU ARE STRONG.  
YOU KILL  
CUNTA!







THAT MAKE  
*YOU*  
LEADER!!!



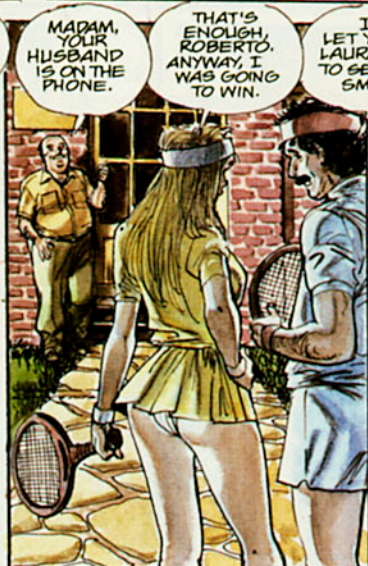
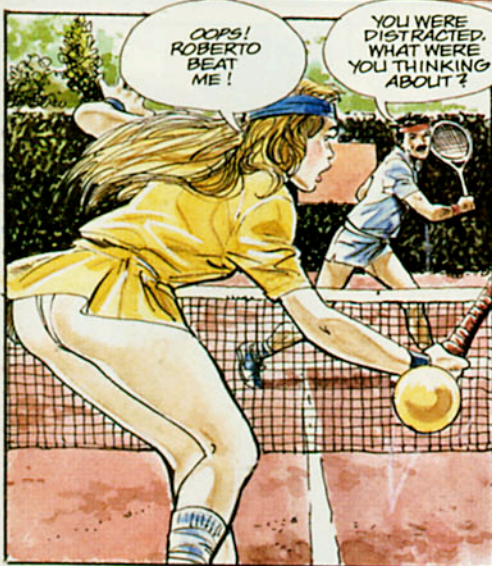
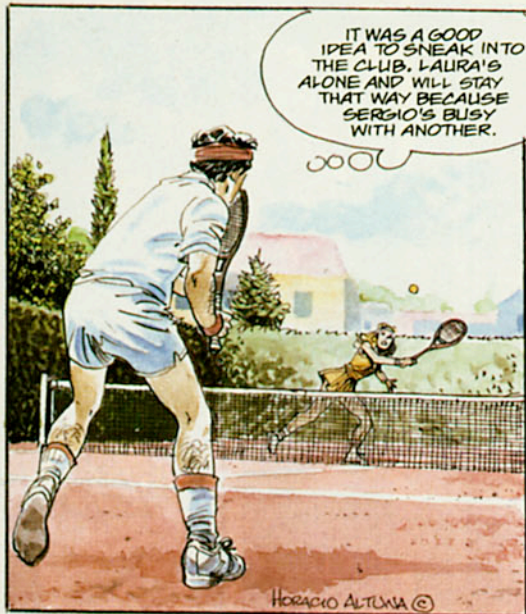
# ALTUNA



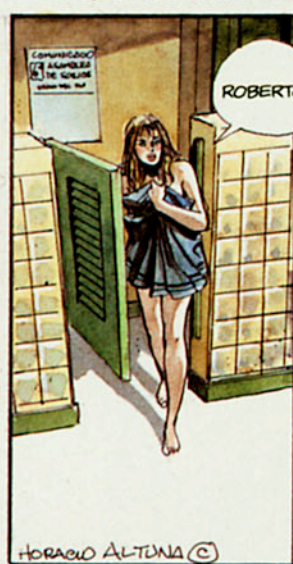
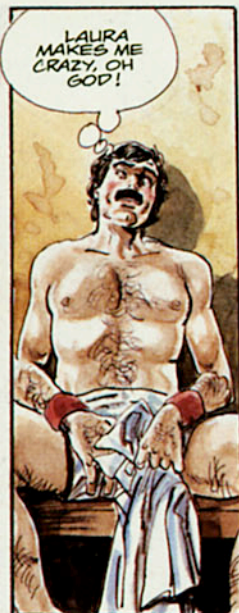
# THE ALIBI

by HORACIO ALTUNA  
lettering: VICKIE WILLIAMS





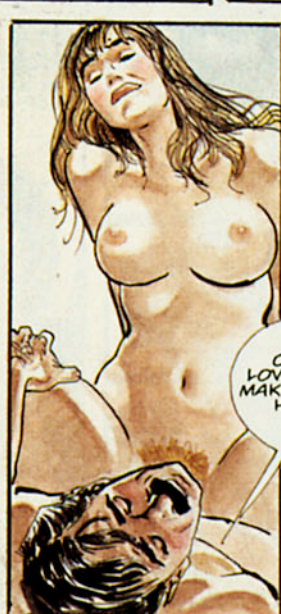








ABRACIO ARTEA ©.







BENITO!



BENITO!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING, YOU OLD PERVERT? YOU'RE WITH A MAN!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, WOMAN?



LI-  
LISTEN,  
YOU'RE  
CONFUSED!

AT  
YOUR AGE,  
YOU  
PERVERT!



YES, SERGIO  
CHEATS ON ME, I  
CHEAT ON HIM. AN EYE  
FOR AN EYE. THAT'S  
MY PHILOSOPHY. AND  
THAT WASN'T SO BAD,  
WAS IT?

NO, IT  
WASN'T! I  
LOVE THE WAY  
YOU THINK.  
I TOTALLY  
AGREE.

BUT...

FUCKER!



HELLO,  
LOVE! I  
CALLED TO LET  
YOU KNOW THAT  
I'D BE LATE BUT  
YOU WEREN'T  
HERE.

REALLY?  
POOR BABY.  
YOU LOOK  
LIKE YOU  
WORKED VERY  
HARD.



YOU  
DIDN'T FIND ME  
HERE BECAUSE  
I WAS WITH  
LAURA ALL  
EVENING. WHAT  
ABOUT YOU,  
ROBERTO?



WITH  
SERGIO,  
IN THE OFFICE,  
OF COURSE.



WITH  
LAURA?

WITH  
SERGIO?



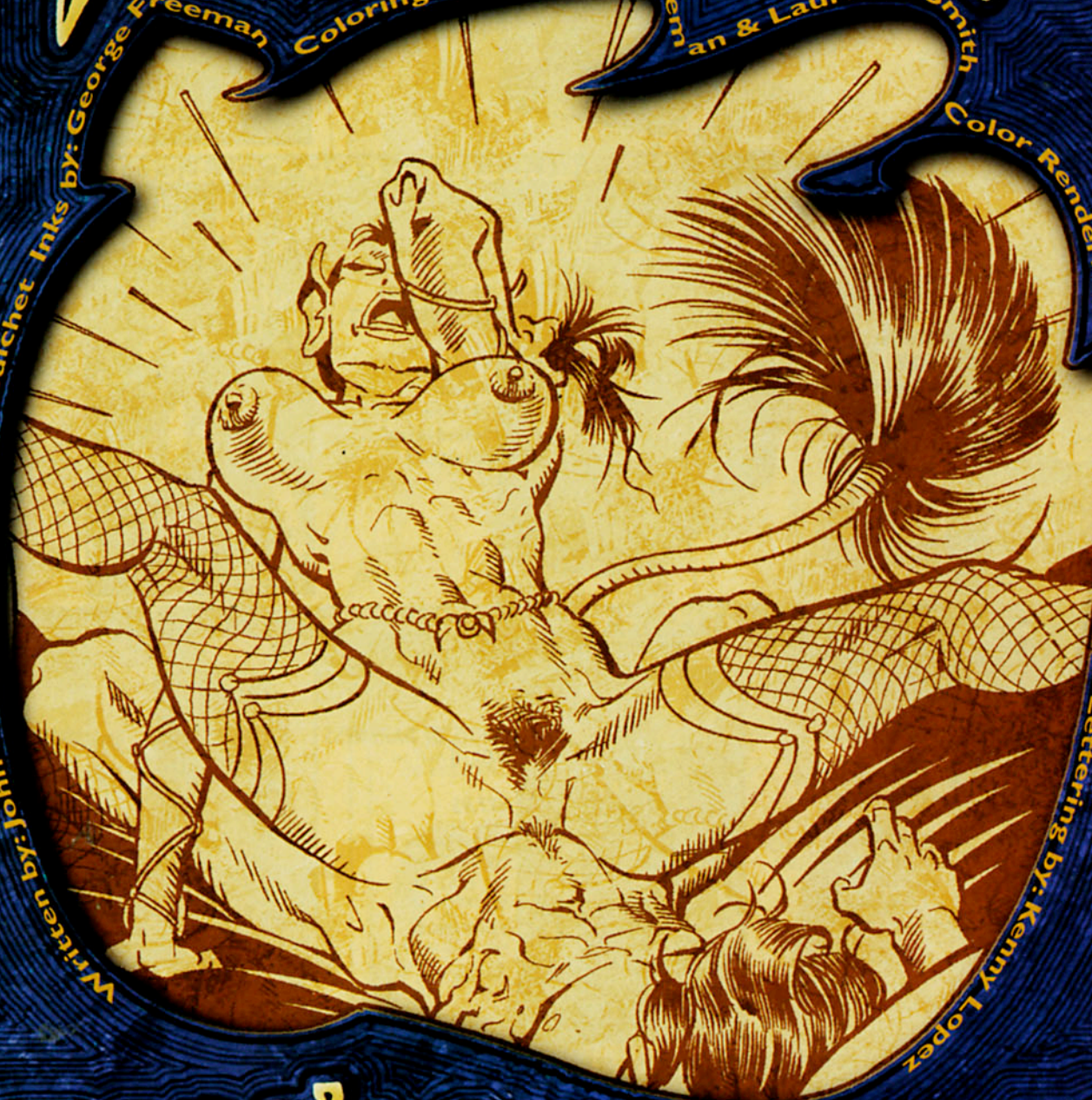
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Color Rendering by: Digital Chameleon

Lettering by: Kenny Lopez

Written by: John Nubbin Art by: Yvel Guichet Inks by: George Freeman



# Barth vs the Gods









FEAR NOT, BRAVE WARRIOR. YOU HAVE BEEN BROUGHT TO FABLED ASGARD--HOME OF THE GODS--TO REPRESENT YOUR WORLD IN THE HUNDRED YEAR'S GAMES!

SOME OF THE GODS.

MINOR GODS AT THAT.

PRACTICALLY FORGOTTEN.

DO TELL?



YEA-VERILY.

SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME THE GAMES HAVE BEEN HELD ONCE EVERY CENTURY. ALL THE UNIVERSES' FINEST GATHER HERE TO CONTEST AND COMPETE.



ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO WAS THE FIRST TIME MITHGARTH WAS DEEMED READY TO PARTICIPATE.

ANOTHER MISERABLE EARTHER.

AH... THAT SO?



INDEED, IT WAS QUITE A SURPRISE WHEN THE CHAMPION I CHOSE FOR MITHGARTH--A HARDY SOUL NAMED TEDDY ROOSEVELT...

WE'RE NOT GOING TO SUFFER ANOTHER EMBARRASSMENT LIKE LAST TIME. ARE WE?

NO. IT AIN'T RIGHT.



HE BEAT THE CREAM THE COMBINED REALITIES HAD TO OFFER.

AND BELIEVE IT OR NOT...

I'LL SEE TO IT...



THERE BE THOSE THAT STILL BEAR YOUR PLANET A GRUDGE FOR THAT WIN.

MY STARS AND GARTERS.





BUT--THE  
ALLFATHER IS NOT  
OF THEIR BASE  
NUMBER, NOBLE  
EDGE.

I SAY TO THEE  
INSTEAD...  
WELCOME TO  
ASGARD!

"HOME OF THE  
GODS..."

"HOST TO THE  
UNIVERSE..."

"AND ALL ITS  
CONTESTANTS!"

"HULIUMMMMMMM. EDGE ME BOY--WE MIGHT HAVE TO THINK ABOUT BEIN' A WEE BIT CAREFUL HERE."

"TO THE HUNDRED  
YEAR'S GAMES..."

MY SON WANTED ME TO PICK  
SOME REGIS PHILBIN CHARACTER TO  
REPRESENT MY BELOVED  
MITHGARTH...

REGIS  
WOULD HAVE  
BEEN GOOD.

BUT I SAID HIM  
NAY--AND CHOSE  
A TRUE CHAMPION  
INSTEAD.

AND, NOW  
THOU  
ART HERE...

LET THE  
GAMES  
BEGIN!

I HOPE  
IT'S AN  
ARCHERY  
CONTEST.



I'M NOT CERTAIN I UNDERSTAND ALL THIS.

IT'S SIMPLE. EVERY HUNDRED YEARS, EVERYONE IN DA KNOWN CONTINUUM RUMBLES. WINNER CALLS DA SHOTS FOR THE NEXT CENTURY.

HE CREAMED THEIR CHEESE, THEN DECLARED NO WAR, LOOTIN', ATTACKIN', SACKIN', PILLAGIN', POLKIN' OR NUTHIN' FOR DA NEXT HUNDRED YEARS.

AND MAN DID DAT GET EVERYONE TICKED.

YOUR BOY TOOK ALL THE EGGS LAST TIME.

PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT ENGAGED THE LIKES OF THESE BRUTES AND TRIUMPHED?

OH, YEAH.

THEY ALL WANTED TO TRASH THE EARTH AND MAKE OFF WITH ITS GOODIES.

LOTTA GREAT STUFF DOWN THERE.

BUT--RULES IS RULES--SO THEY HADDA WAIT.

BUT, YOU CAN BE SURE THEY'RE ALL GONNA DO THEIR BEST TO TRASH YOUR ASS...JUST TO GET BACK AT ROOSEVELT.

AND FOR THE CHANCE TO RAPE DA SHIT OUTTA YER WORLD, OF COURSE.

WELL, YES--OF COURSE.

"THE NEXT CONTESTANTS..."

"XERGO OF BLINTHIK..."

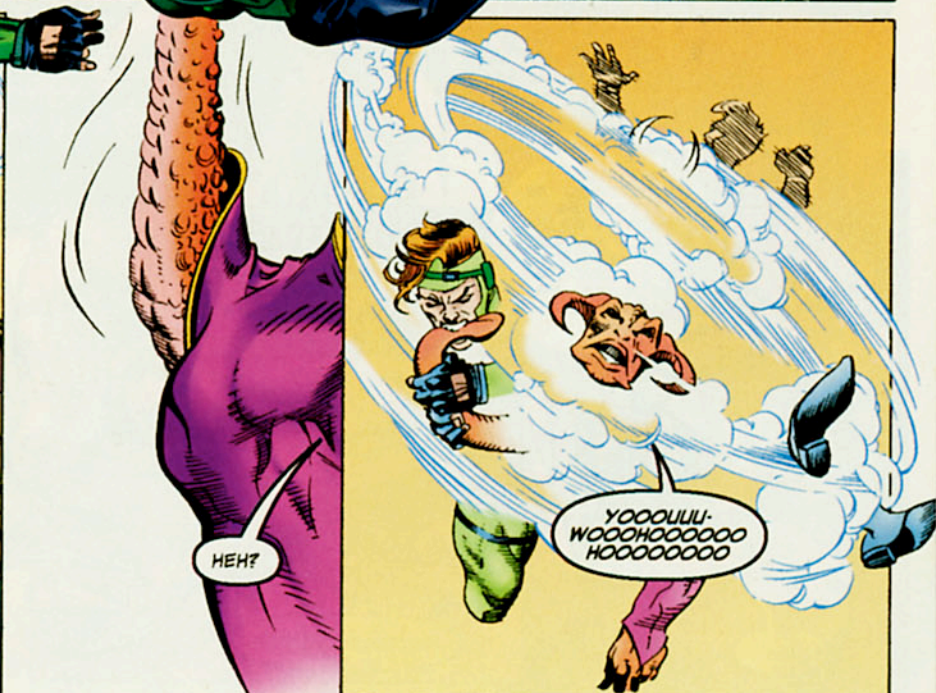
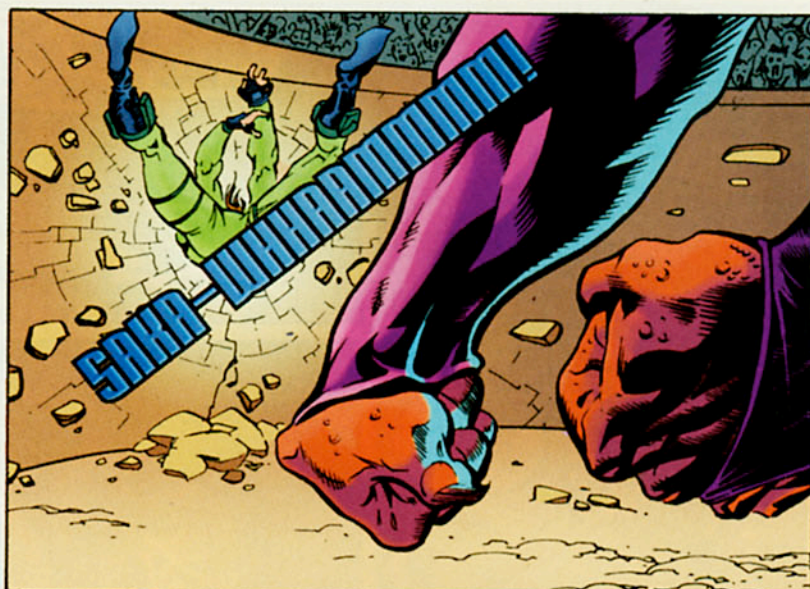
"AND EDGE OF MITHGARTH."

HEY, THAT'S YOU.

HUMMM...  
AH, YES.

SO IT IS.

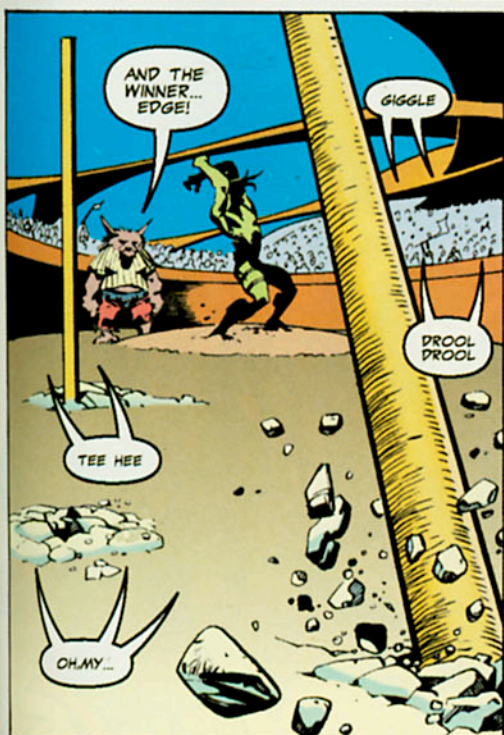
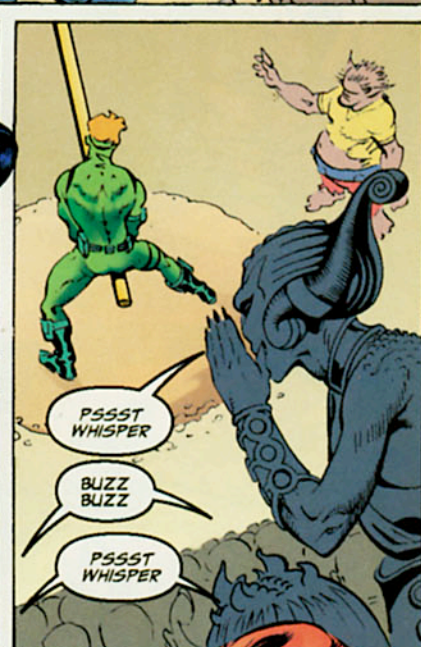
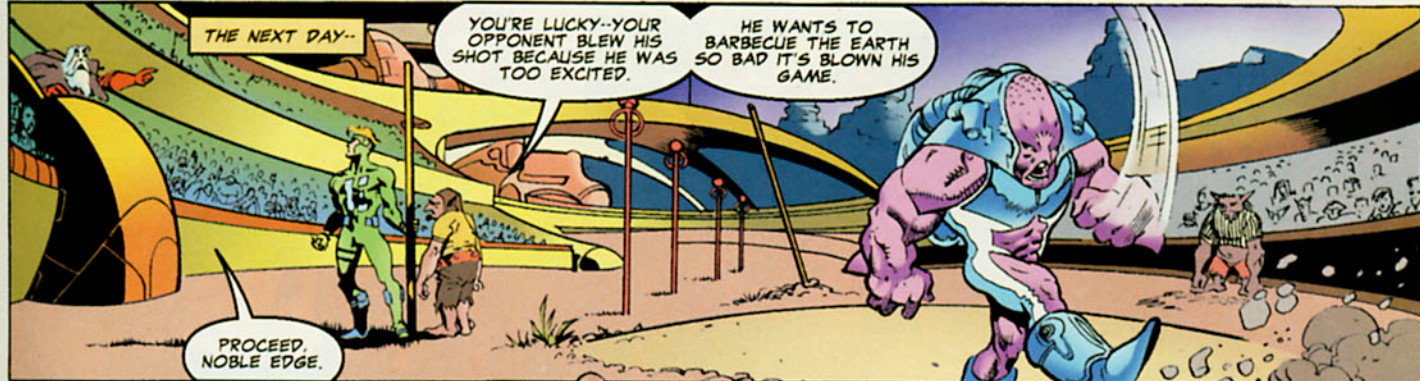




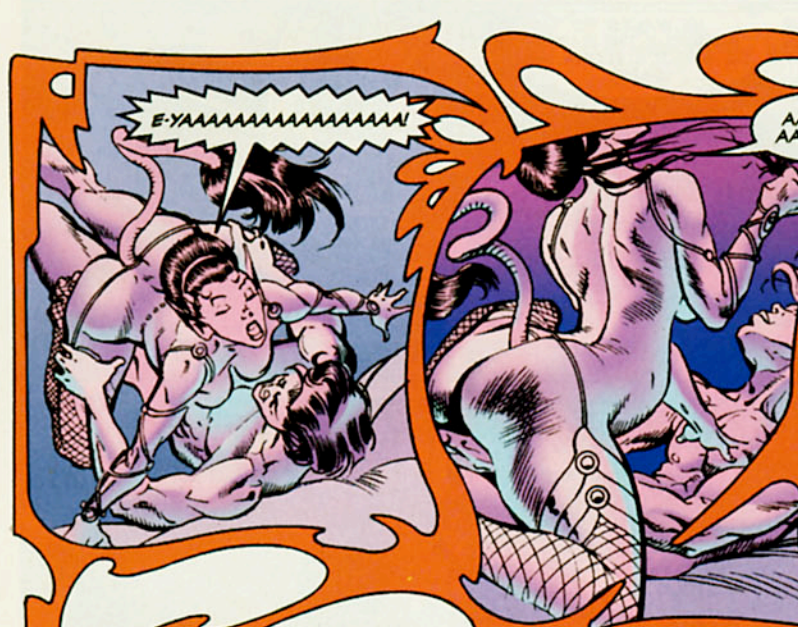










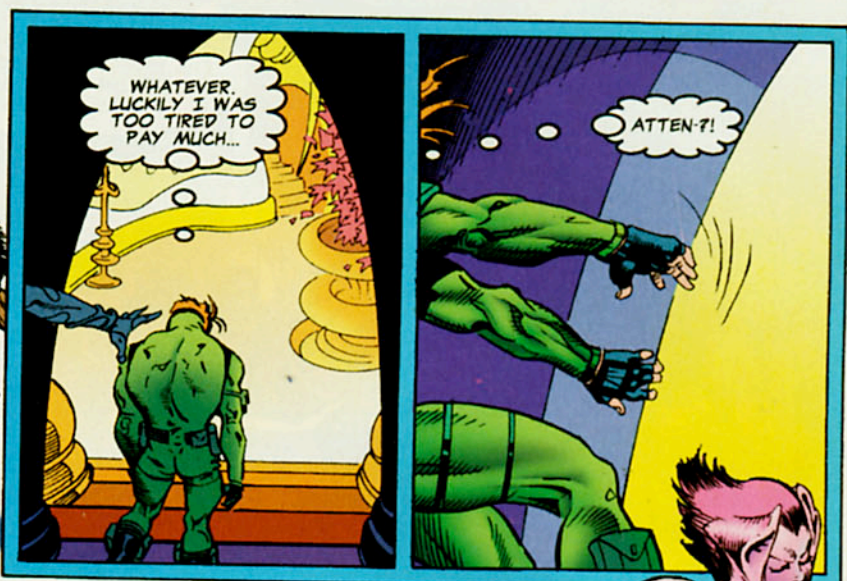






THE WINNER--  
EDGE, THE  
NOBLE.

YAWN--IF I DIDN'T  
KNOW BETTER,  
I'D THINK HE  
WAS COUNTING  
ON HIS FANCY  
MOVES TO  
FLUSTER ME.



WHATEVER.  
LUCKILY I WAS  
TOO TIRED TO  
PAY MUCH...

ATTEN-7!



AND THE NEXT--

THE WINNER--  
EDGE!

SLURP  
LURP  
URP

LICK  
LICK  
LICK

AND THE NEXT--



AND THE NEXT--

YOU CAN'T ALL HAVE  
BOYFRIENDS WHO WILL  
DESTROY THE EARTH IF  
I DON'T SLEEP WITH  
YOU!

SHLUMMMM SLURPA-LURPA



FINALLY--THE LAST DAY  
OF THE GAMES--

ARE THERE  
ANY MORE  
OYSTERS?

TO THE LAST CONTEST,  
THE ONE TO DECIDE THE  
WINNER OF THE HUNDRED  
YEAR'S GAMES.

OYSTER  
SAUCE,  
MAYBE?

MUCH HAS BEEN  
TESTED SO FAR--  
COURAGE, STRENGTH,  
TACTICS, MARTIAL  
SKILLS, ENDURANCE...

OH, YEAH--LOVE  
THE ENDURANCE  
TEST.

BUT WHAT PROFIT A WARRIOR  
ALL OF THESE IF HE HAS NOT  
THE WILL TO USE THEM?

THUS, IN THIS LAST CONTEST,  
YOUR RESOLVE, YOUR SELF-  
CONTROL, YOUR GUIDING WILLS  
SHALL BE PUSHED TO THE  
BREAKING POINT TO DETERMINE  
WHO IS THE GREATEST OF  
YOU ALL.

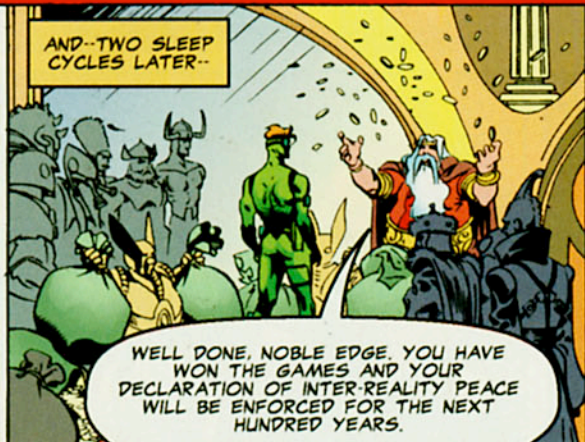
YOU FIVE ARE THE LAST  
CONTESTANTS REMAINING IN  
THIS CENTURY'S GAMES.  
BUT...

THERE CAN  
BE ONLY  
ONE!











# MILO MANARA's



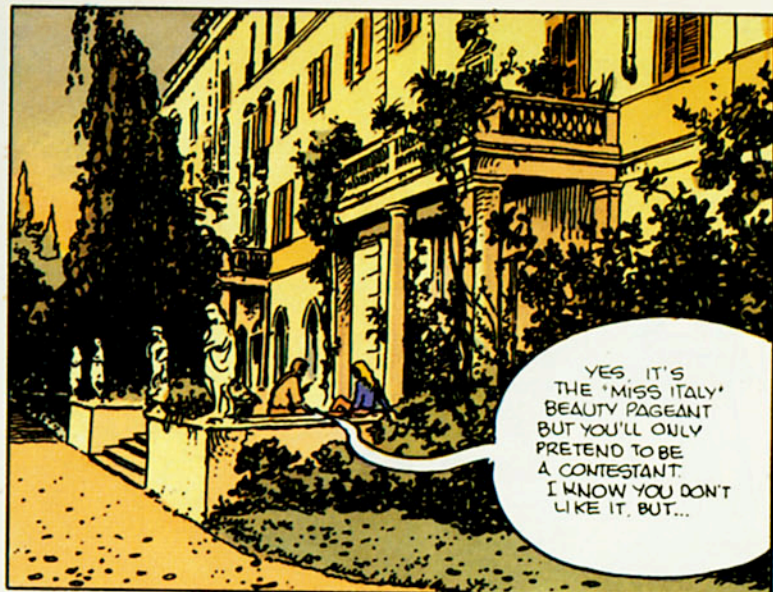
## THE BALLERINA

That demanding camera crew follows the backstage tension of The Ballet. Take a bunch of young girls, work them like draft animals 16 hours a day for months and then make them perform perfectly. Performance pressure brewing? Let the unblinking eye of the camera show us...

part 5

# HIDDEN CAMERA

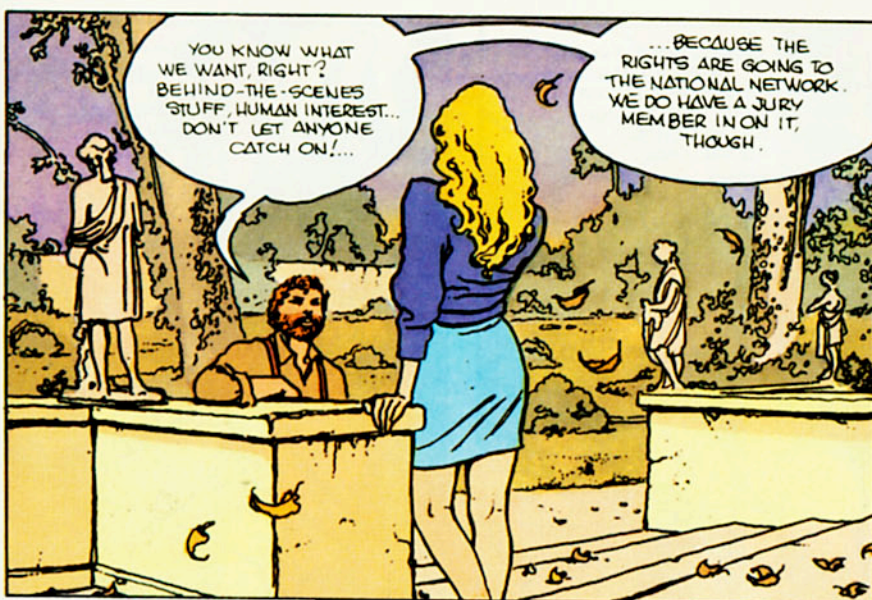




YES, IT'S  
THE "MISS ITALY"  
BEAUTY PAGEANT  
BUT YOU'LL ONLY  
PRETEND TO BE  
A CONTESTANT.  
I KNOW YOU DON'T  
LIKE IT, BUT...

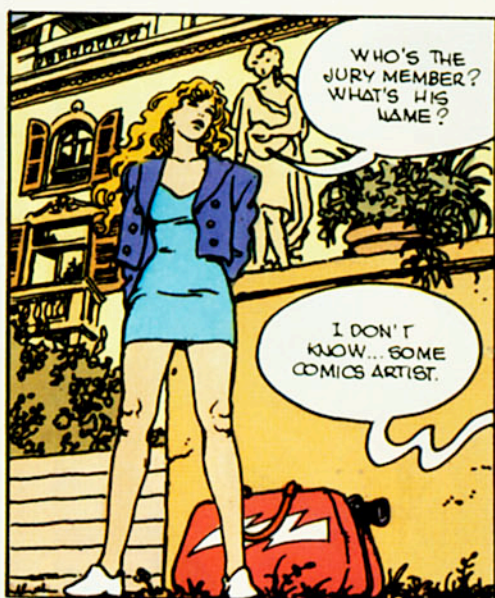


LISTEN, HONEY,  
JUST CARRY THIS BAG  
AROUND WITH YOU ALL  
THE TIME - IN THE  
DRESSING TENTS, ON STAGE,  
EVERYWHERE. THE CAMERA  
IS HIDDEN INSIDE.



YOU KNOW WHAT  
WE WANT, RIGHT?  
BEHIND-THE-SCENES  
STUFF, HUMAN INTEREST...  
DON'T LET ANYONE  
CATCH ON!...

... BECAUSE THE  
RIGHTS ARE GOING TO  
THE NATIONAL NETWORK.  
WE DO HAVE A JURY  
MEMBER IN ON IT,  
THOUGH.

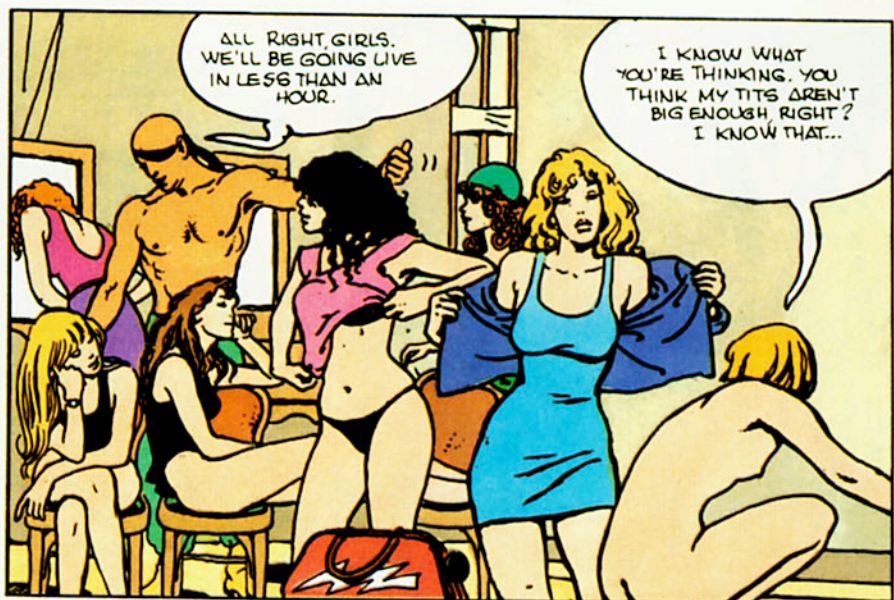


WHO'S THE  
JURY MEMBER?  
WHAT'S HIS  
NAME?

I DON'T  
KNOW... SOME  
COMICS ARTIST.



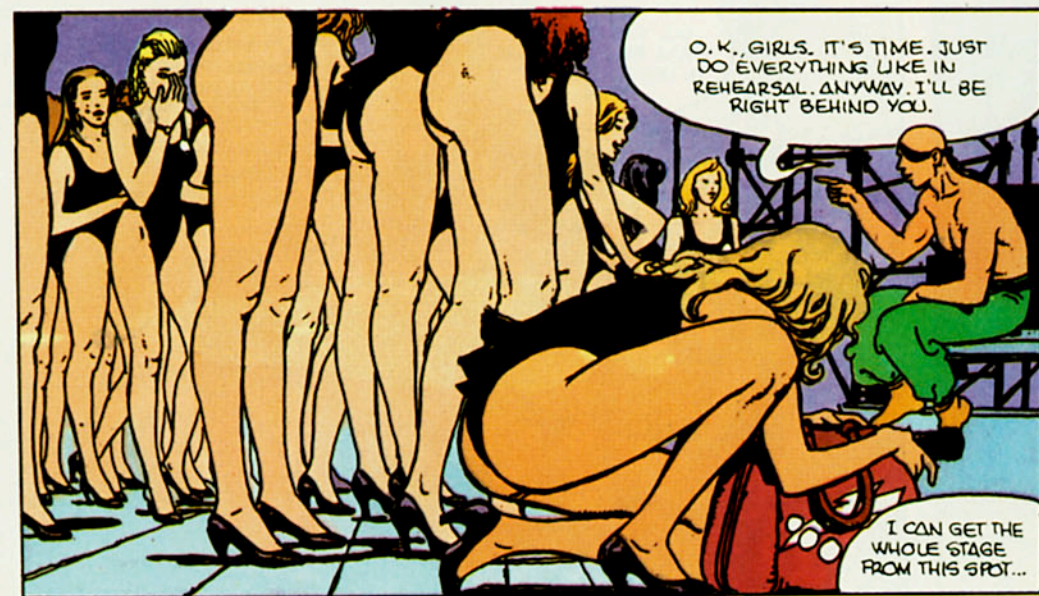
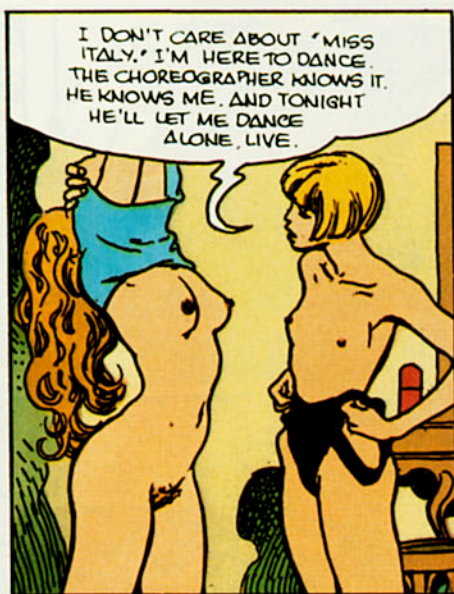
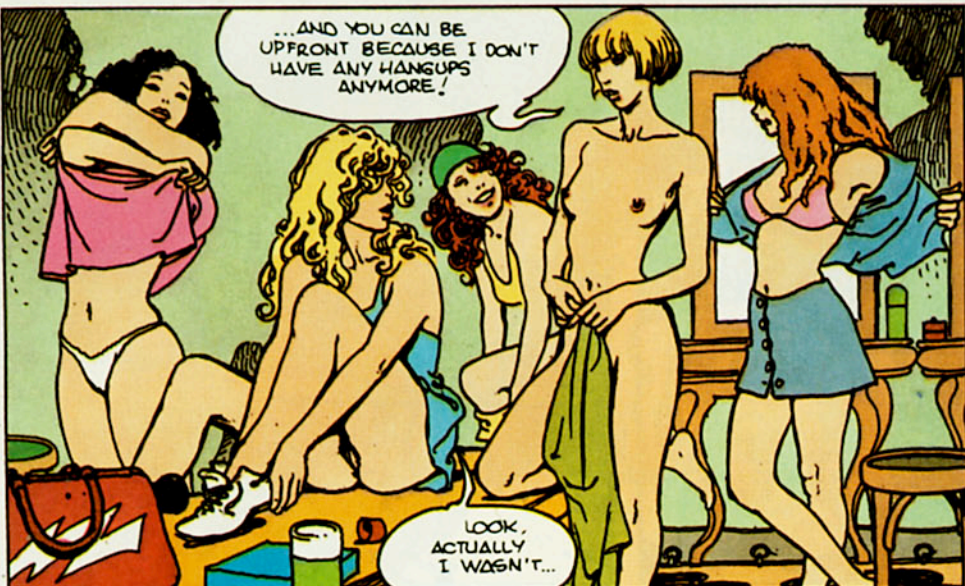
LATER,  
IN THE  
DRESSING  
AREA...



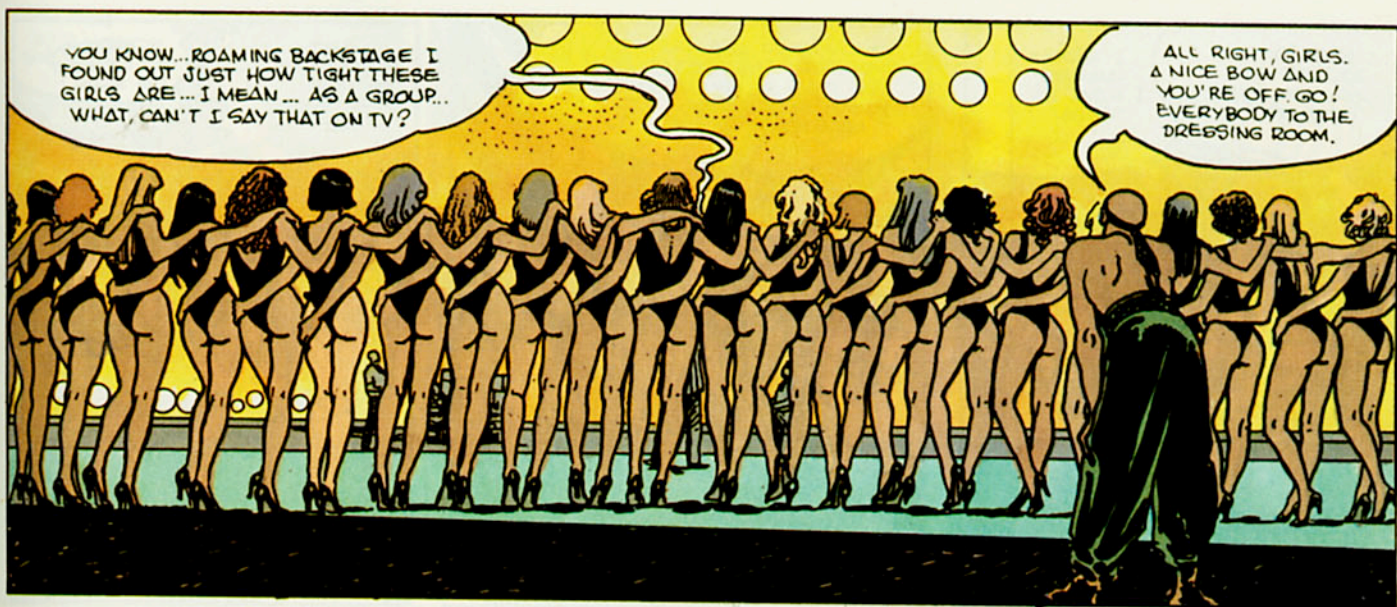
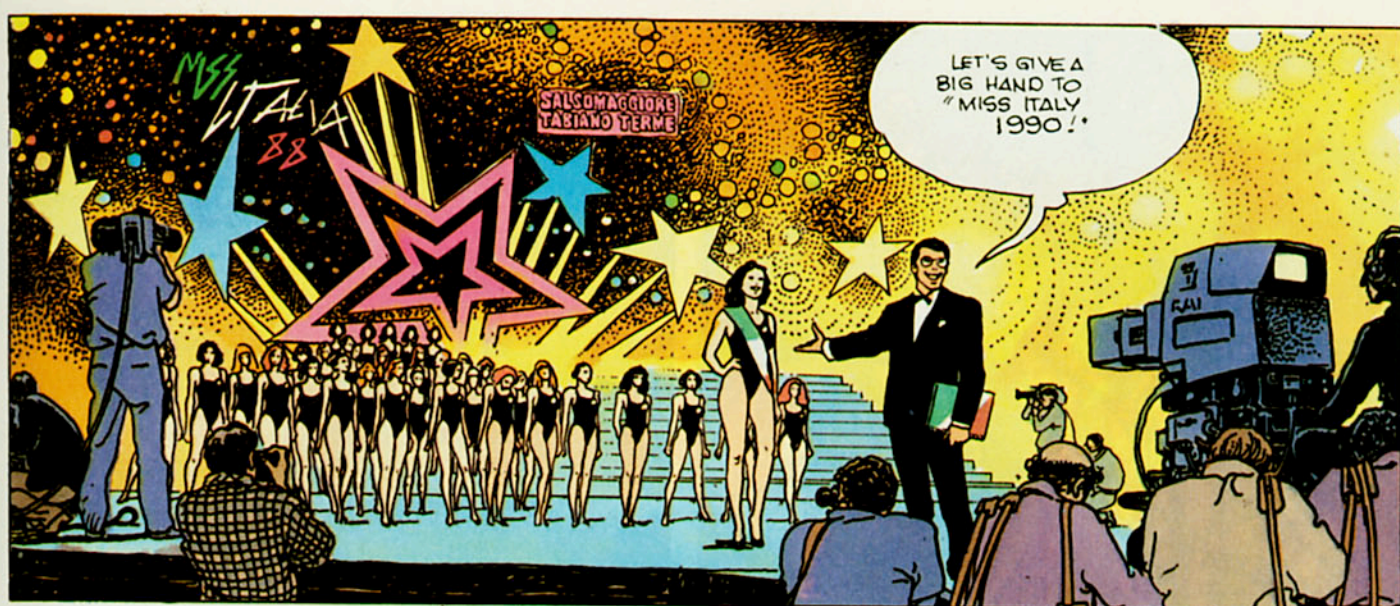
ALL RIGHT, GIRLS,  
WE'LL BE GOING LIVE  
IN LESS THAN AN  
HOUR.

I KNOW WHAT  
YOU'RE THINKING. YOU  
THINK MY TITS AREN'T  
BIG ENOUGH, RIGHT?  
I KNOW THAT...

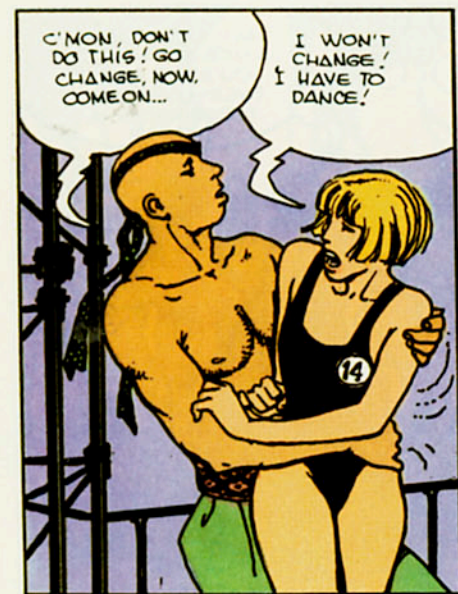
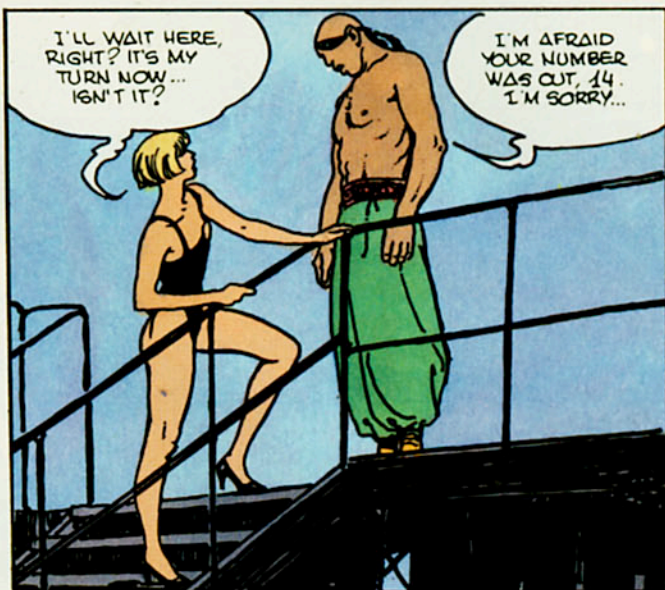
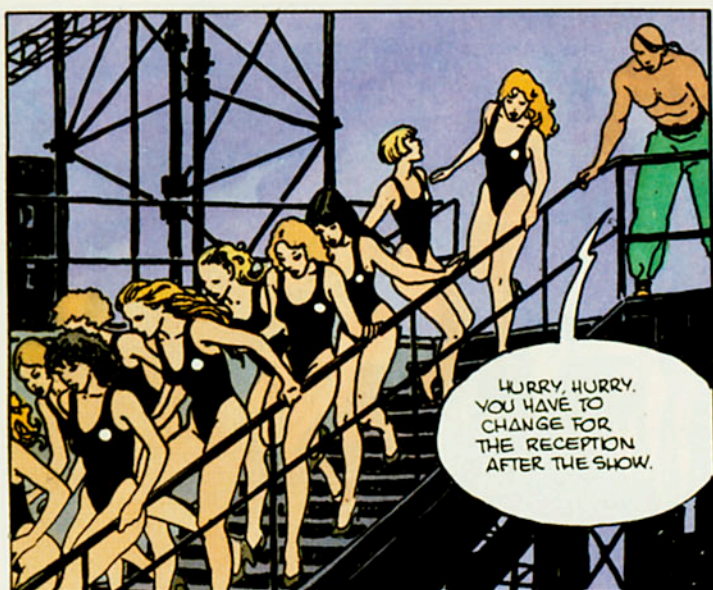




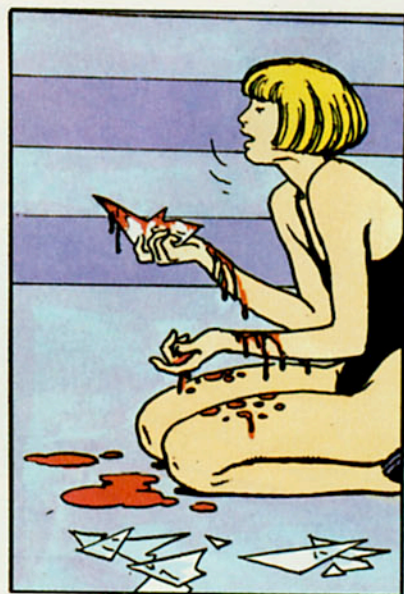
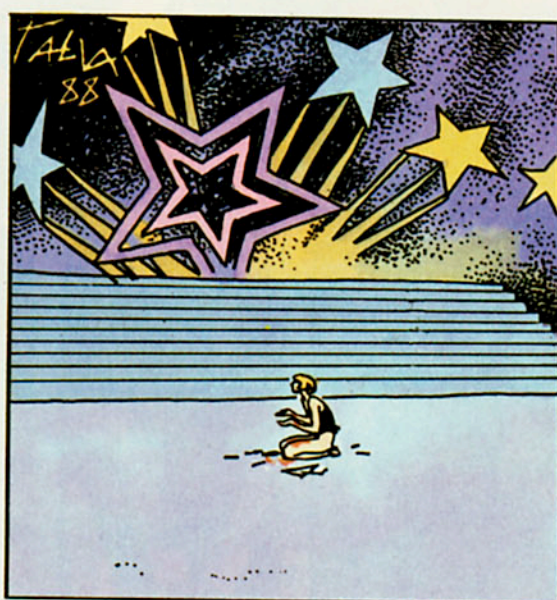
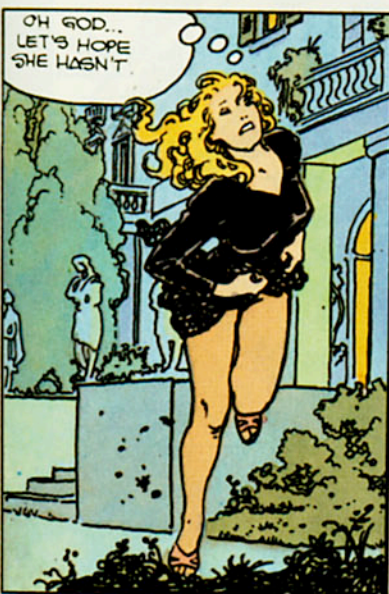




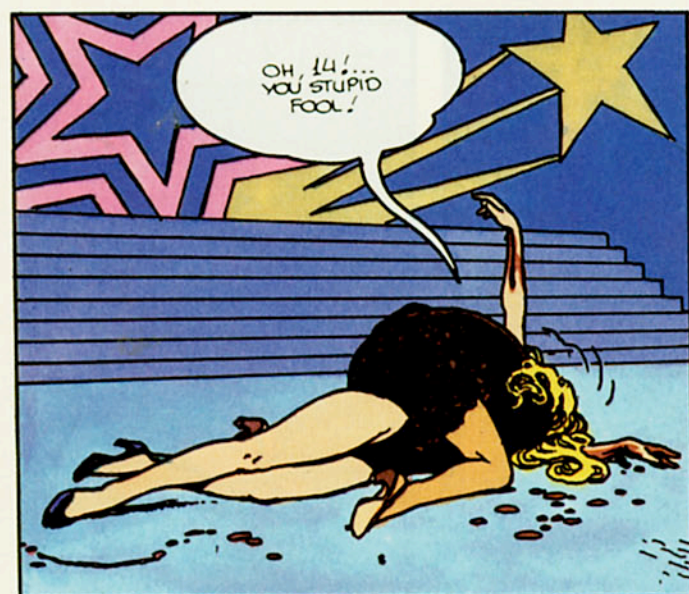
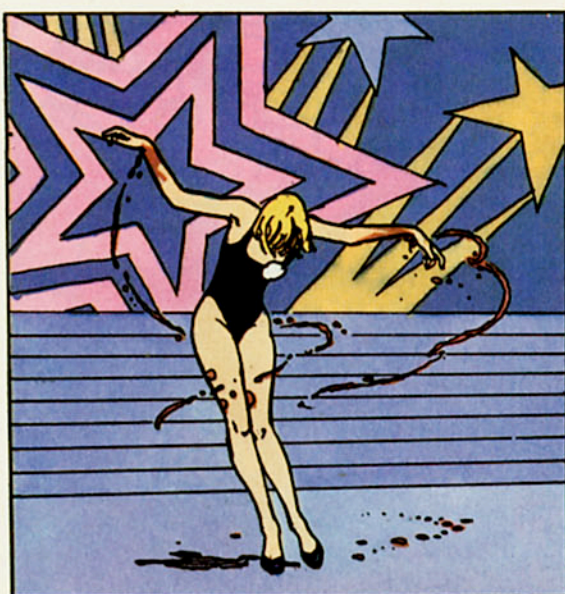
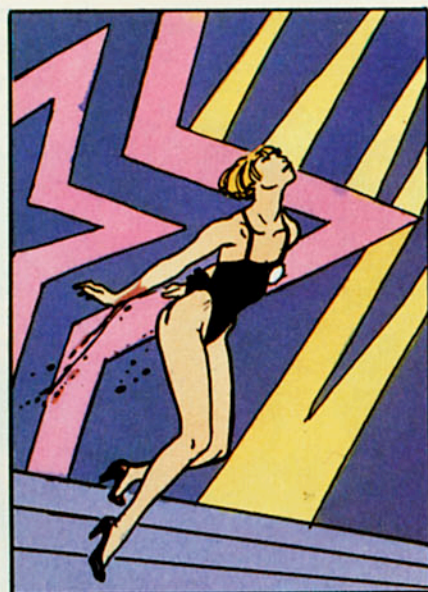
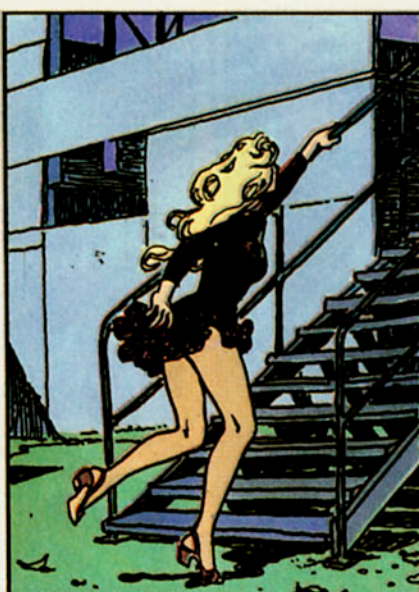














A woman with dark hair, wearing a red dress, is shown from the waist up. She is looking slightly to her right. The word "LANA X" is overlaid in large, bold, yellow letters across the middle of the image. The background is a textured, reddish-brown color with a dark, geometric border.

story and art:  
**BO HAMPTON**

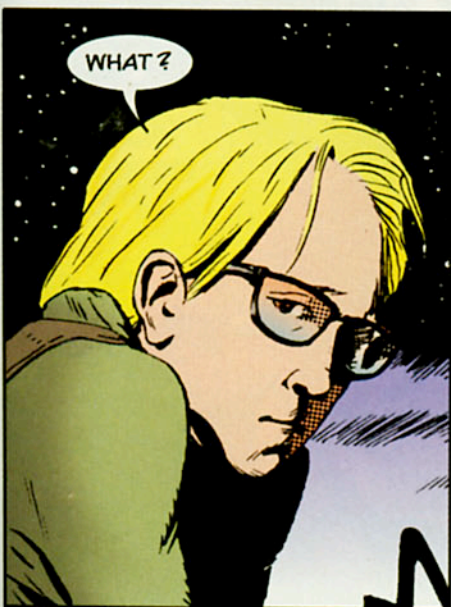
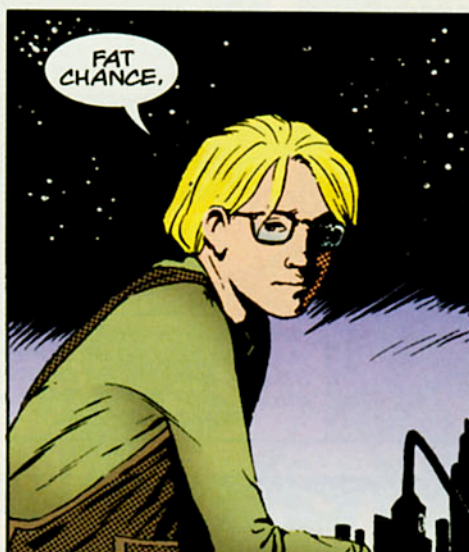
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lettering:  
**VICKIE WILLIAMS**

The Earth as we know it is a dim and distant memory. Basic resources are now unimaginably scarce. If you can't pull your own weight, your fate is uncertain. The gloss of childhood will slip away most quickly as each child must prove themselves at an unbearably young age. Parental pressures are no less dramatic; early death common — the rise of X-designators for wards of the system all too numerous. Lara knows she must make her own way in this most hostile of worlds and uses every natural skill she possesses. If she cannot make this world hers, she will find a new one...





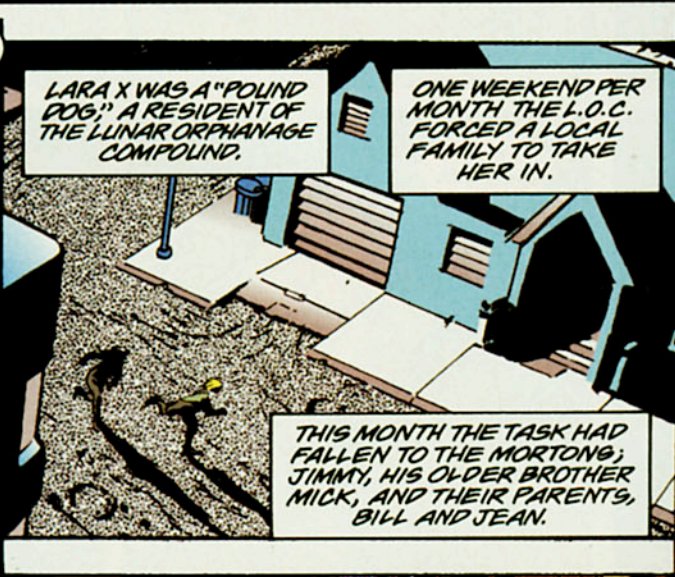




ON EARTH?  
NAH...NO WAY.



C'MON, LARA.  
I KNOW SOMETHIN'  
FUN WE CAN DO.



LARA X WAS A "POUND DOG," A RESIDENT OF THE LUNAR ORPHANAGE COMPOUND.

ONE WEEKEND PER MONTH THE L.O.C. FORCED A LOCAL FAMILY TO TAKE HER IN.

THIS MONTH THE TASK HAD FALLEN TO THE MORTONS; JIMMY, HIS OLDER BROTHER MICK, AND THEIR PARENTS, BILL AND JEAN.



BILL AND JEAN HAD RESPONDED TO LARA'S VISIT BY TAKING A MUCH NEEDED JAUNT TO THE MOON'S DARK SIDE, WHICH LEFT THE HOUSE TO MICK AND LARA WITH JIMMY.

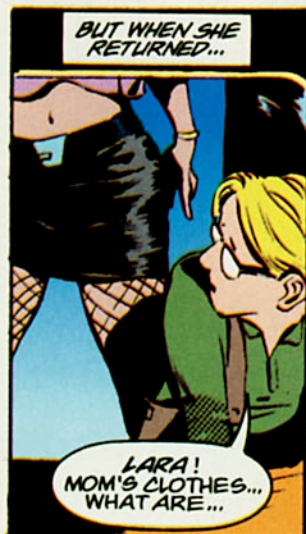
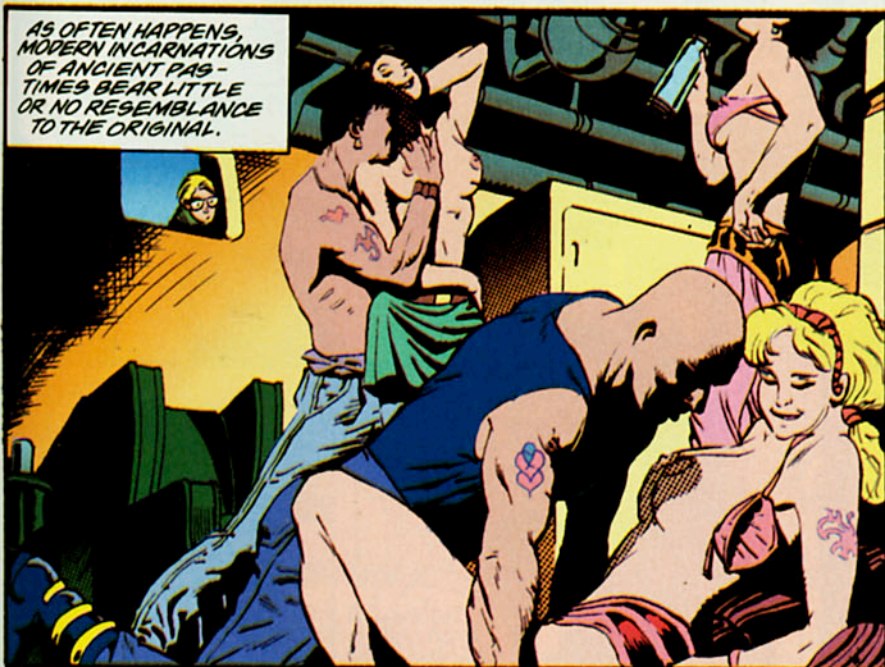
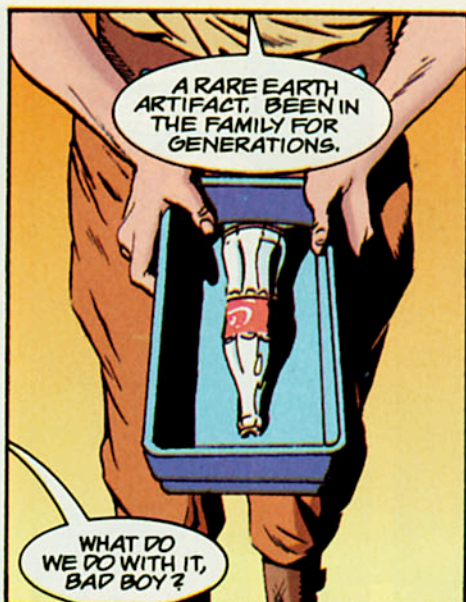


Shhh.

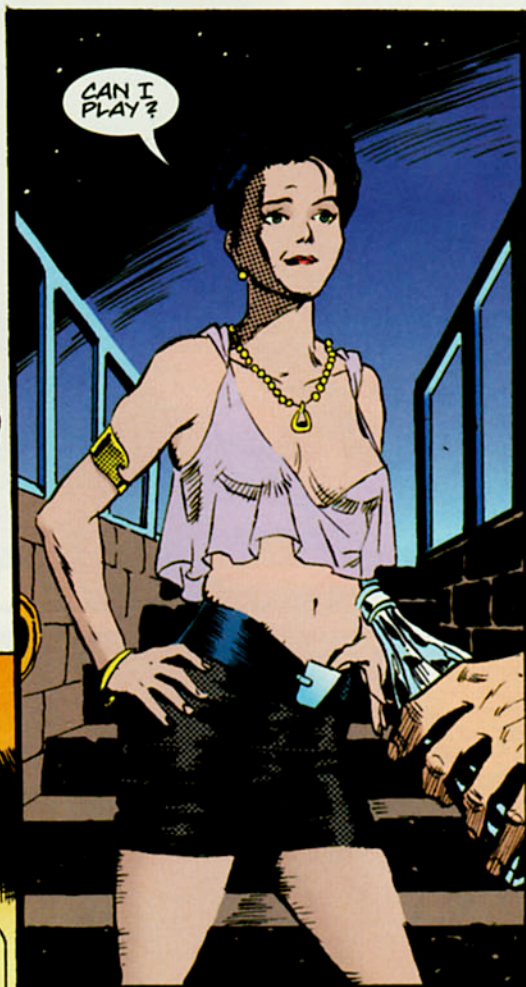
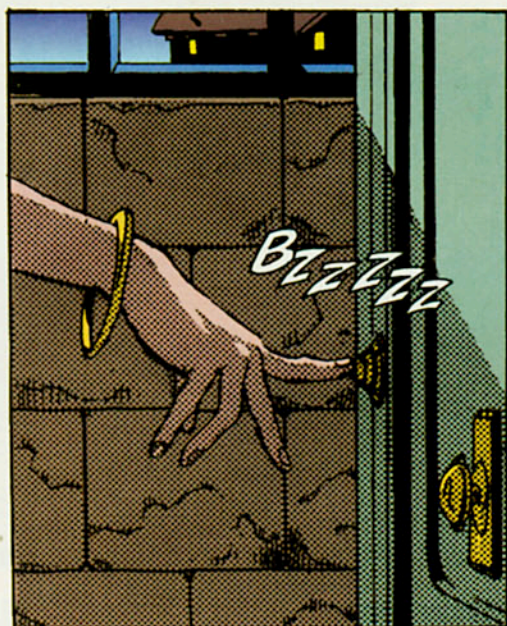
OOOH, MICKEY...  
YOU ARE HAPPY  
TO SEE ME.

LET'S  
PLAY SOMETHIN',  
MICKEY--C'MON!











THE NEXT DAY LARA WAS GONE AND SO WAS THE RARE EARTH "BOTTLE,"



THE ONLY COMMUNICATION JIMMY EVER GOT FROM LARA WAS A LETTER POST-MARKED: DARKSIDE, LUNA.

MAYBE THE RUMORS JIMMY HAD HEARD ABOUT "POUND DOGS" BEING "PUT TO SLEEP" IF THEY COULDN'T FIND PLACEMENT WERE TRUE.



AN ORPHAN COULD GET LOST ON THE DARKSIDE.

THERE WAS NO NOTE ENCLOSED... JUST A PHOTO OF LARA...

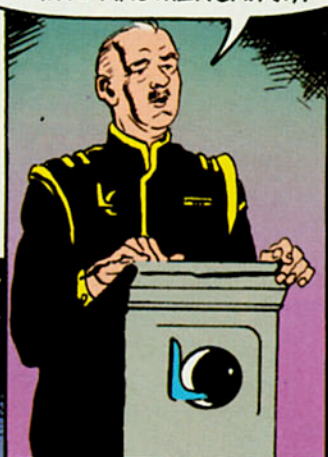


...WEARING A PAIR OF BLACK ONYX EARRINGS.

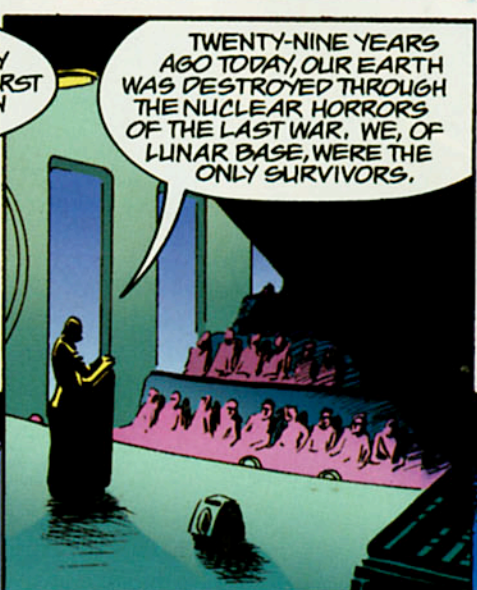
...AND THANK YOU FOR ATTENDING, THE PURPOSE OF THIS GATHERING...



...IS TO SELECT THE 6-MEMBER CREW FOR THE HIGHLY EXPERIMENTAL AND DANGEROUS FIRST MANNED HYPER-DRIVE MISSION INTO ANOTHER GALAXY.

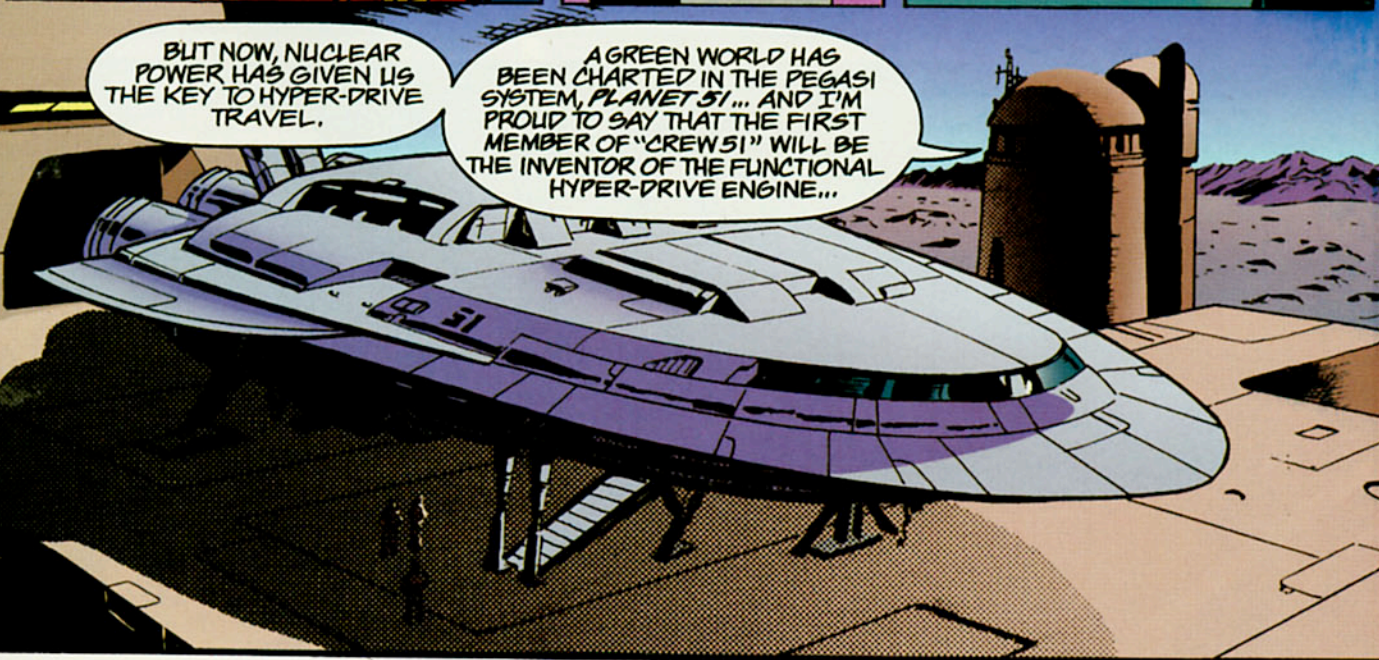


TWENTY-NINE YEARS AGO TODAY, OUR EARTH WAS DESTROYED THROUGH THE NUCLEAR HORRORS OF THE LAST WAR. WE, OF LUNAR BASE, WERE THE ONLY SURVIVORS.



BUT NOW, NUCLEAR POWER HAS GIVEN US THE KEY TO HYPER-DRIVE TRAVEL.

A GREEN WORLD HAS BEEN CHARTED IN THE PEGASI SYSTEM, PLANET 51... AND I'M PROUD TO SAY THAT THE FIRST MEMBER OF "CREW 51" WILL BE THE INVENTOR OF THE FUNCTIONAL HYPER-DRIVE ENGINE...





DR. AMOS  
WITHERS,

ALL THE CANDIDATES HAD THEIR OWN REASONS FOR OFFERING THEMSELVES UPON THE ALTAR OF CHANCE. AN INVENTOR, DYING OF HEART DISEASE, HOPING TO SEE HIS LIFE-LONG DREAM REALIZED.

CAPTAIN  
SID BLACK,

...A FORMER NAVAL COMMANDER WHO HAD LOST HIS FIRST SHIP AND ALL HANDS ABOARD.

ENGINEERS  
RALPH HANNA  
AND NICHOLAUS  
BUCKMAN...

...EX-CONS HOPING TO HAVE THEIR RECORDS WIPE CLEAN.

SHIP'S  
DOCTOR FRANCIS  
HERBERT...

...A PHYSICIAN WHO HAD PRESCRIBED FOR HIMSELF MORE OFTEN THAN HIS PATIENTS...

...AND THE FINAL  
CANDIDATE SELECTED...  
?AHEM? ...IS...

THE DIRECTOR'S THROAT CONSTRICTED ON THE NAME HE DIDN'T WANT TO SAY. WHY HAD HE DONE IT?

THE PREVIOUS NIGHT...

OH,  
LIONEL, YOU'RE  
TOO BIG... IT'S  
TOO MUCH.

COME ON,  
BABY... STRAP  
YOUR LEGS  
ACROSS MY  
ENGINE...



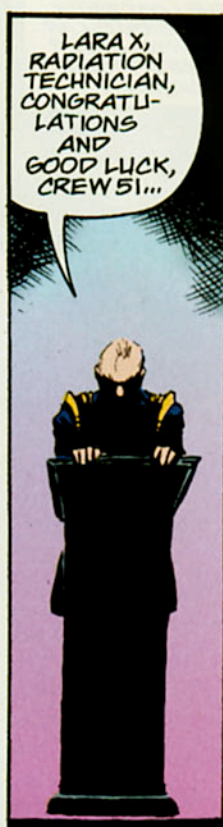


WHAT'S THAT?  
A FUCKING  
RECORDER??

YEAH, I'M  
GONNA DO A  
NON STOP ON YOU,  
CHOO-CHOO...



...THE FINAL  
CANDIDATE  
SELECTED  
IS...



LARA X,  
RADIATION  
TECHNICIAN,  
CONGRATU-  
LATIONS  
AND  
GOOD LUCK,  
CREW 51...

"AND I'M SURE WE WILL ALL SEND  
PRAYERS TO THE PROPER DEITIES  
FOR YOUR SAFE RETURN..."

"THAT GODDAMN LARA X!  
THAT FUCKING BITCH WHORE  
BLACKMAILED ME! IF MY  
WIFE WASN'T SUCH A  
COMPLETE IDIOT I DON'T..."

"DIRECTOR? UH... SIR, YOUR  
LAPEL MIKE IS STILL ON."

"HUNH!?!"

IT TOOK ONE FULL  
PAY TO REACH THE  
JUMP CORRIDOR TO  
THE PEGASI STAR  
SYSTEM...

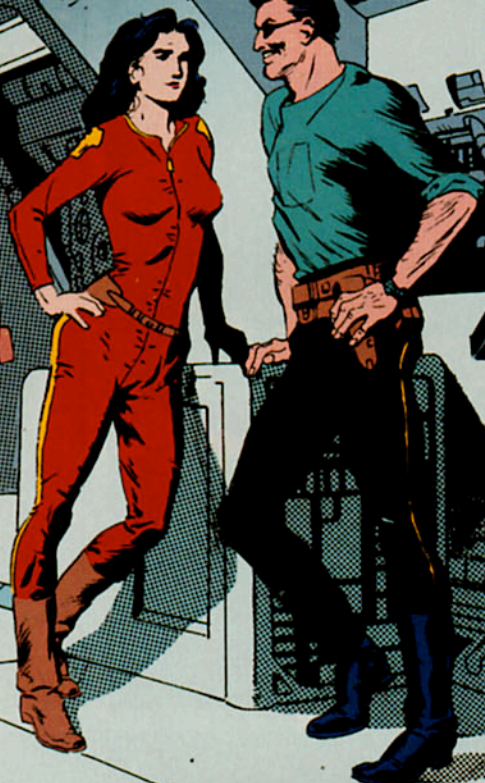




LARA HAD SPENT THE LAST WEEK IN INTERSTELLAR TRAINING UNDER CLOSE OFFICIAL SCRUTINY.

OH, CAPTAIN BLACK... OR MAY I CALL YOU SID?

SHE WAS RAVENOUS.



YOU KNOW, SID... LUNAR COMMAND HAD ANOTHER REASON FOR SENDING A FEMALE CREW MEMBER ALONG.

IF WE DON'T GET BACK, I'M THE BREEDER...

WE START OVER ON PLANET 51, SID.



SID... I'M FRIGHTENED. HOLD ME TIGHTER. KISS ME!

BABY...

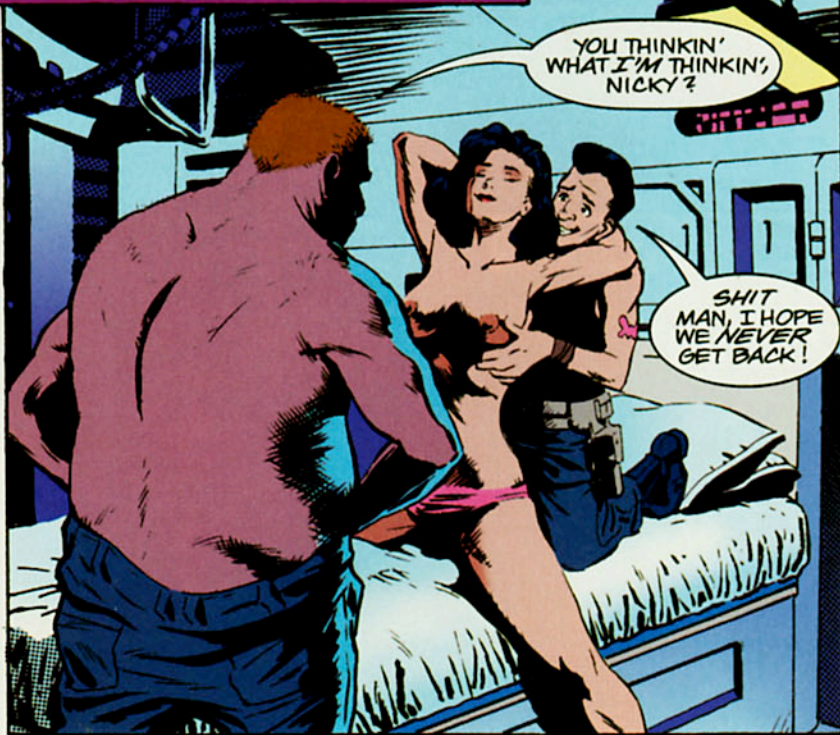
THE SHIP'S DOCTOR OBSERVED WITH SOMETHING LESS THAN CLINICAL DETACHMENT AS LARA MADE HER "ROUNDS."

OH, NO... NOT THEM!

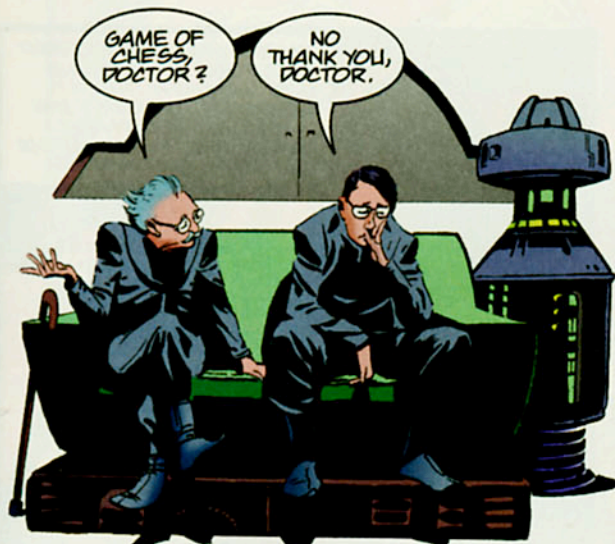
YOU KNOW, RALPH... NICKY... THERE'S A REASON WHY LUNAR COMMAND...

YOU THINKIN' WHAT I'M THINKIN', NICKY?

SHIT MAN, I HOPE WE NEVER GET BACK!





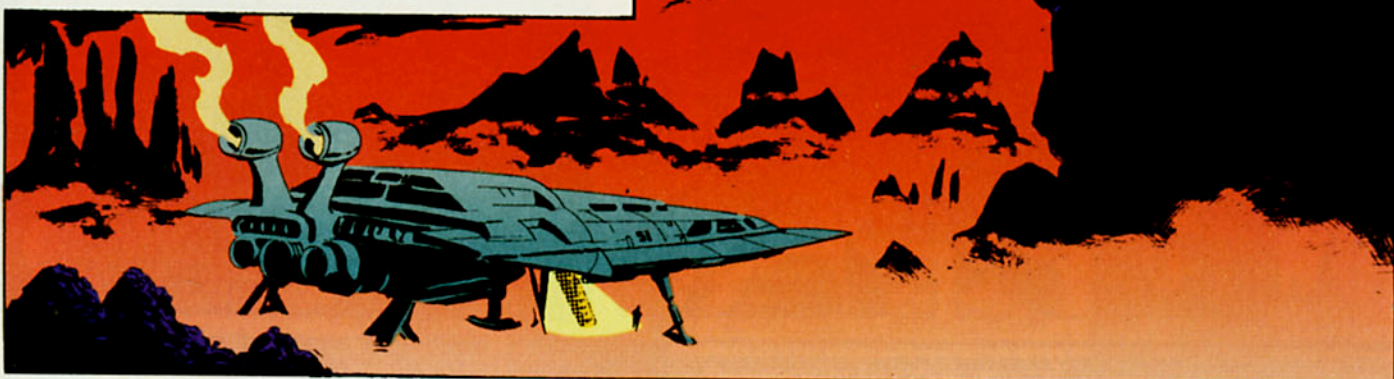


GAME OF  
CHESS,  
DOCTOR?

NO  
THANK YOU,  
DOCTOR.

THE HYPER-JUMP WAS JOLTING BUT THE  
SHIP HELD TOGETHER. THE ONLY  
CASUALTY WAS AMOS WITHER'S HEART,  
WHICH HAD TO BE RESTARTED--TWICE!

THAT NIGHT, TOUCH-DOWN ON THE  
PROMISING "GREEN" WORLD OF  
PLANET 51 WAS CONSIDERABLY  
LESS EXHILARATING...



HEY, DOC!  
AM I COMPLETELY  
BUG-FUCK OR  
ARE WE ON THE  
RIGHT GODDAMN  
PLANET?

I'M AFRAID SO,  
NICHOLAUS. THE NEXT  
POSSIBLE EARTH-TYPE  
PLANET IS IN THE 70  
VIRGINIS SYSTEM--59  
MILLION LIGHT YEARS  
FROM HERE.

WE'RE ON A  
STRICT TIME-LINE,  
PEOPLE. LET'S BREAK OUT  
THE ROVERS AND COVER  
A 20-KILOMETER RADIUS--  
BE BACK HERE AT  
1400 HOURS.



THE CREW BEGAN THEIR DOLEFUL EXPLORATIONS IN PAIRS. FRANCIS HERBERT DREW RALPH, THE BURLY ENGINEER, FOR A PARTNER... THE OLD SCIENTIST RODE WITH LARA...

I GOTTA TELL YA, FRANCIS, OUR LITTLE MISS LARA X IS ONE HELL CAT IN THE SACK! BUT I GUESS YOU WOULDN'T KNOW ABOUT THAT... ANYWAY, AND WHEN SHE GRABBED MY...

AND THE AIR IS UNCONTAMINATED... WHICH SUGGESTS A CALAMITY SIMILAR TO THE ONE THAT BEFELL OUR EARTH STRUCK HERE... BUT LONG AGO. WOULD YOU AGREE, MISS X?

MISS X?

AMOS WITHERS WONDERED ABOUT THE MYSTERIOUS GIRL. HE KNEW THE "X" DESIGNATION MEANT SHE WAS AN ORPHAN AND COULD ONLY GUESS AT THE MISERY THAT IMPLIED.

HE FORCED HIMSELF TO RETURN TO THE MISSION AT HAND.

SO, MISS X, AM I CORRECT IN ASSUMING THE SOIL IN THIS AREA IS RADIOACTIVE?

IT'S VERY "HOT," DOCTOR WITHERS, BUT NOT ON THE SURFACE--I GET READINGS STARTING AT 10 METERS DOWN.

THE THING HAD APPARENTLY EMERGED FROM UNDERGROUND, BUT UPON SEEING THE DOCTOR IT HAD FROZEN...

DOC-- DON'T MOVE...

IT WAS A BURROWER THAT RARELY SURFACED. THE FLASHLIGHT HELD IT MESMERIZED...





... JUST LONG ENOUGH.

**ZZZRACCKK!**



DEAR GIRL...  
ARE YOU ALL  
RIGHT ?

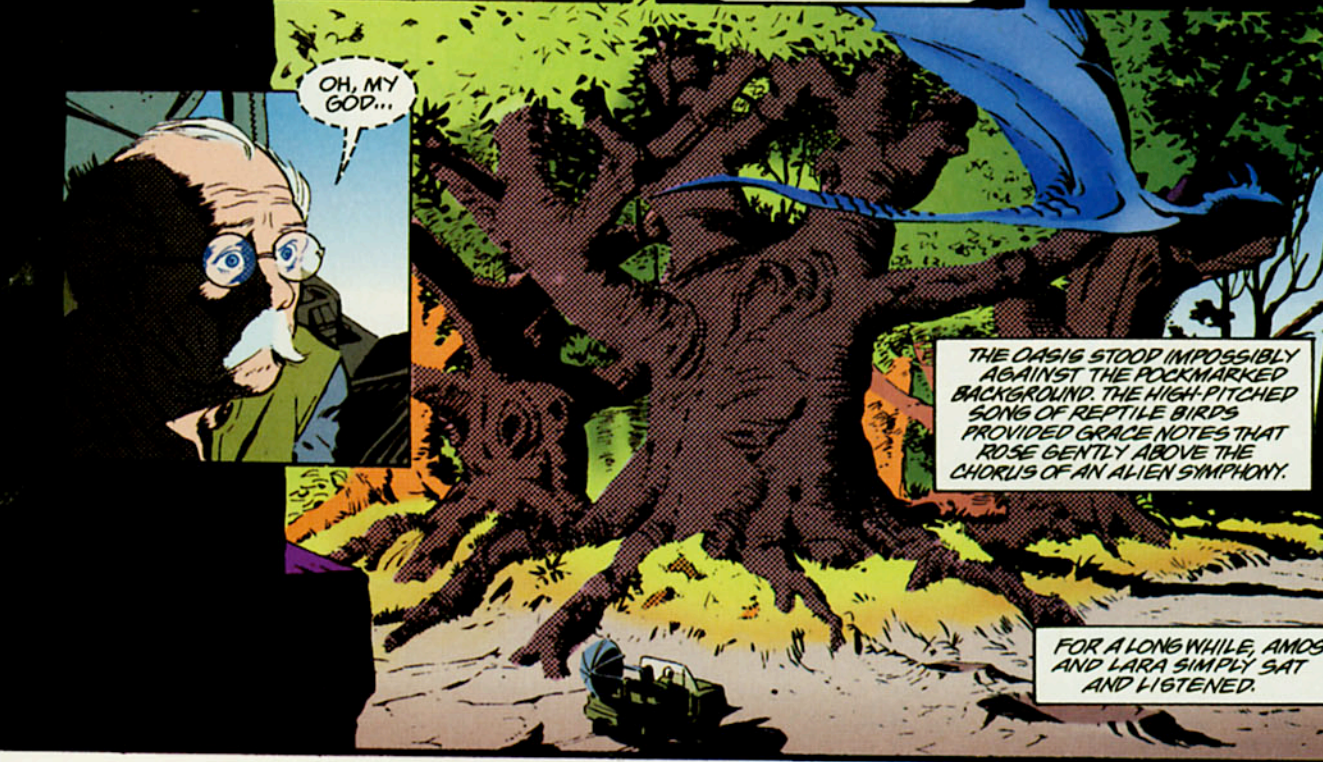
I'M OKAY, DOC...  
IT DIDN'T BREAK THE  
SKIN... I'M AT LEVEL 2.  
I'LL DETOX BACK ON BOARD.



THE ANIMAL IS  
OBVIOUSLY A MUTANT--NOTE  
THE BOILS AND PUSTULES.  
SOME COMETS AND ASTEROIDS  
FILLED WITH RADIOACTIVE  
ORE HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED  
IN OUR OWN GALAXY, IF ONE  
STRUCK HERE...



DAWN FINDS  
THE PAIR  
RANGING  
DANGEROUSLY  
FAR FROM  
THE SHIP...  
BEYOND RADIO  
CONTACT...

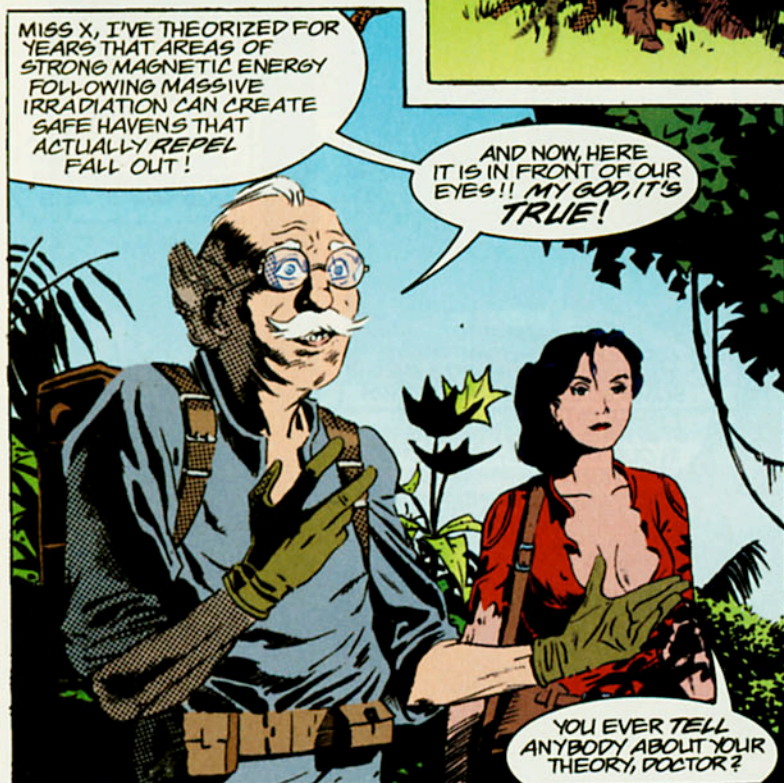


OH, MY  
GOD...

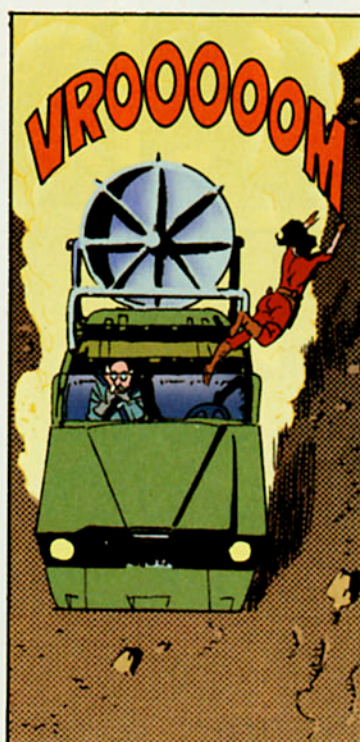
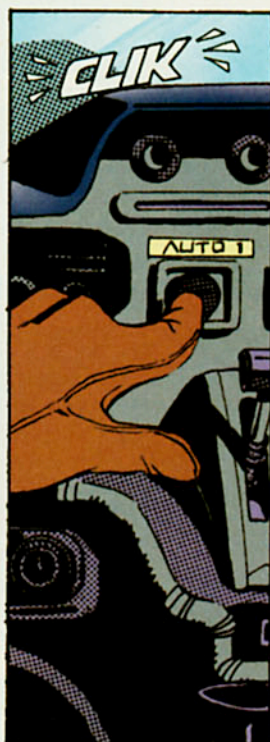
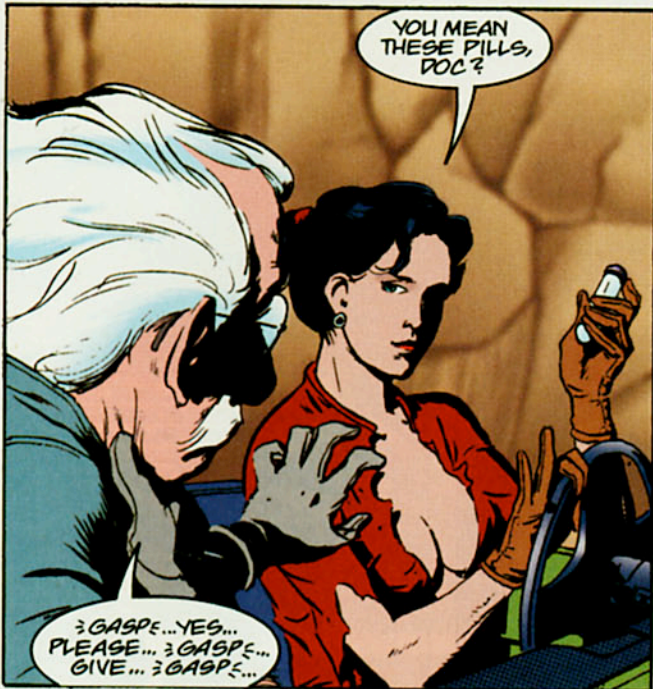
THE OASIS STOOD IMPOSSIBLY  
AGAINST THE ROCK-MARKED  
BACKGROUND. THE HIGH-PITCHED  
SONG OF REPTILE BIRDS  
PROVIDED GRACE NOTES THAT  
ROSE GENTLY ABOVE THE  
CHORUS OF AN ALIEN SYMPHONY.

FOR A LONG WHILE, AMOS  
AND LARA SIMPLY SAT  
AND LISTENED.













TWO HOURS LATER, LARA RADIOED THE SHIP FOR RESCUE. HER ALIBI HAD BEEN CAREFULLY CONSTRUCTED.



LARA!

THANK GOD!  
I WAS WORRIED ABOUT  
YOU AND AMOS...ARE  
YOU ALRIGHT?

AMOS DRIVING...  
ATTACKED BY ALIEN  
THINGS...HORRIBLE...

...ALL  
OVER AMOS...  
HE PUSHED  
ME OUT...



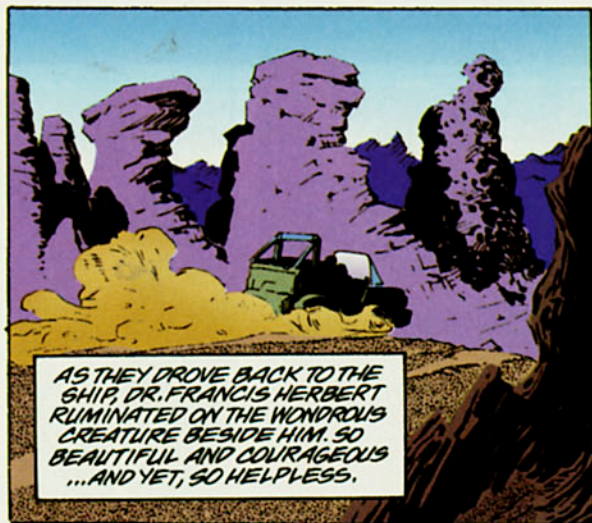
...DROVE OVER CLIFF...  
SAVED ME. POOR AMOS...  
OH, GOD...

IT'S  
ALRIGHT.  
YOU'RE  
SAFE  
NOW.



...I WAS LOST...BUT I  
DISCOVERED SOMETHING...  
INCREDIBLE...

...OH,  
I'M FAINTING...  
HOLD ME.



AS THEY DROVE BACK TO THE  
SHIP, DR. FRANCIS HERBERT  
RUMINATED ON THE WONDROUS  
CREATURE BESIDE HIM. SO  
BEAUTIFUL AND COURAGEOUS  
...AND YET, SO HELPLESS.




AT THAT MOMENT,  
THE REALIZATION  
CAME...

HE HAD FALLEN  
IN LOVE...




...WITH AN ANGEL.





THE SURVIVING MEMBERS OF  
CREW 51 TORE A RAGGED HOLE  
IN THE PLANET'S ATMOSPHERE.

THEY FELT  
BOTH ELATED  
AND CURSED.



THE OLD MAN'S BODY HAD  
BEEN STASHED AWAY IN  
THE SHIP'S MEDICAL BAY  
AND HER CREW BUSIED  
ITSELF WITH FLIGHT  
PROCEDURES FOR THE  
IMMINENT RETURN TO  
LUNAR BASE...

...WITH ONE EXCEPTION.




SHIP'S DOCTOR, FRANCIS HERBERT,  
POSTPONED THE DREADED AUTOPSY  
OF HIS FRIEND, AMOS WITHERS.

INSTEAD, HE RETIRED TO  
THE SHIP'S COMPUTER IN  
PURSUIT OF A POWERFUL  
NEW OBSESSION...

...THE LIFE AND TIMES  
OF THE ALLURING LARA X.

FRANCIS KNEW THE "X"  
DESIGNATION MEANT LARA  
WAS AN ORPHAN. MANY  
RESIDENTS OF THE L.O.C.  
KEPT ONLY THE FIRST  
LETTERS OF THEIR FAMILY  
NAMES, PREFERRING TO  
DISTANCE THEMSELVES  
FROM PARENTS WHO HAD  
ABANDONED THEM...



...BUT HAD SHE  
BEEN ABANDONED?

FROM LUNAR TIMES-  
ISSUE 156-JAN. 9-2040

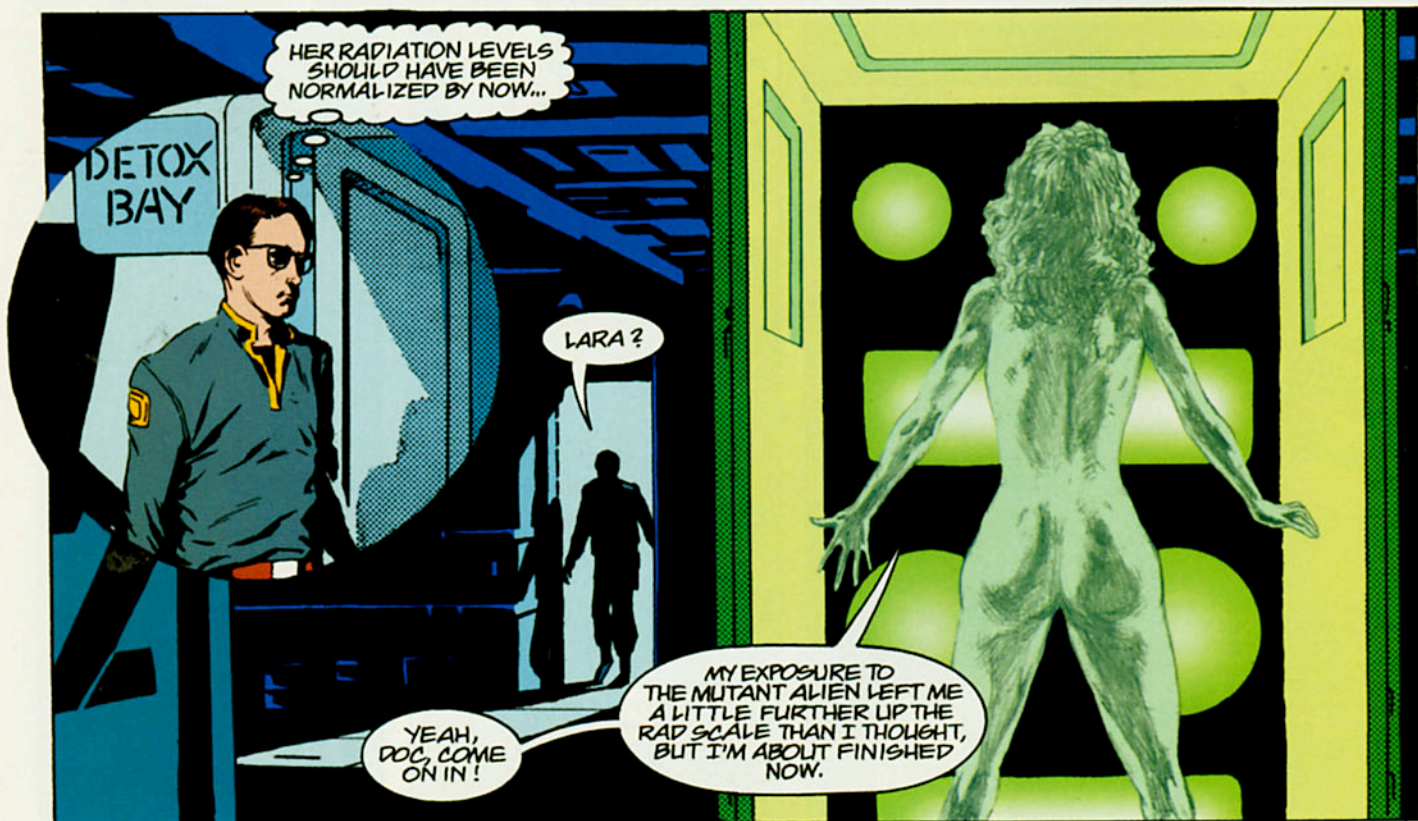
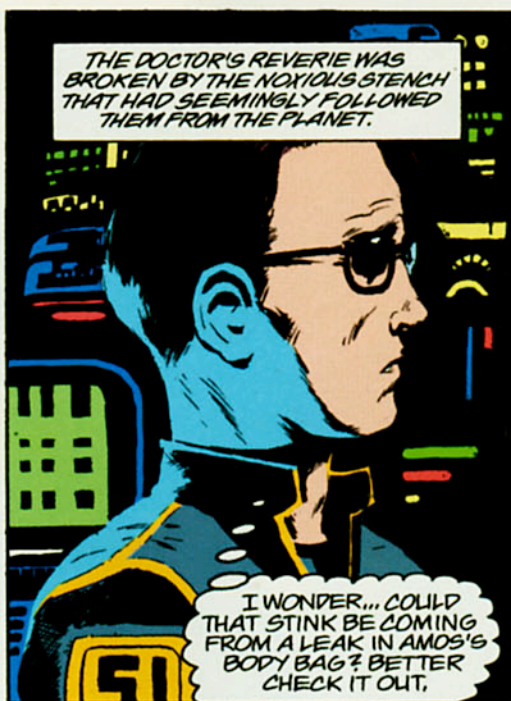
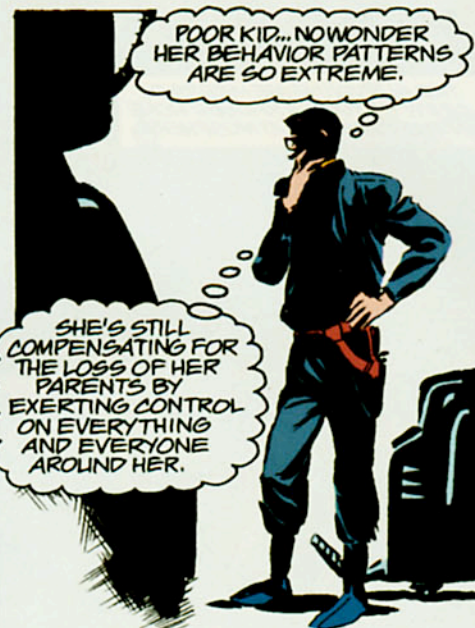
(EXCERPTED FROM EDITORIAL):

LARA XAVIER, THE CHILD BORN  
AT LUNAR MEMORIAL 9 YEARS  
AGO, AT THE EXACT MOMENT OF  
EARTH'S DESTRUCTION, SYMBOLIZED  
THE HOPE BORN OUT OF DISASTER  
FOR THOUSANDS OF LUNAR COLONISTS.  
LAST NIGHT AT 7:05 A.M., THE CHILD  
SUFFERED HER OWN PRIVATE DISASTER...





BEATEN AND BADLY SHAKEN THE GIRL REPORTED THE MURDERS OF HER PARENTS, STABBED TO DEATH WHILE THEY SLEPT. NO MOTIVE HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED, ALTHOUGH ROBBERIES IN THE TRANQUILITY BASE AREA HAVE BEEN ON THE RISE OF LATE. SADLY, LARA NOW MORE ACCURATELY SYMBOLIZES THE END OF AN ERA AND REPRESENTS THE ORPHANS THAT WE HAVE ALL BECOME. -THE EDITOR.







LARA, BACK ON THE PLANET, YOU SAID THAT YOU AND AMOS WERE ATTACKED IN THE LAND ROVER BY AN ALIEN CREATURE...

... AND THAT AMOS GALLANTLY GHOVED YOU OUT AND PROVE OVER THE CLIFF. WE NEVER FOUND AN ALIEN BODY IN THE WRECKAGE...

THE CREATURE MUST HAVE SURVIVED THE CRASH, DOC.

YOU THEN WANDERED THROUGH THE HILLS AND FOUND THE OASIS WHICH PROVES THAT RADIATION FREE "COLD SPOTS" EXIST ON BURNED-OUT WORLDS.

MANKIND MAY BE ABLE TO RETURN TO THE EARTH IF A SIMILAR SPOT IS FOUND THERE.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY, LARA... WHICH SHOULD FURTHER YOUR CAREER CONSIDERABLY... ONE THING BOTHERS ME, THOUGH. IT'S SOMETHING I RETRIEVED FROM AMOS'S HAND WHEN WE RECOVERED THE BODY...

...ONE OF YOUR EARRINGS.

I'LL HANG ON TO IT FOR NOW. I NEED TO RUN SOME TESTS ON THE BLOOD WE FOUND ON AMOS'S FINGER...

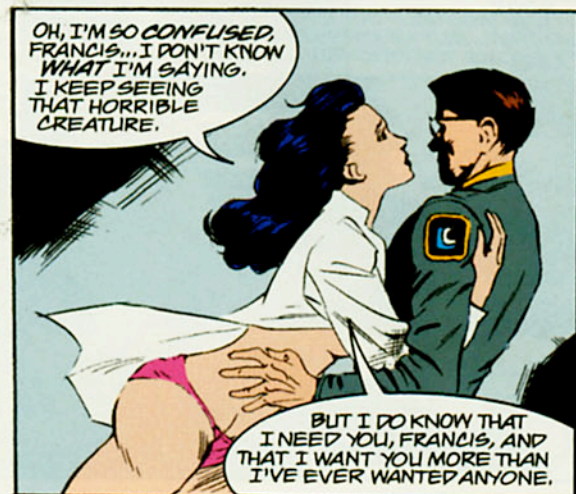
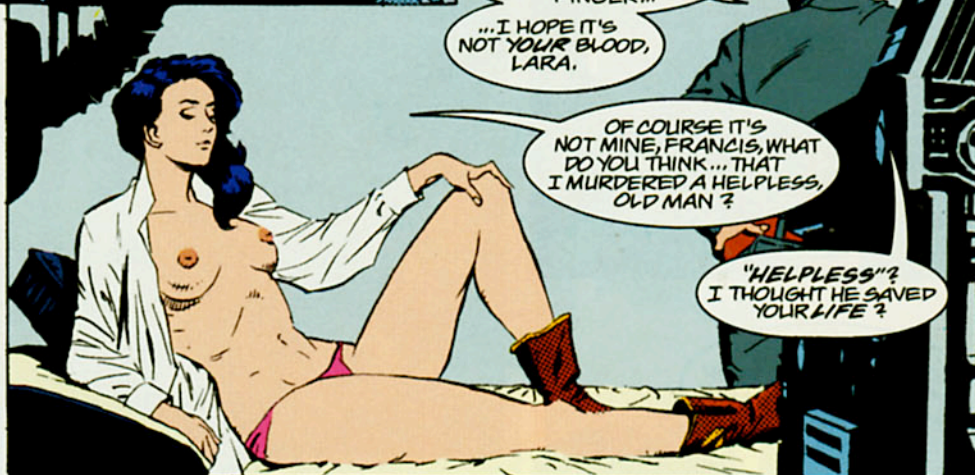
...I HOPE IT'S NOT YOUR BLOOD, LARA.

OF COURSE IT'S NOT MINE, FRANCIS, WHAT DO YOU THINK... THAT I MURDERED A HELPLESS, OLD MAN?

"HELPLESS"? I THOUGHT HE SAVED YOUR LIFE?



DO YOU STILL HAVE IT, FRANCIS? WILL YOU GIVE IT TO ME?



OH, I'M SO CONFUSED, FRANCIS... I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M SAYING. I KEEP SEEING THAT HORRIBLE CREATURE.

BUT I DO KNOW THAT I NEED YOU, FRANCIS, AND THAT I WANT YOU MORE THAN I'VE EVER WANTED ANYONE.



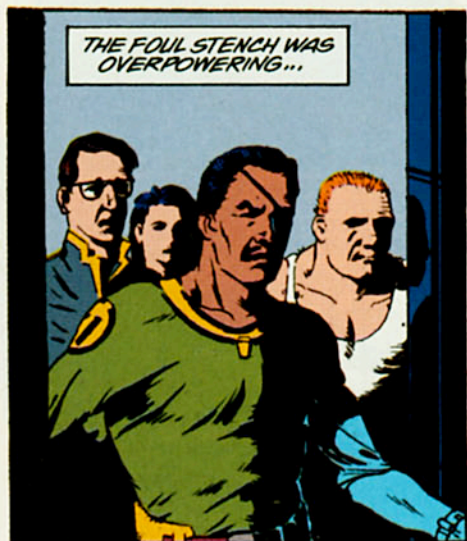
I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU, FRANCIS.



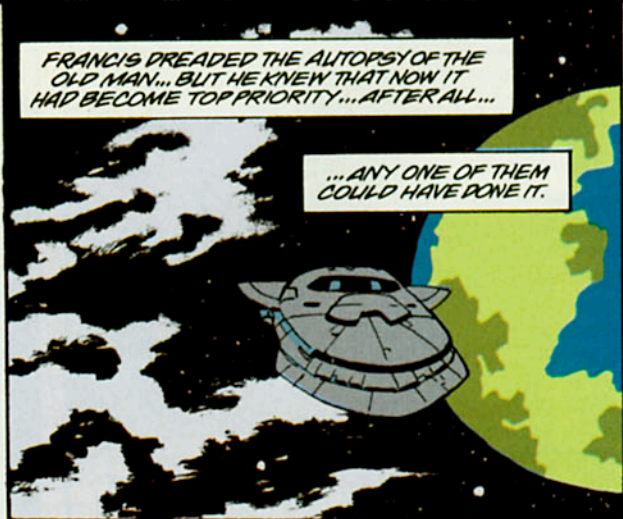
PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME... I WANT TO BE YOURS FOREVER!

...MARRY ME, FRANCIS.





CAPTAIN...I...I...I  
CAME IN TO CLEAN UP  
AND HE...HE WAS LIKE  
THAT!





LARA VOLUNTEERED TO ASSIST IN THE GRUESOME TASK. THE LASER SCALPEL SHOOK VIOLENTLY AS FRANCIS BRACED HIMSELF TO CONFRONT HER WITH HIS RISING SUSPICIONS...

YOU REALIZE, LARA, THAT WHOEVER DID THIS WAS TRYING TO DESTROY ANY EVIDENCE PERTAINING TO THE MURDER. BOTH HANDS ARE MISSING.



YOU BASTARD! YOU THINK I DID THIS, DON'T YOU?



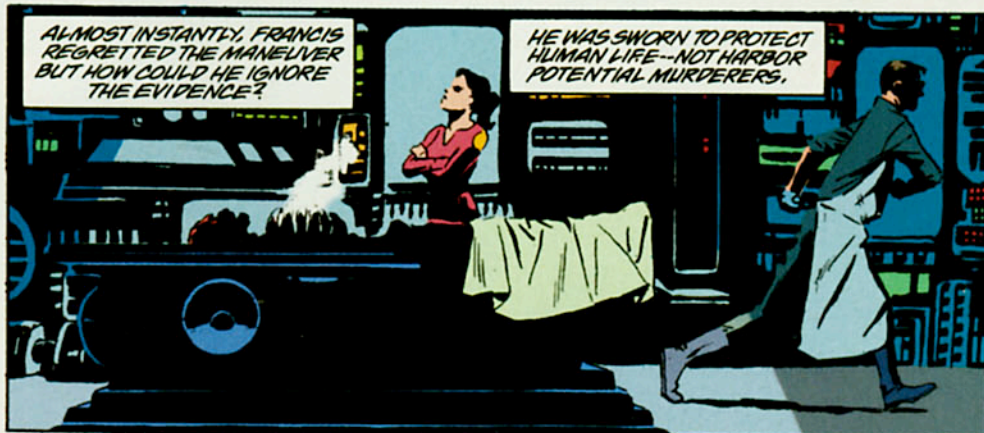
GO SCREW YOURSELF, FRANCIS!



I WOULDN'T MARRY YOU NOW, IF YOU WERE THE LAST MAN ON THE MOON!

ALMOST INSTANTLY, FRANCIS REGRETTED THE MANUEVER BUT NOW COULD HE IGNORE THE EVIDENCE?

HE WAS SWORN TO PROTECT HUMAN LIFE--NOT HARBOR POTENTIAL MURDERERS.



WHAT KIND OF AN IDIOT DOES SHE TAKE ME FOR?



I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HER...CLEAR MY HEAD.

THE STENCH IS STRONGER OUT HERE...BUT HOW...?

WHAT THE HELL? THAT LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF SLIME TRAIL.



PFAUGH!  
THIS IS IT!  
THIS IS CAUSING THE ODOR!



IT LEADS INTO C-18...

...BUT THAT CONNECTS TO THE MEDICAL BAY...

...OH, GOD...



LARA!





FRANCIS REELED FROM THE SIGHT,  
A STOWAWAY! IT MUST HAVE  
BOARDED WHILE THEY WERE  
EXPLORING THE PLANET...

...A LOW GURGLING  
HISS CAME FROM  
THE CREATURE'S  
DRIPPING MAW.

FRANCIS GRIPPED THE LASER  
SCALPEL TIGHTLY AND TRIED  
TO STAND ON QUIVERING LEGS.

I-I-LARA!  
ST-STAY WHERE  
YOU ARE!  
I-LL TR-TRY  
TO DISTRACT  
IT!







H-HEY!  
OVER  
HERE!

THE ALIEN PINNED  
FRANCIS TO THE  
FLOOR PLATING  
IN LESS THAN A  
SECOND...

... TWO OF THE  
TENDRIL HEADS  
RESTRAINED HIM...



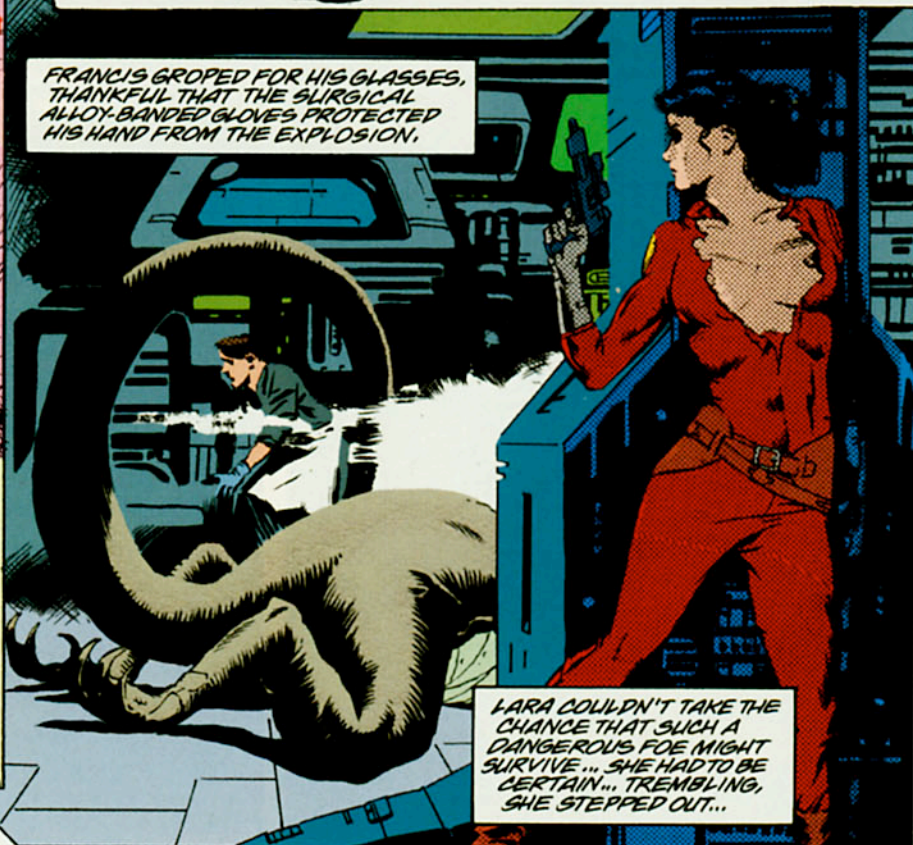
... WHILE THE THIRD,  
THE DEVOURER,  
PREPARED TO FEAST  
ON ANYTHING THAT  
MOVED...

... OR  
VIBRATED.



PLAMM!

FRANCIS GROPED FOR HIS GLASSES,  
THANKFUL THAT THE SURGICAL  
ALLOY-BANDED GLOVES PROTECTED  
HIS HAND FROM THE EXPLOSION.



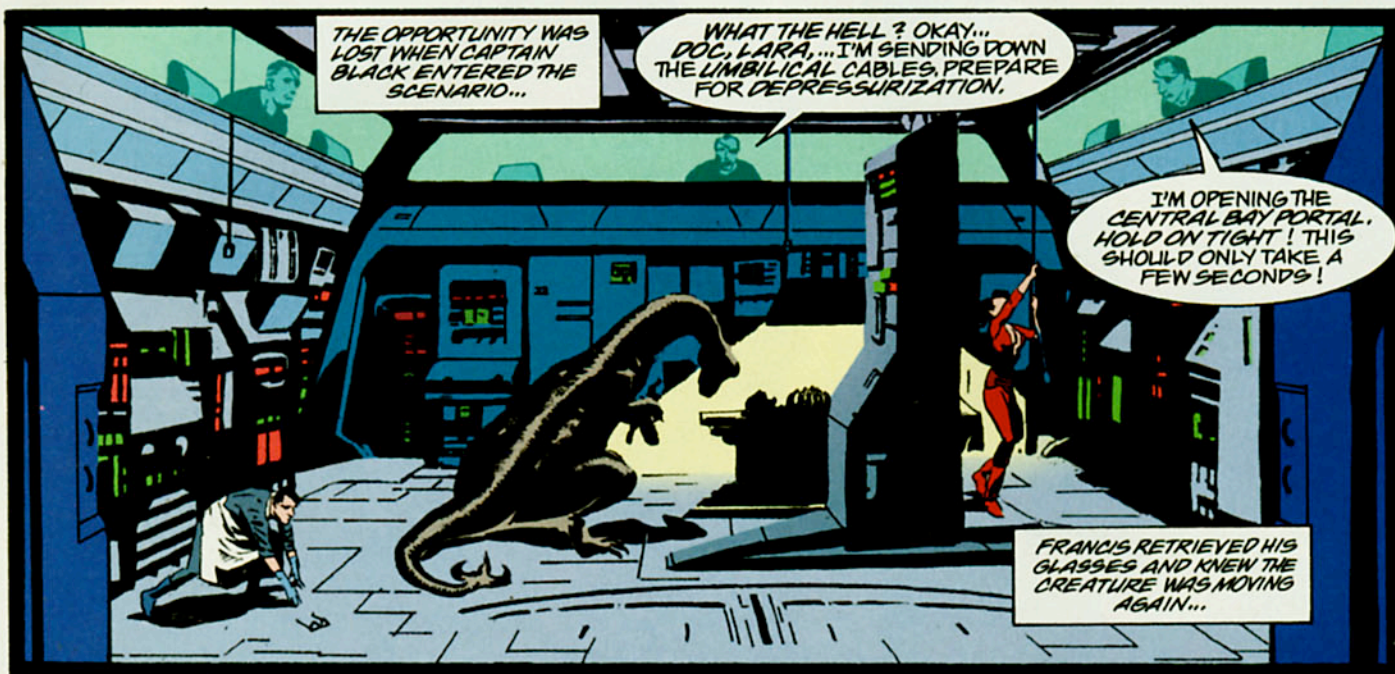
LARA COULDN'T TAKE THE  
CHANCE THAT SUCH A  
DANGEROUS FOE MIGHT  
SURVIVE... SHE HAD TO BE  
CERTAIN... TREMBLING,  
SHE STEPPED OUT...





...AIMING FOR HIS HEAD.

HEY, LARA!  
WATCH OUT!  
YOU ALMOST HIT  
ME!



THE OPPORTUNITY WAS  
LOST WHEN CAPTAIN  
BLACK ENTERED THE  
SCENARIO...

WHAT THE HELL? OKAY...  
DOC, LARA, ...I'M SENDING DOWN  
THE LIMBILICAL CABLES, PREPARE  
FOR DEPRESSURIZATION.

I'M OPENING THE  
CENTRAL BAY PORTAL.  
HOLD ON TIGHT! THIS  
SHOULD ONLY TAKE A  
FEW SECONDS!

FRANCIS RETRIEVED HIS  
GLASSES AND KNEW THE  
CREATURE WAS MOVING  
AGAIN...



IT HAD USED THE  
REMAINING TENDRIL  
HEAD TO STANCH  
THE WOUND!



IT COULD STILL EAT!

FRANCIS HELD  
HIS BREATH...  
SOMEWHERE,  
SWITCHES  
WERE THROWN...



...AND THE CHAMBER  
WAS CONSUMED BY  
THE SILENT ROAR  
OF DEEP SPACE.



FRANCIS WATCHED AS THE VACUUM CLAIMED EVERYTHING IN THE LAB NOT ANCHORED DOWN...

...INCLUDING THE REMAINS OF AMOS WITHERS. HIS WILL HAD REQUESTED A SPACE BURIAL, AFTER ALL.

LARA BROKE DOWN, PLEADING WITH FRANCIS NOT TO LET HER GO...

...HOW COULD HE HAVE EVER DOUBTED HER?

WITHIN HOURS, THEY WERE WED...

...IF ANY MAN HERE KNOWS OF A REASON WHY THESE TWO SHOULD NOT BE BOUND IN HOLY MATRIMONY...

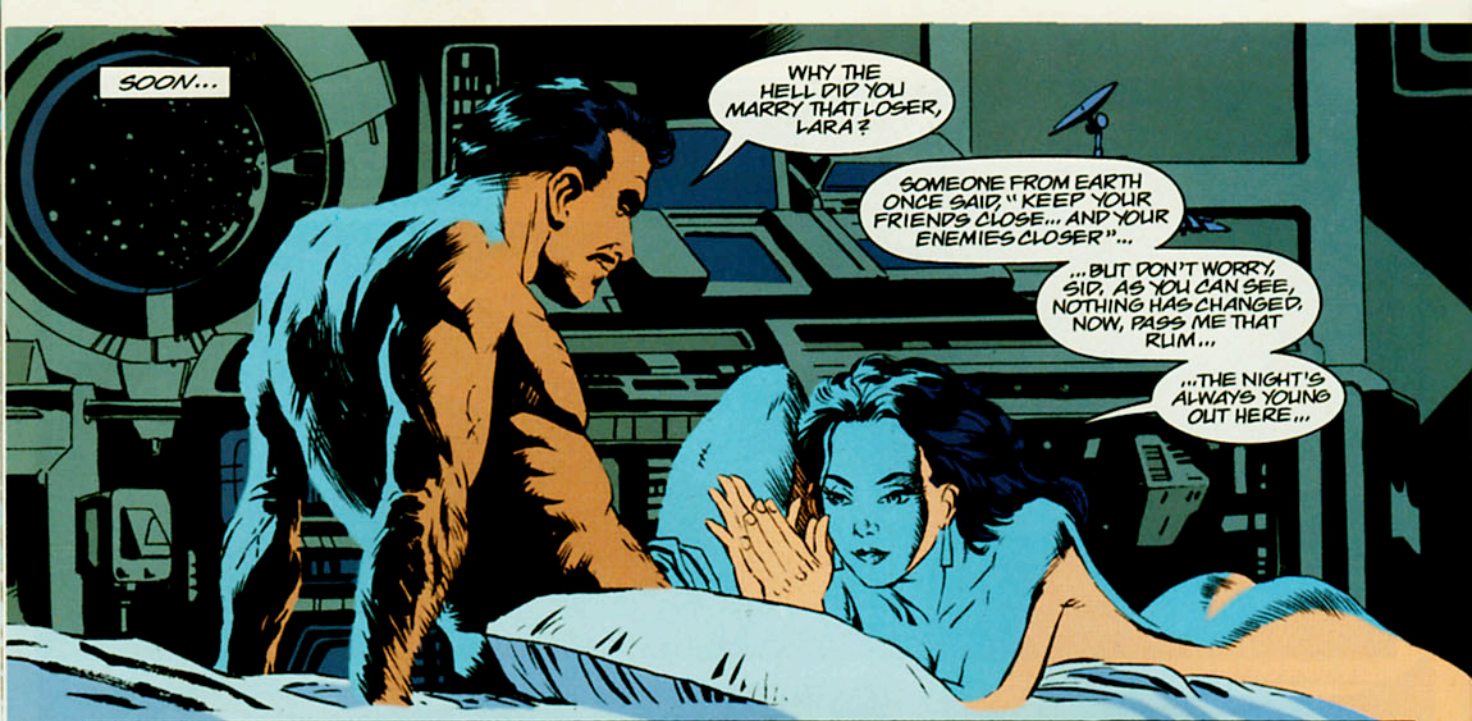
...LET HIM SPEAK NOW, OR FOREVER HOLD HIS PEACE...

FOR FRANCIS, THE PREGNANT PAUSE THAT ENSUED SPOKE VOLUMES.

AFTER THE CEREMONY, RALPH AND NICKY INTRODUCED THE GROOM TO A PARTICULARLY POTENT BREW KNOWN AS THE "KEEL HALL"...

...WHILE LARA ATTENDED THE CAPTAIN'S RECEPTION.





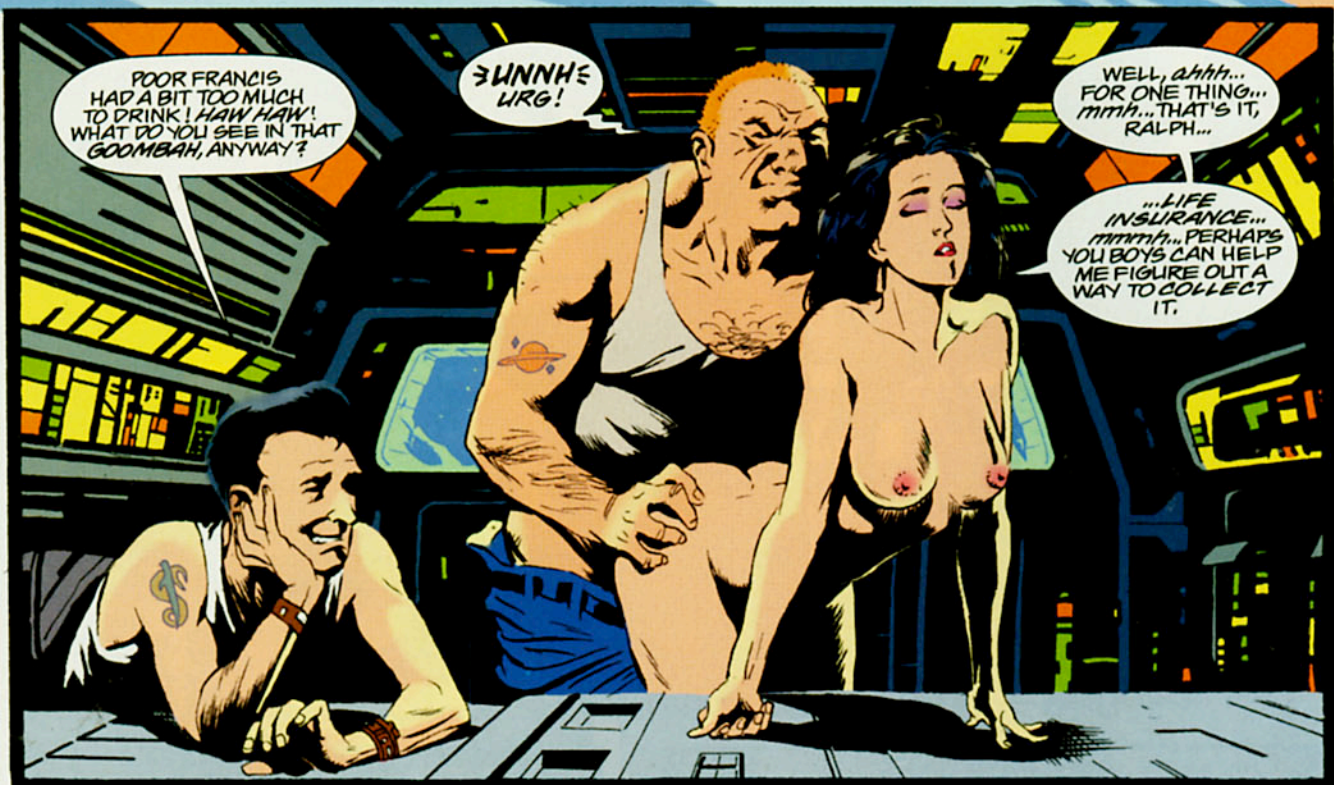
SOON...

WHY THE HELL DID YOU MARRY THAT LOSER, LARA?

SOMEONE FROM EARTH ONCE SAID, "KEEP YOUR FRIENDS CLOSE... AND YOUR ENEMIES CLOSER"...

...BUT DON'T WORRY, SID, AS YOU CAN SEE, NOTHING HAS CHANGED, NOW, PASS ME THAT RUM...

...THE NIGHT'S ALWAYS YOUNG OUT HERE...



POOR FRANCIS HAD A BIT TOO MUCH TO DRINK! HAW HAW! WHAT DO YOU SEE IN THAT GOOMBAH, ANYWAY?

SHUNNE URG!

WELL, ahhh... FOR ONE THING... mmm... THAT'S IT, RALPH...

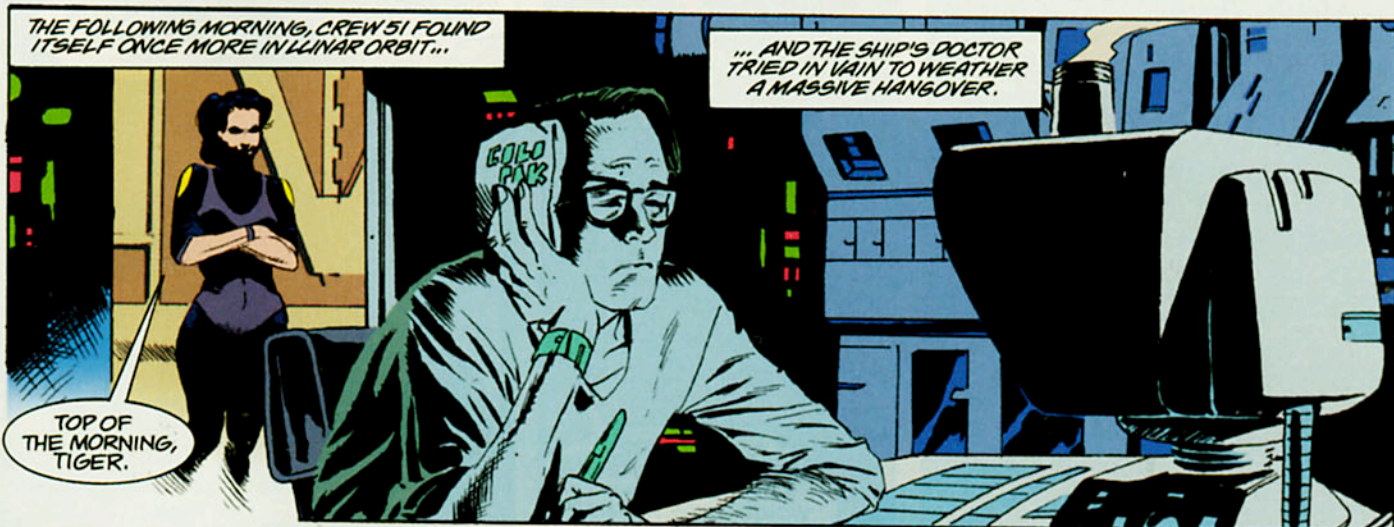
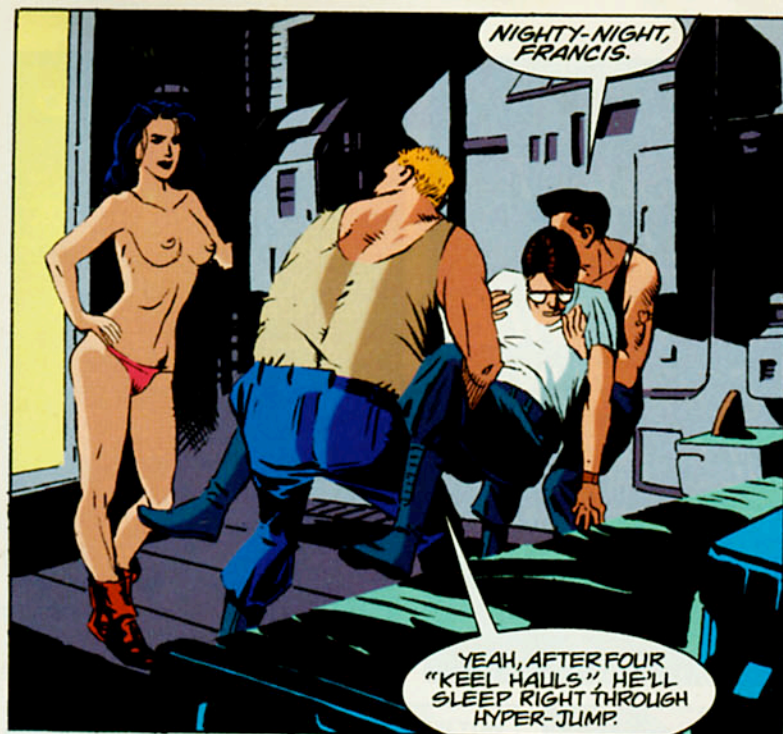
...LIFE INSURANCE... mmm... PERHAPS YOU BOYS CAN HELP ME FIGURE OUT A WAY TO COLLECT IT.



...OH, YES... HARDER, RALPH! FASTER!!









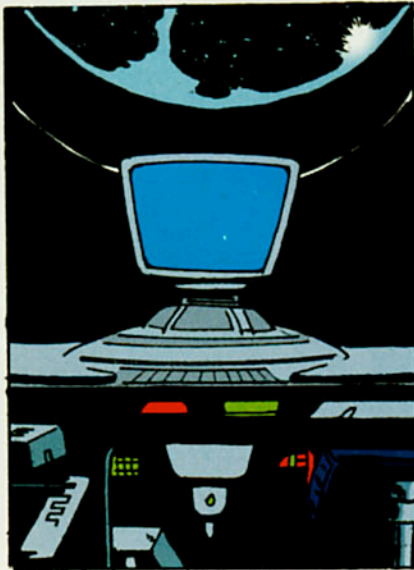
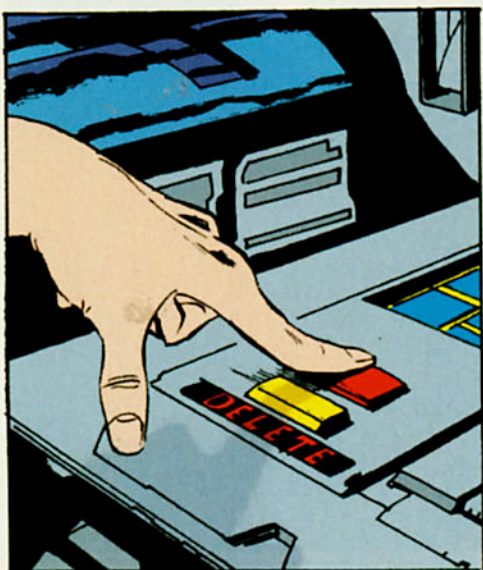


SUBJECT:  
LUNAR  
ORPHANAGE  
COMPOUND.  
FILE: 1970C-6.  
SEARCHING...

FILE 1970C-6

LUNAR TIMES-DATE: JULY 6, 2004.  
A GRUESOME TABLEAU WAS DISCOVERED  
EARLY THIS MORNING AT THE LUNAR  
ORPHANAGE COMPOUND.  
PRISON GUARD SHELLEY OBERSTEIN  
WAS FOUND STABBED TO DEATH  
APPARENTLY WHILE SHE SLEPT.  
NO SUSPECT HAS YET BEEN FOUND.

IN A RELATED ITEM, ONE OF OBERSTEIN'S  
CHARGES, LARA XAVIER, WAS VISIBLY  
SHAKEN SINCE HER PARENTS HAD DIED  
UNDER SIMILAR CIRCUMSTANCES.  
OFFICIALS HAVE STATED LARA IS  
UNDERGOING DEEP TRAUMA AND WILL  
SOON BE RELEASED TO THE TRANQUILITY  
BASE MENTAL HOSPITAL FOR  
OBSERVATION.





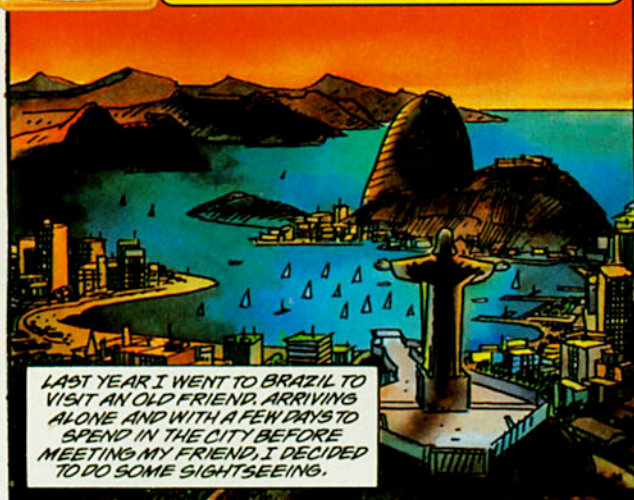
**...AND LEAVE THE DRIVING TO US!**

STORY: ELIOT R. BROWN

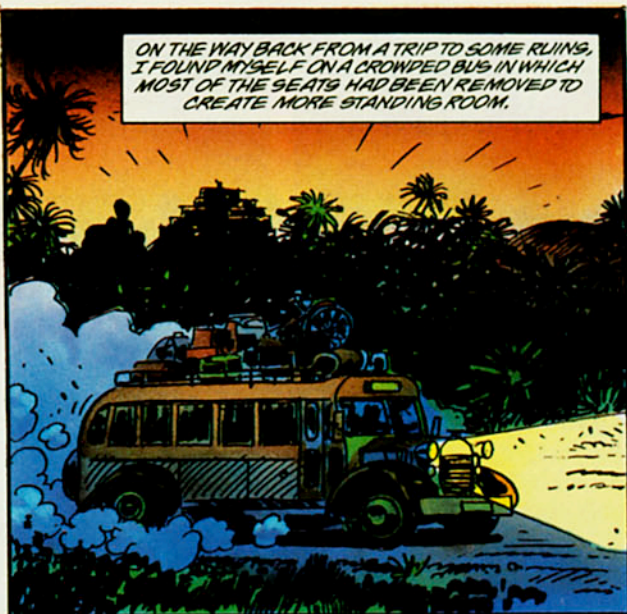
ART: ALFONSO FONT

COLORING: ARTHUR SUYDAM

LETTERING: VICKIE WILLIAMS



LAST YEAR I WENT TO BRAZIL TO VISIT AN OLD FRIEND. ARRIVING ALONE AND WITH A FEW DAYS TO SPEND IN THE CITY BEFORE MEETING MY FRIEND, I DECIDED TO DO SOME SIGHTSEEING.



ON THE WAY BACK FROM A TRIP TO SOME RUINS, I FOUND MYSELF ON A CROWDED BUS IN WHICH MOST OF THE SEATS HAD BEEN REMOVED TO CREATE MORE STANDING ROOM.



THE SUN SET QUICKLY, ENGLUFING EVERYONE IN DARKNESS BECAUSE THE INTERIOR LIGHTS DIDN'T WORK.

IT WAS UNDER THESE CIRCUMSTANCES, WITH ALL OF US JAMMED TOGETHER LIKE SARDINES, THAT I NOTICED SOMETHING PRESSING AGAINST MY COCK.



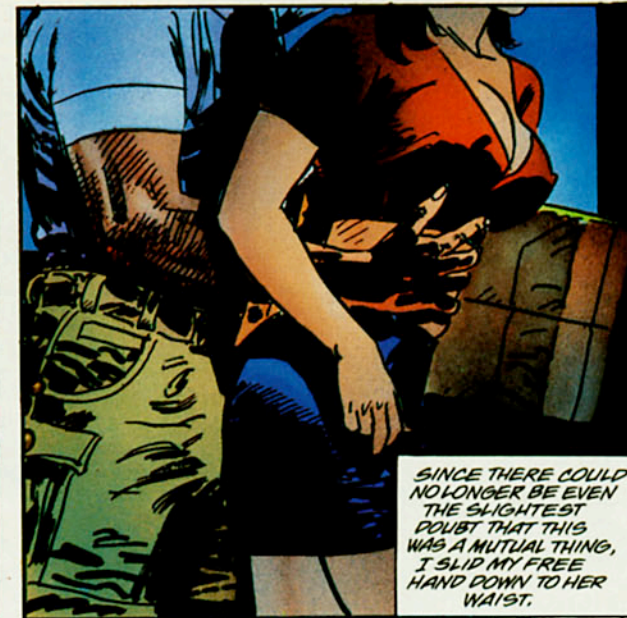
THE WOMAN WAS ABOUT FIVE FEET TALL, SLENDER AND ATTRACTIVE, WITH DARK SKIN AND HAIR...

...SHE SMELLED FAINTLY OF GARDENIAS AND PERSPIRATION.



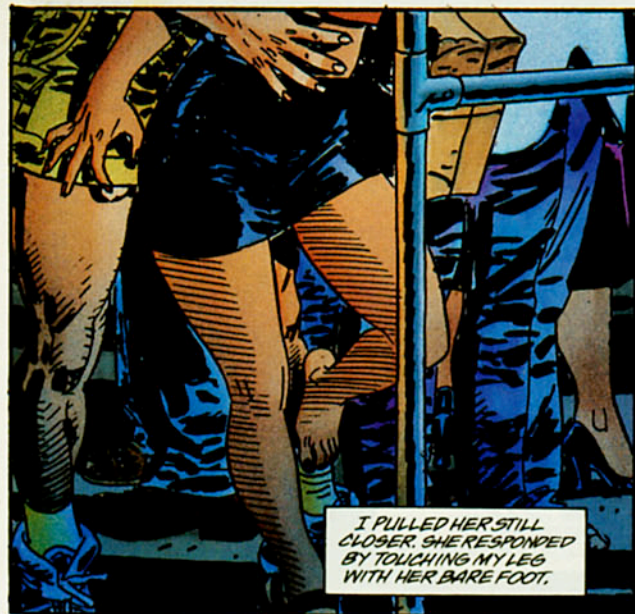
IT SOON BECAME APPARENT THE WOMAN WAS RESPONDING TO MY STIFFENING DICK...

... BY PUSHING HER BUTTOCKS AGAINST ME IN A RHYTHMIC FASHION, MATCHING THE MOVEMENTS OF THE BUS.



SINCE THERE COULD NO LONGER BE EVEN THE SLIGHTEST DOUBT THAT THIS WAS A MUTUAL THING, I SLID MY FREE HAND DOWN TO HER WAIST.





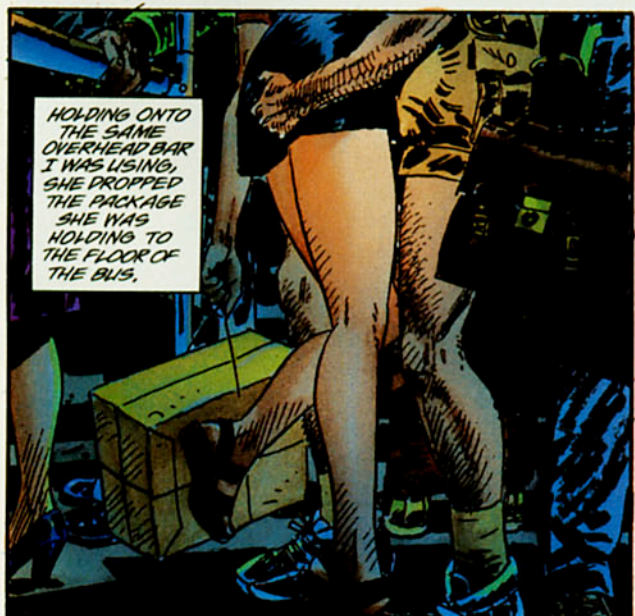
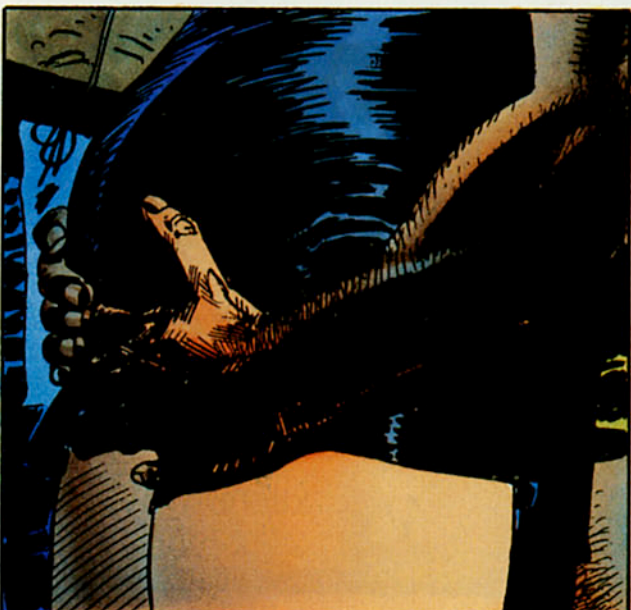
I PULLED HER STILL CLOSER. SHE RESPONDED BY TOUCHING MY LEG WITH HER BARE FOOT.



THE BUS SUDDENLY STOPPED. USING THE MOMENTARY JOIT, THE WOMAN TURNED TO FACE ME.



I WAS STARING RIGHT INTO HER BEAUTIFUL, MYSTERIOUS, AND SENSUOUS EYES.

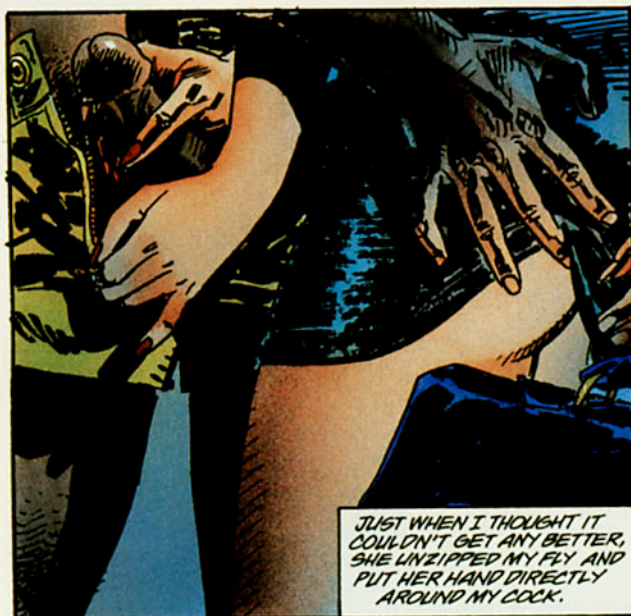


HOLDING ONTO THE SAME OVERHEAD BAR I WAS USING, SHE DROPPED THE PACKAGE SHE WAS HOLDING TO THE FLOOR OF THE BUS.

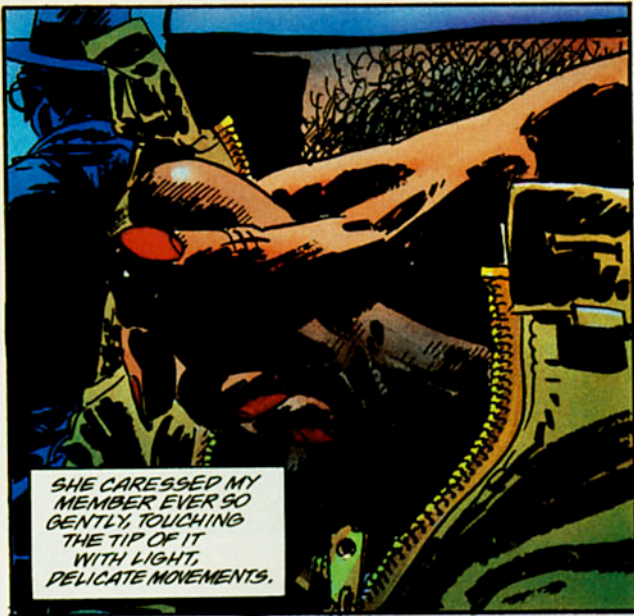


WITH HER HAND NOW FREE, SHE BEGAN RUBBING MY STIFF COCK THROUGH MY SHORTS, MAKING IT EVEN STIFFER.

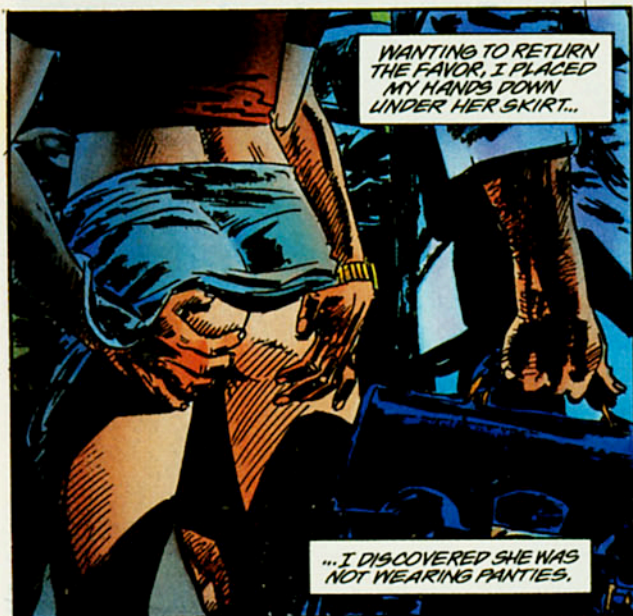




JUST WHEN I THOUGHT IT  
COULDN'T GET ANY BETTER,  
SHE UNZIPPED MY FRY AND  
PUT HER HAND DIRECTLY  
AROUND MY COCK.



SHE CARESSED MY  
MEMBER EVER SO  
GENTLY, TOUCHING  
THE TIP OF IT  
WITH LIGHT,  
DELICATE MOVEMENTS.



WANTING TO RETURN  
THE FAVOR, I PLACED  
MY HANDS DOWN  
UNDER HER SKIRT...

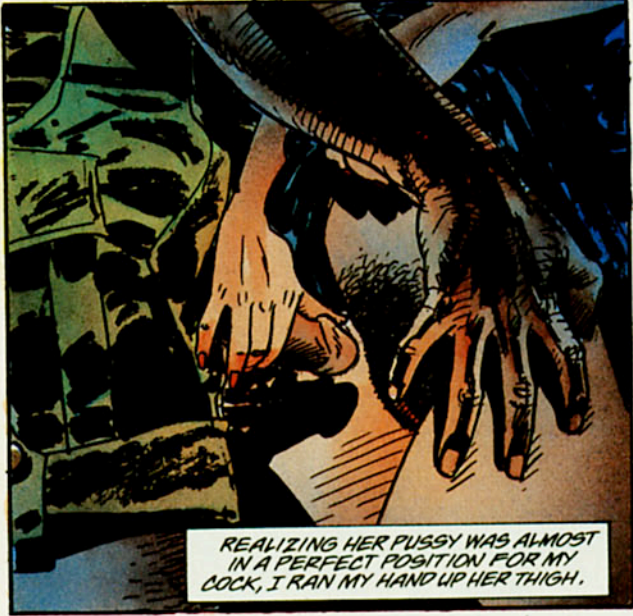
...I DISCOVERED SHE WAS  
NOT WEARING PANTIES.



I WAS A LITTLE  
FRUSTRATED BECAUSE  
THE CROWDING KEPT  
ME FROM MOVING MY  
HAND LOWER.

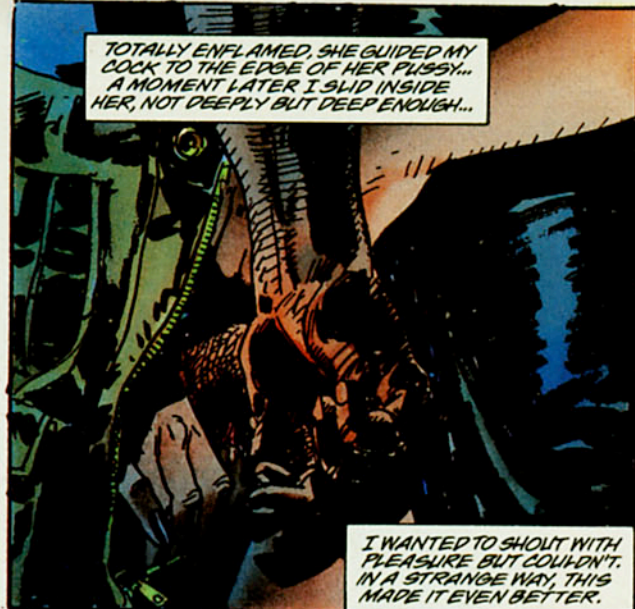


AS IF READING MY  
MIND, THE WOMAN  
STOOD ON THE  
PACKAGE SHE HAD  
DROPPED TO THE  
FLOOR, PUTTING US  
AT EYE LEVEL.



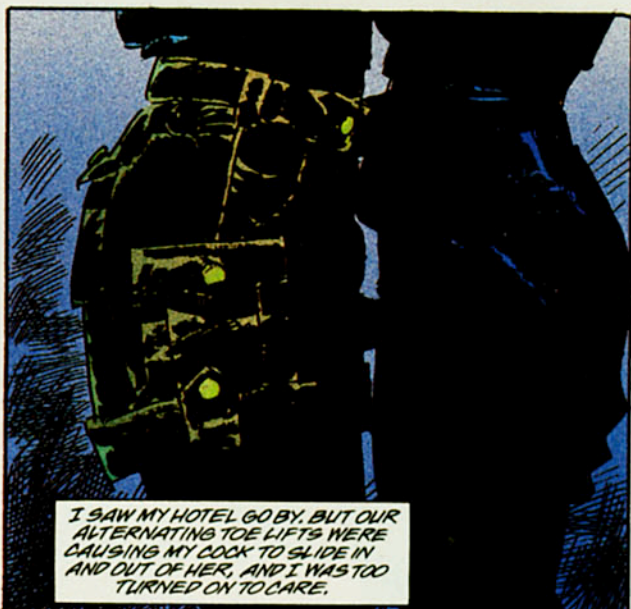
REALIZING HER PUSSY WAS ALMOST  
IN A PERFECT POSITION FOR MY  
COCK, I RAN MY HAND UP HER THIGH.





TOTALLY ENFLAMED, SHE GUIDED MY COCK TO THE EDGE OF HER PUSSY... A MOMENT LATER I SLID INSIDE HER, NOT DEEPLY BUT DEEP ENOUGH...

I WANTED TO SHOUT WITH PLEASURE BUT COULDN'T. IN A STRANGE WAY, THIS MADE IT EVEN BETTER.



I SAW MY HOTEL GO BY, BUT OUR ALTERNATING TOE LIFTS WERE CAUSING MY COCK TO SLIDE IN AND OUT OF HER, AND I WAS TOO TURNED ON TO CARE.

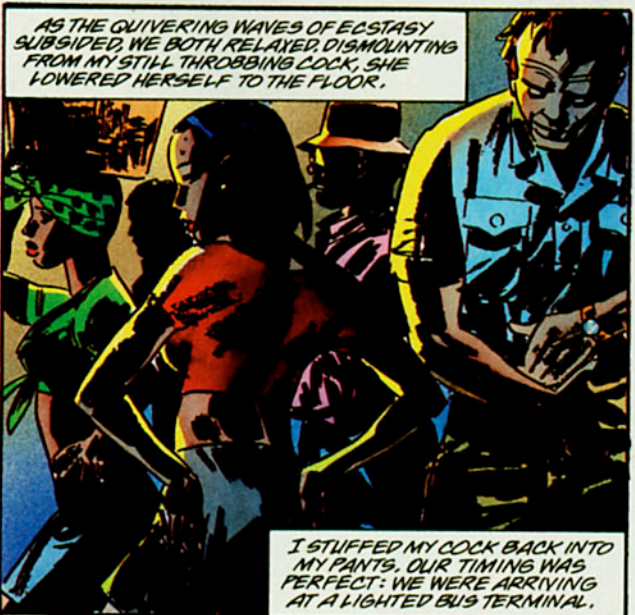


I WAS ONLY HOLDING BACK SO THE WOMAN COULD COME FIRST...

THEN SHE STIFFENED, HER EYES ROLLING BACK INTO HER HEAD, HER BODY TREMBLING EVER SO SLIGHTLY.



SEEING THIS, I LET MY LOAD FLY INTO HER. I CAME IN SEEMINGLY ENDLESS SPLURTS OF PLEASURE.



AS THE QUIVERING WAVES OF ECSTASY SUBSIDED, WE BOTH RELAXED, DISMOUNTING FROM MY STILL THROBBING COCK, SHE LOWERED HERSELF TO THE FLOOR.

I STUFFED MY COCK BACK INTO MY PANTS. OUR TIMING WAS PERFECT: WE WERE ARRIVING AT A LIGHTED BUS TERMINAL.



THE BUS CAME TO A JERKY STOP... I LOOKED AT THE WOMAN CURIOUSLY...

"TCHAU."

...WAS ALL SHE SAID, THEN TURNED AND WALKED AWAY. I WILL BE GOING BACK TO BRAZIL NEXT SUMMER-- A.P. LOS ANGELES, CA