

# GIRL GENIUS<sup>®</sup>

## ELECTRONIC EDITION



### VOLUME TEN

AGATHA HETERODYNE AND THE GUARDIAN MUSE



10

Agatha Heterodyne  
and the

# GUARDIAN MUSE

A Gaslamp Fantasy  
with  
ADVENTURE, ROMANCE & MAD SCIENCE



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BY PHIL & KAJA FOGLIO

# GIRL GENIUS<sup>®</sup>

AGATHA HETERODYNE

## THE GUARDIAN MUSE

A Gaslamp Fantasy  
with  
ADVENTURE, ROMANCE & MAD SCIENCE



Story by Kaja & Phil Foglio  
Pencils by Phil Foglio  
Colors by Cheyenne Wright





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This book is dedicated to Victor & Alexandra Foglio, darling children with a seemingly infinite tolerance for parental nonsense.

## KAJA FOGLIO

While researching the current storyline, Professoressa Foglio was captured by the dreaded Mole Pirates of the Lowlands and taken aboard their fearsome cave-barnacle encrusted fleet of gigantic drilling machines. Although she assures us of her moral repugnance for their cruel lifestyle, we cannot help but note that she was quickly elevated to the rank of "wench." Oddly, a knowledge of tools did not seem to be required. For several months, she was able to observe and chronicle their daring raids against the helpless wine cellars and underground storerooms of Europa, until she was finally freed by a pack of surprisingly well-armed truffle hunters. The Professoressa has been uncharacteristically silent as to the details of her captivity, which, frankly, the University Board finds highly suspicious—but when she's had a few sherries, she will cheerfully demonstrate the forbidden Dance of the Mushroom People. It is not for the faint of heart.

## PHIL FOGLIO

Professor Foglio recently traveled with the fierce truffle hunters of Poictesme, in order to better learn their stories, songs, and recipes for truffles (of which, by his calculation, they have over thirty-seven thousand.) To satisfy their insatiable demand for the fungus, they can travel hundreds of kilometers, mounted upon the gigantic domesticated white boars they have used since ancient times. Professor Foglio earned their respect by wrestling one of these gigantic creatures to the ground in less than three hours, armed with nothing but a small death ray, several grenades, and a chainsaw. His recipe for "Chainsaw Boar a la Death Ray with Truffles" is a big favorite at Transylvania Polygnostic University Barbecues.

## CHEYENNE WRIGHT

Professor Cheyenne Wright was recently visited by a secretive band of monks, who informed him that he is, in fact, the long lost crown prince of the Mushroom People. He was also informed that the usurper who had stolen the throne is now dead—accidentally killed while interceding in a bloody clash between pirates and truffle hunters. Thus, the throne was now vacant, and his people eagerly awaited his return. This sounded intriguing, until he learned that the mysterious language of the Mushroom People has no words for any color other than "black" and "not black." At that point, he struck a deal with the monks, promising them his firstborn child as future heir as long as they would "go away and stop bothering me." This past year, Maxine Danger Wright was born. The faculty and staff of Transylvania Polygnostic University look forward to her future adventures with great interest.

## KATRINA HAO

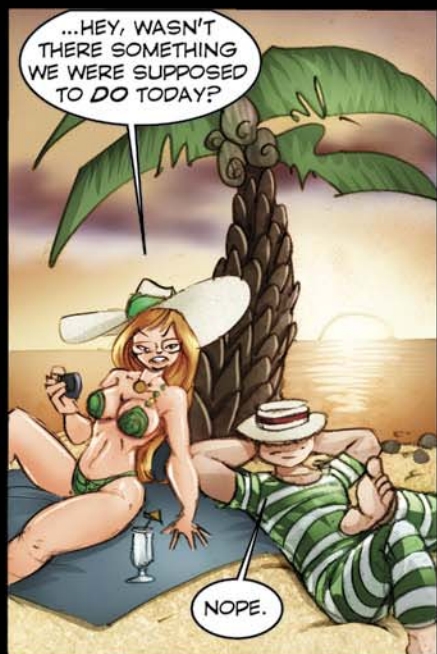
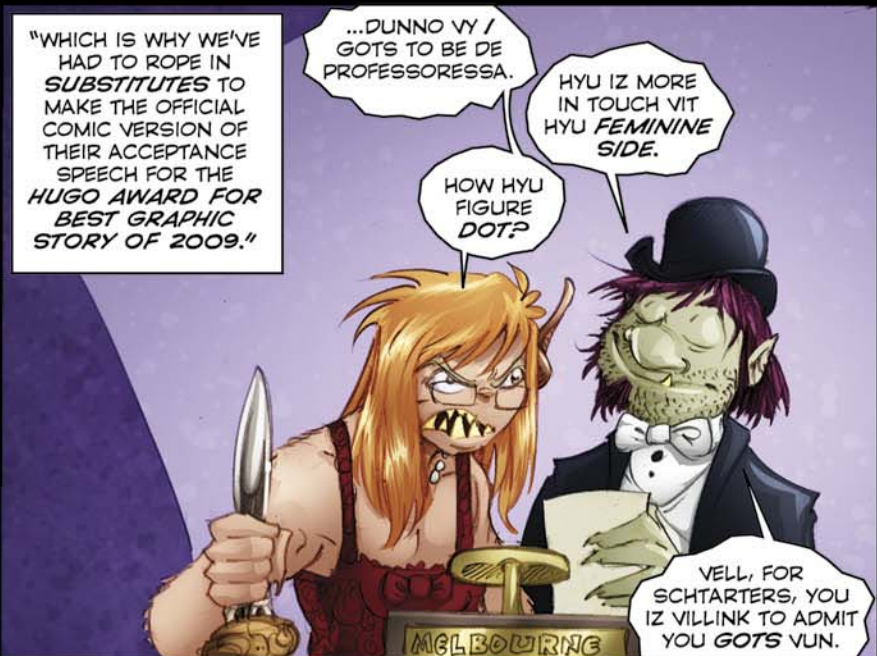
For the short story: "Maxim Buys a Hat," Professor Hao bravely volunteered to test-drive the mighty chromatic engines developed by Professor Wright in order to ascertain if they were, in the words of the University Board: "safe for use by actual humans." She has since been assured that magenta hair looks absolutely lovely with viridian skin, and that the effects will no doubt fade in time.





2010  
World Science Fiction Convention  
**HUGO AWARD**  
Best Graphic Story  
Girl Genius, Volume 9  
Agatha Heterodyne and the Heirs of the Storm  
Written by Kaja and Phil Foglio  
Art by Phil Foglio; Colors by Cheyenne Wright

PHOTO BY KAJA FOGLIO • HUGO AWARD BASE BY NICK STATHOPOULOS • DINGEBOT BY TIEFF HUDSON





## • THE STORY SO FAR •

Agatha Clay was an unlucky student at Transylvania Polygnostic University, until an accident revealed her hidden “spark:” a capacity for mad science beyond the reach of all but the most gifted. This alone would have been enough to bring her to the attention of Baron Wulfenbach, the powerful Spark who holds the fractious ruling houses of Europa under his thumb, but Agatha is *also* the last of the famous Heterodyne family—beloved folk heroes who disappeared many years ago. In addition, the Baron now has excellent reason to believe that Agatha is actually a malevolent entity known as “The Other,” who almost destroyed Europa twenty years before. He isn’t entirely wrong, either. While held prisoner in the town of Sturmhalten, the personality of the “Other,” actually Agatha’s long-missing mother, took over Agatha’s body. Agatha has managed to regain control, but the “Other” is still there, currently held in check by a clever device.

After many adventures, Agatha has made her way across Europa to Mechanicsburg, the ancestral home of the Heterodyne family—and she’s not the only one. The Baron is also in the town—as a patient in Mechanicsburg’s famous hospital. The Baron has been positioning his forces to destroy Castle Heterodyne, but now his son Gilgamesh has gone inside, hoping that his presence will stall his father’s plans. Along with Gil has come a group of friends, also hoping to aid Agatha. Inside, they have encountered a charismatic girl claiming to be the lost Heterodyne heir—part of a larger plan to take control of the Baron’s empire—and Prince Tarvek of Sturmhalten—formerly involved with the same plot but now fleeing both captors and co-conspirators. Also in the Castle are a number of prisoners there to make repairs, and Othar Tryggvassen, “Gentleman Adventurer”—a Hero sent by the Baron to “rescue” his son.

The Castle itself is a self-aware mechanical fortress which was badly damaged in the war with the “Other.” Agatha had managed to make the Castle accept her as the true Heterodyne, but was then quickly forced to shut it down to keep its out-of-control systems from harming her friends.

Now, before she can get back to repairing the Castle, Agatha needs to take care of herself—she, Gil and Tarvek have contracted a strange, Spark-created malady that could solve all their enemies’ problems once and for all.





MOTHER!  
HOW IS HE?

I CAME AS  
SOON AS I  
HEARD!

VAN! THERE  
YOU ARE!

THANK  
GOODNESS— HE'S BEEN  
ASKING FOR  
YOU!



AH—THIS  
ISN'T BECAUSE  
OF SOMETHING  
—

HE JUST  
SUDDENLY  
GAVE A YELL AND  
COLLAPSED.  
OF COURSE  
NOT.

NOW, GO  
SEE HIM.



GRANDFATHER?

VAN!  
FINALLY!



WHAT  
HAPPENED?

THAT BLASTED  
HEAP OF  
RUBBLE!

ALL THESE  
YEARS, IT MUST  
HAVE HAD SOME  
KIND OF HOLD  
ON ME—

SOMETHING  
IN MY HEAD,  
MAYBE—

AND I NEVER—  
AND, AND NOW  
IT'S GONE!

GRANDFATHER—  
WHAT ARE YOU  
TALKING ABOUT?



THE  
CASTLE.

THEY'VE  
KILLED IT.

I FELT IT  
DIE!



THE CASTLE IS...**DEAD**.

YES.

AND... YOU FELT IT.

**YES!**



WELL. *THAT* EXPLAINS SOME THINGS.

WHA— YOU BELIEVE ME?

OH, YES.

WHAT'S HAPPENED?



ALL THE TOWN CLOCKS HAVE STOPPED.

SO HAVE THE FOUNTAINS, DRAW BRIDGES, STREET LIGHTS—

GRANDFATHER, WHERE DOES THE CASTLE END AND THE TOWN BEGIN?



...NEVER MIND. I THINK I CAN GUESS AT THE ANSWER.

AH. THAT GIRL— AGATHA— SHE MUST HAVE **FAILED**.

I REALLY HAD HOPED—



WHAT?

NO. I DON'T THINK SO.

I CAN'T EXPLAIN IT, BUT—



BUT YOU CAN'T IMAGINE HER **FAILING**.

WELL—

HEH. SHE'S YOUR HETERODYNE, ALL RIGHT.

WHAT?

YOU'LL MAKE A FINE SENESCHAL.



SURE, IF I GET THE CHANCE.

WHAT IS THE BARON DOING?

HIS TROOPS ARE STILL MOSTLY OUTSIDE THE WALLS.

HE'S GOT SOME PLAN IN MOTION TO GET HIS SON OUT BEFORE HE **FLATTENS** THE PLACE—

BUT IF HE KNEW THE CASTLE WAS **DEAD**, SURELY HE'D—



BUT HE **MUST** KNOW!

IT'S SO **OBVIOUS!**

WHY HASN'T HE **ALREADY** ATTACKED?

"MEANWHILE, AT MECHANICSBURG'S GREAT HOSPITAL—"

YOU HEARD ME! ALL OF THEM!

I WANT ALL PATIENTS IN INNER COURTYARD ROOMS EVACUATED NOW!

YES, MISS!

WE'RE ON IT!

STATUS?!

NOT GOOD, HERR BARON!

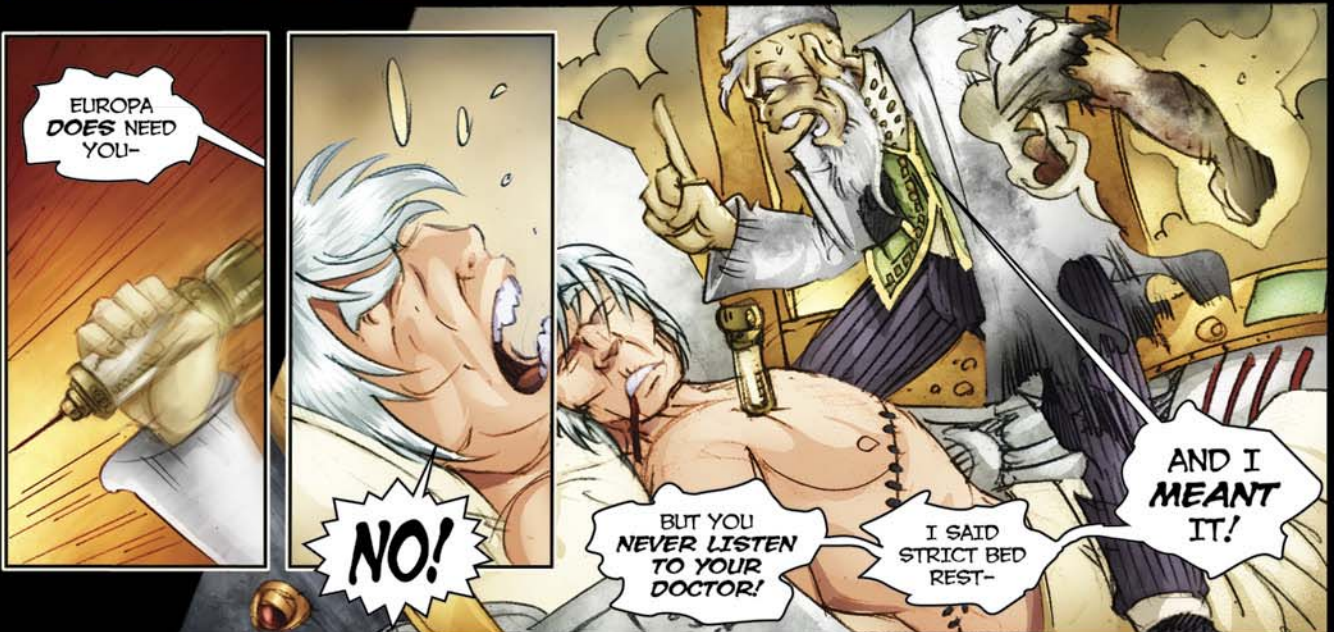
HYDRAULICS RUPTURED!

LOSING POWER IN THE LEFT LEG!

I'M SHUNTING POWER FROM—

INCOMING!







SIGH. I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN HE'D PULL SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

IT'S WHAT WE SHOULD HAVE DONE TO BEGIN WITH.

BUT IT'S TERRIBLY DANGEROUS. NOT TO MENTION, NOW HE'LL BE INCOMMUNICADO—

AND I'LL HAVE TO RUN THINGS UNTIL HE'S OUT AND I HATE DOING THAT.

ERGH.

AH. DOCTOR SUN HAS PLACED HIM IN THE ARMORED HIGH-PRESSURE HEALING ENGINE.

I'M SORRY, HERR DOLOKHOV,

I KNOW YOU SAID—

DON'T BE.



SIR, THE DEADLINE FOR DESTRUCTION OF CASTLE HETERODYNE IS APPROACHING.

IS MASTER GIL STILL IN THERE?

...YES.

THEN YOU WILL HOLD OFF.

I WILL NOT BE THE ONE WHO KILLS THE BARON'S HEIR.

NEXT?



WE'RE GETTING REPORTS OF RIOTING ACROSS THE EMPIRE.

SEVERAL AREAS ARE REPORTING OUTRIGHT REVOLTS.

HMM. I'D EXPECT THAT, WHAT WITH THE BARON DOWN.

BUT THIS... THIS IS TOO QUICK. IT FEELS—



HOY, MEESTER BORIS BUG MAN!

OH THIS IS ALL I NEED!



WAIT A MINUTE... WHAT ARE YOU EVEN DOING HERE?

ALL THE JÄGERS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE UP NORTH—

HEH. YEZ, VELL, VE GOTTS A MESSAGE FOR HYU, SVEETHOT!

THE GREAT MOVEMENT  
CHAMBER—THE HEART OF  
CASTLE HETERODYNE AND THE  
SOURCE OF ITS POWER—

VIOLETTA—I'M  
ALMOST *DONE*  
HERE.

HOW ARE GIL  
AND TARVEK  
DOING?

UM—NOT  
WELL AT ALL, MY  
LADY!



THEY'VE COLLAPSED—

AND THEIR FEVER IS WAY UP!

IT'S REALLY BAD!

BUT THEY DID KEEP GOING UNTIL THEY FINISHED THEIR WORK!



AH. THAT'S GOOD.

VON ZINZER?

ANYTHING?

NOPE.



WHATEVER'S DOWN THERE, IT'S KEEPING QUIET NOW.

I HEARD SOME CLANKING AND SAW A GREEN FLASH ABOUT AN HOUR AGO,

BUT NOTHING SINCE THEN.

STILL, IF YOU COULD... YOU KNOW... UM, HURRY...



LADY HETERODYNE!

I HAVE JUST FINISHED SPLICING THE POWER CONNECTORS!

I PREDICT THAT **HARDLY ANY** WILL EXPLODE!

PERFECT.

VIOLETTA, WIND UP THE DYNAMOS.

PROFESSOR, YOU GET GIL AND TARVEK IN PLACE—

AND SNAUG, YOU HELP ME GET MYSELF CONNECTED TO THE SYSTEM.

LET'S GET THIS DONE.





MY LADY, ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THIS?

YOU'RE TAKING SUCH A **TERRIBLE RISK...**

I MEAN, BEING AN ASSISTANT, I'M KIND OF USED TO IT BEING **ME** THAT'S... YOU KNOW...

WELL, I DON'T SEE THAT I HAVE MUCH **CHOICE.**



BESIDES, THE ONE TAKING THE **BIGGEST RISK** IS **GIL.**

**HE** WASN'T EVEN **INFECTED** WHEN WE STARTED THIS.



TRUE, BUT NOW, WELL, HE'S SO **SICK.**

DO YOU THINK HE'S GOING TO BE STRONG ENOUGH TO PULL YOU **BOTH** THROUGH **FULL RESURRECTIONS?**

I... **REALLY DON'T KNOW.**

MASTER WULFENBACH AND PRINCE STURMVORALIS ARE IN POSITION-

THE DYNAMOS ARE COMING UP TO SPEED-

NOW, ALL WE'RE WAITING FOR IS **YOU**, MY LADY.

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?



WELL, **NO** PROFESSOR. I'M **NOT.**

I **KNEW** THAT...

**WORGH!**

LADY?

THEY'RE... THEY'RE EVEN **SICKER** THAN I **THOUGHT.**

OKAY. I'M **HOO**KING YOU INTO THE **CIRCUIT-** **NOW!**

OH. **GREAT** **START.**









**PROFESSOR!**

USELESS  
INFERIOR  
COPROLITIC  
COMPONENTS!

I WOULDN'T  
ELECTROCUTE MY  
MOTHER WITH  
THESE!



YOU-YOU'RE  
ONE OF THE  
ORDER'S SMOKE  
KNIGHTS.

DO YOUR  
DUTY!  
RELEASE  
ME!

I COMMAND  
YOU!

WHOA.

NOOOO—I THINK  
YOU'LL CAUSE WAY  
LESS TROUBLE BY  
STAYING RIGHT  
WHERE YOU—

I'LL  
RELEASE YOU,  
MISTRESS!



OH,  
GREAT.

**POW!**

**PROFESSOR!**

SOON!

RELEASE ME  
OR I WILL GRIND  
YOU TO DUST!  
SOMEONE—  
ANYONE—CAN  
YOU HEAR  
ME?

**HELP!**

AHHH... I  
HEAR YOU...

**LUCREZIA!**

UH—  
GUYS?





AAAAAAHHH!

ALL RIGHT! HER S/ VALES VALEO CONNECTION IS NOW FULLY ENGAGED!

TARVEK'S REVIVIFICATION PROCESS SHOULD START ANY SECOND—

AND SHE'S GONNA BE REALLY MAD IF I BLOW HIM UP AFTER ALL THIS TROUBLE, SO I NEED HIS READINGS, NOW!

HELLO?! PROFESSOR?



NO! I DARE NOT LEAVE THIS JUNK UNATTENDED!

ZZIT!  
ZZIT!

WHERE IS MISS SNAUG?!



MOLOCH!

WHAT?!

SNAUG'S... SHE'S KNOCKED OUT!

I NEED YOU ON TARVEK'S SYSTEM!

—KIND OF BUSY, HERE!

HEE HEE HEE—

STOP THAT.

POKE  
POKE



MOLOCH!

I SAID—

CHOP!

COMING!

IT TICKLES.



NOT FROM LADY HETERODYNE—SHE'S ALREADY AT HER LIMIT!

I'M BRINGING WULFENBACH'S CONNECTION BACK TO FULL STRENGTH—

STURMVORAU'S READINGS ARE STUCK AT EIGHTY THREE PERCENT!

WE NEED MORE!

CAN WE INCREASE THE FLOW ON THIS THING?

IN THREE... TWO... ONE... NOW!



GUAAAH!



THERE! THAT DID IT!

IT WORKED!

SNAP!

SNAP!

GRHHAAAAAA!



I... LIVE! AND NOW—


WHOA! WORKED A LITTLE TOO WELL!

UH...HEY, CHECK IT OUT.



GOOD HEAVENS.





AAHHHH-  
LITTLE RATS-

BUSY IN MY  
CELLAR-

WHERE IS  
YOUR *QUEEN*,  
LITTLE RATS?

WHERE IS  
*LUCREZIA*?



WHAT IS THAT?!

OTILIA.

THE MUSE OF PROTECTION.

SHE'S BEEN LOST FOR OVER TWO HUNDRED YEARS!



WHERE IS LUCREZIA?

SHE HAS BETRAYED THE HOUSE OF HETERODYNE.

GIVE HER TO ME, OR I WILL CRUSH YOU ALL.



THIS IS BAD. SHE'LL KILL AGATHA.

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT.



STOP!

I AM PRINCE TARVEK OF THE HOUSE OF STURMVORAU.

I AM THE DIRECT DESCENDANT OF ANDRONICUS VALOIS AND HEIR TO THE LIGHTNING THRONE.

I AM THE STORM KING-

AND YOU WERE CREATED TO SERVE ME!



POW!



UM-

THAT NEVER WORKS, YOU KNOW.

NO! THAT SHOULD HAVE WORKED!

SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT...



LADY HETERODYNE'S READINGS ARE CRASHING!

TARVEK! WE COULD USE ANOTHER SPARK OVER HERE!

GET HER READY FOR THE NEXT STEP! DISENGAGE THE SI VALES VALEO CIRCUIT,

AND BEGIN REVERSING MY SETTINGS!

YOU! HOOK HER UP TO THE ELECTRICALS.

I'LL BE RIGHT THERE!

YESSIR!

HAH. SPARKS...

WHAT ARE YOU PEOPLE UP TO HERE?

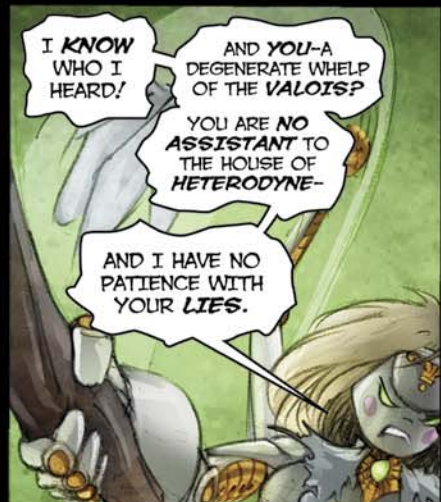
WHERE IS THE LORD HETERODYNE? WHICH OF YOU BELLOWS PUMPERS IS HIS CHIEF ASSISTANT?



I AM!

LISTEN TO ME!

YOU DID NOT HEAR LUCREZIA!



I KNOW WHO I HEARD!

AND YOU-A DEGENERATE WHELP OF THE VALOIS?

YOU ARE NO ASSISTANT TO THE HOUSE OF HETERODYNE-

AND I HAVE NO PATIENCE WITH YOUR LIES.



SMACK!

I AM NOT LYING.

DO YOU SEE LUCREZIA HERE?



AH.

YOU ARE... SURPRISINGLY STRONG.

YES. I AM. NOW, LISTEN.

YOU HEARD LUCREZIA'S DAUGHTER.

THE CURRENT LADY HETERODYNE.

YES, SHE SOUNDS LIKE HER MOTHER-

BUT SHE'S THE LAST PERSON WHO WOULD HELP LUCREZIA IN ANY WAY.

AND I WILL NOT LET YOU TOUCH HER.



THE CURRENT LADY HETERODYNE?

THEN THE OLD LORD IS DEAD?

I'M AFRAID SO.

AGATHA IS THE LAST OF THE HETERODYNE FAMILY.

THE... THE LAST? BUT HIS BROTHER-

ALSO GONE.

**NO!**



... MISERABLE LACKEYS!

(huff)  
(huff)

I'LL FEED YOUR FLESH TO THE SPIDERS-

AND (huff) GRIND YOUR BONES TO POWDER TO SWEETEN MY TEA!

OH, GREAT.

VIOLETTA! HURRY!



I'LL... URFF! MMF!

WE'RE ALL PREPPED, HERE!

HMAM RYU!

**SOON!**

NO, REALLY—EVERYTHING IS TOTALLY PREPPED AND—OW!—BITING!

I'M WORKING ON IT!



THE LAST OF THE FAMILY...

AND SHE IS A TRUE HETERODYNE?

YOU ARE SURE?

ABSOLUTELY.

SHE'S EVEN BEEN ACCEPTED BY THE CASTLE.



OH, NO SHE HAS **NOT!**



URK!

**NOW!**

**HIT IT NOW!**



HERE WE GO!



POWER READINGS—

UM, THEY LOOK *PRETTY GOOD*, ACTUALLY.

AH, WELL, A CIRCUIT IS LIKE AN *ELEGANT LADY*—

SPOT-WELD HER ENOUGH, AND—

**AAH!** WHAT IS THAT?!



I WILL SPEAK WITH YOUR "LADY HETERODYNE."

YOU WILL RELEASE HER FROM THIS ARRAY, AND I WILL *JUDGE HER WORTH.*

NOT YET!

SHE'S *SICK*. WE'RE TREATING HER *RIGHT NOW*.

IF WE DECOUPLE HER BEFORE WE'RE DONE, SHE'LL *DIE!*



THAT DID IT!

THE READINGS ARE *FLATTENING!*

AAAND— *THERE!*

THAT'S IT! SHE'S DEAD AS A *DOORNAIL!*



WHAT?

*IX-NAY ON THE EAD-DAY!*



WAIT— YOU'RE TELLING ME THAT THIS GIRL WAS THE *LAST OF THE FAMILY*—

AND NOW, YOU FOOLS HAVE *KILLED HER?*

OH. SORRY ABOUT THAT.

ER... WELL, ONLY A *LITTLE.*





YOU ALL ARE AWARE THAT ONCE THE REVIVIFICATION PROCESS BEGINS—

THIS MISERABLE EXCUSE FOR A COGNITIVE ENGINE—

—SITUATIONAL DISSIDENCE HAS EXCEEDED OPERATING PARAMETERS—

—GO TO FALL BACK INTERACTION SEQUENCE: **KILL EVERYONE.**

MASTERS WILL SORT OUT REMAINS.

SOMEONE ELSE IS GOING TO HAVE TO DO THE FIGHTING HERE?

MOLOCH—

FORGET IT!



I WAS AFRAID OF THIS.

YOU MAY BE VAN RIJN'S **MASTERPIECE—**

AND IT'S A SHAME TO DAMAGE YOU, EVEN IN SELF DEFENSE,

BUT IT APPEARS THAT YOUR MENTAL PROCESSES HAVE SUFFERED **SEVERE** DETERIORATION.

**KRAK!**  
**CRUNCH!**



I TOLD YOU.

I WON'T LET YOU HURT AGATHA.

**CRANG!**

... BUT MAYBE I CAN TAKE YOU DOWN **QUICKLY,**

AND **REPAIR** YOU LATER.



HE'S DOING SURPRISINGLY WELL.

...MUST BE THAT POST-REVIVIFICATION RUSH.

HA! SHE'S THE ONE WHO'S DOING SURPRISINGLY WELL.

THE MUSES WERE TOYS! THEY WEREN'T HEAVY-DUTY FIGHTING CLANKS!

OTILIA HAD SOME FANCY SWORD FLOURISHES SHE PERFORMED FOR VISITORS.

YOU SOUND LIKE YOU KNOW A LOT ABOUT THEM.

IF I HAD A BELGIAN CHOCOLATE MIMMOTH FOR EVERY HOUR I'VE HAD TO LISTEN TO TARVEK BLATHER ON ABOUT THOSE STUPID MUSES,

I'D WEIGH A THOUSAND KILOS.

BUT SHE WAS ACTUALLY BUILT FOR TEACHING—

NOT RIPPING PEOPLE TO SHREDS!

...REALLY?

OH YEAH. I WORKED IT OUT ONCE.

VIOLETTA! AGATHA'S CLEAN!

LET'S GO!

TARVEK! HURRY UP! I'M HITTING THE SWITCH IN—

THREE—

YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO ME!

YOU'RE A MUSE! I—

TWO—

AHEH HEH HEH... STUPID LITTLE KING.

I AM NOT ONE OF YOUR PRETTY MUSES—

—ONE!



EVEN TRAPPED  
IN THIS  
MISERABLE SHELL-

I AM  
CASTLE  
HETERODYNE!

AND YOU-  
LITTLE RAT  
KING-

YOU  
ARE-

THE  
CASTLE?!  
BUT-

HIT THE  
SWITCH!

HIT THE  
SWITCH  
NOW!

BUT SHE-  
IT-IT'LL KILL  
HIM!

AK-  
GAAAAAAHH!

WITHOUT THE  
LADY, IT WILL  
KILL US ALL!

CLANK!

WAIT!

-SUUPER  
LUCKY!

WOOHOO!

BOOOT!

HEY YOU! IT  
SAYS IT'S THE  
CASTLE!

WHO  
CARES?!

SHE'S  
BOUGHT US  
TIME! GET TO  
YOUR PLACES!

... AND  
WHO THE  
DEVIL IS  
THIS?!

GIVE IT A  
KICK FOR  
ME!



HEY!  
WULFENBACH'S  
READINGS AREN'T  
LOOKING  
GOOD.



THAT WOULD BE  
BECAUSE HE WAS  
TAPPED TO HELP REVIVE  
STURMVORAUIS-

AND HAS NOT  
YET HAD A CHANCE  
TO REPLENISH HIS  
ELAN VITAL.

AS LONG AS THE  
RED METER STAYS  
ABOVE **THIRTY-  
THREE-**  
HE SHOULD  
BE FINE.

...PROBABLY.



I NEED  
SOMEONE TO  
MONITOR LADY  
HETERODYNE--!

I CAN DO  
IT!

UM...

WHAT ARE  
WE DOING?



MODIFIED SI  
VALES VALEO  
ROLLING  
RESURRECTION  
CHAIN!

WHAT?!

BUT THAT--  
THAT'S--



THAT'S  
**AWESOME!**



**AH!**

GOT A  
FIRE  
HERE!

I'M ON  
THAT!



LOOKS LIKE  
AN OVERLOADED  
JUNCTION  
ROUTER!

DO YOU  
HAVE ANY  
**BUTTER?**

UH...

NEVER  
MIND!  
BROUGHT  
MY OWN!



OH. WELL,  
THEN.

I GUESS  
EVERYTHING IS  
GOING TO BE  
OKAY.

**GRAAAAA!**

HI. YOU'RE  
NEW TO THIS,  
AREN'T YOU?

WHO ARE  
YOU  
PEOPLE?!



RHAAH AH AHAA!

SNAP!

SNAP!  
SNAP!

OOOH,  
YEESSSS!

LOOK OUT,  
WORLD!



AAH! SHE'S  
LOOSEP!

BUT  
HOW?!

I STRAPPED  
HER DOWN  
WITH—



OH, YEAH— I  
GOT THOSE!

AFTER ALL,  
WE'RE GOING TO  
NEED AGATHA TO—



—THAT'S  
NOT  
AGATHA!



SHE'S  
NOT?

OOOH!  
AREN'T YOU A  
CUTIE?

HELLO!



WHAT?!

YOU— YOU  
TOOK HER  
LOCKET OFF?!



COMING!

HIGGS!  
DEAL WITH THE  
CLANK!

...

YOU/YOU/YOU

YOU ARE ALL  
INTRUDERS AND I/I WILL  
SQUASH YOU INTO  
J/JELLY!



HEY.

I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT...



OH/  
OH/OH WELL/  
WELL...



THAT'S TOO/TOO BA'AD!

**CRUNCH!**



tsk. SEEP THOSE LEG JOINTS ARE OUT OF ALIGNMENT.



DIEEEE!

**SWOOSH!**



UH HUH...AND THOSE HIP BEARINGS ARE OUT OF TRUE.



AND LOOK HERE—

**OOF!**

**GRAK**



AND NOW/NOW/NOW ALL OF YOU WILL—



HUH. BUT THOSE GALVANIC RELAYS ARE STILL WORKING.



THAT'S GOOD.

'D BE A SHAME IF YOU GOT TOO MESSED UP.



O HO HO HO HO HO HO HO!

YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE AIDING MY DAUGHTER, EH?

HOW VERY DROLL! BUT NOW-



WAIT— YOU'RE—

YOU'RE AUNT LUCREZIA?!



... PARDON?

I'M THEOPHOLOUS DUMEDD! YOUR NEPHEW!

YOUR SISTER— SERPENTINA MONGFISH— SHE WAS MY MOTHER!



THEO... GOOD HEAVENS, YOU'VE GROWN!

YES! YOU CAME TO MY CHRISTENING!



WHY... SO I DID!

AND YOU BROUGHT ME A CLOCKWORK SNAKE!

MR. HISSYFIT! HE USED TO BE MINE!

YES! HE TRIED TO EAT MY FATHER, AND KNOCKED THE BISHOP INTO THE PUNCH BOWL!



OH, LET ME LOOK AT YOU!

MY YES, YOU DO TAKE AFTER YOUR FATHER!

REALLY?



YESSSS. YOU KNOW, WHEN WE FIRST MET HIM, HE BLEW UP MY FAVORITE LAIR,

AND THEN HAD THE TEMERITY TO LEAVE ME BEHIND, WHILE HE ESCAPED WITH MY SISTER.

AH— REALLY?



AND I NEVER LIKED HER MUCH, EITHER.

gurk. REALLY?

REALLY.



YOU/NON  
POSSIBLE/  
YOU-

/ACCESSING/  
I KNOW  
YOU-

YOU  
ARE-

BUT-

YOU-

HOW-

tsk. MORE  
MESS'D UP THAN  
I THOUGHT.

ALL THIS FIGHTING  
MUST'VE JUST BEEN  
TOO MUCH FOR IT.

DON'T YOU  
AGREE-

SIR?

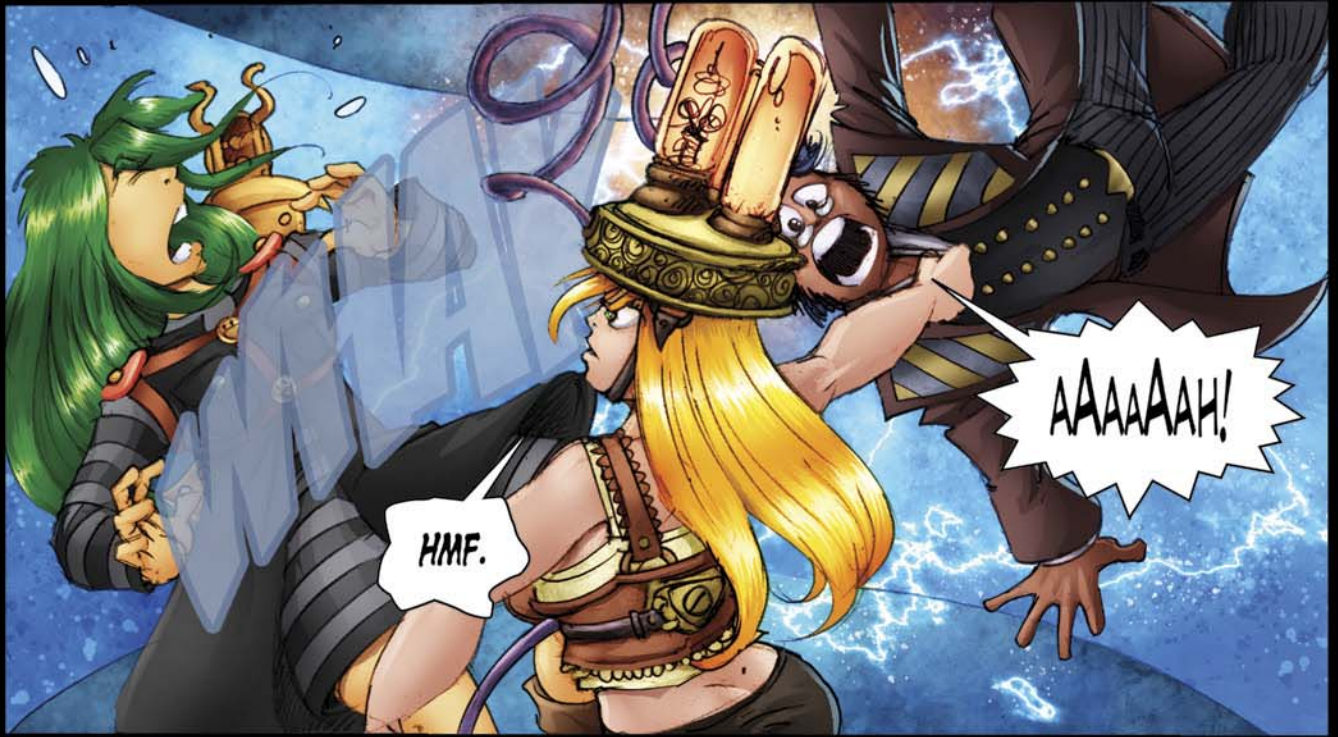
GOODNESS,  
YES!

WHY, IT'S A  
MIRACLE IT WAS  
STILL WORKING  
AT ALL!

I'LL TELL 'EM  
YOU SAID THAT,  
SIR.



OKAY, SPOOKY GIRL—  
TIME TO GO BACK TO SLEEP.



AAAAAAH!

HMF.



AH... I MEANT YOU, NOT ME.

...WELL... SHE SEEMS HEALTHY, ANYWAY.

THAT'S GOOD.

I GUESS.

OW.

SHE'S RIDING THE POST-REVIVIFICATION RUSH.

SHE'LL BE FASTER, TOUGHER AND STRONGER FOR A WHILE.

...ALSO MEANER.



YOU—I SAW YOU IN A CIRCUS ONCE, RIGHT?

UH—WELL, PROBABLY—

WELL LISTEN UP. THIS THING INSIDE LADY HETERODYNE IS A KILLER.

YOU JUST TRY TO STAY OUT OF THE WAY WHILE WE SORT THIS OUT.

WHAT?!

STAGE CLOWNING WILL ONLY GET YOU KILLED.



OH, I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU.

THAT HARPY IN AGATHA? SHE'S ONLY THE SECOND MOST DANGEROUS THING IN THE ROOM.







FEH. I KNOW BETTER THAN TO FIGHT YOU, SKIFANDRIAN.

DO YOU?

NOW THAT'S INTERESTING.

STAY BACK-



-OR WHAT? YOU'LL HURT HER?

SO WHAT. SHE'S TOUGH. SHE'LL GET OVER IT.

YOU'LL KILL HER?

I DON'T THINK YOU COULD DO IT HARD ENOUGH.

NOT HERE.



I'LL JUST HAVE TO SETTLE FOR DISTRACTION.

FLING!



HUUUUUUH



YAAAAA!



HOW IS THAT SUPPOSED TO DISTRACT ME?

THAT'S A PROBLEM FOR THE SPARKS.

POW!

MY JOB IS TO TAKE YOU OUT SO THEY CAN WORK.



AID THE MISTRESS...



urk...

...THAT ONE WASN'T BAD, EITHER.







WHAT—WHY ARE YOU STILL FOOLING AROUND WITH HER?

I'M NOT "FOOLING AROUND." I'M LEARNING.

FOR EXAMPLE, SHE'S LOUSY AT HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT.

I WILL CRUSH YOU!

PROBABLY SHE'S USED TO BATTING HER EYES AND GETTING OTHER PEOPLE TO DO HER FIGHTING.

SILENCE!

PLUS, SHE'S PRETTY BOSSY.

ANYWAY, I DON'T KNOW WHERE THE LOCKET IS.

OH. RIGHT. HERE IT IS.



SO YOU KNOCK HER DOWN AND SIT ON HER, AND I'LL SLAP IT ON.

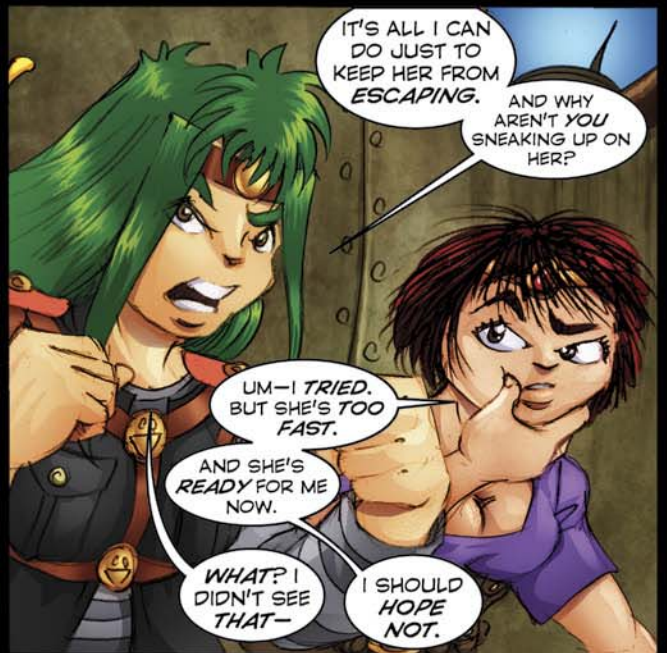


AH. WELL, ALL KIDDING ASIDE, SHE'S TOO STRONG FOR ME, ONE ON ONE.

SHE'S IGNORING BLOWS THAT SHOULD BRING HER DOWN.

AGATHA'S GOING TO ACHE ALL OVER WHEN SHE GETS BACK.

I COULD HIT HER HARDER, BUT THAT MIGHT KILL HER.



IT'S ALL I CAN DO JUST TO KEEP HER FROM ESCAPING.

AND WHY AREN'T YOU SNEAKING UP ON HER?

UM—I TRIED. BUT SHE'S TOO FAST.

AND SHE'S READY FOR ME NOW.

WHAT? I DIDN'T SEE THAT—

I SHOULD HOPE NOT.



HEY—ARE YOU STILL FOOLING AROUND WITH HER?

HOW LONG WILL THAT BE?

SHADDUP. ALL WE CAN DO IS DANCE WITH HER UNTIL HER REVIVIFICATION EDGE WEARS OFF.

ASK THE SPARKS! AN HOUR?—MAYBE TWO?

CAN YOU SPEED IT UP?

STURMVORAUSS NEEDS HER.

WELL, HE'LL JUST HAVE TO BE PATIENT.



I DON'T THINK HE CAN.

WULFENBACH'S DYING.



YES!

AND THAT IS ALL THE DISTRACTION I NEED!

SMAK!

SMAK!



I'LL BE SURE TO TELL DEAR KLAUS THAT HIS BOY WAS SO HELPFUL!

AHAHAHA NO!



WHAT?!

HE'S DYING

I

I DON'T CARE! I-

NO

I... I WONT



HE'S DYING

NO! YOU CAN'T!

HE'S DYING

NOOOOO!



AND THAT IS NOT GOING TO HAPPEN IN MY CASTLE!

...AGATHA?

GET ME MY LOCKET!

NOW!



AAAAH-

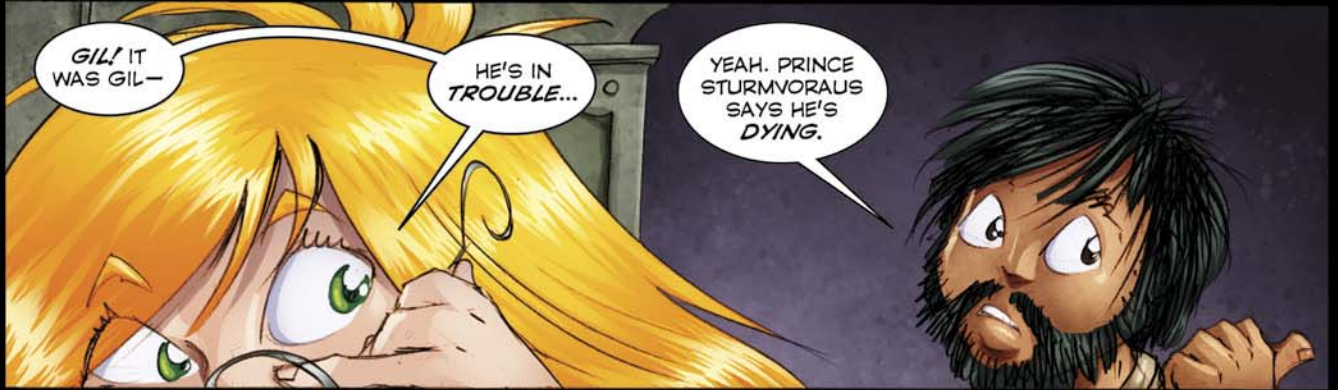
CLIK

THERE.

GOOD GIRL. THAT WAS IMPRESSIVE.

REMEMBER YOU CAN DO THAT.

...PREFERABLY SOONER, NEXT TIME.



GIL! IT WAS GIL-

HE'S IN TROUBLE...

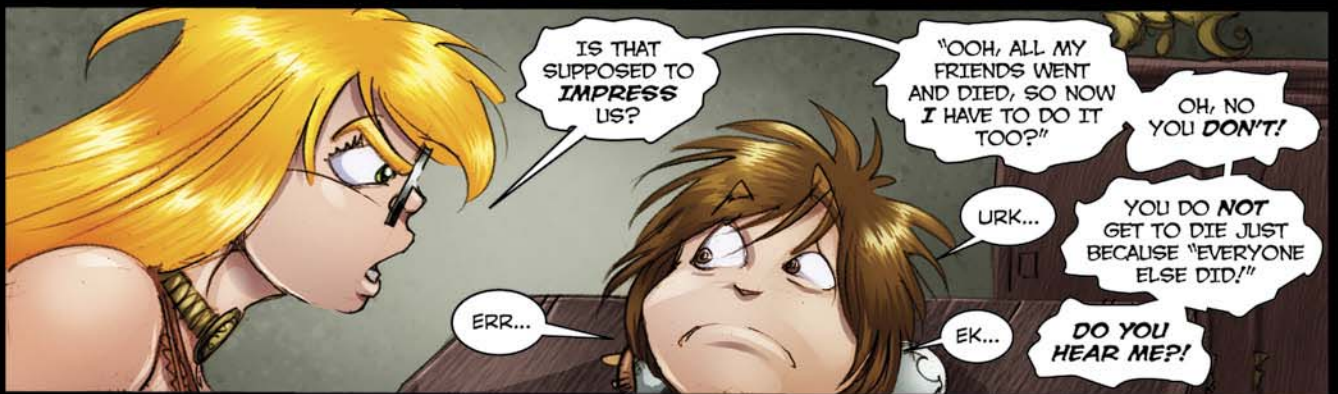
YEAH. PRINCE STURMVORAUSSAYS HE'S DYING.



DON'T YOU DARE!

SWAM!

WHA-?



IS THAT SUPPOSED TO IMPRESS US?

"OOH, ALL MY FRIENDS WENT AND DIED, SO NOW I HAVE TO DO IT TOO?"

OH, NO YOU DON'T!

YOU DO NOT GET TO DIE JUST BECAUSE "EVERYONE ELSE DID!"

DO YOU HEAR ME?!

ERR...

URK...

EK...



AGATHA!

WHAT THE DEVIL ARE YOU DOING?!

UM- WHATEVER SHE'S DOING, DON'T MAKE HER STOP.

HIS READINGS ARE IMPROVING.

MEANWHILE,  
ELSEWHERE IN  
THE CASTLE—

HELLLLL!

THAT IS  
REALLY  
GETTING ON MY  
NERVES.

QUITCH'ER  
MEWLIN'.

SOMEONE  
FINDIN' US IS  
OUR ONLY  
CHANCE.

WE HAVE  
NO CHANCE.

NEVER  
DID.

DON'T TALK  
LIKE THAT,  
PAESANO.

IT'S BAD  
LUCK.

TALK ABOUT  
SOMETHING  
ELSE.

OH. OKAY.

...YOU THINK  
MAYBE HUMAN  
FLESH TASTE LIKE  
CHICKEN?

OH. NO. IT'S  
MORE LIKE  
PORK. SWEET,  
SUCCULENT—

YOU ARE  
NOT  
HELPING.

HELLO! IS  
SOMEONE IN  
THERE?

YES!  
YES!  
WE'RE  
TRAPPED!

AH! YES, I  
SEE!

IT'S  
MOVING! I  
SEE A  
LIGHT!

BUT WHO IN  
BLAZES IS  
THAT?

WHY, I  
AM  
**OTHAR  
TRYGGVASSEN**

GENTLEMAN  
ADVENTURER!

UH OH.

RRRUMBLE!





NOW, I DON'T EXPECT ANY THANKS FROM LAWLESS MURDERING SCUM LIKE YOURSELVES,

BUT AS LONG AS I'M HERE, THE LEAST I CAN DO IS RESCUE YOU!

JUST TO KEEP MY HAND IN.

THE OTHER TRYGGVASSEN?

OH, FRY ME!

HE BROKE UP SQUINALDO'S SLAVER RING.

HE BROKE R-78 AND R-76.

HE BROKE MY MASTERS DOOM SHIPS.

HE BROKE HIS WORD!

I ASSURE YOU, MISS, OTHER TRYGGVASSEN DOES NOT BREAK—



...GOOD HEAVENS.

SANAA? IS THAT YOU?!

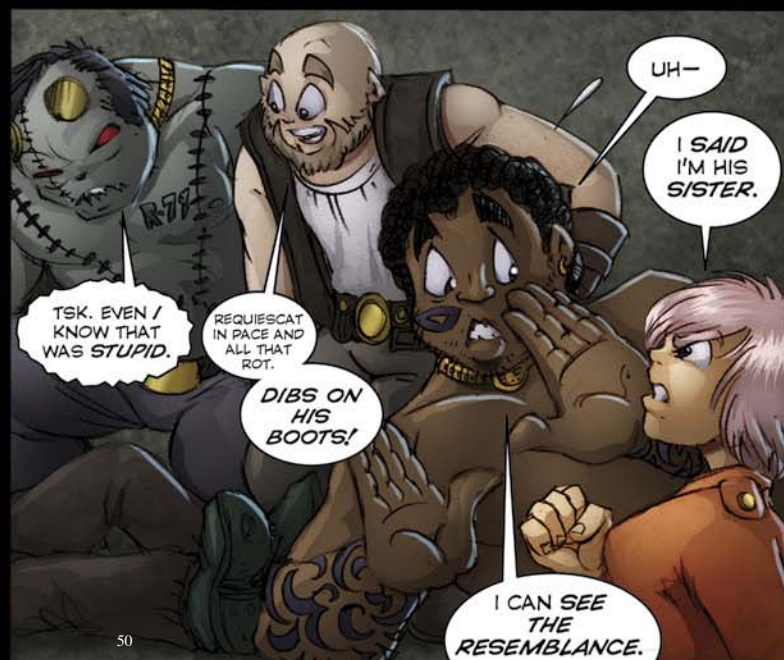


WAIT—YOU KNOW HIM?!

OH, YES.



HE'S ONLY MY STUPID BROTHER.





SOON—

—AND ANYWAY, I LEFT YOU AT HOME!

YES, YOU DID!

AND WE WERE SUPPOSED TO GO ADVENTURING!

YOU PROMISED!

I WAS GOING TO BE YOUR SPUNKY GIRL SIDEKICK!



WELL, FOR GOODNESS SAKE, YOU'RE MY SISTER!

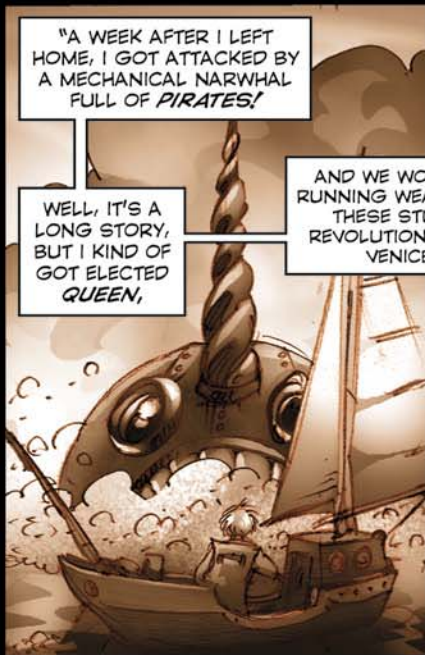
WHAT?!

EEEW! O-THAR, YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE A GENTLEMAN ADVENTURER!

NO NO NO! I MEAN, IT'S DANGEROUS!



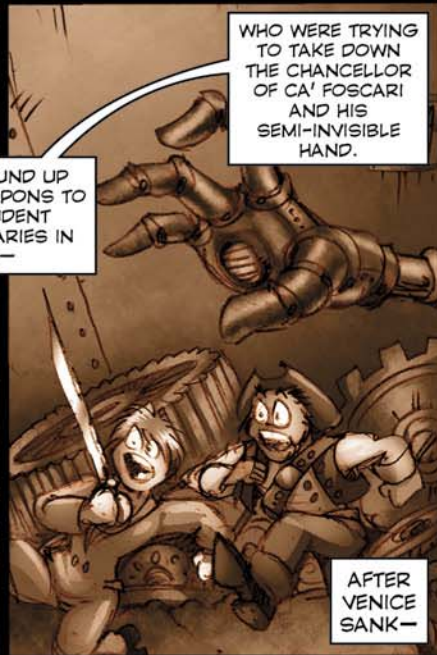
HA! DANGEROUS? YOU WANT TO HEAR ABOUT DANGEROUS?!



"A WEEK AFTER I LEFT HOME, I GOT ATTACKED BY A MECHANICAL NARWHAL FULL OF PIRATES!"

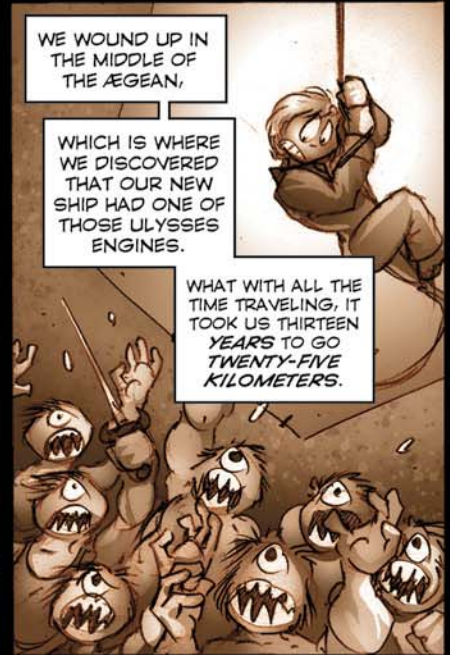
WELL, IT'S A LONG STORY, BUT I KIND OF GOT ELECTED QUEEN,

AND WE WOUND UP RUNNING WEAPONS TO THESE STUDENT REVOLUTIONARIES IN VENICE—



WHO WERE TRYING TO TAKE DOWN THE CHANCELLOR OF CA' FOSCARI AND HIS SEMI-INVISIBLE HAND.

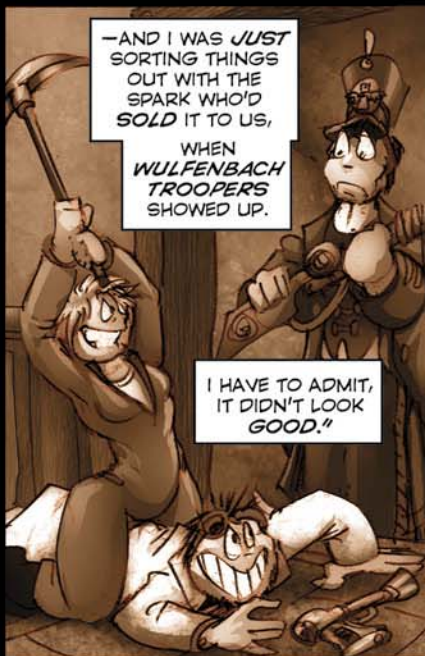
AFTER VENICE SANK—



WE WOUND UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE AEGEAN,

WHICH IS WHERE WE DISCOVERED THAT OUR NEW SHIP HAD ONE OF THOSE ULYSSES ENGINES.

WHAT WITH ALL THE TIME TRAVELING, IT TOOK US THIRTEEN YEARS TO GO TWENTY-FIVE KILOMETERS.



—AND I WAS JUST SORTING THINGS OUT WITH THE SPARK WHO'D SOLD IT TO US,

WHEN WULFENBACH TROOPERS SHOWED UP.

I HAVE TO ADMIT, IT DIDN'T LOOK GOOD."



SO YOU TELL ME—

AND THAT GOT ME SENT HERE TO CASTLE HETERODYNE!

HOW CAN TRAVELING WITH YOU BE MORE DANGEROUS?!



UM...

WELL...

SO, WHEN CAN YOU START?



YAY! YOU'RE THE BEST!

AW...

SO! HOW ARE WE GONNA GET OUT OF HERE?



WELL, ACTUALLY, WE CAN'T, JUST YET.

WHAT? WHY NOT?

YOU'RE THE ONE WITH ALL THE SPARKY PLANS...



TOO TRUE. BUT I'M HERE TO RESCUE THE BARON'S SON.

WHOA, REALLY?!

IT'S TRUE? OLD KLAUS REALLY DOES HAVE A SON?!

WAIT-AND HE'S IN HERE?!

JEEZ- WHAT DID HE DO?!

I HAVE A LIST, IF YOU'RE INTERESTED.



AND-AND YOU KNOW HIM?

OH, YES.

OOOOH. I GET IT. HE'S YOUR BOYFRIEND, RIGHT?



WHAT?!

OTHR, PLEASE. I'VE BEEN HANGING AROUND WITH PIRATES.

IT'S OKAY.

GILGAMESH WULFENBACH IS A FOUL VILLAIN!



HE IS NOT EVEN A FRIEND, LET ALONE-

SECONDARY PIT TRAP ACTIVATED

YEAH? THEN WHY'D YOU LEAVE GRIMSTAD TO AVOID HELGA GOOTERGUND?

HELGA?! SHE VOWED TO BRAIN ME WITH A MARLINSPIKE IF SHE EVER SAW ME AGAIN!



MOM SAYS YOU SHOULD HAVE TRIED HARDER!

HELGA'S RICH, SMART AND BEAUTIFUL!

PLUS, SHE CAN KILL A FROSTED CAVE BEAR WITH HER BARE HANDS!



MY POINT EXACTLY!

SHE SAID I WAS CRAZY!

YOU ARE NOT CRAZY!

YOU'RE MY BROTHER!

AND YOU'RE A HERO!



WHY... THANK YOU, SANAA. I'M TOUCHED.

NEED A LAUGH?

YES HELL YES!

YEAH, YOU SURE ARE.

NOW, C'MON. LET'S GO SAVE YOUR BOYFRIEND.



I SAID, HE IS NO FRIEND OF MINE— "BOY" OR OTHERWISE!

OKAY, OKAY. JEEZ.



SO IF HE'S SUCH A VILLAIN, SHOULDN'T WE BE TAKING HIM OUT?

I MEAN, INSTEAD OF RESCUING HIM?

ORDINARILY, YES.



BUT I'VE GOT SORT OF AN UNDER-DURESS AGREEMENT WITH THE BARON...

OH. I SEE. YOU'VE GOT A 'SPODEY COLLAR, TOO, HUH?

BUT YOU CAN CRACK IT, NO PROBLEM.

RIGHT?

WELL, ER... OF COURSE.

PROBABLY.



BUT THAT WOULD TAKE TIME.

THE FASTEST COURSE IS SIMPLY TO GRAB YOUNG WULFENBACH AND GET HIM OUT OF HERE.

THE BARON IS A TYRANNICAL FIEND, BUT AS FAR AS I'VE HEARD, HE DOES APPEAR TO KEEP HIS WORD IN CASES SUCH AS THIS...

SO...IF HE'S REALLY NOT YOUR BOYFRIEND, THEN THAT MAKES HIM FAIR GAME, RIGHT?



FOR ANY YOUNG LADY OF EXTREMELY QUESTIONABLE MORALS AND TASTE WHO IS NOT MY SISTER,

I SUPPOSE IT DOES!

BUT YOU WILL STAY FAR AWAY FROM HIM, OR I WILL SEND YOU HOME TO MOTHER ON A LIVESTOCK TRANSPORT SHIP!



ACTUALLY, I REALLY OUGHT TO DO THAT, ANYWAY.

SHE'LL BE WORRYING—

AND THAT ALWAYS MAKES HER BREAK THINGS.

OH, NO YOU DON'T!

JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE MISTER SPARKY DOESN'T MEAN YOU GET TO PUSH ME AROUND!

YOU ALREADY LEFT ME BEHIND ONCE! AND I ENDED UP HERE!

YOU OWE ME!



WELL, ALL RIGHT. JUST THIS ONCE.

BUT NO ROMANTIC IDEAS.

REMEMBER—HE IS A NEFARIOUS FIEND WHO MUST ULTIMATELY DIE.

EEEEEE! I FINALLY GET TO RESCUE A PRINCE!

MEANWHILE—

—WELL, I GUESS YOU'D SAY IT'S SORT OF LIKE GALVANIZING—

WHAT—YOU'RE GOING TO DIP HIM IN **MOLTEN ZINC**?

HA! ONLY METAPHORICALLY.

HUH. IT'LL PROBABLY FEEL SIMILAR.

THAT'LL BE A STEP UP, ACTUALLY.

YEAH, BUT THEN YOU'LL BE COMPLETELY STABLE, AND...

AND...

TARVEK? YOU OKAY?

UH—I... I DON'T KNOW...

HEY—WHY'S HE STILL ACTING SICK?

THE SECONDARY CORE ANNEALING PROCESS SHOULD HAVE **FIXED** ALL THAT.

UM—WE DIDN'T **DO** ANY SECONDARY PROCESS.

OH.

UH-OH.

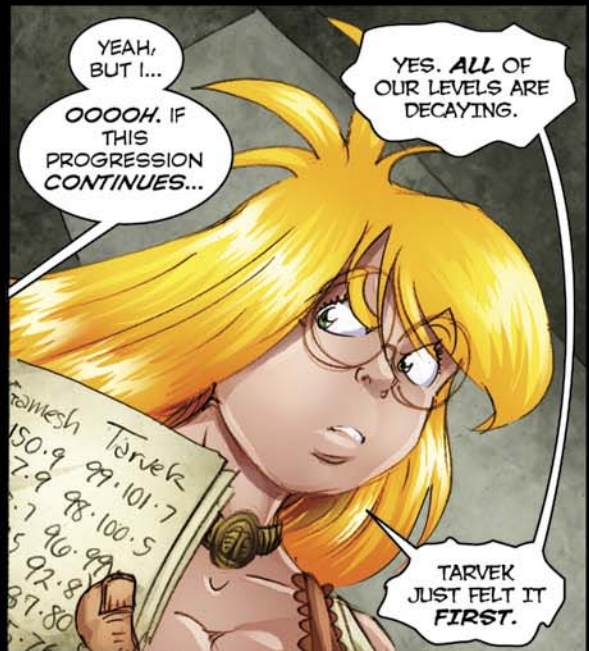




WHAT?! BUT—

LOOK AT THESE READINGS.

THIS IS THE THREE OF US, FROM TWENTY, FIFTEEN AND TEN MINUTES AGO, RIGHT?



YEAH, BUT I...  
OOOOH. IF THIS PROGRESSION CONTINUES...

YES. ALL OF OUR LEVELS ARE DECAYING.

TARVEK JUST FELT IT FIRST.



AND WE DON'T HAVE ENOUGH ENERGY BETWEEN US TO FINISH THE PROCESS.



WELL, THEN, WHY NOT JUST ADD SOMEONE NEW (WHO ISN'T ME) TO THE CIRCUIT?

BECAUSE ADDING SOMEONE WHO HASN'T UNDERGONE THE FIRST PART WOULD DESTROY OUR CURRENT LEVEL OF SYNCHRONIZATION.  
WE'D ALL JUST FRY.



OKAY, WELL, LET'S GO! WE'VE GOT HOW MANY SPARKS IN HERE?

THE PACK OF YOU ARE SURE TO COME UP WITH SOMETHING, RIGHT?!

**NO!**

EVERYONE WILL HAVE THEIR OWN IDEAS, AND WE'LL WASTE FAR TOO MUCH TIME WAITING FOR ALL THE SHOUTING TO DIE DOWN!



WE'LL DO THIS MY WAY AND SKIP THE DEBATE.

THE SECOND TO THEO AND THE PROFESSOR,

GIVE THAT ONE TO TARVEK,

AND THE THIRD TO SLEIPNIR.

DON'T LET ANY OF THEM SEE ANYONE ELSE'S.

WHAT ABOUT WULFENBACH?



DON'T LET GIL SEE ANYTHING.

BUT YOU'VE GOT ALL THE ENERGY COMING FROM YOU.

THEY'LL BE FINE,

BUT YOU'LL DIE.

LIKE, FOR REAL.

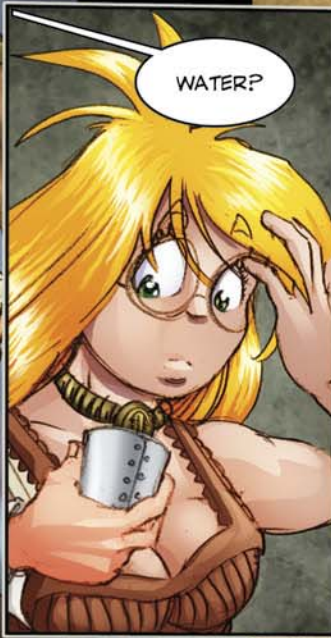


NO. I WON'T.

BECAUSE AFTER YOU HAND THOSE OUT,

I HAVE ANOTHER JOB FOR YOU.





HIGGS, M'LADY. AIRMAN THIRD CLASS. I'M CURRENTLY ASSIGNED TO HELP MASTER WULFENBACH.



ARE YOU REALLY THE HETERODYNE?



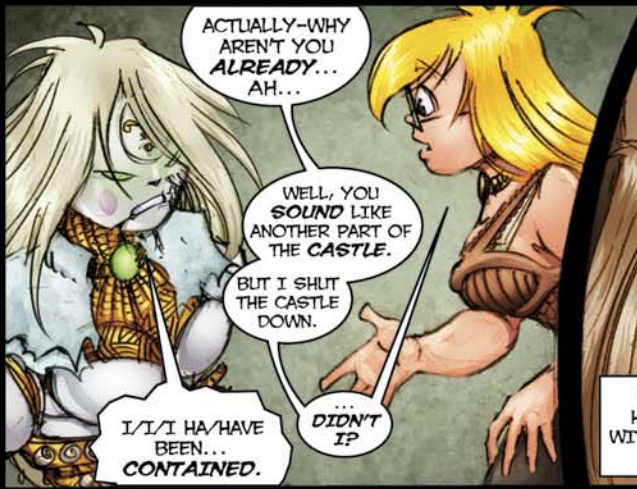
I BEG YOUR PARDON?



YOU/YOU ARE/WERE/ARE VESSEL FOR LU/LLUCREZIA.



YOU/Y/YOU WILL/WILL PROVE THIS— OR YOU/WE WILL/WILL DIE.



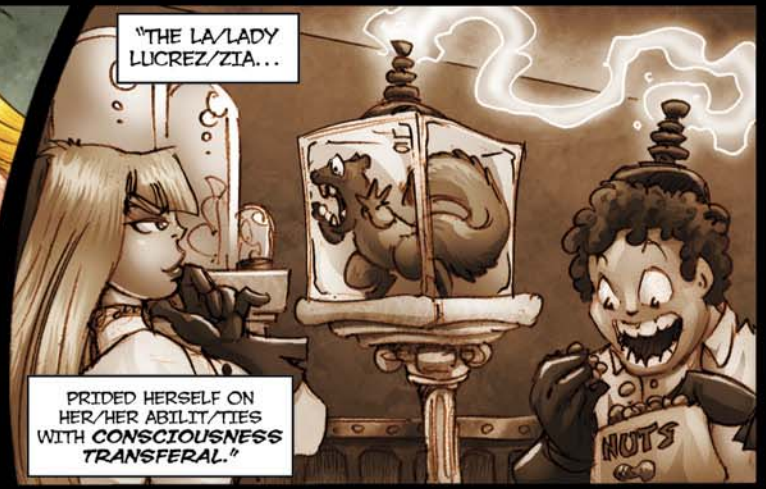
ACTUALLY-WHY AREN'T YOU ALREADY... AH...

WELL, YOU SOUND LIKE ANOTHER PART OF THE CASTLE.

BUT I SHUT THE CASTLE DOWN.

I/I HA/HAVE BEEN... CONTAINED.

... DIDN'T I?



"THE LA/LADY LUCREZ/ZIA..."

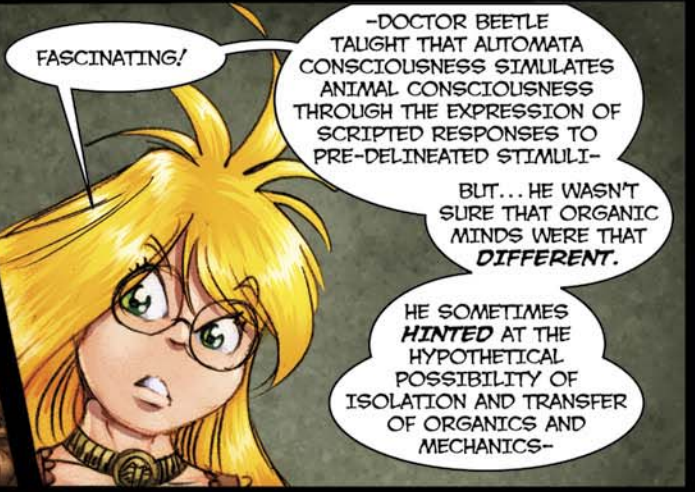
PRIDED HERSELF ON HER/HER ABILIT/TIES WITH CONSCIOUSNESS TRANSFERAL."



"WHEN SHE/SHE FELT SH/SHE HAD MASTERED ORGANICS-

SHE SOUGHT TO/TOGO/GO FURTHER-

TO TRANSFER ARTIFICIAL CONSCIOUSNESS."

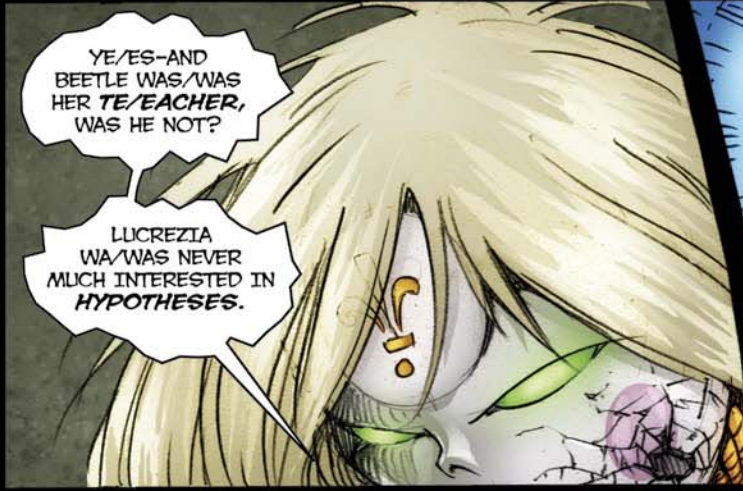


FASCINATING!

-DOCTOR BEETLE TAUGHT THAT AUTOMATA CONSCIOUSNESS SIMULATES ANIMAL CONSCIOUSNESS THROUGH THE EXPRESSION OF SCRIPTED RESPONSES TO PRE-DELINEATED STIMULI-

BUT... HE WASN'T SURE THAT ORGANIC MINDS WERE THAT DIFFERENT.

HE SOMETIMES HINTED AT THE HYPOTHETICAL POSSIBILITY OF ISOLATION AND TRANSFER OF ORGANICS AND MECHANICS-



YE/ES-AND BEETLE WAS/WAS HER TE/EACHER, WAS HE NOT?

LUCREZIA WA/WAS NEVER MUCH INTERESTED IN HYPOTHESES.



"IT WAS HER/HER GREAT TRIUMPH.

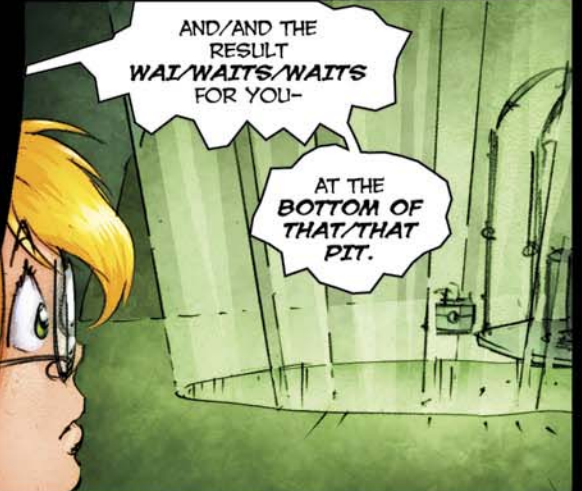
CO/COHERENT TRANSFER OF INTELLECT AC/AC/ACROSS SYSTEMS MECH/ANICAL AND BIOLOGICAL."



AMAZING. THIS EXPLAINS SO MUCH.

... AND IF SHE EVER MANAGED TO PERFECT ARTIFICIAL TO ORGANIC-

HEH HEH HEH. THAT WAS/WAS AN/AN EASY ONE.



AND/AND THE RESULT WAI/WAITS/WAITS FOR YOU-

AT THE BOTTOM OF THAT/THAT PIT.



HEH. **CURIOUS?**

**BUT YOU MA/MAY NEVER SEE/SEE IT.**

**YOUR... AH... HIGGS HERE SAYS/SAYS YOU CLAIM TO BE THE/THE HETERODYNE.**



**EVEN IF/IF THIS IS SO, YOU ARE STILL MERELY A/AN UNPROTECTED HATCH/HATCHLING.**

**BY SHUT/TING DOWN MY/MY MADDENED SYSTEMS, YOU/YOU HAVE REMOVED YOUR BEST DEFENSE.**



**YOUR FORTRESS IS NOW/NOW MERELY A SLOWLY-CRUMBLING HEAP OF STONES.**

**THE/THE ENEMIES OF THE HETERODYNES WILL MO/OVE TO CRUSH US WITH/WITHOUT PITY.**

**THE/EY WILL NOT WAIT/WAIT FOR YOU TO BECOME STRONG.**

**BUT I/I CAN HELP YOU GAIN STRENGTH QUICKLY, IF/IF YOU ARE TRULY WHAT YOU CLAIM.**

**AND THEN/THEN, YOU MAY SAVE US/US ALL.**



**AH. YOU'RE SAYING YOU'VE HAD YOUR LACKEY GIVE ME WATER FROM THE DYNE.**

hmf.

**HE/HE IS NOT MY LACKEY. BUT YE/ES.**

**EXCELLENT.**



**SO, YOU'RE NOT MA-er-UPSET, THEN?**

**HA. DON'T BE RIDICULOUS.**

**ALL YOU DID WAS SAVE ME TIME.**



**I'LL ADMIT, I WAS PLANNING TO USE IT A LITTLE LATER IN THE PROCESS,**

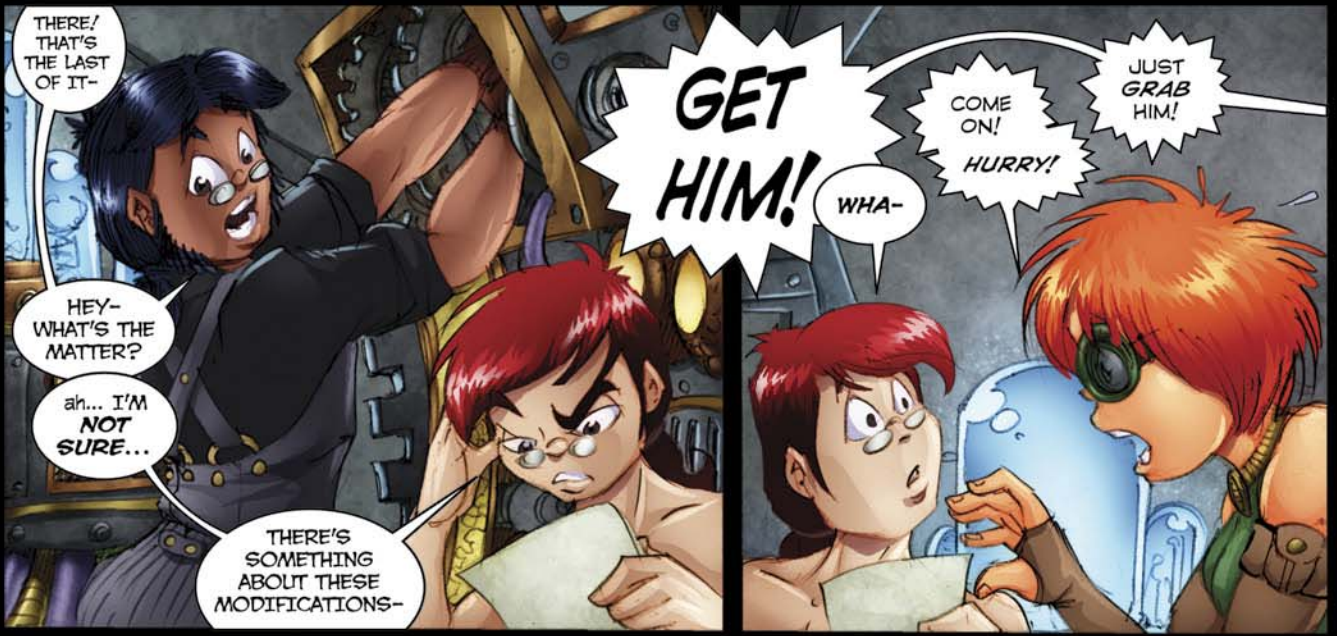
**BUT THIS IS PERFECT! SO MANY THINGS BECOME CLEAR!**



**I CAN-AAAK!**

**YESSS-BUT LET'S JU/UST ADD THE NEXT STEP, SHA/ALL WE?**

**LARK!**



THERE!  
THAT'S  
THE LAST  
OF IT-

**GET  
HIM!**

COME ON!  
HURRY!

JUST  
GRAB  
HIM!

HEY-  
WHAT'S THE  
MATTER?

ah... I'M  
NOT  
SURE...

THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
ABOUT THESE  
MODIFICATIONS-

WHA-



OKAY! WE  
GOT HIM!  
GET  
READY!

WHAT ARE  
YOU  
DOING?!

DUH. WE'RE  
MANHANDLING  
YOUR ROYAL  
PERSONAGE.

'S OKAY,  
SIR. IT'S ON  
THE LADY'S  
ORDERS!

AGATHA,  
TELL  
THEM!



RIGHT.  
HOOK HIM  
IN!

WHAT? BUT  
WE STILL  
HAVE TO  
TEST IT!

SET THE  
CLAMPS!

AGATHA,  
TELL  
THEM!

JUST  
IGNORE THE  
PAIN, SIR.



NONSENSE.

"TESTING"  
IS FOR WHEN  
YOU'RE STILL  
GUESSING.

**-AND,  
NOW, I HAVE  
NO NEED TO  
GUESS.**





UM—  
AGATHA?

ARE, AH, ARE  
YOU ALL  
RIGHT?



YOU KNOW/OW/OW,  
I DON'T/CAN'T  
REMEMBER THAT ANY OF  
HER ANCESTORS EVER  
DID/ID THIS...

SURE THEY  
DID. REMEMBER  
OLD IGNEOUS?  
JUST  
BEFORE HE  
EXPLODED?

AH. YES.  
H/H/HOW TIME  
DOES FLY.



YEEESSSS!  
OOOH, YES! I  
AM FAR MORE  
THAN ALL  
RIGHT!



I AM  
PERFECT!

I FEEL...  
SUSPENDED IN AN  
ETERNAL MOMENT  
OF SUPREME  
CLARITY.

I CAN DO  
ANYTHING!

I HAVE SO  
MANY  
IDEAS!

SO MUCH  
I WANT TO  
TRY!

IT'S ALL SO  
EXCITING!

AND YET-IT  
ISN'T REALLY  
PERFECT, IS  
IT?

NOT  
YET.

THERE IS STILL THE  
ONE DISTRACTION THAT  
SHATTERS THE TIMELESS  
EUPHORIA-

IF I LET  
YOU DIE-





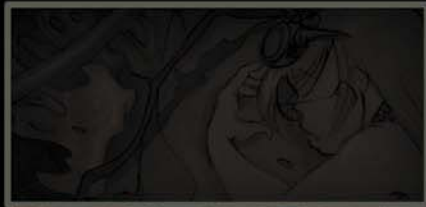
... IF YOU DIE-

THEN... ALL THE REST...

THE REST IS... POINTLESS.

SO THAT WILL NOT HAPPEN!

ZATKOWOK







hngggg...

OH, WOW. TELL ME ABOUT IT.

WHA HAPPEN—

I DUNNO. BUT IF SHE STARTS CALLING US PITIFUL INSECTS, RUN.

...THAT'LL HELPP?

NO, NOT REALLY.



OMIGOSH!

IF WE FEEL LIKE THIS,

LADY HETERODYNE—

OH! AND GIL AND PRINCE STURMVORAU—

THEY WERE RIGHT UP THERE—



THEY MUST BE—

PERFECTLY SPLENDID!



WHAT? YOU—

AGATHA! GIL! I FOUND THE LAST OF THEM!

TARVEK! AREN'T YOU DEAD?



HA! OF COURSE NOT!

AGATHA FIXED EVERYTHING!

I FEEL AMAZING—MY MIND HAS NEVER BEEN MORE CLEAR!



INGE/GE/GENIOUS. TO DISTRIBUTE THE EX/EX/EXTRA ENERGY BETWEEN THE THREE OF YOU.

YES! AND A GOOD THING, TOO—

I BELIEVE ANOTHER FORTY-FIVE POINT THREE SECONDS, AND I WOULD HAVE EXPLODED OR SOMETHING.

...OR SOMETHING.



UNDER THE CIRCIR/ CIRCUMSTANCES—

I/I AM AM AM FORCED TO ADMIT THAT YO/YOU ARE MOST MOST LIKELY ONEONEONE OF THE FAMILY...

OH YEAH...

I HAVE GOT TO TRY THAT AGAIN!

YESSS... MOST LIKELY IN/IN/INDEED.



SO YOU'RE ALL CURED NOW?

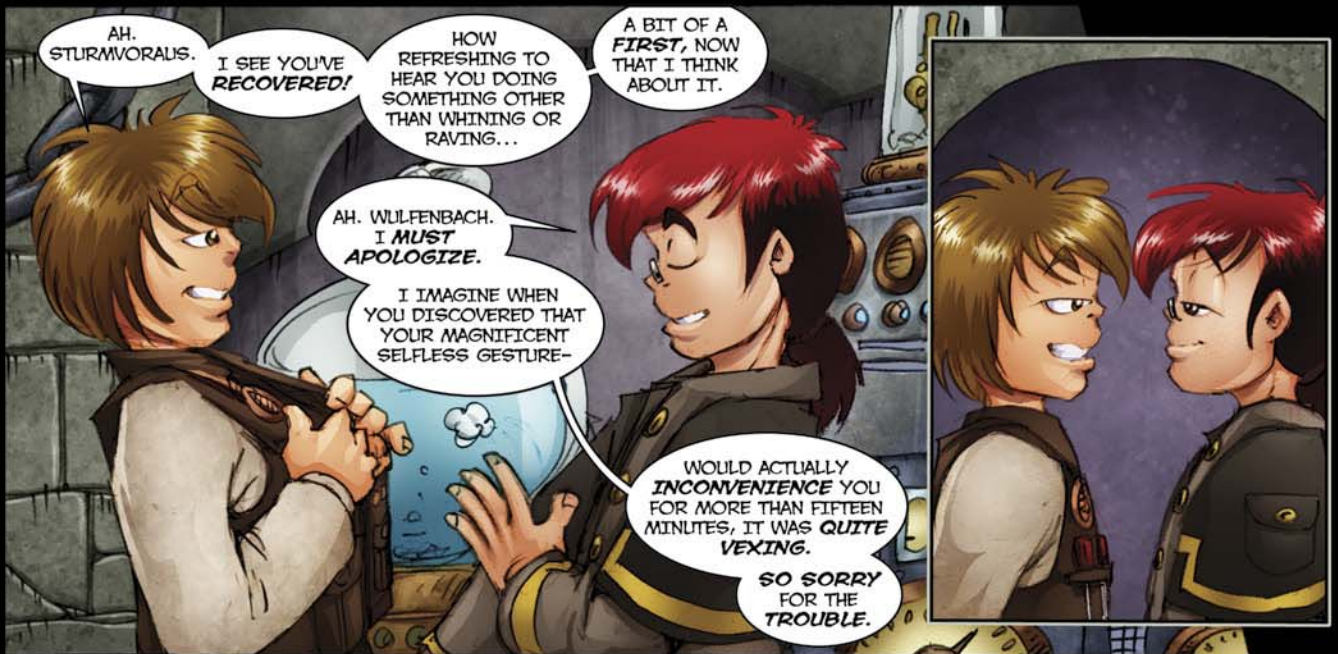
OH, YES! CURED, STABILIZED AND FEELING QUITE FINE!

I IMAGINE THIS MUST BE WHAT A POST-REVIVIFICATION RUSH FEELS LIKE.

WELL, SPEAKING FROM PERSONAL EXPERIENCE,

IT IS QUITE SIMILAR,

BUT MORE SUSTAINABLE, I THINK.



AH. STURMVORALIS. I SEE YOU'VE RECOVERED!

HOW REFRESHING TO HEAR YOU DOING SOMETHING OTHER THAN WHINING OR RAVING...

A BIT OF A FIRST, NOW THAT I THINK ABOUT IT.

AH. WULFENBACH. I MUST APOLOGIZE.

I IMAGINE WHEN YOU DISCOVERED THAT YOUR MAGNIFICENT SELFLESS GESTURE-

WOULD ACTUALLY INCONVENIENCE YOU FOR MORE THAN FIFTEEN MINUTES, IT WAS QUITE VEXING.

SO SORRY FOR THE TROUBLE.



RHAAAA!

AGATHA!

DIE!

YOU'RE MISSING THE SHOW!



THERE YOU ARE—WHAT'S THAT?

IT'S JUST AN IDEA I HAD...

WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?



UM, WELL, YOU KNOW... THEM.

OH, DEAR.

DIE! DIE! DIE!

YOUR TURN!



THE THING IS, ALL THREE OF US ARE STILL SUFFERING FROM A HUGE BUILDUP OF RAW ENERGY.

IT WILL BE NECESSARY FOR US TO BURN IT OFF WITH SHORT, SUSTAINED BURSTS OF PHYSICAL OR MENTAL ACTIVITY.

I WAS GETTING THROUGH IT BY ASSEMBLING A NEW DEVICE,

BUT SINCE APPARENTLY I'M NOT ALLOWED TO WORK IN PEACE—

I'LL JUST HAVE TO JOIN IN!



YOU TWO OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELVES!

YOU FIGHT LIKE DUCKS!



HA!

OW! HEY!

TAKE THAT!

IEE!



AH—

SPLASH!



GOOD JOB.

...OKAY, THAT WORKED. I FEEL BETTER NOW.

SAME HERE.

ME TOO.

IF IT HADN'T WORKED, I'D HAVE STARTED HITTING THEM WITH THE BUCKET.



BUT...IT ACTUALLY WORKED.

WE REALLY DID IT!

WOW.

...YEAH.

AMAZING! A SUCCESSFUL SI VALES VALEO SHUTDOWN!

I SAID WE'RE BETTER!

YEAH! AND NOBODY'S A MINDLESS RAVENING MONSTER OR ANYTHING!

OOH! OOH! YOU KNOW WHAT WE SHOULD TRY NEXT? LET'S HOOK EVERYBODY UP TO A-

SPLASH!

THINK THEY'LL STAY FOCUSED NOW?

GET ANOTHER BUCKET.



OKAY, OKAY. THAT WAS GREAT.

BUT WORK NOW, FUN LATER.

I'VE STILL GOT THE CASTLE TO SORT OUT AND THE TOWN TO DEFEND.

YOU/YOU YOU-AH-

CLUNK CLUNK pfs-shah



NICE CLANK.  
HOW'D IT GET SO  
MESSED UP?

AAAH! MY  
CASTLE!

I/I  
MALFUN/FLY  
FUNCTION  
I/I

WHAT'S  
THE BIG  
DEAL?

HOW  
INDEED?

HMM.  
SPROCKET  
WEEVILS?

WELL, *ASIDE*  
FROM THE FACT THAT  
THE BODY IS A *VAN*  
*RIJN*, AND THEREFORE  
*PRICELESS*—

IT'S APPARENTLY  
BEING RUN BY THE  
LAST OPERATIONAL PIECE  
OF *CASTLE*  
*HETERODYNE*.

NONONO! NO  
MALFUNCTIONING!  
I HAVE  
**PLANS**  
FOR YOU!

I/I  
WILL  
RUN...



BUT... DIDN'T  
YOU *WANT* THE  
CASTLE DEAD?

ONLY  
*TEMPORARILY*.

THERE WERE  
SO MANY  
FRACTURED  
PERSONALITIES,  
ALL WORKING AT  
*CROSS-  
PURPOSES*.

I HAD ALREADY  
BEEN THINKING  
THAT SHUTTING THEM  
DOWN FOR A WHILE  
MIGHT BE  
NECESSARY—

THAT'S WHY I  
SAVED ALL THE  
PARTS FOR THE  
"LION."

BUT I DIDN'T  
GET A CHANCE TO  
*TEST* THE IDEA  
BEFORE I *HAD*  
TO DO IT.



SO—YOU'RE  
THINKING WE CAN  
STILL GET THE  
CASTLE RUNNING  
IN TIME?

YES!

WE'VE  
GOT TO!

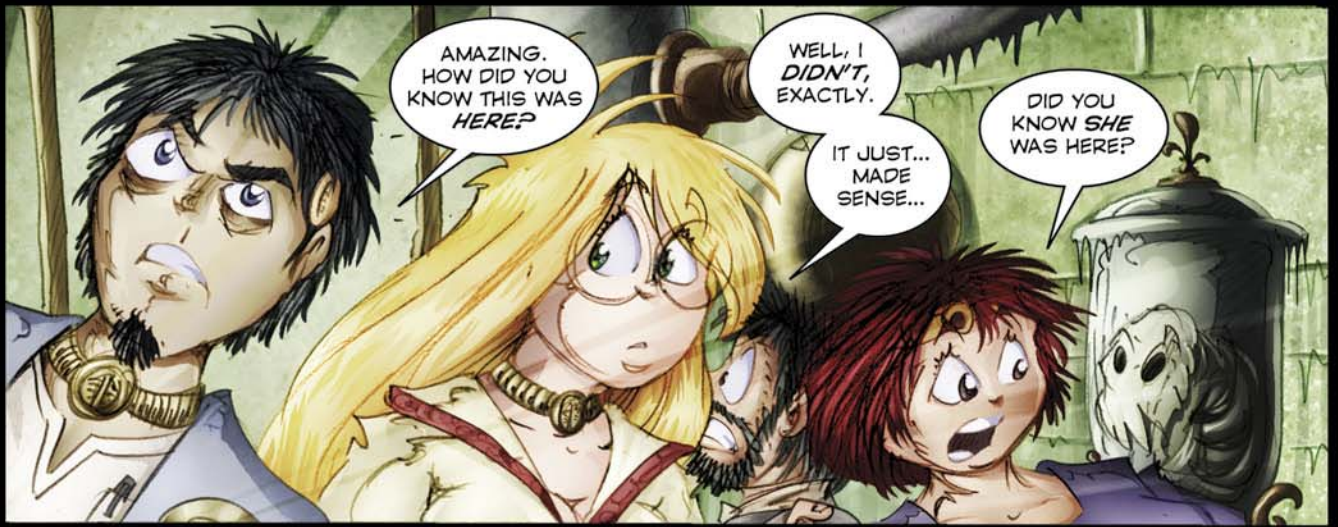
IT'S THE  
ONLY WAY I  
CAN PROTECT  
THE TOWN!



HAVING THIS  
FRAGMENT COULD SPEED  
THINGS UP ENOUGH TO  
SAVE US, BUT NOT IF *IT*  
SHUTS DOWN, *TOO*.

FORTUNATELY, I  
HAVE A PRETTY GOOD  
IDEA THAT THERE'S  
SOMETHING *DOWN*  
THERE I CAN  
*USE*.





AMAZING. HOW DID YOU KNOW THIS WAS HERE?

WELL, I DIDN'T, EXACTLY.

DID YOU KNOW SHE WAS HERE?

IT JUST... MADE SENSE...



IT'S VON PINN!

MADAME VON PINN! DON'T MOVE!

MASTER WULFENBACH...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

GIL— THIS LOOKS REALLY BAD!

SUCH A TROUBLESOME CHILD.

AH. AND PRINCE STURMVORAU'S.

OF COURSE... BOTH... NAUGHTY CHILDREN...

ALWAYS GETTING INTO PLACES YOU DO NOT BELONG...

JUST HOLD ON— YOU ARE SEVERELY INJURED—



tsk. NO, CHILD, I AM DYING.

IT FEELS VERY PECULIAR AND I DO NOT LIKE IT...

BUT THEN, I HAVE NOT ENJOYED ANY OF THIS...

JUST AS SOON BE DONE WITH IT...

STILL... TO HAVE FAILED...



YOU/YOU/ YOU WILL NOT CEASE!

THE/THE/ THESE WILL HE/ELP/ HELP.

AH... YOU. YOU HAVE RETURNED...



BUT WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MY BODY?!



OKAY... EASY... ONTO THE SLAB...

HSSSSS-  
WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU ARE DOING?

FOOLISH CHILDREN...

VIOLETTA/ FIND THE MEDICAL SUPPLIES!

THIS PLACE **MUST** HAVE SOMETHING!

HEY! I'M NOT-  
UM, RIGHT. I'LL FIND SOMETHING.

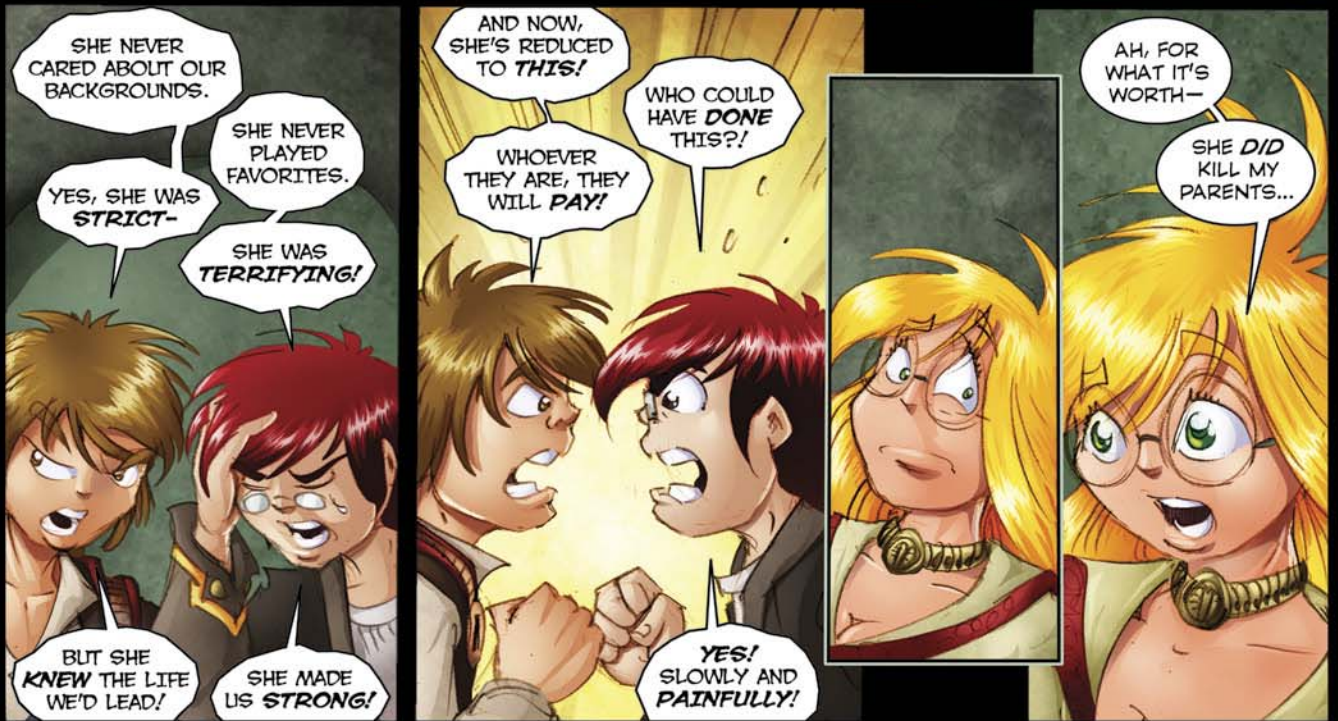


YOU SEEM UNUSUALLY AGITATED.

YOU ARE FAMILIAR WITH THIS CREATURE?

THIS "CREATURE" AS YOU CALL HER- IS THE CLOSEST THING TO A MOTHER I HAVE EVER KNOWN.

SHE'S THE ONLY CARETAKER I EVER HAD WHO SHOWED ME LOVE OR KINDNESS.



SHE NEVER CARED ABOUT OUR BACKGROUNDS.

SHE NEVER PLAYED FAVORITES.

YES, SHE WAS STRICT-

SHE WAS TERRIFYING!

BUT SHE KNEW THE LIFE WE'D LEAD!

SHE MADE US STRONG!

AND NOW, SHE'S REDUCED TO THIS!

WHOEVER THEY ARE, THEY WILL PAY!

WHO COULD HAVE DONE THIS?!

YES! SLOWLY AND PAINFULLY!

AH, FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH-

SHE DID KILL MY PARENTS...





ER...

UM...

BUT IF YOU CAN MANAGE TO HOLD OFF ON THE SLOW PAINFUL VENGEANCE,

I WILL DO WHAT I CAN TO HELP.



UM—ARE YOU SURE IT WAS HER?

I WATCHED HER RIP THEM TO BITS RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME!



O-KAY, THAT'S ALL I'VE GOT. YOU GOT ANYTHING?

HM. MAYBE...

GO FOR IT.



ACTUALLY, I WANTED TO TELL YOU AT...I DON'T KNOW...AT A BETTER TIME,

BUT PUNCH AND JUDY ARE ALIVE.

WHAT?!

YOU—

IT'S... IMPOSSIBLE!



NOT IMPOSSIBLE, JUST VERY, VERY DIFFICULT.

I STITCHED THEM BACK TOGETHER AND REANIMATED THEM.

I WAS ABLE TO GET TO THEM QUICKLY ENOUGH, SO THERE'S ALMOST NO MEMORY LOSS.

THEY'RE STILL RECUPERATING, BUT—



GIL! YOU'RE WONDERFUL!



THANK YOU!

THANK YOU!

SERIOUSLY?

THE OLD "BRING HER FAMILY BACK FROM THE GRAVE" GAMBIT?

HAVE YOU NO SHAME?



I MEAN, JEEZ. IT'S SUCH A CLICHE.

THE LAST TIME I SAW IT WAS IN FEYDEAU'S "THE CLOCKWORK PANTALETTES,"

AND THE REVIEWS FOR THAT WERE TERRIBLE!

...SO THEY'RE BACK ON CASTLE WULFENBACH,

BUT I'VE LEFT ORDERS FOR THEM TO BE TRANSFERRED TO THE GREAT HOSPITAL AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

AND WHAT WILL SHE DO TO YOU, IF SHE GETS THE CHANCE?

WELL, YES, BUT SHE'S OBVIOUSLY IMPORTANT TO THESE TWO.

ARE YOU LISTENING TO YOURSELF?

I JUST... IT'S... AMAZING...

SHE TORE THEM TO SHREDS--

I'LL HELP THEM NOW, AND...WELL...TRY TO TALK TO HER LATER.



YOU MAY NOT GET THE CHANCE.

SHE REALLY IS DYING--

AND WE DON'T HAVE A LOT OF OPTIONS DOWN HERE.

SSSSS--

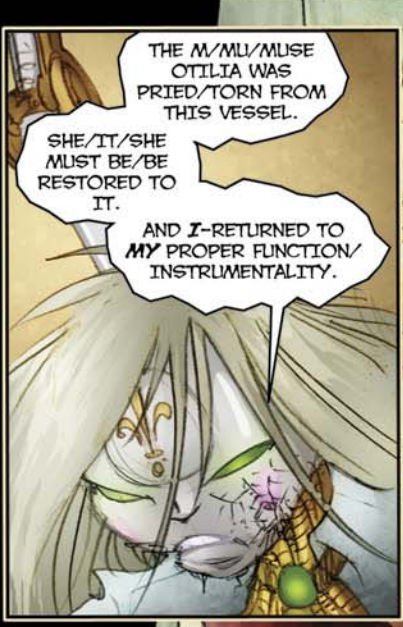


AHHH. THIS/IS/IS MUSTMUSTMUSTMUST NOT/NOTNOTNOTNOTNOT NOTNOT HAPPEN.

YOUYOUYOU CANCECANCECANCEV /COULD/WILLWILL WILL DO THIS FOR USUSUS--

SHH. TAKE IT SLOW.

NOW--DO WHAT?



THE M/MLI/MUSE OTILIA WAS PRIED/TORN FROM THIS VESSEL.

SHE/IT/SHE MUST BE/BE RESTORED TO IT.

AND I--RETURNED TO MY PROPER FUNCTION/ INSTRUMENTALITY.



YOU WANT TO RETURN HER TO THIS BODY?

BUT-- IT'S DYING, TOO!

NO/NO/NO.

NOT DYING. NOT ALIVE.

I AM CASTLE HETERODYNE. I AM/WAS/AM VAST.

THIS ENGINE CONSTRAINS ME.

BUT RE/RE/RESTORE ITS MUSE, AND THIS CLANK CAN BE REPAIRED.



THIS IS WHERE IT WAS DONE.

THESE ARE THE MACHINES.

YOU/SHE CAN DO THIS--

AND YOU MUST DO IT NOW.



...OH, YEAH...

THERE'S THE PROBLEM.



HERR VON ZINZER?

I BROUGHT YOU A SNACK.

OH— FRAULEIN SNAUG.

THEY WANT TO GET GOING SOON.

HEY! THANKS!

YEAH— SO I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT YOU.



OH, REALLY?

SURE. THAT TROUBLE YOU HAD WITH THE LIFT?

NOT YOUR FAULT. SEE?

LOOSE WORM GEAR.



HEE. THANK GOODNESS!

I'D HATE FOR YOU TO THINK I'M CLUMSY.

OH, NOT AT ALL.

HMM. LET ME SEE THAT EYE.



HOO. NICE MOUSE.

OH, NO! DON'T LOOK!

WAIT. I FOUND SOME STUFF IN THE RED PLAYROOM.



THERE. JUST DAB THAT ON EVERY HOUR OR SO.

IT'LL FIX IT RIGHT UP.

YOU'RE TOO KIND!

AND SO... GROUNDED.

GROUNDED?



YOU KNOW, ABLE TO WORK SO WELL WITH SPARKS. IT'S A RARE TALENT.

NO WAY, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN TERRIFIED AROUND THEM.

WHAT? BUT THE WAY YOU'VE BEEN DEALING WITH THEM IS AMAZING.

HUH. YOU KNOW? IT HAS SEEMED... EASIER, LATELY.



EVER SINCE SHE STARTED DRAGGING ME ALONG...

AH, OF COURSE! DR. MITTMLEND SAYS SOME PEOPLE ARE NATURAL MINIONS.

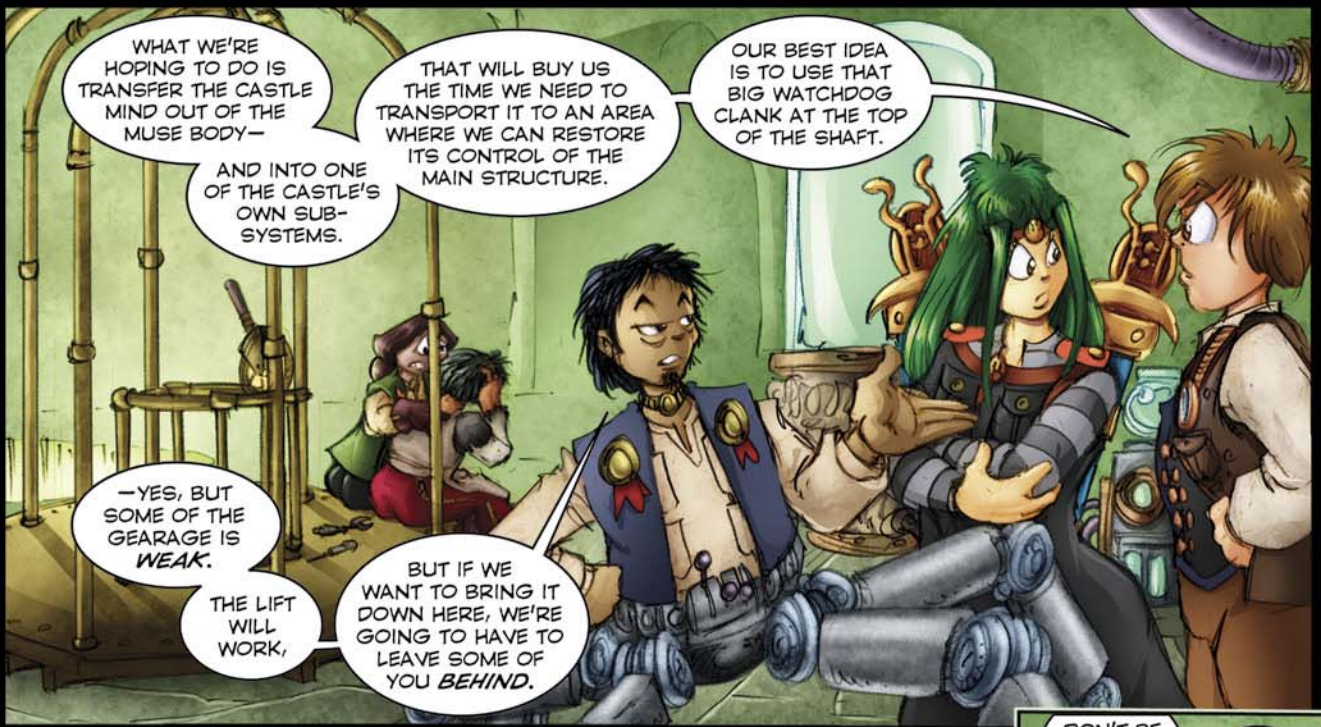
YOU MUST BE ONE OF THOSE!



DAAAAAH!

WHAT IN THE WORLD IS SNAUG DOING TO VON ZINZER?

LIKE I CARE!



WHAT WE'RE HOPING TO DO IS TRANSFER THE CASTLE MIND OUT OF THE MUSE BODY—

AND INTO ONE OF THE CASTLE'S OWN SUB-SYSTEMS.

THAT WILL BUY US THE TIME WE NEED TO TRANSPORT IT TO AN AREA WHERE WE CAN RESTORE ITS CONTROL OF THE MAIN STRUCTURE.

OUR BEST IDEA IS TO USE THAT BIG WATCHDOG CLANK AT THE TOP OF THE SHAFT.

—YES, BUT SOME OF THE GEARAGE IS WEAK.

THE LIFT WILL WORK,

BUT IF WE WANT TO BRING IT DOWN HERE, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO LEAVE SOME OF YOU BEHIND.

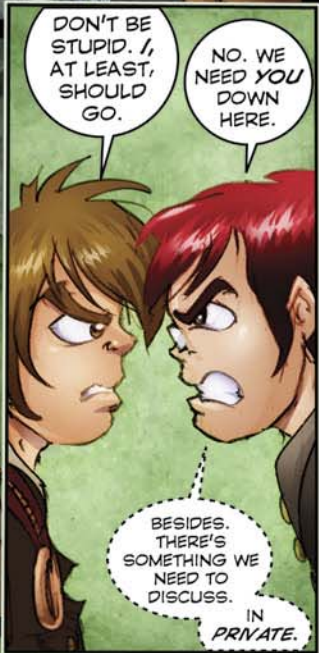
AND ARE YOU EVEN SURE THIS WILL WORK?

THE CLANK IS HEAVILY DAMAGED, NO?

YES, BUT USING IT WILL STILL BE MUCH QUICKER THAN BUILDING SOMETHING FROM SCRATCH.

NOW, WE DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WAITING UP THERE, SO WE'LL TAKE—

—WE'LL SEND PRINCESS ZEETHA, MEZZASALMA, SNAUG AND YOUR MAN HIGGS.



DON'T BE STUPID. I, AT LEAST, SHOULD GO.

NO. WE NEED YOU DOWN HERE.

BESIDES. THERE'S SOMETHING WE NEED TO DISCUSS.

IN PRIVATE.



BUT IT COULD BE DANGEROUS UP THERE!

SO? THAT'S WHY I WANT TO SEND...



ERM...



—PRINCESS ZEETHA!

HA! HE IS A SMART GUY!

SURE IS.



WAIT! ZEETHA— HERE!

WHAT'S THIS?

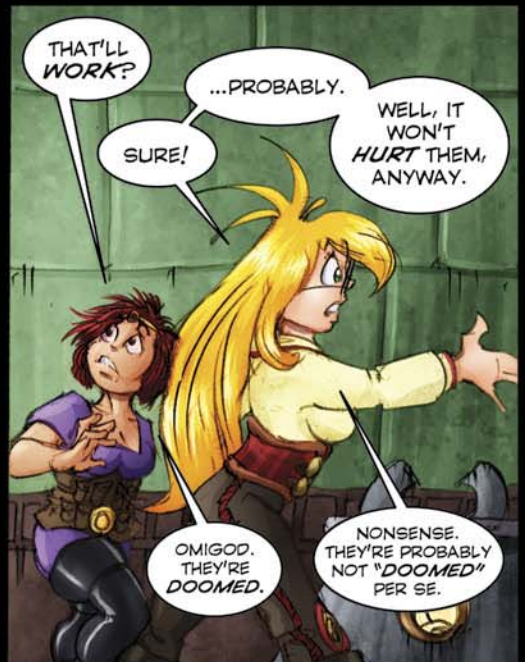
WHEN YOU GET TO THE CLANK—

IF YOU NEED ANY HELP—



JUST WIND IT UP AND TELL IT WHAT YOU NEED.

GOOD LUCK!



THAT'LL WORK?

...PROBABLY.

WELL, IT WON'T HURT THEM, ANYWAY.

SURE!

OMIGOD. THEY'RE DOOMED.

NONSENSE. THEY'RE PROBABLY NOT "DOOMED" PER SE.



ALL RIGHT, SO WHAT ARE WE "DISCUSSING?"

I'M THE STORM KING.



YOU— WHAT?!

AGATHA AND VIOLETTA ALREADY KNOW.

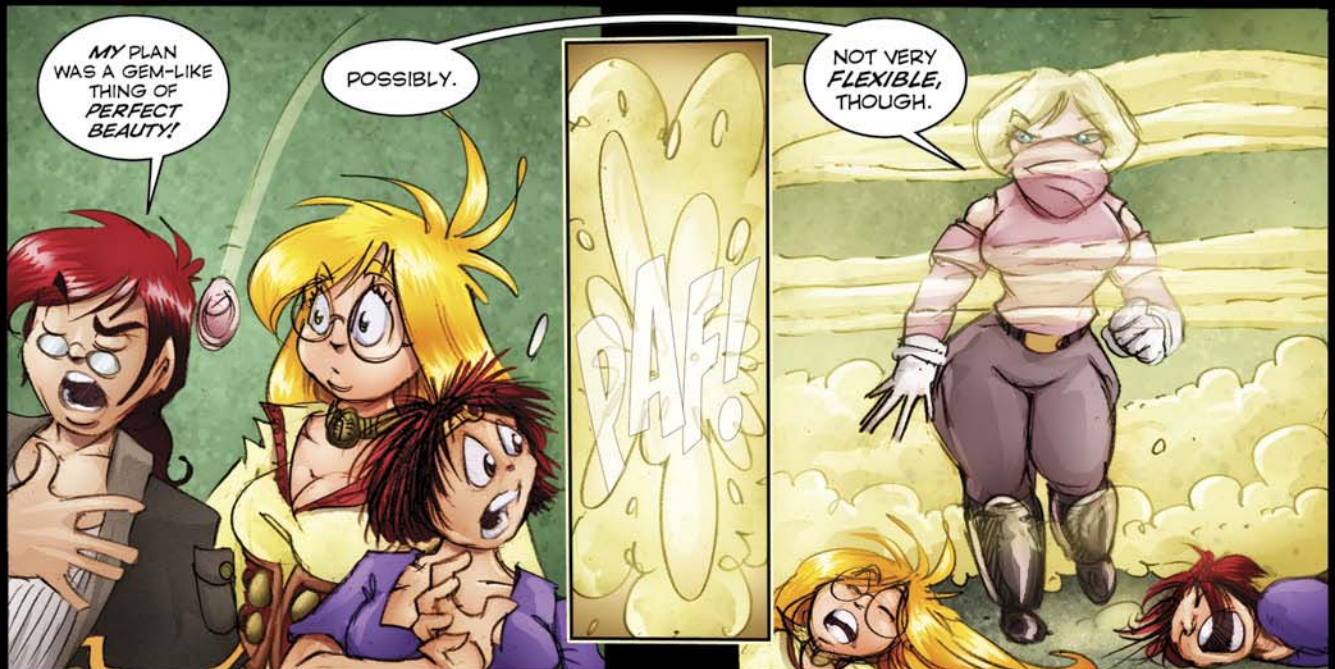
YOU NEED TO KNOW, TOO.

ZOLA IS TOO DANGEROUS—



HANG ON— THIS WHOLE THING WITH ZOLA— THIS IS YOUR PLAN?!

THIS! WAS! NOT! MY! PLAN!



MY PLAN WAS A GEM-LIKE THING OF PERFECT BEAUTY!

POSSIBLY.

NOT VERY FLEXIBLE, THOUGH.

PAF!



tsk. OH, GIL. WHAT **AM** I GOING TO DO WITH YOU?

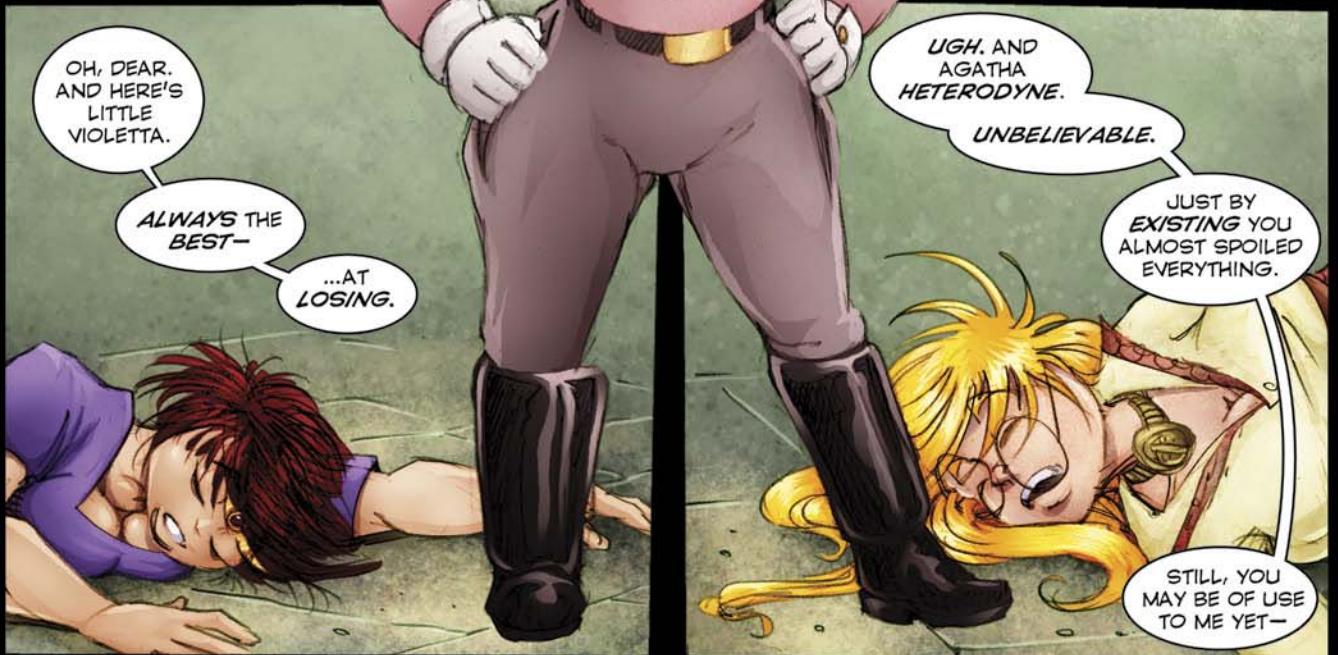
I **DO** HOPE YOU DON'T GO ALL STUBBORN AND FORCE ME TO **KILL** YOU AFTER ALL...

I HAVE SUCH **LOVELY** PLANS FOR YOU.

**HA.** AND PRINCE TARVEK STURMVORAU. YOU'RE **STILL** A SENTIMENTAL **FOOL.**

WELL, WE CAN SOON **FIX THAT.**

YOU'LL BE A **MODEL** STORM KING WHEN WE'RE THROUGH WITH YOU.



OH, DEAR. AND HERE'S **LITTLE VIOLETTA.**

**ALWAYS THE BEST—**

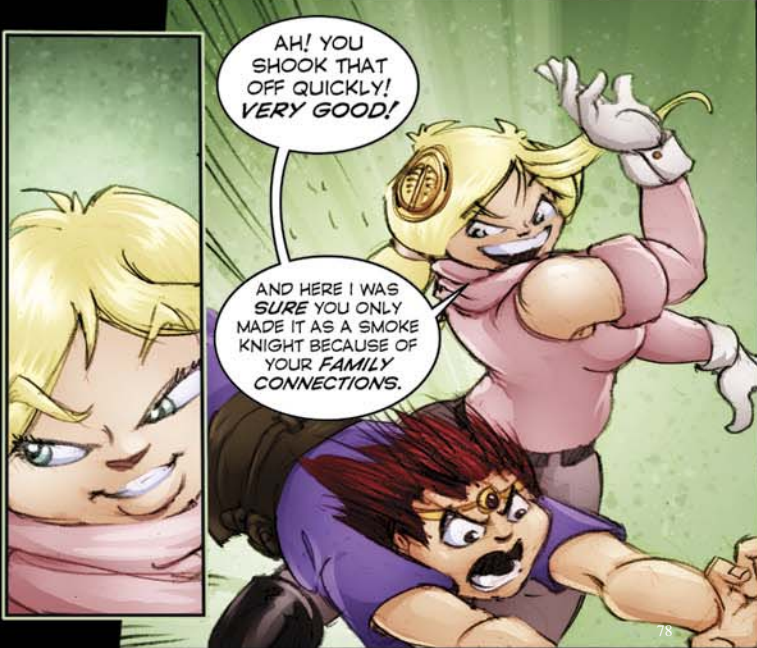
**...AT LOSING.**

**UGH.** AND AGATHA **HETERODYNE.**

**UNBELIEVABLE.**

JUST BY **EXISTING** YOU ALMOST SPOILED EVERYTHING.

**STILL,** YOU MAY BE OF USE TO ME YET—



**AH!** YOU SHOOK THAT OFF QUICKLY! **VERY GOOD!**

AND HERE I WAS **SURE** YOU ONLY MADE IT AS A **SMOKE** KNIGHT BECAUSE OF YOUR **FAMILY** CONNECTIONS.



**BUT** YOU **REALLY** SHOULD'VE PUT MORE TIME INTO YOUR **COMBAT** TRAINING.

YOU KNOW, LIKE I DID.

**ACKT!**

**BAF!**



NO! DON'T... DON'T KILL HER!

SHE'S MY—

OOH, YOU HORRIBLE LITTLE TRAITOR! SHE HAS RUINED EVERYTHING YOUR ORDER—HAH, YOUR FAMILY—

HAS WORKED SO HARD FOR ALL THESE YEARS.



...AND YET, YOU'RE DEFENDING HER.

FASCINATING.

IT'S WELL KNOWN THAT SPARKS CAN ENSNARE THE LOYALTY OF THE FEEBLE-MINDED.



BUT DON'T WORRY.

I WON'T KILL HER JUST YET.

YOU SEE, I WAS CHOSEN FOR THIS ROLE BECAUSE I AM VERY GOOD AT IMPROVISING WHEN THINGS GO WRONG.

SO REALLY, I'M IN MY ELEMENT RIGHT NOW, WOULDN'T YOU SAY?



THERE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN ASPECTS OF THIS OPERATION THAT WERE LESS THAN IDEAL IN MY FAMILY'S OPINION—

YOUR FAMILY? WHO—



HO HO— WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW?

BONK!



HEE—BUT IT IS TRUE—I CAN TURN THE VERY WORST SITUATIONS TO MY ADVANTAGE,

AND THIS ONE DOES HAVE SUCH POTENTIAL.

WAKEY WAKEY!



WHA—



NO! DON'T—!

SNAP!

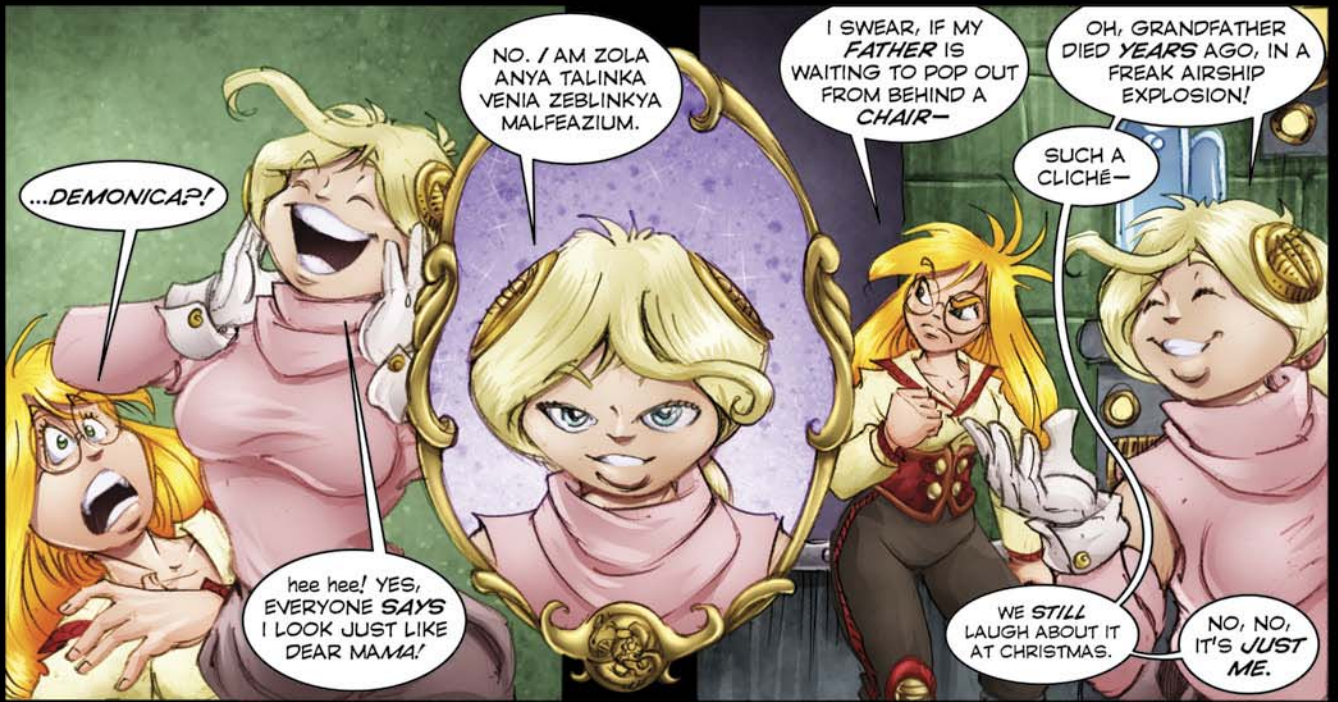


AAAAGGH!



OH! MY GOODNESS— WHO—

HELLO, AUNTIE.



...DEMONICA?!

NO. I AM ZOLA ANYA TALINKA VENIA ZEBLINKYA MALFEAZIUM.

I SWEAR, IF MY FATHER IS WAITING TO POP OUT FROM BEHIND A CHAIR—

OH, GRANDFATHER DIED YEARS AGO, IN A FREAK AIRSHIP EXPLOSION!

SUCH A CLICHE—

hee hee! YES, EVERYONE SAYS I LOOK JUST LIKE DEAR MAMA!

WE STILL LAUGH ABOUT IT AT CHRISTMAS.

NO, NO, IT'S JUST ME.



EXCELLENT.



NOW, DON'T BOTHER TRYING TO ESCAPE, DEAR!

I GATHER FROM THE WIDE VARIETY OF ITEMS YOU WERE CARRYING—

SOME IN RATHER UNCOMFORTABLE PLACES, I'D IMAGINE,

THAT YOU'VE BEEN VERY WELL TRAINED!

BUT I'VE BEEN TYING PEOPLE UP SINCE BEFORE YOU WERE BORN!



NO, NO!

WAIT! I'VE BEEN SPYING ON THOSE FOOLS EVER SINCE THEY SHUT DOWN THE CASTLE!

I WAS GOING TO HELP YOU!

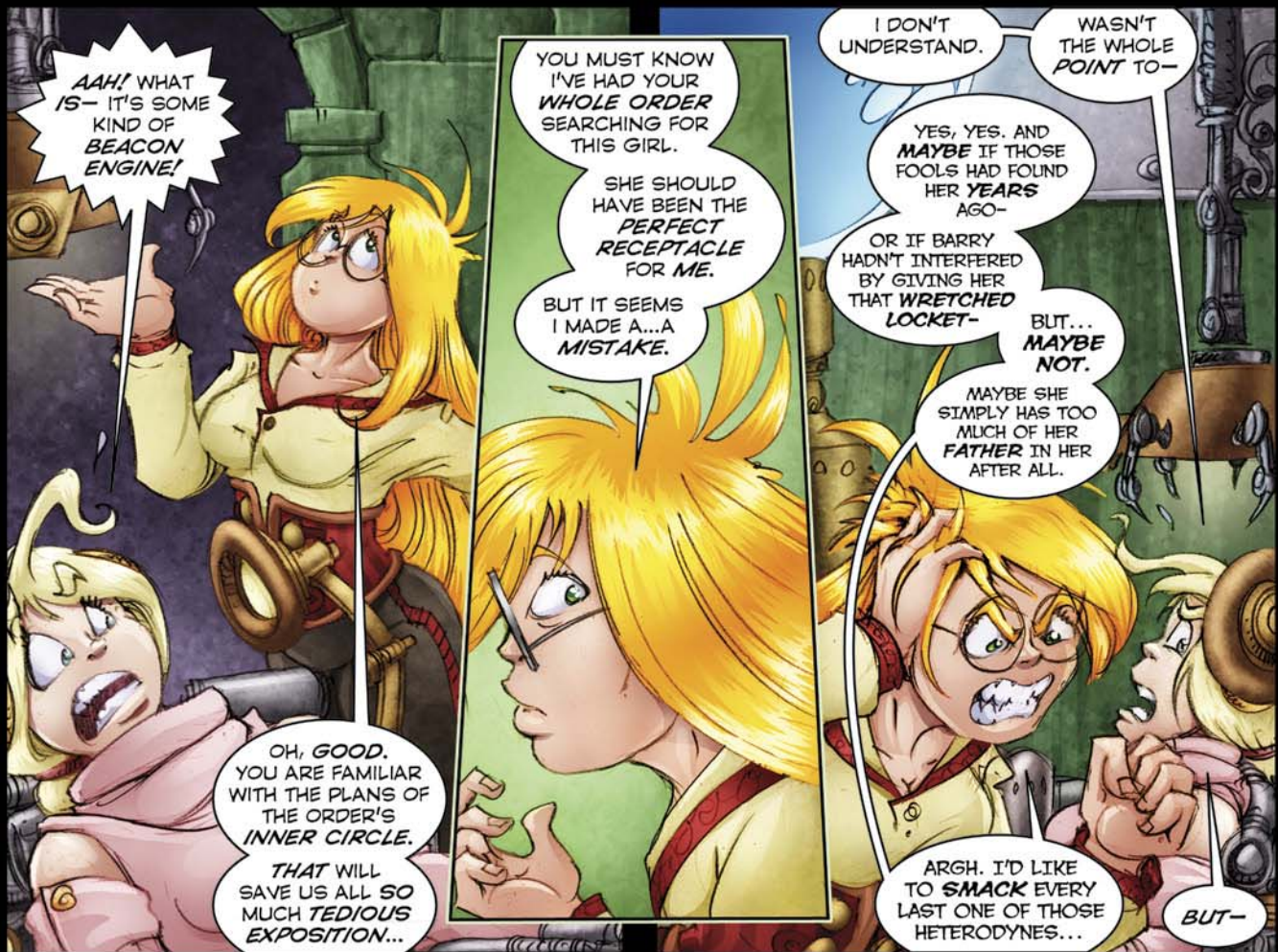
OH, MY. YOU ARE JUST LIKE DEAR DEMONICA, AREN'T YOU?



DON'T WORRY, MY DEAR—

YOU ARE GOING TO HELP ME.





AAH! WHAT IS- IT'S SOME KIND OF BEACON ENGINE!

YOU MUST KNOW I'VE HAD YOUR **WHOLE ORDER** SEARCHING FOR THIS GIRL.

SHE SHOULD HAVE BEEN THE **PERFECT RECEPTACLE** FOR ME.

BUT IT SEEMS I MADE A...A **MISTAKE.**

I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

WASN'T THE **WHOLE POINT** TO-

YES, YES. AND **MAYBE** IF THOSE FOOLS HAD FOUND HER **YEARS** AGO-

OR IF BARRY HADN'T INTERFERED BY GIVING HER THAT **WRETCHED LOCKET-**

BUT... **MAYBE NOT.**

MAYBE SHE SIMPLY HAS TOO MUCH OF HER **FATHER** IN HER AFTER ALL.

OH, GOOD. YOU ARE FAMILIAR WITH THE PLANS OF THE ORDER'S **INNER CIRCLE.**

THAT WILL SAVE US ALL SO MUCH **TEDIOUS EXPOSITION...**

ARGH. I'D LIKE TO **SMACK** EVERY LAST ONE OF THOSE HETERODYNES...

BUT-



THE POINT IS THAT, FOR WHATEVER REASON, SHE'S **TOO STRONG.**

IT HAS BECOME TOO **EASY** FOR HER TO SEIZE CONTROL OF THIS BODY.

SHE'S **LEARNING** THINGS FROM ME!

REACHING INTO **MY MIND** AND PULLING OUT **MY SECRETS!**

SHE'S **GOT TO DIE.**

SHE **KNEW** TO LOOK FOR THIS PLACE!

SHE INTUITIVELY GRASPS THE PRINCIPLES OF **MY WORK!**

I AM **NOT WINNING.**

AND **WORSE-**



HMF. IDEALLY, I WOULD JUST DESTROY THIS BODY NOW, WHILE I STILL HAVE CONTROL.

THAT'S IDEALLY?

OF COURSE!



NOW THAT MY PRIESTESSES HAVE MY BEACON ENGINE WORKING,

ALL THEY NEED TO DO IS CALL ME INTO SOME OTHER SUITABLE VESSEL.

I'VE EXPANDED THE PARAMETERS SO I HAVE EVER SO MANY CHOICES NOW.

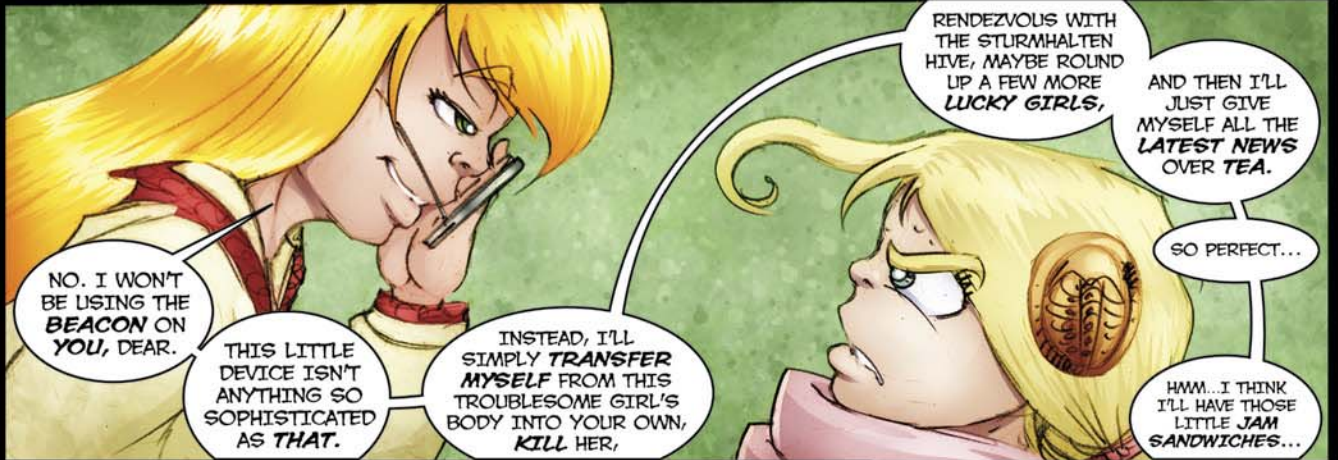
DESTROYING THIS ONE SMALL PART OF ME WON'T DESTROY ME AT ALL!

NOT EVEN CLOSE!



BUT IN THIS CALLING, I HAVE GAINED VALUABLE KNOWLEDGE.

A NEW CALLING WILL CAUSE ME TO LOSE ALL I HAVE DISCOVERED HERE.



NO. I WON'T BE USING THE BEACON ON YOU, DEAR.

THIS LITTLE DEVICE ISN'T ANYTHING SO SOPHISTICATED AS THAT.

INSTEAD, I'LL SIMPLY TRANSFER MYSELF FROM THIS TROUBLESOME GIRL'S BODY INTO YOUR OWN, KILL HER,

RENDEZVOUS WITH THE STURMHALTEN HIVE, MAYBE ROUND UP A FEW MORE LUCKY GIRLS,

AND THEN I'LL JUST GIVE MYSELF ALL THE LATEST NEWS OVER TEA.

SO PERFECT...

HMM... I THINK I'LL HAVE THOSE LITTLE JAM SANDWICHES...



AHAHAHAHAHA!

NO.

OH, I DO SO LOVE A TRULY DEFIANT SUBJECT!

WHAT FUN!

IF ONLY I HAD THE TIME!

IT WON'T WORK.

IF YOU TRY TO FORCE YOURSELF INTO MY BRAIN, YOU'LL SUFFER "REZZOK TIG-ZAFFA."

THAT IS WHAT YOUR GEISTERDAMEN CALL MUTUAL BRAIN DEATH, YES?



I SEE. YOU ARE **VERY** WELL INFORMED, **AREN'T YOU?**

AFTER YOU SENT THEM HERE TO BUILD YOUR MACHINES AND FIND YOUR DAUGHTER—

YES! I AM!

SOME OF YOUR PRIESTESSES LEARNED TO SEE YOU FOR THE **FRAUD** YOU ARE!

MOTHER KEPT YOUR LOREMISTRESS MILVISTLE HIDDEN FOR YEARS—



**FRAUD?!** HOW DARE YOU!

YOU KNOW NOTHING! NOTHING!

**WHAK**



I'LL SIMPLY BLAST YOUR MIND FROM YOUR BODY AND **CLAIM THE SHELL!**

YOU CAN'T! JUST LIKE YOU CAN'T USE THE GEISTERS!

FOR PITY'S SAKE, LISTEN TO ME!



OUR FAMILY **STUDIED** MILVISTLE!

LEARNED HOW TO **BLOCK** YOU!

I COULDN'T LET YOU TAKE ME OVER IF I **WANTED** TO!



BUT I CAN LET YOU RIDE ALONG.

I CAN GET YOU OUT OF HERE, AUNTIE.

IF YOU'LL STOP **MENACING** ME LONG ENOUGH TO LISTEN.



GOOD HEAVENS, DEAR.

YOU **SERIOUSLY** DID INTEND TO HELP ME?

BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST SAY SO?



tsk. WORKING WITH FAMILY REALLY IS SO **INFURIATING**.

FINE. I'M LISTENING.



GOOD. NOW— YOU WANT THE HETERODYNE GIRL DEAD?

I AM SO ALL FOR THAT. BUT UNLESS YOU WORK WITH ME, YOU'LL LOSE EVERYTHING YOU'VE LEARNED HERE.

INCLUDING EVERYTHING I'VE JUST TOLD YOU ABOUT THE FAMILY.

...DO GET TO THE POINT, DEAR.

JUST WHAT I SAID. I CAN LET YOU IN—YOU CAN SHARE MY MIND.

HAH. SHARE MY POWER, YOU MEAN.



I DO SEE WHERE THIS IS GOING, YOU PRESUMPTUOUS LITTLE—

PRECISELY. I WANT TO PLAY TOO.



NOW, THE ORDER HAS GONE TO A LOT OF TROUBLE TO SET ME IN PLACE AS THE LOST HETERODYNE HEIR.

THEIR PLAN HAS GONE WRONG IN EVERY POSSIBLE WAY, BUT IT HAD ITS GOOD POINTS.

TOGETHER, WE CAN STILL MAKE IT WORK.



AH. THOSE FOOLS IN THE ORDER.

WITH THEIR STUPID, SHORTSIGHTED "PLANS."

I KNEW I SHOULD HAVE KILLED HALF OF THEM YEARS AGO—THE DIFFICULTY WAS IN DECIDING WHICH HALF...

FOOLS, YES, BUT MOST OF THEM ARE STILL LOYAL TO YOU!

OH, LUCKY ME. REALLY.

BUT THE FAMILY—



NOW, DEAR, I ALREADY KNOW EVERYONE IS PLOTTING AGAINST ME.

BUT, PURELY BY ACCIDENT, YOU MIGHT HAVE A POINT.



NOW. STICK TO THE TRUTH, DEAR.

IT'LL BE EASIER TO REMEMBER.

KLAUS WULFENBACH IS REALLY THE RULER OF EUROPA?

THE BARON? YES! YES, HE IS!

(sigh) THAT IMPOSSIBLE MAN.

HE'S TOO GOOD A PIECE TO LOSE.

ALL RIGHT, MY DEAR.

LUCKY FOR YOU—I SIMPLY MUST STAY.

WE HAVE A BARGAIN.

AND EVERYONE ACCEPTS THIS? NO ONE CAN OPPOSE HIM?

WE—NO. AT THE MOMENT, HE'S TOO STRONG!

SOON—

THERE.

NOW, I'VE HAD TO MAKE A FEW MODIFICATIONS, BUT THIS OLD EQUIPMENT *SHOULD* BE QUITE ADEQUATE.

HMMM...

IS THERE ANYTHING I NEED TO DO?



TRY NOT TO FALL OVER?

OOH. WELL. THIS *DOES* FEEL DIFFERENT.

AND IS OUR LITTLE NIECE *REALLY* STILL THERE?

ZOLA? YES, SHE'S HERE.

HOW *ODD*... THIS HEAD FEELS *WRONG*...

HARDLY SURPRISING, DEAR, IT *IS* WRONG.

OH. I'M GETTING HER SURFACE THOUGHTS.

GOOD HEAVENS, AUNTIE!

YOU GOT THE *BARON* WITH A *SLAVER WASP*?

SHE'S... *GLOATING*?

**WHAT?! HOW—**



OOOH. AND THAT'S WHY NO ONE'S BEEN ABLE TO FIND THE CITADEL OF SILVER LIGHT.

AMAZING! IT EXPLAINS SO MUCH!

GET OUT OF THOSE MEMORIES!

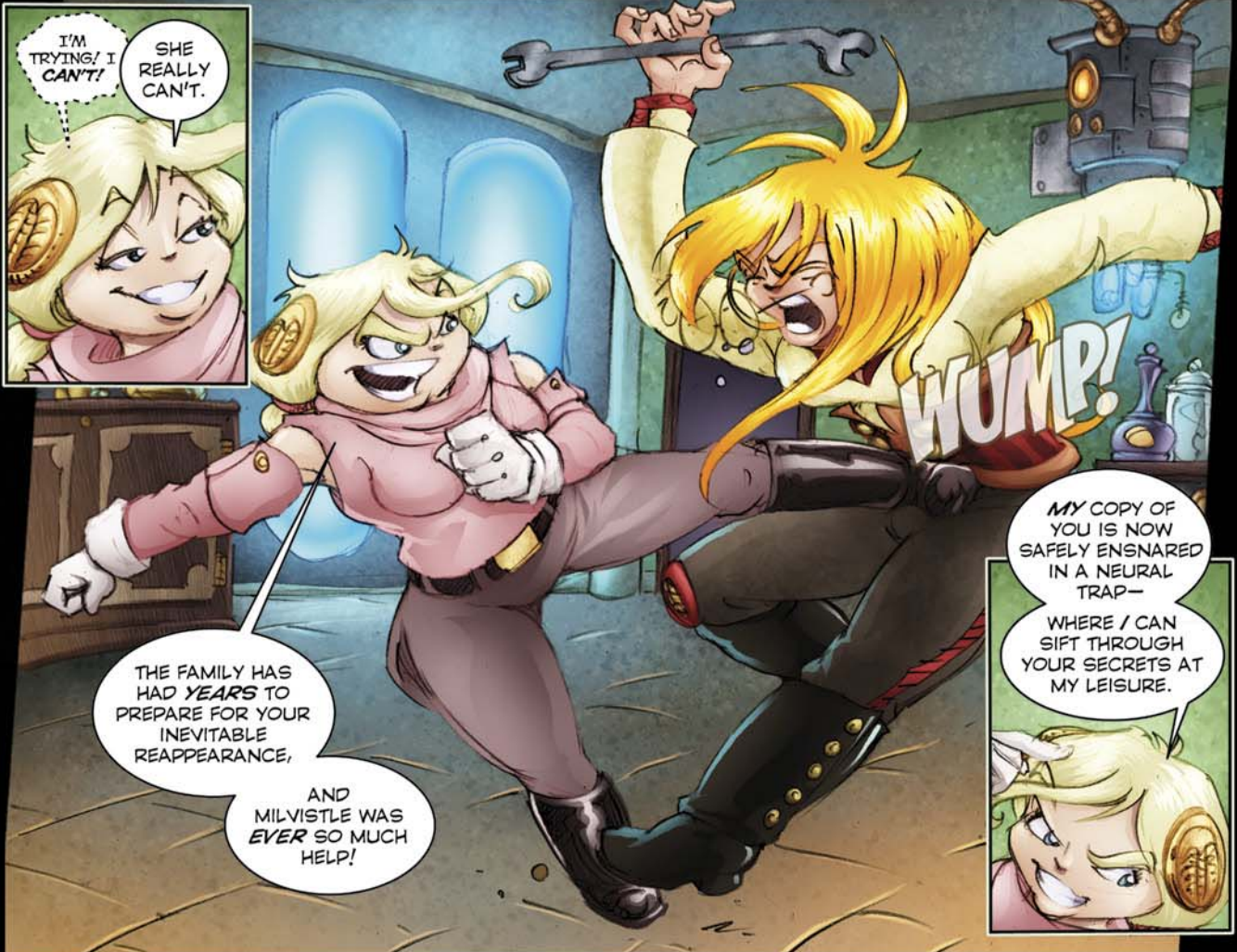
LUCREZIA, DARLING, AM I EVEN STILL *IN* THERE?

FOR GOODNESS SAKE, FIGHT HER OFF!



I'M TRYING! I CAN'T!

SHE REALLY CAN'T.



THE FAMILY HAS HAD YEARS TO PREPARE FOR YOUR INEVITABLE REAPPEARANCE,

AND MILVISTLE WAS EVER SO MUCH HELP!

MY COPY OF YOU IS NOW SAFELY ENSNARED IN A NEURAL TRAP—

WHERE I CAN SIFT THROUGH YOUR SECRETS AT MY LEISURE.



AND YOU SAID YOU WANTED TO HELP ME.

AND YET—OH DEAR.

I SEE THAT YOU PLANNED TO VIVISECT ME THE MINUTE YOU GOT YOUR INFORMATION BACK TO YOUR OTHER SELVES. tsk.

DON'T WORRY, AUNTIE DEAR.

I'LL KEEP MY END OF THE BARGAIN.

A VERSION OF YOU WILL MAKE IT OUT OF HERE—

**GHAA!**

YOUR PLANS WILL GO AHEAD BEAUTIFULLY,



AND NO ONE WILL EVER EVEN SUSPECT THAT I'M THE ONE IN CONTROL.

AND NOW, AS WE AGREED, IT'S TIME FOR THIS HETERODYNE COW TO DIE!









-beep-  
HELLO,  
INTRUDERS!

THE BLAST  
DOORS ARE  
NOW SEALED,

AND MY LAB'S  
SELF-DESTRUCT  
MECHANISM HAS  
BEEN ENGAGED.

SHOULDN'T HAVE  
SNOOPED,  
DARLINGS, BUT IT'S  
TOO LATE NOW!

AHA-HA.

YOU'RE GOING  
TO DIE  
HORRIBLY IN:

SIXTY...

FIFTY-  
NINE...



FIFTY-EIGHT...

FIFTY-SEVEN...

STOP IT!

AHAHAHA!

NO POWER ON EARTH CAN STOP MY PERFECT DEATH TRAP!

NONE OF YOU WILL BE ABLE TO INTERFERE WITH MY PLANS, BECAUSE YOU'LL ALL BE DEAD!



FIFTY-SIX...

FIFTY-FIVE...

OH, I DON'T THINK SO.



FIFTY-FOUR...

FIFTY-THREE...



thunk

FIFTY-TWO...

FIFTY-ONE...



LATER, TARVEK.

OH, WELL, MAYBE NOT.

'BYE, AUNTIE! I'LL TELL YOUR OTHER SELVES "HELLO" FROM YOU!

FIFTY...

FORTY-NINE...



UM... SHE HAS THAT BIG GUN. WHY DIDN'T SHE SHOOT US FIRST?

FORTY-EIGHT...

FORTY-SEVEN...

WELL, IT ONLY SHOOTS MARSHMALLOWS, FOR ONE THING...

AND SHE APPARENTLY KNOWS EVERYTHING / KNOW-

SO I'M WONDERING WHY SHE EVEN TOOK IT.



OH, BY THE WAY, NICE "DEATH TRAP."

FORTY-SIX...

THAT HOLE WAS NOT THERE WHEN I LAST LOOKED!



WELL, MAYBE WE CAN GET UP THE SAME WAY—

FORTY-FIVE...



FORTY-FOUR...



FORTY-THREE...

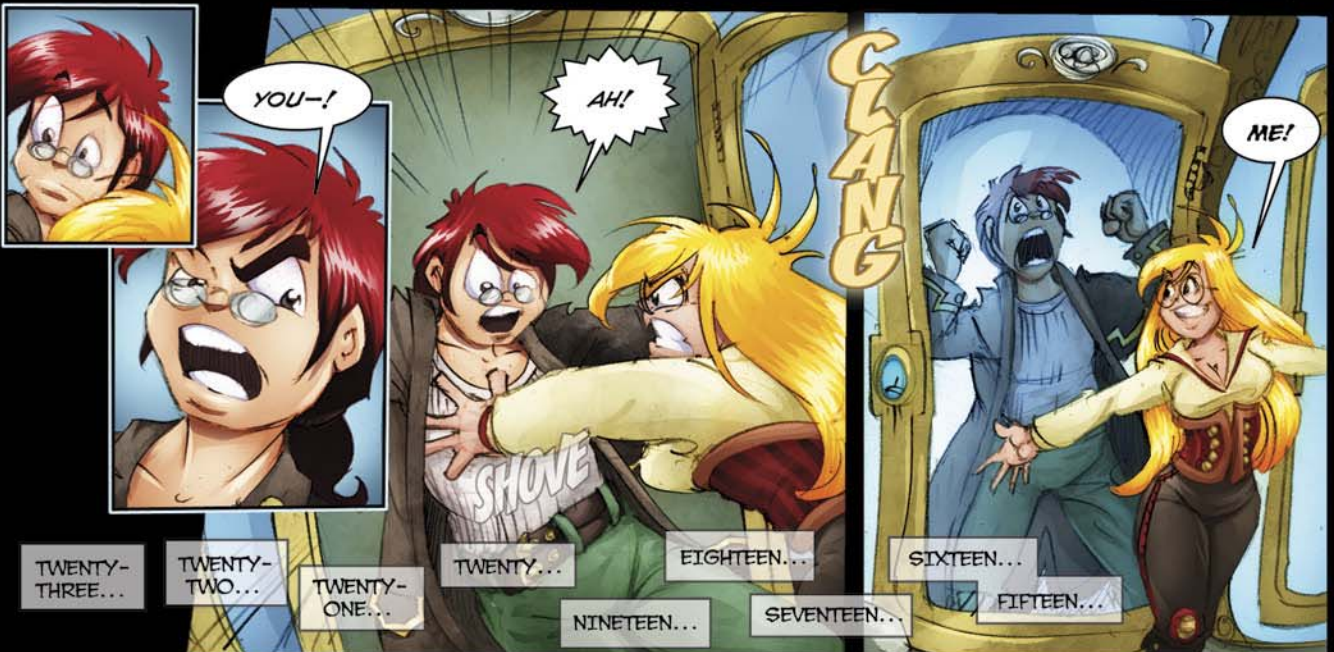
BLUE FIRE!  
SHE'S BLOWN THE SHAFT!



FORTY-TWO...

FORTY-ONE...







FOURTEEN...

TWELVE...

TEN...

EIGHT...

THIRTEEN...

ELEVEN...

NINE...

SEVEN...

tsk. IT WOULD BE SO MUCH EASIER TO KILL EVERYONE HERE-

AND START OVER WITH A NEW CALLING.

BUT I *MUST NOT* FORGET THAT ONE OF ME HAS BEEN CAPTURED BY THAT *TRAITOROUS NIECE* OF MINE.

FOR NOW, THIS BODY *MUST LIVE*.

OH, WELL.



SELF-DESTRUCT CANCELED, DARLINGS! MAYBE NEXT TIME!



YOU SAID NO POWER ON EARTH COULD STOP THAT!

HM. I *DID*, DIDN'T I?

HOW AMUSING!

AND WE LEARNED SOMETHING *ELSE* USEFUL, DIDN'T WE?

LITTLE ZOLA SHOULD HAVE *KNOWN* ABOUT MY SELF-DESTRUCT CONTROLS.

PERHAPS SHE CAN'T GET AT *ALL* OF MY MEMORIES AS EASILY AS SHE *THINKS*.



MMM. THIS MAY WORK OUT NICELY, AFTER ALL.

OH, DON'T WORRY. I'M NOT GOING TO *KILL* YOU-

THAT WOULDN'T BE ANY FUN AT *ALL*.

NOW. *THESE* MIND CONTROL DEVICES WERE AN *EARLY EFFORT*...

MY BEAUTIFUL WASPS ARE *EVER* SO MUCH EASIER TO ADMINISTER...

BUT SINCE YOU'RE ALREADY *HERE*, THEY'LL DO QUITE NICELY.

TO HAVE THE YOUNGER WULFENBACH *AND* THE NASCENT STORM KING UNDER MY CONTROL...



OH, MY. THE POSSIBILITIES *DO* MAKE ME QUITE... *GIDDY*.

HEE HEE-



YEEK!



WHAT THE DELUCE ARE YOU DOING?! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD!

SSSSS- NOT QUITE.



WELL, RELEASE ME THIS INSTANT! THAT'S AN ORDER!



SSSSS- THAT WILL NO LONGER WORK, YOU FILTHY THIEF OF SOULS. IT WAS NOT EASY, BUT I HAVE FOUND WAYS TO BREAK YOUR HOLD.



RIDICULOUS! YOU CANNOT RESIST ME! I MADE SURE OF THAT WHEN I BUILT YOU! STOP, I SAY!



AH, BUT YOU DID NOT BUILD ME. EVEN IN THIS MISERABLE FLESH, I AM OTILIA- THE MUSE OF PROTECTION.



AND NOW I WILL KILL YOU.

NO! URK! CAN'T DIE...

NOT... YET...



THEN RUN.



CURSE YOU- I'LL BE BACK, YOU KNOW- \*



URK- WHA-VON PINN? ST-ak- STOP!



koff koff- WHA...WHAT WAS THAT ABOUT?

HEH. YOUR MOTHER ALWAYS WAS A COWARD AT HEART.



MEANWHILE, TWO RIVAL ARMIES WORK FURIOUSLY—



EACH PLOTTING TERRIBLE VENGEANCE AGAINST THE OTHER—



UNTIL SUDDENLY:











WHOA!  
LOOK AT  
THAT!

DOWN  
THERE— IT'S  
ALL  
BLOCKED!

THAT WAS AN  
EXPLOSION!

SOMEONE DID  
THIS  
INTENTIONALLY!

AGATHA!

hmf. MASTER  
GIL IS STILL  
DOWN THERE.

GUESS I'D  
BETTER GO MAKE  
SURE HE'S ALL  
RIGHT.



WELL, YOU'RE  
NOT GOING  
THIS WAY.

LADY  
HETERODYNE  
CARVED THIS  
HOLE.

THERE ARE  
OTHER  
PATHS.

YEAH, BUT  
WHERE ARE  
THEY?

I...CAN  
GET  
THERE.



WHAT?!  
HOW?

I...  
FOUND A  
MAP.

A MAP?  
WHERE IS  
IT?

IT'S...  
DOWN IN  
THE LAB.

OH, WELL,  
THAT DOES US A  
LOT OF GOOD,  
THEN—



I  
REMEMBER  
MAPS.

NOW, WHO'S  
COMING WITH  
ME?

I AM!

AH—  
GOOD.



ME!

YEAH!

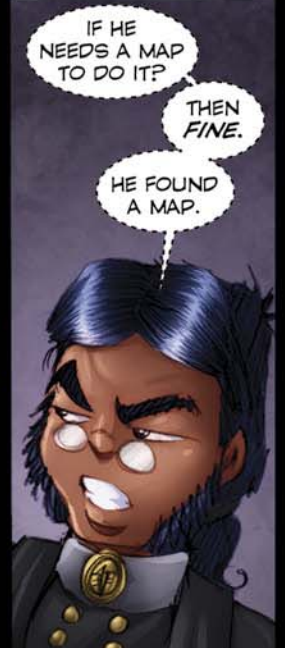
WAIT—  
WHAT?

A MAP?  
OF THIS  
PLACE?

THAT  
DOESN'T  
EVEN—

SSH! I  
KNOW.

BUT HE  
SAYS HE CAN  
GET THERE.



IF HE  
NEEDS A MAP  
TO DO IT?

THEN  
FINE.

HE FOUND  
A MAP.





THANK YOU, VIOLETTA.

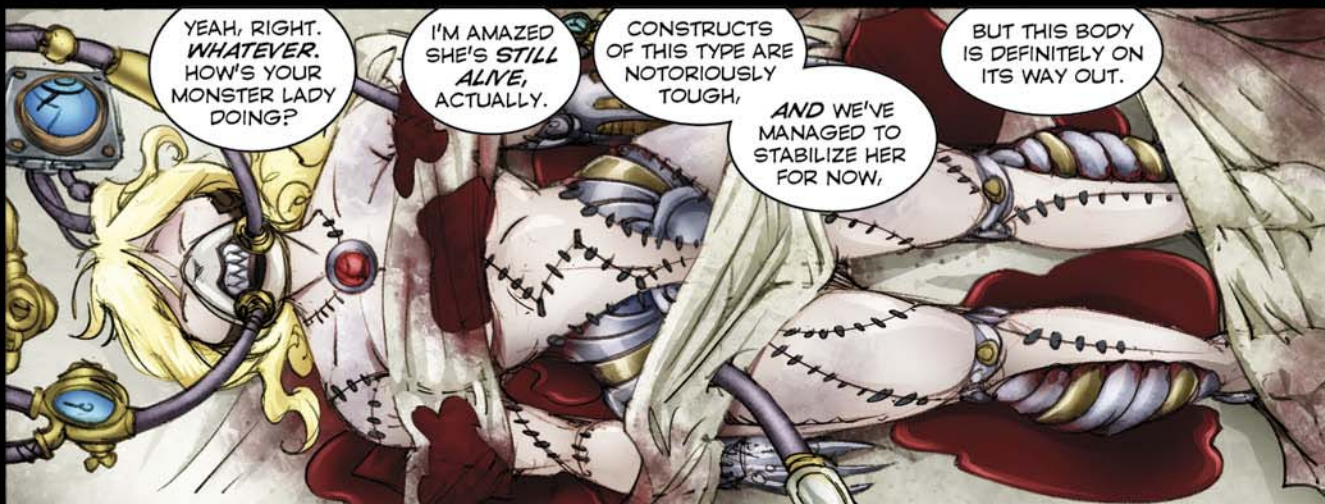
hmf. MAYBE I'D BETTER JUST WELD IT ONTO AN IRON RING.

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS. A GOOD SOLID LOCK WILL DO FINE.

SHEESH. WHOSE ADOLESCENT SLAVE-GIRL FANTASIES ARE WE INDULGING HERE, ANYWAY?

NOT MINE!

WHOA! DON'T LOOK AT ME!



YEAH, RIGHT. *WHATEVER.* HOW'S YOUR MONSTER LADY DOING?

I'M AMAZED SHE'S *STILL ALIVE*, ACTUALLY.

CONSTRUCTS OF THIS TYPE ARE NOTORIOUSLY TOUGH,

AND WE'VE MANAGED TO STABILIZE HER FOR NOW,

BUT THIS BODY IS DEFINITELY ON ITS WAY OUT.



WE NEED TO GET THE CASTLE *OUT* OF HER MUSE BODY SO WE CAN MAKE REPAIRS AND PREP IT FOR THE MIND TRANSFER—

BUT UNTIL THE OTHERS GET BACK WITH THAT WATCHDOG CLANK, WE CAN'T DO MUCH ELSE—BESIDES *WAIT.*

NO. WE CAN'T.



WE'VE GOT TO GO.



ZOLA NOW HAS ACCESS TO ALL MY MOTHER'S MEMORIES, RIGHT?

WELL, YES, TO A DEGREE...



AND YOUR FATHER IS PROBABLY STILL PLANNING TO DESTROY THE CASTLE, RIGHT?

WELL, I'M HOPING HE WON'T DO IT WHILE I'M INSIDE...

I'M HOPING SO, TOO-

BUT THAT'S TWO VERY POWERFUL ENEMIES.



NOBODY HERE IS SAFE UNTIL I GET THE CASTLE RUNNING AGAIN, AND THAT INCLUDES MADAME VON PINN.

WE'LL LEAVE NOTES FOR THE OTHERS. THEY'RE SMART.

ONCE THEY FIND THEIR WAY BACK HERE, THEY'LL BE ABLE TO GET STARTED ON HER WITHOUT US.



OUR FIRST PRIORITY IS REPAIRING THE CASTLE.

NOW, I'VE GATHERED WHAT I THINK I'LL NEED TO TRANSFER THIS PART OF THE CASTLE BACK INTO THE MAIN SYSTEM.

THAT'S ASSUMING WE CAN FIND A PLACE TO HOOK IT UP-

I/I CAN SHOW/GUIDE YOU, BUT YOU HAVE T/T/TOO MANY/MUCH EQUIPMENT.

TO TRANSPORT ME/ME/ME ALONE WILL REQUIRE-



I HAVE THAT COVERED. ANY OTHER PROBLEMS?

N/N/NO, NO-WE'RE G/G/GOOD.

MEANWHILE, ABOARD ONE OF THE SMALLER CRAFT WHICH SUPPORT THE GREAT AIRSHIP CASTLE WULFENBACH:



HERE YOU ARE.

WE NEED TO TALK.

GOSPODIN DOLOKHOV.

HOW DID HYU FIND US, HEY?

YOUR MESSENGER TOLD ME.

VOT? HE WOULD NOT—



OH—NOT RIGHT AWAY...

FWUMP!



WHOO!

OHO! HYU HAZ EARNED THE RIGHT TO A TOK!

ZO TOK.

ALEXI! ZUM TEA FOR OUR GUEST!



YOU SAY YOU'RE LEAVING THE BARON'S SERVICE.

DERE IZ A HETERODYNE.

DOT VAS THE CONTINGENCY.



SHE IS NOT OFFICIAL.

SHE HAS NOT TAKEN THE CASTLE.

THE DOOM BELL HAS NOT RUNG!



FEH! TECHNICALITIES!

ENNYVAY, VE HAS NOT YET ENTERED DE TOWN, YAH?!

YOU MEAN YOU HAVEN'T CLIMBED UPSTAIRS!

OHO! VOT HYU-



NO. NONOVO. I CAN'T FIGHT.

WE NEED YOU.

THE EMPIRE NEEDS YOU.

PFT. ZE BARON GOTS LOTS OV TROOPS. THOUSANDS!



BUT YOU SERVE THE HOUSE OF HETERODYNE.

IF YOU ACKNOWLEDGE THIS GIRL PREMATURELY, IT WILL FUEL TROUBLE ALL OVER EUROPA.



OOOH, YAH! DOT'S TRUE!

COULD BE GOOT TIMES... LOTSA FUN...



OH, REALLY. AND HOW WILL YOUR NEW HETERODYNE LIKE THAT, IF SHE TAKES AFTER HER FATHER?!

AWWWW...





MEHHHH. SHE DID SEEM A BIT LIKE HER ONCLE, YAH?



HYU SAID: "PREMATURELY."

I DID.



"WAIT. LET HER TAKE THE CASTLE. LET THE DOOM BELL RING."

LET THE BARON **FORMALLY** RELEASE YOU BACK INTO HER SERVICE.

LET THE PEOPLE OF EUROPA SEE THAT THE LAW OF WULFENBACH STILL HOLDS."



VILL DERE BE... MARCHING?

BRODDERS, MEESTER BORIS MAKES A GOOT POINT.

EMPIRE LAW. PHOOEY.



DUN BE ZO GLUM, ZOG—

DIS VAY, MEES AGATHA KEN CHOOSE HER OWN VAR!

OOH. DOT'S TRUE.

A GURL GOTS TO BE PICKY FOR HER FIRST VAR!



HOKAY, MEESTER BORIS. MEBBE VE DO DIS HYU VAY—

EXCELL—

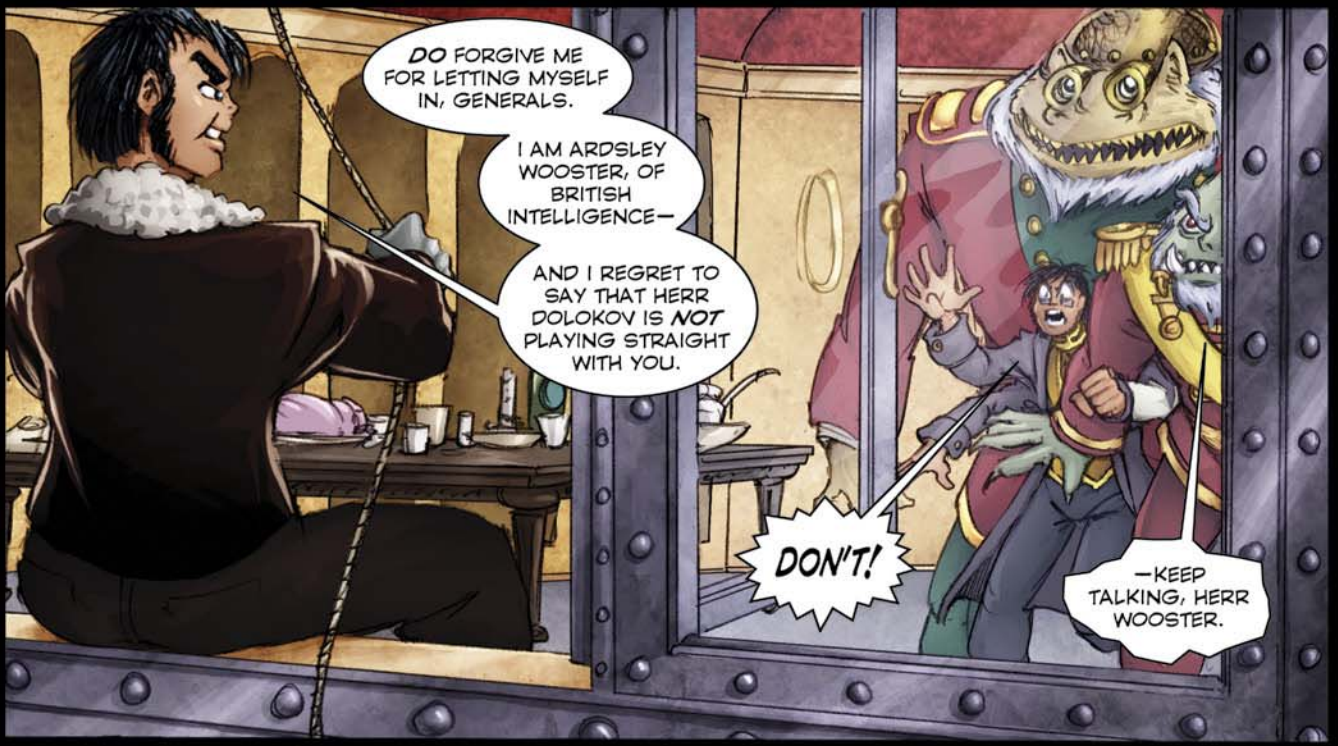
EEF HYU AGREES TO DE TRADE CONCESSIONS VE GUN DISCUSS NOW.

OY.



SIRS, IF YOU AGREE TO THIS—

THE LADY HETERODYNE WILL DIE.



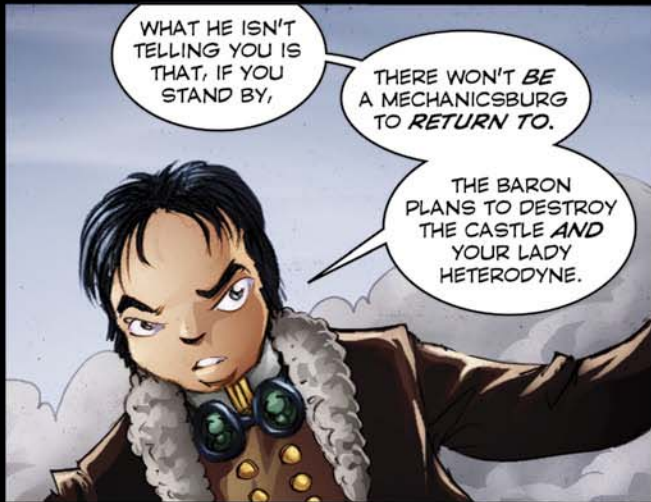
DO FORGIVE ME FOR LETTING MYSELF IN, GENERALS.

I AM ARDSLEY WOOSTER, OF BRITISH INTELLIGENCE—

AND I REGRET TO SAY THAT HERR DOLOKOV IS *NOT* PLAYING STRAIGHT WITH YOU.

**DON'T!**

—KEEP TALKING, HERR WOOSTER.



WHAT HE ISN'T TELLING YOU IS THAT, IF YOU STAND BY,

THERE WON'T *BE* A MECHANICSBURG TO RETURN TO.

THE BARON PLANS TO DESTROY THE CASTLE *AND* YOUR LADY HETERODYNE.



DIS IZ A SERIOUS CHARGE.

HERE ARE ORDERS. TROOP MOVEMENTS AND INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE ATTACK *AND* ITS AFTERMATH.



**GRAAAAH!**

DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE?!

DESTABILIZED BRITAIN'S GREATEST RIVAL,

AND AIDED AN INNOCENT GIRL.

A MIGHTY GOOD DAY'S WORK, I'D SAY.

SHE'S NOT INNOCENT, YOU DUPE!

**SHE'S THE OTHER!**

I BELIEVE YOU'RE WRONG.

BUT IF SHE IS,

THEN REST ASSURED THAT HER MAJESTY *WILL* TAKE AN INTEREST.



YOU...  
YOU DAMN  
SPY!  
I'LL KILL  
YOU!

MAYBE  
NEXT TIME,  
SIR!

DOSVEDANYA!

ALL  
RIGHT,  
FINE.  
IF YOU'RE  
GOING TO KILL  
ME, JUST DO IT  
QUICK.

THUNK.

PERHAPS.  
BUT  
FIRST—  
TELL US ABOUT  
MEEZ AGATHA AND DE  
OTHER. VE IZ  
LISTENING.

AND, BACK IN THE HALLS OF CASTLE HETERODYNE—



HERE. I'M BETTING THIS IS IT.

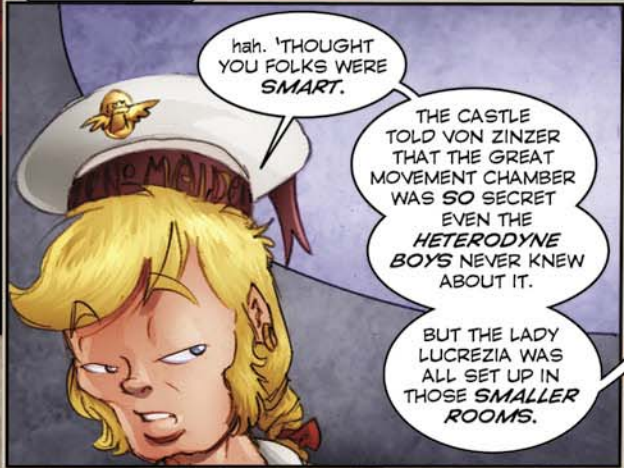
BUT WE HAVEN'T GONE DOWN NEARLY FAR ENOUGH!

READ YOUR MAP WRONG?

...



THIS IS ALL BEDROOMS.



hah. 'THOUGHT YOU FOLKS WERE SMART.

THE CASTLE TOLD VON ZINZER THAT THE GREAT MOVEMENT CHAMBER WAS SO SECRET EVEN THE HETERODYNE BOYS NEVER KNEW ABOUT IT.

BUT THE LADY LUCREZIA WAS ALL SET UP IN THOSE SMALLER ROOMS.



SPARKS'R LIKE BALLOON BEES—

THEY LIKE TO SPREAD OUT WHEREVER THEY CAN.



IF SHE DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THE BIG ROOM RIGHT OVER HER HEAD—

THE ENTRANCE WOULDN'T BE THERE.

BEST PLACE TO LOOK WOULD BE IN HER PRIVATE CHAMBERS.

HEY! A DOOR IN THE PANELING!



...AND YOU JUST HAPPENED TO KNOW WHERE LUCREZIA'S ROOM IS?

SURE. IT WAS ON THE MAP.



AMAZING! THIS PASSAGE MUST CONNECT TO SECRET DOORS THROUGH **HALF THE CASTLE!**

AND IT JUST KEEPS GOING **DOWN**, TOO. WHAT'S DOWN THERE, ANYWAY?

I'M JUST AMAZED THERE WASN'T A **TRAP** EVERY TWO METERS.

THERE PROBABLY WAS, BUT THE CASTLE'S SHUT OFF. REMEMBER?

JUST LOOK AT THIS PLACE!

IT'S LIKE **HALF THE CEILING** CAME DOWN!

...AND THE REST COULD COME DOWN **MIGHTY SOON**.

WHERE'S GIL? WHERE'S AGATHA?

IT'S OKAY. THEY ALL SURVIVED.



YOU **SURE** ABOUT THAT?

THEY'VE GONE.

**GONE?!**

THEY'RE OFF TO FIX THE CASTLE.



THEY WANT **US** TO HELP VON PINN.

OH, **HEY!** STAY IN A FORTIFIED SECRET ROOM WHILE **THEY** RACE AROUND TRYING TO FIX THE DEATH HOUSE?

**TWIST MY ARM!**

SOON ENOUGH. BUT FIRST THINGS **FIRST!**





WHAAAAAT?!

SPARKS!  
THEY'RE CRAZY. THE LOT OF 'EM!

I THINK IT'S ROMANTIC!

WHATEVER.

OH, COME NOW, HERR VON ZINZER!

HAVE YOU NO ROMANCE IN YOUR SOUL?

MAY GLOAT!  
KICK THE TRASH?  
SLAY THE HERO?  
LOCK THE GATES?  
APPEASE THE DARK O  
TAUNT THE PRISONER  
FEED THE BEASTIE  
TURN OFF ALL EXPERIMEN  
HAVE YOU REMEMBERED TO  
WAIT!



DUNNO. NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO FIND OUT.

NO! A DASHING FELLOW LIKE YOURSELF?!



THE WORD YOU WANT ISN'T DASHING, IT'S FLEEING.

OH, BUT SURELY THERE'S SOME GIRL WHO HAS CAUGHT YOUR EYE?

WELL...

YES?



I...I DO KINDA LIKE SANAA.

YOU GOTTA KNOW HER—SHE'S BEEN HERE LONGER'N ME.

SANAA?

SANAA WILHELM?



AAAW! I KNOW! CRAZY, AIN'T IT?!

SHE WILL DIE.



OH, SORRY, WHAT WAS THAT?

I SAID: "NEVER SAY DIE!"

YOU KNOW? GOOD LUCK? HEE HEE!











JEEZ. WHAT A MESS.

DOCTOR? DOCTOR MITTELMIND?



WHOA! PROFESSOR MEZZASALMA!

AH. VON ZINZER.

HELP ME UP, MY BOY.

THAT... THAT PULSE HAS SHORTED OUT MY LEGS.



WHAT HAPPENED?

WE... YES, WE WERE WORKING, AND SUDDENLY—

THAT BLASTED ADVENTRESS POPPED UP OUT OF NOWHERE, WAVING A GREAT HUGE MARSHMALLOW GUN!

SHE KILLED DIAZ—



KILLED HIM?!

uh— WITH A MARSHMALLOW GUN? REALLY?!

SHE BRAINED HIM WITH IT!

SHE OBVIOUSLY MEANT TO KILL US ALL—



OH, DOCTOR! OH, NOOOOO!

BUT MITTELMIND, THERE, HAS A PULSE CANNON BUILT IN.

IT KILLED HIM, OF COURSE, BUT HER GUN DID BLOW UP.



THAT... THAT WAS VERY BRAVE.

OH, PLEASE.

DON'T START. HE'LL BE SMUG ENOUGH AS IT IS.





I MEAN, LISTEN TO THEM.

DID THEY DO ANY WORK ON THAT CLANK?

WE MOST CERTAINLY DID!

IN FACT, IT IS NEARLY COMPLETE!



REALLY? WOW— I KNOW SPARKS WORK FAST, BUT—

AH! WE WERE ASSISTED BY THE LADY'S LITTLE CLANKS!

AND, WELL, HEH-HEH... YOU KNOW HOW IT IS...



UM... JUST FOR THE SAKE OF CLARITY, ASSUME THAT I'M NOT BARKING MAD.

OH, WHEN YOU BUILD ON ANOTHER SPARK'S WORK.

YOU GET... FLASHES OF INSPIRATION...

AND THE LITTLE CLANKS WERE SO EAGER TO HELP—

THEY ALLOWED US TO RAPIDLY IMPLEMENT SO MANY WONDERFUL IDEAS...

YEAH, YEAH. WHAT EXACTLY ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME?



WE MADE IMPROVEMENTS!

ELSEWHERE—

OKAY. THE MAP SAYS THIS WAS SERVANT QUARTERS, SO THE *LIBRARY*—

WOW! IT'S THE SERAGLIO OF SATYRICUS HETERODYNE!

WHAT? NO! IT SAYS—

YES! I'VE SEEN PICTURES! THERE'S NO MISTAKING IT!

THE FIRST EDITION OF FRANCOIS MANSART'S *LES ABOMINATIONS DANGEREUSES DE L'ARCHITECTURE* HAS AN EXTENSIVE COLLECTION OF PLATES—

AND, OF COURSE, THERE'S ALPHONSE ENNUI'S *MASTERPIECE*: "THE TEMPTATION OF SAINT VULCANIA," WHICH HAS THE MOST AMAZING DETAILS OF THE—OH. I SEE THEY'VE REMOVED THOSE...

BUT IT'S A FANTASTIC PIECE...IT REALLY GIVES YOU A FEEL FOR THE *EXCESSES* OF THE EARLY HETERODYNES, AND...UH...

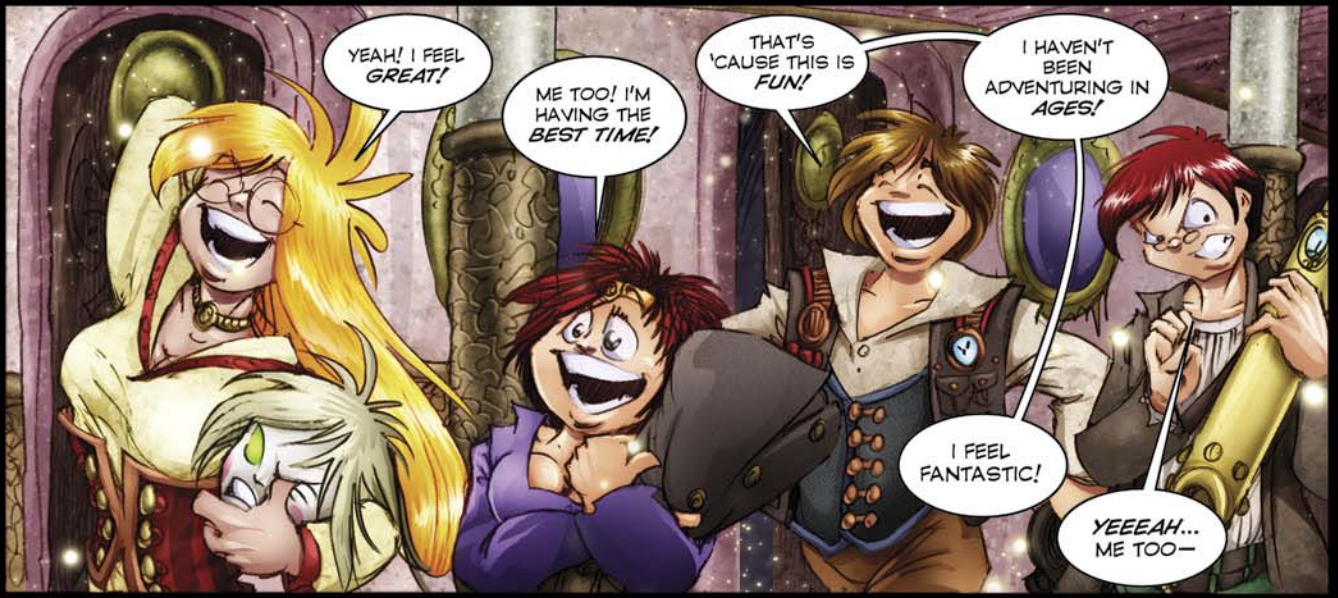
I CAN TELL YOU'VE STUDIED THIS SUBJECT A LOT.  
ER...  
UM...WELL, IT WAS DONE FOR THE STORM KING, SO I'M SURE IT'S ALL TOTALLY EXAGGERATED?  
LOOK. I—  
snort

OH, DO YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO ADD?  
YUP. I'LL HAVE THAT ROOM OVER THERE.  
IT HAS A NICE VIEW.

HA!  
HA!  
HA!  
HA!

HA!  
HA!  
HA!  
HA!









WOW!  
WAS THAT A  
PLANT?

HA HA! YES!  
NEPENTHES  
DULCIS!

IT INCAPACITATES  
PREY BY INDUCING  
FEELINGS OF EXTREME  
HAPPINESS!

SMOKE  
KNIGHTS USE  
IT—

SO AT FIRST, I  
THOUGHT ZOLA  
WAS SNEAKING  
UP ON US—



BUT THEN I  
REMEMBERED THAT  
WE WERE NEAR A  
CONSERVATORY!

OF COURSE, THE  
HETERODYNES  
WOULD HAVE A  
SPECIMEN!

WELL, WE'D  
BETTER GO FIND  
GIL BEFORE IT  
EATS HIM!

HA! IF IT  
DOES, WE'LL  
JUST PULL HIM  
OUT!

THAT IS, IF HE  
DOESN'T HAVE IT  
JULIENNED BY THE  
TIME WE GET  
THERE.



STURMVORAU!  
I'M STILL  
HAPPY—

ACK!

BUT NOT  
WITH  
YOU!



I THINK WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A HARD TIME "JUST PULLING HIM OUT." *EEK!*

WELL, I DIDN'T EXPECT A WHOLE BUNCH OF THEM! HA HA!

AND THESE ARE WEIRD, EVEN FOR NEPENTHES—

IT MUST BE SOME KIND OF HETERODYNE CULTIVAR!



HEY, GUYS! GETTING RESCUED WOULD MAKE ME REALLY HAPPY!



HOLD ON!

I'VE ALMOST GOT THESE OLD PRUNING CLANKS WORKING!

HEH—THEN WE'D BETTER TELL WULFENBACH NOT TO ACT SO WOODEN.

HA HA—STOP THAT, YOU—IT'S NOT FUNNY! HEE HEE.

**GIL!**



OH MY GOSH—

I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!

ERRR— A HEH.

HA HA! AND THIS TIME, I GET TO RESCUE YOU!

I'M SO HAPPY!



TSK. IT'S REALLY GOT YOU.

HMM...AUNTIE LUCREZIA SAYS IF I TRY TO PULL YOU OUT—

YOU'LL GET ALL RIPPED UP ON THE THORNS.

OOH, AND THEY'RE POISONED, TOO.

HEE HEE— THAT'S ADORABLE!



OKAY, ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS WAIT UNTIL YOU'RE ALL THE WAY IN.

—WHAT?!

THEN, I'LL CUT YOU OUT THROUGH THE SOFT PART!

I DON'T—

THESE PLANTS TAKE OVER A YEAR TO FULLY ABSORB LARGE PREY,

SO YOU'LL BE FINE! THE WORST YOU'LL GET IS A LITTLE RASH—



(giggle) AND I HAVE SOME DELIGHTFULLY SOOTHING OINTMENT—

THAT I'LL BE HAPPY TO APPLY TO ALL THOSE HARD-TO-REACH PLACES—

HEY! YOU KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF HIM!



HA! WELL, THEY WON'T BE YOUR GREEDY, BEAU-HOGGING HANDS, YOU HUSSY!

BECAUSE YOU'LL BE DEAD! HEE HEE!

ZOLA! DON'T—



HERE, YOU MIGHT HAVE TO DO THIS YOURSELF, GIL.

REMEMBER TO WATCH OUT FOR THE THORNS!



I'VE GOT TO PRUNE THE FAMILY TREE!



HURRY!  
I'M  
STUCK!

PERFECT! I  
WILL! HA  
HA-



WAIT-



WHOA!

SWIT



...YOU  
MISSED?



NAH. I  
DIDN'T  
MISS.

YOU  
CERTAINLY--  
HA  
HA!

UH-

THERE!  
THAT'S MUCH  
BETTER!



THANKS, ZEETHA! NOW I CAN SORT OUT ALL THE WEEDS IN HERE!

PLEASE. DO YOU HAVE ANY TRAINING WITH THAT THING?

YOU SPARKS REALLY CAN BE STUPID SOMETIMES—



AFTER ALL—

BRINGING A KNIFE TO A GUN FIGHT DOESN'T SEEM VERY SMART, NOW DOES IT?

VOP!



ZIP!

WELL, I SUPPOSE IT ISN'T THAT MUCH WORSE THAN BRINGING A GUN TO A CLANK FIGHT.



OH, REALLY. A CLANK FIGHT.

TOO BAD YOU DON'T HAVE ANY—



AH—



SNAP!



AAAAAH!



OWOUCH...

I'M GOING TO FEEL THAT TOMORROW.

**SMASH!**



**HAH!**  
YOU'D BETTER HOPE SO!

WHY ARE YOU EVEN STILL HERE?

YOU'LL BE LUCKY IF YOU SEE TOMORROW!



HMF. WELL, AT LEAST I'LL MAKE SURE YOU DON'T.

SIP



AAH! MY MOVIE #11!  
HOW DID SHE GET THAT?!

ELEVEN?  
WAIT— I THOUGHT IT ONLY WENT UP TO SIX!

THAT'S WHAT YOU GAVE ME.

ELEVEN WOULD HAVE KILLED YOU!



IT'D KILL ALMOST ANYONE!

OH, BUT I'M NOT JUST ANYONE.

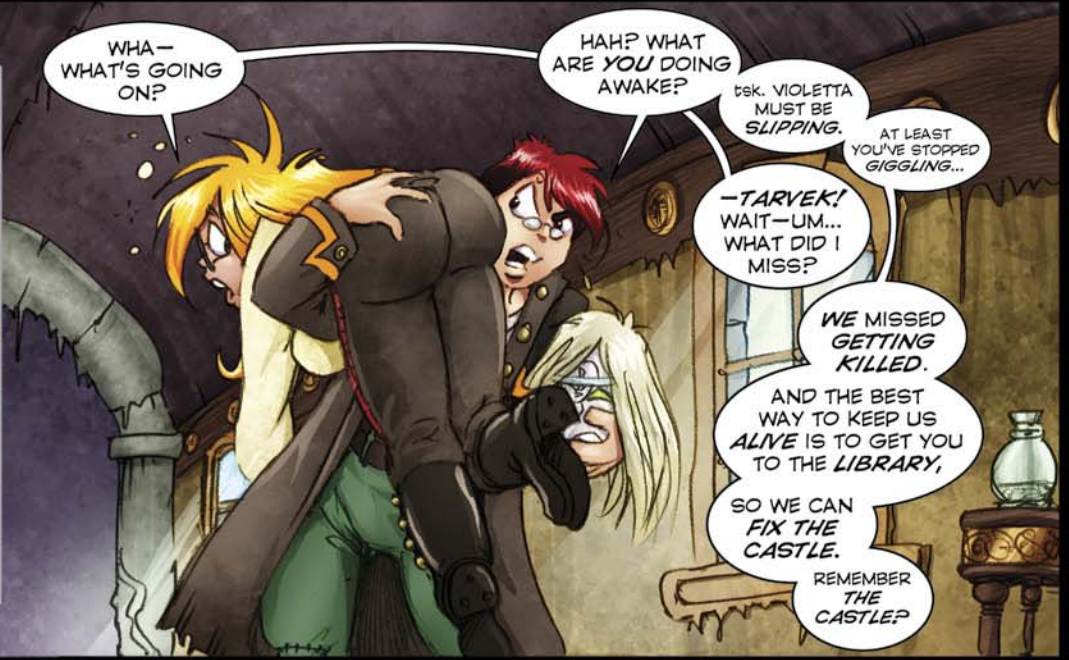
AND EVEN IF IT DOES, I WON'T GO ALONE!











WHA—  
WHAT'S GOING  
ON?

HAH? WHAT  
ARE YOU DOING  
AWAKE?

tsk. VIOLETTA  
MUST BE  
SLIPPING.

AT LEAST  
YOU'VE STOPPED  
GIGGLING...

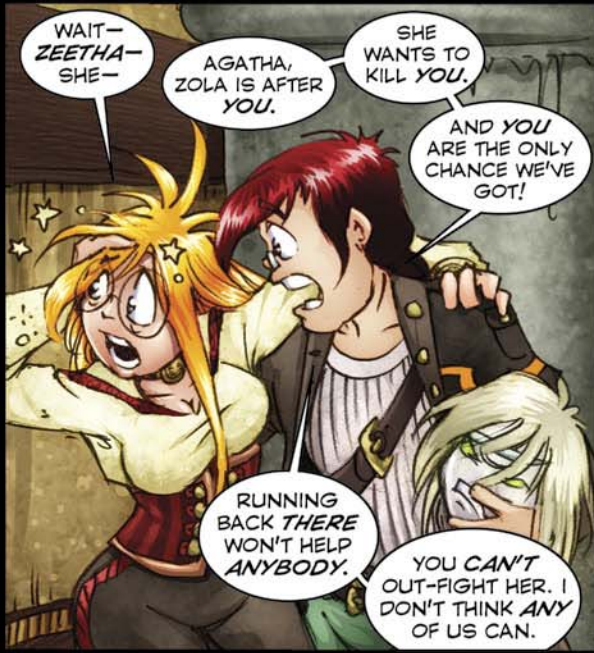
—TARVEK!  
WAIT—UM...  
WHAT DID I  
MISS?

WE MISSED  
GETTING  
KILLED.

AND THE BEST  
WAY TO KEEP US  
ALIVE IS TO GET YOU  
TO THE LIBRARY,

SO WE CAN  
FIX THE  
CASTLE.

REMEMBER  
THE  
CASTLE?



WAIT—  
ZEETHA—  
SHE—

AGATHA,  
ZOLA IS AFTER  
YOU.

SHE  
WANTS TO  
KILL YOU.

AND YOU  
ARE THE ONLY  
CHANCE WE'VE  
GOT!

RUNNING  
BACK THERE  
WON'T HELP  
ANYBODY.

YOU CAN'T  
OUT-FIGHT HER. I  
DON'T THINK ANY  
OF US CAN.



uhg. RIGHT.  
GOTTA FIX THE  
CASTLE...

LET IT  
SQUASH  
HER.

I THINK  
THAT'S WHAT  
IT'LL TAKE.

WAIT...DID WE  
LEAVE GIL...IS HE  
STILL IN THAT  
PLANT?

DON'T WORRY.  
HE'LL FIGURE  
OUT WHERE WE'RE  
GOING. HE'LL  
CATCH UP.

BUT...IF HE  
DOESN'T GET  
OUT...

(snort) I  
SHOULD BE  
SO LUCKY.



BUT...MY  
HEAD IS  
SO—

WHAT IF WE  
CAN'T GET THE  
CASTLE FIXED  
FAST ENOUGH?

hmm—YOU  
ARE STILL  
STAGGERING.

JEEZ,  
VIOLETTA...

OKAY,  
C'MERE.

SHE'LL  
KILL YOU,  
TOO!

WELL, LADY  
HETERODYNE,  
DON'T LET HER.



AH. NO. I  
WON'T.  
OKAY.  
LET'S GO.



HURRY! WE'VE  
GOT TO GO FASTER!  
THE LIBRARY SHOULD BE  
RIGHT UP THOSE  
STAIRS.

(oof)...YOUR  
WISH IS MY  
COMMAND, O  
PRINCESS.

—I SAID  
FASTER!



HEY!  
YOU—MISTER  
HIGGS! WATCH  
OUT!

SHE'S HAD A  
WHOLE VIAL  
OF MOVIT II!

SHE'LL BE  
UNSTOPPABLE  
UNTIL IT WEARS  
OFF!

DON'T EVEN  
TRY TO JUST  
"KNOCK HER OUT,"  
YOU HEAR ME?

I CAN'T  
BELIEVE  
THIS!

HOW MANY  
TIMES DO I HAVE  
TO HIT YOU?!

I'VE GOT  
OTHER PEOPLE  
TO KILL!

MORE  
IMPORTANT  
PEOPLE THAN  
YOU!

I HEAR  
YOU.

NOM  
NOM



OH? YOU HEAR HER? WELL, GOOD!

THEN YOU DIDN'T MISS THE PART WHERE SHE SAID I'M "UNSTOPPABLE"!

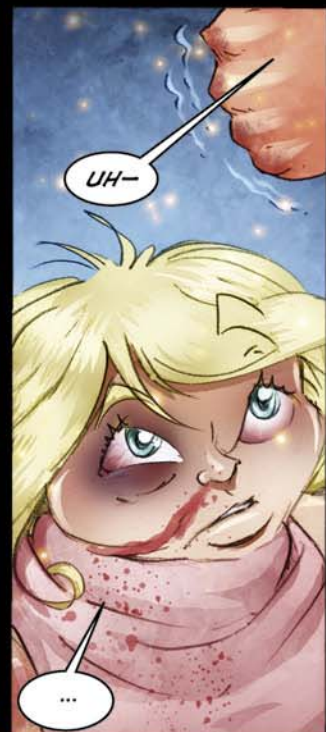
NOW, I'VE GOT TO GET GIL OUT OF THAT PLANT AND HUNT DOWN MY INCONVENIENT COUSIN—

AND YOU ARE GETTING IN MY WAY!

THANKS TO YOU, SHE'S GETTING AWAY RIGHT NOW!

WITH, I MIGHT ADD, MY STORM KING!

**SO STAY DOWN!**





HA!  
HA!

TAKE  
THAT!



THOK!



VIOLETTA!  
YOU PATHETIC  
LOSER!

DID YOU JUST  
TRY TO POISON  
ME?

AHA!HA!HA!HA!

AS IF THAT  
COULD STOP  
ME, NOW!



tsk. I  
KNOW  
THAT.

THAT  
WASN'T  
POISON.

THAT WAS  
MORE  
MOVIE !!.



NOW ALL I  
HAVE TO DO IS  
WATCH YOU  
COMBUST.



NNNOT IF I  
MOVE  
FASTFASTFAST  
ENOUGH TO BURN  
IT OFF!



HURK!

YANK!



WHAT—



MEANWHILE—

IN A NEARBY  
VILLAGE—

# MAXIM BUYS A HAT!









OKAY, ONE RACING TRILOBITE—

ONE GRILLED SNAIL AND SWISS ON RYE—

ONE BOTCHED CONSTRUCT—

ONE CHICKEN SALAD ON A KAISER—

ONE MARTIAN PRINCESS—

ONE BEEF TONGUE WITH HORSERADISH ON TOAST—

AND ONE RED HETERODYNE. HUH. NEVER SAW THAT ONE BEFORE.

ONE FRIED BAT ON PUMPERNICKEL, WITH EXTRA MUSHROOM SAUCE!

HA! CAN'T STUMP MY GRANDPA!



HEY! WHADDALITBE, PAL?

UM...WELL... DO YOU HAVE ANY SOUP?



NAH—NO SOUP, JUST SANDWICHES.

I'LL MAKE YOU ANY KIND OF SANDWICH YOU CAN NAME,

BUT NO SOUP. I DON'T DO SOUP.



HO DERE!

OL' MAN DEATH!

HY CHALLENGE HYU!



MAXIM! YOU OLD HORSE-BITER!

IS THAT YOU?!

**RHAA!**



GOOD TO SEE YA!

SOME OF THE OLD CAVALRY CAME THROUGH A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO—

(TUNA AND SALAMI...)



AND... HMM... THEY SAID YOU WERE DEAD.

HUR. YEZ. VE VOS DETACHED.

TO GO LOOKIN' FOR A HETERODYNE.



AH, RIGHT. SO THE PACK COULD SIGN ON WITH THE BARON.

I HEARD ABOUT THAT.

WELL, GOOD LUCK WITH THAT, BOSS.

DUN NEEDS IT. VE FOUND VUN.



YOU—YOU WHAT?!

YOU MEAN, ALL THAT BUSINESS IN STURMHALTEN—

IZ ALL TRUE. YEZ.

SHE IZ IN DE KESTEL RIGHT NOW.

DOT'S VY HY NEEDS A NEW HAT.

QVIKLY!



UND VUNCE HYU EMPTY DE GREASETRAP—

HYU ADD LOTS OV CHEEZE—

UND ANY MEAT ZO LONG AS EETZ RAW. HOKAY, SVEETIE?

ER...



HO YEZ—UND A BRENDRY FOR MY BRODDER HERE.



HOY—ZO DE OLD MAN EEZ LOOKINK GOOT, YAH?

HO, YEZ.

DOT'S VUN.

SHADDAP. HY VOS JUST SAYINK "HELLO."



GRANDPA!

WHUT?

YOU THREW A JÄGERMONSTER THROUGH THE WINDOW!

OH, IT'S OKAY. THEY'RE GOOD FOR IT.



GRANDPA—

WHY DID YOU THROW A JÄGERMONSTER THROUGH THE WINDOW?

HEH. IT'S TRADITIONAL!

DON'T WORRY. THEY ONLY GET THREE TRIES.

I GOT A BUSINESS TO RUN HERE.



GRANDPA! IF YOU DON'T TELL ME—

AAAH! NOT WITH THE SCHLOGN WürST! IT'S EXPENSIVE!



ALL RIGHT, YOU UNGRATEFUL CHILD.

YOU KNOW I USED TO RIDE WITH THE JÄGERS—

WAIT! REALLY? I THOUGHT THAT WAS JUST WHAT GRANDMA SAID TO EXPLAIN YOUR TABLE MANNERS.



HA HA. FUNNY YOU'RE NOT.

NO, A LOT OF THE YOUNG BLOODS FROM THE AREA USED TO DO IT.

THIS WAS WITH THE OLD HETERODYNES, OF COURSE.

THE BOYS PUT A STOP TO ALL THAT.



"IT WAS GREAT IF YOU LIKED TO FIGHT AND DRINK AND MESS PEOPLE UP—

AND YOU DIDN'T MUCH CARE WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU.

PLUS, IT IMPRESSED THE GIRLS."



...IT WAS A LONG TIME AGO. A LONG TIME.

I'M A REFORMED CHARACTER NOW, I AM.

...BUT?

BUT THE THING WAS...THE FIGHTING?



"WELL—TURNS OUT I WAS PRETTY GOOD AT IT."





...THEN ONE DAY, WHILE SACKING A CASTLE, I WAS RAVISHED BY A WILD PRINCESS...

YOU THE WHO WHAT NOW?

HEH. EVEN TODAY, YOUR GRANDMOTHER IS A REMARKABLE WOMAN.

EEEW! GRANDPA!



TSK. POOR SENSITIVE CHILD.

AT ANY RATE, WELL, SHE SORT OF ABDUCTED ME. TOOK ME AWAY FROM ALL THAT, YOU KNOW?

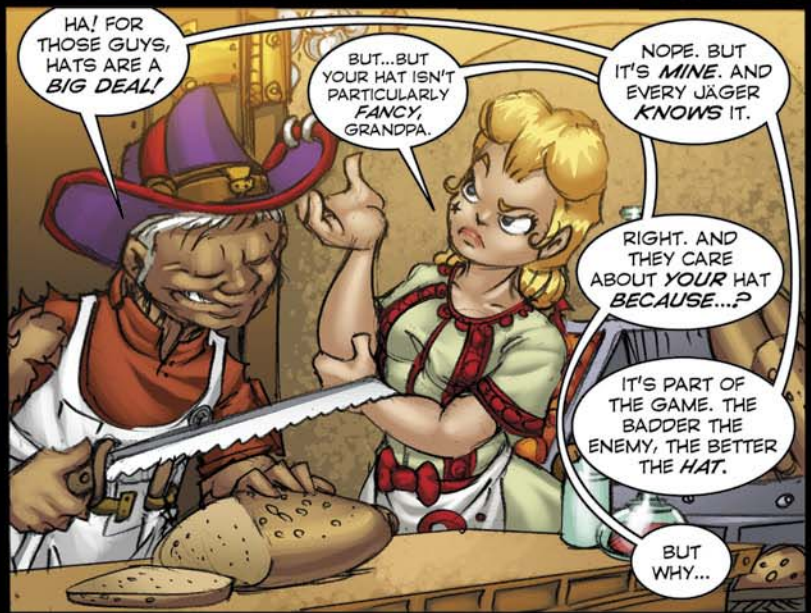
AND NOW, THROUGH MYSTERIOUS PROCESSES I'LL FORBEAR TO MENTION, HERE I AM; AND HERE YOU ARE.

YES—HERE WE ARE. BEING ATTACKED BY JÄGERS!



OH. THEY WANT MY HAT.

YOUR HAT? BUT WHY?



HA! FOR THOSE GUYS, HATS ARE A BIG DEAL!

BUT...BUT YOUR HAT ISN'T PARTICULARLY FANCY, GRANDPA.

NOPE. BUT IT'S MINE. AND EVERY JÄGER KNOWS IT.

RIGHT. AND THEY CARE ABOUT YOUR HAT BECAUSE...?

IT'S PART OF THE GAME. THE BADDER THE ENEMY, THE BETTER THE HAT.

BUT WHY...



BECAUSE I NEVER LOST A FIGHT.

SO?

NO. LISTEN TO ME. I'M JUST A HUMAN. RODE WITH THE JÄGERS. NEVER. LOST. A. FIGHT.

...AH.



YEAH. "AH." THIS OLD HAT HAS BECOME THE STUFF OF LEGEND.

I'LL TELL YOU, THERE'VE BEEN TIMES I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT JUST THROWING IT AWAY—

SO MUCH THAT THEY'RE TRYING TO KILL YOU OVER IT?!

ALWAYS YOU GOTTA FIND PROBLEMS!

BUT IT SEEMS TO MEAN SO MUCH TO THEM.



ANYWAY, **STEALING IT, OR TRICKING ME OUT OF IT WOULD BE FINE.**

IN FACT, IT WOULD BE **MORE IMPRESSIVE.**

...YOU DON'T EXPECT A KNIFE TO SING **OPERA**, Y'KNOW?



BUT AT **SUBTLE** THEY **STINK.**

I CAN SEE 'EM COMING **TWO STREETS AWAY.**

**HYU VOTP?**

**DEM!**



UH... 'COURSE, THEY **DO** OCCASIONALLY **SURPRISE** ME.



HOY! DIS "BEIN' **SOTTIL**" **SCHTOFF** HEZ **POTENTIAL!**

HY KEN USE MY HEAD FOR **LOTZ** OF **GOOT** **SCHTUFF!**



**YEAH?** USE IT FOR **THIS!**



**HOKAY—** NOW HY IZ **GUN** **SOTTIL** HYU **HEAD** **CLEAN** **OFF!**

**SEZ** **YOU!**

**GRHAAA!**





DON'T YOU HURT MY GRANDPA!

ZEUXIPPE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!



WELL, OBVIOUSLY I'M—

YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO INTERFERE!

BUT, YOU WERE—

NOW I HAVE TO FORFEIT!



NO! NO! SEE? SHE IZ CATEGORIZED AZ COURSE HAZARD!

WHAT—REALLY?

YAH! LIKE IN DOT KREZY GAME VERE DEY HIT STUFF MIT STICKS!

...PIÑATA JOUSTING POLO?

DOT'S DE VUN!



WELL! THAT'S MIGHTY HONORABLE OF YOU, MAXIM!

HEH, IZ NO PROBLEM. GOTS TO LOOK GOOT IN FRONT OF DE PRETTY GURL!

YAH, SVEETHOT? HY TEK HYU FOR A NIZE RIDE LATER, HEY?



AND THAT'S YOUR THREE!

AAH! ON MY HORZE! IZ A NIZE HORZE!

YIPE! YIPE! YIPE!



BOOT!

OUT!



VAIT!

HY IZ NOT DONE MIT TRYINK DE SOTTLE!





YOU HAVE GOT TO BE KIDDING.

NO, NO. FOR A JÄGER, THIS IS PRETTY DARN SUBTLE.



BUT THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN SAY THAT'LL KEEP ME FROM CHUCKIN' YOU OUT ON YOUR—

HY VANTS A SAMMICH!



...OKAY... YOU NAME IT, I MAKE IT.

HY VANTS...

HY VANTS A "PRINCE OV STURMHALTEN'S BIG BET."



UH... WAIT, I...

I KNOW THAT ONE...

SHOO-OL' PRINCE VADIM AND DE GOOT HETERODYNE GOTTS ARGUIN'—

AND DE PRINCE BET DOT OL GOOT VOULDN' NEVER HEV A CATHEDRAL GET BILDED IN MECHANICSBURG—

BUT HE DID. AN DOT'S VEN DEY SCHKARTED ALL DOT KREZY SEKRIFICE SCHKUFF DURING DE HIGH HOLY DAYZ—

YEAH— THE BOYS PUT A STOP TO—

YAH, YAH, SO ENNYWAY, DE PRINCE SAID IF HE LOST, HE VOULD—



...HE SAID HE'D EAT HIS HAT.

DOT'S RIGHT! UND HE DEED IT, TOO!

BUT... THAT'S...

VUN HAT SAMMICH, PLIZ!



BUT... BUT...

ARGH!



ALL RIGHT... I'LL MAKE YOUR HAT SANDWICH!

AND THEN—

UND I VANTS IT TO GO!



DEM!



ZO, MY  
LEEDLE  
NOKEDLI—

VUNCE MY FRIEND  
COME FLYINK OUT DOT  
VINDOW, HOWZABOUT VE  
GO FIND ZUMPLACE—

OH! BUT  
ISN'T THAT  
HIM THERE?



VELL? IZ HYU  
READY TO GO,  
OR VOT?



IZ  
DOT—

IT IZ.



HYU  
MEAN,  
HYU—

HY  
DEED!



DEED  
HYU—

DE OL'  
MAN IZ  
FINE.



BUT...  
HOW...

HY  
USED MY  
BRAINZ!



WHO IZ  
HYU,  
REALLY?

SHADDAP  
AN' LETZ GO!



ARE  
YOU...OKAY,  
GRANDPA?

BETTER THAN  
OKAY, MY  
SWEETLING!

OH?

YOUR  
GRANDMOTHER  
ALWAYS HATED  
THAT HAT.

MAXIM— VY  
HYU GOTZ  
CHEEZE ON HYU  
HAT?

I TELLZ HYU  
VEN VE IZ OUT  
OV TOWN.

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