

FIRST
COMICS
DELUXE SERIES

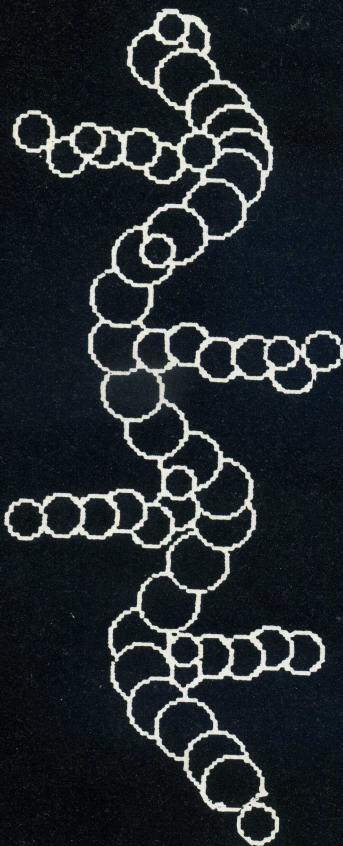
THE FIRST COMPUTERIZED COMIC

JUNE \$1.75
NO. 9
\$2.45 CANADA

SHATTER



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. He has already absorbed the RNA talents of a concert pianist, an artist, and a martial arts expert. 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 — in the company of **Ravenant**, a former employee of IBM (Indian Basin Movement) and Dr. **Chuang Tzu** — leaves the Third World War and ends up in Siberia. There he meets Ludovic, Ludmilla, and... his mother?

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A FIRST COMICS PUBLISHING PRODUCTION

FIRST
COMICS



We're getting warmer.

I haven't been warm since we left the JUNGLE, Philbrick.

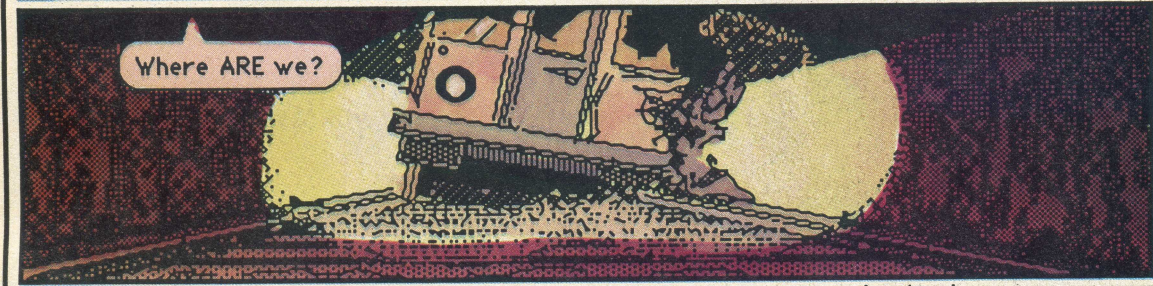


I keep telling you, the name's NOT Philbrick.

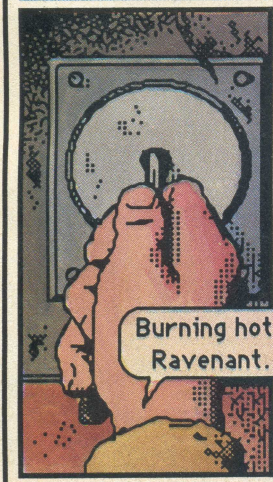
Ah.



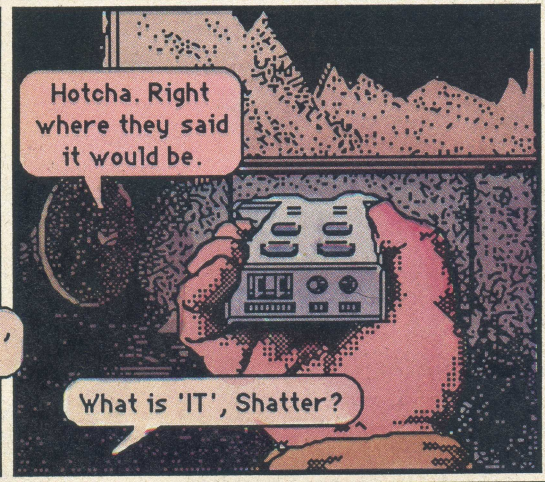
Follow me.



Where ARE we?



Burning hot, Ravenant.

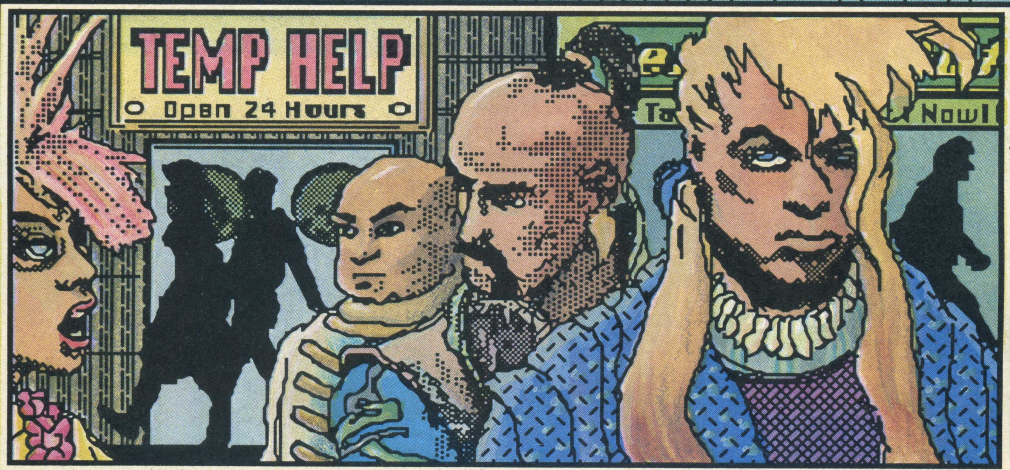


Hotcha. Right where they said it would be.

What is 'IT', Shatter?



My ticket OFF this ride.

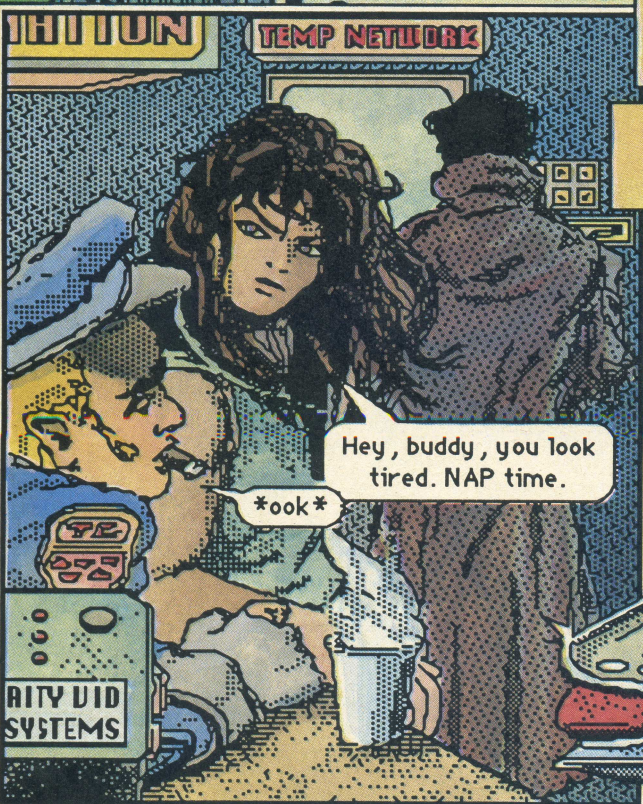


"EXPLAIN yourself, Shatter."

TEMP HELP

"Way too hard, Ravenant. Right now I'm just a DALEY CITY boy hitting the home streets again."

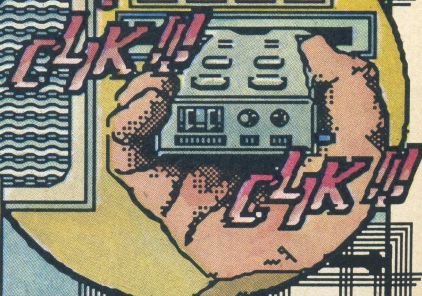
"And a TEMP logging into the JOBNET who wants some PRIVACY. Hm?"



Hey, buddy, you look tired. NAP time.

ook

PERFECT.

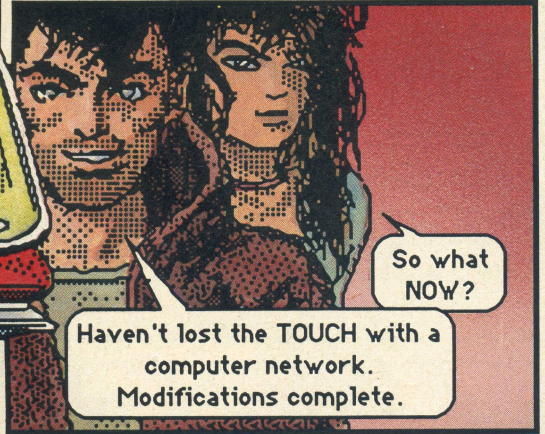


PETER B. GILLIS and RICK OLIVER/story ±
CHARLIE ATHANAS/graphics ± STEVE
OLIFF/colors ± RICK OLIVER/editor

Created by PETER B. GILLIS & MICHAEL SAENZ

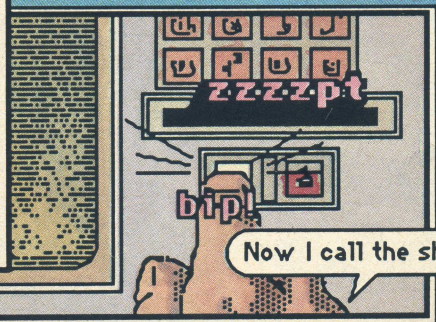
SHATTER™

ALLEY CITY VID



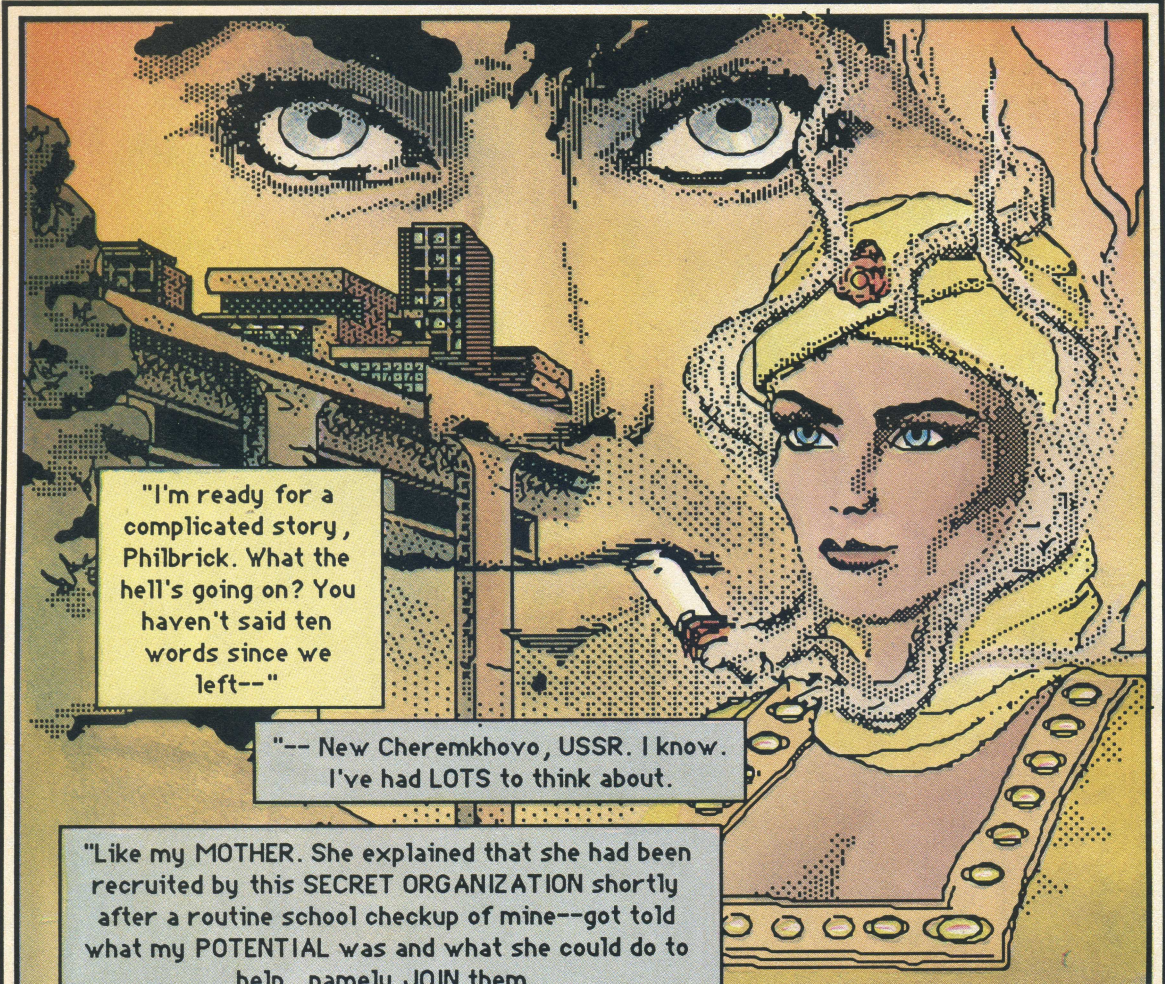
So what
NOW?

Haven't lost the TOUCH with a
computer network.
Modifications complete.



Now I call the shots.

WHIRRA
WHIRRA



"I'm ready for a complicated story, Philbrick. What the hell's going on? You haven't said ten words since we left--"

"-- New Cheremkhovo, USSR. I know. I've had LOTS to think about.


"Like my MOTHER. She explained that she had been recruited by this SECRET ORGANIZATION shortly after a routine school checkup of mine--got told what my POTENTIAL was and what she could do to help...namely JOIN them.

"She also told me that this organization controls a good portion of the world, and they've devoted a lot of energy towards keeping me alive. And then she offered me all the resources of this organization."

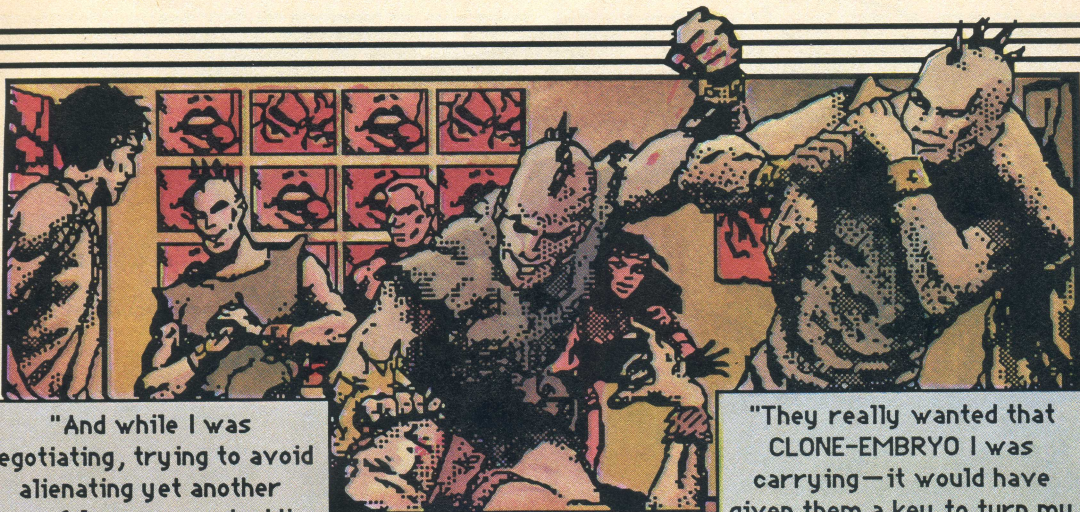
"Sounds pretty good so far. What's wrong?"

"Well, I said NO."

"WHAT?"

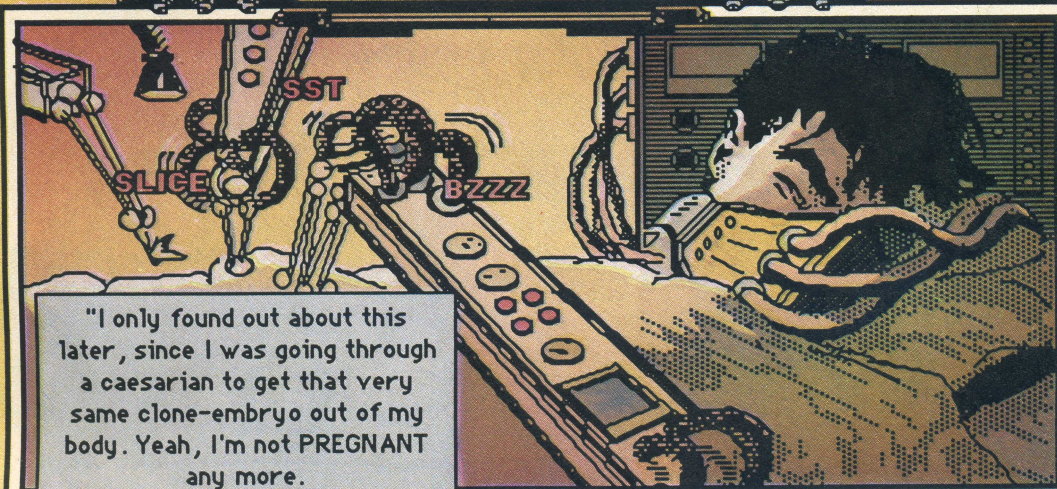
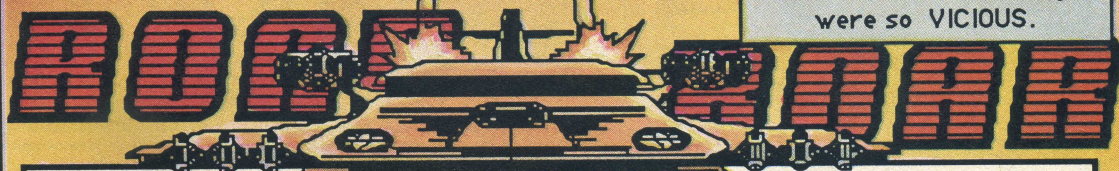


"Well, when she outlined what they ultimately had in mind for me, I had a bit of a problem dealing with it."



"And while I was negotiating, trying to avoid alienating yet another powerful group, our buddies from Singapore had tracked us down and ATTACKED.

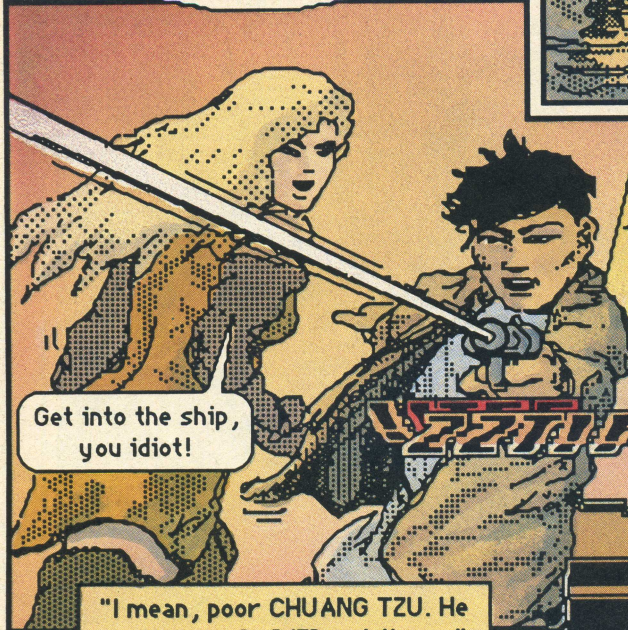
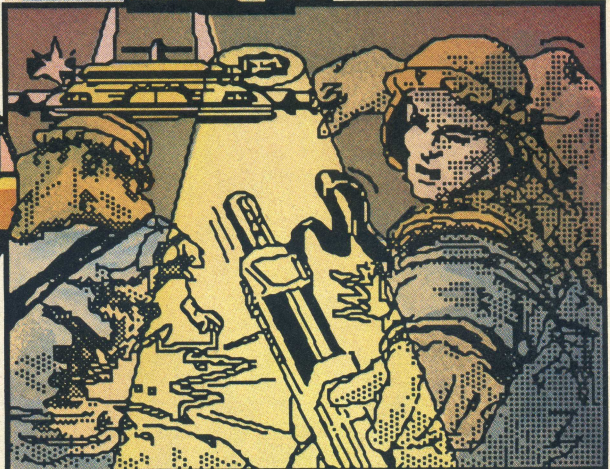
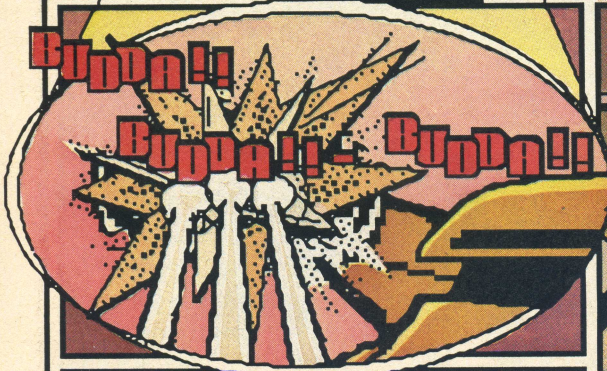
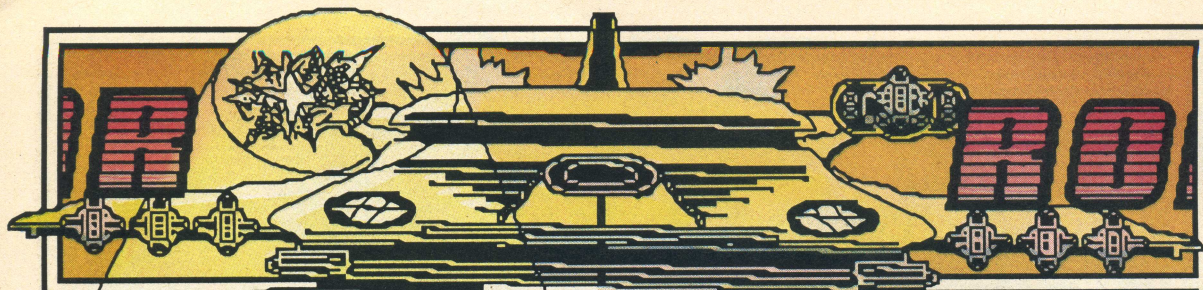
"They really wanted that CLONE-EMBRYO I was carrying—it would have given them a key to turn my biochemistry into a major industry: trafficking in SKILLS. No wonder they were so VICIOUS.



"I only found out about this later, since I was going through a caesarian to get that very same clone-embryo out of my body. Yeah, I'm not PREGNANT any more.



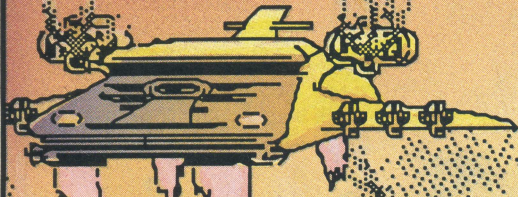
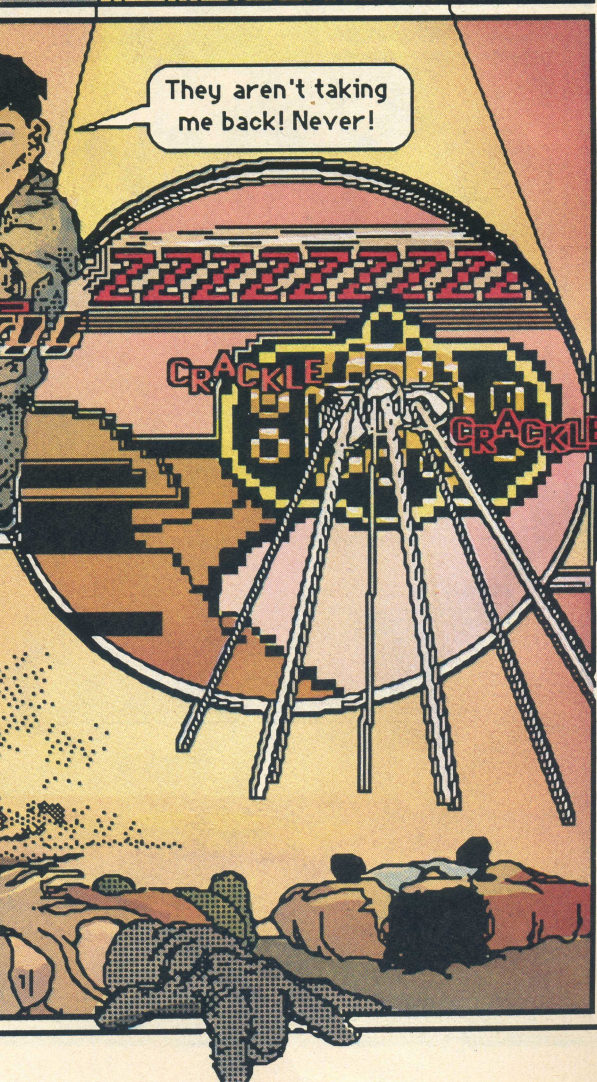
"But I still feel bad about what happened."



Get into the ship,
you idiot!

"I mean, poor CHUANG TZU. He
pretty nearly DIED out there."

They aren't taking
me back! Never!



"You can actually skip this part,
Philbrick."

FAN OUT! Find the sucker
and bring him back intact!

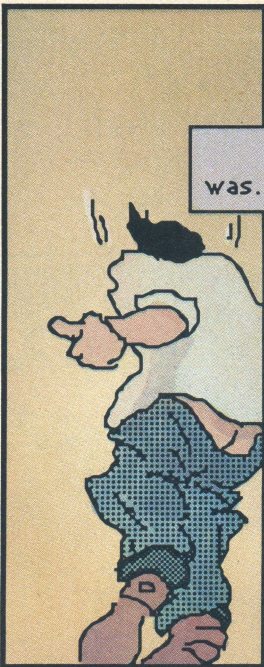
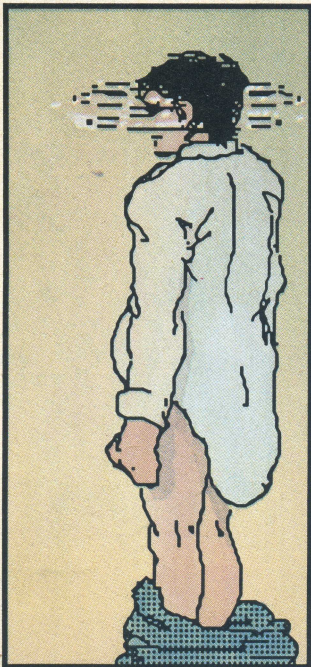
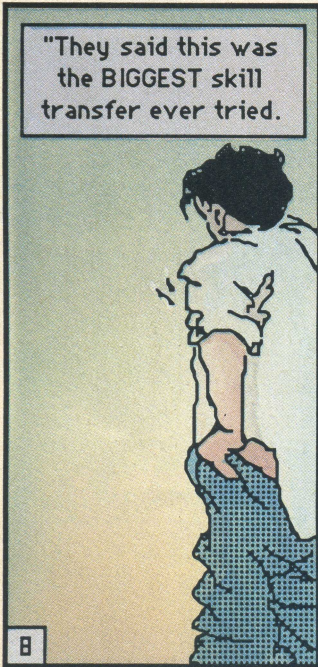
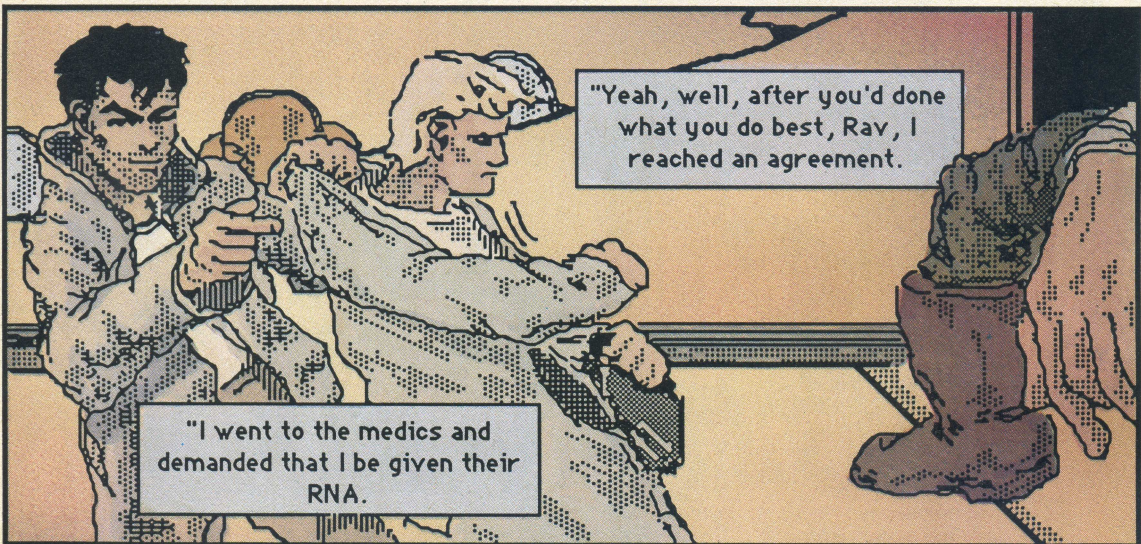
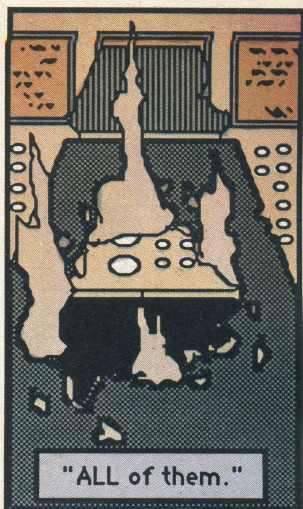
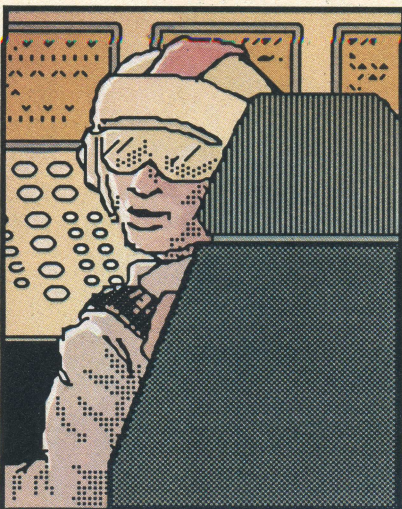
"I was THERE."

KCHATAACK!

KCHATAACK!

KCHATAACK!

"I made them PAY
for what they did."

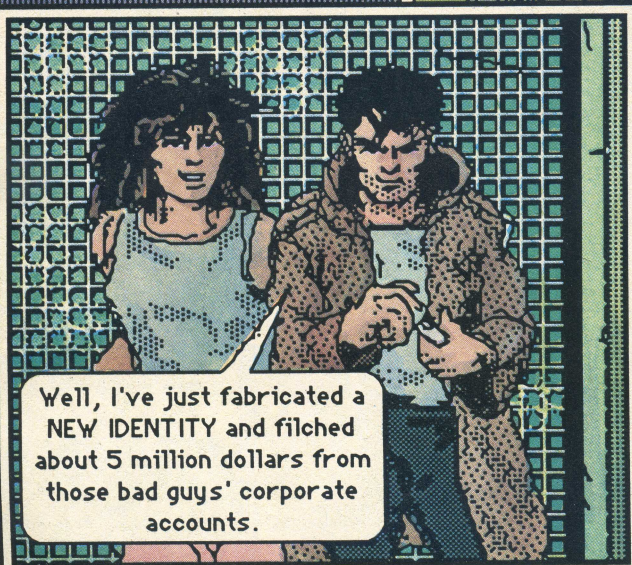


"When I regained consciousness, things were different. VERY DIFFERENT. That's when I knew I had to head home and make some adjustments."



"Ah good. All done."

Well so far it's clear as mud. You still haven't told me who the BAD GUYS are.




Well, I've just fabricated a NEW IDENTITY and filched about 5 million dollars from those bad guys' corporate accounts.

They're the last of a dying breed, Rav. They're trying to keep their old temples of power intact--but the TEMPS and this RNA business are going to CHANGE the way things are done in the world. They think they can stop it, PROFIT by it, by ENSLAVING it...us...me. That makes them the bad guys.


Big Black

The GOOD GUYS are, of course, us.



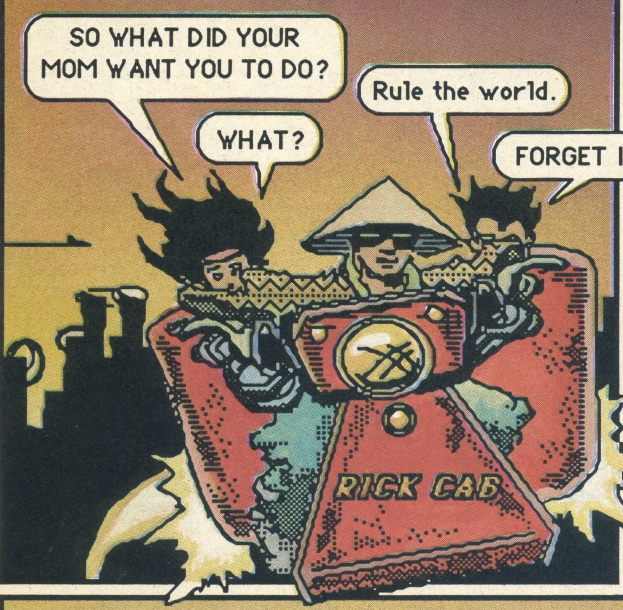
All the folks that have been chasing me--and us--over the globe look at me as a COMMODITY. They seem to have overlooked the fact that absorbing the skills of others through their RNA can make me a DANGEROUS man.

I'm becoming very dangerous, Ravenant.



I'm shaking where I stand.

TAXI!



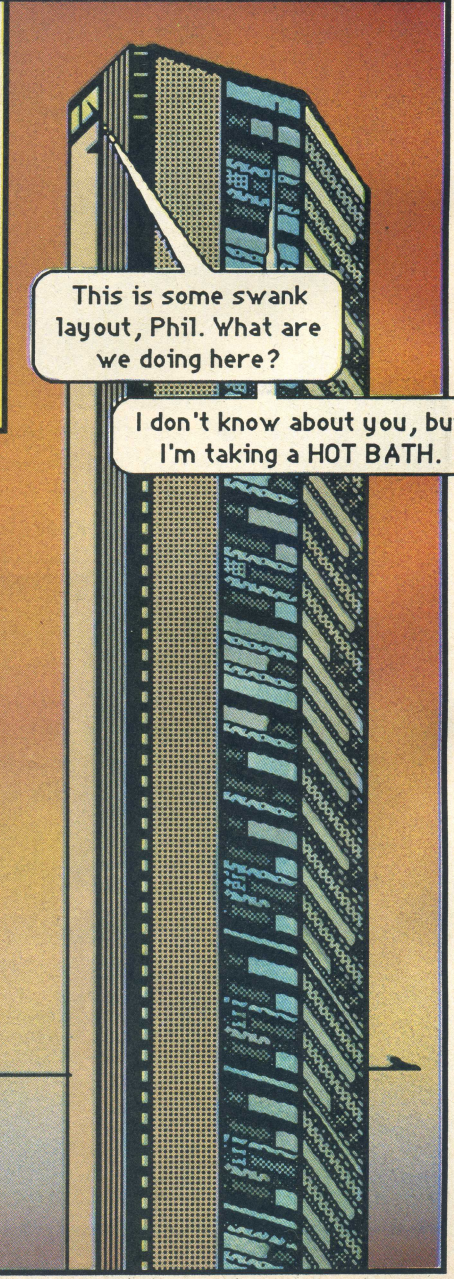
SO WHAT DID YOUR MOM WANT YOU TO DO?

WHAT?

Rule the world.

FORGET IT!

RICK CAB

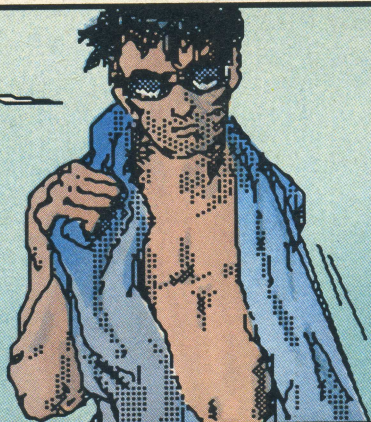


This is some swank layout, Phil. What are we doing here?

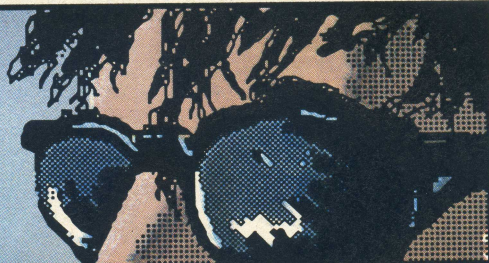
I don't know about you, but I'm taking a HOT BATH.

The thing is, the powers that be
don't think much of mere skills.
Fire a gun well, play the
piano--who cares?

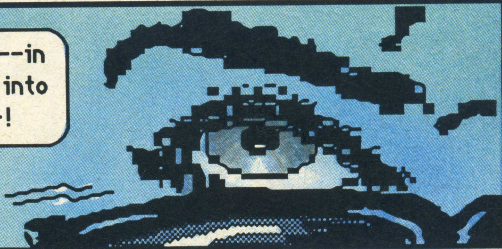
What they don't realize is that
skills aren't like marbles--there's
a CUMULATIVE EFFECT. The whole
is a lot MORE than the sum of its
parts.



Each skill gives you a way of looking at the
world--of ORDERING it--and as they start
fitting TOGETHER, on top of one another, it's
more than this and this and that--you begin to
observe all the various grids AT ONCE--



--You begin to see order--PATTERN--in
everything--and things start falling into
place--start getting very clear--!



Uh-huh. So what?



FIRST NOTES

There's no getting around it — comics just aren't what they used to be. There seems to be some confusion as to *what* they are now; but everyone agrees that they are definitely... *different*.

This is a concept that even I can grasp. Our comics are certainly different. There's no doubt about that. Yes sir. Different. Innovative. There's just no telling what we will do next. We spend a lot of time thinking of ways to expand the comics market — which usually means doing something different. Like adapting the classic poem *Beowulf*. Like interjecting realism into comics such as *Jon Sable*, *Freelance* and *Whisper*. Like taking a new approach to the "superhero" concept in *Badger* and *Nexus*. Like introducing Japanese comics to the American market with *Lone Wolf and Cub*.

Comics with a difference. Not the image normally conjured up when your average Joe thinks about "comics." So we better slap a rating system on them.

Say *what?* A rating system? Three and a half years ago when we introduced *American Flagg!* — one of the most innovative comics of the decade — there wasn't any talk about rating systems. Have irate parents begun to call the police upon seeing the latest issue of *Grimjack*? Is *Shatter* too risqué for younger readers? If the answer to either of these questions is "yes," nobody's told me about it.

So why all this recent talk about rating systems? Why are some otherwise responsible individuals lobbying for a comics rating system potentially as stultifying and arbitrary as the outmoded Comics Code?

Why? Because of a handful of irresponsible publishers.

There are those who confuse bad taste with "artistic freedom" and mistake vulgarity for "progressive thinking." In short, there are some publishers who will print pretty much anything.

First Comics is not one of them. We have a set of guidelines for our comic books. We always have. The rules are simple: We don't use any words or portray any scenes in our comics that you couldn't hear or see on network television. It may be a fine line of distinction; but the important point is that there *is* a line. On rare occasions, we inadvertently cross that line. Mistakes happen. A rating system won't eliminate those infrequent mistakes. There are plenty of "Code Approved" comics that violate the current Comics Code.

A few of our graphic novels use language that is expressly excluded from our regular comic books; but that's about as far as we go. The advertising and promotion for our English language translation of the Japanese Samurai epic, *Lone Wolf and Cub*, will advise consumers and retailers that this material is "For Mature Readers," because Japan -

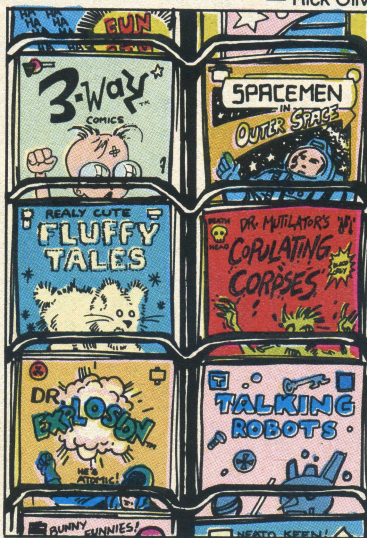
ese comics standards are considerably different from ours, and we feel we have a responsibility to inform the public in advance.

But this is the exception that proves the rule. With the vast majority of comics we publish, we exert the proper restraint and control necessary to obviate the need for any warning labels or rating systems.

Why? Because First Comics is a dependable, *responsible* publisher, interested in *expanding* the comics market, not restricting it. If we can appeal to a wider audience by eliminating a couple offensive words here and a few gratuitous scenes there, then it's in our best interest to convince creators to moderate their approach rather than restrict their readership with a warning label or a rating system.

And if a rating system is imposed on comics, it won't be because of anything published by First Comics.

— Rick Oliver



FIRST IN FEBRUARY

Nexus #33: What happens when the Dude takes a few months off? He comes back at full throttle with a tour de force as Creed and Sinclair, two seemingly unstoppable killing machines, threaten to destroy an entire planet! By **Mike Baron**, **Steve Rude** and **John Nyberg**. Plus *Tales of Judah* by **Roger Salick** and **Al Vey**. Deluxe series.

Badger #24: When Badger takes over a friend's karate class he finds there's a new martial arts school in town. One with nasty-looking students, dubious morals and one hard rule — always get in the first "Cheap Shot." By **Mike Baron**, **Bill Reinhold** and **Jim Sanders**. Plus *Clonezone* by **Baron** and **Mark A. Nelson**. Deluxe series.

Evangeline #2: The origin of Evangeline begins to unfold as she remembers her childhood, her first encounter with brutal violence, and the terrible choices that would determine her future. By **Chuck Dixon**, **Judith Hunt** and **Ricardo Villagran**. Deluxe series.

Ghostbusters #4: Jake and the gang investigate strange happenings in the Florida Everglades. By **Hilarie Staton**, **Howard Bender**, and **Paul Abrams**. Based on Filmation's new animated cartoon show on the air in over 80% of the U.S. television markets.

Grimjack #35: This issue sets the scene for the death of a *very* major character in next month's third anniversary issue. John Gaunt tackles the Lawkillers in a cataclysmic confrontation with far-reaching repercussions that will alter the very nature of *Grimjack*. By **John Ostrander** and **Tom Mandrake**. And Munden's Bar by **Ostrander** and **Jan Duursema**.

Whisper #7: Alexis Devin has died, disappeared, been deleted. But Diane Young is starting a new life in Los Angeles' Little Tokyo — and so is *Whisper*. By **Steven Grant** and **Norm Breyfogle**. Bi-monthly series.

American Flagg! #41: Reuben and company find a not-quite-deserted robot factory in the desert outside of Las Vegas. Something very weird is going on, but not as weird as Luther Ironheart's reaction! By **Marc DeMattels** and **Mark Badger**.

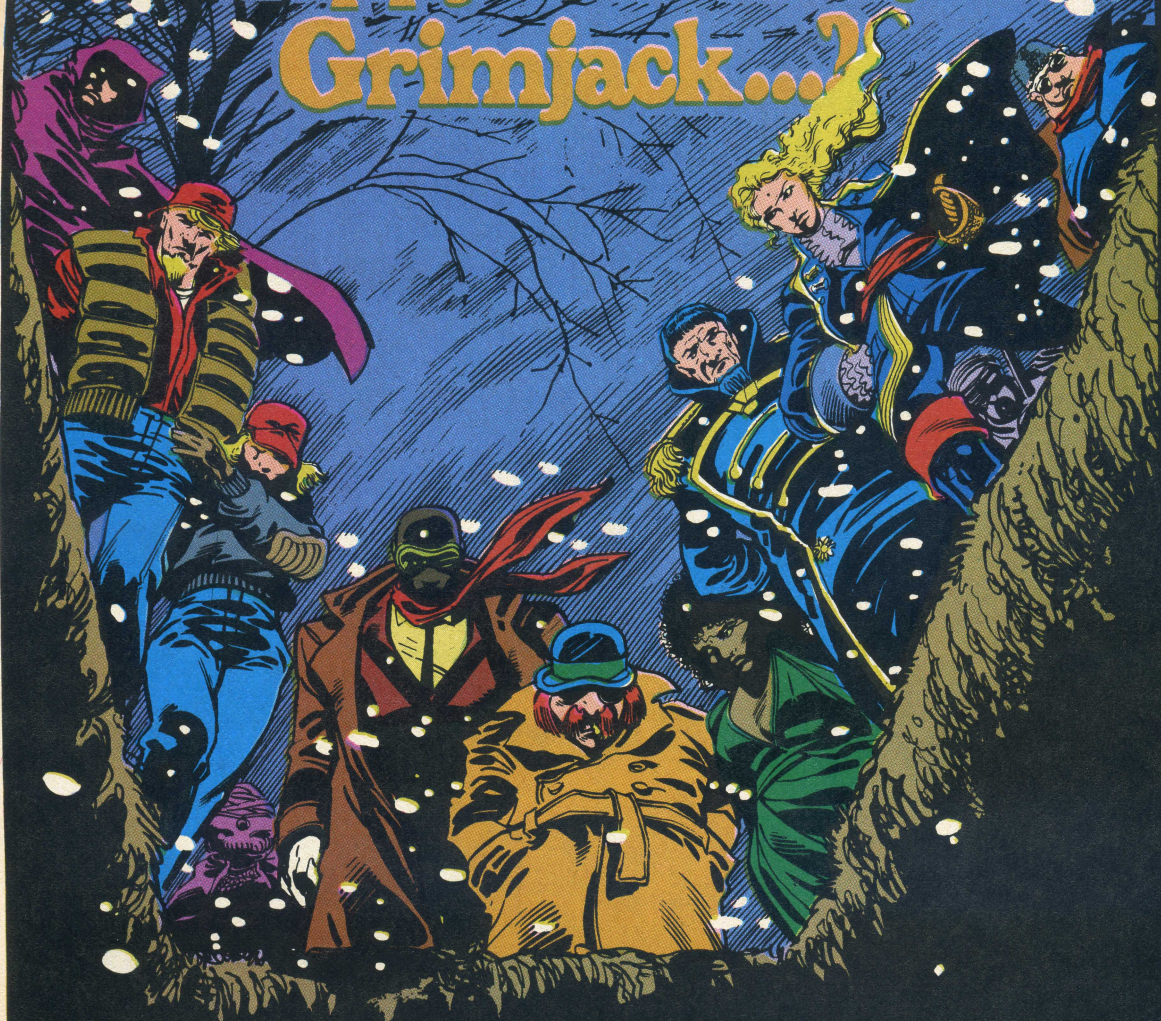
Dynamo Joe #8: Pomru decides to run some new "experiments" on Dynamo Joe little knowing the Enemy has some experiments of their own in mind using — *gremlins*? By **Phil Foglio**, **Doug Rice** and **Brian Thomas**. And *Cargonauts* by **Foglio** and **Paul Guinan**.

Jon Sable, Freelance #48: Jon is asked to handle the security for a visit by royalty to a small European duchy. And his first official act when he arrives? To get kidnapped! By **Mike Grell** and **Mike Manley**. Deluxe series.

Elric: Weird of the White Wolf #5: The conclusion of **Michael Moorcock's** *The Singing Citadel* by **Roy Thomas**, **Michael T. Gilbert** and **George Freeman**. Deluxe, bi-monthly series.

Shatter #9: The first computerized comic enters a new phase as renowned computer artist **Charlie Athanas** takes the artistic helm, utilizing the most recent software and hardware developments to steer *Shatter* on a new course of unparalleled, high-tech graphic storytelling. Deluxe, bi-monthly series.

**Happy Birthday
Grimjack...?**



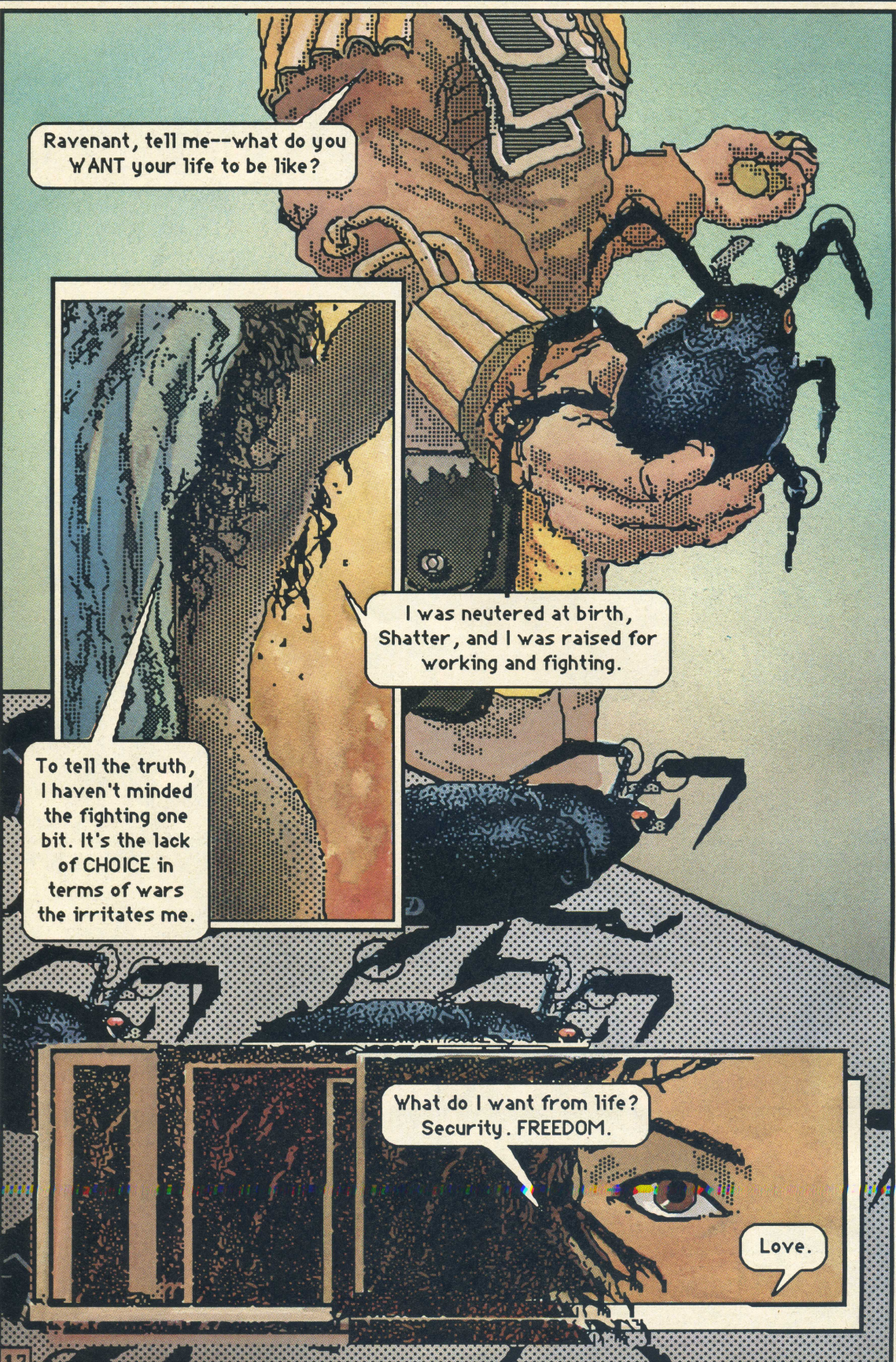
**Special
Third Anniversary Issue**

Grimjack 36

COMING IN MARCH FROM

**FIRST
COMICS**
COUNT ON US.

TM & © 1987 FIRST COMICS, INC.



Ravenant, tell me--what do you
WANT your life to be like?

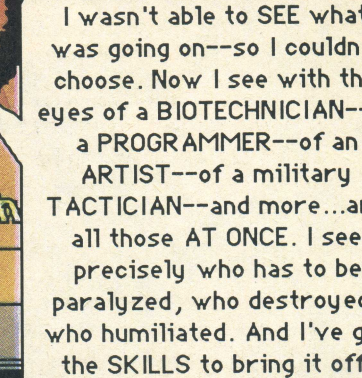
I was neutered at birth,
Shatter, and I was raised for
working and fighting.

To tell the truth,
I haven't minded
the fighting one
bit. It's the lack
of CHOICE in
terms of wars
the irritates me.

What do I want from life?
Security. FREEDOM.

Love.

My sentiments exactly. Nobody--not even mom and her bunch--offered me a CHOICE of wars. That's what this is all about.



I wasn't able to SEE what was going on--so I couldn't choose. Now I see with the eyes of a BIOTECHNICIAN--of a PROGRAMMER--of an ARTIST--of a military TACTICIAN--and more...and all those AT ONCE. I see precisely who has to be paralyzed, who destroyed, who humiliated. And I've got the SKILLS to bring it off. Now I see MY war.

Maybe that's why we get along, Philbrick. We both have real BAD ATTITUDES.

I'm beginning to hate that name.

There's something out here I want you to try on.

HMMM HMM HMM HMM HMM HMM HMM

I'm beginning to hate that name.

There's something out here I want you to try on.

HMMM HMM HMM HMM HMM HMM HMM

HMM HMM H

I realize that.

Hope it's my S to get stu

HMM HMM H

I realize that.

Hope it's my S to get stu

HMM HMM H

I realize that.

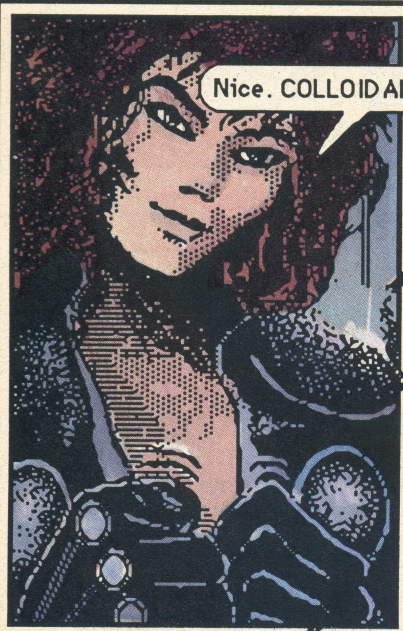
Hope it's my S to get stu

One size fits all,



na'am.

"gonna pitch
a--wang dang
doodle--"



Nice. COLLOIDAL ARMOR?



Must've COST a fortune.



I know. Isn't ROOM SERVICE wonderful?

Let me.



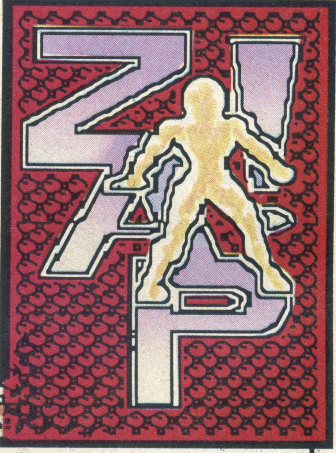
A smart MYOSKELETON too. What is it--10x?



Because your heart is pure. Here, let's power you up.

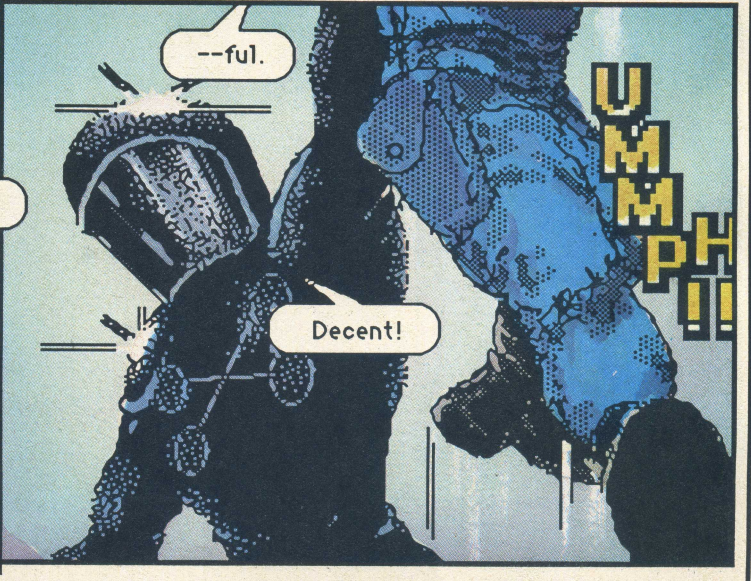
It'll be clumsy at first, so be care--

HMMHMMHMM



--KYIII!

THRUST



--ful.

Decent!

U
M
M
P
H
!!



This is the nicest present anyone's ever given me!

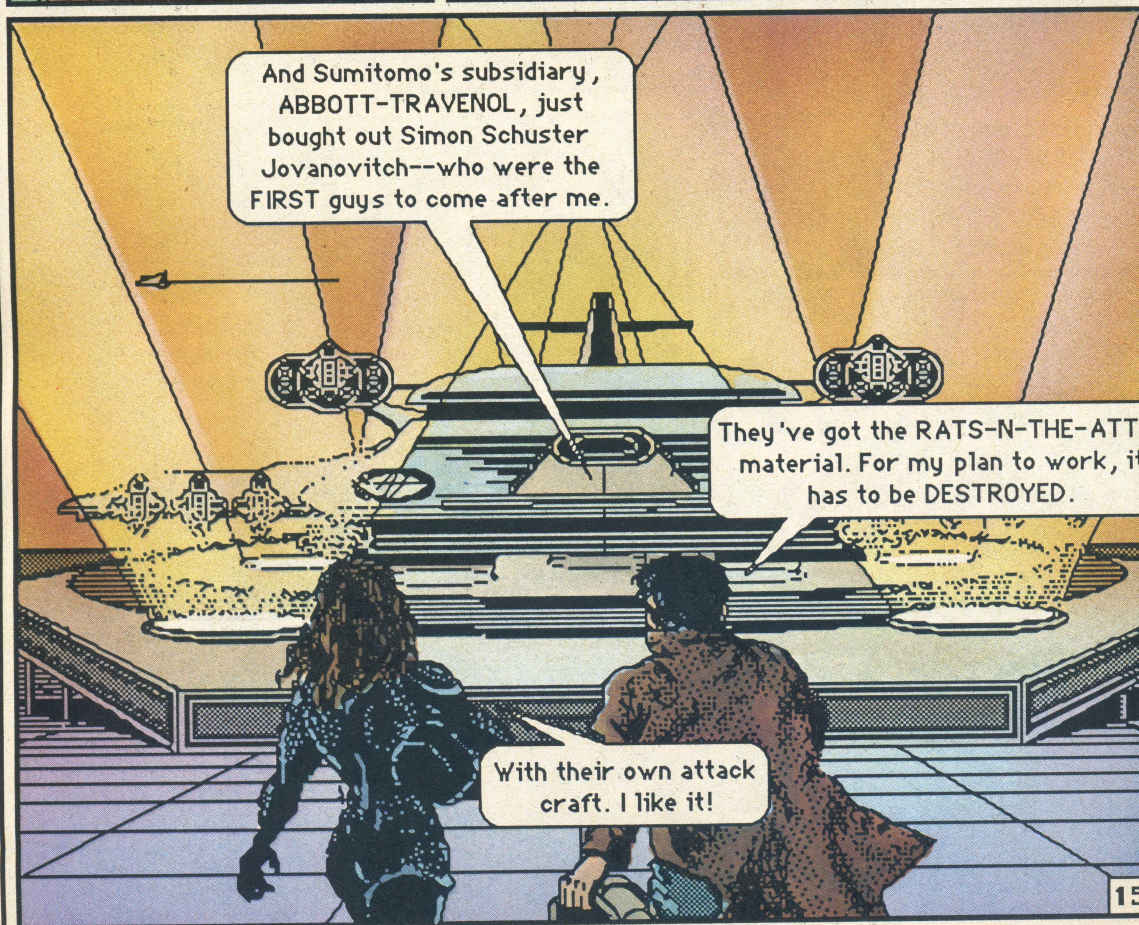
Yr wlcme. nw l t go v me.



So why the COMBAT gear? Who do we KILL?



The folks who hit us in Cheremkhovo were employees of Sumitomo-Wells Fargo. Thank you, mom.



And Sumitomo's subsidiary, ABBOTT-TRAVENOL, just bought out Simon Schuster Jovanovitch--who were the FIRST guys to come after me.

They've got the RATS-N-THE-ATTIC material. For my plan to work, it has to be DESTROYED.

With their own attack craft. I like it!

Daley City aerial
control: logging in.

Logged.

I've got this registered
under the new ID of
HORST WESSEL, but--

--but it won't FOOL them for
long. I'm strapping in.

MMMBUZZ:Click:Whirrrr

MMMBUZZ:Click:

--here they
come.

ROAR

No shots yet. They're
being cagey.

Let's get some
ROOM to MOVE.

PIZZA
delicious

No Tiny

EX
DY

Strapped in,
Philbrick.

All right, Dorothy--

--LET'S
GO!

Awright
hotshots--but can
you do--

WILK
CAB
BUILD

TS
Y

--THIS?

That's two!

Rav!

I've got 'em!

SNICK

Three!

KABOOM!

FLIP

and Four!

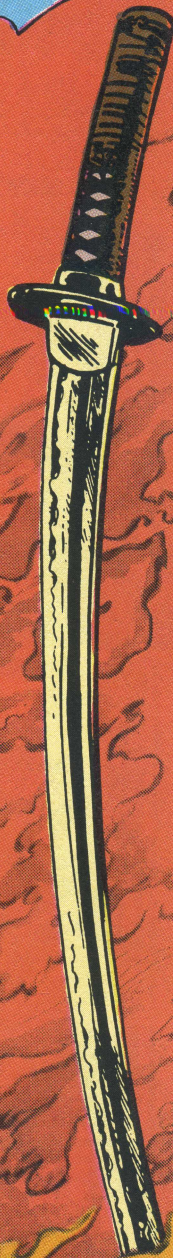
EXPLODE!

I love you, too.

Good work, Miss Gale.

THE
INTERNATIONAL
PUBLISHING EVENT OF 1987.
Over six million copies sold!

THE ULTIMATE
SAMURAI ADVENTURE
COMES TO AMERICA!

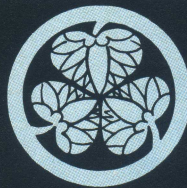


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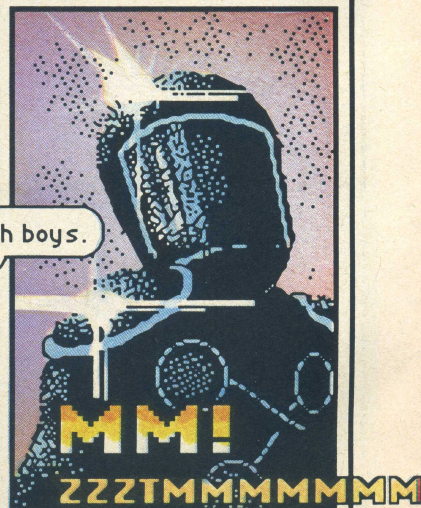
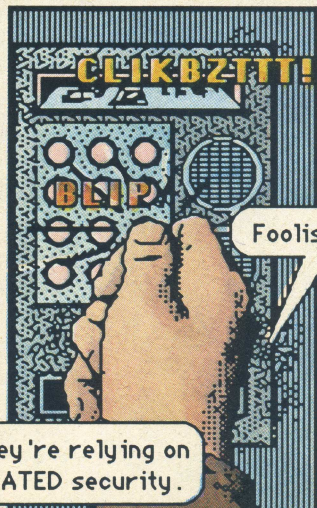
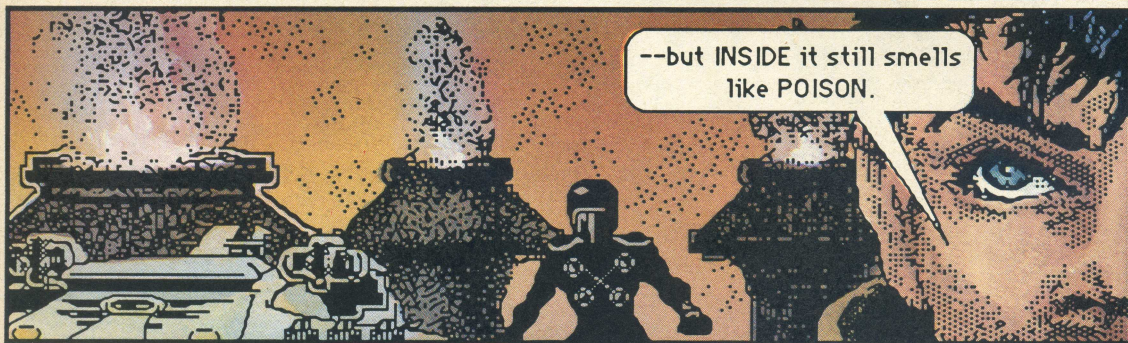
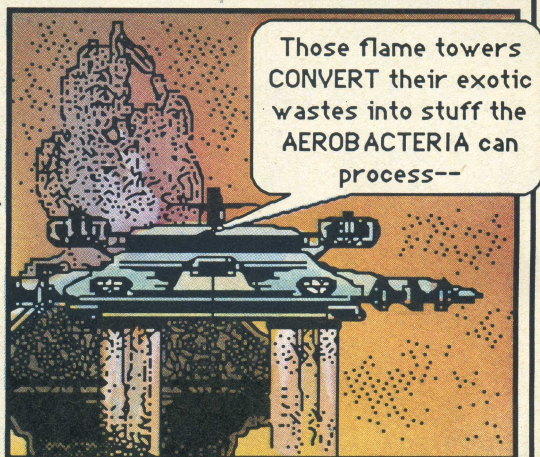
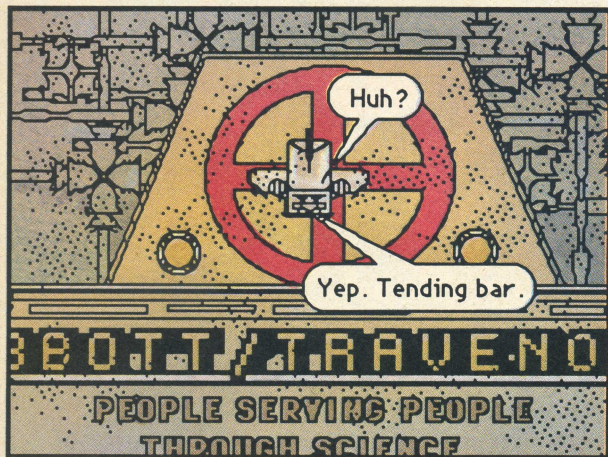
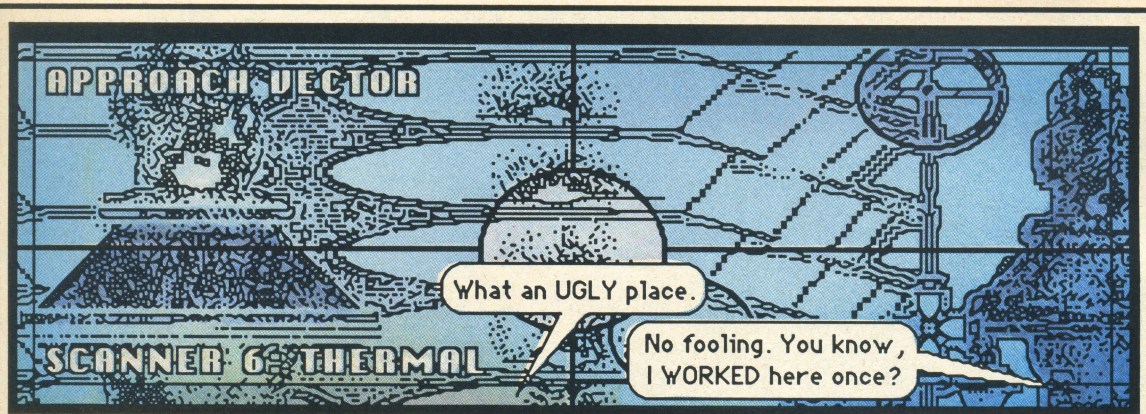
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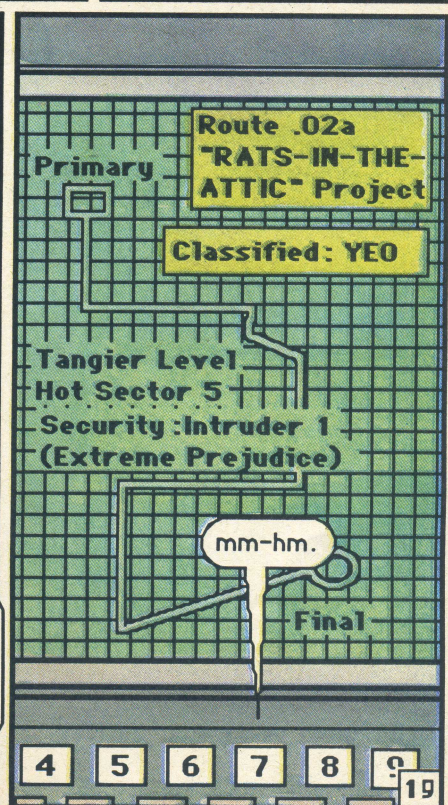
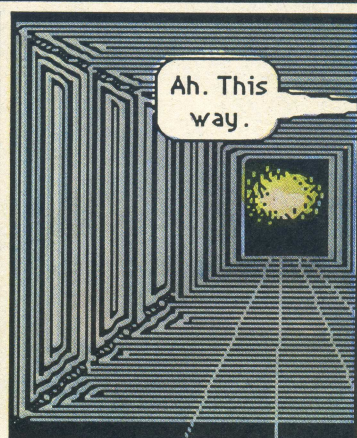
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I've brought up
the successive
ALARM
SYSTEMS for
status check at
one minute
intervals, so we
have to move.

They really
should have
more HUMAN
guards.

Intruder Alert: Sector 3 Terminate/Extreme Prejudice

05
Lab

Resonance
Diagnostics

When I see the
president, I'll advise
him.

Security Status: Temporary Hold
<Command Override> <<Executive Privilege>>

28
Lab/X
2c

Simulated
Disease
Systems'

Philbrick,
what the hell
are--

Rats-N-The
Attic Project

Hold it.

RESTRICTED

There's no way of
REROUTING the alarms
on THIS one, so--

--it's
SHOWTIME!

SNIK!




We're having trouble
with the PICTURE, Phil.

Switch to INFRARED.




CLICK: HMMM




I'm keeping the guards
away, Shatter.

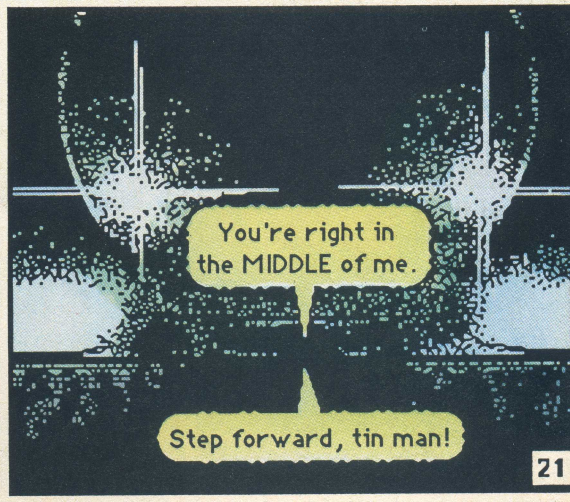
Where are you?



Hello, Shatter.

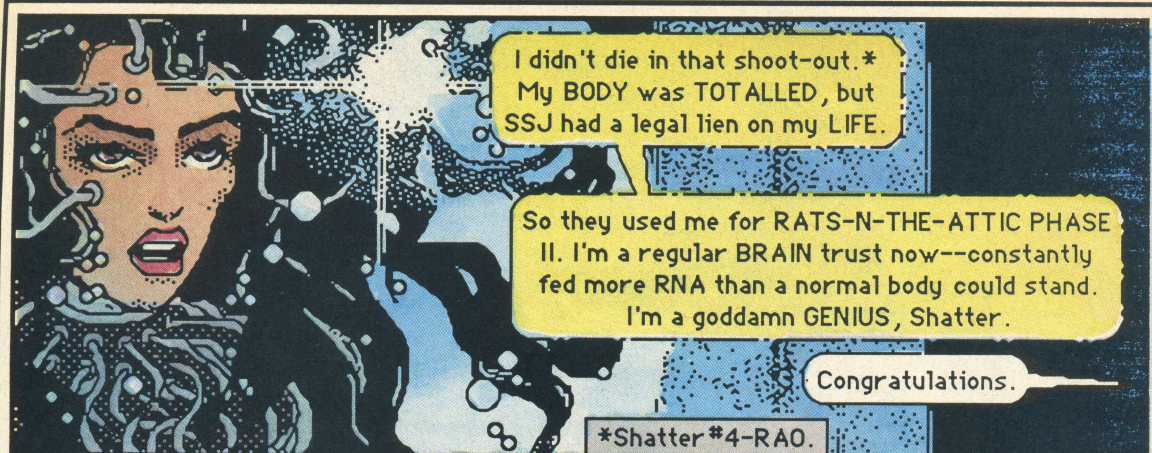


You'd better
watch out.
You'd better
not cry.



You're right in
the MIDDLE of me.

Step forward, tin man!



I didn't die in that shoot-out.*
My BODY was TOTALLED, but
SSJ had a legal lien on my LIFE.

So they used me for RATS-N-THE-ATTIC PHASE
II. I'm a regular BRAIN trust now--constantly
fed more RNA than a normal body could stand.
I'm a goddamn GENIUS, Shatter.

Congratulations.

*Shatter#4-RAO.



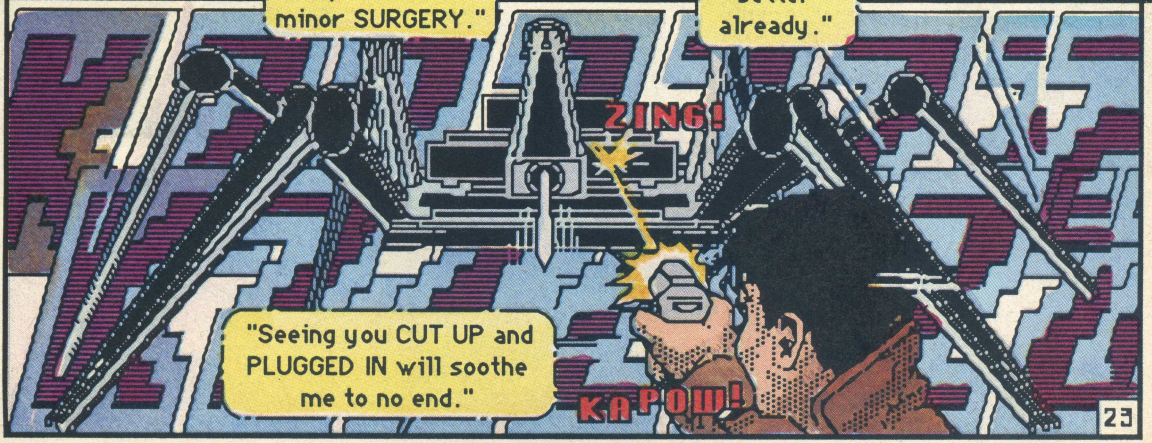
It
HURTS.

The only thing that's kept
me SANE is envisioning
REVENGE on you.

I convinced management that you could be
lured here with the Rats-N-the-Attic
stores of RNA and then hooked up into the
network with my other...friends, here.

"Of course, that
requires some
minor SURGERY."

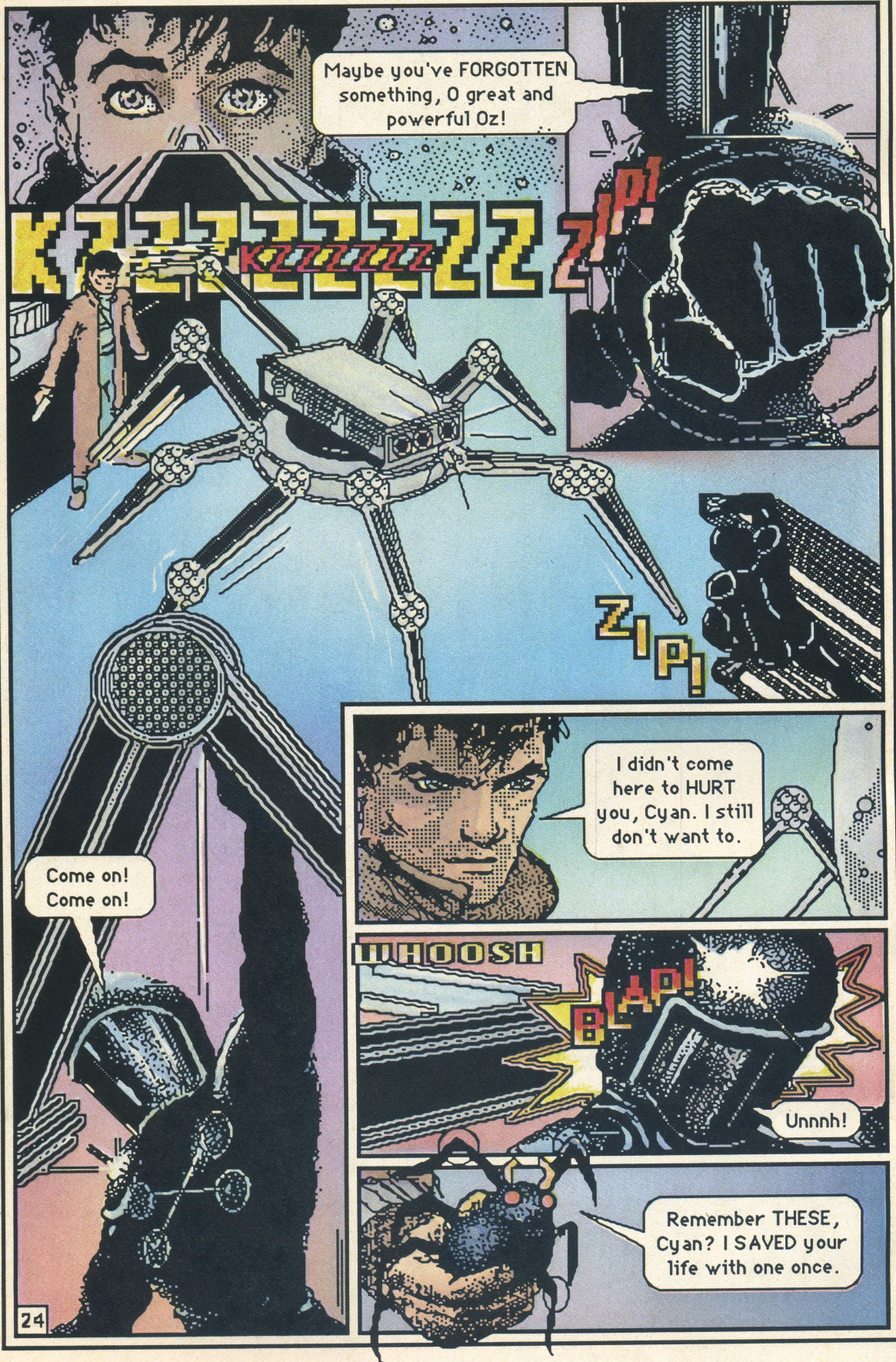
"I'm feeling
better
already."



ZING!

"Seeing you CUT UP and
PLUGGED IN will soothe
me to no end."

KR-POW!



Maybe you've FORGOTTEN something, O great and powerful Oz!

KZZZZZZZZZZ

ZIP!

ZIP!

Come on!
Come on!

I didn't come here to HURT you, Cyan. I still don't want to.

WHOOSH

BLAP!

Unnnh!

Remember THESE, Cyan? I SAVED your life with one once.

A man and a woman are standing on a rooftop at night. The woman, on the left, has long dark hair and is wearing a dark, form-fitting outfit. The man, on the right, has dark hair and is wearing a light-colored jacket over a blue shirt and blue jeans. They are looking down at something in the man's hands. In the background, there is a cityscape with buildings and a large, dark, cloud-like shape in the sky.

You
okay?

She must've been wired up to the
brains of over a HUNDRED
specialists. It'll take a while to
ASSIMILATE it all.

And after that?

A close-up of a woman's eyes, looking directly at the viewer. The eyes are blue and have a determined, intense expression. The skin around the eyes is dark and textured.

We CLEAN UP this town.

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TIME BEAVERS

TIME ²

Count On It!

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HE RAISED THE FLAGG. THEN RESURRECTED THE SHADOW.
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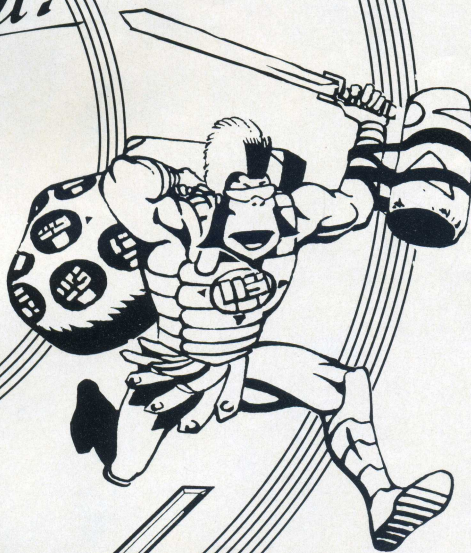


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