





(...IT'S SOME HELP!)

A DOGGONE CRISIS!

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(KRYPTO THE SUPER-DOG? ACE THE BAT-DOG? WHAT ARE YOU GUYS DOING HERE?)

(LOOKING FOR YOU, SCOOBY?)

(...ME?)
(ARE YOU SURE?)



(DON'T BE SO MODEST, SCOOBY. THE LAST TIME WE TEAMED UP, YOU WERE A GREAT DOG WONDER.)*

(OH, I DON'T CALL MYSELF THAT ANYMORE. DYNAMUTT MADE ME STOP.)

(HE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT TRADEMARK INFRINGEMENT...)

THAT'S STRANGE. IF KRYPTO AND BAT-HOUND ARE HERE, WHERE ARE SUPERMAN AND BATMAN?

MAYBE THEY, LIKE, STOPPED FOR A CAPPUCCINO?

WE'RE DEALING WITH A CASE THAT CALLS FOR YOUR *SPECIALTY.*

(... SNACKING?)

I'M HAPPY TO HELP, TOO. TEARING UP WOULD REMIND ME OF THE OLD DAYS, BACK WHEN I WAS WITH THE SUPERFRIENDS!

WHY NOT? LIKE I ALWAYS SAY, EIGHT Paws ARE BETTER THAN FOUR.

I DON'T GET IT. THERE'S NO SIGN OF BATMAN OR SUPERMAN ANYWHERE.

KRYPTO AND BAT-HOUND MIGHT BE THE *WORLD'S FINEST* SUPER-PETS, BUT THEY'RE NOT USUALLY OUT BY THEMSELVES.

THEY'RE NOT BY THEMSELVES *NOW* EITHER.

ZONKS!
A TALKING
DOG!

A
PEOPLE-
SIZED TALKING
DOG!

A PEOPLE-
SIZE TALKING
DOG WITH A
GREEN LANTERN
RING!

WHAT
EXCELLENT
OBSERVATION
SKILLS! YUP, I'M
G'WORT, THE
GREEN LANTERN
FROM THE PLANET
G'NEWT.

AND HE'S
AN ALIEN,
TOO!
CAN I
GO HOME
NOW?



ANYWAY, I'M SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOUR ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE AND ALL, BUT MY RING PICKED UP A DISTRESS CALL FROM SOME FOLKS WHO'RE IN TROUBLE. SO, ON MY WAY THERE, I SWING BY TO GATHER UP SOME **HELP**.



HEY NO MORE! YOU CAN COUNT ON US!

IS REALLY? COUNTING WAS NEVER LIKE MY STRONG SUIT. I-LIKE, ONE, TWO, SEVEN...



UH, THAT'S REALLY NICE OF YOU. BUT, UH, I'M AFRAID YOU GUYS'D HAVE A HARD TIME FITTING IN WHERE WE'RE GOING. NOT TO MENTION THE LANGUAGE BARRIER.

SO THEN WHY DID YOU COME TO US?



WELL, ACTUALLY...

...WE CAME FOR SCOOBY-DOO.



JUST SCOOBY?

HEY, I WISH MORE OF OUR CASES DIDN'T NEED ME TO GO, BUT I DON'T KNOW ABOUT, LIKE, SENDING MY BUDDY OFF ON HIS OWN.

SHADDYAS SAY, SCOOBY? YOU WANNA GO WITH THEM?

YI... RUPPOSE SO.



(NOT DOGAFONIES! THEN THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE. LET'S GO!)

(SO WHERE?)



(OH, DIDN'T I SAY? INTO SPACE?)

(OUTER SPACE?)



(EASY, SCOOBY. I'M MORE COMFORTABLE IN THE BACK ALLEYS OF GOTHAM CITY MYSELF, BUT WE DO WHERE WE'RE NEEDED.)

(STILL, I HOPE WE GET BACK SOON. I'M NOT SURE HOW BATMAN WILL MANAGE WITHOUT ME.)



(OH, THIS SHOULDN'T TAKE THAT LONG. WE'RE JUST HEADING TO THE STAR SARKIS IN THE CONSTELLATION CANIS MAJOR. IF WE DON'T HAVE TO DETOUR FOR TRAFFIC, IT'S JUST EIGHT OR NINE LIGHT YEARS AWAY.)

(EIGHT OR NINE LIGHT YEARS IS FIFTY TRILLION MILES! EVEN AT MY TOP SPEED, THAT COULD TAKE A WHILE.)



(NOT IF WE TAKE A SHORTCUT?)

(PRETTY LUCKY THAT MY RING CAN MAKE SPACE WARPS ACROSS GALAXIES, HUH?)

(SO HOW LONG WILL IT BE TG...)