

IDW
ISSUE
1
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COSMIC

SCOUNDRELS

RELAX.
I HAVE
ABSOLUTELY
NO PLAN.



CHAPMAN • SURIANO

**EXCERPT FROM THE
OFFICIAL HANDBOOK OF THE**

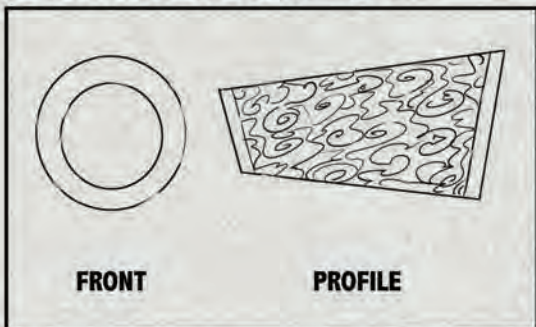


IDW EDITION

COSMIC SCOUNDRELS

Space-faring bachelor scalawags Love Savage and Roshambo, along with a little mothering from their ship's AI, Mrs. Billingsley--shuttle from job to job and continually find themselves on the wrong side of the law. Despite their best efforts to look out only for themselves, they usually end up involved with alien crooks, shady black-market baby schemes and space sickness-inducing drugs. They're on the loose and on the run--from everyone!

**ROSHAMBO'S
GALACTIC-GAUNTLETS**



ROSHAMBO

Ex-military (dishonorably discharged).
ex-con, space-pirate (active)



LOVE SAVAGE

Prince, war criminal, former gigolo,
fugitive (active)



KARL

C.P.A. (retired)



PARTY STEVE

Hookup (deceased)

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MRS. BILLINGSLEY

Nickname: Miss Bills

Date of self-awareness: Unknown (Sometime before the Vedutante Singularity of the 3rd Yttrial Age because she has described this period as her "heck-raising phase").

Manufacturer: Hadro, Inc., the Imperial-funded sentient planet-factory from which many of the artificial intelligences used in the Garlite Triad are born.

Purpose: Mrs. Billingsley was grown to be a child-rearing A.I. and mother-substitute for female-born organisms (pod and spore-grown organisms were unresponsive to Mrs. Billingsley's care).

Current Occupation: Onboard A.I. for the **S.S. Fistpuncher**, the current vessel of the duo calling themselves the Cosmic Scoundrels.

Abilities: Mrs. Billingsley can mimic over 17,000 kinds of breakfast cereal and can assist with homework up to (but not including) Pre-Calculus. She will destroy anyone at games of Bridge, Gin Rummy and Lawn Darts. She can also learn to fly any type of starship in .0003 milliseconds and her virtual storage can hold more than 100 omnitetrabytes of baby photos. Mrs. Billingsley is able to mix perfect cocktails from hundreds of galaxies but since she believes Love Savage and Roshambo are minors, she refuses to serve them.

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THE CARGO VESSEL
MIDNIGHT FERNANDO.
THE MOST HEAVILY GUARDED--
AND UNFORTUNATELY NAMED--
OF ALL THE INTERSTELLAR
IMPERIAL SHIPPING FRIGATES.



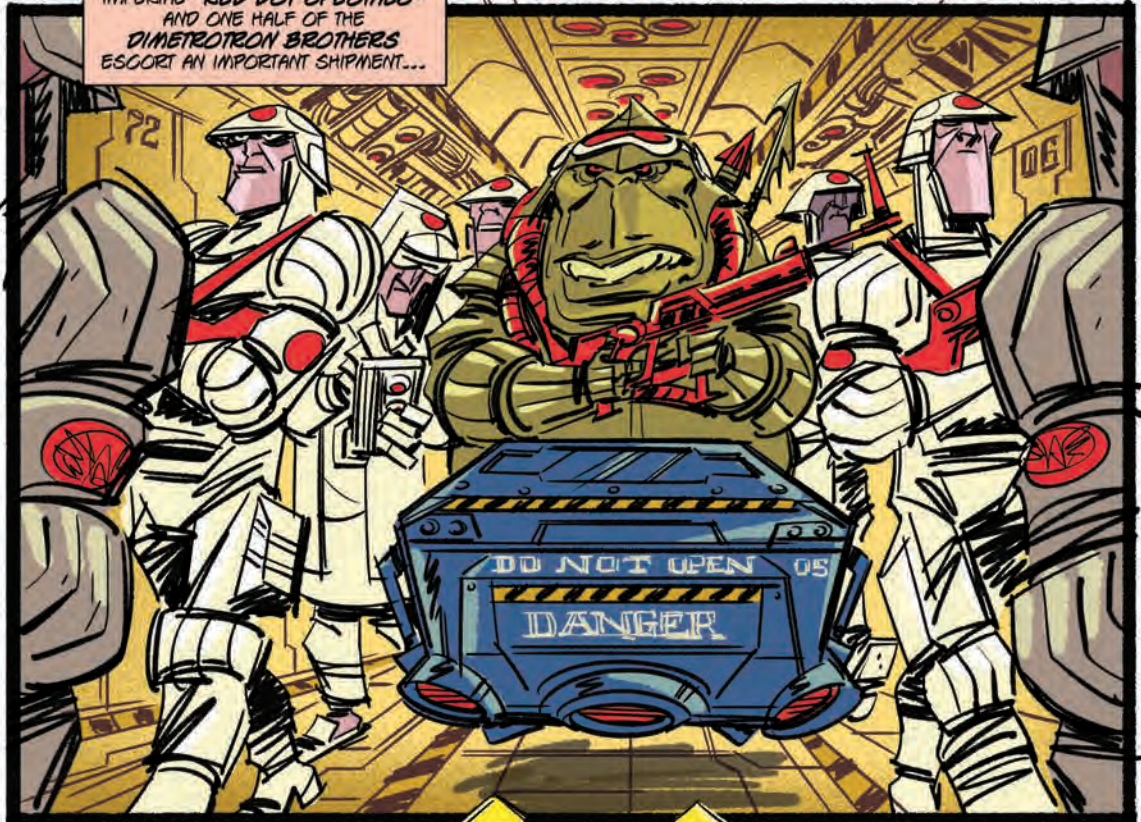
"PRECIOUS CARGO"

PART 1

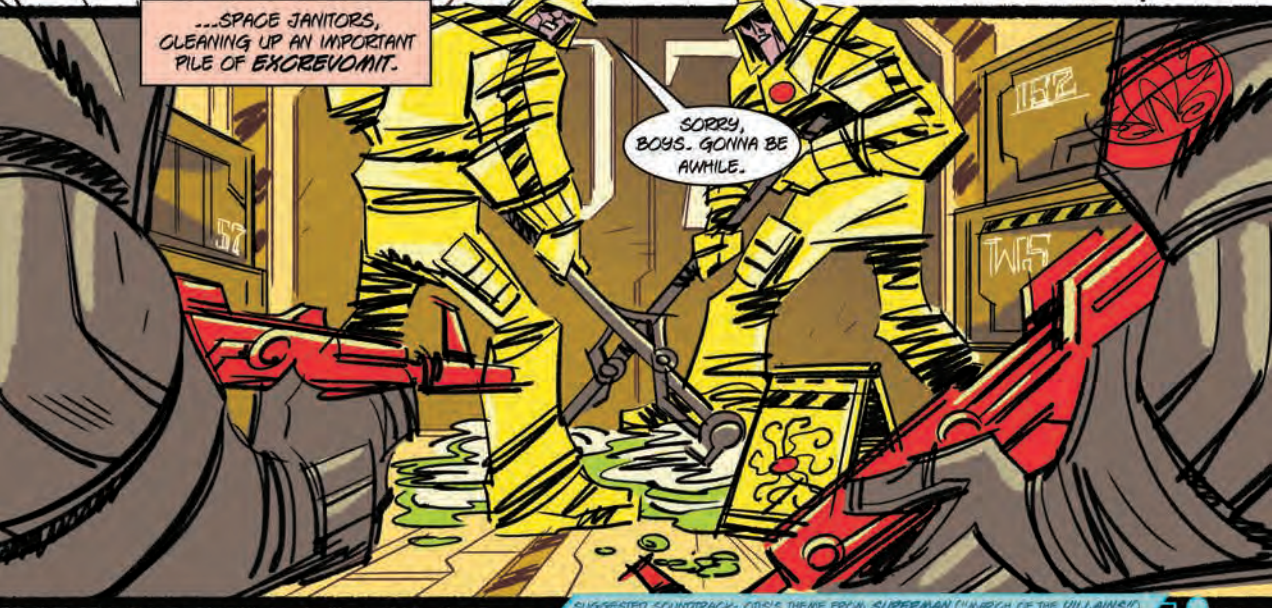
OH YA, MARGE SAID TO SPRING FOR AN OCEAN-VIEW CABIN ON THIS CRUISE IF
JIM CAN AFFORD IT. THE VIEW OF ALPHA MAJORIS IS JUST WORTH EVERY CENT.



IMPERIAL "RED DOT SPECIALS"
AND ONE HALF OF THE
DIMETROTRON BROTHERS
ESCORT AN IMPORTANT SHIPMENT...



...SPACE JANITORS,
CLEANING UP AN IMPORTANT
PILE OF EXOREVOMIT.



BUT JUST LIKE
EXCREVOMIT, APPEARANCES
CAN BE DECEIVING...

LOOKS LIKE
THE ALL-YOU-CAN-
ABSORB BUFFET UP
IN THE COMMISSARY
DIDN'T AGREE WITH
SOMEBODY.

...AND A LITTLE GRAPPY.

HEY...

THIS SHIP
DOESN'T HAVE A
COMMISSARY!

I TOLD YOU
WE SHOULD'A GONE
WITH OVERFLOWED
TOILETS!

EVERYTHING'S A
JOKE WITH
YOU LATELY! I WAS
GOIN' FOR A LITTLE
VARIETY!

HANDS UP!
PREPARE TO HAVE
YOUR GENOMES
SEQUENCED!!

HAVE YOU RECEIVED A FREQUENT-SEQUENCE CARD YET? YOUR
AFTER TEN GENOME SEQUENCES, YOUR ELEVENTH IS FREE!!



HANDS UP?
SURE! BUT THE
QUESTION
IS...

OH GOD,
YOU'RE NOT GONNA
DO THIS AGAIN,
ARE YOU?

ROCK,
PAPER,
OR...

...SCISSORS!



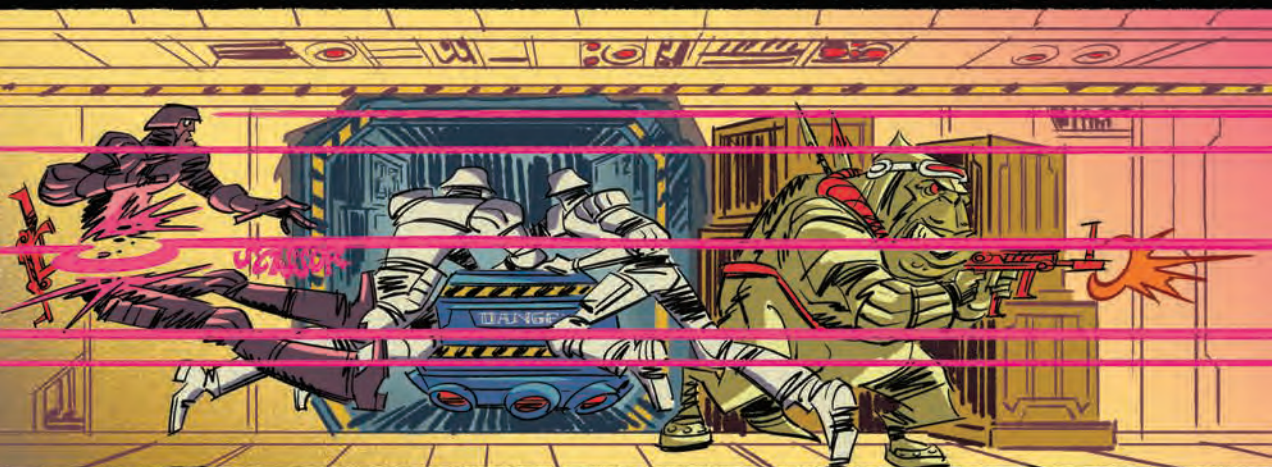
YOU?!?



US!!

PROTECT
THE CARGO!
GET IT OUTTA
HERE!

CARGO?! WHAT ABOUT THAT FRUMPY SCIENTIST?!



THE KIDS ARE CALLING IT "THE DECOMPRESSION."