



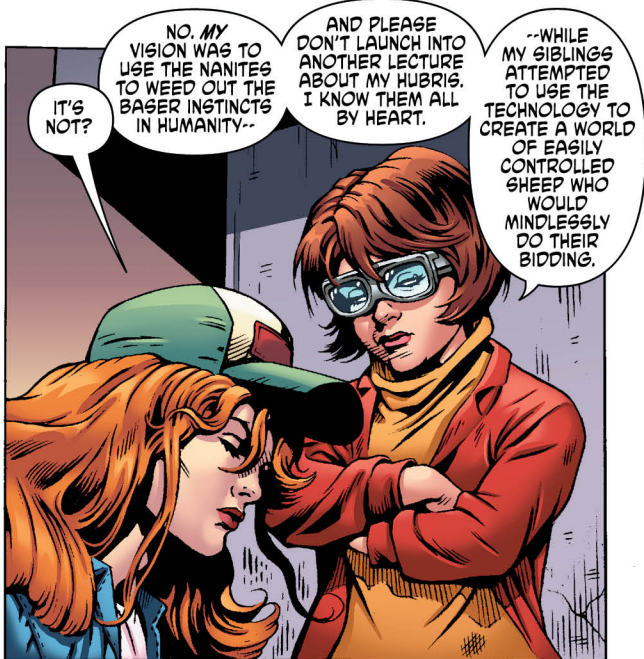
...SO HOW DO YOU THINK THEY DID IT?

HOW DID YOUR BROTHERS ALTER YOUR ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR THE NANITES?

HOW DID WHO DO WHAT?

THAT'S NOT THE PERTINENT QUESTION, DAPHNE.

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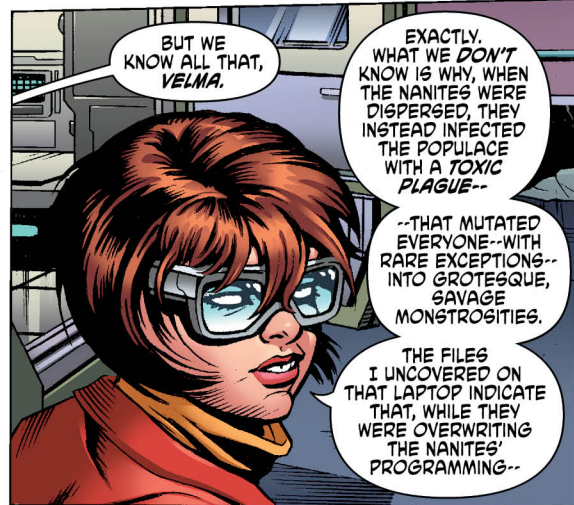


IT'S NOT?

NO. MY VISION WAS TO USE THE NANITES TO WEED OUT THE BASER INSTINCTS IN HUMANITY--

AND PLEASE DON'T LAUNCH INTO ANOTHER LECTURE ABOUT MY HUBRIG. I KNOW THEM ALL BY HEART.

--WHILE MY SIBLINGS ATTEMPTED TO USE THE TECHNOLOGY TO CREATE A WORLD OF EASILY CONTROLLED SHEEP WHO WOULD MINDLESSLY DO THEIR BIDDING.

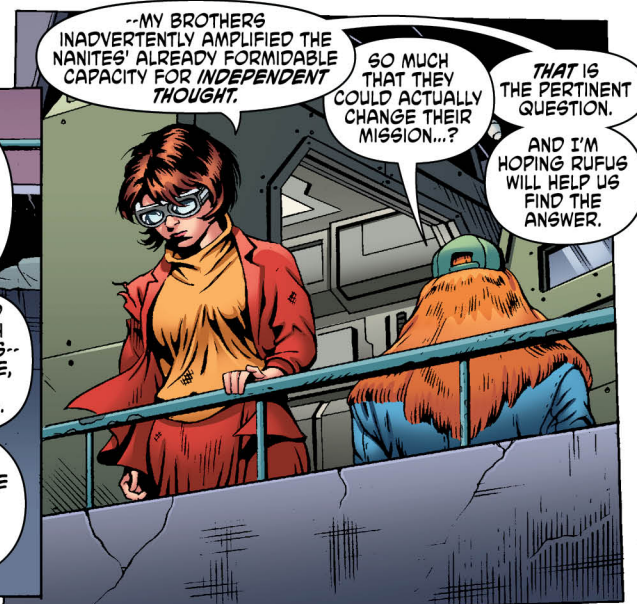


BUT WE KNOW ALL THAT, VELMA.

EXACTLY. WHAT WE DON'T KNOW IS WHY, WHEN THE NANITES WERE DISPERSED, THEY INSTEAD INFECTED THE POPULACE WITH A TOXIC PLAGUE--

--THAT MUTATED EVERYONE--WITH RARE EXCEPTIONS--INTO GROTESQUE, SAVAGE MONSTROSITIES.

THE FILES I UNCOVERED ON THAT LAPTOP INDICATE THAT, WHILE THEY WERE OVERWRITING THE NANITES' PROGRAMMING--



--MY BROTHERS INADVERTENTLY AMPLIFIED THE NANITES' ALREADY FORMIDABLE CAPACITY FOR INDEPENDENT THOUGHT.

SO MUCH THAT THEY COULD ACTUALLY CHANGE THEIR MISSION...?

THAT IS THE PERTINENT QUESTION.

AND I'M HOPING RUFUS WILL HELP US FIND THE ANSWER.



WHAT MAKES YOU THINK HE'S STILL ALIVE?

RUFUS HAS NO THOUGHT, NO FEELING, FOR ANYONE BUT HIMSELF. AND THAT LASER-FOCUSED NARCISSISM HAS MADE HIM A SURVIVOR--IN BUSINESS AND IN LIFE.

BUT I THOUGHT YOUR BROTHERS WERE DEVOTED TO EACH OTHER.

OH, RUFUS CARES ABOUT THE OTHER THREE, IN HIS WARPED WAY. HE WAS QUITE EAGER TO JOIN THEM IN ESTABLISHING THE COMPLEX.



BUT HE'D BETRAY THEM--BETRAY ANYONE--IN A HEARTBEAT IF HE VIEWED THEM AS A THREAT TO HIS SELF-INTEREST.

SO IF HE'S SUCH A WEASEL--WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE?

GIVEN THAT WE WERE IN CALIFORNIA, SEATTLE DID SEEM LIKE THE LOGICAL FIRST STOP IN OUR SEARCH FOR THE FOUR.

AND, YES, RUFUS IS A WEASEL. BUT, LIKE IT OR NOT--

"--HE'S THE WEASEL WE NEED."

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON...

City Center
Beaverton
EXIT ONLY

The Dalles
Seattle

Exit 299a
Ross Is. Br.
Macadam Ave.

WELL, THAT'S A CREEPY SIGHT.

AN ENTIRE CITY--SILENT AND DEAD.

NOT TOO LATE T'TURN BACK.

YOU REALLY THINK DAPH'S GONNA LET US DO THAT?

SO WE'RE GOIN' IN?

WE'RE GOING IN.

RUH-ROH.

PRECISELY.

CELEBRATING ONE YEAR OF APOCALYPTIC ANTICS WITH THOSE MASTERS OF MACABRE MONKEY BUSINESS--

KEITH GIFFEN & J.M. DeMATTEIS: writers
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HI-FI: colors TRAVIS LANHAM; letters HOWARD PORTER and HI-FI; main cover PAUL GULACY and RAIN BEREDO; variant cover BRITTANY HOLZHEAR; assoc. editor MARIE JAVINS; benevolent overlord Based on a concept by JIM LEE



WELL, LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE--THERE ARE NO BEASTIES OUT THERE.

WHICH IS WEIRD, RIGHT?

WHEN WE FIRST LEFT THE COMPLEX, WE WERE RUNNING INTO THOSE THINGS EVERY TEN FEET, BUT LATELY...?!

I MEAN-- WHERE DID THEY ALL GO?

FLORIDA? I'M SERIOUS, SHAGGY.

ARE YOU REALLY COMPLAININ' ABOUT THE FACT THAT NO MONSTERS ARE TRYIN' T'EAT OUR LIVERS?

I'M NOT COMPLAINING, I'M JUST... WONDERING.



MAYBE IT HAS SOMETHIN' T'DO WITH THE PLAGUE.

COULD BE A HUMAN BODY CAN'T SUSTAIN THE TRANSFORMATION AN'; AFTER A WHILE THOSE BEASTIES JUST--

JUST WHAT? DIGINTEGRATE? VANISH INTO THIN AIR?

CONSIDERIN' EVERYTHING WE'VE SEEN, FRED--



--IS THAT LIKE, SO FAR-FETCHED?

WE HAVE SEEN SOME TRULY WEIRD STUFF, HAVEN'T WE?

AND THE WEIRDEST MIGHT BE DAPHNE AND VELMA ACTING AS IF THEY ACTUALLY LIKE EACH OTHER.

I'M THE KINDA GUY WHO BELIEVES IN MIRACLES--



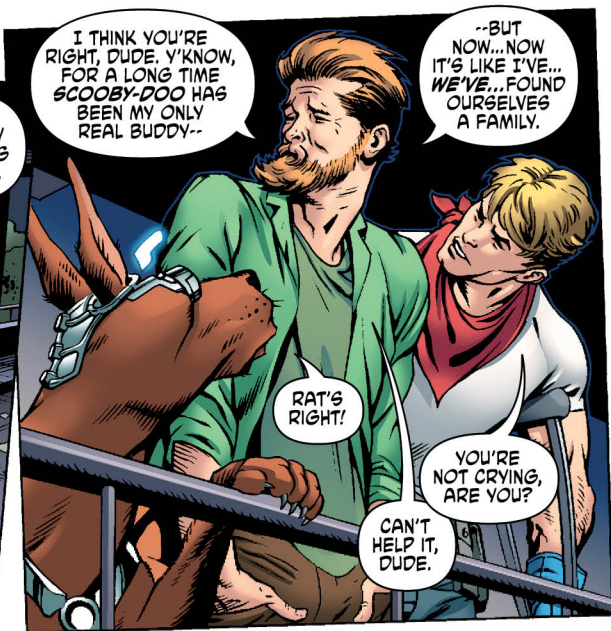
--BUT THAT'S A STRETCH EVEN FOR ME!

BE PATIENT. I'M SURE ONE OF THEM WILL MELT DOWN SOONER THAN LATER.

OR MAYBE NOT.

MAYBE-- AFTER THE HELL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH THESE PAST WEEKS--ALL OF US--

--ARE ACTUALLY BECOMING FRIENDS.



I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT, DUDE. Y'KNOW, FOR A LONG TIME SCOOBY-DOO HAS BEEN MY ONLY REAL BUDDY--

--BUT NOW... NOW IT'S LIKE I'VE... WE'VE... FOUND OURSELVES A FAMILY.

RAT'S RIGHT!

YOU'RE NOT CRYING, ARE YOU?

CAN'T HELP IT, DUDE.

"I'M A DEEP FEELIN' KINDA GUY!"

"...YOU SEE ANYTHING INTERESTING OUT THERE?"

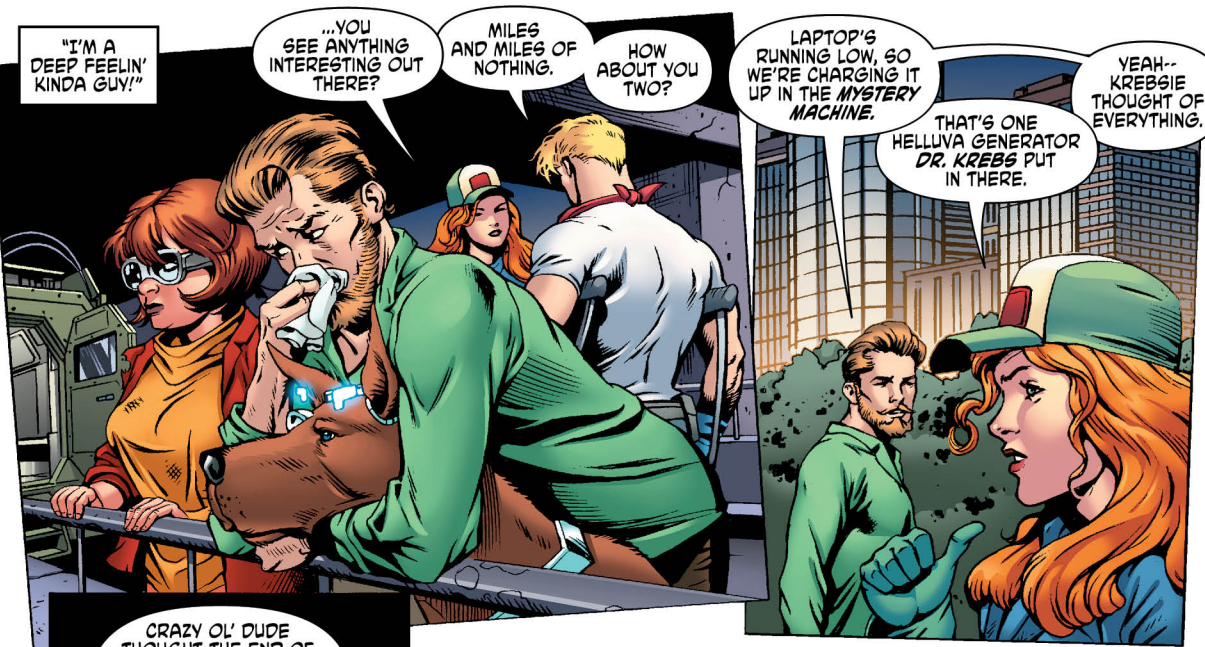
MILES AND MILES OF NOTHING.

HOW ABOUT YOU TWO?

LAPTOP'S RUNNING LOW, SO WE'RE CHARGING IT UP IN THE **MYSTERY MACHINE**.

THAT'S ONE HELLUVA GENERATOR **DR. KREBS** PUT IN THERE.

YEAH-- KREBSIE THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING.

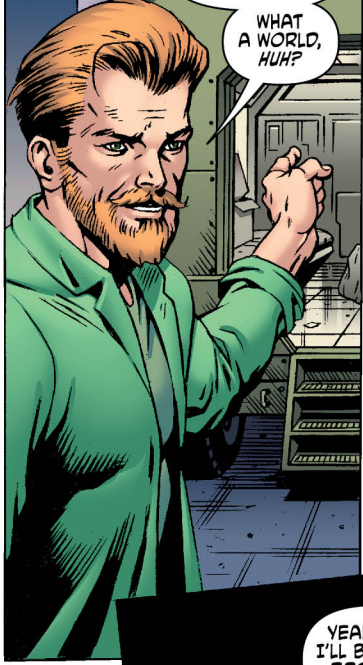


CRAZY OL' DUDE THOUGHT THE END OF THE WORLD WAS COMIN' AN' HE WANTED T'BUILD A FLEET OF THESE THINGS T'HELP PEOPLE SURVIVE.

I USED TO KID HIM ABOUT IT ALL THE TIME. Y'KNOW--

--BEFORE HE WAS TORN T'PIECES BY MONSTERS.

WHAT A WORLD, HUH?



A WORLD WE'RE GOING TO FIX.

AND HOW, EXACTLY, ARE WE GOING TO DO THAT?

WELL, FOR ONE THING, I NEED A LAB.

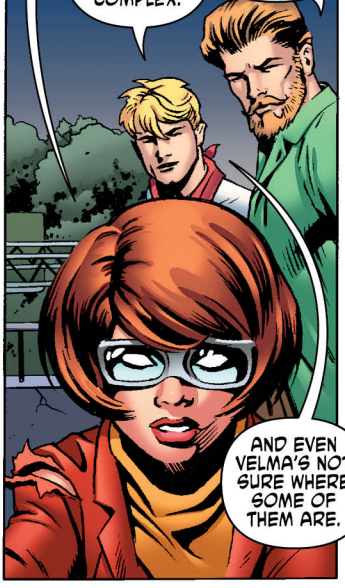
AND WHERE, EXACTLY, ARE WE GOING TO FIND ONE?



THE COMPLEX.

BUT WE'VE JUST SPENT WEEKS RUNNING AWAY FROM THE COMPLEX.

THAT'S **ONE** COMPLEX, DUDE, BUT THERE ARE **OTHERS**, REMEMBER?



AND EVEN VELMA'S NOT SURE WHERE SOME OF THEM ARE.

YEAH, BUT I'LL BET HER **BROTHER** DOES.

IF HE'S ALIVE. OR STILL HUMAN. OR--

STOP BEIN' SUCH A BUMMER, FREDSTER--AN' GET IN THE VAN.



"IT'S TIME FOR A LEISURELY DRIVE THROUGH SCENIC SEATTLE!"

WATCH THIS, DAISY MY LOVE.

RUFUS-- DO YOU HAVE TO?

OF COURSE I DO. NOW WATCH: I TAKE CAREFUL AIM, SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER AND--

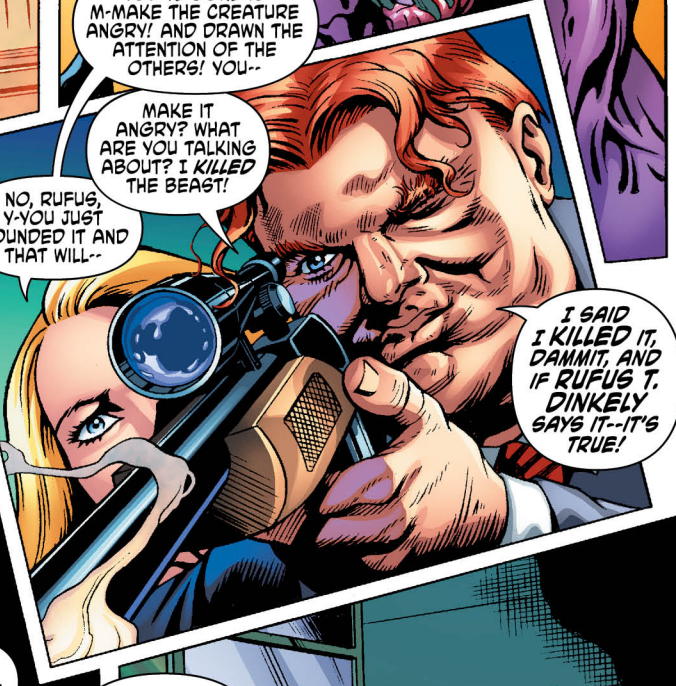


BUT ALL YOU'VE DONE IS M-MAKE THE CREATURE ANGRY! AND DRAW THE ATTENTION OF THE OTHERS! YOU--

MAKE IT ANGRY? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? I KILLED THE BEAST!

NO, RUFUS. Y-YOU JUST WOUNDED IT AND THAT WILL--

I SAID I KILLED IT, DAMMIT, AND IF RUFUS T. DINKLEY SAYS IT--IT'S TRUE!

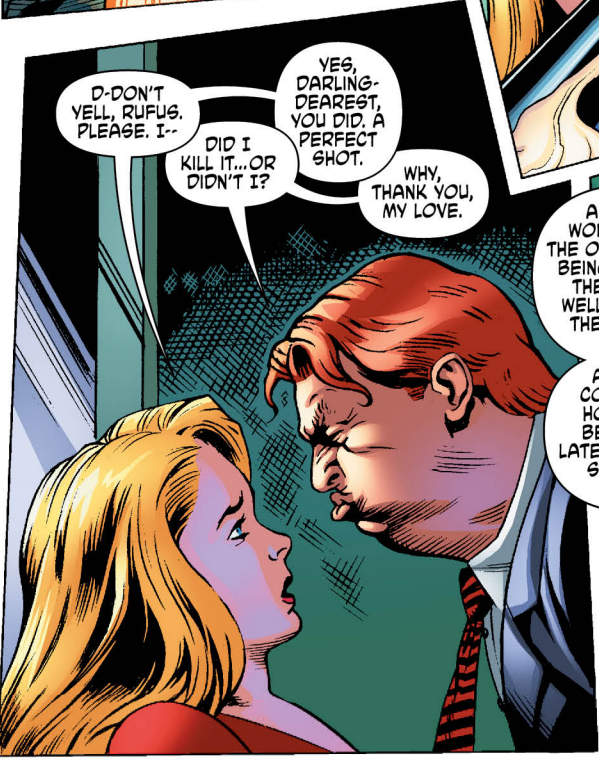


D-DON'T YELL, RUFUS. PLEASE. I--

DID I KILL IT...OR DIDN'T I?

YES, DARLING-DEAREST, YOU DID. A PERFECT SHOT.

WHY, THANK YOU, MY LOVE.



AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE OTHER BEASTS BEING AGITATED. THE TOWER IS WELL FORTIFIED. THEY'LL NEVER GET IN.

ALTHOUGH, CONSIDERING HOW THEY'VE BEEN ACTING LATELY, MAYBE WE SHOULD LET THEM IN.

YOU CAN'T MEAN THAT!

RUFUS T. DINKLEY ALWAYS MEANS WHAT HE SAYS--

