

WOWEEKAZONIE

NO 3
75¢



Tim
Corrigan
9/16

WOWEEKAZOWIE!

EDITORIAL!

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IT HATH BEEN SAID THAT IF ONE WERE TO WAIT LONG ENOUGH, ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE, AND AFTER A SEEMING ETERNITY OF ALMOST A YEAR AND A HALF, LO, AND BEHOLD, **WOWEE-KAZOWIE!** #3 IS ACTUALLY OUT!

BETWEEN THEN AND NOW, A LOT HAS HAPPENED, TOO LONG A STORY TO TELL IN THE SPACE I HAVE FOR THIS EDITORIAL. I PROMISE TO EXPAND UPON IT IN MY EDITORIAL FOR NEXT ISSUE, WHICH, I MIGHT ADD IS **NOT** A YEAR AND A HALF AWAY!

WHAT WITH THE INTERESTS OF SOME INDIVIDUALS INVOLVED CHANGING, OR BEING DIVERTED INTO OTHER PROJECTS, OR DISAGREEING ABOUT THE ZINE, AND EVEN GOING PRO, IT SEEMED AT ONE POINT THAT THERE WASN'T GOING TO BE A THIRD ISSUE.

SOMEHOW, EVENTUALLY #3 DID START TAKING SHAPE, BUT WITH TRYING TO FIND WAYS OF FINANCING IT, WAITING FOR ADDITIONAL MATERIAL TO COME IN, TIME DRIFTED BY AND IT WAS ALREADY FALL. KIM THOMPSON, WHO HAD EXPRESSED INTEREST IN TAKING OVER AS PUBLISHER WAS UNABLE TO DO SO AS HE SEEMED TO BE SUFFERING FROM A CASE OF MIKE ADDRESSSES AND WHAT WITH TAKING OVER MIKE CANTRON'S SPOT AT **THE COMICS JOURNAL**, KIM WAS NOT IN A POSITION FOR BEARING THE BURDEN OF PUBBING A ZINE, ANYHOW. ALL THE OTHER MEMBERS WHO WEREN'T INTO PUBLISHING AND EDITING THEIR OWN PROJECTS WERE NOT INTERESTED IN COMMITTING THEMSELVES TO A ZINE FOR A VARIETY OF REASONS.

ALONG THE WAY I STARTED GETTING A BIT OF WORK IN **COMICS**, BUT THAT WAS ERRATIC AND SPORADIC AT BEST, BUT AT THE TIME IT LOOKED AS IF **WOWEE** WOULD FINALLY BE OUT LAST WINTER.

IT WASN'T TO BE. WORK TRICKLED TO NON-EXISTANT (MORAL: LIVING AWAY FROM THE BIG APPLE IS A DEFINITE DISADVANTAGE!) AND THE PROPOSED FORMAT CHANGE WHICH WOULD HAVE CERTAINLY BOOSTED **WOWEE'S** CIRCULATION WOULD HAVE TO WAIT.

NOT HAVING RECEIVED A COMPLAINT ABOUT **WOWEE'S** NON-APPEARANCE UNTIL AFTER I HAD STARTED TO WORK ON A NEWSLETTER TO SEND SUBSCRIBERS FROM TWO PEOPLE, I REALIZED THAT A NEWSLETTER MIGHT NOT BE QUITE ENOUGH, ESPECIALLY AFTER

WILLIE B. SENT SUBBERS A STRIP-ZINE, I FELT I HAD TO DO AT LEAST AS WELL.

UNFORTUNATELY, PARTLY DUE TO THE NEW FORMAT I FELT THAT I COULDN'T SEND OUT THE ORIGINAL #3, WHICH HAS NOW BEEN SHIFTED TO #4. INSTEAD I'VE PUT TOGETHER THIS ISSUE FOR THE SUBBERS, SO THEY'D FINALLY GET SOMETHING IN THEIR HANDS AFTER ALL THIS TIME. ALSO, A SPECIAL NOTE TO SUBBERS THIS ISSUE IS ON US. IF YOU HAD TWO ISSUES COMING, YOU'RE STILL GOING TO GET TWO, OUTSIDE OF THIS ISH, FOR INSTANCE.

IN THE MEANTIME, I HAVEN'T BEEN IDLE, AS #4 AND #5 ARE ALL LINED UP. YOU'LL BE SEEING ARTICLES BY THE LIKES OF MARK GRUENWALD, KIM THOMPSON, FRANK LOVECE, GENE PHILLIPS, KURT BUSIEK FOR INSTANCE AND WILLIE'S **VICTORY STRIP** RETURNS NEXT ISH. ALSO ON HAND WILL BE STRIPS STARRING **NIMBUS** BY LOVECE, **ROBB PHIPPS & SAM DE LA ROSA OMEGON** (FROM **THE ENFORCERS**) BY LARRY HOUSTON, GAR HAYWOOD AND MYSELF, AND **DEATH-MARK** BY LOVECE, BILL NEVILLE AND DE LA ROSA, PLUS SPOTS BY ORDAWAY, MACHLAN, BOTSIS, BLYBERG AND OTHERS. #5 HAS ARTICLES BY BILL TURNER, THOMPSON AND LOVECE, AND A POSSIBLE COLUMN BY WILLIE, AS WELL AS STRIPS BY GRUENWALD, KARL KESEL AND PARTS II OF **OMEGON** AND **DEATHMARK!**

AS FOR THIS ISH, **FISH-EYE'S BED** IS COURTESY OF INTERFAN AND WAS ORIGINALLY SCHEDULED FOR ANOTHER PROJECT OF MINE, AND TIM CORRIGAN'S **ELASTICORN** WAS ORIGINALLY SET FOR THE ORIGINAL #3. **MAARZ**, BY WILLIE B. IS FOR ALL YOU **VICTORY** COMPLETISTS. IT WAS NEVER FINISHED AND WAS DISCARDED IN FAVOR OF THE FIRST EPISODE WAY BACK IN OUR FIRST ISSUE! THE REST OF THE MATERIAL WAS 'FILLER' MATERIAL FOR **WOWEE** ALTHOUGH THAT TERM IS A BIT MISLEADING. THE JOHN BYRNE TWO-PAGER WAS A "DAY AFTER DOOMSDAY" SAMPLE DONE IN '74 BUT WAS REJECTED BY DC FOR BEING TOO RISQUE, I BELIEVE. SPECIAL THANKS GOES TO BOISTEROUS BOB LAYTON FOR PERMISSION TO USE IT!

I'M RUNNING OUT OF SPACE AND HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO SAY ALL I WANTED TO, MY APOLOGIES. ALSO MY APOLOGIES TO YOU ALL FOR THE DELAY IN GETTING #3 OUT. I'M NOT NECESSARILY ASKING FOR YOUR FORGIVENESS, JUST YOUR UNDERSTANDING!

THANK YOU ALL,

Pete Iro

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THE CANARY ISLANDS WERE OFT DESCRIBED AS "A NECKLACE OF DIAMONDS ACROSS THE THROAT OF THE PACIFIC".

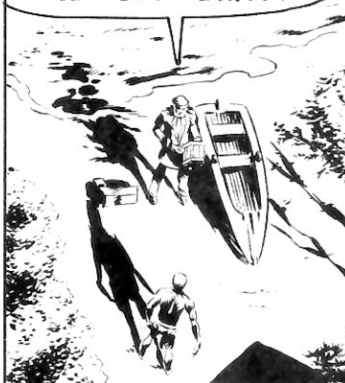


IF THIS IS TRUE, THEN THE ISLAND OF BOLI MUST CERTAINLY BE THE RHINESTONE IN THE CHAIN.



THE ISLAND OF BOLI IS HOME TO ONLY ONE MAN. THE PEARL MAN... OLD FISH-EYE.

EVERYTHING YOU USUALLY GET, PLUS A BARREL OF GUNPOWDER! IT'LL COST YOU EXTRA!



VERN COSTELLO WAS A SMALL-TIME SMUGGLER AND RUM-RUNNER UNTIL HE MET AN ISLANDER ON MORAB WHO TOLD HIM WHAT TO BRING--AND HOW HE WOULD BE PAYED..

PEARLS. THE BEST COSTELLO HAD EVER SEEN.



WELL, BLOW ME AWAY! AMAZIN' HOW YOU ALWAYS GOT MORE OF THOSE BEAUTIES! A BODY'D THINK THEY POPPED OUT OF YOUR EARS!



YOU'RE STILL THE STRANGEST BODY I EVER BRUNG SUPPLIES FOR, BUT GOD KNOWS, THE PAYMENT CAN'T BE FAULTED! SEE YOU IN A COUPLE OF MONTHS!



FISHEYES BED!

VERNON COSTELLO, THIRD-RATE SMUGGLER, PLANNED ON COMING BACK A LOT SOONER THAN A COUPLE OF MONTHS. IN FACT, HE PLANNED ON GOING BACK IN LESS THAN A DAY.

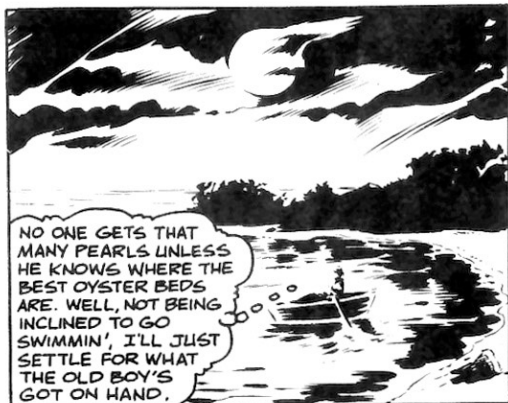
THE FEDERALES HAD FINALLY COME TO PACIFIC WATERS... AND ALL OF A SUDDEN SMUGGLING HAD BECOME ABOUT AS MUCH FUN AS HUNTING WHALES IN A CANOE.

COSTELLO WAS OUT TO MAKE ONE LAST KILLING BEFORE RETIREMENT.

... AN INTERFAN PRODUCTION
STEVE CLEMENT - STORY
PETE BOTSIS - ARTWORK
PETE IRO - INKS & LETTERS

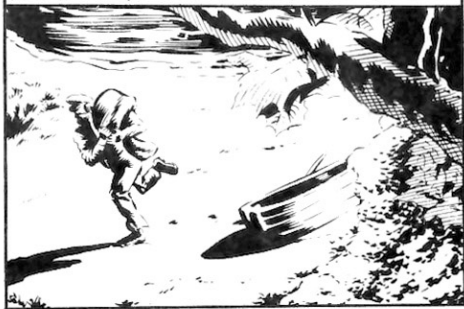
YOU'LL BE BACK BY MORNING?

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO *KNOW*. JUST STAY HERE AND DON'T LET ANYBODY STEAL THE BLOOMIN' OCEAN!



NO ONE GETS THAT MANY PEARLS UNLESS HE KNOWS WHERE THE BEST OYSTER BEDS ARE. WELL, NOT BEING INCLINED TO GO SWIMMIN', I'LL JUST SETTLE FOR WHAT THE OLD BOY'S GOT ON HAND.

THE SLOSHING BAGS ON HIS SHOULDER, SLICK SAND UNDER HIS HEELS, THE SMUGGLER DASHED INTO THE SPRAY-COATED FOLIAGE, THINKING OF WHAT A DECISIVE CHANGE HE WAS ABOUT TO MAKE ON THIS TINY SEA-ROCK.



I'VE NEVER IN ALL MY TIMES HERE SEEN THAT OLD MAN LEAVE MORE THAN SPITTING DISTANCE FROM HIS CABIN. WELL, IF ANYTHING'LL DO IT, THIS WILL!



CAUGHT! NOW I OUGHT JUST TO HAVE TIME ENOUGH TO GET 'ROUND TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND BEFORE...

PHIT!
SPFFPZZZ



...HALF THE ISLAND IS *BURNING!*

FOOKAP!



A FIRE. IT DOES NOT BEGIN ON AN ISLAND WITHOUT HELP!

DEAL WITH IT IN THE USUAL WAY.



WHAT IN THE NAME OF WHALE FAT IS THAT CRAZY ISLANDER UP TO?

WHERE THERE HAD ONLY BEEN A RIPPLING SILENCE, NOW AROSE A SPUME OF SALT AND FOAM, LIKE SOME PILLAR FROM THE TEMPLE OF NEPTUNE.



DONE. YOU FEEL HIS EVIL?

OF COURSE. WE SHALL WAIT.



TWO HOURS LATER...

...AND I TELL YOU I DON'T LIKE IT! ALL THAT KICKING ABOUT AND THAT LOONIE WATERSPOUT!

YOU'LL KNOW ALL ABOUT IT, BUCKY-BY, SOON ENOUGH!



WE'RE DAMN CLOSE TO THAT OLD MAN'S PLACE, AIN'T WE? WHAT IF HE SHOULD HEAR US?

HE WILL, BUCKY; AND HE'LL COME RUNNING. RIGHT. RIGHT?



ARGGH!

A MAN SCREAMS ...TRUE?

TRUE. IT IS NONE OF YOUR CONCERN, ANOTHER PETTY DIVERSION. REMAIN WITH ME.



DAMN HIS PUFFY FACE! I WHIPPED THIS SWINE UNTIL HE'S DOG MEAT, AND THAT OLD DARKIE STAYS ON THAT PORCH LIKE HE'S GLUED TO IT! SO MUCH FOR DOIN' THINGS THE SUBTLE WAY!





... I AM NOT DEAD?

NOT NOW. NOW IS ALL THAT MATTERS. THE SAND WILL AID YOU. USE IT.



THERE, YOU ARE WELL AGAIN.



AND I HAVE TENDED TO THE GREEDY ONE.

COME. LET US BURY HIM.



I DON'T LIKE BEING DEAD. CAN WE NOT DO THIS NEXT TIME.

IF POSSIBLE.



AND JUST LIKE ALL THE REST... HE FOUND HIS REST IN FISH-EYE'S BED.



WILL WE NEED A NEW SUPPLIER?

DO NOT FEAR. FOR DOES NOT ALL GREED LOVE THE PEARL-MAN'S?

CASTELLO WAS A THIEF AND A SMUGGLER, JUST LIKE THE REST.

BASED ON A STORY BY *NANCY LYBRAND* * ADAPTED AND PENCILLED BY *W. M. NEVILLE*
INKED BY *SAM DE LA ROSA* * LETTERED BY *PETE IRO*

TO BE OR NOT TO BE,
THAT IS THE QUESTION.

WHETHER 'TIS NOBLER IN THE MIND TO SUFFER THE
SLINGS AND ARROWS OF OUTRAGEOUS FORTUNE...

OR TO TAKE ARMS AGAINST
A SEA OF TROUBLES AND,
BY OPPOSING...

...END THEM.

BRIDGE

THE CITY LIGHTS FLICKERED THROUGH THE
MIST, AND AN OLD MAN STOOD AT THE BRIDGE
RAILING WHILE THE INKY RIVER OF NIGHT
PERMEATED THE AIR.

A DAMP WIND CARESSED
MY FACE, SENDING
CHILLS THROUGH MY BODY.

HIS STOOPED SHOULDERS SHOOK
BENEATH A THIN, WORN COAT.

HE APPEARED TO ADDRESS AN
INVISIBLE HOST, AND, AS I
WATCHED, HIS DEJECTED AIR
CHANGED TO ONE OF TRIUMPH.

ALARMED, I DASHED
TOWARD HIM, BUT EVEN
AS I DID SO I
KNEW...

HE WAS
GOING
TO JUMP.

...I WOULD
BE TOO LATE.

AS THE MAN LEAPED, HIS HUGE DOG
CAUGHT HIS COAT AND PULLED...



ONLY TO
PLUNGE WITH
ITS MASTER
INTO THE BLACK
VEILS OF MIST.

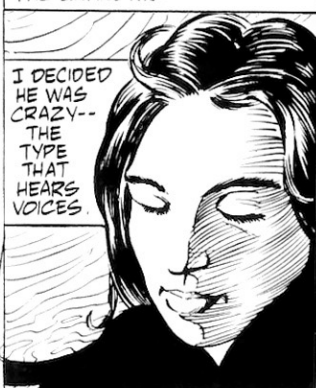
ALL THAT REMAINED OF
THE TWO LIVES WAS AN OLD
BATTERED CANE LEANING
AGAINST THE RAILING.

I PICKED UP THE CANE
WONDERING ABOUT ITS
OWNER. WHY HAD HE
KILLED HIMSELF?



HE WAS NO
COWARD OR
HE WOULD
HAVE
HESITATED...

...YET HIS FEAR OF LIFE COULD
HAVE OVERCOME HIS FEAR OF
THE UNKNOWN.



I DECIDED
HE WAS
CRAZY--
THE
TYPE
THAT
HEARS
VOICES.

THIS BROUGHT A
BITTER SMILE TO MY
LIPS FOR I KNEW
HOW EARNESTLY HE
WOULD PROTEST IF HE
KNEW MY THOUGHTS.

AS I STOOD THINKING, BLACKNESS
COMPLETELY SURROUNDED ME
AND THE WIND TURNED CLAMMY.
ITS ICY FINGERS PULLED AT ME
I GAZED UNSEESINGLY INTO THE
DARKNESS.



SUDDENLY A RAY OF LIGHT APPEARED
FROM NOWHERE AND WENT NOWHERE.



THE WIND HAD
ACQUIRED
A VOICE.

JUMP!

YOU ARE A PUNY MORTAL
ENCASED IN A FLIMSY BODY.
ONLY JUMP AND YOU WILL
BE FREE!

YOU WILL BECOME ONE
OF THOSE BENEATH THE
BRIDGE

AND
THEN,
BECOME
A PART
OF ME--

AND WHO
HAS MORE
FREEDOM
THAN I?

**JUMP,
MORTAL...**

MOST OFTEN THIS TYPE
WOULD NOT ADMIT, EVEN
TO HIMSELF, THAT HE HEARD
THINGS OTHERS DID NOT.



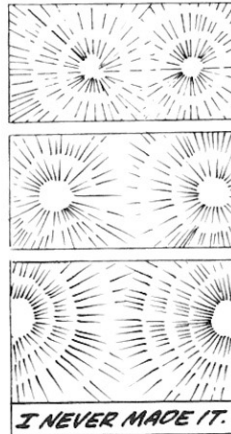
JUMP!

UNWILLINGLY, I CLIMBED
ONTO THE RAILING AND
STOOD THERE, POISED.



I STEPPED DOWN TO THE STREET AND STARTED FOR THE SAFETY OF NEON LIGHTS...

SUDDENLY I THREW THE CANE AS HARD AS I COULD AFTER ITS OWNER.



A PASSING CAR STRUCK ME AND KNOCKED ME OFF THE BRIDGE. AS I PLUMMETED TO MY DEATH...

...I HEARD A SOUND WHICH COULD HAVE BEEN SNAKES' LAUGHTER.

FOOL!

AND THE POLICE STATION, WHERE I INTENDED TO REPORT THE OLD MAN'S DEATH.

I NEVER MADE IT.



DID YOU BELIEVE YOU COULD DISOBEY ME? THAT CAR WAS NOT OUT OF CONTROL!

YOU STEPPED BEFORE IT AS I INSTRUCTED YOU.

YES, MORTAL, YOU TOO, "HEAR VOICES!"

YOU TOO ARE 'CRAZY'!

AND THE HISSING LAUGHTER SOUNDED BENEATH THE BRIDGE.



GENE D'ARY / TEE JEE '75

THE BATTLE OF THE ZAMORIAN MARCHES / THE HANDS OF NERGAH / FEBRUARY

SPACE MYSTERY

WAB 17

INSIDE THE GREAT SPACESHIP, A STRANGE UNEASINESS HAD SEIZED THE CREW, AND NO ONE WOULD SPEAK OF IT! SUDDENLY, A YOUNG OFFICER, BROKE THE SILENCE...



COLONEL ISN'T THERE SOMETHING WE CAN DO ABOUT ALL THIS?!

I'M AFRAID I DON'T QUITE UNDERSTAND, MULBERRY! EH, WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, LAD?

YOUNG MULBERRY STARED AT HIS SUPERIOR, IN DISBELIEF!

MY GOD, COLONEL! HAVEN'T YOU WONDERED WHY WE'VE ROAMED SPACE, AIMLESSLY, FOR SO LONG?

REALLY, MY BOY! IT HASN'T BEEN "SO LONG"... ONLY A COUPLE MINUTES!



BUT JUST FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT, LET'S SAY OUR TRIP HAS BEEN GOING ON FOR SOME TIME!

... SO WHAT?!



WE DON'T EVEN HAVE ANY REASON FOR BEING IN SPACE!

AND BESIDES, WHY DO WE HAVE THE HEADS OF ANIMALS?!

THAT'S BEEN BOTHERING YOU, HAS IT?



THE OLD VETERAN CHUCKLED... HIS AIDE WASN'T USED TO THESE THINGS!

THERE'S A PERFECTLY LOGICAL EXPLANATION FOR EVERYTHING, LAD!

WHAT COULD POSSIBLY EXPLAIN THIS?

IT'S QUITE SIMPLE, REALLY...



YOU-KNOW-WHO COULDN'T COME UP WITH A PREMISE!

... ALL WE'RE LEFT WITH ARE SPECIAL EFFECTS!

YAH!! WHO'S THAT?!

DON'T SWEAT IT, KID! THIS IS THE LAST PANEL!

YUP!

"AFTER THE HOLOCAUST!"

THE LONELINESS IS ENDED.

AS YOU SIT AT THE CONTROLS WHICH, FOR THE LAST **THREE MONTHS** HAS BEEN YOUR WHOLE LIFE, YOUR VERY **REASON** FOR LIVING, THIS FACT SIFTS THROUGH.

ADAM ROYCE, YOU ARE NO LONGER ALONE.

ART & STORY BY: JOHN BYRNE INKS & LETTERS BY: PETE IRO

SILENTLY, A PRAYER OF THANKS TO **ASTRAC ONE**, THE TINY SATELLITE THAT HAS **BROUGHT** YOU THIS VITAL KNOWLEDGE.



ASTRAC ONE, WHOSE DELICATE SENSORS CAN PICK OUT THE PULSE OF A **SINGLE FLEA** IN A **ROOMFUL** OF DOGS.

EVEN THOUGH YOU SHRUG ON YOUR COAT, YOU DO NOT REALLY **FEEL** THE CHILL MORNING BREEZE THAT **WAFTS** IN FROM THE PACIFIC SHORE.

YOU CAN THINK **ONLY** OF **ASTRAC'S** INFORMATION AND THE FACT THAT IT **MUST** BE ACTED UPON!



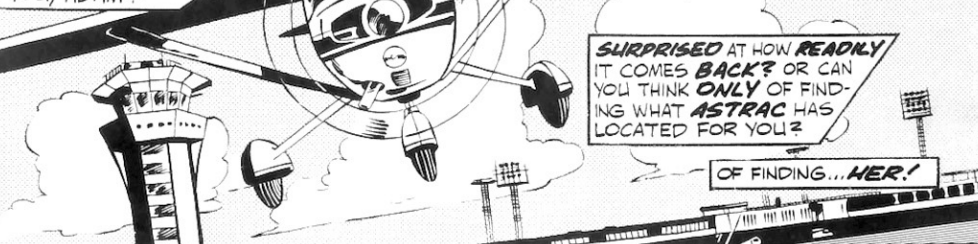
AIRPORT!

THE GREAT JETS STAND **SILENT**, RUSTING. NO FUEL SHORTAGE **NOW**. THE LAST MAN ON EARTH HAS **ALL** THE FUEL HE NEEDS.



AND HE IS **NOT** ALONE.

A **JERKY, AWKWARD** TAKE-OFF. YOU HAVEN'T **FLOWN** IN SEVERAL YEARS, HAVE YOU, ADAM?



SURPRISED AT HOW **READY** IT COMES **BACK**? OR CAN YOU THINK **ONLY** OF FINDING WHAT **ASTRAC** HAS LOCATED FOR YOU?

OF FINDING...**HER!**

HIGH ABOVE THE **JAGGED** ROCKIES, PRESSING INLAND, A FLIGHT A MORE **EXPERIENCED** FLYER MIGHT **BALK** AT.

BUT YOU DON'T **THINK** OF THE DANGER, DO YOU? THE **IRONY**. ALL YOUR DEAD COLLEAGUES WHO **MOCKED** THE NOTION THAT THE END COULD COME SO **SWIFTLY**.

WHAT WOULD **THEY** THINK KNOWING THAT **YOU**, SHY, INTROVERTED, BUT APTLY NAMED **ADAM**, WOULD BE THE BEARER OF THE SEED FROM WHICH THE **NEW** FAMILY TREE OF MAN WOULD SPRING.

YOUR ON BOARD TELEMETRY INFORMS YOU THAT YOU HAVE **REACHED** YOUR DESTINATION...



BUT THE ONLY PLACE TO **LAND** IS A DIRT ROAD THAT AN EXPERT WOULD FLY **MILES** TO AVOID.

BUT YOU TRY IT **ANYWAY!**



AND YOU **SURVIVE!** BRUISED AND BATTERED, BUT UNDENIABLY **ALIVE!**



BUT THEN, WERE YOU NOT **FATED** FOR SURVIVAL, ADAM?

CAUTION TO THE WINDS NOW, YOU **RACE** THRU DENSE FOLIAGE, HEADING IN THE DIRECTION PINPOINTED BEFORE YOUR CRASH AND...



YOUR HEART **LUNGES** AT YOUR THROAT, YOUR MOUTH IS **DRY**, AND YOUR COOL, PRACTICED RESERVE IS **FORGOTTEN**.

YOU GUSH:


PLEASE! DON'T BE **AFRAID!** YOU AND I ARE THE **LAST** SURVIVORS! CONTINUATION OF THE RACE **DEPENDS** ON US!

...AND MY NAME IS **ADAM!**

SOUNDS **GROOVY** MAN, ONLY...

... MY NAME IS **STEVE!**

MAARZ



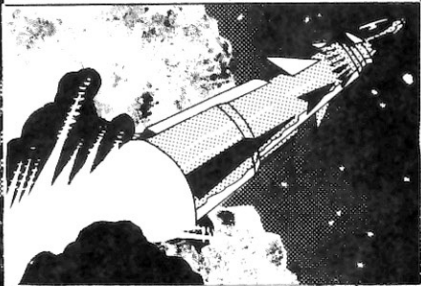
OTTO FELDSPAR HAD LONG BEEN RIDICULED FOR HIS IDEAS. YET HE PERSISTED IN HIS THEORY THAT CENTURIES AGO, THERE HAD BEEN A RACE OF GODS, BEINGS WHO HAD ROAMED THE GALAXIES, EXERCISING INCREDIBLE POWER. OTTO HAD SPENT MOST OF HIS LIFE ACCUMULATING EVIDENCE TO SUPPORT HIS CLAIMS.

IN SOME RUINS ON A DESERTED PLANETOID, OTTO HAD COME UPON SEVERAL STAR-CHARTS CONTAINING NEW INFORMATION. THIS MATERIAL HAD SEEMINGLY BEEN HIDDEN - WITHOUT A CLUE AS TO WHY OR WHEN, OR BY WHOM.

OTTO DECIDED TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF HIS OPPORTUNITY. ACCORDING TO THE CHARTS, THERE WAS A TOMB OF SOME SORT ON A CERTAIN PLANET - A TOMB WHICH CONTAINED THE REMAINS OF THE ANCIENT GOD OF WAR - MAARZ!



IF HE COULD FIND THAT TOMB, AND PROVE THE EXISTANCE OF THE OLD GODS, OTTO COULD REALIZE HIS LIFE'S DREAM. SO HE BOUGHT A ROCKET AND SET OFF TO SEARCH FOR A GOD.



BUYING THE ROCKET WAS NO PROBLEM; OVER YEARS OF HARD WORK IN THE RUINS OF MANY PLANETS, OTTO HAD COLLECTED SCORES OF PRICELESS TREASURES. HE WAS A WEALTHY MAN.



BUT THE WEALTH WAS MEANINGLESS TO HIM. HIS FASCINATION WITH LEGEND HAD BECOME A DOMINANT OBSESSION.

AND NOW HE HAD A CHANCE TO PROVE TO HIMSELF AND THE OTHERS THAT HIS SPECULATIONS WERE THE TRUTH.

THE JOURNEY TO THE PLANET CALLED TRESKEL - WHERE THE TOMB WAS BELIEVED TO BE - SEEMED AN ETERNITY TO THE ANXIOUS OTTO FELDSPAR. BUT AFTER SIX MONTHS IN SPACE, TRESKEL CAME INTO VIEW...

THE TOMB WAS SUPPOSEDLY NEAR THE CO-ORDINATES HE HAD CHOSEN FOR A LANDING, BUT HE UNDERSTOOD IT TO HAVE BEEN HIDDEN SOMEWHERE BELOW THE PLANET'S SURFACE. OTTO SET THE SHIP DOWN CAREFULLY.



FOR GOOD OR ILL, HE KNEW THIS WOULD BE THE CULMINATION OF A LONG QUEST.

PRESENTING

WHAMMO!

...THE WONDER COMIC BOOK!



YIP! THAT'S ME, ALL RIGHT! WHAMMO, THE WONDER COMIC BOOK! A SPANKING BRAND NEW COMIC BOOK BY AN EQUALLY SPANKING, BRAND NEW COMICS COMPANY!



I AIN'T EXACTLY ON NEWSSTANDS NATION-WIDE... JUST YET! BUT YOU JUST WAIT AND SEE! WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT IT, THERE I'LL BE GLUTTING LIP THE RACKS ALONG WITH YOUR FAVORITE MARVELS, DC'S AND GOLD KEYS... IF WE CAN FIND A DISTRIBUTOR! FOR NOW, THOUGH, JUST MAKE SURE TO CHECK OUT YOUR FAVORITE ADZINE AND BADGER YOUR FAVORITE DEALER!



~~COMICS~~
~~COMIX~~
~~COMIK~~
~~COMIK~~
~~COMIK~~

© 907

I'M NOT REALLY A NEW COMIC BOOK COMPANY JUST LIKE THAT... / MY PUBLISHER IS REALLY A FAN WITH BIG IDEAS AND A BUDGET TO TOY WITH...

AND MY ARTISTS AND WRITERS ARE FOR THE MOST PART, FANS!



WHICH I GUESS QUALIFIES ME AS A STRIPZINE, A... A FANZINE!

...BUT I PAY THEM!



SURE! IT'S NOT MADISON AVENUE, BUT EVEN STAN HAD TO START SOMEPLACE...!

I DON'T HAVE ANY COLOR ON THE INSIDES LIKE OTHER COMPANIES, AND MY COVERS AREN'T ON CLAY-COATED SLICK STOCK LIKE THE BIG BOYS, AND I DON'T HAVE THE COMICS CODE LABEL TAGGED TO MY FOREHEAD, SO I GUESS THAT MAKES ME A... AN... UNDERGROUND...!



THEN AGAIN, I DON'T WANT TO BE PREOCCUPIED WITH SEX AND VIOLENCE AND DRUGS AND SEX AND VIOLENCE AND... I WANT TO BE RESPECTABLE! SO I GUESS I'M REALLY IN THE LIMBO OF THE GROUND LEVEL COMIC BOOK!



STAN NOBODY UNDERSTANDS ME ANYMORE!

HERE I ALWAYS THOUGHT I WAS A SIMPLE COMIC BOOK...!



~~PANEL GRAPHIX~~
~~GRAPHIX CONTINUITY~~
~~FUNNEL~~
~~FUNNIES~~

"THE EARTH WORM STRIKES!"



LIKE ANY CIVILIZED WORLD, THE WORM WORLD HAS ITS SHARE OF HEAVY INDUSTRY, AND TO MAKE INDUSTRY RUN, YOU NEED FUEL—WHICH MEANS COAL!! AND WE ALL KNOW THAT COAL MINING IS VERY DANGEROUS WORK!!.....

BOSS!! THIS WHOLE SECTION IS CAVED IN!! THESE LAST FEW BEAMS AIN'T GONNA' HOLD FOR LONG!! IT'S A DEATH-TRAP!! LET'S GET OUTA' HERE!!

NO!! IF TED SIMMONS IS IN HERE, AND STILL ALIVE, WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM OUT!! THAT POOR GUY WAS GOING TO RETIRE IN TWO MONTHS!!



LOOK!! THERE HE IS!!

LOOK AT THE WAY HE'S GLOWING!!



THESE ROCKS SCATTERED AROUND HERE ARE GLOWING TO... JUST LIKE TED!!

YEA, LIKE THEY WERE RADIO-ACTIVE OR SOMETHING!!



WELL!! DON'T JUST STAND THERE, LETS GET HIM OUT OF HERE BEFORE THIS WHOLE PLACE COMES DOWN AROUND OUR EARS!!



WE JUST GOT OUT OF THERE IN TIME, THE WHOLE BLAMED TUNNEL JUST GAVE IN!!

ONE OF YOU GUYS GO OVER TO MY OFFICE, AND CALL AN AMBULANCE DOWN HERE ON THE DOUBLE!!

RAMBLE!



DAYS LATER IN THE HOSPITAL.....

HE'S COMING AROUND NOW, APPARENTLY NONE THE WORSE FOR WEAR EXCEPT FOR A FEW MINOR LUMPS... BUT THAT GLOWING...!!

STRANGEST THING I'VE EVER SEEN!!



WE'LL HAVE TO KEEP HIM HERE FOR AWHILE AND CONDUCT SOME TESTS!!

SHHHH...DID YOU FEEL THAT? I THOUGHT I FELT THE BUILDING SHAKE...!P



YOU'RE RIGHT !!
PIECES OF PLASTER
FALLING OUT OF
THE CEILING !!

IT'S AN
EARTHQUAKE !!
WE'VE GOT TO
GET THE
PATIENTS TO SAFETY !!



WHILE IN TED SIMMONS' ROOM.....
OH... WHAT
HAPPENED ?
WHERE AM I ?

LOOK !! MR.
SIMMONS HAS
REGAINED
CONSCIOUSNESS !!



AS TED SIMMONS SITS UPRIGHT
IN HIS BED, AND HIS MIND
BEGINS TO CLEAR, THE
HOSPITAL BUILDING, AND EVEN
THE SURROUNDING CITY
BEGINS TO VIBRATE
VIOLENTLY...!!



A NURSE COMES TO A STARTLING
REALIZATION...

IT'S HIM !!
HE'S CAUSING
THIS !!

WHAT ARE
THEY TALKING
ABOUT ? ?



I KNOW IT SOUNDS CRAZY, AND
WILL, NO DOUBT, COST ME MY
JOB, BUT MR. SIMMONS... I'VE
GOT TO PUT YOU UNDER !!

HEY !!
WHA...



I WAS RIGHT !! THE TREMOR
STOPPED !! THAT STRANGE
AURA AROUND HIM, THAT
RADIATION, SOMEHOW
HE'S GAINED THE POWER
TO CAUSE EARTHQUAKES !!

AND JUST
BY BEING
AWAKE !!



AND NOW READERS, LET'S TURN
THE CLOCK BACKWARD JUST A
FEW MOMENTS TO WALLY
WILSONS NEW AND USED
BOOKSTORE...

WE'VE NEVER
HAD AN EARTH-
QUAKE AROUND
HERE BEFORE !!

WE'RE
DOOMED !!

GOD HELP US !!



GREAT SCOT !!
THE HOSPITAL LOOKS
LIKE IT'S GOING TO
FALL OVER ANY
MINUTE !! ONLY
ELASTICWORM
MIGHT BE ABLE
TO SAVE ITS
HUNDREDS OF
PATIENTS IN
TIME !!



AND SO OUR HERO APPEARS
AT LAST !!

IT STOPPED !! AS SUDDENLY
AS IT STARTED !! I'D STILL
BETTER CHECK AND SEE IF
THERE'S ANYTHING
I CAN DO !!



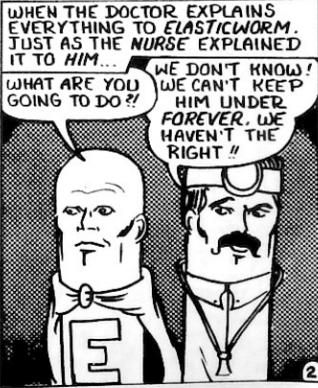
DOCTOR !! I'LL HELP GET
THESE PEOPLE OUT OF HERE!
THERE COULD BE ANOTHER
TREMOR !!

EVERYTHING IS UNDER
CONTROL FOR THE
MOMENT ELASTIC-
WORM, BUT
PLEASE COME
IN !!



WHO'S HE ? ?
WAS HE
HURT ? ?

"HE", ELASTICWORM,
IS THE MOST POWER-
FUL WORM THAT EVER
LIVED !!



WHEN THE DOCTOR EXPLAINS
EVERYTHING TO ELASTICWORM,
JUST AS THE NURSE EXPLAINED
IT TO HIM...

WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO DO ? ?

WE DON'T KNOW!
WE CAN'T KEEP
HIM UNDER
FOREVER, WE
HAVEN'T THE
RIGHT !!

BUT ELASTICWORM AND THE DOCTOR WOULD BE SHOCKED IF THEY COULD HEAR TED SIMMONS' THOUGHTS AS THEY LEAVE THE ROOM...

THAT STUPID NURSE GAVE ME A SHOT OF VITAMINS INSTEAD OF TRANQUILIZER !! I'M AWAKE, BUT AS LONG AS I KEEP MY MIND STILL, I CAN CONTROL MY NEW POWER !!

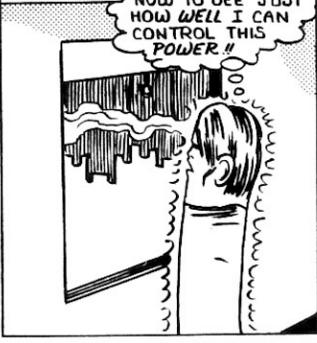


I SPENT TWENTY YEARS BUSTING MY BACK IN THOSE MINES, AND FOR WHAT? NOTHING!! BUT THINGS ARE GOING TO BE DIFFERENT NOW!! NOW, THE WORM WORLD IS GOING TO WORK FOR ME!!

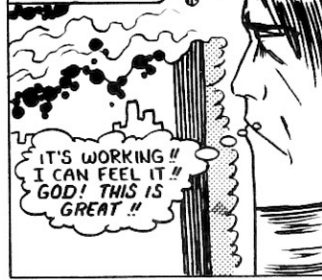


SILENTLY TED STEPS FROM HIS BED AND GOES TO THE WINDOW...

NOW TO SEE JUST HOW WELL I CAN CONTROL THIS POWER!!



HIS JAW LOCKS... HIS EYES SQUINT, AS HE CONCENTRATES HIS FANTASTIC ENERGY OUT THE WINDOW...



AND FROM THE STREET BELOW, A PILLER OF SOLID ROCK SHOOTS SUDDENLY SKYWARD...!!



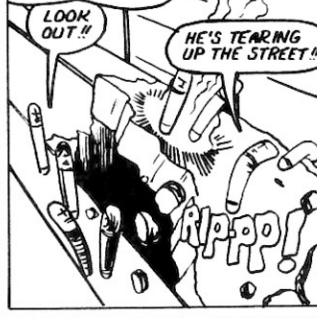
A WORLD ALL MY OWN!! THIS SURE BEATS SOME CRUMBY PENSION!!



FOR YEARS I'VE SLAVED TO HEAT YOUR HOMES AND FACTORIES!! WHILE YOU'VE BEEN TAKING HOT BATHS AND EATING COOKED MEALS, I'VE BEEN FILLING MY LUNGS WITH SOOT!!



SHOULD ANY OF YOU BE NON-BELIEVERS, HERE'S A SAMPLE OF MY POWER!!



I HEREBY CLAIM HALF OF EVERYTHING YOU PRODUCE!! NOW GET BACK TO WORK!!!



WHILE INSIDE THE HOSPITAL....

I THOUGHT I FELT SOMETHING... ARE YOU SURE THAT SIMMONS' GUY IS KNOCKED OUT??

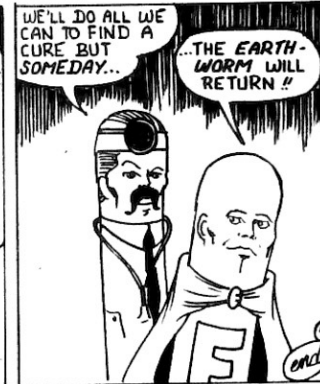
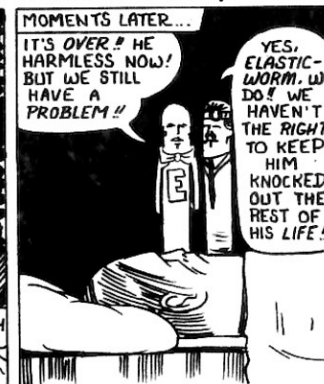
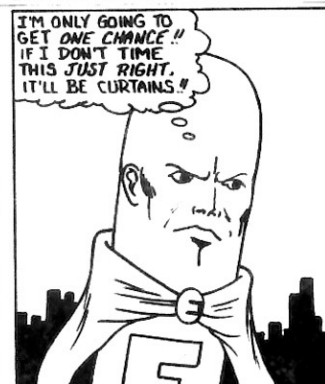
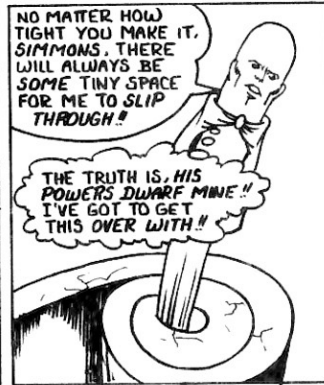


TO THEIR MUTUAL HORROR, THEY LOOK OUT THE WINDOW TO SEE...

IT'S HIM!! SIMMONS!! GET IN HERE!! YOU NEED HELP!!



WHY DO I GET THE FEELING HE'S NOT GOING TO CO-OPERATE!!



WOWEEKAZOWIE!



Willie
&
Jack
6-77