

NOT SO MUCH A SECRET AGENT...
MORE A SECRET
WEAPON!



M.A.C.H.1

THE JOHN PROBE MISSION FILES

PAT MILLS ★ JOHN WAGNER ★ ROY PRESTON ★ STEVE MACMANUS ★ ENIO
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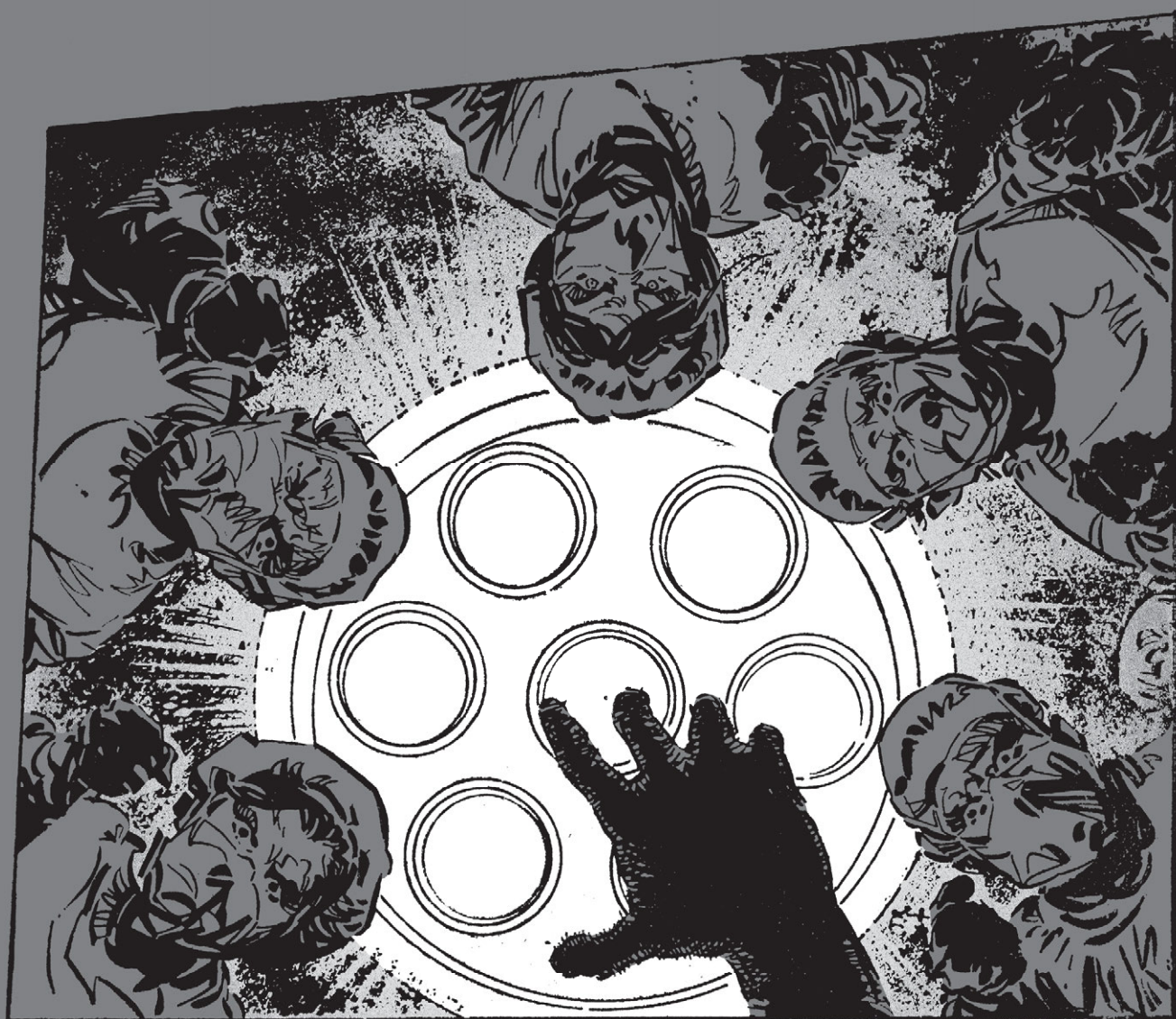
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M.A.C.H.1



CREATED BY PAT MILLS & ENIO

Vulcan 04

Progs 1–2

Script: **Pat Mills** (1)
Robert Flynn (2)Artist: **Enio** (1)
Ian Kennedy (2)Letters: **Bill Nuttall** (1)
Jack Potter (2)**Battleship 15**

Prog 3

Script: **Nick Allen**Artist: **Massimo Belardinelli**Letters: **Tony Jacob****To Kill a President 21**

Prog 4

Script: **Pat Mills**Artist: **Enio**Letters: **John Aldrich****Probesnatch 27**

Prog 5

Script: **Nick Allen**Artist: **John Cooper**Letters: **Jack Potter****Himmler's Gold 32**

Prog 6

Script: **Pat Mills**Artist: **Mike Dorey**Letters: **Jack Potter****Bolivia 38**

Prog 7

Script: **Pat Mills**Artist: **Enio**Letters: **Bill Nuttall****Spain Kidnap 45**

Prog 8

Script: **Nick Allen**Artist: **John Cooper**Letters: **Bill Nuttall****Our Man in Turkostan 51**

Prog 9

Script: **John Wagner**Artist: **John Cooper**Letters: **Tony Jacob****On the Roof of the World 56**

Prog 10

Script: **Pat Mills**Artist: **Enio**Letters: **Tony Jacob****Operation Death-Drive! 62**

Prog 11

Script: **Roy Preston**Artist: **Barrie Mitchell**Letters: **Jack Potter****The Laser Hound 69**

Prog 12

Script: **Charles Herring**Artist: **Mike Dorey**Letters: **J. Swain****Airship 74**

Prog 13

Script: **Nick Allen**Artist: **Jesus Redondo**Letters: **Jack Potter****Chinese Formula 80**

Prog 14

Script: **Steve MacManus**Artist: **Eugenio Zoppi**Letters: **John Aldrich****Yeti 86**

Prog 15

Script: **Peter Harris**Artist: **Marzal Canos**Letters: **Tony Jacob****M.A.C.H.1: Untitled 92***2000 AD* Summer Special 1977Script: **Unknown**Artist: **Unknown****Capitol 100**

Prog 16

Script: **John Wagner**Artist: **P. Martinez Henares**Letters: **John Aldrich**



CONTENTS

Spy Plane 140

Prog 23

Script: **Robert Flynn**

Artist: **Massimo Belardinelli**

Letters: **John Aldrich**

King Karat 145

Prog 24

Script: **Roy Preston**

Artist: **Massimo Belardinelli**

Letters: **Tony Jacob**

Spotbox 106

Prog 17

Script: **Nick Allen**

Artist: **Jesus Redondo**

Letters: **Peter Knight**

Skyscraper Terrorists 112

Prog 18

Script: **Nick Allen**

Artist: **Marzal Canos**

Letters: **Peter Knight**

Terror Train 150

Prog 25

Script: **Nick Allen**

Artist: **Pierre Frisano**

Letters: **John Aldrich**

Corporal Tanaka 118

Prog 19

Script: **Robert Flynn**

Artist: **Luis Collado**

Letters: **John Aldrich**

The Death Trumpet 156

Prog 26

Script: **Steve MacManus**

Artist: **Marzal Canos**

Letters: **Peter Knight**

Tokyo 124

Prog 20

Script: **Steve MacManus**

Artist: **Lopez**

Letters: **John Aldrich**

Operation Hercules 162 aka Balls of the Gods

2000 AD Annual 1978

Script: **Unknown**

Artist: **Unknown**

Recluse 130

Prog 21

Script: **Nick Allen**

Artist: **Carlos Pino**

Letters: **John Aldrich**

M.A.C.H.1: Untitled 169

2000 AD Annual 1978

Script: **Unknown**

Artist: **Unknown**

Arab Story 135

Prog 22

Script: **Nick Allen**

Artist: **John Cooper**

Letters: **Jack Potter**

Planet Killers 174

Progs 27–29

Script: **Pat Mills**

Artist: **Jesus Redondo**

Letters: **Jack Potter** (1)
Tom Frame (2–3)

UFO 193

Progs 30–33

Script: **Pat Mills**

Artist: **Carlos Freixas**

Letters: **Tom Frame** (1–2, 4)
John Aldrich (3)

*** NOT SO MUCH A SECRET AGENT
MORE A SECRET WEAPON!**

MARCH 1

2000
AD
THRILL 4

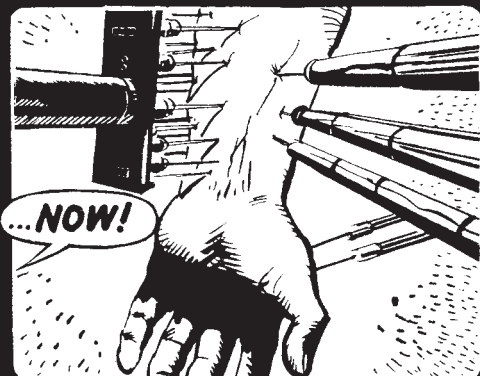
SUBJECT: SECRET AGENT
JOHN PROBE.

PROCESS: COMPU-PUNCTURE
HYPERPOWER.

DATA: COMPU-PUNCTURE
IS A COMPUTERISED FORM
OF ACUPUNCTURE. BY
INSERTING SPECIAL ELECTRO-
NEEDLES INTO PROBE'S BODY,
HIS ENERGY FLOW WILL
INCREASE UNTIL HE HAS THE
STRENGTH OF FIFTY MEN!

*** MAN ACTIVATED BY COMPU-PUNCTURE HYPERPOWER**

BRITISH SECRET SERVICE H.Q.— THE FINAL PART OF AN EXPERIMENT ON SECRET AGENT JOHN PROBE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN...



THE OPERATION BEGINS... AND, SIXTEEN HOURS LATER...

WE HAVE PRINTED
COMPUTER CIRCUITS DIRECTLY
ONTO HIS SKULL.

THE COMPUTER CIRCUITS
WILL ASSIST PROBE ON MISSIONS
BY FEEDING INFORMATION INTO
HIS BRAIN!

THE OPERATION
WAS A SUCCESS. SHARPE.
PROBE IS THE FIRST MAN TO BE
ACTIVATED BY COMPU-PUNCTURE
HYPERPOWER...
PROBE IS M.A.C.H. 1.1!

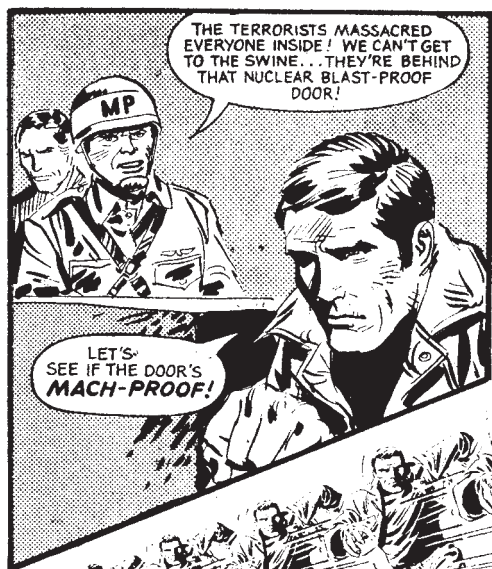
SOME TIME LATER.

YOUR TESTING
SHOULD HAVE STARTED
TODAY, MACH 1. BUT
SOMETHING'S COME UP.
YOU'RE GOING STRAIGHT
INTO ACTION!

ARMED TERRORISTS
HAVE ATTACKED R.A.F. BASE
COTTESDALE. THEY'RE HOLED
UP IN THE RADAR SCANNING
AREA.

NORMALLY, WE'D SEND
IN A WHOLE COMMANDO UNIT
TO ELIMINATE THEM. INSTEAD,
WE'RE SENDING IN... YOU!

Quio/16



THE TERRORISTS MASSACRED EVERYONE INSIDE! WE CAN'T GET TO THE SWINE... THEY'RE BEHIND THAT NUCLEAR BLAST-PROOF DOOR!

LET'S SEE IF THE DOOR'S MACH-PROOF!

AS PROBE RAN, HIS COMPUTER CIRCUITS FED DATA DIRECT INTO HIS BRAIN...

SPEED: 70 M.P.H.

IMPACT ZONE:
6.5 MM FROM
DOOR CENTRE.

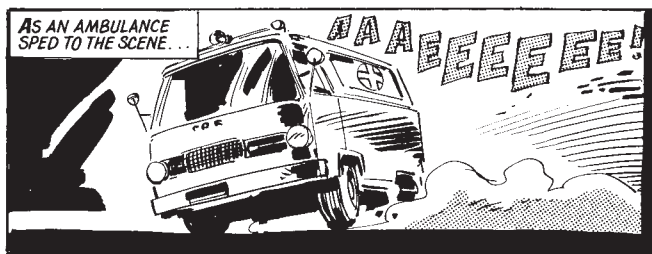
HYPER-POWER
REQUIRED: 42%



THEY SAY A COMPUTER NEVER LIES. FORTY-TWO PERCENT, EH? OKAY, HERE GOES...







TARGET INJURIES: MULTIPLE FRACTURES. SEVERED ARTERIES. VITAL ORGANS DAMAGED. CONCLUSION: DEATH IMMINENT.

MACH 1 INJURIES: MINOR BRUISING.

IN OTHER WORDS, MY MISSION HAS BEEN SUCCESSFUL!

THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, SCUM. YOU REALLY FELL FOR OUR TRICK.

THE ATTACK WAS MERELY A DIVERSION! IF YOU WANT TO SEE OUR REAL OBJECTIVE...



LOOK UP!

THAT VULCAN BOMBER IS CARRYING A DEADLY CARGO OF NERVE GAS, AND OTHER MEMBERS OF MY GROUP HAVE HI-JACKED IT!

EVEN YOU ARE POWERLESS TO STOP THEM FROM DESTROYING LONDON!



NEXT EPISODE + + +
HIGH-RISK FACTOR AT OPTIMUM



SUBJECT:
SECRET AGENT
JOHN PROBE

PROCESS:
COMPU-PUNCTURE
HYPERPOWER

DATA:
COMPU-PUNCTURE
IS A COMPUTERISED
FORM OF ACUPUNCTURE.
BY INSERTING SPECIAL
ELECTRO NEEDLES INTO
PROBE'S BODY, HIS
ENERGY FLOW WILL
INCREASE UNTIL HE
HAS THE STRENGTH OF
FIFTY MEN!

**SUBJECT'S
CODENAME:**
MACH 1

MAN
ACTIVATED
COMPU-
PUNCTURE
HYPERPOWER

MACH 1

GET OUT OF MY BRAIN,
YOU FUGITIVES FROM A
NIGHTMARE! GOTTA LAND
THIS PLANE IN ONE PIECE
...OR LONDON DIES!

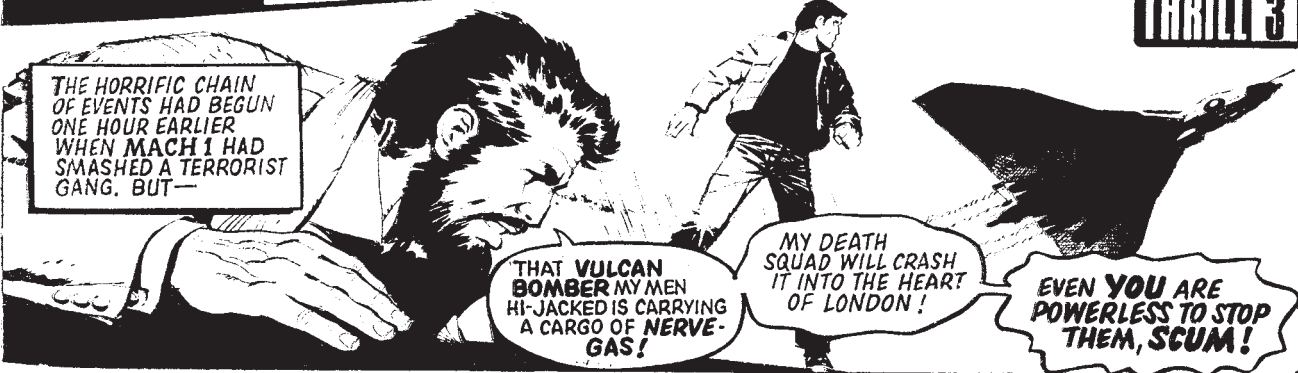


THE HORRIFIC CHAIN
OF EVENTS HAD BEGUN
ONE HOUR EARLIER
WHEN MACH 1 HAD
SMASHED A TERRORIST
GANG. BUT—

THAT VULCAN
BOMBER MY MEN
HI-JACKED IS CARRYING
A CARGO OF NERVE-
GAS!

MY DEATH
SQUAD WILL CRASH
IT INTO THE HEART
OF LONDON!

EVEN YOU ARE
POWERLESS TO STOP
THEM, SCUM!





MAYBE THERE'S ANOTHER WAY, SIR. IT'S A SLIM CHANCE. BUT THE **ONLY** ONE WE'VE GOT...

A **RAF NIMROD** MIGHT CATCH A VULCAN. NOW HERE'S MY **PLAN...**

MINUTES LATER THE NIMROD WAS SCRAMBLED WITH **MACH 1** ON BOARD!..

THE TERRORIST LEADER'S DEAD, MACH 1. WE CAN'T BLOW THE VULCAN OUT OF THE SKY WITH THAT NERVE GAS ON BOARD. **WE CAN'T TAKE THE RISK!**

YOUR PLAN IS CRAZY, MACH 1. YOU'LL BE **KILLED!**

IT'S MY JOB TO TAKE RISKS. JUST AS YOUR JOB IS TO FLY. SO SHUT IT, PILOT!

SOON, IN THE NIMROD...

HAVE VULCAN ON VISUAL, BUT...

BUT— NOTHING! BRING US TWO HUNDRED METRES OVER THE VULCAN. I'M GOING BACK TO THE **BOMB BAY!**

SOON THE NIMROD WAS ABOVE THE HI-JACKED VULCAN...

AS MACH 1 FELL, THE COMPUTER IN HIS HEAD FED INFORMATION INTO HIS BRAIN...

VULCAN AIR SPEED 470 KNOTS. ALTITUDE: 23,000 FEET. ESTIMATED CONTACT: 6.7 SECONDS

BOMB BAY DOORS OPENING NOW!

OVER TO YOU, MACH 1— AND THE BEST OF BRITISH!

LOOK OUT! THEY'RE TRYING TO PUT A MAN ON BOARD!

TAKE EVASIVE ACTION... ROLL THE PLANE... HARD!



CONTACT MADE.
VULCAN EXECUTING
ROLL MANOEUVRE.
DANGER! DANGER!

GOTTA DIG MY
HANDS INTO THE
FUSELAGE. THANKS
TO **COMPU-PUNCTURE**
I'VE GOT THE STRENGTH
OF FIFTY MEN!

NEXT OBJECTIVE:
REMOVE 6mm. THICK
ALUMINIUM PANELS
TO GAIN ENTRY.

WHAT DID YOU
THINK I WAS GONNA
DO, COMPUTER?
RING THE
DOORBELL?

I DON'T
BELIEVE IT!
HE'S RIPPED HIS WAY
INTO THE PLANE—
LIKE A HUMAN
ROBOT!

WHATEVER
HE IS—HE'S
GOING TO DIE!
NOTHING
MUST STOP OUR
MISSION!

1ST. TARGET
ARMED WITH
CZECH SUB-
MACHINE-GUN!
ELIMINATE!
ELIMINATE!

GUUUUGH!

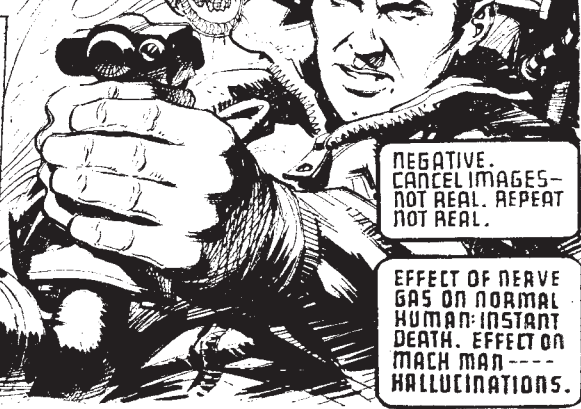
1ST. TARGET SUSTAINS
SKULL FRACTURE DUE TO
IMPACT WITH FUSELAGE.
TERMINAL BRAIN DAMAGE.
CONCLUSION—DEATH—

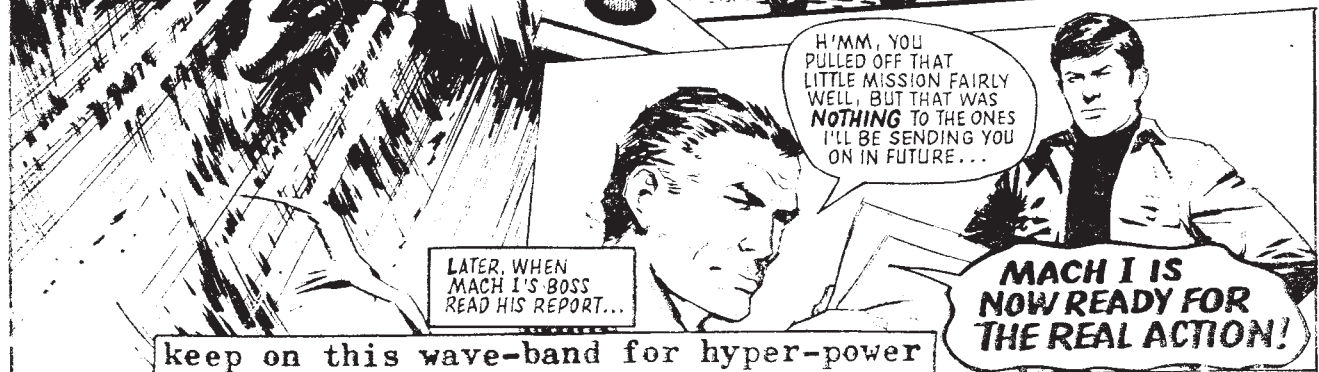
SHUT UP,
COMPUTER—
AND LET ME GET
ON WITH IT!

RIGHT, CHUM—YOU
GOT ABOUT TWENTY
SECONDS TO LEARN
HOW TO...



SECOND TARGET WILL IMPACT WITH GROUND IN NINETEEN SECONDS. SURVIVAL CHANCES: 0.0001%





MACH 1

SUBJECT: SECRET
AGENT JOHN
PROBE.

PROCESS: COMPU-
PUNCTURE
HYPERPOWER.

DATA: COMPU-PUNCTURE
IS A COMPUTERISED FORM
OF ACUPUNCTURE. BY
INSERTING SPECIAL
ELECTRO-NEEDLES INTO
PROBE'S BODY, HIS ENERGY
WILL INCREASE UNTIL HE
HAS THE STRENGTH OF
FIFTY MEN!

SUBJECT'S CODE NAME:
MACH 1

MAN
ACTIVATED BY
COMPU-PUNCTURE
HYPER-POWER

AAAAGH!

A MYSTERIOUS EXPLOSION
SENDS A SECRET NATO MINI-
BATTLESHIP TO A WATERY
GRAVE!

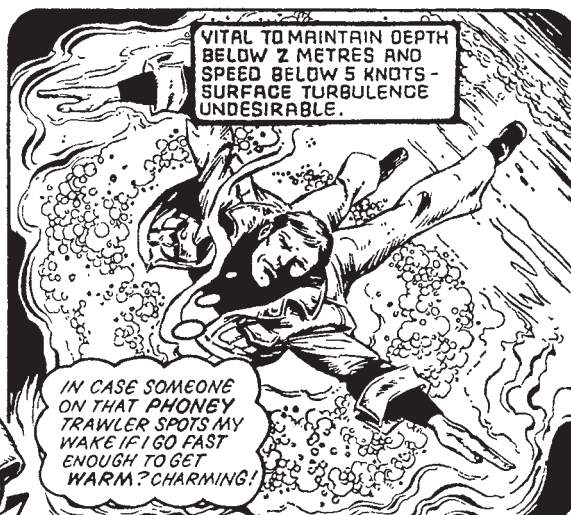
2000
A.D.



THRILL 5



MACH 1'S MISSION BEGINS. THE INTEGRATED COMPUTER CIRCUITS PRINTED ON HIS SKULL FEED DATA DIRECTLY INTO HIS BRAIN.





TRAWLER HAS
STEEL HULL;
FLUSH WELDED;
NO ACCESS
POINTS, AIDS
TO CLIMBING-
NEGATIVE.

YEAH, I'M ALREADY
WORKING ON
THAT PROBLEM,
COMPUTER!

HYPERPOWER GIVES
THE MACH-MAN THE
STRENGTH OF FIFTY
OLYMPIC SWIMMERS!

20 KNOTS
INCREASING

RATE OF
DESCENT-
5 KNOTS

RATE OF
ASCENT-
15 KNOTS

7 KNOTS



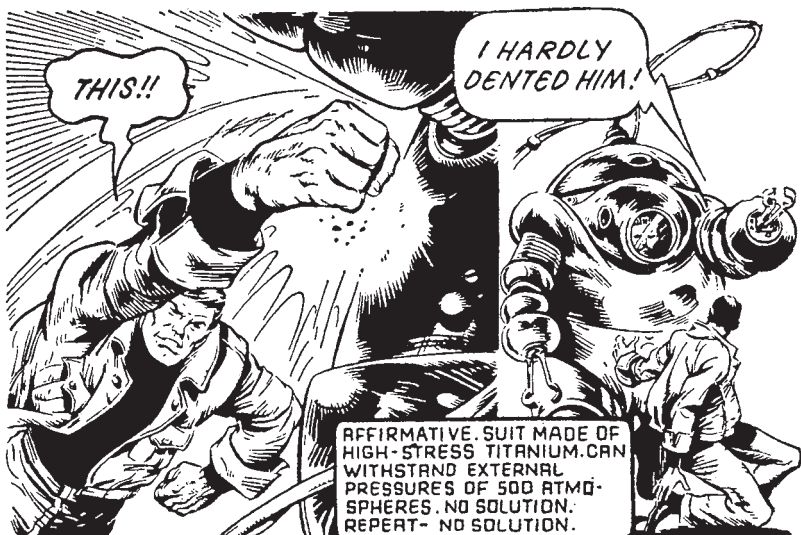
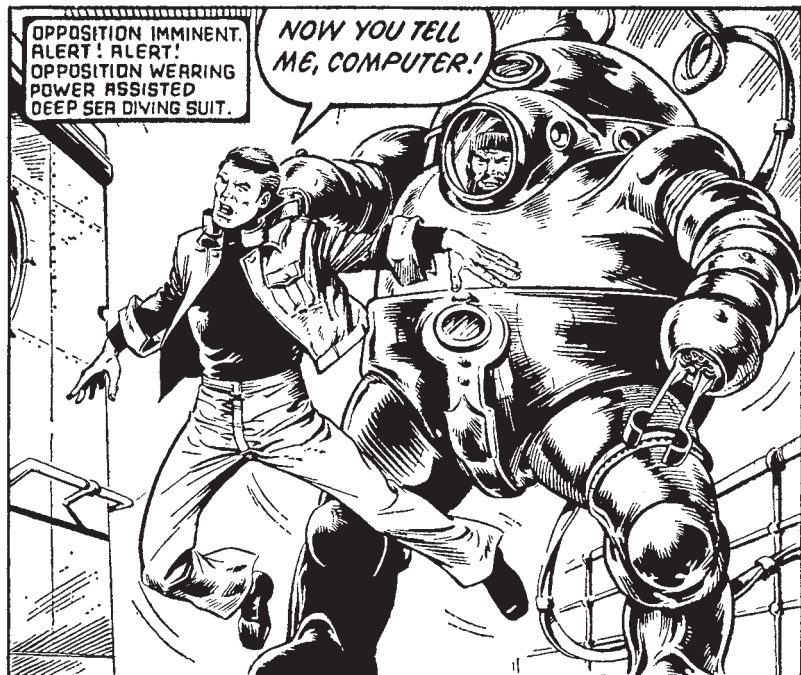
MACH 1 LEAPT OUT OF THE WATER!

I FIGURED IF
A DOLPHIN CAN
DO IT, I MIGHT
JUST MAKE IT!

THE INSIDE'S CUT AWAY.
SHARPE'S HUNCH WAS
RIGHT... IT'S A SPECIALLY
DISGUISED SALVAGE
VESSEL! THEY'LL HAUL
THE MINI-BATTLESHIP
UP FROM THE DEEP
RIGHT UNDER THE
NOSES OF THE NAVY!

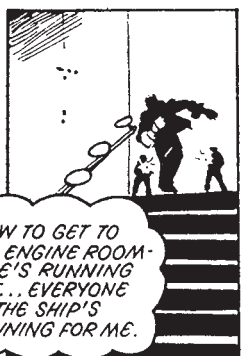
THEY MUST BE
RESPONSIBLE FOR
THE MYSTERIOUS
EXPLOSION TOO.
NO ONE CAN STOP
THEM IN TIME -

UNLESS I DO THE
STOPPING! ONE
WAY - IF I CAN
REACH THE
ENGINE ROOM -
I CAN BLOW THE
WHOLE SHIP
SKY-HIGH!





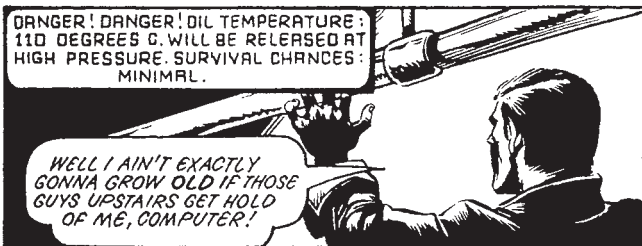
TARGET'S POWER
SUPPLY CABLE SHORT
CIRCUITED BY IMPACT
TARGET ELECTROCUTED
CONCLUSION: INSTANT
DEATH.



NOW TO GET TO
THE ENGINE ROOM-
TIME'S RUNNING
OUT... EVERYONE
ON THE SHIP'S
GUNNING FOR ME.

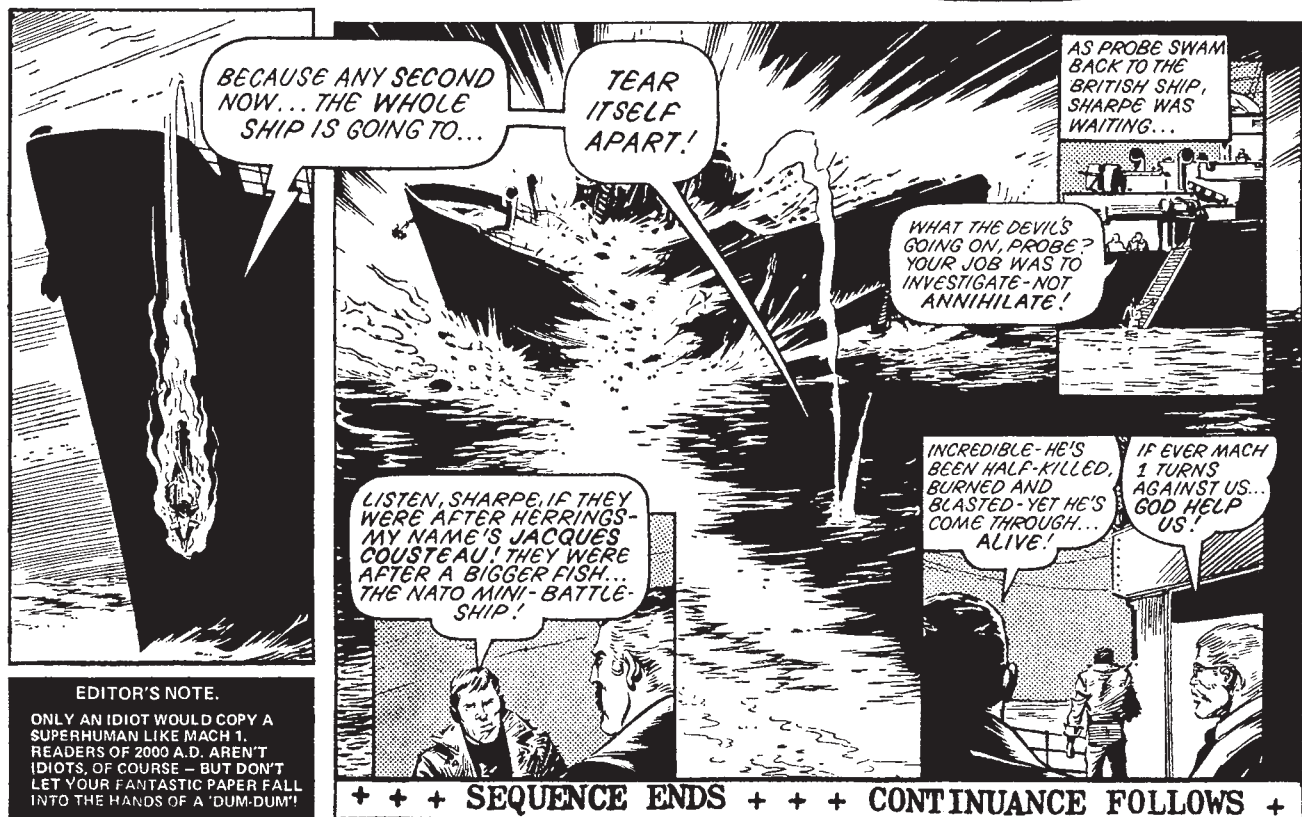
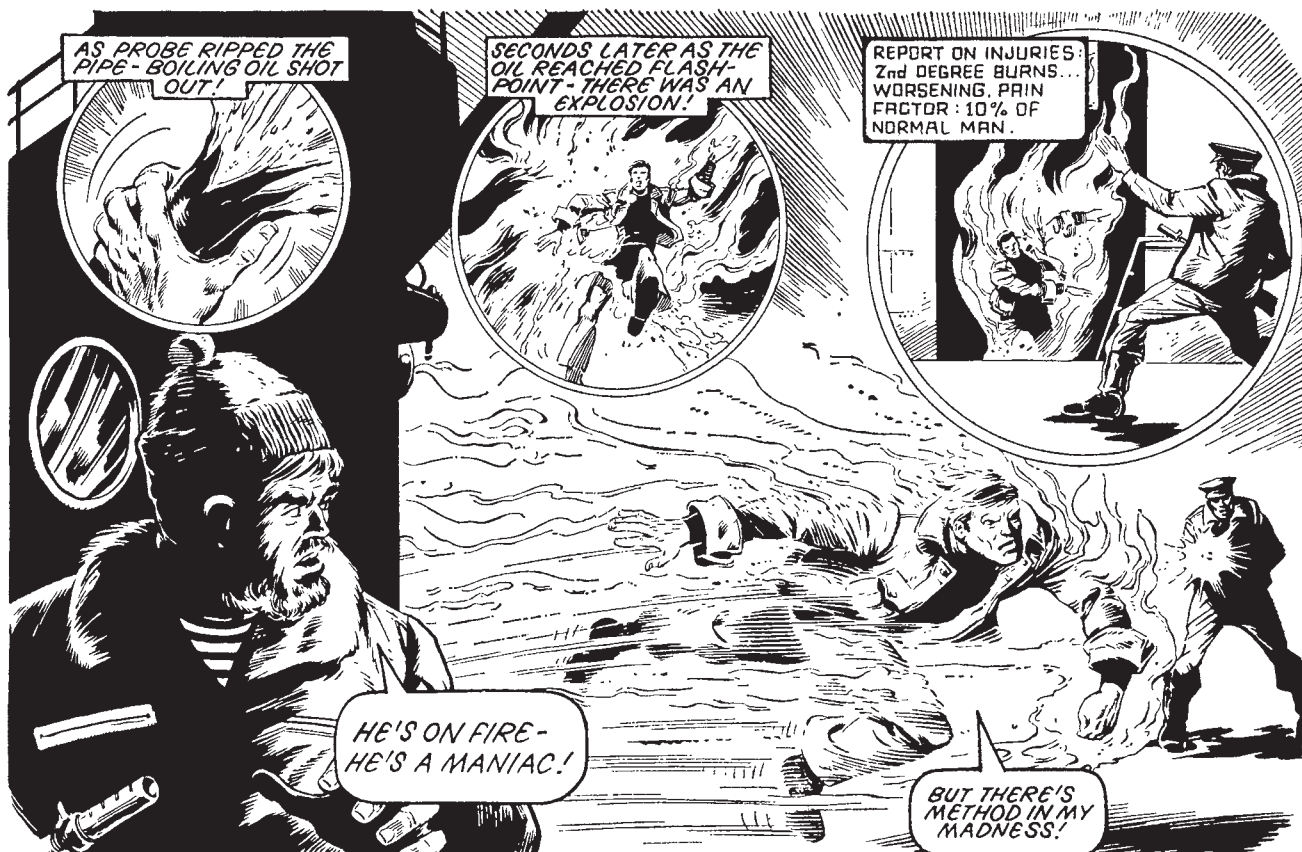


OIL LUBRICATION PIPE
TO THE PROP SHAFT. ONCE
I BREAK THE PIPE, THE
ENGINE WILL SEIZE UP...
AND ALL HELL
BREAK LOOSE!

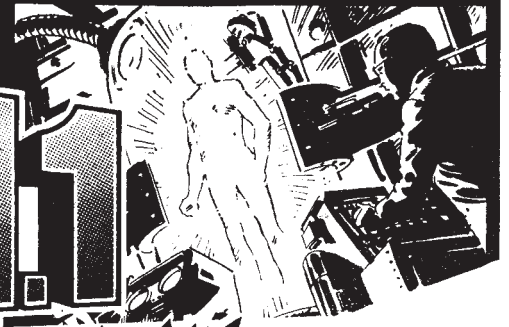


DANGER! DANGER! OIL TEMPERATURE:
110 DEGREES C. WILL BE RELEASED AT
HIGH PRESSURE. SURVIVAL CHANCES:
MINIMAL.

WELL I AIN'T EXACTLY
GONNA GROW OLD IF THOSE
GUYS UPSTAIRS GET HOLD
OF ME, COMPUTER!



M.A.C.H.1



SUBJECT:
SECRET AGENT
JOHN PROBE

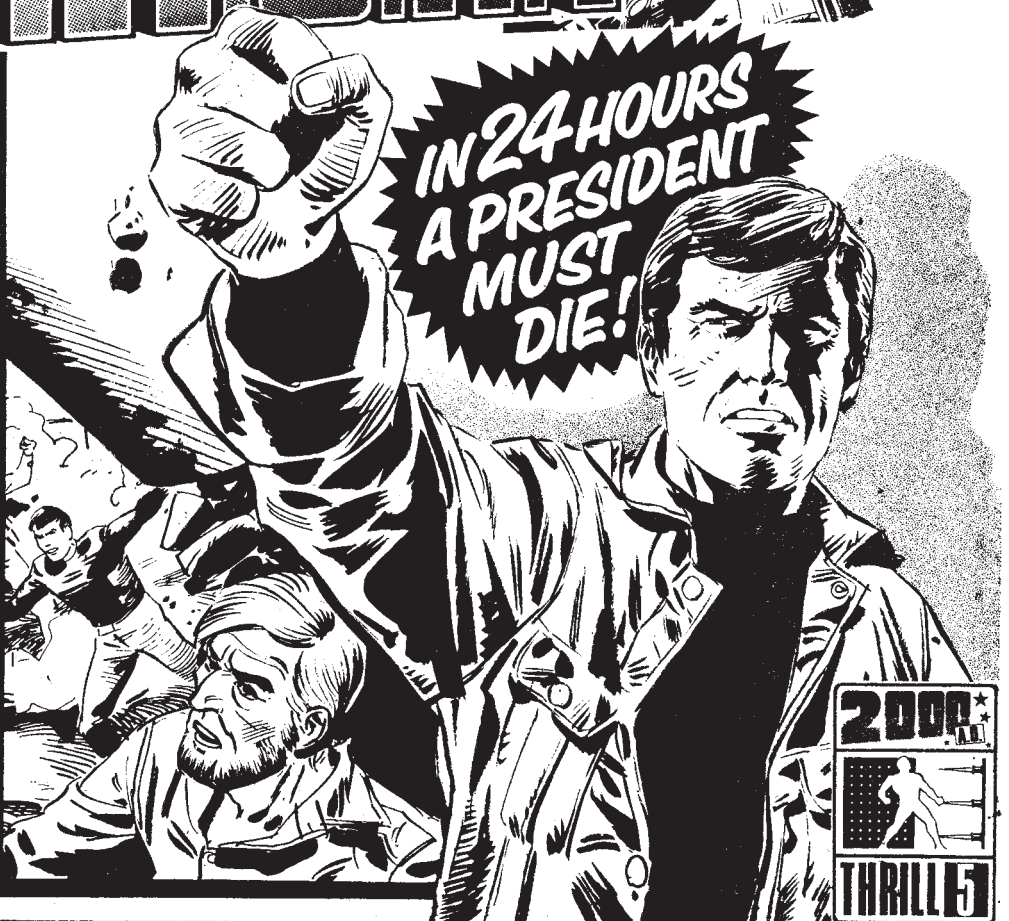
PROCESS:
COMPU-PUNCTURE
HYPERPOWER

DATA:
COMPU-PUNCTURE
IS A COMPUTERISED
FORM OF ACUPUNCTURE.
BY INSERTING SPECIAL
ELECTRO NEEDLES INTO
PROBE'S BODY, HIS
ENERGY FLOW WILL
INCREASE UNTIL HE
HAS THE STRENGTH OF
FIFTY MEN!

**SUBJECT'S
CODENAME:**
MACH 1

**MAN
ACTIVATED
BY
COMPU-
PUNCTURE
HYPERPOWER**

**IN 24 HOURS
A PRESIDENT
MUST
DIE!**



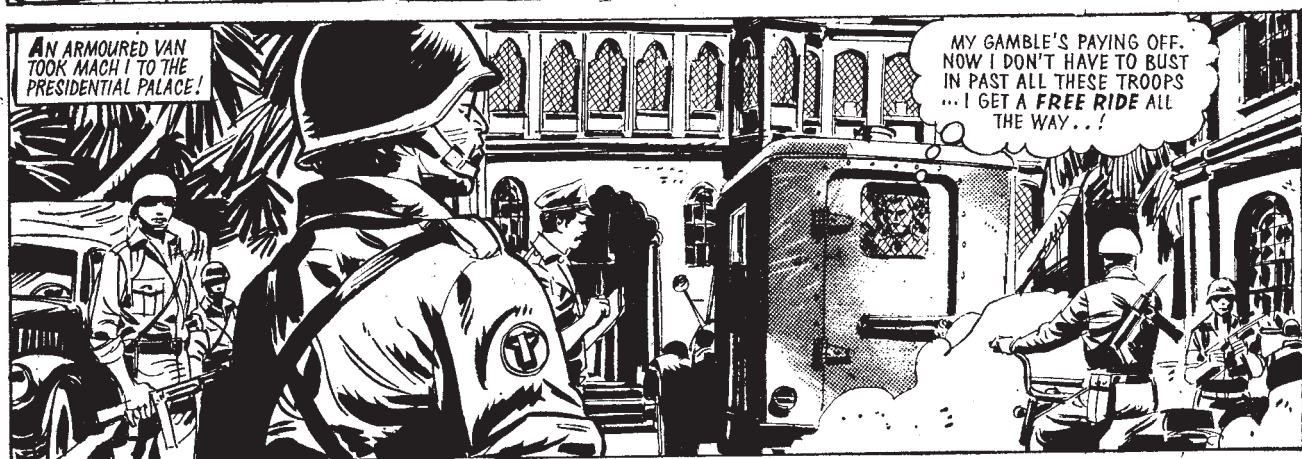
A DC-10 FLIES OVER THE
EASTERN STATE OF IRANIA.
ON BOARD IS SECRET
AGENT JOHN PROBE—
CODENAME **MACH 1**!

IN TWENTY FOUR HOURS
THE POWER-MAD **PRESIDENT
OF IRANIA** IS GOING TO
INVADE THE NEIGHBOURING
COUNTRY OF TURKOSTAN.
THOUSANDS OF INNOCENT
PEOPLE WILL BE KILLED—
UNLESS I **ELIMINATE**
HIM FIRST!

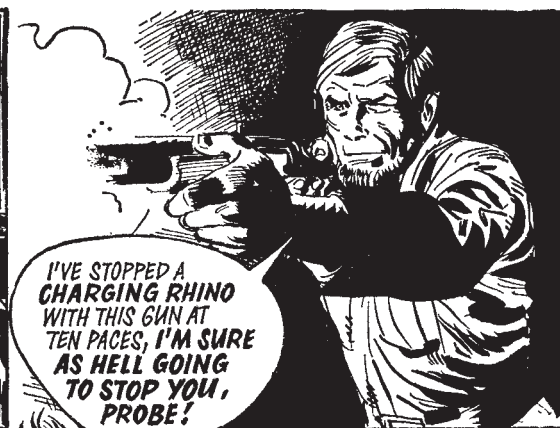
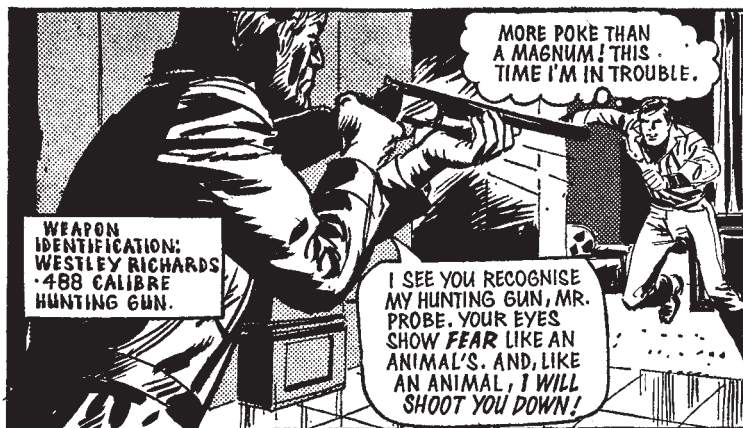
THERE'S HIS **PALACE**
BELOW—SURROUNDED
BY TANKS AND GUNS.
IT'LL TAKE **TIME** FOR
ME TO **BREAK IN**
AND GET HIM...

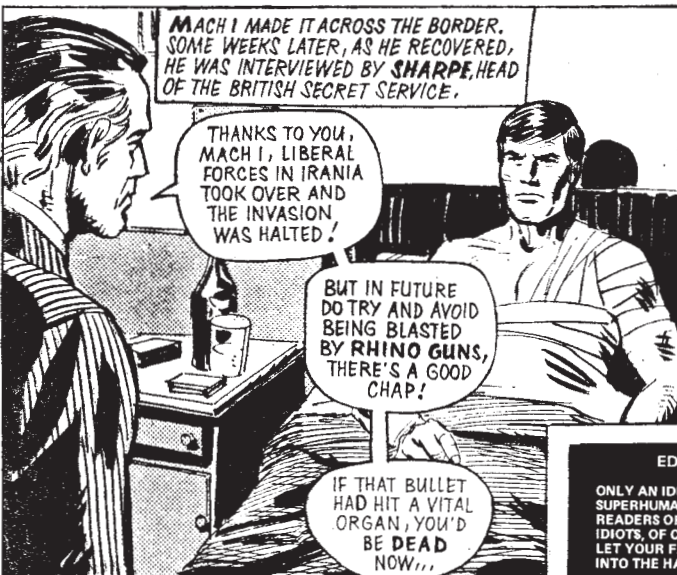
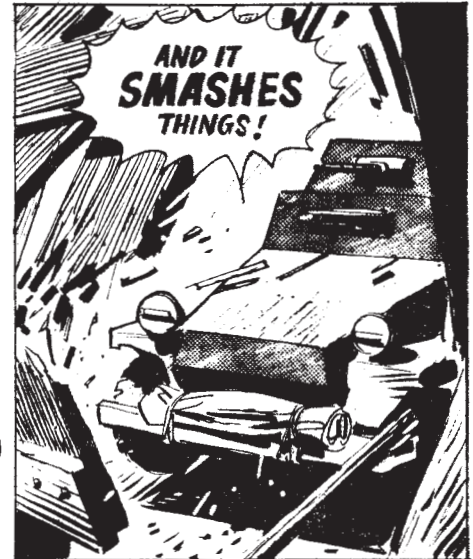
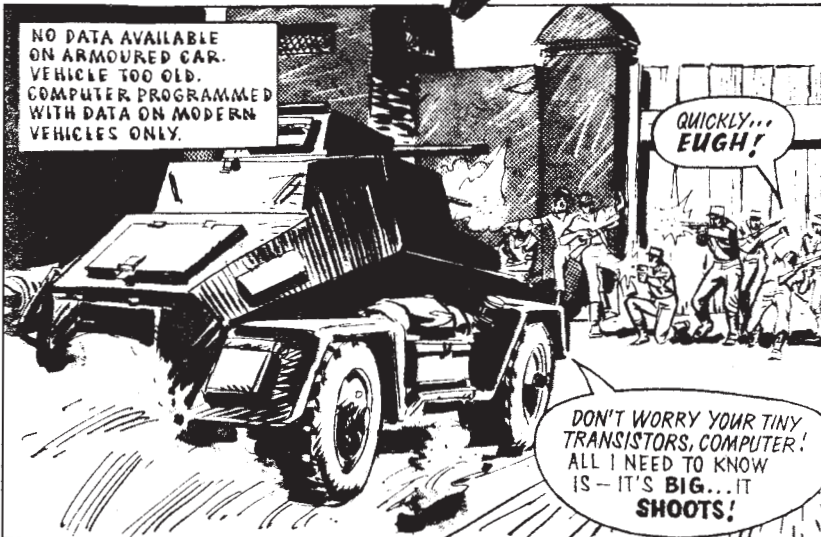












EDITOR'S NOTE.
ONLY AN IDIOT WOULD COPY A SUPERHUMAN LIKE MACH I. READERS OF 2000 A.D. AREN'T IDIOTS, OF COURSE - BUT DON'T LET YOUR FANTASTIC PAPER FALL INTO THE HANDS OF A 'DUM-DUM'!

ALERT STATUS RED + + + DON'T MISS NEXT PROG + + + ALERT STATUS RED



THE WEST INDIES...
PLAYGROUND OF THE
INTERNATIONAL JET SET...

MY SPEEDBOAT'S
GOING AT 40 MPH—
BUT YOU'RE STILL
BEATING ME, JOHNNY!
HOW THE—?

SUBJECT: SECRET AGENT
JOHN PROBE
PROCESS: COMPU-PUNCTURE
HYPERPOWER

DATA: COMPU-PUNCTURE
IS AN ADVANCED FORM OF
ACUPUNCTURE. BY INSERTING
THOUSANDS OF ELECTRO-
NEEDLES INTO PROBE'S BODY
HE WILL HAVE THE STRENGTH
OF FIFTY MEN!

I EAT A
LOT OF
SPINACH!

M.A.G.H.T.

AFTER THAT
LAST JOB* SHARPE
FIGURED I NEEDED A
HOLIDAY. "RELAX,"
HE SAID. BUT HOW CAN
I WHEN I'VE GOT THE
STRENGTH OF FIFTY
MEN?

ENERGY
JUST BURNS
INSIDE ME. I HAVE
TO USE IT UP
SOMEHOW!

LOOK, KAREN—
THE LESS YOU KNOW
ABOUT ME THE BETTER.
I GOT A BIT CARRIED
AWAY JUST NOW.
FORGET IT, HUH?

I'LL
SEE YOU
LATER!

* SEE LAST WEEK'S
EPISODE. Ed.



THE COMPUTER IN MACH 1'S HEAD FED INFORMATION INTO HIS BRAIN...

SUBJECT NAMED OTTO BRANDT. ILLEGAL WEAPONS DEALER. M.I.G. FILE # 73596.

HYPERPOWER MAKES YOU VALUABLE SECRET WEAPON. CONCLUSION: BRANDT WANTS TO LEARN THE SECRET OF YOUR STRENGTH. CAUTION-REPEAT-CAUTION-

SORRY, MATE, BUT I'M A BIT CHOOSY ABOUT THE COMPANY I KEEP!



MY GOD! YOU'LL WIPE OUT ALL THOSE HOLIDAYMAKERS IF I DON'T COME WITH YOU!

YOU WIN, YOU FILTH! STOP YOUR TRIGGER-HAPPY GOONS!

I KNEW YOU'D AGREE IN THE END. MY FLYING BOAT IS WAITING...



YOUR LIFE MORE VALUABLE THAN HOLIDAYMAKERS. EMOTIONS—IRRELEVANT—



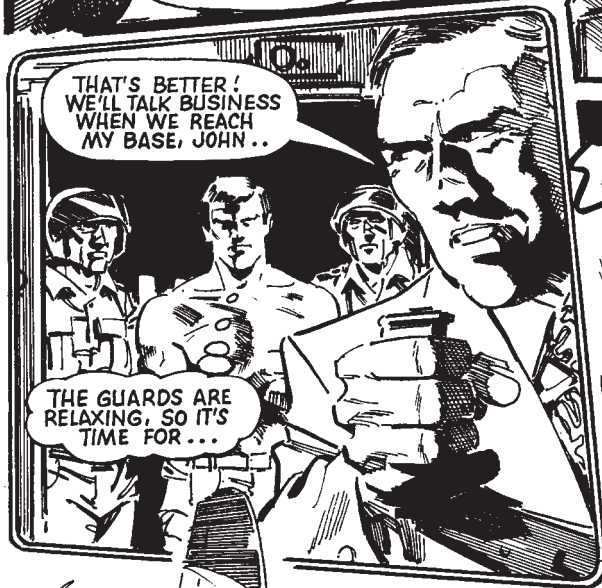


THE GUARDS LAID INTO PROBE...

HOW MUCH OF THIS PUNISHMENT CAN YOU TAKE, JOHN? WON'T YOU BE SENSIBLE?



UGH...! OKAY, OTTO— I'M NOT ONE OF YOUR OLD FASHIONED HEROES— I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING— IF THE MONEY'S RIGHT!

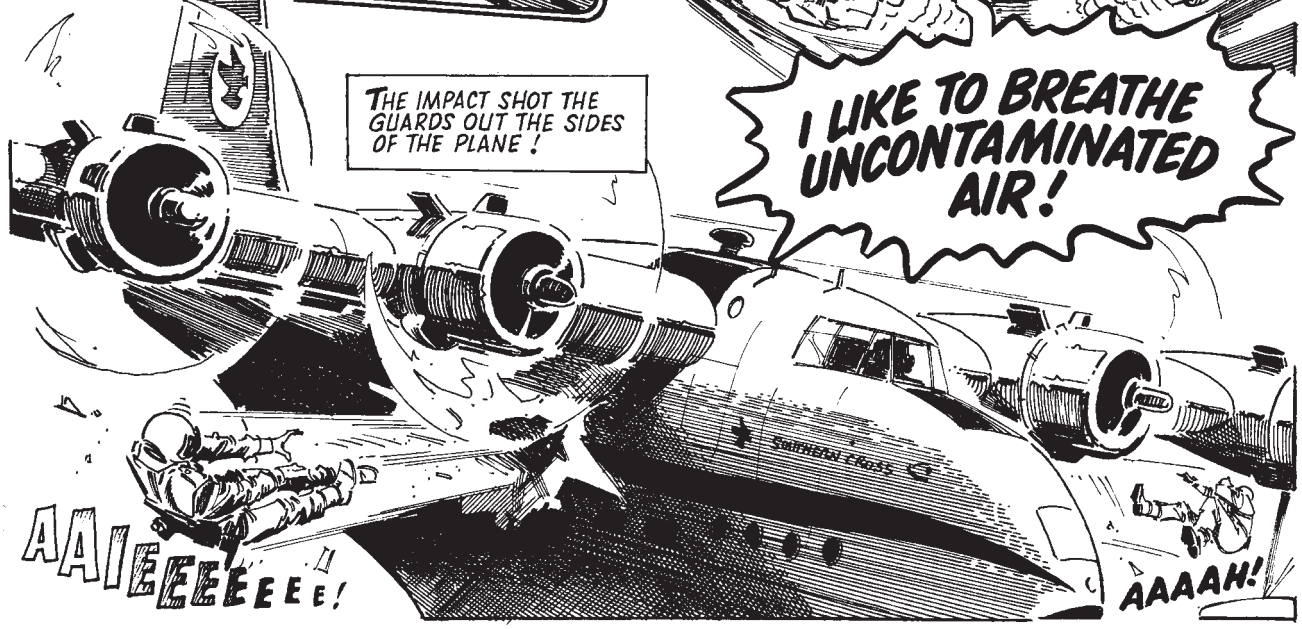


THAT'S BETTER! WE'LL TALK BUSINESS WHEN WE REACH MY BASE, JOHN..

THE GUARDS ARE RELAXING, SO IT'S TIME FOR...



MACH 1 TO GO INTO ACTION!



THE IMPACT SHOT THE GUARDS OUT THE SIDES OF THE PLANE!

I LIKE TO BREATHE UNCONTAMINATED AIR!

AAIEEEEEEE!

AAAAH!



A **HYPER-PUNCH** WILL FINISH THE OTHER GUARDS OFF!



YOU **FOOL**, JOHN PROBE! WE COULD HAVE BOTH BEEN RICH WITH THE SECRETS OF **HYPERPOWER**! BUT PERHAPS I CAN STILL **COLLECT** BY **DESTROYING** BRITAIN'S **DEADLIEST SECRET AGENT**!

OTTO FLUNG THE FLYING BOAT ROUND, AND—



HECK! WHAT AN INTRODUCTION TO **FREE-FALL SKY-DIVING**!



GOT THE **FLOAT**!



DIE, JOHN PROBE! DIE!

DON'T COUNT ON IT, OTTO! I'M HOLDING ON—BECAUSE I **WANT YOU**, OTTO! HEAR?



AND I'M GONNA GET YOU! 'COS YOU GOT ME **ANGRY** IN MY **SKULL**!



M.A.C.H.1-THE MOST POWERFUL MAN EVER INVENTED!

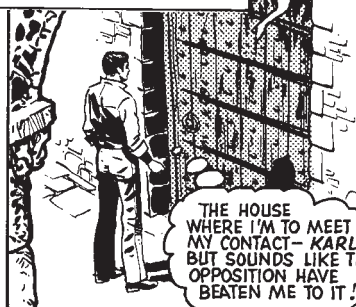
2000★



THRILL 5

MUNICH, GERMANY.
ANOTHER ASSIGNMENT
BEGINS FOR PROBE—
(CODENAME: MACH 1)...

AAAGH!



THE HOUSE
WHERE I'M TO MEET
MY CONTACT— KARL—
BUT SOUNDS LIKE THE
OPPOSITION HAVE
BEATEN ME TO IT!

INSIDE...

HOW MUCH
HAVE YOU
TOLD THE
BRITISH
SECRET
SERVICE,
KARL?

CRACK!

PLEASE...
I HAVE HAD
ENOUGH!

YOU HEARD HIM...

HE'S HAD
ENOUGH!

CRAASH!

*
M.A.C.H.1

*
**Man
Activated by
Compupuncture
Hyperpower**

FIGHTS FOR

HIMMELER'S

THEY'RE DEAD. TAKE IT EASY, KARL MATE. IF YOU DON'T WANT TO TALK...

I MUST... THERE IS LITTLE TIME...

AS YOU KNOW, I INFILTRATED A NAZI GROUP CALLED "THE WEREWOLVES" ONLY MONEY WAS STOPPING THEM FROM CARRYING OUT TERRORIST ACTIVITIES—UNTIL NOW...

"IN 1945 HIMMLER ORDERED NAZI GOLD TO BE TAKEN TO SWITZERLAND. IN CHARGE WAS A COLONEL KREUZER OF THE S.S..."

"THE SLAVE LABOURERS WHO LOADED THE GOLD WERE SHOT ON KREUZER'S ORDERS—SO IT WOULD BE KEPT A SECRET..."

"BUT AS THE GOLD SHIP HEADED ACROSS LAKE CONSTANCE IT WAS BLASTED BY AN ALLIED PLANE..."

"KREUZER WAS THE ONLY SURVIVOR. HE WAS SENTENCED FOR WAR CRIMES. BUT HE KEPT THE GOLD A SECRET..."

NOW KREUZER'S FREE AND HE AND THE WEREWOLVES ARE AFTER THE GOLD. IT'S WORTH MILLIONS. THIS JOB IS SO BIG—**ONLY YOU CAN HANDLE IT, JOHNNY!**

KARL'S DEAD. HE WAS MORE THAN A GOOD AGENT—HE WAS A FRIEND. THIS MAKES IT KIND OF... **PERSONAL!**

GOLD!

MACH 1 DROVE TO FRIEDRICHSHAVEN,
ON THE SHORES OF LAKE CONSTANCE...



THE COMPUTER IN
MACH 1'S HEAD
FED DATA INTO
HIS BRAIN...

SHIP'S HOLD
CONSTRUCTION:
RIVETED IRON
PLATE-- NOW
OXIDISED TO
40% FeO_2 --
(RUST)---

SO I CAN
RIP IT LIKE
A SOGGY
CORNFLAKE
PACKET!

IMPOSSIBLE!
THE NAZI
SKELETONS
HAVE COME
ALIVE!







AS MACH 1 BROKE THE SURFACE...

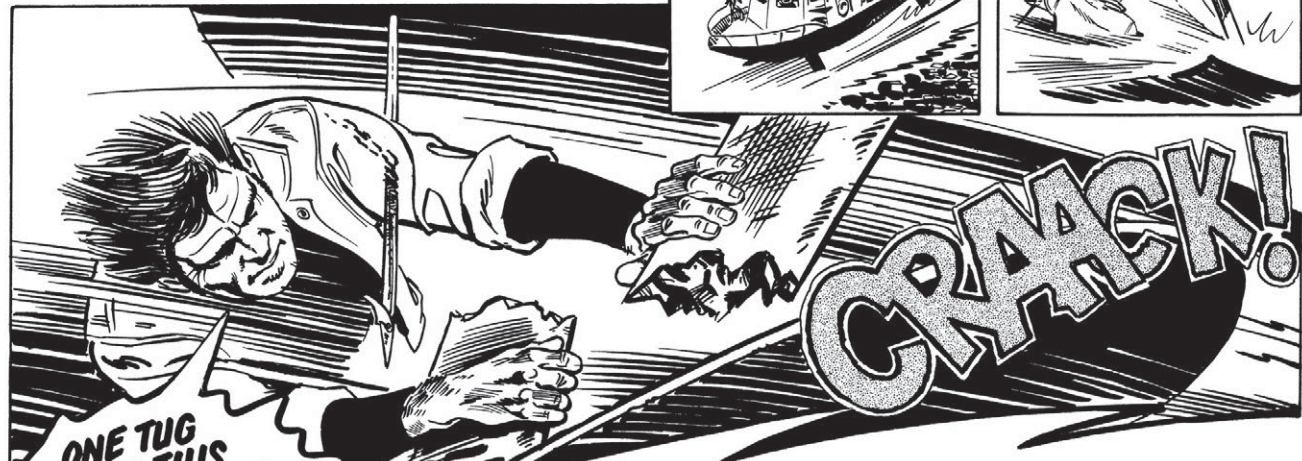
THE COMMAND BOAT.
AND I BET THAT SWINE
KREUZER'S ON BOARD.
TIME I PAID HIM
A VISIT...



COLONEL KREUZER!
A TORPEDO IS HOMING
IN ON US AT HIGH
SPEED--



NO! IT'S...
A MAN!



ONE TUG
ON THIS
HYDROFOIL,
AND--

CRACK!



DANGER! DANGER!
VESSEL DESIGNED TO
TRAVEL THROUGH
WATER ON 4 FOILS--

NOW TRAVELLING
ON THREE FOILS
AT 70 MPH-- 45
DEGREE LIST TO
STARBOARD--

CONCLUSION:
ABANDON
VESSEL!



FORGET THE DANGER, COMPUTER. I'M GOING TO SEE KREUZER!

EXCUSE ME!

HOW CAN ONE MAN HAVE SO MUCH POWER?

I ALWAYS EAT MY **SUNSHINE BREAKFAST!** NOW, I WANT DETAILS OF YOUR **WEREWOLF ORGANISATION**, KREUZER, OR—

KREUZER HANDED OVER A DOSSIER...

WE'RE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE ROCKS!

SAY "HELLO" TO THEM FROM ME—AND A FRIEND OF MINE CALLED KARL!

BRAABOOO!

BESIDES... A CAPTAIN SHOULD ALWAYS GO UP WITH HIS SHIP!

STORY PROGRAMMED FOR MAXIMUM EXCITEMENT + + + NEXT EPISODE.

NOT SO MUCH A SECRET AGENT...
MORE A SECRET
WEAPON!

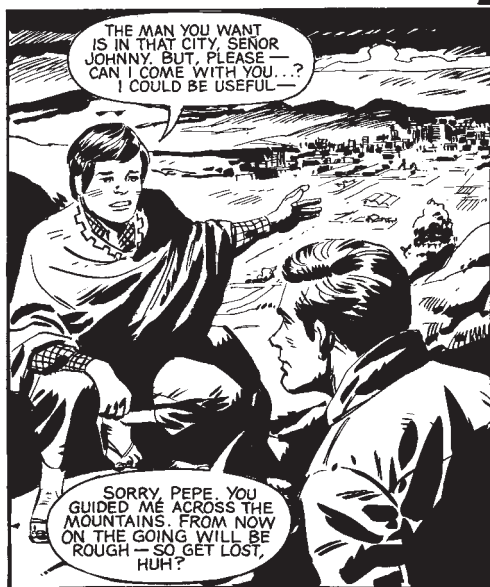
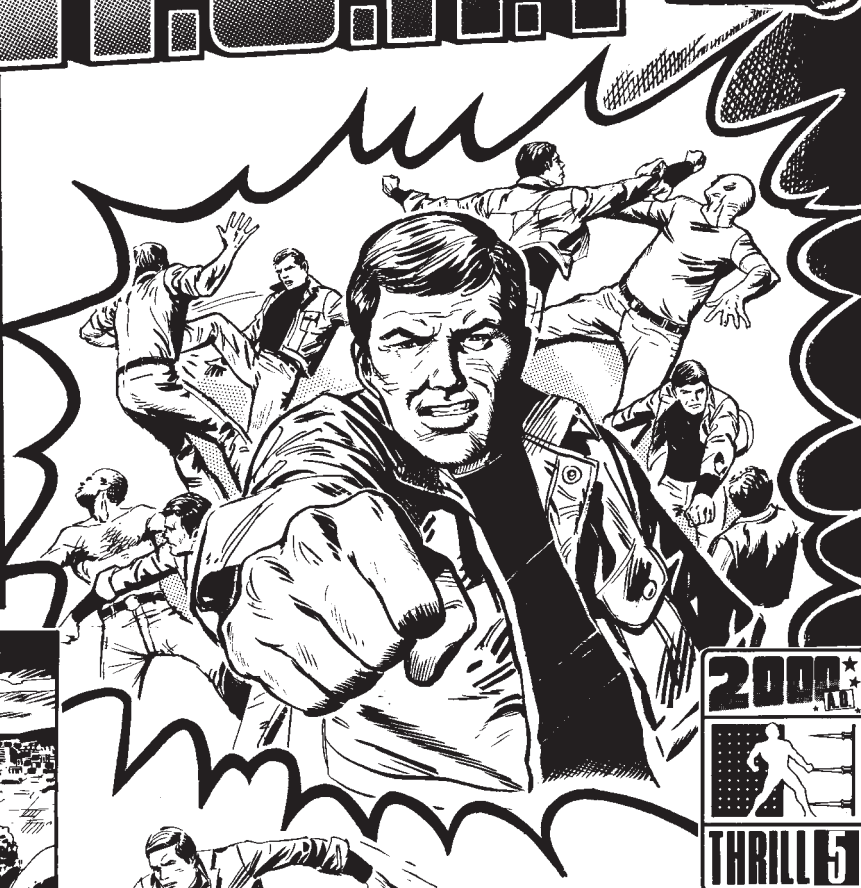
M.A.C.H. 1

LOCATION: BOLAVIA, SOUTH AMERICA.

ASSIGNMENT: TO BRING BACK TO BRITAIN
ALBERT ARMSTRONG, PRESIDENT OF
BRITISH ARMS CORPORATION, HELD UNDER
HOUSE ARREST SINCE REVOLUTION IN
BOLAVIA.

SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS: WHILE
ARMSTRONG IS IN THE HANDS OF
BOLAVIAN MILITARY DICTATORS,
INTERNATIONAL SECURITY IS AT
RISK. HE MUST BE RELEASED AT
ALL COSTS.

AGENT'S NAME: JOHN PROBE
CODE NAME: MACH 1.





GONNA
NEED A LITTLE
DIVERSION.



AAAHH!



THAT FIRE
SHOULD KEEP THEM
OCCUPIED FOR A
WHILE.



JOHN PROBE HER
MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT.
MR. ARMSTRONG, I'VE COME
TO TAKE YOU BACK TO
LONDON.

WHAT—?
HOW THE DEVIL
CAN YOU DO IT, PROBE?
WHY YOU'RE JUST
ONE MAN!



BUT A SPECIAL
KIND OF MAN. SO IF
YOU'LL JUST TIE THIS
ROPE ROUND
YOUR—

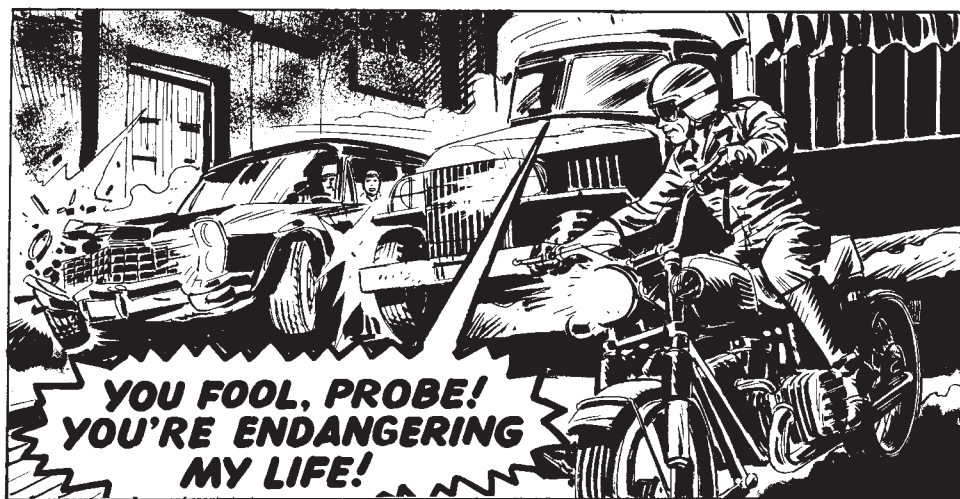
I'M NOT
RISKING MY LIFE
IN SCHOOLBOY
HEROICS! HELP!



GUARD!
ARREST THIS
MAN!

MAYBE THIS
WILL CONVINCE YOU,
ARMSTRONG — I'M
GETTING YOU OUT IF I
HAVE TO TAKE ON THE
WHOLE COUNTRY
SINGLE HANDED!







AND I'M GOING TO ENDANGER A FEW MORE LIVES - STARTING RIGHT NOW!

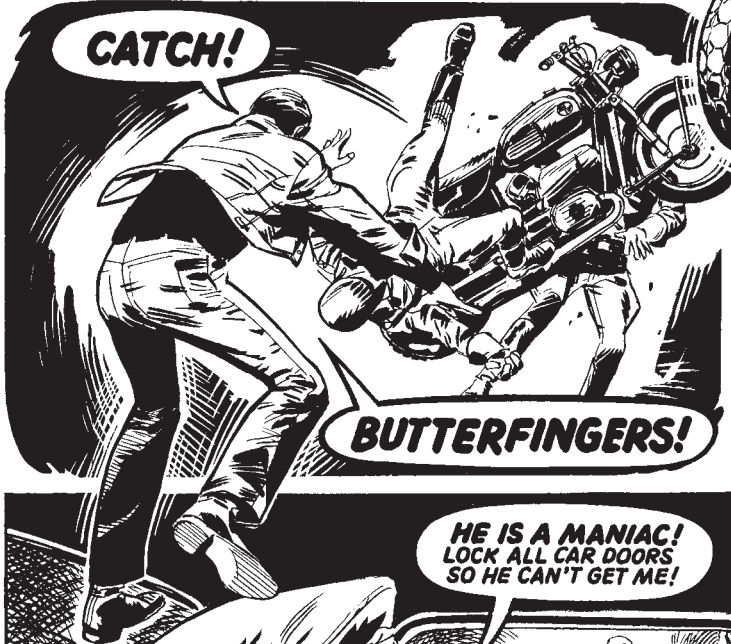
RUN HIM DOWN!



THE COMPUTER IN MACH 1'S HEAD FED DATA INTO HIS BRAIN...

NOOOOOO!

BIKE: BMW R69 MILITARY MODEL. WEIGHT OF BIKE AND RIDER: 250 KG. HYPERPOWER REQUIRED: 10%



CATCH!

BUTTERFINGERS!



INSIDE THE CAR COLONEL VILLARCHO - CHIEF OF BOLIVIAN SECRET POLICE.

HE IS A MANIAC! LOCK ALL CAR DOORS SO HE CAN'T GET ME!

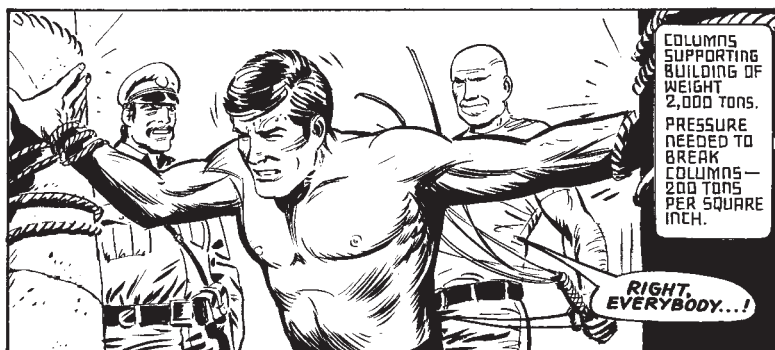
A LOCKED DOOR WON'T STOP SENOR JOHNNY.

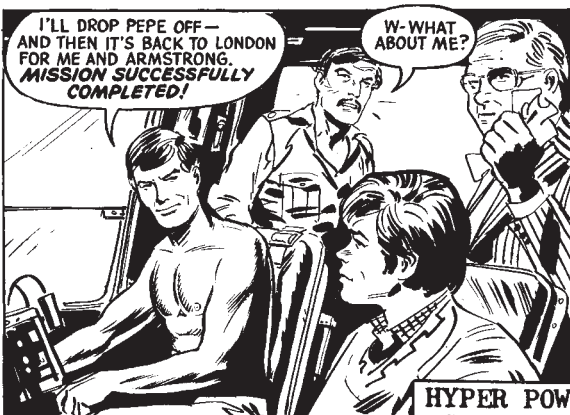


HYPERPOWER REQUIRED TO REMOVE DOOR: 0-1%

PEANUTS TO A GUY LIKE ME!







THARG SPEAKING! ONLY AN EARTHLING, CATEGORY "IDIOT", WOULD COPY A SUPER-EARTHLING LIKE MACH 1. READERS OF 2000 A.D. I KNOW, ARE HIGHLY INTELLIGENT. BUT DO NOT LET MY COMIC FALL INTO THE HANDS OF AN EARTHLING WITH LOW BRAIN-POWER.

HYPER POWER INCREASES + + + SEE PROG EIGHT.

M.A.C.H. 1

2000
THRILL 5



Location: SPAIN
Kidnappers led by a ruthless woman snatch millionaire's daughter MARIA ARAGON from her fiancé FELIPE VINCENTE!



TWO DAYS LATER JOHN PROBE — CODENAME MACH 1 — FLIES TO SPAIN.

THIS ISN'T AN ASSIGNMENT. I'M AN OLD FRIEND OF MARIA'S FAMILY. I'M GOING TO HELP THEM OUT.



PROBE IS INTRODUCED TO THE KIDNAPPED GIRL'S FIANCEE — FELIPE — AT HER FATHER'S HOME.

THE GANG LEADER WAS A WOMAN CALLED PILAR — A WOMAN WHO ENJOYS BLOODSHED, JOHNNY. SHE LET ME GO BUT THERE WAS... NOTHING I COULD DO TO STOP HER TAKING MARIA.

OKAY, FELIPE

SUBJECT: FELIPE SWEATING — HIGH PULSE RATE

CONCLUSION: NON INTERVENTION DUE TO FEAR OF PERSONAL INJURY.

YOU MEAN FELIPE'S SHORT ON GUTS, COMPUTER! BUT THE KIDNAPPERS INSIST ONE UNARMED MAN HANDS OVER THE RANSOM. AND THAT ONE MAN WILL BE... ME!



SOON, AT THE POINT WHERE
MACH 1 WAS TO HAND OVER
THE MONEY.

GOOD. HE HAS
THE MONEY. I HAVE
NOTHING TO FEAR FROM
JUST ONE MAN!

H'MM, HERE
COMES THE CONTACT
MAN TO PICK UP
THE MONEY.

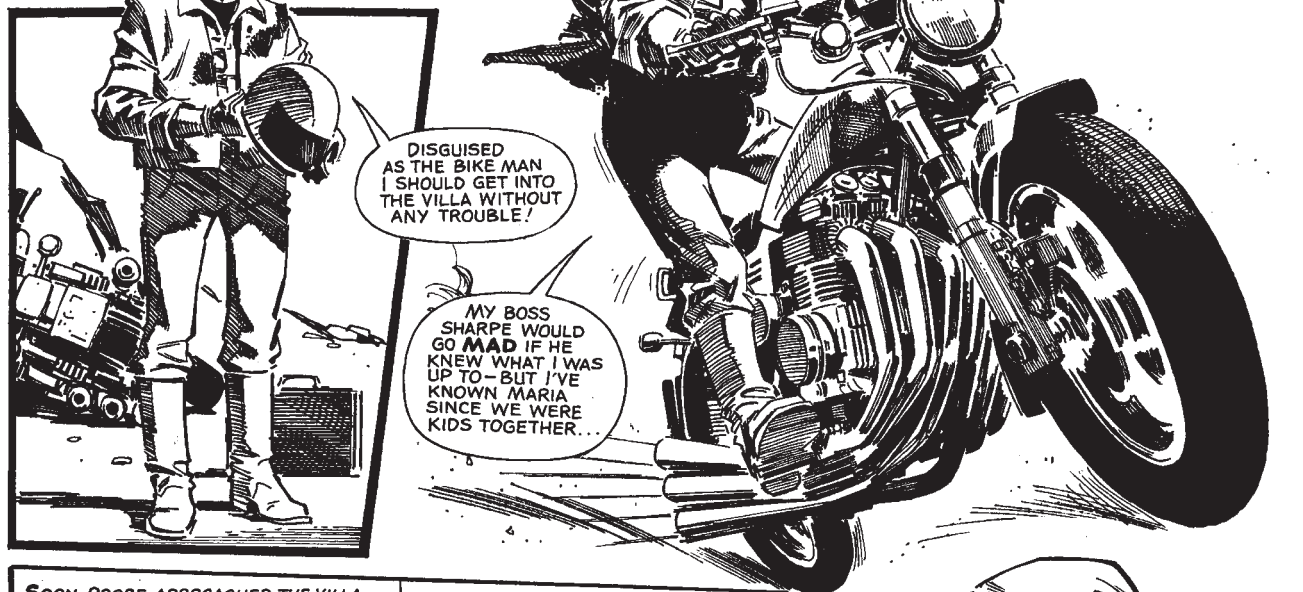
WHERE'S
THE GIRL?

I HAVE
ONLY ONE THING
FOR YOU,
SENOR...

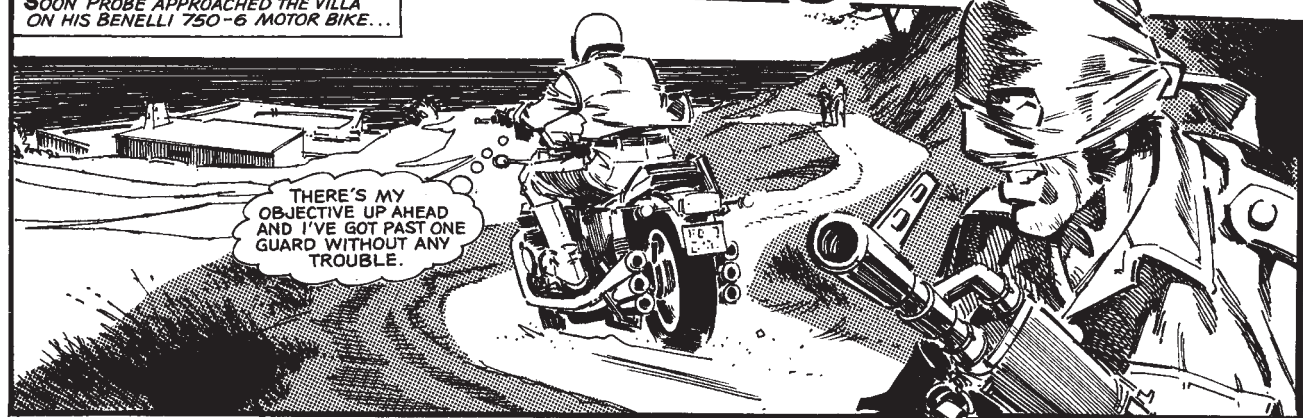
MACH 1 FLUNG
THE RIDER OFF
HIS BIKE WITH
A FLICK OF
HIS WRIST!

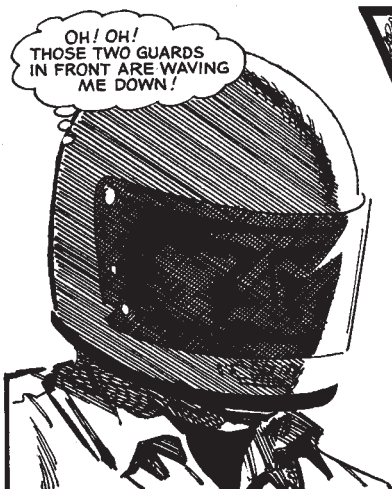
A GUN, EH?
BUT YOU'RE NOT
FAST ENOUGH FOR A
MACH MAN!

WHU!



SOON PROBE APPROACHED THE VILLA
ON HIS BENELLI 750-6 MOTOR BIKE...



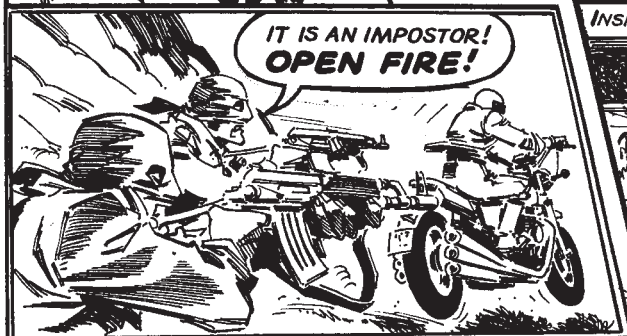


OH! OH!
THOSE TWO GUARDS
IN FRONT ARE WAVING
ME DOWN!



HALT!
DID YOU GET
THE MONEY?

GOTTA
KEEP GOING.



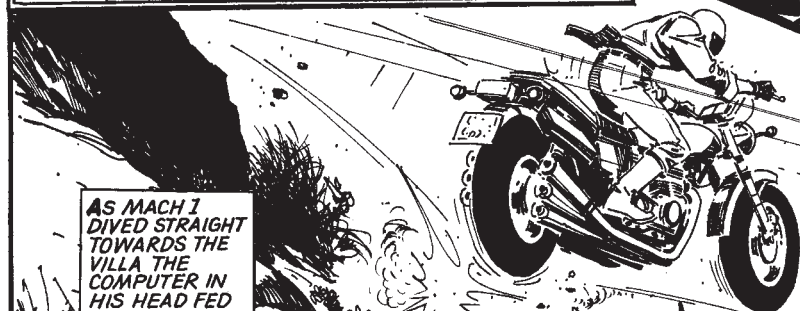
IT IS AN IMPOSTOR!
OPEN FIRE!



INSIDE THE VILLA...

SHOOTING
OUTSIDE, PILAR!
AN INTRUDER!

SO!



AS MACH 1
DIVED STRAIGHT
TOWARDS THE
VILLA THE
COMPUTER IN
HIS HEAD FED
HIM VITAL
DATA...

SPEED: 76.8 MPH
SELECT 3RD GEAR.
MAINTAIN ENGINE
REVS AT 8,000
RPM FOR
CONTROLLED
RATE OF DESCENT.

OBJECTIVE:
12 METRES -
9 METRES -
8 METRES

GONNA
HAVE TO MOVE
FAST TO REACH
MARIA...

...BEFORE
THAT FEMALE
BUTCHER PILAR
GETS ROUGH
WITH HER!





WHEN MY AMIGOS
HAVE DEALT WITH THE
INTRUDER, I WILL SEND
YOUR PRECIOUS FATHER
A LITTLE MEMENTO...

OBJECTIVE: 5 METRES —
4 METRES — 3 METRES —

GOTTA
GET IN THE
QUICK WAY...

**THROUGH
THE
ROOF!**

ONLY MACH 1
COULD SURVIVE
SUCH AN IMPACT!

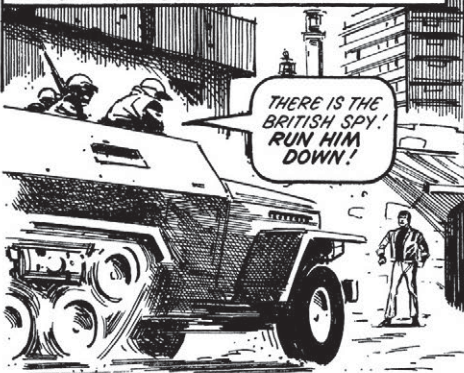
JOHNNY!
I BEG YOU — FREE
ME FROM THIS
HORRIBLE WOMAN!



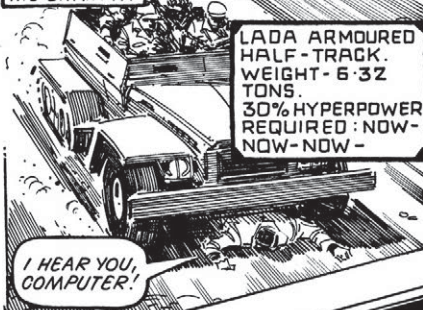
NOT SO MUCH A SECRET AGENT...
MORE A SECRET WEAPON!

MACH 1

LOCATION: MACCA, CAPITAL OF TURKOSTAN - IN THE MIDDLE OF A BLOODY CIVIL WAR...



THE COMPUTER IN MACH 1'S HEAD FED DATA INTO HIS BRAIN...



LADA ARMoured
HALF-TRACK.
WEIGHT - 6.32
TONS.
30% HYPERPOWER
REQUIRED: NOW-
NOW-NOW-

AIEEEE!
WHAT KIND OF
MAN CAN HAVE
SUCH STRENGTH...?



SUBJECT:
SECRET AGENT JOHN PROBE.

PROCESS:
COMPU-PUNCTURE HYPERPOWER.

DATA: COMPU-PUNCTURE IS A COMPUTERISED FORM OF ACUPUNCTURE. BY INSERTING THOUSANDS OF ELECTRO-NEEDLES INTO PROBE'S BODY, HIS ENERGY WILL INCREASE UNTIL HE HAS THE STRENGTH OF FIFTY MEN!

SUBJECT'S CODENAME:
MACH 1.

KER-AAAASH!

NOW TO GRAB ONE OF THE SURVIVORS. I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHERE THEY'RE KEEPING PROFESSOR NILS NANSEN!

NANSEN'S THE REASON I'M IN THIS COUNTRY. UNLESS I CAN GET HIM - AND FAST...HE COULD TURN THIS CIVIL WAR INTO...

MANGLE!

WORLD WAR THREE!

WHERE IS YOUR GOVERNMENT HOLDING NANSEN?

IN-IN THE VAULTS BENEATH THE SACRED BLACK MOSQUE. BUT YOU WILL NEVER LIVE TO SEE HIM, ENGLISH...

YOU ARE GOING TO DIE!

PROBE SAW THE REFLECTION OF ANOTHER SOLDIER IN THE MAN'S GLASSES. HE SPAN ROUND -

SECOND SOLDIER PENERATES WALL, APPROX ONE FOOT THICK. CONCLUSION: SOLDIER TERMINATED. WALL SEVERELY DAMAGED. OBSERVATION: UNNECESSARY USE OF HYPER-POWER.

WAAH!

TRYING TO SNEAK UP ON ME, HUH?

DARN IT, COMPUTER, A MAN'S GOT A RIGHT TO GET ANGRY!

YOUR EMOTIONS IR-
RELEVANT. YOU
MUST BE REMINDED
OF THE SERIOUS-
NESS OF THIS OPER-
ATION. . .

YOUR OBJEC-
TIVE: PROFES-
SOR NILS NAN-
SEN, NUCLEAR
PHYSICIST. . .

"NUCLEAR ADVISOR" TO
THE TURKOSTAN REGIME.
WESTERN POWERS FEAR
THAT NANSEN, WHO ONCE
BOASTED HE COULD MAKE
A HOME-MADE H-BOMB IN

THREE WEEKS, MAY BE USED
TO BRING ABOUT A QUICK
END TO THE TWO-YEAR WAR
BETWEEN THE REGIME AND
AL MACKI GUERRILLAS.

CONCLUSION: SUB-
JECT COULD SPARK
WORLDWIDE WAR.
HE MUST BE RE-
MOVED FROM TUR-
KOSTAN AT ALL
COSTS.



BUT NANSEN'S PHONE CALL HAD ALERTED THE MILITARY, AND...

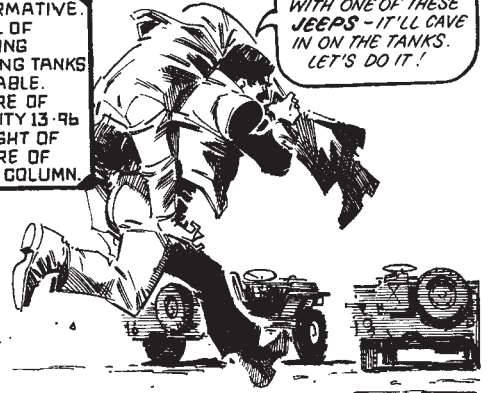
HALT, ENGLISH! WE WANT
PROFESSOR NANSEN
ALIVE, BUT IF WE HAVE TO, WE
WILL BLOW YOU FROM THE
FACE OF THE EARTH! YOU HAVE
TEN SECONDS TO MAKE UP
YOUR MIND!



EVEN A MACH MAN
CAN'T TAKE ON **THREE**
TANKS! GOT ANY BRIGHT
IDEAS, COMPUTER?

AFFIRMATIVE.
SHELL OF
BUILDING
HOUSING TANKS
UNSTABLE.
CENTRE OF
GRAVITY 13.96
MM RIGHT OF
CENTRE OF
MAIN COLUMN.

SO IF I GIVE THE
BUILDING A CLOUT
WITH ONE OF THESE
JEEPS - IT'LL CAVE
IN ON THE TANKS.
LET'S DO IT!



COME ON, YOU SWINE!
START! START!

THREE SECONDS
LEFT, ENGLISH.
TWO... ONE...

HE'S CRAZY!
HE'S DRIVING TWO
JEEPS AT THE
SAME TIME!

JOHN COOPER.

VROOOOOOAAARM!

AS THE JEEPS REACHED 100 M.P.H. PROBE LET GO...

ONE OF THEM'S
ALL FOR YOU!

WAKOOOW!

SQUEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

THE IMPACT
CAUSED THE
BUILDING TO
COLLAPSE!

THEY GOT HIT WITH
EVERYTHING -
INCLUDING THE
KITCHEN SINK!

HUMOUR
IRRELEVANT.
PROCEED
TO DESERT
PICK-UP
POINT
IMMEDIATE.

I GOT A RIGHT TO
CRACK A JOKE, HAVEN'T
I, COMPUTER? AFTER
ALL, I'M A HUMAN
BEING!

CORRECTION:
YOU ARE A
MACH MAN
WITH THE
STRENGTH
OF FIFTY MEN-
FITTED WITH
SERIES SIX
COMPUTER.

YOU CAN MAKE
INSTANT DECISIONS
ON MATTERS
COMPLICATED TO A
FACTOR OF 12-
IMPOSSIBLE FOR
NORMAL HUMANS.
CONCLUSION: YOU
CAN NO LONGER
CLASS YOURSELF
AS HUMAN.

AW, SHUDDUP!

PROGRAMME A REGULAR ORDER FOR 2000 A.D. WITH YOUR NEWSAGENT ROBOT.

M.A.C.H.1

on The ROOF of the WORLD!

TARGET:

IGOR KHUVOSKY, EASTERN SPY MASTER.

LOCATION:

ARMENIAN MOUNTAINS, TURKEY.

DATA:

KHUVOSKY IS ESCAPING TO THE EAST AFTER KILLING FOUR OF OUR AGENTS. SECURITY CHIEFS WANT TO INTERROGATE HIM AND FIND OUT DETAILS OF HIS SPY RING.

SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS:

AT ALL COSTS KHUVOSKY-A TRAINED KILLER-MUST BE BROUGHT BACK TO THE WEST... ALIVE!

2000
A.D.



THRILLER 5

AS PROBE (CODENAME MACH 1) DESCENDED, THE COMPUTER CIRCUITS ON HIS SKULL FED DATA INTO HIS BRAIN...

IN THIN MOUNTAIN AIR, STANDARD PARACHUTE UNSUITABLE. CHANCES OF INJURIES ON LANDING - 81%.

MACH 1 EQUIPPED WITH SPECIAL PARA COMMANDER PARACHUTE BY EXHAUSTING AIR THROUGH SLOTS, 'CHUTE CAN BE CONTROLLED LIKE AN AEROFOIL. CHANCES OF INJURIES: 10%.

THAT'S NICE TO KNOW, COMPUTER-LANDING ON THOSE SPIKES COULD BE RATHER PAINFUL!

THE ARMENIAN MOUNTAINS ARE BELOW AND THIS IS THE QUICKEST WAY FOR MACH 1 TO REACH THEM!

ALSO THE MOST DANGEROUS!





HUMOUR
IRRELEVANT.
CONCENTRATE
ON MISSION.

TARGET
KHUVOSKY
50 METRES
BELOW.

DIRECT
PARA
COMMANDER
'CHUTE FOR
IMMEDIATE
INTER-
CEPTION.

POINT ONE, COMPUTER - I'M
GETTING TIRED OF YOU SAYING
"HUMOUR IRRELEVANT". JUST
'COS YOUR TINY TRANSISTORS
DON'T LIGHT UP WHEN I
CRACK A JOKE.

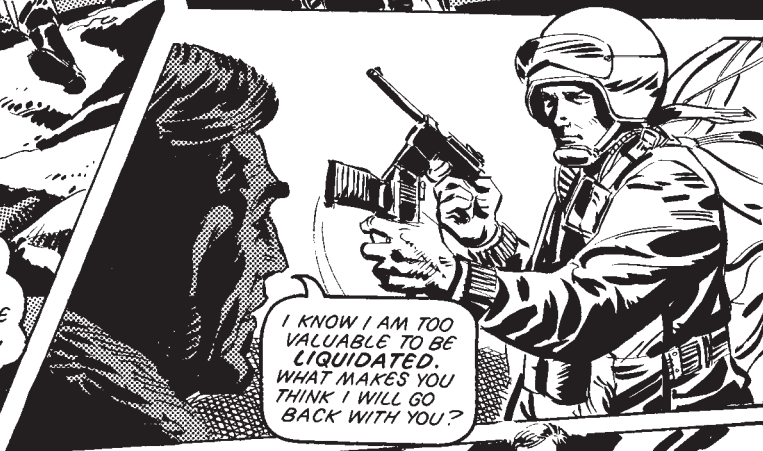
POINT TWO - I
CAN SEE KHUVOSKY'S
DOWN BELOW.

POINT THREE -
IF I CAN'T HANDLE
THIS GUY, IT'S TIME
I WAS PUT OUT TO
GRASS IN THE HOME
FOR RETIRED
SECRET AGENTS!

MY MEMORY
BANKS
HAVE NO
KNOWLEDGE
OF SUCH A
HOME.

LET'S GET
ON WITH
IT...

DROP THE GUN,
KHUVOSKY!
MACH 1, BRITISH
SECRET SERVICE.



I KNOW I AM TOO
VALUABLE TO BE
LIQUIDATED.
WHAT MAKES YOU
THINK I WILL GO
BACK WITH YOU?



SUPPOSE
I DID THIS TO
YOUR NOSE?

I... I WILL GO
BACK WITH YOU!



I WRENCHED
MY LEG GETTING
UP HERE... IF WE
CAN TAKE IT
SLOWLY!

NO CHANCE,
LET'S GO!

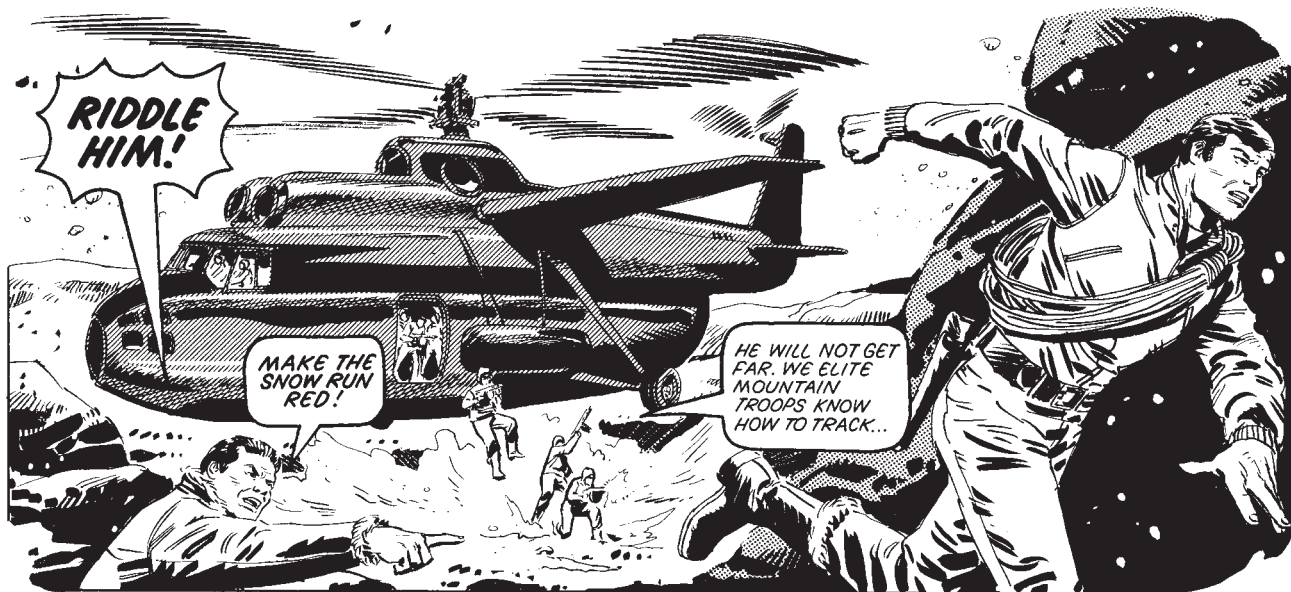


SOON...

YOU'RE INHUMAN,
MACH 1. THE PAIN -
IT'S TOO MUCH...

VERY WELL.
TAKE FIVE.

ILL
ADVISED.
TARGET'S
PAIN
IRRELEVANT.





TARGET 4
FIRING
WITH
KALASH-
NIKOV
23.
ALERT!
ALERT!







**CORRECTION, IGOR...
YOU BLEW IT!**

0-0 SECS.



NO "HERO'S"
DEATH FOR
YOU, IGOR!

JUST THIRTY YEARS
IN PRISON! THIRTY
YEARS STARRING
OUT OF BARRED
WINDOWS! THAT
HARD ENOUGH
FOR YOU?

NOW MOVE!

INCREDIBLE!
MACH 1'S JUST
COME BACK
FROM A TOUGH
MISSION - AND
HE'S RUNNING
AT OVER NINETY
MILES AN HOUR!
BUT -



LATER, BACK IN LONDON...

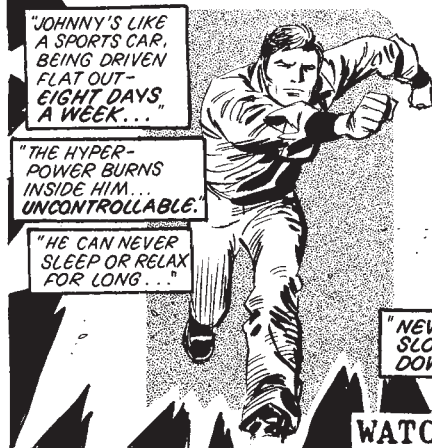


EXCELLENT! DURING A
THOROUGH INTERROGATION,
KHUVOSKY REVEALED
DETAILS OF HIS SPY
NETWORK, MOXAN.

AND MACH 1
PERFORMED
WELL. HE SEEMS
TO HAVE MORE
ENERGY THAN
EVER!

YES, GR... TAKE
A LOOK OUTSIDE,
SHARPE.

IT'S SIMPLE, SHARPE.
JOHNNY'S GOT SO
MUCH ENERGY,
HE'S HAVING TO
RELEASE SOME
OF IT.



"JOHNNY'S LIKE
A SPORTS CAR,
BEING DRIVEN
FLAT OUT -
EIGHT DAYS
A WEEK..."

"THE HYPER-
POWER BURNS
INSIDE HIM.
UNCONTROLLABLE."

"HE CAN NEVER
SLEEP OR RELAX
FOR LONG..."

"NEVER
SLOW
DOWN!"

AND THE MONTHLY BOOSTS WE GIVE HIM,
WHEN WE PUT HIM BACK IN THE ELECTRO-
NEEDLE MACHINE - INCREASE HIS
HYPER POWER! HAVE WE THE RIGHT TO
DO THIS TO THE MAN, SHARPE?



H'MM, I'M NOT
INTERESTED IN
MACH 1 THE
MAN - ONLY
MACH 1 THE
SECRET AGENT.
THAT WILL BE
ALL, MOXAN!

WATCH PROG ELEVEN + + + THRILL VALUE AT OPTIMUM.

MACH 1

OPERATION DEATH-DRIVE!

A ROAD BLOCK IN EASTERN EUROPE...

STOP THE BRITISH SPIES!

USE YOUR CAR TO SMASH THAT TRUCK OUT OF THE WAY, PROBE!

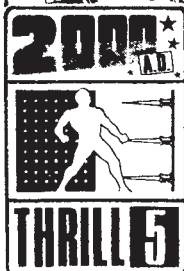
LIKE THEY DO IN SECRET AGENT FILMS, MEISSER?

AND WRECK THIS BEAUTIFUL LAGONDA?

YOU'RE JOKING!

MACH 1 IS GOING TO SMASH THE ROAD BLOCK!

EUGH!



THE COMPUTER CIRCUITS IN PROBE'S (CODENAME - MACH 1) HEAD FED DATA INTO HIS BRAIN...

OBJECT:
MERCEDES-BENZ
TIPPER VEHICLE.
WEIGHT:
15 TONS APPROX.
HYPER-POWER
REQUIRED: 60%

ANYWAY... I CAN
DO WITH THE
EXERCISE!



OKAY!
THE GUARDS
ARE TAKEN
CARE OF,
MEISSER...

LET'S
GO!

MACH 1
SWITCHED ON
A VIDEO
CASSETTE...

TIME FOR MY BOSS,
SHARPE TO FILL ME IN
ON MY MISSION..

SHARPE'S THE
GUY WHO TURNED
ME INTO A MACH MAN,
WITH ALMOST UNLIMITED
ENERGY. SO I NEVER
SLEEP, NEVER SLOW
DOWN...

I'M STILL NOT
SURE WHETHER I
SHOULD THANK HIM
...OR PUNCH HIS
FACE!

YOUR MISSION,
MACH 1, IS TO GET
YOUR PASSENGER,
MILITARY EXPERT
ADOLF MEISSER, FROM
DUBROVNIK TO PARIS
IN TWELVE HOURS...

MEISSER HAS INFORMATION
ON THE EASTERN ARMS BUILD-
UP... WHICH HE MUST GIVE
TO U.N. ARMS LIMITATIONS
CONFERENCE IN PARIS.
AT ALL COSTS YOU MUST
DELIVER HIM!

YOU'VE GOT TO TRAVEL
1,289 MILES IN TWELVE
HOURS... BAD WEATHER
RULES OUT PLANES OR
HELICOPTERS. SO THERE'S
ONLY ONE OTHER WAY...

SHARPE CONTINUED
AS MACH 1 SPED
THROUGH THE TRAFFIC—

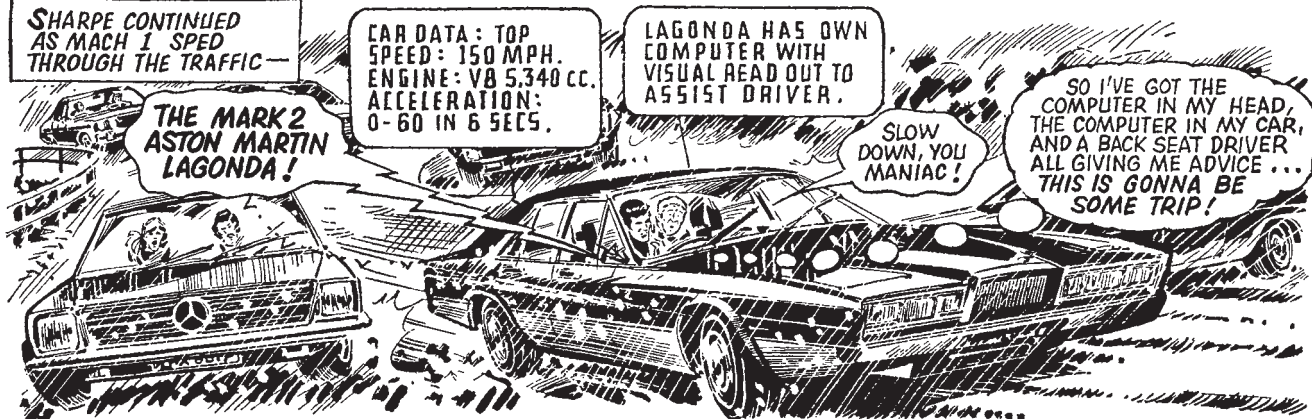
THE MARK 2
ASTON MARTIN
LAGONDA!

CAR DATA: TOP
SPEED: 150 MPH.
ENGINE: V8 5,340 CC.
ACCELERATION:
0-60 IN 6 SECS.

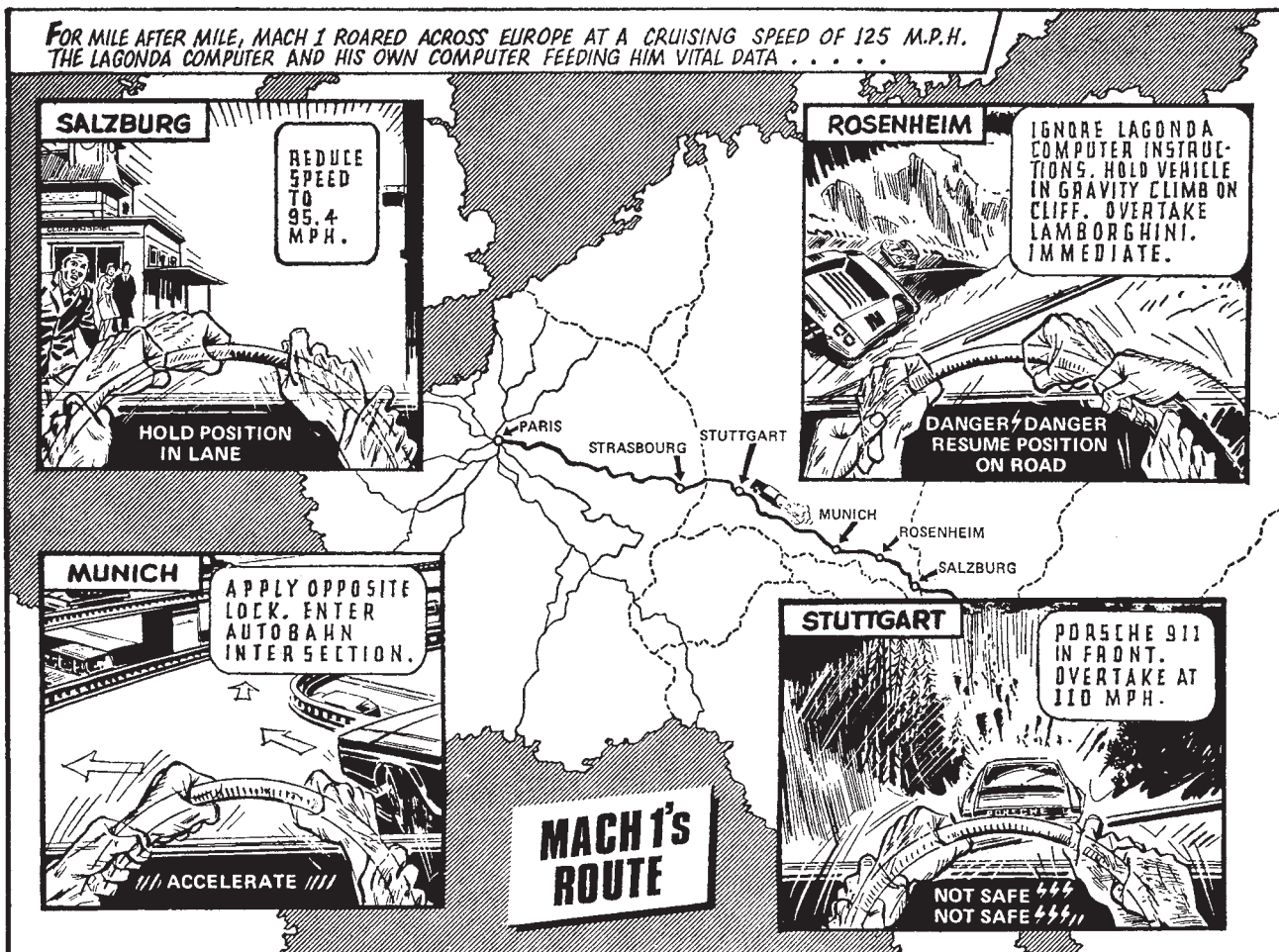
LAGONDA HAS OWN
COMPUTER WITH
VISUAL READ OUT TO
ASSIST DRIVER.

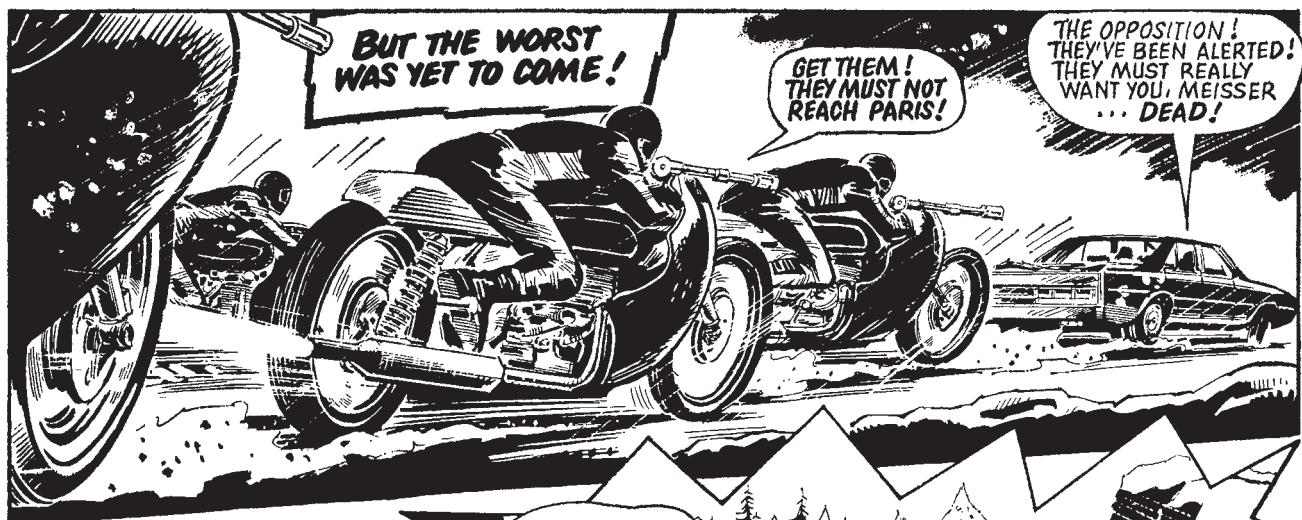
SLOW
DOWN, YOU
MANIAC!

SO I'VE GOT THE
COMPUTER IN MY HEAD,
THE COMPUTER IN MY CAR,
AND A BACK SEAT DRIVER
ALL GIVING ME ADVICE...
THIS IS GONNA BE
SOME TRIP!



FOR MILE AFTER MILE, MACH 1 ROARED ACROSS EUROPE AT A CRUISING SPEED OF 125 M.P.H. THE LAGONDA COMPUTER AND HIS OWN COMPUTER FEEDING HIM VITAL DATA





**BUT THE WORST
WAS YET TO COME!**

**GET THEM!
THEY MUST NOT
REACH PARIS!**

**THE OPPOSITION!
THEY'VE BEEN ALERTED!
THEY MUST REALLY
WANT YOU, MEISSER
... DEAD!**



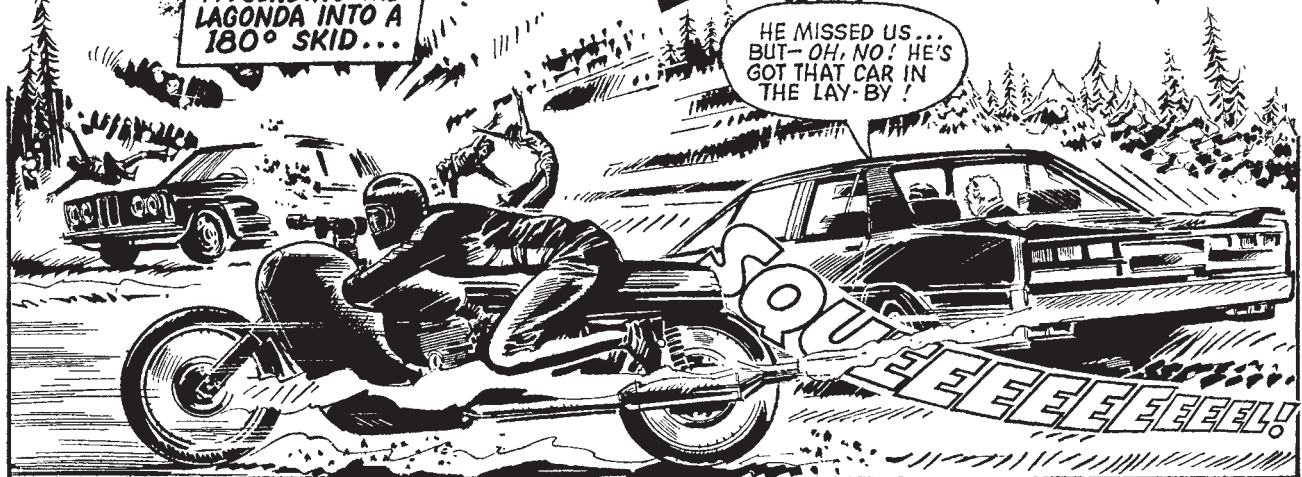
**THAT BIKE-
MAN IS AIMING
SOME SORT OF
ROCKET
RIFLE!**

**DO
SOMETHING,
PROBE!**

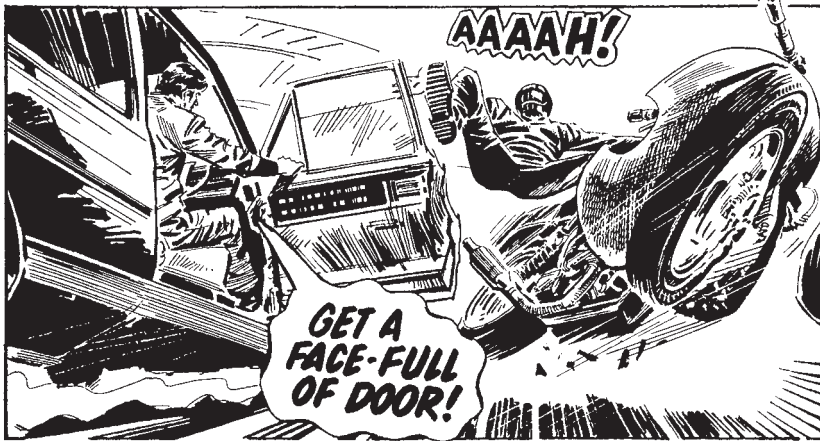
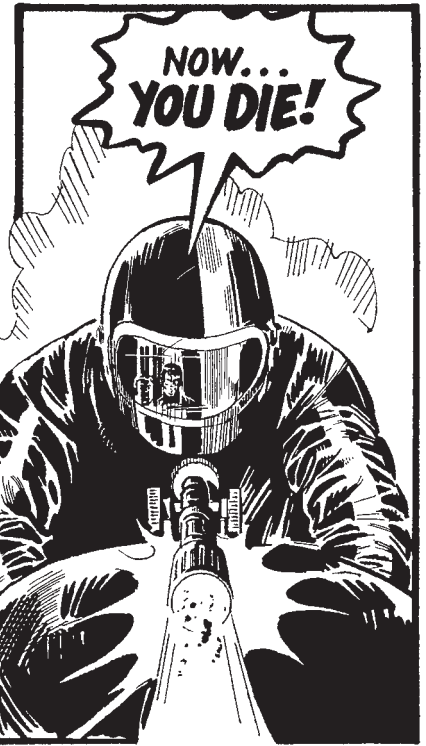
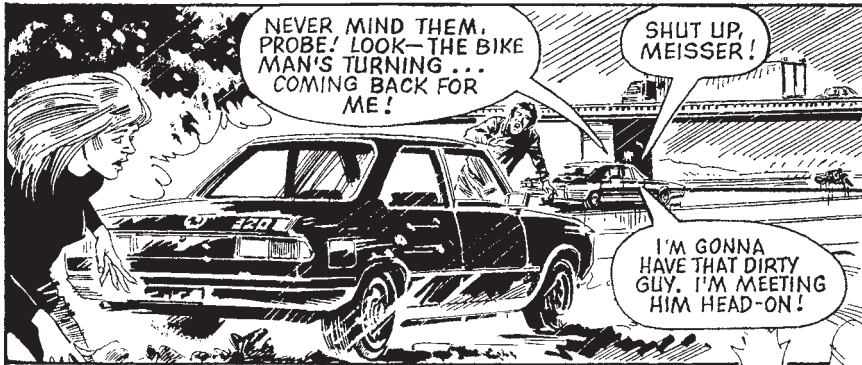
**MACH 1 RIPPED AT
THE HANDBRAKE...**

**...SENDING THE
LAGONDA INTO A
180° SKID...**

**HE MISSED US...
BUT—OH, NO! HE'S
GOT THAT CAR IN
THE LAY-BY!**



**BOOM
EEEEEEEEEE!**



GOODS TRAIN
TRAVELLING AT
60 MPH. EMPTY
WAGONS: WOOD
WITH METAL
FRAMES. SPEED
REQUIRED TO
BREAK THROUGH:
150 MPH BUT RISK
FACTOR TOO HIGH.



NO! I KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
THINKING,
PROBE. BUT
DON'T DO IT...

EMERGENCY STOP ⚡ EMERGENCY STOP ⚡ EMERGENCY STOP ⚡

**DON'T
DO IT!
HELLP!**



PHWE! SHARPE'S
GONNA BE PLEASED
WHEN HE SEES HIS
LAGONDA...

... RECKON I CAN
FORGET MY WAGES FOR
THE NEXT TEN YEARS!



BUT BOTH COMPUTERS
ESTIMATED THE ODDS WERE
TOO GREAT TO TAKE THE TRAIN...
YET IN THE END A MAN'S GOT
TO MAKE HIS OWN DECISIONS
AND FORGET MACHINES!

IT'S ALMOST A WRITE OFF.
NEEDS A COMPLETE OVER-
HAUL TO GET TO PARIS.
AND WE'VE GOT TO BE
THERE IN **ONE HOUR**,
MEISSER!



THEN IT'S ALL
OVER. IT WOULD
NEED DAYS OF
WORK TO GET
THAT WRECK
MOVING!

FOR AN ORDINARY
MAN. BUT FOR A
MACH MAN... WE'LL SEE..



NOT SO MUCH A SECRET AGENT...
MORE A SECRET WEAPON!

MACH 1

MACH 1



SO YOU'RE THE FAMOUS MACH ONE, HUH? WELL WE YANKS HAVE AN EVEN BETTER SECRET WEAPON THAT'S GONNA MAKE YOU LOOK ABOUT AS EFFECTIVE AS A FIRST WORLD WAR INFANTRYMAN!

BRITISH AGENT JOHN PROBE (CODENAME MACH 1) AND HIS BOSS-SHARPE-HAD ARRIVED AT A NATO BASE IN WEST GERMANY TO SEE THE BATTLE TESTS OF A NEW AMERICAN WEAPON!

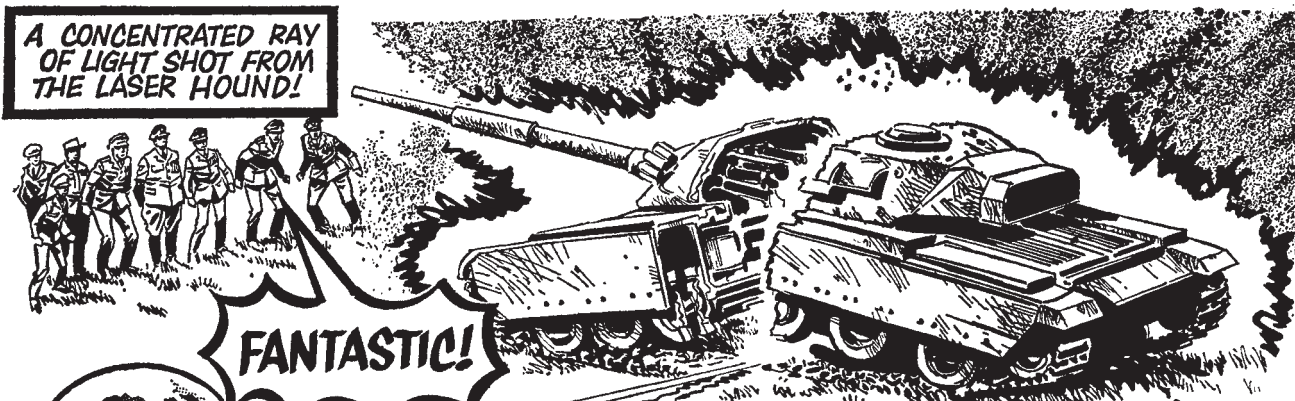
THE LASER HOUND!
A TANK THAT DOESN'T
USE AMMUNITION...!



JUST A BEAM THAT CUTS
THROUGH STEEL LIKE A
SLICER HANDLES SALAMI!!



A CONCENTRATED RAY OF LIGHT SHOT FROM THE LASER HOUND!





RUNNING AT MORE THAN 60 M.P.H. MACH 1 GAINED ON THE LASER HOUND. BUT INSIDE...

A HALF NAKED MAN TAKING ON A LASER TANK? HE IS MAD... AND HE SHALL PAY FOR HIS MADNESS-BY BEING SLICED IN HALF!

BUT...

HE'S NOT WEARING ANY METAL... WE CAN'T RANGE IN ON HIM!

SHRAK!

LASER TARGET: PYLON SUPPORTING ULTRA HIGH VOLTAGE POWER CABLES. CONCLUSION: COMBUSTION OF FOREST IMMINENT.

BURN THE FOREST IN ON HIM, INSTEAD!

THEY'RE GOING TO FRY ME ALIVE!

MACH 1 TOSSED THE BURNING TREES ASIDE...

I HAD TO BE CRAZY VOLUNTEERING TO BE A MACH MAN...

DISTANCE OF TANK FROM BORDER - 800 METRES. TIME REMAINING TO INTERCEPT 3.2 MINUTES.

BUT NOW I AM ONE...

I'M GONNA SHOW THOSE YANKS WHAT I'M ALL ABOUT...

A MACH MAN CAN TAKE THE FLAMES... TAKE THAT LASER TANK!



THRILL VALUE INCREASES + + + NEXT PROG.

**NEW YORK,
1988—**

THE FIRST OF A NEW GENERATION
OF **NUCLEAR AIRSHIPS** —
THE MORSE X4 — TAKES OFF ON
ITS MAIDEN FLIGHT.. AND HEADS
STRAIGHT FOR...

DISASTER!



MARCH 1



**ATTACK!
ATTACK!**

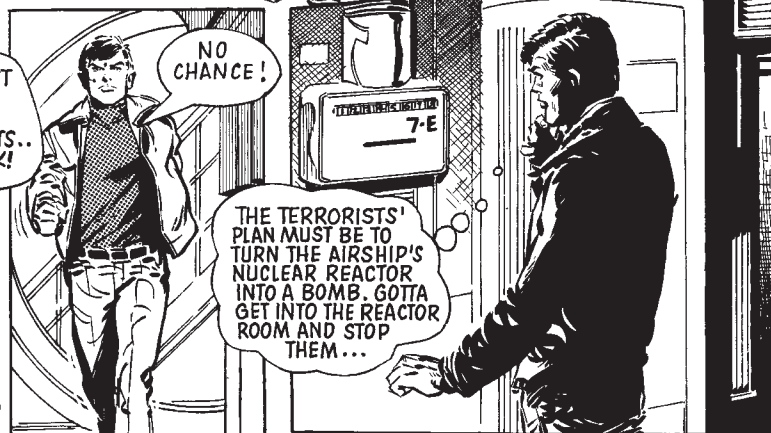
LOOK!
I CAN SEE SOME-
THING ON THE
CLOSED CIRCUIT
T.V.!

WE'RE BEING
BOARDED BY
TERRORISTS!

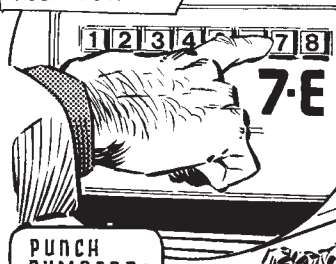
X4



THERE WERE IMPORTANT PASSENGERS ON BOARD—LIKE UNITED NATIONS PEACEMAKER ... DOCTOR KLINGER... HIS BODYGUARD—**MACH 1!**



MACH 1'S COMPUTER WORKED OUT THE ELECTRONIC COMBINATION TO OPEN THE REACTOR ROOM DOOR ...





HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

AAAAAH!

BURN,
ENGLISH!
BURN!

UGH!

TWO DOWN...!

ONE
TO GO!

SO! YOU KILL MY
MEN, ENGLISH... BUT
A MAN WITH YOUR
STRENGTH CAN DO THE
JOB OF RIPPING OFF
THE SHIELDING
INSTEAD!

NO!

VOICE LEVEL INDICATES
HOSTILE SUBJECT DIRECTLY
BEHIND-- TURN AT FULL HYPER-
POWER SPEED--ACTIVATE GUN



HECK!
I ALMOST...

DISREGARD CHILD HOSTAGE
-- FIRE! REPEAT- FIRE!

SHUT UP,
COMPUTER! I'M STILL
HUMAN ENOUGH TO
IGNORE THAT KINDA
RUTHLESS ORDER!

NO!

...THE
**GREATEST
AIR DISASTER
OF ALL
TIME!**

I AM GLAD
TO SEE YOU WILL
COOPERATE, ENGLISH.
MY PLAN IS SIMPLE...
I INTEND TO MAKE THE
NUCLEAR REACTOR
UNSTABLE... SO
**THE AIRSHIP WILL
EXPLODE OVER
NEW YORK!**

THAT WILL SHOW
THE WORLD MY
ORGANISATION IS
TO BE TAKEN
SERIOUSLY...
**THOUSANDS
WILL DIE IN...**

NOW LET'S SEE
YOU RIP OFF THE
STEEL PANELS. IN
RETURN, MARCOS
OFFERS YOU
THE CHANCE
OF ESCAPE!

OKAY, YOU WIN.
BUT LEGGO OF THE
KID, RIGHT? YOU'VE
STILL GOT A GUN AND
EVEN MACH 1
AIN'T **BULLET
PROOF!**

WHAT
STRENGTH!

AND NOW
MY MEN WILL
PUT THE **ACTIVATING
CHARGE** IN
POSITION!

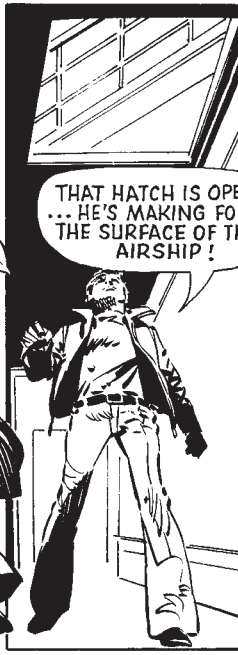
HE'S LET
GO OF THE
KID... THIS
IS MY
CHANCE!

AAAH!

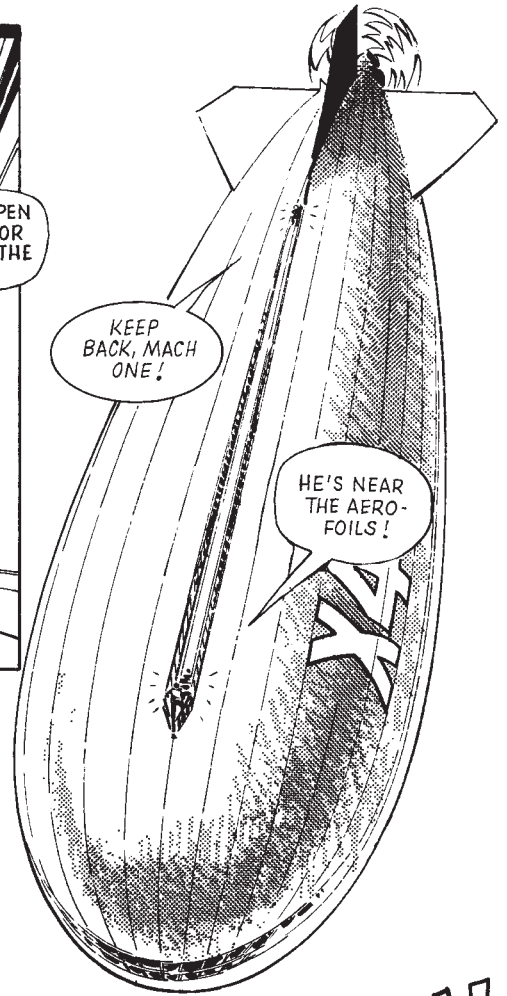


MACH 1 FLUNG
SIDWAYS. AS HE
PICKED HIMSELF
UP...

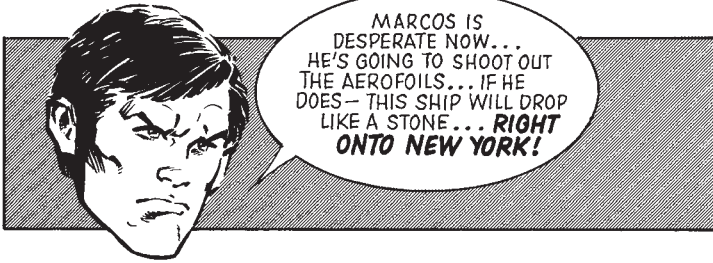
WHICH
WAY DID
MARCOS
GO?



THAT HATCH IS OPEN
... HE'S MAKING FOR
THE SURFACE OF THE
AIRSHIP!



HE'S NEAR
THE AERO-
FOILS!



MARCOS IS
DESPERATE NOW...
HE'S GOING TO SHOOT OUT
THE AEROFOILS... IF HE
DOES - THIS SHIP WILL DROP
LIKE A STONE... **RIGHT
ONTO NEW YORK!**



BLAMM!

HA, HA, HAAAA!
THE TITANIC SANK...
THE HINDENBURG
BLEW UP... NOW
WATCH THIS BABY
SMASH INTO THE
EMPIRE STATE
BUILDING!



ONE MORE
BLAST-AND
I'LL MAKE
HISTORY!



ONE
CHANCE...THE
CATWALK!



METAL GRID
UNDER SEVERE
STRAIN- WELD
FRACTURES-
BOLT HEADS
SHEARING.



DESTRUCTION
OF CATWALK
ACHIEVED.

WITHOUT THEIR
LEADER, THE OTHER
TERRORISTS
SURRENDERED.
LATER ...

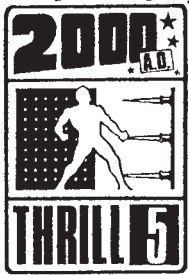
IT'S OVER...
THERE'S NOTHING
LEFT OF MARCOS!

LET DOCTOR
KLINGER SEIZE
THE HEADLINES...
IN A MACH MAN'S
LINE OF WORK IT'S
BETTER TO KEEP ON
THE SIDELINES!

YES, GENTLEMEN...
IT WAS A TERRIBLE
EXPERIENCE. BUT I HANDLED
IT WITH MY USUAL CALM.
I ALWAYS BELIEVE IN
STANDING UP TO
TERRORISTS!

TARGET
FALLS INTO
10 METRE
LONG PRO-
PELLERS...
DESTRUC-
TION OF
TERRORIST
ACHIEVED.

PROGRAMME A REGULAR ORDER FOR 2000 A.D. NOW .



EVEN ON EIGHTY
PER CENT
HYPERPOWER
I CAN'T BEAT
SHANG-CHIN!
IS THIS...
**CHECK
MATE?**

IT WILL BE AN
HONOUR KILLING
SOMEONE AS
TOUGH AS YOU,
MR. PROBE!



THE STORY BEGINS AS A BRITISH AIRLINER APPROACHES **PEKING AIRPORT**, CHINA. ON BOARD IS A BRITISH TABLE TENNIS TEAM. BUT A NEW MAN HAS JOINED THE TEAM—JOHN PROBE, CODE NAME **MACH 1!**

WHAT A BORE—IT'S BEEN NOTHING BUT **PING PONG** SINCE WE LEFT LONDON! BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY I'LL GET INTO RED CHINA!



I STILL THINK CHI-LI'S THEIR DANGER MAN. WHAT ABOUT YOU, MR. PROBE? I DON'T RECALL SEEING YOU PLAY TABLE TENNIS—BUT THEY SAY YOU'RE A BRILLIANT PLAYER!

WELL, PEOPLE TELL ME I HAVE A PRETTY GOOD **BACK HAND SMASH!**

CAN'T TELL THEM WHY I'M REALLY HERE. THAT IF I FAIL IN MY MISSION THE WORLD WILL SUFFER A **FOOD CRISIS** SO BAD THEY'LL BE EATING THEIR PING PONG BALLS!

THE PLANE LANDS. LATER, AS THE TEAM IS DRIVEN TO ITS HOTEL THROUGH THE BUSTLING 4,000 YEAR-OLD CAPITAL...

HEY! WHERE DID THAT PROBE CHAPPIE GO? HE'S **DISAPPEARED!**

MACH 1 HAD SLIPPED AWAY!

THE OFFICE OF AGRICULTURAL RESEARCH! A REVOLUTIONARY PROCESS FOR GROWING FOOD HAS BEEN DISCOVERED IN THERE!

BUT FOR SOME REASON IT HASN'T BEEN PASSED ON TO THE REST OF THE WORLD!



AND WE NEED ANY NEW FOOD GROWING PROCESS AS BADLY AS CHINA DOES!



DATA, COMPUTER—

FORMULA LOCATED IN SAFE OF OFFICE BELONGING TO HEAD OF RESEARCH SHANG CHIN. TAKE FIRST LEFT AND PROCEED AS DIRECTED

PROBE SOON FINDS
WHAT HE IS LOOKING
FOR...

THE DAY THEY
BUILD A SAFE
THAT IS **MACH**
PROOF WE'LL
RETIRE,
COMPUTER!

OKAY, COOL IT. I'LL JUST
PHOTOGRAPH THE FORMULA.

BUT...

CONGRATULATIONS,
MR. PROBE. A WORTHY
PERFORMANCE INDEED.
BUT BEFORE WE MEET
I MUST BE DOUBLY
SURE!

LET THE
GAME
BEGIN!

HUMOUR IRRELEVANT
2-01 SECONDS WASTED.

WHAT TH-? SIX
MEN DRESSED AS
THOUGH THEY'RE
GOING TO A
FUNERAL!

"KNIGHT— MOVE
TO CHECK!"

"CORRECT, MR. PROBE—
YOUR FUNERAL!"

"THE GAME IS CHESS,
MR. PROBE! CASTLE—
THE SHANGHAI
ATTACK!"







YES, THE FORMULA IS MY CREATION AND IT WILL BE MY KEY TO POWER... ALL REVOLTS ARE FOUNDED ON HUNGER AND, WHEN CHINA INEVITABLY FAILS TO FEED ITSELF, I SHALL APPEAR TO THE MASSES AS THEIR SAVIOUR...

I SHALL BE KING AS IN DAYS OF OLD!

NO, YOU'RE GOING TO FAIL, CHIN. I'M FIGHTING FOR THE SURVIVAL OF THE WHOLE WORLD... AND I'M COMING THROUGH!

FULL POWER, COMPUTER!

FOOL! I AM ONE IN A MILLION! I AM MASTER OF NO ORDINARY MARTIAL ART. I AM THE ONLY MASTER, ALIVE, OF THE ART OF CH'I!

LIBERATING THROUGH YEARS OF PRACTICE, THE BODY'S OWN MYSTERIOUS FORCE!

HYPER-POWER AIN'T BREAKING HIM!

CH'I IS THE STRANGE FORCE THAT MOTHERS FIND WHEN THEY LIFT OBJECTS OF A TON OR MORE OFF THEIR TRAPPED CHILDREN!

NOW I SHALL EXERT IT ON YOU, PROBE! DIE WELL, I SHALL HONOUR YOUR ASHES!

BUT...

IMPOSSIBLE - THAT KICK SHOULD HAVE BROKEN YOUR HEAD LIKE A TWIG!

NO, CHIN! FOR I, TOO, FIND STRENGTH FROM AN ANCIENT CHINESE ART - THE ART OF ACUPUNCTURE... YOUR LITTLE CHESS GAME HAS ENDED IN STALEMATE!



NOT SO MUCH A SECRET AGENT...
MORE A SECRET WEAPON!

M.A.C.H.1



MARCH 1

IN THE DESOLATE MOUNTAIN KINGDOM OF BEPAL, ADVENTURE HOLIDAYMAKERS ARE HEADING OUT ACROSS ASIA TO EUROPE, WHEN DEATH STRIKES SUDDENLY! ...INVISIBLY!

PUT ME DOWN!
SOMEBODY HELP
ME - PLEASE!

GO SUPERTREK
THE ADVENTUROUS
WAY TO SEE THE WORLD

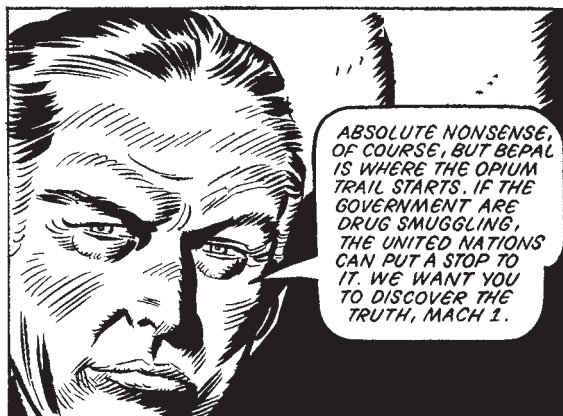
A WEEK LATER, AT A SPECIAL HOSPITAL IN ENGLAND-
GOOD SECURITY, HERE-
IT HAS TO BE, MARCH 1. ONLY THE MOST HOPELESS CASES ARE KEPT HERE- LIKE THE ONLY SURVIVOR OF AN OVER-LAND TREK COMING OUT OF BEPAL...

INVISIBLE CLAWS! CLAWS THAT REND AND TEAR AND KILL!
BILLY SAW IT ALL BUT HE WON'T TALK ABOUT IT- NOT EVER!



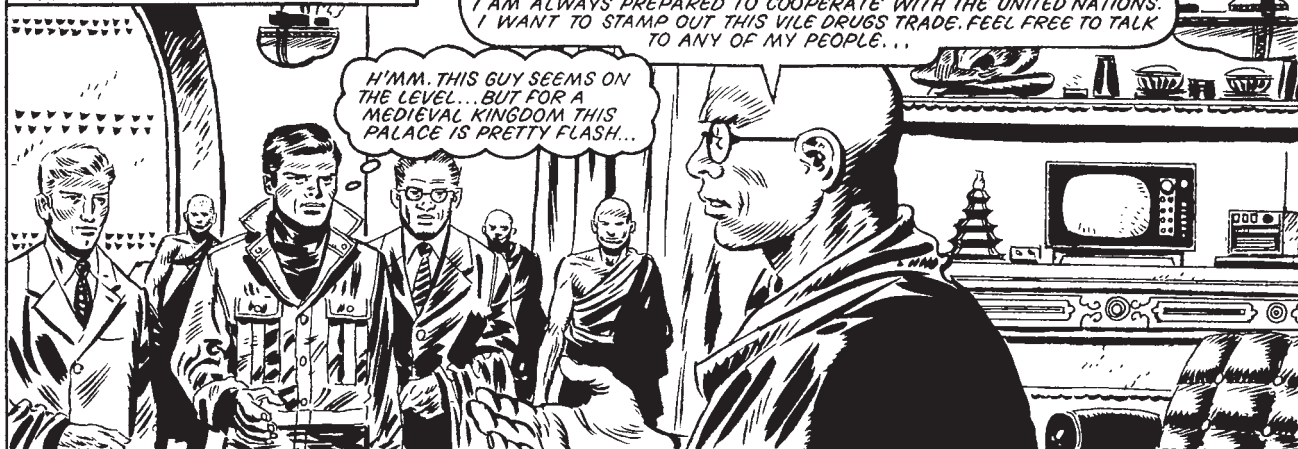


IN BETWEEN HIS RAVINGS...WE GATHER HIS STORY IS THAT THE KIVU LAMA, RULER OF BEPAL, APPROACHED HIS PARTY AND ASKED THEM TO SMUGGLE OPIUM THROUGH TO THE WEST. WHEN THEY REFUSED, THEY WERE TREATED WITH THE INVISIBLE DEATH. INVISIBLE MONSTERS WHO WOULD TEAR THEM APART.



ABSOLUTE NONSENSE, OF COURSE, BUT BEPAL IS WHERE THE OPIUM TRAIL STARTS. IF THE GOVERNMENT ARE DRUG SMUGGLING, THE UNITED NATIONS CAN PUT A STOP TO IT. WE WANT YOU TO DISCOVER THE TRUTH, MACH 1.

DAYS LATER PROBE ARRIVED IN BEPAL, USING AS A COVER MEMBERSHIP OF THE U.N. WORLD DRUGS COMMISSION. AT THE PALACE, THEY WERE MET BY THE KIVU LAMA...



I AM ALWAYS PREPARED TO COOPERATE WITH THE UNITED NATIONS. I WANT TO STAMP OUT THIS VILE DRUGS TRADE. FEEL FREE TO TALK TO ANY OF MY PEOPLE...

H'MMM. THIS GUY SEEMS ON THE LEVEL... BUT FOR A MEDIEVAL KINGDOM THIS PALACE IS PRETTY FLASH...



MACH 1 VISITED THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER...

ONLY A WILD ANIMAL COULD HAVE RIPPED THIS TRUCK APART. AND THERE'S A STRANGE POISONOUS SMELL IN THE AIR.

GO SUPERTREK THE ADVENTURO



LATER, AT THE PALACE, PROBE TALKED WITH HIS COLLEAGUES.

EVERYONE IS TOO FRIGHTENED TO TALK. THEY SAY THEY ARE AFRAID OF THE INVISIBLE DEATH.

INVISIBLE DEATH? POPPYCOCK. IT JUST GOES TO SHOW HOW PRIMITIVE THESE PEOPLE ARE!



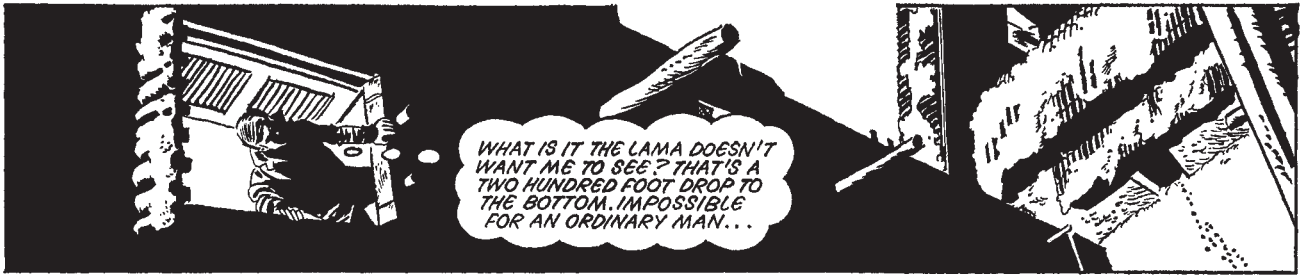
THAT NIGHT...

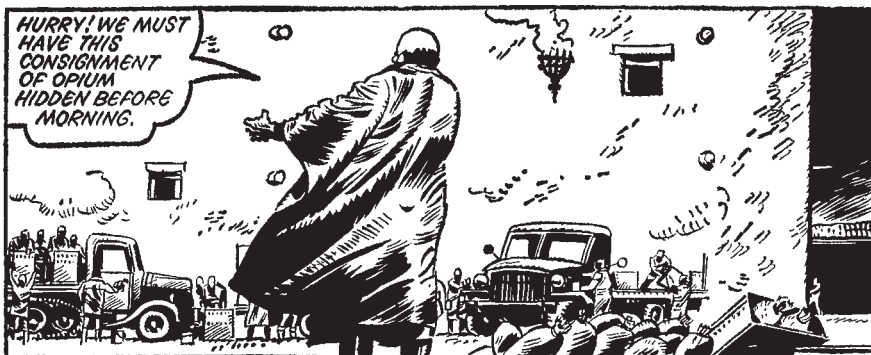
CAN'T SLEEP. HYPER-POWER BURNING INSIDE ME. RECKON AFTER DARK'S A GOOD TIME TO TAKE A LOOK AROUND...



BUT...

I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT YOU MUST STAY IN YOUR ROOM. THE LAMA'S ORDERS!





EDITOR'S NOTE.
ONLY AN IDIOT WOULD COPY A SUPERHUMAN LIKE MACH 1. READERS OF 2000 A.D. AREN'T IDIOTS, OF COURSE - BUT DON'T LET YOUR FANTASTIC PAPER FALL INTO THE HANDS OF A 'DUM-DUM'!

THERE'S THAT STRANGE SMELL IN THE AIR...
I NOTICED IT AT THE SCENE OF THE CRASH...

YETIS... THEN
THESE ARE THE
INVISIBLE
DEATH!

AFFIRMATIVE.
ESTIMATE THAT
"INVISIBILITY"
FACTOR DUE TO
WHITE
PIGMENTATION
OF FUR.

YES, PROBE. I FOUND
THEM AND TRAINED
THEM TO DO MY
BIDDING... YOU MIGHT
BE THE STRONGEST
MAN IN THE WORLD...
BUT...

YOU ARE ABOUT
TO BECOME THE
TWO STRONGEST
MEN IN THE
WORLD!

DATA ON YETIS:
APE LIKE BEAST
BELIEVED TO
PROWL HIMALAYAS
BY NIGHT. TRACKS
FIRST PHOTO-
GRAPHED BY
BRITISH
EXPLORERS
SHIPTON AND
WARD 1951.
EXISTENCE NOW
CONFIRMED..

YEAH... DON'T
I KNOW IT,
COMPUTER!

THEIR SMELL... ALMOST
OVERPOWERING ME...
AND EVEN A HYPER-
PUNCH SEEMS TO HAVE
NO EFFECT ON THE
SAVAGE BRUTES...

YOU CANNOT ESCAPE,
PROBE... MY ANIMALS
HAVE NOT EATEN FOR
SEVERAL DAYS...

THEY MUST
HAVE FRESH
MEAT TONIGHT!



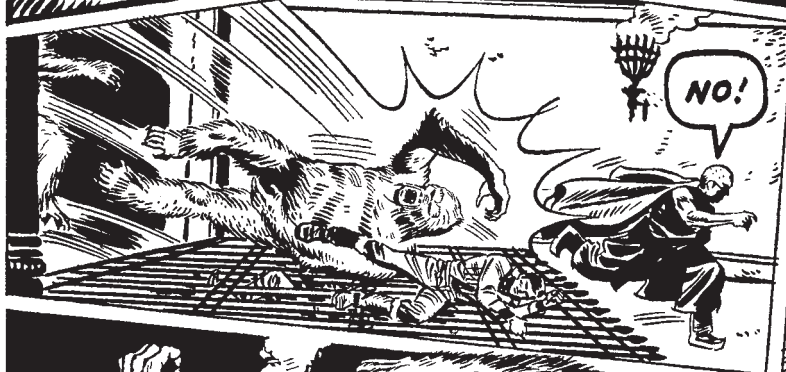


MACH 1'S LEGS CLOSED ROUND THE YETI'S NECK - STRANGLING IT...



I'VE KILLED ONE YETI. NOW ONE MORE HEAVE ON THIS GATE, AND...

LOOK OUT!



NO!



THE OTHER YETI'S MAKING FOR IT'S MASTER... AFTER BEING STARVED AND ILL-TREATED FOR SO LONG, IT WANTS TO GET IT'S OWN BACK.



AAAAGH!



THE YETI'S GOING OFF INTO THE MOUNTAINS TO DEVOUR ITS PREY, A HORRIBLE WAY FOR THE LAMA TO DIE...

...BUT THE DRUG TRADE HE WAS IN IS EVEN MORE HORRIBLE... I'LL SHED NO TEARS.

A GLUPP IN THE TENTACLE IS WORTH TWO IN THE ZALGRUMM - very old Thargian saying.



TO SHOOT DOWN A SUPERSONIC JET WITH
A RIFLE, YOU'D NEED REACTIONS AND
CO-ORDINATION FAR BEYOND THOSE OF
A NORMAL MAN...

YOU'D NEED A COMPUTER
BUILT INTO YOUR BRAIN...

TO SCORE A HIT WOULD BE
INCREDIBLE, TO SMASH
THE AIRCRAFT...
IMPOSSIBLE!

SUBJECT:
SECRET AGENT
JOHN PROBE

PROCESS:
COMPU-PUNCTURE
HYPERPOWER

DATA:
COMPU-PUNCTURE IS A
COMPUTERISED FORM
OF ACUPUNCTURE.
BY INSERTING SPECIAL
ELECTRO-NEEDLES INTO
PROBE'S BODY, HIS
ENERGY FLOW WILL
INCREASE UNTIL HE HAS
THE STRENGTH OF
FIFTY MEN.

**SUBJECT'S
CODENAME:**
MACH 1
MAN
ACTIVATED BY
COMPU-PUNCTURE
HYPERPOWER

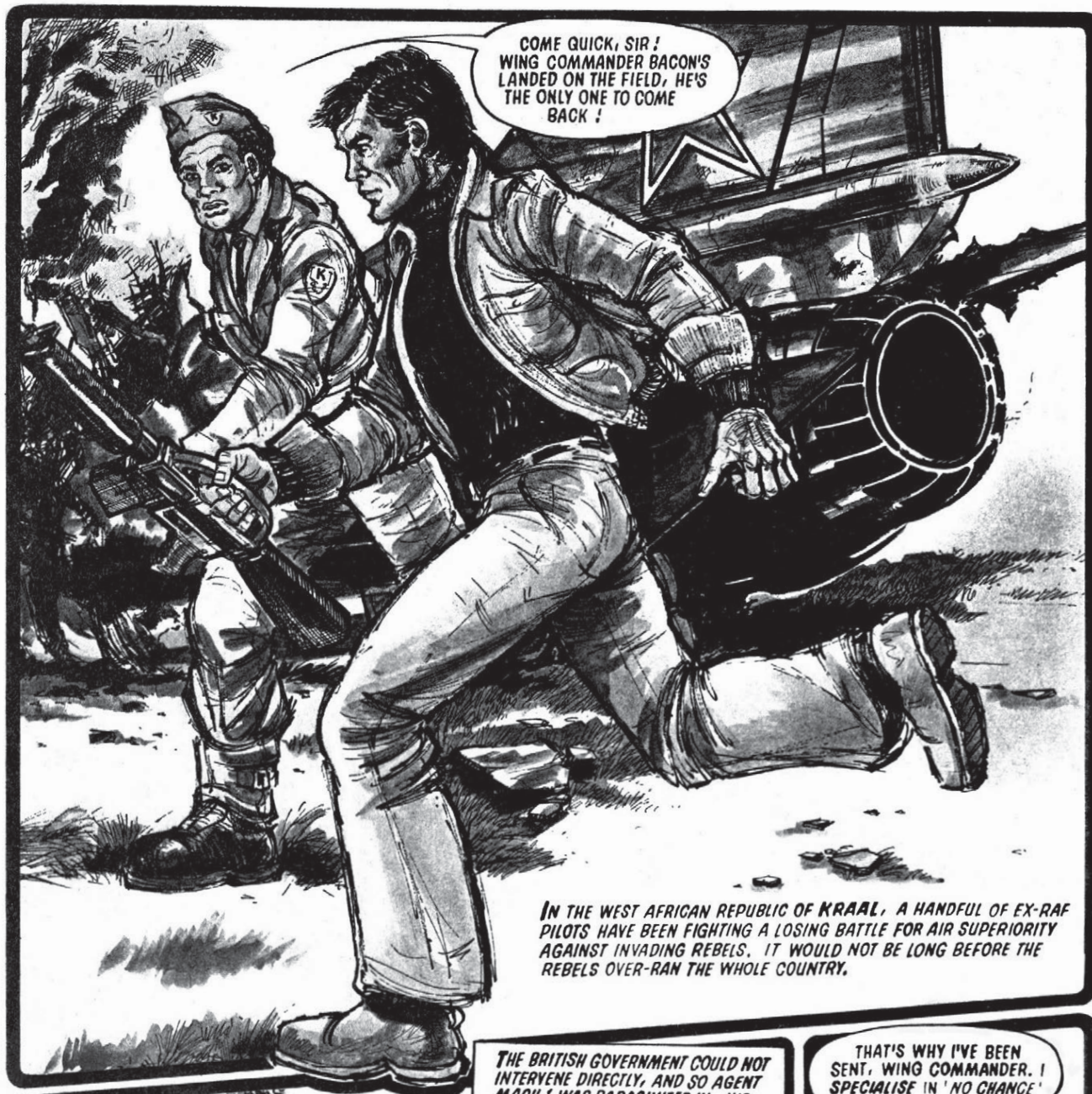
INTERCEPT DATA
UPDATE: BEARING 040.23°
ELEVATION. FIRE.
IMMEDIATE IMMEDIATE
EDATE.

**THE INCREDIBLE
I DO STRAIGHT
AWAY!**

**THE IMPOSSIBLE
TAKES A LITTLE
LONGER!**



MACH 1



IN THE WEST AFRICAN REPUBLIC OF KRAAL, A HANDFUL OF EX-RAF PILOTS HAVE BEEN FIGHTING A LOSING BATTLE FOR AIR SUPERIORITY AGAINST INVADING REBELS. IT WOULD NOT BE LONG BEFORE THE REBELS OVER-RAN THE WHOLE COUNTRY.



YOU CAN'T HELP US NOW, MACH 1! THE REBELS ARE FLYING MIG 23'S - OUR OLD HAWKER HUNTERS NEVER STOOD A CHANCE!



SUDDENLY, MOVING AT THE SPEED OF SOUND ACROSS THE AIRFIELD, A FINGER PRESSED A BUTTON...

GET DOWN!
IT'S ANOTHER
ATTACK!



GOOD GRIEF! NO!

HE'S FIRED MISSILES
AT THE HOSPITAL!

UNSPEAKABLE REBEL SCUM!
THEY WON'T EVEN LET US DIE
IN PEACE - THERE ARE ONLY
BADLY INJURED MEN IN
THAT HOSPITAL!



AIEEEEEEE

... FIRE SPREAD THROUGH
THE OLD BUILDING LIKE
A WIND OF FLAME. THE
AIRFIELD EMERGENCY
SERVICES RACED TO THE
SCENE TO FREE THE
TRAPPED SURVIVORS,
BUT...



PATIENTS TRAPPED
IN THE CELLAR, BUT
WE'VE GOT TO SHIFT THAT
BOULDER TO REACH
THEM.

GUESS WE'D
BETTER USE A LITTLE
MACHMAN MUSCLE
POWER!

MACH 1'S COMPUTER FED
DATA AND INSTRUCTIONS
INTO HIS BRAIN...

HYPERPOWER REQUIRED - 15%
YOU ARE REMINDED THAT YOUR
PURPOSE HERE IS TO DESTROY
ENEMY AIRFORCE - CURRENT
ACTION IS WASTING TIME...



STUFF IT, COMPUTER! TRY
TELLING THE POOR GUYS IN THAT
CELLAR THAT I'M WASTING
THEIR TIME!



AIRCRAFT HAS REACHED TAKE-OFF
VELOCITY. INTERCEPT *IMMEDIATE* IMMEDIATE.

HAZARD FACTOR RED !
AIRCRAFT IS ALREADY
AIRBORNE. IMPERATIVE
YOU ENTER COCKPIT
BEFORE SPEED
INCREASES TO 400 MPH.

ONLY ONE WAY
IN NOW...

I DON'T MAKE A
HABIT OF SMASHING
WINDOWS, BACON, BUT
IT'S GETTING DRAUGHTY
OUT HERE !

WHAT
THE...?

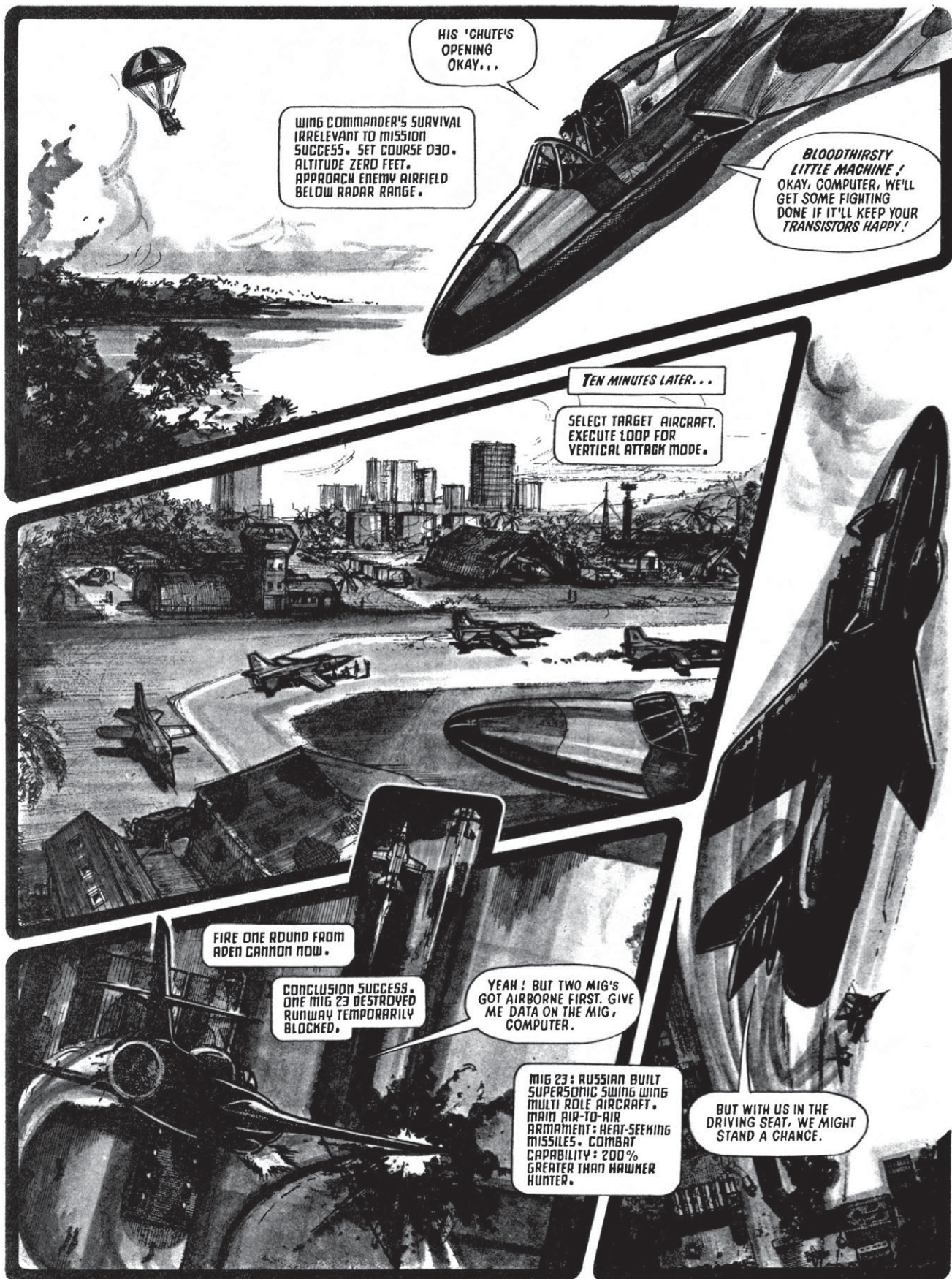
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU
SURVIVED THE TAKE-OFF, MACH 1 !
BUT NOBODY'S GOING TO SURVIVE
THE MISSION, SO YOU'D BETTER
EJECT !

SURVIVING'S MY JOB,
WING COMMANDER... AND SINCE
THIS TRAINER IS THE ONLY
SERVICEABLE PLANE FLYING AT
THE MOMENT...

...YOU'RE THE
ONE WHO'S GOING
TO EJECT !

NO, YOU FOOL...
AAAAAH !





HIS 'CHUTE'S
OPENING
OKAY...

WING COMMANDER'S SURVIVAL
IRRELEVANT TO MISSION
SUCCESS. SET COURSE 030.
ALTITUDE ZERO FEET.
APPROACH ENEMY AIRFIELD
BELOW RADAR RANGE.

BLOODTHIRSTY
LITTLE MACHINE!
OKAY, COMPUTER, WE'LL
GET SOME FIGHTING
DONE IF IT'LL KEEP YOUR
TRANSISTORS HAPPY!

TEN MINUTES LATER...

SELECT TARGET AIRCRAFT.
EXECUTE LOOP FOR
VERTICAL ATTACK MODE.

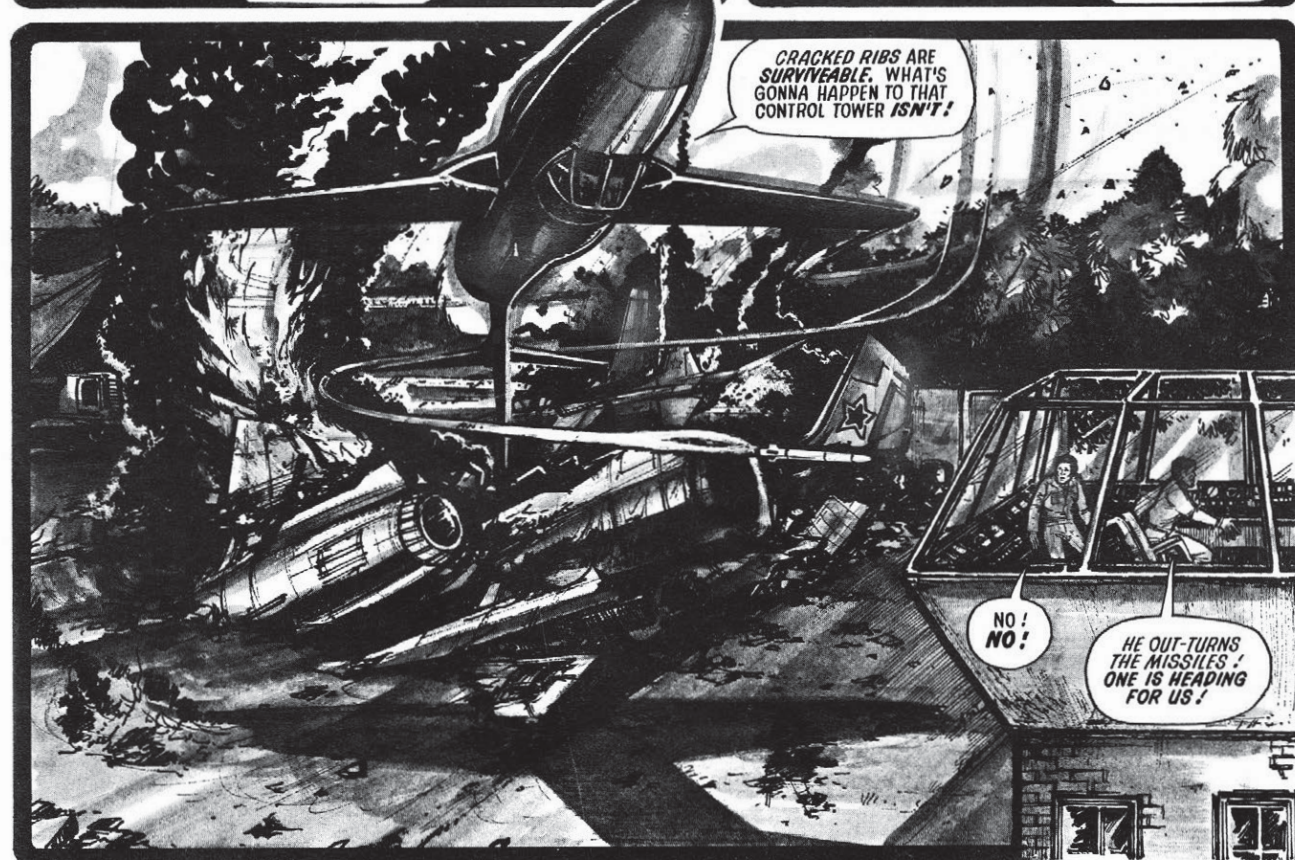
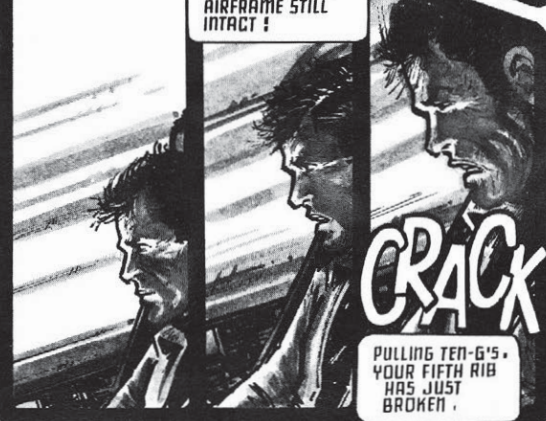
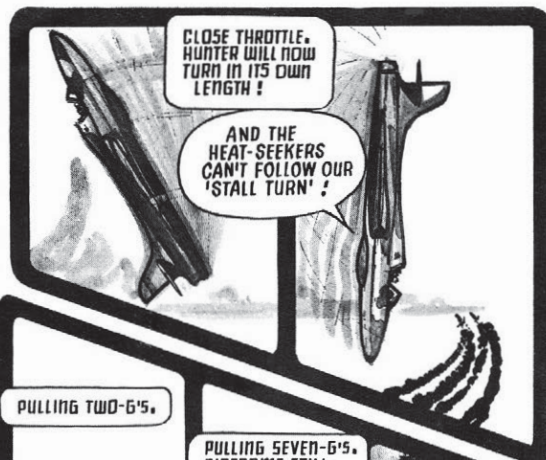
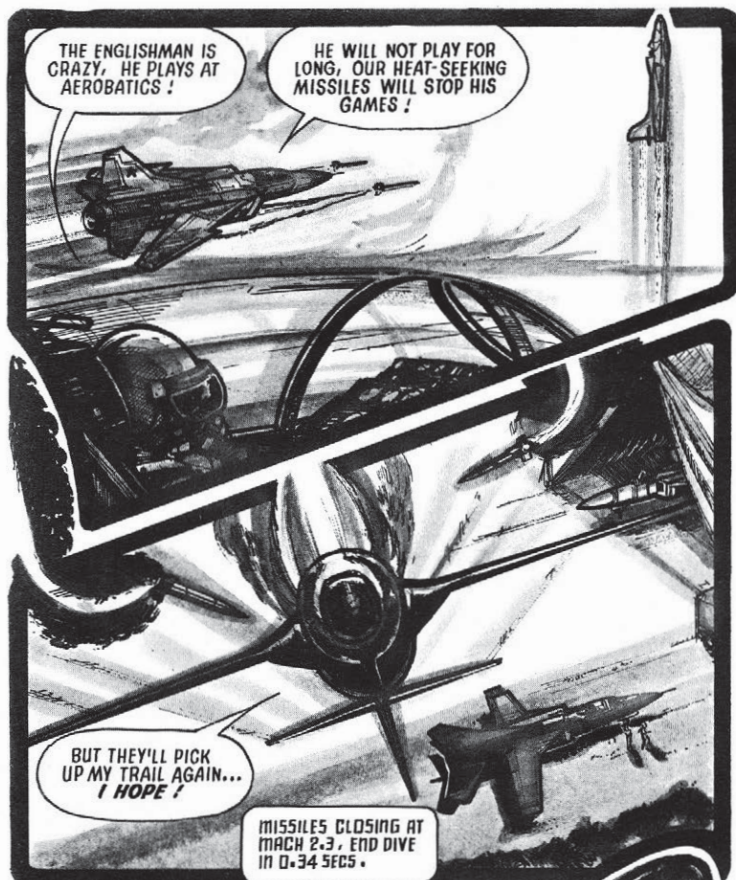
FIRE ONE ROUND FROM
ADEN CANNON NOW.

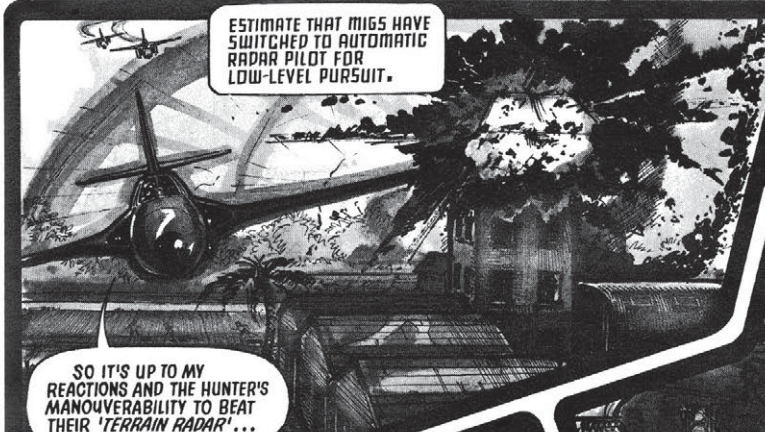
CONCLUSION SUCCESS.
ONE MIG 23 DESTROYED
RUNWAY TEMPORARILY
BLOCKED.

YEAH! BUT TWO MIG'S
GOT AIRBORNE FIRST. GIVE
ME DATA ON THE MIG,
COMPUTER.

MIG 23: RUSSIAN BUILT
SUPERSONIC SWING WING
MULTI ROLE AIRCRAFT.
MAIN AIR-TO-AIR
ARMAMENT: HEAT-SEEKING
MISSILES. COMBAT
CAPABILITY: 200%
GREATER THAN HAWKER
HUNTER.

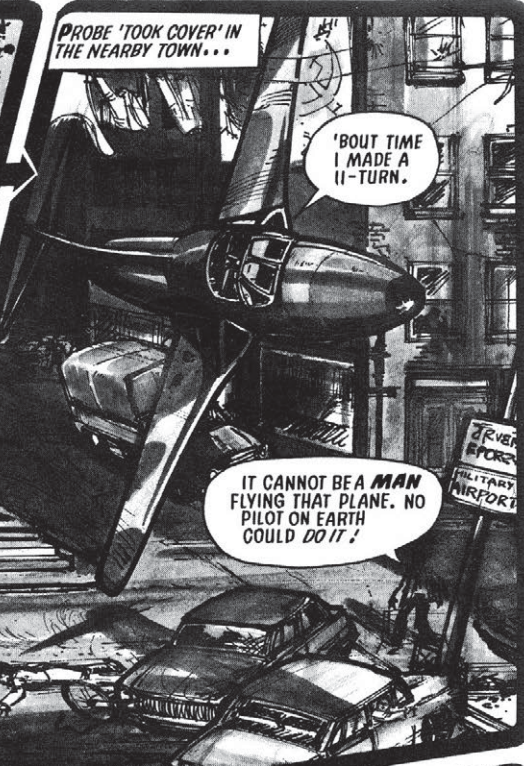
BUT WITH US IN THE
DRIVING SEAT, WE MIGHT
STAND A CHANCE.





ESTIMATE THAT MIGS HAVE SWITCHED TO AUTOMATIC RADAR PILOT FOR LOW-LEVEL PURSUIT.

SO IT'S UP TO MY REACTIONS AND THE HUNTER'S MANOUEVERABILITY TO BEAT THEIR 'TERRAIN RADAR'...



PROBE 'TOOK COVER' IN THE NEARBY TOWN...

'BOUT TIME I MADE A U-TURN.

IT CANNOT BE A **MAN** FLYING THAT PLANE. NO PILOT ON EARTH COULD DO IT!



OIL STORAGE TANK AVOIDED BY 2 FEET. ESTIMATE THAT MIG...

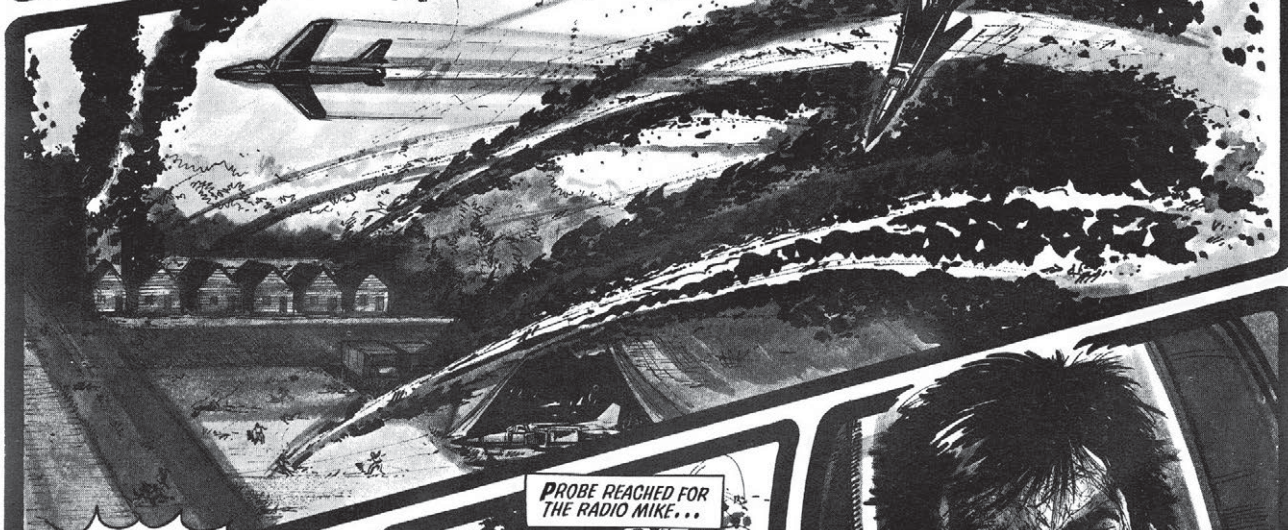
...WILL...

...NOT...

...AVOID...

NO, NO! I'M GOING TO CRASH!

PREDICTION CORRECT. FUEL STORAGE TANK DESTROYED. SECOND MIG THROWN OFF COURSE BY EXPLOSION. WILL IMPACT WITH PARKED AIRCRAFT IN 1.6 SECS.



BULLSEYE!

PROBE REACHED FOR THE RADIO MIKE...

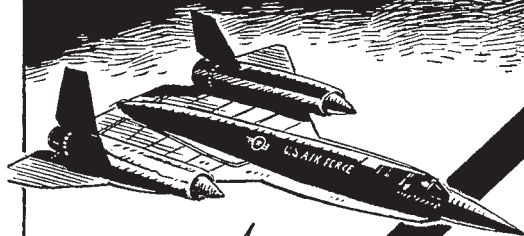


TELL WING COMMANDER BACON THAT THE GOVERNMENT FORCES CAN ADVANCE NOW, THE REBELS DON'T HAVE AN AIRFORCE ANY MORE!

OH, YES—AND TELL HIM BOTH HIS HUNTER AND HER PILOT ARE ALIVE AND WELL—AND COMING HOME!

The End

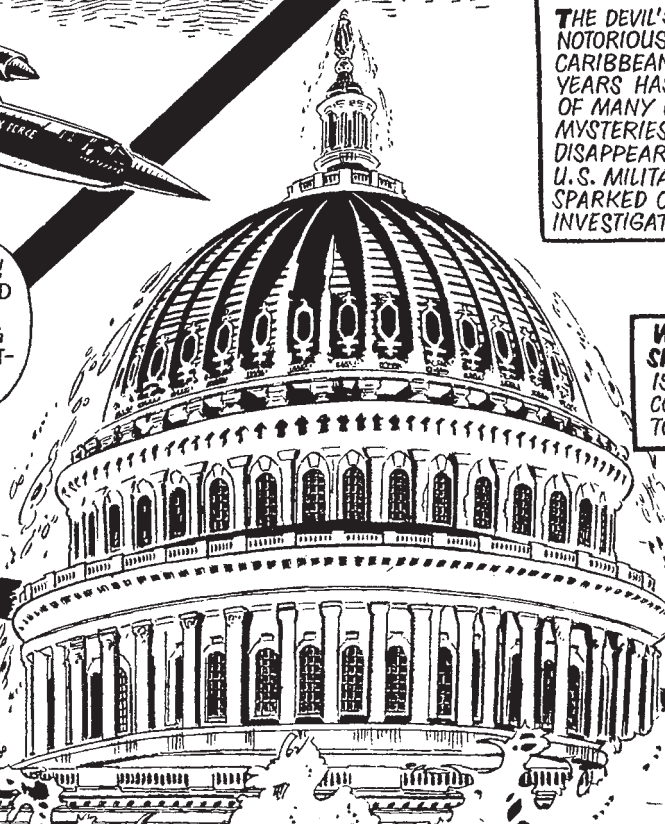
MACH 1



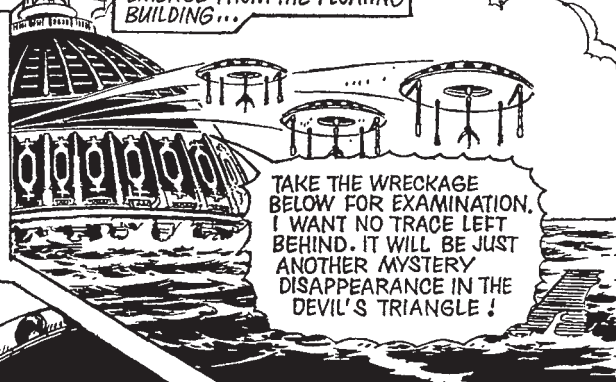
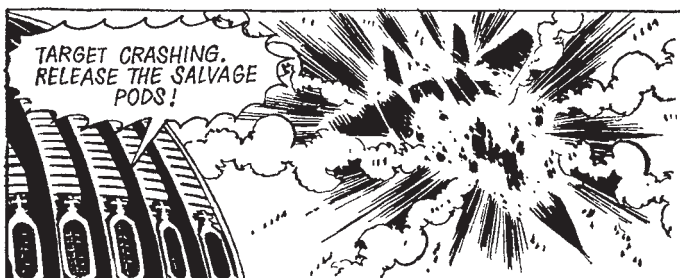
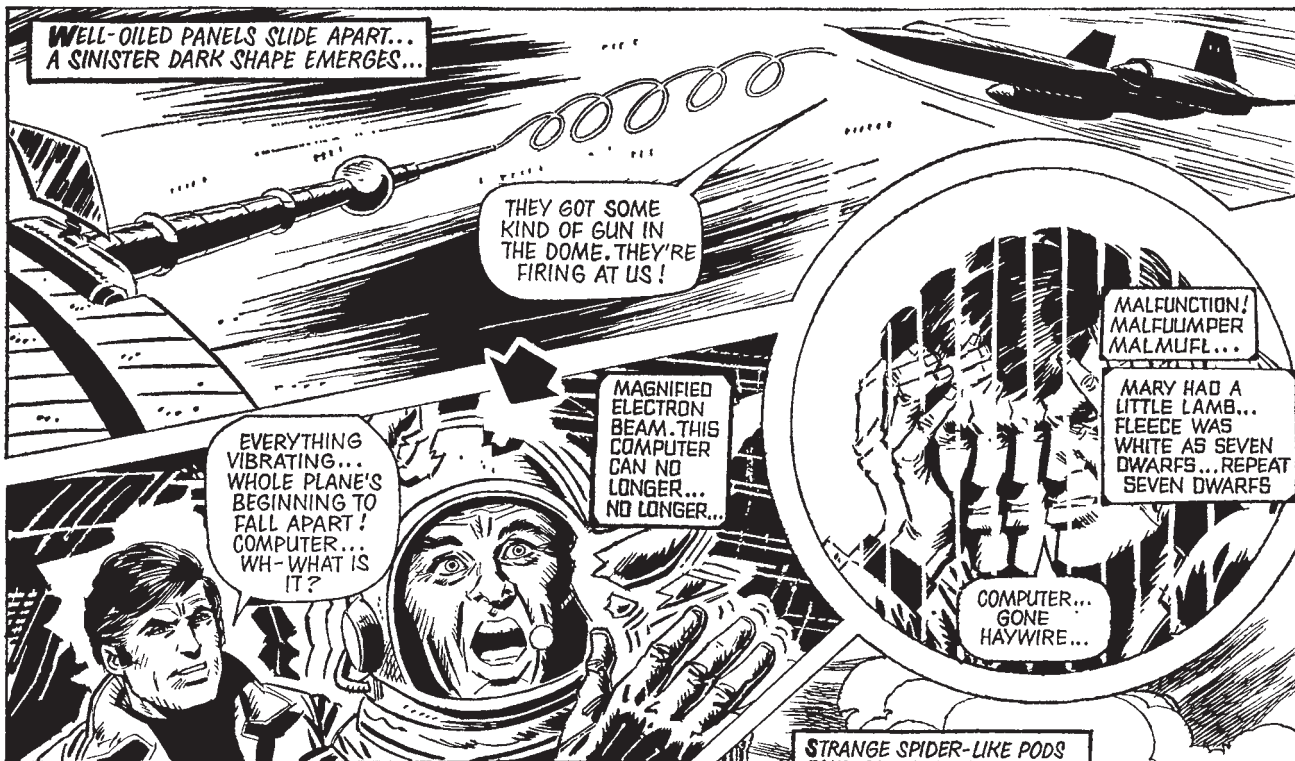
THE DEVIL'S TRIANGLE—THE NOTORIOUS AREA OF THE CARIBBEAN WHICH OVER THE YEARS HAS BEEN THE SCENE OF MANY UNEXPLAINED MYSTERIES. RECENTLY, THE DISAPPEARANCE THERE OF U.S. MILITARY AIRCRAFT HAS SPARKED OFF A NEW AMERICAN INVESTIGATION...

HOLY MACKEREL, PROBE! EITHER SOMEBODY MOVED **WASHINGTON** OR I'M GOING CRAZY! COMING OUT OF THE WATER... IT'S THE **CAPITOL BUILDING**!

WITH THE CREW OF A U.S. **SR71 BLACKBIRD AIRCRAFT** IS BRITISH AGENT JOHN PROBE, CODENAME **MACH 1**, ON LOAN TO THE AMERICANS.



M. HENARES



TEN MINUTES LATER, BALLAST TANKS FILL AND THE HUGE FLOATING BUILDING ONCE MORE VANISHES BENEATH THE WAVES, IN THE DOME...

PAPERS ON THE MAN'S BODY IDENTIFY HIM AS **JOHN PROBE**, BRITISH. HIS MUSCLE FIBRE IS UNUSUALLY STRONG. THAT IS WHY HE WITHSTOOD THE ELECTRON LANCE.

AND THIS X-RAY SHOWS COMPUTER CIRCUITS LINKED DIRECTLY TO HIS BRAIN! A ONE-MAN SECRET WEAPON! **THIS PROBE COULD BE USEFUL TO ME!**

IN A ROOM BENEATH THE DOME PROBE IS RECOVERING CONSCIOUSNESS...

I-I'M ALIVE—
COMPUTER—
YOU THERE?

AFFIRMATIVE. MAIN
CIRCUIT BURN'T OUT.
WORK LOAD SWITCHED
TO AUXILIARY CHANNEL.

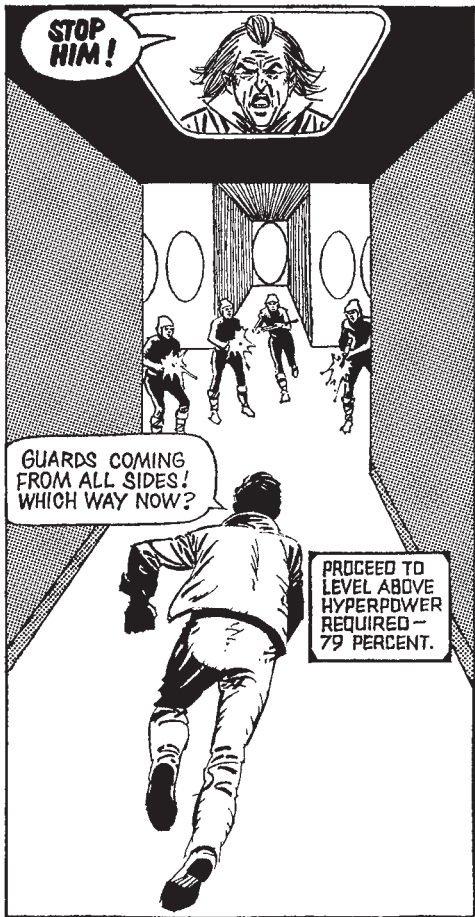
GREETINGS, JOHN PROBE.
WELCOME TO SEABASE
WASHINGTON, NOW 1000
METRES BENEATH THE
CARIBBEAN. I HOPE YOUR
STAY HERE WILL BE
PLEASANT.

SUBJECT—PROFESSOR
ADDLE KEMPER. FORMER
HEAD U.S. WEAPONS
RESEARCH. EXPELLED
FROM U.S. 1978 AS
DANGEROUS LUNATIC.

CONCLUSION—
ELIMINATE AT
ALL COST

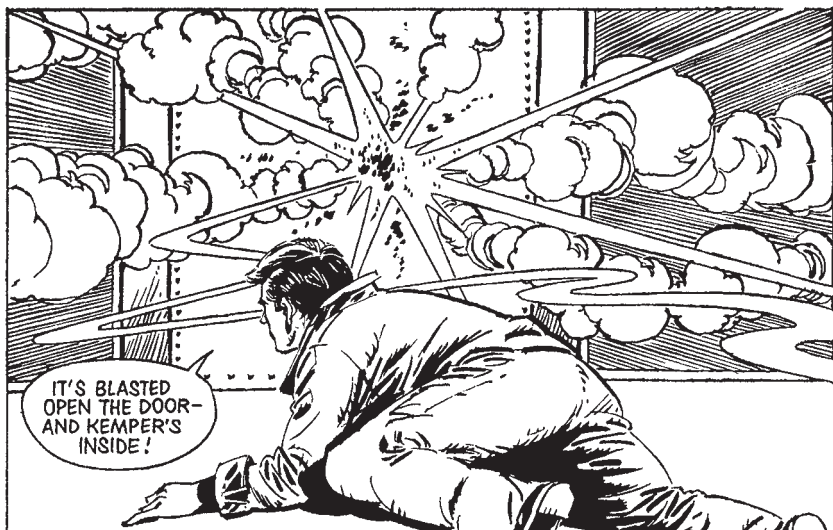
YOU BET I
WILL,
COMPUTER.

BUT FIRST
I GOTTA BUST
THESE STEEL
BONDS!





NOW!
NOW!
NOW!



IT'S BLASTED
OPEN THE DOOR—
AND KEMPER'S
INSIDE!



EXCELLENT! EXCELLENT!
NO ONE HAS EVER ESCAPED
MY HOMING DART BEFORE,
JOHN PROBE! I ADMIRE AN
EFFICIENT WEAPON— AND
YOU ARE ONE OF THE
BEST!



THAT IS WHY—I
AM PREPARED TO
GIVE YOU A CHOICE...
WORK FOR ME—
OR DIE!

—YOU FORGET
THERE'S A THIRD
CHOICE, KEMPER
I KILL YOU!

"YOU FOOL, JOHN PROBE!
WHILE I HAVE THE ELECTRON
LANCE YOU CAN DO NOTHING
TO HARM ME!"

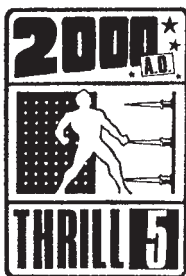


AAAHH!



"I CAN USE JUST ENOUGH POWER
TO GIVE YOU AN INFINITY OF PAIN!
I CAN TURN YOU INTO A BUMBLING
SHAMBLING IDIOT FOR THE REST
OF YOUR LIFE!"





MARCH 1

IMAGINE YOU'RE FLYING A NATO F-16 FIGHTER—YOU'RE AT 18,000 FEET AND YOU'RE FEELING REAL COMFORTABLE IN THE AIR-CONDITIONED COCKPIT...

IT'S A CLOUDY DAY—BUT YOUR RADAR SCREEN SHOWS YOU'VE GOT A CLEAR RUN HOME—AND YOU'RE LOOKING FORWARD TO A HOT MUG OF COFFEE WHEN YOU REACH BASE...
SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE MIST...

AT 800 M.P.H. YOU'VE JUST ABOUT GOT TIME TO...

SCREAM!

NO! MY RADAR'S FAILED. I'M GOING TO HIT THE MOUNTAINS!

AAAGH!

WITHIN HOURS NATO TOP
BRASS CONTACT SHARPE...

THE PLANE WAS CARRYING
**KESTREL NUCLEAR
MISSILES** WHEN IT
CRASHED IN THE PAMIR
MOUNTAINS. WE
WANT THEM BACK
SHARPE!

NEXT DAY, PROBE (CODENAME MACH I) WAS FLOWN
OUT IN AN R.A.F. TRANSPORT, WITH A TECHNICIAN
WHO'D WORKED ON THE MISSILES.

WHY THE
**SPECIAL AIR
SERVICE** HEAVY
MOB, MACH I?

SOUNDS LIKE
A TOUGH MISSION.
A JOB FOR
MACH I!

YOU'LL BE GLAD
THEY'RE ALONG, IF OUR
FRIENDS FROM THE
EAST GOT WIND OF
THE CRASH...

GOOD GRIEF, YOU'RE
RIGHT, MACH I!
THEY'LL WIPE US
OUT BEFORE WE
LAND!

AFFIRMATIVE - SMALL-ARM FIRE
FROM S.A.S. ESCORT INEFFECTIVE
WHILE DESCENDING.

THEN I GOTTA
GET AT THAT
GUN CREW...

THE
QUICK WAY!

IF I'VE OVERESTIMATED
MY SURVIVAL CHANCES, ALL
I'LL DO IS SAVE THE GUN
CREW **AMMO** BY COMMITTIN'
SUICIDE, COMPUTER!

CUT THEM
DOWN IN
THE AIR!

CORRECT - FREE
FALL FROM
500 METRES
CERTAIN TO
RESULT IN DEATH
OF NORMAL
HUMAN -



BUT MACH I HAS
THE SURVIVAL
POTENTIAL OF
FIFTY NORMAL
MEN!

ALL THE SAME, I RECKON
HITTIN' THIS SNOWDRIFT IS
KINDA LUCKY, IT HELPS
ME COME UP FIGHTING!

UUUGH!

THE GUN CREW WAS WIPE OUT, BUT
NEAR BY... THEIR COMMANDING
OFFICER - COLONEL RACHOFF.

THAT IS THE
MAN TO WATCH!
HE ELIMINATED MY
ADVANCE-GUARD
SINGLE-HANDED!

WE WILL LET
HIM AND HIS MEN
REMOVE THE
MISSILES FROM
THE WRECK...
BEFORE WE KILL
THEM! FORWARD!

BESIDE THE DOOMED PLANE...

WE'VE GOT
THE MISSILES -
GET THEM ON BOARD
THE SLEDGE AND
LET'S GO!

THE SUN GLARE'S
ON THEIR SIDE - THEY'RE
MOWING OUR G.A.S MEN
DOWN LIKE NINE-PINS.
BUT MAYBE THERE'S ONE
WAY I CAN EVEN THE
SCORE...

...BY SHOVING
THE PLANE DOWN
ON 'EM!

LOOK OUT!
EASTERN
PATROL!





BEFORE THE EASTERN GROUP COULD SCATTER, THE PLANE'S JAGGED REMAINS PLOUGHED A BLOODY FURROW...

ONE MAN DID THAT...? HALF MY UNIT DEAD...?

AAGH!

THAT'S HELD THEM FOR THE MOMENT - BUT WE'VE GOT TO GET THIS SLEDGE DOWN ANOTHER FOUR THOUSAND FEET TO SAFETY!



THEY FOUGHT THEIR WAY DOWN THE MOUNTAIN...

AAGH!

CAUTION - KESTREL NUCLEAR MISSILES OF MORE VALUE THAN HUMAN LIVES -

GO I GOTTA HANG ON TO THE SLEDGE INSTEAD OF HELPIN'! I GOTTA WATCH GOOD MEN DIE, IS THAT IT?

GO, PROBE! IT'S ALL YOURS... AAGH! ... YOU... MUST GET THAT THING DOWN INTACT...

YOU'RE THE BOSS, FELLA!



HOW COULD I LET THE GUY KNOW I'D HAVE LEFT HIM ANYHOW, 'COS OF A LOUSY COMPUTER'S ORDERS?

EMOTION IRRELEVANT - CONCENTRATE ON COMPLETING MISSION -



JUST THAT COLONEL LEFT NOW ... AAGH! HE'S WINGED ME AN' HE WON'T QUIT TILL I'M DEAD!



HE'S THE KINDA GUY I COULD ADMIRE, IF WE WEREN'T ON OPPOSITE SIDES!



MACH MAN'S
HYPERPOWERED
MUSCLES BUNCH,
THEN EXPAND LIKE
STEEL SPRINGS
TO DRIVE HIM INTO
THE ICY AIR...



AAAGH!

WEIGHT OF
200 KILOS
WILL TRAVEL
CLEAR OF
MACH I BODY
IN 7 SECONDS-

BUT AS THE SEARING
RUNNERS SHOT AWAY
FROM PROBE'S
TORTURED FRAME,
COLONEL RACHOFF
APPEARED...

NOW YOU
ARE AT MY
MERCY!

SHOULD I THANK
YOU FOR SAVING THE
NUCLEAR MISSILES
BEFORE I REWARD
YOU WITH A
QUICK DEATH?

MACH I STAMPED
ON THE COLONEL'S
SKI...

NO, JUST
SAY A QUICK
PRAYER,
COLONEL-

-'COS YOU'RE
THE ONE WHO'S
GONNA DIE!

THERE'S THE
PICK-UP TRUCK.
ANOTHER MISSION'S
OVER-AND ONCE
AGAIN, I'M THE ONLY
SURVIVOR!

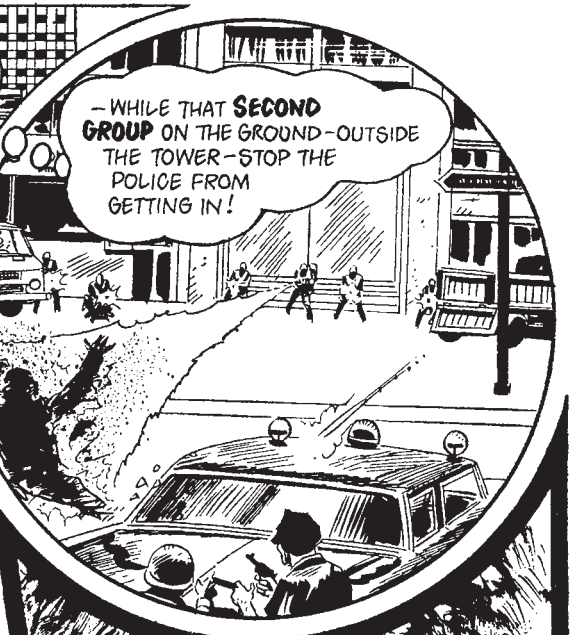
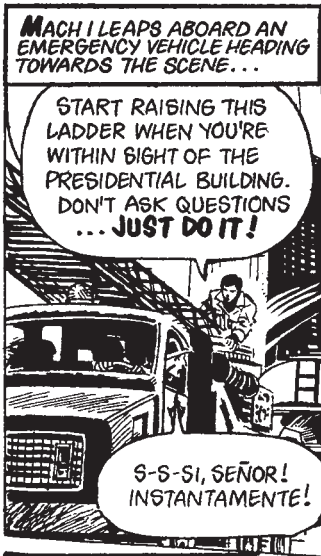
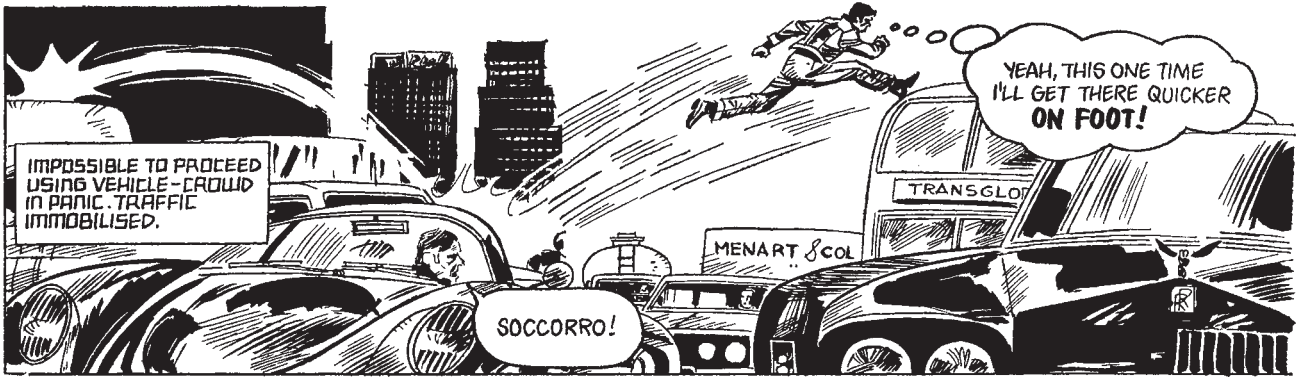
AFFIRMATIVE.
COMPU-PUNCTURE
HYPERPOWER
HAS GIVEN MACH I
POTENTIAL OF A
NEAR-INDESTRUCTIBLE
MECHANISM-

YEAH, MAYBE
I AM A SUPER-EFFICIENT
MACHINE... ONLY A
LOTTA GOOD, NORMAL
GUYS HAD TO
DIE OVER ANOTHER
BIT OF LOUSY
TECHNOLOGY
THAT WENT
HAYWIRE...

AYYHAA!

STORY PROGRAMMED FOR MAXIMUM EXCITEMENT + + + NEXT EPISODE.







IT'LL HAVE TO BE
NEAR ENOUGH, GIMME
FULL HYPERPOWER!

AAH!
P-PLEASE DON'T
HURT ME! ARRANGA'S
FLAT IS TEN FLOORS
UP!

CRAAAASH!

IT JUST
HAPPENS I'M ON
HIS SIDE, LADY.
THANKS FOR THE
DIRECTIONS,
ANYWAY!

KILL
HIM!

ALMOST THERE-BUT
LOOKS LIKE SOME OF
THE DEATH SQUAD
MADE IT DOWN FROM
THE ROOF AHEAD
OF ME...

AND I RECKON I'M
GONNA NEED
SOMETHIN' SPECIAL
TO TAKE THEM...

MACH 1 GRABS THE HEATING-
SYSTEM STEAM PIPES.

SUBJECTS RECEIVED EXTENSIVE
SCALDING PRIOR TO TERMINATION
BY MACH 1 BUNFIRE.

CRACK
CRACK
CRACK



PROBE RE-ENTERS THE
TOWER'S TOP STOREY.

REBELS HAVE
IMMOBILISED
LIFT AT GROUND
LEVEL.

WHY THE HECK D'YOU
THINK I'M HAVIN' TO SHIFT
THESE DOORS THE
HARD WAY?

THAT LOOKS REALLY
INVITING! BUT IT'S
THE ONLY WAY
DOWN, SO...

FEELS LIKE
THIS FLAMIN'
CABLE'S RED-
HOT!

CORRECTION-CABLE
TEMPERATURE
NORMAL-BURNS TO
HANDS DUE TO
FRICTION-

MAXIMUM
PAIN
FACTOR
REACHED.

GOTTA...
GOTTA
HOLD ON!

MEANWHILE, ON
THE GROUND
FLOOR.

SOMETHING'S GONE
WRONG WITH OUR PHASE
ONE ASSAULT FROM
THE HELICOPTER! GO UP
IN THE LIFT AND BRING
ME THE PRESIDENT'S
HEAD! SCHNELL!

GET A FACE-FULL OF
SIZE NINES!

UUUH?





MARCH 1

GUAL, IN THE GILBERT ISLANDS, RECENTLY BOUGHT BY BRITISH MINING CORPORATION, AND RAPIDLY BEING TURNED FROM AN ISLAND PARADISE INTO HELL ON EARTH AS THE MEN DIG UP THE GROUND FOR PHOSPHATES...

YOU STINKIN' NATIVES OUT OF THE WAY! THIS AIN'T YOUR HOME ANYMORE! BRITISH MINING CORPORATION WANT BIG PROFITS THIS YEAR!

SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE JUNGLE...

LOOK, ALF—
A JAP SOLDIER!

BLIMEY! I READ IN THE PAPER THERE WAS ONE ROAMIN' ROUND HERE LEFT OVER FROM THE SECOND WORLD WAR!

A NUT CASE! YOU WOULDN'T CATCH ME FIGHTING ON AFTER ALL THESE YEARS!

HEY, NIP! WAR OVER—SINCE 1945. SAVVY? YOU SURRENDER! CHOP, CHOP!

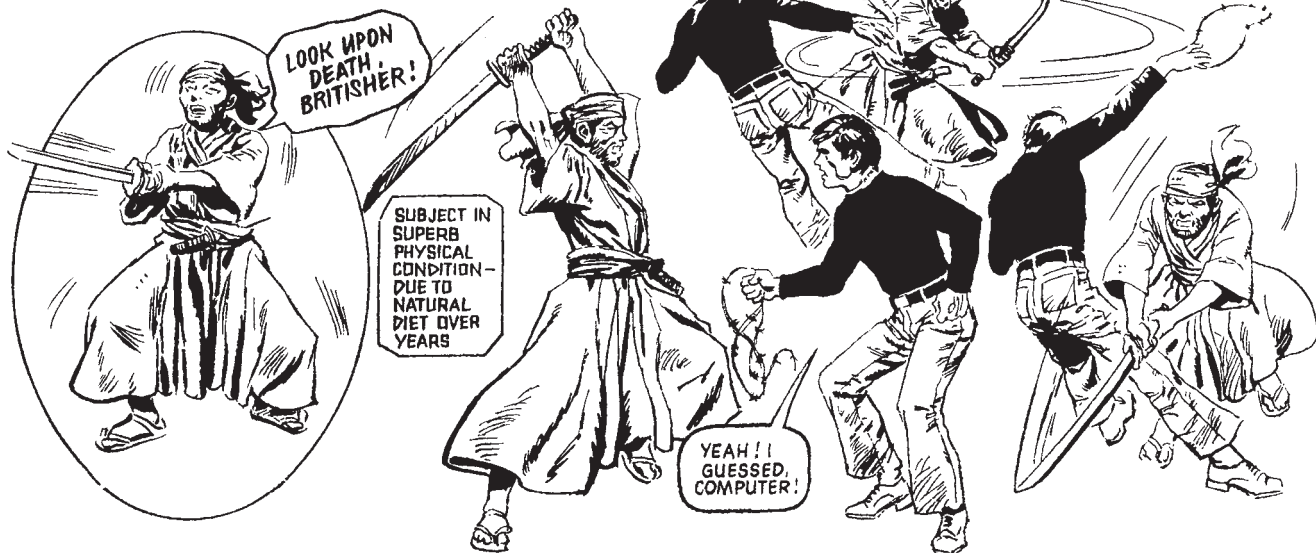
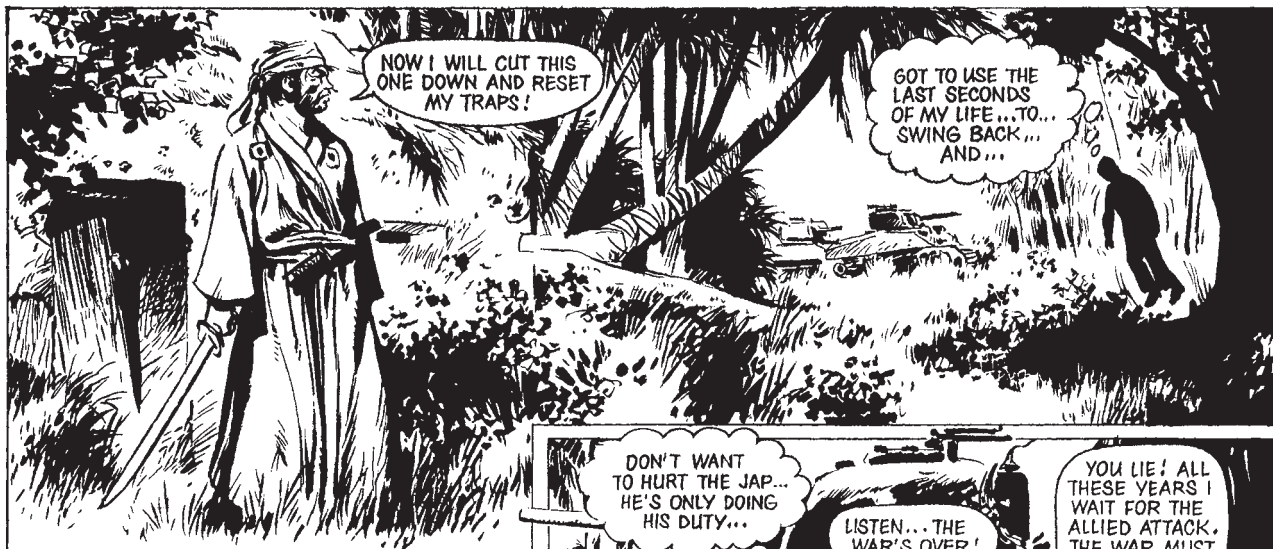
THE WARRIOR UNDERSTOOD. BUT FOR A SOLDIER OF THE EMPEROR THERE COULD BE... NO SURRENDER!

HE CUT ME... AAHH... CUT ME GOOD!

YOU LOUSY STINKIN' NIP... THE WAR'S OVER!









I GOTTA
STOP HIM-
NOW!



TANAKA ATTACKED WITH
A SERIES OF DEATH BLOWS...

YOU ARE INDEED
A WORTHY OPPONENT...
BUT NOW THE DUEL
WILL BE SWIFT...



AT LAST
TANAKA
BEGAN
TO
WEAKEN...

YOU TAKE BLOWS
THAT WOULD SEND
ANY OTHER TO HIS
DEATH IN SECONDS!
BUT- BUT I FIGHT
ON!

YOU POOR
FOOL! CAN'T
YOU SEE I
REFUSE TO
FIGHT? IT'S
ALL OVER!



YOU LIE,
PIG DOG!
YOU LIE!



AND YOU,
MATE, NEED
CONVINCING!

I COULD KILL
YOU WITH ONE
BLOW- BUT
YOUR FIGHTING
DAYS ARE OVER.
OUR COUNTRIES
ARE AT PEACE!



PROBE LOWERED THE
JAP GENTLY TO THE
GROUND...

KILL ME!
THE ONLY
HONOUR
LEFT IS IN
DEATH.

YOU'RE
MORE TO BE
PITIED,
FRIEND!



M.A.C.H.1

TOKYO AIRPORT! A TWO-DAY VISIT TO JAPAN BY BRITAIN'S PRIME MINISTER LOOKS LIKE ENDING IN DISASTER BEFORE IT HAS EVEN BEGUN!

THEY'RE SCREAMING FOR MY HEAD! SAVE ME, MACH 1!

DEATH! DEATH TO THE BRITISH PRIME MINISTER!



AIEEE!

DRAW BATONS—CHARGE!

RUN FOR THE MAIN LOUNGE, PRIME MINISTER. JAPANESE RIOT POLICE ARE HOLDING THE MAIN ATTACK!

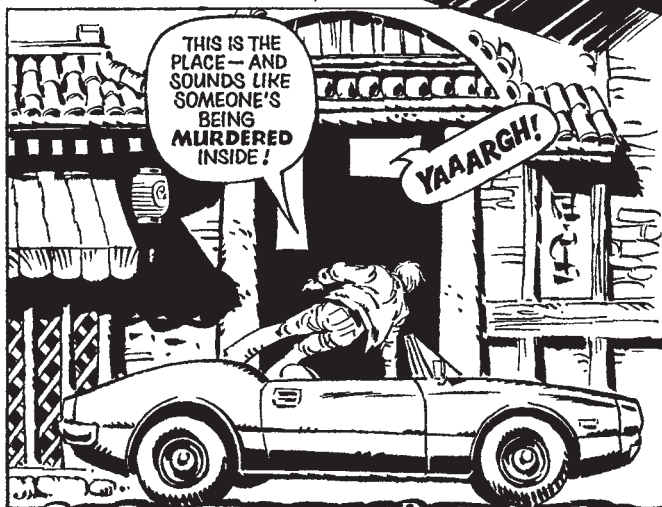
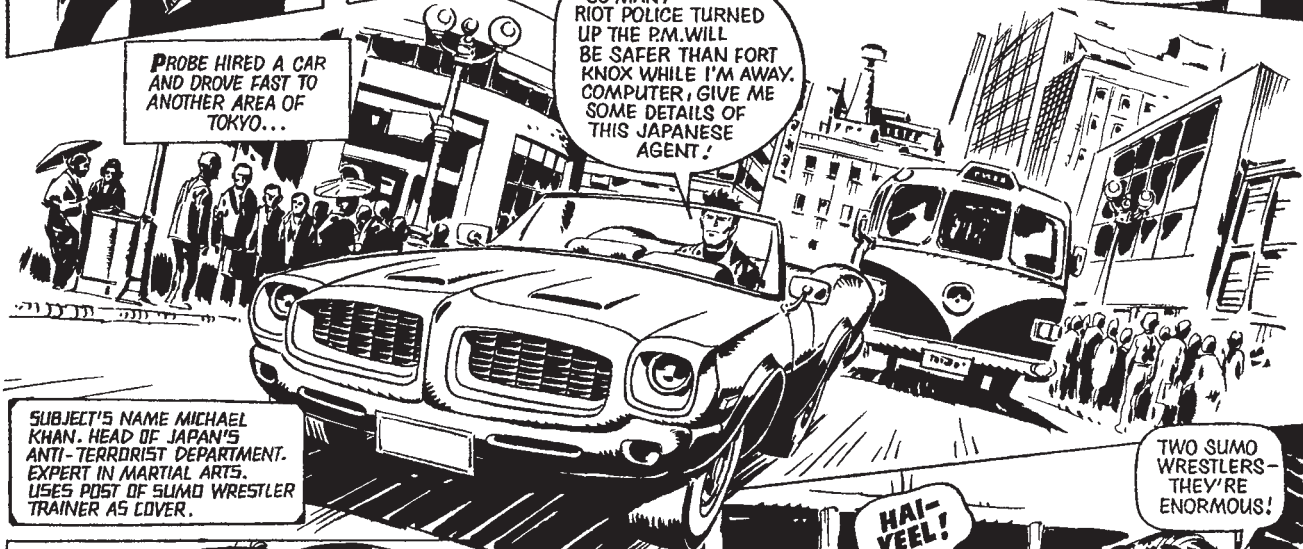
AND I'M DEALING WITH THE INFILTRATORS!

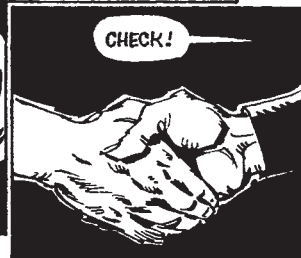


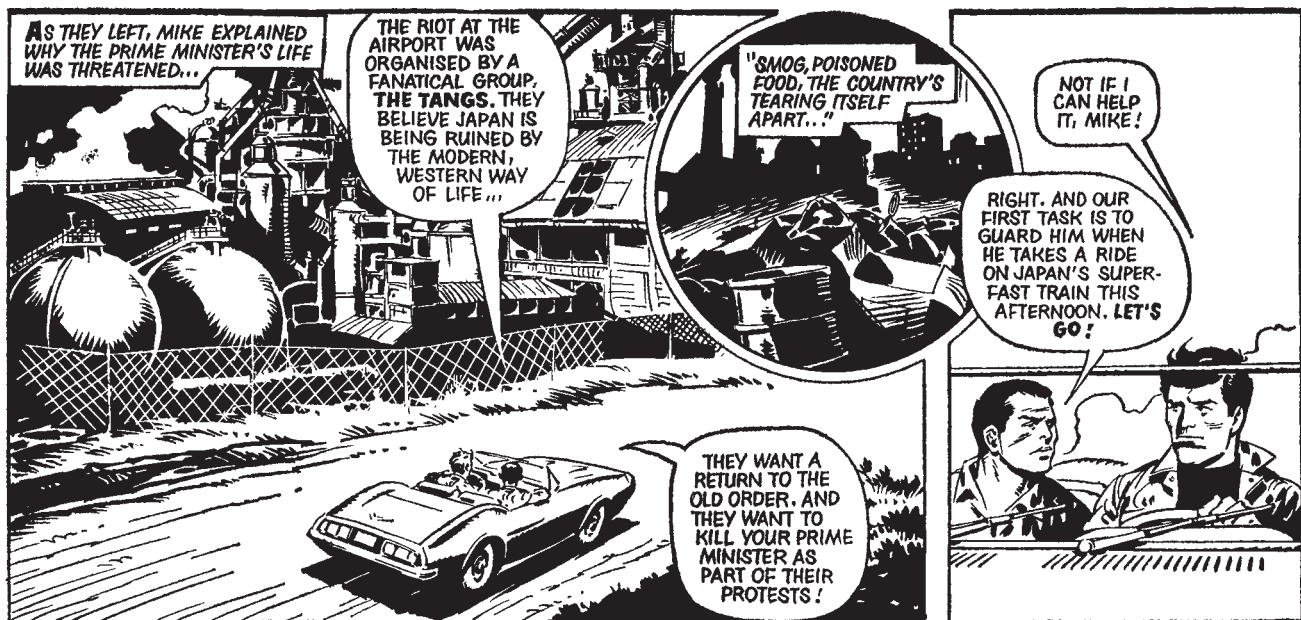
TWO MORE ON THE ROOF! THEY'RE DROPPING A SLAB OF CONCRETE RIGHT ON TO THE RM'S HEAD!

FIVE SECONDS TO IMPACT—PROJECTED RESULT, TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF CRANIAL TISSUE!









AS THEY LEFT, MIKE EXPLAINED WHY THE PRIME MINISTER'S LIFE WAS THREATENED...

THE RIOT AT THE AIRPORT WAS ORGANISED BY A FANATICAL GROUP, THE TANGS. THEY BELIEVE JAPAN IS BEING RUINED BY THE MODERN, WESTERN WAY OF LIFE...

"SMOG, POISONED FOOD, THE COUNTRY'S TEARING ITSELF APART..."

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT, MIKE!

RIGHT. AND OUR FIRST TASK IS TO GUARD HIM WHEN HE TAKES A RIDE ON JAPAN'S SUPER-FAST TRAIN THIS AFTERNOON. LET'S GO!

THEY WANT A RETURN TO THE OLD ORDER. AND THEY WANT TO KILL YOUR PRIME MINISTER AS PART OF THEIR PROTESTS!



LATER, AT THE STATION...

PM'S ABOARD AND WE'VE SEALED OFF HIS CARRIAGE FOR SECURITY, MIKE. BUT WHAT ARE THOSE CHARACTERS DOING WEARING MASKS?

TO PROTECT THEMSELVES FROM JAPAN'S PHOTO-CHEMICAL SMOG. COME ON, OUR TRAIN'S ABOUT TO LEAVE!



ALL IS QUIET AND THERE'S MOUNT FUJI, PROBE!

YEAH! IT'S BEAUTIFUL!



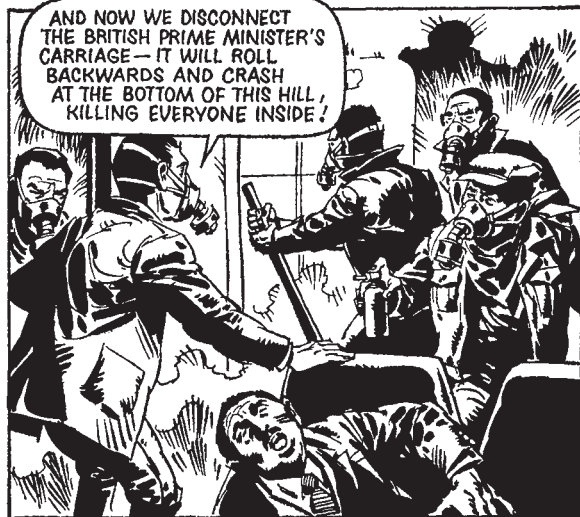
SUDDENLY, IN THE NEXT CARRIAGE...

AAAH!



DIE, YOU PATHETIC SCUM! OUR FACE-MASKS ENSURE MY MEN AND I ARE THE ONLY ONES LEFT ALIVE IN THIS CARRIAGE!

UURGH!



AND NOW WE DISCONNECT THE BRITISH PRIME MINISTER'S CARRIAGE - IT WILL ROLL BACKWARDS AND CRASH AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS HILL, KILLING EVERYONE INSIDE!





EXPERIENCE FUTURE-SHOCK AGAIN NEXT WEEK

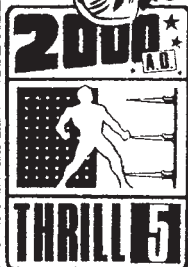
MACH 1

MULTI-MILLIONAIRE HAROLD HOWES LIVED LIKE A HERMIT, IN STARK TERROR OF CONTACT WITH THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

HE TOUCHED ME! BURN THIS SUIT WHILE I SCRUB MYSELF CLEAN—AND SHOW THE SCUM WHAT HAPPENS TO ANYONE WHO CONTAMINATES ME!

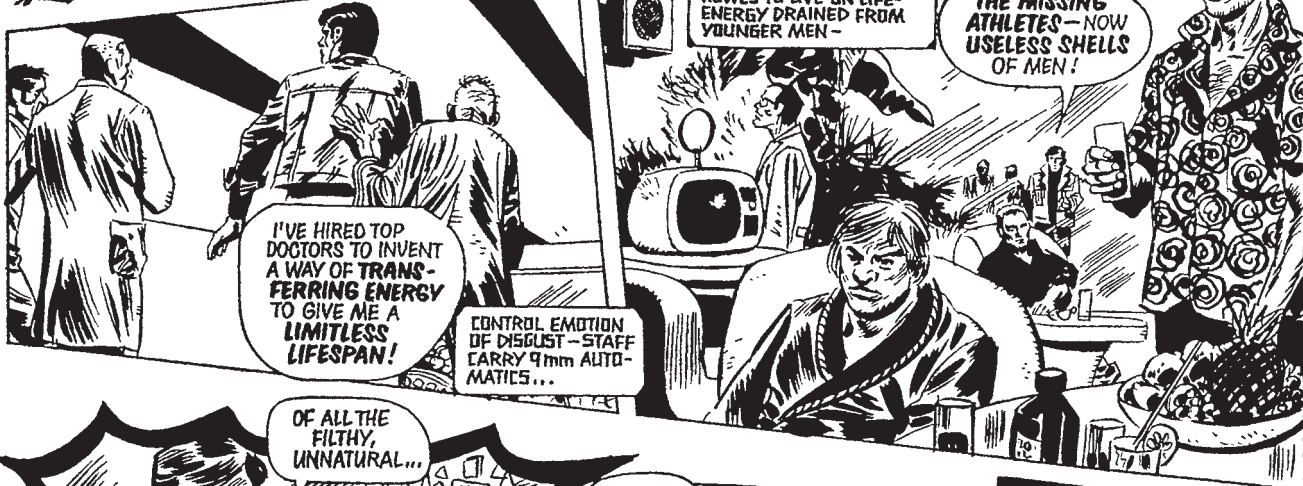
IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, I...AARGH!

FOUR TOP ATHLETES HAD DISAPPEARED WITHIN A MONTH—AFTER EACH HAD BEEN INVITED TO VISIT HOWES...



MACH 1 MISSION—GAIN ACCESS TO HOWES AND INVESTIGATE—



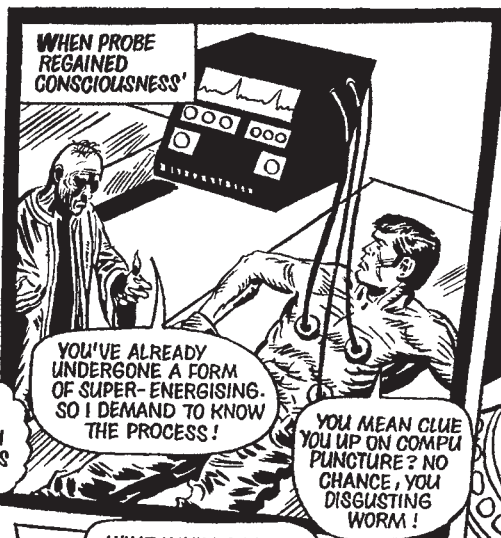




SUDDENLY...

BLOW SUFFICIENT TO FRACTURE NORMAL SKULL - MACH MAN FACILITIES ONLY SLIGHTLY IMPAIRED BY CONCUSSION -

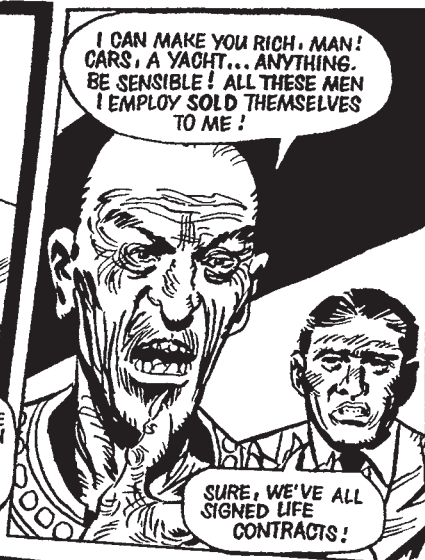
YEAH, BUT IF I MAKE LIKE I'M OUT COLD MAYBE I CAN DEAL WITH HOWES WHEN THE GIRL'S OUTTA THE WAY?



WHEN PROBE REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS'

YOU'VE ALREADY UNDERGONE A FORM OF SUPER-ENERGISING. SO I DEMAND TO KNOW THE PROCESS!

YOU MEAN CLUE YOU UP ON COMPU PUNCTURE? NO CHANCE, YOU DISGUSTING WORM!

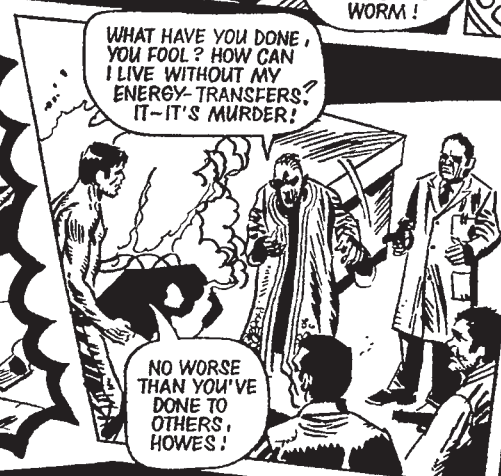


I CAN MAKE YOU RICH, MAN! CARS, A YACHT... ANYTHING. BE SENSIBLE! ALL THESE MEN I EMPLOY SOLD THEMSELVES TO ME!

SURE, WE'VE ALL SIGNED LIFE CONTRACTS!



WELL YOU DON'T BUY ME, PAL!



WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, YOU FOOL? HOW CAN I LIVE WITHOUT MY ENERGY-TRANSFERS? IT-IT'S MURDER!

NO WORSE THAN YOU'VE DONE TO OTHERS, HOWES!



BUT HOWES' WEALTH-WARPED MIND CRAVED VENGEANCE...

WHY SHOULD HE LIVE, IF I'M DYING OF OLD AGE? KILL HIM!



I BOUGHT YOU ALL, I OWN YOU! KILL HIM!

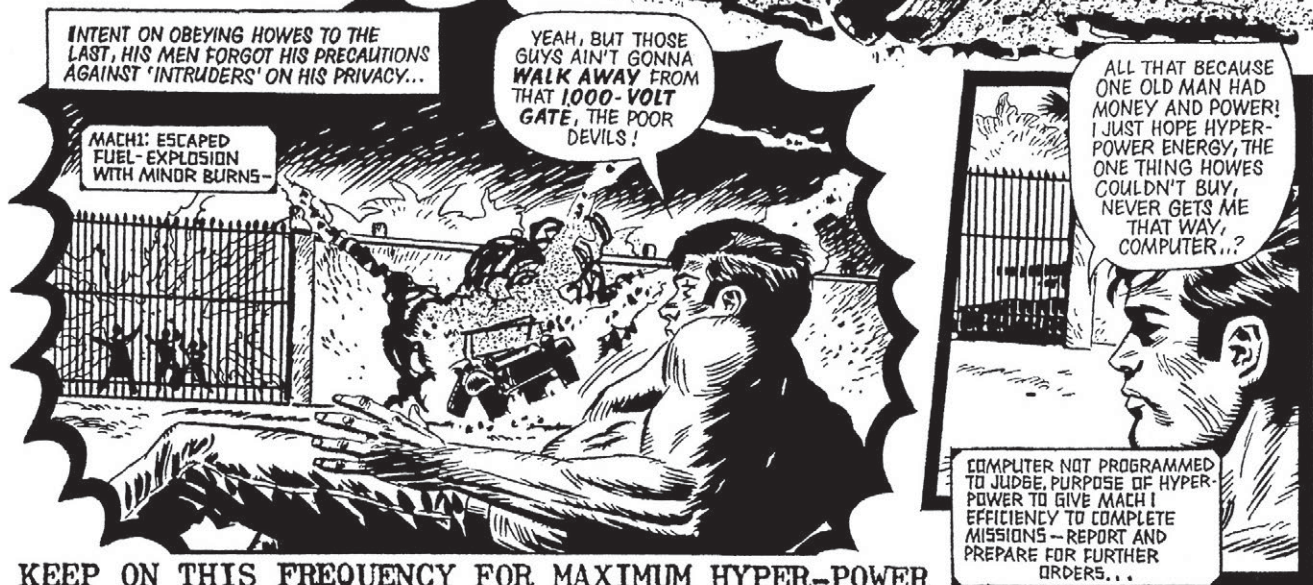
EVASIVE ACTION PREPARE TO SEEK EXIT...

SURE, COMPUTER OR DID YOU THINK I'M GONNA PLAY AT HUMAN DARTBOARD?



PORSCHE POWERED BEACH-BUGGY - 10 METRES LEFT 3.5 LITRE ENGINE - 200 K.P.H. TOP SPEED...

IN OTHER WORDS IT'S GONNA GET US OUT OF HERE FAST!



KEEP ON THIS FREQUENCY FOR MAXIMUM HYPER-POWER

2000



THRILL 5

YOU'RE A BRITISH OILMAN — TEST DRILLING IN THE STATE OF GOLA. THE MONEY'S GOOD SO YOU DON'T MIND THE HEAT — YOU EXPECT IT TO BE HOT ANYWAY — YOU DON'T EXPECT TO DIE, PINNED TO A WALL BY TRIBAL SPEARS!

THEY HIT US AN HOUR AGO, PROBE! SHOUTIN' SOMETHING ABOUT 'REVENGE FOR THE DEATH OF THE SACRED FLAME'!

IF YOU'RE BRITISH AGENT, JOHN PROBE, CODENAME MACH 1 — YOU EXPECT THIS TO BE A MISSION FOR YOU — A TOUGH ONE!

MACH 1

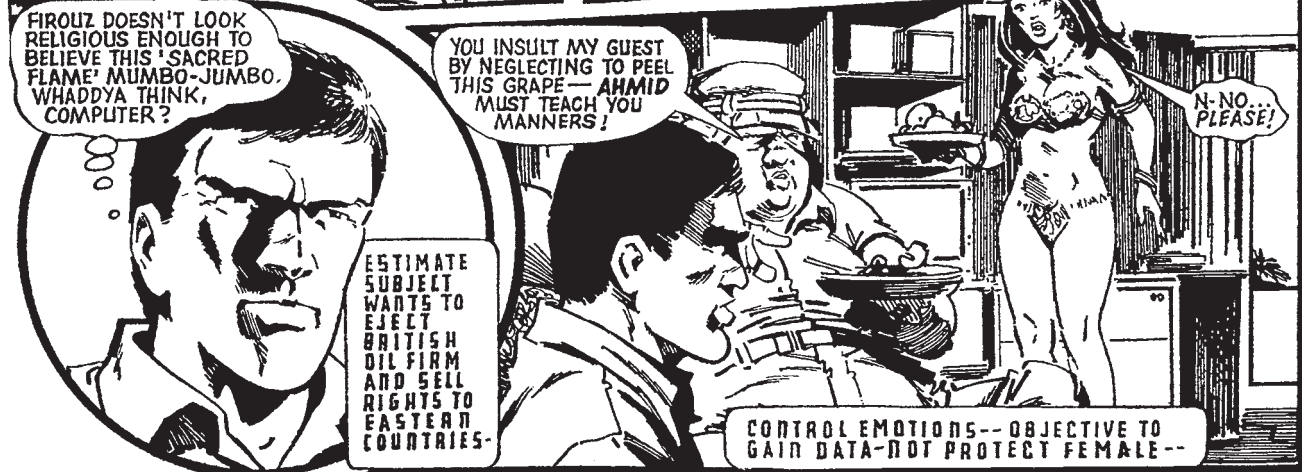
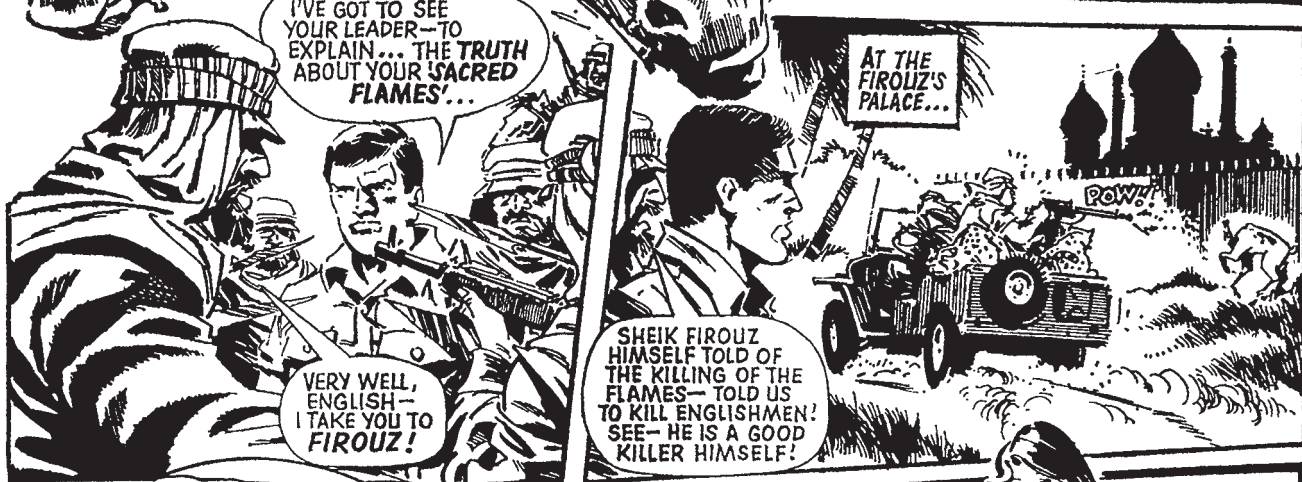
THE COMPUTER IN PROBE'S HEAD, FED DATA DIRECTLY TO HIS BRAIN...

UNDERGROUND BITUMEN DEPOSITS IN AREA -- SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION PRODUCED NATURAL PHENOMENA WORSHIPPED BY SUPERSTITIOUS TRIBESMEN ---

SO IF SOMEONE DIVERTED THOSE BITUMEN STREAMS THEY'D SNUFF THE FLAMES--

GOTTA TRY AN' REASON WITH THOSE TRIBESMEN, AND STOP THE KILLING!

YOU'LL END UP SKEWERED LIKE A HUMAN KEBAB, PROBE, SAME AS MY TOOLPUSHER!

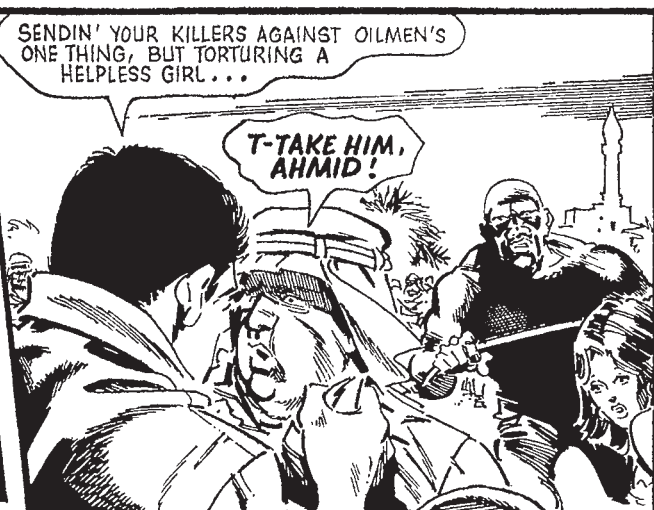




AHMID SERVES ME FOR LOVE OF HIS WORK!

STUFF IT, COMPUTER, THIS IS WHERE I STOP LISTENIN' TO YOU!

JOHN COOPER



SENDIN' YOUR KILLERS AGAINST OILMEN'S ONE THING, BUT TORTURING A HELPLESS GIRL...

T-TAKE HIM, AHMID!



KILL HIM SLOWLY, AHMID!

FOR YOUR PLEASURE, FIROLIZ, AHMID WILL TEAR THE LIMBS FROM HIS BODY!

ARRGH!



FIRST, I PLAY WITH YOU, ENGLISH!

KNOWLEDGE OF VITAL PRESSURE-POINTS EVIDENT -- RESULT -- MACH 1 EXPERIENCING SEVERE PAIN --



YOU WANNA PLAY, HUH? WELL, I CAN PLAY-- REAL DIRTY!

OUFF!



AND I PLAY FOR KEEPS!

COMPACT FRACTURE OF CERVICAL VERTEBRAE --- INSTANT DEATH ---





MADE IT! BUT
WHERE AM I,
COMPUTER?

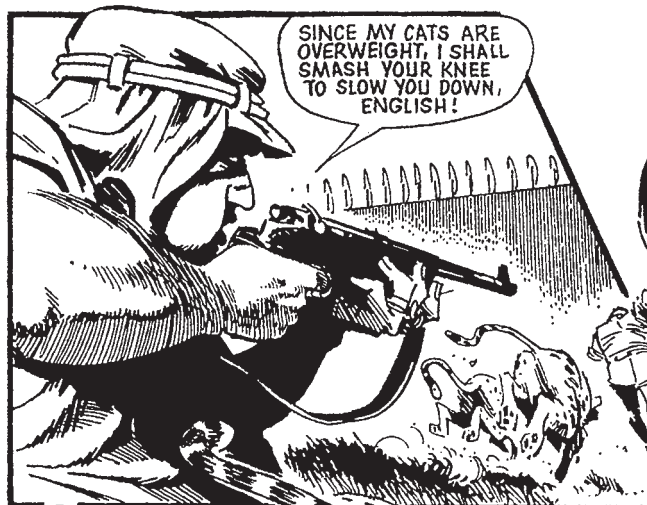
DISUSED IRRIGATION
TUNNEL -- PALACE
PERIMETER --



BUT...

HOWEVER YOU SURVIVED THE
PIT, YOU WILL DIE SOON! FOR
ONCE, I THINK I'LL LET MY PET
CHEETAHS HUNT FOR
THEMSELVES, ENGLISH!

YEAH, I CAN
GUESS WHAT
THEY'LL BE
HUNTING!



SINCE MY CATS ARE
OVERWEIGHT, I SHALL
SMASH YOUR KNEE
TO SLOW YOU DOWN,
ENGLISH!



GRRRRR!

ARRGGGAARHH!



GRIEF -- HE'S
ACCIDENTALLY
WINGED A CHEETAH!
AND IT'S TURNING
ON HIM!

PROBE REACHED THE OIL SITE BEFORE THE TRIBES-
MEN, AND GOT THE CRUDE OIL PIPED BACK TO THE
SITE OF THE 'SACRED
FLAMES'...

FIROUZ CAUSED THE SACRED
FLAME TO DIE! NOW HE IS DEAD HIMSELF--
SO DO WE HAVE
PEACE?

THE FLAME BURNS WELL, AND
MY PEOPLE ARE HAPPY--
WE HAVE PEACE,
STRONG MAN!



KEEP ON THIS FREQUENCY FOR MAXIMUM HYPER-POWER



M.A.C.H.1

SUBJECT:
SECRET AGENT
JOHN PROBE

PROCESS:
COMPU-PUNCTURE
HYPERPOWER

DATA:

COMPU-PUNCTURE
IS A COMPUTERISED
FORM OF ACUPUNCTURE.

BY INSERTING SPECIAL
ELECTRO NEEDLES INTO
PROBE'S BODY, HIS
ENERGY FLOW WILL
INCREASE UNTIL HE
HAS THE STRENGTH OF
FIFTY MEN!

**SUBJECT'S
CODENAME:**

MACH 1

MAN
ACTIVATED
COMPU-
HYPERPOWER
BY
PUNCTURE

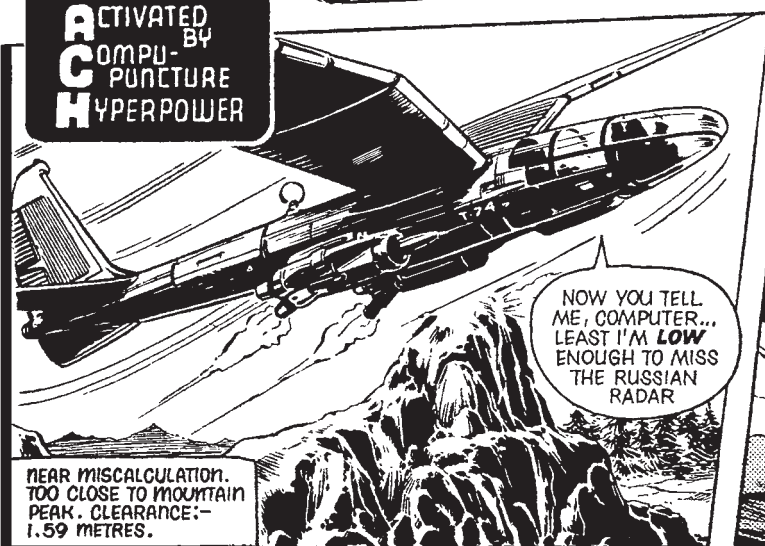
DEEP IN THE VALLEY OF DOG
FOREST, JOHN PROBE GRAPPLES
WITH THE CONTROLS OF HIS T-74
HOVER GLIDER...



NOW YOU TELL
ME, COMPUTER...
LEAST I'M **LOW**
ENOUGH TO MISS
THE RUSSIAN
RADAR

NEAR MISCALCULATION.
TOO CLOSE TO MOUNTAIN
PEAK. CLEARANCE:-
1.59 METRES.

CAN'T HAVE **THEM**
FINDING AGENT JAMES
PEEL FIRST... THAT FILM
HE'S GOT CARRIES VITAL
INFORMATION ABOUT
THE NEW **RADAR**
CAMERA!



BUT...

HUH...? WELCOMING COMMITTEE: PEEL'S PLANE BLEW APART HERE, MAYBE THEY'VE TRACED HIS PARACHUTE ON RADAR!

BULLETS FROM HEAVY CALIBRE AUTOMATIC RIFLES PENETRATING FUSELAGE. EFFECT LANDING IN CLEARING 2 MILES AHEAD.

PROBE'S ULTRA-SENSITIVE HEARING COULD PICK UP THE SOFTEST SOUND...

VERY WEAK HUMAN HEART BEAT APPROX. 1 MILE BEARING 340° OTHER UNIDENTIFIED CREATURES ALSO AT LOCATION.

PROBE'S 'HYPER-RUN' BROUGHT HIM TO THE SPOT IN MINUTES...

O.K. LET'S GET THIS LOT SORTED OUT!

ANALYSIS: WHITE WOLVES OF THE DOG FOREST, LARGEST AND DEADLIEST IN EASTERN EUROPE.

YEAH, NOT EXACTLY MAN'S BEST FRIEND!

CHOK

I'LL THROW THE DOGGIES A FEW BONES!

MADE IT—NOW TO LOCATE PEEL, BUT I'LL BE DARNED IF I'LL FOLLOW SHARPE'S ORDERS...

The film is more important than Peel. If he's badly injured, don't try to get him out... KILL HIM!

NEARBY, PEEL IS HANGING IN AGONY...

FINGERS TOO NUMB TO REACH MY GUN... ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE FROSTBITE SETS IN...

PROBE LOWERED PEEL TO THE GROUND



BACK OFF! Y' HEAR ME—
BACK OFF!

WARNING! SUBJECT IS CRAZED WITH PAIN. BELIEVES YOU TO BE AN ENEMY. AWAIT HIS LOSS OF CONSCIOUSNESS



AS M.A.C.H. I BACKED SLOWLY INTO THE TREES...



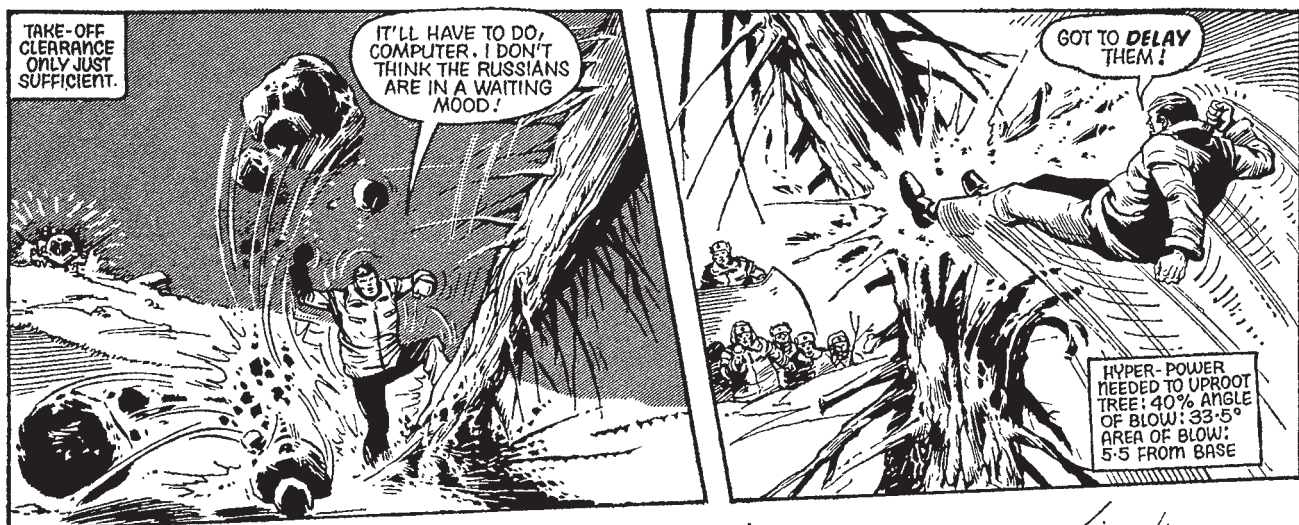
AND SO HAD THE WOLVES...



MEANWHILE...









THIS BEGGAR SCUM
THIRSTED FOR MY
RICHES SO LET HIM
DRINK GOLD!

MERCY, PLEASE. AAH!
GLUUUURGH!

A SCENE FROM A HORROR MOVIE?
THE WORK OF SOME CRAZY MEDIEVAL
SULTAN? NO WAY! IT'S REAL, IT'S
HAPPENING IN THE TWENTIETH
CENTURY, AND IT'S A JOB FOR...



MARCH 1

ON HIS OWN PRIVATE ISLAND
OFF THE COAST OF DUBAI, THE
SELF-STYLED KING KARAT
IMPOSES A REIGN OF TERROR...

WHEN HE IS
FULL TO THE
BRIM, HE CAN
JOIN MY PRIVATE
GRAVEYARD ON
THE SEA BED!



MISSIONDATE DAY
TWO. LOCATION PORT
OF DUBAI. OBJECTIVE
ELIMINATION OF
'KING KARAT'
SUBJECT RESPONSIBLE
FOR UPSETTING
WORLD TRADE
BALANCE BY
FLOODING MARKET
WITH ILLEGALLY
OBTAINED AND
SMUGGLED GOLD.
GAUTION: SUBJECT
CLASSIFIED AS
GRADE ONE LUNATIC,
HIGHLY DANGEROUS...

SPARE ME THE LIFE
HISTORY, COMPUTER.
HOW DO I GET TO
MEET THIS LOONEY?

CONTACT ARRANGED WITH OPERATIVE
KNOWN AS 'JACKO'. SKIPPER OF SHIP
SUSPECTED OF SMUGGLING GOLD.
CONTACT IS UNRELIABLE.

HE'S MORE THAN UNRELIABLE,
COMPUTER. HE'S HOMICIDAL!
TRYING TO RUN ME DOWN!

BUT IF YOU VALUE YOUR CAR YOU DON'T
TRY TO RUN DOWN A MACHMAN!

UHH? YOU SHOULD BE
DEAD, BUDDY! WHAT
KIND OF MAN ARE YOU?

I'M A MACHMAN,
JACKO. WE'RE HARD TO
KILL! BUT I WANNA
KNOW WHY YOU'RE
TRYING!

WHEN YOUR SECRET
SERVICE ASKED ME
TO HELP YOU BREAK
THE SMUGGLING
RING, I THOUGHT
I'D HELP YOU GET
DEAD INSTEAD!

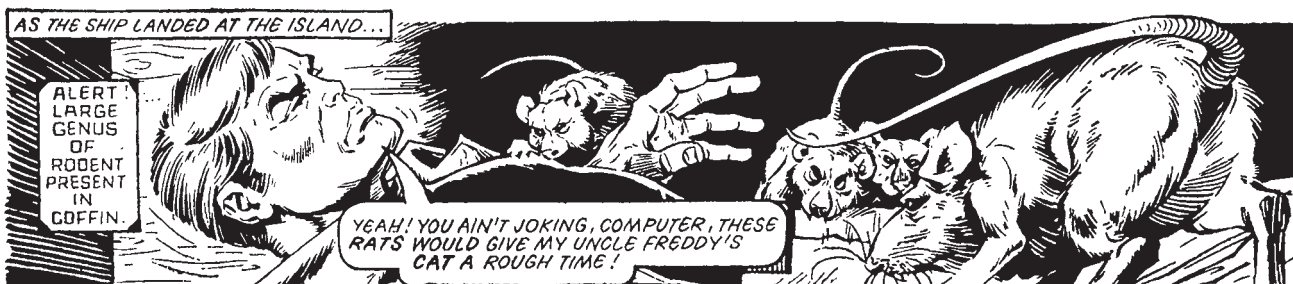
I'M MAKING A
LOTTA BREAD ON
THIS DEAL, MAN.
AN' YOU AIN'T
GONNA STOP
ME!

UUUNNH!

WRONG, JACKO. YOU
ARE GONNA HELP
ME!

OR I MOVE YOUR EARS
CLOSER TOGETHER
- LIKE THIS!

OKAY, SUPERMAN. I
DON'T WANNA HAVE
MY HEAD MADE INTO
A BRAIN SANDWICH.
LET'S GET DOWN TO
THE DOCKS...





BUT PROBE REACHED THE STAIRCASE BEFORE 'KARAT' AND, RIPPING IT AWAY FROM THE WALL...

YOU AIN'T GOING NOWHERE, CRAZY MAN. ONLY TO HELL AFTER I KILL YOU!

INTERFERING SWINE! I SPEAR YOU WITH THIS BRAND FROM MY SMELTING VAT...

IT IS YOU WHO WILL TASTE DEATH, KARAT...

THE RICHEST DEATH IN THE WORLD-DROWNED IN MOLTEN GOLD!

AAARRGH!

BETTER LOOK FOR A NEW JOB, JACKO. KARAT ISN'T WORKING IN THIS LINE ANYMORE - HE'S TAKEN THE GOLDEN HANDSHAKE!

THRILL-POWER PEAKS + + + NEXT PROG



MACH 1

A FRENCH COMMUTER-TRAIN HAD BEEN SEIZED BY TERRORISTS AND DIVERTED TO A REMOTE BRANCH-LINE WHERE GENDARMES AND RIOT-POLICE NOW SURROUND IT...

WE, THE
THIRD WORLD
TERROR GROUP,

DEMAND FREEDOM
FOR CONVICTED
TERRORISTS, OR THIS
CHICK AN FIFTY OTHER
PASSENGERS'LL NEVER
MAKE IT HOME!



AFFIRMATIVE. TOP
AGENT, JOHN PROBE
CODENAME MACH 1,
WILL ARRIVE IN
ONE HOUR!

PARIS SECURITY TO D.I.6 LONDON-
TERROR-GROUP LEADER IS
BRITISH. REQUEST PRESENCE
OF YOUR AGENT TO AID
NEGOTIATIONS!

ABOARD THE TRAIN, THE TERRORISTS HERDED THE HOSTAGES LIKE CATTLE DOOMED FOR SLAUGHTER...

GET 'EM IN THE REAR COACH, SHARPISH! KEEP 'EM IN ONE PLACE—EASIER TO GUARD AND TO

TO KILL!

AN HOUR LATER, A HELICOPTER BROUGHT PROBE TO THE SCENE...

OKAY, COMPUTER,
GIMME A RUNDOWN ON THE DROP-OUT BRITON WHO'S LEADING THESE SCUM!

FELIX WRAFFEN—SADISTIC KILLER RECENTLY PAROLED FROM LIFE SENTENCE ON MEDICAL GROUNDS

TYPICAL! WRAFFEN SNEEZES A COUPLA TIMES, AN' THE DO-GOODERS LET HIM GO...

PERHAPS WHEN WRAFFEN HEARS A FELLOW COUNTRYMAN'S VOICE ON THE MEGAPHONE...

SACREBLEU!

ALL M'SIEU PROBE!

YOU WILL HELP US TALK THOSE DEVILS OUT OF KILLING THEIR VICTIMS?

BUT THE 'OSTAGES?

I'M NOT HERE TO CHAT-UP THUGS, CHUM! ACTIONS MORE MY LINE!

THEY'RE IN THE REAR COACH, RIGHT? THE FILTH WON'T WASTE 'EM RIGHT-OFF, SO LET'S TRY HITTING THE FRONT OF THAT TRAIN FOR STARTERS!

PROBE JUMPED INTO AN ARMoured SCOUT-CAR...

TAKE ME IN FAST AN' CLOSE, PIERRE. CAN'T RISK USIN' ANY HEAVY WEAPONS 'CASE A SHELL SETS THE TRAIN ON FIRE!

BUT THE TERRORISTS WERE CRACK SHOTS...

STRENGTH!

THEY'VE GOT PIERRE IN THE NECK...

BANG!
BANG!

AARGH!

VEHICLE NOW OUT OF CONTROL - ARREST PROGRESS IMMEDIATELY

BUT, INSIDE THE TRAIN...

HE'S CRASHED INTO THOSE CONCRETE SLEEPERS - AND THIS GRENADE'LL PUT HIM TO SLEEP PERMANENTLY!

IN OTHER WORDS, GET ME FLAMIN' HEAD DOWN FAST!

TRACH - NOW STATIONARY TARGET CONCEALMENT BY ARMOUR-PLATE INDICATED

AN IT'S OUTTA REACH DOWN THERE!

SO MAYBE IT'S TIME TO BALE-OUT... HECK, THE DOOR'S JAMMED!

GRENADE ENTERED 1.5 SECONDS BEFORE CLOSURE OF HATCH ACHIEVED - DETONATION IN 6 SECONDS - 5.5 SECONDS - 4 SECONDS -

AFFIRMATIVE - ARMOUR-PLATE UNDAIMAGED BY IMPACT OF CRASH BUT SMALL LOCK COMPONENT DENTED - NORMAL OPERATION OF DOOR IMPOSSIBLE



THIS IS THE KINDA
FUN I JOINED FOR,
FELLERS! I CAN
ALMOST SMELL
THEM BODIES
ROASTIN'!

BUT PROBE WAS MAKING
HIS EXIT, MACH-1 STYLE...

USE OF 80%
HYPERPOWER
EFFECTIVELY
REMOVED DOOR -
NOW USE AS
HEAT - SHIELD

YEAH!

I RIPPED
IT OFF ITS HINGES
BUT IT'S... RED-
HOT FROM THAT
INFERNO,
COMPUTER.

GOTTA GET
COVER UNDER-
NEATH THE
TRAIN!

I DON'T
BELIEVE IT -
ONE GUY'S STILL
ALIVE - STIFF
'IM FAST!

NO,
WRAFFEN!

KILL
HIM!

FIRE
THROUGH THE
FLOOR. I'M GONNA
KILL SOME HOSTAGES.
THEY'RE GONNA
LEARN WE MEAN
BUSINESS!

DON'T
TOUCH THEM!
THERE'S STILL A
CHANCE THE
AUTHORITIES WILL
DISCUSS TERMS!

WRAFFEN WHIRLED ON
HIS COLLEAGUE...

PANG!

WE
FIGHT FOR
A
CAUSE...

YOU'RE
GONNA DIE
'COS KILLING'S
MY CAUSE,
SUCKER!

AARRGH!



ALERT - WRAFFEN
PROCEEDING TO MASS
TERMINATION OF HOSTAGES
IN REAR COACH -

YEAH! I HEARD,
COMPUTER, I'M GETTING
OUTTA HERE ANYWAY -
IT'S RAINING
SLUGS!



MUST
BEAT HIM TO
THAT LAST
WAGGON!

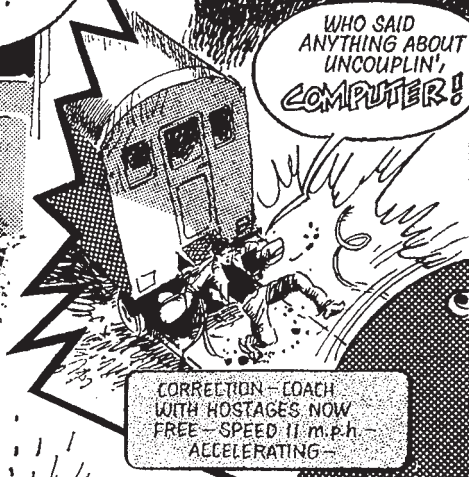
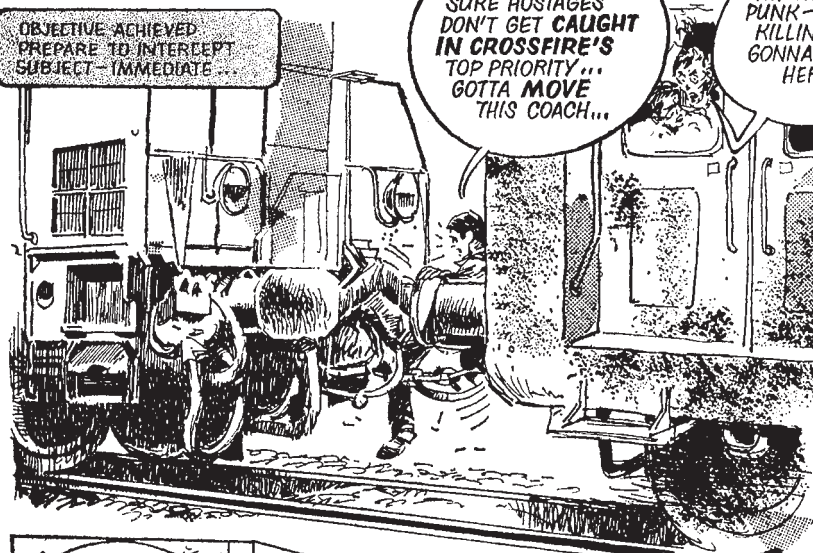
OBJECTIVE ACHIEVED
PREPARE TO INTERCEPT
SUBJECT - IMMEDIATE -

IN MY
BOOK MAKIN'
SURE HOSTAGES
DON'T GET CAUGHT
IN CROSSFIRE'S
TOP PRIORITY...
GOTTA MOVE
THIS COACH...

OUTTA
MY WAY,
PUNK - THE
KILLING'S
GONNA START
HERE!

UNCOUPLING OF ROLLING-
STOCK WOULD MEAN DELAY
AND INCREASE RISK IN
CONFRONTING WRAFFEN

WHO SAID
ANYTHING ABOUT
UNCOUPLIN',
COMPUTER!



CORRECTION - COACH
WITH HOSTAGES NOW
FREE - SPEED 11 m.p.h. -
ACCELERATING -



WHAT THE
HECK?

IT'S
BROKEN
LOOSE. IT - IT'S
RUNNING
UPHILL! I
DON'T
UNDERSTAND!

WH...
WHAT...?



LEMME
SHOW YOU SOME-
THIN' YOU DO
UNDERSTAND,
WRAFFEN!



THRILL VALUE INCREASES + + + NEXT PROG + + +



BRITISH AGENT JOHN PROBE, CODE NAME MACH 1, HAD BEEN SENT TO THE SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLE, TO INVESTIGATE THE SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE OF A TOP BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGIST, JASON GAULT, WHOSE LAST RADIO MESSAGE HAD REPORTED AN AMAZING DISCOVERY.

THIS IS WHAT GAULT FOUND - AN INCA CITY BUT WHERE IS HE?

THESE STEPS LEAD TO THE ACTION AND I CAN TAKE THEM FIFTEEN AT A TIME!

THE GODS THEMSELVES?

SACRILEGE!
DESTROY HIM!
DESTROY HIM!

I'M SMASHING HIM
WITH 99% HYPERPOWER...
BUT CAN EVEN A MACH
MAN DEFEAT...

2000
A.D.



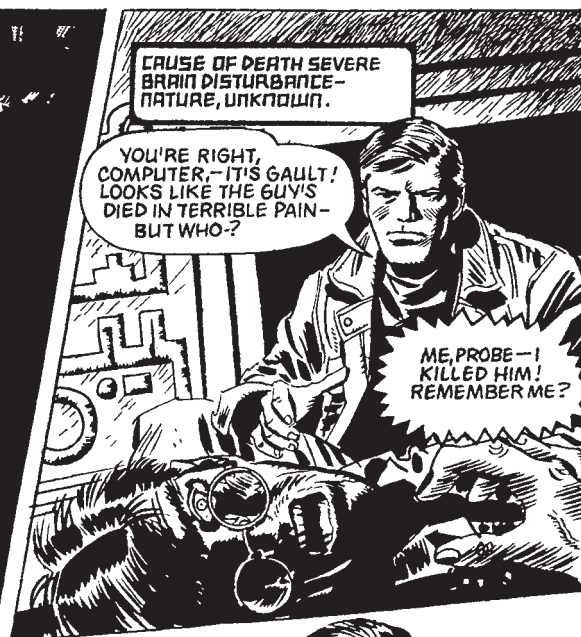
THRILL 5



INSIDE -

THE WALLS...
BLOOD MARKS DOWN
THEM!

BLOOD ANALYSIS REVEALS
ONLY THREE DAYS OLD -
AMOUNT EIGHT PINTS -
CONCLUSION: OWNER HUMAN
AND DEAD.



CAUSE OF DEATH SEVERE
BRAIN DISTURBANCE -
NATURE, UNKNOWN.

YOU'RE RIGHT,
COMPUTER - IT'S GAULT!
LOOKS LIKE THE GUY'S
DIED IN TERRIBLE PAIN -
BUT WHO?

ME, PROBE - I
KILLED HIM!
REMEMBER ME?



COLONEL KRALL!
HEAD OF SECRET
POLICE IN IRAN! BUT -

BUT YOU THOUGHT I
WAS DEAD? NO, PROBE!
YOU DID IRREPARABLE
DAMAGE TO MY BODY...
MY LEGS ARE USELESS.
MY BONES HELD
TOGETHER WITH METAL
PINS...



ONCE I COULD HUNT
WILD ANIMALS ALL OVER
AFRICA... NOW I HAVE
LOST MY POST AS HEAD
OF SECRET POLICE... NOW
I PREY ON THE DEAD



MY WORK HERE IS FINISHED.
I HAVE LOOTED THE TREASURES
OF THIS TEMPLE WHICH GAULT
LED ME TO. NOW I LEAVE MY
DEATH TRUMPET
TO DESTROY YOU!

NOISE COMING
FROM BEHIND
ME...



FEEL,
FEEL LIKE
I'M BEING
PULLED TO
PIECES -
COMPUTER!
DATA, FAST!

DEATH TRUMPET = SOUND
GUN - FIRST BUILT 1964,
MARSEILLES - USED
COMPRESSED AIR TO
SEND OUT VERY LOW
SOUND WAVES - EFFECT:
FATAL.

AS THE MACHINE HITS 100 HERTZ-PROBE
FEELS AS THOUGH HIS MIND IS BEING
SPLIT APART!

GOTTA STOP THE
PAIN! STOP THE PAIN!
KILL MYSELF!

KILL MYSELF!
CAN A MACH MAN
KILL HIMSELF?

YAAAAAGGGH!

IN A FRENZIED ATTEMPT TO STOP
THE PAIN-HE HURLS HIMSELF
AT THE WALL!

OBJECTIVE IMPOSSIBLE-
WALLS OF TEMPLE WILL
BREAK FIRST...

PREDICTION-
CORRECT!

AAARGH!

HE IS BROKEN
OUT! DEAL WITH
HIM!

YEAH, I'VE
BROKEN
OUT-

AND NOW I'M
ANGRY
IN MY
SKULL!

AAAYYY!

BUT, AS PROBE PREPARED TO
CHASE KRALL'S GROUND-
CAR...

WHAT THE--?
THE GROUND'S
SHAKING LIKE
AN EARTHQUAKE

WHEN I'VE DEALT
WITH YOUR HENCH-
MEN, I'M COMING
AFTER YOU
KRALL!

DANGER! UNKNOWN
DANGER APPROACHING!

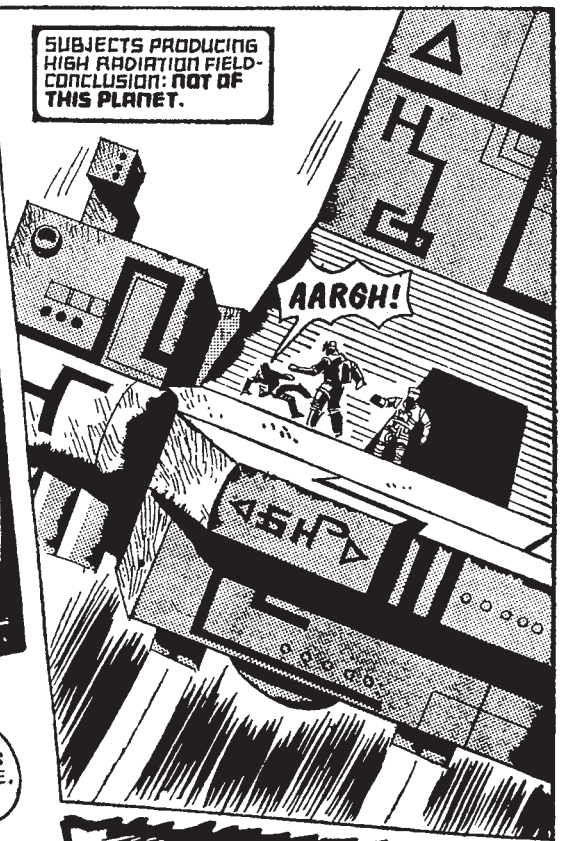


WHAT ON EARTH?

× ∙ ∙ ∙ ∙
∇ ∇ ∇ ∇ ∇
∇ ∇ ∇ ∇ ∇

SUBJECTS COMMUNICATING-
LANGUAGE UNKNOWN-
ESTABLISH ONLY ONE WORD:
SACRILEGE! SACRILEGE!

SUBJECTS PRODUCING
HIGH RADIATION FIELD-
CONCLUSION: NOT OF
THIS PLANET.



AARGH!



... AND NOW THE
GODS THINK I'VE
DESECRATED IT-
AARGH!

THERE'S ONLY ONE EXPLANATION. THIS
IS A CRASHED SPACE-CRAFT! THE INCAS
WORSHIPPED IT AND MADE IT A TEMPLE.
NOW THE DEATH TRUMPET HAS JOLTED
ALL THE SYSTEMS INTO LIFE AGAIN...

AND AS PROBE IS LEFT FOR DEAD
THE SHIP SLOWLY RISES...



AND KRALL IS CAUGHT IN THE DEADLY
BLAST OF DESTROYED ATOMS!

NO! NO!
AIEEE!

I'VE FOUGHT WITH
THE GODS AND LOST!
AND NOW I'M BEING
CARRIED OUT OF
THE EARTH'S
ATMOSPHERE!

HEIGHT 1 MILE-
ALTITUDE
INCREASING.



ONLY ONE
THING FOR IT...

ALTITUDE 80,000 FT. YOU WILL
BREAK WORLD RECORD FOR
LONGEST DROP WITHOUT A
PARACHUTE OF 22,000 FEET.
YOU WILL REACH SPEED OF 614
M.P.H AND EXPERIENCE -94
DEGREES FAHRENHEIT.
CONCLUSION: LIFE EXPECTANCY
CHANCE NIL, I AM THEREFORE
SHUTTING DOWN!

THE BIGGEST JUMP
THE WORLD HAS
EVER SEEN!

WELL THANKS,
COMPUTER—IT'S NICE
TO KNOW WHO YOUR
FRIENDS ARE WHEN
THINGS GET
ROUGH—

BUT THERE'S STILL ONE
CHANCE. BY SKY-DIVING, I
CAN AIM FOR A SAFE
LANDING... IF SOMEONE
ELSE CAN SURVIVE A
FALL LIKE THIS, A
MACH MAN CAN TOO!

ESPECIALLY SINCE
I MADE SURE I HAD
SOMETHING TO CUSHION
MY LANDING— LIKE
THIS ALMOST
BOTTOMLESS MUD
LAKE!

MADE IT... BUT
NOW I GOTTA GET
UP AGAIN
BEFORE MY LUNGS
BURST!

EDITOR'S NOTE.

ONLY AN IDIOT WOULD COPY A
SUPERHUMAN LIKE MACH 1.
READERS OF 2000 A.D. AREN'T
IDIOTS, OF COURSE — BUT DON'T
LET YOUR FANTASTIC PAPER FALL
INTO THE HANDS OF A 'DUM-DUM'!

PLOUGHING THROUGH THE STICKY SWAMP, PROBE AT LAST REACHED THE SURFACE.

GASP! - FRESH AIR!
BUT I'M STILL MILES
FROM ANYONE
HERE...

USING THE LAST OF HIS STRENGTH PROBE
FOUND A NATIVE VILLAGE.

FOR WEEKS, THE NATIVES CARED FOR THE SHATTERED
ENGLISH MAN, AS HE REGAINED HIS STRENGTH...

UNTIL HE WAS FINALLY FOUND BY A BRITISH
SECRET SERVICE TEAM AND RETURNED TO
LONDON FOR A DE-BRIEFING...

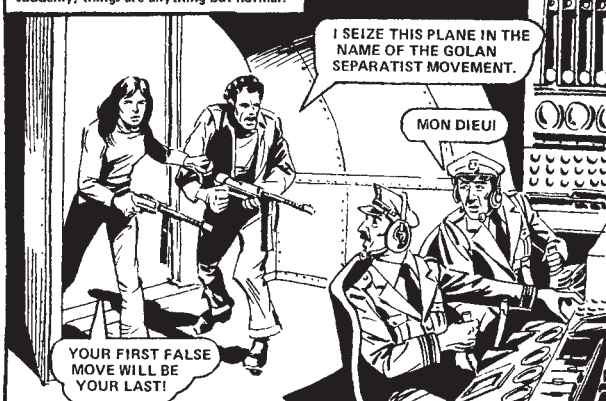
I THINK THAT
KNOCK ON YOUR
HEADS SCRAMBLED
YOUR MIND,
PROBE. ALL THIS TALK
OF SPACE-SHIPS AND
SPACE-MEN IS NONSENSE
THE FACT IS YOU
BLEW IT, PROBE!

NOW-YOUR NEXT
MISSION PROBE WILL
BE REALLY
DANGEROUS!

STORY PROGRAMMED FOR MAXIMUM EXCITEMENT + + +

M.A.C.H. 1

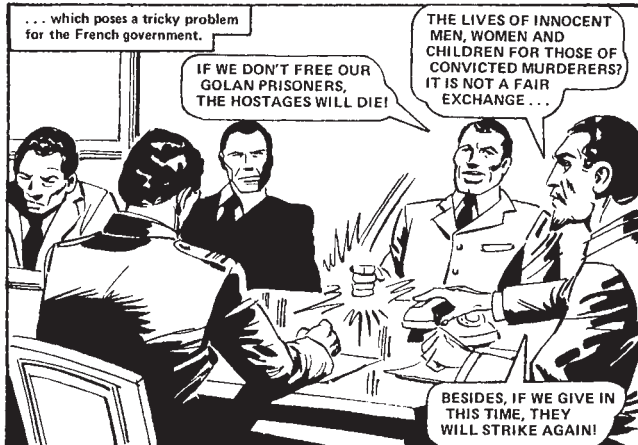
A normal Air-France scheduled flight from Madagascar to Paris. But suddenly, things are anything but normal!



The hijacked plane lands in the African state of Natanga where its arrival is not wholly unexpected!



... which poses a tricky problem for the French government.



WHAT ARE THE POSSIBILITIES FOR A MILITARY ATTACK TO RESCUE THE HOSTAGES?

IT WILL NOT BE EASY, PRIME MINISTER, BUT IT JUST MIGHT WORK—WITH THE HELP OF ONE MAN!



OPERATION HERCULES





Aboard the leading Hercules troop-carrier Brigadier Pierre Lemas gives Mach 1 his final instructions.

REMEMBER, MACH 1, WE CAN DO NOTHING IF THE RUNWAY LANDING LIGHTS ARE SWITCHED OFF.

DON'T WORRY, BRIGADIER. NOBODY'S GOING TO DO ANY SWITCHING OFF IF I CAN HELP IT!



I'M ONLY SORRY WE CAN'T DROP YOU ANY NEARER. TWENTY MILES OVERLAND WOULD BE BAD ENOUGH—BUT TWENTY MILES OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF LAKE MASOTO IS NO JOKE.

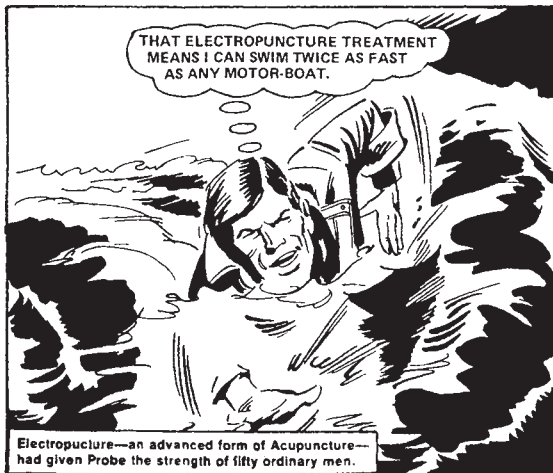
THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I CAN USE THE EXERCISE!



LEMAS THINKS I HAVE SOME SPECIAL DEVICE TO POWER ME IN TO SHORE...



... AND IN A WAY HE'S RIGHT.



THAT ELECTROPUNCTURE TREATMENT MEANS I CAN SWIM TWICE AS FAST AS ANY MOTOR-BOAT.



THIS SIDE OF THE AIRFIELD IS COMPLETELY UNGUARDED. IT'S AS EASY AS WALKING INTO A SUPERMARKET.

Electropuncture—an advanced form of Acupuncture—had given Probe the strength of fifty ordinary men.











M.A.C.H.1

John Probe—British Agent—Subject of electro-puncture treatment—given Hyperpower—codenamed M.A.C.H.1.

Eighteen thousand feet over Salisbury Plain in Wiltshire.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE BRIGADIER WANTS—BUT IT SURE SOUNDED URGENT.

WHATEVER IT IS, I'LL SOON FIND OUT! THANKS FOR THE RIDE, PAT!

HEIGHT FIFTEEN THOUSAND FEET—PULL RIPCORD IN TEN SECONDS.

THANKS, COMPUTER, BUT I CAN WORK IT OUT FOR MYSELF. I CAN SEE THE BRIGADIER AND THE OTHERS ON THE GROUND BELOW. HE SHOULD BE SURPRISED TO SEE ME ARRIVING LIKE THIS.

On the ground Brigadier Crawford and some senior officers spotted the tiny figure high overhead.

WHO THE DEVIL'S THAT UP THERE? THIS IS A HIGH SECURITY AREA!

I BELIEVE IT'S ONE OF MY MEN—CODE NAME M.A.C.H.1. HE'S RIGHT ON SCHEDULE!

Meanwhile, outside the test area.

THERE HE IS—JUST AS PLANNED.
SWITCH ON THE MACHINE—
WE MUST FIND OUT IF IT WORKS.

Suddenly, Probe felt a
throbbing in his head.

PULL RIPCORD—
OPTIMUM TIME—
...MALFUNCTION!

GEEZ! MY BRAIN'S BEING
BLOWN APART! WHAT'S
GOING ON—I CAN'T PULL
MY RIPCORD... I'M
IMMOBILE!

HE'S HOLDING HIS
HEAD! WHAT'S
HAPPENED?

HE SHOULD HAVE PULLED
HIS RIPCORD BY NOW—
HE'S NOT GOING TO MAKE
IT!

WE COULD KILL HIM WITH
IT—BUT AS HE'S ONE OF
THEIR AGENTS IT WOULDN'T
BE SUCH A LOSS!

OKAY—THE TEST IS SUCCESSFUL—
CUT THE POWER ON THE
TRANSMISSION.

WHAT A PITY. I WAS
JUST BEGINNING
TO ENJOY MYSELF.

WH... WHAT HAPPENED?
CRIPES—I'M BELOW
MINIMUM ALTITUDE!

SURVIVAL CHANCE 50%—
IMMEDIATE ACTION
ON RIPCORD REQUIRED.

The parachute opened at
two hundred feet.

WHAT HAPPENED UP
THERE? YOU LOOKED
AS THOUGH YOU
BLACKED OUT?

THAT'S JUST HOW IT
SEEMED, BRIGADIER.
BUT MY COMPUTER
BRAIN DOESN'T DO
THAT SORT OF THING.
THERE MUST HAVE
BEEN SOME SORT OF
JAMMING GOING ON.

QUICKLY, MEN!
GIVE HIM A
HAND!

OOOOOOFFFF!

WE'LL LOOK INTO THAT LATER—BUT NOW I WANT YOU TO SEE THE NEW STRIKER MISSILE IN ACTION. IT'S SO SECRET WE WANT YOU AROUND TO KEEP AN EYE ON IT.

THIS IS THE ONE WHICH WILL PENETRATE THE LATEST ARMOUR AT OVER A MILE. IT SHOULD BE INTERESTING. IT'S THE MOST ADVANCED MISSILE YET.

WE'VE SUCCESSFULLY GAINED CONTROL OF M.A.C.H. 1'S BRAIN. THE REST SHOULD BE EASY.

A VERY NATTY BIT OF KIT! THEY'RE SMALL ENOUGH TO FIT ANYWHERE AND EVEN BE MAN PORTABLE.

THE BRITISH ARE IN FOR A REAL SURPRISE VERY SOON!

In seconds the target was destroyed.

THAT'S OUR BIG PROBLEM. IT MAKES THEM EASY TO STEAL. HOWEVER, NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE WE SHOULD BE SAFE ENOUGH. LET'S WATCH WHAT THEY CAN DO.

With the flick of a switch the missile was on its way.

VERY IMPRESSIVE! N.A.T.O. HAVE A REAL WINNER THERE!

WOW—IT CAN CERTAINLY SHIFT!

THAT'S PART OF ITS SUCCESS. HIGH VELOCITY MEANS HIGH PENETRATION.

PULL MISSILE FROM MOUNTING—ENSURE MISSILE NOT DAMAGED.

Suddenly, the pain returned to M.A.C.H. 1's Brain.

WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU'VE GONE PALE!

Suddenly.

MEMORY OVERRIDE—MAXIMUM THRUST FOR TWENTY FOOT LEAP.

MALFUNCTION—M.A.C.H. 1'S BRAIN.

MY COMPUTER... I CAN'T THINK...!

MACH 1—WHAT THE DEVIL ARE YOU DOING?

MISSILE—MUST REACH!

GOTTA RIP IT OFF!



Mach 1's head slowly started to clear.

THE ARMY ARE COMING FOR THEIR MISSILE! WE'RE TRAPPED!

I... I THINK THE COMPUTER'S BEEN DAMAGED. MACH 1 IS NO LONGER UNDER OUR CONTROL!

YOU'D BETTER GIVE UP, BOTH OF YOU. YOU CAN'T ESCAPE!

I DON'T GIVE UP SO EASY, MACH 1! THIS RADIO CONTROL DEVICE WILL FIRE THE MISSILE AND DESTROY THOSE TANKS. YOU MAY HAVE THE PLEASURE OF WATCHING.

HYPERPOWER LEAP—AIM FOR FRONT OF MISSILE!

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT, MATE!

MAXIMUM HYPERPOWER RESTRAINT—DO NOT TOUCH NOSE CONE—MISSILE ARMED TO EXPLODE.

THIS BEAST HAS A STING IN ITS TAIL!

WE DON'T GET THE MISSILE—BUT AT LEAST WE'LL ESCAPE. AND YOU, MY FRIEND, WILL DIE WITH A BULLET IN THAT COMPUTER BRAIN OF YOURS.

WH... WHERE'S HE GONE?

AAAAEEEEEE! I'M BURNING ALIVE!

AAAAARRRGH! HE HOLDS THE MISSILE—IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

THE STRIKER MAKES A FAIR ROMAN CANDLE!

Suddenly ...

PETROL TANK EXPLOSION—SHIELD EYES FROM BLAST.

AAAAEEEEEEEEEE!

A few minutes later.

MACH 1—ARE YOU OKAY? WHAT HAPPENED?

WE'LL NEED TO GET YOUR COMPUTER MODIFIED SO THIS SORT OF THING CAN'T HAPPEN AGAIN.

YOU BET—HYPERPOWER IN THE WRONG HANDS CAN BE DANGEROUS!

I'M FINE—BUT THESE TWO FOREIGN SPIES DIDN'T DO SO WELL. IT WAS THEM WHO BEAMED A SIGNAL TO OVERRIDE MY BRAIN COMPUTER. HERE—YOU BETTER HAVE THIS BACK. IT'S STILL LIVE!

I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT IF I HADN'T SEEN HIM WITH MY OWN EYES. THANK GOODNESS HE'S ON OUR SIDE!

JOHN PROBE AS YOU'VE **NEVER** SEEN HIM **BEFORE...**



IN
**THARG'S
HYPERPOWER
PRODUCTION**

of THE

PLANET KILLERS!



MARCH 1

PART 1 of this **THRILL** of **TOMORROW**, Starts **TODAY**

LOS ANGELES CENTRAL HOSPITAL,
U.S.A. REPORTERS GATHER
ROUND AS NASA SPACE SHUTTLE
PILOT—BIG TEX MCARTHUR—GOES
IN FOR AN APPENDIX OPERATION...

HOW YOU FEELING,
BIG TEX?

BOYS, I'M MORE
NERVOUS THAN
FLYING SHUTTLE SIX
HUNDRED MILES
ABOVE THE EARTH,
YESSIR!

THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY
ABOUT, TEX. IT'LL BE OVER IN
A FLASH!

THANKS.
PUT IT
THERE,
DOC!

IT'S A SIMPLE
OPERATION. WE LET
THE GAS PUT YOU
TO SLEEP...

FOREVER!

SUFFOCATING...
POISONOUS GAS...

MMM...
MM...

QUICKLY
... HOLD
HIM DOWN!

KEEP
THAT MASK
ON HIS
FACE...





DO NOT USE FULL HYPER-POWER ---
SHARPE'S INSTRUCTIONS---AT ALL
COSTS KEEP HYPER POWER SECRET
---ALERT SECURITY GUARDS---

SHUT UP,
COMPUTER!
CAN'T YOU SEE
I'M **BUSY?**

THIS GUY
ASKED FOR IT...
AND HE'S GONNA
GET IT!

100%
**THE HYPER-POWER
KILL!!**

AAAAAGH!

SECONDS LATER AS SECURITY
GUARDS BURST IN

WH-WHAT THE HECK'S
BEEN GOING ON?

I WAS
TRYING TO
SWAT A FLY!

NO ONE OUTSIDE...
THE INTRUDER GOT AWAY...
BUT NO MAN COULD
HAVE SURVIVED
SUCH A FIGHT...

UNLESS IT'S
SOMEONE IN
THE SAME
LEAGUE AS
ME!

EXT DAY...

...T-2...
T-1...
IGNITION!

WE HAVE
LIFT-OFF!

I'VE A PRETTY GOOD IDEA
WHO THE INTRUDER WAS...
BUT I CAN'T PROVE IT!
YEAH, FOR SOME REASON
TEX WANTS ME OUT
OF THE WAY...

ON SHUTTLE'S
COMMAND DECK...

'COS SOMETHING'S GOING
TO HAPPEN OUT HERE IN SPACE...
SOMETHING **REALLY BIG!**
AND, WHATEVER IT IS, **MACH**
MAN'S GONNA BE IN
AT THE KILL!

IGNITE ON BOARD
MOTORS. BOOSTER
SEPARATION IN 10
SECONDS, AND
COUNTING...

THERE WILL NOW BE A ONE WEEK INTERMISSION — KEEP YOUR
SEATS FOR **PLANET KILLERS, PART 2, NEXT PROG!**

M.A.C.H. 1

and
the

**THE MAN -
SECRET AGENT
JOHN PROBE.**

**THE TARGET -
PLANET EARTH
ITSELF !**

PLANET KILLERS!

BRITISH AGENT PROBE, CODE-NAME **M.A.C.H. 1**, IS CHOSEN TO BE THE FIRST BRITISH CO-PILOT OF A SPACE-SHUTTLE MISSION. BUT, AFTER AN ATTEMPT ON HIS LIFE THE NIGHT BEFORE LIFT-OFF, PROBE BEGINS TO SUSPECT THAT THERE IS SOMETHING STRANGELY WRONG, AND AS SHUTTLE HEADS FOR ORBIT...

**DANGER ! DANGER !
COMPUTER REPORTS MAJOR
MALFUNCTION... !**

2000



THRILL 5



IN THE COMMAND AREA OF SHUTTLE...

FAULT'S IN REACTION CONTROL SYSTEM, TEX.

BLAST! WE'RE ALREADY BEHIND TIME ON THIS MISSION. NOTHING FOR IT... HAVE TO MAKE AN EXTERNAL EXAMINATION OF THE ENGINE BELL MOUTH...

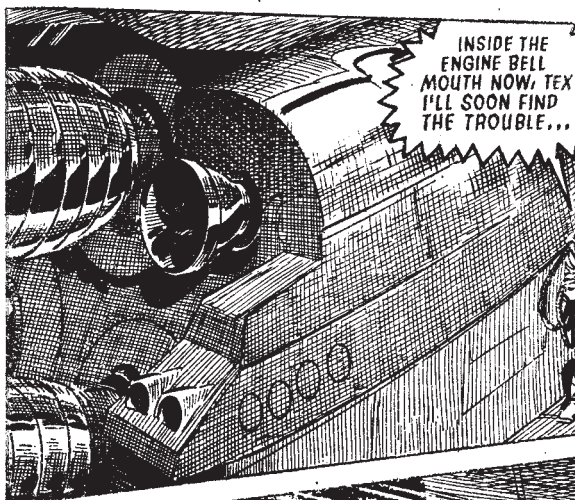
MISSION COMMANDER
TEX MCARTHUR...

OKAY, PROBE... YOU LIMEYS ARE SO KEEN TO GET INVOLVED WITH SPACE PROGRAMME. I'M GIVING YOU THE JOB OF IDENTIFYING THE FAULT...



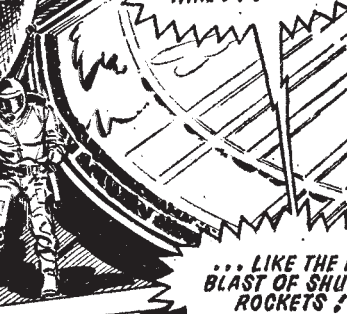
SOON SHUTTLE'S BAY DOORS OPENED AND MACH ONE EMERGED...

IT COULD HAVE BEEN TEX WHO TRIED TO KILL ME LAST NIGHT - AND THIS COULD BE ANOTHER TRY - LET'S GIVE HIM A LITTLE TEST!

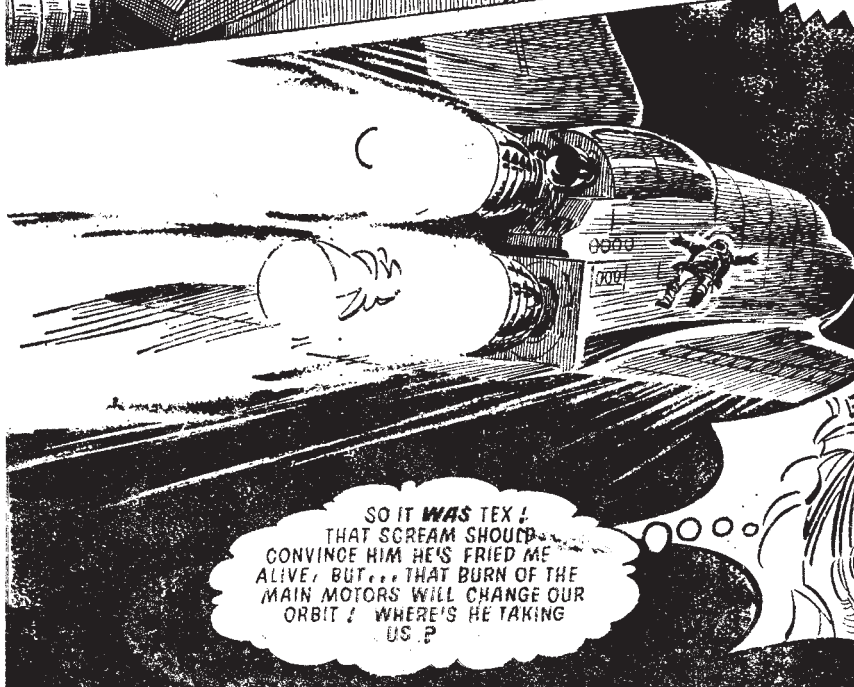


INSIDE THE ENGINE BELL MOUTH NOW, TEX. I'LL SOON FIND THE TROUBLE...

DON'T BOTHER, LIMEY... I'M GONNA GIVE YOU ALL THE TROUBLE YOU CAN TAKE...

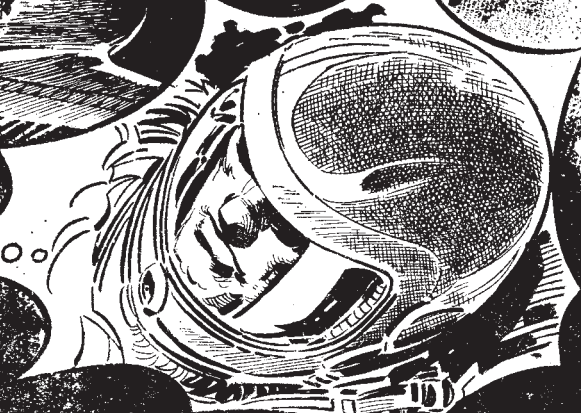


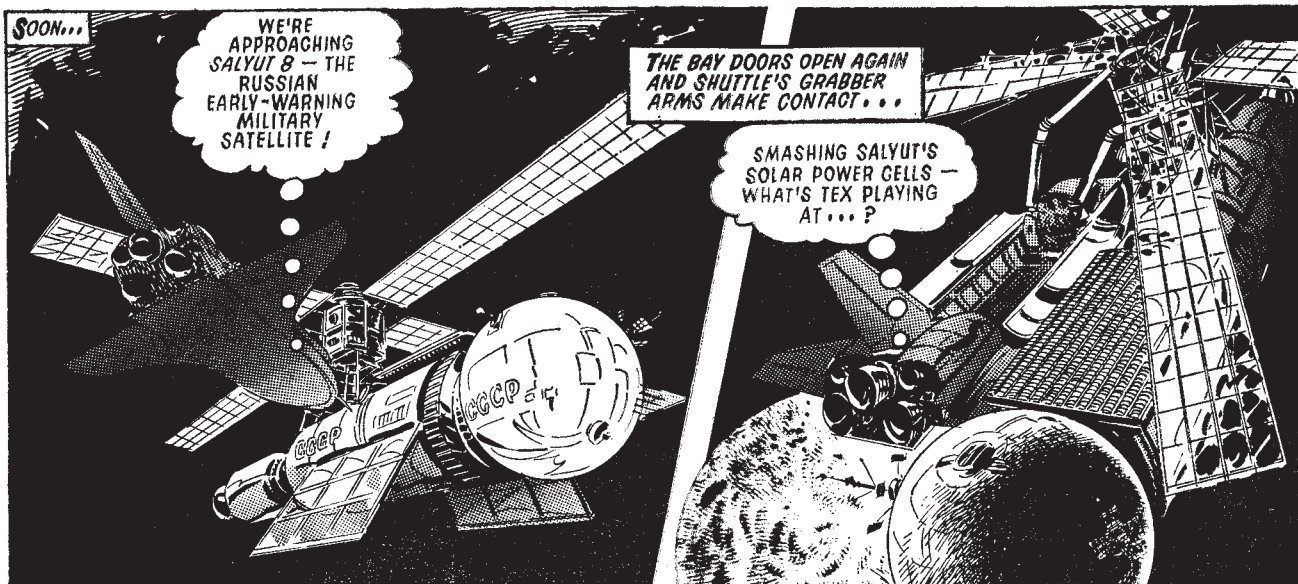
... LIKE THE FULL BLAST OF SHUTTLE'S ROCKETS!



NO! NO!
AAAAGH!

SO IT WAS TEX! THAT SCREAM SHOULD HAVE CONVINCED HIM HE'S FRIED ME ALIVE, BUT... THAT BURN OF THE MAIN MOTORS WILL CHANGE OUR ORBIT! WHERE'S HE TAKING US?





SOON...

WE'RE
APPROACHING
SALYUT 8 — THE
RUSSIAN
EARLY-WARNING
MILITARY
SATELLITE !

THE BAY DOORS OPEN AGAIN
AND SHUTTLE'S GRABBER
ARMS MAKE CONTACT...

SMASHING SALYUT'S
SOLAR POWER CELLS —
WHAT'S TEX PLAYING
AT... P



THE COMPUTER IN PROBE'S
HEAD FED DATA DIRECT TO
HIS BRAIN...

AFFIRMATIVE. GENERAL HAWK FEELS
NUCLEAR WAR BETWEEN RUSSIA AND U.S.A.
INEVITABLE. BELIEVES U.S.A. MUST STRIKE
QUICKLY BEFORE RUSSIAN ARMS BUILD UP
COMPLETE.

OKAY, BOYS!
LET'S HIT THOSE
RUSKIES !

AN I.C.B.M. ...
INTER-CONTINENTAL
BALLISTIC MISSILE !
THESE GUYS ARE TRYING
TO TRIGGER OFF
WORLD WAR THREE !
THEY'RE CRAZY !

WITH THIS STATION KNOCKED
OUT... GENERAL HAWK DOWN ON
THE GROUND CAN PUT PHASE TWO
OF THE PLAN INTO OPERATION...
WHEN HE SENDS AN I.C.B.M.,
STRAIGHT AT THE HEART OF
RUSSIA !

SO A CRACKPOT GENERAL
RECKONS HE CAN PRESS THE
BUTTON AND SEND THE WORLD
UP IN SMOKE, HUH? GOTTA
STOP HIS MEN - !

AT THAT MOMENT, THE AMERICANS' LASER TORCHES CUT INTO THE RUSSIAN STATION, AND...

NIET!
NIET! AAAAAAGH!



TARGET'S SPACE SUIT NOW DECOMPRESSING INTO VACUUM. TOTAL LOSS OF OXYGEN.

FIRST TARGET'S HELMET CRACKED BY HYPER-PUNCH

WE DONE IT, BOYS!
JEST DANDY...WAIT!
THAT LOUSY LIMEY!
HE'S STILL ALIVE!
KILL HIM!



EAT
VACUUM!



NO!



CONCLUSION -
DEATH.

SO HE WON'T BE NEEDING
THIS LASER TORCH. AND
I CAN PUT IT TO GOOD
USE!

FURTHER TWO
TARGETS CUT
DOWN BY
LASER
BEAMS.





YOU
STINKIN' LIMEY!
I SHOULD'A
MADE SURE
OF YOU!

THE MOMENTUM FROM
TEX'S POWERED SUIT
SENT THEM BACK INTO
SHUTTLE'S HOLD...

DON'T UNDERSTAND IT...
THIS TEX GUY'S ALMOST
MATCHING ME FOR STRENGTH.
I SHOULD BE ABLE TO CRUSH
HIM WITH MY
HYPER-POWER,
BUT...

SURPRISED YOU —
EH, PROBE? YEAH...
THERE'S **SOMETHING**
SPECIAL ABOUT ME,
TOO! ONLY YOU'LL **NEVER**
GET TO FIND OUT WHAT —
'COS YOU'RE GONNA
TASTE VACUUM!

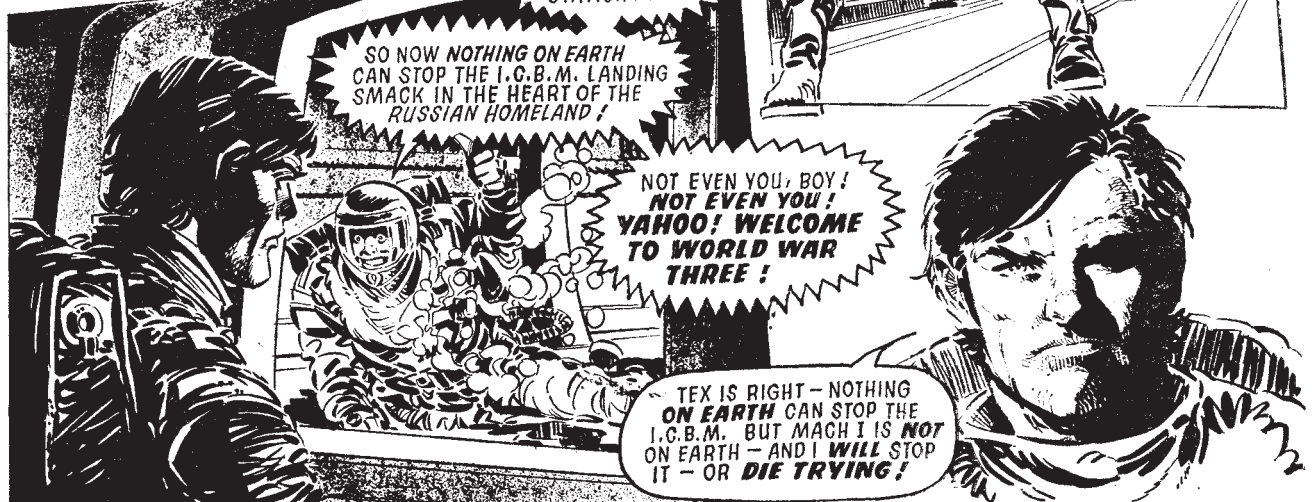
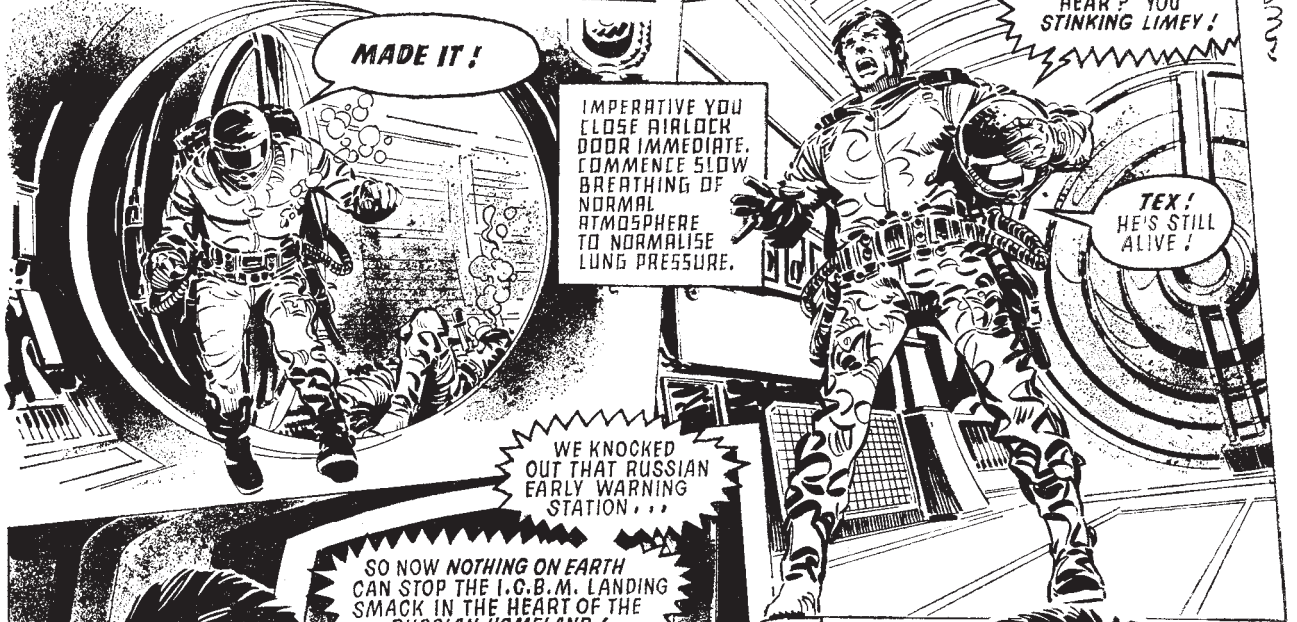
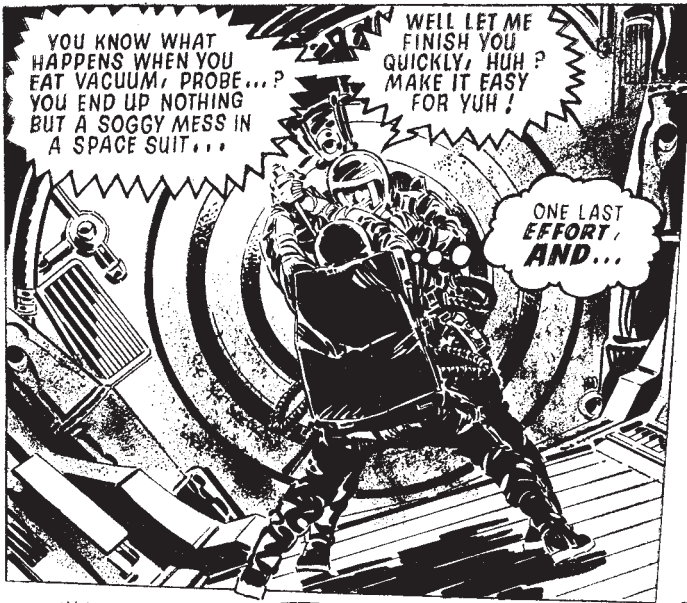
HECK! HE'S CUT MY
SUIT!

LOSS OF OXYGEN PRESSURE
20 ATMOSPHERES —
INCREASING —

RESULTING IN LOSS OF
HYPER-POWER.
DANGER... DANGER...

YOU WANT
THROUGH THAT
AIR-LOCK, EH, PROBE?
BUT YOU GOTTA TAKE
ME FIRST... AIN'T
YOU?

COME ON...
THE ALL-AMERICAN
BOY'S WAITING
FOR YOU!



PART THREE NEXT PROG - DON'T MISS THE HYPER-POWERED CLIMAX OF *PLANET-KILLERS* !

MARCH 1

...THE PLANET KILLERS #3

COUNTDOWN
COMMENCING...
T MINUS 50...
T MINUS 49...

VANDERBERG AIR BASE, CALIFORNIA.
THE COUNTDOWN FOR THE I.C.B.M. —
ABOUT TO BE BLASTED AT RUSSIA BY
A CRAZED U.S. GENERAL — IS
BEGINNING. THE ATMOSPHERE — VERY
TENSE... FOR — IT IS **DEATH HOUR**
ON **DEATH DAY** FOR...

WHEN THAT BABY GOES
UP... IT'LL TRIGGER OFF
WORLD WAR THREE... THE
RUSKIES WILL BE SMASHED
BEFORE THEY KNOW WHAT'S
HIT 'EM! AND THEY **WON'T**
EVER KNOW WHAT'S HIT 'EM —
'COS MA BOY TEX HAS DESTROYED
THEIR EARLY-WARNING SATELLITE
FROM OUR SHUTTLE!

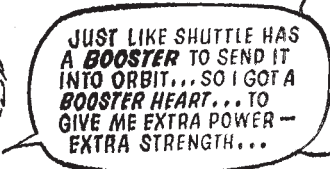
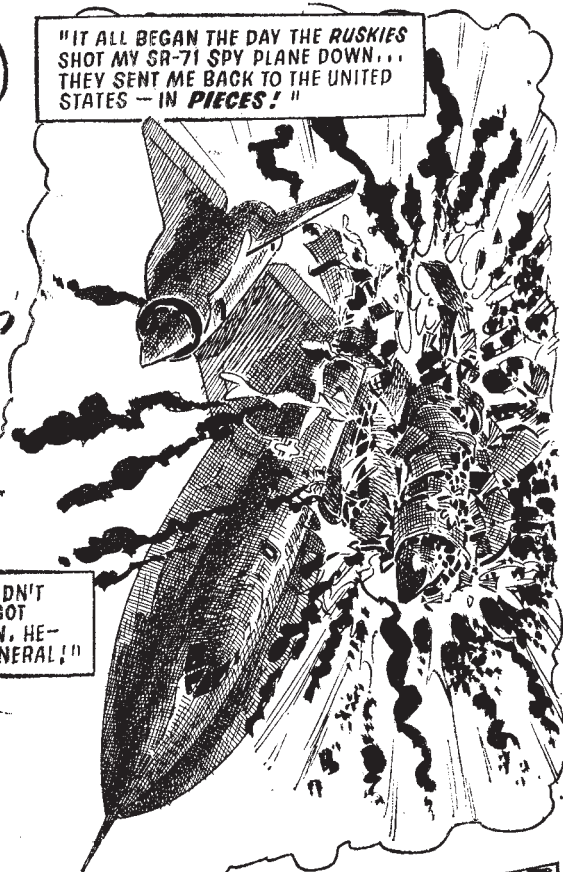
ABOVE THE EARTH, IN SHUTTLE... JOHN PROBE, CODE-NAME MACH
ONE — THE ONLY MAN OF THE CREW NOT PART OF THE PLOT, AND
NOW, THE ONLY MAN NOT DEAD OR DYING...

AIN'T NOTHIN' YOU CAN DO, BOY...
THAT I.C.B.M.'S GONNA **SMASH**
THE **RUSKIES**... AND YOU'RE
600 MILES AWAY FROM DOING
ANYTHING ABOUT IT!

PROBE CLIMBED INTO
THE COMMAND AREA
OF SHUTTLE...

ALL FREQUENCIES LINKED TO
VANDERBERG AIR BASE... NO WAY
THAT I CAN WARN THE U.S.
AUTHORITIES ONE OF THEIR
GENERALS IS ABOUT TO **KILL**
THE **WHOLE PLANET**!

2000
THRILL 5



SIDE-WAYS MOVEMENT IN RE-ENTRY
PATTERN RESULTING IN CRITICAL
TEMPERATURE INCREASE...1500°C
...1500°C...1700°C...INCREASING
... CERAMIC TILE SKIN APPROACHING
FAILURE POINT. SHUTTLE IN DANGER
OF BURNING UP. REPEAT --

YOU'RE *SICK*, TEX...
SICK IN YOUR *HEAD*...
FOR WANTING TO START A
WAR THAT WILL DESTROY
ALL LIFE ON THIS--
PLANET!

BUT I GOTTA STOP
THE WAR THAT WILL
OPEN A *DOORWAY*
TO HELL... AND
THAT *MEANS*,
TEX...

HUUH...
HUUUH!

AT THAT MOMENT...THE
I.C.B.M. LIFTS OFF...
DESTINATION--RUSSIA!

IGNITION...
BLAST OFF!

...YOU GOTTA *DIE*!
AND THIS TIME I'LL MAKE
SURE... MAKE SURE THAT
SECOND HEART STOPS
BEATING...

HUUH...
HUUUH...
AAAGH!





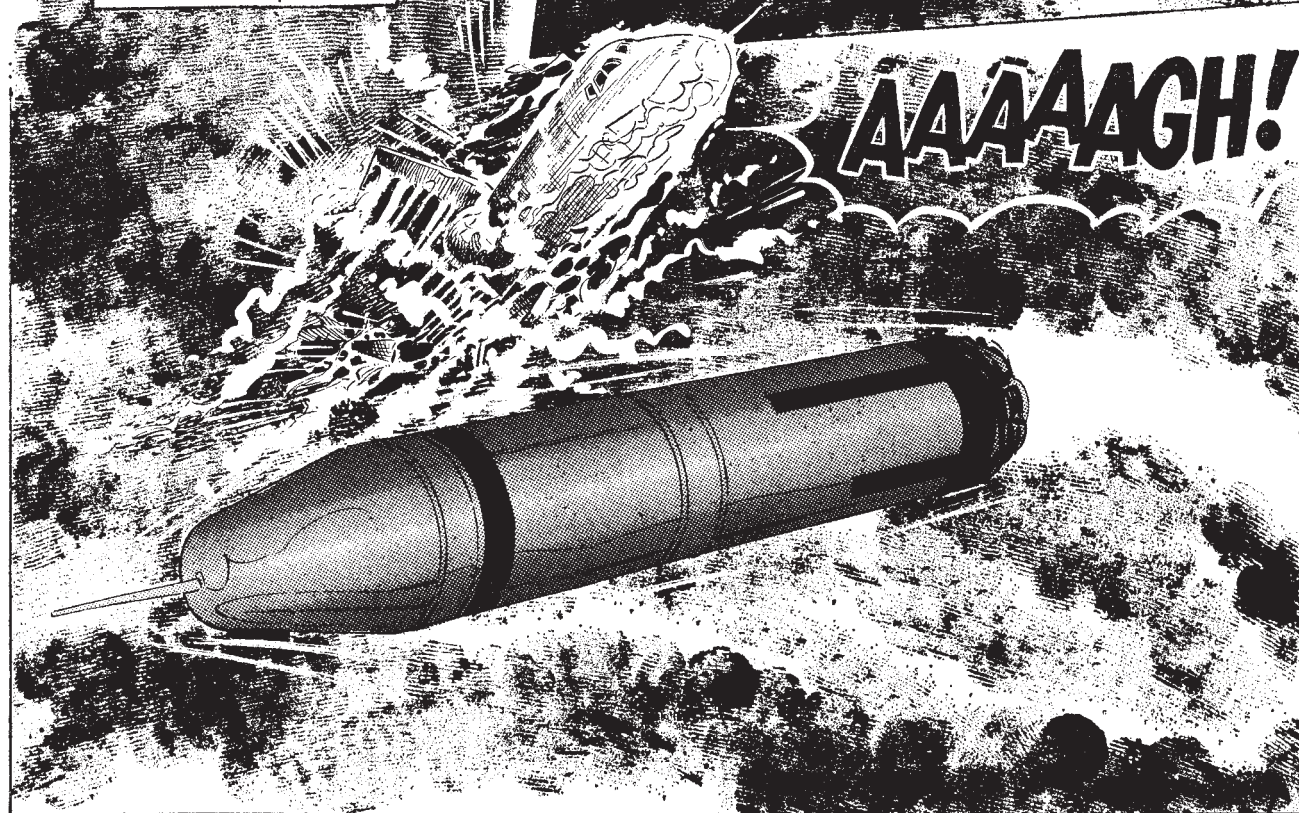
HEIGHT 100,000 FEET DECREASING...
APPROACHING VANDERBERG BASE
ON COURSE 306° MAGNETIC...
AIRSPEED - 800 MPH - DECREASING.

ICBM RISING - 700 MPH... COLLISION
5.5 SECONDS AT 1500 MPH...
CONCLUSION - MACH ONE DEATH -
IMMINENT. AM NOW SHUTTING
DOWN TRANSMISSION.

THE HELL YOU WILL, COMPUTER!
FEED ME - FEED ME DATA... YOU
CRUMMY BUNCH OF TRANSISTORS!
THAT IS AN ORDER!

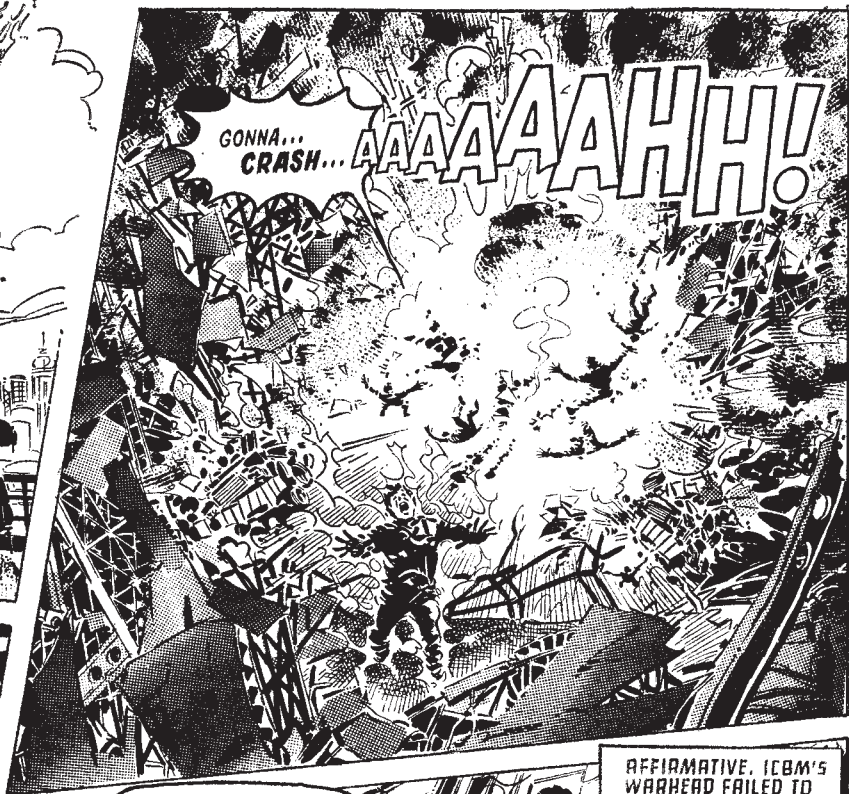
TEN DEGREES BANK RIGHT.
CRASH - NOW - NOW - NOW

AAAAAGH!





THE ICBM'S...
FALLING...
BACK...



GONNA...
CRASH... **AAAAAAHHH!**



AT THAT MOMENT, SHUTTLE
HIT THE SEA, PLUNGING
BENEATH THE WAVES, THE
COLD WATER COOLING
HER WHITE-HOT HULL...

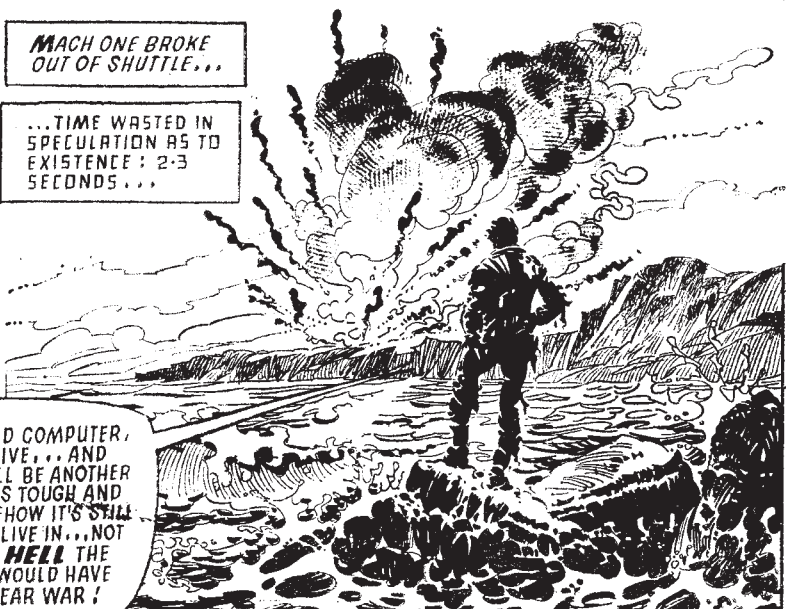


I CAN'T BELIEVE IT...
AM I...? AM I...
STILL - STILL ALIVE?

AFFIRMATIVE, ICBM'S
WARHEAD FAILED TO
EXPLODE - BUT FUEL
EXPLOSION CAUSED
SEVERE DAMAGE.
EMERGENCY EXIT
REQUIRED
IMMEDIATE.
10% HYPER-
POWER
NECESSARY...

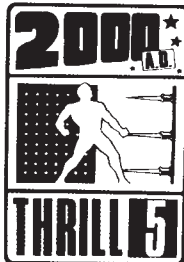
MACH ONE BROKE
OUT OF SHUTTLE...

...TIME WASTED IN
SPECULATION AS TO
EXISTENCE: 2.3
SECONDS...



STILL THE SAME OLD COMPUTER,
EH? YEAH, I'M ALIVE... AND
TOMORROW THERE'LL BE ANOTHER
MISSION... JUST AS TOUGH AND
DIRTY... BUT SOMEHOW IT'S STILL
A GOOD WORLD TO LIVE IN... NOT
LIKE THE **BLACK HELL** THE
PLANET KILLERS WOULD HAVE
CREATED IN A NUCLEAR WAR!

STAND BY FOR ANOTHER FEATURE-LENGTH SAGA IN M.A.C.H. 1 - NEXT PROG!



MARCH 1

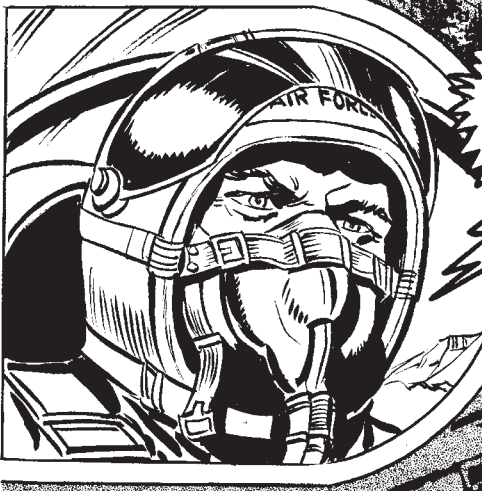


THE TIME — THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW.

THE PLACE — THE WILD PINE FORESTS OF THE AMERICAN / CANADIAN BORDER.

THE MISSION —

CLOSE ENCOUNTER OF THE THIRD KIND



THE UFO'S MOVING SO FAST, WE LOST VISUAL, DARN IT! LAST SEEN HEADING EARTHWARDS — BEARING ZERO FIVE ZERO !

THARG NOTE: Official Air Force Jargon For UFO'S

- CLOSE ENCOUNTER OF THE FIRST KIND — Spotting a strange object in the sky
- CLOSE ENCOUNTER OF THE SECOND KIND — Identifying object as an alien craft
- CLOSE ENCOUNTER OF THE THIRD KIND — Contact with an alien being

ON THE GROUND...



A
F-FL-FLYING
S-S-SAUCEER !

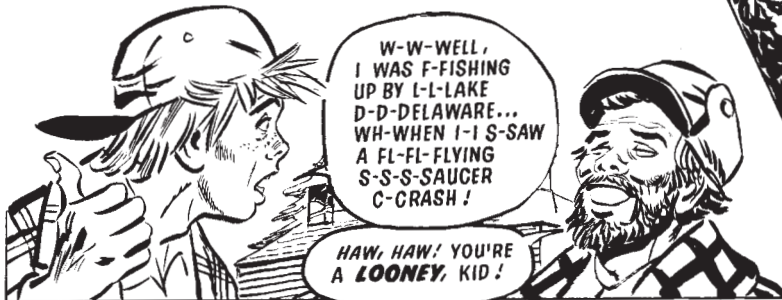
THE STARTLED BOY RAN BACK TO
HIS HOME — PINE CITY...



IT'S "SIMPLE SIMON",
DUTCH ABE'S KID !
WHAT'S UP, BOY ?

Y-Y-YOU'D L-L-LAUGH
I-IF I T-TOLD YOU !

NAH ! WE
WOULDN'T.
TELL US.



W-W-WELL,
I WAS F-FISHING
UP BY L-L-LAKE
D-D-DELAWARE...
WH-WHEN I-I S-SAW
A FL-FL-FLYING
S-S-SAUCEER
C-CRASH !

HAW, HAW ! YOU'RE
A LOONEY, KID !



SIMPLE SIMON WENT A-FISHIN',
DOWN BESIDE THE WATER,
WHEN WE ASKED HIM
WHAT HE CAUGHT,
HE SAID A FLYIN'
SAUCEER !

OW !

IT'S THAT NO-GOOD KID
OF MINE, FRIGHTENIN'
DECENT FOLK WITH WICKED
STORIES. HE'S GOTTA BE
TAUGHT A LESSON !

SIMON'S FATHER —
DUTCH ABE,
LUMBERJACK
BOSS...



GET
INSIDE, BOY. YOUR
PAPPY GONNA WHIP THEM
EVIL LIES OUT OF
YOU !

B-B-BUT IT'S
TR-TRUE, PA.
N-NOT THE B-BELT
AGAIN !

YOU'RE
H-HURTING ME,
PA !

GOTTA KNOCK
THAT FLYIN'
SAUCEER
NONSENSE OUT
O' YER !





SORRY, DUTCH.
DID I **HURT**
YOU ?

YOU MUST HAVE
A **METAL**
BELLY !



LATER... AFTER WORK...

AIN'T NEVER SEEN A MAN
WORK HARDER THAN YOU,
PROBE. YOU'RE OKAY.

WELL, THANKS. I LIKE
IT HERE. I BET YOU SEE
SOME STRANGE SIGHTS
IN THESE PARTS ?



V-VERY ST-STRANGE.
I'VE S-S-SEEN
V-VERY
S-S-S-S...

YOU AIN'T SEEN
NOTHING. YOU HEAR ?
WHAT AIN'T YOU
SEEN ?

WHAT DID YOU
SEE ? TAKE YOUR
TIME, SIMON.



I AIN'T
S-SEEN
N-N-NOTHIN'...
I-I AIN'T S-SEEN
N-N-NOTHIN'...



YOU KEEP
OUT OF THIS,
LIMEY !

THE BOY
NEEDS **FIRM**
HANDLING. HE
AIN'T ALL THERE
IN THE **BRAIN**,
SEE ? NEEDS A
GOOD BELTING
TO TEACH HIM HOW
TO THINK RIGHT !

NEXT DAY...



I'M SURE THE KID
KNOWS SOMETHING. BUT
HE KEEPS AVOIDING ME
NOW. HE'S SO **SCARED**
OF DUTCH ABE.



FALLING TREE !
THE KID HASN'T SEEN IT !
HE'LL BE **CRUSHED**
TO A **PULP** !

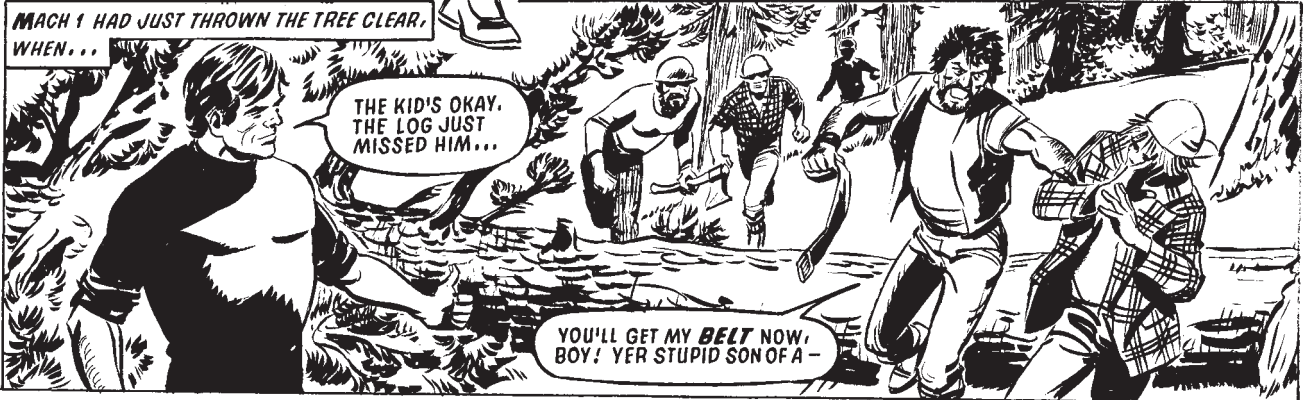
TIMBER !



NEGATIVE. DO NOT REVEAL HYPER-POWER STRENGTH TO LOCAL INHABITANTS. BOY'S LIFE OR DEATH IRRELEVANT TO MISSION...



MACH 1 HAD JUST THROWN THE TREE CLEAR, WHEN...





J-J-JUST
OVER HERE.



YOU'RE RIGHT...
A CLOSE ENCOUNTER
OF THE SECOND
KIND !

I'M GL-GLAD
I H-HELPED,
MR PR-PROBE.



H'MM... NO DOORS
OR WINDOWS. NO
RECOGNISABLE FORM OF
PROPULSION. WHAT DO
YOU MAKE OF IT,
COMPUTER ?

DOES NOT COMPUTE.
NO DATA AVAILABLE.
DOES NOT COMPUTE.



A FAT LOT OF GOOD
YOU ARE. I'M GONNA
TAKE A LOOK INSIDE. ONE
HYPER-KICK, AND...

NEGATIVE. YOUR
MISSION TO LOCATE
UFO. NOT TO
ENTER. REPEAT -



I KNEW THERE WAS
SOMETHIN' STRANGE ABOUT
YOU, PROBE. THAT'S WHY ME
AND THE BOYS FOLLOWED
YOU HERE.

LOOK, DUTCH ! YER
BOY WAS RIGHT... A
FLYIN' SAUCER AS I
LIVE AND BREATHE...



IT'S EVIL ! THE
WORK OF THE
DEVIL ! IT DIDN'T
COME FROM THIS
WORLD - AND IT
AIN'T GONNA STAY
HERE. GOT TO
DESTROY IT !

OVER
MY DEAD
BODY !

THAT'S
OKAY BY ME,
PROBE !

**PART TWO OF THIS HYPER-POWERED SAGA —
NEXT PROG... MISS IT AT YOUR PERIL !**

Official Air Force U.F.O jargon

CLOSE ENCOUNTER OF THE FIRST KIND
CLOSE ENCOUNTER OF THE SECOND KIND
CLOSE ENCOUNTER OF THE THIRD KIND

— Spotting a strange object in the sky
— Identifying object as an alien craft
— Contact with an alien being

M.A.C.H. 1



IN THE BACKWOODS OF MACON COUNTY, A U.F.O HAS CRASHED. SECRET AGENT JOHN PROBE (CODE-NAME MACH 1) LOCATES IT... BUT RUNS INTO TROUBLE WITH THE LOCALS... ESPECIALLY WITH 'DUTCH' ABE...

BACK OFF, ALL OF YOU, THE DISCOVERY OF THIS U.F.O IS OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE!

OUTTA THE WAY, PROBE! THAT THING IS THE WORK OF THE DEVIL! IT'S GOT TO BE DESTROYED!

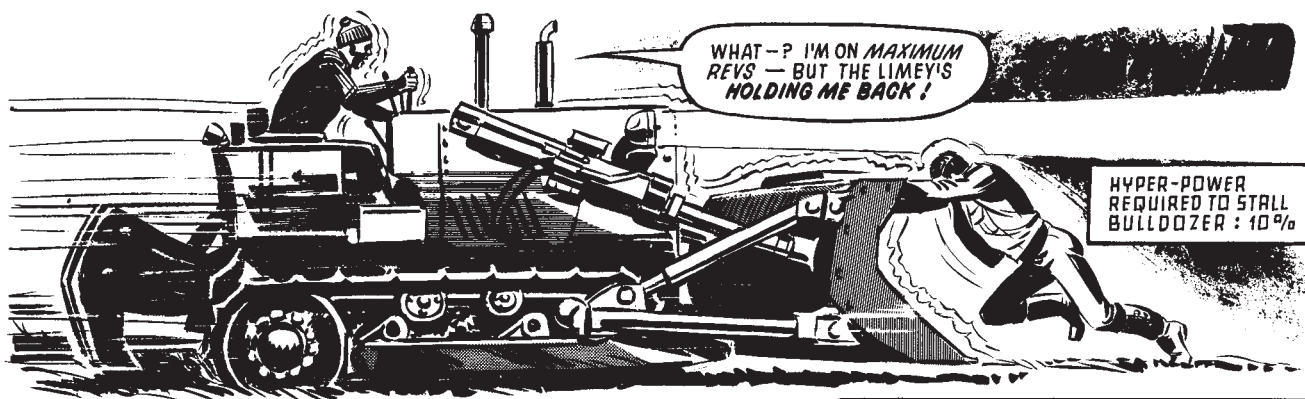
THAT DON'T WORRY ME NONE! HEAVE ONE END OF THE U.F.O UP, BILLY JOE. WE'LL STICK THE DYNAMITE UNDERNEATH!

WE GOT OUR OWN LAWS HERE IN MACON COUNTY, MISTER! BILLY JOE! GET YER 'DOZER UP HERE!

BUT YOU COULD DESTROY INTELLIGENT BEINGS — HUNDREDS, MAYBE MILLIONS OF YEARS IN ADVANCE OF US!

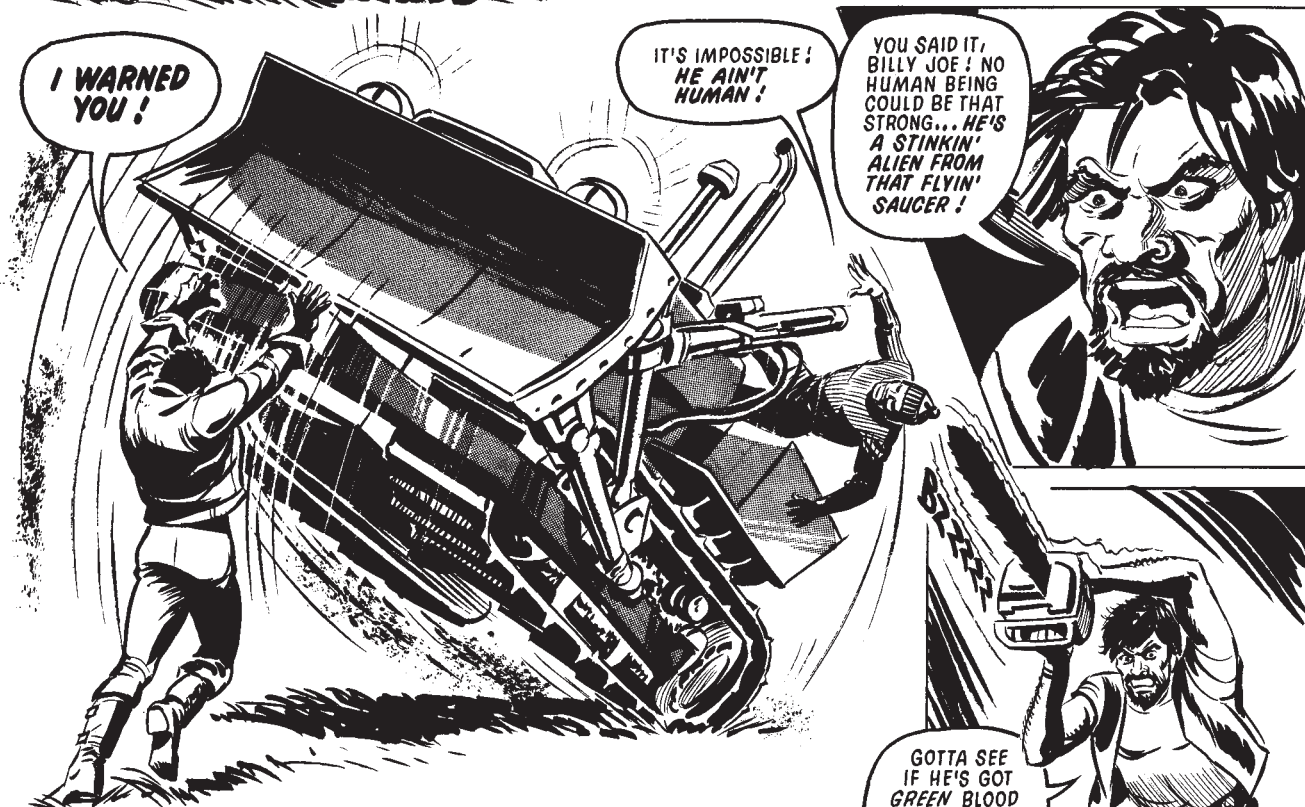
OUT THE WAY, PROBE — OR I'LL RUN YER DOWN!





WHAT—? I'M ON MAXIMUM
REVS — BUT THE LIMEY'S
HOLDING ME BACK!

HYPER-POWER
REQUIRED TO STALL
BULLDOZER : 10%



I WARNED
YOU!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
HE AIN'T
HUMAN!

YOU SAID IT,
BILLY JOE! NO
HUMAN BEING
COULD BE THAT
STRONG... HE'S
A STINKIN'
ALIEN FROM
THAT FLYIN'
SAUCER!



DUTCH'S SON...
SIMPLE SIMON...
RAN FORWARD...

N-NO, PAPPY!
J-JOHNNY'S MY-MY
FR-FRIEND!

OUTTA MY WAY
BOY!

RIGHT NOW I
GOTTA CUT
YER FRIEND
OPEN...

GOTTA SEE
IF HE'S GOT
GREEN BLOOD
IN HIS VEINS—
OR MAYBE
SOMETHING
WORSE!





I... **EASED UP** ON YOU, DUTCH... 'COS YOU'RE SIMPLE COUNTRY FOLK...

BUT IF YOU WANT **ROUGH STUFF...** MACHMAN CAN DISH IT OUT!

NO!



SHOOT THAT STINKIN' ALIEN - **UNNF!**

I AIN'T NO ALIEN, PAL - I MIGHT HAVE THE STRENGTH OF FIFTY MEN -



BUT THAT STRENGTH'S 100% HUMAN - **FEEL IT!**



'DUTCH' ABE SCREAMED...

AAAAH! CHAINSAW'S GOT ME! BUT WE GOTTA GET THAT ALIEN... HIT THE PLUNGER, JAKE...



...STOP IT GETTIN' AWAY!



DYNAMITE
AIN'T HAD NO
EFFECT!

IT-IT'S GLOWING -
LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!

BUT, AS THE MEN RAN
FOR THE WOODS...

AAAGH!

ONLY PROBE AND SIMON
SURVIVED THE DEADLY
RAY WEAPONS...

L-L-LOOK, JOHNNY.
A D-DOOR. IT
W-WAS-WASN'T
THERE BEFORE!

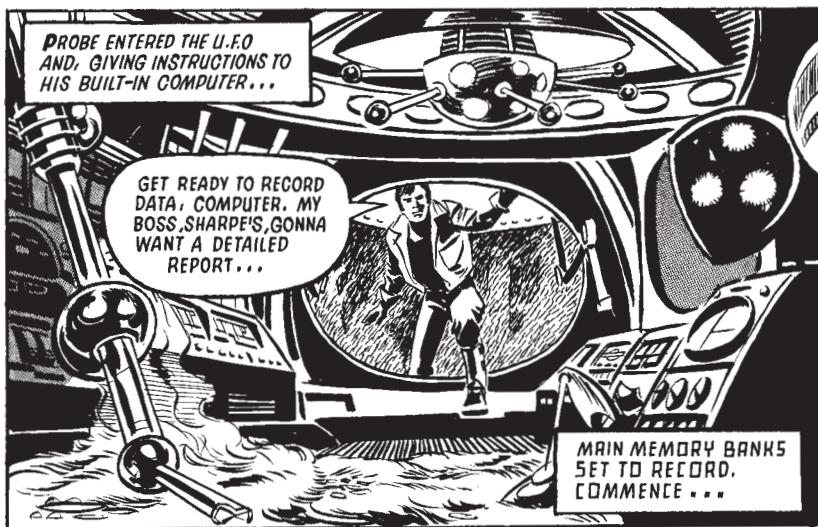
THE EXPLOSION MUST
HAVE ACTIVATED
SOMETHING! GOTTA
MOVE - FAST...

C-C-CAN'T
I COME
WITH YOU?

NO, SIMON.
HERE'S SOME
MONEY AND AN
ADDRESS IN
WASHINGTON, GO
THERE RIGHT AWAY.
...TELL 'EM WHAT'S
HAPPENED...

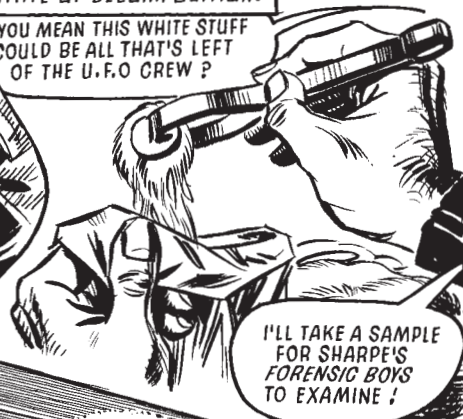
ONE LAST
THING, SIMON.
I'M SORRY
ABOUT YOUR
DAD.

I'M GL-GL-GLAD.
HE D-D-DESERVED
TO DIE. HE WAS
A B-BAD MAN!
REAL B-BAD!



CARBON BASED MATERIAL, ORGANIC, IN ADVANCED STATE OF DECOMPOSITION.

YOU MEAN THIS WHITE STUFF COULD BE ALL THAT'S LEFT OF THE U.F.O. CREW?



NEXT WEEK - REVENGE OF THE U.F.O s!

2000
A.D.
THRILL 5

MACH 1

IN THE BACKWOODS OF MACON COUNTY, NORTH AMERICA, A U.F.O. HAS CRASHED. SECRET AGENT JOHN PROBE (CODE-NAME MACH 1) HAS INVESTIGATED THE STRANGE MACHINE...

I'VE GOT VITAL DATA ON THE U.F.O. DETAILS OF HOW IT WORKS AND SAMPLES OF THE REMAINS OF THE DEAD CREW.

THE UFO'S BEEN ATTACKED BY FIGHTER PLANES, AND DYNAMITED BY THE LOCALS.

NOW TO REPORT TO SHARPE.

I GUESS WHOEVER OR WHATEVER'S BEHIND THE UFO'S - WON'T BE TOO HAPPY ABOUT IT...

Official Air Force Jargon For UFO'S

CLOSE ENCOUNTER OF THE FIRST KIND

Spotting a strange object in the sky

CLOSE ENCOUNTER OF THE SECOND KIND

Identifying object as an alien craft

CLOSE ENCOUNTER OF THE THIRD KIND

Contact with an alien being

SOON AFTER MACH 1 HAD GONE, STRANGE CRAFT FILLED THE SKY...



MINUTES LATER, LINCOLN AND WASHINGTON RAN TO GREET THEIR MASTER...



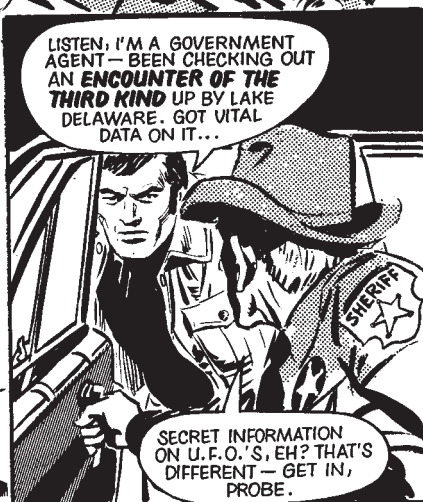


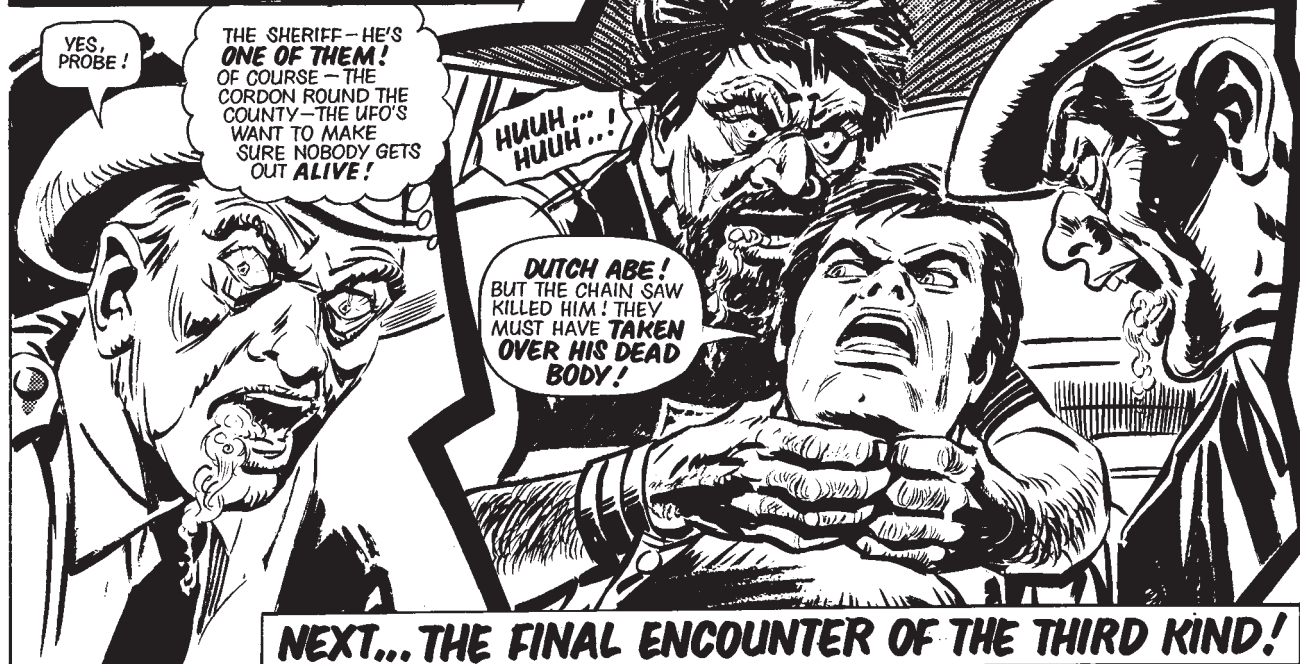
LATER, AS PROBE APPROACHED THE COUNTY LINE...



BUT I'VE GOT TO GET THE NEXT TRAIN TO WASHINGTON. I'M ON URGENT GOVERNMENT BUSINESS!







MARCH 1

PINE CITY, MACON COUNTY,
SEALED OFF BY THE SHERIFF—
AS THE UFO'S ATTACK IN...
FINAL ENCOUNTER OF
THE THIRD KIND!

WE WISH YOU NO **HARM!**
LET US HAVE NO MORE OF THIS
KILLING. I EXTEND MY **HANDS**
IN **FRIENDSHIP!**

THE U.F.O.'S ARE
ATTACKING PINE
CITY! RUN FOR
YOUR LIVES —

AIEEE!

AHH!

2000



THRILLER





BOTH MEN WERE THROWN OUT— INTO THE SWATHES OF FIRE CUT BY THE U.F.O.'S...

YOU THOUGHT I WAS AN ALIEN, DUTCH— BUT NOW YOU ARE, YOU POOR DEVIL...

I GOTTA... PUT YOU OUT OF YOUR TORMENT!

AND... YOU CAN ONLY DIE TWICE!

HE... HE'S CRUMBLING TO DUST... I'VE KILLED THE ALIEN INSIDE HIM!

ALERT! ALERT! U.F.O. FIRE BEAM FIRING FROM 100 METRES. 45 MAGNUM FIRING FROM 2 METRES— TAKE EVASIVE ACTION— IMMEDIATELY.

EERRRGLE!

MACH MEN DON'T RUN! I'M GONNA SETTLE THIS ONCE AND FOR ALL!

COOL DRINKS ON SALE HERE

Come in!

SHERIFF



THE COMPUTER IN PROBE'S
HEAD PRINTED OUT
TERRIFYING DATA...

ESTIMATED VOLUME OF
WATER: 23,000,000,000
GALLONS — ESTIMATED
SPEED: 125 M.P.H.

MACH ONE TOP
SPEED: 120 M.P.H.
ESTIMATED SURVIVAL
CHANCES: NIL

MACH ONE TOP SPEED: 120.5 M.P.H.
120.6 M.P.H. PERSPIRATION LOSS:
1.1 FLUID OUNCES...1.2 FLUID OUNCES...

SO IT CAN
OVERTAKE ME,
BUT I GOT TO TRY,
COMPUTER!

CAN'T GET...NO...
MORE SPEED...OUT OF
MY BODY! BUT WHAT I
GOT ON THOSE U.F.O.'S IS
VITAL TO THE WORLD!

HEY... I'M
BEING PUSHED
FORWARD...
SOMETHING'S
HELPING
ME!

AFFIRMATIVE. FLOOD
IS THRUSTING AIR IN
FRONT OF IT: 125.5 M.P.H.

SOME
HOURS LATER, AFTER THE
FLOOD HAD BROKEN
BEYOND MACON COUNTY...

THE ONLY SURVIVOR
OF THE FLOOD. HE
MUST HAVE BEEN
THROUGH HELL!

THE FLOOD **CAN'T**
BEAT ME. THE AIR IS
SHOVING ME FORWARD...
IT'S THE EXTRA BOOST
I NEEDED!

I'M GONNA **BEAT** IT!
YOU HEAR, COMPUTER?
I'M GONNA WIN!

YEAH, BUT
LOOK AT HIM.
HE'S **TOUGH**!
YEAH, THAT'S
SOME GUY!

LATER, SHARPE - MACH ONE'S BOSS - FLEW TO MEET PROBE IN WASHINGTON...



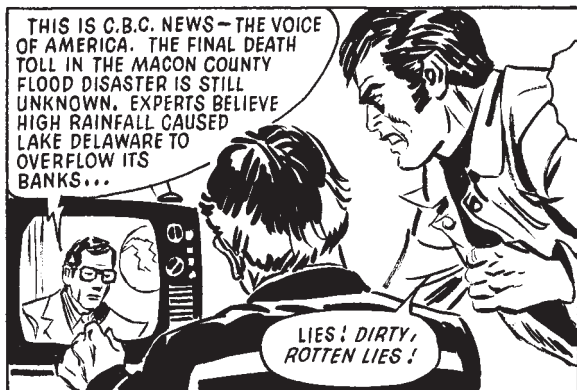
YOUR INFORMATION IS VERY USEFUL TO BOTH OUR GOVERNMENTS, MACH 1. THE REPORT ON THE U.F.O.'S POWER UNIT SUGGESTS THEY PROPEL THEMSELVES BY ANTI-GRAVITY.

I DON'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT ANTI-GRAVITY! I WANT TO KNOW HOW YOU EXPLAIN TO THE RELATIVES OF THE DEAD... WHY MACON COUNTY DROWNED!



MY DEAR FELLOW, WE CAN'T POSSIBLY TELL THEM *THE TRUTH* - LOOK...

THE U.F.O.'S DID IT! YOU CAN'T COVER IT UP!



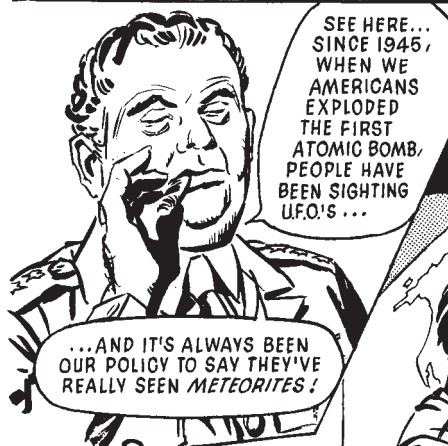
THIS IS C.B.C. NEWS - THE VOICE OF AMERICA. THE FINAL DEATH TOLL IN THE MACON COUNTY FLOOD DISASTER IS STILL UNKNOWN. EXPERTS BELIEVE HIGH RAINFALL CAUSED LAKE DELAWARE TO OVERFLOW ITS BANKS...

A SPOKESMAN TOLD US THAT THE STRANGE LIGHTS SEEN IN THE SKY WERE PROBABLY A FREAK EFFECT OF THE FLOOD.

LIES! DIRTY, ROTTEN LIES!



WE *MUST*, PROBE! IF THE TRUTH GOT OUT, THERE WOULD BE WORLD-WIDE PANIC!



SEE HERE... SINCE 1945, WHEN WE AMERICANS EXPLODED THE FIRST ATOMIC BOMB, PEOPLE HAVE BEEN SIGHTING U.F.O.'S...

O.K. SO TELL *ME* - WHERE ARE THE U.F.O.'S FROM - WHAT DO THEY *WANT*?

...AND IT'S ALWAYS BEEN OUR POLICY TO SAY THEY'VE REALLY SEEN *METEORITES*!



WE KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT U.F.O.'S, BUT IT'S HIGHLY CLASSIFIED. YOUR SECURITY RATING ISN'T HIGH ENOUGH, MACH 1, YOU'RE JUST THE MAN IN THE FIELD!

BUT YOU DID A *SWELL* JOB. BE SEEN' YOU, PROBE!

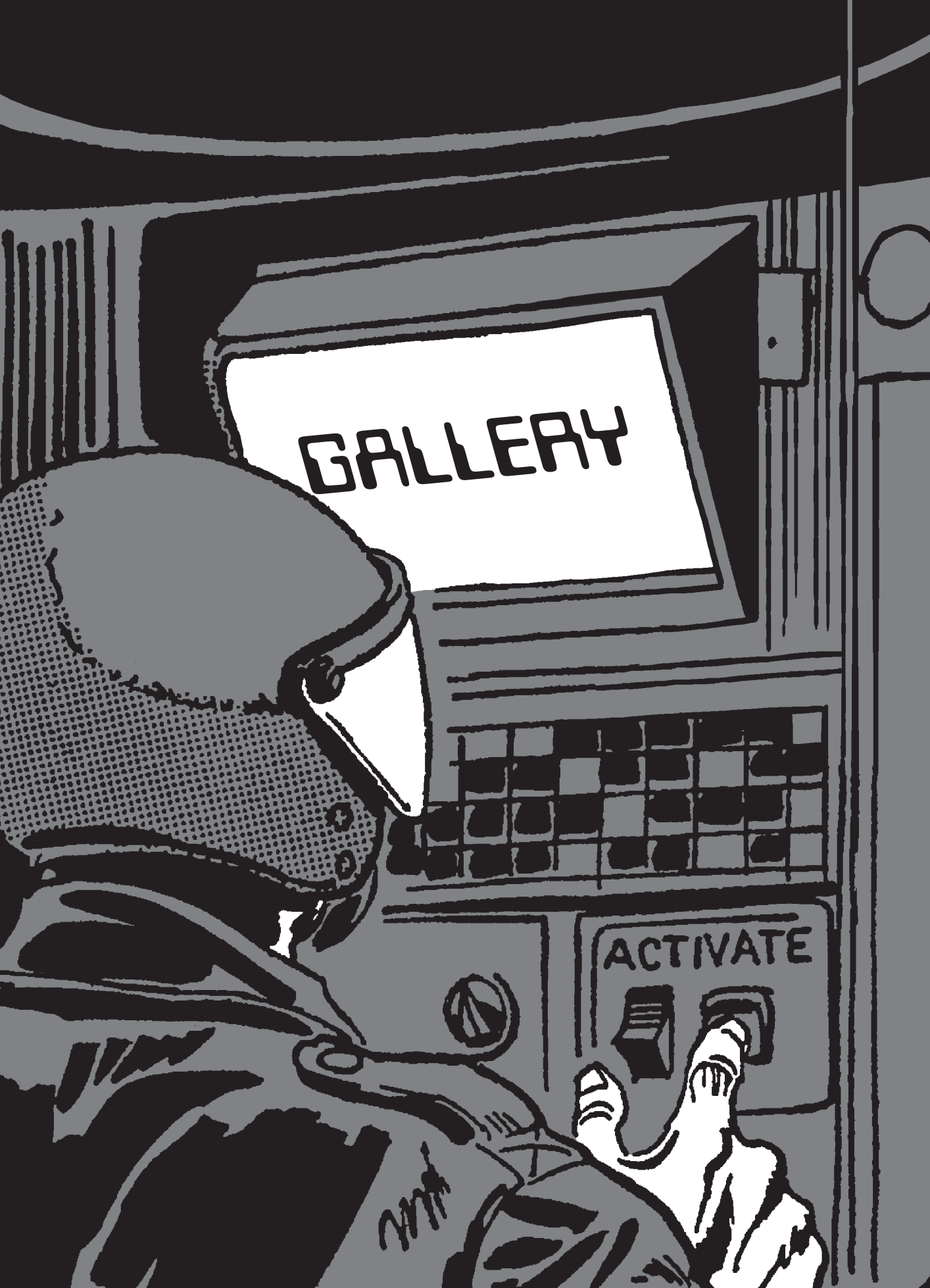
YEAH - I'M THE GUY WHO DOES ALL THE DIRTY WORK AND GETS A PAT ON THE BACK FOR IT - *BIG DEAL*! BUT MAYBE SHARPE'S RIGHT - HE LOOKED SO SCARED...

WELL, THERE'S ONE THING HE CAN BE SURE OF... THEY EXIST, AND...



...THEY *AIN'T* FRIENDLY!

STABILIZE
THRILL GENERATORS



GALLERY

ACTIVATE

DON'T LIVE IN THE PAST—READ...

2000

A.D.

Mercury 17g

South Africa 30c

New Zealand 30c

Malaysia \$1.00

Australia 30c

8p

EARTH
MONEY

PROGRAMME 6

DATELINE: 02 APR 77

IN ORBIT EVERY
SATURDAY



2000 A.D.

PROG 15
DATELINE: 4 JUNE 77
IN ORBIT EVERY
SATURDAY

South Africa 30c
New Zealand 30c
Malaysia \$1.00
Australia 30c
Mercury 17g
Venus 10g
Mars 15g
Asteroid Belt 20g

8p
EARTH
MONEY

AAAARGH! MY
HYPER-POWER IS USELESS!
WHAT ARE THESE BRUTES
TRYING TO DO WITH ME?

THEY ARE GOING
TO TEAR YOU APART,
PROBE! SOON YOU WILL BE...

**MACH ONE
PLUS ONE!**

★ TOP
THRILL



M.A.C.H.

2000 A.D.

PROG 16
DATELINE: 11 JUNE 77
IN ORBIT EVERY
SATURDAY

South Africa 30c
New Zealand 30c
Malaysia \$1.00
Australia 30c
Mercury 17g
Venus 10g
Mars 15g
Asteroid Belt 20g
Saturn 84g
Neptune 87g

8p
EARTH
MONEY

**FLIGHT Z-40... LOCATION
DEVIL'S TRIANGLE... AMBER ALERT!
WE ARE BEING ATTACKED
BY THE CAPITOL BUILDING!**



0 771741 281000



X 06 £2.99



**NOBODY DOES
IT BETTER! M.A.C.H.1**

John Burns

WANNA PLAY,
HUH, DOGGIES..?



WRITERS

PAT MILLS

Pat Mills' writing and editorial career started in Dundee, working for D.C. Thomson on the teenage romance magazine *Romeo*. Later Pat went freelance and started a long relationship with IPC Magazines, initially writing for girl's titles like *Tammy*, *Pink* and *Sandy*. He was an assistant editor on *Tammy*, the publication which began the comic revolution. Then, with Malcolm Shaw, he did some preliminary work devising *Jinty* before moving over to rejuvenate boy's comics. He created *Battle* (with John Wagner), *Action*, *Misty* and *2000 AD*.

Other notable works include *Marshal Law*, *Third World War in Crisis*, the title series for *Doctor Who Weekly* and *Requiem Vampire Knight*. He has also recently written several books including *Be Pure! Be Vigilant! Behave!*, a history of *2000 AD* and *Serial Killer* with artist Kevin O' Neill, a darkly comedic thriller.

ROBERT FLYNN

Robert Flynn's writing credits include *Judge Dredd*, *Tharg's Future Shocks* and *M.A.C.H. 1*.

NICK ALLEN

Nick Allen contributed scripts for both *Invasion!* and *M.A.C.H. 1*.

JOHN WAGNER

John Wagner has been scripting for *2000 AD* for more years than he cares to remember. His creations include *Judge Dredd*, *Strontium Dog*, *Ace Trucking*, *AI's Baby*, *Button Man* and *Mean Machine*. Outside of *2000 AD* his credits include *Star Wars*, *Lobo*, *The Punisher* and the critically acclaimed *A History of Violence*.

CHARLES HERRING

Charles Herring wrote the 'Antique Car Heist' strip for *Judge Dredd* and also penned an episode of *M.A.C.H. 1*.

STEVE MACMANUS

Steve MacManus was the editor of *2000 AD* during its 1980s heyday, shepherding it through its 'Golden Age' as he commissioned numerous hit series such as *The Ballad of Halo Jones*, *Sláine*, *Rogue Trooper*, *Nemesis the Warlock* and more. For many, he remains the definitive editor of the multi-award-winning SF anthology.

PETER HARRIS

As well as writing the first published Dredd story 'Judge Whitey', **Peter Harris** also worked on stories for *M.A.C.H. 1* and *Tharg's Future Shocks*.

ROY PRESTON

Roy Preston is a veteran writer of British comics. For *2000 AD* he wrote several strips including *M.A.C.H. 1*, *Dan Dare* and a number of *Tharg's Future Shocks* and *Time Twisters*. He also wrote *The Collector* and *The Amstor Computer* for the *Eagle* and several strips for popular UK girl's comics such as *Tammy* and *Jinty*.

ARTISTS

ENIO

Enio Legisamòn is an Argentinian artist who began his career back in 1958, where he started out working on the strip *Misterix* for the publisher Yago. By the 60's he found work with US publisher Charlton comics on such titles as *Fightin' Marines*. He is best known as the co-creator of *M.A.C.H.1*.

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* where his distinctive style graced many strips including *Dan Dare*, *Sláine*, *Meltdown Man* and *Ace Trucking Co.* Belardinelli has been much praised for his delicate brushwork and intricate representations of the fantastic.

Massimo Belardinelli died in March 2007.



IAN KENNEDY

Ian Kennedy provided the art for various *2000 AD* strips including *Invasion!*, *Judge Dredd*, *Tharg's Future Shocks* and *M.A.C.H. 1*.

JOHN COOPER

Johnny Red penciller **John Cooper** was already a fan-favourite at *Battle* comic before he made the move to *Starlord*, where he illustrated *Time Quake*. Later he came to *2000 AD*, after it was merged with *Starlord*, where he illustrated several *Future Shocks* as well as *Judge Dredd* and *M.A.C.H. 1*. Throughout the eighties and nineties he worked on various titles for Marvel UK, *Eagle*, *Warlord* and *Roy of the Rovers*, returning to *2000 AD* in 2008 to draw *Armitage*. He passed away in 2015.

JESUS REDONDO

Jesus Redondo worked on several strips for *2000 AD* including *Tharg's Future Shocks*, *Nemesis the Warlock*, *M.A.C.H. 1* and *Return to Armageddon*. In the 1990's he worked on *Motormouth* and *Killpower* for Marvel UK, and *Star Trek* and *Kitty Pryde* for Marvel US.

LÓPEZ

Spanish artist **César López Vera** began his career illustrating for Toray collections, working on titles like *Jim Huracán* and *Hazañas del Oeste*. His style perfectly suited the horror genre, as proved when Lopez began working for the US-based Skywald Publications on magazines including *Psycho*, *Nightmare* and *Scream*. His *2000 AD* work includes *Death Planet* and several Supercovers.

PIERRE FRISANO

Pierre Frisano was a prolific artist in the world of French comics. At age 14, he made his professional comics debut for the publisher Sagédition. Then moved on to the popular detective title *Jim Cartouche*. After working on a comic book adaption of the television series *Daktari* in the early seventies, Frisano formed a longtime partnership with writer Raymond Maric and they went on to work on several children's titles including the famous *Spirou* magazine.

CARLOS FREIXAS

Carlos Freixas Baleito was the son of another famous comic illustrator Emilio Freixas Aranguren, who guided his son into the profession. They collaborated on the magazine, Readings, illustrating the strips *Binet Valmer*, and *The Death of my Double*. In 1944 the duo created their own comic publication called *Mosquito* in which Carlos' most popular character Pistol Jim first appeared, featuring in a strip called *The Mysterious Captain, Pepe Carter*. After Working for the Argentinian publisher Mill for several years, he returned to Spain where many artists were getting regular work from IPC in Britain. Carlos was regularly commissioned to illustrate strips in British girl's comics including, *June*, *Misty* and *Tammy*. He was also prolific for DC Thomson, on such titles as *Bunty*, *Mandy*, *Tracy*, *Nikki* and *Spellbound*.

EUGENIO ZOPPI

Eugenio Juan Zoppi was a prolific Argentinian artist, working for various publishers throughout his career including Fleetway and DC Thomson. He also provided work for the strip *Misterix*.

LUIS COLLADO

Luis Collado worked on *Invasion!* and *M.A.C.H. 1* for *2000 AD*.

CARLOS PINO

Carlos Pino is a well-regarded Spanish artist who worked mainly on war titles. For *2000 AD* he produced the art for *Angel*, *Invasion!*, *Flesh* and *Tharg's Future Shocks*.

MIKE DOREY

Mike Dorey joined *2000 AD* following its merger with rival action comic *Tornado*, where he pencilled *Victor Drago*. Following his move to greener pastures, he pencilled several *Future Shocks* and a *Time Twister*, as well as *M.A.C.H. 0*, *M.A.C.H. 1*, *Ro-Busters*, *Invasion!*, *Rogue Trooper* and *Tharg the Mighty*.

BARRIE MITCHELL

As well as providing the art for several *Judge Dredd* and *M.A.C.H. 1* strips, **Barrie Mitchell** also worked for various UK comic titles including *Bunty*, *Pow*, *Wham* and *Roy of the Rovers* – of which he was the final artist until its cancelation the 90s.

P. MARTINEZ HENARES

As well as his work on *M.A.C.H. 1* for *2000 AD*, **Pedro Martínez Henares** also provided work for *Battle Picture Library* and *Eagle*.

MARZAL CANOS

Known for his work in French comics, **Jaime Marzal Canos** has worked on a *Future Shock* and *M.A.C.H. 1* for *2000 AD*.

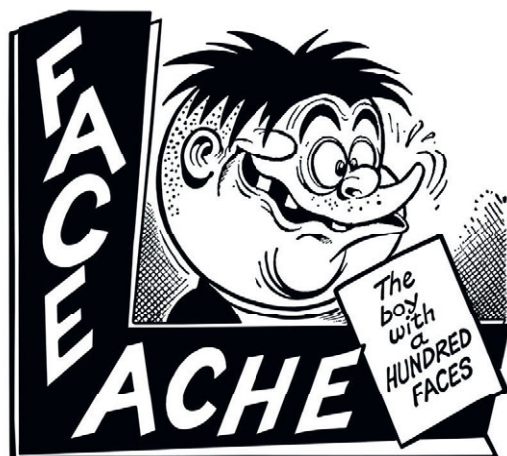


THANKS
TO YOUR
COURAGE, ALL
OF US STILL
HAVE OUR
LIVES BEFORE
US!

ALL
PART OF
THE JOB,
MISS!

BUT I
GOTTA SHARE
MINE WITH A
DARNED COMPUTER
AN' THAT DON'T
LEAVE MUCH TIME
TO RELAX AN
ENJOY IT!

MEET BRITAIN'S GREATEST GURNING GROTESQUE!



DON'T THINK YOU
CAN SCARE ME, YOU
FAT LITTLE TWIT! YOU'RE
THAT RUBBER-BONED
FREAK FACEACHE, WHO
CAN SCRUNGE INTO
IDIOTIC SHAPES!

HAW-W!
ME'OOTER!



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SUBJECT:
SECRET AGENT JOHN PROBE.

PROCESS:
COMPU-PUNCTURE HYPERPOWER.

DATA:
COMPU-PUNCTURE IS A COMPUTERISED FORM OF ACUPUNCTURE.
BY INSERTING SPECIAL ELECTRO-NEEDLES INTO PROBE'S BODY,
HIS ENERGY FLOW WILL INCREASE UNTIL HE HAS THE STRENGTH OF FIFTY MEN!

+++HIGH-RISK FACTOR AT OPTIMUM+++

The world is a dangerous place, with terrorists, lunatics and other unearthly creatures plotting destruction at every turn...fortunately the British Secret Service has the situation under control!

When the world faces extra-ordinary threats, only an extra-ordinary man can save the day. Enter secret weapon and special agent, John Probe. Using the technology of computerised acupuncture, the British Secret Service grafted a computer circuit onto his skull and inserted special electro-needles into his body: now Probe can increase his energy flow until he has the strength of fifty men!

**TERRORISTS AND ENEMY AGENTS BEWARE! JOHN PROBE IS MUCH MORE THAN A MAN;
HE IS A MAN ACTIVATED BY COMPU-PUNCTURE HYPERPOWER!**

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