

SOMEWHERE IN THE NEVADA DESERT.

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HOW'RE YOU DOIN', VELMA?

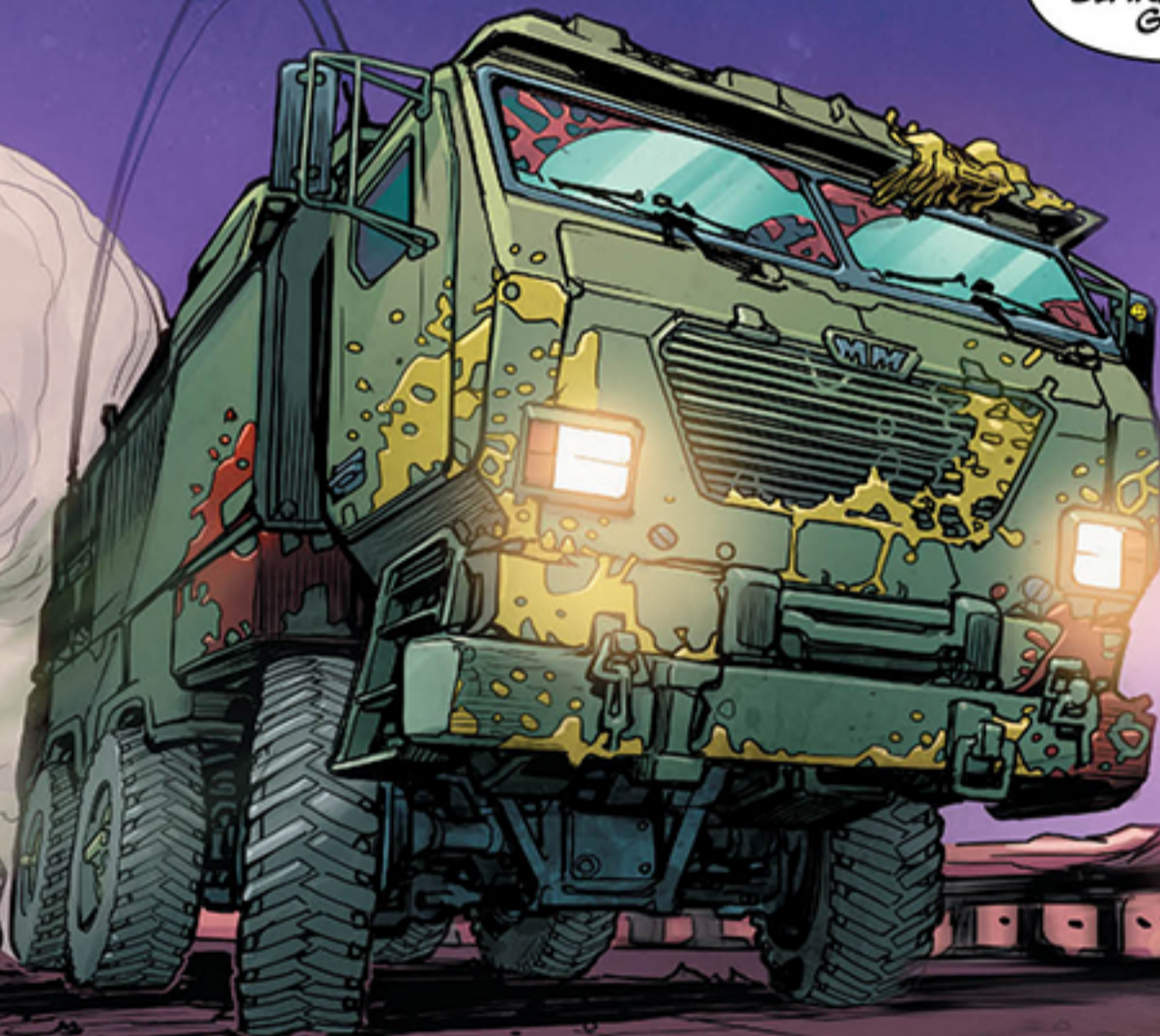
CONSIDERING THAT I'VE THROWN MY GUTS UP TWICE? NOT BAD, SHAGGY. NOT BAD.

HEY-- ONE MORE HURL AND I'LL CATCH RIGHT UP TO YOU!

NOW THAT EVERYONE'S DONE VOMITING, MAYBE WE SHOULD PULL OVER AND CLEAN THE BLOOD AND GUTS OFF THE WINDSHIELD.

IF YOU'D LIKE TO GET OUT AND DO IT, MISS BLAKE--BE MY GUEST.

AND I NEVER SAID I WAS DONE.



# SCOOBY APOCALYPSE TERROR INCOGNITA!

A DELIGHTFUL DOOMSDAY DIVERSION, BROUGHT TO YOU BY THOSE MEDDLING KIDS: KEITH GIFFEN, J.M. DEMATTEIS, HOWARD PORTER & DALE EAGLESHAM

HI-FI COLORS NICK NAPOLITANO LETTERER

JIM LEE WITH ALEX SINCLAIR MAIN COVER • JOHN PAUL LEON VARIANT COVER

BRITTANY HOLZHERR ASST. EDITOR

MARIE JAVINS PROVIDES US ALL WITH SCOOBY SNACKS

BASED ON A CONCEPT BY JIM LEE



NO ONE'S LEAVING THIS VAN. WE DON'T KNOW WHAT'S OUT THERE!

WAIT. YOU THINK THERE ARE, LIKE, MORE OF THEM?

IF WHAT WE ENCOUNTERED AT THE BLAZING MAN FESTIVAL IS A RESULT OF THE NANITE PLAGUE--

--AND I SUSPECT IT IS--



--THEN THERE'S EVERY CHANCE THERE ARE MANY MORE OF THEM.

LOOK, DR. DINKLEY--

IF YOU'RE GOING TO EXCORIATE ME AGAIN FOR MY PART IN ALL THIS, MISS BLAKE, THEN--

NO. NO! I... I WANT TO THANK YOU--



--FOR HELPING FRED.

I'M NO NURSE.

BUT YOU DID YOUR BEST. AND I APPRECIATE THAT.

THANK YOU, MISS BLAKE.

CALL ME DAPHNE.



NOT T'BE A BUMMER, BUT THE DOC'S RIGHT: SHE'S NOT A NURSE. WE'VE GOTTA GET FRED TO A HOSPITAL.

YOU... YOU DON'T THINK HE'S GOING TO DIE, DO YOU?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT T'THINK.

HE CAN'T DIE. HE JUST CAN'T!



I'VE KNOWN FRED SINCE NYU. HE'S MY BEST FRIEND. MAYBE MY ONLY FRIEND. I--

WE'LL DO EVERYTHING WE CAN, DAPH.

LOOK AT THE WAY THAT DOG IS WATCHING OVER HIM. HASN'T LEFT HIS SIDE.

THAT'S MY PAL, SCOOBY-DOO--



--LOYAL TO A FAULT.

FUNNY. THAT'S THE WAY FRED IS. HE'LL DO JUST ABOUT ANYTHING FOR ME. FOLLOW ME, LIKE A LOYAL PUPPY, INTO ANY SITUATION--



--NO MATTER HOW DUMB OR DANGEROUS.

IF... IF HE DIES, THEN I'M RESPONSIBLE. I--

DON'T BLAME YOURSELF, DAPHNE. NO ONE COULD HAVE PREDICTED THIS.



YOU COULD HAVE! YOU AND THOSE MAD SCIENTISTS AT THE COMPLEX!

YOU SPREAD YOUR DAMN NANITES ACROSS THE PLANET, AND THIS INSANITY IS THE RESULT! THIS--

THEY WERE TRYING TO SAVE THE WORLD! AND I--

RIGHT. YOU WERE JUST FOLLOWING ORDERS.

WHAT HAPPENED TO "THANK YOU"?



I TAKE IT BACK!

I KNOW THERE ARE THINGS YOU'RE NOT TELLING US. AND I'LL GET IT OUT OF YOU, DINKLEY, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER.

BUT I'VE TOLD YOU EVERYTHING! I--

YOU'RE LYING! AND FRED NEARLY PAID FOR THOSE LIES WITH HIS LIFE!



SHE'S UPSET, DOC.

SHE'S RIGHT.

IF HE DIES... IT IS BECAUSE OF ME. BECAUSE I TRUSTED THE FOUR--AND ALLOWED THIS TO HAPPEN.

BUT IT'S LIKE YOU SAID: YOU WERE TRYIN' T'SAVE THE WORLD.

YEAH. AND WE DID A FINE JOB OF IT--



--DIDN'T WE?

OUT OF THE WAY, YOU FLEA-RIDDEN FREAK, BEFORE I--

REA-RIDDEN?



I'M SORRY, SCOOBY. I'M JUST SO WORRIED ABOUT HIM.

SHE APOLOGIZES TO THE DOG AND NOT TO ME?

BUT I GUESS AFTER WHAT HAPPENED BACK THERE AT THE COMPLEX--

"--WE'RE ALL LUCKY JUST TO BE ALIVE."

**THE COMPLEX,  
FIVE HOURS EARLIER.**



**KILL...  
THEM...  
ALL!!**

**ZOINKS!**

**JEEPERS!**

**RUH-  
ROH!**

**JINKIES!**

**WE'D  
BETTER  
SPLIT  
UP!**



"SPLIT UP"?  
WHAT GOOD IS  
THAT GONNA  
DO?

I DUNNO!  
HAS ANYONE  
GOT A BETTER  
IDEA?

YES!  
WE GET INTO  
THE MYSTERY  
MACHINE--

--AND DRIVE  
THE HELL OUT  
OF HERE AS  
FAST AS WE  
CAN!



WE'LL  
NEVER MAKE  
IT!

**RARRRRGH!!**

SULP!  
YOU MAY BE  
RIGHT.

DON'T  
WORRY,  
DOC--



--I'VE  
GOT THIS!

**RATATA**

**FLOPP**



TH-THAT  
THING... IT  
WAS ONCE  
A... A  
HUMAN  
BEING--

--AND  
I JUST BLEW  
ITS HEAD  
OFF! OH  
GOD, I--



HEY, MAN, I'M  
A BUDDHIST--

**THWAKK**

AT LEAST I  
WAS FOR SIX  
MONTHS IN HIGH  
SCHOOL.

AN' I DON'T  
BELIEVE IN HURTIN'  
ANY LIVING THING!  
BUT I'M NOT SURE  
THOSE THINGS  
REALLY ARE  
ALIVE!