

PREVIOUSLY ON THE ADVENTURES OF ARCHER & ARMSTRONG...


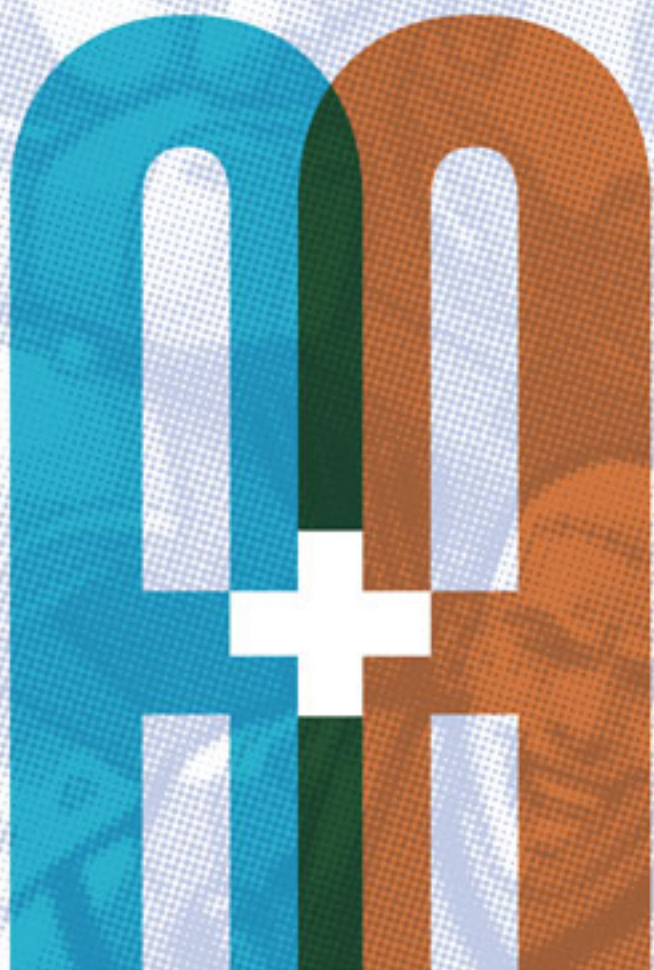
MEET ARMSTRONG. Since the ancient city of Ur, this immortal adventurer has spent the last 6,000 years drinking and carousing his way through history alongside some of the greatest merry-makers the world has ever known.

MEET ARCHER. A sheltered teenage martial arts master and expert marksman that was raised for a single purpose: to kill the devil incarnate. Little did he know that this undying evil was actually Armstrong (he's actually a pretty good guy...once you get to know him). Since hitting the road together, the two have become great friends and even better partners.

Archer, Armstrong, and Gub Gub have found Armstrong's estranged wife, Andromeda. She warns them about an impending threat they need to take seriously. Meanwhile, Austin and the 1% team up with the Soviet Scientist to capture Gub Gub and turn Florida residents into Armstrong-hunting fiends!

ALSO: Mary-Maria and the girls set up the heist of the year to help topple the Elders of the Sisters of Perpetual Darkness!

Strap in, because things only get weirder from here!




ARMSTRONG. 6,000-YEAR-OLD HEDONISTIC IMMORTAL.



ARCHER. TEENAGER. EXPERT MARTIAL ARTIST AND MARKSMAN.



MARY-MARIA. ARCHER'S SISTER. HEAD OF THE NINJA-NUN ASSASSINS, A.K.A. THE SISTERS OF PERPETUAL DARKNESS.



ANDROMEDA. ARMSTRONG'S LONG-FORGOTTEN WIFE.



GUB GUB. YOUR NEW FAVORITE CHARACTER.

WRITER RAFER ROBERTS PENCILER MIKE NORTON

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ARCHER, KID, I NEED TO GIVE YOU A LITTLE HISTORY LESSON.

DO YOU KNOW WHO EDGAR CAYCE WAS?

HOLD STILL YOU LITTLE BOOGER. YOU WANT YOUR REGULAR CLOTHES BACK OR WHAT?

GUB! GUB GUB!

HE WAS, UM, SOME KIND OF PSYCHIC?



YES. HE WAS KNOWN AS THE SLEEPING PROPHET.

HE'D ENTER A DEEP TRANCE AND REVEAL THE PAST AND FUTURE OF ANYONE WHO ASKED THE RIGHT QUESTIONS.



HE DID THIS BY ACCESSING THE AKASHIC RECORDS.

I KNOW YOU'VE HEARD OF THAT.

YES. THAT IS WHERE MY ABILITIES COME.



CAYCE'S ACCESS TO THE AKASHIC RECORDS OPENED HIS MIND TO OTHER PLANES.

IT ALLOWED HIGHER BEINGS TO USE HIM AS A CONDUIT.

"ONE SUCH BEING, APPARENTLY THE SAME ONE WHO JUST POSSESSED GUB GUB, TOLD US EVERYTHING WE KNOW ABOUT THE CREATOR BEINGS AND THEIR GOD MACHINES."



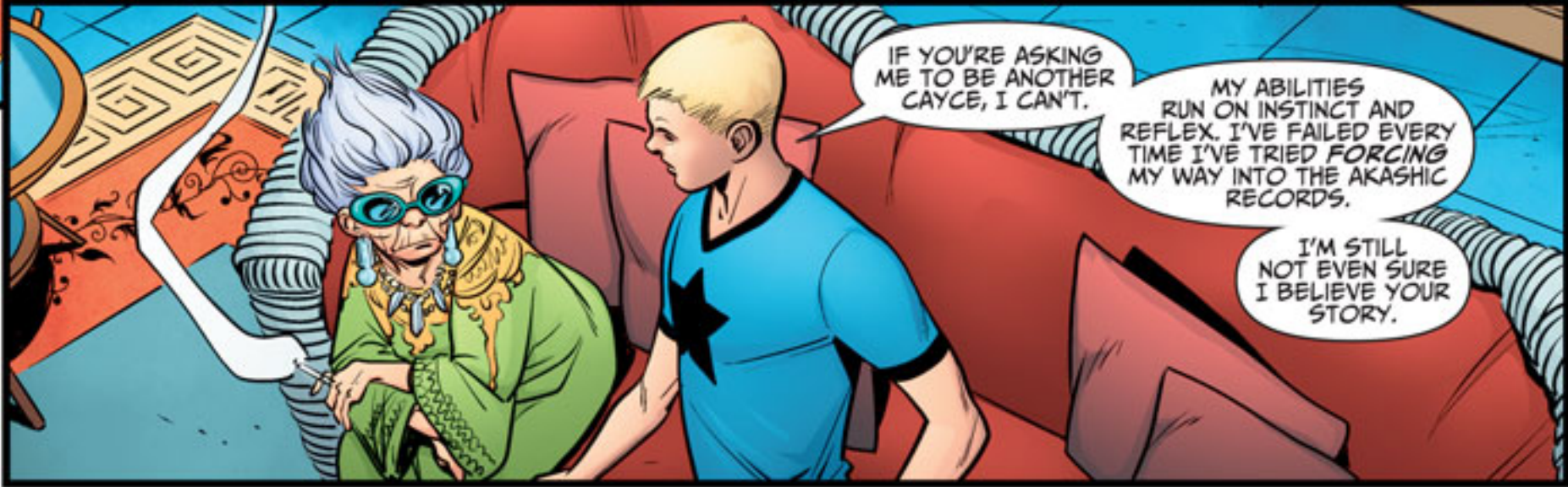
INFINITE UNIVERSES WORK IN HARMONY UNDER OUR EVOLUTIONARY PLAN.



BEFORE CAYCE, I HAD ASSUMED I GOT MY POWERS OF HEALING AND NEAR IMMORTALITY FROM AN ANGEL. A GIFT FROM GOD.

UNFORTUNATELY, CAYCE DIED BEFORE THE CREATOR BEING COULD TELL US WHAT THEY HAD PLANNED FOR HUMANITY.

I SAID, HOLD STILL!



IF YOU'RE ASKING ME TO BE ANOTHER CAYCE, I CAN'T.

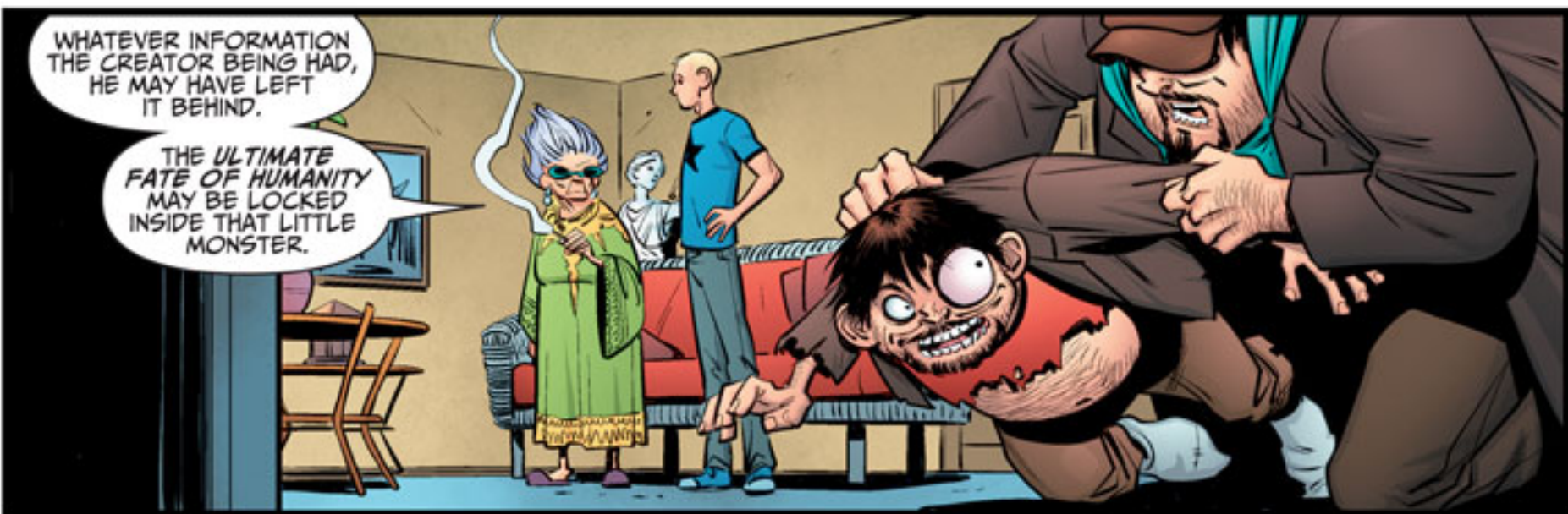
MY ABILITIES RUN ON INSTINCT AND REFLEX. I'VE FAILED EVERY TIME I'VE TRIED FORCING MY WAY INTO THE AKASHIC RECORDS.

I'M STILL NOT EVEN SURE I BELIEVE YOUR STORY.



YOU DON'T NEED TO BELIEVE IT, AND I DON'T NEED YOU TO BE ANOTHER CAYCE.

YOUR CURRENT SKILLS ARE ADEQUATE FOR WHAT IS REQUIRED.



WHATEVER INFORMATION THE CREATOR BEING HAD, HE MAY HAVE LEFT IT BEHIND.

THE ULTIMATE FATE OF HUMANITY MAY BE LOCKED INSIDE THAT LITTLE MONSTER.



THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN, KID.

ARCHER, YOU NEED TO ENTER GUB GUB'S MIND!

THIS IS IT, FISH-MAN. MY CHANCE TO ESCAPE THE TYRANNICAL BOOT HEEL OF DULCHE AND GERBERNA AND RECLAIM MY DESTINY!

CRAFT & FASHION FAIR TODAY!!

PUGGALOO

FBI
FEMALE BODY INSPECTOR

OLIVER DUMPBUCKET BAGS

High fashion for those who do not wish to incur my wrath!

LOOKS LIKE SOME BACKWATER CRAFT FAIR TO ME, BOSS. LET'S GO BACK TO NEW YORK!

WE DON'T HAVE THE VACATION TIME FER THIS, AN' YER STILL IN HOT WATER AFTER THE LAST STUNT YOU PULLED.*

SILENCE, CREATURE! BEST IN SHOW WINS AN INTERNSHIP AT LOOGIE VUVU, WORKING DIRECTLY FOR LOOGIE HIMSELF!

*SHAME ON YOU IF YOU MISSED THE CLASSIC ABA #6-8! CHECK YOUR STORE FOR BACK ISSUES!

HIDE YOURSELF, MONSTER! THE JUDGES APPROACH!

JEEZ! ANOTHER GRAND DAY IN THE LIFE OF DAVEY THE MACKEREL, PUTTIN' UP WITH THIS INGORANUS!

HM. SHODDY STITCHING, POORLY PLANNED OUT AESTHETIC.

TERRIBLE, SIMPLY HIDEOUS.

IF ONLY THERE WAS AN AWARD FOR WORST IN SHOW.

GUFFAW! GUFFAW!

OH, HOH HOH HOH!

WORST IN SHOW, INDEED!

PHILISTINES! HOW DARE THEY? OOH, THEY HAVE DISPARAGED THE WRONG FASHION DESIGNER THIS DAY!

YUCK



OKAY, DON'T GO FLYIN' OFF THE HANDLE, BOSS. WHO CARES WHAT A BUNCH OF SNOOTY OLD GOOFUSES SAY?



WE GOT THREE MORE DAYS OF THIS CRAP FEST. LET'S JUST SELL ALL THESE BAGS AND GO HOME.

AW, WHO AM I KIDDIN'? AIN'T NO ONE GONNA BUY THESE UGLY THINGS FROM AN ANGRY MANIAC AND A LITTLE WEIRDO FISH MAN!



WHAT NONSENSE ARE YOU SPOUTING THIS TIME, MACKEREL?

NOW IS NOT THE TIME FOR YOUR CEASELESS PRATTLE! NOW IS THE TIME TO SEIZE THE GLORY THAT SHOULD RIGHTFULLY BE OURS!

OH, I DON'T LIKE WHERE YER GOIN' WITH THIS, BOSS.



WE WILL MAKE THOSE SNOOTY OLD GOOFUSES SEE THE ERROR OF THEIR WAYS.

THEY WILL CHANGE THEIR MIND AND GIVE US THE BEST IN SHOW WE SO OBVIOUSLY DESERVE!

PURPLE SMOKE? OH JEEZ! HIS MAGIC IS COMING BACK!

CALM DOWN BOSS! YER GONNA RUPTURE SOMETHING.



WE WILL KIDNAP THOSE IMBECILES AND FORCE THEM TO GIVE US THE TOP PRIZE!

TODAY, THE LEE COUNTY CRAFT FAIR. TOMORROW, LOOGIE VUVU!

OH, DAVEY! YOU'RE IN FOR IT NOW!



THE TRICK IS THERE IS NO TRICK. SIMPLY MEDITATE AS YOU WOULD NORMALLY. YOUR ABILITIES WILL DO THE REST.

HEY KID! REMEMBER HOW I WOKE YOU UP LAST TIME YOU WERE MEDITATING? HA HA!

IGNORE ALL DISTRACTIONS.



FIND YOUR CENTER. AND FROM THERE, YOUR SEVENTH CHAKRA.



SEVENTH... JESUS. WHAT A CROCK.

RELAX, REACH OUT WITH YOUR MIND.



GUB GUB IS THERE. REACH OUT. MAKE THE CONNECTION.



TWO MINDS...



...BECOME ONE.