

JL

Jerk League Comics present:
a KING-SIZED edition of:

AUG. 1980

KING-SIZED
SPACE WARS



SPACE WARS

APPROVED
BY
ME!

BY JEFF/AIRD



SNORT!



PEW!
PTOOIE!

BEEP!

JEFF/AIRD

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BY JERK LEAGUE COMICS
INC.

JLC CREATED BY BRIAN CHARD
AND JEFF LAIRD IN 1975

NOT SO LONG AGO,
IN A GALAXY NOT
SO FAR AWAY ---

SPACE WARS

WRITTEN BY JEFF LAIRD
ART: JEFF LAIRD
INK: SCOTT LAIRD
WITH KATHY LAIRD
COLOR: JEFF LAIRD
WITH SCOTT LAIRD
EDITOR: BRIAN CHARD
LETTERING: JEFF LAIRD
WITH BRIAN CHARD
BASED ON A STORY BY
BRIAN CHARD AND
JEFF LAIRD

THE TROUBLE STARTED WHEN TWO LITTLE PRINCES WERE FIGHTING OVER WHO WAS GOING TO GO TO THE BATHROOM FIRST. WELL, THEY FOUGHT SO LONG THAT NEITHER OF THEM MADE IT IN TIME, AND THEY BOTH WET THEIR PANTS!

NOW, THIS UPSET THEIR FATHER, THE KING, SO MUCH, THAT HE JUST KEELED OVER AND DIED! WHEN IT CAME TIME TO CHOOSE WHO WAS TO BE THE NEXT KING, THEY BOTH WANTED TO!

THE OLDER BROTHER WAS EVIL AND CUNNING. HE DECLARED HIMSELF EMPEROR, AND HAD HIS BROTHER THROWN IN PRISON. HE THEN BEGAN CONQUERING MANY STAR SYSTEMS, BUILDING HIS EVIL EMPIRE!

FOLLOWERS OF THE OTHER BROTHER HELPED HIM ESCAPE, AND HE BECAME THE LEADER OF A REBELLION AGAINST HIS EVIL BROTHER'S EMPIRE.

RIGHT NOW, ABOVE THE DESERT PLANET BABOONY, A REBEL SHIP IS BEING ATTACKED BY AN IMPERIAL STAR CRUISER.



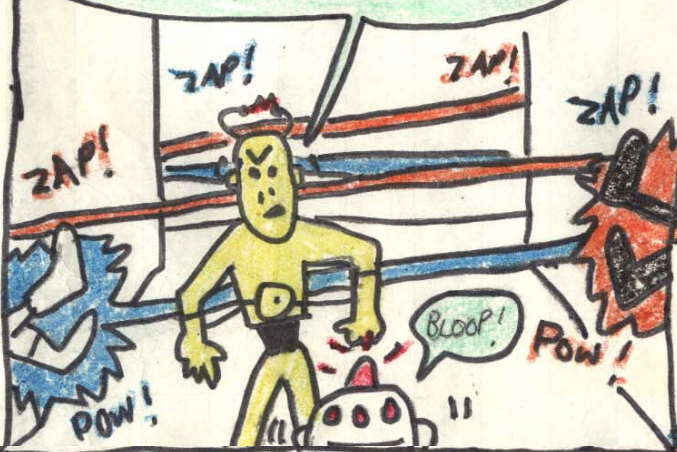
THE SMALL REBEL SHIP IS SOON OVER TAKEN BY THE GREAT STARSHIP, AND IS NOW BEING BOARDED BY THE RETARDED IMPERIAL STORM TRIPPERS ---



AMIDST THE FIRING BETWEEN THE REBELS AND THE STORM TRIPPERS, TWO LITTLE DROIDS MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE LIFE PODS. ONE, THE LARGER, IS CREEPIO, THE OTHER IS TOODUM ---



WE MUST HURRY TO THE LIFE PODS TO ESCAPE THESE INCOMPETENT HUMANS!



THE BIG DROID, HOWEVER, IS MUCH TOO SLOW FOR THE LITTLE ONE ---



TOODUM WAS ALMOST TO THE LIFEPODS WHEN HE WAS STOPPED BY PRINCESS LEATARD, A LEADER IN THE REBELLION, AND A CREEP ---



THE CREEP LEAVES AS CREEPIO FINDS TOODUM ---



THE TWO DROIDS ENTER THE POD AND ROCKET TOWARD THE PLANET BELOW ---



MEANWHILE, BACK ON THE SPACE SHIP, DORK RAIDER, AN EVIL LORD IN THE IMPERIAL FORCES, IS INTERROGATING A REBEL SOLDIER. ---

THE EVIL DORK RAIDER DRAWS THE POOR REBEL CLOSER TO HIS HIDEOUS MASK, AND BREATHES IN THE REBELS FACE ---



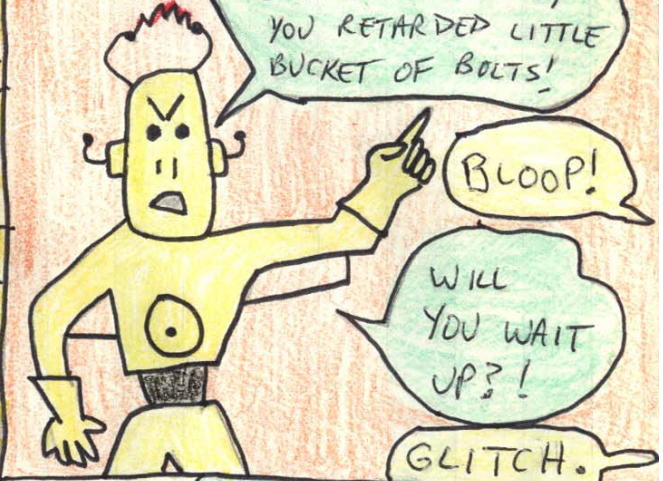
RAIDER'S BREATH IS TOO MUCH FOR THE REBEL ---

SEARCH THE SHIP! I WANT ALL PASSENGERS BROUGHT TO ME, ALIVE!



MEANWHILE, BELOW, ON THE DESERT PLANET BABOONIE ---

DONT CALL ME A KELLOGG'S BREAKFAST CEREAL, YOU RETARDED LITTLE BUCKET OF BOLTS!



MEANWHILE, ON THE WOUNDED REBEL CRAFT ---

MINE'S SET TO KILL!

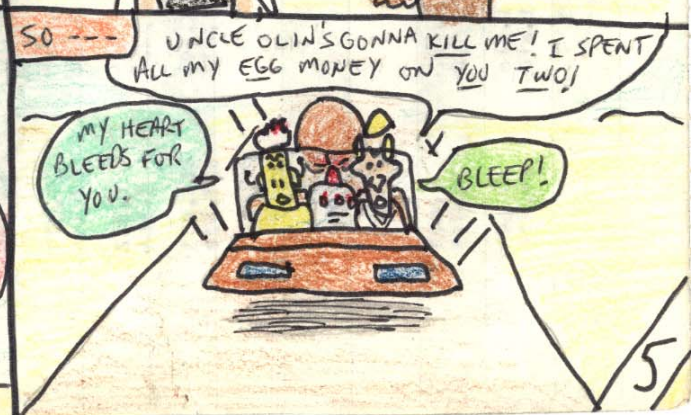
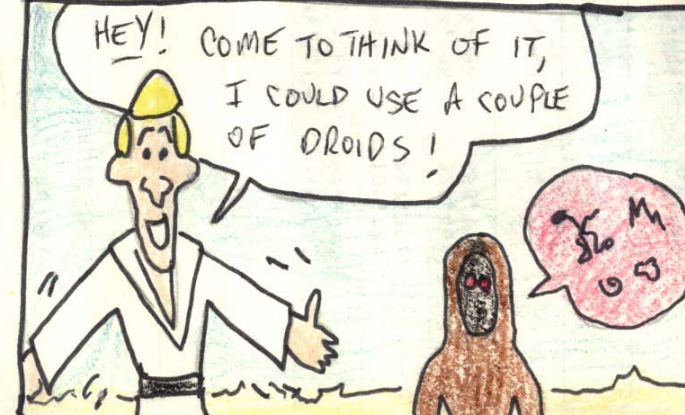
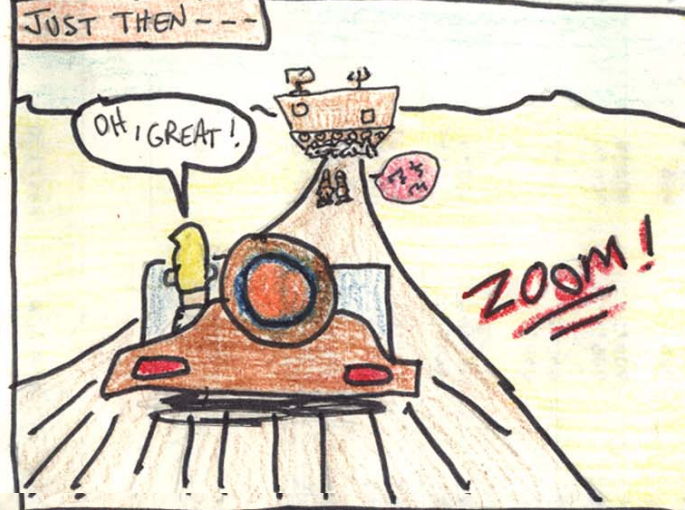
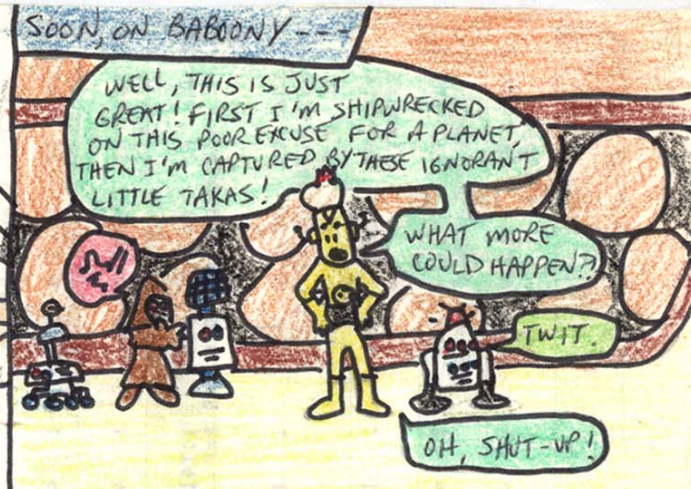


BUT, ONE OF THE STORM TRIPPERS GETS A LUCKY SHOT ---



MEANWHILE, ON BABOONY, ON THE DESERT FARM OF OLIN LIETALKER ---





AND, SOON ---

UNCLE OLIN, I'M HOME!

DID YOU GET THE EGGS, PUKE?

WELL ---

PUKE ---

WHERE ARE THE EGGS, PUKE?

WELL -UH- I GOT SOMETHING ELSE

WHAT!? PUKE!

KRUNCH!

UH-UM

--- I GOT THESE DROIDS INSTEAD.

PUKE!

YOU MEAN YOU DON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN AN EGG AND A DROID, PUKE!?

BLIP?

WELL --- UM ---

IF I TOLD YOU TO SUCK AN EGG, WOULD YOU SUCK A DROID, PUKE?!

UH- WELL ---

YOU WOULD, WOULDN'T YOU!?

UM--

NOW, TAKE THOSE DROIDS TO YOUR GARAGE!

OH! YOU'RE SO MEAN!

SNIFF!

I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO THROW ROCKS AT YOUR AVNT MAZOLA.

SO, IN THE GARAGE ---

NOW, YOU TWO STAY HERE TONITE, I'LL BE BACK TO CLEAN YOU UP IN THE MORNING.

I'LL BE COUNTING THE MINUTES.

BEEP-

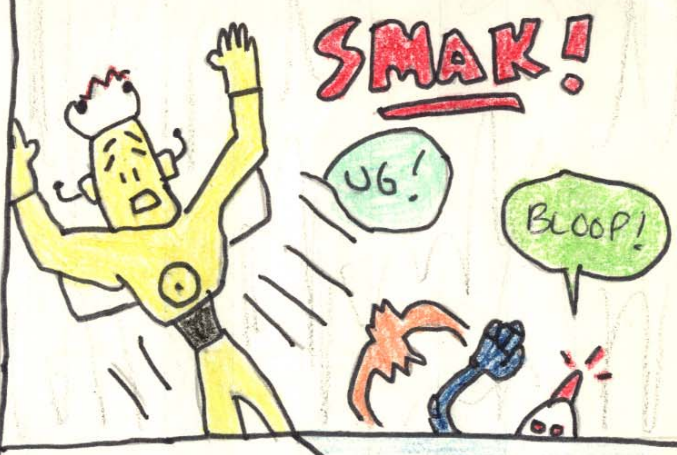
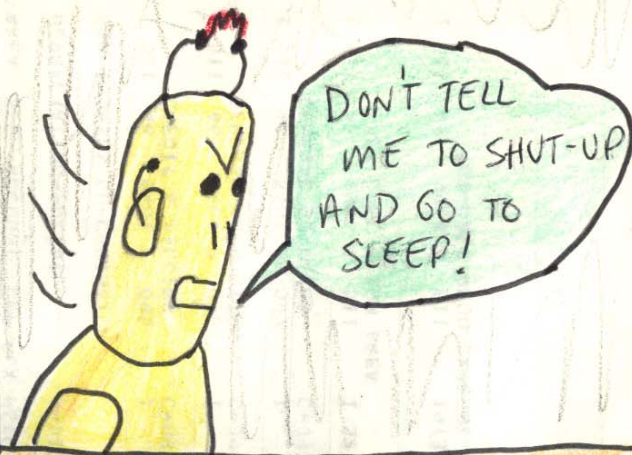
BUT ---

AND WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?!

BLIP! BLOOP! BRRAP!

MISSION? WHAT MISSION? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? COME BACK HERE!

SPLITCH!



MEANWHILE, SOMEWHERE IN DEEPSPACE, ABOARD THE EVIL IMPERIAL SPACE STATION, DEATH SPACE ---

BUT I EXPECT SOME RESULTS, SOON. I HOPE SO, FOR YOUR SAKE, RAIDER!



IF THOSE REBELS GET A HOLD OF THOSE PLANS TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF THIS SPACE STATION, WE'RE AS GOOD AS DEAD. AND IF THIS STATION IS DESTROYED I'LL SEE TO IT PERSONALLY THAT YOU, MY DEAR DORK, ARE THE FIRST TO DIE!

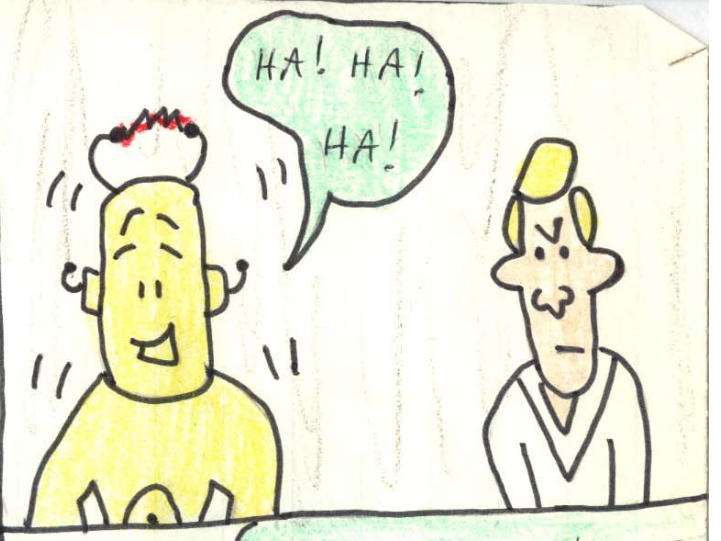
THE NEXT MORNING, ON BABOONY ---

CREEPIO! WHERE'S TOODUM?!



WHAT DO MEAN, YOU DON'T KNOW?!





ON BABOONY---

TELL ME, HOW IS IT TOODUM GOT OUT WITHOUT YOU KNOWING IT?

WELL, WE GOT IN A LITTLE FIGHT. HE TOLD ME ABOUT HIS MISSION. I TOLD HIM HE WAS AN IDIOT. HE HIT ME WITH A LEFT HOOK, AND---

WAIT! HOW COULD HE HAVE HIT YOU WITH A LEFT HOOK? HE DOESN'T HAVE ANY HANDS!

I DA KNOW

--- BUT YOU'D BETTER WATCH OUT FOR IT!

THERE'S TOODUM UP AHEAD!

BEEP! BEEP!

AND SO, AFTER THEY PICK UP THE LITTLE DROID---

SUDDENLY---

BUMP!

NOW, TOODUM, I DON'T EVER WANT YOU RUNNING OFF LIKE THAT AGAIN!

BLEEP

IT'S TOO LATE FOR APOLOGIES!

UG!

WHEE!

WOA!

I THINK I HIT SOMETHING.

REALLY?

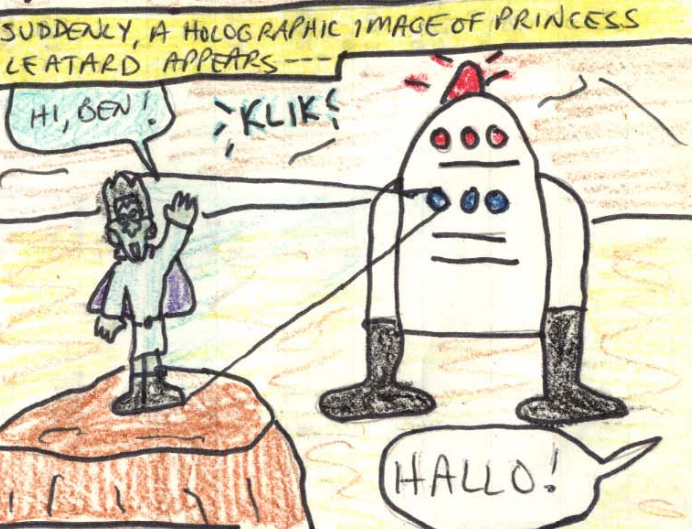
QUI?

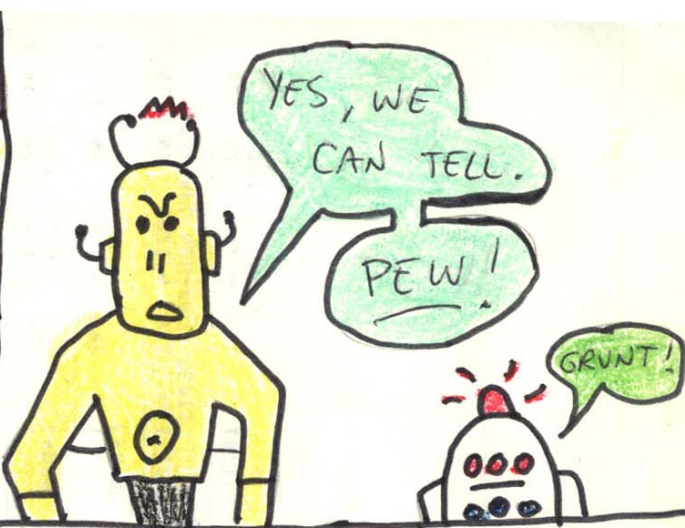
I'D SAY YOU HIT A SKUNK!

PEW! I'D SAY I HIT ABOUT 50 SKUNKS!

SHEESH!

P.U.

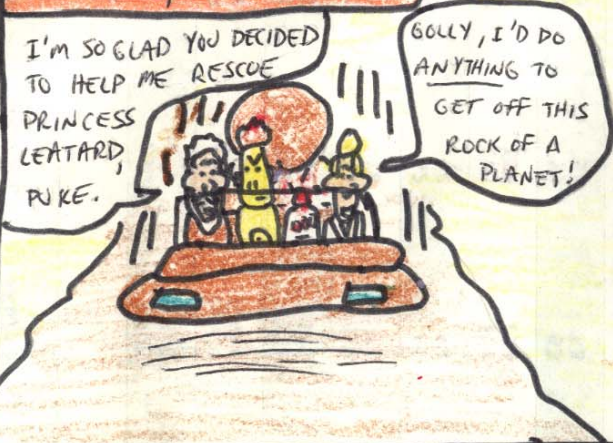




SOON, ON THE BRIDGE OF THE DEATH SPACE ---



MEANWHILE, ON BABOONY ---



SOON, IN A CITY ON BABOONY ---



WOW! I'VE NEVER BEEN IN A BAR BEFORE!



MEANWHILE, OFF IN ANOTHER CORNER OF THE BAR...



I'M LOOKING FOR A PILOT.
WELL, YOU FOUND ONE.
WHERE'RE YA HEADED?
I CAN'T TELL YOU THAT UNTIL WE'RE UNDER WAY.
OH...



... WELL THAT'LL COST YA. I'VE GOT A BIG DEBT TO PAY AND I'M NOT RUNNIN' OFF ON SOME WILD GOOSE CHASE FOR NUTHIN!
IT'LL COST YA 10,000 CREDITS.
10,000 CREDITS!



I ONLY HAVE 3000 CREDITS WITH ME, BUT I'LL PAY YOU 9000 AT THE JOURNEY'S END.

12,000 CREDITS, EH? WELL, OKAY. TEWIE, SHOW HIM HOW TO GET TO THE SHIP. I'LL BE THERE IN 'BOUT 15 MINUTES.

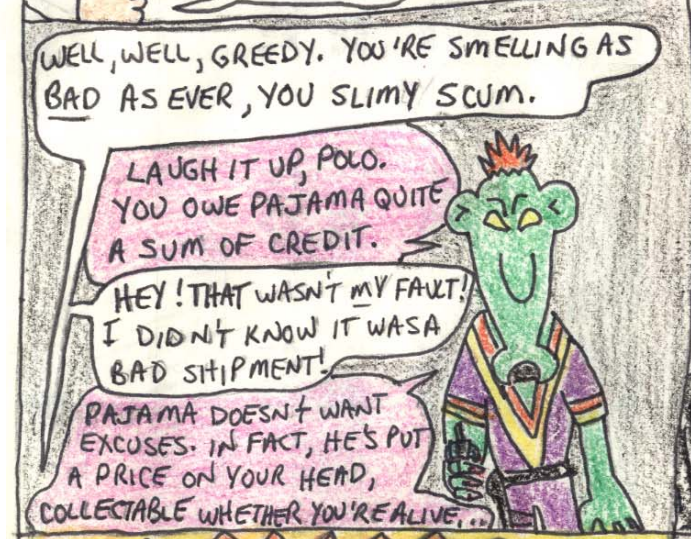
GRUNT!



MINUTES LATER ---

:GULP:

AH - STAN POLO. I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU. OR SHOULD I SAY, PAJAMA, THE BUTT, HAS BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU.



WELL, WELL, GREEDY. YOU'RE SMELLING AS BAD AS EVER, YOU SLIMY SCUM.

LAUGH IT UP, POLO. YOU OWE PAJAMA QUITE A SUM OF CREDIT.

HEY! THAT WASN'T MY FAULT! I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS A BAD SHIPMENT!

PAJAMA DOESN'T WANT EXCUSES. IN FACT, HE'S PUT A PRICE ON YOUR HEAD, COLLECTABLE WHETHER YOU'RE ALIVE...



--- OR DEAD!

AND I SUPPOSE YOU PLAN ON COLLECTING.

THAT'S RIGHT! AND SINCE IT DOESN'T MATTER WHETHER YOU'RE ALIVE OR NOT

BLAY



JERK.

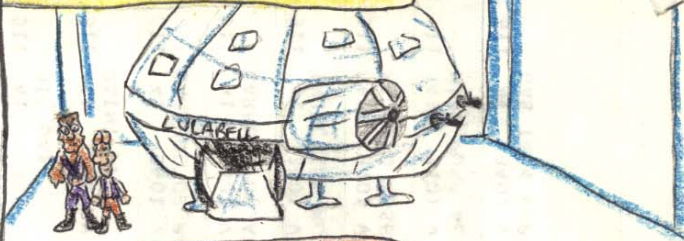
:GULP:

SOON ---

C'MON, PUKE, I FOUND US A PILOT. WE'RE TO MEET HIM AT HIS SHIP IN FIFTEEN MINUTES.



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER ---



WELL, THERE IT IS

OH, MY.



I'M STAN POLO. I'LL BE YOUR PILOT. DIS IS MY CO-PILOT, TEWBACCA. BUT YOU CAN CALL HIM ---



---TEWIE. PTOOIE!



HOW REPULSIVE.

I'M PUKE LIETALKER, YOU KNOW BEN. AND THESE ARE MY DROIDS, CREEPIO AND TOODUM.



LULABELL

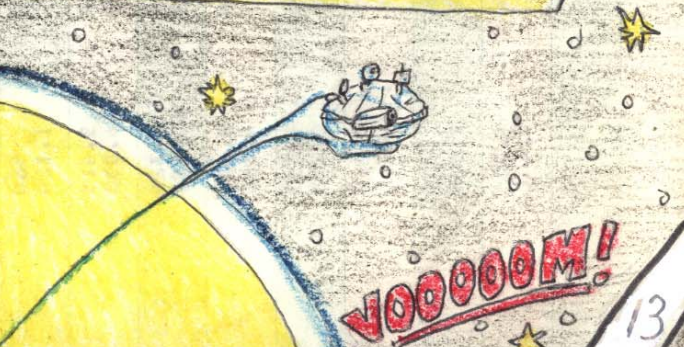
TELL ME, STAN, WHY DID YOU NAME YOUR SHIP LULABELL?



--- IT'S SUPPOSED TA BE "AGRICROMBY".



SOON, THE ROCKETSHIP BLASTS OFF ---



MEANWHILE, ON DEATH SPACE - - -

WELL, PRINCESS? THE PLANS ARE-- ARE--- THEY'RE ON --- BABOONY!!



THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO HEAR.

JENSON! FIRE UP THE LASERS!

YES, SIR.

WHAT?!



B-BUT YOU SAID IF I TOLD YOU THE INFORMATION YOU WOULDN'T DESTROY MY PLANET!

I LIED.



AND SO, THE MASSIVE CANNONS OF THE GIANT BATTLE STATION DESTROY THE ENTIRE PLANET WITH ONE BLAST - - -



MEANWHILE, ON THE SPACESHIP LULA BELL - - -

HERE PIKE, THIS WAS YOUR FATHER'S.

GOLLY, BEN, WHAT IS IT?



IT WAS YOUR FATHER'S ODOR SABER. YOU PRESS THE RED BUTTON, AND IT CONDENSES THE STRONGEST ODORS INTO A FINE BEAM. YOU CAN CUT THROUGH NEARLY ANYTHING WITH IT.

GEE - - -



WOW!

OH, NEAT!

BE CAREFUL WITH THAT, PIKE. IT'S NOT A TOY.



TELL ME BEN, HOW WELL DID YOU KNOW MY FATHER?

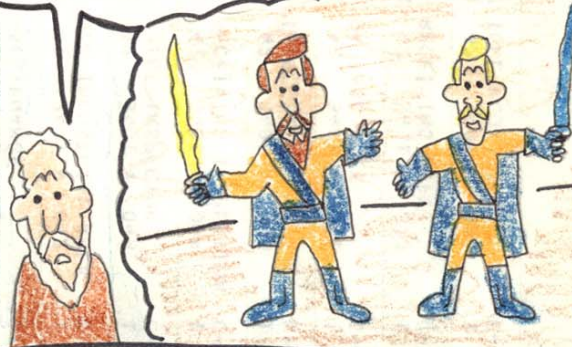
OH - WE WERE VERY CLOSE FRIENDS. IN FACT, I WAS WITH HIM WHEN HE DIED.



HOW DID HE DIE,
BEN?

WELL ---

WHEN I WAS YOUNGER, YOUR FATHER AND I WERE
ODOR KNIGHTS. WE USED THE FARCE FOR GOOD.



"I WAS TRAINING A YOUNG ODOR KNIGHT, A MAN
CALLED DORK RAIDER! HE WAS VERY GOOD.
BUT, HE DECIDED TO USE THE DARK SIDE OF THE
FARCE! HE TEAMED WITH THE EMPEROR AND
BECAME EVIL!"



"HE BETRAYED THE ODOR KNIGHTS, AND KILLED
YOUR FATHER!"



HEH!
HEH!



HEH!
HEH!



"WHEN HE TRIED TO KILL ME, I KNOCKED HIM
INTO THE GREAT PIT OF BAD SMELL ---"



"I THOUGHT HIM TO BE DEAD, BUT, SOMEHOW,
HE LIVED! BUT NOW HE MUST WEAR A
SPECIAL SUIT TO KEEP HIMSELF ALIVE."



I SWEAR, SOMEHOW, I'LL AVENGE
MY FATHER'S DEATH!

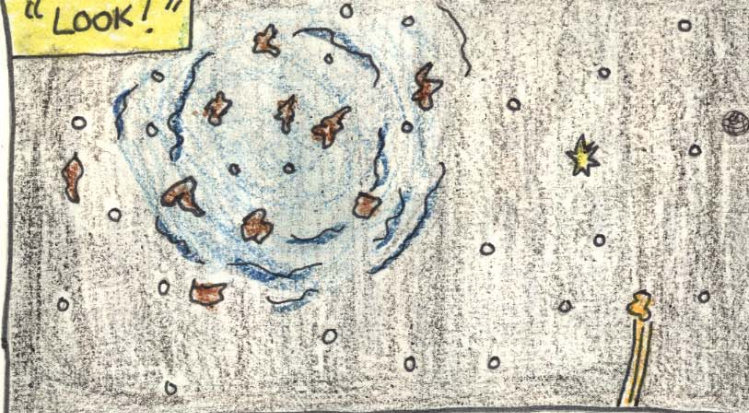
DIA PLANET DAT'S SUPPOSED TA BE STRAIGHT
AHEAD --- ISN'T THERE!



DAT'S THE LEAST OF
OUR WORRIES NOW,
KID!



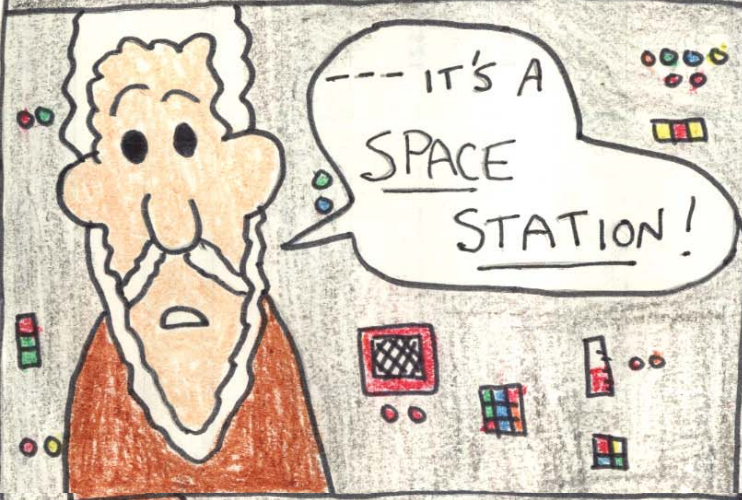
"LOOK!"



WAIT! LOOK AT DAT OVER THERE! IT LOOKS LIKE A SMALL MOON, BUT IT ISN'T!

MAYBE IT'S A TURD!

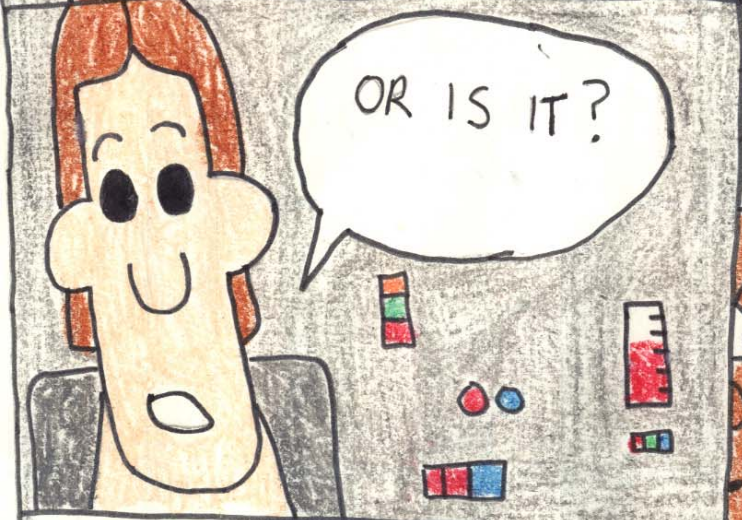
THAT'S NO TURD ---



--- IT'S A SPACE STATION!



IT COULDN'T BE A SPACE STATION! IT'S TOO BIG!



OR IS IT?



LET'S GET OUTTA HERE.

YEAH, YEAH, DAT'S A GOOD IDEA.



OH, NO!

WHAT'S THE MATTER?



WE'RE BEING SUCKED IN!

WELL THEY'RE NOT TAKIN' STAN POLO IN WITHOUT A FIGHT! SET THE LASERS, TEWIE!



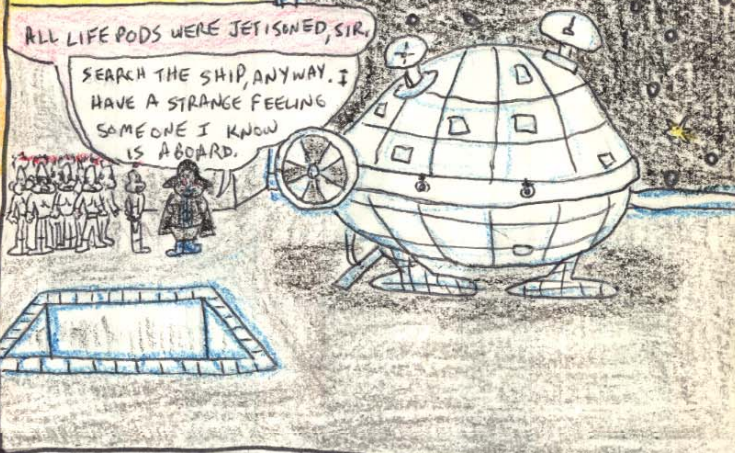
IT'S SUICIDE TO GO IN FIGHTING!



---YES!



MINUTES LATER---



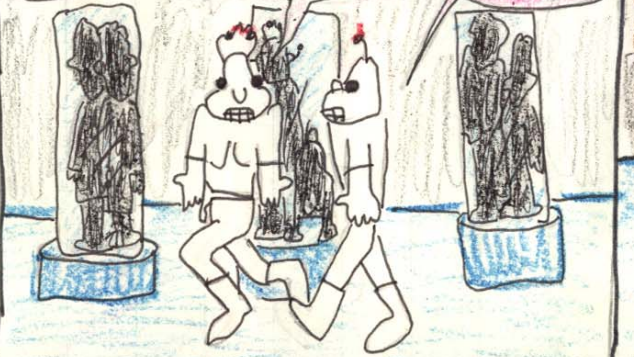
MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE SHIP---



SHHH! HERE THEY COME!



GEE, I WONDER WHERE THEY ARE? I DA KNOW?



SOON ---

GEE, THEY'LL NEVER RECOGNIZE US NOW! :prook:-

YEAH!

YOU THREE GO RESCUE THE PRINCESS. I'LL GO TURN OFF THE TRACTOR BEAM THAT'S HOLDING US HERE AND FIGURE OUT A WAY TO DESTROY THIS STATION!

RIGHT!

AND WHAT ABOUT US?

SQUEAL.

YOU AND TOODUM STAY HERE, CREEPIO. PLUG INTO THE MASTER COMPUTER AND KEEP IN TOUCH WITH US. WE MAY NEED YOU.

MEANWHILE, ON THE BRIDGE ---

DO YOU SMELL ANYTHING --- STRANGE, COMMANDER BARE IN ?

ONLY YOU, DORK.

NO, SOMETHING --- SOMETHING DIFFERENT!

I'VE NOT SMELLED THAT ODDOR IN MANY YEARS.

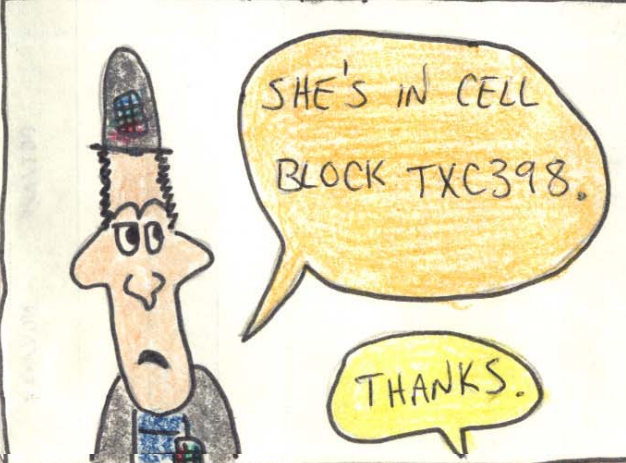
NO, RAIDER. BUT THEN, YOUR NOSE ALWAYS HAS BEEN MORE SENSITIVE THAN ANYONE ELSE I KNOW.

SNIFF
SNIFF

I WONDER ---

SOON, IN THE SECURITY SECTION ---

UH-WE'RE HERE TO PICK UP ONE 'PRINCESS LEATARD.'





OH - WHAT IS IT?!

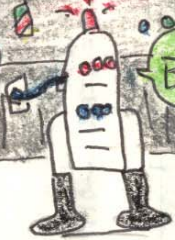
MASTER COMPUT

HAVE HIM SHUT DOWN ALL GARBAGE COMPRESSERS!

IS TOODUM PLUGGED INTO THE MASTER COMPUTER?!

YES.

BEEP.



ZAT!

YEOW!

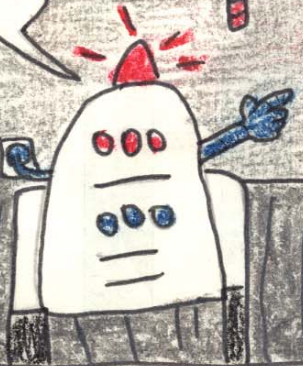
GARBAGE SHUT-DOWN
GARBAGE SHOCK
GARBAGE DOOR OPEN



OOPS!

GARBAGE SHUT-DOWN
GARBAGE SHOCK
GARBAGE DOOR OPEN

CREEPIO!!



MEANWHILE ---

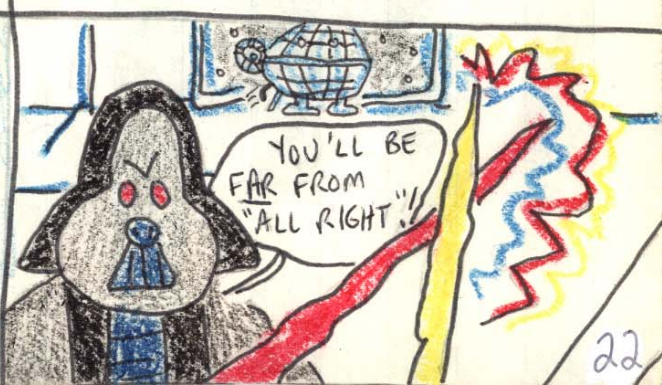
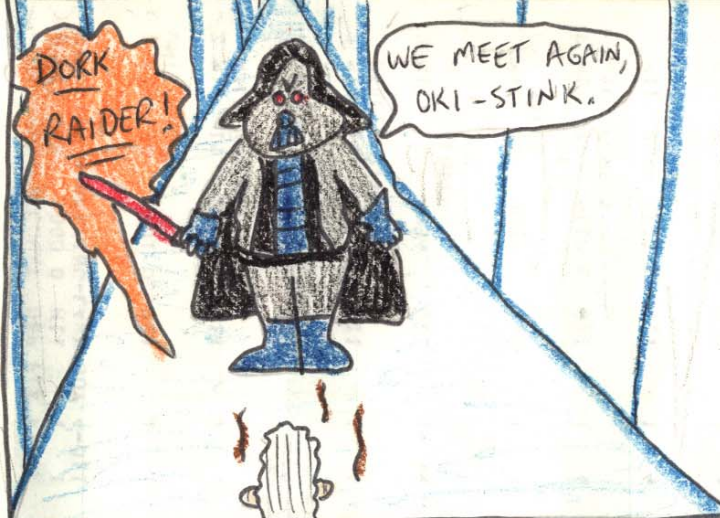
SMIFF
SMIFF

I WAS AFRAID OF THIS.

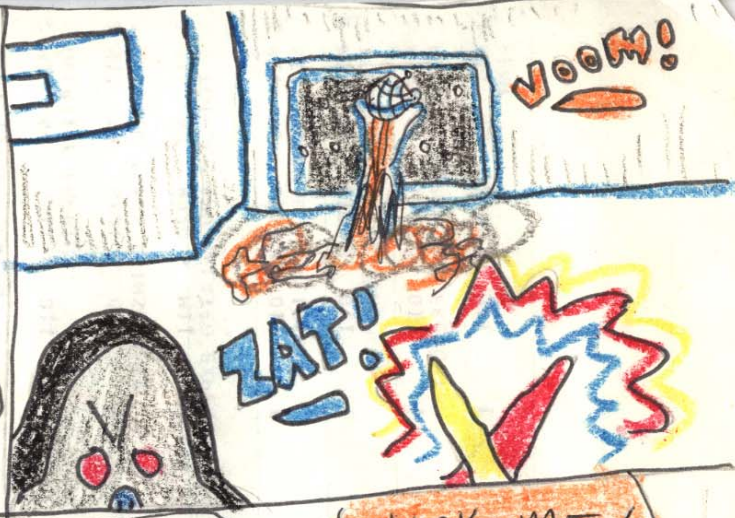


BZZZ

GARBAGE SHUT-D

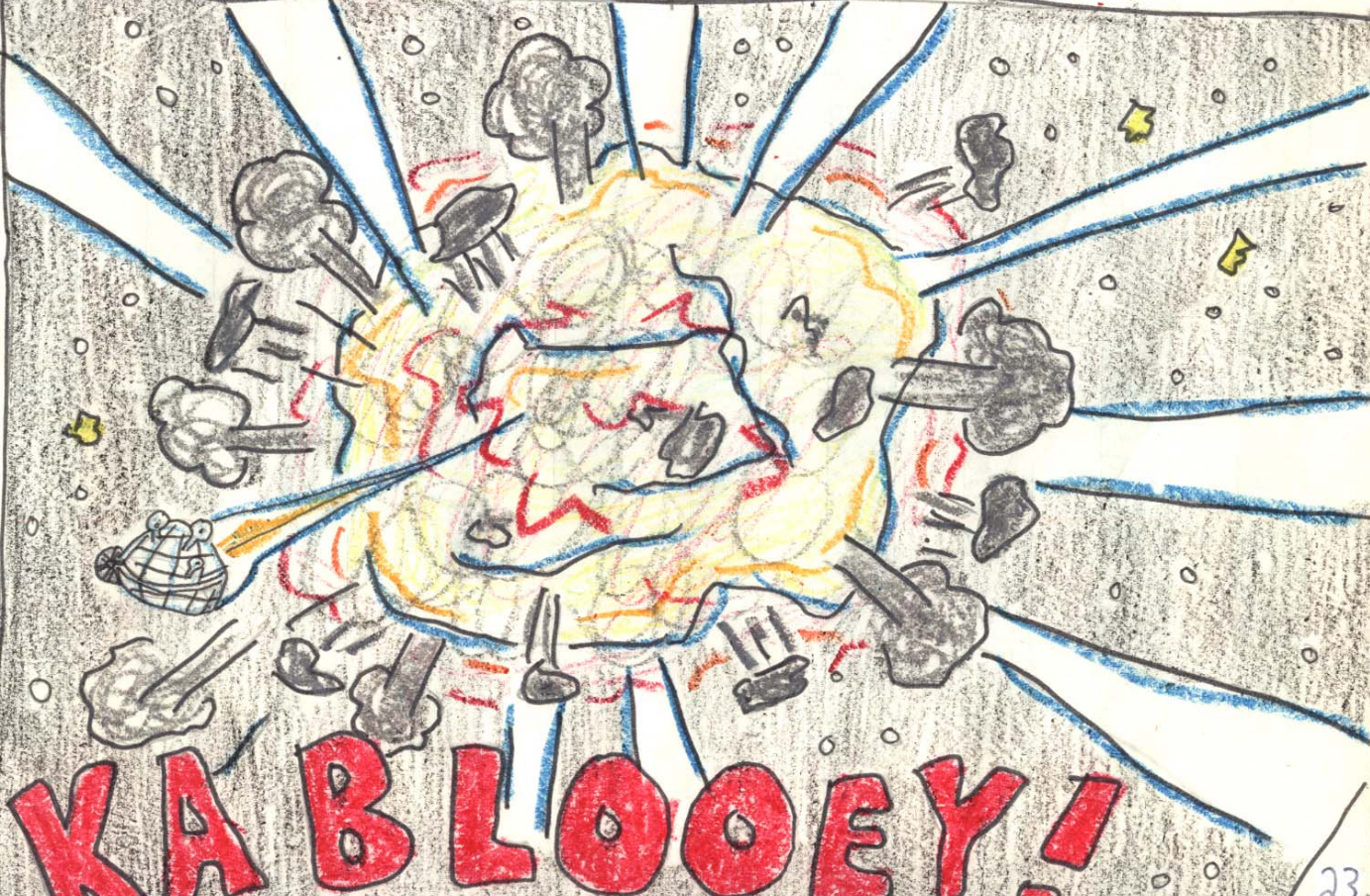


YOU MAY CUT ME DOWN, DORK,
BUT I WILL
ONLY BECOME
STRONGER
WITH THE
FARCE!
HA!



OKAY, DORK!
NOW'S YOUR
CHANCE!
KLIK!

HEH! HEH!
KICK ME!
KLIK!



I'M AFRAID BEN'S GONNA BE WITH ALL OF US FOR A LONG, LONG TIME.

YEAH, IT KINDA SMELLS THAT WAY.

HEY! HOW WOULD YOU THREE LIKE TO HELP ME WITH THE REBELLION?

SURE!

ALL RIGHT!

GRUNT!

PTOOEE!

AND WHAT ABOUT US?

BLEEP?

OH-WELL, YOU'LL COME WITH US, OF COURSE!

MEANWHILE---

OH - GOODY.

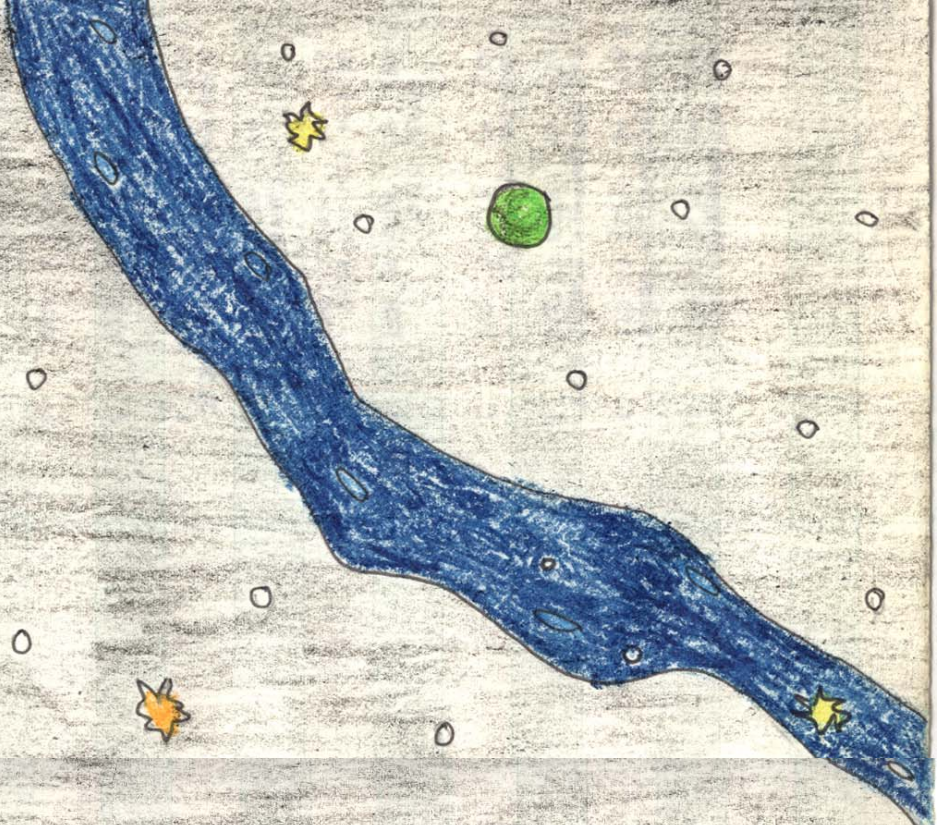
IT'S COMPLETELY DESTROYED!!! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN FINOKI HAD SOMETHING UP HIS --- "SLEEVE," AS IT WERE.

MY SPECIAL SUIT SAVED ME AND IS KEEPING ME ALIVE, BUT---

---I'VE STILL GOT THIS CRAP ALL OVER MY BOOT! GRUNT! SNORT!



ZOOM!



**THE
END**

GRUNT!
SNORT!



8-12-80



25

DON'T MISS:

**SPACE
THE
EMPIRE
SMELLS BAD
WARS**

THE SATIRE CONTINUES!