



CREATOR UNKNOWN

CREATOR UNKNOWN

HEY.

CREATOR UNKN--

HEY--
HOLEHEAD.



WZZZT?

FOLKS BACK HOME AIN'T
PAYIN' FOR THE
INSIDES OF YOUR
EYELIDS, SON.



I WAS...

I WAS HAVIN' A DREAM.



WELL I SURE DO HOPE IT WAS A PURDY ONE, HOLEHEAD, ON ACCOUNT IT'S THE LAST YOU GAWN GET. CONGRATULATIONS.

NOW KEEP YER EARS%GIN' SQUINTS WIDE AN' PREP FOR DE-PLOY, Y'HEAR?



DEPLOY? W-WE'RE THERE?

YESSIREE. COME THROUGH THE BLISTERGATE NOT TWO HOURS PAST.



IT'S...IT'S ALL ROCKS AND DUST. CAN'T SEE A DAMN THING.

YIP--SHOUTY-MAN SAYS THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS. "PREHAZE," HE CALLS IT.



SAYS IT MEANS THE REBS'RE CLOSE. SAYS IT MEANS TIME TO DIE.

I CAN'T HARDLY WAIT!



HUH.

SOLDIERS WON'T EVEN LOOK AT US--YOU NOTICED?

HA! YOU BLAME 'EM? THEY GOT FINELY-FORMED NOTIONS STAYIN' ALIVE OUT HERE. YOU THINK THEY WANT TRUCK WITH US EXPENDABLES?

SEE FER YOURSELF:



LITTLE FELLER ON THE LEFT, HE GOT A NASTY DISEASE GAWN KILL HIM. 'LEAST THIS WAY HIS KIDS GET A PAYDAY.

TOUGH OLE BIRD INNA CUFFS? DEATH ROW DODGER, NEAR AS I CAN TELL. VOLUNTEERED TO GO OUT WITH A SCREAM 'STEADA A SYRINGE.

BROAD ONNA RIGHT JUST BLUES A WHOLE LOT. SADSACK TYPE, TOO SCARED TO DO IT TO HERSELF.



AND YOU? SEEM PRETTY UPBEAT FOR A MAN SET TO PERISH.

HA!... I'M AN OPTIMIST, IS ALL!

I'M A LOSER, I'M A NOBODY, I'M A JUNKIE PETTY-THIEVIN' UNEMPLOYED PROSPECT-FREE GRADE-A £4%\$UP, YESSIR--



--BUT HERE I AM, ABOUT TA GO DOWN IN HISTORY!

I'M GAWN DIE LIKE NO ONE EVER DIED BEFORE. I'M GAWN GIVE THEM SUMBITCHES BACK HOME A SHOW LIKE THEY NEVER SEEN.

I'M GAWN BE FAMOUS!

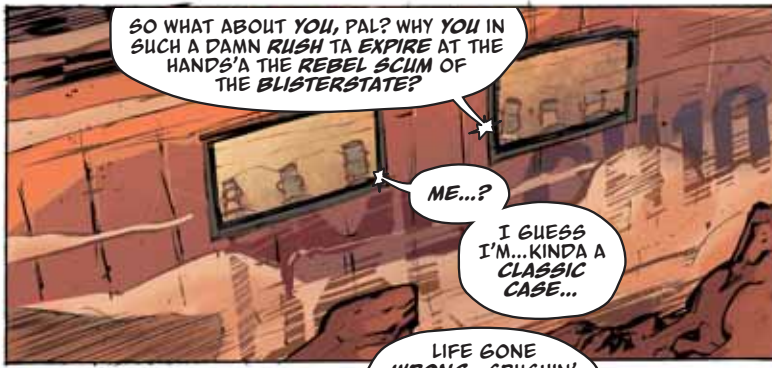


WELL ALL RIGHT THEN.

...ANYWAYS.

THAT'S WHY THE WAGE-BOYS HERE AIN'T SO KEEN TO SOCIALIZE.

TOO BUSY WORRYIN' A DEATH WISH MIGHT BE CONTAGIOUS.



SO WHAT ABOUT YOU, PAL? WHY YOU IN SUCH A DAMN RUSH TA EXPIRE AT THE HANDS'A THE REBEL SCUM OF THE BLISTERSTATE?

ME...?

I GUESS I'M...KINDA A CLASSIC CASE...

LIFE GONE WRONG...CRUSHIN' SENSE OF WORTHLESSNESS... SPIRALLING BLOOM, ETCETERA...

A WOMAN, RIGHT? YOU BROKE UP WITH SOME SWEET PIECE'A TAIL AN' NOTHIN' SEEMS WORTHWHILE NO MORE.

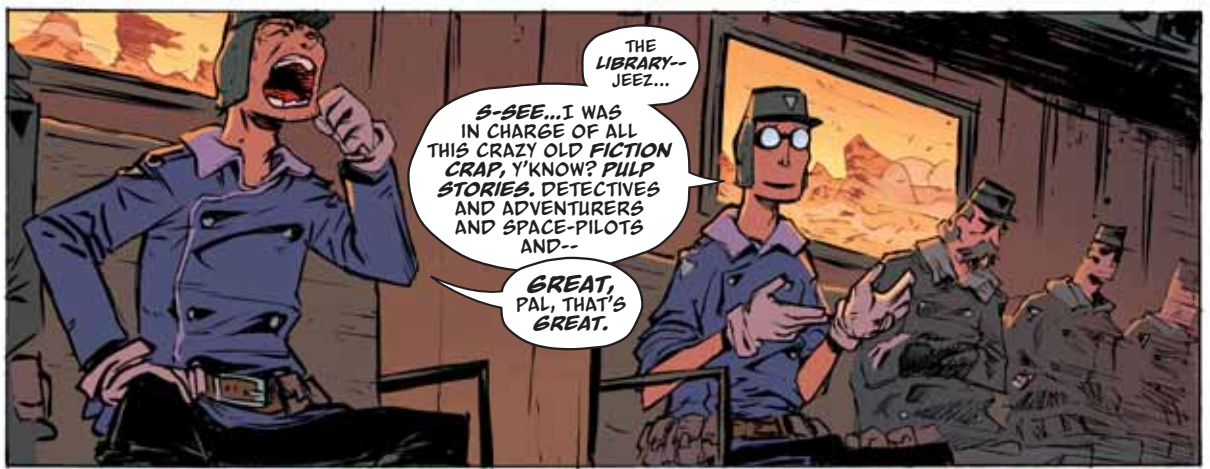
AM I RIGHT?



HELLUVA CLICHÉ, HUH?

WOMAN BROKE MY HEART, SURE.

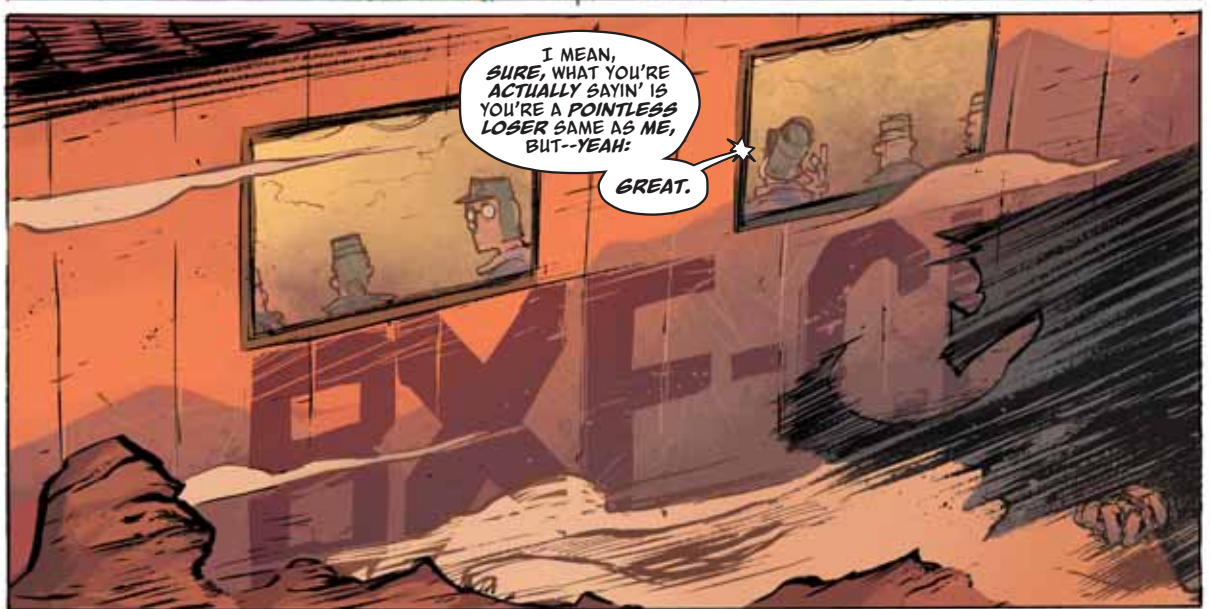
LOSIN' THE HOUSE...THE CAR...THE JOB AT THE LIBRARY...ALL'A THAT ~~SEE~~ JUST DONE THE SAME FOR THE CAMEL'S BACK.



THE LIBRARY-- JEEZ...

S-SEE...I WAS IN CHARGE OF ALL THIS CRAZY OLD FICTION CRAP, Y'KNOW? PULP STORIES. DETECTIVES AND ADVENTURERS AND SPACE-PILOTS AND--

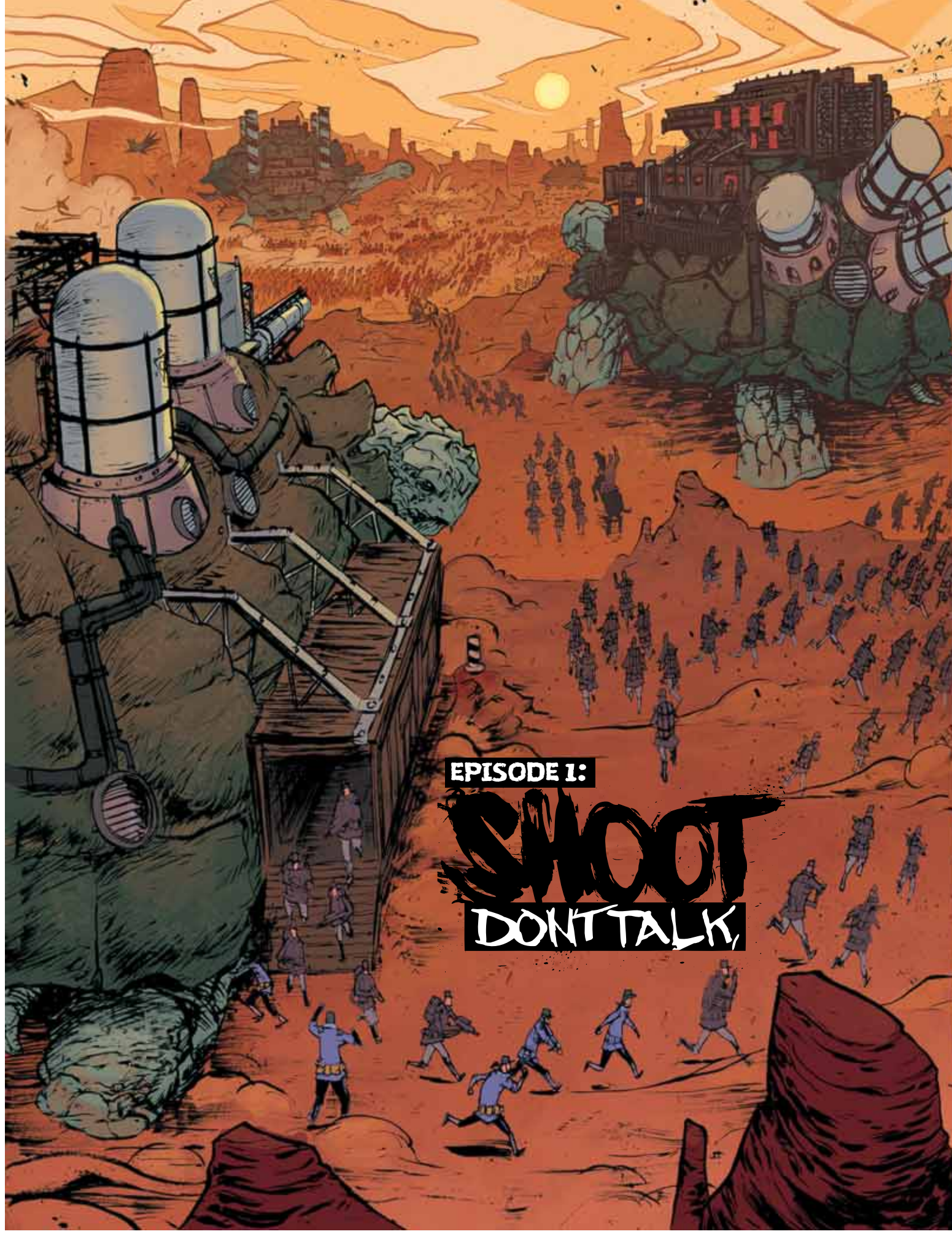
GREAT, PAL, THAT'S GREAT.



I MEAN, SURE, WHAT YOU'RE ACTUALLY SAYIN' IS YOU'RE A POINTLESS LOSER SAME AS ME, BUT--YEAH:

GREAT.





EPISODE 1:

SWOOT DONTALK



FORM UP!
CROUCHIN'
SQUARE!

WH...WHY'S
IT SO
QUIET?



I THOUGHT THERE'D
BE...EXPLOSIONS AND
NAAAA#%!

DON'T YOU
KNOW NOTHIN'?
NO COMBUSTION
ONNA BLISTER.
NO 'LECTRICS
NEITHER.

GUNS,
EXPLOSIVES--
FORGET IT.
CLOCKWORK AN'
E&%&IN'
PNEUMATICS'RE
ALL THEY GOT
HERE.



YOUR FLAG'S UP, SIR.
ORDERS.

SAYS
GENERAL LANCOX
GOT ISOLATED ON THE
FLANK. THEY WANT
RUNNERS TO GO FETCH
A MESSAGE.

ANNF SIGNAL
THE A-FIRM. PREP
THE MEN FOR A
COVERING VOLLEY.



YOU HOLEHEADS--REMEMBER WHY
YOU'RE HERE. YOU WALK TALL, YOU GO
OUT WITH PRIDE, AND YOU KEEP
YOUR DAMN EYES OPEN.

NOW GET
SET--



--IT'S SHOWTIME."





SHE...SHE GOT MINCED! SHE JUST GOT ££#@IN' MINCED, MISTER!

WHAT THE ££%& WAS THAT TH--

UH



YOU HEAR THAT NOISE...?

'S LIKE... 'S LIKE SINGING IN MY HEAD...

DIN'T YOU EVER WATCH THE SHOW, DUMMY?

THAT'S DAMN CHOIRSHOT YOU'RE HEARIN'.



CREEPY REBEL BRAINBOMBS. KINDA DRIFT ABOUT INNA DUST...

UM.

YA DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY ARE 'TIL THEY'RE RIGHT ONTOPPA Y





BATTLE'S
BACK THAT
WAY.

BLISTERQUAKE'S
COMIN', MIND.



NICE
DAY FOR
IT.







SIR?

SIR, THEY...
THEY SENT ME
TO COLLECT A
MESSA--

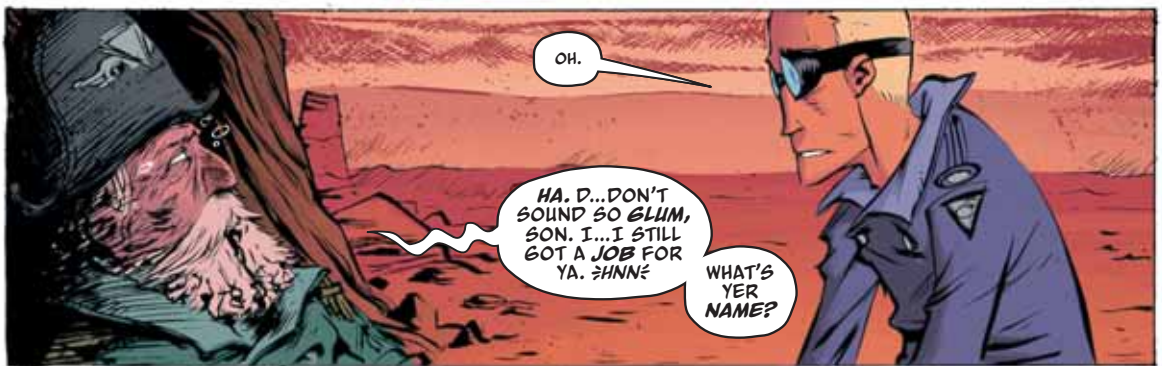
HAH.



HAAAAHA
HA=OW=

M-MESSAGE
AS FOLLOWS:

"GEN. LANCOX
BADLY WOUNDED,
GUTSHOT 'N BLINDED BY
CHOIRLIGHT. PROBABLY
DYING. SEND MEDICS
BEFORE BATTLE-INDUCED
BLISTERQUAKE
INEVITABLY STRIKES."



OH.

HA. D...DON'T
SOUND SO GLUM,
SON. I...I STILL
GOT A JOB FOR
YA. =HNN=

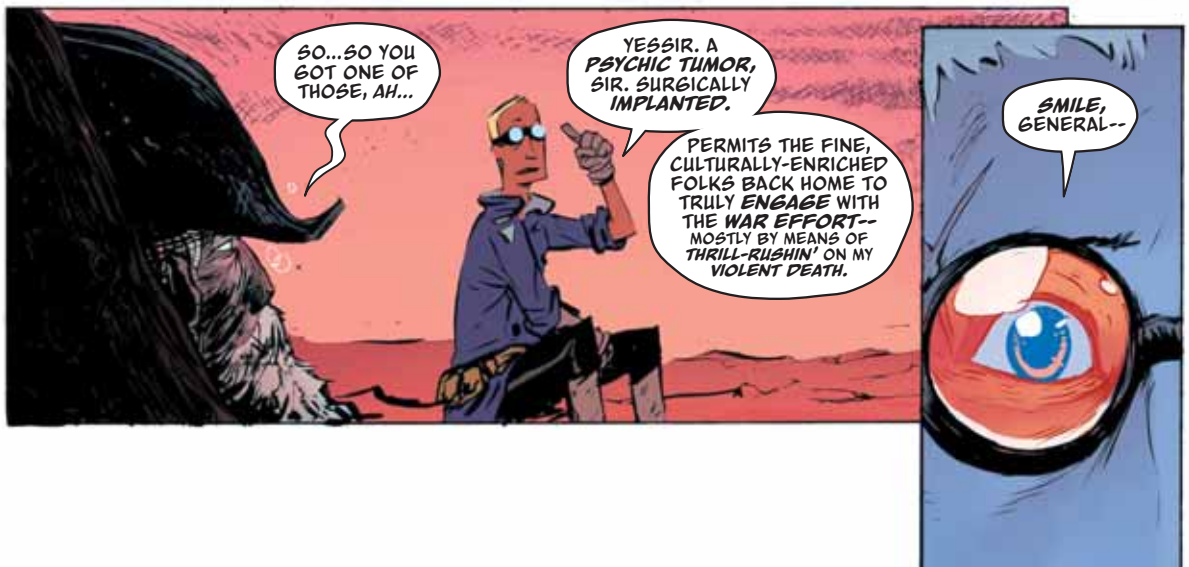
WHAT'S
YER
NAME?



THEY, AH...THEY SAID I AIN'T
S'POSED TO SAY, SIR. PARTA
THE CONTRACT. TOO
HUMANIZIN', I GUESS.

I'M JUST...
BLUE-3425,
NOW.

"BLUE"...?
DAMMIT.



SO...SO YOU
GOT ONE OF
THOSE, AH...

YESSIR. A
PSYCHIC TUMOR,
SIR. SURGICALLY
IMPLANTED.

PERMITS THE FINE,
CULTURALLY-ENRICHED
FOLKS BACK HOME TO
TRULY ENGAGE WITH
THE WAR EFFORT--
MOSTLY BY MEANS OF
THRILL-RUSHIN' ON MY
VIOLENT DEATH.

SMILE,
GENERAL--

EARTH.

--YOU'RE LIVE ON AIR.

--YOU'RE LIVE ON AIR.

--YOU'RE LIVE ON AIR.

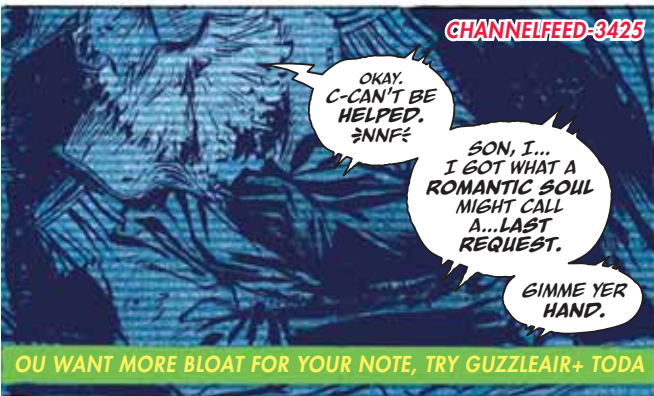


CHANNELFEED-3425

OKAY. C-CAN'T BE HELPED. 3NNF?

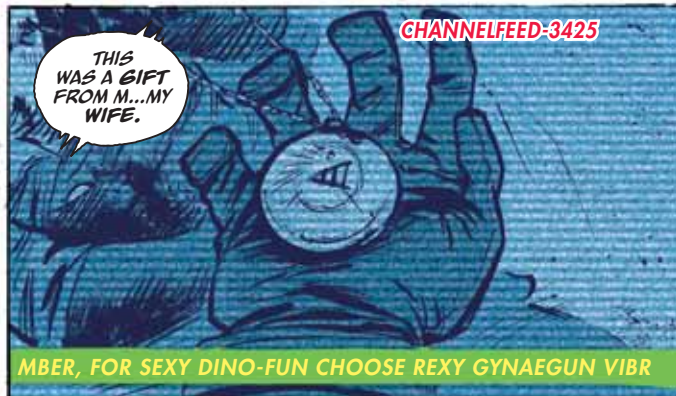
SON, I... I GOT WHAT A ROMANTIC SOUL MIGHT CALL A...LAST REQUEST.

GIMME YER HAND.



CHANNELFEED-3425

THIS WAS A GIFT FROM M...MY WIFE.



OU WANT MORE BLOAT FOR YOUR NOTE, TRY GUZZLEAIR+ TODA

MBER, FOR SEXY DINO-FUN CHOOSE REXY GYNAEGUN VIBR

M-ME 'N HER, SON. WE LOVE EACH OTHER LIKE MOST FOLK ONLY DREAM. TWENNY YEARS OF BLISS.

I WORE IT 3NNF? A-ALLA TIME, TO KEEP HER IN MY HEART. TO COUNT THE HOURS.

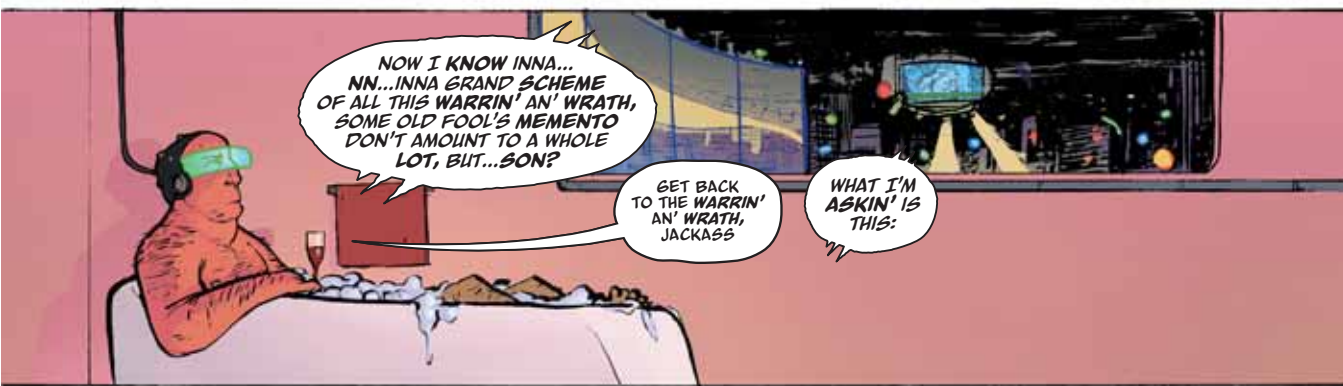
AWWWW... AIN'T THAT SWEET, HERB?

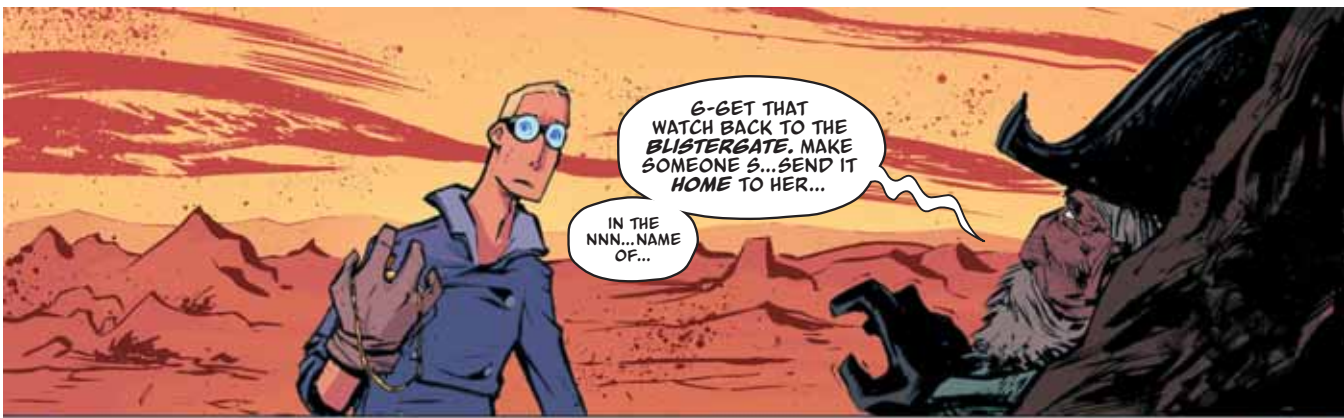


NOW I KNOW INNA... NN...INNA GRAND SCHEME OF ALL THIS WARRIN' AN' WRATH, SOME OLD FOOL'S MEMENTO DON'T AMOUNT TO A WHOLE LOT, BUT...SON?

GET BACK TO THE WARRIN' AN' WRATH, JACKASS

WHAT I'M ASKIN' IS THIS:

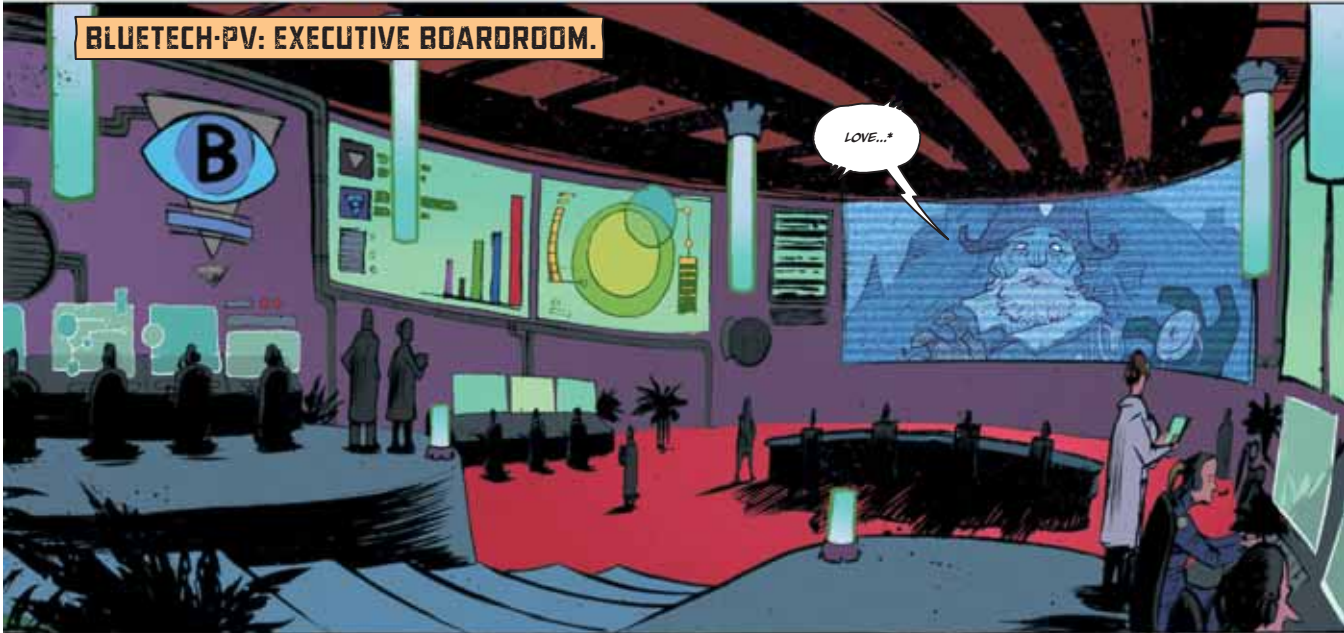




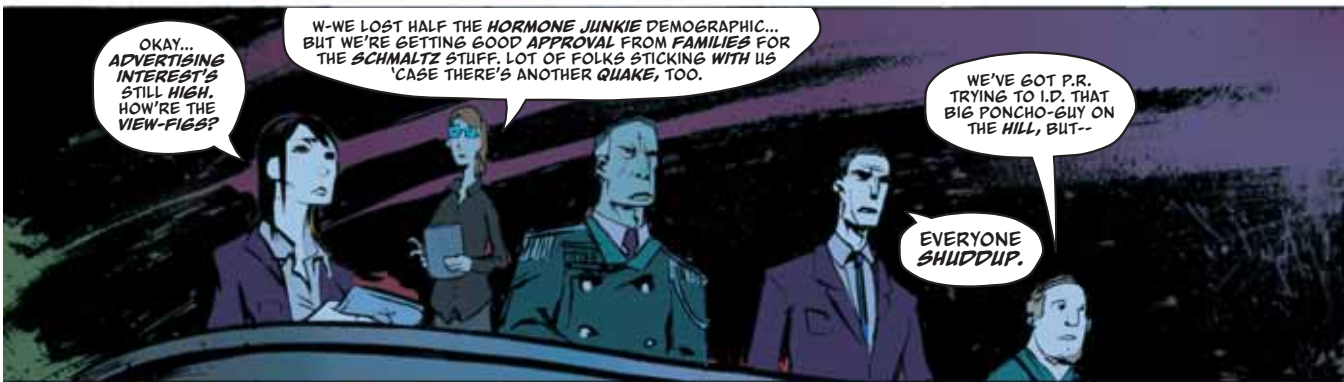
G-GET THAT WATCH BACK TO THE BLISTERGATE. MAKE SOMEONE S...SEND IT HOME TO HER...

IN THE NNN...NAME OF...

BLUETECH-PV: EXECUTIVE BOARDROOM.



LOVE...*



OKAY... ADVERTISING INTEREST'S STILL HIGH. HOW'RE THE VIEW-FIGS?

W-WE LOST HALF THE HORMONE JUNKIE DEMOGRAPHIC... BUT WE'RE GETTING GOOD APPROVAL FROM FAMILIES FOR THE SCHMALTZ STUFF. LOT OF FOLKS STICKING WITH US 'CASE THERE'S ANOTHER QUAKE, TOO.

WE'VE GOT P.R. TRYING TO I.D. THAT BIG PONCHO-GUY ON THE HILL, BUT--

EVERYONE SHUDDUP.

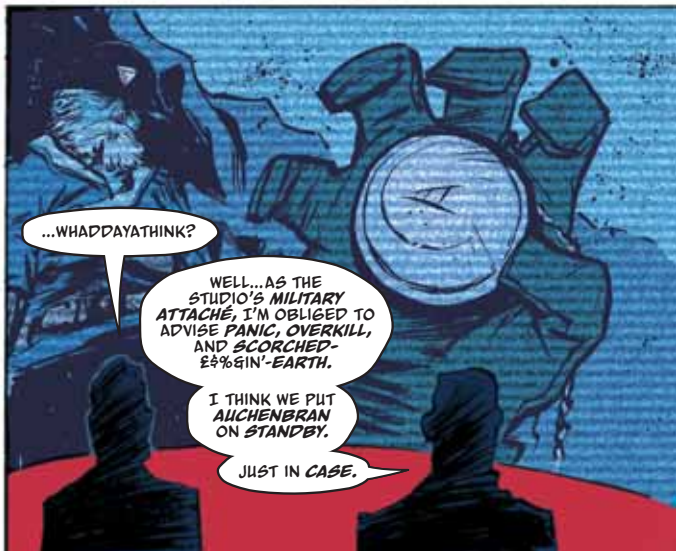


YOU KNOW WHAT THAT NECKLACE IS?

I DO.

OLD MAN'S A GOOD ACTOR.

DID HIS DUTY.



...WHADDAYATHINK?

WELL...AS THE STUDIO'S MILITARY ATTACHE, I'M OBLIGED TO ADVISE PANIC, OVERKILL, AND SCORCHED-EARTH.

I THINK WE PUT AUCHENBRAN ON STANDBY.

JUST IN CASE.

'ELLO?

AWIGHT, GUV.
YEAH, YEAH, **SMASHIN'**,
PERFICK--CAN'T
COMPLAIN.

NAH, 'S NO
TROUBLE. DON'T MIND
ME **WORKIN'** WHILE WE
NATTER, DO YA?
BLOODY SWAMPED
THIS WEEK.

UH-HUH. **RIGHT**,
RIGHT. AN' **WOSS** HE
UP TO NOW?

JUST SITTIN' THERE.
UH-HUH. AN' HE'S
GOT NO **TRAININ'**,
OR...?

SAYS HE'S A
LIBRARIAN.
HA.

WELL,
YEAH--SOUNDS
PERFICK.

LEAVE IT WITH
ME, EH? I'LL FINISH
UP 'ERE AND GET
RIGHT ON IT.

YEP, YEP, SAME
TO YOU. LOVE TO THE
MISSUS.

PERFICK.

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FACT IS, SIR, WHEN YOU'RE TALKIN' TO A BITTER HEARTBROKE LOSER EX-LIBRARIAN DIVORCÉE--

--PARTICULARLY ONE SEEKIN' SUICIDE BY MEANS OF THE HARD-FOUGHT COLONIAL WAR BEEN RAGING YEARS--

LOVE.
"IN THE NAME OF LOVE," HE SAYS.



--IT AIN'T ADVISED TO DEPLOY THE £\$%&IN' "L" WORD!

I WAS SUPPOSED TO DIE, @#%&^#&! NOT YOU!

@#%& YOUR "NAME OF LOVE."

AND £\$%& YOU!





...HELLO?



...



々々!%.



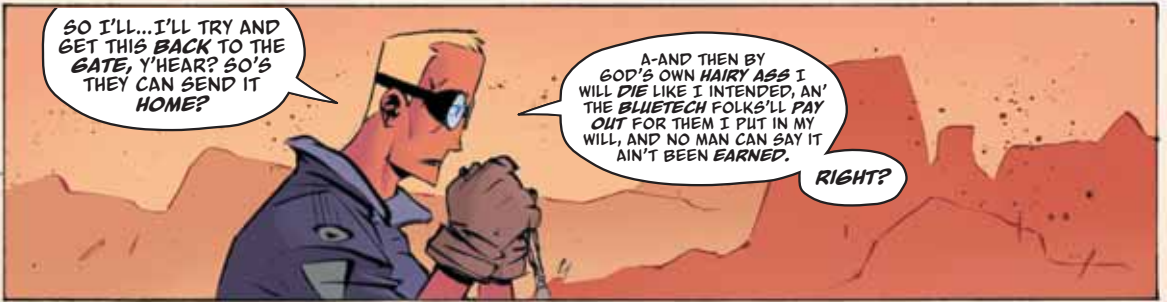


HHH.
 "TWENTY YEARS OF BLISS," HE SAYS.



UH, M-MRS. LANCOX?
 IF YOU'RE WATCHIN' THIS... I'M REAL SORRY ABOUT YOUR HUSBAND.
 AND I'M SORRY I THREW AWAY YOUR WATCH. IT AIN'T RIGHT TO TAKE OUT MY ##!% ON YOU.

ITED HIGHLIGHTS OF ALL TODAY'S ACTION TURN TO CHA



SO I'LL...I'LL TRY AND GET THIS BACK TO THE GATE, Y'HEAR? SO'S THEY CAN SEND IT HOME?

A-AND THEN BY GOD'S OWN HAIRY ASS I WILL DIE LIKE I INTENDED, AN' THE BLUETECH FOLKS'LL PAY OUT FOR THEM I PUT IN MY WILL, AND NO MAN CAN SAY IT AIN'T BEEN EARNED.
 RIGHT?



HOLD IT.



DON'T YOU PUT THAT ON, BOY.

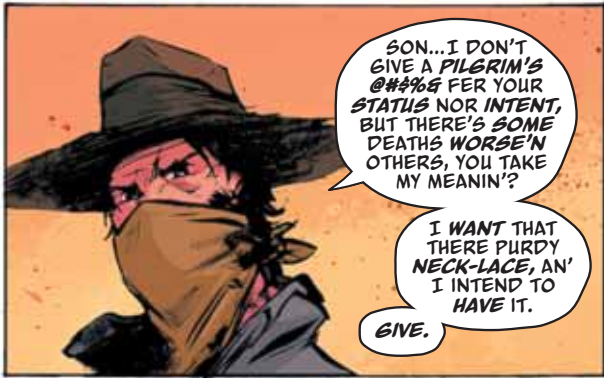


YOU SEEN HIS EYE, BOSS?

I SEEN IT. COVER YER FACES.

YOU'RE...YOU'RE DEBERTERS, RIGHT? F-FROM BOTH SIDES. I HEARD A LOT OF SOLDIERS TURN BANDIT...

LISTEN, I'M...I'M NO THREAT, FELLERS. I'M A LIBRARIAN. ALL I WANT'S TO GET BACK TO THE LINES SO'S I CAN DIE RIGHT.



SON...I DON'T GIVE A PILGRIM'S @#%\$ FER YOUR STATUS NOR INTENT, BUT THERE'S SOME DEATHS WORSE'N OTHERS, YOU TAKE MY MEANIN'?

I WANT THAT THERE PURDY NECK-LACE, AN' I INTEND TO HAVE IT.
GIVE.



...
I. I DON'T THINK SO. SORRY.

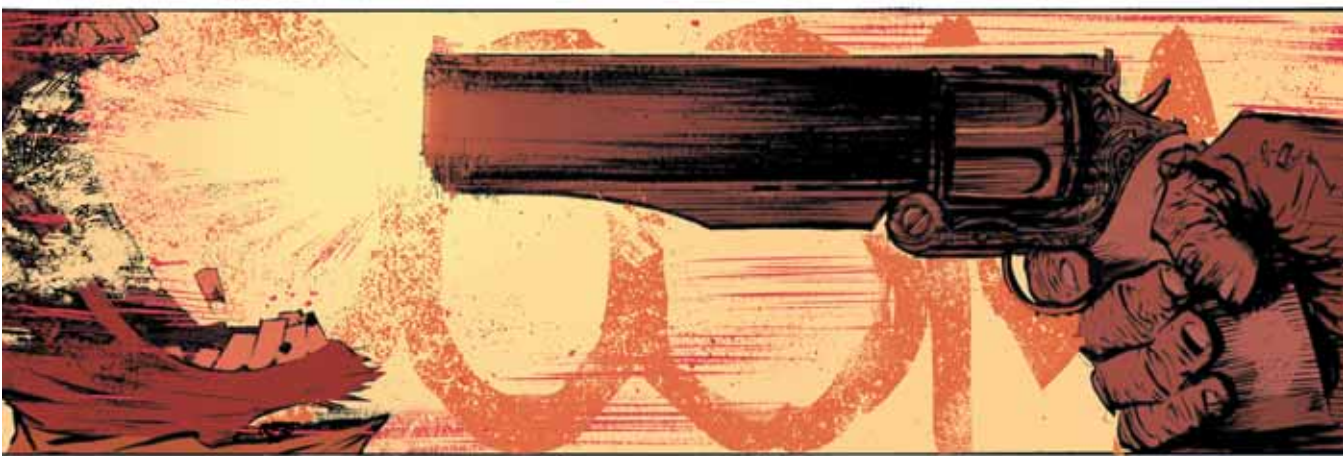


KILL HIM.
A LOT.



NNN







...
...
HOWDY.

TO BE CONTINUED...