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**PENTHOUSE**

# **MEN'S ADVENTURE COMIX**



**FABRY  
BISLEY  
SUYDAM  
MAGUIRE  
POLKOVITZ**

010306

**NOT TO BE SOLD  
TO ANYONE UNDER 18**



# PENTHOUSE MEN'S ADVENTURE COMIX

THE ILLUSTRATED PULP MAGAZINE FOR MEN



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PENTHOUSE

# MEN'S ADVENTURE COMIX

VOL. 1, ISSUE 3  
AUG./SEPT. 1995

## FEATURES

### 4 THE HEADQUARTERS

The Men of M.A.C., we're here, we're heterosexual, get used to it...

### 7 KODIAK

If Men's Adventure has a name, it's KODIAK, Karl Kodiak. Spanning the 20th Century, it's our biggest story ever, with art by...

**Glen Fabry, Trevor Von Eeden, Dave Elliot, Tony Salmons, Bob Wiacek, Cary Polkovitz, Terry Austin, Simon Bisley, Jerry Paris, Kevin Maguire, Karl Story, Rick Mays, Cully Hamner and colored by Arthur Suydam (Whew!)**

### 46 ACTION FIGURES

#### EPISODE 3: FRANKENSTEIN'S BACHELOR PARTY

*They're dangerous and pretty, they come from the big city, one's got tape on her titties... the Action Figures Girls...*

**Art By Kevin Maguire & Arthur Suydam**

### 60 PIRATE HEARTS

#### EPISODE 2: OLD HICKORY

While Hollywood slackers are still trying to come out with an all-girl pirate film, your M.A.C. Buddies are already in print! It's lusty ladies on the high seas and two fisted action ashore! Arrrr, Maties!

**Art by Russ Heath**

### 71 MISS ADVENTURE

#### EPISODE 2: THE FEM-B.I.

When Camille tries to follow in her father's footsteps, she goes "head to head" with the Female Bureau of Investigation!

**Art by Cary Polkovitz & Terry Austin**

#### SPECIAL BONUS

### 82 MISS ADVENTURE

#### EPISODE 3: MISS-TAKEN IDENTITY

*"Three Queens... It's like the theme from F-Troop, I can't get it out of me head..."*

**Art by Polkovitz and Austin**

### 96 NEXT ISSUE PREVIEW

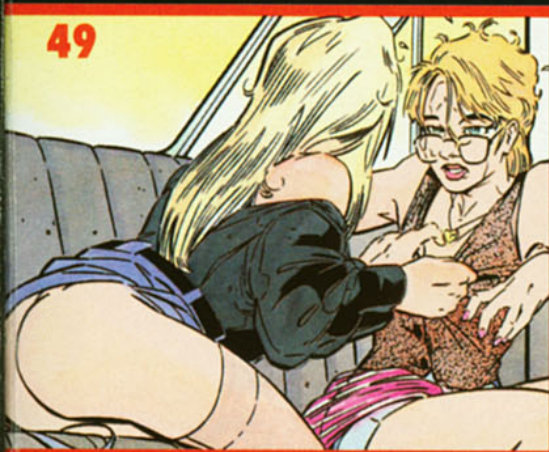
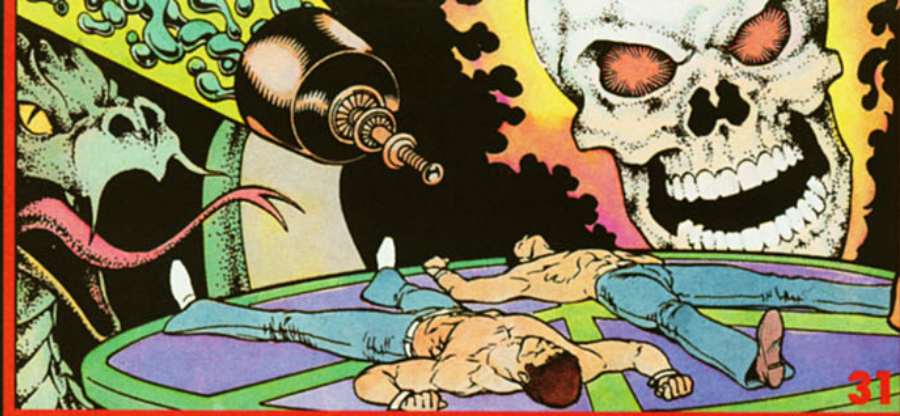
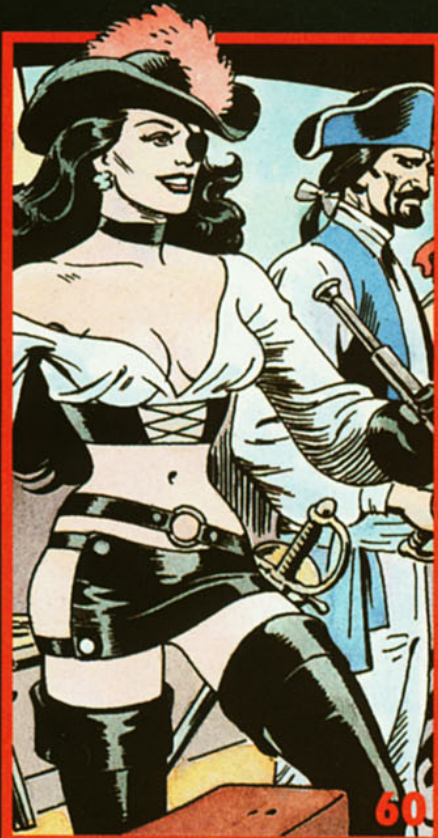
*You're all invited back next time to this local address, to have a heaping helping of our damsels in distress!*

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**93**  
**COVER ART BY**  
Azpiri  
"KODIAK"









## "NO PRISONERS!"

(#2)

**"History is made at night! Destiny is what you do in the dark"**

**-Dr. Emilio Lizardo  
in "Buckaroo Banzai:  
Across the 8th  
Dimension"**

**T**he Penthouse/M.A.C./Omni Comix offices have been open 24 hours a day since October of last year. I originally made the decision to work at night as a means of working the same hours as the freelancers who draw the books from their homes around the world. Most comic editors work 9 to 5, most artists don't get up until noon and work well into the night. I figured that if I worked from 8 pm to noon, I'd be in a better position to talk to them on the phone. What I discovered was that night work is far more efficient creatively for me than day work. Day work is shitloads of pointless meetings with suits, memos flying like bullets, phone calls from people I don't want to talk to, etc. Night work is quiet and undisturbed, a time when the creative juices move like quicksilver and the world stands still long enough for you to put it down on paper. My boss, Bob Guccione came to the same conclusion years ago, and who am I to say otherwise? So get some sleep, M.A.C. buddies, and rest easy knowing that yours truly, along with Story Editor Tom Thornton and Night Editor Bill Vallely are still up to no good, working with the best artists in comics and writing the finest men's fiction of this generation.

**W**hen you work 130 hours a week, you start to have a pretty low tolerance for bullshit. I wanted to let you know that I won't be attending any comic conventions for a while. It's not that I don't want to see you, my fans, it's that I simply don't have the days to spare this year. Tell ya what, though, you keep buying the books, and I'll put on a *Penthouse Comix Convention* in 1996 that you'll be telling your sons about... when they're over eighteen, of course!

**--GKC (6/95)**



**MAGUIRE**



**WESTROM**



**HEATH**



**THORNTON**



**CARAGONNE**

## OUR TEAM:

### **Kevin Maguire**

Kevin started out as one of John Romita's Raiders, an art corrections technician at Marvel Comics. He rose to instant stardom as the re-creator of "Justice League" at DC Comics and has his own creator-owned series "Strike Back!" at Malibu Comics. Kevin is a Long Island, New York resident, currently studying film at the School of Visual Arts, and holds a tie with Dan Barry for the best on-time delivery record of any artist working for this company.

### **Glenn Westrom**

"He was kind of a loner, kept to himself mostly..." No, I'm not talking about the Oklahoma City Bomber or a disgruntled Postal Employee, I'm talking about Glenn Westrom, my Chief of Production. Glenn has freelanced at a wide variety of publications here in New York, such as *Adweek*, *New York Resident*, and the *Alcoholics Anonymous Newsletter*. Asked how he likes being a pornographer, Glenn's response is: "Beats working..."

### **Russ Heath**

Mr. H is the king of period-pieces, the master of making every every historical detail come to life. Kevin Nowlan introduced me to Russ when I needed a fill-in episode of "Scion" in *Penthouse Comix*. I immediately assigned Russ to "Pirate Hearts". Among Russ' impressive list of credits, my two favorites are "Cowgirls At War," a strip about western women fighting Nazis and "Hard Ons For Hitler," a parody of Marvel's "Sgt. Fury and his Howling Commandos."

### **Tom Thornton**

The one man around here who works as hard as I do. Together, Tom and I write almost every strip in all our books. What does the writer(s) do? Well, first we write a detailed panel by panel breakdown of the action in each frame, along with all the dialogue and sound effects. The artist then draws the script and we go in and do the placement of the lettering and the coloring notes as well as the arrangement of all items on the page. Think of it this way: if this were a movie, the Writer(s) is the Writer/Director and the Artist(s) is the Cameraman, the Set Designer and all the Actors. I'm not saying that either Tom or I are the best writer in comics, but together, you bet your ass we are...



# DAMSELS IN DANGER

FORMERLY "BLONDES, BLOOD & GUTS MAGAZINE"

THE  
STRIPPER  
SPY WHO  
SANK 100  
U-BOATS!

JULY  
35¢  
1965

SELF  
TEST:  
ARE  
YOU  
A  
SISSY  
BOY?

"WRITHE, MY SWEET...  
IN THE LESBO TEMPLE  
OF TORTURE!!!"

TENDER FLESH  
FOR CASTRO'S  
LASH OF LUST!

"KING" KODIAK--  
COMMIE CRUSHER!

BIG EASY  
BLOODSUCKERS!

BOOK BONUS!  
"BLAZING BULLETS  
FOR MY LIEBCHEN!"

GLENN  
FABRY





# KODIAK™

**M**y name's Kodiak, *Karl* Kodiak, but my friends call me "King", probably because of the number of times I've been crowned.



RELAX,  
KATE. IT'S  
KARL.

**I**'ve been a lot of things in my time, these days I'm a private eye in New York City. I'm the guy you come to when every other gumshoe in town won't answer his phone.



MMMPH!  
MMMPH!

**I** never thought I'd see Kate Pike again, especially not like this.





KEEP IT DOWN,  
SWEETHEART...  
I SMELL A  
BEAR TRAP.




SAY  
YOUR  
PRAYERS,  
KODIAK.

AT LEAST  
THEY'RE  
RELIGIOUS  
TYPES.

People say I'm too old to keep doing the kind of things I do. You know what? They're probably right...



**I**t all started back a few days ago. I was sitting in my club, "DeMure's", the one place outside of my own fifth floor walkup where I feel comfortable. I was meeting a kid. He called himself Joey Pike. I called him trouble.



YOU WERE A WORTHY  
FOE IN YOUR DAY, KODIAK,  
BUT *THIS* TIME YOU HAVE...  
HOW SHALL I PUT IT...  
"BITTEN OFF MORE THAN  
YOU CAN CHEW?"

GO SOAK YOUR  
HEAD, MONKEY-BOY.  
SINCE WHEN ARE  
YOUR POGUNS ANY  
GOOD AGAINST  
ME?


**H**e wanted to hire me to look for his mother, who'd gotten herself lifted. Said he'd found my name in his dad's address book.

**I** know a few things that I figured the kid wasn't ready to hear, so I played it cool. I don't tell him I know his mother. I don't tell him she's the wife of my best friend.









YEAH, BUT SUPPOSE YOU WERE TO TAKE A HEADER INTO A VAT OF ACID? AND IF THAT DON'T WORK, WE GOT POISON GAS, HIGH EXPLOSIVES, AND AN ELECTRIC CHAIR SET UP IN BACK.

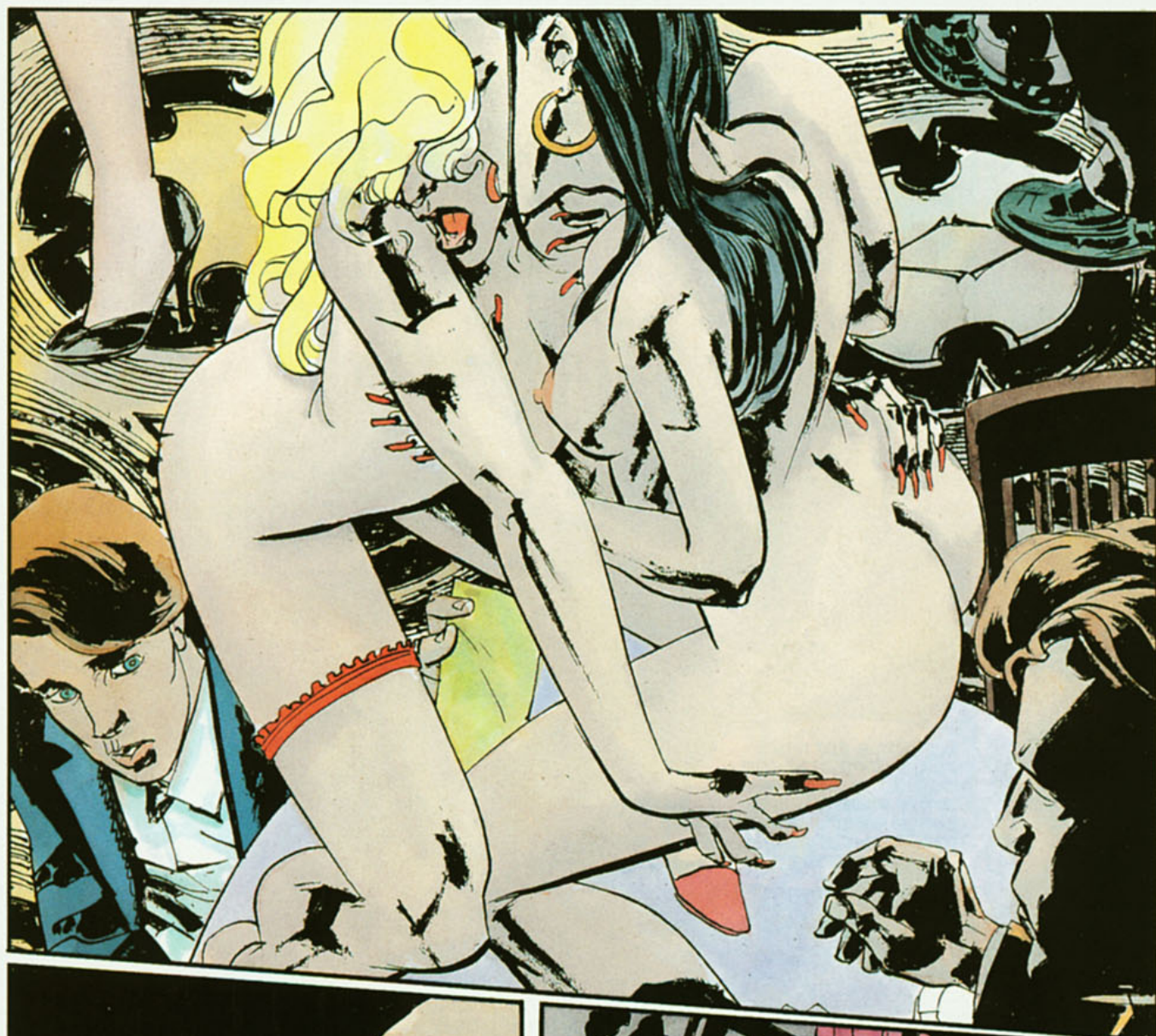
YOU'RE GONNA DIE, KODIAK, AND WITHOUT ANY FUSS, OR MRS. PIKE IS GONNA COME DOWN WITH A BAD CASE OF LEAD POISONING.

The kid tells me he got a ransom note saying the money was to be dropped off by yours truly. He didn't know why they wanted me. He had a lot of questions, but I told him I was fresh out of answers.

I recognized the handwriting. Sickie Blaine, a shooter me and his dad put away in the '70's. I told the kid I'd handle it... alone.

As I left the bar, I heard Carla DeMure tell me to take care of myself. I tell her I'd been doing just that for the last seventy years.









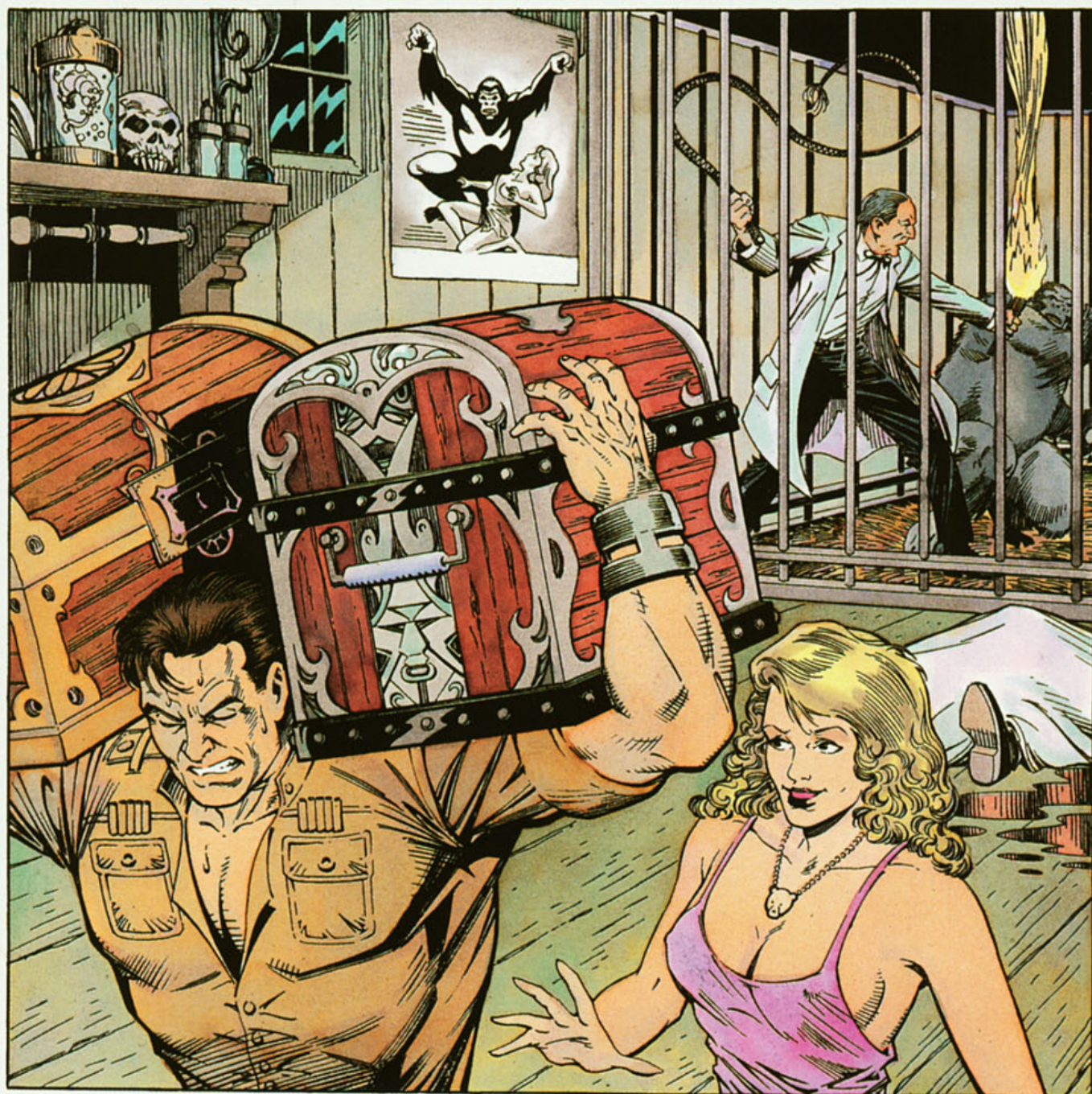
I GOT A BETTER  
IDEA, SICKIE YOU AND  
YOUR BOYS STAND ASIDE,  
OR THE FIRST BULLET  
THAT'S FIRED IN HERE  
GOES RIGHT THROUGH  
YOUR LEFT EYE.

I started in the hero business early. I was 17 years old, and I'd left home to join the circus. I thought I had greasepaint in my blood. It turned out to be a bad case of food poisoning. My favorite act in the show was Doc Vivaldi's White Slavery Show. It was a cornball kind of act, with a live ape menacing a pretty girl, but ordinary guys like me liked it just fine. So I was very excited the day he summoned me to his trailer.

It seems that the Doc needed a new assistant for the act. I was told to audition with his daughter, Bianca, a girl that made my blood catch fire.

I'm making like Shakespeare when all of a sudden I felt a shiv being rammed home between my shoulder blades. This was show biz, all right.









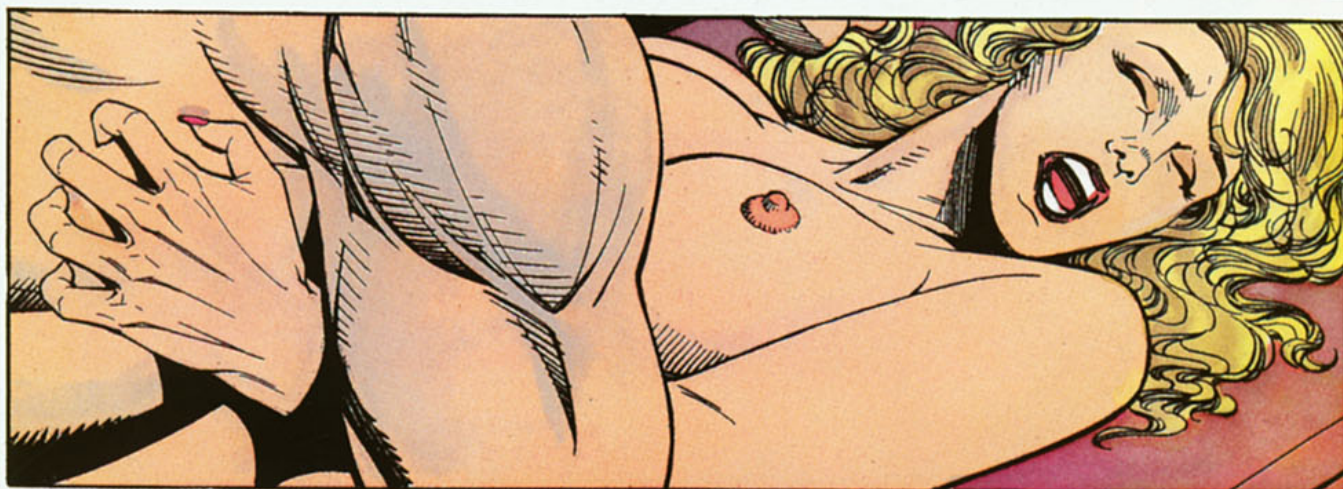
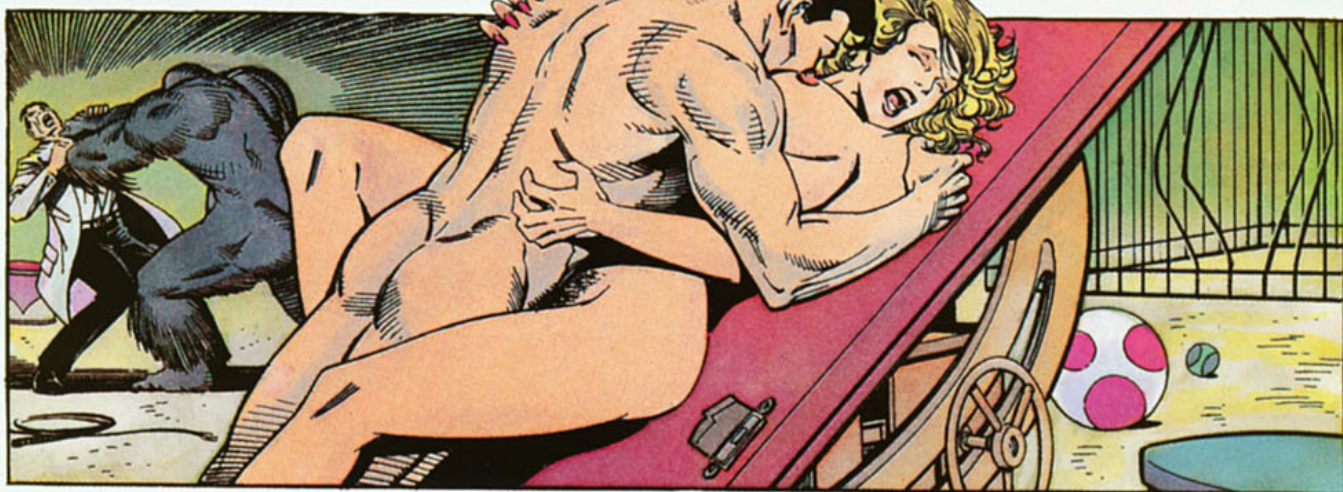
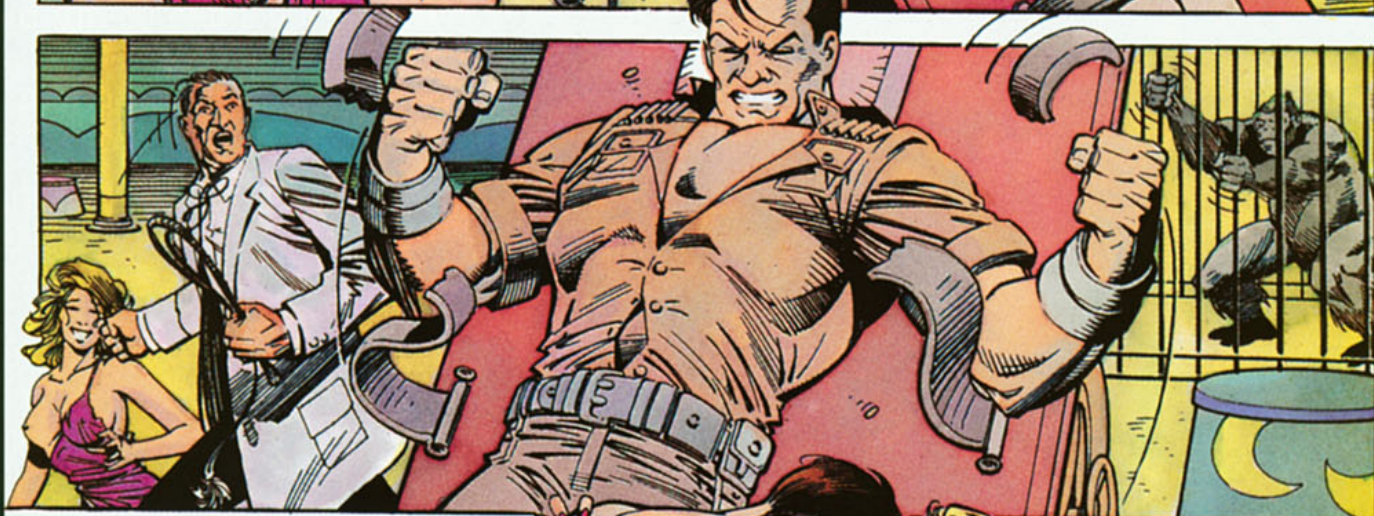
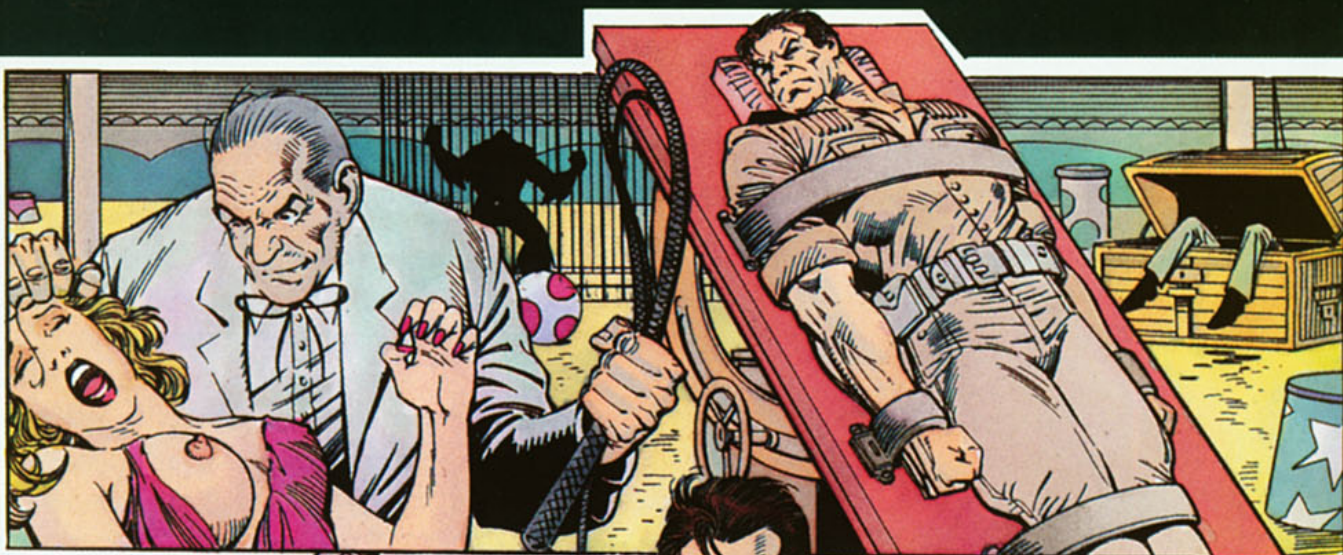
The next time I opened my eyes I was trussed up like a Thanksgiving turkey and the Doc was fixing to work over poor little Bianca for giving him some lip about me.

Normally I woulda been helpless, but the jolt of ape juice or whatever it was the Doc'd given me made me as strong as a herd of buffalo.

I let the Doc's Man Mountain Monkey dispense a little of his own special brand "Jungle Justice" and then tended to Bianca, who had gotten a little warm from watchin' all the two-fisted action.

It was the first time I saved a plucky lass from a fate worse than death and got a nice long lower lip kiss for my trouble ...but it wouldn't be my last!









WRONG  
AGAIN,  
SICKIE.

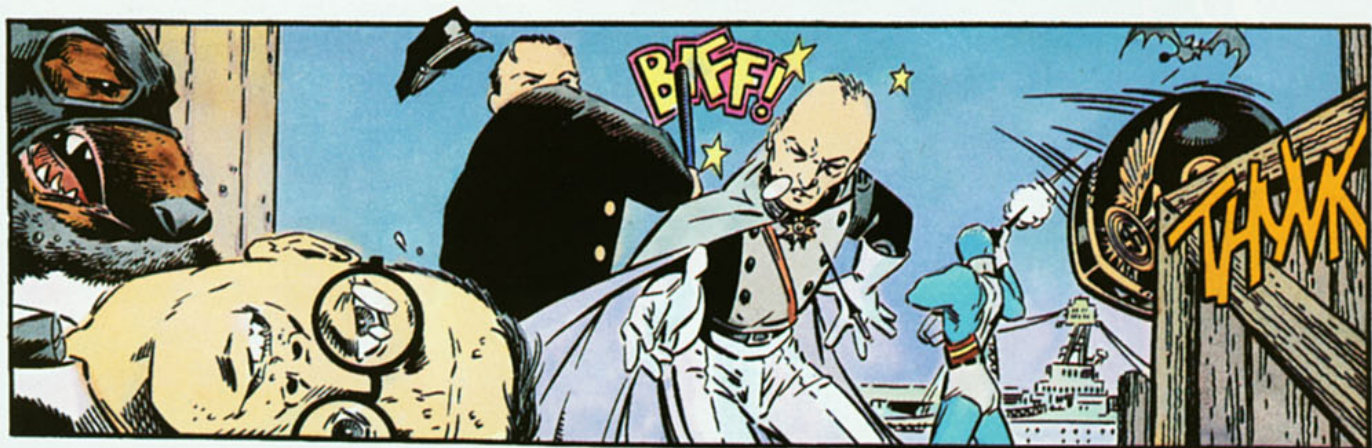
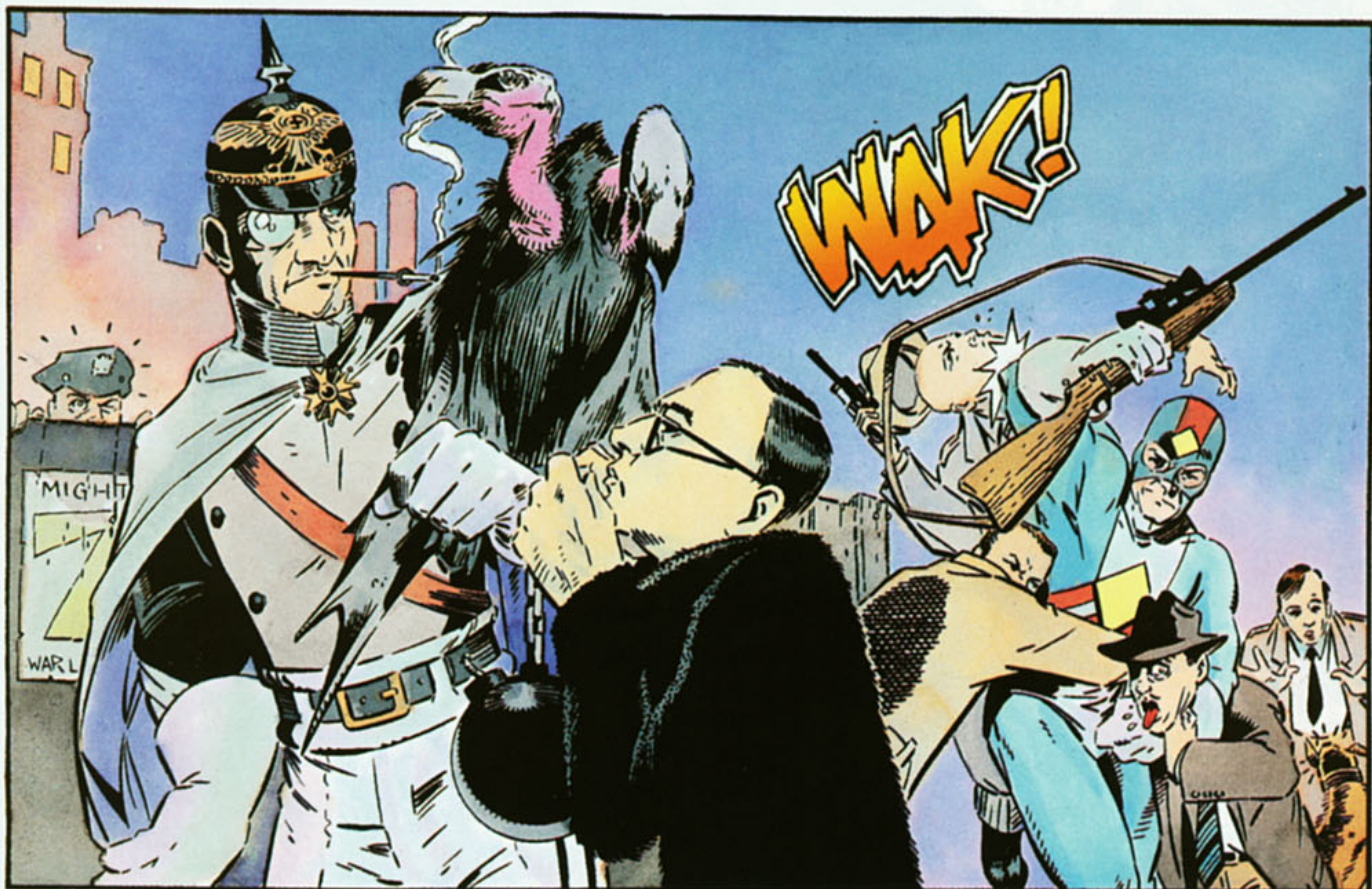
**BLAM!**

**K**ate Pike is a reporter by trade, since the '70's she'd been the city editor at a small paper in Texas. I'd always liked newspaper gals, ever since I met the first in a long line of plucky, nosy raven haired newspaper reporters during the big one, WWII. Her name was Hanna Stori. She was just starting out, writing obituaries and covering bridge tournaments during the day and working in her uncle's newsstand at night. Me, I was 4F because of my big flat feet, so I'd joined New York's Finest and was walking a beat down by the Waterfront.

**I** was giving Hanna my usual line when all of a sudden my nose for trouble caught the foul stench of a couple of saboteurs. I hopped the fence and saw that Captain Adventure, Two-fisted Masked Avenger, and his four legged sidekick, King, the Venture Hound, had beaten me to the punch.

**T**ogether we sent little Tojo and little Adolph packing—









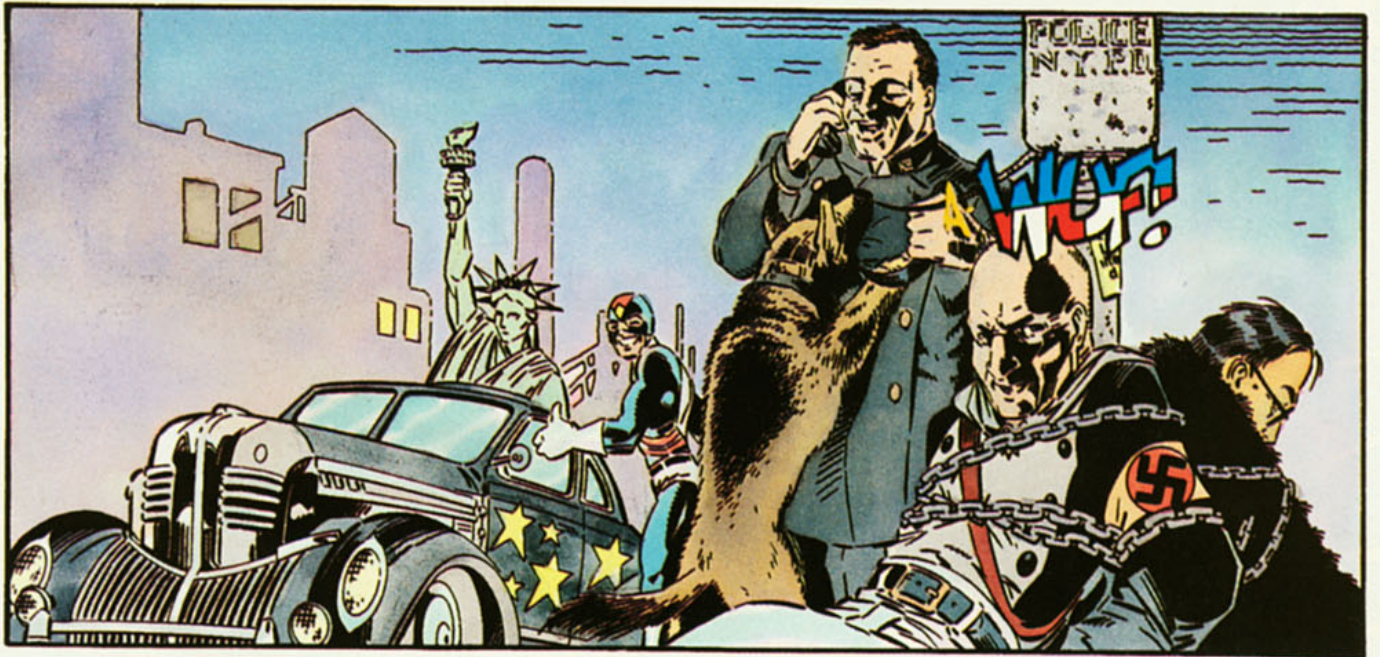
**W**aged to save the American Battleship from being destroyed by the mutant Axis Hell-Birds.

**A**nd sent a German U-Boat to the bottom of the Hudson in the process!

**M**e and Pat Pike (Cap let me in on his secret ID a few months later), became the best of Axis Smashin' Buddies after that. But I'll never forget our first meeting, because that was the night, I finally got to Hanna's heart.

**A**h, women. God bless their little pea-picking hormones! Nothin' gets them wet like when the action comes hot and heavy. A lot of young heroes over the years asked me why I never settled down. Why I didn't grab onto a plucky reporter like Hanna or Jack Pike's Katie? I tell them this: Fuck newspaper reporters – But don't marry them.









**B**y '43 I'd had enough of waiting around for Herr Schickelgruber and his bully boys to come marchin' down Broadway. I decided that flat feet or no, I was gonna get a piece of the action. Unfortunately, I signed up with a squadron of Free French sissy-boys and got my butt shot down over the African Coast. The real trouble started when my chute failed and I hit my head.

**I** might have died if a wild herd of African Elephants hadn't found me and decided to raise me as one of their own. I quickly learned the ways of the wild and swore that I'd protect the Jungle and all who dwelled within it from the incursions of man!

**M**y and my "boys" sent more than one group of poachers and fortune hunters (all of 'em crazy to find some kind of Elephant Graveyard, if you can believe it) back to their ancestors. The natives even worshiped me as a god.

**W**hen I look back, some of my best friends are the "dumb animals" I palled around with during my Jungle Lord days. Okay, so they weren't all animals. Ah... Jessie... Jessica Hyde-White. she was the tastiest bit of old England I'd ever seen.









THAT'S THE  
TROUBLE WITH YOU  
KIDS TODAY, SHORT  
ATTENTION  
SPANS!

Jessie's pop was a doctor passing out penicillin to the locals and on the wrong side of a German Colonel and had got himself put on permanent sabbatical. Jesse fled into the jungle with the Ratzis hot on her tail. Of course, Nazis weren't the only danger in my jungle. Luckily, I happened along. From the moment I saw her, I knew that nothing would keep her from me.

She let me know she was grateful. To put it polite-like. She made me remember every trick I knew and taught me a few I hadn't seen yet. She brought me back to London and hooked me up with some crazy doctor who brought back my memory. Unfortunately, as soon as I got myself "civilized", Jesse dumped me like a bad cold. Take it from me... real life ain't always as neat as Beauty and the Beast.







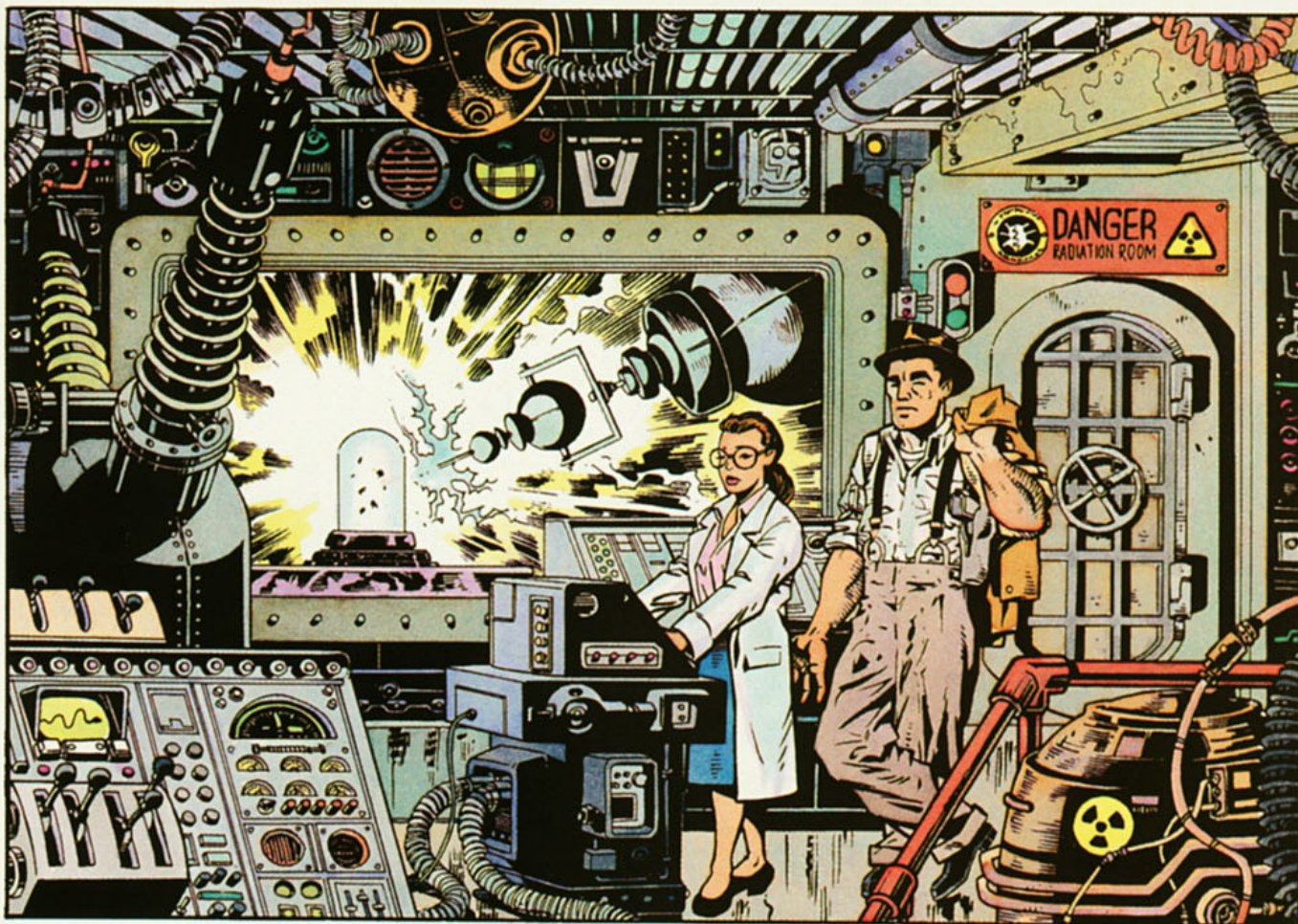


The only time I actually made an honest woman of one of the long line of lovelies that tapdanced in and out of my life was with Doctor Nikki Fuchs. "No-No Nikki" the boys down at Los Alamos called her, but I knew better. I'll never forget the time back in '55, I was working for the Atomic Energy Commission as designated Atom Spy Smasher. It was my job to nose around for fellow travelers and anarchists trying to peddle our H-bomb secrets to the reds! Unfortunately, the old Kodiak schnozz couldn't work its way past Doctor Fuchs' Chanel Number Five.

I finally got my chance to impress the little doctor as a contingent of the Red Menace from Moscow, masquerading as Hollywood Screenwriters, jumped us in the Radiation Room.

They were about to have their Evil Empire way with the Doc, when luckily I was able to get out my pair of ivory-handled .45's, "Cathy" and "Patty", and started blasting.









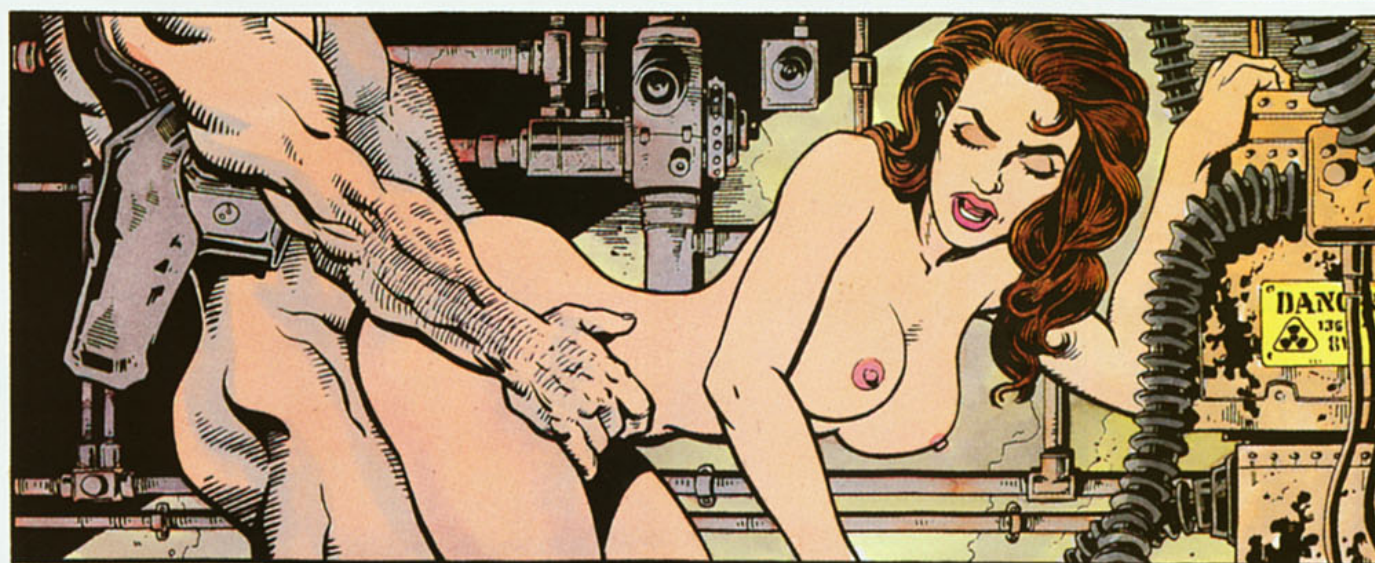
Unfortunately while I was gunning down Uncle Joe's minions, Doc Fuchs' radiation experiment was going haywire and before we knew it, we had a bunch of mutant ticks growin' to the size of Greyhound busses.

They grabbed the Doc and were heading for Mexico -- where wild dogs and long-haired skirts are plentiful -- when luckily I was able to stop them with the help of a crack combat team of commandos from a nearby army base.

The next time I saw her, the Doc had shed her specs, let down her hair, and was looking a lot more like Snow White waiting for her Prince Charming to save her bacon.

Once the doc started getting regular doses of the old Kodiak big pink thermometer, she became a virtual white tornado in the bedroom. We were married in '64. I thought she was the last woman I'd ever love. Unfortunately, like a lot of brave men and women scientists who worked in the nuclear program, Nikki got a little too much radiation and eventually checked out, another victim of "The Big C"...







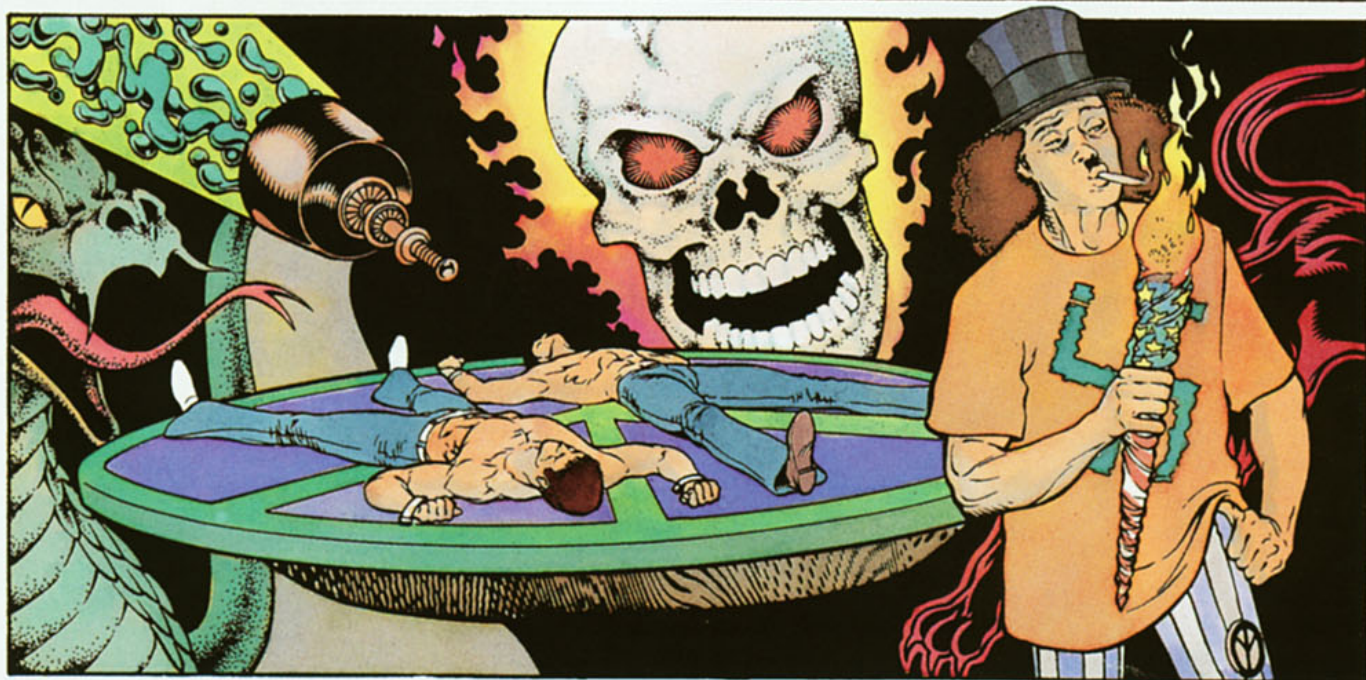
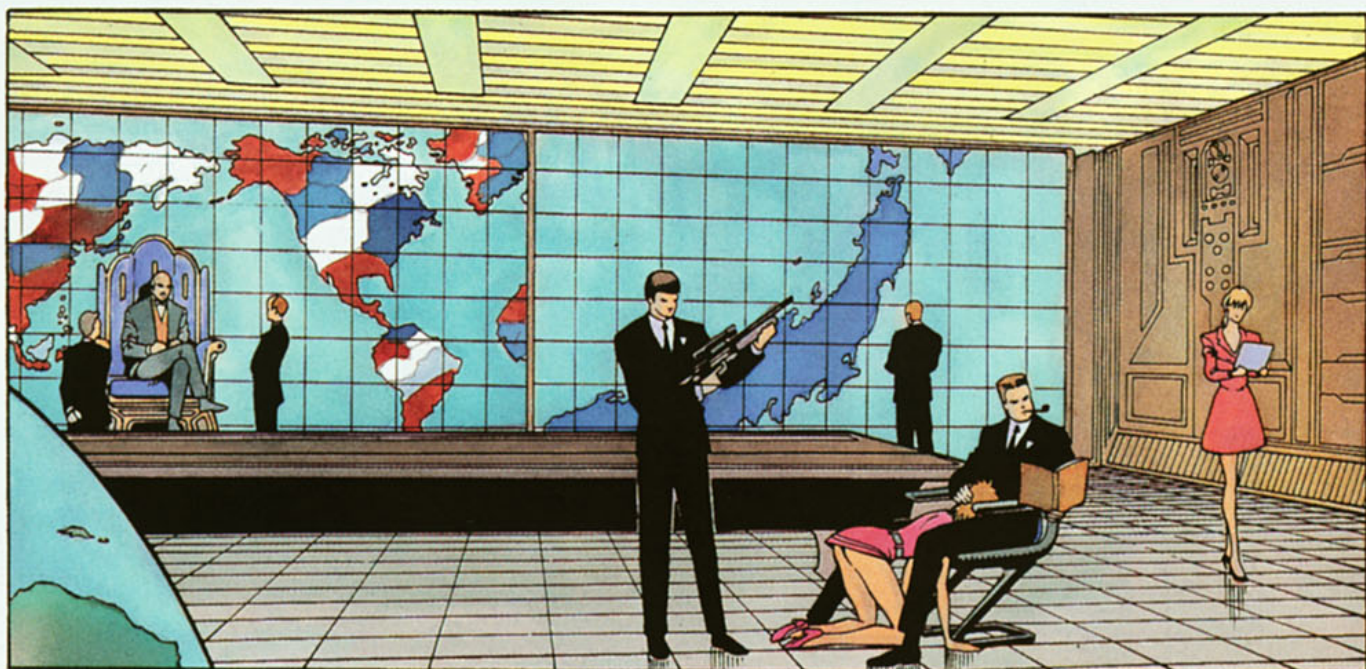


**T**hat's why I was glad to put the 50's behind me. A lot of fellas my age didn't appreciate the 60's - the long hair, the goofy clothes, the casual sex. Didn't bother me, of course. I really enjoy working with my good buddy, Jack, Pat Pike's son. I especially liked the opportunity to start knocking the heads of Beatniks, Weathermen, and other filthy long-haired wackos and radicals, using the Constitution to wrap their funny cigarettes and wiping their ass with the Stars and Stripes, or keeping clean-cut, upstanding young college kids from getting a good education.

**T**hat's why I agreed to go undercover for L.I.B.E.R.T.Y. to bag the low-life super villain "Hippie Hitler" - a name he'd no doubt picked for himself just to piss people off.

**T**he Fleabitten Fuhrer dragged us into some kind of Torture Dungeon A-Go-Go to make us swear allegiance to Ho Chi Minh or Chairman Mao or something! We didn't tell them anything. Hell, we didn't understand the questions, half the time.







SO THINGS TURNED OUT  
ALL RIGHT IN THE END.  
JOEY-BOY GETS THE  
TEARFUL REUNION...



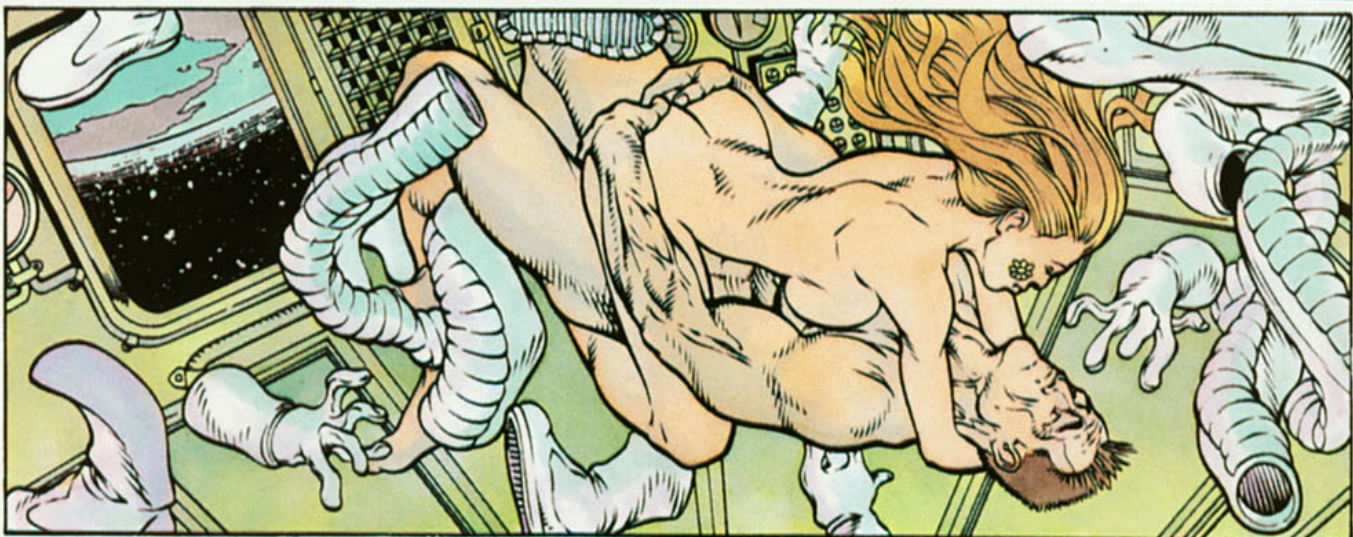
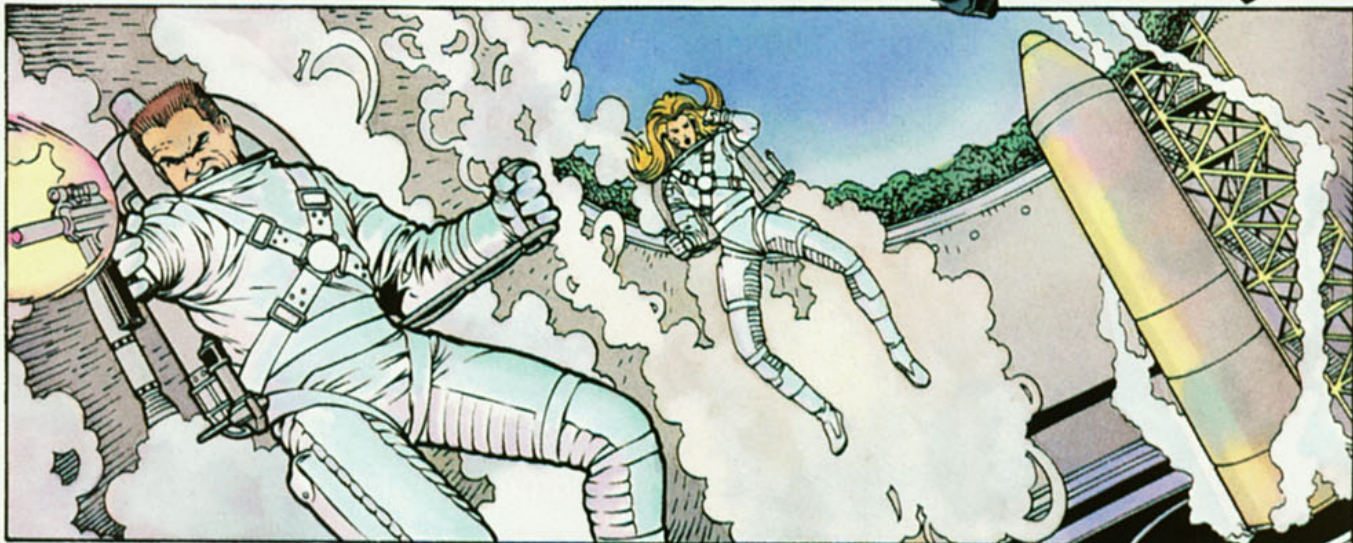
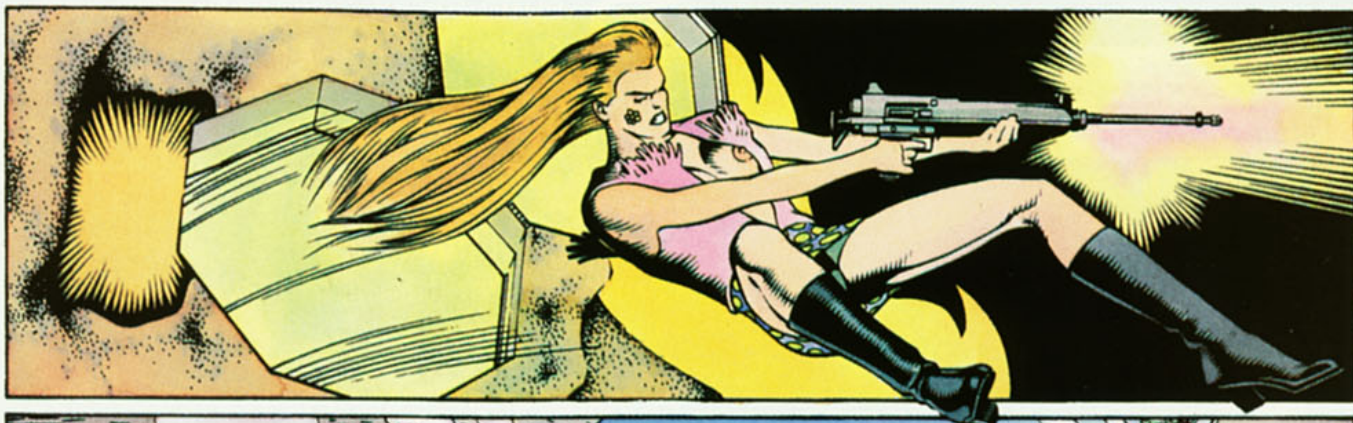
**W**e might've bought the farm right then, if not for the timely arrival of Gwendolyn Goodbody, The Lady From L.I.B.E.R.T.Y.! Using our shoelace lasers, Jack and I managed to escape while Gwen kept old brillo-head busy.

**U**nfortunately, Gwen was overcome by the paralyzing cloud of marijuana mist that surrounded Hippie Hitler and he managed to make his getaway. Lucky for us, the remote tracking microdot we had implanted in Hippie Hitler's stash, allowed us to uncover his anarchist "Maui Wowie" Missile Base where Gwen Goodbody and I dropped in to pay the world's biggest Drop-Out a little visit.

**T**hat fight in the volcano was a real bugtussle I want to tell you! Things might have gone real bad if Jack and the grass-skirt wearing all-girl Aloha Agents, hadn't arrived and helped Gwen and me commandeer the last of Hoffman's spaced out rockets!

**G**wen and me were able to deactivate the Hippie Hitler Orbital H-Bomb Platform and work in a little nookie as well. Ah, the glorious days of the Space Program. I may never have set foot on the moon – but I had as good a splashdown as any of 'em!





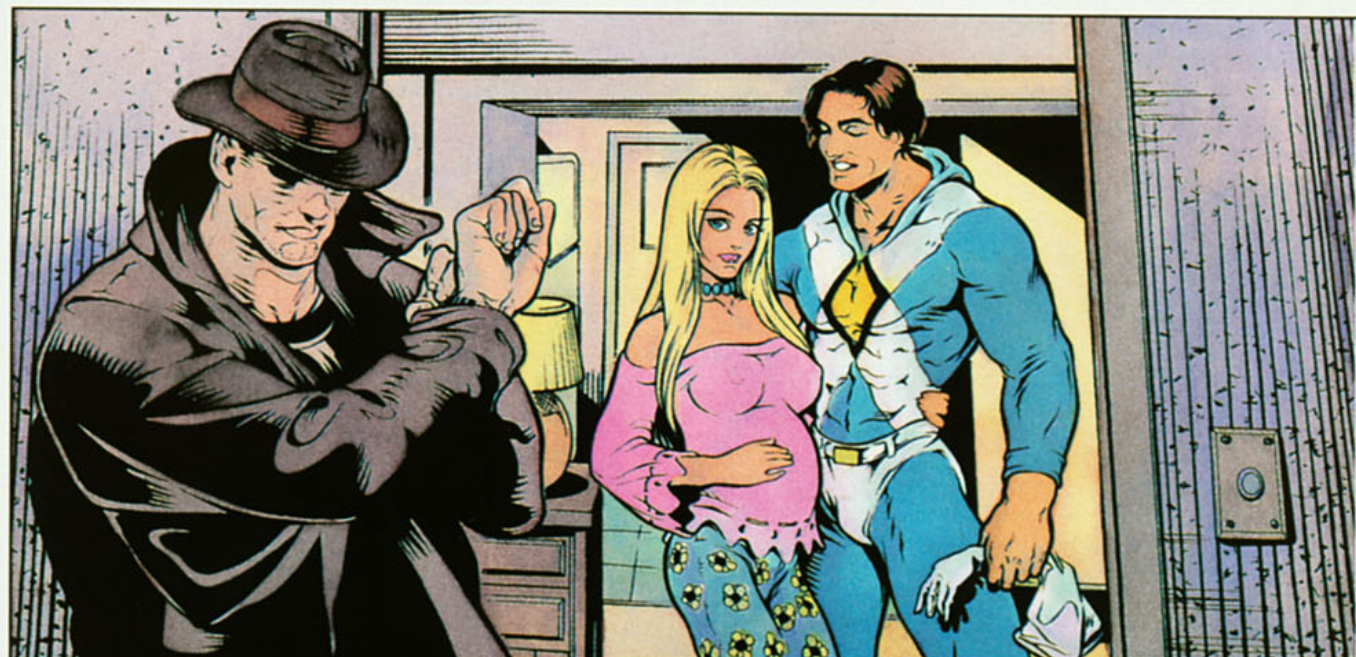


...AND JUST LIKE ALWAYS,  
I END UP LOOKING FORWARD  
TO A HOT DATE WITH A  
COLD PILLOW.

**R**ound about '77, I thought my noggin-hammering days were over. The years of high living had rotted out my guts and I was just waiting for the Grim Reaper to deliver his last room service meal, when all of a sudden, a blue beam from a Pleiadean flying saucer lifted me through the roof of my hospital and abducted me into outer space. They fixed me up physically in less time than it'd take an earth surgeon to put on a pair of rubber gloves and then sent me to enlist my old pal Jack Pike to help the Nordics rescue their Princess Lorelei from the unholy Emperor Zorgon-Daxor. I remember waiting impatiently for Cappy to say goodbye to his young wife, Kate. I didn't know she'd never see him again. I thought, silly me, that this would be just another occasion for me and Jack to kick intergalactic ass and then come back heroes.

**T**here were some tight moments, I'll admit, as me and Cappy broke through the transdimensional portal into Zorgon Daxor's Domain of Evil and pried the princess away from the fifteen hundred DeathBot Shocktroopers!







EVEN AFTER ALL  
THESE YEARS,  
KATE'S A REAL  
LOOKER.

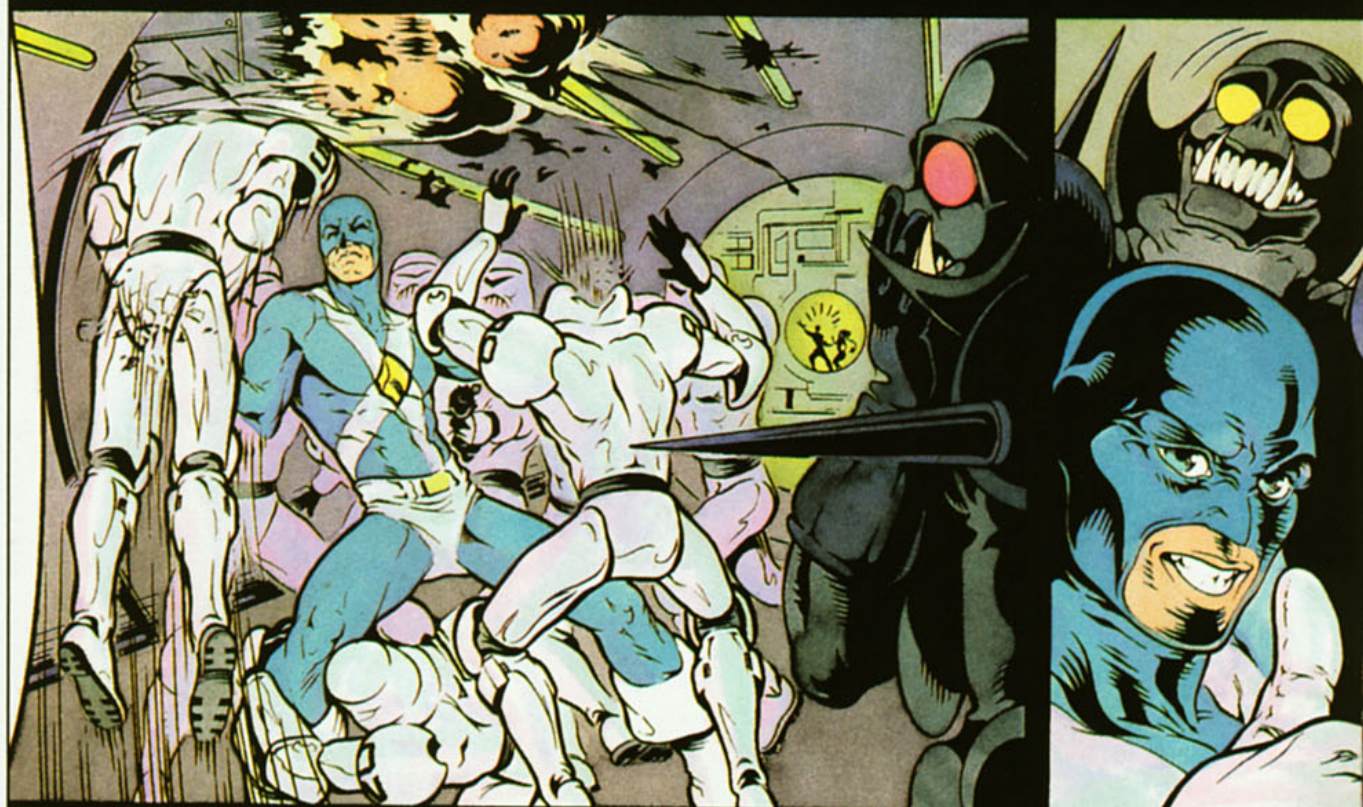
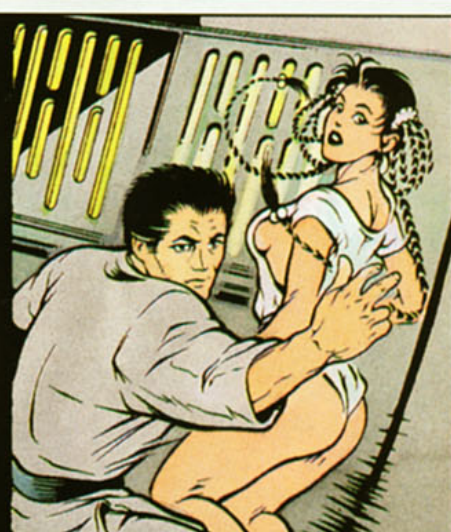
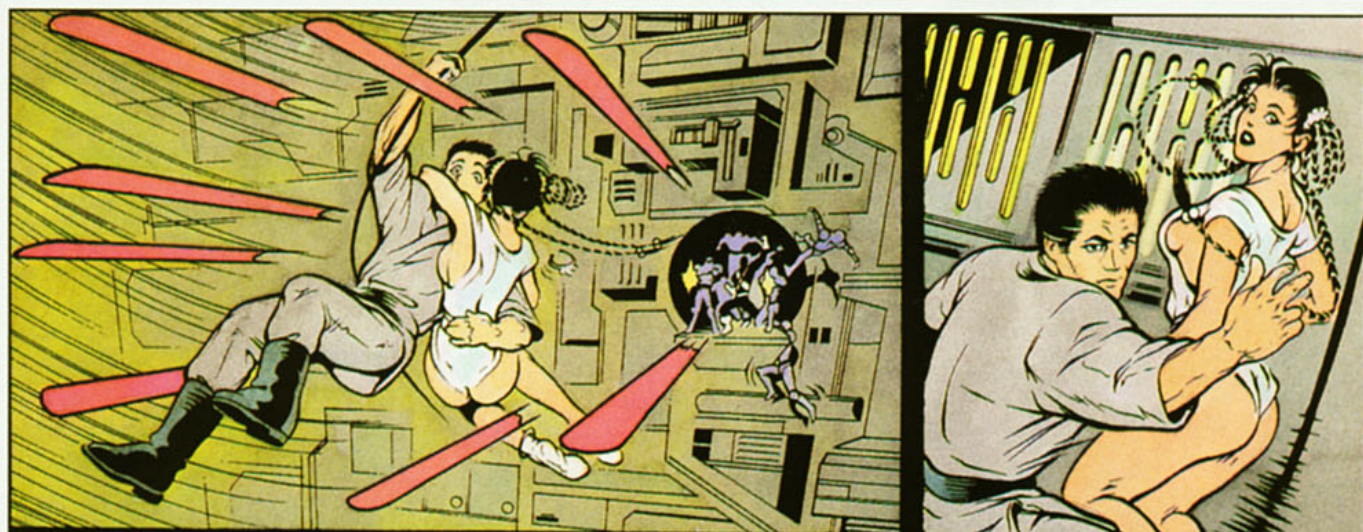


But they made the mistake of riling up Cappy bytelling him they were fixing to kill his wife and turn his unborn twins into alien sex slaves.

It turned Captain Adventure into a intergalactic killing machine. As I watched Cappy give his life to shortkick old skull face Zorgon-Daxor and his boys into the nearest black hole...

It suddenly occurred to me that I really didn't have any reason to go back to earth. I had outlived most of my friends and had said goodbye to the ones that were left. Princess Lorelei asked me to stay and it was an offer I could not refuse. Especially when I found out that all the girls on Pleiades were beautiful babes, all of 'em warm for my form. It was an interesting time, although the crown often rested uneasy on my troubled brow. I could tell you a tale of a thousand battles for a thousand worlds, but that is a story for another day.







BUT A REAL MAN'D  
NEVER FUCK HIS BEST  
FRIEND'S WIFE. NOT  
EVEN WHEN SHE'S A  
WIDOW.

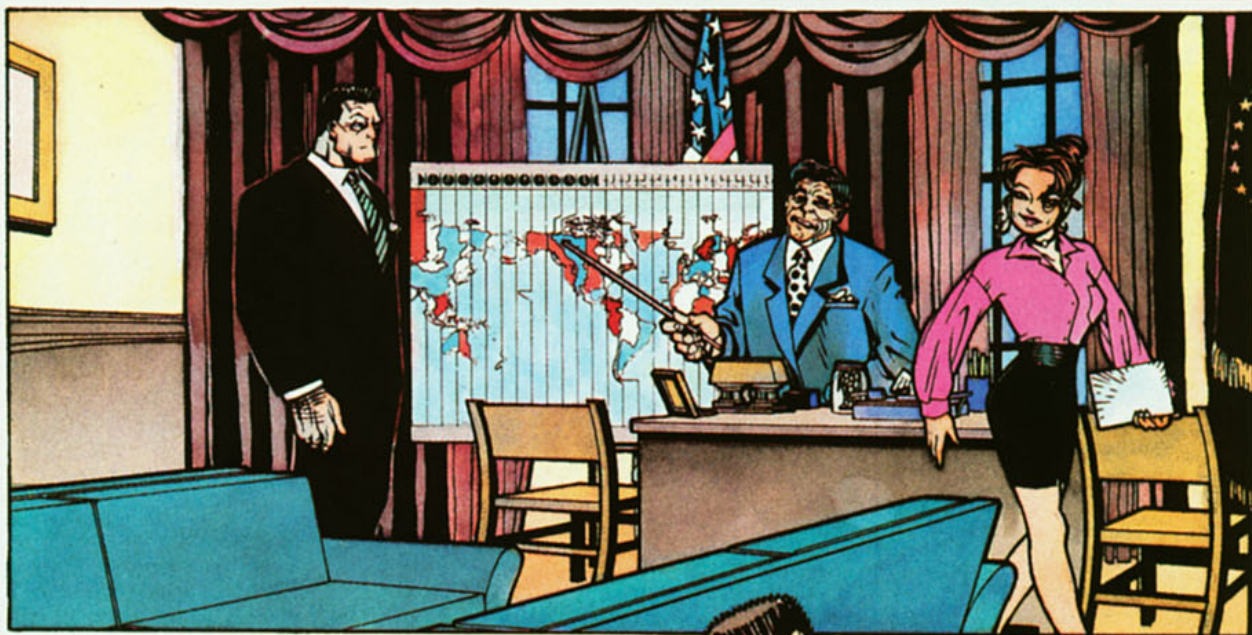


I returned to Earth in 1982. I missed the action, tell the truth, and I'd burned a few bridges up in space – just the way I usually ended up burning bridges here on earth. What can I say? Guess I don't want to be tied down. Anyway, I needed to find a new employer who could keep my secret. With the Republicans back in power, I found someone with a need for a man of my talents. Good old "Dutch", I still remember him explaining it all to me; "The red countries are where we sell arms, the blue countries are where we launder our money!"

Somewhere along the way, I acquired a secretary, Fran Blythe, who became a whole lot closer to me than a secretary. She was only a kid. Twenty-three years old, and she cared about an old fart like me. That was a lot more amazing to me than any of the stuff that had ever happened to me in outer space.

I ended up as head of the D.E.A.L. Strike Team Bravo, on a sleepover south of the border, in the place where most of the coffee comes from. Coffee and other stimulants. Once I was in South America, it was strip away the civies time and back to the old bush fatigues. I felt like I was a kid of forty again. And they gave me a good team, Oak, Mendez and Gia. Lovely Gia. The operatives when I was a young lad were hard-bodied men and women who looked like Tugboat Annie. This girl was pretty enough to pose for Penthouse.







HELL, YOU'LL GET NO KICK  
FROM KARL KODIAK OVER  
THE LIFE I'VE LED. I'VE  
ENJOYED EVERY MINUTE  
OF IT AND I AIN'T DEAD  
YET.

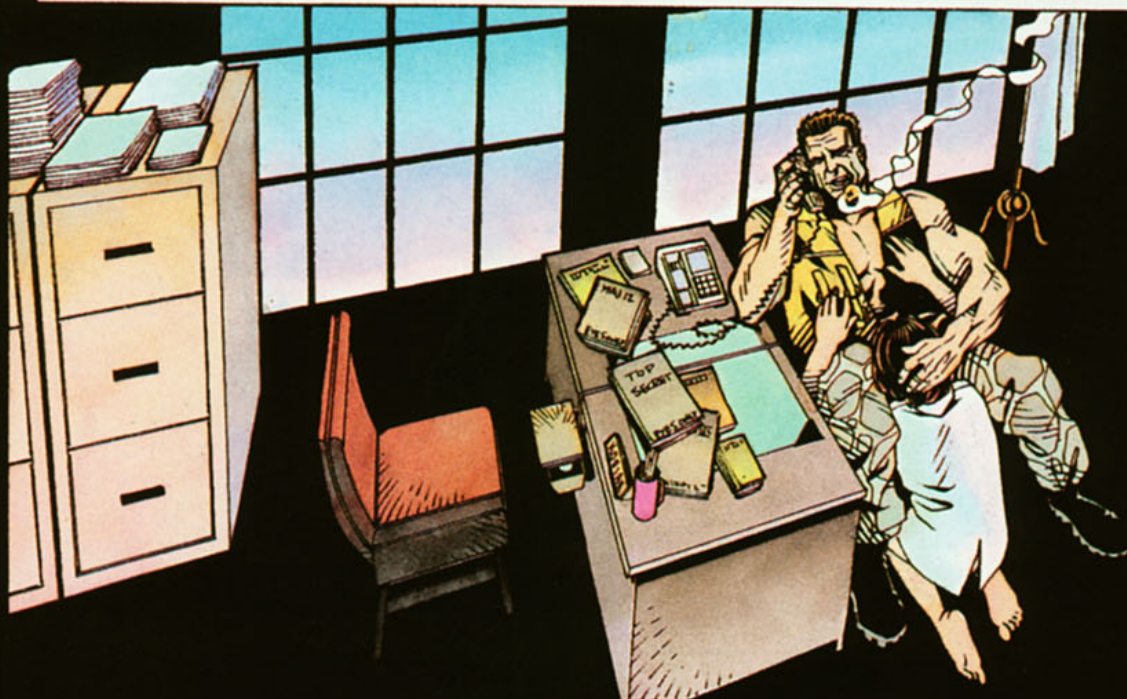


She could deliver a helluva punch. Ah, Gia. You did a lot more for Inter-American relations than any NAFTA treaty.

We broke that drug ring in two shakes of a donkey's dick and little Gia and I made sure that all that confiscated counterfeit money got put to good use.

Yeah, it was a nice way to come back and the truth of the matter was, when the Democrats stole the next election and I was swept out with all the rest, I wasn't even sorry. It was time to turn over the affairs of state to younger men and ... younger women, I guess.











I've been everywhere I  
wanted to go, done every-  
thing (and everyone!) I  
wanted to do... maybe I didn't  
enjoy every minute of it, but I  
ain't dead yet.

Rest easy, Jack old buddy. I'm  
keeping an eye on your kin...

...and this bear never sleeps.



**FIN**



# ACTION FIGURES

INCORPORATED

- ★ MODELS/ESCORTS
- ★ PHYSICAL TRAINERS
- ★ TERMINATRIXES

\*THEY'RE DANGEROUS & PRETTY--  
THEY COME FROM THE BIG CITY--  
ONE'S WEARS TAPE ON HER TITTIES,  
THE ACTION FIGURES FOUR!

NOW IF YOU'VE GOT SOME MONEY...  
AND BAD GUYS ACTING FUNNY...  
THEN HIRE OUT THESE HONEYS--  
THE ACTION FIGURES FOUR!

HORNY!  
SADISTIC!  
BALLISTIC!

SOME GUNS TO GET A BANG FROM!  
SOME CHAINS THAT YOU CAN HANG FROM!  
SOME WINGS & RADIATION!  
THE ACTION FIGURES FOUR!

\*(SUNG TO THE TUNE OF "THE ADDAMS FAMILY" TV SHOW)



## BLAZING FURY

(KARLA DAVIS)  
KICKED OUT OF  
THE TEAM SUPREME  
FOR SEXUAL HARASSMENT,  
SHE'S GOT HARD RADIATION IN  
A HARD BODY.

## BANG BANG



(CHRISTY TYROS)  
SHE'S SMART &  
GORGEOUS,  
SHE'S ARMED  
& DANGEROUS



## CRIMSON DOMINATRIX

(LADY GUINIVERE PRIMROSE)  
SHE KNOWS IF YOU'VE BEEN  
BAD OR GOOD, SO BE GOOD  
FOR GOODNESS SAKE.

## Garaphim



(BRIDGETT CROCKETT)  
ALL ACTION FIGURES ARE  
OVER 19 YEARS OF AGE,  
PROOF OF AGE ON FILE

WRITERS: CARAGONNE & THORNTON

ARTIST: KEVIN MAGUIRE INKS & COLORS: ARTHUR SUYDAM LETTERS: LOPEZ



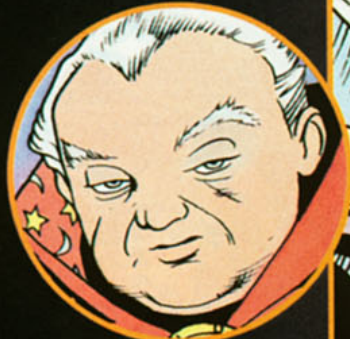
## EPISODE 3:

# FRANKENSTEIN'S BACHELOR PARTY

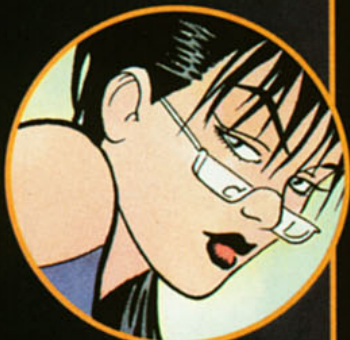


**CASANOVA FRANKENSTEIN\***  
BLACK SHEEP OF THE  
ORIGINAL FRANKENSTEIN'S  
MONSTER'S FAMILY, NOW A  
PSYCHIATRIST CATERING TO A  
SUPERHUMAN CLIENTELE.

\*CASANOVA FRANKENSTEIN IS  
© & TM 1994 BOB BURDEN AND THIS IS  
CASANOVA FRANKENSTEIN



**PROFESSOR DESTINY:**  
AVUNCULAR HOST OF A  
COOKING PROGRAM  
ON DARKBLOOD'S VILLAIN  
SHOPPING NETWORK.



**HERPESIA,**  
MISTRESS OF MIDNIGHT  
HERPESIA IS NOT VAMPIRELLA.  
VAMPIRELLA IS © AND © 1995  
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VAMPIRELLA.



**DR. BASIL WRATHBONES:**  
FEARLESS VAMPIRE  
HUNTER, RETIRED. NOW  
HOSTS LATE NIGHT  
WEEKEND HORROR  
MOVIE FESTIVALS ON  
CABLE TV AND RUNS A  
SPAGHETTI PLACE IN  
GREENWICH VILLAGE.



**COUNT YORICK:**  
NAZI WAR CRIMINAL  
TURNED VAMPIRE.

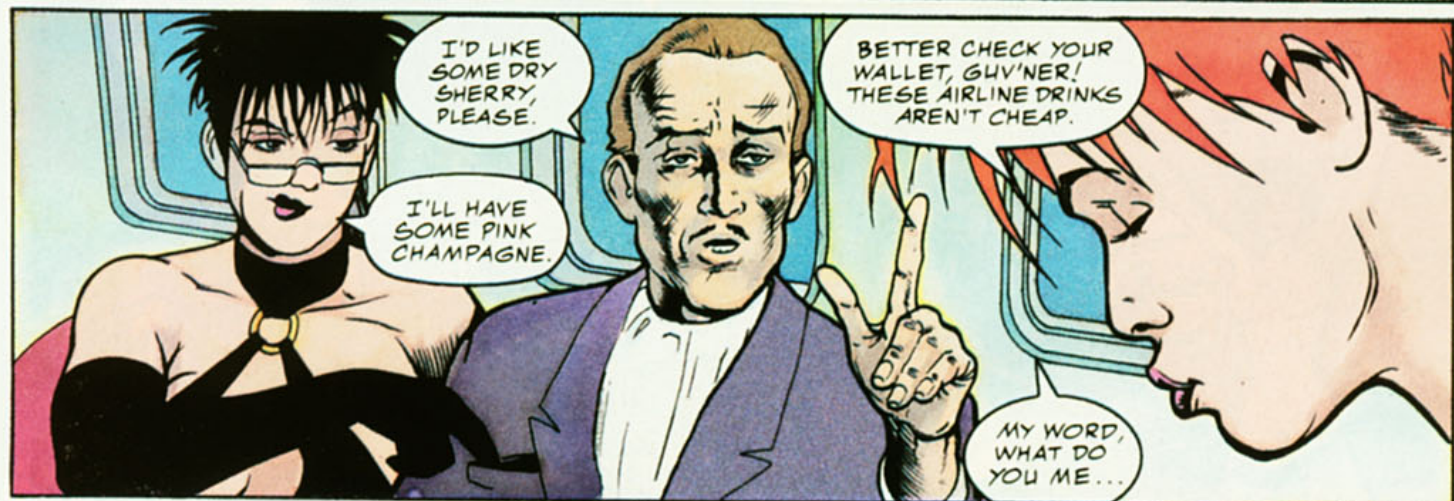
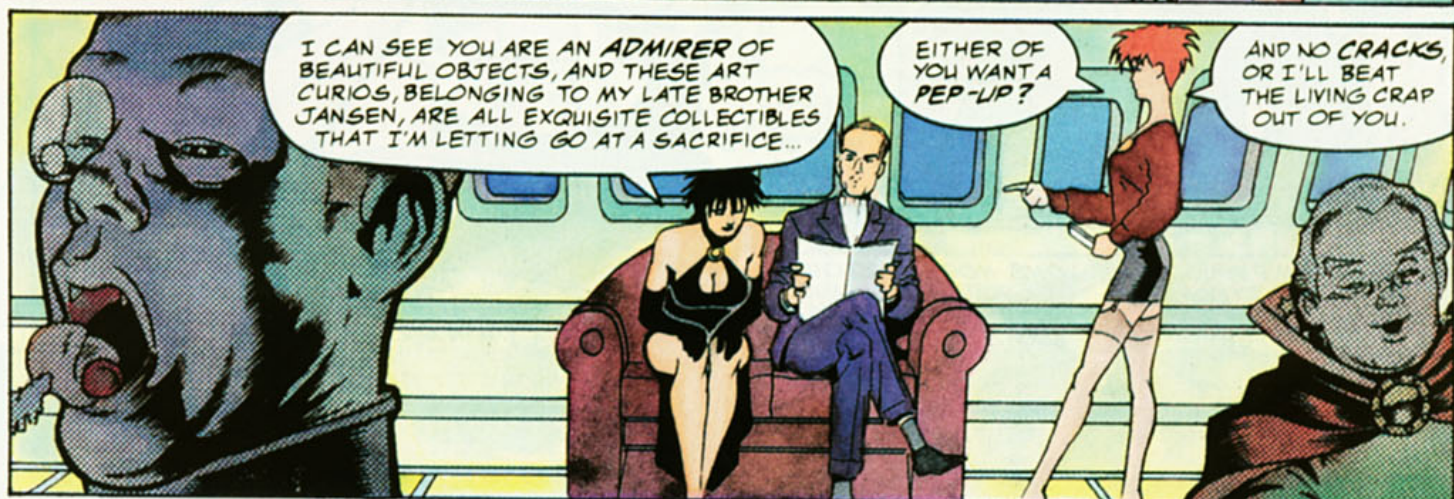


**PLUS! A SPECIAL  
SURPRISE VILLAIN!**

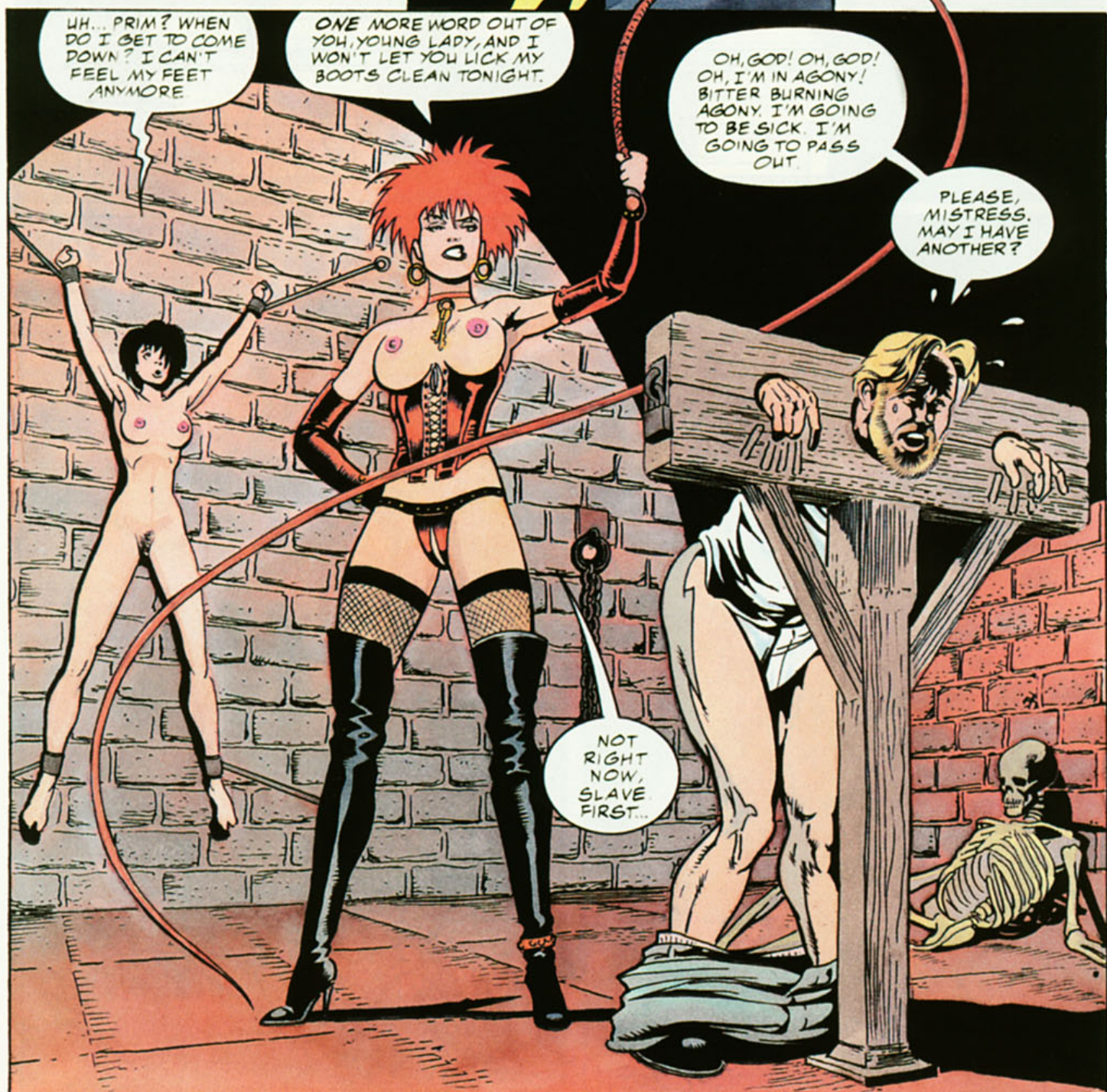
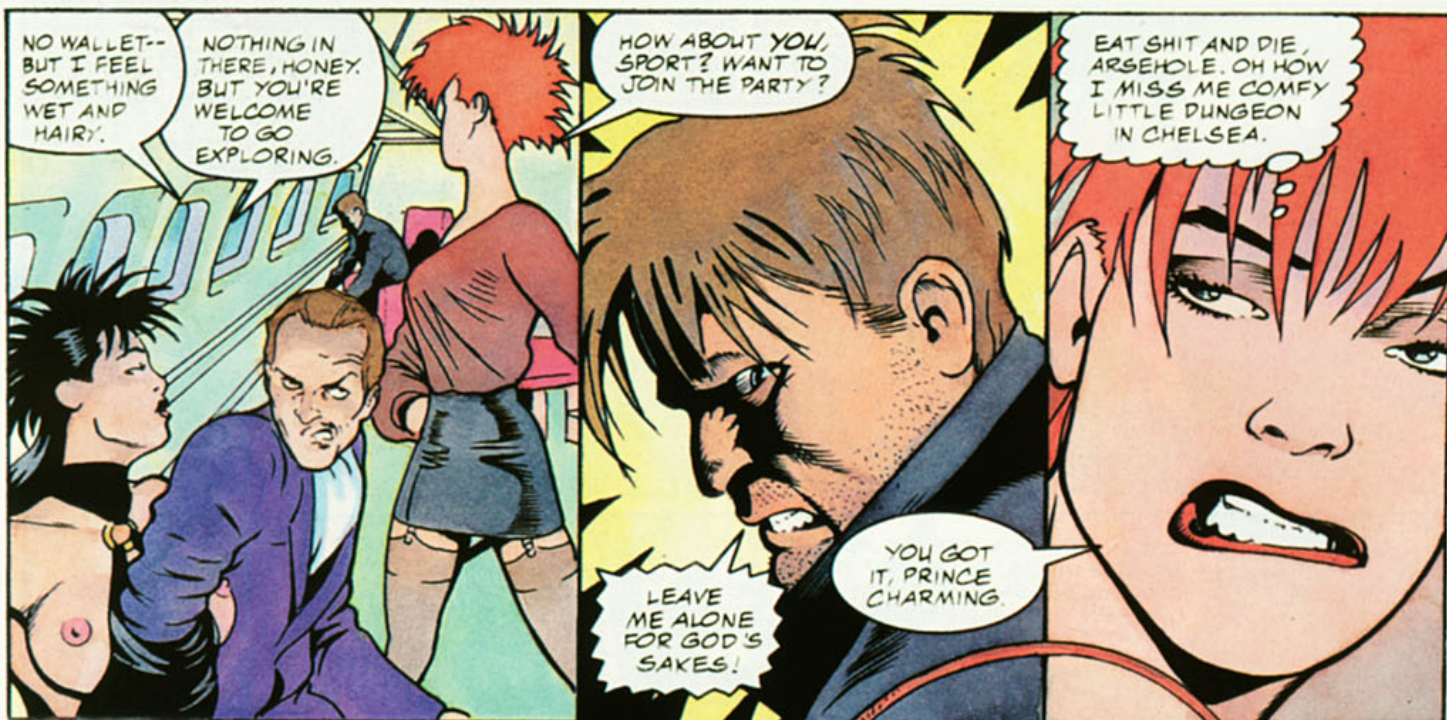




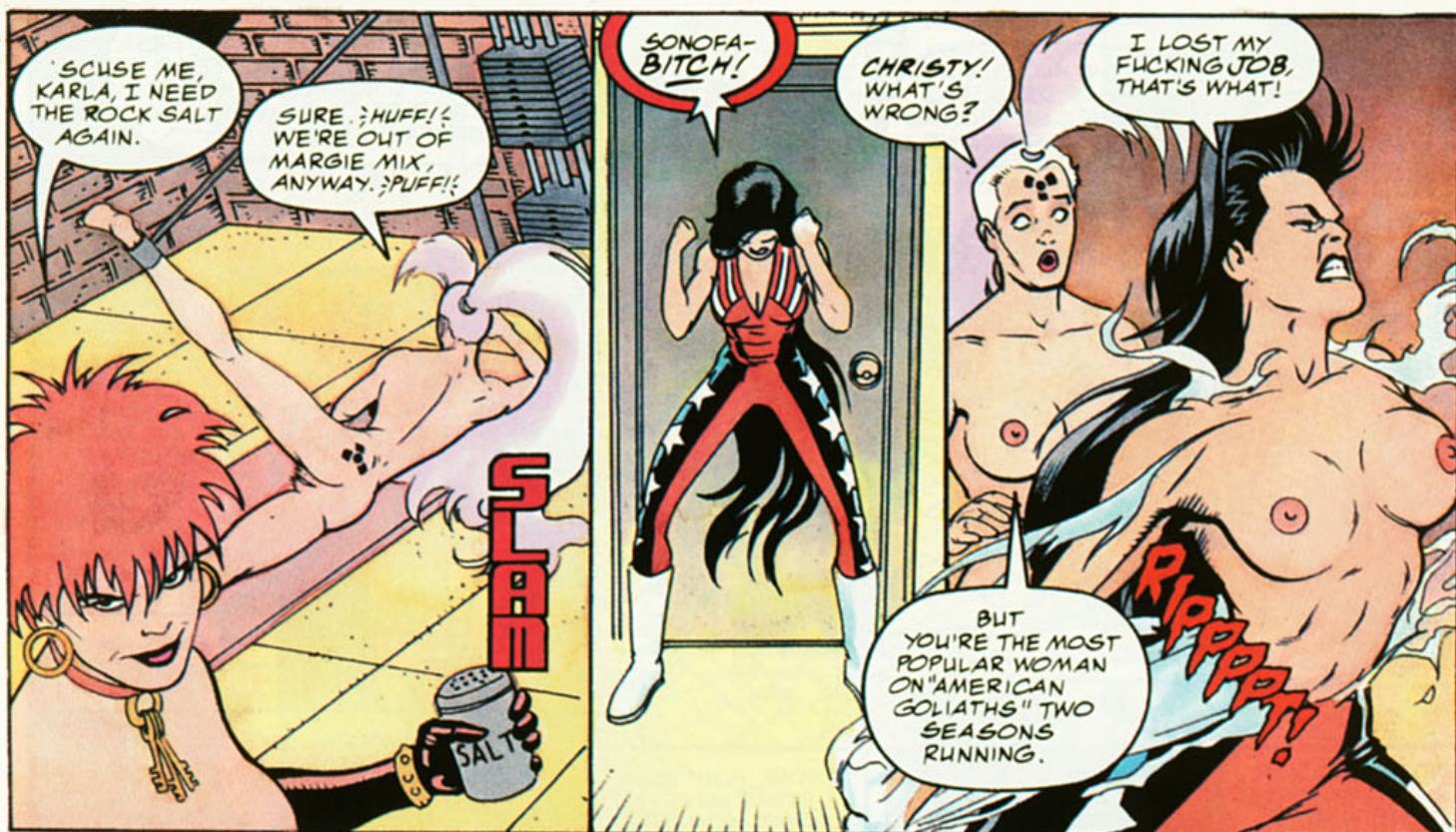




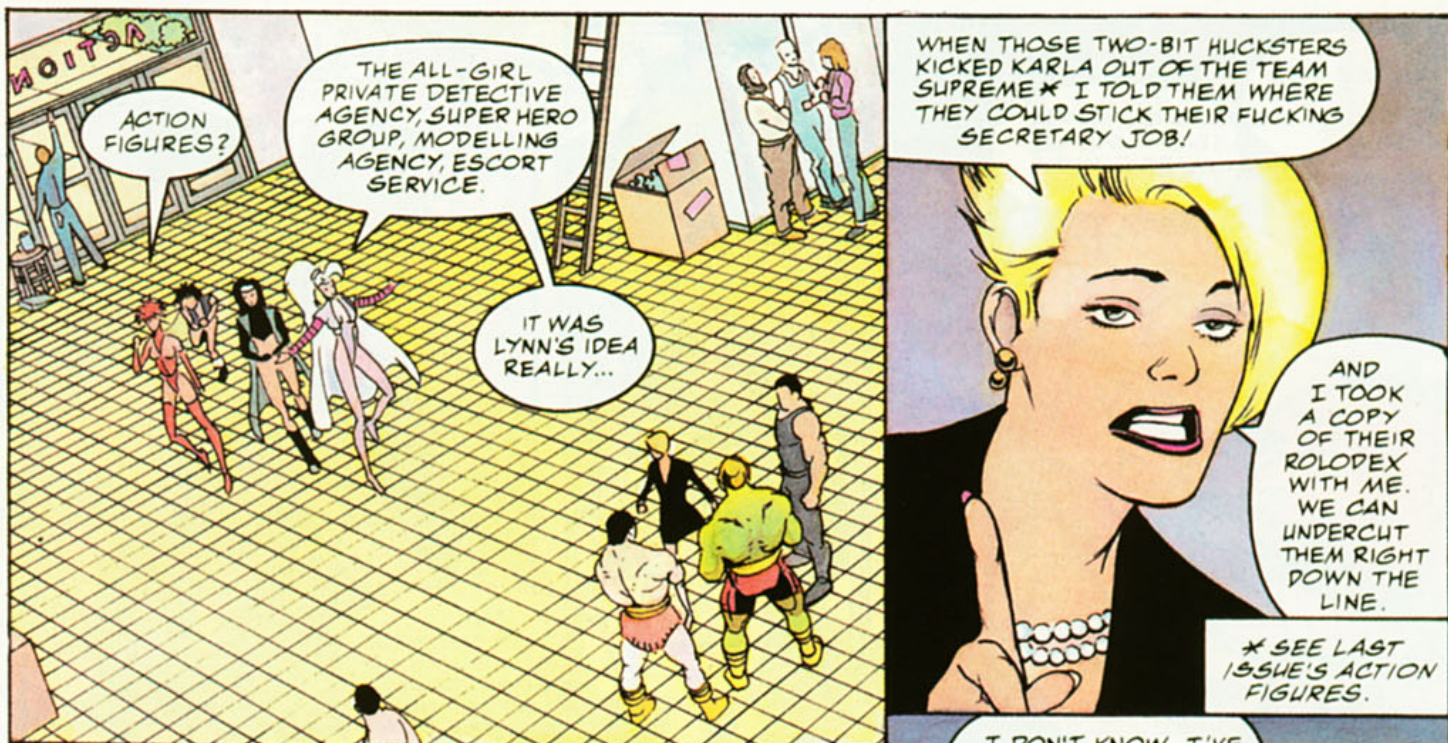












ACTION FIGURES?

THE ALL-GIRL PRIVATE DETECTIVE AGENCY, SUPER HERO GROUP, MODELLING AGENCY, ESCORT SERVICE.

IT WAS LYNN'S IDEA REALLY...

WHEN THOSE TWO-BIT HUCKSTERS KICKED KARLA OUT OF THE TEAM SUPREME\* I TOLD THEM WHERE THEY COULD STICK THEIR FUCKING SECRETARY JOB!

AND I TOOK A COPY OF THEIR ROLODEX WITH ME. WE CAN UNDERCUT THEM RIGHT DOWN THE LINE.

\* SEE LAST ISSUE'S ACTION FIGURES.



PRIVATE DICKS, HUH? DAD WOULD LOVE THAT.

A FEW HIGH PROFILE GIGS AND THE MERCHANDISING RIGHTS ALONE COULD MAKE US ALL RICH!



I'M IN. HOW 'BOUT IT, PRIM? MAKE AN HONEST WOMAN OF YOU?

I DON'T KNOW. I'VE ALWAYS USED MY POWERS IN PURSUIT OF A HIGHER CALLING.

BUT... YOU'LL HAVE THE CHANCE TO TORTURE OR KILL HUNDREDS OF WORTHLESS MEN!

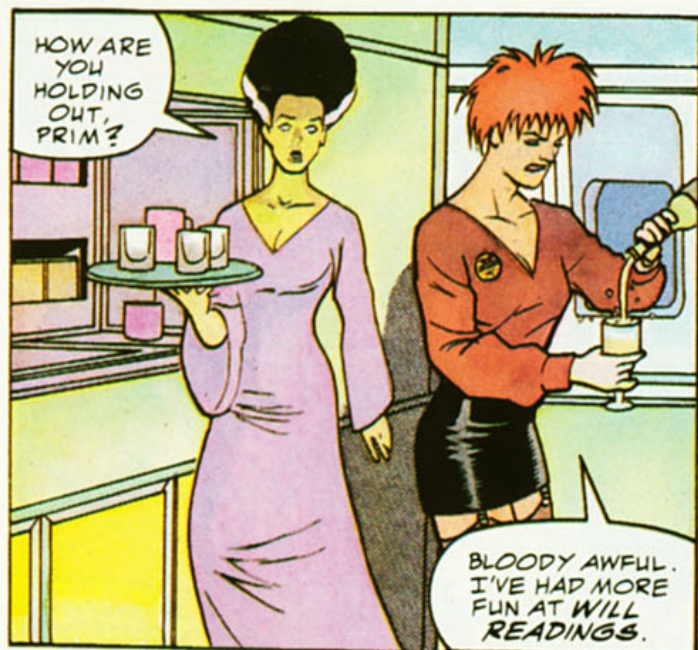


HMMM... I LIKE IT.

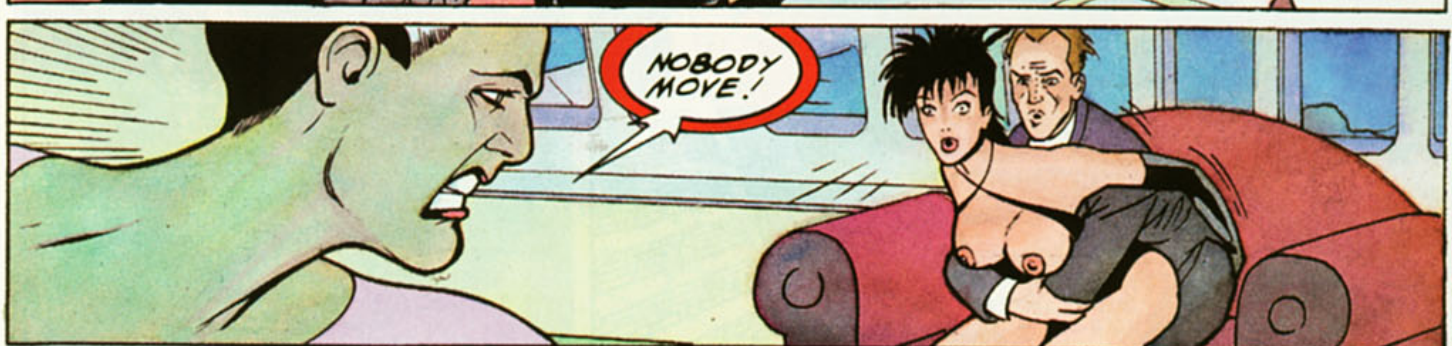
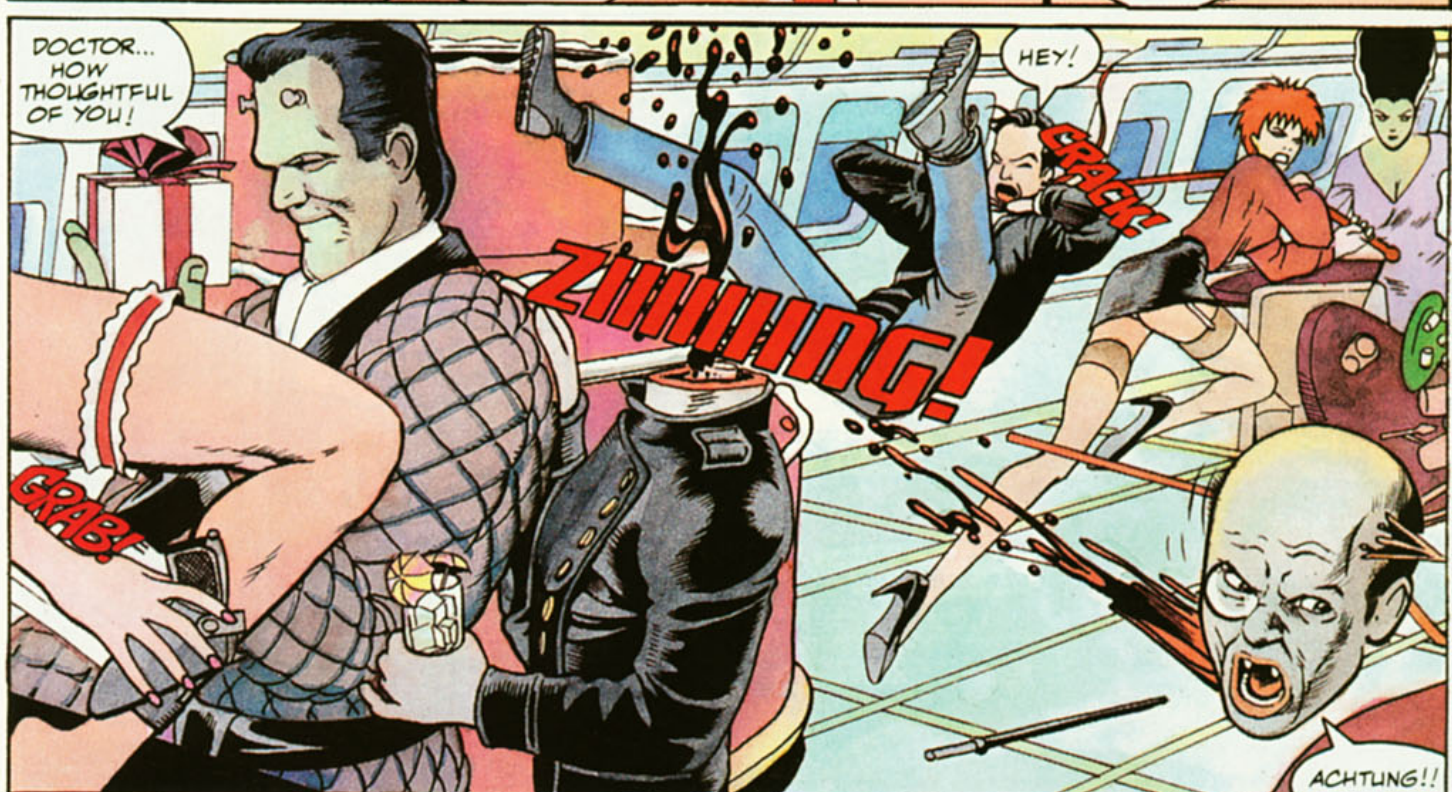
CAN I JOIN TOO, PRIM? HUH? CAN I? CAN I?

REMEMBER READERS, EVEN IN FLASHBACKS ALL ACTION FIGURES OPERATIVES ARE WELL OVER 19 YEARS OF AGE, PROOF OF AGE ON FILE, OF COURSE...

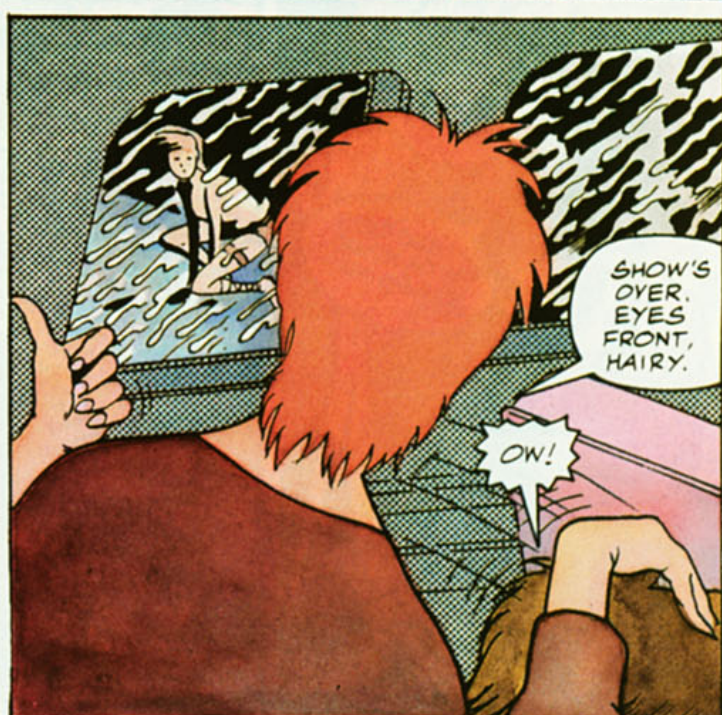
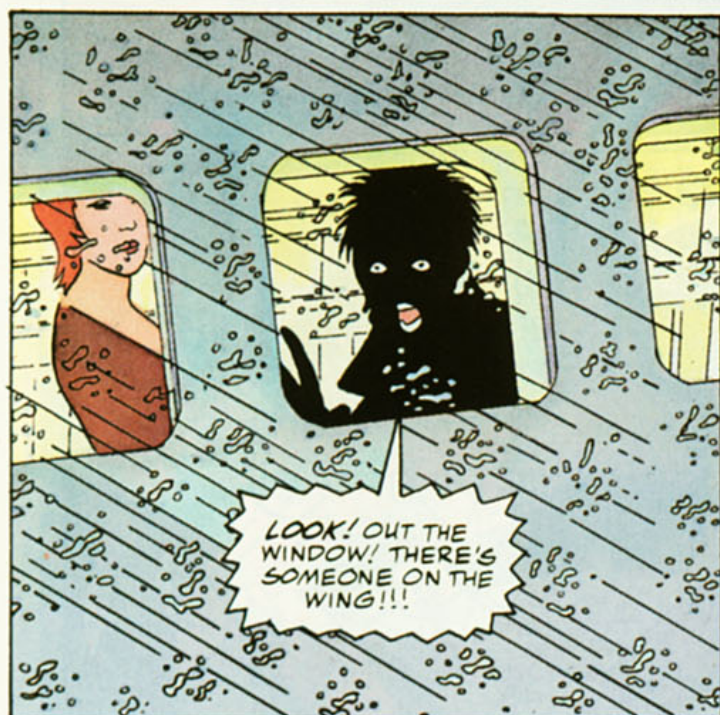




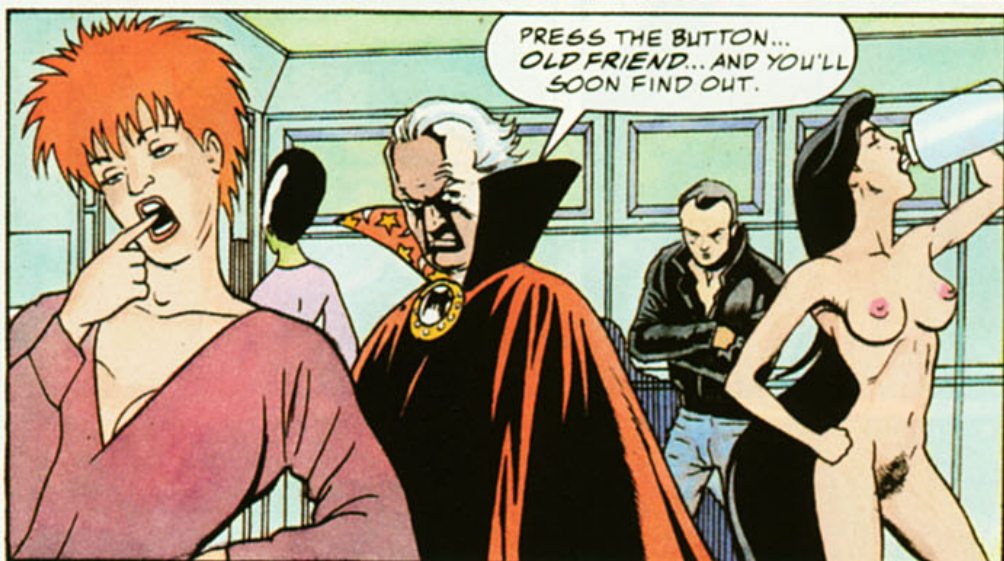




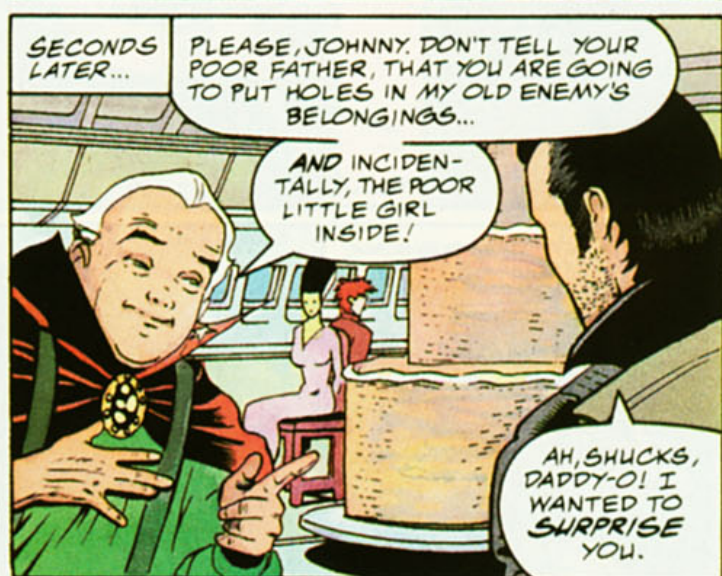




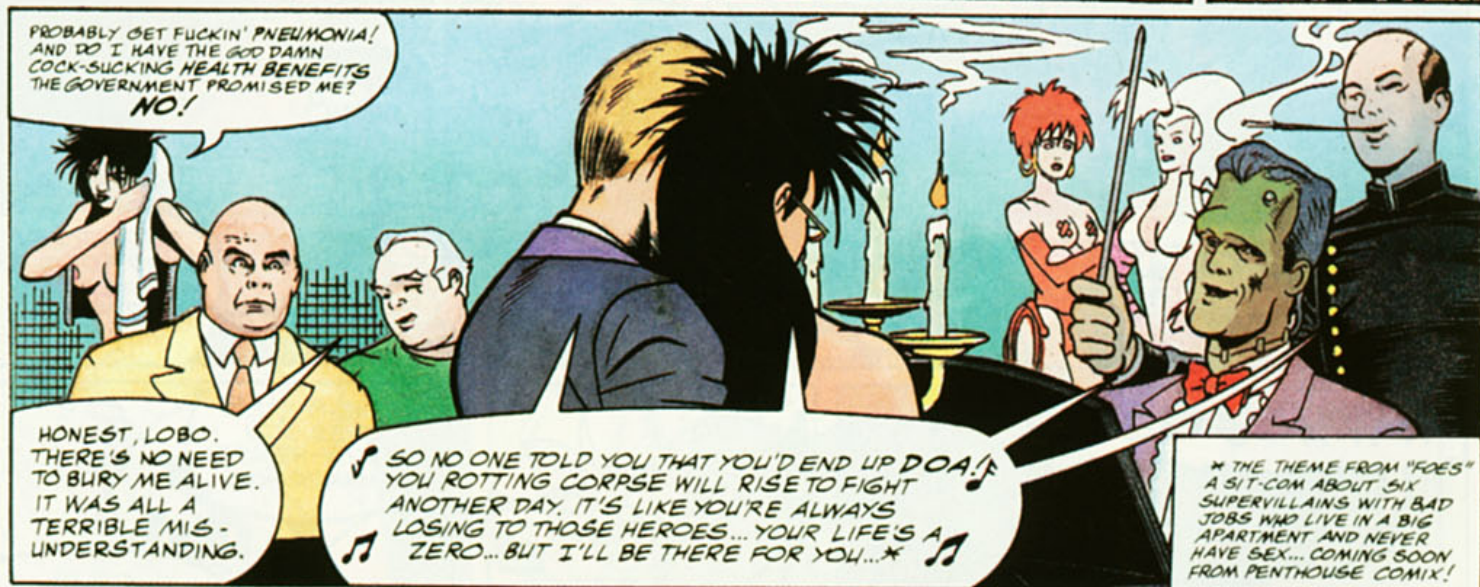




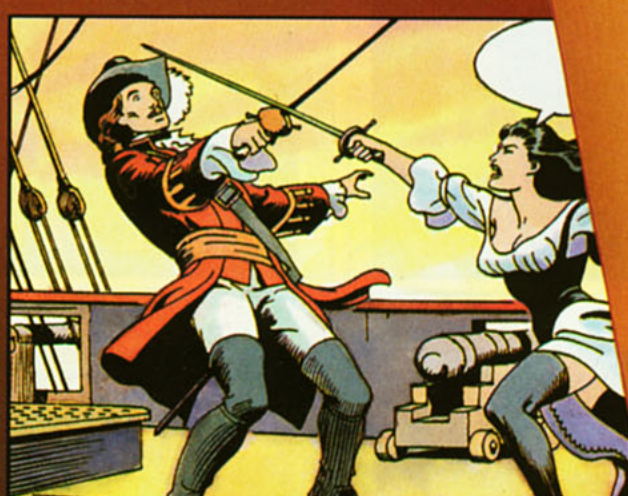












## EPISODE 2: OLD HICKORY

### OUR STORY THUS FAR:

**1812.** Along the Gulf Coast, Americans fight for their lives on the sea lanes, pursued and harassed not only by the Navy of Great Britain, which is at war with the fledgling American nation, but also with every lowlife scum and buccaneer dredged from the Carribbean. One such American ship, **The Liberty Bell**, under the command of **Captain Rodger Barringer** was attacked by the most feared of all pirates, an implacable French dandy know as **Jean Claude Mundaca**. Mundaca killed Rodger in an act of foul treachery and leaving Rodger's widow **Tess**, (The daughter of **Farrier**, a famous fencing master, who was murdered by Mundaca five years ago) to avenge him. Against all odds Tess triumphed, winning not only Mundaca's ship, **The Majesti**, but the loyalty of Mundaca's pirate crew as well. Tess now leads this band of privateers, who plunder in the name of the United States, as per the law, turning half their take over to the proper authority, Old Hickory himself, **Colonel Andy Jackson...**

**WRITERS:** CARAGONNE & THORNTON

**ARTIST:** RUSS HEATH

**COLORS:** SUYDAM **LETTERS:** WILLIAMS





1814 NEW ORLEANS,  
IN A FRENCH QUARTER  
WHOREHOUSE WHERE  
GENERAL ANDREW  
JACKSON HAS SET UP  
HIS FIELD HEAD-  
QUARTERS.



CAPTAIN'S  
LOG





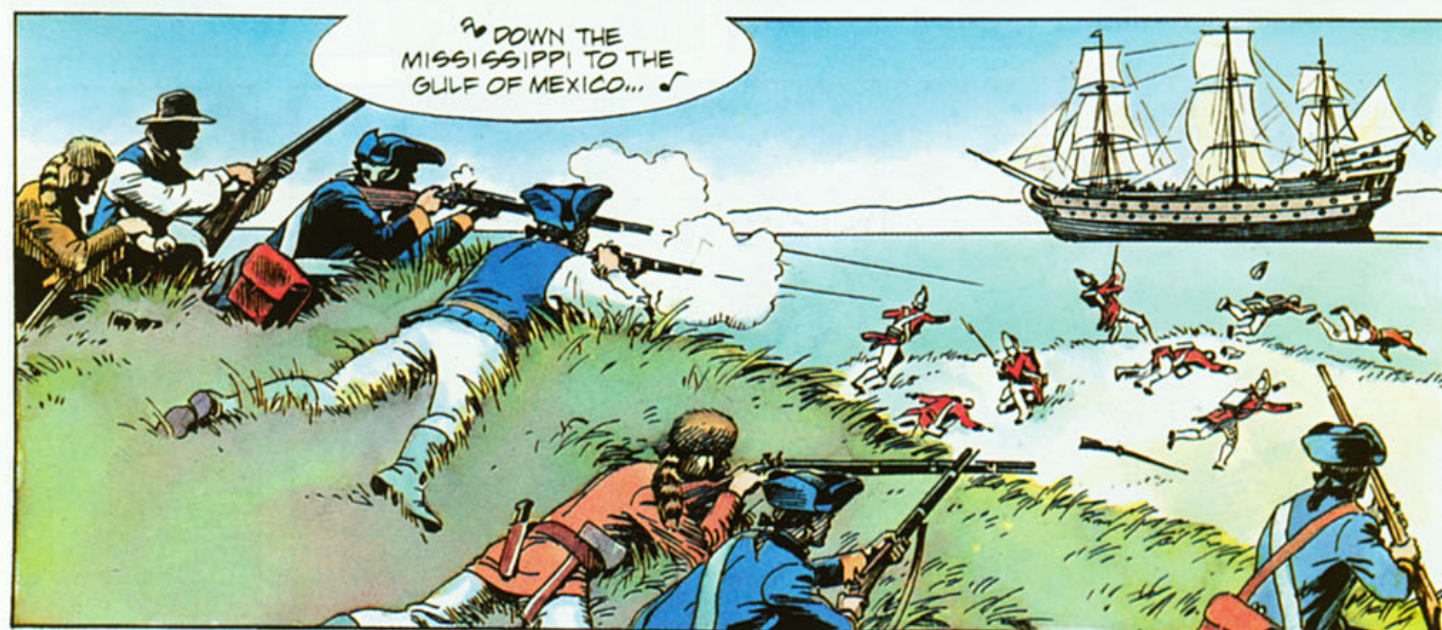
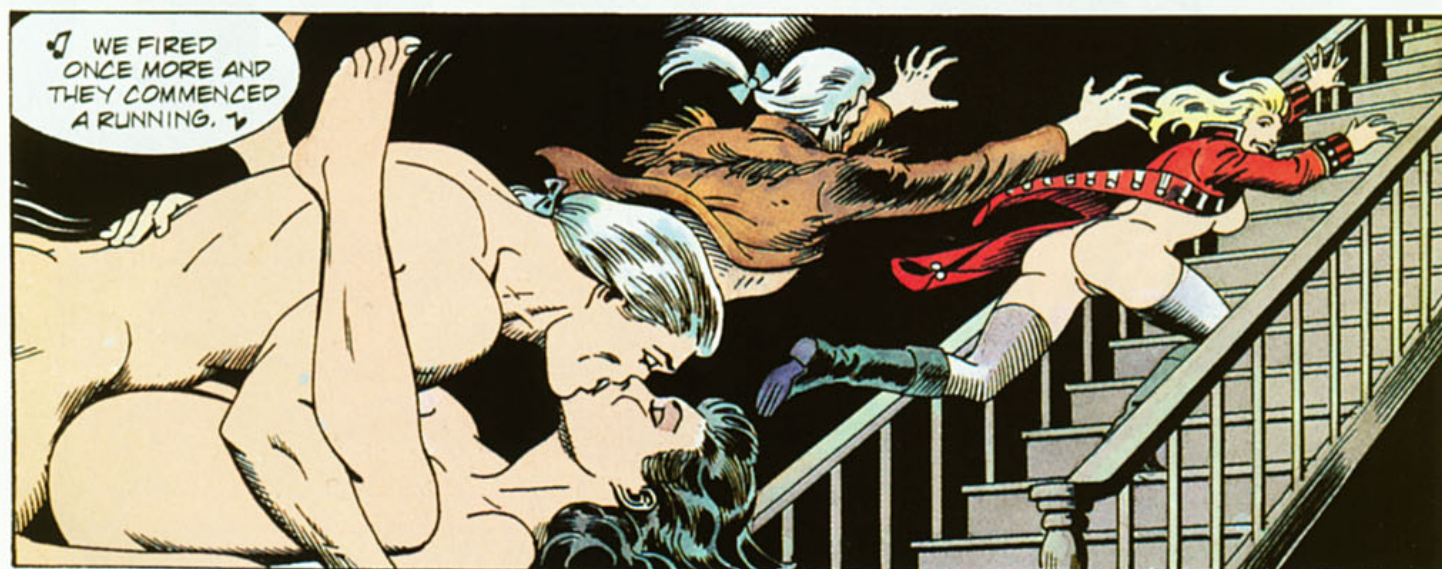
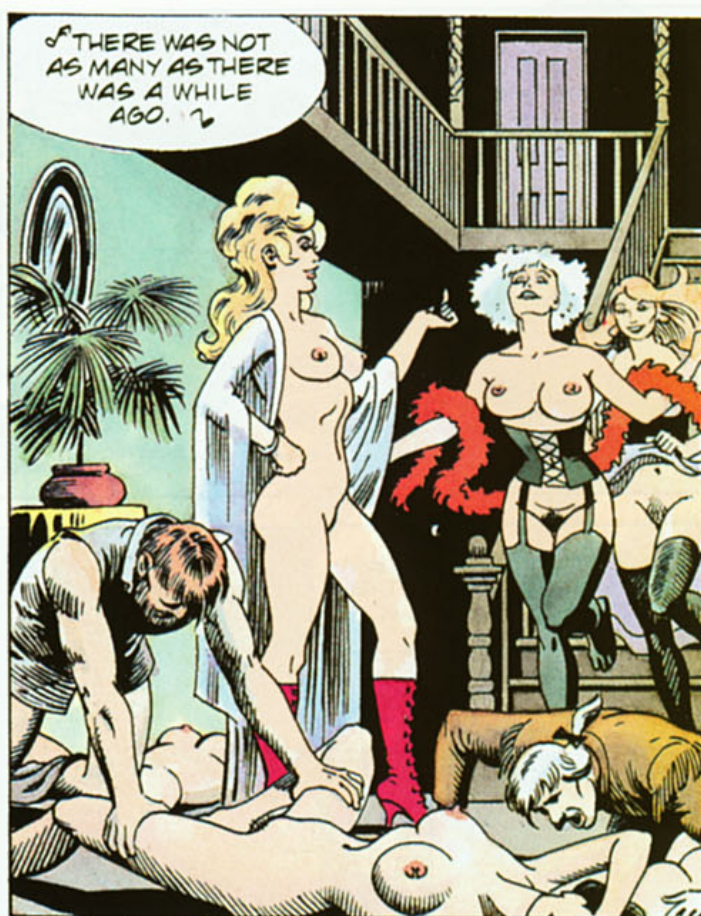










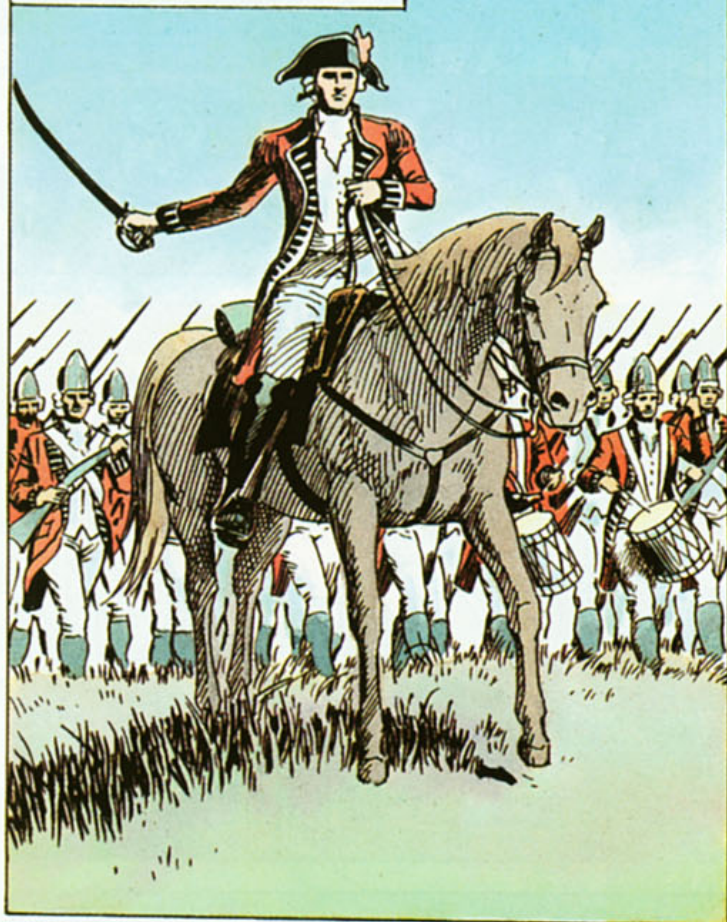




WE LOOKED DOWN THE RIVER AND WE SEE'D THE BRITISH COME.



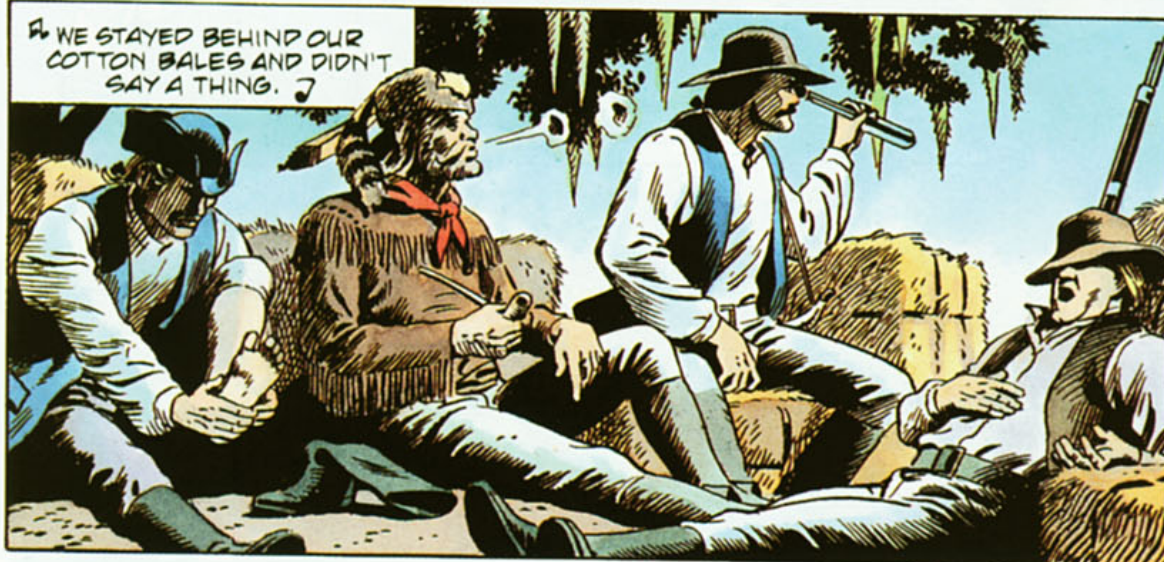
AND THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A HUNDRED OF THEM BEATING ON THE DRUM.



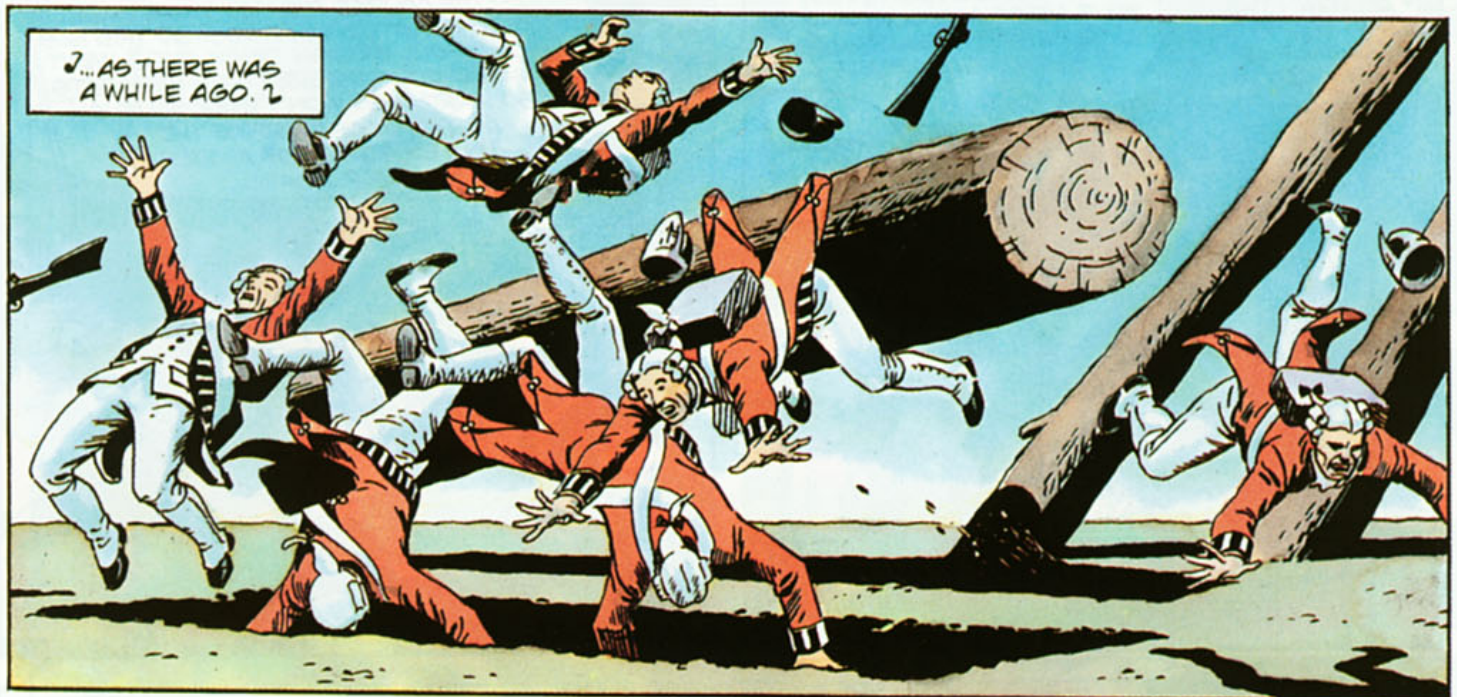
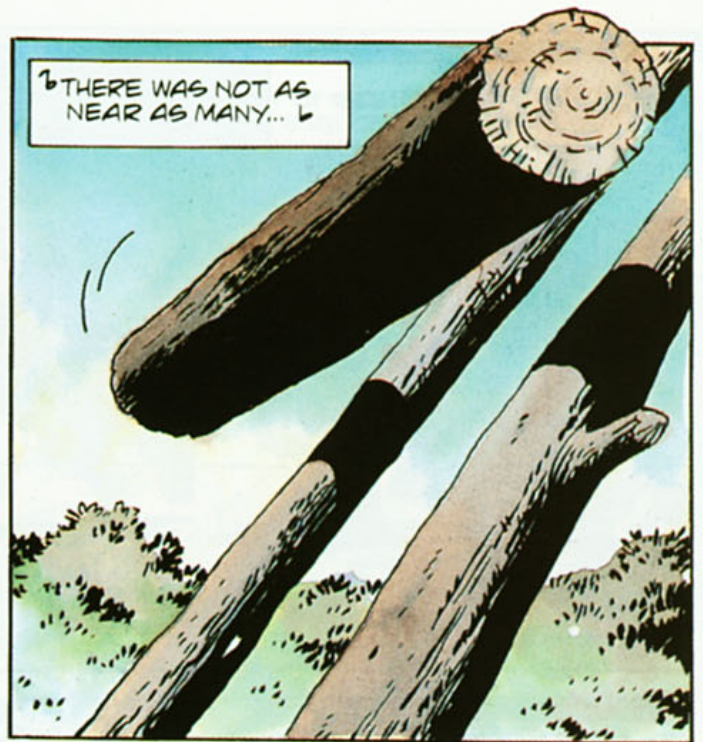
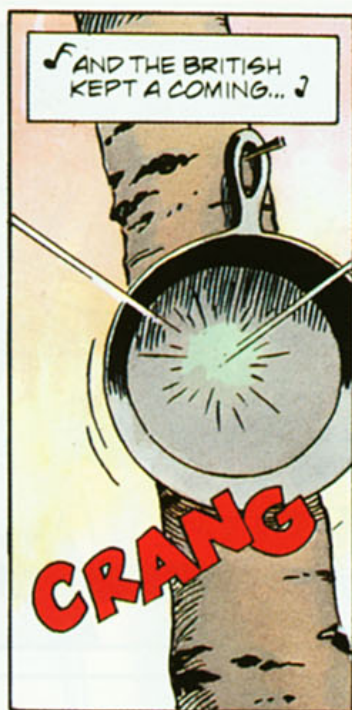
THEY STEPPED SO HIGH AND THEY MADE THEIR BUGLES RING...



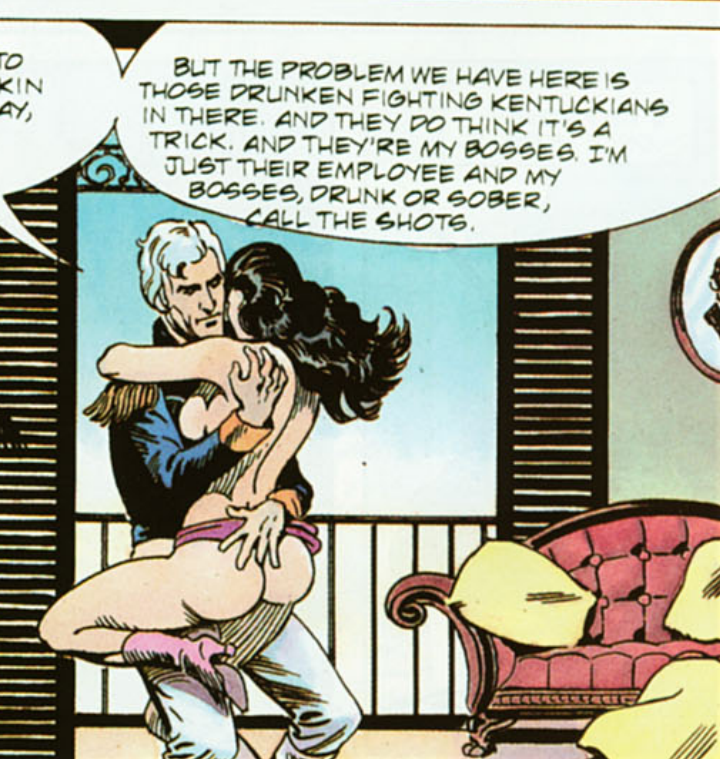
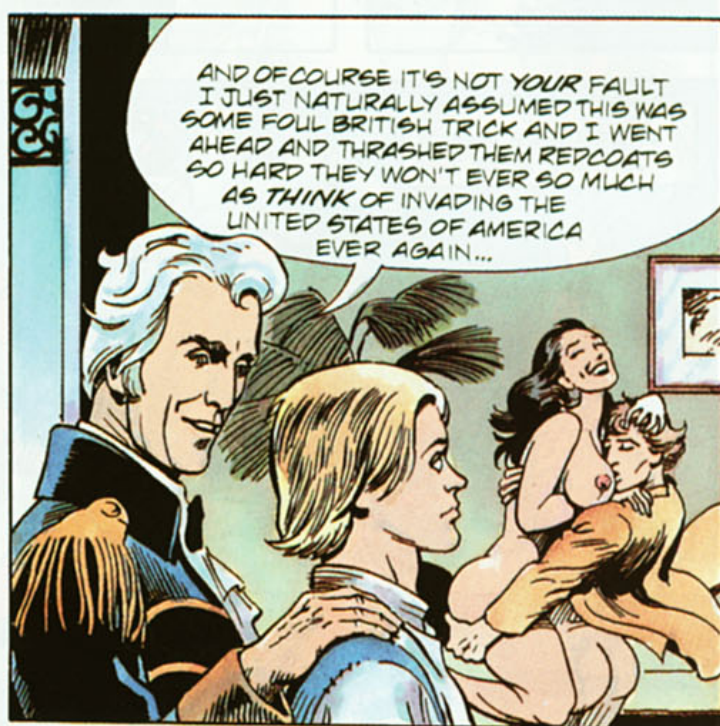
WE STAYED BEHIND OUR COTTON BALES AND DIDN'T SAY A THING.



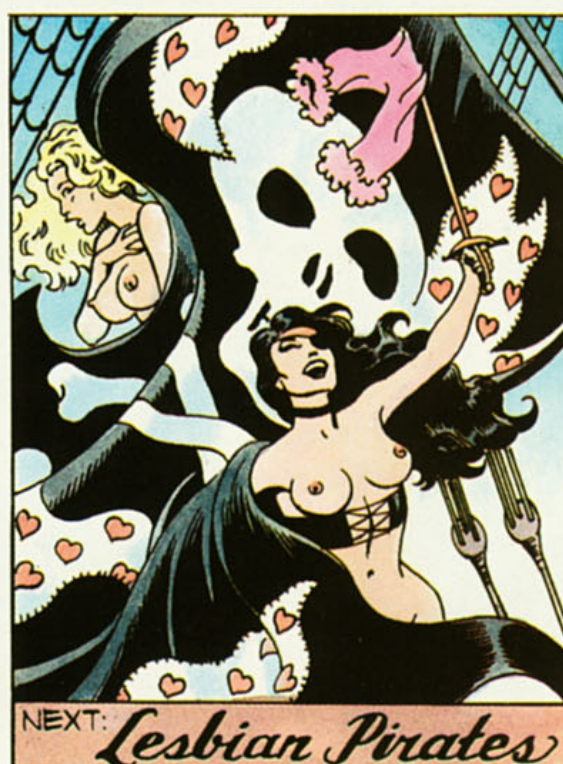
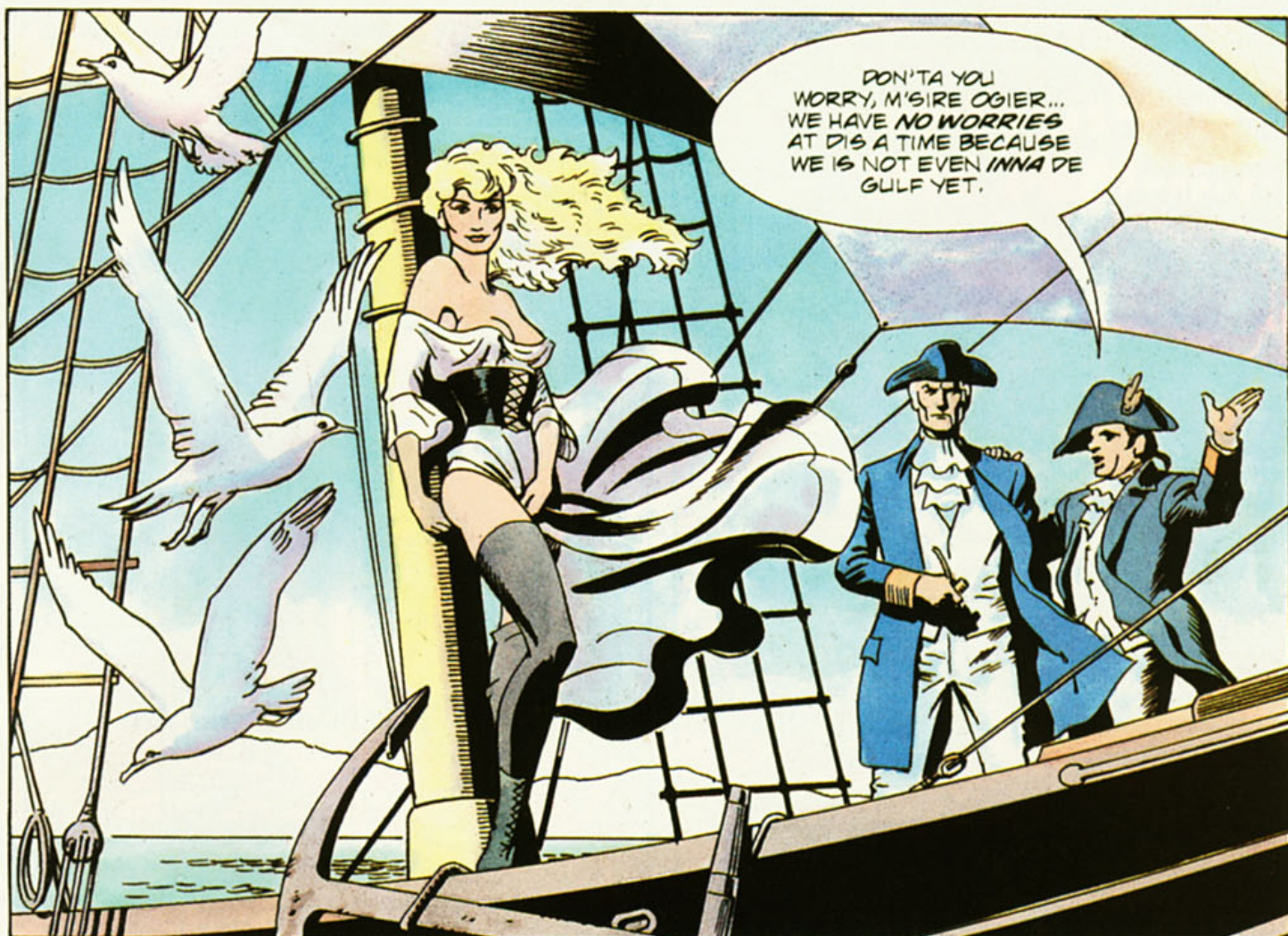














# Miss ~~ADVENTURE~~ ADVENTURE

## EPISODE 2: THE FEM-B.I.

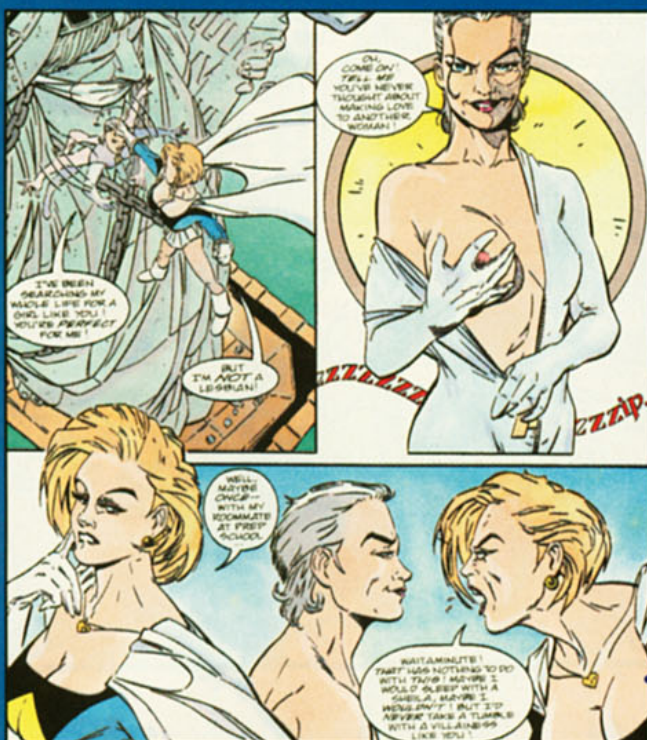
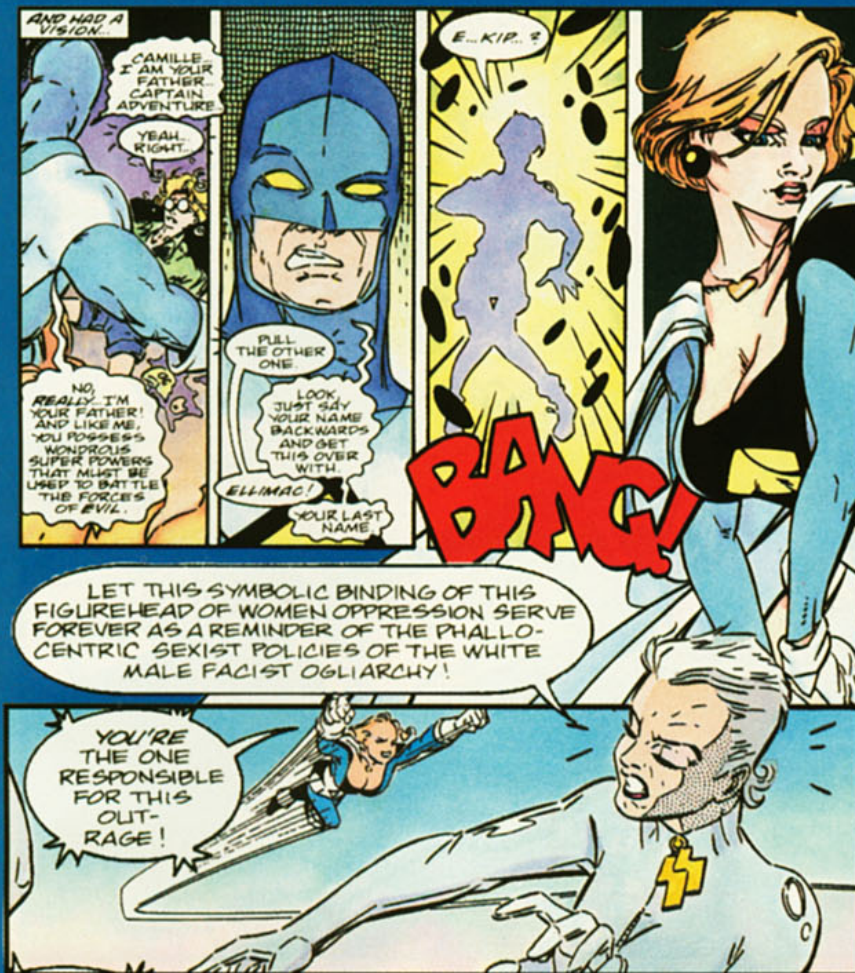
### Our Story Thus Far:

On her 18th birthday, young **Camille Pike** had a vision in which she learned that she is the 4th member of the Pike Family to inherit the superhuman powers of Captain Adventure. In addition to her father, **Jack Pike**, and her grandfather, **Pat Pike**, Cammy and her long lost (she still doesn't know he even exists) twin brother **Joey Pike** (aka **Young Captain Adventure**) possess powers they have sworn to use in the cause of justice. Camille has only to say the magic word "**EKIP**" and she is transformed into the world's most politically incorrect superheroine.

Travelling from Australia, where she was raised by her uncle, **Mac Reese**, Cammy has already defeated the evil **Sister Sapphos**, a radical man-hating lesbian gender feminist supervillain, whose symbolic binding of the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor was an affront to everything the Pike family and all red-blooded freedom lovers stand for!

In an effort to better familiarize herself with the inner workings of being an American Superhero, Camille has travelled to the fountain of all understanding: **Sid Koch's Monkey Boy Comic Book Shop**, the world's greatest repository of superhero knowledge...

**WRITERS:**  
**CARAGONNE & THORNTON**  
**ARTIST:**  
**CARY POLKOVITZ**  
**INKER:**  
**TERRY AUSTIN**  
**COLORS:**  
**SUYDAM**  
**LETTERS:**  
**WILLIAMS & LOPEZ**





MONKEY BOY COMICS--  
NEW YORK CITY--  
THE PRESENT DAY.

YOU'RE A  
SWELL BLOKE TO  
ROUND UP ALL THESE  
COMIC MAGS FOR  
ME, SID.

HEY, ANYTHING I CAN  
DO FOR THE DAUGHTER OF  
JACK PIKE, THE SILVER AGE  
CAPTAIN ADVENTURE...

NO RECEIPT  
NO REFUND  
-The Manager

NICE  
LIZARD...

AND THANKS  
FOR THE  
LOAN OF  
THE WHEEL-  
CHAIR.

WHAT THE HELL. KEEP IT.  
MA'S DEAD. SHE DON'T  
NEED IT ANY MORE.

NYC SUPER  
HEROES  
HOMES

HISST!

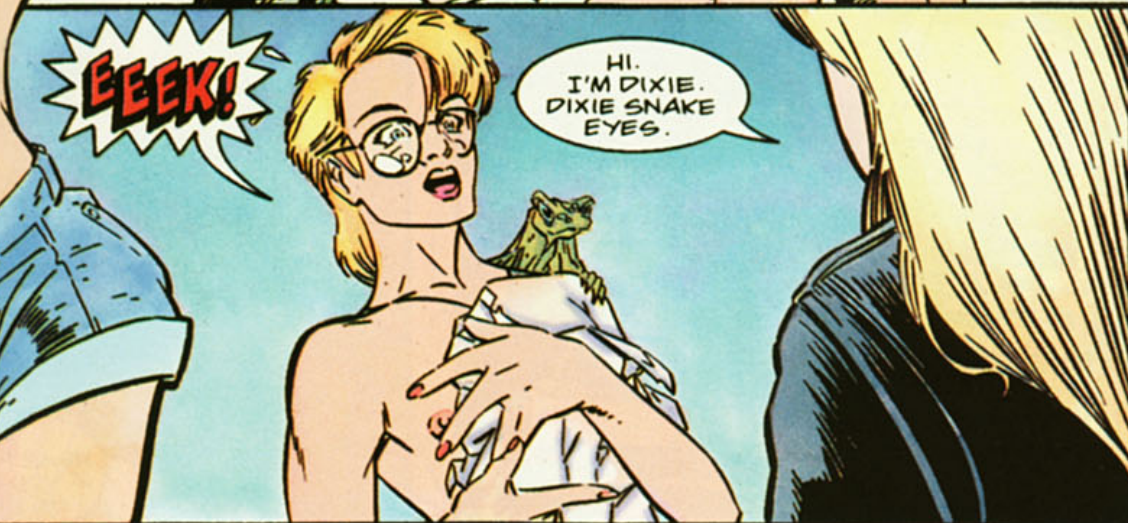
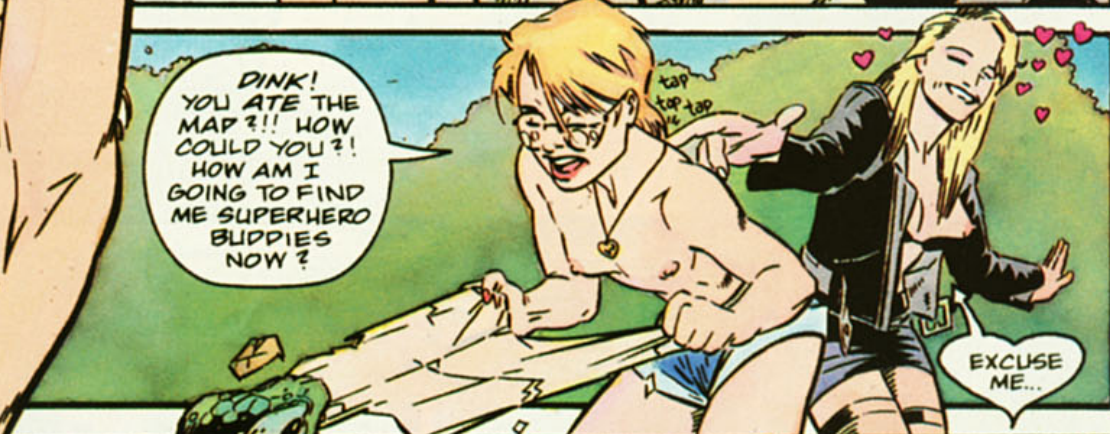
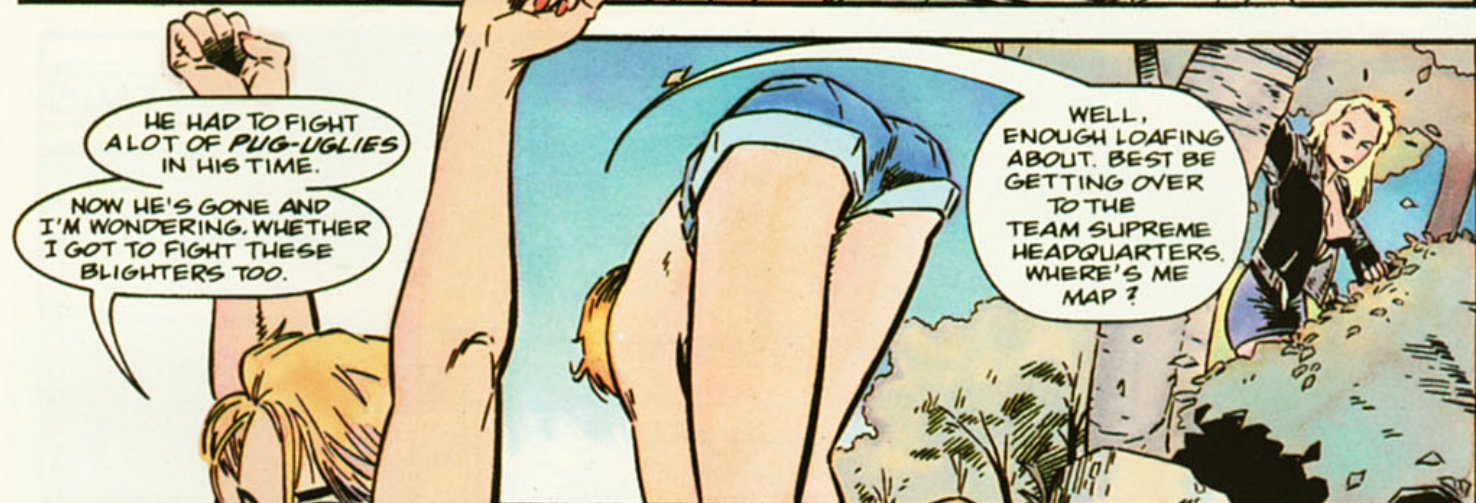
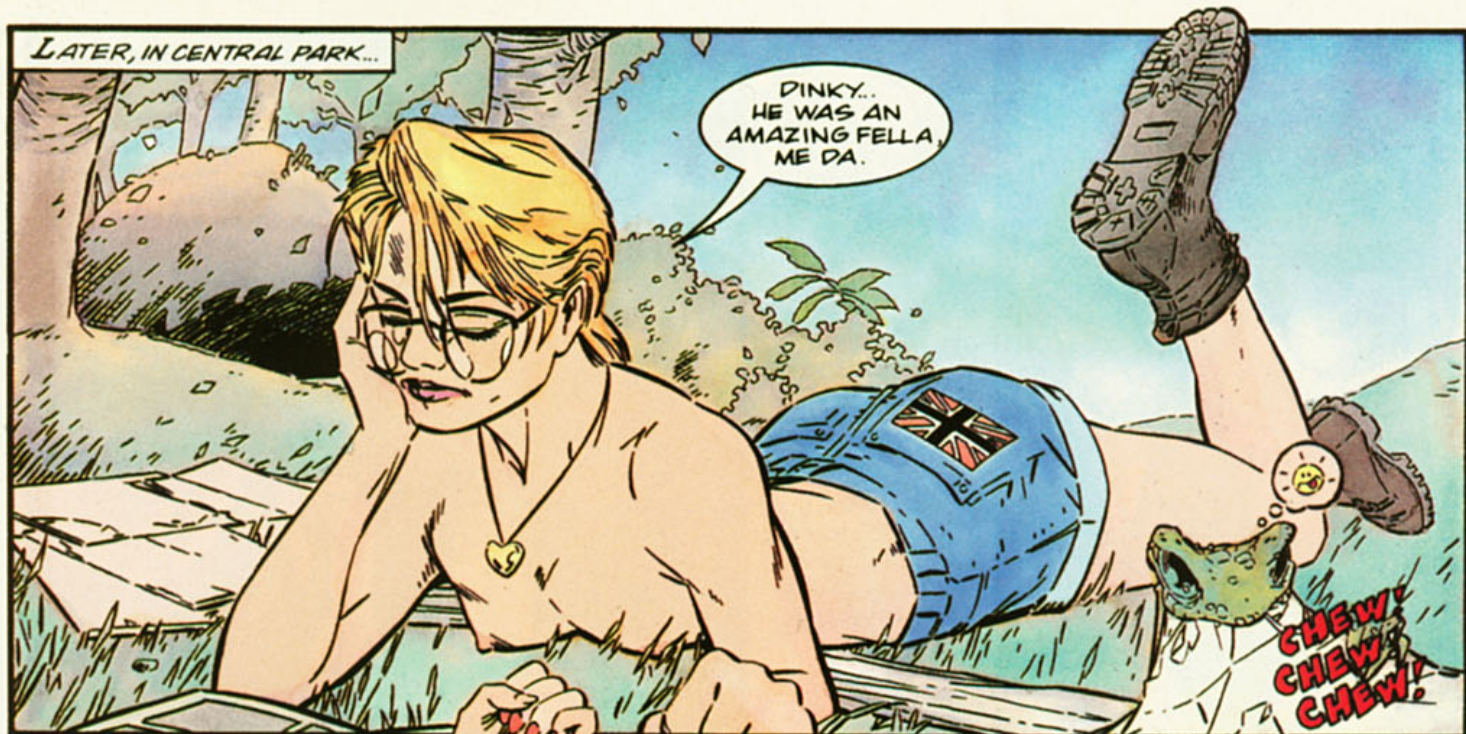
DINKY!  
BE  
GOOD.

LET ME SHOW YOU WHERE  
THE KIRBY BUILDING  
IS ON THE MAP.

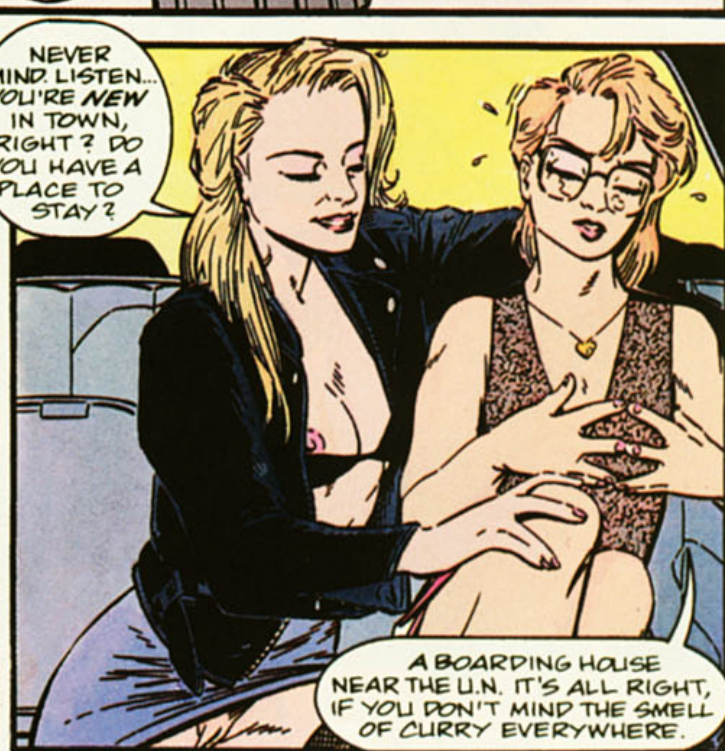
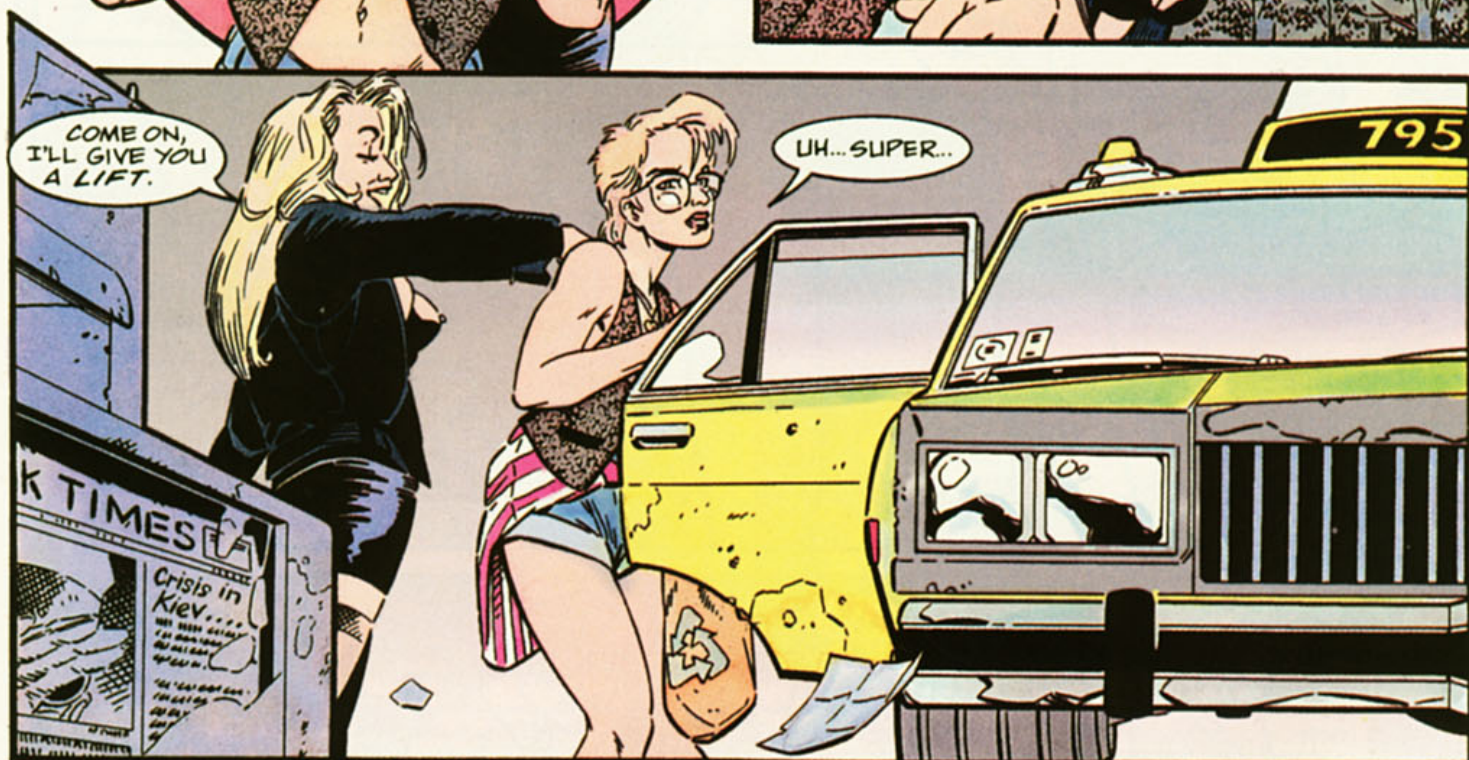
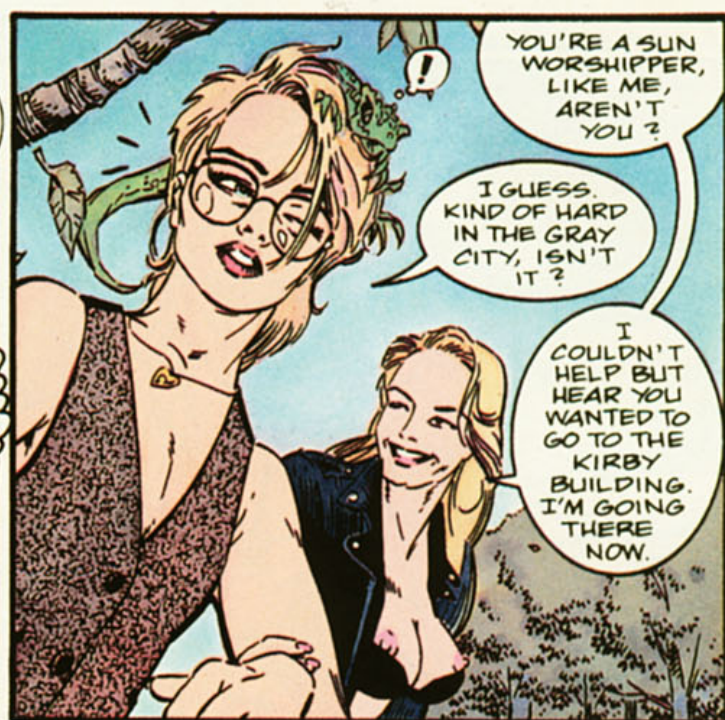
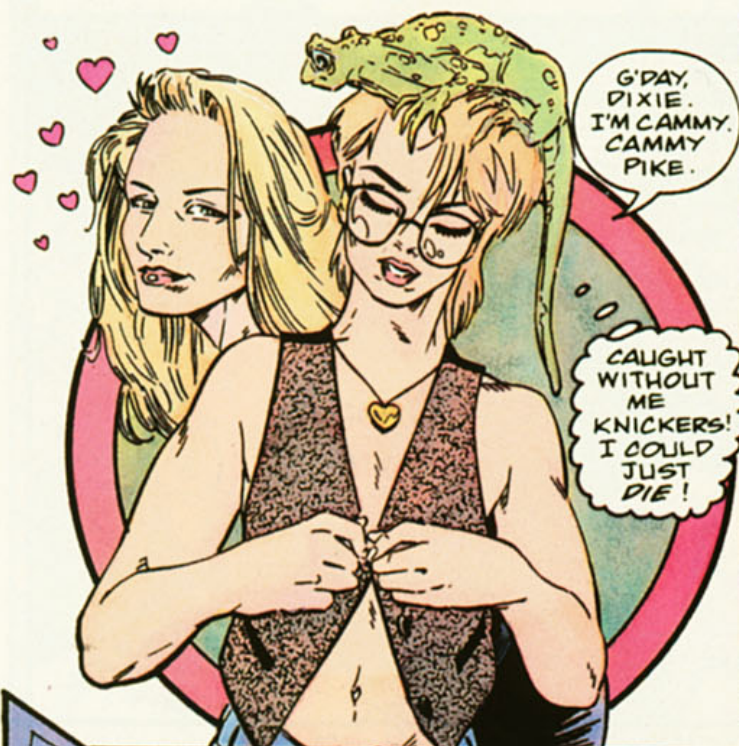
HOMES OF THE

AAA

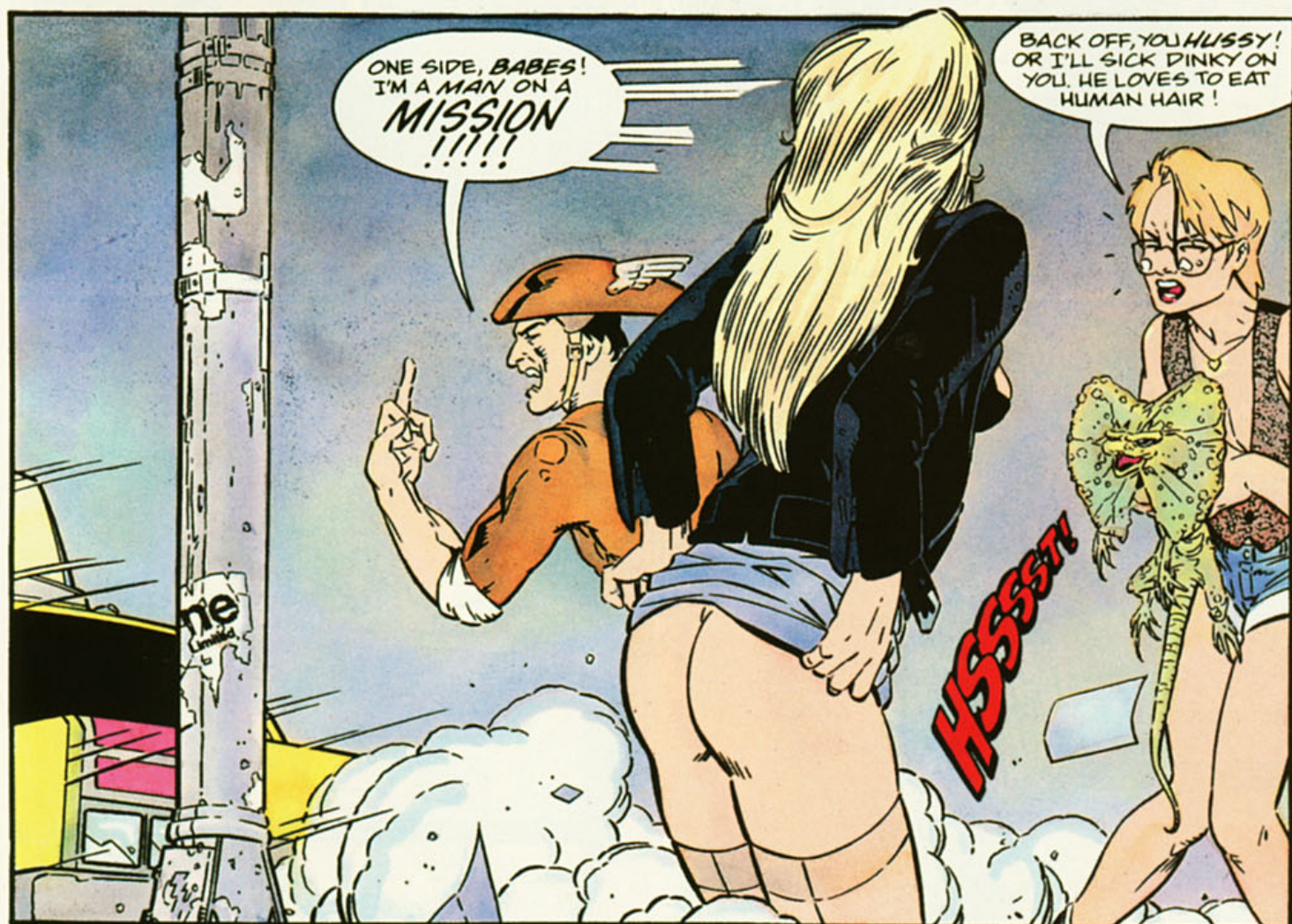
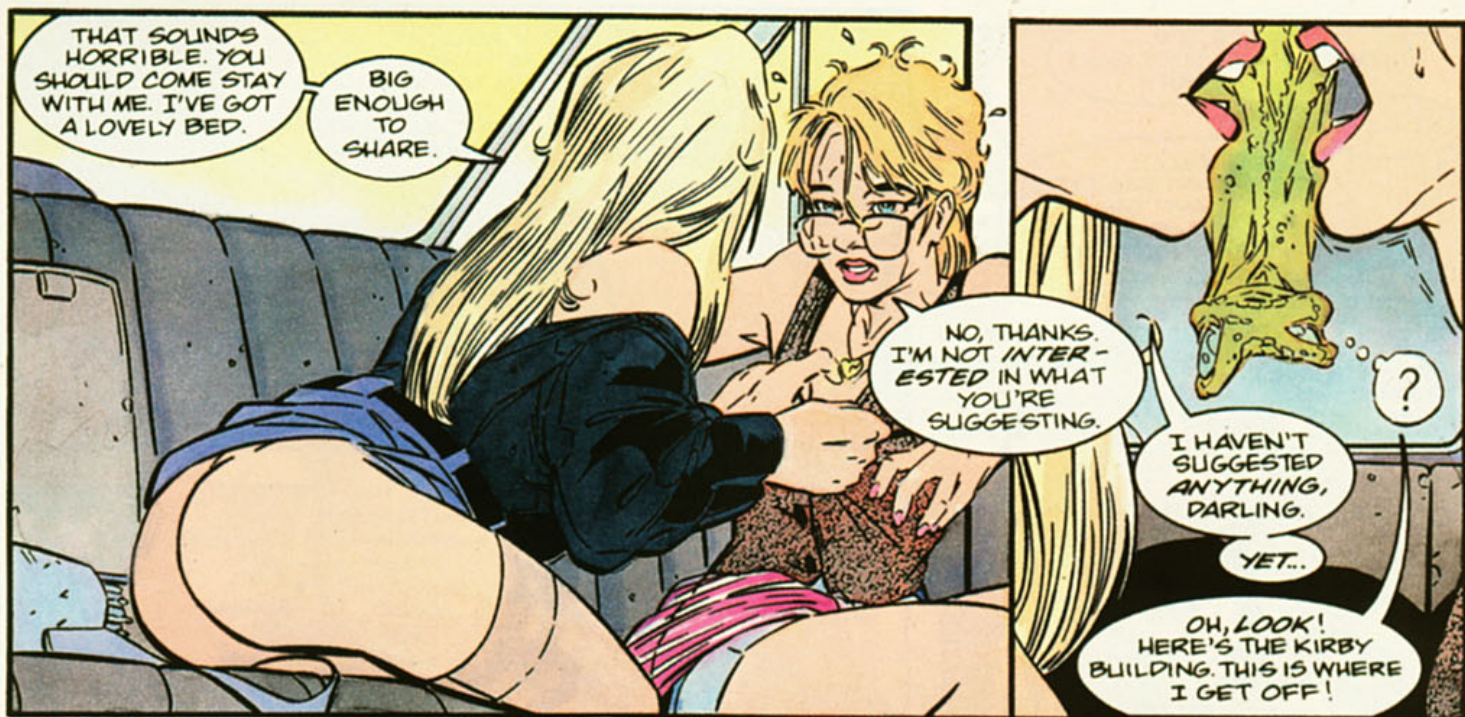




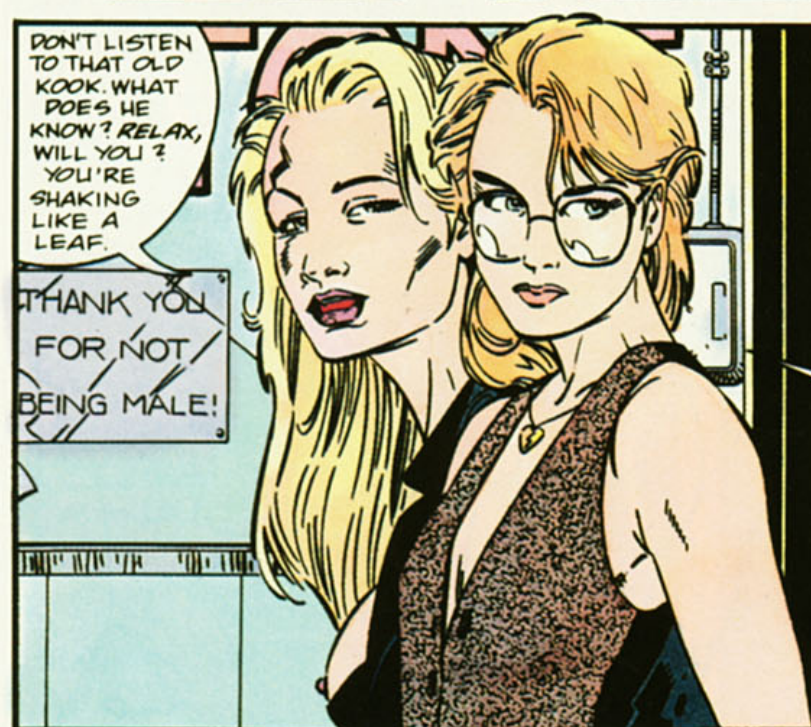
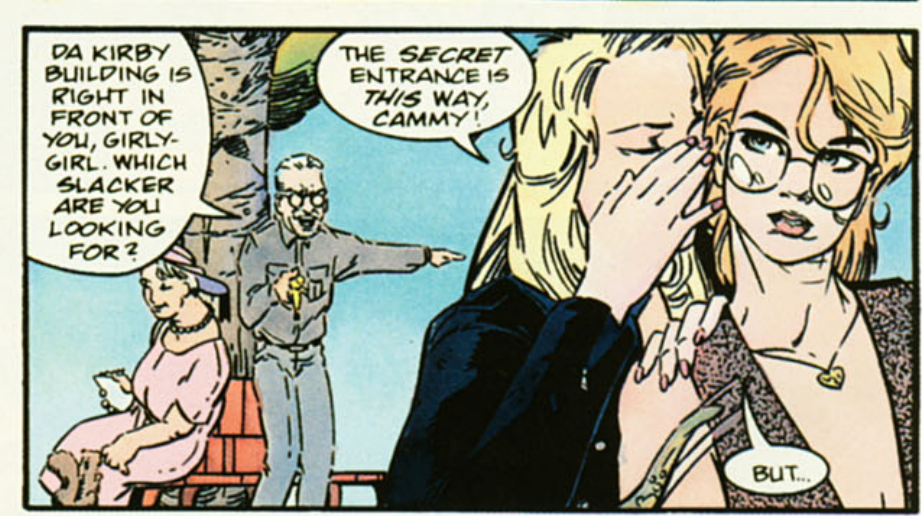
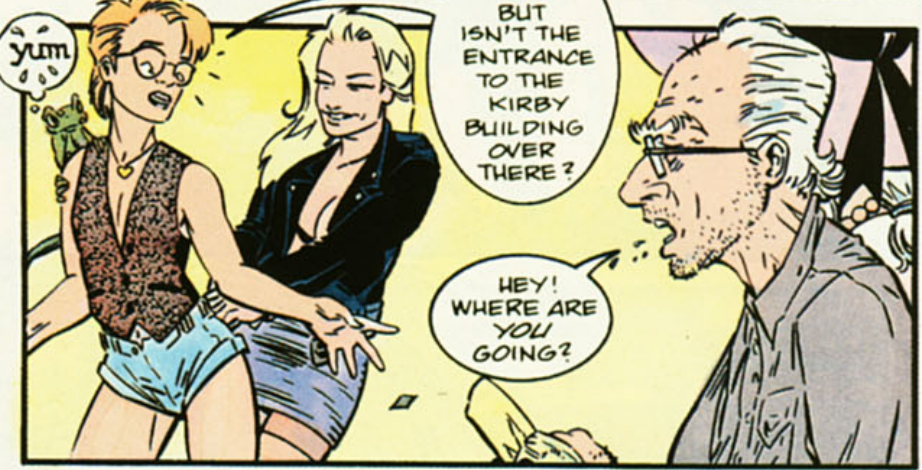
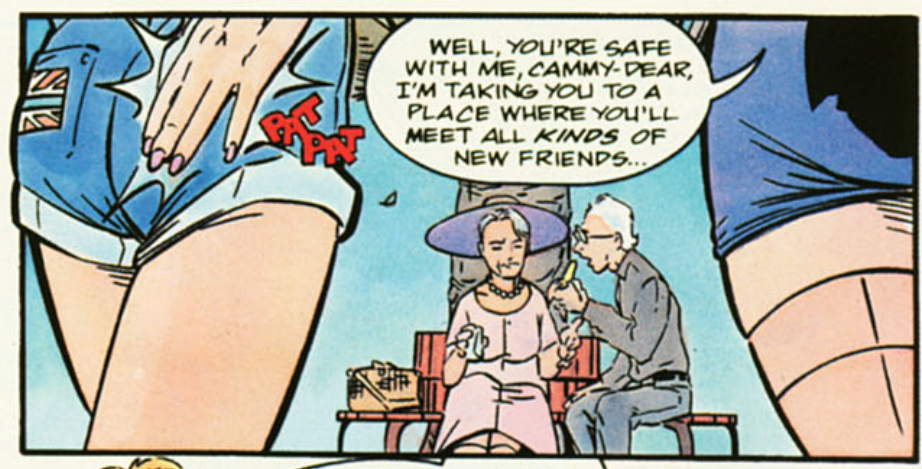
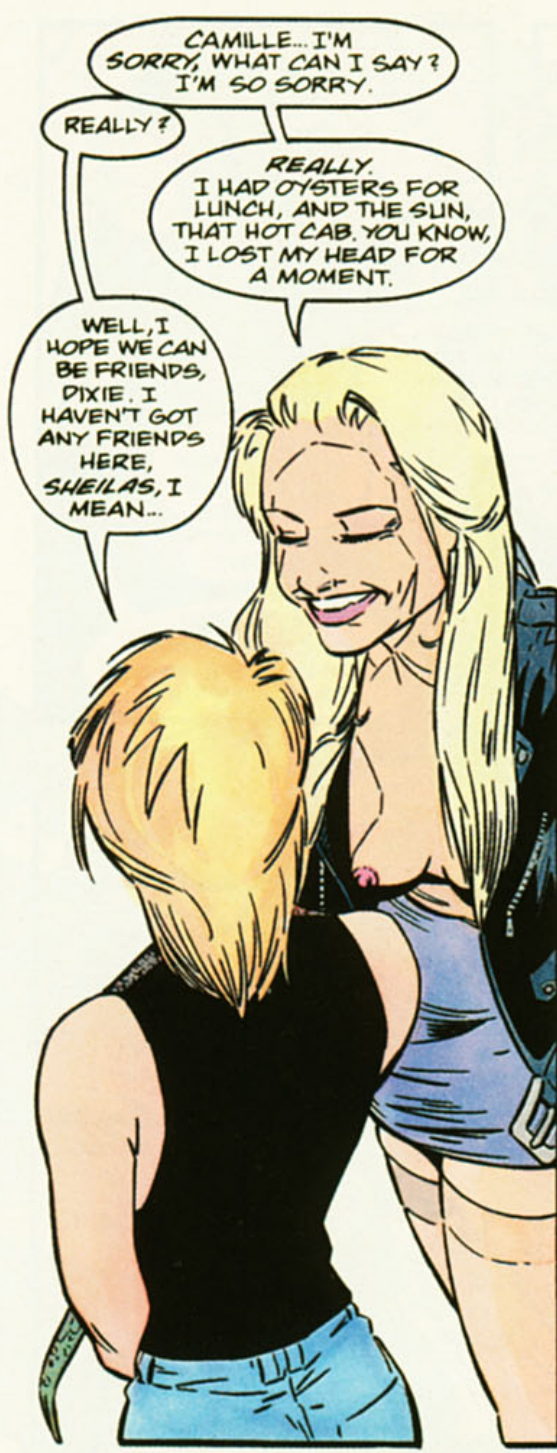




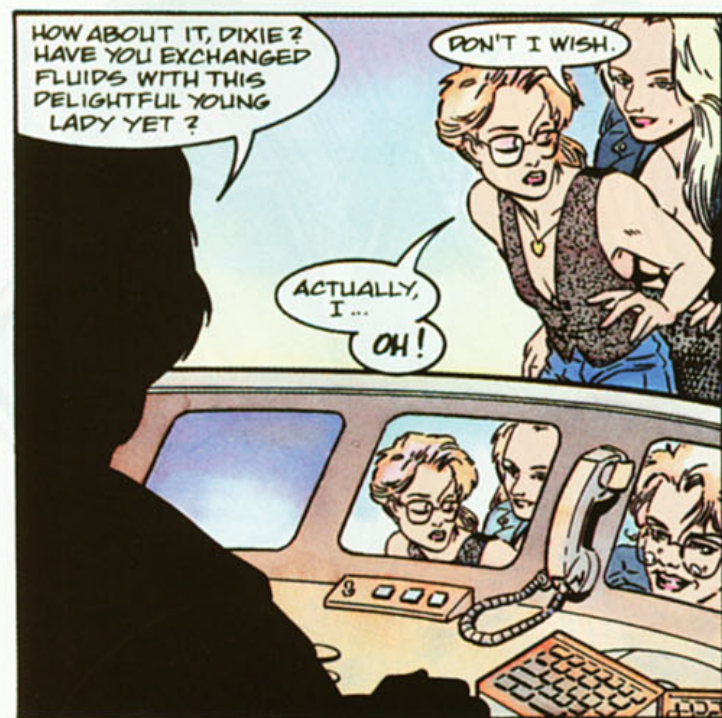
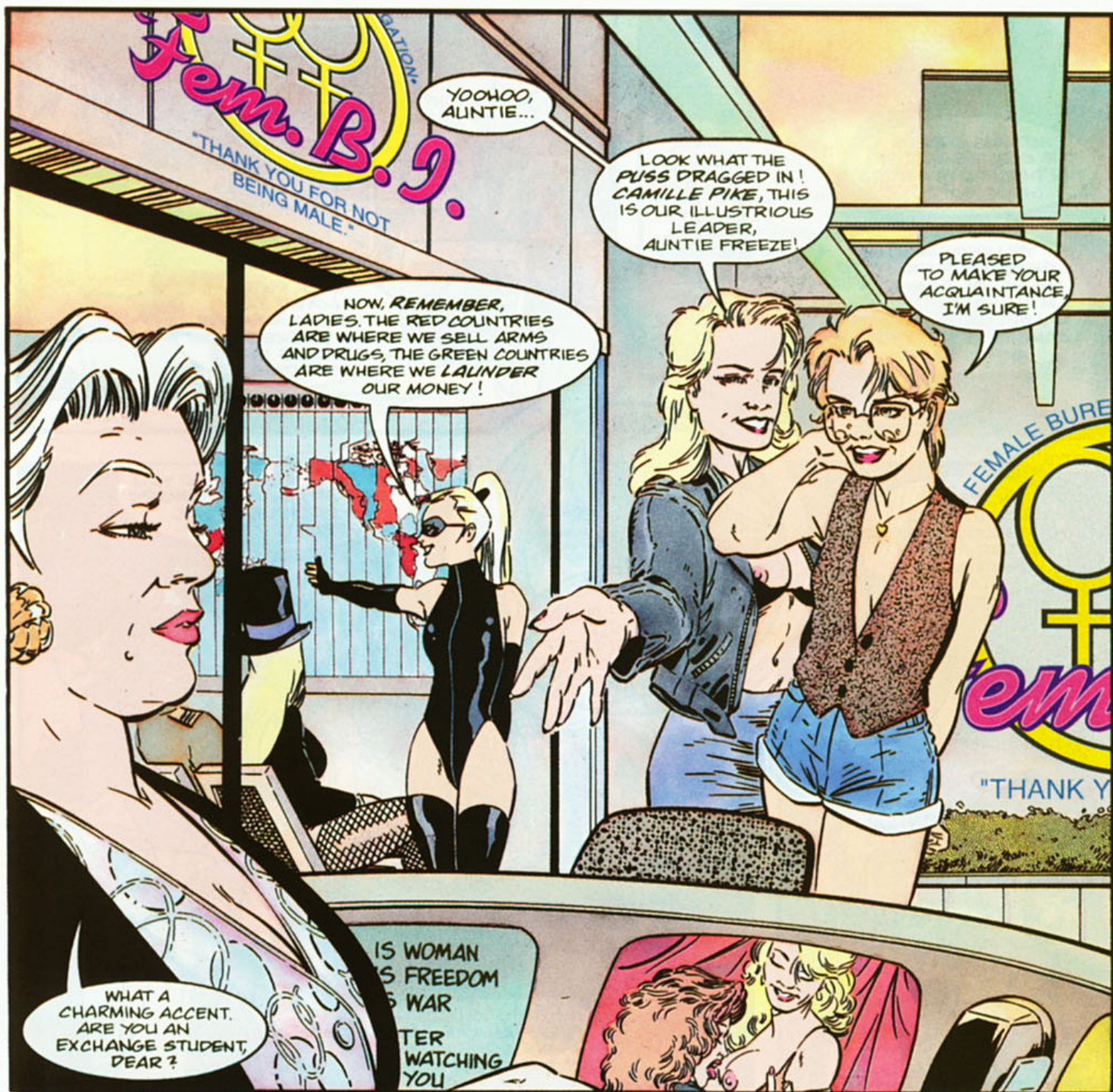




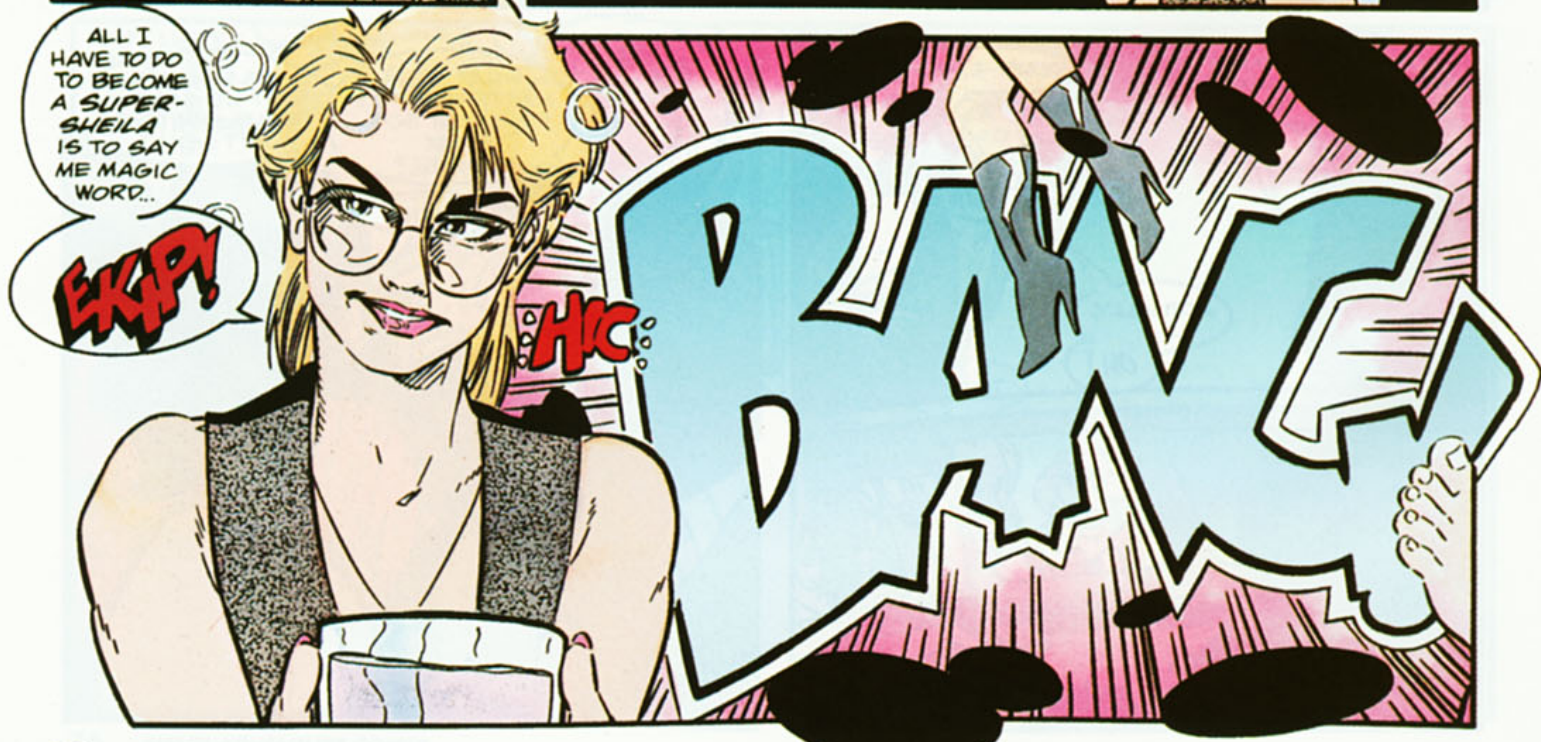
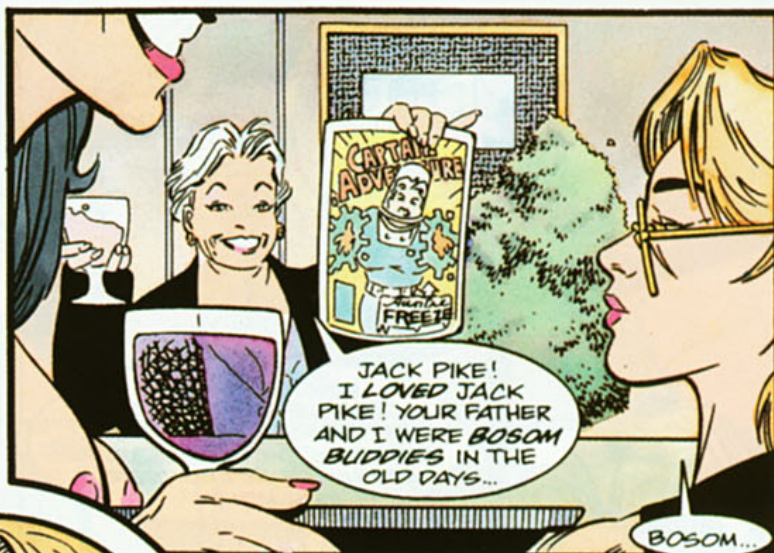
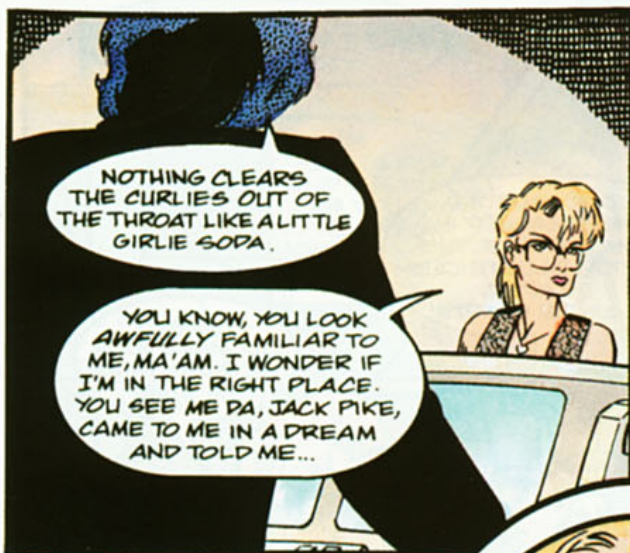








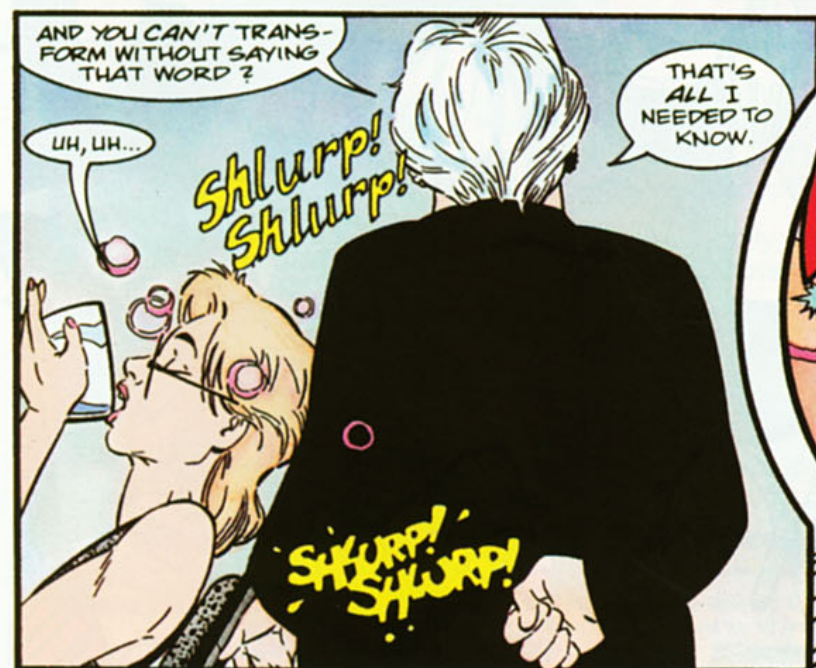
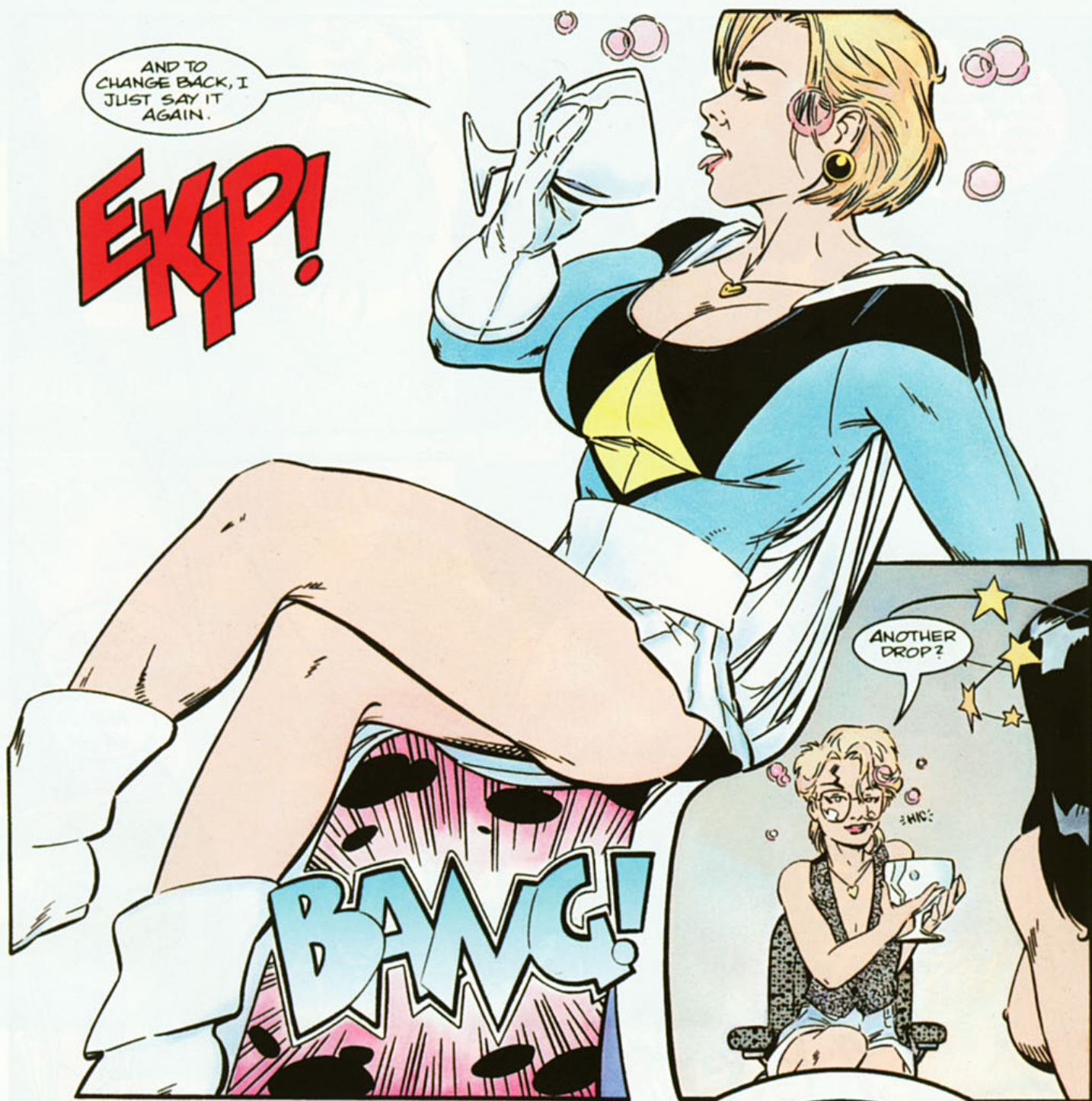




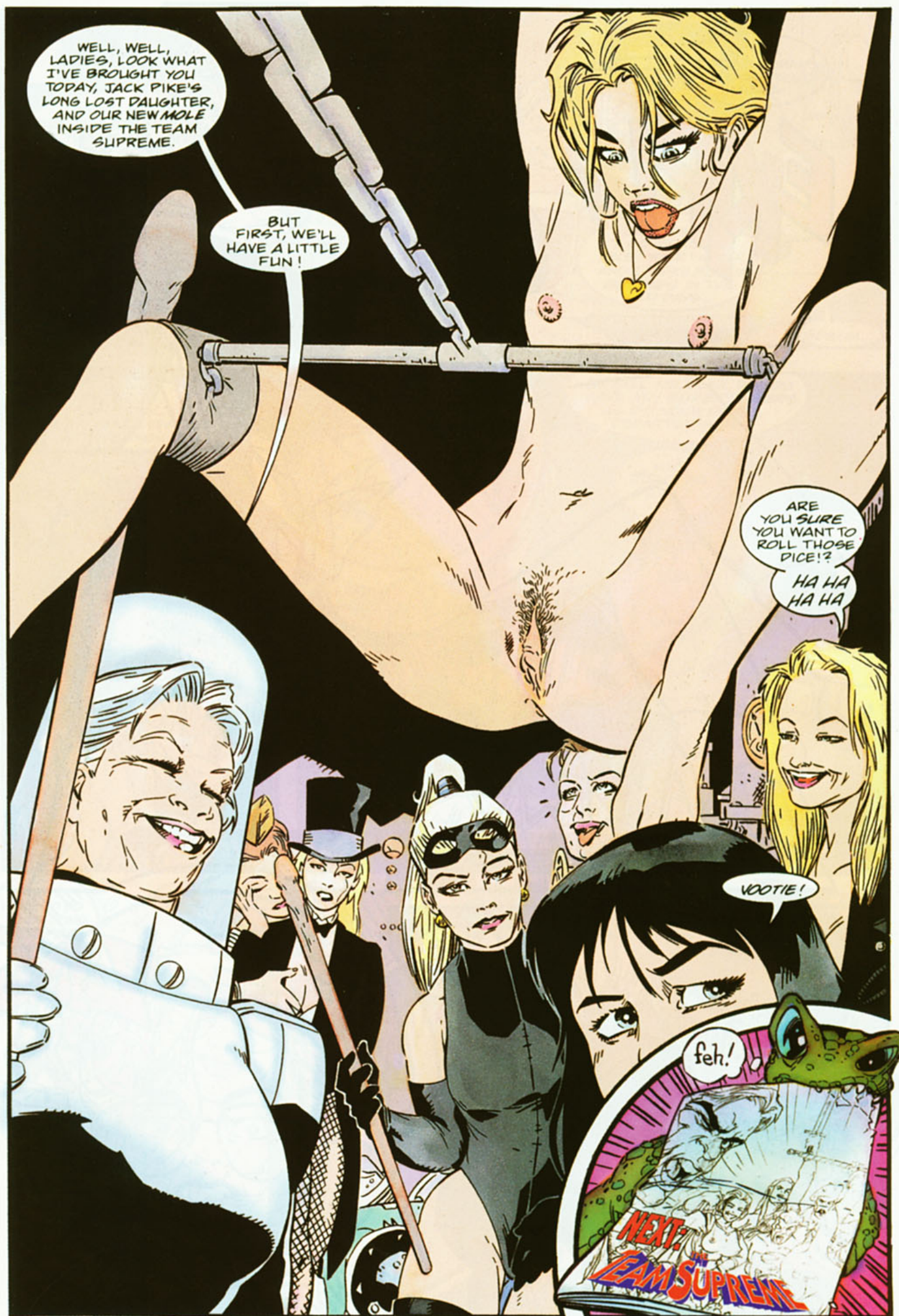


AND TO  
CHANGE BACK, I  
JUST SAY IT  
AGAIN.

**EXIP!**







WELL, WELL,  
LADIES, LOOK WHAT  
I'VE BROUGHT YOU  
TODAY, JACK PIKE'S  
LONG LOST DAUGHTER,  
AND OUR NEW MOLE  
INSIDE THE TEAM  
SUPREME.

BUT  
FIRST, WE'LL  
HAVE A LITTLE  
FUN!

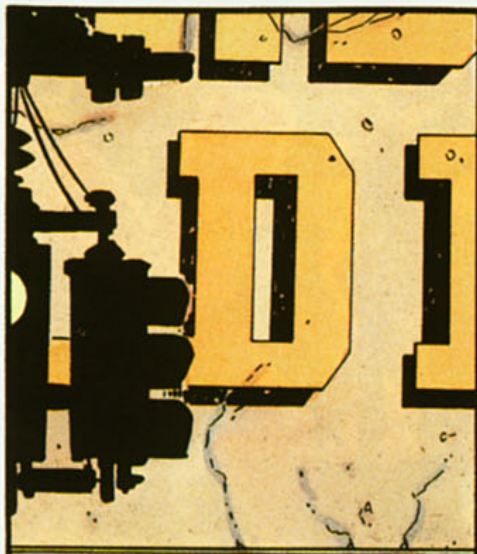
ARE  
YOU SURE  
YOU WANT TO  
ROLL THOSE  
DICE!?

HA HA  
HA HA

VOOTIE!

feh!

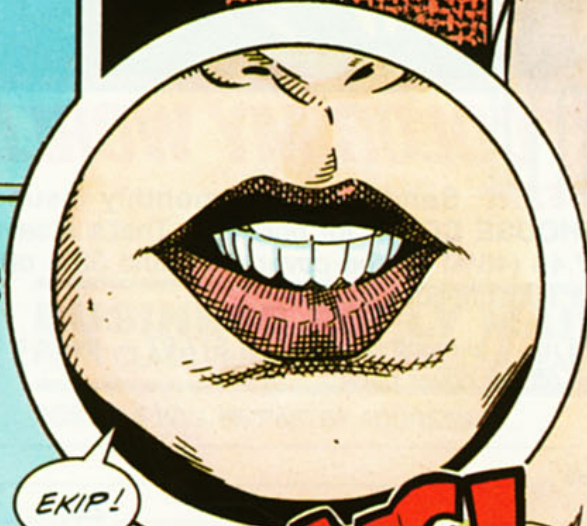




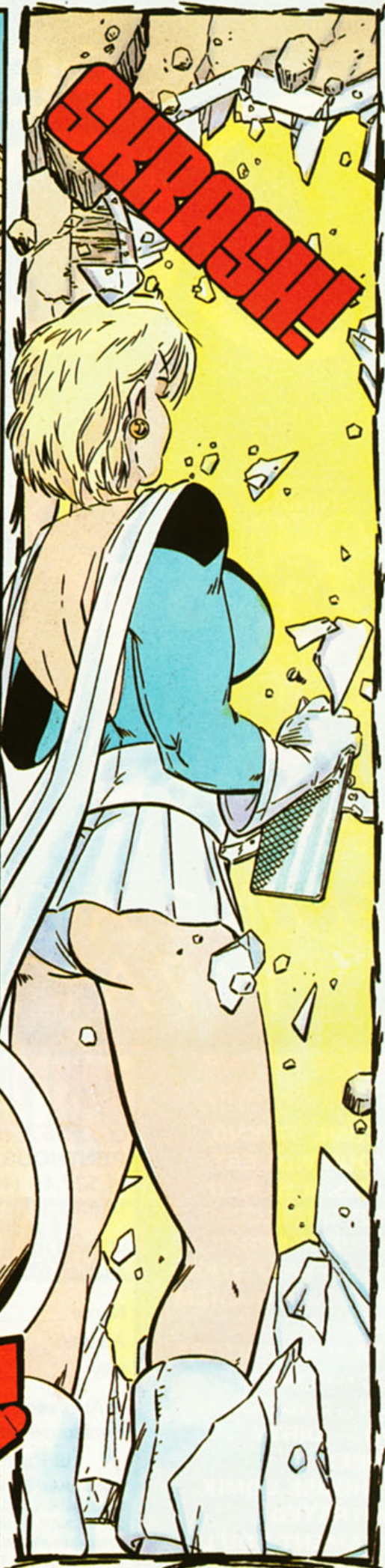
NEW YORK CITY--  
THE PRESENT

1994

THIS  
MUST BE  
THE  
PLACE...



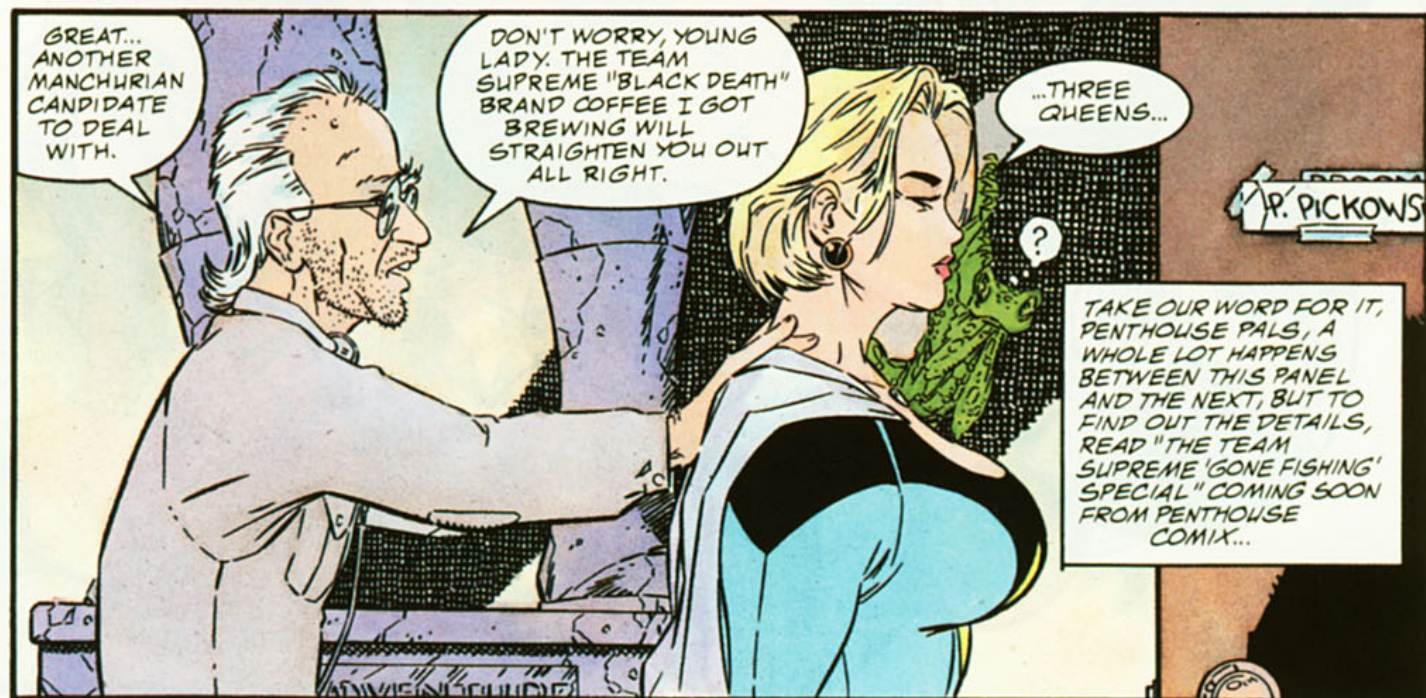
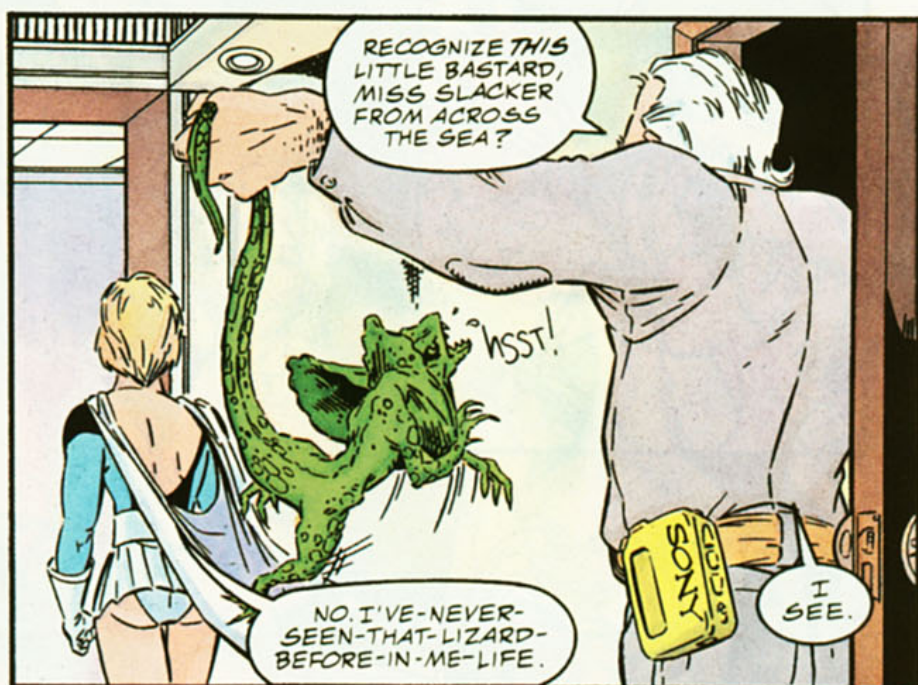
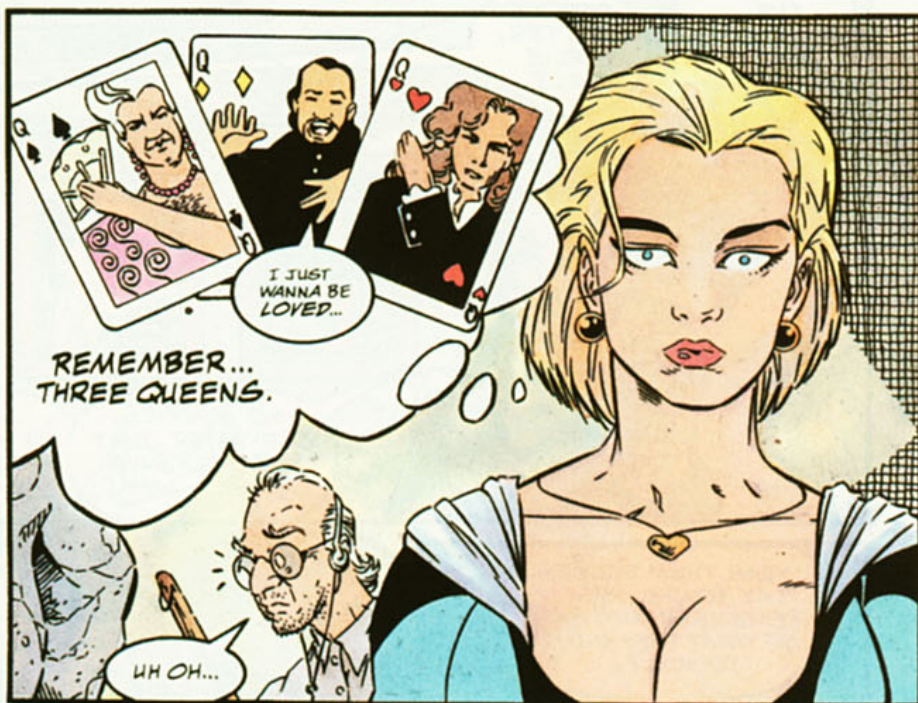
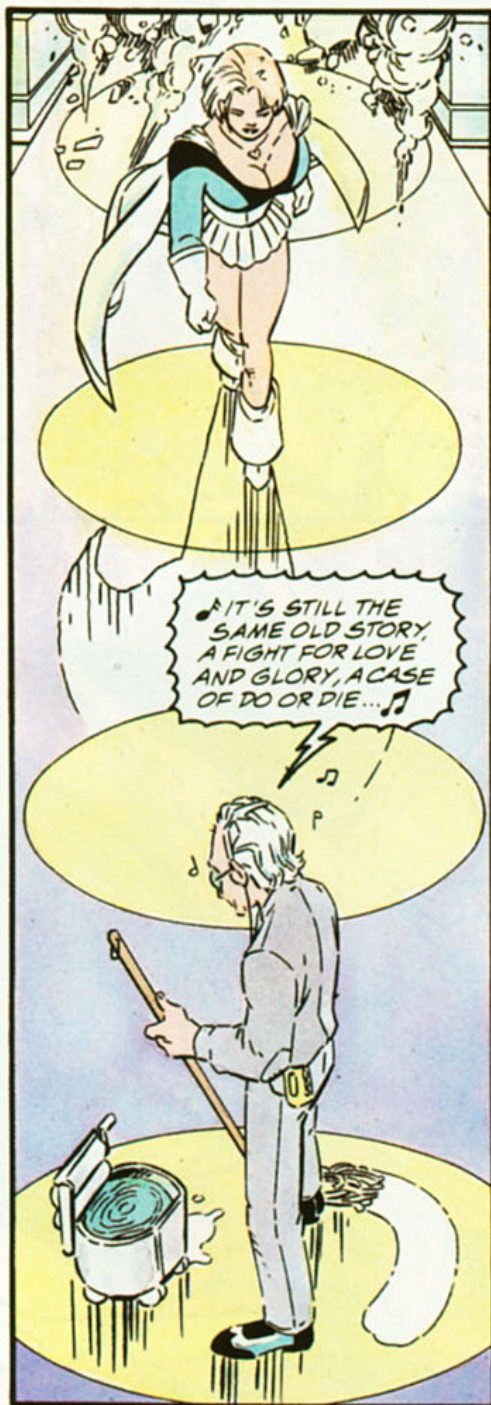
EKIP!



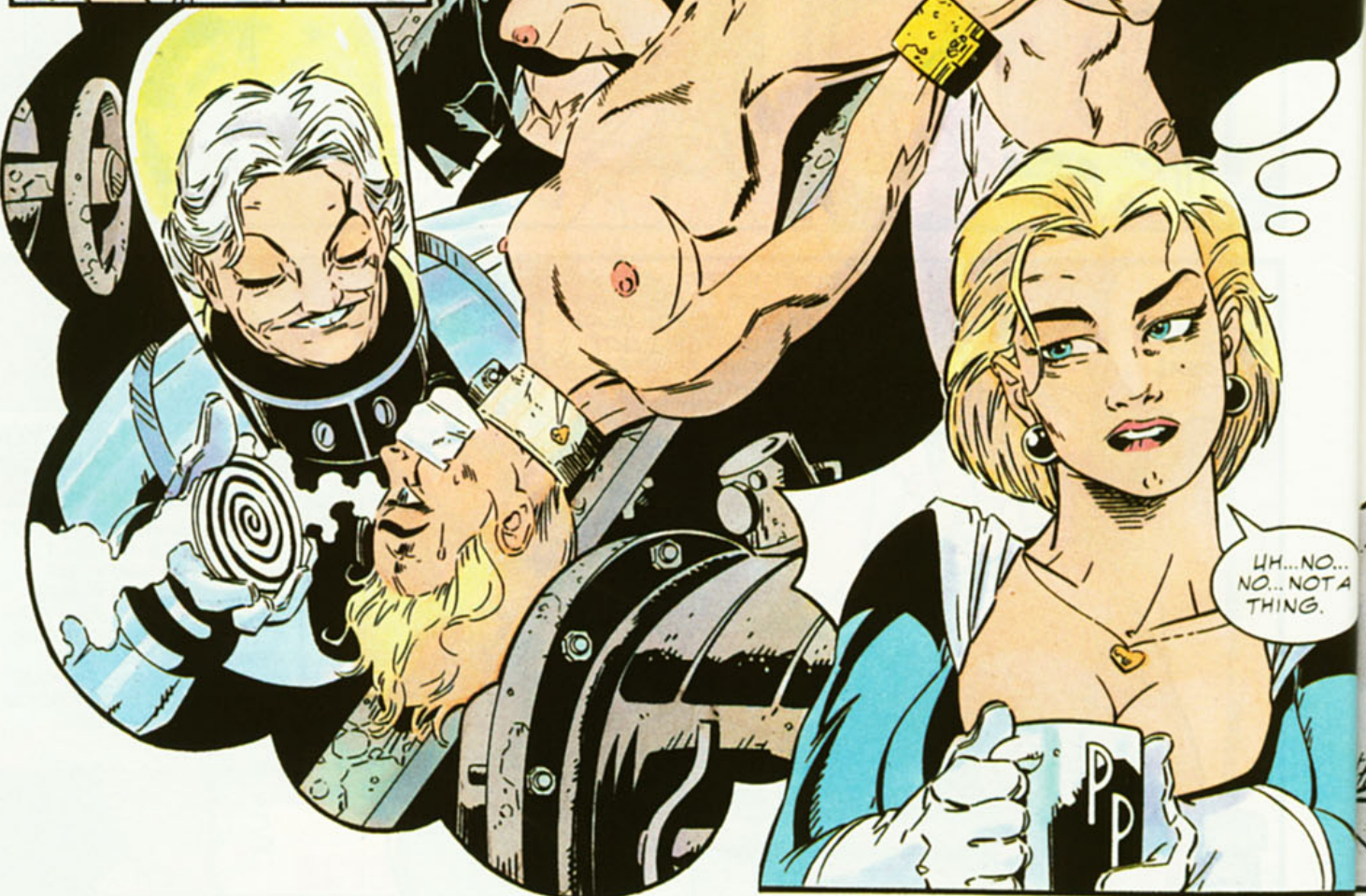
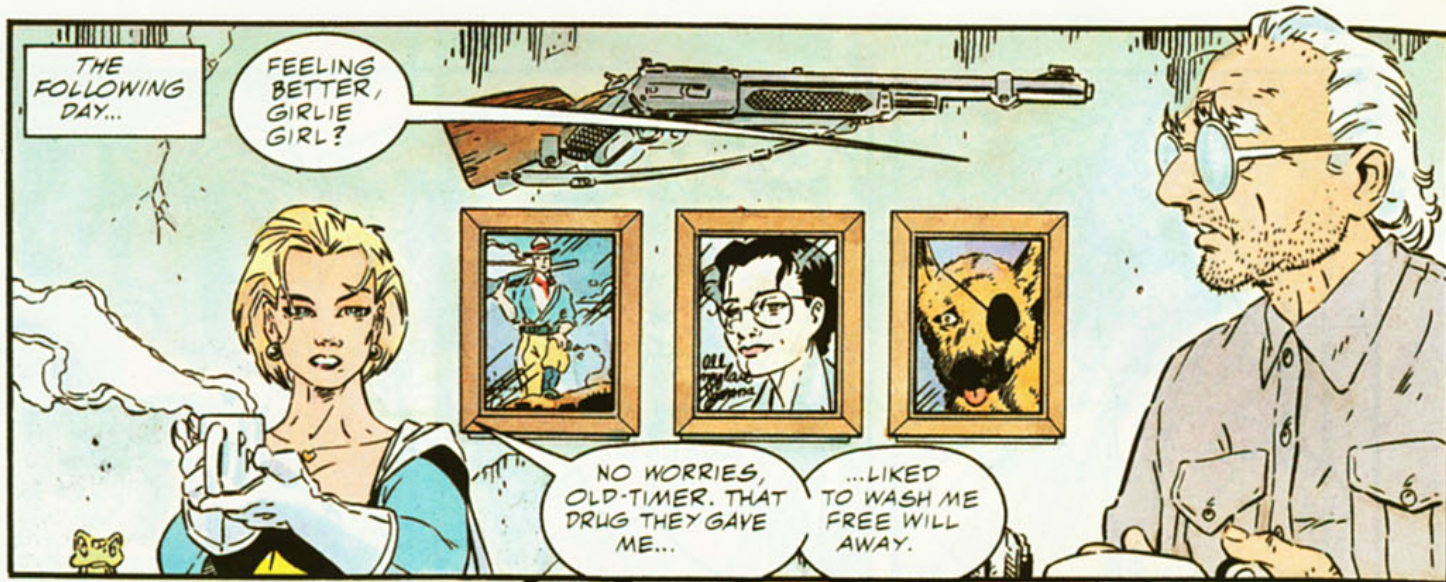
**Miss  
ADVENTURE**

**EPISODE 3: MISS-TAKEN IDENTITY**

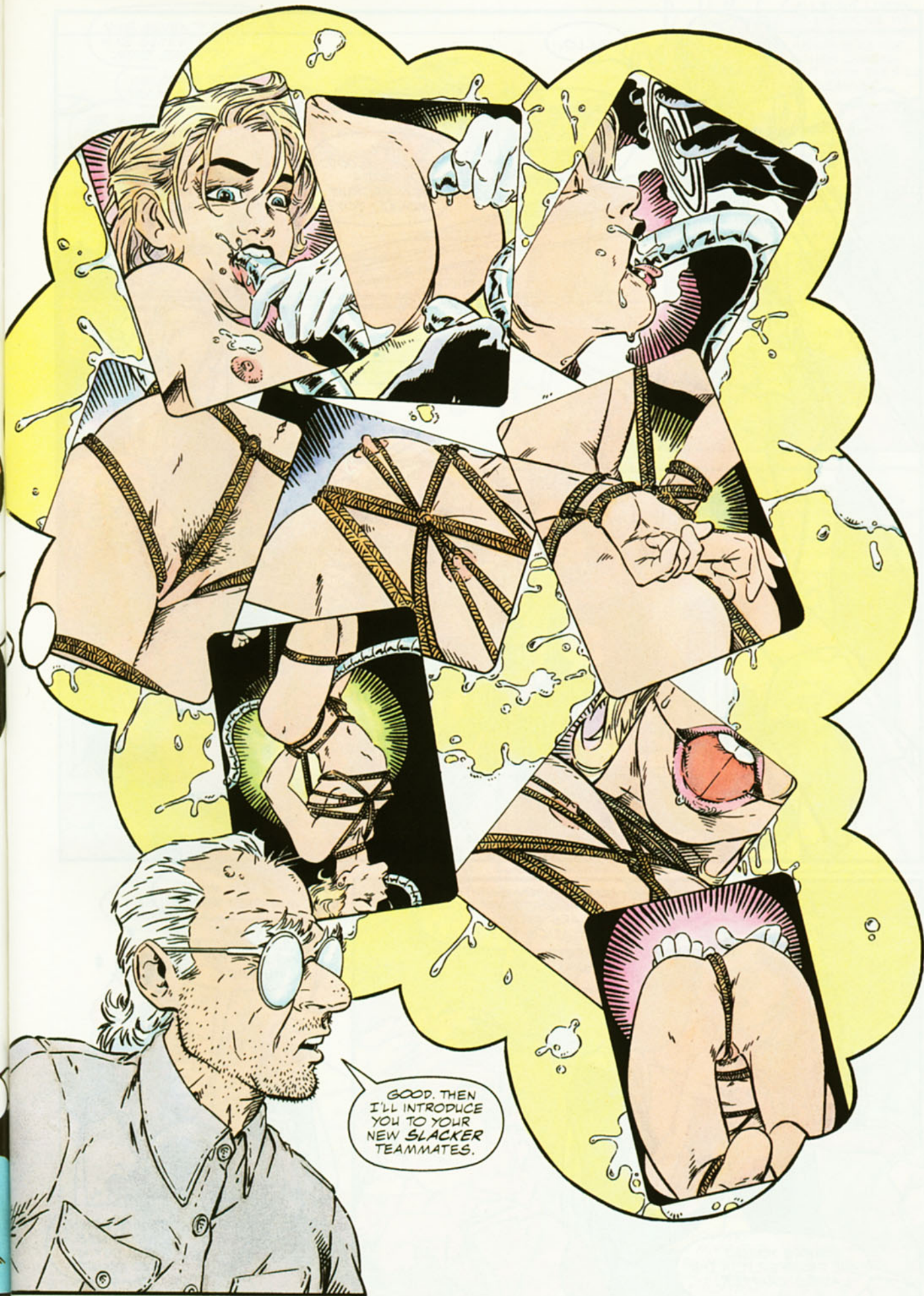




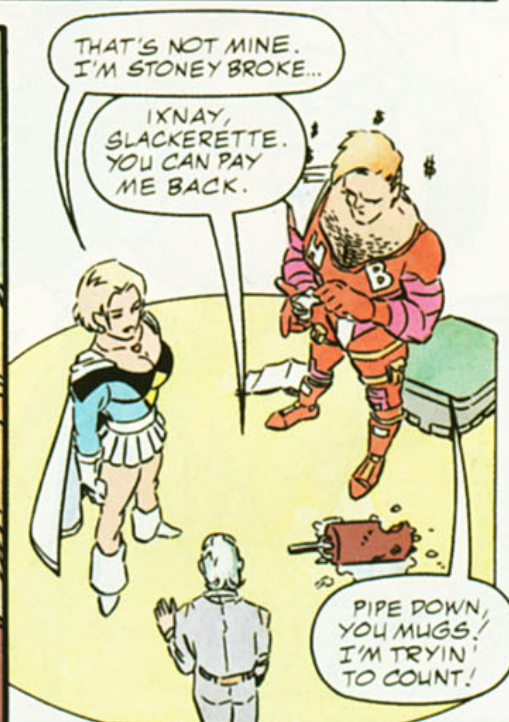




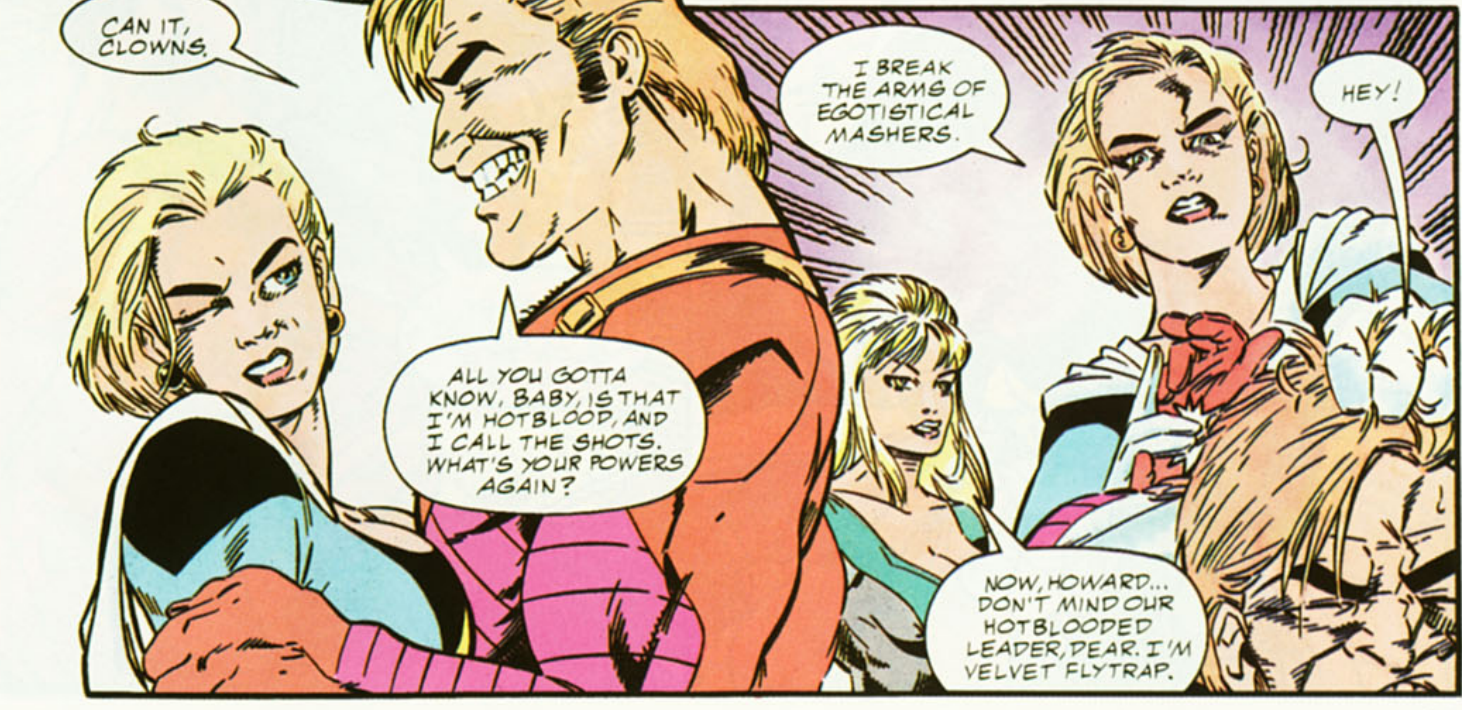
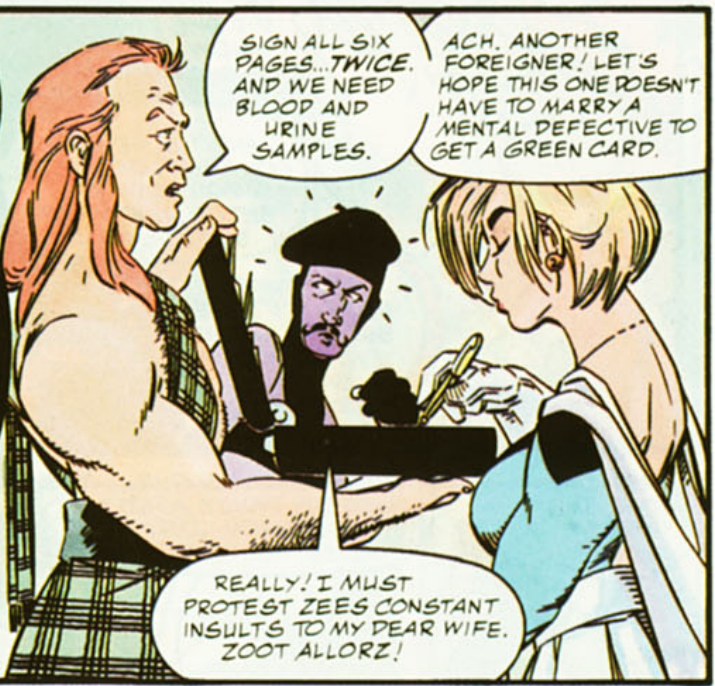
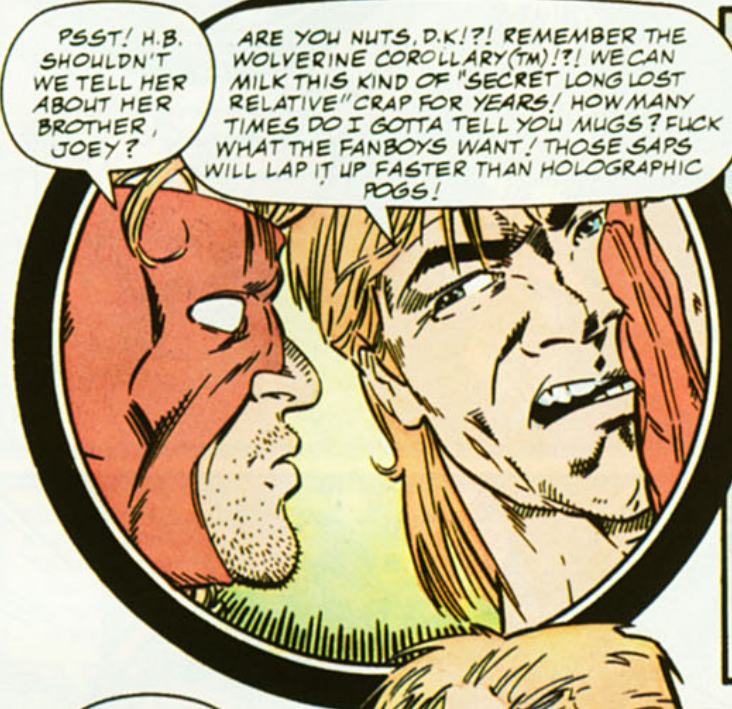




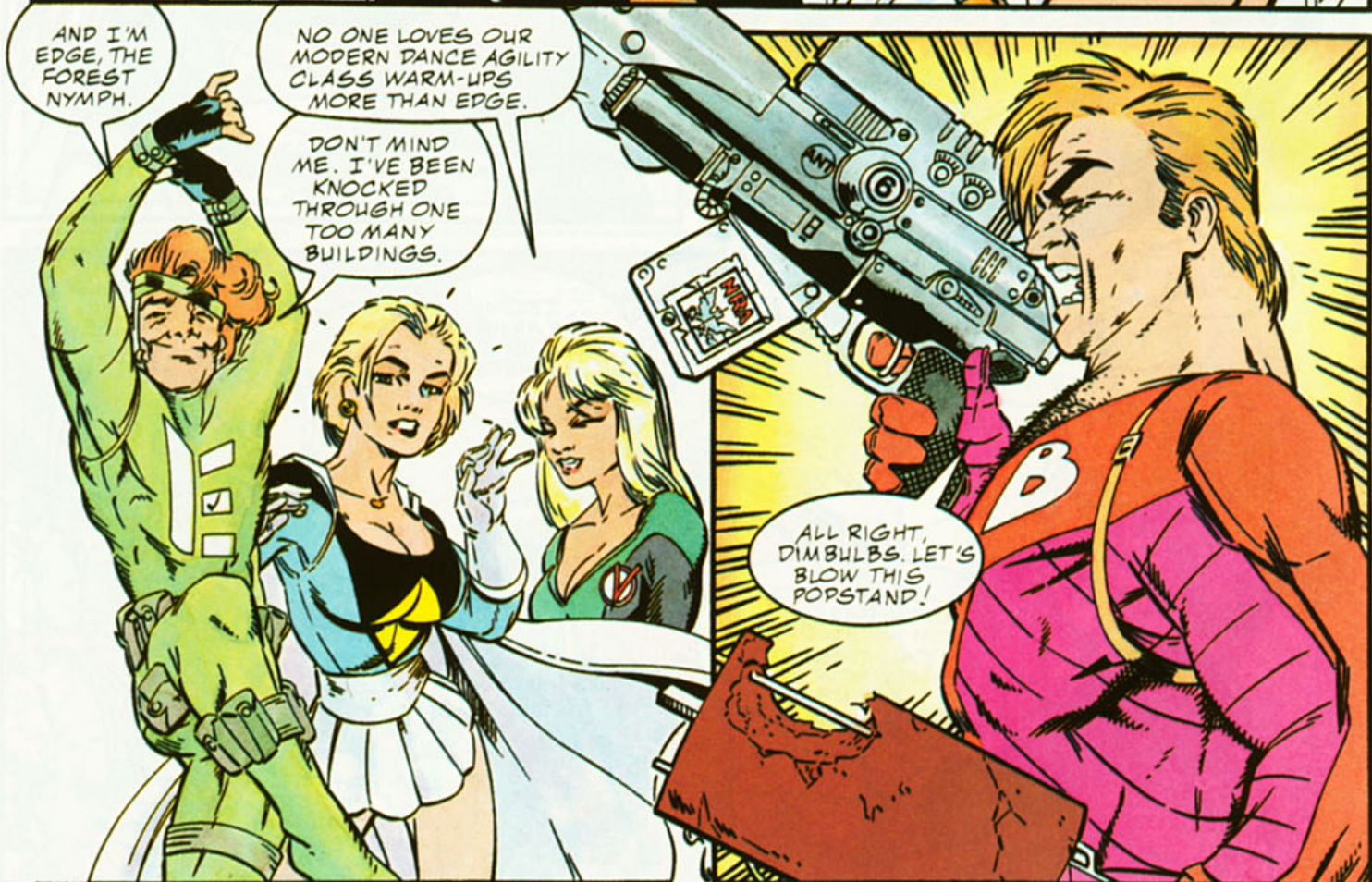
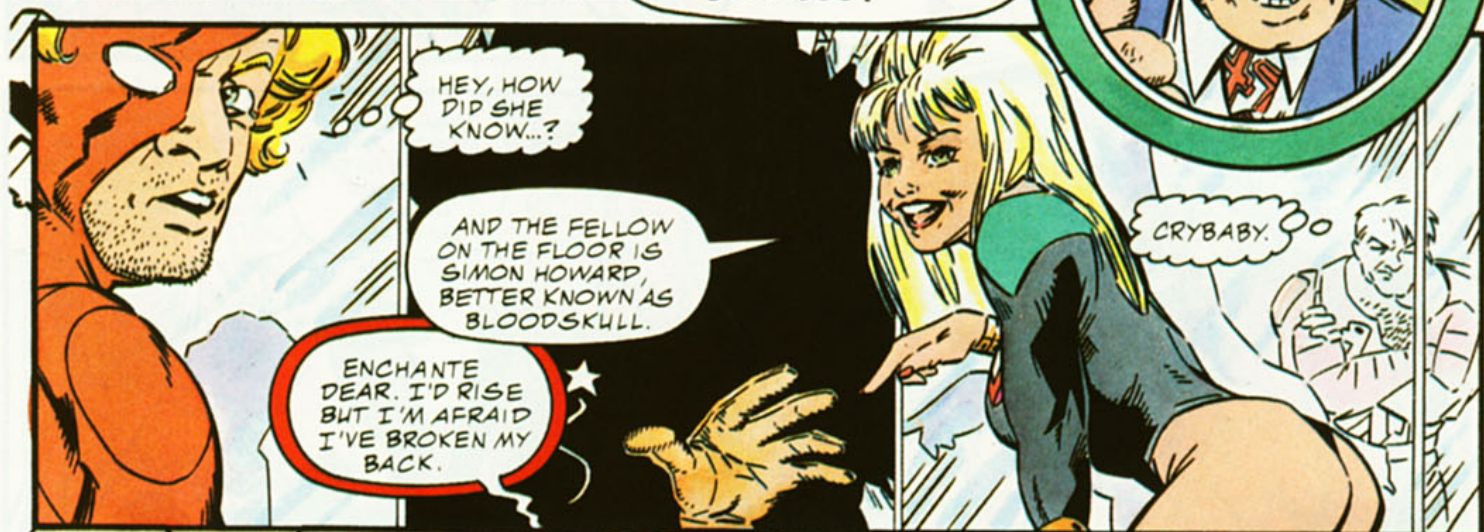
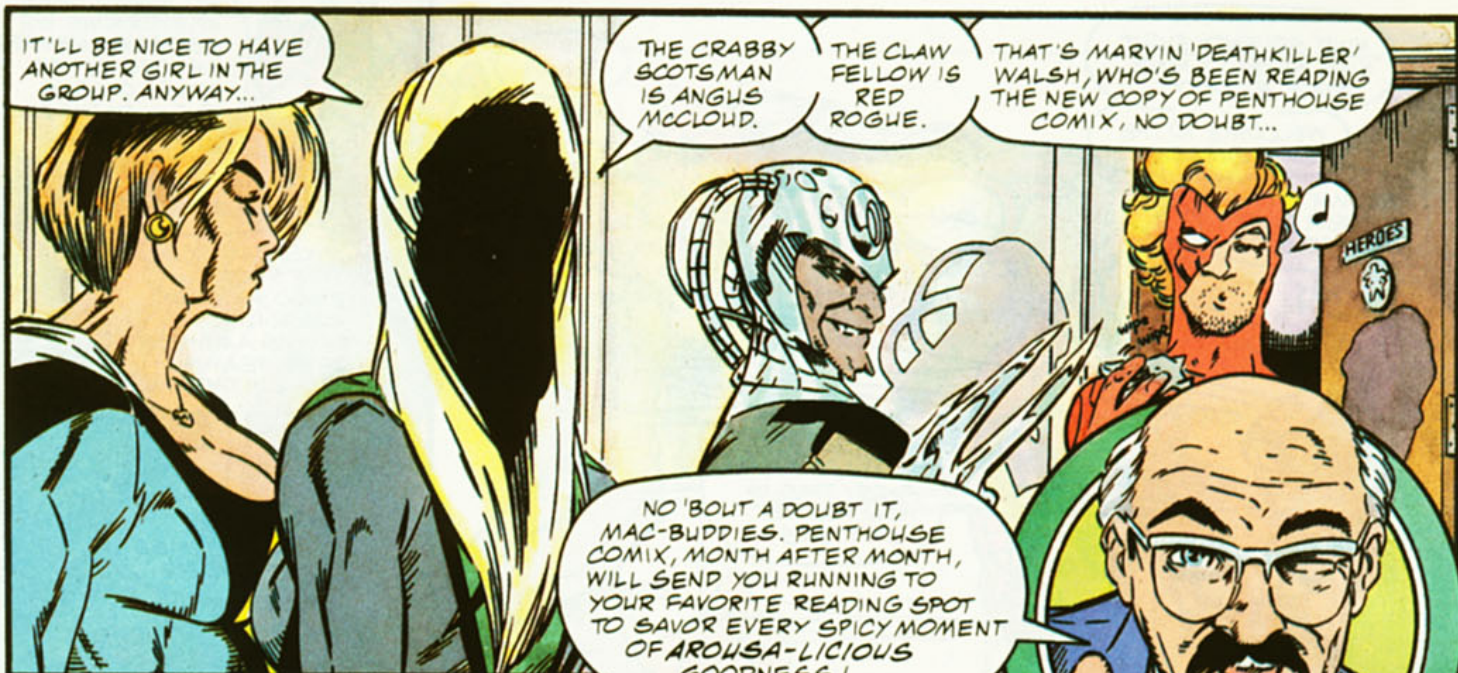
















WHERE WE GOIN', HOWIE?

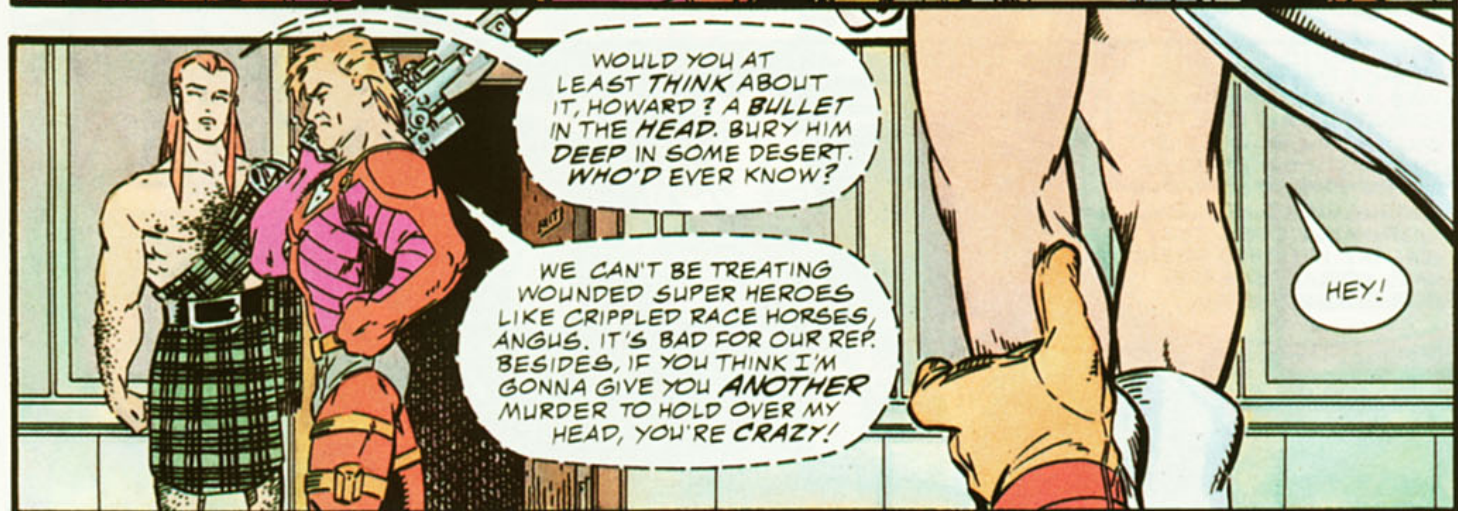
THE SECRET HEADQUARTERS! WHERE'D YOU THINK? BLADE! WARM UP THE ROD!

SSSSMOKIN'!



UH, EXCUSE ME. WHA' ABOUT MR. HOWARD HERE? AREN'T YOU GOING TO CALL THE DOCS OR SOMETHING?

NAH! IT'S BAD ENOUGH I'M LETTING HIM SKIP THIS VERY IMPORTANT MISSION. WHAT DO YOU THINK? I'M MADE OF MONEY?



WOULD YOU AT LEAST THINK ABOUT IT, HOWARD? A BULLET IN THE HEAD. BURY HIM DEEP IN SOME DESERT. WHO'D EVER KNOW?

WE CAN'T BE TREATING WOUNDED SUPER HEROES LIKE CRIPPLED RACE HORSES, ANGUS. IT'S BAD FOR OUR REP. BESIDES, IF YOU THINK I'M GONNA GIVE YOU *ANOTHER* MURDER TO HOLD OVER MY HEAD, YOU'RE CRAZY!

HEY!



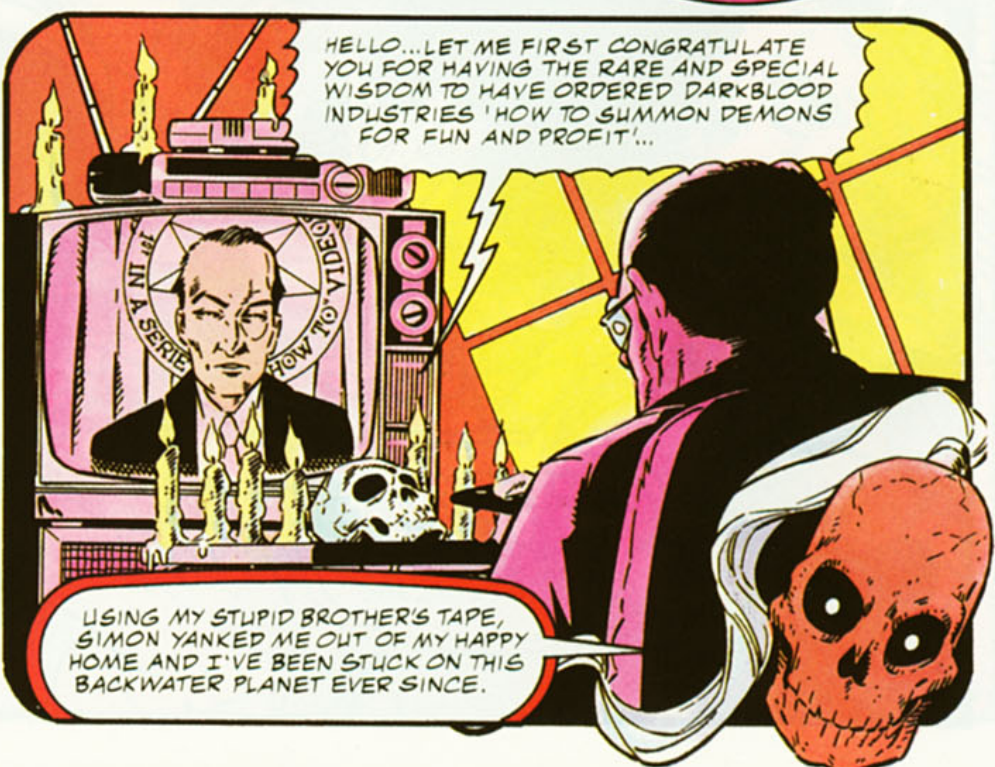
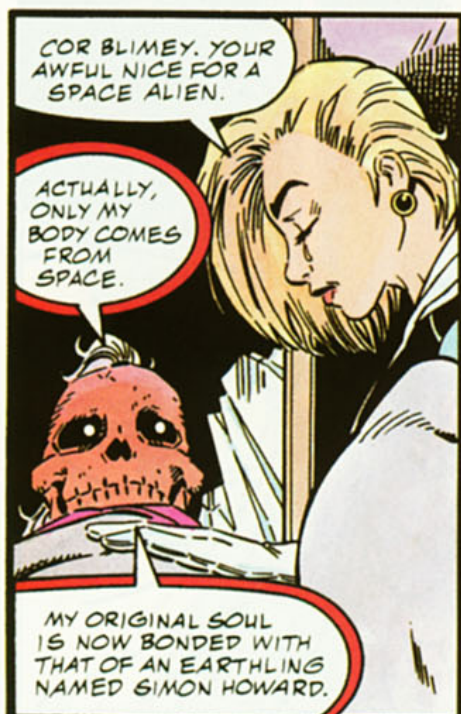
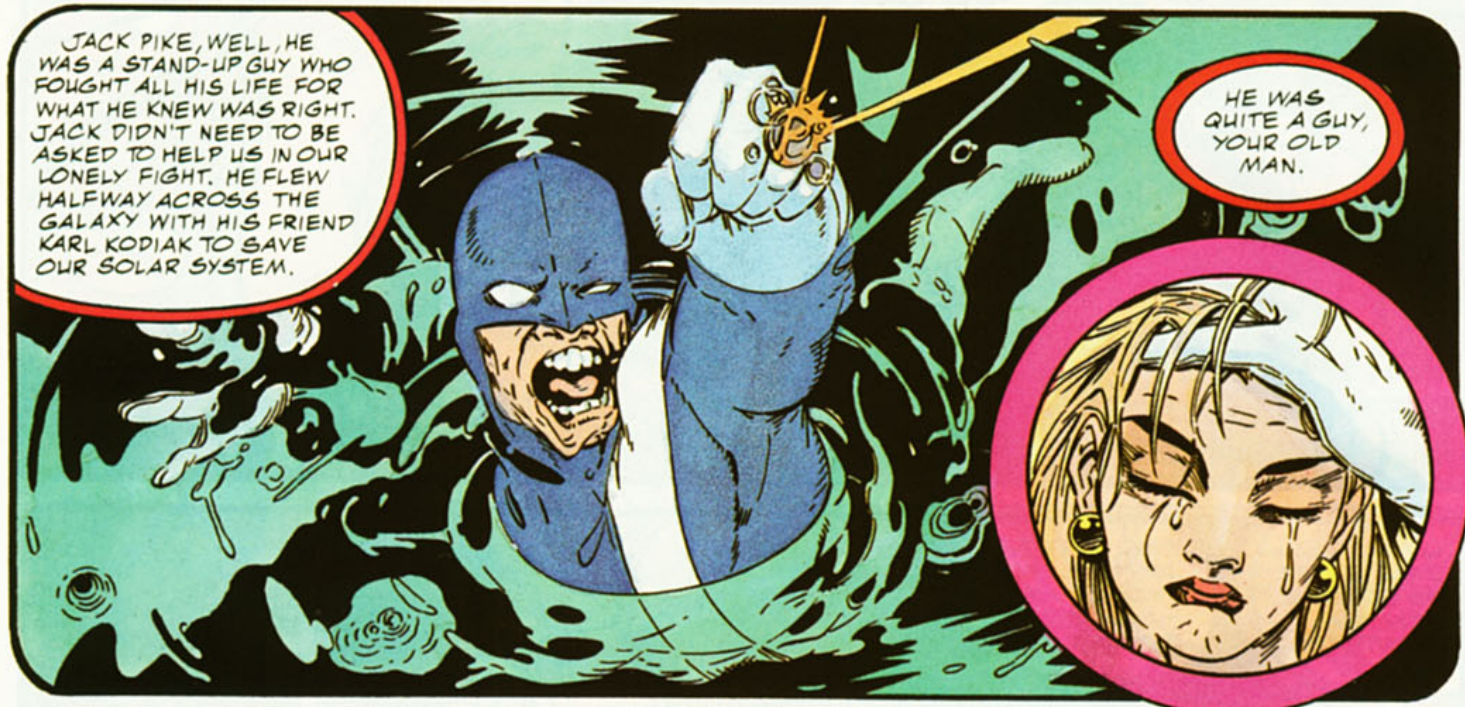
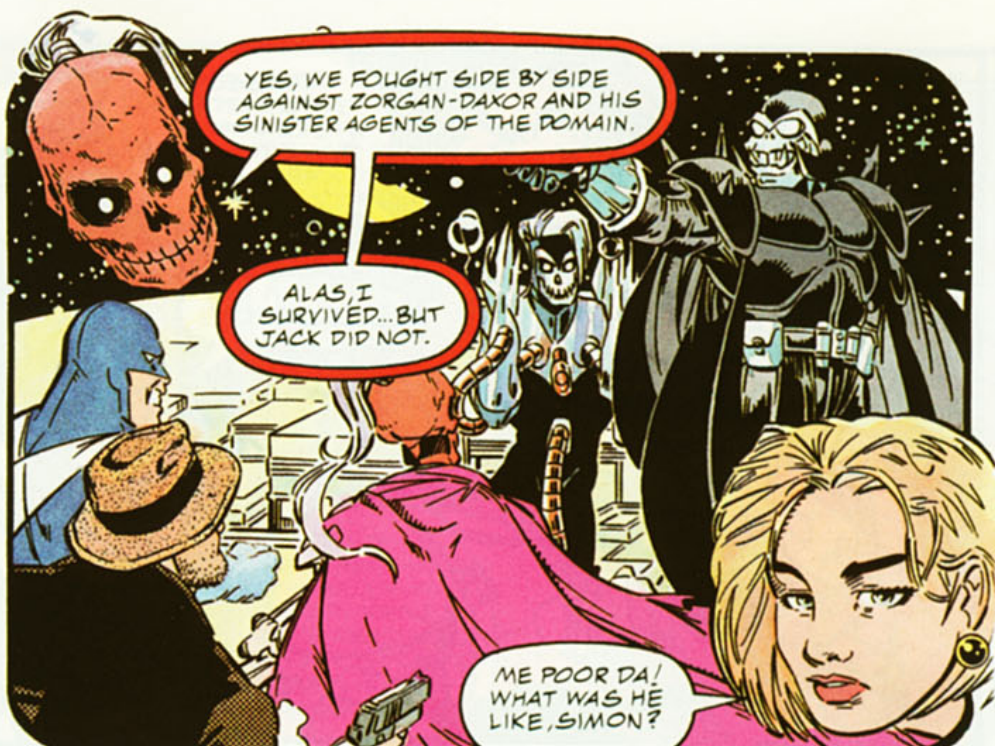
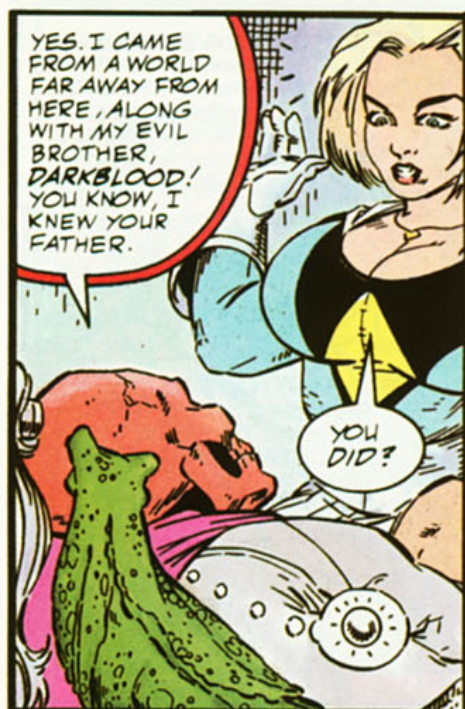
NO WORRIES, GIRL. I'LL BE AS GOOD AS NEW IN A MONTH OR TWO.

NO WORRIES? DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE AN AUSSIE, BONEFACE?

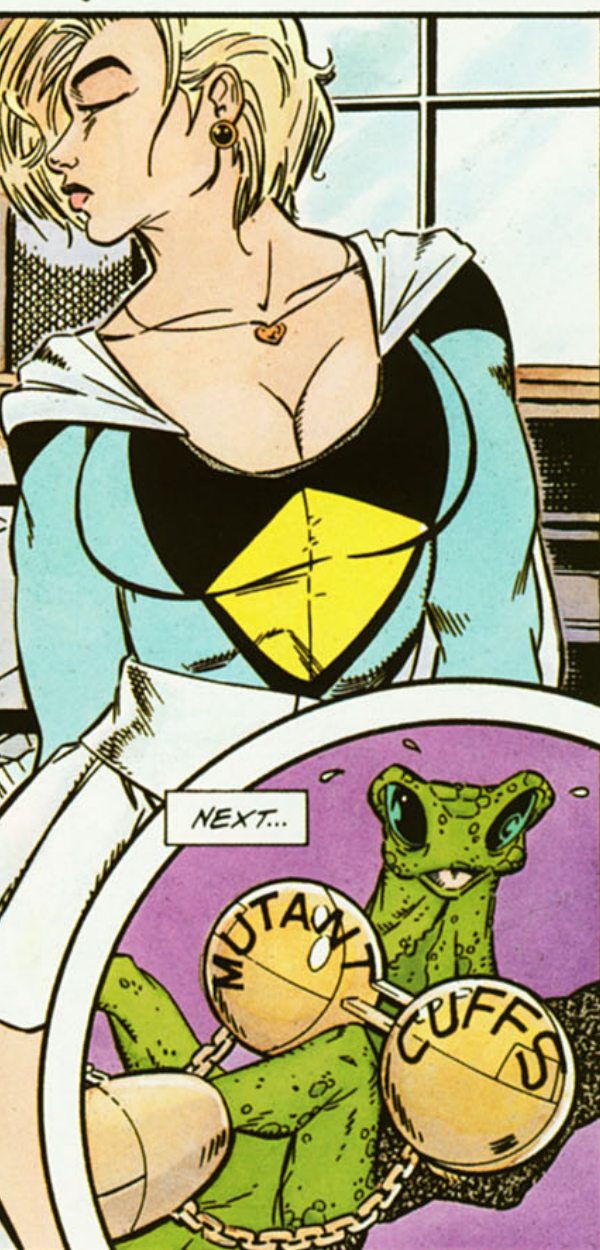
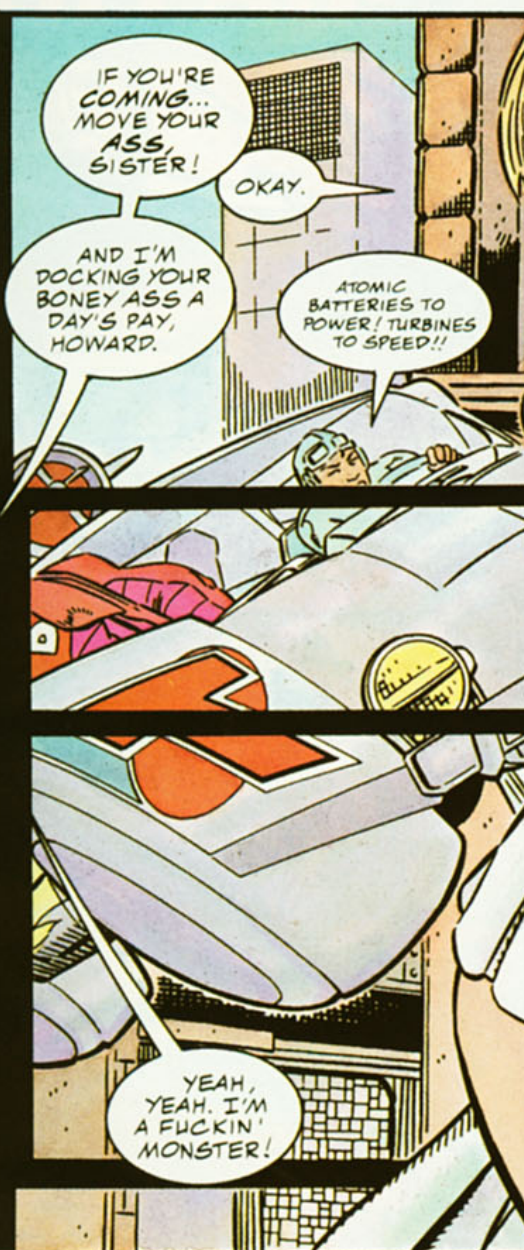
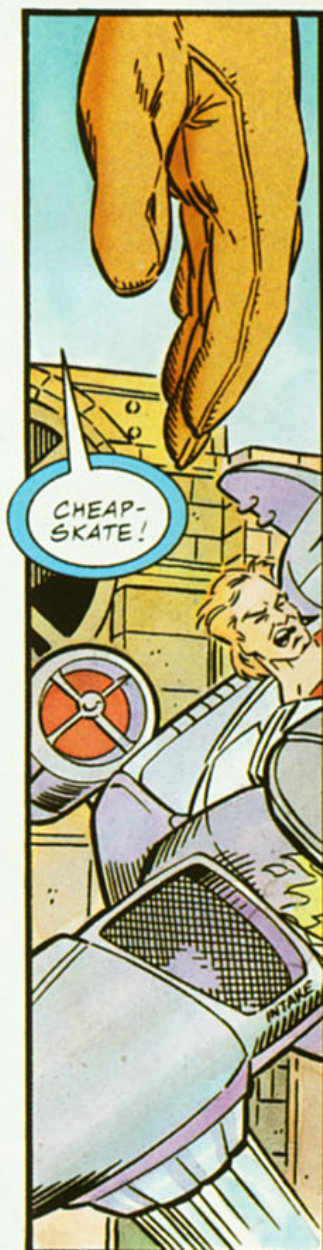
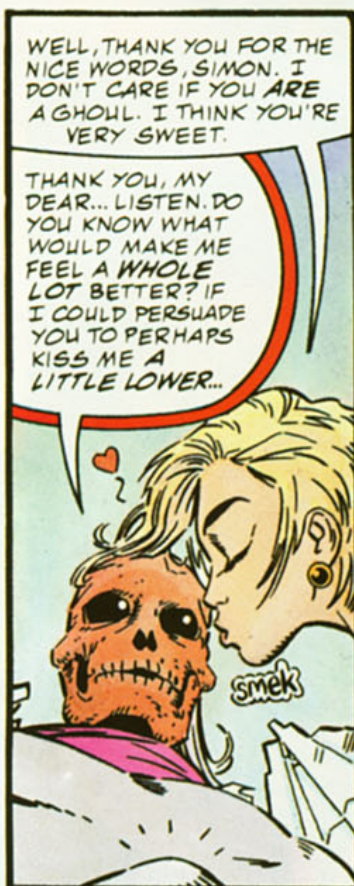
NOT HARDLY, MY DEAR. BUT YOU SEE WHERE I COME FROM IN THE ZETA RETICULARIS, WE HAVE A SIMILAR LANGUAGE.

PULL THE OTHER ONE. YOU'RE A SPACE BLOKE?











"KODIAK"  
BY AZPIRI

