

CHIP ZDARSKY KAGAN McLEOD

KAPTARA™


VOLUME ONE • FEAR NOT, TINY ALIEN



“Epic, exciting.” — *Entertainment Weekly*



CHAPTER ONE



"You need to ...
(ninety-seven) ... get
your ... pump on."



I'm frankly (ninety-eight) ... shocked they let you on this (nnf ninety-nine) mission, the ... shape you're in.

People love me for my mind, not my body. Never my body.



A hundred!

Sweet counting, bro.

Your body ...



...and your mind are one, you idiot!

Shh! I'm exercising my mind. My mind is super-ripped.



Everything's a joke to you! I guess it's easy to coast when your rich *auntie* is pulling the strings!

Seriously?? Is there, like, some sort of aggro version of Space Madness I'm not aware of?

DOCTOR! COME QUICK! CASEY'S GOT SPACE AGGRESSION! WE'RE ALL IN DANGER 'CAUSE OF HIS MINDMUSCLES!



Fuck you, troll! You're a disgrace to this mission!

I'm a highly sought-after goddamn bio-engineer!

Now give me back Super Ghost Brothers, you neckless freak, or I'll—



If you don't leave Keith alone...



...every time you say a number out loud I will stab you in the leg, Hippocratic Oath be damned.

Ha! DOCTOR'S ORDERS, DICKWAD.



And if you keep baiting him..

...I'll send you to your room on the other side of the airlock.

Wow, unnecessary, Laurette. And frankly, a little victim-blame-y if you ask—

BIDDLEBEEP



Can everyone please meet me on the bridge? There's a bit of a situation.



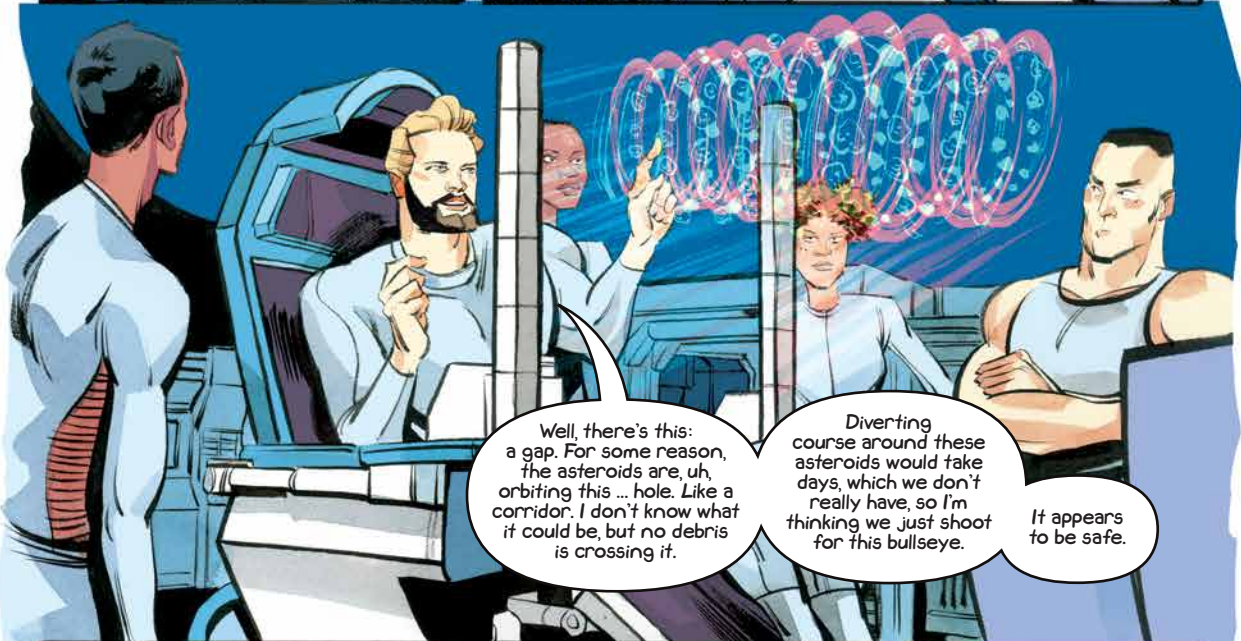
We have an asteroid problem.



Oh, god, we're going to die.

No, we're not. But for some reason, the Amor asteroids, which are supposed to be orbiting in a predictable pattern, aren't. They're erratic and, frankly, in our way. For the most part.

What does that mean, Lance?



Well, there's this: a gap. For some reason, the asteroids are, uh, orbiting this ... hole. Like a corridor. I don't know what it could be, but no debris is crossing it.

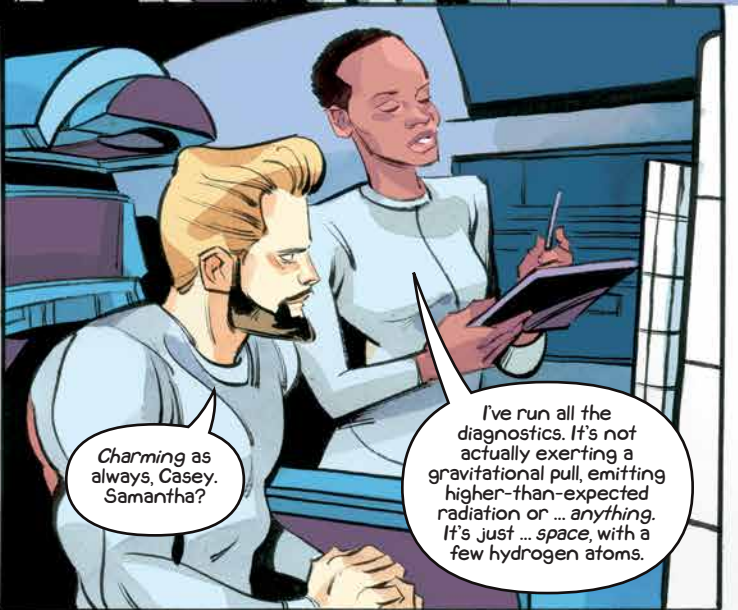
Diverting course around these asteroids would take days, which we don't really have, so I'm thinking we just shoot for this bullseye.

It appears to be safe.



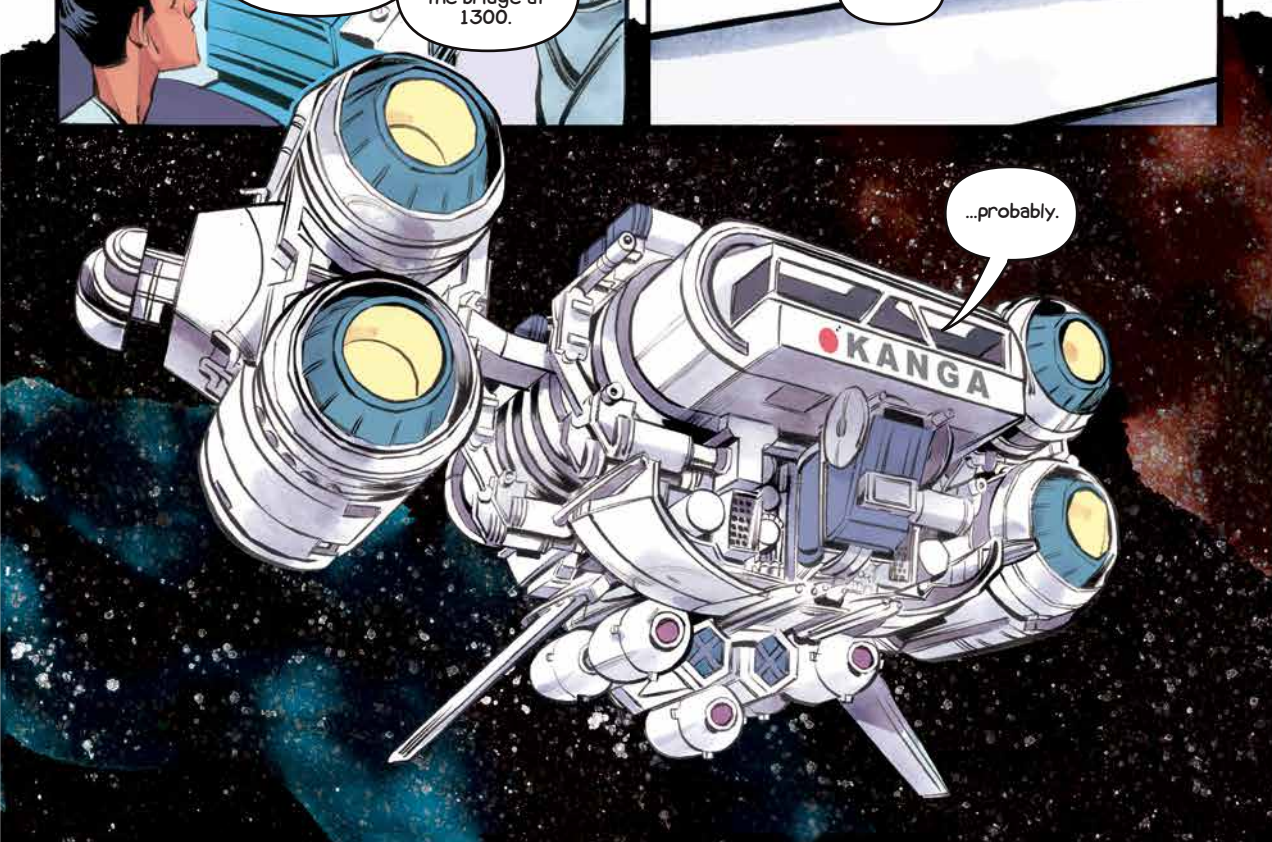
"Appears???"

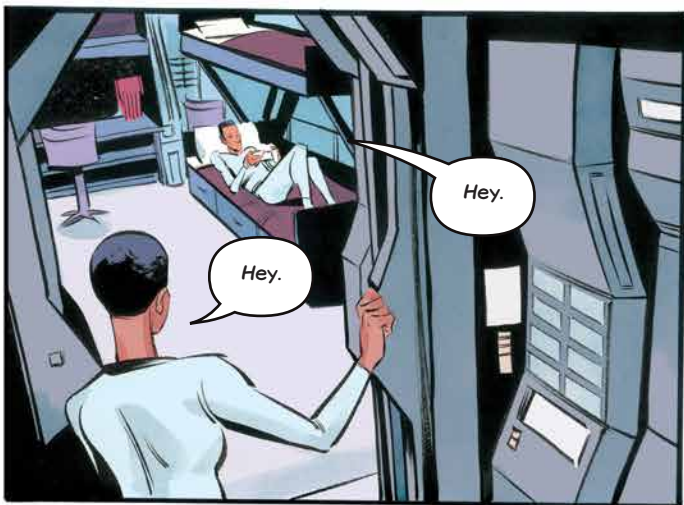
Pardon me, pilot, but I don't think you're qualified to make that claim!

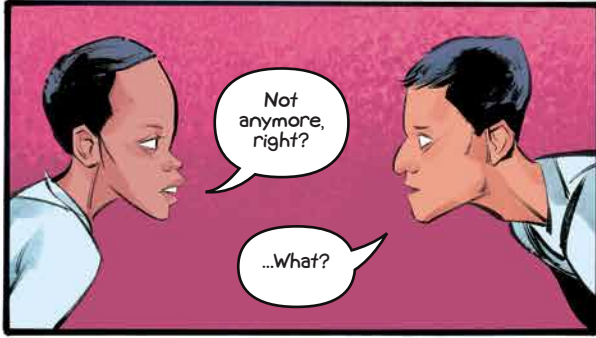
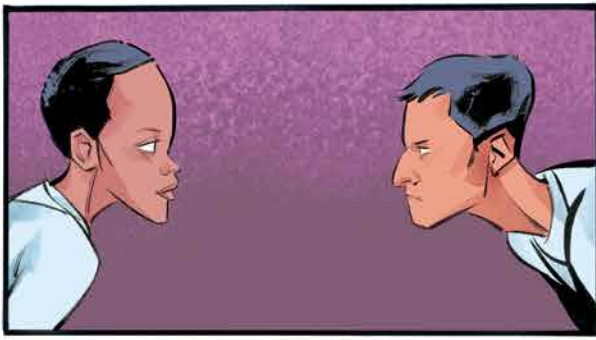


Charming as always, Casey. Samantha?

I've run all the diagnostics. It's not actually exerting a gravitational pull, emitting higher-than-expected radiation or ... anything. It's just ... space, with a few hydrogen atoms.









Fine! I get it!
We're in danger!
What's th—

Everyone
get down to
the bridge,
obviously!



I can—can
move the
ship a bit, but
not much!
Fuck!

Left
booster is
just—it's
gone!



What the
hell have you
done, you
fucking
moron??

Shut up and
strap in!



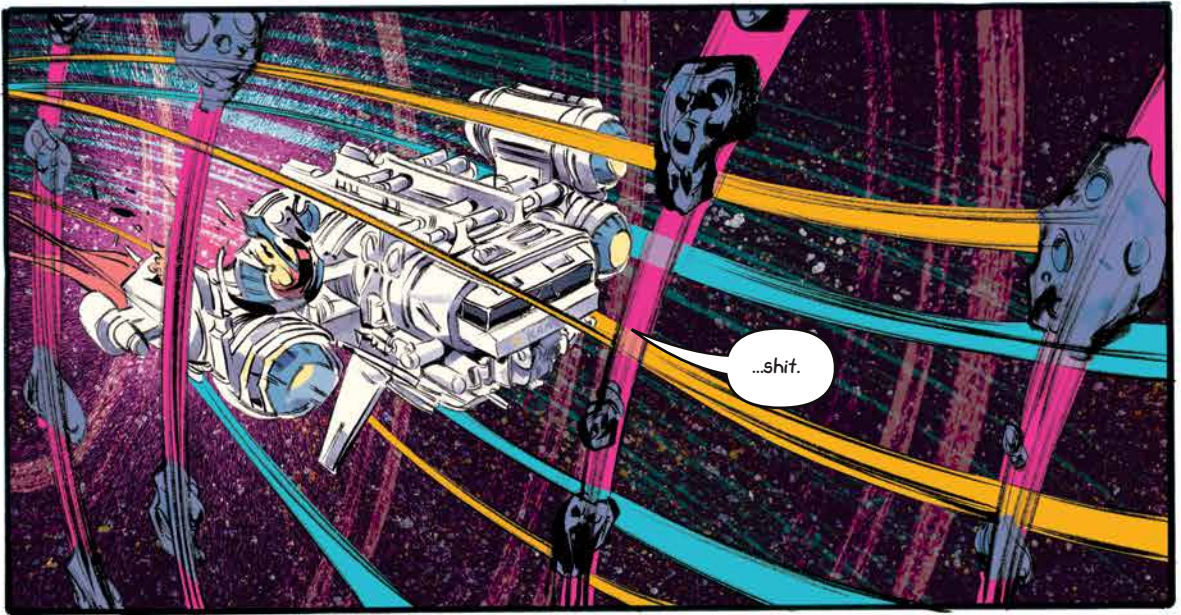
Unbelievable!
I told you!
I told you it'd
be—

SHUT!!!



UP!!!

Holy...



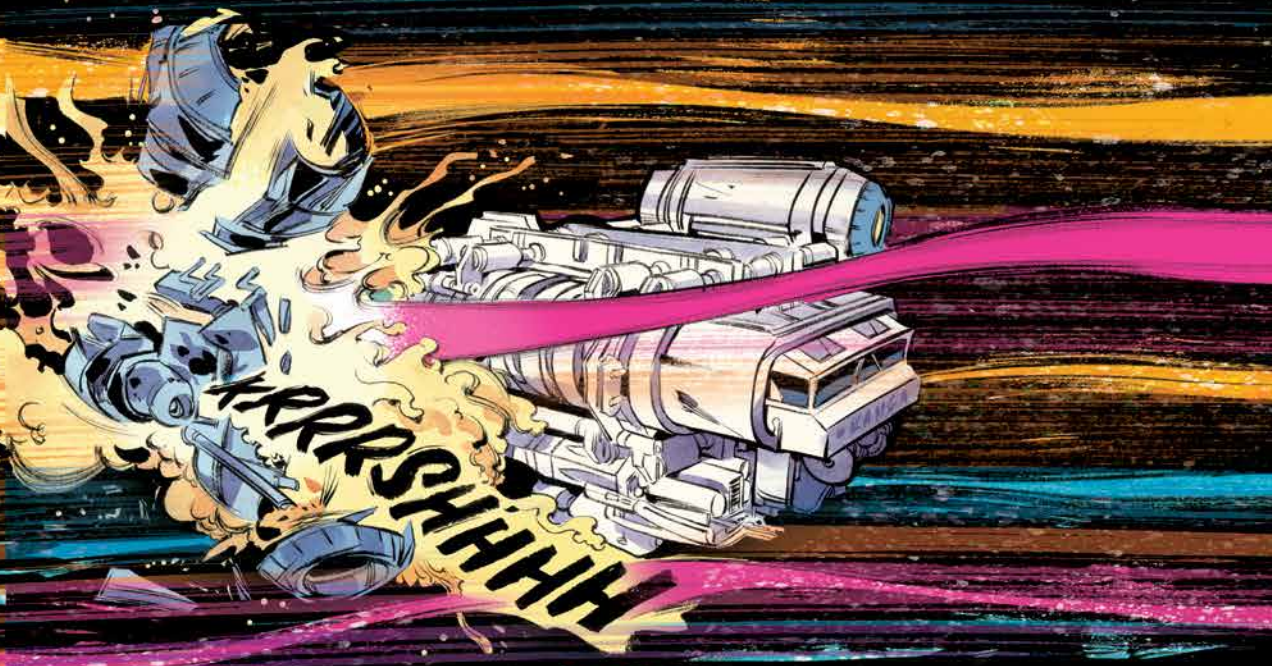
...shit.



We were still two hours from entering the anomaly when it just—just grabbed us and started pulling us in at 40,000 clicks!

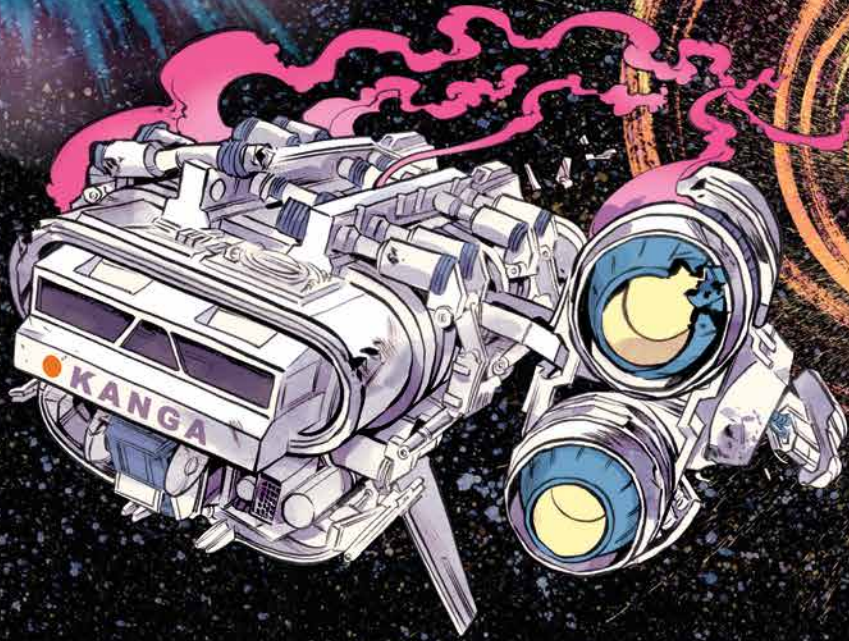
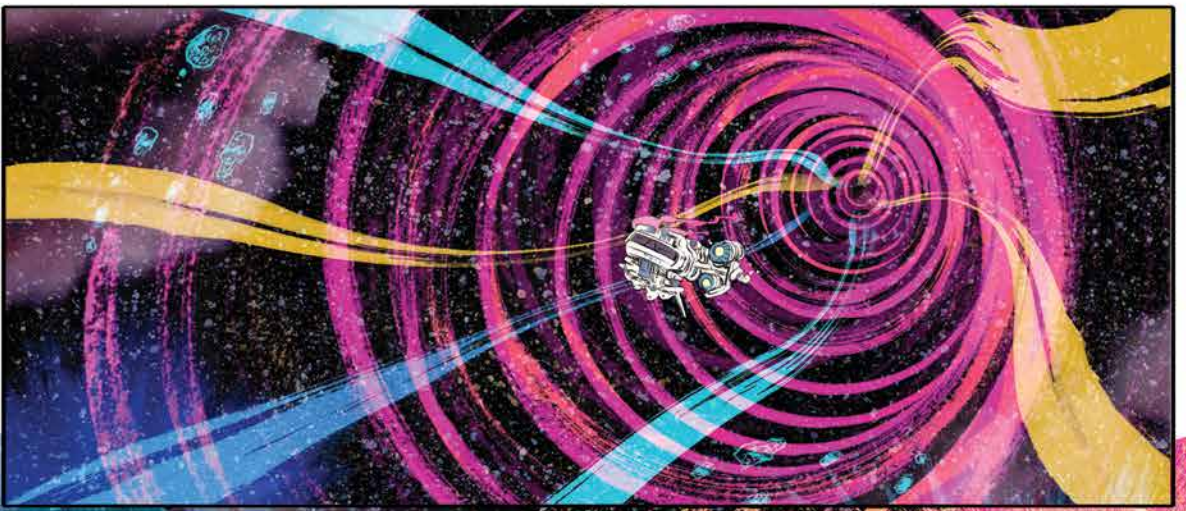
We're being barraged with—I guess asteroids—but there's nothing on our scopes!

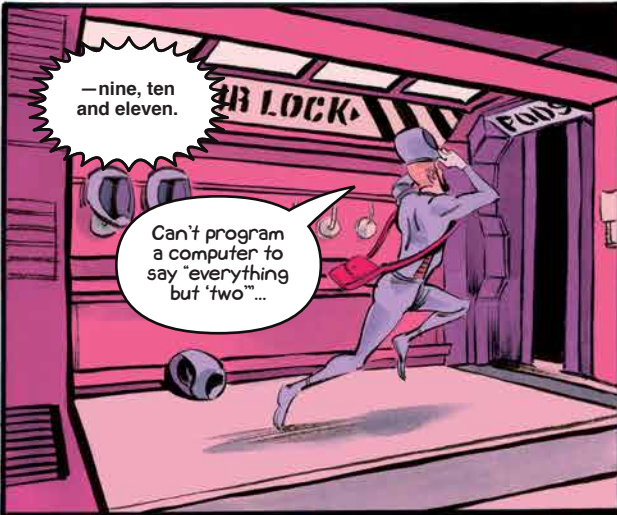
I can ...kind of make them out! They're travelling in the same direction as us and I think I can nudge the ship enough to—













No.



— Three minutes of oxygen used.

Why ... why wouldn't it just tell me how much I have left—



This is Lance! Can everybody hear me?

Lance! Thank god!



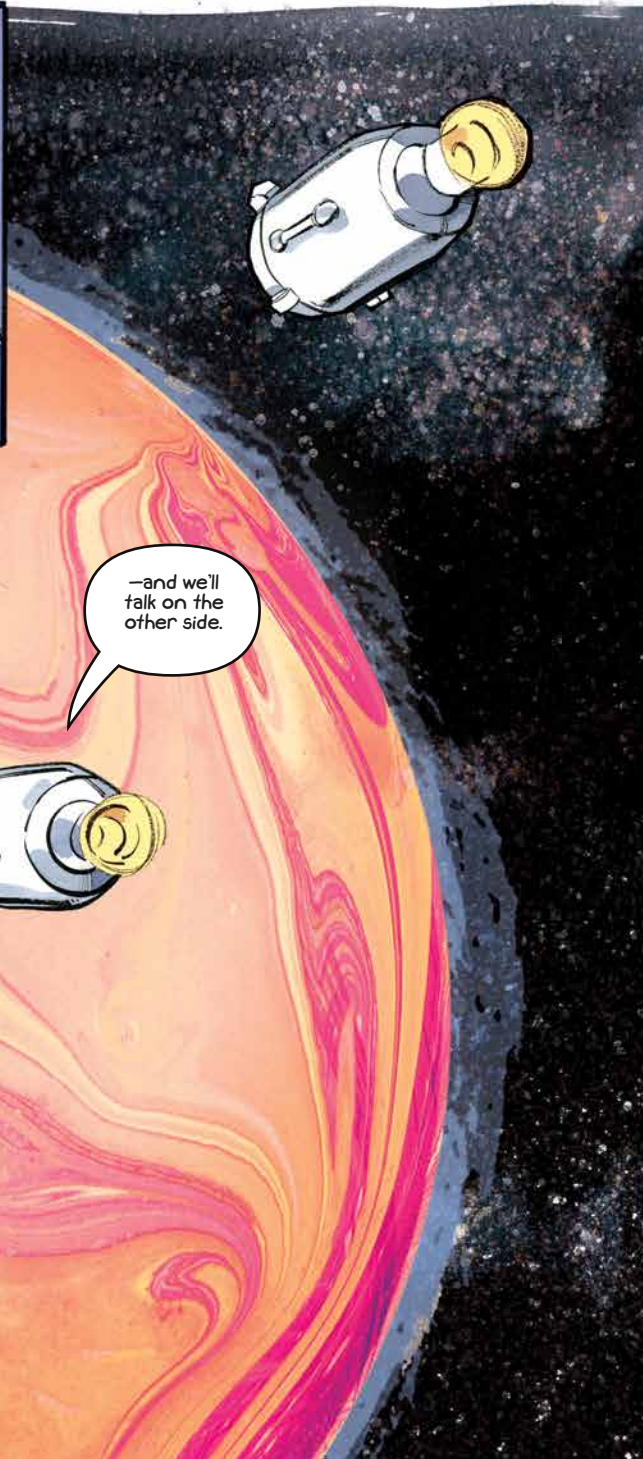
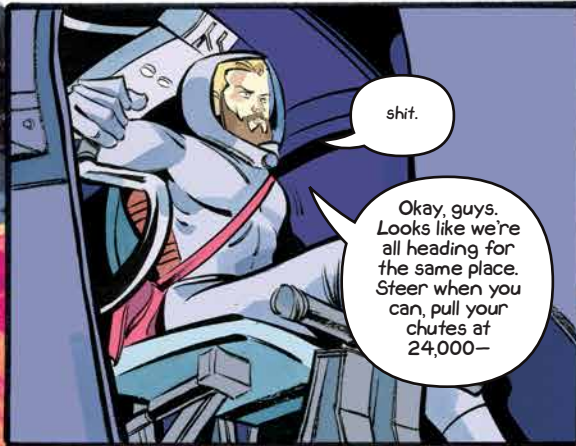
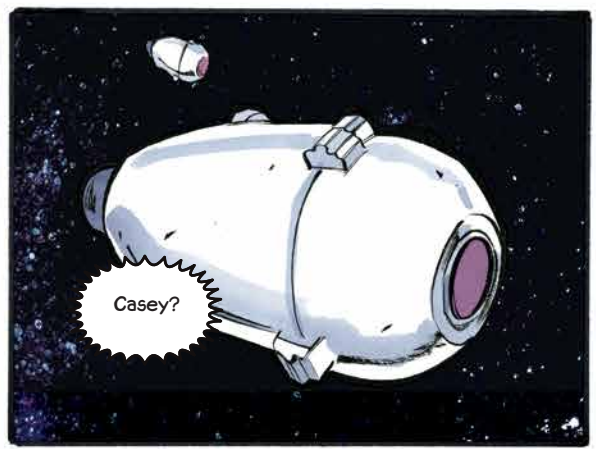
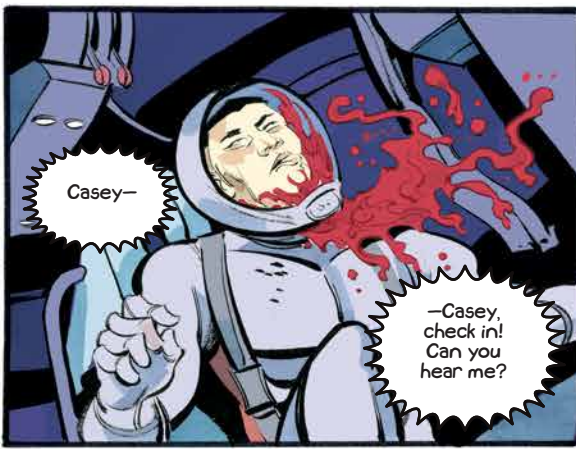
Casey! Keith! Samantha! Can you hear this?

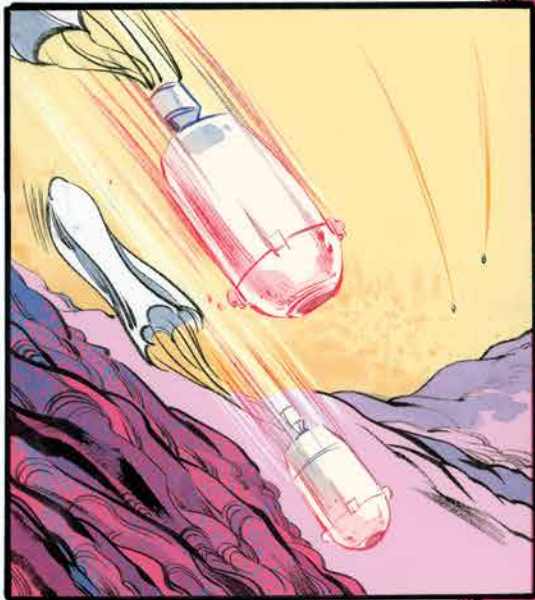
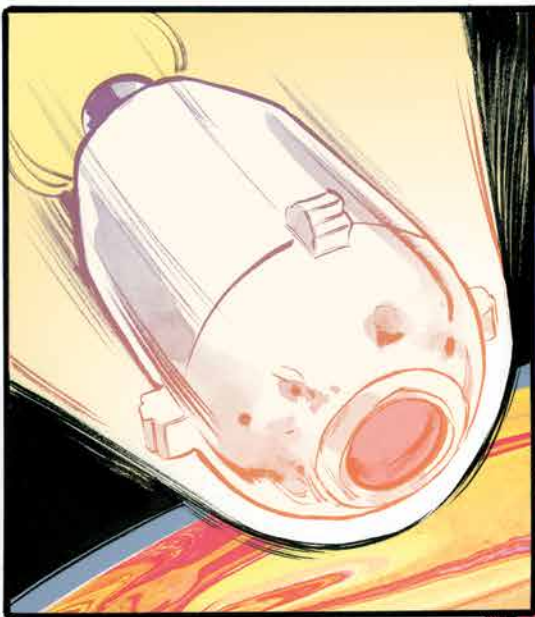


I'm here! I'm okay!



AHH THIS IS TERRIFYING WERE GONNA DIE THIS IS KEITH SCREAMING AHHH—









Huh.



Holy shit! Lance! Lance!



Keith!

Lance! You're alive! We're alive!

...Where's your helmet?



Oh god! *H-how* am I alive? What if ... what if I'm breathing poisonous Martian pollen right now that'll re-wire my brain until I murder—



—wait, this isn't Mars.

Nope.

This isn't anything close to Mars.

Nope.



What the hell??
Are we dead?
Were we dead all
along?



Is this Avatar
heaven?? What
are we going to
do??

FIK
FIK



We
survive.

And find the
others.



What am I
supposed to do
with this? I can't
stab anything! I'm
a vegetarian!

No you're
not.

Well, not
when other
people murder
the animals,
true, but...

FIK
FIK



Why do we
even need
these? If we run
into any, uh,
aliens, shouldn't
we be seen as,
yknow, non-
threatening?

Because
of that.



Okay, I guess
that makes sense.
You could probably
take it with just
your action-hero
muscles, though.

You look
great, by the way.
Crash-landed
rough-and-tumble
is a good look
for you.

No, not
that...



Ah.

Maybe ... it's a really tiny creature with giant feet?

...Super adorable?



So, uh, what's the plan?

Vegetation means water, I'm assuming, so we should look for that first.



You ... seem remarkably calm considering we're lost on an alien world.

I'm kind of paid to be calm in bad situations.

You're totally Clooney in Gravity.



Never saw it.

Can you—do you believe this? We can't still be in our solar system, can we?

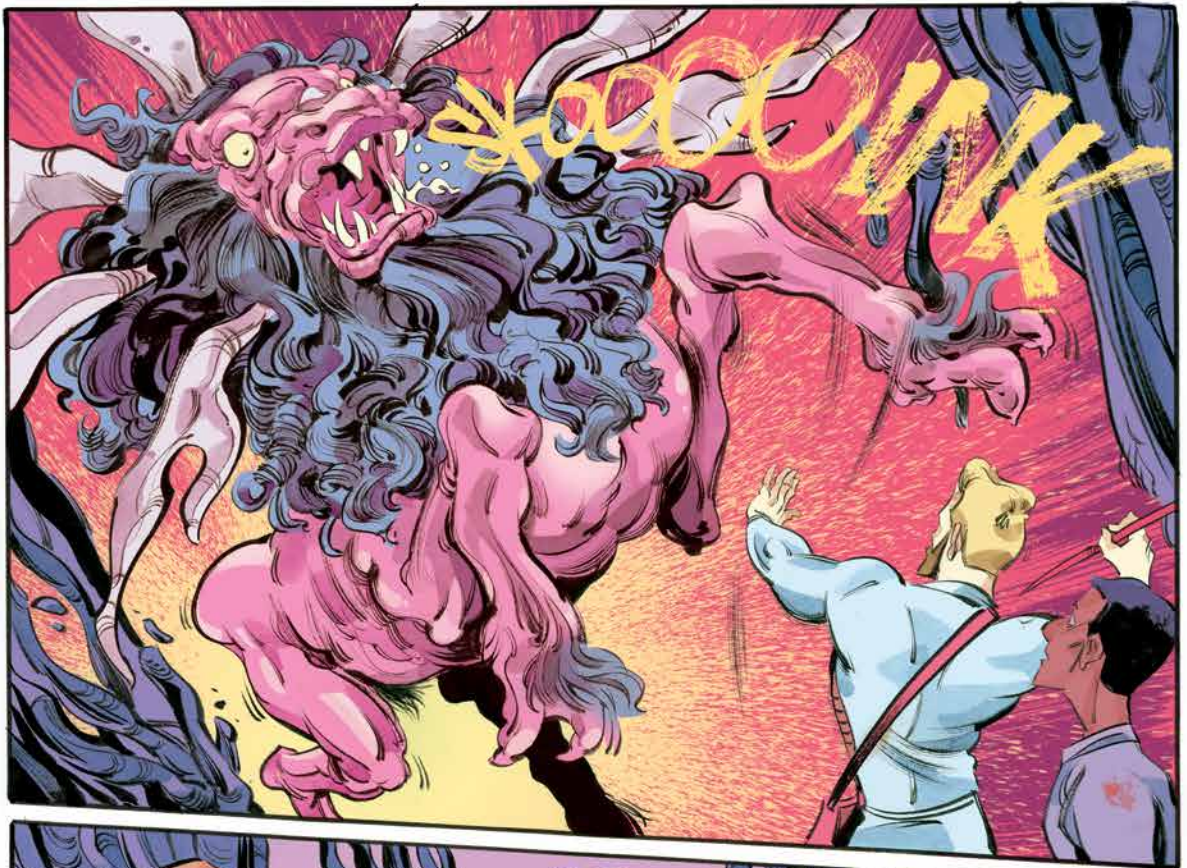
I mean, were there secret planets they didn't teach us about in, uh, Space class?



Fuck, I can't believe I'm saying this, but I wish Casey were here. He's the space guy.

—Did you hear that?

Well, you're the planet guy. I'd prefer to be stuck with an environmental scientist right about now than—





Head for the dense forest! The trees should slow it down!



Oh god oh god oh god

We're good!



Just keep running! Keep running!



Dont look back! We'll-



-Shirt.



Dead end.

Literally!
I can't die!
I've never even
kissed a girl!!
I don't want to,
but still!



Okay.
"Flight"
didn't work,
so all we
have left is
"fight."



HIFFPHH
HIFFPHH
HIFFPHH

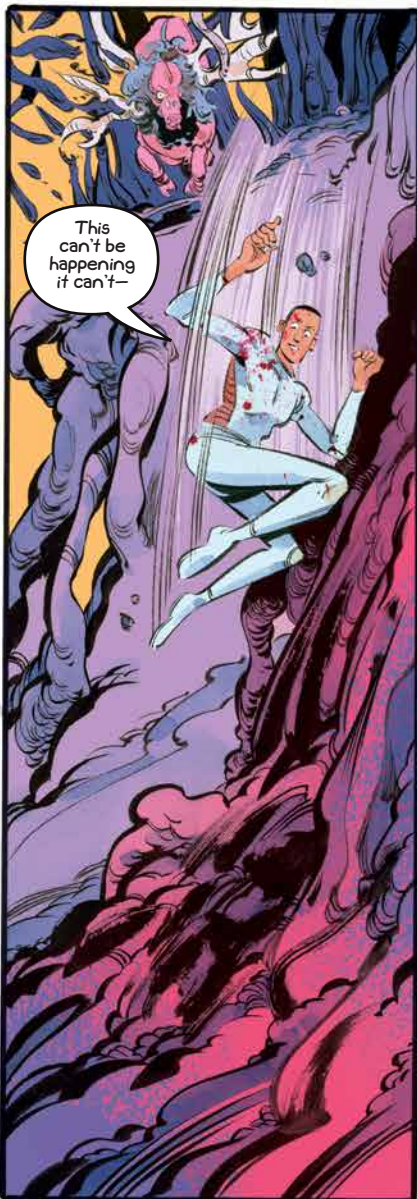


RAAAAA!!!

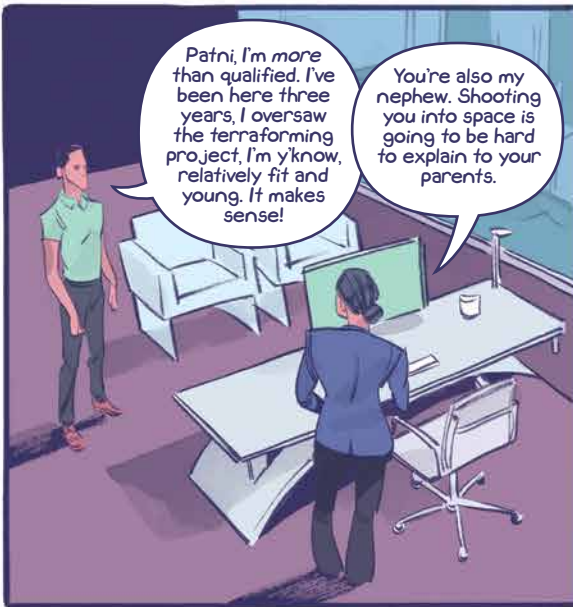


RAAAAA!!









Patni, I'm more than qualified. I've been here three years, I oversaw the terraforming project, I'm y'know, relatively fit and young. It makes sense!

You're also my nephew. Shooting you into space is going to be hard to explain to your parents.



Fuck them! They haven't talked to me in a year!

So, what? I'm supposed to miss out on a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity because you and I are related?



You'd be getting this opportunity because we're related.

I'm the right person for this trip. You know this.

You've never once shown an interest in the missions.



Why now? Are you trying to prove something to your parents? Because if so, I—

—No! That's not ...



I don't have anything here anymore.

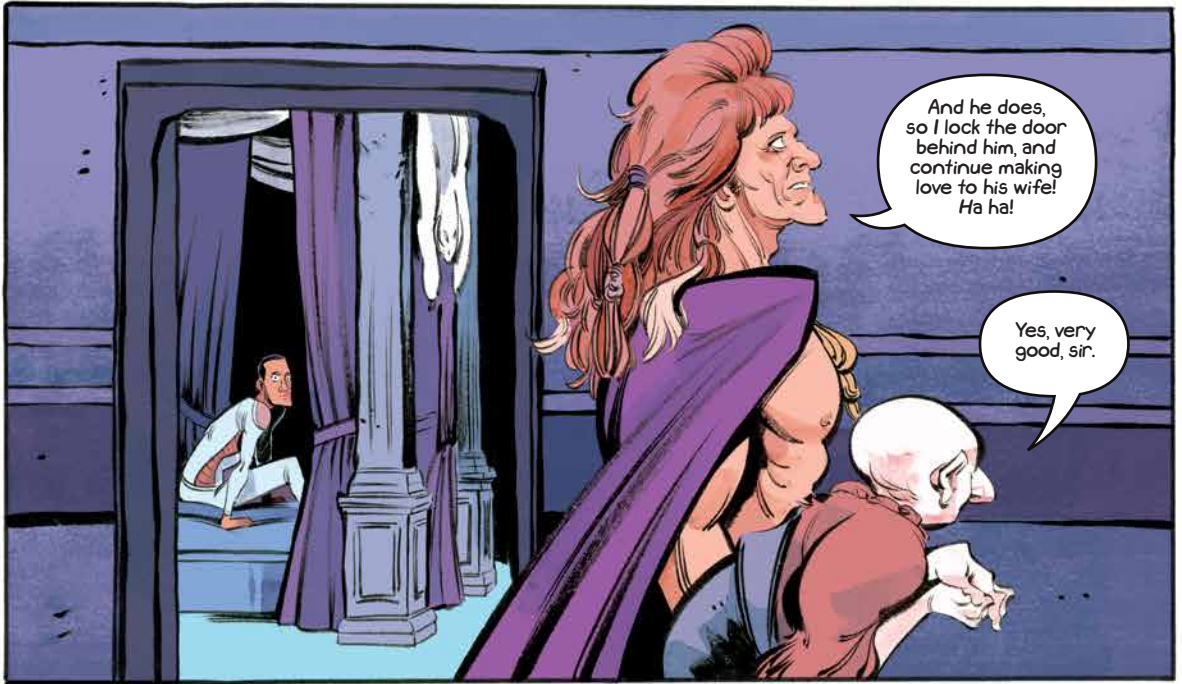


... don't have ...



Uh.

—so I say, "Maybe you'd care to step outside, Slimevor."



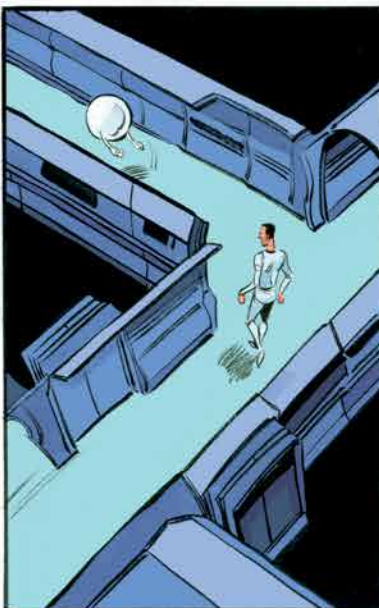
And he does, so I lock the door behind him, and continue making love to his wife! Ha ha!

Yes, very good, sir.



We made much love that eve!
Ha ha! Much love!







Hello, stranger. My name is Jinli, I am queen of the region.

I'm, uh, Keith. Prince of the dance floor.

I'm sure you have questions. Please, have a seat. Your injuries have been healed, but you may still be light of head.

I ... okay. I guess "where am I" is a good start? And ... uh ... how am I understanding you? Did you guys get Reading Rainbow beamed here, or...?

You're in Endom, the fourth kingdom of Kaptara. The pollen from our linguaflora rewrites the language centres of your brain, enabling us to speak a common tongue.



Alien pollen! I knew it!

I—hey! That guy saved my life!



Yes, my Chief Armorer and Head of Security, Manton, found you many miles from here.

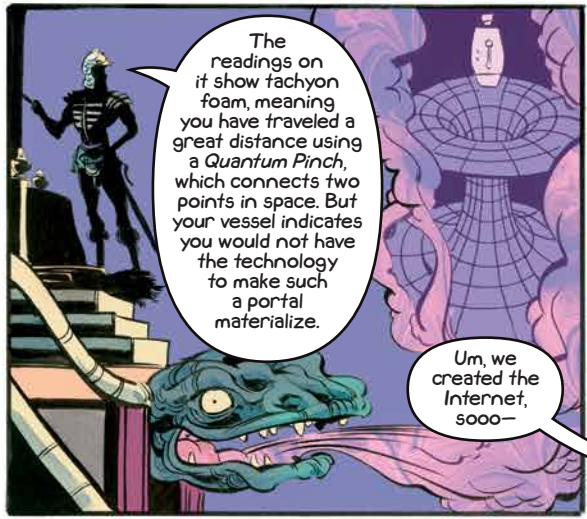
Greetings.



It seemed ... strange that anyone would wander the Murder Forest—

"Murder Forest." Huh. Signs would have been nice.

—so, after I slayed the Fuscibeast, I sought out your strange vessel.



The readings on it show tachyon foam, meaning you have traveled a great distance using a Quantum Pinch, which connects two points in space. But your vessel indicates you would not have the technology to make such a portal materialize.

Um, we created the Internet, sooo—

-I am certain your nets are well-constructed, but my point is...

... we have traced the source of the Quantum Pinch. It is as I feared...



SKULLTHOR

Mammolithic Tuskuloid (extinct)

AGE: Unknown

RULER: The Dark Boroughs, The Nether Swamps, Shawinigan's Point

STATUS: Evil. Single?

Matted wool covers something. A hand? A knifehand? A more sinister appendage?

We tracked an armada belonging to this man, the leader of the Dark Boroughs, breaking air and space treaties to escape the atmosphere. His name is Skullthor and I am afraid he has...



...traveled to your planet to rule it.

Hm, yes, of course. That's obviously what happened here in real life.



But fear not, tiny alien! For I am Dartor, Prince of Endom!

I've bested that sack of shit Skullthor before and shall do so again! Ha ha!



My son is correct. We will aid you and your planet. Skullthor is our burden.

I will bash in his face and save all the planets!

So do not worry, Keith, Prince of the Dance Floor, we will get you home. This I swear.

That's ... wow. You're crazy generous and ... muscly, but ...





...why on earth would I want to go back?

What's an 'earth'?

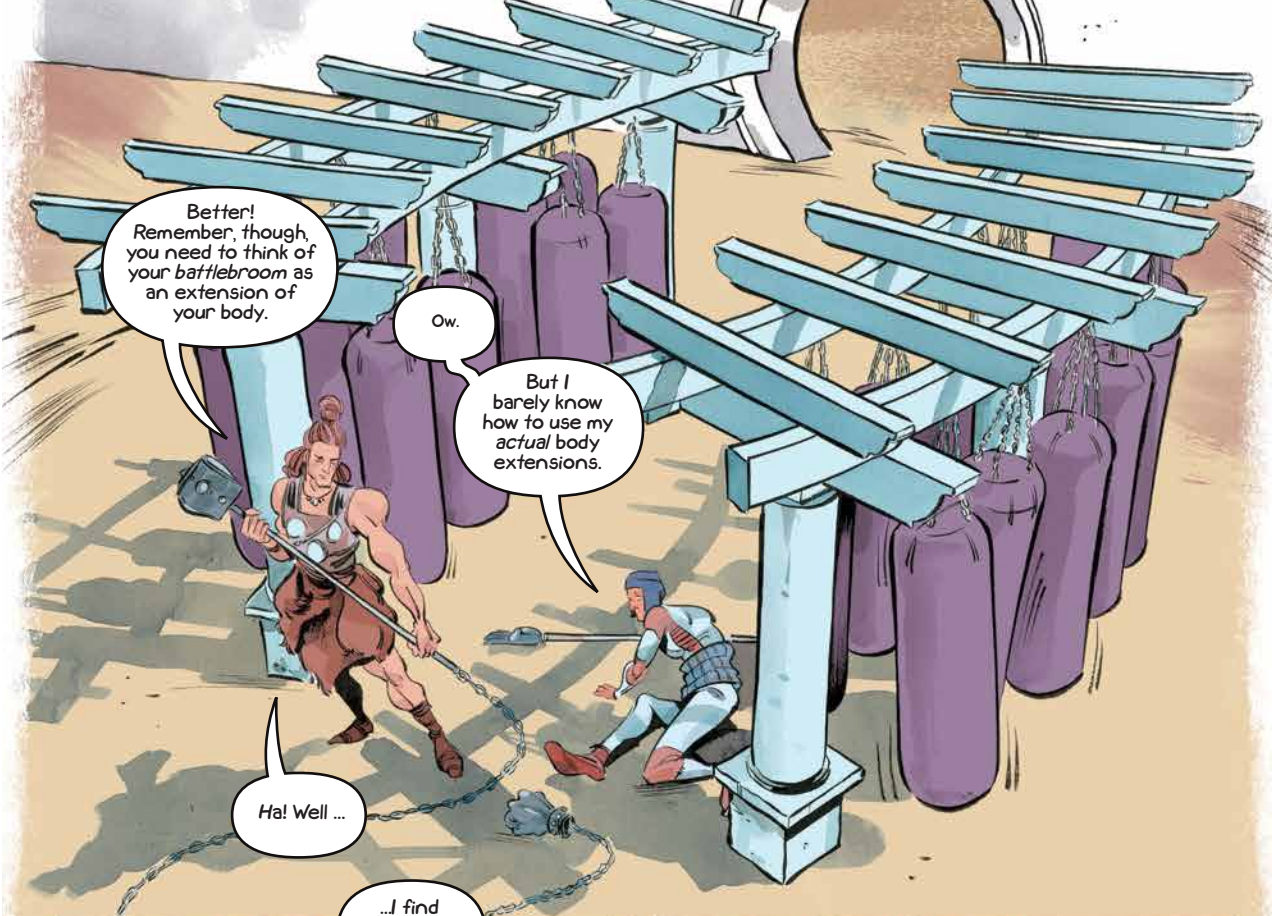




AGH! Son
of a—

RRR

RRR



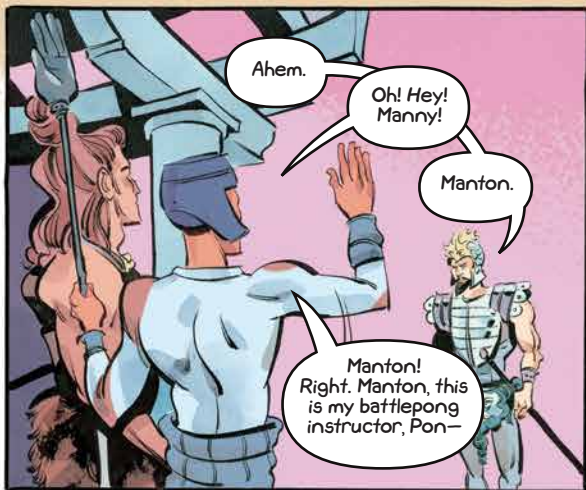
Better! Remember, though, you need to think of your *battlebroom* as an extension of your body.

Ow.

But I barely know how to use my *actual* body extensions.

Ha! Well ...

...I find that hard to believe.



Ahem.

Oh! Hey! Manny!

Manton.

Manton! Right. Manton, this is my battlepong instructor, Pon-



Pongord. 28 years old. Resides in Windfire Heights.

One prior for theft under a thousand from a senior citizen. Who he was "instructing."

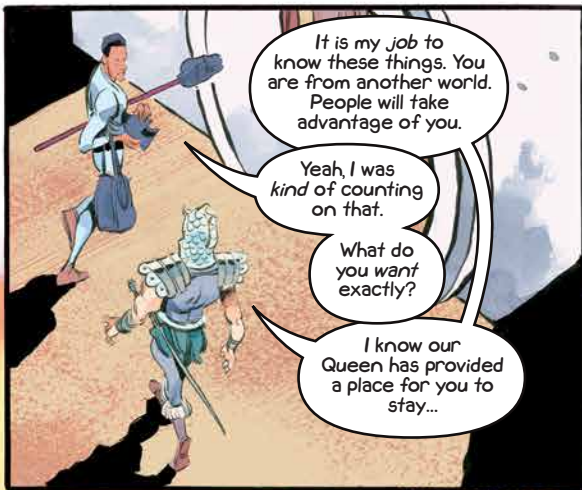


I ... uh ... I'll see you next week, Keith. Just work ... work on your sidehand ...



What the **FUCK**, man? Why do you even know that shit? You're like a cockblock officer! A ... a cockblofficer! A ...

... gimme a minute, I got a better one ...



It is my job to know these things. You are from another world. People will take advantage of you.

Yeah, I was kind of counting on that.

What do you want exactly?

I know our Queen has provided a place for you to stay...



...and you are settling in to this "new life"...

I'm not gonna lie, it's preeetty fantastic.

...but we are heading out this afternoon to locate your comrades and find a way to your home planet. I still think it would be far easier navigating our arrival with you—

—Look, I don't want to go back! End of story! Beginning of new story: me, making out with battlepong instructors!



But Skullthor could be ravaging your world! Do you not even care?



WE can stop him!

I'm certain there is someone on your planet you care about!

You'd be wrong.





I want ANSWERS!



Where is he, Vilektra? Where's Skullthor? It's been weeks!



-YOU'RE in charge of monitoring this mission! YOU'RE the one who will pay if it fails! YOU'RE-







Grah!

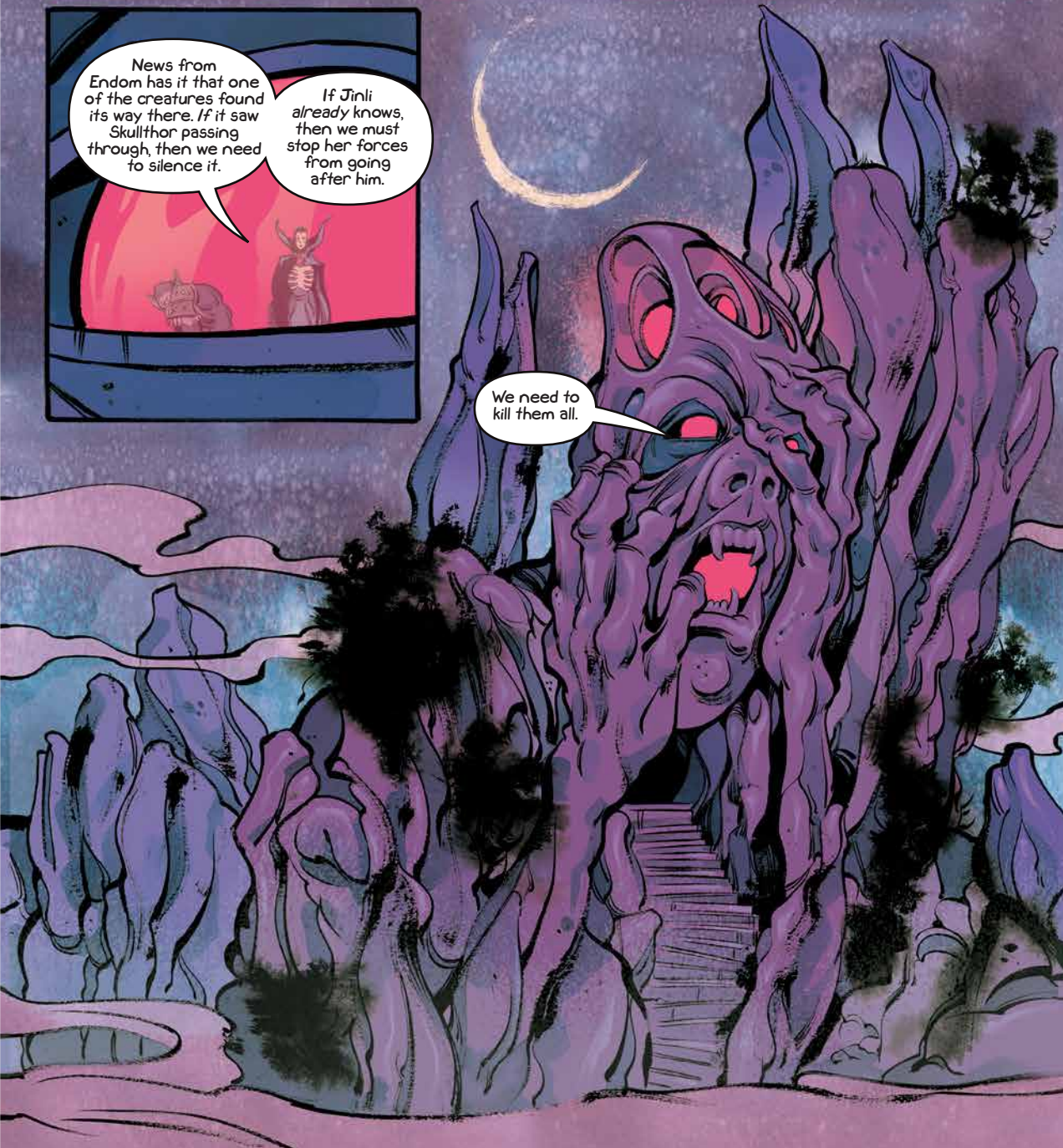


While our legion passed through the rift, others journeyed from the other side to here.



News from Endom has it that one of the creatures found its way there. If it saw Skullthor passing through, then we need to silence it.

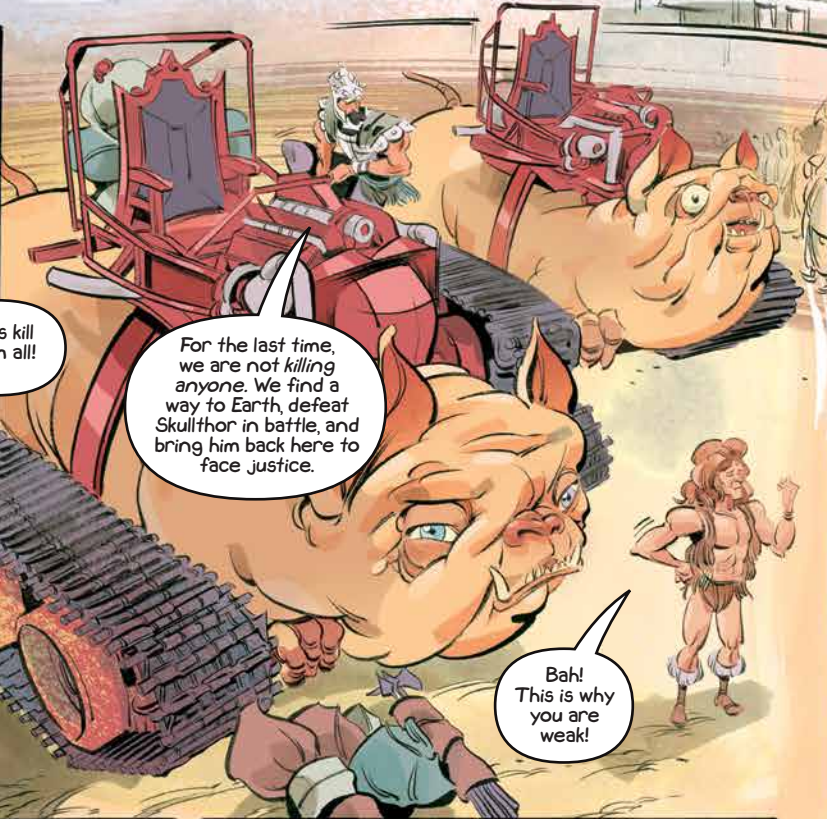
If Jinli already knows, then we must stop her forces from going after him.



We need to kill them all.



Let's kill them all!



For the last time, we are not killing anyone. We find a way to Earth, defeat Skullthor in battle, and bring him back here to face justice.

Bah! This is why you are weak!

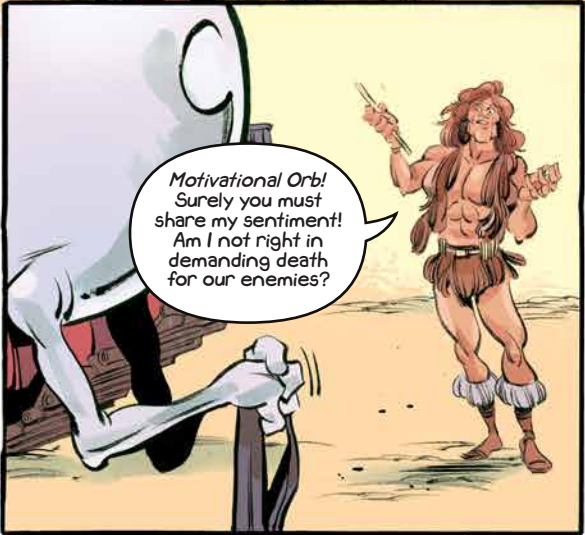


Failing to Prepare is Preparing to Fail!



The only justice is blown justice! With my trademark darts silencing villainous assholes forever! Ha ha!

Sure.



Motivational Orb! Surely you must share my sentiment! Am I not right in demanding death for our enemies?



Be the Best You Can Be



Ha ha! The best me is me NOW which is the best of all! Stupid orb!



My queen!
All is ready for
our journey.

Excellent.
I would like a word
with you before
you leave, my
friend.



If you are concerned for
your safety, I have every
confidence in Cyklowl's
ability to protect you. You
will always be in his sight.
Always.



I ... yes,
I am aware
of Cyklowl's ...
singular
focus ...



...but I'm more
concerned with your
safety. We've heard
nothing from Skullthor
for years, and now,
such a bold move.

I... fear there's
more at plan than
we know.

My queen...



...Skullthor fails.
It is what he does.
I—you and I—win.
Nothing about that
will change.



Oh, Manton. You
always know how to
make me feel safe
and—

MOMMY!



Have you come to wish us luck on our journey, Mommy? You may save your luck wishes for our enemies and wish them luck in becoming ghosts when they feel the sting of my—

—Good luck, my son.



Let us ride, friends!

Manton...



...he's as bright as a black hole, but he's my only son.

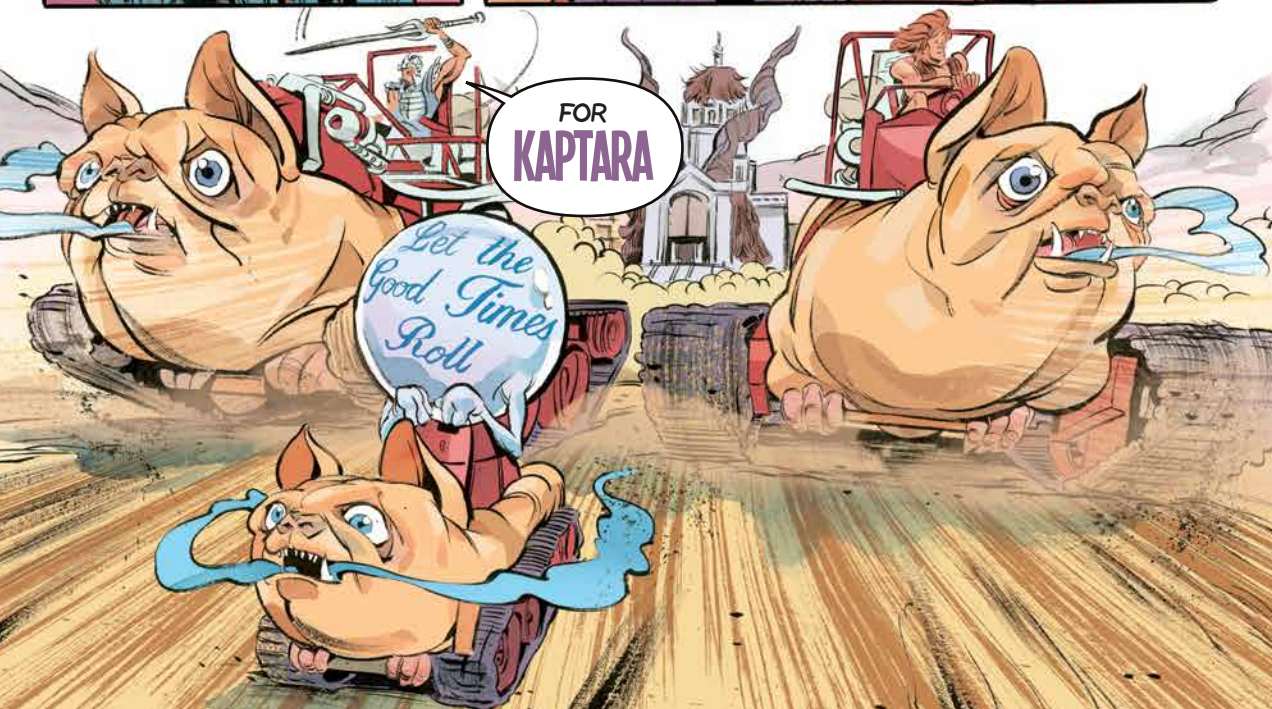
If I lose him I will find another son for you, I swear.



Dartor! Orb! Let us ride!

For our Queen!

For Endom!



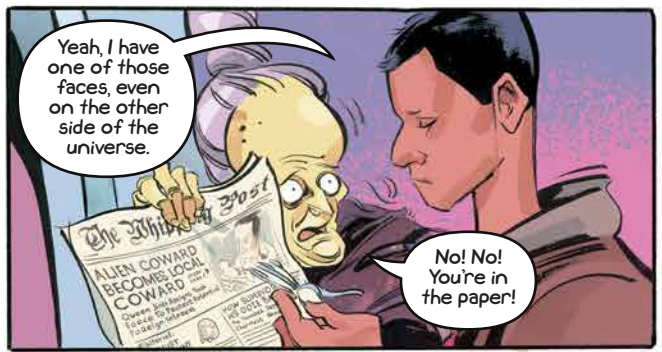
FOR KAPTARA

Let the Good Times Roll



—alllll this science...I don't understaaaand... It's just my jobbbb five days a weeeek... A rocket—

Hey! I know you!



Yeah, I have one of those faces, even on the other side of the universe.

No! No! You're in the paper!



See? See??

The Whipping Post

ALIEN COWARD BECOMES LOCAL COWARD STORY PAGE 2

Queen Jinli Assigns Task Force To Protect Potential Foreign Interest

Editorial: WE MUST NOT COUNT THE DAYS. WE MUST MAKE THE DAYS COUNT
By Motivational Orb

HOW SLIMEVOR GOT HIS OOZE BACK
The Tarnished Reputation of a Charmless Abomination



Autograph! Give me your autograph!

Jeez, all right, do you have a pen or—



POINK

Autograph!

AHHHH WHAT THE FUCK



Autograph!

AHHH MANTON IF YOU'RE SECRETLY WATCHING HELLLL



(huff, puff) Manton?... (gasp)

Autograph!



WELCOME HOME, KREEP. HOW CAN MR. HELP ASSIST YOU?

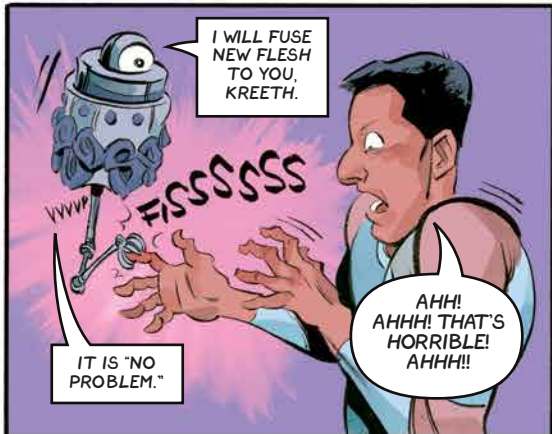
Keith! For the last time, it's Keith!

WOULD KREEETH ENJOY A TALL, REFRESHING GLASS OF GLOP?



No! Just... just let me sit and be quiet for a while, okay?

YOU HAVE BEEN INJURED LET ME HEAL YOU KREEEF.



I WILL FUSE NEW FLESH TO YOU, KREEETH.

FISSSSSS

IT IS "NO PROBLEM."

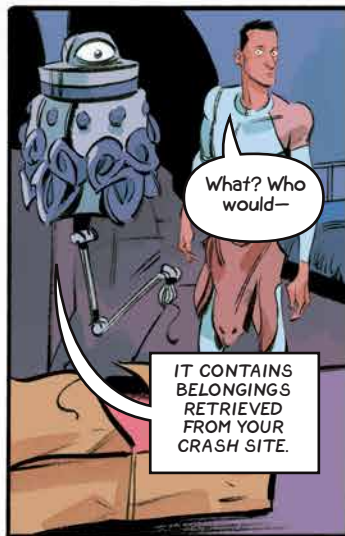
AHH! AHHH! THAT'S HORRIBLE! AHHH!!



I hate you mr. help I hate you

ATTENTION!

THERE WAS A PACKAGE DELIVERED FOR YOU TODAY, KWEEPS.



What? Who would—

IT CONTAINS BELONGINGS RETRIEVED FROM YOUR CRASH SITE.



COMMANDER MANFON DEEMED IT OK TO RETURN TO YOU.

Yeah, but it's not mine, it was Lance's.



I don't even need any of this junk anymore!



It's all survivalist shit and I'm totally—

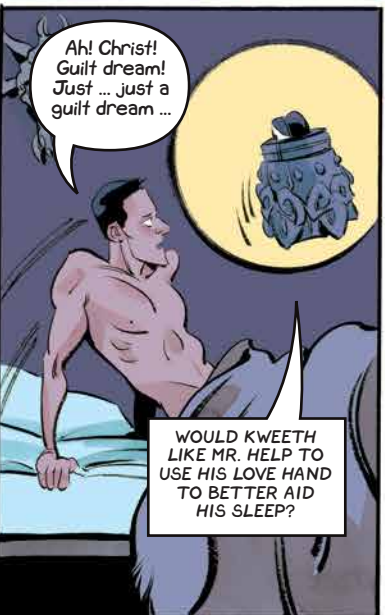


—surviving...



KWEES, WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO DISPOSE OF THIS JUNK?







Totally safe, right?

Of course. I am the Queen's personal air transport within Endom. My back is as safe as land.



Yeah, well I've been on your "land," and it tried to kill me, so—



Ha ha! The land is bountiful to the knowledge-filled and deadly to the ignorant! I hear you are a man of science. You will be safe, I'm sure.

Just need to overcome all of my basic fears.



Yes, the sweat of your balls on my majestic back is evidence of this.



Uh, yeah. Sorry about that, Kondra. Thanks ... thanks for the lift.

My Queen requested you be brought to her. She is my Queen. She is my light.

Yeah, she seems nice. A real "my light" kind of gal!



Hey, guys. How're tricks?

Please do not talk to us, Ball Sweat.



My Queen, may I present Keith Kanga.

You wished to see me? Are your accommodations adequate?

Yeah! Just great. Everything I could hope for, really ...

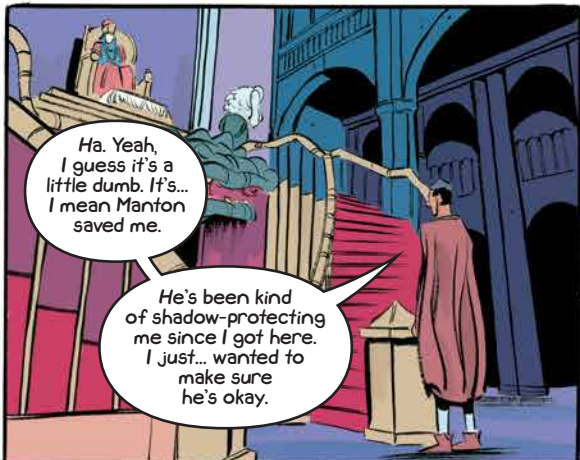


...I just...

...Did, uh, Manton and his crew make it off okay?



This is what you needed to ask a queen in person?



Ha. Yeah, I guess it's a little dumb. It's... I mean Manton saved me.

He's been kind of shadow-protecting me since I got here. I just... wanted to make sure he's okay.



Ah.

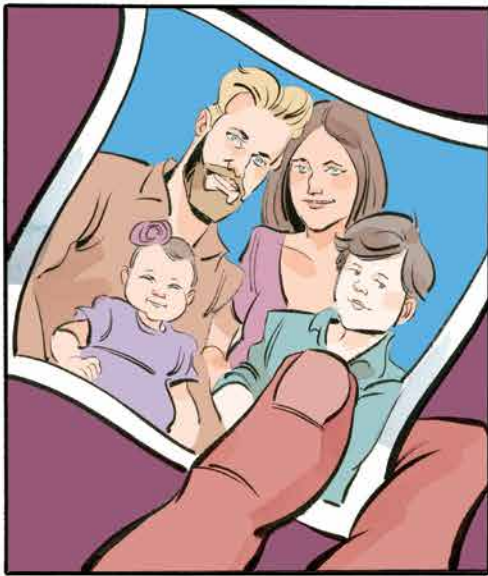
Forgive me, Keith Kanga, but it strikes me as unusual that you would enquire about the well-being of one you just met when you so recently absolved yourself of the fate of your own people.



I ... well, he did more for me than all "my people" combined, so—

—I find that hard to believe, even having only encountered one of your world.

Was this some planet of monsters, Keith Kanga?



-No.

...No, of course not.



Is it, uh, too late to catch up to the crew? I mean, I really like the apartment, but getting out of it would ... probably be good for me. You know, to explore. Away from that apartment.

For science.



It will be done. Gather your belongings and wait at the Kingdom Gates tomorrow at sunrise. I will arrange for an escort to bring you to my son and Manton. Goodbye, Keith Kanga.

Oh! Uh, thanks! You're, like, a great queen ... Queen!



Shall I contact She-La?

I think that would be best.

Forgive me, your highness, but the young man seemed eager to leave his apartment. Did you assign ... Mr. Help to assist him, by any chance?





doo doo da da bad ideas all the time

doo doo da da gonna die gonna dieeee



Mmmm. So you must be the alien.

Ah!



Yes! Sorry, I'm just—

—the sooner we leave, the sooner we catch up to that band of roving testosterone.



Are you, like, the queen's transportation or something?

What? No! I'm She-La! Famed tracker and hunter! If our queen needs someone found, I'm that woman!

My prey is the world and I always get my prey. Got it?

Cool, I'm Keith, I lose my keys a lot.



They'll be heading towards the Black Shores. Knowing Dartor, they'll stop every fifteen minutes so he can piss loudly and too close to everyone, while talking about an imagined sexual conquest.

I... He's the worst.



Kee-th?

(snort)
mwah?...

You need to be alert. We're entering The Uncharted Forest.



Also, you have a level of sleep arousal that, at this point in our relationship, does nothing for me.

Oh, um ... sorry. I ... had a childhood blanket that felt like you, so ...



Wait, did you say ... UNcharted Forest?

Yeah, there was a time it was called Enchanted Forest, but it seemed a little silly. Like, we're not babies, y'know?



Is it ... dangerous? I'm historically bad with scary stuff in the dark.

Oh, I can see in the pitchest of night. Nothing's scary when all's revealed. All I fear is commitment.



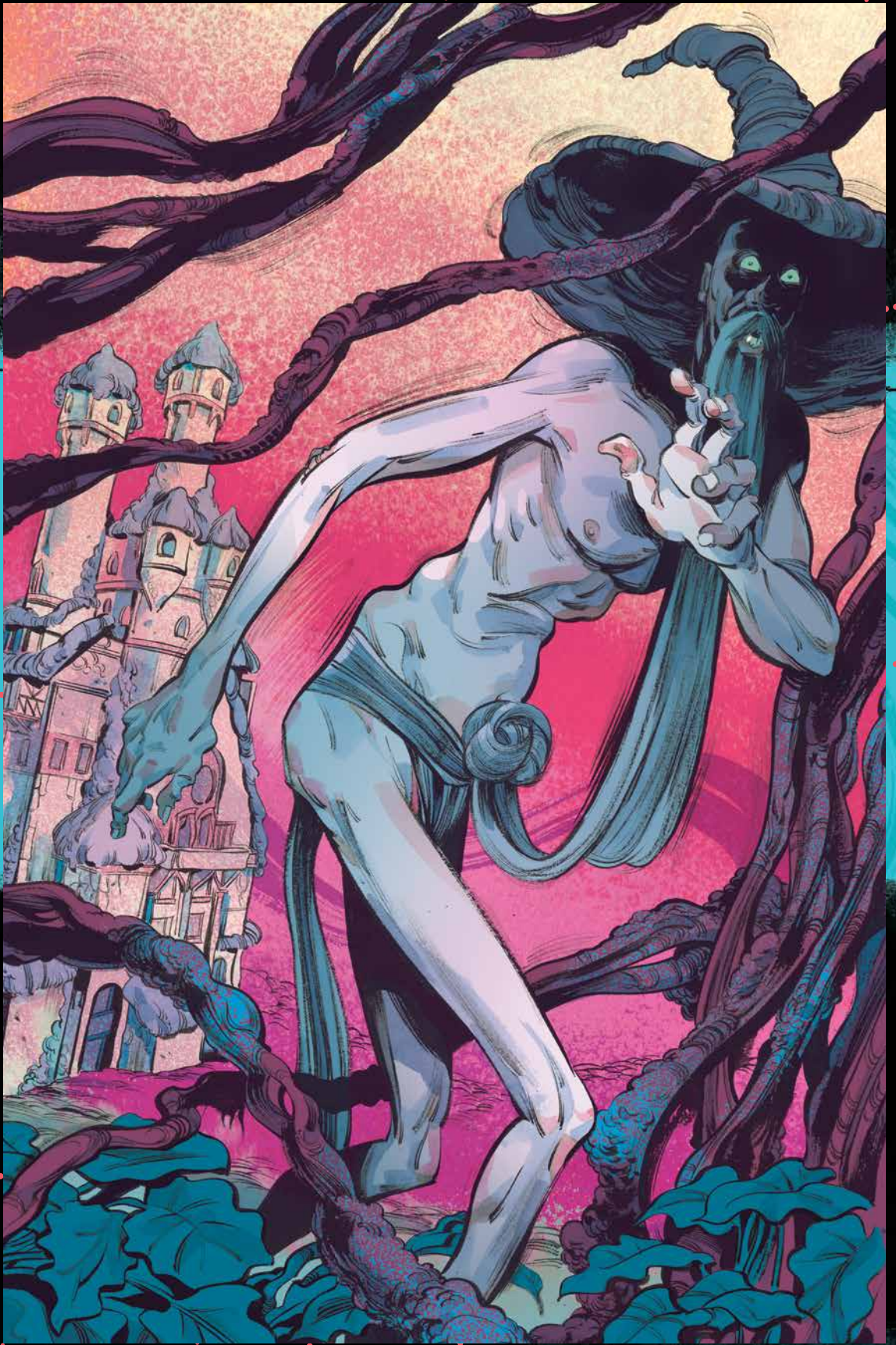
Well, as long as you're committed to getting me through this dumbcharted forest bullshit, I can probably temper my unending fear of dying—




—alone—







CHAPTER THREE



I'm gonna
eat your eyes,
you #\$@%.



I ... what?
Are you serious?
That's gross!

Ugh, don't talk
to these rats.

Or we'll take
your #\$\$%ing
tongues too!



They're
Glomps. Garbage
trols. Talking to
them just makes
them worse.

I'll \$\$\$%
all your
\$\$%!

See? Just
pathetic.



Enjoy some
\$\$%ing time in the
%\$\$ing Shushroom
before Daddy gets here
and \$\$\$%s you all!

Whoa! It's ...
breathing that alien
pollen crap made me able
to translate anything,
but those words are so...
indescribably horrible,
my brain refuses
to process them!



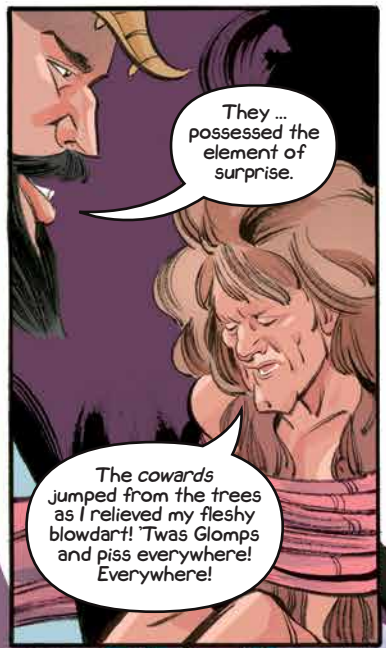
Like ... they're
racist? But toward
races I haven't even met
yet? That may not even
exist? Does that make
sense?

It does,
Prince of the
Dance Floor ...



...and it is good to see you reconsidered joining us.

Oh, man! It was emasculating to be taken down by elves, but you guys are usually *super-masculated*, so now I don't feel so bad!



They ... possessed the element of surprise.

The cowards jumped from the trees as I relieved my fleshy blowdart! 'Twas Glomps and piss everywhere! Everywhere!



So, uh, you guys know these douchebags?



Unfortunately.

Glomps used to live in Endom. They were always kind of shitty, but over the years they dug in their heels and got shittier.



Then, claiming "glompandry" when Endom ceased to tolerate their rampant sexism and racism, they—

—created this society of freedom!



Freedom from those who would censor our glomptruths! Freedom from the %\$#@s and the %\$#@s and of course the %\$#@'s who control the media!

Are you silencing us in our glomphomes now??



Oh, for ... no one has ever attempted to censor Glomps! You began eating people, so, yes, you had to leave!

And if eating people was part of our religion we'd probably be %\$#@ing fine to do it, right??



Even in the *Uncharted Forest* we're still persecuted for our beliefs! Not just by you %\$#@s, but by ... others.

And so, despite your mistreatment of our gentle folk, we will let you go—



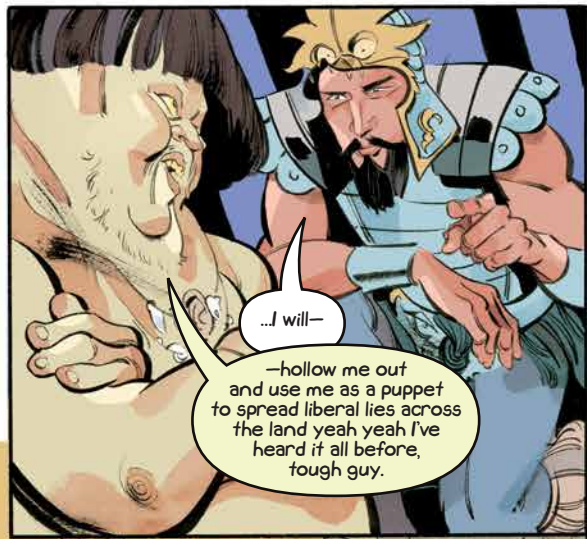
—if you bring us the head of ... Melvon the Wizard!







I will bring you this wizard. But be warned, if anything should happen to my crew...



...I will—
—hallow me out and use me as a puppet to spread liberal lies across the land yeah yeah I've heard it all before, tough guy.



Melvon's castle lies over Spooky Ridge and through The Unsettling Field.

If you're not back by nightfall, I'll kill at least one of these #\$\$@%, got it?

I DUNG DRAW, MELVON WILL BE TONGUE AND ROOST HIS EYES!



Don't worry guys! We got this!

Yes, the alien who was too scared to join us has "got this."



The almighty mouthwinds shall blow my soul into death's heart before this day is through.



Last time I did this the hunky guy got killed...

We will not die today. I am not a man who fails.

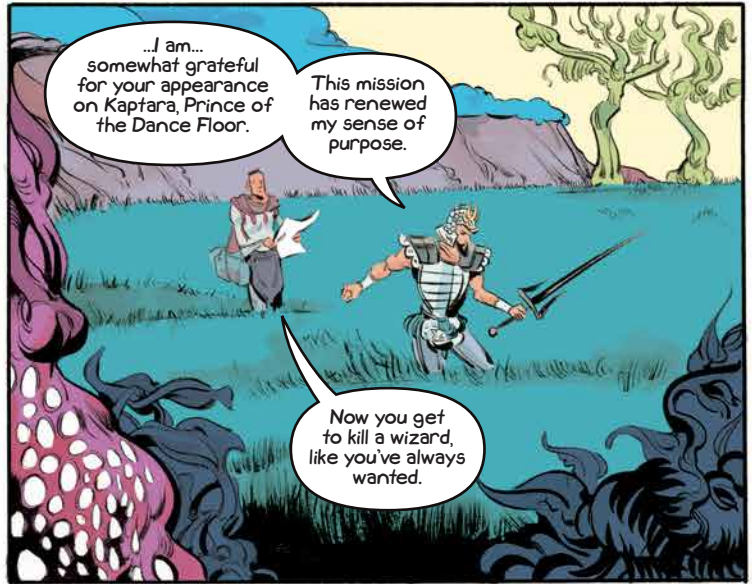
Uh, you got captured by dudes who were, like, three apples tall, tops.



Sorry.

I am ... rusty. Endom has known peace for many years and my services have not been ... as needed... in that time.

To be truthful...



...I am... somewhat grateful for your appearance on Kaptara, Prince of the Dance Floor.

This mission has renewed my sense of purpose.

Now you get to kill a wizard, like you've always wanted.



And you can call me Keith, y'know. Only my, uh, subjects back home call me by my full title.

We're here.



Spooooooky.



It does not appear to be guarded. Once in, we should find this "Melvon" and subdue him.

We're ... not going to kill him, are we? I mean, I'm assuming he's a good dude if those creep trolls hate him...



Nobody dies today....



...who meets my height requirements.



Let us tread carefully, Keirh. There may be traps all around.

Shh! Do you hear that?

...don't you talk that way to me!...



...I'll have you know I fought in the Cryo Wars! I DEMAND "respect!"



No, what I'm TRYING to "tell" you is I don't want all these "channels!" I'm 78 years YOUNG and I have no need for a "Battledong Channel," but I'm being "charged" for it!...

...Yes, I "understand," but I'm on a FIXED income and I'm 78 YEARS young! ...

...Did I just hear you GROAN? At a "veteran??" I demand to talk to your—

—manag... elf...

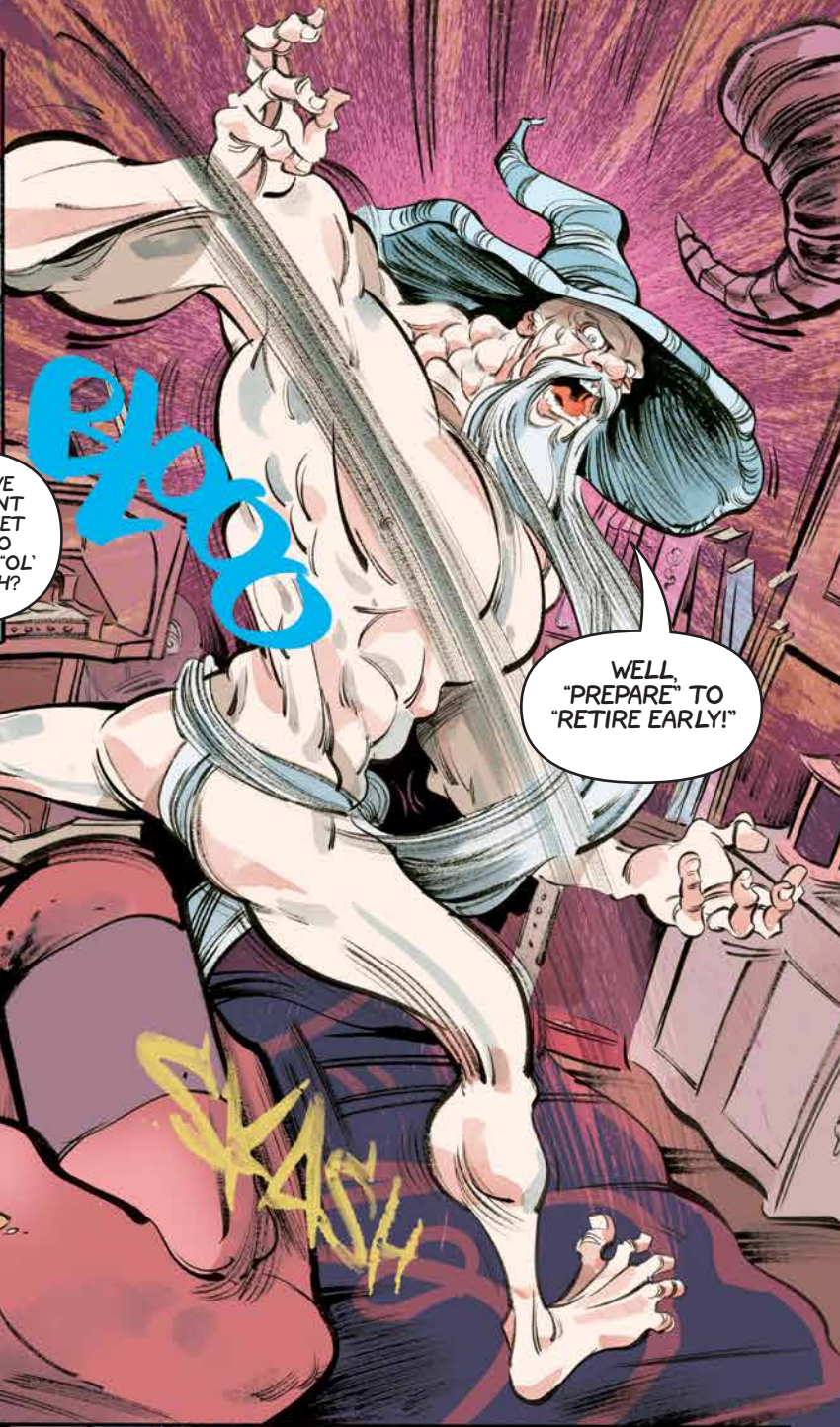


Hey! I know we're intruders, but it's cool! We just want to talk. We ran into some gross forest bros named "Glomps," and—



GLOMPS.

SO, THEY'VE FINALLY SENT 'TEEN STREET GANGS' TO POLISH OFF 'OL' MELVON, EH?



WELL, "PREPARE" TO "RETIRE EARLY!"



ahhhh shit.



Open cell 17.



I ... are you certain, ma'am?
I mean, they're not ...



(sniff) n-no, of c-course not...



You Dallerian scum! These are "orders," not "suggestions," you—wait, are you ... crying?



A-apologies for Tod's reluctance, Madam Vilektra. It's just that these prisoners are quite dangero—

CRIEEEEE



Yes, we know.



AND WHY SHOULD WE NOT KILL YOU, VILLLEKTRA?

It was Skullthor who imprisoned you and I who freed you.

And we are now free, so, like Krush says, why should we not kill you?



Skullthor is missing, Milas. I am in charge of The Dark Boroughs until his return and, unlike the man who imprisoned you, I see value in your skills.

I have a bounty for you.

In return, you will control The Nether Swamps and receive one million platinum units.



Ah! The Swamps! But why not simply take the region ourselves?

Certainly. Fight and kill hundreds to gain the swamps. Or, instead, slay the small band I wish dispatched.

Oh, did I mention the band's leader? I believe you're familiar with ...



...Manton?



So ... are you, like, all dudes here?

Yeah, makes things easier. No distractions. There was a Glompette for a while, but—

Glompette bailed.

—We kicked her out. Too emotional!

I fucking hate emotions!!!



Ha ha! So this village is made entirely of homophobic, straight man-trolls!

100%! We do sexy drawings of ladies for each other, which is super straight!



Yes, of course! Straight trolls inspired to arouse other straight trolls!

Ha ha!

Your repression is adorable!



Why doesn't he get it?

They're back!



Show us you've succeeded or your friends get roasted like beefy glompmallows!

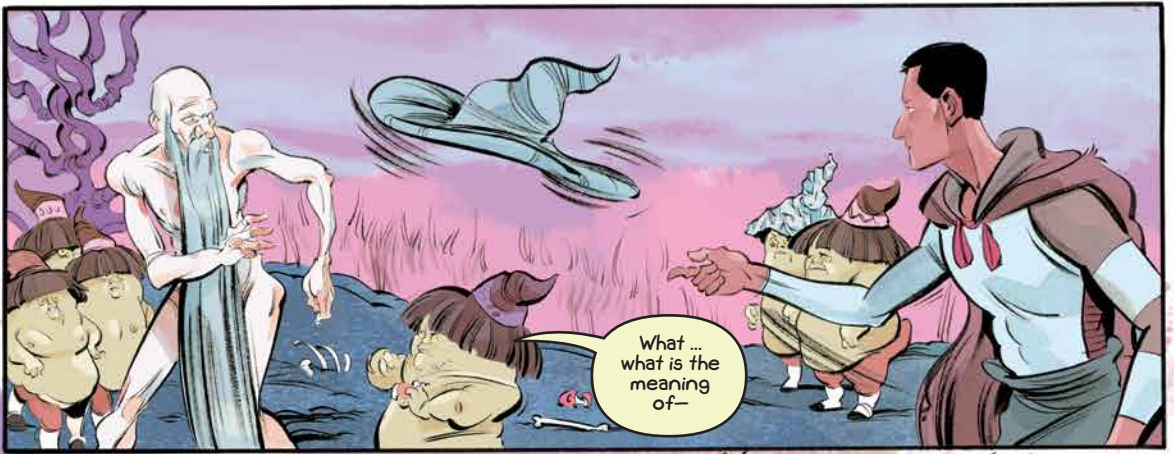


It is done.



Haw haw! Let them go! A Glomp always keeps his word, even with #\$\$%!





What ...
what is the
meaning
of—



You send
teens to
MY home?

Well, guess
what, you little
shits, now I'm in
"your" home...



BUMP
BUMP

...And it's
MELVON
"time!"

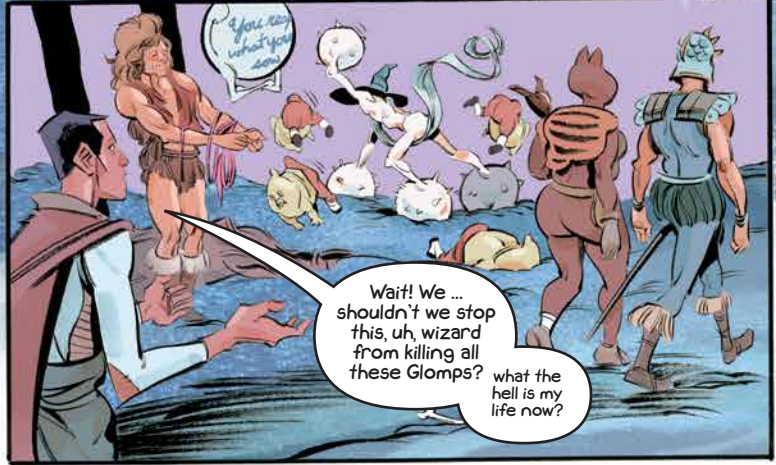


Ha ha I feel
like I'm 40
again!



Should
we ... just
go?

I don't
see why
not.



You say
what you
say

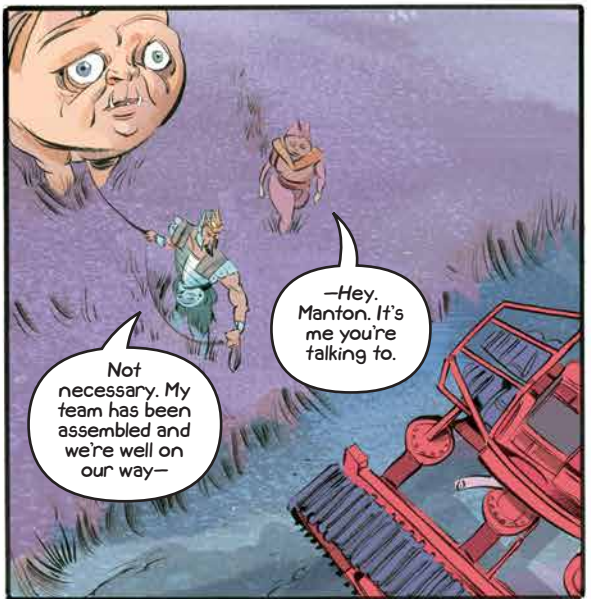
Wait! We ...
shouldn't we stop
this, uh, wizard
from killing all
these Glomps?

what the
hell is my
life now?



She-La. Now that you have delivered Keith to us, are you bound for Endom?

The queen said to help you any way I could, and it looks like you could use it. I'll ride with you if that's all right.



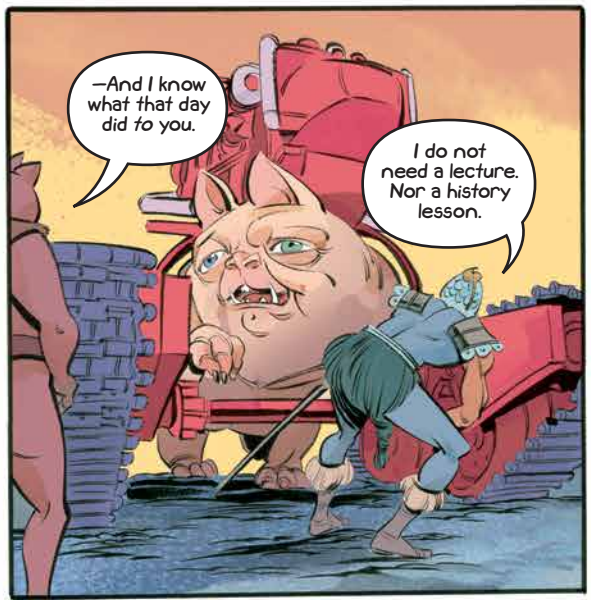
Not necessary. My team has been assembled and we're well on our way—

—Hey, Manton. It's me you're talking to.



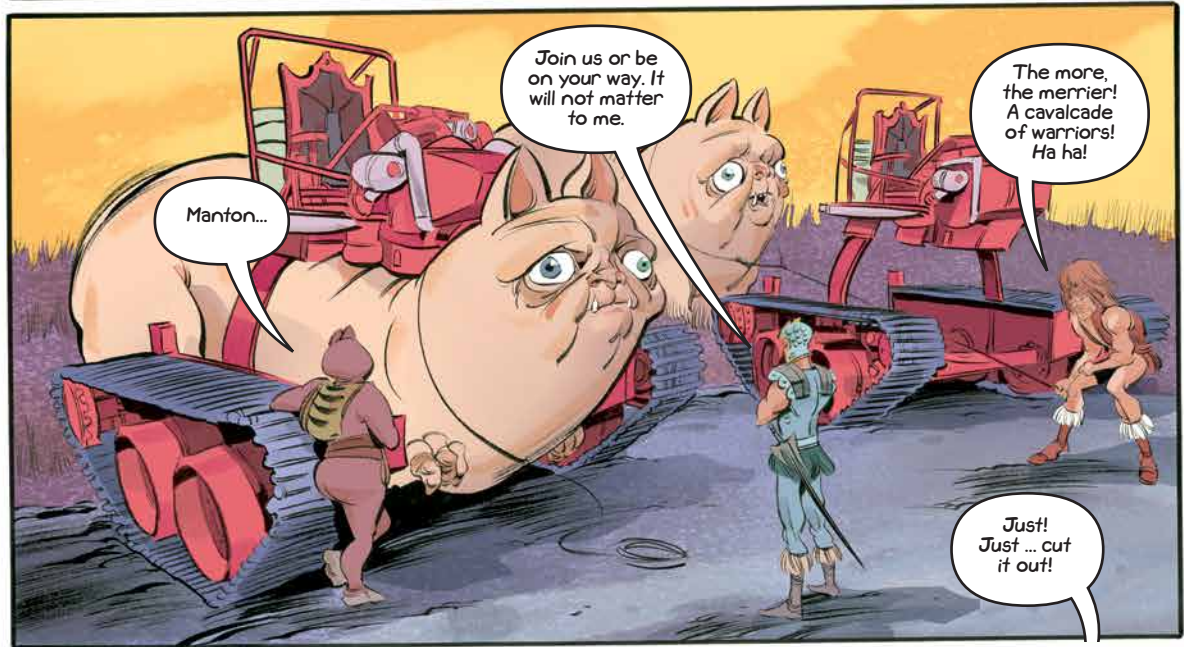
You need help. I was at the Battle of The Reeking Throng, remember?

I know what you did for everyone—



—And I know what that day did to you.

I do not need a lecture. Nor a history lesson.

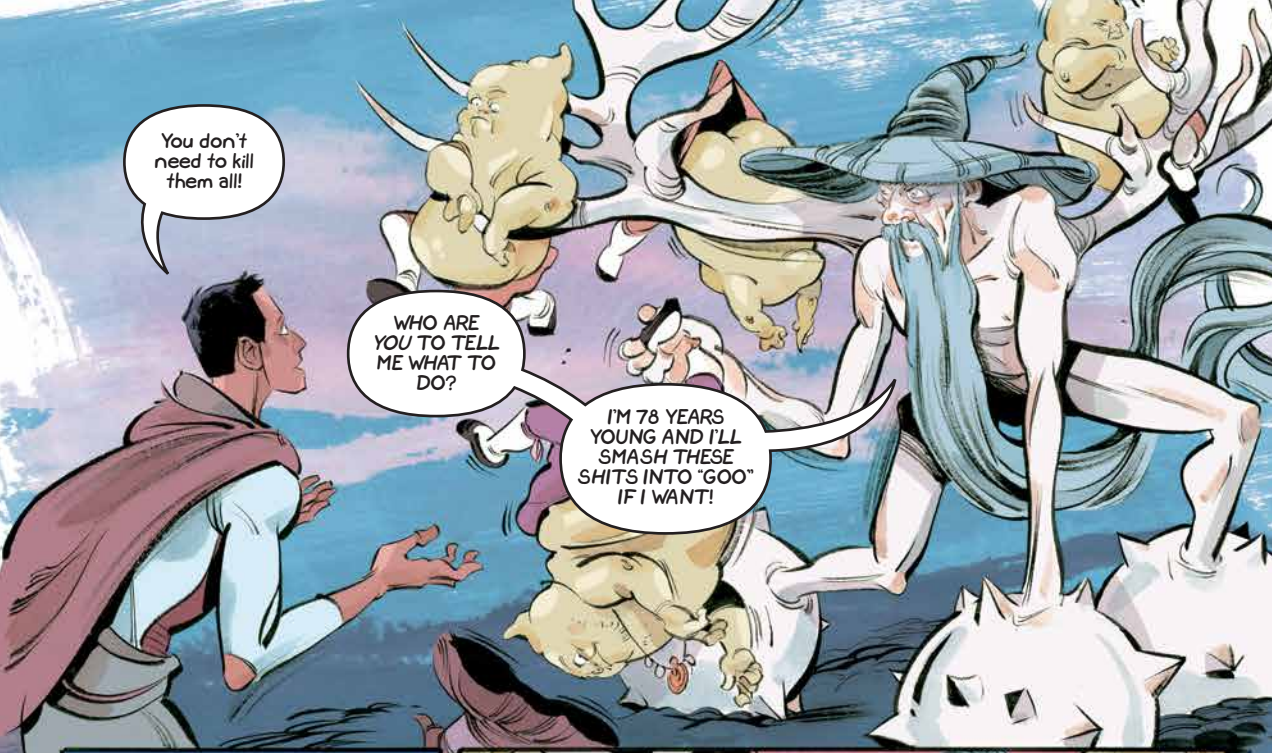


Manton...

Join us or be on your way. It will not matter to me.

The more, the merrier! A cavalcade of warriors! Ha ha!

Just! Just ... cut it out!



You don't need to kill them all!

WHO ARE YOU TO TELL ME WHAT TO DO?

I'M 78 YEARS YOUNG AND I'LL SMASH THESE SHITS INTO "GOO" IF I WANT!



Look, I get it! They're assholes! But ... there's nothing to be gained here! You should ... come with us instead! We're on a mission! To help people!



Wouldn't ... wouldn't you like to help people instead? Prove yourself to be ... a valuable member of society?

I DONT HAVE ANYTHING TO "PROVE!"



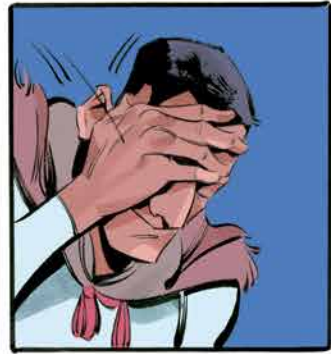
Look around you! These guys have almost no resources and probably no trade partners based on their attitude!

Their hands are constantly in their pants, so I'm assuming they have genitals, which means they reproduce sexually. That's clearly not happening.

If you want revenge on these guys, just let them exist! They'll continue to wipe themselves out. Slowly!



HRRRR!!





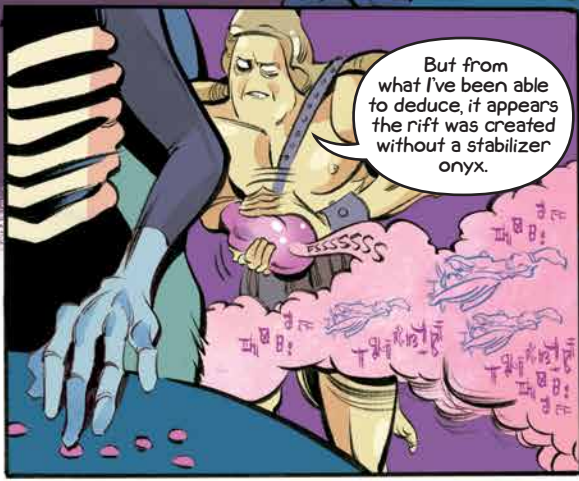
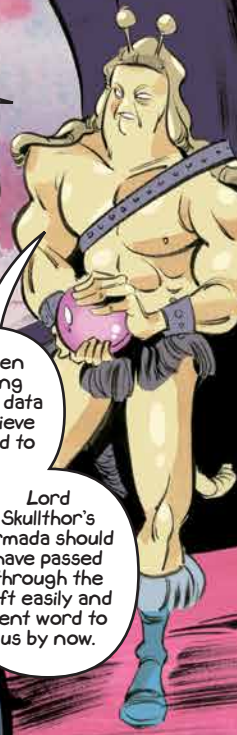


Madam Vilektra?

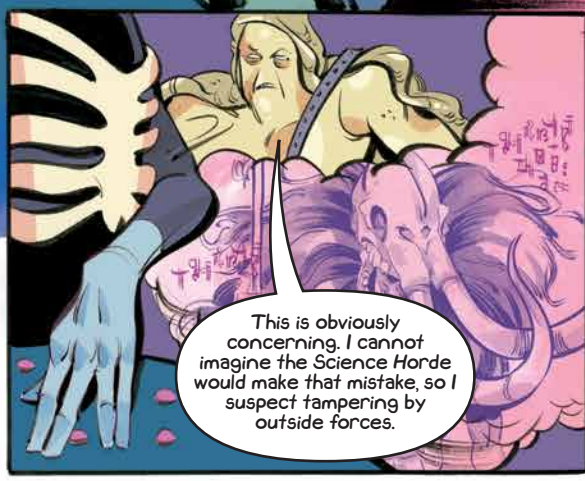
...Madam Vilektra?
I've been trying to contact you, m'lady.

I've been combing through data and believe we need to act.

Lord Skullthor's armada should have passed through the rift easily and sent word to us by now.



But from what I've been able to deduce, it appears the rift was created without a stabilizer onyx.



This is obviously concerning. I cannot imagine the Science Horde would make that mistake, so I suspect tampering by outside forces.



As a result, I fear Lord Skullthor is indeed in danger and it's imperative that we send a crew after him immediately.

...Vilektra?

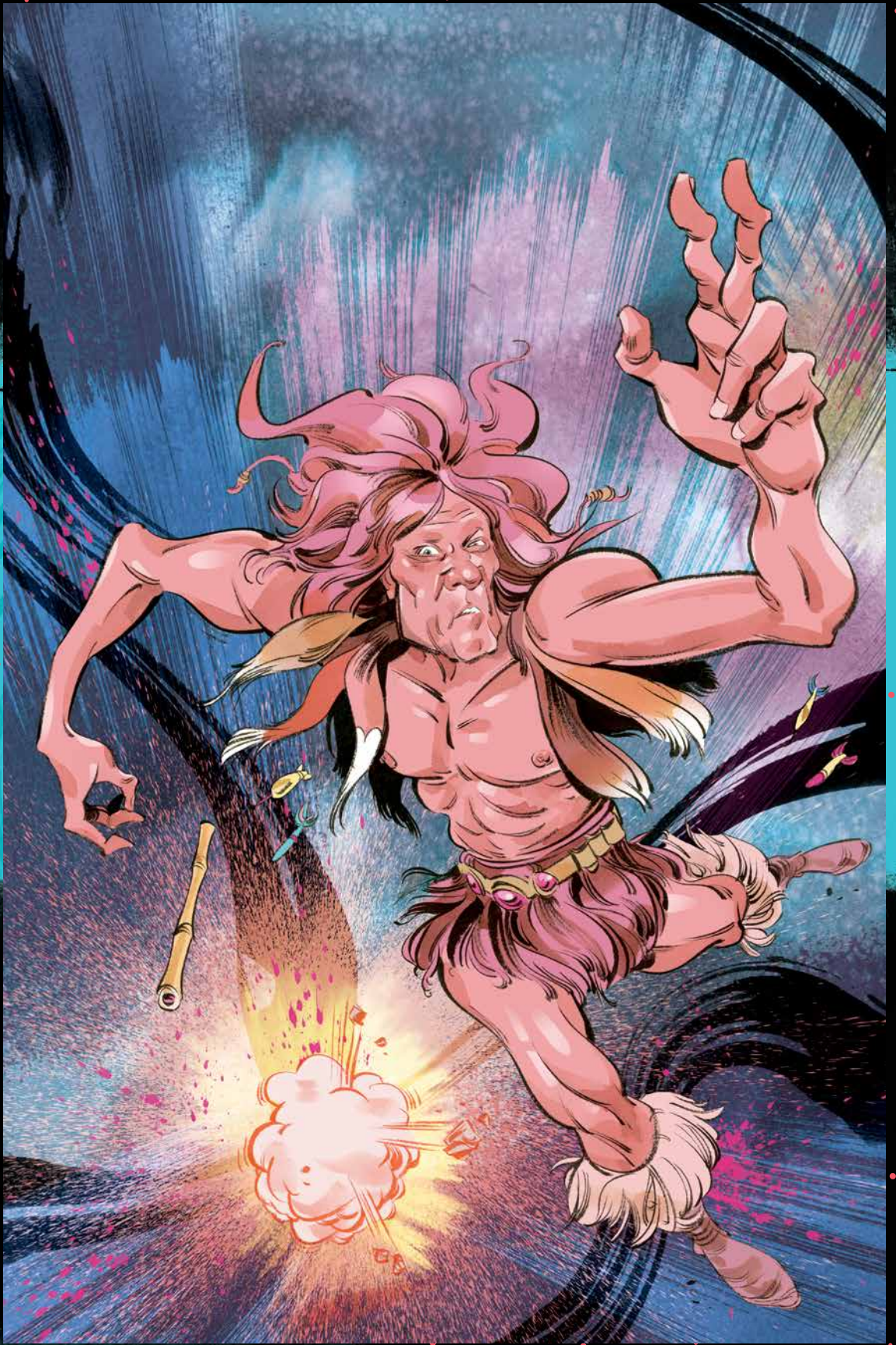


Vil--

Imperative?



I'll be the judge of that.



...but then I found out that Sahn-Dra had moved in with an "Itolrian." An Itolrian! Can you believe that? Before we'd even signed the divorce papers! He probably gave her the "Itolrian Eye," if you know what I'm saying.

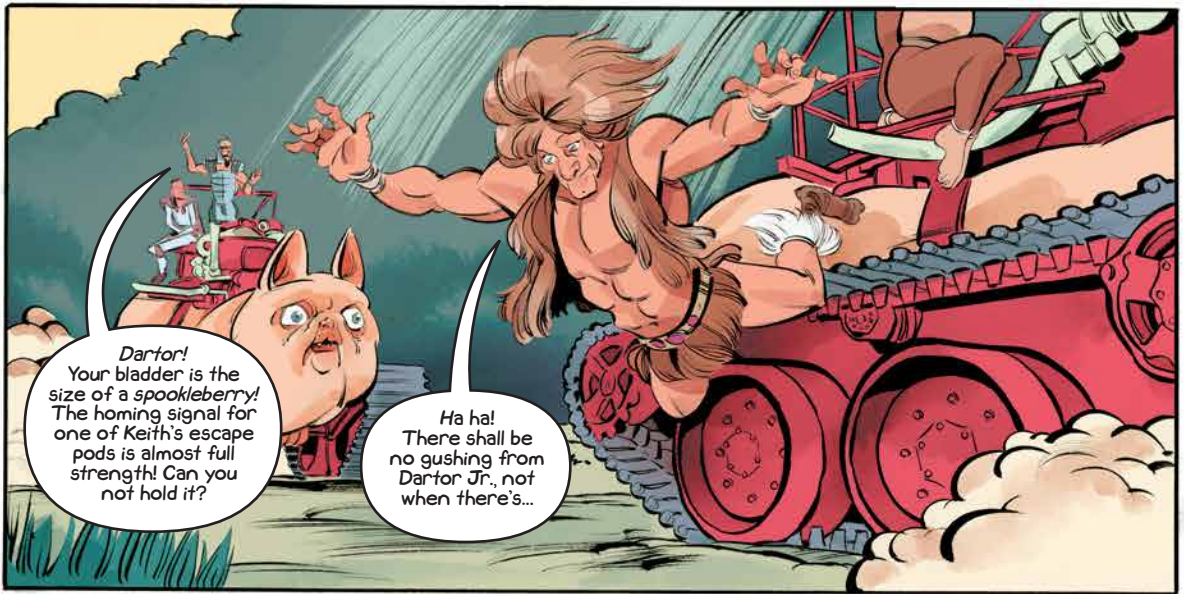
Do you know what I'm saying? Oh, I forgot. None of you kids fought in the CryoWars, so you're probably all, like, "Itolrians are great! I enjoy their 'cuisine!'"

Well, let me tell you, in MY "day," they would steal your wives and make better love to them!

Another great story, Melvon.

Are we sure he's not just a really tall Glomp?

Stop! Stop the convoy!

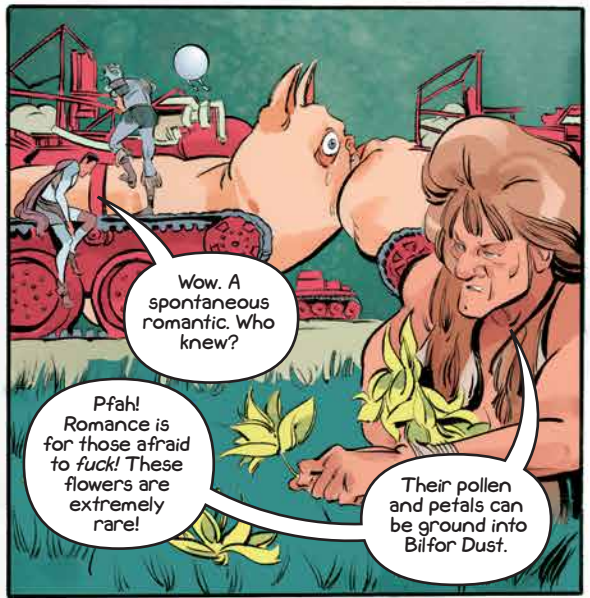


Dartor!
Your bladder is the size of a spookleberry! The homing signal for one of Keith's escape pods is almost full strength! Can you not hold it?

Ha ha!
There shall be no gushing from Dartor Jr., not when there's...



...a field of Blossoming Bilfors to harvest!
Ha ha ha!



Wow. A spontaneous romantic. Who knew?

Pfah!
Romance is for those afraid to fuck! These flowers are extremely rare!

Their pollen and petals can be ground into Bilfor Dust.



My collection of rare blowdart toxins and poisons demands I gather these!

Uh, what does it do?



Bilfor Dust makes the feet of your enemies swell up greatly! Very uncomfortable!
Ha ha!



Wait... do you hear that... buzzing?



BZZRRING THEM DOWN - ALIVE!

NEVER!

Ow!

PSHEW

PSHEW



GRAH!!

DOOOOF



Man, being captured by Glomps is really getting to him.

HSSSSSS



ngg mommy

Whoa! What dart was that?

POOOOO



The Tears of Pedorol! It makes you relive your most severe childhood trauma for five minutes! Ha ha!

Manton!



MANTON!
LOOK
OUT!



BOOF

Hnnf!

Ngg!

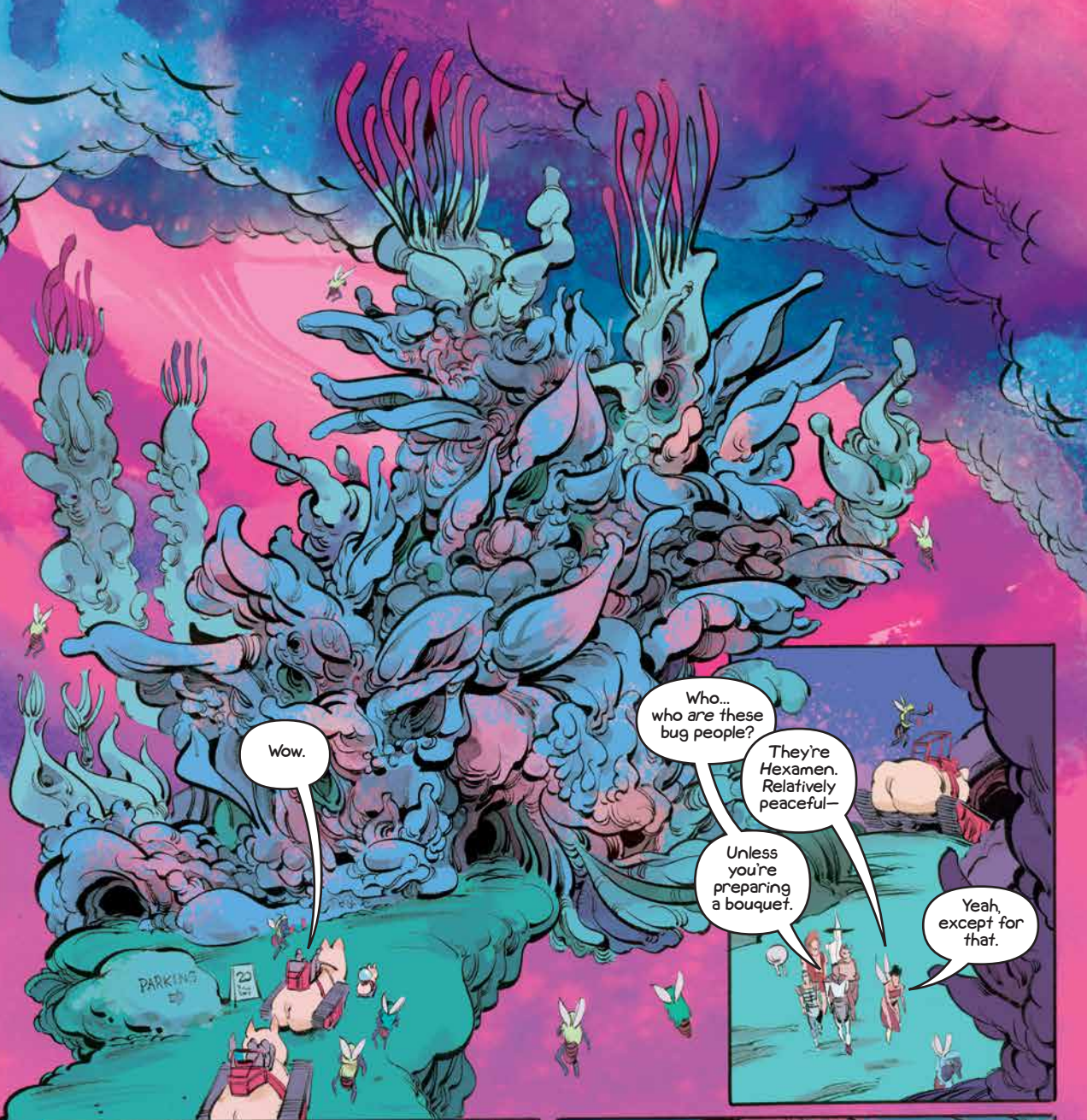


Goddamn it
doesn't anyone
on this fucking
planet just talk??
I'm sick of—



...of...





Wow.

Who... who are these bug people?

They're Hexamen. Relatively peaceful—

Unless you're preparing a bouquet.

Yeah, except for that.



They're fascinating. Strong, able to sustain flight, obviously. Very short lifespans. Like, one-fifth of ours.

The doctor in me wants to study them, but the patient in me just wants to repay them for nursing me back to health after the crash, y'know?



I know what you mean! I've been here five minutes and all I want to do is study this place! Crystalline hive formations! For humanoid living! Gah! I'm such a nerd! I want to beat me up!

Well, hopefully you won't get the chance to study it...



I know these weird light shapes! They "pop up" over the forest and these damned skitters come out!

It is The Hexagon.

They can... tune in... to insects throughout the universe and create wormholes to follow their signals!

For centuries we have used it to travel throughout Endom and bzzeyond.

So, you are saying this can bring people to ... Earth?

Potentially. We've located the planet, bzzut our problem is power.

"The Hexagon, and our entire complex, is powered using energy collected by The Hive's antennae.

"What it gathers from wind, solar and radiation is enough to power limited Hexagon jumps..."

...bzzut the power required for a jump of such magnitude...

...requires a Fire Storm.

...since I think I've found a way home.

Are you... are you serious?



"Fire Storm"...
life-threatening,
or just poorly
named?

It's like a
massive lightning
storm. They're
rare, but...



...there's one
coming soon!
We can go home,
Keith!

Have you heard
from any of the
others? Can we
get them before
the storm and—

—I... we're
homing in on their
emergency signals,
but Lance... was
with me when we
crashed.

He...
he didn't
make it.



I have total
faith the others
are alive. I mean,
we are, right?

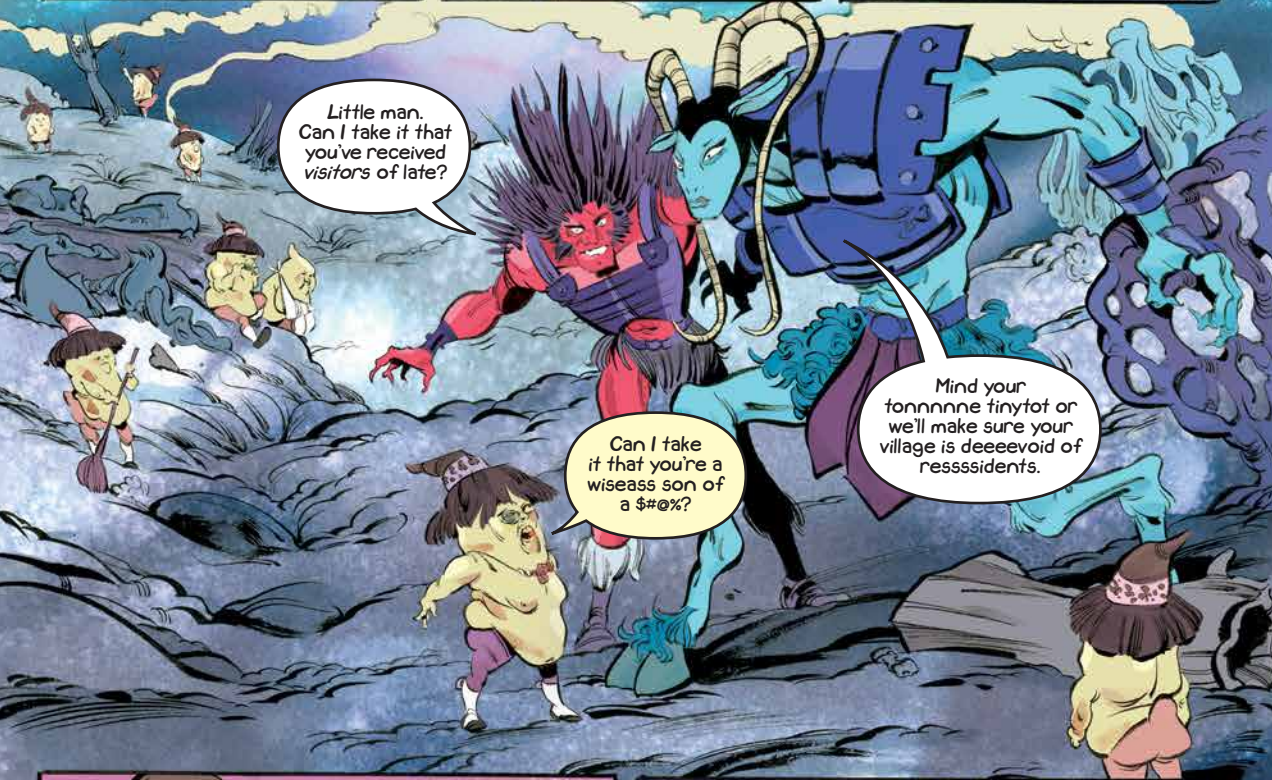
Yeah... we are.
You're right. I just
...wasn't expecting
Lance, of all
people...

I know. He...
he saved my life.
I've been... none of
this seems real and
I've been acting like it,
but knowing he died
saving me...

I need to
make it right, to
make it *matter*.
I've gotta go
home and...
save Earth.



Wait,
what?





Krush?

Hmm?

Please give our friend here five units of Thrilldabeest jerky.



Beautiful!

Now, these visitors. What did they look like and where did they go?



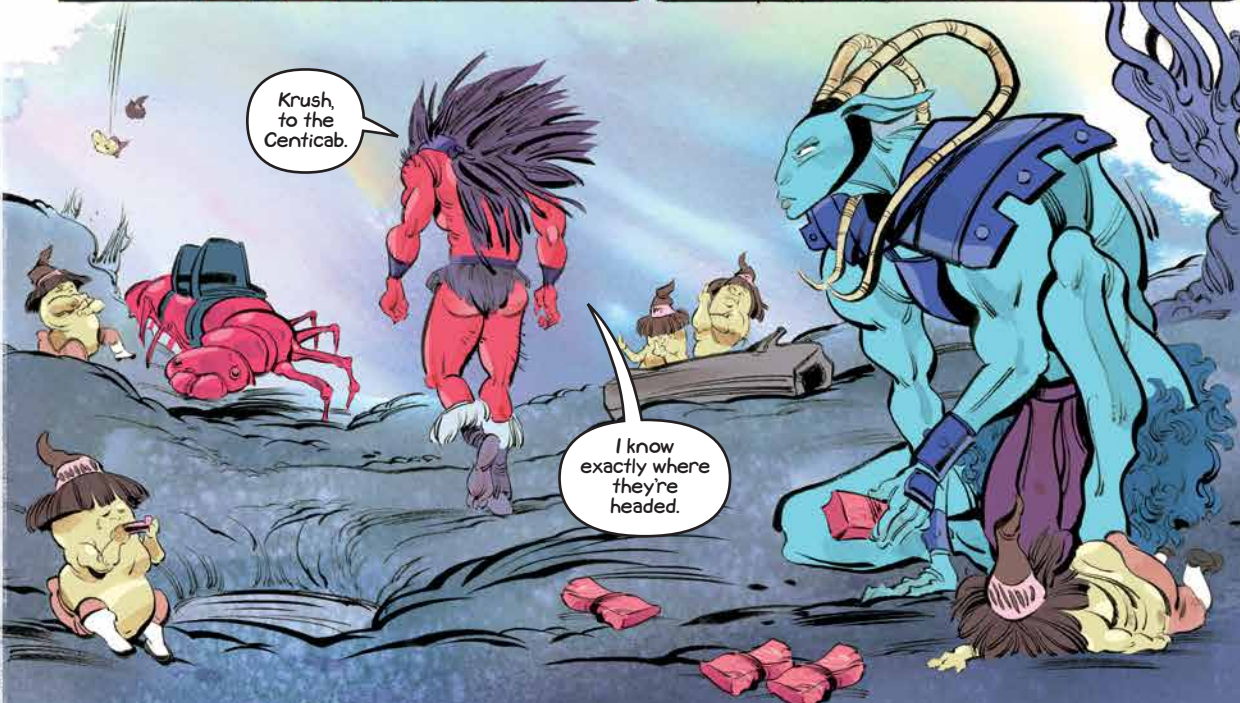
(munch munch)

There was the shithole wizard, Melvon. And a cat-woman, and a silver ball, a man with fantastic hair, a skinny dude, and a soldier guy with a nice beard and a duck helmet.

They bolted down the Trail of Careless Whispers. That's all I—



WHAM!



Krush, to the Centicab.

I know exactly where they're headed.



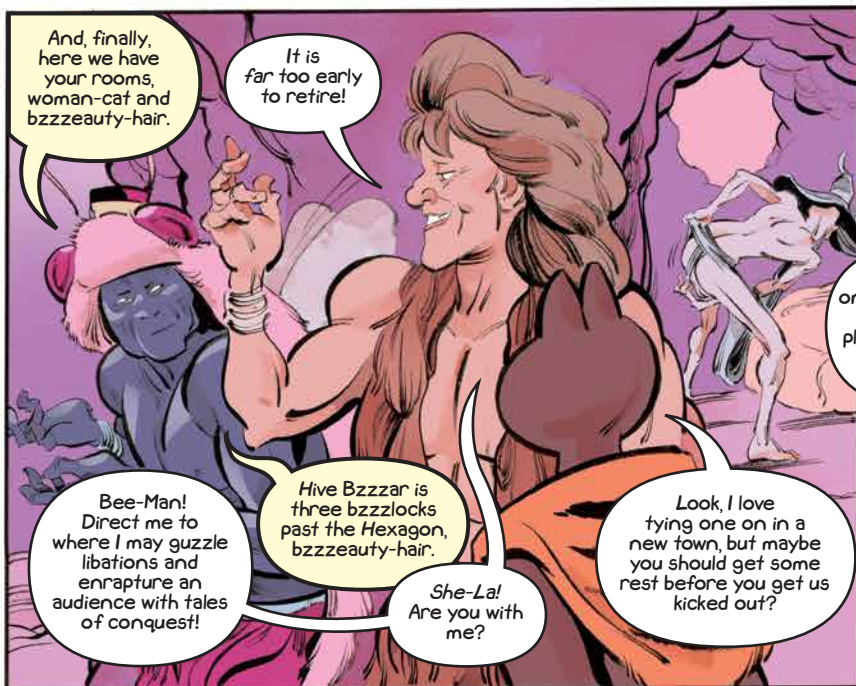
...and a bzzzedroom for the tall, nude man...

IS THERE A "TELEVISION."

Melvon, you don't have to yell. He understands you.

WHAT?

Ugh, the pollen here is fucking murder on my allergies.



And, finally, here we have your rooms, woman-cat and bzzzeauty-hair.

It is far too early to retire!

Bee-Man! Direct me to where I may guzzle libations and enrapture an audience with tales of conquest!

Hive Bzzzar is three bzzzlocks past the Hexagon, bzzzeauty-hair.

She-La! Are you with me?

Look, I love tying one on in a new town, but maybe you should get some rest before you get us kicked out?



Ha ha! The only "kicking out" that will take place will be "the jams" in my honour!

What?



So long, furry killjoy! Ha ha ha!



Ha ha ha!



Ha ha ha!

Bug-people of Kaptara! Your ultimate warrior has returned from battle, successful! I was drenched in your enemy's blood, and now I shall be quenched by an alcoholic flood! A warrior's couplet! Ha ha!

Let this be a night we shall absolutely never forget! Ha ha!



I'm sorry... what enemy? I've never seen you bzzzefore in my life...

I am Dartor! Prince of Endom! Regional Blowdart Champion of the Four Colonies, two years running! And I have slain...



...the beast with a thousand legs that has tormented you for too long! Ha ha!

It's a spider. Spiders have eight legs. Why would that bzzze-

-He's already drunk. Give him some of the cheap stuff on the house and we'll drag him into the street when he passes out.



LET THE REVELRY BEGIN!

Hey, who does he have to fuck around here to get us drinks?



♪ —a deep breath and steadied my aim ♪

♪ Adventure took hold and I nearly came ♪

♪ I ignored my erection and blew out my dart ♪

And it flew through the air for the battle to start ♪

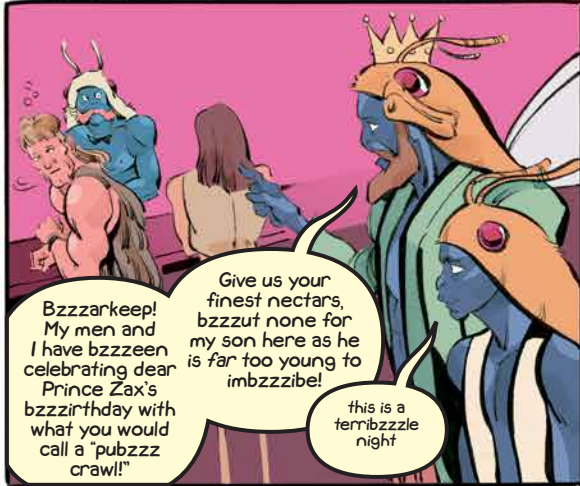
AAAAAAND WEEEEEE— ♪

♪ —murdered those squirrels on that sunny day ♪



We murdered those squirrrrrrels who got in our way ♪

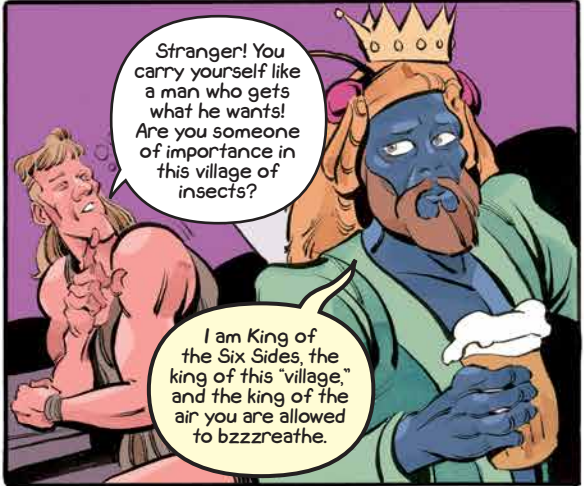
King Zex! W-welcome to our humbzzzle estabzzzzishment!



Bzzzarkeep! My men and I have bzzzeen celebrating dear Prince Zax's bzzzirthday with what you would call a "pubzzz crawl!"

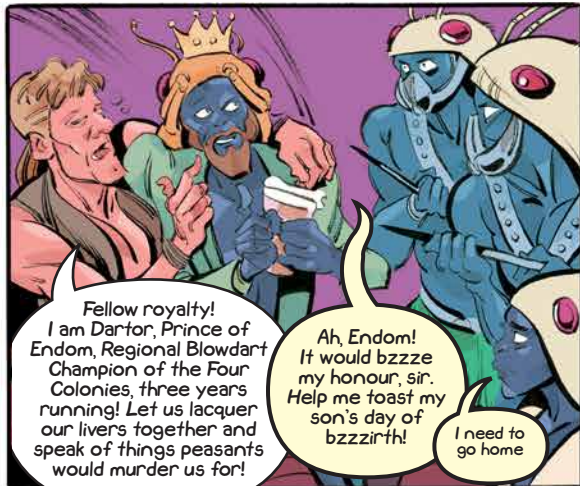
Give us your finest nectars, bzzzut none for my son here as he is far too young to imbzzzibe!

this is a terrbzzzle night



Stranger! You carry yourself like a man who gets what he wants! Are you someone of importance in this village of insects?

I am King of the Six Sides, the king of this "village," and the king of the air you are allowed to bzzzreathe.



Fellow royalty! I am Dartor, Prince of Endom, Regional Blowdart Champion of the Four Colonies, three years running! Let us lacquer our livers together and speak of things peasants would murder us for!

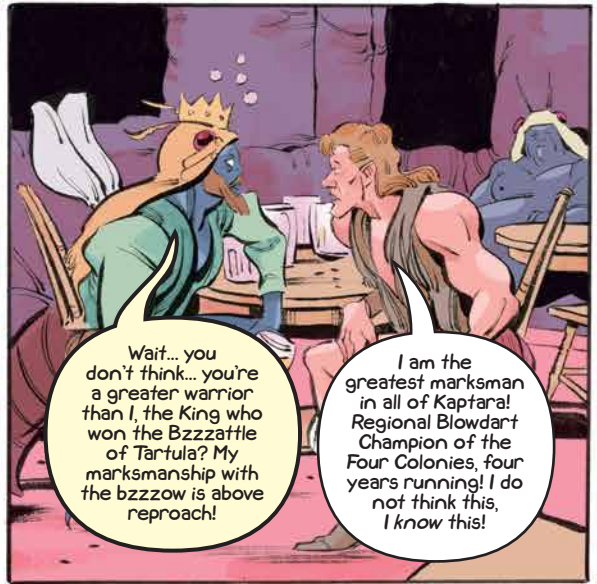
Ah, Endom! It would bzzze my honour, sir, Help me toast my son's day of bzzzirth!

I need to go home



To Kaptara!

To Kaptara!



My Lords, if it will... expedite... an end to this evening, may you settle this with a contest bzzzetten gentlemen?

no no no

Yes! A contest! Bzzzut what shall it bzzze? A duel?

Might I suggest, since it is your son's bzzzirthday, you bzzzoth attempt to shoot out the flame of a candle, placed atop his head?

Aye! Fetch me my blowdart!



And me my trusty bzzzow!

Father, please. You've had far too much to drink!



Oh, my bzzzeautiful bzzzoy. We are the greatest marksmen of the land. I would never let anything happen to you, my only son and heir. I will use my bzzzeanbag arrow and Dartor is using, well, darts.

At worst, it will hurt. A lot.



Shall we flip a coin to see who goes—

Bah! Dartor shall go first, for I shall be swift and victorious!



Do not fear, little man. I can kill a cow at ten paces. This is nothing. You are nothing.



bzzzut a cow is quite large, I—

HUUPPPPP





This is preposterous! What, was he allergic to darts? Do you not know who I am? I am Dartor! Prince of Endom! Regional Blowdart Cha—

—Shut up.



I will not be silenced! I am Dartor! Pri—

—Mr. Dartor. My name is Gerald. I'm your hive-appointed lawyer.



Yes! Let us work on setting me free, like a dart flying through the open air!

I... would not bzzze using dart metaphors—

—Similes.

...Similes. If I were you.



Bah! Darts are my life and, it appears, my death! Unless Lawyer Gerald can acquit me of these—

—The trial was this morning. You were found guilty and are sentenced to death.



What??! But I wasn't even there!

Hexamen live 18 years, max. Things move quickly. I came here to explain what happens next.

Tomorrow the bzzzody of Prince Zax will bzzze cremated in a pyre. In accordance with Hive justice, his murderer, you, will be bzzzurned alive atop his fiery corpse.

...Hm. Were this happening to anyone else, I would find that scenario very cool.

Very cool indeed.



—he was a bzzzeautiful bzzzoy. Perhaps too much so for this cruel world of bzzzarbarians with bzzzlowdarts.

We may never know why this ripped stranger dragged my son into a bzzzar and shot him in the face, bzzzut we shall sleep easier knowing he will never do this again to another bzzzeautiful bzzzoy.

Goodbzzzye, my son.

Good riddance, you monster.



If I am to die, it will be as I lived: blowing furiously!

Fwwooo Fwwooo



I will defeat this fire with my cavernous lungs!

Fwwooo Fwwooo



Cough! Cough! Wheeeeze— what... what have...

HAKK OYE

COF

COFF COFF

COF

COF

BLAH



...you donne..





You... You came bzzzack... Vengeance...



Ha ha! I love when a bar instantly feels familiar!

...will bzzzzze ours.





wow

Keith?

Oh, hey. What's up? I was just whispering "wow" over and over again. The sky! Is it always like this?

Ah, the Optic Winds. They flow from the long nights of Fridgera to the Amaryl thaw. Is there nothing comparable on Earth?

The winds flow from the open peaks of the Fount Mountains beyond the Quiet Valley.

If you lie where the mountains meet the valley, the lights are so bright you would not be able to sleep, but so mesmerizing you would not want to...

Not like this. At least not that I've seen as a city boy.

I ... was on my way to communicate our progress to the Queen. Was there anything you wished to relay—

Manton!

We have a problem!

(Close-up of a woman with large, expressive eyes and a surprised expression.)



BACK! Back, you winged fucks! I will puncture every last one of you if you don't—



—Ngg!

What is the meaning of this??

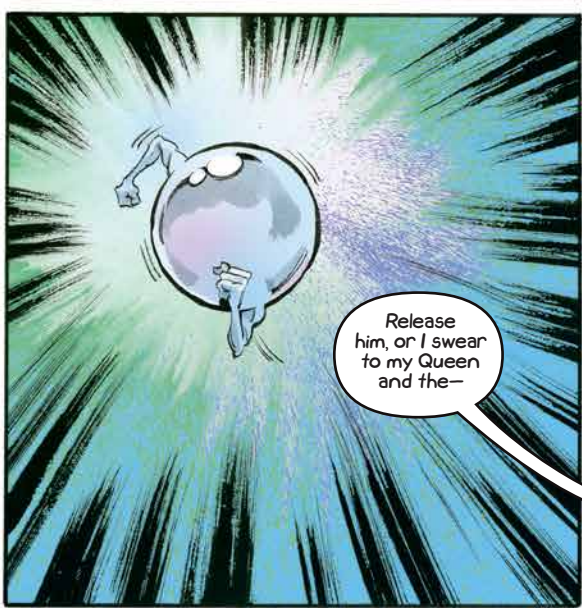
POOF



Stand down, Manton! Darter is bzzzeing arrested for crimes against the Kingdom!

I knew I shouldn't have left him alone!

Darter is the Prince of Endom and is under my protection, Stinglon.



Release him, or I swear to my Queen and the—



To enter battle without the details is to fight without a sword





Oh god. I... I heard the stories of "The Bzzzutter...er, Butcher of Bugs." And Dartor is...

—innocent. I'm sure of it.

I knew him then and he never used poison darts. His...uh, passion for toxins is too recent for this to have happened the way Stinglon says.

So how do we prove that?



You can't. I mean, you'd have to go to Endom and bring back corroborating evidence, but things move too quickly here for that.



First things first. We need to find out what actually caused the Prince's death.

I can help with that...



...but that Fire Storm is coming, Keith. And I'm heading back home...



...with or without you.



Halt!
Who goes
there?

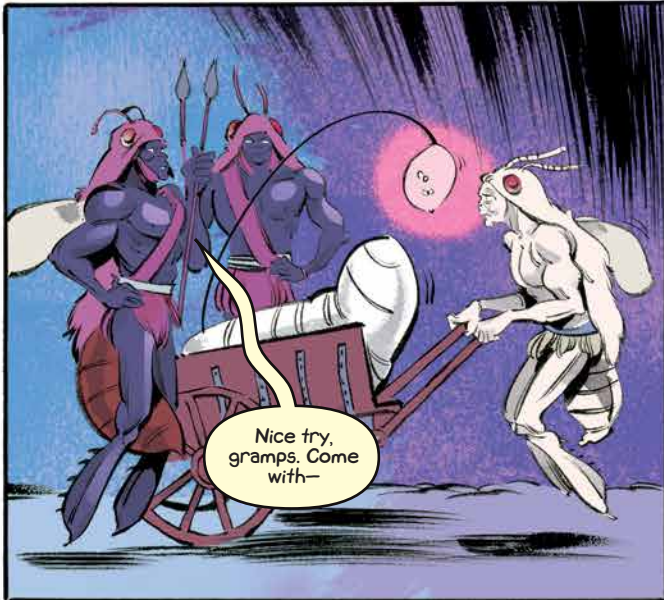


Oh! It's me,
Melvon the bug!
Buzz!

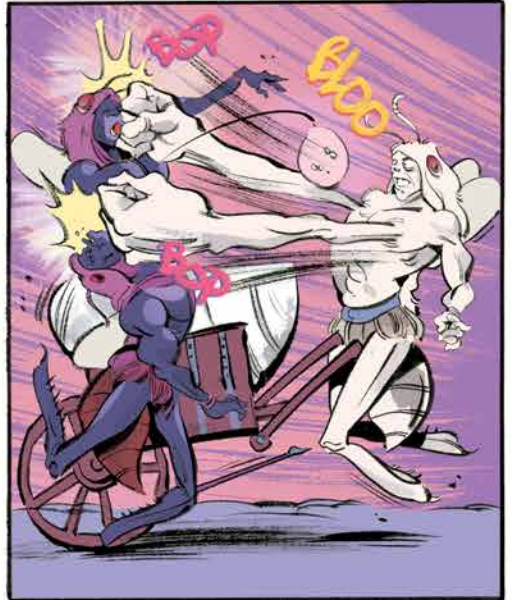
I'm just here, like
"always," bringing a
youngster who died "too
soon" to the catty
combs-

-Catacombs.

Yup! Like
"always!"



Nice try,
gramps. Come
with-



Makes me "sick"
how even BUGS
disrespect senior
citizens! Buzz!

Nng! "Melvon the
bug??" You're a
shape-shifter! How
can you not be a
master of
disguise?



no
respect



All right. According to Laurette, the King's body should be straight ahead and to the left.

What's the "plan" here, boy? I can't see very "well" in the dark, and stairs are murder on my knees and—



We need to check the King's remains for traces of the toxin.

Failing that, we parade his corpse around "Weekend at Bernie's"-style and have him tell everyone it's all been a complete misunderstanding.



Ugh. What kinds of "weekends" do you have on your planet??

Okay, here goes...



This super-cool tricorder-thing Laurette gave me should detect traces of any toxins and...



Ah.



Hey, Laurette? Found something. There are traces of sodium tetraborate in the coffin, AKA...





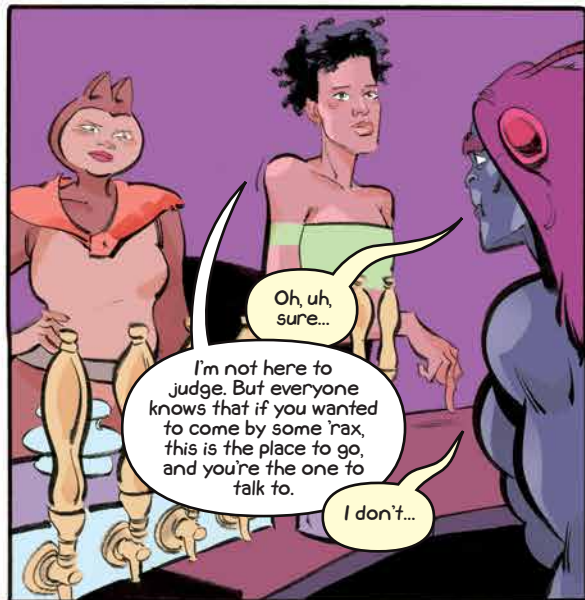
Oh, hey, Laurette. Little ... early for a Nectartini isn't it?

Not here for a drink, sadly.

Harold? She-La. She-La? Harold.

Pleasure.

Likewise. We have some questions, Harold.



Oh, uh, sure...

I'm not here to judge. But everyone knows that if you wanted to come by some 'rax, this is the place to go, and you're the one to talk to.

I don't...



Seriously! Not here to judge! We're looking into accusations against our friend. I'm sure you've heard.

Your grandfather used to run this bar, and it's ... "under the counter" trade. Is there anything you know of from that time that could help us?

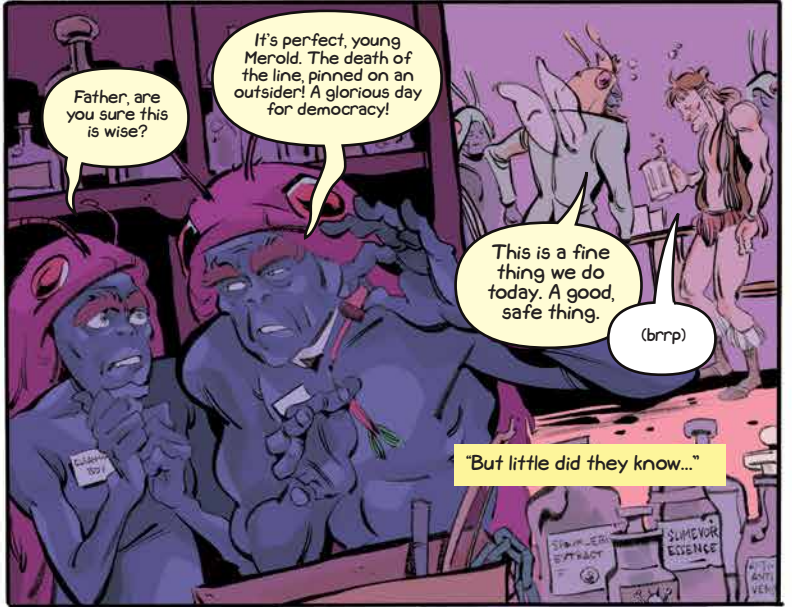


Would your grandfather have supplied 'rax to anyone who'd have it in for the Prince?

I-I ... uh ... there's no ... uh ...







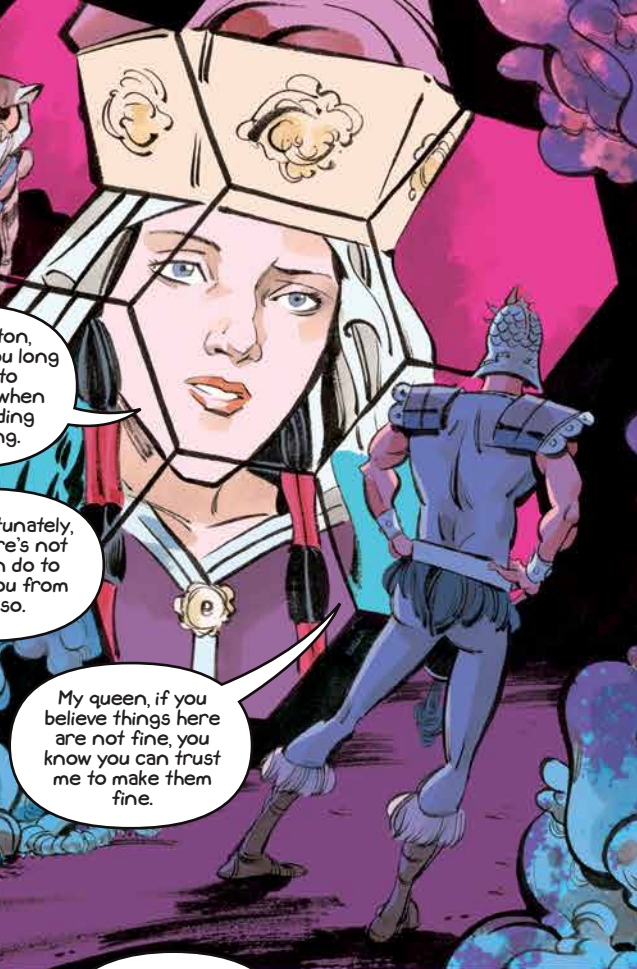


Everything is fine.

Dear Manton, I've known you long enough to recognize when you are hiding something.

And, unfortunately, I know there's not much I can do to dissuade you from doing so.

My queen, if you believe things here are not fine, you know you can trust me to make them fine.



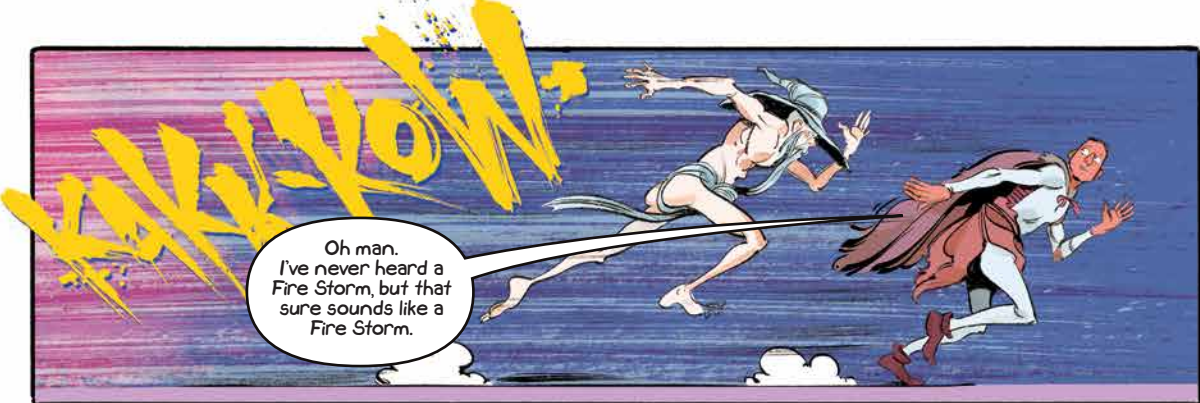
That is true. Well then, all I have to say to you is to be careful.

There have been ... reports of Vilektra readying an army. Something deeper is afoot, my friend.



An army? With Skullthor and his elite forces on Earth, does she have enough to make a move? Please tell me you are taking precautions. Do you need me to return? I—





Oh man. I've never heard a Fire Storm, but that sure sounds like a Fire Storm.



STOP THIS TRIAL! WE HAVE DEFINITIVE PROOF THAT DARTOR—



...Dartor...



You here for the trial of that hair-man? 'Fraid it ended already. Sentenced to death. Yup.



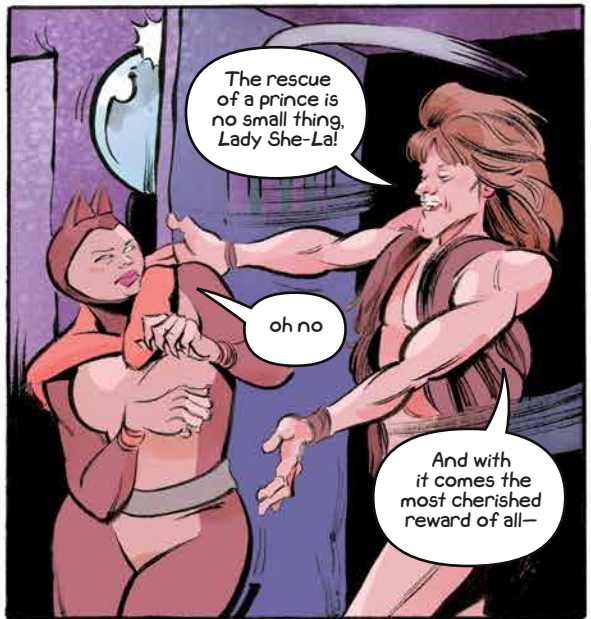
No burnin' this time on account-a last time. Probly just gonna punch him to death, I reckon.

SHE-LAI! PLAN B! PLAN B!



My hero!

Oh. Yeah, already on it. News travels fast.



The rescue of a prince is no small thing, Lady She-La!

oh no

And with it comes the most cherished reward of all—



—a kiss from this fair he-maiden!

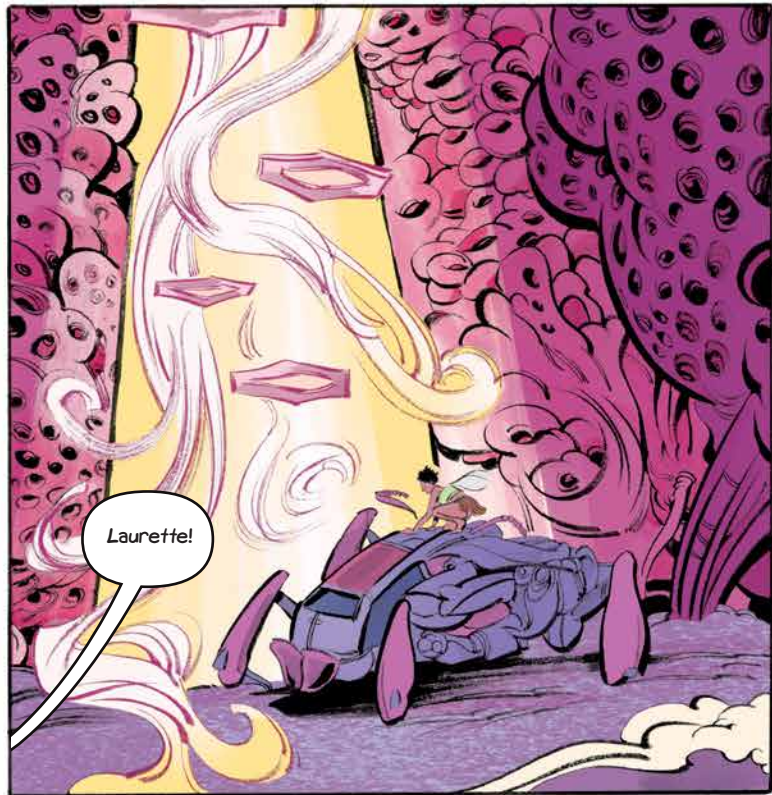
Ugh! How is it possible that they've been feeding you nothing but nectar and your breath still smells like onions?!



Now come on! The storm's hit, but there's still a chance we can get to Earth!

Perhaps the third time will be the charm in your quest to best Dartor, bug-men! Ha ha!





Laurette!



Good! You're still here! Where are the others?

I don't know! And the storm's almost over! If we don't leave now, we're never leaving!

Guys!!



Fire up the engines!

Let's get the hell out of here!!



GET ONBOARD! I WILL HOLD THEM BACK!



We shall all hold them back! Ha ha!

What? You—the whole point of someone holding people back is so the others do not have to hold them back!

TOO BAD.



Nobody listens to me, the clear leader! Is it any wonder ... we ...



Hey guys.



I'll hold them "back." GET IN THE DOODAD!



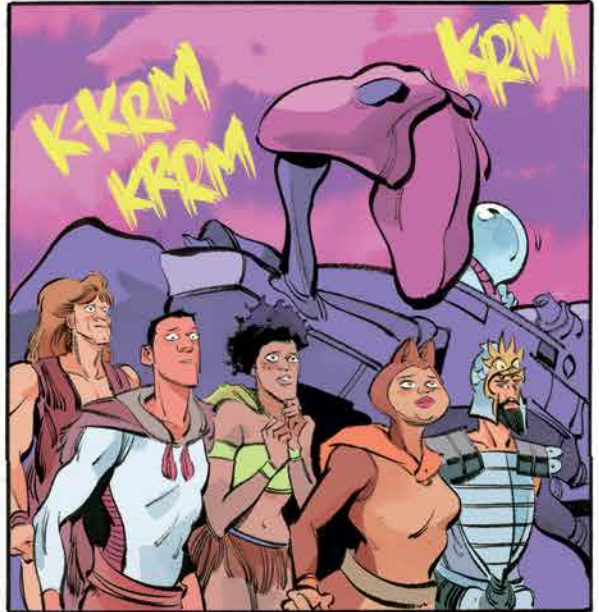
The coordinates are set! We just have to rise up into the central Hexagon!

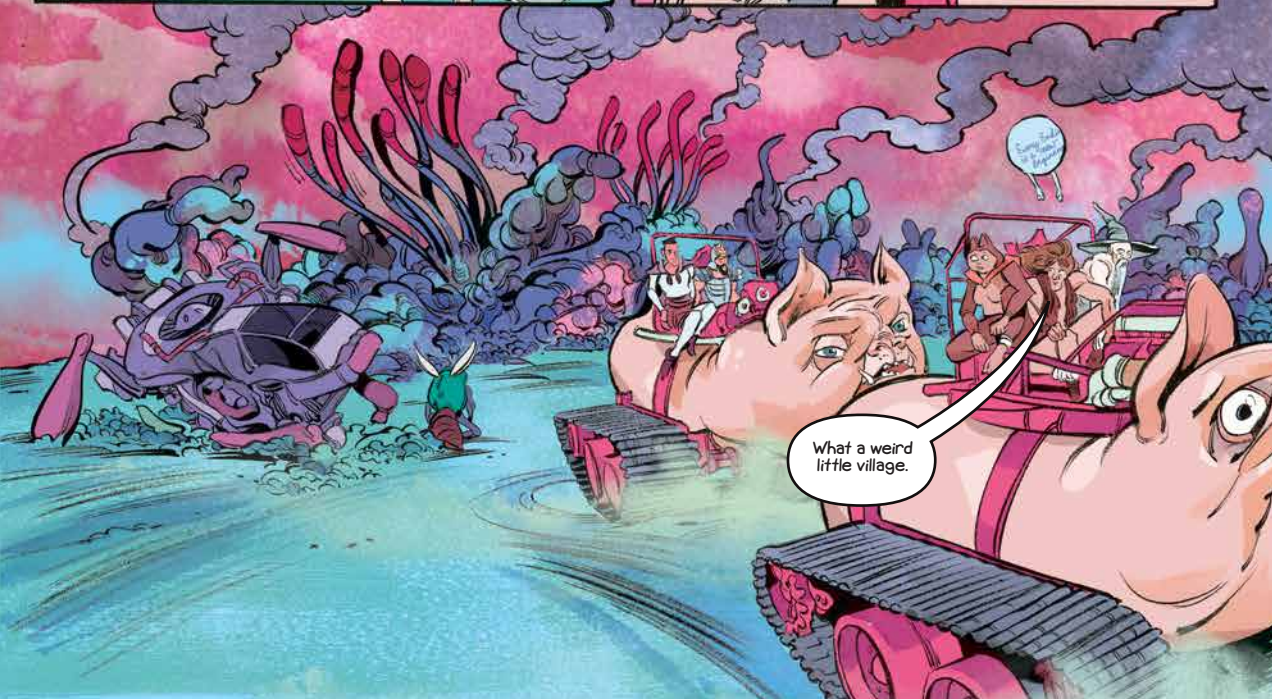
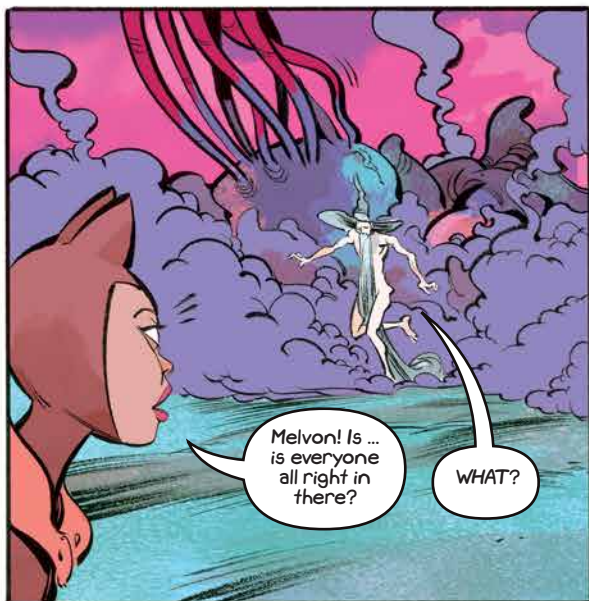
Let's go!

FWOOO

oooooooooooooMM









Skullthor is gone.

He bravely set out to conquer a new world. Perhaps he succeeded.

Perhaps he didn't.



But the question remains: why?

Why set out to conquer a new world when there is one here, beneath our feet, to claim as our own?



Because he was a failure.



He could not take this planet. Time and time again he tried, only to be sent back to The Dark Boroughs, bruised and bloodied, licking his wounds.

There is no shame in losing a battle. Provided you rise up again and again until you get what's yours. Skullthor did not. He threw his arms in the air and decreed:

"I am over. I cannot win."



"I am over."

So he fled. And left us here. To what? Wait for his return? Pine for our once-great leader?



I say no. I say we remember the Skullthor who once was and honour that memory. Honour it by doing what he never could.



Let
Kaptara
tremble.

NEED MONEY FOR
POOR PEOPLE SUP.



Your mother was right about you.

A HORDE TOUR

Bone up on barbaric brutes with this Kaptaran rogues' gallery

Villektra has gathered the most nefarious evil warriors in the land! But what's their deal? What are their hopes and dreams? How much can they bench press? We can only scratch their terrible surfaces here, but I think you'll agree: They're scary!

JEWELIUS SEIZURE

CLASSIFICATION: **Classical Thief**



Protect your pockets! This ne'er-do-well is known for stealing all the treasure from your chest, including your heart! Literally! He collects human hearts.

MUSCULARVA

CLASSIFICATION: **Shredded Grub**



Every time Muscularva flexes, BRAND NEW MUSCULARVAS emerge from his larva muscles! But they are only babies and very useless and needy on the battlefield.

TORMENTULA

CLASSIFICATION: **Suspicious Seductress**



Known for public displays of arachnid affection, Tormentula shrugs off repulsed passersby as strait-laced pruders. Then she tears off her lover's head and eats it.

TARANTULORD

CLASSIFICATION: **Arachnid Patsy**



Drawn into Tormentula's web of seduction, unsuspecting Kaptaran men are convinced to don the sacred garb of the Tarantulord, only to meet their fates during eerie mating rituals.

STABBIN' WOLF

CLASSIFICATION: **Lupine Knife Enthusiast**



Born with a degenerative disease which turned his fangs into floppy jelly, Stabbin' Wolf trained for years to become a ninth-level master of stabbing!

BOSSFERATU

CLASSIFICATION: **Doddering Bloodsucker**



A local senior-citizen mafia leader who was bitten by another mafia leader (who happened to be a vampire), Bossferatu now controls Kaptara's garbage disposal business ... at night!

PROSPECTRE

CLASSIFICATION: **Incorporeal Mountain Man**



A grizzled and ghoulish apparition with a thirst for precious metals, Prospectre will gut you with a pan (since he once heard that some people have "hearts of gold").

VICIOUS CIRCLE

CLASSIFICATION: **Discouraging Globule**



Motivational Orb's arch-enemy, Vicious Circle will highlight your greatest disappointments like a real jerk. Hot-blooded, cold-hearted, heavy-handed, no-legged.

JUGGERNECK

CLASSIFICATION: **Headless Humanoid**



With no head to worry about, Juggerneck focuses on his body! He prides himself on never having to decide whether to get an earring, or to duck when passing through a low doorway.

SLIZZARD

CLASSIFICATION: **Reptilian Phlebotomizer**



A wild, slippery contortionist, it would be almost impossible to grab Slizzard if it wasn't for his 8-foot-long, weak and dry tail. It's incredibly cumbersome! Though it has razors.

MANTLER

CLASSIFICATION: **Cervoid Tyrant**



When you see Mantler charging at you with his sharp and massive antlers, you'd better pray you're on the other side of a doorway because he is NO good at navigating those.

STARK RAVEN

CLASSIFICATION: **Avian Lunatic**



A formidable fighter, Stark Raven has been known to screech high-pitched whines at her enemies just before shitting on them in battle!

GROTESTICLEEZ

CLASSIFICATION: **Amorphodermic Grappler**



Anyone who ends up face to face with Grotesticleez usually runs away in terror! But if you can overcome that, just the lightest tap will force this monster to collapse in pain!

S.P.U.M.E

CLASSIFICATION: **Unstoppable Mucoid Entity**



Created in one of Kaptara's seedy underground laboratories, S.P.U.M.E. stands for Science Project: Unstoppable Mucoid Entity". "Nuff said." *Created by Mike Falls

TRICERACLOPS

CLASSIFICATION: **Trinocular Chasmosaur**



A powerful warrior who has three eyes instead of the usual two! What can he do with the third eye? Nobody knows, but SOME say it does very little.

BERZERKULES

CLASSIFICATION: **Rabid Muscleman**



One of the strongest villains in the land, Berzerkules is wildly unpredictable! Will he punch you to death? Do your taxes? Fall asleep? Impossible to know!

DEFENSTRATOR

CLASSIFICATION: **Aggressive Window**



A human window, Defenstrator will grab his enemies and smash them through the regenerating glass of his portal-torso! His catchphrase? "Bring the pane!"

TRAUMADERY

CLASSIFICATION: **Intense Ungulate**



His mantra? "Hump and thump." His other mantra? "I can survive almost seven months without water by extracting energy from the fat reserves in my noticeable hump."

TEEN FIEND

CLASSIFICATION: **Sullen Scoundrel**
ugh who cares



PREDATORTOISE

CLASSIFICATION: **Carnivorous Testudine**



He's over 400 years old and ready to kick ass! And how does he do that? By retreating into his terrifying, impenetrable shell and waiting for you to die!

AMEFYST

CLASSIFICATION: **Crystalline Pugilist**



Amefyst shoots beautiful, rare crystals from his massive fists! Will you fight him? Or collect those crystals and pay off your mortgage? While you decide, Amefyst strikes!

BRUTLE

CLASSIFICATION: **Elegant Barbarian Dog-Woman**



She's vicious! She's fast! She poops everywhere! A runaway model turned prize fighter, Brutle will trick you with her elegance and then bite down. Hard. Watch out for her Groomstick™.

FERNUS

CLASSIFICATION: **Ornamental Spy**



Provided your enemies are holding secret talks where ferns are present, Fernus is the perfect camouflaged intelligence agent. Ever loyal, in-group treachery makes his fiddleheads unfurl!

MUMP

CLASSIFICATION: **Contagious Wrestler**



Mump's trademark mumps are highly contagious! But they also give him muscle pain, fever, headaches and lethargy, so it's not too hard to stay ahead of him.

SORCERBERUS

CLASSIFICATION: **Three-Headed Wizard**



Three heads are better than one, so beware the magical spells of Sorcerberus! Except ONE of the heads does all the work and the other two are inept! Strike wisely!

THREATINA

CLASSIFICATION: **All-Seeing Gal**



Threatina sees all! And it has driven her MAD! She really can't cope with it all, so she lashes out in a not-so-blind fury at the drop of a hat! Often stands close to Thornicus to cause general unease.

BUNGUS

CLASSIFICATION: **Fungal Bungler**



This cool "fun guy" sprouts up anywhere things seem to be going really well and promptly bungs it all up. He has an air of superiority, as well as hallucinogenic pungence.

BRUTE PUNCH

CLASSIFICATION: **Combative Pitcher of "Juice"**



He's a good father, a devoted husband, and a jug filled with burning-acid blood! Known for bursting through the walls of death cult meetings.

CYCLOWN

CLASSIFICATION: **Kaptara's Monocular Funnyman**



Why so serious? Is it because Cycloon is telling his trademark "jokes," which are quite bad? Well, you'd better laugh or he'll kill you. Also, he has one eye!

BEEFMASTER

CLASSIFICATION: **Man Meat**



Born with the ability to control fresh, unliving beef, Beefmaster travels everywhere with choice ground chuck which he can hurl at enemies using the power of his MIND.

HYSSSTERIOR

CLASSIFICATION: **Delirious Serpent**



You want Hyssterior to calm down? Good luck! Once he plunges into a fit, fangs fly and scales swirl at the center of a toxic cloud of venom mist. On Kaptara's no-fly list.

DECAPITOT

CLASSIFICATION: **Infant Executioner**



Someone's been a baaaad boy! Sorry, that seems a little flippant since Decapitot has taken the heads of over 200 people. No one knows why because no one has survived asking.

COLONEL COBULUS

CLASSIFICATION: **CLASSIFIED**



A military mind like no other, Col. Cobulus is highly decorated (and highly decorative in the fall). He can feed his infantry from his own beautiful, replenishable corn body.

SLIMEVOR

CLASSIFICATION: **Ceaseless Secreter**



Working for Villektra as part of what he calls "the Secreted Service," Slimevor, once wronged by Dactor, spends his time plotting assassinations in a pool of his muculent discharge.

FLABBERGHOST

CLASSIFICATION: **Morbidly at Peace**



He's the ghost with the most... body mass, that is! Flabberghost has eaten hundreds of ghosts, and now has moved on to pre-ghosts, AKA human beings!

SPYDRA

CLASSIFICATION: **Arachnid Madam**



Eight arms, but no opposable thumbs; Spydra can't even hold a fork. But cut off one of her limbs and another grows in its place, keeping her amply equipped to hurt or tickle you in up to eight places.

DREDUSA

CLASSIFICATION: **Rasta Rattler**



If you catch the eye of Dredusa's snake dreads, beware! But don't worry about him, as he's been bitten so many times by his hair he can barely move!

MANNON THE HUMAN CANNON

CLASSIFICATION: **Long-Distance Relationships**



Fill him with balls and watch him explode! Unfortunately, Mannon's tiny arms are useless when it comes to ball-filling, so he needs a friend with a ramrod in battle or he'll surely die.

MANGIAC

CLASSIFICATION: **Feral Canine Man**



It's not the breed of Mangiac, it's the way he was raised. And he was raised really, really poorly, so watch out. Plus, he's had all his shots... of fermented fuscibeast milk (he's drunk).

STEGASUS

CLASSIFICATION: **Winged Dino-Man**



What's that down there? Just a dinosaur. Can't get us up here. WAIT, HE HAS WINGS.
...
Oh no.

THE STEAMLAND CLEAVER

CLASSIFICATION: Steam-Powered Butcher



The only thing more dangerous than a cleaver is a STEAM-POWERED cleaver! I mean, I guess there are other things more dangerous than that, but The Steamland Cleaver doesn't think so.

NECROFAIL

CLASSIFICATION: Blundering Cadaver



Wildly clumsy in life, Necrofail couldn't even die right, so now he roams Kaptara, fumbling about and menacing citizens. He is also their top-grossing movie star for the past three years.

UNCLE SCOURGE

CLASSIFICATION: Stinky Sadist



If you try to steal his gold, he'll pin you to his Ouchie Table! And if you cry "Uncle" he'll only hurt you worse! And his greatest secret? He has no brothers or sisters.

ELVIRAL

CLASSIFICATION: Mistress of Rags



Elviral does battle using germ-covered rags, supplied by her sidekick, Pump Pail. You may win the battle, but in two weeks you'll be in rough shape unless you hit the Vitamin C, bro.

BOULDERGEIST

CLASSIFICATION: Rock of Faces?



There's no visible reason he's called "Bouldergeist," so people assume he has a rock-encrusted face under his hood. Why wouldn't he just show us so we can get past this name confusion?

PHANTICORE

CLASSIFICATION: Bouldergeist Buddy



Bouldergeist rides this beast, who also has a hood for some reason. His body's hideous, so is his face very beautiful! Trying to figure it out will drive you mad, and THAT'S when they kill you.

LAVALANCHE

CLASSIFICATION: Top Blower



This guy's a real hothead! Ha ha ha! Interesting fact: The lava Lavalanche produces is actually white, but he treats it with red dye because he thinks it just looks better.

SMACKTUS

CLASSIFICATION: Cacti Guy



Half man, half cactus, all Smacktus! This nefarious brute is filled with a thick, viscous liquid which could save your life in the desert, but fat chance of convincing him to give it up!

MR. KISSES

CLASSIFICATION: Lip Lash



His hands are lips! And when they come together and pucker up they become a powerful battering ram! Also, they have a mild case of herpes.

PHLEGLMINS

CLASSIFICATION: Hobgoblins of hork



Story has it these beasts were coughed up by a Dry Dragon after an encounter with Elviral! Another story insists they're actually made of delicious, sweet gelatin! Only one way to find out!

SPODACK

CLASSIFICATION: Spore loser



While his body produces traditionally asexual spores which can suffocate his enemies, Spodack insists he is VERY sexual, like he has something to prove?

BRIEFCAKE

CLASSIFICATION: Musclebound Businessman



Briefcake was a simple barbarian until bitten by a businessman during a sexual encounter. He insists the bite gave him business powers, but really he just killed the guy and stole his briefcase.

GREASEMASTER

CLASSIFICATION: Slippery Subjugator



He's impossible to hold onto, but it's also impossible for him to hold onto you! I suppose you could shoot him and end this. Refers to the period after he kills his enemies as "grease and quiet."

HEXUS

CLASSIFICATION: Cursing Queen



Bad things will befall you if you go up against Hexus! Or maybe it's just coincidence! Guess it depends whether you believe in that stuff or not.

SPELLETON

CLASSIFICATION: Bone Wizard



A great magician, Spelleton can do almost anything, except make his crystal-clear skin, organs and blood visible! His wife almost leaves him every single day!

THORNICUS

CLASSIFICATION: Barbedbarian



Every rose has its thorn, and it's true for Thornicus. His wife, Morosebud, is a super lady who really keeps him grounded, especially since she has to stay in one place for her entire life.

VEINIAC

CLASSIFICATION: So Vein



Don't let Veinac sink his veins into you! He drains blood with them to feed his large heart! That heart is literal AND metaphorical as he donates his free time to the local children's hospital!

CLAMAZON

CLASSIFICATION: Clammy Ma'am



Her face is made of beautiful pearl and is priceless, but good luck getting past her clam! Once it shuts it's closed for about three hours, forcing her to fumble about blind in a panic!

HELI-KITTY

CLASSIFICATION: Apocalypse Meow



A cat tank with trust issues, Heli-Kitty took to the skies instead, to avoid helping others. He is known to expel fiery defecations onto an unsuspecting populace.

FISTOPHELES

CLASSIFICATION: Feline Fighter



Due to an allergic reaction to his own fur, Fistopheles' hands swelled to ten times their normal size! And what do you do with large hands? You punch people for money, of course!

SCALDRON

CLASSIFICATION: Thermogenic Warlock



A master of scalding liquids, Scaldron insists his superpower is the ability to hold very hot items, but the look on his face as he carries his battle cauldron indicates that's surely not the case.

AGHASTEROID

CLASSIFICATION: Awestruck Spacerock



Crash landed on Kaptara years ago, Aghasteroid is constantly stunned at the behaviour of the planet's denizens, despite his own boorish conduct.

RAZZAMATAZZARD

CLASSIFICATION: Birdy Dancer



Due to a mixup at the orphanage, this buff buzzard was raised by exotic dancers instead of exotic birds. His dance abilities dazzle his enemies moments before he goes in for the kill!

FLAYTALITY

CLASSIFICATION: Next of Skin



Cursed with skin that explodes every 15 minutes, Flaytality needs to constantly skin himself or he'll die! But don't feel bad for him; he usually tosses his exploding skin at orphanages!

THE SHRIVELLER

CLASSIFICATION: Raisin Hell



The Shriveller can shrink to the size of two or three spoonberries! But he does it by eliminating all water in his body, making it hard for him to accomplish much. Drink more water, guys!

OSTEO FEROCIOUS

CLASSIFICATION: Bony Pony



It appears that Osteo Ferocious is a caveman wearing animal bones, but he's actually animal bones riding a caveman! The bones are a symbiote that controls him! VERY COOL!

CARCASSIST

CLASSIFICATION: Conceited Corpse



Even though she's been dead for twenty years, Carcassist insists she's the most beautiful person in Kaptara. What's weird though? She is! Because beauty's in the eye of the beholder.

EXECUTIE

CLASSIFICATION: Hangman Hamster



She was Endom's executioner due to the calming effect she had on those about to die. But everyone committed crimes so they could be killed by her! She was fired and now freelances.

BENJAMIN BLUDGEON

CLASSIFICATION: Killing Time



Believing he has the ability to age backwards with every person he kills, Benjamin Bludgeon has taken many lives! But he actually ages normally, so we're not sure how that idea started.

WIFFLE BAT

CLASSIFICATION: Bad Bat Man



This holy winged creature of the night is a poor flier, so he overcompensated by getting super jacked. He is a very strong bat.

THRUST GUST

CLASSIFICATION: Windy warrior



With his powerful pelvic thrusts, Thrust Gust can create strong winds. Where do the winds come from? Let's not think about it too much, okay?

THE PICKET WITCH OF THE FENCE

CLASSIFICATION: Advice Agitator



The Picket Witch seems friendly, offering up neighbourly advice; but if you listen to her, a series of events will unfold, killing everyone you love!

LAW AND OGRE

CLASSIFICATION: Fanatic Duo



Law is an ex-cop, looking to make some money. Ogre is just a weird thing. Together they take on any assignment, no matter how shady!

VITRIO

CLASSIFICATION: Venomous Triplets



Kaptara's version of a barbershop quartet, but with three members and spewing acid in lieu of beautiful harmonies. If any one of them is out of sync, the others start sulking and refuse to spew for at least a day.

CRABSENT

CLASSIFICATION: Sneaky Crustacean



Where's Crabsent? Probably burrowing underneath you, about to strike. Unless you're standing on rock, of course. So stand on rock.

VAPOR EYES

CLASSIFICATION: Killer Looks



Emitting an all-seeing mist, Vapor Eyes can spy almost anywhere! But while she does that, she can't see where she's going, and her mortal enemy, Staircase, takes full advantage!

CATASTROFLEA

CLASSIFICATION: Ingratiating Insect



A powerful enemy with a ferocious bite, the worst thing about Catastroflea is that it's nearly impossible to get rid of him! He'll literally move into your home if you can't defeat him!

QUASIHOGO

CLASSIFICATION: Shady Hump



Deemed too unattractive to hang with the supermodel homes of Kaptara, Quasihogo roams the land looking for lodgings and opportunities to use his bundle full of nails.

CATERPILLARPULT

CLASSIFICATION: Larval Siege Weapon



This sentient caterpillar is ideal for large battles, as she's continually birthing rock-hard babies to be flung at enemies!

INCINERATAUR

CLASSIFICATION: Fire-Breathing Minotaur



Minotaurs are pretty scary as is, so one who breathes fire is terrifying! He can't even breathe out regular air, so he's never been kissed! Hard to be mad at him, really.

HEMOGOBLIN

CLASSIFICATION: Blood Imp



He's made of O-type blood, so if you're hurt in battle, hold him to your open wound and he'll enter you, healing you quickly! But he will also control you, so there's that.

CENTAUR FOR THE HOMELESS

CLASSIFICATION: Selfless Tramp



This "selfless" centaur helps fellow homeless with awareness seminars. But they're actually pyramid schemes! Call him on it and he'll hit you with his signature move: The Tramp Stamp!

BEEZELBULBOUS

CLASSIFICATION: Diseased Devil



This demon appears to be covered in goiters, but they're actually air pockets! And if you pop them during battle, the released air will whisper a devastating truth about you!

WHIPPERSNAPPER

CLASSIFICATION: Fish & Whips



Whippersnapper spends 95% of his time underwater! Which makes it incredibly hard to practice his whipping skills, so he tends to do a lot of it while on land! TO INNOCENT PEOPLE.



WHERE THE WINDS BLEW

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF DARTOR, PRINCE OF ENDOM

An excerpt



I had never intended to go to The City of Lunges, but my best friend, Johnny Fists, refused to believe I was dating a girl there. Yet the fair maiden Mel-Lissa was no imaginary woman-friend! Far from it! She was as real as the many hickeys which adorned my princely neck like bruise jewelry! Johnny Fists laughed at my proof of good times, noting that the dark marks looked like something my roommate, Trunk Hunk, could deliver with ease.

"No one calls Prince Dartor a liar!" I deeply squealed, and punched Johnny Fists in the throat. But, as the old adage goes, "never start a fist fight with a man who has 'fist' in his name." Johnny clocked me but good in my attractive nose, breaking it once again. After our scuffle it was agreed: I must supply definitive proof of Mel-Lissa's existence and interest in me.

She had visited me in Endom a week prior, but had made no plans to return soon, citing the fact that she "had a lot on her plate" and was "going through some stuff." Perhaps a surprise visit from the "Prince of Makeouts" would be just the thing to pick her spirits up! Ha ha!

I left the next day, riding Samuel, my trusty cat-tank, and accompanied by a fine acquaintance, Photo Bomb, who could capture proof of Mel-Lissa and me making love using his built-in torso camera. Could I have simply taken a regular camera on my quest? Of course, but friendship on a long journey is important and I enjoy people watching me make love. I am a giver!

Samuel caught a cold on day two, so I had to put him down on the side of the road. Photo Bomb left a note on his bloated body apologizing for our not burying him, and explaining that we were late for a grand fucking. I dare you to find a single person alive who would not empathize with such a note!

Photo Bomb was a husky man-camera, so I rode him for most of the journey's remainder. At least until he started sniffing. He was a good man and will be missed, but I was not about to give Mel-Lissa a cold on top of what she surely acquired on our first evening of love-making!

So, alone, I strolled Bloodletting Trail, my mind reeling from thoughts of all the wonderful sex I was to have in three days time. Oh, Mel-Lissa! With your correct number of teeth and interesting body! Soon you would be mine yet again!

As I approached The City of Lunges days later, a man stood on the trail, defiantly in the centre. He was a burly, middle-aged sort with a receding hairline and a very droopy

face. He was almost nude, save for much gold jewelry and a fur-covered girdle and manties (man panties). Also, he was covered in blood.

“Hello!” I barked, one hand on my trusty blowgun, the other waving like a child. The man held his sword away from him like a cock presented to a loved one on Freedom Day.

“WHO GOES THERE?” he barked back.

I barked once again. “I am Dartor, Prince of Endom! And I have come to make love to Mel-Lissa, Music Promoter of The City of Lunges! Step aside or feel the sting of my nasty darts!” The road gentleman’s muscles tensed and he declaratively barked back, “I AM RED CARL, WARRIOR OF THE LOST LANDS. AND WHOSEVER BEATS ME IN BATTLE GETS TO BED ME.”

Red Carl was not my type, so this unusual offer held no appeal to me, but getting past him and on to Mel-Lissa (and onto Mel-Lissa ha ha) did. “I do not wish to bed you! But I really need to get past you to a very important appointment! Is there any way of—”

Red Carl swung his sword, narrowly missing my powerful chest. I stumbled back and quickly put blowgun to lips. I blew a tight, short burst of air and a level seven intoxication dart flew toward my new nemesis. But Red Carl was faster than he appeared, and knocked the dart to the ground with his blade. His next swing caught my blowgun itself, cutting it in two and rendering it useless. All I had now was my greatest weapon of all: my body.

As Red Carl swung his blade again, I dove to the ground, avoiding its trajectory. Once low, I punched the fiend’s left knee quite hard, and he tumbled to the ground in agony. I took that moment to leap atop him, knocking the sword from his grasp. He struggled mightily, but a classic “Dartor-elbow-to-the-face” showed him he was defeated. He looked up at me with fury and sadness.

“You have defeated me. I am yours.” Red Carl gestured with his head down to his very average body, dotted with sporadic tufts of hair. Again, he was not my type, but I admired how he swung his blade, so I kissed him. He eagerly returned my affection and we fucked in the road for hours. Later, as we lay off to the side of that dusty trail to finally let the backed-up carriages through, I managed to get him to admit that he does this every day because it is the only way he knows to explore this side of himself while still honouring his marriage to a lovely office administrator that he’d been with since high school.

“I made up this code, which she respects, even though it confuses her. I suppose one day I will just have to talk to her honestly about an open marriage.” He grew sad, which, frankly, is a huge turn-off for me, so I left. Did I continue on to meet Mel-Lissa and her expected sex?

Aye, I did.





Kagan McLeod is an illustrator whose work has been published by *Newsweek*, *Sports Illustrated*, *The Wall Street Journal*, and *Entertainment Weekly*. He did a book all by his lonesome called *Infinite Kung Fu* (Top Shelf), which Chip was the first to read.



Chip Zdarsky likes to party. In between parties he writes and/or illustrates comic books, such as *Jughead* (Archie), *Howard the Duck* (Marvel), and the award-winning *Sex Criminals* (Image). So maybe you should invite him to more parties?