

HOOVER DAM. FINISH LINE.

THE SLAG
BROTHERS
WIN THE
RACE!

AWWOOOO!
WE ARE MIGHTY
HUNTERS!

YAH! YAH!
YAH! WE SLEW
AN ELDER
GOD!

WHUP! WHUP!

WHAT'S
THAT ON THE
TENTACLE?
IT LOOKS
LIKE--

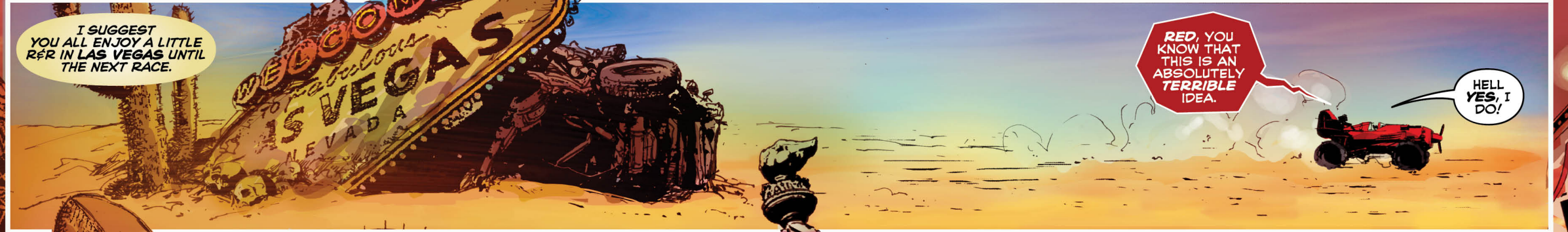


WHUP!

WITLESS **PRIMITIVES!** SOMETHING'S
GOING ON WITH THESE MONSTROSITIES
WE'VE BEEN ENCOUNTERING, AND
THANKS TO **YOU** THIS
CLUE IS--



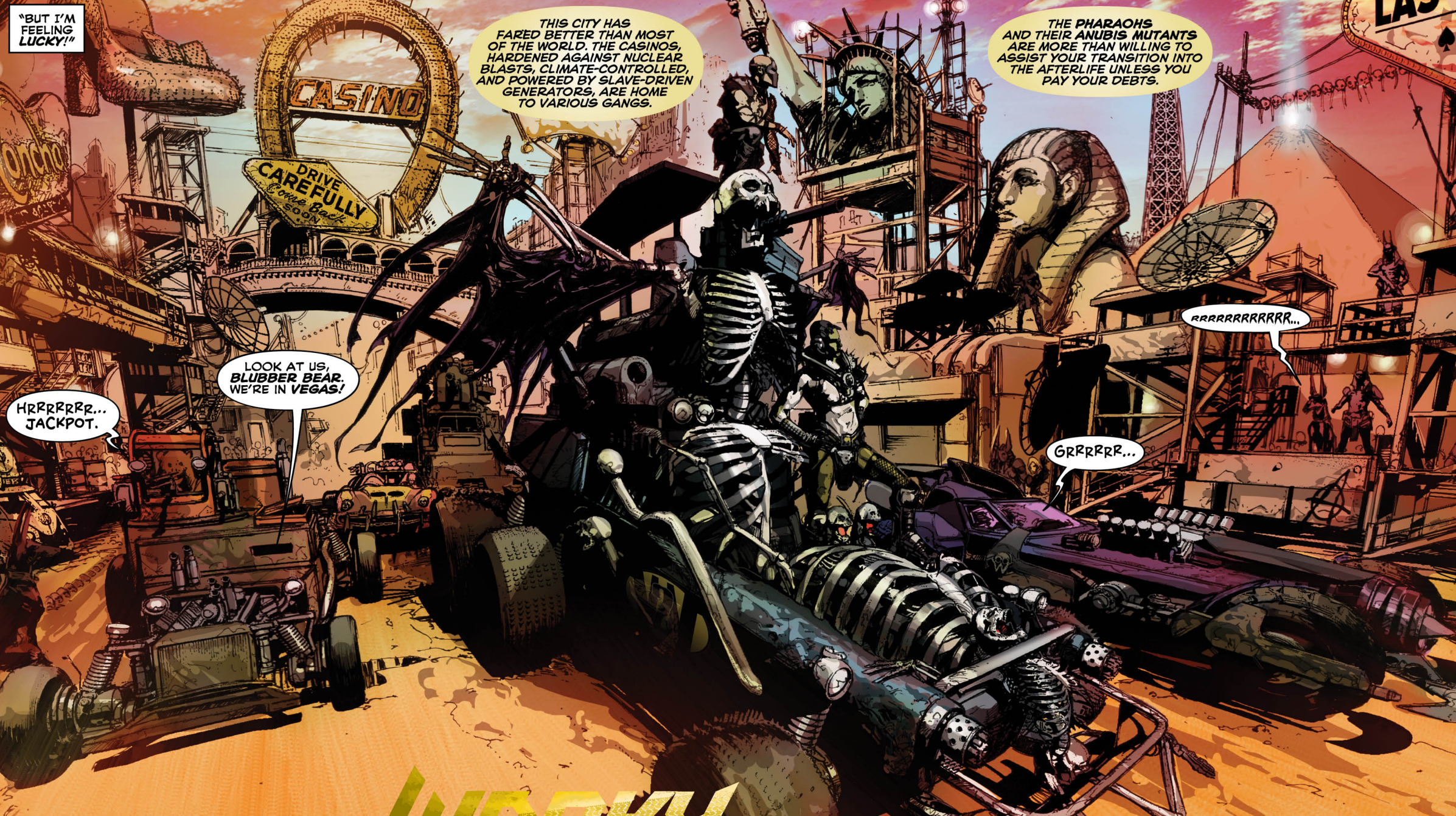
DON'T
WORRY ABOUT
THINGS THAT
DON'T CONCERN
YOU, DICK.



I SUGGEST YOU ALL ENJOY A LITTLE R&R IN LAS VEGAS UNTIL THE NEXT RACE.

RED, YOU KNOW THAT THIS IS AN ABSOLUTELY TERRIBLE IDEA.

HELL YES, I DO!



"BUT I'M FEELING LUCKY!"

THIS CITY HAS FARED BETTER THAN MOST OF THE WORLD. THE CASINOS, HARDENED AGAINST NUCLEAR BLASTS, CLIMATE-CONTROLLED, AND POWERED BY SLAVE-DRIVEN GENERATORS, ARE HOME TO VARIOUS GANGS.

THE PHARAOHS AND THEIR ANUBIS MUTANTS ARE MORE THAN WILLING TO ASSIST YOUR TRANSITION INTO THE AFTERLIFE UNLESS YOU PAY YOUR DEBTS.

LOOK AT US, BLUBBER BEAR. WE'RE IN VEGAS!

HRRRRR... JACKPOT.

RRRRRRRRRR...

GRRRRR...

EARTH LIES IN RUINS. THE UNSEEN AND OMNIPOTENT ANNOUNCER HAS PROMISED THAT THE VICTOR OF A SERIES OF RACES WILL BE ALLOWED INTO THE WINNER'S CIRCLE OF UTOPIA, A LEGENDARY PARADISE THAT IS THE LAST BASTION OF HUMANITY ON THE SCORCHED PLANET. THE WACKY RACERS AND THEIR SENTIENT VEHICLES COMPETE FOR SURVIVAL AS THEY SPEED THROUGH AN APOCALYPTIC DESERT FILLED WITH RADIOACTIVE LAKES, NANOTECH DUST STORMS, AND CANNIBALISTIC MUTANTS. THERE'S ONLY ROOM FOR ONE WINNER, AND ANYBODY IN SECOND PLACE WILL BE LEFT TO DIE IN THE

WRAGGY RACELAND

WHAT HAPPENS IN VEGAS...

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THE C.C. CLOWNS
WILL TAKE A MALLET TO YOUR
FUNNY BONE IF YOU TRY TO
CROSS THEM.

HRRRR...
CLOWNS ARE
SCARY.

AVOID THE
COMB-OVERS, YOU
CAN NEITHER REASON
OR BARGAIN WITH
THEM.

I WILL BUILD A **GREAT WALL**--
AND NOBODY BUILDS BETTER WALLS
THAN **ME**, BELIEVE ME--AND I'LL BUILD THEM
VERY INEXPENSIVELY. I WILL BUILD A GREAT,
GREAT WALL ON OUR CASINO BORDER,
AND I WILL MAKE YOU **PAY** FOR THAT
WALL WITH YOUR **BONES** AND YOUR
PAIN. MARK MY WORDS.

OBVIOUSLY
AN **INSANE**
NARCISSIST.
I LIKE HIM!

ENJOY YOUR
STAY, RACERS. JUST DON'T
PISS OFF THE **CAESARS**
OR YOU'LL END UP ON THE
BUFFET TABLE AS
TODAY'S SPECIAL.

CHARMING!
LOVE WHAT
THEY'VE DONE
WITH THE
PLACE.

LEAVE YOUR
WEAPONS AT
THE DOOR!

PHTTT!
ROMANS!
THEY STOLE
EVERYTHING
FROM THE
GREEKS,
INCLUDING
OUR **GODS!**

THE
NUKE'S A
NICE TOUCH,
TOUGH.



SLAVE!
GET THESE
VEHICLES
PARKED.

YES,
CENTURION.



HANDS OFF,
SPARTACUS! AND
BY THAT I MEAN I'LL
CUT YOUR DAMN
HANDS OFF IF YOU
TOUCH ME.

AAAAH!

NOTICE
THIS PARKING LOT
IS MONITORED BY
VIDEO SURVEILLANCE

I CAN
PARK
MYSELF,
ASSHAT.



I STILL SAY
THIS IS AN
AWFUL IDEA,
BOSS.

DON'T BE SUCH A LITTLE
WHINER, HAYBALER. I'M
GONNA WIN ENOUGH
AMMO TO GET US PAST
A DOZEN FINISH
LINES!