



C'MON, PLAS! LET ME IN! I WANNA HELP!



FOR THE LAST TIME, WOODY, YOU CAN'T COME TO A CLASSIFIED FBI BRIEFING! YOU'RE NOT AN AGENT!

BUT I AM YOUR PAL! WHAT'S PLASTIC MAN WITHOUT WOODY WINKS?



PRODUCTIVE! WOODY, PLEASE-- GO FIND SOMETHING ELSE TO DO, AND LET ME WORK!



GRUMBLE "NOT AN AGENT"...

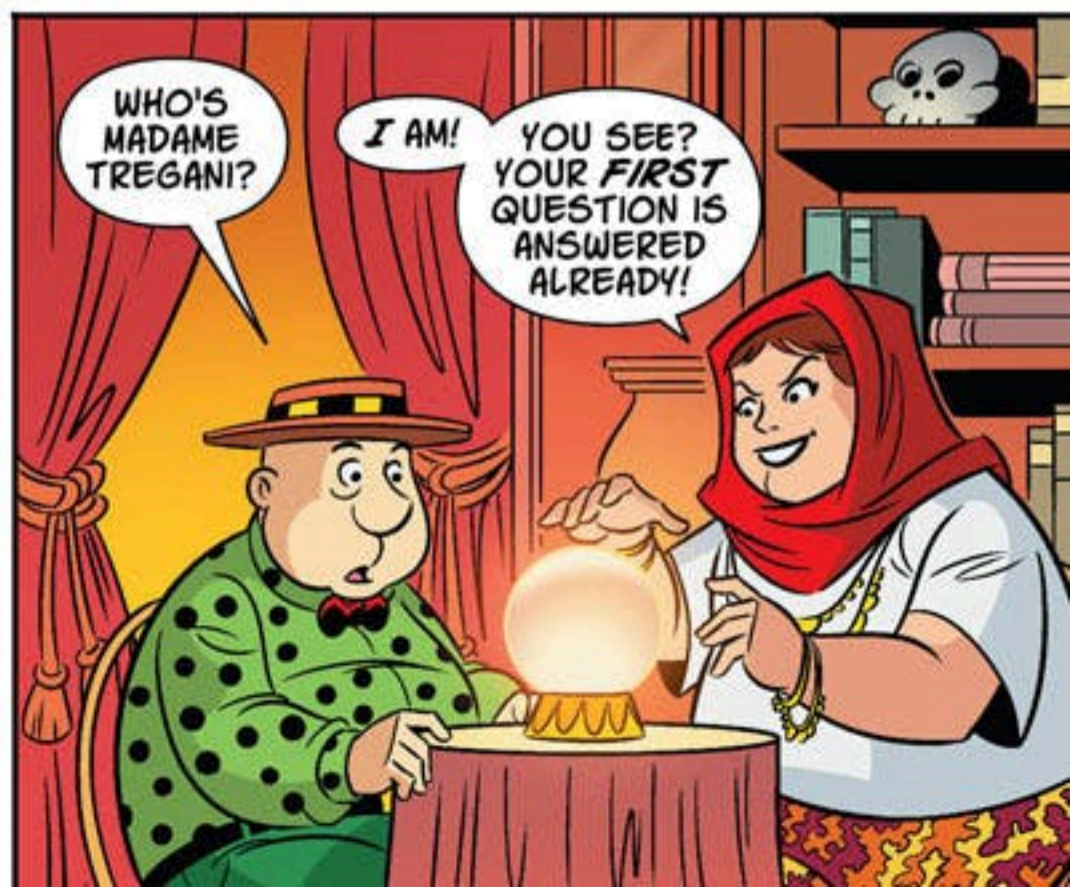
... THEY'RE JUST AFRAID I'D SOLVE ALL THEIR CRIMES SO FAST, I'D PUT THEM OUT OF BUSINESS!



WHEN'S PLASTIC MAN GOING TO LET ME SOLVE MY OWN CASE?

AH! STEP RIGHT THIS WAY, MY WELL-FED FELLOW!

MADAME TREGANI HAS THE ANSWERS TO ALL YOUR QUESTIONS!



WHO'S MADAME TREGANI?

I AM!

YOU SEE? YOUR FIRST QUESTION IS ANSWERED ALREADY!



GEE! SO WHAT ARE THE ANSWERS TO MY QUESTIONS?

THAT DEPENDS. ALL PAYMENTS ARE DUE IN ADVANCE.

HOW MUCH CASH DO YOU HAVE ON YOU?



UH, LEMME SEE...

...I KNOW I'VE GOT SOME DOUGH ON ME SOMEWHERE...

AH! HERE IT IS...

...TWENTY-SEVEN CENTS!

TWENTY-SEVEN CENTS?! THAT'S ALL?!



THE STARS SAY YOU'RE DOOMED!



AAAAAAH! THE STARS SAY I'M DOOMED! WHAT'D I EVER DO TO THEM?



BUT MAYBE IT WON'T COME TRUE! MAYBE IT'S JUST--



HEADS UP! FALLING PIANO!



KRAAAAASH!



PLAAAAAAS!

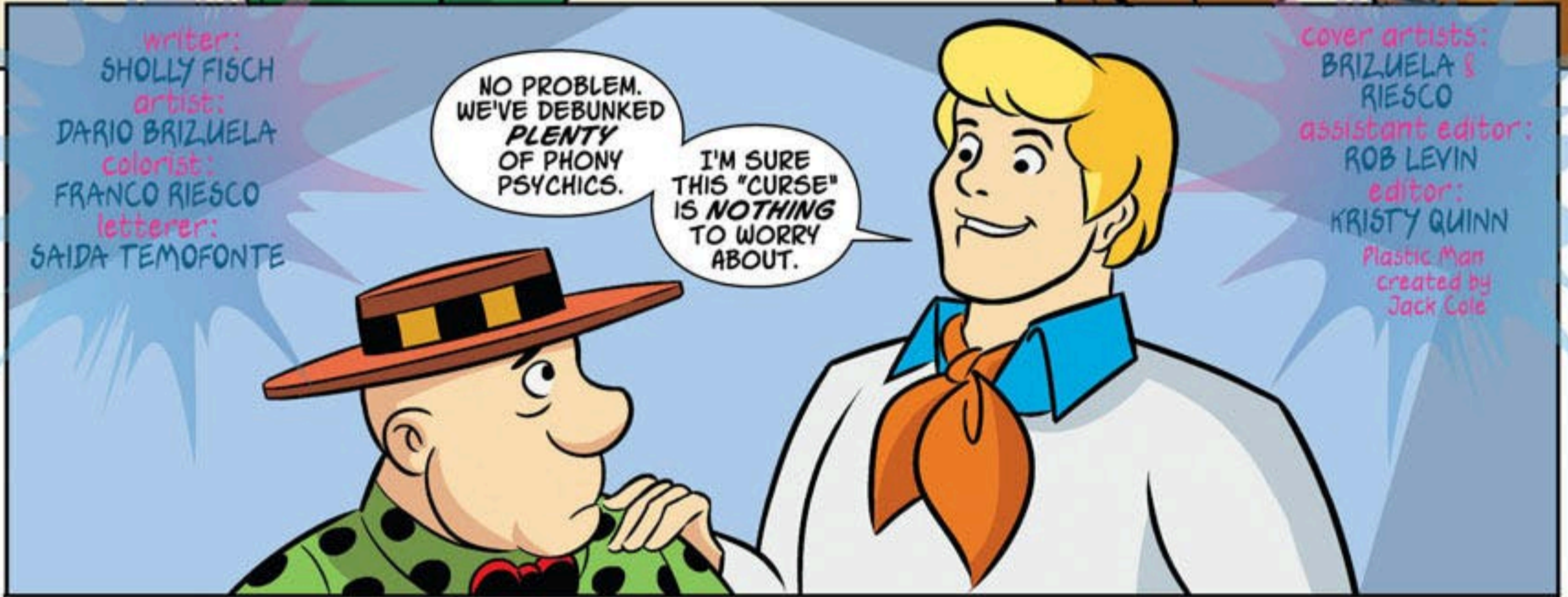


YOU CAN SEE WHAT I'M DEALING WITH. HE'S BEEN LIKE THIS EVER SINCE.

I'M DOOMED! BUT... BUT I'M SO YOUNG... AND GOOD-LOOKING...

CAN YOU KIDS FIGURE OUT WHETHER THE FORTUNE-TELLER'S CURSE IS REAL OR NOT?

CURSES: FOILED AGAIN!



NO PROBLEM. WE'VE DEBUNKED **PLENTY** OF PHONY PSYCHICS.

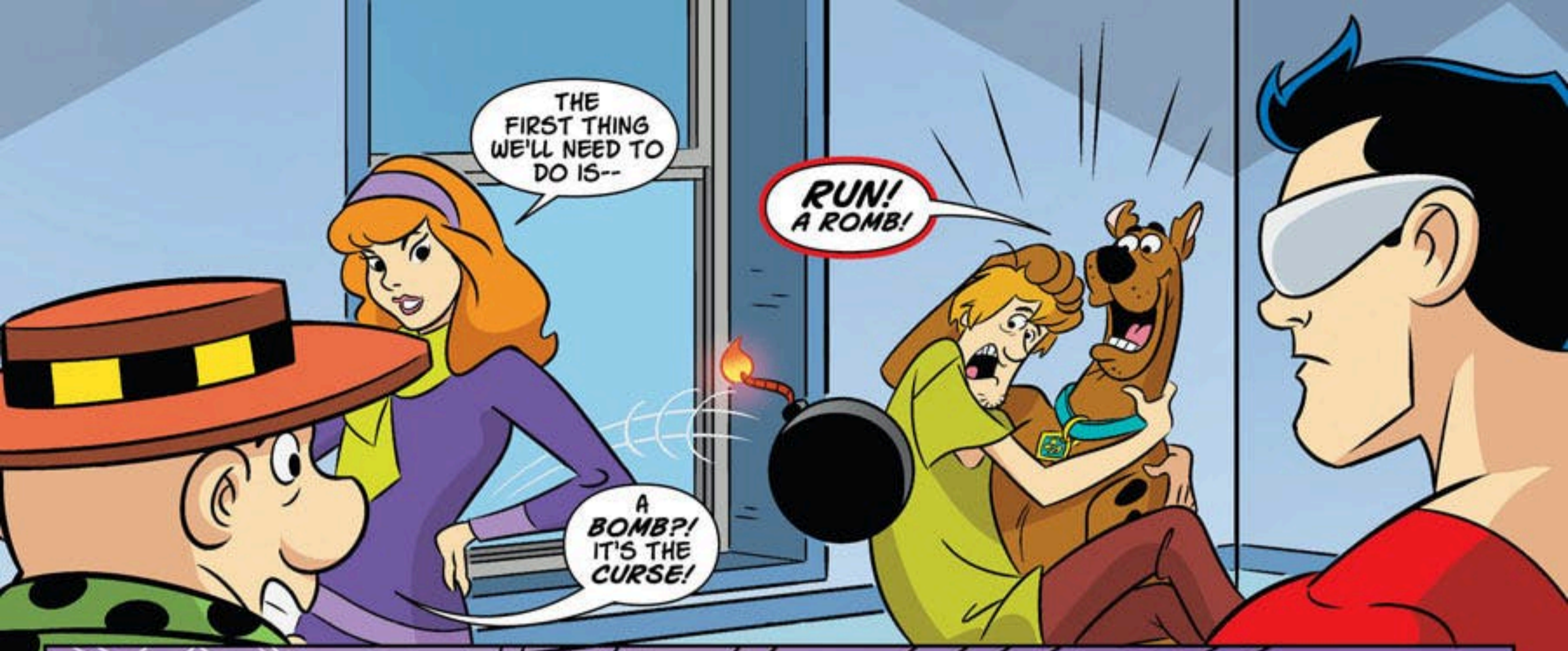
I'M SURE THIS "CURSE" IS **NOTHING** TO WORRY ABOUT.

writer:
SHOLLY FISCH
artist:
DARIO BRIZUELA
colorist:
FRANCO RIESCO
letterer:
SAIDA TEMOFONTE

cover artists:
BRIZUELA &
RIESCO
assistant editor:
ROB LEVIN
editor:
KRISTY QUINN
Plastic Man
created by
Jack Cole



BUT, JUST IN CASE, SCOOBY AND I WILL, LIKE, STAND WAY OVER **HERE...**



THE FIRST THING WE'LL NEED TO DO IS--

RUN! A ROMB!

A BOMB?! IT'S THE CURSE!



OR IT'S JUST TUESDAY. ANNIE THE ANARCHIST ALWAYS THROWS A BOMB AT THE FBI BUILDING ON TUESDAYS.



LUCKILY, HER BOMBS NEVER WORK.



BOOOOOM



OR AT LEAST, THEY NEVER WORKED BEFORE.

I'M DOOMED!



ENOUGH WITH THE "CURSE"! PLASTIC MAN HAS CROOKS TO CATCH, REMEMBER?

I'M ON IT, CHIEF! I'LL TRACK DOWN THE GRANITE LADY AND HER MOB!

"GRANITE LADY"?

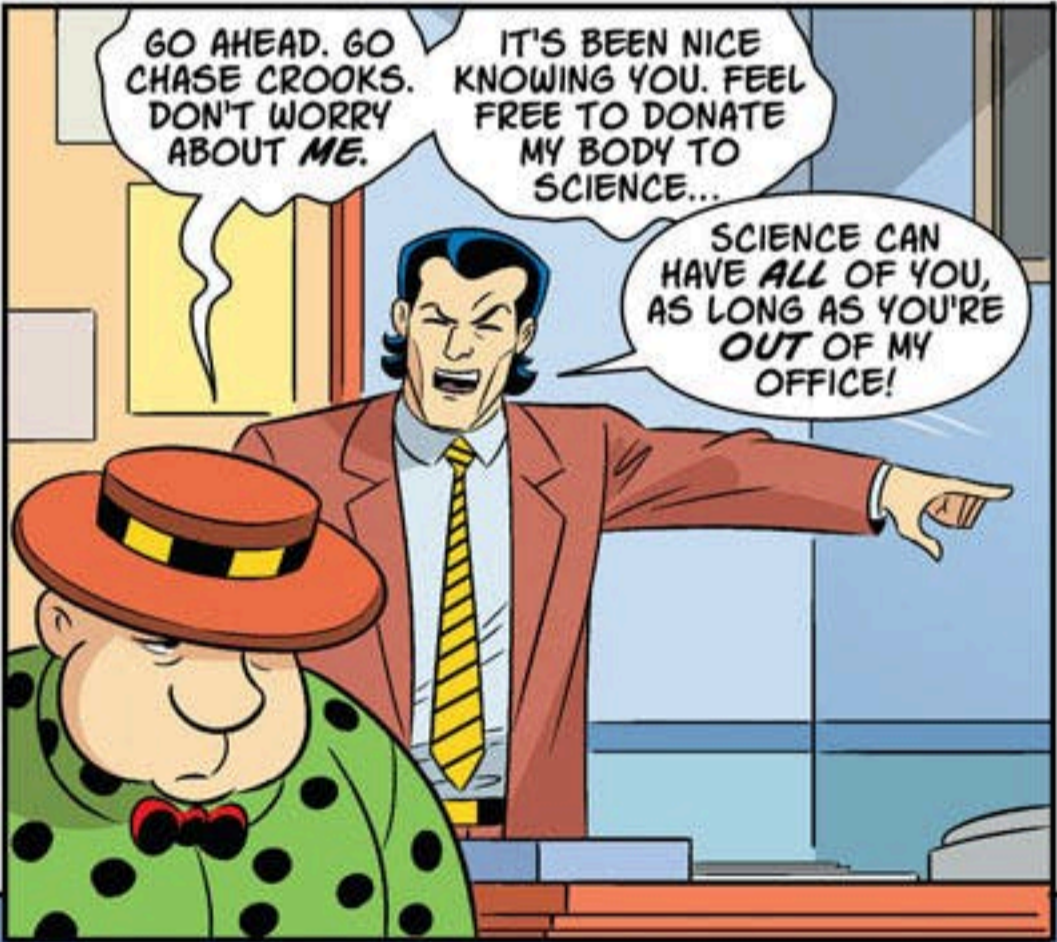
ONE OF THE CITY'S STRANGEST CRIMINALS. A CHEMICAL FORMULA TURNED HER TO STONE AND GAVE HER SUPER-STRENGTH. WEIRD, EH?

AS OPPOSED TO STRETCHING YOUR BODY LIKE RUBBER?



THE GRANITE LADY'S GANG ROBBED THE CITY BLIND FOR THE PAST COUPLE OF WEEKS, THEN DISAPPEARED. THEY MUST BE HIDING OUT.

HMM... "DIGGER" MORTIS, "SNAKE" ISELY, "NO-NOSE" GOODNOOSE, AND "HIJACK" COLE. HER GANG SOUNDS LIKE A PRETTY DANGEROUS BUNCH.



GO AHEAD. GO CHASE CROOKS. DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME.

IT'S BEEN NICE KNOWING YOU. FEEL FREE TO DONATE MY BODY TO SCIENCE...

SCIENCE CAN HAVE ALL OF YOU, AS LONG AS YOU'RE OUT OF MY OFFICE!



SEE, DAPHNE, THAT'S WHY I CALLED YOU KIDS. I CAN'T ABANDON WOOLLY, BUT I'M HOPING THAT EXPERIENCED SUPERNATURAL INVESTIGATORS LIKE YOU CAN CLEAR THIS UP QUICKLY, SO I CAN GET BACK TO TRACKING DOWN THE GRANITE LADY.

WE'LL DO OUR BEST. THE OBVIOUS FIRST STEP IS TO CHECK OUT THIS FORTUNE-TELLER.

HER PLACE IS JUST DOWN THE BLOCK. WE'LL GET THERE IN A MINUTE...

... ASSUMING I LIVE THAT LONG.

ARMANDO'S DINE-O-PAMA ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT BUFFET

OR WE COULD STOP FOR A SNACK.

I LIKE THE WAY YOU THINK.

RUH-HUH!

