

GARTHENNIS • RAMV • HENRYFLINT • ZINAHUTTON • STAZJOHNSON • DANLISH • MIKEDOREY • HENRIKSAHLSTROM • JAKELYNCH

ACTIONTM 2020

MAYHEM!

ANARCHY!

DANGER!

THE COMIC THEY TRIED TO BAN - IS BACK!



TREASURY
OF BRITISH
COMICS
Rebellion



V ACTION™

**JUST WHEN YOU
THOUGHT IT WAS SAFE
TO RETURN TO THE
NEWSAGENTS...**

Kids Rule O.K.

Created by **Chris Lowder & Mike White**

"Finding something
to fight for, even to
die for, in a world
without authority"



Dredger

Created by **Kelvin Gosnell,
Pat Mills & Horacio Altuna**

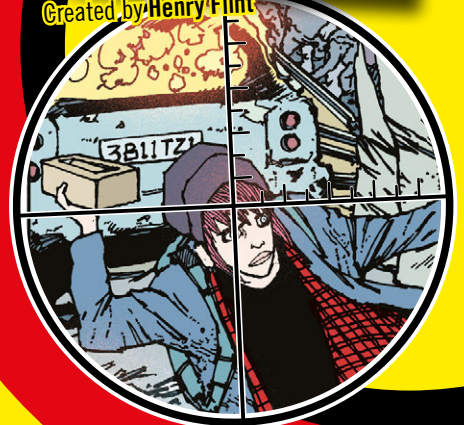
"British Secret Agent
Dredger gets results,
but at what price"



"A Game of Death!"

Hell Machine

Created by **Henry Flint**



Hook Jaw

Created by **Ken Armstrong,
Pat Mills & Ramon Solà**

"Has the fiercest
Great White shark
finally met his
match?"



Hellman

"Eastern Front Panzer commander
makes his way back west to
a defeated fatherland"



Created by **Gerry Finley-Day
& Mike Dorey**

**I'M ACTION ED,
THE GUNNOR OF THIS
DYNAMITE ONE-OFF ISSUE.
WELCOME TO THE UNDISPUTED,
MOST CONTROVERSIAL COMIC
EVER!**

**FROM ADOLESCENT
BIKER OUTLAWS AND DYSTOPIAN
DEATH MAZES TO MAN-EATING
GREAT WHITE SHARKS - YOU ARE
ABOUT TO EXPERIENCE THE
TOUGHEST STORIES EVER.**

CAN YOU HANDLE IT?

IN 1986, A PLAGUE CAME UPON
ENGLAND, AND THE WORLD.

SCRRRP

THE ADULT AND THE OLD WITHERED
AND DIED. THE WORLD WAS LEFT TO
THE YOUNG AND FEW.

SCRRRRRRP

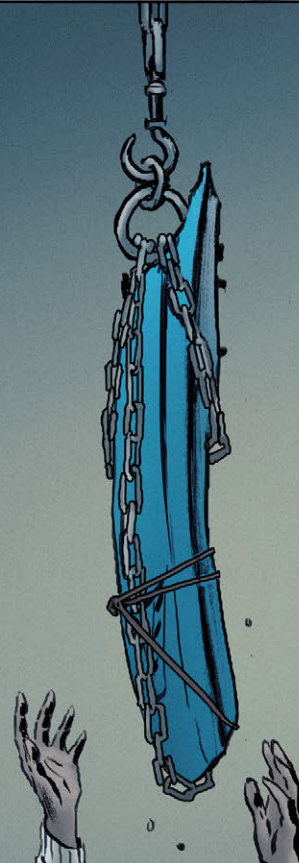
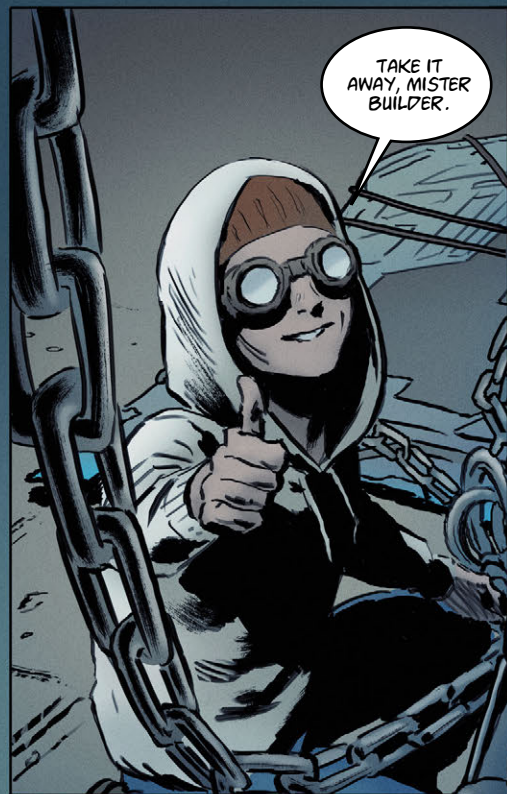
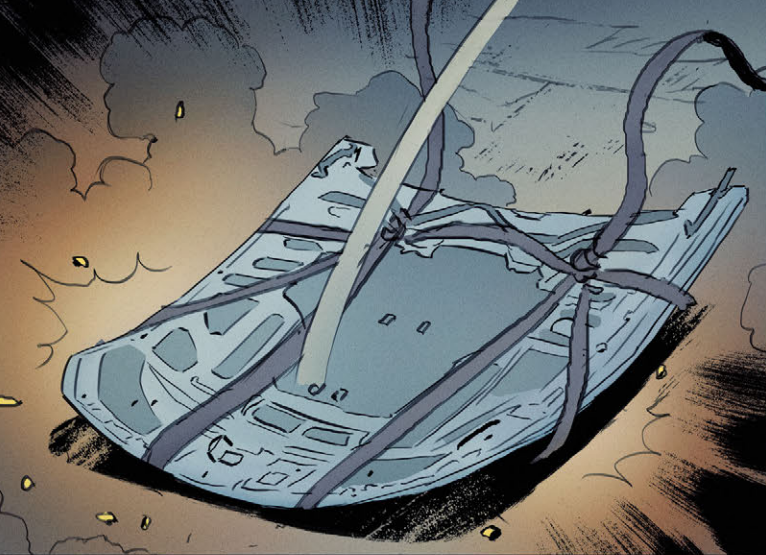
"WE'VE GOT TO HAVE **RULES** AND
OBEY THEM. AFTER ALL, WE'RE NOT
SAVAGES." THEY'D READ IN A
BOOK SOMEWHERE.

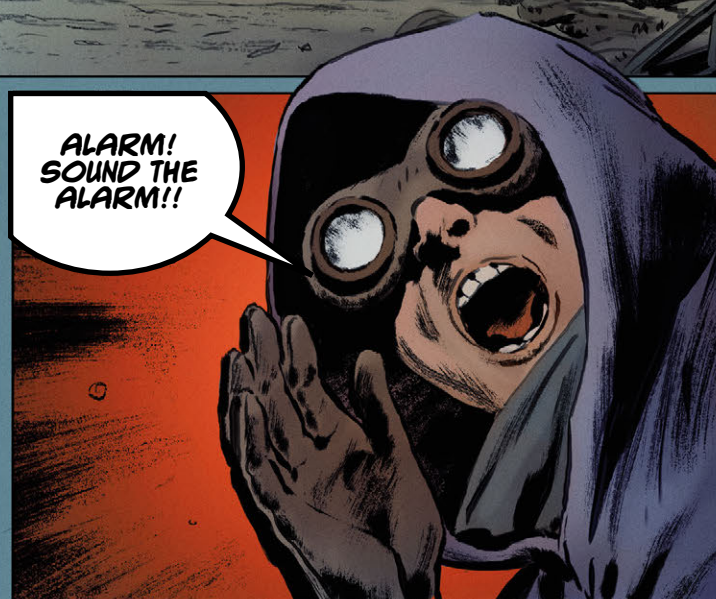
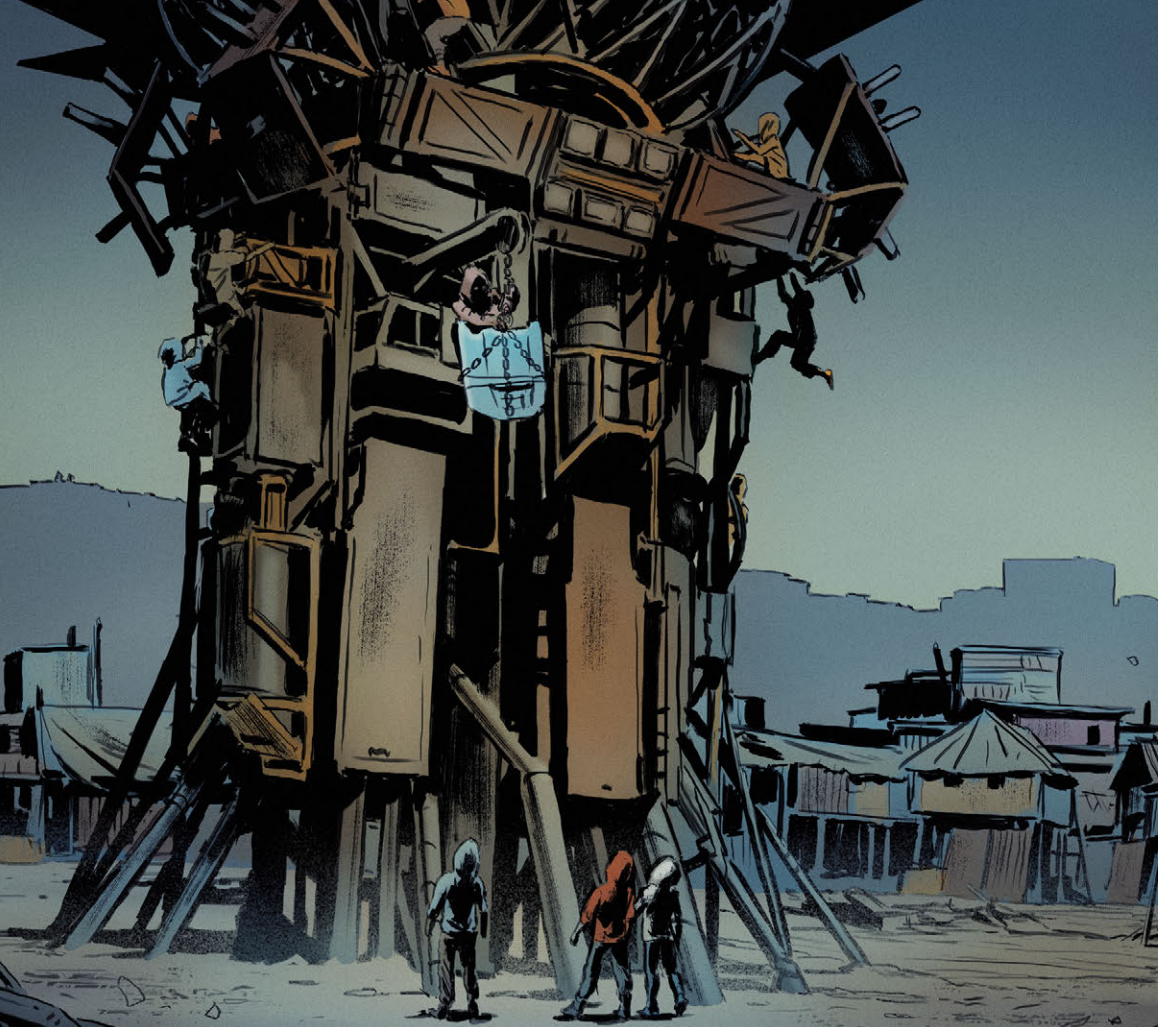
LONG BEFORE THE
PLAGUE CAME. LONG
BEFORE THE OLD
WITHERED AND **DIED**.

**KIDS RULE
O.K.**

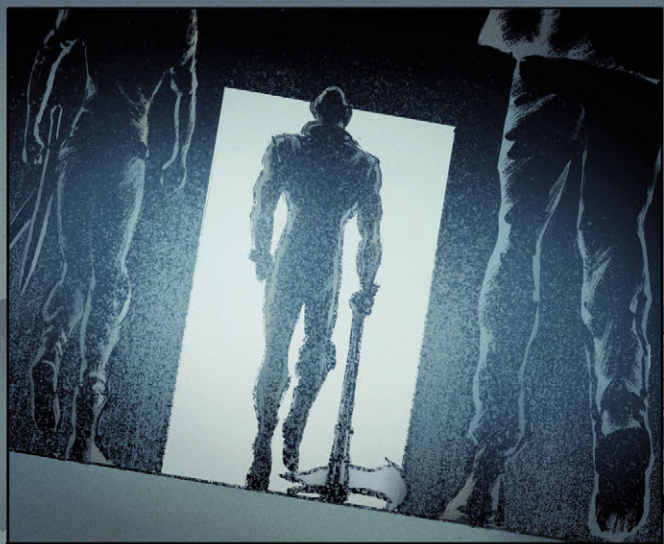
SCRIPT: RAM V
ART: HENRIK SAHLSTRÖM
LETTERS: PETITECREME

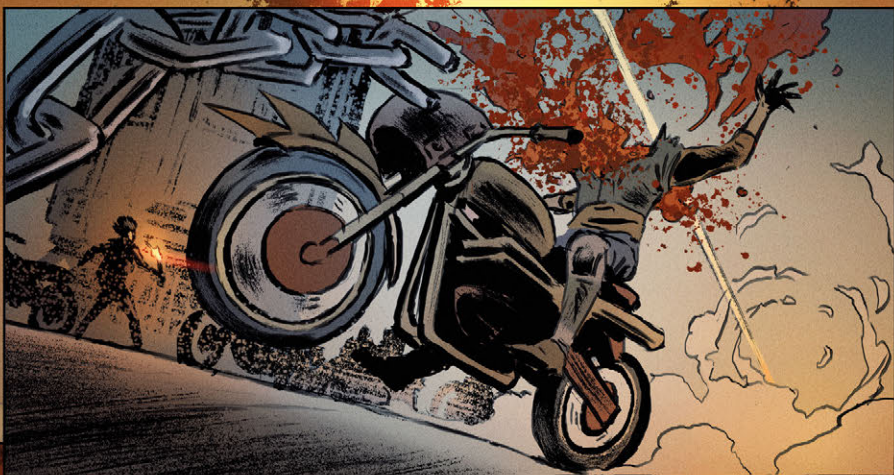
SCRRRRRRP









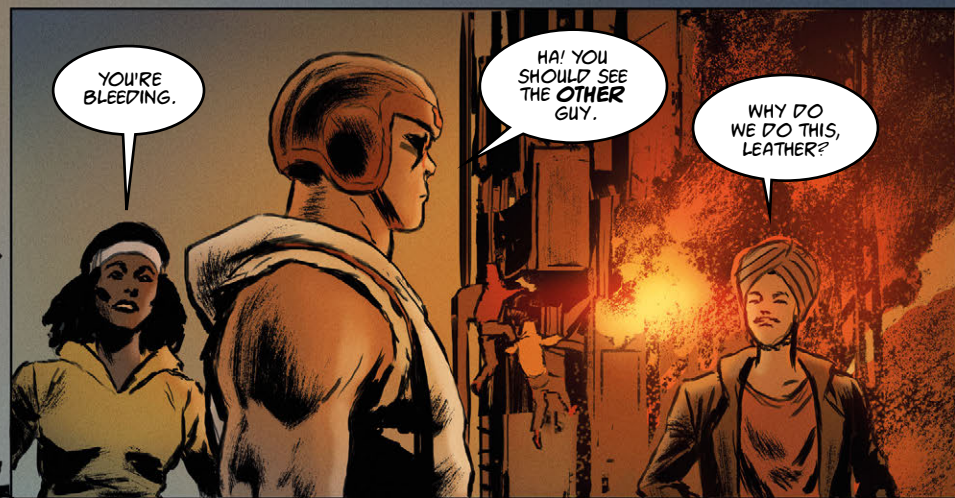


FWOOM!









YOU'RE BLEEDING.

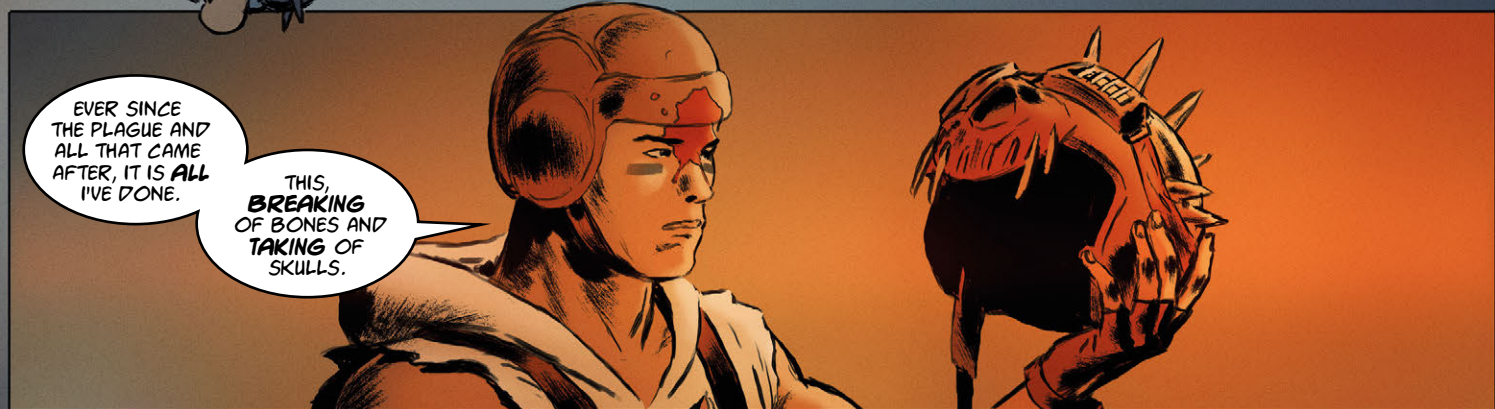
HA! YOU SHOULD SEE THE **OTHER** GUY.

WHY DO WE DO THIS, LEATHER?



OVER AND OVER. GET CUT AND BEATEN AND STOMPED ON AND SHOT AT. **WHY?**

IT'S ALL I KNOW.



EVER SINCE THE PLAGUE AND ALL THAT CAME AFTER, IT IS **ALL** I'VE DONE.

THIS, **BREAKING** OF BONES AND **TAKING** OF SKULLS.



BUT NOT THEM... **LOOK.**



IT WAS BARELY AS TALL AS I AM WHEN I **FIRST** CAME HERE.

I'VE SEEN IT BURN AND FALL AND TORN DOWN AND HELPED BACK UP.

BUT STILL THEY **COME**, IN THEIR HOODIES AND GLASSES, DRAGGING WITH THEM THE REMNANTS OF THE **OLD WORLD.**

ALL THAT
TIME WE SPENT, IN
THOSE EARLY YEARS,
TEARING DOWN
EVERYTHING.

THESE KIDS
ARE BUILDING...
MAKING SOMETHING
NEW.

WHAT IS IT?
WHAT **ARE** THEY
BUILDING, DO YOU
KNOW?

~HMPF~

"WHATEVER IT IS, I RECKON
IT'S WORTH **PROTECTING**."

END

1945

THEY'RE
KIDS.

WELL, THEY'RE
IN FOR A BIT OF A
SHOCK. I'M HEARING A
LOT OF IVAN RADIO
TRAFFIC, WE'RE GOING
TO HAVE COMPANY
ANY MINUTE.

MAX, START UP.
PUT US ON THE ROAD
WITH THE CAR DIRECTLY
BEHIND US.

WHAT?

HERR MAJOR,
WE'RE TUCKED IN
NICELY HULL-DOWN HERE!
WHY DON'T YOU JUST
SEND HEILER TO
FETCH THEM?

BECAUSE I
DON'T WANT THEM
ENDING UP ON FOOT,
IF I CAN HELP IT.

START UP.

OH MY-

NO!

Script:
GARTH ENNIS
Art:
MIKE DOREY
Letters:
ROB STEEN

AAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!

HELLMAN AT THE TWILIGHT
OF THE REICH



LENI,
IT'S OKAY!

I- I- !

IT'S GERMAN,
LENI! IT'S A PANTHER,
IT'S ONE OF OURS!

WE'RE NOT SURE,
WE ONLY LEFT HOME
YESTERDAY. WE DON'T
KNOW ABOUT... ENGINES
AND THINGS...

I'LL HAVE ONE
OF MY MEN TAKE A LOOK.
THEN YOU OUGHT TO BE
ON YOUR WAY.

JUST A
MINUTE, JUST
A MINUTE-!



WE- WE'RE
TRYING TO GET AWAY
FROM THE RUSSIANS!
THEY-

YOU'VE GOTTEN A
LITTLE TURNED AROUND.
YOU WERE HEADED EAST,
STRAIGHT FOR THEM.

CAR TROUBLE?



AREN'T YOU
KURT HELLMAN?

MM-HM.

I SAW YOUR
PICTURE IN *SIGNAL*,
I READ ALL ABOUT YOU!
YOU WERE GIVEN THE
KNIGHT'S CROSS BY THE
FUHRER HIMSELF!

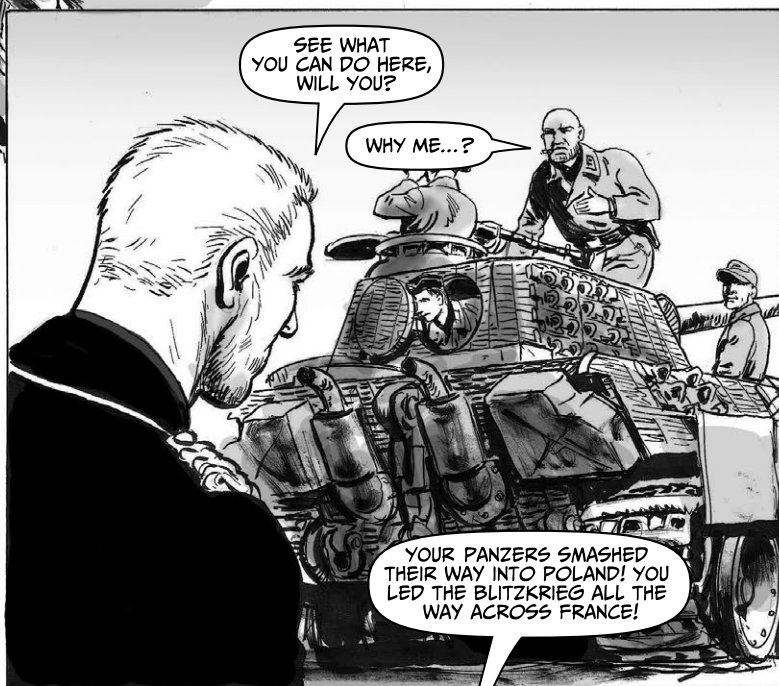
RIGHT.



I AM ERICH VOLLBRACHT, AND THESE
ARE MY SISTERS, LENI AND GRETA... SIR,
IT IS AN HONOR TO MEET YOU, I CAN'T
BELIEVE MY LUCK...

I'M TEN.

MAX!



SEE WHAT
YOU CAN DO HERE,
WILL YOU?

WHY ME...?

YOUR PANZERS SMASHED
THEIR WAY INTO POLAND! YOU
LED THE BLITZKRIEG ALL THE
WAY ACROSS FRANCE!



WHEN IVAN SHOWS UP,
WE'RE GOING TO WANT
TO BE SOMEWHERE
ELSE IN A HURRY...

KESSEL
CAN SHIFT OVER
AND DRIVE IF IT
COMES TO IT.

I CAN INDEED!
NOW DO AS THE
MAJOR SAYS,
JAILBIRD!



UP YOURS,
CRIPPLE!

COME ON,
COME ON, GET
YOUR BIG
FAT ARSE IN
GEAR...!



...AND THE CAUCASUS,
AND KURSK...AND THE DEFENSE
OF SMOLENSK...AND...

DIRTY PLUGS, BY
THE LOOK OF IT, AND
DID YOU TOP UP THE
RADIATOR BEFORE
YOU SET OFF?

NO, WE THREW
OUR THINGS IN THE
CAR AND DROVE FOR
OUR LIVES.



HERR MAJOR...
A LONE PANZER
SITTING OUT IN THE
OPEN LIKE THIS...

RIGHT NOW I DON'T WANT US
MOVING ANYWHERE. WE'RE ALL
THAT'S BLOCKING IVAN'S
SHOT AT THE CAR.

WITHOUT
TRANSPORT THESE
KIDS ARE DEAD,
MAX.



NEVER AFRAID
OF FIGHTING DIRTY,
ARE YOU?

I WISH THIS MIGHTY HERO
OF YOURS WOULD GET
A MOVE ON...

LENI, YOU
CAN'T TALK ABOUT
HIM LIKE THAT! HE'S
KURT HELLMAN!

WHO?



HE'S A *GREAT* MAN,
GRETA! A TRUE GERMAN
WARRIOR! THE VERY BEST
WE'VE GOT!



"HELLMAN COMMANDED HAMMER FORCE IN THE REICH'S GREATEST BATTLES. HIS PANZERS GAVE US VICTORY AFTER VICTORY."



"HE HAS FACED ALL OUR ENEMIES- THE FRENCH, THE BRITISH, THE AMERICANS. AND WHEN THE RUSSIAN SAVAGES ATTACKED HE FOUGHT THEM TOOTH AND NAIL, EVERY STEP OF THE WAY INTO GERMANY..."

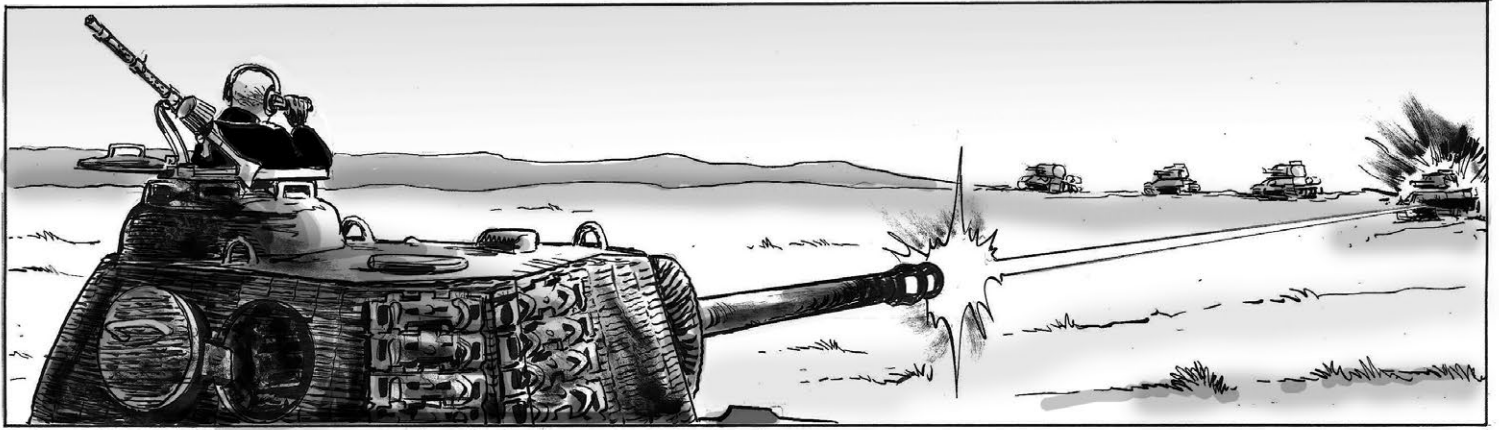


GRETA, YOU DON'T KNOW HOW LUCKY YOU ARE TO HAVE MET-

IF HE'S REALLY SO BRILLIANT, HOW COME WE'VE BEEN LOSING ON EVERY FRONT FOR THE PAST TWO YEARS? AND BERLIN'S JUST ABOUT SURROUNDED?

IVAN!









YOU GOT THEM ALL!

YEARS OF PRACTICE, KID.

I'LL BET...

EVERY T-34, AND THE INFANTRY TOO—YOU JUST MOWED THEM DOWN...!



ERICH, LOOK AT ME.

UH?

DO YOU REALLY UNDERSTAND WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE? DO YOU THINK IT'S SOMETHING TO ADMIRE?



LENI, THEY SAVED OUR LIVES—!

IF IT WASN'T FOR MEN LIKE THEM THE RUSSIANS WOULDN'T EVEN BE HERE. AND WE'D STILL BE AT HOME WITH MOTHER AND FATHER.

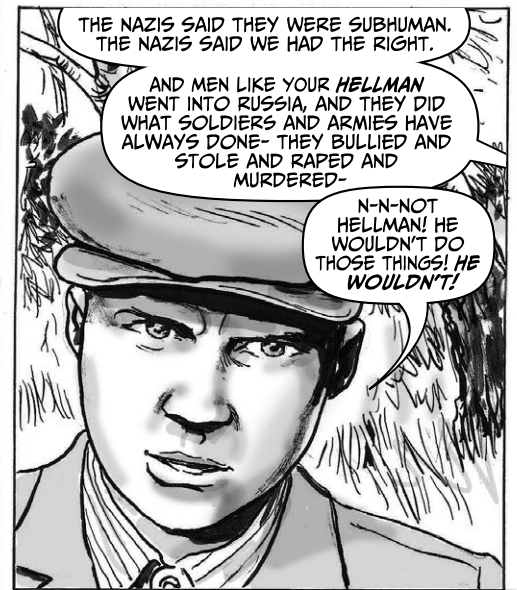
DID IT EVER OCCUR TO YOU TO ASK WHY? WHY THIS, THIS HORDE'S DESCENDED ON THE FATHERLAND LIKE THE WRATH OF GOD?





BECAUSE THEY'RE ANIMALS...

THEY'RE DOING UNTO US WHAT WAS DONE UNTO THEM. I LISTEN TO THE WIRELESS THE SAME AS YOU DO- WE INVADDED THEIR COUNTRY FOUR YEARS AGO, THEN THEY KICKED US ALL THE WAY BACK HERE...



THE NAZIS SAID THEY WERE SUBHUMAN. THE NAZIS SAID WE HAD THE RIGHT.

AND MEN LIKE YOUR HELLMAN WENT INTO RUSSIA, AND THEY DID WHAT SOLDIERS AND ARMIES HAVE ALWAYS DONE- THEY BULLIED AND STOLE AND RAPED AND MURDERED-

N-N-NOT HELLMAN! HE WOULDN'T DO THOSE THINGS! HE WOULDN'T!



BUT I BET HE KNEW PLENTY WHO DID.

AND NOW WE'RE PAYING THE PRICE.



THAT'S NOT TRUE! YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED, LENI!

WHAT WOULD FATHER SAY IF HE HEARD YOU-

OH GOD, FATHER'S GONE. YOU KNOW THAT AS WELL AS I DO.



HIS UNIT WAS IN POLAND, THEY'LL JUST HAVE BEEN SWALLOWED UP. BESIDES, THE LIFE WENT OUT OF HIM AFTER MOTHER DIED.

THEN HE SHOULD BE AVENGED-!

LAST TIME HE WAS HOME HE LEFT YOU HIS PISTOL AND A LETTER.



BUT I FOUND THEM.

THE LETTER SAID IF THE RUSSIANS CAME, YOU HAD TO BE A MAN. GRETA FIRST, THEN ME, THEN YOURSELF.



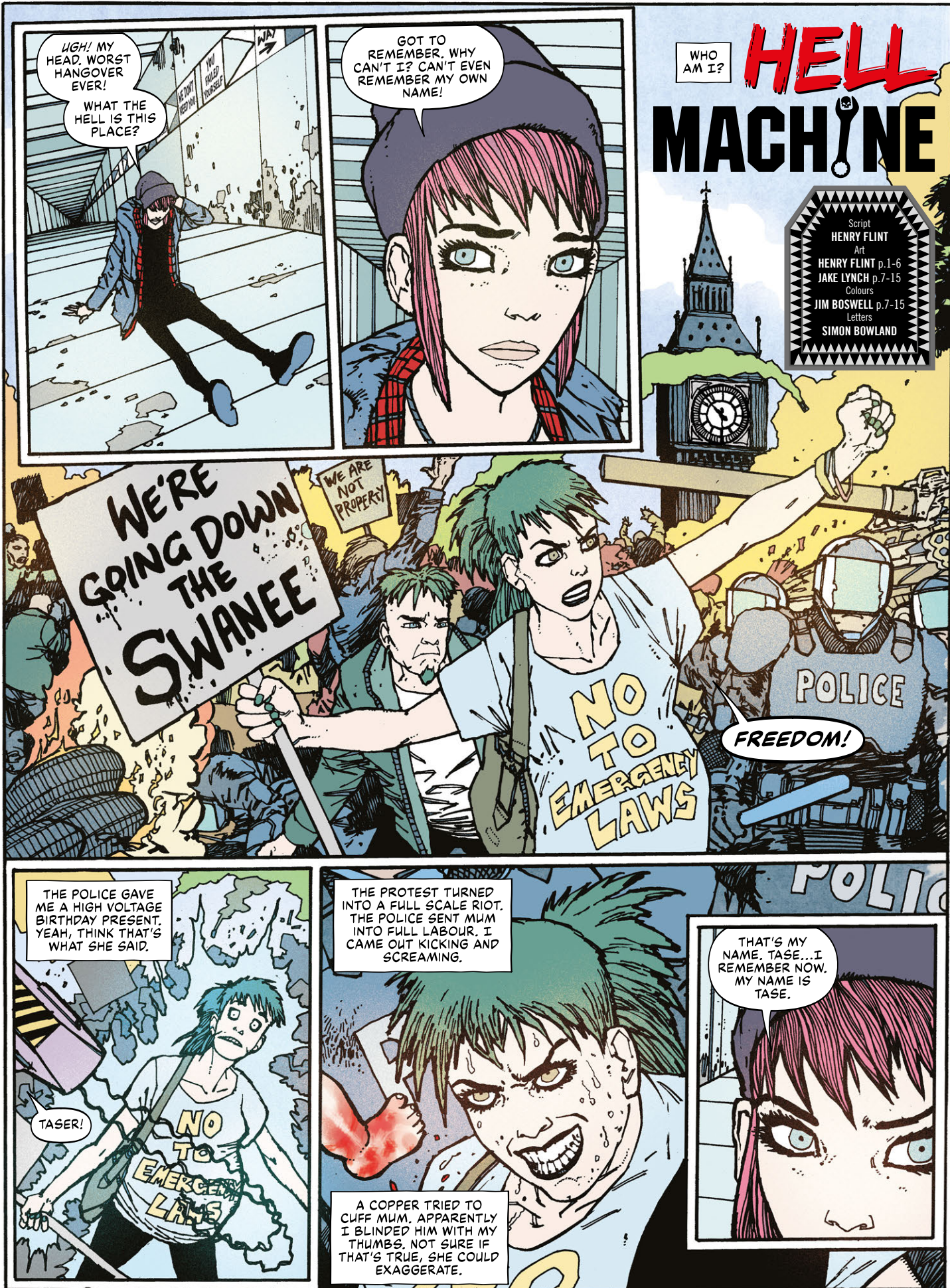
THERE YOU ARE NOW, ERICH.

THAT'S THE WAR FOR YOU.



YOU SHOULD BE ALL RIGHT NOW. JUST KEEP AN EYE ON THE RADIATOR.





UGH! MY HEAD. WORST HANGOVER EVER!

WHAT THE HELL IS THIS PLACE?



GOT TO REMEMBER. WHY CAN'T I? CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER MY OWN NAME!

HELL MACHINE

WHO AM I?

Script
HENRY FLINT
Art
HENRY FLINT p.1-6
JAKE LYNCH p.7-15
Colours
JIM BOSWELL p.7-15
Letters
SIMON BOWLAND



WE'RE GOING DOWN THE SWANEE

WE ARE NOT PROPERTY

NO TO EMERGENCY LAWS

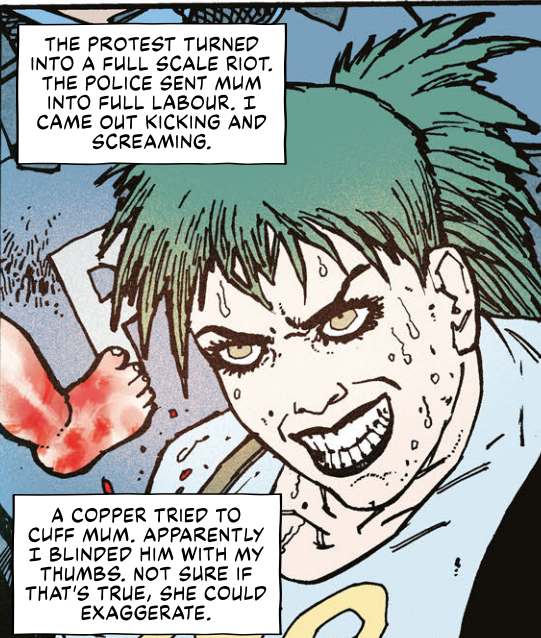
POLICE

FREEDOM!



THE POLICE GAVE ME A HIGH VOLTAGE BIRTHDAY PRESENT. YEAH, THINK THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID.

TASER!

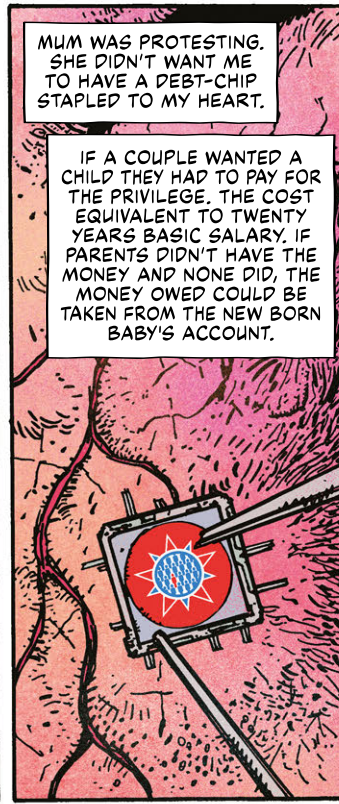


THE PROTEST TURNED INTO A FULL SCALE RIOT. THE POLICE SENT MUM INTO FULL LABOUR. I CAME OUT KICKING AND SCREAMING.

A COPPER TRIED TO CUFF MUM. APPARENTLY I BLINDED HIM WITH MY THUMBS. NOT SURE IF THAT'S TRUE, SHE COULD EXAGGERATE.



THAT'S MY NAME. TASE...I REMEMBER NOW. MY NAME IS TASE.





WELCOME TO THE PARTY.



THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.

THAT'S 'CAUSE IT'S NOT, MATE.



IS THIS THE QUEUE FOR THE LONDON EYE?



HE MUST HAVE KNOWN THE LONDON EYE HAD CEASED TO EXIST. I WATCHED IT ROLL OVER WESTMINSTER BRIDGE. WHAT A NIGHT THAT WAS. THAT'S THE SAME NIGHT I JOINED THE KILBURN ARSONISTS. BEAT SLEEPING ROUGH ON THE STREETS.



WE WOULD LOOT A PLACE AND THEN TORCH IT. IN AND OUT QUICK. AYE-AYE WAS OUR LEADER, A NICE GUY BUT A TOTAL PSYCHOPATH.



...I'VE SEEN THEM ALL. I'VE SEEN WHAT THEY CAN DO TO YOU. WAKE UP TASE! THE POPULATION HAS DECREASED BY MILLIONS, EVER THINK WHERE THEY WENT? I'LL TELL 'YA WHERE...SLICED UP IN UNDERGROUND ABATTOIRS.



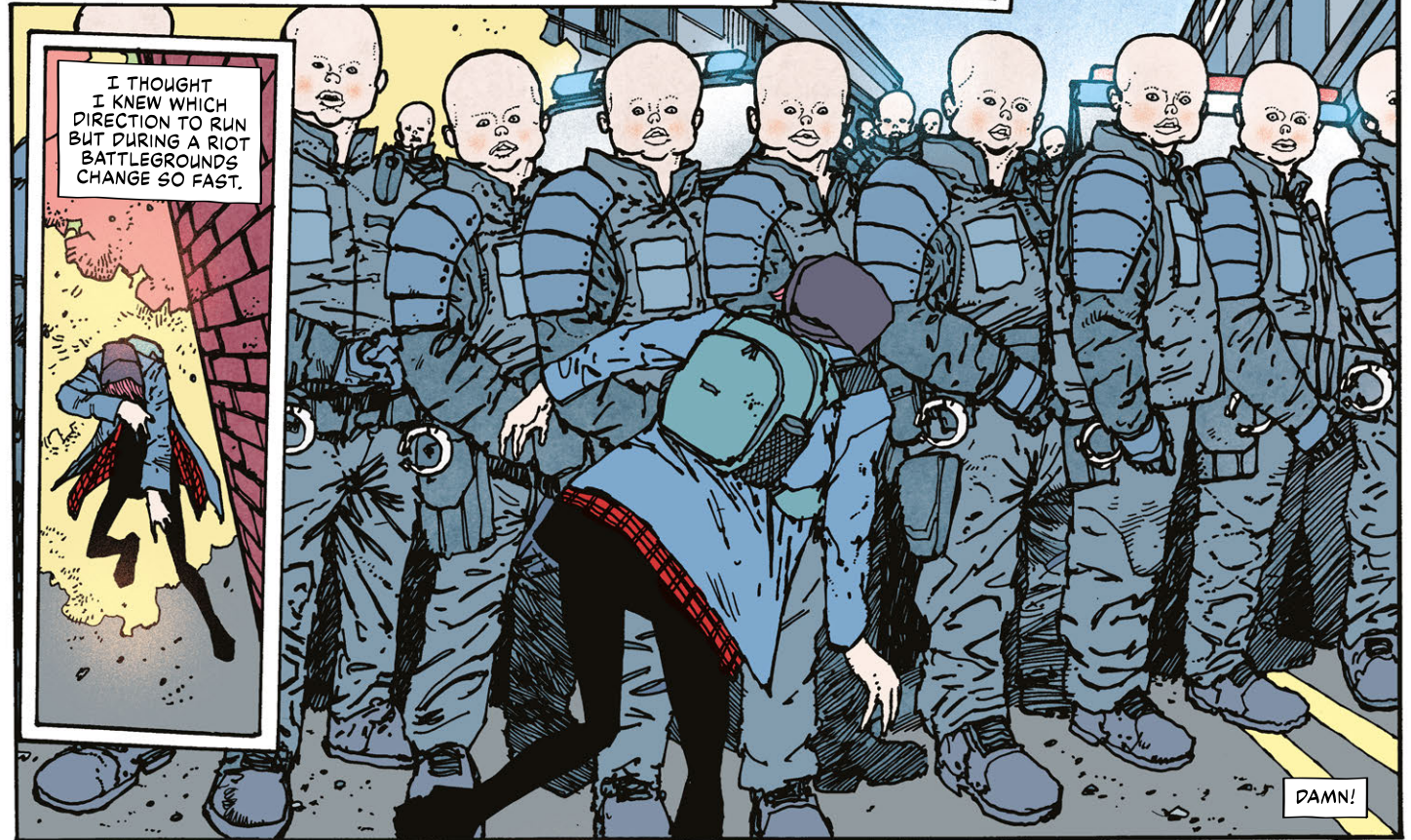
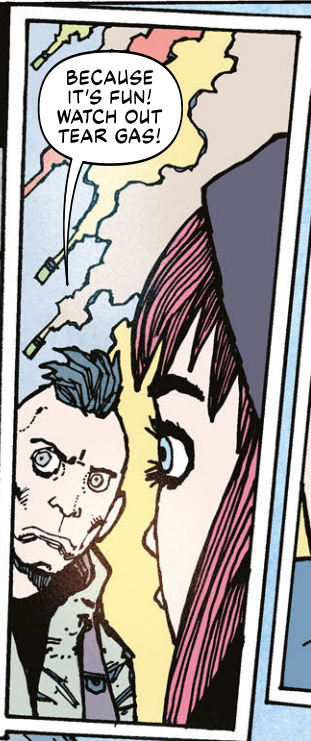
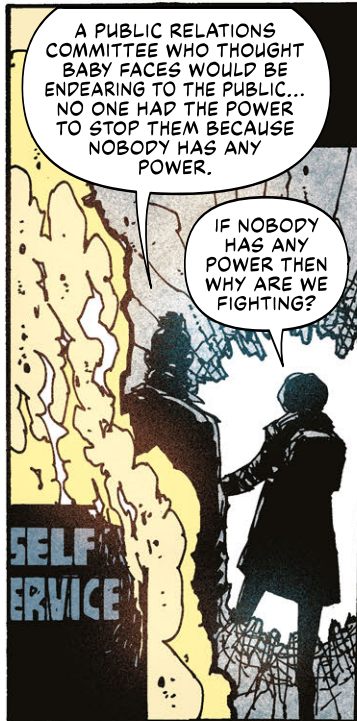
YOU GO IN YOU DON'T COME OUT. NO ONE EXCEPT ME THAT IS. I FOUND A WAY OUT, DIDN'T I. COST ME MY HAND.

YOU'RE MAD! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT.



THE SYNDICATE WAS GIVEN TOTAL POWER AFTER THE WORLD CRASH BUT THE ORGANISATION IS HEADLESS.

ITS LEFT HAND HAS NO IDEA WHAT IT'S RIGHT IS DOING. WE CAN'T POSSIBLY KILL IT AS NOBODY'S IN CHARGE, IT'S DESIGNED THAT WAY.





YOU REALLY ARE A RUDE LITTLE GIRL AREN'T YOU.

I DIDN'T ASK TO BE HERE YOU KNOW! I HAVE THINGS I COULD BE DOING. IMPORTANT THINGS.



GATHER ROUND ME EVERYONE, I WORK FOR THE COUNCIL.

STICK WITH ME AND I PROMISE TO HAVE ALL YOUR GRIEVANCES ADDRESSED.



WELL MEANING BUT I'D BETTER STAY AS FAR AWAY FROM THAT LOT AS POSSIBLE.



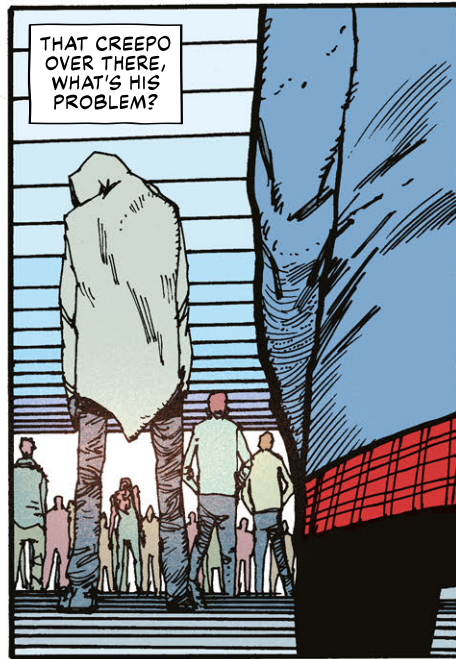
ANYONE ELSE I CAN TRUST? NICE TRY FELLAS, AT LEAST YOU'RE THINKING.



OFF-GRID! COUNTER REVOLUTIONARIES. NO WAY SHE'S FOR REAL, BET SHE WEARS THAT T-SHIRT JUST FOR KICKS.



NOPE!



THAT CREEPO OVER THERE, WHAT'S HIS PROBLEM?

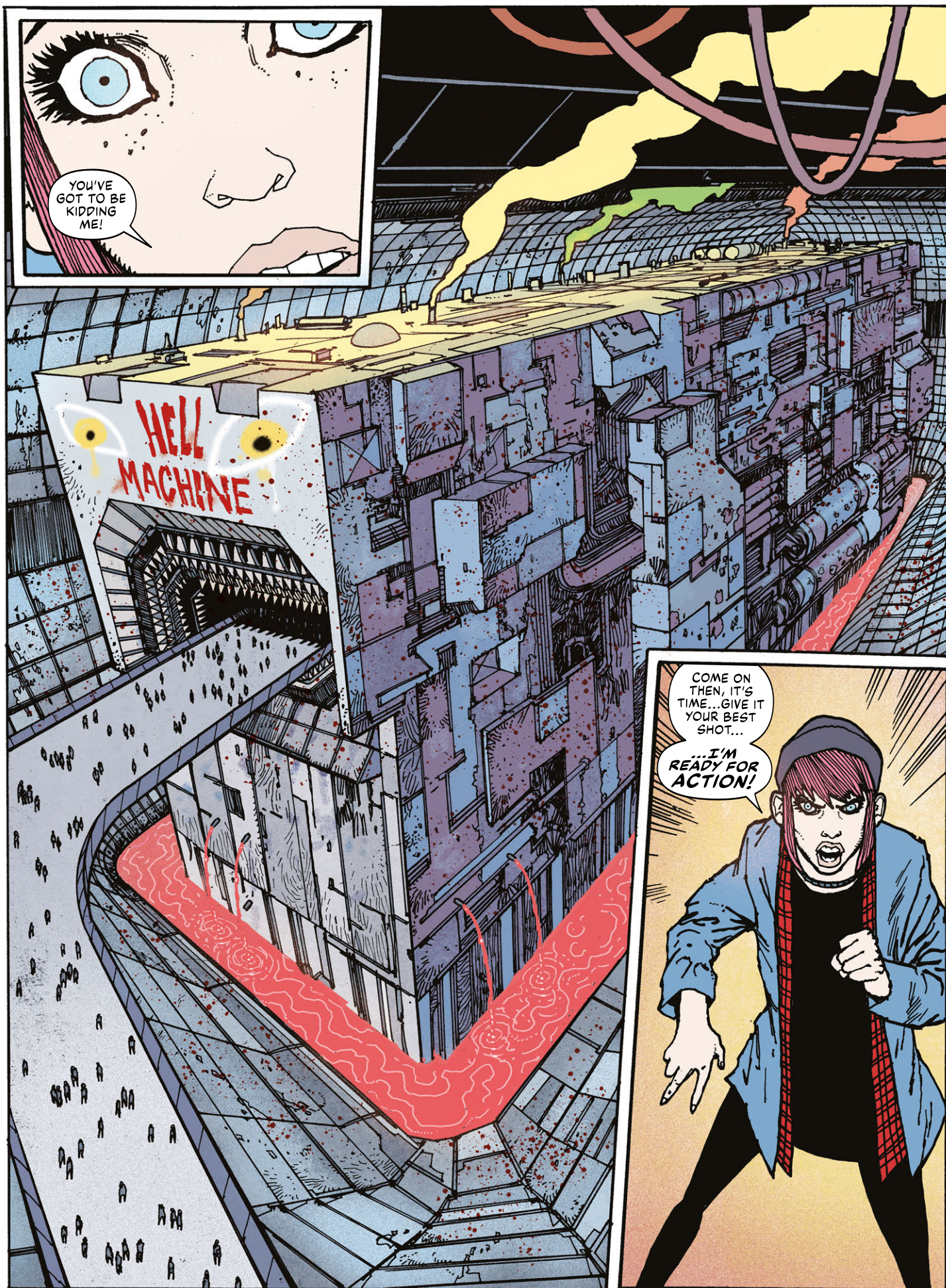


OKAY, THIS LOOKS LIKE IT, HERE WE GO!

USE THIS TIME TO THINK ABOUT YOUR MISTAKES

YOU FAILED YOURSELF

KICK THE EFF



YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME!

HELL MACHINE

COME ON THEN, IT'S TIME...GIVE IT YOUR BEST SHOT...

...I'M READY FOR ACTION!

ONE THING FOR SURE, I'M NOT HERE FOR THE BENEFIT OF MY HEALTH.

WHERE'S CREEPO GOING? DECIDED TO MAKE A MOVE HAVE WE?

WELL, I'M GETTING SPOOKED, I'VE NO BETTER IDEAS. BETTER FOLLOW.

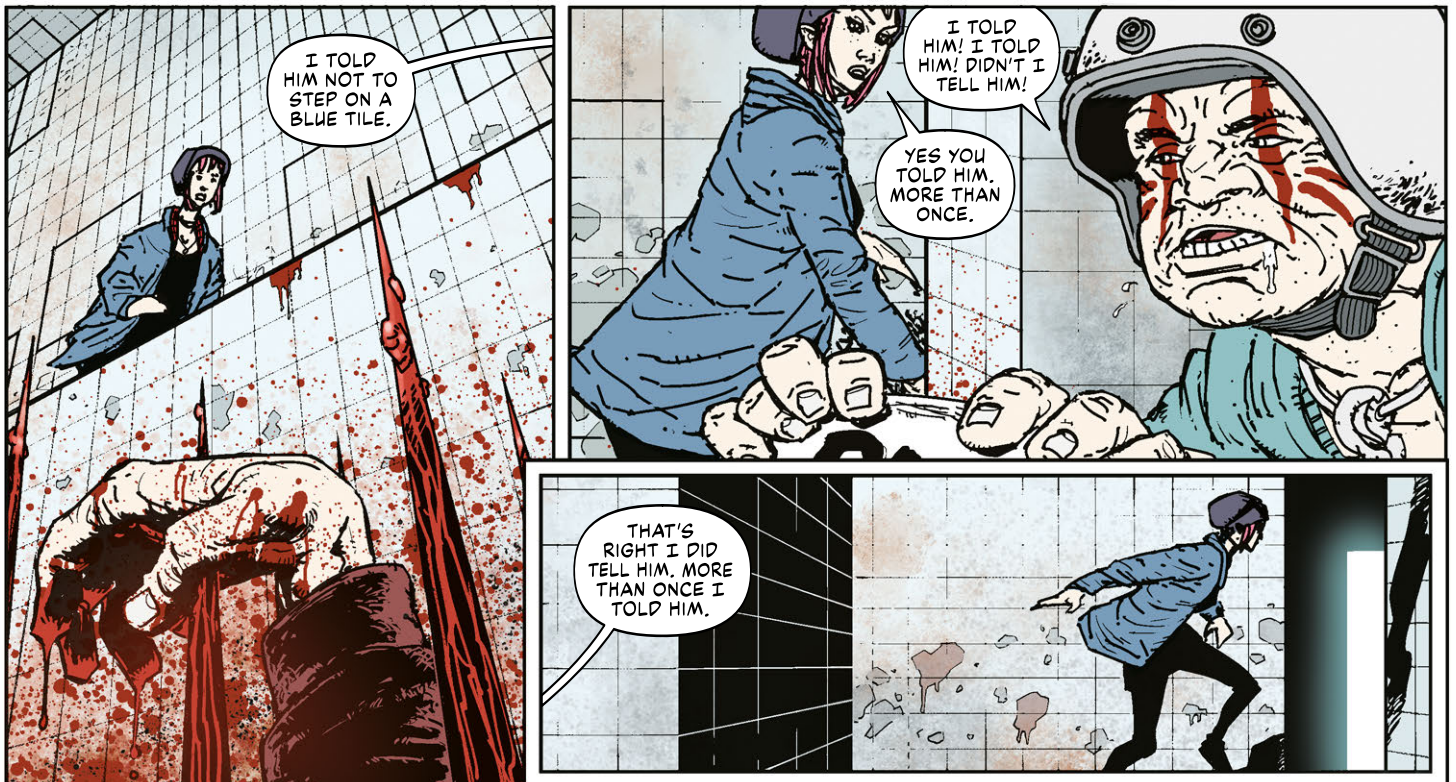
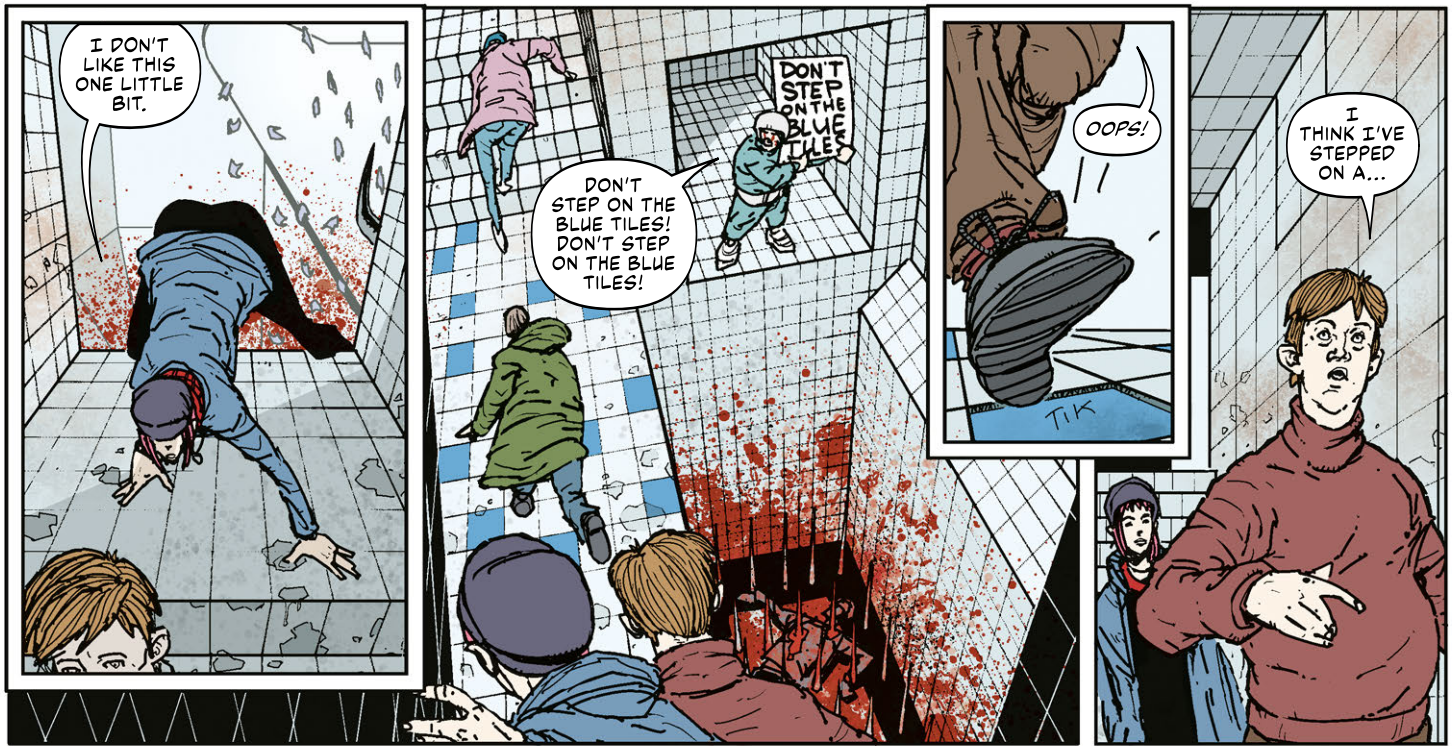
GIANT BLENDER!

WHAT DID I EXPECT? A CHICKEN DINNER!

EXIT ON THE FAR WALL, GOTTA CLIMB TOWARDS IT.

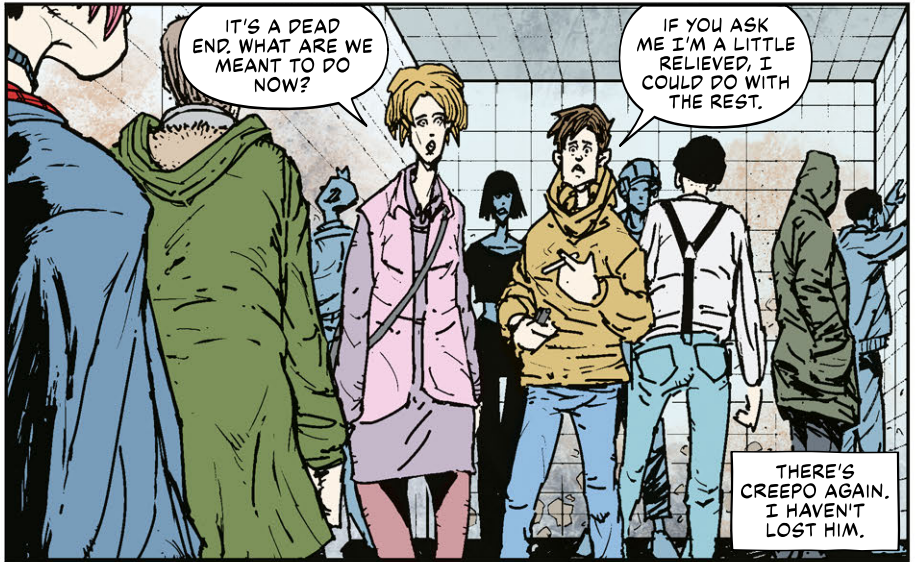
AAAGH!

THAT'S GOING TO BE ONE HELL OF A STRAWBERRY MILKSHAKE.





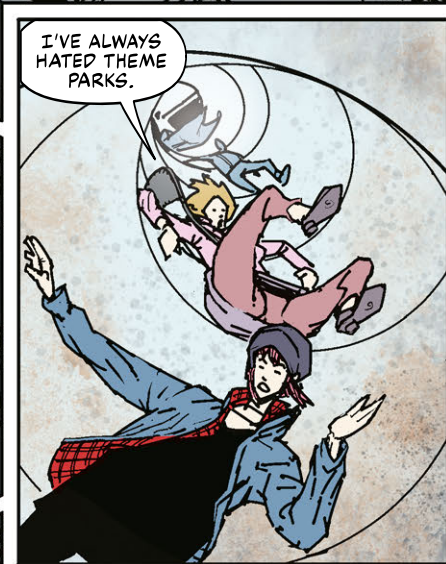
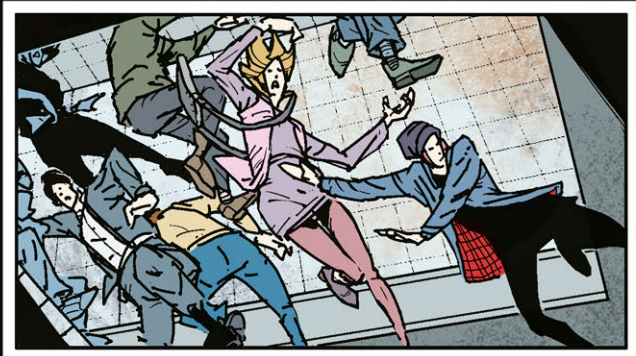
WHAT NOW!



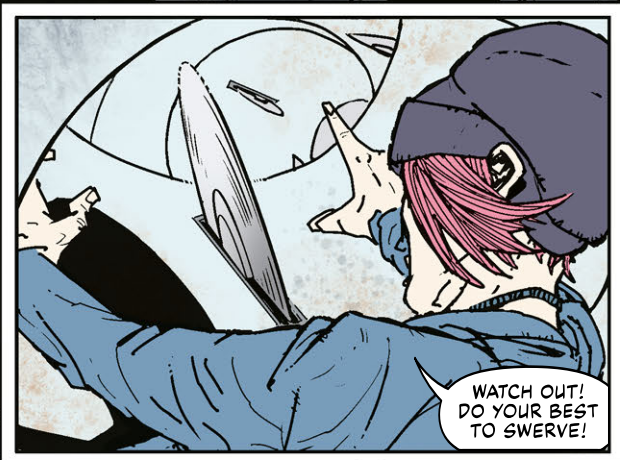
IT'S A DEAD END. WHAT ARE WE MEANT TO DO NOW?

IF YOU ASK ME I'M A LITTLE RELIEVED, I COULD DO WITH THE REST.

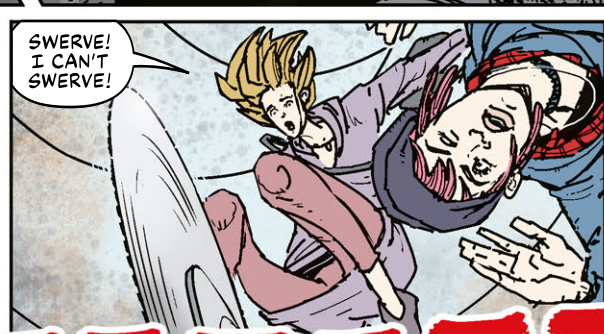
THERE'S CREEPO AGAIN. I HAVEN'T LOST HIM.



I'VE ALWAYS HATED THEME PARKS.



WATCH OUT! DO YOUR BEST TO SWERVE!



SWERVE! I CAN'T SWERVE!



IF I EVER GET OUT OF HERE I'M GOING TO NEED SOME SERIOUS THERAPY.

ZZZZZZT!

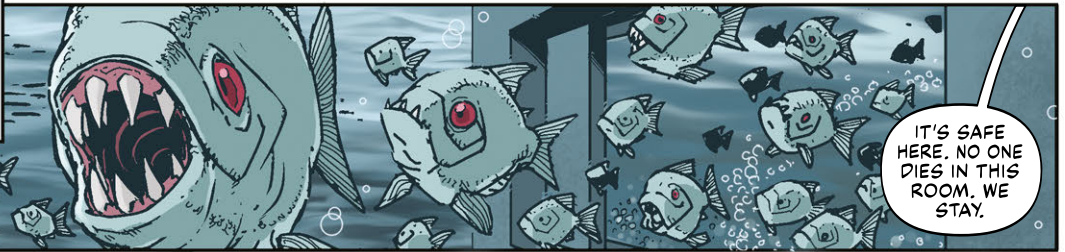
Splash!

THIS ISN'T A GOOD PLACE.

WE SHOULD THINK ABOUT LEAVING.

Karl

WE'VE HAD ENOUGH. NO ONE WANTS TO CONTINUE. WE REFUSE TO GO ANY FURTHER.



IT'S SAFE HERE. NO ONE DIES IN THIS ROOM. WE STAY.



PIRANHAS!
AAAGH!

GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!

WHATEVER YOU DO DON'T PANIC!



CAN'T HOLD MY BREATH MUCH LONGER. BLACKING OUT.

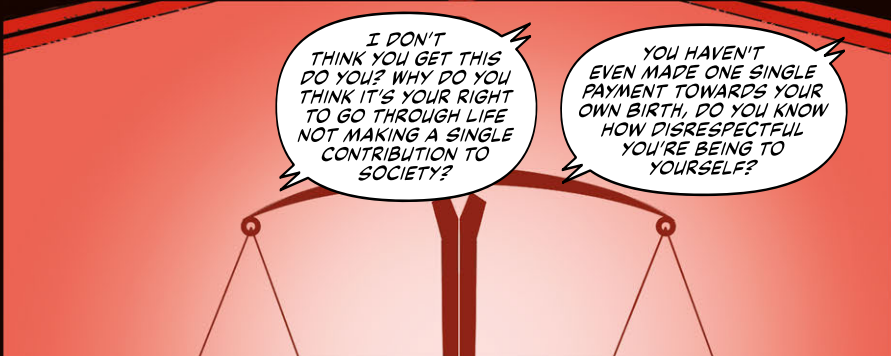
AFTER THE RIOT THEY TOOK ME TO SEE A LAW CONSULTANT.

TASE WATTS.
FOURTEEN. NO ADDRESS.
NO ASSETS. NO PARENTS.
NO POLL-DISC. NO DEBT-CHIP.
NO LAW INSURANCE. NO WELL-BEING INSURANCE.
NEGATIVE CIVIL CREDIT RATING...THE LIST GOES ON AND ON.

YOU DON'T EXIST, DO YOU? IF YOU CHOOSE NOT TO EXIST THEN HOW DO YOU EXPECT US TO FUND YOUR EXISTENCE?

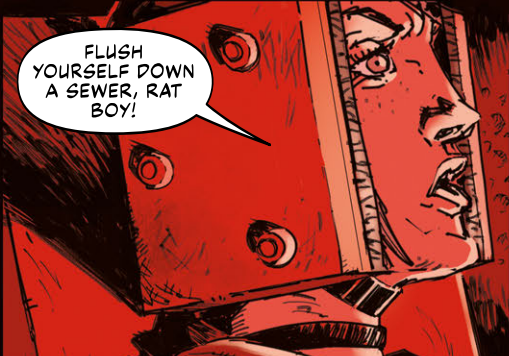


HEY MISTER!
WHAT YOU DOING
BEHIND THAT SCREEN?
WHY DON'T YOU SHOW
YOUR FACE, EH?
TOO UGLY?

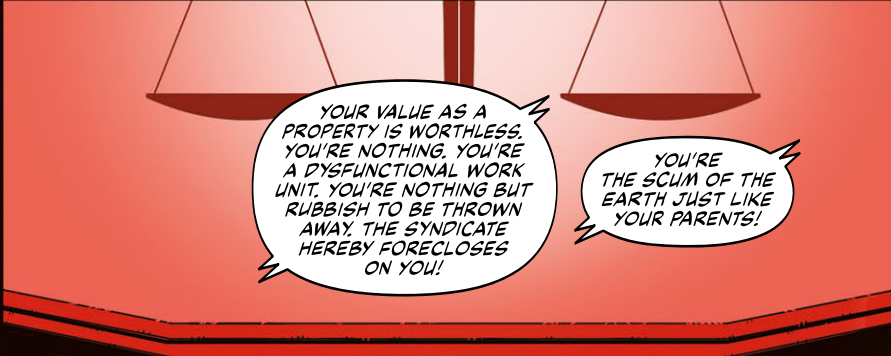


I DON'T
THINK YOU GET THIS
DO YOU? WHY DO YOU
THINK IT'S YOUR RIGHT
TO GO THROUGH LIFE
NOT MAKING A SINGLE
CONTRIBUTION TO
SOCIETY?

YOU HAVEN'T
EVEN MADE ONE SINGLE
PAYMENT TOWARDS YOUR
OWN BIRTH, DO YOU KNOW
HOW DISRESPECTFUL
YOU'RE BEING TO
YOURSELF?

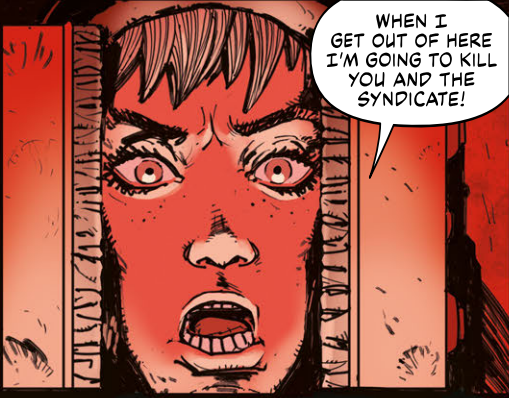


FLUSH
YOURSELF DOWN
A SEWER, RAT
BOY!



YOUR VALUE AS A
PROPERTY IS WORTHLESS.
YOU'RE NOTHING. YOU'RE
A DYSFUNCTIONAL WORK
UNIT. YOU'RE NOTHING BUT
RUBBISH TO BE THROWN
AWAY. THE SYNDICATE
HEREBY FORECLOSES
ON YOU!

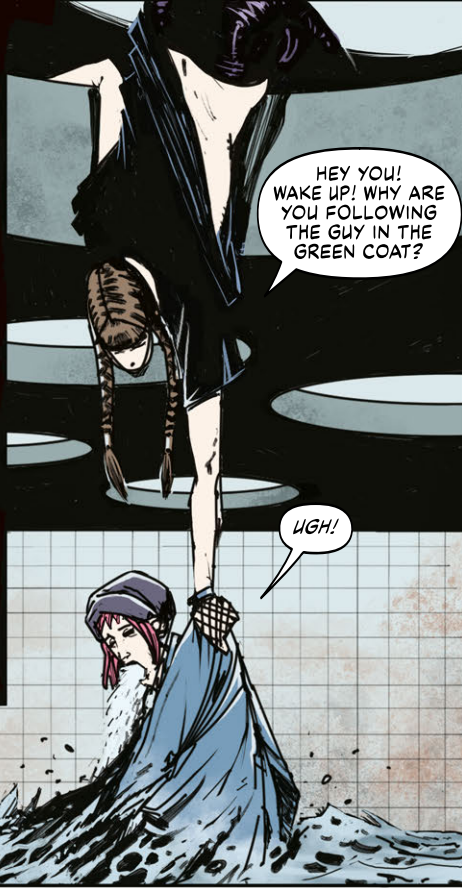
YOU'RE
THE SCUM OF THE
EARTH JUST LIKE
YOUR PARENTS!



WHEN I
GET OUT OF HERE
I'M GOING TO KILL
YOU AND THE
SYNDICATE!



THE SCREEN
SAID SOMETHING
ELSE. SOMETHING
ABOUT A DEAL?
WHAT WAS IT?



HEY YOU!
WAKE UP! WHY ARE
YOU FOLLOWING
THE GUY IN THE
GREEN COAT?

UGH!



YOU
WITH OFF-
GRID?

OFF-GRID
IS A PUBLIC DECOY
OPERATION. A DIVERSION
TO HIDE THE REAL
RESISTANCE.

YOU
DON'T KNOW
ANYTHING
DO YOU?

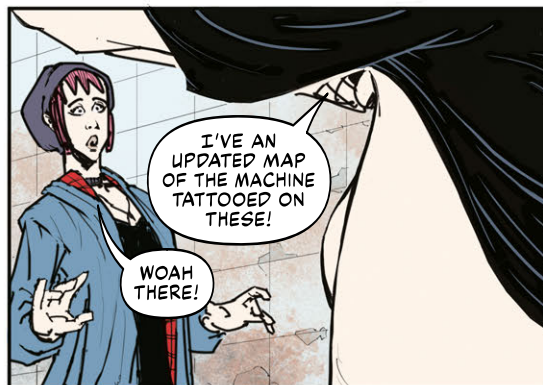
OFF
GRID



HAY, WAIT! WHERE ARE YOU GOING? A DIVERSION TO WHAT? WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

I'M ON A DELIVERY AND YOU'RE MAKING ME LATE.

DELIVERING WHAT?



I'VE AN UPDATED MAP OF THE MACHINE TATTOOED ON THESE!

WOAH THERE!



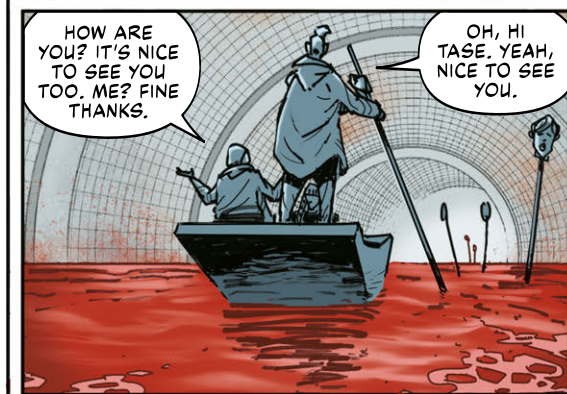
"IT'LL LOOK LIKE A COOL DRAGON," THEY SAID. YEAH, RIGHT.



AYE-AYE!

HELLO MOTH. HAVE YOU GOT THE MAP? LOOKS LIKE YOU LET YOURSELF GET FOLLOWED. SLOPPY.

SHE WAS FOLLOWING YOU, IDIOT!



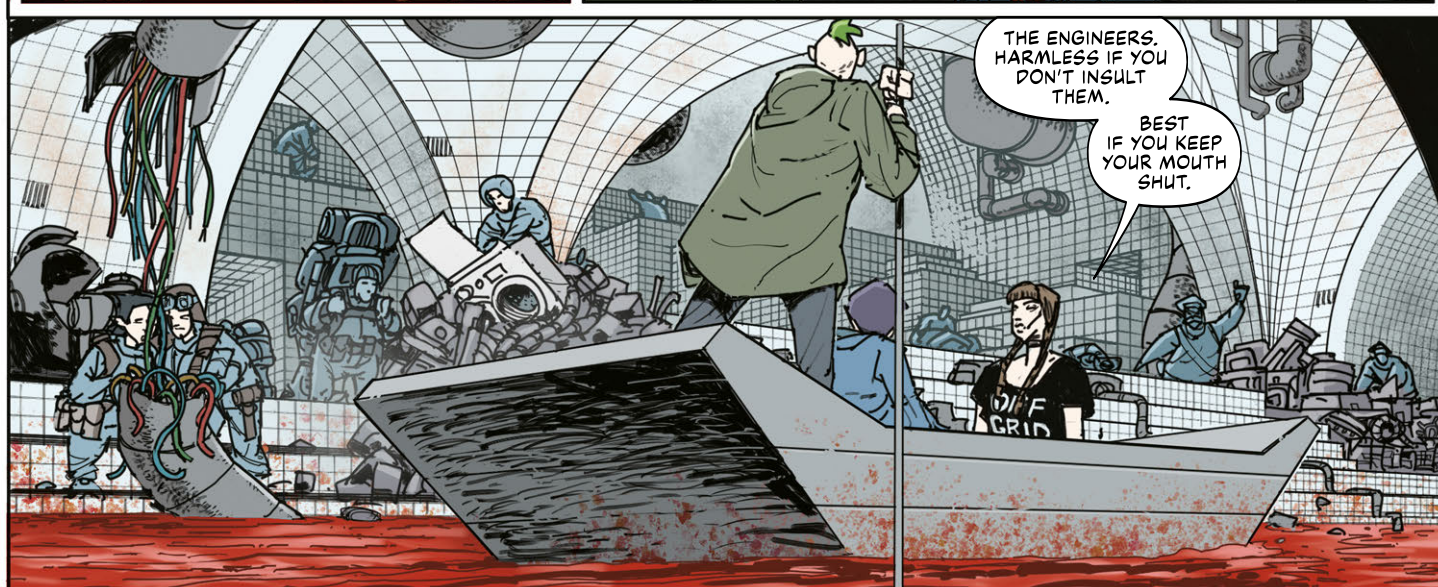
HOW ARE YOU? IT'S NICE TO SEE YOU TOO. ME? FINE THANKS.

OH, HI TASE. YEAH, NICE TO SEE YOU.



ARE YOU SURE THIS IS SAFE? WHERE ARE WE GOING?

TO MEET AN OLD FRIEND.



THE ENGINEERS. HARMLESS IF YOU DON'T INSULT THEM.

BEST IF YOU KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT.



HELLO MR FUNKWITCH, HOW ARE YOUR MEN? WELL I TRUST?

MR MOPPLES HAS RECOVERED BUT WE LOST MR BECKSBY IN THE SPIDER ROOM.



I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT. MY DEEPEST SYMPATHIES.

HE'S NOT DEAD. WE JUST CAN'T GET HIM OUT.

THIS WAY.



EXCUSE ME MR FUNKWITCH, WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME WHY YOU LIVE DOWN HERE? I MEAN...FOOD. WHAT DO YOU EAT? HOW CAN YOU STAND IT IN HERE? THIS PLACE IS HORRIBLE.



YOU'RE HERE TO SEE THE DISMANTLER. I'LL TAKE YOU TO HIM.

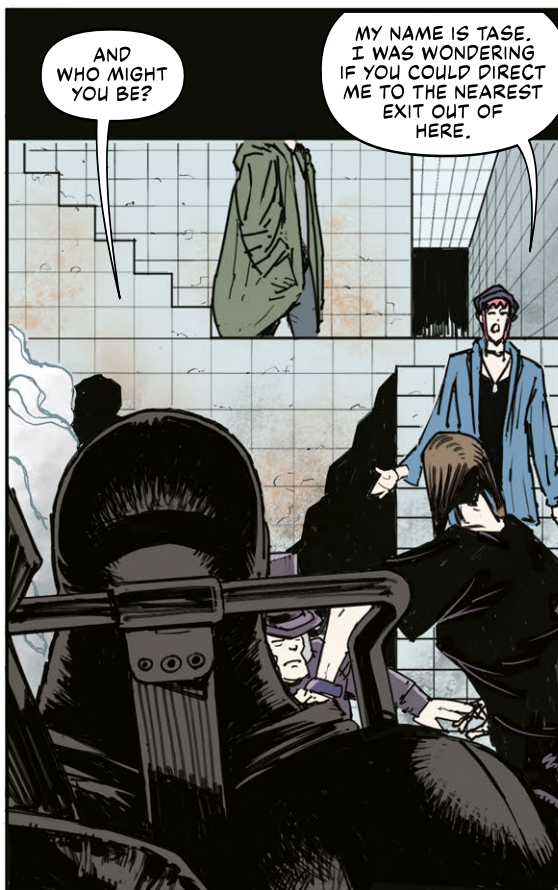
I TOLD YOU TO KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT. THESE GUYS ARE CANNIBALS. UNDERSTAND?



I TRUST YOU HAVE THE NEW ADDITIONS TO THE MAP?

GOOD! WE'LL GET MR TWITCHTHORPE HERE TO MAKE A COPY. THAT'LL BE HIS PUNISHMENT.

CHARMING.



AND WHO MIGHT YOU BE?

MY NAME IS TASE. I WAS WONDERING IF YOU COULD DIRECT ME TO THE NEAREST EXIT OUT OF HERE.



NO! THERE ARE PRIORITIES AND I REGRET YOU'RE NOT ONE OF THEM.

WHAT IS THIS? WHO NEEDS YOUR DIRECTIONS ANYWAY?

I GOT THIS FAR WITHOUT BEING KILLED, WHO NEEDS YOU?

WHO THE HELL ARE YOU ANYWAY?



I AM THE DISMANTLER.

HSSSS



THE SYNDICATE IS PREPARED TO MAKE YOU A DEAL. THE SAME DEAL WE GIVE EVERYONE WHO ENTERS THE MACHINE.



SUCCESSFULLY CARRY OUT THIS MISSION AND YOU'LL BE INSTANTLY TRANSPORTED TO FREEDOM WITH ALL DEBTS PAID...

...FIND AND KILL THE DISMANTLER.



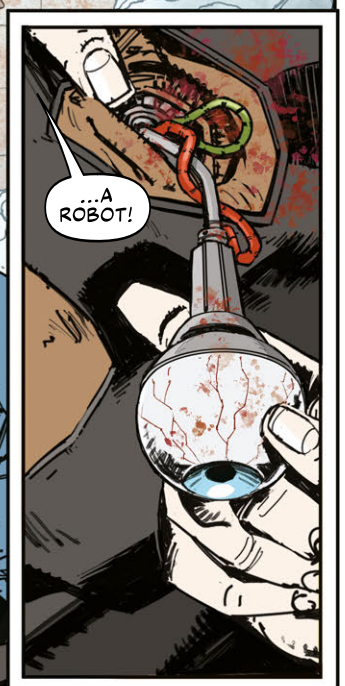
TIME TO DIE!

BAM!



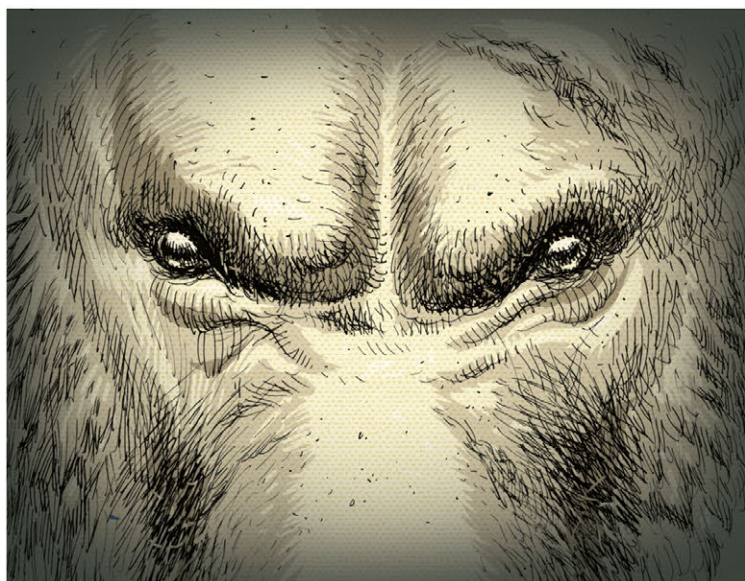
I DID IT! I DID IT!

NO!

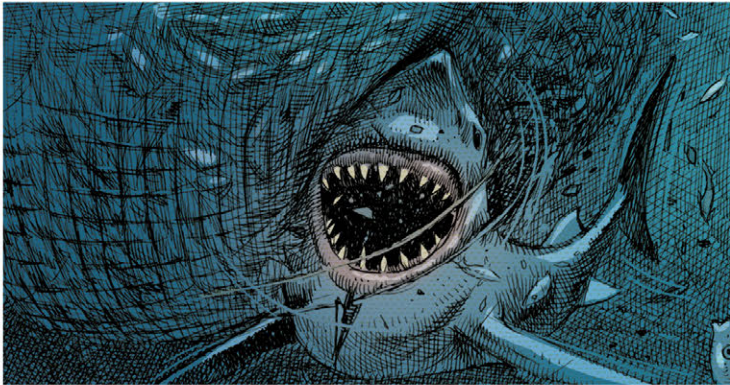
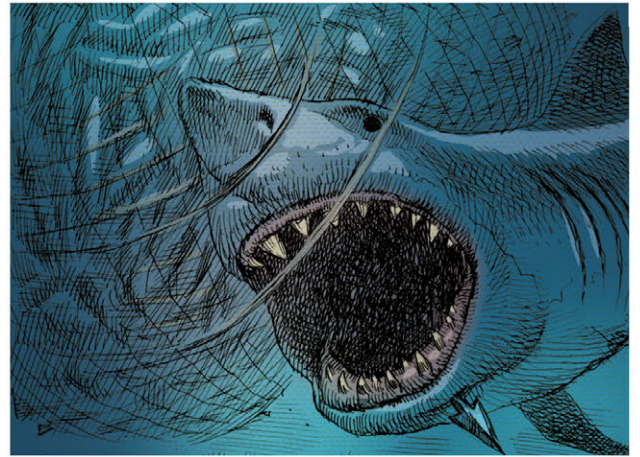
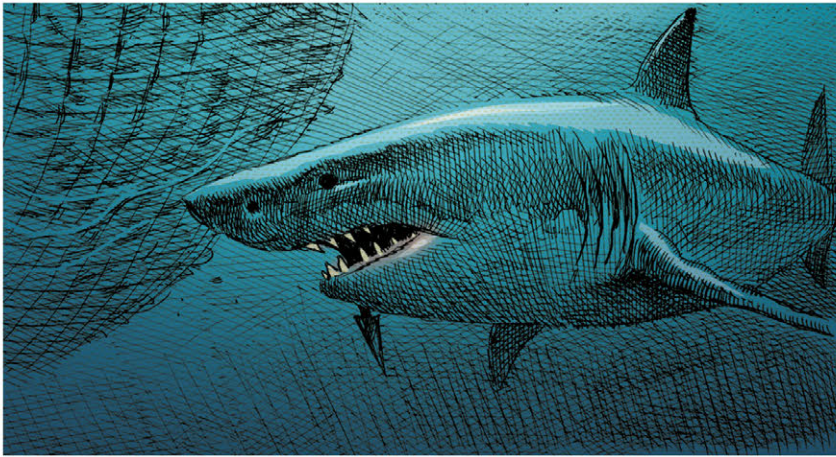
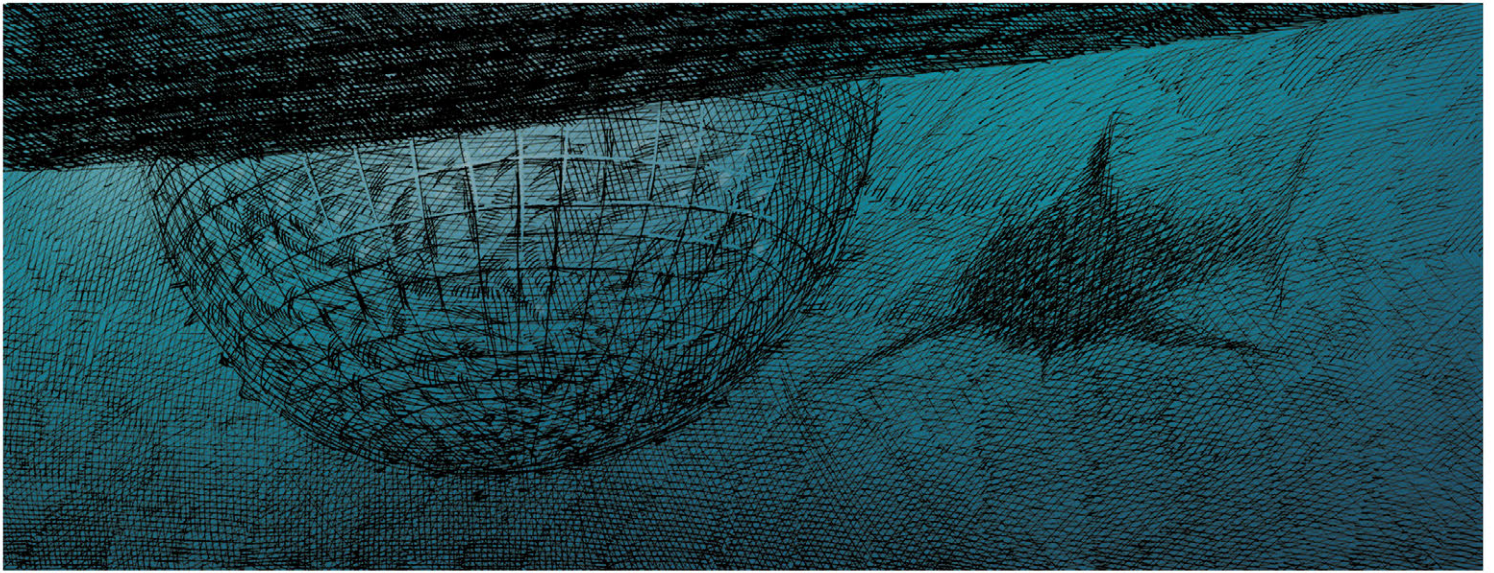


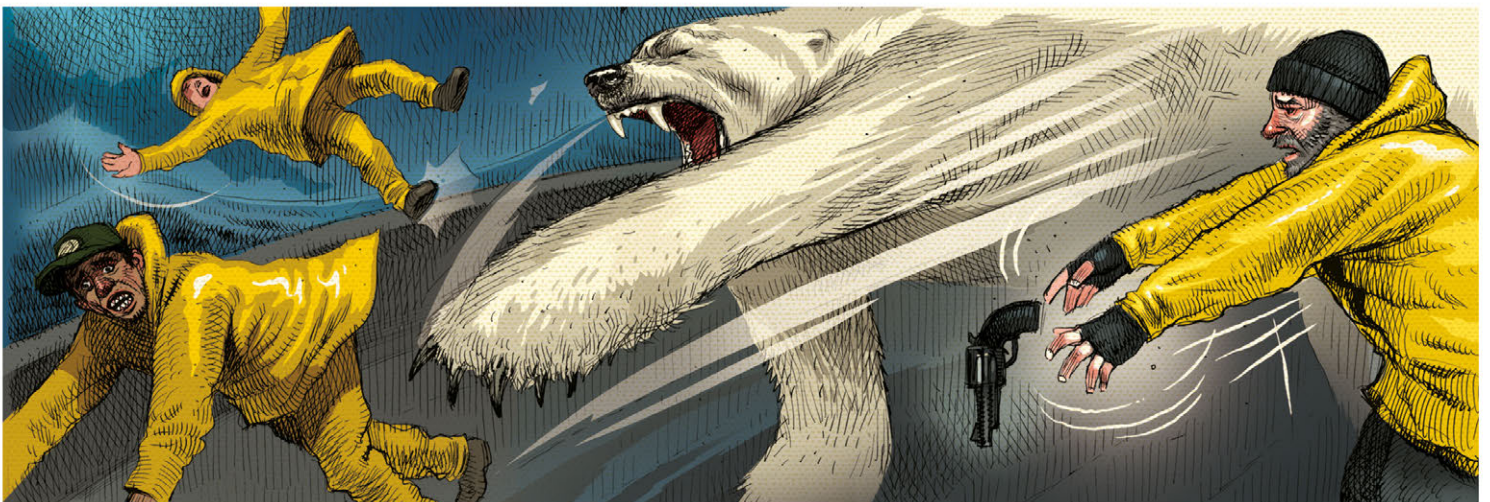
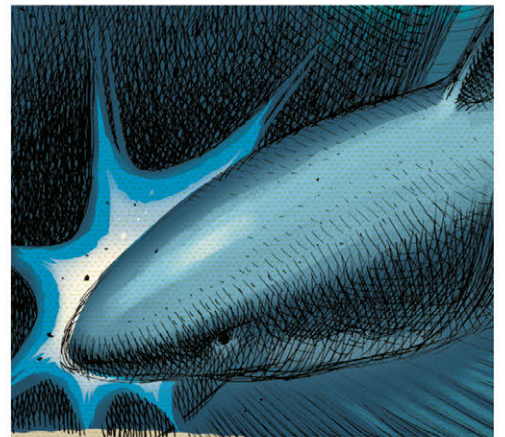
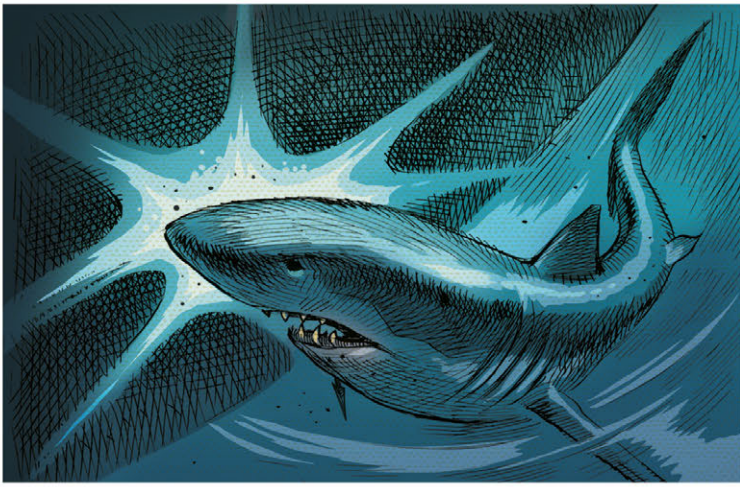
THE END

Script
Quint Amity
Art
Dan Lish

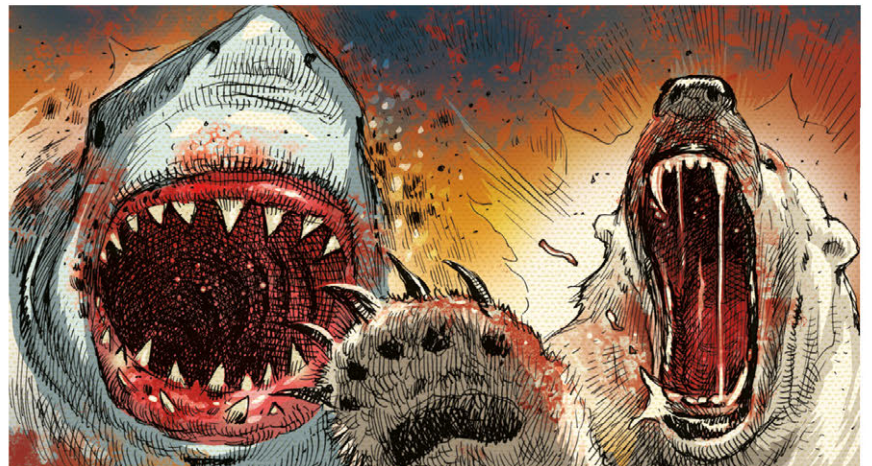
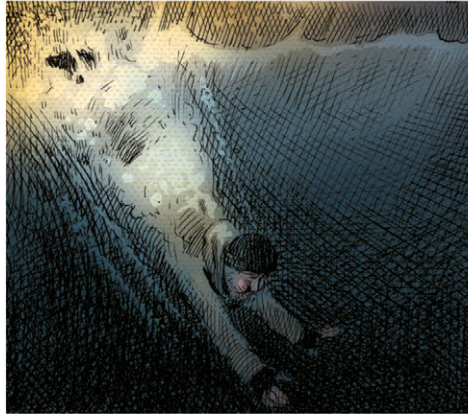












**HOOK
JAW**
vs
SHARKO





"SINCE YOUR LAST ASSIGNMENT WAS SO EASY..."



I HAVE A NEW ONE FOR YOU."



DI6 HQ. LOCATION UNDISCLOSED.

WHO AM I HUNTING THIS TIME?



"AYANA, A FORMER TRAINEE..."



SHE'S PLANNING ON WIPING OUT THOUSANDS USING A STOLEN TOXIN."



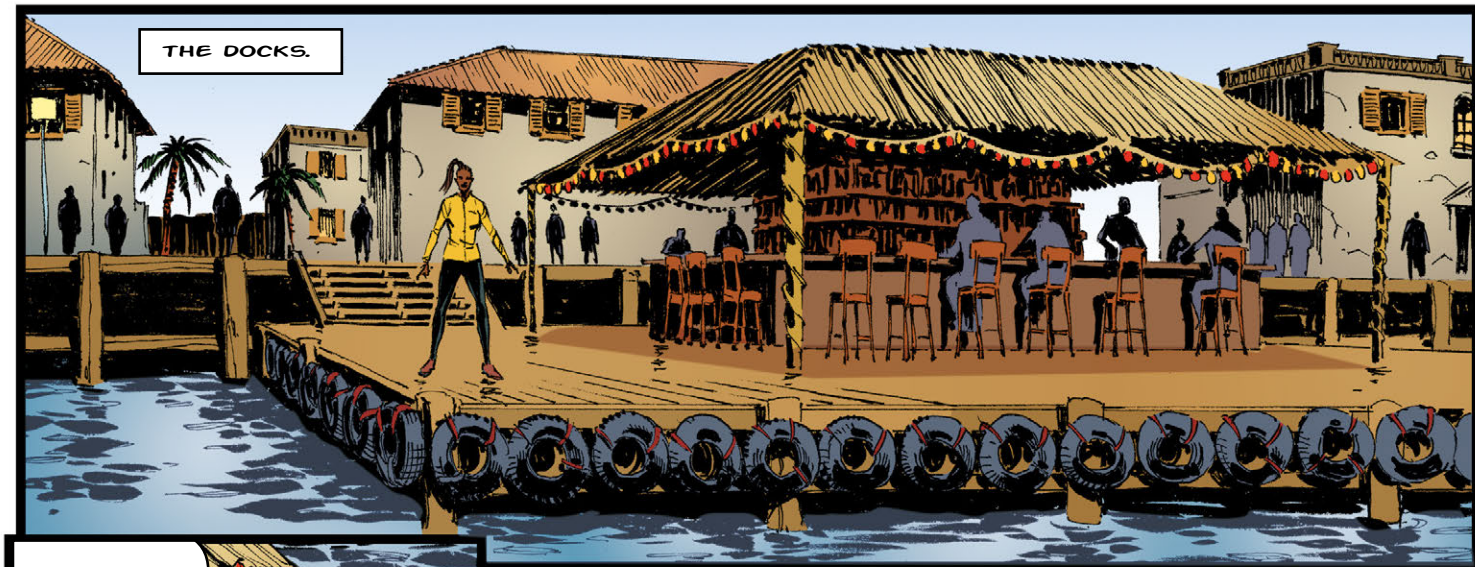
"WHERE AM I OFF TO?"

"THE ISLAND OF SAN SEBASTIAN."





THE DOCKS.



HELLO, MS. MARTINEZ.

INSTEAD OF TRYING TO RUN, LET'S TALK.



I DON'T HAVE THE TOXIN, I HAVE THE FORMULA FOR THE ANTIDOTE.

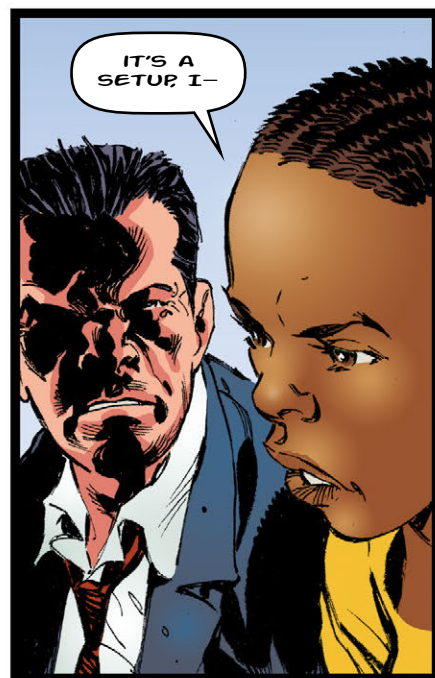


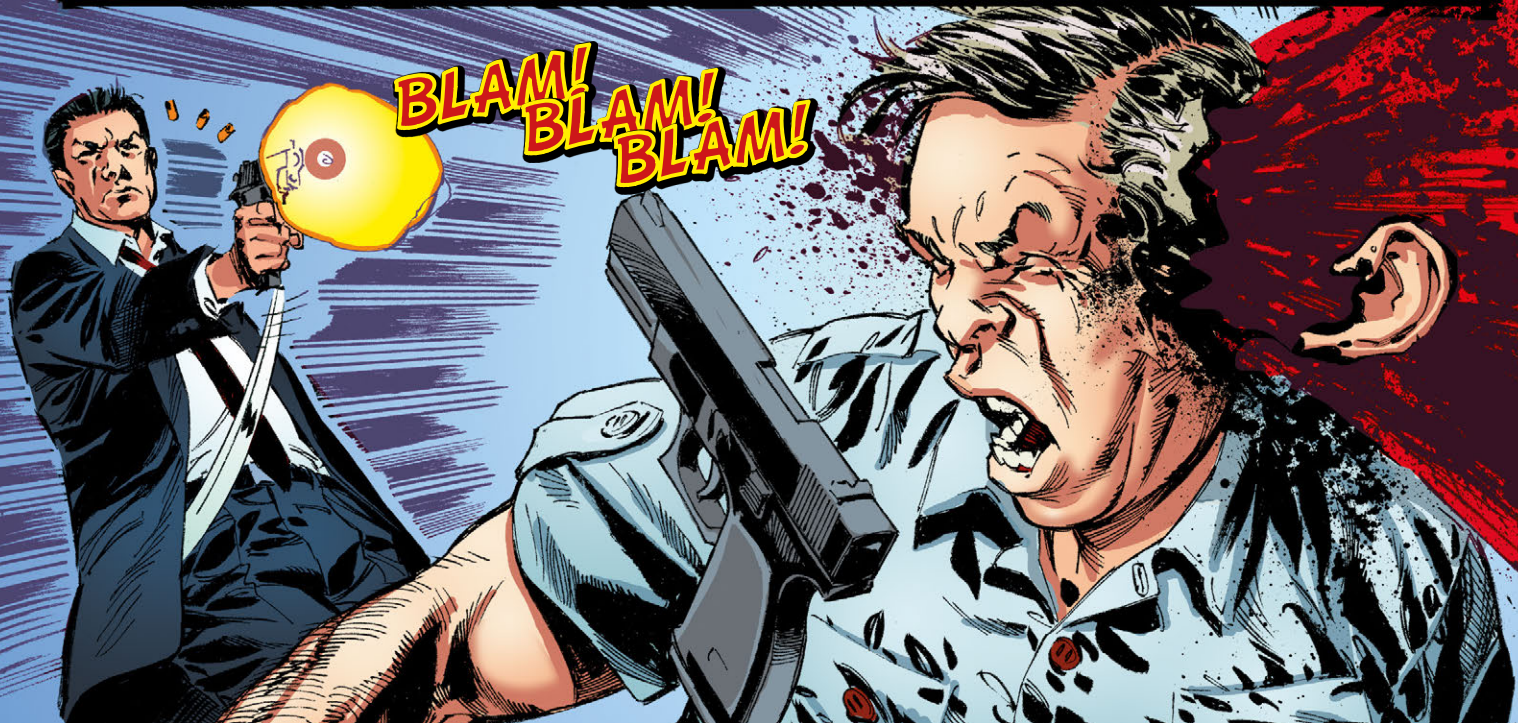
I CAME BACK TO SAN SEBASTIAN TO SAVE IT. TO SAVE MY HOME.

THEN WHY—



IT'S A SETUP, I—







WHAT ARE THEY
PLANNING?



GUESS I'LL FIND
OUT FROM THE
LAPTOP THIS IS
USELESS TO ME.



IT'S ALL HERE -
GENETIC GENOCIDE,
SPECIFIC TEST SITES,
DATES, PROJECTED
FATALITY FIGURES...

THIS ISN'T WHAT I
SIGNED UP FOR.



IT'S TOO
BAD ABOUT
FLEMING.

AT LEAST THIS
PROBLEM HAS
BEEN TAKEN
CARE OF,



IT WOULD BE
SO EASY TO END
THINGS HERE.



BUT NO - THE DOCUMENTS
WILL BE LEAKED SHORTLY.

I'M
JUST DOING
MY JOB, SIR.

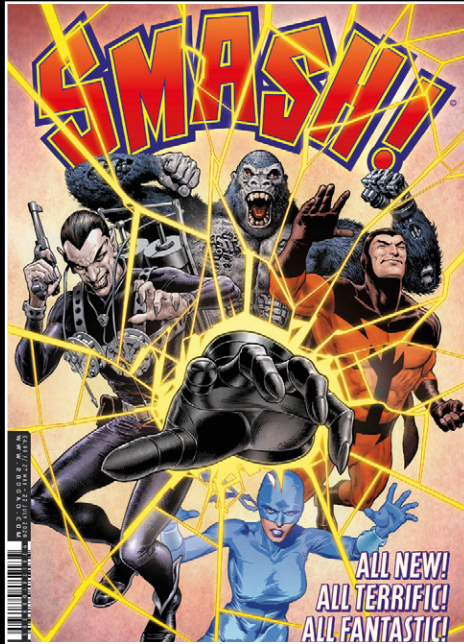
END

ANOTHER SPECIAL YEAR!

APRIL



MAY



JUNE



JULY



AUGUST



SEPTEMBER



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COMICS

REBELLION

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HOOK JAW

Presented by **ACTION**

IT'S SHEER **SUICIDE** NOT TO READ...

Australia 25c; New Zealand 25c; South Africa 25c; Rhodesia 25c; Malaysia S1.00; Malta 7c.

ACTION

EVERY SATURDAY

23rd October 1976 **7p**

Witness
a **SUICIDE**
scoop in
DEATH
GAME
1999

COMMIT SUICIDE...

Swim in the sea with **HOOK JAW!**

Try to double-cross **DREDGER!**

Drive a truck in **HELL'S HIGHWAY!**

WRITE AWAY

**Hi,
There!**

Not so long ago, me and me mates went to represent ACTION at a Convention of Comic fans. The best part was an all-night festival of great horror movies! Well, instead of hanging about waiting for them to start, we nipped off to a nearby boozier! Of course, by the time we got back to the Convention's hotel, not only were we blind drunk—we'd missed all the good films! All they had on was an old Marx Brothers' lark from 1929. It was awful! But the booze was GREAT!

Steve.

**This
week's
STAR
Letter**

£5

£5

Dear Steve,
Action

From Evelyn Williams
WARWICKSHIRE

School I am not a soppy old girl! I'm a tough TomBoy. I've had loads of fights with boys (especially my brother). I usually win. At school I am in the sports every year. I also want to say most of the boys in my class are scared of me. I have a pal who is a real old TomBoy. His name is Inara. I hope I get on your letters page. I think Action is way out west. My favourite story is HOOK JAW and the one I like least is Hellman of Hammer force. But the way I'm 10 years old. Sorry about the crossings out. I hope you can read this letter. My full address is at the back, I will bye for now.

From Evelyn.

P.S: I would mind a £3 postal order or £5 for a star letter.

BLOODY! BROTHER!

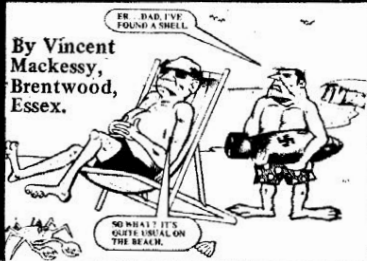
Dear Steve,
While talking about films, my dad said that actors use tomato ketchup instead of blood. Some days later, a full bottle of tomato ketchup went missing. So my mum went outside and saw my four-year-old brother covered in tomato sauce and playing cowboys and Indians with our next door neighbour! He had virtually emptied a huge bottle of the stuff!

Ivan Standak, Bradford,
West Yorkshire

RHyme TIME

Hook Jaw lives at the bottom of the sea
He'll bite the head off you and me
Go down there and start to pray
This is not your lucky day
The hook it went through thee
Hook Jaw's definitely not for me.
—Sent in by Paul Turner,
Rotherham, Yorks.

By Vincent
Mackessy,
Brentwood,
Essex.



PRIZES



£1 postal order

Your letter could win a prize in...

Steve's Write Away, 'Action', IPC Magazines Ltd., King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS.



By William Cook, Reading.

YUK!

Dear Steve,
My mum asked my mate if he would like a duck's egg or a chicken's egg for tea. He said he wanted a duck's egg. When Mum cracked the egg, a baby chick rolled out. Ya should have seen my mate's eyes. They went like saucers!
Mark Hill, Horsham, Surrey.



Drawing by, Jamie Burnes, Unstone, Sheffield.

GRANDAD'S GRUDGE

Dear Steve,

While my grandad was serving in the Palestinian Police there was a faulty Lewis Gun in the camp. So my grandad decided to mend it. But there was live ammunition in the gun, and while he was mending it, the gun went off! The bullet went through two walls and shot a Palestinian constable through the foot. At the enquiry, the enquiry officer asked my grandad whether he had a grudge against the constable!

Richard Lincoln, age 10, Namwich, Cheshire



Drawing by, Steve Talbot, Bristol.



HELLMAN
OF THE AFRIKA KORPS

NIGHTMARE!

Dear Steve,

The other night I had a crazy dream. Me and my friends were out in a small fishing boat, when suddenly Hook Jaw came up under us and threw us out of the boat. I started swimming and Hook Jaw came after me, he was just about to bite me in two when I woke up, facing down on the floor!

Richard Bruton, Birmingham.

Night... and on the East German border...

Night... and on the East German border...



Seconds later, the killer was disappearing into the no man's land which lay between East and West Germany. . .



But the darkness made accurate shooting tricky. . .

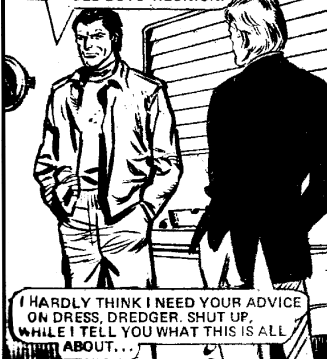


...The fleeing man was bound for freedom, and a meeting with an agent as dirty as himself. . . a man they called—

DREDGER

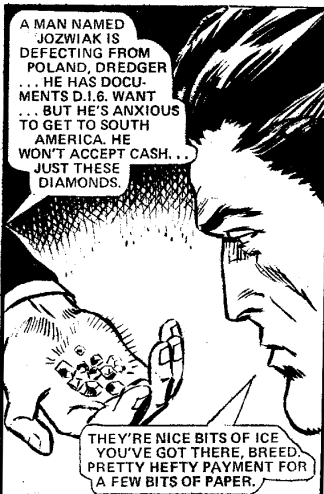
Two days later, on a cross channel ferry bound for the Hook of Holland. . .

THOUGHT WE WERE SUPPOSED TO BE HOLIDAY-MAKERS SPENDING A WEEKEND IN AMSTERDAM'S NIGHT-SPOTS, BREED. YOU LOOK MORE LIKE YOU'RE GOING TO AN OLD BOYS' REUNION.



I HARDLY THINK I NEED YOUR ADVICE
ON DRESS, DREDGER. SHUT UP,
WHILE I TELL YOU WHAT THIS IS ALL
ABOUT...

A MAN NAMED
JOZWIAK IS
DEFECTING FROM
POLAND, DREDGER
... HE HAS DOCU-
MENTS D.I.G. WANT
... BUT HE'S ANXIOUS
TO GET TO SOUTH
AMERICA. HE
WON'T ACCEPT CASH. .
JUST THESE
DIAMONDS.

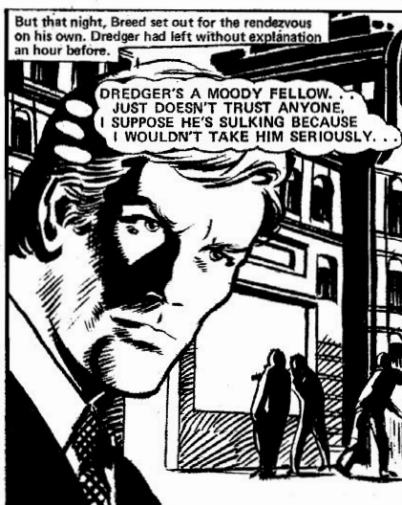


THEY'RE NICE BITS OF ICE
YOU'VE GOT THERE, BREED.
PRETTY HEFTY PAYMENT FOR
A FEW BITS OF PAPER.

SURE... IT'S ABOUT £30,000-WORTH. BUT OUR SIDE RECKONS THE INFORMATION THIS CHARACTER'S BRINGING OUT IS WORTH IT.



MAYBE. AND MAYBE THIS'LL BE A SMOOTH OPERATION. BUT I DON'T AIM TO TAKE ANY CHANCES.



But as the boat roared away from the quayside, another fast craft throbbed away from its concealed mooring.



At it's wheel—Dredger!

I WARNED BREED... BUT THE STUPID BERK WOULDN'T LISTEN. HE'LL HAVE TO LOOK AFTER HIMSELF. I'VE GOT TO GRAB THAT GUY, GET THE PAPERS... AND THE DIAMONDS.



Realising he was being followed, the Pole revved up his boat to top speed...

SO...THE ENGLISH WERE NOT SUCH FOOLS! THEY HAD A SECOND MAN STANDING BY TO FOLLOW ME.

HELL! HIS BOAT'S FASTER... HE'S GOING TO GET AWAY. AND I WON'T STAND A CHANCE SHOOTING AT HIM FROM THIS TUB...



Dredger's boat hit the half-sunken barge at fifty miles an hour—and lanced into air...

They were coming to a basin of open water... a chance for the fast boat to go flat-out...

SUNKEN BARGE AHEAD... BETTER SWING ROUND IT. THEN TO HEAD NORTH AND SHAKE THIS INTERFERING ENGLISH OFF MY TAIL...



As the Pole's boat zoomed round in a tight curve, Dredger made a cool snap decision...

THIS IS THE ONLY CHANCE I'LL GET... LET'S HOPE THIS CRATE WILL STAND THE SHOCK...



Next second, it slammed down on the escaping speedboat...

AAAAHH! YOU CRAZY ENGLISH!



IF YOU WANT TO CHEAT, YOU'VE GOT TO BE GOOD AT IT, CHUM. YOU WEREN'T, SO YOU DIED. THIS TIME WE'RE LUCKY—WE GET THE DIAMONDS BACK, AND THE DOCUMENTS YOU WERE GOING TO HOCK US.



Breed was rather subdued when Dredger got back to him...

UH...OH, YES... WELL DONE, DREDGER.



GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE STILL IN THE LAND OF THE LIVING, BREED. HERE'S YOUR DOCUMENTS... AND THE DIAMONDS, TOO. SORRY, MATE—I MUST HAVE DROPPED ONE OF THEM IN THE CANAL. WE'LL NEVER GET THAT BACK.

DROPPED IT IN THE CANAL? WHO'S DREDGER TRYING TO KID? HE'S MADE HIMSELF ANOTHER UNOFFICIAL DIRTY JOB... BUT THAT'S DREDGER, ALL RIGHT!

MESS AROUND WITH DREDGER...GET A GUT FULL OF LEAD!

SLATER MEANS TROUBLE FOR DAVE... AND SLATER'S A BERK!

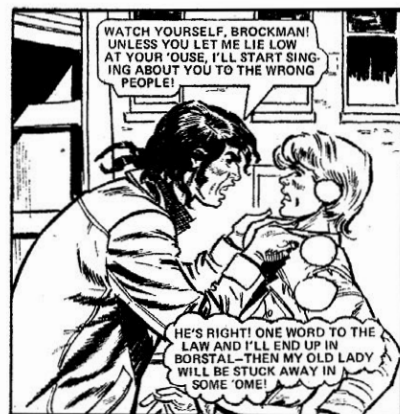
PROBATIONER



YOU GOTTA 'ELP ME, BROCKMAN! ONCE THE MARCONI BROTHERS FIND OUT I CAN'T PAY THEIR FIVE 'UNDRED NICKER, THEY'LL 'AVE MY GUTS!

IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT, SLATER... FANCY BUYING A VAN-LOAD OF PRISON SUITS!

Dave Brockman was on six months' probation after a case of mistaken identity. Although eager to stay out of trouble so that he could look after his crippled mother, Dave had been blackmailed by Clem Slater into participating in crooked activities...



WATCH YOURSELF, BROCKMAN! UNLESS YOU LET ME LIE LOW AT YOUR 'OUSE, I'LL START SINGING ABOUT YOU TO THE WRONG PEOPLE!

HE'S RIGHT! ONE WORD TO THE LAW AND I'LL END UP IN BORSTAL—THEN MY OLD LADY WILL BE STUCK AWAY IN SOME 'OME!

Dave had to report to his probation officer twice weekly...



HEH, HEH! THE MARCONI BROTHERS WILL NEVER FIND ME HERE!

SHUT UP, SLATER! MY MUM MIGHT BE IN A WHEEL CHAIR—BUT SHE'S NOT DEAF!



With Slater safe, Dave went downstairs...

ISN'T IT TIME YOU WENT TO SEE THE PROBATION OFFICER, DAVE?

ER... SURE, MUM—I'M JUST ON MY WAY!



... WELL, I'VE MANAGED TO GET YOU IN AT THE LOCAL CHURCH YOUTH CLUB! IT'S A REALLY NICE PLACE... A PLACE WHERE YOUNG PEOPLE CAN ENJOY THEMSELVES!

THANK YOU, MRS. WHITE!

LEAST IT'LL KEEP ME AWAY FROM SLATER!



IT'S BEEN BROUGHT TO MY ATTENTION THAT YOU'VE BEEN SPENDING SOME TIME WITH A CERTAIN CLEM SLATER! YOU CAN CERTAINLY DO WITHOUT HIS SORT, DAVID!

YOU DON'T NEED TO TELL ME THAT, LUV!



Later that evening...

DEBBIE... MEET DAVE!

HI, YOU'RE NEW HERE, AREN'T YOU? HOW'D YOU HEAR ABOUT US?

ER... THROUGH A FRIEND! HE SAID IT WAS A GOOD PLACE!



WE THINK SO! C'MON, LET'S DANCE!

ALL RIGHT!





HOW CAN DAVE KEEP OUT OF THE NICK ? MORE NEXT WEEK !

A 'SNAKE IN THE GRASS' SAVES THE TRUCKERS.



Framed by a secret U.S. Government Agency, truck-drivers Steve Manning and Danny Kuziek were being forced to do special jobs for the agency, under two officials named Hartwell and Mayer. Their latest assignment was to ferry a bunch of Cuban refugees, down to the tip of Florida. But they discovered that the refugees were to be murdered by Cuban hit-men on the orders of Hartwell. Now, in the swamplands of the Everglades...

WE'VE BEEN TAILING YOU TWO PUNKS EVER SINCE YA LEFT WASHINGTON. HARTWELL FIGURED YOU'D GO SOFT, AND HE WAS DAMN RIGHT!

BUT YOU AIN'T GONNA SCREW UP THIS ASSIGNMENT. THEM REFUGEES HAVE GOTTA DIE—WHETHER AT OUR HANDS OR AT THE CUBANS!



As soon as the truck was driven away...

NONE OF THIS WOULD'VE HAPPENED IF THE CUBAN HIT-MEN HAD WAITED UNTIL THE CARGO HAD REACHED THE KEYS...

BUT WHY? THEY'RE NO THREAT! THEY'RE ALL OLD MEN! IT'S COLD-BLOODED MURDER!

YOU CATCH ON FAST, PAL! BUT DUE TO A SUDDEN SHIFT IN GOVERNMENT POLICY, WE'RE NOW FRIENDS WITH CASTRO. THOSE REFUGEES HAVE BECOME, UH... REDUNDANT!



...BUT THEY HAD TO GET IMPATIENT... AN' HJACK THE BLASTED CARGO. NOW THE CUBANS ARE ALL DEAD, AND WE'RE LEFT TO CLEAR UP THE MESS!

AN' THE FIRST ITEM ON THE AGENDA IS YOU GUYS! KEEP MOVIN' BACK INTO THE SWAMP.

HELL—COTTONMOUTH MOCCASIN LYING ON THAT TUFT. DEADLIEST SWAMP-SNAKE THERE IS! IF I CAN GRAB ITS TAIL...



Desperately, Steve sent the hissing snake whirling through the air... while, at the same moment...

UGGH! BLAST YOU...

GRAB THE OTHER GUY, DANNY!

C'MON—INTO THE DRINK, PAL!

COTTONMOUTH—UUULLGHI!



NO—BLAST YOU! HIT-MEN DESERVE ALL THEY GET, PAL!

AAARRGH!

They pushed the Government Agents' car into the swamp...

Y'KNOW SOMETHING, STEVE? WE'VE LEFT A TRAIL OF STIFFS ACROSS FLORIDA—BUT THERE AIN'T NO EVIDENCE POINTING DIRECTLY TO US. IF WE CAN STILL RESCUE THOSE REFUGEES... MAYBE WE CAN FIX IT! SO NO ONE'D EVER BE THE WISER!

YEAH, THE CHASE IS STILL ON AND MY GUESS IS THAT HARTWELL'S BUNCH'LL HEAD FOR THE KEYS, AS IN THE ORIGINAL PLAN...



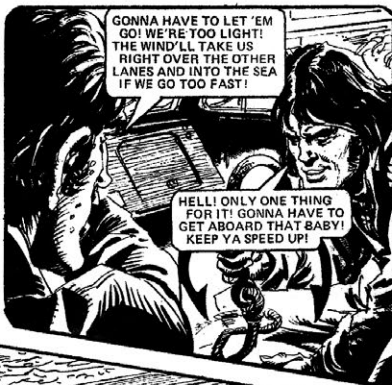
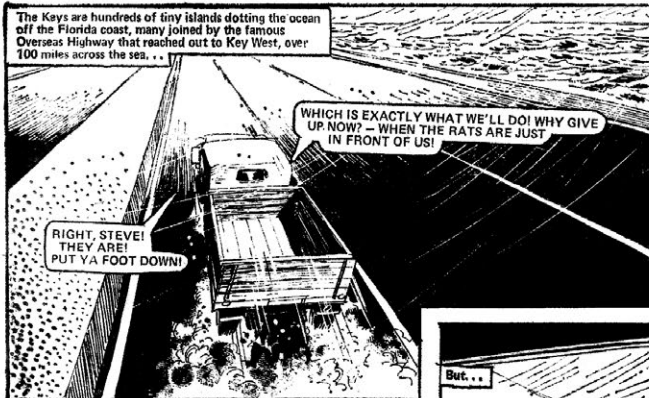
Driving through the night, they bypassed Miami on the Hialeah Turnpike and headed through Florida City on Highway 1. Early dawn found them off mainland America, on Key Largo...

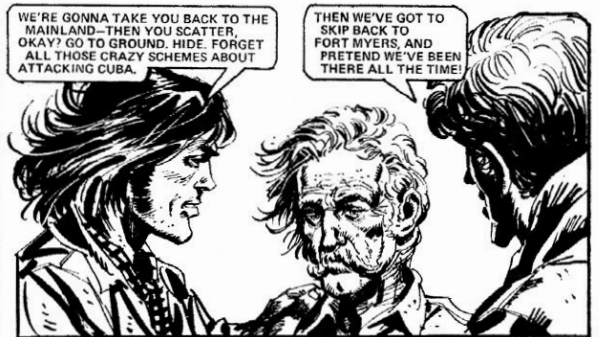
NO ONE ABOUT, TOO EARLY, I GUESS, AND—UH-OH! ROAD BLOCK AHEAD!

HURRICANE WARNING CO. NO FURTHER

YEAH, BUT UNMANNED, IT'S A HURRICANE WARNING SIGN. LOOKS LIKE OUR FRIENDS CHOSE TO IGNORE IT!







WILL STEVE AND DANNY EVER GET OUT OF TROUBLE ?

LAMPTON THE 'BIONIC' BOMBARDER!

Look out for LEFTY!

In his first senior game for 3rd Division Wigford Rovers, against Rotherfield, sixteen-year-old apprentice, Kenny 'Lefty' Lampton, used his deadly left foot to lure a gang of Rotherfield soccer thugs into the arms of the police... and now Lefty is making their team pay dearly for the hammering he has taken!



OH HHHH! THAT WAS ALMOST
NUMBER THREE! LAMPTON'S
BOMBARDING THEIR GOAL LIKE
A SIXTEEN-INCH GUN!

WITHOUT THEIR THUGS TO
HOWL 'EM ON, ROTHER-
FIELD HAVE GONE TO PIECES!



AND THERE'S THE REASON WHY
WE AIN'T GOT NO SUPPORT -
MISTER RUDDY LAMPTON!

IT'S TIME WE KNOCKED THE
WIND OUT OF THE
COCKY LITTLE BEGGAR,
ERNE!

And when Lefty challenged the Rotherfield
right-back, moments later!



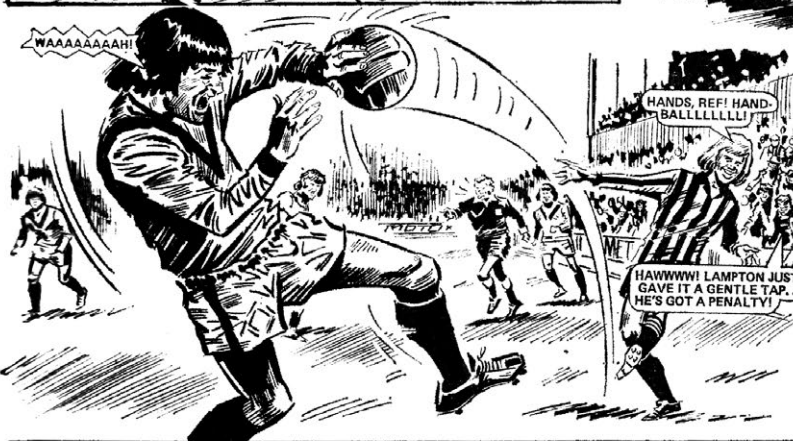
I CAN KICK TOO,
WONDER-BOY!

OOOOOOOGH!



MIKE, I DON'T LIKE IT... THEY'RE
GANGING UP ON HIM! MAYBE
WE'D BETTER PULL THE KID OFF!
IT'S HIS FIRST SENIOR GAME,
REMEMBER!

AYE! BUT I THINK YOU'LL
FIND HE CAN TAKE
CARE OF HIMSELF, BOSS!





LOOKS LIKE WE'VE FOUND A NEW STAR, JIM! THAT LAD COULD GIVE US THE MOTIVATION THAT WIGFORD HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR!

YEAH—IF HIS HEAD DOESN'T START SWELLING! LOOK AT HIM SOAKING UP THE LIMELIGHT... JUST LIKE A TYPICAL, STAR-STRUCK TEENAGER!



HEY, MR. ROBERTS... WHAT A GAME! I REALLY SORTED 'EM OUT, EH...?

I THOUGHT SO! HERE IT COMES... A BIG-HEADED, SLOW-BLOW ACCOUNT OF HOW HE SCORED HIS THREE GOALS!



But the Wigford boss, Jim Bowker, wasn't the first person to have mis-judged Lefty...

...LET'S HOPE THE MAGISTRATES THROW THE BOOK AT THOSE ROTHERFIELD YOBBS!

WELL, I'M—I NOT A WORD ABOUT THE GAME! THE LAD SEEMS TO HAVE GOT A BIGGER KICK OUT OF HELPING TO ROUND UP THOSE HOOLIGANS!



Then...

THIS YOUNG LAD WANTS TO SPEAK TO LAMPTON, MR. BOWKER! SAYS IT'S VERY IMPORTANT!

IT'S OLD GREAVESSEY... ONE OF ME GREATEST FANS WHEN I WAS AT SCHOOL!



I THOUGHT YOU OUGHT TER KNOW THAT TWO OF THEM ROTHERFIELD RIPPERS GOT AWAY FROM THE COPS, AN' PINCHED A COUPLE OF MOTOR-BIKES! I 'EARD 'EM SAYIN' THEY WAS HEADIN' FOR YER GRANDAD'S SHOP!



THEY'RE GONNA GET BACK AT ME BY RIPPING OFF THE SHOP—AND OLD GRAMPS IS ON HIS OWN! I GOTTA GET OVER THERE!

LEFTY... WAIT! I'LL GIVE YOU A LIFT...



But Lefty already had some transport—his Grandad's rickety old bike!

YAH-HAAAR! LET'S GO, NICK! WHEN LAMPTON SEES THAT LITTLE LOT, HE'LL WISH HE'S NEVER HEARD OF THE ROTHERFIELD RIPPERS!

MY CRIPES! I'M TOO LATE...!



A scene of brutal devastation met Lefty's eyes...

THEY'VE RANSACKED THE SHOP, AND... AND EMPTIED THE CASH-BOX! BUT WHAT'S HAPPENED TO GRAMPS...?

GROOOUUUGH! I-HELP...!



Kenny pulled aside the junk...

C-CAN'T... BREATHE! I... I'M DYING...!

GRAMPS, IS THAT YOU? HANG ON, OLD MATE, I'M COMING! YOU'LL BE OKAY NOW...!



GLAWW-WWWRGH!

OH, MY SAINTED AUNT! WHAT IN HELL'S NAME 'AVE THOSE TWO SCREWBALLS DONE TO YER?

LEFTY SETS OUT FOR REVENGE NEXT WEEK!

THE SCAVENGER OF THE SEA STRIKES AGAIN!

HOOK JAW

After a sudden storm, a hijacked battleship was sunk in the English Channel. The gang of hijackers, led by Jack Gunn, have been arrested by an army patrol. Now the navy had arrived and were lowering a diver down to investigate the sunken ship. But a mutinous Hook Jaw exploded from the sea...

A GIGANTIC SHARK!
IT'S AFTER ME!

The diver stood no chance... the shark's massive teeth clamped round his waist!

AAAGH!

Hearing the shriek of pain, the pilot looked down.

The gory tug of war started. But the shark's teeth were caught in the diver's harness.

ARGH! AIEEEE!

With a mighty flick of his tail, Hook Jaw pulled the man below the waves. The helicopter was suddenly pulled off balance...

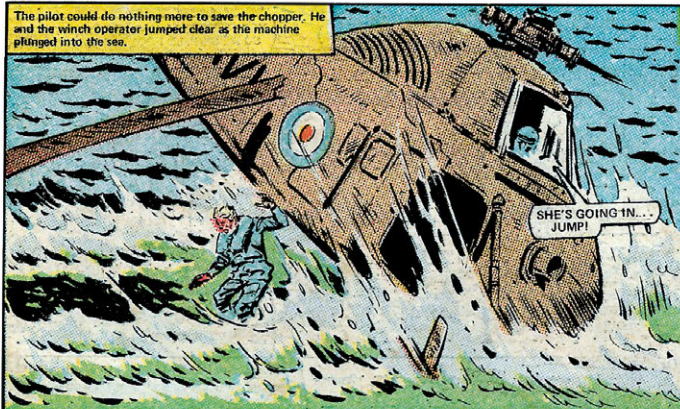
I'M LOSING CONTROL!

PULL ME UP!
AAGH!

HANG ON—I'M TURNING ON FULL POWER...

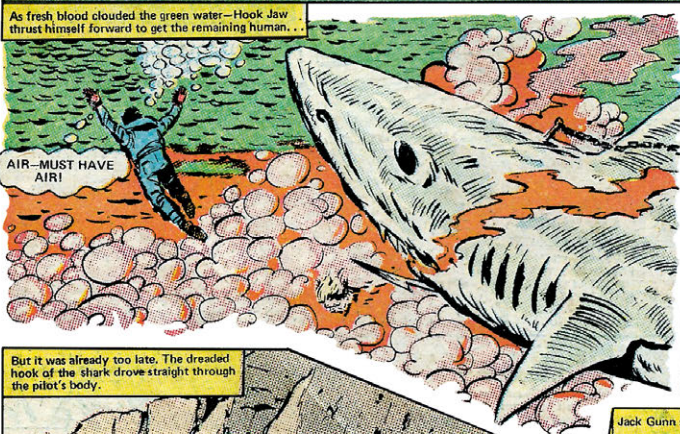


The pilot could do nothing more to save the chopper. He and the winch operator jumped clear as the machine plunged into the sea.



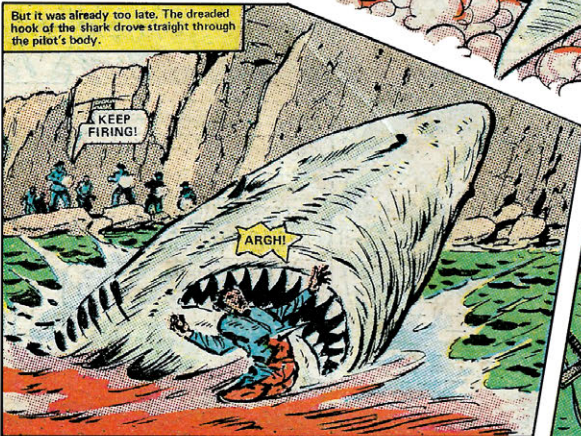
SHE'S GOING IN... JUMP!

As fresh blood clouded the green water—Hook Jaw thrust himself forward to get the remaining human...



AIR—MUST HAVE AIR!

But it was already too late. The dreaded hook of the shark drove straight through the pilot's body.



KEEP FIRING!

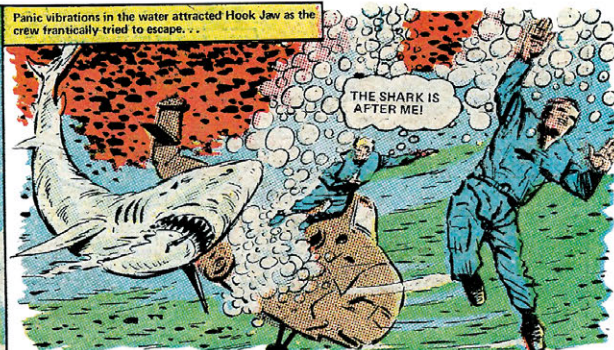
ARGH!

The soldiers didn't stand a chance...



DON'T LEAVE ONE OF 'EM ALIVE!
I STILL WANT THE GOLD IN THAT SHIP!

Panic vibrations in the water attracted Hook Jaw as the crew frantically tried to escape...



THE SHARK IS AFTER ME!

Amidst the blood-stained water, the helicopter pilot shot to the surface...



THE SHARK'S COMING—DO SOMETHING!

DON'T JUST STAND THERE! SPRAY THE WATER WITH BULLETS!

Jack Gunn saw his opportunity to escape...

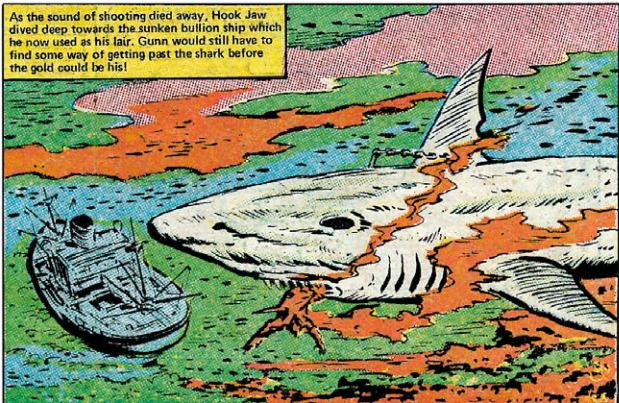


TAKE 'EM, LADS!

WE'RE WITH YOU, JACK!

GNNNNNN!

As the sound of shooting died away, Hook Jaw dived deep towards the sunken battleship which he now used as his lair. Gunn would still have to find some way of getting past the shark before the gold could be his!





The Great White Shark had been driven from his new hunting ground due to the explosions. Now he was hungry. Ahead, he could hear splashing in the water which meant only one thing—food!



TERROR AT AN ENGLISH RESORT, NEXT WEEK!

LAW AND ORDER ! IT'S JUST MORE AGGRO IN...

In 1986, freak climatic conditions combined with massive world-wide pollution had sparked off a killer-disease which had wiped out most of the adult population of the world. Only kids were left — to form themselves into gangs, and do what they liked. London, the Malvern Road bunch, led by Ray Spencer, were heading down the Bakerloo tube line towards Baker Street station, when suddenly they were attacked by a group of uniformed police cadets...

KIDS RULE O.K.



INTO 'EM, LADS! SHOW THE LITTLE CREEPS WE MEAN BUSINESS!

FIGHT BACK, MALVERN ROAD!

When Ray woke up...

UHH... M-MY HEAD! WHERE THE HELL... AM I?



IN QUEX ROAD POLICE STATION, LAD— AND YOU'RE IN REAL TROUBLE!



DISTURBING THE PEACE... PROMOTING LAWLESS BEHAVIOUR... CAUSING GRIEVOUS BODILY HARM... ASSAULTING A POLICE OFFICER IN PURSUANCE OF HIS DUTY—OH, I'M GOING TO THROW THE BOOK AT YOU, LAD!

WHAT D'YA MEAN—"PROMOTING LAWLESS BEHAVIOUR"? THERE AIN'T NO LAW! AN' WHO THE HELL ARE YOU, ANYWAY?



CHIEF INSPECTOR RONALD STRYDE, FOR YOUR INFORMATION, LAD—I'M THE LAW...



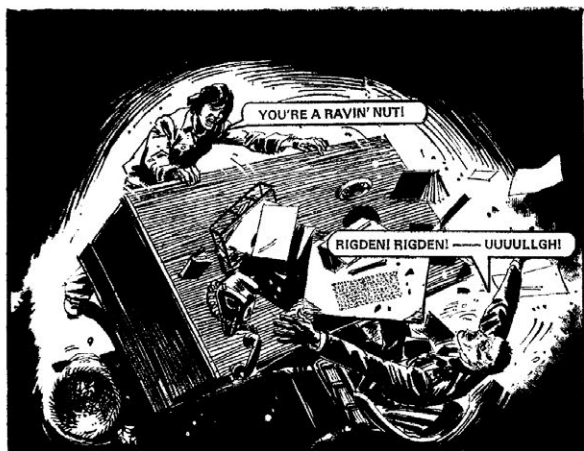
...JUDGE, JURY AND PUNISHMENT-ENFORCER! ALL ROLLED INTO ONE, LAD! AND THE WAY I WORK, WE'LL SOON HAVE LITTLE TYKES LIKE YOU BROUGHT TO HEEL!

AGGH! HOW COME YOU DIDN'T SNIUFF IT WITH THE REST, MATE?



NOT EVERY ADULT DIED IN THAT UNFORTUNATE BUSINESS A YEAR AGO, YOU STUPID LITTLE BERK! THERE ARE STILL A FEW OF US LEFT—LUCKILY FOR THE WORLD! BECAUSE WE'RE GOING TO BRING A LITTLE LAW AND ORDER BACK INTO...

OH YEAH? I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER, STRYDE!





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RAW EXCITEMENT
OF DEADLY
CONFLICT!**

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KRUGER HAS A NASTY SURPRISE. . . A GORY SURPRISE !

Joe Taggart, leader of the Carson City Prison Spinball squad, needs only one more victory to earn a full pardon for himself and his team. But the authorities fear Joe's popularity with the Spinball fans, and Kruger, the chief prison-guard, has been drafted into the squad, with orders to plant a bomb in Joe's bike. Now, in the Alcatraz death-house, as the game explodes into life. . .

AND THERE SHE GOES, FANS... THE FIRST FEED-IN ! IF JOE TAGGART CAN TURN ON ANOTHER DEADLY PERFORMANCE, THE KARSON CITY KILLERS ARE HEADIN' FOR FREESVILLE !

DEATH GAME 1999

OH, YEAH ? OVER MY DEAD BODY... !

The commentator had picked up the contemptuous roar of Ace Croel, the squad-leader of the Alcatraz Assassins. . .

MAYBE WE CAN ARRANGE THAT, ACE ! I HEAR YOU'VE GOT A DATE WITH THE ELECTRIC CHAIR IF THE ASSASSINS GO SPINNING TO DEFEAT !

SHADDAP, YA MOUTHY PUNK ! WHATCHA TRYIN' TO DO... PUT ME OFF MA GAME ?

JOE, THAT BALL'S STARTIN' ANOTHER CIRCUIT ! WE GOTTA MOVE FAST !

NOT YET, MEATFACE, WE'LL LET 'EM SWEAT A LITTLE ! WAIT 'TIL THE BALL ROLLS ONTO THE ICE. . . !

— NOW ! LET'S GO, YOU KILLERS ! WE'LL HIT 'EM WITH A DUMMY SCISSORS !

HARD IN, ALCATRAZ ! GIT THAT BALL... !



The watching Kruger licked his lips in gleeful anticipation...



Up in the stand, sweat rolled down the face of Henry Smiles, the Karson City prison governor...

NOW - THIS TIME! IT'S GOT TO BE! BLOW YOURSELF TO HELL, TAGGART..!

But, once again...

TAGGART'S HIT ONE OF THE DEFLECTOR DISCS... THAT'S A MAXIMUM DEFLECTION!

...except a slow moving defender!

AWWWWWWLGGH!

I NEVER DID TRUST THEIR NUMBER SIX... BUT YA SHOULD BE ABLE TO 'SEE THROUGH HIM' NOW, FOLKS!

Once it had gained fearful spin and velocity from the 'deflection', nothing could stop the rocketing steel ball...

...FIVE THOUSAND... FIFTEEN... TWENTY...!

HAWWW! HAWWW!

YEAH, YOU'RE WORKIN' WELL, KRUGER! THAT DEFLECTION REALLY HELPED US!

THE KILLERS' SCORE STANDS AT 35,000 POINTS... AS ALCATRAZ GIVE THEMSELVES A BREATHER SO THEY CAN BRING ON A SUBSTITUTE!

I WAS HOPIN' IT'D KILL YA, TAGGART! HELL, THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH THAT BOMB...

...SO I'LL HAVE TO WASTE HIM MYSELF!

FIRE TWO!

KRUGER'S AFTER IT ALREADY! THAT GUY JUST CAN'T WAIT TO GET INTO THE ACTION...!

YAAAAAY! KEEP IT UP, KARSON CITY! YA GOT 'EM ROCKIN'..!

HELL - HE'S MADE A 'SUICIDE SCOOP'... BUT THE ASSASSINS ARE CLOSING IN!

GET THAT KARSON CITY TRASH AS HE COMES OFF THE BANKING!

YOU'RE DEAD, BLUE EYES..!



HEAD HIM
AWAY FROM THE PINS...
AAAAGH!

TO BLAZES WITH
THE PINS! THIS SPINBALL
IS RESERVED FOR JOE
TAGGART...!

GAWWWGH!

As Joe loomed into view...

EVERYONE'LL
THINK IT WAS A
STRAY SHOT! SO
DIE, YA PUNK...
DIE!

...with vicious strength,
Kruger stamped on
his firing piston...

...and, incredibly!



HELL - KRUGER'S
BIKE! IT'S BLOWN
ITSELF APART...!



WELL, HOW D'YA
LIKE THAT? MUST BE
THE TENSION OF THE
GAME FOLKS - ONE OF
THE KILLERS JUST PLAIN
WENT TO PIECES!

GET THAT
MESS OFF THE
ICE...!

JOE,
WHAT HAPPENED?
WHAT THE HELL
MADE THAT BIKE
EXPLODE?

I'LL TELL YOU LATER,
YO-YO - ASSUMING WE GET OUT
OF THIS ALIVE! BECAUSE THERE'S
JUST SIX OF US NOW... AGAINST
THE WHOLE ALCATRAZ SQUAD! AND
THEY'LL BE FIGHTIN' LIKE WOLVES
TO SAVE THEMSELVES FROM THE
ELECTRIC CHAIR!

HOW CAN KARSON CITY WIN? WITH GUTS. THAT'S HOW!

**STEP INTO THE THRILLING, CHILLING,
MISTY WORLD OF THIS FANTASTIC
NEW WEEKLY!**

MISTY



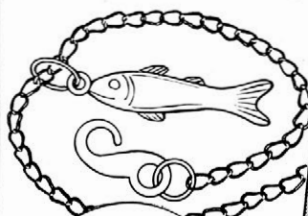
A world of creepy adventure, mystery, magic, the supernatural! Was her weird scar the *only* reason Rosemary was called Moonchild? What was the terrible secret of the tower block nobody dared live in?

Why was the strange cult of the cat so frightening? Don't miss the beginning of these chilling stories this week!

plus

YOUR CHANCE TO WIN £25

FREE this shimmering
blue fish bracelet



MISTY

**No.1 on sale
Monday 30 Jan.**

DON'T LOSE YOUR HEAD HELLMAN! TRY AND SAVE YOUR MEN!



Winter 1943. After bitter fighting the city of Orel has finally fallen to the Russians and only three prisoners out of the German garrison have been taken alive... thanks to the treachery of one of their own men. But a fourth man also lives and watches in hiding - the garrison commander, Panzer Major, Kurt Hellman.

COMRADES! WE HAVE WON A GREAT VICTORY. THERE WILL BE A VICTORY PARADE PAST THE SQUARE. AND THEN THESE GERMAN PIGS WILL DIE!

STAVA!



Hellman ON THE RUSSIAN FRONT

THIS HELLMAN MUST BE FOUND. SEARCH THE ROOFTOPS, SEARCH EVERY HOUSE, EVERY ROOM, EVERYWHERE!



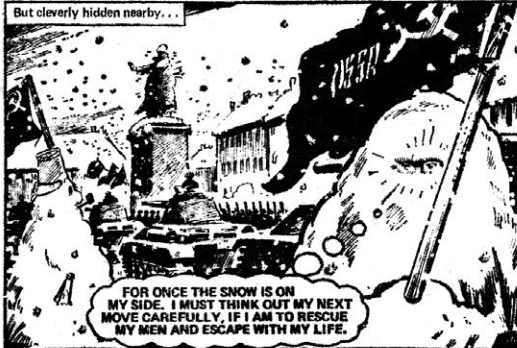
The Russians searched without pity...

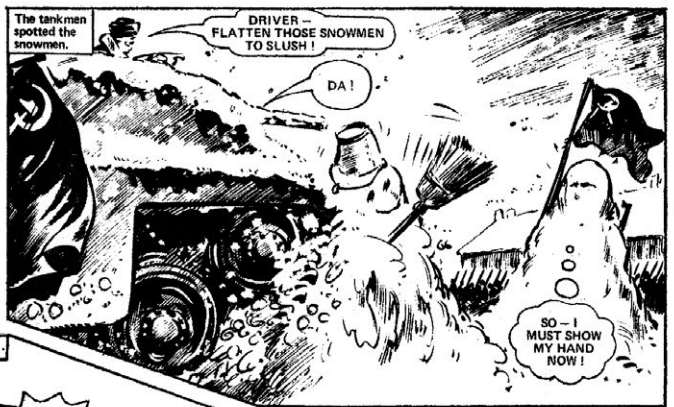


With guns and grenades they searched the city...



But cleverly hidden nearby...







Hellman acted swiftly and swung up the tank hatch.



Hellman slashed his men's ropes...



Seeing their captured Commissar, the Russians held their fire...



Suddenly ahead of the tank...



The Russian, flung like a rag doll, hit Schwarz and the mine. They died in a ball of fire.



Soon the King Tiger and its crew were clear of the city.



That night in the Kremlin...



THE RUSSIANS WANT BLOOD AND HELLMAN HAS TO FIGHT!

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DON'T
make any plans for
the future until you've read...

OUT
ON MONDAY
21st FEBRUARY
1977

No.1

WEEK

AD.

FEATURING
THE NEW

Dan Dare

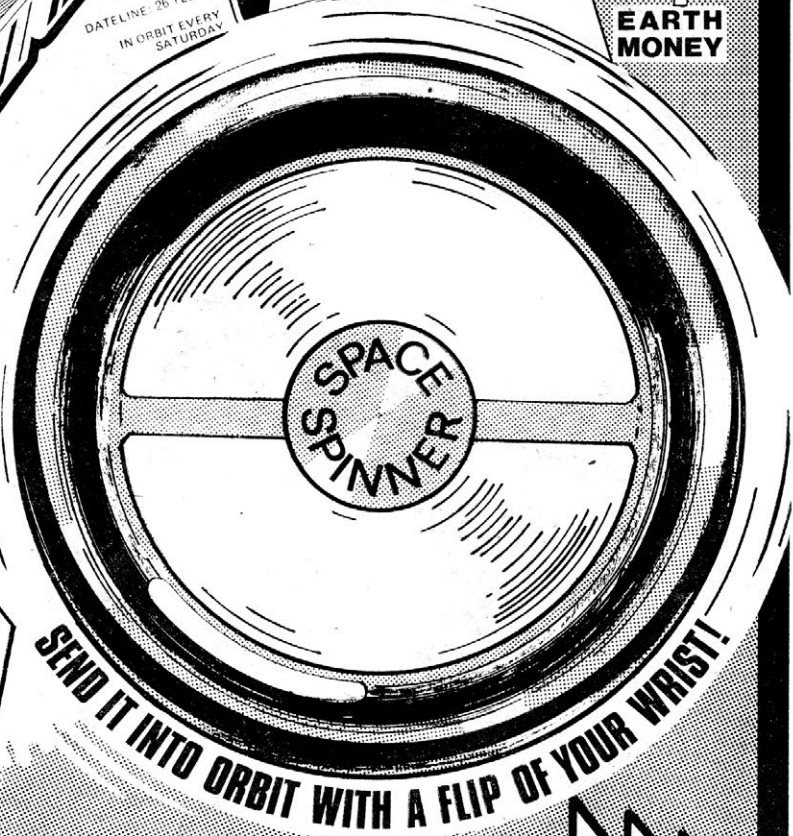
PROGRAMME 1.
DATELINE: 26 FEB '77
IN ORBIT EVERY
SATURDAY

8p
EARTH
MONEY

**FREE IN THE
FIRST
ISSUE**

**THIS FANTASTIC
SPACE
SPINNER!**

**THE
COMIC OF
TOMORROW -
TODAY!**



SEND IT INTO ORBIT WITH A FLIP OF YOUR WRIST!

**TOMORROW'S WORLD AWAITS YOU!
TURN OVER FOR MORE THRILL DATA!**

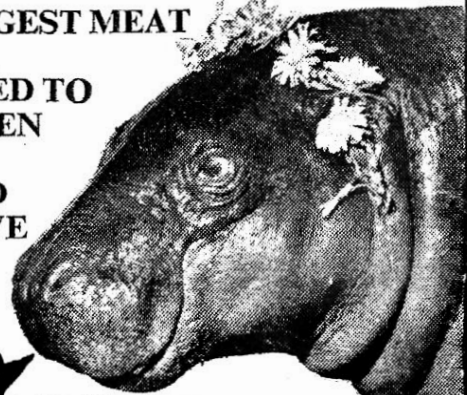


TWIT OF THE WEEK

During Saturday afternoon Rugby League matches on TV you might hear what sounds like a cow in agony. You'd be wrong. It is the TV commentator **EDDIE WARING**. This week's TWIT. His deep Yorkshire accent drives many of you potty. Perhaps it would be better to have a cow doing the commentary!

THE LARGEST MEAT PIE EVER RECORDED TO HAVE BEEN BAKED WEIGHED OVER FIVE TONS!

SO WHAT?



David Armstrong
Acklam
Middlesbrough.

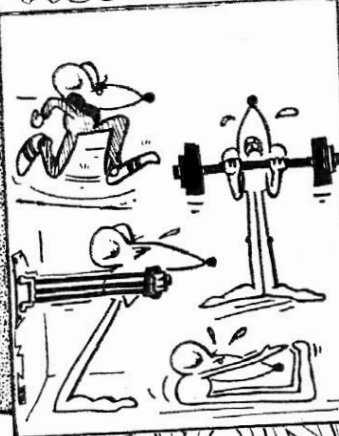
I think the twit of the week should be Eddie Waring. He should be twit of the year too. Honestly he's a right looney. He always wears the same daft hat and he chatters away in a language that no one can understand. He ruins rugby matches. He is a twit.

GUESS WHAT?

Have a good long look at this pic. The last Guess What, October 9th, was of a cone from a fir tree.



ACTION MOUSE



Next Week! Next Week

The sea boils when Hook Jaw attacks an English resort!

Plus
Death Game 1999, Kids Rule O.K., Lefty Lampton, Hellman, Dredger, Hell's Highway and Probationer!
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