

MARTIAN TRADE

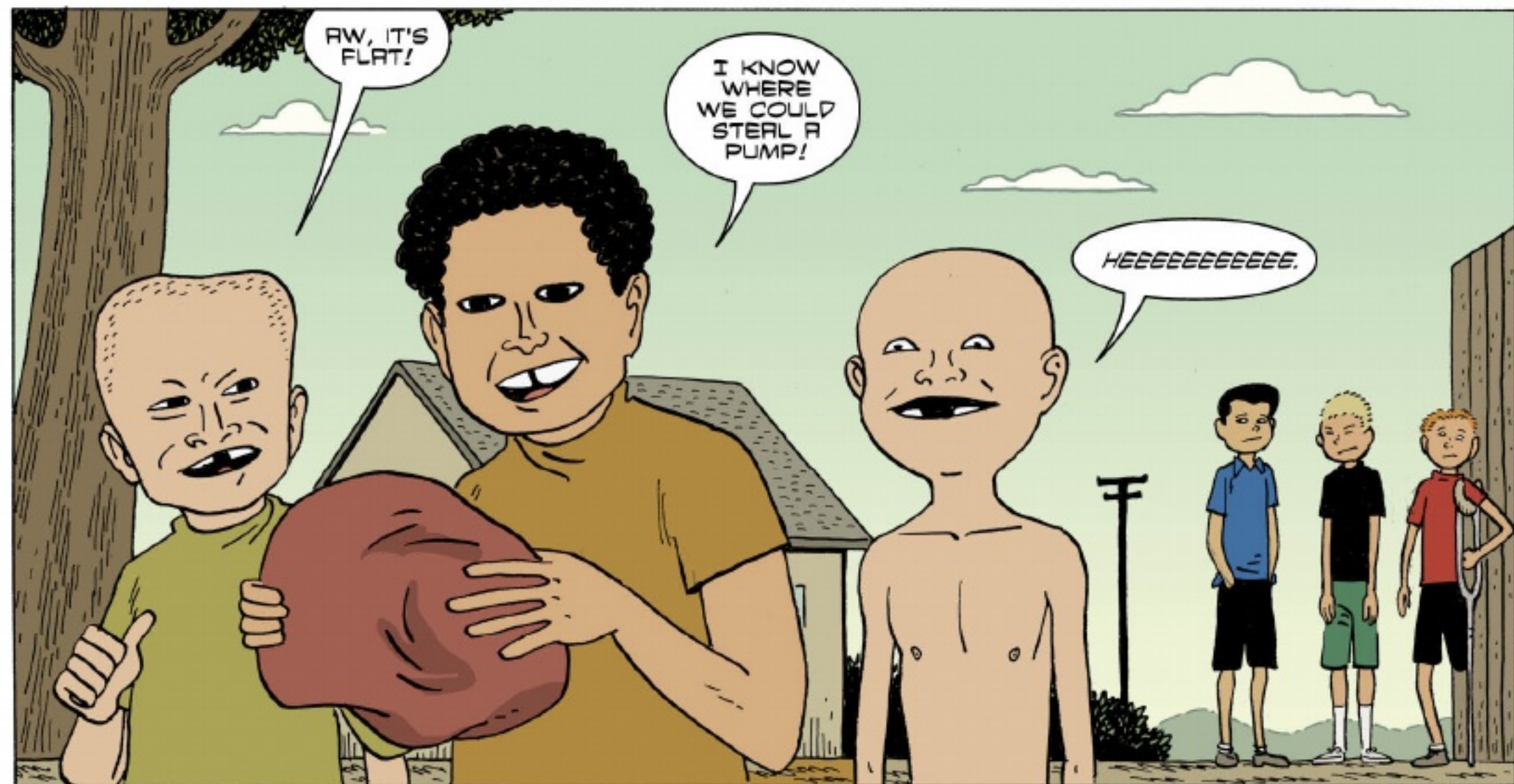
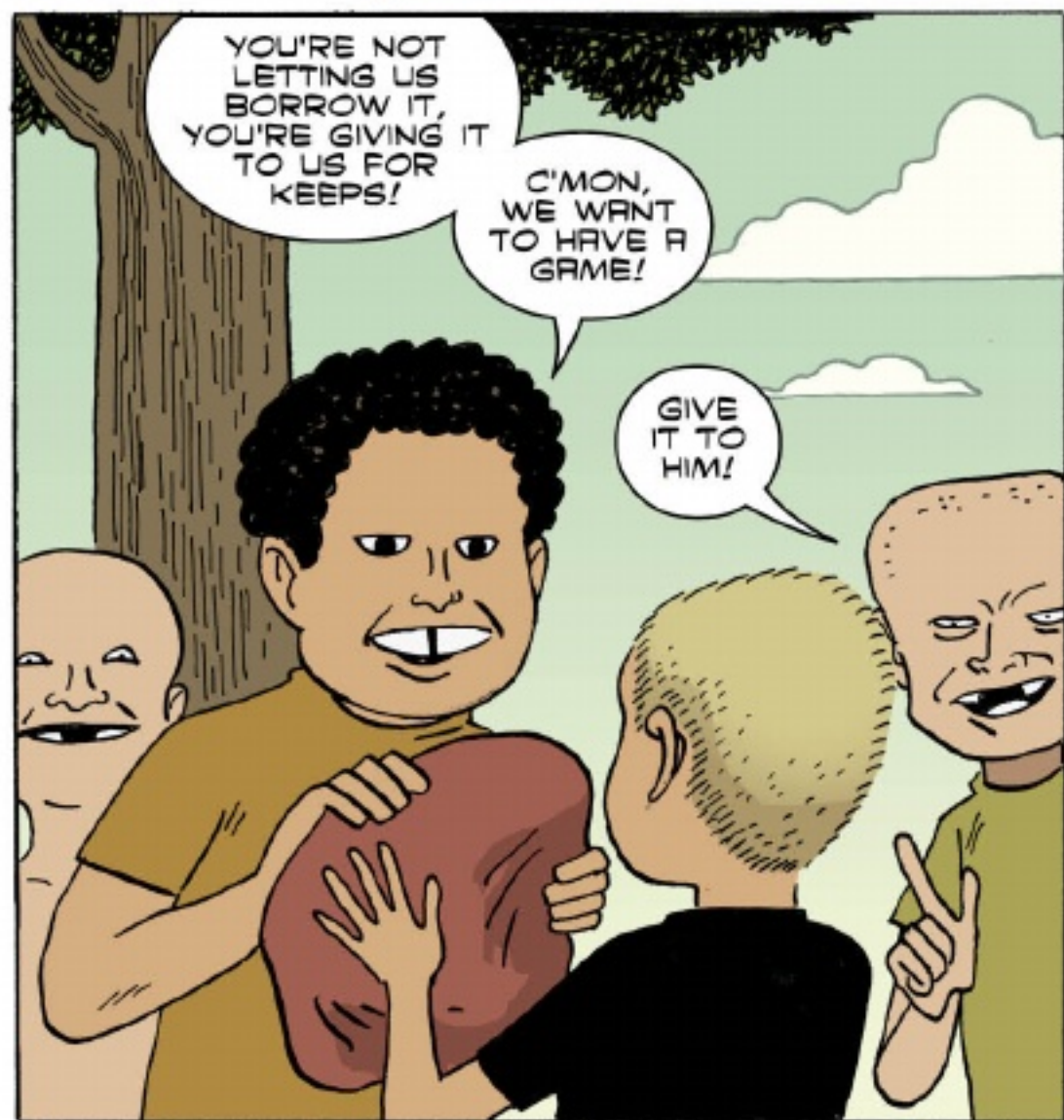
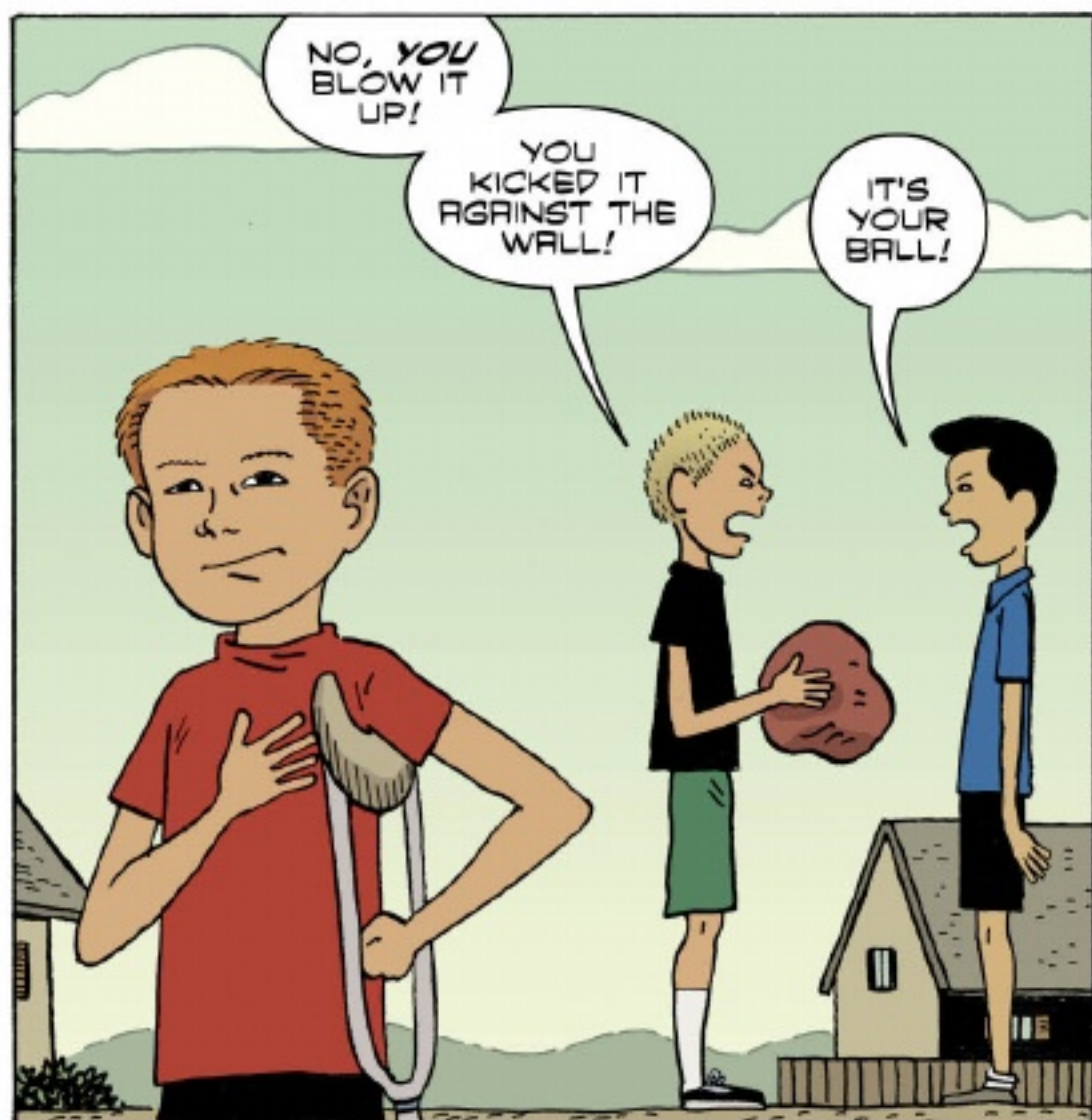
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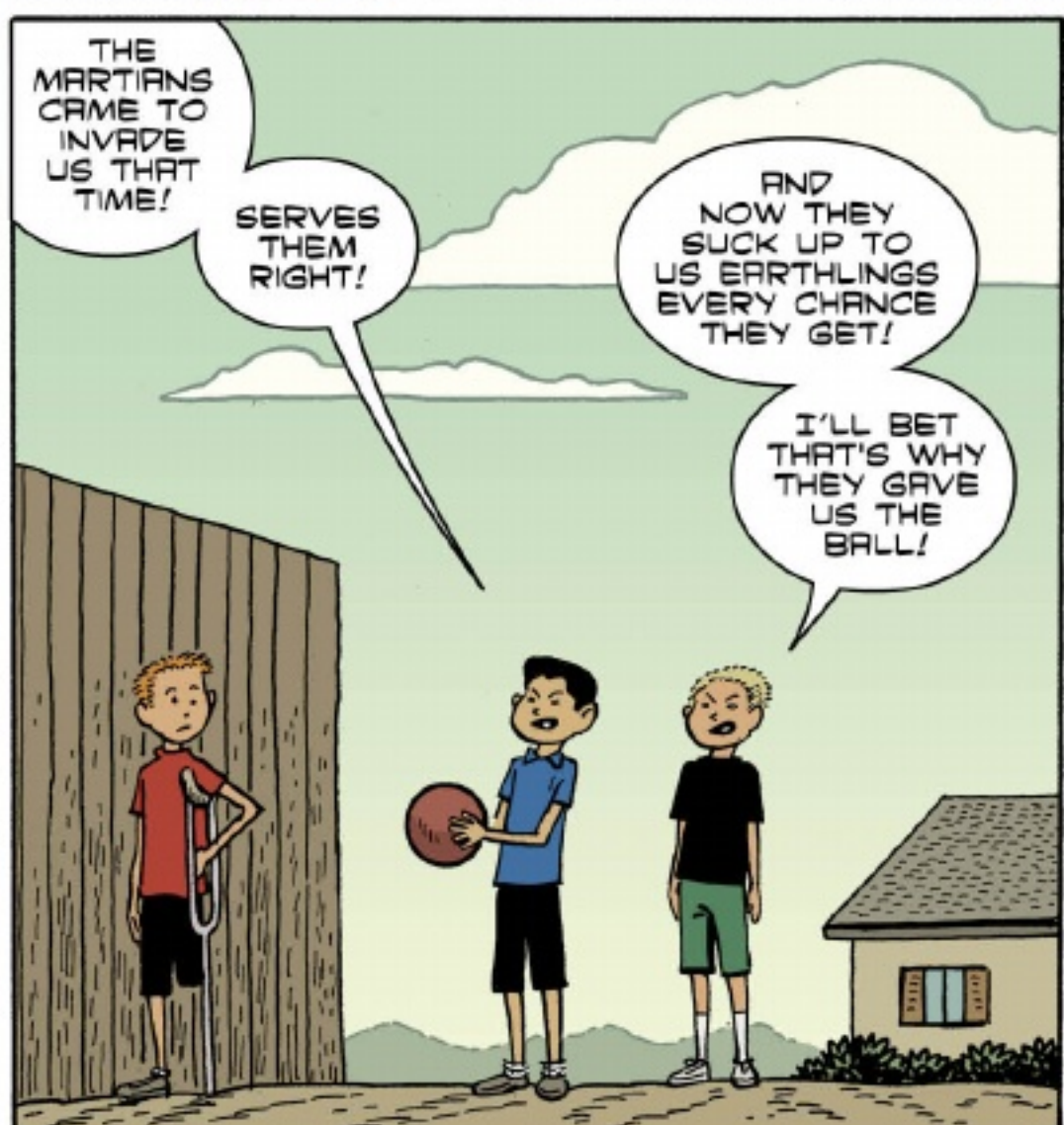
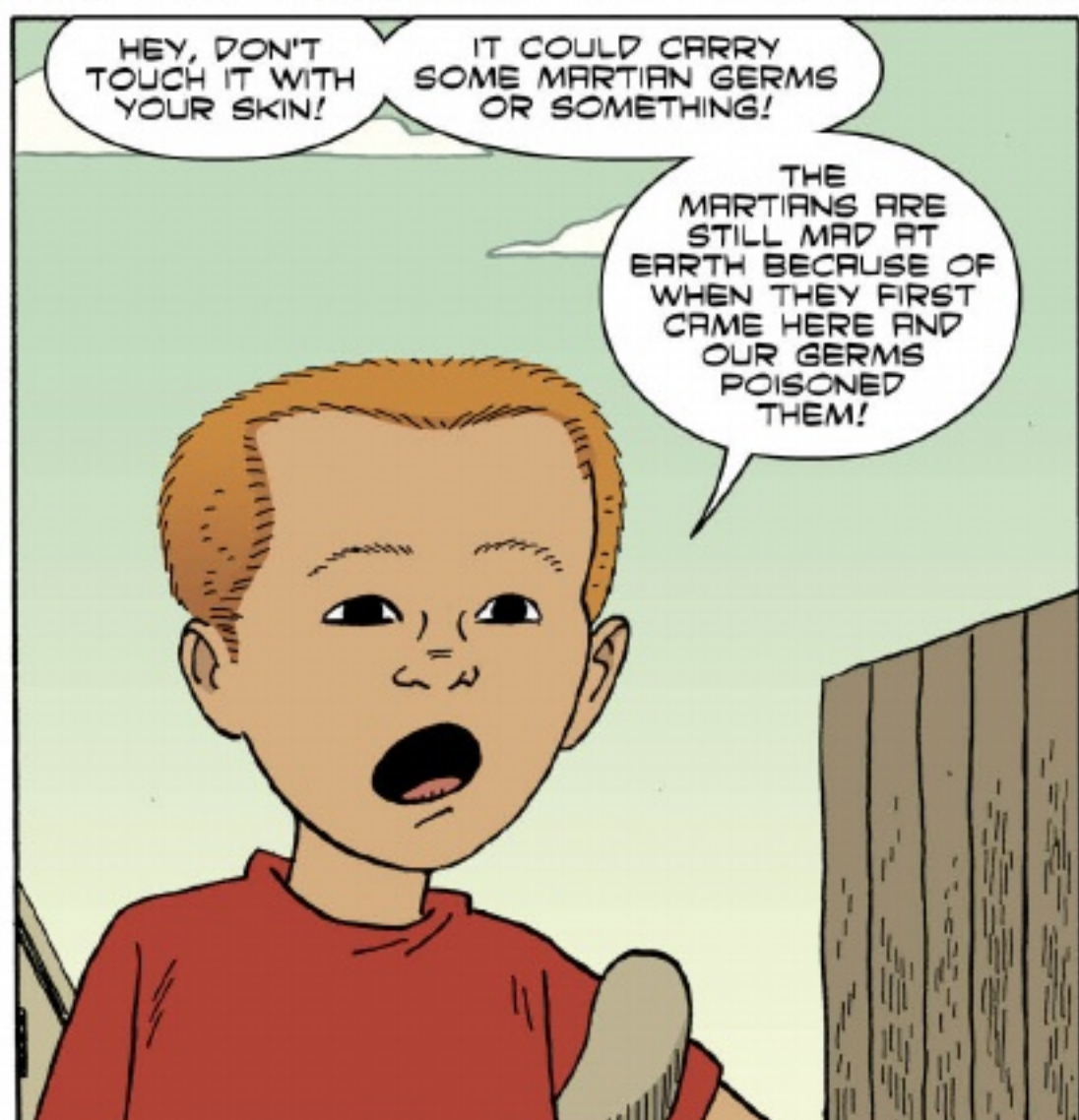
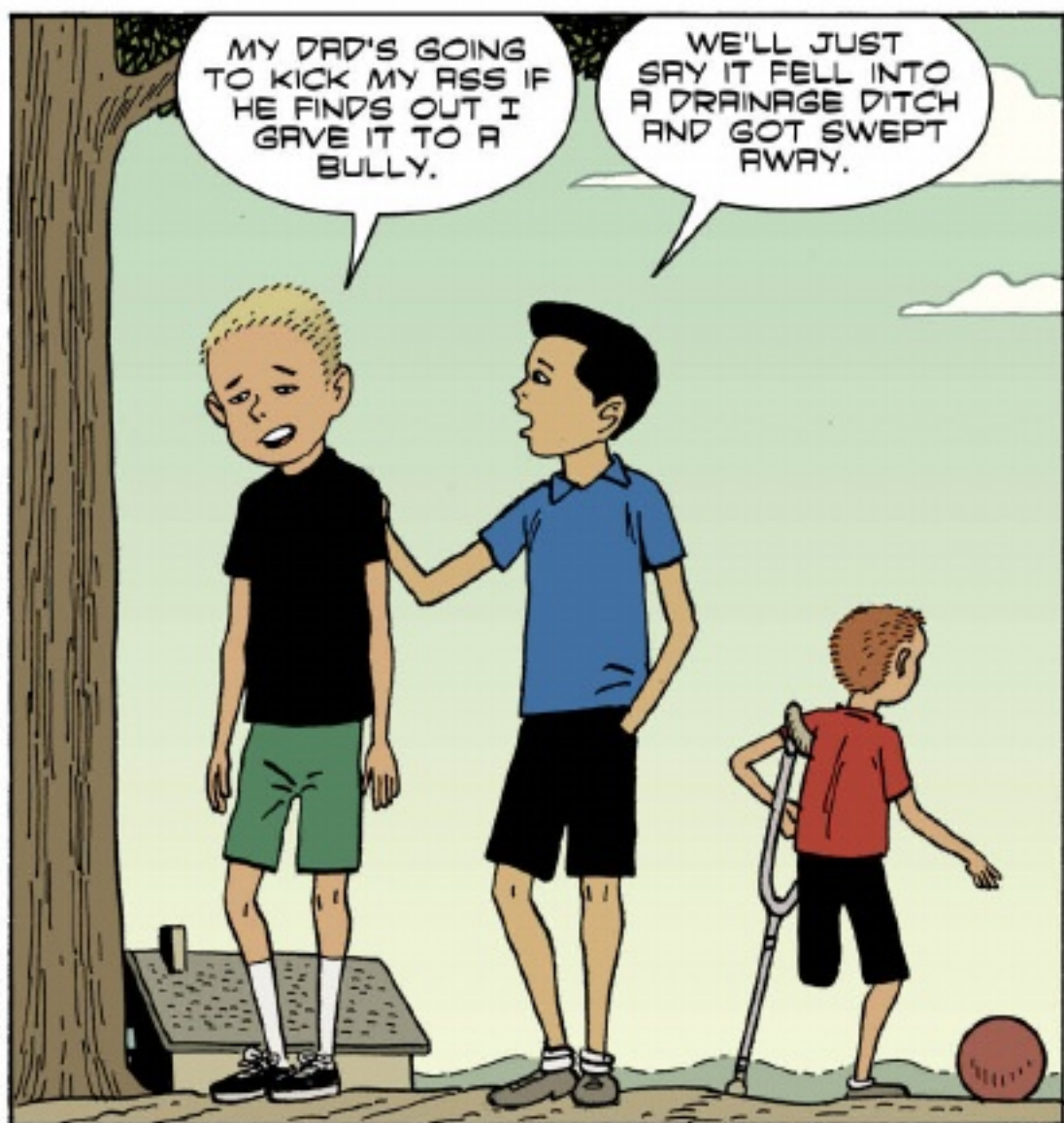


AW,
YOU MADE
THE BALL
GO FLAT
AGAIN!

BLOW
IT UP
AGAIN!

YOU
BLOW
IT UP
AGAIN!







UNIDENTIFIED CRAFT, YOU ARE APPROACHING A RESTRICTED ZONE. PLEASE IDENTIFY YOURSELF.

LIBBY HADLEY, ESN. HERE FOR THE INTERVIEW WITH WARDEN WHIMLEY.

CONFIRMED. PLEASE PROCEED.

DODGEBALL KILL

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WELCOME TO RIKERS STATION.

I CAN'T BELIEVE EXTRATERRESTRIAL SPORTS NETWORK IS HERE.

HOPE WE MAKE IT ONTO THE SHOW.

WARDEN WHIMLEY! I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT YOU I FEEL LIKE I KNOW YOU.

A PLEASURE, MY DEAR MISS HADLEY, IS IT?

SHALL WE START THE TOUR?



DO YOU MIND IF I START RECORDING?

NOT AT ALL!

WELCOME TO RIKERS STATION, HOME TO 28,304 INMATES, MOSTLY THIEVES AND MURDERERS, AND THE OCCASIONAL ACTIVIST RABBLE-ROLUSER.

LIKE THIS HUMAN, FOR EXAMPLE. THEY GET AN ESPECIALLY WARM WELCOME FROM SOME OF THE OTHER SPECIES.

RRRR

OWWWW



WE BARCODE EVERYONE TO KEEP THEM STRAIGHT. WOULDN'T WANT TO LOSE ONE, RIGHT?

UH, RIGHT.

SMILE FOR THE CAMERA, BECKS. AND SAVE YOUR STRENGTH FOR THE GAME.



TELL OUR VIEWERS MORE ABOUT YOUR GAME. I HEAR YOU INVENTED IT?

WHY, YES. WHEN WE STARTED GETTING OVERCROWDED HERE, I WAS ASKED TO FIND A SOLUTION.

HURRY UP AND PLACE YOUR BETS, GENTS.

GOTTA GO WITH THE FOUR-ARMED FREAK.

YOU GOT IT.

STAFF MORALE WAS GETTING LOW. I NEEDED TO FIND A WAY TO MOTIVATE THEM. FAST.

AND WHAT BETTER WAY THAN WITH *SPORTS*? WE HAVE NATURAL TEAMS--NEW PRISONERS VERSUS THE LIFERS. IT'S A WONDERFUL RELEASE.

SO IT'S A WIN-WIN FOR EVERYONE.

ABSOLUTELY! WELL...

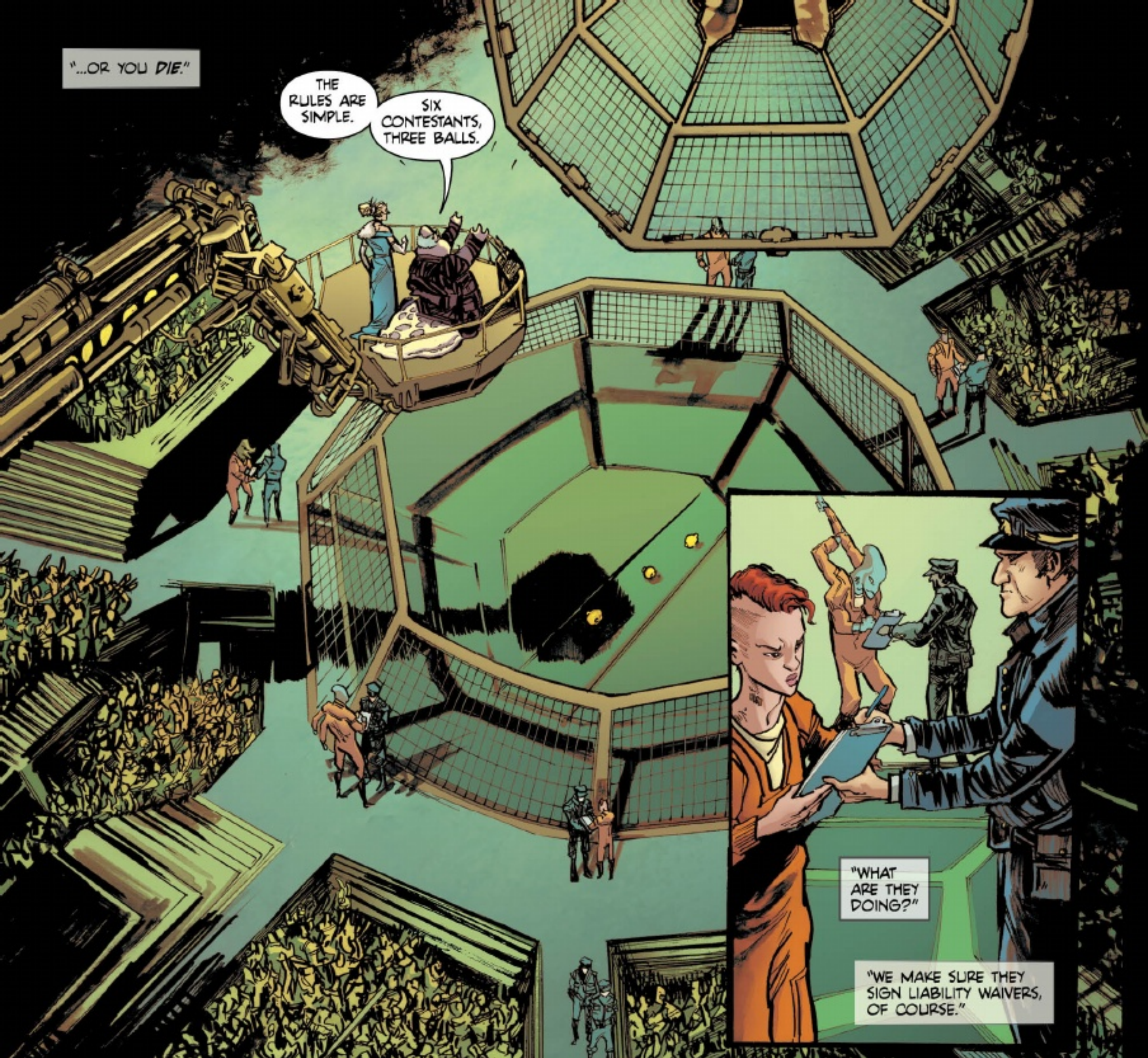
"...OUR DOCTORS COMPLAIN ABOUT THE MESS, BUT WE TRY TO KEEP INJURIES TO A MINIMUM. YOU EITHER WIN..."



"...OR YOU DIE."

THE RULES ARE SIMPLE.

SIX CONTESTANTS, THREE BALLS.



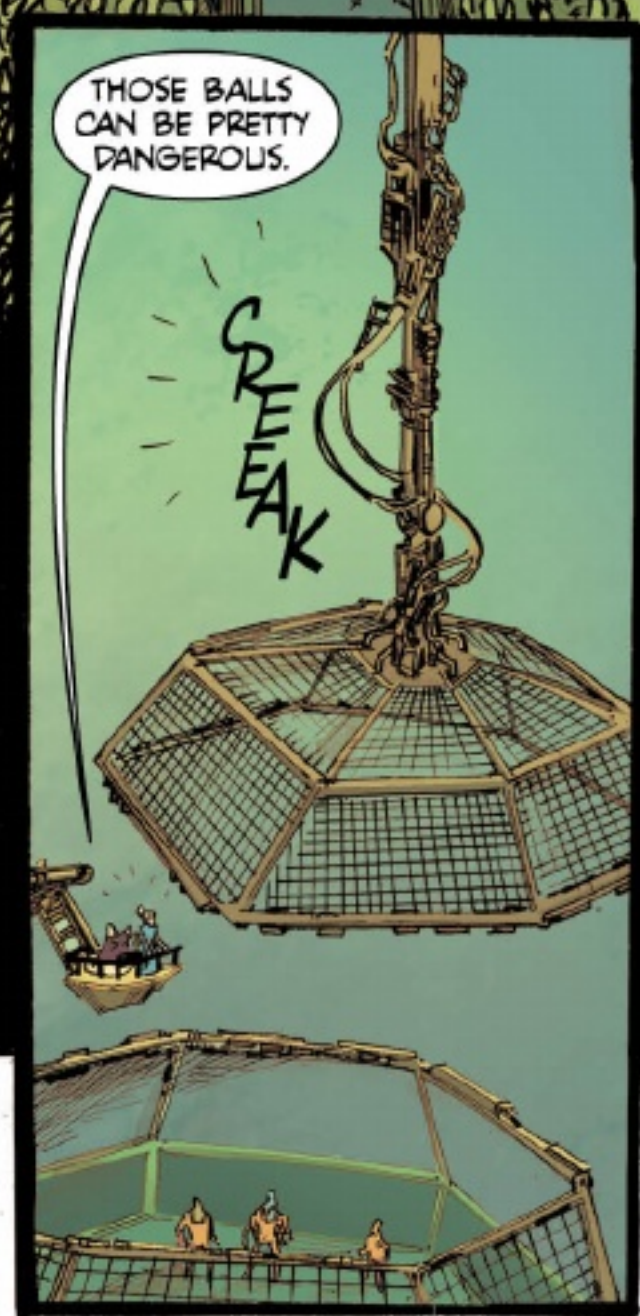
"WHAT ARE THEY DOING?"

"WE MAKE SURE THEY SIGN LIABILITY WAIVERS, OF COURSE."



RIGHT. WHAT'S THAT?

OH, FOR OUR OWN SAFETY.



THOSE BALLS CAN BE PRETTY DANGEROUS.

SQUEAK



"THEY DON'T LOOK THAT DANGEROUS TO ME."

"JUST WATCH."