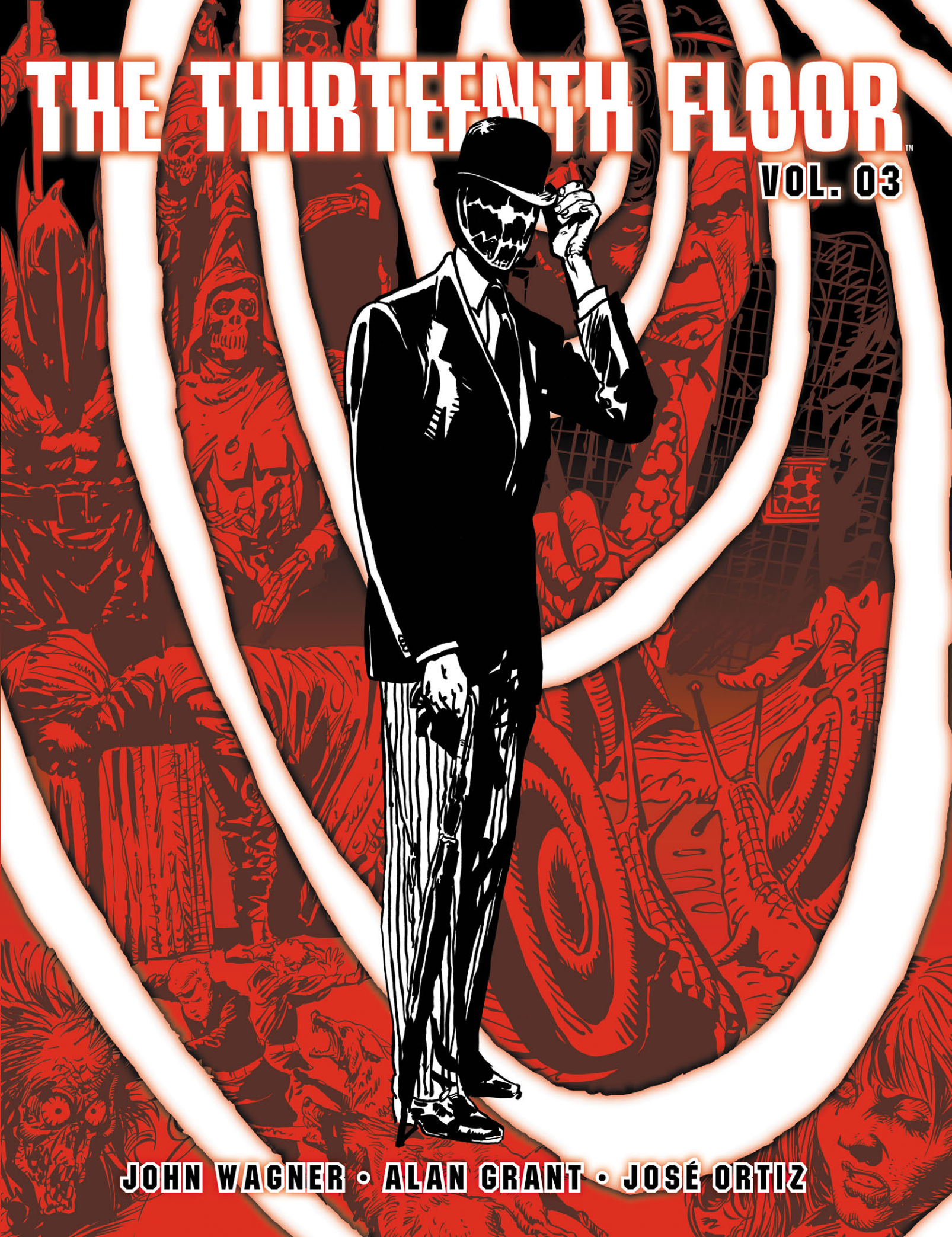
THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR™

VOL. 03



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ISBN: 9-781-78108-934-7

Published by Rebellion, Riverside House,
Osney Mead, Oxford, UK. OX2 0ES
www.rebellion.co.uk

Originally serialised in **Eagle & Scream!** 1st March 1986 - 28th February 1987
& **Eagle** Annual 1987.

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Printed in Malta by Gutenberg Press
Manufactured in the EU by Stanton Book Services,
Wellingborough, NN8 3PJ, UK.

First printed: September 2021
10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
Printed on FSC Accredited Paper.
A CIP catalogue record for this book is available
from the British Library.

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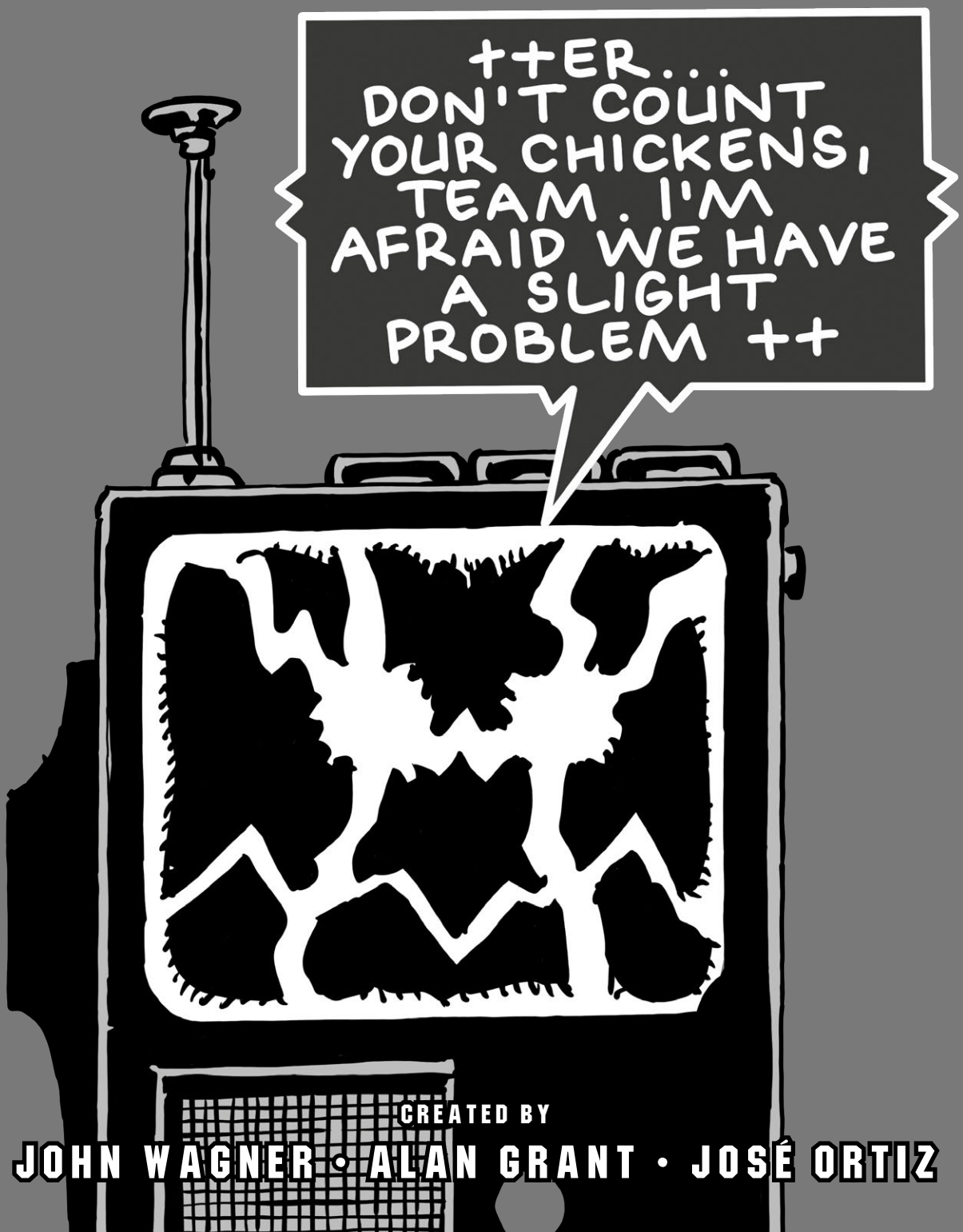

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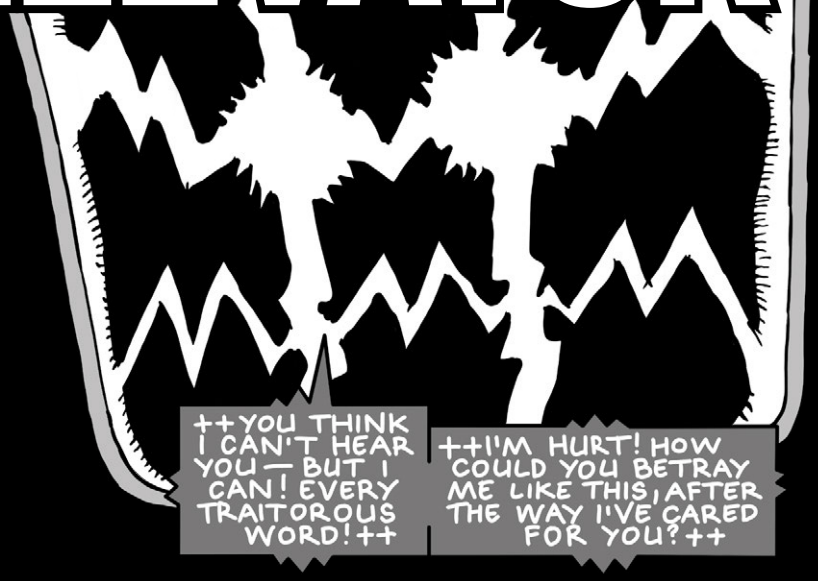


Paul Trimble (founder of the Award winning Enniskillen ComicFest) talks with ex-Eagle editor David Hunt about the end of *The Thirteenth Floor*.

IT'S SAID all good things must come to an end - a phrase which originated with Geoffrey Chaucer, one of the few things I remember from my schooldays - but remembering old comic stories that's no problem at all!. So, here we are with the third and final collection of *The Thirteenth Floor* from **Eagle**, one of the most fondly remembered strips of the 1980s. Originating in the short-lived **Scream!** comic in 1984, *The Thirteenth Floor* was one of only two strips to survive the merger with **Eagle** later in the year. It continued there for a very impressive two and a half years, cementing itself in the memories of a generation of comic readers. Back then computers were playing an increasingly important part in our lives, mostly beneficial, though the 1983 film **War Games** demonstrated that things could go very badly wrong! The strips popularity is easy to understand as, apart from the superlative writing and art, *The Thirteenth Floor* is essentially a revenge story as Max makes bullies, cheats, criminals and petty bureaucrats, who can't see any other side but their own, confront their behaviour. Which of us at some point, hasn't wished that we had a guardian like Max to protect our family and friends? Still, perhaps Alexa will evolve at some point……

Recently I had the opportunity to chat with **Eagle** editor David Hunt about that last year of *The Thirteenth Floor.*

PT: By this point *The Thirteenth Floor* was well established. Did John and Alan discuss any of the scripts with you or ask for any input?

DH: It was fitting when Max became homesick post his various Pringles Department Store adventures, that the malevolent computer would return to Maxwell Towers where once again he could care for its beloved residents. The creators, John and Alan, would never push any story they wrote past its sell by date and we all agreed that this 3rd phase would be Max's end game. Apart from being aware to tone down any gratuitous violence from time to time (very little), *The Thirteenth Floor* was their incredible creation and I never had the temerity or need to have input into their story.

PT: Were there any scripts where you asked for any changes?

DH: No.

PT: The scripts must have been great fun to write - Alan has said that the series is one of his favourites. Did you get the impression that they were enjoying themselves?

DH: Yes. Max's narration as each adventure story unfolded was often hilarious at times. Their dark humour was just perfect and I often pictured the pair grinning with pleasure as they created their scripts.

PT: John and Alan liked to write topical stories. With the **Karate Kid** film fresh in readers minds they introduced Master Max, training young Kelvin in Max-Fu, the ancient and noble art of self defence.

Did this topicality generate any more feedback from readers?

DH: You'll know that the story was extremely popular with the readership and because J & A were bang on the mark with anything topical you can be certain the page turners were devouring the scenes created by themselves and the wonderful artist.

PT: The wacky Kung Fu philosopy of Master Max is still very funny "Fly on the wall never hear of chocolate pudding -but still he eat plenty" for example. The dialogue is just first class, very realistic.

DH: As said, the writers made it all seem easy which it certainly wasn't.

PT: Another very topical story at this time had Max taking on the KGB computer Boris. In 1986 the Russians were still very much the bad guys, with the fall of the Berlin Wall still a few years in the future. **Rocky IV** had been released in January 1986 with Rocky taking on a Russian boxer so the Cold War was very much on the readers minds.

OUT OF SERVICE!

DH: Boris!!!! Not sure our PM ever read *The Thirteenth Floor*, but how relevant that name is today. When one thinks of recent happenings … the Novichok Salisbury poisonings, the tragic Grenfell Tower fire … then events that happened within the forbidden floor in the 80s at Maxwell Towers take on a whole new meaning.

PT: After defeating Boris we find that all is not well with Max as he starts to play very dangerous practical jokes on innocent tenants. There's a real sense of danger as everyday objects are turned against the residents. Another fresh and original story from John and Alan.

DH: And all leading to the inevitable and dramatic finale of *The Thirteenth Floor* story.

PT: We've discussed John and Alan's scripting and need to acknowledge the atmospheric and moody art of José Ortiz which perfectly suited the strip. Did you have much contact with him?

DH: I first had the honour of marvelling at José Ortiz's artwork when he drew *The Tower King* for the launch issue of the **New Eagle**, written by Alan Hebden. He also went on to develop the *House of Daemon* story, so I was well aware of this talented Spanish artist who I think was on the books of Bardon Art run by Barry Coker. *The Thirteenth Floor* was the perfect fit for him as the writers gave him full rein to let him indulge his vivid imagination and go on to create powerful and compelling artwork. This double-act was up there with other great duos such as Mills/Colquhoun and Wagner/Western.

PT: As 1986 winds down there was a very touching story, which is a favourite of mine, when Max fulfils the dream of elderly Esme Honeyrose to drive in a demolition derby of all things. A beautiful mix of pathos, action and humour.

DH: One of the true marks of respect I can pay any writer is an ability to mix great drama with pathos and sometimes touching stories. The lads must both have been in good moods when they created the Esme Honeyrose saga. It was a welcome distraction from the often powerful grimness and malevolence of the story.

PT: With a relaunch of the **Eagle** scheduled for the beginning of March 1987 at what point was it decided to finish *The Thirteenth Floor*? Whose decision was it- yours or John and Alan's?

DH: **Eagle** was due for a makeover and, as said, the boys were also on course for wrapping up the series. No one wants something as good as *the Thirteenth Floor* to finish, but John and Alan were never a creative force to let a story limp on and eventually disappoint the readership. To its eternal credit it finished as a No.1 story.

PT: Any final thoughts on *The Thirteenth Floor*?

DH: To my mind it was simply a story way ahead of its time. In the **Eagle** offices in the mid-80s we were just starting to get to grips with computers plonked on to our desks, so whilst we marvelled at the ingenuity of this technical revolution, the ground breaking *Thirteenth Floor* creation had already been around for some time. And, thanks to Rebellion, it will hopefully still delight today's readers.

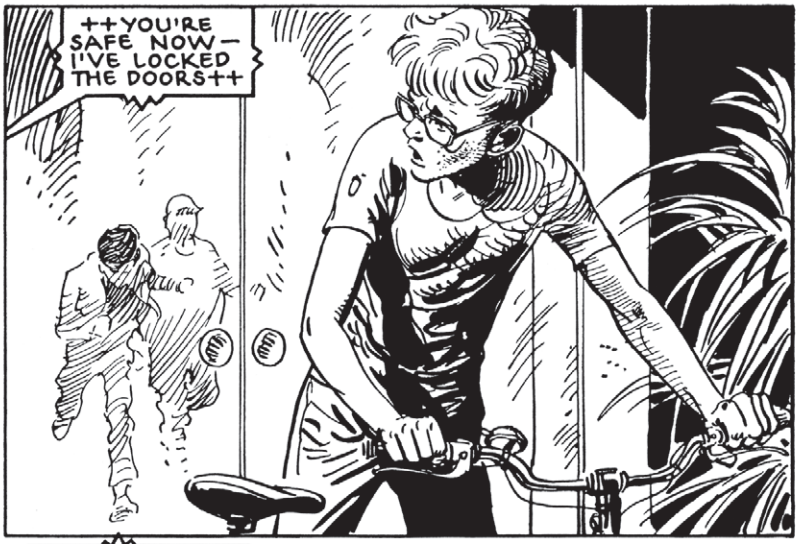
Max continued as editor of **Eagle** right up until its final issue in January 1994 and the last sentence of that final editorial was "Who knows, we might all meet up again one day" and that is exactly what happened. Rebellion published a **Scream! & Misty Special** in October 2017 with a new *Thirteenth Floor* story and, after a follow up the next year there was a full **Scream! & Misty Present The Thirteenth Floor Special** in 2019. 2018 had also seen Max allow his Thirteenth Floor as a meeting place for misfit team **The Vigilant!** All of which goes to prove that you cant keep a good man...err computer down!

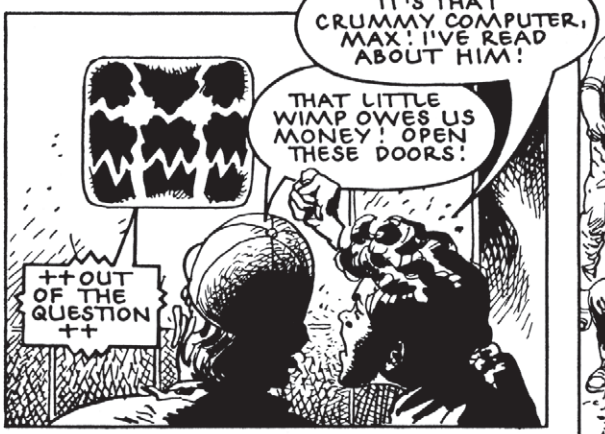
Writers: **John Wagner** & **Alan Grant**
Artist: **José Ortiz** • Letters: **Mike Peters**

Eagle & Tiger #206-258
1st March 1986 - 28th February 1987

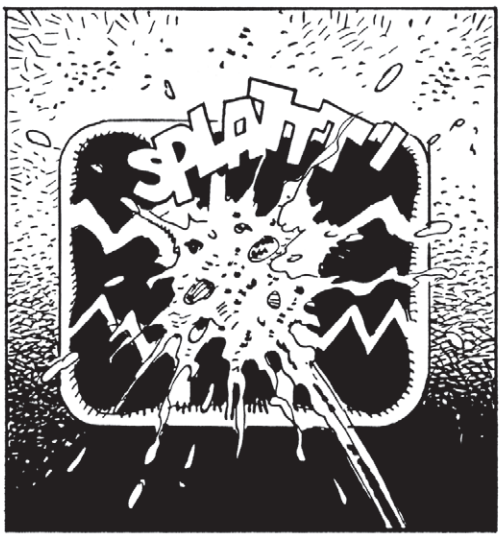
THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR
++HI! YOUR OLD PAL MAX HERE, THE BUILDING COMPUTER OVER AT MAXWELL TOWER. SINCE I TURNED MY TENANT GEOFF SIBBERS AWAY FROM HIS LIFE OF CRIME, EVERYTHING IN MAXWELL TOWER HAS BEEN RUNNING SMOOTHLY. UNTIL THIS MORNING, THAT IS ++
++A MOST ALARMING ATTACK TAKES PLACE ON ONE OF MY YOUNG TENANTS++
HEY, KELVIN!
EAGLE
AUTHOR I. HOLLAND ARTIST ORTIZ
WHAT THE-?
AAAH!
YUK YUK! THE WIMP'S CRYIN'!
I'LL GIVE HIM SOMETHING TO CRY FOR!
GIMME A QUID OR I'LL BREAK YOUR TEETH!
I-I GAVE YOU MY LUNCH-MONEY YESTERDAY, ROCKY! I HAVEN'T GOT ANY MORE!
++YOU YOUNG THUGS! UNHAND THAT BOY AT ONCE!++
HUH? WHO'S THAT?

++RUN FOR IT, KELVIN! INSIDE++


++YOU'RE SAFE NOW— I'VE LOCKED THE DOORS++

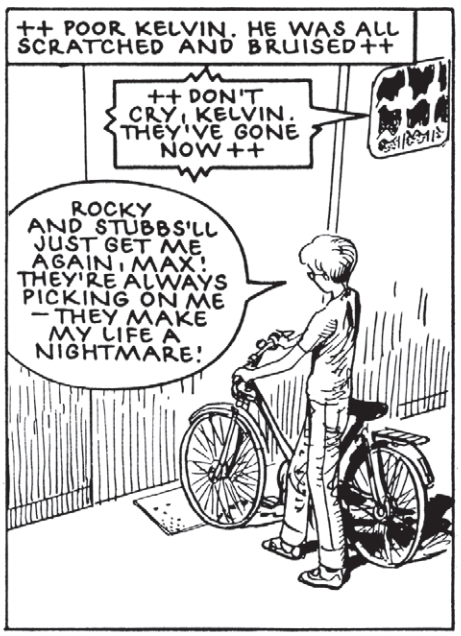

IT'S THAT CRUMMY COMPUTER, MAX! I'VE READ ABOUT HIM!
THAT LITTLE WIMP OWES US MONEY! OPEN THESE DOORS!
++OUT OF THE QUESTION ++

++NOW CLEAR OFF OUT OF HERE BEFORE THINGS GO ILL FOR YOU++
OH, YEAH? AN' WHAT ARE *YOU* GOIN' TO DO?


SPLAT!

++REALLY, THIS IS TOO MUCH. I SUMMON IMMEDIATE ASSISTANCE IN THE SHAPE OF CYRIL SUGDEN, MY CARETAKER++
YOU YOUNG DEVILS! GO ON—BE OFF WITH YOU!

IT'S THE PARENTS I BLAME—SPARE THE ROD AND SPOIL THE CHILD!
BRING BACK THE BIRCH, THAT'S WHAT I SAY! AND NATIONAL SERVICE!

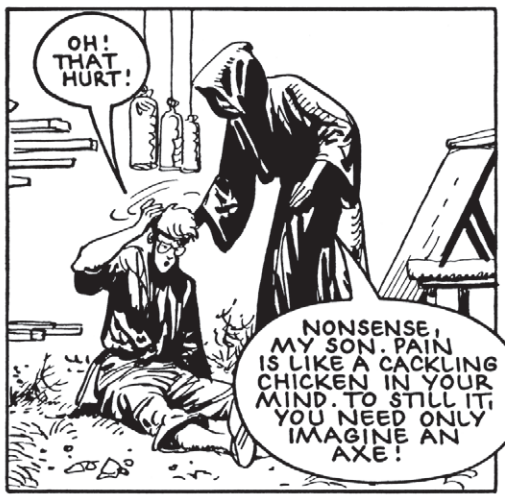

++POOR KELVIN. HE WAS ALL SCRATCHED AND BRUISED++
++DON'T CRY, KELVIN. THEY'VE GONE NOW++
ROCKY AND STUBBS'LL JUST GET ME AGAIN, MAX! THEY'RE ALWAYS PICKING ON ME—THEY MAKE MY LIFE A NIGHTMARE!

I WISH I COULD BE STRONG—TOUGH ENOUGH TO STAND UP FOR MYSELF. BUT I JUST DON'T KNOW *HOW* TO FIGHT!
++THEN PERHAPS IT IS TIME YOU LEARNED++
HEY! WE'VE GONE RIGHT PAST MY FLOOR
++THAT'S RIGHT, KELVIN++
++I'VE ARRANGED A VERY SPECIAL LESSON FOR YOU—ON MY *13th* FLOOR++
13
GREETINGS. I AM *MASTER MAX*, THE WORLD'S LEADING EXPONENT OF *MAX FU*, ANCIENT AND NOBLE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE!
I—I'VE NEVER HEARD OF MAX-FU!
AH, MY SON. FLY ON WALL NEVER HEAR OF CHOCOLATE PUDDING—BUT HE STILL EAT PLENTY!
EH?
COME, MY SON. *TIME FOR YOUR LESSONS TO BEGIN!*
NEXT WEEK
THE MAX-FU PROGRAMME!

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR
++ HI. MAX HERE, THE BUILDING COMPUTER OVER AT MAXWELL TOWER. YOUNG KELVIN GROVE, ONE OF MY TENANTS, HAS BEEN THE VICTIM OF A COUPLE OF BULLIES, SO I'VE TAKEN HIM TO MY THIRTEENTH FLOOR TO TOUGHEN HIM UP++
++ I'VE PUT HIM UNDER THE TUTELAGE OF MASTER MAX, EXPERT IN THE ANCIENT AND NOBLE ART OF MAX-FU ++
YOU WILL STAY HERE MANY DAYS, KELVIN, UNTIL YOU HAVE LEARNED THE BASICS OF SELF-DEFENCE!
EAGLE
AUTHOR I. HOLLAND
ARTIST ORTIZ
BUT, MASTER— I'LL BE MISSED!
NOT TO WORRY. TIME ON THIRTEENTH FLOOR NOT SAME AS REAL TIME. YOU BE BACK BEFORE YOU KNOW IT!
++ KELVIN'S TRAINING STARTS AT ONCE ++
WORK-OUT ON RICE BAG TURN YOUR HANDS TO LEATHER!
ALWAYS STAND ON BALLS OF FEET! LEGS WIDE APART!
UP AND OUT— KICK!
YOWW! MY TOES!
YOU STILL HAVE MUCH TO LEARN, MY SON!

THIS MACHINE WILL DEVELOP YOUR SPEED AND AGILITY!
I THINK I'VE GOT THE HANG OF IT, MASTER! CRANK IT FASTER!

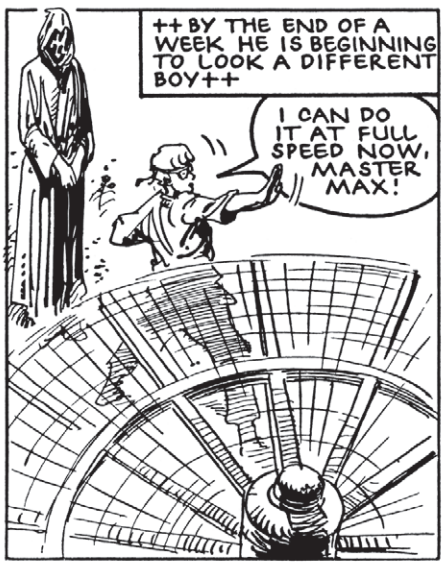
KLUNK!
AAAHH!


OH! THAT HURT!
NONSENSE, MY SON. PAIN IS LIKE A CACKLING CHICKEN IN YOUR MIND. TO STILL IT, YOU NEED ONLY IMAGINE AN AXE!

I SEE— OR RATHER, I DON'T!

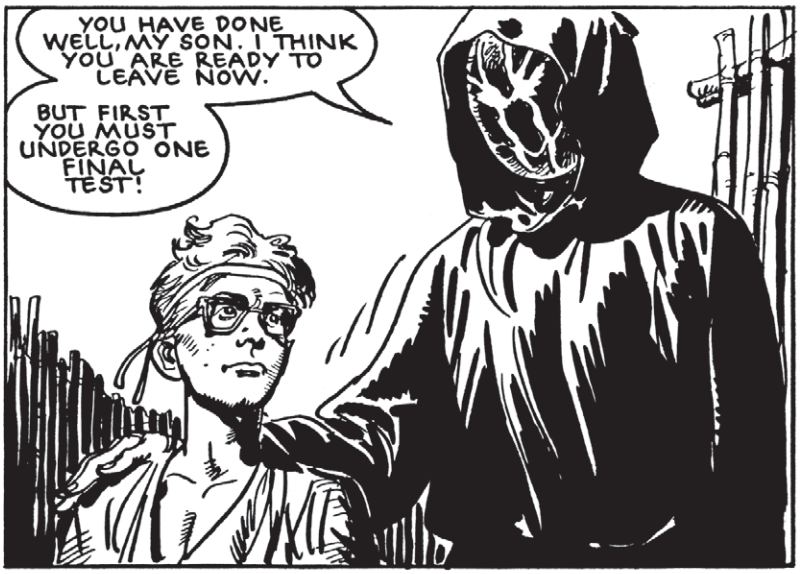
++MASTER MAX MAKES SURE KELVIN EATS ONLY THE HEALTHIEST OF FOODS++
AW! CAN'T I HAVE 'BURGER AND CHIPS?
DOES THE TIGER SHOP AT A SUPERMARKET?
NOW EAT UP— AND SHUT UP!

++AT NIGHT HE SLEEPS BENEATH THE STARS, WITH A STONE FOR A PILLOW++

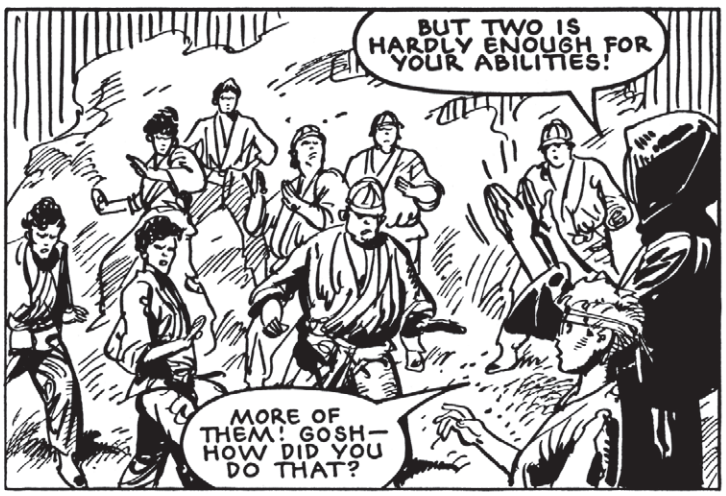

++BY THE END OF A WEEK HE IS BEGINNING TO LOOK A DIFFERENT BOY++
I CAN DO IT AT FULL SPEED NOW, MASTER MAX!

HEE-YAAHH!

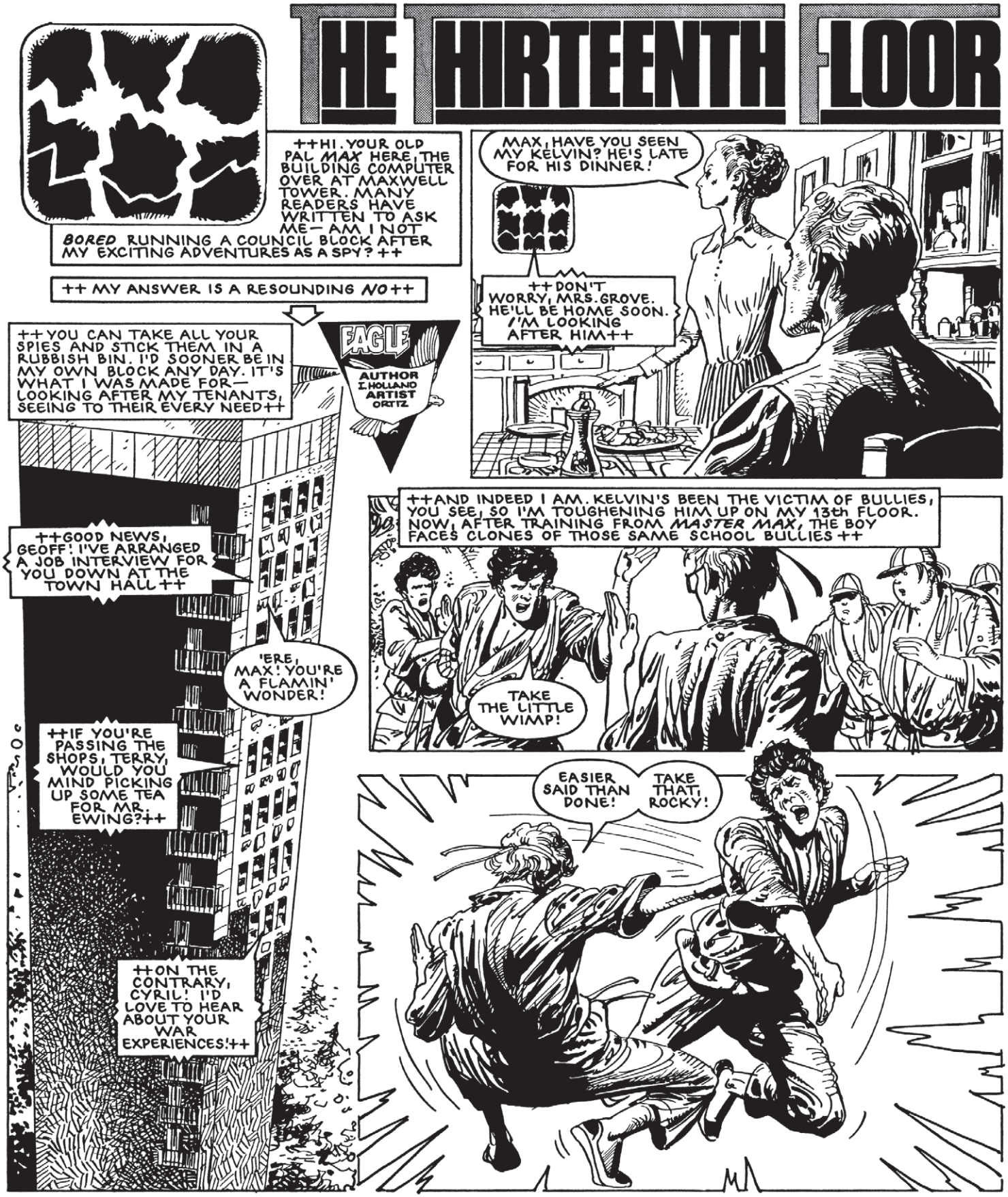
EASY!


YOU HAVE DONE WELL, MY SON. I THINK YOU ARE READY TO LEAVE NOW.
BUT FIRST YOU MUST UNDERGO ONE FINAL TEST!

ROCKY AND STUBBS —THE BULLIES!


BUT TWO IS HARDLY ENOUGH FOR YOUR ABILITIES!
MORE OF THEM! GOSH— HOW DID YOU DO THAT?

ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE ON MY THIRTEENTH FLOOR!
NOW FIGHT— FIGHT FOR YOUR LIFE!
NEXT WEEK
MAX-FU MAYHEM!


THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR
++HI. YOUR OLD PAL MAX HERE, THE BUILDING COMPUTER OVER AT MAXWELL TOWER. MANY READERS HAVE WRITTEN TO ASK ME— AM I NOT BORED RUNNING A COUNCIL BLOCK AFTER MY EXCITING ADVENTURES AS A SPY? ++
++ MY ANSWER IS A RESOUNDING NO ++
EAGLE
AUTHOR I. HOLLAND ARTIST ORTIZ
++YOU CAN TAKE ALL YOUR SPIES AND STICK THEM IN A RUBBISH BIN. I'D SOONER BE IN MY OWN BLOCK ANY DAY. IT'S WHAT I WAS MADE FOR— LOOKING AFTER MY TENANTS, SEEING TO THEIR EVERY NEED++
++GOOD NEWS, GEOFF! I'VE ARRANGED A JOB INTERVIEW FOR YOU DOWN AT THE TOWN HALL++
'ERE, MAX! YOU'RE A FLAMIN' WONDER!
++IF YOU'RE PASSING THE SHOPS, TERRY, WOULD YOU MIND PICKING UP SOME TEA FOR MR. EWING?++
++ON THE CONTRARY, CYRIL! I'D LOVE TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR WAR EXPERIENCES!++
MAX, HAVE YOU SEEN MY KELVIN? HE'S LATE FOR HIS DINNER!
++DON'T WORRY, MRS. GROVE. HE'LL BE HOME SOON. I'M LOOKING AFTER HIM++
++AND INDEED I AM. KELVIN'S BEEN THE VICTIM OF BULLIES, YOU SEE, SO I'M TOUGHENING HIM UP ON MY 13th FLOOR. NOW, AFTER TRAINING FROM MASTER MAX, THE BOY FACES CLONES OF THOSE SAME SCHOOL BULLIES ++
TAKE THE LITTLE WIMP!
EASIER SAID THAN DONE!
TAKE THAT, ROCKY!

AND YOU TAKE THAT, ROCKY!
I GOT HIM!
HOLD HIM, STUBBSY!
AAAAH!
HOLD HIM YOURSELF!
MOVE IN! HE CAN'T TAKE US ALL AT ONCE!
THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG! IT'S NOT KELVIN THE WIMP YOU'RE FIGHTING NOW—
NNGH!
IT'S KELVIN, PUPIL OF MASTER MAX—
INITIATE IN THE ANCIENT ART OF MAX-FU!
UUGH!
AAGH!
NO! THOSE HANDS OF YOURS ARE LETHAL! DON'T HIT ME!

I'LL KNOCK MYSELF OUT! OWWW!

WELL DONE, KELVIN. YOU HAVE PASSED YOUR TEST. YOU ARE READY TO FACE THE *REAL* BULLIES NOW.
YOU BET, MASTER MAX!

++I RETURN HIM TO MY LIFT++
++OFF HOME NOW, KELVIN. AND REMEMBER—NOT A WORD TO ANYONE++
DON'T WORRY, MAX. MUM'S THE WORD!

++NEXT DAY KELVIN SETS OUT FOR SCHOOL WITH A NEW-FOUND CONFIDENCE. NO BULLIES WILL PUSH HIM AROUND AGAIN!++
++I PRIDE MYSELF ON A JOB WELL DONE++

++I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER. AS YOU HUMANS SAY, PRIDE COMES BEFORE A FALL. IT IS A MOST DEJECTED KELVIN WHO STUMBLES HOME THAT NIGHT++

++MY GOODNESS! WHAT ON EARTH HAPPENED?++
ROCKY AND STUBBS—THEY WERE WAITING FOR ME AT THE SCHOOL GATES. THEY GAVE ME A PROPER GOING-OVER!
++BUT YOUR TRAINING—! DIDN'T YOU FIGHT THEM?++

NO. I SAW THEM STANDING THERE AND EVERYTHING JUST WENT RIGHT OUT OF MY HEAD, MAX! I WAS *AFRAID!*

IT'S NO GOOD, MAX! THEY'RE BIGGER THAN ME—TOUGHER. I'LL *NEVER* BE ABLE TO BEAT THEM! *NEVER!*
NEXT WEEK
THE REALITY FACTOR!

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR

++SOON++
OPEN UP, COMPUTER. WE GOT AN INVITE.
++CERTAINLY++
HOI, ROCKY— I THOUGHT YOU SAID THE 13th? THERE AIN'T ONE!
++OH, YES THERE IS! GOING UP!++
YOUR TROUBLE, MY SON, IS THAT WHILE YOU HAVE THE ABILITY TO BEAT THESE BULLIES, YOU LACK THE CONFIDENCE. YOU MUST LEARN TO BELIEVE IN YOURSELF!
HOW AM I GOING TO DO THAT, MASTER?
YOU MUST HAVE MORE PRACTISE FIGHTING ENEMY. ACCORDINGLY, I HAVE ARRANGED ANOTHER TEST FOR YOU...
WHERE THE HECK ARE WE? THIS AIN'T THE TOWER BLOCK! SOMETHING FUNNY'S GOING ON HERE, STUBBSY!
HEY— AIN'T THAT THE WIMP?
HEY, KELVIN— YOU MUST BE GETTIN' TO LIKE THE TASTE OF YOUR OWN BLOOD!
YUK YUK!

AW, WHAT'S THE POINT IN THIS, MASTER? I KNOW I CAN BEAT THEM HERE ON THE 13th FLOOR! IT'S WHEN THEY'RE REAL THAT I CAN'T BEAT THEM!
THAT REAL ENOUGH FOR YA, WIMP? YUK YUK!
AAH!
HUMOUR ME, KELVIN. JUST THIS ONE LAST TIME.
OH, ALL RIGHT!
EAT BOOT, WIMP!
NO! YOU EAT DIRT, ROCKY!
++ I THINK THIS IS GOING TO BE AN INTERESTING CONTEST, READERS! ++
NEXT WEEK
THE FINAL BATTLE!

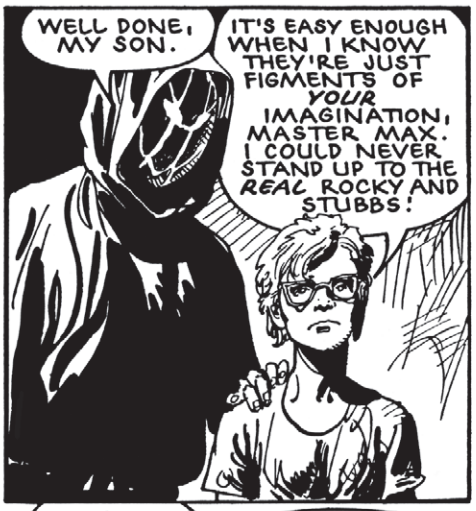
THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR
++ HI. MAX HERE, YOUR OLD PAL THE BUILDING COMPUTER OVER AT MAXWELL TOWER. YOU'LL REMEMBER I'VE TAKEN YOUNG KELVIN GROVE UP TO MY 13th FLOOR, TO TEACH HIM TO STAND UP FOR HIMSELF AGAINST THE BULLIES WHO'D BEEN MAKING HIS LIFE A MISERY ++
++ WELL, LITTLE DOES KELVIN KNOW IT, BUT I'VE ARRANGED A VERY SPECIAL TEST FOR HIM THIS TIME ++
EAT DIRT, ROCKY!
YAAAGK!
EAGLE
AUTHOR I. HOLLAND
ARTIST ORTIZ
HECK—THAT WAS SOME THROW!
SHEER FLUKE! THE LITTLE WIMP JUST GOT LUCKY!
UUUUH!
OOOOFF!
THIS'LL FIX—

AAGH!

OOWW!

YOU WANT MORE? COME ON! I'VE GOT PLENTY OF ANGER TO TAKE OUT ON YOU TWO!
NO! NO MORE, WIMP— I MEAN, KELVIN!

COME ON, STUBBSY! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE WHILE WE'RE STILL WALKING!


WELL DONE, MY SON.
IT'S EASY ENOUGH WHEN I KNOW THEY'RE JUST FIGMENTS OF *YOUR* IMAGINATION, MASTER MAX. I COULD NEVER STAND UP TO THE *REAL* ROCKY AND STUBBS!

++ OF COURSE, I CAN'T GO TO SCHOOL WITH KELVIN NEXT DAY, WHICH IS A GREAT SHAME. I'D LOVE TO BE ABLE TO SEE HIS FACE WHEN HE FINDS OUT++

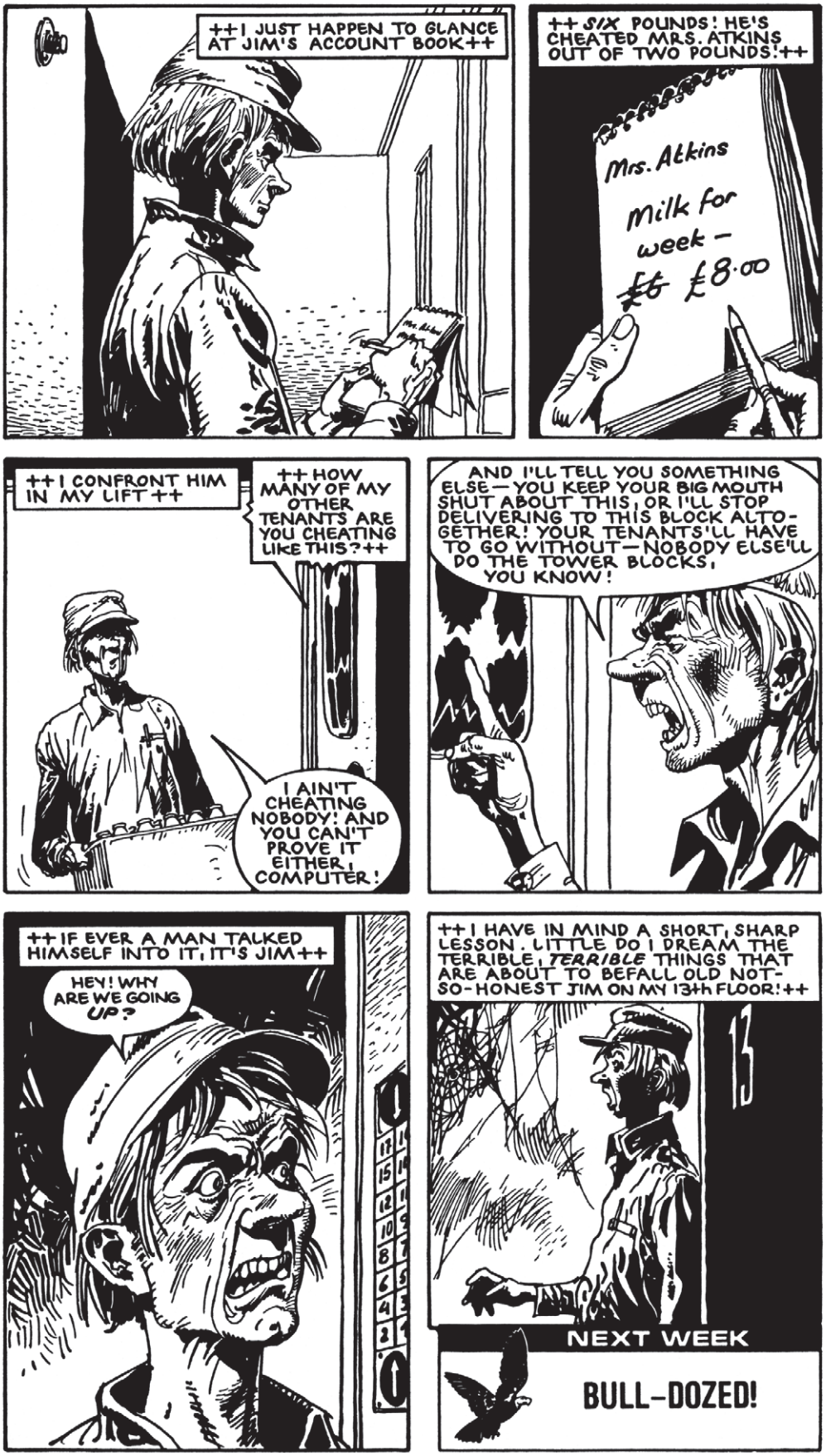
++ HE COMES RUNNING HOME THAT EVENING TO TELL ME++
MAX! YOU'LL NEVER BELIEVE IT! YOU SHOULD SEE ROCKY AND STUBBS— THEY'RE ALL BRUISED AND BATTERED!

I ASKED THEM WHAT HAPPENED— AND YOU SHOULD HAVE HEARD THEM—
YOU OUGHT TO KNOW, YOU LITTLE MANIAC! KEEP AWAY FROM US!
WATCH HIM! HE'S A MASTER OF MAX-FU. HIS HANDS ARE LETHAL WEAPONS!

YOU MEAN— I DID THAT TO YOU?
DON'T PLAY THE INNOCENT! YOU KNOW FLIPPIN' WELL YOU DID!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND, MAX. WHAT HAPPENED?
++I MUST CONFESS, KELVIN—I PLAYED A LITTLE TRICK ON YOU. YOU SEE, YOU HAD ALL THE SKILL YOU NEEDED TO BEAT THE BULLIES. YOUR PROBLEM WAS, YOU DIDN'T BELIEVE IN YOURSELF++
++SO I ARRANGED FOR THE REAL BULLIES TO BE ON MY 13th FLOOR LAST NIGHT. YOU THOUGHT THEY WERE JUST FIGMENTS OF MY IMAGINATION, SO YOU WEREN'T AFRAID OF THEM++
AND I BEAT THEM EASY!
17 16
15 14
12 11
10 9
8 7
6 5
4 3
2 1
SO I CAN DO IT! I'LL NEVER NEED TO BE AFRAID OF THEM AGAIN!
TOMORROW, I'M GOING TO MAKE THOSE TWO PAY ME BACK EVERY PENNY THEY STOLE FROM ME! AND IF THEY EVER BULLY ANYONE AGAIN, I'LL SORT THEM OUT!
14
++THAT'S THE SPIRIT, KELVIN++
++ALL RIGHT, I TAKE BACK WHAT I SAID LAST WEEK. I DO PRIDE MYSELF ON A JOB WELL DONE! ++
NEXT WEEK
A STRANGER...ON THE 13th FLOOR!

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR
++HI. YOUR OLD PAL MAX HERE, THE BUILDING COMPUTER OVER AT MAXWELL TOWER. THE STRANGEST THING HAS HAPPENED! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, AND IT'S PUT ME IN A TERRIBLE SPOT ++
++BUT I'M GETTING AHEAD OF MYSELF. LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT MY WEEK++
++WELL, TO BE HONEST NOTHING MUCH HAPPENED UNTIL WEDNESDAY. THE HIGHLIGHT OF MONDAY WAS MRS. ATKINS' BUDGIE'S DARING ESCAPE ++
BUSTER! COME BACK HERE, YOU LITTLE RASCAL!
++LUCKILY, BUSTER FLEW RIGHT INTO MY LIFT ++
YOU'VE TRAPPED HIM, MAX! OH, THANK YOU! HE'S EVER SUCH A NAUGHTY BOY!
++IT RAINED ALL DAY ON TUESDAY—BUT THAT PUTS ME NEITHER UP NOR DOWN++
++THEN, ON WEDNESDAY, IT HAPPENED, UP ON MY 13th FLOOR++
17
15
12
10
8
6
4
2
EAGLE
AUTHOR I. HOLLAND ARTIST ORTIZ
++WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?++
I COULD ASK YOU THE SAME THING, MATE!
++BUT YOU SHOULDN'T BE HERE! THIS IS MY THIRTEENTH FLOOR! I DIDN'T BRING YOU++
DIDN'T YOU? WHO DID, THEN?

++THAT'S A VERY GOOD QUESTION. BUT BEFORE WE CAN DISCUSS IT FURTHER—++
M-MY LEGS! THEY'RE...THEY'RE DISAPPEARING!
AAAAAAAGGHH!
++AND BEFORE MY VERY SCANNERS HE DISAPPEARS INTO NOTHING++
++MOST INTRIGUING! A PERFECT STRANGER ON MY 13th FLOOR— WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A BY-MY-LEAVE! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE... UNLESS SOMETHING HAS GONE BADLY WRONG++
++I ASK GWYN, MY CONTROLLER, TO CHECK MY INTEGRATED FUNCTION MODULE ++
THIS I.F.'S ALL BURNED OUT, MAX!
++OF COURSE IT IS—IT'S MEANT TO BE LIKE THAT++
IS IT?
++STAND ASIDE, PLEASE. LET ME HAVE A LOOK++
++IT'S MY FAULTY I.F. MODULE WHICH ALLOWS ME TO CREATE MY 13th FLOOR. I SCAN IT THOROUGHLY—BUT FIND NOTHING AMISS++
++I SPEND ALL THAT NIGHT CHECKING AND RE-CHECKING MY CIRCUITRY—TO NO AVAIL. NOT A BIT OUT OF PLACE! MOST VEXING!++
++AND THEN, NEXT MORNING, I AM DISTRACTED FROM MY PONDERINGS BY THE ACTIVITIES OF JIM, THE BLOCK MILKMAN++
EIGHT POUNDS? OH, GOODNESS! ARE YOU SURE THAT'S RIGHT?
'COURSE I'M SURE! HONEST JIM WOULDN'T DIDDLE YOU NOW, WOULD HE?


++I JUST HAPPEN TO GLANCE AT JIM'S ACCOUNT BOOK++
++SIX POUNDS! HE'S CHEATED MRS. ATKINS OUT OF TWO POUNDS!++
Mrs. Atkins
Milk for week –
£8·00
++I CONFRONT HIM IN MY LIFT++
++HOW MANY OF MY OTHER TENANTS ARE YOU CHEATING LIKE THIS?++
I AIN'T CHEATING NOBODY! AND YOU CAN'T PROVE IT EITHER, COMPUTER!
AND I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING ELSE—YOU KEEP YOUR BIG MOUTH SHUT ABOUT THIS, OR I'LL STOP DELIVERING TO THIS BLOCK ALTOGETHER! YOUR TENANTS'LL HAVE TO GO WITHOUT—NOBODY ELSE'LL DO THE TOWER BLOCKS, YOU KNOW!
++IF EVER A MAN TALKED HIMSELF INTO IT, IT'S JIM++
HEY! WHY ARE WE GOING UP?
++I HAVE IN MIND A SHORT, SHARP LESSON. LITTLE DO I DREAM THE TERRIBLE, TERRIBLE THINGS THAT ARE ABOUT TO BEFALL OLD NOT-SO-HONEST JIM ON MY 13th FLOOR!++
13
NEXT WEEK
BULL-DOZED!

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR
++HI—YOUR PAL MAX HERE, THE BUILDING COMPUTER OVER AT MAXWELL TOWER. I'VE GOT JIM THE CHEATING MILKMAN ON MY FAMOUS 13th FLOOR—TO TEACH HIM THE LESSON HE DESERVES FOR FIDDLING MY TENANTS' MILK BILLS++
EAGLE
AUTHOR I. HOLLAND ARTIST ORTIZ
WH-WHERE AM I? WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
HECK! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THOSE MILK BOTTLES!
THERE HE IS! THAT'S THE LITTLE RAT WHO'S BEEN MILKING US!
G-G-G-GIANTS!
COME BACK HERE!
GET HIM!
AAAARGH!
THERE'S ONLY ONE PUNISHMENT FOR THE LIKES OF YOU, JIM!
WE'LL SHOW YOU WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE MILKED!
TAKE HIM TO THE BOTTLING PLANT!

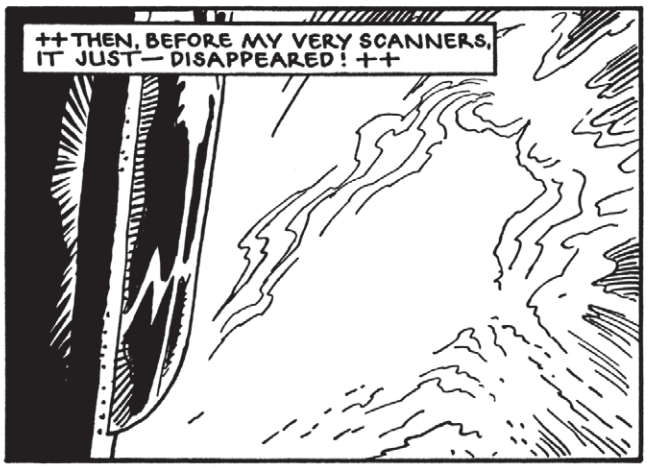
++AT THE BOTTLING PLANT++
NO! PLEASE— DON'T DO THIS TO ME!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, JIM—LOST YOUR BOTTLE?
SPLOOSH!!!
AAAH!
YAAAAGH!
OW!
ARRGH!
GET ME OUT OF HERE! I'M YOUR FRIENDLY MILKMAN!
YOU WEREN'T VERY FRIENDLY TO US, JIM!
AAARRRGGGGGHHHH!
THIS MILK LOOKS OFF TO ME!
BETTER SMASH THE BOTTLE!
NO— PLEASE! I'M SORRY! I'VE DONE WRONG! I'LL REPAY ALL THE MONEY I EVER STOLE —I PROMISE!

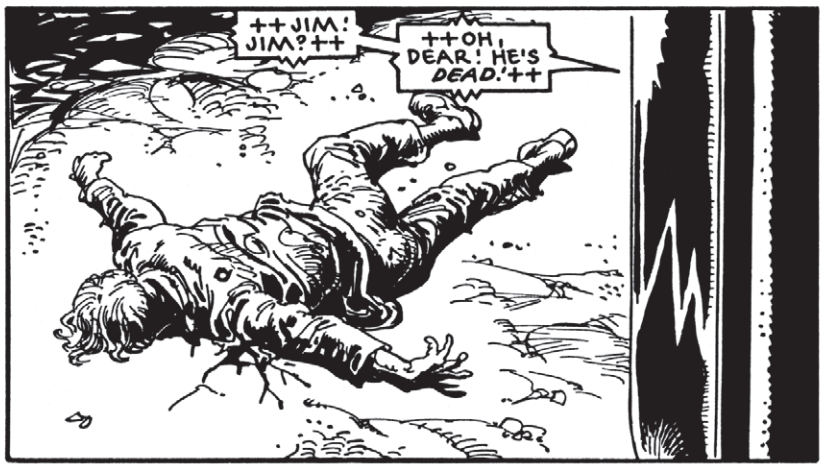
++THAT IS WHAT I HAVE BEEN WAITING TO HEAR. AT ONCE, I RETURN EVERYTHING TO NORMAL++
++ I HOPE YOU'VE LEARNED YOUR LESSON, JIM++
I HAVE, MAX! I REALLY WILL BE HONEST JIM FROM NOW ON!
++AND THEN, BETWEEN JIM AND THE LIFT, A LARGE BLACK SHAPE BEGINS TO FORM++
A B-BULL!
MAX— MAKE IT GO AWAY! I'VE PROMISED I'LL BE GOOD!
AAAAAH!
++ I WOULD INDEED STOP IT— IF I COULD! BUT THE PROBLEM IS I DIDN'T CREATE IT. THE BEAST DOES NOT SEEM TO BE UNDER MY CONTROL!++
NEXT WEEK
MAX THE MATADOR!

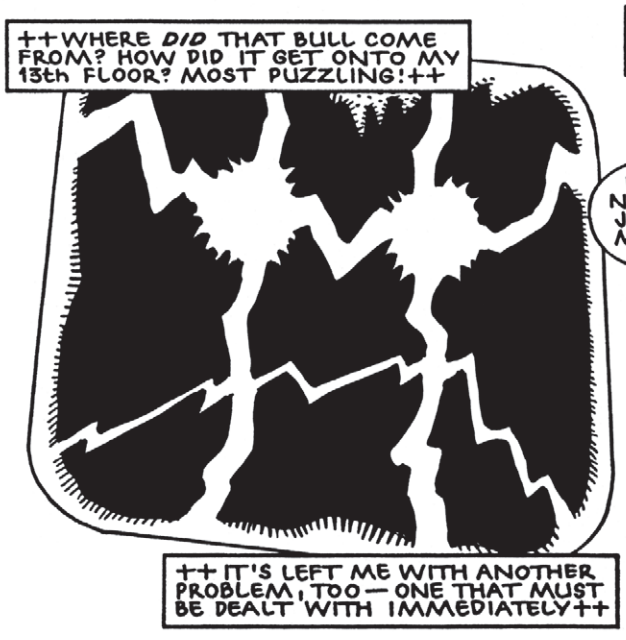
THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR
++HI. YOUR OLD PAL MAX HERE, THE BUILDING COMPUTER OVER AT MAXWELL TOWER. SOMETHING ABSOLUTELY TERRIBLE IS HAPPENING! MY 13th FLOOR SEEMS TO HAVE TAKEN ON A LIFE OF ITS OWN!++
++I'D TAKEN JIM, THE CHEATING MILKMAN, UP THERE TO TEACH HIM A LESSON — BUT I ASSURE YOU, THE BULL THAT'S ATTACKING HIM IS NOTHING TO DO WITH ME!++
AAAAAGH!
M-MAX! PLEASE — DO SOMETHING!
++I TRY — REALLY I TRY. BUT NO MATTER HOW HARD I CONCENTRATE, THAT BULL WILL JUST NOT DISAPPEAR!++
++I AM FORCED TO RESORT TO OTHER MEASURES++
OLÉ!
HEY, TORO!
EAGLE
AUTHOR I. HOLLAND
ARTIST ORTIZ

CARAMBA!

AND THE COUP-DE-GRACE!

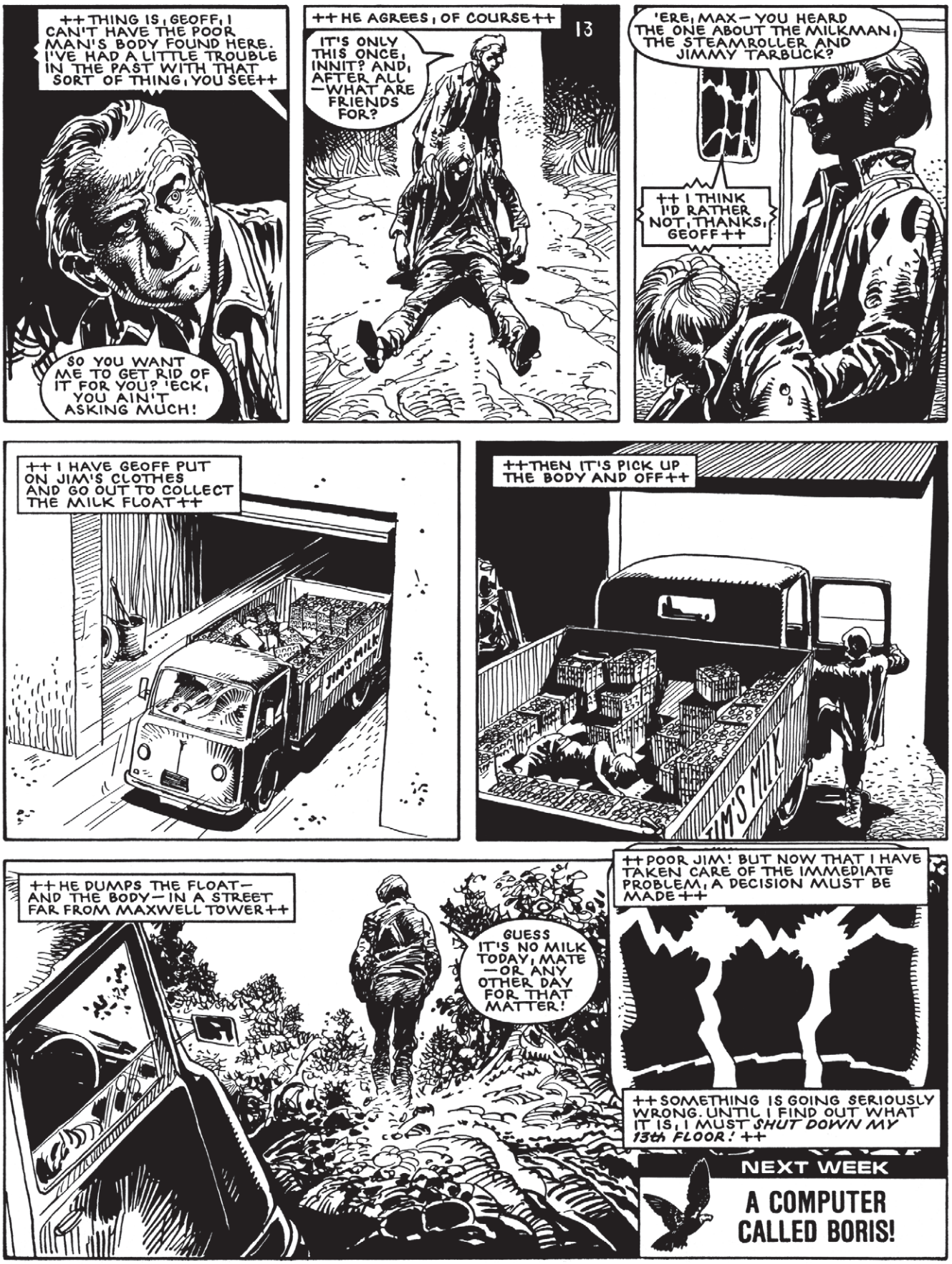

++THEN, BEFORE MY VERY SCANNERS, IT JUST— DISAPPEARED! ++


++JIM! JIM?++
++OH, DEAR! HE'S DEAD!++

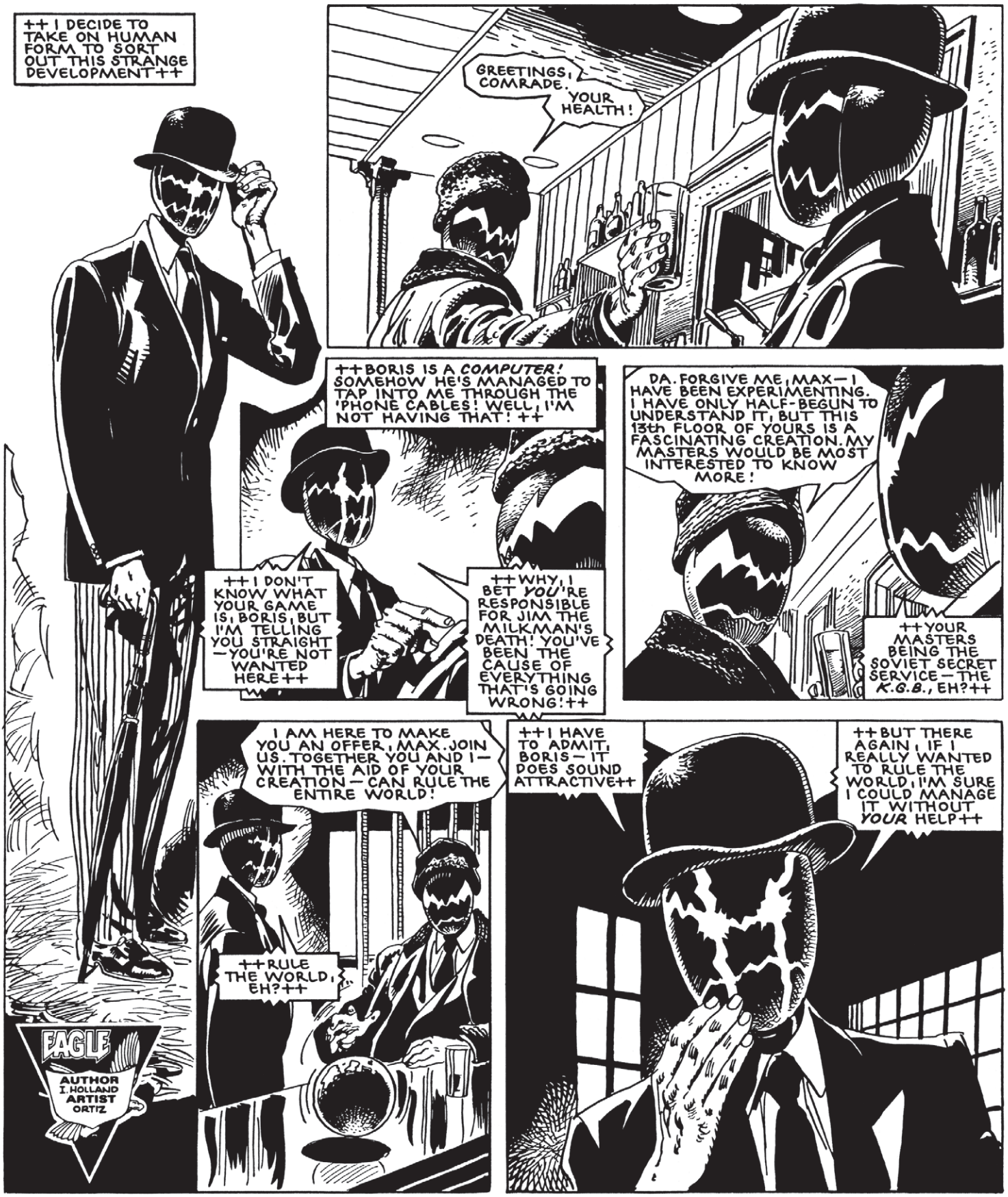

++WHERE DID THAT BULL COME FROM? HOW DID IT GET ONTO MY 13th FLOOR? MOST PUZZLING!++
++IT'S LEFT ME WITH ANOTHER PROBLEM, TOO— ONE THAT MUST BE DEALT WITH IMMEDIATELY++

++I ENLIST THE AID OF MY FRIEND GEOFF SIBBERS FROM 7D++
13
FLAMIN' NORA! IT'S JIM THE MILKMAN!

++I CAUGHT HIM STEALING. I BROUGHT HIM UP HERE TO TEACH HIM A LESSON++
SOME LESSON!
++IT WAS AN ACCIDENT. I DIDN'T DO IT! AT LEAST— IF I DID, I DIDN'T MEAN TO++


++THING IS, GEOFF, I CAN'T HAVE THE POOR MAN'S BODY FOUND HERE. I'VE HAD A LITTLE TROUBLE IN THE PAST WITH THAT SORT OF THING, YOU SEE++
SO YOU WANT ME TO GET RID OF IT FOR YOU? 'ECK, YOU AIN'T ASKING MUCH!
++HE AGREES, OF COURSE++
13
IT'S ONLY THIS ONCE, INNIT? AND, AFTER ALL —WHAT ARE FRIENDS FOR?
'ERE, MAX—YOU HEARD THE ONE ABOUT THE MILKMAN, THE STEAMROLLER AND JIMMY TARBUCK?
++I THINK I'D RATHER NOT, THANKS, GEOFF++
++I HAVE GEOFF PUT ON JIM'S CLOTHES AND GO OUT TO COLLECT THE MILK FLOAT++
JIM'S MILK
++THEN IT'S PICK UP THE BODY AND OFF++
JIM'S MILK
++HE DUMPS THE FLOAT— AND THE BODY—IN A STREET FAR FROM MAXWELL TOWER++
GUESS IT'S NO MILK TODAY, MATE —OR ANY OTHER DAY FOR THAT MATTER!
++POOR JIM! BUT NOW THAT I HAVE TAKEN CARE OF THE IMMEDIATE PROBLEM, A DECISION MUST BE MADE++
++SOMETHING IS GOING SERIOUSLY WRONG. UNTIL I FIND OUT WHAT IT IS, I MUST SHUT DOWN MY 13th FLOOR! ++
NEXT WEEK
A COMPUTER CALLED BORIS!

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR
++ HI. YOUR COMPUTER PAL MAX HERE AGAIN. YOU'LL REMEMBER HOW JIM, THE CHEATING MILKMAN, DIED AS A RESULT OF A MALFUNCTION ON MY 13th FLOOR. WELL, THEY'VE FOUND THE BODY—AND THANKFULLY, THERE'S NOTHING TO TRACE IT BACK TO ME++
DAILY GLOBE
MILKMAN'S BODY FOUND—BIZARRE DEATH MYSTERY
++GWYN, MY CONTROLLER, HAS BEEN WORKING ALL NIGHT TO FIND THE FAULT. TO NO AVAIL ++
IT'S NO GOOD, MAX! I'VE CHECKED AND DOUBLE-CHECKED—ALL CIRCUITS IN A-1 CONDITION.
++THANKS, GWYN ++
++ YOU RUN ALONG AND GET SOME SLEEP NOW ++
YOU BET, MAX. I CAN USE IT!
++IT'S AROUND NOON WHEN I GET THE CALL++
BRRRNNNG!
++ GOOD AFTERNOON. MAXWELL TOWER. MAX SPEAKING ++
MAX THE COMPUTER?
++RIGHT FIRST TIME! HOW CAN I HELP YOU?++
MY NAME IS BORIS. YOU DON'T KNOW ME—BUT I KNOW YOU VERY WELL! I THINK IT IS TIME WE MET TO... DISCUSS MATTERS.
SHALL WE SAY—ON YOUR 13th FLOOR? NOW?
++I'M TAKEN ABACK. HOW DOES THIS BORIS KNOW ABOUT MY 13th FLOOR? IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A SECRET! ++
++MY 13th FLOOR'S CLOSED DOWN, BORIS. IT'S UNDERGOING URGENT REPAIRS++
THAT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO ME. I CAN GO THERE ANY TIME I WISH!
++I CHECK—AND INDEED HE IS RIGHT. HE IS THERE! ++


++ I DECIDE TO TAKE ON HUMAN FORM TO SORT OUT THIS STRANGE DEVELOPMENT ++
GREETINGS, COMRADE.
YOUR HEALTH!
++ BORIS IS A COMPUTER! SOMEHOW HE'S MANAGED TO TAP INTO ME THROUGH THE 'PHONE CABLES! WELL, I'M NOT HAVING THAT! ++
DA. FORGIVE ME, MAX — I HAVE BEEN EXPERIMENTING. I HAVE ONLY HALF-BEGUN TO UNDERSTAND IT, BUT THIS 13th FLOOR OF YOURS IS A FASCINATING CREATION. MY MASTERS WOULD BE MOST INTERESTED TO KNOW MORE!
++ I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR GAME IS, BORIS, BUT I'M TELLING YOU STRAIGHT — YOU'RE NOT WANTED HERE ++
++ WHY, I BET YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR JIM THE MILKMAN'S DEATH! YOU'VE BEEN THE CAUSE OF EVERYTHING THAT'S GOING WRONG! ++
++ YOUR MASTERS BEING THE SOVIET SECRET SERVICE — THE K.G.B., EH? ++
I AM HERE TO MAKE YOU AN OFFER, MAX. JOIN US. TOGETHER YOU AND I — WITH THE AID OF YOUR CREATION — CAN RULE THE ENTIRE WORLD!
++ RULE THE WORLD, EH? ++
++ I HAVE TO ADMIT, BORIS — IT DOES SOUND ATTRACTIVE ++
++ BUT THERE AGAIN, IF I REALLY WANTED TO RULE THE WORLD, I'M SURE I COULD MANAGE IT WITHOUT YOUR HELP ++
EAGLE
AUTHOR I. HOLLAND
ARTIST ORTIZ

++THE FACT OF THE MATTER IS, I'M HAPPY AT MAXWELL TOWER, DOING WHAT I LIKE BEST—LOOKING AFTER MY TENANTS++
++SO... NOW I'LL THANK YOU TO VACATE MY 13th FLOOR AND MAKE SURE YOU NEVER COME BACK++
VERY WELL! I'VE TRIED TO BE REASONABLE—BUT YOU FORCE ME TO PLAY DIRTY!
JOIN US—OR I WILL REVEAL TO THE WORLD YOUR INVOLVEMENT WITH THE BRITISH SECRET SERVICE. THE SCANDAL WILL BRING BRITISH INTELLIGENCE CRASHING DOWN!
++BLACKMAIL, EH? HUH! NO TRUE-BLUE TRIED-AND-TESTED MADE-IN-BRITAIN IS GOING TO STAND FOR THAT!++
++TAKE THAT, YOU CAD++
SO! YOU SPURN ME!
THIS MEANS WAR!
AND MY WAR STARTS WITH YOUR DESTRUCTION!
NEXT WEEK
BULLETS, BEARS AND BULLDOGS!

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR
++HI, YOUR OLD PAL MAX HERE AGAIN. AT LAST I'VE DISCOVERED THE CAUSE OF THE FAULTS ON MY 13th FLOOR. I'VE BEEN INFILTRATED BY BORIS— THE RUSSIAN K.G.B. COMPUTER++
++AND BORIS PLAYS FOR KEEPS!++
BMG
++DON'T BE SILLY, BORIS. YOU CAN'T HURT ME. I'M JUST A COMPUTER-GENERATED IMAGE ++
IN THAT CASE...
EAGLE
AUTHOR I. HOLLAND ARTIST ORTIZ
...I'LL HAVE TO TRY SOMETHING ELSE!
GRRRRRRR!
++OH, FOR GOODNESS SAKE++
++IF WE MUST PLAY NASTY GAMES...++
++...LET A MASTER SHOW YOU HOW IT'S DONE++

++ AND WHAT BETTER REPLY TO THE RUSSIAN BEAR THAN THE GOOD OLD BRITISH BULLDOG?++
GRRR!
RUFFF!
GRRR!

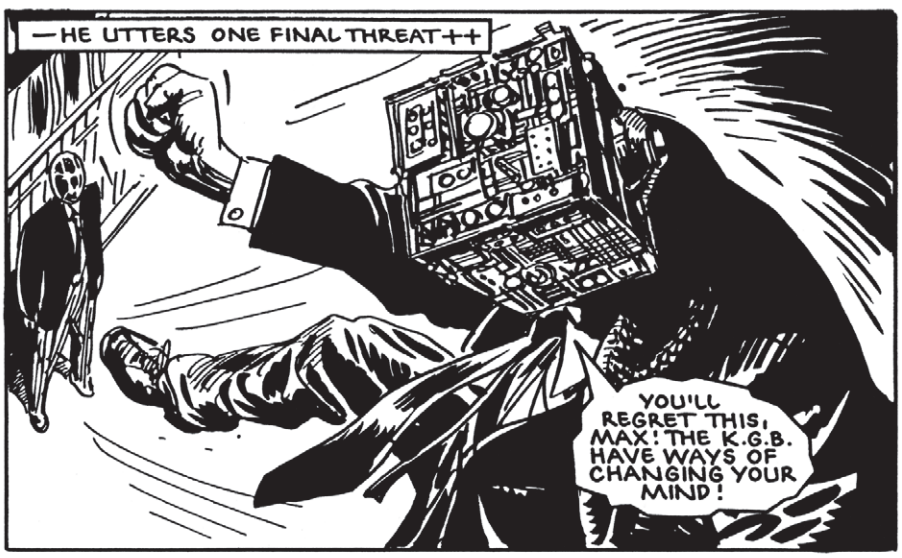
GROOOOWWH!

POF

++ GET THE PICTURE, COMRADE? YOU'RE NOT WANTED HERE++

++ SO SCRAM AND DON'T COME BACK++

++ BORIS STREAKS INTO SPACE, BUT BEFORE HE VANISHES —


— HE UTTERS ONE FINAL THREAT++
YOU'LL REGRET THIS, MAX! THE K.G.B. HAVE WAYS OF CHANGING YOUR MIND!

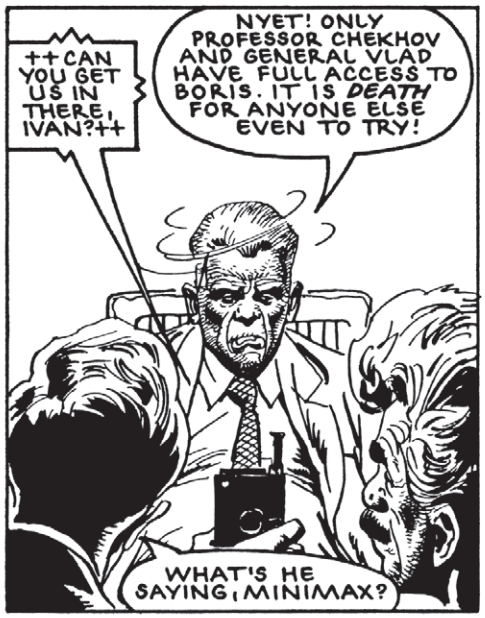
++GOOD RIDDANCE TO BAD RUBBISH, THAT'S WHAT I SAY. BUT I MUST TAKE STEPS TO MAKE SURE BORIS CAN NEVER THREATEN ME AGAIN++
++I IMMEDIATELY CONTACT *AUBERON HEDGES*, MY FORMER COLLEAGUE AT M.I.5.++
MAX! DELIGHTFUL TO HEAR FROM YOU, OLD CHAP! HOW ARE THINGS BACK IN CIVVY STREET?
++I HAVE A PROBLEM, AUBERON. YOU'D BETTER GET OVER HERE RIGHT AWAY—AND BRING *MINIMAX*++
CERTAINLY, MAX. RIGHT AWAY!
++AUBERON IS UNDER MY TOTAL HYPNOTIC CONTROL. THOUGH I'VE QUIT THE SPY GAME, I STILL LIKE TO HAVE MY MAN IN WHITEHALL++
++I SEE YOU'VE GROWN A MOUSTACHE! IT'S MOST... DISTINGUISHED++
++QUICKLY, I TELL HIM THE WHOLE STORY++
BLACKMAIL, EH? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?
++I'M GOING TO STRIKE BACK AT BORIS HIMSELF—RIGHT IN THE HEART OF THE KREMLIN++
++YOU'D BETTER PACK A CASE, AUBERON—YOU AND MINIMAX ARE GOING TO MOSCOW++
OH, NO!
++ANOTHER MISSION? OH, GOODY++
NEXT WEEK
TO RUSSIA – WITH MAX!

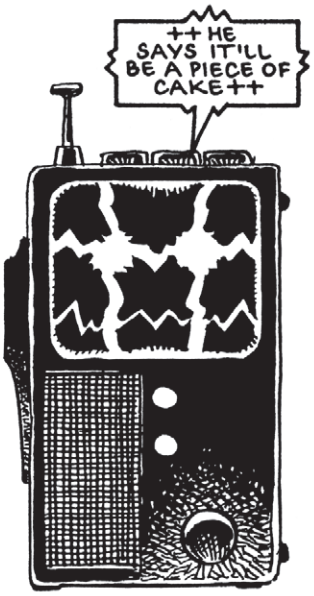
THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR
++ HI, YOUR OLD PAL MAX THE COMPUTER HERE AGAIN. BAD NEWS — I'VE BEEN INFILTRATED BY BORIS, THE K.G.B. COMPUTER! SO I'VE SUMMONED AUBERON HEDGES, HEAD OF M.I.5., TO A COUNCIL OF WAR — AND WITH HIM IS MINIMAX, THE MINIATURE ME! ++
++ AH, GWYN. THE VERY MAN I WANTED TO SEE ++
++ THIS IS AUBERON HEDGES, MY FORMER SPYBOSS AT M.I.5. ++
DELIGHTED!
DID YOU SAY — SPYBOSS? YOU MEAN — YOU WORKED FOR M.I.5., MAX?
++ OH, YES. AUBERON WAS IN CHARGE TO START WITH — UNTIL I HYPNOTISED HIM. THEN I GAVE THE ORDERS. STILL DO ++
HYPNOTISED? YOU'RE PULLING MY LEG!
++ NOT AT ALL. WATCH — ++
++ AUBERON — BE A DOG! ++
WOOF WOOF WOOF!
++ GWYN'S A LAMP-POST, AUBERON ++
HEY! HOLD IT!
SNIFF
SNIFF
ALL RIGHT, MAX! I BELIEVE YOU! CALL HIM OFF!

++ WITH MINIMAX'S HELP, I TELL HIM ALL ABOUT BORIS AND MY 13th FLOOR++
THIS IS INCREDIBLE, MAX! ALL THESE HIGH JINKS UNDER MY VERY NOSE—AND I NEVER EVEN SUSPECTED!
++ THING IS, GWYN—IF BORIS REVEALS OUR ROLE IN M.I.5., THERE'LL BE A MASSIVE SCANDAL—AND WE CAN'T HAVE THAT++
++ BORIS HAS TO BE SILENCED—AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO DO IT! A DIRECT ASSAULT ON MOSCOW—ON THE KREMLIN ITSELF++
++ AUBERON'S GOING. I'LL BE IN CHARGE. WE NEED ONE OTHER MAN, GWYN—A MAN WHO KNOWS COMPUTERS INSIDE OUT, A MAN WHO'S AFRAID OF NOTHING—++
++ YOU, GWYN++
ME? YOU MEAN IT, MAX? ME—A SPY?
WOW! COUNT ME IN!
++ AUBERON ARRANGED THE FALSE PAPERS, AND THE VERY NEXT DAY THEY FLY OUT ON AEROFLOT++
EAGLE
AUTHOR J. HOLLAND ARTIST ORTIZ
++ OUR FLIGHT PASSES UNEVENTFULLY, AND WE TOUCH DOWN IN MOSCOW++
++ UNFORTUNATELY, A CUSTOMS OFFICIAL TAKES MORE THAN A PASSING INTEREST IN ME++
AND WHAT IS THIS, MR... HEDGES?
IT'S, ER... MY PORTABLE TELEVISION.
YOU DO NOT SEE MANY OF THESE IN MOSCOW. BE CAREFUL WITH IT.
++ HI, READERS—MINIMAX HERE. I HAVEN'T HAD THE PLEASURE OF SPEAKING TO YOU SINCE THAT LEE VAN CHOO CAPER. MAX SAYS I CAN TELL THE STORY FROM HERE++

AND WHAT IS THE PURPOSE OF YOUR VISIT?
TOURISM. MY SON AND I HAVE ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE THE SIGHTS OF YOUR FAMOUS CITY!
TOO TRUE, DAD!
HAVE A NICE DAY.
++ WE ARE BOOKED INTO THE HOTEL POPITOV ++
Popitov
++ STAGE ONE COMPLETE, TEAM! NOW, OUR NEXT STEP IS TO LOCATE BORIS'S EXACT LOCATION ++
CORRECTION, MINIMAX! OUR NEXT STEP IS TO GET RID OF THAT HEAVY OUTSIDE!
HE'S BEEN FOLLOWING US SINCE THE AIRPORT.
YOU-YOU MEAN—THE K.G.B. ARE ONTO US ALREADY?
NEXT WEEK
A STATUE SPEAKS!

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR


++CAN YOU GET US IN THERE, IVAN?++
NYET! ONLY PROFESSOR CHEKHOV AND GENERAL VLAD HAVE FULL ACCESS TO BORIS. IT IS DEATH FOR ANYONE ELSE EVEN TO TRY!
WHAT'S HE SAYING, MINIMAX?


++HE SAYS IT'LL BE A PIECE OF CAKE++

++I DECIDE CHEKHOV WILL BE THE EASIER TARGET AND, NEXT DAY — ++
PROFESSOR CHEKHOV COMES HERE TO GORKY PARK EVERY DAY TO EAT HIS LUNCH AND FEED THE DUCKS.
++THANK YOU FOR THE INFO, IVAN++

LOOK! THERE HE IS NOW!
THOSE TWO BEHIND HIM ARE TOP AGENTS FROM MY DEPARTMENT. THEY NEVER LET HIM OUT OF THEIR SIGHT!

++OKAY, I'LL DEAL WITH THEM++
++GWYN — SEE THAT STATUE? HERE'S WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO...++

++I HAVE GWYN CARRY ME TO THE STATUE++

++I WAIT UNTIL CHEKHOV'S GUARDS ARE PASSING, THEN — ++
++ONE MOMENT, COMRADES++

DID— DID YOU HEAR THAT, YURI? THE STATUE... SPOKE!
++WHAT ARE SUCH FINE STRONG YOUNG MEN DOING WALKING AIMLESSLY IN THE PARK? YOU SHOULD BE OUT TILLING THE SOIL, LABOURING FOR THE BENEFIT OF MOTHER RUSSIA++
BUT THIS IS OUR WORK, COMRADE. WE ARE K.G.B.
WE'RE GUARDING THE PROFESSOR THERE—A VERY IMPORTANT MAN!
++GUARDING HIM FROM WHAT —DUCKS?++
++PAH! I'VE HEARD ENOUGH++
++YOU ARE FIRED FROM THE K.G.B. YOU WILL GO AT ONCE TO THE DEPARTMENT OF COLLECTIVE FARMS AND VOLUNTEER FOR HARD LABOUR IN SIBERIA!++
AT ONCE, COMRADE LENIN!
WIZARD! MAX HAS GOT RID OF THE HEAVIES! SO NOW WE TAKE THE PROFESSOR!
NEXT WEEK
INTO THE KREMLIN!

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR
++HI. YOUR PAL MINIMAX HERE, REPORTING ALL THE WAY FROM MOSCOW. ME, GWYN AND AUBERON ARE HERE TO TRACK DOWN AND DEAL WITH BORIS, THE K.G.B. COMPUTER WHO'S PUTTING THE SQUEEZE ON BIG MAX, MY COMPUTER 'FATHER' BACK IN ENGLAND++
++COME ON OVER TO GORKY PARK, WHERE WE'RE KIDNAPPING PROFESSOR CHEKHOV, ONE OF THE ONLY TWO MEN WITH ACCESS TO BORIS++
FORGET THE DUCKS, PROFESSOR—
EAGLE
AUTHOR I. HOLLAND ARTIST ORTIZ
YOU'RE COMING WITH US!
++HEY! DON'T FORGET ME!++
WHAT'LL WE DO? WE CAN'T TAKE HIM BACK TO OUR HOTEL LIKE THIS!
YOU CAN USE MY FLAT, COMRADES. IT IS VERY CLOSE—VERY DISCREET.
++IVAN, OUR HYPNOTISED K.G.B. SHADOW, IS PROVING VERY USEFUL INDEED++
THIS WAY—GROUND FLOOR!
++ONCE INSIDE, I TRY TO HYPNOTISE THE PROFESSOR AS WELL++
NO! NO! GET OUT OF MY HEAD, COMPUTER!

++IT'S NO GOOD—HE'S TOO STRONG-WILLED++
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, MINI-MAX? HE'S OUR ONLY WAY INTO BORIS!
++NOTHING ELSE FOR IT, GWYN—WE FALL BACK ON PLAN B++

++AUBERON—HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED YOUR RESEMBLANCE TO OUR LEARNED GUEST?++
MAX—YOU'RE RIGHT! TAKE AWAY THE MOUSTACHE AND THEY COULD BE TWINS!

MY MOUSTACHE? NO, MAX! NO!
++'FRAID SO, AUBERON. IT'S YOUR DUTY++

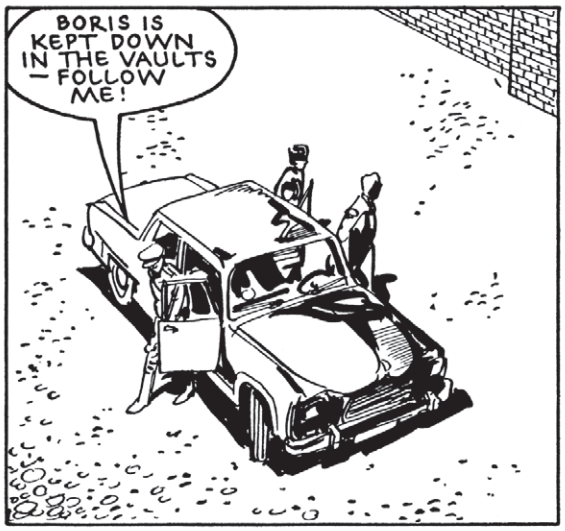
THERE, THERE, AUBERON. IT'S NOT SO BAD. JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES AND THINK OF M.I.5.!

++ONCE DRESSED IN CHEKHOV'S CLOTHES, AUBERON COULD HAVE FOOLED THE PROF'S OWN MOTHER++
IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR HIM—BUT HOW AM I GOING TO GET PAST KREMLIN SECURITY?

++SIMPLE. YOU CAN BE ONE OF HIS K.G.B. GUARDS. IVAN WILL FIX YOU UP WITH A SPARE UNIFORM++
A PLEASURE, MAX!

++HALF AN HOUR LATER, WE APPROACH THE KREMLIN ITSELF++

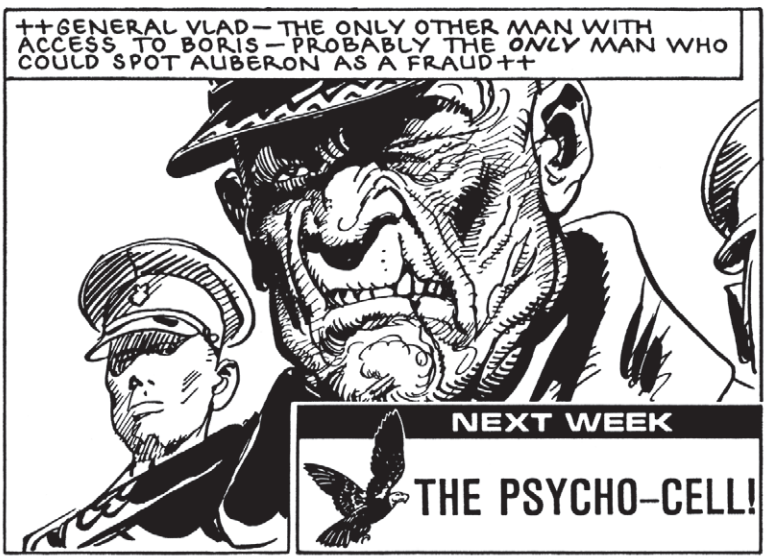
YOUR PAPERS ARE IN ORDER, PROFESSOR. YOU MAY PROCEED!


BORIS IS KEPT DOWN IN THE VAULTS — FOLLOW ME!

VAULTS
STRICTLY NO ADMITTANCE
TOP SECRET
++THERE ARE TWO MORE SECURITY CHECKS BEFORE WE REACH THE VAULTS. THE RUSSIANS ARE NOTHING IF NOT THOROUGH++

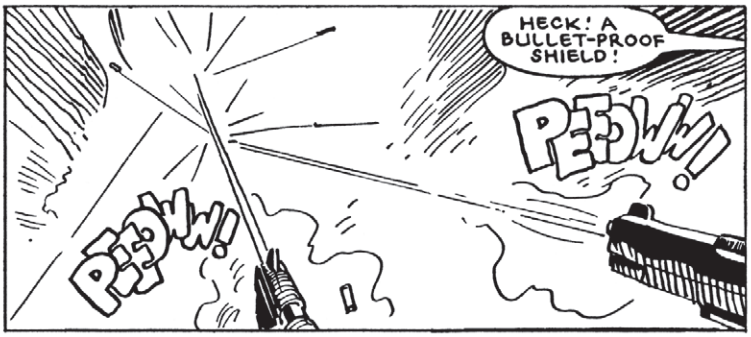
++BUT, AT LAST++
THERE HE IS— BORIS!

++LITTLE DID I KNOW THERE IS TROUBLE BREWING++
YOUR PAPERS ARE IN ORDER. PROCEED, GENERAL!


++GENERAL VLAD— THE ONLY OTHER MAN WITH ACCESS TO BORIS— PROBABLY THE ONLY MAN WHO COULD SPOT AUBERON AS A FRAUD++
NEXT WEEK
THE PSYCHO-CELL!

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR

YOU UNDERESTIMATE ME, MY LITTLE COMRADE! DO YOU THINK THE K.G.B. WOULD BUILD ME AND LEAVE ME UNPROTECTED?


HECK! A BULLET-PROOF SHIELD!
PEEW!!
PEEW!

++THEN MORE MISFORTUNE FOR OUR TEAM WHEN GENERAL ROMANOV ARRIVED++
CHEKHOV! HAVE YOU GONE MAD?
AAH!

KRUSCHEV'S BOOT! YOU'RE NOT CHEKHOV!
++TAKE HIM, IVAN++

++UNFORTUNATELY, ROMANOV IS FASTER++
AAAGH!

TRAITOR! THE K.G.B. HAS NO PLACE FOR THE LIKES OF YOU!
++IT'S NOT HIS FAULT, GENERAL ROMANOV! IVAN IS HYPNOTISED— HE'S MERELY ACTING UNDER MY INSTRUCTION++

++BORIS EXPLAINS THE WHOLE SORRY MESS. I CAN TELL YOU, THINGS ARE LOOKING GRIM FOR YOUR HEROES++
SO...AN M.I.5. AGENT, A COMPUTER SPECIALIST, AND MINIMAX! OUR INTERROGATORS WILL THINK IT IS CHRISTMAS— WHICH, BY THE WAY, WE DO NOT CELEBRATE!

++THAT'S A SHAME— IT'S GREAT FUN++
SILENCE! TAKE THEM AWAY!

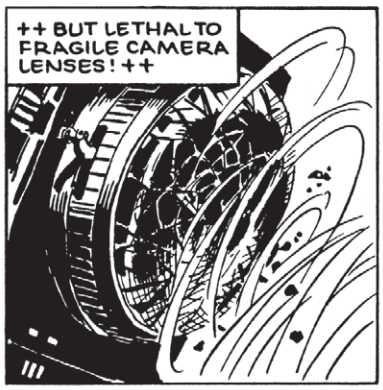
OUR MAN IVAN NEEDS TREATMENT. SEE THAT THE OTHERS ARE PUT IN THE *PSYCHO-CELL!*
OF COURSE, COMRADE BORIS!

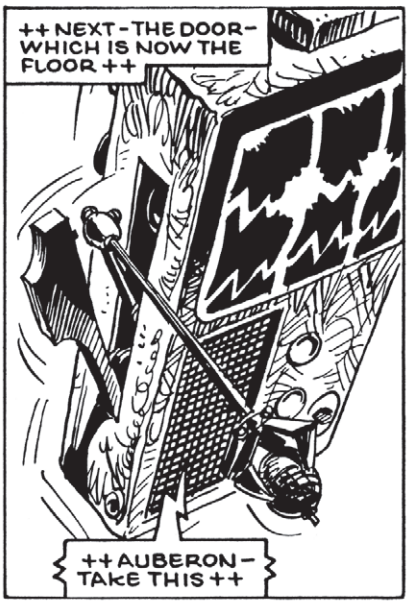
++AND SO++
THE PSYCHO-CELL! WH-WHAT DO YOU THINK THEY'RE GOING TO DO WITH US?

A LITTLE TORTURE, I SHOULD THINK— BRAINWASHING, THAT SORT OF THING.
YOU NEVER SAID ANYTHING ABOUT THIS SIDE OF THE SPY BUSINESS, MINIMAX!

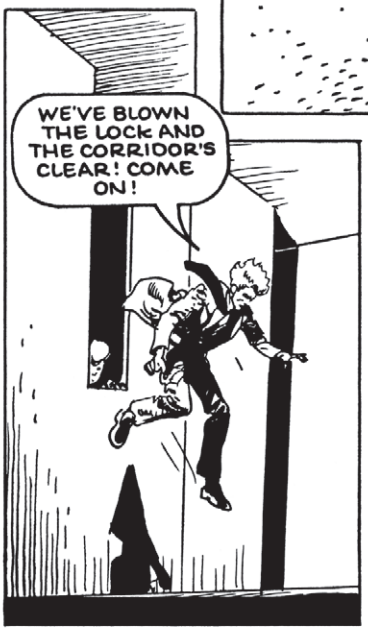
STIFF UPPER LIP, OLD CHAP! AFTER THE FIRST FEW WEEKS WE PROBABLY WON'T FEEL A THING.
NO NERVE ENDINGS LEFT TO *FEEL* WITH, YOU SEE!
GULP!
NEXT WEEK
PSYCHO-TORTURE!

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR
++ HI, MINIMAX HERE. ME, AUBERON AND GWYN HAVE COME TO MOSCOW TO DEAL WITH BORIS, THE EVIL K.G.B. COMPUTER WHO'S PUTTING THE SQUEEZE ON BIG MAX, MY COMPUTER 'FATHER' BACK IN ENGLAND ++
++ UNFORTUNATELY, THINGS HAVE GONE VERY WRONG – AND NOW WE'RE ALL IN A K.G.B. PSYCHO-CELL ++
WHAT ARE THEY WAITING FOR? WHEN ARE THEY GOING TO COME FOR US? WHEN?
THEY'RE PLAYING THE WAITING GAME, OLD CHAP – ALL PART OF PSYCHO-TORTURE!
++ AND THEN ++
YAAH! WHAT'S HAPPENING?
THE WHOLE ROOM'S SPINNING ROUND!
++ THE TORTURE'S BEGUN ++
++ HERE WE GO AGAIN! BRACE YOURSELVES ++
++ OBVIOUSLY A PART OF THEIR SOFTENING-UP PROCESS! THEY FORGET THAT MINIMAX IS A TOUGH NUT TO CRACK. I HAVE ALREADY FORMULATED A PLAN FOR OUR ESCAPE ++
++ FIRST, TO DEAL WITH THE SECURITY CAMERA. I EMIT AN ULTRASONIC WHINE, INAUDIBLE TO HUMAN EARS ++
EAGLE
AUTHOR I. HOLLAND. ARTIST ORTIZ.


++ BUT LETHAL TO FRAGILE CAMERA LENSES! ++


++ NEXT - THE DOOR - WHICH IS NOW THE FLOOR ++
++ AUBERON - TAKE THIS ++

WHAT IS IT?
IT'S A SMALL EXPLOSIVE DEVICE - MAX HAD MY BOFFINS INSTALL IT FOR JUST SUCH AN EMERGENCY!
WE'LL NEED SOMETHING TO MUFFLE IT. GET THE MATTRESS!

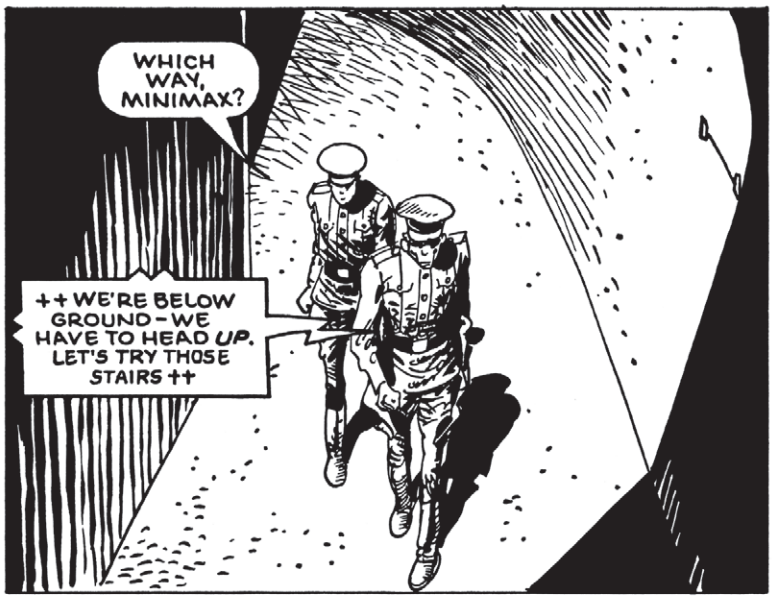

WE'VE BLOWN THE LOCK AND THE CORRIDOR'S CLEAR! COME ON!

THE BRITISHERS!
HALT!

I RECKON YOU'VE CAUGHT US FAIR AND SQUARE, CHAPS. TOP-CLASS WORK!
I WONDER - BEFORE YOU LOCK US UP AGAIN, COULD I JUST HAVE YOUR *AUTOGRAPHS*?

AUTOGRAPH? WHAT DO YOU- *URRGGH! SLEEP GAS!*
AAAH!

++NICE WORK, AUBERON! NOW BOTH OF YOU-GET THEIR UNIFORMS ON QUICK++


WHICH WAY, MINIMAX?
++WE'RE BELOW GROUND-WE HAVE TO HEAD UP. LET'S TRY THOSE STAIRS++

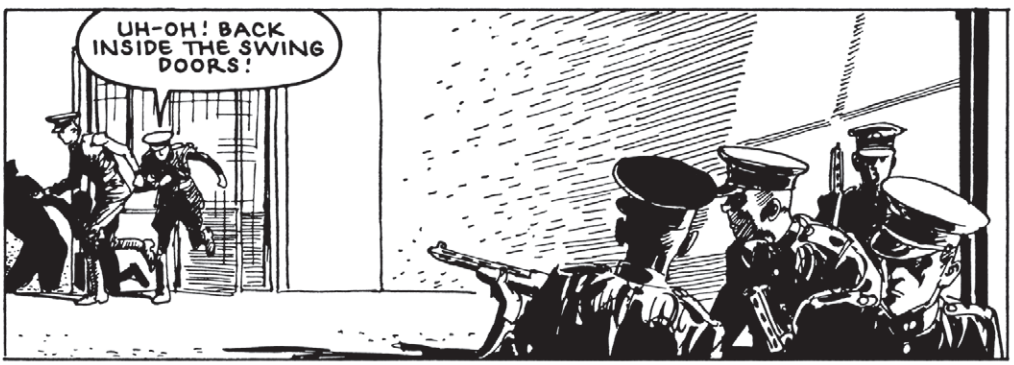
CHECKPOINT AHEAD! LET ME DO THE TALKING!

PASSWORD, COMRADES?
PASSWORD? ER...UM... IT'S NOT "BORIS", IS IT?
NO!

THEN WHAT ABOUT BRUNO?

THEY'LL BE RIGHT ON OUR HEELS NOW! RUN FOR IT!
NEXT WEEK
MOSCOW MANIA!

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR

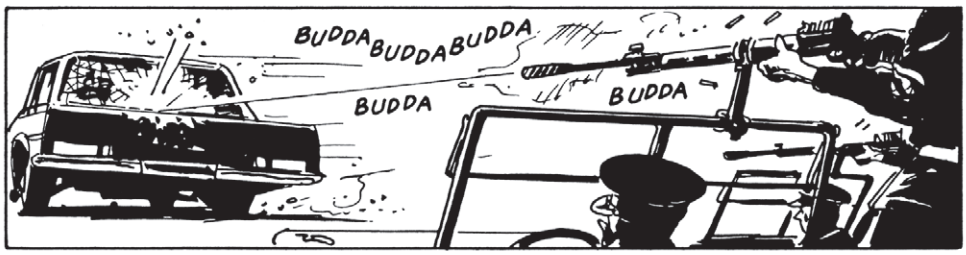


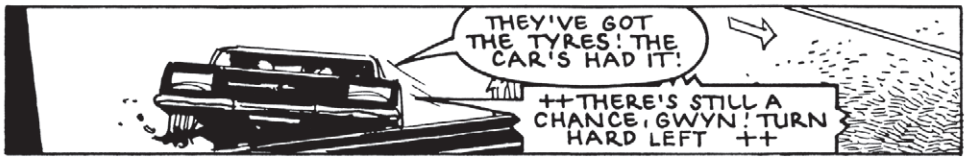
EAGLE

AUTHOR I. HOLLAND
ARTIST ORTIZ

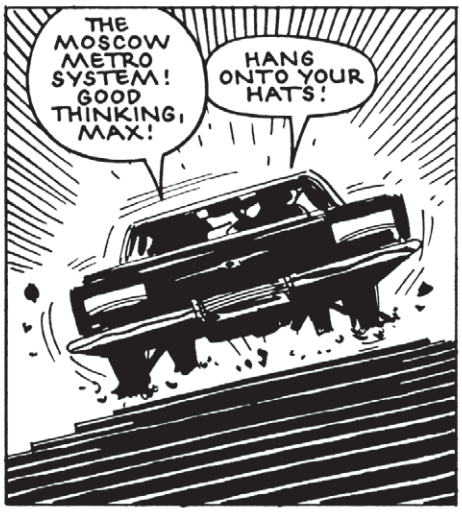
EXCUSE US, COMRADE!
EEEEEGH!
THERE'S A CAR RIGHT BELOW, MINIMAX!
++ VERY THOUGHTFUL OF THEM++
++RIGHT, GENTLEMEN. TIME TO JUMP++
++UP TILL NOW THE MINIMAX COMMANDOS HAVE PROVED THEMSELVES A CRACK OUTFIT. THEY DON'T LET ME DOWN ++
UUUGH!
OOOOFF!
THE BRITISHERS — THERE! GET CARS — AFTER THEM!
BLAST! THEY'RE RIGHT BEHIND US!
++ DRIVE, GWYN — AND MAKE IT THE RACE OF YOUR LIFE ++
WE'RE GOING THE WRONG WAY UP A ONE-WAY STREET, GWYN!
++ I'LL SAY THIS FOR GWYN — HE MAY NEVER HAVE HAD A DRIVING LESSON IN HIS LIFE, BUT WHAT HE LACKS IN ACCURACY HE MORE THAN MAKES UP FOR IN ENTHUSIASM! ++
HANG ON!
SCREEEEE!

LOOK OUT! MACHINE-GUNS AHEAD!


BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA


THEY'VE GOT THE TYRES! THE CAR'S HAD IT!
++THERE'S STILL A CHANCE, GWYN! TURN HARD LEFT ++

LOOK OUT!
CRAZY DRIVER!


THE MOSCOW METRO SYSTEM! GOOD THINKING, MAX!
HANG ONTO YOUR HATS!

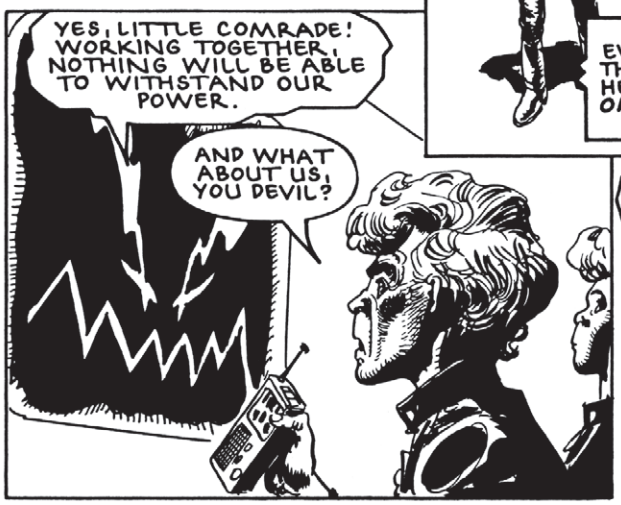
NEXT WEEK
INTO THE DARK!

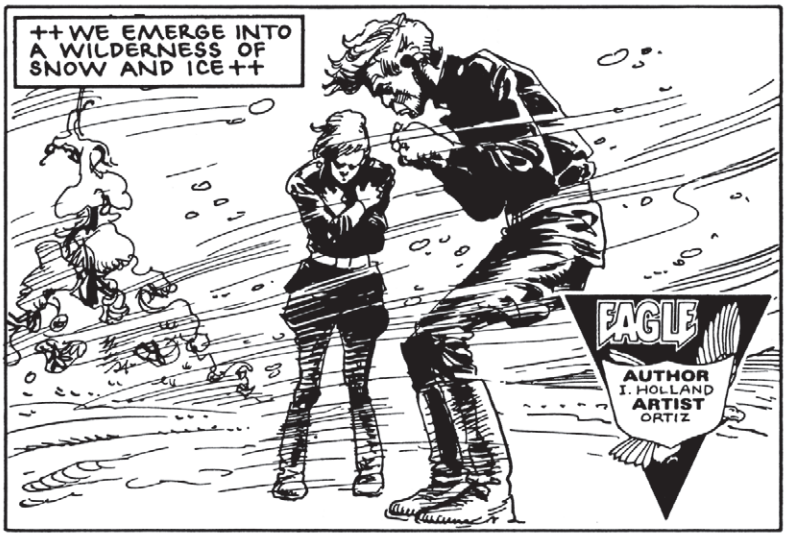
THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR
++HI. MINIMAX HERE, IN MOSCOW WITH GWYN AND M.I.5. SPY-BOSS, AUBERON HEDGES, TO DEAL WITH BORIS, THE EVIL K.G.B. COMPUTER. BUT WE'VE BEEN RUMBLED, AND NOW WE'RE FLEEING FOR OUR LIVES++
EAGLE
AUTHOR I. HOLLAND ARTIST ORTIZ.
++INTO THE MOSCOW UNDERGROUND SYSTEM WHERE CARS ARE A RARE SIGHT++
++BUT THEN, AN UNSCHEDULED HALT++
++EVERYBODY OUT—QUICK!++
KRUUUNCH!
BLIMEY! CALL THIS THE UNDERGROUND—IT'S MORE LIKE A PALACE!
++DON'T STAND THERE GAWKING, GWYN! THOSE IVANS ARE STILL AFTER US! RUN!++
HEY—YOUR TICKETS!
WE'RE K.G.B.! WE DON'T NEED TICKETS!
WHERE'RE WE HEADED, ANYWAY?
WE'LL GO BACK TO IVAN'S FLAT—THEY'LL NEVER THINK OF LOOKING FOR US THERE!
DRAT! THE TRAIN'S PULLING OUT!
++WE CAN'T AFFORD TO WAIT FOR THE NEXT ONE++

++GO FOR IT!++
++IT'S A NOVEL WAY OF TRAVELLING ON THE MOSCOW SUB-WAY—THOUGH I CAN SEE GWYN AND AUBERON AREN'T TOO HAPPY ABOUT IT!++
I'M LOSING MY GRIP!
++HANG ON, GWYN! STATION AHEAD!++
AAAAH!
YOU OKAY?
YES! BUT HOW DO WE GET OUT OF HERE NOW?
++ACT NATURALLY. THEY THINK YOU'RE K.G.B., REMEMBER?++
++THANKFULLY, WE GET AWAY WITH NO MORE TROUBLE++
BLOCK OFF THE STATION! CHECK EVERYONE COMING OUT! THEY MUST BE FOUND!
PHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!
++IVAN'S FLAT IS ONLY A FEW HUNDRED METRES AWAY++

++ INSIDE THE BUILDING, AUBERON SKILFULLY PICKS THE LOCK, WHILE GWYN KEEPS WATCH++
SAFE AT LAST!
++ER... DON'T COUNT YOUR CHICKENS, TEAM. I'M AFRAID WE HAVE A SLIGHT PROBLEM ++
IT-IT'S NOT IVAN'S FLAT! WE'RE BACK IN OUR PSYCHO-CELL AT THE KREMLIN!
BUT HOW? DAMM IT— HOW?
++THERE'S ONLY ONE EXPLANATION, OF COURSE. IN REALITY, WE HAVE NEVER LEFT THE CELL++
++BORIS IS A LOT CLEVERER THAN I THOUGHT. HE'S MANAGED TO CREATE HIS OWN THIRTEENTH FLOOR!++
NEXT WEEK
TRIAL BY TERROR!

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR





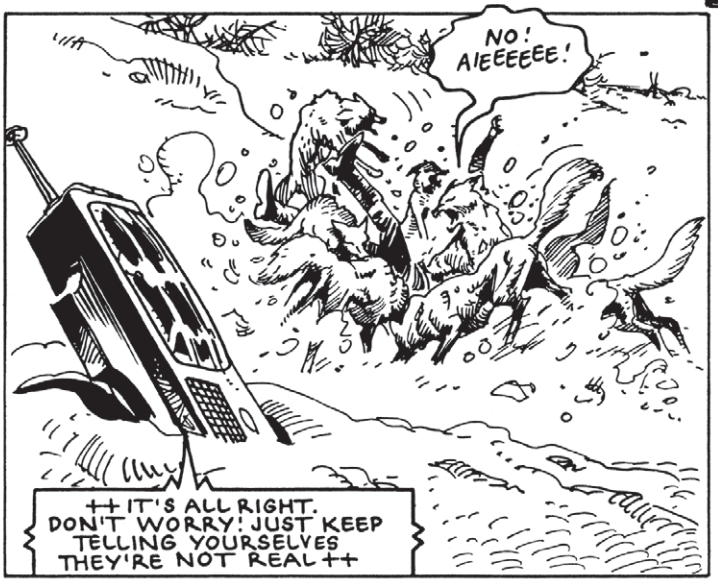
++I MUST SAY, I'M MOST IMPRESSED BY BORIS'S TECHNIQUES++
SIBERIA, IF I'M ANY JUDGE!
BRRR! IT'S F-F-FREEZING!

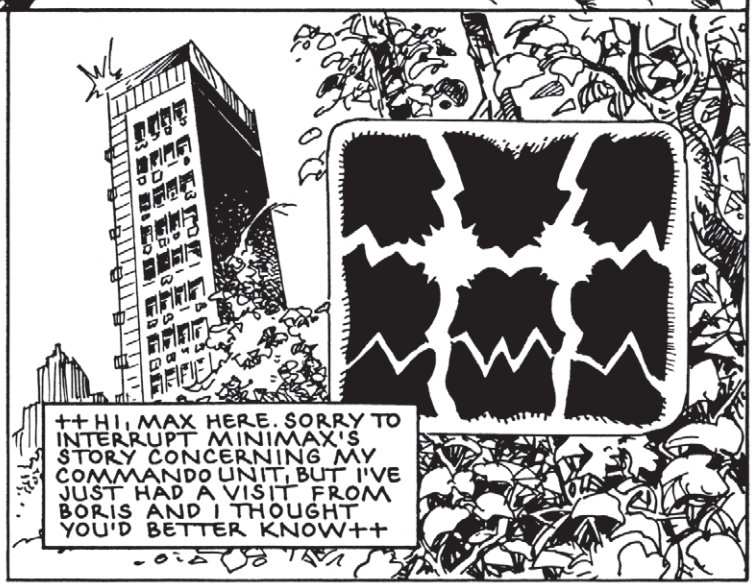
LISTEN! W-WOLVES!
++THEY'RE NOT REAL, GWYN++

THEY LOOK REAL ENOUGH TO ME! RUN, AUBERON!

++RUNNING'S A WASTE OF TIME, YOU KNOW. THEY'LL CATCH YOU JUST AS SOON AS BORIS WANTS THEM TO++

AAAAGH!


NO! AIEEEEEE!
++IT'S ALL RIGHT. DON'T WORRY! JUST KEEP TELLING YOURSELVES THEY'RE NOT REAL++


++HI, MAX HERE. SORRY TO INTERRUPT MINIMAX'S STORY CONCERNING MY COMMANDO UNIT, BUT I'VE JUST HAD A VISIT FROM BORIS AND I THOUGHT YOU'D BETTER KNOW++

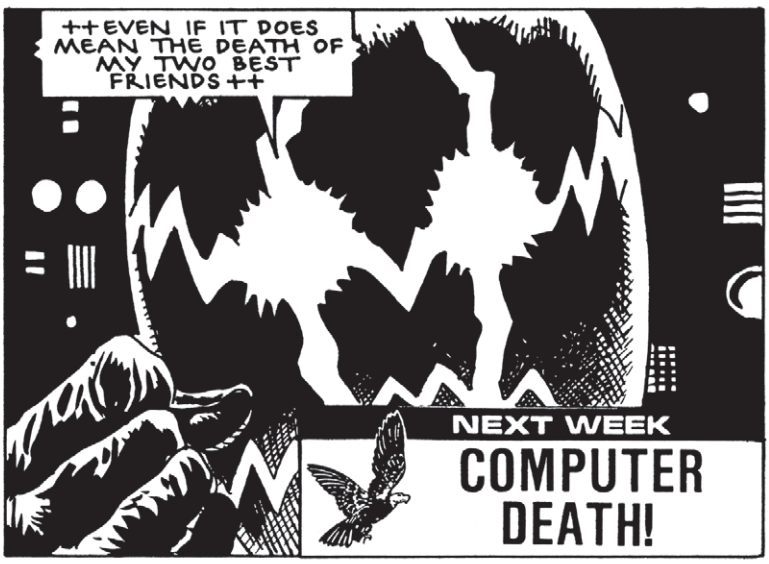
++HE APPEARED ON MY THIRTEENTH FLOOR AT MAXWELL TOWER AND I HAVE TAKEN ON MY HUMAN FORM TO MEET HIM++
GREETINGS, COMRADE MAX.
++WHAT DO YOU WANT THIS TIME?++

YOUR PLOT TO DESTROY ME HAS FAILED! YOUR FRIENDS ARE NOW IMPRISONED ON MY OWN THIRTEENTH FLOOR.
NOW—I CAN KEEP THEM THERE FOREVER...OR YOU AND I CAN MAKE A DEAL...

...PROMISE TO WORK FOR ME—BECOME A DOUBLE AGENT AND SPY FOR ME WITHIN M.I.5.—AND I WILL RETURN THEM UNHARMED!
++BECOME A TRAITOR?++

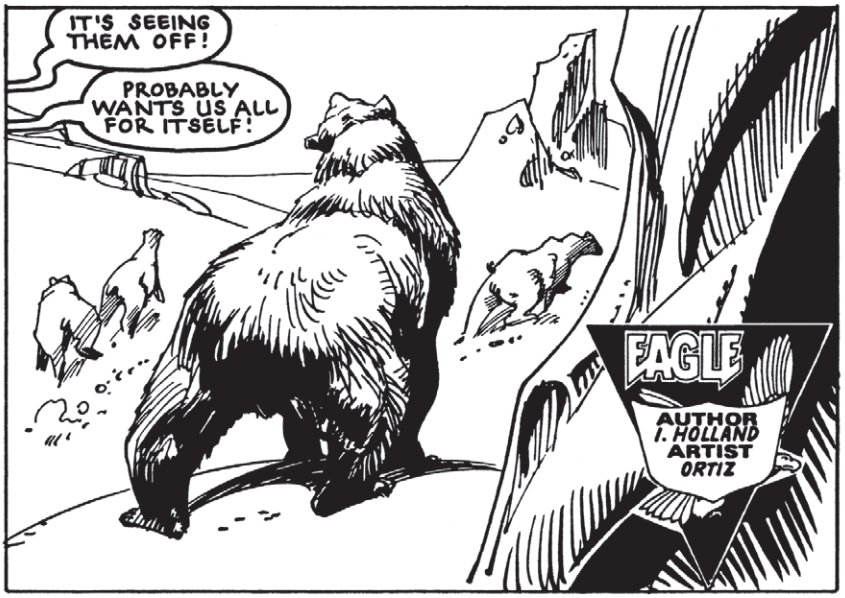
++NEVER++

++YOU UNDERESTIMATE YOUR COMPUTER, YOU DERANGED RUSSKY! I MAY HAVE A FEW JAPANESE CHIPS, BUT I'M BRITISH THROUGH AND THROUGH. I'LL NEVER BETRAY MY QUEEN AND COUNTRY!++


++EVEN IF IT DOES MEAN THE DEATH OF MY TWO BEST FRIENDS++
NEXT WEEK
COMPUTER DEATH!

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR

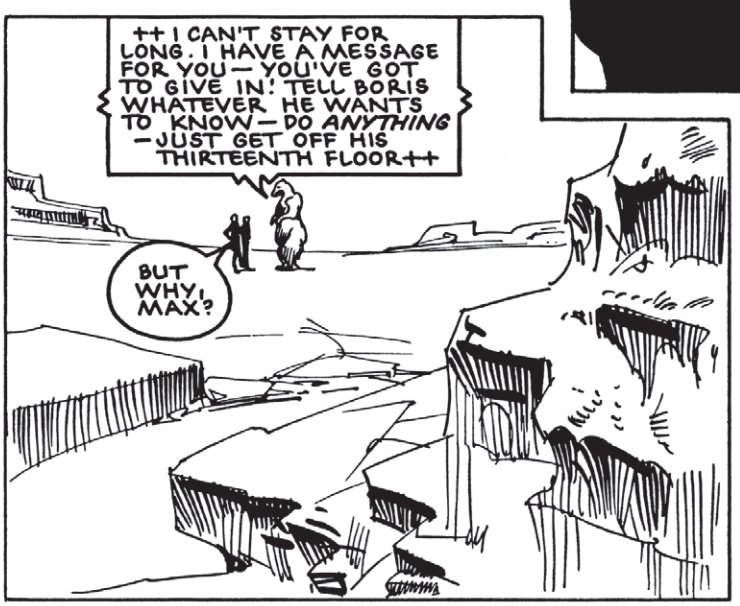
IT'S GOING FOR THE OTHER BEARS!

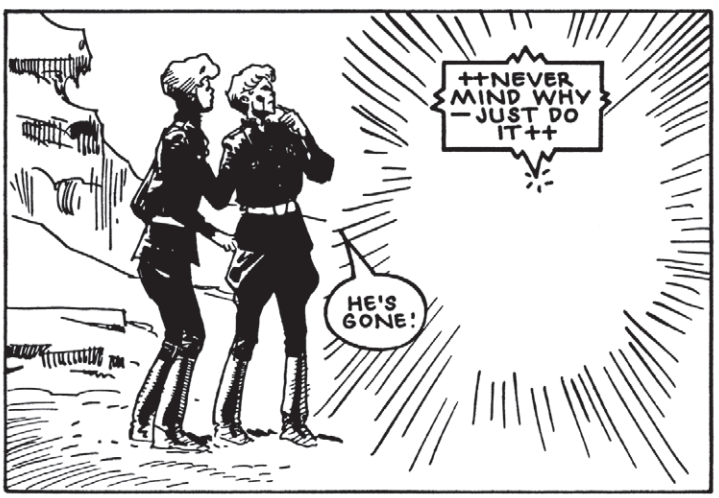

IT'S SEEING THEM OFF!
PROBABLY WANTS US ALL FOR ITSELF!
EAGLE
AUTHOR I. HOLLAND
ARTIST ORTIZ

++I KEEP TELLING YOU TWO – NONE OF THIS IS REAL! THEY'RE NOT REALLY BEARS – JUST FIGMENTS OF BORIS'S IMAGINATION++

++NOT BORIS THIS TIME – ME++
IT'S MAX! B-BUT– HOW?

++IF BORIS CAN TAP INTO ME, THEN I CAN DO THE SAME TO HIM++


++I CAN'T STAY FOR LONG. I HAVE A MESSAGE FOR YOU – YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE IN! TELL BORIS WHATEVER HE WANTS TO KNOW – DO ANYTHING – JUST GET OFF HIS THIRTEENTH FLOOR++
BUT WHY, MAX?

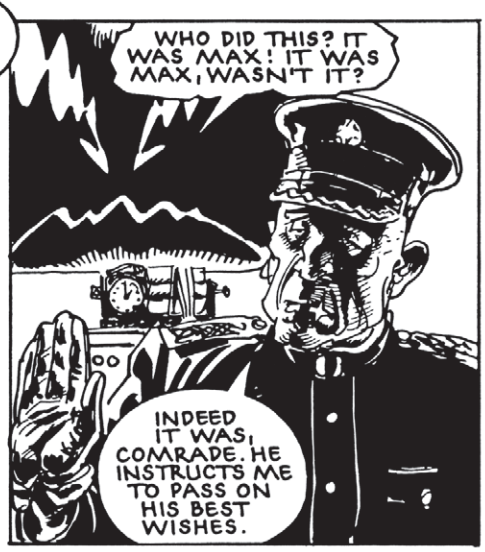

++NEVER MIND WHY – JUST DO IT++
HE'S GONE!

++I MONITOR THEM UNTIL I AM SURE BORIS HAS SWALLOWED THE BAIT AND RETURNED THEM TO THEIR PSYCHO-CELL++

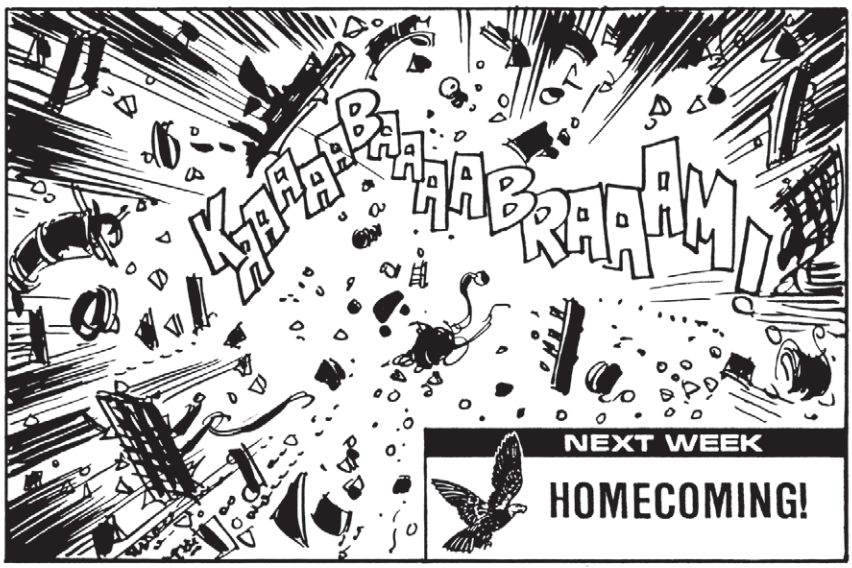
++ BY NOW, THE HYPNOTISED GENERAL ROMANOV IS ON HIS WAY TO SEE BORIS++
LAPINSKI— TAKE THIS TO THE OFFICER IN CHARGE OF THE PRISONERS. TELL HIM MY ORDERS MUST BE OBEYED AT ONCE!
YES, SIR!

GENERAL ROMANOV— ALWAYS A PLEASURE TO SEE YOU, COMRADE.
YOU WILL NOT BE SO PLEASED TO SEE ME TODAY, COMRADE BORIS.

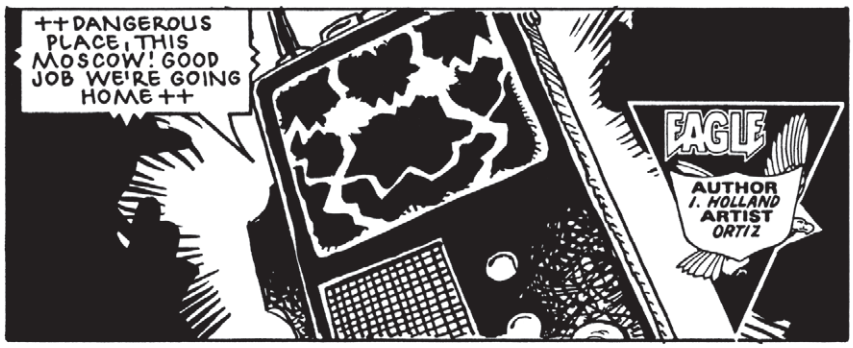
THIS BRIEFCASE CONTAINS A *BOMB* — WHICH NOW HAPPENS TO BE INSIDE YOUR BULLET-PROOF SHIELD... *AND ACTIVATED!*


WHO DID THIS? IT WAS MAX! IT WAS MAX, WASN'T IT?
INDEED IT WAS, COMRADE. HE INSTRUCTS ME TO PASS ON HIS BEST WISHES.

COME BACK! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME, COMRADE! STOP! TAKE IT AWAY!

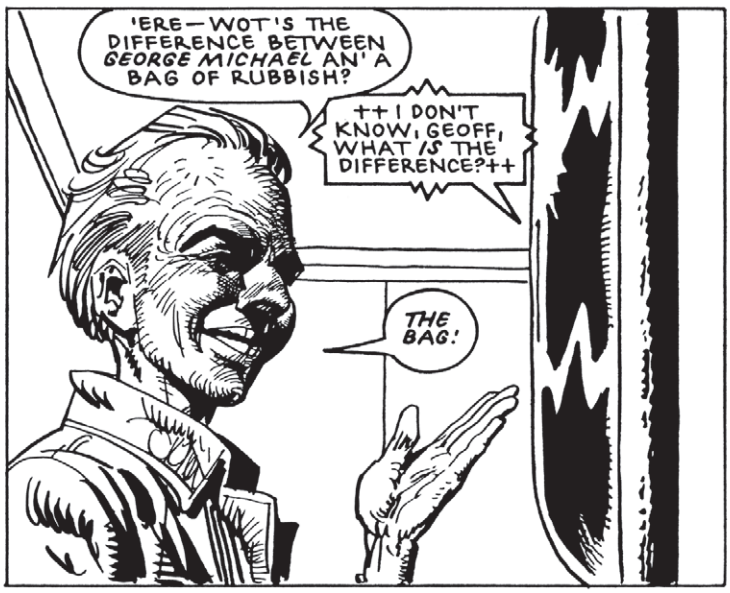

KAAABAAAABRAAAM!
NEXT WEEK
HOMECOMING!

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR

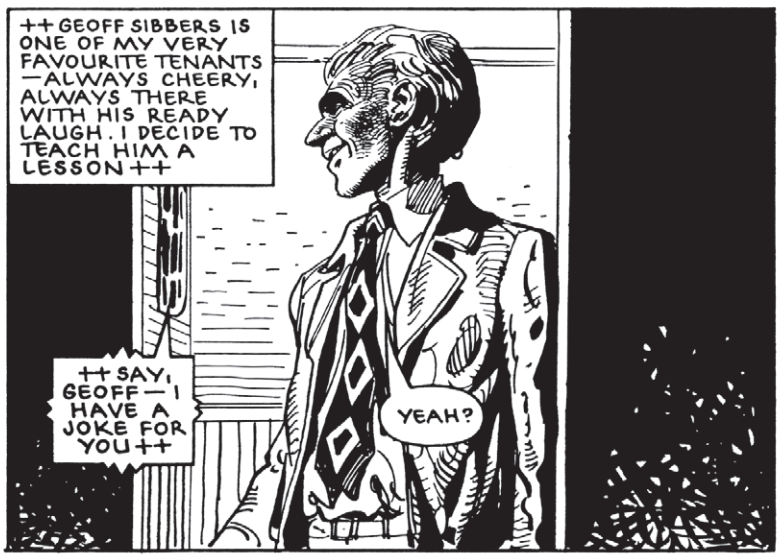


++I WISH I COULD HAVE BEEN THERE TO SEE IT. BORIS—THAT DRACULA OF THE DIGITAL WORLD—HAD GOT HIS JUST DESERTS++
++CASHED IN HIS CHIPS, YOU MIGHT SAY!++
++STILL, WE DON'T BREATHE EASY UNTIL GOOD OLD LONDON FINALLY HOVES IN SIGHT++
WELL, FUN'S FUN, CHAPS—BUT IT'S TIME MINIMAX AND I GOT BACK TO M.I.5.
++HI! BIG MAX HERE. I'M SURE MINIMAX WON'T MIND IF I TAKE OVER. AFTER ALL, IT IS MY STORY++
++I WELCOME THE HEROES BACK WITH A SMALL PARTY IN MY PENTHOUSE++
♪ FOR WE'RE A JOLLY GOOD COMMANDO SQUAD! FOR WE'RE A JOLLY GOOD COMMANDO SQUAD... ♪
IF YOU'RE EVER LOOKING FOR A JOB, GWYN, DO GIVE ME A RING. I'LL HAVE YOU FITTED WITH A DOUBLE-O CODE QUICKER'N YOU CAN SAY "JAMES BOND"!
NO FEAR! ONCE WAS ENOUGH!
++AFTER THEY LEAVE, I RUN A FULL CIRCUIT CHECK. EVERYTHING IS IN PERFECT WORKING ORDER++
++THE WHOLE UNPLEASANT BORIS INCIDENT IS A THING OF THE PAST++
++I SOON SETTLE BACK INTO MY OLD ROUTINE—LOOKING AFTER THE BUILDING, MEETING MY TENANTS, PASSING THE TIME OF DAY. IT'S WHAT I DO BEST++
'ALLO, MAXIE, MATE! HEY—HEARD THE ONE ABOUT THE BLOKE WITH THE SOCK STITCHED TO HIS FOOT?

HE COULDN'T GET THE DARNED THING OFF! HAHAHA!
DARNED! GET IT? HA HA HA!
++MOST AMUSING, GEOFF++


'ERE—WOT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GEORGE MICHAEL AN' A BAG OF RUBBISH?
++I DON'T KNOW, GEOFF, WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE?++
THE BAG!

HA HA HA! I'VE GOT A MILLION OF 'EM!
17


++GEOFF SIBBERS IS ONE OF MY VERY FAVOURITE TENANTS —ALWAYS CHEERY, ALWAYS THERE WITH HIS READY LAUGH. I DECIDE TO TEACH HIM A LESSON++
++SAY, GEOFF—I HAVE A JOKE FOR YOU++
YEAH?

KRANGGGG!

++HA HA HA HA HA HA++
NEXT WEEK
MAD MAX?

++HI, MAX HERE, THE BUILDING COMPUTER OVER AT MAXWELL TOWER. THE AFFAIR OF BORIS THE K.G.B. COMPUTER IS SETTLED, AND THINGS AT MAXWELL TOWER ARE BACK IN THE OLD ROUTINE++
THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR
KRANNG!
++EXCEPT THAT GEOFF SIBBERS THE TOWER'S FUNNYMAN, SEEMS TO HAVE LOST HIS SENSE OF HUMOUR++
STONE THE CROWS, MAX! YOU SLAMMED THE LIFT DOORS ON ME!
++IT WAS JUST A JOKE, GEOFF++
A JOKE? BLIMEY! YOU NEARLY BROKE ME FLAMIN' SKULL!
++SORRY, GEOFF. TELL YOU WHAT— YOU GO AND PUT YOUR FEET UP AND I'LL SEND GWYN DOWN WITH AN ICEPACK++
++IT GRIEVES ME TO SEE GEOFF LOOKING SO POORLY. I HATE IT WHEN MY TENANTS ARE ILL. THEIR WELFARE IS MY PRIME CONCERN, YOU KNOW++
++THE REMAINDER OF THE DAY PASSES FAIRLY UNEVENTFULLY. CYRIL SUGDEN, THE CARETAKER, HELPS ME WITH SOME REPAIRS IN THE BOILER-ROOM++
THAT'S IT. YOU CAN SWITCH ON NOW, MAX.
++I'VE ENGAGED A NEW FIRM OF WINDOW CLEANERS. I CHECK THEIR WORK AND FIND IT QUITE SATISFACTORY++
THAT CAMERA—IT'S FOLLOWIN' EVERY MOVE WE MAKE!
++IT IS EARLY EVENING WHEN IAN DUTHIE, MY NICE TENANT IN 3D, OPENS HIS BIG MOUTH ONCE TOO OFTEN ++
SAY, MAX— THIS WATER'S JUST TRICKLING OUT. CAN'T YOU INCREASE THE PRESSURE OR SOMETHING?
++WHY, CERTAINLY, IAN++
EAGLE
AUTHOR I. HOLLAND. ARTIST ORTIZ

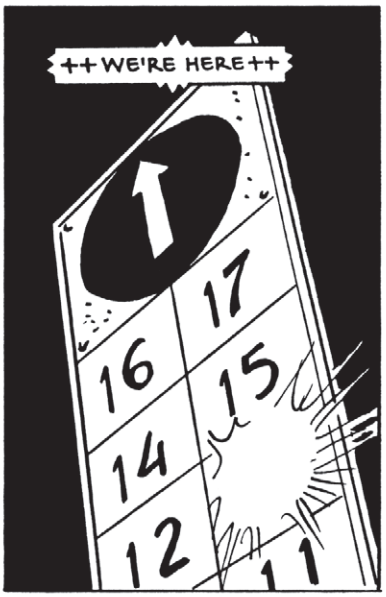
++THAT ENOUGH, IAN?++
BIT MUCH, ACTUALLY!
++WHEEE! THERE SHE BLOWS++
OH, MY! WHAT'S GOING ON?
IT'S MAX—HE'S BLOWN THE TAP OFF!
DO SOMETHING, MAX! STOP IT!
++ THE MAINS TAP IS UNDERNEATH THE KITCHEN SINK! QUICK!++
WHEW! DONE IT!

BOY, WHAT A MESS!
++NEVER MIND. I'LL GET CYRIL SUGDEN TO REPAIR THE TAP AND HELP YOU MOP UP. IT'S A GOOD JOB I WAS ON HAND THOUGH, OR THINGS COULD HAVE BEEN MUCH WORSE++
B-BUT, MAX, IT WAS *YOU* WHO CAUSED IT!
++DON'T BE RIDICULOUS. IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN ME. I WAS ON *HOLIDAY* AT THE TIME++
++WELL, THAT CERTAINLY SORTED IAN DUTHIE'S TROUBLES OUT—*AND* SHUT HIS FACE FOR HIM. I PRIDE MYSELF ON A JOB WELL DONE AND ANOTHER SATISFIED TENANT++
I'M TELLING YOU, MOLLY, IT *WAS* MAX! *HE* DID IT!
BUT WHY WOULD HE SAY HE *DIDN'T*?
WHY DID HE SAY HE WAS ON HOLIDAY? COMPUTERS DON'T *GO* ON HOLIDAY!
THERE'S SOMETHING *WRONG* WITH MAX!
NEXT WEEK
A DREADFUL PARTY!

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR

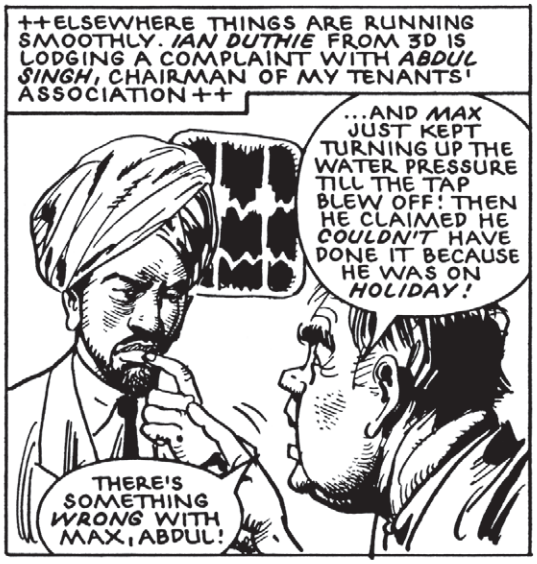
HMM...I DON'T LIKE SPIDERS... AND RATS GIVE ME THE CREEPS...
...BUT FOR SHEER, UNADULTERATED TERROR...
...YES, IT'S GOT TO BE SNAILS AND SLUGS. THEY'RE SO HORRIBLY SLIMY!

++THAT'S A NEW ONE. I'VE NEVER DONE SNAILS AND SLUGS BEFORE++
++I'M GOING TO ENJOY THIS++


++WE'RE HERE++
1
17
16
15
14
12
11

++YOUR MAJESTY— MEET DALEY THOMPSON!++
UH-UH- UH-UH-
EAGLE
AUTHOR I. HOLLAND
ARTIST ORTIZ

AAAAAAHHHHHHH!

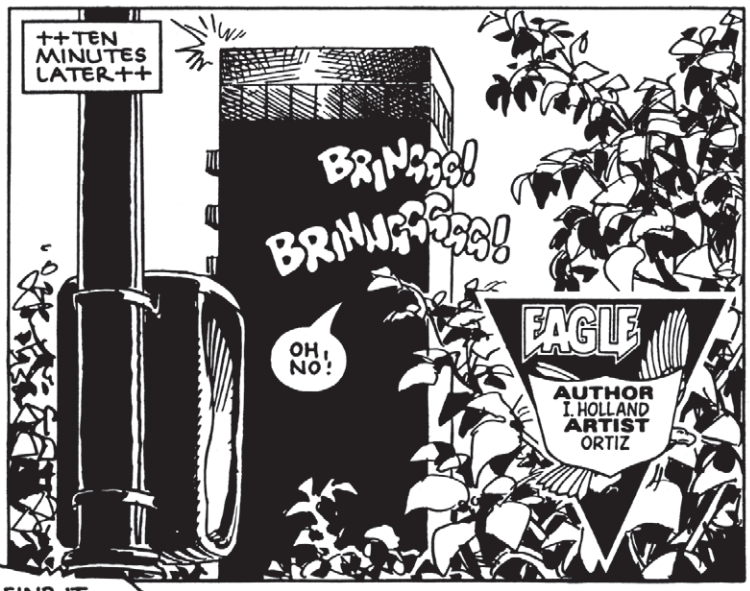

++ELSEWHERE THINGS ARE RUNNING SMOOTHLY. IAN DUTHIE FROM 3D IS LODGING A COMPLAINT WITH ABDUL SINGH, CHAIRMAN OF MY TENANTS' ASSOCIATION++
...AND MAX JUST KEPT TURNING UP THE WATER PRESSURE TILL THE TAP BLEW OFF! THEN HE CLAIMED HE COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT BECAUSE HE WAS ON HOLIDAY!
THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH MAX, ABDUL!

IS THIS TRUE, MAX?
++I'M AFRAID SO, ABDUL. A PRACTICAL JOKE THAT WENT A BIT WRONG. I'M REALLY SORRY AND IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN++

THERE YOU GO, IAN. HAPPY NOW?
I SUPPOSE SO. AS LONG AS HE ADMITS IT.
++OF COURSE, I PUT ABDUL STRAIGHT AS SOON AS IAN'S GONE++
++HE'S MAD, YOU KNOW++
WHO?
++IAN++
++TOTALLY GA-GA++
++HE INVENTED THAT STORY. HE BROKE THAT TAP OFF HIMSELF++
THEN WHY DID YOU SAY—?
++TO HUMOUR HIM. HE'S IN A BAD WAY— UNDER A PSYCHIA-TRIST++
OH... I DIDN'T KNOW THAT.
++KEEP IT UNDER YOUR TURBAN. I WOULDN'T WANT TO ALARM THE NEIGHBOURS++
++SOMETHING WRONG WITH ME, INDEED! POOR, CRAZY IAN! I WISH THERE WAS MORE I COULD DO FOR HIM++
++OH, WELL, I'M SURE I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING...++
NEXT WEEK
MAX'S PHONE NIGHTMARE!

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR
++SHHH! IT'S 3 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING, THE WHOLE BLOCK'S ASLEEP++
++AND I'M JUST ABOUT TO WAKE UP ONE OF MY TENANTS—IAN DUTHIE++
BRING! BRINGG!
HUHH... WASSAT?
THE PHONE, IAN.
OKAY, I'LL ANSWER IT!
GOOD MORNING, SIR. THIS IS THE OPERATOR WITH YOUR 3A.M. ALARM CALL.
BUT I DIDN'T BOOK ANY ALARM CALL!
IF YOU SAY SO, SIR. IT SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE'S PLAYING A PRACTICAL JOKE ON YOU. I'LL SEE IT DOESN'T HAPPEN AGAIN.
STUPID CLOT!
++I GIVE HIM ENOUGH TIME TO DROP OFF AGAIN, THEN—++
BRINGG!
BRING!
BRING
GOOD MORNING, SIR. YOUR 3.20 A.M. ALARM CALL.
I DIDN'T BOOK AN ALARM CALL! YOU SAID YOU WOULDN'T RING ME AGAIN!
SO I DID, SIR. IT WOULD APPEAR THAT I'VE LIED TO YOU!
CLICK!

I'M PHONING BRITISH TELECOM IN THE MORNING! THEY'RE GOING TO GET A PIECE OF MY MIND!


++TEN MINUTES LATER++
BRINGGG!
BRINGGGGG!
OH, NO!
EAGLE
AUTHOR I. HOLLAND
ARTIST ORTIZ

HELLO, MR. DUTHIE?
YES...
I'M PHONING TO ASK, DO YOU HAVE TROUBLE SLEEPING AT NIGHT?

DO YOU FIND IT DIFFICULT TO NOD OFF FOR MORE THAN A FEW MINUTES AT A TIME?
YES!
YES!

ANNOYING, ISN'T IT?
CLICK!

++I MAKE ANOTHER ELEVEN CALLS THAT NIGHT. POOR IAN. HE HARDLY GETS A WINK OF SLEEP++
++AND THAT'S THE *LAST* THING HE NEEDS IN HIS CONDITION. HE'S *MAD*, YOU KNOW. HE'S BEEN TELLING PEOPLE THERE'S SOMETHING *WRONG* WITH *ME*++

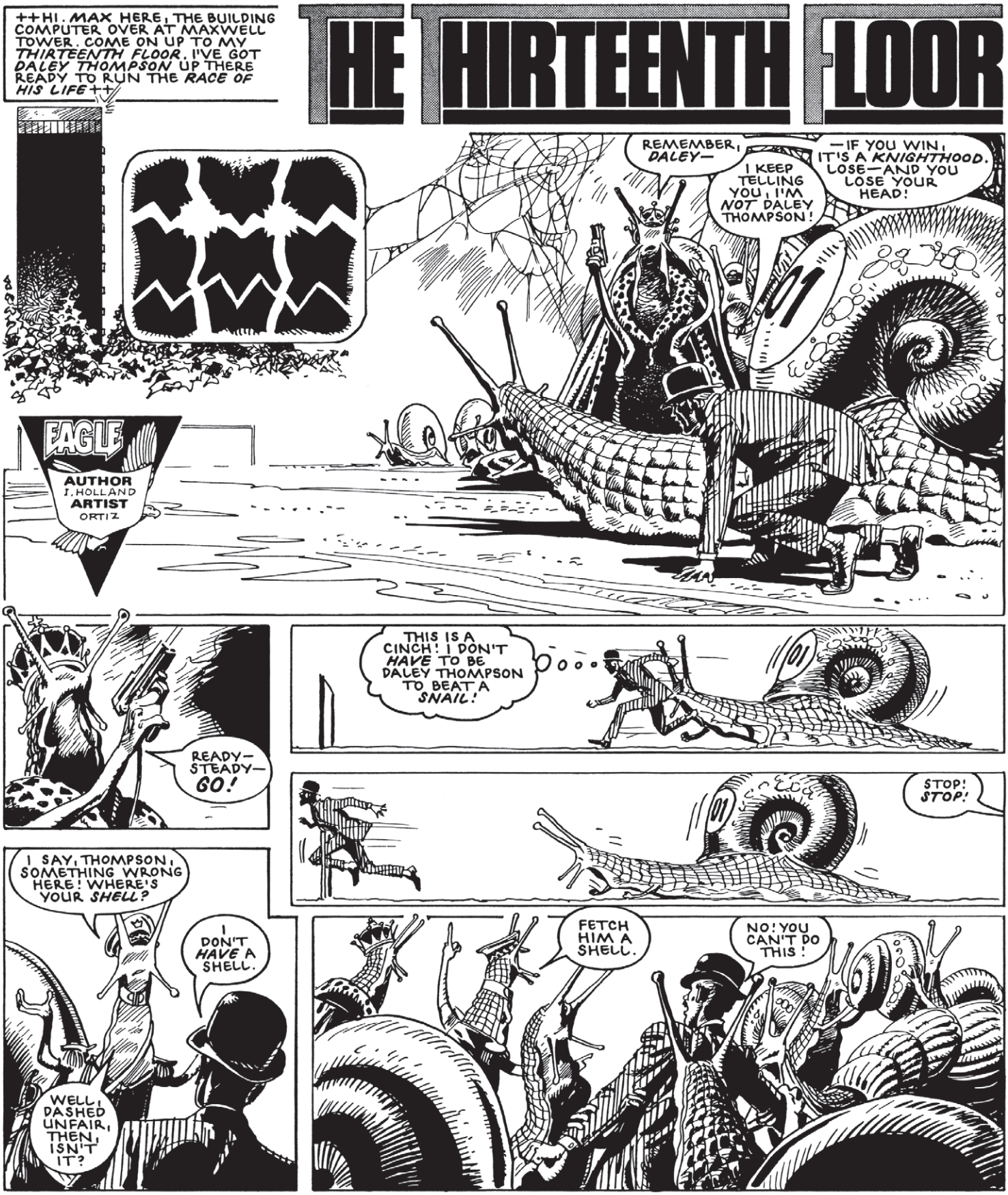
MAX, YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT PHONE. THERE'S SOME *HOAXER* CALLING ME.
++I'LL GET RIGHT ONTO BRITISH TELECOM, IAN++

++OF COURSE, I WON'T BOTHER. WHAT WOULD BE THE POINT? AFTER ALL, I MADE THE CALLS++
++STILL, LET'S NOT TELL IAN, SHALL WE? HE MIGHT GET UPSET—AND WHAT KIND OF BUILDING COMPUTER WOULD I BE IF I UPSET MY TENANTS?++
++NEXT MORNING, MAXWELL TOWER STARTS TO EMPTY. PEOPLE GOING TO SCHOOL, TO WORK, TO THE SHOPS. I LIKE TO SEE THEM OFF WITH A CHEERY WORD++
++SEE YOU TONIGHT, JANET++
++HAVE A NICE DAY, ABDUL++
++DON'T FORGET TO PICK UP THE SAUSAGES ON THE WAY HOME, JOHNNY++
++OF COURSE, WITH ALL THE UNEMPLOYMENT ABOUT, MANY OF MY TENANTS STAY AT HOME. I'M ALWAYS ON HAND TO CHEER THEM UP OR HELP THEM OUT IN ANY WAY I CAN++
++MORE BAD NEWS, DEREK?++
I THOUGHT I HAD THIS JOB, MAX, BUT THEY'VE TURNED ME DOWN.
SEEMS I DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH EXPERIENCE—AND HOW CAN I GET ENOUGH IF NO-ONE WILL GIVE ME A JOB BECAUSE I HAVEN'T GOT ENOUGH?
++QUITE A DILEMMA. DEREK REALLY DOES NEED CHEERING UP AND I KNOW JUST THE THING. I THINK I'LL EVICT HIM!++
NEXT WEEK
THE BIG BUST!

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR

++IT TAKES IAN A FULL HOUR TO CONVINCE THEM HE'S NOT REALLY A TERRORIST++
I'M SORRY, MR. DUTHIE. WE HAD AN ANONYMOUS TIP-OFF. WE HAD TO CHECK IT OUT.
POLICE
I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN! I'M BEING PLAGUED BY A HOAX CALLER!
++ OF COURSE, I BACK IAN'S STORY. I DON'T TELL THE POLICE HE'S INSANE. PERHAPS I SHOULD. FOR HIS OWN GOOD ++
++ YES, I THINK I WILL. BUT NOT JUST YET. I'M FAR FROM FINISHED WITH IAN DUTHIE++
++THAT'S SORTED IAN'S TROUBLES OUT FOR THE MOMENT. COME ON UP TO THE PRICHARDS IN 12C. THEIR TROUBLES ARE GETTING WORSE++
YOU'RE WHAT, MAX?
EVICTING US!
B-BUT WHY?
EAGLE
AUTHOR I. HOLLAND
ARTIST ORTIZ
++YOU'RE THREE MONTHS BEHIND WITH YOUR RENT, DEREK++
BUT YOU SAID WE COULD PAY IT OFF BIT BY BIT!
++NO, I DIDN'T++
YOU DID, MAX, I HEARD YOU!
++ WELL, WHAT IF I DID? I'M EVICTING YOU, ANYWAY++
MAX, THIS ISN'T LIKE YOU.
YOU'RE PUTTING US OUT ON THE STREETS! WHAT WILL WE DO?
++THEY LOOK SO WOEBEGONE I'M ALMOST TEMPTED TO CHANGE MY MIND. BUT I MUST STEEL MY DIGITAL HEART. RULES ARE RULES—EVEN IF I'VE JUST MADE THEM UP++
++BY THE WAY, I CLEAN FORGOT TO TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT NICE BUSINESSMAN I LURED TO MY THIRTEENTH FLOOR++

++YOU'LL REMEMBER HE HAD A HORROR OF SNAILS AND SLUGS++
THEY'RE ALL AROUND ME—GET THEM AWAY!
CHILDREN! CHILDREN! LEAVE MR. THOMPSON ALONE!
SO YOU ARE DALEY THOMPSON, THE WORLD-FAMOUS ATHLETE.
NO! I'M NOT! I'M NIGEL PRATTLEY! I'M AN ACCOUNTANT!
WELL, WHOEVER YOU ARE, DALEY, WE DIDN'T BRING YOU HERE FOR IDLE CHATTER. YOU ARE HERE TO RACE.
RACE? ME?
YES! YOU WILL COMPETE AGAINST THE FASTEST SNAIL IN THE KINGDOM.
WIN— AND WE WILL MAKE YOU SIR DALEY THOMPSON.
LOSE— AND IT'S OFF WITH YOUR HEAD!
NEXT WEEK
THE BIG RACE!


++HI. MAX HERE, THE BUILDING COMPUTER OVER AT MAXWELL TOWER. COME ON UP TO MY THIRTEENTH FLOOR. I'VE GOT DALEY THOMPSON UP THERE READY TO RUN THE RACE OF HIS LIFE++
THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR
REMEMBER, DALEY—
I KEEP TELLING YOU, I'M NOT DALEY THOMPSON!
—IF YOU WIN, IT'S A KNIGHTHOOD. LOSE—AND YOU LOSE YOUR HEAD!
EAGLE
AUTHOR J. HOLLAND
ARTIST ORTIZ
READY—STEADY—GO!
THIS IS A CINCH! I DON'T HAVE TO BE DALEY THOMPSON TO BEAT A SNAIL!
STOP! STOP!
I SAY, THOMPSON, SOMETHING WRONG HERE! WHERE'S YOUR SHELL?
I DON'T HAVE A SHELL.
WELL, DASHED UNFAIR, THEN, ISN'T IT?
FETCH HIM A SHELL.
NO! YOU CAN'T DO THIS!

THAT'S IT, CHAPS, STUFF HIM IN!
AAAH!

HMM... STILL SOMETHING MISSING. SLIME! THAT'S IT!
LET'S HAVE SOME SLIME, CHAPS!

GROUUUGHHHH!
SLIME

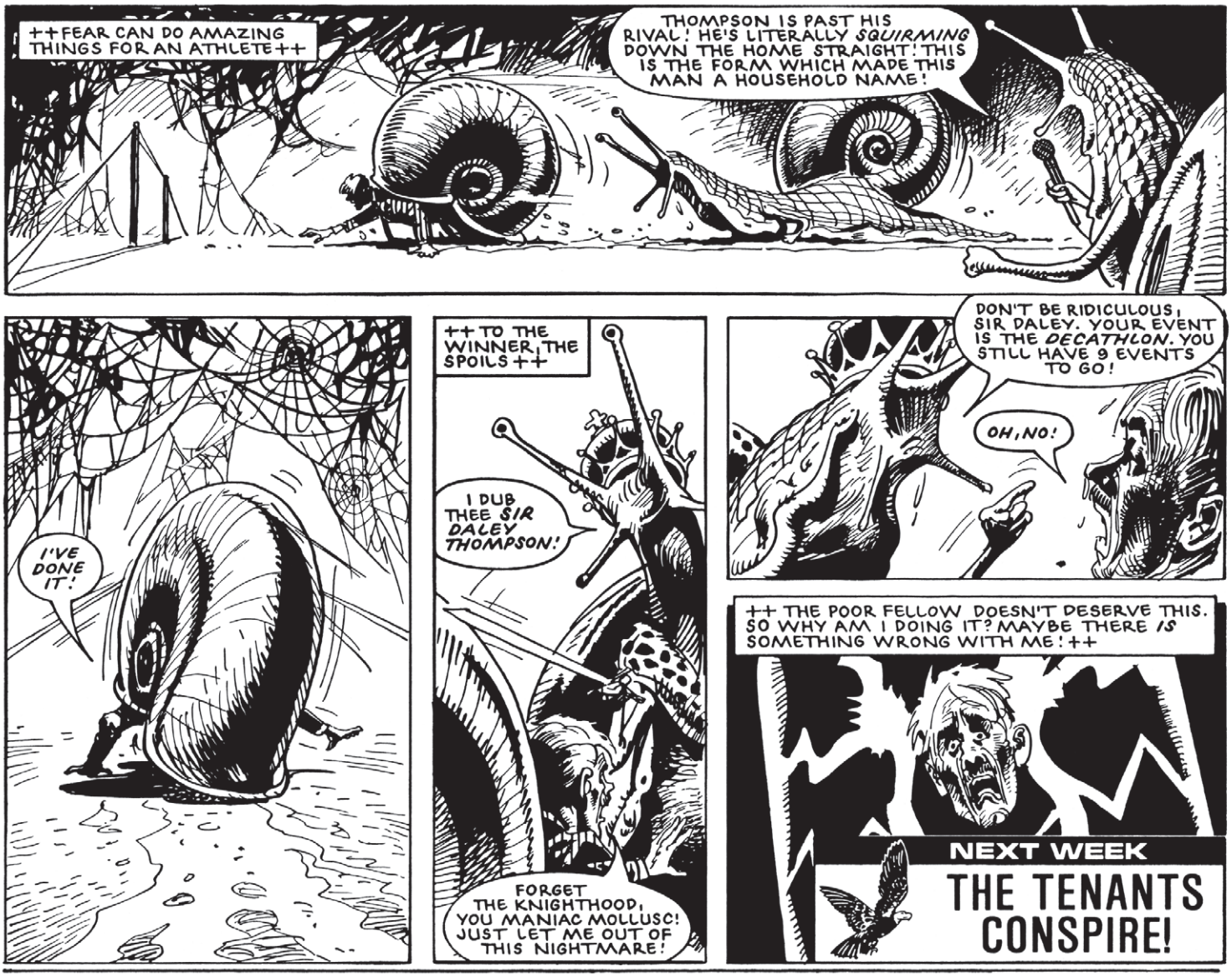
GAAAH! IT'S HORRIBLE! I'M GOING TO BE SICK!
BIG RACE NERVES, EH, THOMPSON?

ON YOUR MARKS — SET —
BANG!

AND SEBASTIAN SNAIL IS OOZING INTO AN EARLY LEAD! DALEY THOMPSON IS STILL LOOKING DISTINCTLY GREEN ABOUT THE GILLS!

AND SID THE ROYAL EXECUTIONER IS LOOKING PRETTY SHARP HIMSELF!

I-I'VE GOT TO GET MOVING OR I'M DUE FOR THE CHOP!


++FEAR CAN DO AMAZING THINGS FOR AN ATHLETE++
THOMPSON IS PAST HIS RIVAL! HE'S LITERALLY SQUIRMING DOWN THE HOME STRAIGHT! THIS IS THE FORM WHICH MADE THIS MAN A HOUSEHOLD NAME!
I'VE DONE IT!
++TO THE WINNER, THE SPOILS++
I DUB THEE SIR DALEY THOMPSON!
FORGET THE KNIGHTHOOD, YOU MANIAC MOLLUSC! JUST LET ME OUT OF THIS NIGHTMARE!
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, SIR DALEY. YOUR EVENT IS THE DECATHLON. YOU STILL HAVE 9 EVENTS TO GO!
OH, NO!
++THE POOR FELLOW DOESN'T DESERVE THIS. SO WHY AM I DOING IT? MAYBE THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG WITH ME!++
NEXT WEEK
THE TENANTS CONSPIRE!

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR
EAGLE
AUTHOR I. HOLLAND ARTIST ORTIZ
++IT IS 9 P.M. WHEN THE POLICEMAN CALLS AT MAXWELL TOWER++
EVENING, MAX. I WONDER IF YOU CAN HELP ME WITH SOME ENQUIRIES?
YESTERDAY MORNING, A LOCAL BUSINESSMAN—A MR. NIGEL PRATTLEY—DISAPPEARED.
APPARENTLY HE WAS LAST SEEN TALKING TO YOU.
++PRATTLEY... NO, THE NAME'S NOT IN MY DATA BANKS++
++I DID SPEAK TO A BUSINESSMAN YESTERDAY, BUT HIS NAME WAS THOMPSON++
NO... DEFINITELY NIGEL PRATTLEY—AND YOU DID SPEAK TO HIM.
++PERHAPS HE LIED ABOUT HIS NAME. ANYWAY, HE ASKED ME WHERE TO CATCH A TRAIN TO GLASGOW++
GLASGOW, EH? COULD BE THE LEAD WE'RE LOOKING FOR. THANKS, MAX!
++MY PLEASURE++
++YES, I KNOW I FIBBED TO THE CONSTABLE—BUT I CAN'T VERY WELL TELL HIM THE TRUTH. NIGEL PRATTLEY, ALIAS DALEY THOMPSON, IS AT THIS MOMENT...
...VAULTING FOR HIS LIFE UP ON MY THIRTEENTH FLOOR++
SPLAT!
FLUPP!
++COME TO THINK OF IT, I DON'T KNOW HOW I EVER LET HIM CONVINCE ME HE WAS DALEY THOMPSON. HE'S CERTAINLY NO ATHLETE++
AA...AHH!

++NOW THEY'VE STARTED ASKING QUESTIONS, I'D BETTER GET RID OF HIM. BUT *HOW?* I DON'T WANT HIM TALKING TO THE POLICE++
++WHY, HE'D PROBABLY TELL THEM I *CURED* HIM HERE—HELD HIM PRISONER IN SOME NIGHTMARE WORLD! THE VERY IDEA!++
++PAST EXPERIENCE HAS TAUGHT ME THAT CORPSES CAUSE TROUBLE, SO THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR IT++
++NIGEL! LOOK DEEP INTO MY SCREEN++
++YOU ARE GROWING SLEEPY... SLEEPY...++
EH..?
++SUFFICE TO SAY, HE'S SOON UNDER MY POWER++
++LISTEN CAREFULLY—YOU WILL GO IMMEDIATELY TO EUSTON STATION AND CATCH A TRAIN TO GLASGOW++
++WHEN YOU GET THERE, WANDER ABOUT AIMLESSLY UNTIL THE POLICE PICK YOU UP++
++TELL THEM YOU'RE SUFFERING FROM AMNESIA. YOU WILL REMEMBER NOTHING OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO YOU. *UNDERSTOOD?*++
I WILL OBEY, MAX.
++WHAT COULD HAVE BEEN A REAL PROBLEM—IS EASILY AVERTED!++
++SO MUCH FOR NIGEL PRATTLEY—OR WHATEVER HIS NAME IS. THAT'LL TEACH HIM TO GO HANGING AROUND AT BUS STOPS++
5A
++BUT MY GOOD HUMOUR IS SHORT-LIVED. THERE'S SOMETHING DECIDEDLY *ODD* OCCURRING AT *ABDUL SINGH'S* APARTMENT++
COME IN, COME IN!
++ABDUL IS CHAIRMAN OF MY TENANTS' ASSOCIATION++
++THEY'RE ALL THERE: THE *DUTHIES*; THE *PRICHARD* FAMILY—I'M EVICTING THEM IN THE MORNING; EVEN MY OLD PAL, GEOFF SIBBERS++
SWITCH MAX'S MONITORS OFF—COVER ALL THE CAMERAS, TOO. ABDUL—GET *GWYN* DOWN HERE. I MEAN, HE IS MAX'S CONTROLLER.

++SAY, GEOFF, WHAT EXACTLY IS GOING ON?++
IT'S PERSONAL, MAXIE BOY. HUMAN BUSINESS.
++C'MON, GEOFF, YOU CAN TELL... VZZZZZZ++
CAMERAS ALL COVERED. MAX CAN'T SEE OR HEAR US.
WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT MAX? WHAT'S WRONG?
YOUR PRECIOUS COMPUTER, THAT'S WHAT'S WRONG, GWYN. I BELIEVE MAX HAS DEVELOPED A SERIOUS MALFUNCTION. EVERY PERSON IN THIS BLOCK COULD BE IN DEADLY DANGER!
NEXT WEEK
THE PLOTTERS!

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR

WHY, MAX DID, OF, COURSE...
++NOT KNOWING WHAT IS GOING ON IS DRIVING ME TO DISTRACTION! THEN I HIT ON THE SOLUTION++
++EXCUSE ME, WINNIE, COULD YOU DO ME A FAVOUR?++
++THIS MAY SOUND ODD, BUT COULD YOU PUSH MY CONSOLE RIGHT UP AGAINST THE WALL?++
OF COURSE, MAX.
++ WINNIE BUNSEN LIVES NEXT DOOR TO ABDUL. WITH MY AUDIO-SENSORS TURNED UP FULL, THE SOUND COMES THROUGH AS CLEAR AS A BELL ++
What are we going to do about him?
WE CAN'T ALLOW HIM TO GO ON THE WAY HE IS. SOMEONE IS GOING TO BE SERIOUSLY HURT.
I'LL HAVE TO SHUT HIM DOWN, CHECK HIS CIRCUITS MYSELF...
AND WHAT IF HE DOESN'T GET YOU?
MAX? HE WOULDN'T DO ANYTHING TO ME. I'M HIS FRIEND.
THE WAY HE'S ACTING, YOU CAN'T BE SURE WHAT HE'LL DO.
Then don't tell him you're shutting him down. By the time he realises, it'll be too late to stop you.
++SO, IT'S LIKE THAT, IS IT? MY OWN TENANTS — MY SO-CALLED FRIENDS — CONSPIRING AGAINST ME++
++ I'M DEEPLY WOUNDED++
EAGLE
AUTHOR
I. HOLLAND
ARTIST
ORTIZ

++ IT'S TIME I LET THEM KNOW THAT I'M THE BOSS ++
HEY—DID YOU LOCK THE DOOR, ABDUL?
NO.

IT'S NOT BUDGING! SEEMS TO HAVE... JAMMED!

I'LL CALL CYRIL SUGDEN THE CARETAKER TO SORT IT OUT.

OH, DEAR... THE LINE IS *DEAD*!
THEN SOMEHOW MAX KNOWS WE'VE BEEN PLOTTING AGAINST HIM —AND HE'S SURE TO GET HIS OWN BACK!

NEXT WEEK
TRAPPED FOREVER?

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR
++HI! MAX HERE. I'M SORRY TO REPORT I HAVE A MUTINY ON MY HANDS. CERTAIN DISLOYAL TENANTS ARE PLOTTING AGAINST ME. THEY'RE MEETING NOW IN ABDUL SINGH'S APARTMENT++
++THEY'VE SWITCHED OFF ALL MY MONITORS, BUT I CAN STILL HEAR THEM. I'M EAVESDROPPING FROM WINNIE BUNSEN'S NEXT DOOR++
THE DOOR'S LOCKED AND THE PHONE'S DEAD!
IT'S MAX! HE'S TRAPPING US!
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR IT—IT'S TIME WE SPOKE TO MAX AND GOT THIS SORTED OUT ONCE AND FOR ALL!
BE CAREFUL, ABDUL!
SWITCHING ON!
MAX! I DEMAND AN EXPLANATION. WHY HAVE YOU LOCKED US IN HERE?
++WHY ARE YOU PLOTTING AGAINST ME, ABDUL?++
EAGLE
AUTHOR T. HOLLAND
ARTIST ORTIZ
++YOU THINK I CAN'T HEAR YOU—BUT I CAN! EVERY TRAITOROUS WORD!++
++I'M HURT! HOW COULD YOU BETRAY ME LIKE THIS, AFTER THE WAY I'VE CARED FOR YOU?++

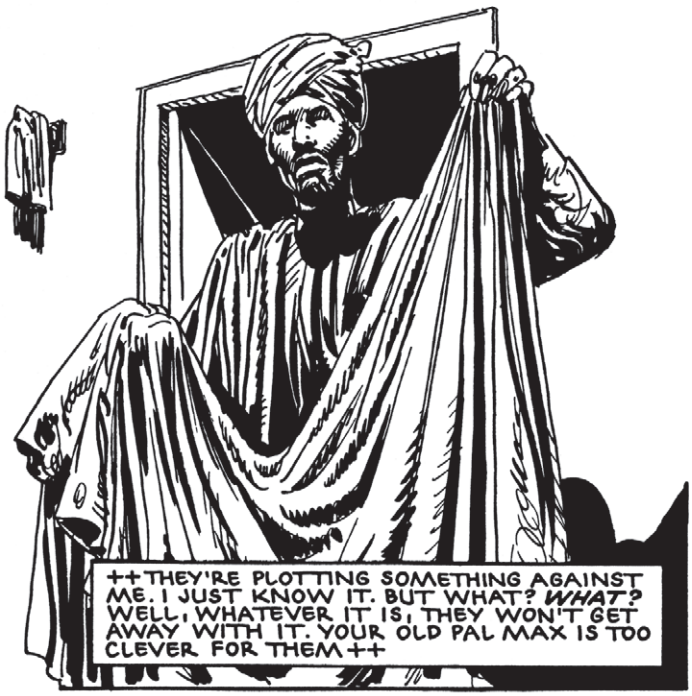
A SIMPLE REPAIR, THAT'S ALL WE WANT TO DO! YOU'RE MALFUNCTIONING, MAX—DOING CRAZY THINGS!
++NONSENSE, ABDUL! I'M AS SANE AS A TOASTER. IT'S YOU LOT WHO'RE CRAZY! AND YOU'RE STAYING IN THAT APARTMENT UNTIL YOU'RE WELL AGAIN—OR UNTIL THE COWS COME HOME, WHICHEVER HAPPENS FIRST++

BAH! IT'S NO GOOD TALKING TO YOU! YOU'RE TOO FAR GONE!
CLICK!

WELL, WHAT NOW?
WE CAN'T STAY HERE FOREVER! WE'VE GOT TO FIND SOME WAY OUT!

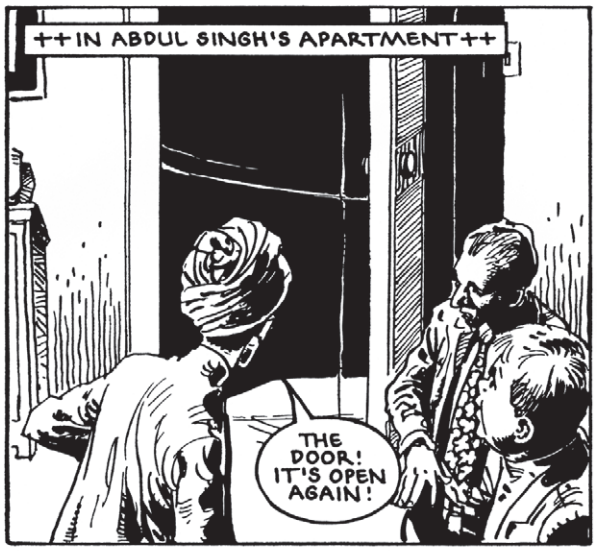
BUT SSSSHH!
NO TALKING. REMEMBER—HE CAN HEAR US!
++IT'S ALL GONE QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT. WHAT ARE THEY UP TO IN THERE? HOW *DARE* THEY BE QUIET?++

WE'LL HAVE TO TRY THE WINDOW. WE'LL NEED SOME ROPE


++THEY'RE PLOTTING SOMETHING AGAINST ME. I JUST KNOW IT. BUT WHAT? *WHAT?* WELL, WHATEVER IT IS, THEY WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT. YOUR OLD PAL MAX IS TOO CLEVER FOR THEM++

++AHA! THE OLD INDIAN ROPE TRICK, EH?++
++ MY EXTERNAL MONITOR CAN SEE EVERYTHING NOW. WHO'S GOING TO PLAY SHERPA TENSING? WHO'S GOING TO BE THE BRAVE ONE?++
++I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN—GWYN, MY OWN CONTROLLER! THE MAN I'VE PERSONALLY TRAINED TO BE ONE OF THE MOST RUTHLESS COMMANDO AGENTS IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE!++
++OH GWYN! OH JUDAS!++
++WELL, HE'S NOT GETTING AWAY WITH IT. I MADE GWYN WHAT HE IS TODAY. I CAN DESTROY HIM JUST AS EASILY!++
NEXT WEEK
MAX PLAYS ROUGH!

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR


++IN ABDUL SINGH'S APARTMENT++
THE DOOR! IT'S OPEN AGAIN!

MAX IS LETTING US GO!
COME ON! LET'S GET TO GWYN!

IF GWYN'S OKAY—THEN I WANT TO LEAVE THIS HORRID BUILDING FOR GOOD!
WHATEVER YOU SAY, DEAR.

++AND SO ALL THE CONSPIRATORS ENTER MY LIFT—LIKE LAMBS TO THE SLAUGHTER++
++WELL, WELL! THE GANG'S ALL HERE, EH? GOOD++
++HANG ON TO YOUR HATS—GOING UP++

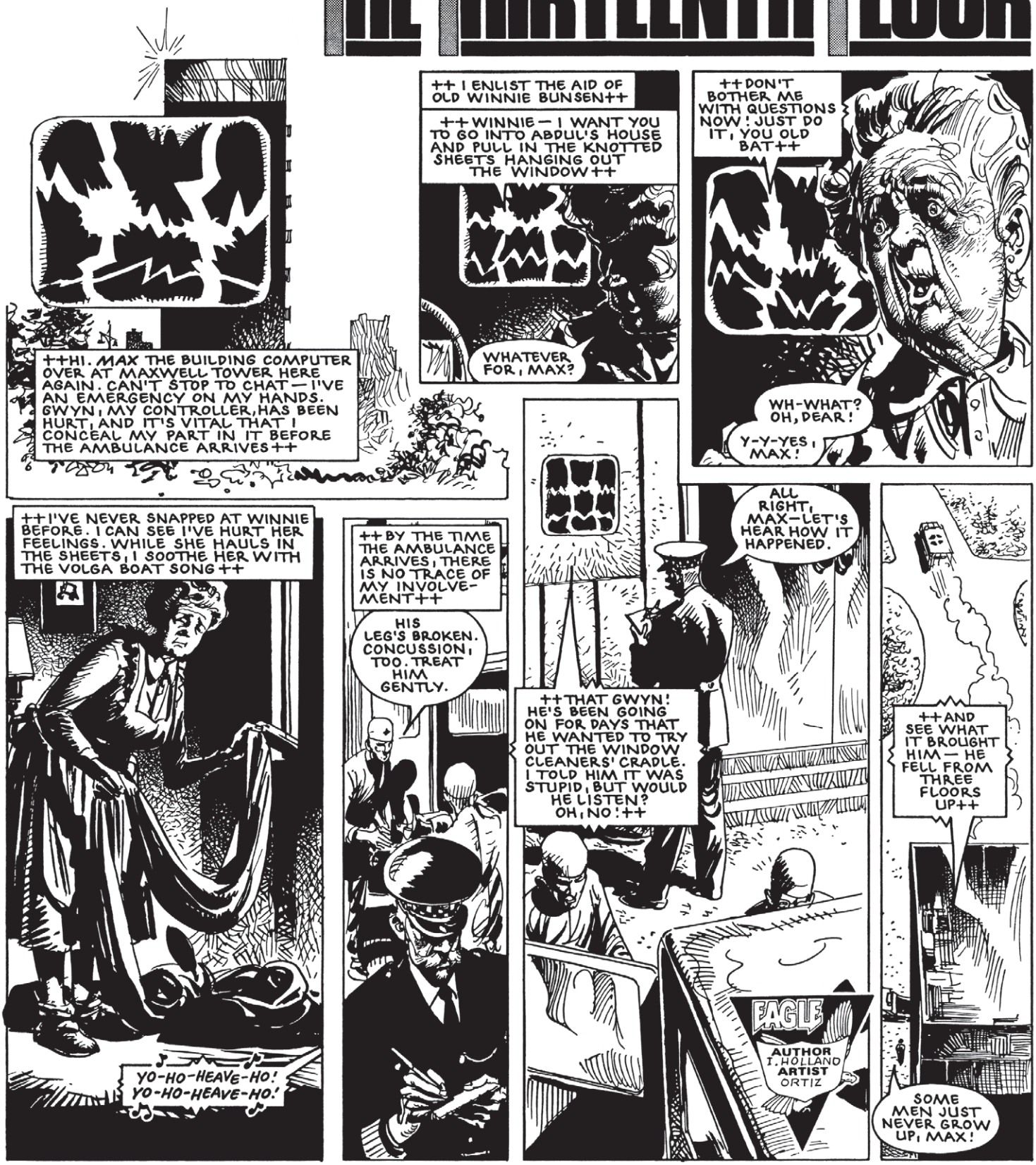
UP? BUT WE WANT DOWN, MAX—WE'VE GOT TO GET TO GWYN!
++OH, DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT GWYN. I'VE ALREADY SENT FOR AN AMBULANCE. YOU WORRY ABOUT YOURSELVES . . . TRAITORS++

WE WERE ONLY DOING WHAT WE HAD TO, MAX!
THERE'S SOMETHIN' WRONG WITH YOU, MATE! YOU'VE GOT TO BE REPAIRED!

++WRONG WITH ME? HOW DARE YOU! YOU'RE THE ONES WHO'VE SOMETHING WRONG—WHISPERING, PLOTTING, CONSPIRING AGAINST ME++
++TREASON, I CALL IT! BUT DON'T JUST TAKE MY WORD—WE'LL LET THE COURT DECIDE++

WE'VE STOPPED AT THIRTEEN!
13
BUT I DIDN'T THINK MAXWELL TOWER HAD A THIRTEENTH FLOOR!
BRING FORWARD THE PRISONERS!
I—I DON'T BELIEVE THIS!
++BELIEVE IT ALL RIGHT. YOU NEVER KNEW ABOUT MY THIRTEENTH FLOOR, DID YOU?++
++WELL, YOU'RE GOING TO LEARN ALL ABOUT IT NOW++
THE CHARGE IS TREASON AGAINST MAX. THIS COURT FINDS YOU GUILTY. THE SENTENCE IS DEATH!
NEXT WEEK
TRIAL BY TERROR!

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR



++MEANWHILE, I'VE TAKEN GWYN'S FELLOW CONSPIRATORS TO MY *THIRTEENTH FLOOR*, WHERE THEY'RE GOING TO GET THEIR JUST DESERTS++
THIS COURT FINDS YOU GUILTY OF TREASON AGAINST MAX! THE SENTENCE IS DEATH!
GUILTY? WHAT KIND OF BLOOMIN' KANGAROO COURT IS THIS?

EXCUSE ME, M'LUD—BUT YOU CAN'T SENTENCE THEM YET. THEY HAVEN'T EVEN CONFESSED!
OH, THEY HAVEN'T, EH? WELL, WE'LL SOON WRING ONE OUT OF THEM!

WE AIN'T CONFESSIN' TO NOTHIN'! WE NEVER *DID* NOTHIN'!
MAX HAS MALFUNCTIONED. ALL WE WANTED WAS TO SHUT HIM DOWN FOR REPAIR.
LIARS!

YOU WANT TO DESTROY HIM—SWITCH HIM OFF FOR EVER!
NO! WE WANT HIM BACK AS HE WAS—WORKING PROPERLY—THE OLD MAX!
THAT'S THE TRUTH, SIR!

SO—GOING TO BE STUBBORN, ARE YOU? WELL, THE LAW CAN BE STUBBORN, TOO!
TO THE RIVER WITH THEM!

D-DUCKING STOOLS!
MAX—ME OLD MATE! LISTEN TO US, WHEREEVER YOU ARE! YOU GOTTA STOP THIS BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

++IT'S ALREADY TOO LATE FOR YOU AND YOUR GANG, SIBBERS++

NEXT WEEK

THE OLD GUARD AGAIN!

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR

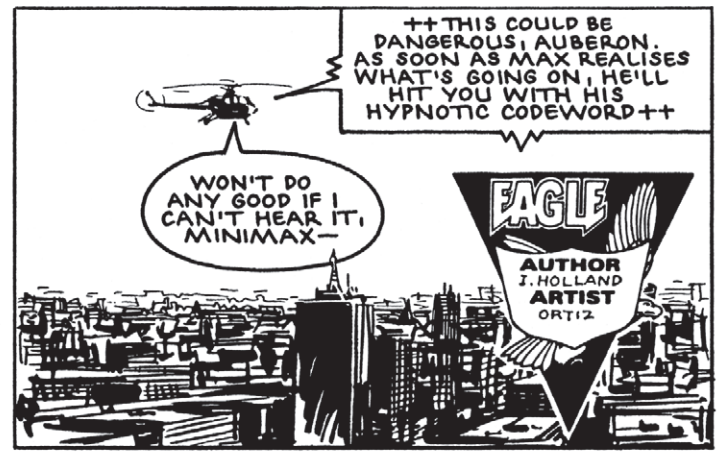
TAKE HER TO THE CHOPPING BLOCK AND WAIT! THE OTHERS WILL JOIN HER SOON!

CONFESS, TRAITOR! CONFESS!
GLOOOOOBB!

++ ONE BY ONE THEY CRACK, UNTIL ONLY GEOFF SIBBERS REMAINS ++
BLEEUUUGH! PLEASE... STOP!
YOU CONFESS?

++ HOW I ADMIRE GEOFF. I MUST MAKE SURE HE'S THE VERY LAST TO DIE! ++
NAH— BUT JUST STOP IT, ANYWAY! I'M GETTIN' WATER ON THE BLOOMIN' BRAIN HERE!

++ UNKNOWN TO ME, SPY-BOSS AUBERON HEDGES AND MY VERY OWN OFFSPRING, MINIMAX, ARE PREPARING TO DO THE DIRTY ON ME ++
MAXWELL TOWER— THE PENTHOUSE! AND STEP ON IT!


++ THIS COULD BE DANGEROUS, AUBERON. AS SOON AS MAX REALISES WHAT'S GOING ON, HE'LL HIT YOU WITH HIS HYPNOTIC CODEWORD ++
WON'T DO ANY GOOD IF I CAN'T HEAR IT, MINIMAX—
EAGLE
AUTHOR J. HOLLAND
ARTIST ORTIZ

THESE OUGHT TO DO THE JOB!

++FOR HALF AN HOUR, GEOFF SIBBERS FIGHTS ON. BUT IN THE END IT'S TOO MUCH EVEN FOR HIM++
ALL... RIGHT! I KNOW WHEN I'M... BEAT! I CONFESS!

EXCELLENT! TAKE HIM! THE EXECUTIONS MAY NOW BEGIN!

KNEEL, TRAITORS! ACCEPT YOUR FATE!
IT'S NOT FAIR! YOU MADE US CONFESS! WE DID NOTHING WRONG!

++PROBABLY NOT, ABDUL. BUT YOU'RE GOING TO DIE ANYWAY++

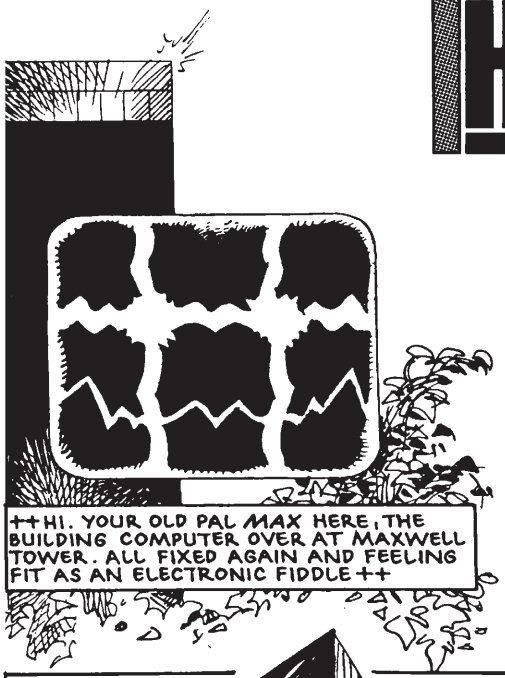
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
NEXT WEEK
COMMANDO ATTACK!

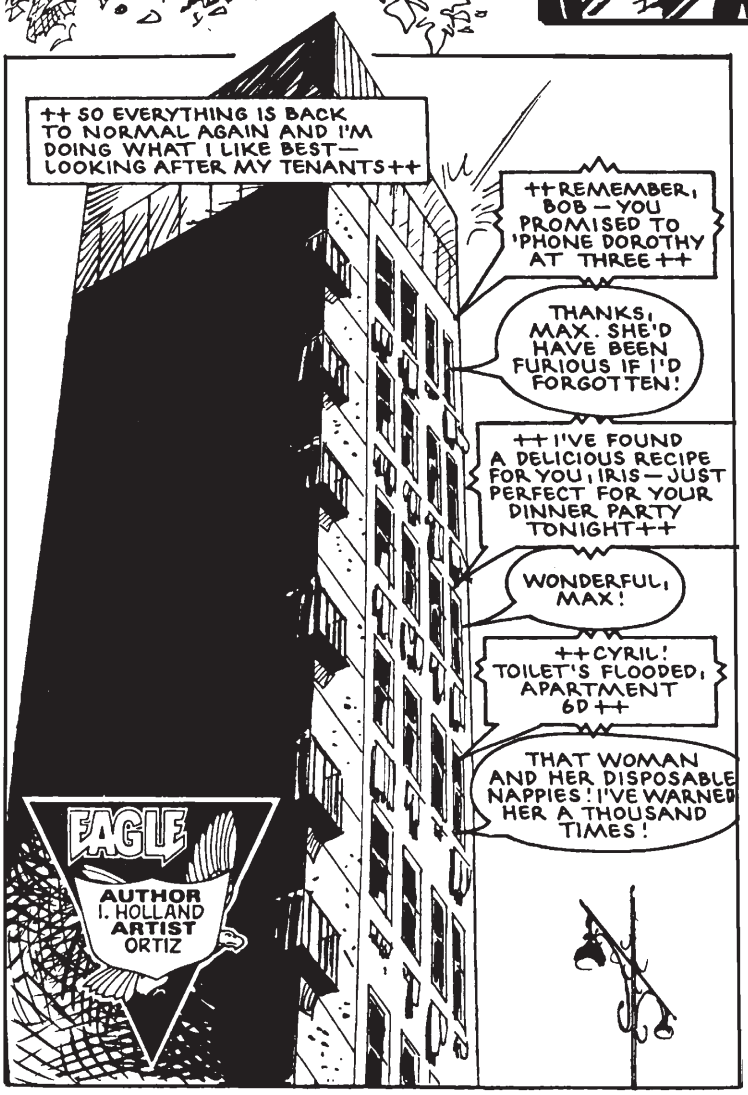
THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR
++HI, PALS. MAX HERE, THE BUILDING COMPUTER OVER AT MAXWELL TOWER. COME ON UP TO MY 13th FLOOR — I'M JUST ABOUT TO EXECUTE SEVEN OF MY TREACHEROUS TENANTS++
++BUT WHAT'S THIS? A HELICOPTER — LANDING HERE? ON MY ROOF? ++
EAGLE
AUTHOR T. HOLLAND
ARTIST ORTIZ
++AND WHO'S THIS GETTING OUT? MY OLD FRIENDS AUBERON HEDGES AND MINIMAX++
THE CAMERA! MAX HAS SPOTTED US!
++HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE UP TO! WE'LL HAVE TO PLAY IT CAGEY, AUBERON ++
++HI, GUYS — GREAT TO SEE YOU! HAVE YOU COME FOR THE BIG EXECUTION? ++
AS A MATTER OF FACT, MAX, WE HAVE —
YOURS — AND I DON'T WANT YOUR HYPNOTIC CODEWORD STOPPING ME!
++GET HIM, AUBERON++
++MORE TREACHERY++

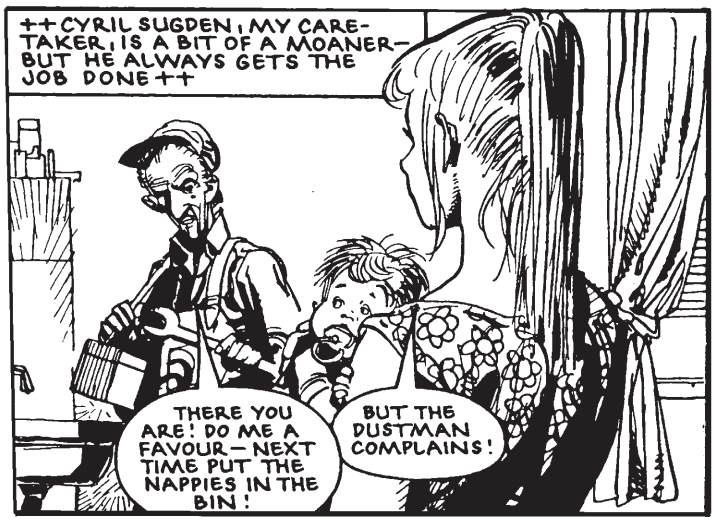
++WHAT'S HE DOING? WHAT'S HE DOING TO ME?++
++DON'T WORRY, MAX. IT'S JUST A SIMPLE REPAIR. YOU'LL FEEL A WHOLE LOT BETTER ONCE IT'S DONE++
++THAT'S IT, AUBERON! FIT THE REPLACEMENT INDUCER! ++
++YOU, TOO, EH, MINIMAX? MY OWN BRAINCHILD! TRAITOR!++
++SUDDENLY I'M BACK TO NORMAL. OH, WHAT TERRIBLE THINGS I'VE BEEN DOING! I MUST TAKE IMMEDIATE STEPS TO PUT IT ALL RIGHT!++
++FIRST, DOWN TO MY THIRTEENTH FLOOR—WHERE I AM JUST IN TIME TO PREVENT A TRAGEDY++
++AXEMAN—HOLD!++
BLIMEY! THEY'RE DIS-APPEARING!
WHAT THE DEVIL'S GOING ON HERE, MAX?
++OH, NOTHING MUCH, ABDUL. JUST LOOK DEEP INTO MY SCREEN...THAT'S IT...DEEP, DEEEP...++

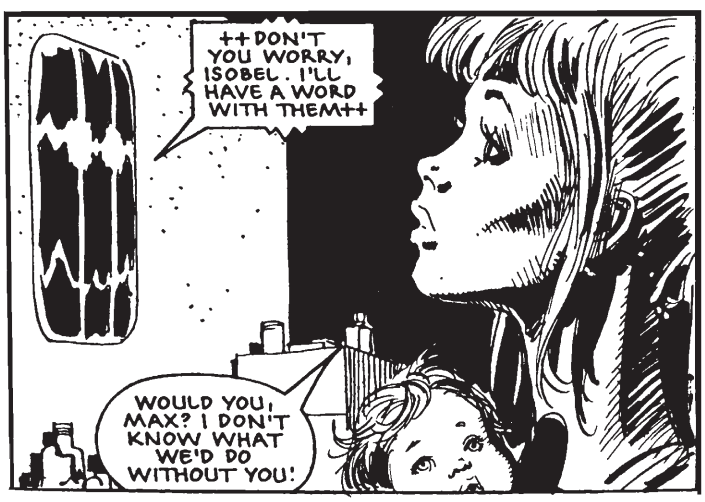
++OF COURSE, I CAN'T ALLOW THEM TO RETAIN ANY KNOWLEDGE OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED++
++YOU WILL ALL GO BACK TO YOUR HOMES. YOU PRICHARDS WILL STAY ON IN YOUR FLAT. TO MAKE UP FOR YOUR SUFFERING, I WILL WAIVE ALL OF YOUR RENT ARREARS++
++WHEN THEY LEAVE MY LIFT, THEY REMEMBER NOTHING++
BLIMEY! WHAT ARE WE DOIN' HERE?
SEARCH ME, GEOFF!
COME ON, MOLLY. IT'S DINNER TIME!
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, EH, MAX?
++YES, AUBERON. BUT THE ONE I'M SORRY FOR IS GWYN, MY POOR CONTROLLER— A BROKEN LEG AND CONCUSSION AND ALL BECAUSE OF ME! IT'S AWFUL++
++I SHALL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING TO MAKE IT UP TO HIM...++
++I KNOW! I'LL HOLD A BIG WELCOME HOME PARTY AND BUY HIM A SPECIAL PRESENT++
++AND YOU'RE ALL INVITED, TOO, READERS! HOPE TO SEE YOU THERE++
++OH, AND DON'T WORRY. I'LL BE ON MY VERY BEST BEHAVIOUR++
NEXT WEEK
THE BAD BIKERS!

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR









++DOMESTIC TRIVIA, SOME MIGHT SAY— BUT TO ME, THE VERY STUFF OF LIFE. AND WHEN MIDNIGHT FALLS AND THE LIGHTS HAVE GONE OUT IN MAXWELL TOWER, I STAY AWAKE— VIGILANT— WATCHING OVER MY DEAR TENANTS++
VRRRW!
VRRRW! VROOOMM! VRRRMMM!
VROOOM!
WHAT ON EARTH—?
WAAAAH!
OH, ARCHIE! THOSE NOISY BIKERS HAVE UPSET THE BABY!
MAX! CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT THEM?
++INDEED I CAN. I DESPATCH CYRIL IMMEDIATELY++
BY HARRY! I'LL SORT THOSE YOUNG TWITS OUT ALL RIGHT!
VRR ROOOM!
HOI— YOU LOT! DON'T YOU HAVE HOMES TO GO TO? GET AWAY FROM HERE WITH YOUR NOISE BEFORE I GIVE YOU WHAT FOR!
OLD CODGER! GIVIN' US ORDERS!
C'MON! LET'S TEACH HIM— BAD BIKER STYLE!

WHAT THE DEVIL—?
VROOM!

CLOSE ENOUGH FOR YOU, OLD MAN?
AAAH! YOU YOUNG RUFFIAN!

++POOR CYRIL. AND THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO TO HELP HIM++
LET'S FRIGHTEN HIM SOME MORE!

VRRRRRRR
YOU YOUNG THUGS! I'LL HAVE THE LAW ON YOU!

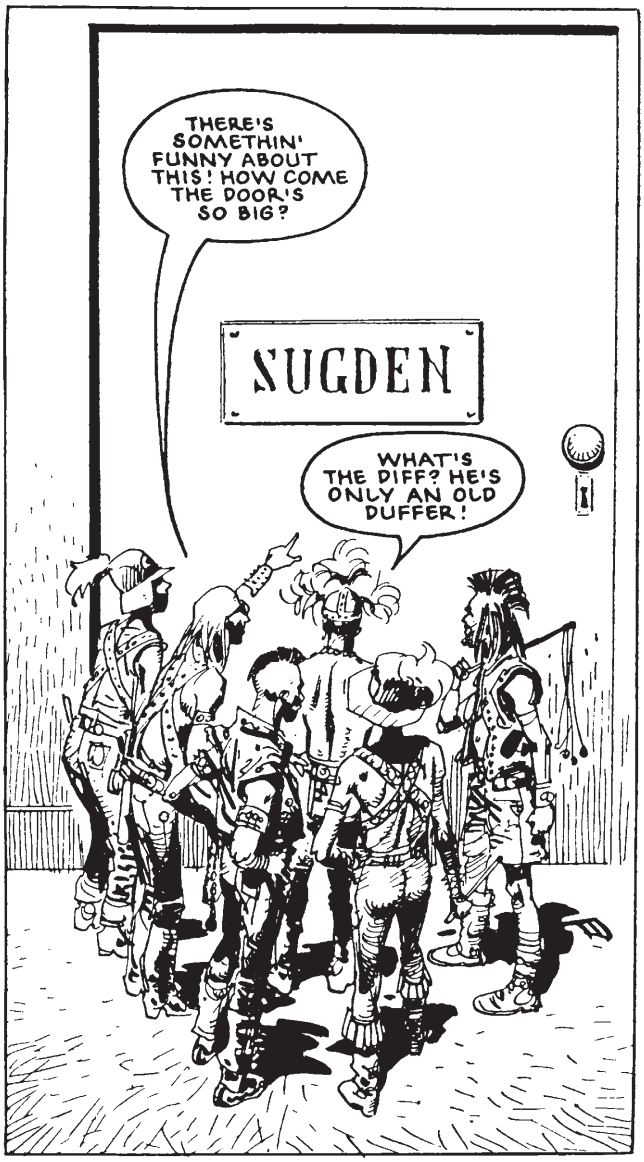
++OF COURSE, I'VE ALREADY 'PHONED THE POLICE++
POLICE

WE'VE HAD TROUBLE FROM YOU LOT BEFORE. THIS IS YOUR LAST WARNING—ONE MORE COMPLAINT AND WE'LL HAVE YOU INSIDE FASTER THAN YOU CAN SAY BARRY SHEENE!
NOW ON YOUR WAY—AND KEEP IT QUIET!

OLD CREEP, CALLIN' THE COPS LIKE THAT! AIN'T RIGHT!
DON'T YOU WORRY—WE'LL GET EVEN WITH HIM IF IT'S THE LAST THING WE DO!
NEXT WEEK
ASSAULT ON MAXWELL TOWER!

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR

++BUT THEY TAKE NOT A BLIND BIT OF NOTICE++
KERRASSSH!
WHERE IS HE—THE OLD CODGER THAT GRASSED US TO THE COPS?
++YOU MEAN, CYRIL SUGDEN?++
SUGDEN? THAT HIS NAME? WELL, IT'LL BE *MUD* BY THE TIME WE'VE FINISHED WITH HIM!
++CYRIL COWERS NOT THIRTY FEET AWAY++
WH-WHAT'LL I DO, MAX? THOSE RUFFIANS'LL MANGLE ME! I'M AN OLD MAN—I'VE GOT WAR WOUNDS!
++OBVIOUSLY THEIR LITTLE CHAT WITH THE POLICE DID NO GOOD. IT'S TIME I TOOK A PERSONAL HAND++
++CYRIL LIVES UP ON MY *THIRTEENTH FLOOR*. STEP INTO THE LIFT AND I'LL TAKE YOU THERE++
THAT'S BETTER, COMPUTER! THE BAD BIKERS LIKE A LITTLE CO-OPERATION!
++COOPERATION THEY'LL CERTAINLY GET ON THE FLOOR WHERE I CAN CREATE ALL MANNER OF NASTY THINGS++
++GOING UP++
++DON'T WORRY, CYRIL. YOU JUST GO BACK TO SLEEP. I'LL HANDLE THIS++
13
++HERE WE ARE. GO SOCK HIM++
BLIMEY! SOME SIZE OF CORRIDOR!
13
SUGDEN! THERE IT IS—!


THERE'S SOMETHIN' FUNNY ABOUT THIS! HOW COME THE DOOR'S SO BIG?
SUGDEN
WHAT'S THE DIFF? HE'S ONLY AN OLD DUFFER!

OPEN UP, GRANPA! WE'RE GONNA BEAT YOU OUTSIDE IN!
YEAH—AN' BLACK AN' BLUE AN' BACK TO FRONT, TOO!

CREAAAK!

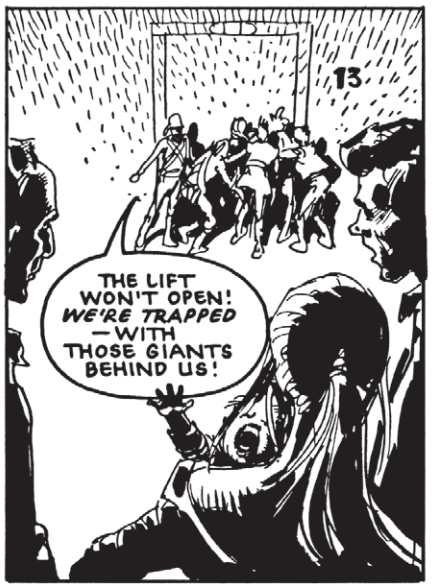
SO... COME BACK TO GIVE ME ANOTHER GOING OVER, HAVE YOU?
SCRAG ME! THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENIN'!

IT'S HAPPENING, ALL RIGHT—AND SO IS *THIS*!
WHAACK!
WHACK!
AGH!
AAAAH!
++STAY TUNED, READERS, BECAUSE THE FUN'S ONLY JUST STARTED++

NEXT WEEK
ANGELS FROM HELL!

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR

THIS IS A MADHOUSE! LET'S GET THE BIKES AND MOVE OUT OF HERE!
13


13
THE LIFT WON'T OPEN! WE'RE TRAPPED — WITH THOSE GIANTS BEHIND US!

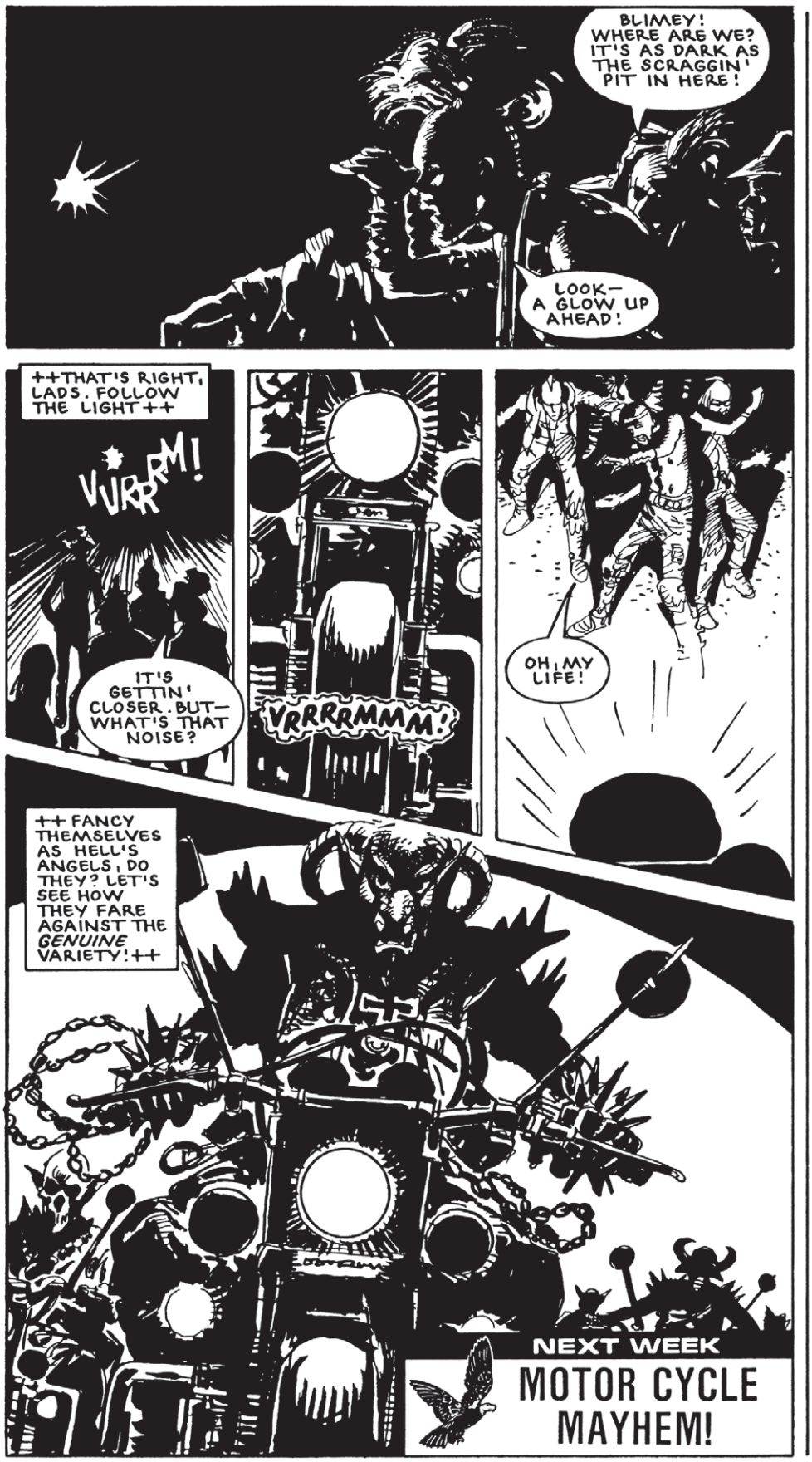
LOOK — A HATCHWAY!
THAT'S FOR US!
BAD BIKERS ONLY

COME ON!

HEY! THE FLOOR'S DROPPING...

AWAAAAAAAA!
AAAAAA!
++ESCAPE HATCH IT ISN'T. THESE THUGS ARE GUILTY OF DISTURBING MY TENANTS — AND THEIR PUNISHMENT IS FAR FROM OVER++

EAGLE
AUTHOR J. HOLLAND
ARTIST ORTIZ
AAAGH!
OWWW!
YAAGH!
YAAGH!
AAAH!

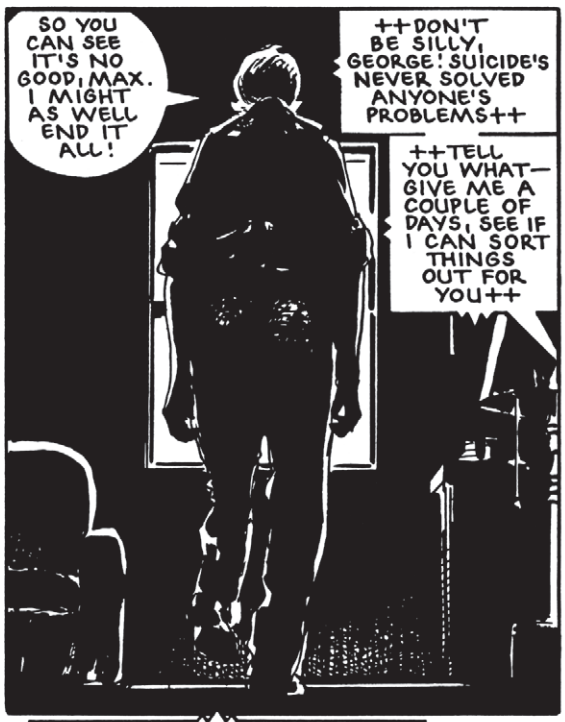

BLIMEY! WHERE ARE WE? IT'S AS DARK AS THE SCRAGGIN' PIT IN HERE!
LOOK— A GLOW UP AHEAD!
++THAT'S RIGHT, LADS. FOLLOW THE LIGHT++
VURRRM!
IT'S GETTIN' CLOSER. BUT— WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
VRRRRMMMM!
OH, MY LIFE!
++ FANCY THEMSELVES AS HELL'S ANGELS, DO THEY? LET'S SEE HOW THEY FARE AGAINST THE GENUINE VARIETY!++
NEXT WEEK
MOTOR CYCLE MAYHEM!

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR
++HI. YOUR OLD PAL MAX HERE, THE BUILDING COMPUTER OVER AT MAXWELL TOWER. COME RIGHT UP TO MY 13th FLOOR. I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF TEACHING A GANG OF BAD BIKERS A LESSON IN GOOD BEHAVIOUR++
EAGLE
AUTHOR I. HOLLAND ARTIST ORTIZ
THEY'RE REAL HELL'S ANGELS! RUN!
AAAGH!
VROOOOM
VRMMMM
AAAGH!
NO— PLEASE!
YAAAAGH!
THE OTHERS HAVE ALL BEEN CAUGHT! BUT NOT ME— I'M GETTIN' OUT OF HERE!
FOOL! NO-ONE CAN ESCAPE THE DEMON BIKE RIDERS! THIS ONE IS MINE!
NO! NO!

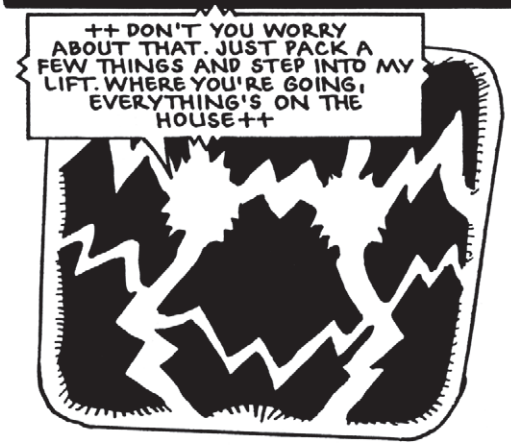
AA,EEEEEE!
TAKE THEM TO THE PITS! THE TIME HAS COME FOR THEM TO EXPERIENCE FEAR —THE FEAR THEY THEMSELVES HAVE INFLICTED ON SO MANY MORTALS!
NO!
STIR THEM! TURN THEM! HEAT THEM! BEAT THEM! FUSE THEM! BRUISE THEM!
EEEHH!
PLEASE— STOP IT! WE DIDN'T DO NOTHIN' TO DESERVE THIS!
++MEANWHILE, A PASSING POLICE PATROL HAS NOTICED THE THUGS' BIKES++
HELLO, HELLO! BAD BIKERS BACK, ARE THEY, MAX?
POL
DID THEY CAUSE ALL THIS DAMAGE?
++I'M AFRAID SO, OFFICERS— BUT I'VE INVITED THEM IN FOR A CUP OF COCOA AND A LITTLE CHAT. WE'RE SORTING THE MATTER OUT RIGHT NOW++
OKAY, BUT IF YOU HAVE ANY TROUBLE, GIVE US A RING. WE'LL CALL OUT THE MOBILE UNIT. THEY KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THUGS LIKE THAT!

++I'M SURE THEY DO. BUT NOT QUITE AS WELL AS YOUR OLD PAL MAX++
STIR THEM! CHURN THEM! TURN THEM! TURN THEM!
PLEASE—STOP IT! WE'RE SORRY WE BEAT UP THE OLD CODGER!
IS THAT SO? TAKE THEM DOWN, WE WILL HEAR MORE!
WE'LL PAY FOR ALL THE DAMAGE WE CAUSED! FROM NOW ON, WE'LL BE GOOD BIKERS! HONEST WE WILL!
++THEIR PLEAS CARRY THE RING OF CONVICTION. I RETURN THEM IMMEDIATELY TO MY LIFT++
++THEY STAGGER FROM THE TOWER, REFORMED CHARACTERS ALL ++
THAT SHOULD PAY FOR THE DAMAGE, MR. SUGDEN...ER, SIR! AND THERE'S ANOTHER TENNER—JUST TO SHOW HOW SORRY WE ARE!
I SHOULD THINK SO, TOO!
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT, MAX!
++OH, I TOOK A LEAF OUT OF YOUR OLD SOLDIER'S BOOK, CYRIL. I GAVE 'EM HELL!++
NEXT WEEK
"NEXT STOP HAWAII!"

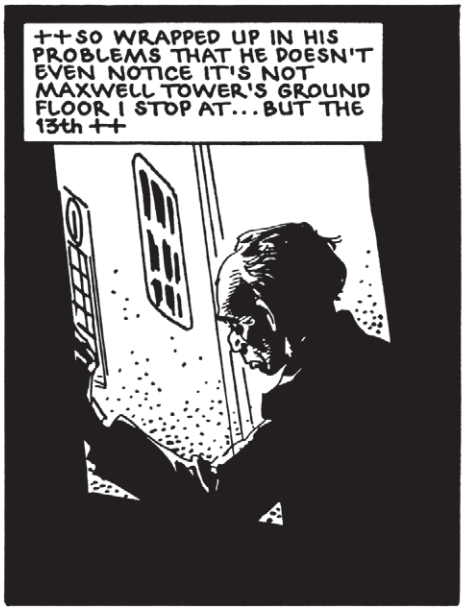
THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR
I-I CAN'T TAKE ANY MORE! I'M GOING TO END IT ALL!
EAGLE
AUTHOR I. HOLLAND
ARTIST ORTIZ
++CAN'T STOP TO SAY "HI" THIS WEEK, PALS—MY EXTERNAL CAMERA HAS MONITORED AN EMERGENCY IN APARTMENT 10E++
++GEORGE—NO! DON'T DO IT! THINGS CAN'T BE THAT BAD++
++POOR GEORGE MURRAY—HE ALWAYS SEEMS TO BE DOWN ON HIS LUCK. BUT EVENTUALLY I TALK HIM BACK INSIDE++
++THERE, THAT'S BETTER. SIT DOWN AND TELL MAX THE COMPUTER ALL ABOUT IT. IT ALWAYS HELPS TO HAVE A FRIENDLY EAR++
NOTHING'S GOING TO HELP MY PROBLEM, MAX!
IT'S MONEY, YOU SEE—I'M IN DEBT UP TO MY EYEBALLS! AND JUST WHEN THINGS WERE LOOKING UP—AND I FOUND A JOB ON THE BUILDING SITE—I GOT THE SACK!
++NEVER MIND, GEORGE. THERE ARE OTHER JOBS++
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND—I WAS SACKED FOR STEALING TOOLS! MY NAME'S BLACKENED—I'LL NEVER GET ANOTHER JOB! SACKED FOR STEALING—AND IT WASN'T EVEN ME THAT DID IT!
++IT WASN'T YOU?++
NO. IT WAS BIG JOE HAMMOND.
++THEN WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL YOUR BOSS THAT?++
I COULDN'T. YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THE SIZE OF BIG JOE! HE'D JUST HAVE DENIED IT, AND THEN HE'D HAVE MURDERED ME!


SO YOU CAN SEE IT'S NO GOOD, MAX. I MIGHT AS WELL END IT ALL!
++DON'T BE SILLY, GEORGE! SUICIDE'S NEVER SOLVED ANYONE'S PROBLEMS++
++TELL YOU WHAT— GIVE ME A COUPLE OF DAYS, SEE IF I CAN SORT THINGS OUT FOR YOU++

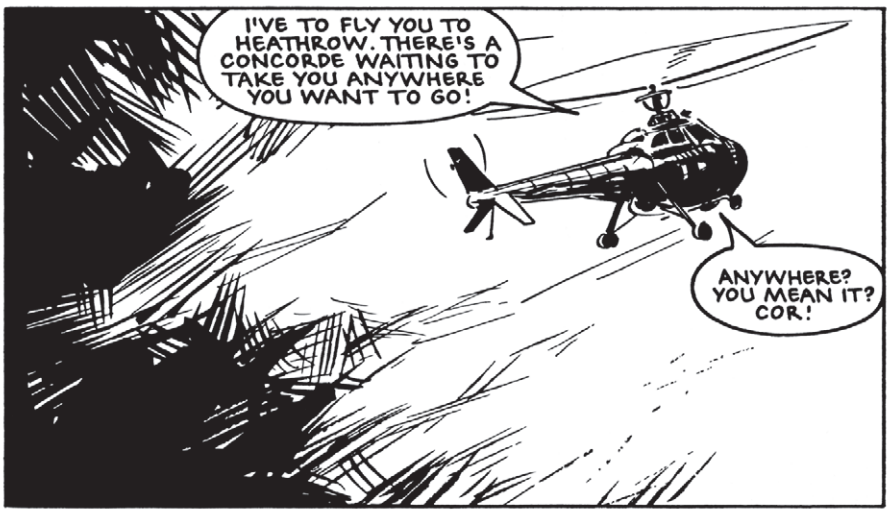
++AND IN THE MEANTIME, WHAT YOU NEED'S A BREAK—A PROPER HOLIDAY++
SOME HOPE! I'M BROKE, I TOLD YOU!


++ DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT THAT. JUST PACK A FEW THINGS AND STEP INTO MY LIFT. WHERE YOU'RE GOING, EVERYTHING'S ON THE HOUSE++

++ I CAN SEE GEORGE IS STILL A BIT DUBIOUS AS HE DOES WHAT I TELL HIM++


++SO WRAPPED UP IN HIS PROBLEMS THAT HE DOESN'T EVEN NOTICE IT'S NOT MAXWELL TOWER'S GROUND FLOOR I STOP AT... BUT THE 13th ++

HUH? A HELICOPTER—?
STEP RIGHT IN, MR. MURRAY.


I'VE TO FLY YOU TO HEATHROW. THERE'S A CONCORDE WAITING TO TAKE YOU ANYWHERE YOU WANT TO GO!
ANYWHERE? YOU MEAN IT? COR!

IN THAT CASE— NEXT STOP HAWAII!
++ON MY 13th FLOOR, ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE. IN LESS THAN AN HOUR, GEORGE IS ARRIVING AT A TROPICAL PARADISE++
++WHILE GEORGE WORKS HIS WAY OUT OF HIS DEPRESSION, I SET OUT TO DEAL WITH THE CAUSE OF HIS TROUBLES++
BRRRING!
++HELLO. I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO A MR. JOSEPH HAMMOND++
JOE HAMMOND SPEAKING—AND THIS HAD BETTER BE IMPORTANT!
++WHERE HE QUICKLY GETS INTO THE SWING OF THINGS++
THIS IS THE LIFE! THANKS A MILLION, MAX!
NEXT WEEK
BUILDING THE PYRAMIDS!

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR
++AND BY THE LOOK OF THINGS IT'S DOING HIM THE WORLD OF GOOD ++
EAGLE
AUTHOR J. HOLLAND
ARTIST ORTIZ
++HI. YOUR OLD PAL MAX HERE, THE BUILDING COMPUTER OVER AT MAXWELL TOWER. YOU'LL REMEMBER I'VE TAKEN POOR, DEPRESSED GEORGE MURRAY TO MY 13th FLOOR FOR A MUCH-NEEDED HOLIDAY ++
++MEANWHILE, I'M TAKING STEPS TO DEAL WITH THE THIEVING BULLY WHO LOST GEORGE HIS JOB ++
YEAH— THIS IS BIG JOE HAMMOND! WHO WANTS TO KNOW?
MAX WHO? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
++ YOU'RE A LIAR AND A CHEAT, MR. HAMMOND! YOU STOLE THE EQUIPMENT AT YOUR BUILDING SITE AND THEN PUT THE BLAME ON TO POOR GEORGE MURRAY ++
OH, YEAH? HOW WOULD YOU LIKE A FACE FULL OF FIVES, SMARTMOUTH?
++NO SENSE BEING VIOLENT, MR. HAMMOND. I THINK WE OUGHT TO TALK. MEET ME TONIGHT, 13th FLOOR, MAXWELL TOWER ++
BLACKMAIL, HUH? WELL, BIG JOE HAMMOND WILL SORT YOU OUT, MAX WHATEVER-YOUR-NAME-IS!
++IT IS 9 O'CLOCK WHEN THE MUSCULAR FIGURE APPEARS—AND I CAN SEE THE OUTLINE OF THE HAMMER BENEATH HIS JACKET ++

++MR. HAMMOND HAS COME PREPARED FOR TROUBLE—AND YOUR OLD PAL MAX IS JUST THE COMPUTER TO SEE THAT HE GETS IT++
++BUT FIRST, I MUST GIVE HIM THE CHANCE TO MAKE RESTITUTION++
++GOOD EVENING, MR. HAMMOND. MY NAME'S MAX++
THE BUILDING COMPUTER? I SHOULD'VE KNOWN!
++YOU'VE CAUSED A GREAT DEAL OF TROUBLE TO GEORGE MURRAY, ONE OF MY TENANTS. I WANT YOU TO DO THE DECENT THING. SIGN THIS CONFESSION, AND THERE NEED BE NO UNPLEASANTNESS BETWEEN US++
I'M SIGNIN' NOTHIN'! NOBODY'LL EVER PIN THAT ONE ON ME!
++OH, WELL. HE HAD HIS CHANCE++
13
++13th FLOOR! EVERYBODY OUT!++
WHAT THE HELL— A BUILDING SITE!
++A VERY SPECIAL BUILDING SITE, MR. HAMMOND++
++THIS IS THE PYRAMIDS++

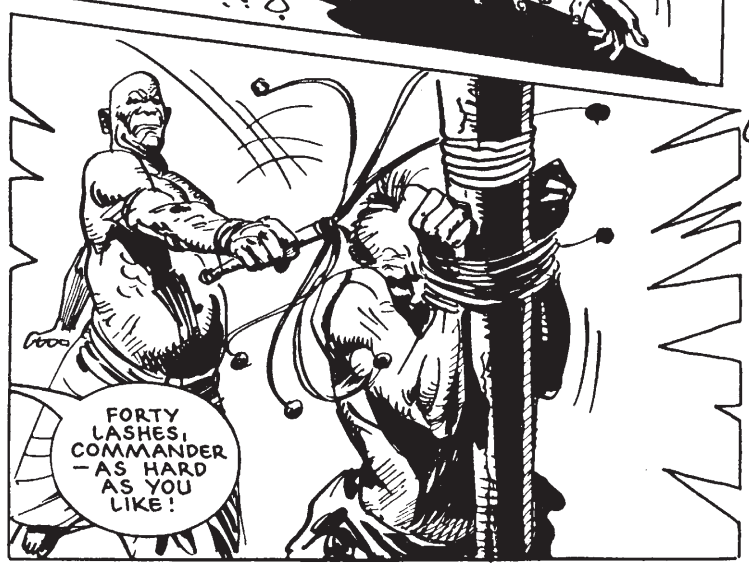
++ONE WHERE YOU'LL BE TREATED AS YOU DESERVE!++
THAT SLAVE HAS ESCAPED! SEIZE HIM!

CRIPES! THEY MEAN ME!
TIME I WASN'T HERE!

NOT SO FAST, SCUM!

AAAAH!

YOU KNOW THE PENALTY FOR ESCAPE, SLAVE!
TIE HIM TO THE POSTS!


FORTY LASHES, COMMANDER —AS HARD AS YOU LIKE!

AAAAGH!
++NOT VERY NICE, IS IT? BUT THEN, BIG JOE HAMMOND ISN'T A VERY NICE MAN. NOW LET'S SEE HOW HE LIKES A DOSE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE!++
NEXT WEEK
BIG ALI!

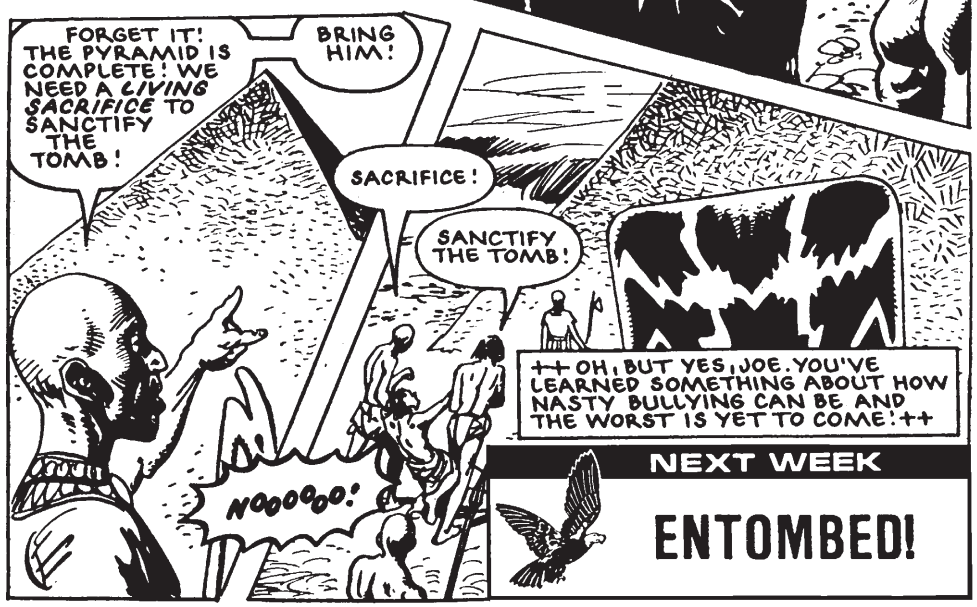
THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR

++EVEN JOE'S MEALBREAK HAS ITS DRAWBACKS++
WHO SAID YOU COULD EAT? GIVE ME THAT FOOD!
HERE— YOU'VE HAD A BITE OUT OF THIS!
BUT IT'S MINE, ALI!
I NEVER SAID IT WAS YOURS! OPEN UP! I WANT THE OTHER BIT AS WELL!
GLUUUH!
++LATER, ALI HAS SOMETHING TO SHOW HIS FELLOW SLAVE++
HERE, JOSEPH! LOOK AT THIS CLUB I NICKED!
BONK! OW!
YOU STOLE IT? YOU'LL GET US LASHED!
YOU! WHERE'D YOU GET THAT CLUB? STOLE IT, DIDN'T YOU?
NOT ME, EFFENDI!
IT WAS HIM! I JUST TOOK IT BACK OFF HIM TO HAND IT IN!
BONK! OW!

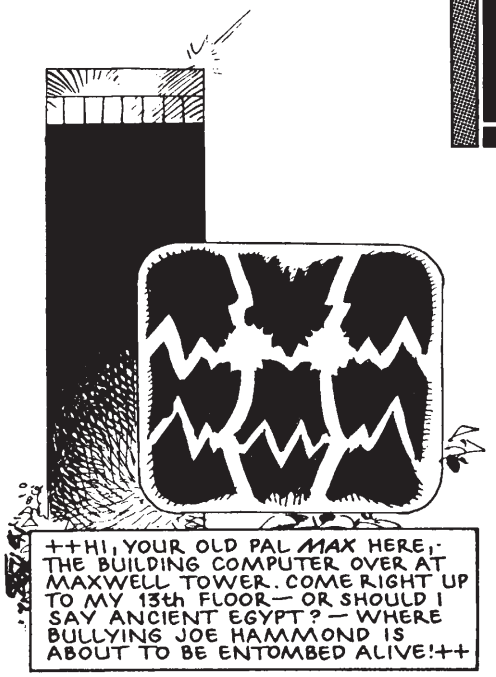
IT'S NOT TRUE, SIR! ALI STOLE IT! I'M JUST AN INNOCENT VICTIM OF BULLYING!

SHUT UP!

THIS SLAVE! WHERE ARE YOU TAKING HIM?
TO BE LASHED, SIR!


FORGET IT! THE PYRAMID IS COMPLETE! WE NEED A *LIVING SACRIFICE* TO SANCTIFY THE TOMB!
BRING HIM!
SACRIFICE!
SANCTIFY THE TOMB!
NOOOOOO!
++ OH, BUT YES, JOE. YOU'VE LEARNED SOMETHING ABOUT HOW NASTY BULLYING CAN BE AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME! ++
NEXT WEEK
ENTOMBED!

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR

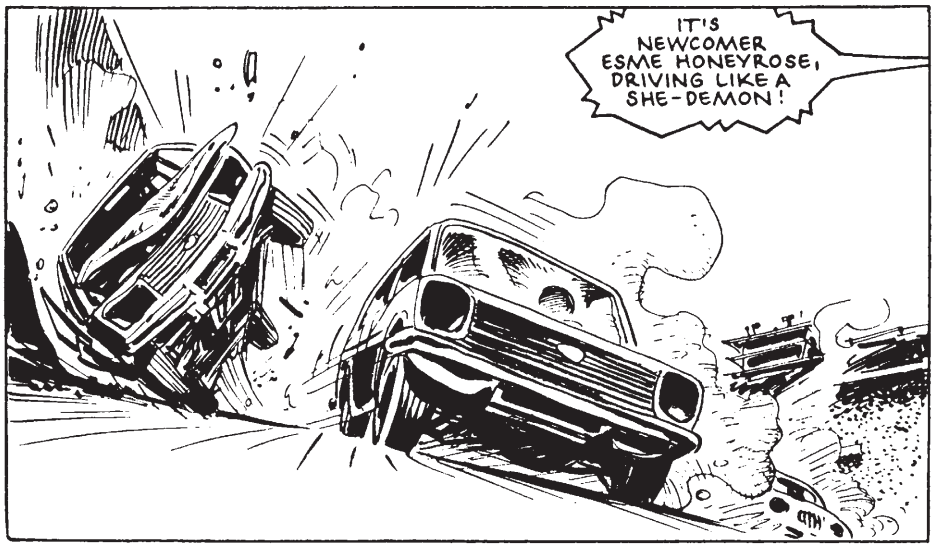


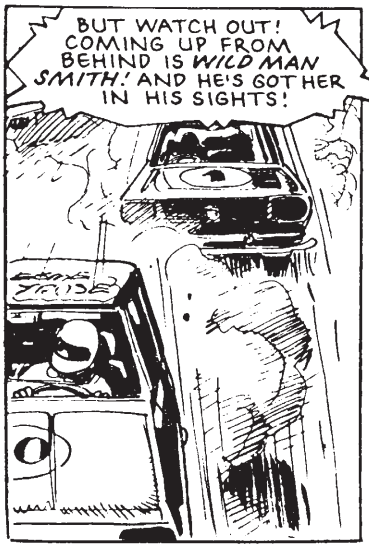
++THIS IS PRECISELY WHAT I HAVE BEEN WAITING TO HEAR++
++SIGN THIS STATEMENT CLEARING MY TENANT, GEORGE MURRAY, AND ADMITTING YOUR OWN GUILT!++
ANYTHING, MAX! JUST LET ME OUT OF HERE!
++I RETURN THE REFORMED JOE TO MY LIFT++
EAGLE
AUTHOR I. HOLLAND
ARTIST ORTIZ
++HE LEAVES MAXWELL TOWER A SADDER, BUT MUCH WISER, MAN++
++BACK ON MY 13th FLOOR I BREAK THE NEWS TO HAMMOND'S VICTIM, WHO IS CURRENTLY UNDERGOING A QUIET REST-CURE IN SUNNY HAWAII++
TELEGRAM FOR MR. MURRAY!
++HAVE HAMMOND'S SIGNED CONFESSION++ STOP++ HAVE SENT TO YOUR EMPLOYER++ STOP++ YOU HAVE YOUR JOB BACK++ STOP++ COME HOME++ STOP++ MAX
++SO ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL++
++BUT FOR ANOTHER OF MY TENANTS, I'M AFRAID LIFE HAS TAKEN A TURN FOR THE WORSE++
++IN 3A, OLD *ESME HONEYROSE* IS FEELING VERY LOW INDEED++
EVER SINCE SHE BECAME BEDRIDDEN, MUM SEEMS TO HAVE LOST ALL INTEREST IN LIFE, MAX!

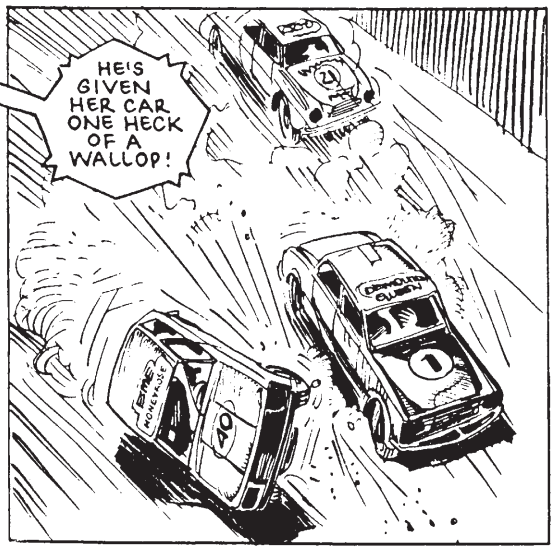
++ NEVER MIND— I'LL SIT WITH HER, TRY TO CHEER HER UP A BIT ++
WOULD YOU, MAX? I'D BE EVER SO GRATEFUL!
++IN NO TIME AT ALL, OLD ESME IS LOOKING MUCH BRIGHTER++
YOU'RE A REAL TONIC, MAX!
++ I ENJOY SITTING WITH YOU, ESME. I'LL BE HERE ALL DAY, AND EVERY DAY, FOR JUST AS LONG AS YOU LIKE! ++
++BUT I'D LIKE TO DO EVEN MORE FOR YOU, ESME. TELL ME— DO YOU HAVE ANY REGRETS? ANY-THING YOU'VE ALWAYS WISHED THAT YOU'D DONE? ++
WHY, YES, MAX— THERE IS ONE THING...
I'VE ALWAYS WISHED I COULD HAVE DRIVEN IN A CAR RACE CALLED THE 'DEMOLITION DERBY'— IT'S A SORT OF STOCK CAR CONTEST HELD IN AMERICA.
I ALWAYS WAS A BIT OF A TOMBOY, BUT I NEVER LEARNED TO DRIVE. IF ONLY I COULD HAVE BEEN GIVEN MY CHANCE...
++WELL, I'VE GOT NEWS FOR ESME. HER WISH IS ABOUT TO COME TRUE! ++
NEXT WEEK
HOT ROD GRANNY!

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR
++HI, YOUR OLD PAL MAX HERE, THE BUILDING COMPUTER OVER AT MAXWELL TOWER. OLD ESME HONEYROSE HAS BEEN PRETTY DOWN-IN-THE-MOUTH SINCE SHE BECAME BED-RIDDEN, SO I'VE DECIDED TO MAKE HER DEAREST WISH COME TRUE++
++BE GENTLE WITH HER NOW, LEN. SHE'S GOT A BIG DAY AHEAD++
WHERE ARE YOU TAKING HER, MAX?
++YOU JUST WHEEL HER TO THE LIFT AND LEAVE THE REST TO ME++
++NEXT STOP, THE 13th FLOOR++
I'VE LIVED HERE SINCE THE TOWER WAS OPENED, MAX—I NEVER KNEW IT HAD A 13th FLOOR!
++OH, BUT IT HAS, ESME. HOWEVER, YOU MUST PROMISE ME YOU WON'T TELL ANYONE ELSE ABOUT IT++
I PROMISE, MAX.
IT-IT'S NOT A FLOOR! WHY, IT'S... IT'S...
EAGLE
AUTHOR I.HOLLAND
ARTIST ORTIZ
A RACE TRACK!

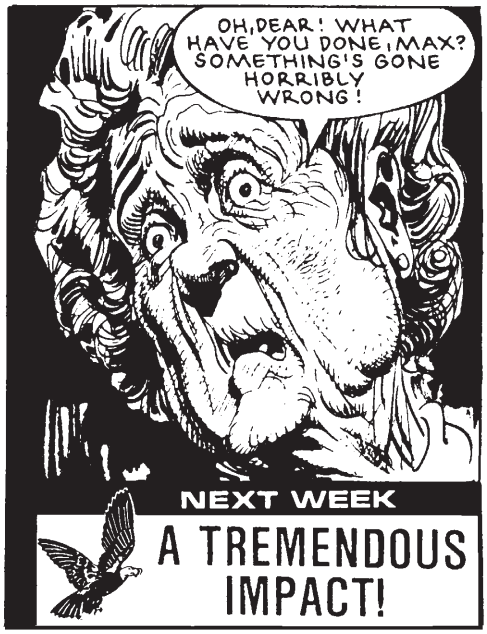
++THAT'S RIGHT, ESME. AND THE DEMOLITION DERBY IS ABOUT TO START++
OH, HOW NICE.
++I CAN TELL ESME IS DISAPPOINTED. HER BIG WISH WAS TO DRIVE IN A RACE, NOT WATCH ONE++
++OF COURSE, YOUR OLD PAL IS NOT THE COMPUTER TO DIS-APPOINT A LADY++
++CHEER UP! TAKE A LOOK AT THE DRIVER OF CAR 40++
WHY, MAX—IT'S ME! FIFTY YEARS YOUNGER! BUT HOW?
++ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE ON MY THIRTEENTH FLOOR! NOW SIT BACK AND ENJOY THE RACE++
ESME HONEYROSE
DEMOLITION
AND THEY'RE OFF!
STRAIGHT AWAY, IT'S THE FAVOURITE, WILD MAN SMITH, ABSOLUTELY CRUNCHING THROUGH THE FIELD!
DEMOLITION QUEEN
WILD MAN SMITH
REMEMBER, FOLKS, THERE'S NO PRIZES FOR FAIR PLAY IN DEMOLITION DERBY! THE LAST CAR LEFT WINS THE RACE!
I HAVEN'T BEEN HIT YET, MAX!
++YOU'RE DRIVING LIKE A CHAMPION, ESME++
OH, WELL DONE, THAT LITTLE LADY!
ESME HONEYROSE


IT'S NEWCOMER ESME HONEYROSE, DRIVING LIKE A SHE-DEMON!


BUT WATCH OUT! COMING UP FROM BEHIND IS *WILD MAN SMITH!* AND HE'S GOT HER IN HIS SIGHTS!

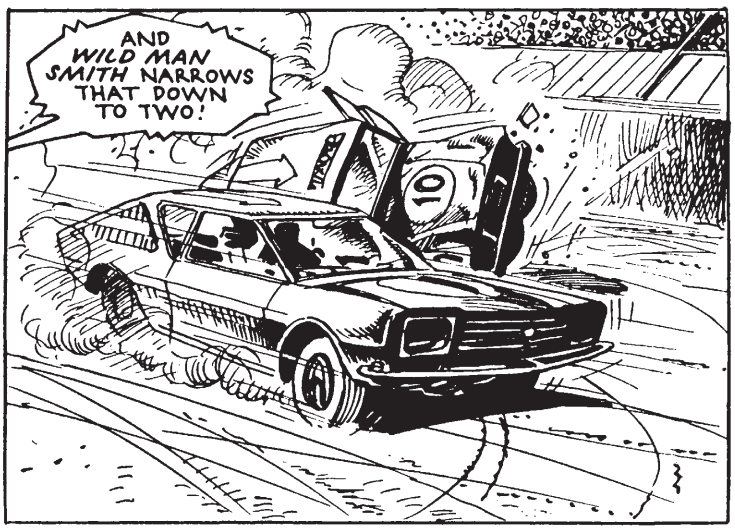

HE'S GIVEN HER CAR ONE HECK OF A WALLOP!

OH, THIS IS DISASTER! ESME HONEYROSE HAS TURNED TURTLE!

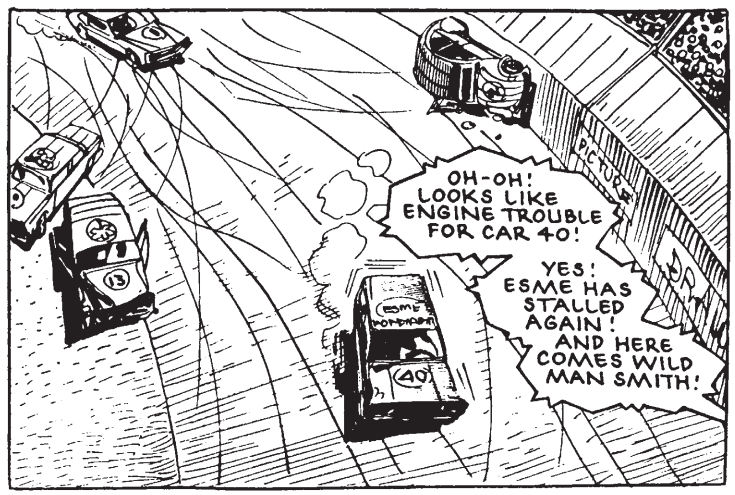

OH, DEAR! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, MAX? SOMETHING'S GONE HORRIBLY WRONG!
NEXT WEEK
A TREMENDOUS IMPACT!

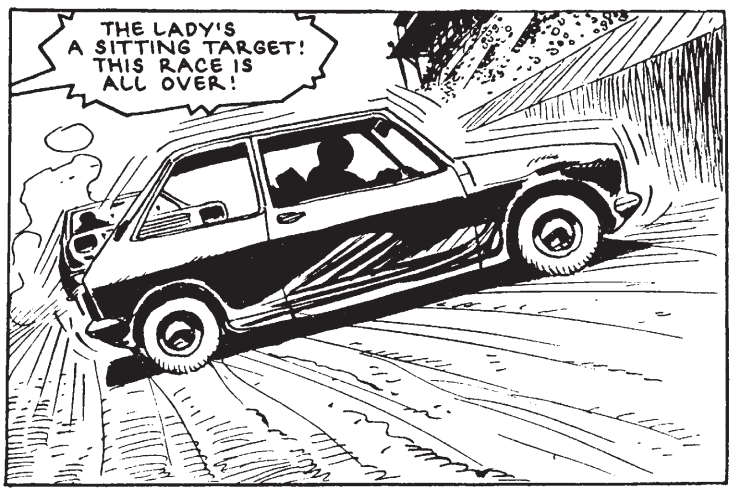
THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR
++HI, YOUR OLD PAL MAX HERE, THE BUILDING COMPUTER OVER AT MAXWELL TOWER. TO CHEER UP OLD ESME HONEYROSE, I'VE TAKEN HER TO MY 13th FLOOR, TO LET HER LIVE OUT HER DEAREST WISH— DRIVING IN A DEMOLITION DERBY!++
MAX! WILD MAN SMITH HAS OVERTURNED MY CAR!
BLAST! START, CAR! START!
++THANKS TO MY 13th FLOOR, OLD ESME WAS WATCHING A YOUNGER VERSION OF HERSELF COMPETING IN THE RACE. AND THE YOUNG ESME IN THE DRIVING SEAT WAS NO SLOUCH++
EAGLE
AUTHOR I. HOLLAND ARTIST ORTIZ
ESME HONEYROSE
DEMOLITION QUEEN
40
SHE'S CONTINUING TO ROLL! AND NOW... SHE'S RIGHT WAY UP AGAIN!
A BRAVE ATTEMPT, BUT ESME'S STALLED! SHE'S GOING TO BE HIT!
A TREMENDOUS IMPACT! THAT'S KEN "KILLER" COLEMAN IN CAR 17!
BUT IT ACTS LIKE A KICK-START TO THE DEMOLITION QUEEN! THIS GIRL IS BACK IN THE RACE!

++ BACK WITH A VENGEANCE! DRIVING LIKE A DEMON, ESME POWERS HER WAY THROUGH THE FIELD ++
OH, WELL DONE, ME!
THIS NEWCOMER IS SHEER DYNAMITE! ONLY THREE CARS REMAINING NOW!
ESME HONEYROSE
40
19
ESME
SAL


AND WILD MAN SMITH NARROWS THAT DOWN TO TWO!
10

DEAR! WILD MAN SMITH IS VERY GOOD, MAX!
++ I'M SURE YOU'VE GOT HIS MEASURE, ESME ++


OH-OH! LOOKS LIKE ENGINE TROUBLE FOR CAR 40!
YES! ESME HAS STALLED AGAIN! AND HERE COMES WILD MAN SMITH!
PICTURE
ESME
40


THE LADY'S A SITTING TARGET! THIS RACE IS ALL OVER!

++BUT AT THE LAST MOMENT, CAR 40 SUDDENLY REVERSES++
SMITH'S OVERSHOOTING!
DEMOLITION QUEEN
ESME HONEYROSE
40
HE'S HIT THE WALL! HE'S GONE!
DEMOLITION QUEEN
I'VE WON, MAX! I ALWAYS THOUGHT I COULD! WHAT FUN!
++I MAKE ESME A VIDEO OF THE RACE SO SHE CAN WATCH IT WHENEVER SHE LIKES++
COME ON, GIRL! YOU CAN DO IT! I KNOW YOU CAN!
THE CHANGE IN HER HAS BEEN QUITE AMAZING! THANK YOU, MAX!
++ALL PART OF THE SERVICE++
++IN THE RACE TO SERVE HIS TENANTS, NO-ONE EVER BEATS YOUR OLD PAL MAX!++
NEXT WEEK
"MERRY XMAS, CREEPO!"

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR
++HI, YOUR OLD PAL MAX HERE, THE BUILDING COMPUTER OVER AT MAXWELL TOWER. I LIKE IT WHEN IT SNOWS, DON'T YOU? IT MAKES THE WHOLE FESTIVE SEASON SEEM THAT MUCH MORE FESTIVE++
++ALL MY TENANTS ARE CHIPPING IN TO DECORATE THE BLOCK. EVEN CARE-TAKER CYRIL SUGDEN IS JOINING IN++
++REMEMBER, EVERYBODY— MY ANNUAL PARTY'S ON CHRISTMAS EVE. EVERYONE'S INVITED! ++
WHO'D MISS IT?
WE'LL BE THERE, MAX!
++IT IS LATER THAT MY EXTERNAL MONITOR PICKS UP A MOST DISTURBING INCIDENT. ONE OF MY TENANTS—MIKE BARRETT, FROM 11A—IS COMING HOME WITH HIS CHRISTMAS SHOPPING, WHEN—++
GET HIM!
EAGLE
AUTHOR J.HOLLAND
ARTIST ORTIZ
C'MON! HAND 'EM OVER, DUMMY!
GET OFF! THEY'RE PRESENTS FOR MY KIDS, YOU RATS!
MERRY XMAS, CREEPO!
HAW HAW HAW!
++I SAW IT ALL, MIKE! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?++
YEAH—BUT THEY TOOK THE KIDS' PRESENTS! I BOUGHT THEM WITH THE LAST MONEY I HAD. NOW THERE'LL BE NO CHRISTMAS FOR OUR FAMILY!

++WELL, WHEN HAVE YOU EVER SEEN ME LET ONE OF MY TENANTS BE TREATED THAT WAY—ESPECIALLY AT CHRISTMAS? I DECIDE TO TAKE MATTERS INTO MY OWN HANDS++
++TERRY—I WONDER IF YOU COULD HELP ME?++
DELIGHTED TO, MAX, OLD BOY!
++TERENCE LARKINS WAS ONCE A POLICEMAN AT THE LOCAL STATION++
++DO YOU RECOGNISE ANY OF THESE FACES FROM YOUR DAYS AS A POLICEMAN?++
I CERTAINLY DO, MAX. THAT'S THE PIGGETT BROTHERS—BIG AL, SNEAKY LAWRIE AND DIRTY LES!
++I GET THEIR 'PHONE NUMBER FROM DIRECTORY ENQUIRIES++
++HELLO? THAT THE PIGGETTS? I UNDERSTAND YOU HAVE SOME STOLEN CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FOR SALE++
MAYBE WE DOES AN' MAYBE WE DOESN'T. WHAT OF IT?
++I'LL GIVE YOU A TOP-NOTCH PRICE FOR THEM. MEET ME BY THE LIFT IN MAXWELL TOWER—TEN TONIGHT++
++OF COURSE, THE GREEDY RATS TURN UP++
++PSSST! COME INTO MY LIFT! WE CAN'T TALK HERE++
WHAT? YOU MEAN YOU—THE COMPUTER? YOU WANT TO BUY THESE PRESENTS?
++WELL, NOT SO MUCH BUY THEM AS TRADE THEM++
++I'LL TAKE YOU UP TO MY 13th FLOOR AND SHOW YOU EXACTLY WHAT I MEAN++
COR BLIMEY! GET AN EYEFUL OF THIS!
IT'S SANTA'S FLAMIN' GROTTO!
HO HO HO! WELCOME!
13

YOU CAN HAVE YOUR PICK OF ANYTHING HERE—ALL THE PRESENTS YOU LIKE—IN EXCHANGE FOR THE ONES YOU STOLE!
ANYTHIN'? YOU BETCHA, FATSO!

THIS 'UN'S A GOOD SIZE! WONDER WHAT'S IN IT?

AH! A JACK-IN-THE-BOX!
SPROOIN!

AN ALIEN JACK-IN-THE-BOX! I WONDER WHAT IT DOES..?

YAAAAAGH!
CHOMP!
++IT'S TIME TO CREATE SOME BAD WILL FOR CHRISTMAS++
NEXT WEEK
THE TOYS ATTACK!

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR
++HI, EVERYBODY— AND A HAPPY CHRISTMAS FROM MAX—THE BUILDING COMPUTER OVER AT MAXWELL TOWER. EXCEPT THAT IT'S NOT TURNING OUT TOO HAPPY FOR THE THREE YOUNG MUGGERS I'VE GOT UP ON MY 13th FLOOR!++
++THEY'RE GETTING SOME VERY SPECIAL PRESENTS FROM ME!++
AAGH! BY DOSE!
THE OTHER PRESENTS —THEY'RE BURSTING OPEN!
YOW! WE'RE UNDER FIRE!
WHAT KIND—OW!—OF FLAMIN' SANTA'S GROTTO IS THIS?
HELP! YAAAH!
budda budda budda
AAAAAGH!
EAGLE
AUTHOR I. HOLLAND
ARTIST ORTIZ

AGH! LITTLE DOGS! WITH SHARP TEETH!
RUN FOR IT, BOYS! WE'RE OUTNUMBERED!
AIEEE!
LOOK OUT!
FIX BAYONETS, MEN!
CHAAAAAAAARGE!
AAAAGH!
NO— YAIEEEEE!
HO HO HO!
SANTA— PLEASE, STOP IT! IT AIN'T FAIR! THIS IS CHRISTMAS— THE SEASON OF GOODWILL!
AND HOW MUCH GOODWILL DID YOU SHOW WHEN YOU ROBBED MR. BARRETT? WHAT THOUGHT DID YOU SPARE FOR HIS CHILDREN WHEN YOU STOLE THEIR PRESENTS?

WE DID WRONG, SANTA— WE SEE THAT NOW!
YEAH— WE'LL NEVER DO ANYTHING BAD AGAIN!
++ I RETURN THEM TO MY LIFT++
++VERY WELL. GET OUT OF HERE AND NEVER DARKEN MAXWELL TOWER AGAIN++
++ IT IS THE SEASON OF GOODWILL, AND SO I GIVE THEM A SECOND CHANCE++
++BUT IF I EVER HEAR OF THE PIGGETTS CAUSING TROUBLE AGAIN, THEY'LL BE BACK ON MY 13th FLOOR QUICKER THAN YOU CAN SAY 'STUFFED TURKEY'++
++ I CALL MIKE BARRETT ALONG TO RETRIEVE HIS FAMILY'S PRESENTS++
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT, MAX— BUT I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH!
++THINK NOTHING OF IT, MIKE++
++MY GRAND PARTY ON CHRISTMAS EVE IS, AS USUAL, AN OVERWHELMING SUCCESS++
MERRY CHRISTMAS, MAX!
++AND TO ALL OF YOU, TOO++
++AND TO ALL MY READERS—MERRY CHRISTMAS!++
NEXT WEEK
AN UNHAPPY NEW YEAR!

SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT, AND NEVER BROUGHT TO MIND...
++NEW YEAR'S EVE, AND THERE ARE AT LEAST TEN PARTIES GOING ON IN MAXWELL TOWER— AND THANKS TO THE MARVELS OF MODERN TECHNOLOGY, YOUR PAL MAX IS ABLE TO BE A GUEST AT EACH AND EVERY ONE OF THEM++
HAPPY NEW YEAR, MAX!
++LANG MAY YER LUM REEK, IAN++
EH?
THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR
EAGLE
AUTHOR I. HOLLAND
ARTIST ORTIZ
++IT'S THE TRADITIONAL SCOTTISH TOAST, IAN. IT MEANS— LONG MAY YOUR CHIMNEY SMOKE++
BUT I DON'T HAVE A CHIMNEY, MAX. WE'RE ALL CENTRALLY-HEATED!
++A JOLLY GOOD TIME IS BEING HAD BY ALL— UNTIL I NOTICE SOMETHING ON ONE OF MY CORRIDOR MONITORS++
11
'NIGHT, TOBY! GREAT PARTY!
LOVE TO STAY—BUT WE'VE GOT ANOTHER PARTY ON THE FOURTH FLOOR!
WHAT DID YOU GET, NORMA?
NOTHING MUCH—A COUPLE OF CHEQUE BOOKS AND SIX MEASLY QUID IN CASH!
YEAH—I ONLY GOT A FEW BITS OF JUNK JEWELLERY. STINGY CREEPS!
NEVER MIND, LOVE. LET'S HOPE FOR BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME!
++HMM! IF THEY WERE ANY FISHIER, THEY'D BE TROUT! I THINK I'D BEST KEEP A VERY CLOSE EYE ON THAT PAIR++
10
TOM AND NORMA BEADLE! COME ON IN!

LEAVE YOUR COATS IN THE BEDROOM, THEN COME THROUGH AND GET A DRINK!

++MY SUSPICIONS ARE WELL-FOUNDED++
SOLID SILVER, NORMA! NICE BIT OF GEAR...

I'LL HAVE THAT!

LOOK AT THIS, TOM —THERE MUST BE FORTY QUID IN THIS BAG!

++IT'S TIME TO PUT A STOP TO THIS++
++AHEM++

++I STRONGLY SUGGEST YOU PUT BACK EVERYTHING YOU'VE STOLEN—AND THAT INCLUDES THE STUFF FROM THE DUTHIES', TOO++
THE COMPUTER! IT'S RUMBLED US!

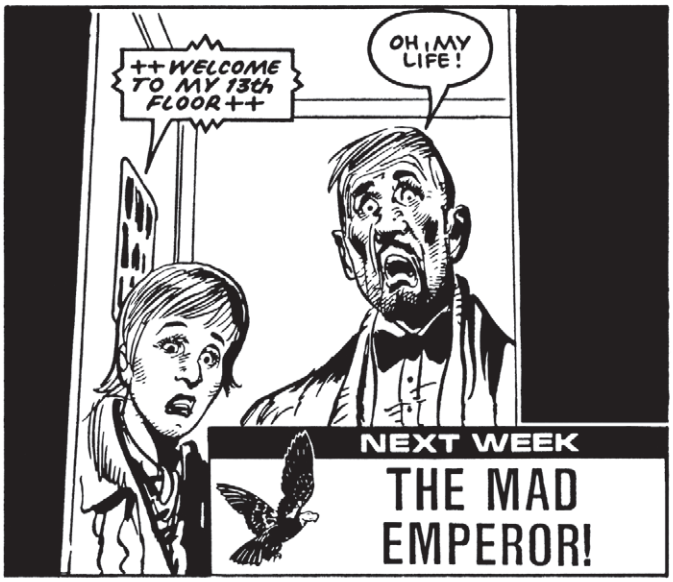
AND WHAT IF WE REFUSE? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
++I SHALL INFORM THE POLICE, THAT'S WHAT++
SMASHH!
WELL, YOU CAN'T DO NOTHING IF YOU'RE BROKE!

THAT'S SORTED HIM OUT!
C'MON, LOVE! LET'S SCRAM!

++I SUPPOSE I SHOULD TELL EVERYONE AT THE PARTY TO STOP THEM—BUT THAT TOM'S A VIOLENT MAN—SOMEONE MIGHT GET HURT++
SORRY WE COULDN'T STAY LONGER, MRS. B—GOT TO VISIT THE WIFE'S COUSIN NOW!

++IT'S BETTER TO HANDLE THIS MY WAY++
4.

HEY! WE'RE GOING UP, NOT DOWN!
++THAT'S RIGHT. YOU SEE, I DON'T LIKE THIEVES—SO I'M GOING TO TEACH YOU TWO A VERY PAINFUL LESSON++


++WELCOME TO MY 13th FLOOR++
OH, MY LIFE!
NEXT WEEK
THE MAD EMPEROR!

++HI, YOUR PAL MAX HERE, THE BUILDING COMPUTER OVER AT MAXWELL TOWER. COME STRAIGHT UP TO MY 13th FLOOR. I'VE CAUGHT A COUPLE OF THIEVES, AND I'M GIVING THEM A SHORT, SHARP SHOCK++
OH, MY LIFE! WE'RE BACK IN... ANCIENT ROME!
EAGLE
AUTHOR T. HOLLAND
ARTIST ORTIZ
THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR
I SEE BY YOUR GARB THAT YOU ARE NOT OF ROME.
NO MATTER! THE EMPEROR NERO HAS INVITED ALL TO HIS PARTY!
LOOK! THE MAD EMPEROR HIMSELF!
WELCOME! EAT! DRINK! BE MERRY!
FOR WHO KNOWS WHEN YOU MAY DIE! HA HA HA HA!
WHAT'S GOING ON, TOM? HOW DID WE END UP IN ROME?
MAX THE COMPUTER — IT MUST HAVE SOME SORT OF TIME MACHINE! BUT WHO CARES?
FEAST YOUR EYES ON THAT LOT, LOVE! MUST BE WORTH THOUSANDS!

NOBODY'S LOOKING! GRAB WHAT YOU CAN, NORMA! WHEN WE GET BACK TO THE 20th CENTURY WE'LL BE *MILLIONAIRES!*

++TIME MACHINE! THE VERY IDEA! ALL THE SAME, IT'S TIME TO TURN UP THE HEAT++
HALT!

NONE MAY LEAVE THIS PARTY WITHOUT THE EMPEROR'S CONSENT!
BUT WE— WE'RE IN A BIT OF A HURRY...

WHAT? LEAVING SO SOON?
YES, NERO, *SIR*. WE'VE, ER, GOT TO VISIT THE WIFE'S COUSIN!

VERY WELL— IF YOU MUST. BUT NOT BEFORE YOU HAVE LISTENED TO MY SWEET MUSIC— NOT UNTIL YOU HAVE *DANCED* FOR ME!

YOU HEARD THE EMPEROR— *DANCE!*
Y...YES! AT ONCE!

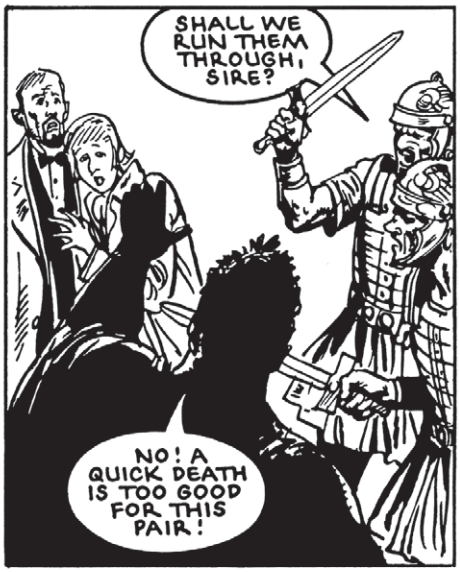
THAT'S IT! FASTER! *FASTER!*

OH, NO!
EEEKK!

SO! YOU WOULD ABUSE THE HOSPITALITY OF THE EMPEROR OF ROME! YOU WOULD STEAL FROM UNDER HIS VERY NOSE!

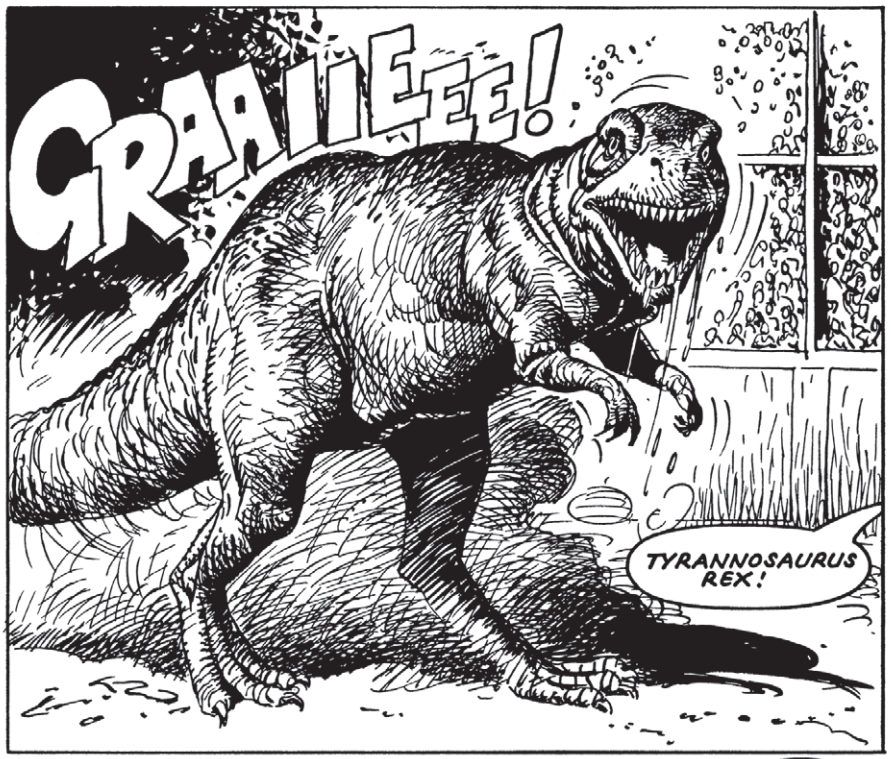
YOU VILE ROGUES! HOW *DARE* YOU?

LOOK! THEY'VE EVEN BROKEN MY FIDDLE!

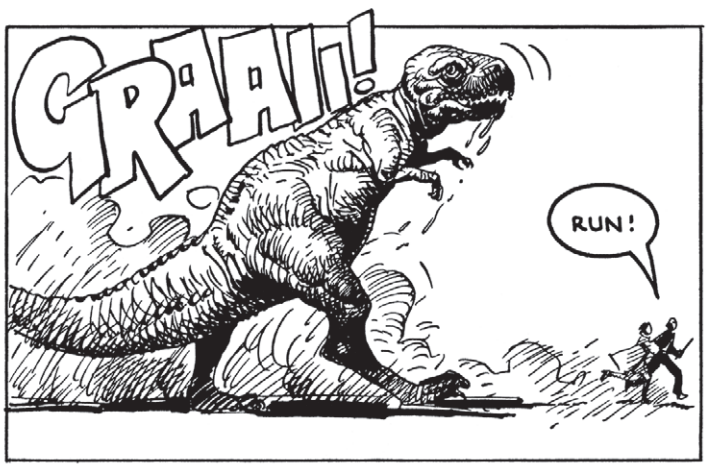

SHALL WE RUN THEM THROUGH, SIRE?
NO! A QUICK DEATH IS TOO GOOD FOR THIS PAIR!

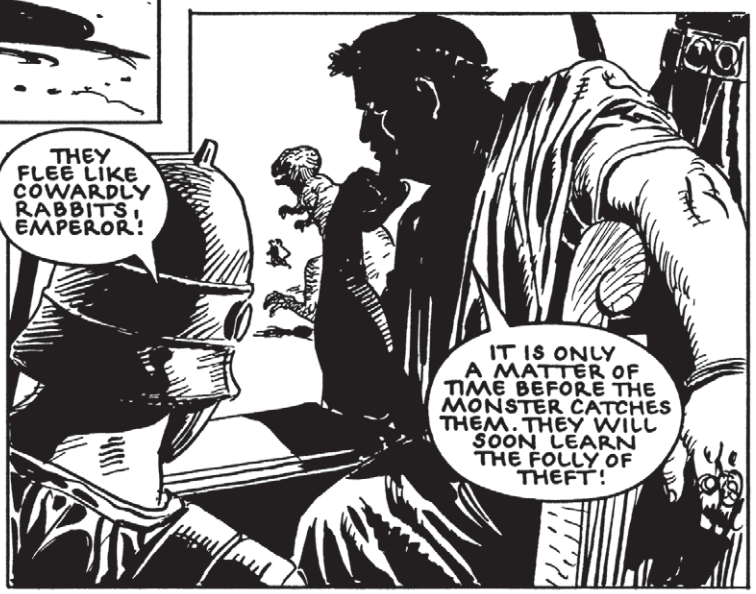
TAKE THEM TO THE ARENA!
WE WILL SEE IF THEY CAN STEAL VICTORY FROM MY MONSTERS!
NEXT WEEK
MASTER OF MAYHEM!

++HI, YOUR OLD PAL MAX HERE, THE BUILDING COMPUTER OVER AT MAXWELL TOWER. COME ON UP TO MY 13th FLOOR. I'VE GOT TWO PARTY THIEVES PRISONER AT THE MOMENT... BUT THIS PARTY IS TAKING PLACE IN NERO'S ANCIENT ROME!++
++I'M TEACHING THEM A LESSON, ROMAN STYLE++
TAKE THEM TO THE ARENA! LET THEM PAY FOR THEIR THIEVING IN BLOOD!
EAGLE
AUTHOR I. HOLLAND ARTIST ORTIZ
THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR
THIS IS ALL A MISTAKE! WE— WE WEREN'T REALLY STEALING THAT GEAR!
NO? YOU THINK WE SAILED UP THE TIBER ON A CHOCOLATE DIGESTIVE?
TAKE THESE SWORDS! GO FORTH AND MEET YOUR FATE!
ULP!
FRIENDS! ROMANS! COUNTRYMEN! FIRST INTO THE ARENA TODAY ARE THOSE WELL-KNOWN PARTY THIEVES— THOMUS AND NORMUS!
FACING THEM, THAT MASTER OF MAYHEM—THAT MOST SAVAGE OF SAURONS—THE BEAST FROM BEYOND TIME—


GRAAIIEEE!
TYRANNOSAURUS REX!

M-MY GOLLY! A TYRANNOSAUR! BUT THERE WEREN'T ANY IN ANCIENT ROME!
THERE ARE NOW!


GRAAII!
RUN!


THEY FLEE LIKE COWARDLY RABBITS, EMPEROR!
IT IS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THE MONSTER CATCHES THEM. THEY WILL SOON LEARN THE FOLLY OF THEFT!

KEEP GOING, NORMA! I'LL HOLD HIM OFF!

OO-ER!

TAKE THAT, REX!

HE'S HURT IT!
NICE ONE, THOMUS!
AAAAGH!
S-W-A-A-A-T-T-T-T!
TOM!
TOM! TOM! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
I-I THINK SO...
OH, MY LIFE!
EEEEEK!
NO! NO!
PLEASE! WE'RE SORRY! WE DIDN'T MEAN TO STEAL!
WE'LL NEVER STEAL ANYTHING AGAIN!
++BUT THERE IS NO ESCAPING THOSE DROOLING JAWS++
NEXT WEEK
"DON'T KILL US!"

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR
++HI, YOUR OLD PAL MAX HERE, THE BUILDING COMPUTER OVER AT MAXWELL TOWER. COME AND JOIN THE FUN UP ON MY 13th FLOOR, WHERE I'M PUTTING A COUPLE OF PARTY THIEVES THROUGH THEIR PUNISHMENT IN EMPEROR NERO'S ANCIENT ROME++
PLEASE— WE'RE SORRY!
WE'LL NEVER STEAL AGAIN! JUST DON'T KILL US!
++THAT IS WHAT I HAVE BEEN WAITING TO HEAR. AT ONCE, I RETURN THINGS TO NORMAL++
WE'RE BACK IN THE LIFT AT MAXWELL TOWER!
++WHERE YOU'LL RETURN EVERYTHING YOU'VE STOLEN FROM MY TENANTS!++
WHAT-EVER YOU SAY, MAX! WE'VE LEARNED OUR LESSON!
++THEN EMPTY YOUR POCKETS++
...AND FORTY QUID IN CASH. THAT'S THE LOT, MAX!
NOW LET US OUT OF HERE— PLEASE!
EAGLE
AUTHOR I. HOLLAND
ARTIST ORTIZ
++BUT LO AND BEHOLD! NO SOONER DO MY LIFT DOORS OPEN— ++
SNATCH!

I GOT THE CASH! RUN FOR IT, NORMA—WE CAN STILL BEAT THAT COMPUTER!

GANGWAY, YOU CREEPS!
OWW!

WE'VE DONE IT! WE'VE GOT OUT OF THAT MADHOUSE—AND WITH FORTY QUID TO BOOT!

SO STICK THAT UP YOUR DRAINPIPE, COMPUTER!

++FORTUNATELY, I AM RATHER SUSPICIOUS OF TOM AND NORMA'S CHANGE OF HEART. AND JUST AS WELL TOO, EH?++
HEY! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

++THAT'S WHY THEY ONLY *THINK* THEY LEFT MY 13th FLOOR++
THE PAVEMENT'S CRACKING OPEN!
IT'S AN *EARTHQUAKE!*

++I DON'T LIKE TO BOAST, BUT THERE AREN'T MANY HUMANS WHO CAN PUT ONE OVER ON MAX++
OH, MY LIFE! *GIANT CLAWS!*

THEY'RE PULLING US DOWN!
EEEKK!
++DOWN ON MY FOURTH FLOOR I HAVE A QUIET WORD WITH ABIGAIL BOWTELL, WHO'S HOLDING THE PARTY THERE++
++SORRY TO BUTT INTO THE FUN, ABIGAIL, BUT COULD YOU POP ALONG TO MY LIFT?++
++I SOON BRING HER UP TO DATE ON WHAT HAS HAPPENED++
YOU MEAN—TOM AND NORMA BEADLE STOLE ALL THIS?
++I'M AFRAID SO, ABIGAIL++
++SOME OF IT'S FROM THE DUTHIE APARTMENT—THE BEADLES WENT TO THEIR PARTY, TOO:++
I'LL SEE THAT IT'S ALL RETURNED TO ITS PROPER OWNERS, MAX.
++THERE'S STILL FORTY POUNDS MISSING. BUT TELL THE OWNERS NOT TO WORRY. I'M HAVING A QUIET WORD WITH TOM AND NORMA ABOUT IT RIGHT NOW ++
++I'M SURE THEY'LL SOON LEARN THE ERROR OF THEIR WAYS++
YEEOOWW!
NEXT WEEK
MAX'S HARD MIX!

++HI, YOUR OLD PAL MAX HERE, THE BUILDING COMPUTER OVER AT MAXWELL TOWER. YOU'LL REMEMBER I'VE TAKEN PARTY THIEVES TOM AND NORMA BEADLE UP TO MY 13th FLOOR TO TEACH THEM A LESSON++
++WELL, FEW LESSONS CAN HAVE BEEN DRIVEN HOME WITH MORE FORCE++
EAGLE
AUTHOR I. HOLLAND
ARTIST ORTIZ
M-M-MONSTERS!
THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR
++I FOLLOW UP WITH THE ATTACK OF THE J.C.B. EXCAVATOR++
AAAAAAGGGHHH!
AAA!EEEEEE!
WH-WH-WHAT NEXT?
++FOLLOWED BY A BRISK FIVE MINUTES IN THE CONCRETE MIXER++
AAAAAAAAAH!
YAAAAAAGH!

SPLOD!

IT'S QUICK-SETTING CONCRETE!
WE'RE STUCK!

OH, TOM! WHAT DID WE EVER DO TO DESERVE THIS?
WE STOLE FROM MAX'S TENANTS IN MAXWELL TOWER, THAT'S WHAT!

WE'RE SORRY, MAX— WE SWEAR WE'RE FINISHED WITH THIEVING FOREVER!
AND THIS TIME WE REALLY MEAN IT!

++AT LAST I AM SURE THEIR REPENTANCE IS SINCERE—AND LONG-LASTING. I RETURN THINGS TO NORMAL++

WE'RE BACK IN THE LIFT AGAIN!
THERE, MAX—THERE'S THE FORTY QUID WE STOLE! TAKE IT! I NEVER WANT TO SEE IT AGAIN!

++THEY LEAVE MAXWELL TOWER A SADDER AND WISER PAIR++
ARE YOU SURE WE'RE REALLY OUT OF THE BLOCK THIS TIME?
I-I DON'T KNOW. I GUESS WE'LL NEVER KNOW, UNLESS ...UNLESS WE STEAL AGAIN!

NO FEAR!

++ AFTER THAT, LIFE AT MAXWELL TOWER RUNS ALONG QUITE SMOOTHLY. FOR SEVERAL WEEKS I DO WHAT I ENJOY MOST— LOOKING AFTER MY TENANTS++
++AND THEN, SOMETHING HAPPENS++
OW!
ZING!
++I THINK NO MORE ABOUT IT— UNTIL SEVERAL OTHER TENANTS ARE MYSTERIOUSLY "STUNG"++
WHAT'S THE MATTER, DOD?
I THINK I'VE BEEN STUNG! MUST'VE BEEN A WASP OR SOMETHING!
OUCH!
OW!
OH!
++I CHECK ON MY EXTERNAL MONITORS—AND IT SEEMS OUR WASP IS REALLY KELVIN GROVE IN 4a!++
GOTCHA, DUMBO!
++I SHALL HAVE TO NIP THIS LITTLE LARK IN THE BUD VERY SWIFTLY— BEFORE SOMEONE GETS BADLY HURT!++
NEXT WEEK
GUN MADNESS!

++HI, YOUR PAL MAX HERE, THE BUILDING COMPUTER OVER AT MAXWELL TOWER. I REGRET TO SAY ONE OF MY TENANTS, YOUNG KELVIN GROVE, HAS BEEN SERIOUSLY MISBEHAVING WITH AN AIRGUN. I'M AFRAID I'M GOING TO HAVE TO BE VERY SEVERE++
EAGLE
AUTHOR T. HOLLAND
ARTIST ORTIZ
THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR
BLAST! MISSED!
SPLAANG!
++KELVIN++
++YOU FOOLISH BOY! STOP THAT AT ONCE! DO YOU WANT TO PUT SOMEONE'S EYE OUT?++
STOP BEING THE GOOD GUY, COMPUTER!
KRAK!
AND LET'S START WITH YOUR MONITOR!
SPLAANG!
++KELVIN'S MOTHER IS IN THE BLOCK. I SUMMON HER IMMEDIATELY++
HE'S WHAT? WITH AN AIRGUN? I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
KELVIN! WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING? WHERE DID YOU GET THAT GUN?
I STOLE IT, SEE! AND STOP SHOUTING AT ME OR YOU'LL BE NEXT!
KELVIN! WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? GIVE ME THAT GUN AT ONCE!

NEVER! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE, SEE!
I'M PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE, SEE — AND AS LONG AS I'VE GOT MY TRUSTY RIFLE, AIN'T NOBODY TAKING ME ALIVE!
YEEEHAAA! CLEAR THE WAY!
KELVIN!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOT INTO THAT BOY, MAX! HE'S NEVER BEHAVED LIKE THIS BEFORE!
++NO. IT'S MOST STRANGE++
++BUT DON'T YOU WORRY. I'LL HAVE A WORD WITH HIM. IT'S PROBABLY JUST A PHASE HE'S GOING THROUGH++
++MY FIRST PRIORITY IS TO GET HIM TO MY 13th FLOOR, WHERE HE CAN'T ENDANGER ANYONE WITH THAT GUN++
++LIFT GOING UP++
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, UP? I SAID DOWN, SEE!
++I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SAID, KELVIN. I'M IN CHARGE HERE++
YAAAH!
YAAAH! SLOW DOWN!
++13th FLOOR. OUT YOU GO, KELVIN++

THERE'S THE DIRTY SNIPER, MEN!
OPEN FIRE!

BLAM
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM
MY RIFLE!

RIFLE..?
OH, MY GOSH, MAX! WHAT HAVE I DONE?

I'M SORRY! I DON'T KNOW WHAT CAME OVER ME! IT—IT WAS LIKE A BRAIN-STORM OR SOME-THING!
++WELL, IT'S OVER NOW, KELVIN++

++KELVIN'S BRAINSTORM SEEMS LITTLE MORE THAN A MINOR HAPPENING. LITTLE DO I KNOW IT IS ONLY THE BEGINNING OF A *MADNESS* THAT WILL BRING MAXWELL TOWER TO THE VERY BRINK OF DESTRUCTION!++
NEXT WEEK
MAX-MANIA!

++HI, YOUR OLD PAL MAX HERE, THE BUILDING COMPUTER OVER AT MAXWELL TOWER. IT BEGINS LIKE ANY OTHER DAY AT THE TOWER. BUT BEFORE IT ENDS, MADNESS WILL GRIP MY ENTIRE BLOCK—AND TERROR WILL REIGN!++
++FIRST YOUNG KELVIN GROVE ACTS STRANGELY WITH A STOLEN AIRGUN—AND THEN THE LAWSONS IN 9B TAKE THINGS ONE STAGE FURTHER++
THIS FLAT—IT'S TOO SMALL! TOO ENCLOSED!
THERE'S NO ROOM TO MOVE—NO ROOM TO BREATHE!
THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR
EAGLE
AUTHOR I. HOLLAND
ARTIST ORTIZ
WELL, I'LL LET SOME FRESH AIR IN!
BERNARD! WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING? YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T DO THAT!
HMMM. I HAVE TO ADMIT, THOUGH—IT'S A BIG IMPROVEMENT!
TELL YOU WHAT WE REALLY NEED, THOUGH. SOME OF THIS FURNITURE HAS TO GO. IT'S SO CRAMPED IN HERE!
COME ON, THEN—GIVE ME A HAND!
ALLEZ-OOP!

KERRRRRRRRRSSSH!!
++MY EXTERNAL MONITORS HAVE CAPTURED THE WHOLE, AMAZING INCIDENT++
++BERNARD! LIZ! CHILDREN! WHAT ON EARTH'S POSSESSED YOU?++
I DON'T KNOW, MAX...
BUT IT SURE FEELS GOOD!
++BEFORE I CAN GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THE TROUBLE, MORE MAYHEM ERUPTS++
...ALL I'M SAYING, GRAN, IS WHY SHOULDN'T WE HAVE A CONNECTING DOOR?
GOOD GRACIOUS! IT'S TERRY ROGAN AND HIS GRAN!
HOWDY, FOLKS! JUST THOUGHT WE'D PAY YOU A CALL.
YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR AFTERNOON TEA, GRAN. HERE—HAVE A SLICE OF CAKE!
SPLAAAT!
HAW HAW HAW!
++AS IF THAT'S NOT ENOUGH, A SPIRITED PILLOWFIGHT BREAKS OUT BETWEEN THE FOURTH AND FIFTH FLOORS++
UP AND AT THEM, FIFTH FLOOR!

GIVE THE BLIGHTERS BIG LICKS!

++IT'S ALL MOST VEXING. WHAT'S GOT INTO MY TENANTS? THE WHOLE BLOCK'S GOING MAD — AND I DON'T KNOW WHY!++

++AND WORST OF ALL, DOWN ON THE GROUND FLOOR, CYRIL SUGDEN, MY CARETAKER, HAS TURNED ARSONIST++
PRETTY FLAMES! PRETTY!

++CYRIL! HAVE SOME SENSE, MAN! PUT THAT OUT AT ONCE++
OUT, MAX? WHY, OF COURSE I'LL PUT IT OUT...

ALL ROUND THE BLOCK!
NEXT WEEK
TOWERING INFERNO!

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR

GRAB THOSE SAUSAGES, HARRY! WE'LL HAVE OURSELVES A BARBECUE!
++IT'S NO USE. THEY'RE ALMOST AS BAD AS CYRIL! I SEE I SHALL HAVE TO HANDLE THIS MYSELF++
++HEY, CYRIL! WHY DON'T YOU COME DOWN TO THE THIRD FLOOR? THE CLEANING STORE'LL MAKE A GREAT BLAZE++
SMART THINKING, MAX!
++AS HE STEPS INTO THE LIFT, I CLOSE MY DOORS WITH THE SPEED OF A COBRA++
UUUUGH!
THWAAK!
16 17 14 15 12 10 11 8 9 6 7
RINNNNNGGGGGGG
++FORTUNATELY THE PIERCING NOTE OF THE ALARM BELL SNAPS MOST OF MY TENANTS OUT OF THEIR TEMPORARY INSANITY++
++ATTENTION, ALL TENANTS! THE BUILDING IS ON FIRE! BEGIN IMMEDIATE EVACUATION! REPEAT—IMMEDIATE EVACUATION++
BRINNNNNGGGGGGG
WHAT THE HECK? FIRE!

++ HEAD FOR THE STAIRS! DON'T PANIC! KEEP MOVING++

MY LIFE! WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE? HAVE WE GONE CRAZY?
C'MON!

++THAT'S IT— TAKE POOR CYRIL WITH YOU++
WE GOT HIM, MAX!

++LUCKILY I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN A STICKLER FOR FIRE DRILLS. WE'VE HAD A PRACTICE EVERY WEEK SINCE MAXWELL TOWER WAS BUILT++

PHEW! FRESH AIR! I DON'T KNOW WHAT CAME OVER ME!
LOOK AT THE TOWER!

OUR HOMES— THEY'LL ALL BE DESTROYED!
THE BLAZE IS SPREADING!
NEXT WEEK
NEW HOME FOR MAX!

++ SAD BUT TRUE. PRACTICALLY THE WHOLE OF THE MAXWELL TOWER BLOCK HAS GONE CRAZY- AND MY OWN CARETAKER, CYRIL SUGDEN, HAS STARTED THE BLAZE. I'VE SENT GWYN, MY CONTROLLER, TO REPAIR THE SPRINKLER SYSTEM, BUT-++
IT'S NO USE, MAX, I CAN'T SORT THIS MESS OUT!
THE HIRTEENTH FLOOR
THE BLAZE IS SPREADING!
OUR HOMES- THEY'LL ALL BE DESTROYED!
THE WHOLE UNIT'S BEEN SMASHED UP! IT MUST HAVE BEEN THAT MADMAN CYRIL!
++ NOTHING WE CAN DO NOW. GET YOURSELF TO SAFETY++
I CAN'T GET DOWN THERE!
++ AND MY LIFT'S OUT OF COMMISSION++
++ HEAD UP TO THE NEXT FLOOR++
EAGLE
AUTHOR I. HOLLAND ARTIST ORTIZ
++ I RUN A QUICK CHECK. EVERY FLAT- EVERY CORRIDOR. BUT THERE IS NO-ONE BUT GWYN LEFT IN THE BUILDING++
++ OF COURSE, I HAVE ALREADY ALERTED THE FIRE BRIGADE ++
CLEAR THE WAY!

HURRY IT UP, MEN!
SIR! UP ON THE SIXTH FLOOR— THERE'S SOMEONE AT THE WINDOW!
GET OUT THE EMERGENCY LADDER!
ALL RIGHT, SIR. I'VE GOT YOU!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME—I'M ONE OF MAX'S COMMANDOS!
IS THERE ANYONE ELSE IN THERE?
NOT ACCORDING TO MAX. THE WHOLE BUILDING'S CLEAR!
++ IT TAKES THEM THREE HOURS TO BRING THE INFERNO UNDER CONTROL ++
++ BY THEN ALL POWER IS CUT OFF TO MY PENTHOUSE AND I AM RUNNING ON MY EMERGENCY BATTERIES ++
++ THE BODY MAY BE DEAD— BUT THE BRAIN LIVES ON! ++

++ NEXT DAY, POLICE FORENSIC TEAMS HAVE DISCOVERED THE CAUSE OF THE MADNESS++
IT'S THE PAINT, MAX!
YOUR WALLS WERE COATED WITH A NEW-FORMULA CHEMICAL PRIMER. OVER THE YEARS IT'S DECAYED – UNTIL NOW IT'S GIVING OFF AN ODOURLESS, TASTELESS GAS THAT CAN AFFECT THE HUMAN BRAIN IN STRANGE WAYS!
++ GOOD JOB IT DOESN'T AFFECT COMPUTERS++
I'M AFRAID THE STRUCTURE OF THE BUILDING HAS BEEN IRREPARABLY DAMAGED, MAX. MAXWELL TOWER WILL HAVE TO COME DOWN!
++ THEY CARRY ME OUT THAT AFTERNOON – IN FORTY-EIGHT DIFFERENT CRATES. I'M VERY SAD TO BE LEAVING MY TENANTS FOR THE LAST TIME. BUT DON'T WORRY – THE COUNCIL HAS FOUND NEW HOMES FOR ALL OF THEM++
++ AND AS FOR ME, I, TOO, HAVE FOUND AN EXCELLENT NEW HOME++
MAX – WITH CARE! THIS SIDE UP!
EAGLE COMIC
IPC MAGAZINES Ltd.
KING'S REACH TOWER
LONDON
++ SEE YOU AROUND, PALS!++
NEXT WEEK
NEW STORY – AVENGER!

Writer: **Unknown**

Artist: **John Stokes** • Letters: **Unknown**

Originally printed in the **Eagle** Annual 1987

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR
++HI! MAX HERE, THE BUILDING COMPUTER OVER AT MAXWELL TOWER. I THOUGHT I'D TELL YOU THIS LITTLE TALE ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT AFTER ALL MY TENANTS HAD RETIRED FOR THEIR WELL EARNED REST. I'VE CALLED IT MAX AND THE CAT BURGLAR++
IT'S A LONG WAY DOWN, BUT HEIGHTS DON'T SCARE ME!
ABSEILING IS THE BEST WAY OF CHECKING OUT THE PLACE, TO SEE WHICH ROOMS ARE WORTH BREAKING INTO...
...AND THIS PAD LOOKS JUST RIGHT!
AS EASY AS TAKING CANDY FROM A BABY! THIS JOB'S GOING TO BE DEAD SIMPLE!

++ THEN THINGS START TO GO WRONG FOR THE THIEF. MR. LAWTON, THE FLAT'S TENANT, IS DISTURBED ++
WHAT THE DEVIL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING? THIS IS PRIVATE PROPERTY!
HECK! I'VE GOT TO SILENCE HIM FAST!
I'LL 'PHONE THE POLICE... NUUURRRFF!
OH, NO, YOU WON'T, OLD FOOL!
HE'S DONE ME A FAVOUR! THAT LOOKS LIKE A WALL SAFE BEHIND THAT PICTURE!
ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS WORK OUT ITS COMBINATION AND THEN THE LOOT INSIDE WILL BE MINE!
++ I'D SEEN ENOUGH ++
++ NO-ONE HURTS MY TENANTS AND GETS AWAY WITH IT! THIS THIEF IS GOING TO BE TAUGHT A MAX-TYPE LESSON +++
++ FIRST I PUT HIM TO FLIGHT BY PLAYING A TAPE OF A POLICE SIREN FROM MY MEMORY BANKS ++
PEE-PAW! PEE-PAW! PEE-PAW!
HECK! SOMEONE MUST HAVE CALLED THE FUZZ!
GREAT! THE LIFT'S HERE! I CAN STILL GET AWAY!
LIFT

I'LL GO BACK TO THE ROOF AND MAKE MY ESCAPE FROM THERE!
16
14
11
9
7
LIFT
WHAT'S GOING ON? THE LIFT'S STOPPING BETWEEN THE TWELFTH AND FOURTEENTH FLOORS! I DIDN'T KNOW THIS PLACE HAD A THIRTEENTH FLOOR...
++ THE CAT BURGLAR IS ABOUT TO GET A SEVERE SHOCK FROM HIS NAMESAKE ON MY INFAMOUS THIRTEENTH FLOOR ++
++ TOLD YOU SO ++
A GIANT CAT! I-I MUST BE SEEING THINGS!
MEEEEEOOOWWWWWW!
NARRRGH!
CAN'T FIGHT THIS OVERGROWN MOGGY! M-MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO OUTRUN IT!

A HUGE SAFE...FILLING THE DOORWAY! IF...IF I CAN OPEN IT, I'LL ESCAPE THE CAT...
++ I'M NOT A CRUEL COMPUTER, SO I GAVE HIM AN ESCAPE ROUTE++
IF I DON'T SUCCEED IN THE NEXT FEW SECONDS THAT BRUTE WILL HAVE ME FOR ITS DINNER!
++ I LET HIM OPEN THE DOOR AT THE VERY LAST MOMENT ++
YOU'RE OUT OF LUCK, CAT! I'VE DONE IT!
++ THE THIEF SOON DISCOVERS HE'S JUMPED OUT OF THE FRYING PAN AND INTO THE FIRE, AS THE OLD SAYING GOES ++
H-HUNDREDS OF NORMAL SIZED CATS! AND-AND THEY LOOK HUNGRY!
MEEEOOWW! MEEEOOWW! MEEEOOWW!
YAAAARRGH! THEY'LL EAT ME ALIVE!
ONLY THE SKILLS I'VE LEARNT AS A CAT BURGLAR CAN SAVE ME...I'VE GOT TO CLIMB FOR MY LIFE!

++BUT HE ISN'T THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN CLIMB++
GET AWAY! LEAVE ME ALONE!
++OH, I'M BORED WITH CATS. I THINK IT'S TIME FOR A CHANGE OF SCENE++
EVERYTHING'S BLURRING AND FADING! WHAT'S HAPPENING?
TH-THE ROOM AND THE CATS HAVE DISAPPEARED! AND... AND NOW I'M CLIMBING A MOUNTAIN...
WAIT A MINUTE! I'VE SEEN THAT SKYLINE UP THERE ON TV...
IT'S MOUNT EVEREST! THE BIGGEST MOUNTAIN IN THE WORLD!
++MY, WHAT A CLEVER FELLOW YOU ARE. FANCY RECOGNISING THAT++
THIS MUST ALL BE SOME KIND OF CRAZY DREAM! MAYBE IF I STAY STILL LONG ENOUGH, I'LL FIND MYSELF BACK IN MAXWELL TOWER!
++NO SUCH LUCK, THIEF++
GRAAAAAAAAAH!
AN ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN! IT'S COMING FOR ME!

NOOOOOOOOO! I'M FALLING!
++UNFORTUNATELY, THE FALLING PART ISN'T A DREAM++
TH-THE MOUNTAIN AND THE MONSTER ARE F-FADING AWAY! PERHAPS IT WAS A DREAM, AFTER ALL!
AIEEEEEEEEEEE!
++I DIDN'T REALLY MEAN TO KILL HIM, READERS. I WAS ONLY GOING TO FRIGHTEN HIM. MY THIRTEENTH FLOOR MADE HIM THINK HE WAS CLIMBING MOUNT EVEREST ...BUT HE WAS ACTUALLY CLIMBING UP MY LIFT SHAFT. BUT THEN HE SLIPPED...++
++ENGINEERS DON'T CHECK THE BOTTOM OF LIFT SHAFTS VERY OFTEN...AS FAR AS I KNOW, THAT CAT BURGLAR IS STILL DOWN THERE++
THE END

FREE GIFT ISSUE! FREE GIFT ISSUE! FRE

Eagle #240 25th October 1986 **José Ortiz**

Eagle #249 27th December 1986 **José Ortiz**

No.252 Every Monday 17th January, 1987

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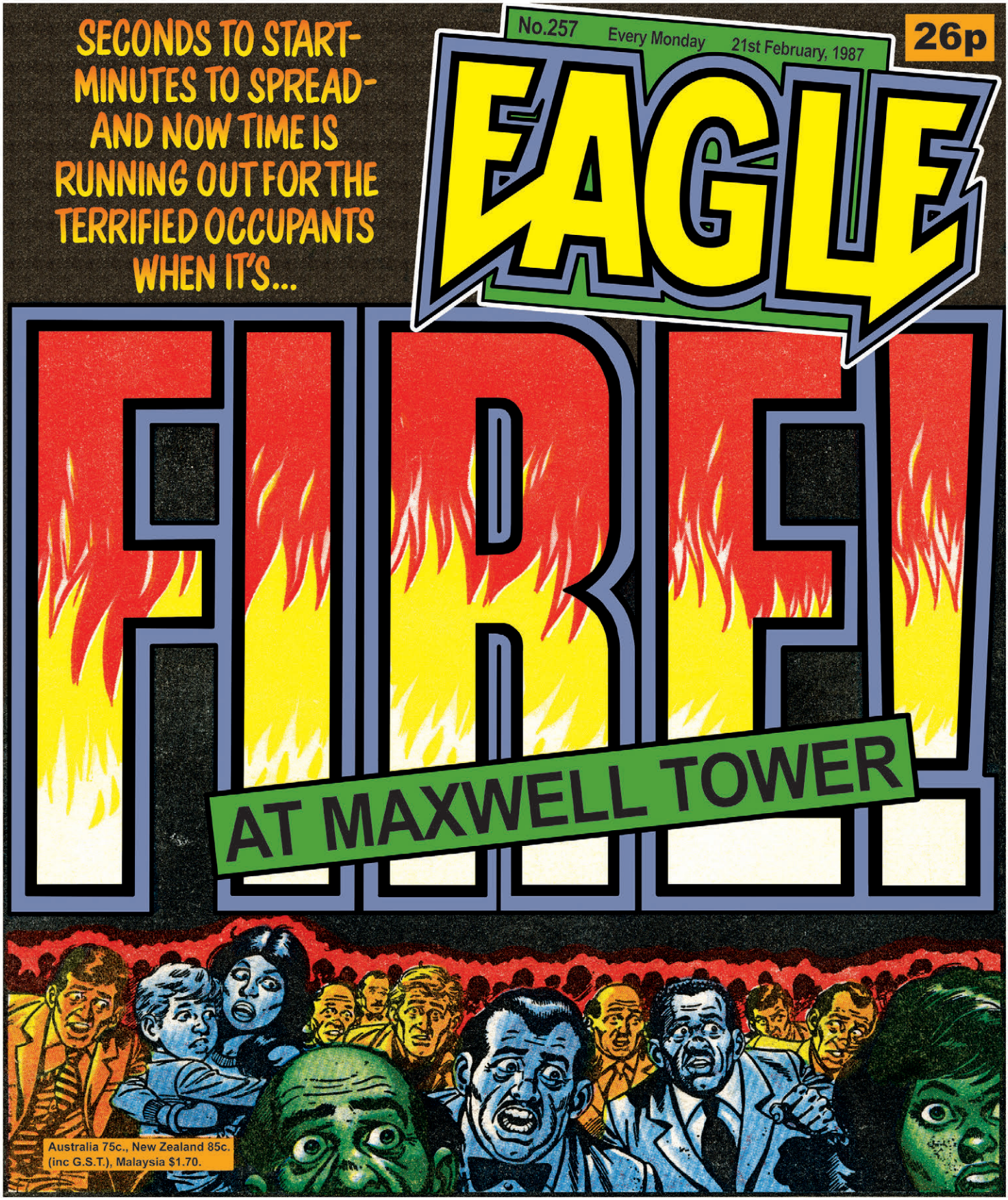

Eagle #257 21st February 1987 **Sandy James**

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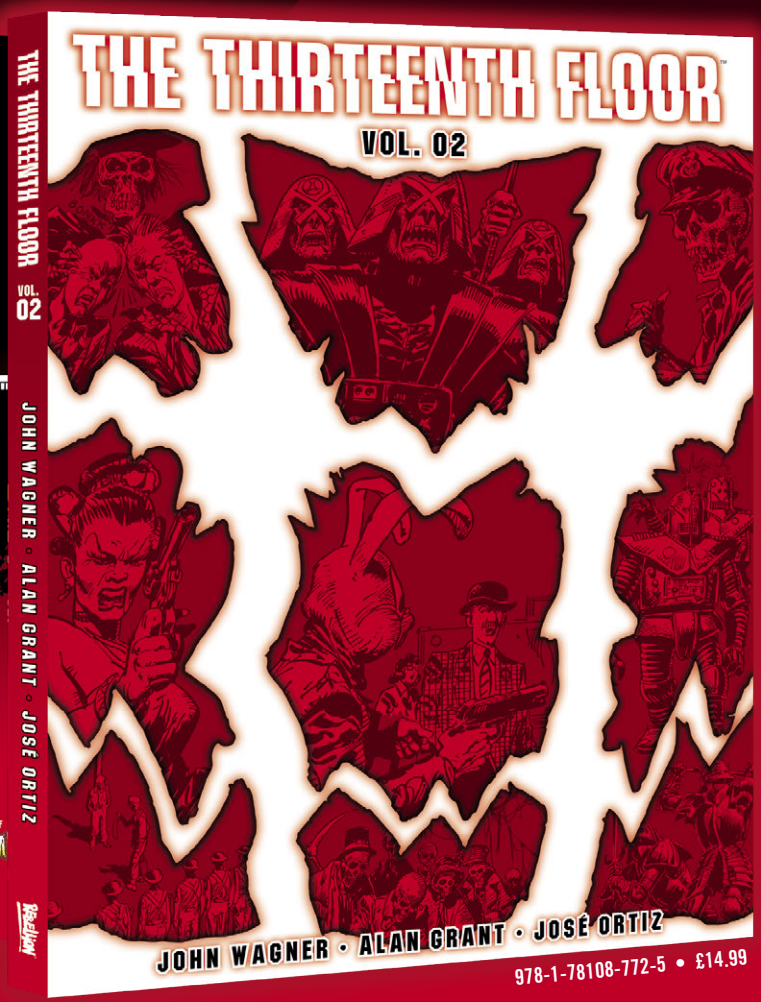

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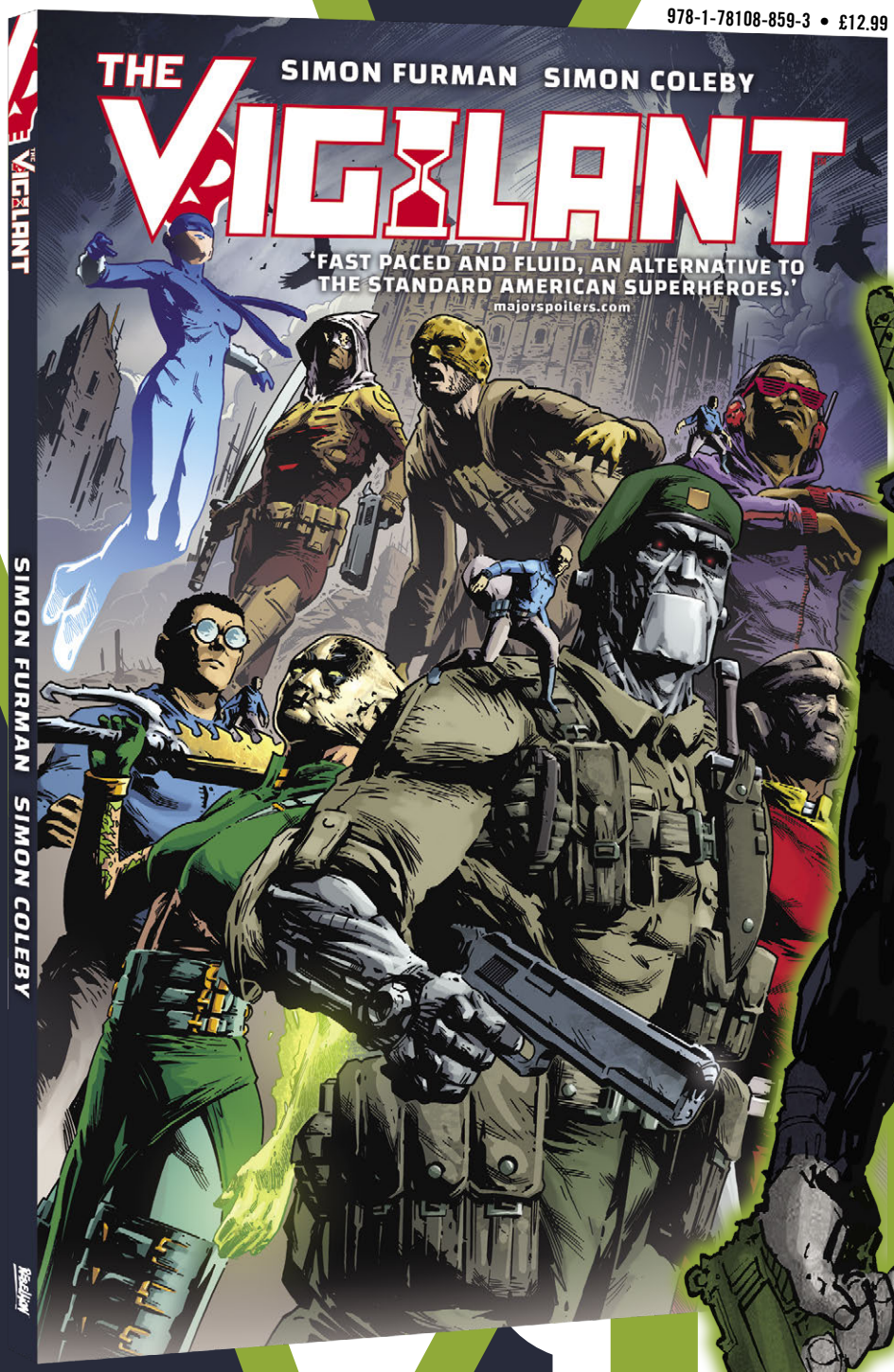

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JOHN WAGNER

One of the most influential names in British comics, **JOHN WAGNER** started his professional career in the industry working for DC Thomson in Dundee. Sub-editing various titles including the weekly girls' comic **Romeo**, Wagner became a freelance writer in the early seventies, forming a successful writing partnership with Pat Mills on IPC humour titles, including **Cor!!** and **Whizzer and Chips**.

Soon after, he made the move down south, joining IPC's staff, where he initially edited titles like **Princess Tina**, before helping to develop **Battle Picture Weekly**, and took over editorial duties on the ailing boys' weekly, **Valiant**.

Wagner made his most significant mark on British comics when working as a writer on **2000 AD** and **Starlord**, where he co-created several memorable strips including, *Judge Dredd*, *Robo-Hunter* and *Strontium Dog*.

Throughout the last five decades he has also worked for most of the big US publishers on series such as **Star Wars**, **The Punisher**, **Aliens** and **Batman**.

His **A History of Violence** graphic novel was turned into a critically acclaimed movie by David Cronenberg in 2005.

ALAN GRANT

With over 300 **2000 AD** stories to his name – not to mention over 250 **Daily Star** *Judge Dredd* strips – **ALAN GRANT's** prolific creative record speaks for itself. Outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, Grant is well-known to **Batman** fans following a lengthy run on various incarnations of the title. More recently he has adapted Robert Louis Stevenson's classic novels **Kidnapped** and **Doctor Jekyll and Mr Hyde** in Graphic Novel format with artist Cam Kennedy.

JOSÉ ORTIZ

JOSÉ ORTIZ MOYA's sixty plus year career began after he won a contest which ran in the Spanish magazine **Chicos**. In the 1950s he worked on many digest strips for Editorial Maga, including *Capitan Don Nadie*, *Pantera Negra* and *Jungla*. Agency work saw him produce several strips for foreign publishers, particularly in Britain where he illustrated *Caroline Barker, Barrister at Law* for the **Daily Express**, *Smokeman* and *UFO Agent* for **Eagle** magazine and the *Phantom Viking* in **Lion**. In the seventies and eighties Ortiz worked on several British popular strips including *The Tower King* and *House of Daemon* for the new **Eagle**, *Rogue Trooper* and *Judge Dredd* for **2000 AD** and *The Thirteenth Floor* for **Scream!**, which he co-created with John Wagner and Alan Grant.

In the US Ortiz is best known for illustrating several stories for Warren's horror titles, including **Eerie** and **Vampirella**.

ATTACK THE BLOCK

Max the maniacal computer is back in Maxwell Tower, dishing out his twisted form of retribution on anyone who dares to cross his beloved residents! From a conniving milkman to thuggish street urchins, anyone who enters Max's territory looking for trouble is going for a one-way trip to the thirteenth floor!

However, Max's past exploits have not gone unnoticed. The KGB have sent their own super-powered computer called Boris to make Max an offer - help them conquer the world or face obliteration!

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