



For example, the retina, a literal **extension** of your brain, transforms **photons** of light into neuronal signals.



OHMIGOD

WHATTHE  
HECK'S

DO  
YOU SEE  
THAT



LOOKS  
LIKE A

A

A,  
UH



Various organs in the ear canal transform **vibrations of air** into spatiotemporal patterns firing along a specialized nerve.



Raised buds on your tongue...

...G-protein receptors on the tiny hairs inside your nose...

GOOD MORNING, FELLOW LAW OFFICERS.



THE VICTIM IS INSIDE?

...are but a subset of **touch**, sense receptors that cover skin, bones, muscles, blood vessels, **et cetera**, transmitting data on temperature, pressure, pain.



HE FOR REAL?

DON'T MIND GREENE.

HE'S FROM CANADA.

GREENE!

DOWN HERE!

So you really only have **three** senses.

But flatter yourself into thinking you have **five**.



THIS ONE'S MESSED UP.

EVEN BY YOUR STANDARDS.



IT'S LIKE WHEN MY  
LITTLE NIECE EMPTIES  
A JUICE BOX.



SHE  
SUCKS IT  
DRY.

UNTIL IT  
IMPLODES.

LAKE VICTORIA, AFRICA

MAGNIFICENT!

THERE'S A FELLOW NAMED BELL WHO'S WELL ON HIS WAY TO KILLING A THOUSAND OF THEM.

THAT SEEMS A DREADED WASTE.



NOT AT ALL, MISS PARKER. THERE'S MILLIONS OF THEM... ALWAYS WILL BE.

I'M NOT INTERESTED IN SHOOTING THE MOST... ONLY THE BIGGEST.

YOU'LL GET YOUR CHANCE, OR RICHARD BOMANI AND HIS HERD PASS THROUGH THIS AREA ON THEIR REGULAR MIGRATION AROUND THE GOLDSICE.



IS IT TRUE WHAT THE NATIVES SAY, THAT HE'S OFTEN SEEN IN COMPANY WITH A WHITE APE?

NOT AN APE, A WHITE MAN RAISED BY APES.

NATIVE SUPERSTITION.

BUT I'VE SEEN THAT OLD BULL WITH MY OWN EYES... MUST BE CARRYING 200 POUNDS TO THE SIDE.

AND I'M GOING TO GET HIM.

NO, WILSON...

I'M GOING TO GET HIM.



WE'LL GET THE BALLOON RIGGED AS SOON AS WE DOCK. TOMORROW, WE'LL GO ALOFT TO 3,000 FEET, WHERE WE CAN SEE FOR 50 MILES.

ONCE WE SPOT BOMANI'S HERD, WE'LL GO BY MOTORCAR AND INTERCEPT HIM.

HARDLY WHAT YOU'D CALL FAIR CHARGE.



BUT NO MATTER—  
BY TOMORROW THERE  
WON'T BE AN ELEPHANT  
WITHIN 50 MILES.

YOU SOUND  
AWFULLY SURE  
OF THAT.

I CAN  
PRACTICALLY  
GUARANTEE  
IT.

CHEERY  
FELLOW!

WHO THE  
DEVIL DOES  
HE THINK HE  
IS?

THAT,  
SIR RICHARD, IS  
LORD  
GREYSTOKE.

I APOLOGIZE FOR MY COMPANION'S  
BEHAVIOR, LORD GREYSTOKE. THEY  
ARE "CIVILIZED GENTLEMEN" AND  
PRONE TO ILL MANNERS.

NO APOLOGY  
NECESSARY,  
MISS PARKER.  
ISN'T IT?

CALL ME  
ELIZABETH, PLEASE.

I CAN'T  
HELP WONDERING  
WHAT YOU'RE DOING  
IN THE COMPANY OF  
THESE "GENTLEMEN,  
ELIZABETH.

HADN'T YOU HEARD? I AM SIR  
RICHARD KINKAID'S "OFFICIAL  
BIOGRAPHER," TAGGING  
ALONG TO RECORD HIS  
HUNTING EXPLOITS FOR  
POSTERITY.

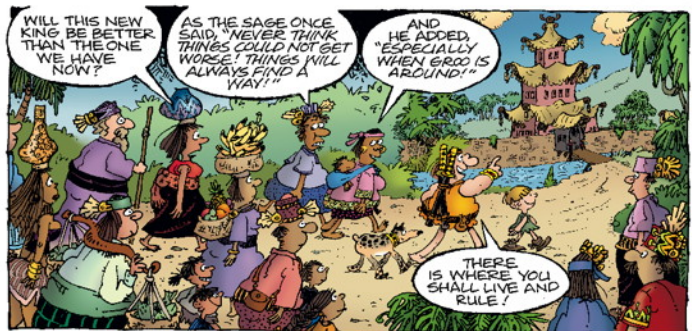
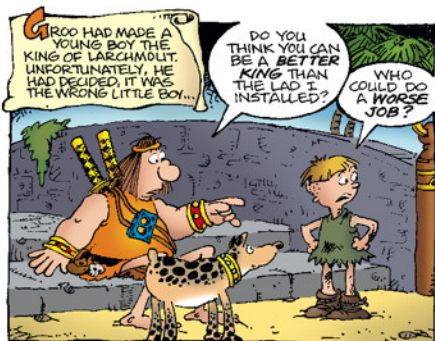
SOUNDS  
SO MUCH  
NICER THAN  
"COMPANION."  
DON'T YOU  
THINK?

IF YOU'RE  
UNHAPPY WITH  
YOUR SITUATION,  
WHY NOT  
CHANGE IT?

WHEN A  
GIRL IS STUCK IN  
THE MIDDLE OF  
AFRICA WITH NO  
TICKET HOME, SHE'S  
INCLINED TO  
OVERLOOK BAD  
MANNERS.

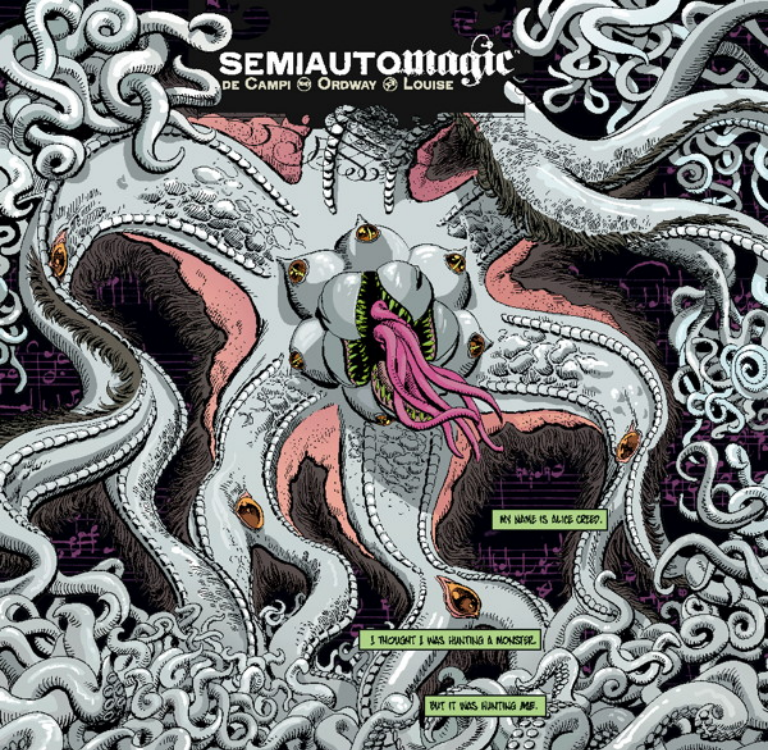
AT LEAST YOU  
RECOGNIZE  
THEM.

**GROO**  
 THE WANDERER  
**THE KIDS WHO WOULD BE KINGS**  
 CHAPTER II  
 by ARAGONES  
 and EVANIER



# SEMIAUTOMATIC

DE CAMPI ⊕ ORDWAY ⊕ LOUISE



MY NAME IS ALICE CREED.

I THOUGHT I WAS HUNTING A NONSENSE.

BUT IT WAS HUNTING ME.



THE SONG.

I CAN'T—



SING!

SING WITH US,  
ALICE CREED.

THE SONG  
BRINGS  
PEACE.

WE HAVE TO  
DROP TERRY INTO  
THE FORGETTING  
VORTEX.

THE DREAM  
BOMB INSIDE HIM  
WILL BE FORGOTTEN  
TOO—ESPECIALLY  
BY ZEIRIO.

# DREAM GANG

STORY AND ART BY  
BRENDAN MCCARTHY  
LETTERS BY  
NATE FIERO'S OF BLAMBOT®



NO WAY! WHAT ABOUT  
TERRY? HE WAS MY  
FRIEND, WE SHARED  
EVERYTHING!

I'VE  
JUST FOUND  
HM...

SEEMS TO  
ME YOU'VE SPENT  
MOST OF YOUR  
LIFE FORGETTING  
HM.

WAIT, MAYBE  
WE CAN DISARM  
THE DREAM  
BOMB?

DREAM  
VOYAGER, HAND  
HM OVER, IT  
HAS TO BE  
DONE.

I'M  
SORRY.

WE'VE GOT  
COMPANY, A WINGED  
LIGHTHOUSE  
PARKED ITSELF  
OUTSIDE.

IT APPEARS  
UNAFFECTED BY  
THE FORGETTING  
VORTEX.

GIVE  
ME THE  
BOY!

