



COME!



FROM FAR AND NEAR!
FROM EARTH
AND SKY!

ON LEGS
AND TENTACLES
AND BEATING
WINGS!



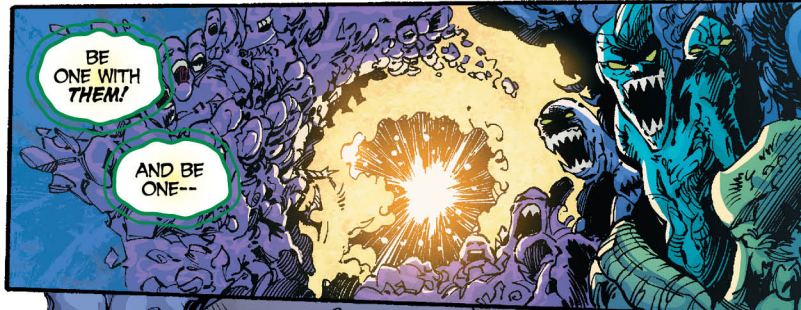
FOLLOW
MY THOUGHTS!
FOLLOW MY
TRIUMPHANT
CRY!

SURRENDER
ALL INDIVIDUALITY!
SURRENDER ALL PAIN
AND LACK AND
LIMITATION--



--AND BE
ONE WITH THE
MISSHAPEN
CREATURES OF
THE EARTH!

THE
MUTANTS!
THE MONSTERS!
THE DEVILS AND
BEASTS!




BE
ONE WITH
THEM!

AND BE
ONE--



--WITH
ME!

THAT SOUND,
THAT... SIGNAL!
THE CLOSER
I GET...



...THE LOUDER IT IS, LIKE A WHINE THAT COULD SPLIT MY EARDRUMS. SPLIT MY WHOLE HEAD RIGHT IN TWO. AND, EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE...

...I SWEAR I CAN HEAR A VOICE AT THE HEART OF THAT NOISE, CALLING TO ALL THOSE BEASTIES DOWN THERE. BUT WHOSE VOICE IS IT? AND WHAT DOES HE WANT?

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE THE SACRIFICE!

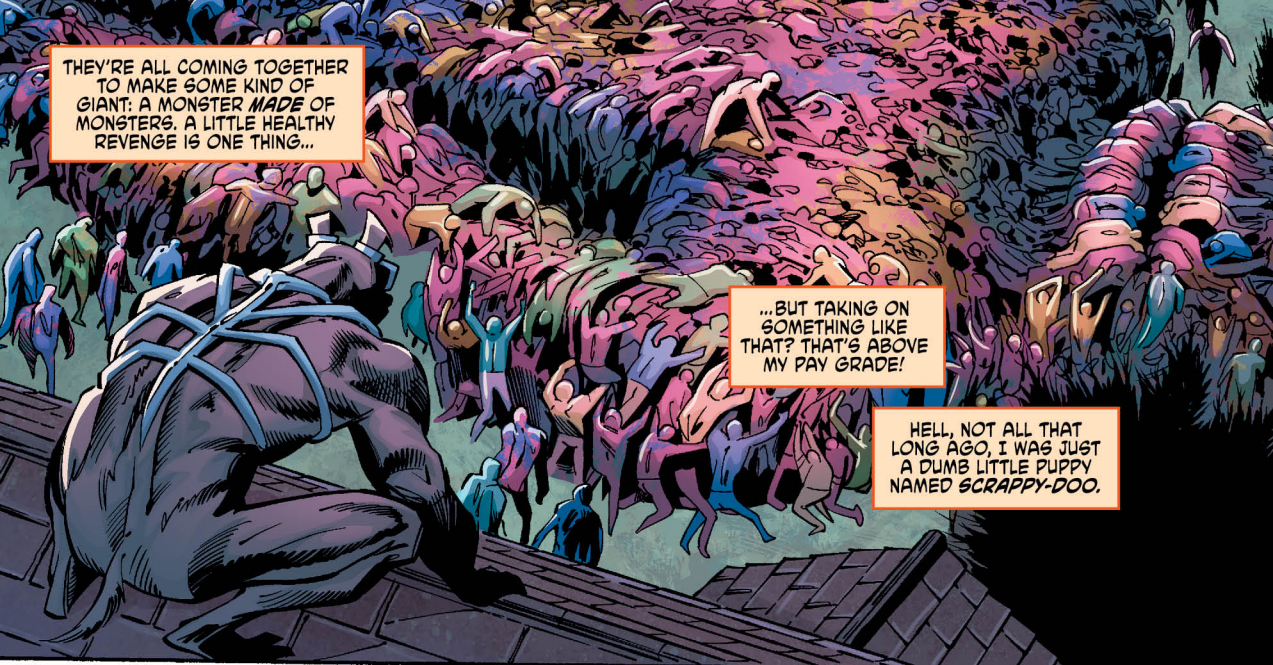
I FOLLOWED THAT HORDE TO THIS FARM 'CAUSE I WAS LOOKING FOR REVENGE. THOSE DAMN MONSTERS KILLED OFF MY PACK, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING CRAZY GOING ON HERE, AND FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS...

...IT'S ABOUT TO GET A HELLUVA LOT CRAZIER.

AND NO ONE KNOWS CRAZY BETTER THAN THOSE LOVABLE LUNATICS:

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THEY'RE ALL COMING TOGETHER TO MAKE SOME KIND OF GIANT: A MONSTER MADE OF MONSTERS. A LITTLE HEALTHY REVENGE IS ONE THING...

...BUT TAKING ON SOMETHING LIKE THAT? THAT'S ABOVE MY PAY GRADE!

HELL, NOT ALL THAT LONG AGO, I WAS JUST A DUMB LITTLE PUPPY NAMED SCRAPPY-DOO.

THEN THE COMPLEX GOT THEIR MITTS ON ME. MADE ME A TEST SUBJECT IN THEIR SMART-DOG EXPERIMENTS. ME...

...AND A WHOLE LOT OF OTHER INNOCENT CANINES THAT DIDN'T ASK T'HAVE IMPLANTS SHOVED INSIDE THEM. HAVE THEIR MINDS EXPANDED AND THEIR BODIES AUGMENTED.

WHY? SO THEY COULD SELL US OFF TO THE MILITARY FOR A BIG, FAT PRICE.

BUT THERE IS NO MILITARY ANYMORE. THERE'S NO ANYTHING! THAT DAMN PLAGUE HAS TURNED THE WORLD INTO A NIGHTMARE.

AND I GUESS I'M A NIGHTMARE, TOO. THE EXPERIMENTS, THE BATTLE TRAINING...IT ALL TURNED ME UGLY. TURNED ME MEAN. AND NOW I--

WHAT'S THAT?

PEOPLE COMING UP THE ROAD, WHICH CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING.

NOW EVERYONE BE QUIET! WE DON'T WANT 'EM T'KNOW WE'RE HERE!

YEP.

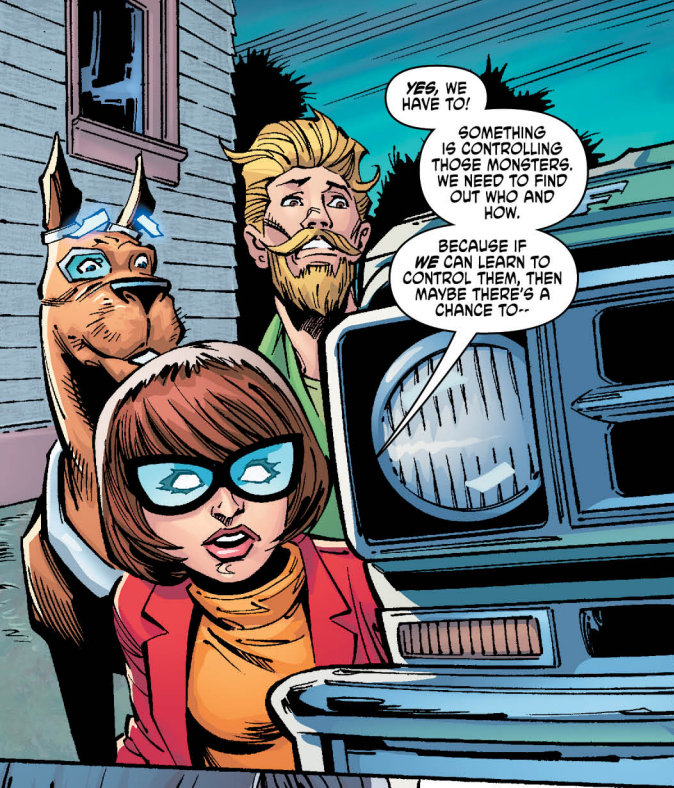
IT'S DOC DINKLEY AND HER CREW OF IDIOTS. WHAT THE HELL ARE THEY DOING HERE?

UH... SHAGGY? YOU DO REALIZE YOU'RE YELLING, RIGHT?

OH, RIGHT.

C'MON, WE'VE GOT TO GET CLOSER.

DO WE HAVE TO?



YES, WE HAVE TO!

SOMETHING IS CONTROLLING THOSE MONSTERS. WE NEED TO FIND OUT WHO AND HOW.

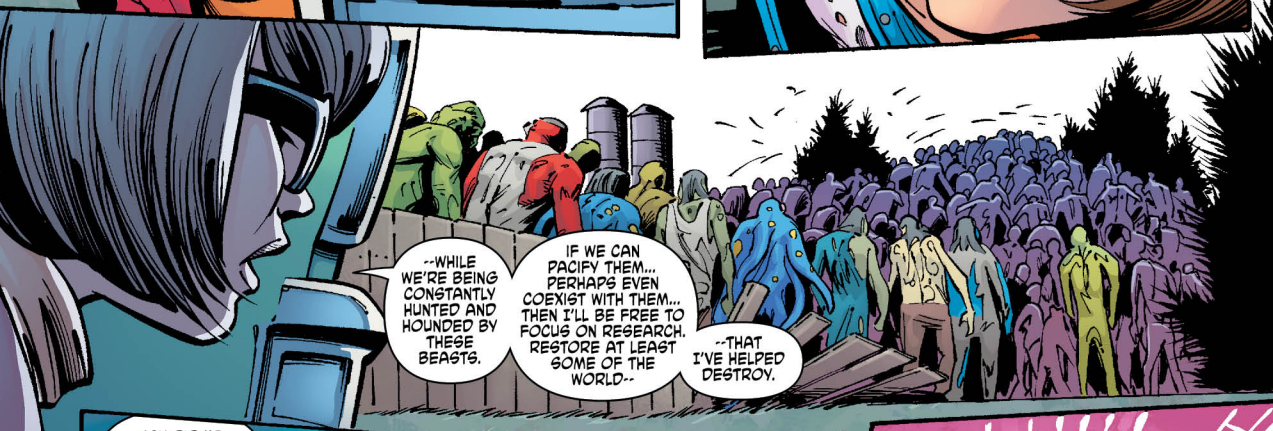
BECAUSE IF WE CAN LEARN TO CONTROL THEM, THEN THERE'S A CHANCE TO--



TO WHAT EXACTLY? TURN THEM INTO EASILY MANIPULATED SHEEP? ISN'T THAT WHAT THE COMPLEX WANTED TO DO TO HUMANITY?

IT WAS-- AND WE'VE BEEN LIVING WITH THE TRAGIC RESULT EVER SINCE.

BUT MY GOAL, DAPHNE, IS TO FIND A CURE. REVERSE THIS PLAGUE. BUT I CAN'T DO THAT--



--WHILE WE'RE BEING CONSTANTLY HUNTED AND HOUNDED BY THESE BEASTS.

IF WE CAN PACIFY THEM... PERHAPS EVEN COEXIST WITH THEM... THEN I'LL BE FREE TO FOCUS ON RESEARCH. RESTORE AT LEAST SOME OF THE WORLD--

--THAT I'VE HELPED DESTROY.



YOU DIDN'T DESTROY ANYTHING, YELMA. YOUR BROTHERS DID.

THEY MAY HAVE PULLED THE TRIGGER--BUT I BUILT THE GUN.

YOU'VE GOT TO STOP BLAMING YOURSELF.

ACTUALLY--I SHOULD NEVER STOP BLAMING MYSELF. IT'S WHAT GETS ME UP IN THE MORNING. KEEPS ME GOING.



I PREFER COFFEE.

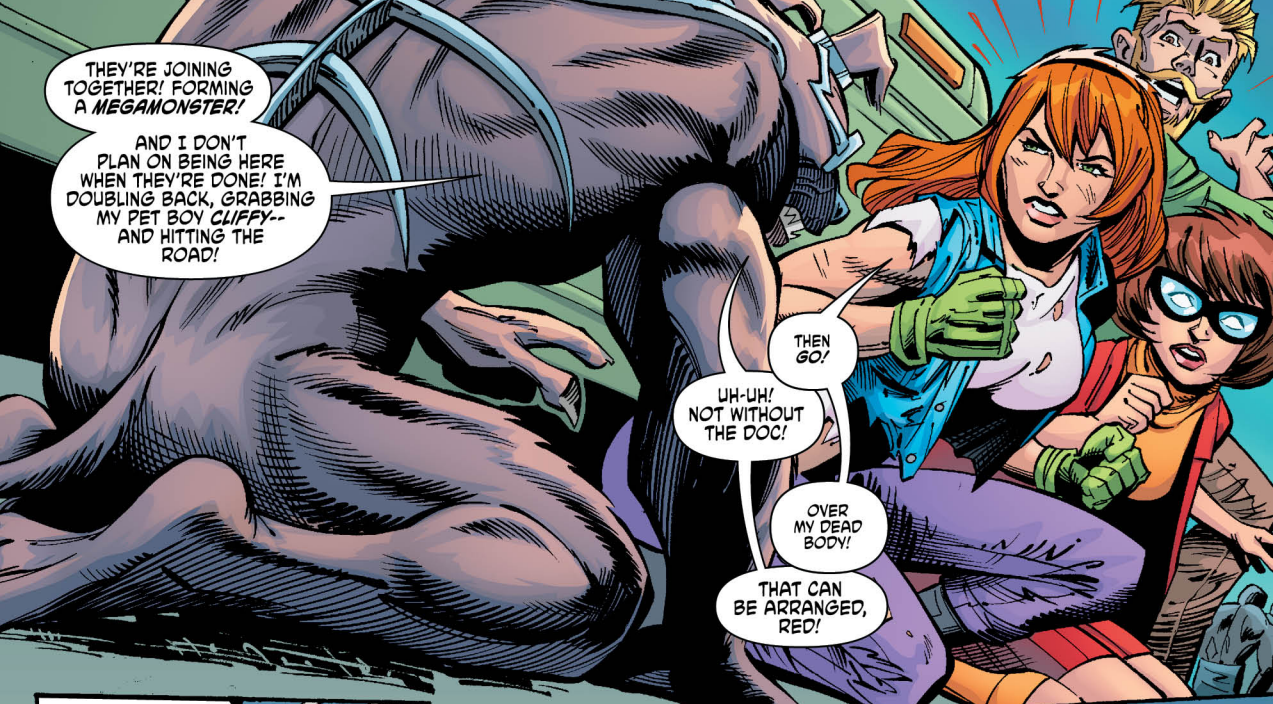
NOW COME ON--WE NEED TO GET A BETTER VIEW!

SEE WHAT'S GOING ON UP AHEAD AND--



I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S GOING ON!

RUH-ROH!



THEY'RE JOINING TOGETHER! FORMING A MEGAMONSTER!

AND I DON'T PLAN ON BEING HERE WHEN THEY'RE DONE! I'M DOUBLING BACK, GRABBING MY PET BOY CLIFFY-- AND HITTING THE ROAD!

THEN GO!

UH-UH! NOT WITHOUT THE DOC!

OVER MY DEAD BODY!

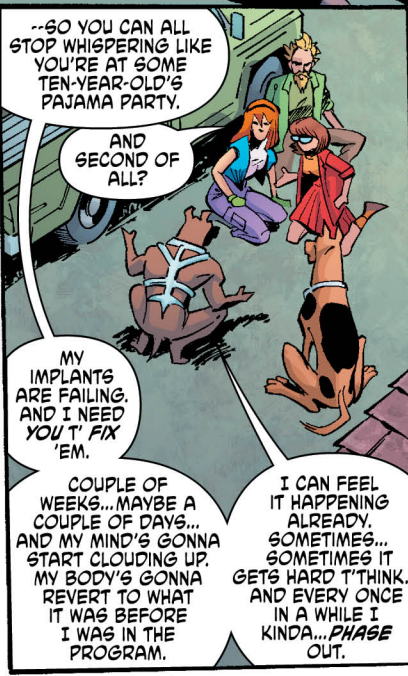
THAT CAN BE ARRANGED, RED!



REALLY? THERE'S A GIANT WHO'S WHAT'S IT FORMIN' UP THERE AND YOU WANNA START A FIGHT WITH US?

YOU EVER THINK THAT MAYBE WE SHOULD, LIKE, BE WORKIN' TOGETHER?

FIRST OF ALL-- THOSE THINGS CAN'T HEAR US, REMEMBER? THEY'RE TOTALLY OBLIVIOUS--



--SO YOU CAN ALL STOP WHISPERING LIKE YOU'RE AT SOME TEN-YEAR-OLD'S PAJAMA PARTY.

AND SECOND OF ALL?

MY IMPLANTS ARE FAILING. AND I NEED YOU T' FIX 'EM.

COUPLE OF WEEKS...MAYBE A COUPLE OF DAYS... AND MY MIND'S GONNA START CLOUDING UP. MY BODY'S GONNA REVERT TO WHAT IT WAS BEFORE I WAS IN THE PROGRAM.

I CAN FEEL IT HAPPENING ALREADY. SOMETIMES... SOMETIMES IT GETS HARD T'THINK. AND EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE I KINDA...PHASE OUT.



NEXT THING I KNOW I'M RUNNING IN CIRCLES, CHASIN' MY TAIL.

I'M TRULY SORRY, SCRAPPY. I WAS AGAINST THE SMART-DOG EXPERIMENTS FROM THE START.

DIDN'T STOP YOU FROM DEVELOPING THE TECH THAT MADE IT HAPPEN. WHICH IS WHY YOU OWE ME, DOC.

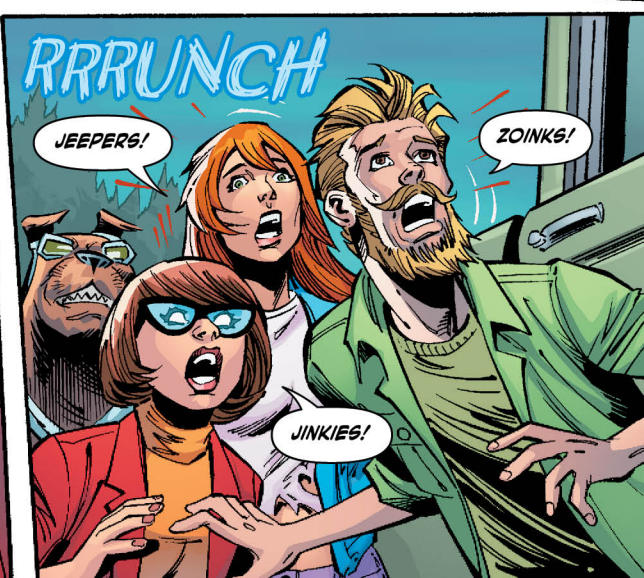
FUNNY. TIME WAS I WOULD'VE BEEN HAPPY T'GO BACK TO THE DOG I WAS BEFORE. BUT IN THIS NEW WORLD YOU'VE CREATED--



--YOU'VE GOTTA BE A KILLER TO SURVIVE, AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT YOU MADE ME.

I'D HELP YOU IN A HEARTBEAT...I WOULD! BUT I NEED A LABORATORY! EQUIPMENT!

I CAN'T JUST WAVE MY HANDS AND--



RRRUNCH

JEEPERS!

ZONKS!

JINKIES!

ONCE UPON A TIME--IN PARIS...



