

COMICSCENE

A ONE-SHOT COMIC FEATURING NEW STORIES & MORE!

SPECIAL
EDITION

SATURDAY
COMICS BOX

ATOMIC

THE CULT CLASSIC
RETURNS!

NEW!



COMICS

COMIC FEATURING NEW STORIES & MORE!

SPECIAL
EDITION

UNIVERSAL
COMICS BOX

ATOMIC

35 years after our launch, 30 years after our last issue - here it is, the brand new Atomic Comic. 52 pages, all new stories and great creators all in one tidy package. It was a rough road getting this comic into your hands - but we did it with your help! We couldn't be

more proud of what we've produced for you. We'd love to hear what you think on social media or by emailing comicsceneuk@gmail.com. The original Atomic had rave reviews and we hope this 21st century version is just as popular with readers. If you like it, well, we may do another one! Atomic!

THE NEGOTIATOR

BY DIEGO GUERRA

BACK FROM THE BEYOND

WRITTEN BY CHRISTOFF RDGZ
ART & LETTERS BY IGOR CHAKAL

WHADDAYA MEAN THERE'S NO MORE GODDAMN RICE?

BY STEWART KENNETH MOORE

SPECIAL DELIVERY

WRITTEN BY PETER GOULDSON
ART & LETTERS BY REBECCA ELISE

FINISH LINES

BY BEN HUMENIUK

T.V DINNERS

WRITTEN BY PETER GOULDSON
ART BY PHIL ELLIOTT

HARDLINE ORIGINS: NIGHTCOWL

WRITTEN BY RICH CARRINGTON, BRIAN S. DAWSON
ART BY BRIAN S. DAWSON

A THOUSAND SUNS

WRITTEN BY KEVIN GUNSTONE
ART & LETTERS BY CHRIS GEARY

COMIC SCENE

JOIN OUR
COMMUNITY!

COMICSCENE.ORG

featuring an impressive
and ever-growing archive
of back issues,
subscriptions, articles &
more!

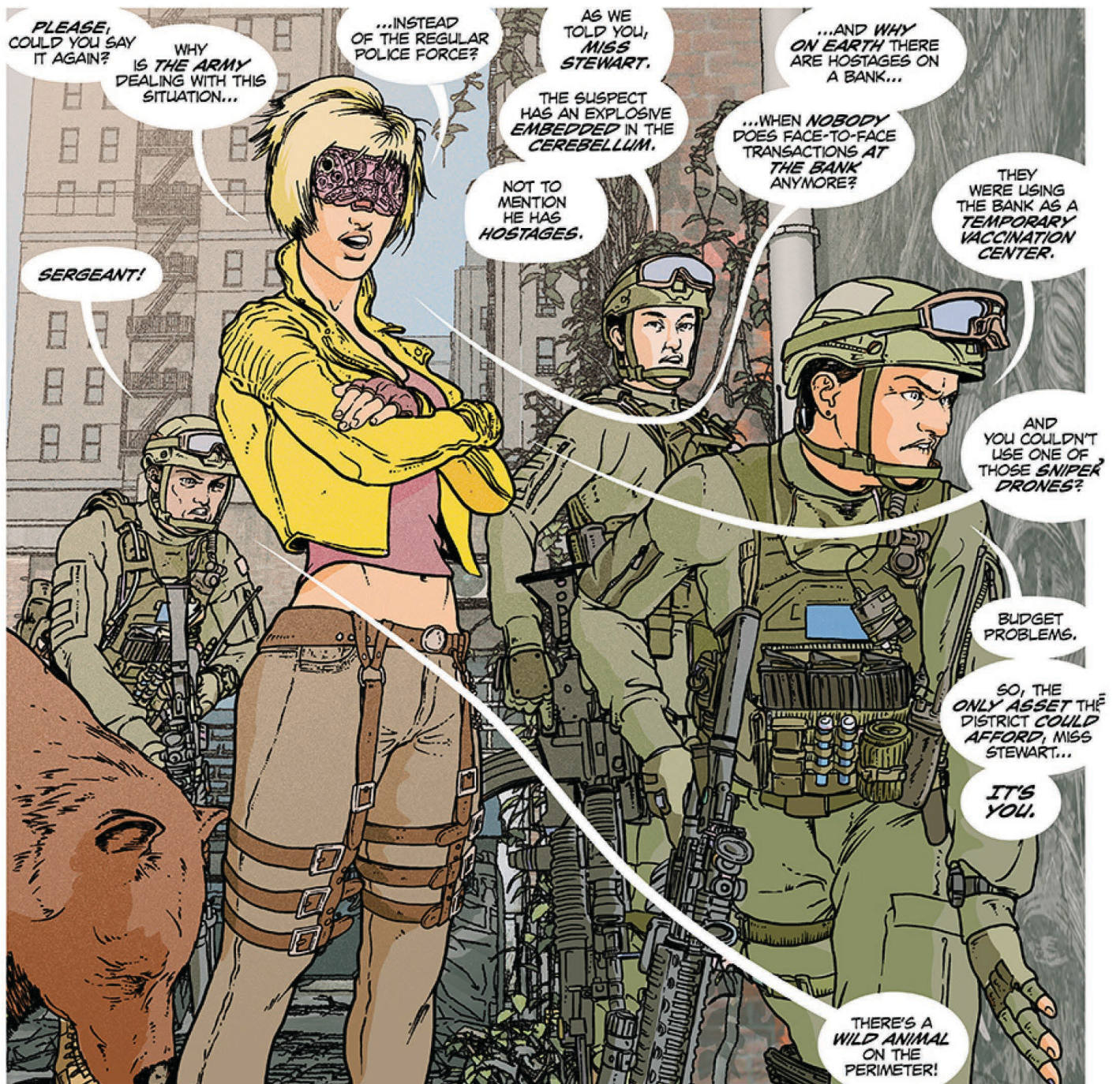
Home of the ongoing series
THE HISTORY OF COMICS

CURATED AND EDITED
BY TONY FOSTER

FRONT COVER + DESIGN
BY @FLOPSCOMICS

The Negotiator

by Diego Guerra



PLEASE, COULD YOU SAY IT AGAIN?

WHY IS THE ARMY DEALING WITH THIS SITUATION...

...INSTEAD OF THE REGULAR POLICE FORCE?

AS WE TOLD YOU, MISS STEWART.

...AND WHY ON EARTH THERE ARE HOSTAGES ON A BANK...

THE SUSPECT HAS AN EXPLOSIVE EMBEDDED IN THE CEREBELLUM.

...WHEN NOBODY DOES FACE-TO-FACE TRANSACTIONS AT THE BANK ANYMORE?

NOT TO MENTION HE HAS HOSTAGES.

THEY WERE USING THE BANK AS A TEMPORARY VACCINATION CENTER.

SERGEANT!

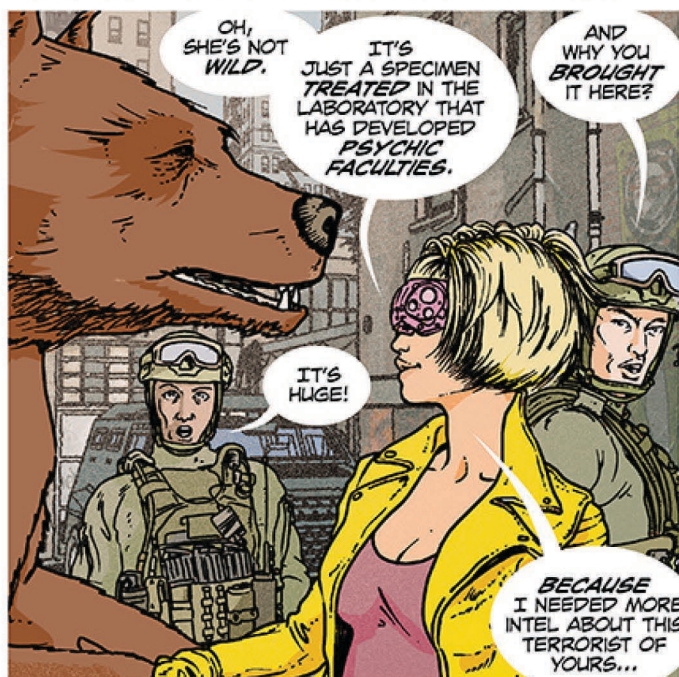
AND YOU COULDN'T USE ONE OF THOSE SNIPER DRONES?

BUDGET PROBLEMS.

SO, THE ONLY ASSET THE DISTRICT COULD AFFORD, MISS STEWART...

IT'S YOU.

THERE'S A WILD ANIMAL ON THE PERIMETER!



OH, SHE'S NOT WILD.

IT'S JUST A SPECIMEN TREATED IN THE LABORATORY THAT HAS DEVELOPED PSYCHIC FACULTIES.

AND WHY YOU BROUGHT IT HERE?

IT'S HUGE!

BECAUSE I NEEDED MORE INTEL ABOUT THIS TERRORIST OF YOURS...



...THAN I COULD FIND IN THE OFFICIAL FILES.

BUT NOW, I'M FINE.

...PLEASE, PRIVATE, TAKE CARE OF WANDA THE NEXT FIVE MINUTES...

WANDA?

I HAVE TO RESCUE SOME HOSTAGES RIGHT NOW.



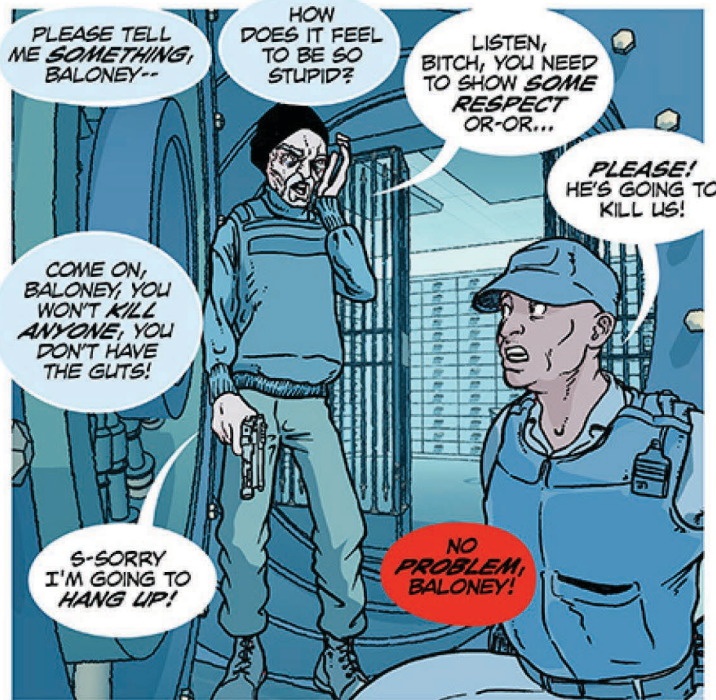
HELLO BALONEY!!!

HUH?

W-WHY ARE YOU CALLING ME THAT?

I'M JUST TRYING TO STABLISH SOME TRUST, BALONEY DEAR!!!

DON'T CALL ME BALONEY THEN!!!



PLEASE TELL ME SOMETHING, BALONEY--

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE SO STUPID?

LISTEN, BITCH, YOU NEED TO SHOW SOME RESPECT OR-OR...

PLEASE! HE'S GOING TO KILL US!

COME ON, BALONEY, YOU WON'T KILL ANYONE, YOU DON'T HAVE THE GUTS!

S-SORRY I'M GOING TO HANG UP!

NO PROBLEM, BALONEY!



I CAN USE THE SPEAKER, AND THE WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD IS GOING TO FIND OUT!

...THAT THE BULLIES AT SCHOOL CALLED YOU BALONEY BEFORE THEY BEAT YOU UP!

WHAT THE F...?

MISS STEWART, THE EXPLOSIVES IN HIS BRAIN CAN DESTROY ABOUT 20 BLOCKS AROUND!!!



SO TELL ME, BALONEY, DEAR.

DAMN, GIRL HE CAN SHOOT YOU!

SHE'S NUTS!

WHY DIDN'T YOU READ THE CLAUSES OF THE CONTRACT BEFORE SIGN IT?

YOU COULD HAVE SUED THE GOVERNMENT.

AND SHE'S HOT!

THEY USED YOU, THEY PUT THAT BOMB INSIDE YOU.

YOU COULD HAVE MADE MILLIONS!



BUT NO, YOU CHOOSE TO STEAL AN EMPTY BANK.

L-LISTEN M'AM, THAT BOMB INSIDE MY HEAD, IF YOU APROACH A LITTLE MORE, IT COULD EXPLODES.

IT EXPLODES ONLY IF YOU FEEL THREATENED, BALONEY.

DO YOU FEEL THREATENED BY AN UNARMED GIRL?



DO YOU FEEL THREATENED BY WOMEN?

SHUT UP!

I ASKED FOR AN HELICOPTER AND MONEY!

PLEASE GIVE HIM WHAT HE ASKS!

PLEASE, SIR, DON'T HURT ME!!!

HE'S GOING TO KILL US ALL!



PLEASE BALONEY, YOU KNOW IT.

THEY WILL NOT GIVE YOU ANYTHING.

THEY DON'T CARE ABOUT THE HOSTAGES.

THEY DON'T CARE ABOUT YOU.

ACTUALLY NO ONE CARES ABOUT YOU.



I'D TELL YOU TO SURRENDER, TO GIVE UP.

BUT YOU KNOW WHAT?

IT WOULD BE USELESS...

WHAT???

ON JAIL THEY'RE GOING TO RESPECT YOU LESS THAN THE BULLIES AT SCHOOL.



WHAT THE HELL IS THAT DAMN PRESUMPTUOUS LUNATIC DOING?

I THINK SHE KNOWS EXACTLY WHAT SHE'S DOING!



DID YOU NOTICE...

...THERE'S NO PRESS HERE?

IT'S BECAUSE NO ONE CARES.

NO ONE IS GOING TO REMEMBER YOUR STUPID HOSTAGE SITUATION.

YOU'RE THE THESAURUS DEFINITION OF A LOSER, BALONEY, YOUR LIFE IS COMPLETELY MEANINGLESS.



YOU'RE LESS THAN ZERO, BALONEY.

YOU DON'T KNOW...

WHAT I'M CAPABLE OF...

PLEASE, SIR!!!



YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ME.

CLICK



WELL, I THINK HE WON'T CAUSE ANY MORE TROUBLE.

THE AREA IS CLEAR, I REPEAT...

HE WAS GOING TO KILL ME, HE WAS GOING TO KILL ME!!

ALL OF THIS...

WAS IT REALLY NECESSARY?

YOU'RE FREE, SIR.

THANKS, SOLDIER.

DAMN IT, STEWART! HE LOOKS LIKE A GOBLIN!

HE WAS TREATED IN A LABORATORY TO LOOK LIKE THIS?

OH NO, HE WAS JUST UGLY AND STUPID.

COULD YOU PLEASE UNTIE ME, AT LEAST?

HOW COULD YOU BE SO SURE ABOUT HOW HE WERE GOING TO REACT?

I'M IMPRESSED WITH YOUR METHODS, MISS STEWART...

YOU CAN CALL ME MARY JANE LIEUTENANT.

OK, MARY JANE.

OH, THAT.

I WASN'T SURE AT ALL, I JUST TOOK MY CHANCES.

KALL VALLEY,
GERMANY,
FEBRUARY 1945.

ALRIGHT GENTLEMEN,
WE GOT INTEL THAT SOME
COMPANIES OF DÜREN POLICEMEN
HAVE BEEN ADDED AS NAZI
REINFORCEMENTS TO DEFEND
THIS PART OF THE SIEGFRIED
LINE...



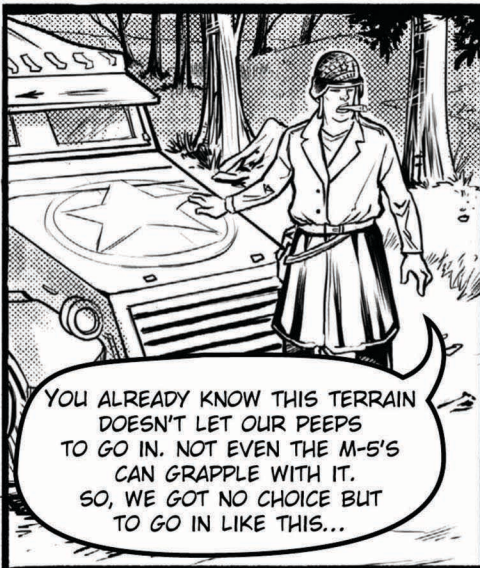
THIS ISN'T DUCK SOUP,
BUT THE 28TH DIVISION
IS HERE TO STOP THEM!



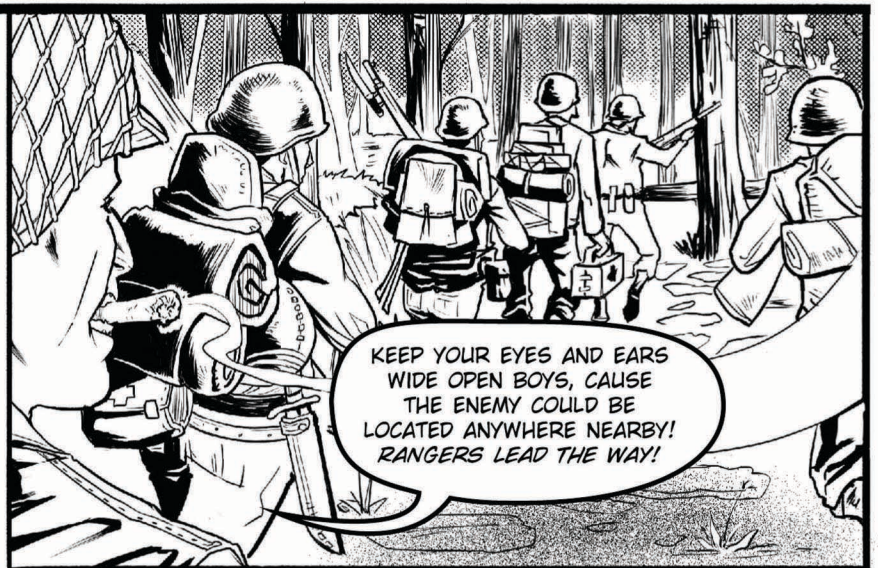
BACK FROM THE BEYOND

Story by Christoff RDGZ Art by Igor Chakal

YOU ALREADY KNOW THIS TERRAIN
DOESN'T LET OUR PEEPS
TO GO IN. NOT EVEN THE M-5'S
CAN GRAPPLE WITH IT.
SO, WE GOT NO CHOICE BUT
TO GO IN LIKE THIS...



KEEP YOUR EYES AND EARS
WIDE OPEN BOYS, CAUSE
THE ENEMY COULD BE
LOCATED ANYWHERE NEARBY!
RANGERS LEAD THE WAY!



HÜRTGEN FOREST, EAST OF THE BELGIAN-GERMAN BORDER.

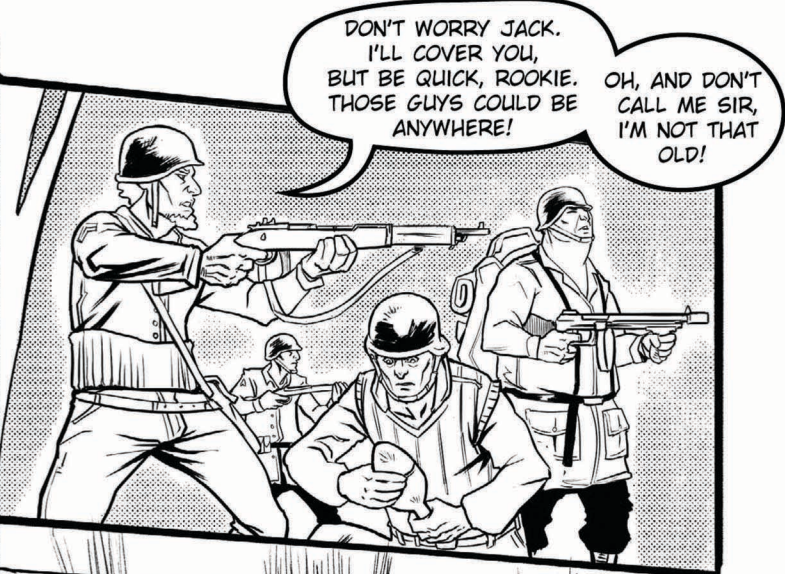
THIS IS COOL AS A CUCUMBER; I DON'T LIKE IT! WHAT ABOUT YOU, DOSS?

I'VE GOT MY HANDS FREEZING, SIR! IT'S HARD FOR ME TO HOLD IT TIGHT!

HOLY CRAP! IT SLIPS AGAIN, I CAN'T HOLD IT. WHAT A CRACKED EGG!

DON'T WORRY JACK. I'LL COVER YOU, BUT BE QUICK, ROOKIE. THOSE GUYS COULD BE ANYWHERE!

OH, AND DON'T CALL ME SIR, I'M NOT THAT OLD!



STAY DOWN, ROOKIE! LET THEM THINK THEY HIT YOU TOO, ARGH!

DURING COMBAT, WEIRD STORIES HAVE BEEN TOLD. SOME ATTRIBUTE THESE TO THE FATIGUE SUFFERED BY THE SOLDIERS.



HEY, TOM? TOM PEPPER, CAN YOU HEAR ME?

IT'S QUIET A TOMB. I THINK THEY'RE GONE...



I THINK I'LL GET THE FINAL BLANKET DRILL, BUD... THERE'S NO WAY I CAN GET OUT OF THIS ONE, SAVE YOURSELF...

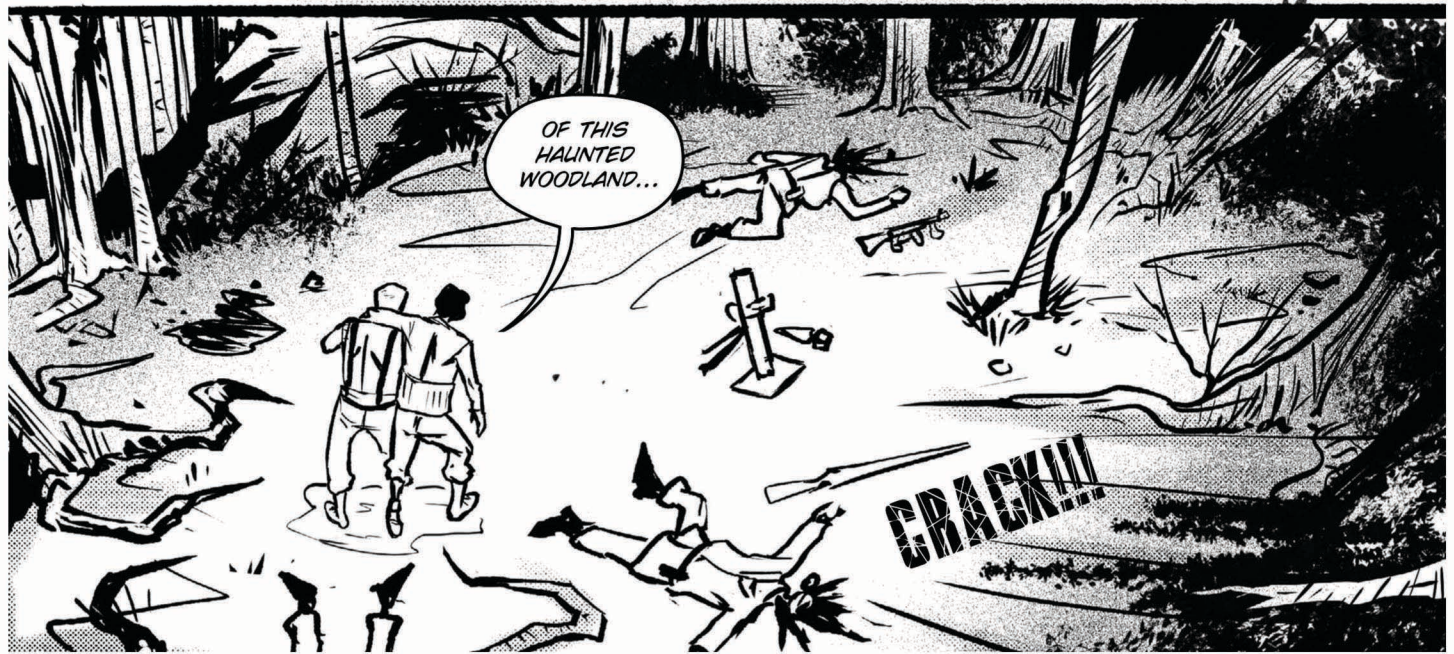


NO WAY BUDDY, THEY DON'T CALL US DOGFACE FOR NOTHING!!

WE ARE IN THE BLOODY BUCKET! I'LL TAKE YOU TO AIDS...



AS SOON AS I FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET OUT...



OF THIS HAUNTED WOODLAND...

CRACK!!!



BUT AT A CURSED PLACE SUCH AS THIS ONE, WHAT'S PERCEIVED AS HALLUCINATIONS MIGHT PERFECTLY BE SOMETHING ELSE...

WHAT THE HELL?



CAN YOU SEE IT, TOM? IT JUST SCARED THE SHIT OUT OF ME!



WHY IS THAT DOG ACTING FUNNY?



HOLD ON A SEC... IS IT POSSIBLE THAT HE WANTS US TO FOLLOW HIM?



SHIT! I'M RUNNING OUT OF TIME, I CAN'T WASTE IT GUESSING WHERE YOU CAME FROM... GOT NO OTHER OPTION THAN TO FOLLOW YOU...



COUNTLESS STORIES HAVE BEEN TOLD ABOUT THIS TYPE OF SIGHTINGS. ENCOUNTERS THAT ARE DIFFICULT TO CLASSIFY AND EVEN MORE UNDERSTAND...

C'MON, THINK ABOUT THE MILLION-DOLLAR WOUND, THIS WAR IS OVER FOR YOU, BUDDY! THEY'LL SEND YOU BACK HOME!



JUST STAY WITH ME TOM! C'MON BUDDY, WE GOT THIS! I THINK I RECOGNIZE THIS ROAD...

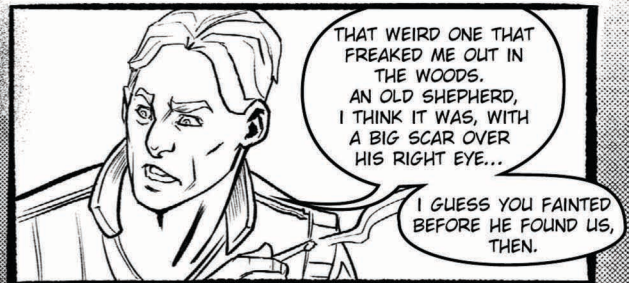
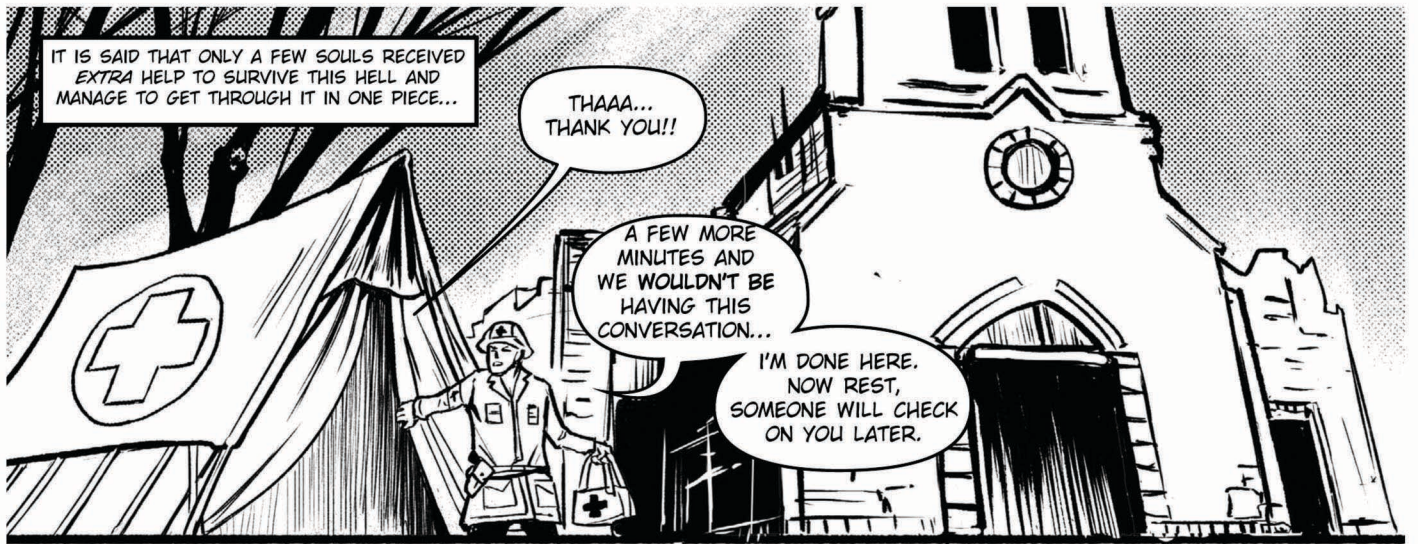


WE ARE DEFINITELY ON THE WAY!



YES, THAT'S THE VOSSENACK CHURCH! WE MADE IT PAL!!! JUST A FEW MORE METERS...

WHERE DID YOU GO, BUDD? WELL, NEVERMIND... THANK YOU!



THIS ANCIENT MYTH ON THE ORIGINS OF **CHES** CAME TO MIND AGAIN RECENTLY WITH **COVID** NUMBERS GOING THROUGH THE ROOF. I'M CALLING MY TWISTED VERSION - 'EIGHTEEN QUINTILLION FOUR HUNDRED FORTY-SIX QUADRILLION, SEVEN HUNDRED FORTY-FOUR TRILLION, SEVENTY-THREE BILLION, SEVEN HUNDRED NINE MILLION, FIVE HUNDRED FIFTY-ONE THOUSAND, SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN.' AN UNCONVENTIONAL TITLE, ADMITTEDLY. SO, IN THE INTERESTS OF **BREVITY** LET'S JUST CALL IT '**AND 15.**'

NO, NO.... LET'S CALL IT '**CHATURANGA!**'

IN FACT, LET'S JUST CALL IT...

WHADDAYA MEAN THERE'S NO MORE GODDAM RICE?

OUTRAGE!!!
EQUERRY! FETCH MY OMBUDSMEN!!!

SUMMON THE KITCHEN CHAMBERLAIN!!!

SUBPOENA THE MASTER OF THE **GRANARY** AND MUSTER THE **GUARDS!!** I WANT THEM BEFORE MY COURT **POSTHASTE!**

BUT, ALAS, DEAR READER, THE GRANARY MASTER, FEARING FOR HIS LIFE, IS A NO-SHOW.

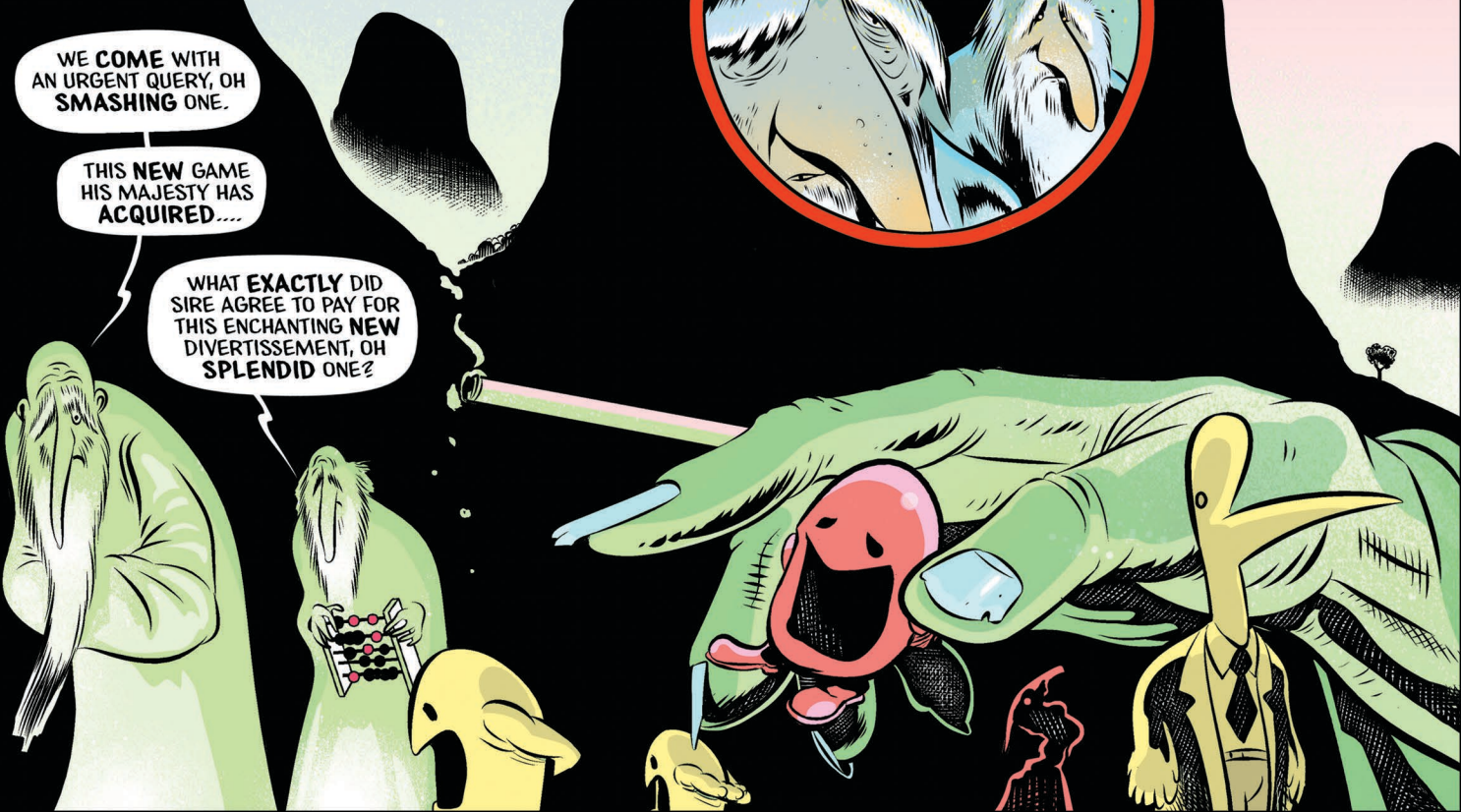
THE KITCHEN CHAMBERLAIN SEEMS TO HAVE DONE A **RUNNER** TOO.

ONLY THE KING'S OMBUDSMEN APPEAR BEFORE HIM AND THE **RIPPLING** OF THEIR FOREHEAD **FOLDS** BETRAY THEY ARE SUFFERING DEEP AND **WEIGHTY** PERTURBATIONS!

WE COME WITH AN URGENT QUERY, OH **SMASHING** ONE.

THIS NEW GAME HIS MAJESTY HAS **ACQUIRED**....

WHAT **EXACTLY** DID SIRE AGREE TO PAY FOR THIS ENCHANTING NEW **DIVERTISSEMENT**, OH **SPLENDID** ONE?



EARLIER...

'CHESS' YOU CALL IT? WOW! YOU INVENTED THIS? JINGS! I LIKE IT! NO, I LOVE IT!! YOU'VE DONE CURED MY BOREDOM, YOUNG FELLA!!

BUT WHAT COULD MATCH IT? GOLD, MAYBE? A BARONY? THIS IS A GAME SO GREAT THAT NOTHING COULD POSSIBLY REWARD YOU FOR IT!

NOTHING AT ALL!

SUCH A WONDERFUL GAME AS THIS IS DESERVING OF A TRULY GREAT REWARD!

SO, THAT'S MY OFFER -- NOTHING AT ALL! TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT.

HUH?

I'M KING, I HOLD THE CARDS, SCRAM, PUNK!

BUT... I'M STARVING, I... DESERVE SOMETHING...



JUST AIN'T THE WAY THE WORLD WORKS, SON. BEAT IT!

PLEASE, I BEG YOU!



JUST SOME GRAINS OF RICE, MAYBE?

FOR MY MEAGRE WEE BOWL IS VOID OF EDIBLES.

HA HA HA
HA HA HA
HOW MANY GRAINS?

JUST ONE, SIRE.

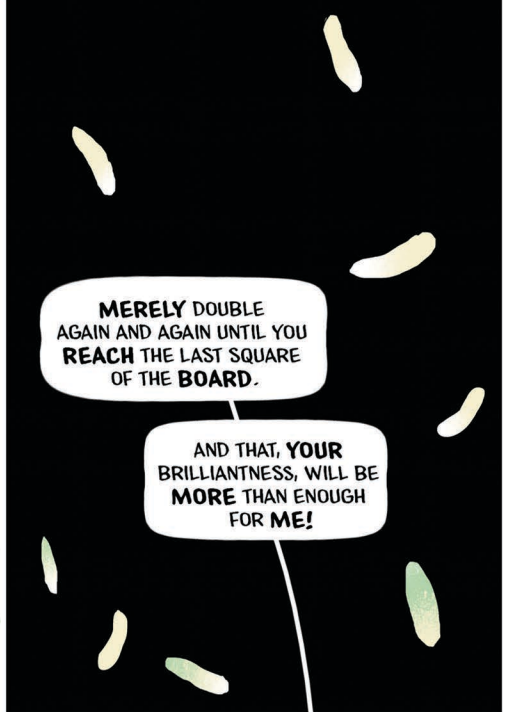
ONE GRAIN...

... PLACED ON THE FIRST SQUARE OF MY GAMEBOARD, OH BENEFICENT ONE.

THEN, I BEG THEE, SIMPLY DOUBLE IT ON THE SECOND SQUARE.



AND THEN JUST DOUBLE THE GRAINS AGAIN ON THE THIRD, MAJESTY.



MERELY DOUBLE AGAIN AND AGAIN UNTIL YOU REACH THE LAST SQUARE OF THE BOARD.

AND THAT, YOUR BRILLIANTNESS, WILL BE MORE THAN ENOUGH FOR ME!



...AND THEN HE HAD ME SIGN SOMETHING AND THAT WAS THAT. PRETTY CHUFFED, FRANKLY.

WHAT?

...WHIMPER... WHIMPER.

OH DEAR NO, NO...NOT GOOD, SIRE.

NO, INDEED, IT IS A MATTER OF **EXPONENTIAL GROWTH**, MORE THAN A **BOWL** OF RICE ONCE YOU CROSS THE **CENTRE** OF THE **BOARD**!

MANY, MANY GRAINS, YOUR **FABULOUSNESS**, LET ME SEE... **IT'S 18...**

18 GRAINS?

'18 QUINTILLION, YOUR MAJESTY.'

TO BE PRECISE, IT'S **EIGHTEEN QUINTILLION FOUR HUNDRED FORTY-SIX QUADRILLION..**

...**SEVEN HUNDRED FORTY-FOUR TRILLION...**

...**SEVENTY-THREE BILLION...**

...**SEVEN HUNDRED NINE MILLION...**

...**FIVE HUNDRED FIFTY-ONE THOUSAND...**

...**SIX HUNDRED...**

...**UH...AND, FIFTEEN GRAINS, YOUR MAJESTY.**

RICE ENOUGH TO FILL ALL THE BELLIES OF THE WORLD, YOUR BIGNESS. INDEED ALL THE FIELDS OF ALL THE WORLD. IN FACT, MORE THAN 2,000 YEARS OF ANNUAL RICE YIELD ACROSS THE WHOLE EARTH!

I SHOULD THINK RICE WILL BE OFF THE CASTLE'S MENU FOR SOME TIME!

HA
HA

PUTT

PUTT


PUTT

PUTT

PUTT

THE END

...**OF RICE.**
(**BUT THE BEGINNING OF CHESS!**)



THEY CAN'T PREPARE YOU
FOR THE LONELINESS.

OH, THE GUYS ARE GREAT -
REALLY THEY ARE?

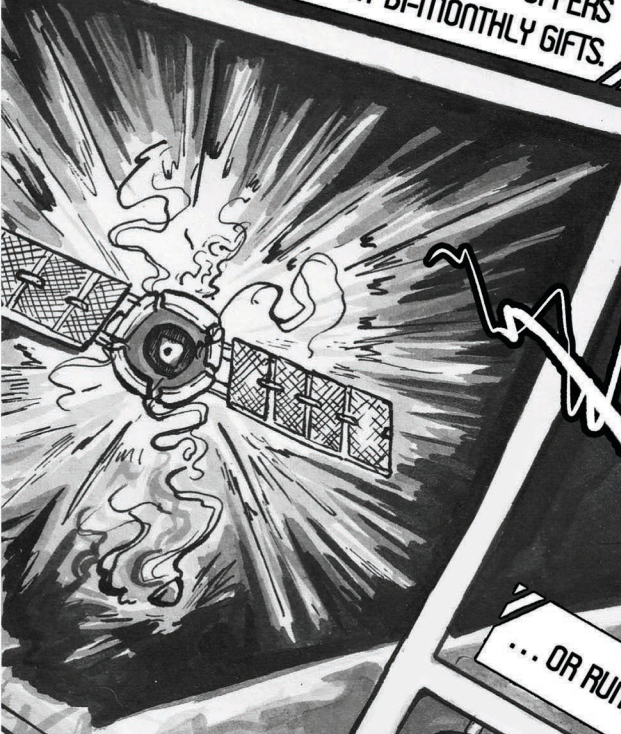
IT'S JUST SOMETHING THAT
HITS YOU AS YOU LOOK
BACK AT MOTHER EARTH.

HOPE THEY'VE REMEMBERED THE ESPRESSO.



OR NOW, AS IT OFFERS UP IT OFFERS UP ITS ABUNDANT BI-MONTHLY GIFTS.

NOT SURE WHAT'S WORSE - SUNSPOT ACTIVITY KNOCKING COMMS OUT FOR OUR 46 MINUTES OF 'DAYTIME'.



**ETA
T-MINUS
CCRRRRKKKKK
...LITES**

... OR RUNNING OUT OF COFFEE.



STILL NO RESPONSE FROM THE 'LOCK'?

HE KNOWS I'M WAITING ON THOSE SAMPLES. BETTER GO CHECK.

HEY, HAI! JESS NEEDS
HER COFFEE FIX. WHAT'S
GOING DOW...

SOMETHING... IN THERE?

SOMETHING NOT HUMAN.

W-WHAT IS
THAT THING?
HOW D-DID...?

MUST HAVE
ATTACHED TO THE
SHUTTLE SOMEHOW?
DID YOU SEE LIN
IN THERE?

N-NO.
HE MUST
BE HIDING...
OR...

CANT
OPEN
THE OUTER
HATCH WE'D
LOSE THE LOT,
INCLUDING
HIM.

COMMS ARE DOWN AND THAT DOOR MIGHT
NOT HOLD FOR LONG. WE'RE ON OUR OWN.

GOOD JOB THESE THINGS COME WITH MORE THAN ONE DOCKING PORT.

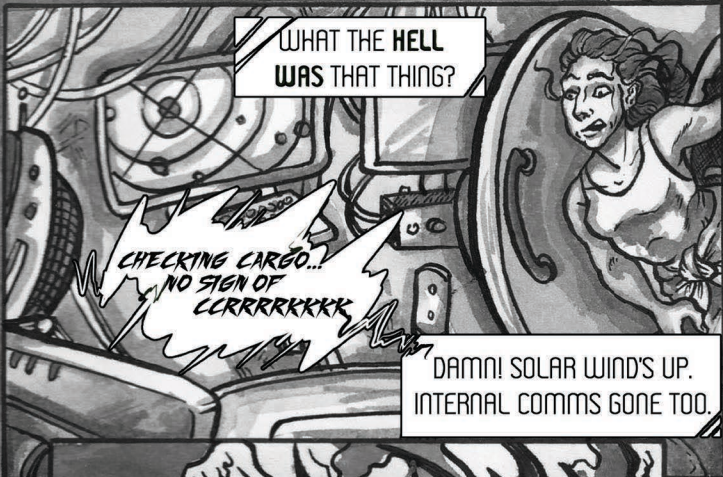
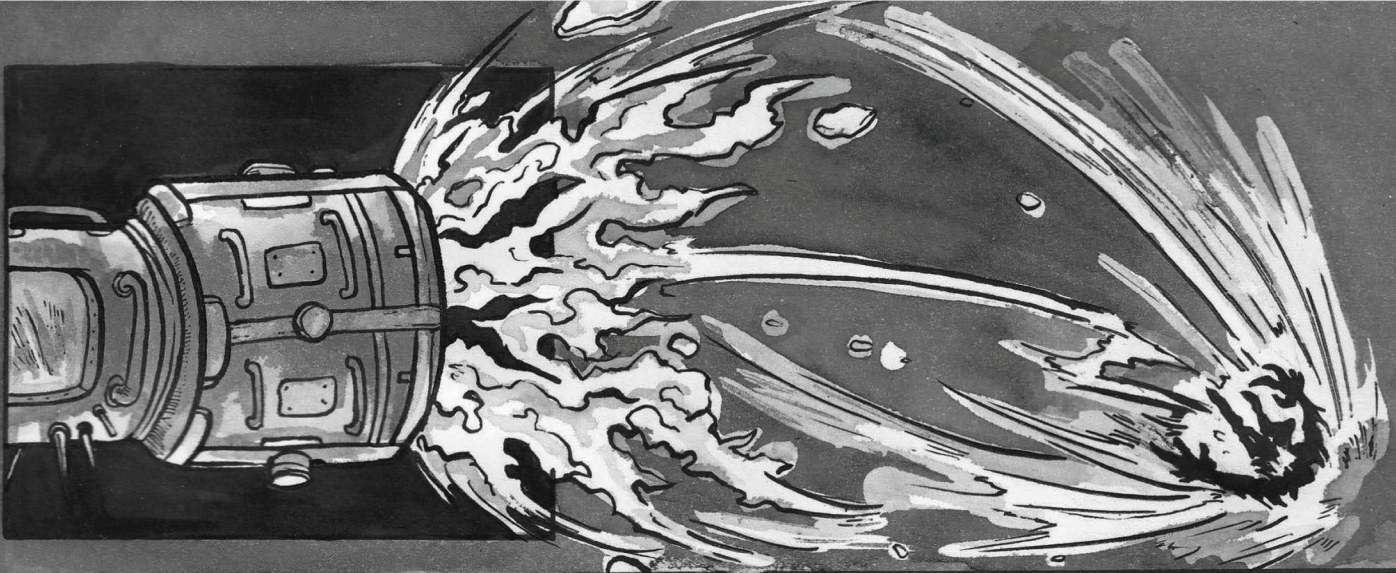
...I REALLY NEED THAT COFFEE.

I'M THE COMMANDER...IT HAS TO BE ME. AND IN ANY CASE...



SCOTT, NOW!

now



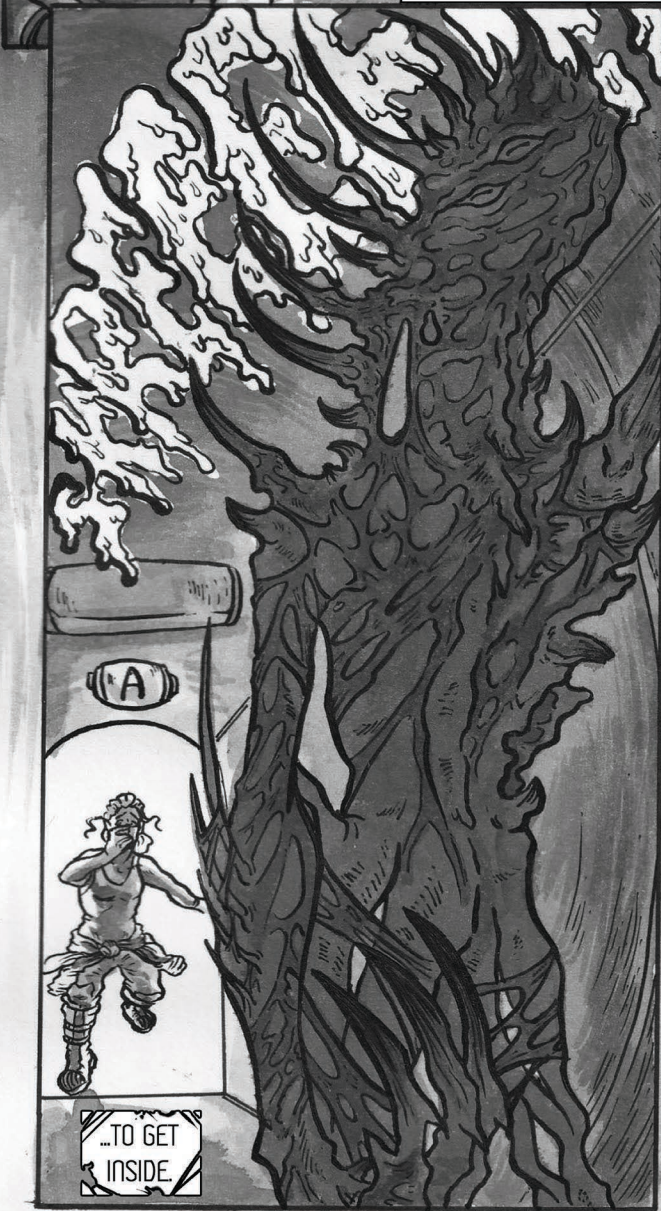
WHAT THE HELL
WAS THAT THING?

CHECKING CARGO...
NO SIGN OF
CCRRRRRRRR

DAMN! SOLAR WIND'S UP.
INTERNAL COMMS GONE TOO.



NEED TO SEE
FOR MYSELF. NEED
TO KNOW HOW THAT
THING MANAGED...



...TO GET
INSIDE.



THE EYES.
IN MY MIND I
KEEP SEEING THE EYES...
ITS THEN I REALISE...



...THAT'S SCOTT CHASING ME...
A-AND I THINK... I
JUST JETTISONED LIM!

THINK,
JESSICA
THINK!

SOMETHING
IN THE CARGO?
SOME...VIRUS?

A-ACCIDENTAL
MIX OF SAMPLES?
UNKNOWN COMPOUND?
YES. HIGHLY
CONTAGIOUS.

WH-WHAT IF
I'M INFECTED
ALREADY?

HOPE THE
DOOR HOLDS.

NO. NO.
C-CONTAGION WAS
INSTANTANEOUS IN
BOTH CASES. I'M
FINE. FINE.

OBAMA! CODE RED
O-ONBOARD ISS, REPEAT
CODE RED ONBOARD I...

PLEASE LET
THAT DOOR HOLD,

COMMS NEARLY UP...
THEY'LL S-SET UP THE COMPUTER...
WORK ON A VACCINE.

ANY SECOND NOW...

NO.

NOT JUST ON BOARD.

NO.

THEY CAN'T PREPARE YOU
FOR THE LONELINESS.

SPECIAL DELIVERY
STORY: PETER GOULDSON
ART/ LETTERS: REBECCA ELISE

FOUR YEARS INVESTED IN THIS SCHOOL.
GRADUATION'S JUST OVER THE HORIZON.

AND I THINK
FOR *ONCE*...

FINISH LINES

STORY AND ART BY *Beu Hemenick*

...I'M GONNA MAKE IT THROUGH A
YEAR WITHOUT CATASTROPHICALLY
EMBARRASSING *MYSELF*.

LIKE, FRESHMAN YEAR,
I NEARLY SUFFOCATED IN
THE *BUBBLES* AT THE
ADPI FOAM PARTY...

SOPHOMORE YEAR:
GOT ATTACKED BY OUR
LIVE BADGER "MASCOT"
WHEN IT ESCAPED ITS
ON-CAMPUS "*HABITAT*."

JUNIOR YEAR (A *DOOZY*): CAUSED A
MULTI-CAR *PILEUP* ON *MOVE-IN DAY*...

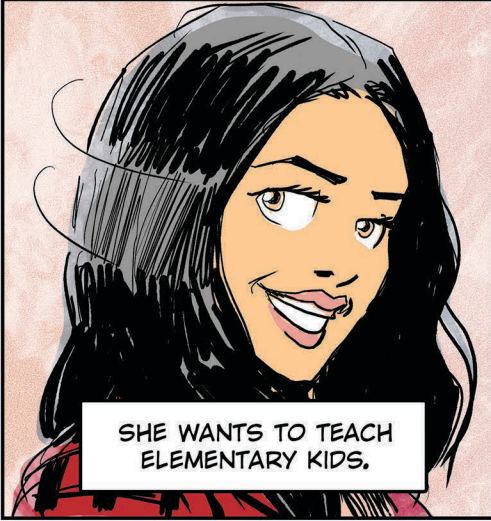
...THEN STEPPED IN A *BEEHIVE*
WHILE GIVING A SPEECH FOR
CLASS REPRESENTATIVE.

MY FAMILY'S LAUGHED IT OFF
FOR YEARS. "BRIAN TAKES THE
BAD LUCK SO WE GET THE
GOOD," THEY SAY.

BUT HOW
DOES THAT HELP
ME WITH SOMEONE
LIKE *SARAH*
VILLALOBOS?

(I'M *STILL*
NOT SURE
HOW WE'RE
FRIENDS...)

SHE'S THE REBEL OF THE VILLALOBOS REALITY MEDIA DYNASTY. ALMOST THREE MILLION ONLINE FOLLOWERS AND SHE DOESN'T EVEN CARE...



SHE WANTS TO TEACH ELEMENTARY KIDS.

WHAT DO YOU DO WITH A PERSON WHO GROWS UP FAMOUS, BUT THEN TRIES TO LIVE HUMBLY?



HEY, BRIAN!

SHE JUST BROKE UP WITH HER BOYFRIEND, TOO. SHE TRIED TO KEEP IT QUIET, BUT HE'S BEEN DRAGGING HER ON SOCIAL MEDIA.



HI!!!!--

UM, AHEM.

OH, UH, HEY, SARAH N' LESLIE.

TO HER CREDIT, SHE DOESN'T SEEM LIKE SHE'S LETTING IT BOTHER HER...



HEY, DO ME A BIG FAVOR?

I'M ENTERING A GROUP IN A CHARITY END-OF-THE-YEAR KINDA THING.



YOU WANNA HELP?

SURE!

ALRIGHT, THEN WE GOT A TEAM!



TEAM? WHAT'S THE EVENT?

OH, BRIAN, HAVEN'T YOU BEEN PAYING ATTENTION?



IT'S THE HOSPITAL BED RACES!

OH NOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOO



HOSPITAL BED RACES

APRIL 25, 10:00 AM
RACE TO SUPPORT YOUR CHARITY OF CHOICE!

THE BED RACES ARE THE BIGGEST CHARITABLE EVENT ON CAMPUS.



BUT THEY INVOLVE TWO THINGS I HATE: HOSPITAL BEDS (NEVER AGAIN, PLEASE) AND GREAT POTENTIAL FOR ACCIDENTS...



OTHER TEAMS-- MOSTLY GREEK CLUBS-- HAVE PRACTICED FOR MONTHS.



BUT SARAH'S DOING THIS TO RAISE FUNDS FOR A LITERACY PROGRAM.



WAIT, BRIAN. WE'RE A WOLFPACK, REMEMBER?

OH! UH, MY BAD.

MUSTA HEARD THE WRONG THEME...

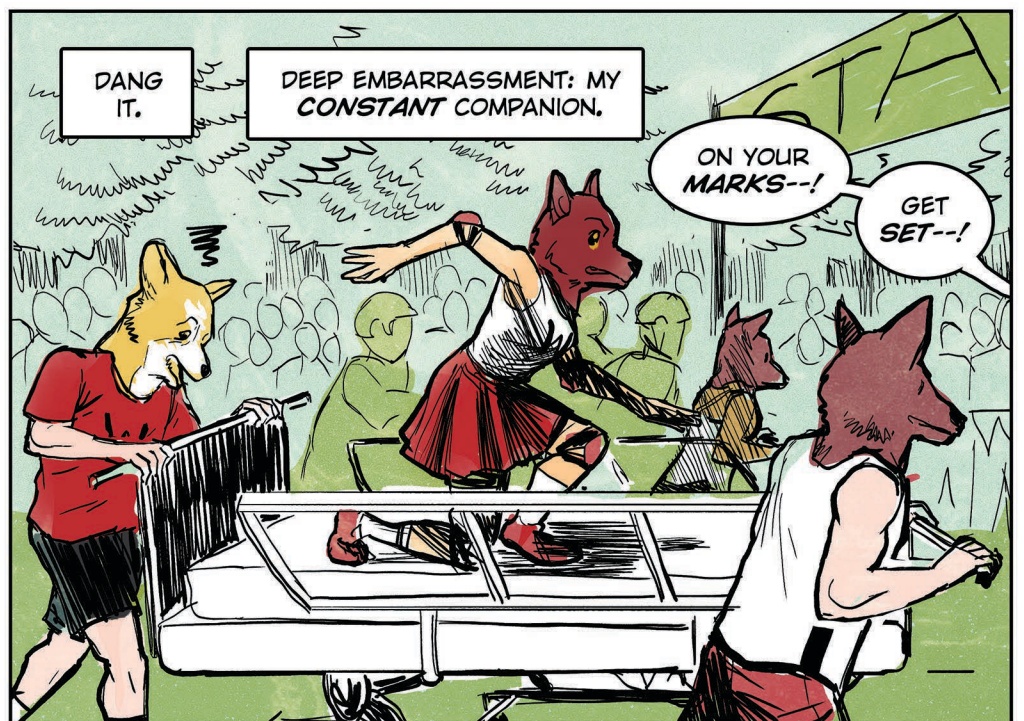


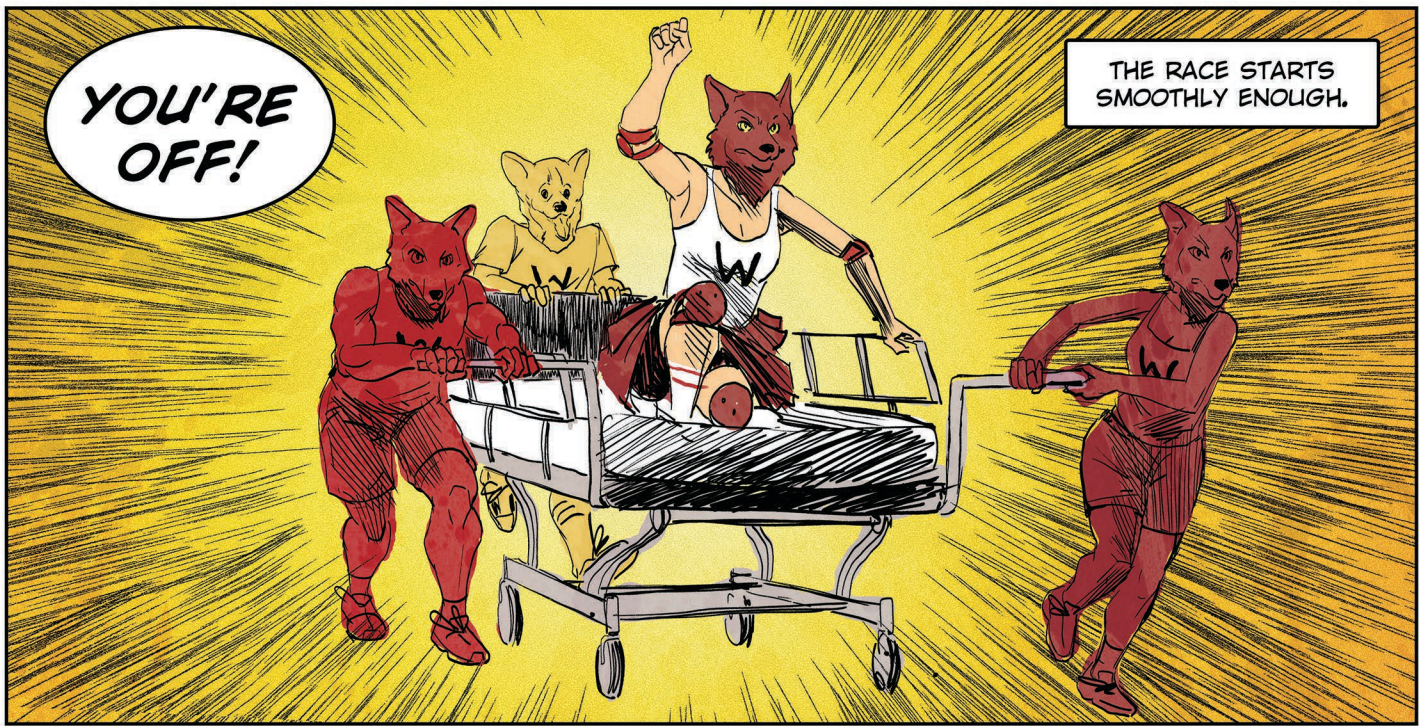
DANG IT.

DEEP EMBARRASSMENT: MY CONSTANT COMPANION.

ON YOUR MARKS--!

GET SET--!

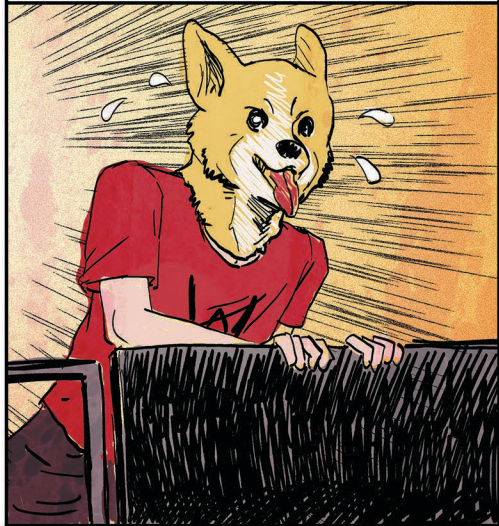




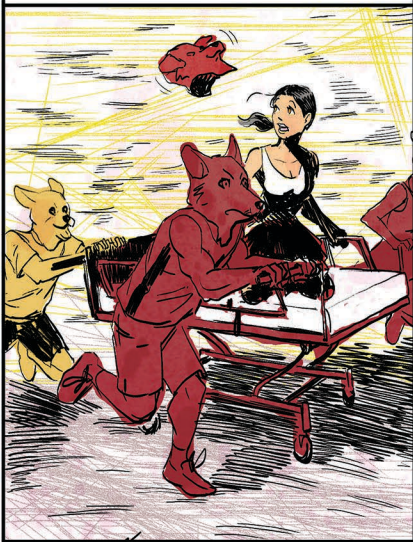
YOU'RE OFF!

THE RACE STARTS SMOOTHLY ENOUGH.

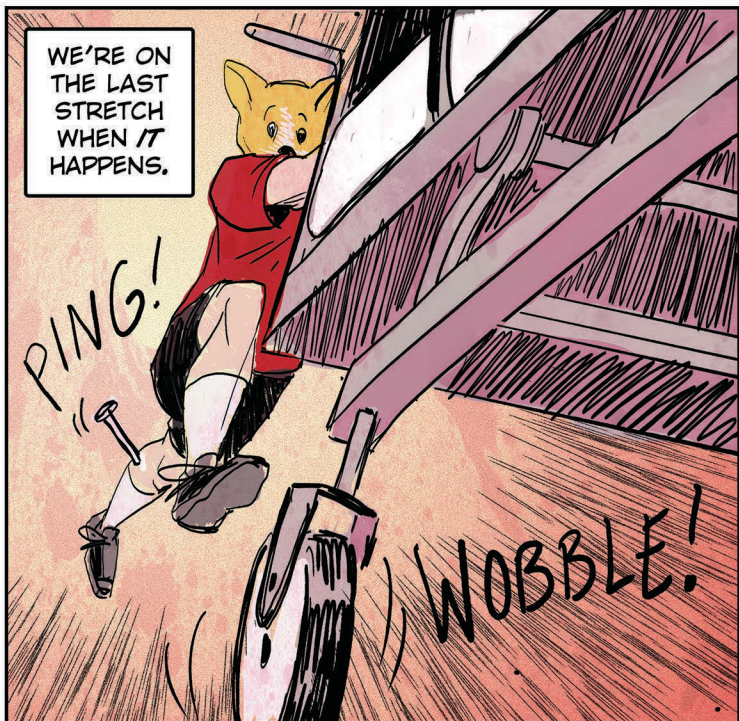
TO MY SURPRISE, WE TAKE AN EARLY LEAD. I HAVEN'T RUN THIS HARD IN YEARS...



THE WIND DOES MAKE THINGS MORE DIFFICULT.



SOMEHOW, I'M NOT TERRIBLY BOTHERED.



WE'RE ON THE LAST STRETCH WHEN IT HAPPENS.

PING!

WOBBLE!



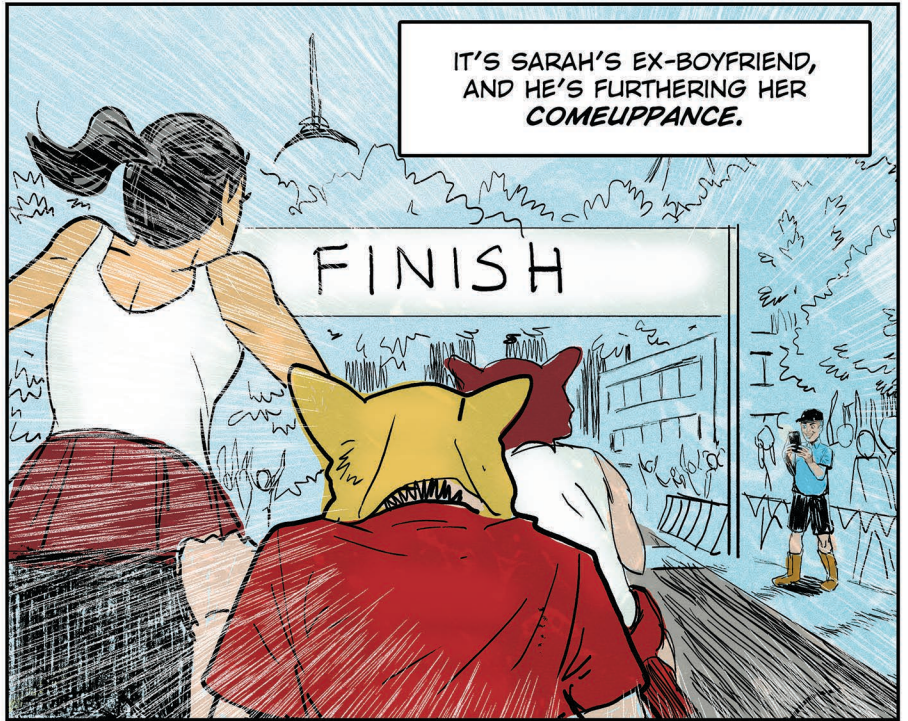
BRIAN? WHAT'S WRONG?

WE'VE-- WE'VE GOT A WHEEL PROBLEM--

AND THAT'S WHEN I SEE OUR "WHEEL INSPECTOR" AGAIN, WAITING NEAR THE FINISH LINE.



IT'S SARAH'S EX-BOYFRIEND, AND HE'S FURTHERING HER COMEUPPANCE.

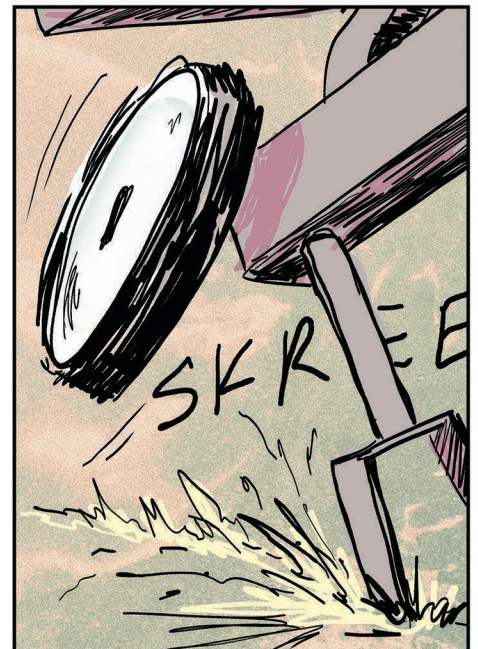


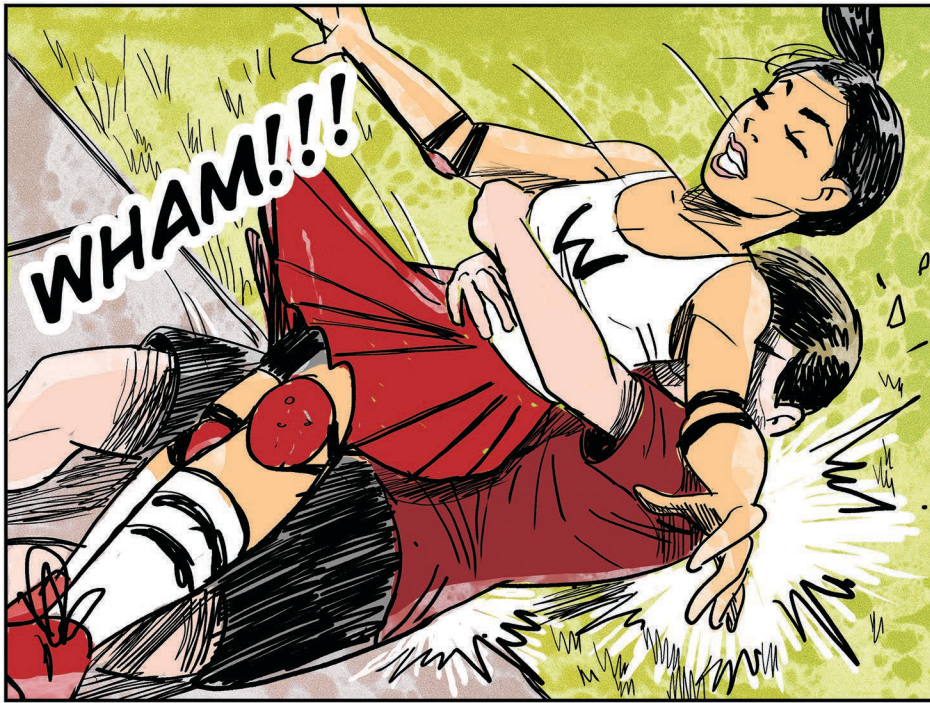
THIS THING'S GONNA GIVE IF I DON'T--

WHY'S THAT DOG ACTING SO FUNNY...?



AW HELL--

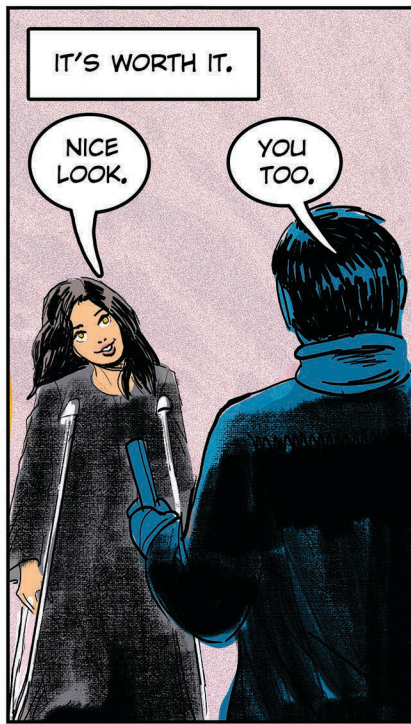






BUT FOR SARAH?

HEY! NECKBRACE FIEND!



IT'S WORTH IT.

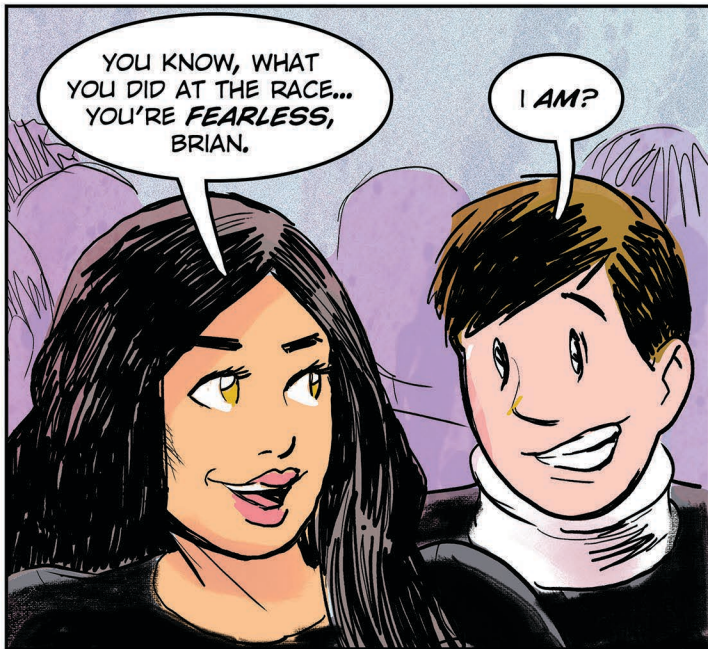
NICE LOOK.

YOU TOO.



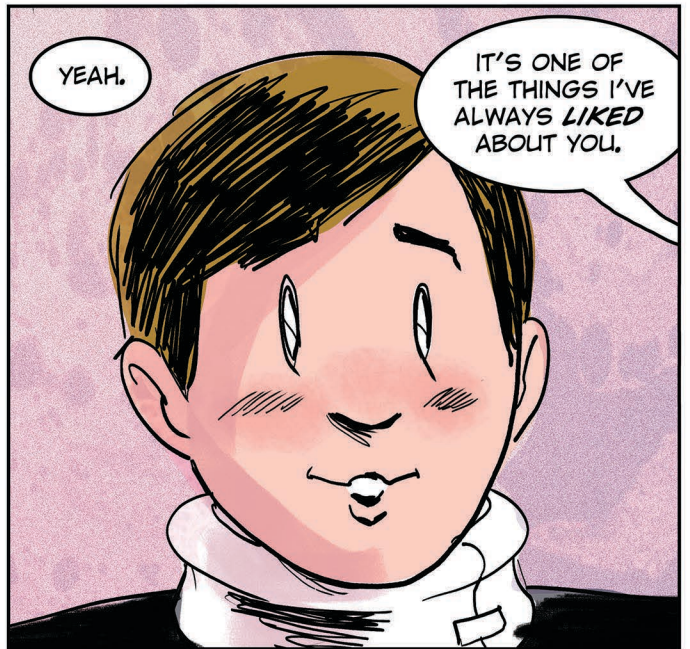
SO, HOW'S IT FEEL? GRADUATED, PLUS VINDICATED IN THE PUBLIC EYE?

FEELS *OW* GOOD?



YOU KNOW, WHAT YOU DID AT THE RACE... YOU'RE **FEARLESS**, BRIAN.

I AM?



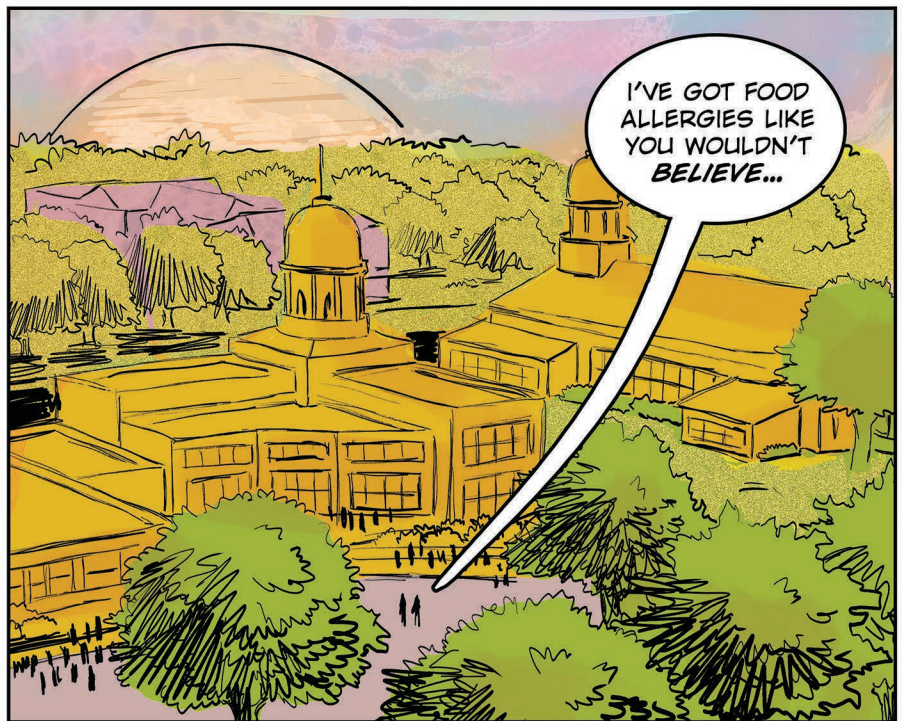
YEAH.

IT'S ONE OF THE THINGS I'VE ALWAYS LIKED ABOUT YOU.



WANNA GET SOME LUNCH? TALK POST-GRAD PLANS?

SURE, BUT LET ME PICK THE SPOT.



I'VE GOT FOOD ALLERGIES LIKE YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE...

CITIZENS IN LOC-GOV FIVE ARE REMINDED
TO BE INDOORS WITHIN ONE HOUR.

YOU ARE ADVISED TO CLOSE ALL WINDOWS
AND IGNORE ANY LOUD SCREAMING.

A FULL EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT
HAS BEEN SCHEDULED CATERING
FOR EVERY TASTE.

T.V. Dinners

Served up by Peter Gouldson and Phil Elliott

THE OVEN'S
WARMING UP
NICELY FOLKS.

HI, I'M
CLINT FLINT...

...AND WE'RE GONNA COOK
YOU UP A **REAL** TREAT
TONIGHT!

SUGAR
RUS



JOINING ME TONIGHT ARE MY TWO FAVOURITE CULINARY TASTEBUDDIES, TED AND MARGE TUCKINN !

HI.

COOO-EEE HOME WORLD!



STRAIGHT FROM THE SET OF HER LATEST BLOCKBUSTER IT'S THAT MISTRESS OF SPICE HERSELF, MISS CLEO ROCKS!



AND AS EVER, I'M JOINED BY OUR FAVOURITE HUMAN-SPRALL HYBRID, VVYAN BLOTCH THE THIRD!!

BELCH!

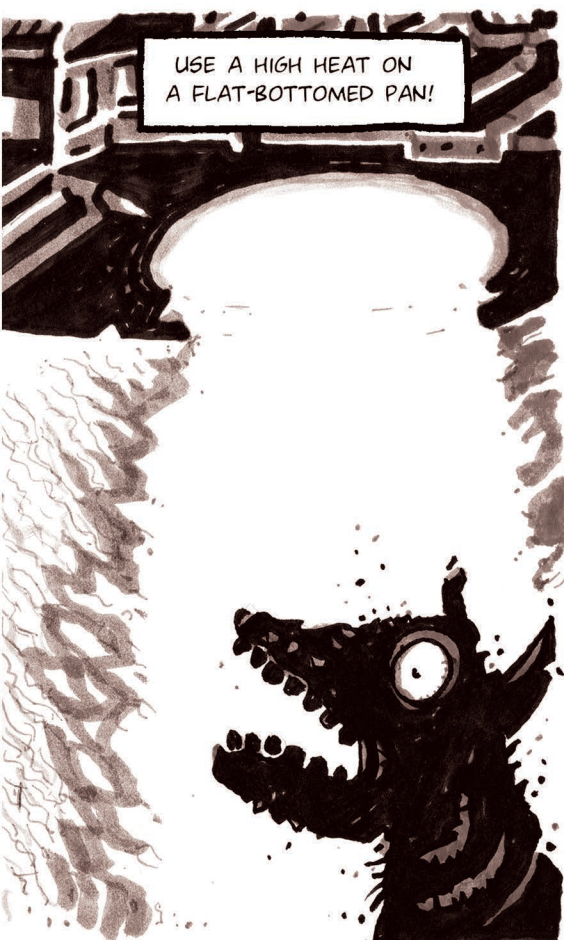
YOU'RE JOINING US JUST AS WE'VE LOCKED OVER CYGNUS IV!! IT'S VERY EXCITING!

Y'KNOW CLNT, BACK IN THE DAY CYGNUS IV WAS KNOWN AS THE MEAT COUNTER! HEH HEH! SNORT!

INDEED, VVYAN, AND IT'S A CRYING SHAME FOOD STOCKS AREN'T WHAT THEY WERE.



UNLIKELY FOLKS BUT IF YOU EVER DID FIND A CYGNUS IV CALF ON YOUR PLATE, GO EASY ON THE SEASONING!





THINK I'M GOING TO BE SICK!

SHAME TO LET IT GO TO WASTE, MARJORIE!



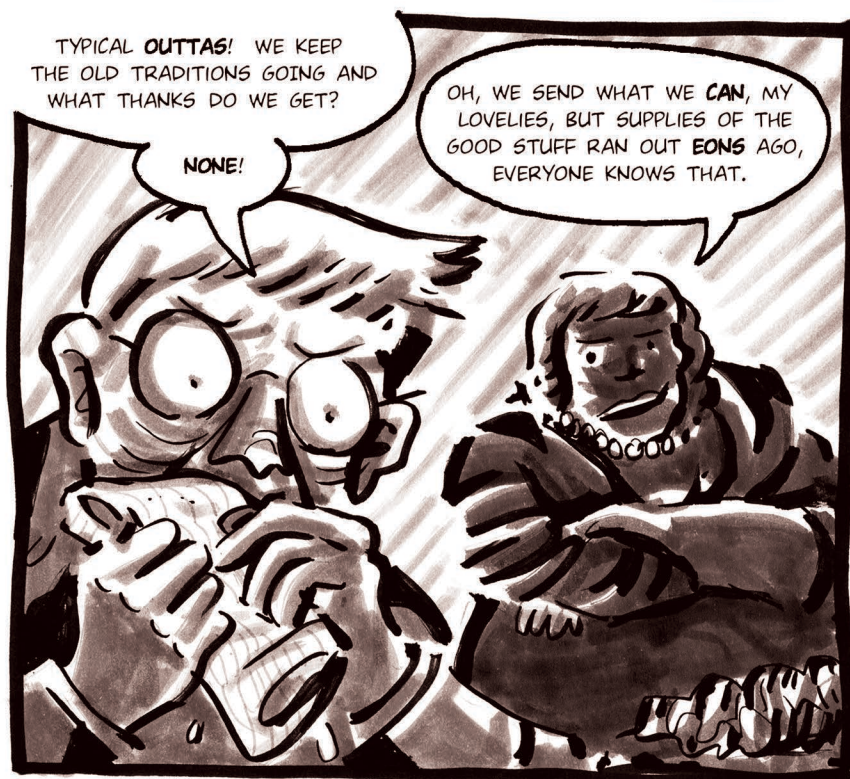
HMM, BIT ON THE CHEWY SIDE FOR ME. WHAT HAVE THE VIEWERS BEEN SAYING, CLEO?

LOTS OF PEOPLE LOOKING FORWARD TO MY NEW FILM, CLINT.

'GET THOSE JUICES FLOWING' IS AVAILABLE ON ALL PREMIUM CHANNELS NOW!



SO...UM, EDNA FROM LOC-GOV FOUR ASKS "WHY HAVE YOU BUNKERS STOPPED SENDING FOOD PARCELS BACK TO THE OUTTAS?"



TYPICAL OUTTAS! WE KEEP THE OLD TRADITIONS GOING AND WHAT THANKS DO WE GET?

NONE!

OH, WE SEND WHAT WE CAN, MY LOVELIES, BUT SUPPLIES OF THE GOOD STUFF RAN OUT EONS AGO, EVERYONE KNOWS THAT.



TERRANS NEVER STOP MOANING?! IT'S NOT AS IF THEY'RE GONNA BE THROWING A DINNER PARTY ANYTIME SOON - NO ONE LEFT ON THAT ROCK TO INVITE!

HAHA!

SNORT!!

AH, LOOK, CLINT!
A VIEWER'S SENT IN AN IMAGE
OF AN 'OLDE WORLDE' MEAL!
A ROASTED BEEF ?

SAY NOW, COULDN'T YOU PEOPLE RUSTLE
US UP SOMETHING LIKE THAT, JUST FOR
OLD TIME'S SAKE?

HMM...BEST LET SLEEPING DOGS
LIE, TED. ANYWAY, NOW'S TIME FOR
OUR MAIN COURSE!



NOW REMEMBER...ETIQUETTE GOES OUT THE WINDOW
AT TIMES LIKE THIS...GET USING
THOSE FINGERS AND TENTACLES, PEOPLE!



ISN'T THAT RIGHT, LADIES
AND GENTLEMEN
OF THE AUDIENCE?



HMM...QUIET BUNCH
TONIGHT,
AREN'T THEY?



Ding!

I THINK WE'RE JUST ABOUT DONE, CLINT.

BACK AFTER THE BREAK, FOLKS!

BEST GRAB IT WHILE IT'S HOT!

OH! I DO LIKE MINE WELL DONE.

CAN'T BEAT A NICE CHOP!

LEG OR SHOULDER, DEAR?

PIZZA

RUSSIAN



LOWER EAST SIDE SHIPPING DISTRICT



RIBS FEEL LIKE JELLY.

BACK'S ON FIRE.

GET UP.



MY INTEL GROSSLY UNDERESTIMATED RED SYNDICATE'S NUMBERS.

NEED TO HAVE AN "UNDERSTANDING" WITH MY INFORMANT.



RIGHT NOW, JUST KEEP MOVING.



IF YOU STOP, IT'S OVER.




HARDLINE ORIGINS: NIGHTCOWL

Story: Rich Carrington
Brian S. Dawson
Art: Brian S. Dawson

AND YOU'VE COME TOO FAR TO NOT SEE THIS THROUGH.



A scene of a crime scene. Nightcowl, in his blue and black suit with a yellow collar, is kneeling on the ground. Several police officers in brown uniforms are around him, some holding rifles. The background shows a city street with buildings and a crowd of people.

IT TOOK 3 YEARS TO FINALLY BRING THEM DOWN.

FOUR OFFICERS GAVE THEIR LIVES IN THE PROCESS.

NO WAY THEY WERE GONNA DIE IN VAIN.

BUT SOMETHING THAT BIG DOESN'T COME WITHOUT A PRICE.

YOU DON'T TAKE OUT BIG CRIME WITHOUT SOME PAYBACK COMING YOUR WAY.

THAT WAS MY LAST DAY AS A COP....

...AS A HUSBAND, FATHER.

THE DAY NIGHTCOWL WAS BORN.

SINCE THEN, THEY'VE LEARNED TO FEAR ME.

I'VE SPENT THE LAST FEW MONTHS TRACKING DOWN AND FINISHING WHAT I STARTED.

NO STONE UNTURNED, NO BONE UNBROKEN.

AND IT'S ALL LED ME TO HERE...



NIGHTCOWL,
RIGHT? YER
THE NEW GUY
IN TOWN.

LOOK,
PAL- IT'S LATE
AND I'M TIRED.
CLEARLY THIS AIN'T
BEEN A GREAT NIGHT
FOR YOU SO WHY
DONT YOU CALL IT
QUITS BEFORE
THINGS GET
WORSE.

CAN'T QUIT,
SUNSHINE...
I'M NOT DEAD
YET.

RIGHT.
THE RED HAND
SAID YOU WERE
MOUTHY.

THERE'S TWO
WAYS WE CAN DO
THIS - THE EASY WAY.
OR THE *EASIER* WAY.
PERSONALLY
I'D PREFER....



YOU TALK TOO MUCH.



FWIP!



POOON

WHAT THE-!

I NEVER UNDERSTOOD THE NEED FOR THEATRICALS.

I LIKE THE MORE DIRECT APPROACH!

YOU "CAPES" ARE ALL ALIKE...



ALWAYS
LOOKING DOWN
YER NOSES AND
THINKIN' YER
BETTER 'N THE
REST OF US!

I MEAN,
HOW STUPID IS IT
WHEN YOU'RE JUST
A GUY WITH SOME
GADGETS PICKIN'
A FIGHT WITH
SOMEONE WHO CAN
BENCH PRESS A
TANK?



BUT I
GUESS
YOU'RE
FINDING THAT
OUT NOW,
RIGHT?

UNGH!



YOU'RE
CONFUSING
ARROGANCE
WITH FOCUS,
BRAWLER.

BUT IT'S
ARROGANT TO
UNDERESTIMATE
ME, WHICH YOU'RE
ABOUT TO FIND
OUT NOW.



WHATEVER,
TOUGH GUY. LET'S
JUST CUT TO THE
PART WHERE YOU
FALL DOWN.

TWOK





I KNOW HE ONLY HIRED YOU AS MUSCLE TO STOP ME. BUT THAT'S NOT HAPPENING.

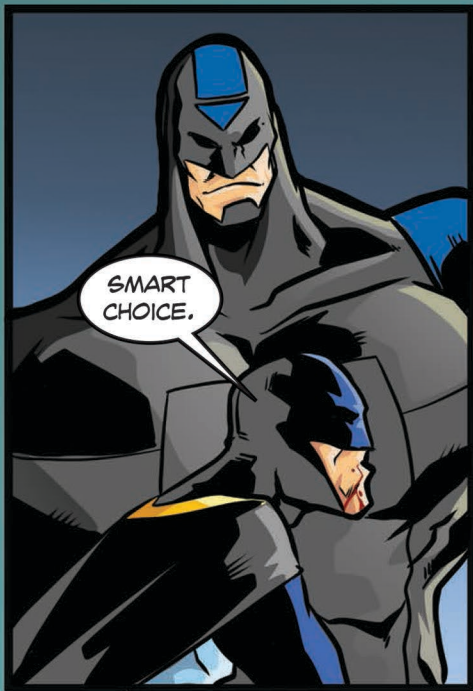
YOU SAY YOU'RE GOING HOME?

IF YOU PLAN TO, THEN GET OUTTA MY WAY HERE AND NOW WHILE YOU STILL CAN.

GO GET A DRINK AT THAT *BAR* YOU ALWAYS GO TO.

HOW DO YOU...?

AH, SCREW THIS. I DIDN'T SIGN UP TO HELP KILL ANY KIDS. SHIT GOT ALL TWISTED.



SMART CHOICE.



NIGHTCOWL, I....



...SAVE IT.



YEAH, MAYBE A DRINK'S A GOOD IDEA...

"...APPEARS TO BE THE RESULTS OF A TURF WAR BETWEEN THE RED SYNDICATE AND UNKNOWN RIVALS..."

"...AMONG THE CONFIRMED BODIES, IS FORMER CITY COUNGELMEN, HARRIS BETTS..."



"...BETTS HAS BEEN IDENTIFIED AS THE CRIME BOSS, RED HAND AND IS BEING LINKED TO A HUMAN TRAFFICKING RING..."



WELL WHADDYA KNOW...

THE LITTLE GUY DID IT.



WHAT DO I OWE YA, SCULLY?

ON THE HOUSE, BESIDES...

I'M GUESSING YER KINDA BETWEEN JOBS AT THE MOMENT.



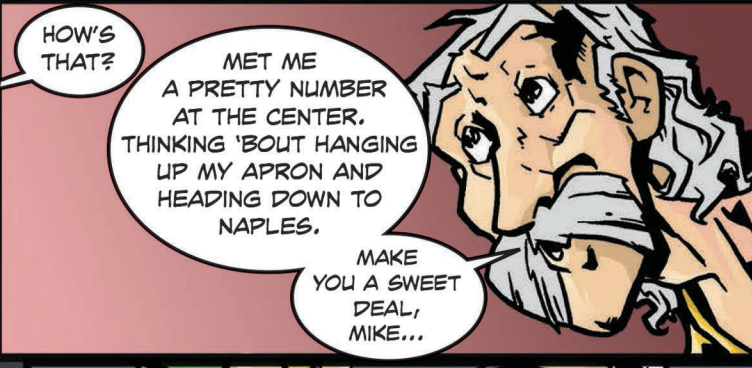
YER GOOD PEOPLE, SCULLY. THAT'S WHY I LOVE COMING HERE.

ENJOY IT WHILE IT LASTS



YA NEVER KNOW, SCULLY...

YA NEVER KNOW.



HOW'S THAT?

MET ME A PRETTY NUMBER AT THE CENTER. THINKING 'BOUT HANGING UP MY APRON AND HEADING DOWN TO NAPLES.

MAKE YOU A SWEET DEAL, MIKE...



IF YER THINKING 'BOUT A CAREER CHANGE...

THE ~~END~~ BEGINNING...

PUSHKAR, INDIA.

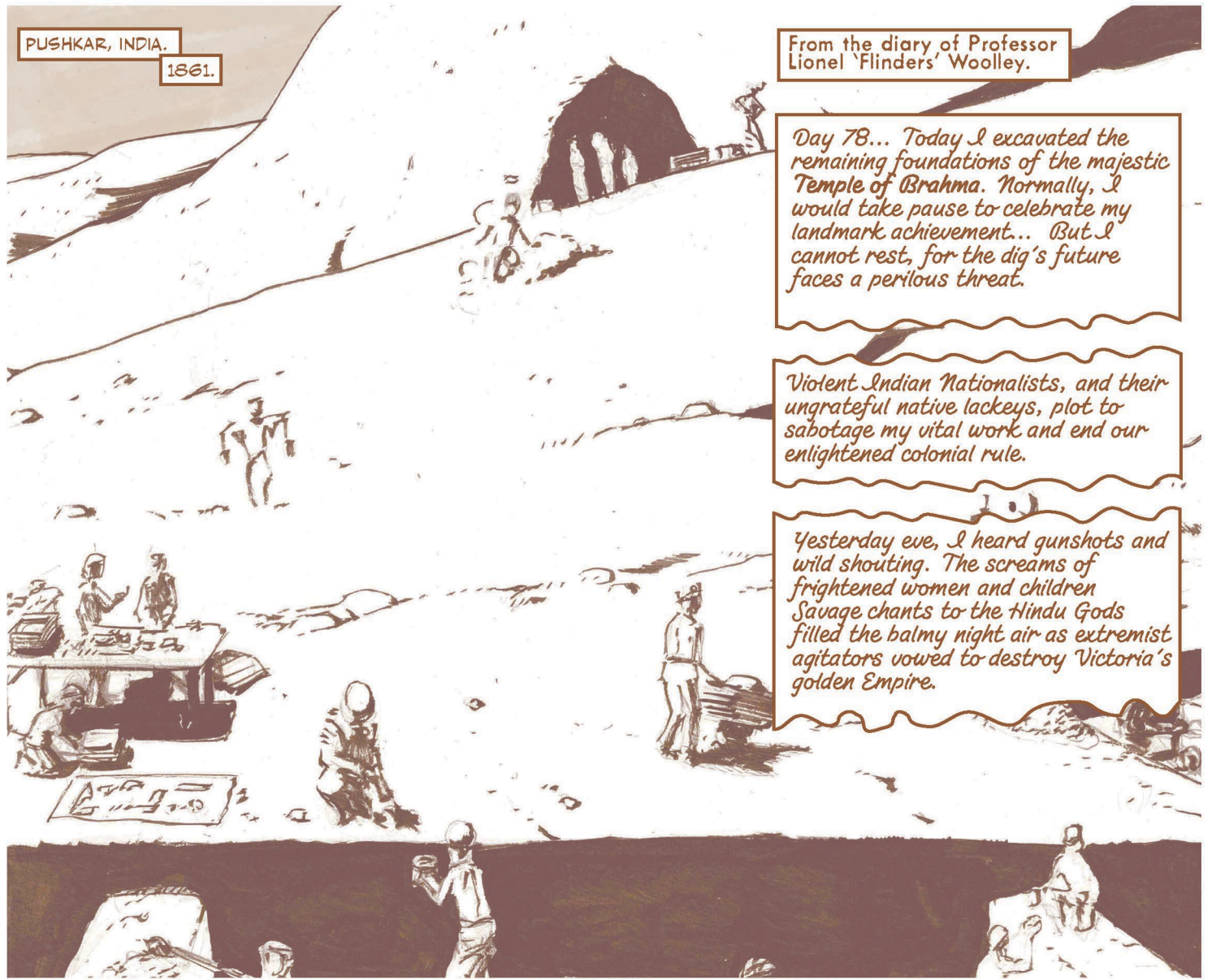
1861.

From the diary of Professor
Lionel 'Flinders' Woolley.

Day 78... Today I excavated the remaining foundations of the majestic Temple of Brahma. Normally, I would take pause to celebrate my landmark achievement... But I cannot rest, for the dig's future faces a perilous threat.

Violent Indian Nationalists, and their ungrateful native lackeys, plot to sabotage my vital work and end our enlightened colonial rule.

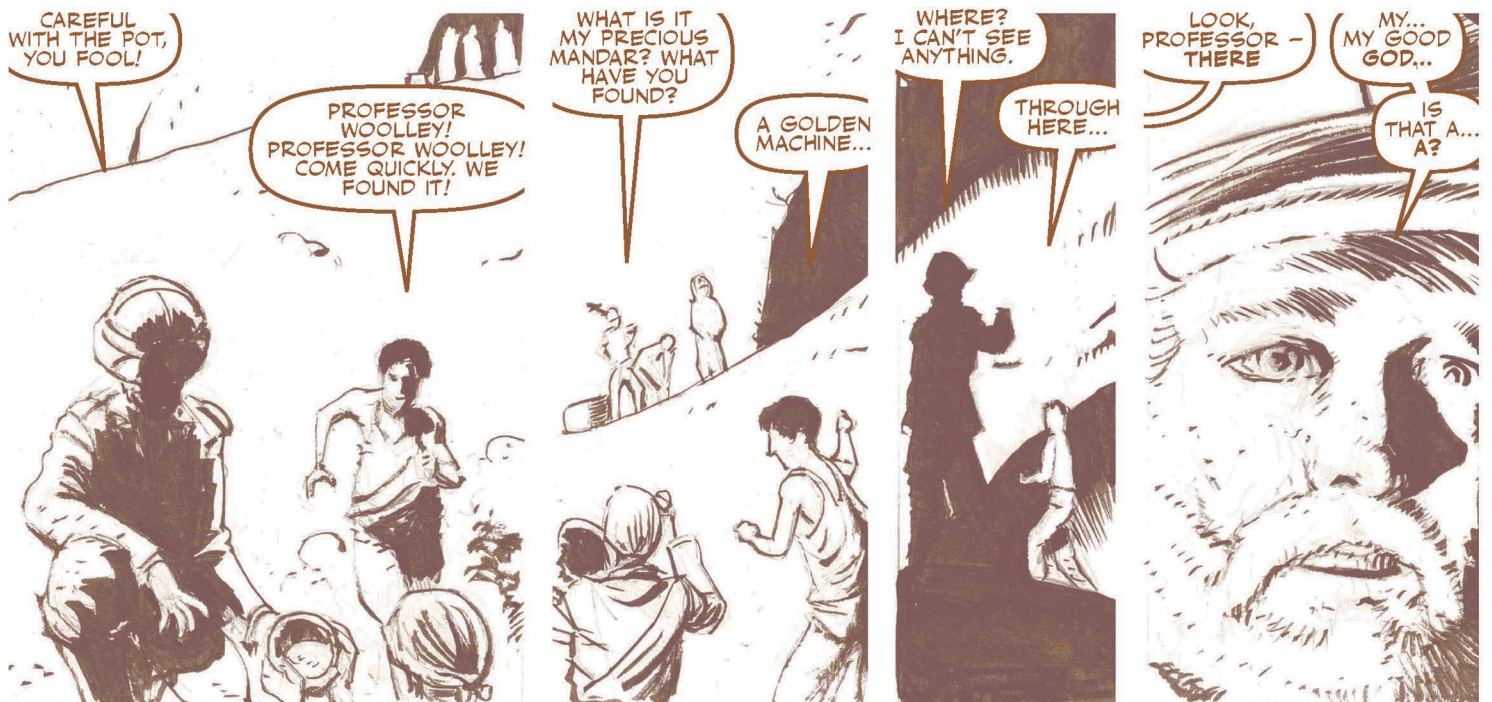
Yesterday eve, I heard gunshots and wild shouting. The screams of frightened women and children. Savage chants to the Hindu Gods filled the balmy night air as extremist agitators vowed to destroy Victoria's golden Empire.



A Thousand Suns

Script ~ Kevin Gunstone

Art & Letters ~ Chris Geary



NINE MONTHS LATER...

WE WERE INTRIGUED BY YOUR LAST DISPATCH, MY DEAR PROFESSOR --

--IT MENTIONED, I UNDERSTAND, A DISCOVERY OF GREAT INTEREST TO THE POWER OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE?

INDEED IT DID, PRIME MINISTER PALMERSTON --

-- BUT THAT NEWS IS FOR THE EAR OF THE QUEEN FIRST...

But suffice to say, it will change the lives of every person gathered here today. Be they peasant, pauper, or of the more enlightened social classes...

"MA'AM, IT GIVES ME INDESCRIBABLE PLEASURE AND A CURIOUSLY WARM FEELING TO INTRODUCE A MAN WHO PERHAPS NEEDS NO INTRODUCTION..."



...SUCH IS HIS LEGENDARY FAME ON ACCOUNT OF THE MYRIAD TREASURES HE HAS LOOTED, SORRY AMASSED, FOR YOUR IRIDESCENT EMPIRE.

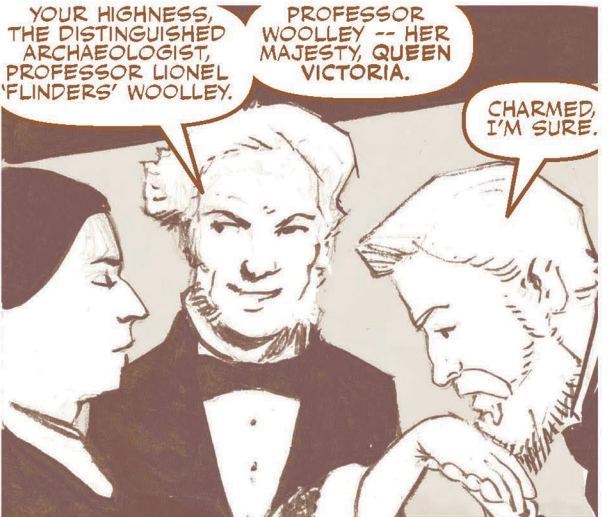
HIS MANY NOTABLE ACHIEVEMENTS INCLUDE: THE DISCOVERY OF THE ROYAL PALACE OF GILGAMESH IN ANCIENT URUK. ON THE DALMATIAN COAST HE PILLAGED THE SUNKEN TEMPLE OF HEPHAESTUS OF ALL ITS TREASURES!

HIS KEEN INTELLECT HAS TRANSLATED FORGOTTEN TEXTS, RESTORED DEAD LANGUAGES, AND RECOVERED KNOWLEDGE THOUGHT FOREVER LOST TO MAN.

YOUR HIGHNESS, THE DISTINGUISHED ARCHAEOLOGIST, PROFESSOR LIONEL 'FLINDERS' WOOLLEY.

PROFESSOR WOOLLEY -- HER MAJESTY, QUEEN VICTORIA.

CHARMED, I'M SURE.



PROFESSOR, I HAVE BEEN ENTHRALLED BY THE MANY TALES OF YOUR INCREDIBLE EXPLOITS.

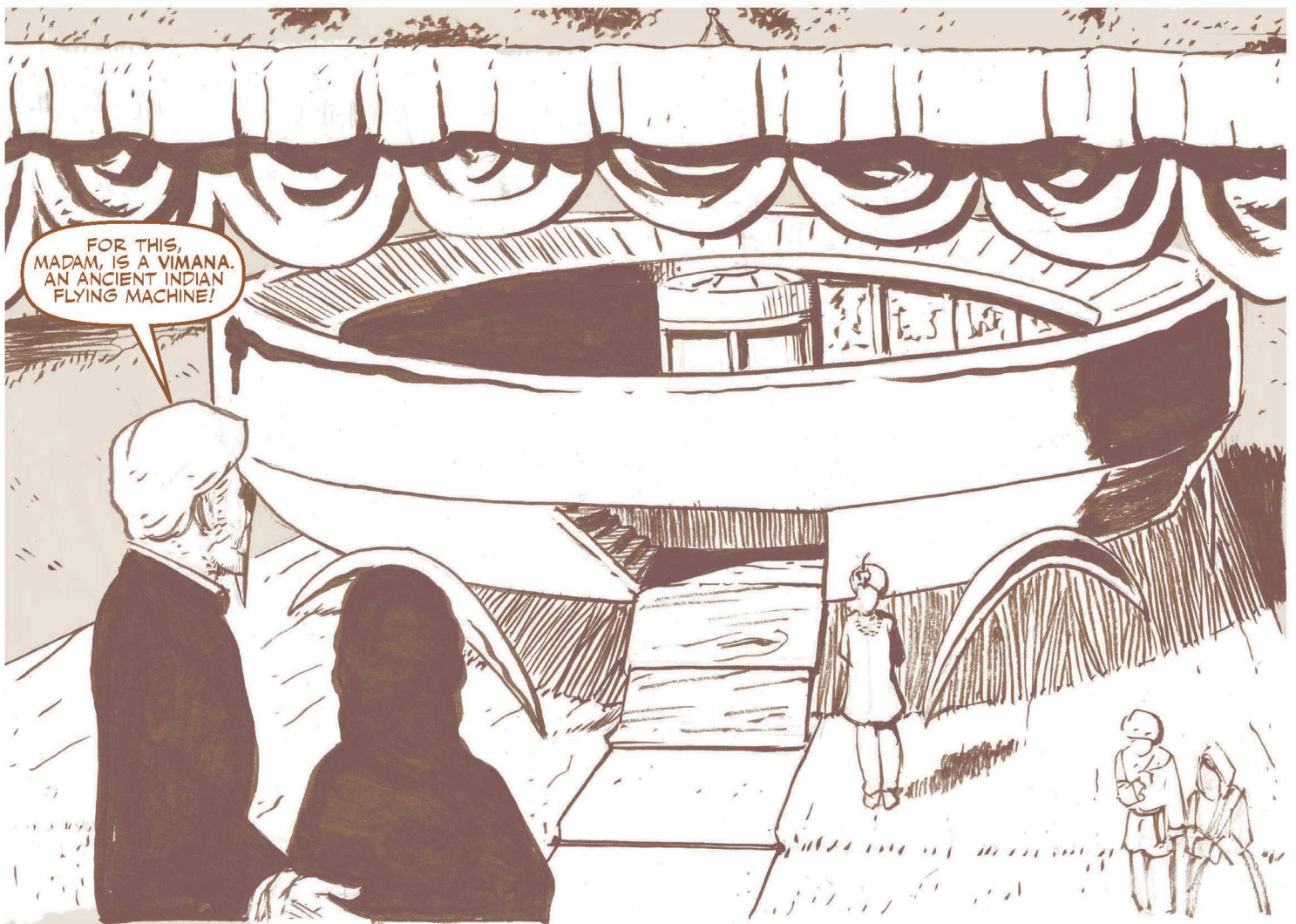
ON BEHALF OF THE EMPIRE I SALUTE YOU FOR PILFERING THESE TIMELESS RELICS TO ENSURE THEIR SAFEKEEPING.



I AM BUT YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT, MA'AM.

...I REALISE, MA'AM, THAT A GREAT SORROW DESCENDED UPON YOUR ROYAL HOUSE WITH THE RECENT TRAGIC LOSS OF YOUR BELOVED ALBERT...

...SO TO YOU, I OFFER THIS HUMBLE GIFT TO LIFT THE ROYAL SPIRIT QUITE LITERALLY.



FOR THIS, MADAM, IS A VIMANA. AN ANCIENT INDIAN FLYING MACHINE!



A FLYING MACHINE?

QUITE SO, YOUR MAJESTY --

-- ALLOW ME TO DEMONSTRATE. MAY I?



I CAN ASSURE YOU IT IS PERFECTLY SAFE. I WOULD NOT COUNTENANCE ENDANGERING YOUR ROYAL PERSON.

MANDAR! HER MAJESTY WISHES TO INSPECT THE VIMANA.



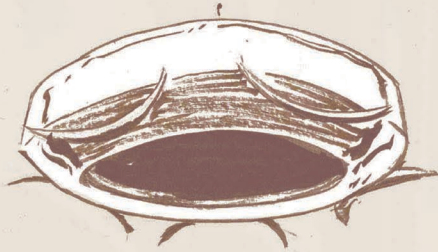
AS MA'AM CAN NO DOUBT SEE, THE SHIP'S METICULOUSLY DESIGNED PLATFORM OFFERS A FULL 360-DEGREE VIEW OF THE SKIES.

AND THIS CONTROL LEVER HERE DETERMINES THE DIRECTION AND SPEED THE VIMANA TRAVELS AT.

AND BY SIMPLY ENGAGING THE ANTI-GRAVITY DEVICE...

...THE VIMANA MAGICALLY EMPLOYS THE FORGOTTEN ART OF LEVITATION!

A RESULT, I BELIEVE, OF ITS MERCURY ENGINE AND IRON HEATING APPARATUS, WHICH DRIVE THE CENTRAL TURBINE.



TRULY THIS IS A MARVEL CREATED BY THE FINEST OF ANCIENT MINDS.

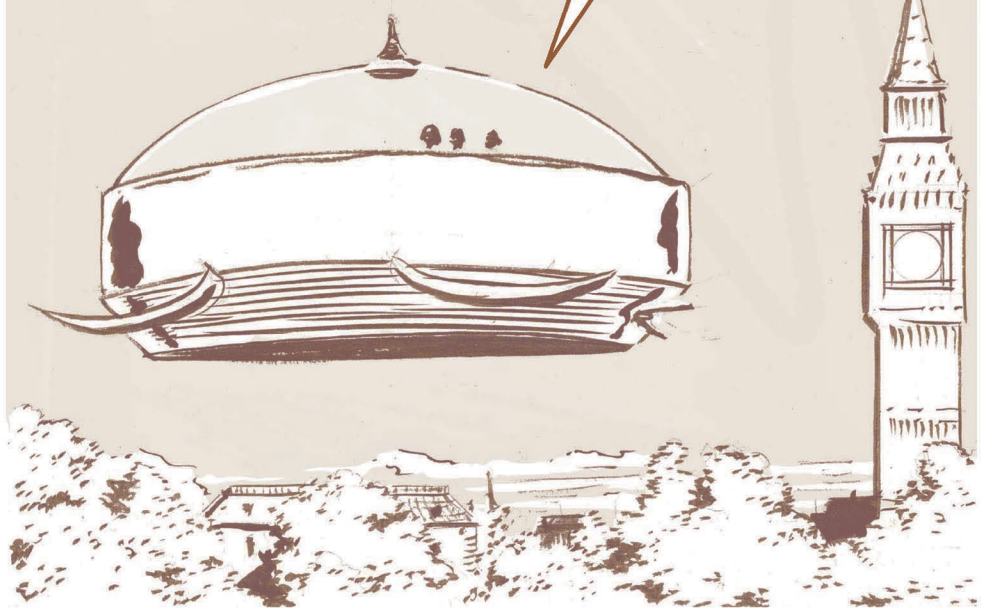
HOW VERY PERCEPTIVE OF YOU, MA'AM.

FOR IT IS RECORDED IN ANCIENT SANSKRIT TEXTS, THE VEDAS, THAT THESE FLYING CHARIOTS WERE PILOTED BY THE GODS!



INDEED, A SIMILAR AERONAUTICAL MACHINE WAS MADE BY VISHWAKARMA FOR BRAHMA AND MENTIONED IN THE RAMAYANA.

IT SHOULD, THEREFORE, COME AS NO SURPRISE FOR YOU TO LEARN THAT I DISCOVERED THIS MACHINE, THIS AERIAL CAR, IN THE LONG-FORGOTTEN CAVE OF BRAHMA.



IN THAT BYGONE AGE SUCH VEHICLES WERE CALLED FLYING THRONES.

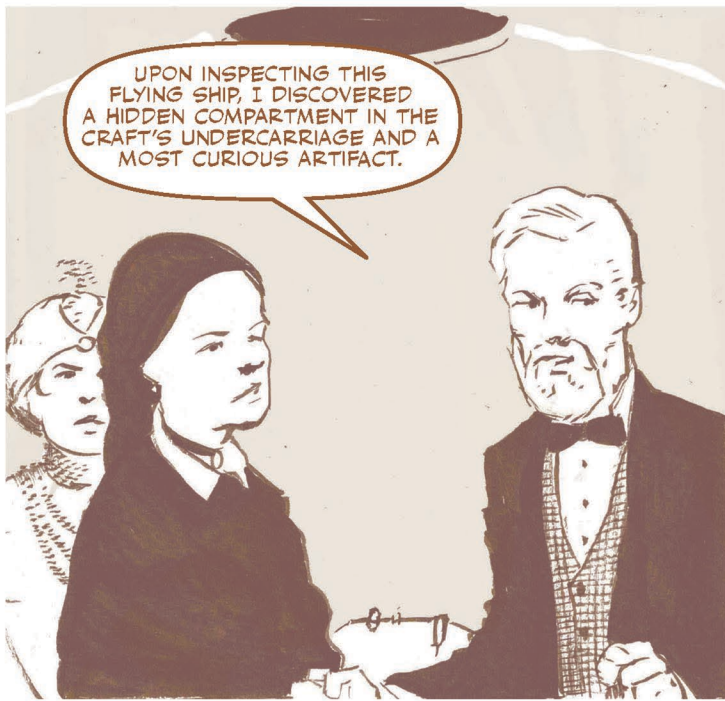
THEREFORE, I CAN THINK OF NO TRANSPORT MORE APT FOR YOU TO OVERSEE YOUR SCEPTRED KINGDOM AND SUBJECTS.



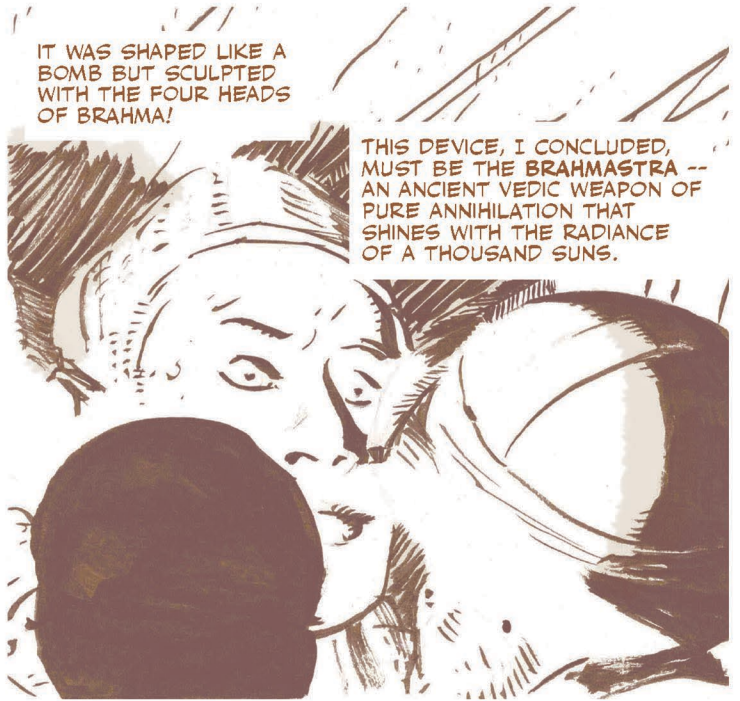
THIS REALLY IS QUITE... EXHILARATING.

QUITE SO, MA'AM. AND PLEASE CONSIDER ITS STRATEGIC ADVANTAGES TO THE EMPIRE...



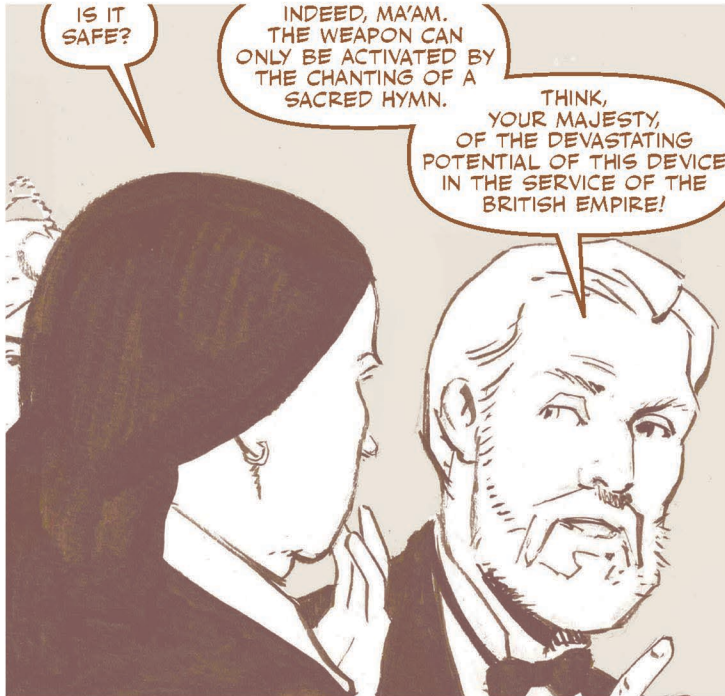


UPON INSPECTING THIS FLYING SHIP, I DISCOVERED A HIDDEN COMPARTMENT IN THE CRAFT'S UNDERCARRIAGE AND A MOST CURIOUS ARTIFACT.



IT WAS SHAPED LIKE A BOMB BUT SCULPTED WITH THE FOUR HEADS OF BRAHMA!

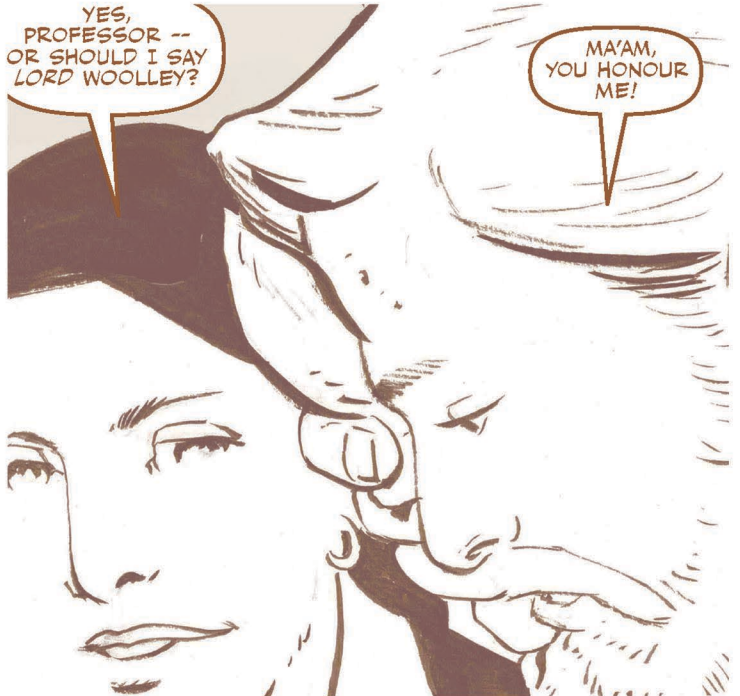
THIS DEVICE, I CONCLUDED, MUST BE THE BRAHMASTRA -- AN ANCIENT VEDIC WEAPON OF PURE ANNIHILATION THAT SHINES WITH THE RADIANCE OF A THOUSAND SUNS.



IS IT SAFE?

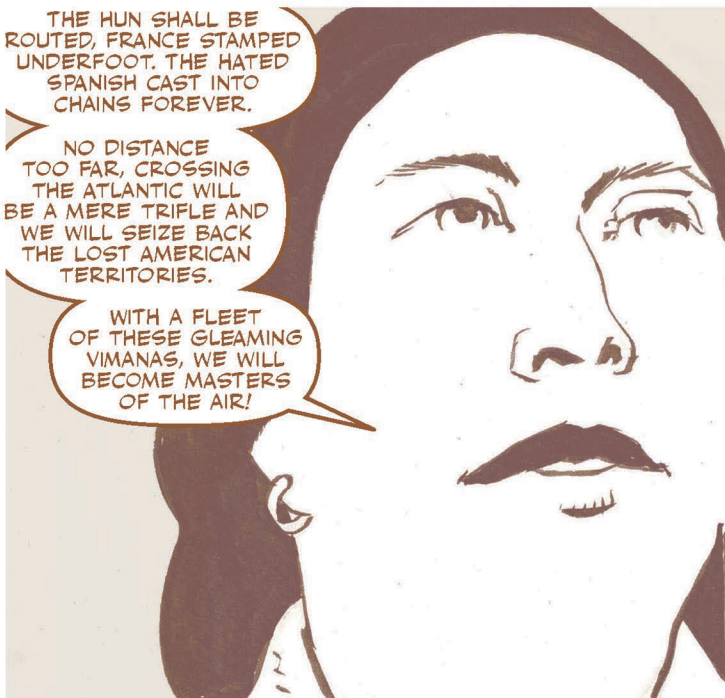
INDEED, MA'AM. THE WEAPON CAN ONLY BE ACTIVATED BY THE CHANTING OF A SACRED HYMN.

THINK, YOUR MAJESTY, OF THE DEVASTATING POTENTIAL OF THIS DEVICE IN THE SERVICE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE!



YES, PROFESSOR -- OR SHOULD I SAY LORD WOOLLEY?

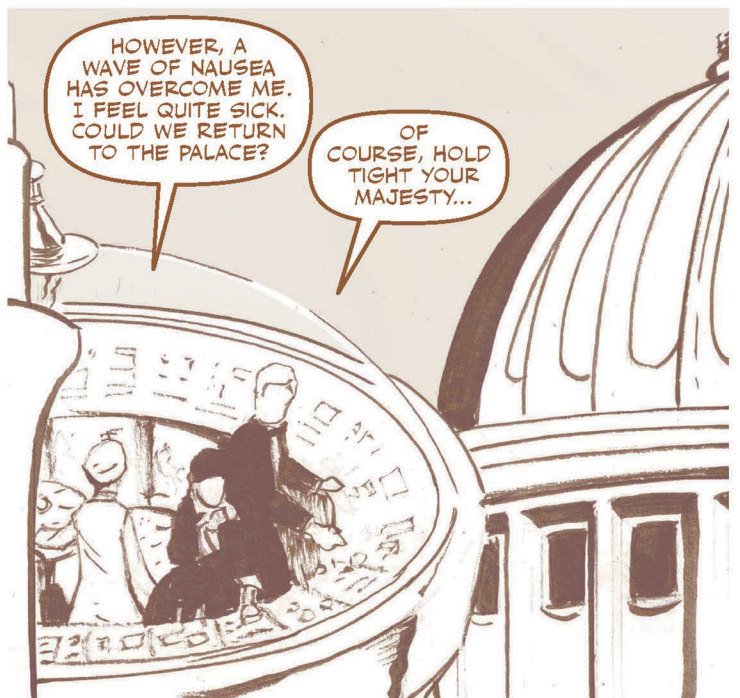
MA'AM, YOU HONOUR ME!



THE HUN SHALL BE ROUTED, FRANCE STAMPED UNDERFOOT. THE HATED SPANISH CAST INTO CHAINS FOREVER.

NO DISTANCE TOO FAR, CROSSING THE ATLANTIC WILL BE A MERE TRIFLE AND WE WILL SEIZE BACK THE LOST AMERICAN TERRITORIES.

WITH A FLEET OF THESE GLEAMING VIMANAS, WE WILL BECOME MASTERS OF THE AIR!



HOWEVER, A WAVE OF NAUSEA HAS OVERCOME ME. I FEEL QUITE SICK. COULD WE RETURN TO THE PALACE?

OF COURSE, HOLD TIGHT YOUR MAJESTY...





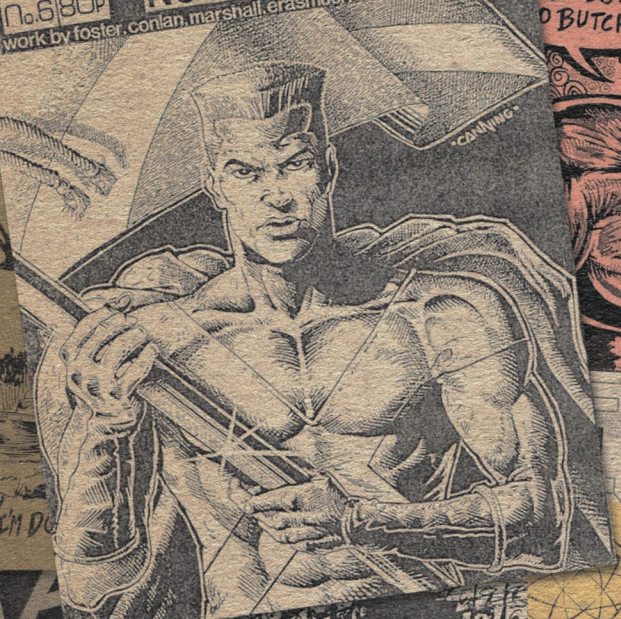
...IT IS THE
CHANT TO IGNITE
BRAHMASTRA.

"GAYATRI IS THE
MOTHER OF THE
VEDAS ...

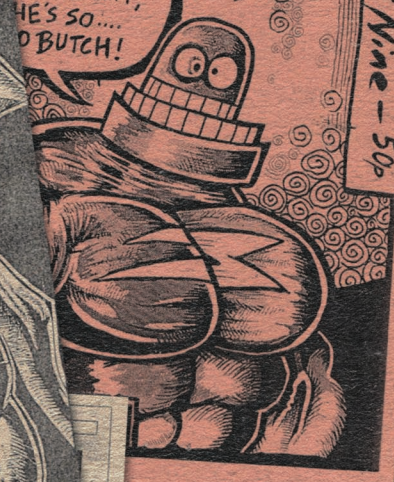
...AND GAYATRI IS
THE DESTROYER
OF THE SINS."

END.

KAMPANT RABBITS!
GANGSTERS!
re-arranged
ATOMIC
No. 6 80p
NOVEMBER 88 ISSUE
work by foster, conlan, marshall, erasmus, johnston & miller



TOMIC
Number Nine - 50p
- BISLEY?
I LOVE HIM,
HE'S SO...
D BUTCH!



50p
ATOMIC
no. 1
Graham Manley interviewed...



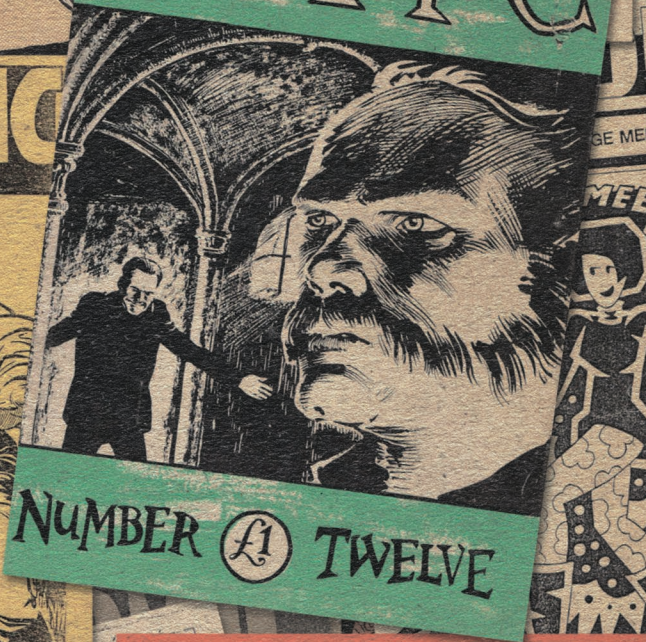
AtoMiC



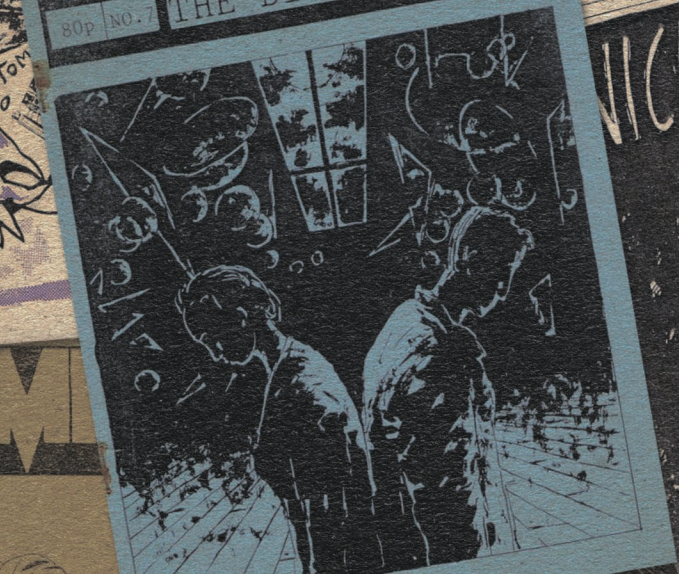
ATOMIC
80p No. 8
OCT NOV
CK HONEY
W WHAT I'M DOING.



NUMBER £1 TWELVE



ATOMIC
80p NO. 7 THE BIG COMEBACK!
ATOM #10



no. 3
& new 'zine service.
VICK WINTER



ATOMIC
NUMBER £1 ELEVEN





LI'RE
OFF!

PROFESSOR
HAVE BEEN
KILLED BY THE
TALES OF
INCREDIBLE
PLOITS.

IN BEHALF
THE EMPIRE
WANT YOU FOR
BRINGING THESE
MAGIC RELICS TO
SURE THEIR
KEEPING.