

Image
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MAY US



Moonshine Bigfoot



HOWARD • MARLOW • ELLIS • DANIEL • KNOX

ELLIS

AFTER
HILDEBRANDT



THIS IS THE STORY OF TWO VERY DIFFERENT BOYS.



ONE GREW UP WITH LOTS OF LOVE AND LITTLE ELSE.



THE OTHER HAD, LITERALLY, EVERYTHING BUT.



AND AS LOYAL SONS DO...



...THEY TOOK OVER THE FAMILY BUSINESS.

THESE TWO FELLAS DON'T EVEN REALIZE THEY ARE THE ARCHENEMIES.

SET AGAINST EACH OTHER BY FATE.

DESTINED TO DO BATTLE.

SOUNDS PRETTY SERIOUS, IF YOU ASK ME.



Ellis



REPORT.

MY LORD,
WE ARE CONTINUING
THE SEARCH FOR THE
CHUPACABRA.

THE
MALFUNCTIONING
CONTROL CHIP IS SENDING
A FAINT SIGNAL, BUT
IT'S TOO INCONSISTENT
TO TRACK.

IT'S THE
GIFT OF THE
CRYPTIDS TO BE
ELUSIVE.



OK, FIRST
OFF, I REALLY
DON'T LIKE "MY
LORD."

IT'S
WEIRD.

"SIR",
"BOSS" OR
EVEN JUST
"BIG LEVEL"
IS FINE!

WE
SENT OUT
A COMPANY
MEMO.



I'M
SO SORRY,
MY LO--
--SIR.

THERE
HAVE BEEN
A LOT OF
CHANGES
LATELY.

WE
KNOW HOW
YOUR FATHER
HANDLED BAD
NEWS.



YES!

THAT IS
WHY THIS WORLD-
WIDE CONSPIRACY
HAS BEEN STUCK IN
A RUT!

WE CAN'T
JUST GO
MURDERING
EMPLOYEES
OVER BAD NEWS
ANYMORE.

WE AREN'T
BARBARIANS.

IT HAS
DONE WONDERS
FOR MORALE,
UH, SIR.



FOR YOUR
SERVICE, REPORT TO
DR. MURIKA FOR ROBOTIC
ENHANCEMENT.

IMMEDIATELY.

PLEASE,
I HAVE
A FAMILY.

YOU
HAVE YOUR
ORDERS.

NEXT
TIME--
--READ THE
MEMOS.



IT
WILL BE
FINE.

THE
ODDS OF
CATASTROPHE
DECREASE
EVERY DAY.

AND
YOUR KIDS WILL
BE THRILLED TO
BE THE FIRST
FAMILY ON THE
BLOCK WHOSE DAD
HAS A COMPUTER
BRAIN.

BUT
ENOUGH FUN,
LET'S TALK
MOONSHINE.

WE HAVE A VERY SMALL AMOUNT OF BACKWOODS MOONSHINE...

...BREWED BY A CREATURE COLLOQUIALLY KNOWN AS A "BIGFOOT"...

...AND, WHEN INGESTED, THIS SUBSTANCE CAUSES SUBJECTS TO SUDDENLY AND VIOLENTLY BECOME AWARE OF OUR ORGANIZATION, AND INFLUENCE ON WORLD AFFAIRS.

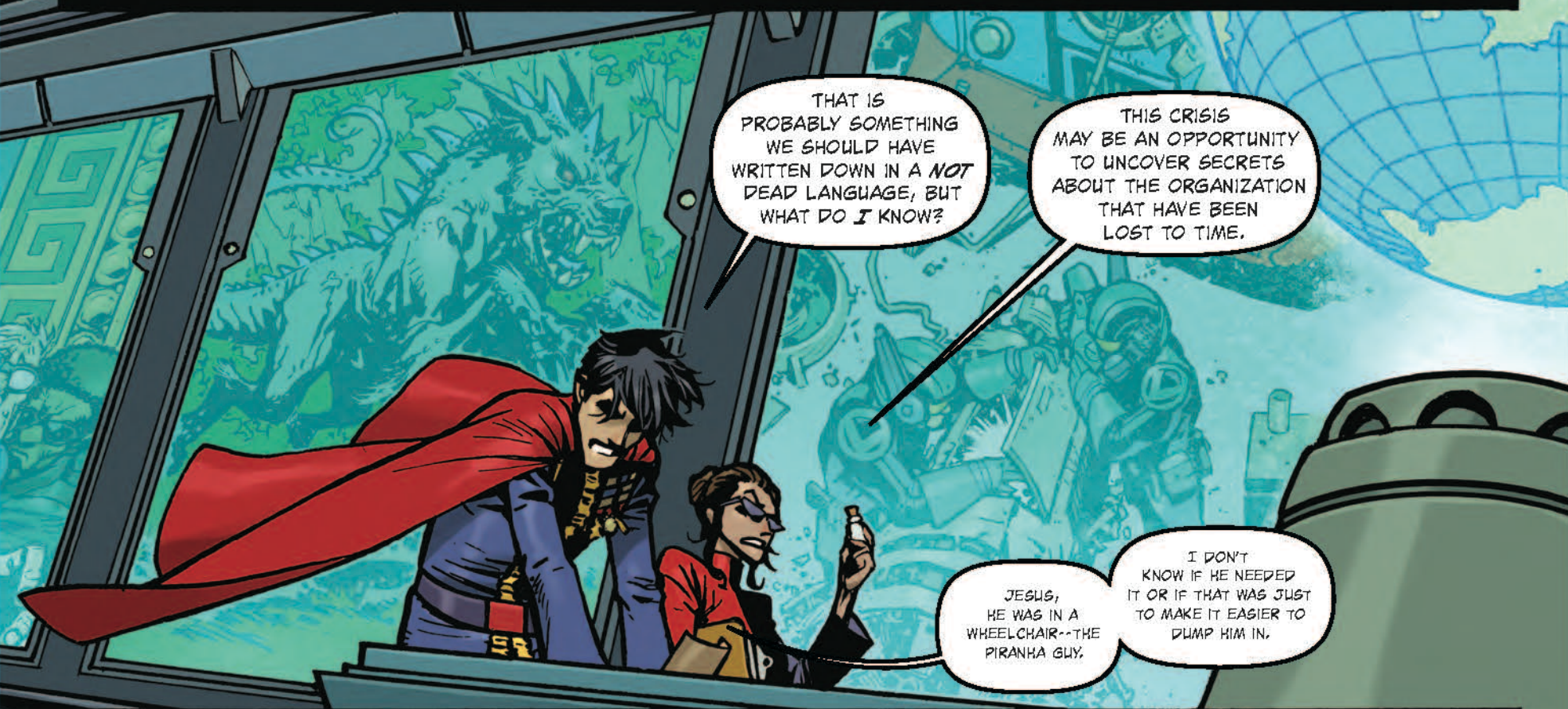


THIS IS ESPECIALLY A PROBLEM WHEN A DRUNKEN SENATOR GOES ON TV RANTING ABOUT THE *BIG LEVEL*. KNOWING WE EXIST IS WAY ABOVE HIS PAY GRADE.



WHEN I WAS A KID, MY DAD MADE ME LEARN SIX DEAD LANGUAGES AND 34 SECRET HANDSHAKES.

WHEN I WAS NINE, I HAD TO PUSH A GUY INTO A POOL FILLED WITH PIRANHAS, BUT HE NEVER *REALLY* TAUGHT ME HOW ANY OF *THIS* WORKS.

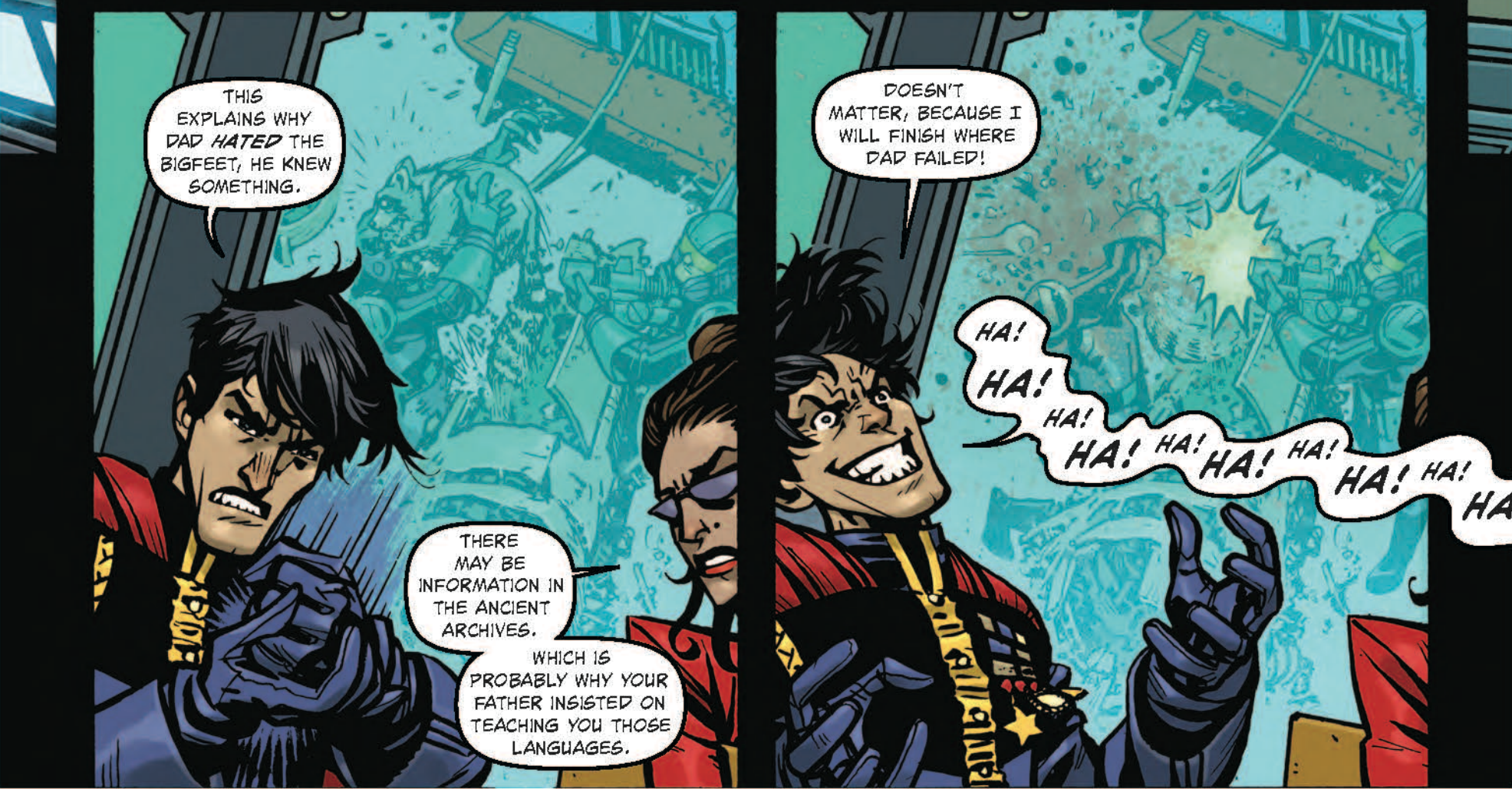


THAT IS PROBABLY SOMETHING WE SHOULD HAVE WRITTEN DOWN IN A *NOT* DEAD LANGUAGE, BUT WHAT DO I KNOW?

THIS CRISIS MAY BE AN OPPORTUNITY TO UNCOVER SECRETS ABOUT THE ORGANIZATION THAT HAVE BEEN LOST TO TIME.

JESUS, HE WAS IN A WHEELCHAIR--THE PIRANHA GUY.

I DON'T KNOW IF HE NEEDED IT OR IF THAT WAS JUST TO MAKE IT EASIER TO DUMP HIM IN.



THIS EXPLAINS WHY DAD *HATED* THE BIGFEET, HE KNEW SOMETHING.

DOESN'T MATTER, BECAUSE I WILL FINISH WHERE DAD FAILED!

THERE MAY BE INFORMATION IN THE ANCIENT ARCHIVES.

WHICH IS PROBABLY WHY YOUR FATHER INSISTED ON TEACHING YOU THOSE LANGUAGES.

HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!