

PENTHOUSE *MEN'S* *ADVENTURE* *COMIX*

APR./MAY 96



U.S./CAN. \$4.95
U.K. £2.75
GER. DM 20
AUSTRALIA \$9.95
N.Z. \$12.95

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PENTHOUSE **MEN'S ADVENTURE COMIX**

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APR./MAY, 1996

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KRAKEN'S WAKE:

FIRST CONTACT:

The setting is deep space.
After hundreds of years of
exploration, Man is alone.

But now, no more...

Art by: Davis & Farmer

Story by:

Caragonne, Collins, & Davis

38

BLACK ROGUE

THE PRINCE

Kick me, Kate.

Renaissance silliness with a
classic costume well
before its time...

Art by: Gray Morrow

Story by: Buzz Dixon

23

ACTION FIGURES

ROUGH JUSTICE

Love is blind... and there's
no such thing as justice; ask
any taxpayer... you'll see
what we mean...

By Jason Pearson

50

HERICANE:

OLD FLAMES

A mysterious trans-dimension-
al message haunts Camille
and beau Tim... can an action
playset be far behind?

Art by: Maguire & Story

Story by: Valley & Brown

64

PIRATE HEARTS

SKULLDUGGERY

Mundaca, back from the dead
and thirsting for revenge —
what form could that take
from a gaily festooned pirate?

Art by: Russ Heath

Story by: Jan Strnad

Men's Adventure Comix (ISSN 1080-8000) Vol. 2, No. 7, Apr./May 1996 Issue. Men's Adventure Comix is published six times a year by General Media Communications, Inc., 277 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10172-0478. Copyright ©1995 General Media Communications, Inc. All rights reserved. Distributed in the U.S.A., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and the world (except Australia) by Curtis Circulation Company, P.O. Box 9102, Pennsauken, N.J. 08109. Distributed in Australia by the Horwitz Group, P.O. Box 306, Cammeray, N.S.W. 2062 Australia. Distributed in the rest of the world (including the United Kingdom) by Worldwide Media Service, Inc., 30 Montgomery St., Jersey City, N.J. 07302. Please direct all editorial correspondence to Penthouse Comix, 277 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10172-0478. Nothing in this magazine may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publishers. Any similarity between persons or places mentioned and real places or persons living or dead is coincidental. Canadian GST registration #R122667902. Printed in the U.S.A. For subscriptions, please call 1-800-829-9825.

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THE HEADQUARTERS

A NEW BEGINNING...

What a title for an editorial announcing the last issue of the magazine you are holding. Yes, in your hands you hold the last issue of **MEN'S ADVENTURE COMIX!! SHOCK!! HORROR!!!** How are you going to get your monthly fix of **COMIX** from **PENTHOUSE**?!

Well... you start by buying **PENTHOUSE COMIX** every **MONTH!!** Yes, indeed. Starting with the next issue of **PENTHOUSE COMIX**, you will be able to pick it up every 5 weeks.

So, what is happening to all our favorite characters? They will all be in **PENTHOUSE COMIX**, along with a lot of new faces and a new look. **MISS ADVENTURE** will finally be appearing alongside her brother **YOUNG CAPTAIN ADVENTURE**, **HERICANE**, **SLIM & NUN**, **KODIAK** and **ACTION FIGURES** all will be making the move. But be prepared... with new creative teams on some of these characters, **PENTHOUSE COMIX** will truly be coming of age.

Also, keep a lookout for our new specials under the title of **PENTHOUSE MAX**. These will come out at least twice a year. Believe me, in our hands, the **SEX** in these comics will be almost as good as the real thing (there are some things you just can't replace).

For those of you who read my note in **PENTHOUSE COMIX** about **DAN BARRY**, you will be happy to know his operation was a success. By the time you read this he should be hard at work on **SLIM AND NUN**.

So long, and see you all in **PENTHOUSE COMIX** next month.

Dave Elliott

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THE KRAKEN'S WAKE

Plot by GEORGE CARAGONNE Script by MIKE COLLINS

Art by ALAN DAVIS & MARK FARMER

Colors by GEORGE FREEMAN

Letters by PAT PRENTICE

Separations by DIGITAL CHAMELEON

GMT 00:08
JANUARY 6
2380.

ELYSIA.

EARTH'S
NEWEST
AND MOST
DISTANT
COLONY.
SEVENTY-
THREE
LIGHT
YEARS
FROM
SOL.

...LAURA,
IT'S BEAUTIFUL
...LIKE A NEW
EDEN!

AND
WE'RE ALL
ALONE OUT
HERE...

OF COURSE,
TOM. EVERY WORLD
SOL-CORPS HAS EVER
SURVEYED IS DEVOID
OF SENTIENT
LIFE...

EXCEPT FOR THE OCCASIONAL
EVIDENCE OF
MILLENNIA-OLD
FOSSILS. BUT
IT'S NOT
SURPRISING...

STATISTICAL
PROBABILITY
IS AGAINST TWO
INTELLIGENT SPECIES
EVOLVING IN THE
SAME STELLAR
MOMENT OF A
GALACTIC
LOCALITY--

NO,
PROFESSOR...

I MEANT
THAT IT MAY
BE MAN'S DESTINY
TO POPULATE THE
UNIVERSE.

OUR
CHILDREN
WOULD BE
THE FIRST
ELYSIANS.

I GET IT,
EDEN!

YOU
ADAM...

...ME
EVE--

OH GOD!

ALIEN SHADOWS
ECLIPSE ELYSIA'S
BINARY SUN...

AS A SERPENT
ENTERS EDEN.

GMT 16.20.
JANUARY 6,
2380.

SOL-CORPS
STARSCOUT K173
-- THE KRAKEN.

"... BUT JOHN, WE'VE
BEEN ON PATROL FOR
NINE MONTHS. THAT'S
THREE WEEKS OVER
RECOMMENDED TOUR
WITHOUT LEAVE."

THE KRAKEN'S WAKE

FIRST CONTACT





CLUB STARBUCK ISN'T A LOVE COLONY - IT'S MORE LIKE A HONEYMOON RESORT.

WE ARE NOT MARRIED.

LIAR - I'VE ONLY BEEN ONSHIP 18 MONTHS - AND I DIDN'T EVEN LUST AFTER YOU THE FIRST SIX MONTHS.

WE COULD BE.

I'VE MADE THAT MISTAKE TWICE BEFORE.

GIVE ME TWO DAYS TO CHANGE YOUR MIND, JOHN.

I'VE GIVEN YOU TWO YEARS, DOCTOR.

YES - THAT WAS A GOOD TIME, TAMARA.

BACK THEN, MY ONLY WORRY WAS THE KRAKEN'S FOUR HUNDRED AND THIRTY TWO CREW ... AND YOU CALLED ME "SIR".

I WANT YOU, SIR.

WOULD YOU SETTLE FOR A "SILLY ROCK" DOCTOR?

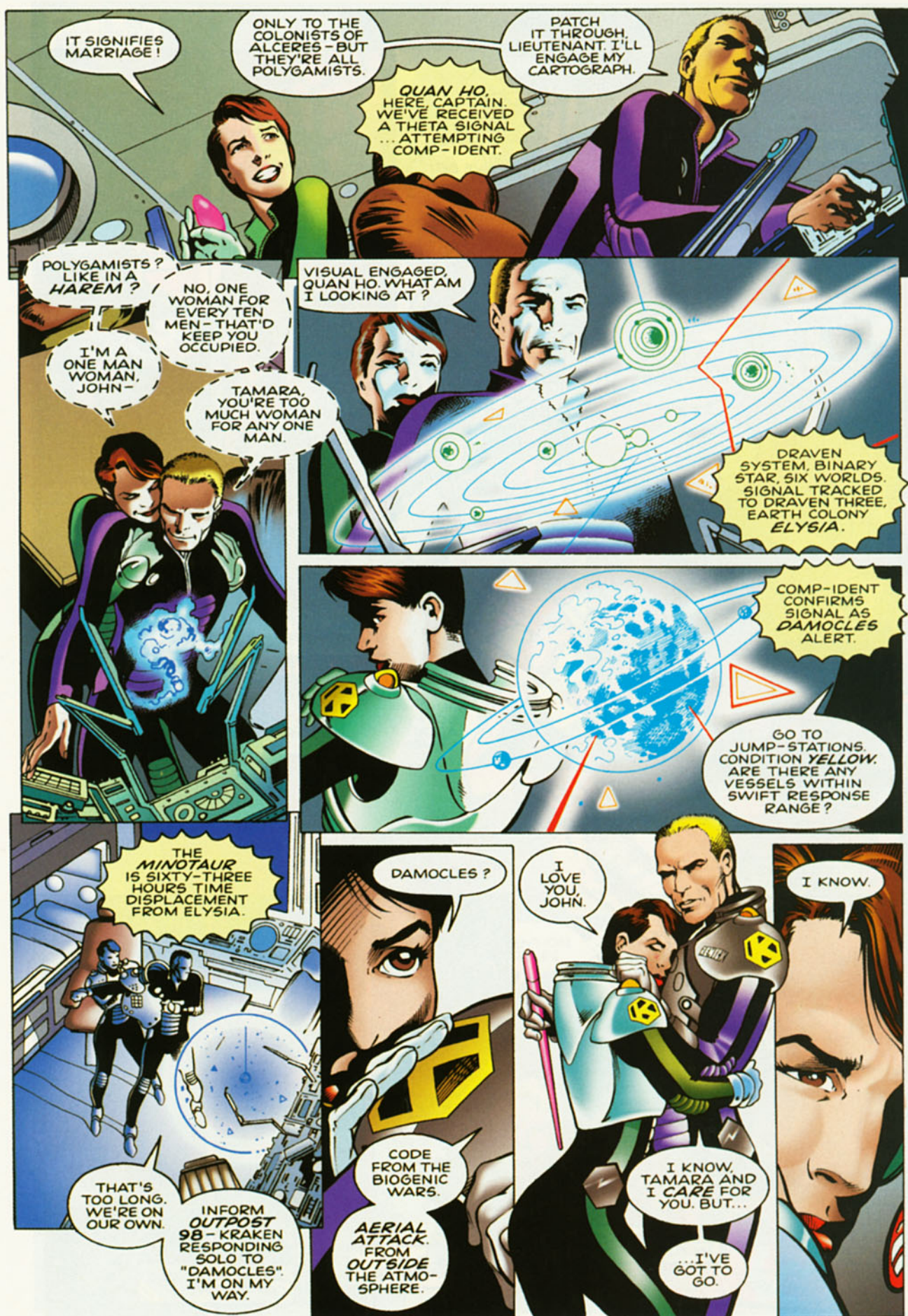
OH, JOHN! A NEBULAROSE! DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS?

I'M AFRAID TO ASK.

IT MEANS I HAVE A PIECE OF YOU.

NO, YOU HAVE A PIECE OF ALCERES.

COMPUTER: UNLOCK PRIVACY.



GMT 18:31
JANUARY 6
2380.

ELYSIA.

EDEN BURNS.

TOM,
THE WHOLE
COLONY'S
DESTROYED...
EVERYONE'S
DEAD!

WE
WOULD BE
TOO, IF WE
HADN'T BEEN
SWIMMING--

NOW
HURRY,
LAURA--

IT'S A
MIRACLE
THIS SOLAR
SHUTTLE
IS STILL
INTACT.

WE'VE GOT
TO TRY TO
ESCAPE--

IT'S
RIPPING
ITSELF
APART!

WHAT
ARE THEY
DOING
TO IT?!

TOM, THE
ATMOSPHERE--

YES, WE
MUST WARN
SOL-CORPS
ABOUT THE
ALIENS!

DON'T
WORRY--
WE'LL BE IN
CLEAR SPACE
IN TEN
SECONDS...

ACTIVATE
THE DISTRESS
BEACON!

BEACON
SET--

-- OH NO!
THERMOSPHERIC
IONIZATION HAS
RUPTURED AN
F.E.T. CONDUIT...

"IT'S GOING
TO EXPL--"

EDEN'S DREAM DIES
IN STELLAR SILENCE.

DEET...
DEET...

IT'S ONLY
MEMORIAL...

DEET...
DEET...

AN ELECTRONIC
CRY FOR HELP.

DEET...
DEET...

GMT 16.35
JANUARY 6
2380.

CAPTAIN
ON THE
BRIDGE!

THANK YOU,
LIEUTENANT
MARTEL.
YOU STAND
RELIEVED.

WHERE
THE HELL IS
COMMANDER
GLASSMON?

HERE
SIR! I WAS
JUST--

PUT IT
IN A REPORT,
COMMANDER.

LET ME
EXPLAIN,
SIR: I
NEEDED
TO--

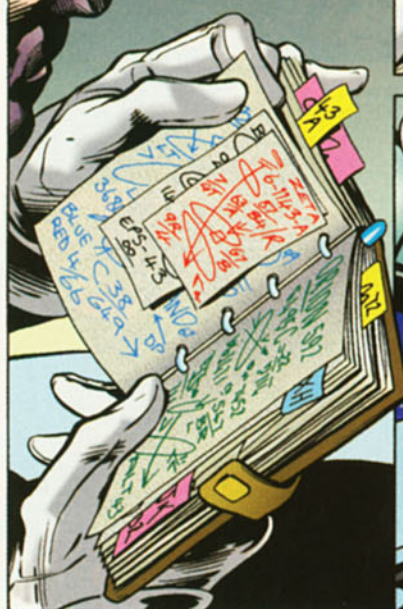
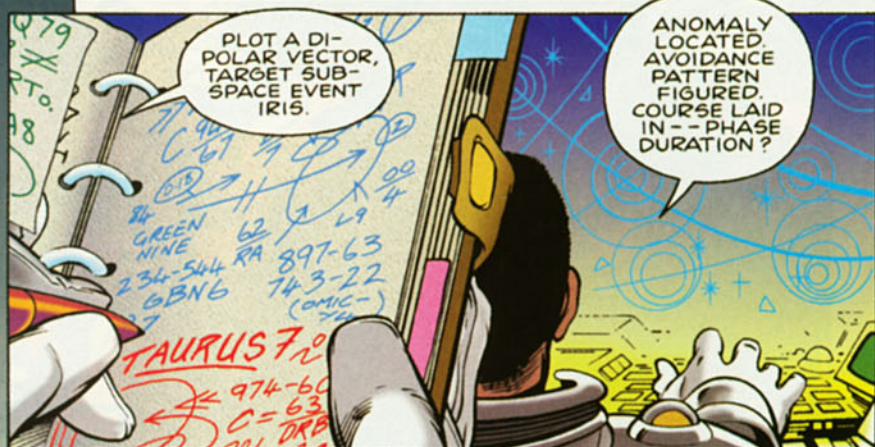
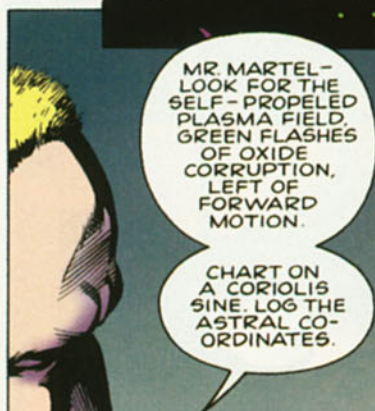
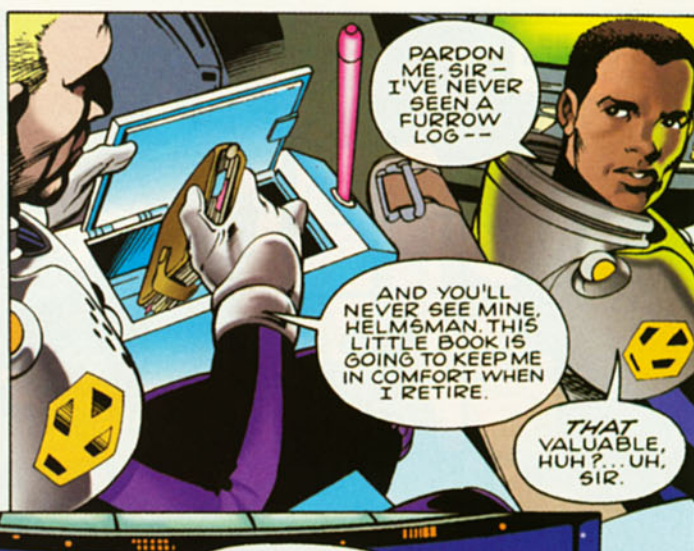
YOU WERE
NEEDED
HERE,
MISTER. NOW
STOW IT.

ATTENTION
PEOPLE!

JUST IN CASE
ANYONE'S GOTTEN
COMPLACENT WHILE
WE'VE BEEN PLAYING
EXPLORERS AND
NURSEMAIDING
COLONISTS--

-- PLEASE
BE ADVISED THIS
ALERT COULD INDICATE
WE'RE HEADING INTO
A POTENTIAL
FLASHPOINT.

YOU
MEAN ALIEN
CONTACT?



ROCHE
LOOKS TERRIFIED.
IF HE CAN'T TAKE
A LITTLE STELLAR
HUMOR HE WON'T
LAST LONG IN
THE CORPS.

COMMANDER
GLASSMON, I'D
ADVISE YOU TO
ATTEND TO YOUR
OWN SHORT-
COMINGS BEFORE
CRITICIZING
JUNIOR
OFFICERS.

ALL
STATIONS
REPORT READY
FOR JUMP
SHIFT.

"TAKE US
THROUGH, MR.
MARTEL."

"SHIELDS AT
OPTIMUM, SIR."

"SUB-SPACE
EVENT IRIS,
DILATION... 5"

"HYPER-DRIVE
ENGAGED... 4..."

"JUMPSHIFT IN 3..."

"2..."

"1..."

"MA--"

"--RK! JUMPSHIFT...
NOMINAL TO PROFILE."

"ALL STATIONS
STAND DOWN. TIME
DISPLACEMENT
MR. ROCHE?"

"GAIN... EVENT
ENTRY PLUS FIVE
HOURS FOURTEEN
MINUTES."

"DISTANCE
TO ELYSIA?"





YOU CAN'T THINK THIS WAS DONE AS A DELIBERATE, INTELLIGENT ACT?

ELYSIA WAS A STABLE BIOSPHERE AND A COMET STRIKE WOULD HAVE BEEN ANTICIPATED... WHATEVER HAPPENED HERE CAUGHT THE COLONISTS BY SURPRISE.

MORE IMPORTANTLY, WHOEVER SENT THE DAMOCLES ALERT KNEW ITS SIGNIFICANCE.

ALIEN ATTACK?

HELLO, DOC.

I CAME TO SEE IF YOU... NEEDED... ANYTHING...

NO - BUT MAYBE YOU COULD HANG AROUND.



NOTHING WITHIN THREE ASTRONOMICAL UNITS -- EXPANDING SEARCH PERIMETER--

-- WAIT! WE HAVE A CONTACT!



STEADY, DOC.

I NEED YOU FUNCTIONAL.



SPEAK TO ME, MR. HO--



IT'S BIG AND FAST.

LIGHT SPEED TIMES EIGHT!

SUB-SPACE SENSOR CONTACT IN SIX SECONDS.



GREEN ALERT. FIRST CONTACT PROTOCOL. MR. GLASSMON?

MULTIPLE SIGNATURES-- PRIMARY IS "EVEREST" CLASS... PLUS.

BIGGER THAN ANYTHING SOL-CORPS HAS, EH?



"I'VE GOT HIM.
HE'S DECELERATING."

"1/10TH LIGHT..."

"BROADCAST
*'ROSETTA
'GREETING,'* ALL
FREQUENCIES."



"1/100TH LIGHT..."

"NO RESPONSE, SIR."

"CONTINUE
BROADCAST."



"FULL STOP, SIR."

"50000 METERS..."

"...50000 METERS
PRECISELY."



CONTINUE
'ROSETTA'. LANGUA-
FILTER ALL SENSOR
DATA AND SET FOR-
WARD SCREEN TO
AUTO-RECEPTION.

LET'S BE
FRIENDLY AND
ACCOMMOD-
ATING.

SIR,
WE'RE BEING
PROBED.

LOOKS
LIKE
TACTICAL
ANALYSIS.

CADE IS RIGHT, SIR.
REGISTERING WEAPONS
LOCK ON DRIVE SYS-
TEMS, LIFE SUPPORT
AND --

THAT'S
ODD...
BEHIND
US!

TOWARDS
OUR SUB-
SPACE EXIT,
MISS
BEGON?

YES,
SIR.



MR.
CADE?

NOTHING
THERE, SIR. COULD
BE EITHER STRATEGY
OR CAUTION -- DESPITE
HEAVY ARMAMENT,
THESE ARE ESSEN-
TIALY FACTORY
SHIPS.

LOT
OF PROCESSING
PLANTS BUT
MOSTLY STORAGE
SILOS CONTAINING
A CATALOG OF
CHEMICALS.



SIR, I
SUGGEST
A TACTICAL
WITH-
DRAWAL.

NEGATIVE,
COMMANDER. MAN'S
FIRST ALIEN CONTACT
IS OUR PRIORITY...
WHATEVER THE
RISK.



DAMN IT
RENICK. YOU'RE
GOING TO GET US
ALL KILLED WITH
YOUR ARROGANT
STUPIDITY.



WHAT
TH...!?

JOHN, THE
SCREEN...



I AM
BREE'NAR
OF KAE'L

IDENTIFY
SELVES AND
PURPOSE

I AM
RENICK...
OF EARTH

WE ARE HERE
TO INVESTIGATE
THE DESTRUCTION
OF THIS SYSTEM'S
THIRD PLANET

OURS TO
DESTROY

WE HAD
A COLONY ON
THAT WORLD

COLONY
INFESTATION
ELIMINATED



• EXPLAIN • TRESSPASS •
OF • YOUR • FLEET •

THEY'RE
GOING TO
ATTACK... WE'VE
GOT TO
RETREAT!

CALM
DOWN
GLA--



I'M NOT ASKING! I'M
RELIEVING YOU OF
COMMAND. YOU DON'T
CARE ABOUT US...

NOT EVEN
TAMARA!

GLASSMON, I
DON'T KNOW IF
YOU'RE SPACE SICK
OR A COWARD BUT
EITHER WAY...



YOU'RE
FINISHED!

SECURITY,
TAKE THE
COMMANDER
TO THE
BRIG.

QUAN HO,
PRIVACY ON
BRIDGE
CONVERSATION.



• REN'ICK •
WHAT •
TRANSPIRES •

DRUSUS,
THEY'RE
OBVIOUSLY
HOSTILE...

SO WHY
DO THEY
HESITATE
FROM
ATTACKING
US?

BREE'NAR
SAID 'FLEET'.
WAS IT A TRAN-
SLATION ERROR
OR...?

OR DO
THEY SEE
SOMETHING
BEHIND
US?



• REN'ICK •
RESPOND •

TAMARA,
TALK TO
HIM.

WHA...
WHAT SHOULD
I SAY?

ANYTHING...
JUST KEEP HIM
OCCUPIED--

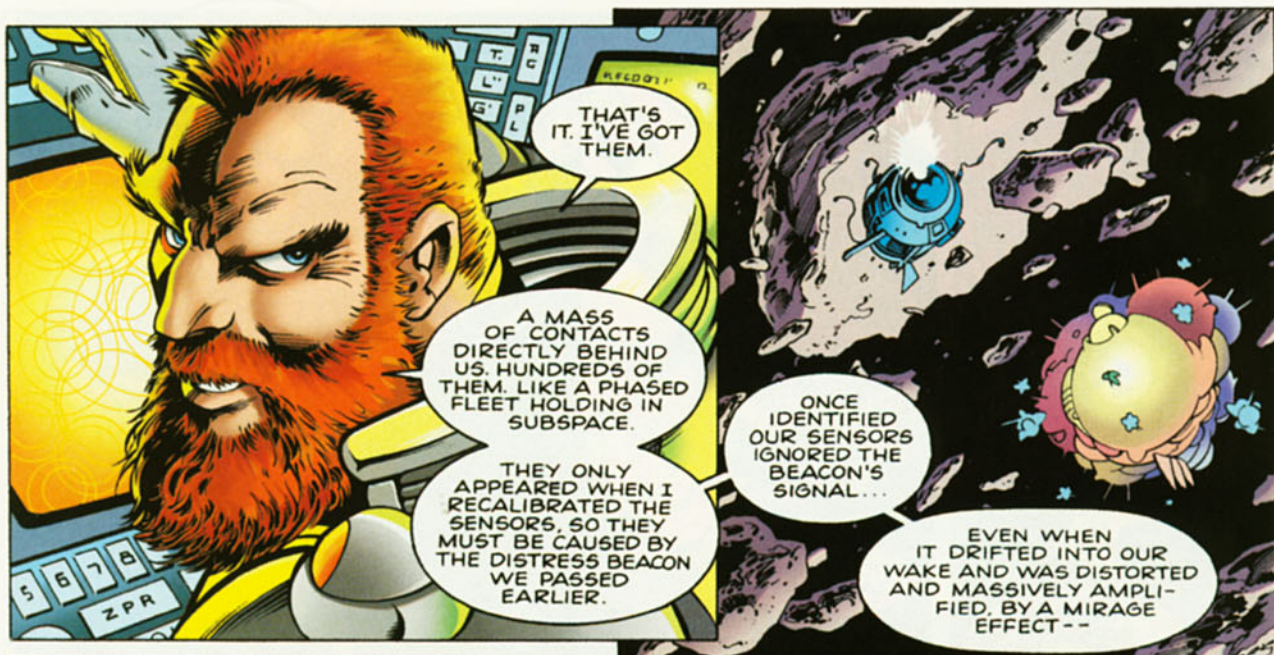
QUAN HO,
PRIVACY OFF
DOCTOR WINTER'S
VOICE ONLY.

HELLO...
ahem-- I
...er... WILL
SPEAK FOR
RENICK.

WELL... THE CAPTAIN
SAID-- HE ASKED ME
...IF YOU MIGHT, er...
LIKE TO JOIN HIM AT
CLUB STARBUCK.

• THEN •
EXPLAIN •

NOTHING
YET-- I'LL
RECALIBRATE...



THAT'S IT. I'VE GOT THEM.

A MASS OF CONTACTS DIRECTLY BEHIND US. HUNDREDS OF THEM. LIKE A PHASED FLEET HOLDING IN SUBSPACE.

THEY ONLY APPEARED WHEN I RECALIBRATED THE SENSORS, SO THEY MUST BE CAUSED BY THE DISTRESS BEACON WE PASSED EARLIER.

ONCE IDENTIFIED OUR SENSORS IGNORED THE BEACON'S SIGNAL...

EVEN WHEN IT DRIFTED INTO OUR WAKE AND WAS DISTORTED AND MASSIVELY AMPLIFIED. BY A MIRAGE EFFECT --

CAUSED BY THE EXOTIC PARTICLES WE TRAILED FROM SUBSPACE RESONATING WITH THE ASTEROIDS.

... IF YOU ANGER RENICK HE WILL KILL YOU AND EAT YOUR CHILDREN.

DRUSUS CAN YOU BOOST THE MIRAGE ?

MISS BEGON. PREPARE THE PLASMA CANNON FOR INSTANT MATERIALIZATION AND TARGET THE MOST VOLATILE OF THE CHEMICAL SILOS CADE IDENTIFIED.

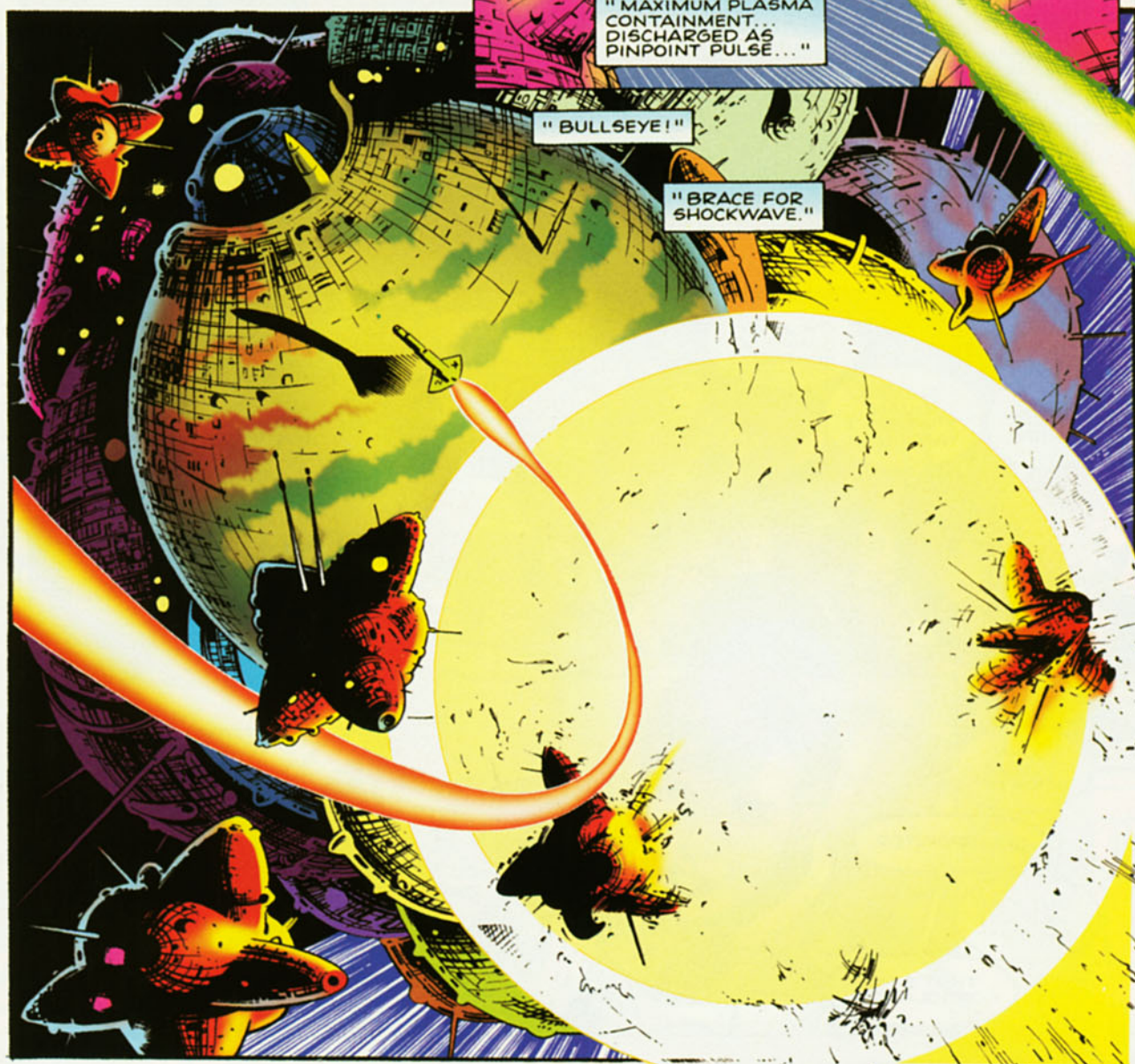
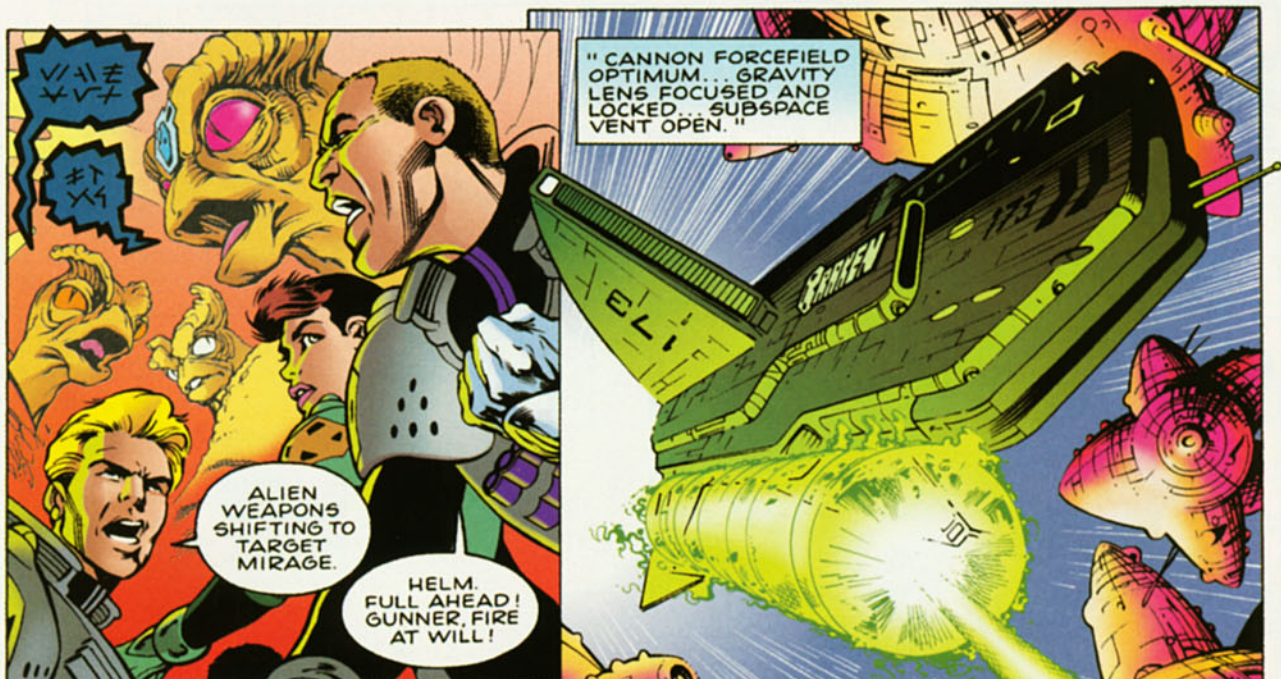
MR. MARTEL. CO-ORDINATE AN EVASION COURSE WITH LIEUTENANT BEGON -- FULL AHEAD. STRIKE AND SNAP ROLL OUT.

QUAN HO, ALERT ALL DECKS TO SECURE FOR BATTLE - STATIONS... EXCEPT FOR THE BRIDGE. WE WILL HAVE TO RELY ON OUR SURVIVAL SUITS.

SO IT APPEARS THE FLEET IS ABOUT TO DROP OUT OF SUBSPACE -- EASILY!

DRUSUS!

ACTIVATING SIGNAL BOOSTER. NOW!



"LOSING LATERAL CONTROL. CENTRI-PETAL ROTATION BUILDING."

THEY'LL RECOVER, MR. MARTEL. RIDE THE WAVE-- TAKE US BEYOND RETALIATION.

"TRI-AXIAL STABILITY RESTORED. GRAVITY UP TO FIFTY-SEVEN PERCENT."

"RE-ORIENTATE SENSORS. ARM TORPEDOS AND LATERAL ARRAYS. PREPARE TO ENGAGE KA'EL."

"ONLY VAPOR AND DEBRIS IN PROXIMITY..."

NEW CONTACT, SIR--

KA'EL SHIPS LEAVING SYSTEM AT NEAR LIGHT...

...THE ALIENS ARE ON THE RUN.

"INERTIAL DAMPER OVERLOAD..."

"...GRAVITY GENERATOR DOWN TO SEVENTEEN PERCENT."

YAAAAAY!!

NICE SHOT, SHIRA.

SHUCKS, QUAN, T'WEREN'T NUTHIN--

OH, JOHN! I WAS SO SCARED--

YOU DID FINE, TAMARA-- OKAY PEOPLE, FUN'S OVER...

MR. MARTEL, LAY IN A COURSE FOR EARTH.

JOHN, YOU'RE ANGRY--

DISAPPOINTED.

BUT YOU HAD NO CHOICE--

THAT'S NO CONSOLATION.

WE'VE TRAVELED SO FAR, EAGER TO DISCOVER A FRIENDLY NEIGHBOR IN THE UNIVERSE--

BUT WHAT WE'VE FOUND IS A NEW ENEMY...

A NEW WAR!

Karla (Blazing Fury) Davis: ejected from the Team Supreme — of all places — for sexual harassment, Karla can harness and re-direct the energy of the sun.

Christy (Bang Bang) Tyros: under-dressed and over-armed with hair triggers all over the place, Christy can curse real good and shoot even better.

Lady Guinivere (Crimson Dominatrix)

Primrose: a slightly sadistic dominatrix but with a charisma that makes her victims want to tie the first knot.

Bridgett (Saraphim)

Crockett: remarkably young — but of legal age — and born with wings, Bridgett is the last virgin — and hating it.

Together, this collage of long-ish legs, bulging hooters, and glam-gal good looks form **ACTION FIGURES!**

Models/Escorts!

Personal Trainers!

Terminatrixes! Tough dolls for hire — Bang Bang's so tough, she's got a werewolf

for a

boyfriend! In

our last install-

ment, they faced their most vile, reprehensible villain yet: a

lawyer! The frivolous suit was strictly a setup so that Bad Girl, of the Team

Supreme, could take over Action Figures.

These girls may be bad to the bone, but are they flinty enough to face the unbridled scum of the earth? Look no further for flash, gash, and trash in our little story called...

ROUGH JUSTICE

OR


"WHO'S THAT LITTLE DOGGIE IN THE WINDOW?"

STORY & ART: JASON PEARSON

COLOR: DIGITAL CHAMELEON

LETTERS: KEN LOPEZ





I DIDN'T SAY
YOU COULD SLOW
DOWN! NOW FUCK
ME!... FUCK ME
HARDER, YOU FUCKING
ANIMAL!

RRRRRRRR...

I DON'T THINK YOU
HEARD ME, SOLDIER!
YOUR ASS BETTER
GO PNEUMATIC, OR
I'M TAKING CONTROL
OF THIS OPERATION!

YEAH! THAT'S
IT! YOU WANTED IT
DOGGY STYLE--
NOW DO ME, YOU
BEAST!

FUCK ME
TIL I BARK!

GGRRRRRR...



THEN YOU STARTED
LICKING MY CLIT--
OHH!--BACK AND
FORTH LIKE THIS--
OOHHH!

NO--A-AH!
IT WAS MORE
WITH THE TEETH
LIKE--SHLURP...!



I THINK WE'VE
REACHED AN IMPASSE...
AAAAHHH. YOU CAN'T
CLAIM SEXUAL
HARASSMENT IF
THERE'S INFORMED
CONSENT!

VOO VOO VOO VOO VOO VOO VOO VOO

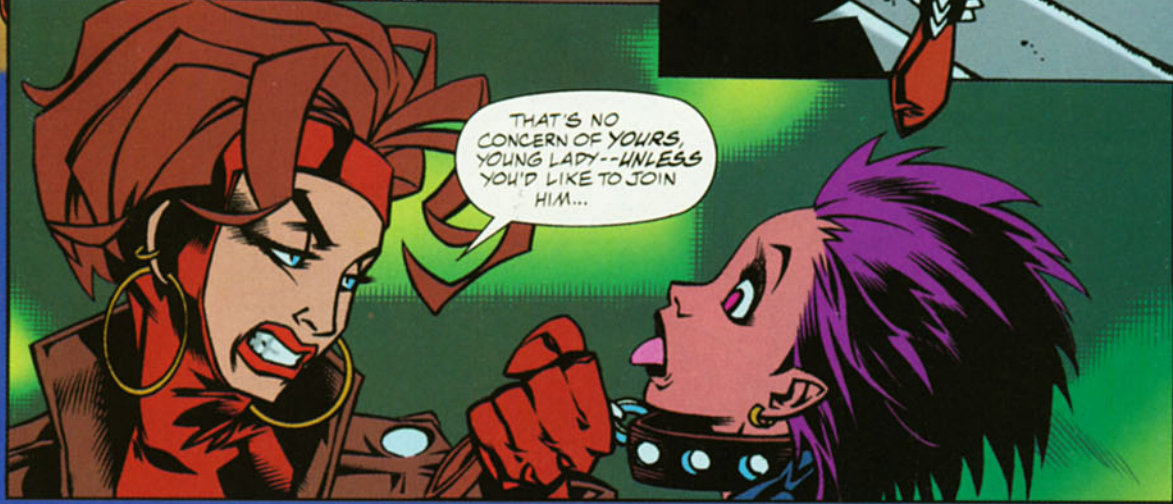


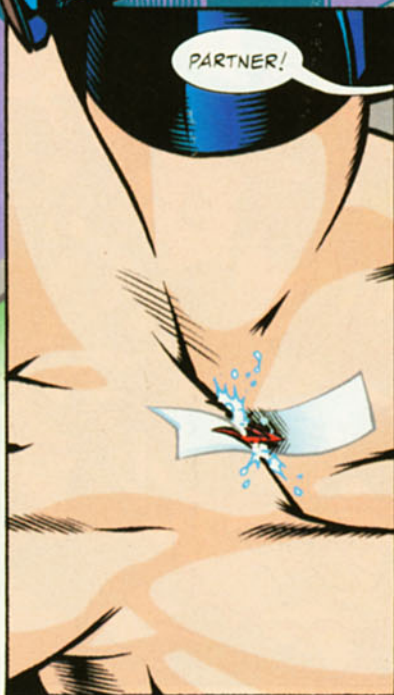
BUT THE N.Y.C. SUPERHUMAN
CODE SECTION A-382 CLEARLY
STATES THAT A VILLAIN CA-CA-
CANNOT BE SEXUALLY PROPO-
SITIONED BY A-A HERO--!

A HERO MUST BE
SEXUALLY REPPRESSED!
OOH--OH! OH!
CONSEQUENTLY... AN
AGREEMENT WILL HAVE
TO--BE--ACHIEVED!



DO YOU REALLY THINK MISTA GADDIS WILL BE ALL RIGHT, I MEAN WITH YOUR LEAVIN' HIM IN THE DUNGEON... Y'KNOW... SUSPENDED FROM THE CEILING WITH HOT WAX DRIPPIN' ON HIS NUTS... Y'KNOW... ALL NIGHT?









DON'T WORRY, PARTNER,
THAT'S WHAT WILD GIRL
IS FOR! VOOTIE!
ATTACK!

FEEL...FAINT...
CAN'T POWER
UP!

GRRRRRR!

WHAMMO

VOOTIE!!*

WOW.

* > BAD DOGGIE! <



WOT THE BLOODY HELL IS ALL THIS?!

PRIM, IT'S FUCKIN' BAD GIRL AND HER JUNGLE BITCH!

YOU HAVE THREE SECONDS TO START EXPLAINING, LUV--

OR IT'S GROUND ZERO.

KA-RASH!

FAPP!



WHOA! WHOA, GIRLS! EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT!

GIVE US A SECOND TO EXPLAIN.

A LITTLE MORE THAN
ONE SECOND LATER...

IT'LL BE GREAT,
PRIMA! WITH BAD
GIRL'S BRAINS AND,
UH...VOOTIE'S BRAWN,
WE CAN KICK THE
LIVING CRAP OUT
OF--

WE CAN'T AFFORD
ANOTHER TWO GIRLS ON
THE COMPANY DOLE! WE'RE
NEAR BOTTOM'S UP NOW!
DO YOU KNOW I'VE HAD TO
SWITCH TO *REUSABLE*
BUTT PLUGS?!

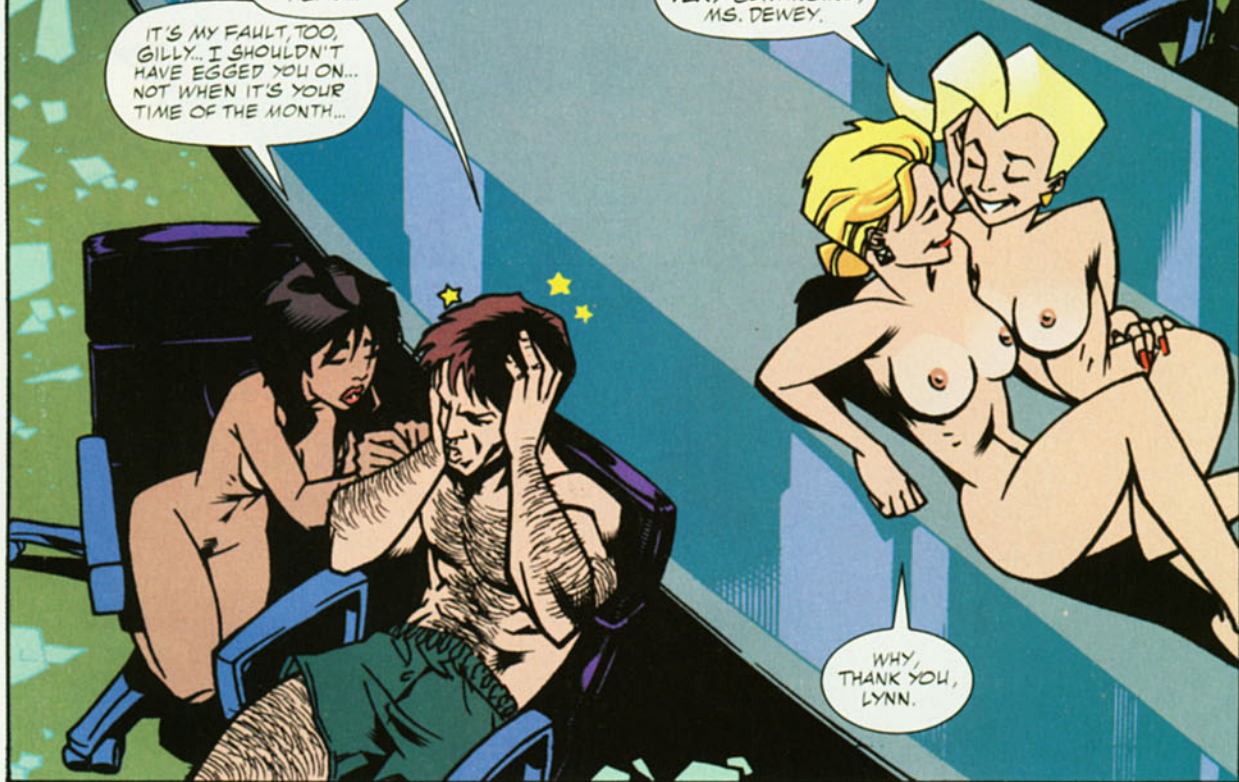
SHE'S SO CUTE!
CAN I KEEP HER?!
PRETTY PLEASE WITH
UN-POPPED CHERRIES
ON TOP?!



I'M SORRY,
CHRISTY... I
JUST LOST MY
HEAD...

IT'S MY FAULT, TOO,
GILLY. I SHOULDN'T
HAVE EGGED YOU ON...
NOT WHEN IT'S YOUR
TIME OF THE MONTH...

YOUR CLOSING
STATEMENT WAS
VERY CONVINCING,
MS. DEWEY.

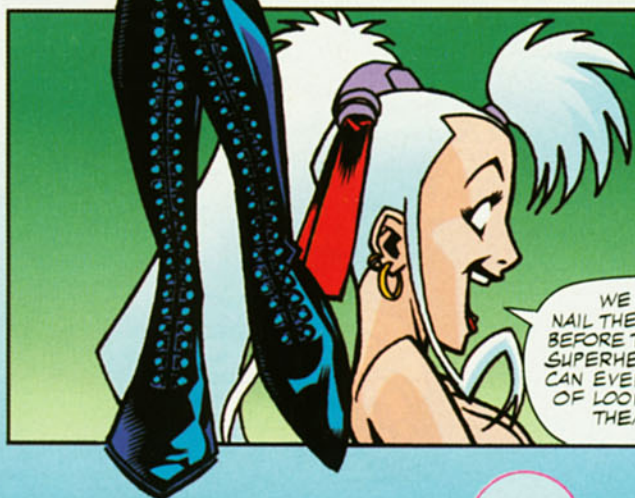
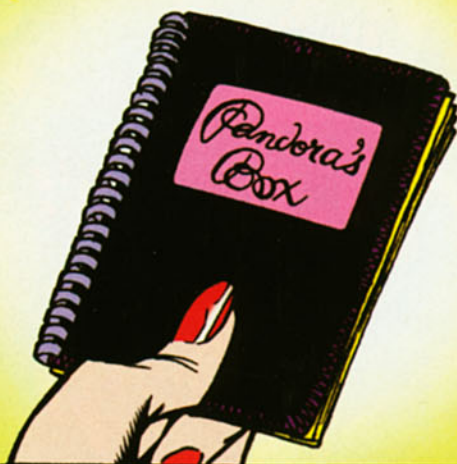


WHY,
THANK YOU,
LYNN.



GIRLS, YOUR CASH-FLOW PROBLEMS ARE OVER! STARTING TOMORROW, WE'RE GOING TO BE *BUTT-DEEP* IN HIGH-PAYING GIGS! I'VE BEEN ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE LAW SINCE *DREW BARRYMORE* WAS A VIRGIN! I'VE FUCKED AND SUCKED MY WAY THROUGH EVERY MOB SYNDICATE, NINJA CLAN, SECRET CABAL, UNDER-WORLD CRIME LEAGUE, DEATH-METAL ROCK BAND, AND MOTION-PICTURE STUDIO IN THE COUNTRY--

--AND I'VE GOT DIRT ON EVERYBODY RIGHT HERE IN MY *LITTLE BLACK BOOK*!



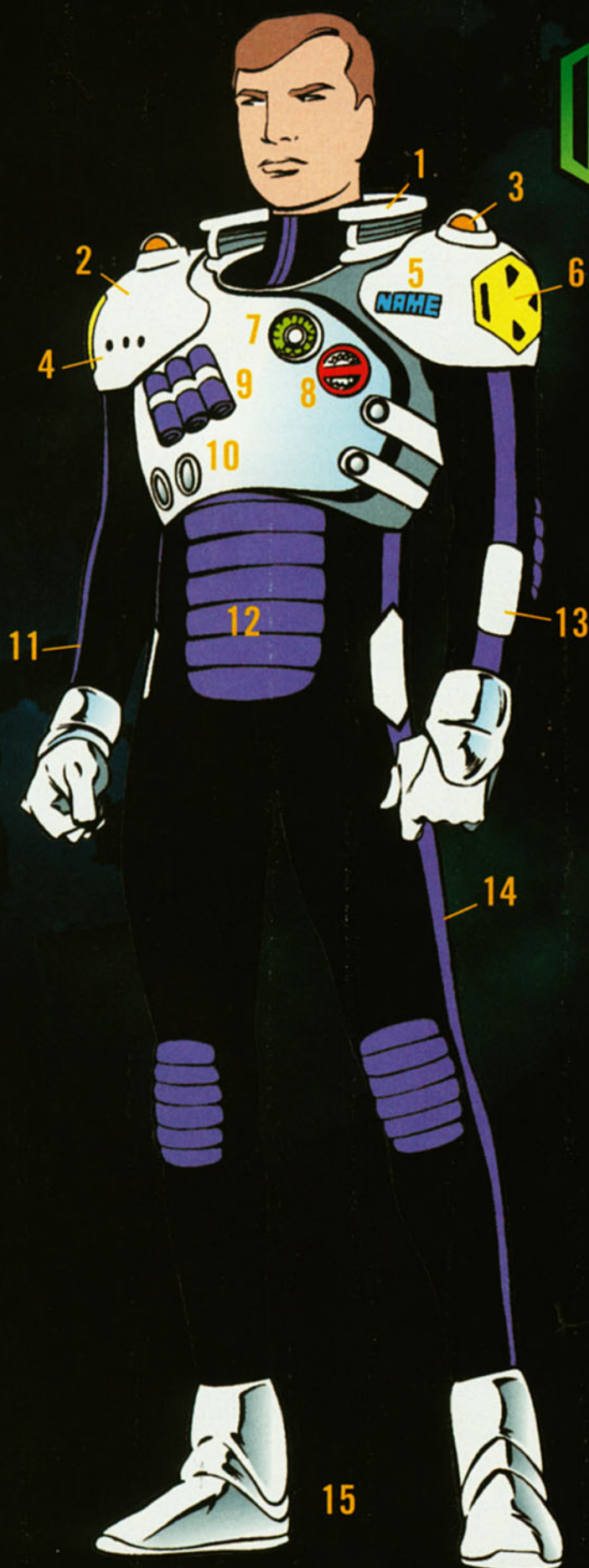
WE CAN NAIL THESE GUYS BEFORE THE *OTHER* SUPERHERO GROUPS CAN EVEN THINK OF LOOKING FOR THEM!



THE END

THE KRAKEN'S WAKE

TECHNICAL FILE



SOL-CORPS STAR FLEET UNIFORM/SURVIVAL SUIT

- 1.. EMERGENCY HELMET—
A DOMED ARMOR-PLASTIC HOOD THAT IS AUTOMATICALLY ACTIVATED WHEN THE SHIP'S ATMOSPHERE IS COMPROMISED. THE OXYGEN SUPPLY AND RECYCLING CAPACITY ARE RELIABLE FOR UP TO SIX HOURS
- 2.. JACKET HARNESS—
RIGID TORSO ARMOR. COLOR DENOTES SPECIALTY:
WHITE: BRIDGE CREW
RED: ENGINEERING
GREEN: SCIENCE AND MEDICS
BLUE: PILOTS
YELLOW: MAINTENANCE
GRAY: SECURITY
TONAL VARIATIONS INDICATE SUBGROUPINGS
- 3.. SHOULDER LIGHTS—
SENSORS MONITORING HEAD MOVEMENT ENSURE THE SPOTLIGHTS MATCH THE WEARER'S GAZE
- 4.. RANK INSIGNIA
• ENSIGN
•• LIEUTENANT (JUNIOR GRADE)
••• LIEUTENANT
••• LIEUTENANT COMMANDER
•••• COMMANDER
••••• CAPTAIN
- 5.. NAME TAG
- 6.. KRAKEN FLASH
- 7.. SOL-CORPS SPACE FLEET BADGE
- 8.. SOL-ALLIANCE CREST
- 9.. FIRST AID PODS
a. LIQUID MEMBRANE FOR SURVIVAL SUIT REPAIR
b. ANTI-TOXIN HYPO
c. ANTI-RADIATION HYPO
- 10.. EXTERNAL LIFE SUPPORT SOCKETS
- 11.. SURVIVAL SUIT
SEVENTEEN MICRO COMPOSITE LAYERS. ARMORED AND PRESSURE-CONTROLLED. HEATING AND COOLING FACILITIES AUTO ACTIVATED
- 12.. FLEXIBLE ARMOR PLATE
- 13.. TRANSPARENT PANEL—
REVEALING THE REGULATION COM-LINK UMBILICAL THAT IS SURGICALLY GRAFTED TO ALL SOL-CORPS MEMBERS. IT IS A TWO-WAY LINK THAT MONITORS AND REPORTS THE STATUS OF CREW AND SHIP
- 14.. FLUORESCENT STRIPS
- 15.. MAGNETIC BOOTS. MANUALLY ACTIVATED

THE KRAKEN

SOL-CORPS STARSCOUT K137

LENGTH 475M
HEIGHT 139.3M
WIDTH (A) 37.9M
WINGSPAN 291.2M

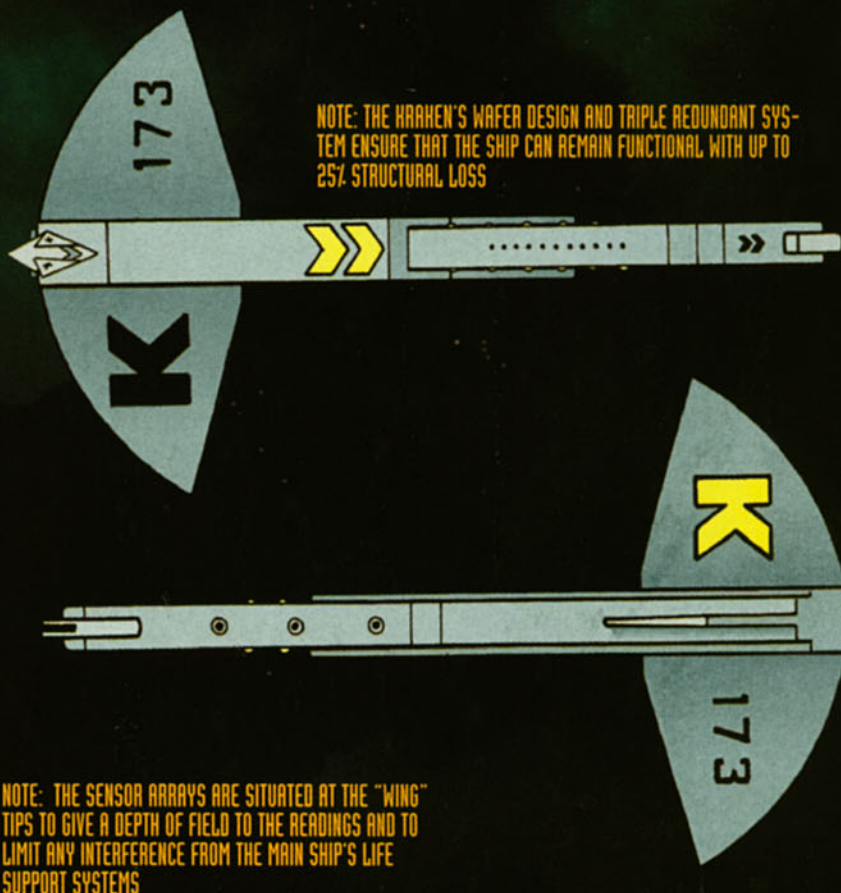
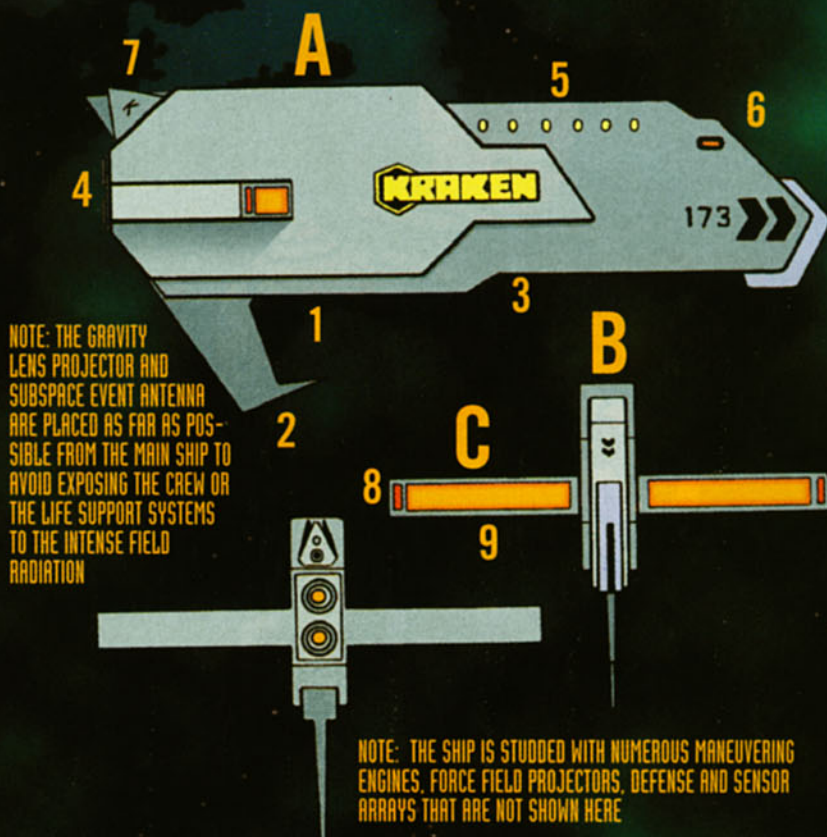
**SECTION A—FULL LIFE SUPPORT
AND ARTIFICIAL GRAVITY**
CREW QUARTERS
BRIDGE
SCIENCE AND
RESEARCH

**SECTION B—FULL LIFE SUPPORT
ZERO GRAVITY**
ENGINEERING
ARMORY
SCIENCE AND
RESEARCH

**SECTION C—(WINGS) ZERO LIFE
SUPPORT ZERO GRAVITY**
LANDING BAY
SHUTTLE FIGHTER
AND DRONE
MAINTENANCE
LONG-RANGE SENSOR
ARRAY

LEGEND:

- 1.. GRAVITY LENS
PROJECTOR
- 2.. SUBSPACE EVENT
ANTENNA
- 3.. CANNON FORCEFIELD
PROJECTORS
- 4.. PRIMARY THRUST VENTS
- 5.. LATERAL DEFENSE ARRAY
- 6.. FORWARD TORPEDOES
- 7.. KUB—MULTI PURPOSE
CRAFT
- 8.. LONG-RANGE SENSOR
ARRAYS
- 9.. LANDING BAY DOORS



THE KRAKEN'S WAKE

TECHNICAL FILE



SUBSPACE ENTRY

THE SUBSPACE EVENT ANTENNA (a) GENERATES A KEY PULSE WHICH IS FOCUSED AHEAD OF THE SHIP, THROUGH THE GRAVITY LENS, (b) TO OPEN AN EVENT ENTRY IRIS (c) AT THE COORDINATES OF A KNOWN SUBSPACE FURROW.



SUBSPACE PLASMA CANNON

THE CANNON FORCEFIELD PROJECTORS (a) GENERATE A MORE POWERFUL VERSION OF THE ENERGY BARRIER THAT PROTECTS THE KRAKEN WHEN IT TRAVELS THROUGH SUBSPACE TO FORM THE CANNON CONTAINMENT FIELD. THE SUBSPACE EVENT ANTENNA (b) GENERATES A SMALL EVENT EXIT IRIS (c) INSIDE THE CONTAINMENT FIELD WHICH IT FILLS WITH HIGHLY UNSTABLE SUBSPACE PARTICLES THAT ARE FOCUSED THROUGH AND EXIT FROM THE GRAVITY LENS (d) AS A MASSIVELY DESTRUCTIVE ENERGY BEAM (e).



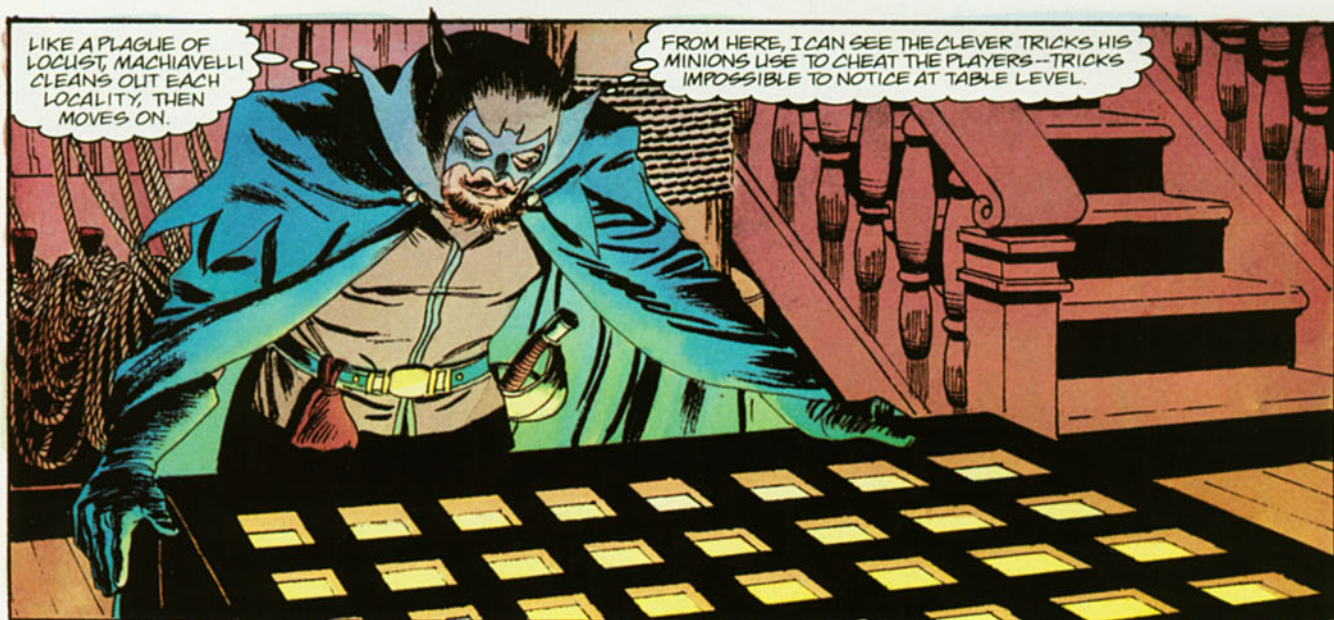
Bill Shakespeare's Black Rogue

EPISODE 3: THE PRINCE OUR STORY THUS FAR:

Padua. Renaissance Italy. Home of the newly wed Kate and Petruchio. Home of the crest-fallen father of Kate, who lost his children's dowry at the dishonestly-run gaming barge, The Prince. Now Petruchio and his comic-relief aide, Quinto, aided by the high-born and gutter-minded genius of no less than Leonardo Da Vinci himself — check out the bat-inspired costume he provided — must attempt to wrest the ill-gotten dowry from Machiavelli's safe. Kate, with her vile feminine 6th sense, has felt that Petruchio has wronged her — to the tune of two women in bed — and she has gathered up the house's finest shears and bolted to the barge. Will our hero's manhood be trimmed to ignoble dimensions? Will Kate do some cuckolding of her own? Two'll get you three! Whilst e'er the Bard zoundsish in some pliant gazebo? Read on, lover of culture...

Story: Buzz Dixon **Art:** Gray Morrow
Color: Morrow & Suydam **Letters:** Vickie Williams





LIKE A PLAGUE OF LOCUST, MACHIAVELLI
CLEANS OUT EACH
LOCALITY, THEN
MOVES ON.

FROM HERE, I CAN SEE THE CLEVER TRICKS HIS
MINIONS USE TO CHEAT THE PLAYERS--TRICKS
IMPOSSIBLE TO NOTICE AT TABLE LEVEL.

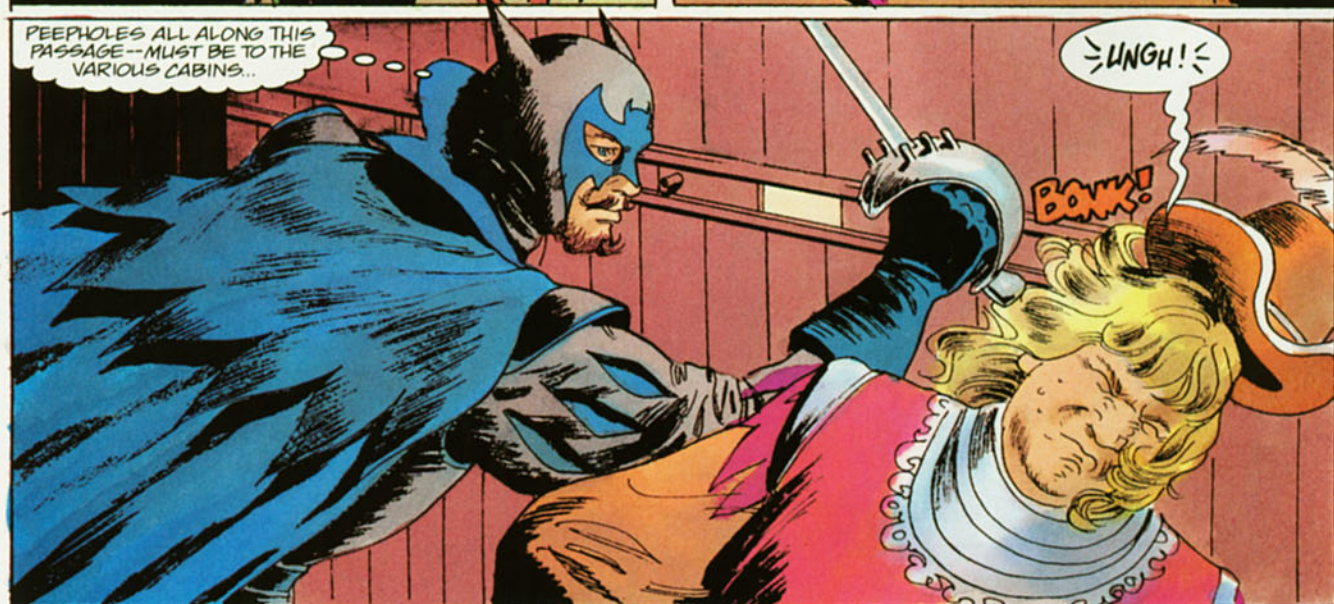


I... I CAN NOT UNDERSTAND
IT! MY INSTINCT AT CARDS
HAS NEVER BETRAYED ME!

AH, FICKLE LADY LUCK.
YOU CAN TAKE CON-
SOLATION WITH SOME
OF HER SISTERS LATER.
BUT FIRST, TO SETTLE
YOUR LOSSES...



WHAT'S THIS? A SECRET
PASSAGE? MACHIAVELLI IS FULL
OF DEVILOUS SURPRISES!



PEEPOLES ALL ALONG THIS
PASSAGE-- MUST BE TO THE
VARIOUS CABINS...

UNGH!

BONK!



SO THAT'S MACHIAVELLI'S STRATAGEM!



CROOKED GAMBLING TO TAKE THE MONEY, THEN BLACKMAIL AFTERWARDS.

I SHALL...AH... INVESTIGATE THIS FURTHER--AFTER I LOCATE MACHIAVELLI'S CABIN!



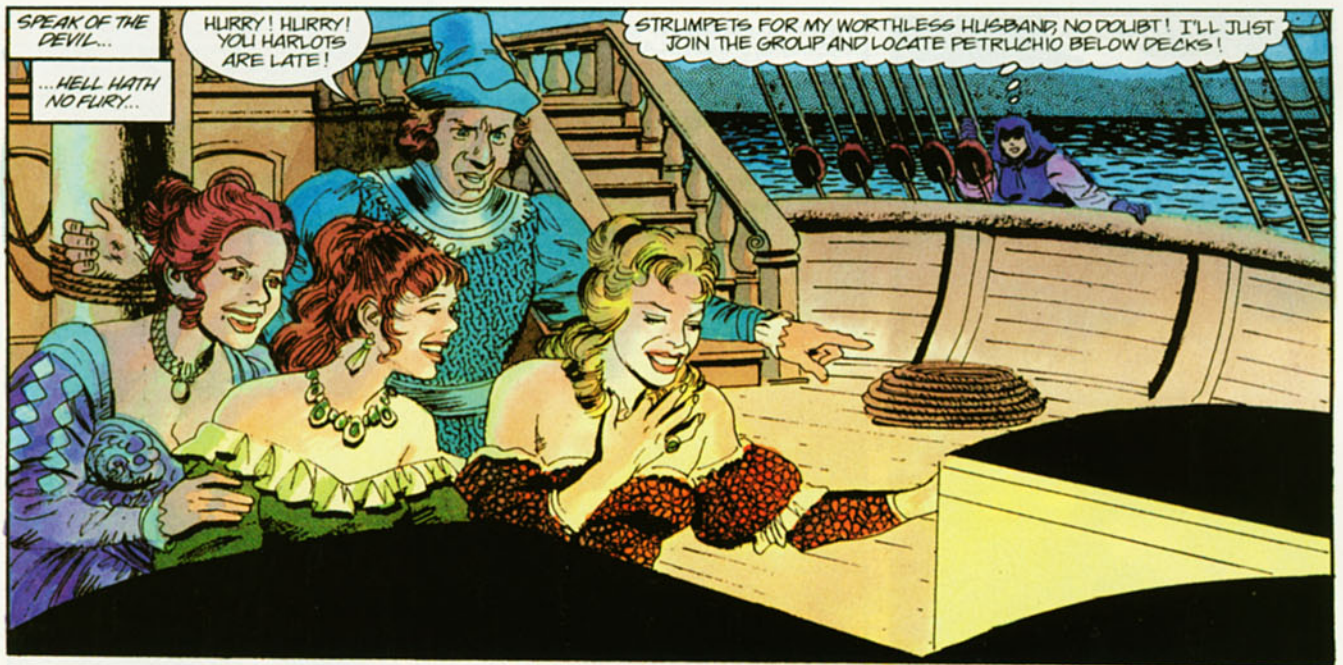
THERE, THAT WASN'T SO BAD, WAS IT? YOUR SIGNET SEAL ON A PROMISSORY NOTE, AND YOUR DEBT IS HONORABLY SETTLED.

NOW, TO AWAIT THE LADIES OF THE EVENING...

PROMISSORY NOTES? OF COURSE!



FIND THEM AND I FIND MACHIAVELLI'S FORTUNE-- AND KATE'S DOWRY!



SPEAK OF THE
DEVIL...

HURRY! HURRY!
YOU HARLOTS
ARE LATE!

...HELL HATH
NO FLURY...

STRUMPETS FOR MY WORTHLESS HUSBAND; NO DOUBT! I'LL JUST
JOIN THE GROUP AND LOCATE PETRUCHIO BELOW DECKS!



I'LL JUST
SLINK BACK
IN THE
SHADOWS
AND--

HERE NOW! NO ONE CAN
TAKE THE PRINCE'S
MONEY AND NOT PERFORM
FOR HIM!

ER...I
CHANGED
MY
MIND--



MANY A WENCH
HAS HAD SECOND
THOUGHTS ONCE
BOARDING MY
VESSEL!

THAT IS WHY I
ALWAYS KEEP A
QUANTITY OF
SPANISH FLY
ABOARD!



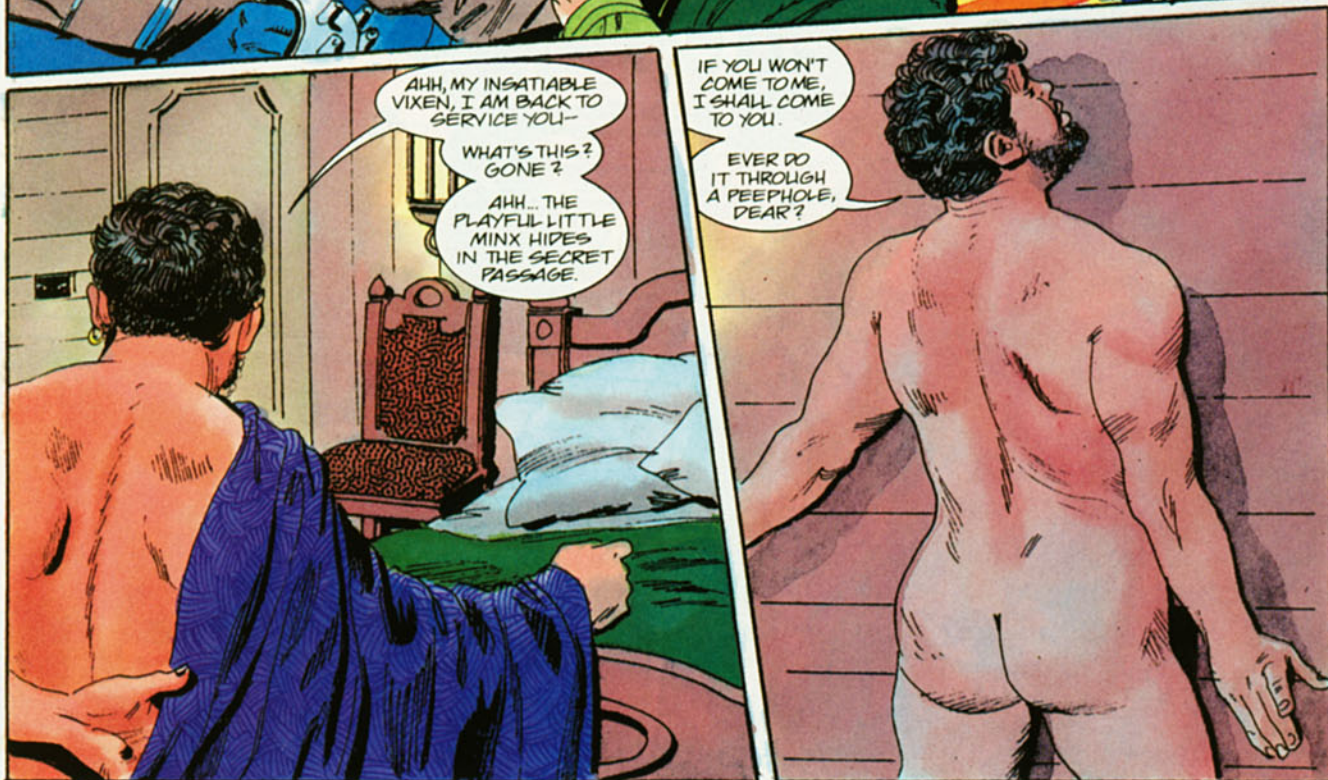
BREATHE DEEPLY, MY DEAR!
:HENHE :HENHE :HENHE

URK! URFF!
SMIFFFF!

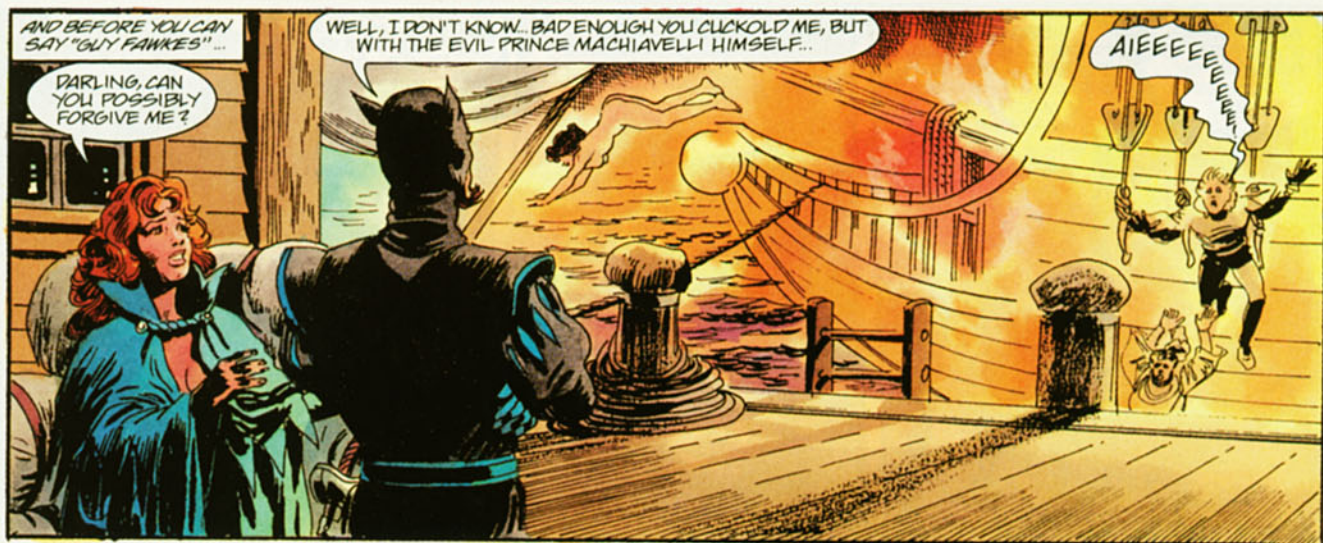














HERIKANE

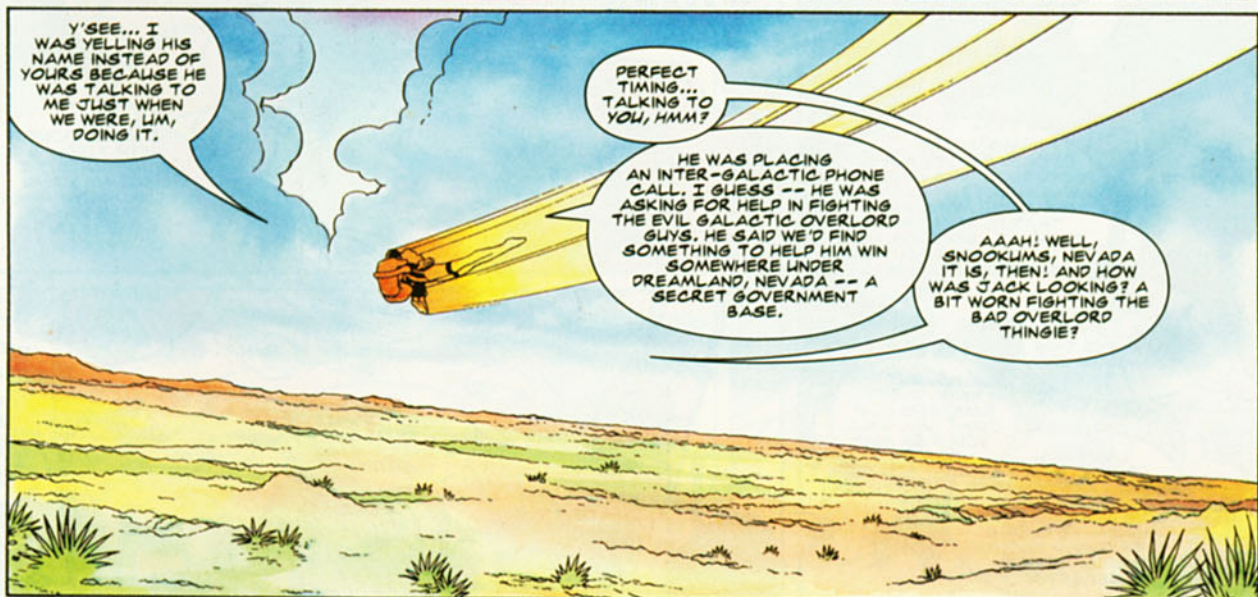
EPISODE 4: OLD FLAMES

Our Story Thus Far:

As superheroine origins go, Emily Feldman's isn't bad at all. At the tender and lustful age of 18, she gave her idol, the Silver Age Captain Adventure, certain oral considerations and—voilà! (which is a good word for it) the deed was done. Her name: Herikane. Their relationship was one of those May - December things that are frowned upon by society, but she still worshiped him even after he went off to do battle with some evil inter-galactic empire. Emily even had a brief affair with the son of Captain Adventure, Young Captain Adventure. She has since taken up with a too-young toy magnate, Tim Bowie, who helped her evade the sapphic clutches of Blazing Fury. During a plastic-fueled spending spree, Emily was moved to take Tim on a sky-high sex-fest. Right at the good part, Emily received some kind of interstellar message from Captain Adventure asking for her help in fighting Dargon Zaxor with some things located in Dreamland, Nevada. Aside from that little glitch, everything is going well between them when—don't you know it? Joey Pike, Young Captain Adventure, shows up. What does he want?

Story by Bill Vallely &
Eliot Brown

Pencils by Kevin Maguire
Inks by Karl Story
Letters by Chris Eliopoulos
Colors by Suydam Studios



SOMEWHERE OVER
TIMES SQUARE...

OH, SNOOKUMS,
DID YOU SPEND
TOO MUCH MONEY
ON ME?

\$23,000 IS
NOT "TOO MUCH,"
HONEY-LUMPS...BUT
WHAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE
IN DREAMLAND, NEVADA?
WE'RE HEADED THERE
AWFULLY FAST. AND
WHO IS JACK?

JACK...
UM... JACK,
YOU SAY...?

NO, YOU
SAID -- IN FACT,
YOU SCREAMED, JACK,
JACK, JACK! WHEN
WE WERE BOINKING AT
15,000 FEET...I DIDN'T
TAKE IT PERSONALLY,
DESPITE MY NAME
BEING TIM.

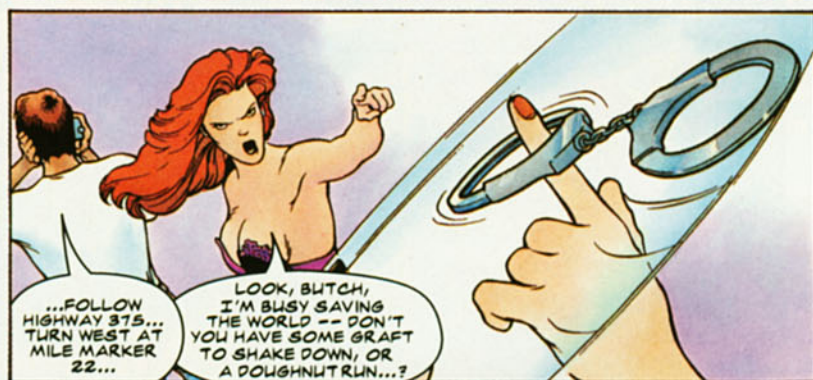
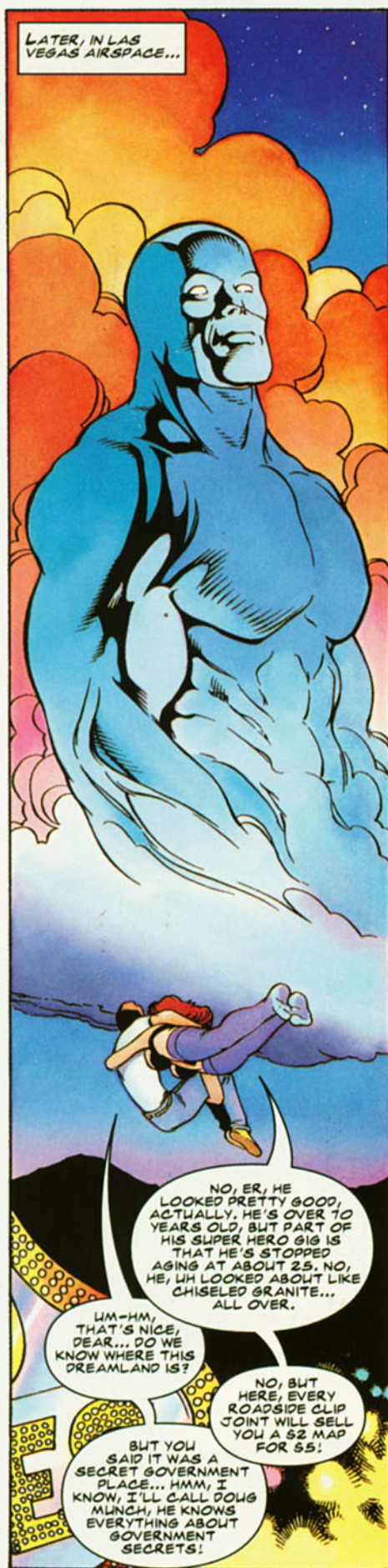
OH...
JACK!
WE-E-E-
ELL...

Y'SEE... I
WAS YELLING HIS
NAME INSTEAD OF
YOURS BECAUSE HE
WAS TALKING TO
ME JUST WHEN
WE WERE, UM,
DOING IT.

PERFECT
TIMING...
TALKING TO
YOU, HMM?

HE WAS PLACING
AN INTER-GALACTIC PHONE
CALL. I GUESS -- HE WAS
ASKING FOR HELP IN FIGHTING
THE EVIL GALACTIC OVERLORD
GUYS. HE SAID WE'D FIND
SOMETHING TO HELP HIM WIN
SOMEWHERE UNDER
DREAMLAND, NEVADA -- A
SECRET GOVERNMENT
BASE.

AAAH! WELL,
SNOOKUMS, NEVADA
IT IS, THEN! AND HOW
WAS JACK LOOKING? A
BIT WORN FIGHTING THE
BAD OVERLORD
THINGIE?





SOMEWHERE OVER
DREAMLAND...



WHAT
THE
HUUH?

AW SHUCKS,
LOOKS LIKE IT'S
A BUST! HOME,
SWEETNESS?

WE GOTTA
SEE IF WE CAN
FIND ANY
CLUES!



CAREFUL, DEARIE, THE CHAR MIGHT GET ON MY PANTS...

MAYBE THERE'S SOME KIND OF MESSAGE...



NOPE...NOTHING HERE, KUMQUAT... NOW, SHOULDN'T WE BE CALLING WASHINGTON ABOUT THIS? NASA? DEPARTMENT OF ALIEN ATTACKS?

TIM, THIS IS THE FIRST SHOT FIRED IN AN INTERSTELLAR WAR... UNLESS JACK DIDN'T DEPOSIT 5 CENTS FOR AN ADDITIONAL 5 MINUTES...



JESUS! WE JUST GOTTA HELP JACK... IF HE DOESN'T GET IN TOUCH WITH US, WE HAVE TO REACH HIM... I'LL BET THE BLACK BUDGET ILLUMINATI CIA-NSA-DIA-DEA WASHINGTONIAN BASTARDS!! KNOW JUST HOW TO REACH HIM... SOMEHOW...!



TIM... TIM... I-I DON'T USUALLY DO THESE THINGS... BUT, I... I... I... NEED YOUR HELP! I NEED TO LAUNCH AN ALL-OUT INVESTIGATION ON EVERY SHADOWNY GOVERNMENT BASEMENT SECRET!

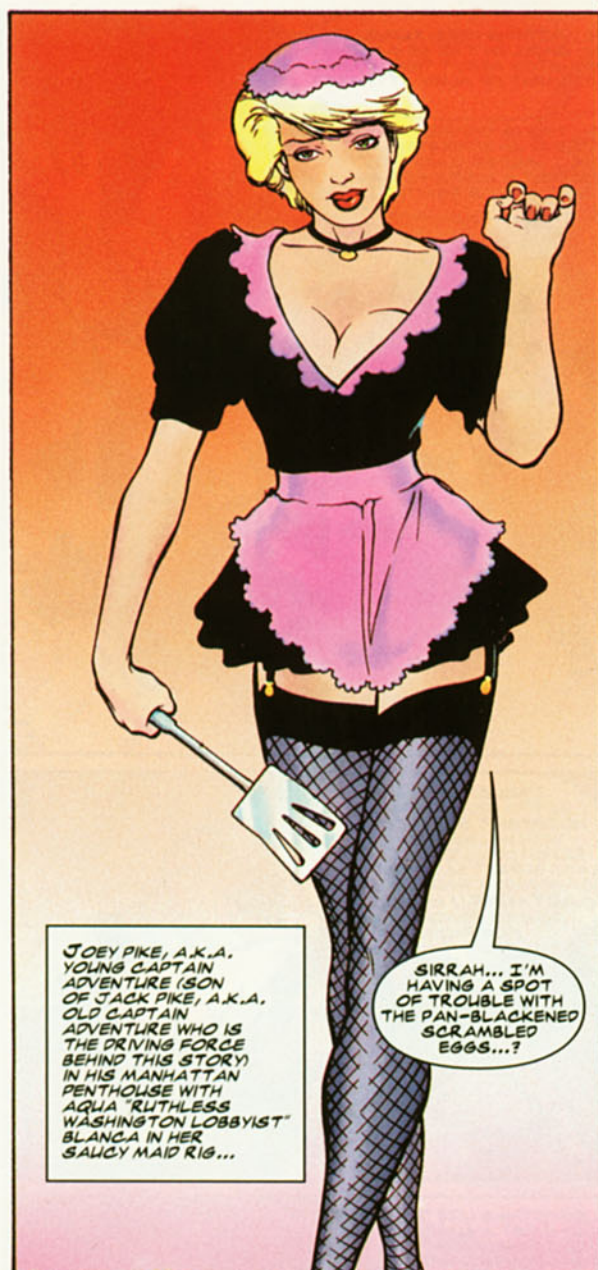
MMMM... MY LITTLE WRITHING SEAL, IT WILL BE MY PLEASURE TO HELP...



...Y'KNOW, SOMETHING LIKE THIS COULD REALLY COST A BUNDLE...I HAVE A GOOD CONNECTION TO A WASHINGTON LOBBYIST. MMMM, SWEATMEAT, YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP ME...

ANYTHING AT ALL, NUMMY STUP MONSTER...!

EVER SEE YOURSELF IN THE POSEABLE ACTION FIGURE BIZ?

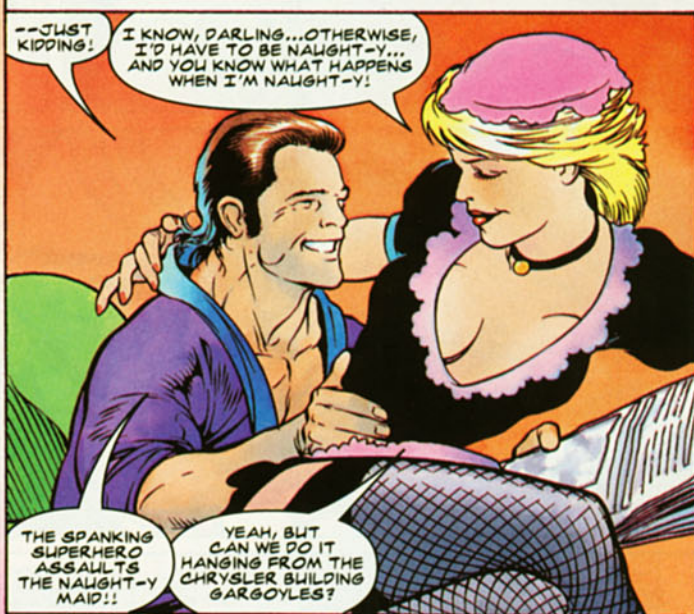


JOEY PIKE, A.K.A. YOUNG CAPTAIN ADVENTURE (SON OF JACK PIKE, A.K.A. OLD CAPTAIN ADVENTURE WHO IS THE DRIVING FORCE BEHIND THIS STORY) IN HIS MANHATTAN PENTHOUSE WITH AQUA "RUTHLESS WASHINGTON LOBBYIST" BLANCA IN HER SAUCY MAID RIG...

SIRRAH... I'M HAVING A SPOT OF TROUBLE WITH THE PAN-BLACKENED SCRAMBLED EGGS...?



DON'T BOTHER ME WITH WOMAN'S WORK, YOU DIZZY MAID!



--JUST KIDDING!

I KNOW, DARLING... OTHERWISE, I'D HAVE TO BE NAUGHT-Y... AND YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I'M NAUGHT-Y!

THE SPANKING SUPERHERO ASSAULTS THE NAUGHT-Y MAID!!

YEAH, BUT CAN WE DO IT HANGING FROM THE CHRYSLER BUILDING GARGOYLES?



OOOH, I KNOW THAT WAIL...IT'S THAT HERICANE SHE-BITCH WHORE, ISN'T IT?



THAT'S DAD'S FACE AND IT'S TOO CLOSE TO HERICANE'S -- LOOKIT! NEW LINE OF ACTION HEROES!!?



HONNNEEEYYY! WHO'S YOUR LAWYER?

OOOF! UH, WHITELIPPED AND TREMBLING IN THE BRILL BUILDING...



ONE WEEK LATER
AT TIME BOWIES'
TOY FACTORY...

...WELL, NO,
HERICANE, POOPSIE,
MY LOBBYIST HAS
GONE THROUGH ABOUT
\$10,000,000 BUCKS
SO FAR BUT HAS
NOTHING TO
REPORT...

BUT MY
ACTION FIGURE
IS SELLING OFF
THE SHELVES
GOOSE-
BUMP!



AND ESPECIALLY
THE SIMULATED
PRECIOUS METAL
COATED FLEXI-
BEND MODEL!
HONNEEYYY, I'M
EXPECTING MY NEW
PARTNER ANY
SECOND...

FINE, I'M IN
THE NEIGHBORHOOD,
I'LL SEE YOU
SOON -- KISSES!
-CLIQUE-



STAND
DOWN, SCHUM
BUCKET!

WOW... THAT'S
SOME BATTLE CRY,
DUDE! I TAKE IT THAT
YOUR VISIT IS IN REGARDS
MY NEW LINE OF CAPTAIN
ADVENTURE DOLLS!!



YEAH, BUDDY,
MY LAWYERS ARE
USELESS, SO I'M
STEPPING IN... I HATE
SKYLIGHT GLASS IN
MY DAMN EAR!

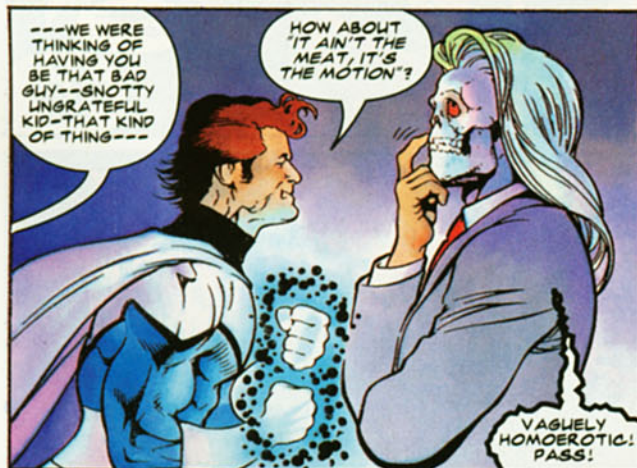
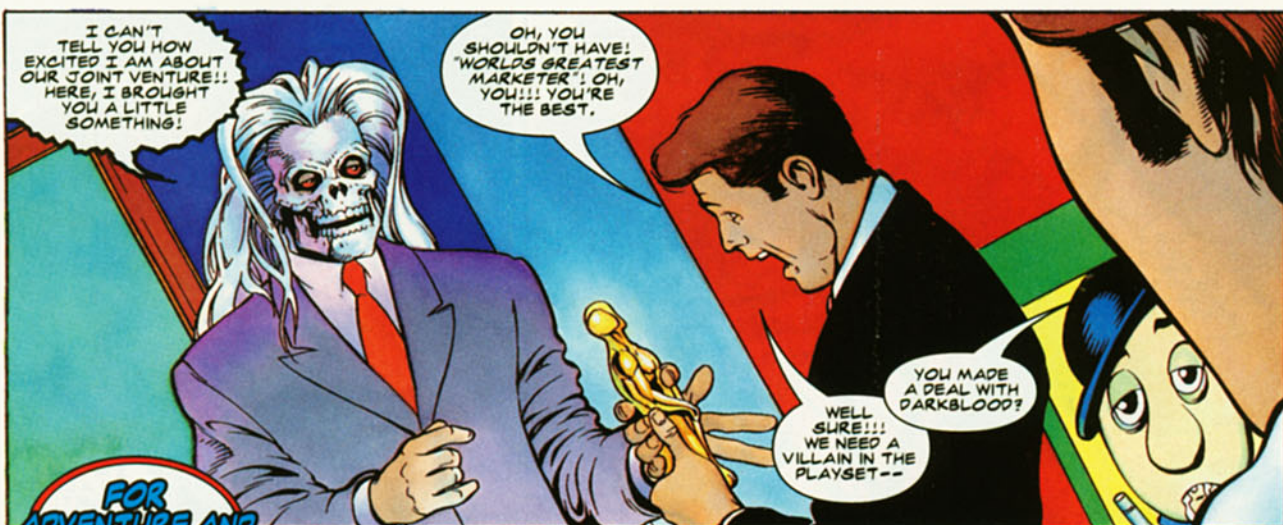
SCHUM, YOU'RE
SNOOKERED. HERICANE
HAS OWNED YOUR
DAD'S IMAGE FOR
YEARS -- EVER SINCE
HER POP MADE THOSE
STINKING ONE-
REELERS OF YOUR POP
-- AND SHE'S SIGNED
HIS AND HER
LIKENESSES TO ME.



AW... NO...
NO... KRIPES, WHAT
COULD'VE POSSIBLY
MADE HER DO SUCH A
ROTTEN, UNDERHANDED,
NASTY, LOW-DOWN AND
BLATANTLY FEMALE
THING?

ita dies, u... , poemata reddit,
elim, chartis pretium quortus arroget
s. scripitor abhinc annos centum qui
dit, inter perfectos veteresque referri
bet an inter vilis atque probus,
urgis finis, "Est vetus annos." Quid, qui
centum qui perficit annos. Inter
centum mense vel anno, inter
portas, an







I WANT THE ROUGH-HOUSING STOPPED RIGHT NOW BEFORE TIMMIE GETS HURT.

WH, DON'T LET ME STOP YOU, GUYS! I'VE GOT PAPERWORK TO DO!



WE DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!

I'M MORE THAN A LITTLE HURT!

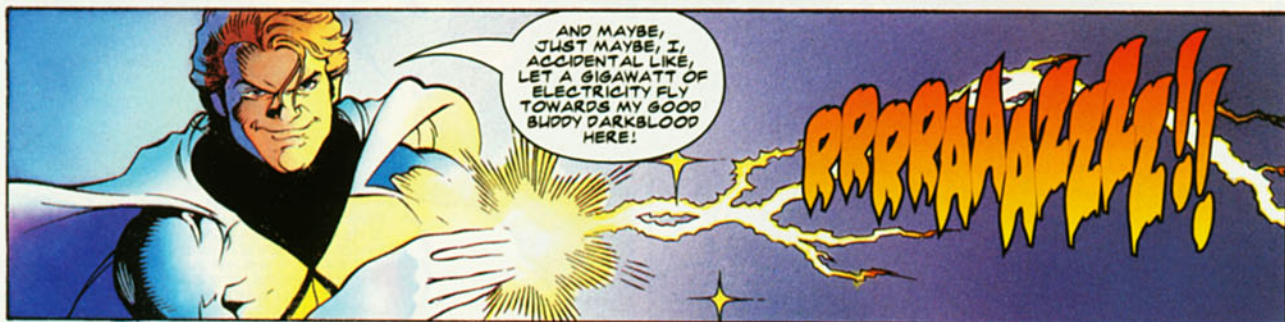


ZAP!!

OH, PERHAPS I LET AN INNOCENT BOLT OF LIGHTNING SLIP--

WHEEE--OOOOW!!

--BUT IT WAS ALL IN GOOD FUN!



AND MAYBE, JUST MAYBE, I, ACCIDENTAL LIKE, LET A SIGAWATT OF ELECTRICITY FLY TOWARDS MY GOOD BUDDY DARKBLOOD HERE!

RRRRRAAZZZ!!



AM I TO BE SPARED NO INDIGNITY?

WILL YOU TWO ASSHOLES KNOCK IT OFF?

GGGXXXGGGG

AHHHH, YOU WORRY TOO MUCH!! WE CAN TAKE IT!!

--I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT YOU TWO--



--IT'S THE BUILDING!

MY
FACTORY! ALL
MY ACTION
TOOOOYSS--!!



HI, HERICANE, REMEMBER ME? I ASKED FOR A LITTLE HELP SAVING THE UNIVERSE...? WELL NEVER MIND NOW -- I'M OKAY, THANKS FOR ASKING...MISS AQUA HERE, AS A WELL-CONNECTED LOBBYIST, GOT WIND OF YOUR STUPID GOVERNMENTAL INVESTIGATION, FOUND THE INTERDIMENSIONAL MACHINE AND THE REALLY POWERFUL NAZI SECRET DEATH-RAYS THEY NEVER TOLD US ABOUT AND SHE BROUGHT THEM TO ME. TOGETHER WE JUST ABOUT ROUTED ZARGON DAXOR AND HIS EVIL MINIONS. AQUA AND I HAVE WORKED VERY CLOSELY ON THIS PROBLEM...

AQUA, GOOD TO MEET YOU... CAN YOU PICTURE YOURSELF AS AN ACTION FIGURE? FIRST SET INCLUDES A WEDDING GOWN!

HEY, TIM, PARTNER PAL, WHAT ABOUT A COLLAPSING ACTION PLAYSET -- WHY, IT WOULD LOOK LIKE KIND'A LIKE THISPLACE!

HI, JOEY... UH, YOUR DAD'S QUITE A GUY...

WE'D LIKE TO ANNOUNCE OUR ENGAGEMENT.

WELL, IT WAS NICE SEEING YOU AGAIN, JACK -- BYE, AQUA -- I'M SURE YOU'LL BOTH BE VERY HAPPY!

HEY! IF I DON'T GET AN ACTION FIGURE MADE OF ME I'M GONNA REPORT YOU ALL TO THE SEC FOR ILLEGALLY DOING BUSINESS ACROSS INTER-GALACTIC LINES! DAD, WHY HAVEN'T YOU CALLED...?

THE END

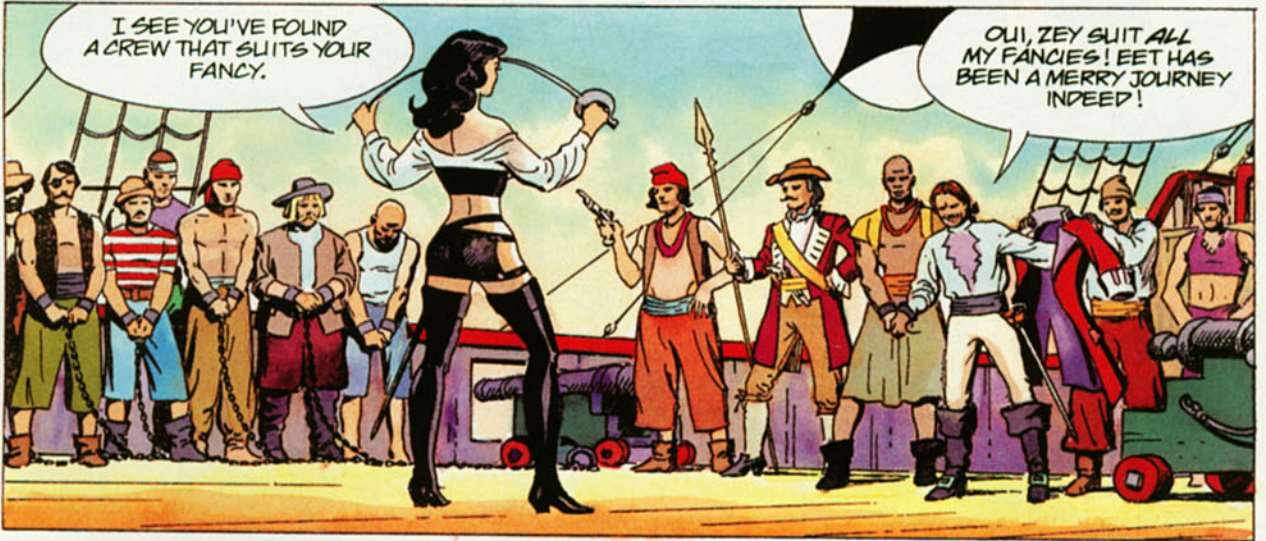
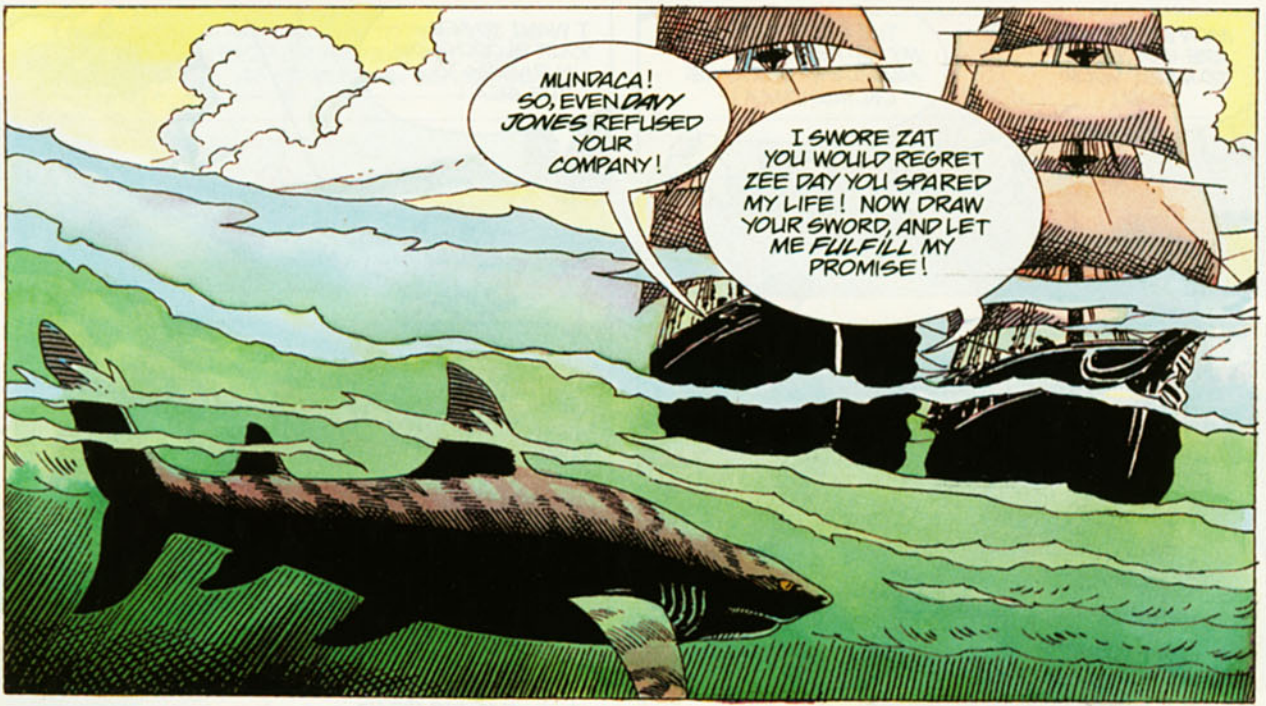


EPISODE 4: SKULDUGGERY!

OUR STORY THUS FAR:

Tess Barrister is the Pirate Queen, plying the sea lanes off the Gulf Coast of the Americas in 1812. She has just captured a French frigate and made off with its riches and crew. Sweet, innocent, young, and shapely Courvette, whose father was mortally wounded and yet took entirely too long to die, mistook the pirate ship as one belonging to Black Jacque Mundaca — well known for villainous acts and yet good taste on the high seas. During his languorous dying, her father mistakenly suggested that she disguise herself as a lad, not realizing, in his own naïveté, that Mundaca's soft spot for young lads was anything but. Mercifully for Courvette — and us — our Pirate Queen was to indoctrinate her in the mysteries and magic of sensuality between two consenting women. Alas, their night of bliss was to become a morning of terror! That knock at the door is Mundaca himself — mad as hell and looking for revenge...

Story by Jan Strnad Art by Russ Heath
Colors by Suydam Studios Letters by Vickie Williams





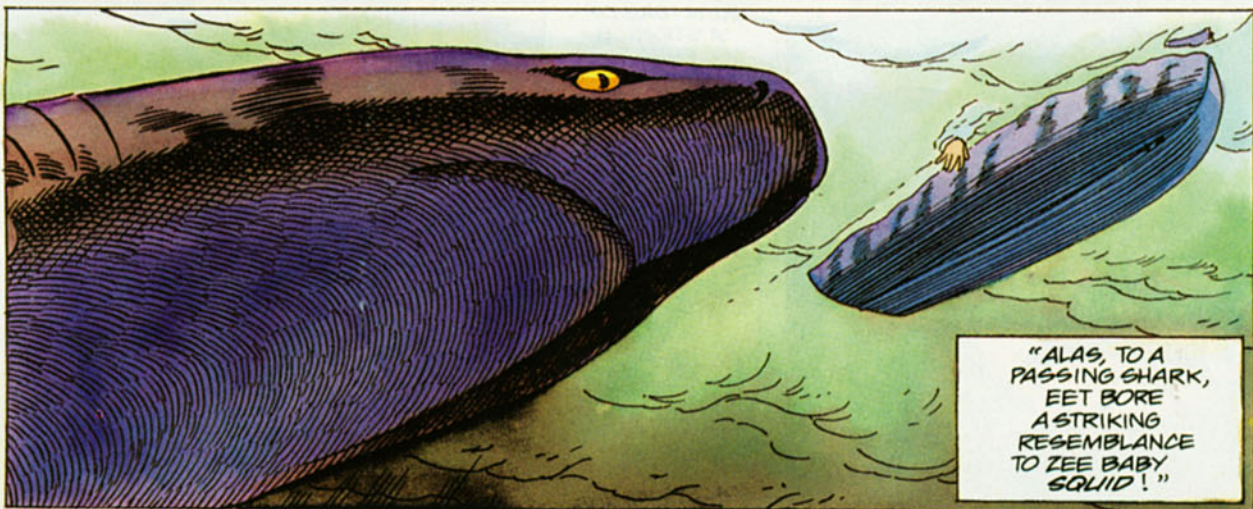
"SOMEHOW YOU NEGLECTED TO PROVIDE ME
WEETH ZEE FOOD OR WATER. ZEE SUN
WAS AS BRUTAL AS A DRUNKEN GENDARME."



"MY MIND WAS
DELIRIOUS.
I HAD SUCH
VISIONS...
SUMMER NIGHTS
EEN PARIS,
SPORTING WITH
ZEE YOUNG BOYS
OF--"



"SKIP THE WET
DREAMS, MUNDACA--
HOW'D YOU LOSE
THE HAND?"



"ALAS, TO A
PASSING SHARK,
EET BORE
ASTRIKING
RESEMBLANCE
TO ZEE BABY
SQUID!"

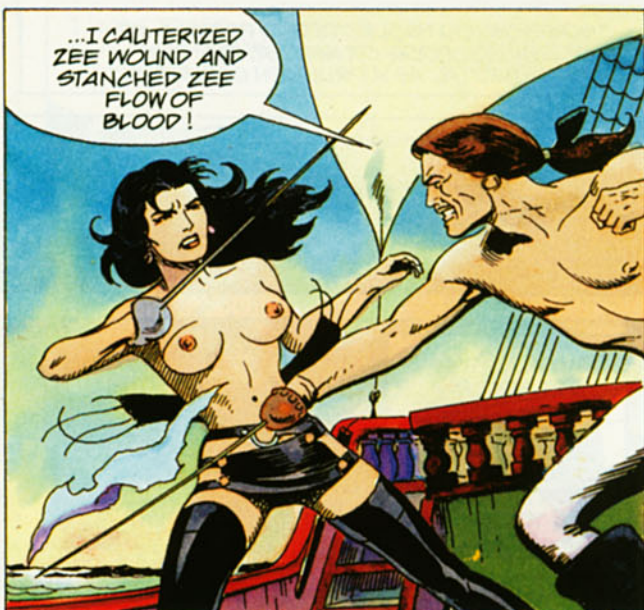


"MY ARM GUSHED LIKE A WOMAN!
I HAD TO ACT QUICKLY!"

"NATURELLEMENT, I HAD KEPT MY POWDER DRY AND MY FLINT AT ZEE READY..."



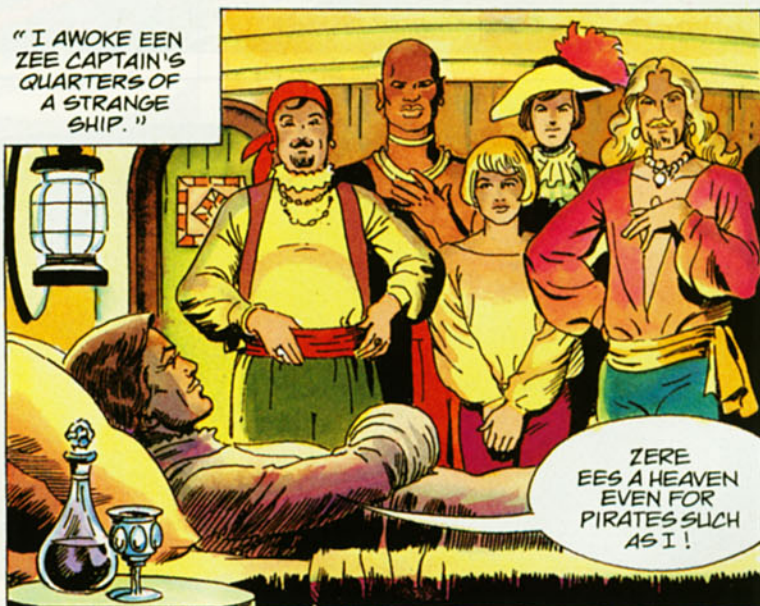
...I CAUTERIZED ZEE WOUND AND STANCHED ZEE FLOW OF BLOOD!



"ZEE PAIN WAS TOO GREAT, EVEN FOR ME. I SUCCLIMBED GRATEFULLY TO ZEE BLACK OBLIVION."



"I AWOKE EEN ZEE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS OF A STRANGE SHIP."

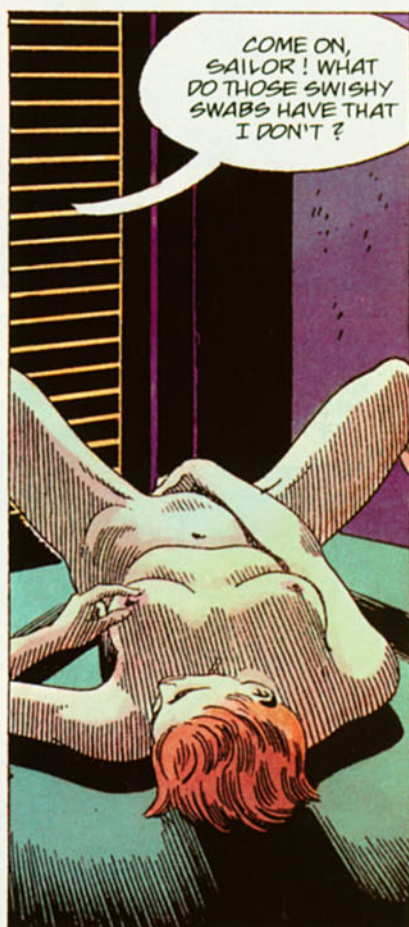
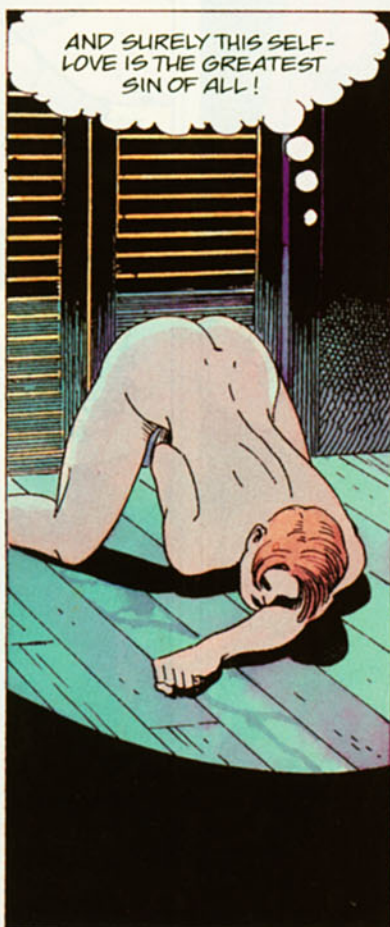


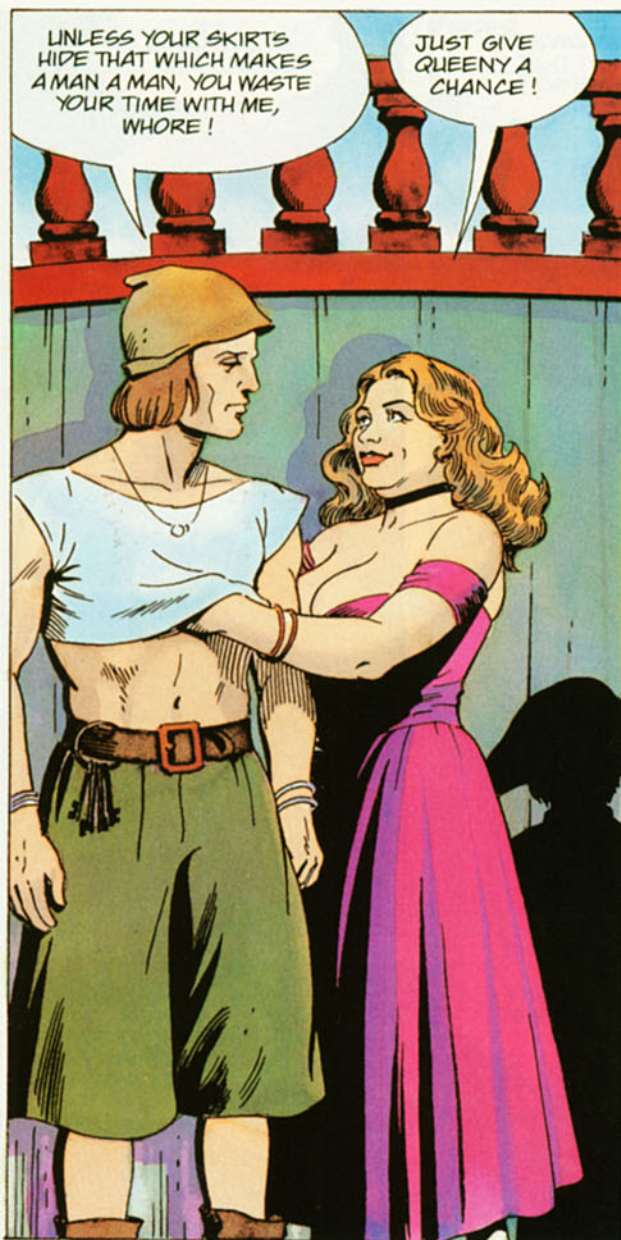
ZERE EES A HEAVEN EVEN FOR PIRATES SUCH AS I!

BUT NO, EET WAS BUT A SHIP OF EXILES, SEAMEN LIKE MYSELF, CAST ADRIPT BY THE DICTATOR NAPOLEON FOR... PERVERSITY!

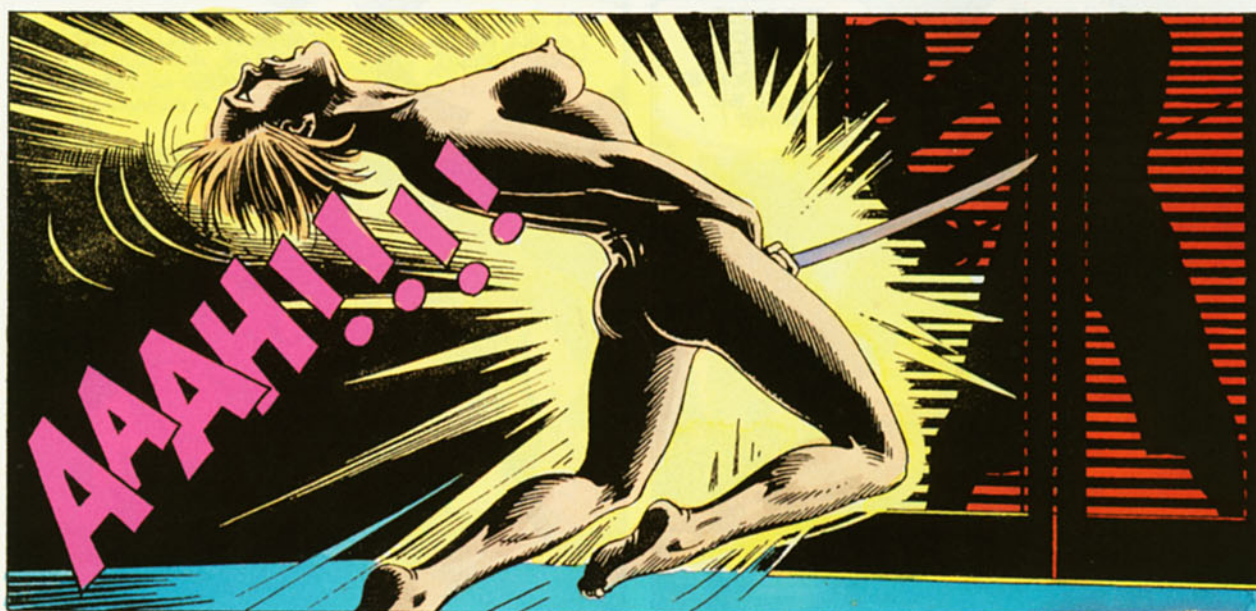
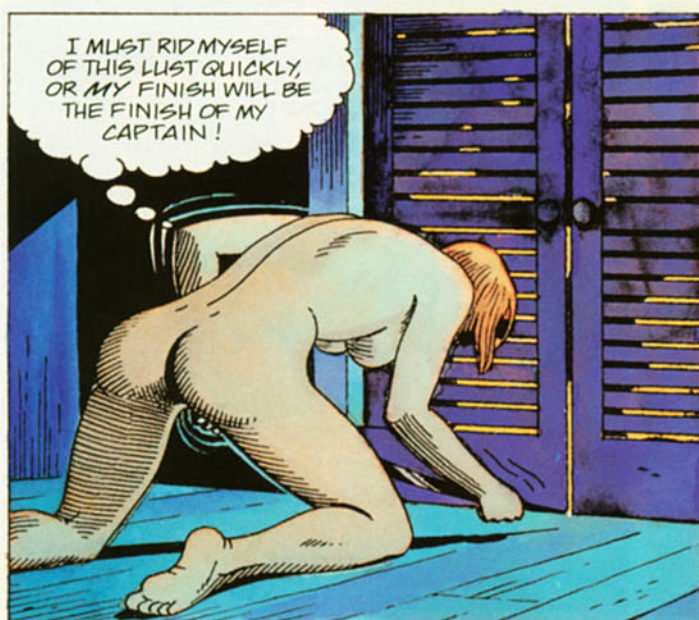
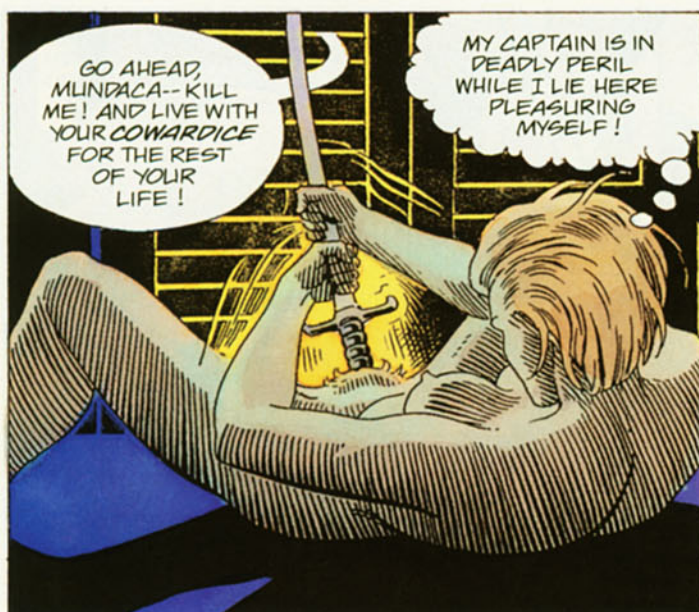


PERVERSITY!

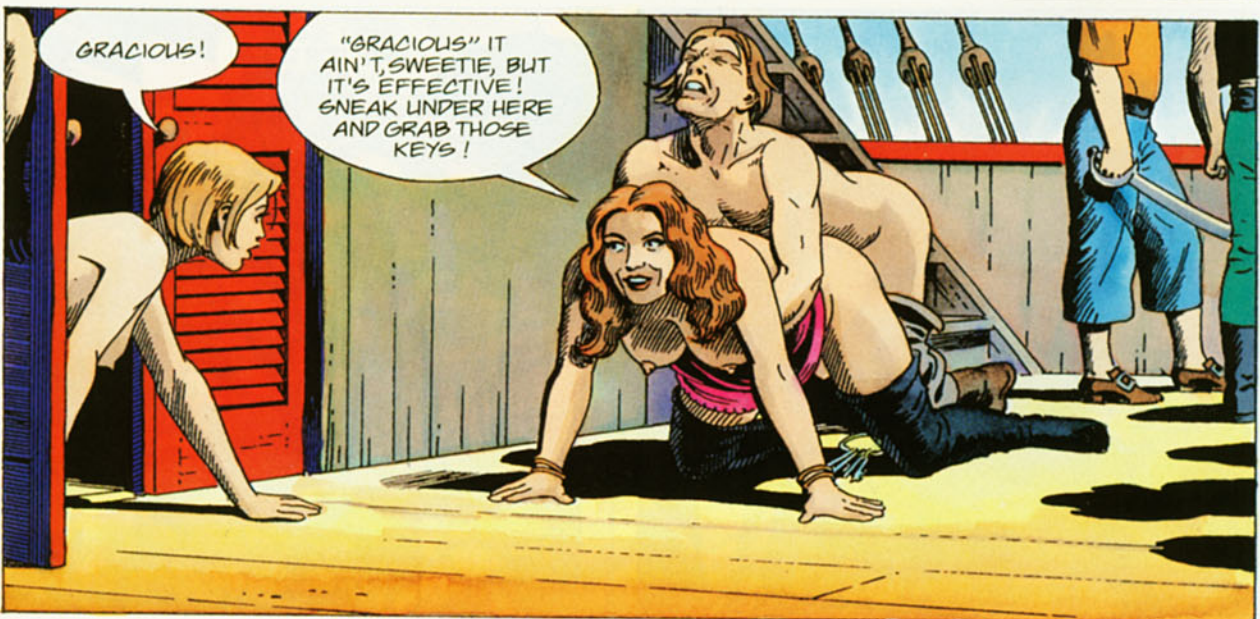
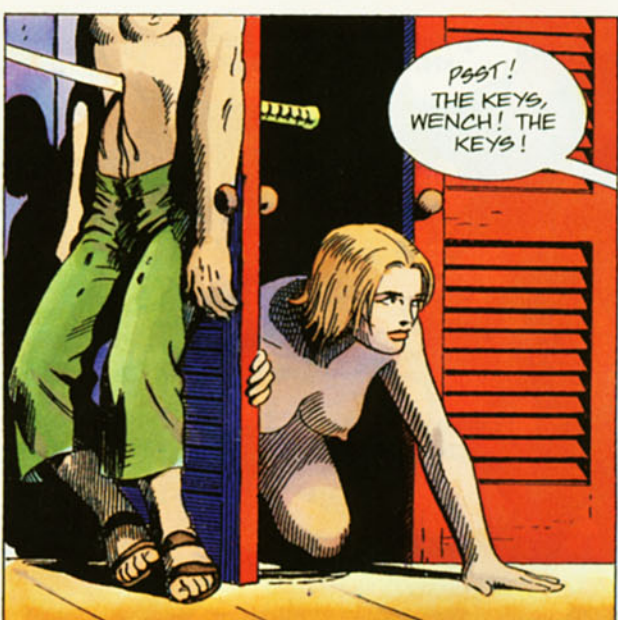
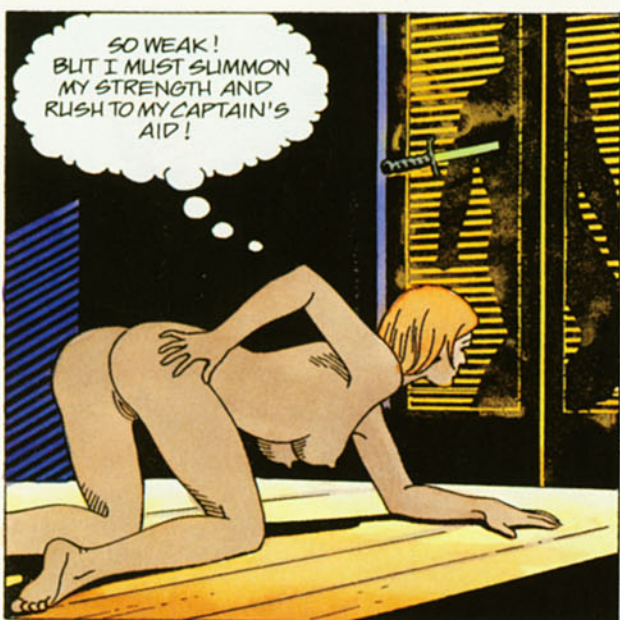
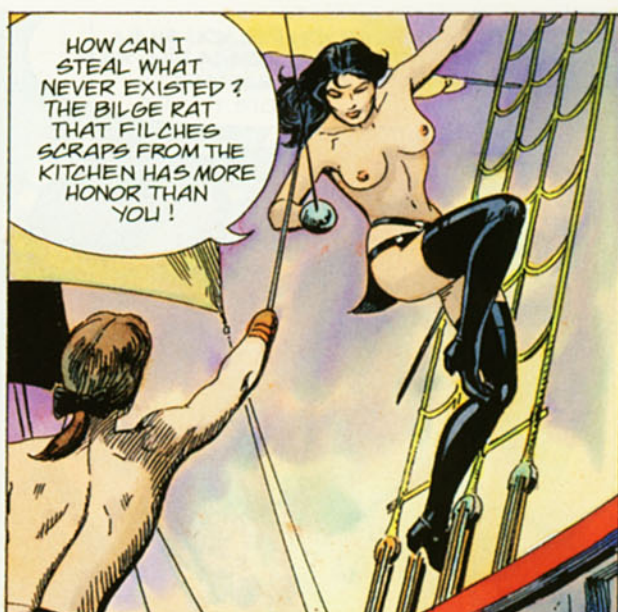
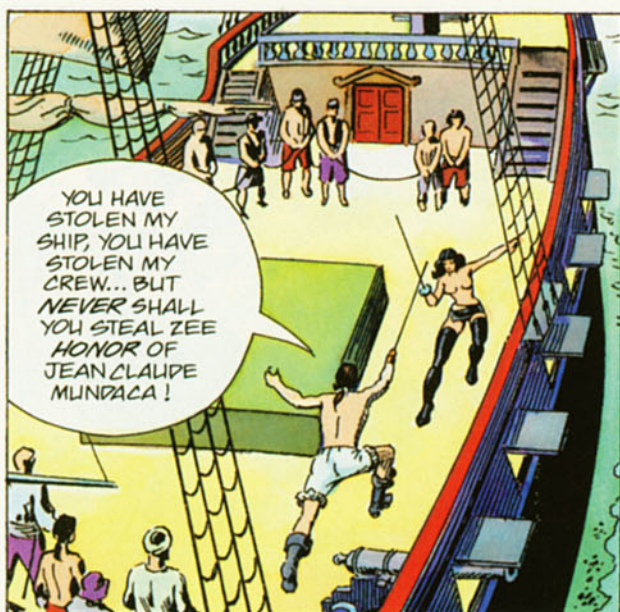


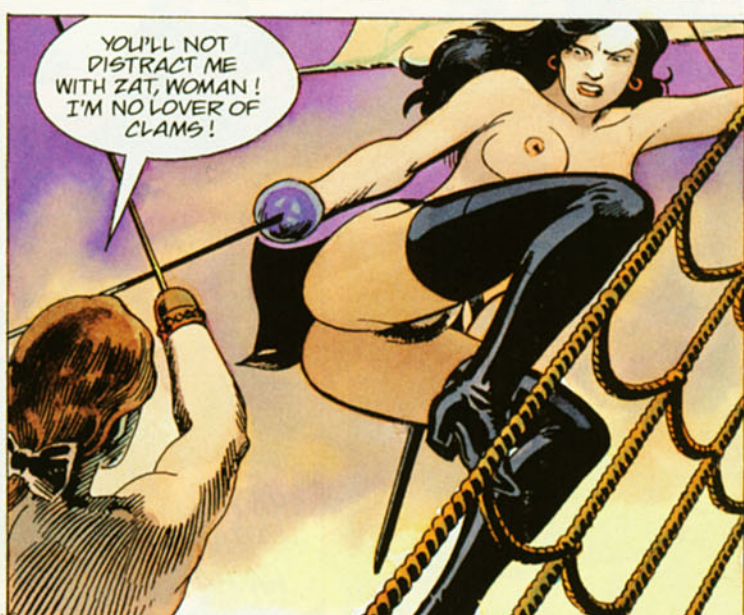
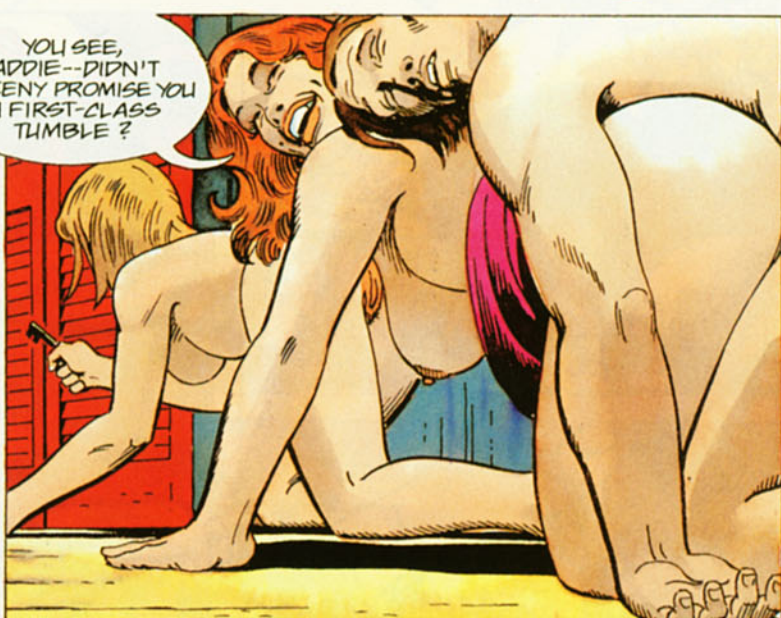
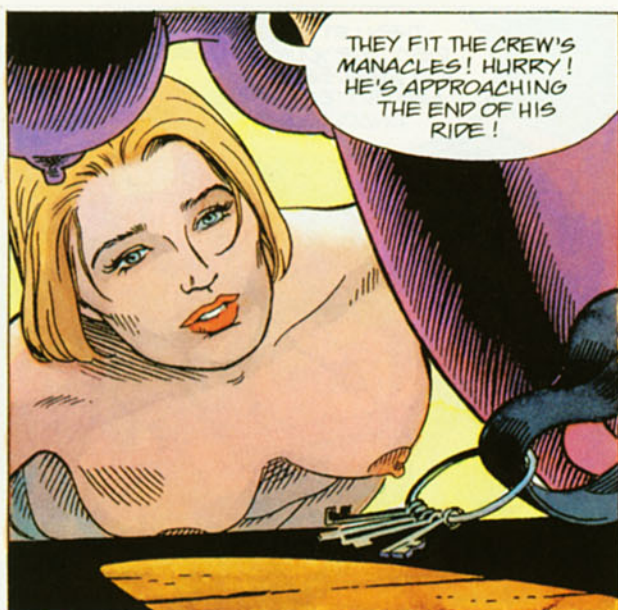


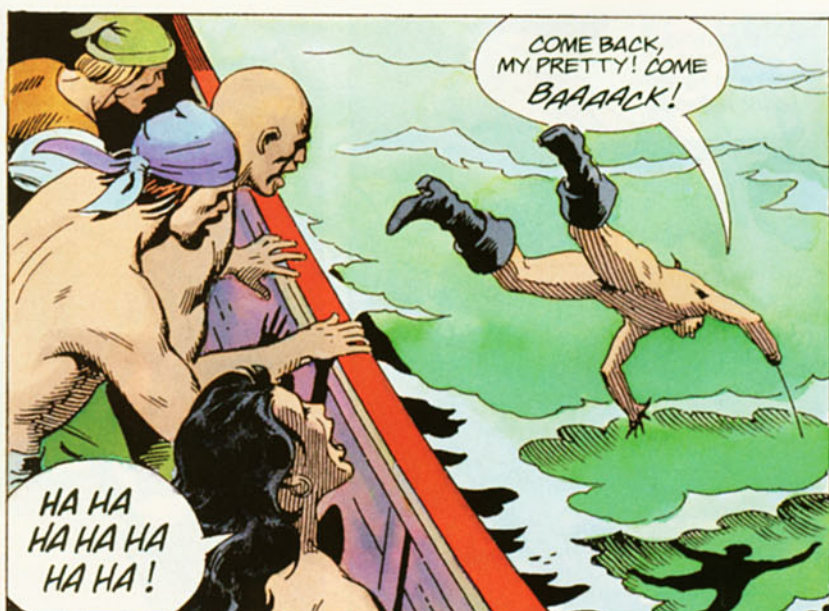


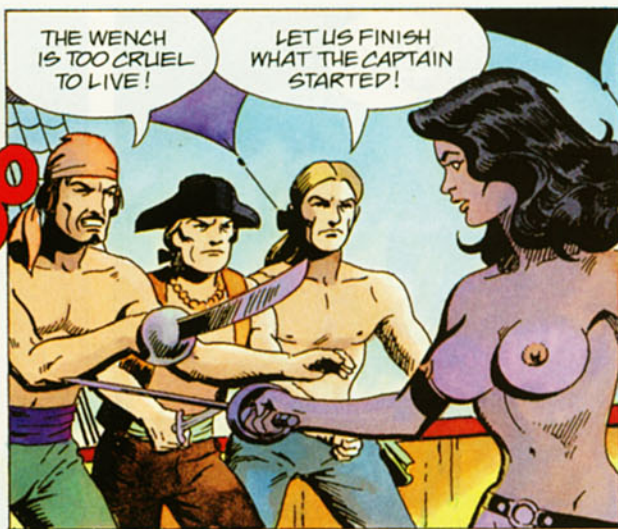












THE WENCH
IS TOO CRUEL
TO LIVE!

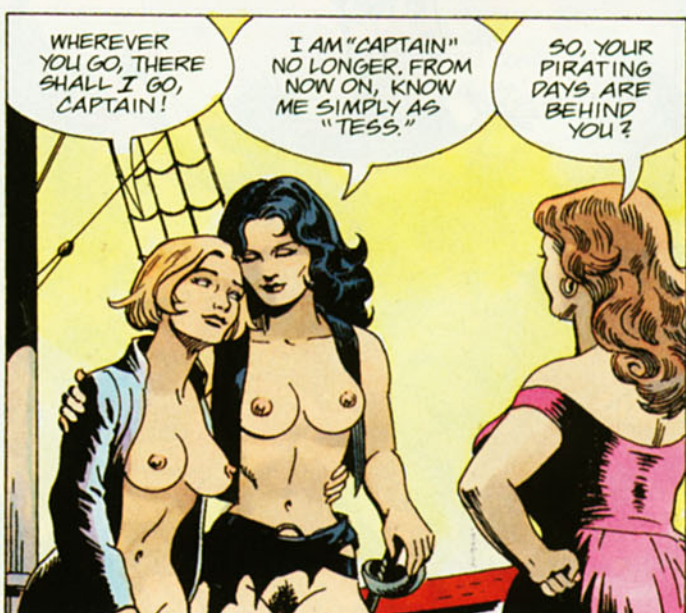
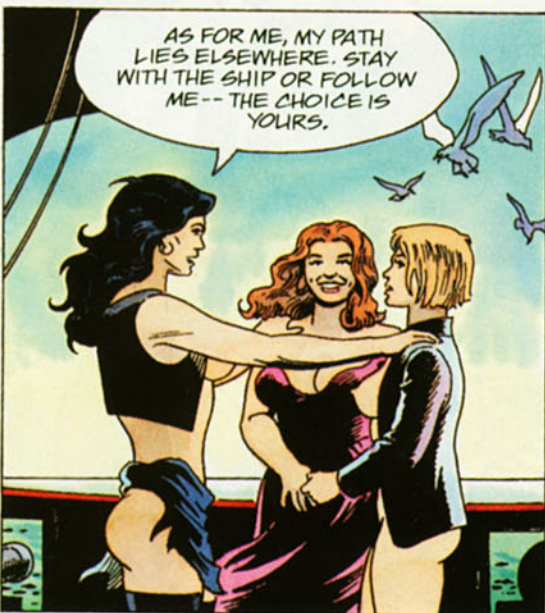
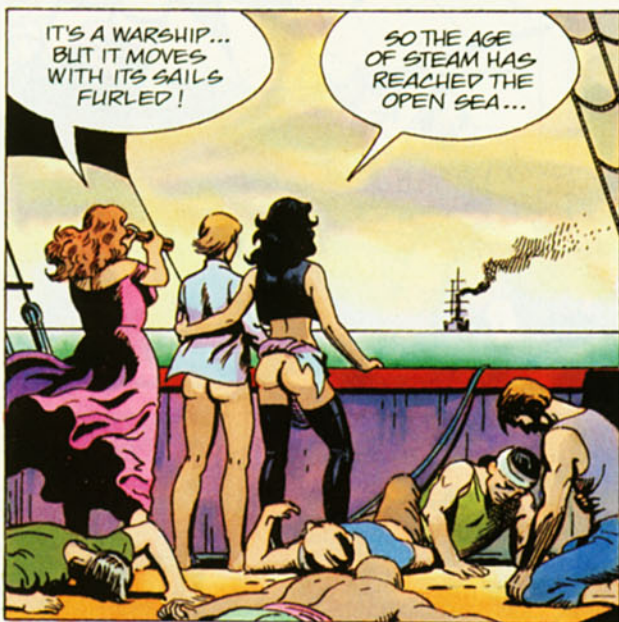
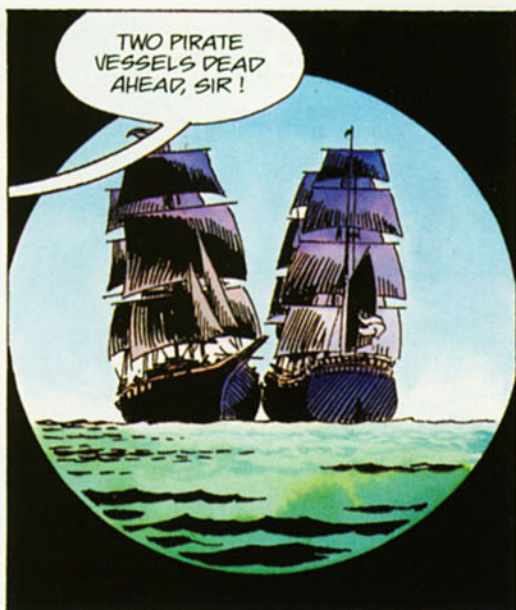
LET US FINISH
WHAT THE CAPTAIN
STARTED!

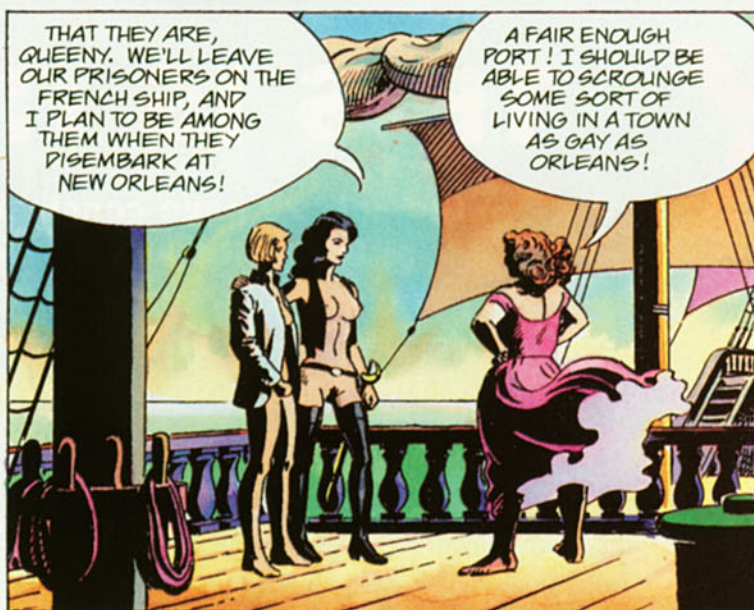


HAVE
AT THEM,
MATEYS!

NO
PRISONERS!







THAT THEY ARE, QUEENY. WE'LL LEAVE OUR PRISONERS ON THE FRENCH SHIP, AND I PLAN TO BE AMONG THEM WHEN THEY DISEMBARK AT NEW ORLEANS!

A FAIR ENOUGH PORT! I SHOULD BE ABLE TO SCROUNGE SOME SORT OF LIVING IN A TOWN AS GAY AS ORLEANS!

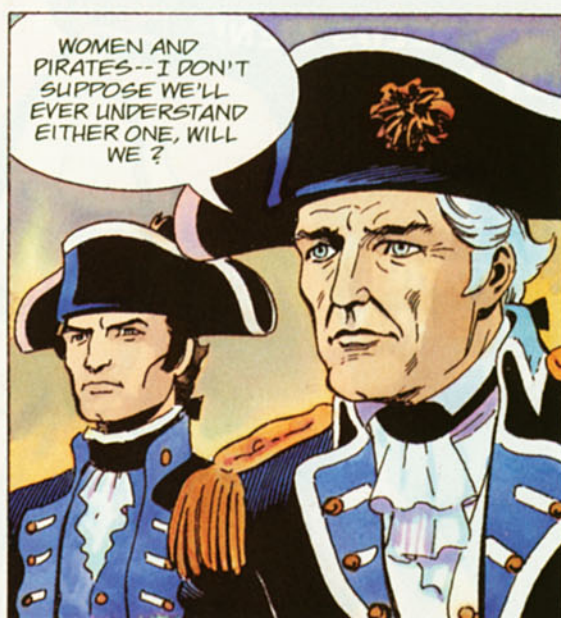


OH, I DON'T THINK YOU'LL NEED TO WORRY ABOUT THAT, MY DEAR!



THE SURVIVORS FROM THE PIRATE VESSELS HAVE BEEN TAKEN ABOARD, SIR, AND THEIR PERSONAL BELONGINGS SAFELY ABOARD.

VERY GOOD. ODD, THE PIRATES LEAVING THEM BEHIND THAT WAY, NOT EVEN DEMANDING RANSOM.



WOMEN AND PIRATES-- I DON'T SUPPOSE WE'LL EVER UNDERSTAND EITHER ONE, WILL WE?



"NO, SIR, I DON'T SUPPOSE WE EVER WILL..."

the **END!**