

THE HENRY HUDSON MALL.
ALBANY,
NEW YORK.

...WOW.
THAT'S ONE HELLUVA
BARRICADE WE BUILT.
FEEL LIKE I'M IN *LES*
MISERABLES.

EXCUSE ME,
SHAGGY?

Y'KNOW? THE
BROADWAY PLAY?
FRENCH REVOLUTION?
LOTS O' SINGING?

WE'RE TRYING TO
KEEP OUT A HORDE OF
MONSTERS AND YOU'RE
BLATHERING ABOUT
MUSICALS?

HEY! I'LL
HAVE YOU KNOW I
WAS IN ALL MY HIGH
SCHOOL PLAYS!

WON AN AWARD
IN MY JUNIOR YEAR
FOR PLAYIN' TEVYE IN
FIDDLER ON THE ROOF!
THAT'S WHEN I GREW
MY FIRST BEARD!

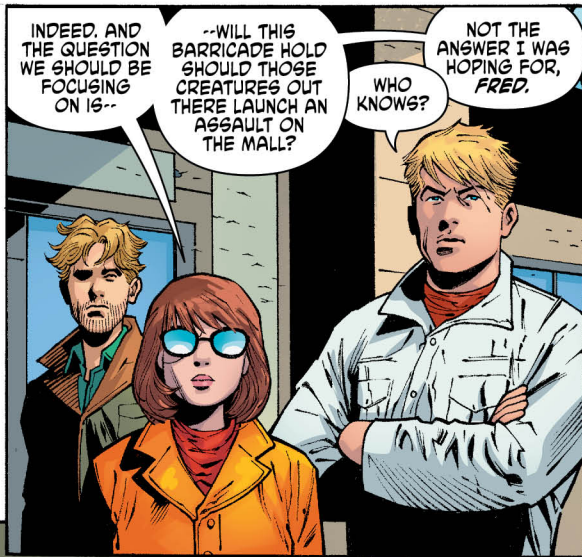
CAN
WE *FOCUS*,
PLEASE?

**SCOOBY
APOCALYPSE**

**PRELUDE TO
DISASTER!**

KEITH GIFFEN: PLOT-MEISTER
J.M. DEMATTEIS: WORD-MEISTER
PATRICK OLLIFFE: PENCIL-MEISTER
TOM NGUYEN AND ANDY OWENS: INK-MEISTERS

HI-FI: COLOR-MEISTER TRAVIS LANHAM: LETTER-MEISTER LIZ ERICKSON: ASSISTANT-MEISTER
JILL THOMPSON: COVER-MEISTER TREVOR HAIRISINE AND ANTOINE FABELA: VARIANT-MEISTERS
HARVEY RICHARDS: MEISTER JIM CHADWICK: MEISTER OF MEISTERS

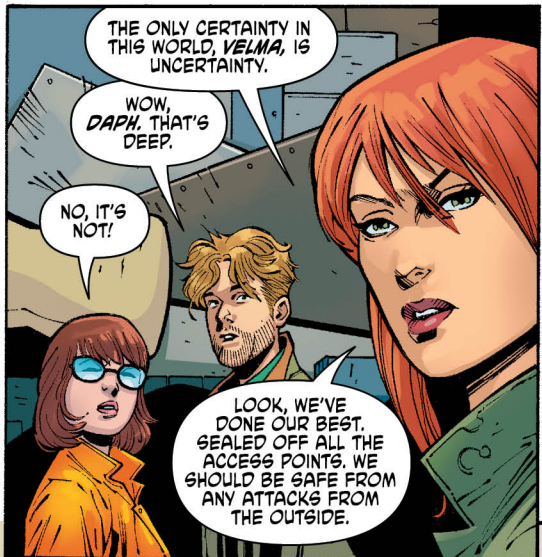


INDEED, AND THE QUESTION WE SHOULD BE FOCUSING ON IS--

--WILL THIS BARRICADE HOLD SHOULD THOSE CREATURES OUT THERE LAUNCH AN ASSAULT ON THE MALL?

WHO KNOWS?

NOT THE ANSWER I WAS HOPING FOR, FRED.



THE ONLY CERTAINTY IN THIS WORLD, VELMA, IS UNCERTAINTY.

WOW, DAPH, THAT'S DEEP.

NO, IT'S NOT!

LOOK, WE'VE DONE OUR BEST. SEALED OFF ALL THE ACCESS POINTS. WE SHOULD BE SAFE FROM ANY ATTACKS FROM THE OUTSIDE.

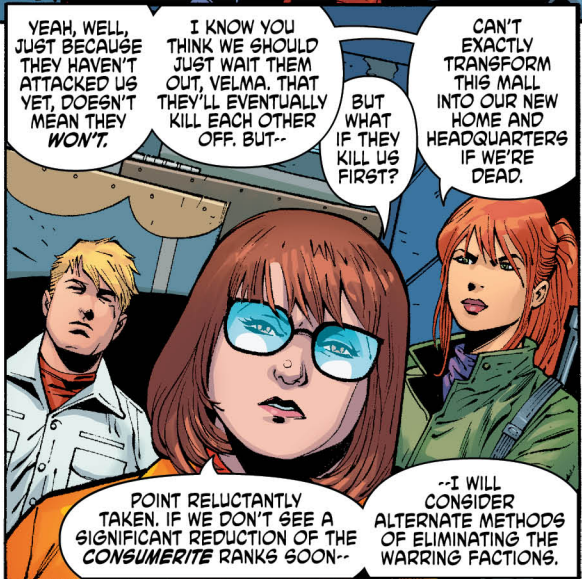
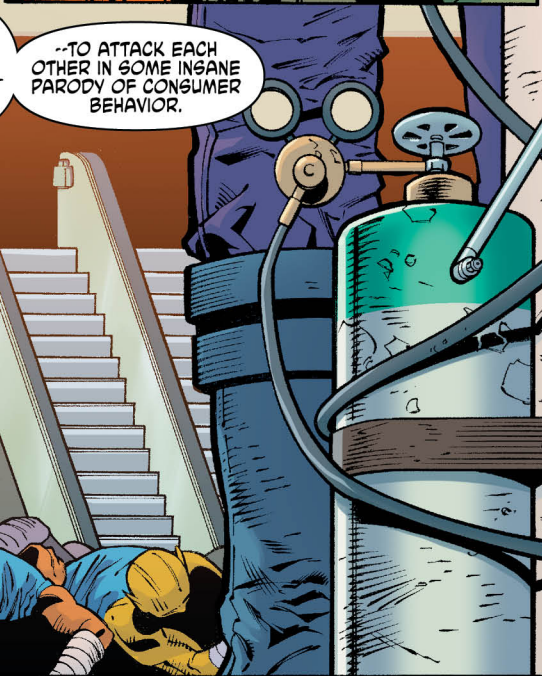


THAT STILL LEAVES THE QUESTION OF THE BEASTS IN HERE WITH US.

TWO WARRING FACTIONS--ONE ARMY GATHERED IN *MEARS*, THE OTHER IN *CUNICKEL*-- THAT ONLY EMERGE TWICE A DAY--

--TO ATTACK EACH OTHER IN SOME INSANE PARODY OF CONSUMER BEHAVIOR.

LUCKY THEY'RE NOT INTERESTED IN US.



YEAH, WELL, JUST BECAUSE THEY HAVEN'T ATTACKED US YET, DOESN'T MEAN THEY *WON'T*.

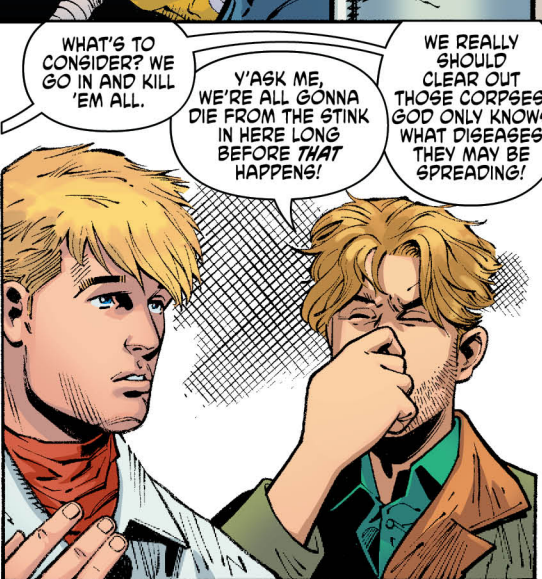
I KNOW YOU THINK WE SHOULD JUST WAIT THEM OUT, VELMA. THAT THEY'LL EVENTUALLY KILL EACH OTHER OFF. BUT--

BUT WHAT IF THEY KILL US FIRST?

CAN'T EXACTLY TRANSFORM THIS MALL INTO OUR NEW HOME AND HEADQUARTERS IF WE'RE DEAD.

POINT RELUCTANTLY TAKEN. IF WE DON'T SEE A SIGNIFICANT REDUCTION OF THE *CONSUMERITE* RANKS SOON--

--I WILL CONSIDER ALTERNATE METHODS OF ELIMINATING THE WARRING FACTIONS.



WHAT'S TO CONSIDER? WE GO IN AND KILL 'EM ALL.

Y'ASK ME, WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE FROM THE STINK IN HERE LONG BEFORE *THAT* HAPPENS!

WE REALLY SHOULD CLEAR OUT THOSE CORPSES. GOD ONLY KNOWS WHAT DISEASES THEY MAY BE SPREADING!

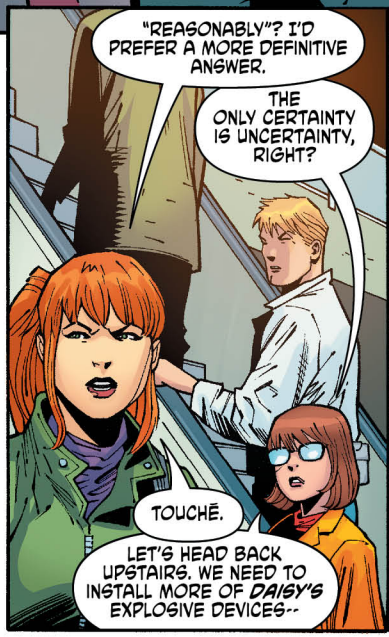


YOU WANNA GET RID OF THEM, FREDDY-- BE MY GUEST.

I'M NOT TOUCHING THOSE DISGUSTING THINGS!

THERE'S NO INDICATION OF INFECTION AMONG OUR GROUP.

I THINK WE'RE REASONABLY SAFE FOR NOW.

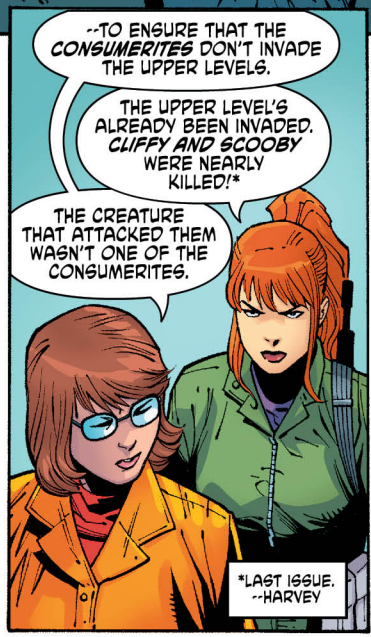


"REASONABLY"? I'D PREFER A MORE DEFINITIVE ANSWER.

THE ONLY CERTAINTY IS UNCERTAINTY, RIGHT?

TOUCHÉ.

LET'S HEAD BACK UPSTAIRS. WE NEED TO INSTALL MORE OF DAISY'S EXPLOSIVE DEVICES--



--TO ENSURE THAT THE CONSUMERITES DON'T INVADE THE UPPER LEVELS.

THE UPPER LEVEL'S ALREADY BEEN INVADED. CLIFFY AND SCOOPY WERE NEARLY KILLED!*

THE CREATURE THAT ATTACKED THEM WASN'T ONE OF THE CONSUMERITES.

*LAST ISSUE. --HARVEY



IT WAS CLEARLY ONE OF THE BEASTS FROM THE PARKING LOT. AND, WITH THE ACCESS POINTS BARRICADED--

--THERE'S VERY LITTLE CHANCE OF THAT HAPPENING AGAIN.

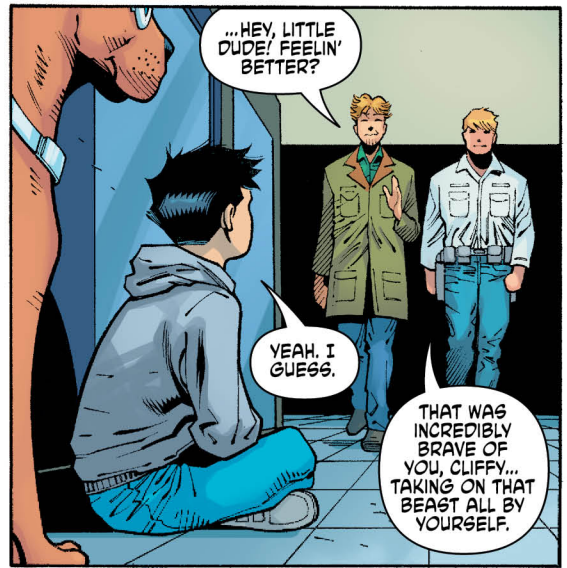
THERE! THAT'S THE LAST ONE. DAISY, I'M ASTONISHED TO SAY, DID A SUPERB JOB.

THESE EXPLOSIVES ARE QUITE EFFICACIOUS.

SO WE'VE LOCKED OURSELVES IN HERE WITH TWO ARMIES OF MUTATED MONSTROSITIES--



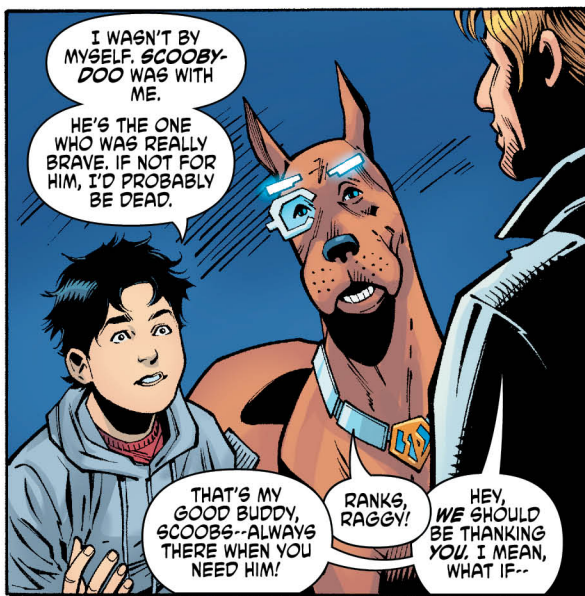
--AND OUR PRIMARY DEFENSE IS A STRING OF EXPLOSIVES SO POWERFUL THEY'LL PROBABLY KILL US, TOO?



...HEY, LITTLE DUDE! FEELIN' BETTER?

YEAH. I GUESS.

THAT WAS INCREDIBLY BRAVE OF YOU, CLIFFY... TAKING ON THAT BEAST ALL BY YOURSELF.



I WASN'T BY MYSELF. SCOOBY-DOO WAS WITH ME.

HE'S THE ONE WHO WAS REALLY BRAVE. IF NOT FOR HIM, I'D PROBABLY BE DEAD.

THAT'S MY GOOD BUDDY, SCOOB--ALWAYS THERE WHEN YOU NEED HIM!

RANKS, RAGGY!

HEY, WE SHOULD BE THANKING YOU. I MEAN, WHAT IF--



I THOUGHT YOU WERE ON BOARD WITH MY PLAN!

SIGH THEY'RE AT IT AGAIN.

YOUR PLAN? I THOUGHT IT WAS MY PLAN!

DOES IT REALLY MATTER WHOSE PLAN IT IS?



IF YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO USURP MY LEADERSHIP, DINKLEY, YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER THING COMING!

IT'S "THINK" NOT "THING"! ANOTHER "THINK" COMING!

WHAT'RE YOU-- THE OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY?

THOSE TWO AREN'T HAPPY UNLESS THEY'RE ARGUING.

I DON'T LIKE IT. MY MOM 'N' DAD USED T'ARGUE ALL THE TIME.

DAPHNE AND THE DOC ARE JUST LETTING OFF STEAM. AND, STRANGE AS IT SOUNDS--



--I THINK YELLING IS THEIR WAY OF SAYING THAT THEY CARE ABOUT EACH OTHER.

I WONDER IF IT WAS LIKE THAT WITH MY PARENTS.

GUESS... GUESS I'LL NEVER KNOW, WILL I?

DON'T DWELL ON THE PAST, CLIFFY.



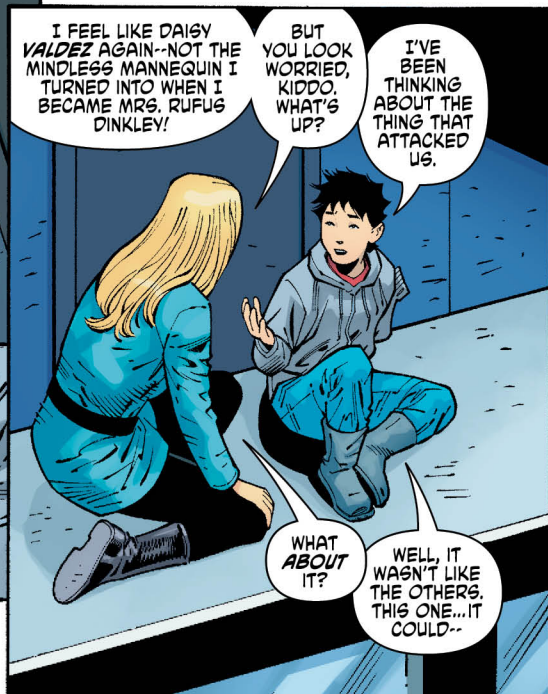
WE'VE GOT TO FOCUS ON THE HERE AND NOW. ON SURVIVAL.

DAISY! WHERE WERE YOU?

FOUND A BUNCH OF OLD TV REMOTES IN A STOREROOM. TURNED THEM INTO TRIGGERING DEVICES FOR THE EXPLOSIVES.

WAS IT HARD TO DO?

EASY AS PIE. FEELS GOOD TO BE CHALLENGING MYSELF AGAIN. USING MY SKILLS. MY INTELLECT.



I FEEL LIKE DAISY VALDEZ AGAIN--NOT THE MINDLESS MANNEQUIN I TURNED INTO WHEN I BECAME MRS. RUFUS DINKLEY!

BUT YOU LOOK WORRIED, KIDDO. WHAT'S UP?

I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT THE THING THAT ATTACKED US.

WHAT ABOUT IT?

WELL, IT WASN'T LIKE THE OTHERS. THIS ONE...IT COULD--



...ALL RIGHT! **ALL RIGHT!** WE'LL GIVE IT ANOTHER WEEK!

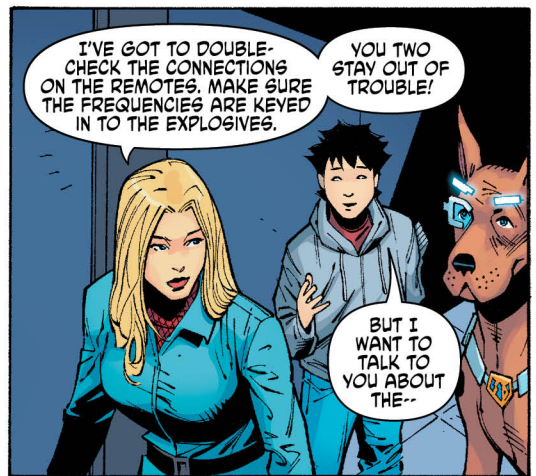
BUT IF THOSE TWO ARMIES HAVEN'T TAKEN EACH OTHER OUT BY THEN--WE'RE DOING IT FOR THEM!

AGREED!

THEN WHY ARE WE YELLING?!

GOOD!

I DON'T KNOW!



I'VE GOT TO DOUBLE-CHECK THE CONNECTIONS ON THE REMOTES. MAKE SURE THE FREQUENCIES ARE KEYED IN TO THE EXPLOSIVES.

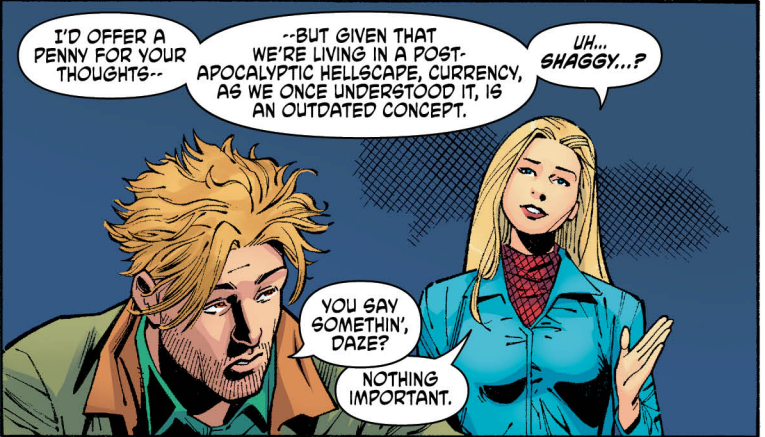
YOU TWO STAY OUT OF TROUBLE!

BUT I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT THE--



WE'LL TALK LATER. PROMISE! BUT IT'S IMPORTANT THAT I--

HMMMM...



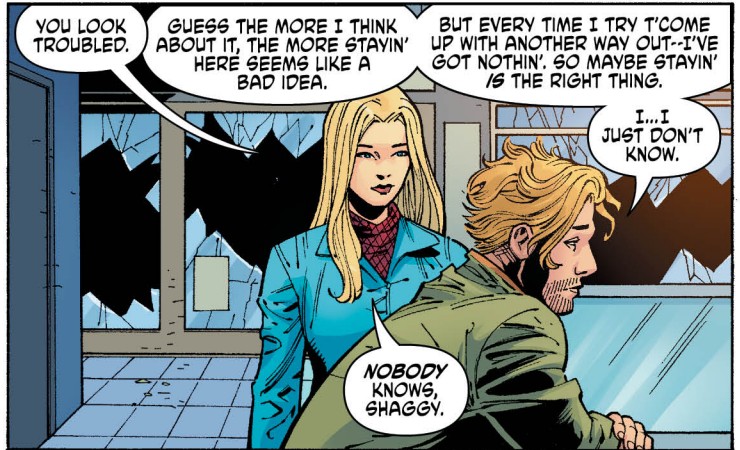
I'D OFFER A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS--

--BUT GIVEN THAT WE'RE LIVING IN A POST-APOCALYPTIC HELLSCAPE, CURRENCY, AS WE ONCE UNDERSTOOD IT, IS AN OUTDATED CONCEPT.

UH... SHAGGY...?

YOU SAY SOMETHIN', DAZE?

NOTHING IMPORTANT.



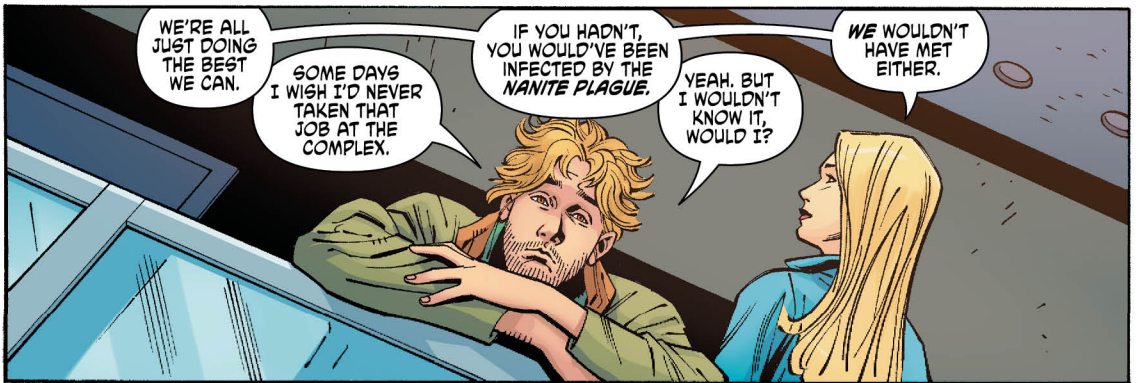
YOU LOOK TROUBLED.

GUESS THE MORE I THINK ABOUT IT, THE MORE STAYIN' HERE SEEMS LIKE A BAD IDEA.

BUT EVERY TIME I TRY T'COME UP WITH ANOTHER WAY OUT--I'VE GOT NOTHIN'. SO MAYBE STAYIN' IS THE RIGHT THING.

I...I JUST DON'T KNOW.

NOBODY KNOWS, SHAGGY.



WE'RE ALL JUST DOING THE BEST WE CAN.

SOME DAYS I WISH I'D NEVER TAKEN THAT JOB AT THE COMPLEX.

IF YOU HADN'T, YOU WOULD'VE BEEN INFECTED BY THE NANITE PLAGUE.

YEAH. BUT I WOULDN'T KNOW IT, WOULD I?

WE WOULDN'T HAVE MET EITHER.