



MANN CO.
YOUNG MEN'S READING

12¢ **#78**
AUG

SAXTON HALE'S EXTINCTION EVENT COMICS

**SAXTON INTRODUCES
THE SAVAGE YETI TO
A FATE WORSE THAN CHESS!**

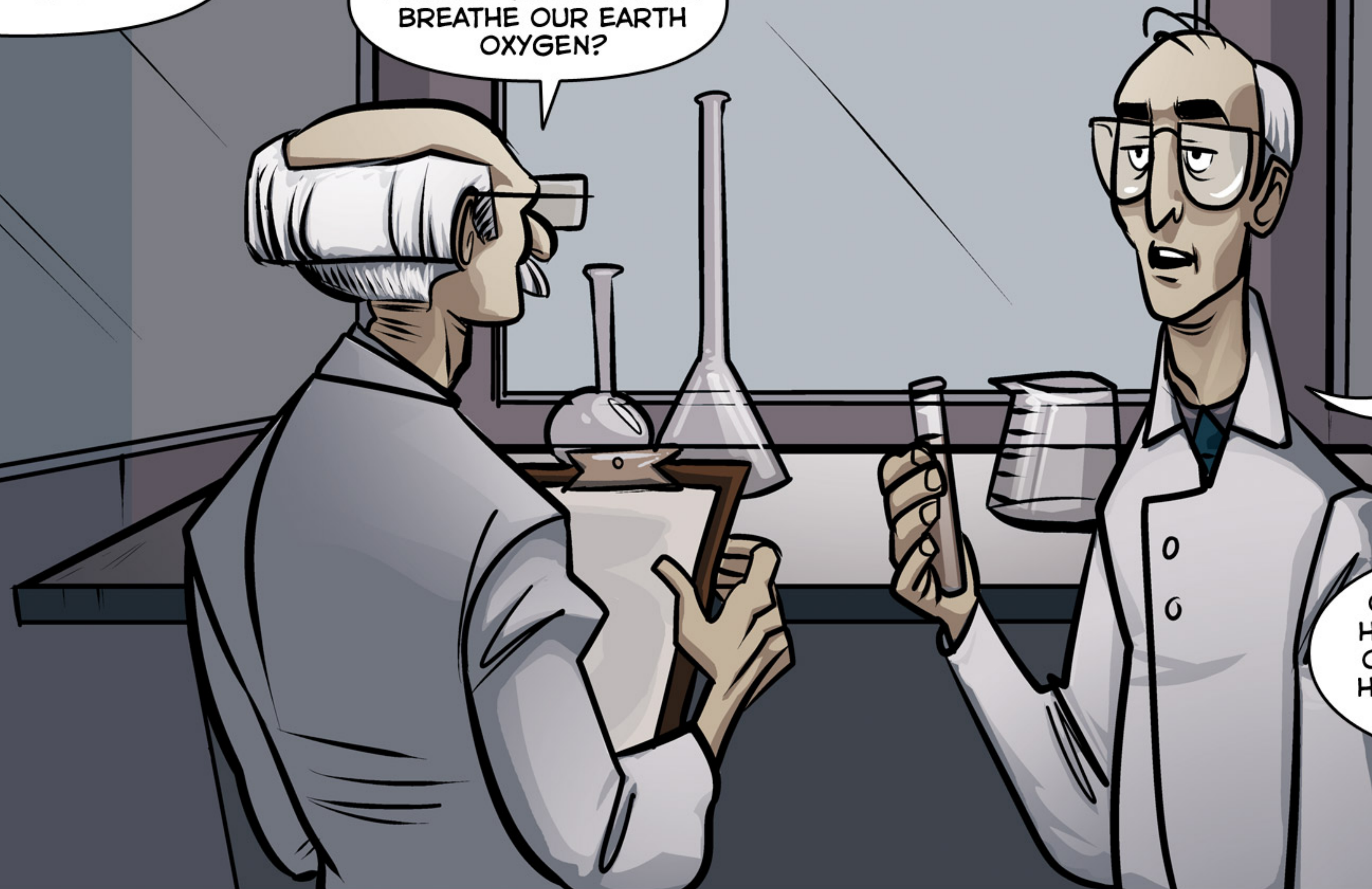
JUST BEYOND
THESE FLAT GRAY WALLS,
DOCTOR, WE FIGHT OUR
FINAL BATTLE AGAINST THE
ALIEN HORDES.

AND
WHAT A
BATTLE!

BUT TELL ME:
HOW DO THESE ALIENS
BREATHE OUR EARTH
OXYGEN?

THAT'S AN
INTERESTING STORY. WELL,
NOT INTERESTING, EXACTLY.
BUT IT *IS* LONG AND
COMPLICATED.

YOU SEE,
OXYGEN HAS THE SECOND-
HIGHEST ELECTRONEGATIVITY
OF ALL REACTIVE ELEMENTS.
HA, WELL, BESIDES FLUORINE,
OF COURSE, WHICH—





EXPOSITION!

THE ART OF
STOPPING A STORY
SO NERDS CAN FIND OUT
HOW THINGS WORK!
IT'S AWFUL.

SO I CAME UP WITH
A *BRAND NEW WAY* TO
TELL STORIES!



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EXPLOSION!®

LET'S
SEE THAT
SAME SCENE
AGAIN!

DAMN

YOUR HEAVING BOSOMS,
SYNESTRA! YOU'LL **TELL**
ME HOW ALIENS BREATHE
OXYGEN, OR I'LL GUT YOU
LIKE ONE OF YOUR PET
TERROR-DACTYLS!

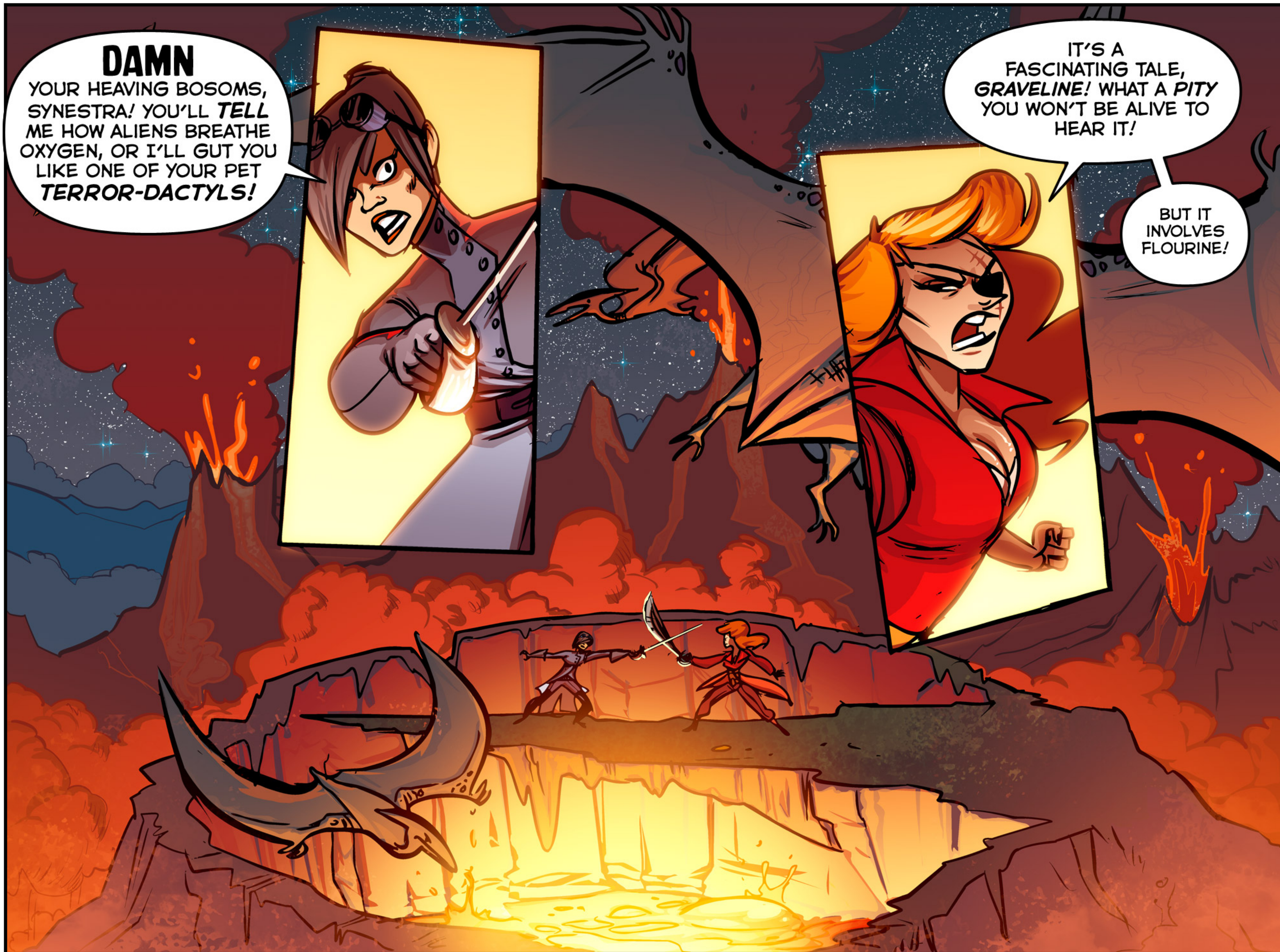


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IT'S A
FASCINATING TALE,
GRAVELINE! WHAT A **PITY**
YOU WON'T BE ALIVE TO
HEAR IT!

BUT IT
INVOLVES
FLOURINE!



DAMN

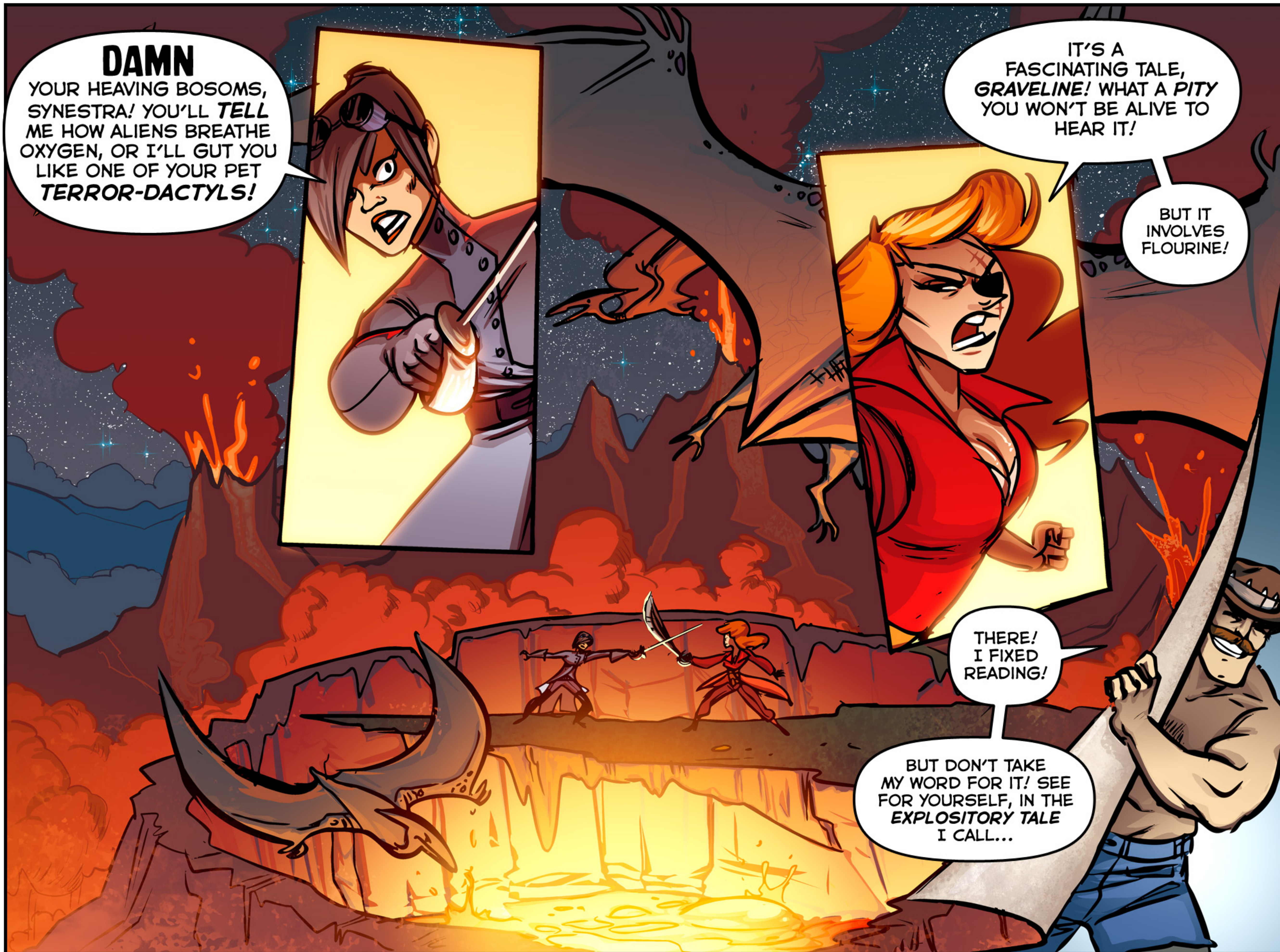
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INVOLVES
FLOURINE!

THERE!
I FIXED
READING!

BUT DON'T TAKE
MY WORD FOR IT! SEE
FOR YOURSELF, IN THE
EXPLOSITORY TALE
I CALL...



A FATE WORSE THAN CHESS

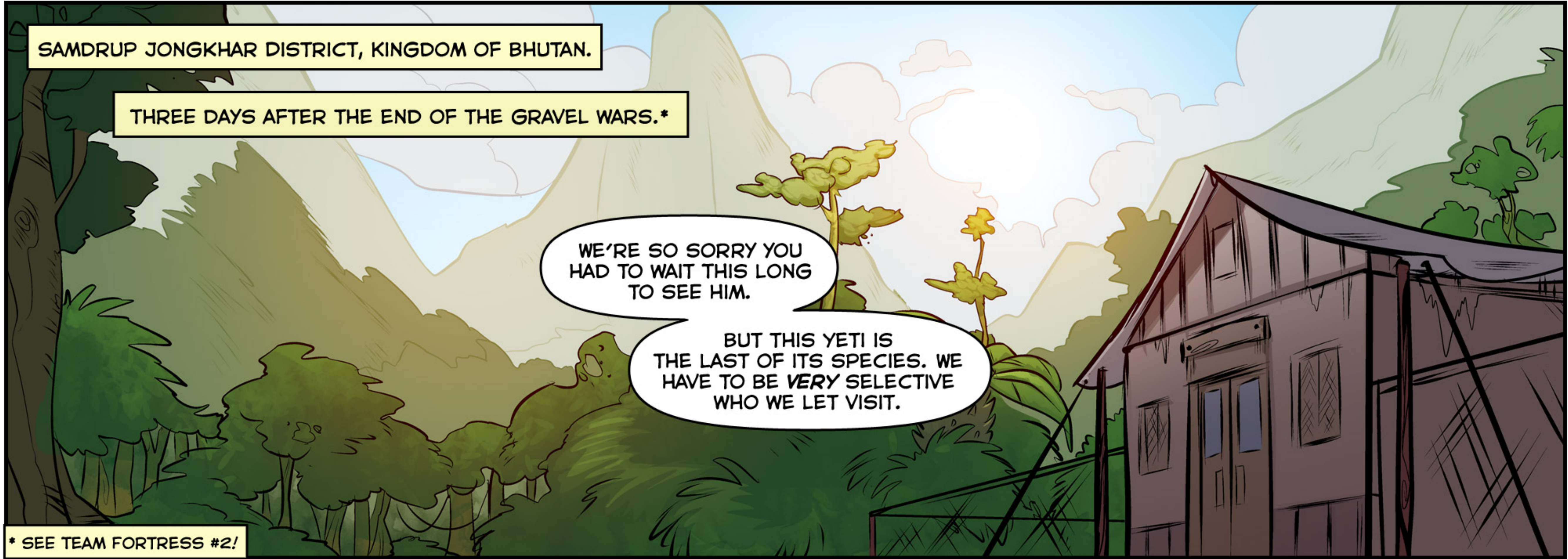
SAMDRUP JONGKHAR DISTRICT, KINGDOM OF BHUTAN.

THREE DAYS AFTER THE END OF THE GRAVEL WARS.*

WE'RE SO SORRY YOU
HAD TO WAIT THIS LONG
TO SEE HIM.

BUT THIS YETI IS
THE LAST OF ITS SPECIES. WE
HAVE TO BE **VERY** SELECTIVE
WHO WE LET VISIT.

* SEE TEAM FORTRESS #2!



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THAT SAID,
WE'RE TOLD YOU'RE
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SPECIALIST, DOCTOR
JOANBAEZ.

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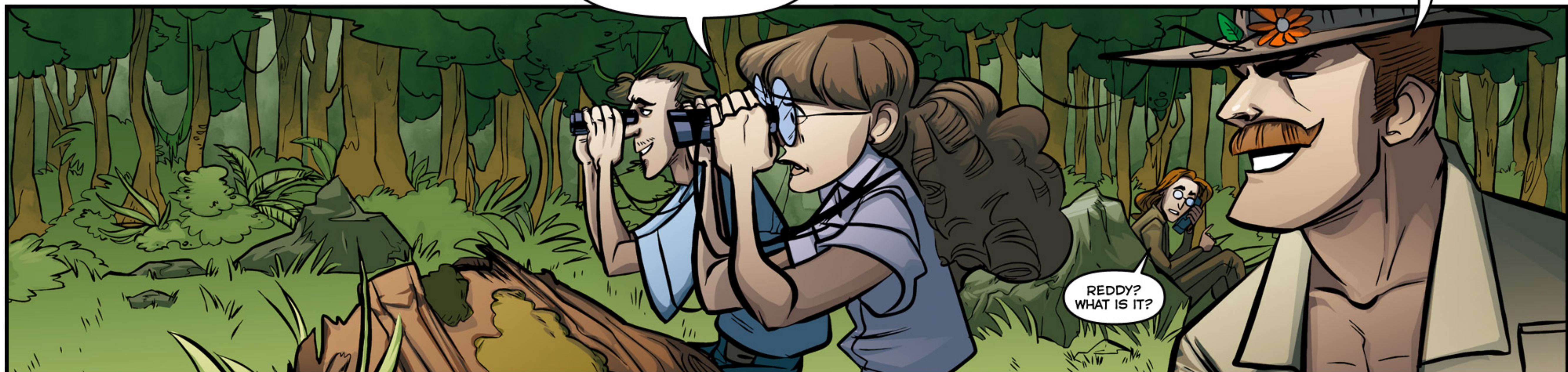
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SPECIALIST, DOCTOR
JOANBAEZ.

YES. I AM
THE BEST AT PRIMATE
VIOLENCE.

I'LL BE SQUARE
WITH YOU, THOUGH. THIS
MONKEY OF YOURS IS A
CREAMPUFF.

* SEE TEAM FORTRESS #2!



SNIFF
SNIFF

YES, AND
THANK GOD. WHEN
WE FOUND HIM HE
WAS UNSPEAKABLY
SAVAGE.

YOU DON'T
SAY.

IT'S TAKEN
MONTHS OF BEHAVIORAL
COUNSELING AND *INTENSE*
AROMATHERAPY JUST TO
GET THE POOR THING
THIS FAR.

EVEN THE
SLIGHTEST AGGRESSIVE
GESTURE COULD ERASE ALL
THE PACIFICATION WORK
WE'VE DONE.

SOMETHING
AS TRIVIAL AS
HITTING HIM?

WELL--

IN THE
FACE, SAY.
JUST
SPITBALLING
HERE.

I DON'T EVEN
LIKE TO *THINK* ABOUT
IT. NOTHING ON EARTH
WOULD BE ABLE TO
STOP HIM.



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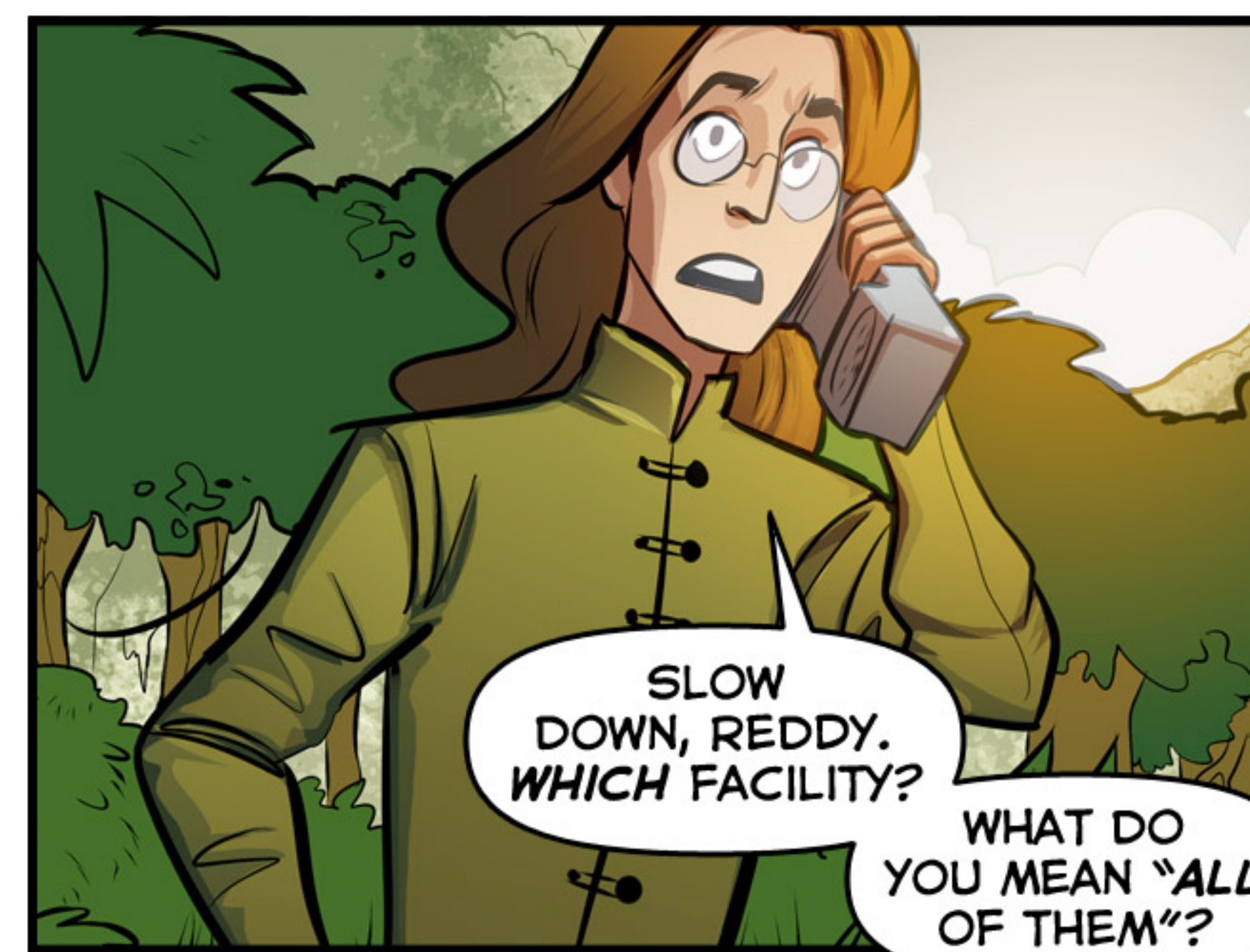
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DOCTOR?

DOCTOR
JOANBAEZ?



SLOW
DOWN, REDDY.
WHICH FACILITY?

WHAT DO
YOU MEAN "ALL
OF THEM"?



SIR,
MANN CO.
IS UNDER
ATTACK!

I KNOW.

WE—WHAT DO
YOU MEAN YOU
KNOW?

FOUND OUT YESTERDAY.
DAMN IT, BIDWELL, YOU KNOW
MY STANCE ON HAVING SENSIBLE
CONVERSATIONS WITH HIPPIES.
I'M STRIDENTLY AGAINST IT.

YOU INSISTED I WEAR
A COSTUME FOR THIS
OPERATION, SIR.

WELL, NOW I'M
INSISTING YOU LOOK
TOO CONVINCING. ALL
I'M HEARING OUT OF
YOUR MOUTH IS "I
DON'T HAVE A JOB,
PLEASE PUT YOUR
FIST THROUGH MY
STERNUM."





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SIR, WHEN WERE YOU
PLANNING ON TELLING ME THAT
REDMOND AND BLUTARCH MANN
ARE DEAD AND THEIR LONG-LOST
BROTHER IS LAUNCHING HIS ROBOT
ARMY AT EVERY MANN CO.
FACILITY ON EARTH?

TONIGHT. OVER
YETI STEAKS.



SIR,
MANN CO.
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FACILITY ON EARTH?

TONIGHT. OVER
YETI STEAKS.

MISTER HALE,
WE NEED TO
LEAVE NOW.


BIDWELL, I HAVE WAITED
TEN BLASTED MONTHS FOR THIS.
I'VE FORGED CREDENTIALS. I'VE BRIBED
OFFICIALS. I THINK I HAD BOB HOPE
KILLED, AND IN RETROSPECT I DON'T
EVEN REMEMBER WHY THAT
WAS NECESSARY.

I'M NOT GOING
TO SUGAR-COAT IT,
WE ARE PROBABLY
GOING TO JAIL
AGAIN.

IF ALL THAT
WASN'T ENOUGH, I'VE
HAD TO PRETEND TO BE
A HIPPIE FOR TEN
MINUTES NOW.

LISTEN TO MY WORDS,
BIDWELL. THESE ARE TRUTH
WORDS. *I AM GOING TO
FIGHT THAT @#\$%ING
MONKEY.*





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LISTEN TO MY WORDS,
BIDWELL. THESE ARE TRUTH
WORDS. **I AM GOING TO
FIGHT THAT @#%ING
MONKEY.**

I--

BUT--

SIGH

LOOK, I HAVE
A VIDEO CAMERA. MAYBE
YOU COULD DEAL WITH THIS
CRISIS **WHILE** YOU FIGHT
THE YE--





MERCENARIES!

**JOIN ME
FOR FORTUNE AND
GLORY!**



UNDISGUISED!

HALE!

**CITIZEN'S
ARREST!**

NOT RECORDING
YET, SIR.

**CITIZEN'S
ARREST!**

HOW ABOUT
NOW?

ROLLING,
SIR.

GOOD.

**LISTEN UP,
MERCs!**



A dynamic comic book illustration. In the center, a muscular cowboy with a brown mustache and a wide-brimmed hat is shown from the chest up, leaning forward and punching a robot. The robot is grey, has a large head, and is screaming with its mouth wide open, showing sharp teeth. The background is a bright red with yellow and orange rays emanating from behind the cowboy's head. In the upper right, a speech bubble contains the text "THERE ARE ROBOTS COMING!". In the lower right, a woman with blonde hair, wearing a brown jacket, is holding a camera and looking towards the action. The word "EXPLOSION PUNCH!" is written in large, bold, yellow letters across the middle of the image.

THERE
ARE ROBOTS
COMING!

EXPLOSION PUNCH!



I WON'T SMOOCH
BACKSIDES ON THIS EITHER.
THESE THINGS ARE **BIGGER**
THAN YOU. THEY'RE **STRONGER**
THAN YOU.

IN FACT, NOW
THAT I'M SAYING IT OUT LOUD,
THEY'RE BETTER THAN YOU AT JUST
ABOUT EVERYTHING. BIDWELL!
IDEA! WHAT IF WE JUST HIRED
THE **ROBOTS** TO--

NO, SIR.

DAMN. BIDWELL,
STOP TAPE. THESE MERCS
ARE GOING TO DIE.

NOT NECESSARILY, SIR.
WE **DO** HAVE AN R&D DIVISION. WHAT IF
WE GIVE THEM ALL OUR EXPERIMENTAL
NEW TECH?

"GIVE"? BIDWELL.
CAN YOU SEE MY TEATS IN
THIS SHOT?

NO, SIR. I'VE
CHOSEN A TIGHT
CLOSE-UP ON THE
YETI'S FANGS.

OO! GOOD.

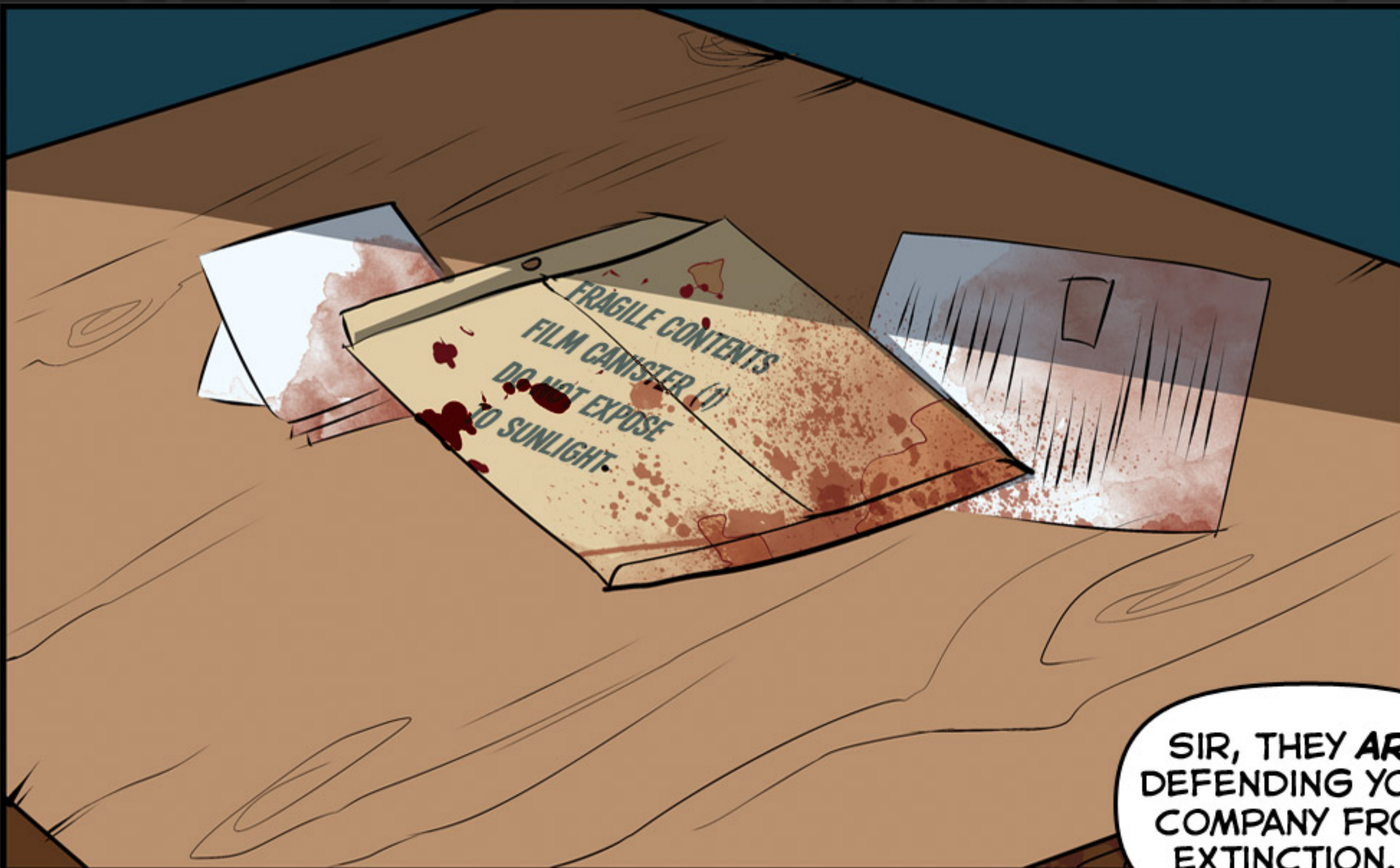
WHERE
WAS I? RIGHT.
TEATS.

THEY'RE DRY, BIDWELL.
DRY FROM ALL THE
SUCKLING. YOU AND
THESE MERCS HAVE
SUCKLED THEM DRY.

NO. THEY'LL PAY FOR
OUR PRODUCTS LIKE
EVERYBODY ELSE!



● REC



SIR, THEY **ARE**
DEFENDING YOUR
COMPANY FROM
EXTINCTION...

BULLSAUCE!
THEY'RE AS NECK-DEEP IN
THIS AS I AM!

IN FACT,
WHY AM I EVEN
TALKING TO
YOU?



A comic book panel depicting a scene in a dimly lit room. On the right, a woman with dark hair and glasses, wearing a light purple shirt and a darker purple skirt, stands holding a clipboard. She is addressing a group of people on the left. The group includes a bald man in a dark suit, a man in a red mask and a tan pinstriped suit, and a robot kneeling on the floor. The robot has a dark, boxy head with two large circular eyes and a blue and black body. The man in the red mask is looking at the robot with a concerned expression. The background is dark and industrial, with some papers or debris on the floor.

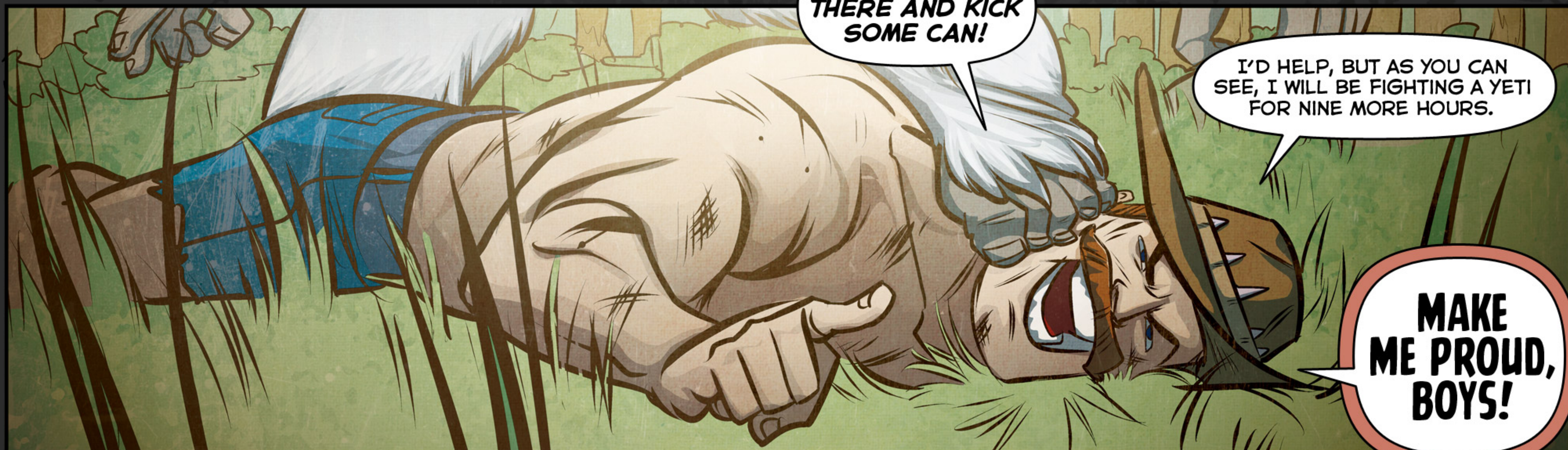
MERCS!

YOUR JOBS DIED
WITH THE MANN BROTHERS. YOU
HEAR ME? AS OF NOW, YOU ARE
ALL UNEMPLOYED!

ALSO, STRAIGHT
PLAIN TALK HERE: NOBODY'S
EVER GOING TO HIRE A NON-
METAL MAN AGAIN WITH THESE
ROBOTS AROUND!

I'VE SEEN
THEM. THEY ARE
SPECTACULAR.







SO...

YO, MISS PAULING!

KEEPING IN MIND
I WILL **NOT** BE TAKING
ANY QUESTIONS FROM
SCOUT...

AW.

ARE THERE
ANY QUESTIONS?



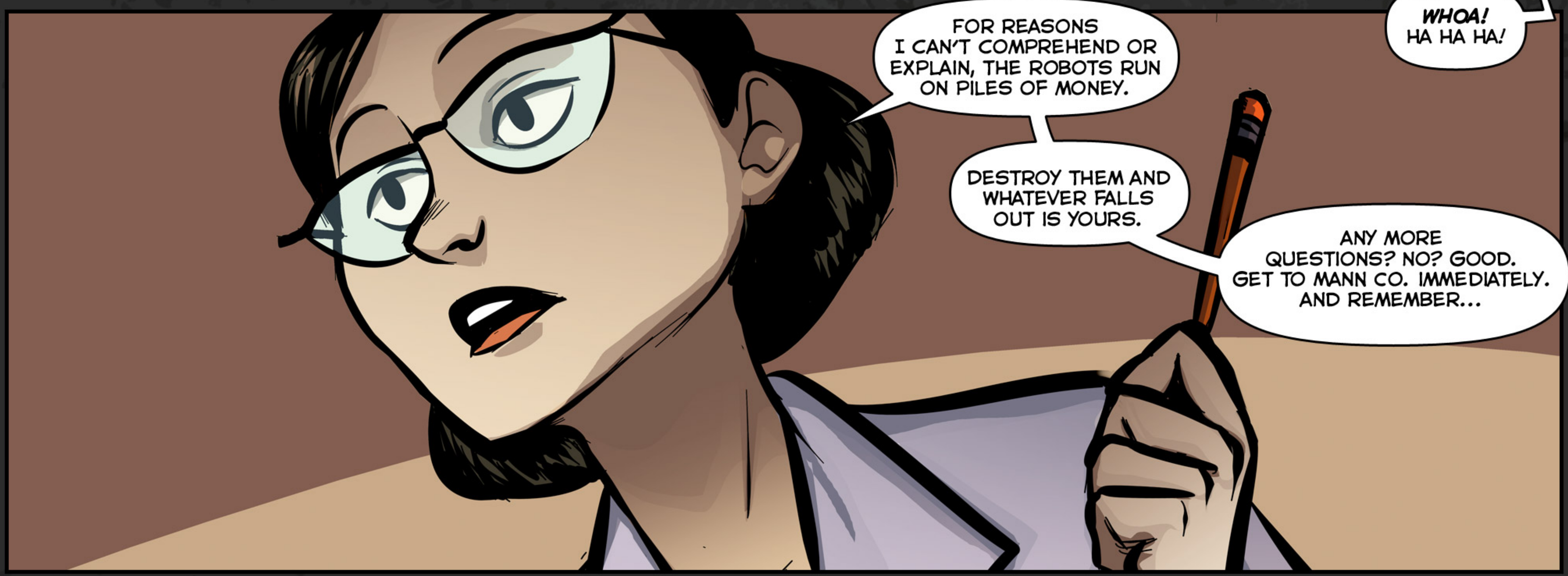
I GOT
ONE.

WE GETTING
PAID FOR THIS?

SAXTON HALE AGAIN.
THIS IS PRE-TAPED, SO I DON'T
KNOW WHAT ANYBODY'S TALKING
ABOUT RIGHT NOW, BUT I AM
NOT PAYING YOU FOR THIS.

RRRRRRGH!

WHOA!
HA HA HA!



...THIS ISN'T LIKE ANY OTHER
ASSIGNMENT YOU'VE BEEN GIVEN.

IT'S MUCH, *MUCH* MORE SERIOUS.

THIS ISN'T JUST A FIGHT FOR
MANN CO., OR SAXTON HALE.

IT'S A FIGHT FOR YOUR *JOBS*.



A comic book illustration depicting a tense moment between two groups. On the left, three men are shown. The man in the foreground wears a yellow hard hat, sunglasses, and a red shirt with grey overalls; he is holding a blue robotic arm. Behind him are a bald man in a blue shirt and a man with glasses in a white lab coat. On the right, a man in a blue shirt and a headset is holding a large, dark, curved blade. In the background, a man in a crown and red robe is visible. The setting appears to be a workshop or factory with various mechanical parts and a poster of a woman on the wall.

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ASSIGNMENT YOU'VE BEEN GIVEN.

IT'S MUCH, *MUCH* MORE SERIOUS.

THIS ISN'T JUST A FIGHT FOR
MANN CO., OR SAXTON HALE.

IT'S A FIGHT FOR YOUR *JOBS*.

GET TO WORK.

TO BE CONTINUED IN

MANN VS MACHINE