

GARTHENNIS • RAMV • HENRYFLINT • ZINAHUTTON • STAZJOHNSON • DANLISH • MIKEDOREY • HENRIKSAHLSTROM • JAKE LYNCH

ACTION™ 2020

MAYHEM!

ANARCHY!

DANGER!



TREASURY
OF
BETTER
COMICS
Rebellion

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THE COMIC THEY TRIED TO BAN - IS BACK!

Treasury of British Comics Presents... The Action 2020 Special
Cover art by Staz Johnson & Quinton Winter

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W A C T I O N

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



Kids Rule O.K.

Created by **Chris Lowder & Mike White**

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



Dredger

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

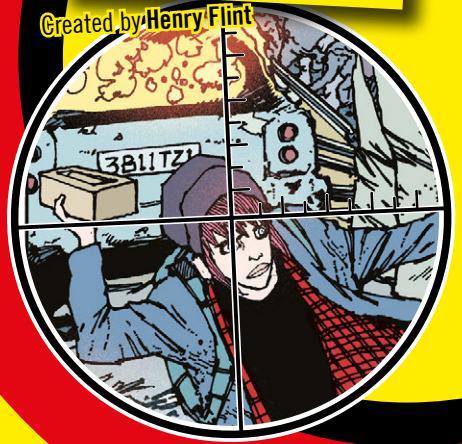
"British Secret Agent Dredger gets results, but at what price"



"A Game of Death!"

Hell Machine

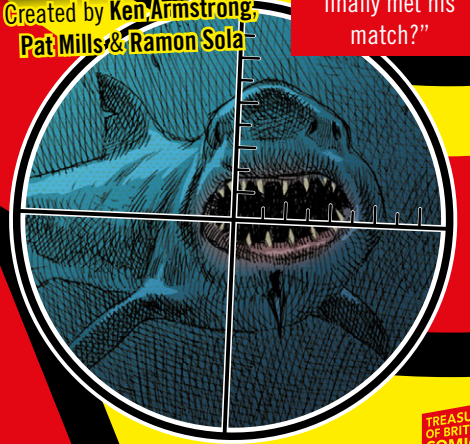
Created by **Henry Flint**



Hook Jaw

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

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



Hellman

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

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



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

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

CAN YOU HANDLE IT?

IN 1386, A PLAGUE CAME UPON ENGLAND, AND THE WORLD.

SCRRRP

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

SCRRRRRRP

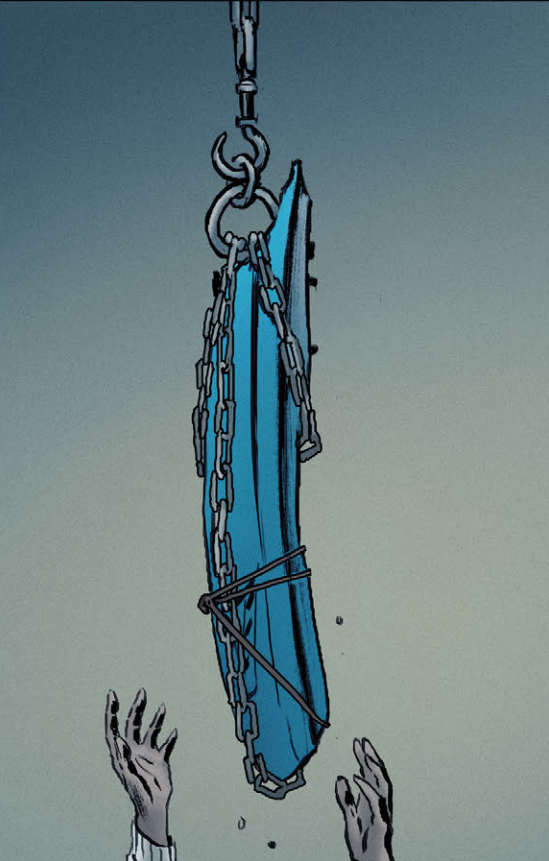
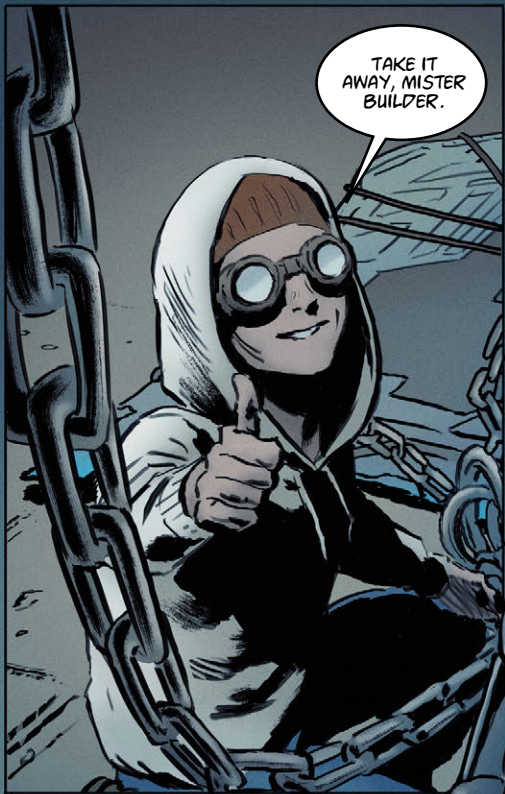
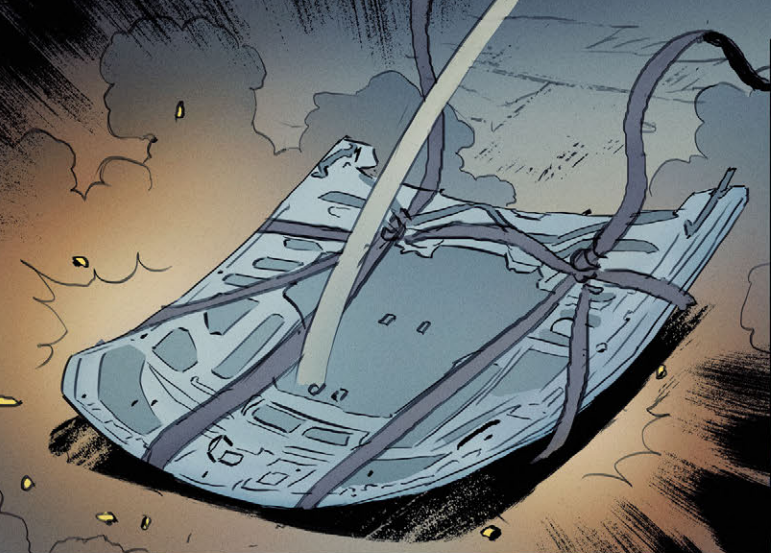
"WE'VE GOT TO HAVE **RULES** AND OBEY THEM. AFTER ALL, WE'RE NOT **SAVAGES**." THEY'D READ IN A BOOK SOMEWHERE.

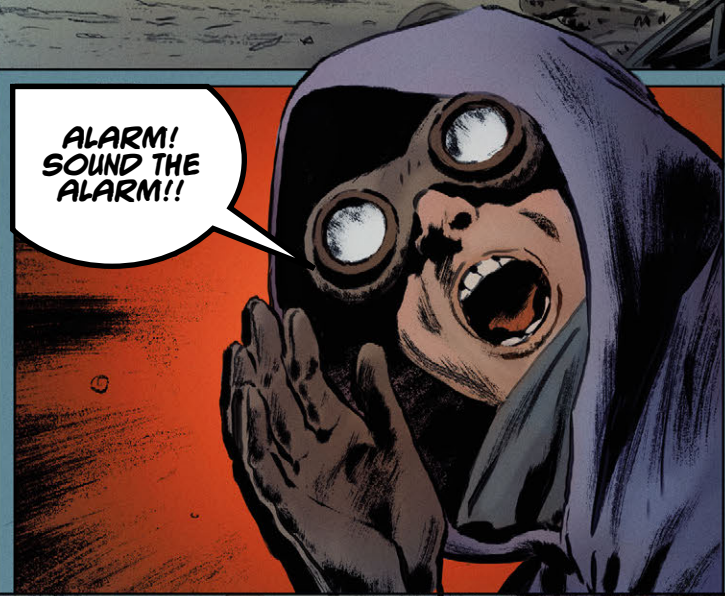
LONG BEFORE THE PLAGUE CAME. LONG BEFORE THE OLD WITHERED AND DIED.

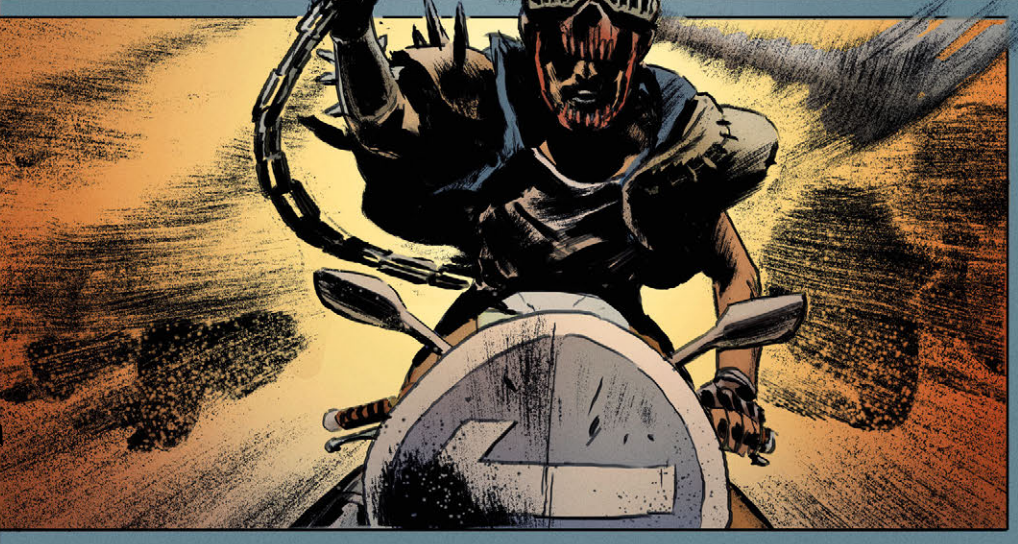
**KIDS RULE
O.K.**

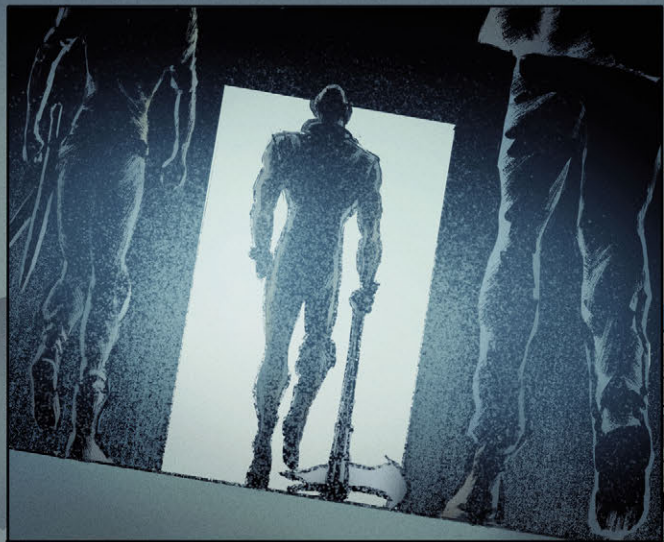
SCRIPT: RAM V
ART: HENRIK SAHLSTRÖM
LETTERS: PETITECREME

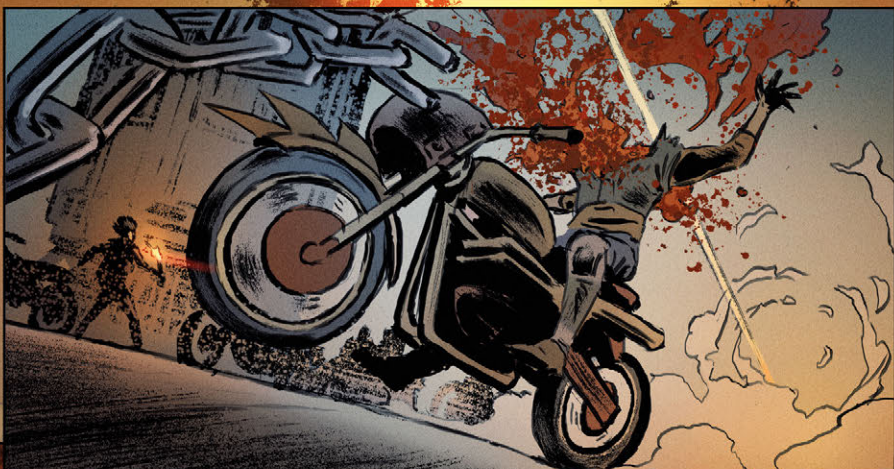
SCRRRRRRP



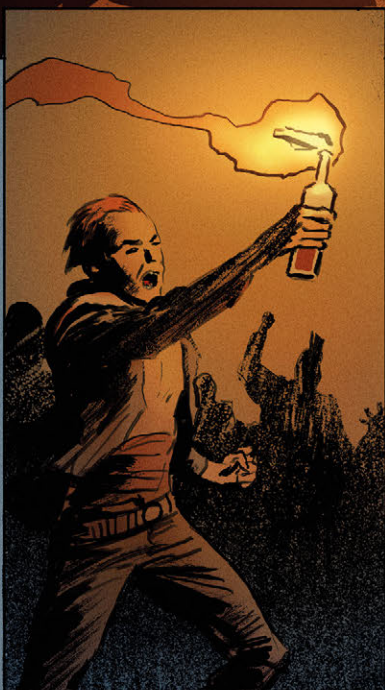


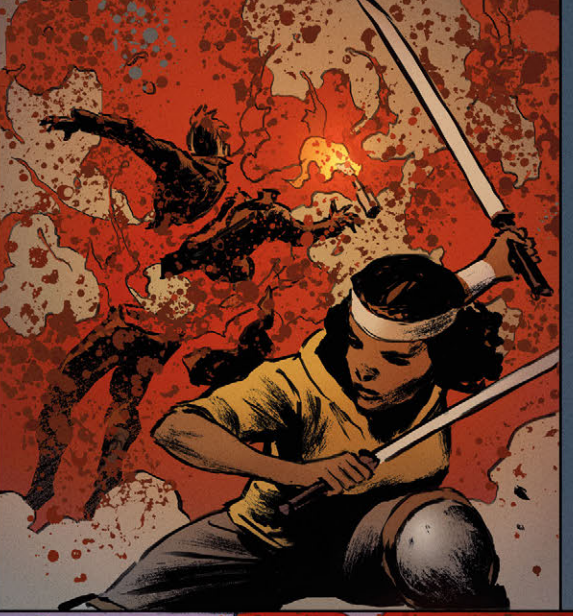


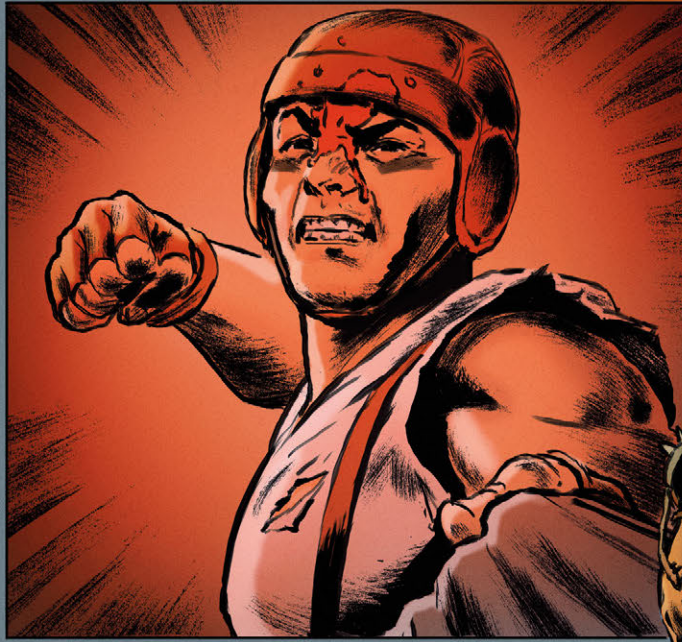




FWOOM!









YOU'RE BLEEDING.

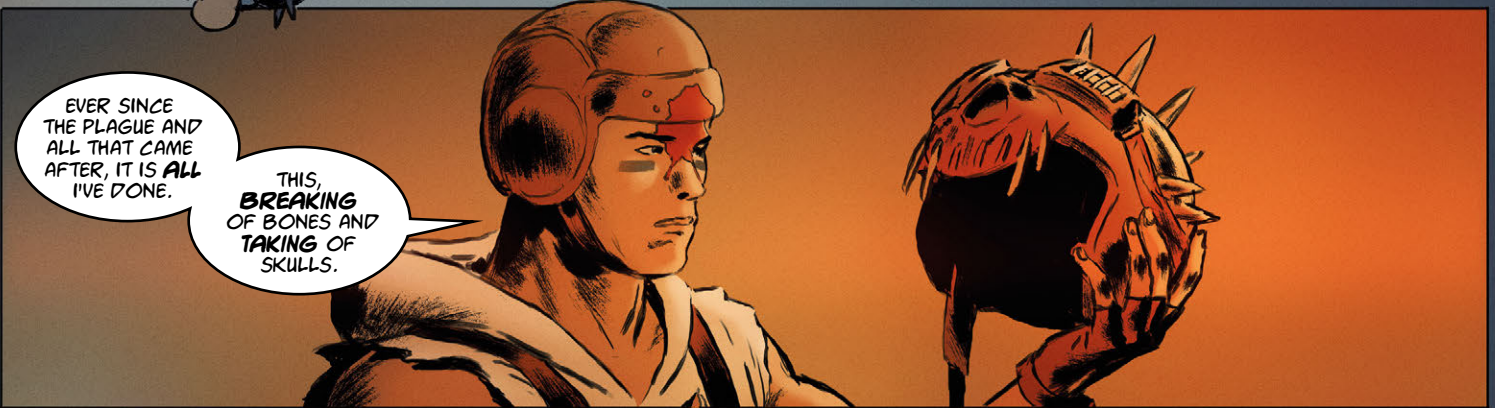
HA! YOU SHOULD SEE THE OTHER GUY.

WHY DO WE DO THIS, LEATHER?



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

IT'S ALL I KNOW.



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

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



BUT NOT THEM... LOOK.

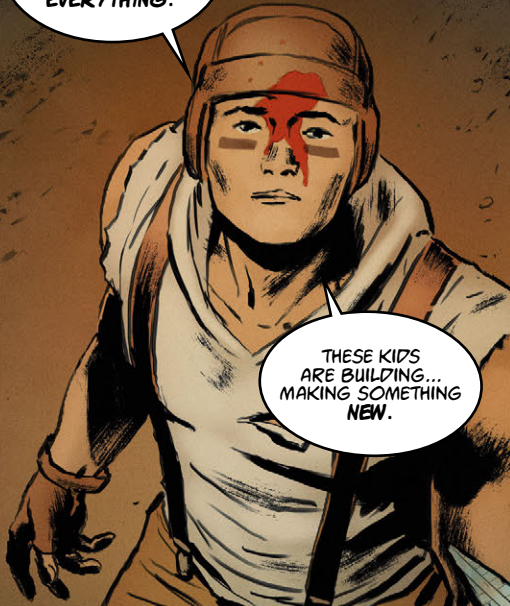


IT WAS BARELY AS TALL AS I AM WHEN I FIRST CAME HERE.

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

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

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



THESE KIDS ARE BUILDING... MAKING SOMETHING NEW.

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



≡HMPF≡

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



END

1945

THEY'RE KIDS.

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

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

WHAT?

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

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

START UP.

OH MY-

NO!

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

AAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!

HELLMAN AT THE TWILIGHT OF THE REICH



LENI,
IT'S OKAY!

I-I-!

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

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

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

JUST A
MINUTE, JUST
A MINUTE-!



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

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

CAR TROUBLE?



AREN'T YOU
KURT HELLMAN?

MM-HM.

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

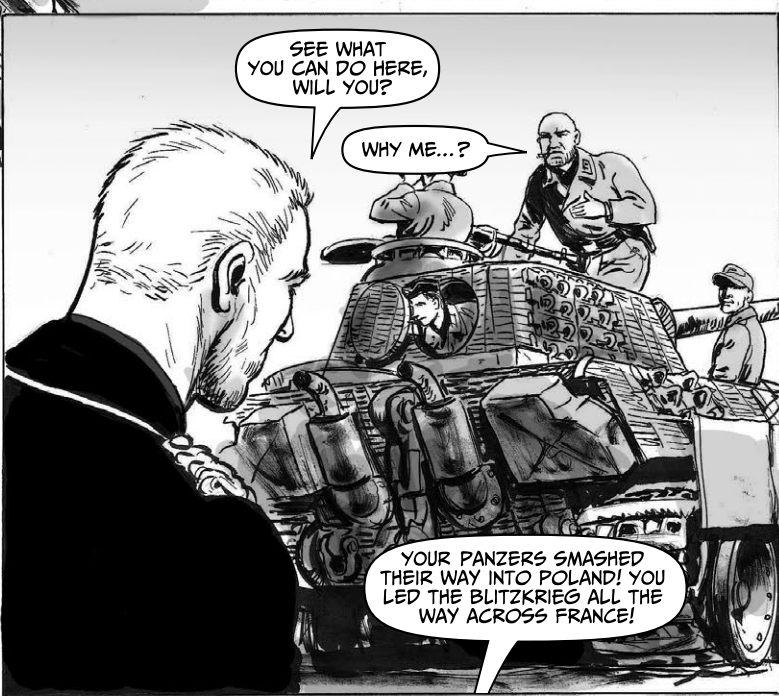
RIGHT.



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

I'M TEN.

MAX!



SEE WHAT
YOU CAN DO HERE,
WILL YOU?

WHY ME...?

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



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

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

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



UP YOURS, CRIPPLE!

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



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

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

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



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

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

WITHOUT TRANSPORT THESE KIDS ARE DEAD, MAX.



NEVER AFRAID OF FIGHTING DIRTY, ARE YOU?

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

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

WHO?

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



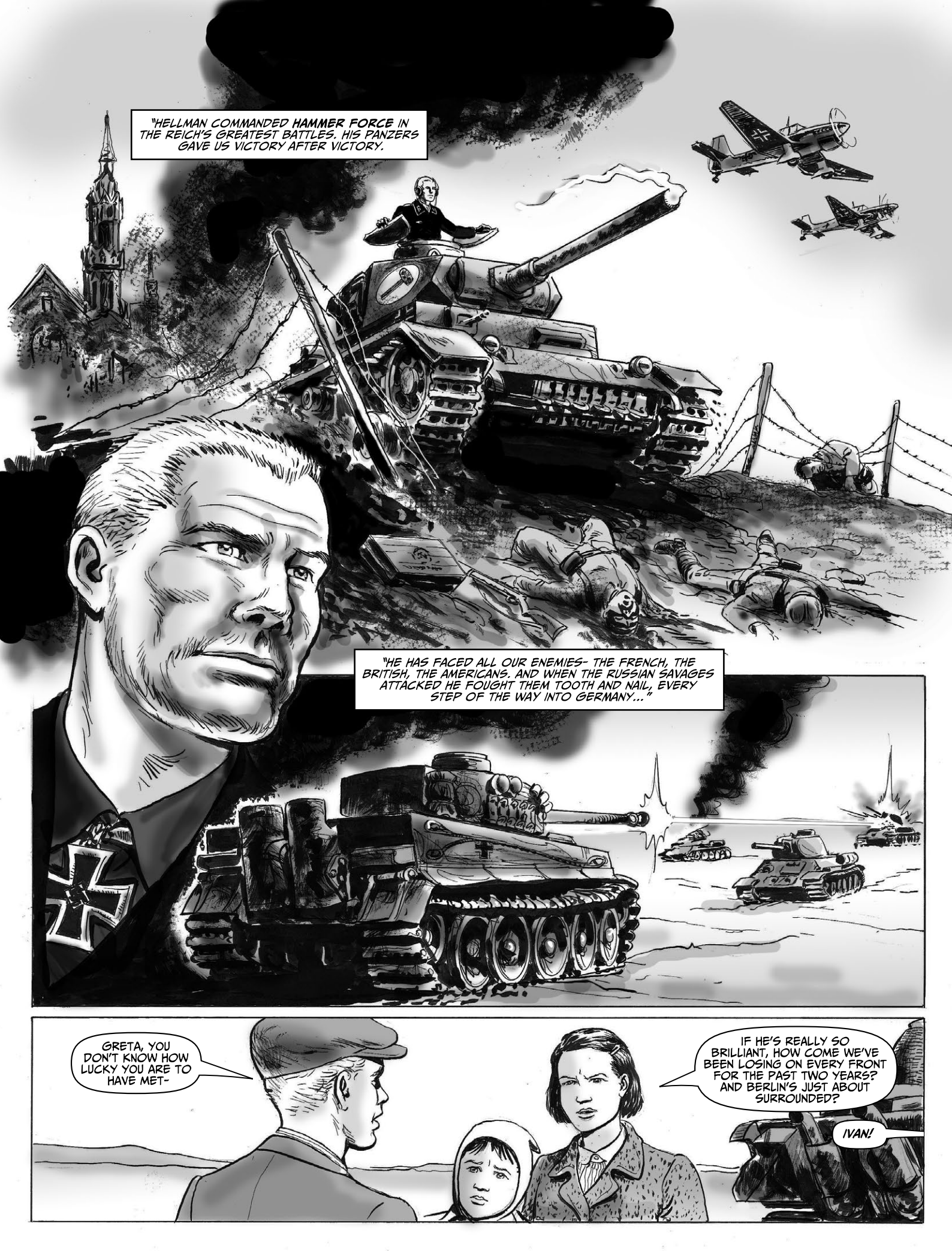
"HELLMAN COMMANDED HAMMER FORCE IN THE REICH'S GREATEST BATTLES. HIS PANZERS GAVE US VICTORY AFTER VICTORY."

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

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

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

IVAN!





FOUR T-34s AT SEVEN HUNDRED METRES. NO INFANTRY IN SIGHT, BUT YOU KNOW THEY'LL BE ALONG.

KEEP AT IT, MAX.

RIGHT...

GRETA!



OH GOD, OH GOD, IF THEY GET THEIR HANDS ON HER! WHAT DO WE-

STAY DOWN BEHIND THE PANZER! COVER YOUR EARS, IT'S GOING TO GET A LITTLE LIVELY!



IN YOUR OWN TIME, DEKKER. DON'T LET THEM FLANK US, YOU KNOW THE SIDE ARMOUR'S NOT UP TO IT.

DO MY BEST, HERR MAJOR. JUST HOPE HEILER'S GOT HIS MIND ON THE JOB.



I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING, DEKKER!

SAYS THE GENIUS WHO HAD TO VISIT A DEATH CAMP TO TWIG THE NAZIS ARE A BUNCH OF SHITS...

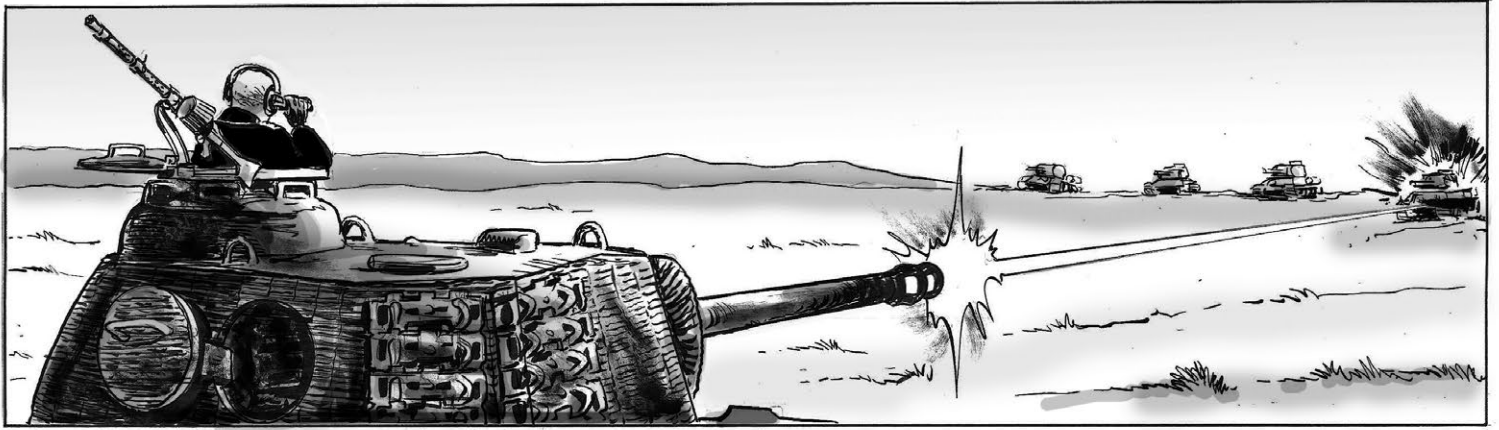
KESSEL, I WANT YOU TO KILL THE CREWS WHEN THEY BALE OUT, UNDERSTAND?



YOU SURE, HERR MAJOR? BECAUSE THERE WAS A TIME-

I KNOW, BUT I DON'T WANT THEM REPORTING IN ABOUT THE KIDS, THE GIRLS IN PARTICULAR.

DEKKER?





DEKKER, INFANTRY!
TRAVERSE RIGHT AS SOON
AS YOU CAN!

GIVE ME A
SECOND-

MAKE IT
A SHORT ONE,
WILL YOU?

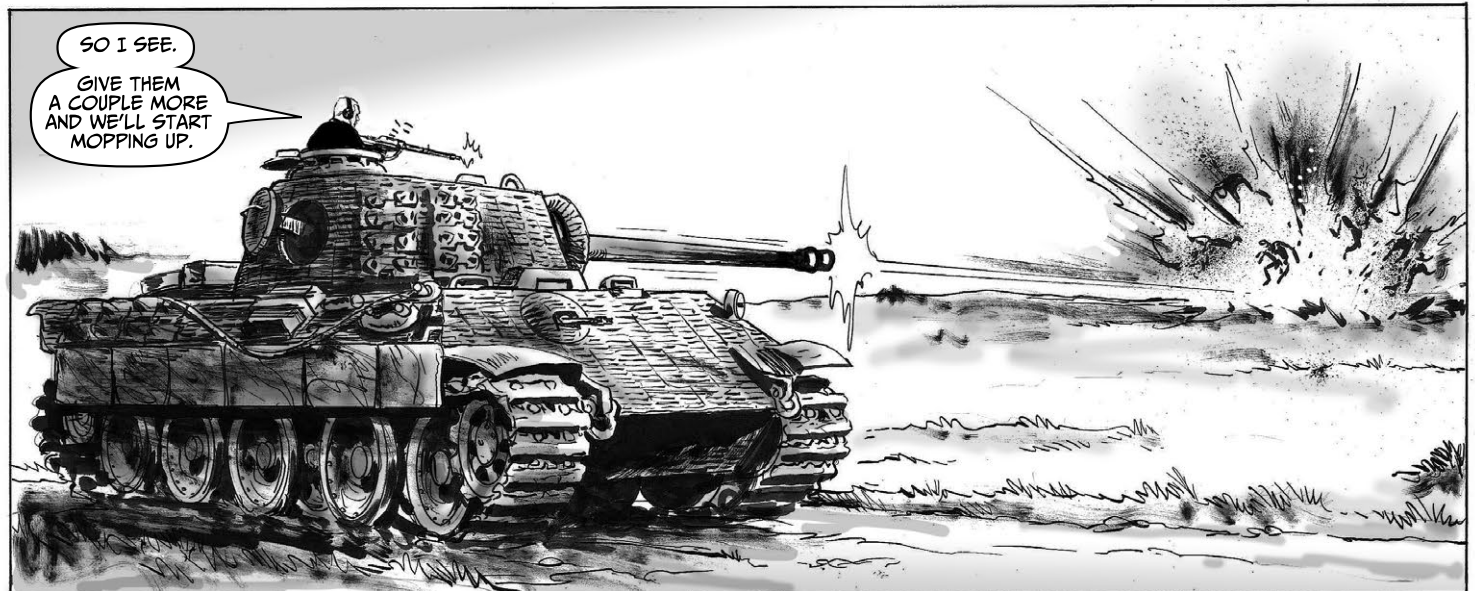


THAT OUGHT TO
DO IT. HEILER, LOAD
SPRENGGRENATEN.

I KNOW...!



YOU SEE, HERR
MAJOR, YOU NEVER WANT TO
RUSH PERFECTION...



SO I SEE.

GIVE THEM
A COUPLE MORE
AND WE'LL START
MOPPING UP.



YOU GOT THEM ALL!



YEARS OF PRACTICE, KID.

I'LL BET...

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



ERICH, LOOK AT ME.

UH?

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



LENI, THEY SAVED OUR LIVES-!

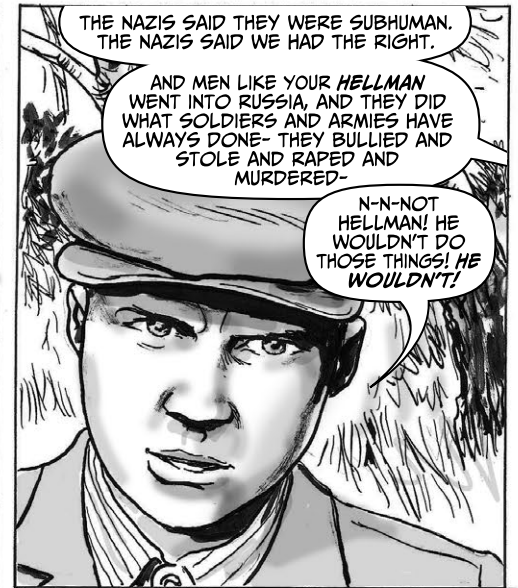
IF IT WASN'T FOR MEN LIKE THEM THE RUSSIANS WOULDN'T EVEN BE HERE. AND WE'D STILL BE AT HOME WITH MOTHER AND FATHER.

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



BECAUSE THEY'RE ANIMALS...

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



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

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

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



BUT I BET HE KNEW PLENTY WHO DID.

AND NOW WE'RE PAYING THE PRICE.



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

WHAT WOULD FATHER SAY IF HE HEARD YOU-

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



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

THEN HE SHOULD BE AVENGED-!

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



BUT I FOUND THEM.

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

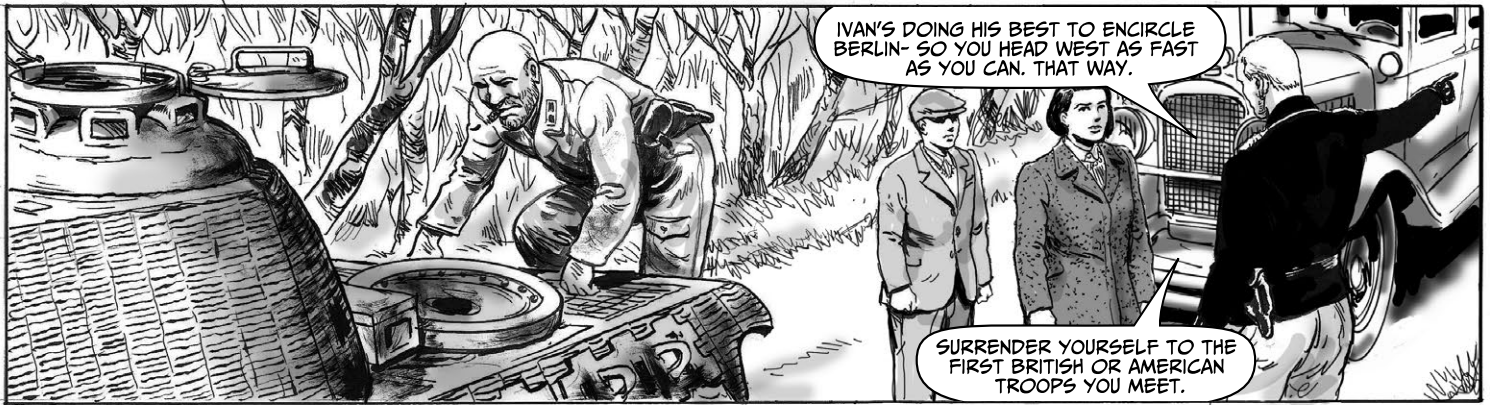


THERE YOU ARE NOW, ERICH.

THAT'S THE WAR FOR YOU.



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



IVAN'S DOING HIS BEST TO ENCIRCLE BERLIN- SO YOU HEAD WEST AS FAST AS YOU CAN. THAT WAY.

SURRENDER YOURSELF TO THE FIRST BRITISH OR AMERICAN TROOPS YOU MEET.



DID YOU BRING ANY SPARE DRESSES WITH YOU?

YES...

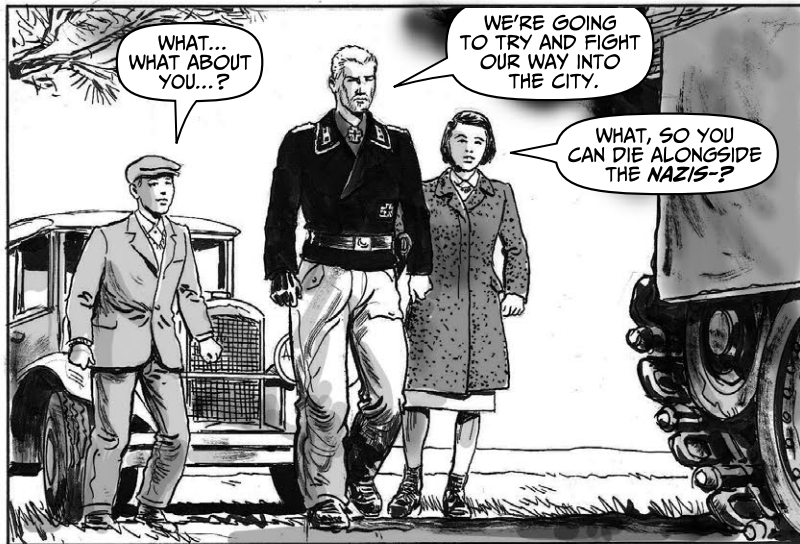
PUT ONE ON THE BOY. AND MAKE-UP, IF YOU HAVE IT.



EH?

THE FIELD POLICE ARE LOOKING FOR VOLUNTEERS; I'VE SEEN LADS YOUNGER THAN HIM HANDED RIFLES AND STUCK IN THE LINE.

ALL RIGHT, GOOD LUCK.



WHAT... WHAT ABOUT YOU...?

WE'RE GOING TO TRY AND FIGHT OUR WAY INTO THE CITY.

WHAT, SO YOU CAN DIE ALONGSIDE THE NAZIS-?



SO WE CAN KILL ONE OF THEM.



AUF WIEDERSEHEN, FRAULEIN VOLLBRACHT.



...HMH.

I THINK I LIKED THEM.

THE END

HELL MACHINE

WHO AM I?

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



UGH! MY HEAD. WORST HANGOVER EVER!
WHAT THE HELL IS THIS PLACE?



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



WE'RE GOING DOWN THE SWANEE

WE ARE NOT PROPERTY

NO TO EMERGENCY LAWS

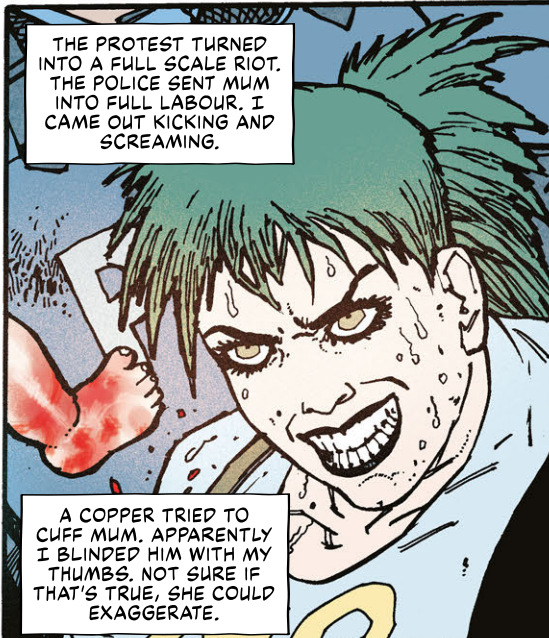
POLICE

FREEDOM!



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

TASER!

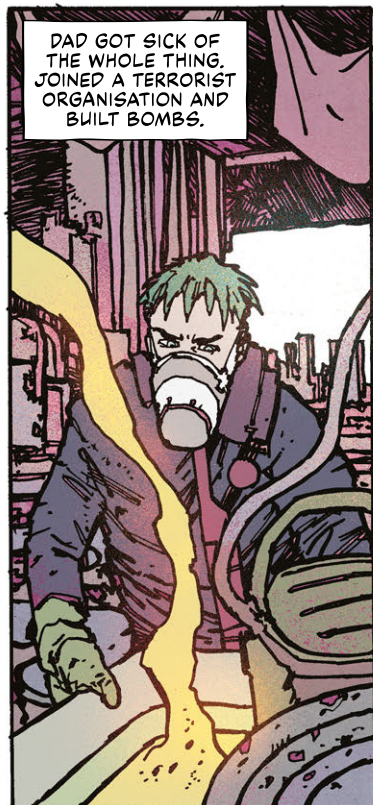
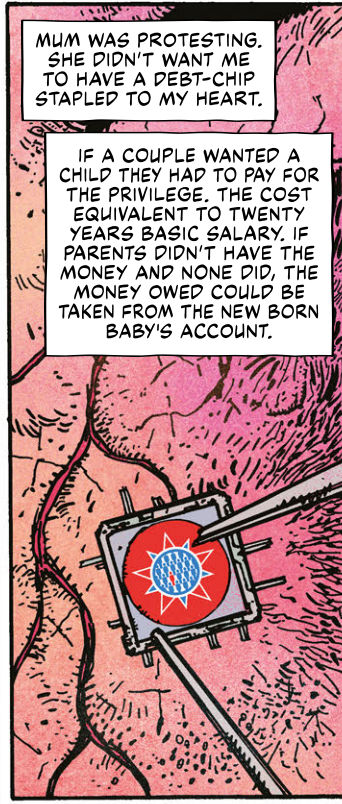


THE PROTEST TURNED INTO A FULL SCALE RIOT. THE POLICE SENT MUM INTO FULL LABOUR. I CAME OUT KICKING AND SCREAMING.

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



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





WELCOME TO THE PARTY.



THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.

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



IS THIS THE QUEUE FOR THE LONDON EYE?



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



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



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



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

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



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

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



THE PART OF THE ORGANISATION WHICH BUILT THE MACHINE HAS NO IDEA OF ITS PURPOSE. THE PART OF THE ORGANISATION THAT COMMISSIONED THE MACHINE HAS NO IDEA IT'S BEEN BUILT.

GUESS WHOSE IDEA IT WAS TO CLONE A POLICE FORCE WITH BABY FACES?



A PUBLIC RELATIONS COMMITTEE WHO THOUGHT BABY FACES WOULD BE ENDearing TO THE PUBLIC... NO ONE HAD THE POWER TO STOP THEM BECAUSE NOBODY HAS ANY POWER.

IF NOBODY HAS ANY POWER THEN WHY ARE WE FIGHTING?

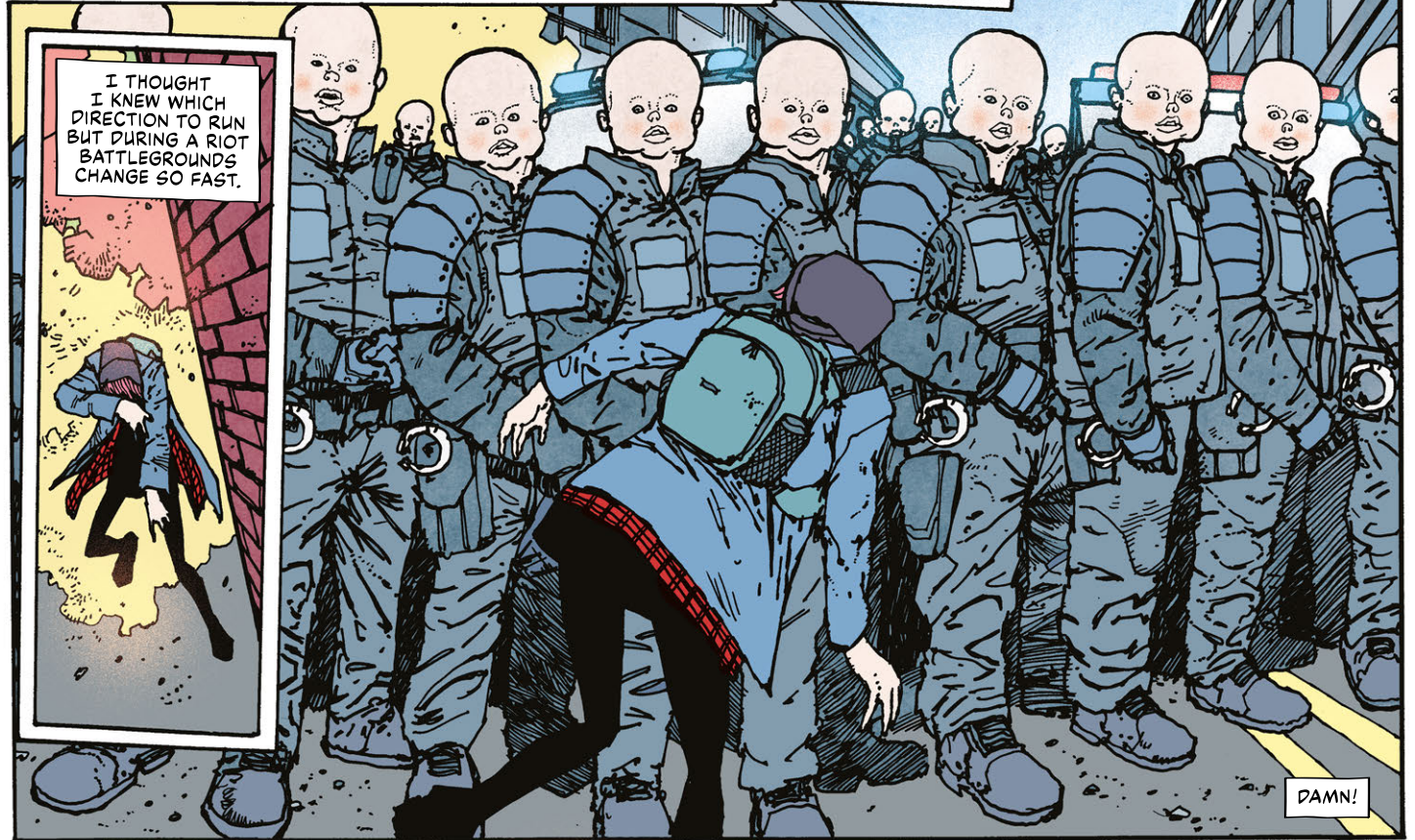


BECAUSE IT'S FUN! WATCH OUT TEAR GAS!



I CAN'T SEE!

RUN, TAZE, RUN!

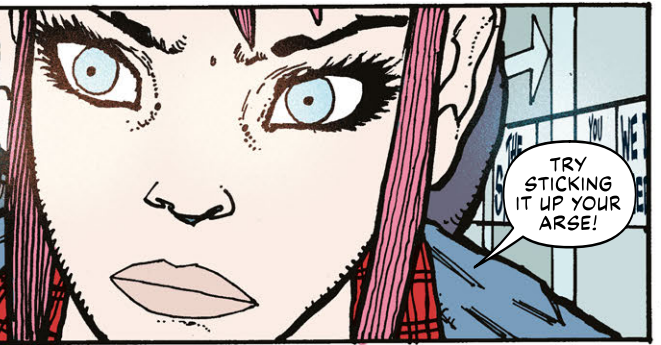


I THOUGHT I KNEW WHICH DIRECTION TO RUN BUT DURING A RIOT BATTLEFIELDS CHANGE SO FAST.

DAMN!



I CAN'T GET A RECEPTION DOWN HERE!

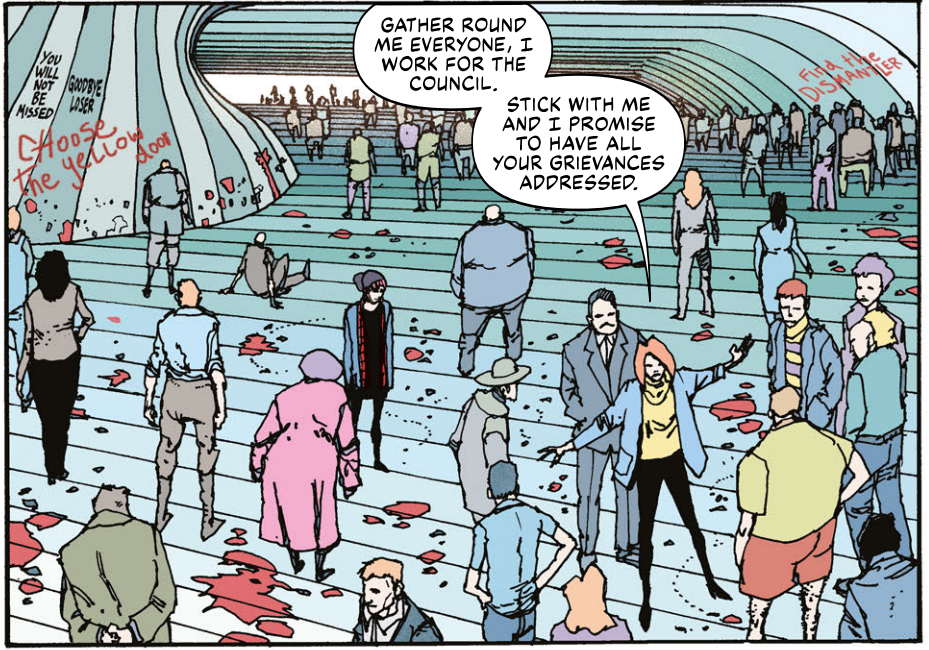


TRY STICKING IT UP YOUR ARSE!



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

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



GATHER ROUND ME EVERYONE, I WORK FOR THE COUNCIL.

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



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



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



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



NOPE!



THAT CREEP OVER THERE, WHAT'S HIS PROBLEM?



OKAY, THIS LOOKS LIKE IT, HERE WE GO!

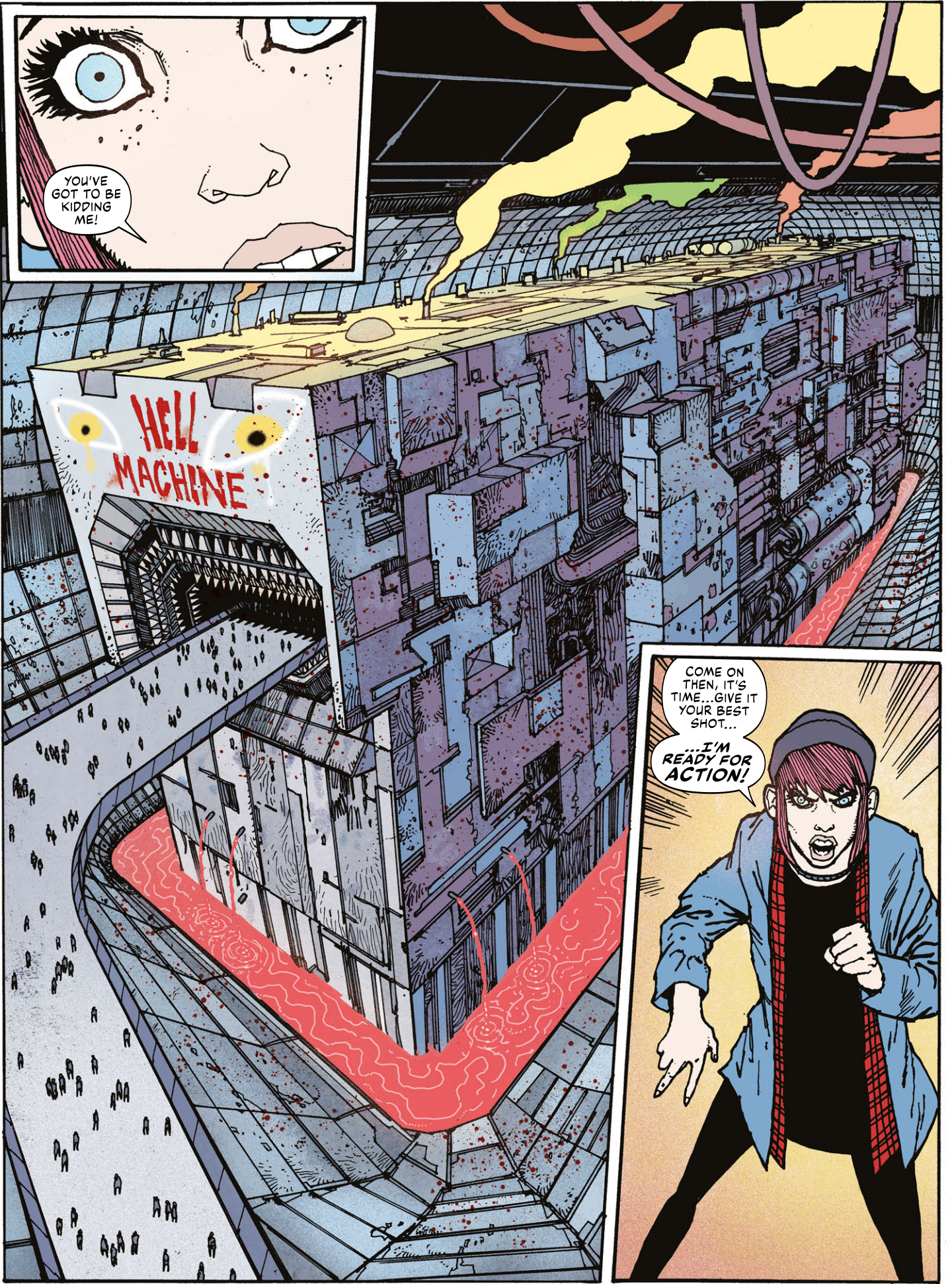
USE THIS TIME TO THINK ABOUT YOUR MISTAKES

YOU FAILED YOURSELF

KEEP THE LEFT



YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME!



HELL MACHINE



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

...I'M READY FOR ACTION!

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

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

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

GIANT BLENDER!

EXIT ON THE FAR WALL, GOTTA CLIMB TOWARDS IT.

WHAT DID I EXPECT? A CHICKEN DINNER!

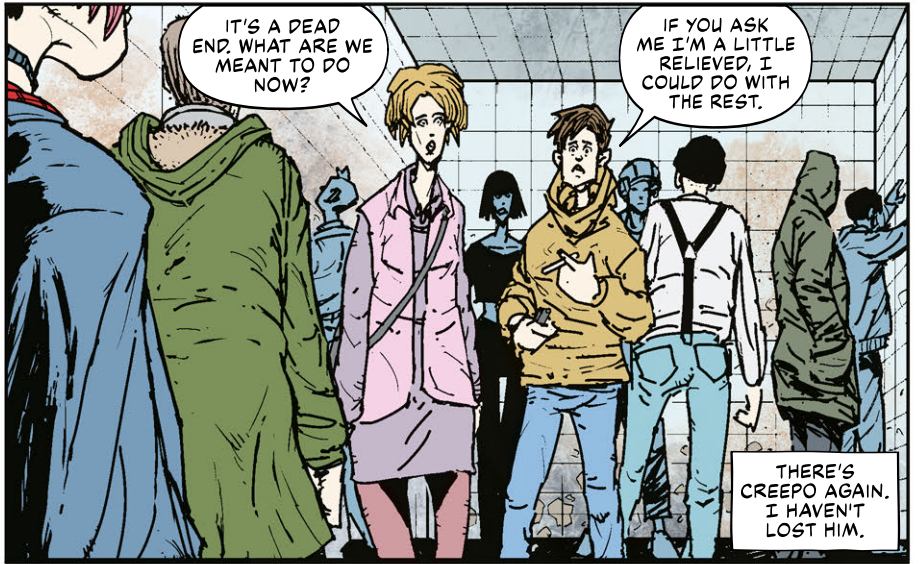
AAAGH!

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





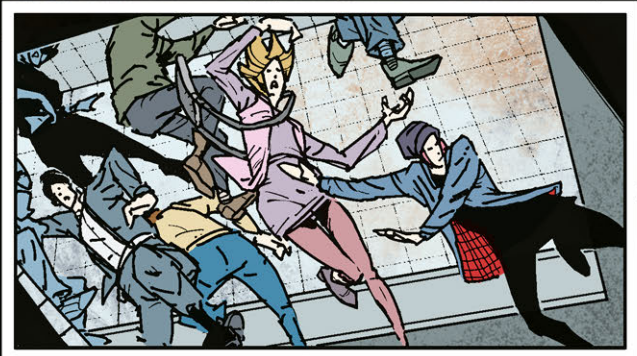
WHAT NOW!



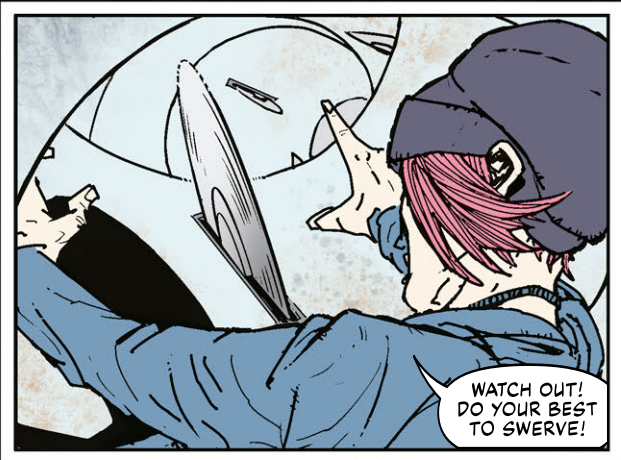
IT'S A DEAD END. WHAT ARE WE MEANT TO DO NOW?

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

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



I'VE ALWAYS HATED THEME PARKS.



WATCH OUT! DO YOUR BEST TO SWERVE!



SWERVE! I CAN'T SWERVE!



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

ZZZZZT!

SPLASH!

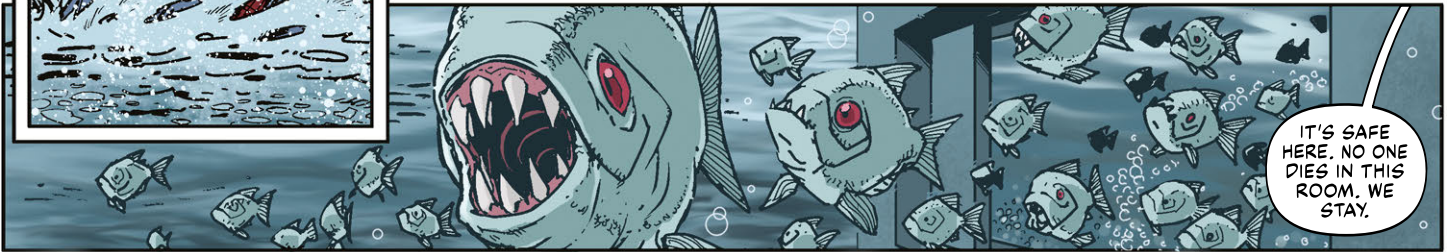


THIS ISN'T A GOOD PLACE.

WE SHOULD THINK ABOUT LEAVING.



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



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



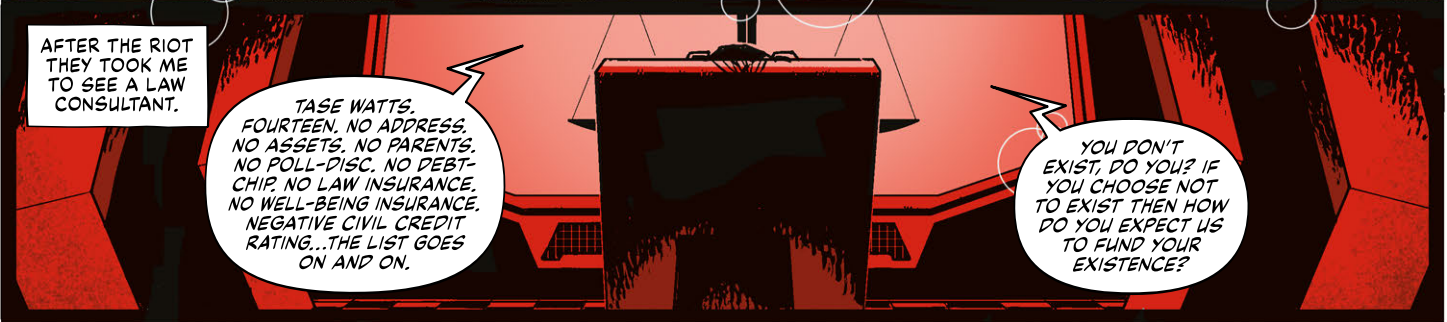
PIRANHAS!
AAAGH!

GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!

WHATEVER YOU DO DON'T PANIC!



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



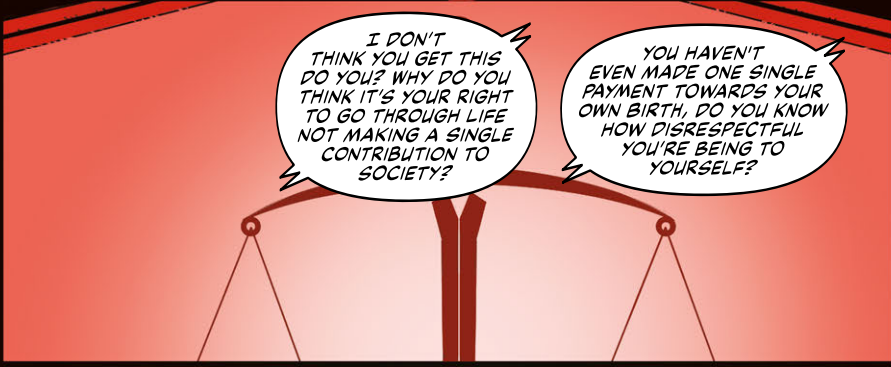
AFTER THE RIOT THEY TOOK ME TO SEE A LAW CONSULTANT.

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

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



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

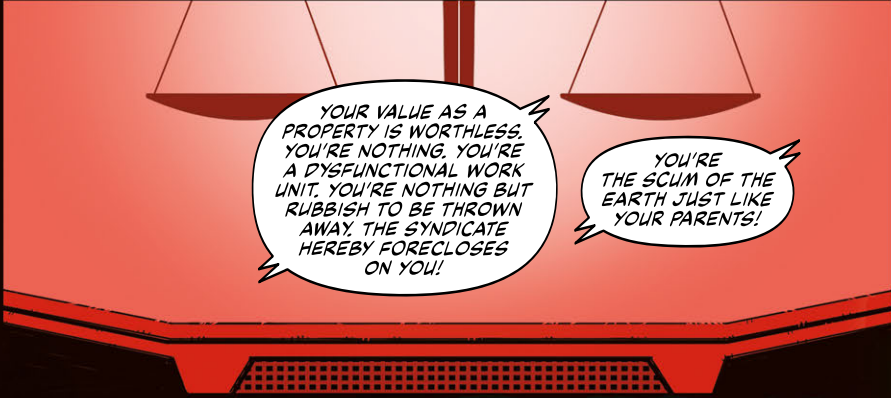


I DON'T
THINK YOU GET THIS
DO YOU? WHY DO YOU
THINK IT'S YOUR RIGHT
TO GO THROUGH LIFE
NOT MAKING A SINGLE
CONTRIBUTION TO
SOCIETY?

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

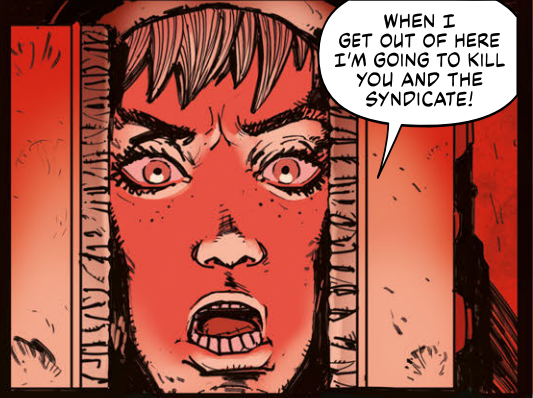


FLUSH
YOURSELF DOWN
A SEWER, RAT
BOY!




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

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



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



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



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

UGH!



YOU
WITH OFF-
GRID?

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

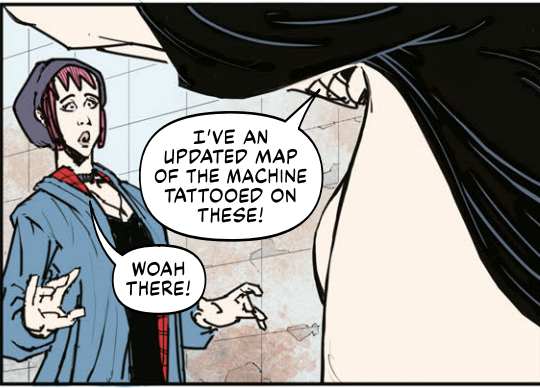
YOU
DON'T KNOW
ANYTHING
DO YOU?



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

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

DELIVERING WHAT?

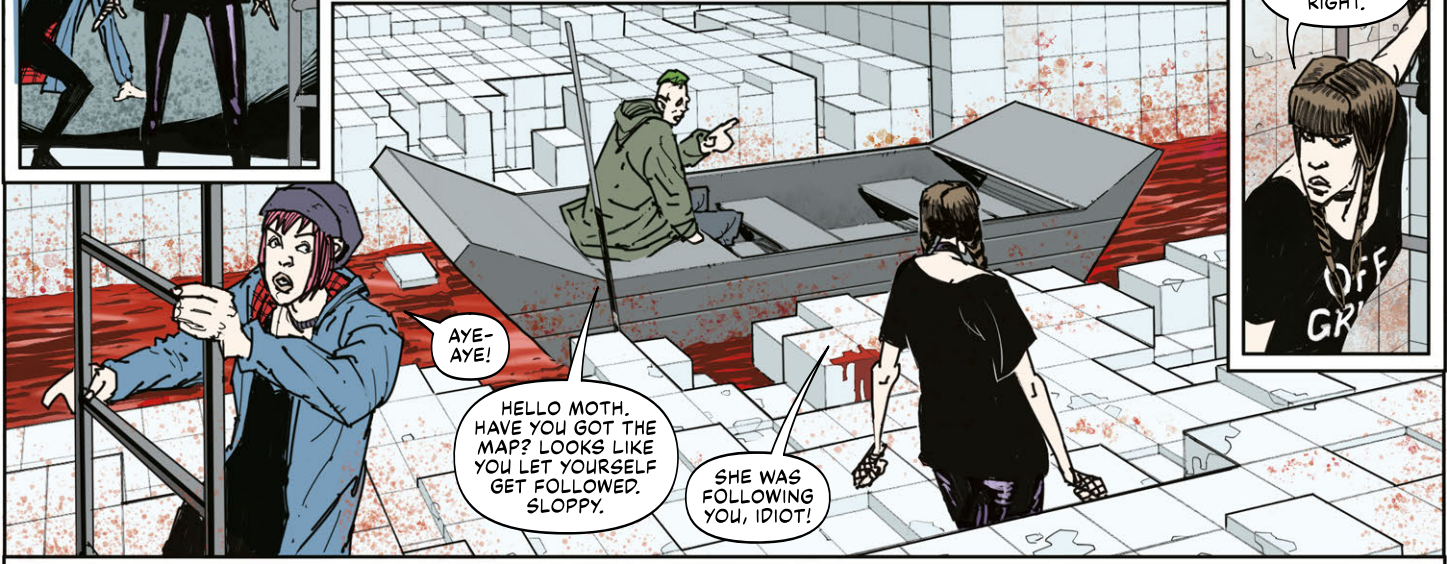


I'VE AN UPDATED MAP OF THE MACHINE TATTOOED ON THESE!

WOAH THERE!



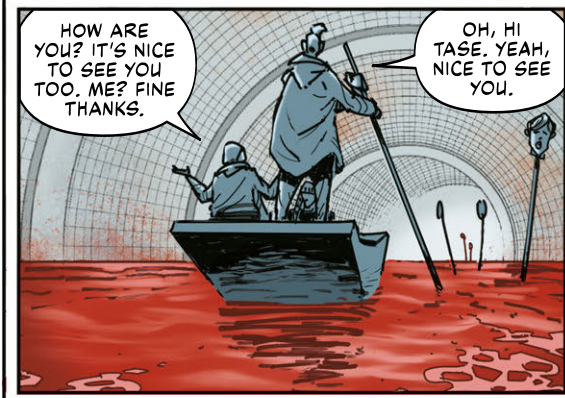
"IT'LL LOOK LIKE A COOL DRAGON," THEY SAID. YEAH, RIGHT.



AYE-AYE!

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

SHE WAS FOLLOWING YOU, IDIOT!



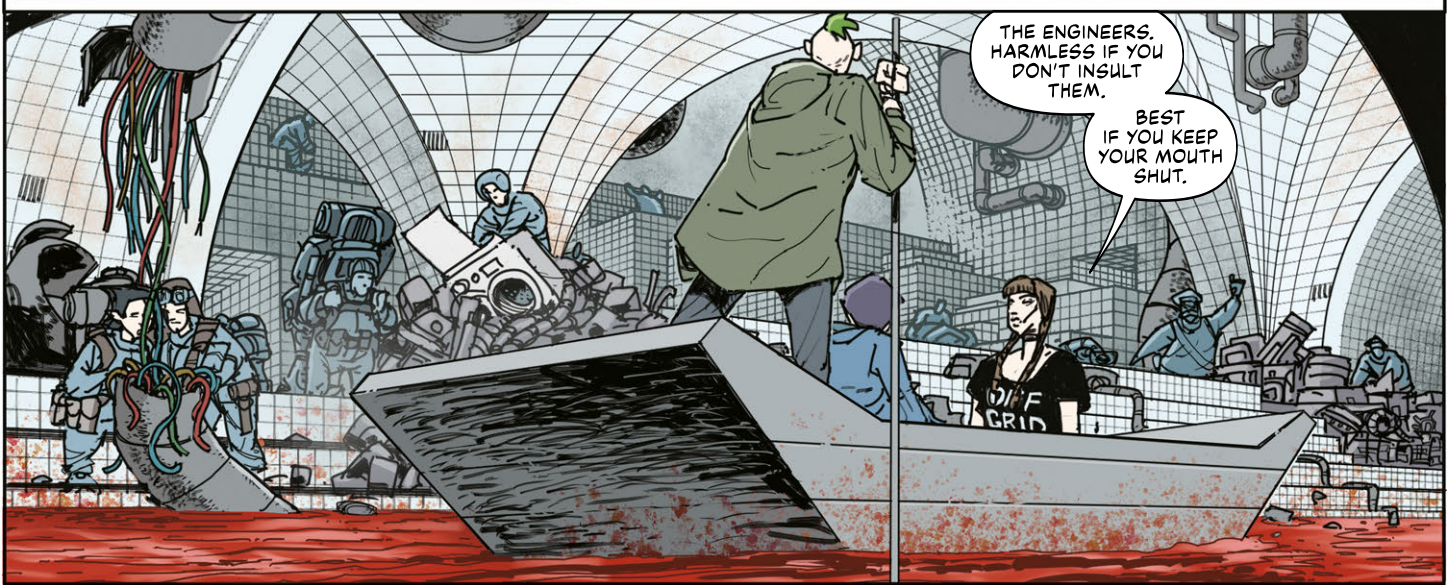
HOW ARE YOU? IT'S NICE TO SEE YOU TOO. ME? FINE THANKS.

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



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

TO MEET AN OLD FRIEND.



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

BEST IF YOU KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT.



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

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



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

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

THIS WAY.



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



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

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



I TRUST YOU HAVE THE NEW ADDITIONS TO THE MAP?

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

CHARMING.





I DID IT!
YOU HEAR ME! I
DID IT! I KILLED
THE DISMANTLER!
BEAM ME UP YOU
BASTARDS!

YOU MANIAC!
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?



GRAB
HIS GUN!

GET ME
OUT OF THIS
MAD HOUSE! YOU
HEAR ME? I'M
FREE! HA HA
HA!

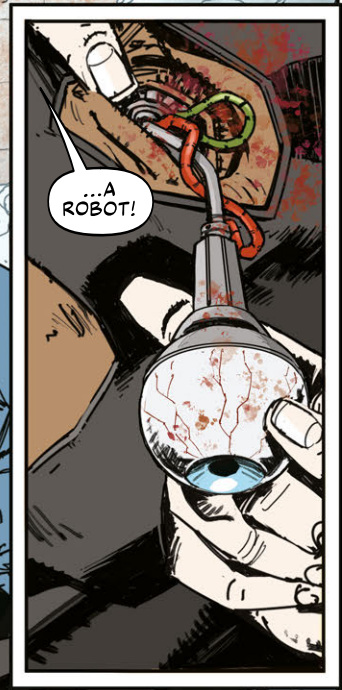


SHUT
IT OR I'LL
BARBECUE
YA RIBS!



WE'VE LOST.
THE LEADER OF
THE RESISTANCE
IS DEAD. THE
SYNDICATE HAS
WON.

WAIT...



...A
ROBOT!



YES, A
ROBOT. A LITTLE
INSURANCE SINCE
ALL TRUST IS
LOST.

I'M TRYING
TO SAVE EVERYONE
AND EVERYONE'S
TRYING TO KILL
ME.



LISTEN...
DO YOU HEAR THAT?
LISTEN CAREFULLY AND
YOU'LL HEAR THE ECHOES
OF A THOUSAND
SCREAMS.

EVERY
SCREAM A
CRY FOR
HELP.

I AM THE
DISMANTLER...



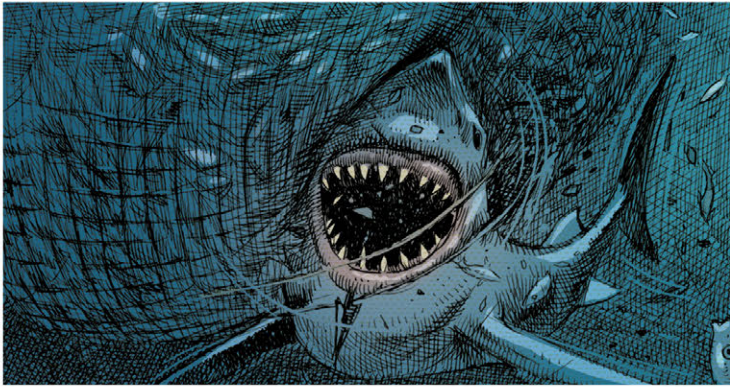
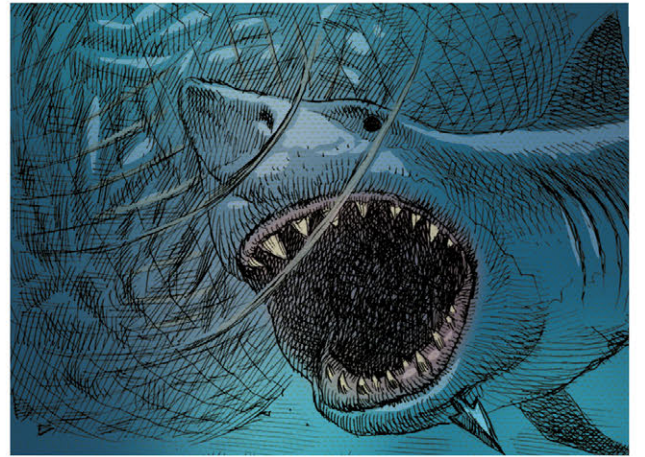
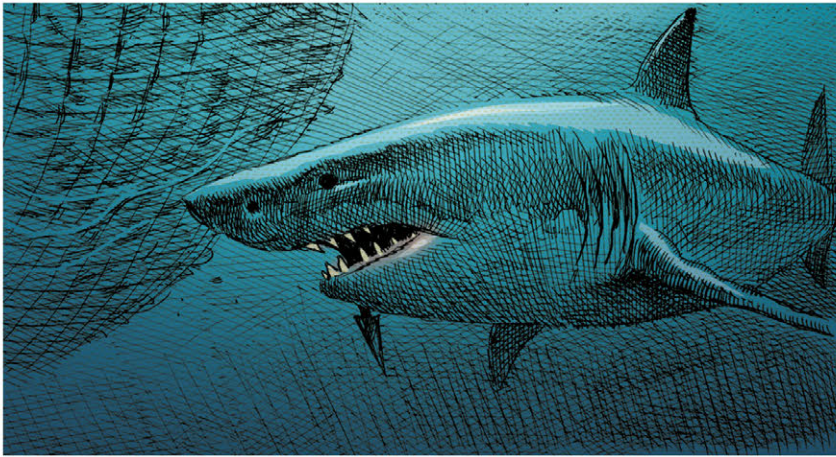
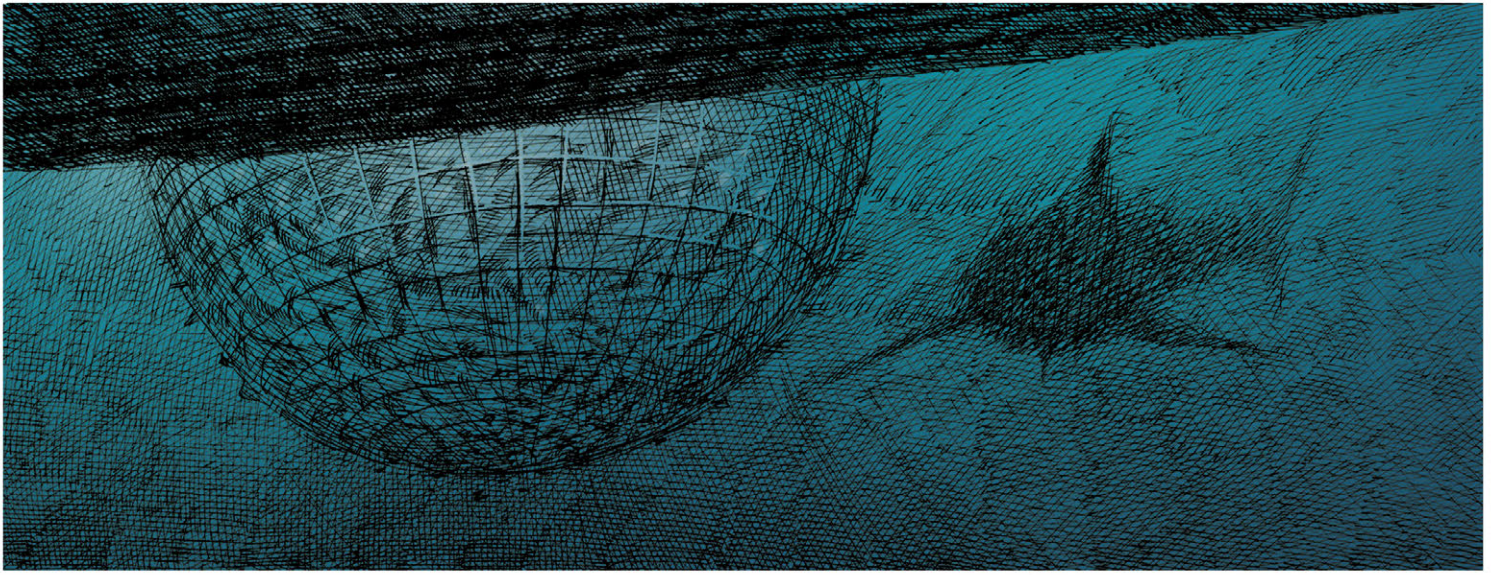
...AND THE
MACHINE IS
CALLING.

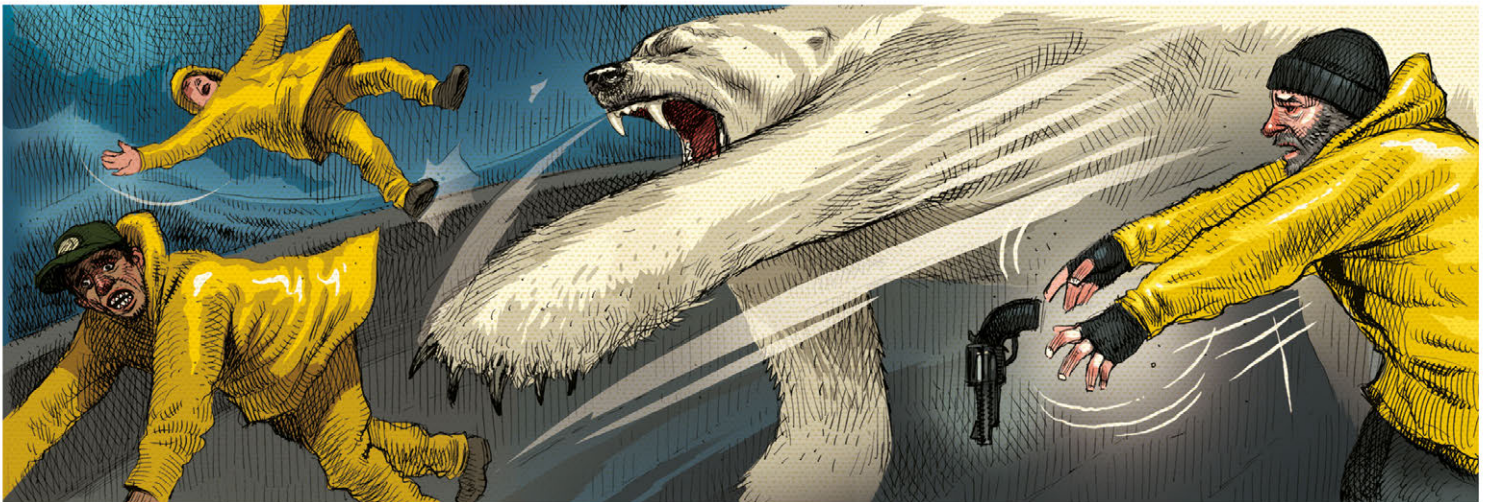
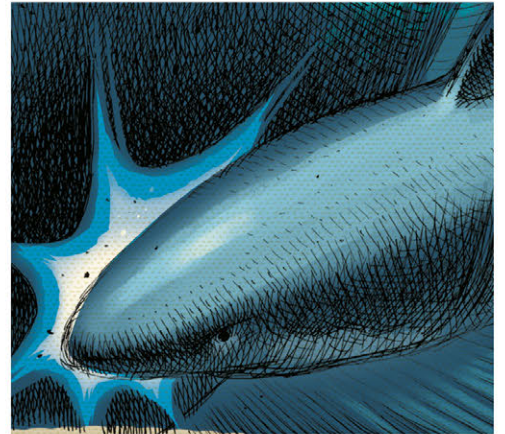
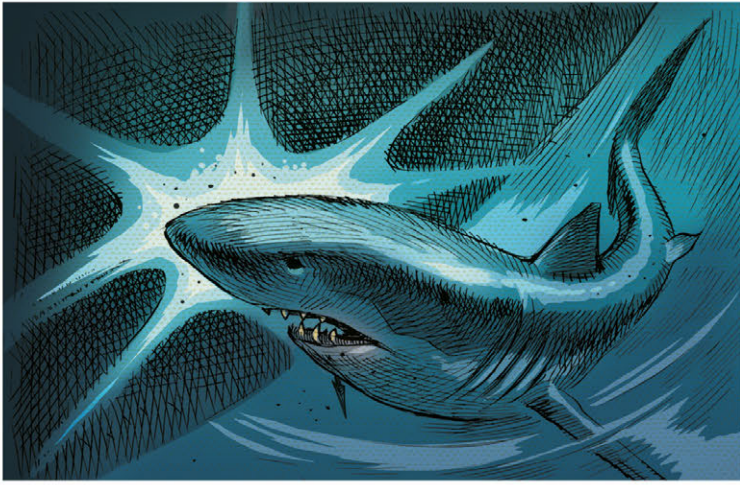
SURVIVE LONG
ENOUGH AND
YOU MIGHT
HEAR IT TOO.

Script
Quint Amity
Art
Dan Lish

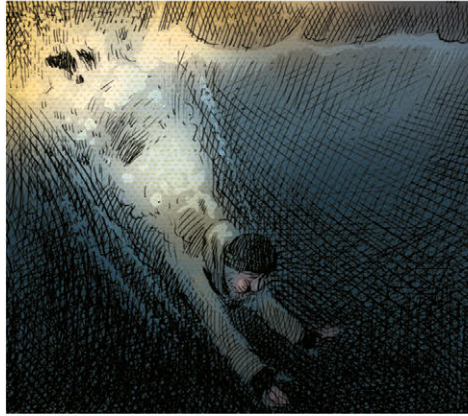












**HOOK
JAW**
vs
**SUKI
SIKAO**





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



I HAVE A NEW ONE FOR YOU."



DI6 HQ. LOCATION UNDISCLOSED.

WHO AM I HUNTING THIS TIME?



"AYANA, A FORMER TRAINEE..."



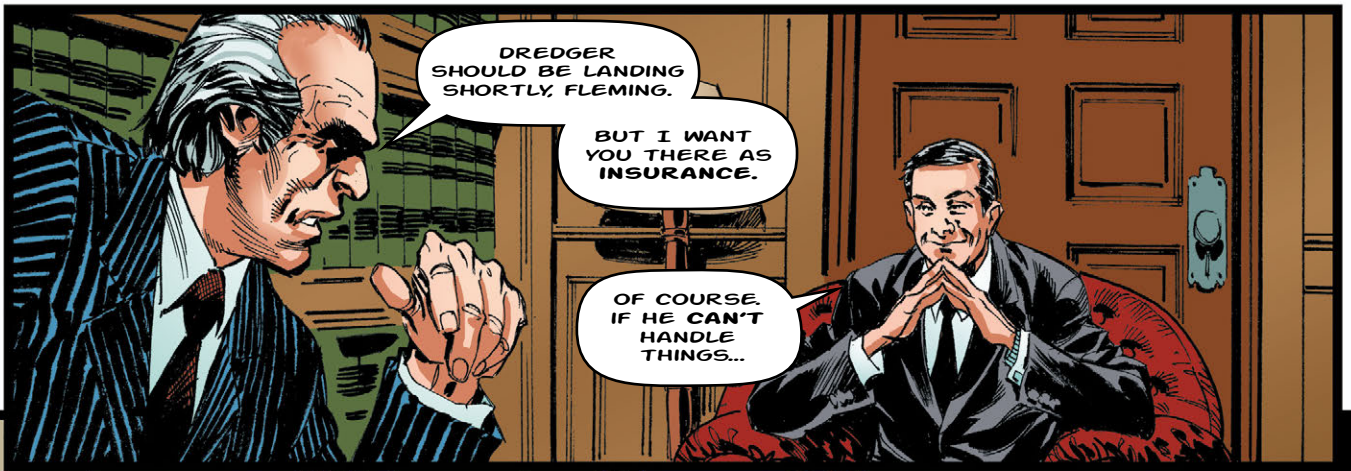
SHE'S PLANNING ON WIPING OUT THOUSANDS USING A STOLEN TOXIN."



"WHERE AM I OFF TO?"

"THE ISLAND OF SAN SEBASTIAN."





DREDGER SHOULD BE LANDING SHORTLY, FLEMING.

BUT I WANT YOU THERE AS INSURANCE.

OF COURSE. IF HE CAN'T HANDLE THINGS...



...THEN I WILL.

OPEN UP, POLICE!

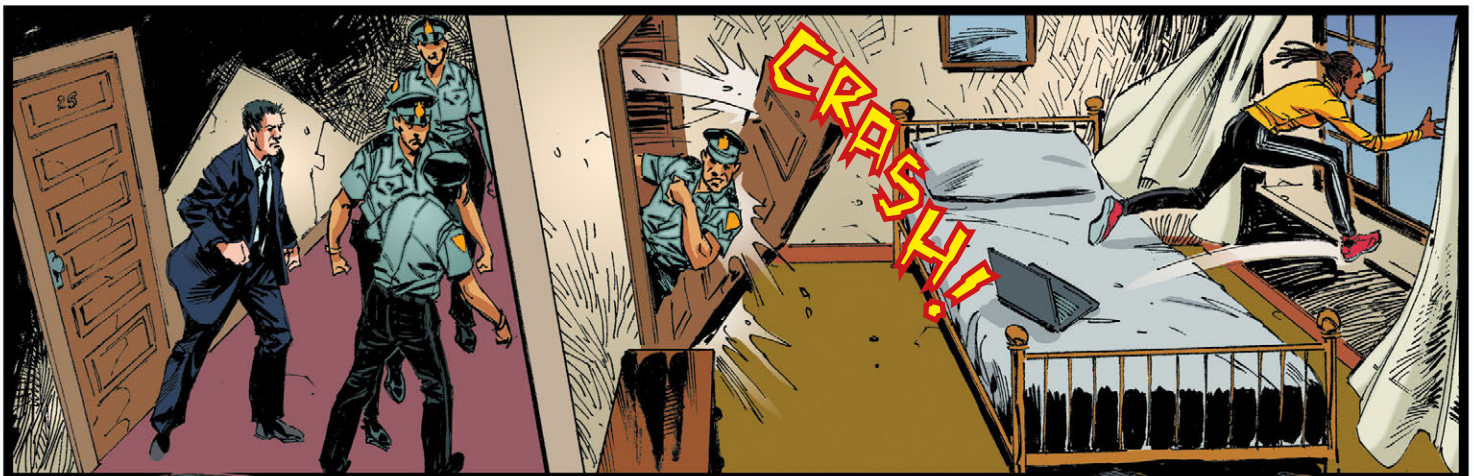
KNOCK KNOCK

C'MON, I'M SO CLOSE!



KNOCK KNOCK

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU WAITING FOR, AN INVITATION?



CRASH!!



I'LL GO AFTER HER. CONFISCATE HER LAPTOP!



THE DOCKS.



HELLO, MS. MARTINEZ.

INSTEAD OF TRYING TO RUN, LET'S TALK.

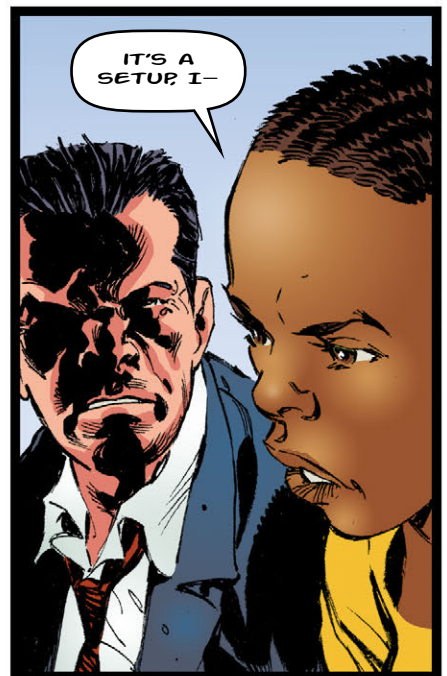


I DON'T HAVE THE TOXIN, I HAVE THE FORMULA FOR THE ANTIDOTE.

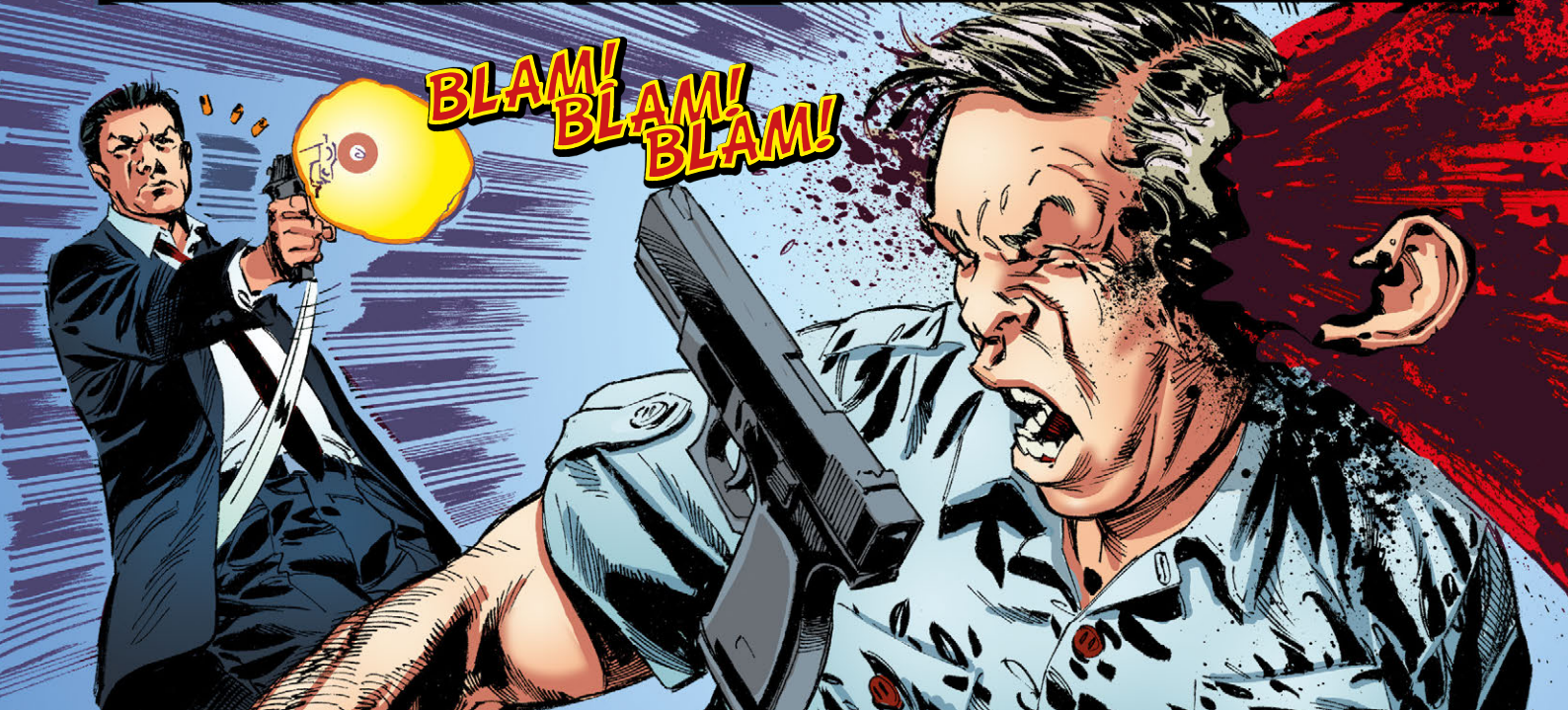


I CAME BACK TO SAN SEBASTIAN TO SAVE IT. TO SAVE MY HOME.

THEN WHY—



IT'S A SETUP, I—





WHAT ARE THEY PLANNING?



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



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

THIS ISN'T WHAT I SIGNED UP FOR.



IT'S TOO BAD ABOUT FLEMING.

AT LEAST THIS PROBLEM HAS BEEN TAKEN CARE OF.



IT WOULD BE SO EASY TO END THINGS HERE.



I'M JUST DOING MY JOB, SIR.

BUT NO - THE DOCUMENTS WILL BE LEAKED SHORTLY.

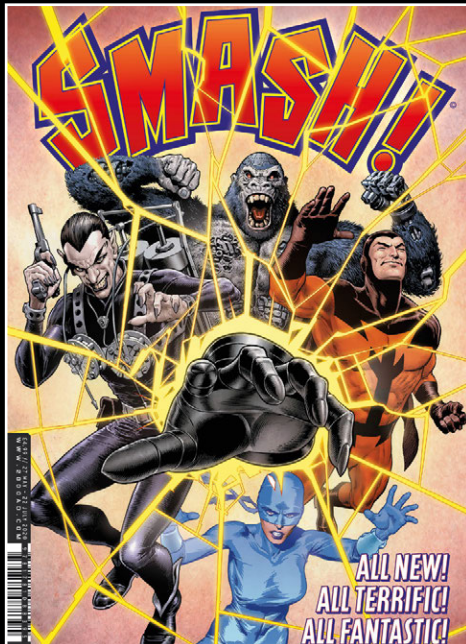
END

ANOTHER SPECIAL YEAR!

APRIL



MAY



JUNE



JULY



AUGUST



SEPTEMBER



TREASURY
OF BRITISH
COMICS

REBELLION

WWW.TREASURYOFBRITISHCOMICS.COM



HOOK JAW

Presented by **ACTION**

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

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

ACTION

EVERY SATURDAY

23rd October 1976 **7p**

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

COMMIT SUICIDE...

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

Try to double-cross **DREDGER!**

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



WRITE AWAY

Hi,
There!

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

Steve.

£5
This
week's
STAR
Letter

£5

Dear Steve,
Action

From Evelyn Williams
WARWICKSHIRE

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

From Evelyn.

P.S: I would mind a £1 postal order or £5 for a star letter.

BLOODY BROTHER!

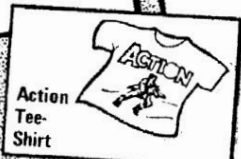
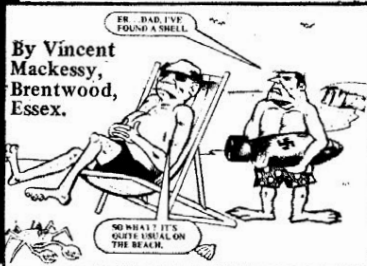
Dear Steve,
While talking about films, my dad said that actors use tomato ketchup instead of blood. Some days later, a full bottle of tomato ketchup went missing. So my mum went outside and saw my four-year-old brother covered in tomato sauce and playing cowboys and Indians with our next door neighbour!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

Ivan Standak, Bradford, West Yorkshire

RHYME TIME

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

By Vincent Mackessy, Brentwood, Essex.



PRIZES

Your letter could win a prize in...

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



By William Cook, Reading.

YUK!

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



Drawing by, Jamie Burnes, Unstone, Sheffield.

GRANDAD'S GRUDGE

Dear Steve,

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

Richard Lincoln, age 10, Namwich, Cheshire



ACTION GANG!

Dear Steve,

The gang I operate in is called 'The ACTION Gang'. Recently, we took part in a soccer league in which all the teams were named after various comics published by a number of firms. For instance, we were the 'Action' team, and there were teams named after 'Tiger' and 'Scorch' and 'Battle Picture Weekly', all three comics published by your company.

Then there were three teams named after comics published by another company! Needless to say, ACTION won the league. We beat a team, made up of fans of a rival comic, five goals to one! When it was all over, we held a big victory party!

Paul Conlon, Togher, Cork, Eire.



Drawing by, Steve Talbot, Bristol.

Hellman

OF THE AFRIKA KORPS

NIGHTMARE!

Dear Steve,

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

DREDGER GETS RESULTS. . . WHATEVER THE COST !

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



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



THERE HE GOES! CUT HIM DOWN!

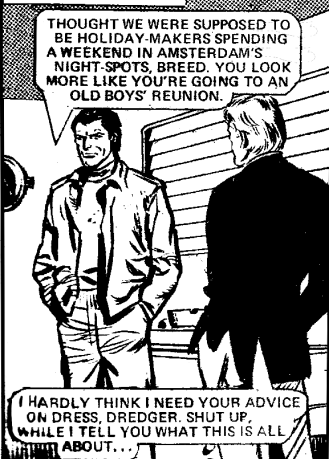
But the darkness made accurate shooting tricky...



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

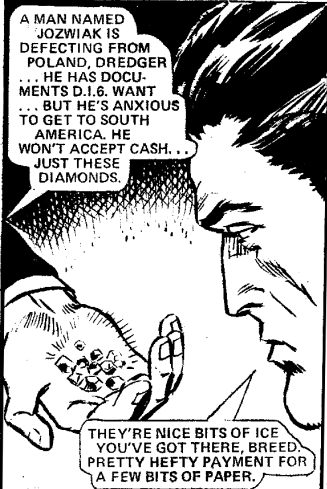
DREDGER

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



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

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



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

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



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

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



Amsterdam, the diamond capital of the world...

RELAX, DREDGER! THIS IS AN EASY ONE, I TELL YOU! JUST ENJOY THE TRIP!

NO JOB'S THAT EASY, BREED.



They booked into a hotel on the seedy side of the city...

ANY MESSAGES LEFT FOR ME? -THE NAME'S BREED... A FRIEND KNEW I'D BE STAYING HERE.

MENHEER BREED? AH YES, THERE IS A LETTER THAT WAS LEFT HERE TODAY...



The note was brief...

Meet at doorway of Van Ruyt, Ship-Fitters, Zeeuyk Canal, 0100 tonight.

THAT'S FROM OUR MAN?

MUST BE, I TOLD YOU, DREDGER... THIS JOB'S PLAIN SAILING.



THIS SMELLS, BREED. AS FAR AS WE KNOW, NO ONE'S TAILING THIS GUY, YET HE WANTS TO MAKE THE PICK-UP IN A REALLY DIRTY PART OF TOWN WELL AFTER MIDNIGHT... WHY?

YOU WORRY TOO MUCH, DREDGER. MAYBE HE DOESN'T LIKE CROWDS.



But that night, Breed set out for the rendezvous on his own. Dredger had left without explanation an hour before.

DREDGER'S A MOODY FELLOW... JUST DOESN'T TRUST ANYONE, I SUPPOSE HE'S SULKING BECAUSE I WOULDN'T TAKE HIM SERIOUSLY...



The Zeeuyk area was deserted and ill-lit, the haunt of muggers and dope-peddlers...

THE CHURCH CLOCK'S STRIKING ONE-FIFTEEN... AND STILL NO SIGN OF OUR CONTACT. MAYBE HE'S DECIDED TO CALL IT OFF...



Suddenly...

WHA--! SWITCH THAT DAMNED LIGHT OFF!

JUST AS YOU SAY, ENGLISH...



Dazzled by the blinding beam, Breed couldn't see the heavy cosh as it came hammering down on his head...

UUUUH...

YOU WAITED A LONG TIME FOR ME... TAKE A REST, FRIEND...



JUST LIKE STEALING CANDY FROM A BABY. YOU ENGLISH... YOU ARE SO TRUSTING. I TAKE YOUR DIAMONDS... AND PICK UP ANOTHER PAYMENT FOR MY DOCUMENTS FROM THE AMERICAN C.I.A. AGENT WHO WAITS FOR ME ACROSS THE CITY...



The Pole had a speedboat waiting on the canal nearby...

£30,000 FROM THE BRITISH... 50,000 DOLLARS FROM THE AMERICANS... ALL IN DIAMONDS. IT SHOULD KEEP ME IN LUXURY FOR A WHILE...

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



At it's wheel—Dredger!

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



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

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

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



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

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

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



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

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



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

AAAAHH! YOU CRAZY ENGLISH!



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



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

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



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

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

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

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

PROBATIONER



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

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

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



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

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

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



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

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



With Slater safe, Dave went downstairs...

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

ER... SURE, MUM—I'M JUST ON MY WAY!



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

THANK YOU, MRS. WHITE!

LEAST IT'LL KEEP ME AWAY FROM SLATER!

Later that evening...



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

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



DEBBIE... MEET DAVE!

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

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



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

ALL RIGHT!



Just then, two heavies burst in...



WE'RE LOOKING FOR GLEM SLATER! ANYONE SEEN HIM?

BLIMEY, IT'S THE MARCONI BROTHERS! THEY'RE AFTER THEIR GIVE 'UNDRED QUID!



TIME I DID A RUNNER!

THERE HE GOES!

DON'T WORRY, CARLO--



EUGH!

I HAVE HIM COVERED, HEH! HEH!



WELL, MR. SLATER! WHERE IS OUR CASH?



OKAY... OKAY... I LIED TO YOU! I DIDN'T WANT THE MONEY TO BUY STOLEN GEAR!

WHAT DID YOU WANT IT FOR?



I BORROWED IT FOR THAT GUY! HE TOLD ME HIS OLD LADY NEEDED SPECIAL TREATMENT TO HELP HER WALK AGAIN...

OKAY YOU... OUTSIDE!

HE'S LYING! HE'S MADE THE WHOLE THING UP...

But...

AS FOR YOU, SLATER, IF HE FAILS, THEN YOU GET THE CHOP, TOO!

UHP... SURE! WE'LL GET THE MONEY...



HEH HEH! I'VE GOT OFF SCOTT FREE!

LOOK, SONNY--YOU'VE GOT TWENTY-FOUR HOURS TO COME UP WITH THE FIVE HUNDRED QUID... PLUS ANOTHER HUNDRED FOR INTEREST! ANY FUNNY BUSINESS AND YOU'LL BE JOINING YOUR OLD LADY IN A WHEELCHAIR! OKAY?



HELL! THEY'LL DO US UP PROPER! BUT WHERE AM I GOING TO GET THAT SORT OF MONEY?

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

A 'SNAKE IN THE GRASS' SAVES THE TRUCKERS.



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



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

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

As soon as the truck was driven away...



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

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

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



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

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

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



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

UGGH! BLAST YOU...

GRAB THE OTHER GUY, DANNY!

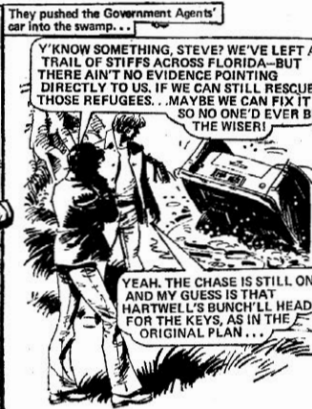
C'MON—INTO THE DRINK, PAL!

COTTONMOUTH—UUULLGHI!



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

AAAARRGH!



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

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

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

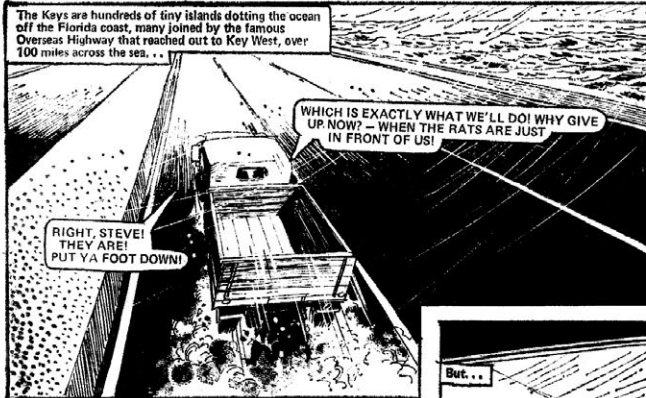


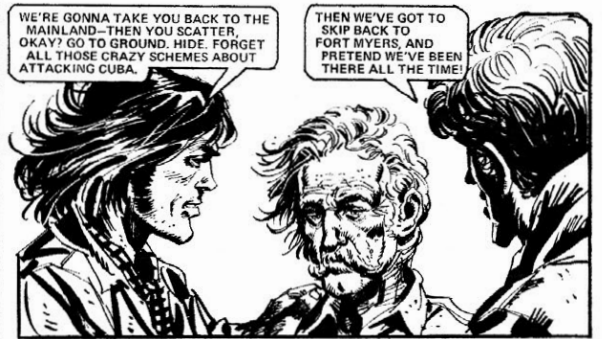
Driving through the night, they bypassed Miami on the Hialeah Turnpike and headed through Florida City on Highway 1. Early dawn found them off mainland America, on Key Largo...

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

HURRICANE WARNING CO. NO FURTHER

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





WILL STEVE AND DANNY EVER GET OUT OF TROUBLE ?

Look out for LEFTY!

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



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

WITHOUT THEIR THUGS TO HOWL 'EM ON, ROTHERFIELD HAVE GONE TO PIECES!



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

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



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

I CAN KICK TOO, WONDER-BOY!

OOOOOOOHH!



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

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



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

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



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

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



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

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

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



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

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



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



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

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



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

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

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



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

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

GROOOUUUGH! I-HELP...!



Kenny pulled aside the junk...

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

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



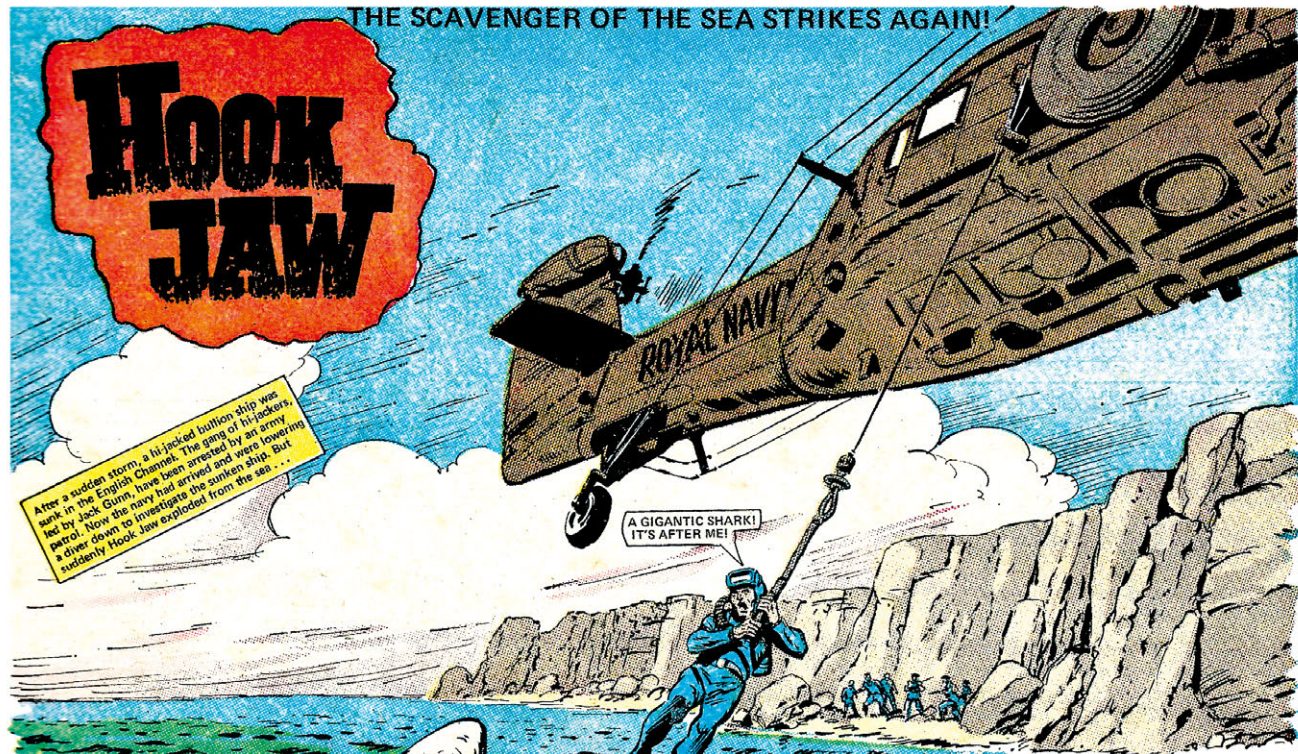
GLAWW-WWRGH!

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

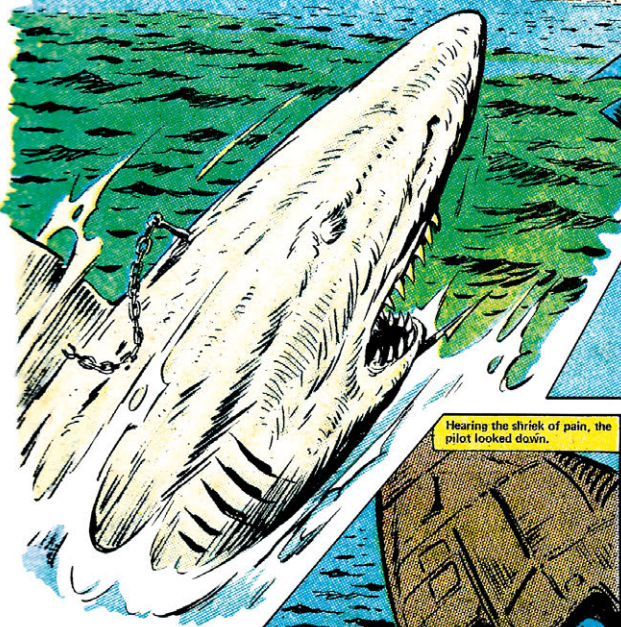
LEFTY SETS OUT FOR REVENGE NEXT WEEK!

HOOK JAW

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



A GIGANTIC SHARK!
IT'S AFTER ME!



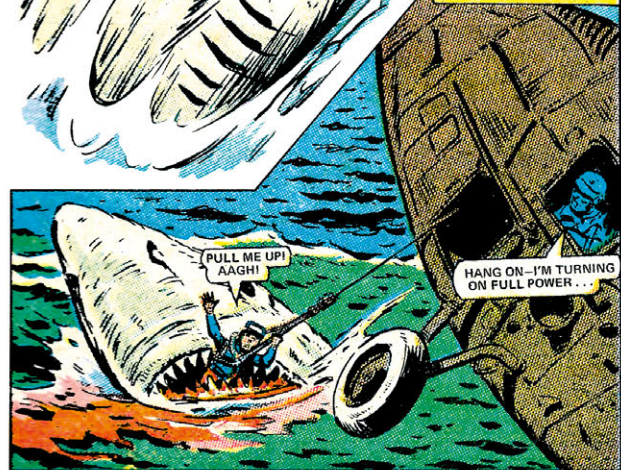
The diver stood no chance... the shark's massive teeth clamped round his waist!

AAAGH!



Hearing the shriek of pain, the pilot looked down.

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

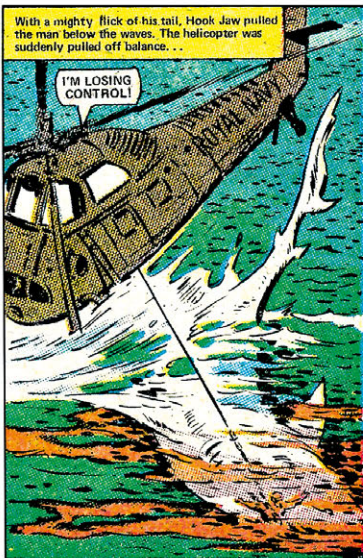


PULL ME UP!
AAGH!

HANG ON—I'M TURNING ON FULL POWER...

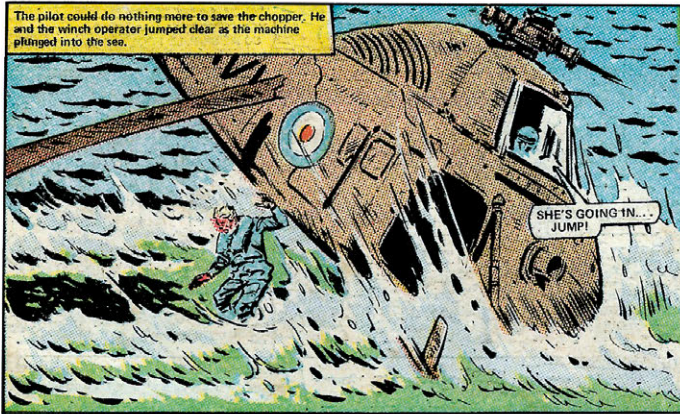


ARGH! AIEEEE!

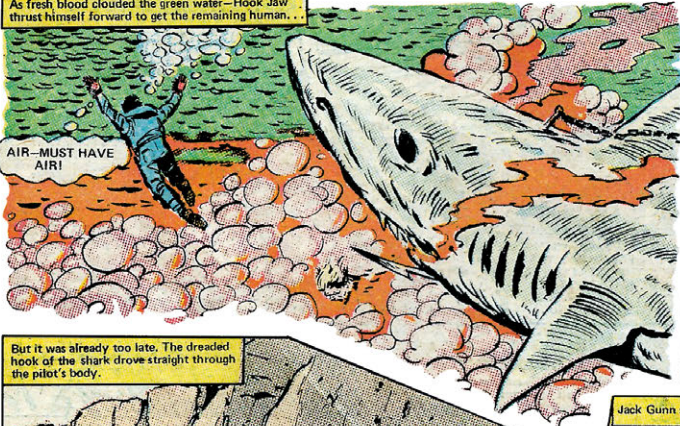


I'M LOSING CONTROL!

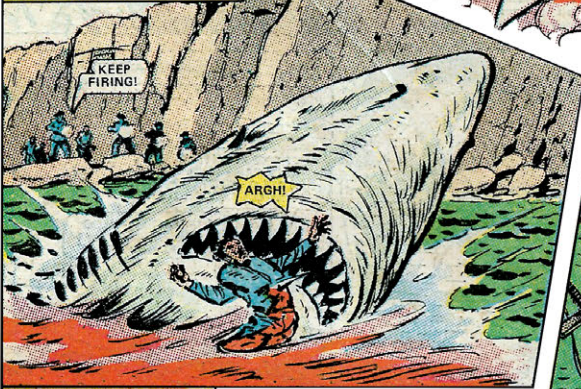
The pilot could do nothing more to save the chopper. He and the winch operator jumped clear as the machine plunged into the sea.



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

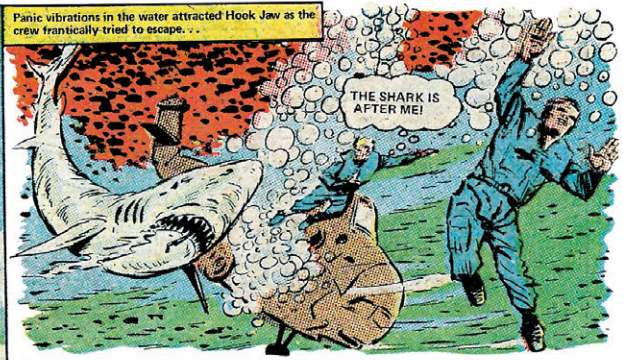


But it was already too late. The dreaded hook of the shark drove straight through the pilot's body.



The soldiers didn't stand a chance...

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



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



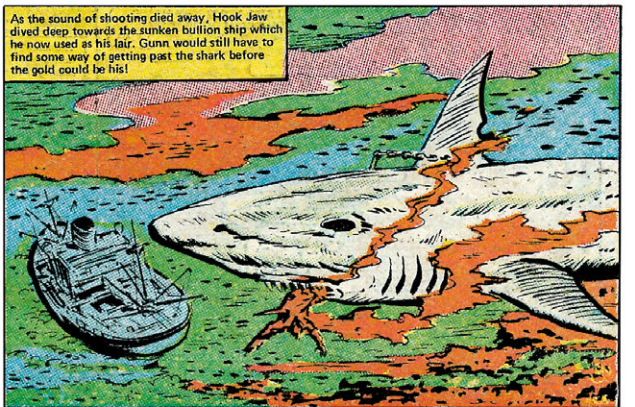
Jack Gunn saw his opportunity to escape...

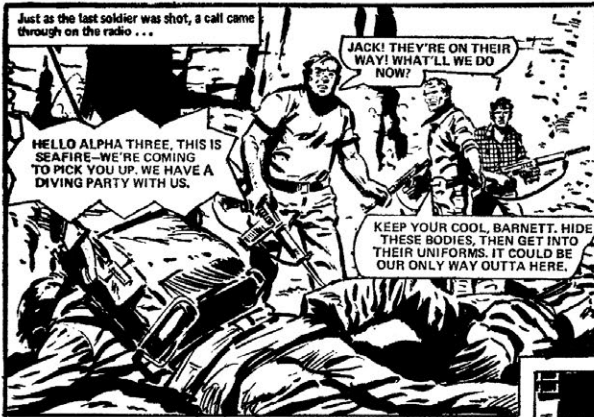


DON'T LEAVE ONE OF 'EM ALIVE! I STILL WANT THE GOLD IN THAT SHIP!



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





Just as the last soldier was shot, a call came through on the radio ...

HELLO ALPHA THREE, THIS IS SEAFIRE—WE'RE COMING TO PICK YOU UP. WE HAVE A DIVING PARTY WITH US.

JACK! THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY! WHAT'LL WE DO NOW?

KEEP YOUR COOL, BARNETT. HIDE THESE BODIES. THEN GET INTO THEIR UNIFORMS. IT COULD BE OUR ONLY WAY OUTTA HERE.



And so ...

YOU TWO LOOK JUST LIKE THE REAL THING!

YER—WE'VE ALL HAD MILITARY TRAINING SO WE SHOULD FOOL 'EM LONG ENOUGH TO MAKE A BREAK FOR IT.



LUMMY—IT'S A MINESWEEPER!

AHOY, LAND PARTY. WE'LL PICK YOU UP AS WE PASS. WHERE'S THE HELICOPTER WE SENT LOOKING FOR THE SHIP?

IT HAD AN ACCIDENT, MATE—ER, SIR! A DAMNED GREAT SHARK GOT THE CREW!



WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT A SHARK, SERGEANT—AND WHY ARE YOU AND YOUR MEN SO SCRUFFY?

WE HAD A BIT OF A SCRAP WITH SOME HI-JACKERS BUT THEY GOT AWAY. THE SHARK IS THE GREAT WHITE, CALLED HOOK JAW, IT GOT THE 'CHOPPER' AND THE CREW. IT'S STILL DOWN THERE, WAITING ...

The officer led Gunn into the sonal room ...

IT'S A BAD BUSINESS. FIRST, AN IMPORTANT AND SECRET GOLD SHIPMENT GETS HI-JACKED AND THE SHIP SINKS—AND NOW YOU SAY THERE'S A SHARK DOWN THERE.

CONTACT, SIR. I'M PICKING UP THE SUNKEN SHIP—AND THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE BIG DOWN THERE. IT'S MOVING!



THESE DEPTH-CHARGES WILL SORT OUT ANY SHARKS. THEN WE CAN GET ON WITH THE RECOVERY OF THE GOLD.

JACK—WE'RE STUCK HERE! THEY'LL RUMBLE US BEFORE LONG!

KEEP COOL, BARNETT!



Underwater, as the first charge exploded near the wreck — Hook Jaw felt the enormous pressure waves. He had to move quickly or be blown to pieces!

Thrusting with his powerful tail—Hook Jaw sped away up the coast.

THERE HE GOES! HE WON'T TROUBLE US AGAIN. WE CAN GET ON WITH THE DIVING OPERATIONS NOW.

IF MY MEN CAN DO ANYTHING TO HELP, SIR, JUST LET ME KNOW.



I BELIEVE YOU AND YOUR MEN HAVE ALREADY BEEN GIVEN ORDERS BY THE ARMY COMMANDER TO GUARD THE GOLD WHEN WE BRING IT UP. IS THAT NOT SO?

ER, YES, SIR!

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



TERROR AT AN ENGLISH RESORT, NEXT WEEK!

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

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

KIDS RULE O.K.



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

FIGHT BACK, MALVERN ROAD!

When Ray woke up...

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



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



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

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



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



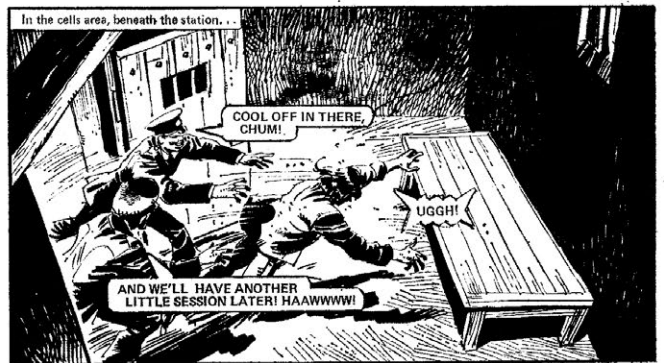
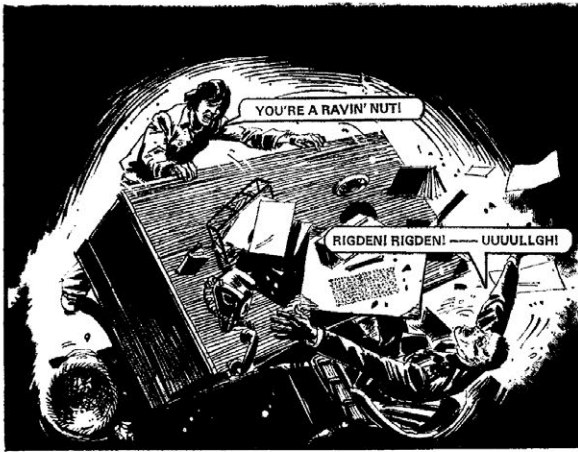
... JUDGE, JURY AND PUNISHMENT ENFORCER! ALL ROLLED INTO ONE, LAD! AND THE WAY I WORK, WE'LL SOON HAVE LITTLE TYKES LIKE YOU BROUGHT TO HEEL!

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



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

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





**ALL THE
RAW EXCITEMENT
OF DEADLY
CONFLICT!**

**12 picture titles every month in
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KRUGER HAS A NASTY SURPRISE. . . A GORY SURPRISE !

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

DEATH GAME 1999



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



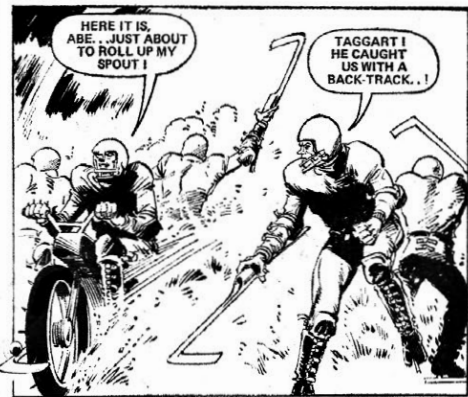
Inspired by Joe's training, The Killers' spike-bikes criss-crossed at bewildering speed...



GANT... SEE WHO'S MADE THE SCOOP-UP!

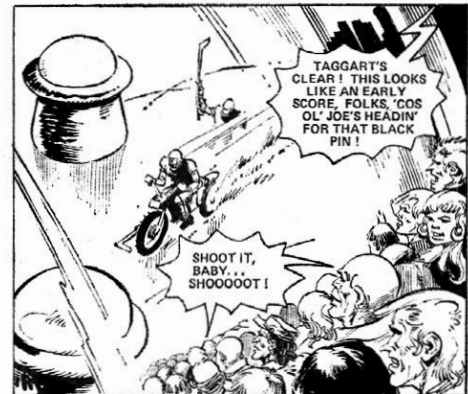
HELL'S TEETH! WHERE'S THAT DAMNED BALL...

UUUUURGH!



HERE IT IS, ABE... JUST ABOUT TO ROLL UP MY SPOUT!

TAGGART! HE CAUGHT US WITH A BACK-TRACK...!



TAGGART'S CLEAR! THIS LOOKS LIKE AN EARLY SCORE, FOLKS. 'GOS OL' JOE'S HEADIN' FOR THAT BLACK PIN!

SHOOT IT, BABY... SHOOOOOT!

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



THAT'S IT, WONDER-BOY... HIT THAT FIRING PISTON! THE IMPACT WILL DETONATE THE BOMB I PLANTED IN YOUR SCOOP-GUN, AN' BLOW YA TO KINGDOM COME!

But as Joe's left boot stamped down!

ZOWEEEEEE! RIGHT ON THE NAIL! TAGGART'S OPENED HIS ACCOUNT WITH FIFTEEN THOUSAND FANTASTIC POINTS!

UUUUUHH...?



THE BOMB DIDN'T BLOW! HE COULDN'T HAVE HIT THE PISTON HARD ENOUGH! I GOTTA GET THAT BALL... FEED IT BACK TO TAGGART!

THAT'S MINE, ALCATRAZ...!



An Alcatraz defender had scooped up the rebounding ball... but Kruger roared in fanatically...

AHIEEEEEEGH!

IT'S YOURS JOE... YOURS!

HEY, THIS KRUGER'S A REAL LIVE-WIRE! HE'S SPIKE'D A DEFENDER, AND GIVEN JOEY-BOY POSSESSION...!

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

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

But, once again...

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

...except a slow moving-defender!

AWWWLLLLGH!

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

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

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

HAWWWW! HAWWWW!

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

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

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

FIRE TWO!

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

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

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

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

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

YOU'RE DEAD, BLUE EYES..!



HEAD HIM AWAY FROM THE PINS... AAAAGH!

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

GAWWWGH!

As Joe loomed into view...

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

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

...and, incredibly!



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



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

GET THAT MESS OFF THE ICE...!

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

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

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

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

MISTY



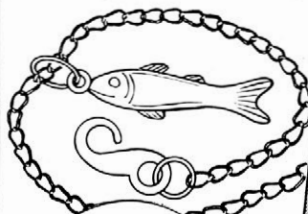
A world of creepy adventure, mystery, magic, the supernatural! Was her weird scar the *only* reason Rosemary was called Moonchild? What was the terrible secret of the tower block nobody dared live in?

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

plus

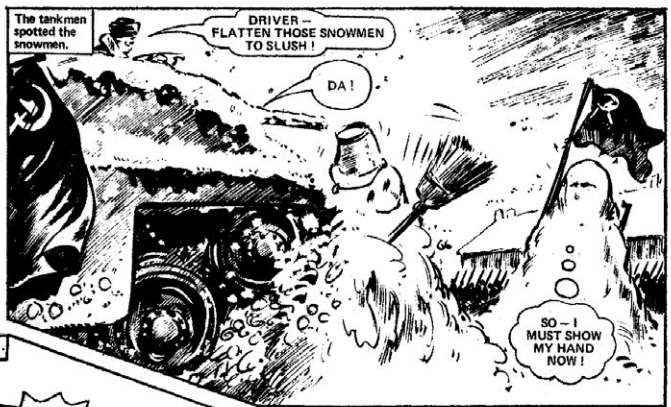
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blue fish bracelet



MISTY

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





THE RUSSIANS WANT BLOOD AND HELLMAN HAS TO FIGHT!

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

OUT
ON MONDAY
21st FEBRUARY
1977

No.1

WORLD

AD.

FEATURING
THE NEW

Dan Dare



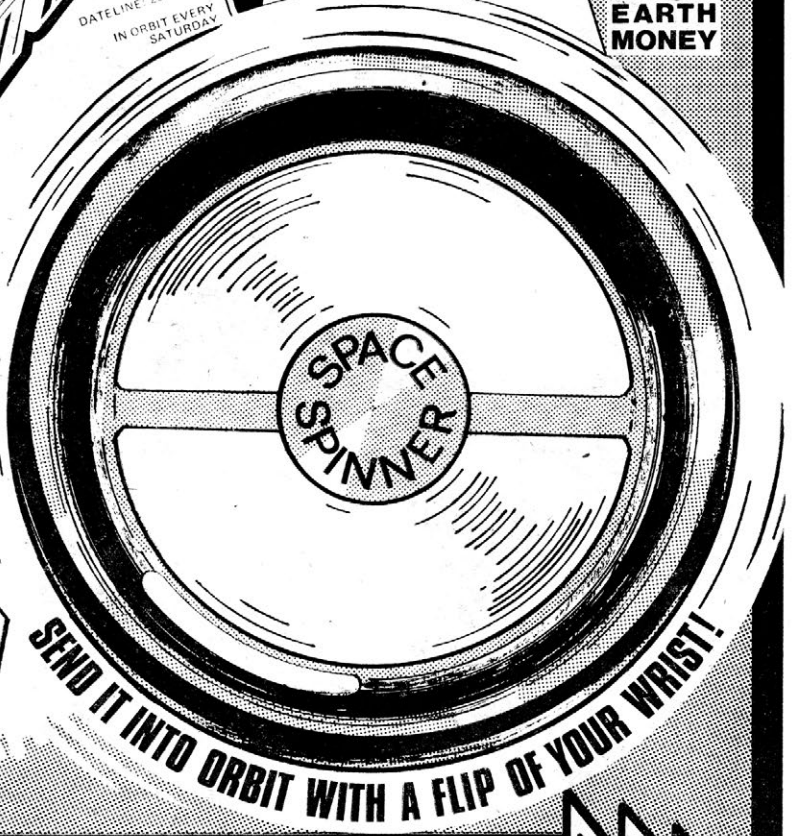
PROGRAMME 1.
DATELINE: 26 FEB 77
IN ORBIT EVERY
SATURDAY

8p
EARTH
MONEY

**FREE IN THE
FIRST
ISSUE**

**THIS FANTASTIC
SPACE
SPINNER!**

**THE
COMIC OF
TOMORROW -
TODAY!**



SEND IT INTO ORBIT WITH A FLIP OF YOUR WRIST!

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



TWIT OF THE WEEK

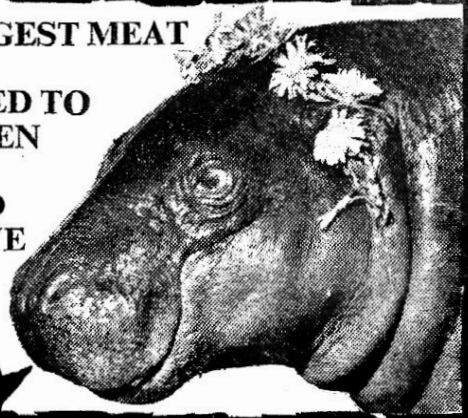


During Saturday afternoon Rugby League matches on TV you might hear what sounds like a cow in agony. You'd be wrong. It is the TV commentator **EDDIE WARING**. This week's TWIT. His deep Yorkshire accent drives many of you potty. Perhaps it would be better to have a cow doing the commentary!

David Armstrong
Acklam
Middlesbrough.

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

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



SO WHAT?

GUESS WHAT?

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



ACTION MOUSE

Panel 1: Action Man is at the gym. He is running on a treadmill, lifting weights, and using a stationary bike. A speech bubble says: "SO MUCH FOR MY PRE-MISSION WORKOUT".

Panel 2: Action Man is in a room with a sign that says "IPC MAGAZINES LTD". He is holding a gun. A speech bubble says: "IT'LL BE A TOUGH NUT TO CRACK".

Panel 3: Action Man is standing in front of a door. The door has a sign that says "Action Editor KICK BEFORE ENTERING". A speech bubble says: "BUT IT'S NOT EVERY DAY YOU DEMAND A WAGE RISE".

Panel 4: Action Man is sneaking. A speech bubble says: "Sneak Sneak". The door sign now says "don't think - act!!" and "Action Man is no cissy".



Next Week! Next Week

The sea boils when Hook Jaw attacks an English resort!

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

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