

FROM THE LOG OF THE  
VIVI-QUINQUEREME  
"FIND THE LADY":

"CERTAIN ENOUGH, OUR LANDING  
WAS MORE OR LESS A DISAPPOINTMENT.

"THE TADLING'S PORTAPUDDLE  
JUST ABOUT DECANTED AGAIN,  
AND THE JUNIOR UMBRELLA-  
BIRDS GOT WET HOLDING IT  
STEADY, OF WHICH THEY ARE  
FOREVER COMPLAINING.

"FIND THE LADY" HELD UP  
CONSIDERABLE WELL TO THE  
ENTRY-BURN, SO IT APPEARS  
THAT DR. STRIGIFORME WAS  
WRONG ABOUT THAT... BUT  
THEN HE MOSTLY IS, THESE  
WHILES.

"MYSELF AND FRONT-MATE BARTLE  
FOUND OURSELVES OCCUPIED  
WRESTLING THE HYSTRICIDE INTO  
HIS DANGLWEB, TO STOP HIM  
ROLLING AROUND PUNOTURING  
HIS SKIN.

"APLDONTIA USED TO HANDLE  
HIM SO EASY, I WISH SHE WAS  
STILL ALIVE.

"HE WAS RAVING FEARSOMELY BAD.  
JUST BEFORE US MAKING OUR  
FIRST BOUNCE, I HEARD HIM  
SHOUT 'THERE IS NO LADY!!'  
AND THEN 'TRIFLES! TRIFLES  
LIGHT AS AIR!'

"I HOPE HE'S WRONG  
THIS TIME.

"I HOPE IT MOST  
VIGOROUSLY."

--POG. (SHIPBOSS)  
AE: 8491.4.01.

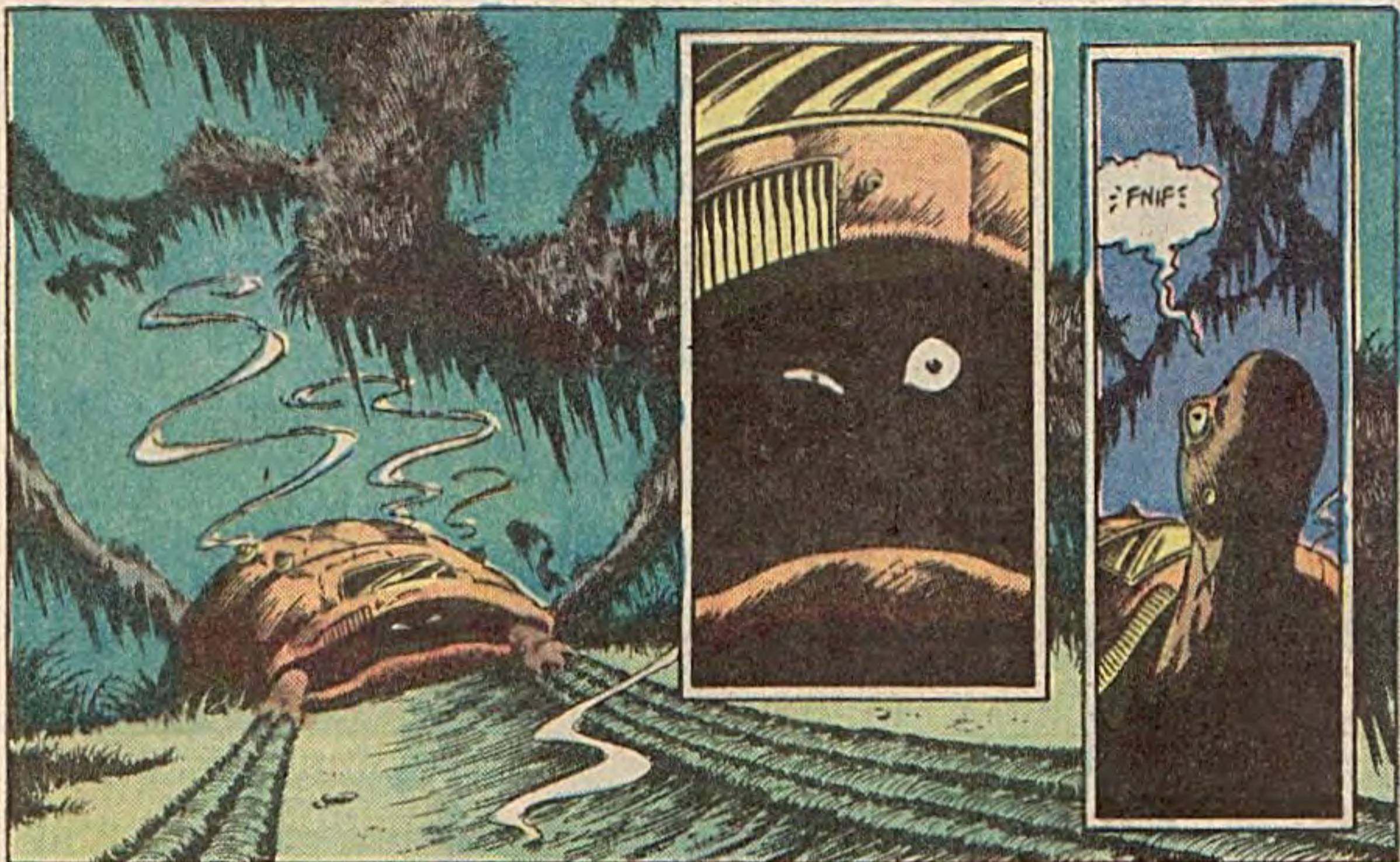




SHAWN70-B1

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WRITER . GUEST ARTIST . EDITOR . COLORIST . LETTERER *Presentations*





MHMM. ATMOSPHERICALS ABOUT TOLERABLE TO MIDDLING, AND GRAVITIES SUFFICIENT TO KEEP THE STUMP-WATER SETTING IN THE STUMP.

BY MY CALCULATEMENTS, YOU CAN DISENTRAIL WITH COMPLETE DIPLOMATIC IMPUNITY...



GROSS



I... UH...





I... THINK WE FOUND THE LADY.



WE FOUND HER? AFTER ALL THESE INTERMINATIONS AND MILLENDERINGS? YOU'RE NOT ABMUSING ME, BOSS?

MAKING ABMUSEMENTS? ABOUT THE LADY? DEFININITELY NOT!

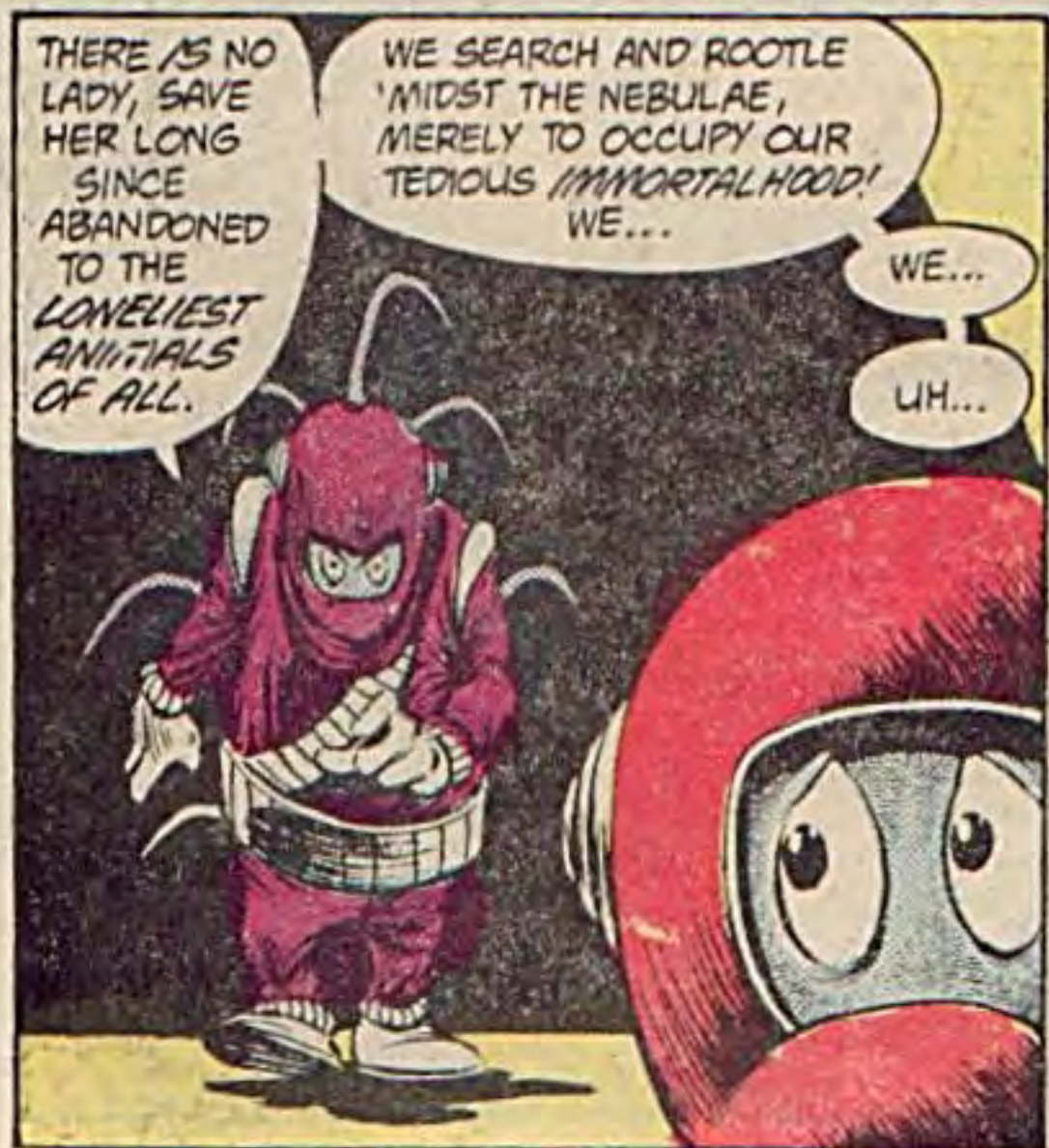
GO HELP DISTRANGLE THE HYSTRICIDE AND TELL THE UMBRELLABIRDS TO BREAK OUT THE SKIPS...



...AND DON'T BE UNMEMBERED TO TELL THE TADLING, AND SEE IF OLD STRIGIFORME IS FETCHABLE NOWABOUTS...

A NEW LADY! A NEW LADY AS ENVIRGINOMENTAL AS THE OLD ONE!

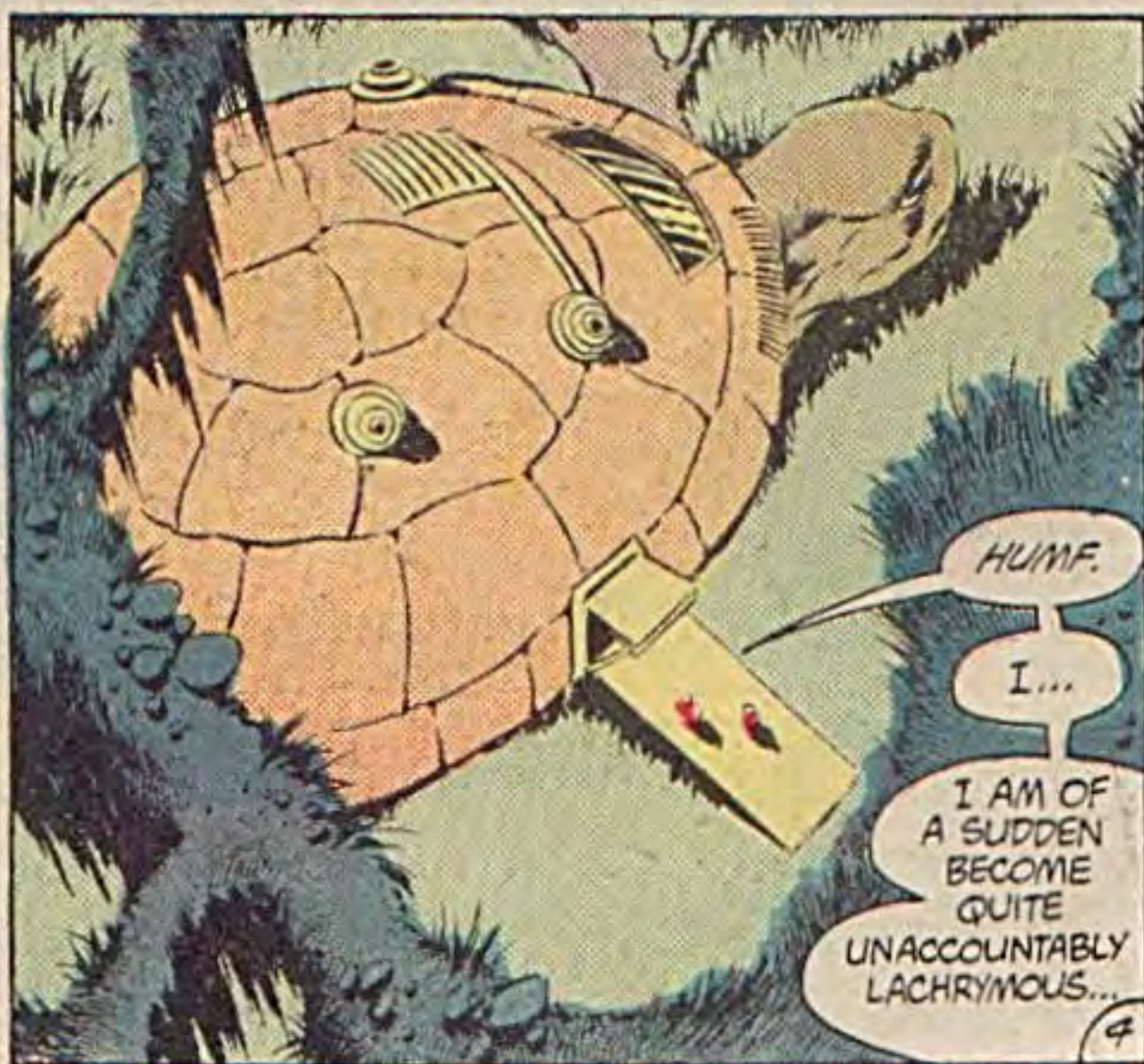
HUFF! SOUNDS LIKE AN INCOPROBULL DISLUSION TO ME.



THERE IS NO LADY, SAVE HER LONG SINCE ABANDONED TO THE LONELIEST ANIMALS OF ALL.

WE SEARCH AND ROOTLE 'MIDST THE NEBULAE, MERELY TO OCCUPY OUR TEDIOUS IMMORTALHOOD! WE...

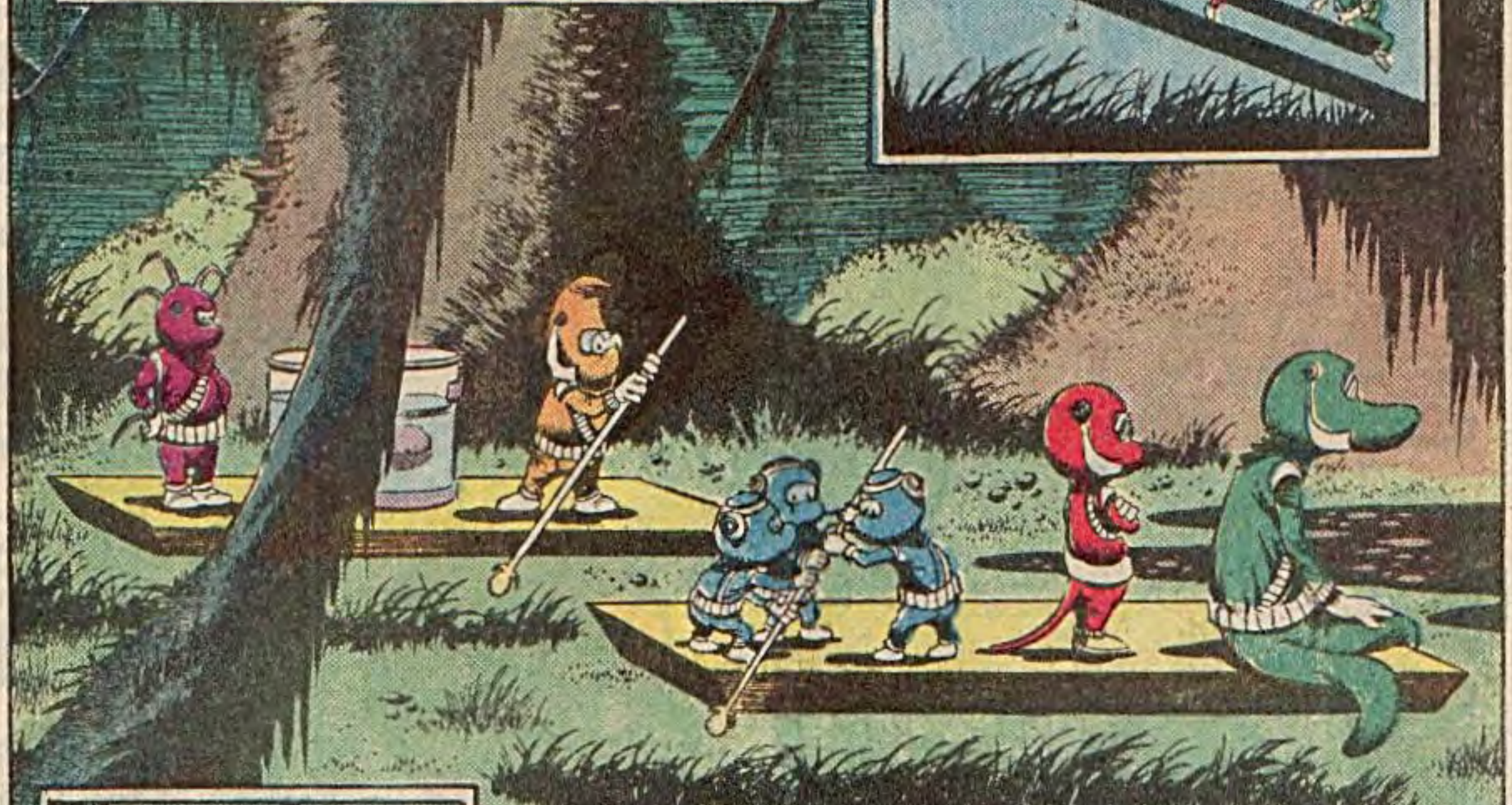
WE...  
UH...



HUMF.  
I...

I AM OF A SUDDEN BECOME QUITE UNACCOUNTABLY LACHRYMOUS...











# SWAMP THING

CREATED BY  
LEN WEIN and BERNI WRIGHTSON







THAT UNTOLLIGIBLE GRUTTERING... CAN THAT BE A REAL LINGUISTH?

WHO CARES? IT'S GOING TO SPLASTER US ALL OVER ITS SWOMPING GROUND!

GOOD BYE-AND-BYE, OLD FOG...

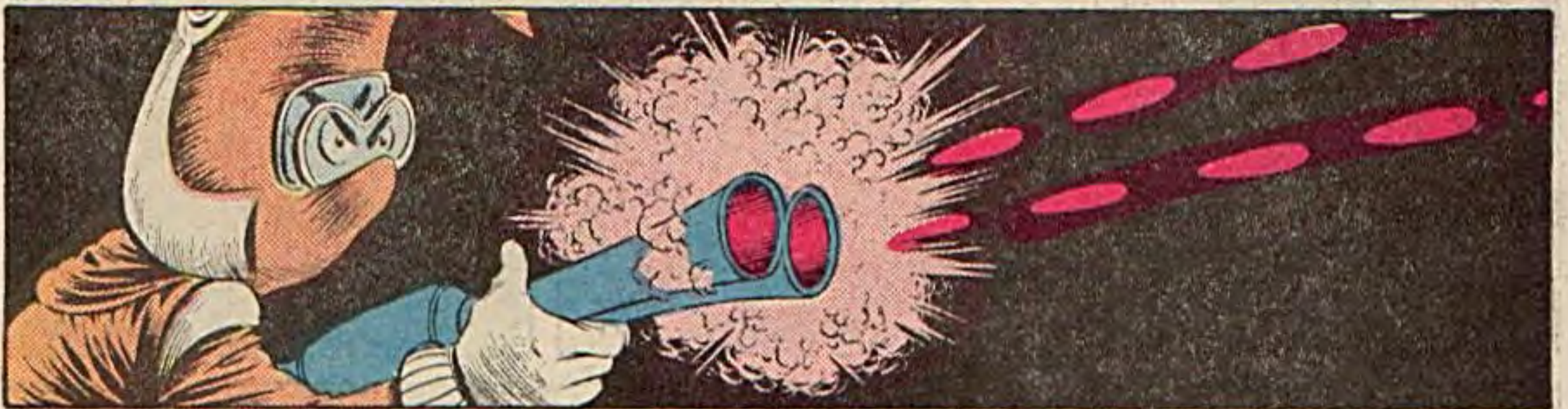


EVERYBODY CLUTCH FOR THE CUMULATIONS AND REMAIN EMOTIONLESS!!



PREPARE FOR A DEMONSTRIFICATION, YOU SHUMBLING SCUMBOGGERY!

NO, STRIGIFORME! THAT SPOTGUN'S A RUSKERY GENTIQUE!



SEE? WORKS SMOOTH AS A NEW-BOUGHT BABY-BEAKER'S BASE!





FETCH SOME ANIMANACLES, AND STAREFUL AS YOU GO! THERE'S POSSIBLY MORE OF THESE MUDSTERS LOUCHING HEREAROUND!

YOU UNDISTRAUGHTED YET, BOSS?



I'M... I'M WELL AS CAN BE INSPECTED, BARTLE...

IT'S JUST... WHEN I SAW THAT SHAPERITION, I THOUGHT... I THOUGHT IT WAS...

...THE LONELIEST ANIMAL OF ALL?



YES... BUT I CAN SEE NOW IT ISN'T ANYMAL AT ALL. IT'S SOME SORT OF AVEGINATION...

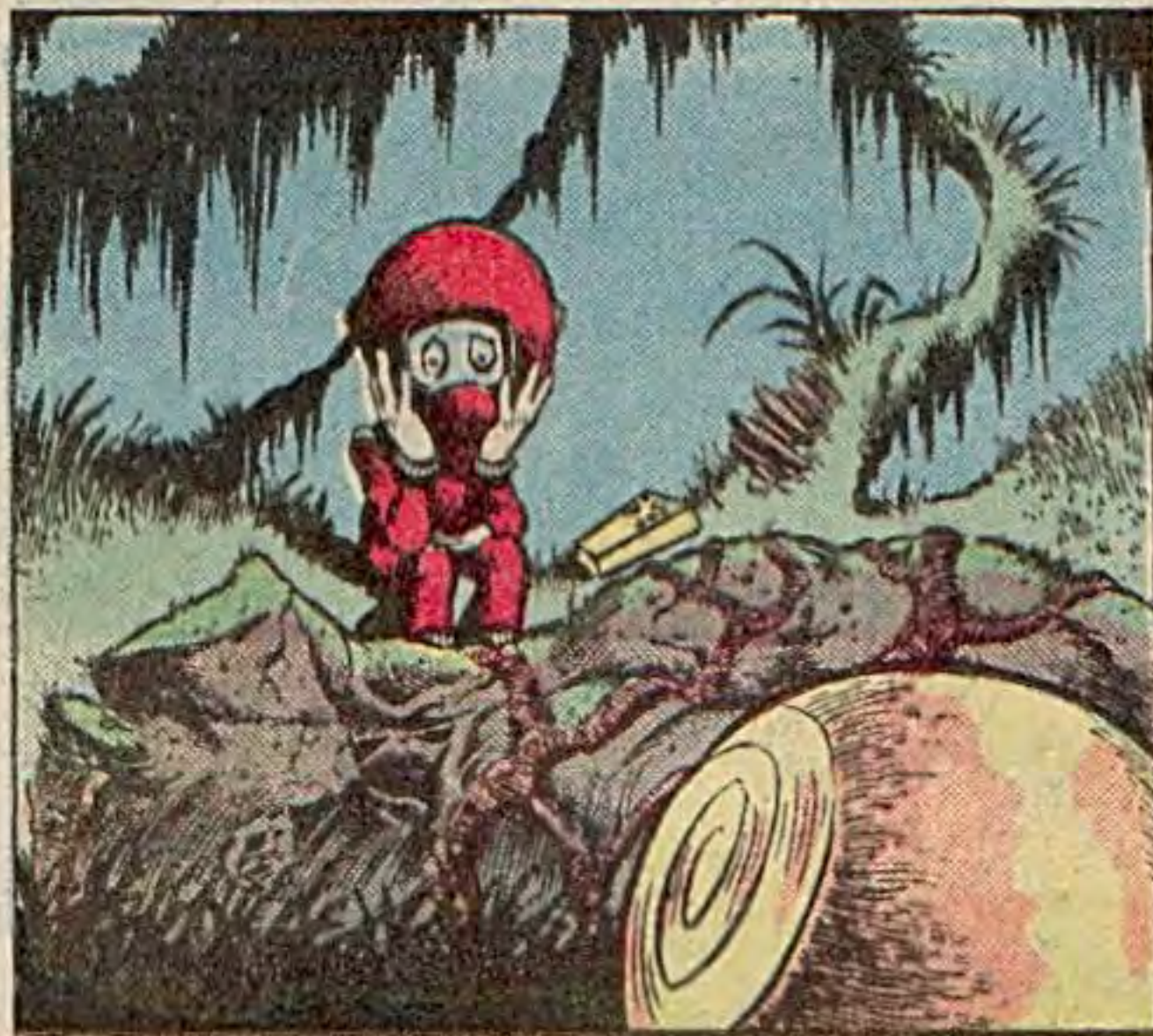
THERE! THE FLORRIFYING MOSSTROSIY IS IMPINIONED! LET US RETINUE OUR EXPLORIGATIONS...



OH, YOU TROTLE ON AFOREWARDS.

I CONTEND TO JUST SET HEREWILES.

WELL, IF YOU'RE SURE YOU'RE SETTLED IN COMPLETE LUXECURITY, WE'LL GO AND INQUEST AFTER SOME MORE CUZZINGS.



UH... HELLO?





≡?7).C...fJ5...



SEEMS I WAS UNCONFOUTABLE IN MY QUESTIMATION. THAT IS SOME VARIETY OF LINGUISH YOU'RE DECLAMMERING.

YOU'RE AN INTELICOMMUNICATING LIFE-FORM!



HMM. I DON'T MUCH CARE TO SEE A CO-CREATURE ENSTRAINED, SAW AN EXCESSANT SUM OF INDIQUITIES LIKE THAT BACK ON THE OLD LADY.

I'M GOING TO DISPOWER THE ANIMANACLES.

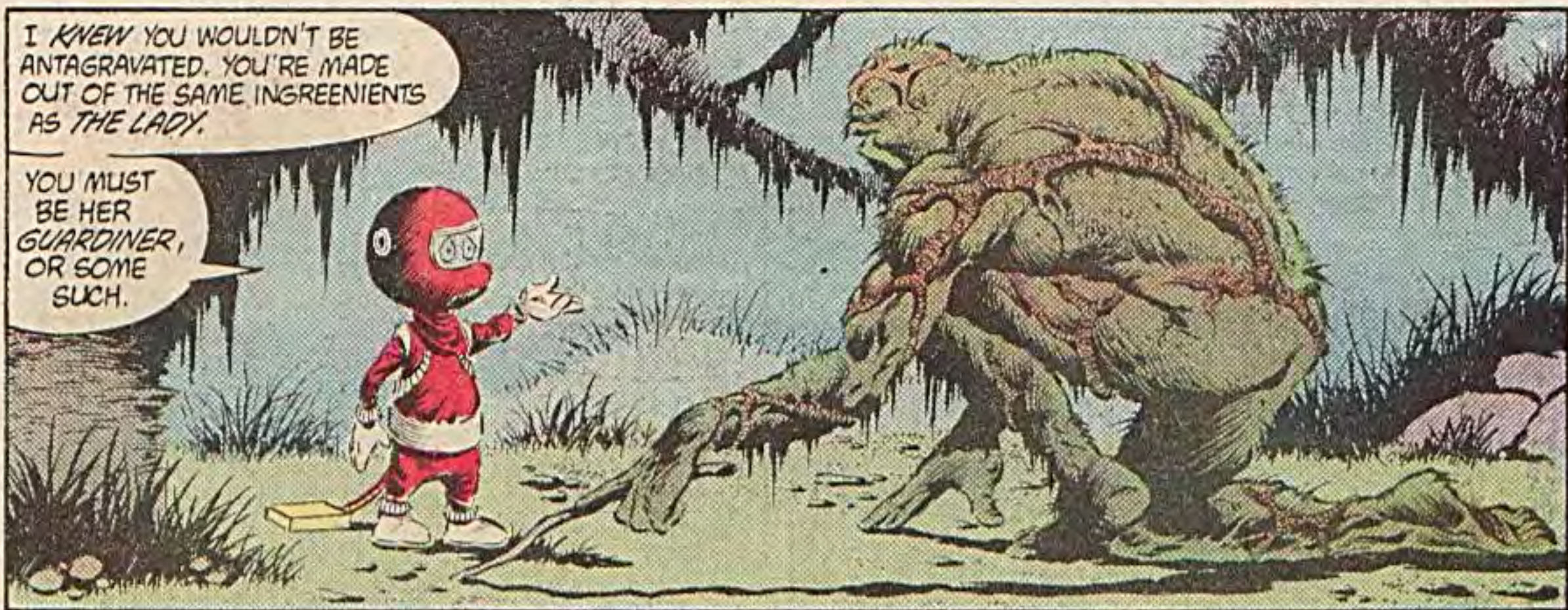
PLEASE DON'T DISCORPSIFY ME.



≡?7).C...fJ5...

L-LIKEWISE.





I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T BE ANTAGRAVATED. YOU'RE MADE OUT OF THE SAME INGREDIENTS AS THE LADY.

YOU MUST BE HER GUARDINER, OR SOME SUCH.



I CONFIGURE WE MUST HAVE STARTLIZED YOU AS MUCH AS REVIC-VERSIONAL. I WISH I COULD EXPLACATE, BUT I DON'T SQUEAK YOUR LINGUISH, SO...

WHAT ARE YOU DROODLING?



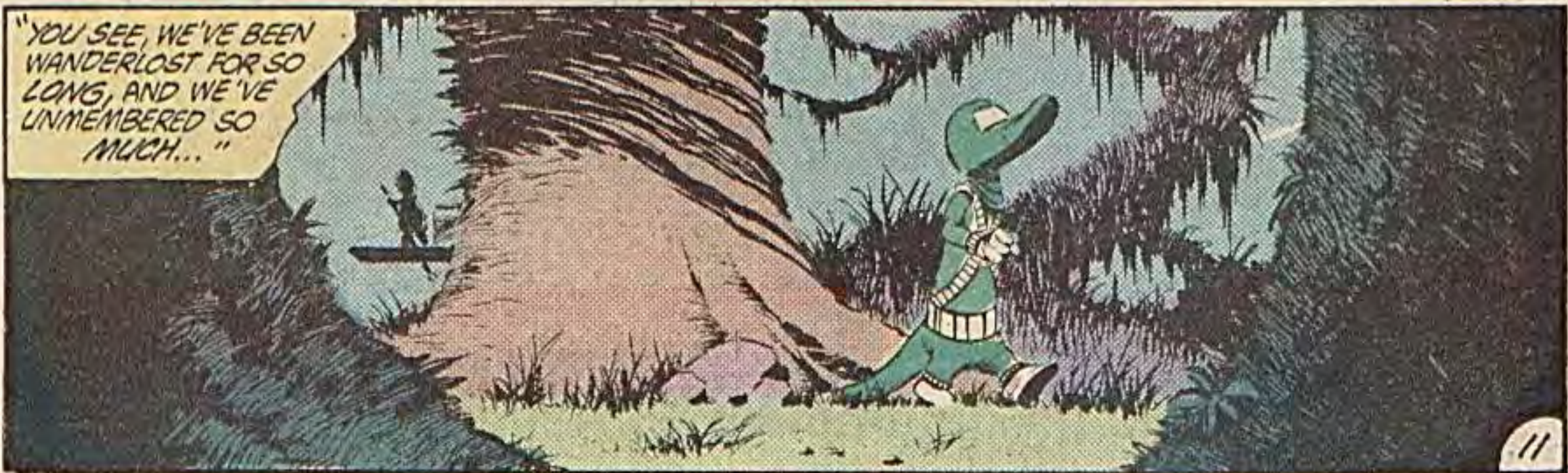
FLIS...EZE...

SPIKTURES AND ANIMAGLYPHS? YOU THINK WE COULD COMMUNIFY IN PICTOMIME?



WELL, I GUESS THAT'S HOW WE FIRST MANAGED INTER-SPEECHES CONVERGATION BACK ON THE OLD LADY, BUT...

... BUT I'M NOT ENTIRE RESURED I CAN RECONNECT HOW TO DO IT ANYMORE.



"YOU SEE, WE'VE BEEN WANDERLOST FOR SO LONG, AND WE'VE UNMEMBERED SO MUCH..."





...STILL, I'LL TRY AND TURN MY BEST PAW TO IT.

OUR OLD LADY HAD TWO ILLUNAMATIONS, AND A ROCKLETTING ORBITIARA. SHE WAS GLOERGEIOUS.

YOU CAN'T TELESCRUTINATE HER FROM HEREABOUTS.



ALL OF CRITTERDOM CONFRATERNATED PLEASABLY, AND NOKIND LAUNCHED A PRESUMPTIVE STRIFE AGAINST NO OTHERKIND.

WE SHOWED NO DISREGLECT OF OUR LADY, AND SHE SHOWED NONE TO US.



BUT THERE WAS ONE SOLITRIBAL BREED OF MISANTHROPOMORPHS WHO REFUSED TO CONVIVICATE WITH ELSEFOLK.

THEY CONSTRICTED THEIR OWN UNCIVILIZATION, AND EXCLUCIFIED ANYKIND ELSE FROM JOINING IT.



THEY WERE THE LONELIEST ANIMALS OF ALL.


THEY TOOK OUR LADY AWAY FROM US...

AND THROUGH ALL THE LONG SINCEWHILES WE'VE BEEN QUESTERING FOR A NEW LADY...

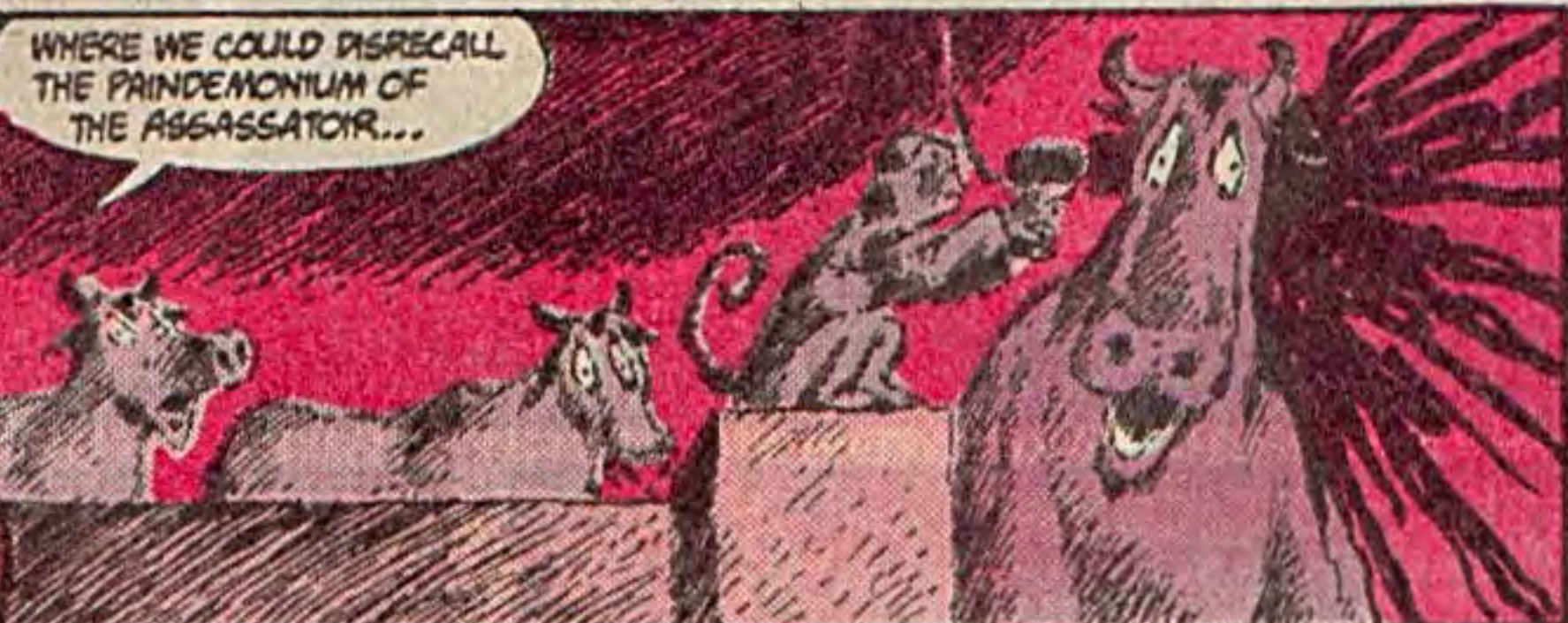


... WITH TRANQUATIC SLAKES DEEP ENOUGH TO DROWSE OUR BEGREAVEMENTS.

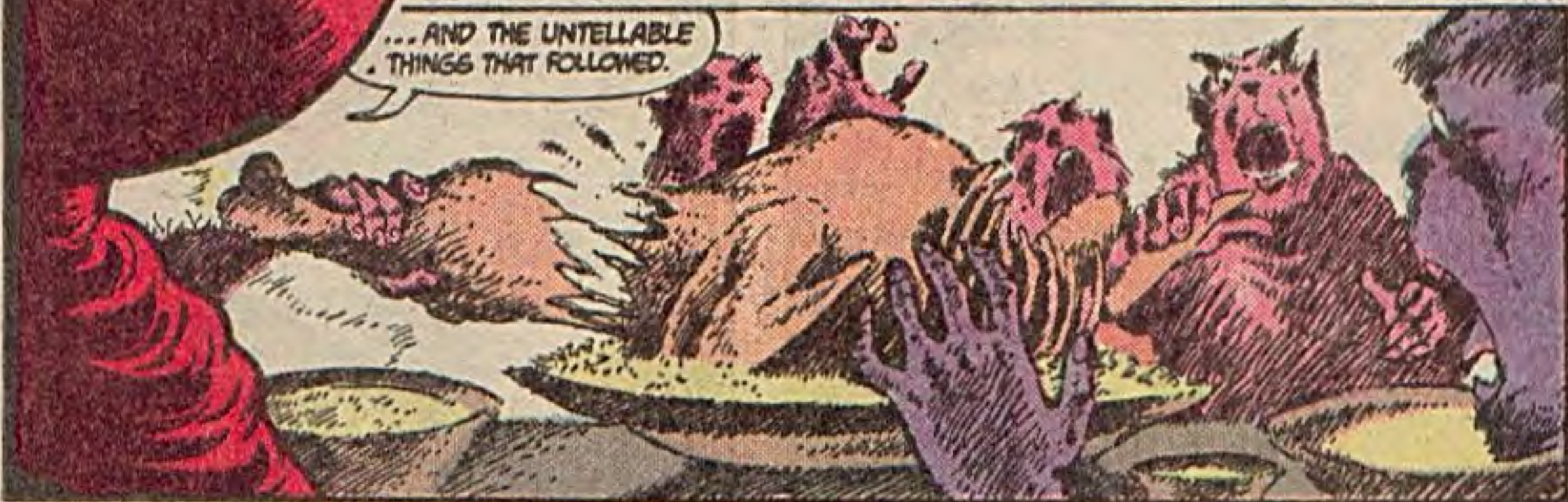




A PLACE WHERE WE COULD  
UNMEMBER THE EXPER-  
MINATIONS AND MEDICRUEL-  
TIES.



WHERE WE COULD DISRECALL  
THE PAINDEMONIUM OF  
THE ASSASSATOR...




... AND THE UNTELLABLE  
THINGS THAT FOLLOWED.



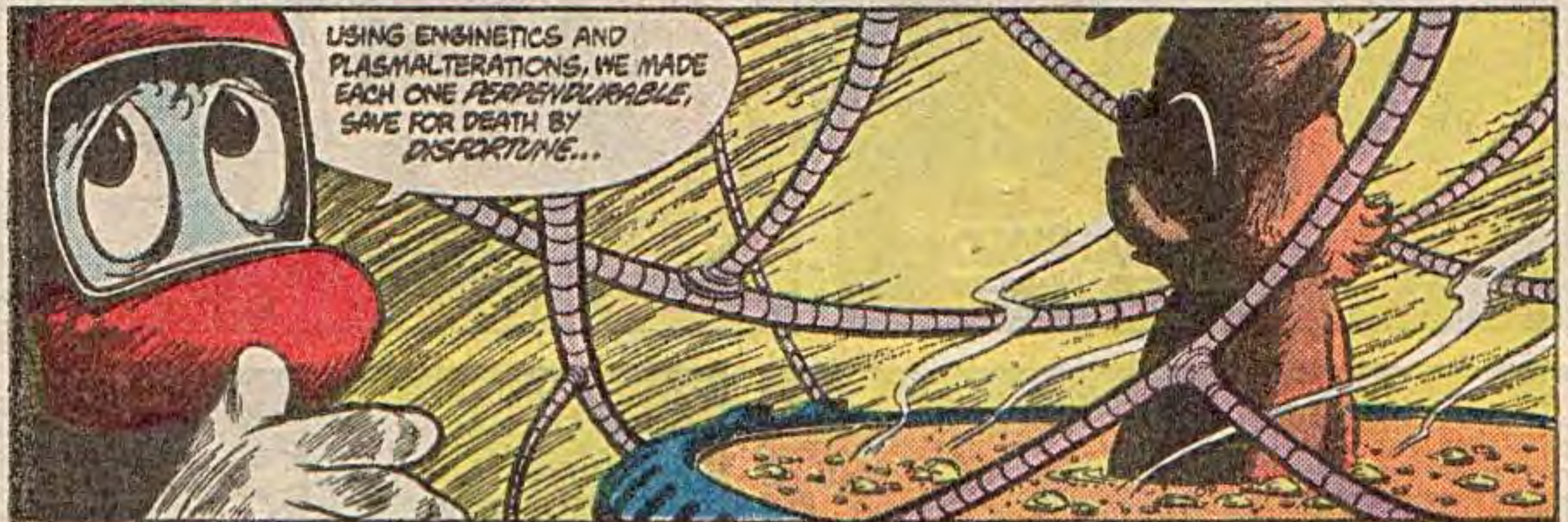
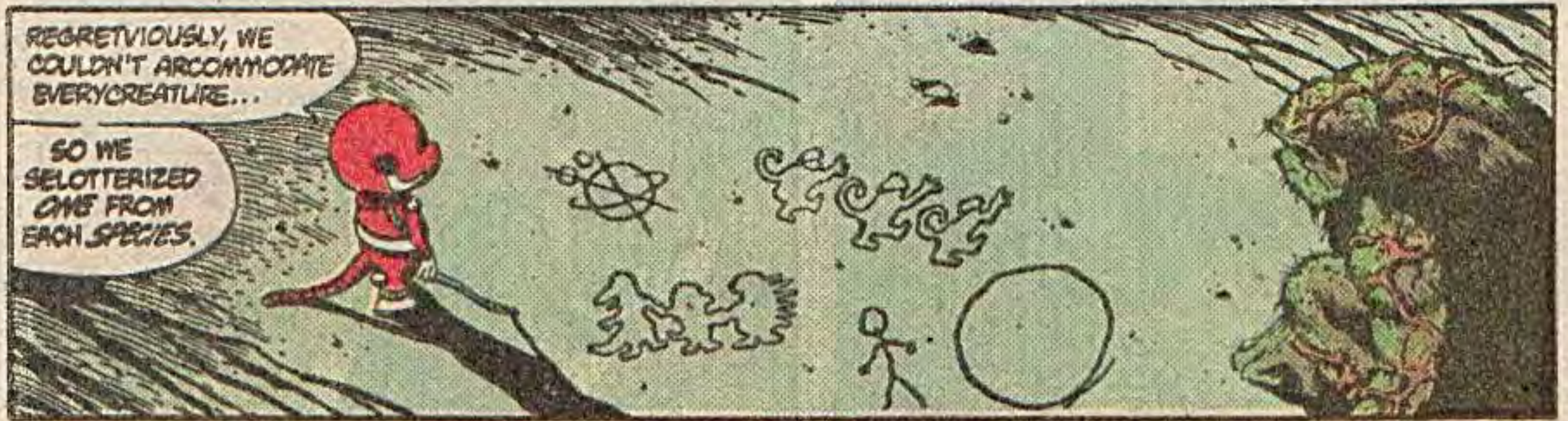
THEY BRUZENLY ANNIHILATED US BY THE  
MILLINGS. THEY DISGRADED OUR  
LADY...

EVENTUWHILES, WE HAD TO  
LEAVE HER AHIND OF US...

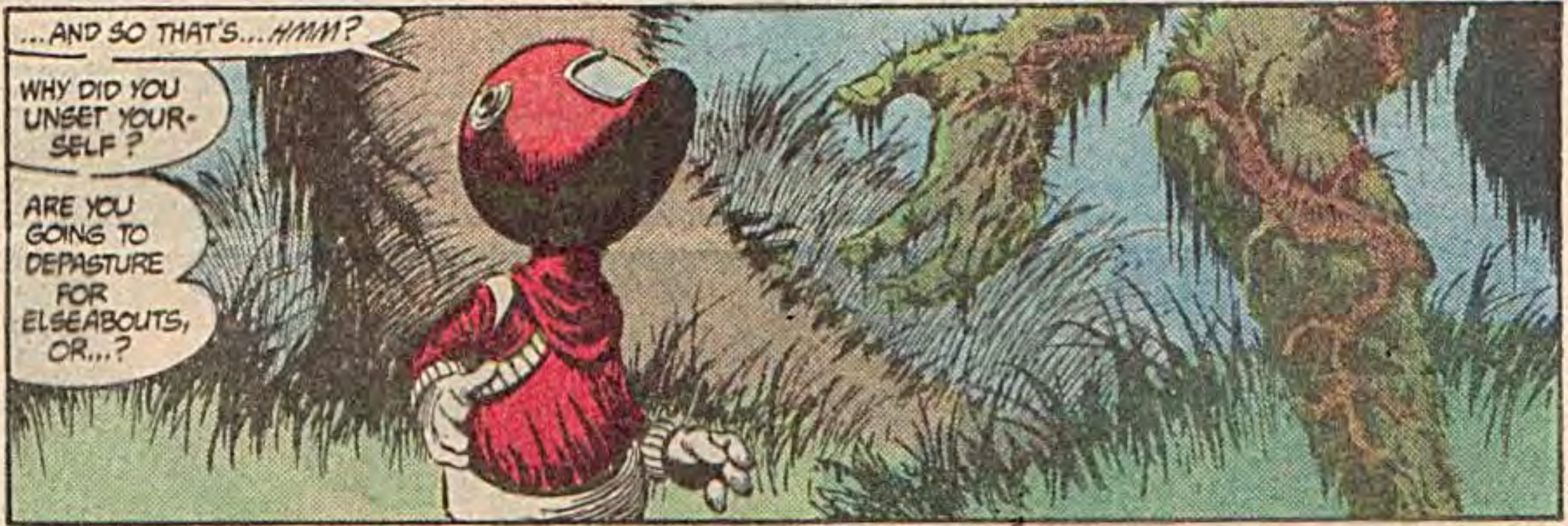


"...AND VENTURE  
DESPERICALLY  
FORTH INTO UN-  
FATHOMED  
FATHOMS."









...AND SO THAT'S... HMM?

WHY DID YOU UNSET YOURSELF?

ARE YOU GOING TO DEPARTURE FOR ELSEABOUTS, OR...?



9=08...J.V...T7L...

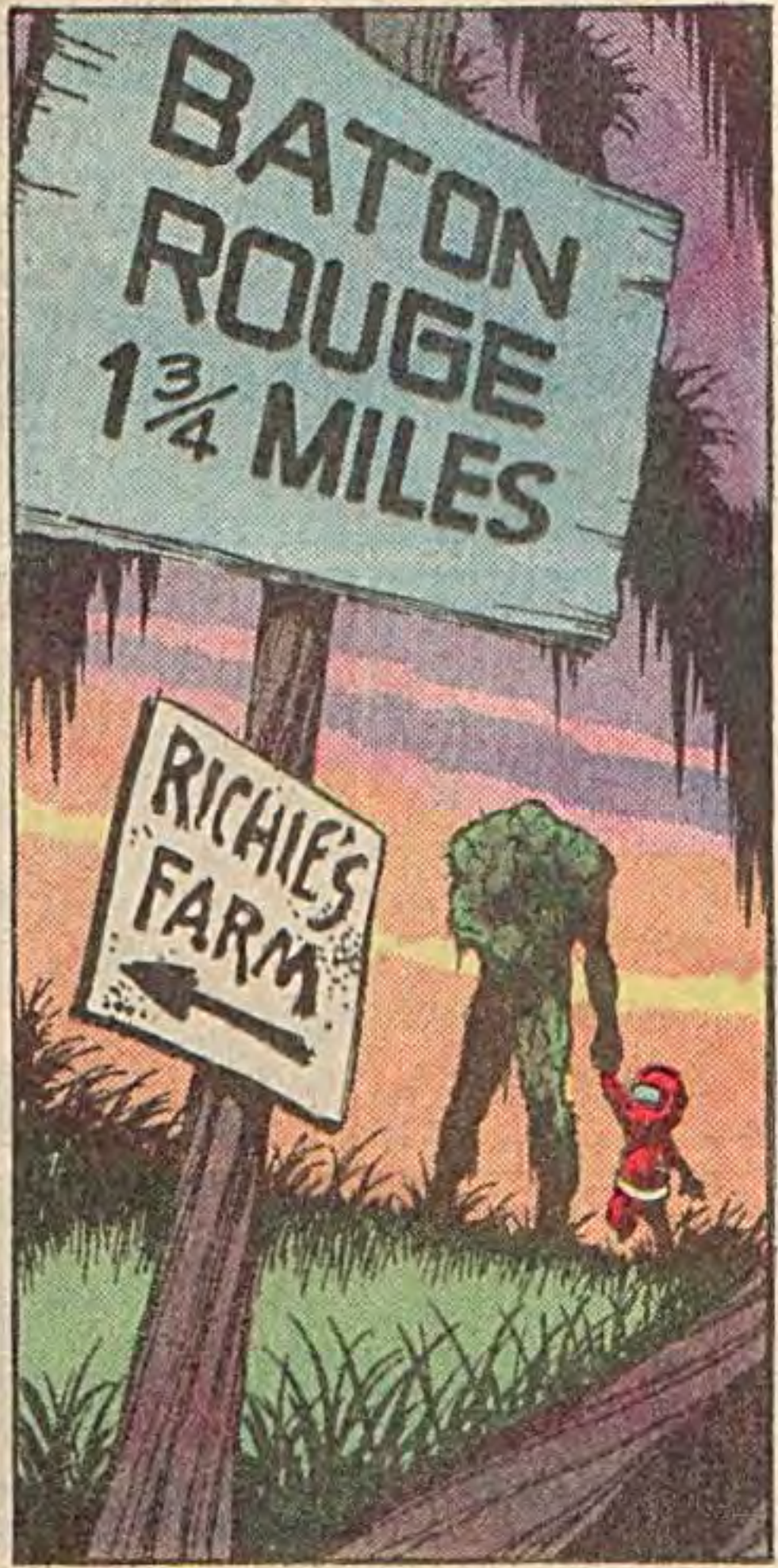
YOU...WANT ME TO ESCOMPANY YOU?

YOU WANT TO DISVEIL SOMETHING TO ME?



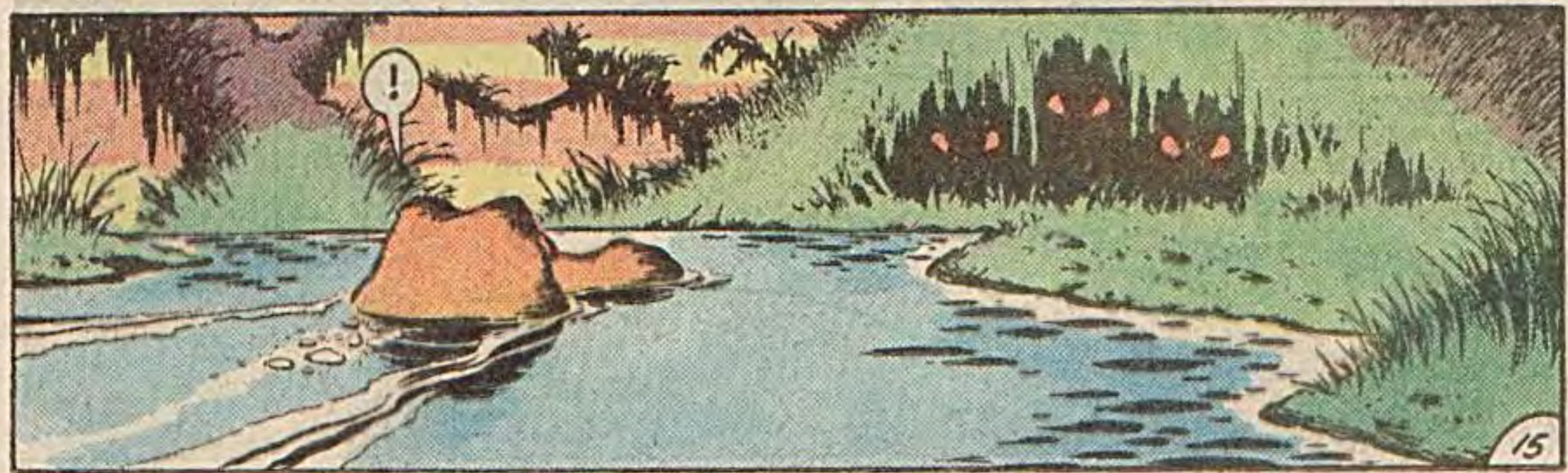
WELL, ASSERTAINLY...

...BUT WE MUSTN'T BE UNHASTEFL, OR MY KINLINGS WILL INFERE THAT YOU'VE UNSCAPED AND DISCORPSIFIED ME.

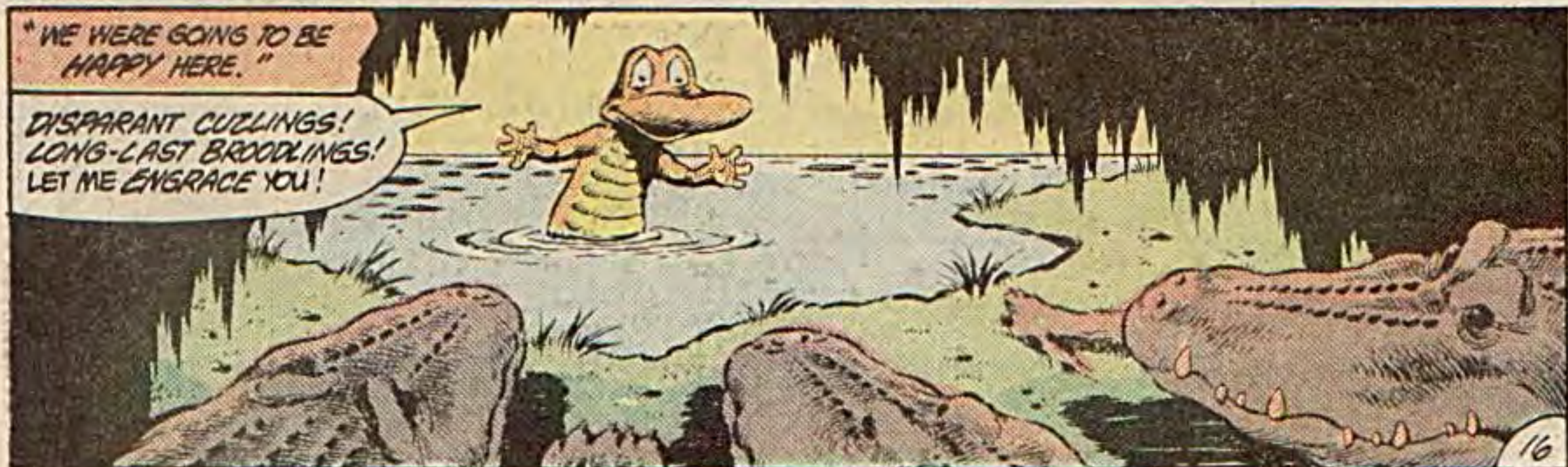
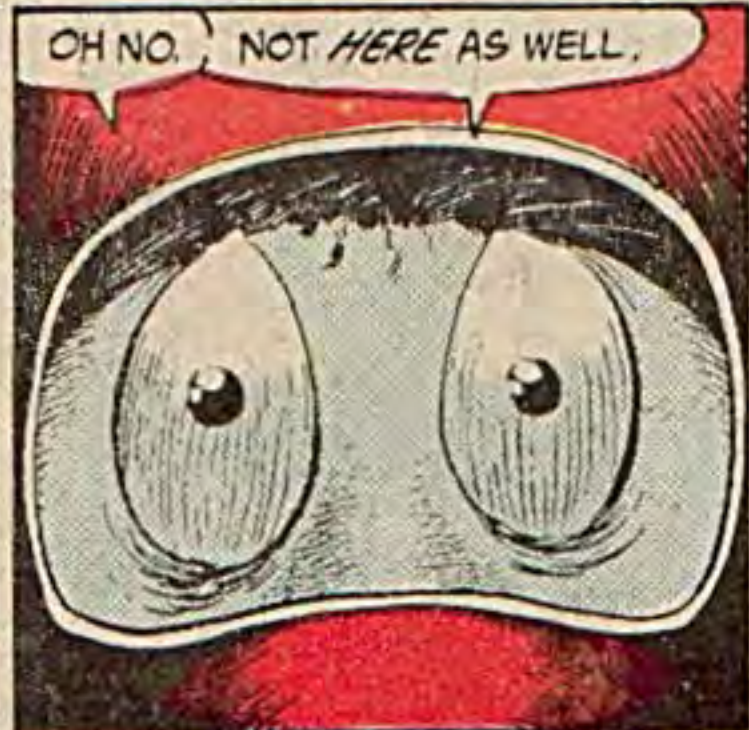
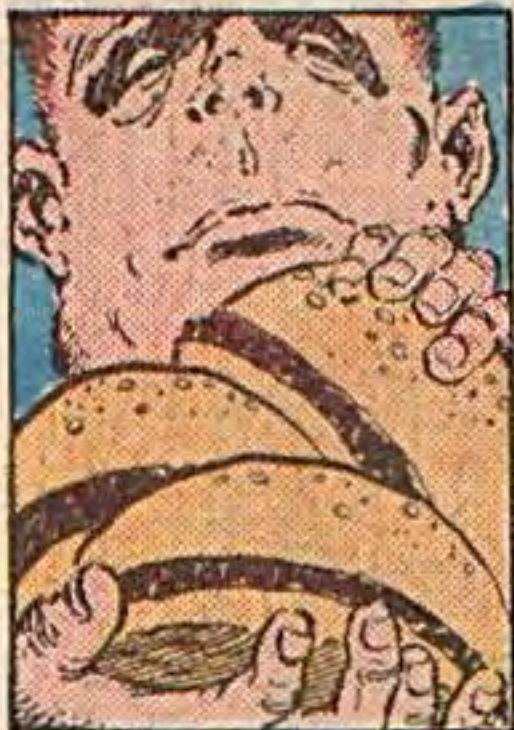
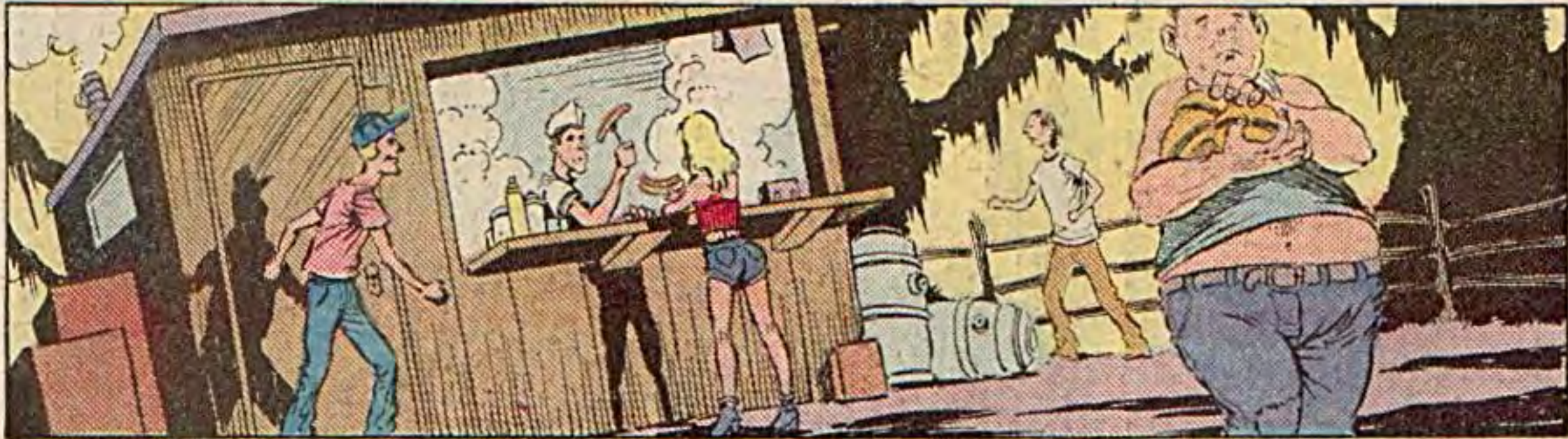


BATON ROUGE 1 3/4 MILES

RICHIE'S FARM



















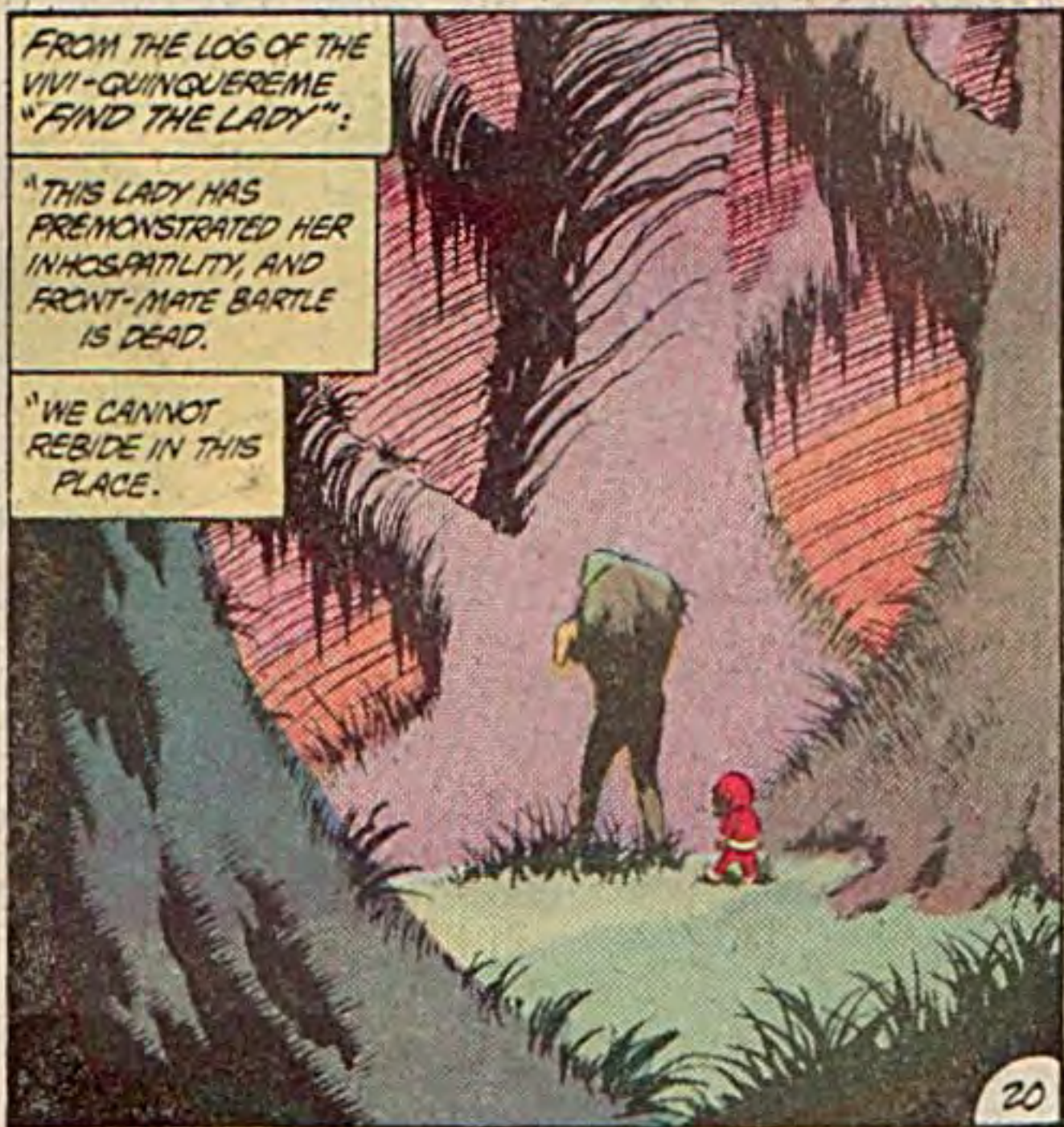




FROM THE LOG OF THE  
VIVI-QUINQUEREME  
"FIND THE LADY":

"THIS LADY HAS  
PREMONSTRATED HER  
INHOSPITALITY, AND  
FRONT-MATE BARTLE  
IS DEAD.

"WE CANNOT  
REBIDE IN THIS  
PLACE.



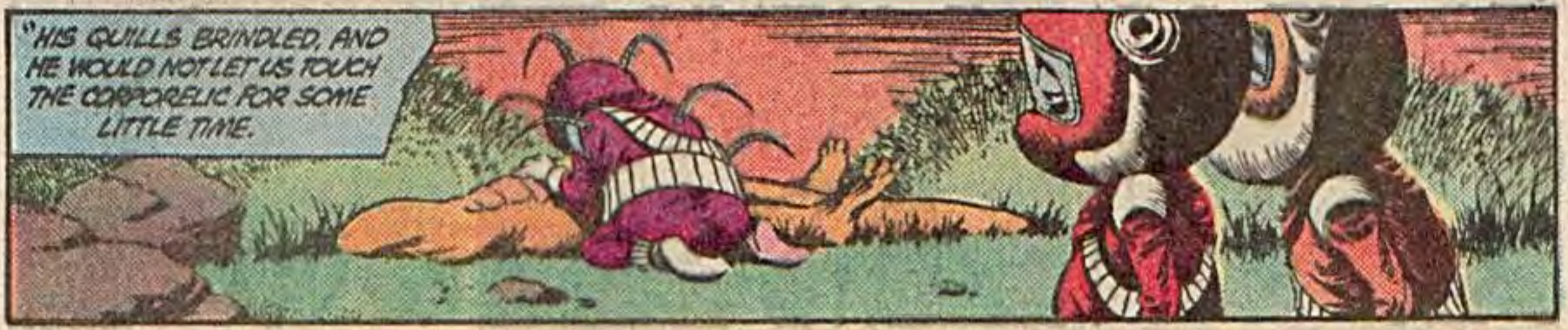


"I COULD SCAREFULLY BARE MYSELF TO TELL THE OTHERS.

"THE HYSTRICIDE, I THINK, WAS THE SOUL MOST ENSTRESSED BY MY DISPOSURE.



"HIS QUILLS BRINDLED, AND HE WOULD NOT LET US TOUCH THE CORPORELIC FOR SOME LITTLE TIME.



"OUR VVI-QUINQUEREME PERFORMED THE NECROCESSARY EXGRAVATIONS...

"... AND THEN WE DELINQUISHED FRONT-MATE BARTLE TO THE SOIL HE HAD DIED BELIEVING WAS HIS HOME...

"... AND INAFINALLY, IT WAS DONE...



"... SAVE FOR THE EXTINGCT-SONS.

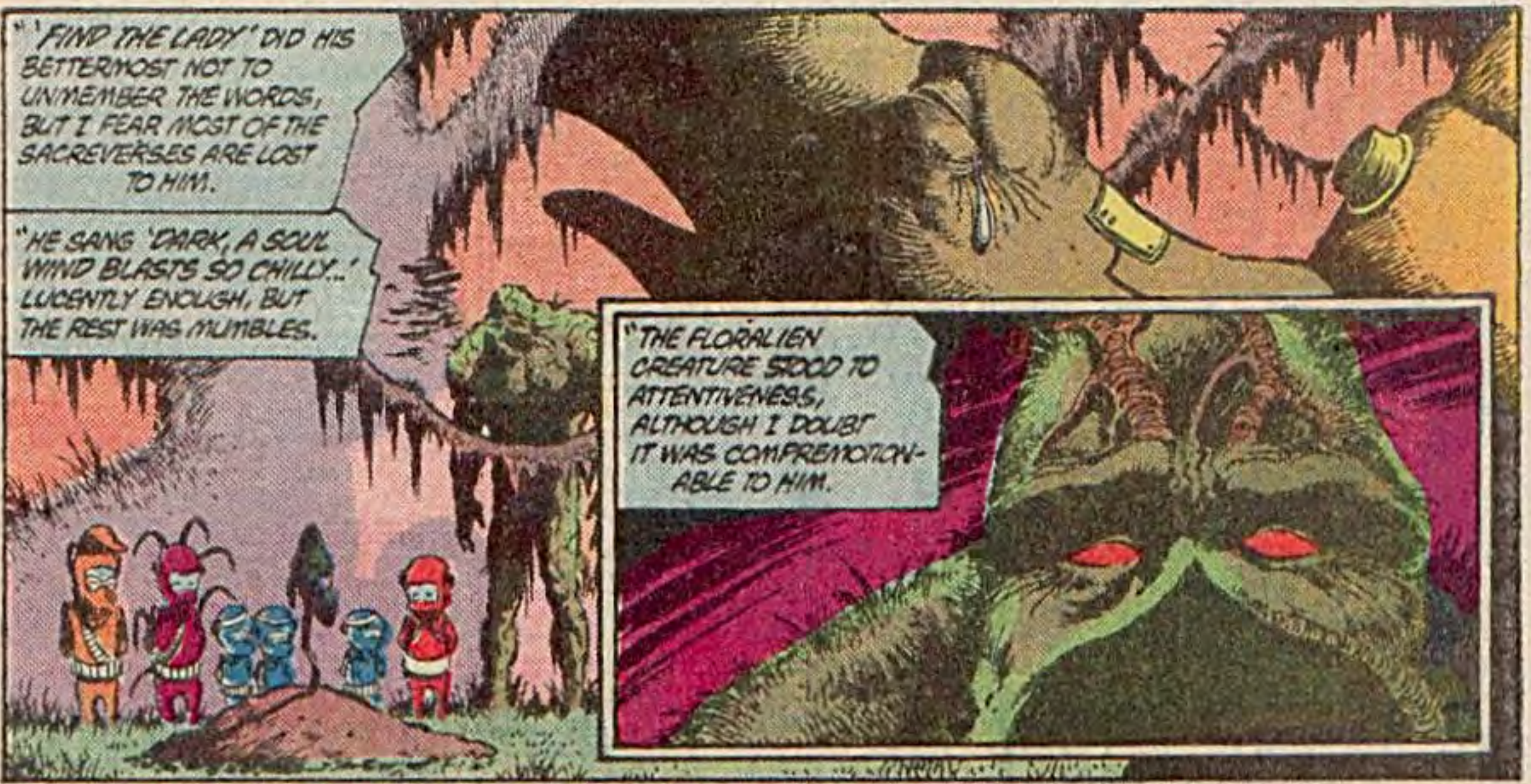




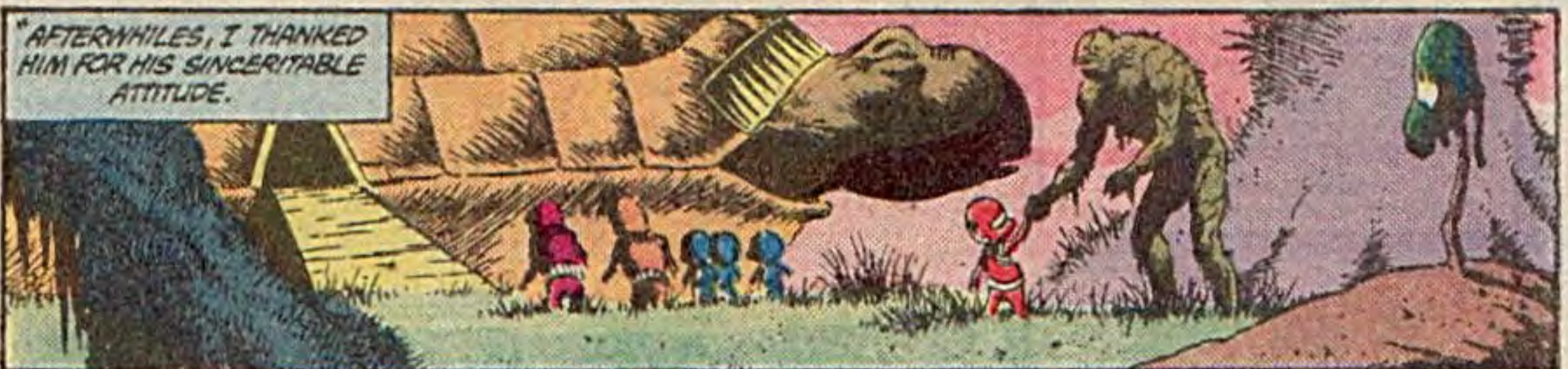
"'FIND THE LADY' DID HIS BETTERMOST NOT TO UNMEMBER THE WORDS, BUT I FEAR MOST OF THE SACREVERSES ARE LOST TO HIM.

"HE SANG 'DARK, A SOUL WIND BLASTS SO CHILLY..' LUCENTLY ENOUGH, BUT THE REST WAS MUMBLES.

"THE FLORALIEN CREATURE STOOD TO ATTENTIVENESS, ALTHOUGH I DOUBT IT WAS COMPREHENSION-ABLE TO HIM.



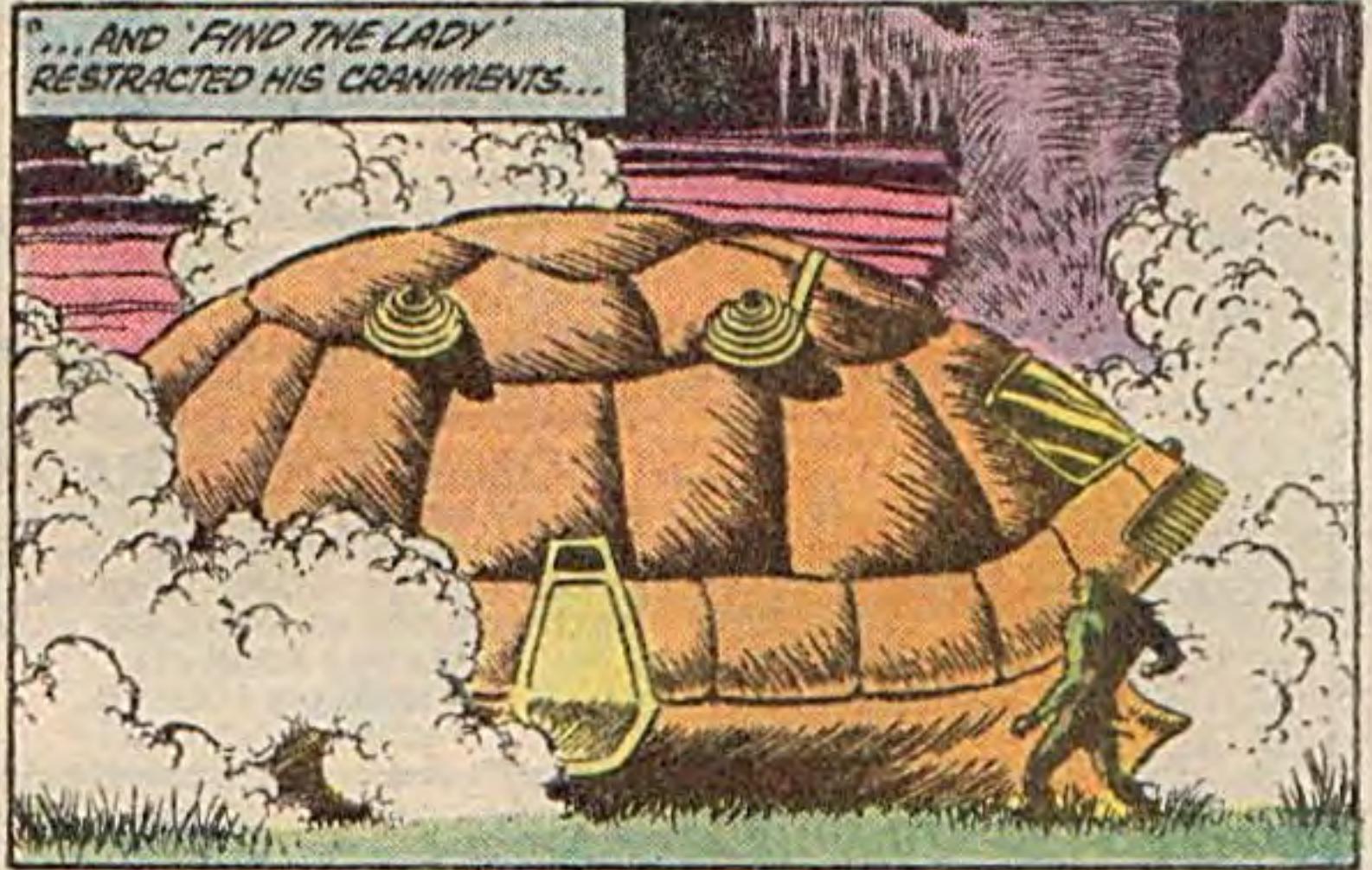
"AFTERWHILES, I THANKED HIM FOR HIS SINCERITABLE ATTITUDE.



"THEN WE WENT INBOARD AND ENSHELLTERED OURSELVES...



"... AND 'FIND THE LADY' RESTRACTED HIS CRANIMENTS...



"... AND DISCHARRED HIS ENTREACTORS...





"... AND WE  
CONTINUED ON  
OUR WAY."

--POG. (SHIPBOSS)  
AE: 8491. 4. 01.



**NEXT:**  
**RITE OF  
SPRING**