



DREAM GANG

STORY AND ART BY
BRENAN MCCARTHY
LETTERS BY
NATE PIEKOS OF BLAMBOT®

YOU'VE GOT TO BE JOKING. WE'RE THE DREAM GANG?
THEN THE WORLD IS TRULY FRUGGERED!

SHERIFF, THE DOOM DOLLS HAVE GONE.

LOOKS LIKE THE OTHER S.I.N. GUN HAS BEEN TAKEN TOO.



UH, I SAW ZEIRIO TALKING WITH SOME WHACKED-OUT VENTRILOQUIST'S DOLLS IN THE LIGHTSHEE..

YEAH, THE DOLLS WERE DEvised TO CHANNEL ENTITIES THAT SPEAK THROUGH THEM.

DIFFERENT ENERGIES EXIST IN THE ATAVISTIC REALMS, SOME OF IT ANTHUMAN. ARCHONS AND DEMONS...INSANE SPIRITS.

HE'S LIKELY BEEN TAKEN OVER BY PSYCHIC PARASITES WHO OFFER HIM WHATEVER HE WANTS, WHILE GETTING HIM TO CARRY OUT THEIR AGENDA.

RIGHT. THE DOLLS ARE USING THE DREAM BOMB TO CREATE A FLESHALYPSE.

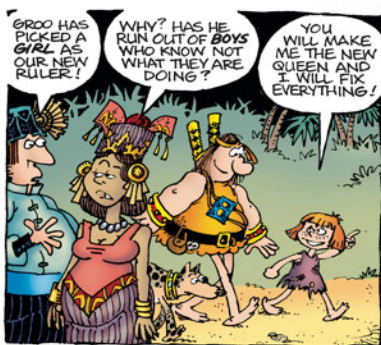
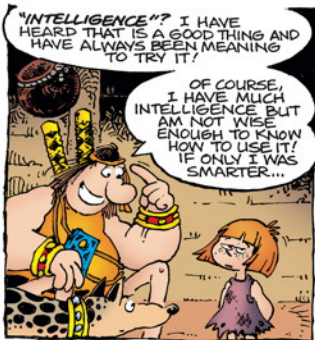
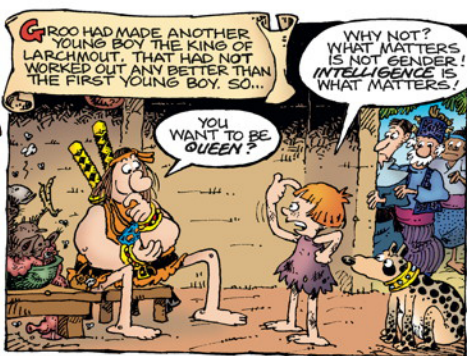
IN RETURN, ZEIRIO GETS MANIFESTED IN THE WAKING WORLD, OR SO HE BELIEVES.

GROO

THE WANDERER

THE KIDS WHO WOULD BE KINGS

CHAPTER III
by *ARAGONÉS*
and *EVANIER*



LONDON,
JANUARY 1974

"I LOVE THIS CITY. IT MAKES MY OST-BERLIN FLAT LOOK CLEAN."

"BUT AS YOU CAN SEE, I'M ADDING A TOUCH OF RED TO THE DECOR."

YOU LOOK TERRIBLE.

JUST A LITTLE DISAGREEMENT WITH MRS. BUT EVERYTHING'S OKAY NOW.

WHAT'VE YOU GOT, KÜRSCH?

PAIN IN MY LOWER BACK...

AND THIS, YOU'RE GONNA LOVE IT.

BLACK KAISER IN
"ALL FOR ONE"

A POLAR
SPY FICTION TALE

THE TARGET IS AN ANARCHIST GROUP CALLED CERBERUS.

THE INTELLIGENCE COMMUNITY HAVE UNDERESTIMATED IT, BUT NOW THE CUB HAS GROWN INTO A BEAST TOO BIG TO BE TAMED.

WESTERN AND EASTERN AGENCIES ARE SO AFRAID OF THE ORGANIZATION THAT WE HAVE FORGED AN ALLIANCE.

AN ALLIANCE SO UNDERGROUND EVEN OUR BOSSES DON'T KNOW ABOUT IT.

IT'S CALLED DAMOCLES.

"...AND FOR THE FIRST DAMOCLES ASSIGNMENT, HERE'S OUR ALL-STAR TEAM."

FROM MRS. GALAHAD, THIS LIMY IS THE ONE TO BLAME FOR MY SPILLING GUTS.

CREPAX, YOU'VE WORKED WITH THIS INTERPOL PRINCESS BEFORE, YES?

BASAJAUN, A BASQUE MERCENARY. THE AMERICANS RECOMMENDED HIM FOR THE JOB.

AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST, YOU. A DISPOSABLE ELEMENT FROM BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN.

THANKS.

DON'T BE SO GRATEFUL. WE THINK THERE'S A MOLE REPORTING TO CERBERUS. THAT'S YOUR REAL MISSION.

FIND OUT WHO THE MOLE IS AND IF WE CAN USE ITS INFORMATION TO OUR ADVANTAGE.

MY NAME IS ALICE CREEP.

I AM SOMEWHERE BETWEEN DIMENSIONS.

ABOVE ME, TWO CONTINENT-SIZED PARASITES ARE FIGHTING OVER WHO GETS TO FEED OFF THE EARTH'S SPIRAL PSYCHIC ENERGY.

I AM LESS WORRIED ABOUT THEM THAN YOU MIGHT EXPECT.

THE ARMY OF BOMBPROOF PLASTIC DOLLS, INHABITED BY THE STOLEN PSYCHES OF TEEN GAMERS?

THAT'S A PROBLEM.

HEENA, PLEASE! I CAN--

I CAN MAKE YOU--

KRAK



BEYOND THE WALLS OF THE
LOST CITY OF OPAR, THE
JUNGLE NIGHT REVERBERATES
WITH THE SOUND OF BATTLE...

TWO JUNGLE CREATURES
LOCKED IN MORTAL
COMBAT...



...THE SAVAGERY
OF THE BEAST
MATCHED BY THE
SAVAGERY OF THE
JUNGLE LORD...



WHAT TIME YOU GET TO WORK?

EIGHT THIRTY, EIGHT THIRTY-FIVE...

FIRST ONE HERE?

YEAH, NOBODY ELSE COMES IN UNTIL JUST BEFORE NINE.

POOL OPENS THEN?

WEIRD™ DETECTIVE

The Stars Are Wrong Part Two

FRED VAN LENTE STORY

GUIDO VILANOVA ART

JOSAN GONZALEZ COLORING

NATE PIEKOS OF BLAMBOT™ LETTERING

WHEN SCHOOL'S OUT, YEAH. BUT THEN FOR FALL HOURS--

YOU CLEAN THE POOL BEFORE OPENING?

YEAH, JUST SOME LEAVES, AN ACTION FIGURE STUCK IN THE--

WHY THE CAMERA?

DETECTIVE GREENE, IT'S ONE THING IF YOU WON'T PARTICIPATE IN THE INTERVIEW, BUT IF YOU COULD REFRAIN FROM...

WHAT'D YOU SAY?

THERE IS A HIDDEN CAMERA IN THE BOYS' SHOWERS AND LOCKER ROOM.

WHY IS THAT?