

**FIRST**  
COMICS  
DELUXE SERIES

OCT. \$1.75  
NO. 5  
\$2.45 CANADA

# SHATTER™

© 1986 FIRST COMICS, INC.



# SHATTER™

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

Dear Steven and Rick:

Well, well. It seems to me that Shatter is alive and actually fun to read. I thought the departure of guiding light Mike Saenz would spell the end of this book, or at least the very least mark a serious drop in Shatter's quality. I'm thrilled to discover that, if anything, this comic is even better now. It seems tighter, with less waste in terms of the story. Even the art is fine, as far as I'm concerned, and judging by the preview cover for Shatter #4, it is even going to get more and more refined. My only problem with issue #3, oddly enough, was with the coloring. Oh, don't get me wrong... Les Dorscheid did a fantastic job throughout. It's just that I found the yellow tone that he used really jarring visually. ( But then, I suppose it is possible that this is something which didn't bother anyone but me.)

Conrad P. Felber  
P.O. Box 855  
Terrace Bay, Ontario  
Canada POT 2W0

Dear Shatter-ers:

From the direction Steven Grant, Steve Erwin, and Bob Dienethal are taking Shatter, it is clear that they have a good understanding of where Gillis and Saenz are coming from. Not just the computer art, but many other story elements are consistent as well: the fast story pace, the not-stop action, the mind-boggling backdrop images of the city, characters drawn consistently with the way Saenz drew them, even panel layouts.

If I have any complaints, it's that the story moved *too* fast. Let me re-cap a few points and make sure I got everything straight. Carolyn Kuhl quit SSJ in Jon Sable Freelance #26, so she was being straight with Cyan when she said all she wanted from Cyan was her testimony on SSJ (which raises the question: If Kuhl had quit, why was she still living in SSJ employee quarters?). Cyan then killed Kuhl and took over SSJ (raising more questions: Did Cyan impersonate Kuhl by wearing her wig or did Cyan somehow manage to take over SSJ legally under her own name? And if she took over legally, why did she bother with wig at all? Finally, why was Kuhl wearing a wig in the first place?).

Dave Berkebile  
910 SW Walnut Terrace  
Boca Raton, FL 33432

*It's not too difficult to imagine a future in which the bureaucratic wheels still grind slowly, despite computerization, and one can still take advantage of certain executive privileges for a short time after one has been "terminated." Kind of like stolen credit cards.*

*As for the wig: Cyan used it as a temporary disguise. Carolyn probably used it for the traditional reason... vanity.*

Dear Editor:

The preference for computer art that looks computer-generated is reasonable, I believe. While wanting science to hold off on refinements in computer graphics wouldn't be especially defensible, an appreciation for the highly unusual appearance of computer art as it stands now, or for that matter, as it stood before an efficient smoothing function had been developed, is fully as justifiable as appreciation for a medium as "dead" in the wake of technology as the woodcut. All discussion of the pros and cons of computer graphics looking computer-generated will change in basic nature once technology takes computer graphics beyond the idiosyncratic look we know today into an era of seamless mimesis of other media because, from that day, there will no longer be such a thing as a computer-generated look, unless it's arrived at by the self-conscious affectation of a return to the past, and at this time such a consideration is academic.

It can certainly be argued that sophisticated mimesis of other media is foolish, and no less an affectation. I know you look forward to the expansion of the computer's graphics capabilities, but if expansion results in the computer being used, perhaps exclusively, to produce art "which will be indistinguishable from [that done] by more 'conventional' means, what is that, if not a development in computer art toward mimesis of other media? In any case, an artist's "freezing" his computer graphics at 1984 or 1985 stages of refinement would be as unassailable an aesthetic choice as his choosing to work in, say, oils or etching, to name two arts that become as old or as new, in application, as the artist desires.

Austin Kyr  
3818 W. Jefferson St.  
New Albany, IN 47150

*You raise some interesting points, but I feel there may be some slight flaws in your logic. First of all, the severe limitation of exclusivity is one you impose to bolster your point of view, not one I proposed or support. I see the ability to do what has been done before as a jumping off point, a minimal prerequisite for advancement.*

*Secondly, but perhaps more importantly, your analogy would be more relevant if you conjured up images of burnt sticks tracing stick figures on cave walls... or maybe an Etch-A-Sketch. Because the fact is what we are doing with the Macintosh doesn't even begin to scratch the surface of what*

computers are already capable of doing -- it merely illustrates what you can do on a remarkably low budget.

The real revolution we are touting with Shatter is the evolution of hardware and software that practically anyone with talent can utilize without having huge sums of cash or an advanced degree in computer science.



NEXT ISSUE: Peter B. Gillis, Steve Erwin, and Bob Dienethal bring us part two of "The Third World War!"

-- Rick Oliver


Rick Obadiah, Publisher  
Rick Oliver, Editorial Director  
Laurel Fitch, Editorial Coordinator  
Alex Wald, Art Director  
Rick Taylor, Production Manager

Ralph C. Musicant,  
Financial Director  
Kathy Kotsivas,  
Operations/Sales Director

SHATTER™ Vol. 1, No. 5, October, 1986. Published by FIRST COMICS, INC., OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 435 N. LaSalle, Chicago IL 60610. Published bi-monthly. Copyright © 1986 First Comics, Inc. All rights reserved. Price: \$1.75 in the U.S. Subscription rates for twelve issues: \$21.00 in the U.S., \$23.00 in Canada, and \$40.00 foreign rate. All payments must be in U.S. funds. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this publication are entirely fictional. Theoretical implications are up to you. No actual persons, living or dead, without satiric content are intended or should be inferred. Shatter and all prominent characters featured in this issue are trademarks of First Comics, Inc. Printed in the U.S.A. Application to mail at second class postage rates is pending at Chicago, IL 60607. POSTMASTER: Send all address changes to Shatter, c/o First Comics, Inc., 435 N. LaSalle, Chicago IL 60610.

A FIRST COMICS  
PUBLISHING PRODUCTION



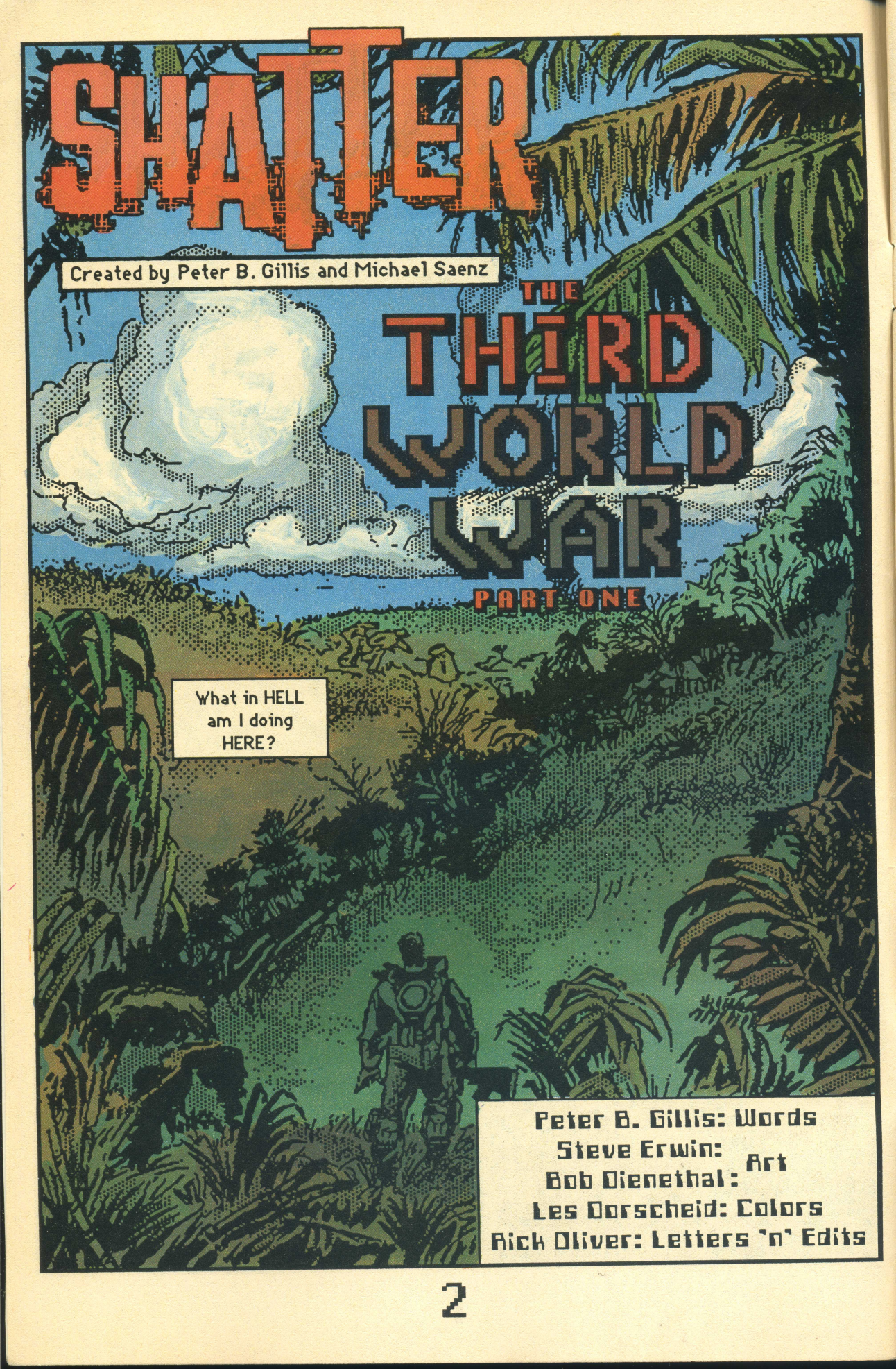


My name is  
HERBERT PHILBRICK.  
I'm a simple urban  
geek who just wants  
to be loved.

So answer  
me this...



# SHATTER

The background of the cover is a detailed illustration of a soldier in a jungle. The soldier is wearing a helmet and a uniform with a circular emblem on the chest, and is walking through dense, lush green foliage. The scene is set in a tropical environment with large palm trees and various tropical plants. The sky is blue with a large, white, fluffy cloud on the left side.

Created by Peter B. Gillis and Michael Saenz

## THE THIRD WORLD WAR PART ONE

What in HELL  
am I doing  
HERE?

Peter B. Gillis: Words  
Steve Erwin: Art  
Bob Dienethal:  
Les Dorscheid: Colors  
Rick Oliver: Letters 'n' Edits



**KA-BLAM!**

Now THIS is fun --  
waking up in the middle  
of a JUNGLE, no idea  
how I got here --

-- Bombs  
bursting in air.  
Hot stuff.

YOW!

Jacket feels  
HEAVY... hmm.

Whoever DRESSED me  
this morning didn't  
leave me unequipped.

**THRUM THRUM THRUM**

The flyer that's tossing those bombs  
is going to get a nice little SURPRISE.

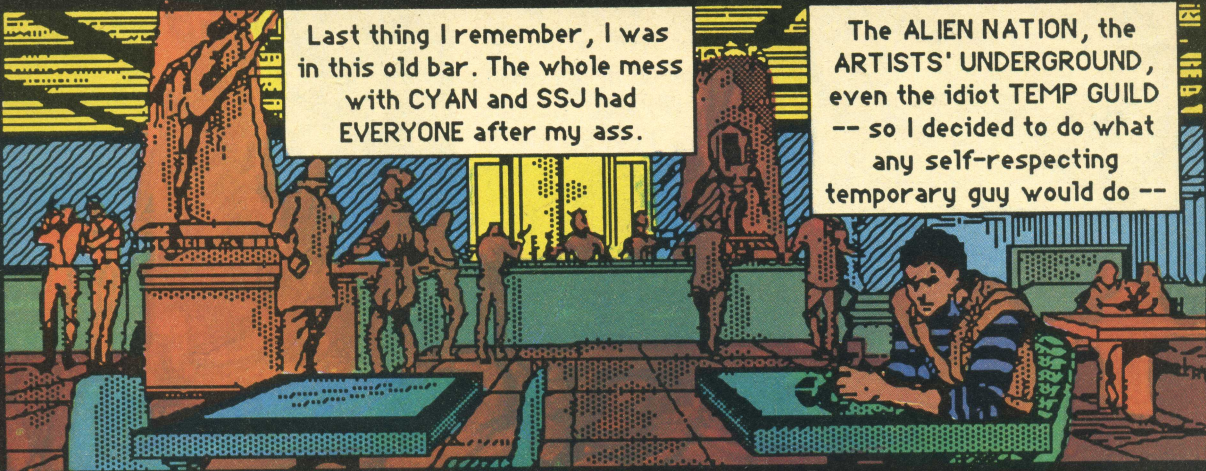
Or IS he?

Never came across a  
launcher like this in  
DALEY CITY!

**WHOOOM!**

Crap! How did I  
get INTO this?





Use another  
identity, get  
another job.

Marley, Jacob

Milk, Harvey

EMPLOY

Weary, Ogdread

Mothersbaugh, Mark

Philbrick, Herbert

EMPLOY

TEMP GUILD

207-081 1211



I chose ol' HERB.  
Hadn't used him in  
a while.



It was all the same  
to the  
DATABANKS.

WELCOME TO JOBNET EMPLOY-  
MENT EXCHANGE, MR. PHILBRICK.  
TODAY'S LISTINGS FOR YOUR  
REGISTERED PROFILE:

- 1) ADJUSTER, PRUDENTIAL  
HEALTH & GOVT. ASSOC.
  - 2) COLLECTIONS, ESTEVEZ &  
STANTON, SA.
  - 3) BATENDER, MAX TAVERN
  - 4) CONTINUE LISTINGS
  - 5) SELECT/ENTER BID
- THANK YOU.

Adjuster for the  
Pru. You could  
sink without a  
trace in a big  
place like that.

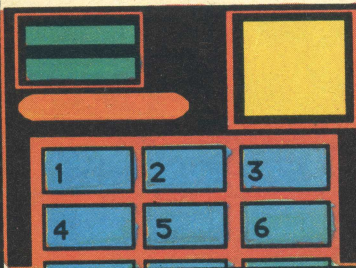
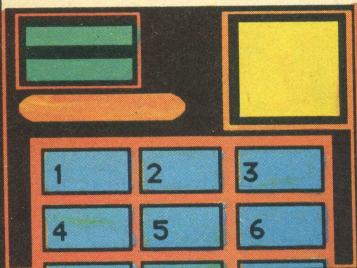
YOU HAVE SELECTED (1) AND  
ENTERED A BID OF 27,000.  
YOUR BID HAS BEEN ACCEPTED

PLEASE CONFIRM CONTRACT BY  
ENTERING YOUR CODE

TIME/PLACE TO REPORT IS ON  
YOUR PRINTOUT.

THANK YOU

They were all  
looking for  
SADR AL-DIN  
MORALES or  
JACK  
SCRATCH.

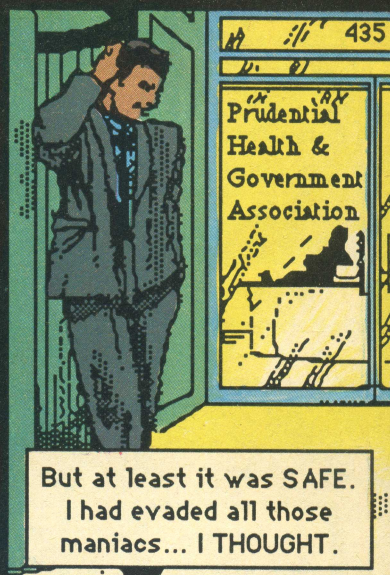


I wished them  
LUCK.





I pulled an advance on the contract and bought a suit. The Pru still thought this was the 20th Century.



But at least it was SAFE. I had evaded all those maniacs... I THOUGHT.

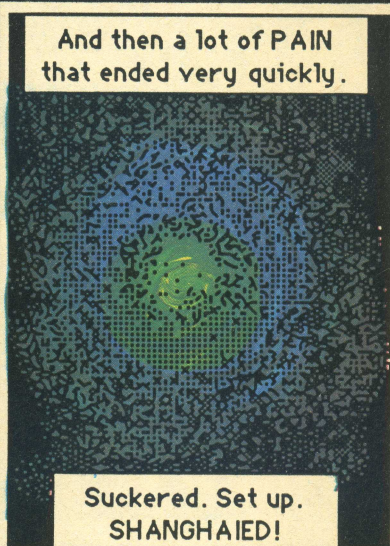


Hi. Herbert Philbrick.

New contract -- adjuster?



On file, Mr. Philbrick. Wait one moment --



And then a lot of PAIN that ended very quickly.

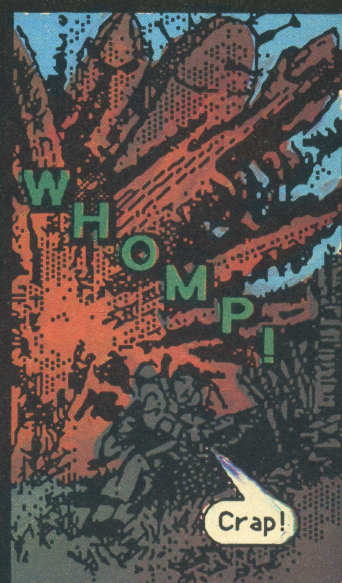
Suckered. Set up. SHANGHAIED!



There. Got this baby figured out. Now --



Gaah! Targeting laser!



Crap!



This was a LITTLE higher-powered stuff than I'd encountered as a Daley City Cop; but not by much.

I did a nice random run, and then --

-- let 'em eat a whifflebomb.

BA-  
WOOM!

Not bad. Now maybe I can figure out what's going on without being SHOT at.

No doubt about it -- whoever had plunked me down here had loaded me with a damn arsenal.

All state-of-the-art, too -- better than you can get in America.

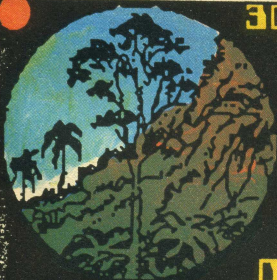




A guy could get spoiled with --

Wha -- ?

A MONKEY??



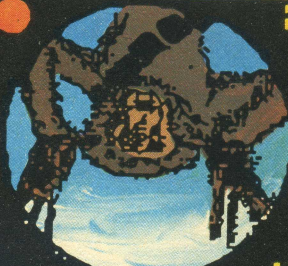
307.5

OPEN



20.7

TARGET



20.7

LOCK

**RRRIK  
CHAK**

Don't even TRY.  
Put it down slowly.



**CHUD  
CHUD  
CHUD**



Now it's  
YOUR turn.

Put the  
gun down.

**ARRRH**



I'd like you  
to meet  
my friend  
O'BRIEN.

A gorilla. A  
GORILLA---









This is an ALZHEIMER'S bullet, friend --  
so unless you want a fast case of  
premature senility, TALK!

Listen -- how can I CONVINCE  
you? I just woke up in that  
clearing over there after being  
hit on the head back in Daley  
City, Chicagoland, USA!

Please believe me!

Nobody on a mis-  
sion would lay out  
their PERIMETER  
SCANNER --

-- and then forget to  
turn it ON!

OK, then.  
O'Brien, let  
him go.

Thank  
you.

For your information, Mr. --

Philbrick.  
Herbert Philbrick.

-- Mr. Philbrick, we're  
in the New Jungle of  
BURMA -- and in the  
middle of the most  
recent front of the  
THIRD WORLD WAR.

Uh-huh. And, uh,  
WHO'S fighting?

Listen, boy, don't get cute! I'm a WORKER.  
You know? Neutered at birth thanks to the  
policies of the FUTURE STATE. I grew up on  
hard labor and steroids --

So just because I'm  
GENETICALLY female  
doesn't mean you can  
play with me!







# FIRST NOTES

## WHAT'S "NEW"?

I don't know how to tell you this -- but First Comics has absolutely no plans this summer to introduce a breathtaking new cosmos that actually follows the laws of physics. And we're not updating any of our characters into fashionable neo-nazis either. I tried to convince **Mike Baron** to make the Badger a Kiwani, but he wouldn't go for it. So just forget it. No ground-breaking, mind-boggling, wallet-picking "new" concepts from First while you're out working on your tan... or whatever it is you all do out there while I hide in the basement, getting my ambient radiation from the CRT display of the computer.

I thought we had some pretty interesting projects lined up -- but then I realized they were all unrelated, with absolutely no potential for crossovers, convolutions, and future continuity contradictions. Heck, one of them doesn't even take place on "our" Earth, or "our" universe as far as I can tell -- and I should know because I'm looking at a copy of *Our Universe* by Roy A. Gallant (National Geographic Society, 1980).

Then somebody told me our whole line is like that! Can you believe it? Our books aren't even vaguely related to each other! It's like each one is in a different universe!

**Howard Chaykin** is doing this special deluxe issue of **American Flagg!**, with a preview of his new series of **Time2** graphic novels. But it has absolutely nothing to do with the issue of the **Badger** reuniting co-creators **Mike Baron** and **Jeffrey Butler**. And then there's **Dreadstar**. I just found out it takes place in a universe that **Jim Starlin** made up all by himself! He just made it up!

And they're all coming out in July! What am I supposed to do? Issue a press release extolling the fact that our books don't take place in the same universe? Who would fall for that?

Do you have any idea how many conventions I have to attend in the next three months? No? Well, what makes you think I'd tell you anyway? And what difference could it possibly make? I don't know; but all those fans will be waiting expectantly for some gut-wrenching, earth-shattering announcement about the "First Universe," and now it turns out there never was one to begin with! What will I say?

Maybe I'll tell them each of our comics is a world in itself, a world that stands or fall on its own merits. Maybe I'll tell them the greatest strength First Comics has is its individual approach, with writers and artists bringing their creations to life in their own way, not the "First" way...

Nah, nobody'll buy that. I'll just tell them the editor was too stupid to keep track of everything happening at the same time in the same universe and issued a mandate or edict or pro-

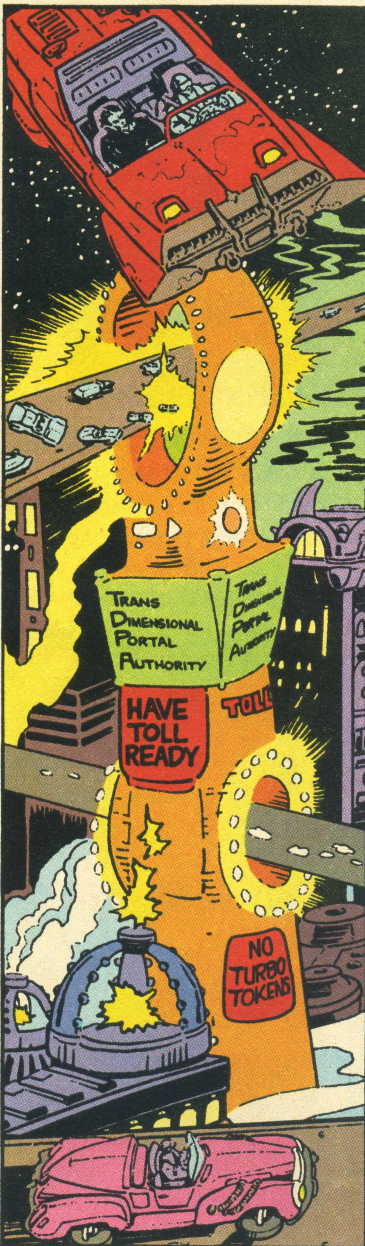
clamation, or whatever editors issue when they feel like making up new rules, declaring that all First Comics must be separate entities, thereby reducing wear and tear on the aforementioned editor's already overtaxed brain.

Yeah. I bet they'll go for that.

Then I'll tell them about:

**American Flagg! Special #1:** written and drawn by **Howard Chaykin**,

**Badger #17:** written by **Mike Baron**



and drawn by **Jeffrey Butler**, and

**Dreadstar #27** (the first First issue): written and drawn by **Jim Starlin**.

All coming in July from First Comics.

That should buy me enough time to come up with some scheme to cram them all into my universe -- because I'm the editor, and I can do anything I want!

## FIRST IN JUNE

**American Flagg! #34:** The full-length concluding chapter of "That's Entertainment," the first story in the new adventures of **Reuben Flagg**. By **Steven Grant**, **Mark Badger**, and **Randy Emberlin**.

**Badger #16:** The Badger travels to Nepal to save the elusive Yeti from IBOB and the threat of hideous creatures from another dimension! By **Mike Baron**, **Bill Reinhold**, and **Rick Bryant**. Plus: Zootown by **Baron**, **Craig Brasfield**, and **Brian Thomas**. Deluxe Series.

**Elric: Weird of the White Wolf #1:** The adventures of **Michael Moorcock's** legendary sword-and-sorcery hero continue in a new five-part series by **Roy Thomas**, **Michael T. Gilbert**, **George Freeman**, and **P. Craig Russell**. Deluxe, bi-monthly series.

**Grimjack #27:** Gaunt joins forces with **Jericho Noleski**, **BlacJacMac**, and **Chris Heyman** for the final confrontation with the computerized sorcery of **Kalibos**! By **John Ostrander**, **Tom Sutton**, and **Paul Guinan**. Plus: **Munden's Bar** by **Ostrander**, **Del Close**, and **A Distant Soil** creator **Colleen Doran**.

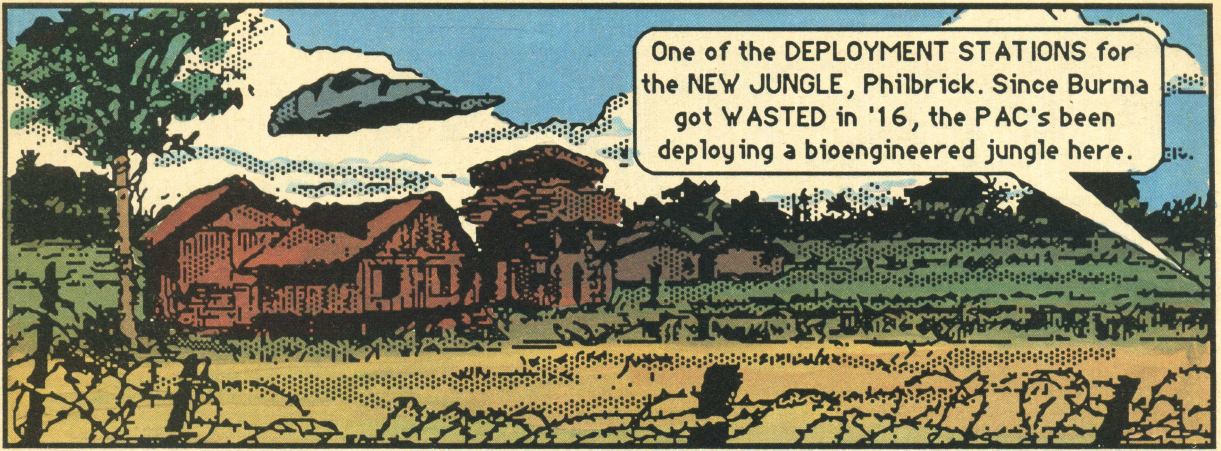
**Nexus #25:** His mission could cause more deaths than he seeks to avenge when **Nexus** wanders too close to the "Gravity Well." By **Mike Baron**, **Steve Rude**, and **John Nyberg**. Plus: **Clone-zone**, by **Baron** and **Mark A. Nelson**. Deluxe series.

**Whisper #3:** Writer/creator **Steven Grant** is joined by new artist **Norm Breyfogle** for the continuation of "Data-panik in the Year Zero," as **Alexis** learns that the way of the Ninja is the way of death... and it could be her own. Bi-monthly series.

**Shatter #5:** Co-creator/writer **Peter B. Gillis** returns and takes **Sadr Al-Din Morales**, a.k.a. **Jack Scratch**, a.k.a. **Shatter**, to Vietnam for "The Third World War!" Art by **Steve Erwin** and **Bob Dienethal**. Deluxe, bi-monthly series.

**Jon Sable, Freelance #41:** A new case for **Sable**. Story and art by **Mike Grell**. Deluxe series.





One of the DEPLOYMENT STATIONS for the NEW JUNGLE, Philbrick. Since Burma got WASTED in '16, the PAC's been deploying a bioengineered jungle here.



But a jungle SLOWS DOWN IBM's advances, so part of my contract is to blow up as many of these places as I find.



Oh, we've got WAYS, Yank.

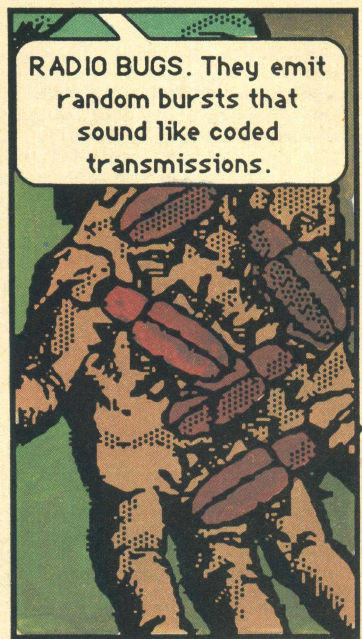


Sure! We'll destroy a place THAT size with two humans and two trained apes! Right!



Here. Help me spread these around.

What are they?



RADIO BUGS. They emit random bursts that sound like coded transmissions.



Later.

So, OK. You've mentioned the Third World War. Who's fighting it? Who are IBM and PAC?

They kick in when birds eat them. Gives an illusion of movement.

Come on. We've got a lot of ground to cover.

You Yanks really are wrapped up in yourselves...

All right -- the war's been going on between the two major powers of the 21st century, the Pacific Area Coalition and the Indian Basin Movement, for about thirty years now. The PAC's got the industrial base -- the USA's a JUNIOR partner in it -- and the IBM's got the manpower and fanaticism.

It started with an Islamic uprising in Indonesia backed by Arabia -- and we've been tearing holes in the landscape ever since.

SOVIET UNION

MONGOLIA

IRAQ

IRAN

SAUDI ARABIA

PAKISTAN

INDIA

CHINA

BURMA

THAI

JAPAN

East China Sea

**IBM**

**PAC**

Arabian Sea

Bay of Bengal

Indian Ocean

South China Sea

INDONESIA



# Did you MISS last month's issue?

Too bad! We're probably sold out by now. Maybe you can borrow a friend's copy and find out what happened.



If you had a **SUBSCRIPTION**, you'd never miss a single issue!

If you had a **SUBSCRIPTION**, every issue would come directly to your house! You wouldn't have to go out or anything!

If you had a **SUBSCRIPTION**, there'd be something in your mailbox besides depressing bills!

Now, if only you had a **SUBSCRIPTION COUPON** you could fill out and send in. Wait! What's that down there?

ONLY \$15 FOR 12 ISSUES

- ☐ AMERICAN FLAGG!
  - ☐ GRIMJACK
  - ☐ WHISPER
- (\$17 in Canada, \$32 foreign rate)

ONLY \$21 FOR 12 ISSUES

- ☐ BADGER
  - ☐ ELRIC
  - ☐ HAWKMOON
  - ☐ NEXUS
  - ☐ SABLE
  - ☐ SHATTER
  - ☐ DREADSTAR
- (\$23 in Canada, \$40 foreign rate)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Make checks payable to: **FIRST COMICS PUBLISHING**  
435 N. LASALLE  
CHICAGO, IL 60610

**FIRST.**  
COMICS

All payments in U.S. funds.  
Offer expires June 30, 1986

TM & © 1986 FIRST COMICS, INC.



"It's ironic that the process that kept NUCLEAR weapons OUT of the Third World made this the LONGEST and BLOODIEST conventional war in history. We've used everything else -- even chemical and bioweapons."

We've tottered back an forth for 30 years, laying waste to cities and jungles. Today it's hard to believe that China once had a billion people and India well over half a billion.

And along the way, the FUTURE STATE -- the great Maoist-Islamic Experiment -- created a class of female neutered workers... like ME.

Enough history, Philbrick. Work time.

They'll have heard the bugs by now.

Time to go fishing.

Fishing?

Uh-huh.

CHAK





The patrol was dressed in clothes like MINE --

-- or rather, I was dressed in THEIRS. Hm.



Interesting.

PAC's.

TOK



KONNICHI WA,  
suckers --



GENKI DESU KA?

Shut up, Herb --  
they're KOREANS.









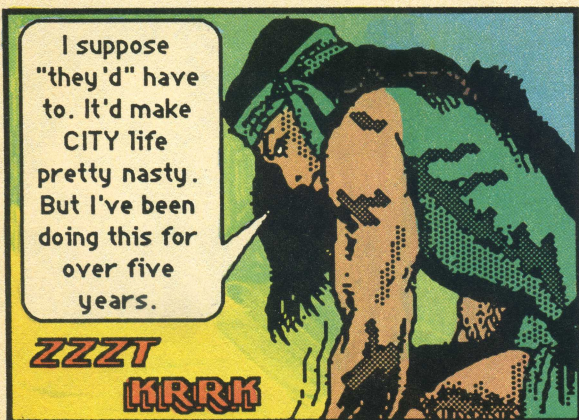
NO! Stop!

Squeamish?



No! Just -- they PROVED the RNA technique was a FAILURE!\*

\*Last issue -- RAO



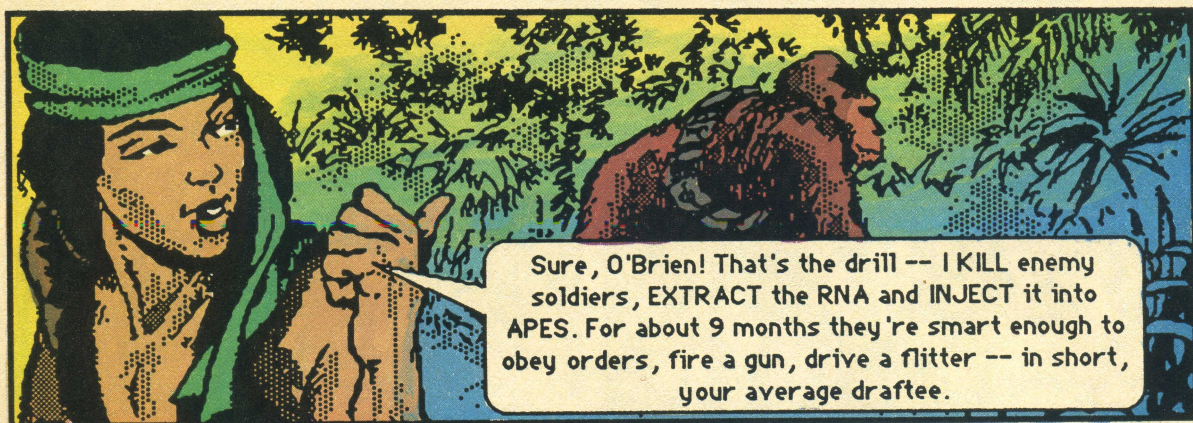
I suppose "they'd" have to. It'd make CITY life pretty nasty. But I've been doing this for over five years.

ZZZT  
KRRK



As for its failure -- talk to O'Brien about it.

O'Brien?



Sure, O'Brien! That's the drill -- I KILL enemy soldiers, EXTRACT the RNA and INJECT it into APES. For about 9 months they're smart enough to obey orders, fire a gun, drive a flitter -- in short, your average draftee.



That's my ARMY, Herb. My war.



Going somewhere?

Off to be squeamish.



# THE NEW DREADSTAR

AT LAST ... THE TRAITOR REVEALED!



**SAME WRITER ... SAME ARTIST  
NEW PUBLISHER**

COMING IN JULY FROM

**FIRST**  
COMICS  
COUNT ON US.

TM & © 1986 FIRST COMICS, INC.



It's the same story -- I get caught up with a woman who drops me in the middle of a shooting war -- and I might very well be on the WRONG side...

Again.

I don't ask for much, Harryhausen -- but I get it by the TRUCKLOAD.

I guess we're BOTH just a couple of RNA monekys, eh boy? Right in the center thanks to the wonders of modern science.

All I can hope is that they don't start that business about "the man with the Golden Brain" again -- all that stuff about MY RNA being SPECIAL -- crap -- !

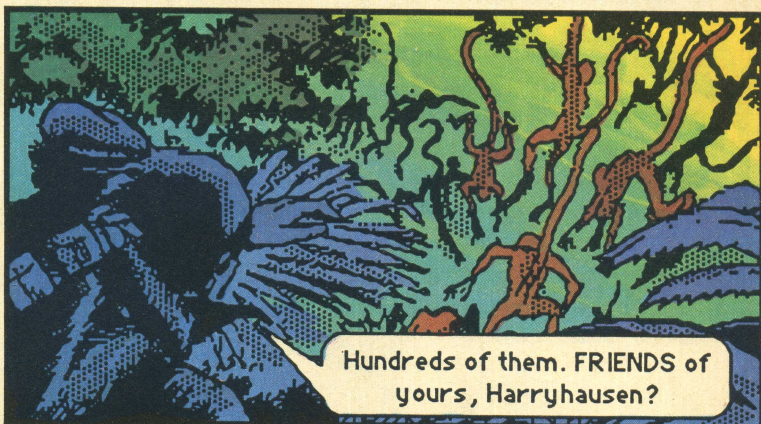
-ungh-

Hmm.  
Indigestion?

SCREEEEEEEE

Holy -- what was THAT -- ?







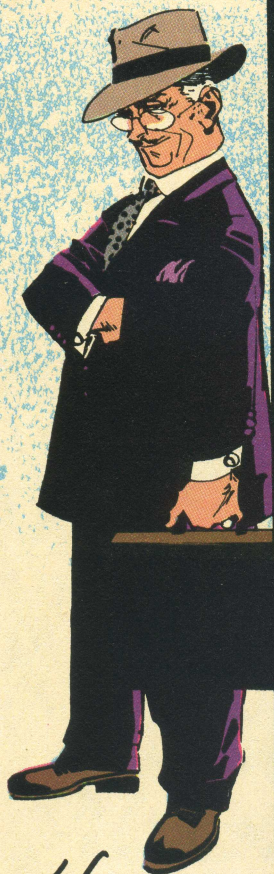
AN INTERSECTION  
OF THE INFINITE -  
WHERE ETERNITY  
MEETS FOREVER...

CHEVROLET  
42<sup>ND</sup> ST.

# TIME<sup>2</sup>

ONE WAY

Howard Chaykin returns and takes  
Reuben Flag on a tour of **Time<sup>2</sup>**  
in the First  
**American Flag! Special.**



Coming in July from

**FIRST**  
COMICS  
COUNT ON US.

*Chaykin*

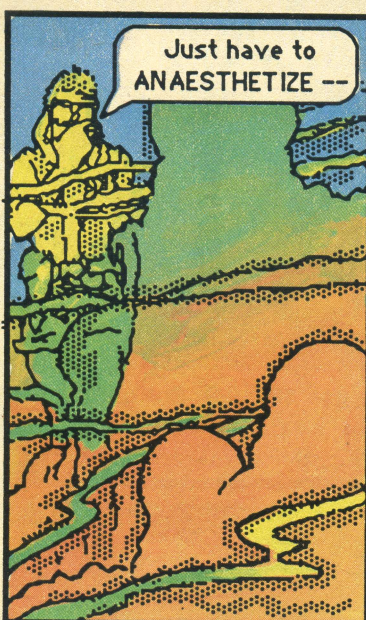




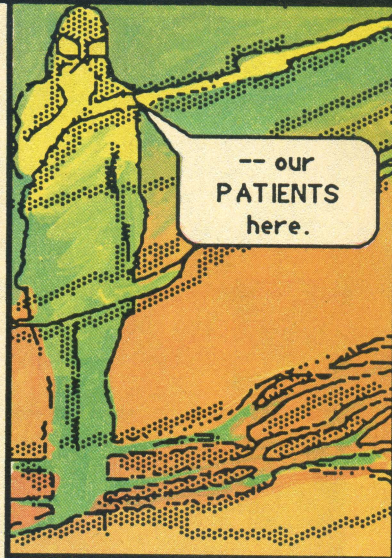
Where were my  
jungle drums?



OK, Philbrick -- stand back  
and hold your breath.



Just have to  
ANAESTHETIZE --



-- our  
PATIENTS  
here.

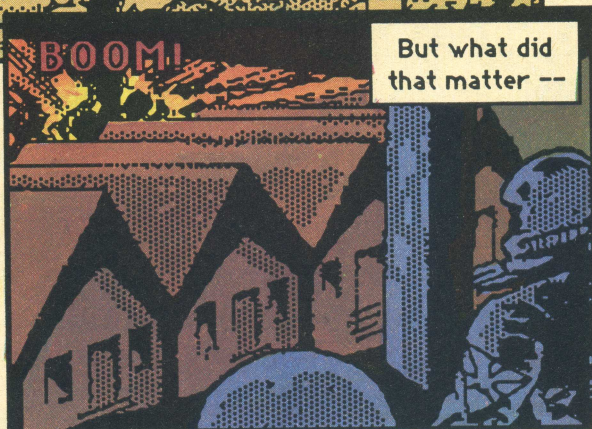
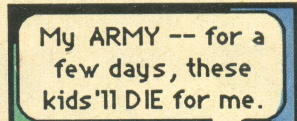
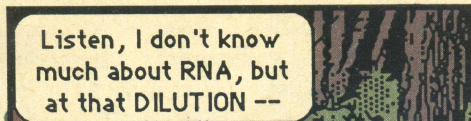
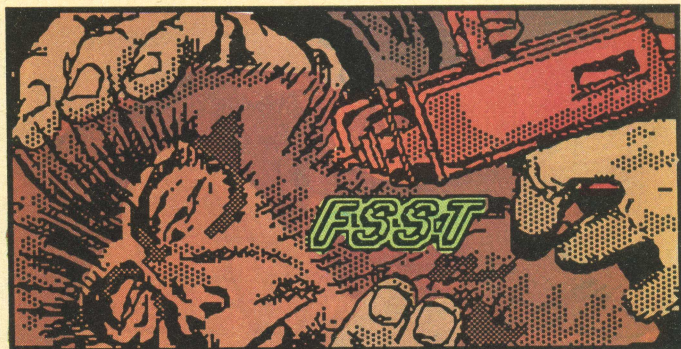


You can come OUT now,  
Squeamish. The nasty  
part's done.



Just line up  
the troops  
for their  
INJECTIONS.







I SEE THEM!  
MOBILIZE!

When you're about  
to be hit by --

Our invincible  
fighting machine?



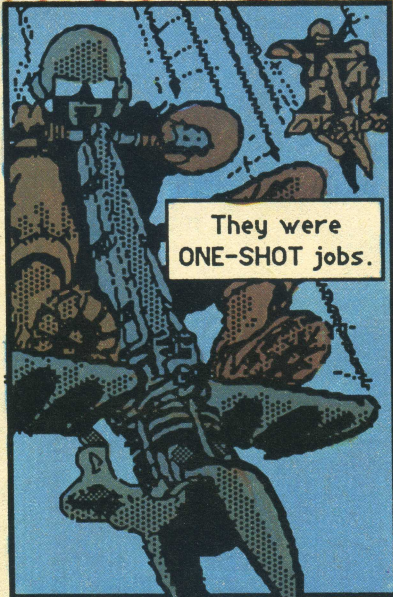
Give them credit, though -- they  
were TOUGH little suckers.



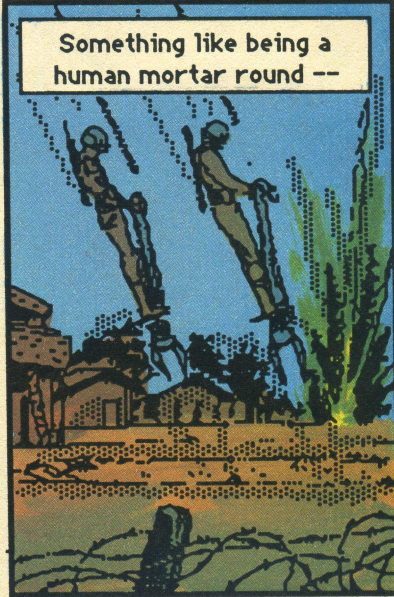
**AHOOGAH AHOOGAH AHOOGAH**



And they gave us  
the opportunity to  
use the JUMPERS.

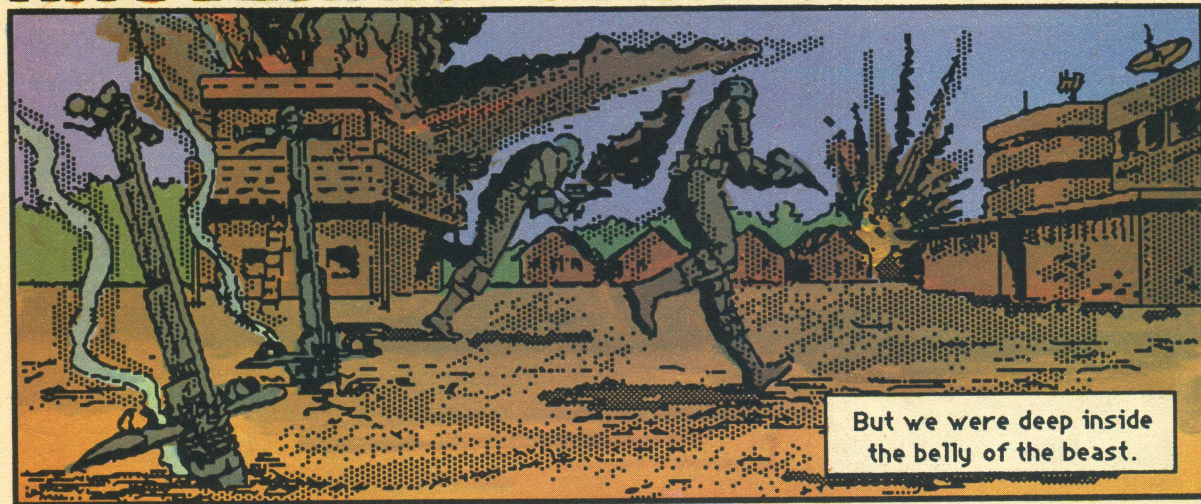


They were  
ONE-SHOT jobs.



Something like being a  
human mortar round --

**AHOOGAH AHOOGAH AHOOGAH**

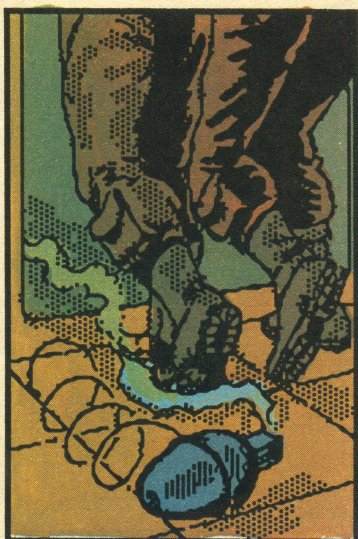


But we were deep inside  
the belly of the beast.





Get that door shut!

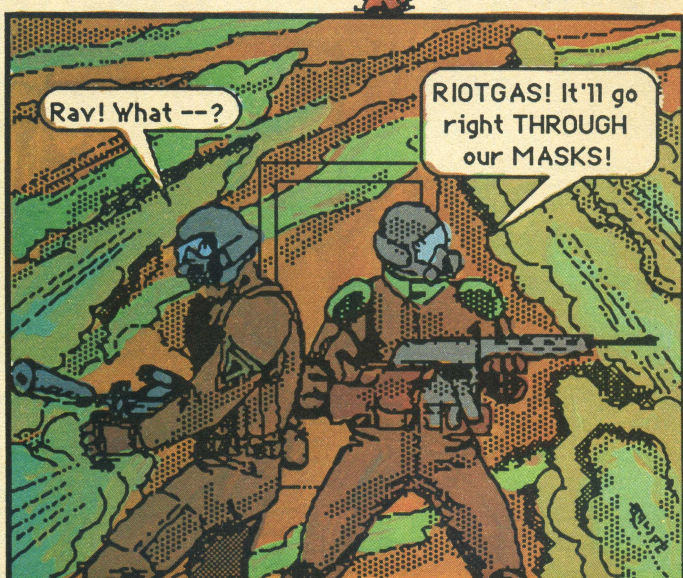


SHOOM!

CHEE!

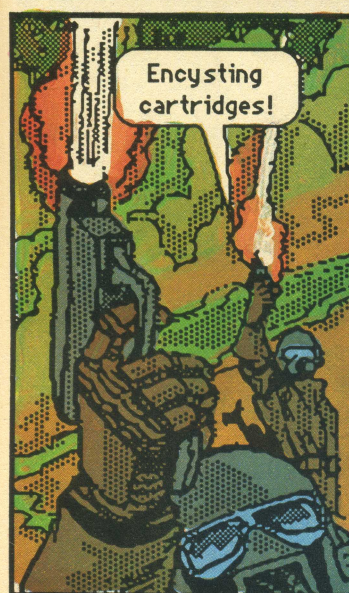


COMMAND CENTRAL  
should be through here!



Rav! What --?

RIOTGAS! It'll go  
right THROUGH  
our MASKS!



Encysting  
cartridges!

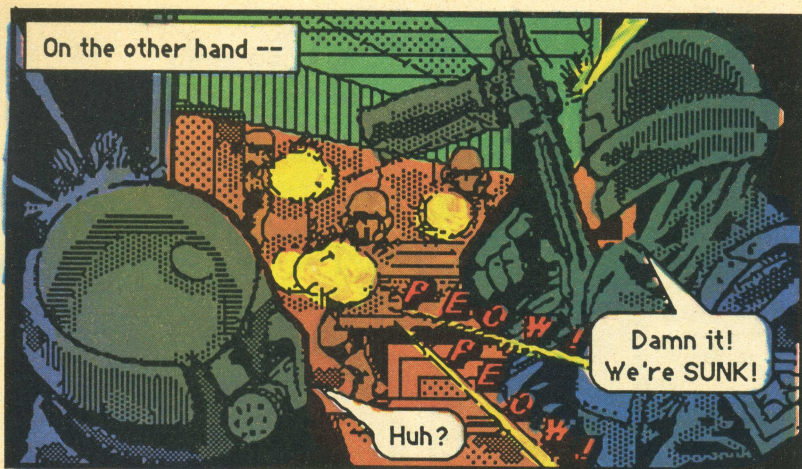
F  
WHUMP  
O  
O  
S  
WHUMP  
H



The chemical encap-  
sulated the gas into  
an INERT foam. I'll  
say this --

I was getting spoiled for the  
streetfights back home.





On the other hand --

Huh?

Damn it!  
We're SUNK!

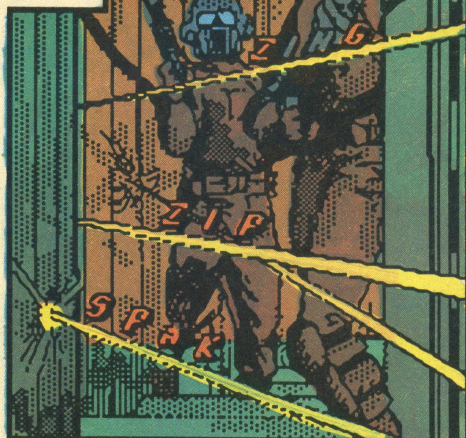
With their command center intact, time's on their side! The monks'll just fire at anything that moves... until the MOBILES get here! And THOSE will be SHIELDED against anything we've got!



We'll, maybe not EVERYTHING.

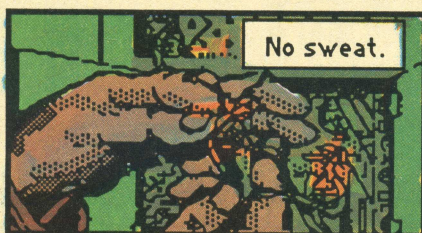
Cover me!

PHILBRICK?



A TERMINAL! It made me positively HOMESICK.

Any Daley City kid worth shooting at could make one dance.



No sweat.



Main menu...

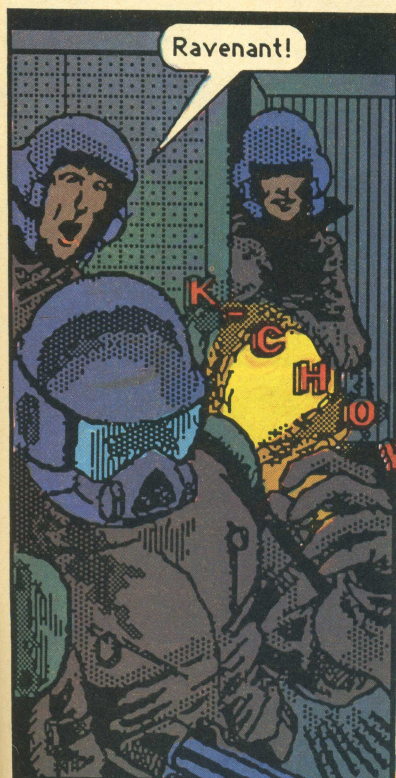
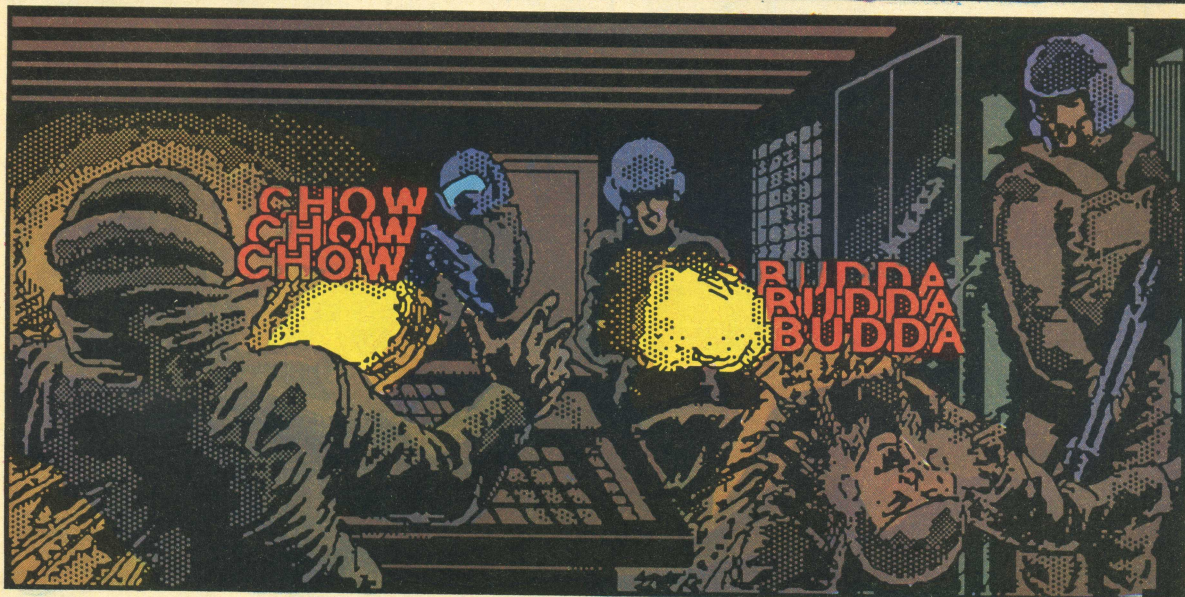
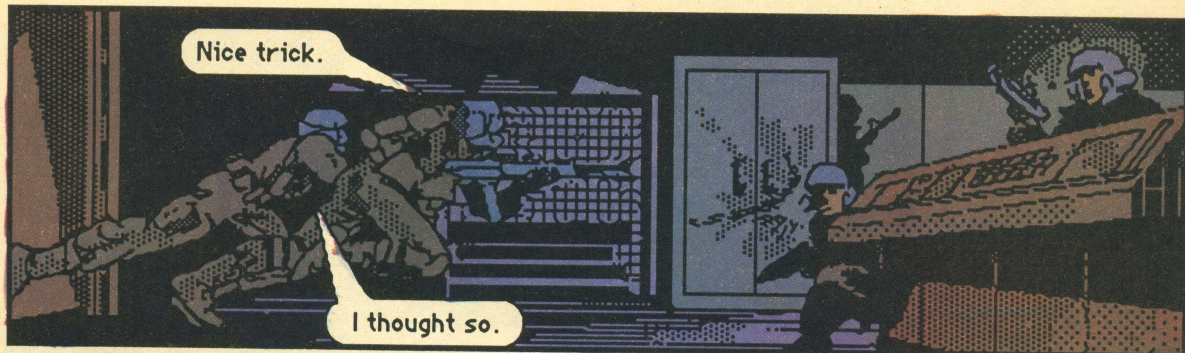


Philbrick, if you don't tell me what you're --



-- doing -- !









Just a -ngh-  
second, and we'll  
get on with it.

But -- ho HO --



-- This was the  
MAINLINE! The  
console was still  
SATELLITE linked!

Come to papa,  
baby -- !



Philbrick, we'll have to blow  
the place and go. Something --

-- something's happening to the  
monks. They're acting strangely!

**CHEE CHEE CHEE CHEE CHEE**



Damn it! Damn it to hell!

FLIERS -- and they're broadcasting  
the monk PANIC SIGNAL!



**SMASH!**

**PHILBRICK!**

I'm blowing this  
room and getting  
out, Philbrick!





You go on! I'll send a BUG through their systems that'll bollix them up from here to Jakarta!



OK, Philbrick.



See you later!



A little white LIE never hurt anyone...

**SECURITY PRIORITY...**

**Send all files on Sadr al-Din Morales.**

**That file is locked.**

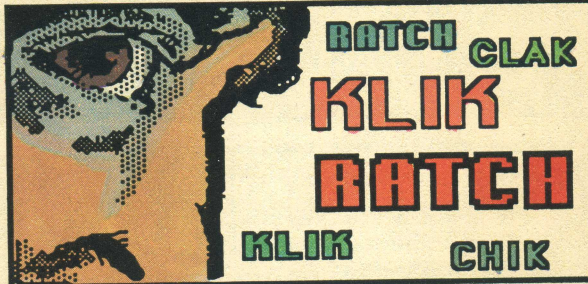
**PASSWORD?**



I'll give you "Password," you little son of a --

**LOADING FILE:**  
**SADR AL-DIN MORALES:**

**APPREHEND**  
**AND**



Uh, HI guys.

Eigo wo hanabimasu ka -- ?

No?

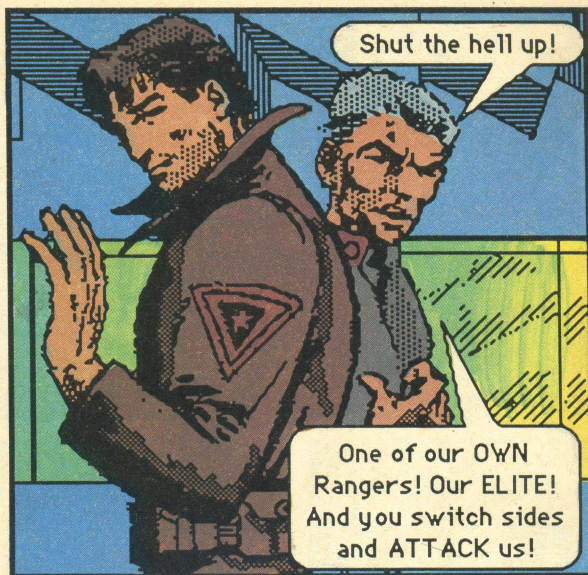




Come on!  
OUT with it!

What do you  
have to SAY  
for yourself?

Listen, sir, I know  
this looks bad, but I  
really don't --



Shut the hell up!

One of our OWN  
Rangers! Our ELITE!  
And you switch sides  
and ATTACK us!



Throw this TURNCOAT  
scum into the cellar until  
the dead are buried...

And then  
SHOOT him!

Argument, I gathered,  
was less than useful in  
this instance.

At least now I  
knew what I was  
SUPPOSED to be...  
a RANGER.



So here I am, in the dark,  
stripped, battered,  
waiting to be executed.

All I have is ONE WISH.



I wish someone would tell me  
what the hell I'm doing here!

**NEXT ISSUE: ADAM'S RIB!**



MICHAEL MOORCOCK'S

# Elric

— OF MELNIBONÉ —

TM

GRAPHIC ALBUM

## THE HARDBOUND

by ROY THOMAS, P. CRAIG RUSSELL  
and MICHAEL T. GILBERT

GRAPHITTI DESIGNS PRESENTS  
THE THIRD IN ITS SERIES OF  
QUALITY HARD-BOUND EDITIONS  
OF THE FINEST IN ILLUSTRATED  
STORYTELLING

\$ 35.95

- LIMITED EDITION OF 2000. SIGNED BY THOMAS, RUSSELL AND GILBERT
- EXPANDED WITH NEW MATERIAL. NEW COLOR AND NEW COVER ART BY P. CRAIG RUSSELL
- A COMPILATION OF THE PACIFIC COMICS ADAPTATION. FEATURING AN INTRODUCTION BY MICHAEL MOORCOCK.
- 178 PAGES. LARGE FORMAT. SMYTH-SEWN BINDING. FULL COLOR DUST JACKET AND EMBOSSED HARDCOVER.
- INCLUDES BOUND-IN SIGNATURE PLATE CREATED BY P. CRAIG RUSSELL FOR THIS DELUXE EDITION.

PAYABLE TO

AVAILABLE AT COMIC SPECIALTY STORES EVERYWHERE  
OR USE THE ORDER FORM BELOW.

**Graphitti**  
TM  
DESIGNS

515 W VALENCIA DR. UNIT E  
FULLERTON, CA 92632

PLEASE SEND ME \_\_\_\_\_ COPY(S) OF THE ELRIC HARD BOUND  
GRAPHIC ALBUM AT 38.95 EACH (35.95 PLUS 3.00 POSTAGE AND HANDLING)  
PLEASE ALLOW 2 WEEKS FOR PERSONAL CHECKS TO CLEAR

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY/ST/ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

TOTAL \_\_\_\_\_

CALIFORNIA RESIDENTS ADD 6 PERCENT SALES TAX  
• CANADA ADD \$1.00 U.S. FOR POSTAGE  
• FOREIGN ADD \$2.00 U.S.

TRADE EDITION AVAILABLE FROM FIRST COMICS

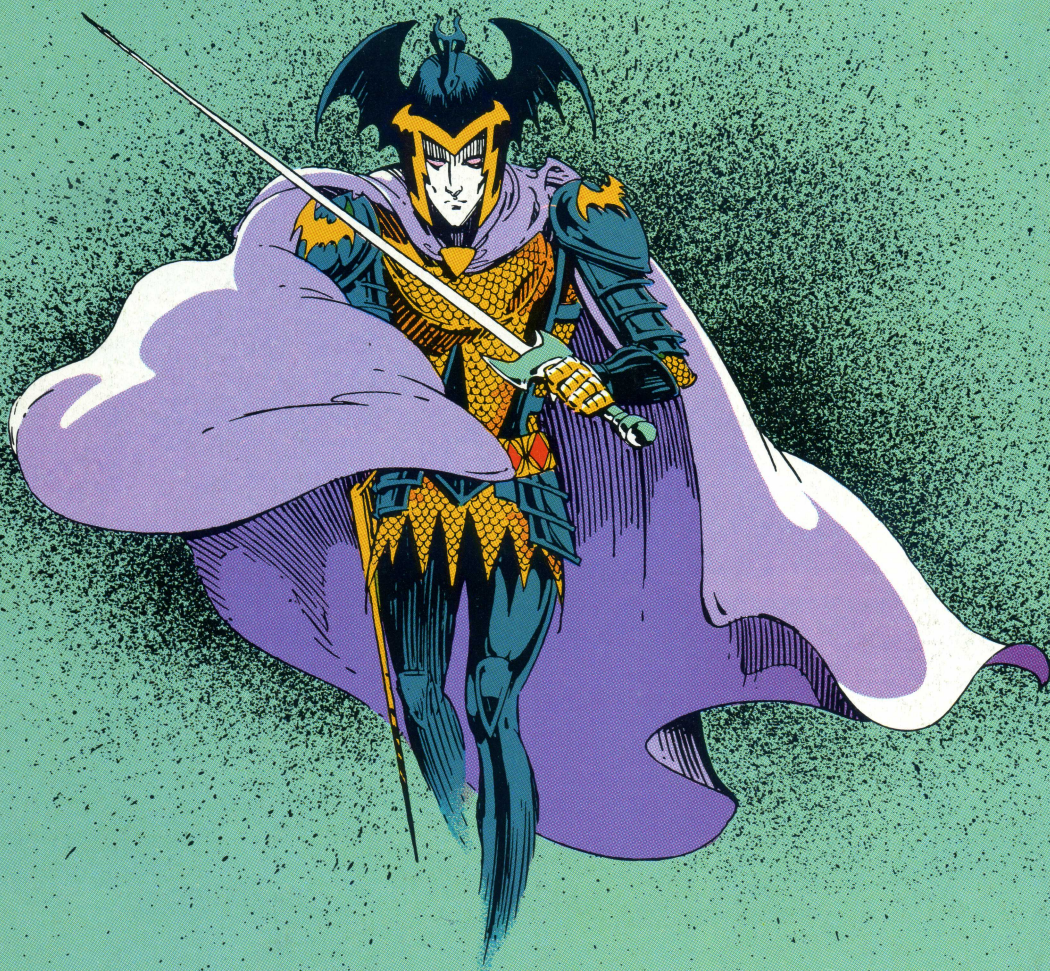


MICHAEL MOORCOCK'S

# Elric

OF MELNIBONE

A FIRST GRAPHIC NOVEL



A 176 page full-color adaptation of the first book in Michael Moorcock's ELRIC saga  
BY ROY THOMAS, P. CRAIG RUSSELL, AND MICHAEL T. GILBERT

**ON SALE NOW**

**FIRST**  
COMICS

© 1986 FIRST COMICS, INC. and STAR\*REACH PRODUCTIONS