

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE

COLLISION COURSE!

DC0039654

WATERVILLE, WASHINGTON.

YOU OKAY,
DAISY?

I'M NOT
SURE, *SHAGGY*.
I FEEL AS IF I'VE
JUST AWAKENED
FROM A VERY
BAD DREAM.

EVEN
WITHOUT THE
NANITE PLAGUE,
THE PAST FEW YEARS
WITH MY HUSBAND
HAVE BEEN A
NIGHTMARE.

RUFUS T. DINKLEY
WAS NEVER THE MOST
STABLE PERSON IN THE
WORLD--BUT LATELY? TRAITS
I ONCE SAW AS CHARMINGLY
ECCENTRIC BECAME
DANGEROUSLY
CRAZY.

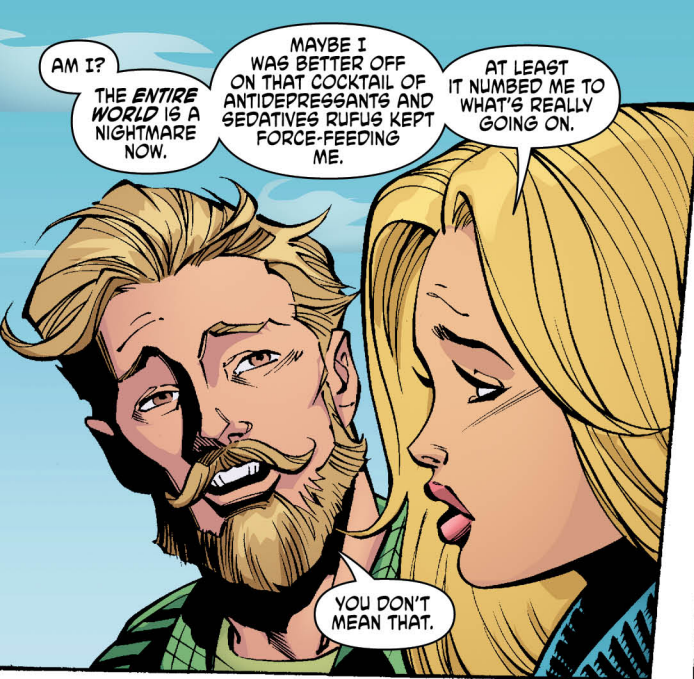
HE
TRANSFORMED
INTO A MONSTER.
JUST AS MUCH AS
THOSE...CREATURES
OUT THERE.

WELL,
RUFUS IS
GONE NOW,
AND YOU'RE
SAFE WITH
US.

ANOTHER SPOOKY SAFARI
BROUGHT TO YOU BY
THOSE CRANKY CODGERS
**KEITH GIFFEN &
J.M. DEMATTEIS**

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BASED ON A CONCEPT BY **JIM LEE**

AIDED IMMEASURABLY BY
RON WAGNER WITH **ANDY OWENS** (pages 1-15) &
JAN DUURSEMA WITH **TOM MANDRAKE** (pages 16-22):
ARTISTS



AM I?

THE ENTIRE WORLD IS A NIGHTMARE NOW.

MAYBE I WAS BETTER OFF ON THAT COCKTAIL OF ANTIDEPRESSANTS AND SEDATIVES RUFUS KEPT FORCE-FEEDING ME.

AT LEAST IT NUMBED ME TO WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON.

YOU DON'T MEAN THAT.



I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

SORRY. I DON'T MEAN TO SOUND UNGRATEFUL. I TRULY APPRECIATE WHAT YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS HAVE DONE FOR ME, BUT--

I KNOW IT LOOKS BLEAK... AN' IT IS... BUT I HAVE FAITH THAT WE'LL FIND A WAY OUTTA THIS.

FAITH--IN WHAT?

IN GOD, I GUESS.



AND IN VELMA.

GOD SEEMS TO BE ABSENT FROM THIS EQUATION.

BUT I MUST ADMIT THAT VELMA SEEMS FAR MORE CONFIDENT, FAR MORE CAPABLE, THAN RUFUS LED ME TO BELIEVE.

DO YOU THINK SHE'LL FIND A CURE FOR THIS PLAGUE?



IF ANYONE CAN DO IT, IT'S THE DOC.

YOU REALLY ADMIRE HER, DON'T YOU?

YEAH. BUT I ADMIRE ALL OF 'EM: DAPHNE, FRED, MY LITTLE BUDDY, SCOOBY-DOO.

AFTER EVERYTHING WE'VE BEEN THROUGH TOGETHER, WE'VE BECOME A FAMILY.

A MASSIVELY DYSFUNCTIONAL ONE--



--BUT, LIKE, WHAT FAMILY ISN'T?

...A HIVE MIND? WHAT DO YOU BASE THAT ON?

ENLIGHTENED INSIGHT.

IN OTHER WORDS, YOU'RE GUESSING!

GENIUSES DON'T GUESS!



YOUR HUMILITY IS OVERWHELMING, VELMA. I CAN'T--

HEY, I THOUGHT YOU TWO WERE GETTING ALONG NOW. WHAT'S WITH THE BICKERING?

WE'RE NOT BICKERING, FRED, WE'RE--

WELL, WE ARE BICKERING. BUT AT LEAST NOW--



--WE'RE ENJOYING IT.

SO WHAT WERE YOU SAYING TO DAPH ABOUT THE HIVE MIND?

JUST THAT I BELIEVE THE LACK OF MONSTER SIGHTINGS IN RECENT DAYS HAS BEEN THE RESULT OF A MASS MIGRATION--

--INITIATED BY THE INTERNAL URGING OF AN OVERRIDING CONSCIOUSNESS--



--THAT'S SOMEHOW UNITED THE CREATURES.

RIGNAL!

WHAT'D YOU SAY, SCOOBY?

ROLLING THE RIGNAL!



"FOLLOWING THE SIGNAL?"

INTERESTING THEORY. PERHAPS IT'S NOT AN INTERNAL URGING, BUT AN EXTERNAL BEACON OF SOME KIND.

BUT IT'S NOT A THEORY TO YOU--IS IT, SCOOBY?

RUH-UH.



OF COURSE. A CANINE'S AURAL FACILITIES ARE FAR IN ADVANCE OF OURS. SCOOBY CAN PERCEIVE FREQUENCIES THE HUMAN EAR CAN'T.

AND YOU'RE SAYING THAT YOU CAN HEAR THIS ONE?

RUH-UH.

IS IT AN AUDIBLE TONE OR A--



ROICE!

"ROYCE"?

HE MEANS A VOICE.

YES. A SUMMONS.

BUT THE QUESTION IS--



WHO'S DOING THE SUMMONING?

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT.

OH NO THERE'S NOT!

I DON'T SEE THAT WE HAVE ANY CHOICE. SOMEONE OR SOMETHING HAS LEARNED TO CONTROL THESE CREATURES. UNITE THEM.

AND A POWER LIKE THAT COULD BE THE KEY TO ENDING THIS MADNESS.



SIGH MUCH AS I HATE TO ADMIT IT, SHE'S RIGHT.

OF COURSE I'M RIGHT!

DON'T PUSH YOUR LUCK.

HEY, SHAGGY! DAISY! INTO THE MYSTERY MACHINE!

WE'RE MOVING OUT!



WHAT'S GOIN' ON?

VELMA'S DETERMINED TO GET US ALL KILLED!

THAT'S A GROSS MISREPRESENTATION!

SIGH HERE THEY GO AGAIN!

SO YOU THINK WHAT WE'RE ABOUT TO DO IS SAFE?

SINCE WHEN ARE YOU CONCERNED WITH SAFETY?

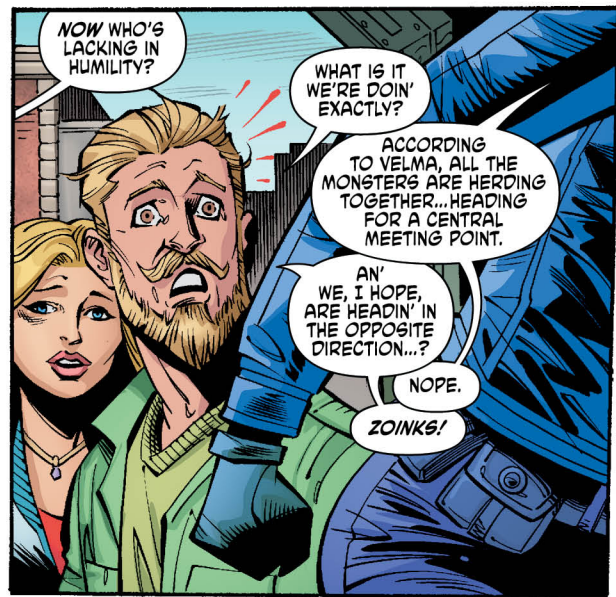


ACTUALLY, I'M NOT. I'M CONCERNED WITH TRACKING THOSE BEASTIES DOWN AND WIPING THEM OUT--ONE WAY OR ANOTHER.

BUT I'M REALLY ENJOYING THIS BICKERING THING.

SO WE ARE GOING TO GET KILLED?

NOT AS LONG AS I'M IN COMMAND.



NOW WHO'S LACKING IN HUMILITY?

WHAT IS IT WE'RE DOIN' EXACTLY?

ACCORDING TO VELMA, ALL THE MONSTERS ARE HERDING TOGETHER...HEADING FOR A CENTRAL MEETING POINT.

AN' WE, I HOPE, ARE HEADIN' IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION...?

NOPE.

ZOINKS!



"ZOINKS"? WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

WELL, DAISY, "ZOINKS" IS KINDA LIKE--

I MEAN IT'S...UH--

PERHAPS I CAN EXPLAIN: "ZOINKS" IS A RATHER INFANTILE EXPRESSION OF ASTONISHMENT--

--THAT SHAGGY RESORTS TO IN TIMES OF STRESS.



SAID THE WOMAN WHOSE OWN FAVORITE EXPRESSION IS "JINKIES!"

I WOULDN'T CAST ASPERSIONS, MS. BLAKE, SINCE I'VE HEARD YOU USE THE WORD "JEEPERS" ON NUMEROUS OCCASIONS.

I'VE NEVER SAID THAT!

ACTUALLY, DAPH, YOU HAVE.

YOU KEEP OUT OF THIS, FRED JONES--



"--OR I'LL NEVER LET YOU PROPOSE TO ME AGAIN!"

...WHAT THE HELL?

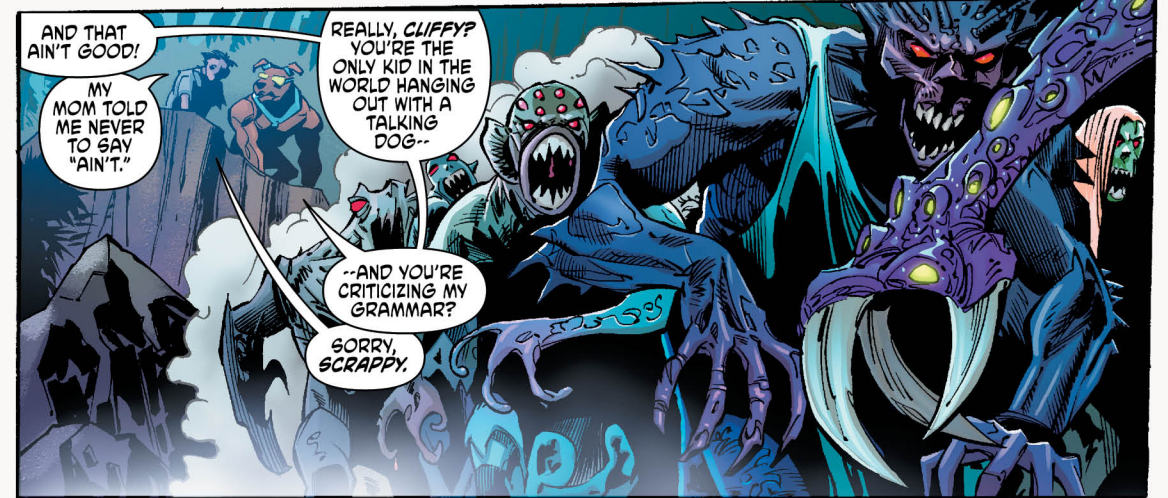
SEEMS LIKE EVERYWHERE WE GO WE RUN INTO MORE OF THOSE THINGS--



--MARCHING ALONG LIKE SOME KIND OF ARMY ON THEIR WAY TO BATTLE!

I THOUGHT MOST OF THOSE CREEPS WERE DUMB AS POSTS--

--BUT THEY'RE CLEARLY WORKING TOGETHER!



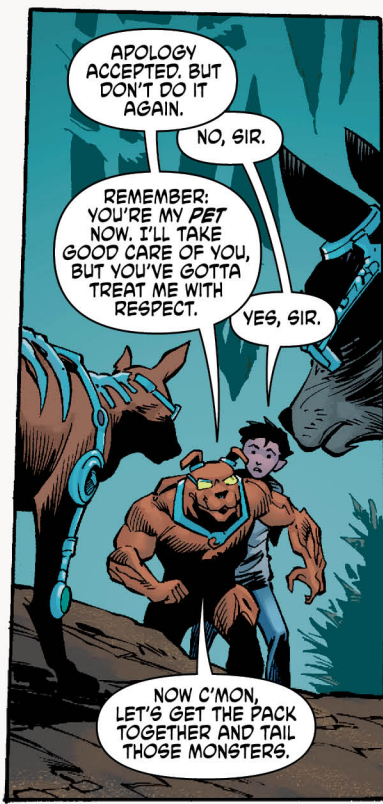
AND THAT AIN'T GOOD!

MY MOM TOLD ME NEVER TO SAY "AIN'T."

REALLY, CLIFFY? YOU'RE THE ONLY KID IN THE WORLD HANGING OUT WITH A TALKING DOG--

--AND YOU'RE CRITICIZING MY GRAMMAR?

SORRY, SCRAPPY.



APOLOGY ACCEPTED. BUT DON'T DO IT AGAIN.

NO, SIR.

REMEMBER: YOU'RE MY PET NOW. I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU, BUT YOU'VE GOTTA TREAT ME WITH RESPECT.

YES, SIR.

NOW C'MON, LET'S GET THE PACK TOGETHER AND TAIL THOSE MONSTERS.



WE...WE'RE FOLLOWING THEM?

YEAH. THIS IS MAJORLY WEIRD STUFF--WHICH MEANS THERE'S EVERY CHANCE THAT THE COMPLEX IS BEHIND IT.

AND WHERE THE COMPLEX GOES, SO GOES VELMA DINKLEY AND THAT ANNOYING MUTT, SCOOBY-DOO!

BUT WH-WHAT IF THE MONSTERS SEE US? WHAT IF THEY CATCH US AND--

LONG AS YOU STICK WITH ME, KID, YOU'RE SAFE. NOW STOP YOUR DAMN WHINING--

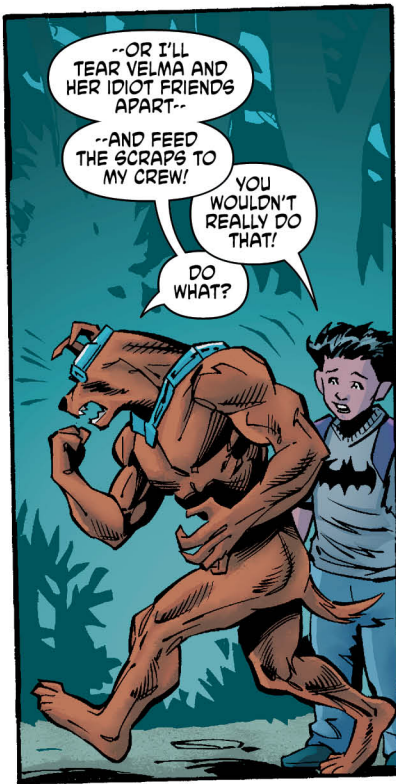


--YOU'RE GIVING ME AN EAR-ACHE!

OKAY, SCRAPPY!

IF THIS SPOOK-PARADE CAN LEAD US TO DINKLEY, WE'RE HOME FREE.

THE DOC'S THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN FIX OUR MALFUNCTIONING IMPLANTS. AND BELIEVE ME, KID, SHE'S GONNA FIX 'EM--



--OR I'LL TEAR VELMA AND HER IDIOT FRIENDS APART--

--AND FEED THE SCRAPPS TO MY CREW!

YOU WOULDN'T REALLY DO THAT!

DO WHAT?



HURT THE ONLY PEOPLE WHO CAN HELP YOU.

CLIFFY, CLIFFY, CLIFFY! WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO LEARN?

YOUR MOTHER...YOUR SISTER...THEY'RE DEAD! GONE! DEVOURED BY THOSE WALKING NIGHTMARES OUT THERE!

YOU WANT TO END UP THE SAME WAY--OR DO YOU WANT TO SURVIVE?

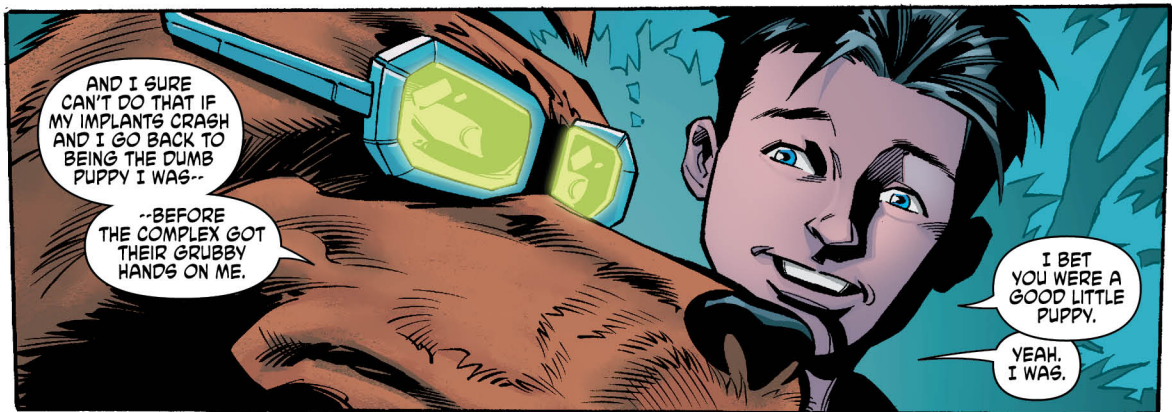


WELL...?

I WANNA SURVIVE.

RIGHT! AND THE ONLY WAY TO DO THAT IS TO BE TOUGHER... MEANER... MORE SAVAGE AND UNFORGIVING THAN ANYONE ELSE!

TO BE THE BIGGEST DAMN MONSTER ON THE PLANET!



AND I SURE CAN'T DO THAT IF MY IMPLANTS CRASH AND I GO BACK TO BEING THE DUMB PUPPY I WAS--

--BEFORE THE COMPLEX GOT THEIR GRUBBY HANDS ON ME.

I BET YOU WERE A GOOD LITTLE PUPPY.

YEAH. I WAS.



AND LOOK WHERE IT GOT ME.



SIGH C'MON, CLIFFY--

--TIME TO HIT THE ROAD AGAIN.

SCRAPPY-DOO...?

YEAH, KID?

YOU'RE THE BEST DOG EVER.

YOU KNOW WHAT, KID?

WHAT?