

COMIC

SCOUNDRELS



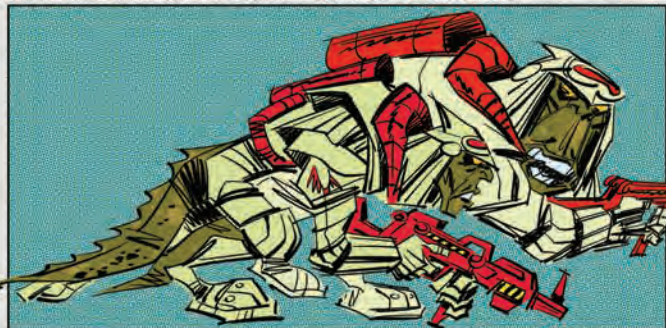
I'M NOT EXACTLY SEEING ANY "BABYSITTER MATERIAL" HERE.

EXCERPT FROM THE
OFFICIAL HANDBOOK OF THE

COMIC SCOUNDRELS™

BOOK OF THE DEAD IDW EDITION

DIMETROTRON BROTHERS



Real name: Keets (the fat one) and Trake (the skinny one)
Other aliases: "The fat and skinny dinosaur bros"

Occupation: Bounty hunters 4 hire

Legal status: Legally SO dead!

Place of birth: Mesozoicron

Place of death: The cargo vessel **Midnight Fernando** (the fat one), the **SS Fistpuncher** (the skinny one)

Group affiliation: Sometime allies of Red Dot Specials, The Garlite empire and former members of the French Foreign Lizard Legionnaires

First and unfortunate last appearance: Cosmic Scoundrels #1

History: Keets and Trake were the eldest and youngest of a two-hundred-egg Dimetrotron clutch laid by Queen Henn the Auxiliary. As is their custom, all the older Dimetrotrons (meaning they hatched sooner) tried to eat the youngest. Keets, in a complete "F you" to instinct and millions of years of evolution, decided to save his youngest brother from their siblings. Because of this, they were banished from their savage homeworld and sent, in an intended insult, to the Retail System. They worked their way up from the Mail Room Planet, to the Junior Sales Orbital Station, weaved their way through the Night Shift Belt, and finally got promoted to the Middle Management Moon where they went into business selling cheaply made Tlarb to anyone that would open their airlock. This went terribly so they started murdering and kidnapping people for money. Bounty hunting led to regular escort contracts with the Empire, which led to a fateful job escorting secret cargo aboard the freighter **Midnight Fernando**. When space-jerks the Cosmic Scoundrels caused a hull breach in order to steal the cargo, Keets was sucked out into space and suffocated, or instantly exploded, or his blood boiled and froze, or whatever you believe happens in the vacuum of space. Trake then snuck onto the **Fistpuncher** to have a long conversation with the Scoundrels instead of just shooting them, when suddenly the skinny one barfed space-barf at him and totally killed him.

CONTENTS AND ARTISTS

WORDS AND STORY.....	MATT CHAPMAN
STORY AND ART.....	ANDY SURIANO
LETTERING.....	ANDY SURIANO
LOGO DESIGN.....	JEFF SIMS
EDITS.....	SARAH GAYDOS
PUBLISHER.....	TED ADAMS



Regular Cover
Art by Andy Suriano



Subscription Cover
Art by Dan McDaid



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SPACE.

INFINITE.

VAST.

PUKEY.

BIRTHING UNEXPECTED DELIVERIES...

"PRECIOUS CARGO" PART 2

THERE WAS
A FLIPPIN' BABY
IN THE CARGO CRATE
WE HEISTED THIS
WHOLE TIME?!





BUT MY OLD CELLMATE SAID EVERYTHING ON THE MIDNIGHT FERNANDO IS HIGHLY VALUABLE SHIT!

I DUNNO. I BET THIS WIDDLE GUY CAN MAKE SOME HIGHLY VALUABLE [REDACTED]



LOVE SAVAGE, THIS IS A DISASTER. WE JUST ADDED ABOUT THREE PAGES TO OUR RAP SHEET FOR THIS??



AW COME ON, RO'. LOOK AT IT THIS WAY, WE MAY HAVE JUST FOUND... OUR NEXT TEAMMATE!

GRANTED, ROSHWABO'S CELL MATE WAS A SENTIENT TABLE LAMP CALLED "PULL BUCHANAN", SO, Y'KNOW... GRAM D! SALT AND PEPPER.

WE NOW RETURN TO

COMIC SCOUNDRELS & SON!

BROUGHT TO YOU BY
KIKLARMANTH
PHARMASHOOTICALS!



HAND OVER THE NEUROLINK, ROSHAMBO! OR SKIN-TIGHT HERE GETS HIS CHEESE BUTTERED!



YOU KNOW THAT'S NOT A SAYING, RIGHT, SIGMUND?

BUT NEITHER IS "INCOMING BABY."

SAY, IT'S SIGMUND FROM SIGMUND SUGGOTASH AND HIS SPACE-TABULOUS NEBULOIDS! ALBUM OUT NOW ON THERMAX MUG-RECORDS! ALSO AVAILABLE AS MIND-TRIP INJECTION OR SUPPOSITORY.

INCOMING WHAAA--?!



SHOOOM!!

ARGH!!

=GIGGLE=



NICE JOB, LITTLE TAD!

HEY! I THOUGHT WE AGREED ON JACOB JUNIOR!

FREEZE,
COMIC SCOUNDRELS & SON!



UH-OH.
RED DOT
SPECIALS.



THINK
WE CAN
TAKE 'EM?

ZABBLPABBA!



LITTLE-KNOWN FACT: RED DOT SPECIALS' UNIFORMS ARE ESPECIALLY VULNERABLE TO RIDICULOUSLY TOSSED SPACE CHEERIOS. SPACE FRUIT SQUEEZERS? NOT SO MUCH.



COSMIC
Grounders & Sons!

WILL BE RIGHT BACK
AFTER THESE MESSAGES!