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CANADA

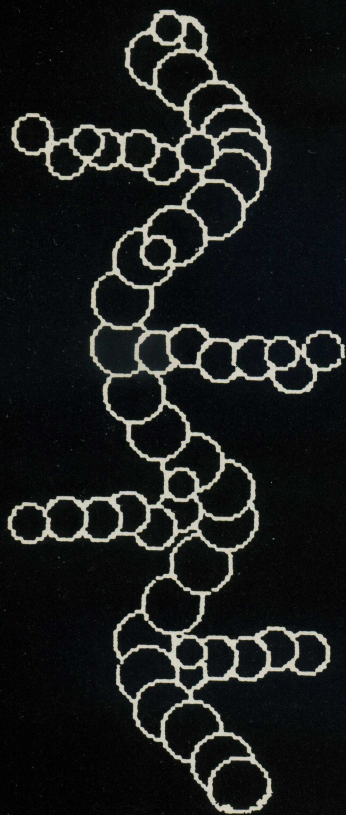
THE FIRST COMPUTERIZED COMIC

SHATTER

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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.

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 Chicagoland) — 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.

Used to be everyone wanted a piece of Shatter — until his RNA-enhanced brain figured out a way to produce a diluted transfer method that works on anybody, without killing the donor.

LAST ISSUE: Shatter cobbled together an army of the **Alien Nation** and the **Allnight Newsboys** to stop an **insurance war** that was laying waste to Daley City. Then he bought back his **cop contract** from the *real* **Jack Scratch**. Now, he's back on the beat again...

Rick Obadiah, Publisher
Kathy Kotsivas, Operations Dir.
Kurt Goldzung, Sales Mgr.
Ralph Musicant, Finance Dir.

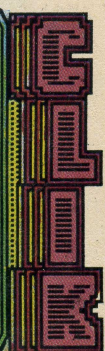
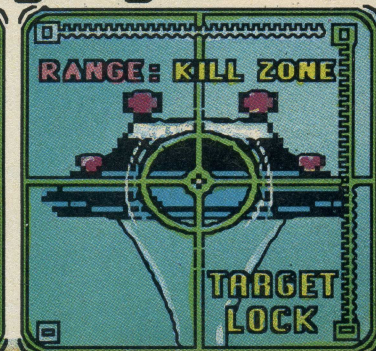
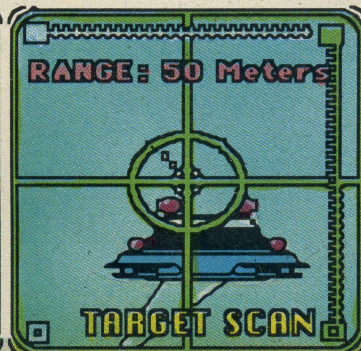
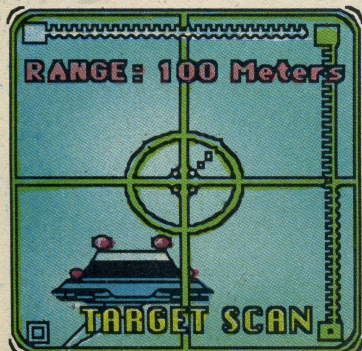
Rick Oliver, Editorial Director
Alex Wald, Art Director
Rich Markow, Ed. Coordinator
Rick Taylor, Production Mgr.

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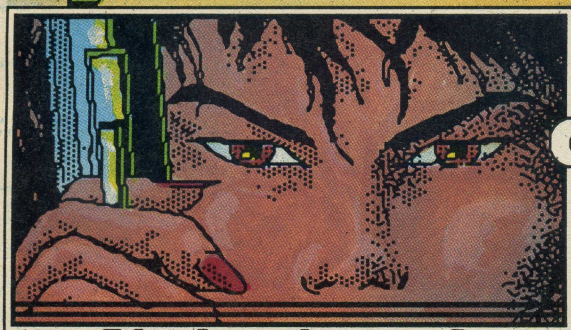
A FIRST COMICS PUBLISHING PRODUCTION

FIRST
COMICS

It's a FAST one -- coming right at her!



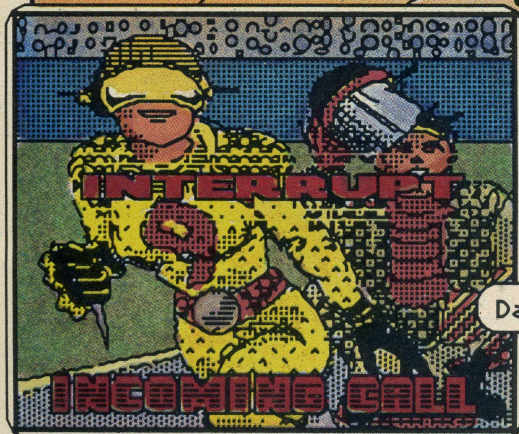
Kapow! It's GONE! It EXPLODES right out



Gotcha.

ZOOM!

**... She's three for three today, folks!
We're going into extra inning**

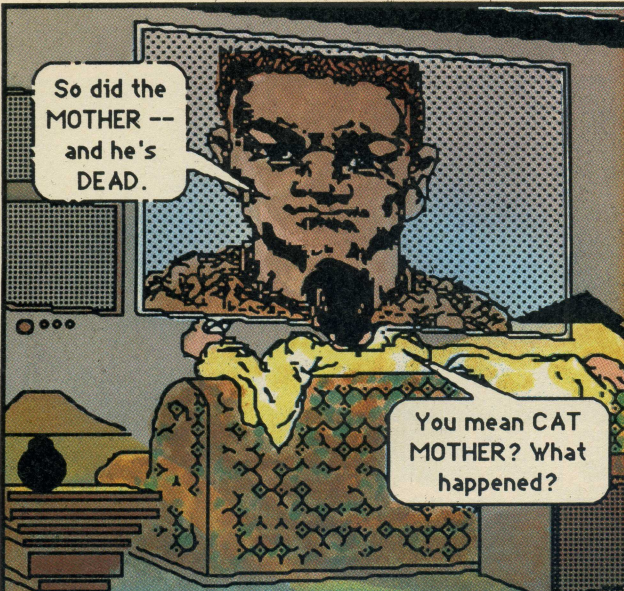


Damn.

This better be good. I've got MONEY on that game.

click

1



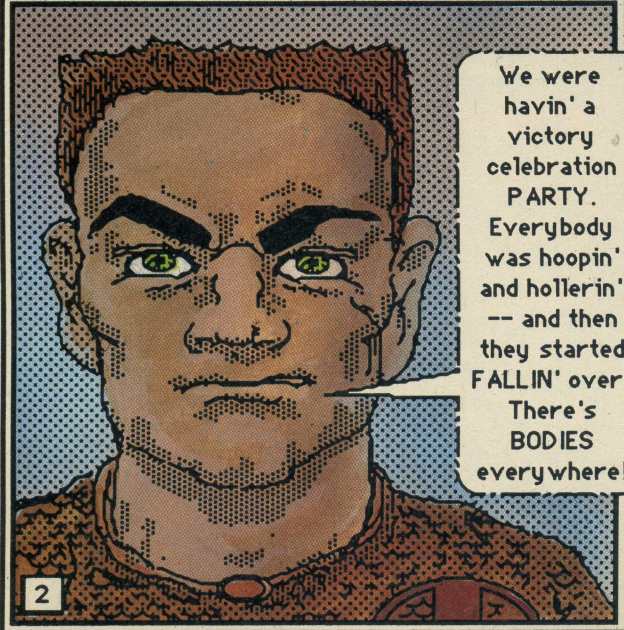
So did the
MOTHER --
and he's
DEAD.

You mean CAT
MOTHER? What
happened?

CAT MOTHER and the ALLNIGHT
NEWSBOYS had been our ALLIES in
the "Daley City war of
independence," as the NEWSNET was
calling it. A couple of INSURANCE
COMPANIES had been "negotiating"
for control of the city government
-- with COMBAT troops.

I had called in all my MARKERS with the Mother, the ALIEN
NATION, and various TEMPS on the JOBNET and taught the
actuaries a lesson in cost containment. Then we threw open the
city for GENERAL ELECTIONS, and everybody went home. I'm no
politician -- just a TEMP-COP getting in everybody's way.

And that's exactly how I LIKE it.

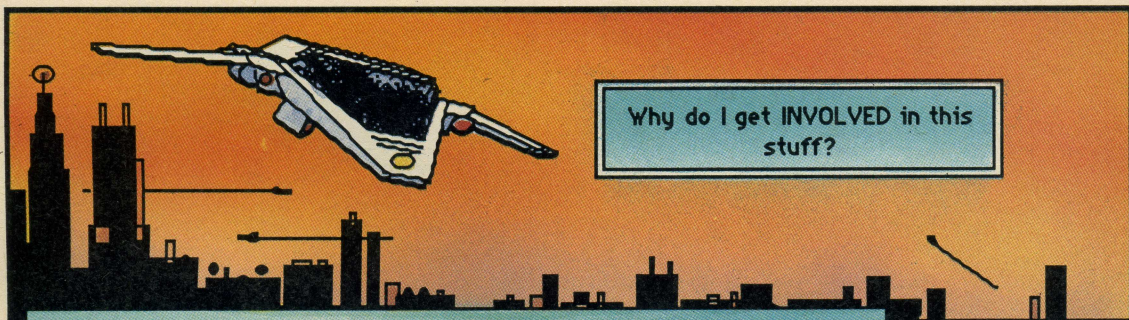


We were
havin' a
victory
celebration
PARTY.
Everybody
was hoopin'
and hollerin'
-- and then
they started
FALLIN' over.
There's
BODIES
everywhere!



I'm on my way.

click

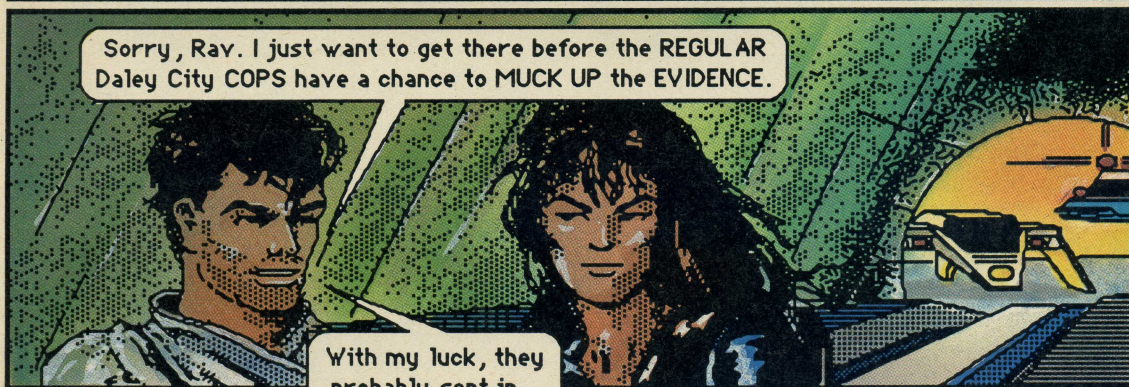


Why do I get INVOLVED in this stuff?

My RNA-ENHANCED brain had come up with the perfect scam to support my new standard of living for a very long time. Why ROCK the boat?

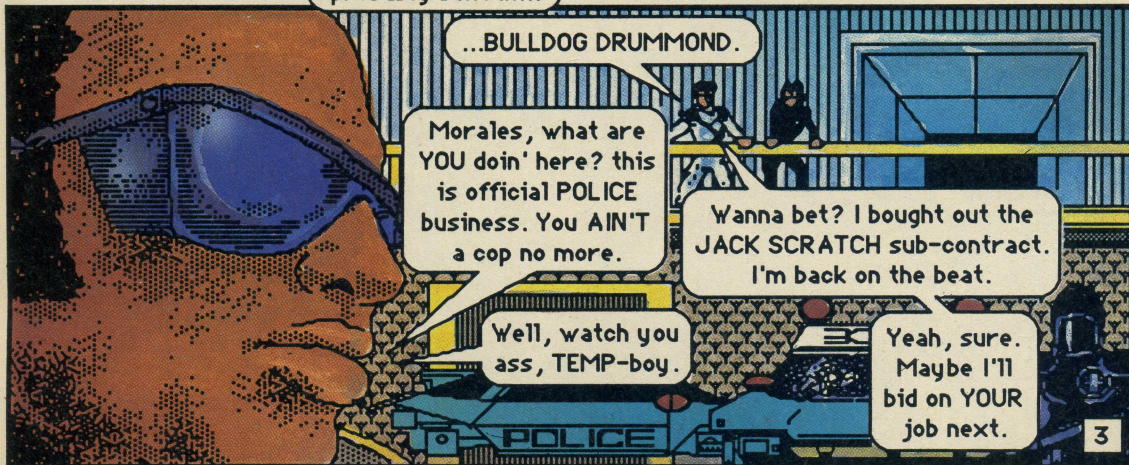


Hey, Philbr---I mean, SHATTER---ease up on the controls. Those guys are DEAD. They're not GOING anywhere.



Sorry, Rav. I just want to get there before the REGULAR Daley City COPS have a chance to MUCK UP the EVIDENCE.

With my luck, they probably sent in...



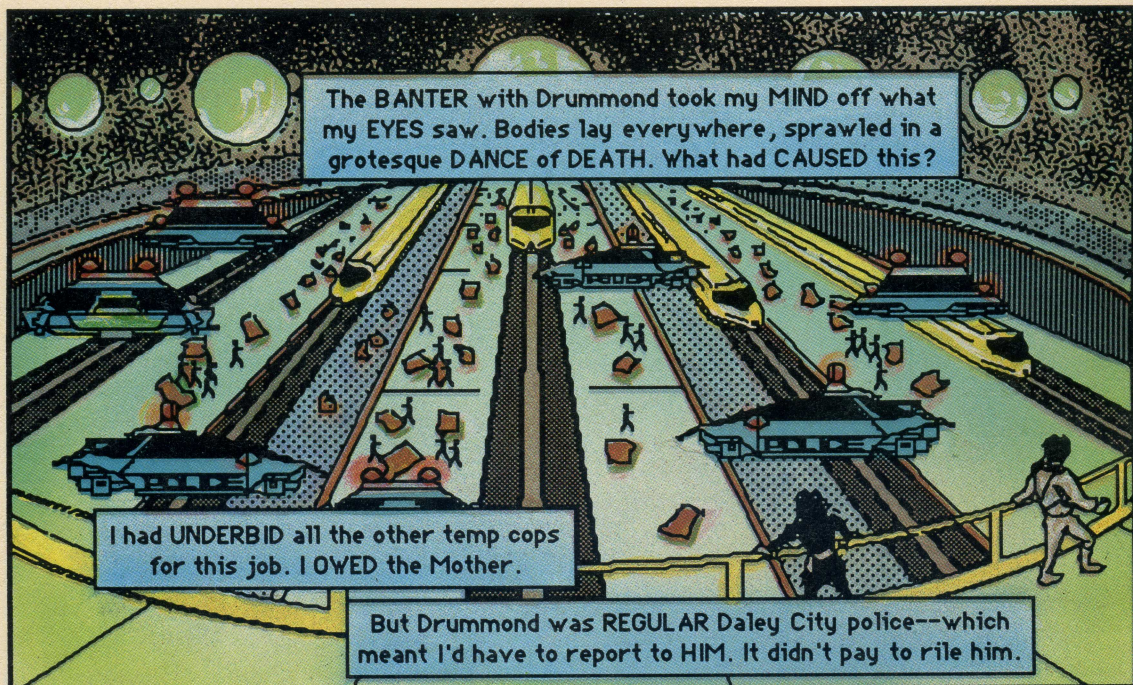
...BULLDOG DRUMMOND.

Morales, what are YOU doin' here? this is official POLICE business. You AIN'T a cop no more.

Wanna bet? I bought out the JACK SCRATCH sub-contract. I'm back on the beat.

Well, watch you ass, TEMP-boy.

Yeah, sure. Maybe I'll bid on YOUR job next.



The BANTER with Drummond took my MIND off what my EYES saw. Bodies lay everywhere, sprawled in a grotesque DANCE of DEATH. What had CAUSED this?

I had UNDERBID all the other temp cops for this job. I OWED the Mother.

But Drummond was REGULAR Daley City police--which meant I'd have to report to HIM. It didn't pay to rile him.



What've you got so far?

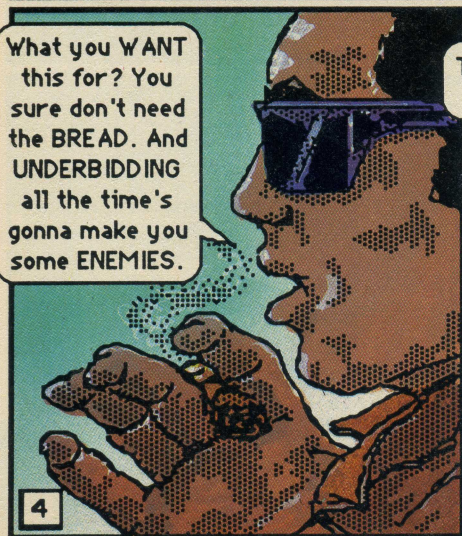
What you SEE is what you GET.



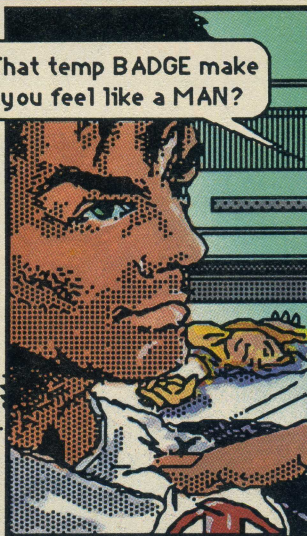
whisk



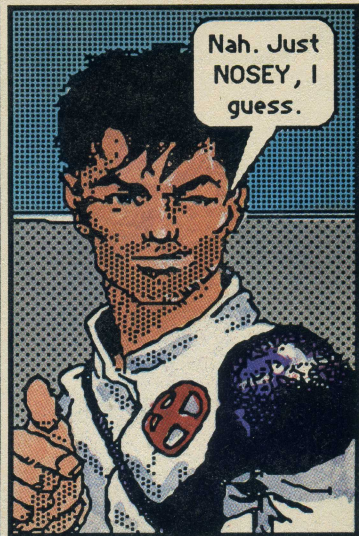
Yuck. I prefer nice CLEAN bullet holes.



What you WANT this for? You sure don't need the BREAD. And UNDERBIDDING all the time's gonna make you some ENEMIES.

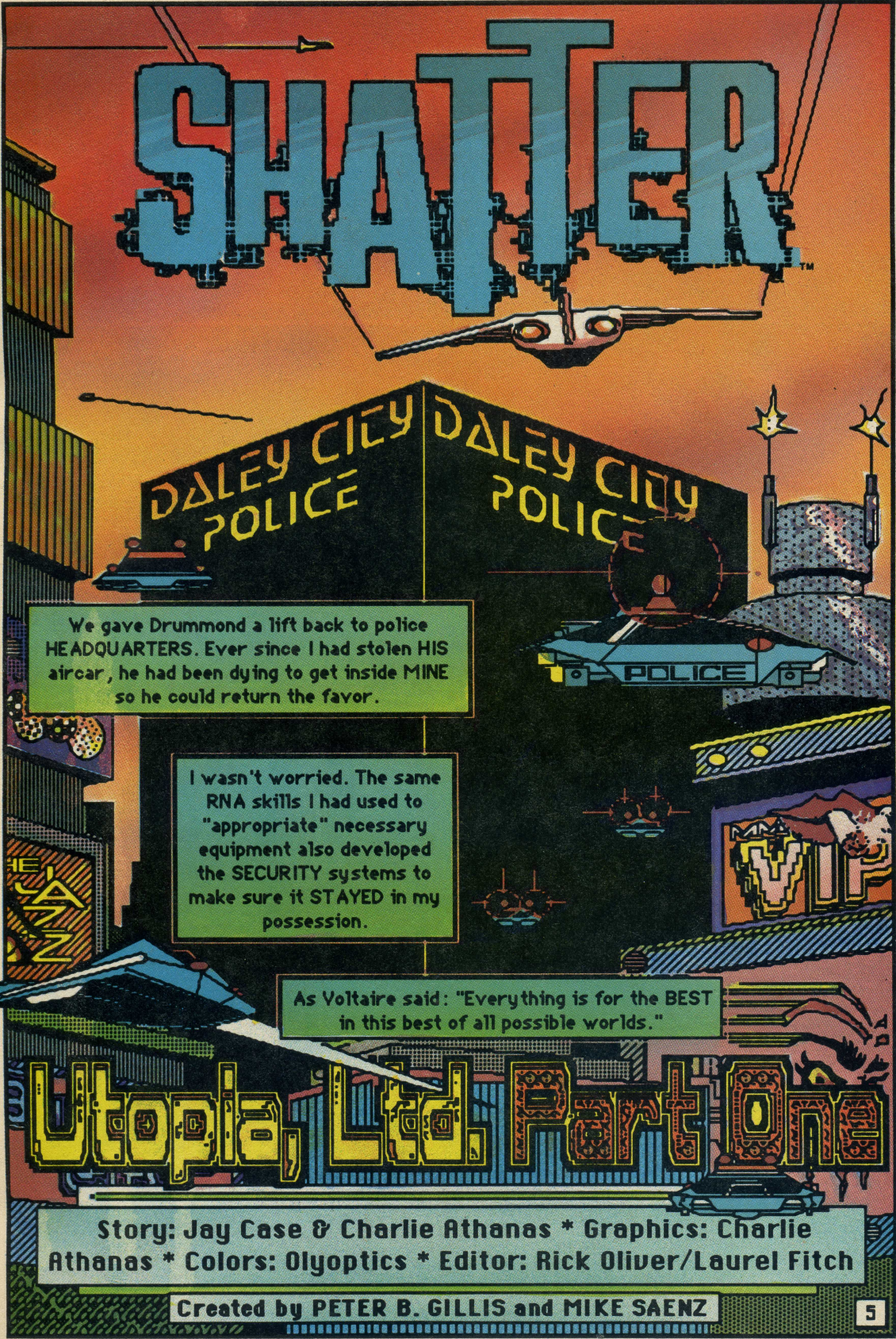


That temp BADGE make you feel like a MAN?



Nah. Just NOSEY, I guess.

SHATTER



We gave Drummond a lift back to police HEADQUARTERS. Ever since I had stolen HIS aircar, he had been dying to get inside MINE so he could return the favor.

I wasn't worried. The same RNA skills I had used to "appropriate" necessary equipment also developed the SECURITY systems to make sure it STAYED in my possession.

As Voltaire said: "Everything is for the BEST in this best of all possible worlds."

Utopia, Ltd. Part One

Story: Jay Case & Charlie Athanas * Graphics: Charlie Athanas * Colors: Olyoptics * Editor: Rick Oliver/Laurel Fitch

Created by PETER B. GILLIS and MIKE SAENZ

Police HQ has some impressive
SECURITY SYSTEMS, too.

Advance and identify.

Commencing coaxial laser scan.

Stand by.

Scan complete.

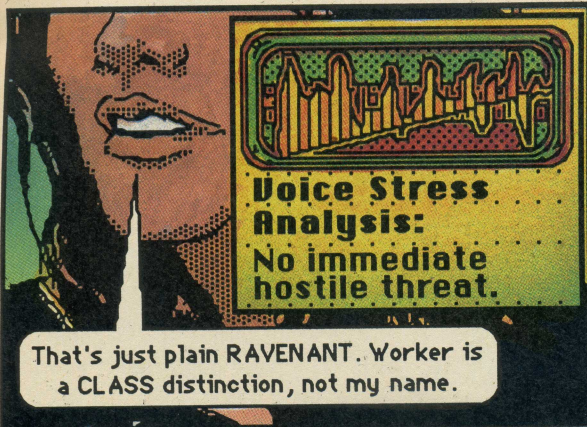
Preliminary
ident:
Ravenant,
Worker.

Prepare for Retinal Scan.

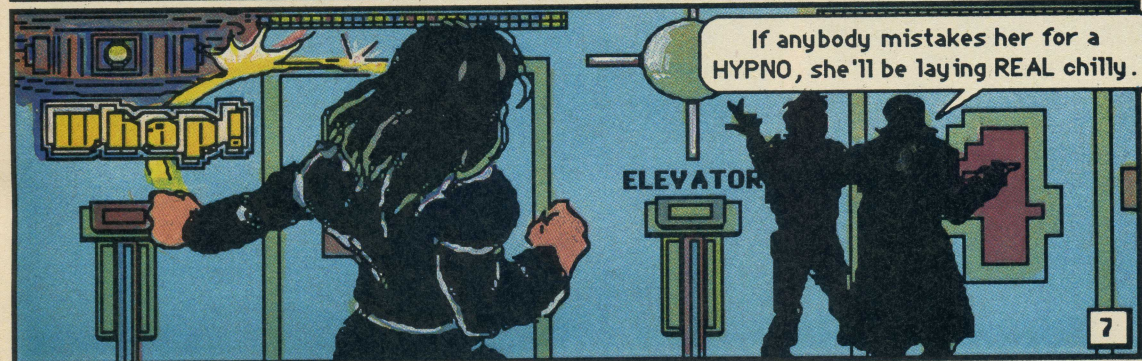
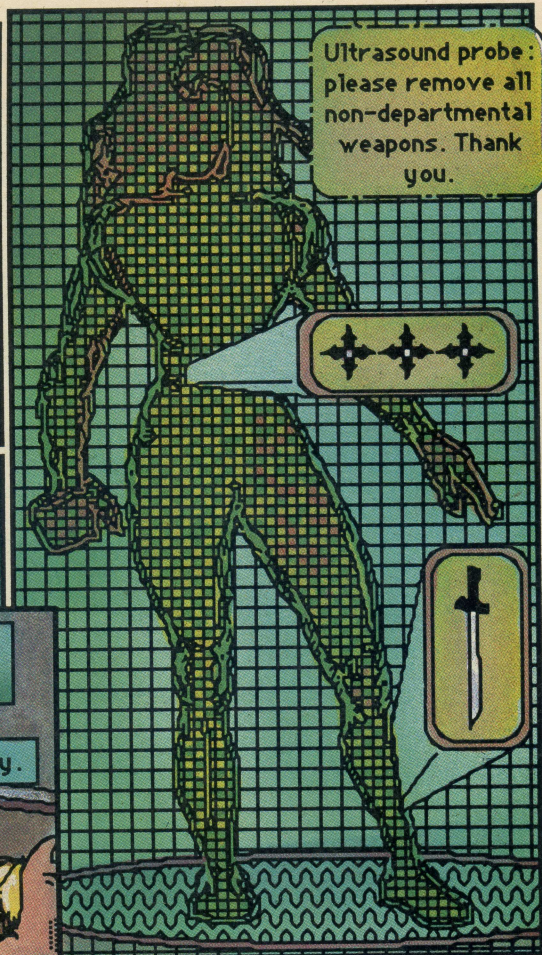
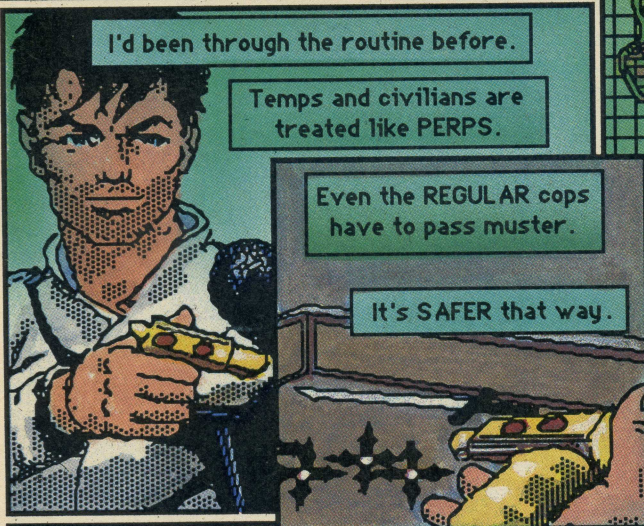
Stand by.

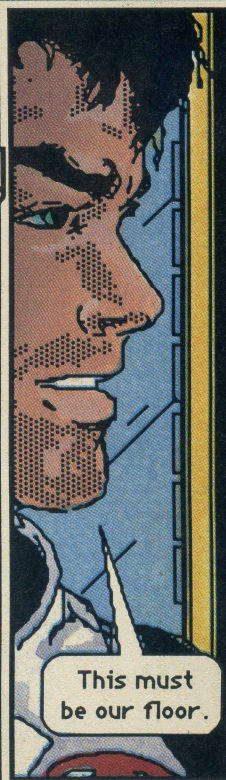
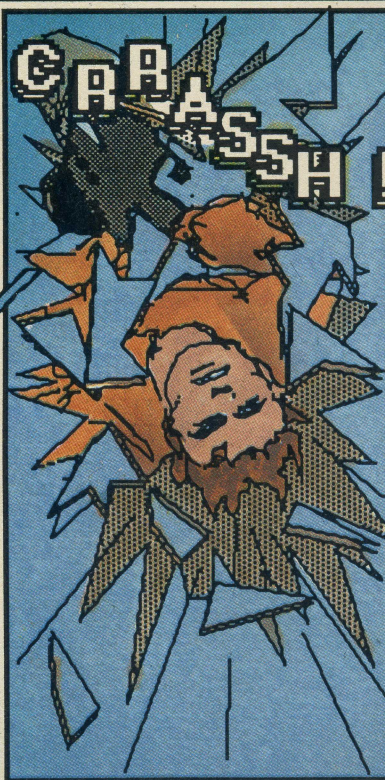
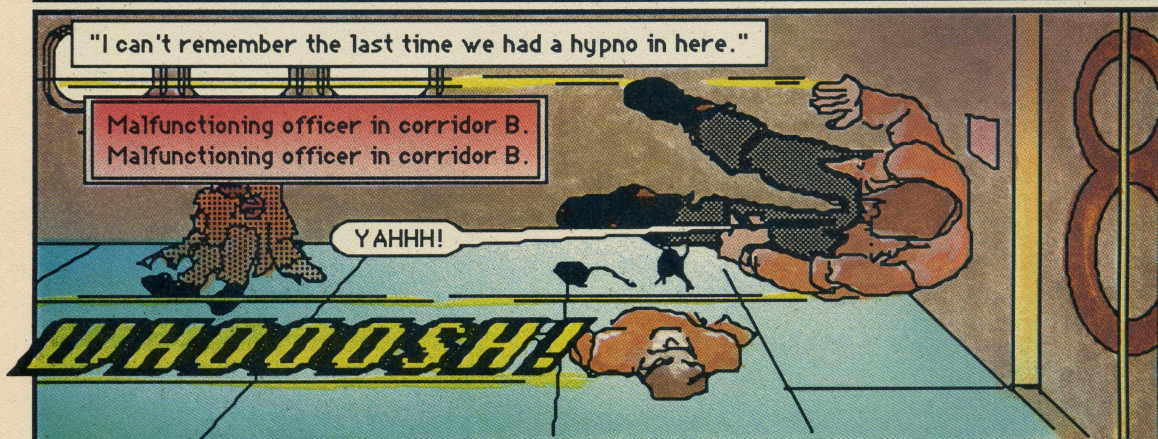
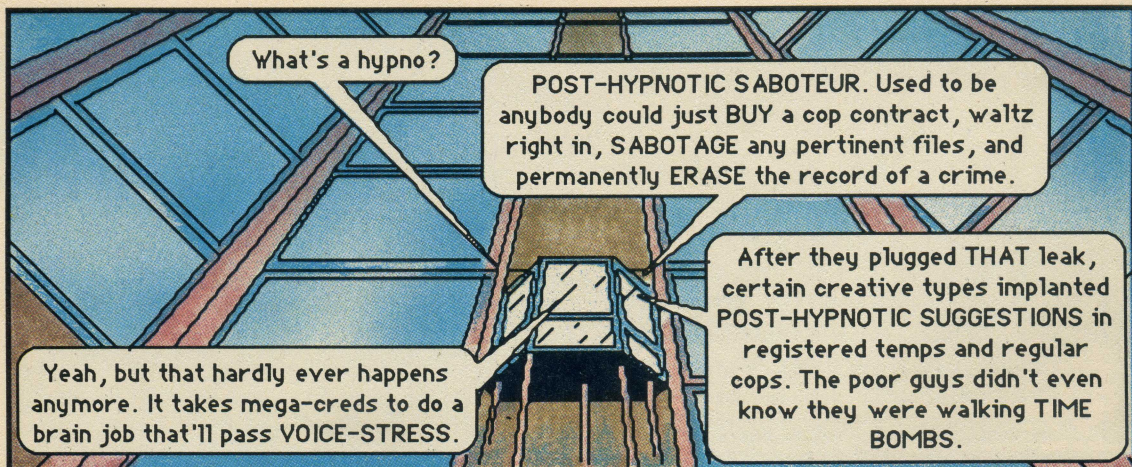
Click!

Enhancement.
Positive Ident:
Ravenant,
Worker.



That's just plain RAVENANT. Worker is a CLASS distinction, not my name.





What was this guy LOOKING for? And could I STOP him before he FOUND it?

DANGER!
Main memory
breach *\$@*%\$00
590600095@*

Could I stop him at ALL?

You WITH me,
Ravenant?

He just PUNCHED the
terminal and ripped
out the circuitry.

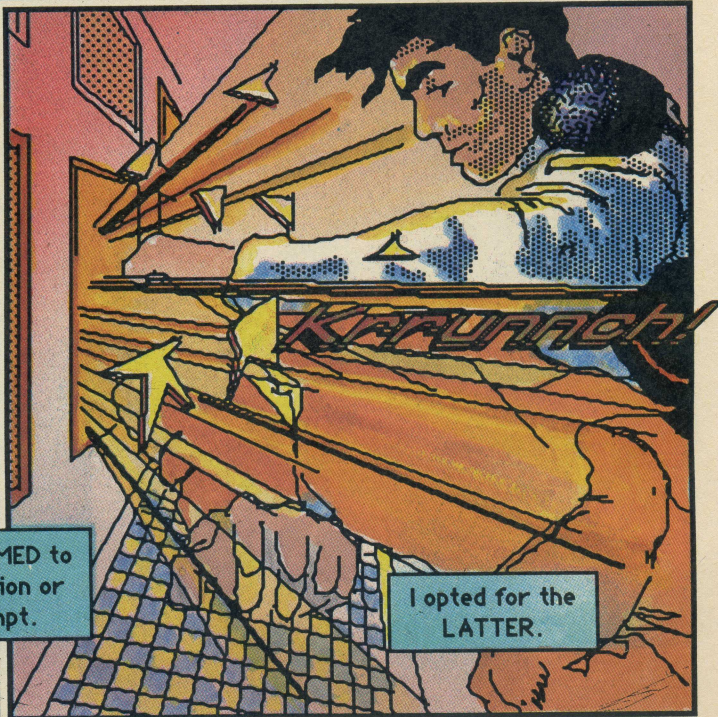
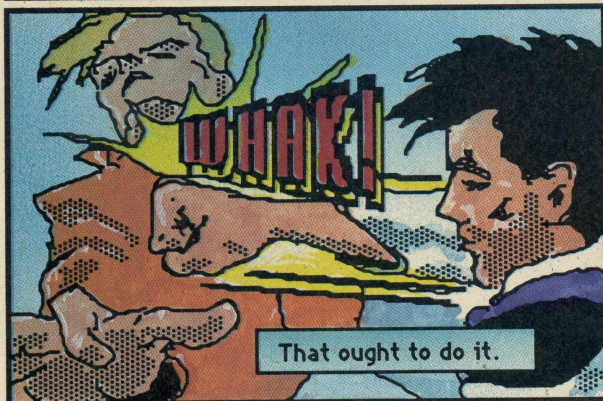
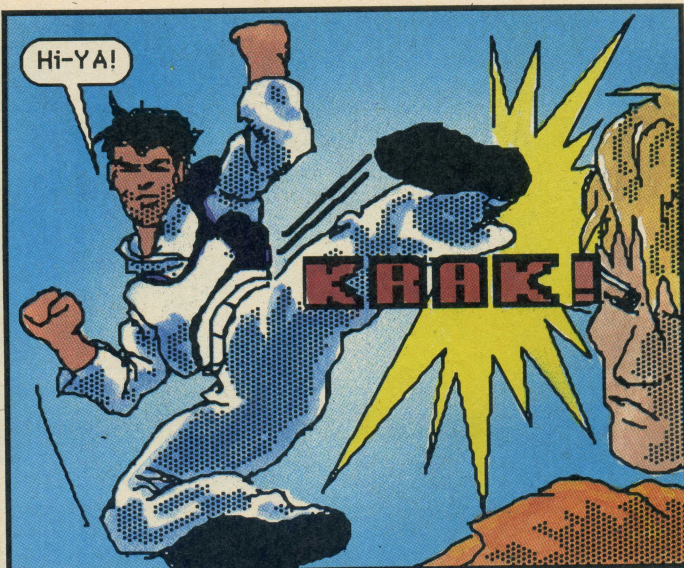
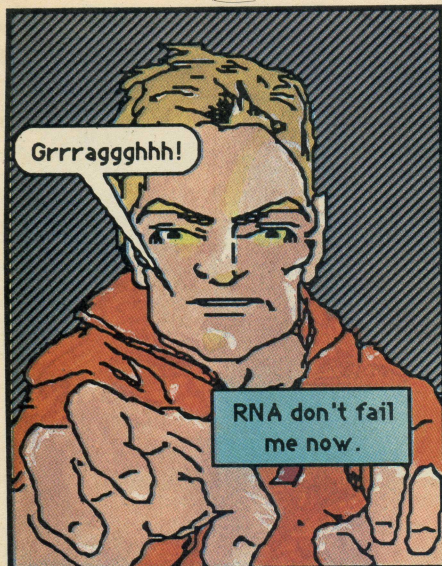
Spozz!

CRUDE--but EFFECTIVE.

Krakk! Fzzztz!

You're on your OWN, Shatter.
Drummond's out cold and I've
got my HANDS full!

Let's do it.



You all right, Drummond?

Oof. Yeah,
thanks. I owe
you one.

How about you, Ravenant? Need
some HELP with that guy?

Umm...anybody
need a new pair
of SHOES?

Any idea what he
was after?

Then we can't PINPOINT the source.
If we knew which FILES he was after,
then we'd know who had the MOTIVE
to scramble his brain. Must have
been something BIG, though. Cheaper
to BUY a judge than ALTER a
security-clearance detective.

He didn't seem real PICKY.
Looked like a GLOBAL
search and destroy.

Well, what's the
BIGGEST case you've got
right now?

Yours.

S A B L E

RETURN OF THE HUNTER

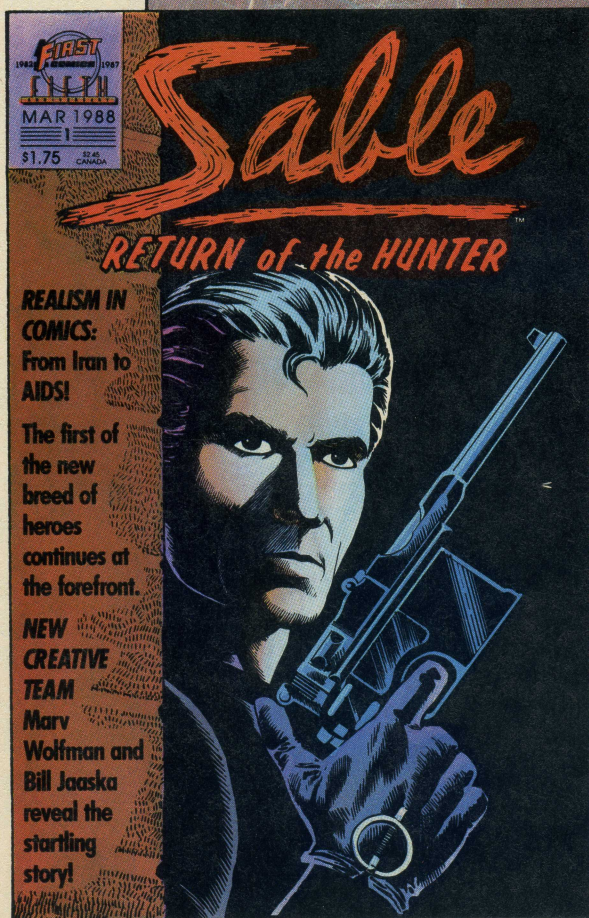
BY MARV WOLFMAN

AND BILL JAASKA

'NUMBER ONE'

HE'S
GOT
YOUR
NUMBER

NEW
SERIES!



COMING IN NOVEMBER FROM FIRST. COUNT ON US.

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B A D G E R

NUMBER THIRTY-THREE

BY MIKE BARON,

AND RON LIM

THE WINNING NUMBER

COVER BY
MIKE ZECK

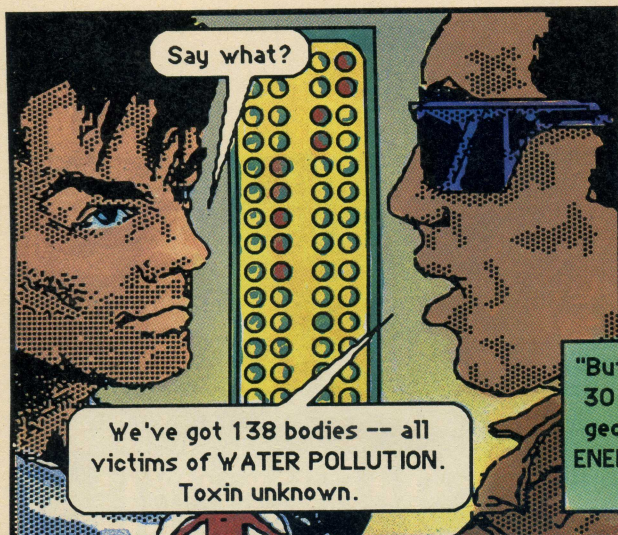
BEGINNING
IN ISSUE
NUMBER
THIRTY-THREE



COMING IN NOVEMBER FROM FIRST. COUNT ON US.

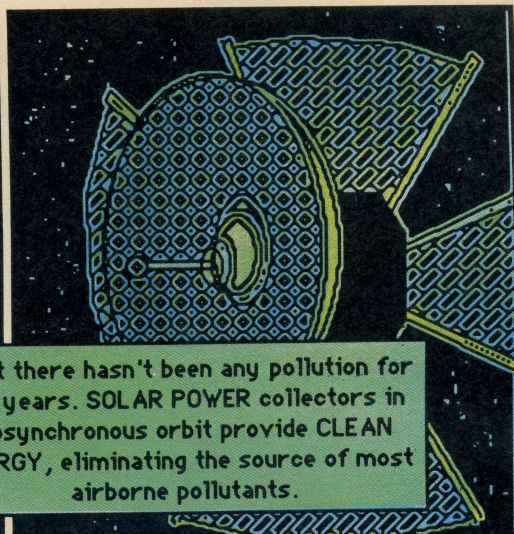
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Say what?

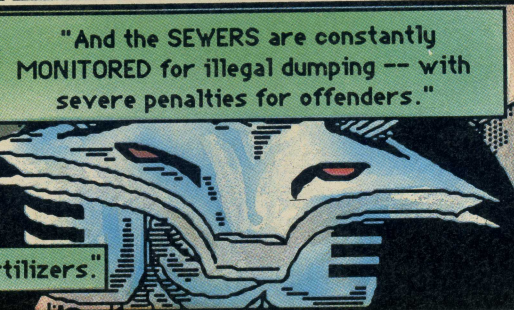
We've got 138 bodies -- all victims of **WATER POLLUTION**.
Toxin unknown.



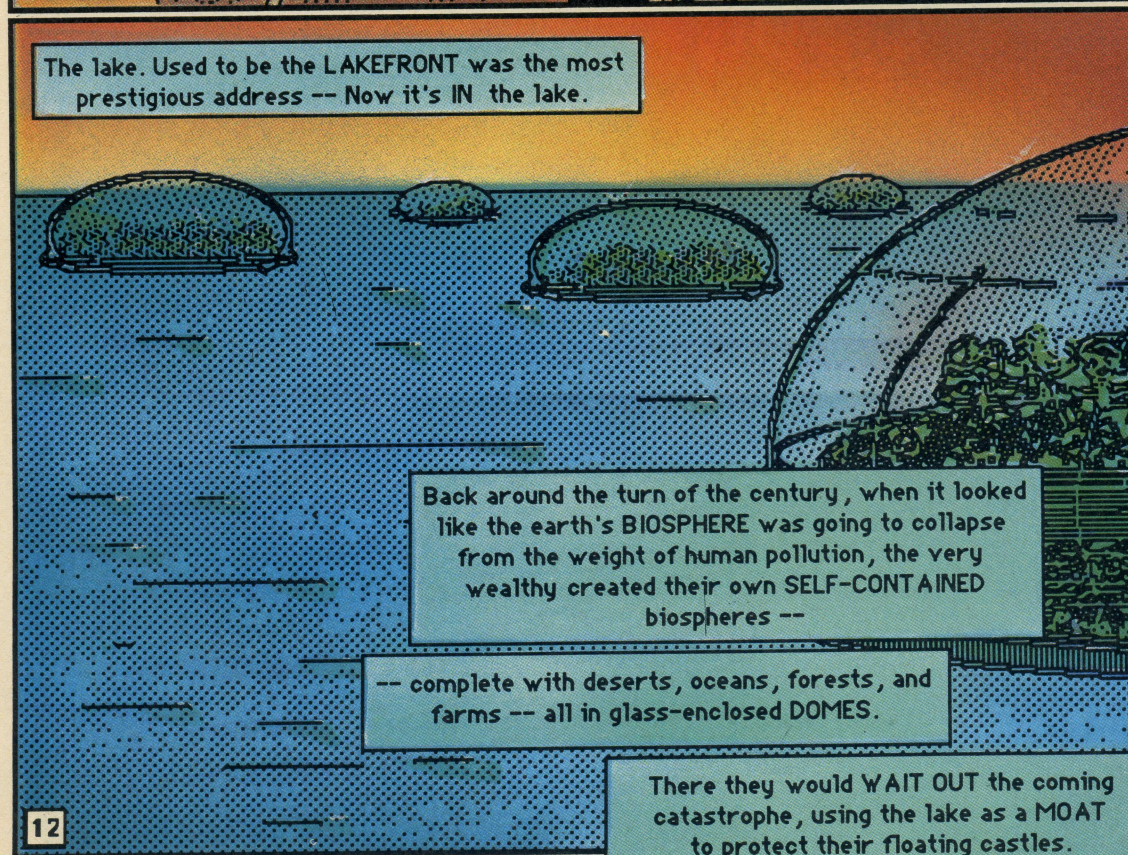
"But there hasn't been any pollution for 30 years. **SOLAR POWER** collectors in geosynchronous orbit provide **CLEAN ENERGY**, eliminating the source of most airborne pollutants.



"**WASTE PRODUCTS** are **RECYCLED** and used as fertilizers."



"And the **SEWERS** are constantly **MONITORED** for illegal dumping -- with severe penalties for offenders."

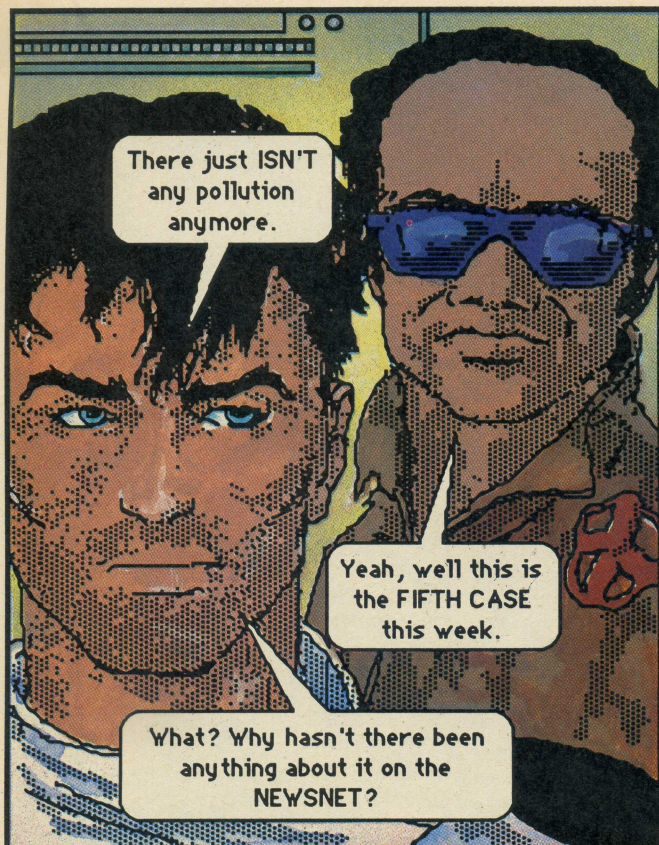


The lake. Used to be the **LAKEFRONT** was the most prestigious address -- Now it's **IN** the lake.

Back around the turn of the century, when it looked like the earth's **BIOSPHERE** was going to collapse from the weight of human pollution, the very wealthy created their own **SELF-CONTAINED biospheres** --

-- complete with deserts, oceans, forests, and farms -- all in glass-enclosed **DOMES**.

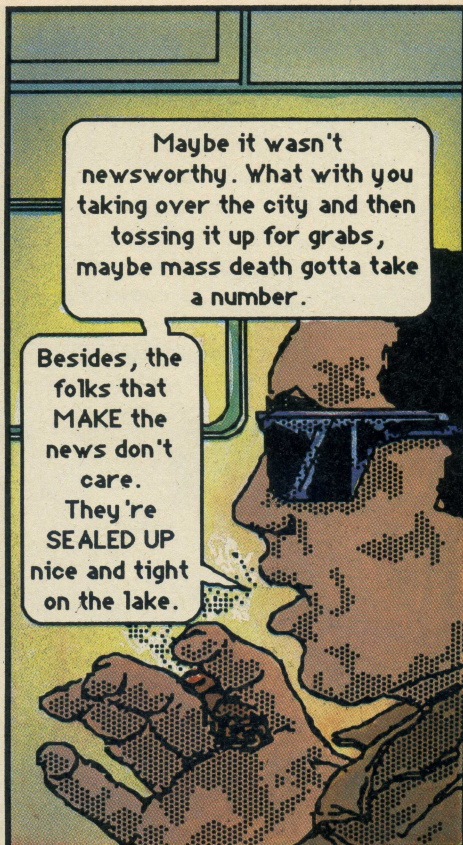
There they would **WAIT OUT** the coming catastrophe, using the lake as a **MOAT** to protect their floating castles.



There just ISN'T any pollution anymore.

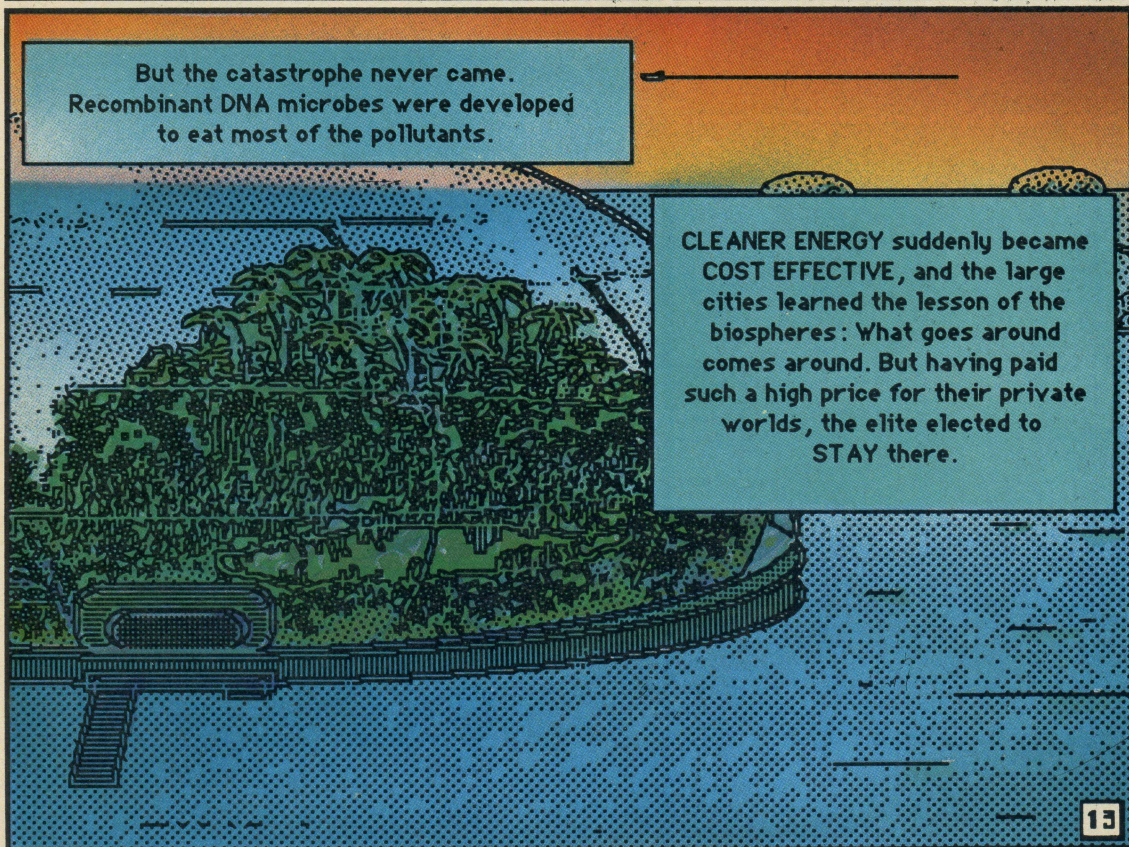
Yeah, well this is the FIFTH CASE this week.

What? Why hasn't there been anything about it on the NEWSNET?



Maybe it wasn't newsworthy. What with you taking over the city and then tossing it up for grabs, maybe mass death gotta take a number.

Besides, the folks that MAKE the news don't care. They're SEALED UP nice and tight on the lake.



But the catastrophe never came. Recombinant DNA microbes were developed to eat most of the pollutants.

CLEANER ENERGY suddenly became COST EFFECTIVE, and the large cities learned the lesson of the biospheres: What goes around comes around. But having paid such a high price for their private worlds, the elite elected to STAY there.

Sounds NICE. How come we don't live in one?

You don't understand, Rav.
It's a CLOSED system.

The ecological BALANCE of a biosphere is very DELICATE.
Nothing comes IN, nothing goes OUT.

You mean they're TRAPPED in those things?

Not exactly. But they don't go out
for DINNER too often, either. If
they do, they have to ELIMINATE
whatever they ate outside before
they can go back in.

But none of this is getting us any
closer to who killed Cat Mother.
So if you'll excuse me...

"I think I'll do some
INVESTIGATING."

CAUTION:
HOLO

A HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTOR made it
look like the entrance to my private
office was just part of the wall. A
DIGITAL BAFFLER made it look that
way to electronic snoopers, too.

There was very little that Drummond's
computers could tell me that my own
system couldn't ELABORATE on.

I had access to every data
bank in Daley City that
relied on
TELECOMMUNICATIONS.
Like I told Drummond--I'm
just nosey.

I may not be able to play the PIANO, but give me a
KEYBOARD and watch my fingers fly.

Command: Load all
files on reported or
suspected water
pollution or illegal
dumping.

QUERY:
PARAMETERS OF
SEARCH AREA?

Daley City, 50 mile
radius.

WORKING.

F.C.C. RESTRICTED DATA
FILES.

ACCESS DENIED....

ANYTHING ELSE I CAN
DO FOR YOU TODAY?

Command: Override.

QUERY:
F.C.C. OVERRIDE CODE?

IQ-TKO-LSMFT

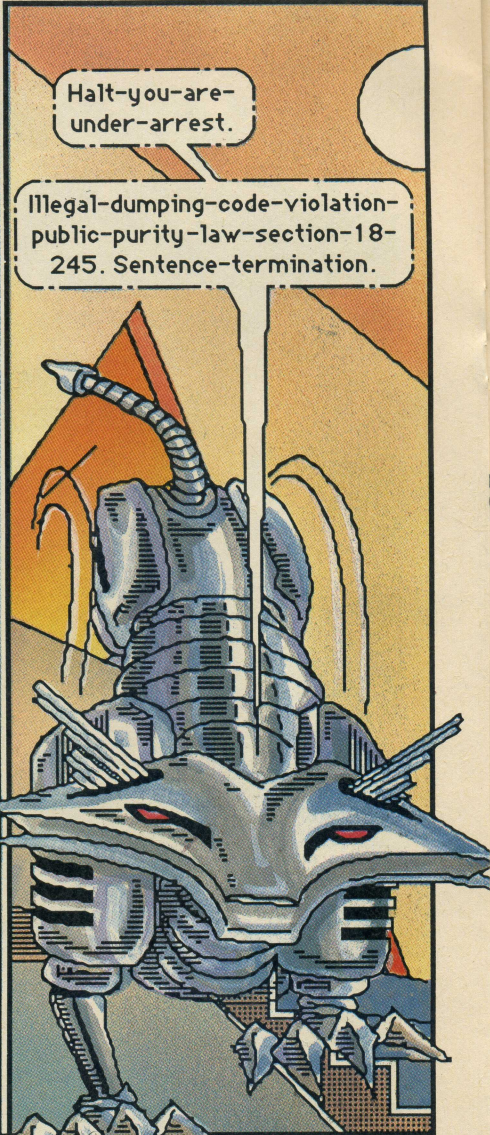
INVALID CODE.
ACCESS DENIED.
ATTEMPTED SECURITY BREACH
REPORTED TO F.C.C REGIONAL
OFFICES.



SHATTER! Get your
ass in here! We've got
COMPANY!

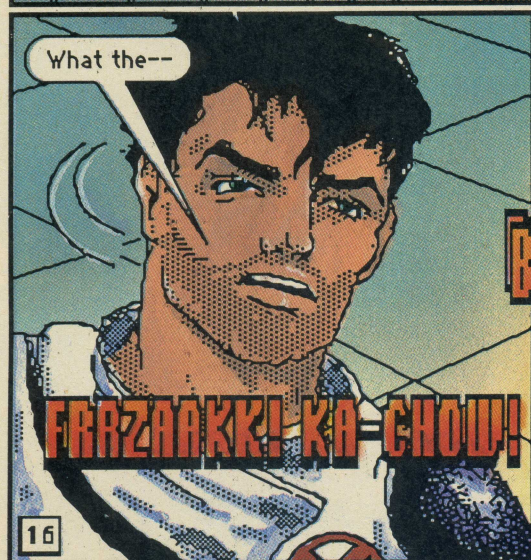
Tell them I'm BUSY.

Tell them YOURSELF!



Halt-you-are-
under-arrest.

Illegal-dumping-code-violation-
public-purity-law-section-18-
245. Sentence-termination.



What the--

FRAZZAKK! KA-CHOW!



What are you
SHOOTING at this
ti--

BA-BLAMM!

KARZZZZK!

What took you so LONG?
Didn't I get your NAME
right?

BLAM

SHOOT!

EXPLODE!

What the hell ARE
those things?!

I don't know, but they're probably
here to see YOU--your name's on
the MAILBOX!

Resistance-is-useless.

Damn! I'm not PACKING!

Whatever they were, Ravenant was
going to have to STALL them...

While I did some very
fast RESEARCH.

Kapow!
BA-BLAM!

CLIK CLIK

SHATTER! Where the
hell are you GOING?

POW!
CLIK CLIK

CLIK

W H I S P E R

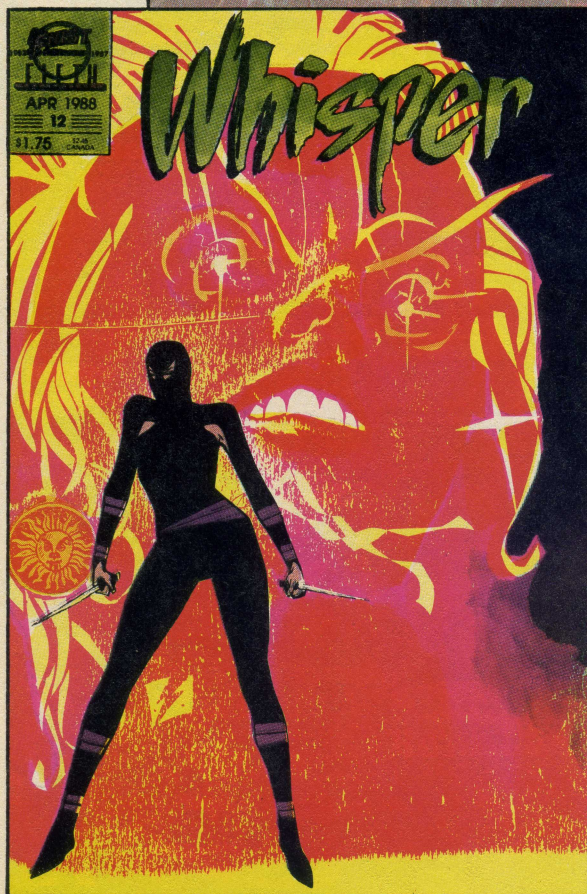
N U M B E R T W E L V E

ORIGINAL ARTIST RICH LARSON

JOINS CREATOR/WRITER STEVEN GRANT

FOR A SPECIAL CHRISTMAS ISSUE!

YOUR LUCKY NUMBER



COVER BY
BILL
SIENKIEWICZ

COMING IN DECEMBER FROM FIRST. COUNT ON US.

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AMERICAN FLAGG!

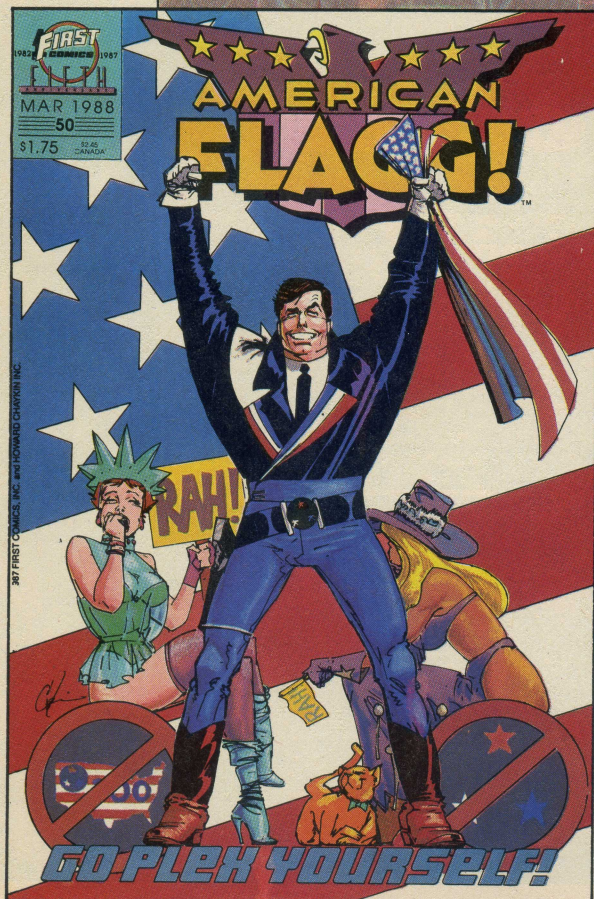
NUMBER FIFTY

BY HOWARD CHAYKIN

AND MIKE VOSBURG

THE NUMBER ONE CHOICE

SPECIAL
FIFTIETH
ANNIVERSARY
ISSUE!



COMING IN NOVEMBER FROM FIRST. COUNT ON US.

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Command: Identify Intruder.

Anti-Pollution
Control Device:

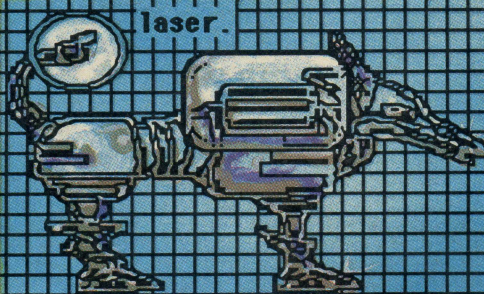
Model THX 1138

Prime Directive:

Seek and Destroy Septic
Pollution Code Violators.

Primary Weapon System:

Tail-mounted, bio-sensing
laser.



Secondary Weapon System:

Shoulder-mounted,
water-cooled,
9mm projectile cannons.

SEWER DOGS?!

HELP, you MORON!

Verbal Command:
Identify radio control
frequency. Locate and
interrupt command
broadcast signal.

STOP THOSE MOTHERS!

WORKING

Work FASTER, dammit!

WORKING

There's GOT to be a way to stop them!
I've got the SKILLS to do any--

WORKING

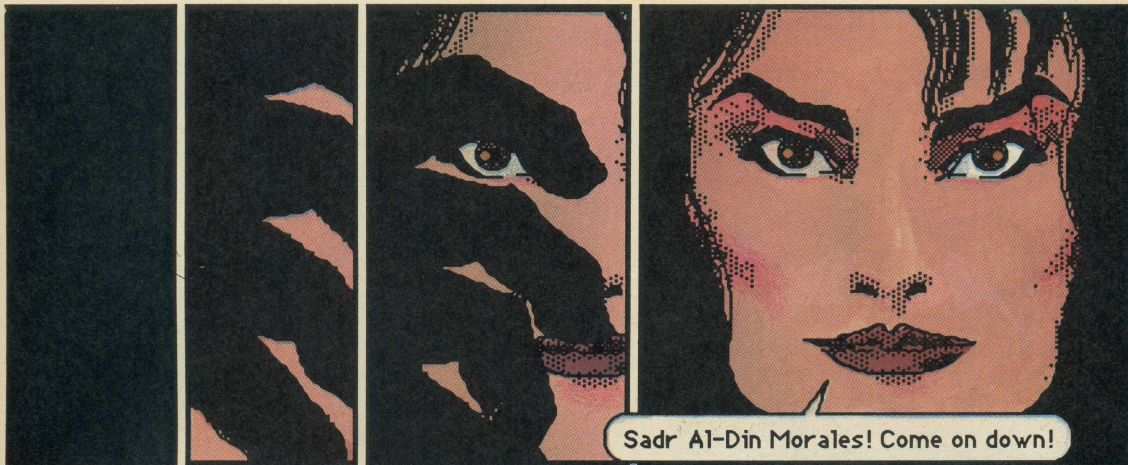
Oh, no... not
again...

I had felt this way once before...

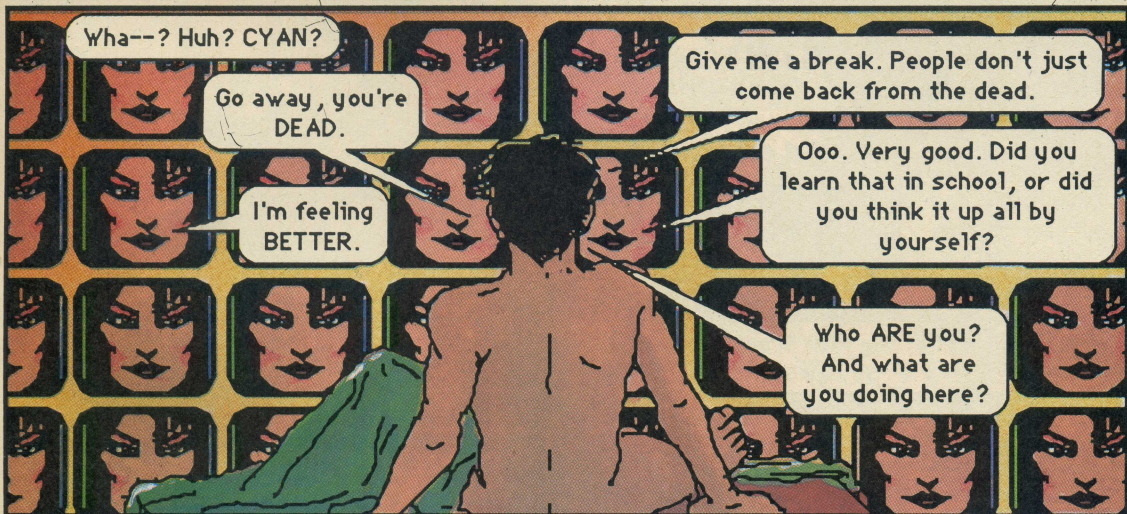
When I took an OVERDOSE of RNA...

It felt like someone SHORT-CIRCUITED my brain...

And then there was nothing but BLACKNESS.



Sadr' Al-Din Morales! Come on down!



Wha--? Huh? CYAN?

Go away, you're DEAD.

I'm feeling BETTER.

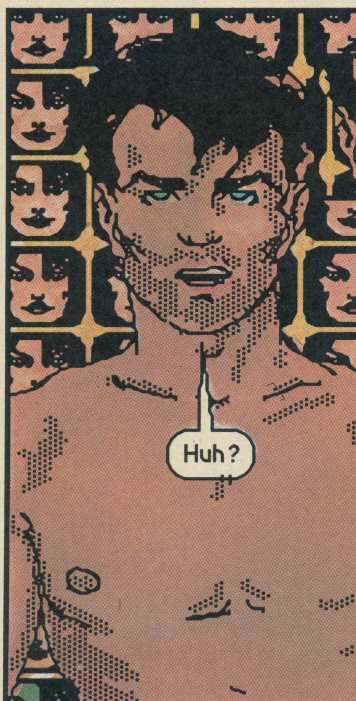
Give me a break. People don't just come back from the dead.

Ooo. Very good. Did you learn that in school, or did you think it up all by yourself?

Who ARE you? And what are you doing here?



I'm part of YOU now... and we're NAKED, by the way.



Huh?

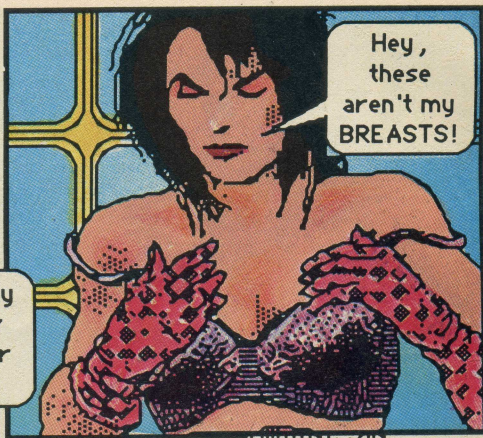


YIKES!

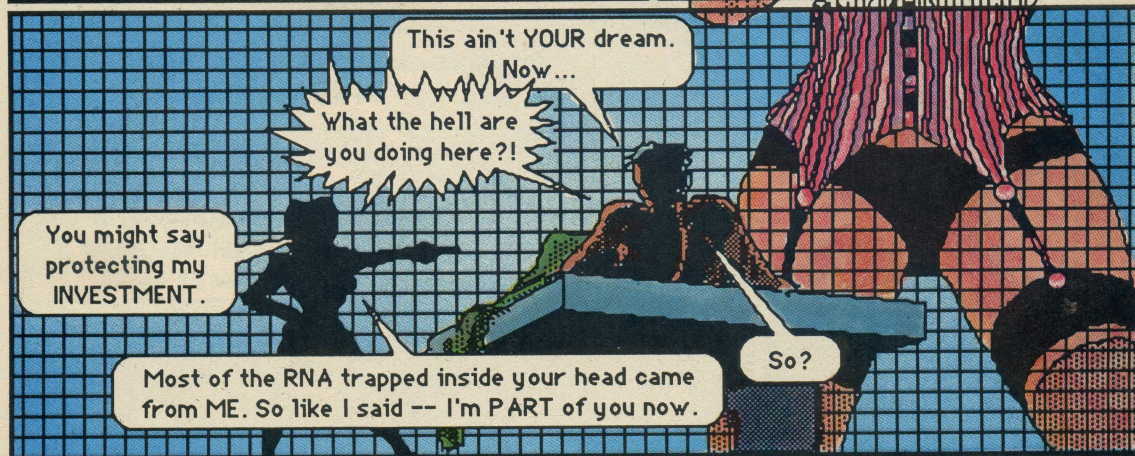


Don't worry. It's only a DREAM.

Besides, you don't have any SECRETS from me. I know EVERYTHING about you. For instance, I know--



Hey, these aren't my BREASTS!



This ain't YOUR dream. Now...

What the hell are you doing here?!

You might say protecting my INVESTMENT.

Most of the RNA trapped inside your head came from ME. So like I said -- I'm PART of you now.

So?



So you've got the SKILLS of hundreds of highly SPECIALIZED minds packed inside your skull, and what do YOU do with them?

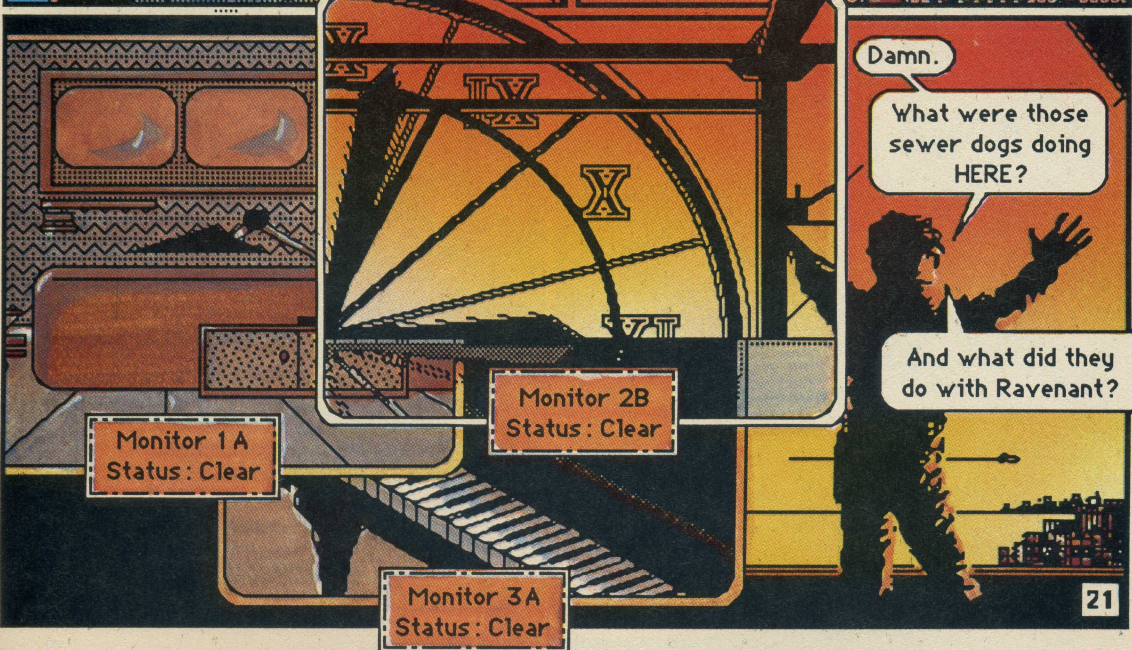
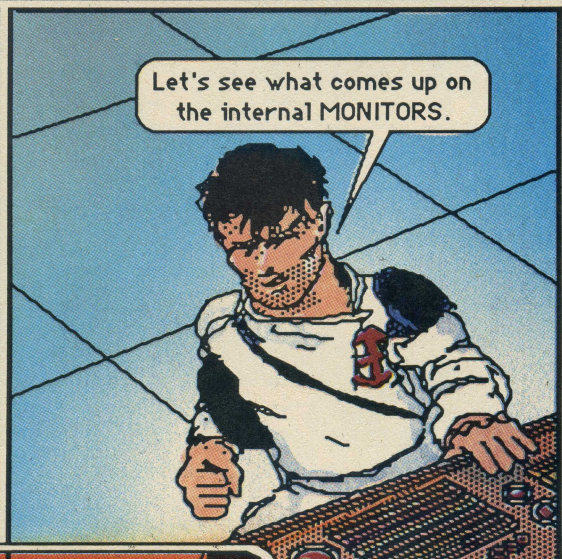
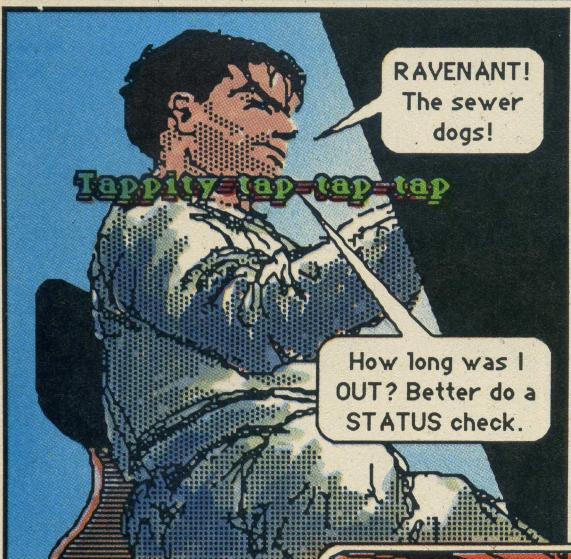
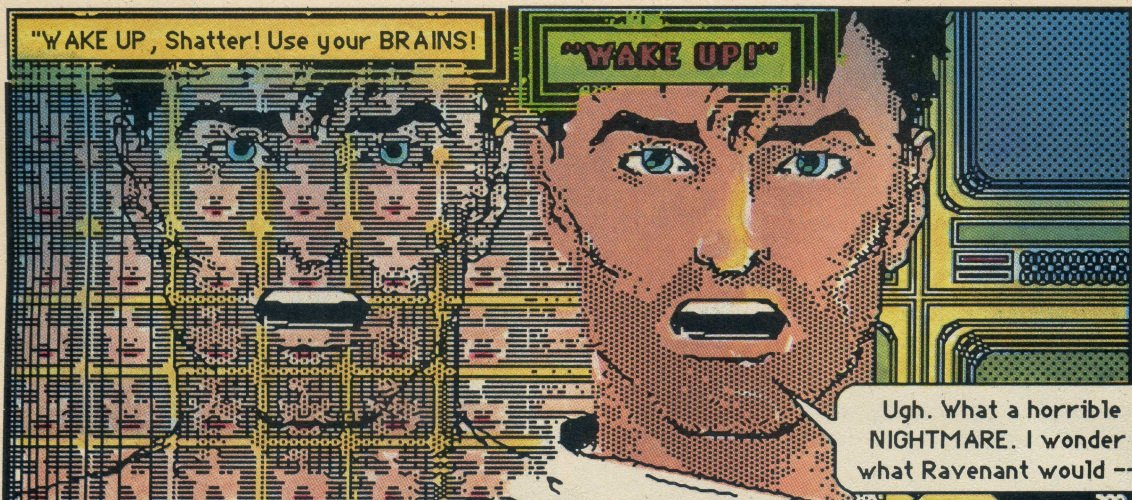
Occasionally call on one to PICK a lock or PUNCH somebody.

Great.



Is this what I DIED for? For you to be a perpetual VICTIM?

WAKE UP, Shatter! Use your BRAINS!



Sewer dogs have only one PURPOSE: to track down and kill illegal dumpers -- polluters.

It all comes back to POLLUTION. And it all hit the fan when I tried to override an F. C. C. security lock-out. What's any of this have to do with the Federal Communications Commission?

Time to call in a MARKER.

Tappity-tap-tap

BRREEEP!

F. C. C. Daley City Regional Office. Rufus T. Firefly speak --

Oh, it's YOU, Morales. What do you want this time?

I want you to tell me why your office would want you to prevent me from accessing recent data on pollution offenses.

Dunno. Let me check the regs... ah, here it is...

"The Public Panic Act of 2013.

"It prevents the dissemination of any information pertaining to water, soil, and air pollution. All matters are automatically referred to the appropriate federal agency."

Why?

Before the introduction of DNA-altered bacterial purifiers, you could get KILLED over a bottle of WATER. The PRESS didn't help the situation either--so the feds decided to put a LID on it.

And what is the "appropriate federal agency?"

Let's see... it was CONTRACTED OUT in '24.

And WHO has the contract?

Hmm... nobody. The contract LAPSED in '41. No more large scale pollution, no MONEY in pollution control.

STATUS: LOCKED
OVERRIDE?
NEGATIVE

So if somebody IS polluting?

It gets referred to the federal government, and then it's transferred to...

Nobody. Right.

What about the sewer dogs?

Different contract. Pollution or no, the city maintains the system as a safety net.

And who has THAT contract?

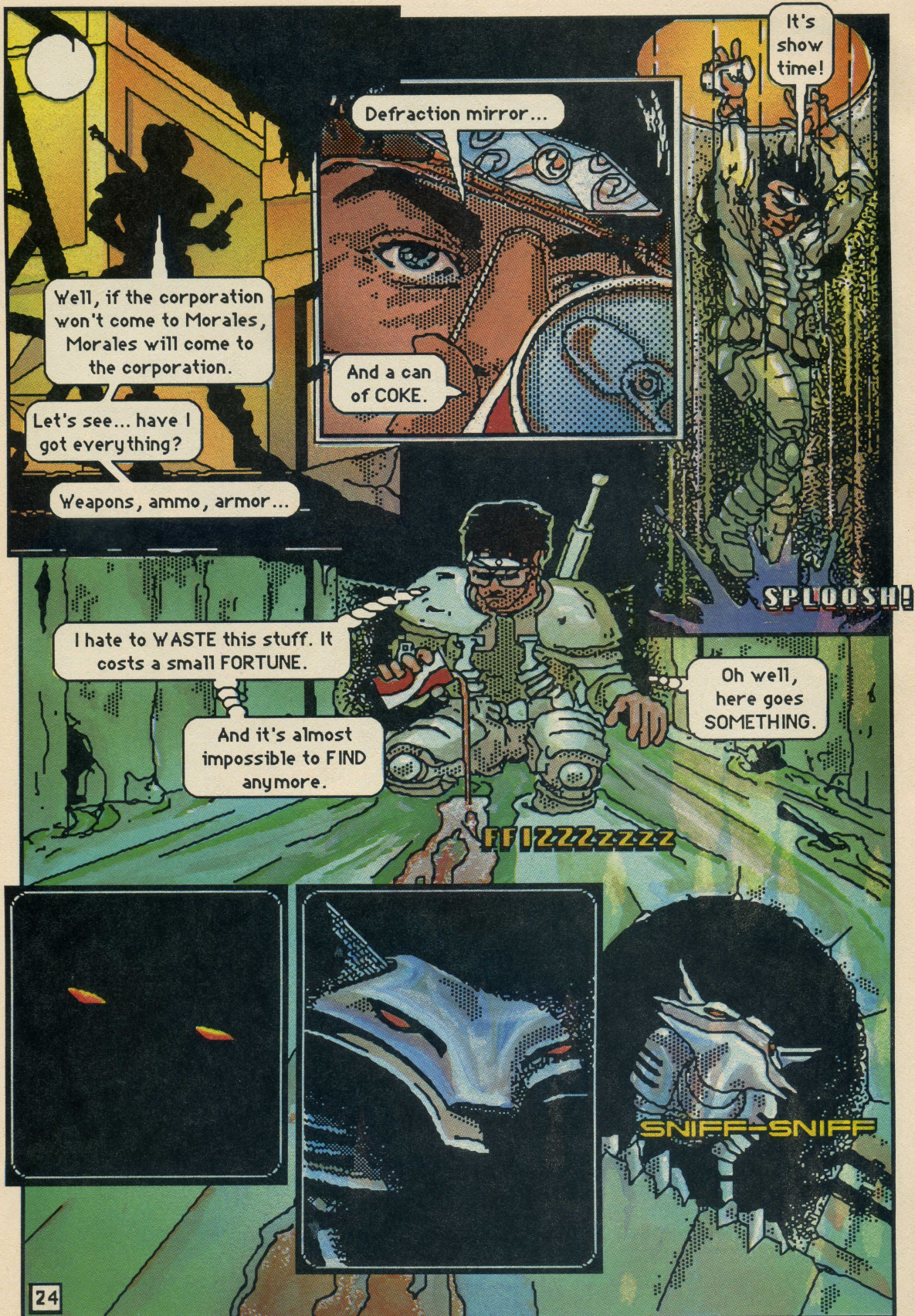
WASTE-NOT Corporation.

And WHERE are they located?

Hmm... dunno. They were BOUGHT OUT by a blind holding company two months ago.

So if sewer dogs start running AMOK and WASTING civilians, who do I complain to?

Beats me. That's not an F.C.C. problem.



It's
show
time!

Defraction mirror...

Well, if the corporation
won't come to Morales,
Morales will come to
the corporation.

Let's see... have I
got every thing?

Weapons, ammo, armor...

And a can
of COKE.

SPLOOSH!

I hate to WASTE this stuff. It
costs a small FORTUNE.

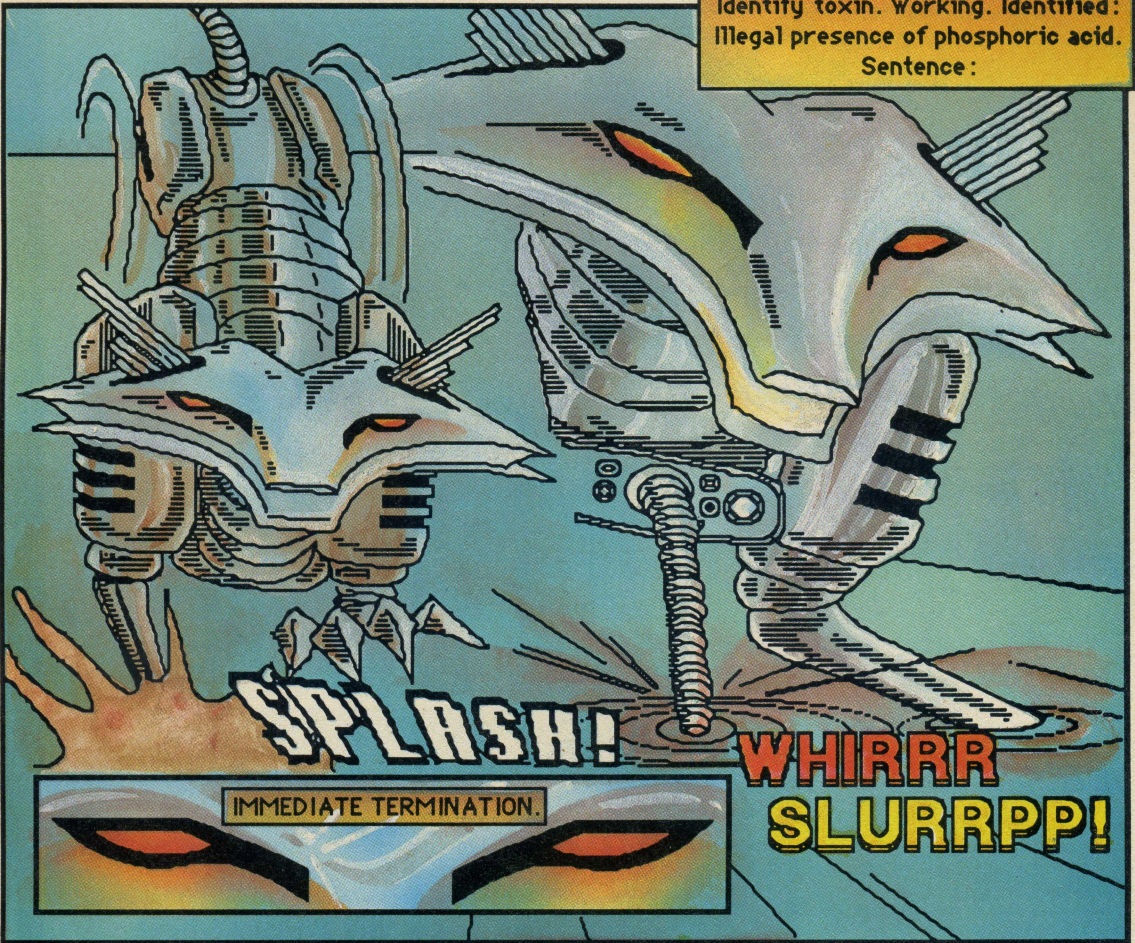
And it's almost
impossible to FIND
anymore.

Oh well,
here goes
SOMETHING.

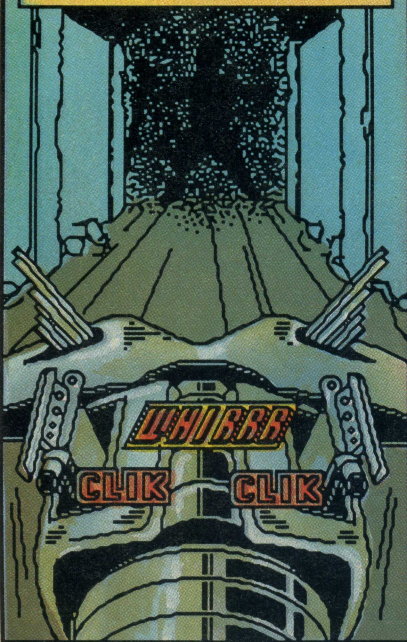
FFI2ZZZZZZZZ

SNIFF-SNIFF

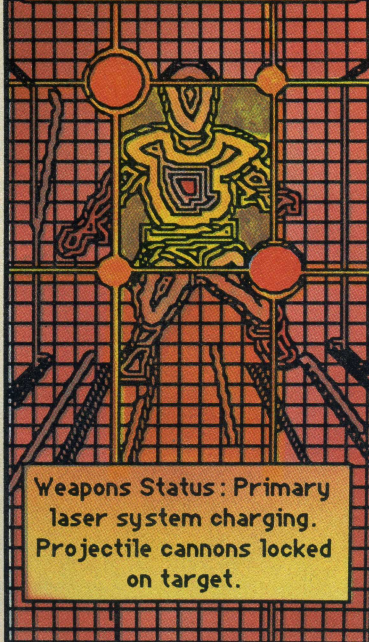
Identify toxin. Working. Identified:
Illegal presence of phosphoric acid.
Sentence:



Weapons Status: Primary
laser system charging.
Activate projectile cannons.



Target Status: Stationary.
Range: 20 meters.

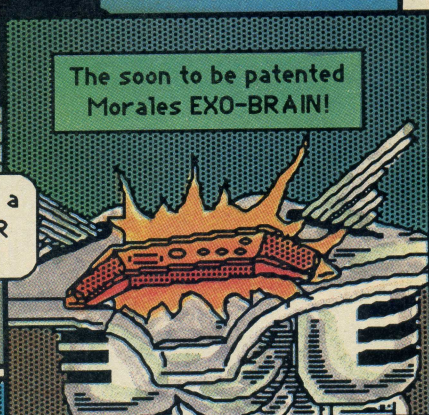
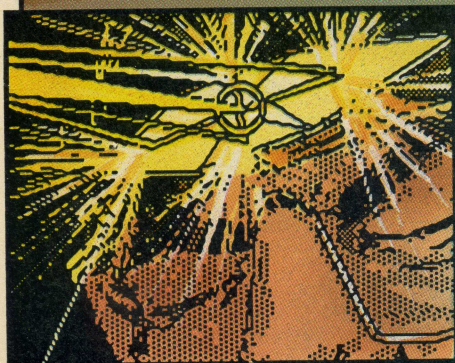


Fire.

KA-CHOW



Woof! That's
cutting it CLOSE!



SHATTER™

56 FIRST COMICS 435 N. LA SALLE ST., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60610

Dear Rick, Steve, Charlie and Peter,

Shatter #11 was truly a masterpiece. Every panel was a work of art. Steve, your coloring was even better than the last two issues. Charlie, your graphics are as wonderful and realistic as ever. The art on page 1 was breathtaking. And Peter, your storylines give the book a nice "Miami Vice" of the future feel.

Rick, keep the Shatter team in line and see if you can get Peter to keep Shatter in Daley City for a while. "The Third World War" is something I would like to forget.

By the way, don't let the graphics look too much more realistic — after all, why have a computerized comic if it doesn't look like it?

Matt Weldon
967 Maple Grove Drive
Greenwood, IN 46143

Because the long range goal is for the computer to be a tool that all artists can use, without producing a jarring difference between "computer" graphics and those produced by other means. Just as computers have revolutionized and expanded the horizons of special effects in film and television, hopefully personal computers will revolutionize and expand the field of comics art. Shatter is just the first step.

Dear Rick,

It seems a lot of people have made accusations about

the storyline of Shatter bearing an uncanny resemblance to that of the movie titled *Bladerunner*. I've never seen the movie, but being a big fan of the late Philip K. Dick, I've read the novel, "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep," on which the movie is based. It is about a guy who hunts down androids illegally imported from Mars with sub-plots about ecology, endangered animals and a new messiah on a derelict earth with a depleted population. Sound like Shatter? Not to me!

On to issue 11. It seems that Sadr is absorbing more than personal talents and traits: he's now taking personalities. Witness his new-found sense of nobility at the fire. Following his instincts doesn't seem to be working well, though. He's going to have to supplement his RNA enhancement with some serious study (after he's thawed out).

Charlie Harris
2657 N. Mountain
Tucson, AZ 85719

I am both a fan of the book and the movie (which bears little resemblance to the former), and I think the comparison between Shatter and Bladerunner (the movie) is on a visual level. The visual "feel" of Daley City is not unlike that of the futuristic Los Angeles in Bladerunner. And if Michael Saenz, Charlie Athanas, and Ridley Scott share the same visual sensibilities, that's fine by me.

Dear Chuang Tzu,

Greetings to you from the 20th century. I was reading Shatter #11 the other day. On page 2, you say you are a reputed international biologist under the name of Hayao Miyazaki. Who? Hayao Miyazaki was a famous Japanese animation director in the 20th century, of whom I happen to be a fan. I am happy to know that you decided to carry on the spirit of Miyazaki in the future by using his name as one of your aliases. As a Shatter and Miyazaki fan in the 20th century and a Mac doodler, I wish to send you some scenes from Miyazaki's movies I generated with FullPaint. Finally, I'll be looking forward to see your further adventures as Shatter's companion in the future issues. I wish you good health.

P.S. By the way, a LaserWriter output of these pictures would have been nice.

Takayuki Karahashi
1529 Cedarwood Drive
San Mateo, CA 94403

Sorry we couldn't reproduce your art here, Takayuki. Next time, send a disk!

Dear Rick,

Shatter was one of the first independent comics I even purchased. After many others have come and gone, I'm still reading Shatter. There have been low points in the series but nothing bad enough to make me want to stop reading.

"Out of the last eleven issues, number nine stands out as the only one that's different. The only one that's uniquely interesting. The only one that doesn't take too many new concepts and introduce them only to abandon them two panels later."

Needless to say, the new look is fantastic! The story may still be good-not-great but the art is improving all the time.

Try not to delve too deeply into Shatter's past. His role as a "mystery" person is almost totally essential to the story line. One aspect of his character that could be explored more is the "con-artist" persona. Con-artists have always interested me, but Shatter has been a let down in this one area. It is shown that devious ways are resorted to in order to achieve certain goals. The basic mechanics of these "schemes" are not shown though.

Sadr/Jack/Herbert would make a great case study for some up and coming psychologist. Shatter doesn't just change his name, clothing and speech with each new identity. He literally changes personalities. Does he do this consciously or is it a case of schizophrenia?

By the way, could I borrow your laser printer? Maybe you could just give it to me for Christmas or something... okay? I'll even trade my old dot-matrix printer for it. Just write off the couple of thousand dollars price difference as a business expense.

T.M. Bald Eagle
5691 Ellicott Street Road
East Bethany, NY 14054

Dear Rick,

In the letter column of issue 11, I can be heard/quoted as saying "If this book [Shatter

#9] is any indication of the turn-a-round to come, then I think I'll renew my subscription." I wrote that at the time because the story and art were both considerably improved with the addition of Charlie Athanas and with your help in the storyline and plotting. Sure, the art wasn't — and still isn't — as good as that first special, but it was a tremendous improvement over the few issues that appeared before. The story, for the first time, was truly involving and, better yet, held my interest. But as soon as you left the position of writer/plotter, Rick, the story turned right back into the direction it was previously heading.

Out of the last eleven issues, number nine stands out as the only one that's different. The only one that's uniquely interesting. The only one that doesn't take too many new concepts and introduce them only to abandon them two panels later. What I'm saying is that Peter Gillis seems not to be doing such a great job on writing Shatter. With your help, Rick, maybe we could get a repeat in the style of issue nine. Otherwise, I think we're going to be following the same ol' type of half-explained, confusing storylines. And do you know what will be the result of such an action? Boredom. That's it, just plain boredom. If something isn't seriously done about the storyline soon, I don't know if us fans will be

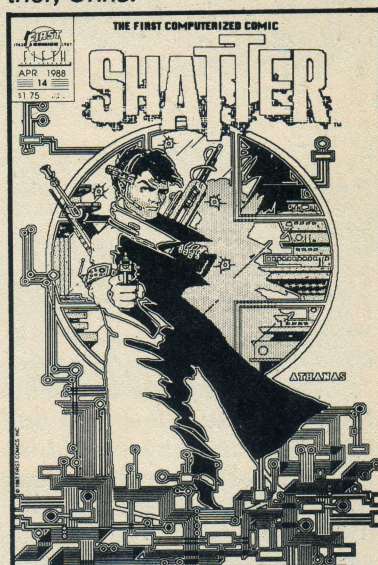
able to hold on much longer.

As for the art, it's fine. Just one suggestion: I think Mr. Athanas should use more thick and thin line to enhance the depth perception of objects. Look at page 20, top panel. We need thicker lines on the cars in the foreground to help distinguish them from the building. At first, I didn't notice they were there.

I hope I didn't ruin your day.

Chris Romano
Address withheld by
request

And I hope this issue of Shatter didn't ruin yours, either, Chris.



NEXT ISSUE: The conclusion of "Utopia, Ltd." by Jay Case and Charlie Athanas.

— Rick Oliver

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