


# WELCOME TO THE ADVENTURES OF **ARCHER & ARMSTRONG...**

**MEET ARMSTRONG.** Since the ancient city of Ur, this immortal adventurer has spent the last 6,000 years drinking and carousing his way through history alongside some of the greatest merrymakers the world has ever known.

**MEET ARCHER.** A sheltered teenage martial arts master and expert marksman that was raised for a single purpose: to kill the devil incarnate. Little did he know that this undying evil was actually Armstrong (he's actually a pretty good guy...once you get to know him). Since hitting the road together, the two have become great friends and even better partners.

**THIS IS A&A.**



**ARMSTRONG. 6,000-YEAR-OLD HEDONISTIC IMMORTAL.**



**ARCHER. TEENAGER. EXPERT MARTIAL ARTIST AND MARKSMAN.**

**MARY-MARIA. ARCHER'S SISTER. HEAD OF THE NINJA-NUN ASSASSINS, A.K.A. THE SISTERS OF PERPETUAL DARKNESS.**



**DAVEY THE MACKEREL. LIVES IN ARMSTRONG'S SACHEL.**

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PHIL JIMENEZ WITH MICHAEL SPICER /**

Upstate New York.  
Now.

DAMMIT,  
FRANK.



OBITUARIES  
FRANK DEVLIN, 89

YOU WERE RIGHT.  
YOU WERE ALWAYS RIGHT.  
I... I'M SORRY FOR WHAT  
I DID, AND I SWEAR I'LL  
FIX EVERY...



WHAT THE HELL?  
STUPID BAG,  
WHERE'S THAT  
DAMN...

WELL,  
THIS IS A  
NEW ONE.



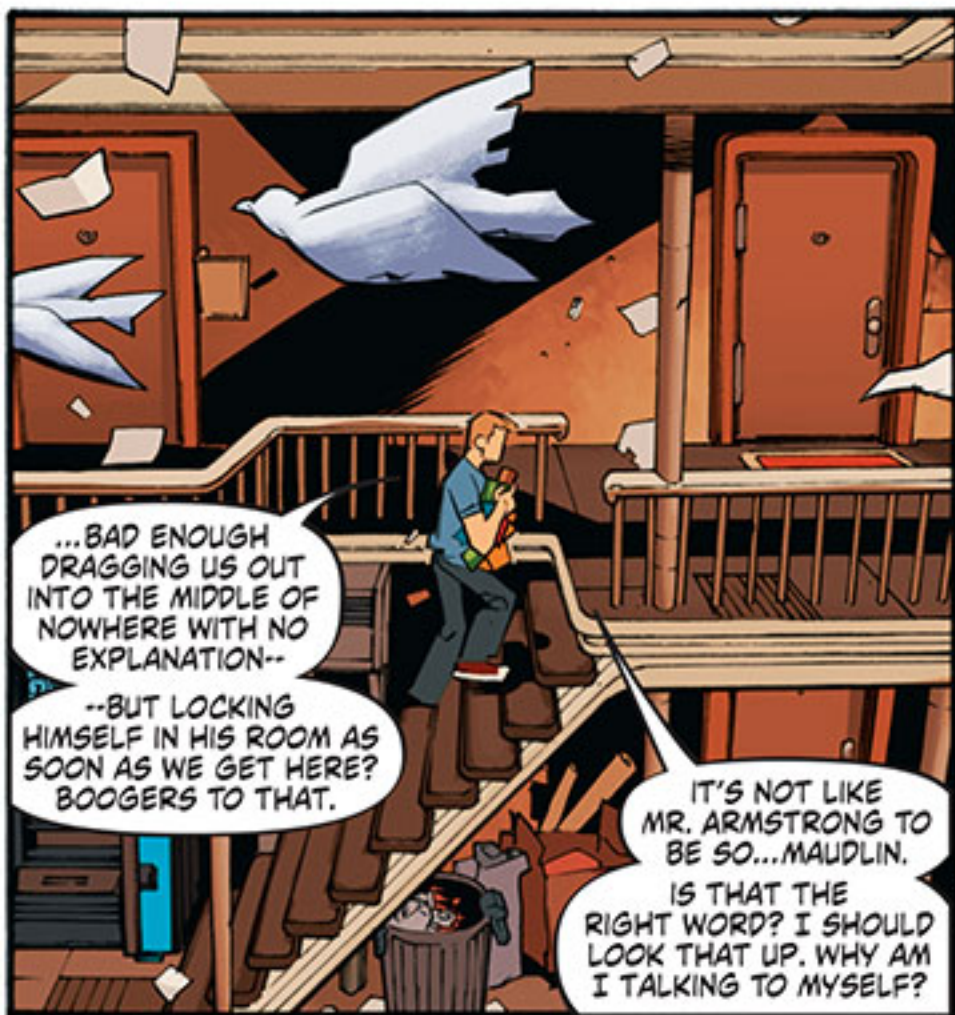
CRAP. CRAP CRAP CRAP.



DON'T  
WORRY,  
FRANK.



I WON'T  
LET YOU DOWN  
AGAIN.



...BAD ENOUGH DRAGGING US OUT INTO THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE WITH NO EXPLANATION--

--BUT LOCKING HIMSELF IN HIS ROOM AS SOON AS WE GET HERE? BOOGERS TO THAT.

IT'S NOT LIKE MR. ARMSTRONG TO BE SO...MAUDLIN. IS THAT THE RIGHT WORD? I SHOULD LOOK THAT UP. WHY AM I TALKING TO MYSELF?



SIR? CAN I COME IN?

ARE YOU DECENT?

ARE YOU WEARING PANTS?

PLEASE BE WEARING PANTS.



I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE HUNGRY SO I'VE BROUGHT A SELECTION OF THE FINEST JUNK FOOD AVAILABLE FROM THIS MOTEL'S VENDING MACHINES.

BUT, AGAIN, PANTS FIRST. THEN SNACKS.



SIR?

HSSSSSS!

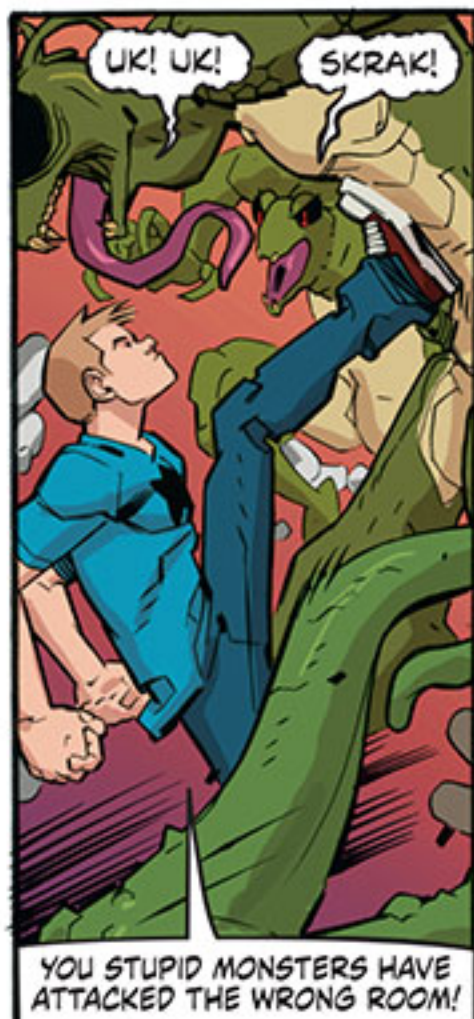
SKREEE!



SIGH! IT'S ALWAYS SOMETHING.



HSSSSSSS!!



# ARCHER & ARMSTRONG ARE IN THE BAG!

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LETTERS: A LARGER WORLD STUDIOS

ASSISTANT EDITOR: DANNY KHAZEM

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HEY ARCHER, LOST  
SOMETHING IMPORTANT.  
WENT IN MY BAG TO  
FIND IT. BACK SOON.  
-ARMSTRONG

TYPICAL.

GETTING DRUNK  
AND GOING OFF ON  
HIS OWN.

NOT EVEN  
BOTHERING TO ASK  
FOR MY HELP.

JUST ASSUMING  
I'D BE HERE TO  
CLEAN UP.

STAND FAST,  
UPPERWORLDER!  
PREPARE TO HAVE  
YOUR INSIDES TORN  
ASUNDER BY THE  
MIGHTY--

JERK.

SPLORCH



7:37 pm

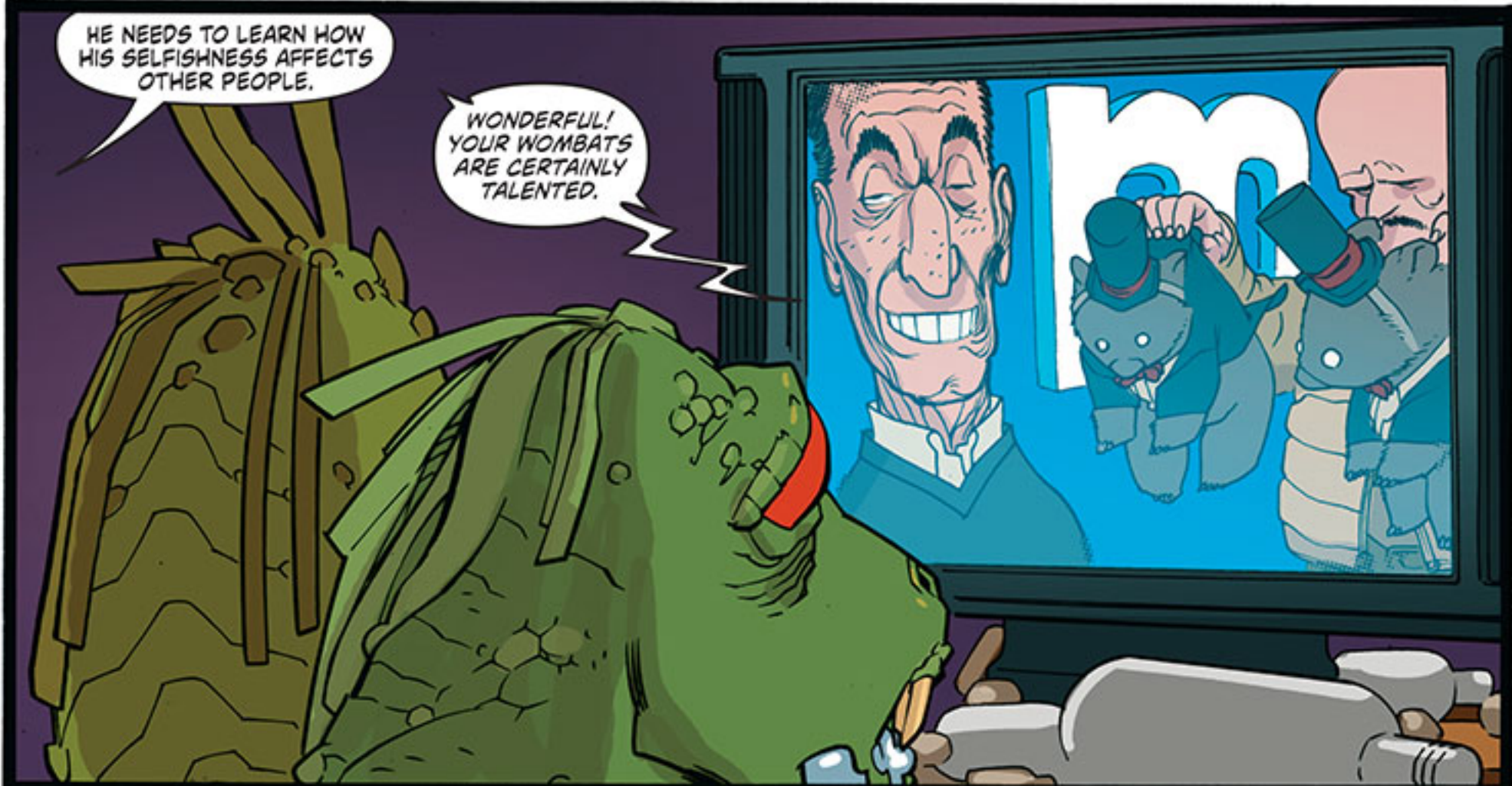
WHATEVER HE'S LOOKING FOR IN THERE, IT HAD BETTER BE IMPORTANT--

TTTEEE-VEEE?



AND BELIEVE YOU ME, MR. ARMSTRONG AND I ARE GOING TO HAVE A NICE LONG CHAT AS SOON AS HE GETS BACK.

OOOOH!



HE NEEDS TO LEARN HOW HIS SELFISHNESS AFFECTS OTHER PEOPLE.

WONDERFUL! YOUR WOMBATS ARE CERTAINLY TALENTED.



I KNOW, I KNOW, HE'S BEEN GETTING BETTER, BUT THIS RIGHT HERE...

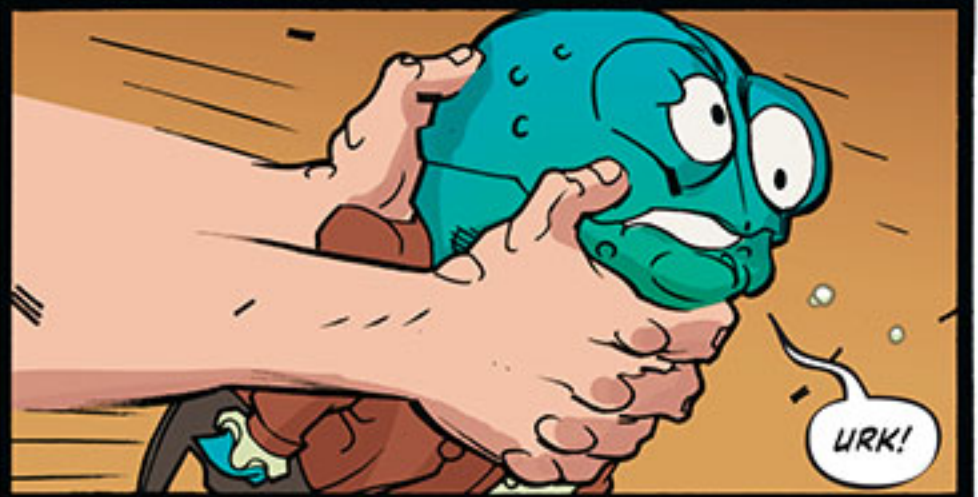
WHEN WE RETURN, WE'LL FIND OUT WHICH ONE OF THESE WOMBATS IS THE FATHER OF YOUR BABY!

JEEZ, YOU GUYS ARE GOING TO ROT YOUR BRAINS WATCHING THAT TRASH.



11:09 pm

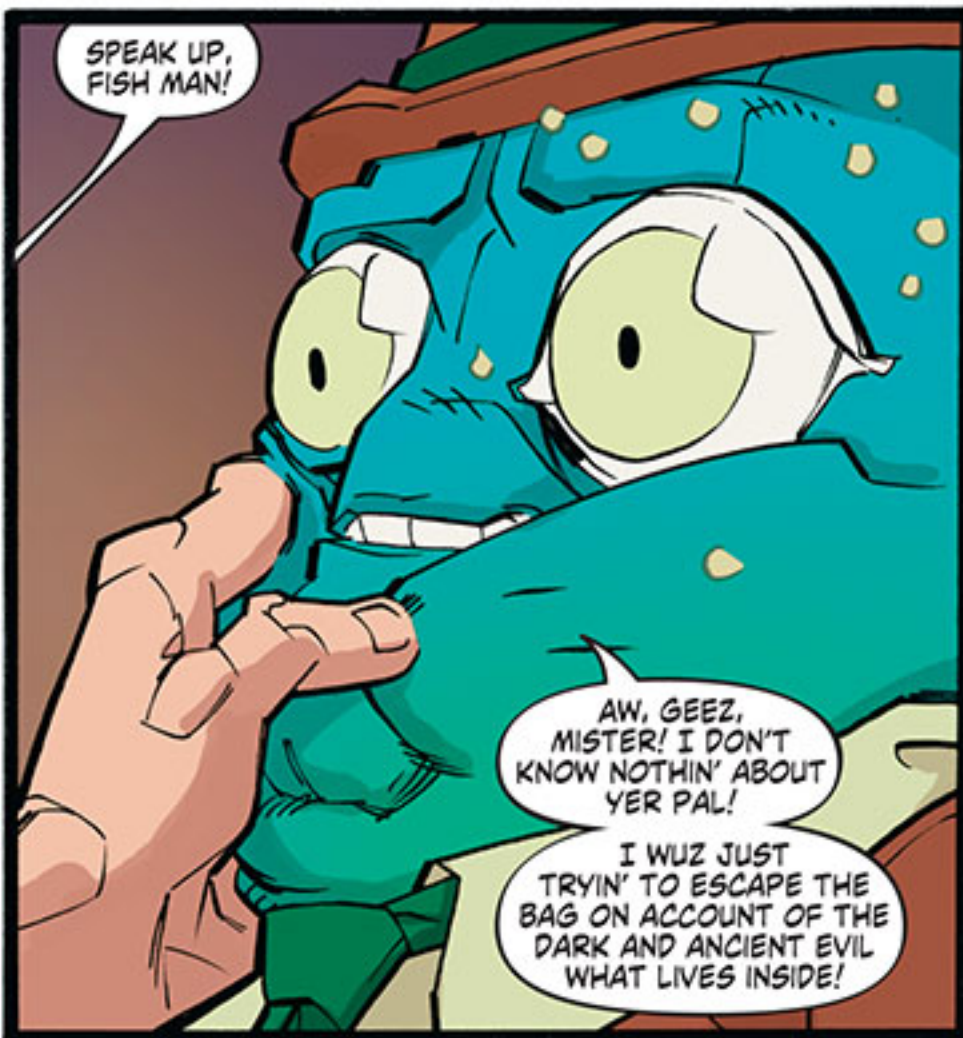
HA HA! LOOK AT ME! WHO'DA THINK IT! CLIMBING TO MY FREEDOM! HA HA HA!



URK!



YOU CAME FROM INSIDE THE BAG! HAVE YOU SEEN MY FRIEND? A LARGE MAN WITH A BEARD? HE WAS PROBABLY DRUNK?



SPEAK UP, FISH MAN!

AW, GEEZ, MISTER! I DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' ABOUT YER PAL!

I WUZ JUST TRYIN' TO ESCAPE THE BAG ON ACCOUNT OF THE DARK AND ANCIENT EVIL WHAT LIVES INSIDE!

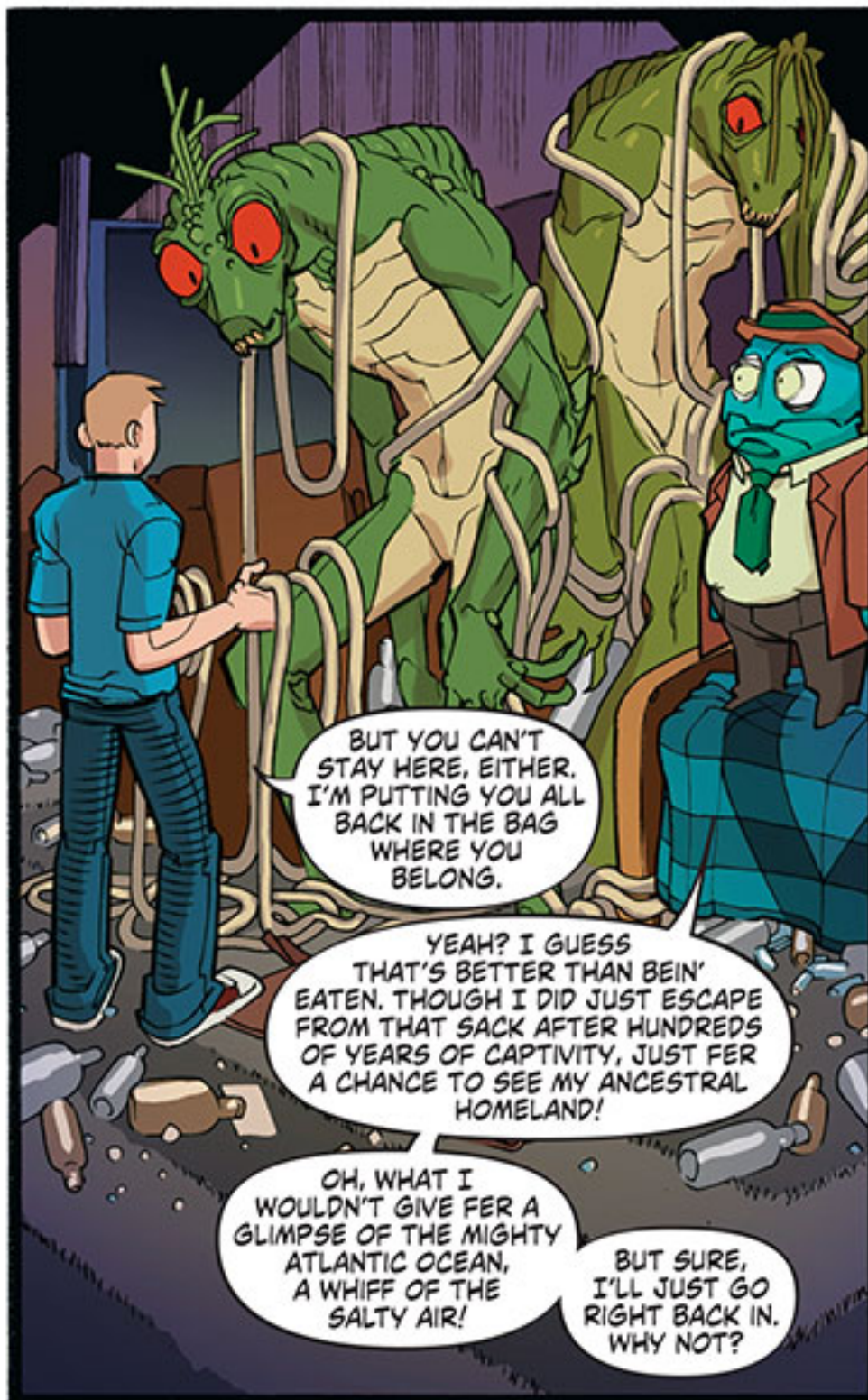


ANCIENT EVIL? MR. ARMSTRONG, YOU IDIOT.

OH! IS THIS THE END FER OL' DAVEY THE MACKEREL? EATEN TO DEATH BY A SKINHEAD AND A COUPLE'A REVOLTIN' LIZARDS!



WHAT? NO, I'M NOT GOING TO EAT YOU. AND I'M NOT A SKINHEAD.



BUT YOU CAN'T STAY HERE, EITHER. I'M PUTTING YOU ALL BACK IN THE BAG WHERE YOU BELONG.

YEAH? I GUESS THAT'S BETTER THAN BEIN' EATEN. THOUGH I DID JUST ESCAPE FROM THAT SACK AFTER HUNDREDS OF YEARS OF CAPTIVITY, JUST FER A CHANCE TO SEE MY ANCESTRAL HOMELAND!

OH, WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE FER A GLIMPSE OF THE MIGHTY ATLANTIC OCEAN, A WHIFF OF THE SALTY AIR!

BUT SURE, I'LL JUST GO RIGHT BACK IN. WHY NOT?



QUIT COMPLAINING. HURRY UP AND...

SNIFFE

UGH, YOU GOT YOUR STINK ALL OVER ME!

THAT'S ON YOU, PAL. I'M A WEIRD LITTLE FISH MONSTER. YA THINK I'D SMELL LIKE A DAISY?



IN THE BAG. NOW. I HAVE TO MAKE A PHONE CALL.

AND BOIL MY HAND.



One phone call and ninety minutes later.

SO THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY. THANK YOU FOR COMING SO QUICKLY.

I WOULDN'T HAVE CALLED IF IT WASN'T IMPORTANT.

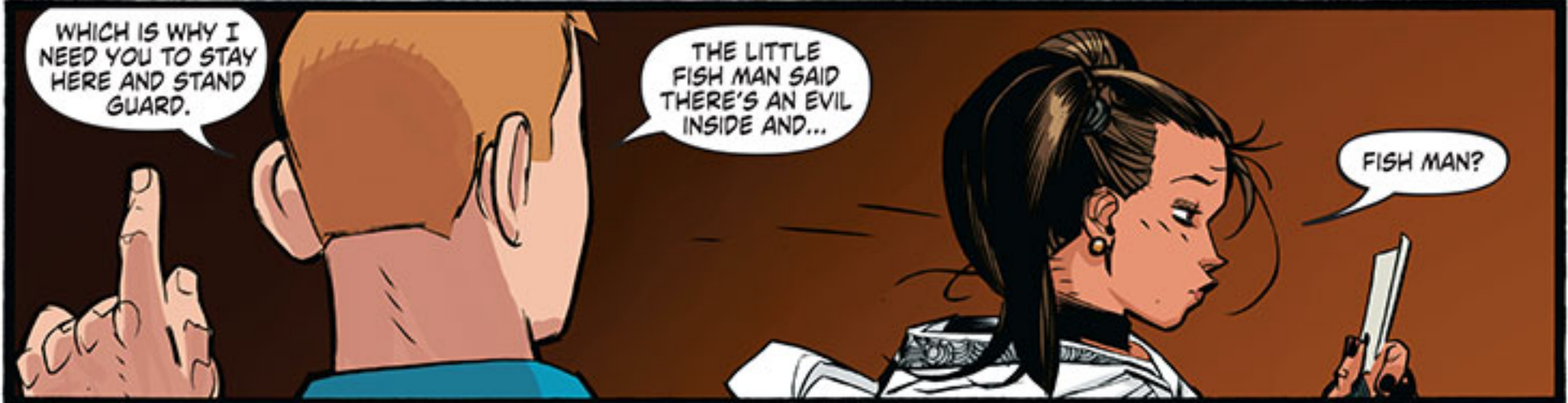
DANG IT, OBADIAH ARCHER. WHY ME?



I'M PRETTY BUSY LEADING MY SISTERS OF PERPETUAL DARKNESS.

IF I WERE YOU, I'D JUST CLOSE THE BAG AND LEAVE ARMSTRONG TRAPPED INSIDE. YOU'D BE BETTER OFF WITHOUT HIM.

THAT'S NOT FUNNY, MARY-MARIA. DESPITE HIS MANY FLAWS, HE IS STILL MY FRIEND, AND I HAVE TO GO INSIDE THAT SATCHEL TO RESCUE HIM.



WHICH IS WHY I NEED YOU TO STAY HERE AND STAND GUARD.

THE LITTLE FISH MAN SAID THERE'S AN EVIL INSIDE AND...

FISH MAN?



YES, THE FISH MAN. DID YOU LISTEN TO ANYTHING I SAID?



I'VE BEEN LISTENING, OBIE. BUT THIS SATCHEL IS POWERFUL AND PRICELESS. YOU HAVE TO KNOW I'M GOING TO STEAL IT AS SOON AS YOU GO INSIDE.



I'D DO IT RIGHT NOW, BUT THEN WE'D HAVE TO FIGHT AND I'D RATHER NOT FIGHT YOU.

WHY WOULD YOU EVEN THINK YOU COULD TRUST ME AFTER EVERYTHING WE'VE BEEN THROUGH?

YOU'RE... UM...





YOU'RE MY SISTER, MARY-MARIA.

WE'RE FAMILY.



I KNOW THAT YOU'D NEVER CONDEMN ME TO AN ETERNITY TRAPPED INSIDE A BAG WITH MR. ARMSTRONG.

I TRUST YOU TO DO THE RIGHT THING WHEN MY LIFE IS ON THE LINE.

OH GOD. YOUR HAND STINKS LIKE ROTTEN FISH GUTS.



COME ON, MARY-MARIA. IT'S ME. OBIE. YOUR BROTHER.

I'M BEGGING YOU. MR. ARMSTRONG HAS DONE SOMETHING STUPID AND I CAN'T SAVE HIM WITHOUT YOUR HELP.

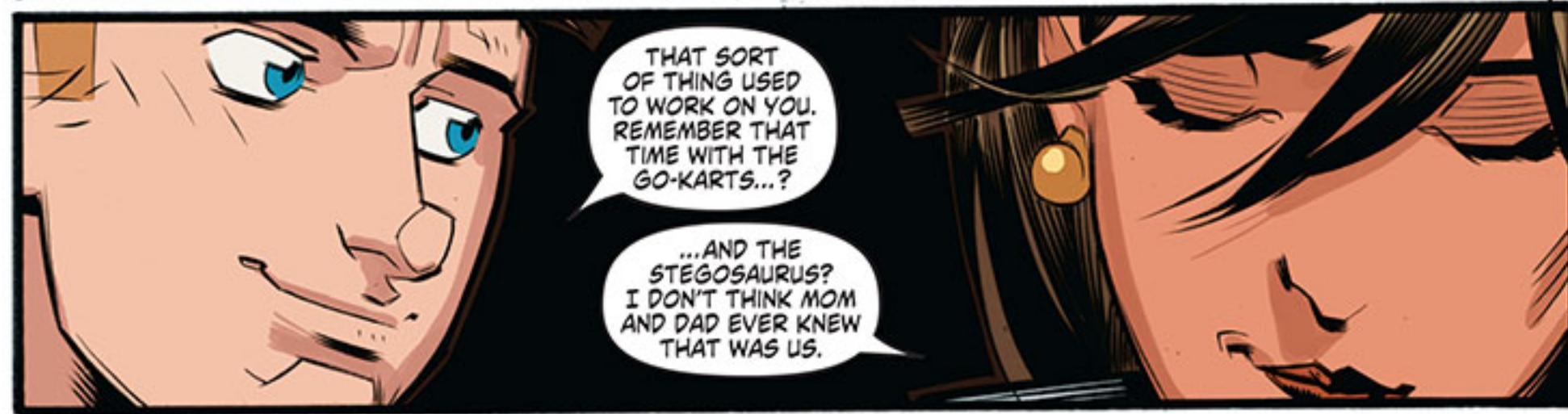


PLEASE, MARY-MARIA. PLEASE GUARD THE SACHEL WHEN I GO INSIDE.

PLEASE KEEP THE MONSTERS FROM ESCAPING.

PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE?

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? ARE YOU TRYING TO PUPPY-DOG ME?



THAT SORT OF THING USED TO WORK ON YOU. REMEMBER THAT TIME WITH THE GO-KARTS...?

...AND THE STEGOSAURUS? I DON'T THINK MOM AND DAD EVER KNEW THAT WAS US.

