



SCIENCE FICTION

NO.1 NOV
\$3.95/4.25 CAN

O'CONNELL

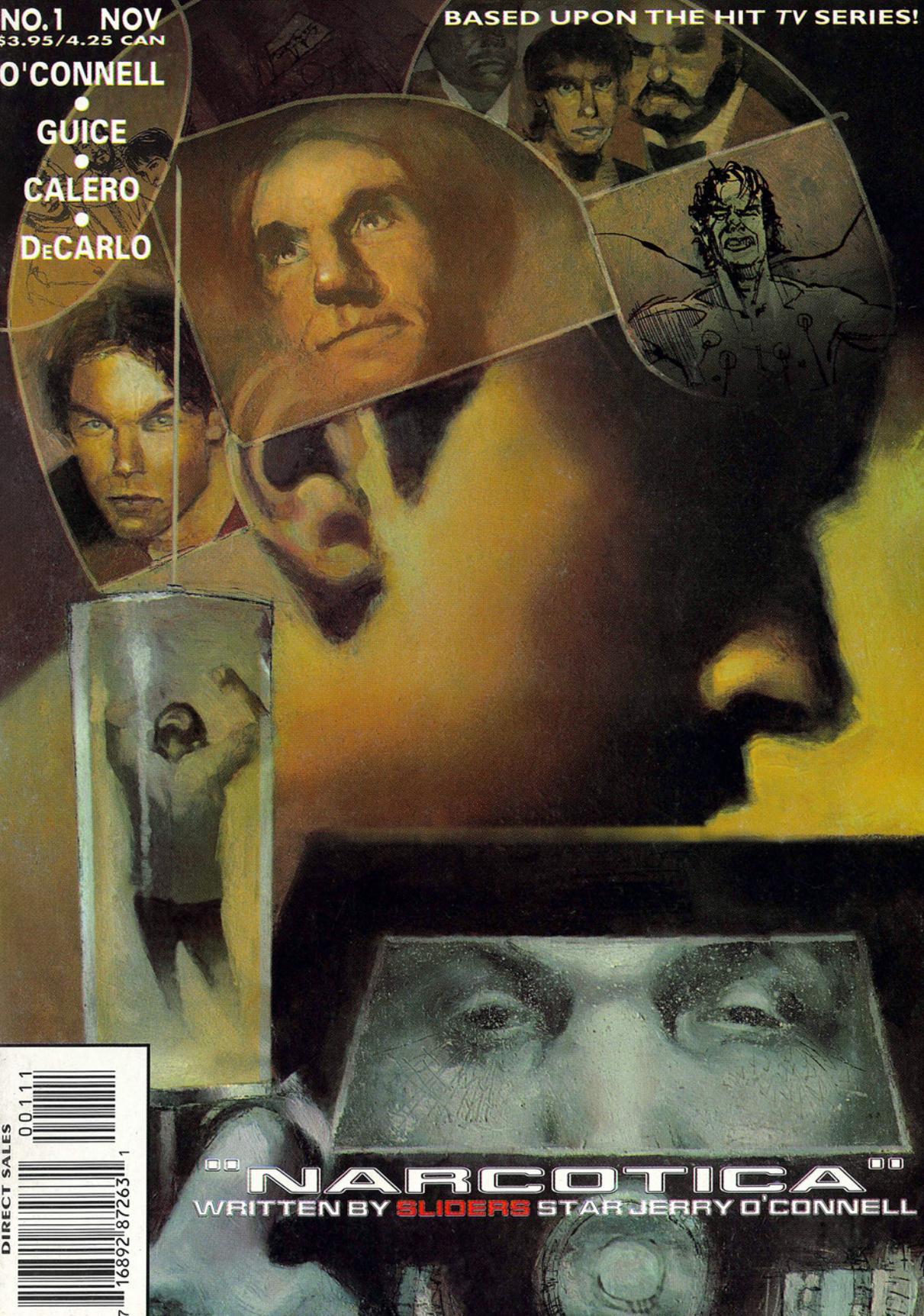
•
GUICE

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CALERO

•
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SLIDERS™ SPECIAL

BASED UPON THE HIT TV SERIES!



DIRECT SALES



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“NARCOTICA”
WRITTEN BY SLIDERS STAR JERRY O'CONNELL



SHHHHEEEWWWWW!

IT'S A RUNWAY!

THEN RUN AWAY! FAST!

REMIND ME NEVER TO GET A JOB AT AN AIRPORT! HOW LONG ARE WE HERE QUINN?

DAY AND A HALF.

32:08:37
TAU

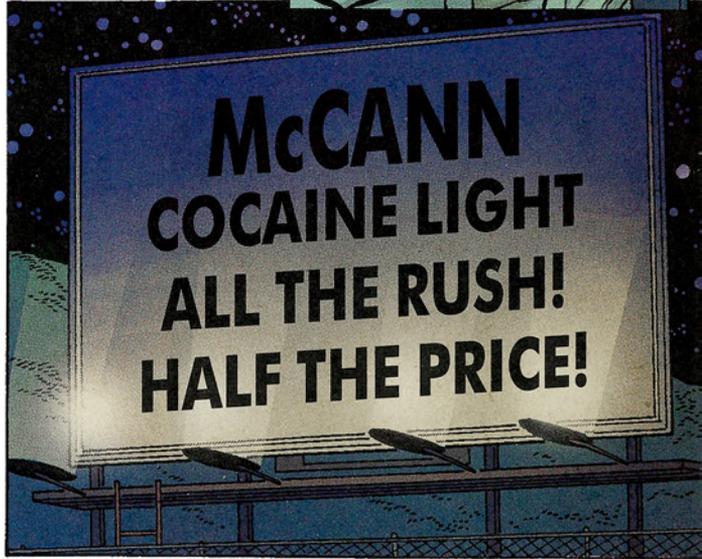


THAT'S THE FIRST TIME WE EVER LANDED ON A RUNWAY.

DO YOU THINK THIS COULD BE HOME?

MR. MALLORY, MY BACK CAN NO LONGER ENDURE SLIDING! I HOPE FOR ITS SAKE THAT THIS IS INDEED HOME...

NOT UNLESS THINGS HAVE REALLY CHANGED!



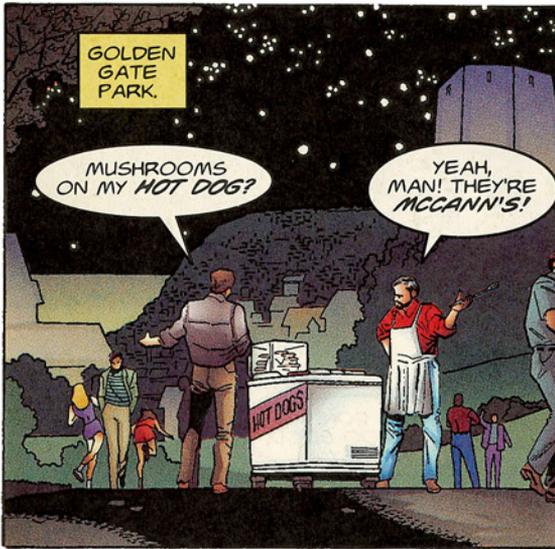
McCANN
COCAINE LIGHT
ALL THE RUSH!
HALF THE PRICE!



LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT QUITE A HIKE...







GOLDEN GATE PARK.

MUSHROOMS ON MY HOT DOG?

YEAH, MAN! THEY'RE MCCANN'S!



GUARANTEED TO LAST *SIX HOURS!* COME ON, HAVE SOME...

THANKS ANYWAY...



MMMM...I CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF THIS COTTON CANDY! I'M GLAD YOU GUYS TALKED ME INTO COMING OUT TO EAT.

SOMETHING SEEMS SLIGHTLY PECULIAR WITH THIS FOOD.



REMBRANDT, LOOK AT WADE'S EYES.



HER PUPILS ARE SEVERELY DILATED... GIVE ME A PIECE OF THAT COTTON CANDY.

GET YOUR OWN!



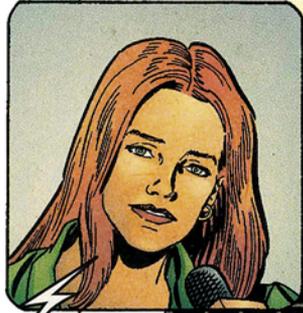
I BELIEVE THIS FOOD IS TAINTED. I WANT TO TAKE A SAMPLE BACK TO THE HOTEL FOR ANALYSIS.

I JUST LOST MY APPETITE.

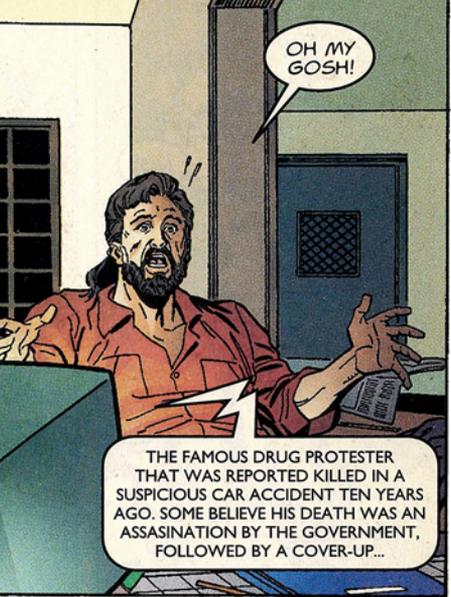




WE'RE REPORTING LIVE, CHUCK, WHERE NARC TROOPS ARE BRINGING THE SITUATION UNDER CONTROL.



BREAKING NEWS IS THAT THERE WAS AN UNCONFIRMED SIGHTING OF PROFESSOR ARTURO AS ONE OF THE MAJOR RING-LEADERS IN THE ORGANIZATION OF THE "GRUNGE" MOVEMENT IN THE SIXTIES...



THE FAMOUS DRUG PROTESTER THAT WAS REPORTED KILLED IN A SUSPICIOUS CAR ACCIDENT TEN YEARS AGO. SOME BELIEVE HIS DEATH WAS AN ASSASSINATION BY THE GOVERNMENT, FOLLOWED BY A COVER-UP...



HE IS CONSIDERED TO BE EXTREMELY DANGEROUS. ANY INFORMATION ON HIM SHOULD BE REPORTED TO THE NARCOTIC BUREAU...

CLIK



N-N-NO... I'M SORRY... I HAVEN'T SEEN 'EM...

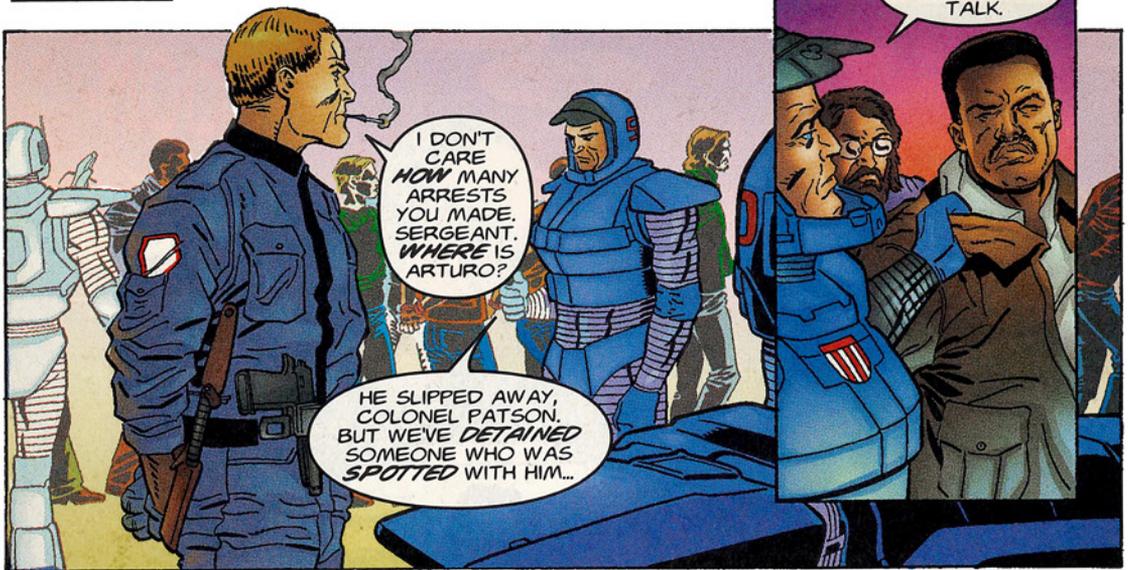


NARCOTICA HOT LINE? I WANT TO REPORT A SIGHTING OF MAXIMILLIAN ARTURO. HE'S ALIVE!



LET'S WAIT FOR THEM IN THE ROOM...THEY'LL BE BACK...

BACK AT THE SCENE...



THE LAMPLIGHTER.



IT'S HARD TO BE CERTAIN WITH THESE RUDIMENTARY TOOLS, BUT I SEEM TO HAVE FOUND LARGE QUANTITIES OF A DRUG SIMILAR TO ECSTASY IN THAT SAMPLE OF MS. WADE'S COTTON CANDY...

SHH! DO YOU HEAR SOMETHING--?

THOOM.

WINDOW!

WHAA--?

SKRESH!

I'M MORE WORRIED ABOUT WHAT'S GOING ON WITH WADE AND REMBRANDT RIGHT NOW, PROFESSOR...

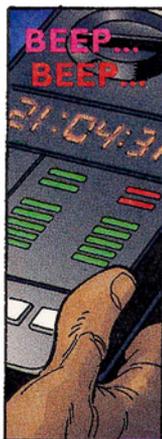


THAT BLASTED MANAGER MUST'VE CALLED US IN!



PROFESSOR! WHAT ABOUT WADE AND REMBRANDT?

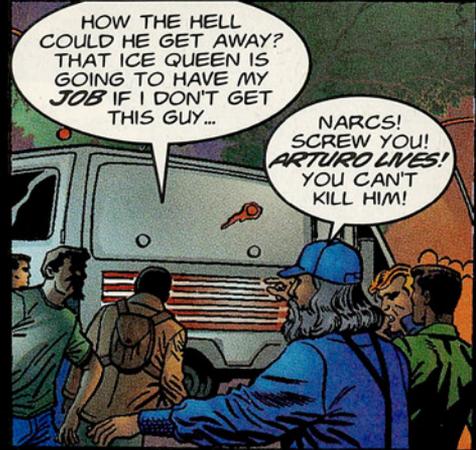
WE'LL WORRY ABOUT THAT LATER! RUN BOY!

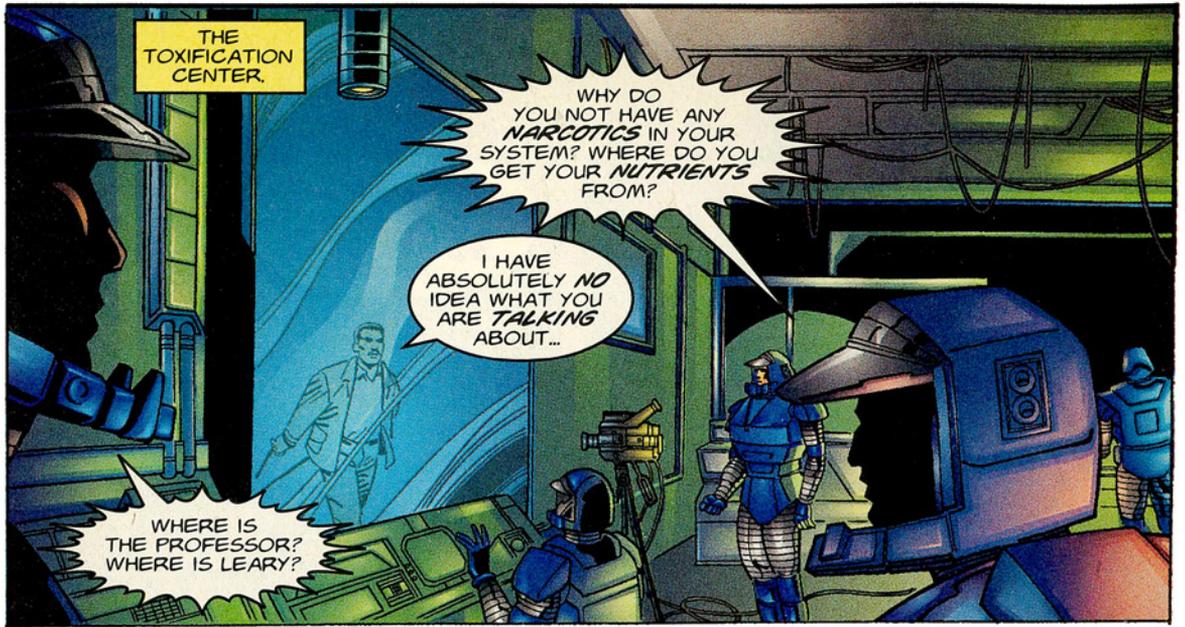


BEEP...
BEEP...



TWENTY ONE HOURS TO THE SLIDE...



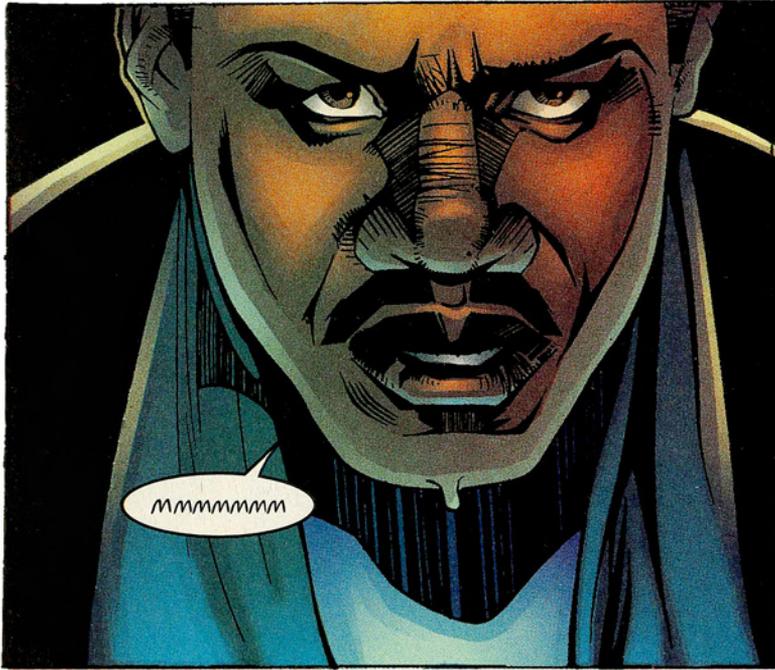


THE
TOXIFICATION
CENTER.

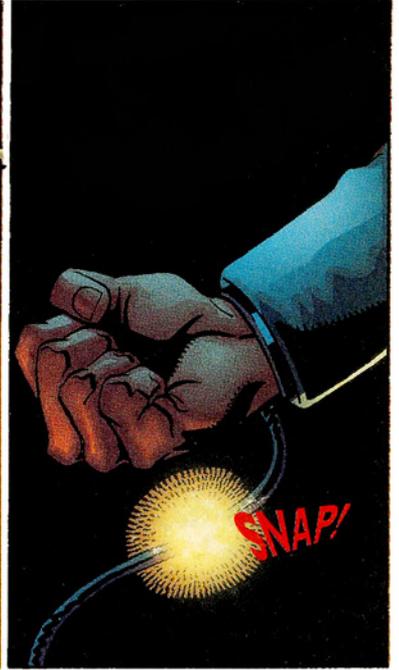
WHY DO
YOU NOT HAVE ANY
NARCOTICS IN YOUR
SYSTEM? WHERE DO YOU
GET YOUR *NUTRIENTS*
FROM?

I HAVE
ABSOLUTELY *NO*
IDEA WHAT YOU
ARE *TALKING*
ABOUT...

WHERE IS
THE PROFESSOR?
WHERE IS LEARY?



MMMMMMMM

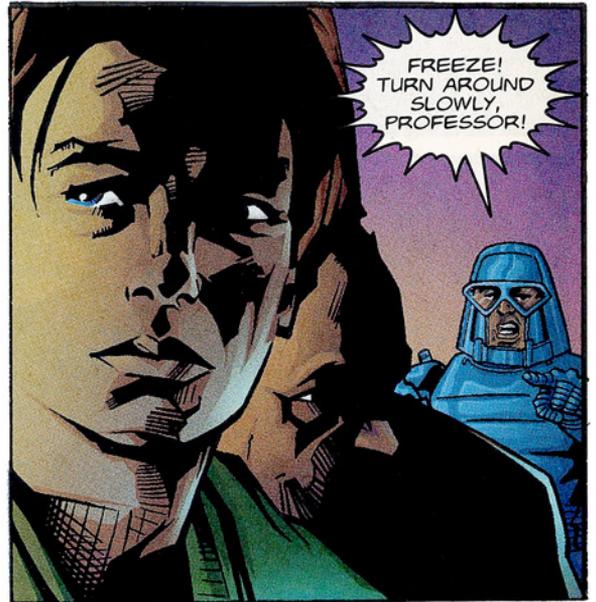


HUH?

CLICK



ALRIGHT, *TOUGH*
GUY, GET READY FOR
INTOXICATION...





THE TOXIFICATION CENTER.

HUMMMMM

WELCOME TO THE "TOXIFICATION" PROCESS, MR. BROWN...

GULP

I AM DR. FROMMER. THINK OF ME AS A FRIEND.

ZZZZT!
ZZZZT!

AHHHH...

ZZZZT!
ZZZZT!

WHAT'RE... WHY THE NEEDLES?

YOU WOULDN'T EAT A BALANCED, GOVERNMENT APPROVED DIET, MR. BROWN. AFTER OUR TREATMENT, YOU WILL NEED TO EAT AT LEAST THREE A DAY...

THE KITCHEN.

"IN THE 1960'S, J. EDGAR HOOVER WAS SO EMBARRASSED BY HIS INABILITY TO STEM THE INFLUX OF *NARCOTICS* TO THIS COUNTRY, HE MADE THEM LEGAL! IN THE '80S, THE COUNTRY'S LEADING SOURCE OF INCOME WERE DRUGS--A WAY OUT OF OUR *NATIONAL DEBT*.

"DRUGS SLOWLY FOUND THEIR WAY INTO *ALL* FOODS. IT WAS ACCEPTED BY THE GENERAL PUBLIC AS AN IMPROVEMENT. *STERIODS* WERE ADDED TO IMPROVE THE NATIONAL WORK FORCE AND MILITARY.

"MAX, YOU DISCOVERED THAT THE GOVERNMENT WAS ADDING EVEN *LARGER* AMONTS OF DRUGS INTO THE FOOD SUPPLY.

"BUT A FEW COURAGEOUS PEOPLE *FOUGHT BACK*, AND THE 'GRNGE' MOVEMENT WAS BORN. WE BECAME THE FOUNDERS OF AN ANTI-DRUG CULTURE--RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ILLEGAL GROWTH AND DISTRIBUTION OF *ORGANIC, UNTREATED* FOODS.

"*AMPHETAMINES* WERE USED TO INCREASE PRODUCTION FROM A GULLIBLE PUBLIC. EVERY LEVEL OF BEHAVIOR WAS SEEN AS CONTROLLABLE BY DRUGS.



"WE FORMED *CARTELS* IN LATIN AMERICA, WHERE FRUITS, VEGETABLES AND LIVESTOCK ARE RAISED AND *SMUGGLED* INTO THE UNITED STATES. WORKERS PREPARE THESE FOODS FOR LITTLE OR NO MONEY IN THE KITCHEN.

TIM, I AM *NOT* THE SAME MAN YOU KNEW. I AM NOT *FROM* THIS WORLD...! I KNOW HOW THAT SOUNDS BUT...

MY FRIEND MAX WAS ALSO VERY INTERESTED IN THE CONCEPT OF *SLIDING*. AT TIMES I THOUGHT HE HAD A LITTLE TOO MUCH ORGANIC SOY MILK!

NONE--THELESS--YOUR REAPPEARANCE COULD SPARK *NEW HOPE* FOR OUR FIGHT. WILL YOU HELP US...?



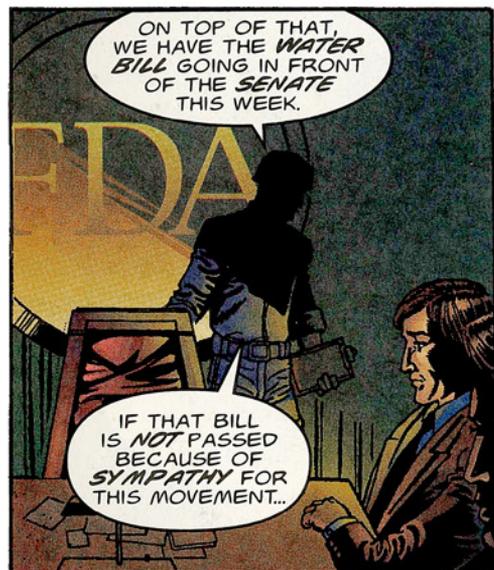
"WHEN YOU 'DIED', THE MOVEMENT *SUFFERED*. THE NARC POLICE SEEM TO ALWAYS BE ONE STEP AHEAD OF US. I FEAR THAT THEY HAVE PLANTED A *SPY* IN OUR CAMP."



WASHINGTON, D.C.



PATSON, I DONN'T HAVE TO TELL YOU HOW *DISRUPTIVE* THIS "GRUNGE" MOVEMENT HAS BEEN TO US.



ON TOP OF THAT, WE HAVE THE *WATER BILL* GOING IN FRONT OF THE *SENATE* THIS WEEK.

IF THAT BILL IS *NOT* PASSED BECAUSE OF *SYMPATHY* FOR THIS MOVEMENT...



...I WILL HOLD *YOU* PERSONALLY RESPONSIBLE, COLONEL. THE PEOPLE DON'T SEEM TO UNDERSTAND THAT THIS HAS BECOME A MATTER OF *NATIONAL SECURITY*.



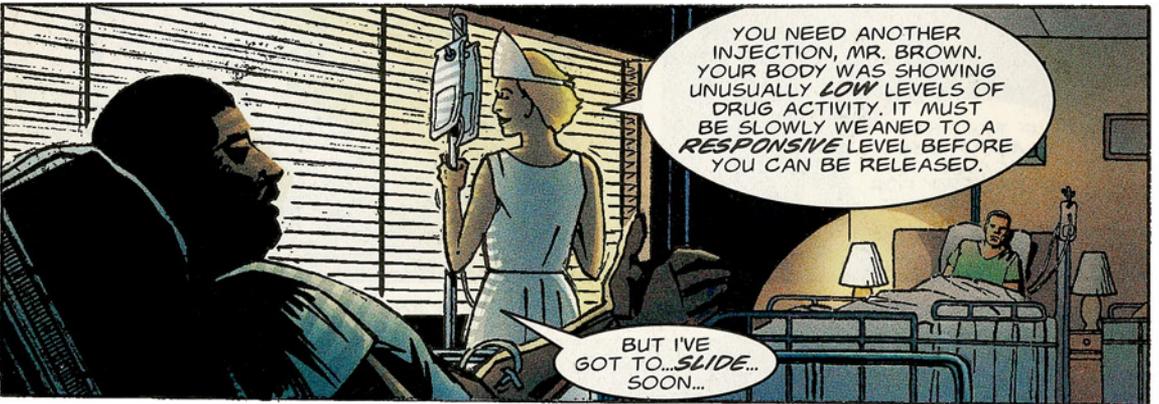
THE SOVIETS' *STERIOD'N'SPEED* WATER PROGRAM IS ALREADY UNDER WAY.



YOU'RE REALLY GOING THROUGH WITH THIS, WADE?

THAT'S *MISS WELLS*, AND YES. AS THE HEAD OF THE FDA, I'M GOING TO MAKE *CERTAIN* THE WATER BILL IS PASSED.

YOUR ONLY CONCERN IS THE COMPLETE *ELIMINATION* OF THIS OUTLAW MOVEMENT.





NEW MCCANN CHICKEN FINGERS! EXTRA CRISPY! NOW WITH TWICE THE DOSE OF METABOLIC BOOSTERS RECOMMENDED BY THE FDA!

QUINN...



I BROUGHT YOU A SALAD. TASTE THE LETTUCE--IT'S UNTREATED. INCREDIBLE, ISN'T IT!

WHERE I COME FROM, EVERYTHING IS UNTREATED.

IF THE WATER BILL WAS PASSED, IT WILL BE THE END.

WHY NOT JUST WAGE AN ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN AGAINST IT.



ANY REMARKS SLANDEROUS TO THE ESTABLISHMENT ARE NOW CONSIDERED ILLEGAL. THE ONLY PUBLIC FORUM WE HAVE, IS A SINGLE PIRATE RADIO STATION OUT AT ONE OF OUR ORGANIC FARMS.



DON'T MOVE!

ARREST THEM ALL!

GO, MAX! MONICA WILL TAKE YOU TO THE FARM!

I'LL HOLD THEM OFF!

GO!



HOURS
LATER...

SMASH!

WHERE
THE HELL IS
ARTURO?

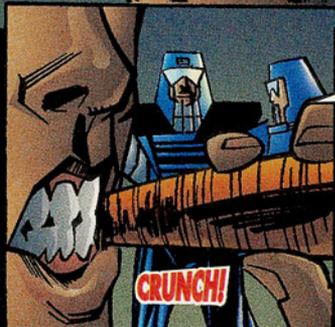


LEARY...
WHERE IS
HE...



HO
HUM...

COLONEL
PATSON, WE HAVE
STUN GUNS AND
SODIUM PENTATHOL.
LET US GET IT OUT
OF HIM.



COLONEL!
THAT CARROT
WAS ORGANIC!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING?



TASTING
WHAT FOOD
WAS LIKE...
WHEN I WAS
A KID...

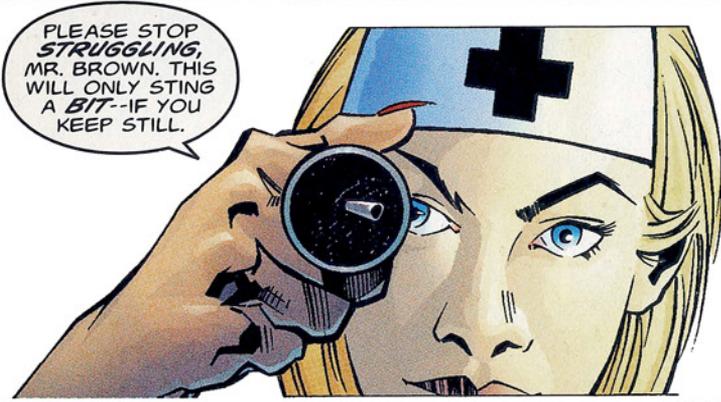


ONCE THE WATER BILL IS *PASSED*, PEOPLE WON'T SUFFER FROM YOUR CONDITION *EVER AGAIN*, MR. BROWN.



EVERYONE WILL BE *IMMUNE*. EVERYONE WILL BE *STRONG*. NO DEPRESSION.

NO *UNHAPPINESS*.



PLEASE STOP *STRUGGLING*, MR. BROWN. THIS WILL ONLY STING A *BIT*--IF YOU KEEP STILL.

THERE... WE'LL HAVE YOU ON YOUR FEET IN *NO TIME*!



NO TIME AT ALL...

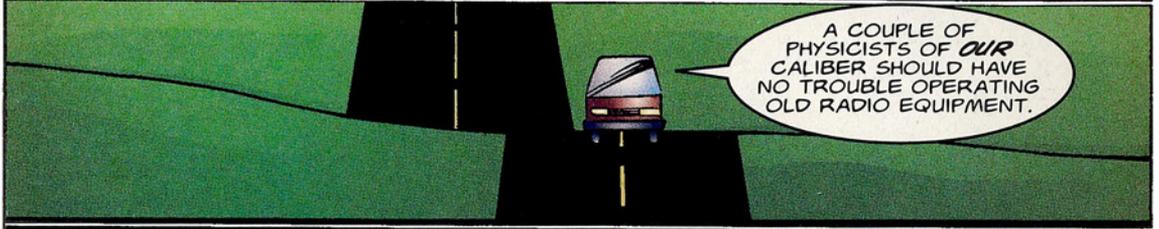


QUINN, I FEEL THAT WE MUST TRY FOR A **BROADCAST** OF SOME SORT.



AREN'T YOU THE ONE WHO ALWAYS SAYS WE SHOULDN'T GET **INVOLVED**, PROFESSOR?

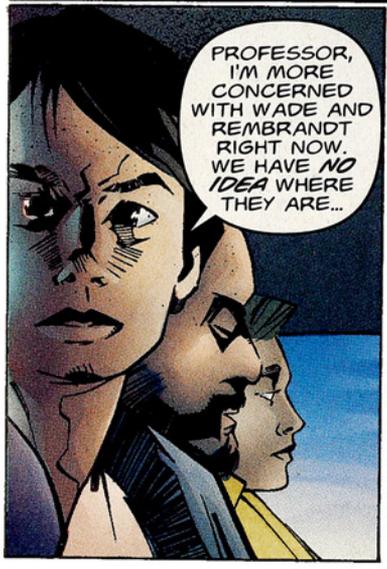
MAYBE THERE'LL BE SOME WAY WE CAN **BOOST** THE RADIO--EXPAND OUR **COMMUNICATIONS** ABILITY.



A COUPLE OF PHYSICISTS OF **OUR** CALIBER SHOULD HAVE NO TROUBLE OPERATING OLD RADIO EQUIPMENT.



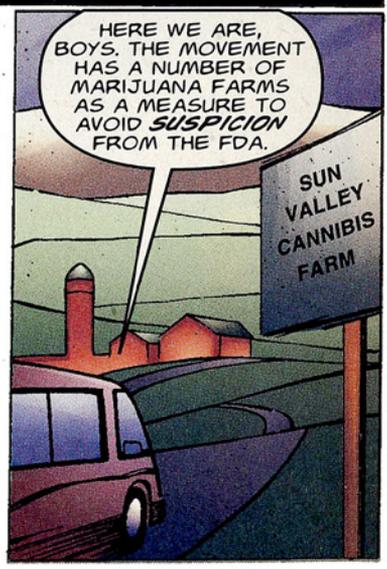
I'M SURE YOU HAD TO TAKE ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING COURSES AS PREREQUISITES TO ENROLL IN **MY** PROGRAM...



PROFESSOR, I'M MORE CONCERNED WITH WADE AND REMBRANDT RIGHT NOW. WE HAVE **NO IDEA** WHERE THEY ARE...



...AND WE **SLIDE** IN FIVE HOURS.



HERE WE ARE, BOYS. THE MOVEMENT HAS A NUMBER OF MARIJUANA FARMS AS A MEASURE TO AVOID **SUSPICION** FROM THE FDA.



YOU COME FROM THE *OLD SCHOOL*, PATSON. WHEN I BECAME HEAD HERE, I WAS TOLD BY MY ADVISORS TO LET YOU GO. THAT YOU'D NEVER FOLLOW THE *NEW CHAIN* OF COMMAND. I THOUGHT I'D GIVE YOU THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT.

I WAS WRONG.

I AM VERY, *VERY* UNHAPPY THAT ARTURO IS STILL FREE. I AM *SERIOUSLY* CONSIDERING RELIEVING YOU OF YOUR *DUTY*, COLONEL PATSON.

BEE-EEP!



THIS IS WADE...



GOOD WORK.



THAT WAS SANDERS. ARTURO IS HIDING OUT AT THE SUN VALLEY FARM.

I'M GIVING YOU ONE LAST CHANCE. I WANT HIM--*DEAD OR ALIVE*...

"...PREFERABLY DEAD, PATSON."

THIS EQUIPMENT IS OBSOLETE AND UNUSABLE.

A CHILD'S TOY WALKIE TALKIE WOULD HAVE A GREATER RANGE.



THEY'RE TAKING LEARY TO PRISON, ON THE NEWS...



WHAT!

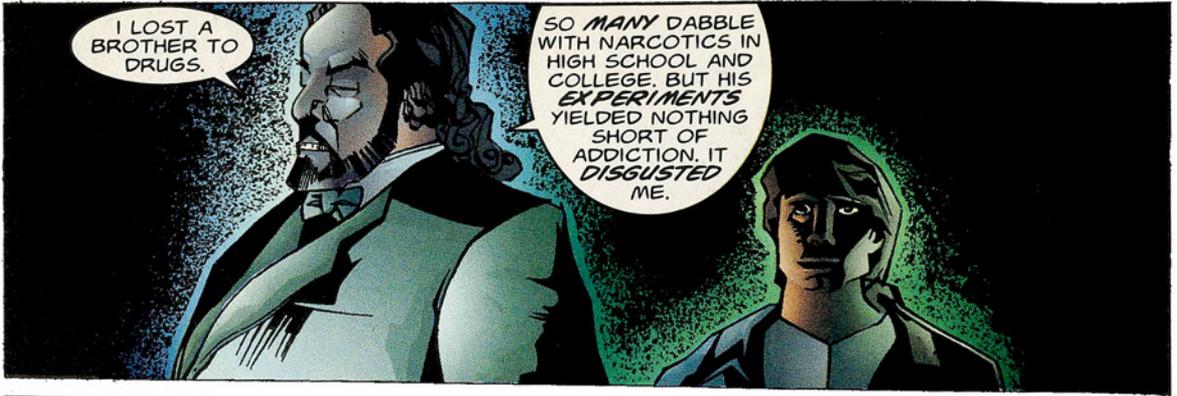
WE MUST GO BACK TO TOWN AND TRY TO CONFISCATE A NEWS VAN OF SOME KIND FOR THIS BROADCAST...



YOU'RE SO CONCERNED WITH THIS WORLD'S PROBLEMS! WE HAVE TO FIND REMBRANDT AND WADE! PROFESSOR-- THE SLIDE IS OUR ONLY CONCERN!



QUINN, I FEEL A GREAT RESPONSIBILITY TO THIS WORLD AND ITS PEOPLE'S DILEMMA...



I LOST A BROTHER TO DRUGS.

SO *MANY* DABBLE WITH NARCOTICS IN HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGE. BUT HIS *EXPERIMENTS* YIELDED NOTHING SHORT OF ADDICTION. IT *DISGUSTED* ME.



WHEN HE MOST NEEDED ME, I WAS NOT THERE FOR HIM. I SHUT HIM OUT.

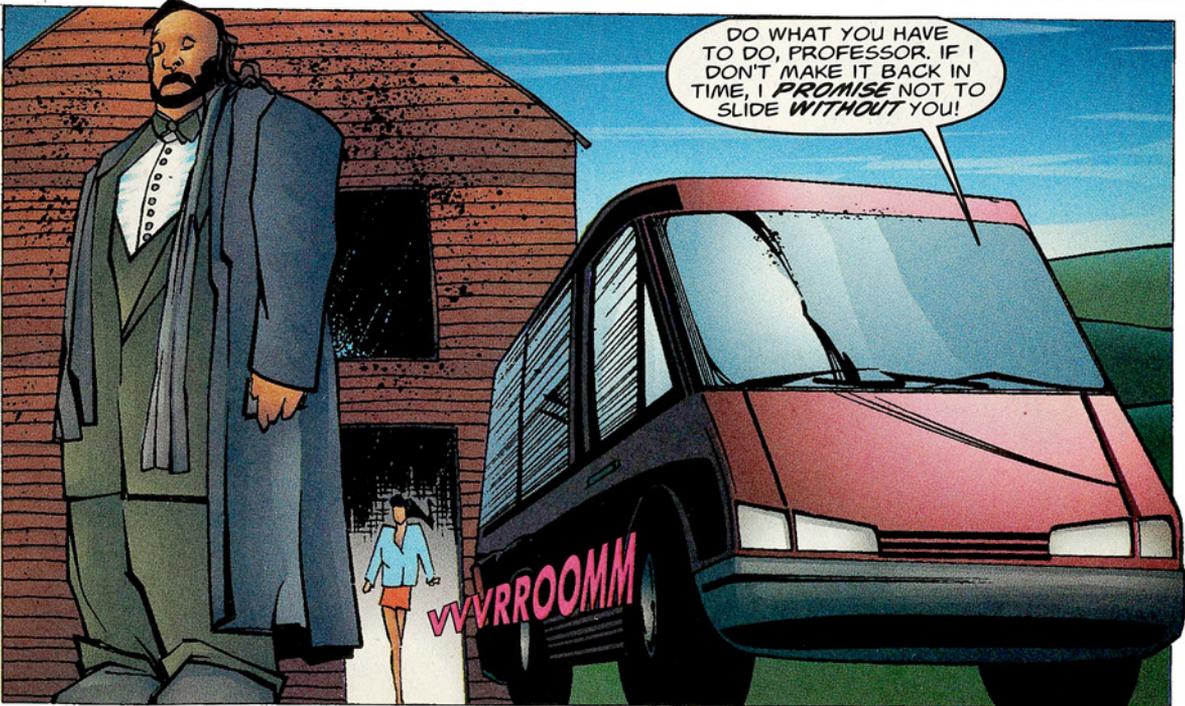
IT WILL HAUNT ME FOR *ETERNITY*. I CAN'T LET IT HAPPEN TO AN ENTIRE POPULATION.



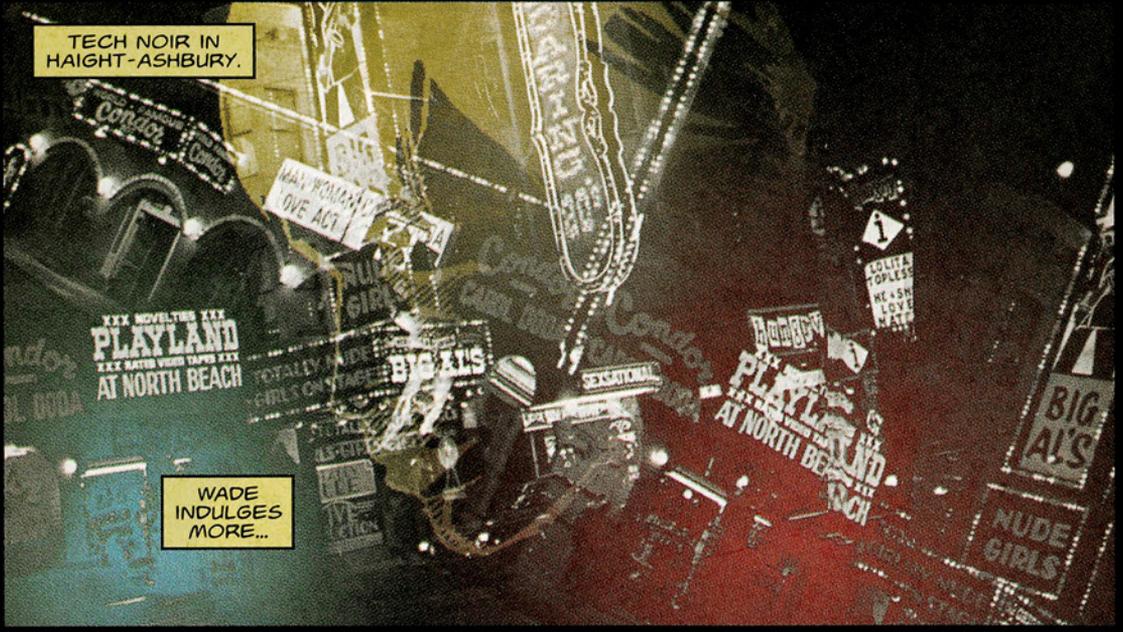
IF THE PROFESSOR GOES BACK TO TOWN, HE'LL STICK OUT LIKE A *SORE THUMB*.

WE CAN'T *RISK* THAT. HE'S THE ONLY HOPE FOR THE MOVEMENT.

IT'S GONNA CUT IT *CLOSE*, BUT I'LL TRY AND FIND THEM MYSELF.



DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO, PROFESSOR. IF I DON'T MAKE IT BACK IN TIME, I *PROMISE* NOT TO SLIDE *WITHOUT* YOU!

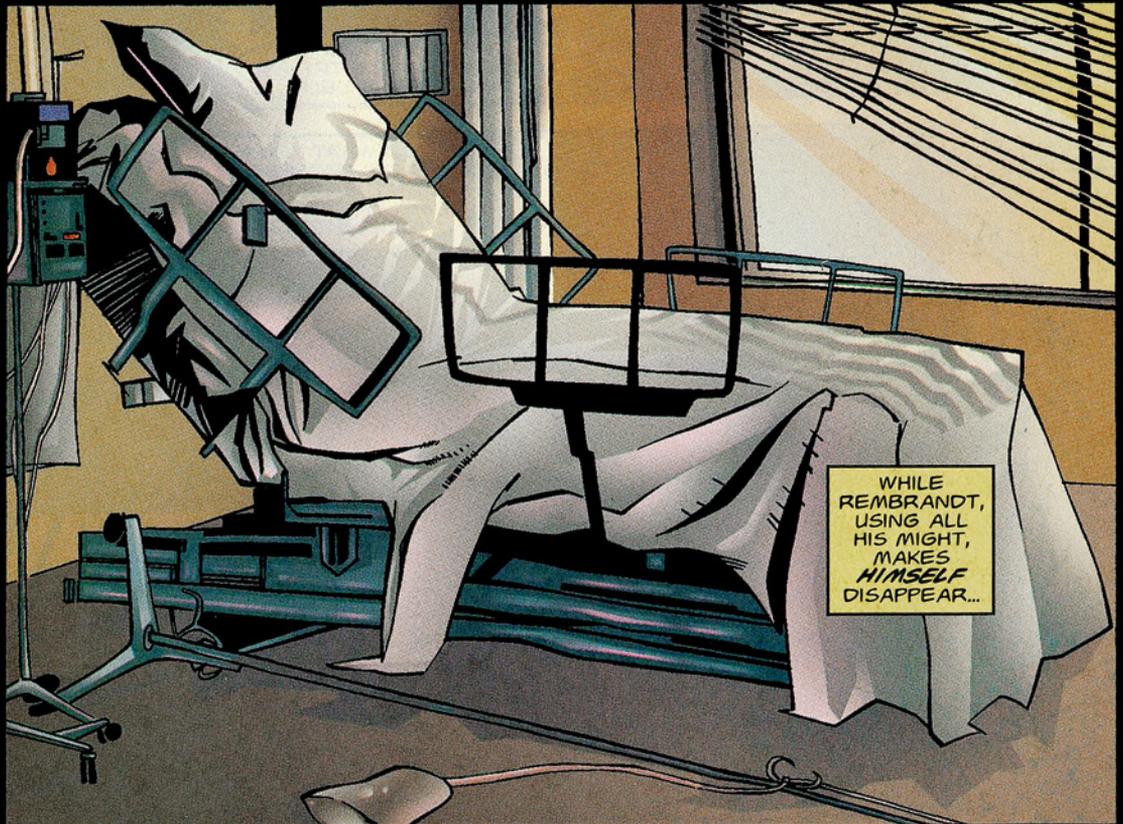


TECH NOIR IN
HAIGHT-ASHBURY.

WADE
INDULGES
MORE...

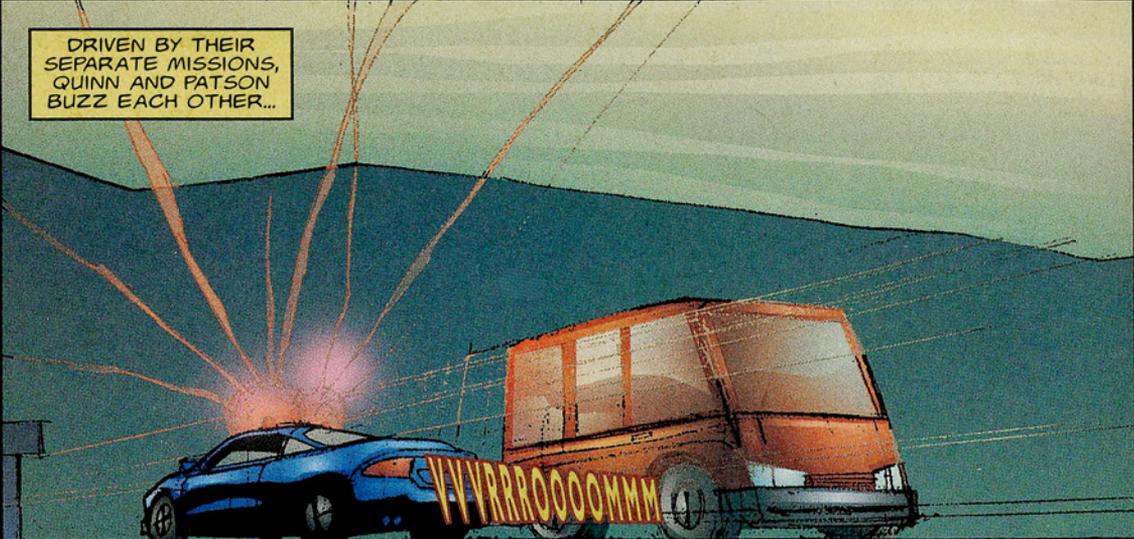


MAKING HER
CONSCIOUSNESS
DISAPPEAR...



WHILE
REMBRANDT,
USING ALL
HIS MIGHT,
MAKES
HIMSELF
DISAPPEAR...

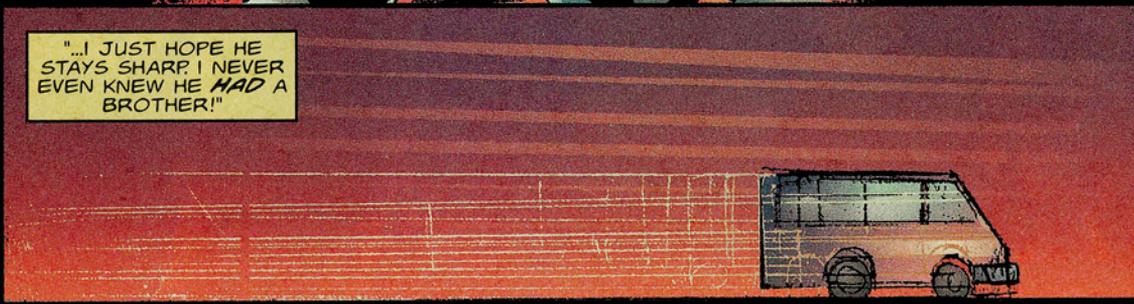
DRIVEN BY THEIR SEPARATE MISSIONS, QUINN AND PATSON BUZZ EACH OTHER...



THE PROFESSOR'S GONNA HAVE SOME UNEXPECTED FRIENDS OVER AT THE FARM...



"...I JUST HOPE HE STAYS SHARP. I NEVER EVEN KNEW HE HAD A BROTHER!"



WADE!

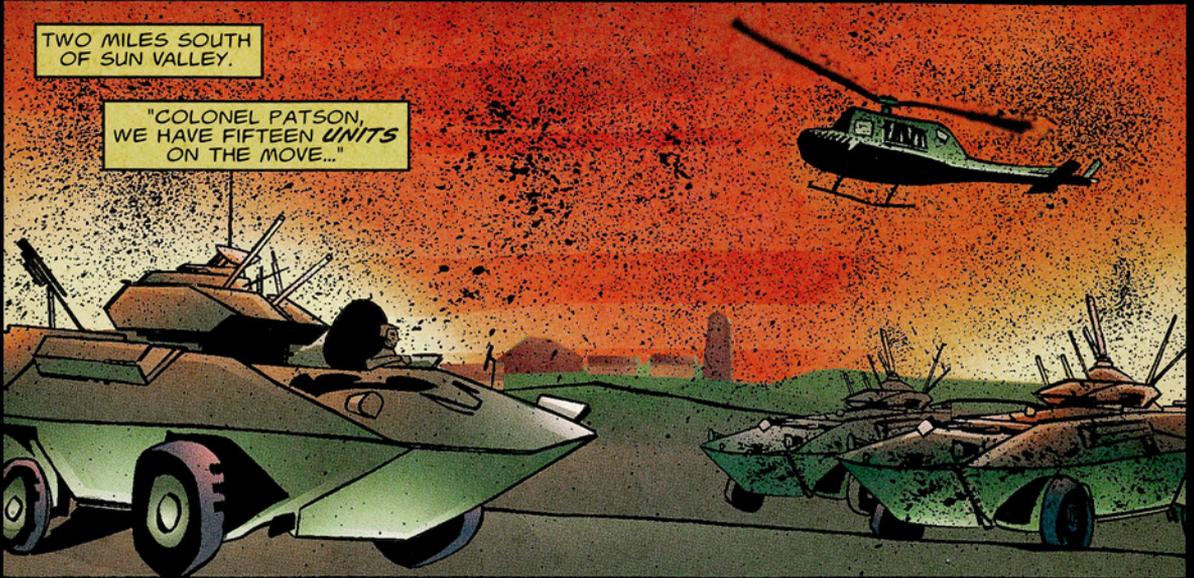
HEY, MAN!



COME ON, GIRL! GOTTA SLIDE...GOTTA SLIDE...

TWO MILES SOUTH
OF SUN VALLEY.

"COLONEL PATSON,
WE HAVE FIFTEEN *UNITS*
ON THE MOVE..."

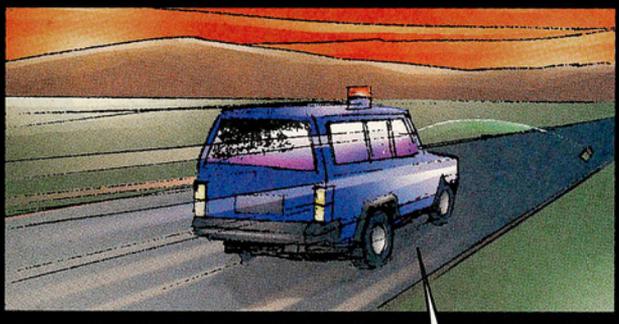


...SHOULD
I DEPLOY ONE
TO NAB THE KID
IN THE VAN?

NO.



LET HIM
GO. LET THEM
ALL GO.



MISS WELLS
HAS THE *PRESS*
COMING OUT TO
THE FARM. *ARTURO*
IS ALL THEY WANT.





REMBRANDT!
WADE!



I DON'T
BELIEVE
IT.

OVER
HERE!



WADE?

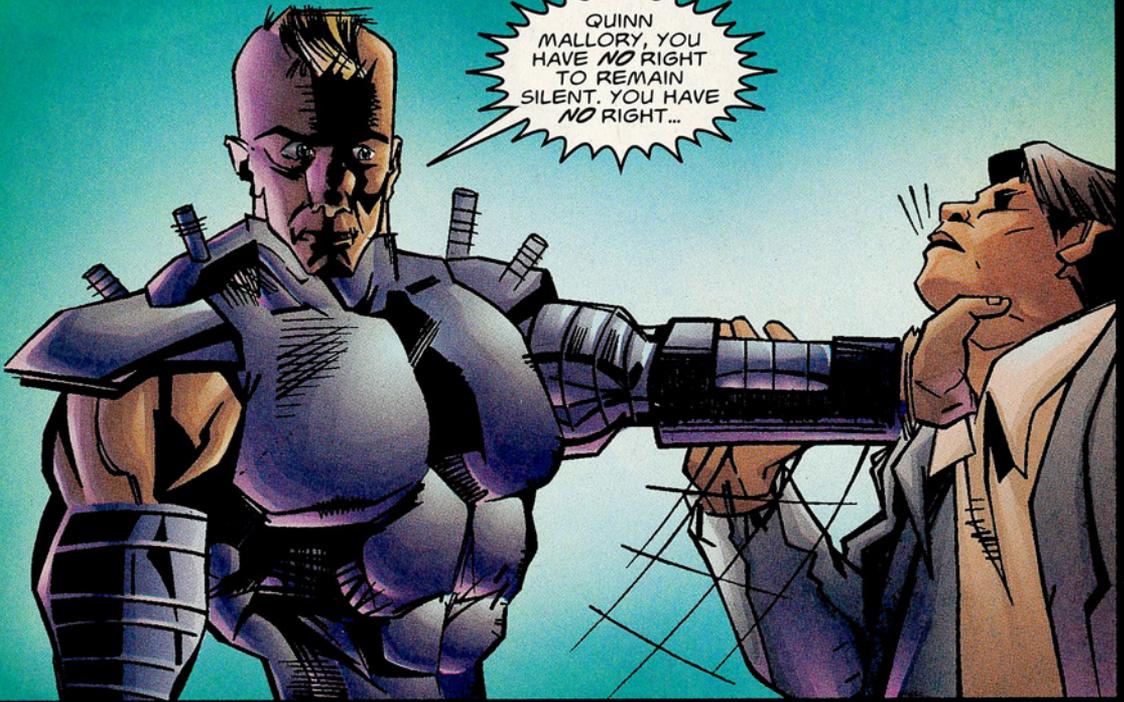
RAHHHHH!

"REMBRANDT, SHE'S ABOUT TO OD WE NEED TO GET OUR HANDS ON THAT VEHICLE..."



WHAT THE--?

QUINN MALLORY, YOU HAVE **NO** RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT. YOU HAVE **NO** RIGHT...



WHERE THE **HELL** IS THE PROFESSOR?

I'LL TELL YOU ON THE WAY. YOU THINK YOU CAN **DRIVE** THIS THING?

CAN'T BE ANY HARDER THAN A **CADDY**..

WHACK!



MONICA, YOU CAN'T CONTINUE STARING OUT THE WINDOW. MY MOTHER ALWAYS SAID IT MAKES THE WAIT LONGER.

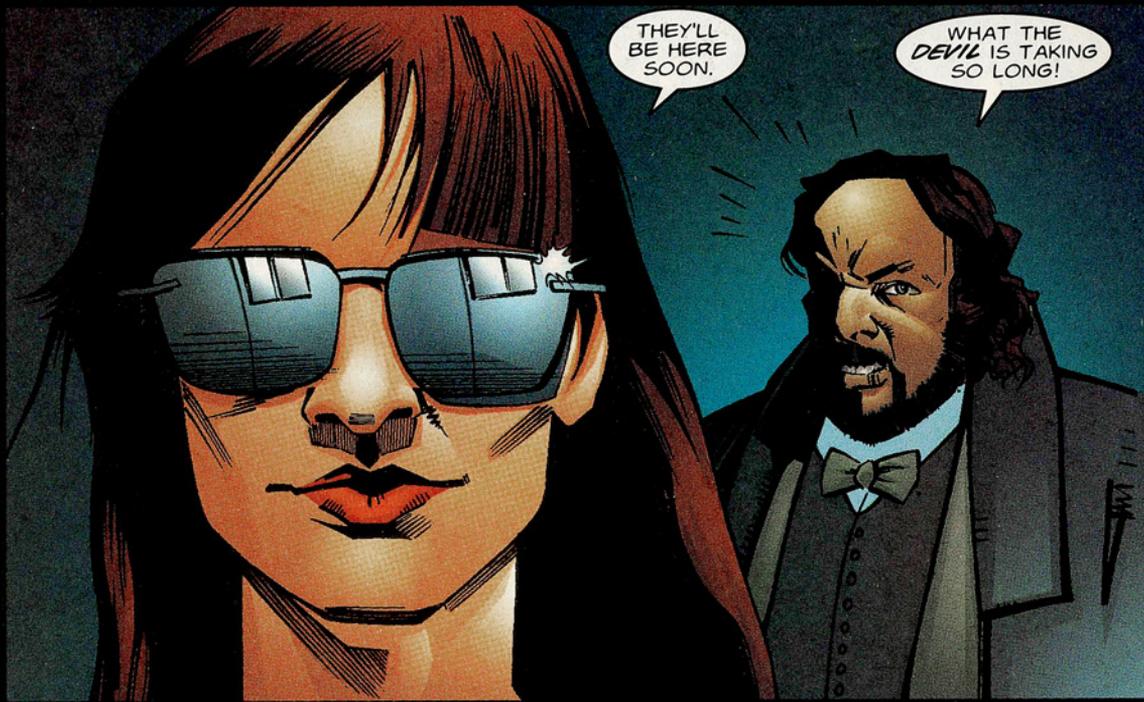


WE'RE IN POSITION BY THE WINDOW. SHE HAS ACKNOWLEDGED US. WAITING FOR THE SIGNAL.



THEY'LL BE HERE SOON.

WHAT THE DEVIL IS TAKING SO LONG!



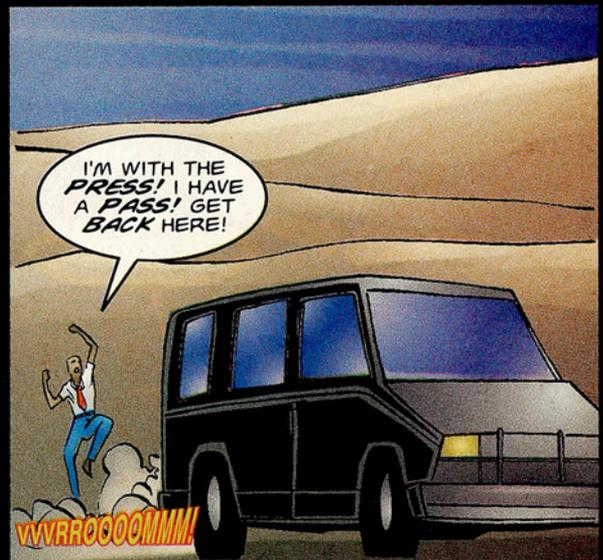
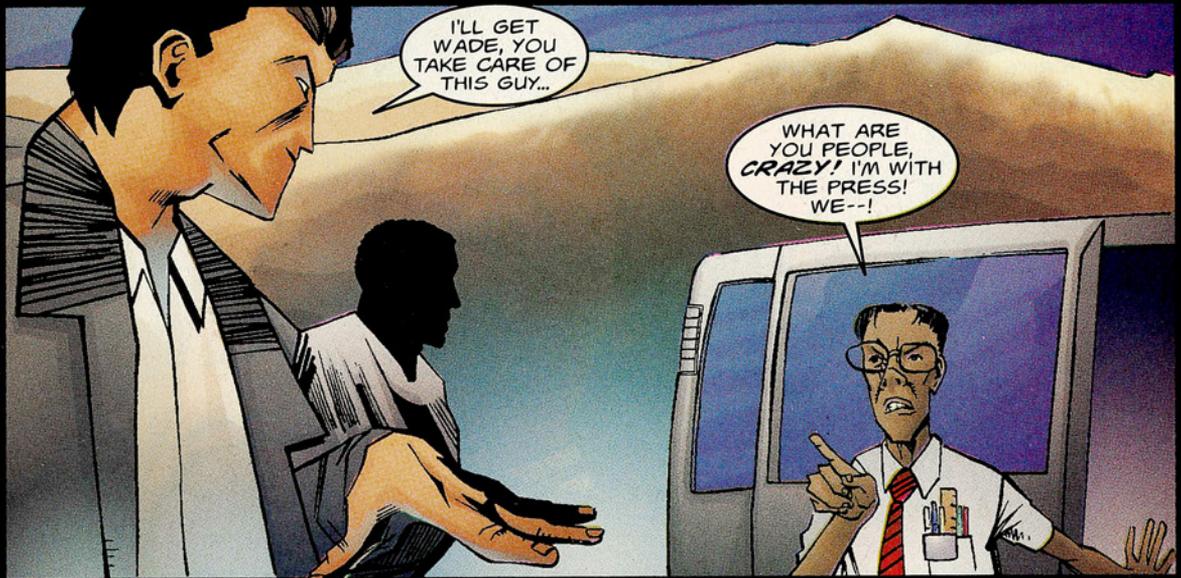
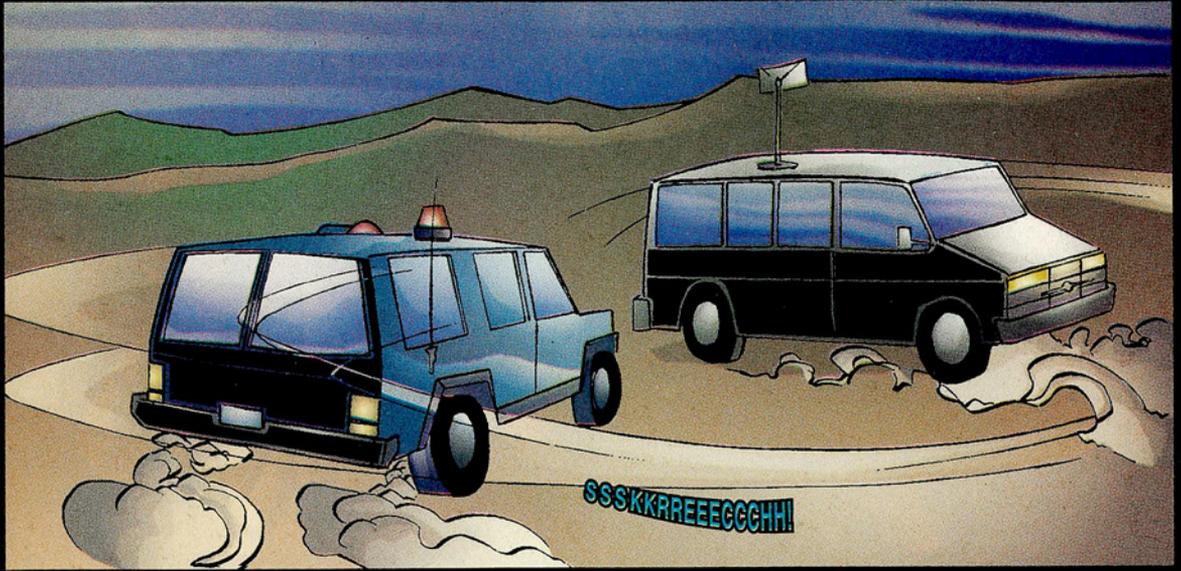
HOW LONG UNTIL THE SLIDE?
THIRTY MINUTES.
REMBRANDT. THAT'S A NEWS VAN AHEAD. PULL IT OVER.



WHAT?

IT'S FOR THE PROFESSOR. GO!

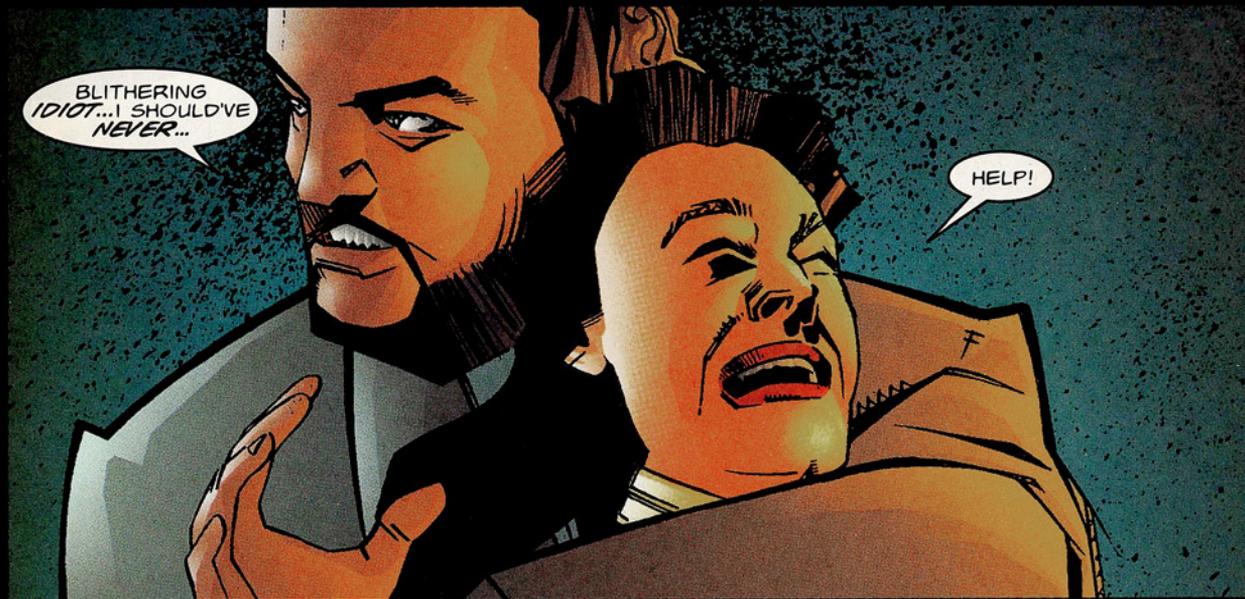






WHAT ARE YOU...?

MOVE IN! MOVE IN!



BLITHERING IDIOT... I SHOULD'VE NEVER...

HELP!



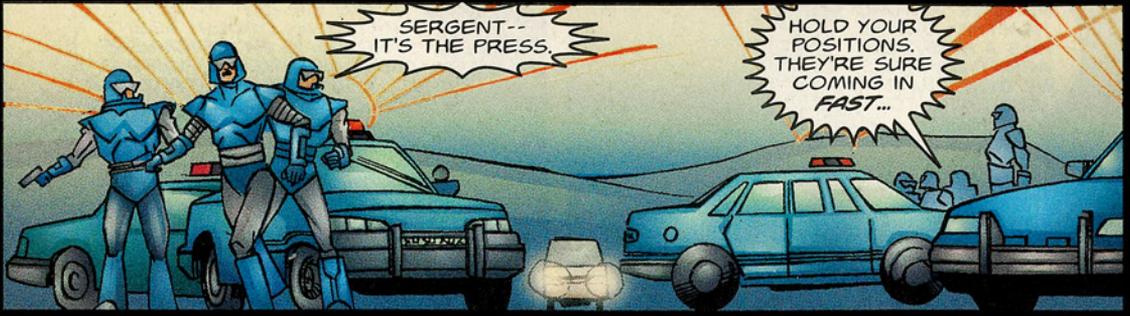
I'VE GOT A HOSTAGE!

GIVE UP ARTURO! YOU ARE SURROUNDED!



WE CAN'T RISK IT. MONICA SANDERS IS ONE OF OUR TOP AGENTS...

I'VE GOT A CLEAN SHOT, SIR. I CAN TAKE HIM OUT. JUST GIVE US THE WORD.

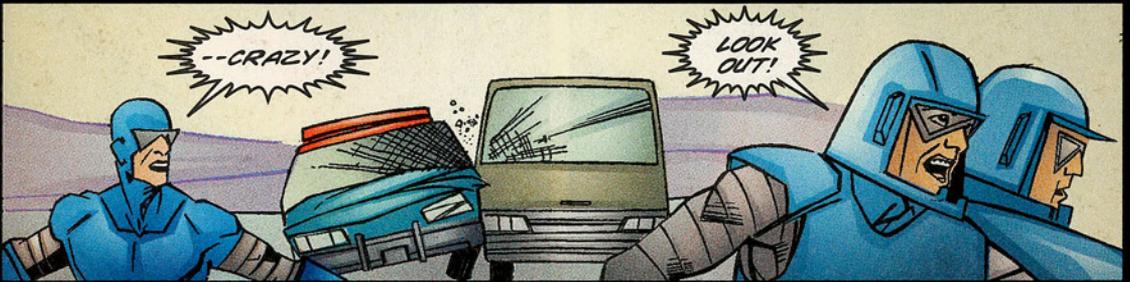


SERGENT--
IT'S THE PRESS.

HOLD YOUR
POSITIONS,
THEY'RE SURE
COMING IN
FAST...



QUINN,
ARE YOU--

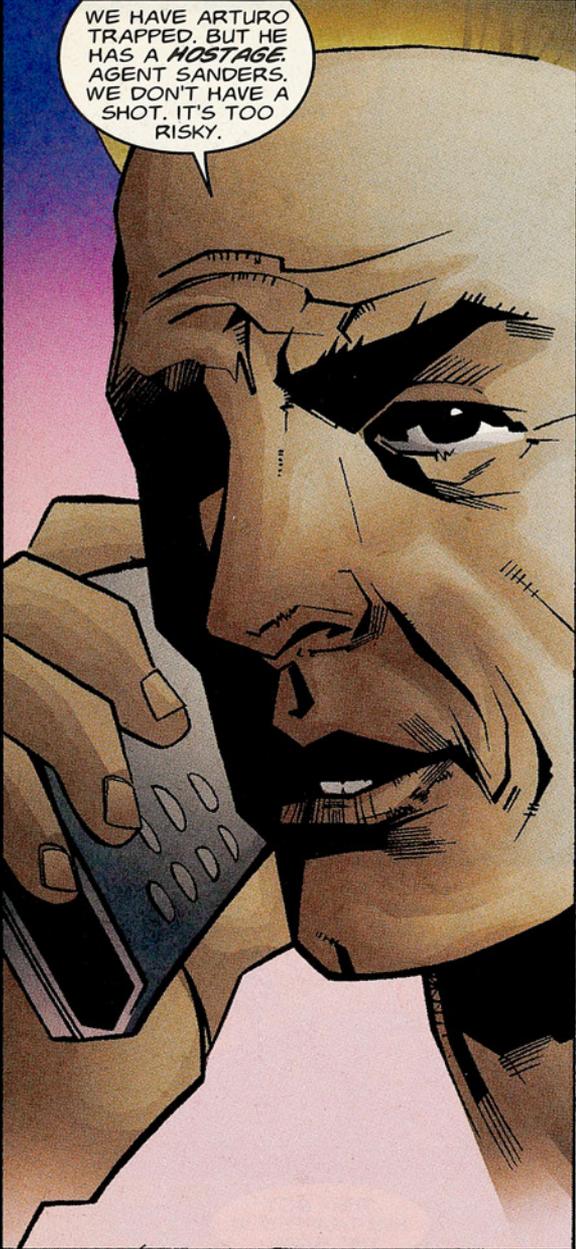


--CRAZY!

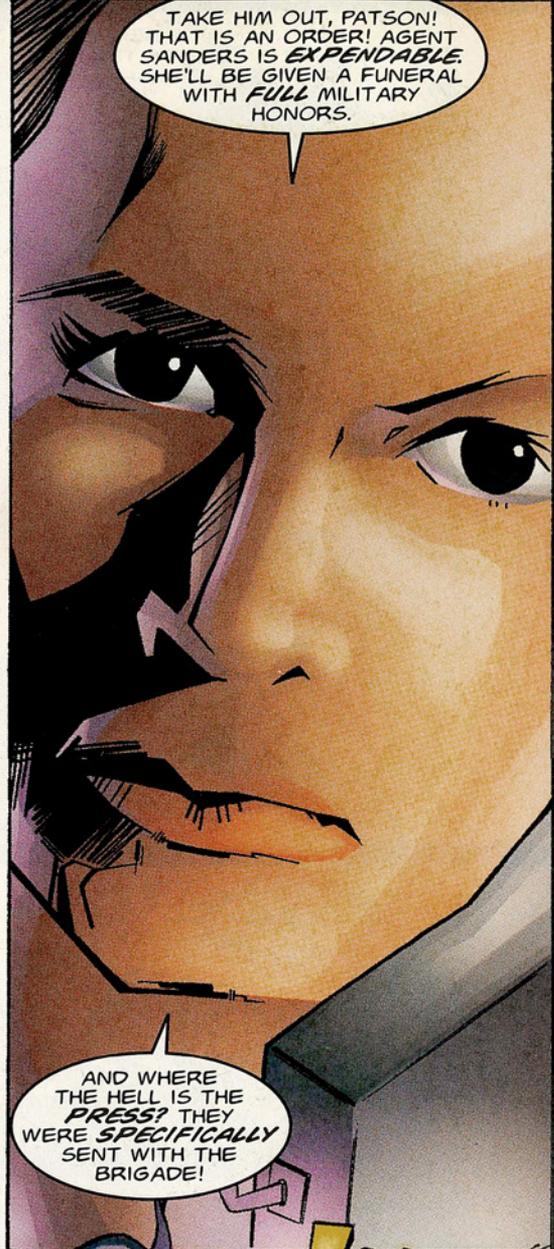
LOOK
OUT!



THEY GOT
HIM TRAPPED IN
THE BARN...



WE HAVE ARTURO TRAPPED. BUT HE HAS A *HOSTAGE*. AGENT SANDERS. WE DON'T HAVE A SHOT. IT'S TOO RISKY.



TAKE HIM OUT, PATSON! THAT IS AN ORDER! AGENT SANDERS IS *EXPENDABLE*. SHE'LL BE GIVEN A FUNERAL WITH *FULL* MILITARY HONORS.

AND WHERE THE HELL IS THE *PRESS*? THEY WERE *SPECIFICALLY* SENT WITH THE BRIGADE!







PATSON! KILL HIM! KILL HIM!
KILL HIM!

IT WILL BE THE
RUINATION
OF YOUR LIVES...



DROP YOUR
WEAPON,
OFFICER. WE'RE
LETTING THE MAN
SPEAK.

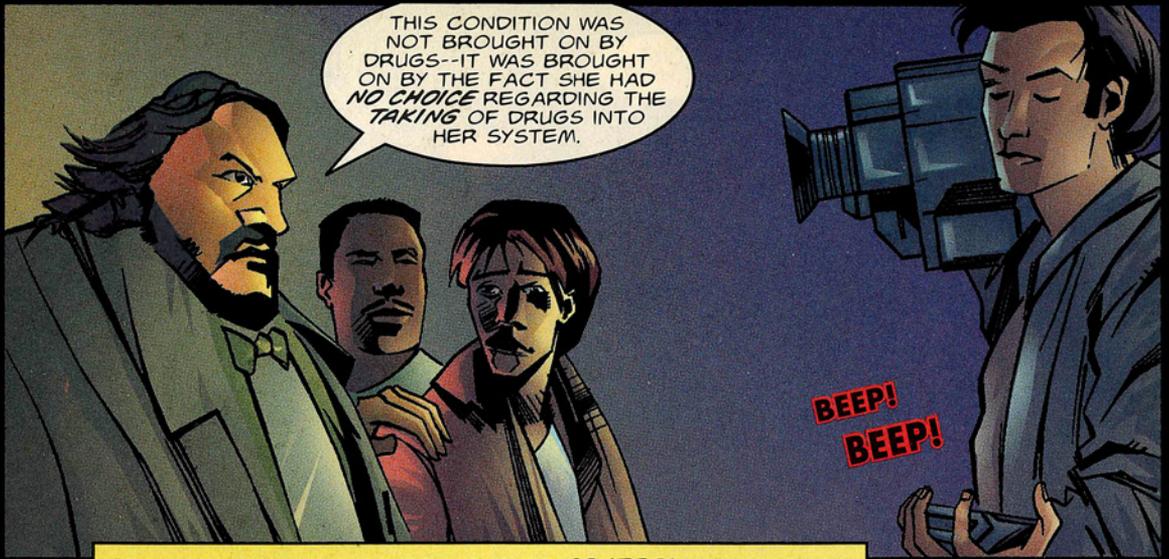


...MY
FRIEND WAS
NOT IMMUNE TO
THE AMOUNT OF
DRUGS YOUR
GOVERNMENT HAS
LACED INTO
YOUR FOOD.

OH MY
GOD...



"LOOK AT HER. A
MERE **DAY** IN YOUR
COUNTRY NEARLY
COST HER **LIFE!**"



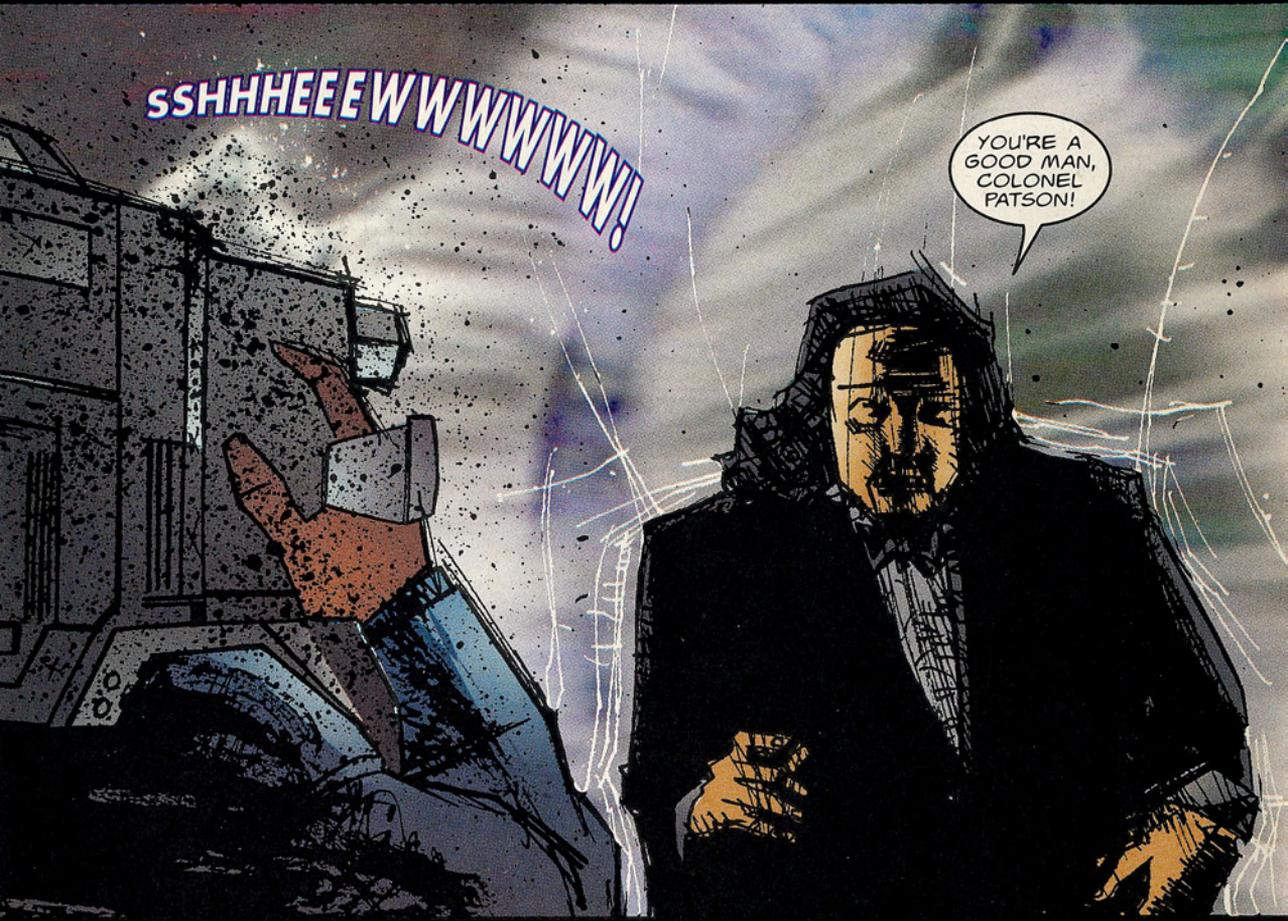
BEEP!
BEEP!

"DO NOT ALLOW THE GOVERNMENT TO CONTROL YOU THROUGH THE VERY FOOD YOU EAT. TO ALLOW THIS WATER BILL TO PASS WOULD MEAN THE DESTRUCTION OF YOUR SOCIETY."





IT'S TIME, PROFESSOR...



SSHHHEEEWWWWWWW!

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, COLONEL PATSON!



WHAT IN THE...

WHERE ARE YOU PEOPLE FROM?

A man with a mustache and long hair, wearing a yellow t-shirt, is seated at a desk in a dark, industrial environment. He is looking down at a computer monitor. In his right hand, he holds a syringe. The background is a large, dark, circular opening with a greenish glow. A speech bubble with a lightning bolt tail points to the man. The overall style is a high-contrast, grainy comic book illustration.

WHERE
ARE YOU
PEOPLE
FROM?

END.