

SOMEWHERE  
IN ANTARCTICA.

THE REALLY, REALLY  
DISTANT FUTURE.

TIME TO GET  
CAUGHT UP!



<...and then these "rock stars" named GWAR, the so-called "Scumdogs of the Universe," were sent through time by Mr. Perfect on a dick-shaped time machine, where they stomped through the past and made a huge mess of things.>

<We know they sunk the *Titanic*, killed Kurt Cobain, and generally fumbled and bumbled their way to here, where they're planning a big showdown with Mr. Perfect to get revenge for his killing Oderus Urungus.>

<None of that matters to us! The only concern is getting them out of Antarctica so they stop scaring away the fish and the squid!>

<I think boss **Bozo Destructo** is gonna get them out of here. In fact, GWAR's meeting with him now.>

<If he doesn't get rid of them, then we'll have to do it ourselves before they completely screw things up here too!>

\*TRANSLATED  
FROM PENGUISH.



WAIT, BOZO!  
I KNOW WE'VE HAD  
OUR DIFFERENCES  
IN THE PAST, BUT  
WE WANNA TEAM  
UP TO--

BOZO  
DESTRUCTO IS  
NO WANTING G'WAR  
TALKING! YOU WILL  
TO BE FEELING  
MY HAMMER  
NOW!

HEY, LEARN  
TO TALK, VICKI  
THE ROBOT.

I AM BOZO.  
ME NO KNOW  
THIS VICKI!

YOU KNOW,  
LIKE FROM *SMALL  
WONDER*. THAT  
'80s SHOW WHERE  
THE FAMILY BUILT A  
CHILD SEX ROBOT  
THING?

I'M AFRAID  
I HAVE TO SIDE  
WITH BOZO ON  
THIS, PUSTULUS. NO  
EARTHLY IDEA WHAT  
YOU'RE TALKING  
ABOUT!

WELL,  
WHATEVER.  
SHE HAD A  
BATTERY PACK  
BACKPACK LIKE  
THIS DICK-FOR-  
BRAINS.

IS NOT BATTERY  
PACK. IS JET PACK  
BUILT FROM FINEST  
SOVIET ERA--

BOZO, MY DESTRUCTO  
BROTHER! IT'S TRUE, WE  
NEED TO WORK WITH G'WAR, NO  
MATTER HOW DISTASTEFUL  
THAT IS.

WE  
NEED TO PUT  
MR. PERFECT  
DOWN, ONCE AND  
FOR ALL!

YES, I KNOW  
OF THIS MR.  
PERFECT. IS A,  
HOW YOU  
SAY...

GIANT  
ASSHOLE.









BAD BABY DINO! NO BITEY!

WAK



LET'S GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD. I DON'T WANNA BE DOING THIS THE REST OF THE WEEK.

WE GOTTA FIGURE OUT A TIME TO GO EAT TOO.



ARE WE LETTING THESE GUYS INTO OUR SHIP? I MEAN, SAWBORG ONLY TRIES TO KILL US LIKE EVERY OTHER PAGE...

LET IT GO FOR NOW, ESTROGINA. TEMPORARY CEASE-FIRE, SCUMDOG BROTHERHOOD, ALL THAT GOOD STUFF.



Duhhh, SO LET'S GO, GUYS! LET'S GO BEAT UP THAT BIG, BLUE JERK!

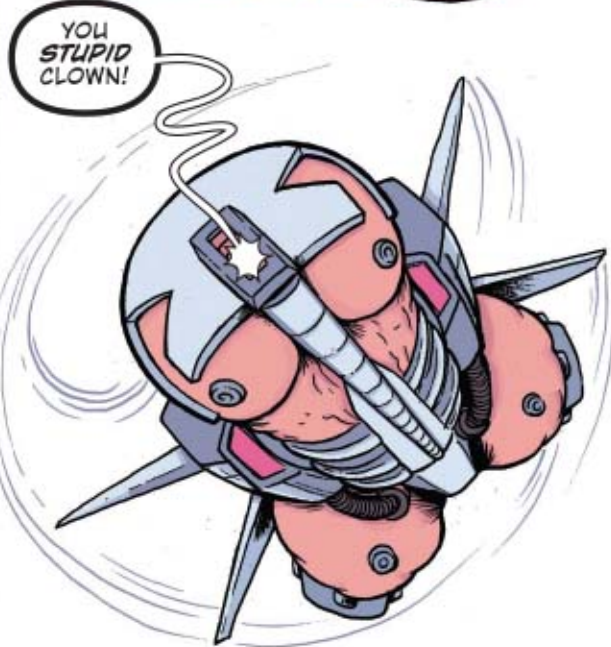
QUIET, BONESNAPPER.

BOZO, YOU WILL NEED TO INPUT THE COORDINATES.



BOZO DESTRUCTO WILL DRIVE SHIP MANUALLY TO BE FIGHTING THE MR. PERFECT.

NOOOOOO!  
I JUST FIXED THAT!



YOU STUPID CLOWN!





WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! YOU CAN'T STEER THE SHIP THAT WAY!

...CAN YOU?

**BEEFCAKE THE MIGHTY** HERE ON **FACEBOOK LIVE!** BRINGING YOU FOOTAGE OF HOW I'M PROBABLY GONNA DIE.

YOU DO NOT NEED TO BE BEING WORRIED. **BOZO** FLIES PUNY SHIP TO BE FIGHTING **MR. PERFECT**.



SINCE THIS MORON MAY END UP KILLING US, I WANTED YOU TO KNOW...

IT'S NOT EASY FOR ME TO SAY, BUT, AS MY PROTEGE YOU'VE MADE ME PR--



AW, **SLYMENSTRA**, I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU MEAN!

YOU'RE MY BEST FRIEND TOO!

NO, I ONLY MEANT...

GET OFF ME.



NEVER UNDERESTIMATE A **DESTRUCTO**. **BOZO** GOT US HERE IN ONE PIECE AS PROMISED, YOU BUNCH OF BABIES.