

SHATTER™

OPPONENTS: 3

0060:34

DIMENSION:

CHEMICAL

MAGIC

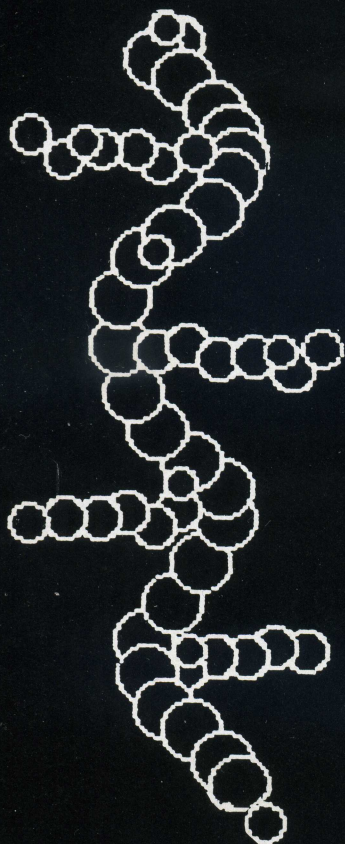
athanas

BEZILK

KARATE

STATUS: YOU ARE DYING

WHO ARE THESE GUYS, ANYWAY?



Shatter is the first computerized comic. Everything you see (except the coloring), including the type on this page, was created on an Apple Macintosh computer and the Apple LaserWriter printer, utilizing various commercially available software, including: Microsoft Word, FullPaint from Ann Arbor Softworks, and Apple's own MacPaint and MacDraw.

Shatter is **Sadr Al-Din Morales**, a.k.a **Jack Scratch**, a.k.a **Herbert Philbrick**, a.k.a any other identity cards he happens to be carrying at the time. Shatter was a cop in Daley City (located in the state of Chicago - land) — until he stumbled across a scheme to transfer one person's skills to another instantaneously by means of RNA injections.

Only trouble was you had to *remove* the person's brain in order to get the RNA. Only trouble was the skill transfer was only *temporary*; it didn't last. Only trouble was the effects were *permanent* on just one person in the entire world — Shatter.

Now everybody wants Shatter's brain.

Shatter has the capability to become a virtual superhero. Only trouble is Shatter has no intention of killing anyone just to gain their abilities. But there are others who feel no such reservations...

LAST ISSUE: Shatter returned to Daley City, in the company of **Ravenous**, a former contract soldier in the Third World War. They infiltrated the headquarters of a large drug conglomerate, where they uncovered a vast repository of illegally obtained RNA, all being channeled into Shatter's old arch-nemesis — **Cyan Dalriada**. They fought; Cyan lost; and now Shatter has enough RNA-induced talents to make him a *very* dangerous man...

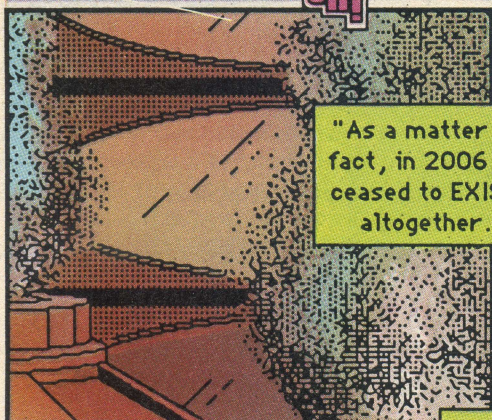
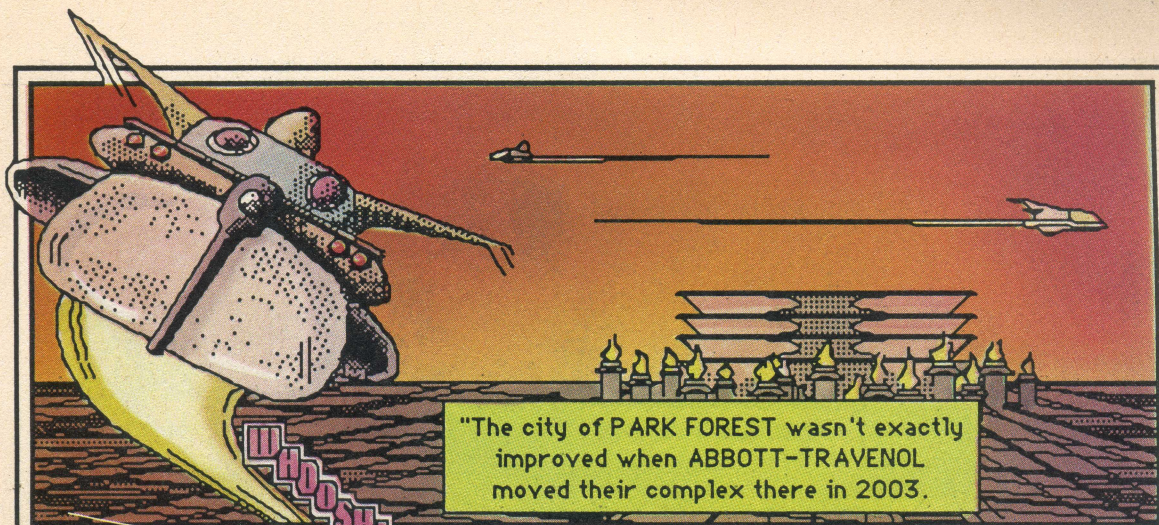
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Rich Markow, Ed. Coordinator
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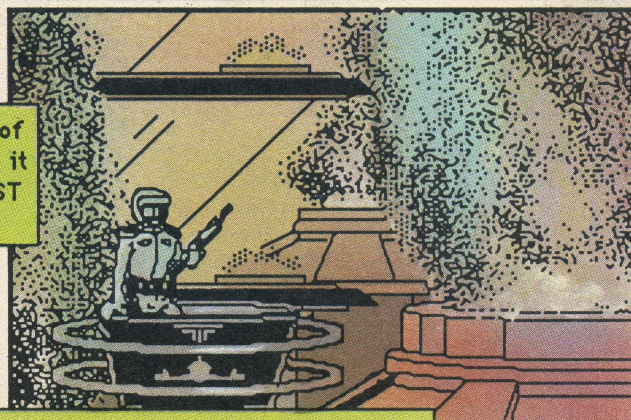
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A FIRST COMICS PUBLISHING PRODUCTION

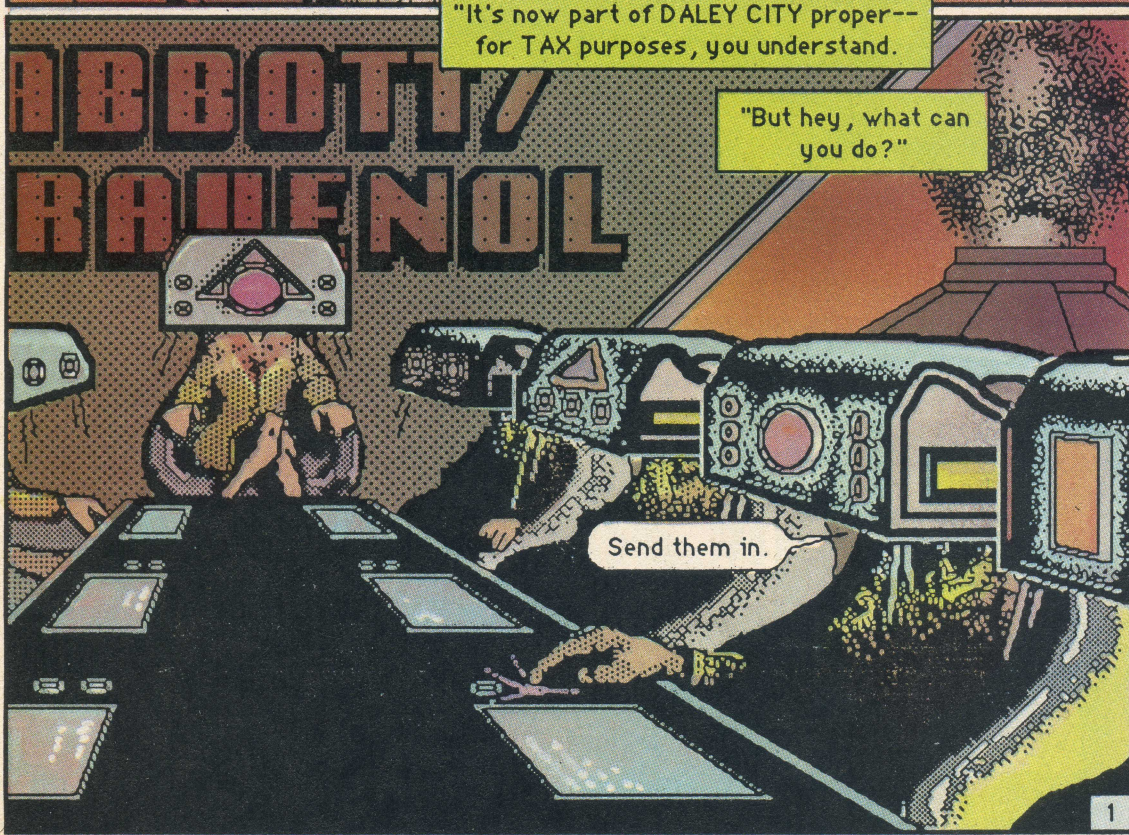
FIRST
COMICS



"As a matter of fact, in 2006, it ceased to EXIST altogether."



"It's now part of DALEY CITY proper-- for TAX purposes, you understand."



Shhhht

Shhhht

Mr. CHUANG
TZU--

--Mr. SADR AL-DIN
MORALES--

--and Ms. WORKER
RAVENANT.

That's plain
WORKER.

Of course.
One moment.

I'm HELEN KOROYESIS,
Chairman of the Board.

CLIK!

WHIRRI!

Mr. Morales--also Mr. Dolenz,
Mr. Wessel, Mr. Philbrick, Mr.
Scratch--am I right so far?

Five nights ago you BROKE into
private property, DESTROYED
research materials, and
committed a grisly MURDER.

Why shouldn't we put
you under CORPORATE
ARREST right now?

I think you answered that
question BEFORE we came in.

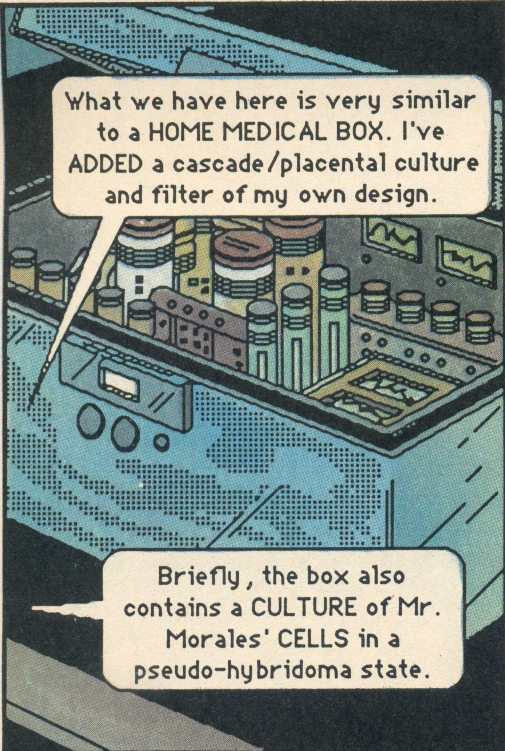
I effectively DESTROYED
your proposed marketing
program based on
MURDER and the THEFT
of other people's RNA.

It's only a TEMPORARY
setback. We can be back
on track in about--

--SIX months
and two weeks.

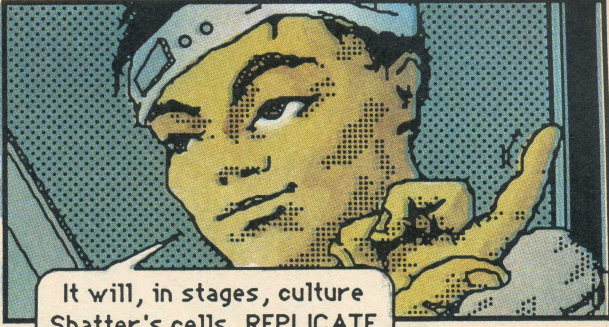
But in ONE month
BECHTEL/KOMSOMOL will have
something ELSE on the market.

Chuang?

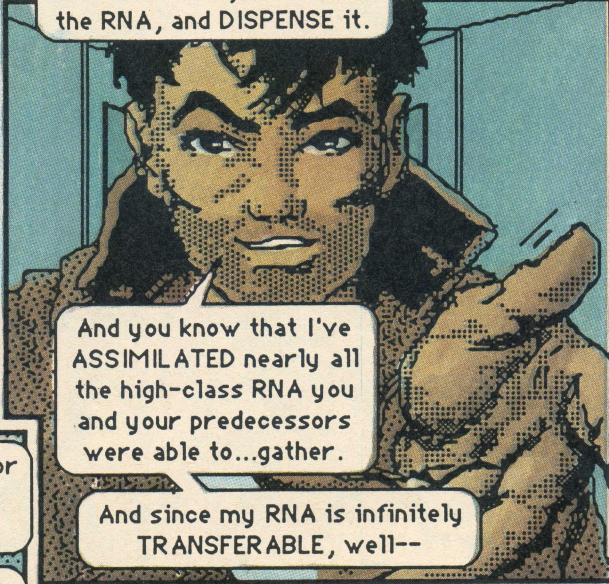


What we have here is very similar to a HOME MEDICAL BOX. I've ADDED a cascade/placental culture and filter of my own design.

Briefly, the box also contains a CULTURE of Mr. Morales' CELLS in a pseudo-hybridoma state.




It will, in stages, culture Shatter's cells, REPLICATE the RNA, and DISPENSE it.



And you know that I've ASSIMILATED nearly all the high-class RNA you and your predecessors were able to...gather.

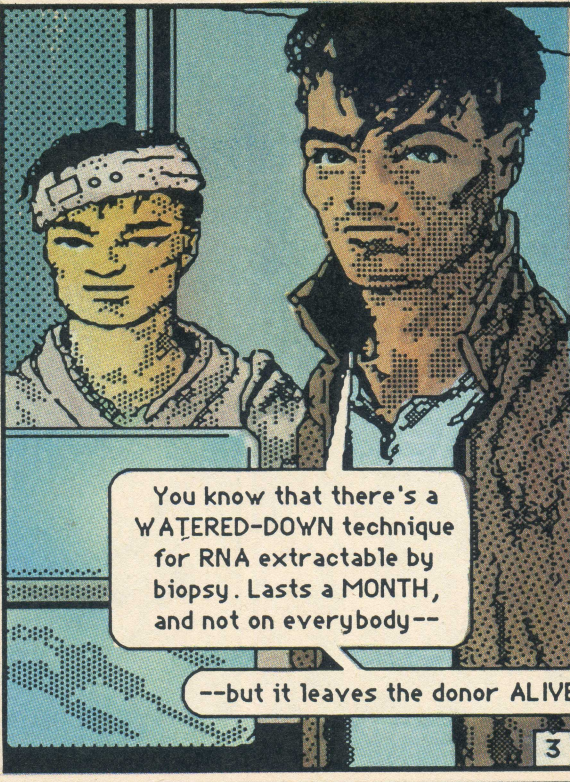
And since my RNA is infinitely TRANSFERABLE, well--



these modules will go on sale for about \$10,000--the average temp's weekly paycheck.

There'll be no further market for RNA skills taken from murdered people.

So what's your OFFER? All I seem to be hearing is threats.



You know that there's a WATERED-DOWN technique for RNA extractable by biopsy. Lasts a MONTH, and not on everybody--

--but it leaves the donor ALIVE.



Restrict your efforts to that, and this box doesn't go on the market.

Well?



I'm thinking...



Before you can **ACTIVATE** the **SECURITY** system, I'll have a little **PLASTIC GUN** in my hand--

--and I'll have **FIRE**d it **TWICE**, and you'll have neither a **HEART** nor a **BRAIN**--



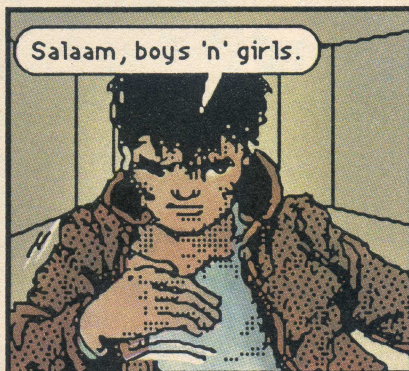
--which I **DOUBT** you have anyway.



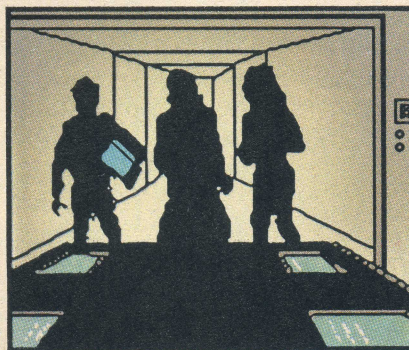
Going twice--!



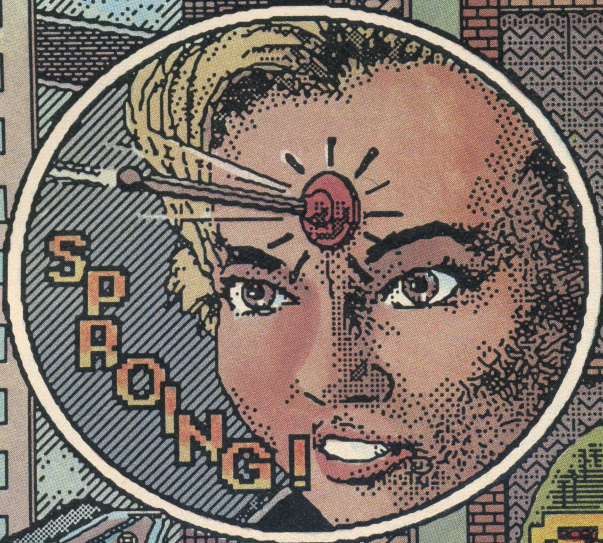
DEAL.



Salaam, boys 'n' girls.



THANK!!



The Angel

"BIG CATS ON THE BREAKVINE!"

"The undertown of Daley City is called WACKOPOLIS--after its main drag, Lower Wacker Drive.

CrawlSpace Club

Welcome to Wackopolis

SHATTER

"It's not too much, but I call it home."

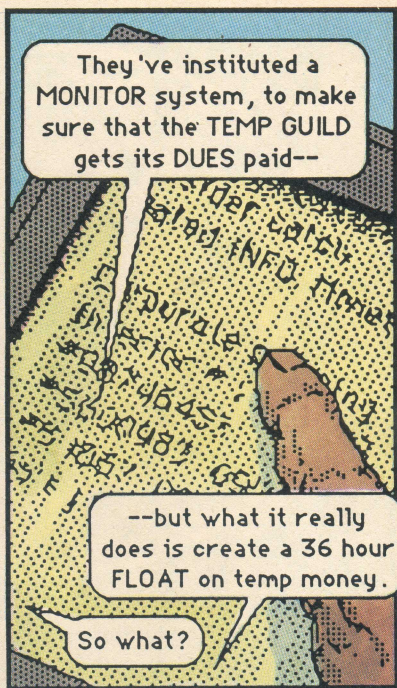
PETER B. GILLIS/Story * CHARLIE ATHANAS/Graphics *
STEVE OLIFF/Colors * RICK OLIVER/Edits * created by
PETER B. GILLIS and MICHAEL SAENZ



Here Ray--take a look at this.

I've been looking through the municipal financial files, and I've found something.

What?



They've instituted a MONITOR system, to make sure that the TEMP GUILD gets its DUES paid--

--but what it really does is create a 36 hour FLOAT on temp money.

So what?

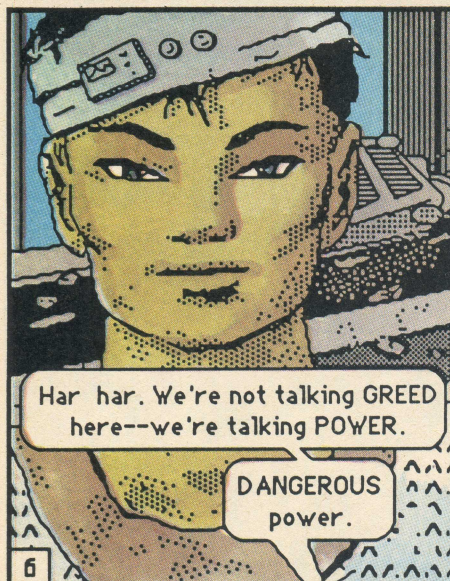


So SOMEBODY has control of most of Daley City's MONEY for 36 hours before it gets paid out--



--and you can make a BUNDLE in that time. The government's given the CONTRACT to a PRIVATE firm.

So Super Accountant is going to AUDIT them?



Har har. We're not talking GREED here--we're talking POWER.

DANGEROUS power.



Finding out whether I'd ABSORBED any FINANCIAL SKILLS in all that RNA was easy--

--but to go up against this thing, I'll have to see what ELSE I've got.

"And I know JUST the place."

PUBLISHERS

BEZURK

MONITOR

THIS place? You
CAN'T be SERIOUS.

Dead SERIOUS.

But, I mean--Blishers?

Yep.
"Scuse me.

I WANT one. The name's--

WE'LL give you name,
temp fool--REALER
than any you got now.

Til we do,
you're
OOOOCHECKO.

Uh-huh. I want one.

Plex?

Four.

Net?

Open.

Dimensions?

Max.

You FOOL!
Big HERO big
BALLS big
temp FOOL!

Hey, I signed
the waivers.

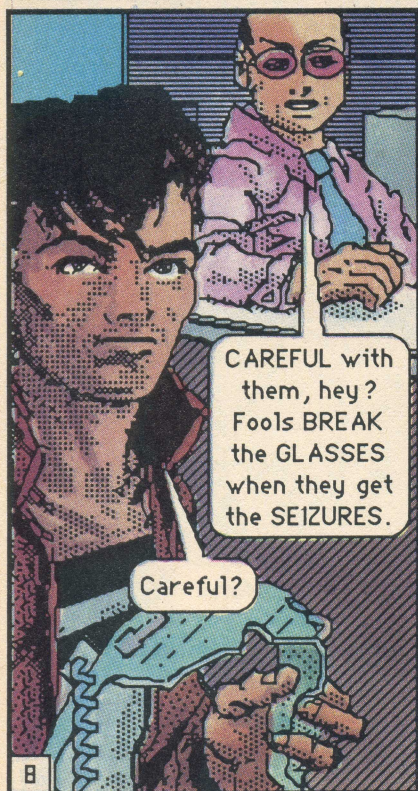
You UNDERSTAND
any of that?

Sure. He just
asked for a
four-man,
WIDE OPEN
game.

"The BEZIRK.

"A sort of live-action,
computerized, role-playing game--

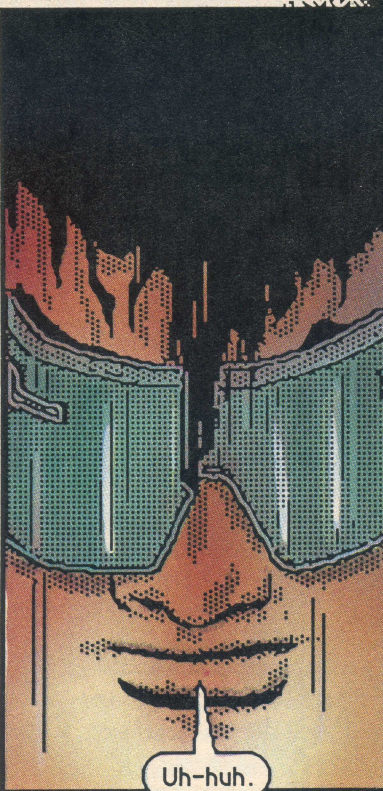
"Where 'Publishers'--BLISHERS--pit
their SKILLS against each other."



CAREFUL with
them, hey?
Fools BREAK
the GLASSES
when they get
the SEIZURES.

Careful?

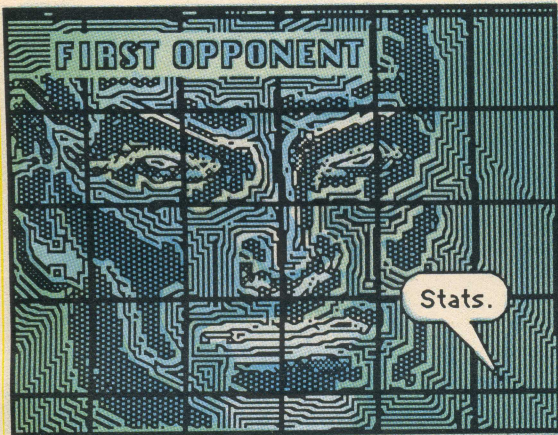
B



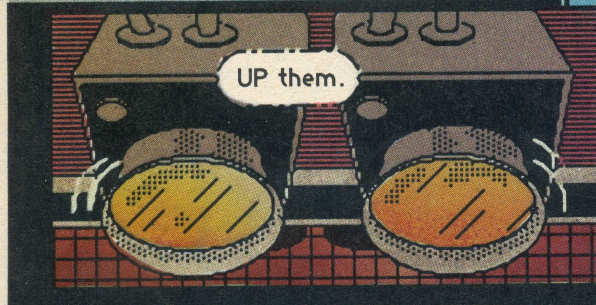
Uh-huh.

YOU ARE NOW
PUBLISHED
IN THE
BEZIRK.

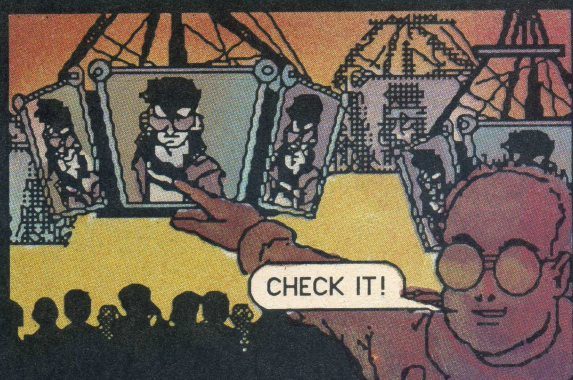
YOUR
PARAMETERS
ARE ON
FILE.



STRENGTH	24
DEXTERITY	14
DEVIOUSNESS	16
DIMENSIONS:	
◊CHEMICAL	
◊MAGIC	
◊KARATE	



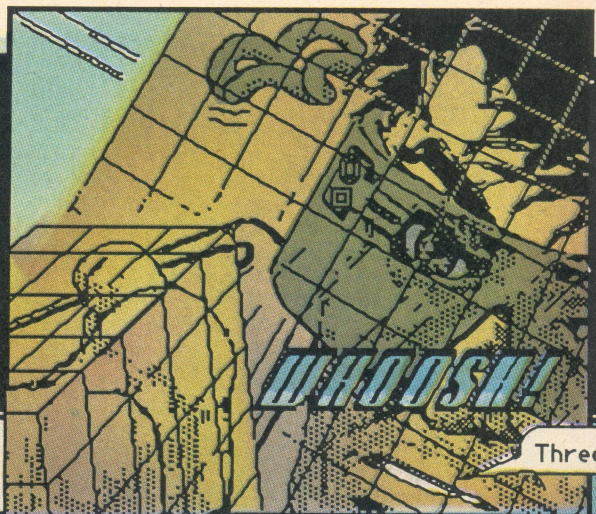
STRENGTH	26
DEXTERITY	15
DEVIOUSNESS	19
DIMENSIONS:	
◊CHEMICAL	
◊MAGIC	
◊KARATE	



DO YOU COUNTER:

- 1) CRANE STYLE
- 2) MONKEY STYLE
- 3) IMPROVISE?

YOU HAVE NO LUCK
AND NO EXPERIENCE



Three.

000066605

00000033

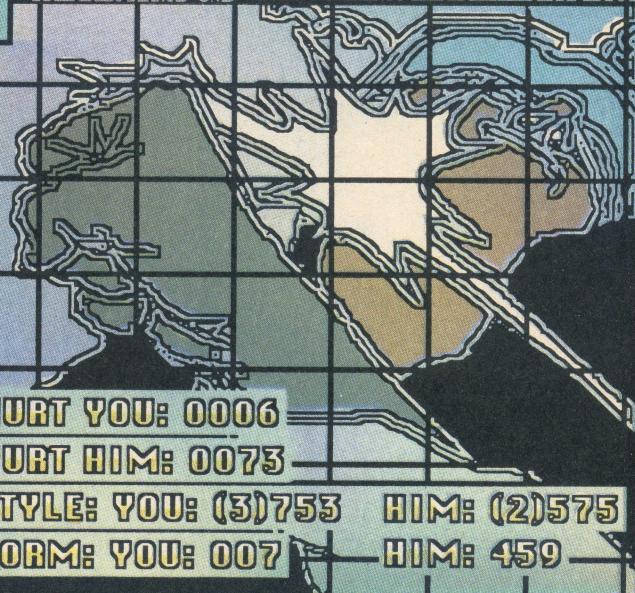
POW

HURT YOU: 0006

HURT HIM: 0073

STYLE: YOU: (3)753 HIM: (2)575

FORM: YOU: 007 HIM: 459



Uh--

WHIFF!

YOU HAVE WON.

YOU MAY DISENGAGE.

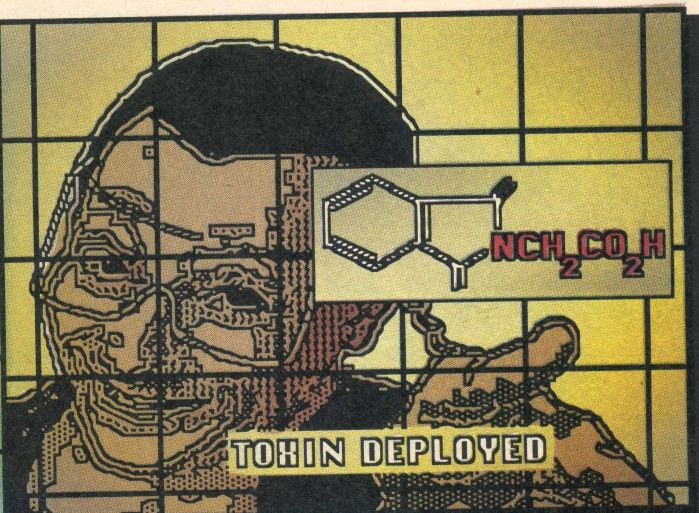
YOU NOW HAVE 1500 LUCK,
6 EXPERIENCE.



--HUNH!

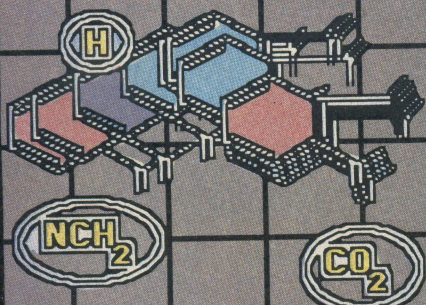
SECOND OPPONENT

DIMENSION
OF PLAY IS
CHEMICAL.



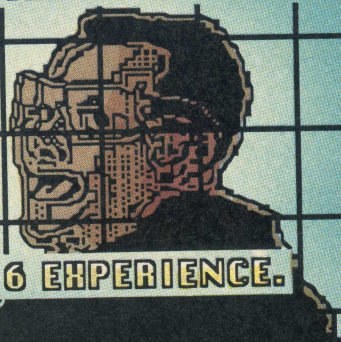
TOXIN DEPLOYED

TOXIN ANALYZED.



PLEASE FORMULATE COUNTER-
TOXIN.

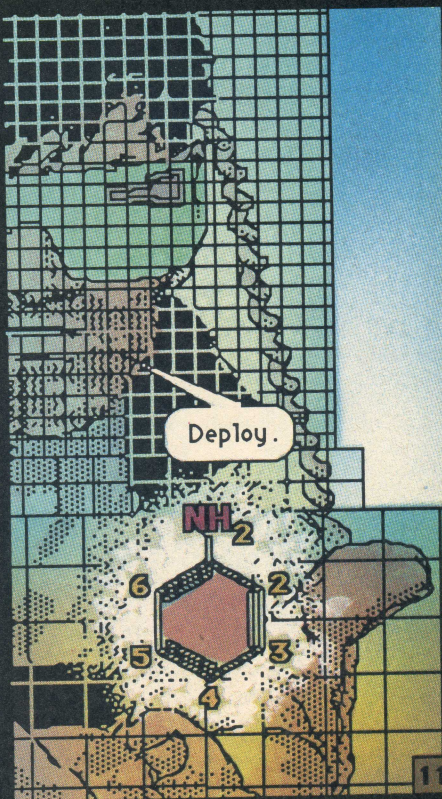
YOU HAVE
1440 LUCK, 6 EXPERIENCE.



What's going on
NOW, Ravenant?

The IDIOT--even if he
got the RNA of a
CHEMIST, it doesn't
transfer
knowledge--just
TALENT.

Deploy.



FIRST NOTES

A FIRST RATE JOB

A couple months back I wrote a column about ratings systems for comics, stating, "First Comics is a dependable, *responsible* publisher, interested in *expanding* the comics market, not restricting it," and "if a rating system is imposed on comics, it won't be because of anything published by First Comics."

Since then I've re-considered my stance because it suddenly dawned on me that there's nothing like a nice, hot controversy to increase circulation — and the current debate on ratings for comics is generating enough BTUs to heat my house for the next two years!

Let's face it: we're not going to get a heck of a lot of ink in the press if we continue to do the same old thing. This reliability tag is getting to be quite a millstone. I mean, what kind of coverage do you think we'll get with a press release that proclaims: **FIRST COMICS CONTINUES TO NOT USE RATING SYSTEM!** Or how about: **FIRST FAILS TO SET PRECEDENT BY MAINTAINING STANDARDS!**

Obviously, that's not going to get us anywhere. Maybe if we snuck it in with some real earth-shattering news — like an announcement that the next issue of Nexus is going to ship three minutes late — it would get front page coverage. But what we really need here is a *gimmick*. Something unpredictable. Something totally unnecessary. Something that will make people buy our books just to find out what all the fuss is about.

And a rating system is just the ticket. Furthermore, I'm convinced that a judiciously worded rating system could, quite possibly, be constructed to appease virtually everyone from Jerry Falwell to Hugh Hefner!

Yes, you can have your comics *and* eat them, too (thereby destroying the evidence). And with that goal in mind (appeasing everyone, not eating comics), I have devised a First Rating System which I intend to propose to our Publisher as soon as I figure out what it means:

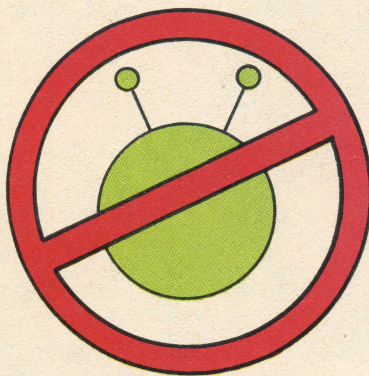
Intergalactic: Suitable for all species throughout the known universe. This would apply to virtually everything we currently publish and anything we may contemplate publishing in the near future for two reasons: 1) We are not likely to encounter any extraterrestrial lifeforms in the near future, and 2) If we do, they are not likely to know enough about our culture to even understand, much less be offended by, our books.

Intragalactic: Similar to above, but does not guarantee that sentients from outside the Milky Way will not take

exception to the graphic depiction of humans wearing clothes that will be grossly out of vogue by the time they get here.

Interspecies: Nothing here to offend dogs, cats, iguanas, or any other creature on the planet that can neither read nor comprehend two-dimensional objects.

Humanoid: Looks kind of like a human being, but isn't. Since there aren't any of these that we currently know of, this is a dandy catchall category for any of those tricky, borderline cases.



None of the Above: Another shameless marketing ploy. This rating requires that you purchase at least one book containing each of the aforementioned ratings simply to ascertain what it is *not*. Then, of course, you feel compelled to buy the damn thing to find out what it *is*.

All of the Above: A trick answer when it follows "None of the Above." Don't fall for it!

Danger! Toxic! Fatal if Swallowed: Guaranteed to attract maximum attention. Absolutely irresistible — especially if you hide it under the kitchen sink.

Well, that's it. I think it pretty much covers all the bases — except, of course, the ones with *people* standing on them. We'll let them decide for themselves.

— Rick Oliver

FIRST IN APRIL

American Flagg! #43: Reuben finally reaches the mythical land of California, and hopes to find the peace he seeks. While Mandy wonders why she let him

leave at all, as events in Chicago reach a violent climax. By **J. Marc DeMattels** and **Mark Badger**.

Badger #26: They only come out at night. An army of cockroaches — all under the mysterious power of one man! Badger must crawl through the Chicago sewers to corral the "Roach Wrangler." By **Mike Baron** and **Bill Reinhold**. Plus Clonezone by Baron and **Mark A. Nelson**. Deluxe series.

Dynamo Joe #10: This time the enemy's target is a defenseless farming planet where over a half million civilians are at the mercy of a giant planet-eating Mellenares machine! By **Phil Foglio**, **Ben Dunn** and **Brian Thomas**. Plus Cargonauts by Foglio and **Paul Guinan**.

Elric: The Vanishing Tower #1: First welcomes artist **Jan Duursema**, as Elric begins a journey of vengeance. Adapted from the novel by **Michael Moorcock**. Script by **Roy Thomas**. Deluxe, bi-monthly series.

Grimjack #37: John Gaunt's friends gather for a funeral. But there's still a killer out there who must face "The Revenge of John Gaunt." By **John Ostrander** and **Tom Mandrake**. And Munden's Bar by Ostrander and **Robb Phipps**.

Jon Sable, Freelance #50: The First 50th issue. Maggie the Cat returns to the U.S.A. to supplement her income with a dangerous theft — and winds up asking Sable for help. It seems she has the Mob on her tail! By **Mike Grell** and **Robb Phipps**. Deluxe series.

Nexus #35: Refugees come to Nexus' haven on Ylum to escape tyranny. But some bring oppression with them -- as the innocent "Newcomer" soon discovers. By **Mike Baron**, **Steve Rude** and **John Nyberg**. And Tales of Judah by **Roger Salick** and **Robb Phipps**. Deluxe series.

Shatter #10: Shatter's back in Chicago. Using all his new RNA-enhanced abilities, he's out to have some fun, kick some butt and clean-up the town! By **Peter A. Gillis** and **Charlie Athanas**. Deluxe, bi-monthly series.

Whisper #8: Even the smallest act can have disastrous consequences — as Diane's defense of a Japanese grocer propels Whisper to the center of an escalating gang war. By **Steven Grant** and **Norm Breyfogle**. Bi-monthly series.

EASTMAN AND LAIRD'S TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES

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4, 5, & 6

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YOU ARE DYING

TRY AGAIN

THIRD OPPONENT
[ENTERING]

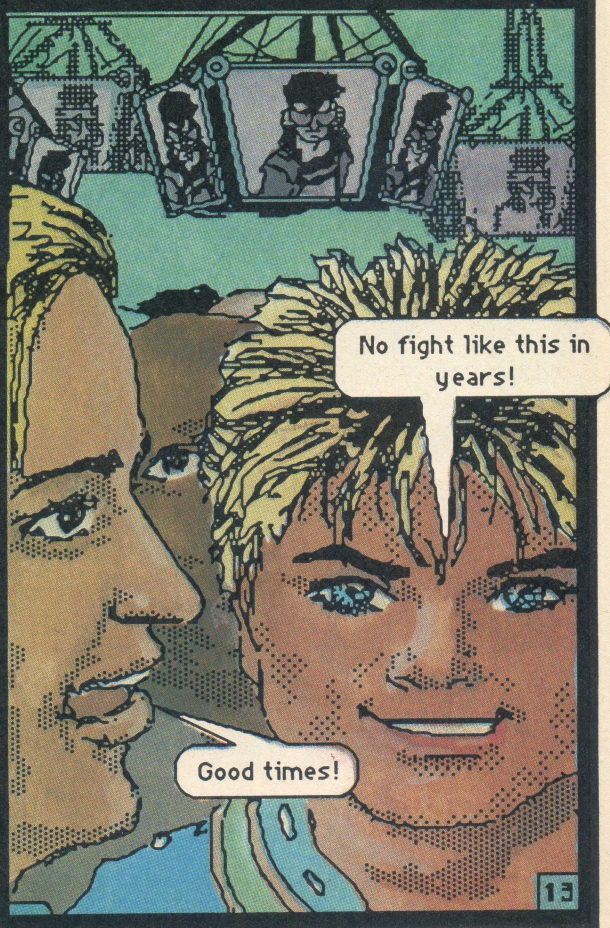
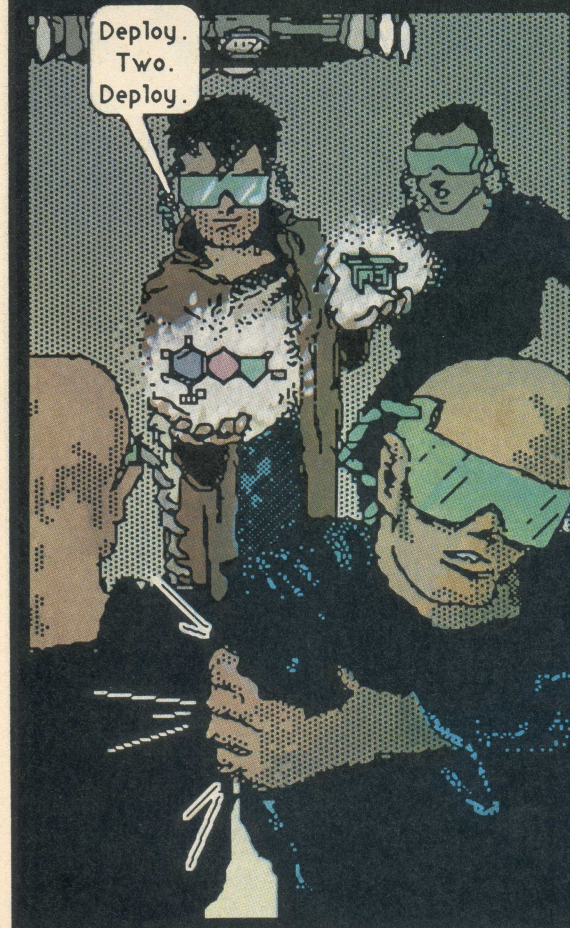
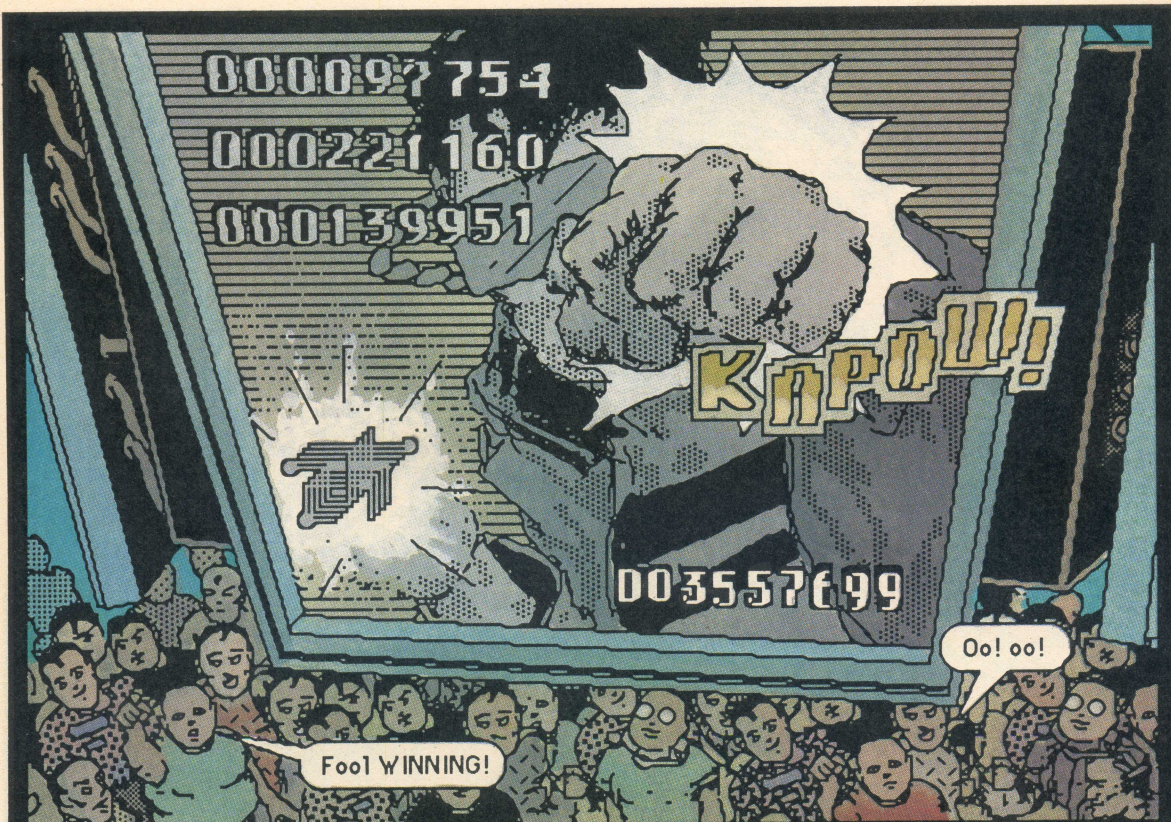
DIMENSION
IS
CIRCUITRY

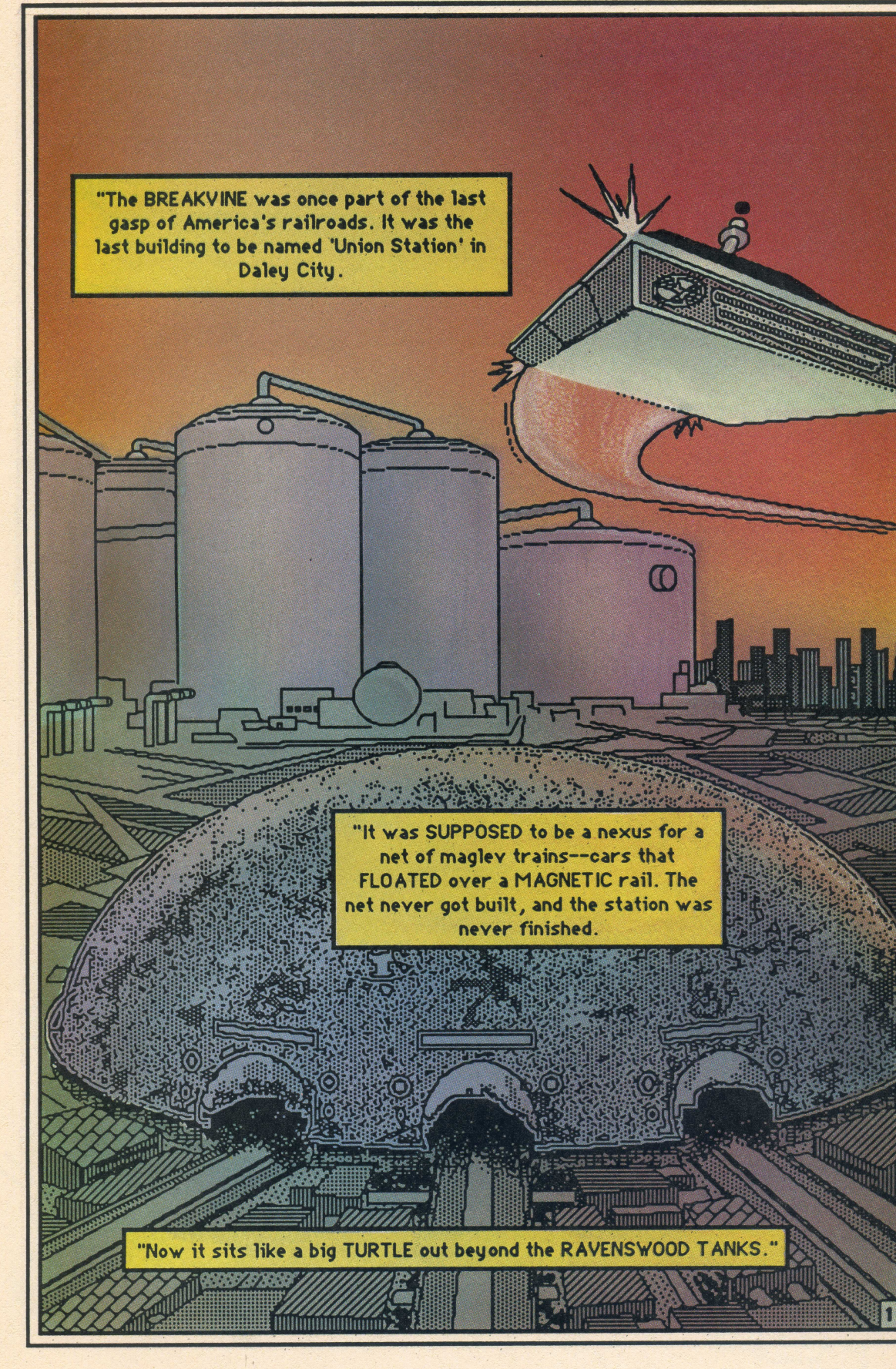
PLEASE
DESIGN
COUNTER-DEVICE

Deploy.

FOURTH
OPPONENT

KRACK!



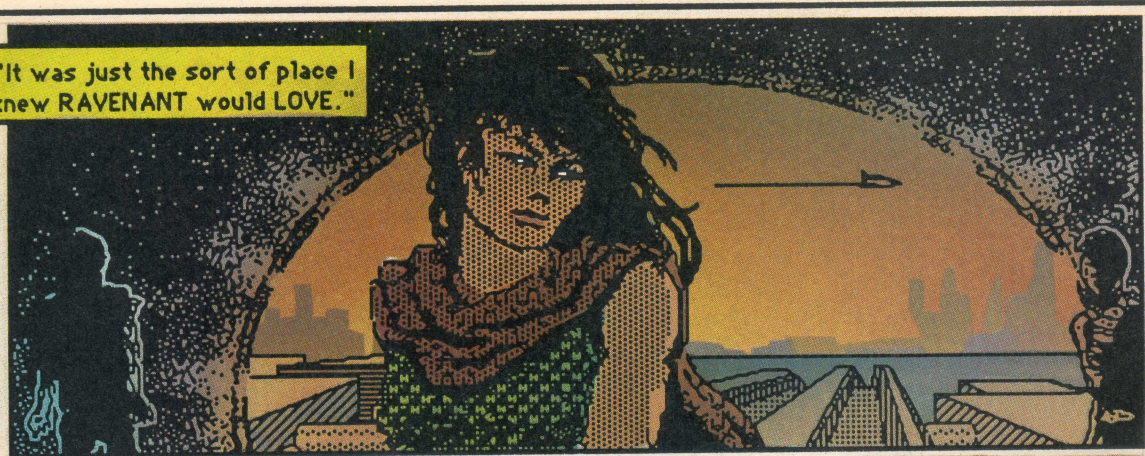


"The BREAKVINE was once part of the last gasp of America's railroads. It was the last building to be named 'Union Station' in Daley City.

"It was SUPPOSED to be a nexus for a net of maglev trains--cars that FLOATED over a MAGNETIC rail. The net never got built, and the station was never finished.

"Now it sits like a big TURTLE out beyond the RAVENSWOOD TANKS."

"It was just the sort of place I
knew RAVENANT would LOVE."



Put DOWN your WEAPONS and go no farther.

ZONING ordinances.

That's right.

You mean--like this GUN?

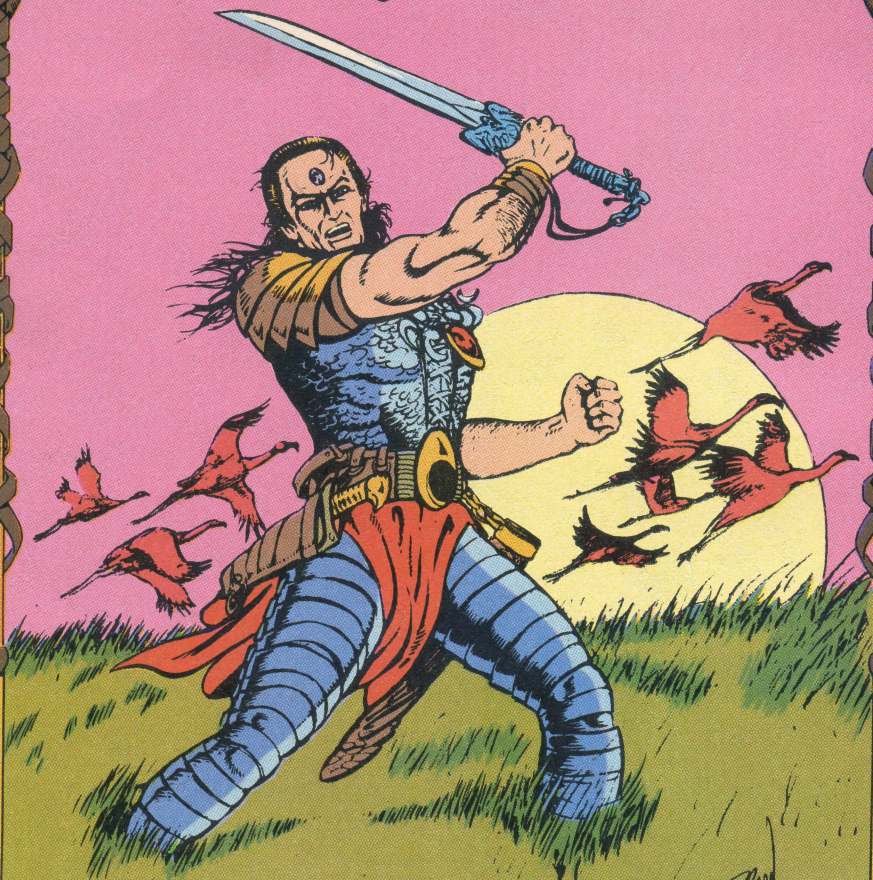
Put it down, butch--!

I want to see CAT MOTHER.

No such animal. Now shuffalong.

BRADADADA
DAA

MICHAEL MOORCOCK'S
The **Hawkmoon**TM
Sword of the Dawn



BY ROGER SALICK AND RAFAEL KAYANAN
Cover painting by
DAVE DORMAN

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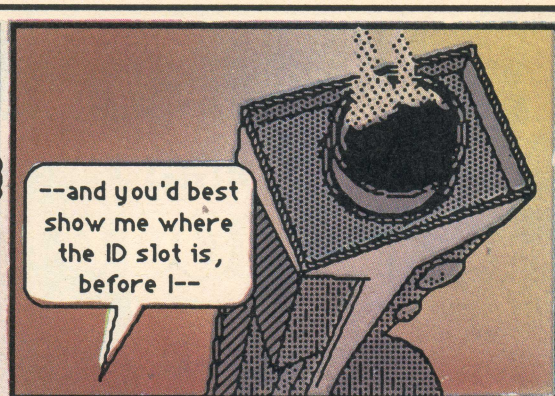
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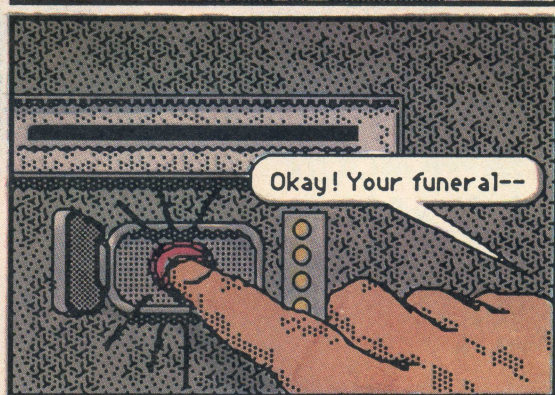


Not bad--you'd let me shoot
up the place rather than let
the Cat out of the bag.

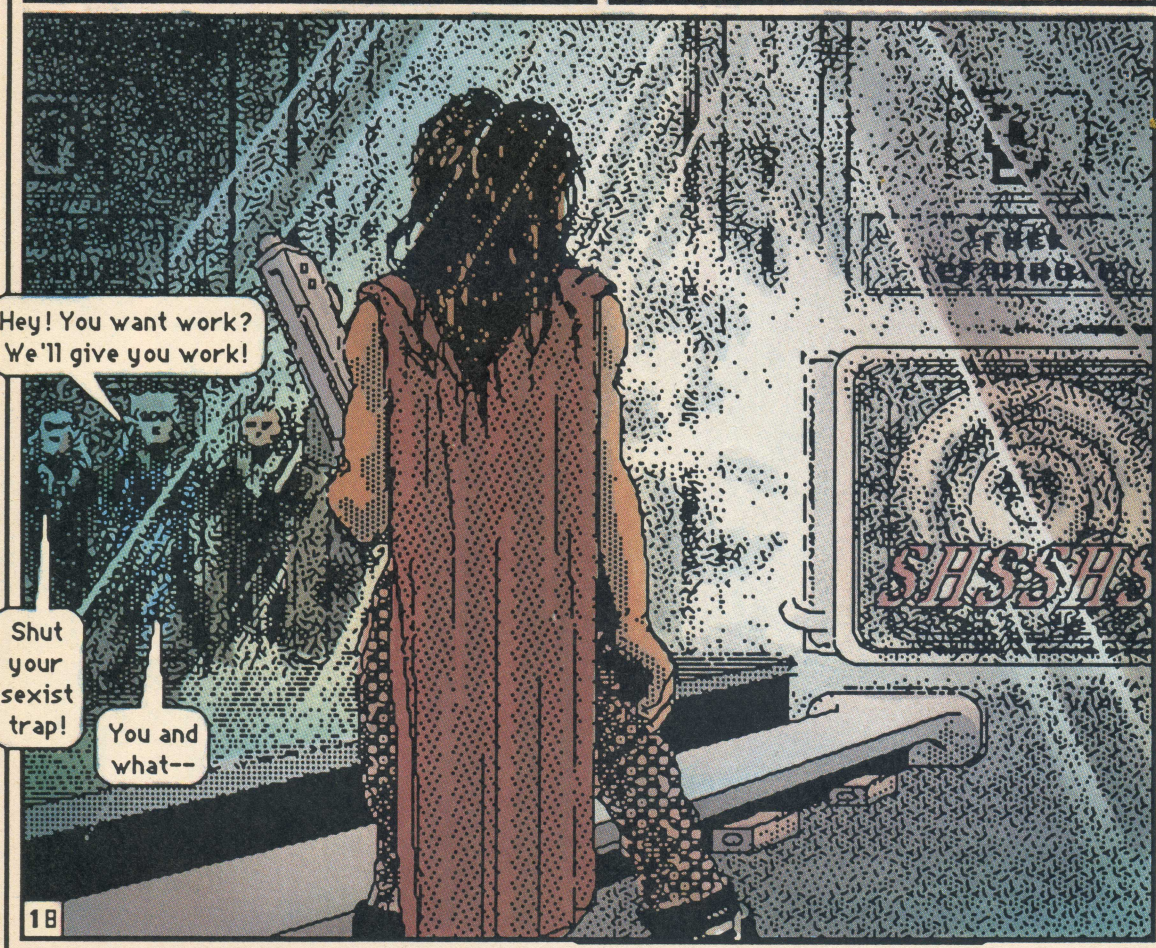
But I'm looking
for WORK--



--and you'd best
show me where
the ID slot is,
before I--



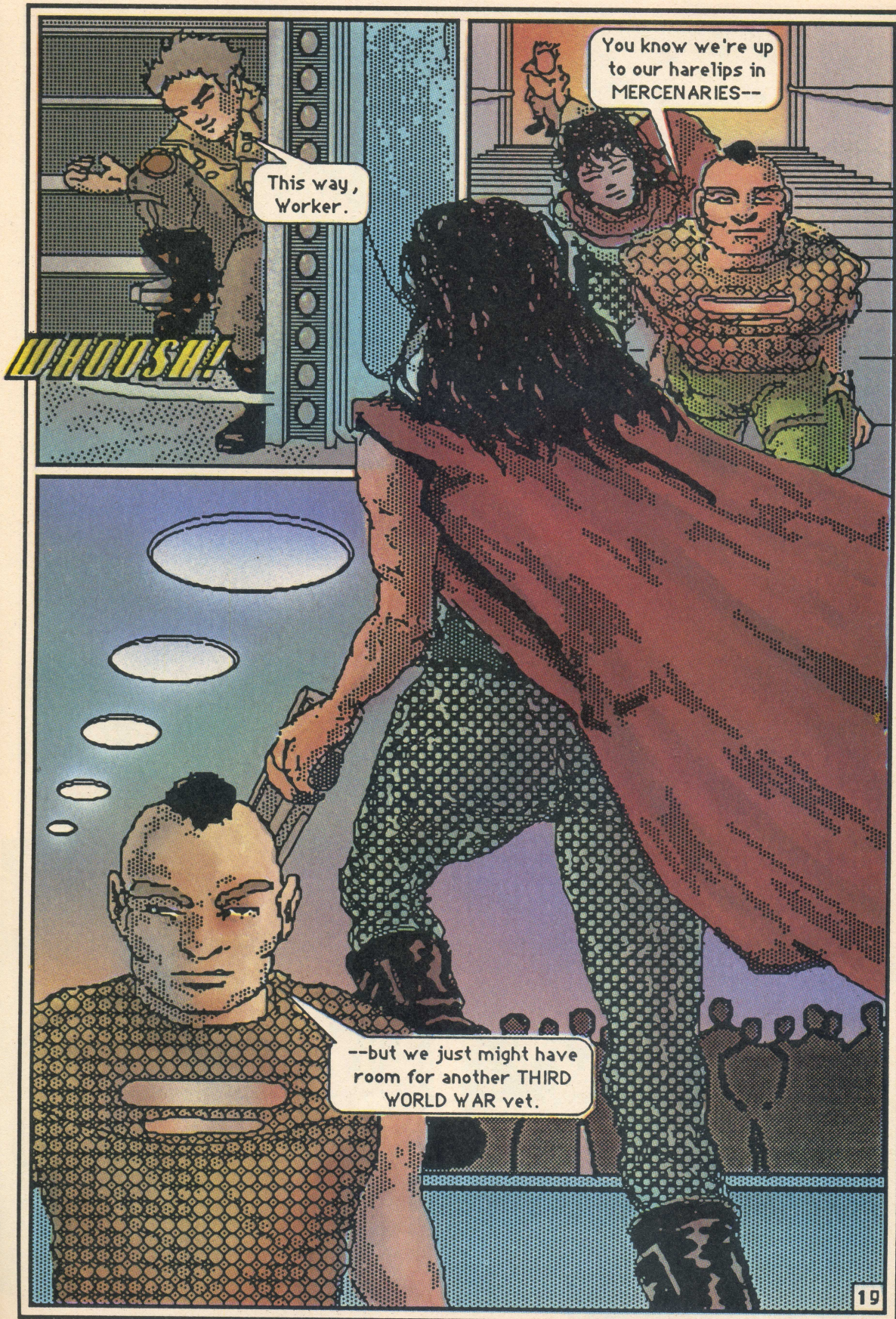
Okay! Your funeral--



Hey! You want work?
We'll give you work!

Shut
your
sexist
trap!

You and
what--





You CAT
MOTHER?

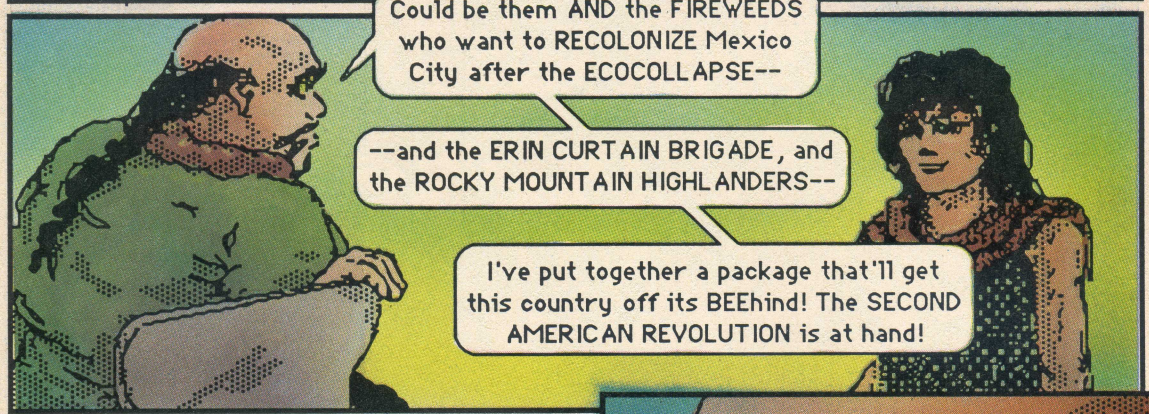
COULD be.

Yeah, I have my
DOUBTS, too.



Because all these famous 'All
Night Newsboys' seem to be is
the VETERANS of the VIETNAM
RECONQUEST in new drag.

COULD be.



Could be them AND the FIREWEEDS
who want to RECOLONIZE Mexico
City after the ECOCOLLAPSE--

--and the ERIN CURTAIN BRIGADE, and
the ROCKY MOUNTAIN HIGHLANDERS--

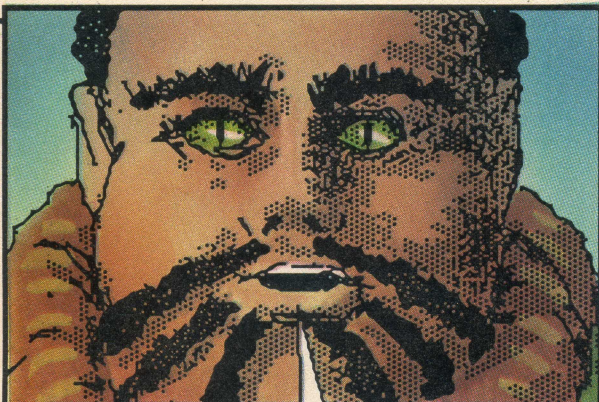
I've put together a package that'll get
this country off its BEEHIND! The SECOND
AMERICAN REVOLUTION is at hand!



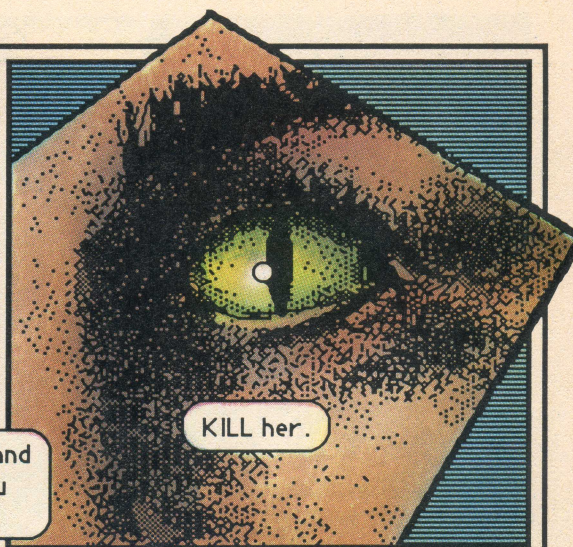
Sounds like FUN. And I've heard
the MONEY'S the best. I want on.



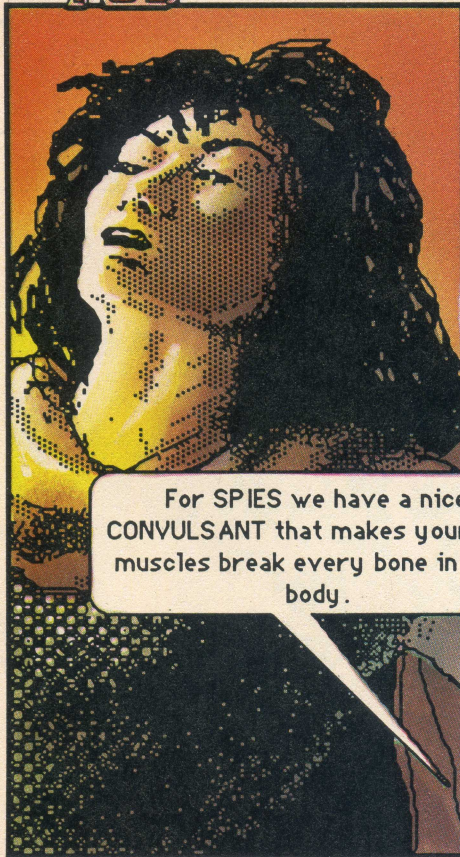
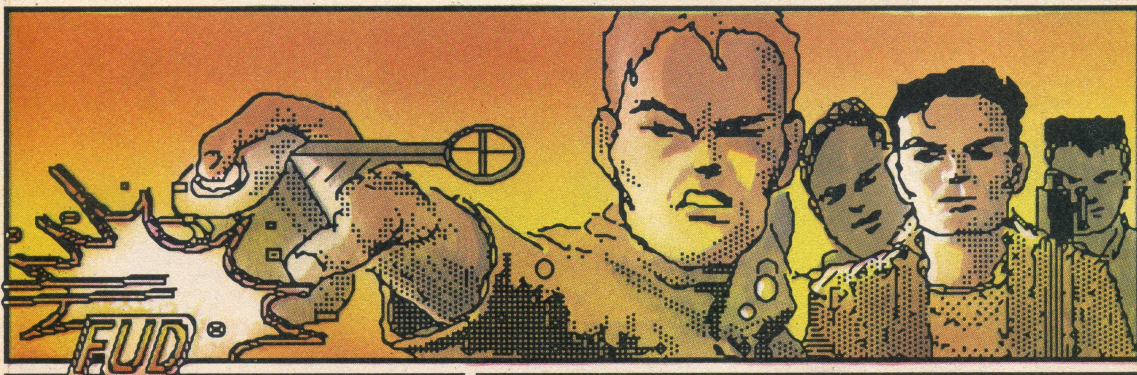
Could be. Could be fine--



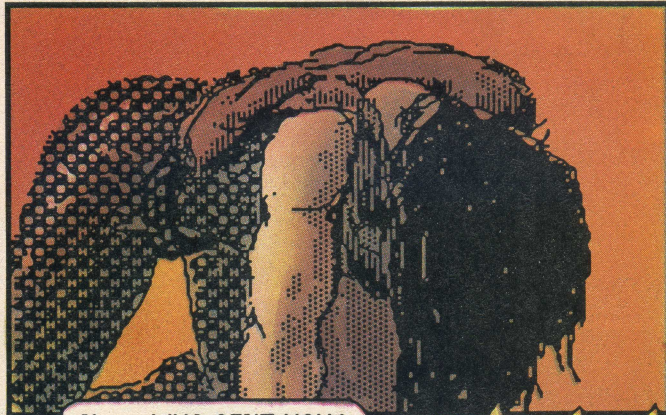
--EXCEPT that you're WIRED for audio, video, and datastream, and have been SENDING since you walked in!



KILL her.



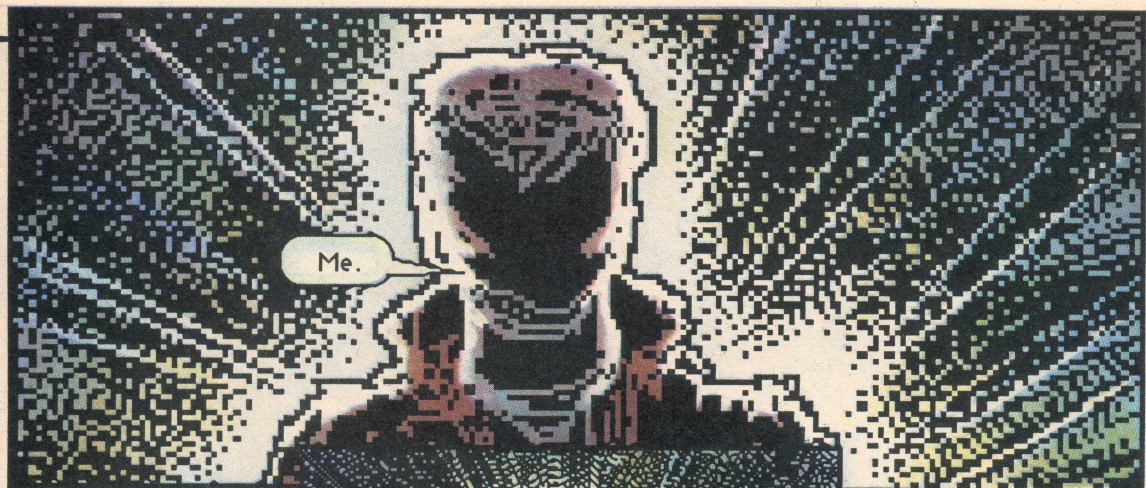
For SPIES we have a nice CONVULSANT that makes your own muscles break every bone in your body.



Now, WHO SENT YOU?



WHO SENT YOU?



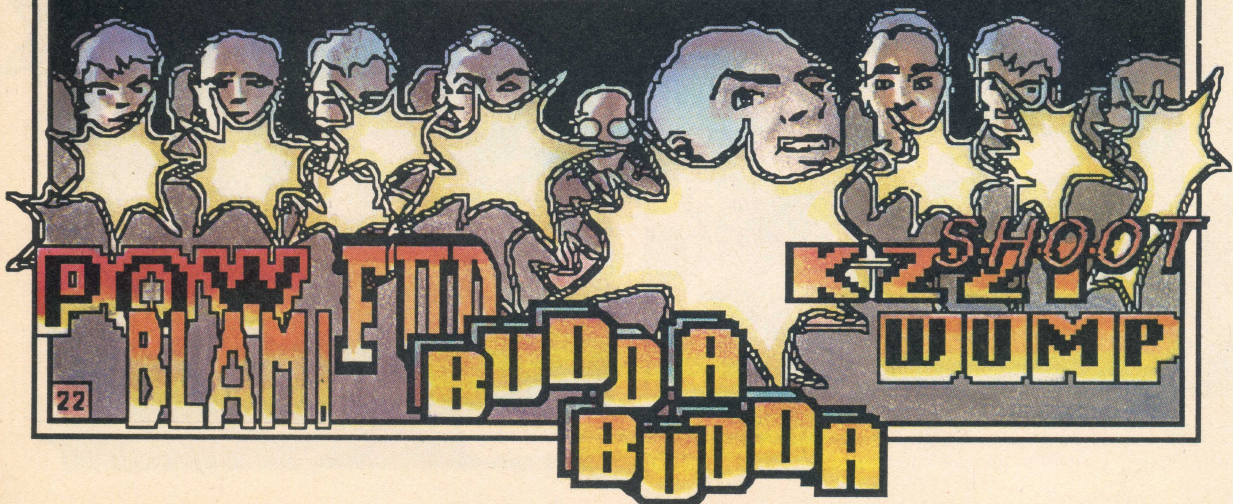
Me.



Kill that LIGHT--



--AND HIM!



KBLAM!

KBLAM!

I GOT 'im! I
GOT 'im!

KRACK!

POP

BLAMM

KAPOW!

Huh! A
HOLOGRAM!

**S
W
E
E
T**

**BUDDA
BUDDA!**

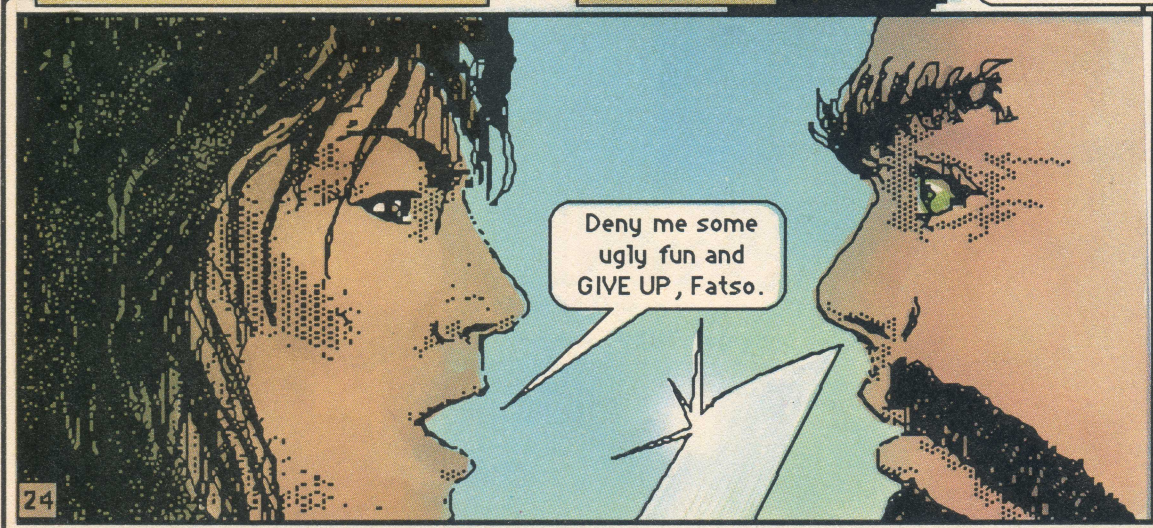
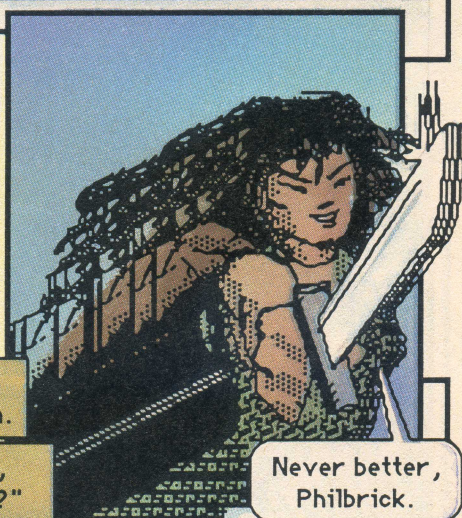
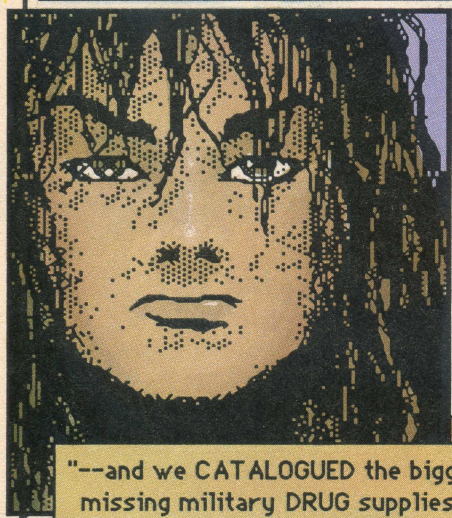
And you're all
just
BLINDED--and
STUPID--enough
to be FOOLED by
it.

WHOOOSH!

**BUDDA
BUDDA**

Not a hard gadget to build
once you THINK about it.

Now--do we
TALK now?





I give.



A great COLLAR for you, eh SCRATCH? Still hurt by our little ambushes?



A fat CONTRACT wasn't it, Scratch? Really earned your COCA-COLA this time!

And in the meantime the goddamn corporations SELL OUT America! And you HELP them!



No.

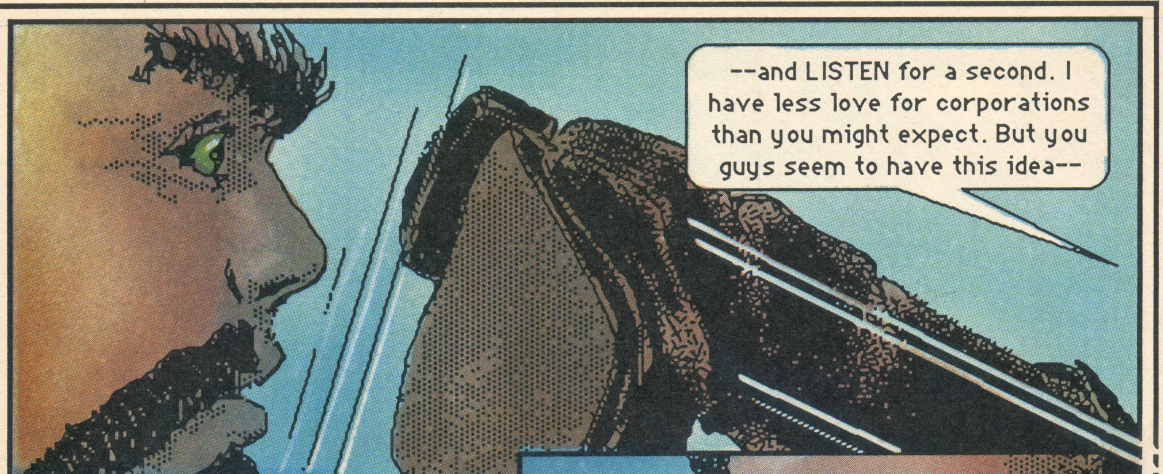
You hunt down any--



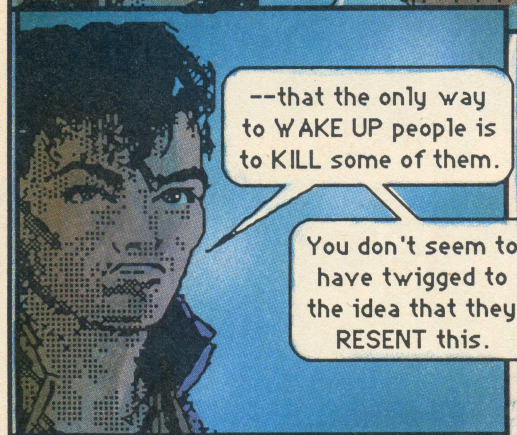
--body who's interested in FREEDOM and--



SHUTUP--




--and LISTEN for a second. I have less love for corporations than you might expect. But you guys seem to have this idea--



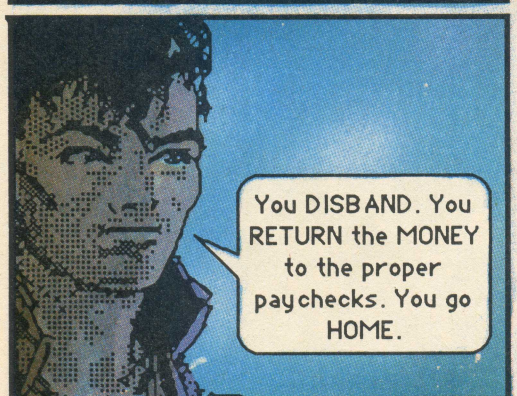
--that the only way to WAKE UP people is to KILL some of them.

You don't seem to have twigged to the idea that they RESENT this.

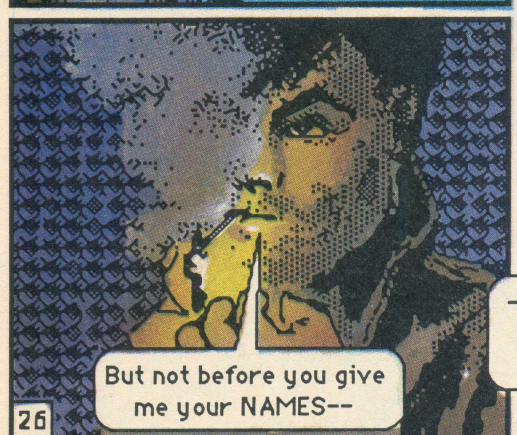


Well, I resent it and I won't have it in MY town.


So you're on our side. Okay. What happens NOW?



You DISBAND. You RETURN the MONEY to the proper paychecks. You go HOME.



But not before you give me your NAMES--



--and a NUMBER at which you can be reached.

THE FIRST CHOICE KEEPS GETTING BETTER!

AMERICAN FLAGG!

BADGER

BRAVESTARR

CORUM

DREADSTAR

DYNAMO JOE

ELRIC

EVANGELINE

GHOSTBUSTERS

GRIMJACK

HAWKMOON

JON SABLE, FREELANCE

LONE WOLF AND CUB

NEXUS

PSYCHOBLAST

SHATTER

WHISPER

GRAPHIC NOVELS

AMERICAN FLAGG!:: HARD TIMES

BEOWULF

ELRIC OF MELNIBONÉ

THE ENCHANTED APPLES OF OZ

THE SECRET ISLAND OF OZ

THE ORIGINAL NEXUS

TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES

TIME BEAVERS

TIME ²

Count On It!

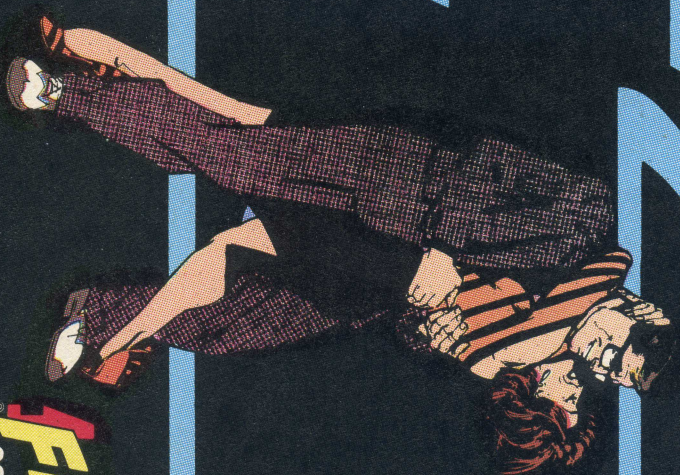
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HE RAISED THE FLAGG. THEN RESURRECTED THE SHADOW.
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**HE THOUGHT IT WAS ALL IN HIS MIND
...UNTIL IT ESCAPED!**



— ROBB PRIPES —
— ALAN WARD

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