



ROGER
WILCO

#3 • \$2.50

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T H E A D V E N T U R E S O F

ROGER WILCO™



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Written by

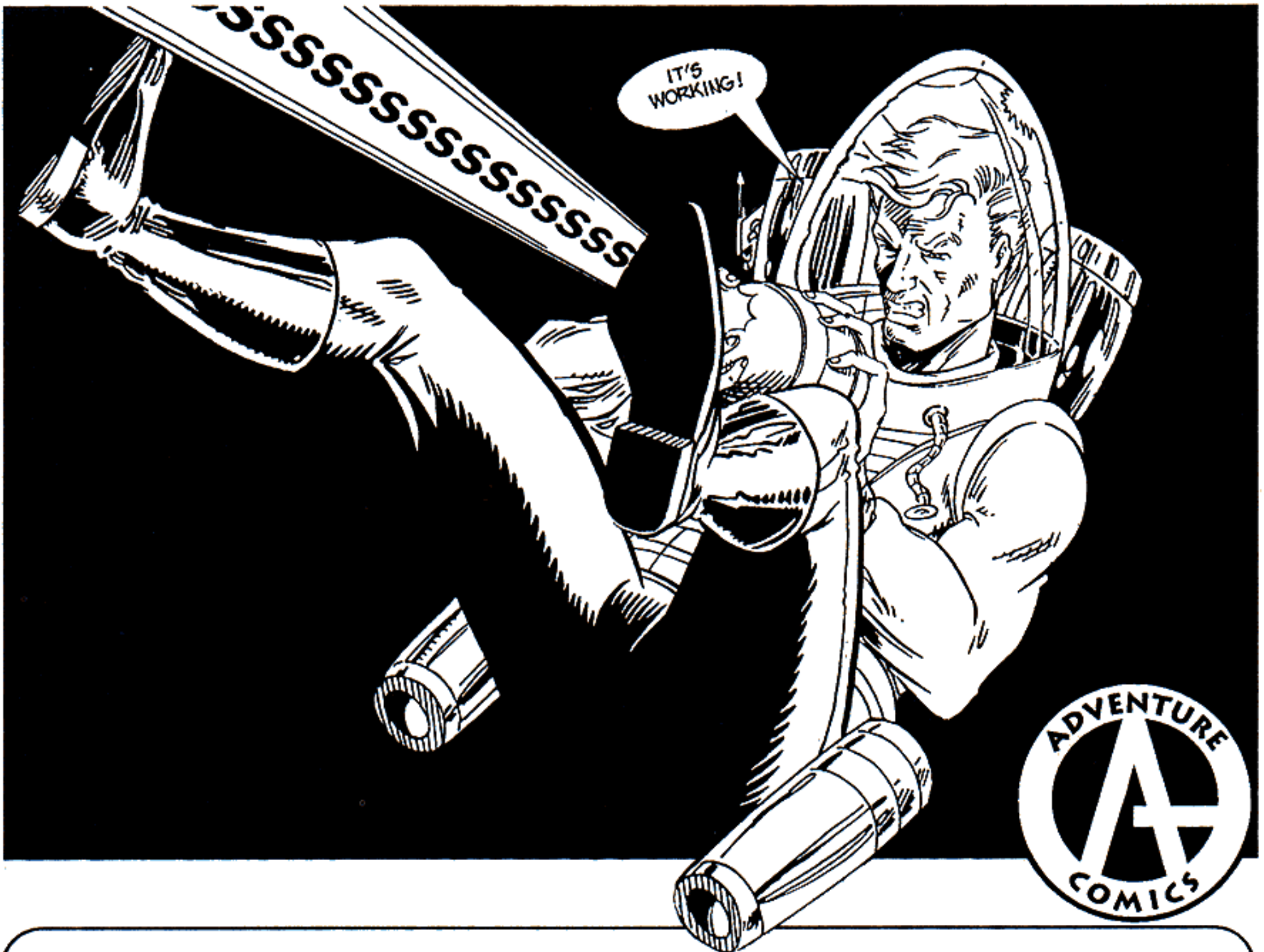
PAUL O'CONNOR

Illustrated by

**ANDREW WALLS &
CRAIG TAILLEFER**

Lettered by

GAIL BECKETT



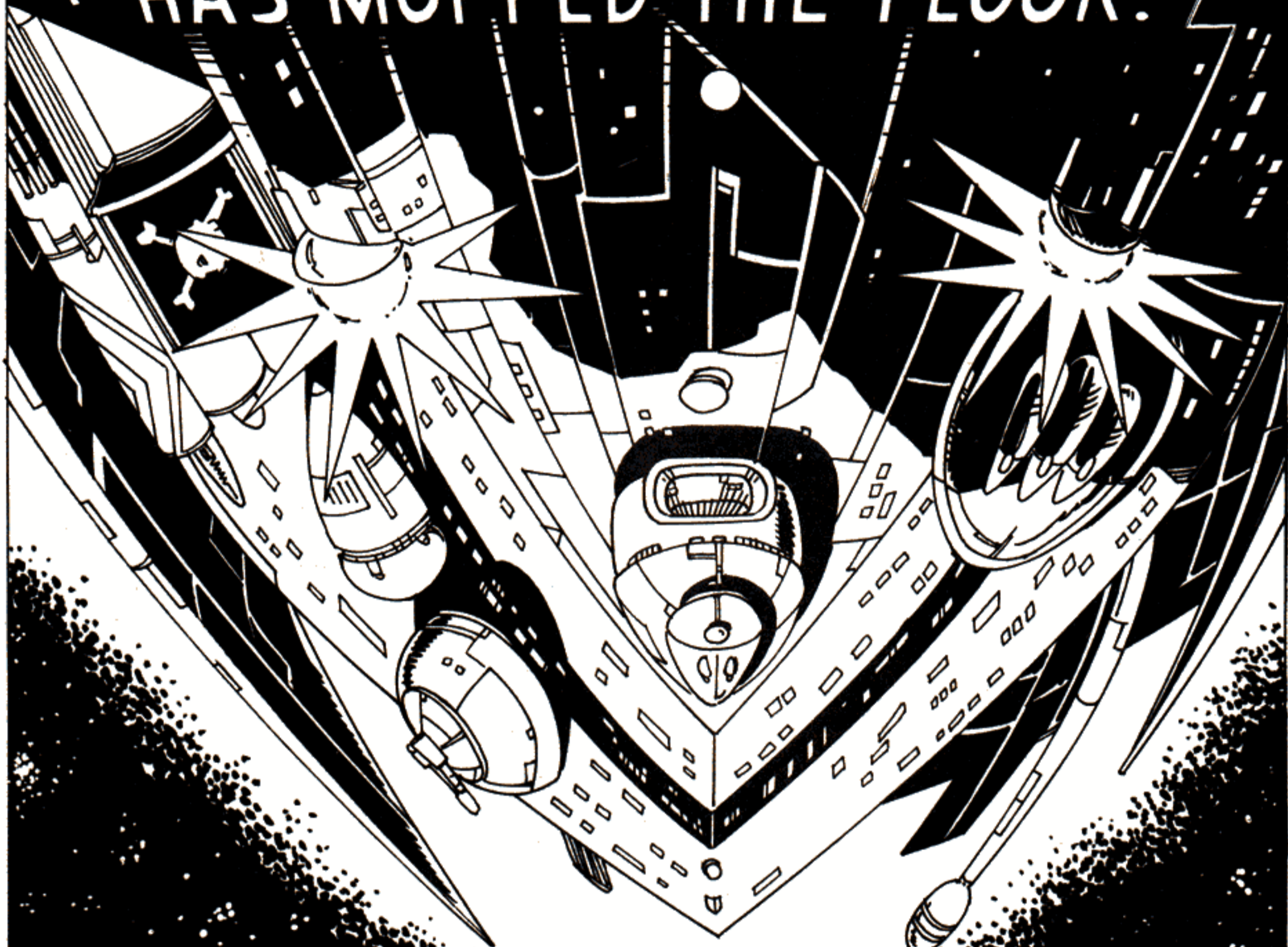
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TO BOLDLY GO WHERE NO MAN HAS MOPPED THE FLOOR!



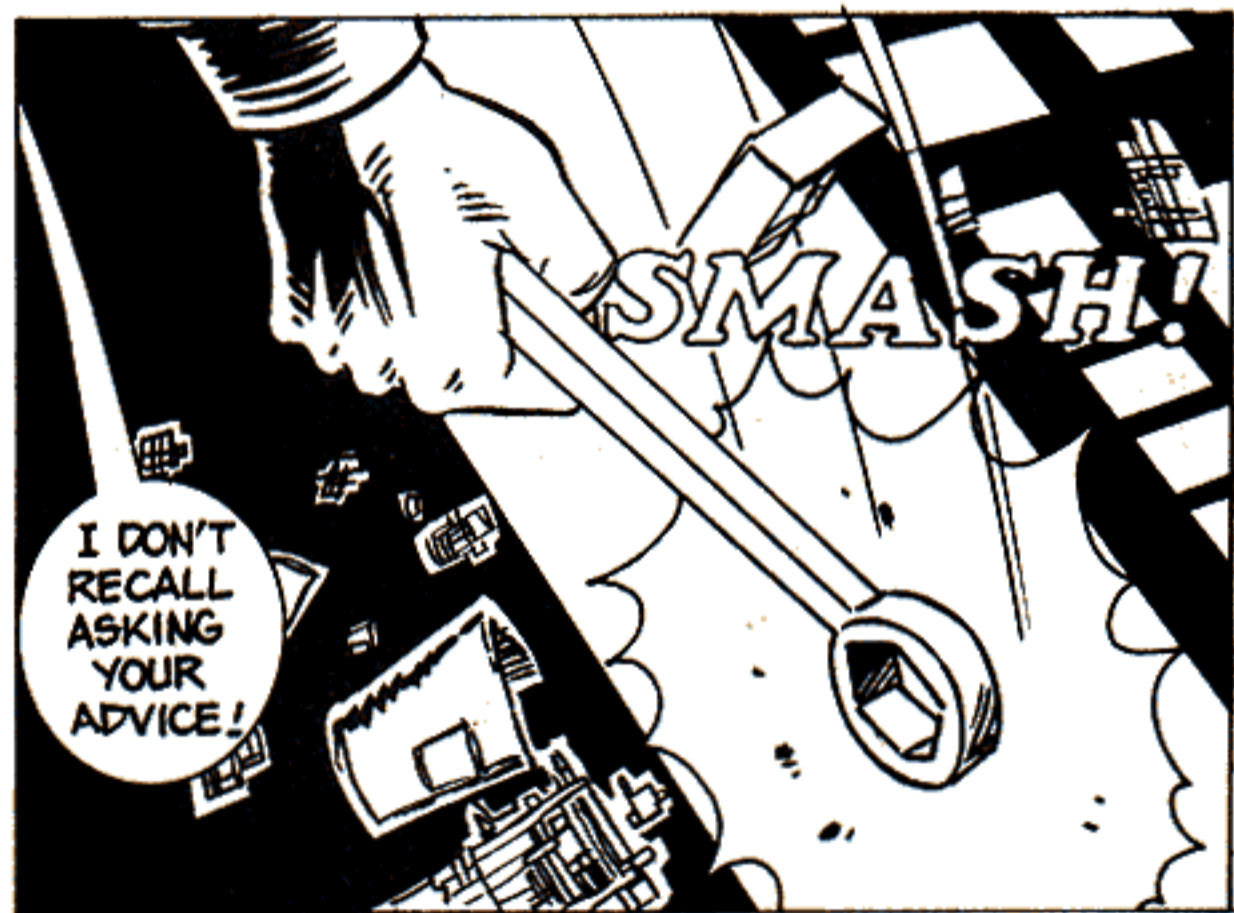
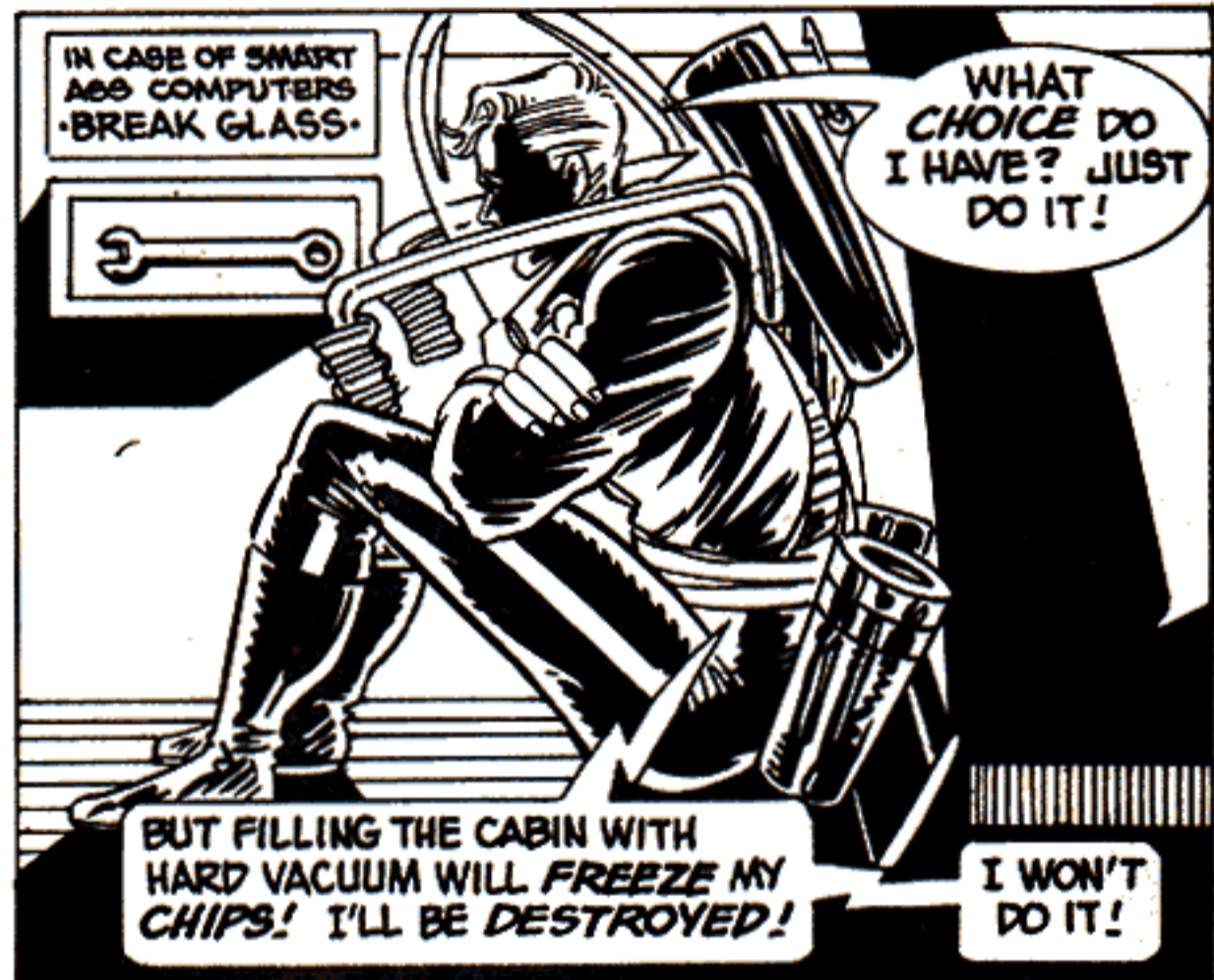
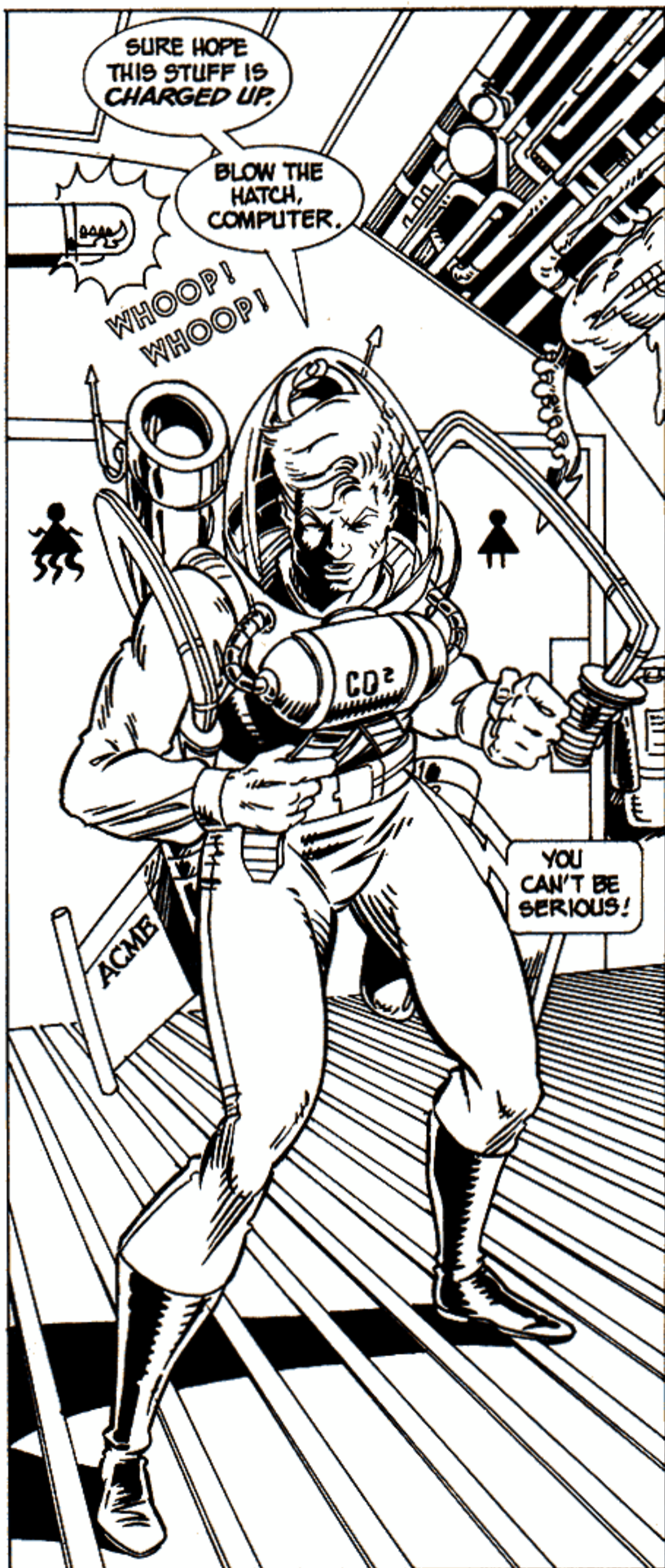
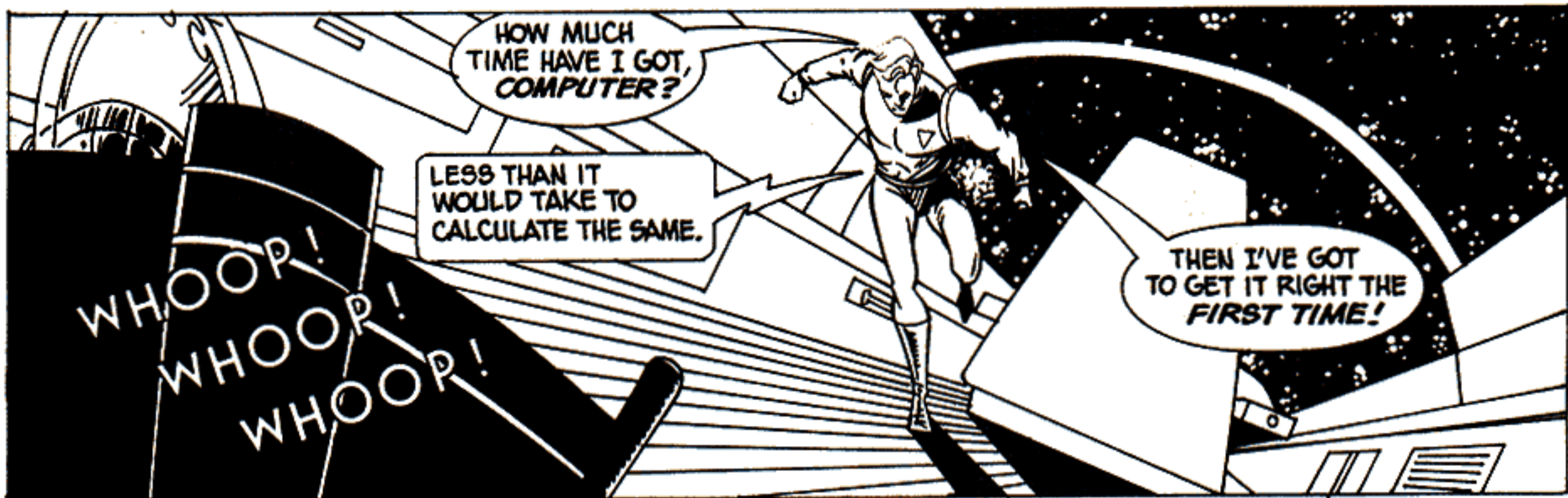
... I DETECT THE
SARIEN BATTLESHIP
DELTAUR...

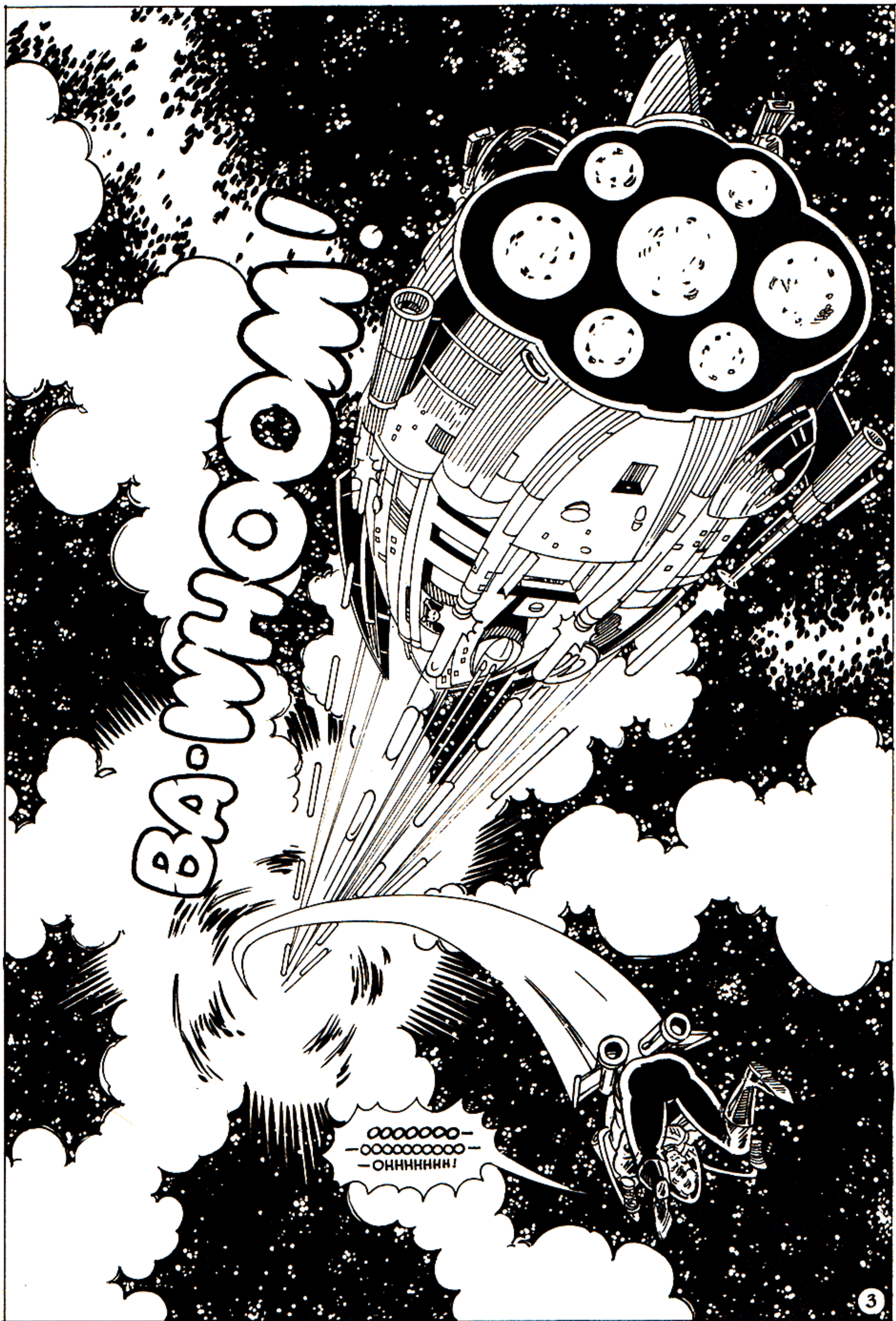
...SENSORS CONFIRM
SHE HAS CLEARED
FOR ACTION...

...AND HER WEAPONS
ARE LOCKED ON US!!



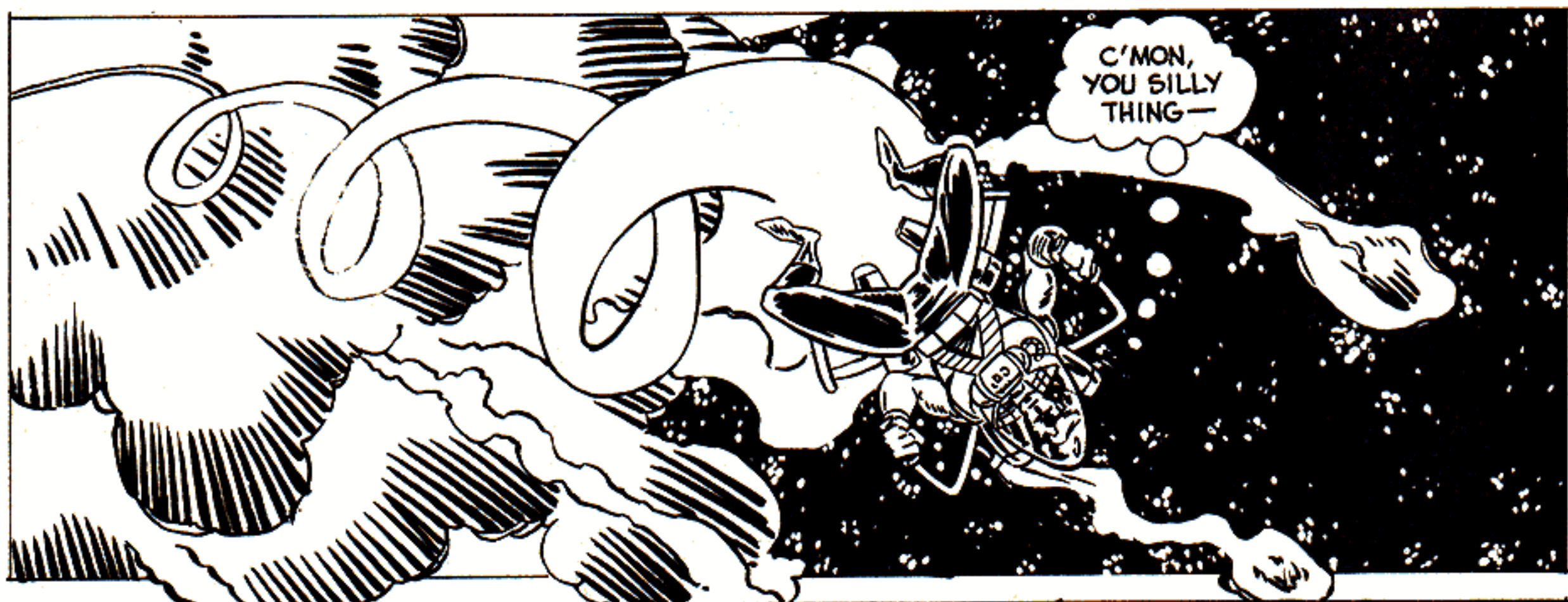
PAUL O'CONNOR...WRITER
ANDREW WALLS...PENCILS
CRAIG TAILLEFER...INKS
GAIL BECKETT...LETTERER



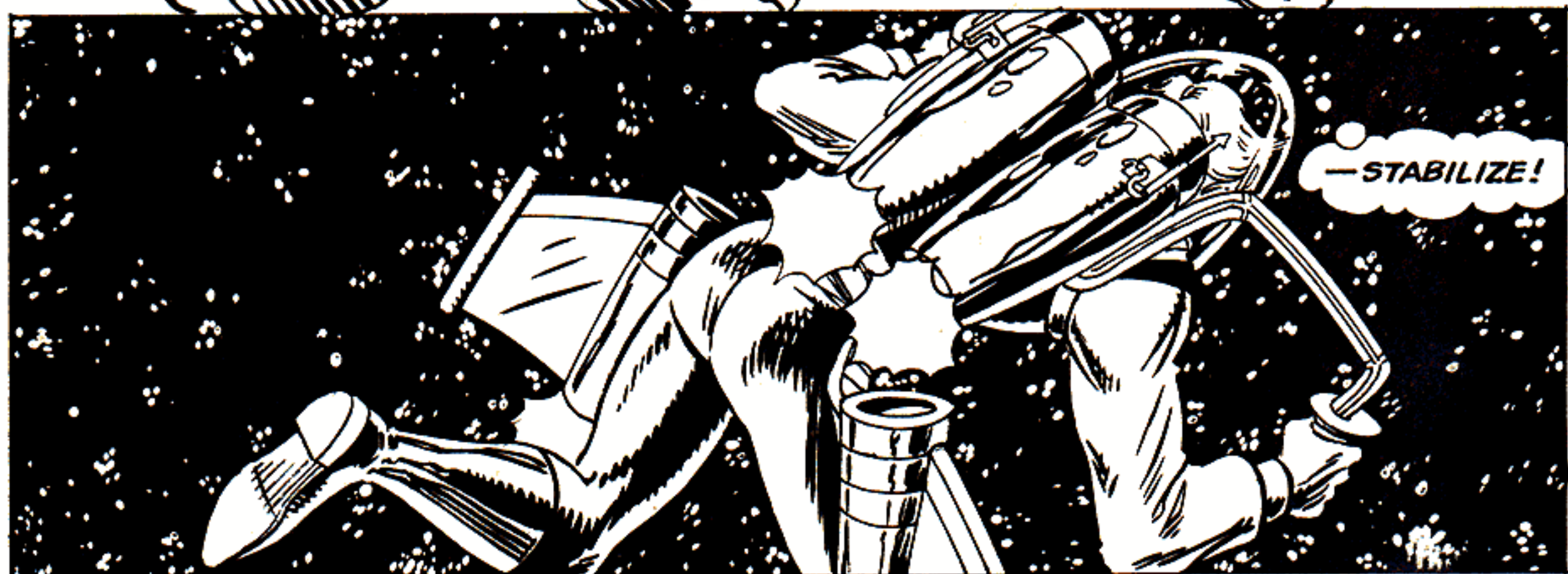


BA-WHO!

OOOOOOO—
—OOOOOOOOO—
—OHNNNNNN!



C'MON,
YOU SILLY
THING—



—STABILIZE!



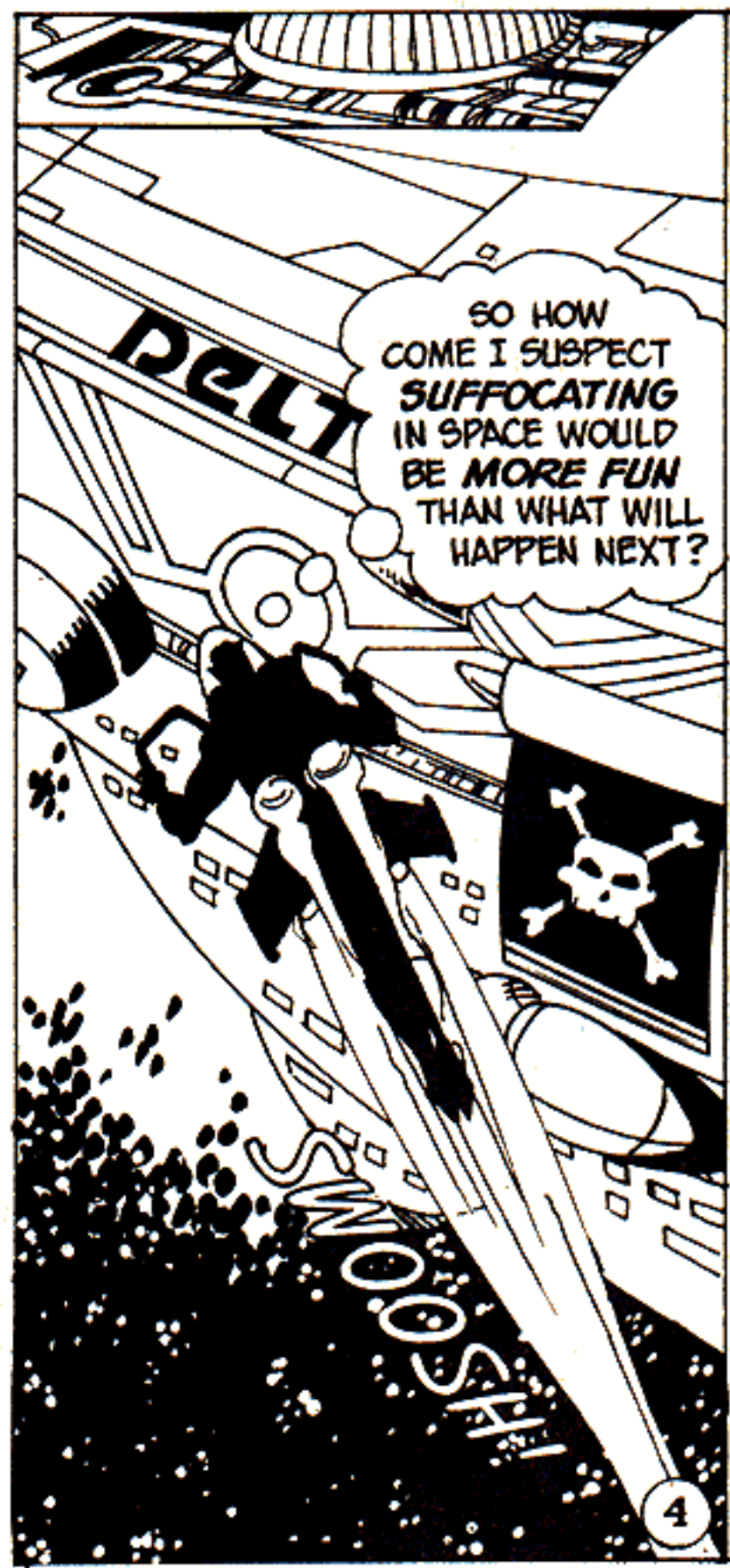
THAT'S BETTER.
THOUGHT I WAS
GOING TO ENJOY
MY KERONA BEER
A *SECOND*
TIME! *

* ROGER HOISTED A BREW
AT TIGGY'S BAR & CASINO
LAST ISSUE.



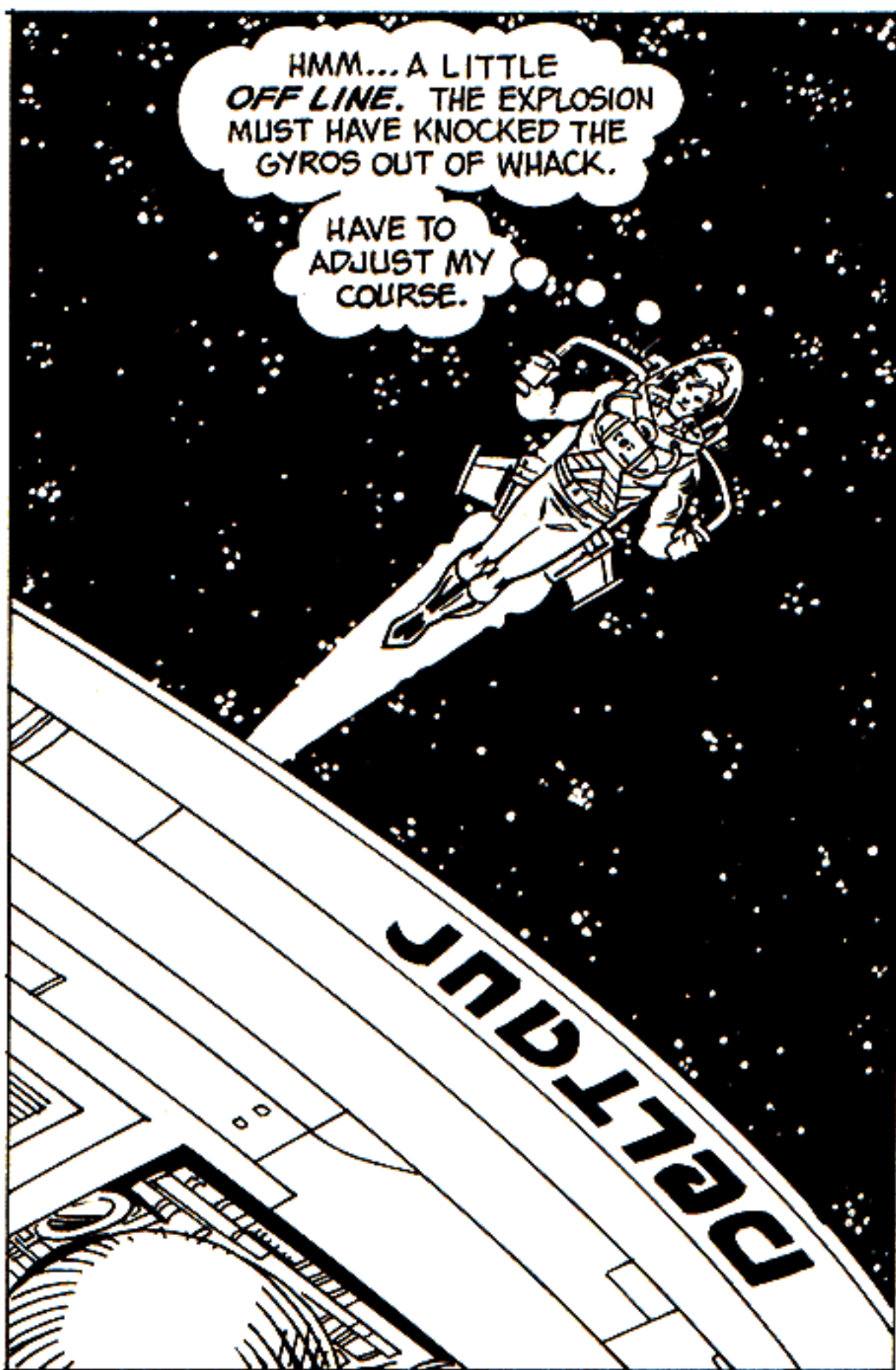
OKAY, ROGER
— NOW WHAT?

LIKE IT OR NOT,
GETTING ABOARD THAT
SARIEN SHIP IS THE
ONLY WAY OUT
OF HERE—



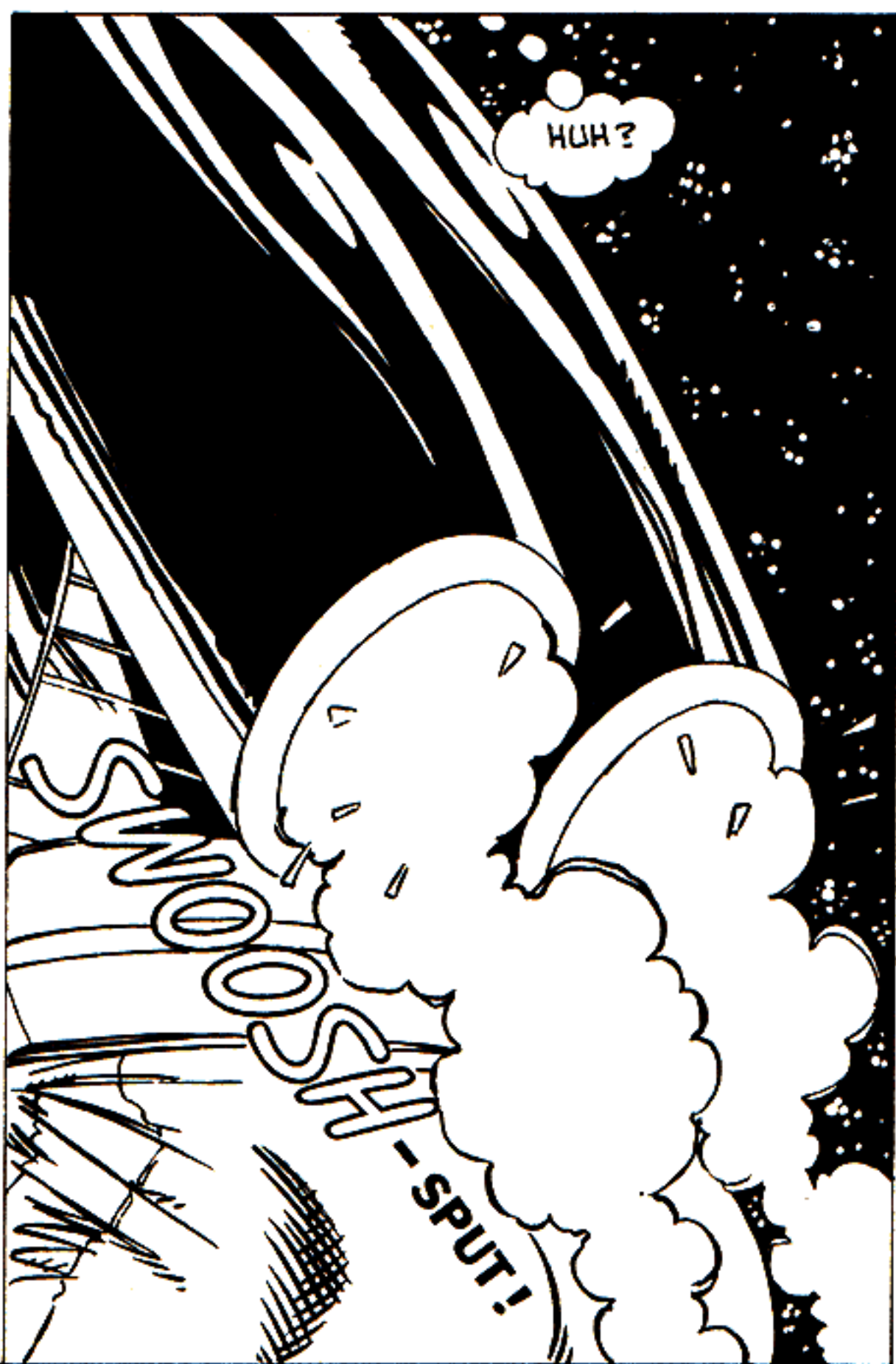
SO HOW
COME I SUSPECT
SUFFOCATING
IN SPACE WOULD
BE *MORE FUN*
THAN WHAT WILL
HAPPEN NEXT?

SHOOOSH!



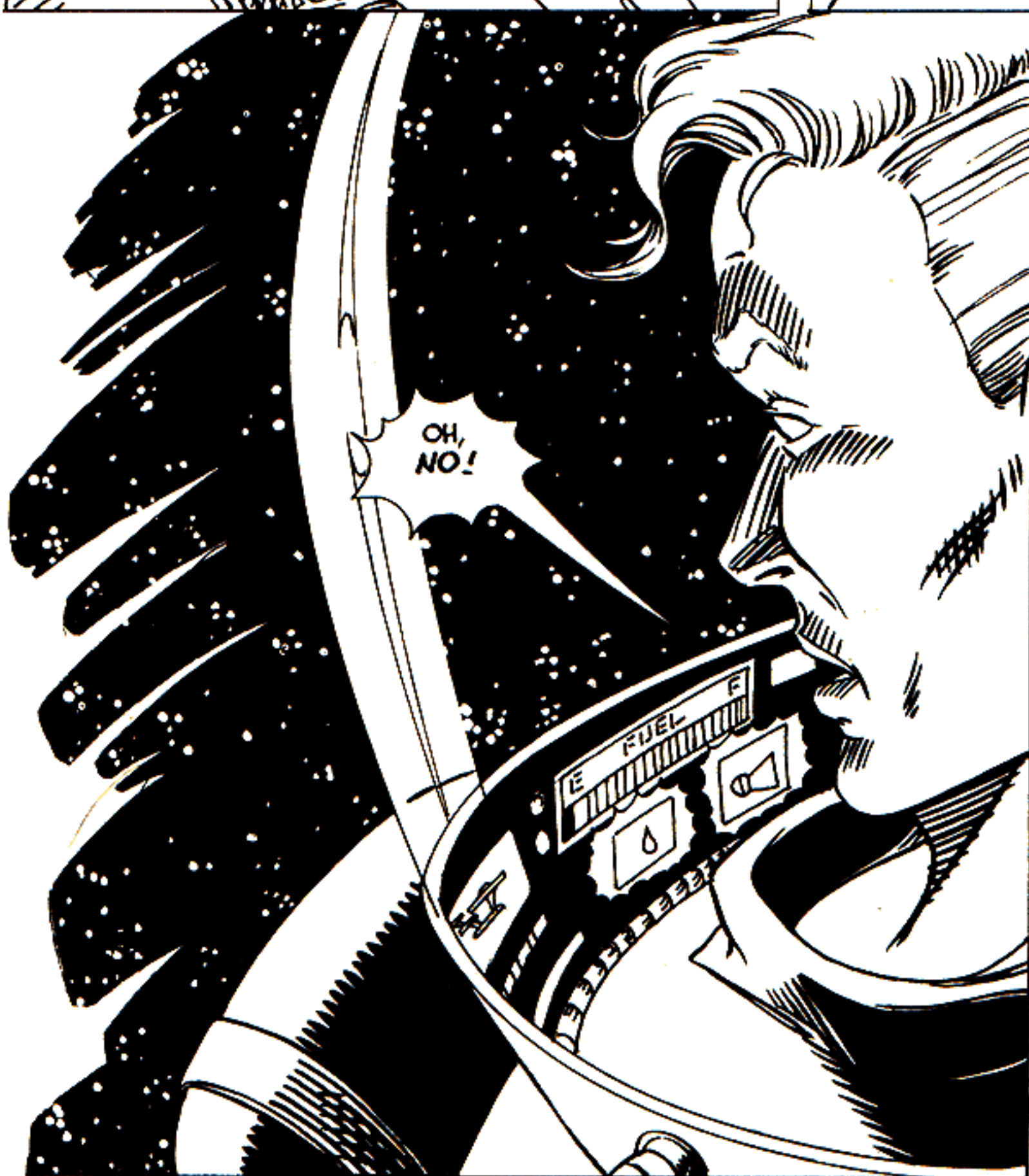
HMM... A LITTLE
OFF LINE. THE EXPLOSION
MUST HAVE KNOCKED THE
GYROS OUT OF WHACK.

HAVE TO
ADJUST MY
COURSE.

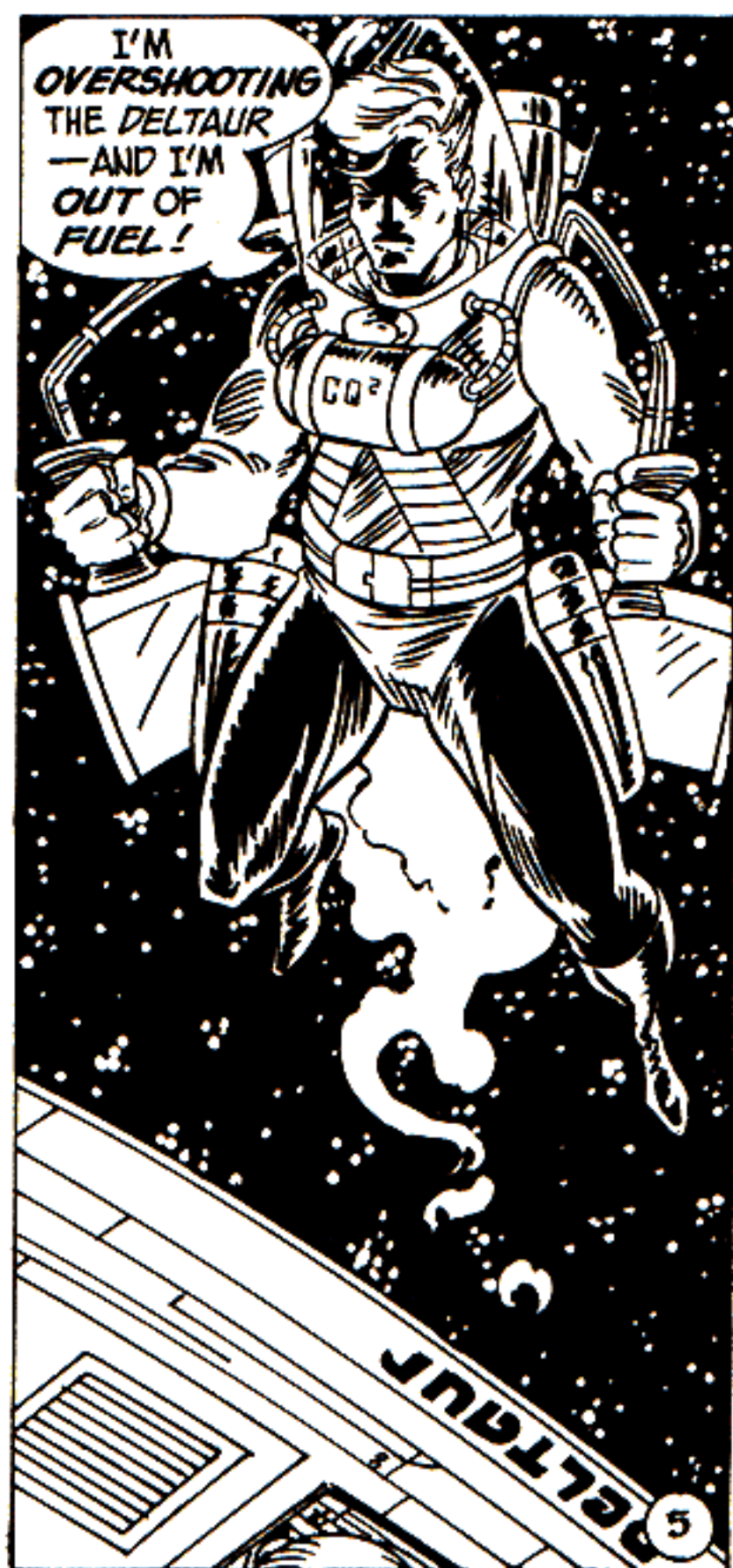


HUH?

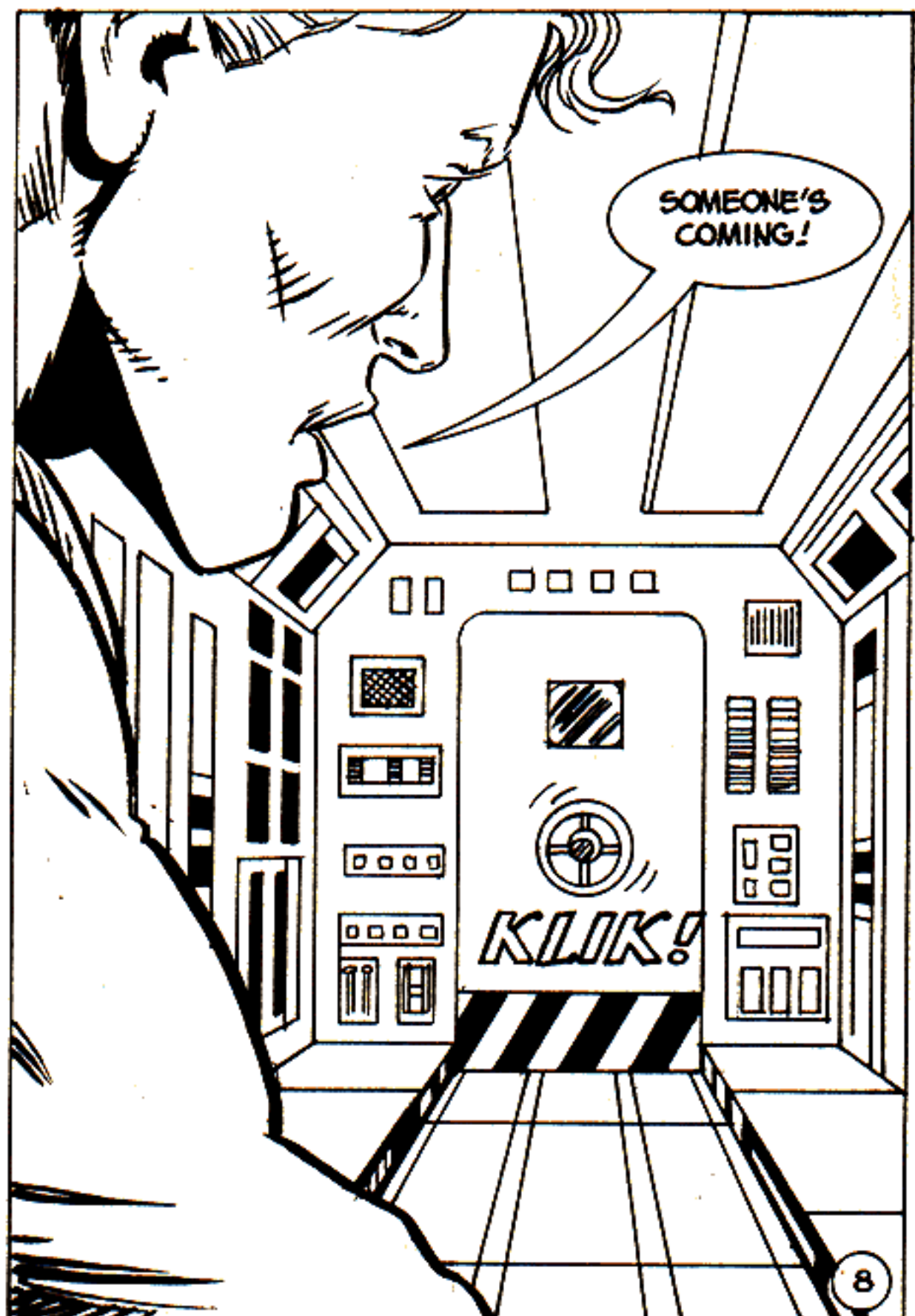
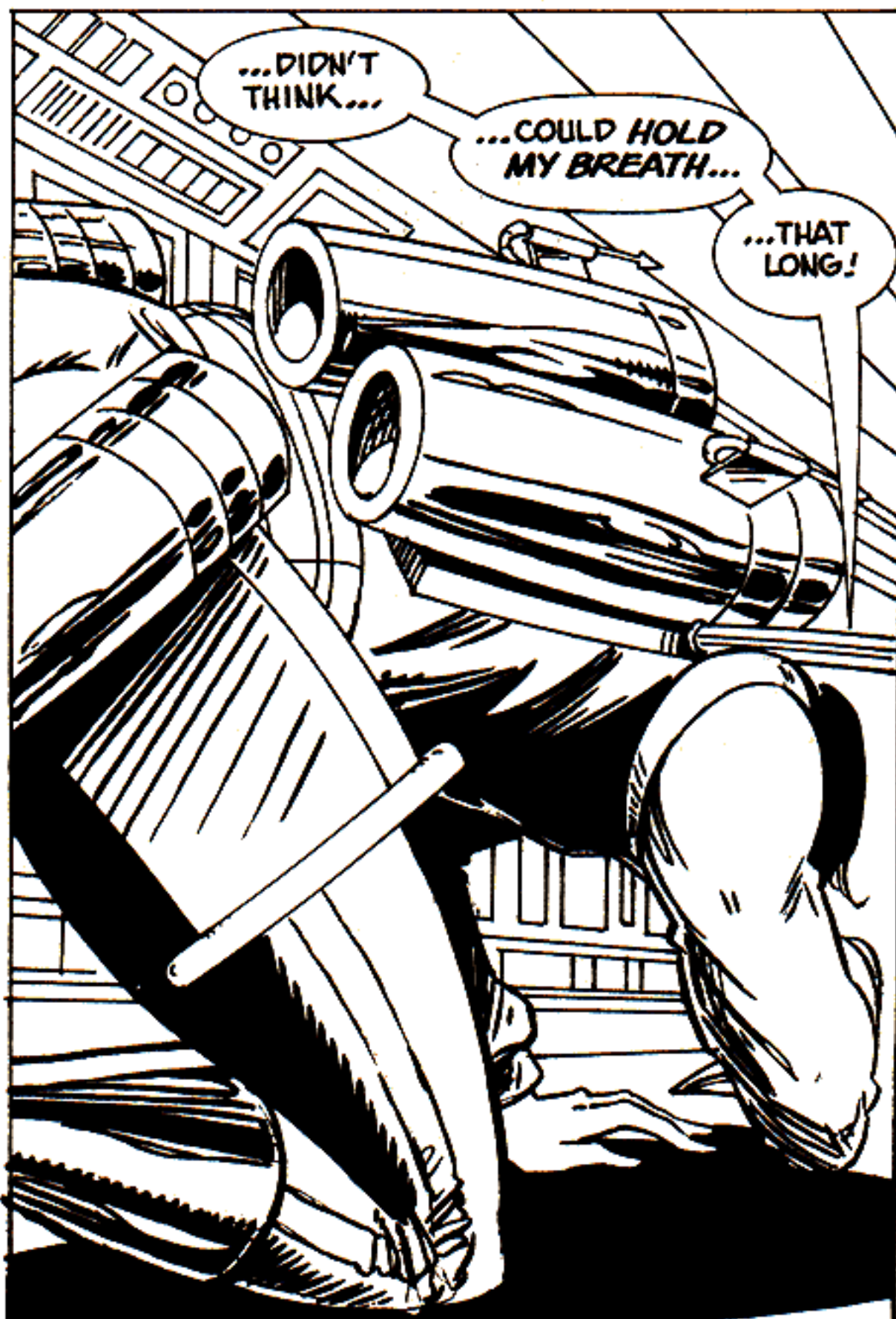
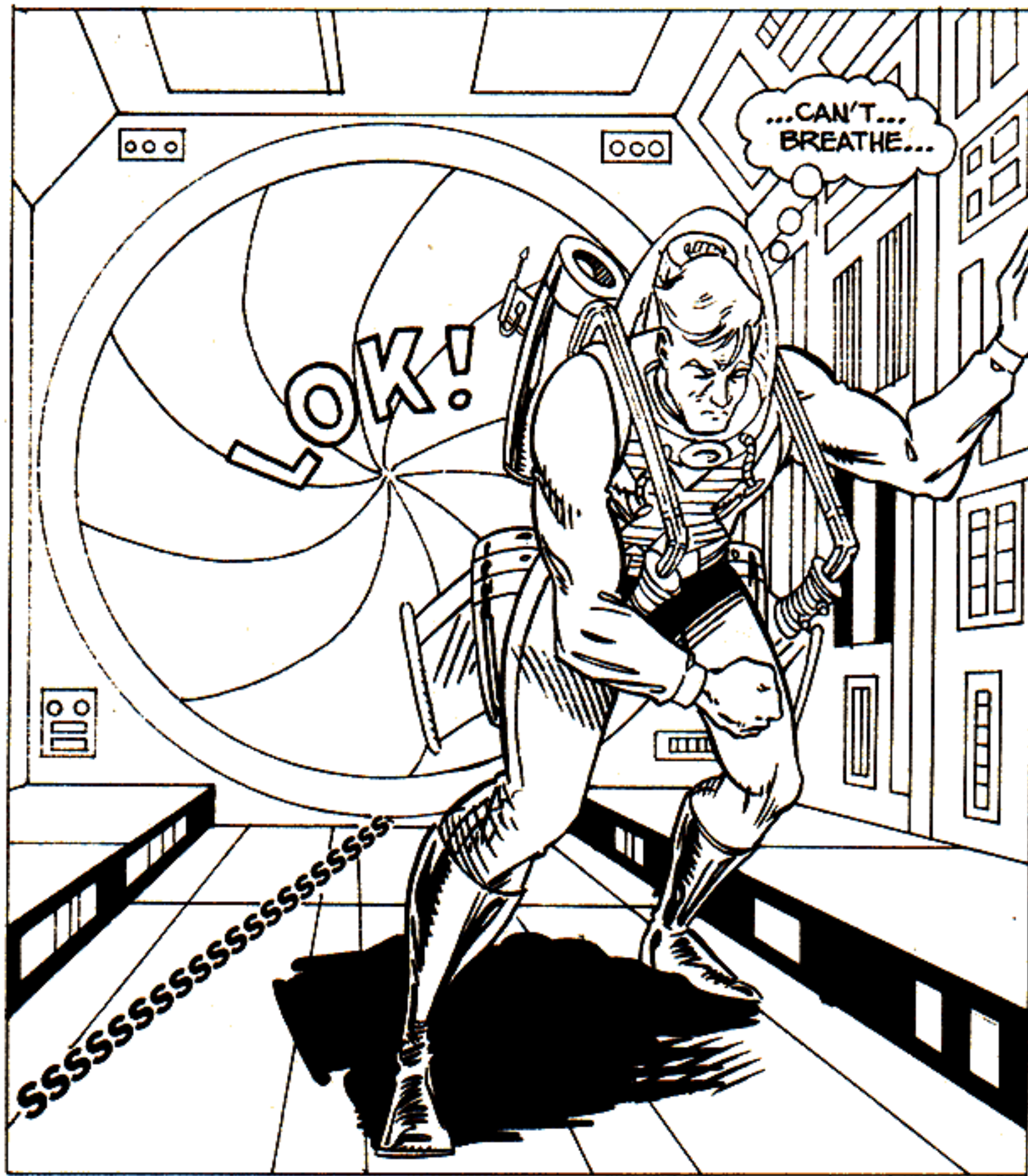
SH-SPUT!

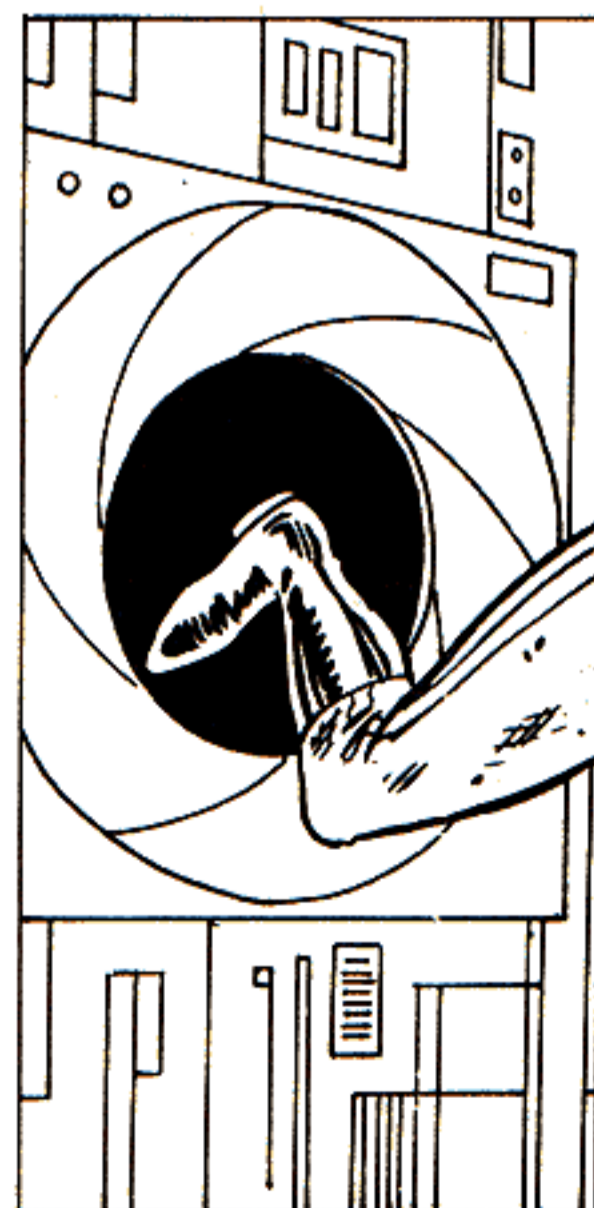
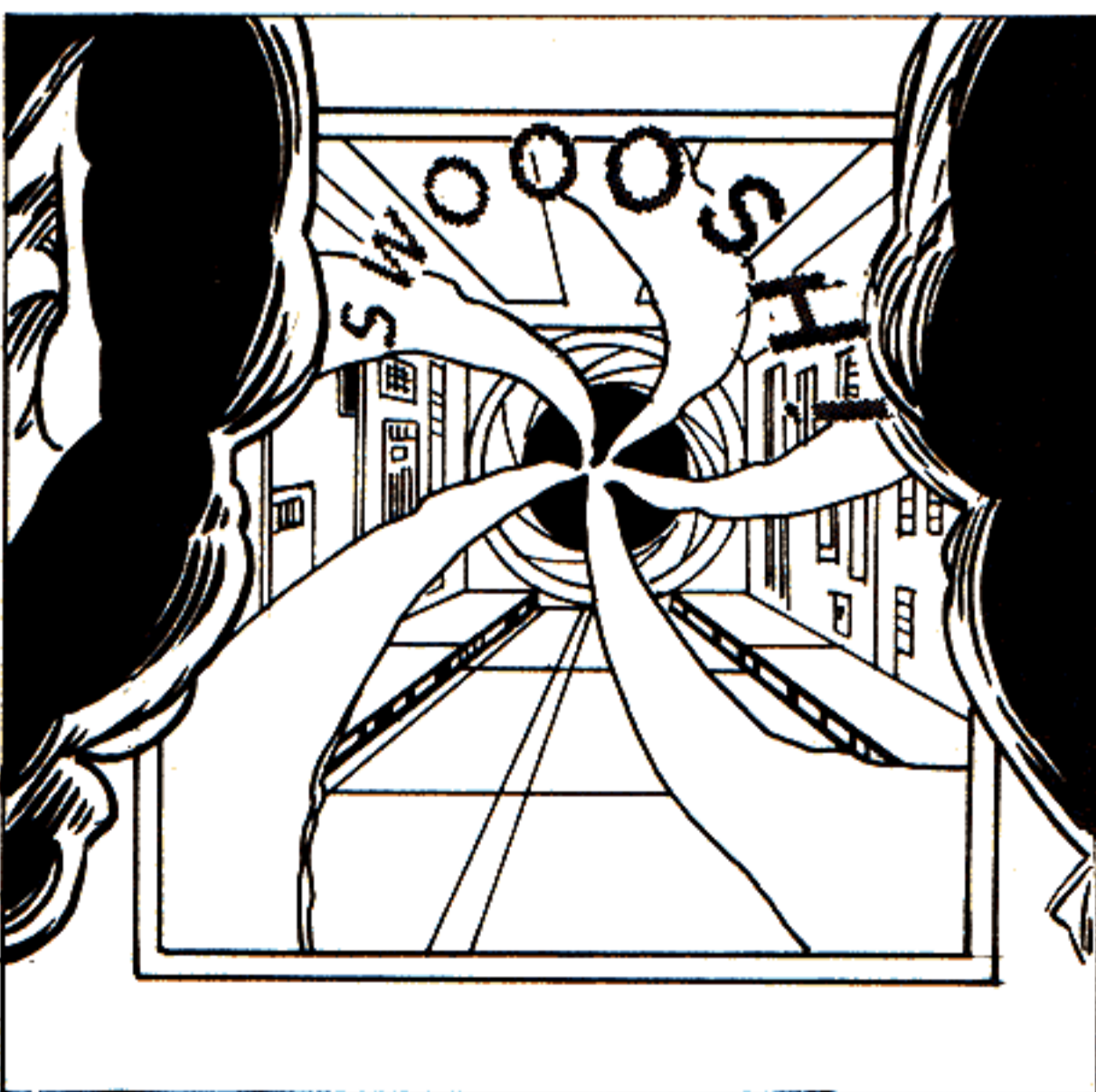
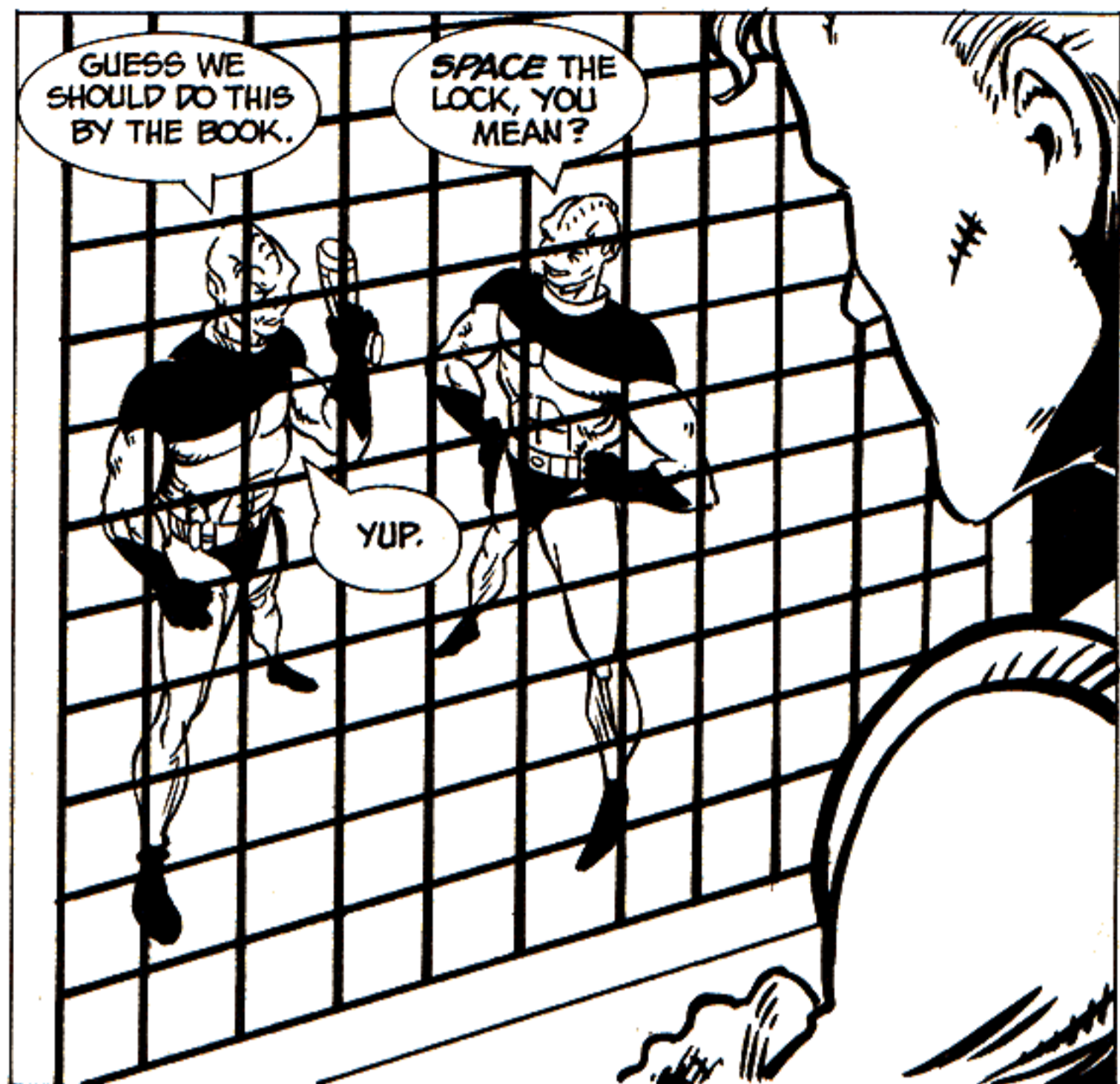
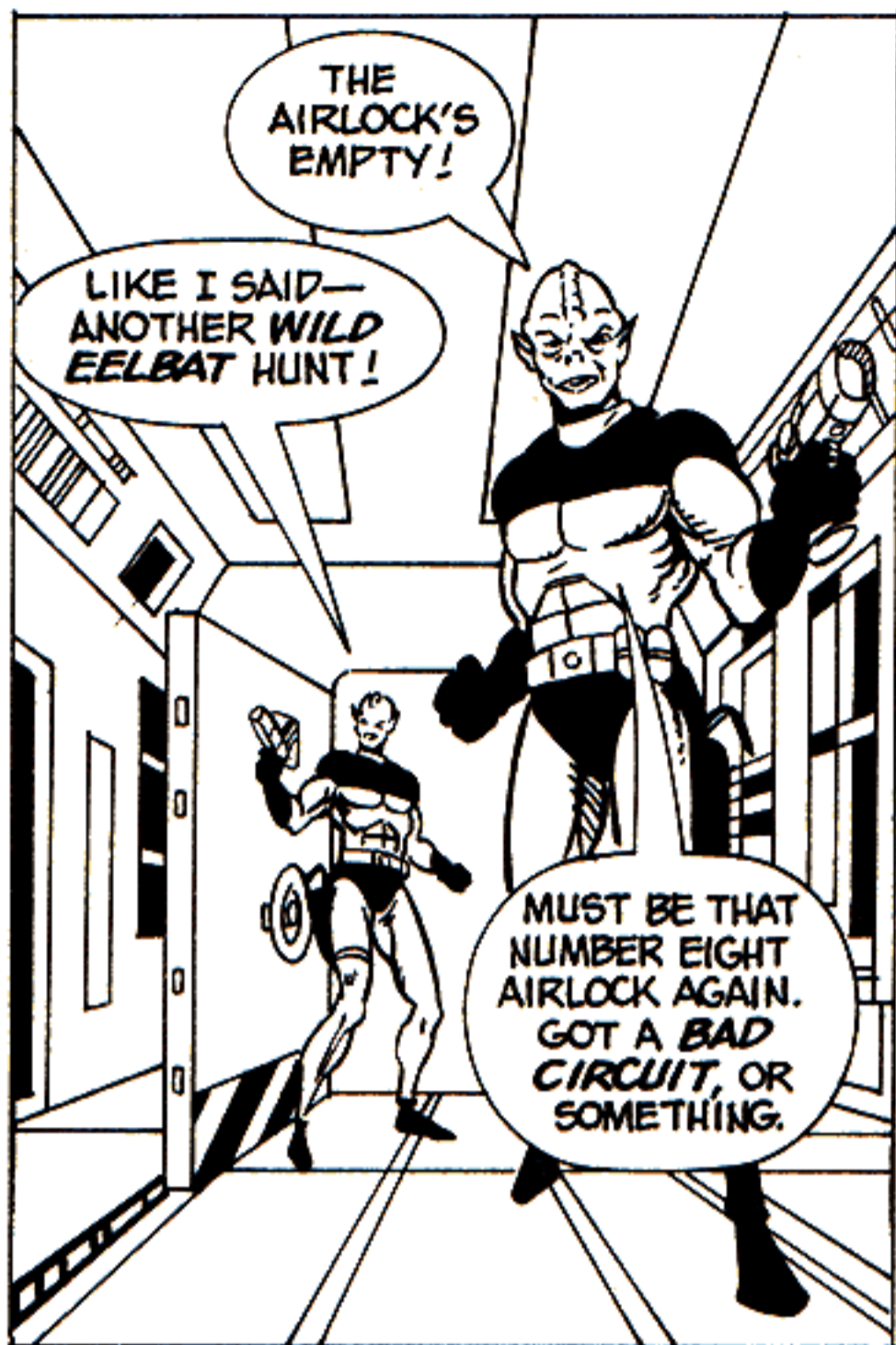


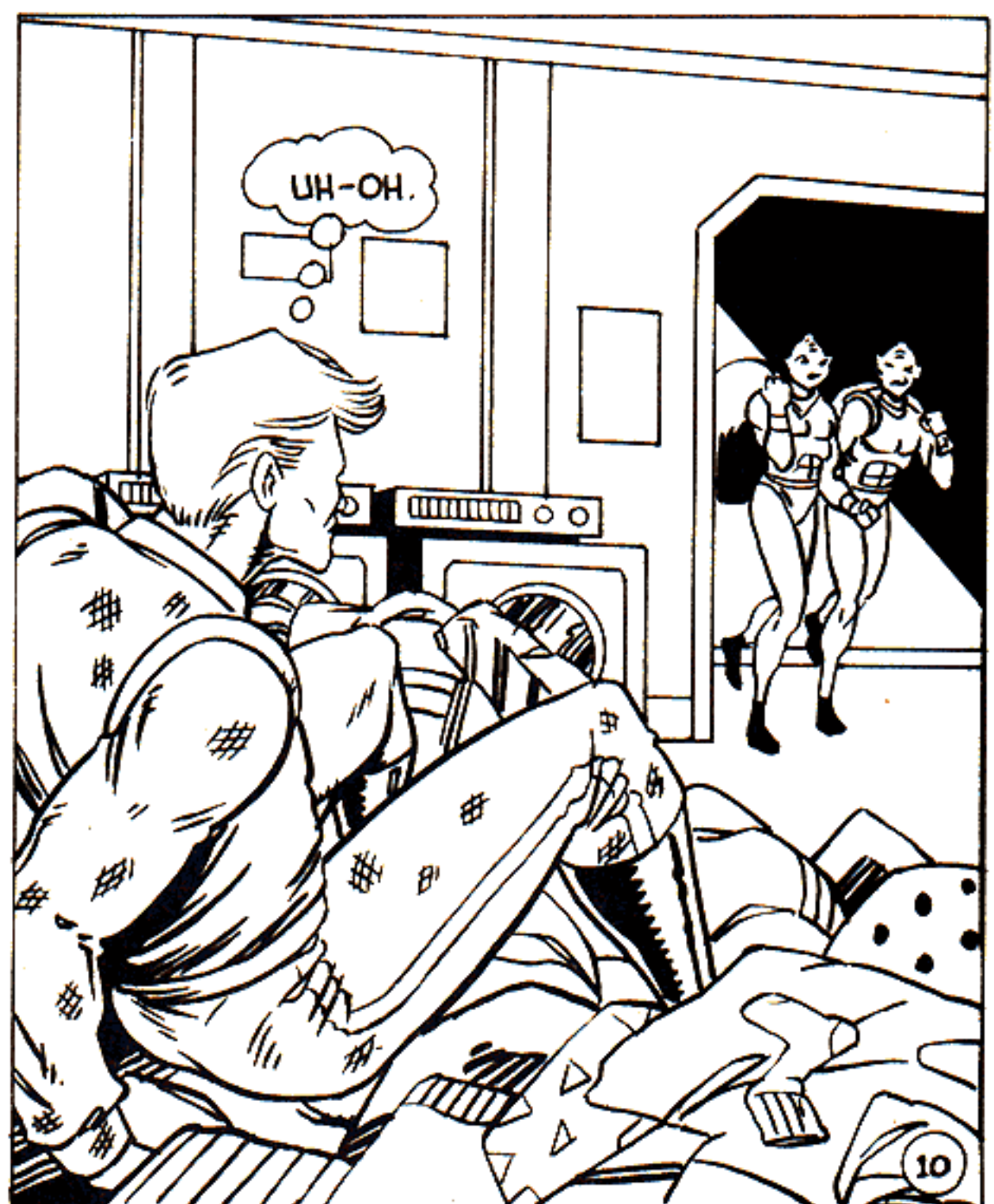
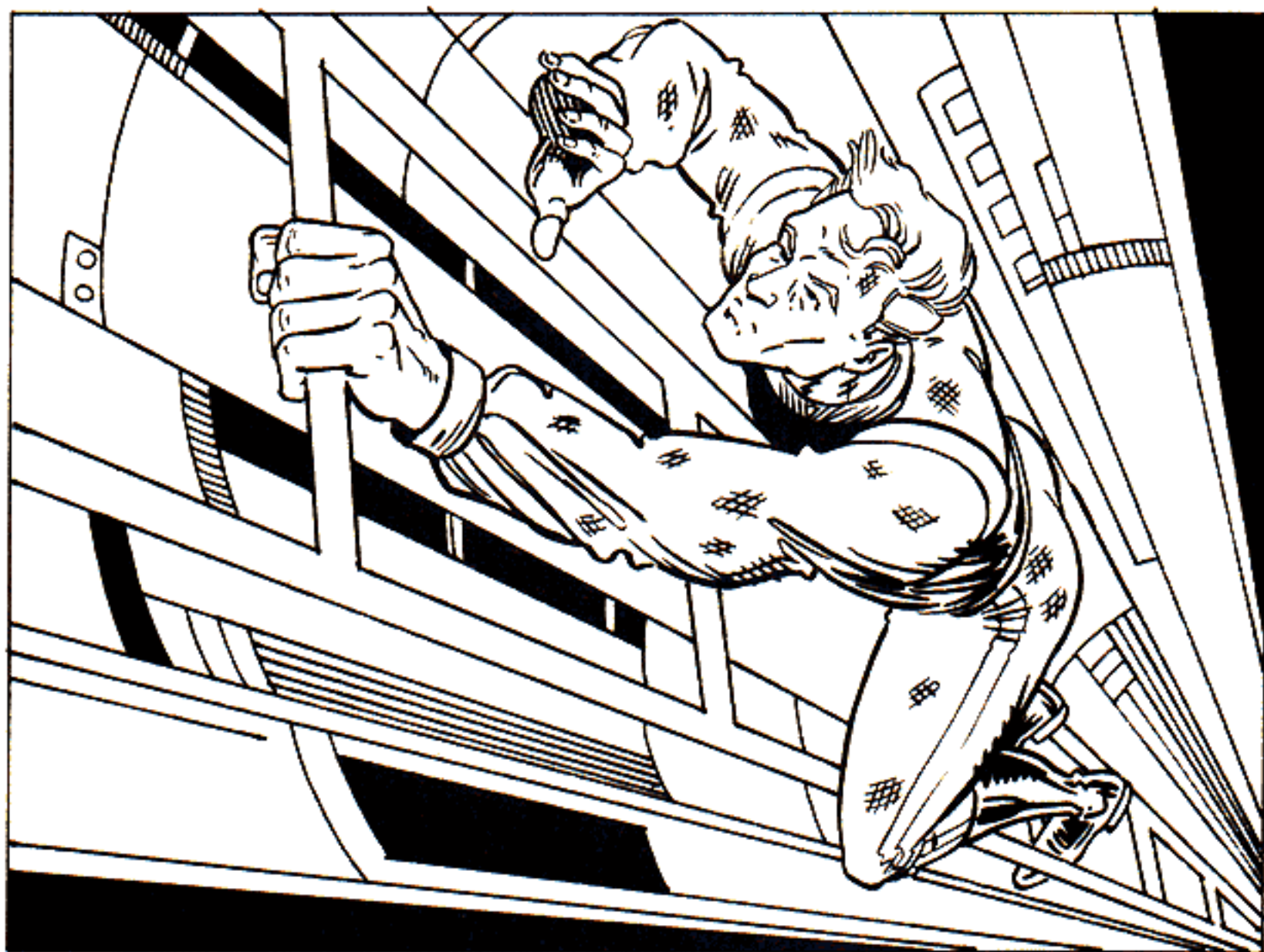
OH,
NO!

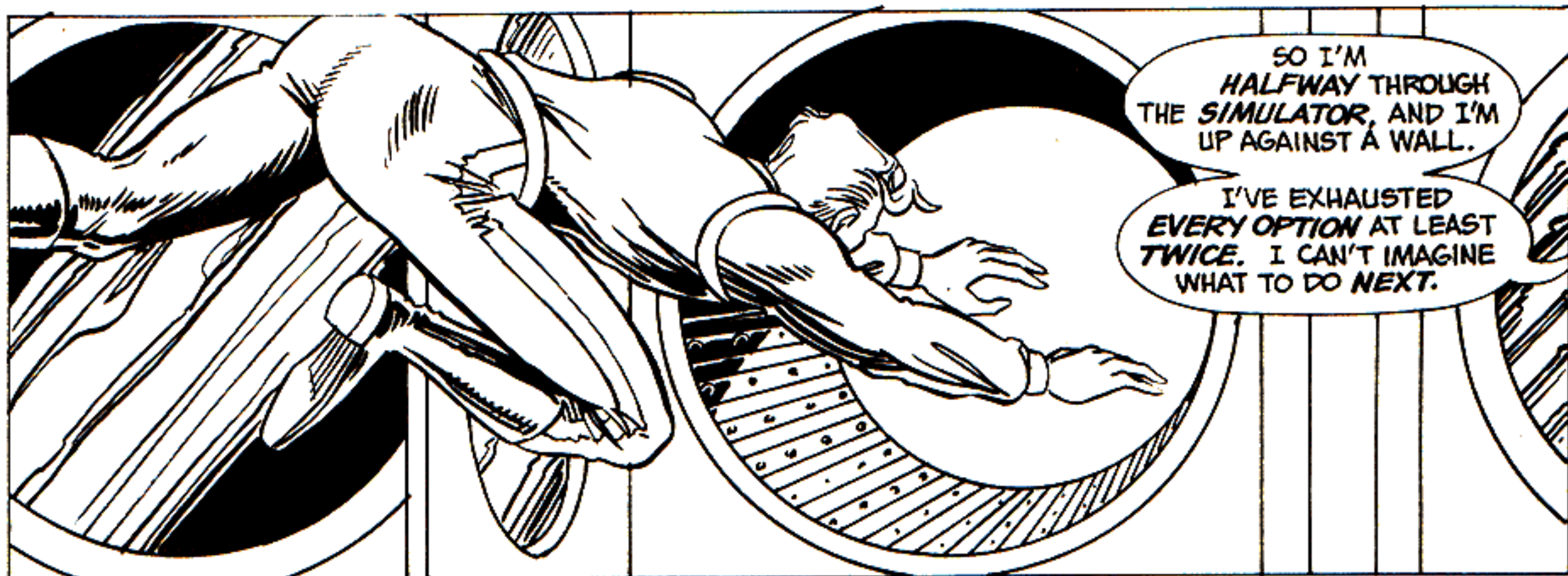


I'M
OVERSHOOTING
THE DELTAUR
—AND I'M
OUT OF
FUEL!



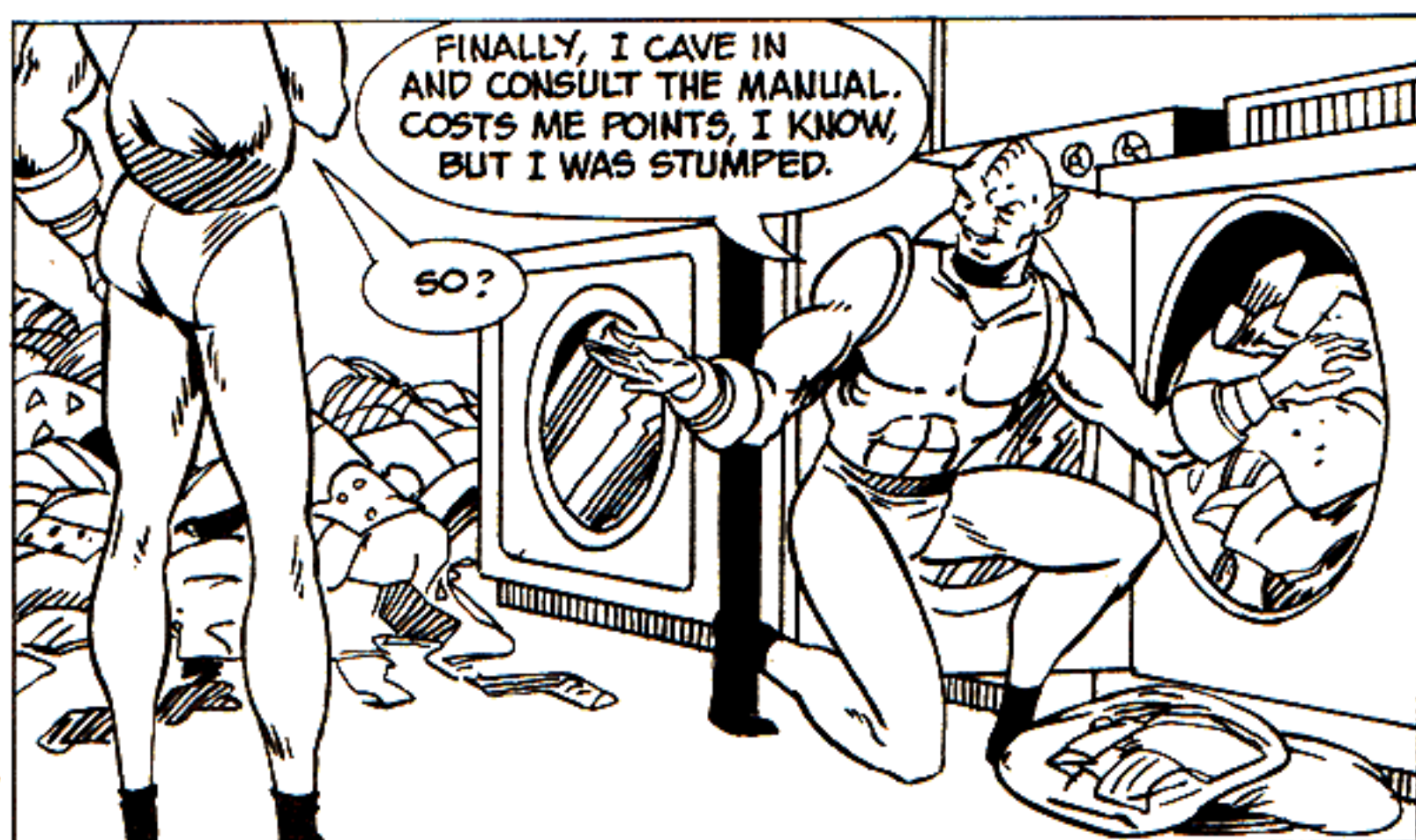






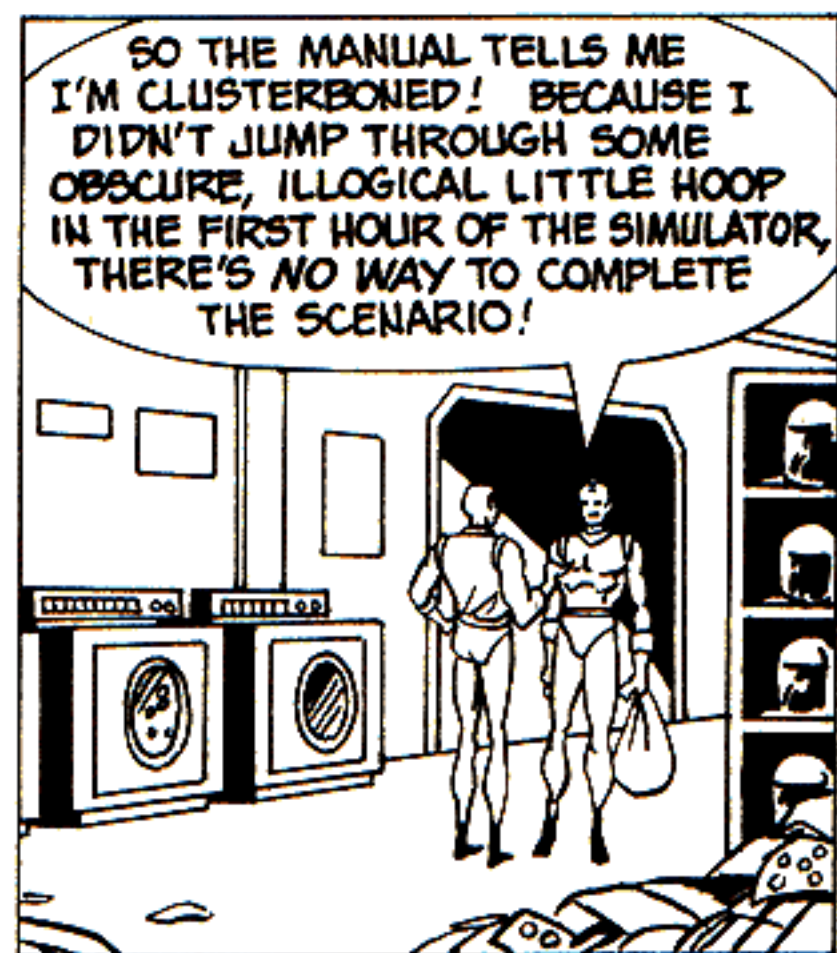
SO I'M HALFWAY THROUGH THE SIMULATOR, AND I'M UP AGAINST A WALL.

I'VE EXHAUSTED EVERY OPTION AT LEAST TWICE. I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT TO DO NEXT.

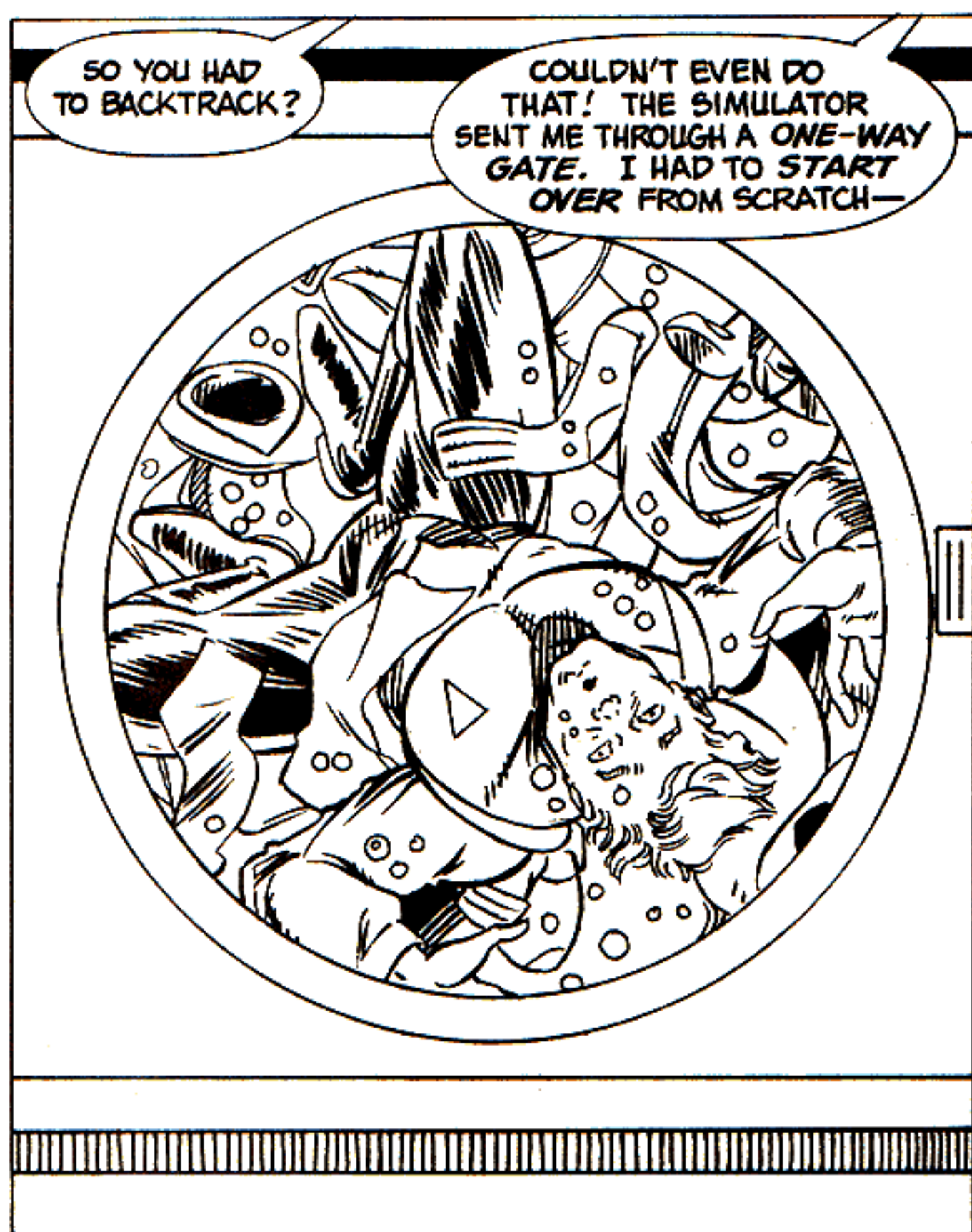


FINALLY, I CAVE IN AND CONSULT THE MANUAL. COSTS ME POINTS, I KNOW, BUT I WAS STUMPED.

SO?

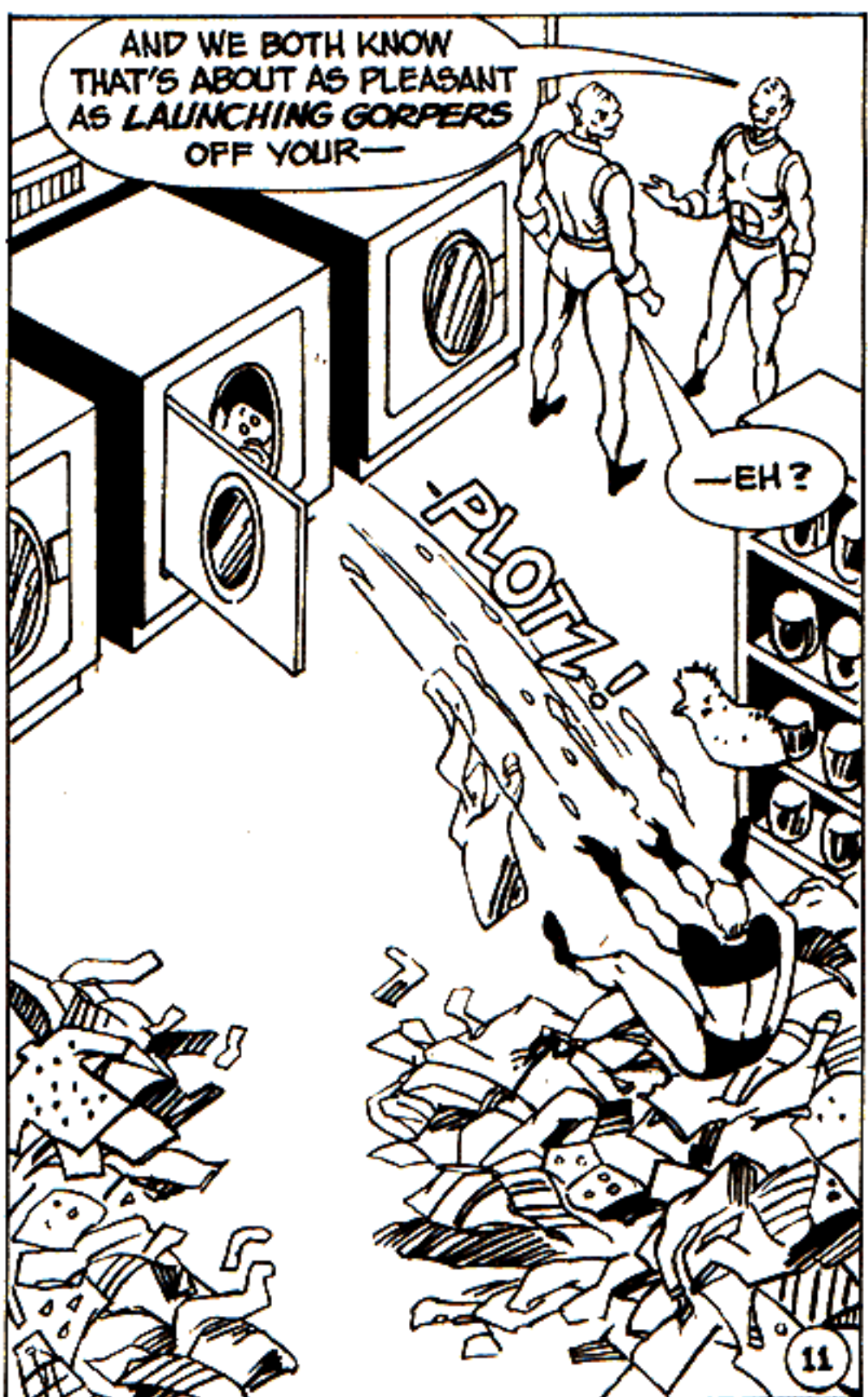


SO THE MANUAL TELLS ME I'M CLUSTERBONED! BECAUSE I DIDN'T JUMP THROUGH SOME OBSCURE, ILLOGICAL LITTLE HOOP IN THE FIRST HOUR OF THE SIMULATOR, THERE'S NO WAY TO COMPLETE THE SCENARIO!



SO YOU HAD TO BACKTRACK?

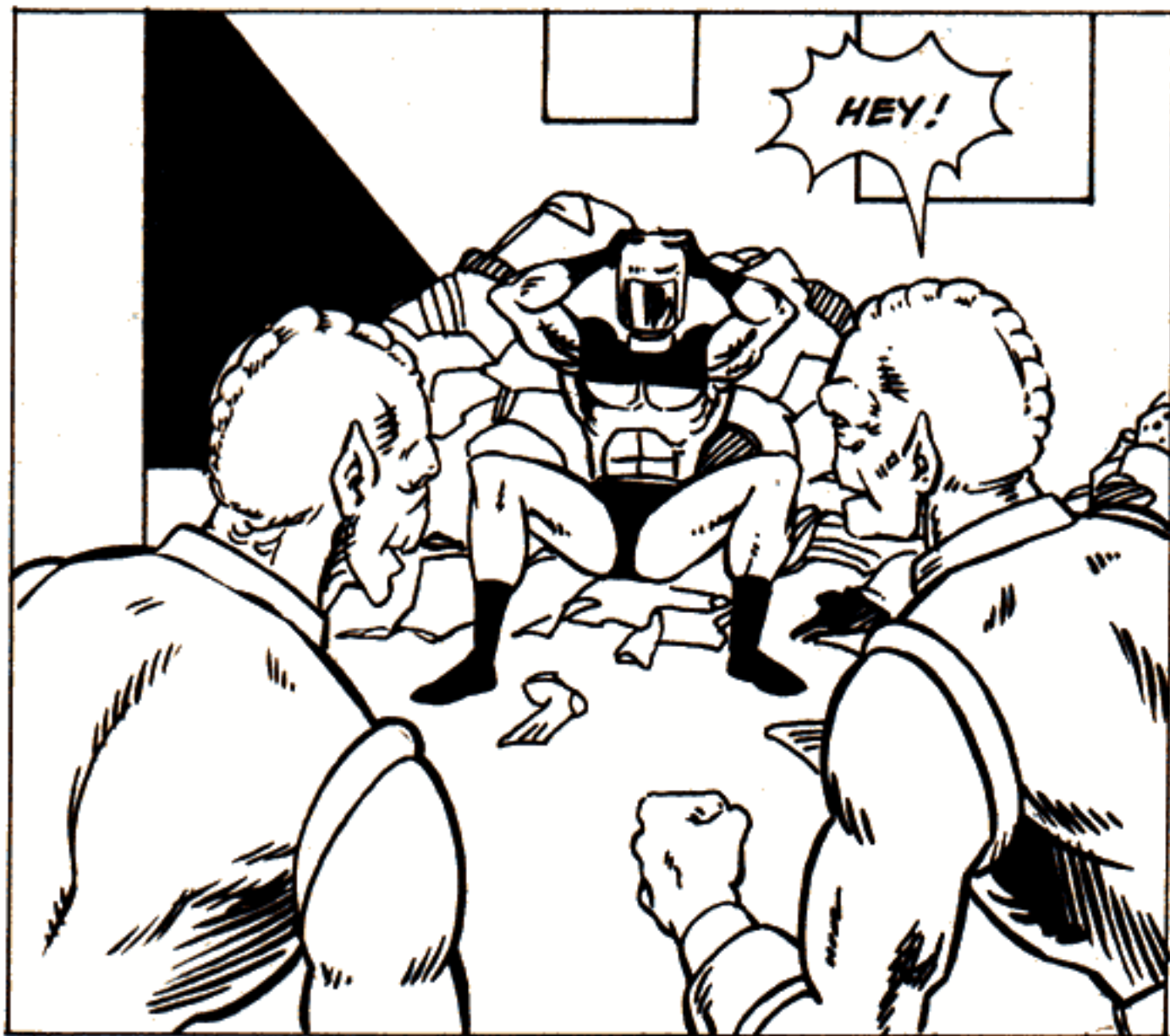
COULDN'T EVEN DO THAT! THE SIMULATOR SENT ME THROUGH A ONE-WAY GATE. I HAD TO START OVER FROM SCRATCH—



AND WE BOTH KNOW THAT'S ABOUT AS PLEASANT AS LAUNCHING GORPERS OFF YOUR—

—EH?

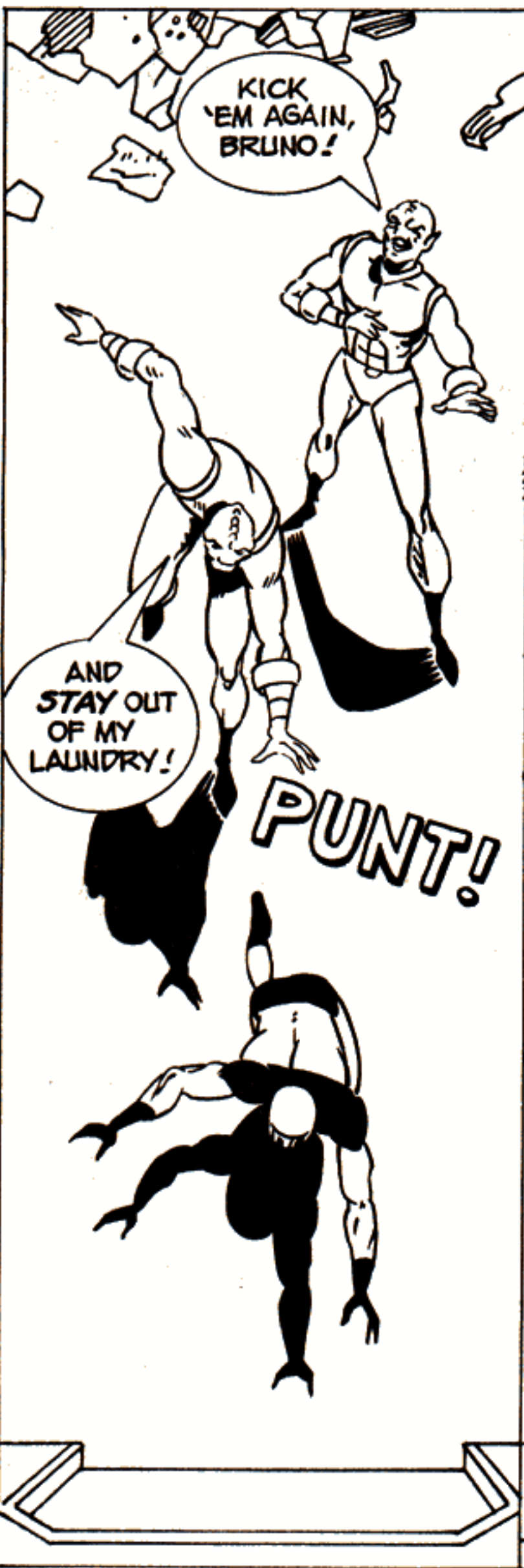
—PLOT!



HEY!



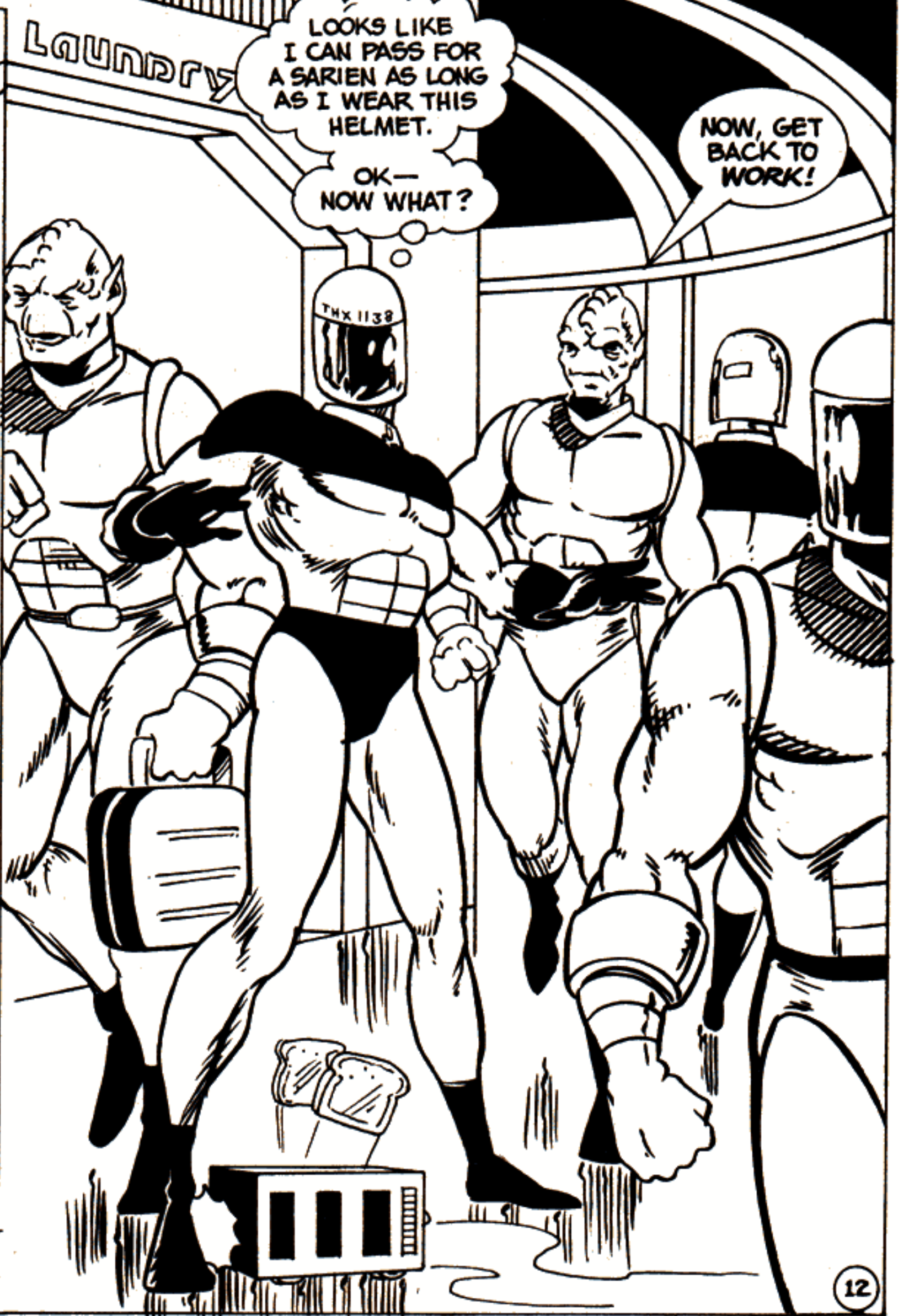
WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY LAUNDRY? GET OUT OF HERE, YOU KNUCKLEHEAD!



KICK 'EM AGAIN, BRUNO!

AND STAY OUT OF MY LAUNDRY!

PUNT!

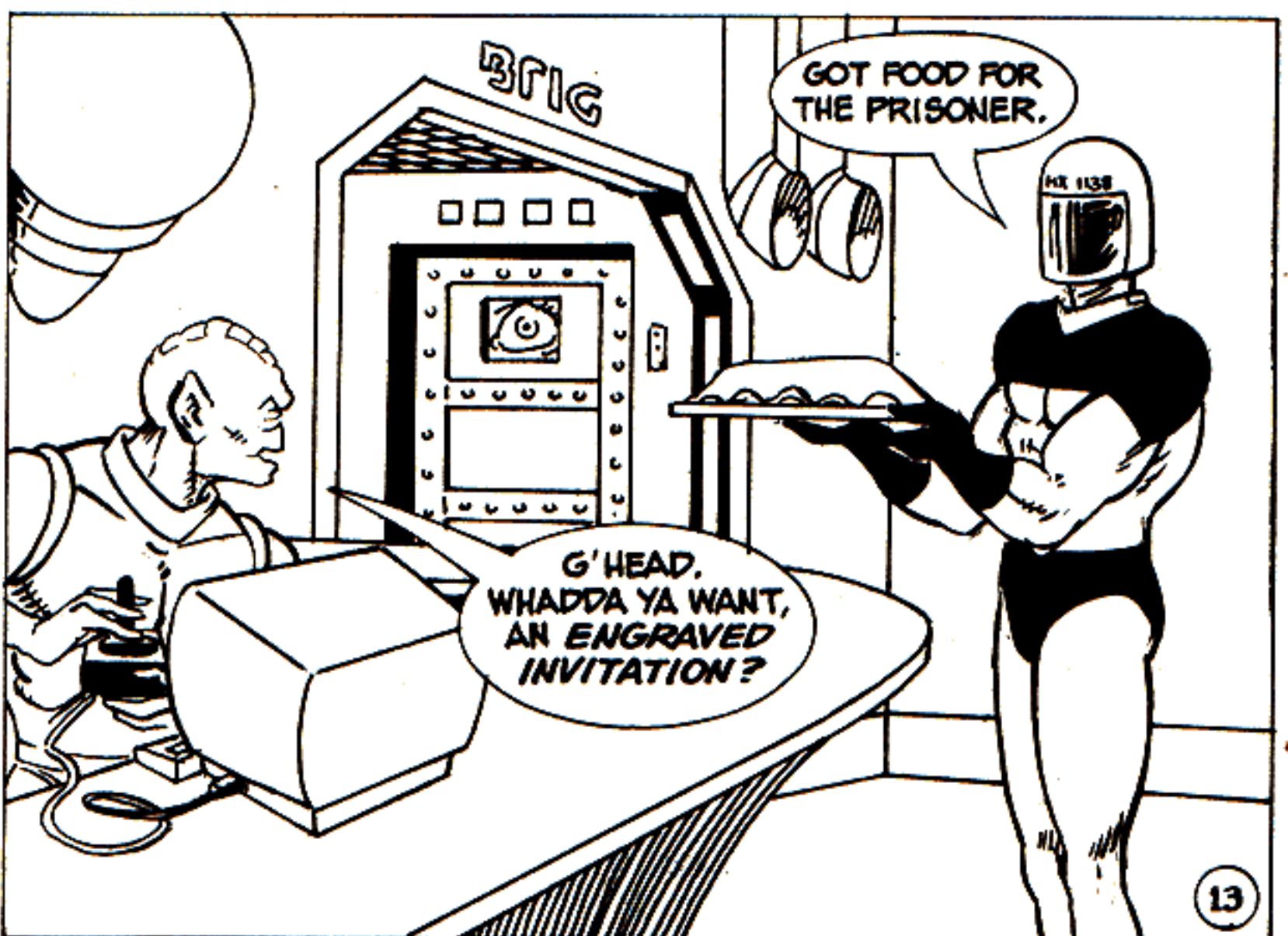
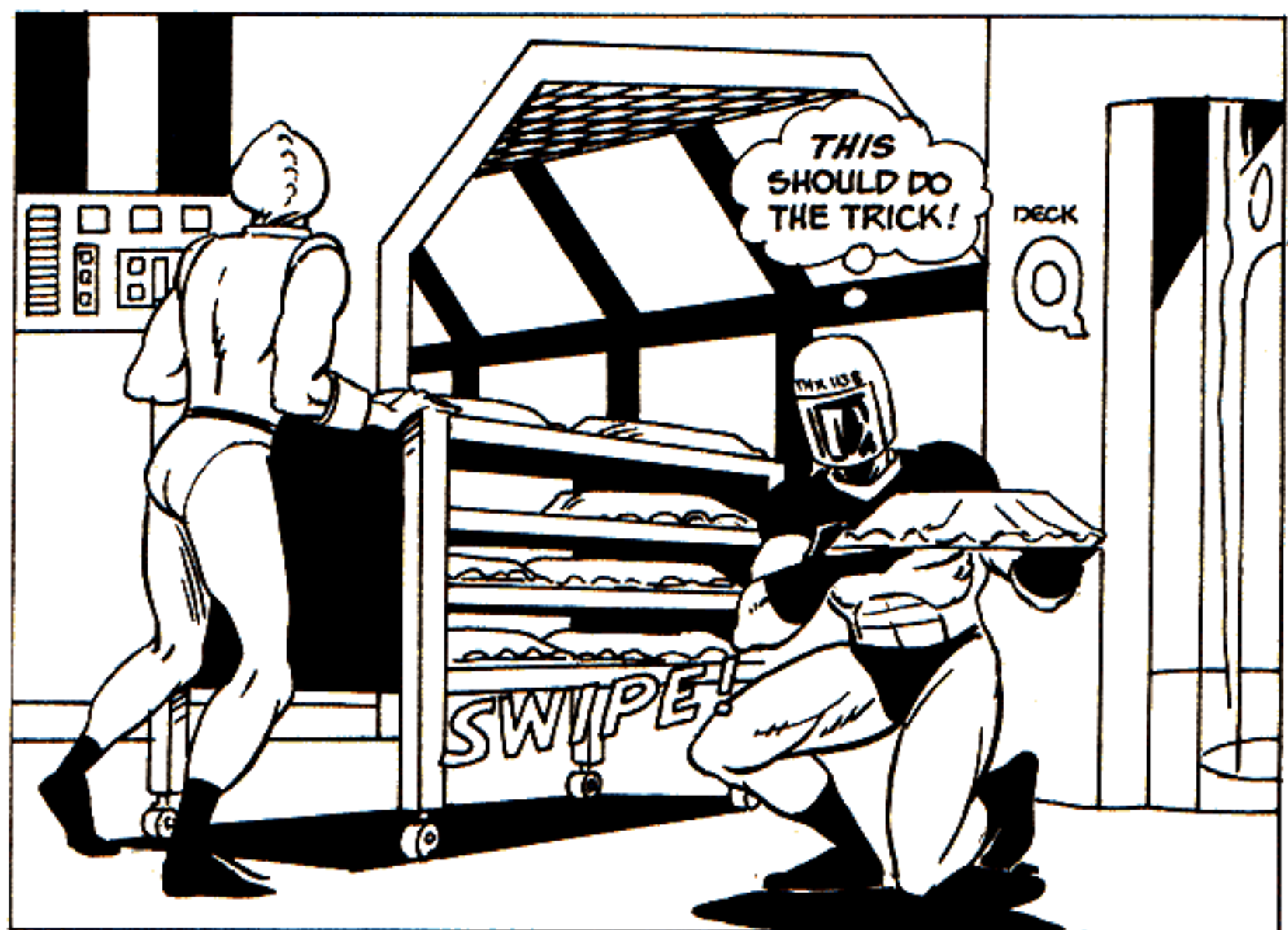
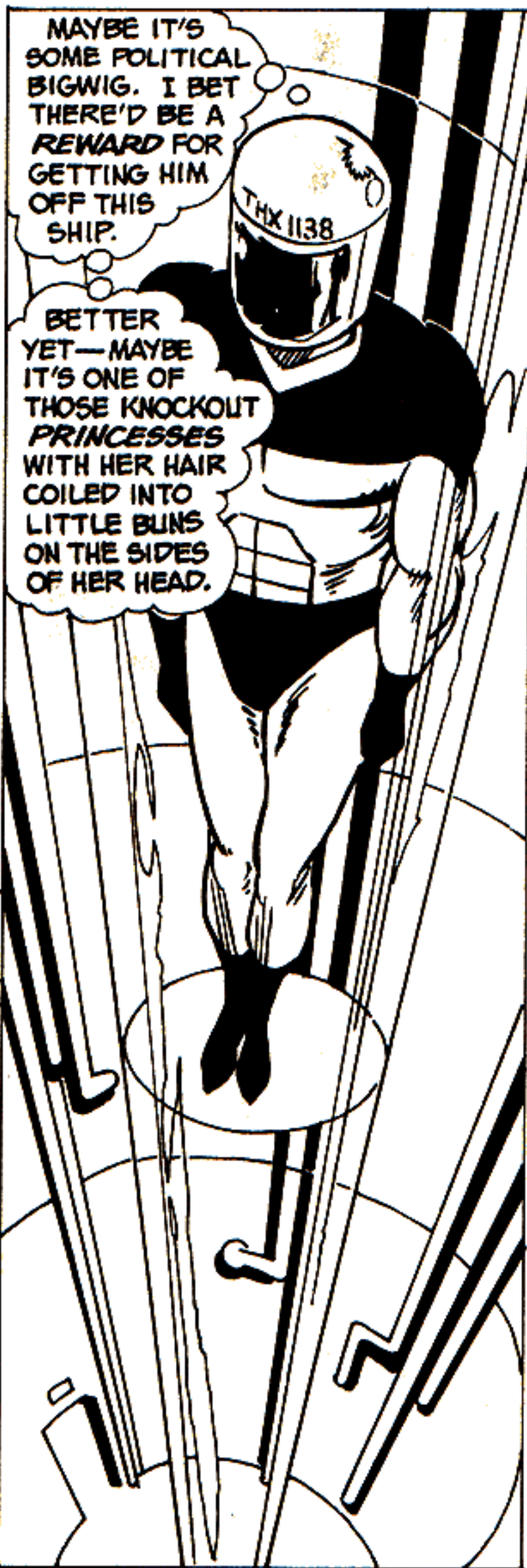
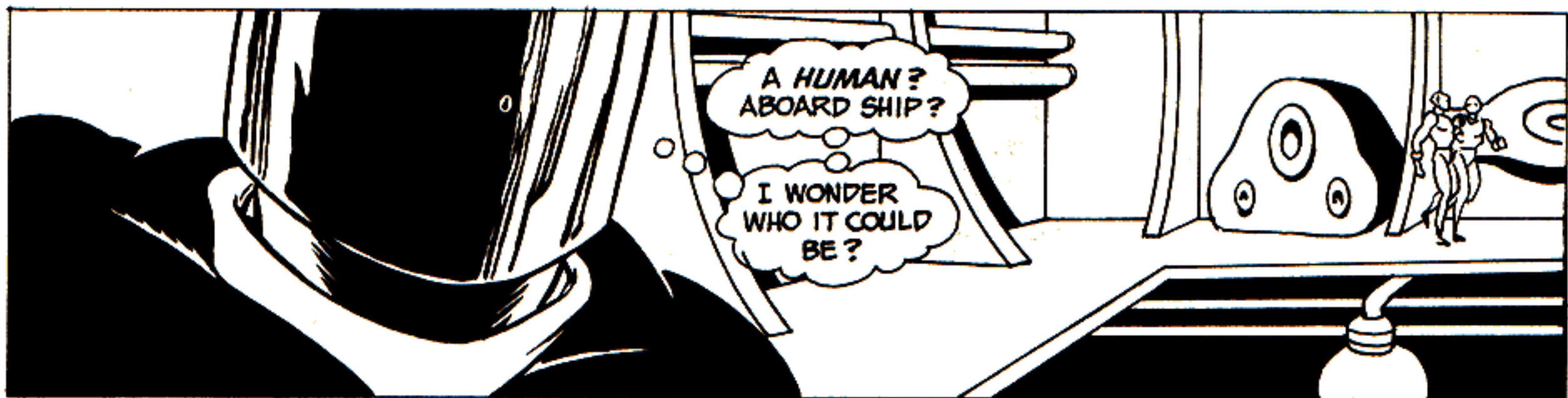
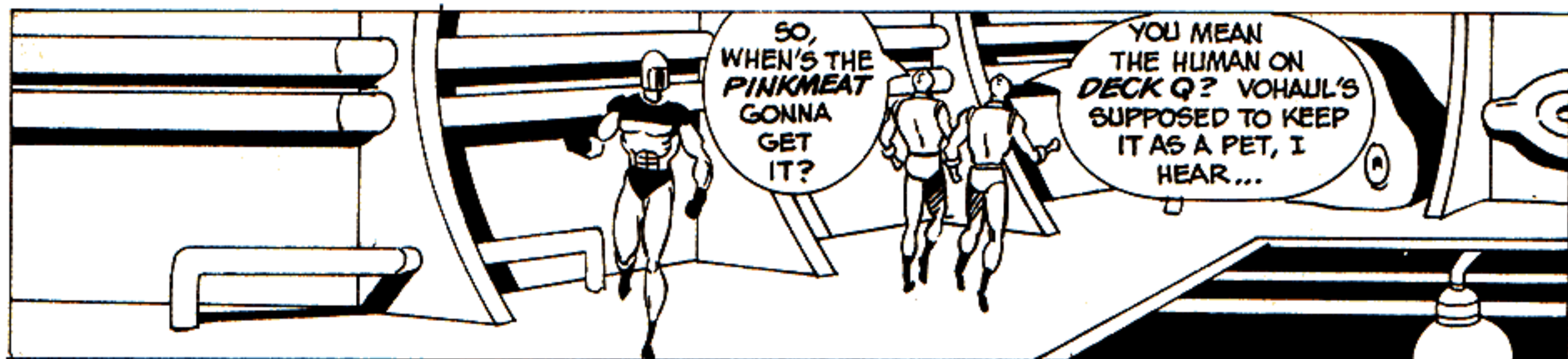


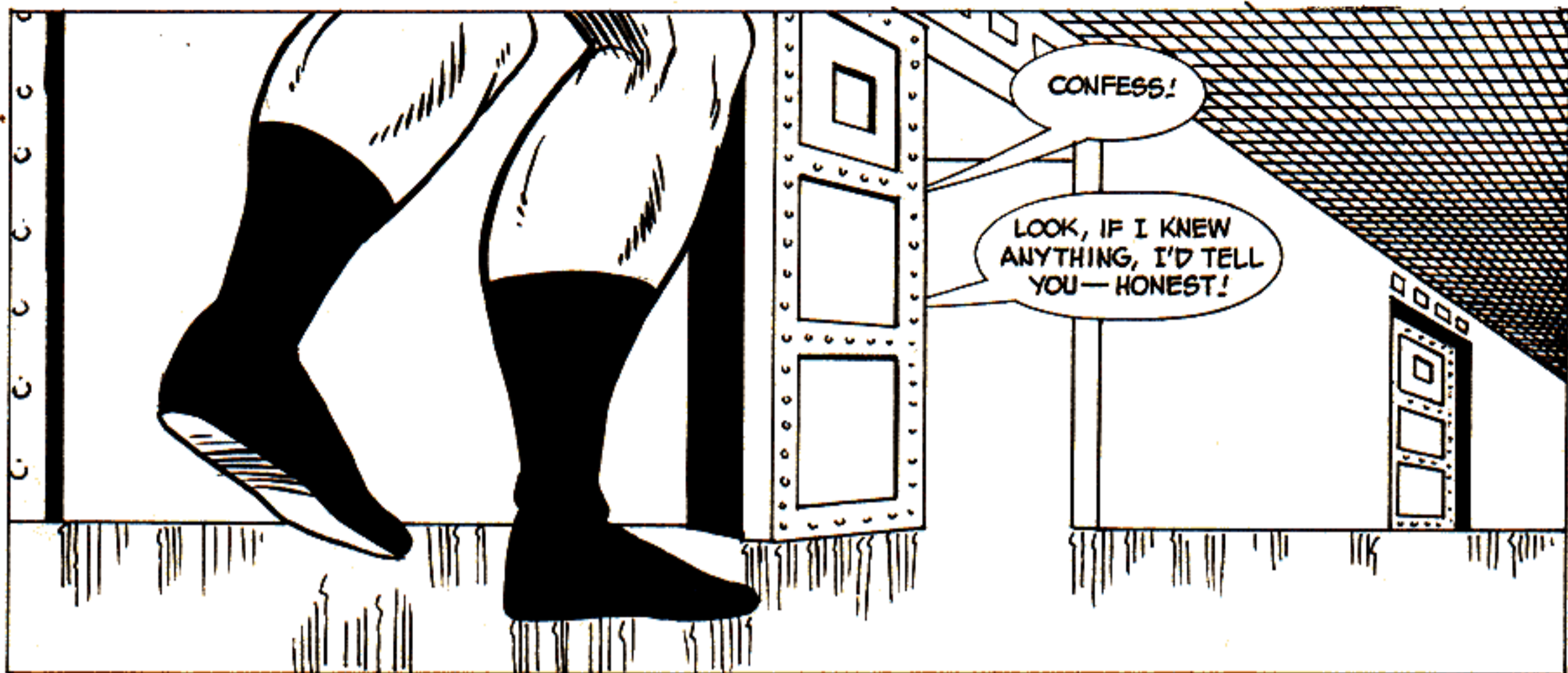
LAUNDRY

LOOKS LIKE I CAN PASS FOR A SARIEN AS LONG AS I WEAR THIS HELMET.

OK— NOW WHAT?

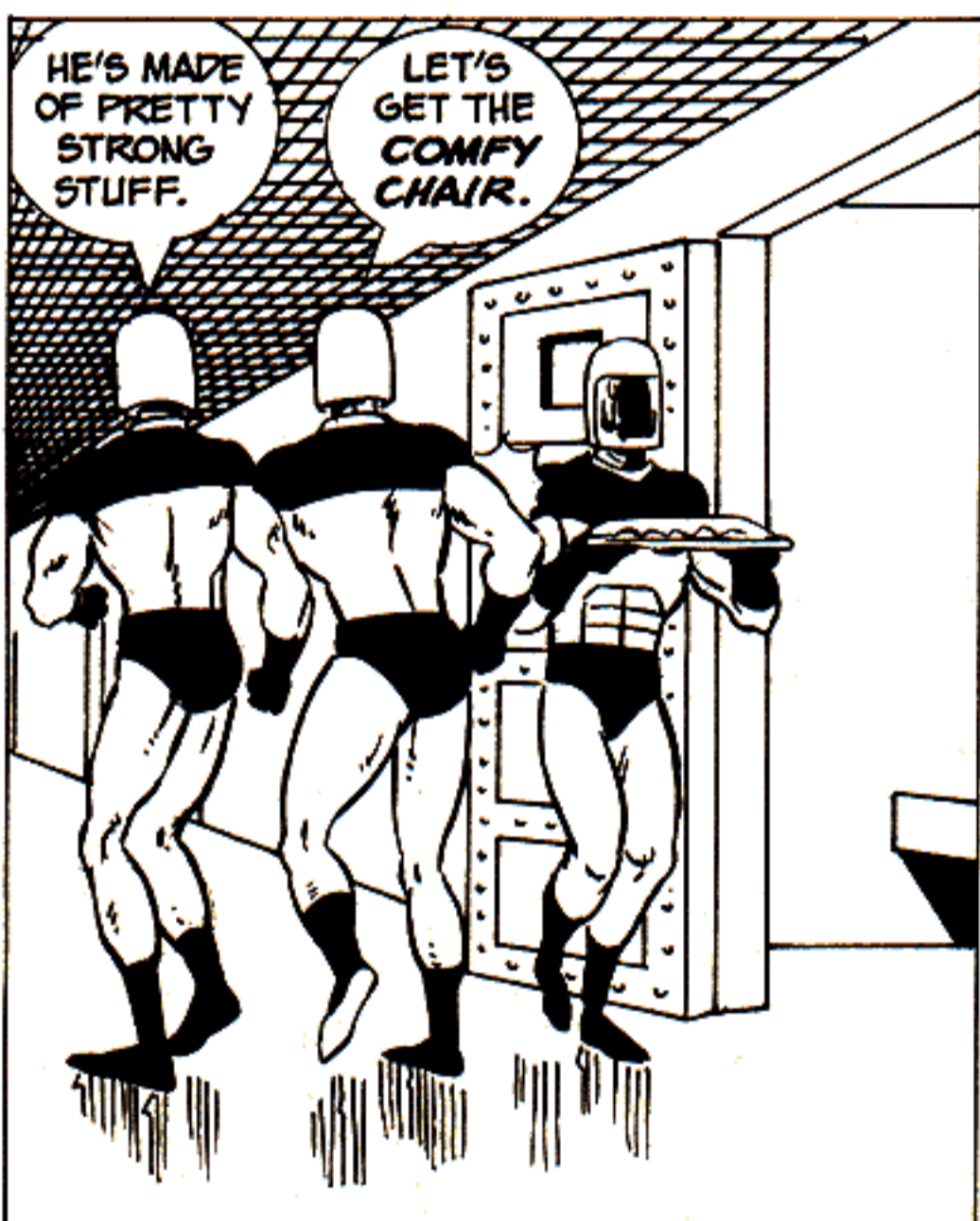
NOW, GET BACK TO WORK!





CONFESS!

LOOK, IF I KNEW ANYTHING, I'D TELL YOU—HONEST!



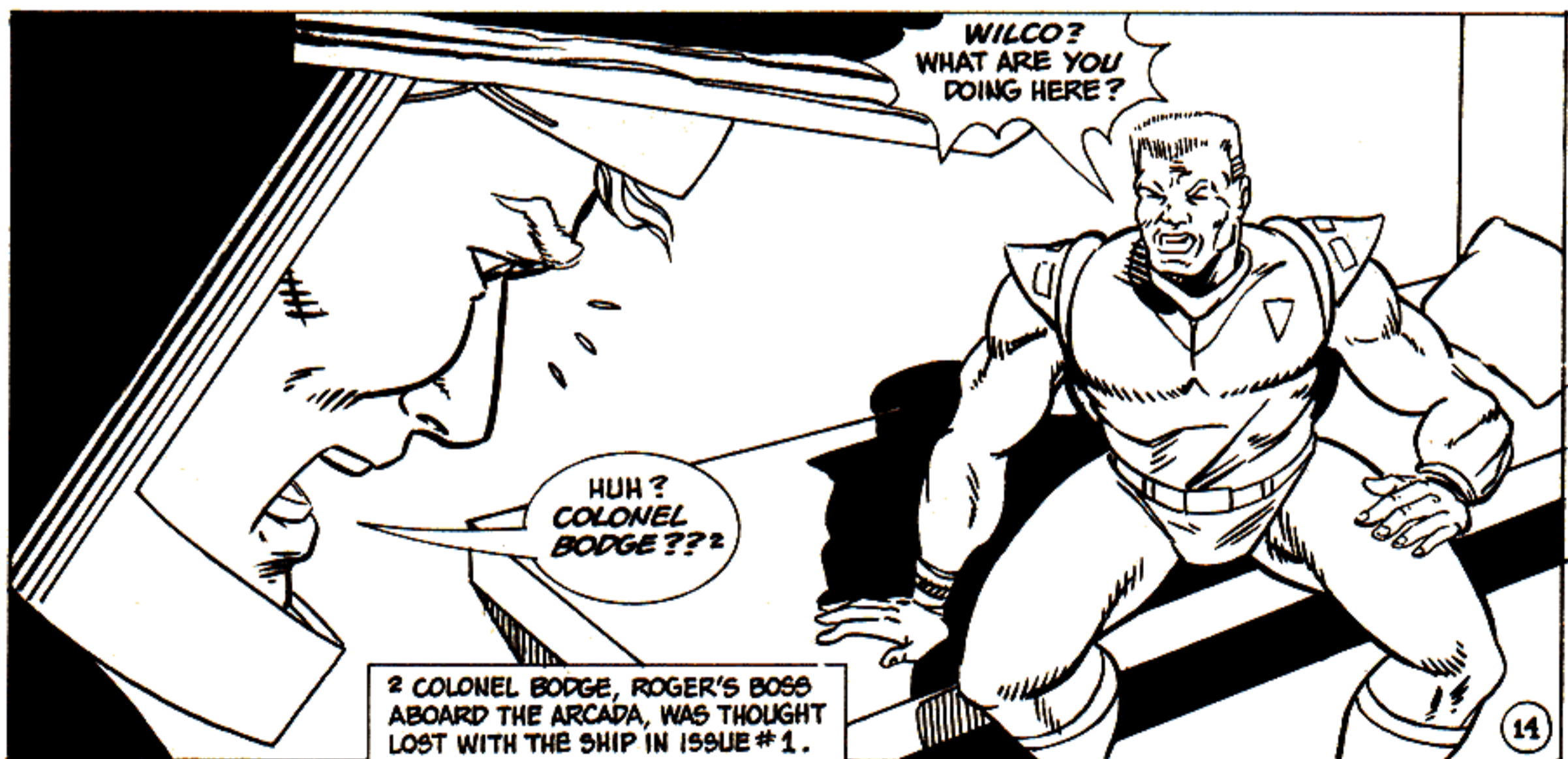
HE'S MADE OF PRETTY STRONG STUFF.

LET'S GET THE COMFY CHAIR.



YOU ALL RIGHT, MISTER?

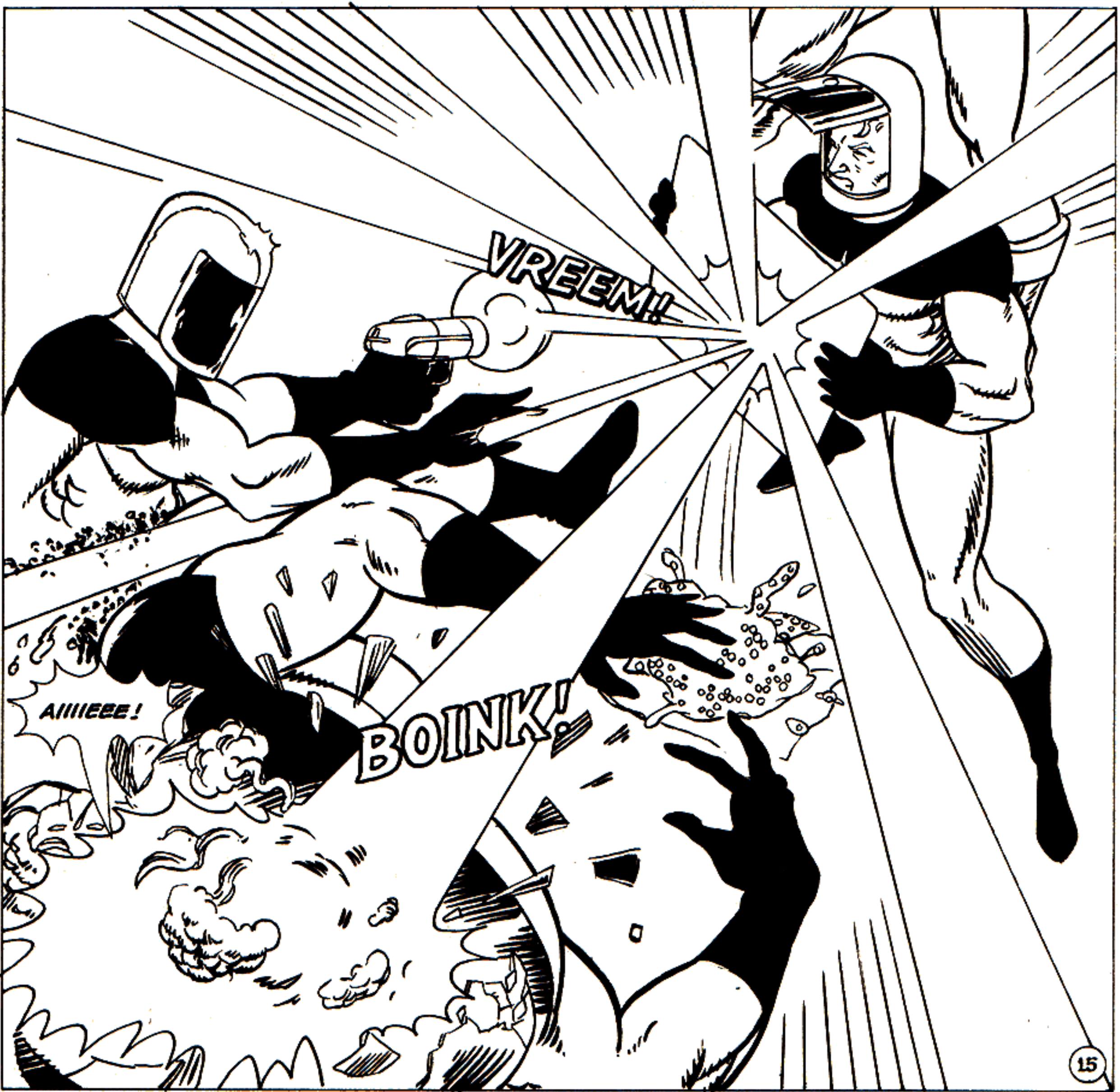
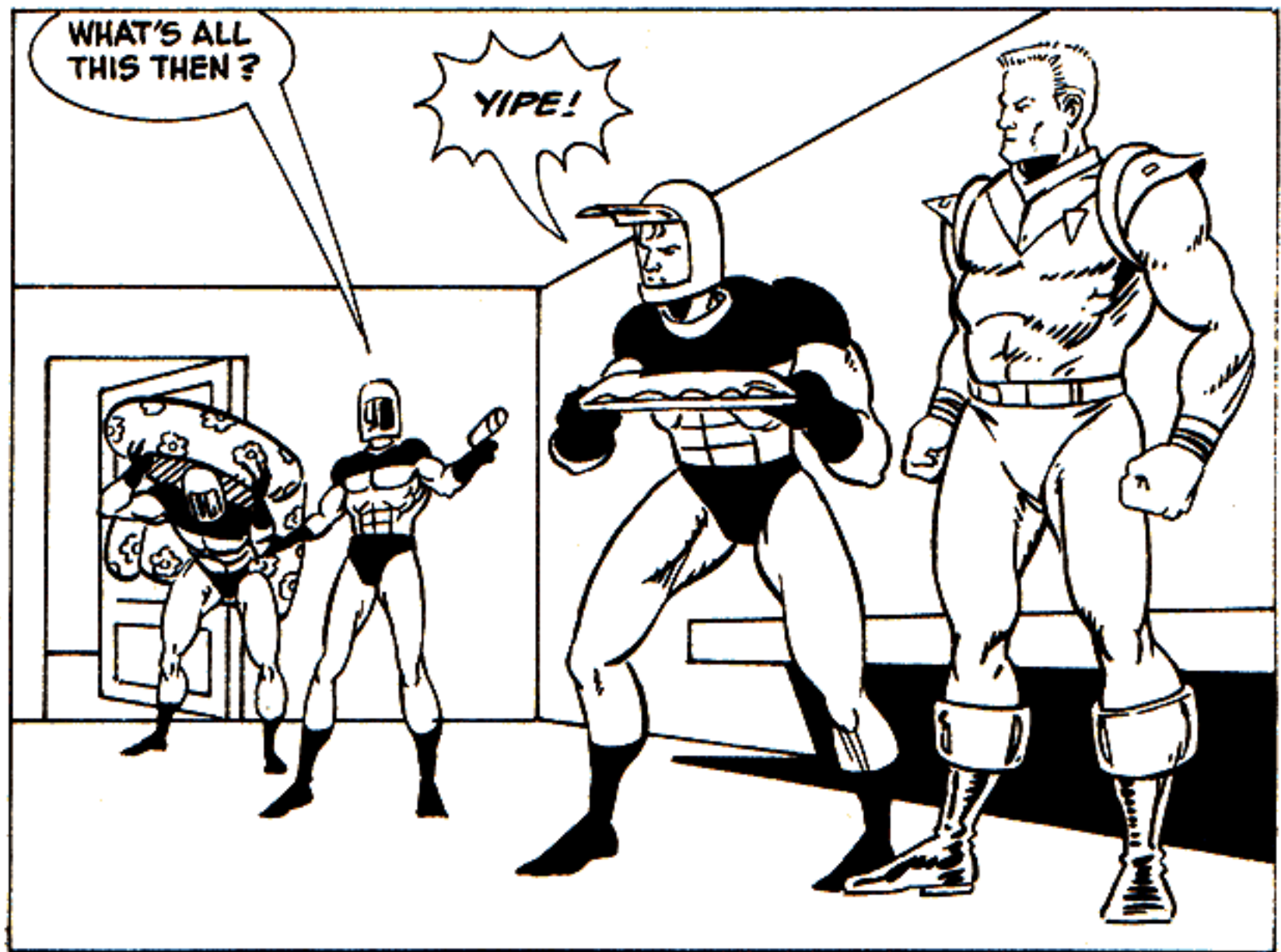
I THINK THEY'RE COMING RIGHT BACK—WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!

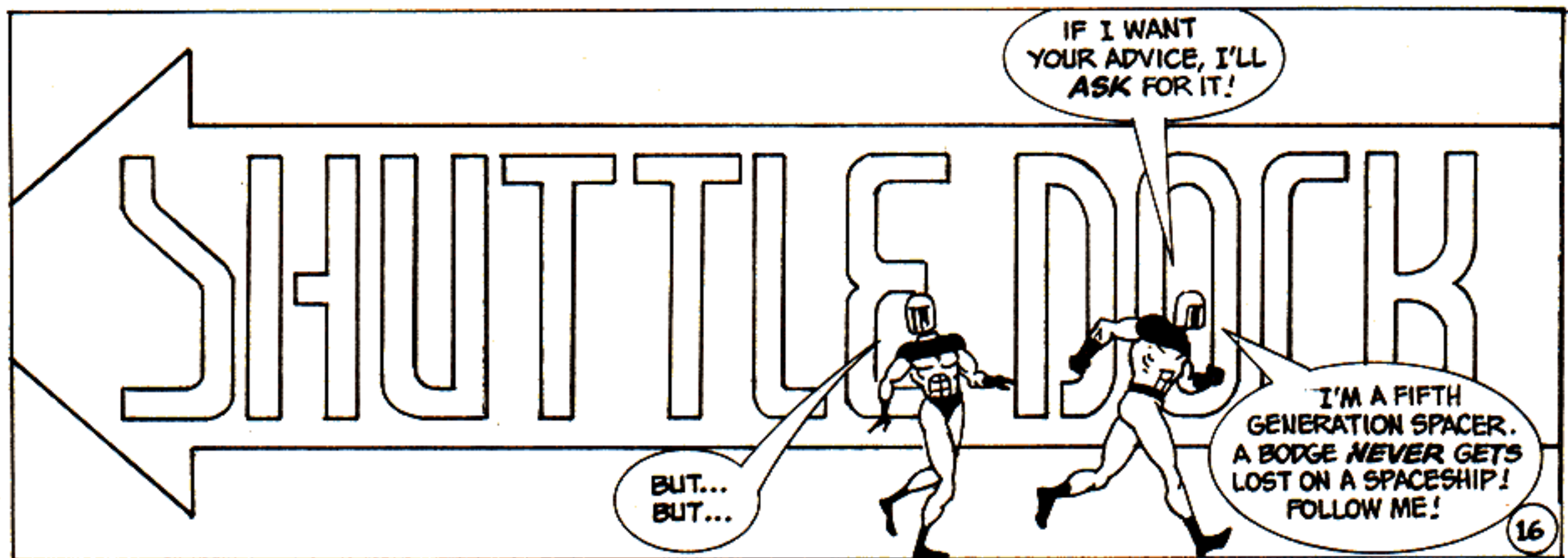
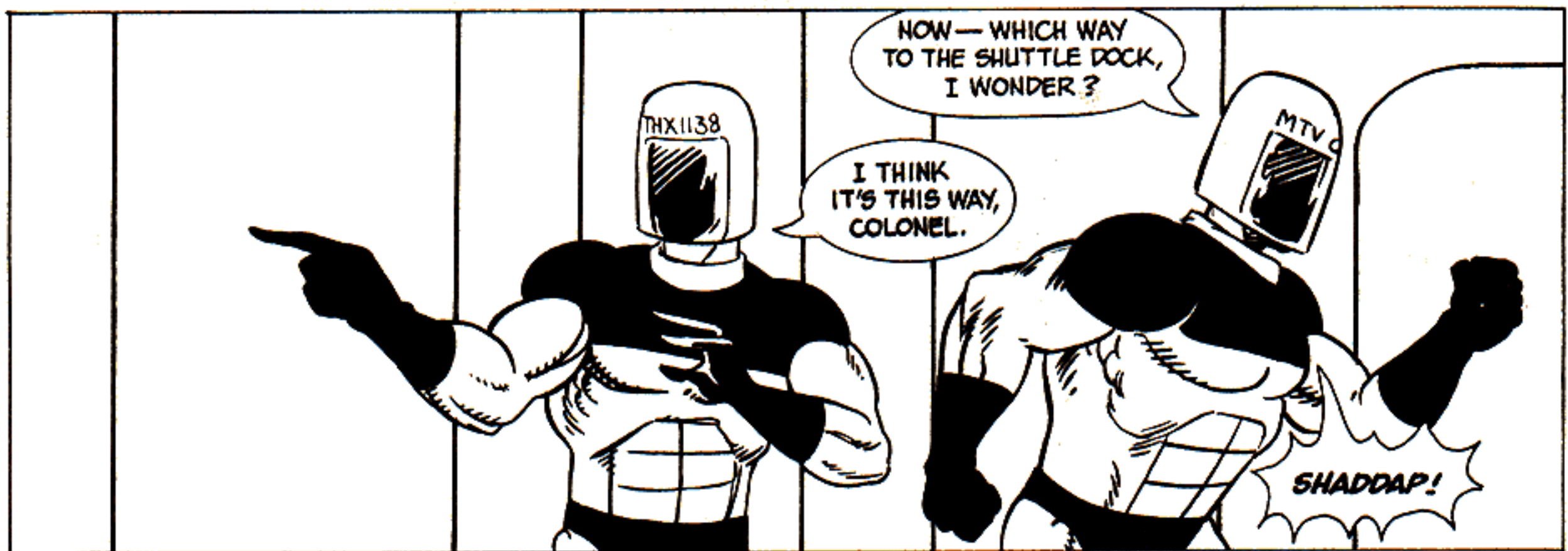


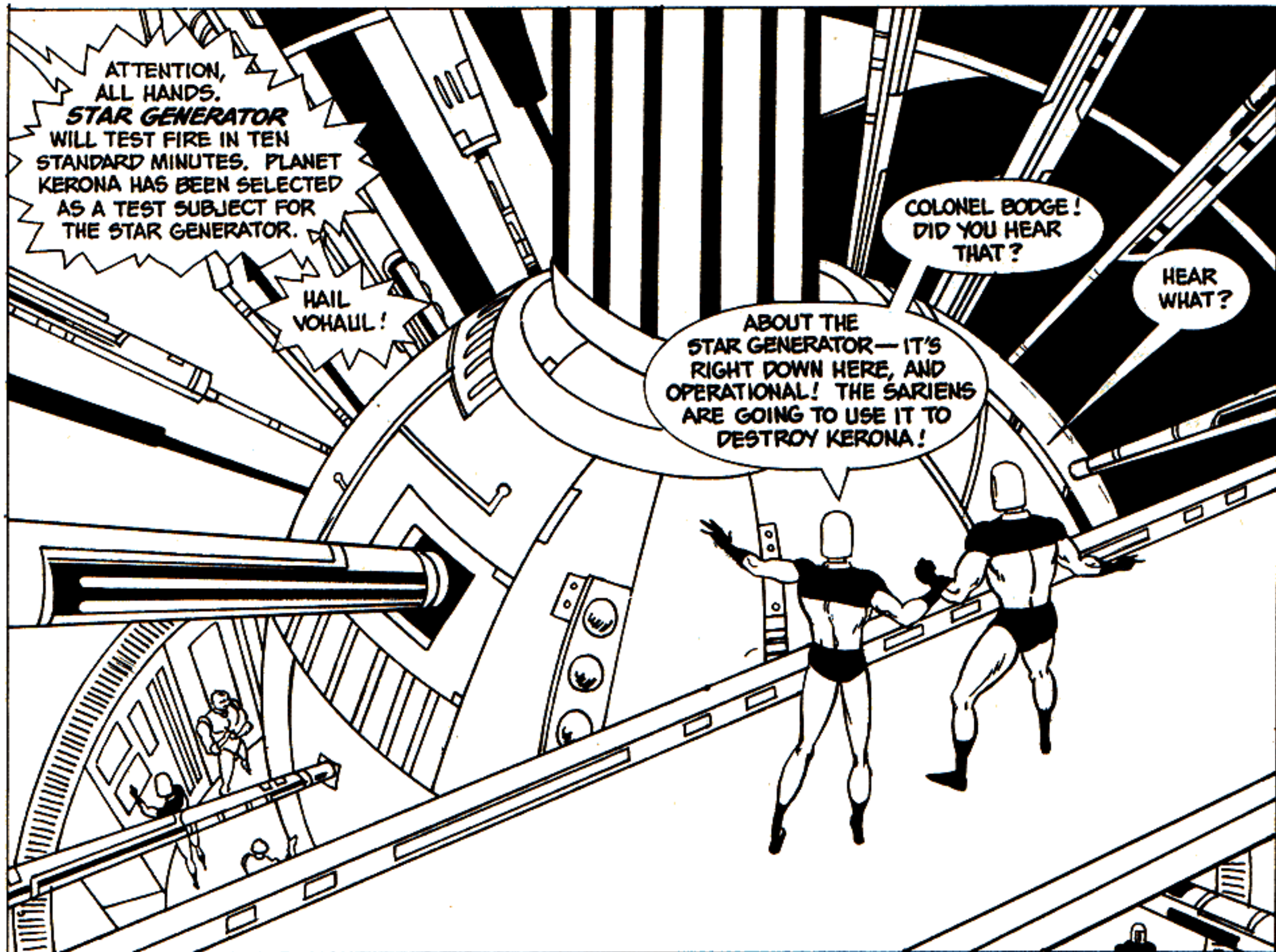
WILCO?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

HUH?
COLONEL BODGE???

2 COLONEL BODGE, ROGER'S BOSS ABOARD THE ARCADE, WAS THOUGHT LOST WITH THE SHIP IN ISSUE # 1.







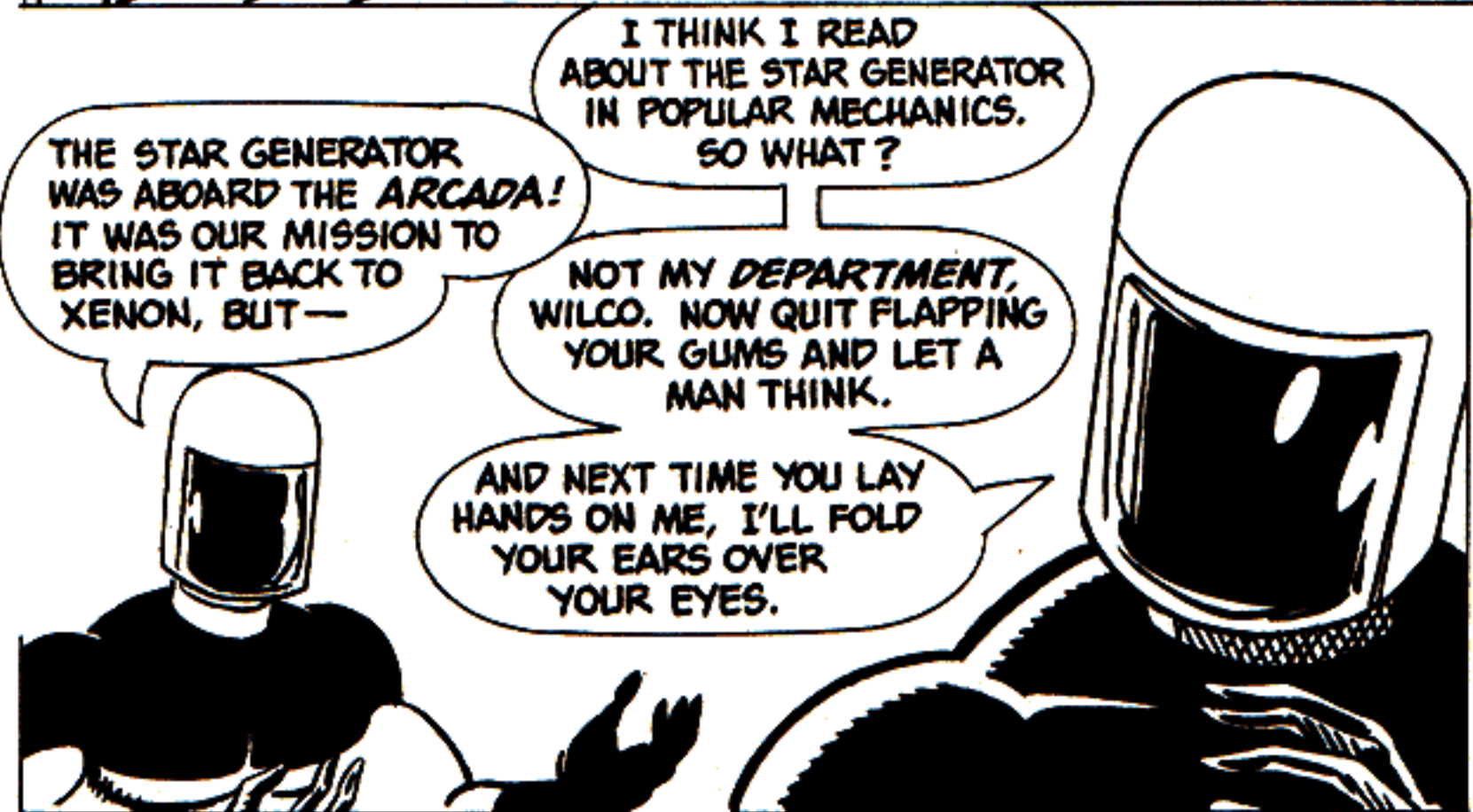
ATTENTION,
ALL HANDS.
STAR GENERATOR
WILL TEST FIRE IN TEN
STANDARD MINUTES. PLANET
KERONA HAS BEEN SELECTED
AS A TEST SUBJECT FOR
THE STAR GENERATOR.

HAIL
VOHAULL!

COLONEL BODGE!
DID YOU HEAR
THAT?

HEAR
WHAT?

ABOUT THE
STAR GENERATOR— IT'S
RIGHT DOWN HERE, AND
OPERATIONAL! THE SARIENS
ARE GOING TO USE IT TO
DESTROY KERONA!



I THINK I READ
ABOUT THE STAR GENERATOR
IN POPULAR MECHANICS.
SO WHAT?

THE STAR GENERATOR
WAS ABOARD THE **ARCADA!**
IT WAS OUR MISSION TO
BRING IT BACK TO
XENON, BUT—

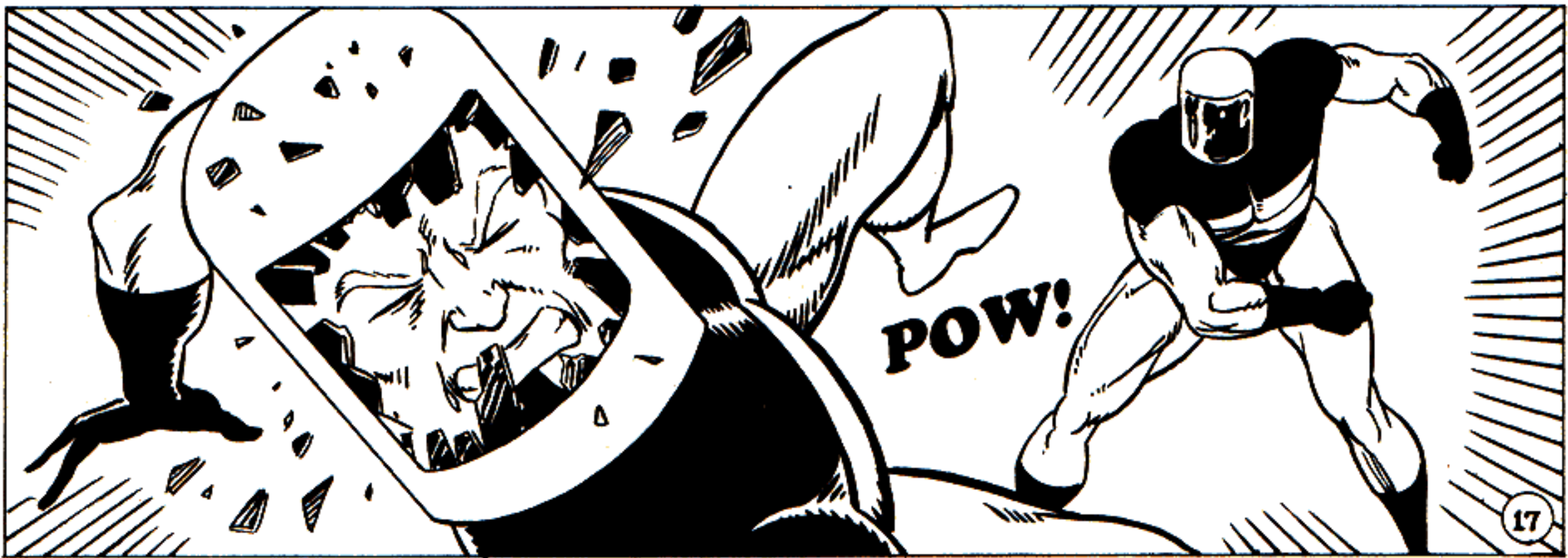
NOT MY *DEPARTMENT*,
WILCO. NOW QUIT FLAPPING
YOUR GUMS AND LET A
MAN THINK.

AND NEXT TIME YOU LAY
HANDS ON ME, I'LL FOLD
YOUR EARS OVER
YOUR EYES.

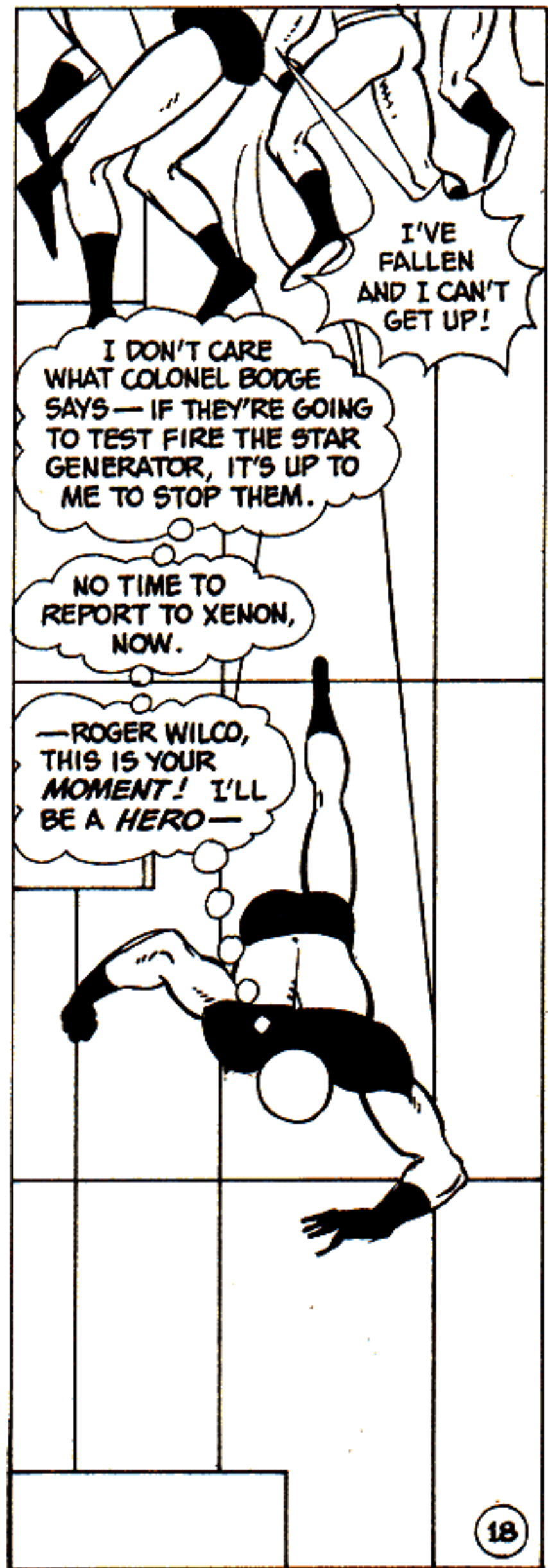
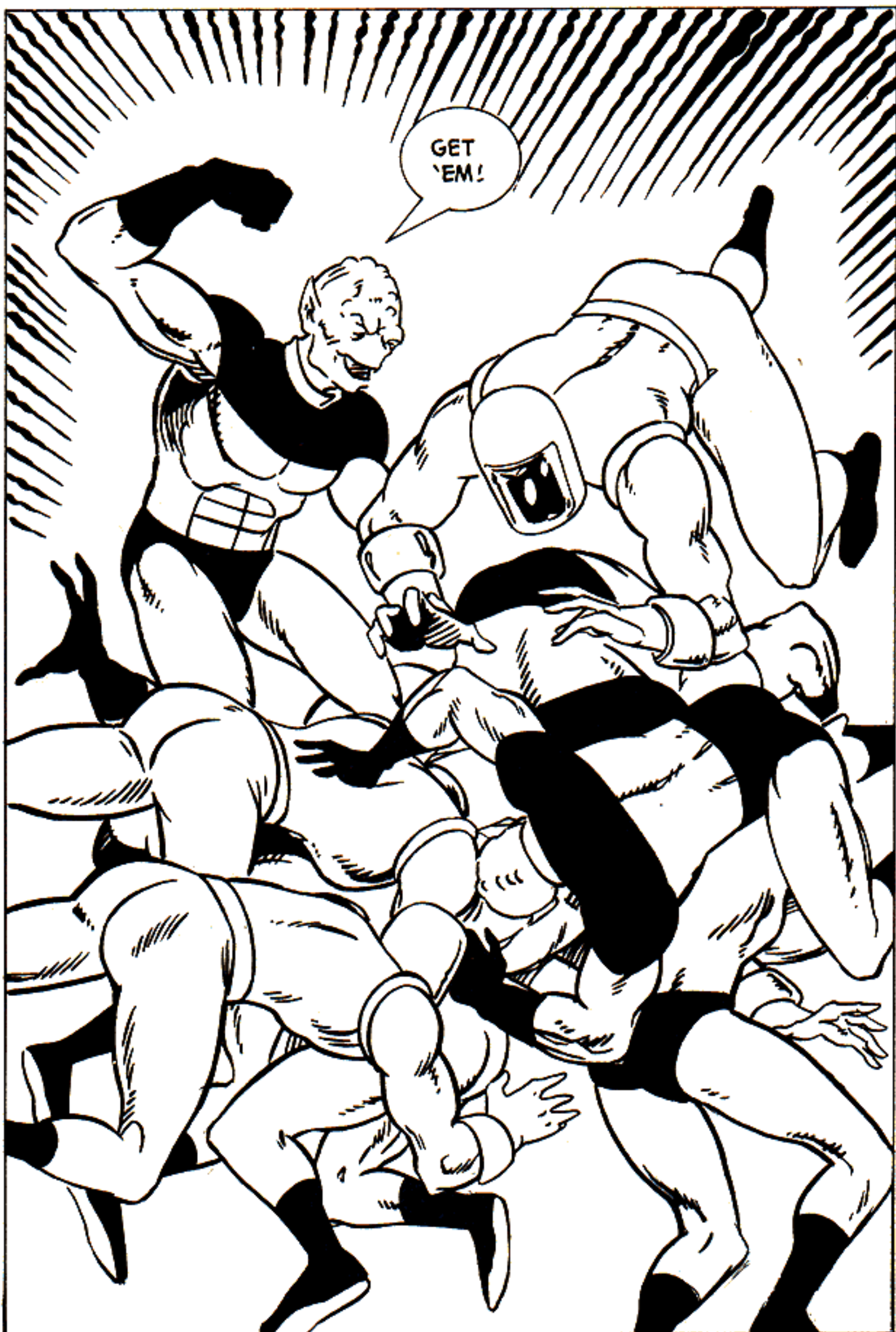


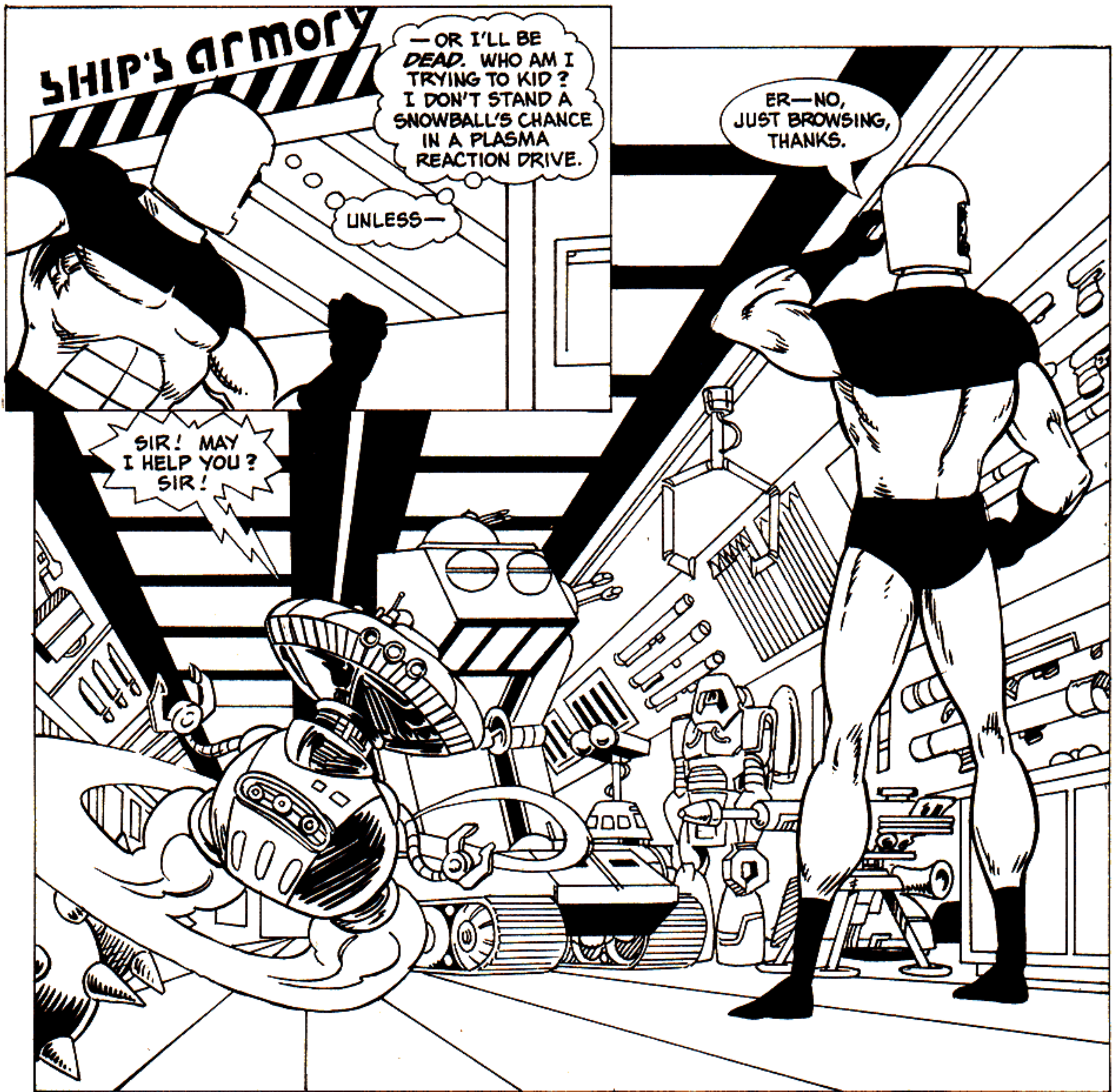
BUT, COLONEL—!

THAT
TEARS
IT,
WILCO!



POW!





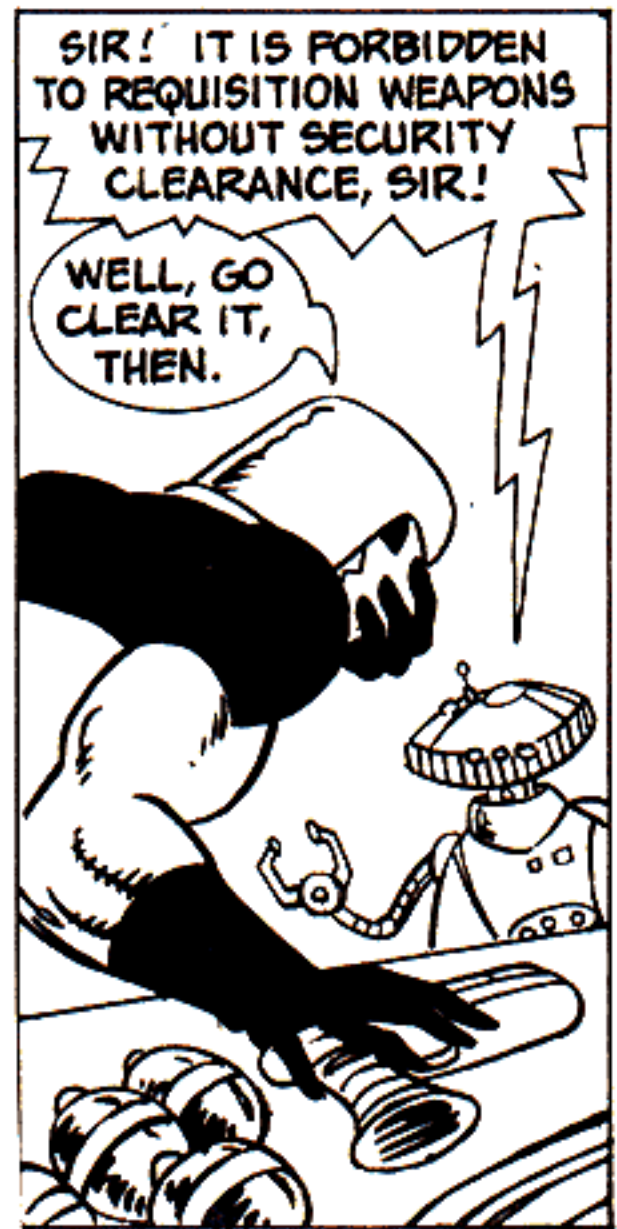
SHIP'S ARMORY

— OR I'LL BE DEAD. WHO AM I TRYING TO KID? I DON'T STAND A SNOWBALL'S CHANCE IN A PLASMA REACTION DRIVE.

UNLESS—

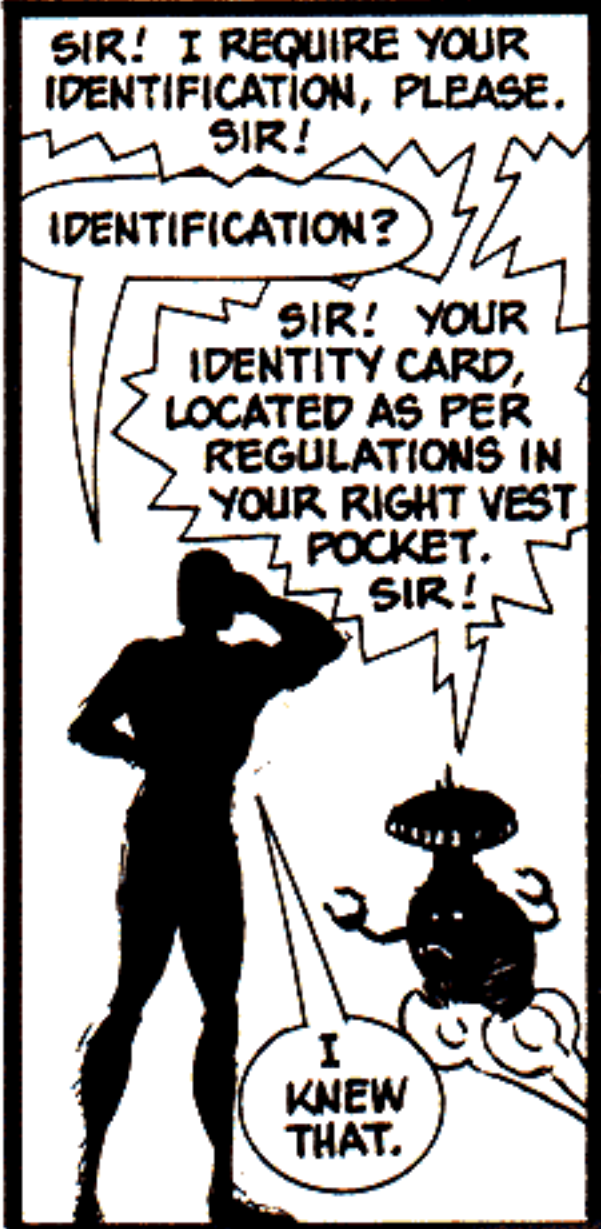
ER—NO, JUST BROWSING, THANKS.

SIR! MAY I HELP YOU? SIR!



SIR! IT IS FORBIDDEN TO REQUISITION WEAPONS WITHOUT SECURITY CLEARANCE, SIR!

WELL, GO CLEAR IT, THEN.

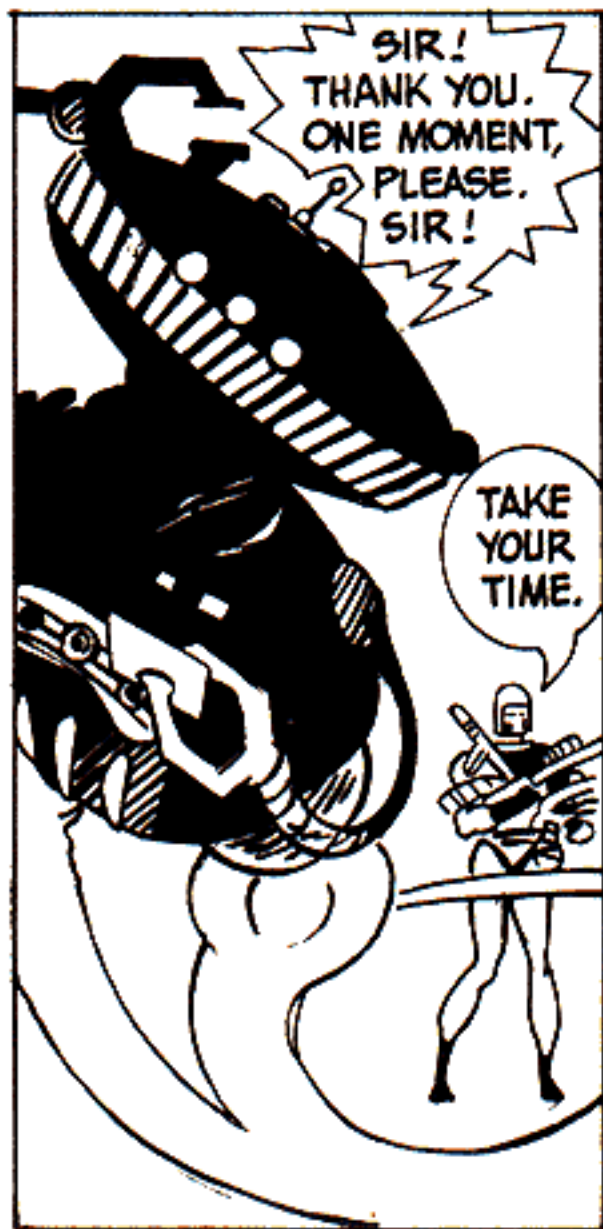


SIR! I REQUIRE YOUR IDENTIFICATION, PLEASE, SIR!

IDENTIFICATION?

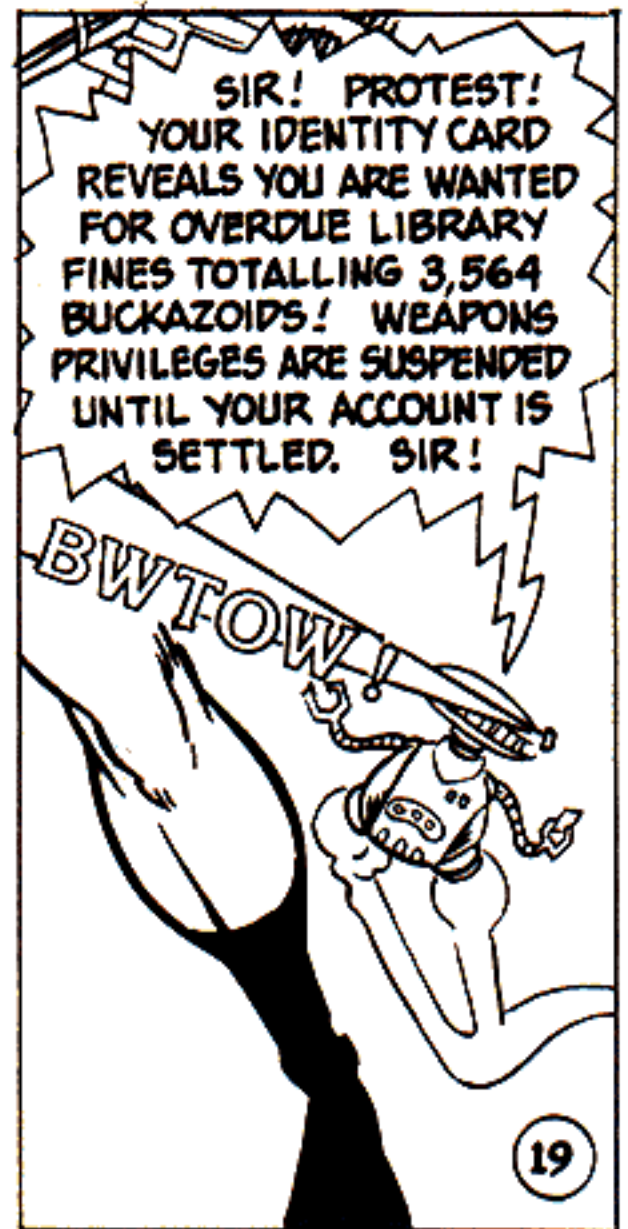
SIR! YOUR IDENTITY CARD, LOCATED AS PER REGULATIONS IN YOUR RIGHT VEST POCKET. SIR!

I KNEW THAT.



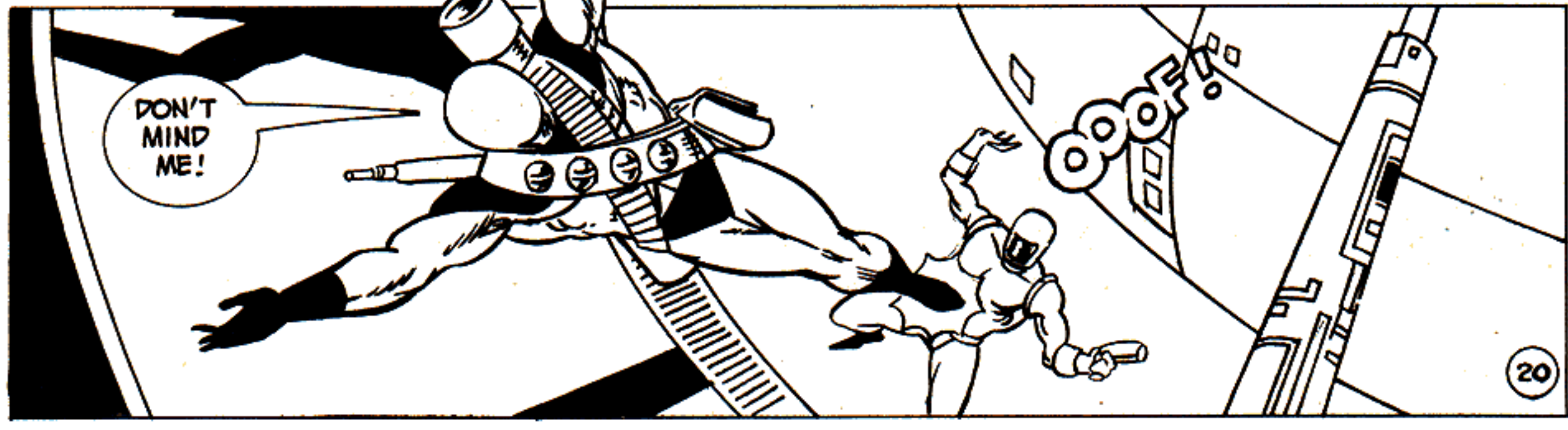
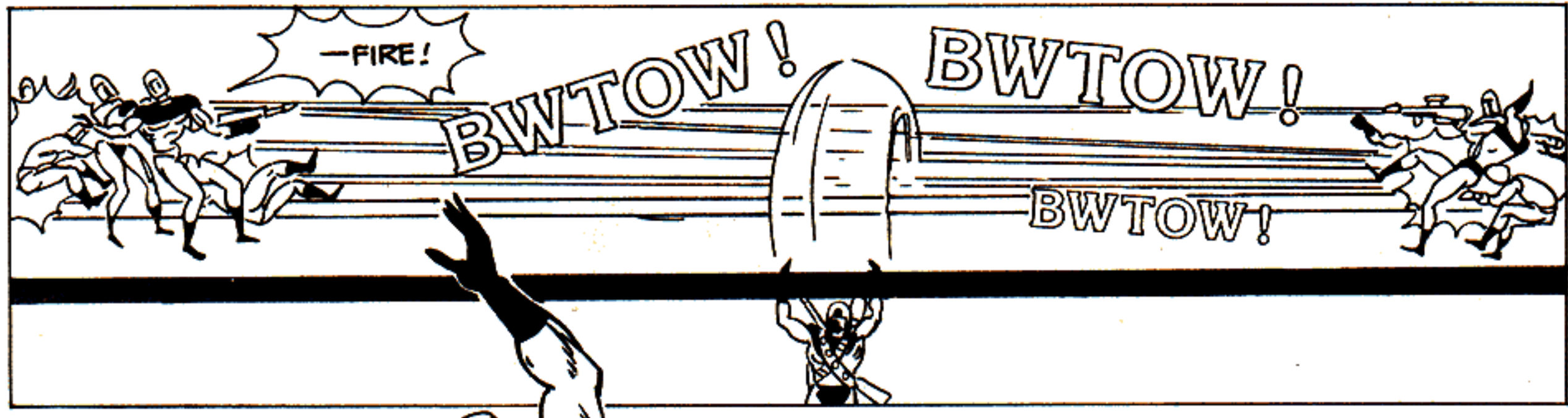
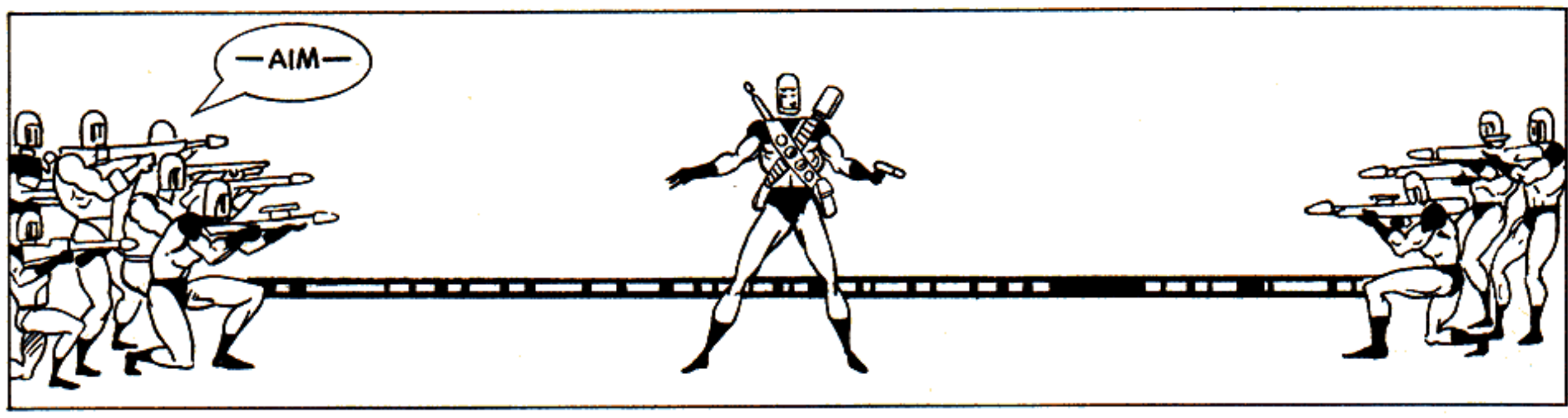
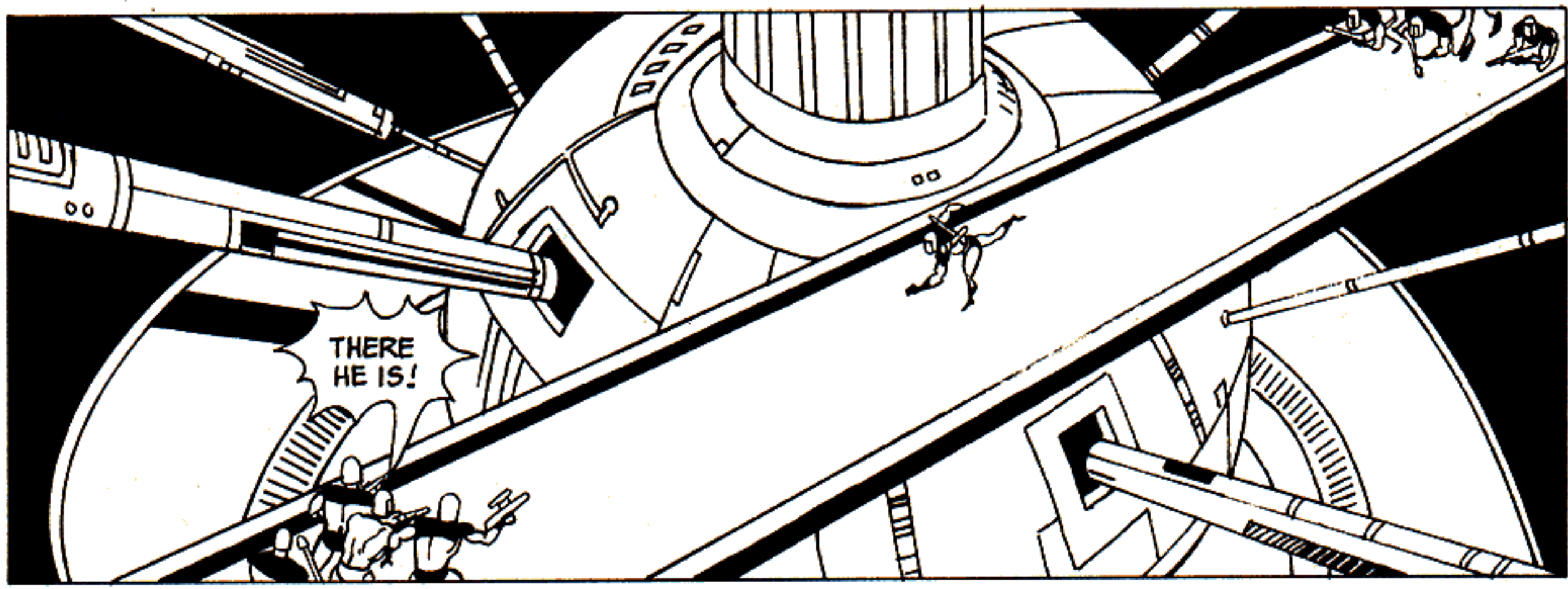
SIR! THANK YOU. ONE MOMENT, PLEASE, SIR!

TAKE YOUR TIME.



SIR! PROTEST! YOUR IDENTITY CARD REVEALS YOU ARE WANTED FOR OVERDUE LIBRARY FINES TOTTALLING 3,564 BUCKAZOIDS! WEAPONS PRIVILEGES ARE SUSPENDED UNTIL YOUR ACCOUNT IS SETTLED. SIR!

BWTOW!

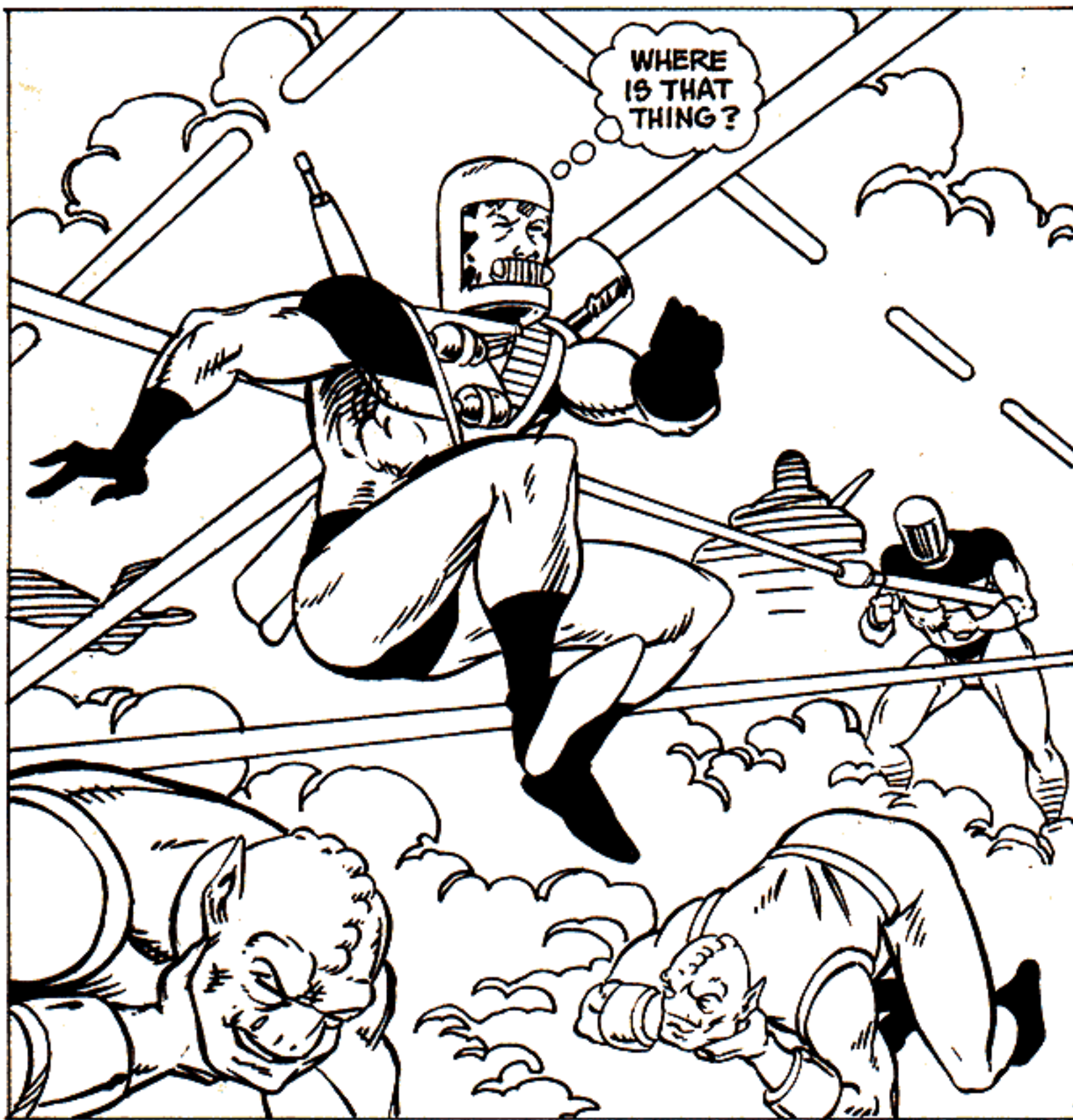




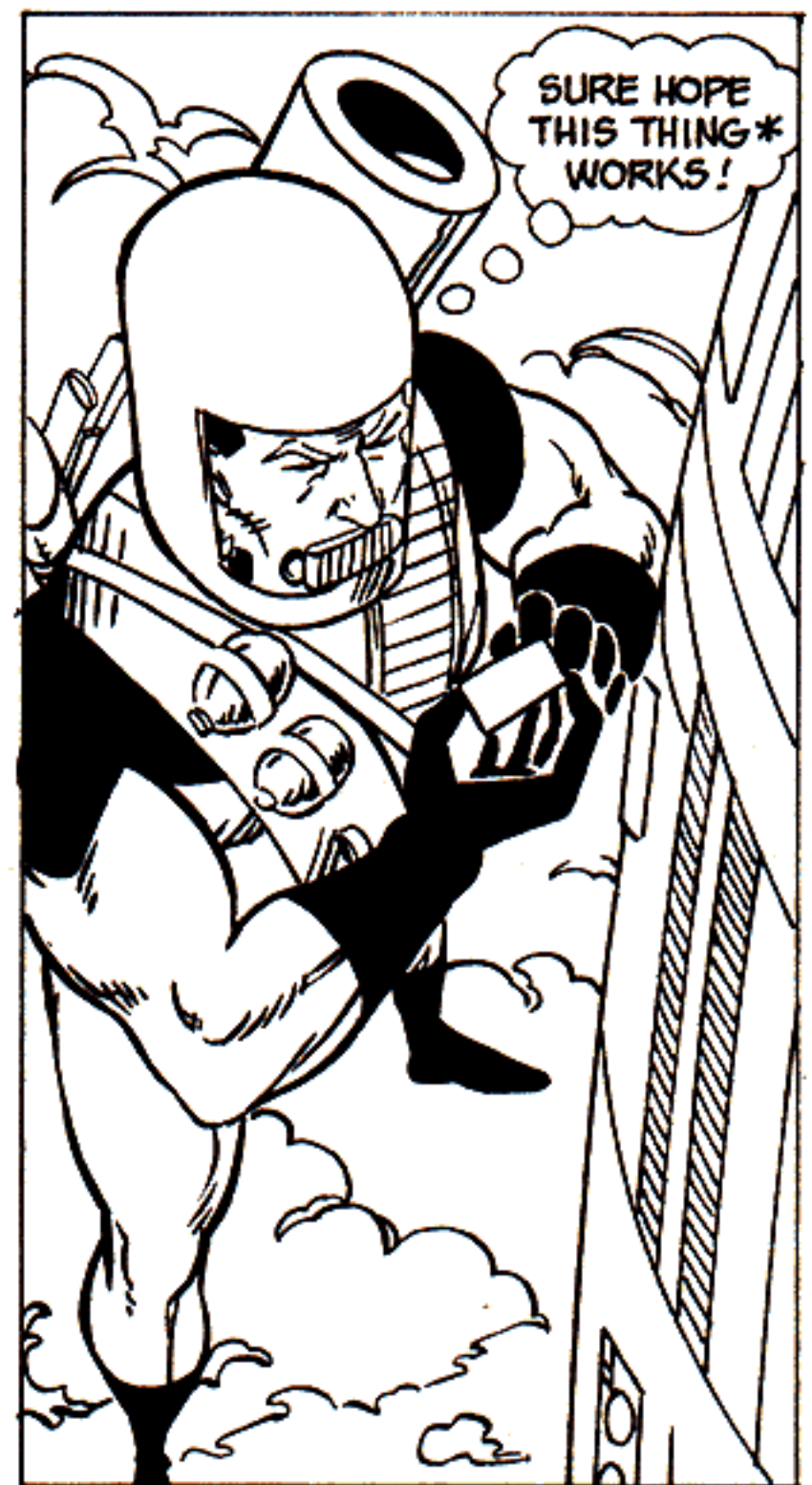
TRY A COUPLE OF THESE. THEY'RE A GAS!

TOSS!

STAR GENERATOR TEST FIRING IN TWO STANDARD MINUTES!



WHERE IS THAT THING?



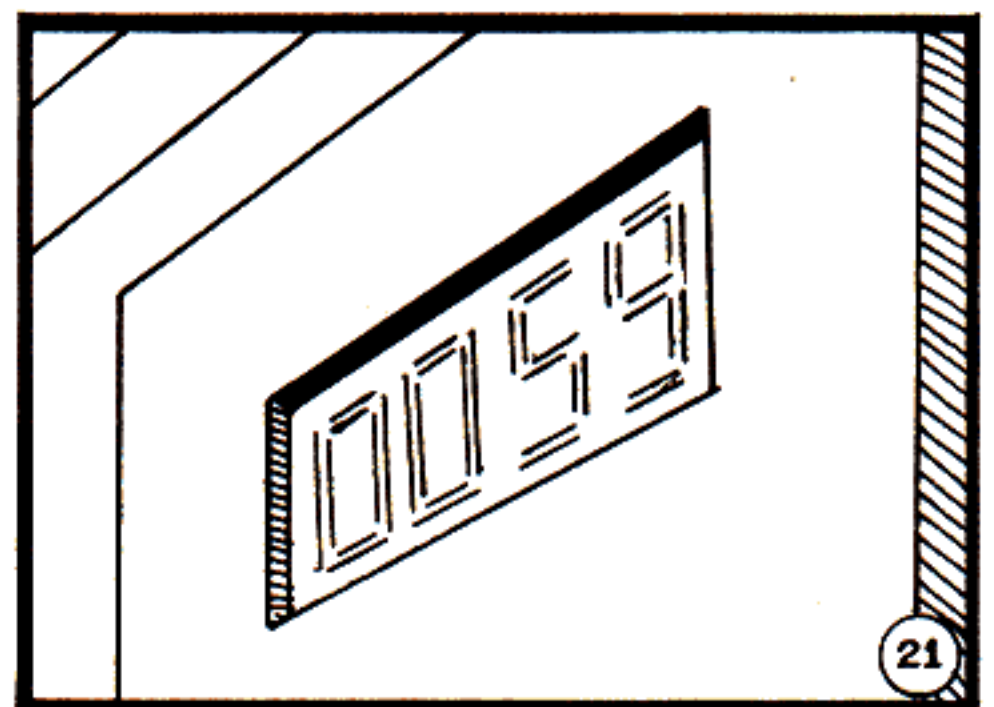
SURE HOPE THIS THING* WORKS!

* BENEVOLENT ALIENS RECORDED THE STAR GENERATOR DESTRUCT CODE INTO HIS HAND UNIT FOR ROGER IN ISSUE # 1.

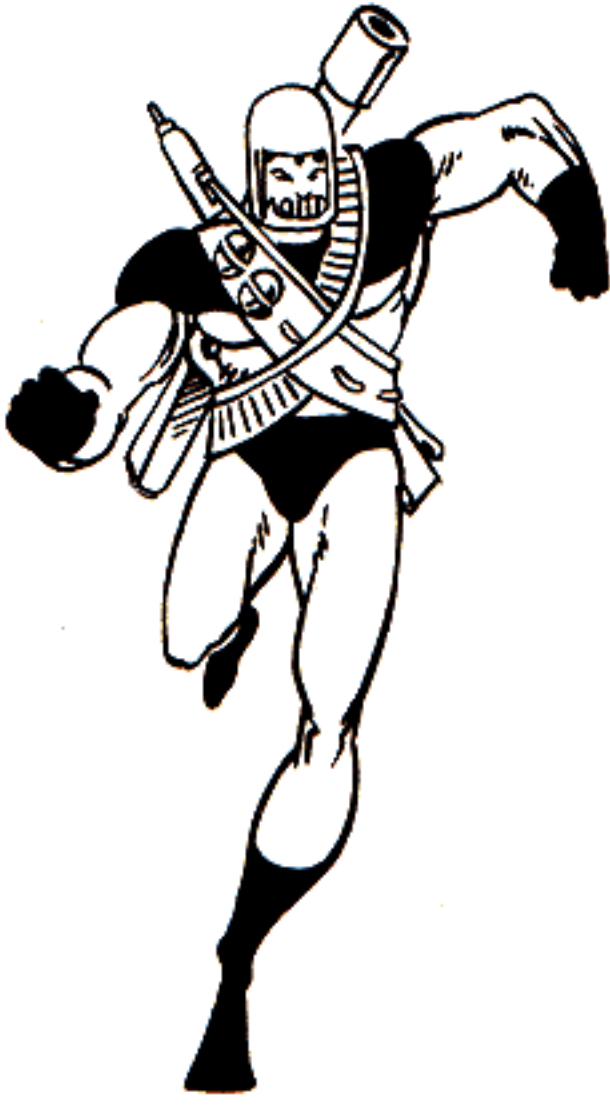


STAR GENERATOR TEST FIRING IN ONE STANDARD MINUTE!

KLIK!



...55...



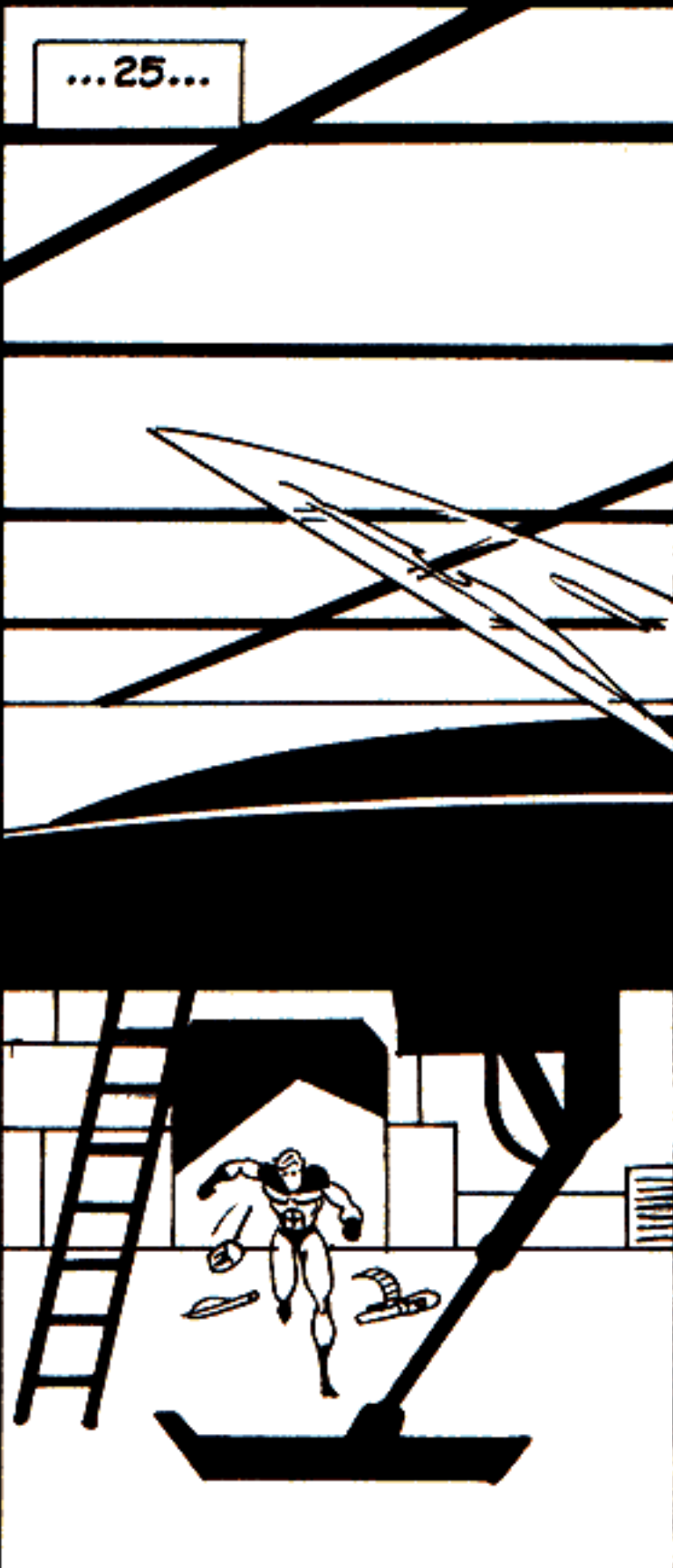
...45...



...35...



...25...



...15...

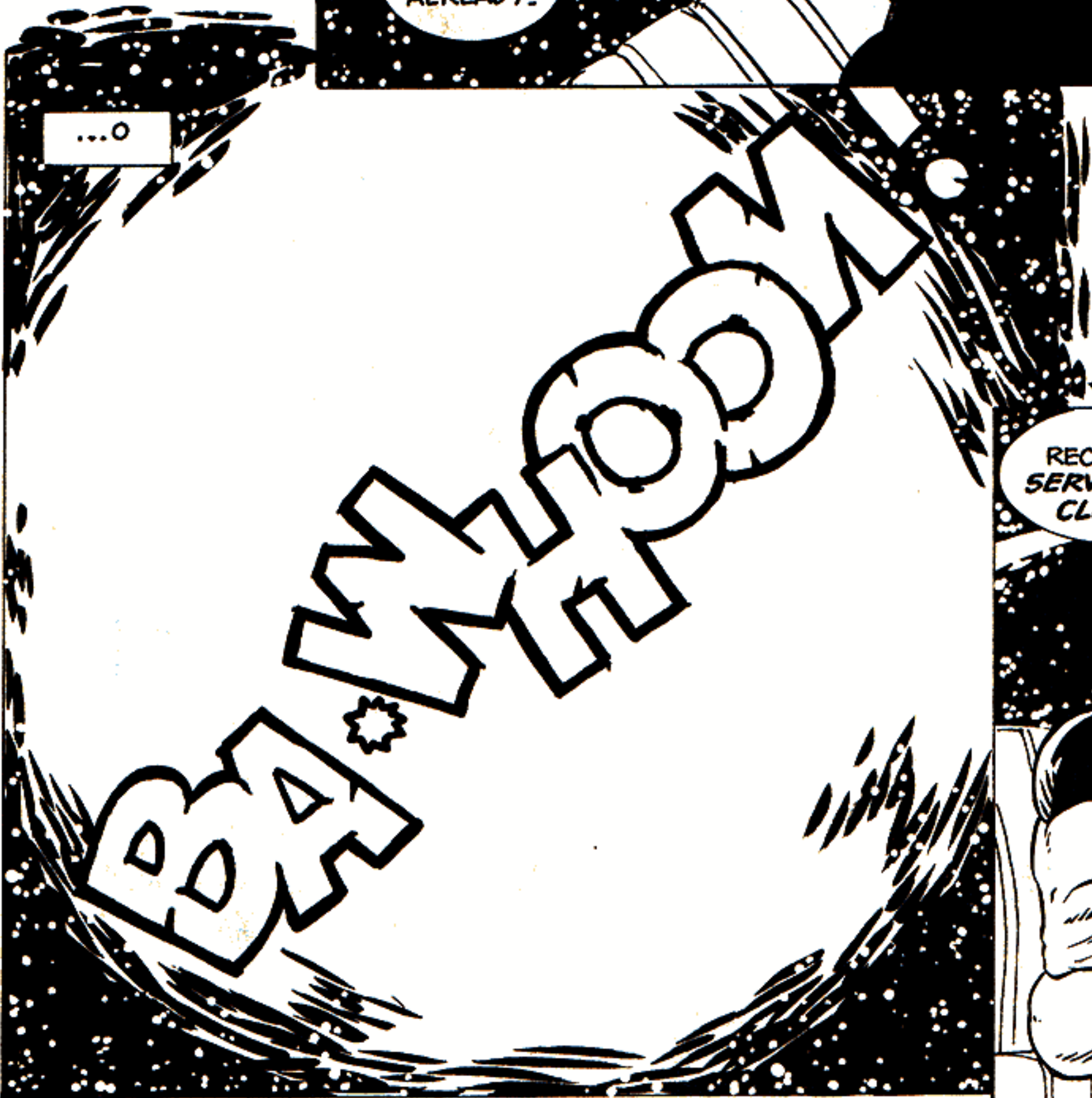
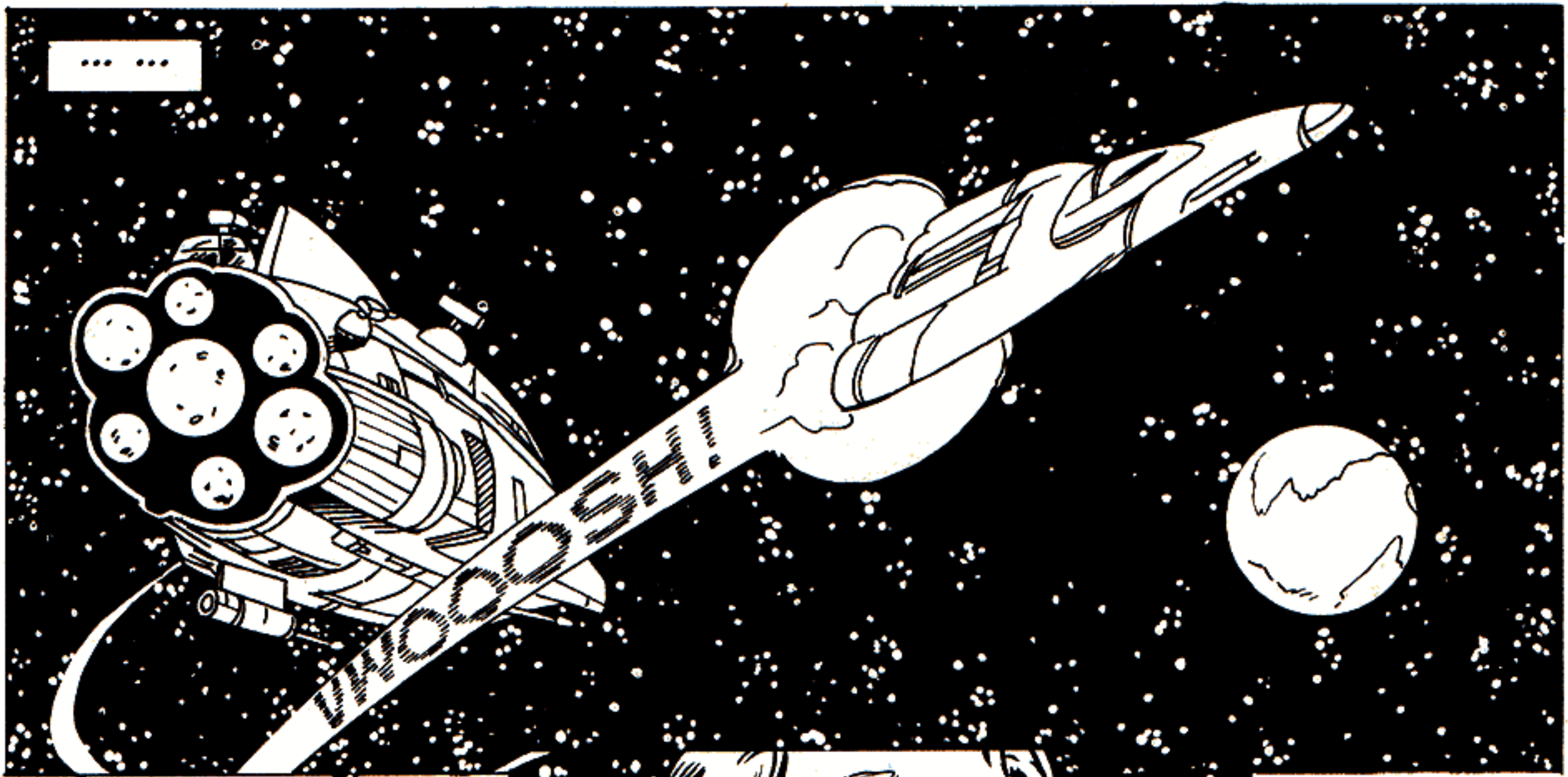
WILCO! YOU KEEP TURNING UP LIKE A BAD PENNY!

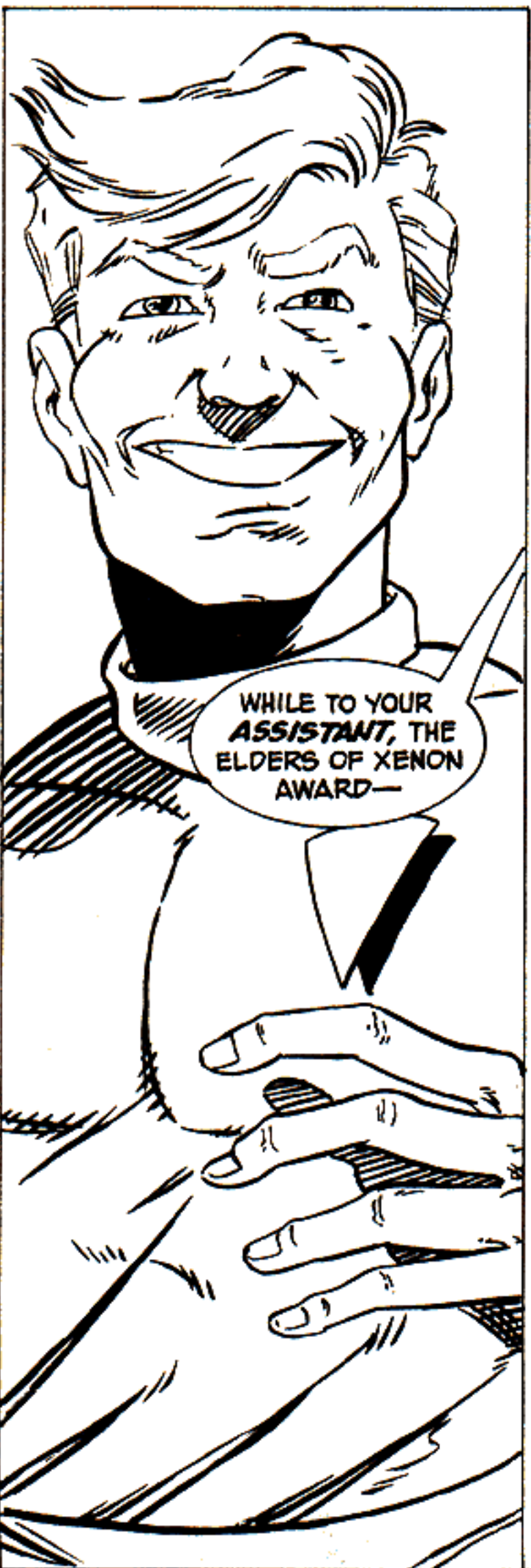
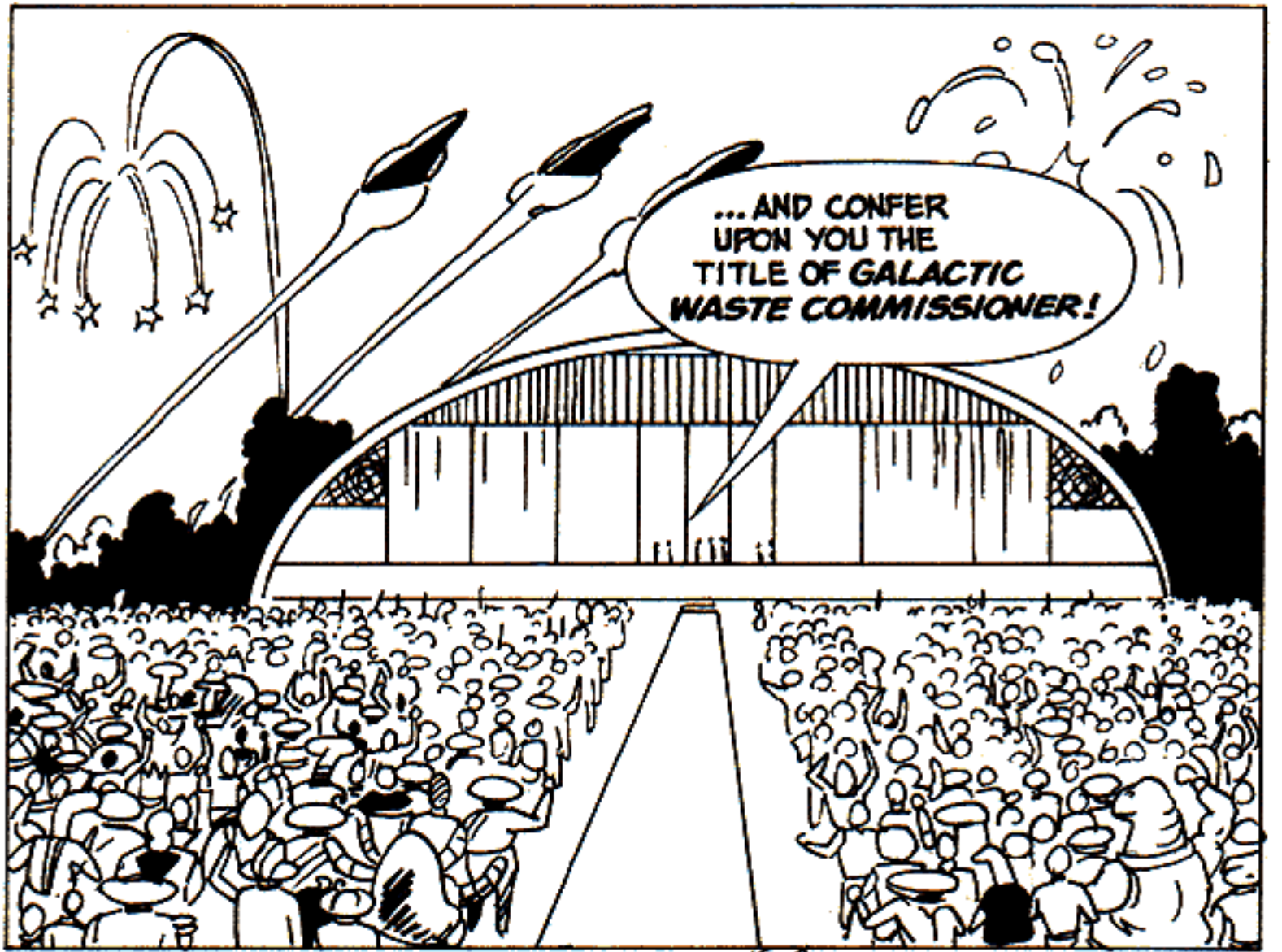
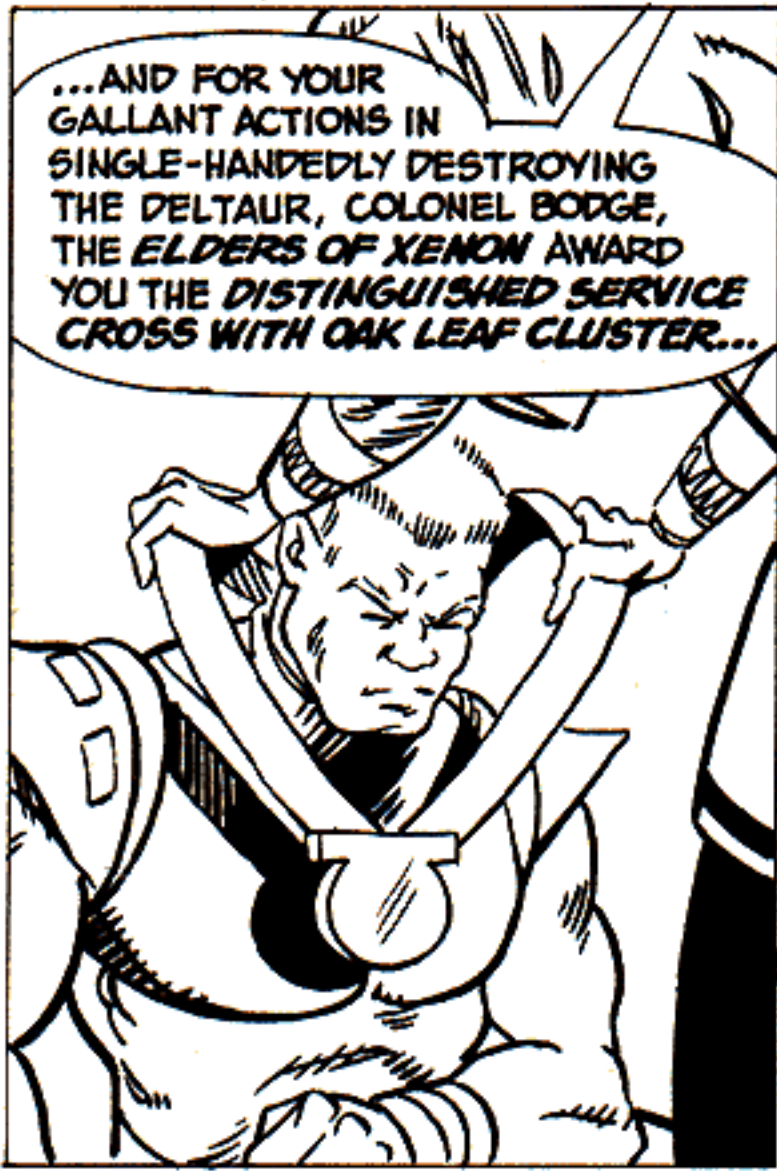
DON'T DISTRACT ME! I'M TRYING TO DECIPHER THIS *HIGHLY TECHNICAL* FLIGHT DISPLAY.



...5...









MALIBU COMICS

Very Independent.