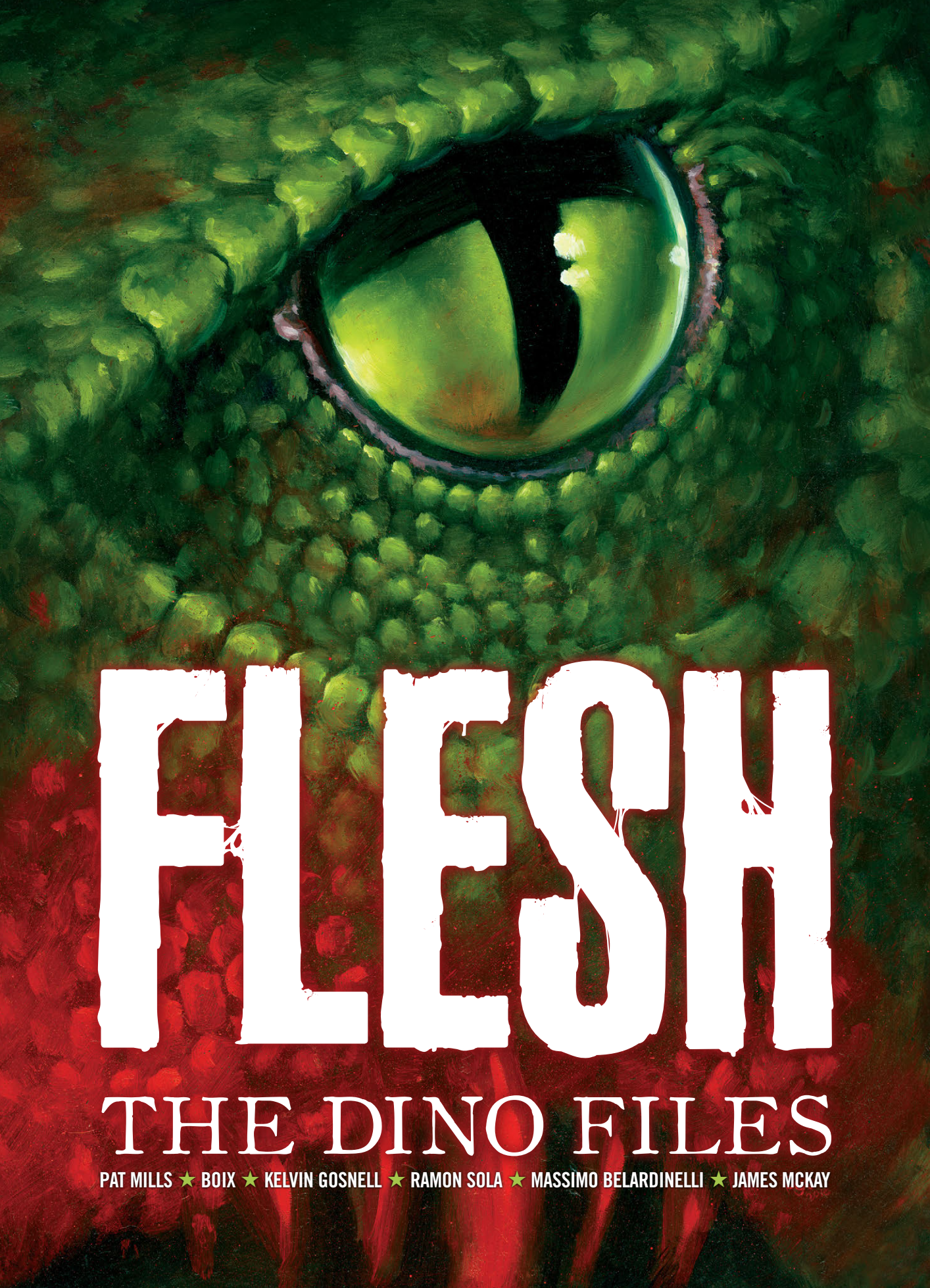

FLESH
THE DINO FILES
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FLESH

THE DINO FILES

FLESH CREATED BY PAT MILLS AND BOIX

NOW THAT THE DINOSAUR'S GONE

Flesh is a metaphorical story whose symbolism could apply to any number of scenarios - political, ecological and historical - but it has one over-arching theme: it's about the under-dog winning. Because all too often, in fiction as in real life, the under-dog doesn't. Thus in *Jaws*, the great white shark dies in the final reel. So does *King Kong*. So, too, does the t. rex in *Valley of the Gwangi*. We admire raw nature, but it's made absolutely clear that man will always triumph over it. But not in *Flesh* - here the dinosaurs ultimately win and this is a crucial element of the plot for me: to convincingly show the under-dog *can* defeat the all-powerful.

But *Flesh* - on one level at least - is a cowboy story with the dinosaurs taking the role of the Indians. In this, much of my inspiration was Buffy Sainte Marie with her classic songs *Now That The Buffalo's Gone, Bury My Heart At Wounded Knee* and the title song of the film *Soldier Blue*. *Soldier Blue* is the only movie to show the US cavalry as they often were: heartless and brutal, a million miles from the John Wayne image, and *Flesh* shows the Trans-Time cowboys acting with similar savagery. Not surprisingly, as Buffy revealed at a concert I recently attended, *Soldier Blue* was quickly pulled from circulation. Its damning message – with its relevance for our own times - was too uncomfortable for an American audience, although it was a big hit in Britain.

Further inspiration came from visiting a Hopi Indian reservation and seeing for myself the sullen faces of a defeated nation and learning how transnational corporations were still encroaching on their sacred land. That is how I see the dinosaurs : sullen, angry, defeated, but waiting for the chance to fight back against the awesome power of Trans-Time corporation. And when it's their leader's time to die, it will not be like King Kong defeated by superior man and dashed to the sidewalk. No, their leader chooses her own time, her own path , her own Wounded Knee.

In all this, I have been fortunate in having a team of brilliant artists to illustrate the world of *Flesh:* Boix, with his utterly convincing visualisation of a science fiction world of time-travelling cowboys. Nature artist Ramon Sola, who previously had depicted a great white shark as hero in the hugely successful *Hook Jaw* (published in the UK's *Action* comic). Anyone who can make a fish a number one character is a genius and Ramon brings the same passion and feeling to the t. rex heroine, Old One Eye. Then, in the second story, Bellardinelli suggests a world of colour in black and white with his beautiful inking which is amongst the finest in the world.

Finally, there is James McKay with whom I have reintroduced *Flesh* to a new generation of readers. I had despaired of finding an artist to follow Ramon, until I was a judge on an arts competition to encourage emerging graphic artists. James was one of the contestants and his portfolio included some truly impressive dinosaur strips. I knew instantly he was the artist for *Flesh*; in fact, I firmly believe he is the *only* artist at this time who is equal to the demands of a story which requires a knowledge of the latest discoveries about dinosaurs , combined with a visual appetite for science fiction *and* the Wild West. Undoubtedly his background of once working on an Australian sheep farm has played a part in this. The redneck sheep-shearers he rubbed shoulders with are the closest we're likely to come to the equally redneck Trans-Time cowboys. Many of the characters and incidents in his *Flesh* story are inspired by people and anecdotes he told me about from his days in the Australian outback.

James, Boix, Ramon and Bellardinelli have together dramatically brought to life the theme of the under-dog defeating ruthless high-tech bullies who will stop at nothing to make profits for the corporation. Oh, it's all in the past you can say – 65 million years ago, in fact - but what *Flesh* stands for is still going on here today. Now that the dinosaur's gone.

Pat Mills
July 2011



BOOK ONE

Script: Pat Mills, Ken Armstrong, Studio Giolitti and Kelvin Gosnell
Art: Boix, Roman Sola and Felix Carrion
Letters: Bill Nuttall, Jack Potter, S. Richardson, John Aldrich, Peter Knight, Tony Jacob and Tom Frame

Originally published in *2000 AD* Progs 1-19

WHY DID THE DINOSAURS BECOME EXTINCT? FIND OUT IN...




IN THAT AGE, HUGE HERDS OF PLANT EATING DINOSAURS — LIKE THESE TEN TON STYRACOSAURS — ROAMED THE PLAINS. FUTURE MAN HUNTED THEM FOR THEIR FLESH...
EARL REAGAN OF TRANS-TIME CORPORATION WAS THE BOSS OF THE RANGERS WHO DROVE THE HERDS...
KEEP MY HERD CLOSE TOGETHER, BOYS! WE GOT A THOUSAND TONS OF VALUABLE FLESH HERE!
THIS IS TYRANNOSAUR COUNTRY — AND I AIN'T AIMING ON LOSING ANY OF MY HERD TO THOSE MEAN DEVILS!
TYRANNOSAURS! FLESH EATING DINOSAURS WHO FOLLOWED IN PACKS — OUT OF RANGE OF THE MEN'S BLASTER GUNS...
...EAGER TO GET THEIR TEETH INTO ANY STRAYS!
THE RANGERS WERE HARD-BITTEN MEN. BUT YOUNG JOE BRONTOWSKI HAD JUST JOINED THEM...
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE THE GREAT DINOSAURS, MAVERICK. BUT SOMEHOW IT DON'T SEEM RIGHT SLAUGHTERING 'EM.
MAN'S ALWAYS NEEDED MEAT, JOE. FORGET YOUR FEELINGS. IN THIS HELL WORLD YOU GOTTA BE TOUGH TO SURVIVE. I'M GLAD IT'S MY LAST TOUR OF DUTY AND I'M GOING HOME.


THAT NIGHT EARL REAGAN CALLED A HALT.
WOAH! HAVE FIRES LIT ROUND THE HERD, MEN— AND KEEP YOUR EYES SKINNED FOR TYRANNOSAURS. IF ANY MAN FALLS ASLEEP, I'LL KICK HIS BUTT FROM HERE TO THE 23RD. CENTURY!
LATER JOE SPOKE TO MAVERICK ON HIS COMMUNICATOR.
THE TYRANNOSAURS ARE KEEPING THEIR DISTANCE— THEY KNOW THEY'LL GET BLASTED. EVERYTHING OKAY IN YOUR AREA, MAVERICK?
SURE, JOE! NOT A TYRANNOSAUR IN SIGHT!
IT WAS A PRIMITIVE CROCODILE THAT SLITHERED OUT OF THE SWAMP... A "PHOBOSUCHUS"— OVER SIXTEEN METRES LONG...
AND IT WAS LOOKING FOR ITS SUPPER!
WHAT—? OH, NO! PLEASE... NO!
AIEEE!
JOE HEARD A CRACKLE ON HIS COMMUNICATOR AND— SILENCE!
MAVERICK?!


THE SMELL OF MAVERICK'S BLOOD REACHED THE TYRANNOSAUR'S SUPER SENSITIVE NOSTRILS... IT EXCITED THEM INTO A FRENZY!
THEIR MOUTHS DRIPPING WITH DROOL, THEY LEAPT TOWARDS THE CAMP – SQUAWKING HIDEOUSLY!
WHAT HAPPENED TO MY BUDDY MAVERICK? HIS COMMUNICATOR WENT DEAD. HEY— TYRANNOSAURS!
QUICK— BLAST 'EM!
GOOD SHOOTING, JOE!
EVEN WITHOUT ITS HEAD, THE TYRANNOSAUR CARRIED ON MOVING – WITH REFLEX ACTIONS – FOR SEVERAL SECONDS...
YOU OVERGROWN LIZARD, I'LL... A-A-AH!
DARN IT! THEY'RE SAVAGING THE HERD!


THE STYRACOSAURS PANICKED—A THOUSAND TONS OF ARMOURED MIGHT THUNDERED FORWARD!
STAMPEDE!
UUUUUGH!
THE STYRACOSAURS ARE HEADING TOWARDS THE CLIFFS. GOTTA TRY AND SAVE 'EM. THE HERDER!
CHARGE!
JOE'S VEHICLE WAS SPECIALLY DESIGNED TO ABSORB SHOCK. AGAIN AND AGAIN HE SMASHED INTO THE STYRACOSAURS.
IT'S NO USE! THEY'RE ALMOST AT THE CLIFF EDGE!
SUDDENLY...
HANG LOOSE, KID—ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP THESE DUMB BRUTES. YOU GOTTA GO FOR THE HERD LEADER.
IF YOU CAN HEAD HIM OFF—THE OTHERS WILL FOLLOW. HERE'S A TASTE OF MY ELECTRIC WHIP, BIG FELLA!
THE HUGE HERD LEADER TURNED...


REAGAN LEAPT CLEAR AND ONLY A FEW OF THE MIGHTY PLANT EATERS TUMBLED OVER THE EDGE...
YOU SAVED MOST OF 'EM, BOSS. THAT MUST HAVE TAKEN SOME GUTS.
YOU WEREN'T SO BAD YOURSELF, KID. NOW LET'S FINISH OFF THE TYRANNOSAURS!
NEXT DAY THE HERD REACHED THE TRANS-TIME BASE WHERE THEY WOULD BE SLAUGHTERED AND THE FLESH BEAMED UP TO FEED THE WAITING 23RD. CENTURY WORLD.
TWENTY RANGERS EATEN OR CRUSHED, SIX STYRACOSAURS LOST. AND WE NEVER DID DISCOVER WHAT HAPPENED TO MAVERICK. POOR GUY—IT WAS HIS LAST JOB. IT ALL SEEMS SO CRAZY, BOSS...
YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET, JOE. WE'RE TAKING THE FLESH EATING DINOSAURS' NATURAL FOOD—AND IT'S DRIVING THEM CRAZY WITH HUNGER.
SOON THERE'S GOTTA BE A RECKONING... A FIGHT TO THE DEATH... UNTIL MAN OR MONSTER BECOME EXTINCT. BUT I TELL YOU THIS—NOBODY MAKES EARL REAGAN EXTINCT!

FLESH

By the 23rd century most animals had become **EXTINCT** and man survived on synthetic foods alone. But he still craved for real **MEAT**...with the discovery of **TIME TRAVEL**, he was able to go in search of it—back 65 million years to **THE AGE OF THE GREAT DINOSAURS!**



There, companies like **TRANS-TIME CORPORATION** turned the dinosaurs into meat with the aid of robot machines—**FLESHDOZERS!**

LOOK OUT, HUCK! THE FLESHDOZER'S GONE MAD! IT'S LOST ITS GRIP ON ONE OF THE BEASTS!

2000 A.D. Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT R.E. WRIGHT
ART ROBOT BOIX/SOLA
LETTERING ROBOT B. NUTTALL
COMPU-73E

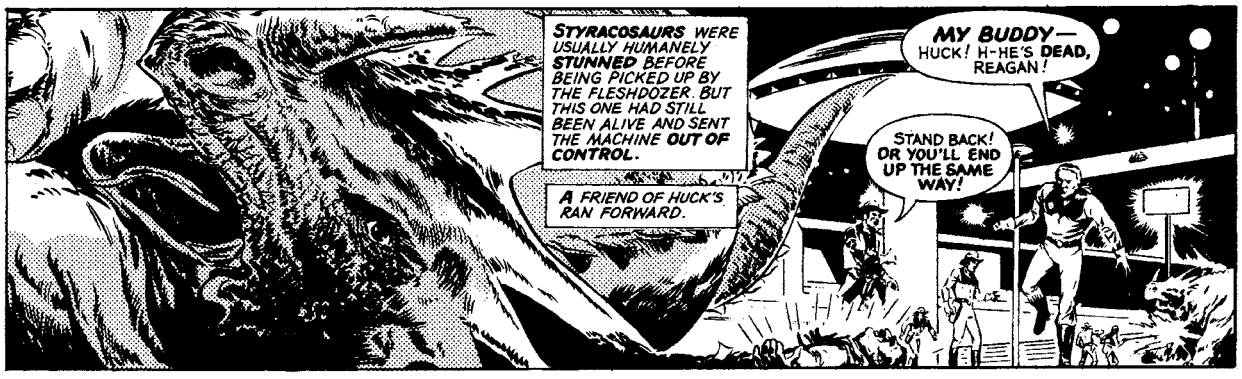
FROM THE 2000 A.D. MEMORY BANKS

Hearing **REAGAN'S** yell, **HUCK** looked up!

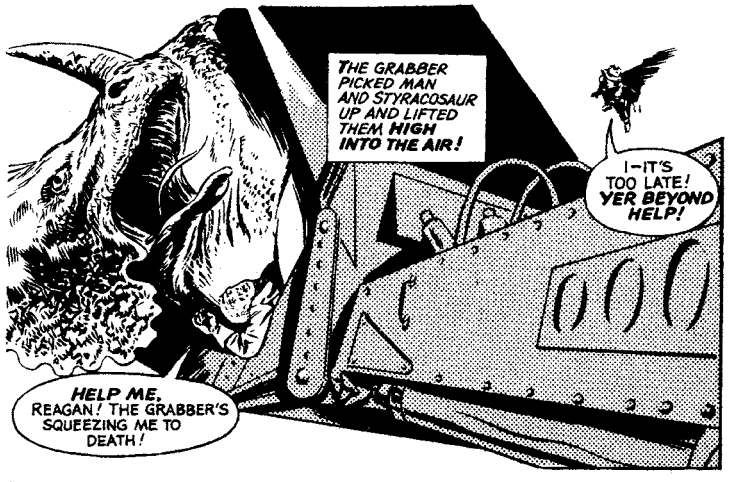
OH, NO! PLEASE... NO!

The ten ton Styracosaur landed on Huck.

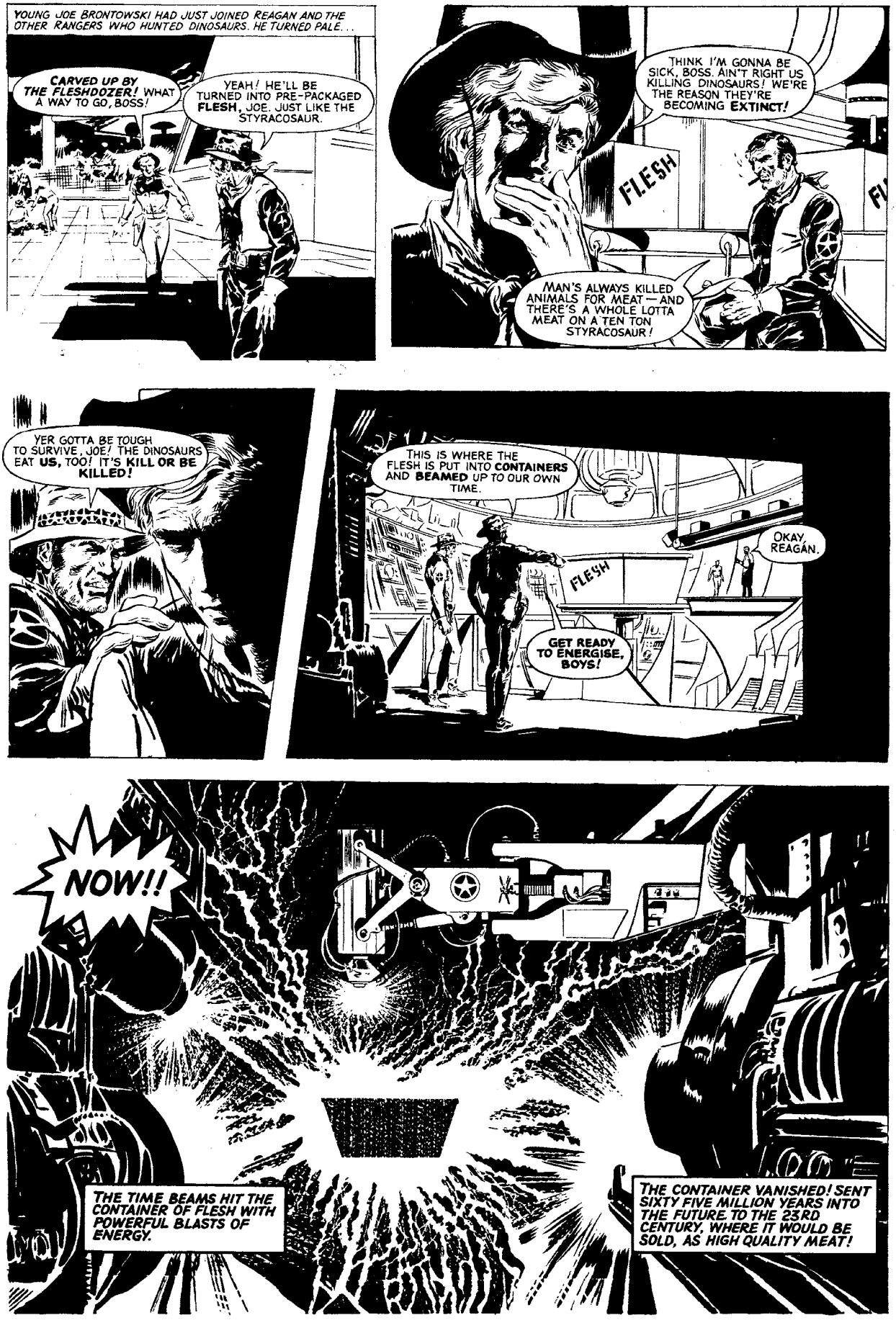
EEEEEEEEEGH!


STYRACOSAURS WERE USUALLY HUMANELY STUNNED BEFORE BEING PICKED UP BY THE FLESHDOZER. BUT THIS ONE HAD STILL BEEN ALIVE AND SENT THE MACHINE OUT OF CONTROL.
A FRIEND OF HUCK'S RAN FORWARD.
MY BUDDY— HUCK! H-HE'S DEAD, REAGAN!
STAND BACK! OR YOU'LL END UP THE SAME WAY!


I TOLD YOU TO STAND BACK! THE FLESHDOZER'S ON AUTOMATIC—ONE OF ITS GRABBERS IS RETURNING TO PICK UP!


THE GRABBER PICKED MAN AND STYRACOSAUR UP AND LIFTED THEM HIGH INTO THE AIR!
I—IT'S TOO LATE! YER BEYOND HELP!
HELP ME, REAGAN! THE GRABBER'S SQUEEZING ME TO DEATH!


THE GRABBER SWUNG THEM ROUND—AND DROPPED THEM INTO THE FLESH-DOZER!
INSIDE...
AAAAAHH!


YOUNG JOE BRONTOWSKI HAD JUST JOINED REAGAN AND THE OTHER RANGERS WHO HUNTED DINOSAURS. HE TURNED PALE...
CARVED UP BY THE FLESHDOZER! WHAT A WAY TO GO, BOSS!
YEAH! HE'LL BE TURNED INTO PRE-PACKAGED FLESH, JOE. JUST LIKE THE STYRACOSAUR.
THINK I'M GONNA BE SICK, BOSS. AIN'T RIGHT US KILLING DINOSAURS! WE'RE THE REASON THEY'RE BECOMING EXTINCT!
FLESH
MAN'S ALWAYS KILLED ANIMALS FOR MEAT—AND THERE'S A WHOLE LOTTA MEAT ON A TEN TON STYRACOSAUR!
YER GOTTA BE TOUGH TO SURVIVE, JOE! THE DINOSAURS EAT US, TOO! IT'S KILL OR BE KILLED!
THIS IS WHERE THE FLESH IS PUT INTO CONTAINERS AND BEAMED UP TO OUR OWN TIME.
OKAY, REAGAN.
FLESH
GET READY TO ENERGISE, BOYS!
NOW!!
THE TIME BEAMS HIT THE CONTAINER OF FLESH WITH POWERFUL BLASTS OF ENERGY.
THE CONTAINER VANISHED! SENT SIXTY FIVE MILLION YEARS INTO THE FUTURE TO THE 23RD CENTURY, WHERE IT WOULD BE SOLD, AS HIGH QUALITY MEAT!


IT'S GONE, BOSS!
TO THE TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY, WHERE WE COMES FROM. SEEN IT HAPPEN A THOUSAND TIME BEFORE - BUT IT'S STILL A MIRACLE TO A SIMPLE RANGER LIKE ME.
LATER REAGAN AND HIS MEN LEFT THE BASE.
KEEP YER EYES SKINNED FOR DINOSAURS, MEN! WE GOTTA KEEP THE FUTURE FED WITH MEAT!
JOE WAS IN ONE OF THE SPOTTER PLANES. SOON...
LOOK! A HERD OF "PIN HEADS"— THREE MILES DUE NORTH!
THE HERD OF ALAMOSAURS— PLANT EATING DINOSAURS — WERE TAKEN BY SURPRISE AS REAGAN AND HIS RANGERS MOVED IN.
ROUND 'EM UP, BOYS! DON'T LET ANY GET AWAY!
YAHOO! I GOT ME A STRAY— I'LL WHEEL HIM BACK TO THE REST OF THE HERD!
THE MEN USED POWER-ASSISTED LASSOES TO STOP THE ALAMOSAURS ESCAPING.


SUDDENLY...
PTERANODON ATTACK!
TO THE PTERANODONS, THE SPOTTER PLANES WERE SOME STRANGE RIVALS! JOE WATCHED AS...
THE PTERANODON'S RIPPING HIS THROAT OUT! GOTTA STOP IT!
I'LL KILL IT WITH MY BLASTER GUN!
BUT JOE'S SHOT MISSED. THEN ANOTHER PTERANODON SWOOPED DOWN ON HIM.
ONE OF 'EM'S COMING FOR ME NOW!
JOE COULD SMELL THE PTERANODON'S POISONOUS BREATH CLOSE TO HIS FACE!
GOTTA SQUEEZE THE LIFE OUT OF THE BRUTE— BEFORE IT STABS ME WITH ITS BEAK!


I'LL CLAW THE EVIL BREATH OUTTA YA—BEFORE YOU KILL ME!


A RANGER AIR BUGGY PULLED INTO SIGHT.
AMBER ALERT! TARGET PTERANODON ATTACKING RANGER—TWO HUNDRED FEET, THREE O'CLOCK! LET'S MOVE IN AND DESPATCH!
OKAY! ADOPT ATTACK PROCEDURE!


IN AN AIR BUGGY THE SHOTGUN SITS IN FRONT, WITH THE DRIVER CONTROLLING FROM BEHIND.
SHOTGUN REPORTING—HAVE TARGET IN SIGHT. ACTIVATING LASER CANNONS TO ELIMINATE.

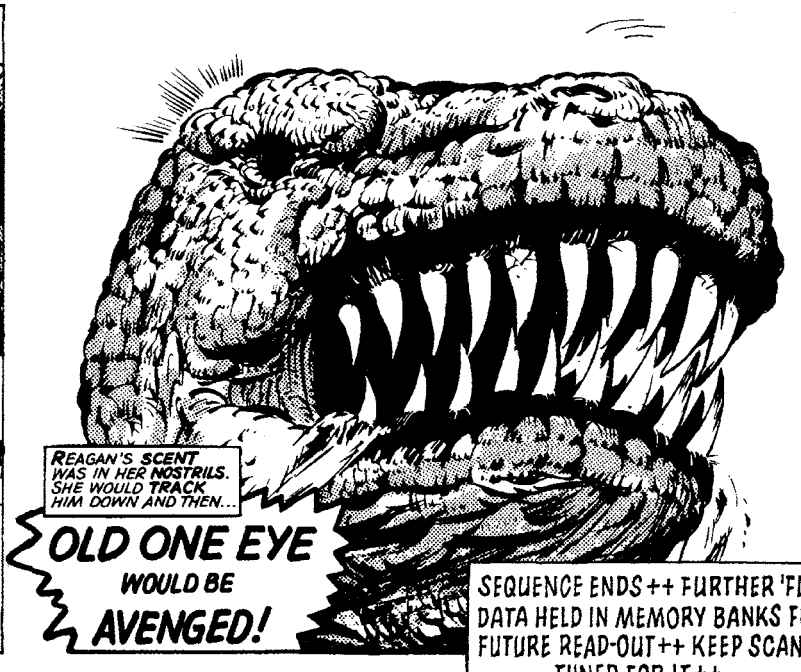

SHOTGUN REPORTING... TARGET GOING DOWN IN FLAMES... PREPARE TO PICK UP RANGER!
SITUATION NORMALISED!
THAT WAS EASY! MONSTERS AIN'T NO MATCH FOR TWENTY THIRD CENTURY MAN!
L-LOOK OUT, SHOT-GUN!
WE'RE TOO SMART! WE HERD THE DUMB DINOSAURS— THEN KILL 'EM FOR THEIR FLESH!
AAAH! AIN'T NEVER SEEN A TYRANNOSAUR THAT BIG BEFORE!
THE MEN DIDN'T SEE THE TYRANNOSAUR BEHIND THEM!
HE WOULD NEVER SEE ONE AGAIN!
IT WAS A HUGE FEMALE — MORE VICIOUS THAN ANY MALE TYRANNOSAUR!
TYRANNOSAURS LIVE TO A GREAT AGE. THIS ONE WAS 120 YEARS OLD! SHE HAD A GREAT APPETITE...
AIEEE!


SHE ATE THE AIR BUGGY CREW, THEN...
THAT WAS A LUCKY ESCAPE I HAD FROM THE PTERANODON, HEY, WHERE IS EVERYONE?
NO! I'VE NOT SURVIVED TO DIE LIKE THIS!
EARL REAGAN, THE RANGERS' BOSS, RODE UP—
JOE!
IT'S GOT MY LEGS! SHOOT ME, BOSS—ANYTHING THAN BE EATEN ALIVE!
GET IT OVER WITH!
STILL A CHANCE IF I CAN GET THE JAWS OPEN. GUN WON'T DO IT...
IT'S GOTTA BE... THE GOAD!!
UUUUH!
THIS'LL FRY YA BRAIN, YER WART-RIDDLED BEAST!
REAGAN'S ELECTRIC GOAD OPENED THE JAWS, FREEING JOE.









SEQUENCE ENDS ++ FURTHER 'FLESH' DATA HELD IN MEMORY BANKS FOR FUTURE READ-OUT ++ KEEP SCANNERS TUNED FOR IT ++

FROM THE 2000 A.D MEMORY BANKS

THE HAG MONSTER WANTS BLOOD!

FUTURE MAN HAS TRAVELLED BACK IN *TIME* TO HUNT AND KILL THE *GREAT DINOSAURS*. BUT ONE MONSTER FIGHTS BACK... A HUGE FEMALE TYRANNOSAUR CALLED *OLD ONE EYE!*

OLD ONE EYE SPAT WITH HATE. THE SMELL OF *EARL REAGAN* WAS IN HER NOSTRILS — REAGAN WAS THE HUNTER WHO HAD STABBED HER EYE OUT. SHE WANTED — *REVENGE!*

HER PACK OF TYRANNOSAURS CAME SCREECHING TO HER SIDE. OLD ONE EYE — 120 YEARS OLD — WAS THEIR LEADER. THEY WOULD FOLLOW HER — *TO THE DEATH!*

FLESH

MAN HAS CALLED TYRANNOSAURS STUPID... BUT THEY EXISTED FOR MILLIONS OF YEARS. THEIR *KITTEN-SIZED BRAINS* WERE ALL THEY NEEDED...



...TO TRACK DOWN THEIR PREY AND KILL IT! NOW THEIR PREY WAS *HUMANS!* SNIFFING THE GROUND, OLD ONE EYE FOLLOWED REAGAN'S SCENT!

2000 A.D. Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
R.E. WRIGHT

ART ROBOT
SOLA

LETTERING ROBOT
BILL NUTTALL

COMPU-73E


A FEW MILES NORTH, REAGAN AND HIS RANGERS WERE APPROACHING CARVER CITY TRADING POST...
THE RANGERS WERE HERDING ALAMOSAURS — PLANT EATING DINOSAURS — WHO WOULD SOON BE KILLED AND THEIR MEAT "BEAMED UP" IN TIME MACHINES TO THE 23RD. CENTURY.
YIPEEE!
CARVER CITY! IT'S JUST LIKE A GENUINE WILD WEST TOWN... EXCEPT FOR THE PLASTIC DOME OVER IT—TO KEEP THE STUPID DINOSAURS OUT.
WE RANGERS WILL HAVE A KRONJ TIME IN CARVER CITY! EH, REAGAN?
NO CHANCE! YOU NO-GOOD LAYABOUTS ARE STAYING OUTSIDE WITH THE HERD!
GOOD TIMES
CARVER CITY IF YOU AIN'T GOT ANY MONEY YOU AIN'T WELCOME!
JUST ME AND YOUNG JOE ARE GOING IN. CARVER CITY IS A BAD PLACE. IT'S RUN BY A MANIAC CALLED "CLAW" CARVER!
I'VE HEARD OF "CLAW" CARVER, REAGAN. HE'S THE GUY WHO HAD HIS HAND BITTEN OFF BY A DINOSAUR. NOW HE WEARS A DINOSAUR CLAW INSTEAD!
YEAH! CARVER USED TO BE A TRAIL BOSS LIKE ME. BUT WITH THE MONEY HE MADE FROM SLAUGHTERING DINOSAURS, HE RETIRED AND BUILT CARVER CITY TRADING POST.
NORMALLY, I'D STEER CLEAR OF HIM. BUT WE GOTTA GET YOUNG JOE TO A DOCTOR. JOE'S SKIN IS BREAKING OUT IN BLACK BOILS AFTER BEING BITTEN BY THAT OLD TYRANNOSAUR. GOOD JOB I KILLED HER!
CARVER CITY
REAGAN AND JOE APPROACHED THE STRANGE TOWN.
I—I GOTTA FEVER. C-CAN'T ST-STOP TR-TREMBLING, BOSS
QUIT WORRYING, JOE. I'M TAKING YOU TO A DOC. YOU'LL SOON BE IN GOOD HANDS.
THEY WERE MET AT THE ENTRANCE BY A ROBOT MARSHAL.
GUNS ARE NOT ALLOWED IN CARVER CITY. HAND OVER YOUR GUN.
HERE IT IS, YOU METAL FREAK. NOW TELL ME WHERE THE DOC IS.
DOCTOR IN SALOON. YOU FOLLOW ME.


IN THE SALOON...
THERE IS DOCTOR.
EATS BEER
YOU'RE KIDDING! THAT DIRTY CREEP?
EAT YOUR HEARTS OUT, YOU BUMS! THE MONEY'S ALL MINE!
COME ON, DOC. SURGERY JUST OPENED. I'VE GOT A PATIENT FOR YER!
ATTEND TO YOUR PATIENT FIRST, DOC. JUST TELL ME WHAT'S WRONG WITH JOE— PATCH HIM UP, AND WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY.
MAYBE THIS'LL SOBER YOU UP!
PUSH OFF! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M TOO BUSY? I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF A GAME!
C-CAN'T DO IT. I—I BEEN DRINKING.
OKAY, OKAY!


THE DOCTOR EXAMINED JOE.
IT IS MY PROFESSIONAL MEDICAL OPINION—THIS MAN HAS BEEN BITTEN BY A TYRANNOSAUR!
HE'S GOT A DISEASE FROM THE MONSTER'S MOUTH. BY BRINGING HIM HERE, YOU COULD INFECT US ALL!
WH-WHERE AM I—I?
WHAT'S THE CURE, DOC?


ONLY CURE I KNOW IS TO TAKE A SPECIAL GLAND FROM A LIVING TYRANNOSAUR'S THROAT... AND INJECT THE FLUID INTO THE PATIENT.
BUT "CLAW" CARVER AIN'T GONNA LIKE YOU BRINGING PLAGUE INTO HIS TOWN!
YOU'RE DURN RIGHT I AIN'T!


"CLAW" CARVER AAAH!
HELLO, REAGAN! LONG TIME, NO SEE! WISH IT COULD HAVE BEEN LONGER!
IT'S JUST LIKE OLD TIMES, CLAW! YOU'RE STILL AS MEAN AS EVER!
YOU'RE GONNA FIND OUT JUST HOW MEAN I CAN BE! YOU'RE GONNA DIE FIRST— THEN THE KID! NO-ONE BRINGS PLAGUE TO MY TOWN AND LIVES!
YOU DON'T KILL EARL REAGAN WITHOUT A FIGHT!
YOU WAS ALWAYS TOO BIG FOR YOUR BOOTS, REAGAN! I'M GONNA RIP YOU TO SHREDS WITH MY CLAW FOR WHAT YOU DONE!
DISTURBANCE! DISTURBANCE! STOP—OR I FIRE!
NO, CLAW! YOU'VE PROGRAMMED YOUR MARSHAL TO STOP FIGHTING IN THE STREETS. HE'LL SHOOT!
DISTURBANCE CONTINUES... BOTH MEN TO BE ELIMINATED...
NOT ME YOU DUMB ROBOT— HIM!
AAAAGH!
GOTTA ACT FAST!
THE ROBOT'S LASER GUN BLAST HIT THE PLASTIC DOME— CRACKING IT.
BUT OUTSIDE THE DOME WAS OLD ONE EYE AND HER PACK. REAGAN'S SCENT HAD LED HER HERE. SLOBBERING, SHE SAW THE LITTLE HUMANS INSIDE...


SNARLING, SHE TORE CHUNKS OF PLASTIC OUT...THEN LEANED ON THE DOME... SMASHING IT WITH HER WEIGHT!
LOOK OUT! DINOSAURS ARE BREAKING INTO CARVER CITY!
OLD ONE EYE TASTED A HUMAN... IT WAS GOOD, BUT IT WAS NOT THE ONE SHE WAS LOOKING FOR...
AIEE! KILL THE MONSTERS!
HOW? WE AIN'T ALLOWED GUNS IN CARVER CITY! NOW THE DINOSAURS CAN GET THE BETTER OF US!
SUDDENLY REAGAN'S SCENT REACHED ONE EYE! SHE DROPPED HER VICTIM. THIS HUMAN WAS THE ONE!
HER ONE EYE GLEAMED... NOW SHE WOULD BE AVENGED!
SO I DIDN'T KILL YA, YOU MANGEY HAG? WELL, YOU AIN'T GONNA LIVE FOR LONG!
I STILL GOT MY KNIFE...AND I'M GONNA SLIT YOUR THROAT...
...'COS YOU GOT WHAT I NEED TO SAVE MY BUDDY JOE!


YOU'RE READING IT
THEY'RE EATING IT!
FLESH
WITH THE DISCOVERY OF TIME TRAVEL, FUTURE MAN CAN GO BACK IN TIME TO... THE AGE OF THE GREAT DINOSAURS! WILD-WEST STYLE TOWNS ARE BUILT LIKE CARVER CITY— COVERED IN PLASTIC DOMES TO KEEP THE DINOSAURS OUT. BUT WHEN THE DOME OF CARVER CITY CRACKS, HORDES OF STARVING TYRANNOSAURS BURST IN!
2000 A.D.
THRILL 2
THE TYRANNOSAURS ARE IN CARVER CITY— AND WE AIN'T GOT NO GUNS TO PROTECT US! NOW IT'S OUR FLESH THEY'LL BE EATING!


MEANWHILE...
LISTEN, YOU TIN POT SHERIFF! GIVE US OUR GUNS BACK! WE NEED THEM TO SHOOT THE DINOSAURS THAT HAVE BROKEN INTO THE CITY.
NEGATIVE! GUNS ARE NOT ALLOWED IN CARVER CITY. DINOSAURS ARE NOT ALLOWED IN CARVER CITY.
THEN A TYRANNOSAUR STRUCK!
REPEAT- DINOSAURS ARE NOT ALLOWED IN CARVER CITY. BZZZZZZZZZZ!
I AM NOT PROGRAMMED TO DEAL WITH THIS SITUATION.
ELSEWHERE...
YOU GOT SOMETHIN' EARL REAGAN WANTS, YOU WART-RIDDEN HAG!
REAGAN STRUCK ON THE TYRANNOSAUR'S BLIND SIDE. ONE EYE COULDN'T SEE THIS HUMAN SHE HATED ABOVE ALL HUMANS!
SOMETHIN' I NEED TO SAVE MY BUDDY JOE'S LIFE! AND I'M COMING TO GET IT!
THERE'S A SPECIAL GLAND IN YOUR NECK I GOTTA HAVE. IT'S THE ONLY THING THAT'LL CURE POOR JOE'S FEVER!


ROARING WITH RAGE, SPITTING WITH HATE, THE 120 YEAR OLD MONSTER HIT THE GROUND IN A FURY...
GOT IT!
ROLLING OVER AND OVER SHE SMASHED INTO THE SALOON...
WHAT'S ALL THAT NOISE?
IN THE SALOON, OLD ONE EYE REARED UP. SHE WAS SO ANGRY, HER BRAIN SCREAMED.
HERE'S TO LONG LIFE AND GOOD HEALTH! WHOOPS!
EARL REAGAN GRABBED THE DOCTOR.
SALOON
C'MON, DOC— YOU GOT WORK TO DO, YOU'RE GONNA FIX UP JOE ACROSS THE ROAD IN YOUR SURGERY.
A TYRANNOSAUR! BUT THEY AIN'T ALLOWED IN CARVER CITY... I MUST BE DREAMING!
MEANWHILE IN THE DOCTOR'S SURGERY.
JOE WAS BITTEN BY A TYRANNOSAUR — SO THIS GLAND FROM A TYRANNOSAUR WILL CURE HIM. IT WILL WORK LIKE A VACCINE...
I THINK!


IT HAD BETTER WORK, DOC - OR YOU'LL HAVE EARL REAGAN TO ANSWER TO.
BUT OUTSIDE THE THREAT HAD GROWN... "TERRIBLE CLAWS" - SMALL DINOSAURS WITH EVIL SLASHING CLAWS AND VICIOUS PTERANODONS HAD COME THROUGH THE CRACKED DOME EAGER FOR PICKINGS!
YOU KEEP AN EYE ON JOE, DOC - I'M GONNA GET RID OF THE TYRANNOSAURS THAT ARE RIPPIN' THE TOWN APART.
HEELLP!
THERE WAS NO ALLIANCE BETWEEN THE FLESH EATERS... THEY ALL HATED EACH OTHER... SOME OF THE "TERRIBLE CLAWS" LEAPT ON OLD ONE EYE.
LOOK! THEY'RE TURNING ON EACH OTHER! THEY'LL DESTROY THEMSELVES AND WE'LL BE SAVED!
BUT OLD ONE EYE LASHED OUT WITH HER SAVAGE CLAWS... THESE CREATURES WERE NO MATCH FOR HER... SHE HARDLY FELT THE PAIN OF THE SCARS THEY LEFT IN HER SCALEY BODY..


OLD ONE EYE SQUAWKED IN TRIUMPH! NOW SHE AND HER TYRANNOSAUR PACK WOULD CARRY ON LOOKING FOR HUMANS...
HUMANS WERE THE CREATURES WHO WERE WIPING OUT THE DINOSAURS—DEPRIVING FLESH EATERS LIKE HER OF THEIR NATURAL FOOD.
THERE WAS ONLY ONE THOUGHT IN OLD ONE EYE'S SMALL BRAIN... ALL HUMANS MUST DIE!
AS REAGAN WENT TO LEAVE THE DOC'S SURGERY, CLAW CARVER—WHO OWNED CARVER CITY—BURST IN...
REAGAN! YOU FINISHED MA TOWN! WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE—AND YOU'RE TO BLAME!
BUT BEFORE I DIE, I'M GONNA HAVE THE PLEASURE OF KILLING YUH PERSONALLY!
GET A GRIP OF YOURSELF, CLAW—THERE'S STILL A WAY YOU CAN SAVE YER HIDE—STILL A WAY WE CAN DRIVE OUT THE FLESH EATERS.
EVEN THOUGH WE AIN'T GOT NO GUNS—WE GOT ONE THING ALL ANIMALS FEAR! FIRE! WE BURN 'EM OUT... JUST YOU AN' ME, CLAW—WHAT DO YOU SAY?
I SAY YEAH, REAGAN... A TRUCE—BUT ONLY TILL THIS IS OVER—THEN I'M GONNA KILL YOU!

FLESH

FROM THE 2000 A.D. MEMORY BANKS



WITH THE DISCOVERY OF TIME TRAVEL, **FUTUREMAN** CAN GO BACK IN TIME TO THE AGE OF THE GREAT DINOSAURS!

HE BUILDS TOWNS THERE, COVERED IN PLASTIC DOMES— TO KEEP THE DINOSAURS OUT, BECAUSE WHEN THEY GET IN— THEY'RE... **LESS THAN FRIENDLY!**

2000 A.D. Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
R.E. WRIGHT

ART ROBOT
SOLA

LETTERING ROBOT
JACK POTTER

COMPU-73E

IN THE GENERAL STORE...

TERRIBLE CLAWS! FAST AND DEADLY! BUT WE GOTTA TAKE 'EM, CARVER— WE NEED **FUEL** TO BURN THE DINOSAURS OUT!

I HAD MY HAND **BITTEN OFF** BY ONE— BEFORE I KILLED IT... AND TOOK ITS CLAW! GONNA ENJOY THIS, REAGAN!

THE "TERRIBLE CLAW" SPUN ON ONE LEG, LIKE A BALLET DANCER!

DRAT! YE MARKED ME — **FIRST BLOOD TO YOU!**


TERRIBLE CLAWS ALWAYS KEPT THEIR BIG BACK CLAWS OFF THE GROUND—SO THEY DIDN'T GET BLUNT. WITH A BLOOD-CURDLING SQUAWK, THIS ONE LEAPT...
CLAW AGAINST CLAW— I LIKE YER STYLE! YER GOT CLASS!
BUT IN A CLAW FIGHT AIN'T NOTHIN' FASTER THAN OL' CLAW CARVER!
WITH THEIR TINY BRAINS, DINOSAURS FELT LITTLE PAIN— THEY HAD TO BE RIPPED TO PIECES TO DIE... CLAW CARVER WAS GOING TO DO JUST THAT!
LET GO OF ME, REAGAN! I AIN'T FINISHED!
IT'S DEAD! GIT THOSE CANS O' FUEL! THIS HELL WORLD'S TURNED YOU INTO AN ANIMAL!
SO WHAT? REMEMBER, REAGAN— WHEN THIS IS OVER... YOU DIE!
SHUDDUP! LET'S GET THE DOC AND JOE OUT THE SURGERY!
IN THE SURGERY...
JOE'S RECOVERIN, REAGAN! AND YOU KNOW SOMETHIN'..? HE'S THE FIRST PATIENT THAT AIN'T DIED ON ME!
GUESS THAT CALLS FOR A LIL' CELEBRATION!
NOT NOW, DOC! THANK YOUR STARS HE'S ALIVE— OR YOU'D HAVE ME TO ANSWER TO... GET HIM OUTTA HERE ...ME AND CARVER'S GONNA BURN THE TOWN!


SHE CAN'T GET ME! I'M TOO HIGH UP!
MEANWHILE THE DINOSAURS WERE RAMPAGING THROUGH THE TOWN— LED BY OLD ONE EYE. THE 120 YEAR OLD HAG TYRANNOSAUR!
HA, HA! YOU CAN TRY ALL YA LIKE— BUT YOU AIN'T HAVIN' ME FER LUNCH!
DINOSAURS ARE NOT ALLOWED IN CARVER CITY!- REPEAT- DINOSAURS ARE NOT ALLOWED!--BZZZZ!
A PTERANODON!
THE MAN TOPPLED DOWN...
INTO ONE EYE'S GAPING MOUTH!
NO!
ANOTHER TYRANNOSAUR CHALLENGED HER FOR THE MORSEL... BITING AT A WOUND IN ONE EYE'S NECK... SHE SCREECHED...
AAAGH!
ONE EYE TURNED TO FACE HER ATTACKER! SHE DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS HER OWN SON!


IN HER LONG LIFE, OLD ONE EYE HAD GIVEN BIRTH TO MANY... THE DEATH OF ONE MEANT NOTHING TO HER!
THEN THE FIRE TOOK HOLD...
LOOK! THE FLAMES ARE LICKING ROUND THE MONSTERS— DRIVING 'EM BACK!
YAHOOO! WE DONE IT, CARVER!
EXCEPT FOR ONE EYE— CATCHING REAGAN'S SCENT— THE HUMAN SHE HATED MOST!
SHE'S COMING FOR YOU, REAGAN... THE OLD HAG! SHE DON'T CARE ABOUT FLAMES.. SHE DON'T CARE ABOUT NOTHIN'! 'CEPT EATIN' YOU!
AND SHE CAN HAVE YER!
I SAID YOU'D DIE WHEN THIS WAS ALL OVER..! YOU DESTROYED MY TOWN! YOU AND ONE EYE—YOU CAN BOTH DIE IN THE FLAMES!
GET IT OVER WITH! KILL ME WELL! KILL ME CLEAN! KILL ME—QUICK!
BUT REAGAN KNEW DEEP INSIDE... OLD ONE EYE WAS GOING TO KILL HIM SLOWLY!


OUTSIDE THE CITY, THE RANGERS MAKE CAMP—
GOOD TIMES
AAAAAH!
CARVER CITY
IF THAT'S SOMEONE'S IDEA OF A GOOD TIME, I THINK I'LL CHOOSE THE ICE PLANET ZELDO-6 FOR MY NEXT HOLIDAY!
EARL REAGAN AND JOE ARE IN CARVER CITY SOMEWHERE— I'LL USE MY WRIST TV TO CALL THE FLESH CONTROLLER— BACK AT BASE. SEE IF HE WANTS US TO GO IN AND RESCUE THEM!
FORGET IT! YOU COULD BE RISKING THE HERD IF YOU WENT IN!
BUT, CONTROLLER...


AT THE TRANS-TIME BASE...
BUT NOTHING! I WANT THAT HERD OF ALAMOSAURS BACK HERE— SO MOVE THEM OUT... THE FLESHDOZERS ARE WAITING!
OKAY!
I COULD SEND IN A RESCUE SQUAD, CONTROLLER!
NO! EVERY MAN IS NEEDED HERE MANNING THE FLESH-DOZERS. I'LL WRITE EARL REAGAN OFF AGAINST PROFITS!
MEANWHILE, IN CARVER CITY, OLD ONE EYE, THE 120-YEAR-OLD FEMALE TYRANNOSAUR, HAD GOT REAGAN AT LAST...
THE WART-RIDDEN HAG'S COMING IN FER THE KILL— BUT IF I CAN BREAK HER JAWS I CAN FINISH HER ONCE AND FOR ALL!
REAGAN COULD FEEL ONE EYE'S HOT BREATH...
SHE AIN'T GOT ENOUGH STRENGTH IN HER OLD JAWS! I FINISHED HER!
BUT WITH ONE LAST EFFORT ONE EYE BROUGHT HER JAWS TOGETHER...
AAAH!


THEN THE TOXIC FUMES OF THE BURNING PLASTIC DOME REACHED HER... HER ONE EYE STREAMED WITH TEARS...
.. SHE COULDN'T SEE!
SHE COULDN'T SEE AND KILL THE HUMAN SHE HATED ABOVE ALL HUMANS —EARL REAGAN!
SHE WAS BLIND! CHOKING FROM THE SMOKE, SHE SMASHED OUT OF THE DOME!
NO!
SHE BLUNDERED ON FOR A MILE UNTIL HER EYE CLEARED. AHEAD A RANGER WAS ROUNDING UP A STRAY ALAMOSAUR...
C'MON, YOU DUMB DINOSAUR—GOTTA CATCH UP WITH THE OTHERS! I CAN'T LEAVE YOU BEHIND!
HECK! A TYRANNOSAUR! GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE!
UUUUGH!
BUT ONE EYE WAS FASTER. SHE HAD TO TAKE HER HATE OUT ON ANYTHING THAT MOVED!
THEN SHE LEAPT UPON THE ALAMOSAUR... OLD ONE EYE NO LONGER KILLED FOR FOOD...
SHE HAD GONE COMPLETELY MAD!
PANIC STRICKEN, THE ALAMOSAUR RAN... BUT THE ROGUE TYRANNOSAUR HELD ON SAVAGELY...
STAGGERING UNDER THE WEIGHT... THE ALAMOSAUR CRASHED INTO A SWAMP...


MINUTES LATER, ONLY ONE DINOSAUR EMERGED FROM THE SWAMP... OLD ONE EYE...
USING HER FRONT PAWS AS TOOTHPICKS TO GET THE FLESH OFF HER FANGS! SHE FELT BETTER NOW!
MEANWHILE, IN CARVER CITY...
YOU TRIED TO FEED ME TO OLD ONE EYE! I'M GONNA GET YOU, CARVER!
YOU AND WHOSE ARMY, REAGAN?
THE DOCTOR MOVED BETWEEN THEM...
SHUT UP, DUMB-HEADS! OKAY, YOU FOULED EACH OTHER UP— BUT YOU STILL NEED EACH OTHER!
JOE'S RECOVERED — BUT THERE'S JUST HIM AND TWO OTHERS. WE'LL NEED EVERY MAN WE GOT IF WE'RE TO MAKE THE SAFETY OF THE TRANS-TIME BASE!
H'MM. MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT...
SO...
GOOD TIMES
I SEE MY RANGERS HAVE CLEARED OUT— THE RATS! BUT WE GOTTA WARN THE BASE— THE DINOSAURS ARE GOING CRAZY! THERE'S A DINOSAUR WAR A-COMING!
WE GOTTA COVER HUNDREDS OF MILES OF JUNGLE— WITH NO GUNS. WE'LL BE FIGHTING DINOSAURS ON THEIR OWN TERMS. BUT I GOT MY KNIFE...
... AND I GOT MY CLAW. WE'LL MAKE IT!
SEQUENCE TERMINATES++ MORE FLESH DATA HELD FOR FUTURE READ-OUT++

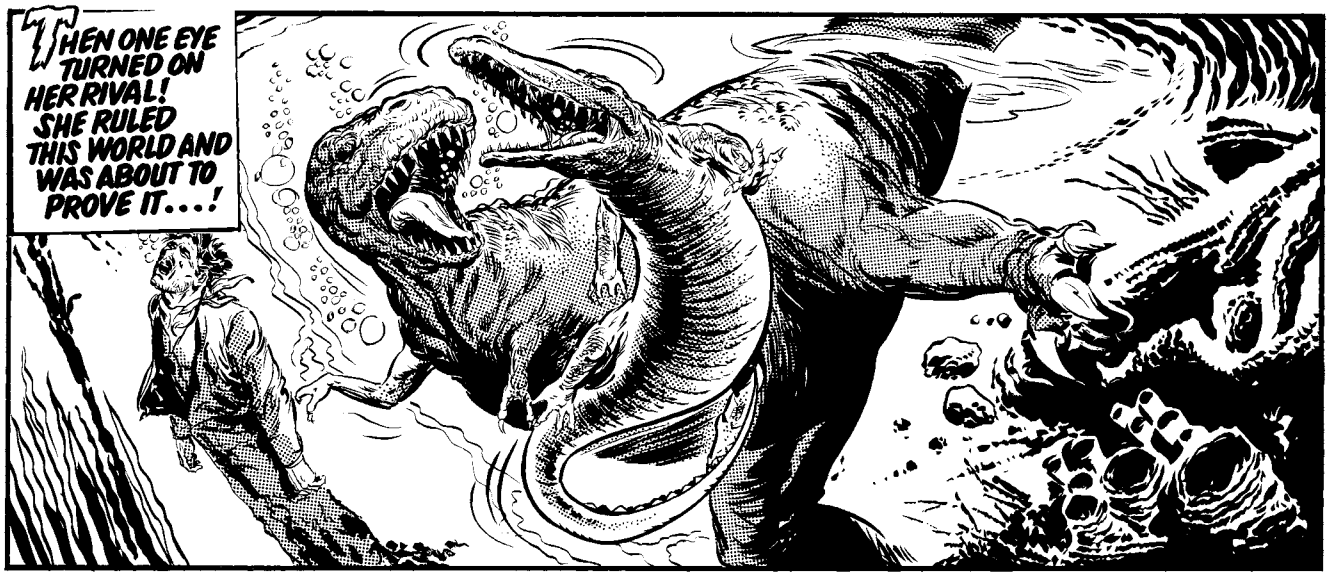
FLESH

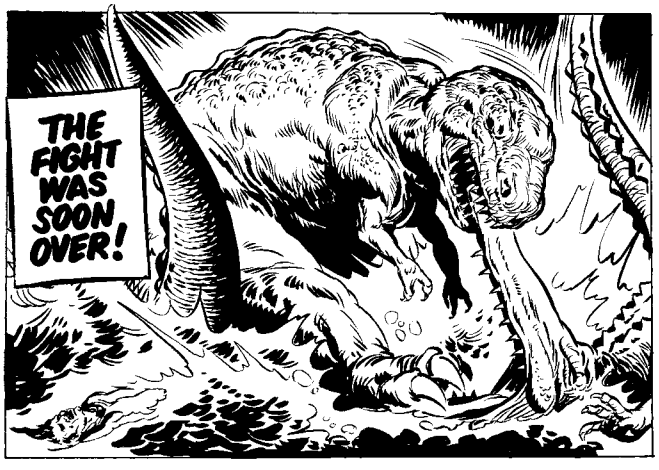
WITH THE DISCOVERY OF **TIME TRAVEL**, FUTURE MAN CAN TRAVEL BACK IN TIME TO THE AGE OF THE GREAT DINOSAURS, WHICH HE KILLS FOR THEIR **FLESH**. WE JOIN A GROUP OF DINOSAUR HUNTERS LED BY **EARL REAGAN** AND THE EVIL **CLAW CARVER** WHO ARE TRYING TO REACH THEIR BASE, ONLY THEY'VE GOT TO TRAVEL THROUGH MILES OF JUNGLE INFESTED WITH DINOSAURS— AND EVEN WORSE MONSTERS!




LEAVE THE DOC! HE'S ONLY DEAD WEIGHT ON THIS TRIP, REAGAN!
I'M NOT LIKE YOU, CLAW - I DON'T LET MEN DIE NEEDLESSLY!
TRY CHOMPIN' ON THAT, YOU SLIMY CRITTUR!
I SAID YOU WAS WASTING YOUR TIME, REAGAN. HE'S CRUSHED TO DEATH!
LISTEN! SOMETHIN' COMING THROUGH THE JUNGLE!
IT'S ONE EYE! SHE'S GOT OUR SCENT!
GET THE RAFT INTO THE WATER!
OLD ONE EYE! THE 120 YEAR OLD QUEEN OF THE TYRANNOSAURS! THE SMELL OF THE HATED HUMANS FILLED HER NOSTRILS. SHE BELLOWED WITH RAGE!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! I DON'T WANT TO END UP AS TYRANNOSAUR MEAT!
NO SWEAT! SHE WON'T COME IN AFTER US!
BUT ONE EYE, LIKE ALL DINOSAURS, WAS A GOOD SWIMMER!
CAN'T YOU MOVE THIS BUNCH OF LOGS ANY FASTER, REAGAN?
NO! THERE'S TOO MANY OF US!


HECK! SORRY FELLER—I SLIPPED!
ONE EYE POUNCED...
WHAT A TERRIBLE THING TO HAPPEN—ONE EYE'S GOT THAT BRAVE MAN!
THAT WAS NO ACCIDENT! MURDERER! I SHOULD THROW YOU IN AFTER HIM!
NO!
I'VE HAD ALL I CAN TAKE OF YOU, CARVER—
QUIT BEEFING AND LET'S GO... WE CAN TRAVEL FASTER NOW!
SUDDENLY, FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE SWAMP, A HUGE PHOBOSUCHUS REARED ITS HEAD... IT HAD TASTED HUMANS BEFORE—AND WAS EAGER FOR MORE!
AAIEEEEEEE!
THE TWO MONSTERS FED ON THE HUMANS...
I CAN'T SWIM! HELP!
HANG ON, CLAW! I GOT YOU!


THEN ONE EYE TURNED ON HER RIVAL! SHE RULED THIS WORLD AND WAS ABOUT TO PROVE IT...!


THE FIGHT WAS SOON OVER!


MEANWHILE, ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE SWAMP...
THANKS FOR SAVING MY LIFE, JOE. I'LL DO THE SAME FOR YOU SOME DAY!
YEAH-SURE, CLAW!
I'M SICK OF RUNNING FROM THAT MONSTER. THERE'S GOTTA BE A FINAL RECKONING...


ALWAYS THE BIG MAN, AIN'T YOU, REAGAN? BUT YOU CAN'T KILL THAT MONSTER... I'LL LAY A THOUSAND STARS ON IT!
PUT YOUR MONEY WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS, CARVER! THOSE SPIKE PLANTS— WE COVER 'EM... A PERFECT TRAP! WE JUST GOT TIME WHILE SHE FINISHES DEVOURING THE CROC!
THE TRAP'S ALL READY AND WAITING FOR HER, JOE. THAT DUMB DINOSAUR'S SO STUPID— SHE'LL FALL RIGHT IN IT!
HERE SHE COMES, REAGAN!





THRILL-POWER FOR HUMAN BEANZ


FLESH
LAST PROG WE LEFT OLD ONE EYE — THE MONSTER TYRANNOSAUR — IN A PIT OF SPIKES. BUT — BEFORE WE GO BACK TO HER — TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT'S COMING DOWN THE LINE!
YES, IT'S THE "DINO-EXPRESS"! YOU SEE, WHEN TIME TRAVEL BECAME POSSIBLE IN THE 23rd. CENTURY, MEN TRAVELLED BACK TO PREHISTORIC TIMES — NOT ONLY TO KILL DINOSAURS BUT ALSO TO ENJOY... A HOLIDAY WITH A DIFFERENCE!
TRANSTIME HOLIDAY
WHAT A GREAT HOLIDAY — SEEING PREHISTORIC MONSTERS IN THE FLESH!
AND WE AIN'T GOT NOTHING TO FEAR ...IF THE DUMB DINOSAURS COME TOO CLOSE — THE DINOPUNCHER SMASHES THEM OUT OF THE WAY!
ABOARD THE TRAIN, THE WAINWRIGHT FAMILY WERE HAVING THEIR FIRST HOLIDAY FOR TWO YEARS —
I THINK IT'S BORING! ALL THOSE SMELLY DINOSAURS DO IS EAT PLANTS ALL DAY! WE SHOULD HAVE GONE TO FUN-CITY ON THE MOON!
WHY YOU UNGRATEFUL WRETCH, ORVILLE!
I'VE SLAVED FOR TWO YEARS TO BRING THE FAMILY ON A TIME HOLIDAY — AND YOU SIT THERE AND MOAN!
HE HIT ME, MA! HE HIT ME!
DON'T DO THAT TO MY LITTLE LAMB ORVILLE. WE DON'T CHASTISE CHILDREN IN THE TWENTY THIRD CENTURY!
2000 A.D.
THRILL 2


SLICK PARSONS—THE TOUR COURIER—SENSED TROUBLE WAS BREWING.
NOW, NOW— WE DON'T WANT SQUABBLES TO SPOIL OUR HAPPY TOUR — DO WE? I'LL TAKE LITTLE ORVILLE ALONG TO THE DRIVING CAB AND SHOW HIM THE CONTROLS.
ER—YEH. THAT'S A GREAT IDEA, MISTER PARSONS. JUST GET THE KID OUTA MY HAIR.
DON'T YOU FIND THE IDEA OF BEING BACK IN PREHISTORIC TIMES EXCITING, ORVILLE? AFTER ALL, MANY CHILDREN FROM THE TWENTIETH CENTURY WOULD HAVE BEEN ONLY TOO GLAD TO BE IN YOUR SHOES.
NAW— TWENTIETH CENTURY KIDS WERE JUST PRIMITIVES! LIKE CAVEMEN! I WANTED TO GO TO FUN CITY WHERE I COULD FIRE GUNS AND KILL THINGS!
ORVILLE, THIS IS HANK, OUR CHIEF PILOT. HE'LL SHOW YOU ROUND.
OURANOSAURUS ON THE LINE. HANK, SHALL I GIVE 'EM A BLAST OF THE TYRANNO HORN?
AS THE TRAIN SLOWED DOWN.
LET ORVILLE BLOW THE HORN. IT BELLOWS LIKE A HUGE TYRANNOSAUR AND SCARES THE HECK OUTA THE PLANTEATERS.
GEE— THAT SOUNDS LIKE FUN.
RRRRRRRROOOO


A FEW MINUTES LATER...
IT'S THE TRAIN, OKAY — BUT SOME NUT'S LET THE PASSENGERS OFF!
YOU ALL HAVE FIFTEEN MINUTES TO TAKE YOUR VIDEOS — THEN WE MUST PRESS ON.
DON'T THEY REALISE THERE'S A DINOSAUR WAR GOING ON ?
HEY — YOU! GET THEM PASSENGERS ON BOARD AND GET THE HECK OUTA HERE!
UH ? DON'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT! WHO THE DEVIL ARE YOU, ANYWAY ?
I'M EARL REAGAN, TRAIL BOSS, AND — UNLESS YOU SHIFT YOUR BUTT — YOUR HAPPY HOLIDAY MAKERS WILL END UP AS TYRANNOSAUR MEAT!
THAT HORN WILL BRING 'EM FROM MILES AROUND. GET IT ?
I SHALL DO NOTHING! WE HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR — GUARDS ARE POSITIONED ON TOP OF THE TRAIN.
CARRY ON, EVERYONE!
YOU SMELL, MISTER.
WHY, YOU LITTLE BRAT — IF THE TYRANNOSAURS DON'T GET YER, MAYBE OLD CLAW WILL!
MEANWHILE, IN THE PIT, WAS OLD ONE EYE — LEFT TO DIE BY EARL REAGAN.
BUT SHE WAS SO HUGE — SHE WAS ONLY TRAPPED HALF-WAY DOWN IT.
SHE HEARD THE TRAIN'S HORN — AND THOUGHT IT WAS THE CRY OF A RIVAL TYRANNOSAUR — ANOTHER FEMALE!
LIKE ALL FEMALES, OLD ONE EYE HATED THE IDEA OF ANOTHER ONE ON HER TERRITORY.
IT GAVE HER RENEWED ENERGY TO GET OUT OF THE PIT.
BLEEDING FROM THE SPIKES, HER ONLY THOUGHT NOW WAS TO FIND THE RIVAL TYRANNOSAUR... AND KILL IT!


SOON AFTER SHE SAW THE TRAIN.
TO HER TINY, KITTEN-SIZED BRAIN—THIS WAS THE ENEMY!
IT WOULD HAVE TO DIE!
IT'S OLD ONE EYE! SHE'S STILL ALIVE!
GRAAGH!
AND HERE COME MORE TYRANNOSAURS... I KNEW THAT HORN WOULD BRING THEM RUNNING!
I'LL TAKE OVER THE CAB... CLAW! YOU AND JOE MAN THE GUNS ON THE ROOF! LET'S GET THIS TRAIN ON THE MOVE!
AAAAGH!
MA! MA!
COME ALONG, ORVILLE, MY PRECIOUS!
ON THE ROOF—
GET OUT OF IT, FATHEAD. CLAW CARVER WILL SHOW YER HOW TO KILL TYRANNOSAURS.
GET A GUTFUL OF THIS, YOU DEVILS!


GOOD SHOOTING, CLAW!
NO! NO!
AS REAGAN INCREASED THE SPEED—
WE'RE LOSING 'EM! THE TYRANNOSAURS CAN'T KEEP UP!
ONE EYE SNARLED WITH RAGE SEEING HER PREY GETTING AWAY!
SHE LASHED OUT WITH HER TAIL...CAUSING A HAIL OF ROCKS TO TUMBLE DOWN!
IT STARTED AN AVALANCHE!
ROCKS AHEAD! STOP THE TRAIN!
WE CAN'T CARRY ON...THE TRAIN WILL BUST A GUT TRYING TO SMASH THROUGH THE ROCKS!
WE GOTTA. THE TYRANNOSAURS ARE CATCHING UP AGAIN!
NOOOOO!
ONE EYE REACHED THE TRAIN FIRST. SHE HEARD THE CRIES OF FEAR FROM THE LITTLE HUMAN KNOWN AS ORVILLE...
THEY EXCITED HER— SHE BIT DEEP!
YOU CAN'T KILL ME... I'M AN INTELLIGENT KID OF THE TWENTY THIRD CENTURY AND YOU GOT A BRAIN THE SIZE OF A PEA ...THE SIZE OF A... AAAAGH!
CENSORED
NO EARTHLET HAS THE NECESSARY 100 G. NERVOUS SYSTEM TO SEE THIS PICTURE IN FULL.
ORVILLE WAS THE FIRST... JUST THE FIRST...


IN THE TWENTY THIRD CENTURY, WITH THE DISCOVERY OF TIME TRAVEL, MAN TRAVELS BACK IN TIME TO THE AGE OF THE GREAT DINOSAURS ...
NOT ONLY TO HUNT DINOSAURS FOR THEIR FLESH— BUT ALSO TO ENJOY A HOLIDAY WITH A DIFFERENCE. WHICH— WHEN THE HOLIDAY TRAIN CRASHES— TURNS INTO A NIGHTMARE!
OLD ONE EYE, THE AGEING HAG TYRANNOSAUR, TOSSED ANOTHER VICTIM HIGH INTO THE AIR...
2000 A.D.
THRILL 2
FLESH
TRANS TIME INC
AS HE FELL, ONE EYE'S JAWS WERE OPEN...
NO!


LIKE ALL FLESHEATERS, OLD ONE EYE DIDN'T CHEW HER FOOD... BUT BOLTED IT DOWN WHOLE...
THEN SHE TURNED TO THE REST OF THE TRAIN...
WHERE'S MY ORVILLE? MY BABY?
EVERYONE TRY TO RELAX. THIS IS THE FINEST AND SAFEST TRAIN YOU'LL EVER BE ON!
OLD ONE EYE GRABBED SLICK PARSONS, THE TRAIN COURIER...
IT... IT'S GOT MY ARM!
AAAAAAGH!
JOE BRONTOWSKI AND CLAW CARVER WERE ON TOP OF THE TRAIN...
KEEP HITTING 'EM, CLAW!
BLASTING THE TYRANNOSAURS WITH CANNONS...
YOU BET, KID! BUT THERE'S TOO MANY OF 'EM! WHAT THE HECK IS REAGAN DOING ABOUT IT?


GET OUTTA THE WAY! I'M GONNA MOVE THIS DARNED TRAIN!
NO, REAGAN! THE LINE'S BLOCKED WITH ROCKS!
YOU'LL DE-RAIL US. WE HAVEN'T GOT ENOUGH POWER WITH ALL THOSE TYRANNOSAURS ON BOARD!
THAT'S A CHANCE WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO TAKE, BUDDY!
THE EXPRESS PICKED UP SPEED...
SLAMMING INTO THE BOULDERS AT EIGHTY MILES AN HOUR...
THE FRONT'S BEING TORN TO SHREDS. BUT... I THINK WE'LL MAKE IT!
OLD ONE EYE AND HER PACK WERE THROWN FROM THE TRAIN...
MANY OF THEM WERE DEAD — SMASHED BY THE IMPACT...
BUT OLD ONE EYE PICKED HERSELF UP, SNARLING AFTER THE TRAIN WITH RAGE...
SUDDENLY A TREMOR OF PAIN SHOT THROUGH HER CHEST...
THINKING IT WAS AN INVISIBLE ENEMY, ONE EYE BIT AT THE PAIN...
SHE DIDN'T KNOW SHE WAS HAVING A HEART ATTACK. AT HER GREAT AGE OF 120 YEARS, THE EVENTS OF THE LAST FEW DAYS WERE BEGINNING TO TELL...


THE PAIN PASSED, ONE EYE THOUGHT SHE HAD DEFEATED HER INVISIBLE ENEMY—AND SHE SOON FORGOT ALL ABOUT IT. SHE LED HER TYRANNOSAURS ALONG THE MONORAIL, AFTER THE TRAIN...
THIS WAS JUST A SKIRMISH... THE REAL BATTLE HAD YET TO BEGIN...
MEANWHILE, IN THE CONTROL FUNNEL OF THE TRAIN...
WE'RE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE TRANS-TIME BASE! BUT, WHEN WE HIT THEM ROCKS, WE RIPPED OFF PART OF THE CONTROL GEAR...
AND THAT MEANS WE CAN'T STOP! GET EVERYONE TO LIE DOWN ON THE FLOOR!
WE'RE GOING RIGHT TO THE END OF THE LINE AND BEYOND!
THE DINO EXPRESS—IT'S SMASHED THROUGH THE BUFFERS! FLYING THROUGH THE AIR—
THE EXPRESS HAD A BUILT-IN GYROSCOPIC SYSTEM—SO IT COULD NOT TOPPLE OVER...
THROWING UP EARTH, IT PLOUGHED TO A HALT IN FOUR HUNDRED YARDS...
THE GRATEFUL PASSENGERS CLUSTERED ROUND REAGAN AND CARVER...
WE'RE SAVED!
YOU RANGERS SAVED OUR LIVES! HOW CAN WE EVER REPAY YOU?
WELL, I'M PASSING ROUND THE HAT, IF YOU FOLKS WOULD LIKE TO DEMONSTRATE YOUR GRATITUDE!
CUT THAT OUT, CARVER. WE SAVED LIVES THIS TIME...
BUT THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF FLESH EATERS OUT THERE... ALL STARVING AND MAD!
THE FINAL RECKONING BETWEEN MAN AND THE DINOSAUR IS NEAR!
NEXT: SIEGE OF THE TRANS-TIME BASE

IN THE TWENTY THIRD CENTURY, WITH THE DISCOVERY OF **TIME TRAVEL**, MAN TRAVELS BACK IN TIME TO THE **AGE OF THE GREAT DINOSAURS!** HE ROUNDS THE DINOSAURS UP AND TAKES THEM TO **TRANS-TIME BASES** ... WHERE THEY ARE KILLED AND THEIR MEAT "BEAMED UP" TO THE TWENTY THIRD CENTURY AND SOLD.

CREDITS:
SCRIPT: ARMSTRONG and GOSNELL.
ART: SOLA, BOIX, CARRION w. BURGESS/COURTEY
LETTERING: D. HANDS

FLESH

THERE'S A **DINOSAUR WAR** A-COMING, CONTROLLER! AND YOU'VE ONLY GOT A **SKELETON STAFF** TO DEAL WITH IT ...! UNLESS YOU GET MORE MEN, SOON THAT'S ALL WE'LL BE ... **SKELETONS!**

NONSENSE, REAGAN. HOW CAN THE DINOSAURS BREAK IN TO MY BASE? I'M TOO CLEVER FOR THEM. MY BRAIN IS **HUGE** ...

BUT A DINOSAUR'S BRAIN IS THE SIZE OF A **KITTEN'S!**

THE FIRST DAY-9.00 A.M.

WE JOIN THIS EPISODE AS **REAGAN, CARVER**, AND **JOE** TOUR ROUND A TRANS-TIME BASE WITH THE **FLESH CONTROLLER** ... WATCHING THE RANGERS, WEARING **ROBOT SUITS**, HERDING DINOSAURS INTO THE FLESH-DOZERS ...


WHY—
YOU'RE RIGHT, CONTROLLER. REAGAN'S JUST SCARED.
NOBODY CALLS EARL REAGAN YELLOW! LEAST OF ALL YOU, CLAW CARVER!
OH, YEAH? I'LL TAKE YOU ANYTIME, REAGAN!
THAT'S ENOUGH! TO SET EVERYONE'S MIND AT REST, I'LL SHOW YOU THE DEFENCES I'VE BUILT ROUND THE BASE!
OKAY, CONTROLLER. BUT I STILL SAY A 12 METRE HIGH KITTEN IS SOMETHIN' TO BE RECKONED WITH!
PTERANODONS COMING IN TOO CLOSE ARE BLASTED BY GUARDS ON THE WATCH TOWERS!
BULLSEYE! ANOTHER ONE TO ADD TO MY SCORE... TEN TODAY!
THEY DROVE ON TO THE RANCHES ... WHERE THE BULL STYRACOSAURS WERE KEPT FOR BREEDING...
RIDE THAT DUMB DINOSAUR, JAKEY BOY!
YAHOOO! YOU BETCHA!
RANCH 7
SURROUNDING THE BASE, REAGAN, I HAVE SOMETHING REALLY SPECIAL...
LIKE MOST PLANT EATERS, STYRACOSAURS COULD BE TAMED...


AN INVISIBLE LASER FENCE!
MUST BE THOUSANDS OF TYRANNOSAURS, ATTRACTED BY THE SMELL OF THE PLANT EATERS...
AND THEY'RE STARVING, CONTROLLER!
LET THEM STARVE. THEY DON'T FRIGHTEN ME...
BUT, AS SOON AS THE STUPID THINGS CROSS THE INVISIBLE LASER FENCE, THEY BURN. RATHER AMUSING, EH?
JOE DROVE THE RANGERS BACK INTO THE BASE...
IT'S STILL WRONG WHAT MAN'S DONE TO THE DINOSAURS...
LOOK HOW THEY LEAP FORWARD - EAGER TO TEAR ME TO SHREDS!
AND THOSE DUMB BRUTES CAN NEVER WIN. THE CONTROLLER'S RIGHT - WE'RE TOO CLEVER.
THE SECOND DAY THE NUMBER OF FLESH EATERS CIRCLING THE BASE GREW...
FROM THE NORTH CAME THE FURRY TYRANNOSAURS...
IT HAD BEEN A LONG MARCH, THEY HAD STARTED OFF FIVE THOUSAND STRONG - BUT HAD EATEN SEVERAL HUNDRED OF EACH OTHER ON THE WAY...
FROM THE DESERTS OF THE SOUTH CAME THE SPINOSAURS... THEY TOO WERE STARVING, DESPERATE FOR FLESH!


FROM THE EAST... TERRIBLE HAND AND TERRIBLE CLAW DINOSAURS... THEY, TOO, HAD NOT TASTED FLESH FOR MANY DAYS...
FROM THE WEST CAME THE HAG MONSTER OLD ONE EYE AND HER TYRANNOSAURS ... SHE WAS OLD AND TIRED NOW-ON HER LAST SET OF FANGS...
BUT HER HATE FOR HUMANS KEPT HER GOING!
OLD ONE EYE AND THE LEADER OF THE FURRY TYRANNOSAURS - HIS FUR CAKED IN THE MUD AND BLOOD-SNIFFED EACH OTHER-AND LOCKED JAWS IN THE TRADITIONAL TYRANNOSAUR GREETING...
JUST AS WOLVES GATHER INTO HUGE PACKS WHEN THEY ARE STARVING... SO THE FLESH EATERS WERE FORMING A HUGE ARMY -OUTSIDE THE INVISIBLE LASER FENCE.
SOON, VERY SOON... THEY WOULD STRIKE!
AND DEEP BELOW THE TRANS-TIME BASE-UNKNOWN TO ANYONE-WERE HORDES OF SPIDERS ... THEY HAD GROWN HUGE FROM THE BLOOD FROM THE BASE...
THAT NIGHT THE PLANT EATING DINOSAURS FRETTED IN THEIR PENS. THEY SENSED THE FLESH EATERS WERE NEAR AND CRIED FEARFULLY TO ONE ANOTHER.
SHUDDUP, YOU DUMB DINOSAURS, OR YOU'LL GET A TASTE OF MY ELECTRIC WHIP!
THEY WERE PERFECTLY HAPPY- AS LONG AS THEY WERE FED!
IT WAS NEARLY MIDNIGHT ON THE SECOND DAY OF THE SIEGE. AND NOTHING HAD HAPPENED... YET!


THE THIRD DAY OF THE SIEGE 12.00 A.M. STARVING MONSTERS HAVE SURROUNDED THE TRANSTIME BASE WHERE MAN TURNS THE PLANT-EATING DINOSAURS INTO MEAT!
YOU'RE CRAZY, CONTROLLER! YOU BEEN FEEDIN' THE MONSTERS WITH ROTTEN MEAT!
THAT'S ENOUGH REAGAN. ALL I DID WAS HAVE THE TYRANNOSAURS SUPPLIED WITH REJECT FLESH. IT WILL SATISFY THEIR HUNGER!
NO CHANCE! IT'LL INFLAME THEIR APPETITES! THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF THE BRUTES OUT THERE LUSTING FOR OUR BLOOD!
I'M SURE REAGAN'S EXAGGERATING. HE ALWAYS DID HAVE A YELLOW STREAK. YOU'RE RIGHT, CONTROLLER!
THANKS FOR YOUR SUPPORT, CARVER. REAGAN, I'VE MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO THAN TALK TO YOU ALL DAY. FLESH PRODUCTION HAS DROPPED RECENTLY!


THE CONTROLLER'S MAD, JOE! ALL HE CARES ABOUT IS STUFFING DINOSAURS INTO THE FLESH-DOZERS! I'D LIKE TO STUFF HIM DOWN ONE...
...ONLY HIS HEAD'S TOO BIG!
OUTSIDE THE LASER FENCE... AS FAR AS THE EYE COULD SEE... STARVING MONSTERS HAD GATHERED!
THEIR APPETITES WETTED BY THE REJECT MEAT... THEY HURLED THEMSELVES AT THE INVISIBLE LASER FENCE!
WAVE UPON WAVE OF DINOSAURS BURNED AND DIED ON THE FENCE.. SCREAMING IN AGONY...
FOR A MOMENT THEY FALTERED...
BUT THE HAG TYRANNOSAUR, OLD ONE EYE, ROARED— GIVING HER ARMIES NEW COURAGE...
...AND CHARGED INTO BATTLE!
SCREAM!
THE LASER FENCE WAS NOT BUILT TO STAND UP TO SUCH OVERWHELMING ODDS... IT EXPLODED AND...
THEY'VE BROKEN THROUGH— COME ON, JOE!


YOU MEN! SET UP EMERGENCY BARRICADES ALONG THIS LINE!
DON'T RUN, YOU FOOLS! HOLD YOUR POSITIONS!
THAT'S IT, MEN! KEEP POURING ON THE FIRE!
THE CONTROLLER DREW UP.
I WARNED YOU, CONTROLLER! WE'RE HOLDING THEM NOW - BUT ONLY JUST. I NEED MORE MEN!
V- VERY WELL. YOU SHALL HAVE THEM. I'LL TAKE THE MEN OFF THE FLESHDOZERS FOR TWENTY FOUR HOURS - UNTIL THE EMERGENCY IS OVER!
THE TYRANNOSAURS BACKED AWAY FROM THE CONCENTRATED LASER FIRE . . .
GRAAGH!
THIS IS MORE THAN AN EMERGENCY. THIS IS THE FINAL RECKONING. THE END FOR THE DINOSAURS - OR MAN!


SO THAT NIGHT THE FLESHDOZERS LAY IDLE. ONLY A NIGHT WATCHMAN WAS ON DUTY...
GUESS I MIGHT AS WELL WATCH ONE OF THOSE OLD TWENTIETH CENTURY MOVIES. IT'LL STOP ME FROM FALLING ASLEEP...
WE'RE GOT FEELIVISION AND MINDVISION. BUT THERE'S NOTHING TO BEAT A GOOD OLD TWENTIETH CENTURY DISASTER MOVIE... LIKE THIS ONE ABOUT A GREAT WHITE SHARK!
SOMEBODY GOTTA CLOSE THIS BEACH ...BEFORE ANOTHER DISASTER!
A CRACK IN THE GROUND WAS WIDENING... A FURRY TENTACLE EMERGED...
HEH, HEH! GREAT STUFF!
FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER ...IT WAS THE SPIDERS ...WHO WERE LURKING BELOW THE BASE... THEY HAD GROWN INTO A HORRIFIC SIZE ON THE BLOOD...
THEY WERE WONDERING WHY THEIR SUPPLIES HAD DRIED UP...
SOME OF THE SPIDERS SCAMPERED UP THE STAIRS... LUSTING FOR BLOOD...
THE JAWS! NO! THE JAWS!
SOCK IT TO 'EM, BRUCIE BOY!
YEAH! WE'RE JUST GETTING TO THE REALLY EXCITING BIT NOW... HUUUH?
AAAAAH!
IT WAS 2.00 A.M. ON THE FOURTH DAY!


THE FOURTH DAY - 2-15 A.M. EMERGING FROM A HOLE IN THE FLOOR... THE SPIDERS!
SSSSSS!
SSSSSSS!
SSSSSSS!
THEY SCAMPERED UP THE STAIRS... INTENT ON FINDING FLESH!
THEY PEERED INTO THE BUNK ROOM... WHERE RANGERS WERE SNATCHING A FEW HOURS SLEEP...
KREEEK!
SSSSSS!
SSSSSSSS!
BOY! WHAT A WONDERFUL DREAM I'M HAVING!
I'M ON A BEACH ... IT'S REAL HOT... BUT I GOT A COOL DRINK AND THE WAVES ARE WHISPERING...


A SPIDER CLIMBED INTO THE TOP BUNK...
...SO SILENTLY...
I WONDER WHAT'S COMING NEXT?
HIS EYES OPENED FOR A MOMENT...
SSSSSSS!
SSSSSSS!
SSSSSSS!
LOOK, I DON'T HAVE SPIDERS IN MY DREAMS - GO AND GIVE NIGHTMARES TO SOME OTHER POOR SAP-HUH?
THE SPIDERS HAD FOUND THE FLESH THEY WERE LOOKING FOR!
NO! IT'S REAL... SUCKING THE BLOOD OUT OF ME!
SPIDERS... FURRY AND HORRIBLE! CRAWLING ALL OVER THE BLANKETS!
REAGAN TOOK COMMAND...
WHERE THE HECK DID THE SPIDERS COME FROM?
SSSSSS!
JOE! CLAW! GRAB YOUR GUNS..!
EVERYONE OUT... I'LL HOLD THE SPIDERS OFF - THEN WE'LL FIND THEIR NEST AND BLAST IT!
SSSAAAAAR
OL' CLAW WILL SAVE YOU, PAL. YOU OWE ME MONEY FROM THAT POKER GAME.


GET READY TO OPEN THAT FIRE DOOR, CLAW AND LET ME THROUGH!
CAN'T HOLD THEM . . . MUCH . . . LONGER!
OKAY, CLAW— NOW!
SORRY, REAGAN!
YOU'RE LOCKING REAGAN IN THE BUNK ROOM WITH THE SPIDERS!
MURDERER!
BELIEVE ME, JOE . . . IT WASN'T AN EASY DECISION . . . BUT WE COULDN'T RISK THE SPIDERS COMING THROUGH..
LISTEN . . . IT'S ALL GONE QUIET IN THE BUNK ROOM . . . THE SPIDERS GOT REAGAN!
REAGAN'S COURAGE WILL BE REMEMBERED!
BUT WE'D BETTER GO AND WARN THE FLESH CONTROLLER.
THE FLESH CONTROLLER WAS GOT OUT OF BED AND . . .
THE SPIDERS MUST HAVE BEEN DOWN THERE FOR YEARS . . . FEEDING ON THE BLOOD OVERFLOW PIPES.
I'VE AN IDEA, CONTROLLER. WE BLOW UP THEIR NEST— AND THE THREATS OVER...
ME AND JOE WILL USE ANTI-MATTER LAUNCHERS TO WIPE OUT THOSE VERMIN.
GOOD MAN, CARVER!
CARVER AND JOE FOUND THE HOLE THE SPIDERS CAME OUT OF . . .
LOOK HOW THE STYRACOSAURS ARE SCREAMING - COVERED IN SPIDERS! . . . I DID THE RIGHT THING, JOE - LEAVING REAGAN. THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY.
NOW LET'S BLOW THEIR NEST OUT!
HIT 'EM - GOOD 'N' HOT! THE STYRACOSAURS WILL HAVE TO DIE, TOO!
THIS IS FOR REAGAN, YOU DEVILS!


BUT WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO REAGAN? IN THE BUNK ROOM, HE STOOD WAITING FOR THE END...
SSSSSSSSSS
ONE BITE OF THOSE POISONOUS FANGS- AND IT'S ALL OVER. GUESS IT WAS COMING TO ME, SOONER OR LATER.
HUUH? IT'S GOING PAST ME. IT'S BLIND! IT MUST ONLY BE ATTRACTED BY NOISE...
REAGAN TIPTOED AWAY...
YEAH! THEY ASSOCIATE NOISE WITH FOOD... THE NOISE OF THE FLESH-DOZERS MEANT THEIR FOOD WAS COMING.
BUT ITS HEARING'S REAL GOOD... IT'S COMING AFTER ME!
ANOTHER SPIDER HOMED IN FROM ANOTHER DIRECTION, RASPING FOR BLOOD!
SKREEE!
TRAPPED!
WAIT! THIS AUDIO-RECORDER WILL GIVE THE SPIDERS ALL THE NOISE THEY WANT.
OH, THE YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS!
IT'S WORKING... THEY'RE ATTACKING THE RECORDER! GIVING ME A CHANCE TO GET FREE.
REAGAN FUMBLED WITH THE CONTROLS - UNTIL A 300 YEAR OLD VOICE BLASTED OUT...
REAGAN MADE HIS WAY TO THE GROUND FLOOR... WHERE THE SPIDERS' HOLE WAS BEING FILLED IN
AH, I SEE YOU ESCAPED, REAGAN - WELL DONE... NOW THERE'S NOTHING MORE TO WORRY ABOUT - THE SPIDERS' NEST IS PLASTICRETED OVER.
YEAH! BUT CLAW CARVER'S GOT SOMETHING TO WORRY ABOUT...


NOW, REAGAN, I FELT REAL BAD ABOUT LEAVING YOU- HONEST!
YOU CROSSED ME FOR THE LAST TIME, CLAW! I'M GONNA-
WAIT! WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
THUMP!
THUMP!
THUMP!
IT'S THE SPIDERS HEART BEATS... THERE MUST BE THOUSANDS MORE... EVEN BIGGER... PUSHING, HEAVING, TRYING TO GET OUT!
THUMP!
THUMP!
BUT THEY CAN'T - EVERYTHING IS UNDER CONTROL!
OUTSIDE, ONE EYE AND THOUSANDS OF STARVING FLESH EATERS HAD BROKEN THROUGH THE THIRD DEFENCE LINE - BUT WERE STILL BEING HELD BY THE SUPERIOR WEAPONS OF 23RD CENTURY MAN...
GRAAG!
IT WAS SEVEN A.M. ON THE FOURTH DAY AND EVERYTHING WAS UNDER CONTROL...


A HEAD OF OUR TIME

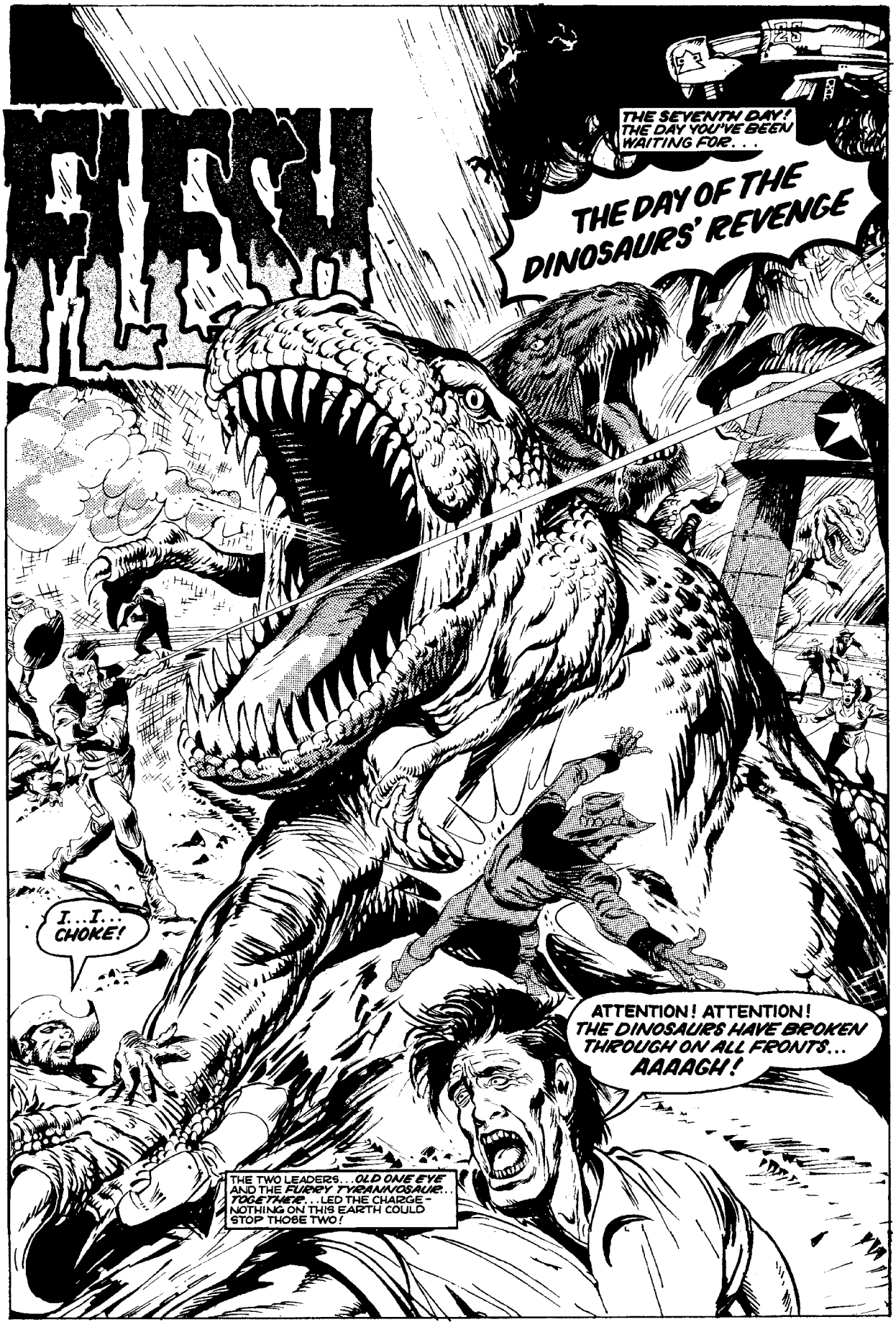

THE TRANS-TIME BASE UNDER SIEGE BY THOUSANDS OF HUNGRY DINOSAURS . AND MEN WHO SHOW FEAR FACE... THE FLYING SQUAD!
2000 AD
THRILL 2
FLESH
THESE MEN SHOW COWARDICE IN THE FACE OF THE DINOSAURS ...THEY MUST BE EXECUTED AS AN EXAMPLE!
I HAD TO RUN... YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE WHEN THE MONSTERS GET NEAR... AND YOU CAN SMELL THEIR HOT BREATH... MERCY!


YOU CAME BACK TO THIS TIME BECAUSE YOU WANTED EXCITEMENT... WELL, YOU GOT IT! LIFT OFF!
QUITE RIGHT, CONTROLLER. IF THERE'S ONE THING I CAN'T STAND IT'S A COWARD. WHAT— REAGAN?
YOU AIN'T HOLDING A NECKTIE PARTY WITH MY MEN!
IN AN EMERGENCY, I HAVE THE RIGHT TO EXECUTE EMPLOYEES AND YOU'RE ALWAYS TELLING ME THIS IS AN EMERGENCY, REAGAN.
YOU BET YOUR BUTT IT IS, CONTROLLER. LOOK AT THAT SKY... BLACK WITH PTERANODONS. AND LISTEN TO THE SPIDERS THUMPING AWAY BELOW THE GROUND...
YOU CAN FEEL THE ATMOSPHERE... ELECTRIC... WAITING FOR JUST ONE THING TO TRIGGER OFF THE FINAL ATTACK... IT'S NO SHAME FOR THESE MEN TO FEEL FEAR!
QUITE A SPEECH, REAGAN. BUT I'M NOT IMPRESSED. CARRY OUT THE SENTENCE!
SO YOU'RE GONNA HIDE BEHIND YOUR CORPORATION RULE BOOK, YOU MURDERER!
I'VE HAD ALL I CAN TAKE OF REAGAN AND HIS SIDE-KICK. LOCK THEM UP. AND GET THOSE PLANES HIGH INTO THE AIR!
YOU HEARD THE BOSS... LIFT-OFF!
THE CRUEL SENTENCE WAS CARRIED OUT...
WHILE THE TYRANNOSAURS GATHERED FOR THE FINAL KILL... THE "CLEVER" HUMANS, KILLED EACH OTHER.


BUT OLD ONE-EYE, THE AGEING LEADER, DIDN'T BOTHER TO LOOK UP. SHE WAS BUSY SAVAGING A FAT TRICERATOPS...
THE YOUNG BUCK TYRANNOSAURS HAD TO WAIT WHILE SHE HAD FIRST PICKINGS... AS WAS ONE EYE'S RIGHT AS PACK LEADER...
BUT TWO OF THEM COULD NOT WAIT... THEY MOVED IN EAGERLY...
OLD ONE EYE WAS OLD... ON HER LAST SET OF FANGS... SOON THE YOUNG BUCKS— EAGER FOR POWER— WOULD RIP HER TO SHREDS WITHOUT MERCY...
THE SEVENTH DAY...
THE CONTROLLER'S A MANIAC... HE CAN'T ADMIT HE'S WRONG...
THIS HELL WORLD HAS TURNED US ALL MAD, REAGAN. KILLING THE DINOSAURS WAS ALL WRONG!
BUT NOT YET... UNTIL THEN, WOE BETIDE THE UPSTARTS WHO CHALLENGED OLD ONE EYE...
BUT IT'S TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT, JOE. YOU CAN'T SAY TO OLD ONE EYE... "LOOK, WE DIDN'T MEAN TO EXTERMINATE YOUR RACE. WE'RE SORRY."
SO, LISTEN... HERE'S WHAT WE GOT TO DO.
SOON...
HERE'S YOUR GRUB. FOUR DAY OLD STYRACOSAUR MEAT AND BEANS. SORRY YOU'RE HERE, REAGAN. IT'S NOTHING PERSONAL...
SURE, JAKE!
THIS AIN'T PERSONAL, NEITHER!
I GOT HIS WHIP! COME ON, JOE!


GET BACK IN YOUR CELL, REAGAN!
THE ELECTRIC WHIPS LASHED OUT...
BUT REAGAN WAS THE BEST WHIP MAN IN THE BUSINESS...
AAAAH!
MINUTES LATER IN THE CONTROLLER'S OFFICE...
THANKS FOR ALL YOUR HELP, CARVER. IT'S A RELIEF TO HAVE A MAN LIKE YOU I CAN RELY ON... WHAT THE?
YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S GOING TO DIE, CONTROLLER— UNLESS YOU CALL UP YOUR BOSSES NOW... TELL 'EM TO SEND DOWN MORE MEN AND AMMUNITION...
YOU'LL HANG FOR THIS, REAGAN!
GOOD WORK, REAGAN... I WAS ON YOUR SIDE ALL THE TIME!
SHUT UP, CARVER. I DON'T NEED YOU!
YOU'RE MAD, REAGAN! WE DON'T NEED REINFORCEMENTS. LISTEN, THE DINOSAURS HAVEN'T ATTACKED FOR SIX HOURS.
THAT'S JUST THE LULL BEFORE THE STORM! NOW DO IT, OR...


AT THAT MOMENT, THE STORM BROKE...
FLASH STORM! THAT'S ALL WE NEED!
THE SPARK...TO TRIGGER OFF THOSE MONSTERS... LIGHTNING ALWAYS SENDS 'EM CRAZY WITH RAGE!
THOUSANDS OF PTERANODONS SWOOPED DOWN...
THE PLANT EATERS COULD SMELL THE FLESH EATERS WERE COMING FOR THEM... THEY STAMPEDED IN PANIC...
THE SPIDERS, INSTINCTIVELY TRIGGERED OFF BY NOISES, RIPPED OUT OF THE GROUND...
AND AT THE HEAD OF IT ALL... OLD ONE EYE!
THE FIRST SPOILS OF VICTORY WOULD BE HERS... AS WAS HER RIGHT...
IT WAS THE BEGINNING... OF THE END!


FLESH
THE SEVENTH DAY! THE DAY YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR...
THE DAY OF THE DINOSAURS' REVENGE
I...I... CHOKE!
ATTENTION! ATTENTION! THE DINOSAURS HAVE BROKEN THROUGH ON ALL FRONTS... AAAAGH!
THE TWO LEADERS... OLD ONE EYE AND THE FURRY TYRANNOSAUR... TOGETHER... LED THE CHARGE - NOTHING ON THIS EARTH COULD STOP THOSE TWO!


SLOBBERING, THE FURRY TYRANNOSAUR MADE A BEELINE FOR THE HADROSAURS...
SCREAMING IN FEAR, THE FRIGHTENED BEASTS BACKED AWAY INTO A CORNER OF THEIR PEN.
BUT THERE WAS NO ESCAPE FROM THE FURRY TYRANNOSAUR! GRUNTING, ITS JAWS BIT INTO THE JUICY FLESH!
SQUEAL!
UUUH...UUUH...UUUH!
OLD ONE EYE PREFERRED HUMANS. IT WAS LIKE CHRISTMAS DAY... LIKE A CHILD WITH TOO MANY CHRISTMAS PRESENTS - SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHICH HUMAN TO START ON FIRST!
RAIN POURED DOWN ON THE BLOODY SCENE... TERRIBLE CLAWS - THE 'JAGUARS' OF THE PREHISTORIC WORLD - WERE RUNNING EVERYWHERE.
MOVE IT!
THEY'RE OVER-TAKING US - AAAAH! IT'S SLASHED ME!


ONE OF THE TERRIBLE CLAWS GOT ITS FOOT JAMMED IN THE STEERING WHEEL.
IT TWISTED AND TURNED...TRYING TO GET IT FREE...
AND SENT THE CAR FLYING FORWARD!
WE SHOULD BE SAFE IN HERE, AL! STEEL DOOR PROTECTING US...
I DON'T BELIEVE IT- THEY'RE EVEN DRIVING CARS NOW!
NOW, WILL YOU LISTEN, CONTROLLER! CALL UP YOUR BOSSES...TELL 'EM WE NEED MORE MEN... AMMUNITION...
MEANWHILE, IN THE CONTROLLER'S OFFICE...
YES... ANYTHING YOU SAY, REAGAN!
A VIDEO LINK ESTABLISHED CONTACT WITH THE TWENTY THIRD CENTURY...AND THE HEADS OF TRANS-TIME CORPORATION.
CONTROLLER OF BASE THREE REPORTING. WE HAVE AN EMERGENCY. THE DINOSAURS ARE BREAKING IN ON ALL FRONTS...
WHY WERE WE NOT INFORMED BEFORE?


I-I DIDN'T THINK THE DINOSAURS WERE CLEVER ENOUGH TO BREAK IN. BUT IF I CAN HAVE MORE MEN...
GIRL-SEE WHO THAT IS WHO KEEPS KNOCKING AT THE DOOR...
KNOCK! KNOCK!
YES, SIR!
EEEEK!
IT WOULD BE UN-PROFITABLE TO SEND MORE MEN DOWN TO THEIR DEATHS...WE MUST LEAVE YOU TO YOUR FATE!
SPIDERS...LET'S GET OUT OF HERE - THE OTHER DOOR!
NO! NO!
FURRY TYRANNOSAUR AT THE OTHER DOOR! BACK!
IT WOULD APPEAR THE SITUATION IS REALLY OUT OF CONTROL.
NO! NO! DONT LEAVE US!


WE'VE GOT TO KILL OUR WAY OUT OF HERE...I'LL USE MY CLAW...GOT IT IN ITS ROTTEN HEAD!
AND I'LL USE MY ELECTRIC WHIP-CUT THIS SPIDER IN HALF!
JOE CHARGED INTO THE HEAVING MASS OF BLIND SPIDERS...
BUT...
UUUH! IT'S GOT ME IN THE NECK! CHOKE... INJECTING POISON INTO ME!
IF WE GOTTA DIE...LET'S GO OUT FIGHTING! THAT'S ANOTHER BLASTED IN THE GUTS!
PANT! PANT!
HE'S BEYOND, HELP, REAGAN! THE SPIDERS ARE ALREADY FEASTING ON HIM...COME ON!
JOE ALONE HAD REALISED MAN WAS IN THE WRONG...BUT THE SPIDERS DID NOT KNOW THAT. THEY WERE BUSY SUCKING HIM DRY...
SO OLD JOE GOT IT... WELL, I GUESS HE DIDN'T HAVE WHAT IT TAKES... WASN'T ENOUGH OF A A MAN FOR THIS HELL WORLD...
TO FIND AND KILL THE MONSTER OLD ONE EYE! IT STARTED WITH JUST THE TWO OF US...AND THAT'S THE WAY IT'S GOTTA END... WHEN I STAB HER RIGHT THROUGH HER BRAIN!
MY BUDDY JOE WAS WORTH TEN OF YOU TWO! HELP EVACUATE THE BASE... I'VE GOT SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS...


FLESH
DAY OF THE DINOSAURS! THE TERROR IS AT ITS HEIGHT! AT LAST THE MONSTERS GET THEIR REVENGE ON THE HATED HUMANS... SOME EAT MEN WHILE OTHERS SHOVE THEIR HEADS INTO BOXES OF JUICY FLESH!
THE JAWS... AAAH!
EVEN THOUGH OLD ONE EYE'S COVERED IN BLOOD-SUCKING SPIDERS— THE OLD HAG'S STILL FIGHTING!
FLESH
FLESH
2000 A.D.
THRILL 2


MY BUDDY JOE'S DEAD... IT'S ALMOST OVER! OLD ONE EYE'S OVER THERE... IT STARTED WITH JUST THE TWO OF US... AND THAT'S HOW IT'S GONNA END—
WITH THIS ELECTRIC GOAD!
NOW YOU'RE GONNA GET IT!
ONE EYE REMEMBERED THE GOAD WELL...SHE HAD LOST HER EYE TO IT...SHE SHOOK HER HEAD WITH RAGE...
DRAT! MISSED! MISSED THE BRAIN...
THIS TIME... THIS TIME... GONNA STAB YER GOOD!


BUT ONE EYE SMASHED HER HEAD AGAINST A WALL...SHE HARDLY FELT THE PAIN...
NO!
AAAAH!
UGH! CAN FEEL HER BAD BREATH...OVERPOWERING ME...BUT GOTTA KEEP JAWS APART!
THE CONTROLLER LOOKED ON...FROM THE CONTROL ROOM OF A FLESHDOZER... THE LOSS OF HIS BASE HAD DRIVEN HIM CRAZY!
REAGAN AND ONE EYE...I'LL MAKE SURE OF 'EM BOTH! BOTH GONNA GO IN THE FLESHDOZER!
THE FLESHDOZER'S GRABBER'S GOT OLD ONE EYE—BUT REAGAN'S FALLEN, DARN IT!


A HUGE SPIDER WEB BROKE REAGAN'S FALL... A SPIDER SCURRIED FORWARD— IT ALREADY HAD ONE HUMAN HANGING UP... BUT ANOTHER WAS ALWAYS WELCOME!
THE SPIDER KEPT ITS DISTANCE... SPINNING MORE AND MORE WEB ROUND REAGAN... IT WANTED TO BE SURE OF ITS PREY...
CAN'T GET FREE OF THIS STICKY GUNGE!
UNTIL HE WAS TRAPPED!
GET OFF, YOU FURRY NIGHTMARE!
THEN IT WAS TIME FOR...
THE KILL!
AAAAH!
THE SPIDER'S DEADLY VENOM POURED INTO REAGAN'S ARM— IT WOULD PUT AN END TO HIM!
MEANWHILE THE CONTROLLER WAS LIFTING OLD ONE EYE UP IN THE GRABBER...
YOU'RE GONNA GO IN THE FLESH-DOZER... MAKE PROFITS FOR THE CORPORATION! THE MEAT GRINDERS ARE WAITING FOR YOU!
GRAAGH!


GRRAG!
OLD ONE EYE CLIMBED UP ON TOP OF THE FLESH DOZER... AND SCREECHED IN TRIUMPH!
YOU DUMB DINOSAUR, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND- YOU GOTTA GO IN THE FLESHDOZER! GOTTA MAKE PROFITS FOR THE CORPORATION... AAAAH! MY LEGS! MY LEGS!
IT-IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THE GRABBERS ARE BREAKING UNDER HER WEIGHT! SHE'S COMING FOR ME!
DOZER
REAGAN WAS DEAD... THE CONTROLLER WAS DYING... THE BATTLE WAS FOUGHT AND WON!
IN HER TINY BRAIN THERE WAS ONLY ONE THOUGHT...
VICTORY!


OLD ONE EYE AND THE TYRANNOSAURS HAVE WON! THE TRANS-TIME BASE IS IN RUINS AND REAGAN FACES DEATH ... BLACK, FURRY, HORRIBLE!
THE SPIDER'S POISON IS RUNNING IN MY VEINS... NOW IT'S WAITING FOR ME TO DIE!
GOTTA CUT THE WOUND... AND SUCK THE VENOM OUT... CHOKE!
DONE IT, NOW GOTTA STAY STILL. ONCE THE SPIDER'S SURE I'M DEAD, IT'LL COME IN TO SUCK ME DRY...


SATISFIED ITS VICTIM HAD STOPPED STRUGGLING, THE SPIDER CAME CLOSE.. REAGAN COULD SMELL ITS HOT BREATH, AS THE SPIDER CLIMBED ONTO HIS BODY...
GOT IT IN ITS ROTTEN BRAIN!
TWITCHING, THE SPIDER STARTED TO DIE...
FEEL WEAK... ONLY ONE THING LEFT NOW.. EVACUATE SURVIVORS IN THE TIME SHUTTLES ...CLAW CARVER'S THERE... HELPING...
IN THE TIME BEAMING ROOM... THE FEW SURVIVORS OF THE MASSACRE WERE PREPARING TO EVACUATE.
OLD CLAW WILL LOOK AFTER YOU LOT... YEAH - DON'T YOU WORRY ... YOU'RE IN GOOD HANDS...
GOLD! THAT'S WHAT YOU BEEN HELPING YOURSELF TO-THE BULLION RESERVES ON THE BASE!
CLAW'S HELPING THE WOUNDED ABOARD THE TIME SHUTTLES... MAYBE THERE'S A SCRAP OF DECENCY IN HIM AFTER ALL...
THAT'S RIGHT, REAGAN. A LITTLE SOMETHIN' FOR CLAW'S OLD AGE ...NOW OUTA MY WAY - I'M LEAVIN'.
TRANS-TIME CORP
BULLION
BULLION
BULLION


I GET IT, CLAW... THAT'S WHY YOU WANTED THE BASE TO BE OVER-RUN BY DINOSAURS... SO YOU COULD GO IN FOR A SPOT OF LOOTING.
UUUH!
YEAH, REAGAN! I THINK OF CLAW CARVER FIRST, SECOND - ALL THE WAY DOWN THE LINE... AND I'M GONNA BE RICH... HAVE MESELF A REAL BALL...
AT THAT MOMENT...
FORGET CARVER, REAGAN! THE TIME BEAM'S ABOUT TO ACTIVATE... WE'RE ABOUT TO BE BLASTED OUT OF HERE... BACK UP TO OUR OWN TIME!
THE DINOSAURS HAVE BROKEN IN!
AAAGH!
FOUR SECONDS TO BEAMING... THREE... TWO...
THERE WAS A BLINDING GREEN FLASH... AS THE TIME BEAMS HIT THE SHUTTLES...
...AND THEY WERE BLASTED THROUGH TIME... TOWARDS THE TWENTY THIRD CENTURY...
IN CARVER'S TIME MACHINE...
WH-WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN TO OL' CLAW?
CONTROLS AREN'T RESPONDING... WHY, THAT LOUSY REAGAN ...HE'S BUST 'EM, WHERE AM I?


ON AND ON THROUGH TIME THE OTHER SHUTTLES AND MONSTERS WERE HURLED..
AT A TIME-PORT IN THE TWENTY THIRD CENTURY...
SUPERINTENDENT, UNSCHEDULED ARRIVAL FROM TIME ZONE ALPHA-8 IS IMMINENT.
THAT'S THE PREHISTORIC ZONE. THERE'S BEEN SOME SORT OF DISASTER DOWN THERE. SEND EMERGENCY VEHICLES OUT TO THE TIME FIELD...
THE TIME-PORT WAS LIKE AN AIRPORT OF TODAY...WITH TIME TRAVELLERS ARRIVING AND DEPARTING TO DIFFERENT TIME ZONES...
AMBULANCES, FIRE TENDERS IN POSITION...MATERIALISATION -3 SECONDS...2 SECONDS...
ARRIVAL SECTOR 4
WHAT ON EARTH IS ...THAT?
AAAAH! IT'S A NIGHTMARE!


FLESH
THE "THING" YOU ARE LOOKING AT IS IMPOSSIBLE! IT COULD NEVER HAPPEN... TODAY! BUT THIS IS THE TWENTY THIRD CENTURY WHERE TIME TRAVEL IS POSSIBLE. WHERE THERE ARE TIME-PORTS — LIKE MODERN AIRPORTS — WITH TIME TRAVELLERS ARRIVING AND DEPARTING TO DIFFERENT TIME ZONES. AND WHERE, SOMETIMES, EVEN THE IMPOSSIBLE CAN HAPPEN!
2000 A.D.
THRILL 2
POLICE
AMBULANCE
SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED AS THEY TRAVELLED THROUGH TIME! THE MEN AND THE MONSTER'S GENETIC CODES GOT MIXED UP... SO NOW THEY ARE ONE!
MORE TYRANNOSAURS ARE BEING BEAMED UP FROM THE PREHISTORIC TIME ZONE. THAT EXPLAINS IT... THE TYRANNOSAUR MUST HAVE BEEN EATING THOSE THREE MEN — WHEN THEY WERE HIT BY THE TIME BEAMS AND GOT MERGED TOGETHER!
IT'S HORRIFIC! A GENETIC IMPOSSIBILITY! BUT I'VE SEEN EVEN WORSE THINGS APPEAR.
ON THE TIME-PORT'S CONTROL ROOM...
IT CAN ONLY LIVE FOR A FEW MINUTES. BUT WHILE IT DOES IT'S A THREAT SO...


...ATTENTION ALL POLICE UNITS! THIS IS AN EMERGENCY! THE THING MUST BE DESTROYED! REPEAT — DESTROYED!
EEEEK!
IMAGINE THE HORROR OF THE MEN... FINDING THEMSELVES PART OF A SCALY, GREEN BODY, BLIND AND UNCONTROLLABLE!
I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK AT IT. BUT GOT TO =CHOKE= PUT THOSE POOR DEVILS OUT OF THEIR MISERY!
TO THEM... DEATH IS NO THREAT. IT'S A BLESSING — A RELEASE FROM INSANITY!
IT'S ALL OVER. KILLED THEM ALL.
YEAH. BUT SOMEONE'S GONNA BE IN BIG TROUBLE OVER THE PREHISTORIC TRANS-TIME BASE BEING WIPED OUT.
THAT SOMEONE WAS REAGAN! HE WAS DRAGGED FROM A TIME SHUTTLE...
YOU WERE ONE OF THE LEADERS, REAGAN — SO YOU MUST TAKE A SHARE OF THE BLAME. YOU'LL FACE THE JUDGEMENT MACHINE.
TAKE HIM AWAY!


LATER, IN PRISON...
WHAT HAPPENED TO CLAW CARVER?
HE DIDN'T ARRIVE AT THE TIME-PORT WITH THE REST OF YOU REFUGEES. AND THERE HAVE BEEN NO REPORTS OF ARRIVALS IN OTHER TIME ZONES. HIS SHUTTLE MUST HAVE GONE OUT OF CONTROL...
...HE'S LOST IN TIME!
SO CARVER WILL TRAVEL FOR EVER THROUGH THE VOID... WITH ALL THAT GOLD HE STOLE WHICH HE CAN NEVER SPEND. A LIVING DEATH!
AND JOE AND THE CONTROLLER'S DEAD. AND I'M FACING A LONG PRISON SENTENCE FOR MY PART IN THE DISASTER...
YEAH, WE SURE LOUSED THINGS UP. IN THE END IT WAS THE DINOSAURS WHO WON...
...BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THE HAG TYRANNOSAUR, OLD ONE EYE, WHO STARTED THE DINOSAUR WAR? IF ONLY I'D RAMMED THAT ELECTRONIC GOAD INTO HER LOUSY, STINKIN' BRAIN...!
AT THAT MOMENT, BACK IN THE PREHISTORIC PAST, OLD ONE EYE WAS STAGGERING AWAY FROM THE RUINS OF THE TRANS-TIME BASE. SHE'D WON — BUT THE WEIGHT OF HER 120 YEARS WAS HEAVY UPON HER...
SHE WAS GOING OFF TO MEET HER DESTINY!
DON'T MISS THE FINAL INSTALMENT NEXT WEEK — AND ONE EYE'S LAST KILL!


THAT MORNING-AFTER FEELING!
FOR SEVEN DAYS AND NIGHTS THE FLESH EATERS HAD RAMPAGED THROUGH THE TRANS-TIME BASE ... GORGING THEMSELVES. NOW, THEIR BELLIES FULL OF HUMAN AND ANIMAL FLESH, THEY LAY AROUND... SLEEPING IT OFF!
FLESH
2000 A.D.
THRILL 2
OLD ONE EYE HAD EATEN TILL SHE COULD EAT NO MORE. ONLY THE LITTLE SCAVENGERS HAD ANY ENERGY LEFT...
ONE EYE DRAGGED HERSELF TO HER FEET, THE WEIGHT OF HER HUNDRED AND TWENTY YEARS HEAVY UPON HER...
SHE WAS GOING OFF... TO DIE!
A FEW MILES AWAY, AND THE HUGE TRANS-TIME BASE EXPLODED... ONE-EYE DIDN'T LOOK BACK....
IT WAS ALL OVER!

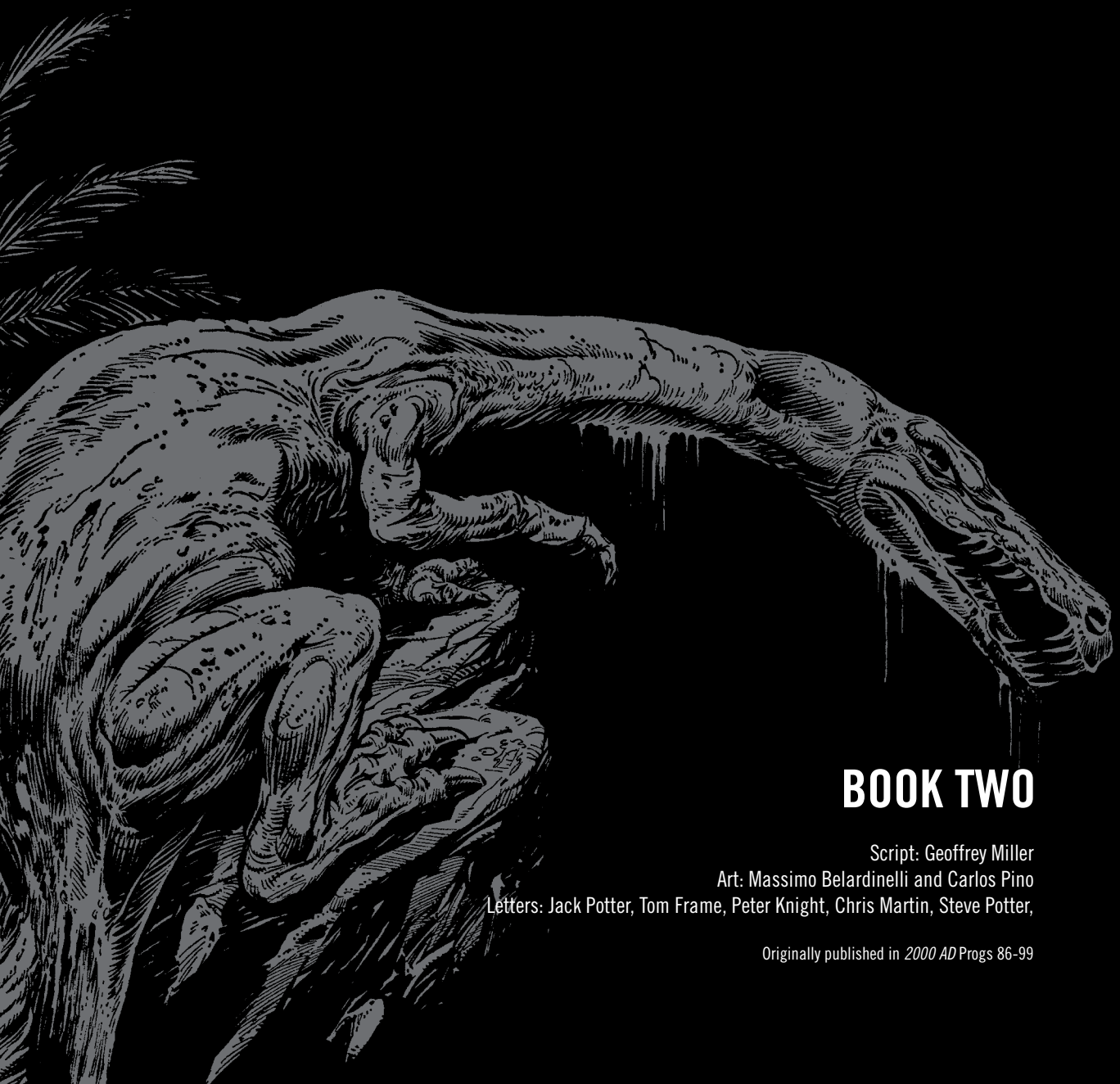

ON AND ON SHE MARCHED, ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT, DRAGGING HER BODY... COVERED IN MUD AND BLOOD...
WITH THE STRANGE INSTINCT ANIMALS HAVE... SHE WAS LOOKING FOR A PLACE— HER SPECIAL PLACE — TO DIE!
PTERANODONS GATHERED OVERHEAD LIKE VULTURES — WAITING FOR HER TO FALL...
ONLY WHEN SHE WAS DEAD WOULD THEY BE BRAVE ENOUGH TO COME AND PICK HER BONES!
SUDDENLY A SHARP PAIN SHOT THROUGH HER BODY... A FINAL AND FATAL HEART ATTACK...
IN AGONY SHE HIT THE GROUND...
BUT, WITH ONE LAST BURST OF ENERGY, ONE EYE RIPPED THEM ALL TO SHREDS!
SQUAWKING WITH GLEE, PTERANODONS AND LITTLE DINOSAURS POUNCED AND BEGAN PECKING STRIPS OF MEAT OFF HER LIFELESS BODY...
SHE WAS GOING TO DIE— BUT NOT YET. NOT UNTIL SHE WAS READY!


FOR ANOTHER THREE DAYS SHE STAGGERED ON...
SHE HAD TO MAKE IT... HER SAVAGE WILL-POWER KEPT HER GOING...
AT LAST... SHE FOUND IT... IN A CANYON BETWEEN TWO VOLCANOES... THE TYRANNOSAURS' GRAVEYARD WHERE THE MONSTERS CAME TO DIE!
WITH ONLY A FEW SECONDS OF HER LIFE LEFT, SHE LET OUT A BELLOW OF PAIN AND TRIUMPH!
SHE WAS OLD ONE EYE! SHE WAS THE GREATEST MONSTER OF ALL TIME! MAN, WITH HIS PLANES AND GUNS AND KNIVES COULDN'T BEAT HER! SHE'D BEATEN THEM ALL... BY DYING NATURALLY— OF OLD AGE!
THE HAG MONSTER FELL INTO THE CANYON AND THE DARKNESS CLOSED IN ON HER... SHE BREATHED HER LAST...
IN TIME, ONE EYE'S BONES BECAME FOSSILS, TRAPPED IN SANDSTONE... MILLIONS OF YEARS PASSED...


... UNTIL THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. ONE DAY, IN 1983, IN ENGLAND, AS WORKMEN WERE BUSY DIGGING A NEW EXTENSION TO THE LONDON UNDERGROUND...
HEY, ALF! A MONSTER'S BONES... AND THAT LOOKS LIKE HUMAN REMAINS INSIDE HER!
ONE EYE HAD DIED IN BRITAIN... SIXTY FIVE MILLION YEARS AGO!
THE NEWSPAPERS WERE FULL OF IT...
"DAILY SUN"
BOFFINS ARE BAFFLED!
THE BIGGEST TYRANNOSA IN THE WORLD HAS BEEN DISCOVERED WITH HUMA REMAINS INSIDE IT. THE MONSTER WILL BE DISPLAY NATURAL HISTORY MUSEU
SOON, AT THE MUSEUM...
THERE SHE IS, GENTLEMEN.. TESTS SHOW SHE LOST AN EYE— THAT'S WHY I'VE NICKNAMED HER... "OLD ONE EYE"— QUEEN OF THE TYRANNOSAURS!
OLD ONE EYE
TYRANNOSAURUS REX
THAT'S SOME MONSTER, PROFESSOR GIZZARD!
TO CELEBRATE THE DISCOVERY, AND TO SHOW HOW BIG SHE IS, I SHALL BE HOLDING A DINNER PARTY FOR MY FELLOW PROFESSORS TO-NIGHT..INSIDE HER!
SO THAT NIGHT...
EXCELLENT IDEA THIS DINNER PARTY, PROFESSOR GIZZARD, BUT HOW COULD THERE BE HUMAN REMAINS INSIDE HER?
COULD THERE BE A CONNECTION WITH WHY THE DINOSAURS BECAME EXTINCT?
NO. THERE MUST BE A MISTAKE IN OUR CARBON DATING SYSTEM. HUMAN BEINGS DIDN'T EXIST AT THE SAME TIME AS DINOSAURS!
IT'S FUNNY— BUT MY SON ONCE READ A STORY IN A BOYS' PAPER ABOUT MEN TRAVELLING BACK IN TIME-MACHINES TO KILL DINOSAURS!


I'M SURPRISED YOU LET HIM READ SUCH TRASH, PROFESSOR MAGNUS!
AFTER DINNER...
AN EXCELLENT STEAK, PROFESSOR GIZZARD. I LIKE A JUICY PIECE OF FLESH!
THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN. YOU KNOW, I CAN EXPLAIN WHY THE DINOSAURS DISAPPEARED— THEY EVOLVED INTO BIRDS! THAT'S MUCH MORE LIKELY THAN MEN KILLING THEM!
CHILDREN LIKE TO THINK OF MONSTERS AND MEN FIGHTING EACH OTHER BUT IT'S RUBBISH! THIS TYRANNOSAUR COULD NEVER KILL A MAN!
AAAH!
!... CHOKE! ...UUUUH!
PROFESSOR GIZZARD! THE ROD HOLDING THE JAWS APART, YOU'VE...
WHAT A TERRIBLE THING TO HAPPEN— I'LL CALL AN AMBULANCE!
YOU- YOU'RE TOO LATE, I'M AFRAID... THE TYRANNOSAUR HAS KILLED THE POOR PROFESSOR!
EVEN AFTER DEATH... OLD ONE EYE WAS TRIUMPHANT!
THE END





BOOK TWO

Script: Geoffrey Miller
Art: Massimo Belardinelli and Carlos Pino
Letters: Jack Potter, Tom Frame, Peter Knight, Chris Martin, Steve Potter,

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IT IS A LONG TIME AGO...
200 MILLION YEARS AGO, IN THE LATE TRIASSIC PERIOD. THE CONTINENTS THAT WE KNOW TODAY HAVE NOT EVEN FORMED...
ONLY ONE HUGE LANDMASS EXISTS. IT IS CALLED PANGEA— SURROUNDED BY THE MONSTER OCEAN OF TETHYS...
BUT EVEN THOUGH OUR PLANET IS YOUNG, LIFE ALREADY HAS A FIRM HOLD. THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF THE DINOSAUR AGE... AND ALL ALONG THE JAGGED COASTLINE CREATURES CRAWL, SWIM, WALK AND FLY...
...AND EAT!
THE WEAK AND SMALL ARE FOOD FOR THE STRONG...
AND THE STRONG THEMSELVES ARE FOOD FOR THE VERY STRONG...
BUT ALL IS AS IT SHOULD BE. NATURE HAS FOUND A PERFECT BALANCE FOR SURVIVAL AND EVOLUTION, UNTIL.....
MAN ARRIVES!
CHUNK!
MAN? YES, 23rd CENTURY MAN, HUNGRY FOR THE TASTE OF REAL FOOD! FOR IN HIS AGE HE SURVIVES ON SYNTHETIC FOOD ALONE, BUT NOW, WITH THE DISCOVERY OF TIME TRAVEL, HE CAN TRAVEL BACK INTO THE PAST TO SATISFY HIS CRAVING FOR REAL FOOD, HIS CRAVING FOR...


BOOK II
YOU HAVE ALREADY SEEN THE SAGA OF TRANS-TIME'S BASE IN THE CRETACEOUS PERIOD *... BUT THE 23rd CENTURY GOURMET IS HUNGRY FOR MORE THAN JUST MEAT! FISH, TOO, IS A GREAT DELICACY...
SO TRANS-TIME THRUST HUGE CONSTRUCTION RIGS BACK INTO THE TRIASSIC PERIOD AND A FISH-FARMING STATION IS BUILT—PERHAPS THE LARGEST MAN-MADE STRUCTURE EVER SEEN ON THIS PLANET— THE ATLANTIS STATION!
RIDER FOUR, RIDER FOUR! SONAR INDICATES TWO PREDATORS BEARING 035, RANGE THREE MILES...
TAKE THE CYBOSAURS AND CHEW 'EM UP!
WE READ YOU, CONTROL. WE'LL TEACH 'EM TO GET IN MAN'S WAY!
* THARG NOTE: SEE 2000AD PROGS 1-19


THEIR TASK— TO FARM THE SEA FOR THE SEA-GOING DINOSAURS AND GREAT FISH OF THE TRIASSIC ERA... NO MATTER WHAT GETS IN THEIR WAY!
2000A.D. Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT GEOFFREY MILLER
ART ROBOT BELARDINELLI
LETTERING ROBOT JACK POTTER
COMPU-73E


CYBOSAURS— USING GENETIC ENGINEERING, A BREED OF ADVANCED ICHTHYOSAURS HAVE BEEN TRAINED FOR USE AS A FEROCIOUS DEFENCE AGAINST PREDATORS...
WE'VE FOUND THE FIRST ONE, A LARGE ASKEPTOSAUR.. OR WAS TILL THE CYBOS GOT HIM!
SOON, THE TWO-MAN SUB REJOINS ITS MAIN UNIT AT THE STATION...
WELL DONE, UNIT FOUR— TAKE UP CRUISING FORMATION AND KEEP WELL CLEAR, WE ARE STARTING LOAD TRANSFER TO ATLANTIS STATION!
AS THE MOTHER SUB SURFACES, A POWERFUL MAGNO-GRAPPLE DESCENDS FROM THE ATLANTIS STATION AND FASTENS TO THE TRAWL NET...
COMMENCING LIFT— NOW!
BEEN A GOOD TRIP, LADS. NEARLY A THOUSAND TONS OF MONSTER THERE!
AFTER THE NET IS HAULED INSIDE THE VAST STATION, ITS RETAINING CATCH IS RELEASED, DROPPING THE CATCH INTO A LARGE ELECTRIFIED TROUGH...
KEEP YOUR STUNNERS UP TO FULL POWER, MEN— WE DON'T WANT ANY OF 'EM SQUIRMING WHEN THEY GET INSIDE THE PROCESSORS!


GREAT QUANTITIES OF STUNNED CREATURES SLITHER DOWN THE TROUGH...
MAKE SURE THAT SHARK'S WELL DEAD, KAMINSKY. IT'LL BLOCK UP THE GRINDERS IF THE GRABBER DON'T HOOK IT OUT!
THEN INTO THE PROCESSORS...
WHAT WE ON TODAY, JIM?
UUH, IT SAYS HERE 'FISH FINGERS', CHIEF!
OKAY, I'M SETTING THE GRINDERS AT FULL CHOP!
...TO BE BEAMED UP TO THE HUNGRY PUBLIC OF THE 23rd CENTURY!
THE END PRODUCT SLIDES OUT, ALL READY AND PRE-PACKAGED...
FISH FINGERS
FISH FINGERS
FISH FINGERS
AND SO IT GOES ON, FOR THE MEN WHO WORK THERE, THE AMAZING TECHNOLOGICAL ACHIEVEMENT OF TIME TRAVEL MEANS NOTHING. ONLY THE MONEY AND THE END OF THEIR SPELL OF DUTY MEAN ANYTHING TO THEM...
YEAH, I REMEMBER BACK IN THE DEVONIAN PERIOD, ME AN' CRAZY CHARLIE McGRAW HAD A FIGHT WITH A SHARK —OVER 28 METRES LONG, IT WAS...
... BUT THAT DIDN'T WORRY ME, NO, SIR!
WISH YOU'D WORRY 'BOUT GRADING THE PRODUCE, BIG OLAF— IF ANY GRISLY OL' PREDATOR SLIPS THROUGH, THE CHIEF'LL BITE OUR HEADS OFF!
SUDDENLY...
LOOK OUT— EATER IN THE CATCH!
VERY FUNNY, IF YOU THINK I'LL FALL FOR THAT OLD TRICK, YOU'RE...
NOOOOOOO!
HELP ME, SOMEONE!


AAAARRGH!
THE TANYSTROPHEUS WAS NOT INTERESTED IN FOOD. KNOWING INSTINCTIVELY IT WAS IN DANGER, IT HAD ATTACKED!
OLAF'S DEAD AND IT'S COMING FOR ME NOW!
... BUT I'M MAKING SURE I STAY ALIVE!
MINUTES LATER...
'FRAID OLAF'S HAD IT, CHIEF HAWKINS! MONSTER GOT HIM IN THE HEAD—NO CHANCE...
MESSY, REAL MESSY! I'LL HAVE TO TELL THE BOSS AND HE WON'T LIKE IT, J.M. LIKES THINGS TO BE NEAT!
AND IN THE OFFICE OF THE BOSS OF ATLANTIS STATION, J.M. GROSE...
STOP ALL PAY AND PRIVILEGES FOR THE LATE OLAF'S SHIFT UNTIL WE GET A REPLACEMENT FOR HIM!
THIS SLOPPY APPROACH TO WORK HAS GOT TO STOP! THE TRANS-TIME BASE IN THE CRETACEOUS ERA WAS SLOPPY TOO!
YES, J.M.!


RANK AMATEURS, THEY WERE OVERRUN BY JUST ABOUT EVERY DINOSAUR YOU CAN THINK OF— FURRY TYRANNOSAURS, SPINOSAURS, PTERANODONS, THE LOT!
WELL IT'S NOT GOING TO HAPPEN HERE! I RUN A TIGHT SHIP WITH NO TROUBLE— NONE!
BUT TROUBLE WAS ON ITS WAY! A FEW DAYS LATER, IN THE WILD SKY NEAR ATLANTIS STATION...
LOOK, CHIEF! MATERIALISING IN THE SKY— IT'S A TIME SHUTTLE!
YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT WHO'S INSIDE? WHERE DOES IT COME FROM?
Next prog: MEET...


OUT OF THE PURPLE BLACK SKY OF THE TRIASSIC AGE, AN OBJECT SUDDENLY APPEARS — A MAN-MADE OBJECT.
SINCE MAN WILL NOT EVOLVE FOR ANOTHER 199 MILLION YEARS, THE OBJECT HAS NO LOGICAL RIGHT TO EXIST HERE. . . . . .
BUT 23RD CENTURY MAN ISN'T INTERESTED IN LOGIC — HE HAS DISCOVERED TIME TRAVEL AND NOW FARMS THE OCEANS OF THE TRIASSIC AGE FOR THEIR DINOSAURS. . . . . .
...HUNTING THEM FOR THEIR...
FLESH
BOOK TWO


2000 A.D.
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
GEOFFREY MILLER
ART ROBOT
BELARDINELLI
LETTERING ROBOT
T. FRAME
COMPU-73E
HOLD TIGHT, MY LITTLE FRIENDS . . . ONE MORE BOUNCE AND WE'LL BE SAFELY DOWN !


FLEEING FROM THE WRECKED TRANS-TIME BASE IN THE CRETACEOUS ERA, AS IT WAS OVER-RUN BY CRAZED DINOSAURS, THE MAN INSIDE IS 'CLAW' CARVER!
WE'RE SAFE, LITTLE FRIEND. JUS' YOU AN' ME AN' ALL YOUR BROTHERS...
HIS "LITTLE FRIENDS" – THE BAGS THAT CONTAINED A FORTUNE IN GOLD WHICH HE'D LOOTED FROM THE WRECKED BASE . . . .
IT WAS NEARLY FULL DAYLIGHT BY THE TIME CARVER OPENED THE SHUTTLE'S HATCH. IF IT WAS DARK THINGS MIGHT HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT, BUT. . .
FRESH AIR, AT LAST... DUNNO WHEN THIS IS, BUT BY THE LOOK OF THAT SMOKE, TRANS-TIME IS HERE TOO!
AS MEAN AS THE PREHISTORIC LIZARD THAT EYED HIM PADDLING TO THE SHORE, CARVER'S ONE THOUGHT WAS THE SAFETY OF HIS GOLD!
YEAH, GOT TO FIND A HIDING PLACE FOR IT WHILE I DO A DEAL WITH THE TRANS-TIME BASE TO GET ME BACK HOME!
THIS CAVE'LL DO FINE – UH? MOVEMENT IN THERE, SOME SORT OF CRITTUR!
A BROOD OF BABY NOTHOSAURS WADDLED OUT, CURIOUS TO LEARN MORE OF THIS STRANGE TWO-LEGGED CREATURE...
COME ON, LITTLE FELLAS. COME TO YOUR UNCLE CLAW! YOUR CAVE AIN'T BIG ENOUGH FOR YOU AND MA GOLD...


...SO ONE OF US HAS GOTTA GO!
THE BRAIN OF A BABY NOTHOSAUR WAS TINY, BUT IT UNDERSTOOD ONE THING VERY WELL — IF YOU ARE THREATENED, YOU ATTACK!
YUH SMELLY LITTLE VERMIN! YOU AIN'T NO MATCH FOR CLAW CARVER, THE MAN WHO LOST A HAND IN A DINOSAUR FIGHT AND STILL WON!
CARVER NOW WORE THE CLAW OF HIS DEAD FOE IN PLACE OF HIS LOST HAND — IT WAS A DEADLY WEAPON!
AND SOON, WHEN ALL THE BROOD WERE DEAD AND THE GOLD HIDDEN DEEP IN THE CAVE...
HEY, A TRANS-TIME VESSEL! OVER HERE, FELLAS — OVER HERE!
SURE AM GLAD TO SEE YOU GUYS!
AND YOU'RE SURE LUCKY WE SPOTTED YOUR SHUTTLE, PAL — YOU COULD HAVE BEEN MAROONED HERE FOR LIFE!
BUT WHO ARE YOU? WHERE — WHEN — D'YOU COME FROM?
TIME ENOUGH TO QUESTION HIM LATER, LAD. WE GOTTA GET AWAY FROM THIS ISLAND BEFORE BIG HUNGRY CATCHES US INSHORE.
BIG HUNGRY? WHO THE HELL'S THAT?
HE'S THE BIGGEST NOTHOSAUR YOU EVER SAW, STRANGER! ALWAYS ATTACKING OUR FISHING FLEET. SOME SAY HE'S TOO CLEVER TO BE KILLED. THAT WAS HIS CAVE BACK THERE!
THEN...
HEY, SKIPPER, I GOT A SONAR CONTACT — DEAD AHEAD — BIG ONE!


IT'S BIG HUNGRY! HARD A PORT! THE BRUTE'S COMING IN TO ATTACK!
ALTHOUGH THE GUNS WERE MEANT TO WARD BIG HUNGRY OFF....
HE'S RIPPING THE GUN TURRETS TO SHREDS!
DON'T WASTE AMMO, SON. HE'S TOO FAST FOR US – BESIDES, THE BULLETS WOULD JUST BOUNCE OFF ANYWAY!
SOON THEY WERE BACK AT THE ATLANTIS STATION, THE VAST BASE FROM WHICH THE TRANS-TIME FISHERIES OPERATED. . .
MIGHTY FINE BASE Y'GOT HERE, CHIEF HAWKINS – BUILT TO LAST!
ALL TRANS-TIME BASES HAVE BEEN BUILT STRONG AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CRETACEOUS ONE. DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THAT, MR... ER...
HEAR ABOUT IT? I WAS THERE, MAN! FIGHTING OFF TYRANNOSAURS, GIANT SPIDERS, THE WHOLE SHOOTING MATCH – HAD TO WIN TIME FOR THE OTHER SURVIVORS TO GET CLEAR!
BUT THEN MY SHUTTLE MALFUNCTIONED. BEEN LOST IN TIME FOR MONTHS UNTIL ITS SAFETY DEVICES ZEROED IN ON YOUR BASE HERE.
YOU'D BETTER COME AND TELL THE STATION CONTROLLER YOUR TALE.


STATION CONTROLLER J.M. GROSE...
LAST TIME I WAS UP IN THE 23RD THERE WAS A RUMOUR THAT A MAN HAD STOLEN THE STATION'S GOLD RESERVES. ARE YOU THAT MAN? EH, EH?
ME? OH, NO, SIR, MR GROSE, SIR! IF YOU COULD LEND ME A TIME SHUTTLE, I COULD GET UP TO THE 23RD AND PROVE MY INNOCENCE...
LEND YOU A TIME SHUTTLE? IF YOU THINK WE'RE A CHARITY HERE, YOU'RE WRONG! YOU WILL SERVE A STANDARD SIX MONTH TOUR OF DUTY HERE AND THEN YOU CAN PAY YOUR OWN FARE UP TO THE 23RD!
NOW GET OUT OF HERE!
COME ON, CARVER. ONCE J.M'S MADE UP HIS MIND IT DON'T PAY TO ARGUE!
SIX MONTHS...?
STATION BRIG
AND JUST IN CASE YOU THINK YOU CAN JUMP STATION BY STEALING A SHUTTLE, LET ME SHOW YOU SOMETHING...
AAAAGH!
THIS MAN THOUGHT HE COULD STEAL A SHUTTLE, TOO! AND HE'S BEEN SENTENCED TO 20 LASHES FROM THE ELECTRO LASH!
OH WELL...ER...DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME! I'M GOING TO BE A MODEL DECK HAND. I WANT TO BE MR. GROSE'S FRIEND!
THEN GROSE HAD BETTER WATCH HIS BACK, CARVER - I'D RATHER HAVE A NINE-FOOT LONG SEA SCORPION AS A FRIEND THAN YOU!


LATER THAT DAY, THE NOTHOSAUR THE MEN CALLED BIG HUNGRY RETURNED TO HIS CAVE... AND FOUND HIS BUTCHERED YOUNG!
FURY RAN THROUGH HIS VEINS LIKE A FIRE. HE TURNED ON THE NEAREST OBJECT HE COULD FIND – THE TIME SHUTTLE . . .
AND WHEN IT WAS FINISHED, HE HAD TWO THINGS LEFT, A SMOULDERING RAGE IN HIS BELLY AND THE STENCH OF ONE OF THE 'MAN' THINGS IN HIS NOSTRILS...
...THERE WOULD BE A RECKONING!
NEXT PROG: FOOD FOR THOUGHT!




FLESH
BOOK TWO
SUNRISE ON PLANET EARTH, SIGNAL FOR THE START OF A NEW WORKING DAY ON THE LARGEST MAN-MADE STRUCTURE EVER BUILT – THE ATLANTIS STATION !
CHOWTIME ! COME AN' GET IT, BUCKET-HEADS !
HUGE MACHINERY CRANKS INTO LIFE, FOUL SMOKE BELCHES FORTH BLACKENING THE SKIES, A COMMON ENOUGH SCENE NOWADAYS, BUT THIS ISN'T THE PRESENT – THE YEAR IS 200 MILLION B.C. !
FOR 23RD CENTURY MAN HAS DISCOVERED TIME TRAVEL AND NOW FARMS THE OCEANS OF THE PREHISTORIC ERA FOR THEIR DINOSAURS, HUNTING THEM FOR THEIR FLESH !
BUT EVEN THOUGH HE IS TECHNICALLY HIGHLY ADVANCED, 23RD CENTURY MAN CAN STILL BE JUST AS UNCIVILISED AS HIS ANCESTORS !
TODAY'S SPECIAL, SON – YESTERDAY'S LEFTOVERS !
HUH ! I COULD GET MORE NOURISHMENT BITING MA LIP !
SAY, THAT'S NOT A BAD IDEA !
WHAT'S BITING YOU, BALDY ?
UHH ! DUMB COOK LEFT A SEA SCORPION IN THE NOTHOSAUR STEW !
WELL, DON'T BROADCAST IT OR THEY'LL ALL WANT ONE !


ATLANTIS STA
CREW MESS - CANTEEN
MENU - FOR MONDAY TUESDAY WEDS.
SOUP OF THE DAY - SHARK and SEA FOOD
MAIN COURSE - NOTHOSAUR STEW
DESERT - DINOSAUR DELIGHT with COLD CUSTARD
2000 A.D. Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT GEOFFREY MILLER
ART ROBOT BELARDINELLI
LETTERING ROBOT T. FRAME
COMPU·73E
TO MAN A STATION LIKE THE ATLANTIS, YOU NEED THE TOUGHEST, HARDEST MEN YOU CAN FIND. CLAW CARVER WAS BOTH — AND MEAN WITH IT!
HEY, DON'T SIT THERE, PAL. CAPTAIN BULL SVENSON SITS THERE, AND HE DON'T LIKE IT IF...
AND OL' CLAW CARVER DON'T LIKE IT WHEN FOLKS TELL HIM WHAT TO DO — SO SIT DOWN AND EAT YOUR CHOW!


THAT'S MY SEAT, MISTER – SHIFT YOUR BUTT!
MY, MY, WHAT A RUDE MAN! I DON'T THINK I LIKE RUDE MEN...
AND I KNOW I DON'T LIKE MEN WHO WEAR JEWELLERY!
AAAH!
MET ANOTHER RUDE MAN WITH AN EARRING ONCE – THEY CALL HIM 'ONE-EAR JAKE' NOW!
I'M GONNA GIVE YOU A NEW NAME, TOO...
AAH!
...MUSH FACE!
CARVER!
FIGHTING IN THE CREW MESS IS A PUNISHABLE OFFENCE ON THIS STATION – DO YOU WANT TO FEEL THE LASH?
FIGHTING, CHIEF HAWKINS? US? MR. SVENSON AND I WERE JUST INDULGING IN A FRIENDLY TEST OF SKILL...
Y-YES, MR. HAWKINS. A-A LITTLE GAME IS ALL...!
THE MESS HALL IS NOT A PLACE FOR GAMES! SVENSON – I'M SURE YOUR BOAT NEEDS ATTENTION!
CARVER – YOU'RE NEEDED ON THE PRODUCTION LINE. GET TO WORK, BOTH OF YOU!
WEREN'T WE, MR. SVENSON?
Tell him, you creep, or I'll have your kneecap out quicker 'n' you can SCREAM!


WORK FOR CARVER WAS ON THE PROCESSING LINE, MONITORING THE CATCH OF MONSTERS AS THEY WERE FED TO THE PLANT FOR GRINDING AND DESPATCH THROUGH THE TIME TRAVEL BEAM TO THE 23RD CENTURY . . .
THE SMELL OF THIS PUTRID JOB IS GOING TO DRIVE ME OUTTA MY GOURD, SOON !
THE SOONER I GET OFF THIS STINKIN' STATION WITH MA GOLD, THE BETTER !
A FUGITIVE FROM THE TRANS-TIME BASE IN THE CRETACEOUS ERA, CARVER HAD STASHED A STORE OF STOLEN GOLD ON A NEARBY ISLAND.
AT THAT MOMENT, ATLANTIS STATION'S CONTROLLER, J. M. GROSE, APPROACHED ON HIS TOUR OF INSPECTION...
I WILL NOT HAVE GRAFITTI ON THIS STATION, HAWKINS. FIND THE MAN RESPONSIBLE AND FLOG HIM !
YESSIR !
TYRANNOSAURUS REX RULES OK! BIG HUNGRY BITES YOUR LEG
GROSE IS A LOONEY !
BUT, AS ANOTHER 1000 TON LOAD WAS SWUNG ON BOARD FROM A SUBMARINE TRAWLER . . .
LOOK OUT! TEAR IN THE NET! THAT SHARK'S GONNA...
...DROP!
NO, NO!
HERE'S YOUR CHANCE, CARVER ME BOY — IMPRESS GROSE AND YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO GET OUT OF THIS HELL-HOLE !
AAAGH!


THAT CRITTUR'S STILL ALIVE AND DANGEROUS — LEAVE HIM TO CLAW!
GOTTA FIND THE BRAIN!
RIGHT HERE!
MA LEGS! GET IT OFF MA LEGS!
DON'T WORRY, FELLA — IT'S DEAD NOW!
AS THE BADLY INJURED MAN WAS TAKEN TO THE SICK BAY...
THAT WAS A VERY COURAGEOUS ACT, CARVER — DRAW AN EXTRA MONTH'S PAY THIS AFTERNOON, AS A REWARD!
IT WOULDN'T BE FAIR OF ME TO TAKE THE MONEY, MR. GROSE. I WAS ONLY DOING MY JOB. BUT, IF YOU DO WANT TO REWARD ME...



I'M A DINOSAUR HUNTER BY TRADE, AND... IF I COULD TRANSFER TO ONE OF THE HUNTER-KILLER SUBMARINES, I COULD SERVE THE STATION MUCH BETTER!

GRANTED, CARVER! REPORT TO *CAPTAIN SVENSON* AT THE DOCK LEVEL RIGHT AWAY... HE NEEDS A GUNNER URGENTLY AND YOU'RE THE MAN FOR THE JOB!

YES, SIR!

SVENSON, EH? LOOKS LIKE OUR BATTLE'S ONLY JUST *STARTED!*

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, ANOTHER OF CARVER'S ENEMIES WAS PREPARING FOR BATTLE; AN ENEMY FAR MORE **POTENT** THAN ANY MERE HUMAN. AN ENEMY WEIGHING OVER **50 TONS** — AN ENEMY THE MEN CALLED . . .

...BIG HUNGRY!

AN UNUSUALLY LARGE NOTHOSAUR, 'BIG HUNGRY' HAD HIS CAVE-NEST ON THE ISLAND WHERE CARVER'S TIME-SHUTTLE HAD CRASHED...

IN HIS DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO CONCEAL THE GOLD, CARVER HAD SLAUGHTERED BIG HUNGRY'S BROOD OF **YOUNG**.

BIG HUNGRY DID NOT KNOW THAT HIS ENEMY WAS CALLED CARVER, HIS BRAIN WAS TOO SMALL FOR THAT . . .

BUT HE HAD A STENCH IN HIS **NOSTRILS**. THE STENCH OF THE TWO-LEGGED INTRUDERS WHO HAD **INVADED** HIS OCEAN IN THEIR HARD SHELLS.

HE COULD TRACK THE SOUNDS FROM THOSE STRANGE SHELLS. LIKE THE ONE ABOVE HIM NOW. . . UNLESS HE FELT LIKE A GAME WITH THEM, HE NORMALLY IGNORED THEM — YOU COULDN'T GET AT THE SOFT PARTS INSIDE. BUT NOW HE WOULD TRY VERY HARD TO BREAK THE SHELLS — FOR HE DID NOT WANT FOOD. . .

...HE WANTED REVENGE!

NEXT PROG:
BIG HUNGRY BITES BACK!


A SMALL TWO-MAN SUBMARINE, PART OF THE TRANS-TIME TRIASSIC FISHERY PROTECTION FLEET...
HEY, JIM. I'M GETTING AN ECHO FROM DIRECTLY BENEATH US. SOUNDS LIKE A PREDATOR!
HUH? MUST BE SONAR MALFUNCTIONING. NO MONSTER ATTACKS FROM BENEATH!
LUNGS BURSTING— MUSCLES STRAINING. HUNGER GNAWS AT HIS INSIDE... HUNGER THAT BURNS...
STILL THERE, JIM. SEEMS TO BE GETTING CLOSER...
YOU BEEN DRINKING THAT MARTIAN JOY JUICE AGAIN, LAD? I TOLD YOU BEFORE, IT MAKES YOU IMAGINE THINGS.
HUNGER THAT EATS AWAY AT HIS TINY BRAIN!
HUNGER FOR


AAAAAAGH!
THE GIANT NOTHOSAUR— THE ONE THAT MEN CALLED BIG HUNGRY ATTACKED FROM ANY DIRECTION! HE WAS NOT CHOOSY AS TO HOW HE GOT HIS FOOD!
BOOK 2
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SCRIPT ROBOT GEOFFREY MILLER
ART ROBOT BELARDINELLI
LETTERING ROBOT JACK POTTER
COMPU·73E


MINUTES LATER, BIG HUNGRY HAD FINISHED WITH THE SUBMARINE...
AND, AS THE NOTHOSAUR DIVED IN SEARCH OF FURTHER PREY, HUNTER-KILLER SUB, NUMBER FOUR- "THOR'S HAMMER"- REACHED HER CRUISE PATROL DEPTH MANY MILES AWAY...
GONNA WHIP YOU, CARVER!
4
4-AC
TRANS TIME / FISHERIES DIVISION
THOR'S HAMMER WAS NOT A HAPPY SHIP!
GONNA WHIP YOU THEN I'M GONNA KILL YOU!
WUUDH!
OKAY, SVENSON. YOU CUT ME— AND THAT MAKES US EVEN! BUT YOU AIN'T GONNA KILL ME...
GIMME ONE GOOD REASON WHY, CARVER!
I'LL GIVE YOU THREE REASONS, BOY!
FIRST OF ALL, THE BOSS'LL WANT TO KNOW WHY YOU KILLED A BRAVE MAN— AND MR GROSE THINKS I'M A VERY BRAVE MAN, Y'KNOW!
SECOND, YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST MY CLAW! CUT IT OFF A DEINONYCHUS IN THE CRETACEOUS AND HE WAS A DARN SIGHT MEANER THAN YOU!
AND THIRD, YOU NEED ME, SVENSON. YOU NEED ME TO MAKE YOU RICH!
THE WRECKAGE DID NOT CONCERN HIM— IT WAS THE TASTY THINGS INSIDE THAT HE SOUGHT AFTER.....


HUH? YOU'RE LYING, CARVER. LYING TO SAVE YOUR STINKIN' HIDE!
OH, YEAH? WELL IF YOU DON'T WANT A SHARE IN A BILLION CREDITS OF GOLD THAT I GOT STASHED SOMEWHERE, YOU GO AHEAD AND TRY TO KILL ME!
ON THE OTHER HAND — HMM, NICE CIGARS YOU KEEP, SVENSON— YOU COULD BUY A LOTTA NICE CIGARS WITH GOLD, Y'KNOW!
KEEP TALKING, CARVER. I'M INTERESTED IN YOUR GOLD, AND I'M INTERESTED IN WHY YOU THINK YOU CAN TRUST ME...
OH, I KNOW I CAN TRUST YOU, SVENSON...
LIKE I'D TRUST A HUNGRY TYRANNOSAUR!
NICE SMOKE! GENUINE HAVANA 20TH CENTURY— REAL TOBACCO! AND SINCE TIME TRAVEL TO THE 20TH CENTURY IS TOTALLY OUTLAWED, I'D SAY YOU GOT A TIME SMUGGLING RACKET GOING ON... USED TO RUN ONE MYSELF BEFORE I JOINED TRANSTIME!
I... I BOUGHT THEM FROM A GUY UP IN THE 23rd. YOU CAN'T PROVE A THING!
WHAT'S IT MATTER, ANYWAY?
IT MATTERS 'COS YOU'RE A PIRATE, A GANGSTER AND TOTALLY DISHONEST— JUST LIKE ME, PAL. US VILLAINS HAVE GOT TO STICK TOGETHER, EH?
I READ YOU, CARVER, WE TALK THE SAME LANGUAGE!
NOW ABOUT THAT GOLD, I TAKE IT YOU NEED MY SHIP TO GET IT...
SUDDENLY...
AMBER ALERT! AMBER ALERT! SKIPPER TO THE BRIDGE, PLEASE! WE HAVE AN EMERGENCY DISTRESS CALL!
GET TO YOUR GUN STATION, CARVER. WE'LL TALK LATER!


SOON...
IT'S FROM THE TRAWLING SUB HORATIO; THREE MILES TO THE SOUTH WEST. THREE MINI-SUBS DESTROYED. SOUNDS LIKE A BIG PREDATOR— REAL BIG!
VERY WELL, SOUND BATTLE STATIONS!
"ARM AND PREPARE ALL TORPEDOES FOR LAUNCH."
GUESS WHAT'S COMING TO DINNER?
"GUNNERS, MAN YOUR STATIONS. OPEN BLAST DOORS. CHECK SONIC GENERATORS."
"ENGINES AHEAD FULL SPEED. DIVE TO 1000."
4-A5
"WE'LL COME UP FROM BELOW!"
MINUTES LATER, THOR'S HAMMER APPROACHED THE SCENE IN A NEAR VERTICAL CLIMB—
SKIPPER- LOOK!
WHATEVER HIT THOSE GUYS AIN'T JUST REAL BIG...


IT'S BIG HUNGRY!
HE'S BITTEN THROUGH THE CABLES OF THE TRAWLER NET! IT'S GONNA RIP!
SO WHAT YOU WAITING FOR? MOVE LIKE HELL!
THE NIMBLE THOR'S HAMMER SHEERED OFF SAFELY, BUT, WITH THE COLOSSAL STRAIN IN THE TOWLINE SUDDENLY RELEASED, THE NET ACCELERATED AT SPEED STRAIGHT AT THE HORATIO'S STERN...
HORATIO
... AND CRASHED INTO IT WITH DEVASTATING EFFECT!
YAAAAHHHH!
WE'RE HOLED AND TAKING WATER! WE'RE DEAD MEN!
SVENSON AND CARVER WATCHED FROM THE THOR'S HAMMER...
WE'VE GOT TO BLAST OUR WAY IN THERE AND PICK UP SURVIVORS!
HORATIO
NO WE DON'T, SVENSON!
BEFORE WE GET THE GOLD WE GOTTA KILL THAT NOTHOSAUR, 'CAUSE THE GOODS ARE STOWED ON HIS ISLAND!
AND WE GOTTA DO IT NOW! WHAT'S IT TO BE- GOLD OR GLORY?
NEXT PROG. THE HUNT!

FLESH

BOOK 2

23RD CENTURY MAN HAS RETURNED TO THE TRIASSIC AGE TO FARM THE SEA-GOING DINOSAURS AND GIANT FISH FOR FOOD. BUT DESPITE THE AMAZINGLY ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY HE USES, SOMETIMES THE BEAST CAN TRIUMPH OVER MAN AND HIS MACHINES. FOR, WHEN A NOTHOSAUR SMASHES A HOLE IN A SUBMARINE TRAWL NET. . .

BUT THOSE MEN WILL DIE WITHOUT US!

SHUT YOUR FACE, PETERS! YOUR JOB IS TO TAKE MY ORDERS AND DRIVE THIS THING — NOW DO IT!

CAPTAIN SVENSON! THE TRAWLER SUB'S SINKING FAST! WE MUST DIVE AND SAVE HER!

NO! SET THE CONTROLS FOR EMERGENCY SURFACE — WE'RE GOING AFTER BIG HUNGRY!

HORRT

SECONDS LATER, TWO VAST POWERFUL SHAPES SMASHED THROUGH THE SURFACE SIDE-BY-SIDE!

LOAD EXPLOSIVE SHELLS AND FIRE AS YOUR GUNS BEAR!

4-AS

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SCRIPT ROBOT
GEOFFREY MILLER

ART ROBOT
BELARDINELLI

LETTERING ROBOT
TOM FRAME

COMPU-73E


THAT'S IT, SVENSON — BIG HUNGRY'S GOTTA DIE BEFORE YOU GET A CHANCE TO SHARE IN MY GOLD!
'CLAW' CARVER — FUGITIVE FROM TRANS-TIME'S BASE IN THE CRETACEOUS ERA, HAD UNWITTINGLY STASHED A HOARD OF GOLD ON BIG HUNGRY'S ISLAND. NOW HE WANTED IT BACK!
BIG HUNGRY, MEANWHILE, HAD BEEN BENEATH THE WATER TOO LONG. HE HAD ENJOYED SMASHING THE MEN AND THEIR METAL SHELLS, BUT NOW HE NEEDED AIR...
MUSCLES THRASHING, NERVES STRAINING, HE DROVE UP, TOWARDS THE LIGHT...
SONAR CONTACT, CAPTAIN! HE'S HEADING FOR THE SURFACE!
MATCH HIS TRAJECTORY AND INCREASE SPEED. WE'LL HIT HIM AS HE SURFACES!
BLOW THAT THING APART!!


C'MON CARVER! IT'S YOUR DAMN MONSTER — YOU KILL IT!
DON'T GET HYSTERICAL, SVENSON; YOU'RE SPOILING MY AIM!
HE'S GOING DOWN AGAIN; SET TORPEDOES TO HEAT-SEEKING AND LOAD SONIC SHELLS; THEY'LL DO MORE DAMAGE UNDERWATER!
BIG HUNGRY HAD NEVER MET A METAL SHELL LIKE THIS ONE BEFORE. IT COULD HURT HIM. HE WOULD HAVE TO FIND A NEW WAY TO KILL IT. SOMETHING STIRRED IN HIS TINY BRAIN; HE REMEMBERED...
THE CHASE CUT A SWATHE OF FIRE BACK INTO THE OCEAN. TORPEDOES SEARED ALONG THEIR DEADLY PATHS; SONIC SHELLS RELEASED KILLING BOLTS OF SOUND ENERGY!
HE'S STILL GOING DOWN — HEADING FOR SOME SORT OF RIDGE!
BIG HUNGRY SEARCHED HIS DIM MEMORY, THE WAY WAS HERE, SOMEWHERE...
TURNING HARD, HE DIVED STRAIGHT INTO THE ROCK WALL . . .
THE BIG HOLE HAD BEEN USEFUL MANY YEARS AGO — WHEN HE WAS YOUNG AND USED TO SWIM WITH THE PACK...
HALF HIS PACK HAD DRIVEN FISH IN ONE SIDE OF THE HOLE AND THE OTHERS HAD EATEN THEM WHEN THEY CAME OUT. BUT HE WOULD NOT WAIT FOR THE BIG METAL SHELL. NOW... IT COULD NOT COME THROUGH THE HOLE ANYWAY.
HE HAD EATEN A LOT THAT DAY. HE WOULD GO TO HIS ISLAND AND REST. THEN HE WOULD BE READY TO EAT MORE.


HE'S GONE DOWN THAT TUNNEL, CHIEF! SENSOR'S INDICATE IT AT 100 METRES LONG WITH CLEAR WATER ON THE OTHER SIDE!
WE CAN'T FOLLOW, CAPTAIN...
I'LL DECIDE THAT, PETERS – TAKE HER THROUGH!
YOU'RE INSANE, SVENSON! SHE WON'T MAKE IT!
THEN I'LL DO IT MYSELF, SCUM – AND SEE YOU HUNG FOR MUTINY WHEN WE GET BACK!
AAAAH!
FULL POWER!
HALFWAY THROUGH THE THOR'S HAMMER JAMMED!
THE BRIDGE COCKPIT'S HOLED – WE'RE TAKING WATER!
4-A5
4
ABANDON THE BRIDGE! WE'LL DROWN UNLESS WE MAKE IT THROUGH THE WATERTIGHT DOORS!
CARVER! WHERE'S CARVER? SOMEONE MAKE SURE HE GETS OUT!
BUT CARVER DIDN'T NEED ANYONE TO HELP HIM GET OUT – HE WAS ALREADY ON THE OTHER SIDE...
THANKS, SVENSON – THE SUB'S MINE NOW.
FAIL SAFE LOCKING


DON'T WORRY, MEN — YOU'RE SAFE! YOUR POOR SKIPPER ORDERED ME TO TAKE COMMAND WITH HIS DYING BREATH. JUST SHOW ME WHERE THE EMERGENCY COMMAND DECK IS AND I'LL GET YOU OUT OF THIS JAM!
OPEN THE DOOR, YOU MURDERIN' SWINE, CARVER! KEEP YOUR GOLD, I DON'T WANT IT — I WANNA LIVE!
WHAT ARE YOU RAVING ABOUT, YOU MANIAC!
CARVER DID THIS, LOCKED ME IN 'COS I KNOW ABOUT HIS GOLD. NOW HE'S GOT MY SHIP, HE DON'T NEED ME...
BEING SUCKED UNDER — UUURRGH!
CARVER! I KNEW I COULD SMELL EVIL ON YOU, WELL YOU'RE NOT GOING TO MURDER ME, PAL!
PETERS FILLED HIS LUNGS AND DIVED INTO THE RAPIDLY FILLING BRIDGE...
THERE IT IS — THE HARPOON!
SMASH MY WAY OUT THROUGH THIS PERSPEX WINDOW!

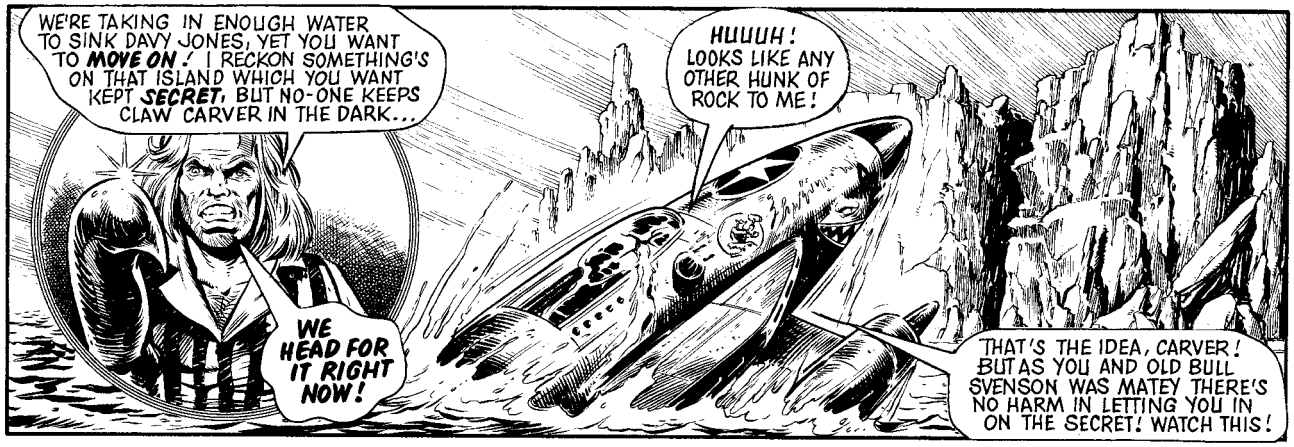

DONE IT ! GOTTA REACH THE EMERGENCY AIRLOCK... GOTTA SURVIVE !
C'MON, DAMN YOU ! OPEN ! OPEN !
UUURH...
YOU'RE OKAY NOW, SON. APPARENTLY THE SKIPPER WENT MAD. WE'D ALL BE DEAD BUT FOR MR. CARVER SHUTTING THE WATERTIGHT DOOR.
CARVER ! WHERE IS HE ?
MR. CARVER'S ON THE EMERGENCY BRIDGE FORRARD. HE'S IN CHARGE NOW !
CARVER IN CHARGE ? THEN WE'RE ALL DEAD MEN...
UNLESS I CAN KILL HIM FIRST !
IT'S PETERS, THE HELMSMAN !
QUICK ! HELP HIM ! HE LOOKS HALF DEAD !
NEXT PROG: ISLAND OF DREAMS !


IN THE TRIASSIC PERIOD, 200 MILLION YEARS IN OUR PAST! AN AGE WHEN REPTILES BEGAN TO COLONISE THE SEAS, AND SOME STARTED TO FLY... AN AGE RICH WITH MEAT FOR 23rd CENTURY MAN, WHO SURVIVES ON SYNTHETIC FOOD ALONE!
BUT WITH THE DISCOVERY OF TIME TRAVEL HE CAN NOW JOURNEY BACK IN TIME AND HUNT THE DINOSAURS... HUNT THEM FOR THEIR FLESH!
BUT MAN HAS COMPETITION IN AN AGE WHEN ALL CREATURES MUST EAT TO LIVE...
...AND MOST OF THEM LIVE TO EAT!
HAVING HAD A SNACK OF A PTEROSAUR, THE TANYSTROPHEUS IS READY FOR MORE FOOD, AND THE SMELL OF ANOTHER CREATURE IS IN ITS NOSTRILS...
THE OTHER CREATURE W
A LAIR, AND IN THAT LA
YOUNG, LEFT UNGUA
AND DEFENCELE
FLESH
BOOK 2
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SCRIPT ROBOT
GEOFFREY MILLER
ART ROBOT
BELARDINELLI
LETTERING ROBOT
JACK POTTER
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ILL HAVE
IR WILL BE
RDED
SS!
BUT INSTEAD OF TENDER, JUICY FLESH, IT FINDS STRANGE GOLDEN OBJECTS— IT FEELS CHEATED...
AND THEN IT ROARS WITH PAIN!
THE DINOSAUR THAT USED THE CAVE FOR ITS LAIR HAD RETURNED!
THE GIANT NOTHOSAUR THAT THE 23rd CENTURY MEN CALLED BIG HUNGRY, WOULD NOT LET ANYONE PROWL ON HIS TERRITORY!

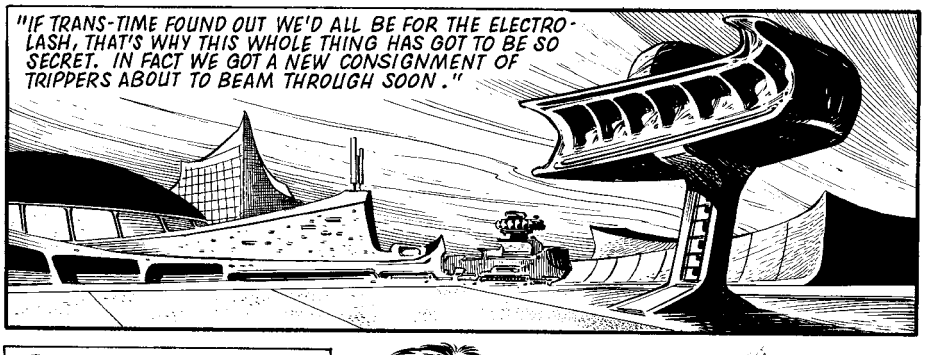

SURPRISED BY THE FEROCITY OF THE ATTACK, THE TANYSTROPHEUS KNEW THAT IT COULD NOT SHIFT BIG HUNGRY, BUT WITH ITS LONG SNAKE-LIKE NECK IT COULD— OUTMANOEUVRE HIM!
FINDING A VANTAGE POINT THE RAZOR SHARP TEETH SUNK INTO BIG HUNGRY'S UNDER-BELLY, WHERE HIS SKIN WAS SOFTEST!
BUT BIG HUNGRY WAS NOT FINISHED. WHAT HE LACKED IN SUBTLETY HE MADE UP FOR IN BRUTE STRENGTH!
SNARLING HATE INTO THE FACE OF HIS ENEMY, HE LOCKED JAWS WITH THE TANYSTROPHEUS, AND FORCED THE CREATURE TO OVER-BALANCE!
BIG HUNGRY COULD HAVE FINISHED HIS HELPLESS ENEMY THERE AND THEN, BUT HE WAS NOT CONCERNED ABOUT THE THRILL OF THE CELEBRATORY KILL, HE WAS ANXIOUS FOR HIS YOUNG. HAD THEY BEEN HARMED?
NO, THE OBJECTS INSIDE HIS LAIR WERE STILL THERE!
BIG HUNGRY'S BRAIN COULD NOT REMEMBER THAT ALREADY THE YOUNG NOTHOSAURS IN HIS KEEPING HAD BEEN KILLED. HIS INSTINCTS TOLD HIM THAT THIS WAS HIS CAVE, THE THINGS INSIDE BELONGED TO HIM, AND SO HE HAD TO LOOK AFTER THEM!
HIS CAVE HAD BEEN VISITED TOO OFTEN, IT WAS NO LONGER SAFE TO LEAVE THINGS THERE. BIG HUNGRY SET OFF TO FIND A SAFER PLACE ...
HE DID NOT KNOW THAT HE WAS CARRYING GOLD STOLEN FROM A TRANS-TIME BASE IN THE CRETACEOUS PERIOD BY THE MAN THEY CALLED CLAW CARVER!

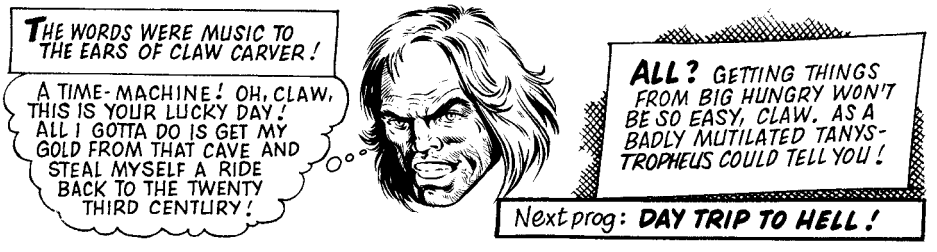

CARVER HAD FLED IN A TIME-SHUTTLE AND 'CRASHED' IN THE TRIASSIC PERIOD. TRANS-TIME WERE THERE TOO, AND NOW HE WAS IN CHARGE OF THE THOR'S HAMMER, A SOPHISTICATED SUBMARINE USED FOR HUNTING THE DINOSAURS IN THE PERIOD'S SEAS...
BUT AT THAT MOMENT, ON BOARD...
LET ME AT CARVER— LET ME KILL HIM!
YOU GONE CRAZY, PETERS?
CARVER STINKS OF EVIL! HE MURDERED SVENSON AND THE OTHERS AND HE'S GOT TO PAY!
WELL, WELL! PETERS IS A FIGHTER AND NO MISTAKE! BUT HE'LL NEED TO BE MORE THAN THAT TO CHALLENGE CLAW CARVER!
YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY DELIRIOUS, PETERS. EVERYONE KNOWS IT WAS AN ACCIDENT THAT KILLED THOSE MEN. BUT IF YOU REALLY WANT A FIGHT, LET'S MAKE SURE THAT IT'S FAIR!
FAIR? THERE'LL BE NOTHING FAIR ABOUT THIS FIGHT!
IN THAT CASE, I'LL USE MY CLAW!
URGHHH!
CARVER HAD LOST HIS HAND KILLING A DINOSAUR, AND NOW WORE ITS CLAW INSTEAD!
UNFORTUNATE INCIDENT, THAT... SOMEONE GET HIM TO THE BRIG... HE CAN RECEIVE PROPER MEDICAL ATTENTION THERE...
.. NOW LET'S GET THIS SUB MOVING!
WE'LL HAVE TO PULL INTO THE NEAREST ISLAND AND GET THE DAMAGE TO THIS SUB FIXED. THIS ONE'LL DO!
ER-NO. NOT THAT ISLAND, MISTER CARVER, LET'S TRY AND MOVE ON BACK TO BASE!


WE'RE TAKING IN ENOUGH WATER TO SINK DAVY JONES, YET YOU WANT TO MOVE ON! I RECKON SOMETHING'S ON THAT ISLAND WHICH YOU WANT KEPT SECRET, BUT NO-ONE KEEPS CLAW CARVER IN THE DARK...
WE HEAD FOR IT RIGHT NOW!
HUUUH! LOOKS LIKE ANY OTHER HUNK OF ROCK TO ME!
THAT'S THE IDEA, CARVER! BUT AS YOU AND OLD BULL SVENSON WAS MATEY THERE'S NO HARM IN LETTING YOU IN ON THE SECRET! WATCH THIS!


CLEVER, EH? THIS CREEK IS COMPLETELY HIDDEN FROM THE SEA. IT WAS ONLY BY CHANCE THAT BULL FOUND IT, BUT HE MADE THE MOST OF THAT CHANCE, YES SIRREE!


THOR'S HAMMER CAME TO REST ALONGSIDE A MAN-MADE JETTY AND A SIGHT MET CARVER'S EYES THAT WAS UNEXPECTED, EVEN IN AN AGE WHEN THE FANTASTIC AND UNUSUAL HAD BECOME COMMONPLACE..
A CONCEALED BEACH... WITH HOTEL FACILITIES— BUT TRANS-TIME DON'T RUN THIS!
CERTAINLY DON'T, CARVER. BUT QUIET BEACHES ARE SO SCARCE IN THE TWENTY THIRD CENTURY THAT FOLKS'LL PAY ANYONE A PACKET TO HAVE A PEACEFUL LUXURY HOLIDAY, INCLUDING US 'POOR' T.T. EMPLOYEES!


"IF TRANS-TIME FOUND OUT WE'D ALL BE FOR THE ELECTRO-LASH, THAT'S WHY THIS WHOLE THING HAS GOT TO BE SO SECRET. IN FACT WE GOT A NEW CONSIGNMENT OF TRIPPERS ABOUT TO BEAM THROUGH SOON."


THE WORDS WERE MUSIC TO THE EARS OF CLAW CARVER!
A TIME-MACHINE! OH, CLAW, THIS IS YOUR LUCKY DAY! ALL I GOTTA DO IS GET MY GOLD FROM THAT CAVE AND STEAL MYSELF A RIDE BACK TO THE TWENTY THIRD CENTURY!
ALL? GETTING THINGS FROM BIG HUNGRY WON'T BE SO EASY, CLAW. AS A BADLY MUTILATED TANYS-TROPHEUS COULD TELL YOU!
Next prog: DAY TRIP TO HELL!




HUNTING THE SEA CREATURES OF THE TRIASSIC PERIOD IS BUSINESS FOR THE TRANS-TIME CORPORATION...
PLACODUS BEEN HAULED UP WITH THE CATCH, BUT THE CYBOSAUR WILL GET RID OF HIM !
23rd CENTURY MAN HAS DEVELOPED TIME-TRAVEL, AND HUGE BUSINESS COMBINES NOW FARM THE SEAS OF TWENTY-FIVE MILLION YEARS AGO TO OBTAIN MUCH NEEDED FOOD SUPPLIES.
AYE, GENETIC ENGINEERING MAY HAVE TURNED THE CYBO INTO A GOOD LINE OF DEFENCE —
BUT ME, I ALWAYS RECKONS YOU CAN'T BEAT A GOOD OLD BOAT-HOOK WITH A SHARP POINT !
2000 A.D. Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT GEOFFREY MILLER
ART ROBOT BELARDINELLI
LETTERING ROBOT FRAME
COMPU-73E
THE LURE OF A
GO IN SEARCH
ANIMALS, PR
23RD CENTUR
EXCITEMENT !
BUT BUSINESS AND PLEASURE CAN NEVER BE MIXED

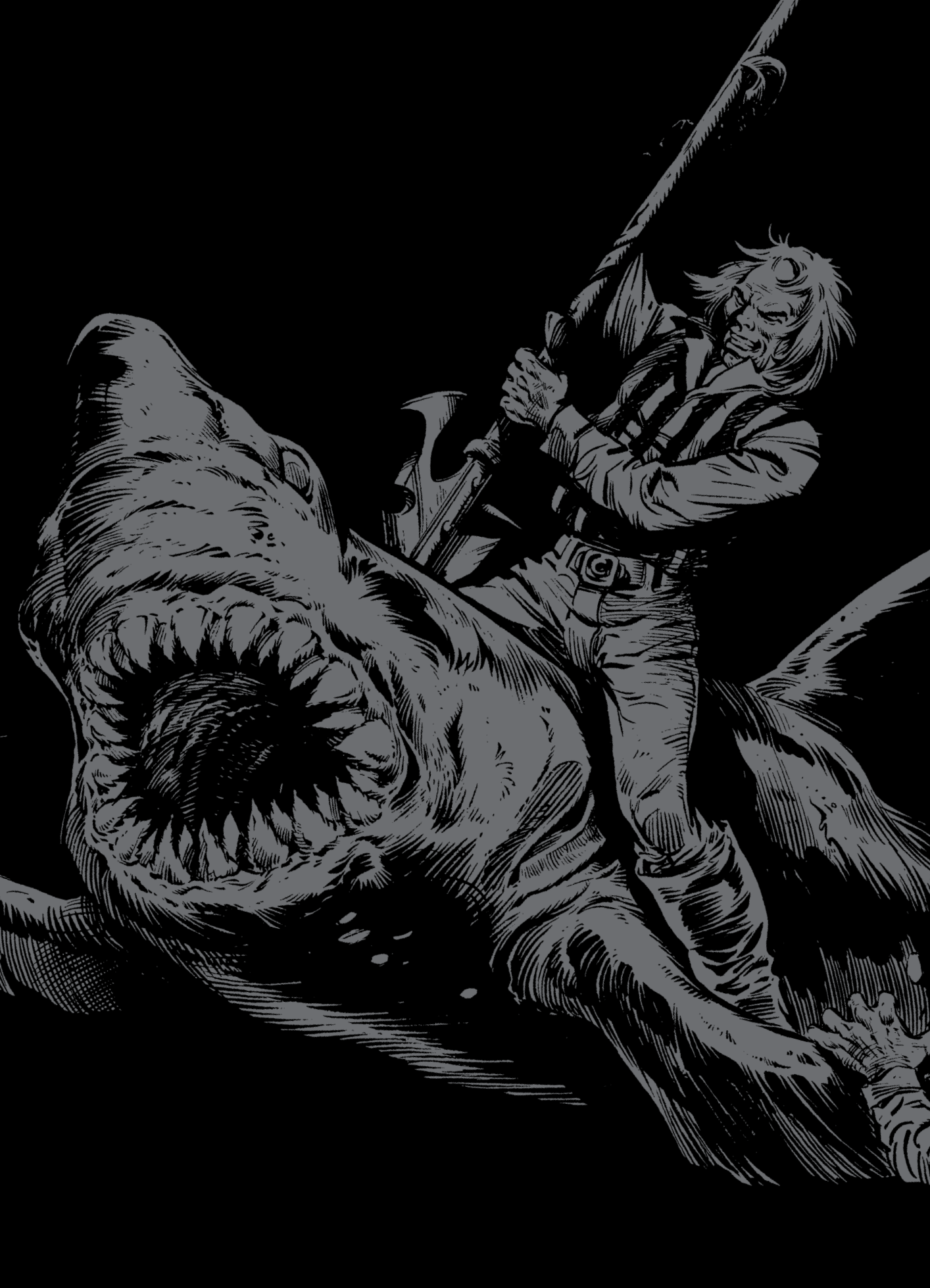

HUNTING THE SEA CREATURES IS PLEASURE FOR THE 'TRIASSIC TRIPPERS'. . .
IN ILLEGAL TIME TRAVEL, TO OF SPORT WITH LIVE OVES TOO MUCH FOR SOME RY MEN WHO THIRST FOR
YAHOOOOOO, BOYS! I CAUGHT ME A REAL BIGGIE!
YOU GOT HIM, HANK! YOU GOT HIM!
WHEN THE HUNT IS ON FOR...
FLESH
BOOK II


UNBEKNOWN TO ONE COMBINE, THE TRANS-TIME CORPORATION, SOME OF ITS MEN HAVE SET UP AN ILLEGAL TIME-HOLIDAY STATION ON THE CONCEALED BEACH OF SVENSON'S ISLAND.
THE TIME SHUTTLE'S STARTING TO MATERIALISE!
YEAH! AND INSIDE IS A NEW BATCH OF TRIPPERS FROM THE TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY...
IT DON'T TAKE MUCH TO BRIBE SOME GUYS TO GET US A TIME SHUTTLE, AND IT TAKES EVEN LESS TO INTEREST SOME SUCKERS IN TAKING A TRIP INTO THE PAST!
SURE! NOTHING LIKE TIME TRAVEL FOR EXCITEMENT!
CLAW CARVER – A DESERTER FROM A TRANS-TIME BASE SITUATED IN THE CRETACEOUS ERA – HAD CRASHED INTO THE TRIASSIC PERIOD IN A TIME SHUTTLE WHICH CONTAINED A FORTUNE IN STOLEN GOLD.
AND JUST AS SOON AS I PICK UP MY GOLD, I CAN STEAL A RIDE BACK ON THIS SHUTTLE TO THE TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY!
SO THIS IS THE TRIASSIC PERIOD. MUST GET A PICTURE FOR THE FOLKS BACK HOME!
TH-THAT RIDE WAS R-RATHER ROUGH, I HOPE WE'VE DONE THE RIGHT THING COMING ON THIS TRIP!
OF COURSE YOU HAVE, SUCKER-ER-FRIEND! WELCOME TO YOUR SUNSHINE HOLIDAY!
I'LL TAKE OVER, CHIEF. GENTLEMEN, I'M HERE TO SEE THAT YOU GET EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO MAKE YOUR STAY A PLEASANT ONE!
NOW THAT'S MORE LIKE IT! I'VE PAID GOOD MONEY TO COME HERE 'CAUSE I WANT TO SEE SOME ACTION! SOME OF THEM FISH MENTIONED IN THIS HERE BROCHURE!
I WANT TO HUNT ME SOME FLESH!
DON'T WORRY, SIR – YOU CAN START RIGHT NOW! GET ONE OF THE SMALL LIFE-CRAFT FROM "THOR'S HAMMER", THESE GENTLEMEN ARE READY FOR SOME SPORT!
YOU'RE CRAZY, CARVER! THESE LANDLUBBERS HAVEN'T GOT THE SHIP'S CAT OF A CHANCE OF SURVIVING OUT AT SEA! WOULDN'T IT BE SAFER TO LET THEM FISH ON THIS SHELTERED BEACH AREA?
LISTEN, AS ACTING CAPTAIN I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING... OR ARE YOU TRYING TO CROSS ME?
GULP – N-NO, CLAW... ER... SIR!


BESIDES, I'LL GO WITH THEM, AND SEE THAT EVERYTHING GOES ACCORDING TO PLAN!
CLAW CARVER'S PLAN THAT IS, 'CAUSE I'M ANGLING FOR MIGHTY BIG FISH MYSELF!
LET'S GET GOING — I'M ITCHING TO TRY OUT THIS HARPOON!
YOU-YOU MEAN I WON'T BE USING MY FISHING LINE, HANK?
NAWWW! WE'RE AFTER THE BIG FISH NOW!
I SEEN ONE! TAKE US IN, BOBBY — IT'S A REAL MONSTER!
HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! THAT GUY CARVER'S DISAPPEARED!
SHUT UP, GODFREY! WE'RE IN AT THE BIG KILL AND YOU'RE MOANING!
YEAH! ALL WE'RE INTERESTED IN IS A KILL — LIKE THIS!
YAHOO! IT'S PROBABLY THE BIGGEST FISH EVER BEEN LANDED!
BUT AS THE VICTORIOUS HANK REACHED FOR HIS CAMERA, ANOTHER PLAYER DECIDED TO JOIN THE GAME...
L-L-L-LOOK O-OUT, HANK!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOBBY? YOU'RE PUTTING ME OFF. THIS WILL MAKE A REALLY GREAT...
SNAP!
AARGH!



NEXT PROG: **NO, NO - NOT THE PINCERS!**




FLESH
BOOK II
FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE SHALLOW SEAS THEY CAME... UNDISTURBED FOR CENTURIES BEYOND RECKONING, BUT NOW THEY HAD BEEN STIRRED INTO ACTION —
THEY WERE READY TO ATTACK...!


BY THE TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY MAN HAS DEVELOPED TIME TRAVEL, WHICH ENABLES HIM TO HUNT THE CREATURES OF PREHISTORIC TIMES, AND THUS PROVIDE VALUABLE SOURCES OF FOOD.
THE TRANS-TIME CORPORATION HAVE GONE BACK TO THE TRIASSIC PERIOD TO FARM FISH, BUT SOME OF THEIR EMPLOYEES HAVE TAKEN THE OPPORTUNITY OF RUNNING AN ILLEGAL TIME-TRAVEL ADVENTURE HOLIDAY THAT HAS BROUGHT ABOUT DISASTROUS RESULTS . . . .
2000 A.D. Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT GEOFFREY MILLER
ART ROBOT BELARDINELLI
LETTERING ROBOT FRAME
COMPU-73E
I TOLD THAT FOOL CARVER THAT HIS INTERFERING WOULD BRING TROUBLE!
HE'S GONE AND STIRRED UP THE GIANT SCORPIONS!
C'MON! LET'S GET THE HELL OFF THIS ISLAND BEFORE THOSE SCORPIONS GET TO US!
NO USE, CHIEF! IF WE PUT HER AFLOAT, OUR SUB IS LIKELY TO TAKE IN WATER AND HOLE OUT!
WE'LL TAKE A CHANCE — JUST LET'S MOVE!


IN THE BRIG OF THE SUB...
THIS IS A LASER LASH, PETERS — YOU'RE GONNA LEARN THE HARD WAY THAT IT DON'T PAY TO CROSS ACTING CAPTAIN CLAW CARVER!
CARVER'S A THIEF, AND A DESERTER FROM ANOTHER TRANS-TIME BASE, AND HE'S OUT TO BRING DEATH TO US ALL— UNLESS I CAN PERSUADE THE MEN TO TURN AGAINST HIM!
HOLD IT, BERT! WE GOT BIG PROBLEMS UPSTAIRS!
AS THE JAILER OF THE BRIG TURNED ROUND...
BAD MOVE, PAL — NOW YOU'VE GOT PROBLEMS DOWNSTAIRS, TOO!
HANK!
YOU'VE THROTTLED HIM! I'M GOING TO SLICE YOU FOR THAT, PETERS!
GOT THE KEY TO THESE MANACLES — BUT HAVE I GOT TIME TO FREE MYSELF?
YES! THIS ISN'T WHAT I HAD IN MIND BY WHIPPING UP SUPPORT — BUT IT'LL DO!
AIEEE!
PETERS RACED ON TO THE DECK — WHERE ALL HELL WAS BREAKING LOOSE!
CARVER — WHERE IS HE?
HE'S VANISHED — JUST GONE OFF SOMEWHERE! BUT FIRST OF ALL HE BROUGHT THE SCORPIONS OUT OF THEIR LAIRS! WE'RE GONNA DIE!
THAT SCUM CARVER! HE'LL ROT IN HELL FOR THIS!
AS THE STRICKEN SCORPION RETREATED MOMENTARILY...
HEY, WAIT FOR ME!
IT'S GUNNER BEN! WE CAN'T GO WITHOUT HIM! HANG ON WHILE I GO HELP HIM!
I CONFESS THAT I THOUGHT YOU WAS JUST KINDA CRAZY BEFORE, WHEN YOU TACKLED CARVER...


...BUT NOW I KNOW THAT YOU'RE STARK, STARING MAD!
WE'RE GOING WITHOUT YA!
PETERS! I KNOW'D YOU WAS A GOOD SORT! YOU'VE COME BACK FOR OLD BEN!
SAVE YOUR BREATH, AND MOVE!
THE TWO MEN COULD ONLY RETREAT A FEW YARDS, BEFORE...
ROCK FACE! WE'RE TRAPPED, BEN!
AH, POOR, POOR OLD GUNNER BEN! DOOMED TO DIE ON LAND!
THE SCORPION MOVED IN FOR ITS KILL...
RUN, BEN - SAVE YOURSELF!
BUT AS PETERS STARED DEATH IN THE FACE, THE MONSTER SUDDENLY STOPPED, ITS ATTENTION DIVERTED BY A NEW INTEREST...
IT'S CRAWLING BACK INTO THE SEA!
THE THOR'S HAMMER HAD HOLED OUT AND SUNK TO THE BOTTOM...
AAGH!
NO, NO! NOT THE PINCERS!
IT WAS HARD TO TELL WHETHER IT WAS WORSE BEING ON THE SURFACE, OR TRAPPED DOWN INSIDE THE SUB...
NOOOO! PLEASE LET ME DROWN BEFORE THEY GET ME!
...EITHER WAY, IT WAS NOT PLEASANT!


PETERS AND GUNNER BEN WATCHED THE GRIM SPECTACLE FROM THE SAFETY OF THE HIGHER ROCKS...
POOR BEGGARS—THERE'S NO HELPING THEM NOW!
THE SCORPIONS HAVE NEVER TROUBLED US BEFORE! IT'S A SIGN, MASTER PETERS, IT'S A SIGN!
WHEN THE BEASTS HAD GORGED THEMSELVES AND RETURNED UNDERWATER, PETERS AND BEN SET OUT FOR BASE USING A MAKESHIFT RAFT.
BEN'S NOT SAID A WORD SINCE WE SET OFF...THE SHOCK AND THE SUN HAVE BEEN TOO MUCH FOR HIM.
RECKON OUR LUCK'S IN, BEN. THE SCORPIONS HAVE FRIGHTENED OFF ALL THE PREDATORS IN THE SEA.
THE TWO MEN FINALLY REACHED ATLANTIS STATION—THE GIGANTIC STRUCTURE THAT WAS TRANS-TIME CORPORATION'S BASE...
PETERS AND BEN! BUT WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE REST OF THE CREW FROM 'THOR'S HAMMER'?
CARVER IS THE GUY TO ANSWER THAT! JUST GET ME TO SEE GROSE!
J.M. GROSE WAS THE CONTROLLER OF THE TRANS-TIME BASE. MEN MATTERED LITTLE TO J.M., BUT PRODUCTION SCHEDULES WERE VITAL!
NOW LISTEN HERE, GROSE! THE LOSS OF 'THOR'S HAMMER'...
THE LOSS MEANS A 12·50% REDUCTION IN SCHEDULE B FOR SHIPPING FISH UP TO THE 23RD CENTURY—AND I'VE GOT ALL THE NUISANCE OF GETTING MORE CREW!
BEFORE YOU START YOUR WHIMPERING EXCUSES, I'VE ALREADY HEARD THE TRUTH ABOUT 'THOR'S HAMMER' FROM...
...MISTER CARVER!
YOU CAN'T BELIEVE THAT SCUM! BEN'S WITH ME—HE'LL TELL YOU ABOUT HOLIDAY ISLAND AND THE GIANT SCORPIONS!
BUT...
I...I...DON'T REMEMBER...
NO! HIS MIND'S SNAPPED COMPLETELY NOW!
WHAT SORT OF SILLY JOKE IS THIS? I DIDN'T GET WHERE I AM TODAY BY HAVING A SENSE OF HUMOUR. I KNEW YOU WERE NO GOOD, PETERS—I CAN SPOT A NO-GOOD WHEN I SEE ONE! YOU'LL BOTH WORK ON THE DOUBLE SHIFT!
WELL, THAT'S MIGHTY HANDY! COULDN'T HAVE WORKED OUT BETTER IF I'D PLANNED IT MYSELF!
HARD WORK, CARVER—IT'LL DO 'EM GOOD. IT MADE ME WHAT I AM TODAY!
I WONDERED WHAT HAD DONE IT, MR GROSE, SIR!
NOW THERE'S NO-ONE LEFT 'CEPT ME WHO KNOWS THE TRUTH ABOUT CARVER. HE'S TURNED BIG HUNGRY AGAINST US, AND HE'S SET THE GIANT SCORPIONS AGAINST US...
WHAT'S HE GOING TO UNLEASH ON US NEXT?
NEXT PROG: DOOMSDAY!!




IT'S COMMERCIAL TIME ON THE TELEVISION SETS OF THE TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY!
YES, VIEWERS, ALL THE FAMILY LOVES REAL FOOD - AND TRANS-TIME'S LATEST FISH SHIPMENT HAS JUST ARRIVED!
THIS SEA FOOD SPECIAL IS A REAL DELICACY. SO MUCH NICER THAN TODAY'S NASTY SYNTHETIC FOOD!
YES, TRANS-TIME IS A MODEL COMPANY! YOU CAN BET THE OPERATION IS CLEAN, SMOOTH AND EFFICIENT!
BUT THE HARSH FACTS OF REALITY PRESENT A RATHER DIFFERENT PICTURE. ON TRANS-TIME'S BASE, 200 MILLION YEARS IN THE PAST—
TRANS-TIME
AND IN PRODUCTION BAY 6...
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU UP TO, PETERS? THE WHOLE PRODUCTION LINE'S GOING TO HAVE SHUT DOWN 'CAUSE YOU'VE BEEN MIXING TOO MUCH 'SLOP' IN WITH THE FISH!


FLESH
BOOK II
2000 A.D.
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
GEOFFREY MILLER
ART ROBOT
BELARDINELLI
LETTERING ROBOT
PETE KNIGHT
COMPU-73E
A FOOD
ECIAL
TRA
IRGENT MESSAGE FOR PRODUCTION BAY 6.
LL 'EM NO MORE OF THIS MUCK! ME TANKERS
ULL AND I'VE GOT STINKIN' SEA FOOD SPECIAL
SLOPPING OVER ME FLAMIN' WELLIES!
HLOOP!
CLANKER!
CLANKER!
AAAAAAAGH!
MR. GROSE WANTS TO SEE YOU DOING MORE WORK - NOT LOUSING UP THE WHOLE OPERATION.


MAYBE YOU NEED A BIT OF AIR... SO GET OUT AND CLEAN ABOVE DECK... AND DON'T COME BACK TILL YOU'VE FINISHED!
PETERS HAD BEEN PLACED ON THE ENERGY-SAPPING DOUBLE SHIFT BY BASE CONTROLLER J.M. GROSE - SIXTEEN HOURS WITHOUT A BREAK.
YEAH, BUT IT WAS CLAW CARVER WHO GOT ME IN TROUBLE WITH GROSE...
CARVER'S GOT A STASH OF LOOTED GOLD AND HE'S ALREADY COMMITTED MURDER TRYING TO GET BACK TO THE 23rd CENTURY. SOMEHOW I'VE GOT TO PROVE IT TO GROSE - BUT HOW?
THEN...
AH, SEA'S LOOKING ROUGH TODAY. RECKON WE'RE IN FOR NASTY WEATHER. IT'S A SIGN OF ILL OMEN!
IT'S GUNNER BEN. THE POOR OLD FOOL'S QUITE MAD!
GUNNER BEN'S MIND HAD BEEN SNAPPED BY THE TERROR OF AN ATTACK FROM GIANT SCORPIONS.
AYE, OLD BEN KNOWS THE SIGNS - BAD TIMES ARE A'COMING. THEM SCORPIONS HAVE NEVER COME OUT TO ATTACK US AFORE NOW. MARK MY WORDS, IT'S A SIGN OF WORSE THINGS TO COME!
BEN'S WORDS WERE ABOUT TO COME TRUE! ON DECK RUNNING REPAIRS WERE BEING CARRIED OUT ON 'BIG GEORDIE', THE GIGANTIC CRANE WHICH BROUGHT THE HUGE CATCHES OF FISH ON BOARD.
SHE NEEDS A COUPLE OF LINKS STRENGTHENING - THEY'RE RUSTING THROUGH A BIT!
'COURSE THEY ARE! WHAT DO YOU EXPECT WHEN GROSE OVERLOADS 'BIG GEORDIE' SO MUCH? A 250-TON CRANE CAN'T BE TAKING 300-TON CATCHES OF FISH - CAN IT NOW?
LOOK! A COUPLE OF PTEROSAURS! THEY DON'T USUALLY FLY SO CLOSE TO THE BASE!
THEY WON'T DO AGAIN - MY LASER-WELDER WILL TEACH 'EM!


MAN'S THE BOSS ROUND HERE NOW!
THE SIGHT OF THE CRUEL ATTACK ENRAGED THE SECOND OF THE FLYING REPTILES. IF MAN COULD NOT LEAVE THEM ALONE, THEN WHAT SHOULD MAN EXPECT IN RETURN, EXCEPT SIMILAR TREATMENT?
N-NO! I-I WAS ONLY S-SCARING YOU AWAY, H-HONEST!
AAAH!
HELL, THE BEAST'S GONE CRAZY!
HE'S FEEDING ON WILLY... GOT TIME TO GET AWAY BEFORE HE COMES FOR ME— AAH! LOST MY FOOTING!
HANGING DESPERATELY BY HIS HANDS THE SCREAMING MAN LOOKED UP AND SAW...
OH, NO PLEASE NO!
...DEATH!
ARRRRGGHHHHHHHHH!


THOSE FLYING REPTILES NEVER ATTACKED BEFORE! THEY SAY THAT FEAR BREEDS FEAR, AND THE APPEARANCE OF THE KILLER SCORPIONS COULD HAVE UPSET ALL THE OTHER CREATURES ROUND HERE...MAYBE GUNNER BEN'S RIGHT...MAYBE THERE'S BIG TROUBLE BREWING!
YOU BET THERE IS - WHAT'S THE BOSS GOING TO SAY?
IN KEEPING WITH HIS CHARACTER, J.M. GROSE HAD QUITE A LOT TO SAY.
ANOTHER WRETCHED ACCIDENT! IT'S TOO INCONVENIENT, CHIEF HAWKINS! WHY DO YOU ALLOW THESE THINGS TO HAPPEN? WE LOSE MORE WORKING HOURS THAN BRITISH LEY-MEK!
I KNOW, J.M. BUT ISN'T IT MORE WORRYING THAT THE PTEROSAURS ARE NOW HOSTILE?
NONSENSE! WHAT WORRIES ME IS THAT GOOD GROATS ARE PAID OUT TO INCOMPETENTS WHO DON'T DO THEIR WORK PROPERLY!
CANCEL ALL SYNTHI-RUM, BACON AND EGGS!
BACON 'N' EGGS! BACON 'N' EGGS!
BUT WE HAVEN'T HAD ANY BACON FOR MONTHS!
WELL, THEN REDUCE THE PIECES OF MEAT IN THE NOTHOSAUR STEW FROM TEN TO EIGHT!
BRAVO, MR GROSE, SIR! BIT OF DISCIPLINE NEVER GOES AMISS, SIR!
PIECES OF EIGHT! PIECES OF EIGHT!
IN FACT, TALKING OF EFFICIENCY, IF YOU LET ME GO OUT WITH A TRAWLER AND A HUNTER-KILLER SUB I'LL WIPE OUT THAT LOSS OF PRODUCTION IN NO TIME AT ALL!
GOOD MAN, CARVER! I LIKE YOUR SPIRIT. I DIDN'T GET WHERE I AM TODAY BY NOT LIKING SPIRIT. I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THAT YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN THAT I CAN TRUST ON THIS BASE!
THANK YOU, SIR. I'LL TAKE A HAND-PICKED TEAM, INCLUDING BEN AND PETERS!


SOON CARVER'S EXPEDITION WAS READY TO SET OFF.
WHAT'S THE SCORE, CARVER? IT DOESN'T NEED A GENIUS TO WORK OUT THAT YOU'RE AFTER YOUR STOLEN GOLD. BUT WHY BRING ME AND BEN ALONG?
BEN MIGHT BE MAD AS A HATTER, PETERS, BUT HE'S STILL THE BEST GUNNER ON BOARD. AND YOU MAY BE HEADSTRONG WITH WEAK-SKULLED NOTIONS OF LOYALTY, BUT YOU'RE THE BEST FIGHTER TRANS-TIME'S GOT AN' I MIGHT NEED YOU!
SO WHY NOT SUBMIT, PETERS, AND SHARE IN THE GOLD LIKE THE OTHER MEN? JOIN ME AND I'LL MAKE YOU RICH!
ALL RIGHT, I'LL HELP FIND THE GOLD...
BUT ONLY SO I CAN USE IT AS PROOF FOR GROSE OF THE STINKING CRIMINAL YOU ARE!
WHY YOU-
CLAW! WE'RE GETTING SOME INTERFERENCE ON THE SCANNERS, BUT SOMETHING'S NEAR US... AN' IT'S SOMETHING BIG!
GET ME A VIDSCREEN SIGHTING OF OUTSIDE!
RECKON YOU'LL WISH YOU HADN'T ASKED FOR IT, CARVER!
THE SAUCY SAILOR
'CAUSE WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF A MONSTER SCRAP BETWEEN BIG HUNGRY AND THE GIANT SCORPIONS...
...AND IT'S GONNA BE A FIGHT TO THE DEATH!
NEXT PROG: SCREAMERS DIE FIRST!


FLESH
BOOK II
WITH THE ADVENT OF TIME TRAVEL TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY MAN IS NOW ABLE TO FARM THE SEAS OF THE TRIASSIC PERIOD FOR THEIR PLENTIFUL SUPPLIES OF FISH, WHICH IS IN GREAT DEMAND AS A REPLACEMENT FOR HIS USUAL DIET OF SYNTHI-FOOD. BUT THERE IS MORE THAN JUST FISH IN THE WATERS...
2000A.D.
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
GEOFFREY MILLER
ART ROBOT
BELARDINELLI
LETTERING ROBOT
CHRIS MARTIN
COMPU-73E


IT'S A FIGHT BETWEEN BIG HUNGRY AND THE GIANT SCORPIONS, AND WE'RE HEADING STRAIGHT INTO IT!
AN EARLIER ENCOUNTER WITH GIANT SCORPIONS HAD SNAPPED THE MIND OF GUNNER BEN. THE VERY SIGHT OF THEM WAS NOW ENOUGH TO SEND HIM INTO A FRENZY OF DESTRUCTION!
THOSE MONSTERS! DON'T LET THEM NEAR ME! GOT TO BLAST OUR WAY THROUGH WITH A TORP!
NO, BEN, WE'RE TOO CLOSE IN TO USE HEAVY FIRE-POWER!
THE SAUCY SAILOR
4

PETERS' WARNING CAME TOO LATE!
THE EXPLOSION SENT VIOLENT SHOCK WAVES THROUGH THE WATER...

...SENDING MONSTER AND MACHINE ALIKE REELING!
AAHH!

ON BOARD THE HUNTER-KILLER SUB, 'THE SAUCY SAILOR,' 'CLAW' CARVER - WHO WAS IN CHARGE OF THE EXPEDITION - GRABBED THE SUB'S RADIO—
WE'RE DOING MORE HARM TO OURSELVES THAN THAT DARNED NOTHOSAUR... OUTTA MA WAY, I'LL HANDLE THIS!
CLAW CARVER TO TRAWLER SUB, I NEED YOUR HELP, SO LISTEN GOOD!
CARVER DOESN'T CARE A DAMN ABOUT TRANS-TIME. ALL HE WANTS IS TO GET CLEAR FROM HERE SO THAT HE CAN PICK UP THE HIDDEN GOLD THAT'S STASHED ON BIG HUNGRY'S ISLAND!


ACCOMPANYING THE SUB WAS A TRAWLER, TO TRANSPORT THE CATCH OF FISH BACK TO THE BASE.
WE'RE DIRECTLY ABOVE YOU, CARVER... BUT YOU'RE ASKING ME TO CAST OFF THE NETS ?
I AIN'T ASKING, I'M TELLIN' YOU TO !
AND—
LETTING GO OF THE NETS WHEN THERE'S A GOOD SIXTY TONS IN THEM... SOUNDS CRAZY TO ME !
ORDERS IS ORDERS, 'ARRY !
HERE SHE COMES, CARVER— A GOOD HALF-CATCH OF FISH, ALL GOING TO WASTE !
NO, NOT TO WASTE ! WATCH...
THE HUGE NET OPENED OUTWARDS AS THE WEIGHT OF ITS CONTENTS SENT IT TO THE BOTTOM... ONLY TO LAND A MUCH BIGGER CATCH !
THAT'LL FINISH HUNGRY OFF ! THE NET'LL HOLD THE BRUTE TILL HIS LUNGS BURST — IF THOSE SCORPIONS DON'T BURST THEM FOR HIM !
BIG HUNGRY'S TOUGH AND CUNNING. SHOULDN'T WE HANG AROUND TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS ?
AND RISK THE REST OF THOSE SCORPIONS FINDING US ? WELL, YOU CAN WAIT, PETERS — BUT THIS SUB'S GOING STRAIGHT AFTER MY GOLD !
SOON, 'THE SAUCY SAILOR' SURFACED ON THE BEACH OF BIG HUNGRY'S ISLAND.
MY GOLD'S HERE ALL RIGHT — BUT WE GOTTA WORK OUT WHERE THAT STINKIN' NOTHOSAUR HID IT ! A HUNDRED PIECES TO THE MAN WHO FINDS IT !
CARVER NEEDS THESE MEN TO HELP HIM — BUT THERE'S NO WAY THE RAT'LL SHARE HIS LOOT WITH THEM !
BUT ALTHOUGH BIG HUNGRY WAS ABSENT, THE ISLAND WAS NOT WITHOUT DANGER —
AARGH!
FROBISHER AND DRAKE ! LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE DISTURBED...
... A CYNOGNATHUS !
CYNOGNATHUS... THE 'LIZARD-DOG' ! AGILE, QUICK — WITH DEADLY TEETH JUST MADE FOR RIPPING FLESH !
RUN, YA YELLOW-STREAKED SCUM ! BUT THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' GONNA STAND BETWEEN ME AND MY GOLD...


...NOTHIN'! YA HEAR THAT, LIZARD-DOG? NOTHIN'!
AND NOW HE USED THAT FEARSOME CLAW—WITH LETHAL EFFECT!
DIE, YA FREAK! DIE!
CARVER HAD LOST A HAND FIGHTING A DEINONYCHUS—BUT HE'D REPLACED IT WITH THE BEAST'S RAZOR-SHARP CLAW!
COME BACK, YA COWARDLY SLUGS! COME BACK AND FIND THAT DAMNED GOLD—OR YOU'LL GET WHAT THIS THING GOT!
CARVER'S LIKE A HALF-CRAZED ANIMAL HIMSELF! I'M GOING TO HAVE TO WATCH HIS EVERY MOVE!
MEANWHILE, THE FIERCE UNDERWATER STRUGGLE CONTINUED AS THE CREATURES ENTANGLED IN THE NET LASHED OUT AT EACH OTHER IN BLIND CONFUSION!
FINALLY—INEVITABLY—BIG HUNGRY SLUMPED TO THE BOTTOM, OVERCOME BY THE SCORPIONS' SHEER WEIGHT OF NUMBERS!
SENSING VICTORY, THE SCORPIONS BACKED OFF... IT WAS ONLY FOR A MOMENT—BUT THAT WAS ALL THE GIANT SEA-BEAST NEEDED!
IN A BLUR OF MOTION, BIG HUNGRY STRUCK!
THE BLOOD FROM THE MIXOSAURUS WAS TOO STRONG A BAIT FOR THE SCORPIONS. WHY SHOULD THEY FIGHT... WHEN, INSTEAD, THEY COULD EAT!
SEIZING HIS CHANCE, BIG HUNGRY POWERED AWAY FROM THE BROILING MASS OF BODIES—TOWARDS THE MOUTH OF THE NET!
ACHING, AND BLEEDING BADLY, THE NOTHOSAUR FORCED HIMSELF TO SWIM ONWARDS.
HE NEEDED REST: HE WOULD GO BACK TO HIS ISLAND!


BUT BIG HUNGRY WOULD FIND NO PEACE THERE... FOR ISAAC HANS HAD MADE THE DISCOVERY OF HIS LIFE.
GOOOLLLDD! I FOUND IT — I FOUND THE GOLD!
HEY — YOU DID IT, ISAAC! YOU'RE A RICH MAN NOW, EH?
YEAH — I GET THE REWARD, DON'T I, CLAW? A HUNDRED PIECES OF GOLD...
YEAH, YOU'RE SOME GUY, ISAAC! SO... HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE RICH?
IT FEELS JUST GREAT, CLAW! ARE — ARE YOU GONNA GIVE IT TO ME NOW?
YEAH!
UUHHMG!
BUT THE KILLER'S ACTION HAD BEEN SEEN...
THAT DOES IT, CARVER, YOU ROTTEN CREEP! I'M TAKING YOU BACK TO ATLANTIS STATION — ON A CHARGE OF MURDER!
OH, YEAH? JUST TRY IT THEN, PETERS!
YOU'VE BUGGED ME FOR LONG ENOUGH, PETERS! NOW I'M GONNA TEACH YOU A LESSON — A LESSON IN DYING!
BUT EVEN AS PETERS HURLED HIMSELF AT THE MANIACAL CARVER, ANOTHER KILLER APPEARED ON THE SCENE! BIG HUNGRY WAS BACK ON HIS ISLAND — AND BIG HUNGRY WAS ANGRY TO FIND INTRUDERS THERE!
NEXT PROG:
SNAP!


23RD CENTURY MAN HAS USED TIME TRAVEL SO THAT HE CAN GO BACK 2 MILLION YEARS TO THE TRIASSIC AGE AND HUNT PREHISTORIC ANIMALS... BUT NOW THE ANIMALS ARE STARTING TO HUNT MAN!
FLESH
BOOK II
BIG HUNGRY! HE'S COMING BACK TO HIS ISLAND!
...HE'S SEEN US! WE'RE COLD MEAT, PETERS!
2000 A.D. Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT GEOFFREY MILLER
ART ROBOT BELARDINELLI
LETTERING ROBOT T FRAME
COMPU-73E
THE GIANT NOTHOSAUR CALLED BIG HUNGRY DID NOT LIKE INTRUDERS WHO DARED TO PROWL ON HIS TERRITORY. HE WOULD HAVE TO DEAL WITH THEM — SO THAT THEY WOULD NEVER TRESPASS AGAIN!
BUT SUDDENLY—
WHUMP!
WHAT THE...? SOMEONE'S FIRING AT US!


HEY – LOOK! IT'S GUNNER BEN!
YOU BET YOUR LIFE IT IS, SON! OLD BEN ISN'T SO CRAZY THAT HE'D LET THAT BRUTE GET YOU! THAT SHOT'LL HAVE SCARED HIM OFF FOR A WHILE!
GUNNER BEN – WHOSE MIND HAD BEEN UNHINGED AFTER AN ENCOUNTER WITH DEADLY GIANT SCORPIONS – HAD SEEN BIG HUNGRY APPROACHING, AND TURNED THE HUNTER-KILLER SUB'S WEAPONRY AGAINST IT.
OKAY – NOW WE CAN SETTLE OUR FIGHT, PETERS!
SUITS ME, SCUM! I SHOULD KILL YOU, LIKE YOU KILLED MY BUDDIES IN YOUR SCHEMING TO GET YOUR STOLEN GOLD...
...BUT I WANT YOU ALIVE!
THAT WAY, EVERY MAN ON ATLANTIS STATION WILL FIND OUT THE STINKIN' TRUTH ABOUT CLAW CARVER!
UUHH!
NOW I'LL BE ABLE TO CONVINCE THE CONTROLLER THAT CARVER WAS PREPARED TO WIPE OUT THE ENTIRE STATION TO HELP HIM GET THIS DAMNED GOLD!
I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, SHIPMATE! BUT THEM CRITTURS HAVE BEEN ACTIN' STRANGE – AND I GOT A HUNCH OUR TROUBLE'S ONLY JUST STARTIN'!
AND IF THE OLD GUNNER COULD HAVE SEEN THE RAGING NOTHOSAUR AT THAT MOMENT, HIS HUNCH MIGHT HAVE BECOME A CERTAINTY!
BIG HUNGRY WAS USED TO FIGHTING MAN ON THE OPEN SEA – BUT NOW MAN HAD INVADED THE CREATURE'S ISLAND, HIS VERY OWN TERRITORY... AND IT WAS TIME FOR THE MONSTER TO HIT BACK!
THE NOTHOSAUR'S BRAIN WAS NOT LARGE – BUT INSTINCT, AND THE RAGE AND HATE BURNING INSIDE HIM, GUIDED HIS ACTIONS. HE KNEW THAT HE NEEDED... HELP!
MANY YEARS AGO, BIG HUNGRY HAD BEEN LEADER OF THE PACK. BUT THEN HE'D GROWN LARGER, FIERCER – AND GONE HIS OWN WAY...


...THE NEW LEADER WAS NOT PLEASED TO SEE HIM RETURN!
MIGHTY JAWS SNAPPING, CRUEL TALONS UNSHEATHED READY TO SLASH AND TEAR, THE GARGANTUAN COMBATANTS LOCKED TOGETHER!
THE NEW LEADER WAS STRONG AND FAST; BUT BIG HUNGRY HAD BEEN BESTED ALREADY TODAY... IT WOULD NOT HAPPEN AGAIN!
EXCITED INTO FRENZY BY THE BLOODY STRUGGLE, ANOTHER OF THE PACK SAW HIS CHANCE! JAWS GAPING, HE DIVED!
BUT BIG HUNGRY NEEDED HIS PACK NOW, NEEDED TO BE LEADER ONCE MORE! AND NOTHING WAS GOING TO STOP HIM...
...NOTHING!
MEANWHILE, BACK ON ATLANTIS STATION, J.M. GROSE HAD FINALLY BEEN CONVINCED OF CLAW CARVER'S GUILT—
IT WAS CARVER WHO STOLE THE GOLD, EH? JUST LIKE I ALWAYS SUSPECTED! IT'S A GOOD JOB I KNOW HOW TO SPOT A CROOK WHEN I SEE ONE! YES, SIR! I—
GROSE, FOR ONCE, JUST SHUT UP—AND LISTEN!
YOU THINK LOCKIN' CARVER IN THE BRIG WILL STOP HIM? THE MAN'S CRAZY—KILL-CRAZY! YOU GOTTA GET HIM OFF THE STATION COMPLETELY—BEFORE HE BRINGS DISASTER DOWN ON ALL OF US!
FIDDLESTICKS, MAN! 'KILL-CRAZY'—HUH! YOU SOUND AS IF YOU EVEN BELIEVE ALL THIS NONSENSE ABOUT THE CREATURES TURNING HOSTILE, TOO!
LISTEN—I DIDN'T GET WHERE I AM TODAY BY NOT HAVING THE...
SITUATION UNDER CONTROL! SITUATION UNDER CONTROL!


DO YOU THINK I'M A COMPLETE FOOL, PETERS? THE DEFENCES OF ATLANTIS STATION WERE ORGANISED BY ME – AND I'M PREPARED FOR EVERY EVENTUALITY!
"OUR HUNTER-KILLER SUBS, TWO-MAN SUBS AND THE CYBOSAURS CAN DEAL WITH ANYTHING THAT TRIES TO GET THROUGH TO THE STATION."
WOW! THOSE CYBOS ARE REAL MEAN! I'M GLAD THEY'RE ON OUR SIDE!
YEAH – THE GENETIC ENGINEERS WHO TURNED THOSE REPTILES INTO KILLERS SURE KNEW THEIR STUFF!
"ALL DECKS ARE EQUIPPED WITH ENOUGH FIRE-POWER TO SINK AN ARMADA! WE CAN PICK OFF ANY TOP-SIDE TARGET IN SECONDS FLAT!"
"HELL, MAN – WE CAN EVEN COPE WITH AN EARTHQUAKE! JUST PRESS THE RIGHT BUTTON..."
"...AND THE ENTIRE BASE TAKES OFF, TO BE TRANSPORTED THROUGH TIME!"
SO DON'T WASTE VALUABLE WORKING TIME WORRYING ABOUT OUR HEALTH – OR CLAW CARVER! 'THE SEAMEN'S REST' WILL TAKE CARE OF HIM!
'THE SEAMEN'S REST'! HOUSED AT THE VERY BOTTOM OF THE ATLANTIS BASE, CARVER'S CELL WAS ALMOST CALCULATED TO DRIVE A MAN MAD! COLD AND DANK, THE ROTTEN STENCH OF DEAD FLESH EVERYWHERE. BETTER MEN THAN CLAW CARVER HAD GONE CRAZY IN ITS CRAMPED CONFINES!
GOLD! BRIGHT, SHINY GOLD! BUT IT'S NO USE TO CLAW! NO USE...
CHOW TIME, CARVER! COME AND GET IT!
HEY, LOOK AT THAT – GOLD COINS ON THE FLOOR! CARVER MUST'VE DROPPED THEM – IT LOOKS LIKE THIS PLACE HAS ALREADY SENT HIM OVER THE TOP!


I CAN GET ME A TRIP BACK TO THE 23RD CENTURY AND SIX MONTHS' SHORE LEAVE WITH THESE! THANKS A LOT, CLAW, OLD BUDDY!
BUT—
I ALWAYS DID FIGURE YOU FOR A SUCKER, FROBISHER! NOW GIMME THE KEYS — OR I SPLICE YOUR MAINBRACE! SAVVY?
CARVER HEADED STRAIGHT FOR THE UPPER DECK, WHERE OTHER TROUBLEMAKERS WERE KEPT —
WHAT'S IT TO BE, BOYS? GOLD AND FREEDOM WITH ME, OR SLAVING AWAY YOUR LIVES IN THIS STINKIN' PLACE?
I'M WITH YOU, CARVER!
FOR MONEY LIKE THAT, I'M WITH ANYBODY!
WE'VE ALL GOT SCORES TO SETTLE, AND GROSE AIN'T GONNA TAKE KINDLY TO MUTINY... SO WE MIGHT AS WELL GO ALL THE WAY — AND TAKE OVER ATLANTIS!
I'LL HAVE THE LASER-LASH, THANKS, BUSTER!
BUT THE DANGER TO ATLANTIS STATION DIDN'T COME ONLY FROM THE INSIDE...
...IT CAME FROM OUTSIDE, AS WELL!
ONCE MORE, BIG HUNGRY WAS HEAD OF HIS PACK, BUT THIS TIME IT WASN'T FISH THEY WERE HUNTING... THIS TIME THEY WERE AFTER BIGGER, DIFFERENT SPOILS... THIS TIME, THEY WERE AFTER MAN!
NEXT PROG: THE BATTLE!


FLESH
Book II
MEET J.M. GROSE, THE CONTROLLER OF ATLANTIS STATION, A GIGANTIC FOOD-FACTORY SET IN THE TRIASSIC PERIOD.
DASH IT-MISSED AGAIN!
MISSED AGAIN!
J.M. IMAGINES THAT HE'S IN FOR ANOTHER HARD-WORKING DAY!
BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT RENEGADE WORKER 'CLAW' CARVER IS LEADING A MUTINY IN AN ATTEMPT TO GAIN CONTROL OF THE BASE!
C'MON, YOU GUYS! THIS IS YOUR CHANCE TO SHOW GROSE WHAT YOU THINK OF THIS STINKIN' SLAVE-DRIVIN' COMPANY!
HEY, WHAT'S GOING— UUUGGH!
2000 A.D. Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT G. MILLER
ART ROBOT BELARDINELLI
LETTERING ROBOT PETER KNIGHT
COMPU-73E
AND OUTSIDE THE BASE BIG HUNGRY, THE GIANT NOTHOSAUR, HAS ORGANISED HIS PACK TO STRIKE BACK AGAINST THE MEN WHO HAVE DARED TO INVADE HIS TERRITORY!
N-NO! THE N-NOTHOSAURS ARE GOIN' CRAZY!
TODAY IS NOT GOING TO BE J.M GROSE'S DAY!


THE FINAL WORDS FROM ONE OF THE SUBS WERE PICKED UP IN THE ATLANTIS DOCKING BAY.
CHARLEY? WHAT IN HELL IS GOING ON OUT THERE?
T-THEY'RE COMING... HELP!
WE WE'RE ABOUT TO FIND OUT... LOOK!
THE MONSTERS ARE COMING INTO THE BASE!
CLOSE THE HATCHES— AND START BLASTING!
THE HUGE TRANSPARENT HATCHES SLID CLOSED, AND—
SKRAAAHH!
THAT'LL KEEP THOSE OVER-SIZED FISH OUT— WHILE THE GUNNER PICKS OFF THE ONES THAT GOT THROUGH!
THEY DON'T LOOK AS IF THEY'LL GIVE UP! SOMEBODY BETTER TELL GROSE ABOUT THIS!
MEANWHILE, CARVER AND HIS THUGS WERE GAINING CONTROL OF THE PRODUCTION LINE AREA.
THAT'S BETTER, SMEE! I KNEW YOU'D SEE THINGS MY WAY!
D-DON'T LET ME GO! I-I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY!
BUT THEN...
THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA IS THE PLACE FOR SCUM LIKE YOU - AND THAT'S WHERE I AIM TO PUT YOU!
PETERS! HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS THE TRUTH ABOUT MY GOLD. I AIN'T LETTIN' HIM STOP ME NOW!
GET OUTTA MY WAY! AND YOU MIGHT AS WELL DROP THE GOLD - NONE OF IT'S LEAVIN' THIS BASE, IF I CAN HELP IT!
AUUUH!
CARVER HAD A STOLEN HOARD OF GOLD HIDDEN ON A NEARBY ISLAND - AND ALREADY HIS GREED HAD LED TO THE DEATHS OF MANY MEN!


HEY, CLAW, PETERS SAYS-AIIIII!
SHUT UP, YA DORK! I'M TAKIN' OVER THIS STATION-NOT PETERS!
CAN'T ALLOW PETERS THE CHANCE TO CALM 'EM DOWN! REVERSIN' THE SUPPLY NET CONTROL SHOULD LIVEN THINGS UP A BIT!
THE HUGE NETS OF FISH SWUNG ROUND AT SPEED, SPEWING OUT THEIR LOADS-AND CREATING CHAOS!
AAH-GET THOSE FISH OFFA ME!
HEY, WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?
CARVER'S OVERLOADING THE RAMP WITH FISH!
HE'S MAD! HE'S GOING TO COST THE LIVES OF EVERY MAN ON ATLANTIS!
CARVER-YOU'VE GONE TOO FAR THIS TIME! I'M CALLING ON YOU TO GIVE UP THIS MADNESS!
DON'T WORRY, CLAW-I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS TURNCOAT RUNT!
NO-DON'T AAAAGH!
IF YOU THINK SOMETHIN'S WRONG-MAYBE YOU BETTER GO INSPECT THE MACHINERY!
AAAAHHHHH!


THE MEN DON'T REALISE HOW EVIL CARVER IS! THERE'LL BE EVEN MORE KILLING— UNLESS I CAN GET GROSE TO ACT WHILE THERE'S STILL TIME...
GANGWAY, MEATHEADS!
GROSE! DAMN YOU, MAN— WHERE ARE YOU?
OH-ER... DOWN HERE, PETERS! I-ER I DROPPED MY COMPASS!
DAMN YOU GROSE! DAMN YOU, GROSE!
CARVER'S STARTED A RIOT! YOU'VE GOTTA ACTIVATE THE TIME TRANSPORTER... BEAM THIS WHOLE RIG BACK TO THE TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY!
YOU MUST BE JOKING! I'VE GOT A WORK SCHEDULE TO KEEP!
WHY, YOU STUPID OLD—
NOW, NOW, BOYS— WE CAN'T HAVE SQUABBLING AMONG THE CREW!
THE FIGHT'S OVER, PETERS— I'M IN CHARGE OF THIS RIG NOW! AND YOU'RE GONNA PAY FOR ALL THE TROUBLE YOU'VE CAUSED ME!
GO TAKE A RUNNING JUMP, CARVER!
PETERS WAS MAN-HANDLED ONTO THE DECK— WHERE A TERRIFYING FATE AWAITED HIM!
YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S GONNA DO THE JUMPING, PETERS— OFF THE PLANK!
MOVE!
THEN...
LOOK— IT'S BIG HUNGRY! HE-HE'S WAITIN' FOR PETERS!
WAITING TO TEAR HIM APART!
NEXT PROG: THE BEGINNING OF THE END!


FLESH
Book II
23RD CENTURY MAN IS ABLE TO JOURNEY BACK IN TIME — WHERE HE EXPLOITS PAST AGES FOR THEIR PLENTIFUL SUPPLY OF CREATURES TO PROVIDE FRESH FOOD! BUT ON BOARD ATLANTIS STATION, A GIANT FISH-FARMING BASE IN THE TRIASSIC PERIOD, SOMETHING DIFFERENT IS TAKING PLACE... MAN IS ABOUT TO PROVIDE FOOD FOR THE MONSTERS!
KEEP WALKIN', PETERS— IT AIN'T RIGHT TO KEEP BIG HUNGRY FROM HIS FEED!
2000 A.D.
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
G. MILLER
ART ROBOT
C. PINO
LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER
COMPU-73E
THE BRUTE'LL FINISH ME OFF IN SECONDS! THEN THERE'LL BE NO-ONE TO STAND IN THE WAY OF 'CLAW' CARVER AND HIS EVIL SCHEMES!
I LOST MY HAND IN A FIGHT WITH A DEINONYCHUS UP IN THE CRETACEOUS PERIOD— SO I CAN SURE AS HELL DEAL WITH THESE OVER-GROWN SPARROWS!
BUT NEXT INSTANT—
AAGH!
PTEROSAURS— DIVE-BOMBING US! TAKE COVER!
STAND AND FIGHT, YOU YELLOW-LIVERED SCUM!


SCREECHING WITH HATRED, THE FLYING REPTILES WHEELED AWAY!
BUT IF CARVER HAD LOOKED OVER THE SIDE OF THE BASE—
THE PTEROSAURS CREATED ENOUGH CONFUSION FOR ME TO JUMP FOR IT! BUT THAT ATTACK'S JUST A TASTE OF WHAT'S TO COME—ALL THE CREATURES SEE MAN AS THEIR ENEMY NOW!
I'VE GOT TO REACH THE CONTROL ROOM AND ACTIVATE THE TIME SWITCH! I'LL BEAM THIS WHOLE RIG OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE MONSTERS COME BACK!
YA GOT IT, CLAW— BUT PETERS HAS GONE... AND SO HAS BIG HUNGRY!
PETERS! SO... YA AIN'T DEAD!
DAMN! I HOPE THAT BLASTED NOTHOSAUR GOT HIM! C'MON— WE BETTER GET BELOW!
NO! AND IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN THE LIKES OF YOU TO KILL ME!
UUH!
MEANWHILE, UNDERNEATH THE BASE, THE GIANT NOTHOSAUR KNOWN AS BIG HUNGRY THRASHED AROUND IN FURY! HE'D SEEN HIS YOUNG PERISH AT THE HAND OF MAN... HE HAD SEEN HIS ISLAND LAIR INVADED BY GOLD-HUNGRY HUMANS...
BUT BIG HUNGRY'S PACK OF NOTHOSAURS WAS FACED BY A CRUEL ONSLAUGHT FROM THE CYBOSAURS— GENETICALLY-ENGINEERED ICHTHYOSAURS CONTROLLED BY MAN!
...AND NOW, BIG HUNGRY WAS READY FOR REVENGE!
HA, HA! LOOK AT THEM CYBOS GO! THEY'LL RIP THOSE MONSTERS TO SHREDS!
BUT BIG HUNGRY HAD FOUGHT HARD TO UNITE HIS PACK AGAINST THE MENACE OF MAN. HE WAS NOT GOING TO SEE THEM BEATEN BACK NOW!


BIG HUNGRY'S BRAIN WASN'T LARGE ENOUGH TO REASON THINGS OUT, BUT EXPERIENCE HAD TAUGHT HIM THAT IF ANYTHING GOT IN HIS WAY—IT WAS BEST TO BITE AS HARD AS POSSIBLE!
LOOK! THE CONTROLS ON THE CYBO'S HEAD HAVE BEEN DESTROYED!
HELL, IT'S ATTACKING ANOTHER CYBO! THE THING'S GONE WILD!
INSIDE THE ATLANTIS STATION, IN THE CYBOSAUR TESTING ROOM—
DROKK! IT'S NOT JUST ONE CYBO THAT'S AFFECTED—SOMEHOW A CHAIN-REACTION'S BEEN SET OFF! ALL MY CONTROLS ARE JAMMED. THE WHOLE PACK IS OUT OF CONTROL! AT LEAST THEY WON'T GET ME...
AAAAAGH!


OUTSIDE, THE CYBOS WERE LOCKED IN A TERRIBLE DEATH-STRUGGLE AS THE NOTHOSAURS RE-GROUPED, READY FOR ANOTHER ONSLAUGHT AGAINST THE HUGE BASE.
BUT THE TRANSPARENT HATCHES OF THE ATLANTIS DOCKING BAY HELD FIRM... FOR THE MOMENT!
CARVER KNEW THE NOTHOSAURS HAD TO BE STOPPED.
THESE CRITTURS AIN'T FLESH-EATERS, SO WE CAN'T BE IN ANY REAL TROUBLE. STILL, I WANT THEM SHIFTED — WE GOT US SOME REAL NICE PROFITS TO MAKE!
LET ME SHIFT THEM FOR YOU, CLAW!
GUNNER BEN! HMM... YOU MIGHT BE AN OLD LOONY — BUT YOU'RE ALSO THE BEST GUNNER I GOT!
OKAY, BEN. DRAKE — GO GET A HUNTER-KILLER SUB ORGANISED FOR THE GUNNER!
V-3
YAHOOOO! I'M GONNA GET ME SOME TARGET PRACTICE!
BIG HUNGRY'S GOT TO BE DEALT WITH — AND THE SOONER THE BETTER! IF THINGS ARE GOING TO GET ROUGH ROUND HERE, THEN I'LL BE THE FIRST ONE OUT!
CARVER HAD BEEN PRESENT AT THE CRETACEOUS PERIOD BASE WHICH HAD BEEN OVERRUN BY FLESH-EATING DINOSAURS. HE KNEW THE DANGER SIGNS!
THE HUNTER-KILLER SUBS CARRIED AN ARMOURY OF DEADLY FIRE-POWER —
YOU CAN'T FIRE YET, BEN! WE'RE FAR TOO CLOSE TO BASE!
LISSEN, MISTER — I'M THE GUNNER ROUND HERE! AND I SAY I'M READY TO FIRE... NOW!


THE CRAFT SENT OUT IT'S FIRST VOLLEY OF TORPEDOES...
HELL'S TEETH, BEN! YOU MISSED THE NOTHOSAUR— YOU'RE GONNA HIT THE BASE!
BA-RAAM!
THE OLD MAN'S MIND HAD SNAPPED WHEN HIS SHIPMATES LEFT HIM AT THE MERCY OF GIANT SCORPIONS: HE, TOO, HAD A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH ATLANTIS BASE!
PETERS WAS MY ONLY FRIEND— AND YOU ALL HELPED TO KILL HIM! NOW YOU'RE GOING TO PAY— WHEN I BRING DOWN THE WHOLE BASE!
AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE CRAZY GUNNER'S FINGER STABBED DOWN ON THE 'FIRE' BUTTON!
YOU MANIAC! WE'RE TOO CLOSE IN! THOSE GIRDERS— THEY'RE GONNA FALL ON US!
THOUSANDS OF TONS OF METAL SCREAMED AS THE SUPPORTING GIRDERS BUCKLED... AND COLLAPSED... TOPPLING THE ENTIRE BASE INTO THE ONCE-CALM WATERS OF THE SEA OF TETHYS!
KAA-DOOM!
ON BOARD THE RIG, TWO MEN HAD VERY DIFFERENT REACTIONS—
WHAT THE DEVIL..? THE WHOLE RIG'S MOVING! I GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE— SAVE MYSELF WHILE I CAN!
THE BASE IS SINKING! I'M TOO LATE TO GET US ALL BACK TO THE 23RD CENTURY!
THE NOTHOSAURS WERE QUICK TO SEIZE THEIR CHANCE. THERE WAS NO NEED FOR THEM TO BREAK IN NOW— THE BASE HAD BEEN OPENED FOR THEM! THEY ONLY HAD TO SWIM IN, AND THEIR REVENGE WOULD BE COMPLETE!
NEXT PROG: MAYHEM!


FLESH
BOOK 2
MAN HAS TRAVELLED 200 MILLION YEARS BACK THROUGH TIME TO HUNT PREHISTORIC CREATURES FOR THEIR FLESH... BUT NOW THE CREATURES ARE HUNTING MAN!
THE TRANS-TIME FISH-FARMING BASE, ATLANTIS STATION, HAS STARTED TO SINK INTO THE WATERS OF THE OCEAN OF TETHYS. LED BY BIG HUNGRY, THE GIANT NOTHOSAUR, THE CREATURES OF THE TRIASSIC AGE HAVE TURNED AGAINST MAN AND STORMED HIS LAIR... NOW THEY FIND THEY CAN GET INSIDE IT!
AAAGHH!
GET OUTTA HERE! HEAD FOR THE DECKS!
2000 A.D. Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
G.MI..ER
ART ..IOT
CAR..S PINO
LETTERING ROBOT
PETE KNIGHT
COMPU-73E
BUT THERE WAS NO SAFETY ABOVE DECKS EITHER! IN THE AIR PTEROSAURS GLIDED AND SWOOPED —
FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, HELP! HELP!
I CAN'T HOLD ON! G-GONNA SLIDE INTO THE WATER...
AND IN THE WATER, THE MONSTROUS GIANT SCORPIONS WAITED — WAITED FOR THEIR FEAST.
NO-NOT THE PINCERS! NOOOOOO!
AAIIEEEE!


NORMALLY, THE NOTHOSAURS WERE NOT FLESH-EATERS. BUT MAN'S ACTIONS HAD UPSET THE DELICATE BALANCE OF NATURE-AND NOW ALL THE BEASTS INDULGED IN AN ORGY OF DEATH!
AAARGH!
SWWIIISSSHH
ALMOST ALONE AMIDST THE MADNESS AND MAYHEM, ONE MAN FOUGHT ON-'CLAW' CARVER, WHOSE GREED AND CRUELTY HAD LED TO THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ATLANTIS BASE!
COME ON, YA STINKIN' BONE-HEADS! COME ON-AND TASTE MY CLAW!
GET DOWN, CARVER-UNLESS YOU WANT YOUR HEAD SHAVED... THE HARD WAY!
WHAT THE-
THIS IS A NEW ONE, PETERS-YOU AND ME FIGHTIN' ON THE SAME SIDE!
QUIT JAWIN', CARVER! I'LL SEE YOU IN HELL IF WE COME THROUGH THIS-BUT RIGHT NOW YOU'RE MORE USE TO ME ALIVE!


WE GOTTA REACH THE TIME CONTROLS – BEAM THE WHOLE DAMNED RIG OUTTA HERE! COME ON, MAN!
YOU PLAY HERO ON YOUR OWN, PETERS! I'M HEADIN' FOR WHERE THAT SECRET TIME CAPSULE IS HIDDEN ON SVENSON'S ISLAND! SO LONG, CREEP!
BUT AS CARVER TURNED TO FLEE –
BIG HUNGRY!
BIG HUNGRY WASN'T INTELLIGENT ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT BEFORE HIM STOOD THE KILLER OF THE NOTHOSAUR'S YOUNG. BUT CARVER WAS A MAN – AND FOR THE BLOOD-CRAZED GIANT, THAT WAS ENOUGH!
NO – NO! AAIYYAAGH!
MEANWHILE, PETERS HAD REACHED THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN –
BLAST! THE TIME CONTROLS ARE UNDER WATER! I'LL HAVE TO DIVE TO GET TO THEM!
TRANSPORTING AN ENTIRE BASE THROUGH THE TIME LANES HAD NEVER BEEN ATTEMPTED BEFORE – BUT NOW THERE WAS NOTHING TO LOSE!
MUST HURRY – BEFORE THE SEA-CREATURES GET HERE!
I'M NEARLY THERE! BUT MY LUNGS ARE BURSTING...
IT'S NO GOOD! I NEED AIR... BUT I'VE GOT TO DIVE AGAIN – GOT TO KEEP TRYIN'!


A SCORPION! IT MUST'VE BEEN ATTRACTED BY THE LIGHT OF THE TIME CONTROL CRYSTAL!
I CAN'T GIVE UP NOW, WHEN I'M SO CLOSE! GOTTA FIGHT BACK! I JUST HOPE THIS HARPOON IS WEAPON ENOUGH...
I GOT IT-I GOT IT! DIE, YOU BRUTE- DIE!
THANK GOD! THE CONTROLS AREN'T DAMAGED BY THE WATER. ANOTHER FEW SECONDS AND I'LL HAVE US OUTTA HERE!
BUT THE GIANT SCORPION HAD NOT BEEN ALONE!
P-PINCER... C-CRUSHIN' ME TO DEATH! JUST... HOPE...!... THREW ...SWITCH...IN... TIME...
AS PETERS' LIFELESS BODY DRIFTED UP, THE TIME CONSOLE BEGAN TO GLOW, TO SHIMMER...


... AND THE HUGE BASE, WHICH HAD FOR SO LONG DEFORMED THE CALM TRIASSIC SKYLINE, BEGAN TO VIBRATE –
SKREEE!
SKREEEHH!
AND SUDDENLY, THE WHOLE BASE VANISHED!
THE SIGHT CAME AS A SHOCK TO J.M. GROSE, ATLANTIS STATION'S CONTROLLER, WHO HAD ABANDONED HIS COMMAND TO MAKE A HASTY GETAWAY...
THE BASE... MY BASE– IT'S GONE!
THEY– THEY'VE LEFT ME! I–I'M ALONE... MAROONED 200 MILLION YEARS AWAY FROM HOME!
J.M. GROSE WAS NOT THE ONLY ONE TO SHOW SURPRISE AT THE MOVEMENT OF THE RIG. UP IN THE 23rd CENTURY, AT THE TRANS-TIME CO-ORDINATING UNIT–
GOOD GOD, SIR! I'VE GOT A READING HERE– THE ATLANTIS BASE HAS PULLED OUT OF THE TRIASSIC PERIOD! IT–IT'S MOVING THROUGH THE TIME LANES TOWARDS US!
STAND BY ALL SECTORS! RED ALERT! IT'S TOO LATE TO TRY AND GUIDE THAT RIG IN– THEY'LL HAVE TO DO IT ON THEIR OWN!
I JUST HOPE THEY DON'T ENCOUNTER ANYTHING ELSE MOVING IN THE TIME LANES– 'CAUSE IF THEY DO, THEY'LL BE BLASTED TO INFINITY!

ON THE ATLANTIS STATION, BIG HUNGRY PAUSED IN HIS RELENTLESS SAVAGERY, HIS TINY BRAIN PUZZLED BY THE STRANGE LIGHT FROM OUTSIDE.

THERE WAS NO WAY HE COULD HAVE RECOGNISED IT FOR WHAT IT WAS - THE BLURRING OF LIGHT AS THE CENTURIES ROARED BY!

LUMBERING ONTO THE DECK, THE NOTHOSAUR SUDDENLY FOUND HIMSELF IN THE GRIP OF A **POWERFUL FORCE** - A FORCE WHICH CAUGHT HIM... AND HELD HIM! **HE HAD BEEN DRAGGED INTO THE TIME LANES!**

THAT INCIDENT WAS ENOUGH TO SEND THE WHOLE RIG CAREERING OUT OF THE LANES. HOPELESSLY OUT OF CONTROL, IT MATERIALISED OVER THE SEA OF ANOTHER AGE.

INTO WHAT PLACE IT FELL, AND IN WHAT YEAR, THERE IS NO RECORD. TRANS-TIME WERE NEVER ABLE TO TRACK IT DOWN!

THE BASE, ALONG WITH THE MEN AND CREATURES INSIDE IT, SANK LIKE A STONE TO THE BED OF AN UNKNOWN OCEAN.

THERE IT REMAINS, A MONUMENT TO MAN'S INGENUITY BRINGING ABOUT HIS OWN DOWNFALL. RUMOURS - WILD TALES OF A CITY BENEATH THE SEA - HAVE BEEN PASSED DOWN THROUGH ALL TIME... BUT NO ONE HAS EVER FOUND **THE SUNKEN REMAINS OF ATLANTIS!**

AND BIG HUNGRY, WHAT ABOUT HIM? DID HE **EVER** FALL OUT OF THE TIME LANES?

HEY - WHAT WAS THAT NOISE?

LOCH NESS

SSSWWWIIISSSHHH...

WHAT - WHAT IF IT'S THE MONSTER?

DON'T BE CRAZY - THERE'S NOTHING THERE! WE JUST HEARD A FISH JUMPING, THAT'S ALL!

THE MONSTER? HA, HA! THAT'S A GOOD ONE, ROY! EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT THE LOCH NESS MONSTER IS JUST A FAIRY STORY!

THE END



HAND OF GLORY

Script: Pat Mills
Art: Ramon Sola
Greytones: Rufus Dayglo
Letters: Simon Bowland

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THE PANNONIAN PRAIRIE. SIXTY-FIVE MILLION YEARS AGO.
RAMON SOLA
TIMEHOUNDS
FLESH
GOOD HAND, CARVER.
I GUESS IT'S YOUR GAME.
KEEPING THE CONDEMNED MAN HAPPY, MCZ?
WHY NOT? 'COS TOMORROW, WHEN YOU'RE KICKING AIR, YOU WILL MAKE ME VERY HAPPY.
WHO DID HE KILL?
A TIME CONTROLLER, MA'AM. I'VE BEEN PURSUING THIS MISCREANT FOR TEN YEARS.
WHY DON'T YOU TELL HER THE REASON, MARSHAL?
I'D PREFER TO SPARE HER YOUR BLEEDING HEART STORY, CARVER.
THE LAW IS THE LAW AND IT SAYS WHEN WE REACH SEABED CITY, YOU WILL PAY THE SUPREME PENALTY FOR YOUR CRIME.


LOOK OUT THERE, HONEY! SATAN'S HERD!


THEY'RE MORE IMPRESSIVE THAN IN THE GUIDEBOOK!
LONELY WORLD GUIDE TO THE
DINOSAURS AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE!


"THE NIGHTLY PROMENADE ACROSS THE SKY BY SATAN'S HERD IS THE ONLY REMARKABLE ASPECT OF THIS OTHERWISE FEATURELESS PRAIRIE WHICH STRETCHES FOR FIVE HUNDRED MILES TO SEABED CITY.
"CAUGHT IN A TIME LOOP FIVE YEARS AGO, THE GHOST RIDERS AND THEIR HERD RIDE THE RANGE FOREVER-- APART FROM A FEW STYRACOSAURS, WHO GET TOO CLOSE TO THE WALL BETWEEN DIMENSIONS.
"AS THEY HIT THE DIMENSION WALL, THEY WEEP FIRE AND BURN TO DEATH.
"THE GHOST RIDERS CAN SEE US, TOO, AND CAN OFTEN BE OBSERVED SILENTLY BEGGING US FOR HELP.
"DESPITE HALF A MILLION DOLLARS REWARD OFFERED BY TRANS-TIME CORPORATION FOR THE SAFE RECOVERY OF THE HERD, NO ONE HAS YET SUCCEEDED IN RESCUING THEM FROM THE LOOP.
"SO TOURISTS SHOULD MAKE SURE THAT THEY ARE ALWAYS DISCREET WHEN TAKING PHOTOGRAPHS."


TICKETS, PLEASE.
THESE ARE TICKETS FOR THE OTHER BUS COMPANY.
EXCUSE ME? NOBODY TOLD US AT THE BUS STATION THERE WERE *TWO* BUSES.
YOU MUST PAY AGAIN.
BUT WE HAVEN'T ANY MONEY UNTIL WE GET TO SEABED!
THEN YOU MUST GET OFF THE BUS.
WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT *THIS* BUS?
IS THIS BUS ***BETTER?***
YES, MA'AM. IT'S A NICE BLUE BUS. IT'S VERY CALMING. AND GIRLS LIKE THE NICE BLUE COLOUR.
CUT THAT SARCASM OUT, CARVER.
GET OFF THE BUS.
NO WAY! YOU CAN'T DROP US IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE! WE'LL BE EATEN ALIVE OUT THERE!
DON'T WORRY, MA'AM. IT'S SO FLAT, YOU'LL SEE THE TYRANNOSAURS COMING FOR YOU FROM TEN MILES AWAY.
I SAID ***ENOUGH,*** CARVER.
IT WASN'T OUR FAULT! IT'S SO NOT FAIR!
WELCOME TO THE CRETACEOUS.


LET ME INTERJECT AT THIS POINT.
DO NOT FORNICATE WITH ME, LADY. YOU AND YOUR FRIEND HAVE BEEN AVOIDING EYE CONTACT WITH ME SINCE YOU GOT ON BOARD.
WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON HERE?
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? CAN'T YOU SEE WE'VE ENOUGH PROBLEMS?
EVERYONE LOOKS AT A COP, EXCEPT THOSE WHO HAVE SOMETHING TO HIDE.
WHAT ARE YOU HIDING?
THIS GUN, MCZ.
GET HIS WEAPON, JANIE.
THIS COULD HAVE SEVERE CONSEQUENCES.
SO WHAT COULD BE WORSE THAN HANGING?
ENHANCED HANGING. EXTENDED HANGING. HANGING BY OTHER PORTIONS OF YOUR ANATOMY...
GET OFF THE BUS.
SHUT THE FRAG UP!


JANIE B GOOD AND STAIN. YOU LOOK DIFFERENT TO YOUR "WANTED" POSTERS.
YOU WANT TO SEE HER SCARS TO PROVE IT'S HER?
I SWORE I'D BRING YOU TO JUSTICE, CARVER, AND ONCE A MAN'S SWORN, THEN HE CAN'T UNSWEAR.
FOR A POSITIVE IDENTIFICATION--YES. FEW HUMANS SURVIVE BEING BITTEN BY A TYRANNOSAUR.
PERVERT.
THEREFORE IT WOULD BE PREFERABLE BEFORE EXITING THAT YOU KILL ME ALSO.
I WON'T GIVE YOU THE PLEASURE!
SAURSUCKER!
COME ON, CARVER! LET'S GO!
FRAGGING WEIRDO! WHAT IS MCZ'S PROBLEM?
JB


THE REMOTE WILL BE HERE IN TEN MINUTES, CARVER. JUST BEFORE THE TYRANNOSAURS ARRIVE.
YOUR KNIFE.
THANKS, JANIE. GOOD TO GET ACQUAINTED WITH MR BOWIE AGAIN.
DOESN'T MCZ KNOW YOU HAD GOOD REASON TO KILL THAT CONTROLLER? HOW HE SCARRED YOUR MAMA?
'COURSE. BUT HE'S CAUGHT IN A LOOP, LIKE SATAN'S HERD.
HE'S GOT TO KEEP HUNTING ME FOREVER.
MY MA...PRETTIEST HOSTESS IN THE PLEASUREDOME.
UNTIL SHE MET "THE MAN".
THE OTHER GIRLS HAD FACE JOBS TO LOOK LIKE INGRID BERGMAN. AUDREY HEPBURN. QUEEN NEFERTITI.
BUT MA WAS SO BEAUTIFUL, SHE DIDN'T NEED TO LOOK LIKE NO ONE BUT HERSELF.
SHE WASN'T A FANTASY. SHE WAS REAL. AND THAT'S WHAT HE HATED.
SO HE USED A LASER ON HER SO SHE COULD NEVER WORK AGAIN.
SHE WASN'T FLESH.
BUT I SAW A PHOTO OF YOUR MA JUST BEFORE SHE DIED AND SHE WAS STILL SO BEAUTIFUL.
IT WASN'T HER FACE HE SCARRED.
WHEN I WAS OLD ENOUGH, I WENT AFTER HIM AND I FINALLY FOUND HIM AND I SHOT HIM DEAD.
I KNOW. YOU TOLD ME BEFORE.
BUT TELL ME AGAIN IF IT HELPS.


BLOOD?
IT'S RAINING BLOOD!
FROM SATAN'S HERD!
TERRIBLE CLAWS! THEY MUST HAVE FOUND THE PORTAL BETWEEN THE DIMENSIONS!
YOU KNOW THERE'S A CORPORATE PARDON FOR ANYONE WHO BRINGS IN SATAN'S HERD?
AND FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND THE MOMENT THEY ENTER THE FLESHDOZERS!
SO WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?
THERE IT IS! THE HOLE IN THE SKY! A FRAGGING RING OF FIRE!
AND WE'RE GOING RIGHT THROUGH IT!


LET'S ROUND THOSE SAURS UP!
MOVE 'EM OUT!
AAAHHH!
FRAG! IT GOT MY HAND! THE SAURSUCKER GOT MY FRAGGING HAND!
FRRAAAGG!
AFTER IT! I WANT MY FRAGGING HAND BACK!


IT KNOWS THE WAY OUT OF THE TIME LOOP!
YOU SAURSUCKER...!
YOU'RE GOING TO GET IT NOW!
FRAG! HE'S EATEN MY FRAGGING HAND!
YOU WANT THE REST OF ME? YEAH? YEAH?
WELL, FRAG YOU!
I'LL HAVE YOUR FRAGGING HAND INSTEAD!

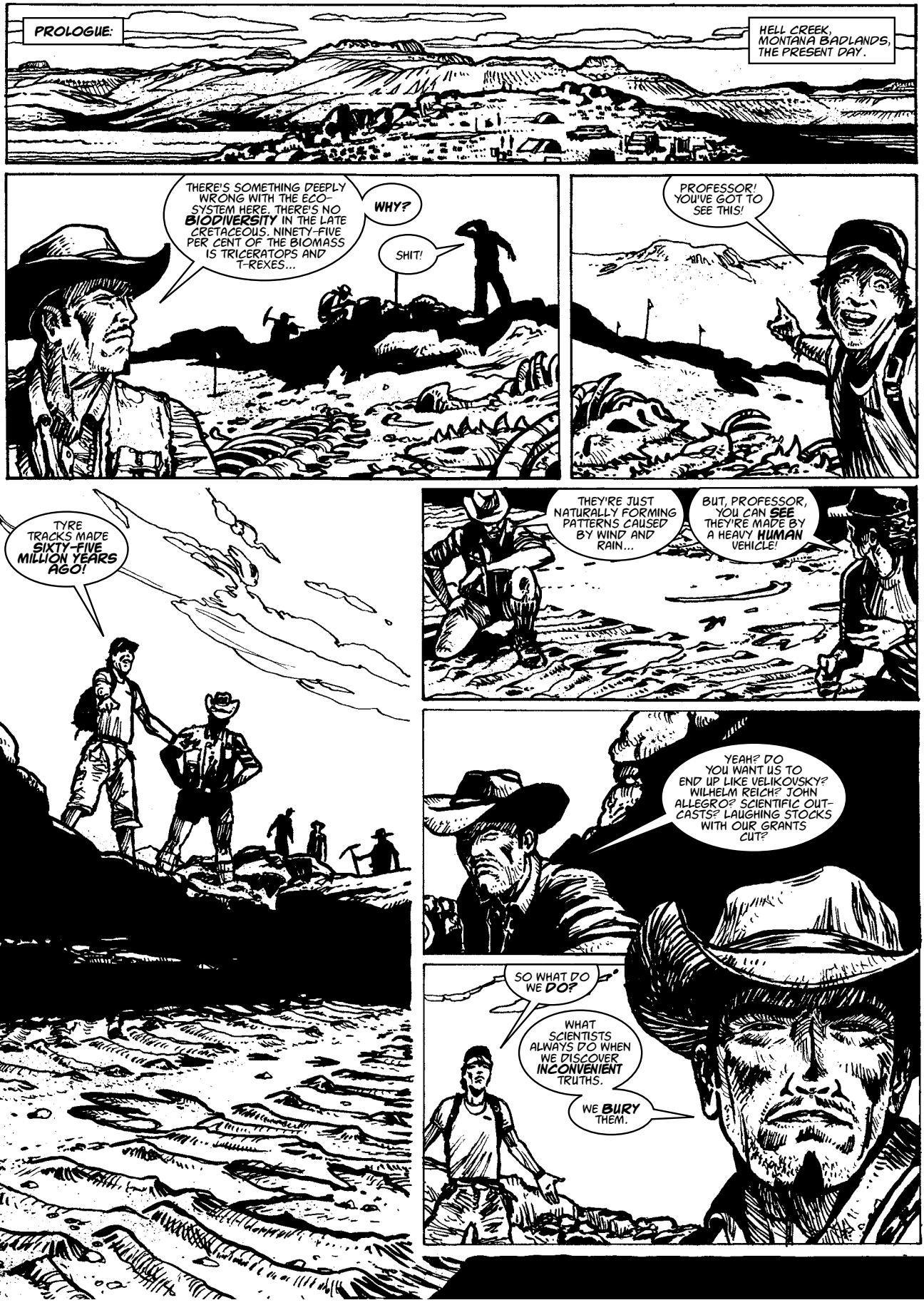

SEABED CITY.
HOW YOU DOING TODAY, CARVER?
GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH MR. CLAW, JANIE.
I'LL MISS BEING ACQUAINTED WITH THAT SENSITIVE HAND OF YOURS.
STILL GOT THE OTHER HAND, JANIE.
RECKON THAT'S A HAND OF GLORY, CARVER.
RECKON IT IS, STAIN.
THEY SAY THE HAND OF A MURDERER SENTENCED TO BE HUNG HAS THE POWER TO UNLOCK ANY DOOR.
AND I GUESS IT'S TRUE: WE BROUGHT IN SATAN'S HERD THROUGH THE PORTAL.
SO WHAT'LL YOU DO WITH YOUR SHARE OF THE REWARD?
WELL, I WAS BORN AND RAISED IN A PLEASUREDOME. ALL THEM PRETTY GIRLS FUSSING OVER ME. HAPPIEST YEARS OF MY LIFE.
UNTIL "THE MAN" CAME ALONG.
GOOD TIMES
"ONLY ONE THING I CAN DO..."
CARVER CITY
CARVER CITY



TEXAS

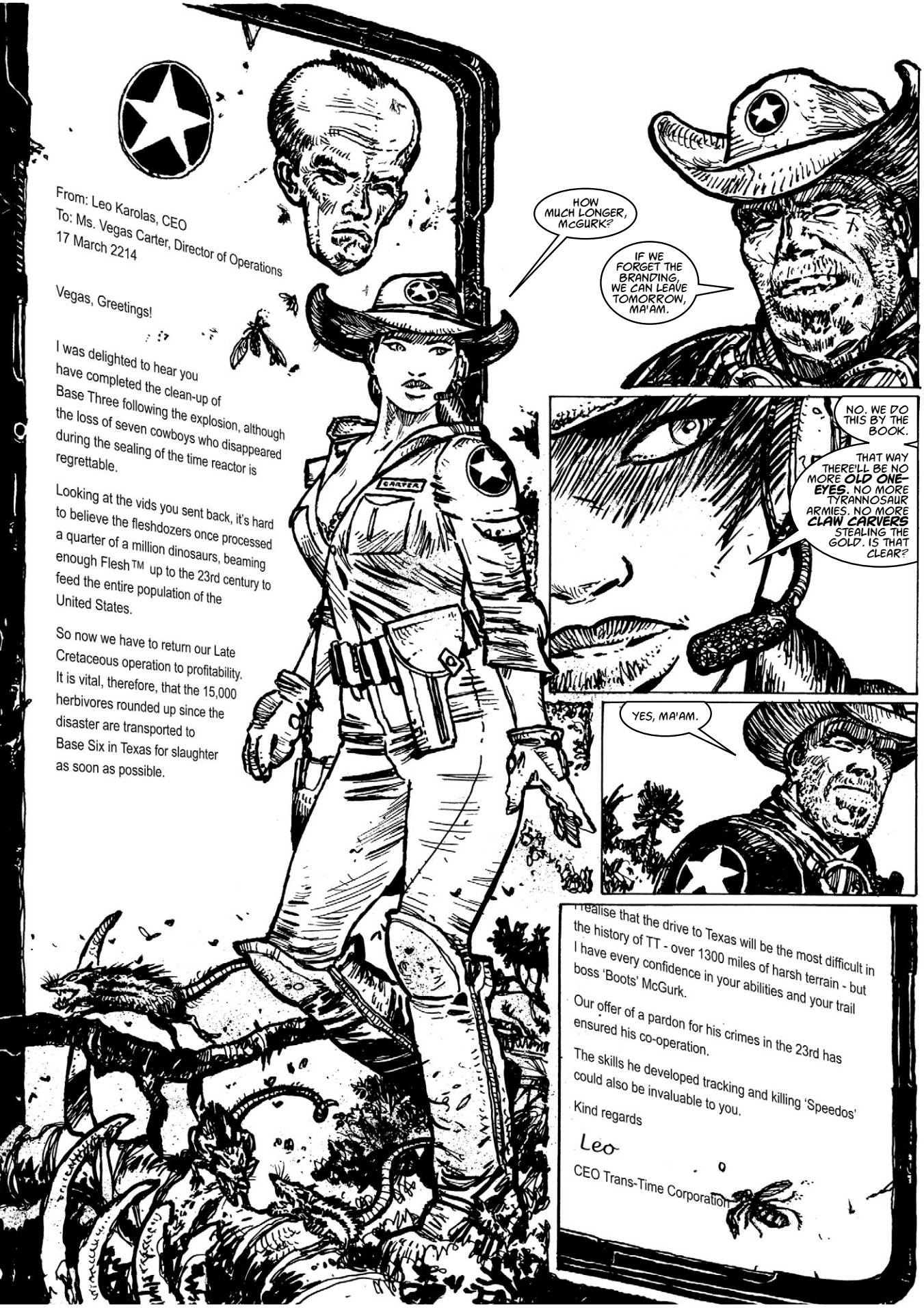
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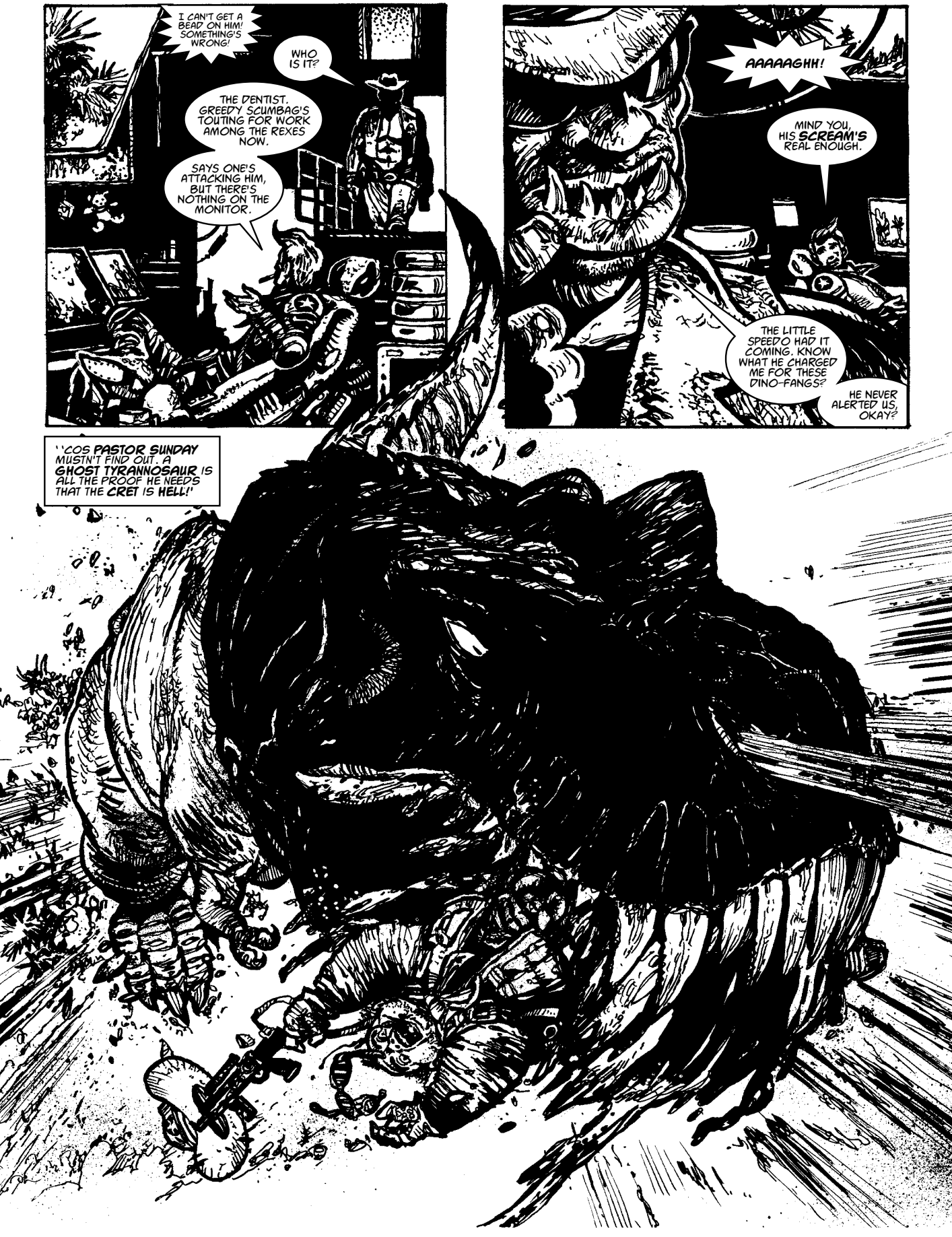

PROLOGUE:
HELL CREEK, MONTANA BADLANDS, THE PRESENT DAY.
THERE'S SOMETHING DEEPLY WRONG WITH THE ECO-SYSTEM HERE. THERE'S NO BIODIVERSITY IN THE LATE CRETACEOUS. NINETY-FIVE PER CENT OF THE BIOMASS IS TRICERATOPS AND T-REXES...
WHY?
SHIT!
PROFESSOR! YOU'VE GOT TO SEE THIS!
TYRE TRACKS MADE SIXTY-FIVE MILLION YEARS AGO!
THEY'RE JUST NATURALLY FORMING PATTERNS CAUSED BY WIND AND RAIN...
BUT, PROFESSOR, YOU CAN SEE THEY'RE MADE BY A HEAVY HUMAN VEHICLE!
YEAH? DO YOU WANT US TO END UP LIKE VELIKOVSKY? WILHELM REICH? JOHN ALLEGRO? SCIENTIFIC OUT-CASTS? LAUGHING STOCKS WITH OUR GRANTS CUT?
SO WHAT DO WE DO?
WHAT SCIENTISTS ALWAYS DO WHEN WE DISCOVER INCONVENIENT TRUTHS.
WE BURY THEM.


HELL CREEK, MONTANA
BADLANDS, SIXTY-FIVE
MILLION YEARS AGO.


LET US REMEMBER THE FIVE THOUSAND MEN AND WOMEN WHO LOST THEIR LIVES IN THE BASE THREE DISASTER.
DANGER
REMEMBER BASE THREE!
MCGURK
CARTER


From: Leo Karolas, CEO
To: Ms. Vegas Carter, Director of Operations
17 March 2214
Vegas, Greetings!
I was delighted to hear you have completed the clean-up of Base Three following the explosion, although the loss of seven cowboys who disappeared during the sealing of the time reactor is regrettable.
Looking at the vids you sent back, it's hard to believe the fleshdozers once processed a quarter of a million dinosaurs, beaming enough Flesh™ up to the 23rd century to feed the entire population of the United States.
So now we have to return our Late Cretaceous operation to profitability. It is vital, therefore, that the 15,000 herbivores rounded up since the disaster are transported to Base Six in Texas for slaughter as soon as possible.
CARTER
HOW MUCH LONGER, McGURK?
IF WE FORGET THE BRANDING, WE CAN LEAVE TOMORROW, MA'AM.
NO. WE DO THIS BY THE BOOK.
THAT WAY THERE'LL BE NO MORE OLD ONE-EYES, NO MORE TYRANNOSAUR ARMIES, NO MORE CLAW CARVERS STEALING THE GOLD. IS THAT CLEAR?
YES, MA'AM.
I realise that the drive to Texas will be the most difficult in the history of TT - over 1300 miles of harsh terrain - but I have every confidence in your abilities and your trail boss 'Boots' McGurk.
Our offer of a pardon for his crimes in the 23rd has ensured his co-operation.
The skills he developed tracking and killing 'Speedos' could also be invaluable to you.
Kind regards
Leo
CEO Trans-Time Corporation


TO ENSURE THE HERDS DIDN'T STRAY, MALE TYRANNOSAUR PHEROMONES WERE SPRAYED AROUND THE CAMP PERIMETER.
THIS ALSO KEPT OUT TYRANNOSAURS AND OTHER PREDATORS WHO WOULD NOT ENTER A RIVAL'S TERRITORY.
BUT THIS T-REX WAS DIFFERENT.
OH HELL — !
CONTROL! THIS IS THE DENTIST! I GOT A REX COMING STRAIGHT FOR ME!
THERE'S NOTHING ON THE SCREEN.
I'VE NEVER SEEN A REX LIKE IT! ITS HEAD IS COVERED IN GORE!
BUT NOTHING GETS THROUGH THE PHERO-SCREEN. THAT'S WHY WE LEFT YOU OUT THERE ON YOUR OWN.
THAT AND THE FACT THAT EVERYONE HATES YOU.

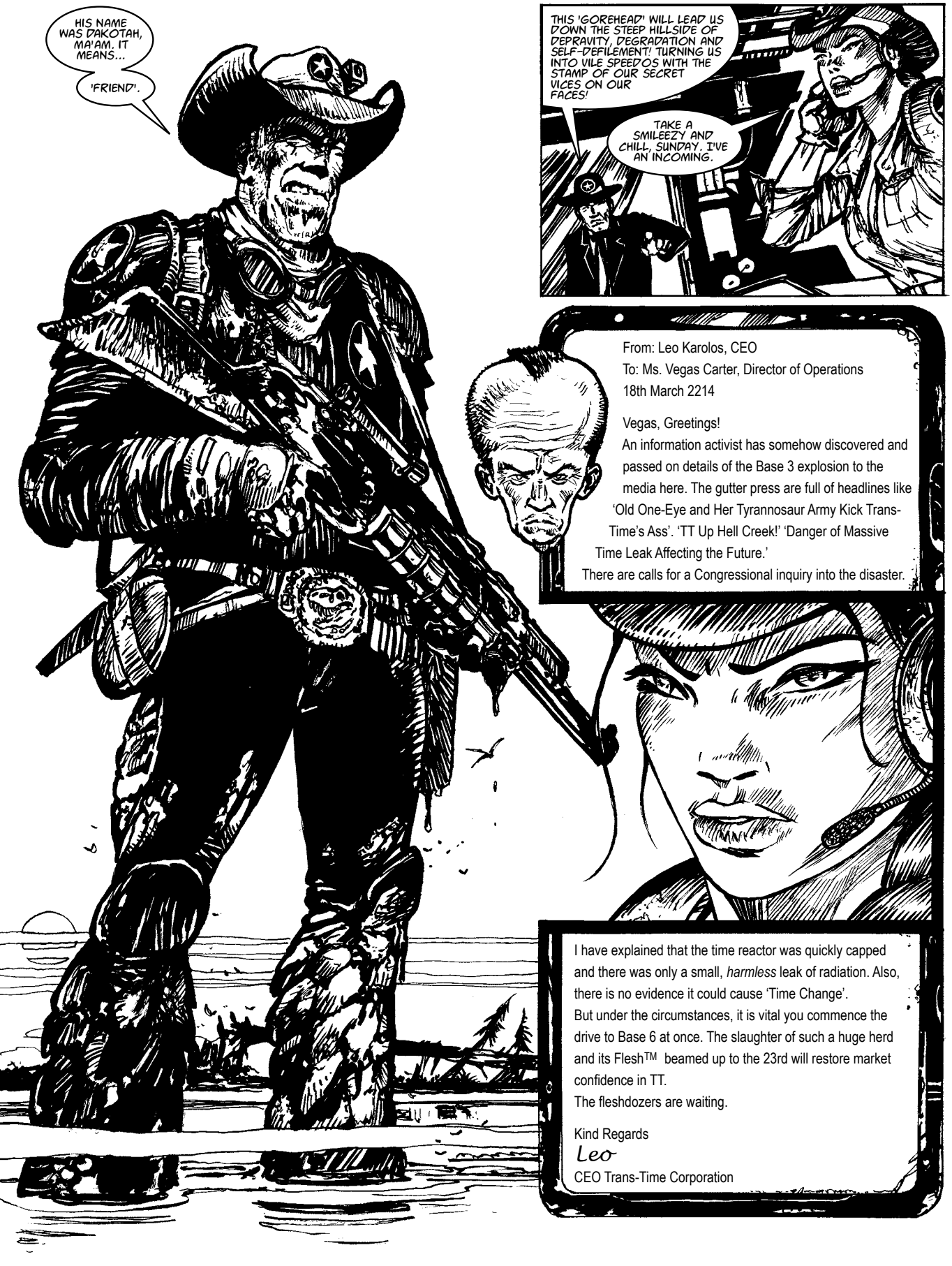

I CAN'T GET A BEAD ON HIM! SOMETHING'S WRONG!
WHO IS IT?
THE DENTIST. GREEDY SCUMBAG'S TOUTING FOR WORK AMONG THE REXES NOW.
SAYS ONE'S ATTACKING HIM, BUT THERE'S NOTHING ON THE MONITOR.
AAAAAGHH!
MIND YOU, HIS SCREAM'S REAL ENOUGH.
THE LITTLE SPEEDO HAD IT COMING. KNOW WHAT HE CHARGED ME FOR THESE DINO-FANGS?
HE NEVER ALERTED US, OKAY?
'COS PASTOR SUNDAY MUSTN'T FIND OUT. A GHOST TYRANNOSAUR IS ALL THE PROOF HE NEEDS THAT THE CRET IS HELL!'


THE NEXT DAY —
THE REX WAS HUNT STANDING — LEANING ITS MASSIVE WEIGHT AGAINST A TREE AND WAITING TO AMBUSH PASSING PREY.
IT WOULD REMAIN THERE, HALF ASLEEP FOR HOURS, UNTIL THE VIBRATIONS OF AN APPROACHING VICTIM AWOKE IT.

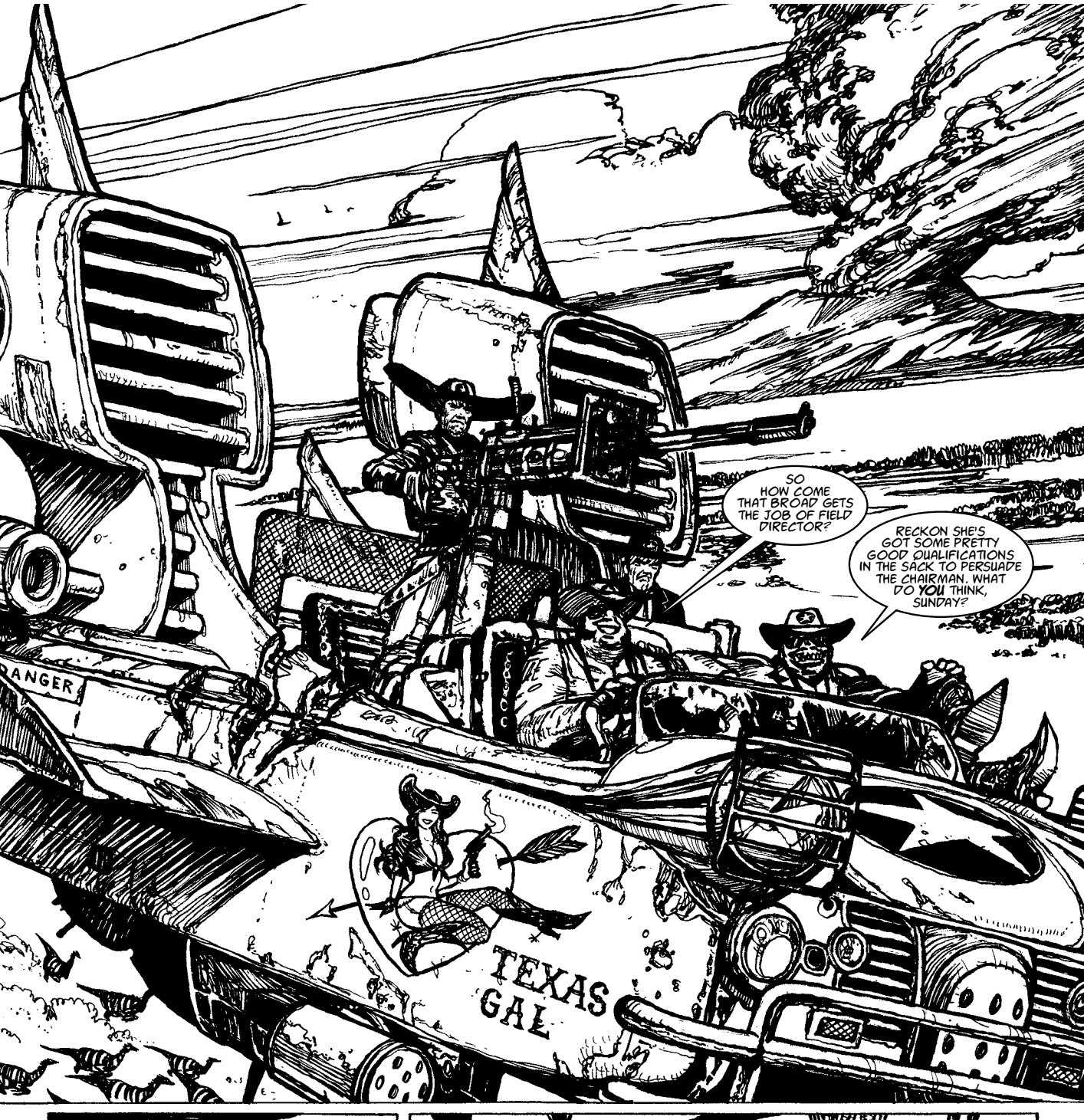

WHERE THE HELL – ?
GO, DAKOTAH! GO!
T-REXES HAVE A TOP SPEED OF TWENTY MPH, BUT THIS ONE WAS MOVING AT FORTY-FIVE MPH.
CONTROL, THIS IS McGURK! A REX HAS BROKEN THROUGH THE PHERO-SCREEN! IT'S OUTRUNNING US!
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THERE'S NOTHING ON THE MONITORS, McGURK!


WHAT — ? NOW IT'S WAY AHEAD OF ME! HOW... ?
I'M GETTING HIGH TIME-RADIATION READINGS FROM YOUR SECTOR. IT COULD BE UNSTABLE IN TIME, LIKE THOSE 'SPEEDOS' YOU USED TO HUNT BACK IN THE TWENTY-THIRD.
THEN IT GETS THE SAME TREATMENT! I HATE SPEEDOS AND I HATE REXES!
THIS IS FOR BASE THREE, 'GOREHEAD'!
THE DENTIST WAS KILLED YESTERDAY BY AN UNSEEN PREDATOR. THIS WOULD EXPLAIN HIS DEATH.
MY BULLETS ARE HAVING NO EFFECT ON IT EITHER, MA'AM.
THEN YOU'D BETTER GET OUT OF THERE!
IT'S WHAT I FORETOLD IN MY SERMONS! IT IS THE GREAT BEAST! THE LORD OF HELL!
THERE'S A SIMPLER EXPLANATION, SUNDAY. IT'S A SURVIVOR OF THE ATTACK ON BASE THREE. WHEN THE REACTOR EXPLODED, THERE WAS A MINOR TIME-RADIATION LEAK.
THIS REX HAS BEEN IRRADIATED.

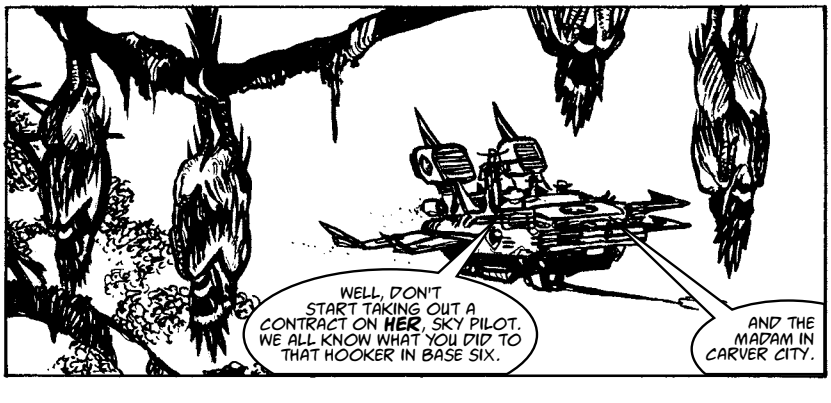

THEN WHY DIDN'T THE PHERO-SCREEN KEEP IT BACK?
MAYBE THE EXPLOSION DROVE IT CRAZY. REXES AREN'T KNOWN FOR THEIR MENTAL STABILITY, SUNDAY.
ANY MORE THAN CERTAIN HUMANS...
I SHALL CALL ON THE LORD TO GIVE US A SIGN THAT IT IS THE GREAT BEAST. AND IT'S PASTOR SUNDAY.
NOT ON MY WATCH.
WHAT'S HAPPENING, McGURK?
CARTER
I'M TRYING TO GET CLOSER, INSIDE ITS TIME FIELD, THEN —
DAKOTAH!
I'M SORRY McGURK. I KNOW HOW MUCH THAT HORSE MEANT TO YOU.


HIS NAME WAS DAKOTAH, MA'AM. IT MEANS...
'FRIEND'.
THIS 'GOREHEAD' WILL LEAD US DOWN THE STEEP HILLSIDE OF DEPRAVITY, DEGRADATION AND SELF-DEFILEMENT! TURNING US INTO VILE SPEEDOS WITH THE STAMP OF OUR SECRET VICES ON OUR FACES!
TAKE A SMILEEZY AND CHILL, SUNDAY. I'VE AN INCOMING.
From: Leo Karolos, CEO
To: Ms. Vegas Carter, Director of Operations
18th March 2214
Vegas, Greetings!
An information activist has somehow discovered and passed on details of the Base 3 explosion to the media here. The gutter press are full of headlines like 'Old One-Eye and Her Tyrannosaur Army Kick Trans-Time's Ass'. 'TT Up Hell Creek!' 'Danger of Massive Time Leak Affecting the Future.'
There are calls for a Congressional inquiry into the disaster.
I have explained that the time reactor was quickly capped and there was only a small, *harmless* leak of radiation. Also, there is no evidence it could cause 'Time Change'.
But under the circumstances, it is vital you commence the drive to Base 6 at once. The slaughter of such a huge herd and its Flesh™ beamed up to the 23rd will restore market confidence in TT.
The fleshdozers are waiting.
Kind Regards
Leo
CEO Trans-Time Corporation


GUYS... A CHANGE OF PLAN. GET THE LASSOO PLANES AND SKY BIKES INTO THE AIR. WE'RE HITTING THE TRAIL IN ONE HOUR.
BUT WE'RE STILL BRINGING IN HERD'S FROM BEYOND THE CREEK, MA'AM.
AND WHAT ABOUT THE BRANDING?
I SAW IN A VISION RAPTORS FALLING FROM TREES! A QUETZALCOATLUS STABBING NAKED FLESH! BAD OMENS!
'WE'LL FINISH ON THE WAY. RUSTLING BY RIVAL CORPORATIONS IS THE LEAST OF OUR PROBLEMS RIGHT NOW.
'INFORM YOUR TEAMS...
'WE'RE GOING TO TEXAS!'


SO HOW COME THAT BROAD GETS THE JOB OF FIELD DIRECTOR?
RECKON SHE'S GOT SOME PRETTY GOOD QUALIFICATIONS IN THE SACK TO PERSUADE THE CHAIRMAN. WHAT DO YOU THINK, SUNDAY?
TEXAS GAL


MY NAME IS PASTOR SUNDAY.
AND I HAVE A CONTRACT WITH THE LORD.


WELL, DON'T START TAKING OUT A CONTRACT ON HER, SKY PILOT. WE ALL KNOW WHAT YOU DID TO THAT HOOKER IN BASE SIX.
AND THE MADAM IN CARVER CITY.


THAT WAS MANY YEARS AGO AND I WAS PROVED INNOCENT.
AND CARVER CITY HAS SINCE PAID A TERRIBLE PRICE FOR ITS VICE AND WICKEDNESS! FOR TEMPTING YOU MORAL LEPERS TO ROLL IN THE SLUSH AND SHAME OF ITS STAGNANT SWAMP OF CORRUPTION!
OH YEAH! IT SURE RANG MY BELL!
I STILL MISS THAT CORRUPTION! AND IT'S A LONG WAY TO THE BIG SLEAZY!
WHICH YOU WILL NEVER REACH! BECAUSE THE GREAT BEAST IS ALREADY AMONGST US! AND YOU WILL PAY FOR YOUR SINS OF UNHALLOWED LUST!
HAVE A SMILEEZY, SUNDAY, AND RELAX.
WHAT THE HELL —?


REMUDA!
AAAAGGHH!
RAPTOR! IT'LL PANIC THE HERD!
WELL, WELL, 'THE MAN WITH NO VOICE' FINALLY HAD SOMETHING TO SAY... 'AAAAAGH!'
BAD LUCK, REMUDA! COOL JUST DON'T CUT IT IN THE CRET!


SHOOTME SHOOTMESHOOT MESHOOTME EEEEEEEEEE!
WELL, THAT WAS COOL! OLD BOOTSY PUT HIM OUT OF HIS MISERY!
IT WAS THAT STUPID HAT OF HIS! OTHERWISE HE'D HAVE SEEN IT COMING!
YOU CRAZY JUNKIES! HERE COME THE REST!
I'M OUT OF SMILEEZYS. YOU GOT ANY OF THE LITTLE FELLAS?


"IT'S THE BOSS!"
CARTER
WHERE DID SHE LEARN TO SHOOT LIKE THAT?
THEY DIDN'T TEACH HER THAT AT COLLEGE, THAT'S FOR SURE!



From: Leo Karolos, CEO
To: Ms. Vegas Carter, Director of Operations
21st March 2214

Vegas, Greetings!

The information activist has passed *further* information to the media: that a rex, referred to as 'Gorehead', is unstable in time as a result of the Base 3 explosion and is attacking your herd.

This information is encrypted, so we cannot identify the sender, but it's transmitted from *your* location.

In order to reassure our critics that time radiation is harmless, it is vital 'Gorehead' is terminated and also the activist responsible for these leaks.

The Judgement Machine has produced a list of possible suspects from your workforce and this is attached. Please deal with this as a matter of urgency.

I've had to cancel my round-the-moon yacht race because of this business and, frankly, I'd like my life back.

Kind Regards

Leo

CEO Trans-Time Corporation.






THIS IS McGURK! I'M LOOKING RIGHT AT HIM! GET A ZOOKA!
AND SOMEONE DISPOSE OF HIS YOUNG! THEY'RE ABOUT AS WELCOME AS A RATTLESNAKE AT A SQUARE DANCE!
I'LL MAKE THEM DANCE!


HOW D'YOU LIKE THE ELECTRO-QUIRT? NOT SO GOOD, EH?
AAAHH!
HELPHELPHELP HELPHELP HELP!
I'LL NAIL GOREHEAD WITH A HIGH-EX!
WHEN THAT SHELL HITS, MA'AM, THERE WON'T BE ENOUGH OF HIM LEFT TO SNORE!
CARTER


DANG! BY RIGHTS YOU SHOULD BE A GONER!
MUST BE 'COS YOU'RE UNSTABLE IN TIME! RECKON I GOTTA GO ON THE PROD!
MAN, YOU ARE SO UGLY, YOU'D MAKE A FREIGHT TRAIN TAKE A DIRT ROAD!
THAT SHOULD PUSH YOUR BARROW!
NEVER SEEN A REX LIKE HIM! HE'S OFF HIS MENTAL RESERVATION! HE'S SO MAD HE COULD BITE HIMSELF!
COME ON, BOOTS! LET'S GO!
I'M GETTING A LITTLE PISSED MYSELF!


INFORMATION ACTIVIST.
LIST OF SUSPECTS.
1) Boots McGurk
The records show McGurk once rode with Earl Reagan and Claw Carver, before Carver left TT. They were both held responsible for the Base 3 disaster. Reagan is currently serving a life sentence for this crime, but Carver escaped in a time shuttle after stealing the base's gold bullion. His current whenabouts are unknown.
It is possible McGurk is secretly working with his old friends to sabotage TT again.
HELL! HOW MUCH PAIN CAN HE TAKE BEFORE HE BACKS OFF?
BUCKAROO! CUT DIRT! GET OUT OF THERE! NOW!


2) Pastor Sunday
Religious fanatic and suspected serial killer, it is thought he first killed a madam in Carver City twenty years ago. His name has been linked to reports of subsequent killings of prostitutes, but nothing was proved.
His application to return to the 23rd Century was refused and he may therefore bear a grudge against TT.
3) 'Apocalypse' Johnson
Johnson has 'gone native', believing you have to become the enemy in order to defeat it. He is a known associate of eco-terrorist groups determined to end our operations in the Cret on the grounds that TT are responsible for Time Change.
4) Absalom Kaine
Kaine was splattered by an acid ball, vomited at him by a T-rex. His application for compensation was refused because he was not wearing the appropriate health and safety protective clothing.
He therefore bears a grudge against TT.
5) Stand-Alone Shareen
Her lovers have died under suspicious circumstances and she is shunned and feared by the other cowboys, who claim she is a man-hater.
She has a bad attitude towards TT for reasons which remain unknown.


LOOK OUT—!
AAAAHHHH!
YOU BEEF-HEADED HARD-CASE—
—NOW YOU'RE GONNA GET IT STRONG!


AT TRANS-TIME, WE REALLY CARE ABOUT OUR EMPLOYEES.
THAT'S WHY WE DEVELOPED SMILEEZYS.
BECAUSE SOMETIMES IN THE CRET, ROUNDING UP DINOSAURS FOR FLESH™, THERE WILL BE TIMES YOU COULD BE IN DANGER.
BUT THE MORE DANGER YOU'RE IN, THE HARDER SMILEEZYS WORK TO ERASE FEAR FROM YOUR BRAIN... LEAVING YOU WITH ONLY HAPPY THOUGHTS!
SO WHEN YOU'RE FEELING SCARED... TAKE A SMILEEZY! IT WILL KEEP YOU SMILING YOUR WHOLE DAY!
SMILEEZYS... BECAUSE AT TRANS-TIME, WE CARE.
Side effects of Smileezys include drowsiness, paranoia, tunnel vision, diarrhea, delusions, rapid mood swings and temporary blindness.


SEE THOSE BURN MARKS ON HIS SIDE? HE MUST HAVE BEEN PRESENT WHEN BASE 3 EXPLODED.
RECKON HE WAS THE ONLY SURVIVOR.
YOU'RE ATTITUDINISING LIKE YOU'RE CRAZY ON THEM HAPPIFYING PILLS! SNAP OUT OF IT!
WHY? HE AIN'T NOTHIN' TO BE AFRAID OF.
I RECKON WE SHOULD LET BYGONES BE BYGONES!
I AIN'T AFRAID OF NOTHING NO MORE, ESPECIALLY REXES.
SURE. HE JUST WANTS TO BE FRIENDLY.
SEE?
I HURT MYSELF TODAY, TO—
WHOOPS! THERE GOES MY LEG! HA HA HA!


666
IT'S VANISHING!
WHAT DOES IT TAKE TO KILL IT?
NOTHING CAN KILL IT FOR IT IS THE GREAT BEAST! SATAN HIMSELF! HE WHOM YOU WILL KNOW BY HIS NUMBER: SIX-SIX-SIX!
THE LORD HAS SENT US A SIGN! NOW WILL YOU LISTEN? NOW WILL YOU BELIEVE?
WE BELIEVE! WE BELIEVE!
PRAISE THE LORD! YOUR EARS WERE CLOSED, BUT HE HAS OPENED THEM AGAIN!
DON'T LISTEN TO THIS SIN-BUSTER. HE'S STUDYING TO BE A HALFWIT. GOREHEAD'S NO DEMON. HE'S BEEN BRANDED.
WHAT MUST WE DO, PASTOR?
PUT YOUR FAITH IN ME FOR I AM THE SIX-SIX-SIX SHOOTER OF THE LORD! AND I WILL FIRE ON ALL WHO THREATEN MY FLOCK.
BELIEVE IN ME AND YOU WILL PASS SAFELY THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH. DISBELIEVE IN ME AND YOU WILL PASS THROUGH THE BOWELS OF THE GREAT BEAST. A SIMPLE CHOICE.


ONLY FOR THE SIMPLE-MINDED, SUNDAY.
IT'S A REX. AN ANIMAL. IT CAN DIE.
CARTER
AND WHERE THERE IS THE GREAT BEAST, THERE IS ALSO THE SCARLET WOMAN! THE GREAT WHORE OF BABYLON HERSELF!
UPON YOUR FOREHEAD, LADY, IS WRITTEN THE NAME: MYSTERY!
BUT YOU ARE NO MYSTERY TO ME! FOR I HAVE SEEN YOU WITH YOUR POUTING LIPS AND YOUR FRILLIES AND YOUR BUTTONS UNDONE, SHOWING OFF YOUR DEVIL'S DUMPLINGS! AND I KNOW WHO YOU REALLY ARE!
LOCK THIS SICK FILTH UP.
OH YES! I KNOW WHO YOU REALLY ARE!
WE'LL HAVE TO NAPALM THE JUNGLE BEYOND THE PERIMETER, MA'AM. IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO KILL GOREHEAD.
NO. HE COULD STILL ESCAPE. WE'VE GOT TO MAKE CERTAIN OF HIM.
WE'LL BOMB HIM BACK TO HELL.


ON THE PERIMETER —
SHAREEN! WE'VE BEEN ORDERED TO STAY AWAY FROM THE RIVER!
WHAT KINDA REBEL ARE YOU, NAILBOMB? C'MON! LET'S HAVE US SOME FUN!
THE OTHERS SAY YOU'VE GOT A BAD REP. THAT TERRIBLE THINGS HAPPEN TO YOUR LOVERS.
ONLY IF THEY DO ME WRONG.
BUT YOU'D DO ME RIGHT, WOULDN'T YOU?
I'D DO MY BEST.
THAT'S WHY I CHOSE YOU, 'COS YOU GOT STEEL APPEAL.
COME ON — GET YOUR KIT OFF.
A HUMAN PINCUSHION LIKE YOU MUST BE VERY BRAVE.
YOU CAN'T BE AFRAID OF LITTLE OLD ME.


OH, FUUU —
UNNGGH!
H-HELP ME, SHAREEN!
AIN'T NOTHING I CAN DO, NAILBOMB. YOU GOT YOURSELF THE ULTIMATE PIERCING!
IF IT'S ANY COMFORT, THAT CRITTER'S GONNA BE SHOOTIN' SHRAPNEL FOR A MONTH!


GOREHEAD RECALLED HIS FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH HUMANS...
666
IT WAS DURING THE DINOSAURS' FINAL ASSAULT ON BASE THREE.
HE HAD BEEN IN THE T-REX ARMY LED BY OLD ONE-EYE, THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY YEAR OLD TYRANNOSAUR.
FLESHHOOKER
DANGER
HE WAS ATTRACTED BY THE CRIES OF AN ALAMOSAUR THAT HAD ESCAPED IN THE CONFUSION.
HE SAW IT WAS LIMPING WITH A BAD FOOT AND KNEW IT WOULD BE AN EASY KILL.


FEMALE REXES PLANTED THEIR EGGS INSIDE THEIR KILL SO THEIR YOUNG COULD FEED WHEN THEY HATCHED OUT.
IT WAS THIS SUBCONSCIOUS MEMORY THAT DROVE HIM TO EAT HIS WAY INSIDE.
ONCE HE HAD GORGED ON THE INTERNAL ORGANS, HE SLEPT INSIDE THE ALAMOSAUR.
IT WAS THE BEST WAY TO PROTECT HIS KILL FROM OTHER PREDATORS AND WOULD PROVIDE HIM WITH MORE FLESH WHEN HE AWOKE.


CARVER AND REAGAN SHOULD HANG FOR THIS!
IT WASN'T THEIR DOING! IT WAS TRANS-TIME, HUNGRY FOR PROFITS!
THE TIME REACTOR'S GONNA BLOW ANY SECOND! TAKE COVER!
WHERE? THE WHOLE BASE IS CRAWLING WITH REXES!
INSIDE THE ALAMO!
IT SHOULD PROTECT US FROM THE WORST OF THE RADIATION!
WHATEVER KILLED IT RIPPED ITS INSIDES OUT... COME ON!
WELL, IT AIN'T PERFECT — BUT IT'S BETTER THAN FRYING OUT HERE.
IF WE SURVIVE, I'LL TELL MY KIDS... 'REMEMBER THE ALAMO.'
LET'S GET AWAY FROM HIS TROLLYBOBS AND FIND SOME-WHERE MORE... FRAGRANT.
PITY WE RAN OUT OF SMILEEZYS. I'M AS NERVOUS AS A CAT IN A ROOM FULL OF ROCKING CHAIRS.
DON'T SQUAT WITH YER SPURS ON. THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF.


QUIET! I CAN HEAR SOMETHING UP AHEAD...
BREATHING!
AAAAAAAAHHH!
BLOW ITS BRAINS OUT!
I'LL WIPE THAT THREE-BY-NINE GRIN OFF YER FACE!


N-NO —!
AAAAAAHHH!
THE NEXT MOMENT THE TRANS-TIME BASE EXPLODED.
GOREHEAD WAS THE ONLY SURVIVOR.
THE BLAST PERMANENTLY IMPRINTED THE ALAMO'S BLOOD ON HIS HEAD...
... AND THE RADIATION WOULD ALSO LEAVE HIM UNSTABLE IN TIME.


THE CAMP —
GIMME THAT OLD-TIME RELIGION! GIMME THAT OLD-TIME RELIGION! GIMME THAT OLD-TIME RELIGION! LORD, IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!
THAT SIN-BUSTER'S DRAWING A BIGGER CONGREGATION SINCE YOU THREW HIM IN THE CALABOOSE, MA'AM.
IT WILL BRING YOU OUT OF BONDAGE! IT WILL BRING YOU OUT OF BONDAGE AND IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!
WHEN WE KILL 'THE GREAT BEAST', THEY'LL RETURN TO THEIR SENSES.
CARTER
BUT WHY USE INFRA-SOUND BOMBS ON IT? WHY NOT JUST TORCH THE JUNGLE?
I'LL LEVEL WITH YOU. THERE'S AN INFORMATION ACTIVIST AMONGST THE TRAIL HANDS.
THE TREE-HUGGERS WOULD GO CRAZY IF THEY READ ABOUT 'NAPALM DROPPED IN THE CRET'.
YOU WERE A SUSPECT BECAUSE YOU RODE WITH REAGAN AND CARVER.
YEAH — I MISS CLAW CARVER... IN THE CROSS HAIRS OF MY GUNSIGHT.
THAT'S WHAT I FIGURED.
LET'S GET SUITED UP AND OVER TO THE QUARANTINE HERD, PICK UP THOSE BOMBS...
McGURK

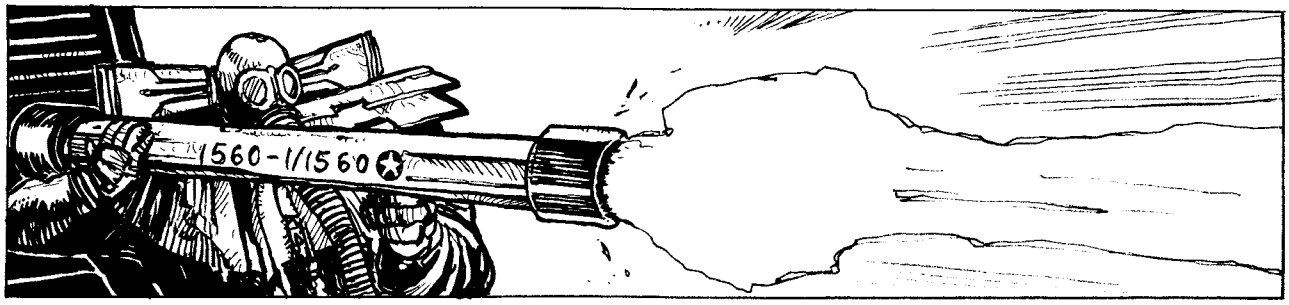

THE PARASAURS' SCREAMS WILL DESTROY ALL LIFE FORMS IN THE TARGET ZONE — INCLUDING GOREHEAD.
YES, MA'AM. THEY GOT VOICES LIKE A BURRO WITH A BAD COLD!
EEEE


TALKING OF BAD SMELLS... I READ THE ACCIDENT REPORT, MA'AM. SHAREEN'S EXPLANATION FOR NAILBOMB'S DEATH.
IT SMELLS, ALL RIGHT. BUT I'VE NO PROOF SHE MURDERED HIM. I'VE FINED HER TWO WEEKS' WAGES.
McGURK
CARTER
HERE THEY COME... A CRATE OF INFRASONIC BOMBS, RECORDINGS OF OUR VEGGIESAUR FRIENDS.
DANGER
THE MOST SOPHISTICATED AND LETHAL SOUND GENERATORS EVER DEVISED.
WHEN THEIR CRIES RIP THROUGH THE JUNGLE, SMALL DINOS WILL BE FALLING FROM THE TREES LIKE LEAVES.
AND REXES SOAK UP EVEN MORE SOUND. IT'LL DROP GOREHEAD IN HIS TRACKS.
CARTER


DAMN! I JUST GOT A TEXT FROM MY BOSS. THERE'S GOING TO BE A CONGRESSIONAL INQUIRY INTO THE BASE THREE DISASTER.
WHY?
THEY THINK THERE WAS A TIME LEAK AND THEY THINK IT'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THE TIME CHANGES IN THE TWENTY-THIRD.
WHAT DO POLITICIANS KNOW? THEY CAN'T TELL SKUNKS FROM HOUSE CATS!
From: Ms Vegas Carter, Director of Operations
To: Leo Karolos, CEO
23rd March LY149
Hello Leo,
I was sorry to hear the news from Washington. I am currently looking for Gorehead. I have decided against your suggestions of napalming or 'nuking' him. Consider the bad publicity if the information activist sent a vid back to the 23rd. TT must continue to be seen as a 'green' and 'caring' corporation. I have arrested a possible suspect and will be interrogating him shortly. If he turns out to be the activist, he will be executed.
WITH ALL THESE ECO-TERRORIST ATTACKS, I GUESS THE GOVERNMENT HAD TO DO SOMETHING.
SURE. AND YOU CAN TRUST THE GOVERNMENT. ASK ANY INDIAN.
WELL, MAYBE THE ECOLOGISTS ARE RIGHT AND WE ARE RESPONSIBLE.
I DON'T BUY IT, MA'AM. ASKING THE GREENS IF IT'S OUR FAULT IS LIKE ASKING A BARBER IF YOU NEED A HAIRCUT.
OVER THERE.
IT'S HIM.
LOAD THE LAUNCHER.


LOOKS LIKE THE BIG BAZOO HAS GOT PIROOTING ON HIS MIND.
GOOD. YOU CAN HIT HIM WHILE HE'S DISTRACTED.
99
99


I WANT TO TAKE MY TIME, MA'AM. FAST IS GOOD, BUT ACCURATE IS BETTER.
GOREHEAD AND HIS RIVAL HAD BOTH SMELT A YOUNG FEMALE IN HER FIRST SEASON AND WERE EAGER TO MATE WITH HER.
BOY! WE ALL GOT PIECES OF CRAZY IN US, SOME BIGGER PIECES THAN OTHERS — BUT THAT GOREHEAD, HE'S GOT THE MOST!
THERE COULD ONLY BE ONE.



I have noted your comments to the media about TT's 'deep and sincere regret' for the time spill and how we always put safety ahead of cost, the environment ahead of profits.

Therefore I have decided infrasonic bombs are the best way to dispatch Gorehead. They will not permit him the opportunity to escape in time and the high-frequency sound will attack his central nervous system, lungs, and heart with lethal results.

More soon.

Vegas, Director of Operations


EEEE


TWO WHOOPS AND A HOLLER AND HE'LL BE DOWN!
YEP! KRONJ!
NOW I'LL MAKE SURE OF HIM, McGURK...
... WITH A LASER TO THE HEAD!


SOMETHING WRONG, MA'AM? YOU LOOK KINDA BOTHERED.
I GUESS I AM, McGURK. REXES WERE THE APEX CARNIVORE OF THE CRET... THE SUPREME PREDATOR.
UNTIL WE ARRIVED.
McGURK
CARTER
T-1000
AND TURNED IT INTO THE ANTHROPOCENE — THE AGE OF HUMANS.
WE'RE THE APEX CARNIVORE NOW.


AIN'T THAT THE TRUTH, MA'AM. WE GOT ALL THOSE MOUTHS TO FEED IN THE TWENTY-THIRD. WITHOUT FLESH, WE'D BE FACING STARVATION.
SO THE MARKETING MEN KEEP TELLING US.
TAKE CARE OF GORE-HEAD'S MATE.
YES, MA'AM.
OKAY, LET'S MOVE OUT, GUYS.
GIMME THAT CHAIN-SAW, DINERO. I WANT TO MAKE SURE HE'S BEEFED — WITH HIM BEING UNSTABLE IN TIME AN' ALL.
HE'S RADIATING HIGGS SINGLET PARTICLES AND WE'RE NOT WEARING TIME-RADIATION SUITS. IT'S TOO DANGEROUS.
BUT, MA'AM, SUPPOSING HE'S STILL ALIVE?
T-1000
WHY DON'T YOU STICK YOUR HEAD IN HIS MOUTH AND SEE IF HE'S BREATHING?
DON'T SQUAT WITH YOUR SPURS ON, MA'AM. THE CHAIN-SAW WILL TAKE HIS HEAD CLEAN OFF.
SLICE THROUGH HIS NECK IN NO TIME AT ALL...

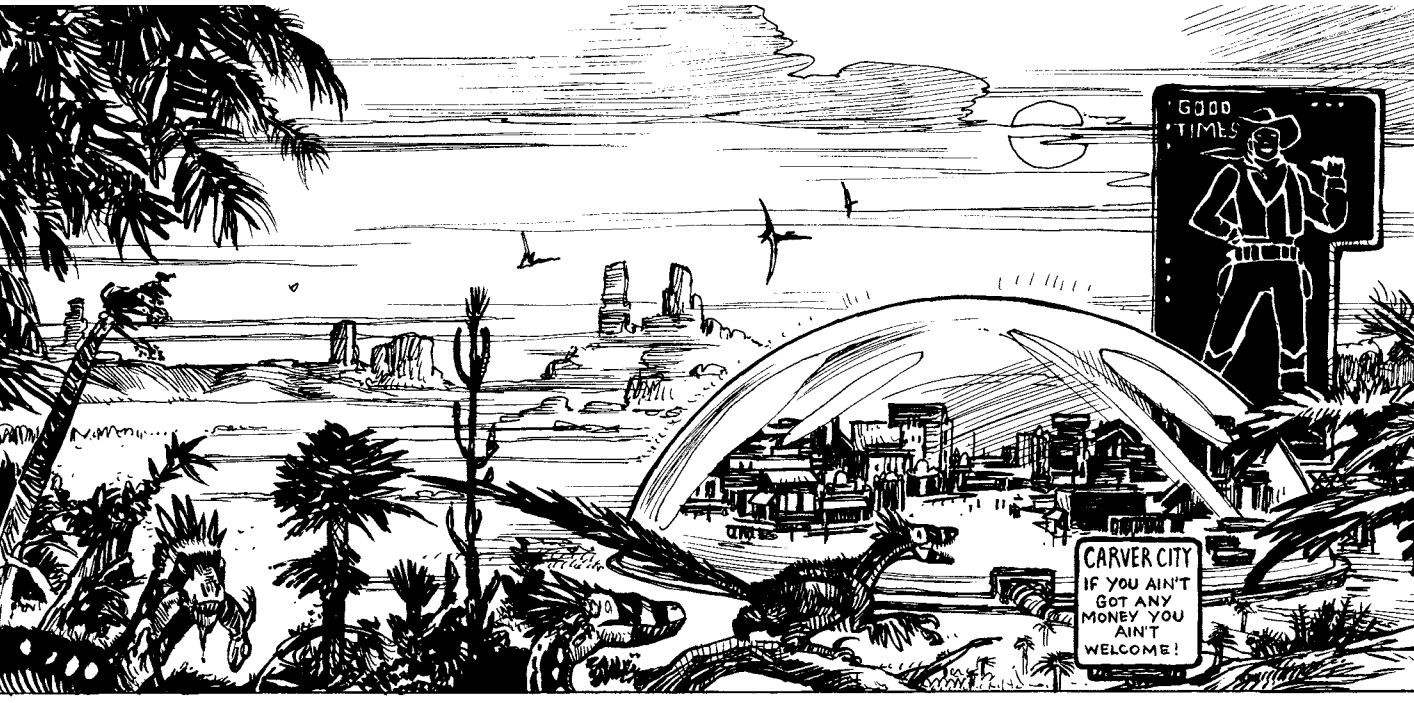

TURN HIM INTO PTERANODON BAIT.
MCGURK
VRRUMMM!
YOU ALWAYS MISS A GOOD CHANCE TO SHUT UP, MC-GURK. THIS ISN'T A COOKERY PROGRAMME. THE SOUND OF THE SAW AND STENCH OF THE BLOOD'LL BRING EVERY PRED FOR MILES TO SEE YOUR SHOW.
WE CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES, MA'AM —
STAY AND PLAY MASTER BUTCHER IF YOU WANT. I'M GETTING MY TUSH OUT OF HERE.
WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO HER?
WHAT THE HELL —?
KOOLASUCHUS!
WHAT DID I SAY? IT WAS ATTRACTED BY THE NOISE OF THE SAW!
AAAHHHH!


HOW COME THE SONIC BOMBS DIDN'T KILL IT?
THE MUD MUST HAVE ABSORBED THE SOUND!
POOR DINERO — THOSE THINGS HAVE GOT TEETH LIKE BROKEN GLASS!
YEAH, I CAN HEAR THEM GRINDING HIM.
SURE AM GLAD I GOT MY SMILEEZYS! HA HA HA!
T-1000 KT
YOU WANT TO SEE GOREHEAD AUTOPSIED BY HANNIBAL LECTER YOU'RE WELCOME TO STAY.
ONLY BEFORE LONG YOU'LL HAVE MORE LOCAL WILDLIFE TO JOIN YOU FOR DINNER, WITH YOU AS THE STARTER.
SHE'S GOT A POINT, BOOTS.
MAYBE... THERE'S MANY THEORIES ABOUT ARGUING WITH A WOMAN AND NONE OF THEM WORK.
THAT'S RIGHT, McGURK. BEING SILENT MAY BE YOUR BEST ANSWER.
IT'S HARD TO PUT A FOOT IN A CLOSED MOUTH!


THAT NIGHT —
ARMOURY
GIMME THAT OLD-TIME RELIGION! GIMME THAT OLD-TIME RELIGION! GIMME THAT OLD-TIME RELIGION! LORD, IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!
SORRY, MA'AM. THE SIN-BUSTER'S TURNED THE HOOSEGOW INTO A GOSPEL MILL.
I'LL SEE HIM NOW, KAINE.
YES, MA'AM.
IF IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR MOSES, IF IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR MOSES, IF IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR MOSES THEN IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!
LEAVE US.
YES, MA'AM.
YOUR 'GREAT BEAST' IS DEAD, SUNDAY.
WHEN WORD GETS OUT, YOU'RE GOING TO LOSE THOSE CHOIRBOYS OUT THERE.
MAYBE. BUT THAT'S NOT THE REASON YOU CAME TO SEE ME, IS IT, MS CARTER?


SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME, SUNDAY.
YOU'RE PLANNING ON ACCUSING ME OF BEING THE INFORMATION ACTIVIST AND THEN MAKING ME DANCE FROM A LASSO PLANE. AIN'T THAT RIGHT, MS CARTER?
HOW DID I KNOW? OH, I KNOW MANY THINGS.
LIKE THE REAL REASON YOU HATE ME SO BAD.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
I ALWAYS WONDERED WHY YOU CHOSE ME SPECIALLY FOR THIS MISSION.
THAT SET ME TO THINKING ABOUT YOU.
ABOUT THE WAY YOU DRESS — LIKE ONE OF THEM SOILED DOVES YOU MEET ON THE STREETS OF THE BIG SLEAZY.
I'M AWARE YOU'RE SUSPECTED OF KILLING PROSTITUTES IN BASE SIX.
THEN I SAW YOU SHOOT THOSE RAPTORS OUT OF THE SKY AND I KNEW.
I ONLY MET ONE MAN WHO COULD HANDLE A GUN THAT GOOD.
YOU'RE CLAW CARVER'S DAUGHTER.


WHAT ELSE DO YOU KNOW?
YOUR MOTHER WAS AN OUTLAW... NAME OF JANIE B. GOOD.
HER AND CLAW WERE IN THE FLESH BUSINESS TOGETHER, SUPPLYING GIRLS TO TRAILHANDS WHO STOPPED BY IN THAT SODOM AND GOMORRAH KNOWN AS CARVER CITY.
AND THE LORD ORDERED ME TO BE THE MANIFESTATION OF HIS WRATH AND END HER SINFUL EXISTENCE.
VENGEANCE
I WOULD HAVE SPARED HER, BUT THE LORD SAID, 'NO. THE TIME FOR MERCY IS OVER.'
BUT BEFORE WE CONTINUE... MIGHT I SUGGEST YOU PUT THAT FIREARM DOWN?
'COS IF SOMETHING UNFORTUNATE WERE TO HAPPEN TO ME, A REPORT WILL BE SENT TO TRANS-TIME ABOUT YOU.
INCLUDING THE CURIOUS WAY GOREHEAD KEEPS ESCAPING DEATH... AND MIGHT EVEN NOW BE ALIVE.
YOU MURDERED MY MOMMA, YOU SICK... EVIL...
BUT I HAD TO. SHE WAS A SOILED DOVE. LIKE YOU.
AND I HAVE A CONTRACT WITH THE LORD...


GOOD TIMES
CARVER CITY
IF YOU AIN'T GOT ANY MONEY YOU AIN'T WELCOME!


MOMMA, WHEN WILL PA BE BACK?
SOON, VEGAS. HE'S GONE TO BASE SIX TO TAKE CARE OF SOME BUSINESS.


THEN WILL YOU TELL ME THE STORY ABOUT HOW HE GOT HIS CLAW?
BUT YOU KNOW THAT STORY, VEGAS.


I WANT TO HEAR IT AGAIN!
TELL ME AGAIN ABOUT THE GHOST RIDERS IN THE SKY, AND HOW PA BROUGHT IN SATAN'S HERD.
OKAY... WELL, YOUR PA WAS UNDER ARREST AND THE LAWMAN MCZ WAS TAKING HIM TO SEABED CITY. ME AND YOUR UNCLE STAIN GOT ON THE BUS, PRETENDING TO BE ORDINARY PASSENGERS...


... SO FINALLY PA RECEIVED A CORPORATE PARDON AND HALF A MILLION STARS AND THAT'S HOW HE CAME TO BUILD CARVER CITY. AND WE ALL LIVED... ?
HAPPILY EVER AFTER!


YOU'D BETTER BE HOME SOON, CLAW, OR I'LL BE PUTTING YOUR HEAD UP THERE, NEXT TO YOUR TROPHIES...
LOOKS LIKE THE BOSS HAS AN ADMIRER.
HE'LL BE LUCKY. SHE ONLY PUTS OUT FOR CLAW.
IS THAT WHY SHE CALLS HERSELF JANIE B. GOOD?
MAYBE. THE ONLY ONE OF US WHO IS GOOD!
YOU PICKED THE WRONG ROOM, COWBOY.
BUT ONE OF MY NYMPHS DU PRAIRIE WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU.
MY NAME IS PASTOR SUNDAY.
AND I HAVE A CONTRACT WITH THE LORD!


WHEN PA HEARD WHAT HAPPENED, HE LOOKED ALL OVER THE CRET FOR YOU. BUT HE NEVER FOUND YOU.
SO YOU DECIDED TO TRACK ME DOWN INSTEAD?
I FOUND OUT ALL ABOUT YOU, MISSY. YOU KNEW YOU'D NEVER GET WORK AT TRANS-TIME AS THE DAUGHTER OF TWO KNOWN FELONS...
... SO YOU CHANGED YOUR NAME FROM VEGAS CARVER TO VEGAS CARTER.
YOU WENT TO UNIVERSITY IN THE TWENTY-THIRD. YOU RECEIVED A PHD IN CHRONO-ECOLOGY. YOUR THESIS WAS 'MACROPREDATOR-PREY RELATIONSHIPS IN LATE MAASTRICHTIAN NORTH AMERICA'.
TO BE MADE FIELD DIRECTOR, YOU DEFILED YOURSELF WITH THE TRANS-TIME BOSS.
CAME NATURAL TO YOU AFTER LIVING AMONGST THOSE WHORES.
I SUSPECT YOU'RE ONE OF THEM ECO-TERRORISTS, THOUGH WHY YOU WANT TO SAVE GOREHEAD, I AIN'T FIGURED OUT YET.
BUT I RECOMMEND YOU PUT THOUGHTS OF VIOLENCE FROM YOUR MIND. I'VE DEALT WITH HARLOTS LIKE YOU BEFORE.
YOU AIN'T DEALT WITH CLAW CARVER'S DAUGHTER BEFORE!


YOU AIN'T DEALT WITH JANIE B. GOOD'S DAUGHTER BEFORE!
YOU SOILED DOVE!
CARTER
YOU'RE LIKE MY MOTHER. LIKE 'IT'. IT WAS A TRAMP TOO.
IT TOLD ME I HAD A CONTRACT WITH THE LORD TO STAY PURE, WHEN ALL THE TIME IT WAS PIROOTIN' ITSELF.
IT MUST PAY!


YOU'RE EVILLER THAN A PURGATORY RAT!
THIS IS JUST A LITTLE ON ACCOUNT OF WHAT YOU DID TO MY MOMMA, SUNDAY!
THIS IS FOR YOU, MOMMA!
THIS IS FOR MY MOMMA!
YOUR SECRET'S SAFE WITH ME, SUNDAY, AS LONG AS MY SECRET'S SAFE WITH YOU. UNDERSTOOD?
UNDERSTOOD!
MA'AM?
I'VE FINISHED INTERROGATING SUNDAY. HE'S FREE TO GO.
FOR NOW.
CARTER


NEXT DAY —
WE'LL CAMP AT CARVER CITY TONIGHT, McGURK.
NOT A GOOD LOCATION, MA'AM. THE REXES ATTACKED IT BEFORE THEY MOVED ON TO BASE THREE. SOME OF THEM COULD COME BACK.
NONE OF THEM ARE COMING BACK, McGURK. THEY DIED WHEN 'DEEPTIME HORIZON' EXPLODED.
EXCEPT FOR GOREHEAD, MA'AM. SOMEHOW HE SURVIVED THE TIME SPILL.
AND YOU SAW FOR YOURSELF — HE'S NOT COMING BACK EITHER.
'PLACE IS A GHOST TOWN NOW... OLD ONE-EYE AND HER ARMY BROKE THROUGH THE DOME AND KILLED MOST OF THE WORKING GIRLS AND THEIR CLIENTS.
'ONLY CLAW CARVER, EARL REAGAN AND A HANDFUL OF OTHERS SURVIVED.'
'MAYBE THAT'S WHY I DON'T WANT TO GO THERE, MA'AM. IT COULD BRING BACK TOO MANY MEMORIES.'
'WE HAVE TO, McGURK.'
SALOON
ITS A MATTER OF RESPECT.


KEEP 'EM ROLLING! WE GOT A HUNGRY WORLD TO FEED!
CARVER CO
IF YOU AIN'T GOT ANY MONEY YOU AIN'T WELCO
SALOON
IT'S A GHOST TOWN.
YEAH, IT'S ALL GONE. MEN WE ALL KNEW. GOOD MEN. BRAVE MEN.
AND BRAVE WOMEN, TOO.
WHICH WAY WE HEADED AFTER THIS, MA'AM?
RECKON THE SAME WAY WE TOOK COMING UP FROM BASE SIX.
WON'T BE SO EASY WITH FIFTEEN THOUSAND HEAD OF DINOS, ESPECIALLY CROSSING THE INTERIOR SEAWAY AT RED FORD.
I SAW MOSASAURS AND BULLDOG PIRANHAS, IN THE WATER. IF THOSE CRITTERS ATTACK, IT'LL START A FEEDING FRENZY.
TRUE. BUT WE'LL AVOID THE WORST OF THE WET WOODLANDS AND SWAMPS. THEY'RE TOO TREACHEROUS.


LOOK NATURAL, HONEY,
I'LL GET A HAMMER, THEN.
HENRY HOLLIDAY
DENTIST
BANK YOUR GOLD STARS WI
OLD TEETH INSERTED/EXTRAC
WHILE U WAIT
IT WAS HERE EARL REAGAN FOUGHT OLD ONE-EYE.
CUT OUT A GLAND IN HER NECK SO HE COULD SAVE HIS BUDDY JOE.
EARL REAGAN?
A SAD INDIVIDUAL.
SHUT YOUR MOUTH, NOTCH! EARL REAGAN WAS THE BEST TRAIL BOSS BAR NONE!
THAT'S NOT THE WAY I HEARD IT. I HEARD HE WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEEPTIME HORIZON DISASTER.
HE WAS MADE A SCAPEGOAT BY TRANS-TIME.
HE TAUGHT MOST OF US DROVERS EVERYTHING WE KNOW.
THEN WE'RE IN BIG TROUBLE. THIS PLACE AIN'T EXACTLY A MONUMENT TO SUCCESS.
MORE LIKE THE ALAMO.


YOU GOT THAT RIGHT. LET'S NEVER FORGET WHAT HAPPENED HERE...
AND WHAT HAPPENED TO BASE THREE.
REMEMBER BASE THREE.
THE ONLY REASON THE REXES OVERRAN IT WAS THE BUBBLE BRAINS THAT OWN TRANS-TIME PUT PROFITS BEFORE SAFETY.
DAMN. NOTCH'S FACE WAS HARDER THAN I THOUGHT.
AND YOU'RE SOFTER THAN I THOUGHT, McGURK. YOU REALLY CARE ABOUT PEOPLE.
BAR
IT'S ON ACCOUNT OF NOTCH'S GOLD TEETH, BOSS. LIKE MOST OF US, HE INSISTS ON HIS WAGES IN GOLD. DOESN'T TRUST PAPER MONEY SINCE THE GREAT CRASH.
WHICH IS WHY SHAREEN'S SUDDENLY TAKING AN INTEREST IN HIM.
YOU MEAN IT'S NOT ON ACCOUNT OF HIS GOOD LOOKS? OR THE NOTCHES HE CUTS IN HIS BODY EVERY TIME HE KILLS A PRED?
NO. AND NOW THE DENTIST IS DEAD, SHE'S GOT TO WAIT UNTIL WE GET TO TEXAS BEFORE SHE GETS HER HANDS ON HIS EIGHTEEN-CARAT BACK MOLARS.
RECKON HE'LL LIVE UNTIL WE GET TO THE BIG SLEAZY, THEN!


WITHOUT GOREHEAD, IT SHOULD BE A HOME RUN NOW.
AND THEN YOU FINALLY GAIN YOUR FREEDOM?
YES, MA'AM.
YOU EVER NOTICE HOW THE USA IN THE MAASTRICHTIAN IS ALMOST IDENTICAL TO THE USA IN THE TWENTY-THIRD?
YOU MEAN THE WAY THE EAST COAST AND MOST OF FLORIDA AND TEXAS IS UNDER-WATER?
CARTER
YEAH. NEW YORK... PHILADELPHIA... BOSTON... THEY'RE ALL SINK CITIES NOW.
EXCEPT IN OUR TIME IT WAS CAUSED BY MAN-MADE CLIMATE CHANGE.
MANY PEOPLE THINK TIME CHANGE WILL BE MORE SERIOUS. THAT'S WHY THEY'RE TRYING TO BAN TIME TRAVEL.
CARTER
I DON'T BELIEVE IN TIME CHANGE, MA'AM. THAT'S FOR DO-GOODERS WHO HAVEN'T GOT ENOUGH GRIEF IN THEIR LIVES, SO THEY HAVE TO GO OUT LOOKING FOR IT.
BESIDES, FLESH IS THE ONLY WAY WE CAN FEED A STARVING WORLD.
ALL I KNOW IS, I'M GOING TO TEXAS AND NO ONE BETTER TRY TO STOP ME!


MEANWHILE —
HE SHOULDN'T BE ALIVE.
THE INFRASONIC BOMB SHOULD HAVE KILLED HIM.
THE LASER SHOULD HAVE BURNED OUT HIS BRAIN.
YET, SOMEHOW, MYSTERIOUSLY, HE LIVED.
THE FEMALE WAS NOT SO LUCKY. GOREHEAD RECOGNISED THE SCENT OF THE MAMMAL WHO HAD SHOT HER.
THE SAME MAMMAL WHO HAD BRANDED HIM... BOOTS McGURK.


THE MAMMALS HAD KILLED HIS MATE.
THEY HAD KILLED HIS JUVES.
THEY HAD STOLEN HIS FLESH.
BRANDED HIM.
BOMBED HIM.
SHOT HIM.
IT WAS TIME FOR PAYBACK!



BONUS THRILLS!

CARRION

Originally printed in *2000 AD* Summer Special 1977

THE BUFFALO HUNT

Originally printed in *2000 AD* Annual 1978


THE 23RD CENTURY— AN AGE HIGHLY ADVANCED TECHNOLOGICALLY, BUT AN AGE HUNGRY FOR THE TASTE OF REAL MEAT. THERE IS NO ROOM LEFT ON THIS PLANET FOR MAN TO PRODUCE HIS OWN — BUT WITH THE DISCOVERY OF TIME-TRAVEL, MAN CAN GO BACK TO THE AGE OF THE GREAT DINOSAURS, TO FARM THEM FOR THEIR...
FLESH
HUGE CORPORATIONS COMPETE WITH ONE ANOTHER IN THE MOST CUT-THROAT BUSINESS OF ALL TIME...
ADVANCE PROTEIN INC
IF ONLY WE COULD COMPETE WITH TRANSTIME PRICES, API WOULD BE THE MOST POWERFUL CORPORATION ON EARTH!
I DON'T WANT HIS LIFE STORY, YOU TOAD — JUST HIS DEATH STORY! HOW DO WE GET RID OF HIM?
OKAY, I HEARD THE JOB YA GOT FOR ME — BUT I DON'T COME CHEAP...
VERY GOOD, IDEA, SIR — I HAVE A PLAN FOR THE...ER...REMOVAL OF REAGAN — IF I MAY ASK MY 'GUEST' TO COME IN!
IT'S THEIR HERD-BOSS IN BACK TIME, SIR — EARL REAGAN! THERE'S NO-ONE CAN DRIVE DINOSAURS OR MEN LIKE HIM! HE'S...
THEY SELL THEIR TYRANNO STEAKS FOR ONLY HALF A STAR! HOW DO THEY DO IT?


YOU WANT REAGAN DEAD – IT'S GONNA COST YA SIX MILLION STARS!
BUT, BACK IN THE CRETACEOUS PERIOD, HEAD RANGER EARL REAGAN ALREADY HAD A TOUGH JOB ON HIS HANDS!
HEAD THAT LEADER BACK TO THE WATER BEFORE WE LOSE THE HERD!
YOU MISS HIM, BOY, AND I'LL DOCK YOU A MONTH'S PAY!
IF I MISS THE BONEHEAD I'LL GIVE YOU ANOTHER MONTH FREE!
JIM CASSIDY, REAGAN'S NUMBER TWO, WAS NO IDLE BOASTER...
I GOT HIM, BOSS – SOON HAVE HIM CALMED DOWN!
AS JIM GOT THE HERD LEADER UNDER CONTROL...
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, BOSS? THEY SEEM QUIET ENOUGH NOW!
DON'T TALK LIKE A GREENHORN, CAL. SOMETHIN' WAS BUGGIN' THOSE LIZARDS.
AIN'T A TYRANNO FOR TEN KILOMETRES, IT HAS TO BE THE SWAMP...
BUT THAT LAKE AIN'T MORE'N A COUPLE OF METRES DEEP, BOSS. NOTHIN' OF ANY SIZE COULD BE HIDIN' THERE.


EVEN SO, EARL REAGAN TOOK NO CHANCES...
KEEP THE CRITTURS MOVIN' TO THE CROSSING, CAL. I'M GONNA CHECK OUT THAT SWAMP AGIN.
SOON...
AIN'T MOVIN', BOSS. IT COULD BE A MUDBANK.
MAYBE – MAYBE NOT! LET'S TAKE A CLOSER LOOKSEE!
IT COULD BE A TRICK OF THE EYES, BUT I GET A FEELIN' THAT IT'S MOVIN'!
PROBABLY JUST THE WATER DISTURBANCE SET UP BY THE HERD, MR REAGAN.
THEN SUDDENLY...
HOLY MOSES- A GIANT PYTHON!
KEEP HIM BUSY, JASON!
HE'S GOT THE OTHER AIR-JEEP! WE GOTTA TRY AND KEEP HIM AWAY FROM THE HERD!
AAAAGH
TOO LATE- HE'S SEEN THEM!


AND...
HE'S GOT HIS TEETH INTO THE HERD LEADER, BOSS!
IT'S SPOOKED THE HERD REAL GOOD! THEY'RE GONNA...
STAMPEDE!
AEEEEEE!
SPENDER! MCGUIGAN! BURY THE DEAD BEFORE THEY ATTRACT TROUBLE. THE REST OF YOU GUYS GET AFTER THAT HERD!
SOMETIMES I THINK EARL REAGAN AIN'T HUMAN AT ALL!
MINUTES LATER...
WHAT A SHAMBLES! AT LEAST TWENTY DEAD!
SPARE ME THE TEARS ROUTINE, SVENSON! THAT'S A THOUSAND TONS OF LIZARD MEAT WE'VE LOST!
OKAY, JIM, GET THIS BUGGY BACK TO THE COMPLEX AND DOUBLE-QUICK! I NEED REPLACEMENTS – FAST!


SOON, REAGAN TALKED OVER THE 'TIMESCAN' TO TRANS TIME'S PRESIDENT IN THE 23rd CENTURY...
THE CORPORATION CAN'T SUSTAIN LOSSES LIKE THIS, REAGAN! IT RAISES THE PRICE OF OUR PRODUCT. GIVES OUR COMPETITORS AN ADVANTAGE!
YOU WANT INCREASED MEAT YIELDS, MR. VARNEY! I GOTTA HAVE MORE MEN!
OKAY, REAGAN. YOU'VE MADE YOUR POINT. IT WILL TAKE A DAY OR TWO TO ORGANISE!
I CAN'T MOVE WITHOUT THEM, MR. VARNEY. AND NO MEAT MEANS NO PROFIT FOR ANYONE!
ANOTHER THREE DAYS PASSED BEFORE BUTCH REAGAN'S NEW MEN WERE BEAMED DOWN...
THIS IS A TOUGH OUTFIT, IF ANYONE CHICKENS OUT IT CAN COST ANOTHER MAN'S LIFE AND MORE IMPORTANT— THE HERD!
WHEN DO WE MEET UP WITH A TYRANO, MR. REAGAN?
AMONG THE NEW HANDS IS A MAN WITH A MISSION— HIS NAME— SKERRETT...
YOU'LL MEET ONE SOON ENOUGH, SKERRETT. LET'S HOPE YOU'VE GOT THE STOMACH TO SPIT IN ITS EYE!
IT WON'T TOUCH ME, REAGAN, I'LL SEE IT CHOMPING YOU!
THE BOUNTY HUNTER BIDES HIS TIME DEEP IN THE WILDEST TERRAIN AS THE TRANSTIME HERD RESTED UP FOR THE NIGHT... SUDDENLY...
OKAY, SKERRETT, LET'S SEE HOW GOOD YOU ARE WITH THAT LAZER RIFLE— HIT THAT TYRANNOSAUR!
YOU'RE GONNA FIND OUT, OKAY, REAGAN. THIS IS THE MOMENT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR, YOU'RE WORTH MORE TO ME— DEAD!


ONLY THE WATCHFUL EYE OF REAGAN'S NUMBER TWO STOPPED SKERRETT'S PLAN...
WHAT THE...?
NICE WORK, KID!
REAGAN SNATCHED UP SKERRETT'S FALLEN RIFLE...
ZZZAP!
AS JIM INTRODUCED SKERRETT TO HIS TARGET'S COMPANION...
FOR MERCY'S SAKE, LET ME GO!
NOT TILL YOU TELL ME WHY YOU TRIED TO KILL THE BOSS, YOU SWAMP-BUG!
LUCKY I PICKED UP WHAT SKERRETT SAID OVER HIS TWO-WAY COMMUNICATOR!
IF HE HADN'T LEFT IT SWITCHED ON, I WOULD HAVE BEEN A GONER, THANKS, JIM!
SHORTLY AFTER, THE PRESIDENT OF ADVANCE PROTEIN INCORPORATED RECEIVED AN UNEXPECTED DELIVERY...
ARE YOU CERTAIN IT IS MEANT FOR ME?
YES, SIR. BY NATURE OF A FREE SAMPLE I BELIEVE.
BUT WHEN THE CARTON WAS OPENED...
SKERRETT!
UNSUITABLE FOR PROCESSING — CONTAMINATED FLESH.
THE END

THE BUFFALO HUNT




There was a deep, humming noise. Then . . .
THE WOOLY ONE VANISHES! THE GODS PLAY TRICKS ON ME!
The 'Gods' at work were only too human. The Buffalo had been beamed into the 23rd Century by technicians of the Trans Time corporation.
IT WORKED! WE'VE MANAGED TO GET ONE FOR THE TESTS! THE DIRECTOR WILL BE THRILLED! PITY WE CAN'T DO THAT AGAIN. THE POWER DRAIN WAS TOO MUCH JUST FOR ONE ANIMAL.
Later that day, in the Trans Time director's office.
THIS COULD BE OUR BEST NEW PRODUCT—AFTER DINOSAUR MEAT.
YOU SENT FOR ME, DIRECTOR?
AH—REAGAN—COME IN! I HAVE A NEW JOB FOR YOU AND YOUR TEAM. PROBABLY THE MOST CHALLENGING TASK YET!
WE HAVE BEEN ABLE TO OBTAIN A SAMPLE OF RARE BUFFALO MEAT FROM THE YEAR EIGHTEEN TWENTY ONE. BUT WE NEED A GREAT DEAL MORE. WE PLAN TO LAUNCH THIS AS OUR LATEST MEAT PRODUCT AND CHARGE A FORTUNE FOR IT!
BUT WE'VE NEVER TAKEN MEAT FROM A CIVILISED TIME PERIOD BEFORE. IT COULD UPSET THE COURSE OF HISTORY—WITH DISASTROUS RESULTS!
I ONLY WANT A DOZEN BEASTS—THE PAST WON'T MISS THEM—AND TRANS TIME CAN CHARGE WHAT THEY LIKE FOR SUCH A DELICACY. WE'VE GOT TO FEED THE PEOPLE OF THIS COUNTRY—AND YOU WILL DO AS I SAY. CLEAR?
I SEE I HAVE NO OPTION—BUT DON'T BLAME ME IF SOMETHING GOES WRONG!
NOTHING WILL GO WRONG—BUT JUST IN CASE—I HAVE ARRANGED FOR SOMEONE TO GO WITH YOU.
HI THERE, REAGEN. LONG TIME NO SEE!
CLAW CARVER! I THOUGHT I'D SEEN THE LAST OF YOU!
Within two hours the party was ready to be beamed back to the same co-ordinate as the place where the buffalo was found.
I DON'T KNOW WHY THE DIRECTOR ASKED YOU ALONG, CARVER. HE KNOWS I CAN'T STAND YOU.
RECKON HE PROBABLY THOUGHT YOU'D NEED MY EXPERIENCE ON THIS TRIP. BESIDES—AS HE'S PAYING ME A HANDSOME FEE—I THINK I CAN PUT UP WITH YOU FOR A WHILE.


Three seconds from the time of energising and the party were back in the year 1821.
YOU GUYS SHAKEN UP A BIT? YOU'LL GET USED TO THE TIME TRANSFER AFTER A WHILE. IT'S A BIT LIKE THE OLD JET-LAG PEOPLE IN THE 20th CENTURY USED TO HAVE.
QUIT YAPPIN', CLAW! LOOK– THERE'S SOME KIND OF FIRE OVER THERE. LET'S GO SEE WHO IT IS.
A party of buffalo hunters were enjoying a meal, until Reagen and his men arrived.
FREEZE WHERE YOU ARE, MISTER! WE DON'T LIKE STRANGERS ROLLIN' UP TO OUR CAMP WITHOUT AN INVITATION!
HI, THERE! MIND IF WE JOIN YOU?
JUST TURN YOUR CRITTERS AROUND AND DON'T COME BACK–OR I'LL BLAST YOUR HIDES.
WHY–YOU . . !
COOL IT, HAYS! WE DON'T WANT THAT SORT OF SHOOTING. THERE'S ANOTHER WAY TO DEAL WITH UNFRIENDLY FOLK LIKE HIM!
THEN FOLLOW IT UP WITH A TASTE OF KNUCKLE!
DON'T INTEREFERE WITH MY FRIEND'S FUN, FELLAS! I'D HATE TO PIN YOUR EARS BACK WITH THIS!
Reagan dug his spurs into his horse's flank.
YOU GIVE THEM A TASTE OF LEATHER!
OOOOOFFFF!
AAAARRRRGH!
OKAY–YOU'VE MADE YOUR POINT! I WAS A BIT HASTY!
THAT'S BETTER! MAYBE WE CAN GET ROUND TO INTRODUCTIONS NOW.

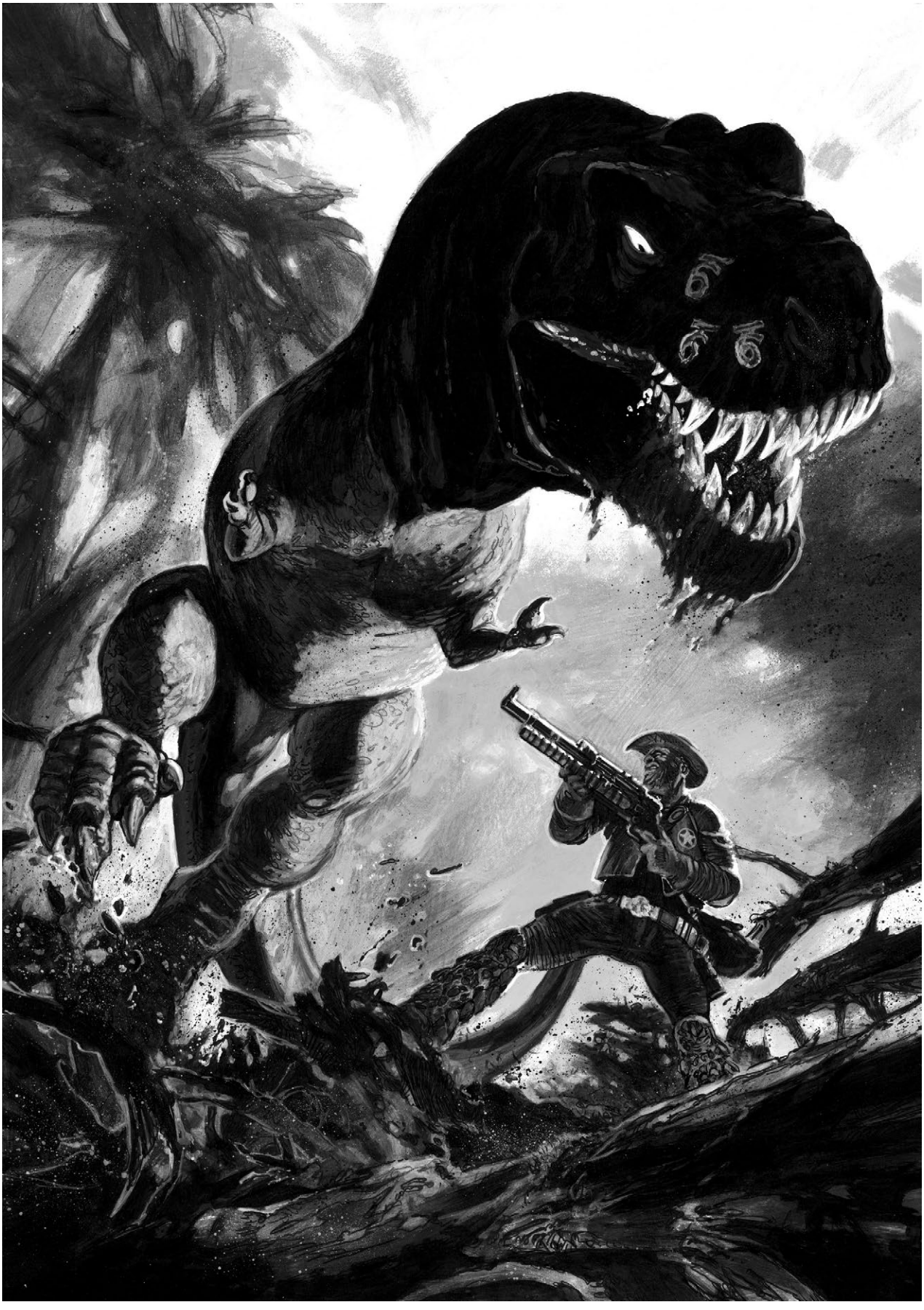

Suddenly, a flight of deadly arrows whizzed through the air.
MILLER!
INDIANS! TAKE COVER!
IT'S THAT DAMNED CHEROKEE HUNTING PARTY AGAIN! THEY DON'T LIKE US TAKIN' THEIR BUFFALO!
THEY'VE GOT US COLD THIS TIME! THERE'S NO WAY OUT!
IT'S TIME FOR A WEAPON OF THE 23rd CENTURY! MY LASER PISTOL FIRED INTO THE GRASS SHOULD DO THE TRICK!
The tinder dry grass burst into flames as the laser beam struck.
FLEE, MY BROTHERS! THE GODS TURN AGAINST US AGAIN!
EEEEEEEGH!
HEY, FELLA! WHAT KINDA GOLDARNED MACHINE IS THAT?
ITS, ER, JUST SOMETHING I KNOCKED UP MYSELF!
QUIT FOOLIN', MISTER. JUST WHO THE DEVIL ARE YOU?
QUIET, EVERYONE! LISTEN, WHAT'S THAT NOISE? IT SOUNDS LIKE A RUMBLE OF THUNDER.
THUNDER NOTHIN'! THAT'S A HERD OF BUFFALO ON THE STAMPEDE! THERE'S RICH PICKINGS FOR EVERYONE IF YOU'VE A MIND TO!
THAT'S WHAT WE'RE HERE FOR! LET'S GET TO IT!
YAHOO! NOW FOR SOME FUN!
THE FIRE'S STARTED THE BUFFALO RUNNIN'! WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE FAST TO CATCH THEM!
THEM FELLERS SURE ARE KEEN. WE BETTER GIT MOVIN' AFORE THEY GIT THE LOT WITH THAT INFERNAL MACHINE OF THEIRS!
Within minutes Reagan and the others were soon amongst the buffalo.
WADE INTO 'EM, GUYS! TRY TO SHOOT THEM AS CLOSE TOGETHER AS POSSIBLE!
WE KNOW OUR BUSINESS, REAGAN! JUST MAKE SURE YOU GET YOUR QUOTA!

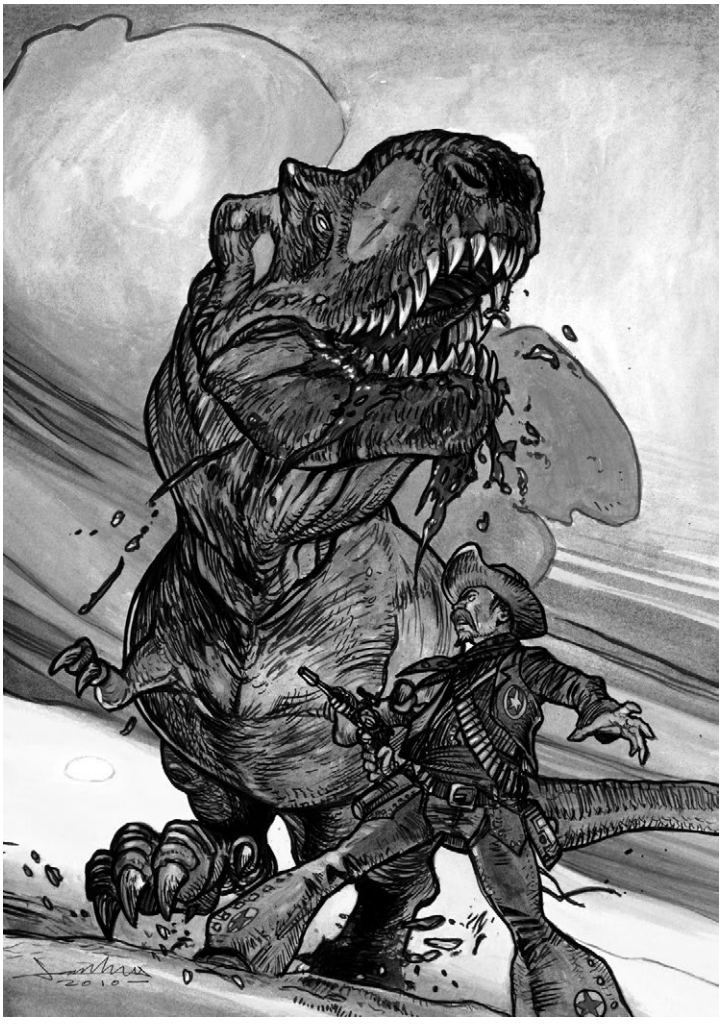

YAHOO! TWO WITH ONE SHOT! BEAT THAT, REAGAN!
WE ONLY WANT A DOZEN, CARVER! WE'VE ALREADY GOT ENOUGH WITH THAT LOT. WE DON'T WANT TO UPSET THE BALANCE OF HISTORY!
NUTS! I COULD GIT A FORTUNE FOR ANOTHER THREE! HEY..!
NOT WHILE I'M AROUND, BUDDY BOY!
I'M GONNA SPLIT YOU IN TWO FOR THAT!
NO CHANCE, CLAW! THE BUFFALO HUNTERS ARE COMING. WE'RE GONNA HAVE SOME EXPLAINING TO DO. WE'LL SETTLE THIS LATER.
HOW...HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO KILL ALL THEM CRITTERS IN SUCH A SHORT TIME? IT AIN'T HUMAN!
WE...ER...WE JUST SCARED 'EM TO DEATH. NOW, IF YOU DON'T MIND, WE'VE GOT TO GIT THEM READY FOR TRANSPORTATION.
TRANSPORTATION TO WHERE? I DON'T SEE ANY WAGONS AROUND!
Suddenly, the prairie was alive with indians.
THE WHITE EYES TAKE THE FOOD FROM OUR MOUTHS! KILL THEM – EVERY LAST ONE!
THERE AIN'T NO WAGONS– BUT THERE ARE INDIANS! HAYS–GIT MY HORSE OVER HERE! I WANT THE CONTROL BOX FROM THE SADDLE BAGS!
The time transportation control box was hauled out.
HURRY WITH THAT STRIP, HAYS! ONCE THE CIRCLE IS COMPLETE WE CAN ENERGISE THIS LOT INTO THE FUTURE!
WHAT'RE YOU GUYS PLAYIN' AT? WE NEED HELP WITH THEM INJUNS! THEY'LL OVERRUN US ANY SECOND!
THAT'S YOUR PROBLEM, BUDDY! WE'RE GITTIN OUT!


The deep humming of the energiser was heard again.
N–O–O–O! AAAAEEEE!
YOU...YOU GOTTA HELP...! WHAT THE DEVIL'S HAPPENIN'?
WHITE EYES PAY FOR BUFFALO WITH THEIR LIVES! WHAT..?
Whisked through time—Reagan, Carver, Hays and the Buffalo arrived back in the Trans Time Corporation's transportation room.
YOU DID IT! WELL DONE, REAGAN.
IT AIN'T SO GOOD, DIRECTOR. WE WERE INVOLVED IN AN INCIDENT WHICH COULD ALTER HISTORY. WE WERE SEEN BY SOME BUFFALO HUNTERS AND SOME INDIANS.
AND I MISSED OUT ON ANOTHER THREE BEASTS—THANKS TO REAGAN!
Reagan told the whole story, then, the director reached for a book.
JUST FOR THE RECORD— THOSE BUFFALO HUNTERS WERE ALL KILLED BY INDIANS JUST AFTER YOU LEFT. THEIR DEATHS ARE REPORTED HERE IN THIS OLD ALMANAC.
OKAY—BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT INDIAN? HE SAW US TOO!
I SHOULD HOPE SO! HE THEN PAINTED THIS PICTURE SHOWING A SKY GOD TAKING TWELVE BUFFALO INTO HEAVEN. DO YOU SEE ANY RESEMBLANCE?
WELL, I'LL BE DARNED!IT WAS ALL REPORTED IN HISTORY BEFORE WE EVER WENT!
THAT CHANGES EVERYTHING! COME ON, CLAW. I'LL BURY THE HATCHET AND ALLOW YOU TO BUY THIS GOD A DRINK! GODS GET DOUBLE PAY I BELIEVE!
WH..? SPEND MY HARD EARNED STARS ON YOU!
DON'T LET THIS GO TO YOUR HEADS! YOU'RE STILL JUST A COUPLE OF SCRUFFY HERDERS! YOU'LL GET NO MORE MONEY FROM ME! YOU HEAR?

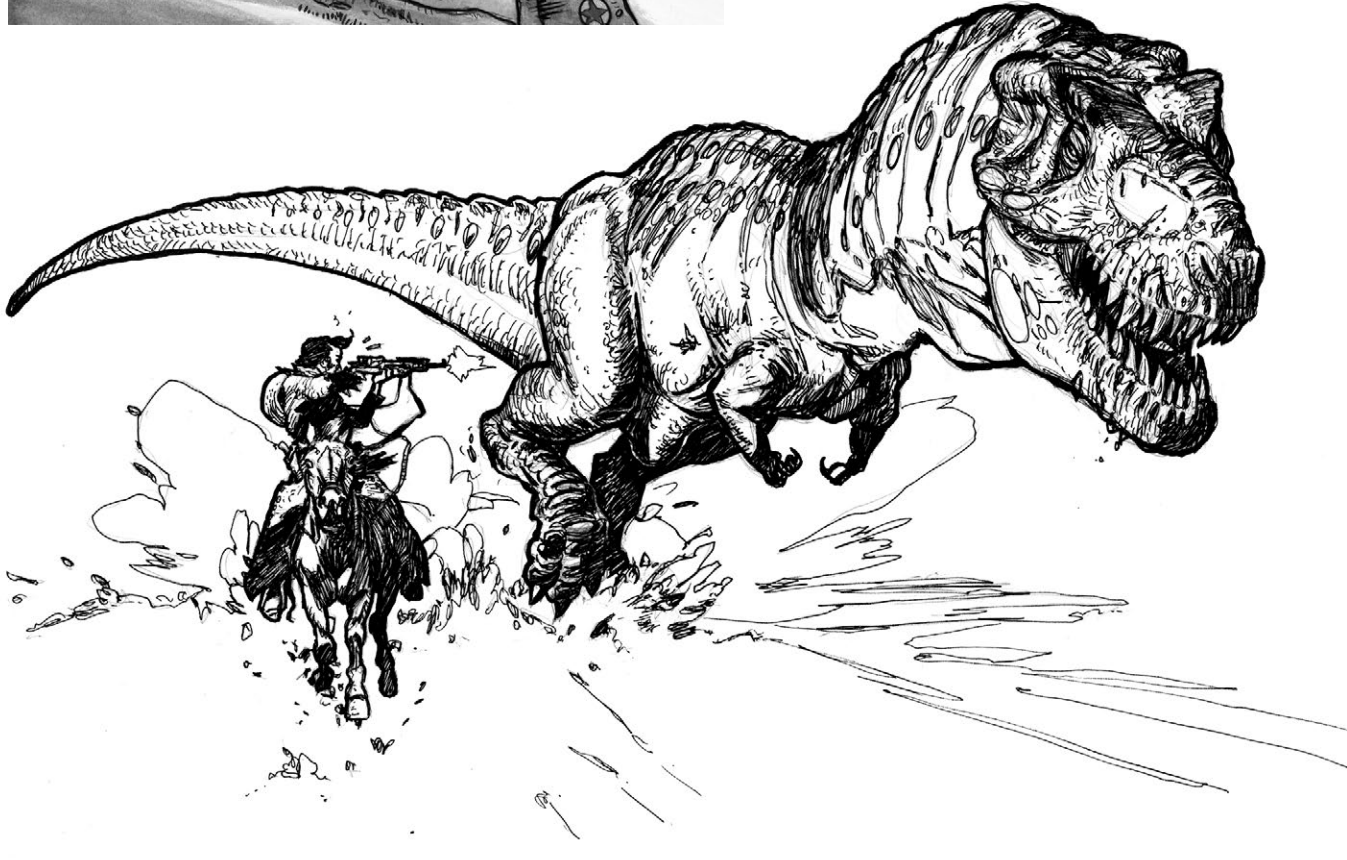


JAMES McKAY SKETCHBOOK












VEGAS CARTER




ROOK MCGUIRK










2011

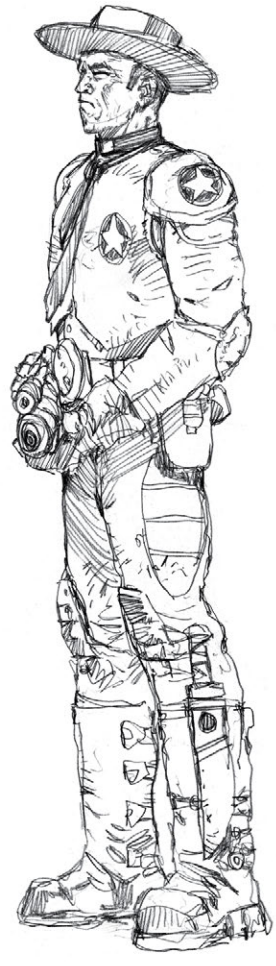

NOTCH



BETH BAXTER



SHAREEN



THE REVEREND
PASTOR JOHNSON





APOCALYPSE

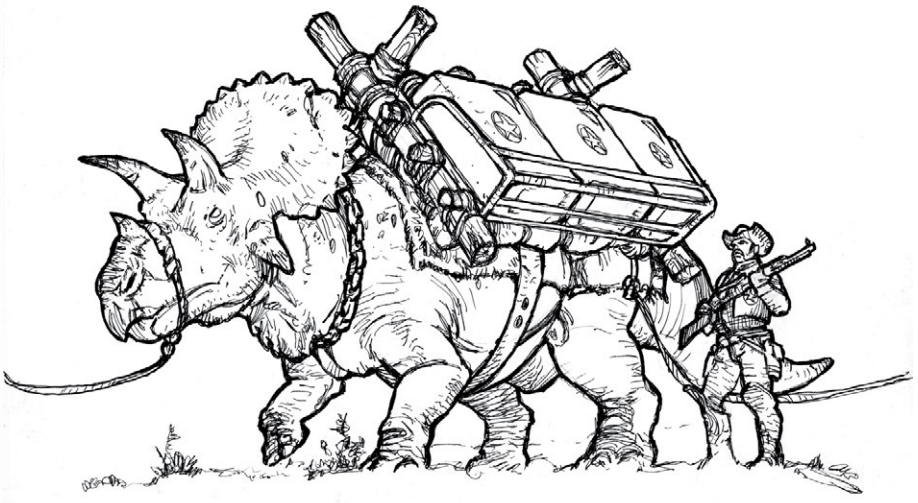




SHAREEN

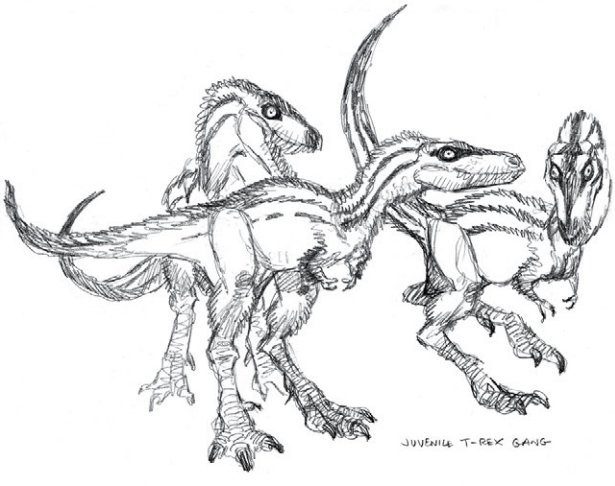

AFTER FRAZETTA —


NAIL BOMB

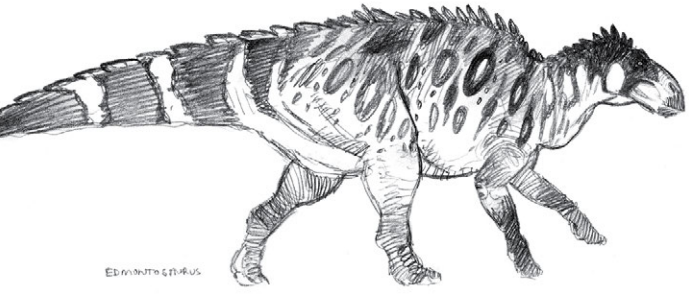



DROMAEOSAUR




JUVENILE T-REX GANG


HUNT STALKING


EDMONTOSAURUS

BEST-SELLING SCI-FI COMIC in the GALAXY!



2000 AD Prog 87: Cover by **Massimo Belardinelli**



2000 AD Prog 93: Cover by **Massimo Belardinelli**

KEN ARMSTRONG

Ken Armstrong scripted an episode of *Dan Dare* and several episode of *Flesh* for *2000 AD*.

STUDIO GIOLITTI

Studio Giolitti scripted several episodes of *Flesh* for *2000 AD*.

KELVIN GOSNELL

Kelvin Gosnell served as *2000 AD*'s second editor, from Progs 17 to 85. He also wrote *Blackhawk*, *Dan Dare, A Joe Black Adventure*, *Judge Dredd*, *One-Offs*, *Project Overkill*, *Ro-Jaws' Robo-Tales*, *The Stainless Steel Rat* and *Tharg's Future Shocks*, as well as co-writing the first series of *Flesh*.

GEOFFREY MILLER

Geoffrey Miller scripted the second book of *Flesh* for *2000 AD*.

PAT MILLS

Pat Mills is the creator and first editor of *2000 AD*. For the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, he is the writer and co-creator of *ABC Warriors, Finn, Flesh, Nemesis the Warlock, Sláine, M.A.C.H 1, Harlem Heroes* and *Savage*. He also developed Judge Dredd and wrote one of the early Dredd serials, The Cursed Earth. He wrote *Third World War* for Crisis!, a politically charged spin-off from *2000 AD*, and *Black Siddha for* the *Judge Dredd Megazine*. Outside *2000 AD* he is the writer and co-creator of the long-running classic anti-war story *Charley's War*, as well as *Marshal Law*. He has also written for the *Batman, Star Wars* and *Zombie World* series for the US market. Currently Mills is writing the bestselling series *Requiem - Vampire Knight* for Editions Nickel of France with artist Olivier Ledroit and a spin-off series *Claudia – Vampire* with artist Frank Tacito. He is also completing the graphic novel version of *American Reaper* co-created with Clint Langley, based on his screenplay for Xingu Films.

MASSIMO BELARDINELLI

Massimo Belardinelli's career started with painting the backgrounds for animated cartoons for Rosi Studio in Rome. In 1977 he started working for *2000 AD* and produced the art for some much-loved strips including *Ace Trucking, Flesh* and *Slaine*.

BOIX

Boix provided the art for several episodes of *Flesh* for *2000 AD*.

FELIX CARRION

Felix Carrion provided the art for several episodes of *Flesh* for *2000 AD*.

RUFUS DAYGLO

Rufus Dayglo started his career as an animation slave bot, but was saved by Tharg and rebuilt as an artdroid. He now works for various publishers in the UK and US. He's since worked on *Lowlife*, *Metal Gear Solid*, *Judge Dredd*, a number of Horror books and *Tank Girl* with Alan Martin. Dreams can come true… all hail Tharg the Mighty!

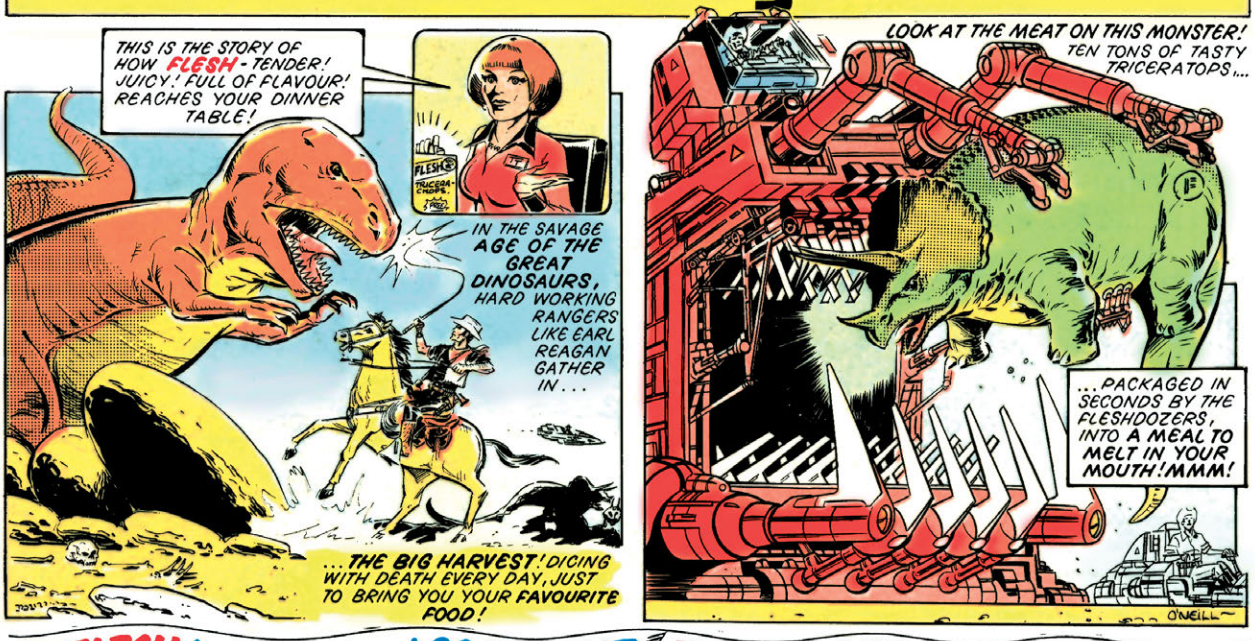
JAMES MCKAY

James McKay has been an illustrator for several years, working on creature designs for computer games (Sony) and an interactive BBC programme called *Fightbox*. His comics work includes several short stories for various independent publishers and the acclaimed fantasy series *La Cité des Secrets* with French publishers Mosquito Editions. Having been nominated as one of four finalists for the 2010 Arts Fellowship Award, Pat Mills (who was one of the judges) chose to collaborate with James on his return to the *Flesh* series.

RAMON SOLA

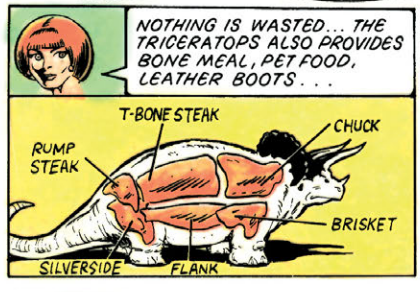
Ramon Sola provided the art for *Blackhawk, Flesh,* several *Future Shocks* and episodes of *M.A.C.H. 0* for *2000 AD*.

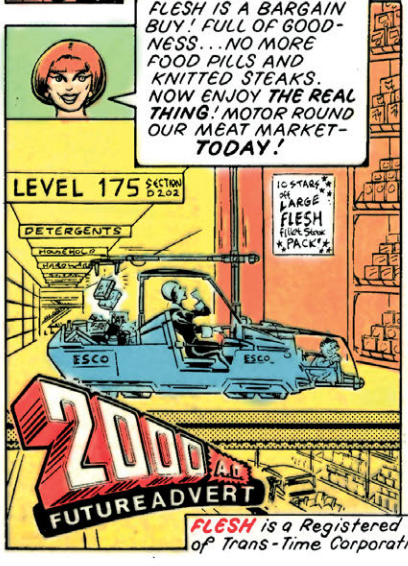
Guess What's Coming to Dinner?



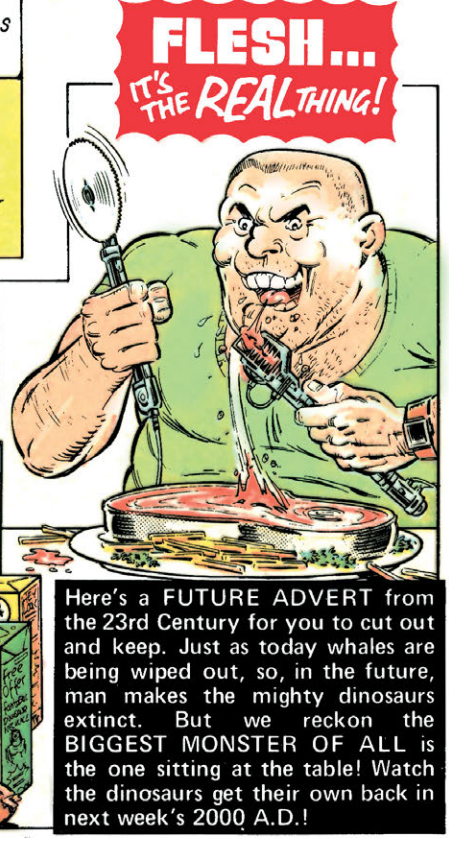
♪ FLESH is FRESH and GOOD to EAT... FLESH is LOTS of JUICY MEAT! ♪











Here's a FUTURE ADVERT from the 23rd Century for you to cut out and keep. Just as today whales are being wiped out, so, in the future, man makes the mighty dinosaurs extinct. But we reckon the BIGGEST MONSTER OF ALL is the one sitting at the table! Watch the dinosaurs get their own back in next week's 2000 A.D.!

FLESH is a Registered Trade Mark of Trans-Time Corporation.



FLESH - THE FOOD OF THE FUTURE!

SO YOU THINK THAT A METEORITE COLLISION WITH EARTH WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR WIPING OUT THE DINOSAURS? WELL, YOU'RE WRONG!

By the 23rd Century, man has drained the planet's resources bare, but thanks to time-travel technology, the Trans-Time Corporation send rangers - such as cowboy Earl Reagan - back to the days when dinosaurs ruled the Earth. The rangers round up these magnificent creatures and blast them back into the future so real flesh stays on the menu... only sometimes the dinner bites back!

With stories by Pat Mills (*Nemesis the Warlock, Sláine*) and amazing art by Massimo Belardinelli (*Ace Trucking*), Ramon Sola (*Blackhawk*) and James McKay, *Flesh* is a book you can really get your teeth stuck into!

2000 AD

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