



I, BRO-MAN,  
MASTER OF THE MULTIVERSE,  
HATE TO REPEAT MYSELF!

BUT I WILL DO  
SO JUST THIS ONE  
TIME BECAUSE THE FATE  
OF MY WORLD DEPENDS  
UPON IT:

AMONG YOU  
MEWLING PEASANTS  
IS THE CHAMPION  
I SEEK!

EITHER  
THIS GREAT SAVIOR  
WILL REVEAL HERSELF  
(OR HIMSELF)  
WILLINGLY--

--OR I WILL  
EVISCERATE EACH  
AND EVERY ONE OF YOU  
UNTIL I FIND HIM (OR HER)  
BY PROCESS OF  
ELIMINATION--



--LITERALLY!

WHEN STEVE HARMON ACCIDENTALLY ENTERED A PORTAL TO ANOTHER DIMENSION WHILE DRESSED AS A CLOWN, HE EMERGED AS A BEING MADE OF ELECTROPLASM WITH ABILITIES LIKE THOSE OF A CARTOON. HE WAS A NEW WARRIOR, THEN A MERC FOR MONEY, BUT HE DOESN'T REALLY FIT IN ANYWHERE.

# SLAPSTICK!

## PREVIOUSLY...

SLAPSTICK IS STUCK LIVING WITH HIS PARENTS. HE MAKES MONEY ON MERCENARY GIGS, WHICH IS HOW HE MET QUASIMODO, A SENTIENT SUPER-COMPUTER WITH BODY ISSUES WHO WAS BUILDING MOLECULE-RESHAPING TECHNOLOGY WITH STOLEN EQUIPMENT. SLAPSTICK HELPED QUASI ESCAPE CAPTURE ON THE CONDITION THAT HE USE HIS GENIUS TO GIVE SLAPSTICK THE ABILITY TO CHANGE BACK INTO A REGULAR HUMAN. FINALLY FEELING OPTIMISTIC, SLAPSTICK, HIS FRIEND MIKE, AND HIS NIECE AND NEPHEW WENT TO A COLLEGE FOOTBALL GAME, WHERE "BRO-MAN" APPEARED, AND THEN DISEMBOWELED THE MASCOT, SIR SCARLET.

### WRITERS

REILLY BROWN &  
FRED VAN LENTE

### STORYBOARDS

REILLY  
BROWN

### ARTIST

DIEGO  
OLORTEGUI

### COLORIST

JIM  
CAMPBELL

### LETTERER

VC's CLAYTON COWLES

### COVER ARTIST

DAVID NAKAYAMA

### VARIANT COVER ARTISTS

REILLY BROWN & JIM CAMPBELL

### PRODUCTION

ANNIE CHENG

### PRODUCTION MANAGER

TIM SMITH 3

### ASSISTANT EDITOR

KATHLEEN WISNESKI

### EDITORS

JORDAN D. WHITE & DARREN SHAN

### EDITOR IN CHIEF

AXEL ALONSO

### CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER

JOE QUESADA

### PUBLISHER

DAN BUCKLEY

### EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

ALAN FINE

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# SLAPSTICK! in SATURDAY MORNING MASSACRE!



DUDE! STEVE! MUSCLE BEACH JUST EMPTIED THE MASCOT'S GUTS ONTO THE 30-YARD LINE! DO SOMETHING!

WHOA, WHOA, SLOW YOUR ROLL, MIKE!

WHAT WAS THAT CAME OUT SIW SCAWET'S TUM-TUM, JAMES? IT LOOKED LIKE SAUCY TWIZZLEWS!

IS SIW SCAWLET A PINATA?

DON'T LOOK, LENA! THIS IS TOO VIOLENT FOR LITTLE KIDS!

BADASS MERCENARIES SUCH AS MYSELF DON'T DO FREEBIES!

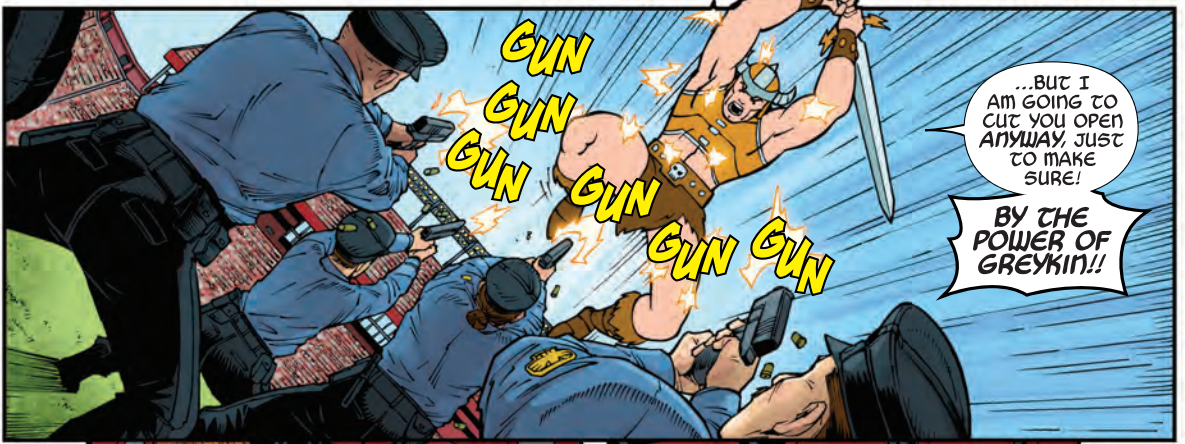
SEE? HERE COME THE PO-PO NOW!

MY TAX DOLLARS GO TO SUPPORT A WELL-TRAINED AND ARMED CONSTABULARY TO--

GUN GUN GUN GUN GUN GUN

AT LAST! SOME OF YOUR WARRIORS ARE NOT MADE OF JELLY...





...BUT I AM GOING TO CUT YOU OPEN ANYWAY, JUST TO MAKE SURE!

BY THE POWER OF GREYKIN!!



DAAAAYYYYMMMN!

CONAN DOWN THERE IS CUTTING THOSE COPS TO RIBBONS--

--AND NOT WITH WITTY OBSERVATIONS AND CLEVER SATIRE THE WAY CONAN O'BRIEN WOULD!

THAT WAS TOTALLY THE CONAN I WAS REFERRING TO, BTW.

AND AS SOON AS SOMEBODY POSTS A JOB LISTING ON MÉRK HIRING SOMEONE TO PUT A STOP TO THIS, I WILL, MOM. GEEZ!



WAAHHHH! IT'S AWFUL! MAKE HIM STOP, UNCLE STEVE, MAKE HIM STOP!

WAAHHHH! WE THOUGHT YOU WERE A SUPER HEWO, UNCLE STEVE! SUPER HEWOS DON'T LET PEOPLE GET HUWT!

SSSH! SSSSH! NO, KIDS, THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A "SUPER HERO"!

THAT'S A PHONY WORD MADE UP BY THE AVENGERS SO PEOPLE OVERLOOK ALL THE PROPERTY DAMAGE THEY CAUSE!



I RETRACT MY PREVIOUS STATEMENT!

THEY WERE JUST JELLY PEOPLE!

DO NONE HAVE THE SUBSTANCE TO FACE BRO-MAN?!



PAC

HOWZABOUT CUSTARD?

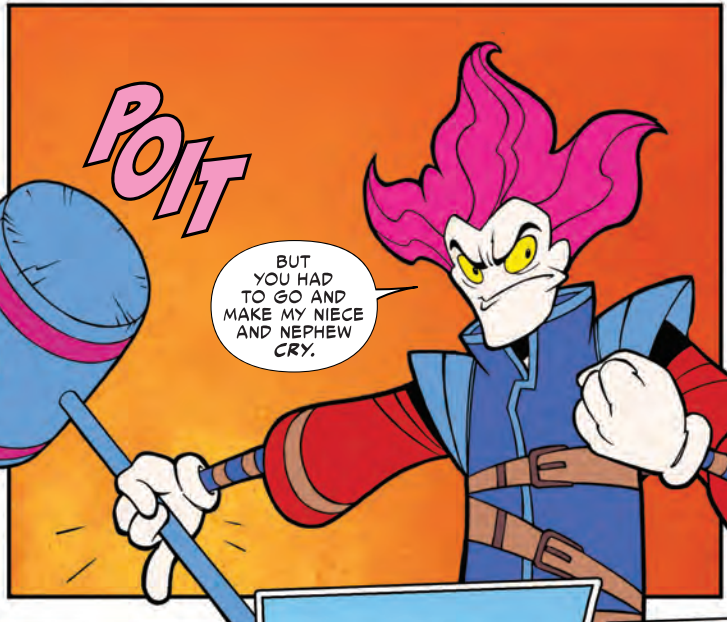
THAT'S A SUBSTANCE!





YOU KNOW, AS PART OF MY "NOT-CARING" POLICY, I WAS GONNA LET YOU SWING YOUR BIG OVERCOMPENSATION STICK AROUND ALL YOU WANT...

...I MEAN, I DON'T EVEN LIKE FOOTBALL.



POIT

BUT YOU HAD TO GO AND MAKE MY NIECE AND NEPHEW CRY.



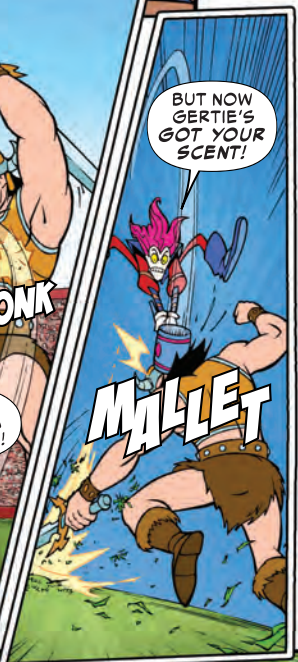
AND I HATE THE SOUND OF CHILDREN CRYING!

IT'S THE MOST ANNOYING SOUND EVER!



BONK

NNNF! LIKE HITTING A MARSHMALLOW!



BUT NOW GERTIE'S GOT YOUR SCENT!

MALLET



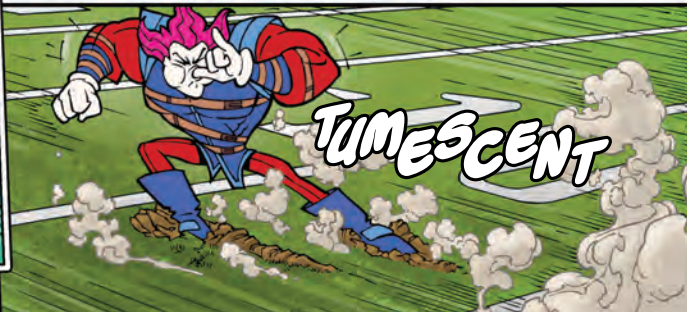
BE YOU THE CHAMPION I SEEK?

ALREADY I SENSE YOU ARE NOT LIKE THESE OTHERS.

PUNCH



YOU GOT THAT RIGHT!  
HUUUUUHHHHH--



TUMESCENT