

ALL-NEW STORIES!

THE RADIO ADVENTURES OF MATT AND AALGAR

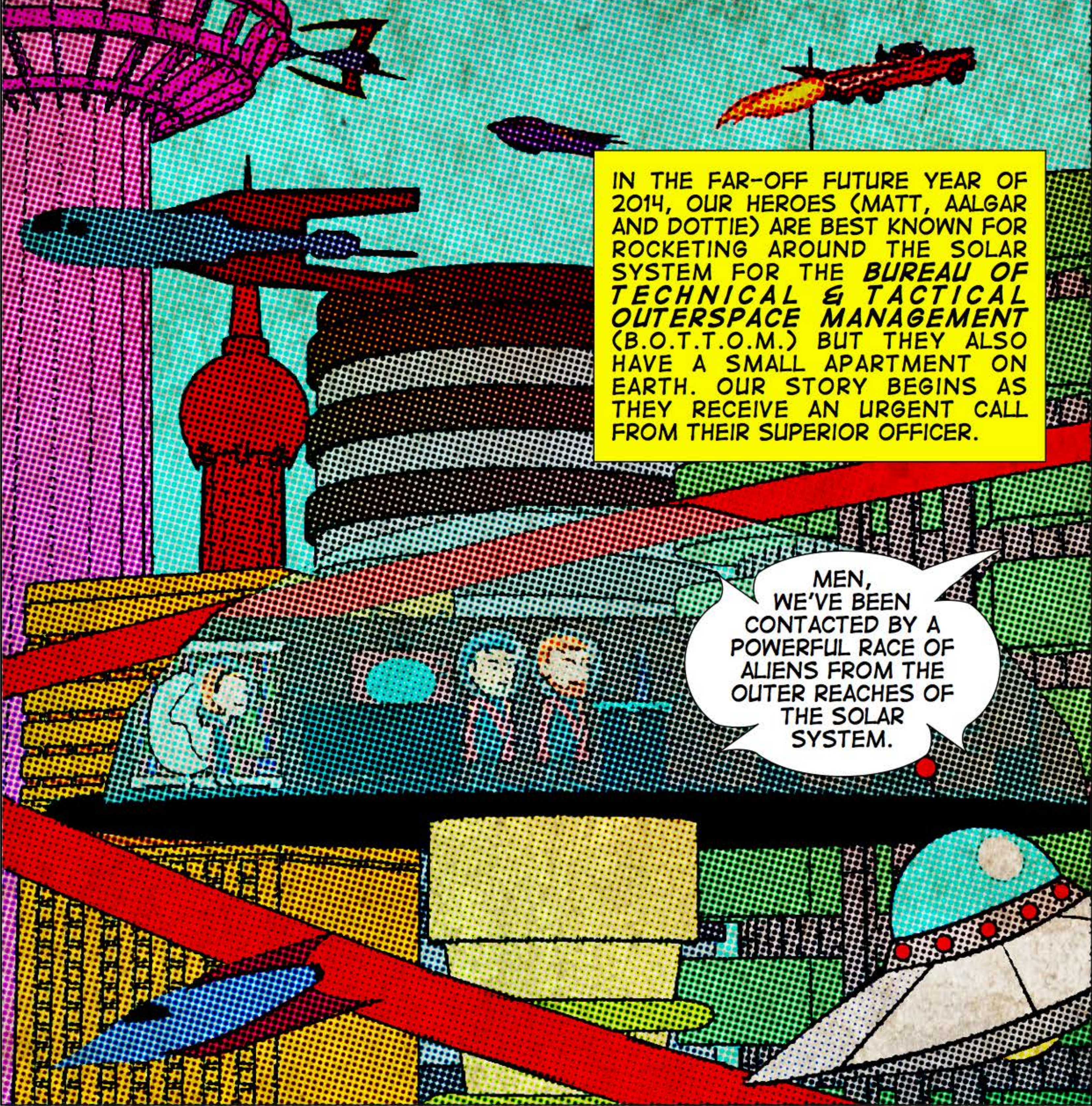
WE DEMAND THE STARS OF "THE
RADIO ADVENTURES OF MATT AND
AALGAR" ... OR WE WILL DESTROY THE
EARTH WITH OUR MIGHTY FLYING
SAUCER ARMADA!

FEATURING

"THE ALIEN
ULTIMATUM"




WILL OUR HEROES GIVE IN TO THE
DEMANDS OF THESE HOSTILE MOON MEN
FROM BEYOND THE SOLAR SYSTEM?
DO THEY HAVE ANY CHOICE?




IN THE FAR-OFF FUTURE YEAR OF 2014, OUR HEROES (MATT, AALGAR AND DOTTIE) ARE BEST KNOWN FOR ROCKETING AROUND THE SOLAR SYSTEM FOR THE **BUREAU OF TECHNICAL & TACTICAL OUTERSPACE MANAGEMENT** (B.O.T.T.O.M.) BUT THEY ALSO HAVE A SMALL APARTMENT ON EARTH. OUR STORY BEGINS AS THEY RECEIVE AN URGENT CALL FROM THEIR SUPERIOR OFFICER.

MEN,
WE'VE BEEN
CONTACTED BY A
POWERFUL RACE OF
ALIENS FROM THE
OUTER REACHES OF
THE SOLAR
SYSTEM.




THEY'VE
THREATENED TO
DESTROY THE EARTH IF WE
DON'T SEND THEM THE
STARS OF **THE RADIO
ADVENTURES OF MATT
AND AALGAR!**



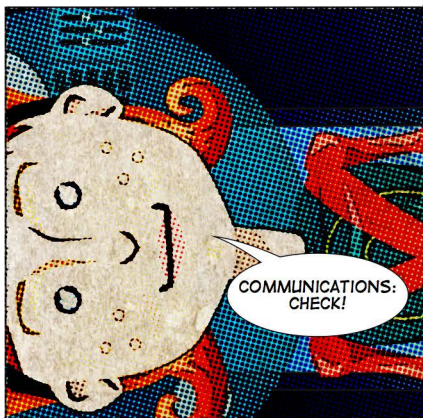
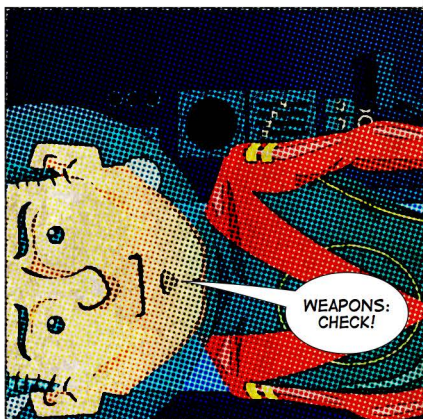
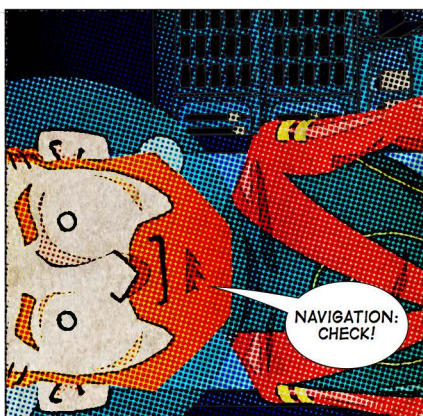
I CAN'T BE
SURE, BUT THIS
SOUNDS LIKE IT
MIGHT BE A
TRAP.

ON THE OTHER
HAND, IT WOULDN'T
BE TERRIBLY HEROIC
OF US TO REFUSE.
WE'RE ON OUR WAY,
CHIEF!

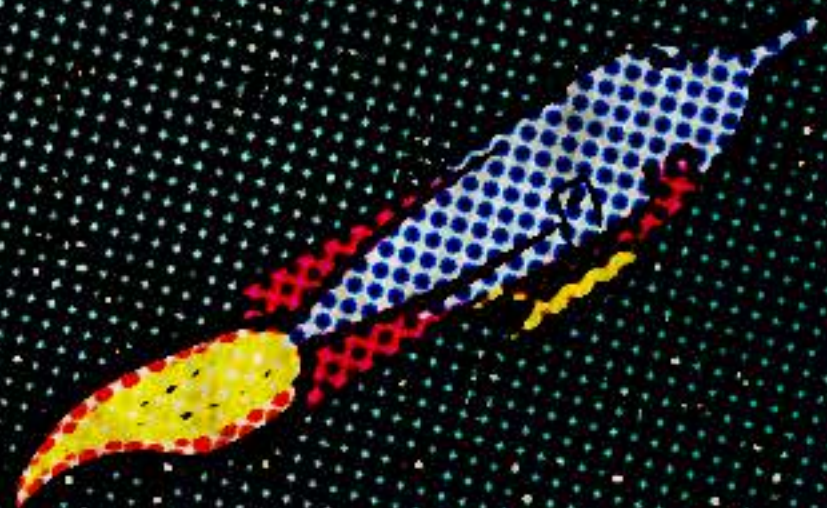


THE HEROIC TRIO
RACE TO THEIR
WAITING ROCKET...

...AND RUN THROUGH
THEIR FINAL PRE-
TAKEOFF CHECKLIST!



WITH THEIR DUE DILIGENCE DULY PERFORMED, AALGAR POINTS THE ROCKET TOWARD THE OUTER REACHES OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM!



WHAT I CAN'T FIGURE OUT IS WHO WOULD WANT TO HURT ANYONE BECAUSE OF US!

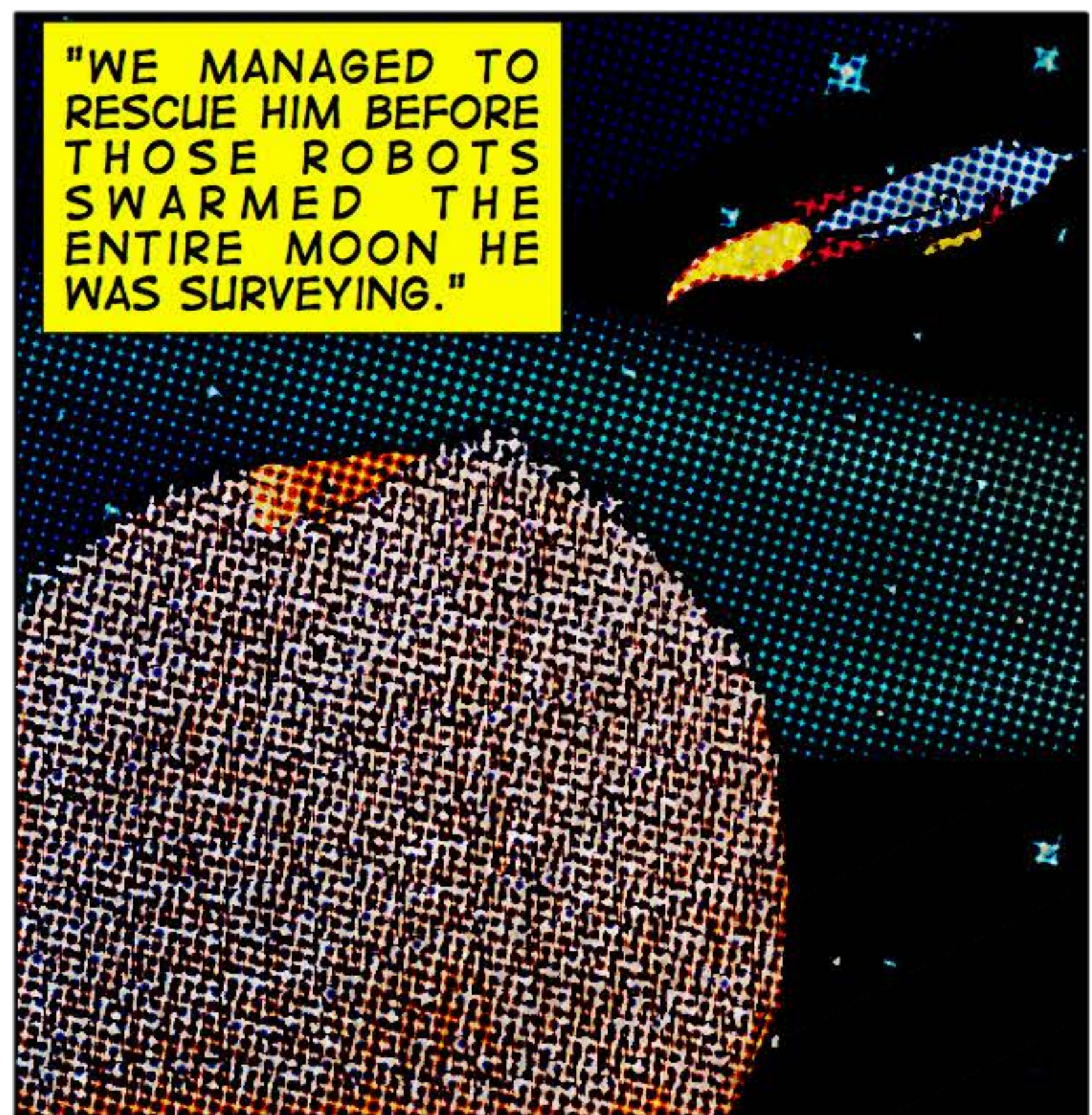
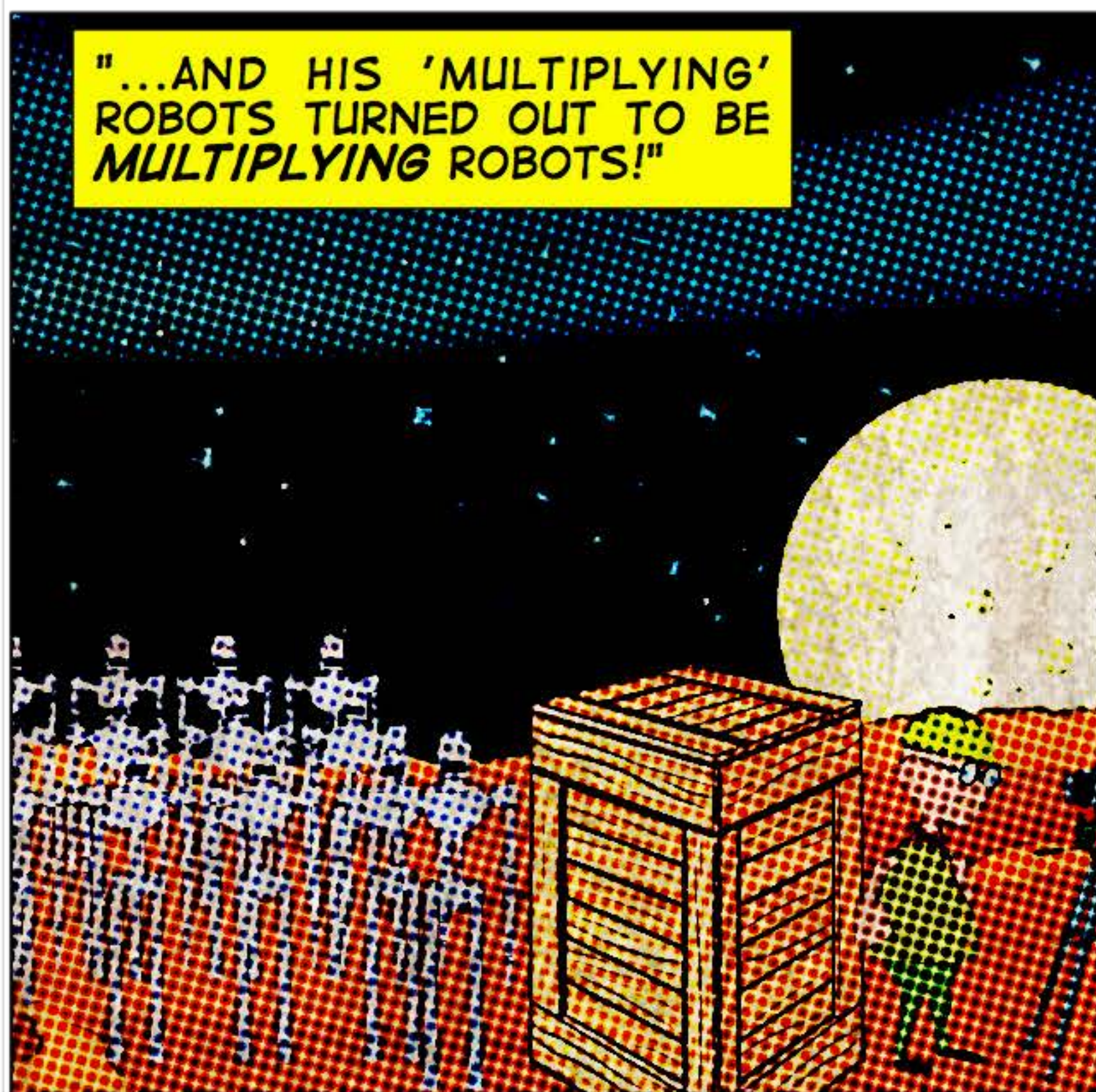
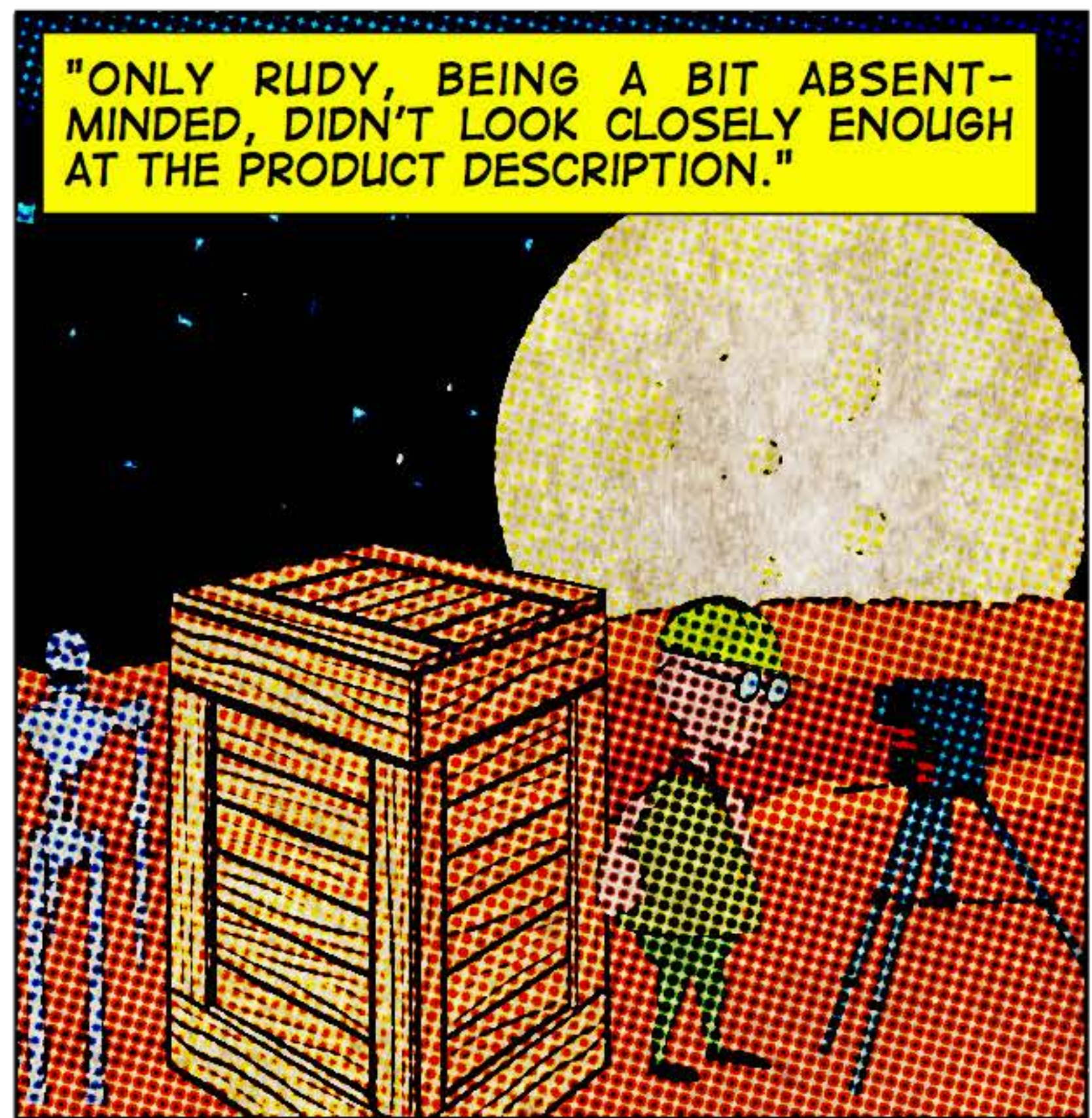
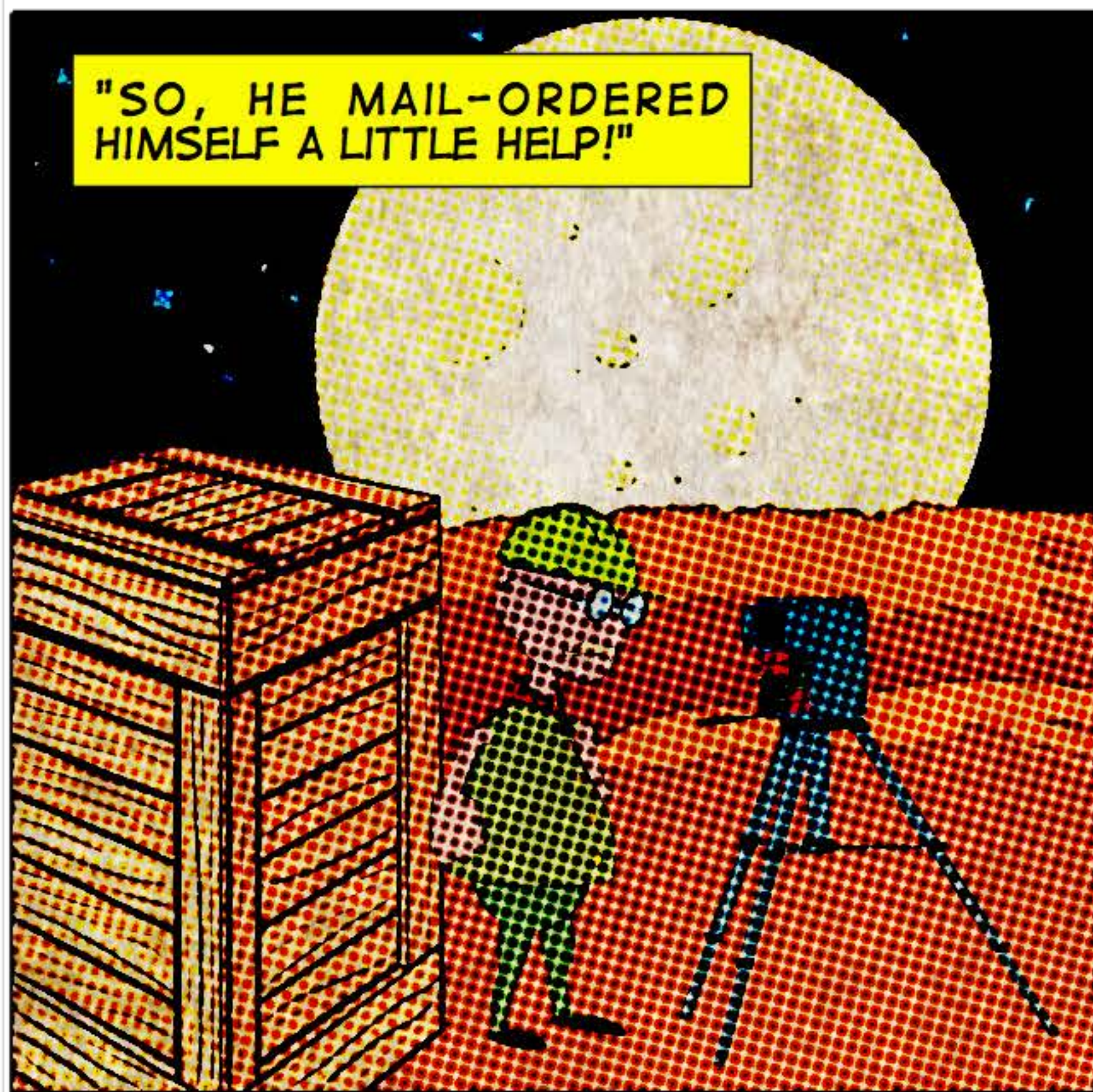
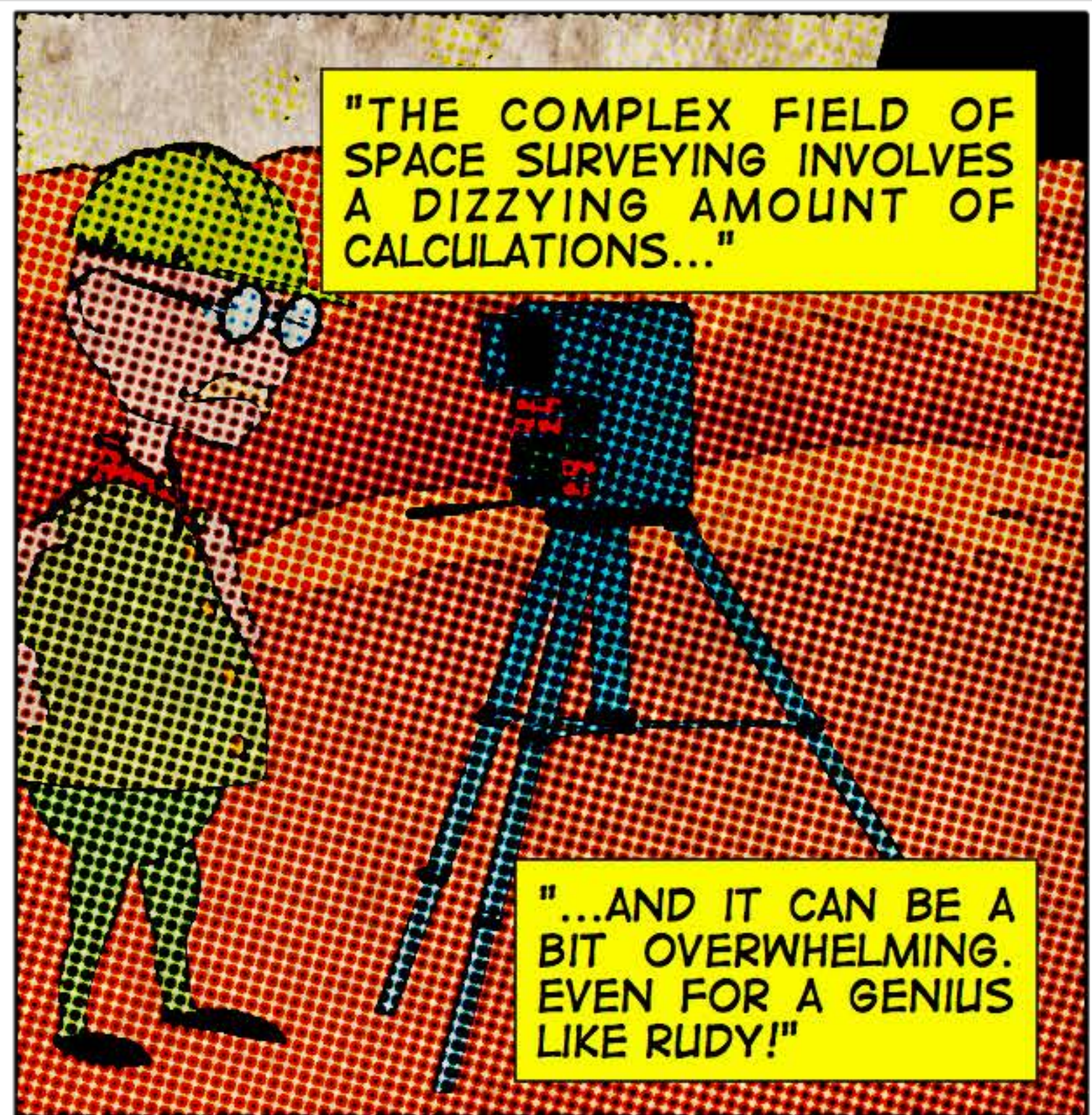
HEY! YEAH! THAT'S A GOOD POINT!

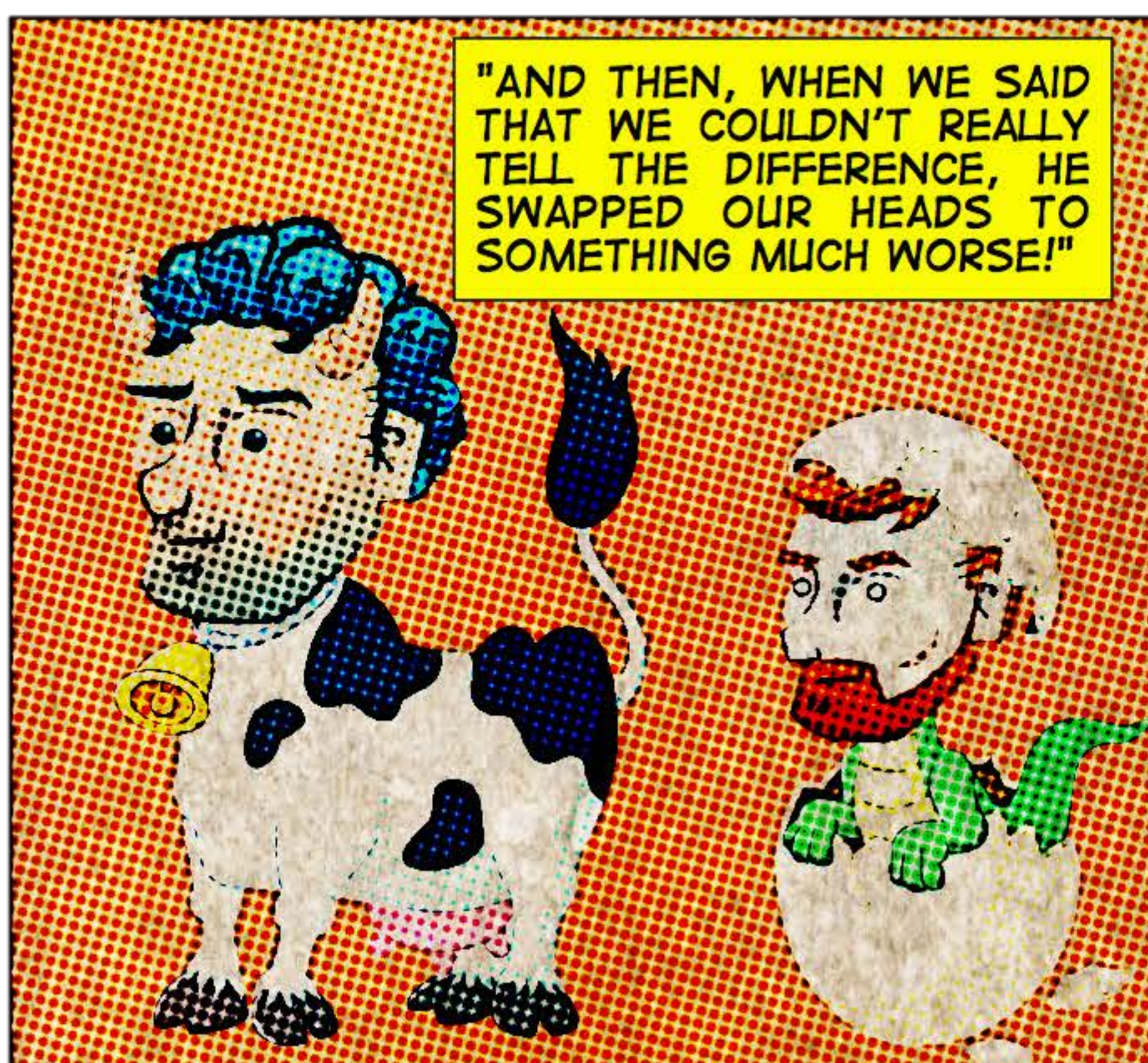
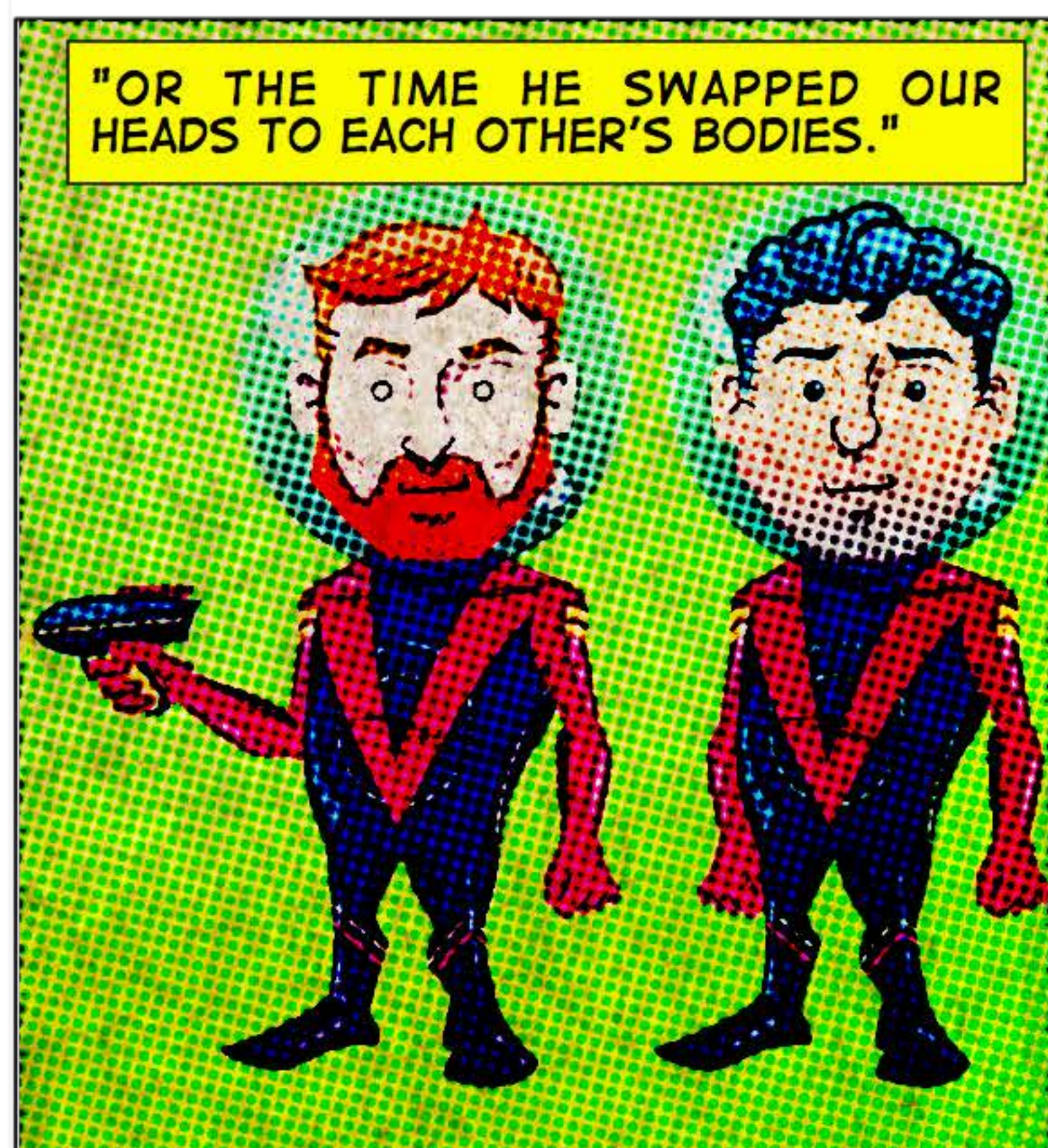
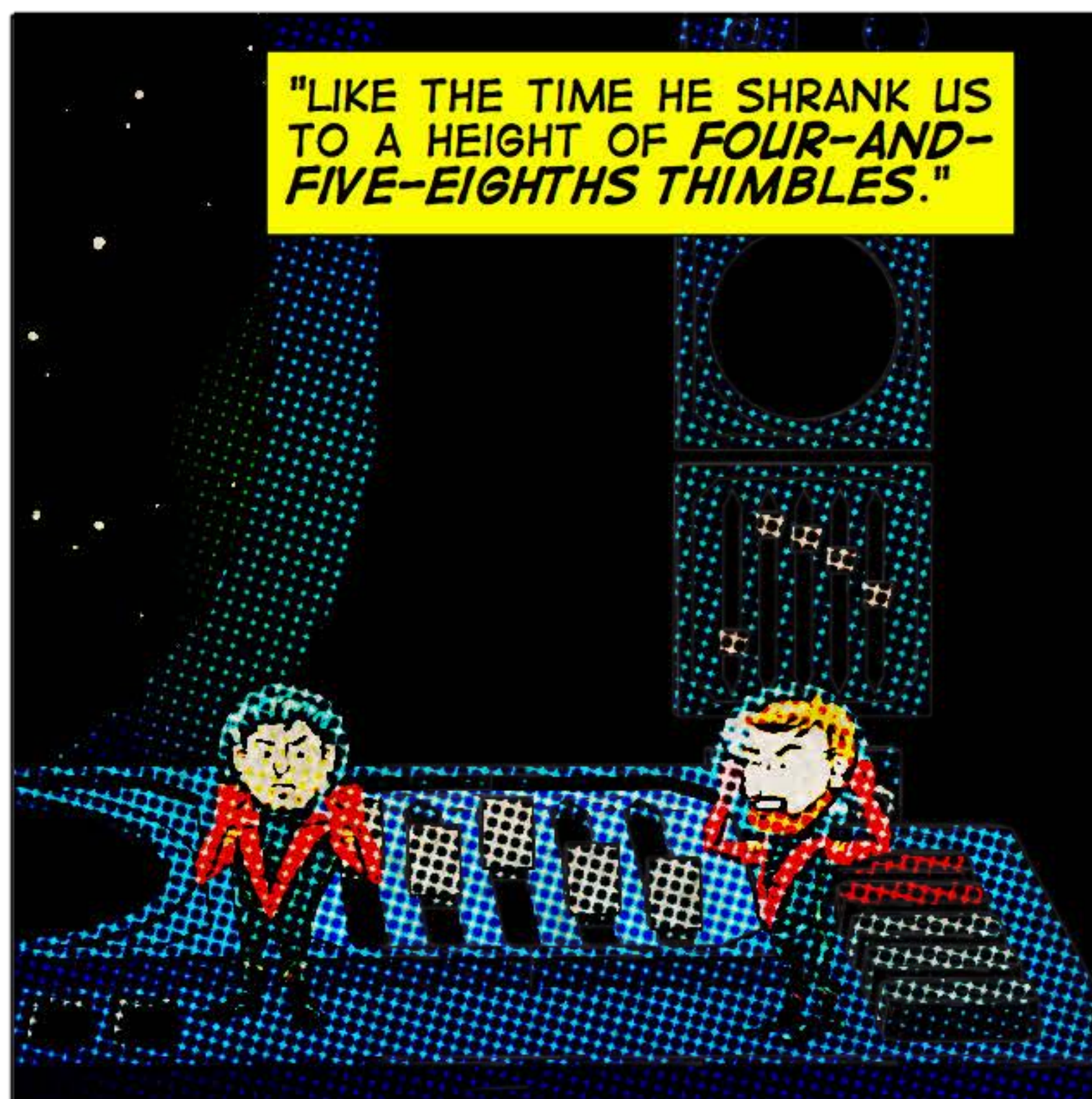
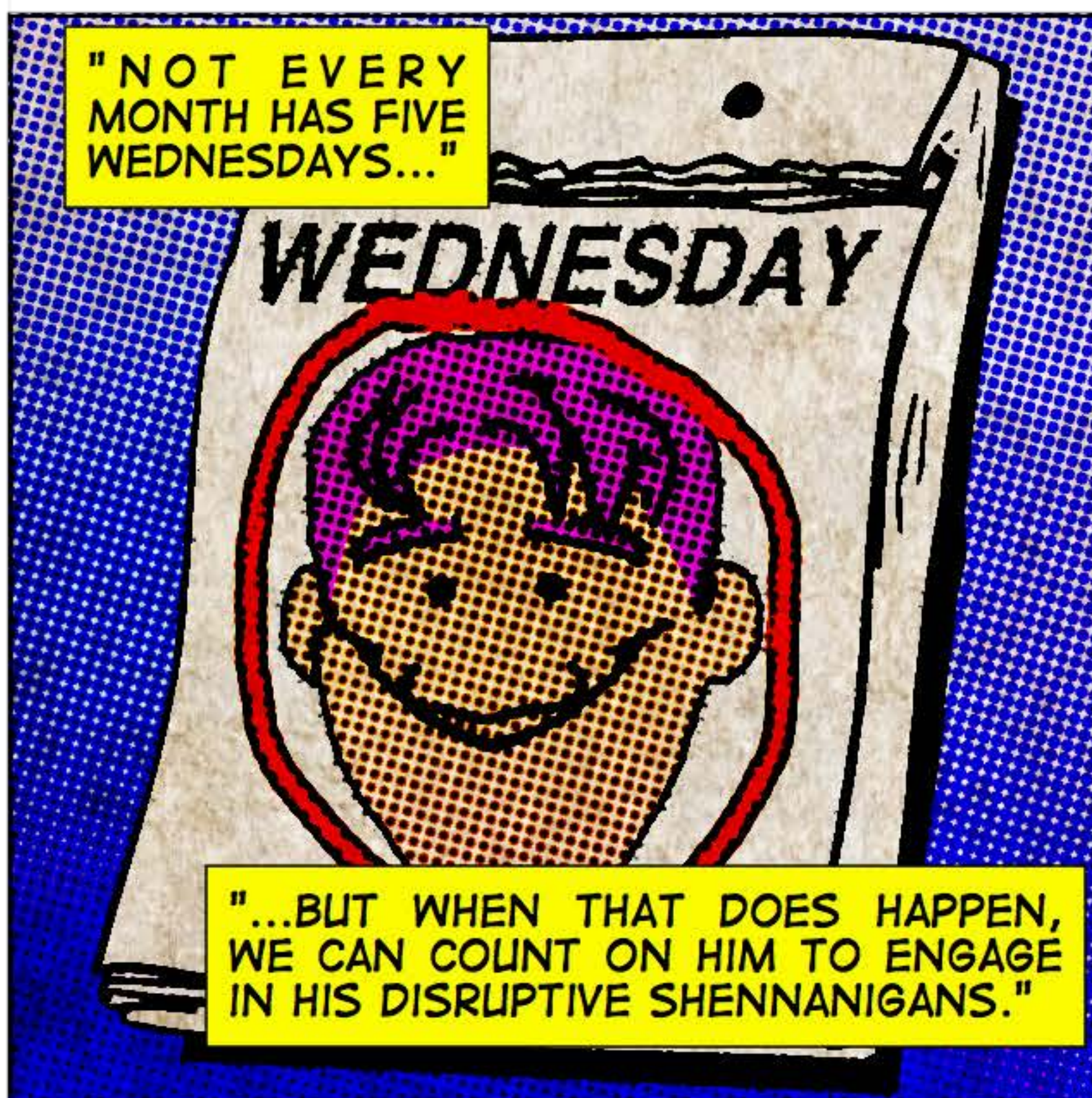
HORSES! WHO *WOULDN'T* WANT TO?

YOU TWO HAVE BEEN PATROLLING THE SPACEWAYS FOR A LONG TIME NOW. DON'T YOU REMEMBER ALL THOSE TIMES YOU'VE ALMOST BEEN KILLED?

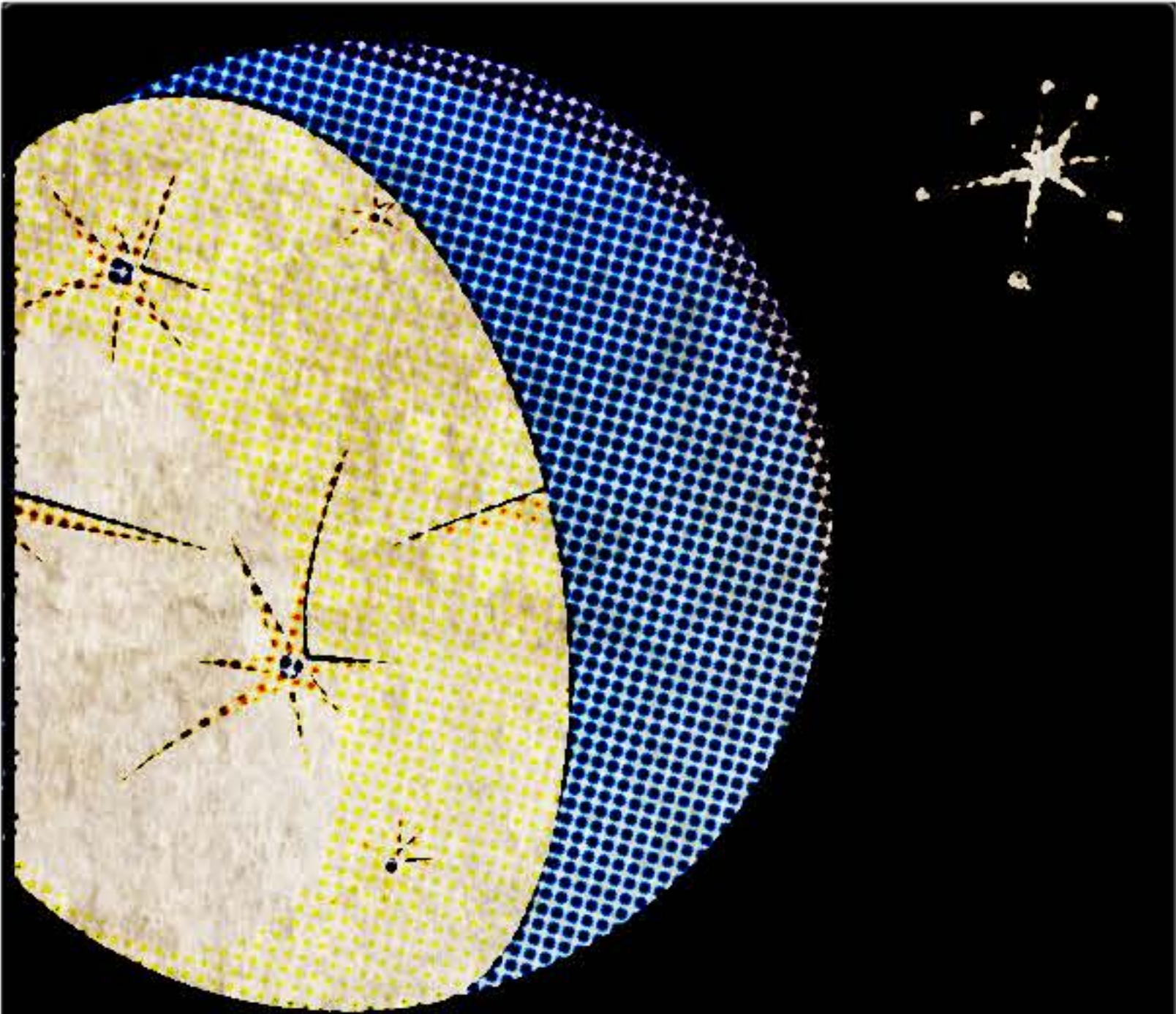
NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, I GUESS THAT HAS HAPPENED ONCE OR TWICE...

...OR TWELVE OR FOURTEEN TIMES...





SCIENCE is KEEN!



CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF (AND A PREVIOUS INSTALLMENT OF THIS FEATURE), THE MOON IS NOT ACTUALLY MADE OF CHEESE!



HOWEVER, USING HIGHLY TECHNICAL INSTRUMENTS, SCIENTISTS HAVE DETERMINED THAT, IF IT WERE, THAT CHEESE WOULD BE A MILD CHEDDAR.

THE AVERAGE LIGHT FIXTURE...



...GENERATES EXACTLY ENOUGH ELECTRICITY TO POWER A SINGLE LIGHT BULB!

WHAT IS BROCCOLI?



WE SIMPLY DON'T KNOW!

SAY, POP.. CAN YOU GIVE ME SOME ADVICE ON HOW TO BE THE BIG MAN ON CAMPUS?

DON'T CALL ME "POP" JOHNNY TEENAGER.

IT DISGUSTS ME.

MOM, I NEED SOME HELP...

OH, YOU SHOULD NEVER ASK FOR HELP, JOHNNY TEENAGER.

THAT WAY LIES COLLECTIVISM AND SOCIALISM. AND IT'S THE DUTY OF EVERY SELF-SUFFICIENT AMERICAN TO STAMP OUT THOSE INSIDIOUS QUALITIES!

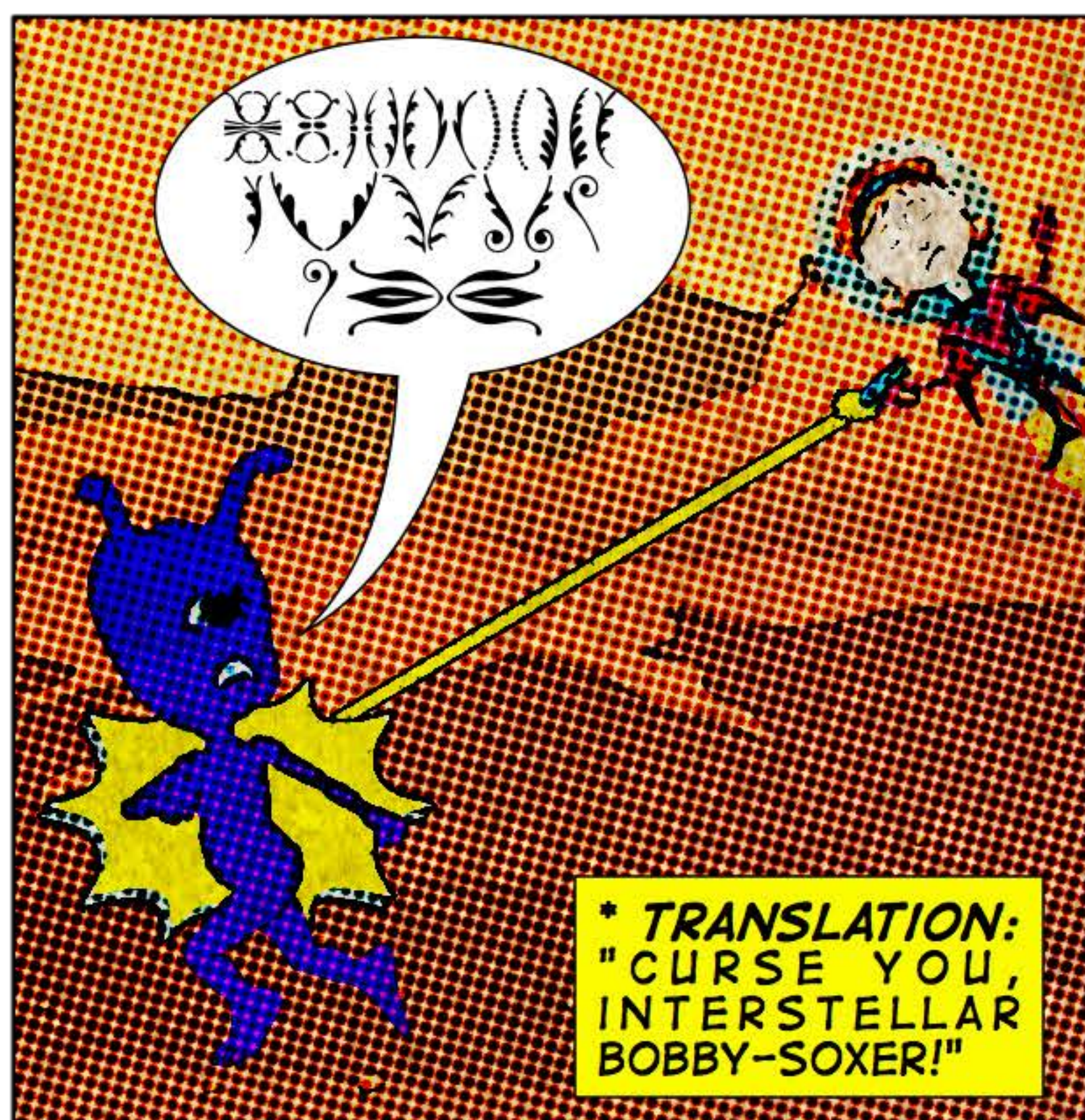
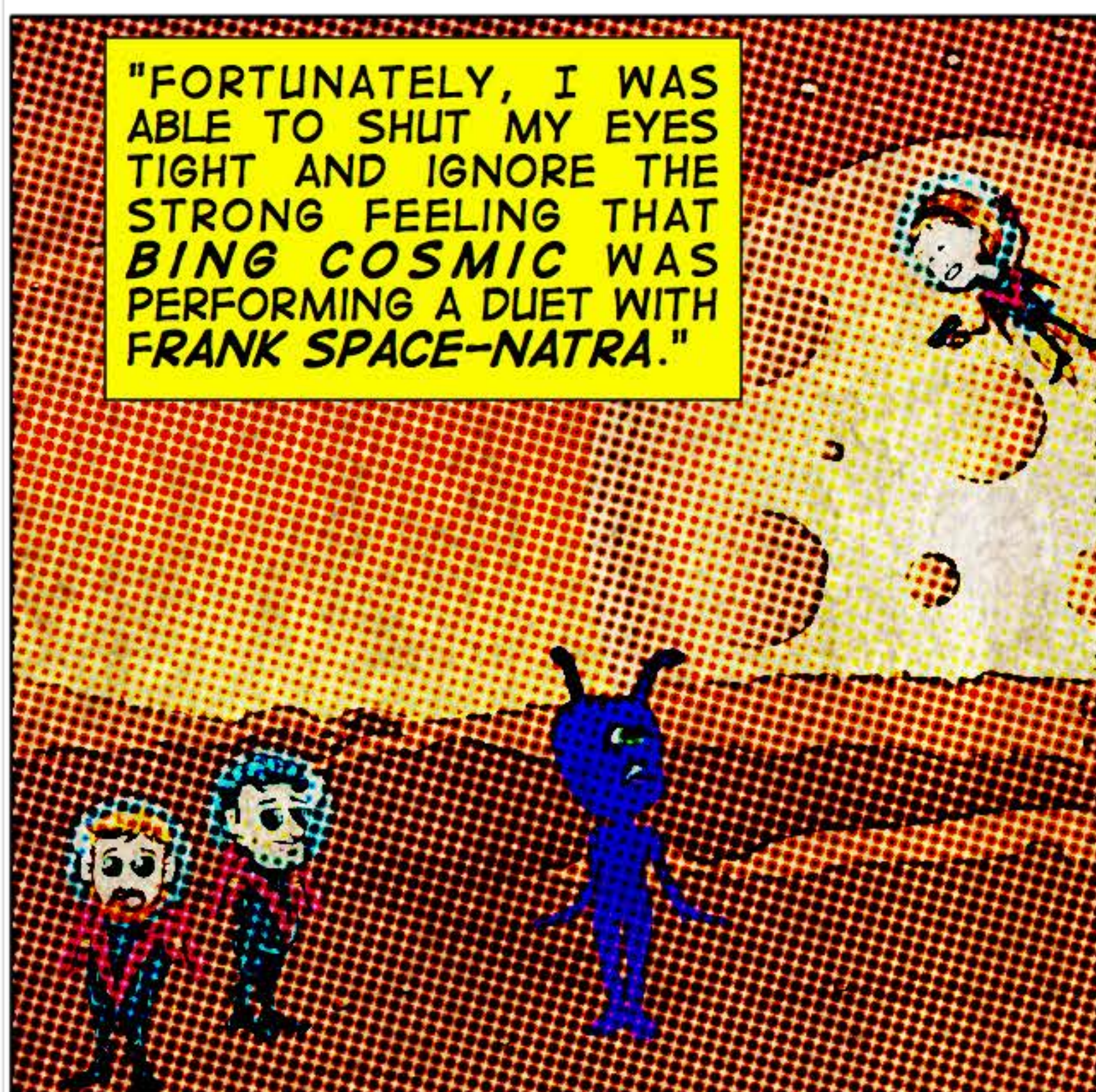
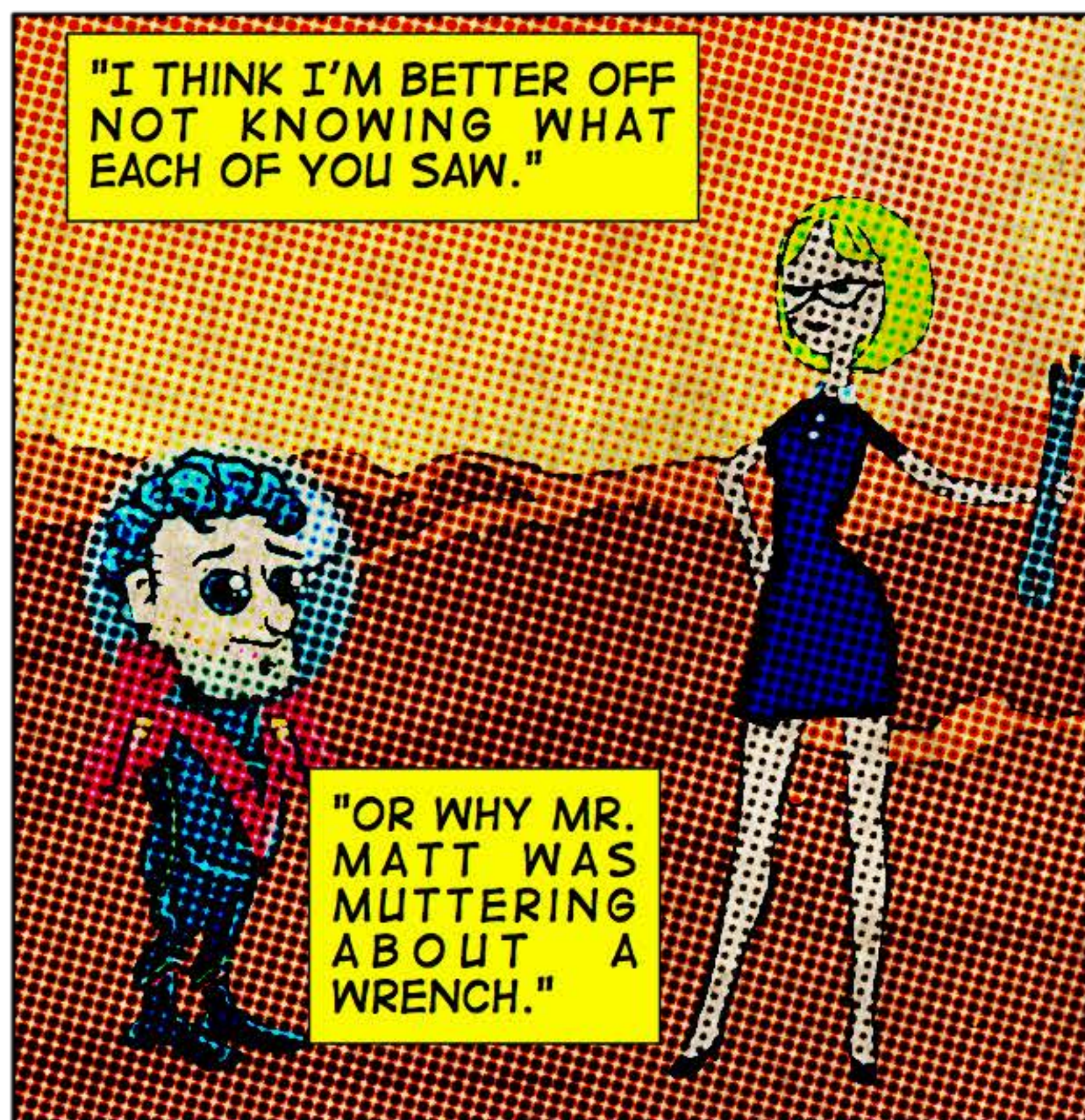
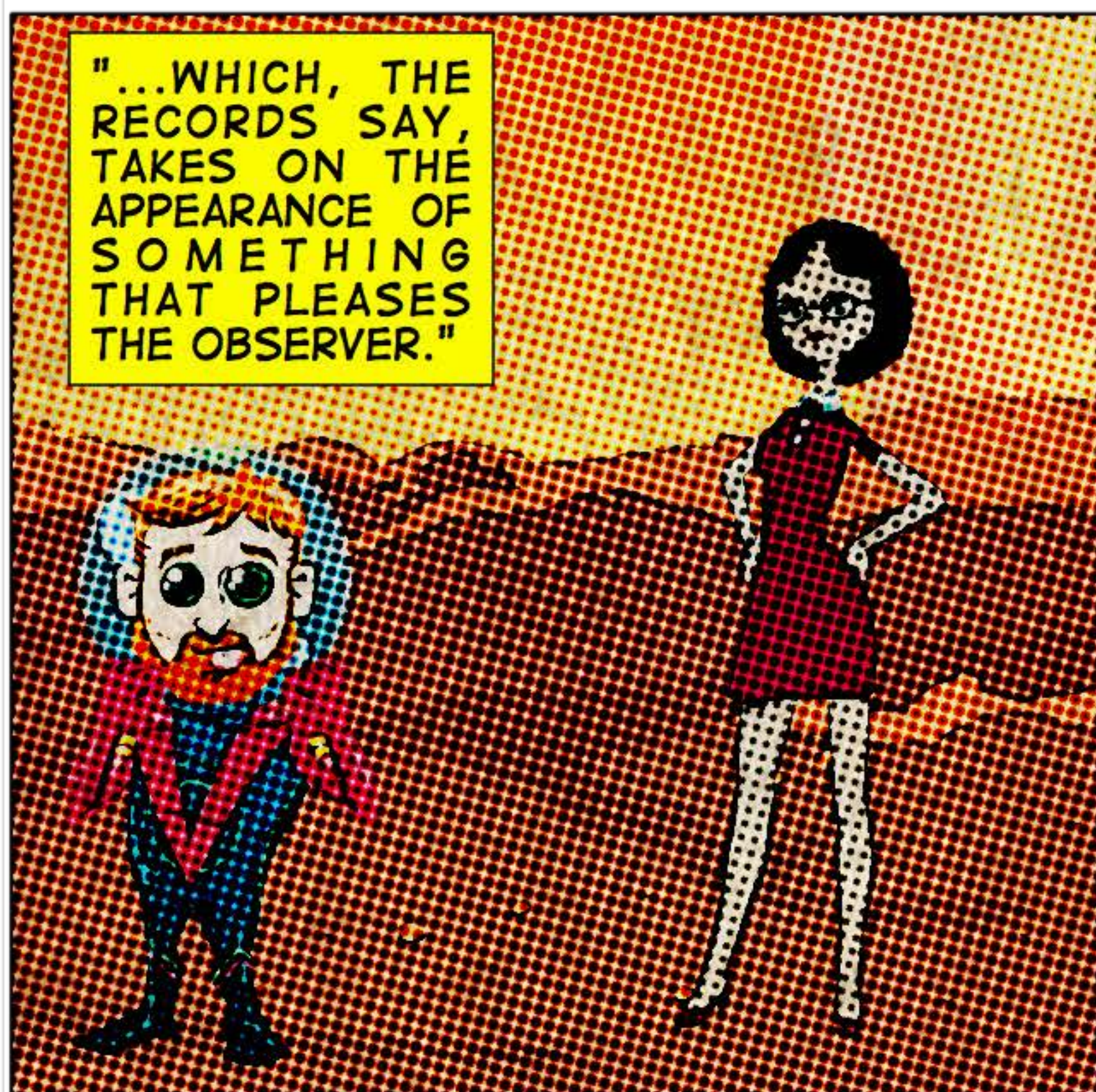
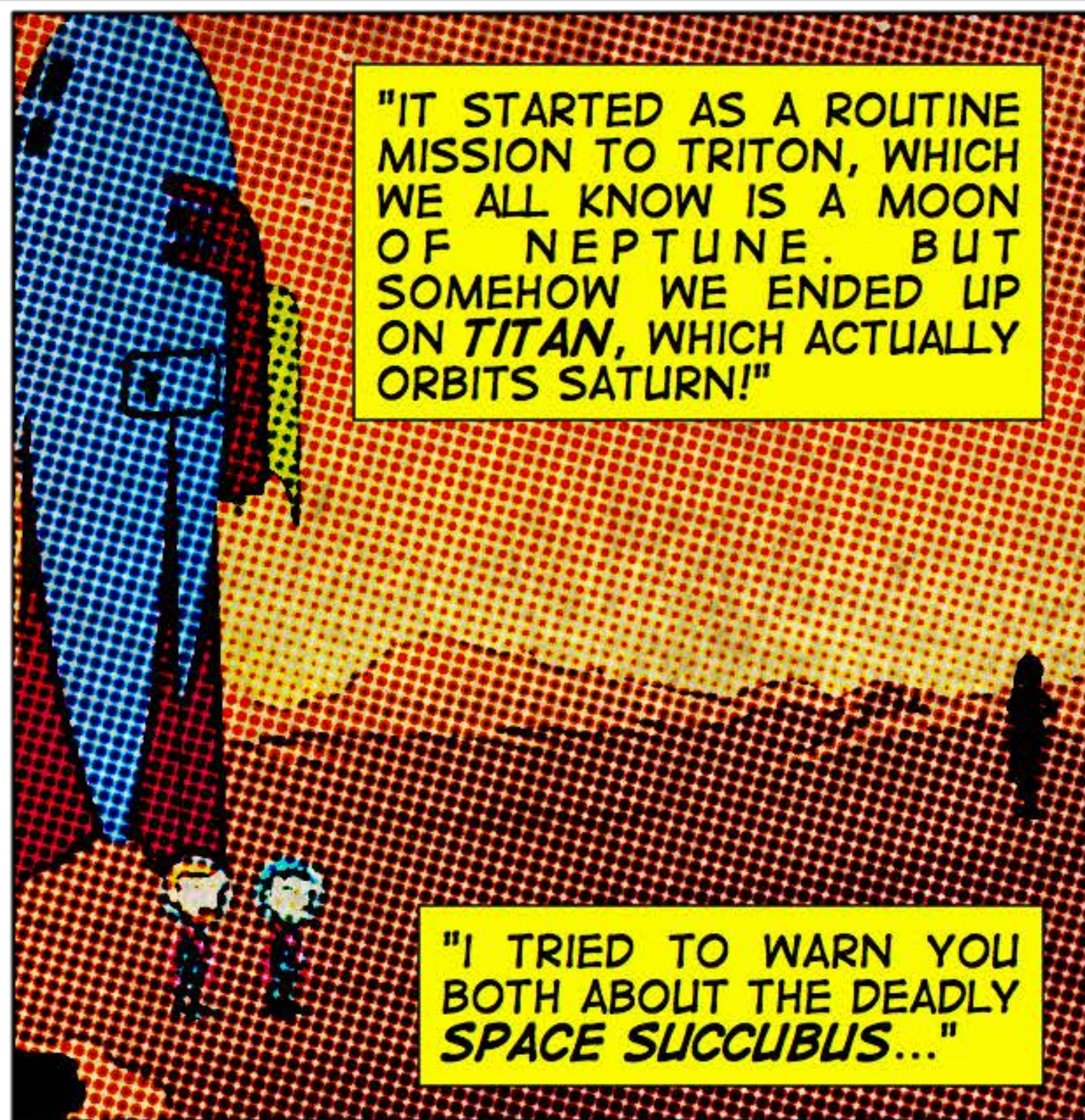
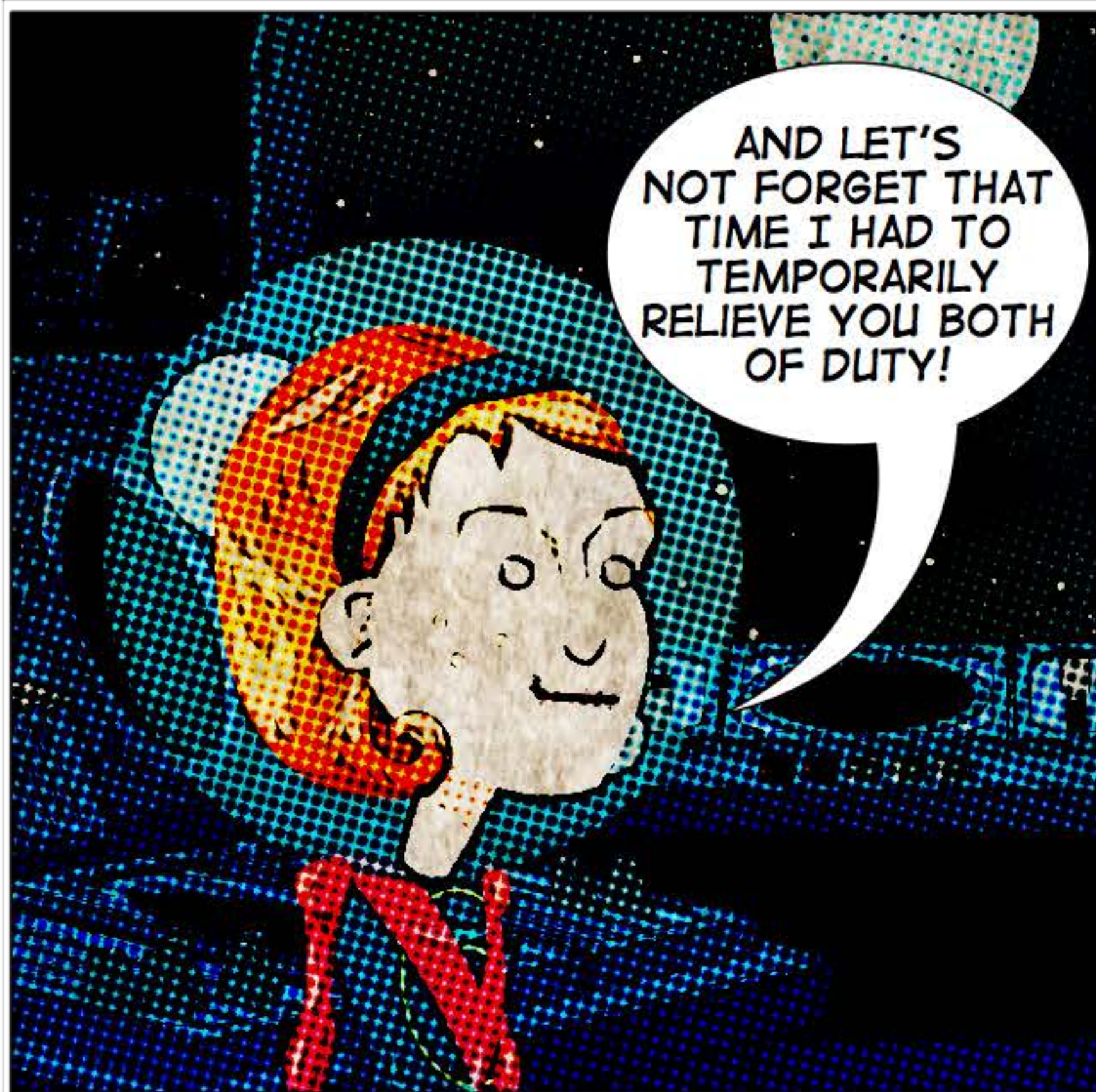
HOW ABOUT YOU, MR. SODACOUNTER?

CAN YOU TELL ME HOW TO BE THE BIG MAN ON CAMPUS?

WELL, JOHNNY TEENAGER... IT TURNS OUT YOUR PARENTS ARE BOTH RIGHT!

YOU CAN BE THE BIG MAN ON CAMPUS, JUST LIKE JOHNNY TEENAGER!

- DON'T BOTHER YOUR PARENTS - THEY'RE VERY BUSY AND DON'T HAVE TIME FOR YOUR NONSENSE
- REPORT ANY SUSPICIOUS ACTIVITY TO YOUR LOCAL F.B.I. OFFICE



Draw this handsome fellow!

GET THIS **FREE** **ART SCHOLARSHIP**

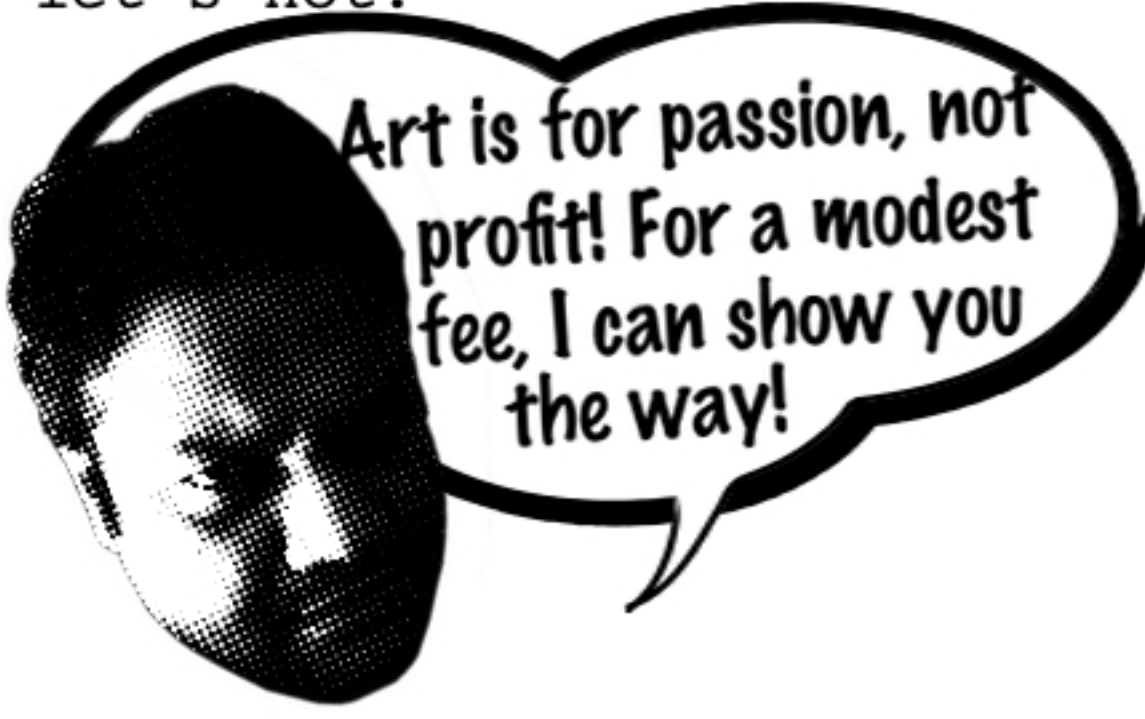
WORTH...
LET'S SAY... **\$10,000**



If you like to draw or sketch, that's literally the only qualification for being an artist. Oh, sure, people like to throw the word "talent" around like it means something, but those people are just unmotivated and lazy. Also they're probably Communists.

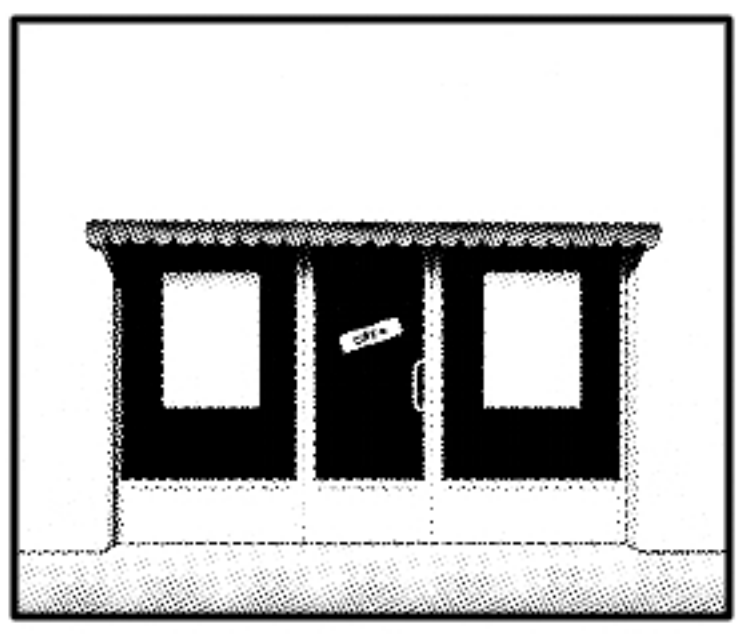
SCHOLARSHIP OFFERED BY THE BEST ART SCHOOL (OURS)

Other art schools might offer "better instructors," "actual accreditation" and "water that probably isn't poison," but we have one thing they don't have: the audacity to proclaim ourselves "the best." Let's see those other guys do that! Or, better yet, let's not!



WE'RE IN A REAL BUILDING! HONEST!

No tents or blanket forts for us! Our art school is in a legitimate structure zoned for habitation by human beings. That's pretty legitimate, wouldn't you say? We would.



HERE'S WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO:

JUST DRAW THIS GUY!

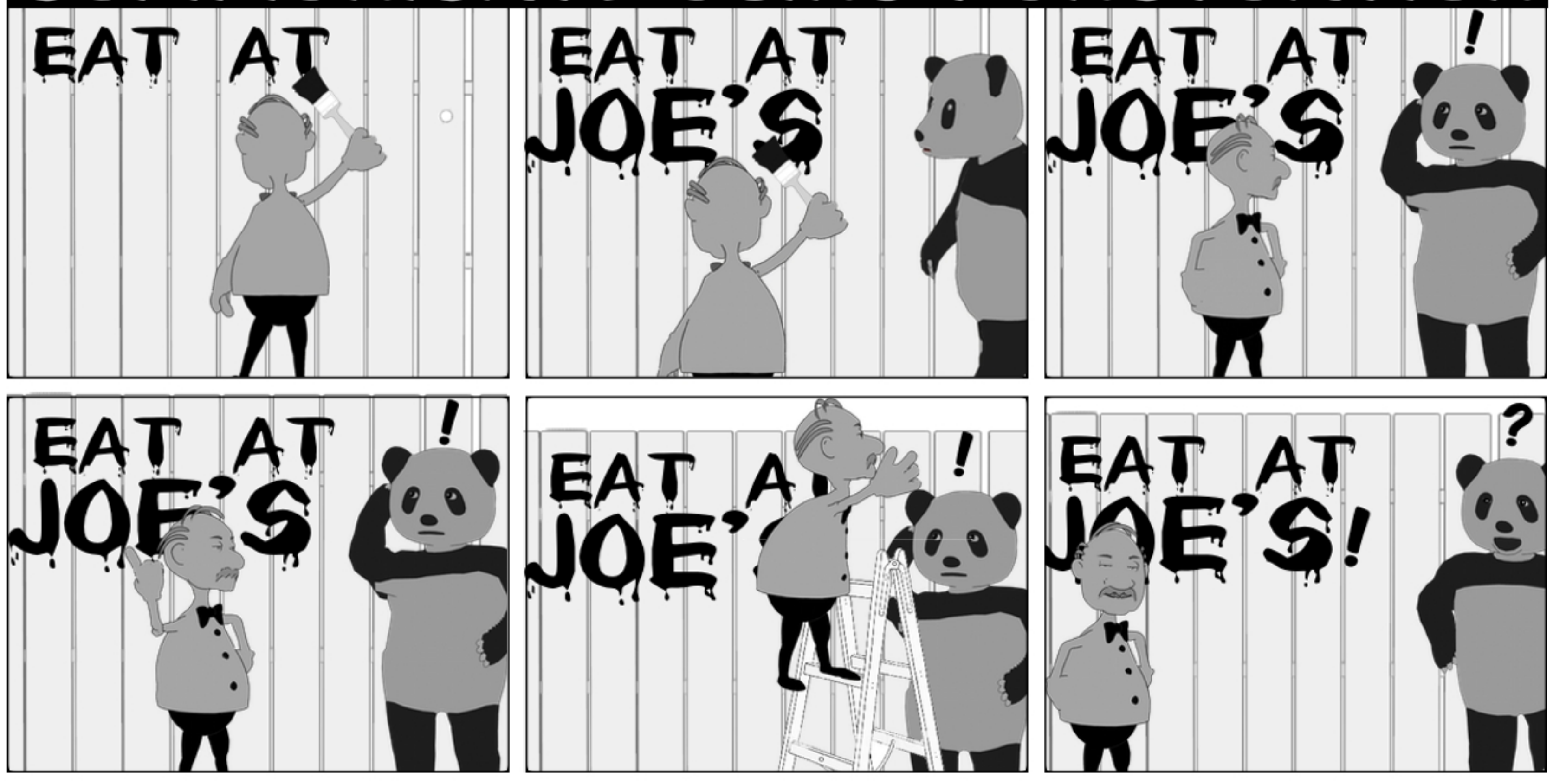
Just draw what you see here. Any idiot can do that, right? Sure you can. I mean, maybe you're not an idiot. We can't tell from here, inside your comic book. Prove us wrong!

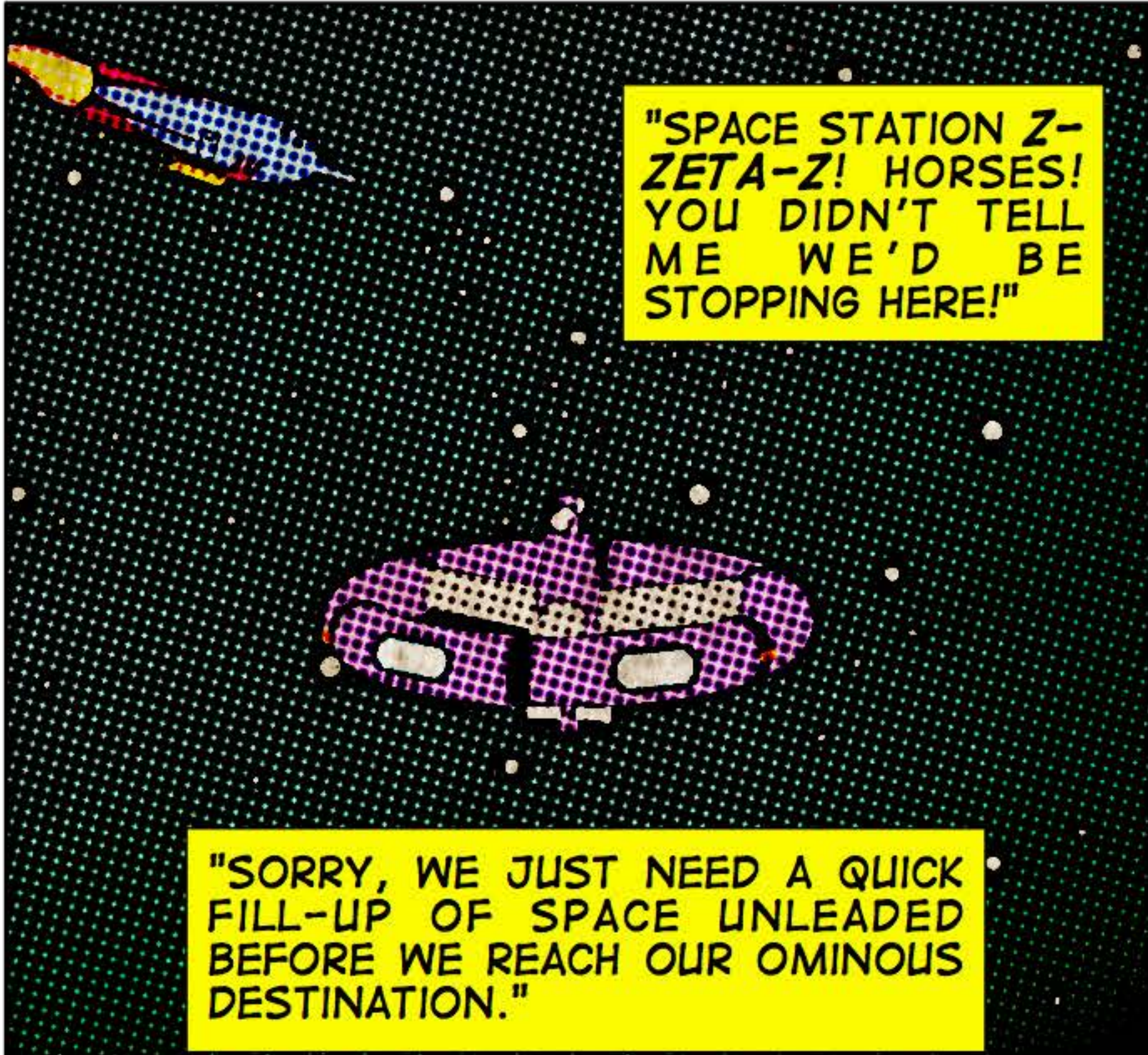


Name _____

Address_ City _ State _

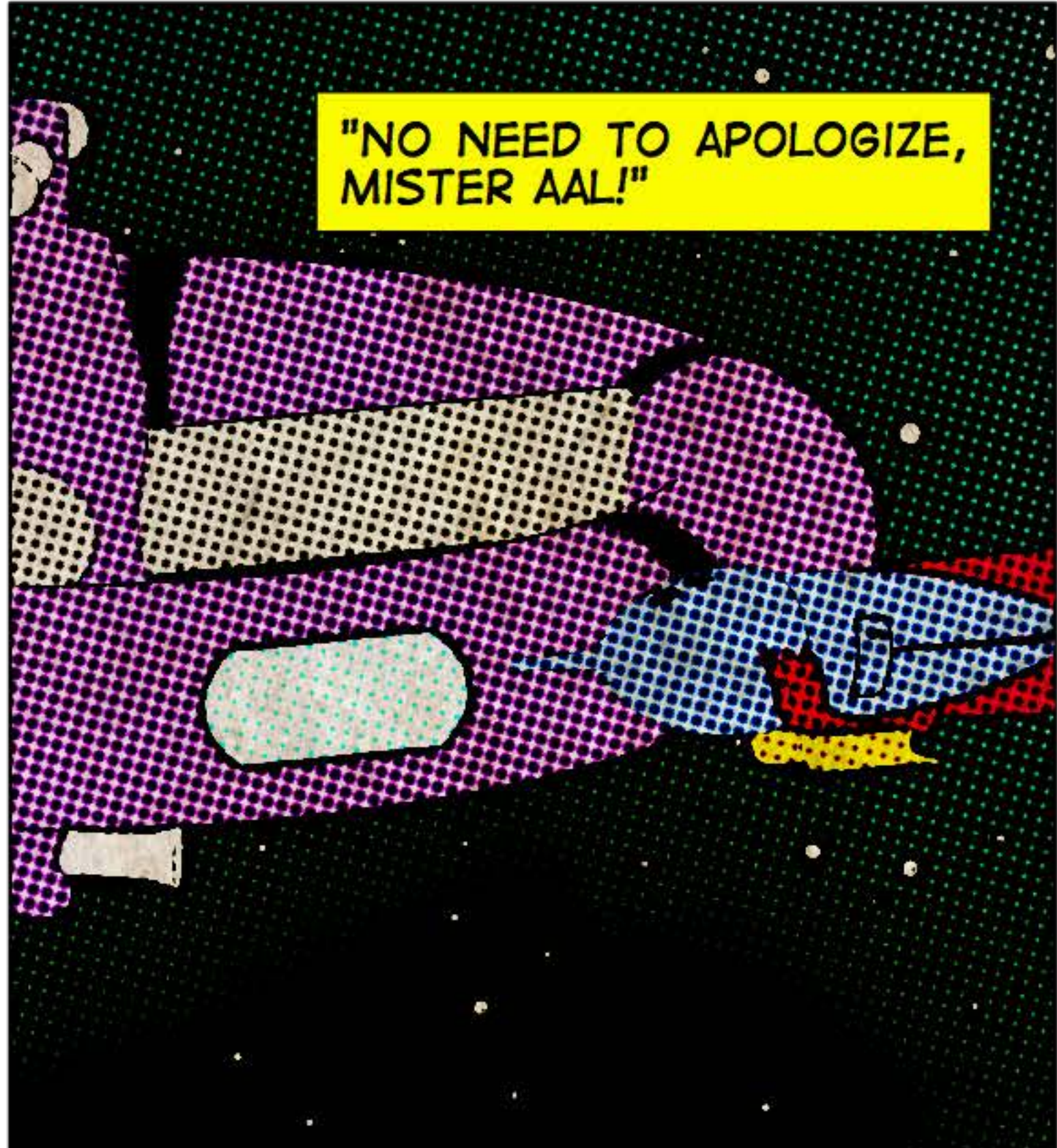
BERTOLD, THE BEAR WHO CAN ONLY COMMUNICATE USING PUNCTUATION



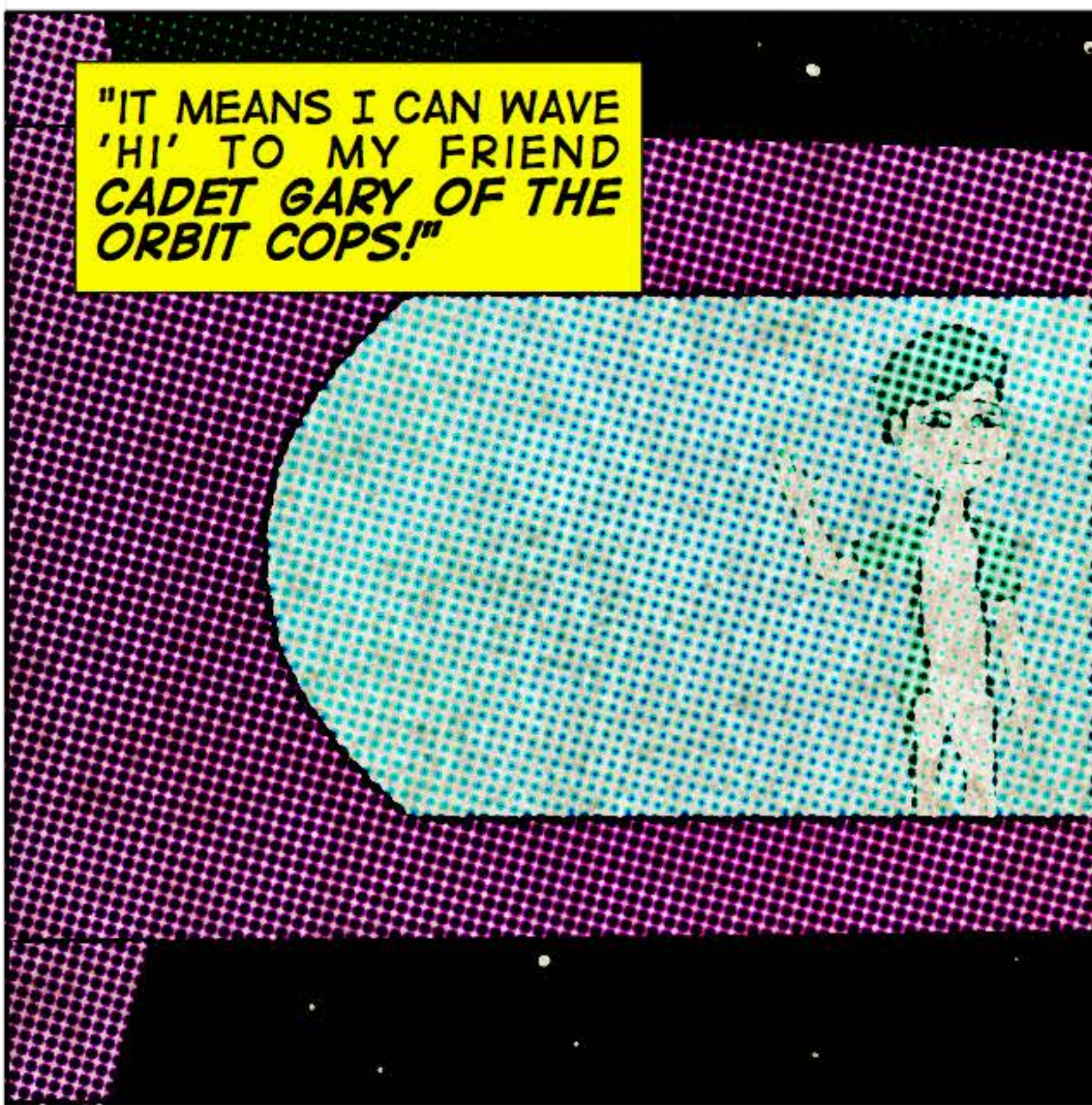


"SPACE STATION Z-ZETA-Z! HORSES! YOU DIDN'T TELL ME WE'D BE STOPPING HERE!"

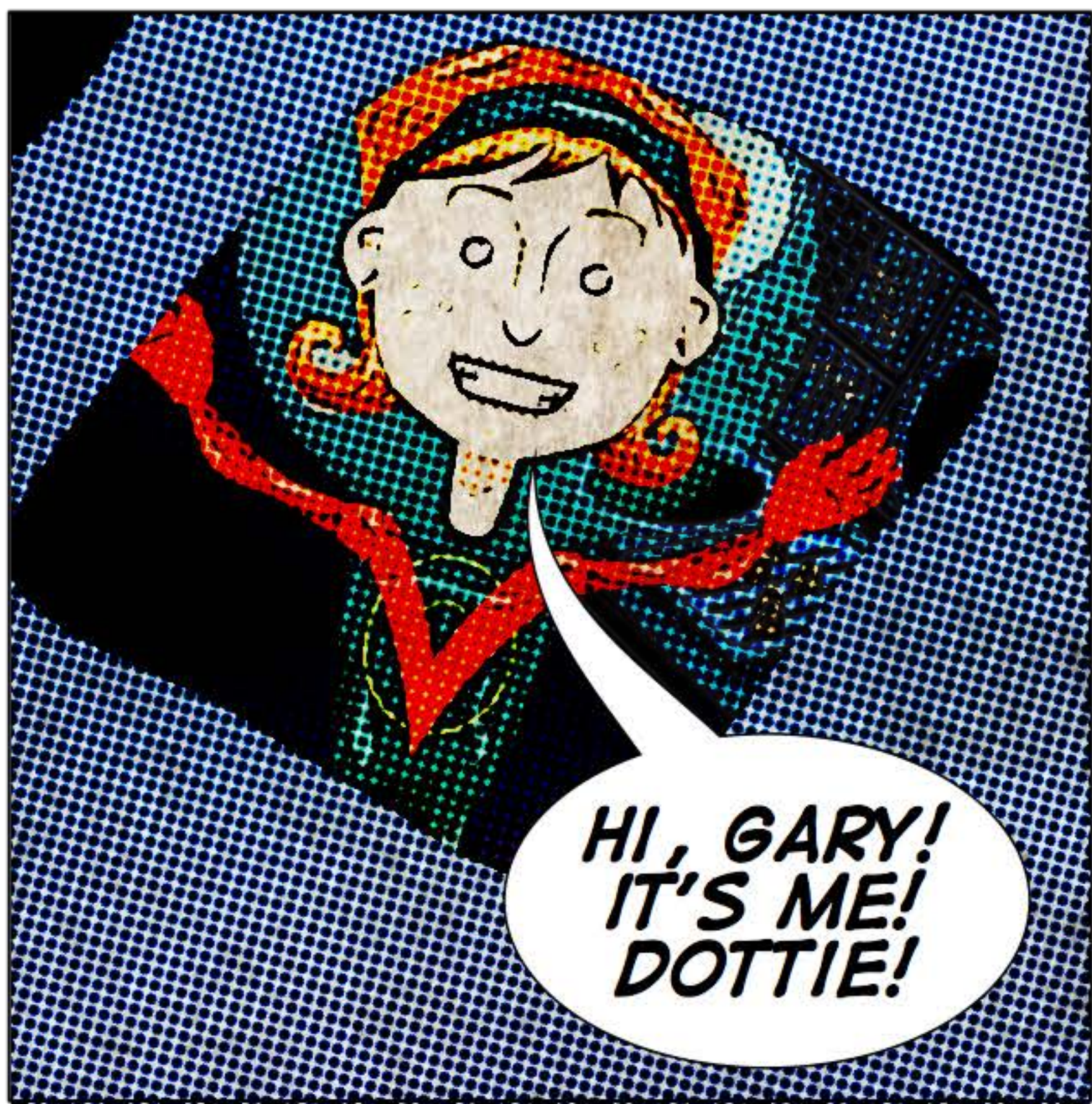
"SORRY, WE JUST NEED A QUICK FILL-UP OF SPACE UNLEADED BEFORE WE REACH OUR OMINOUS DESTINATION."



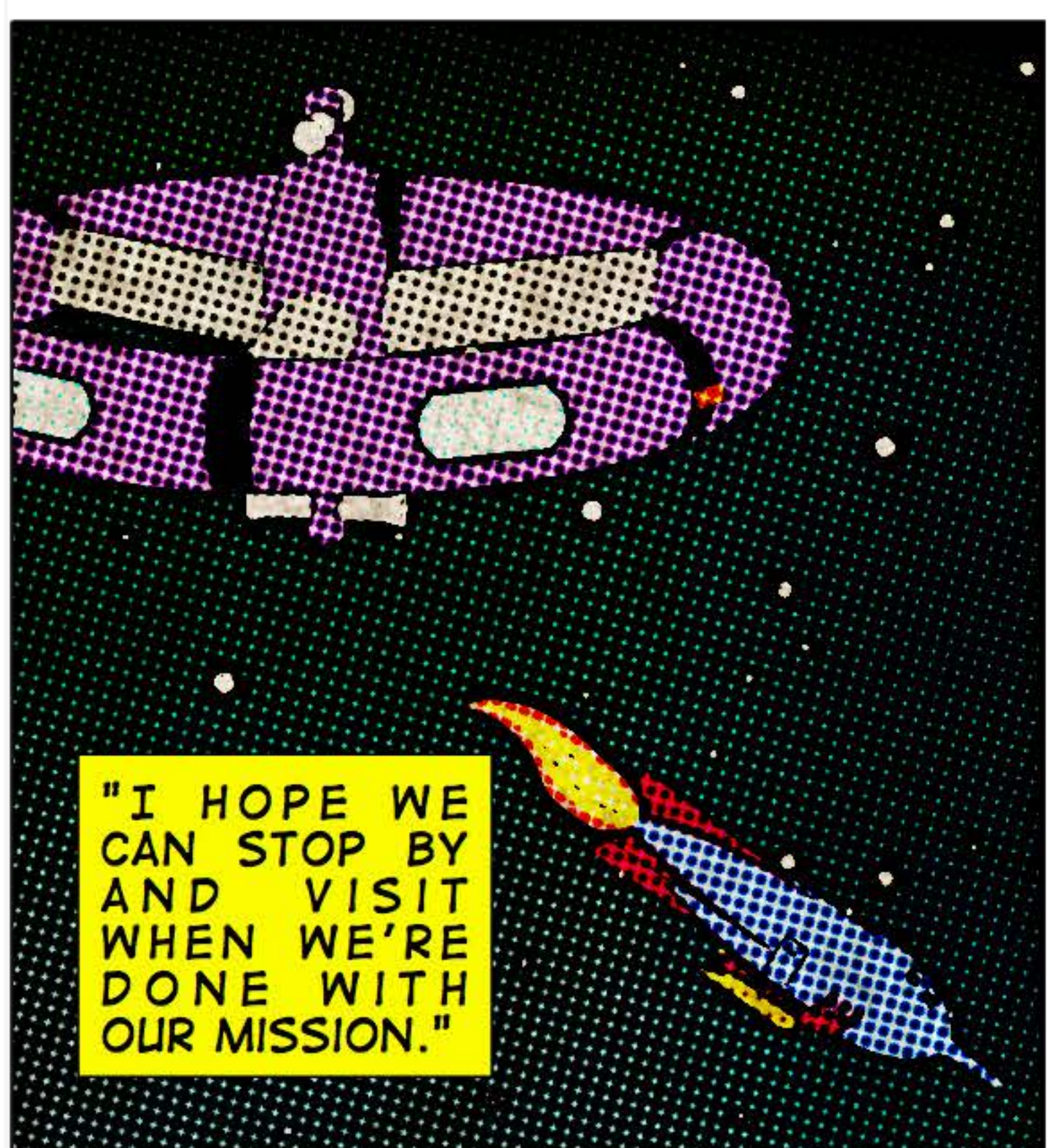
"NO NEED TO APOLOGIZE, MISTER AAL!"



"IT MEANS I CAN WAVE 'HI' TO MY FRIEND CADET GARY OF THE ORBIT COPS!"



HI, GARY!
IT'S ME!
DOTTIE!

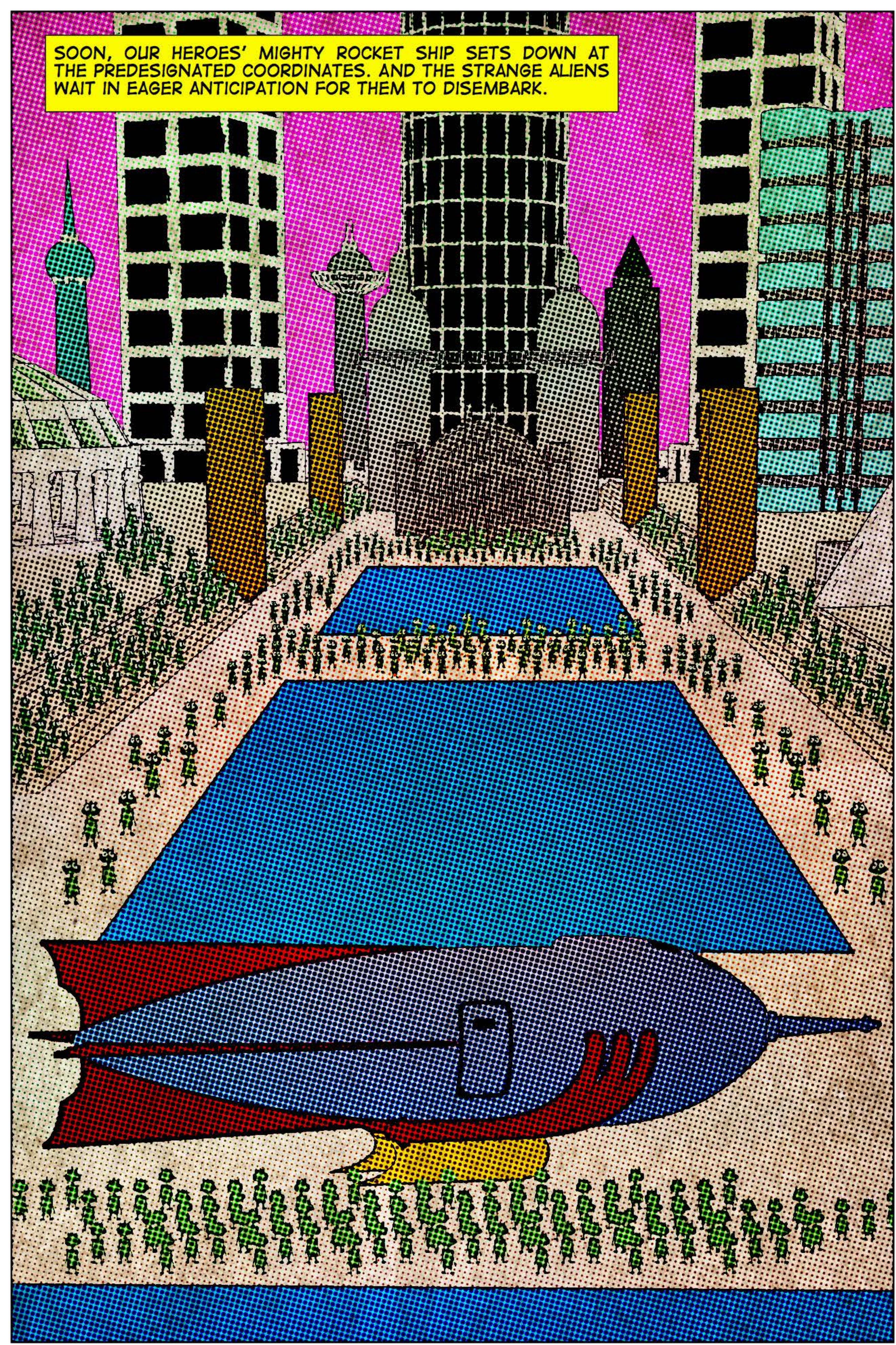


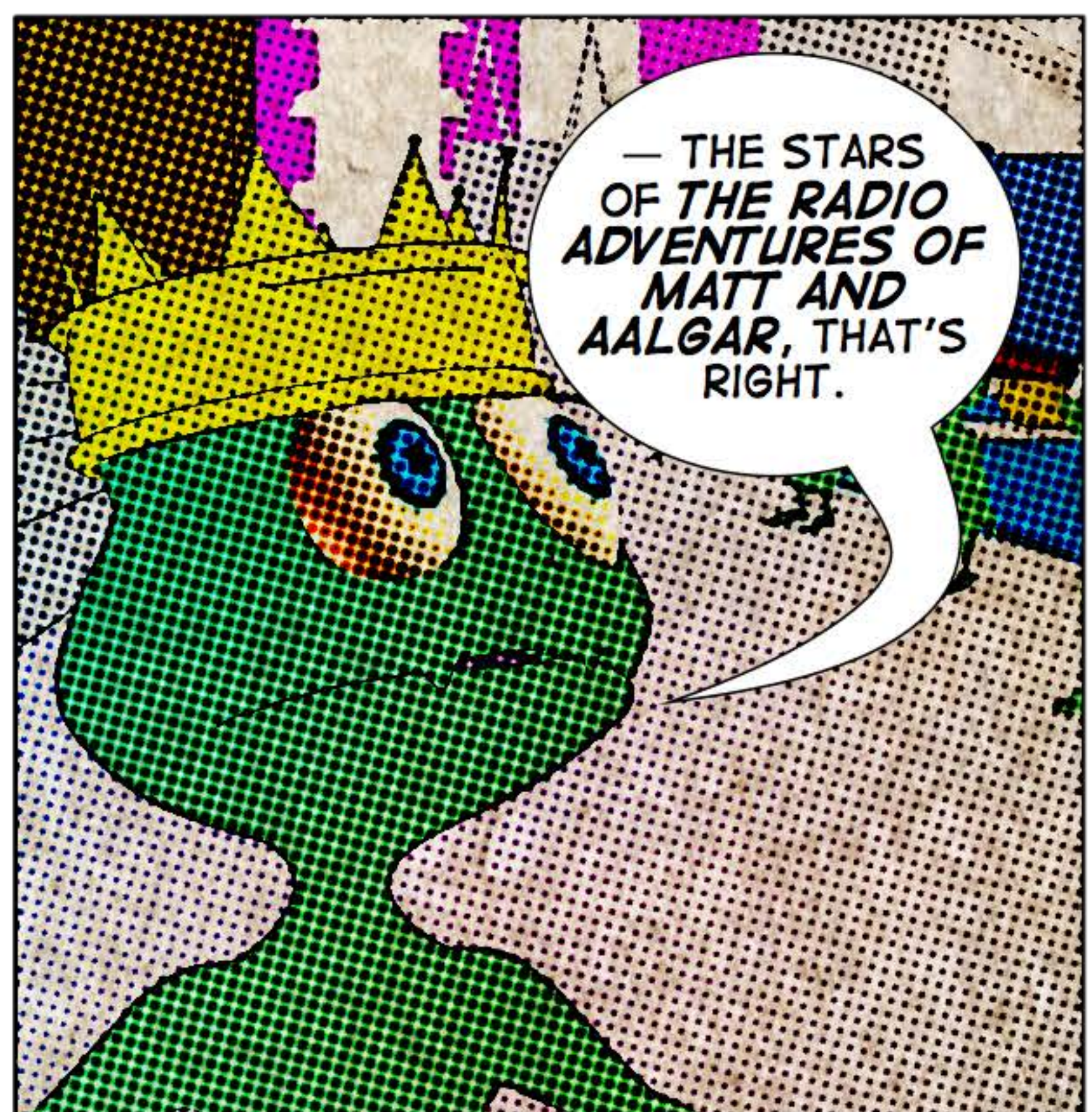
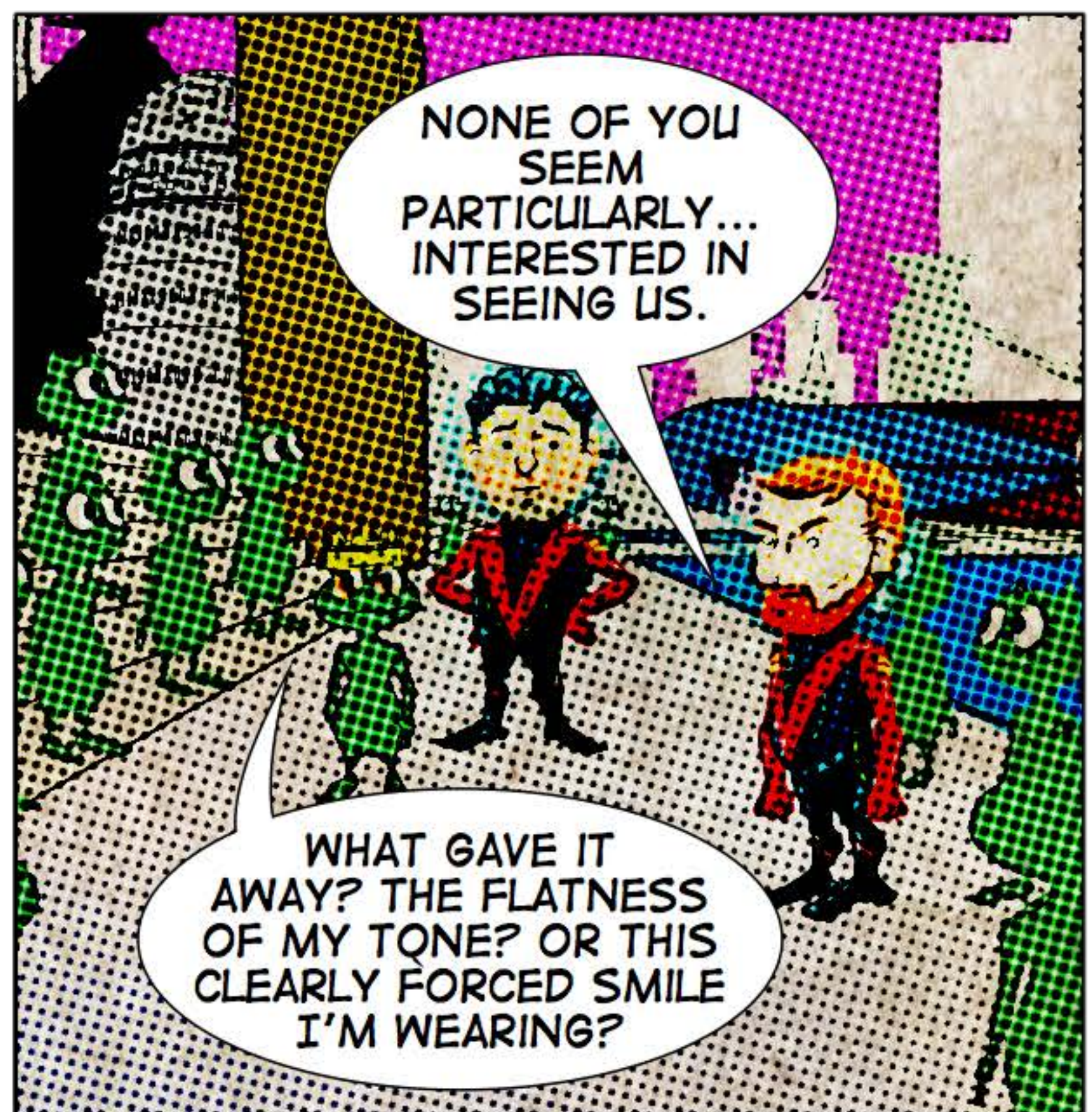
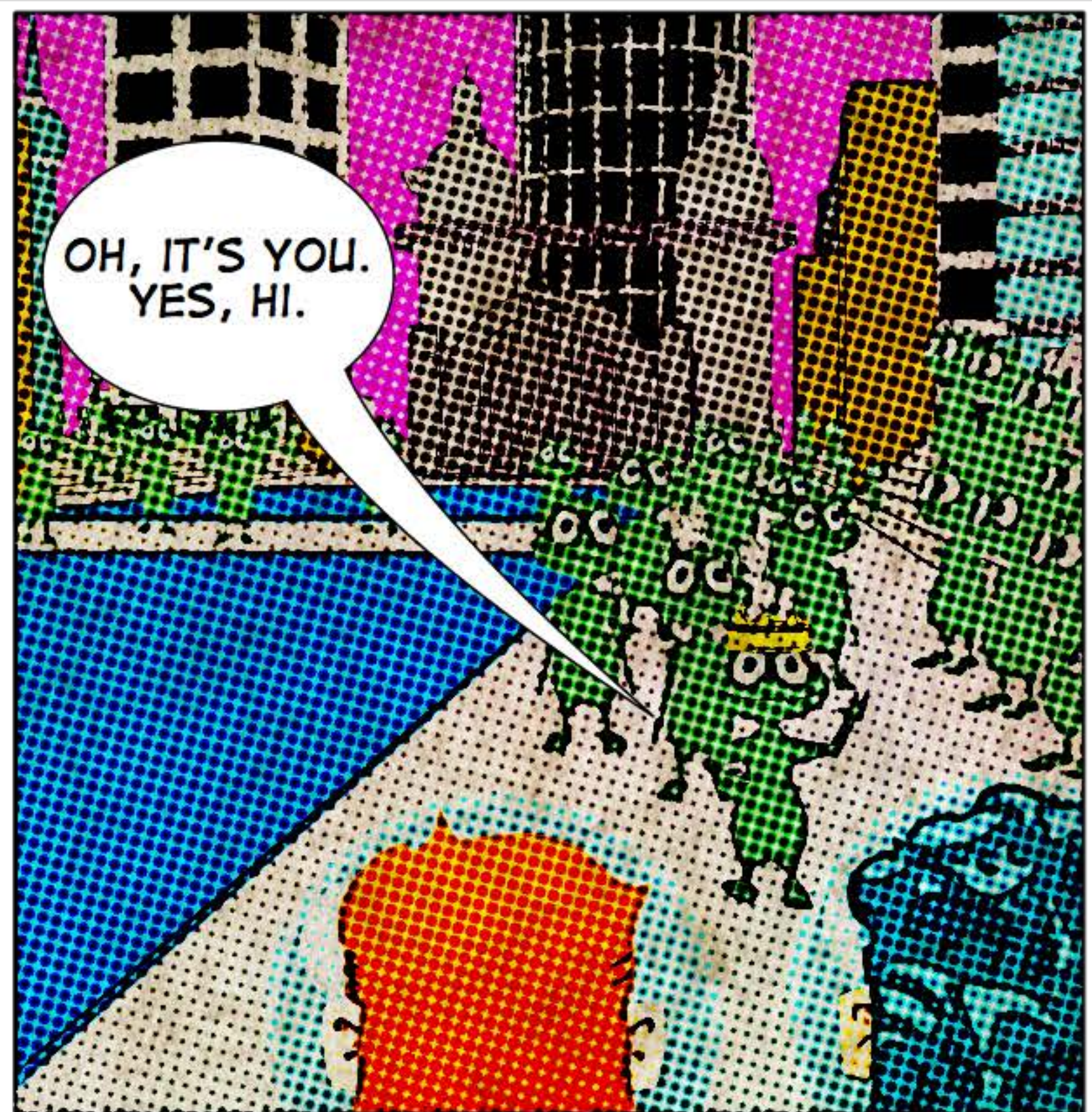
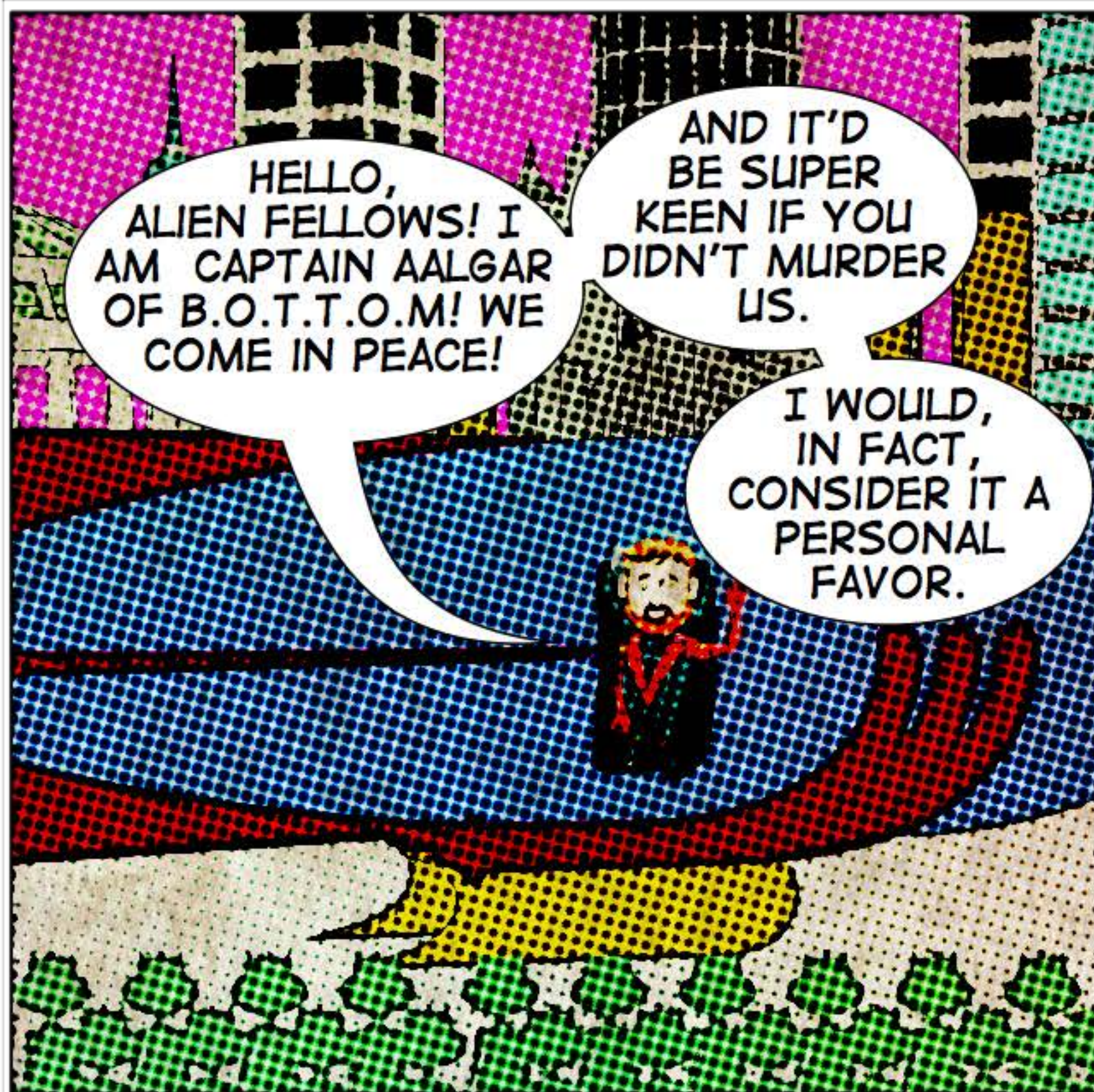
"I HOPE WE CAN STOP BY AND VISIT WHEN WE'RE DONE WITH OUR MISSION."

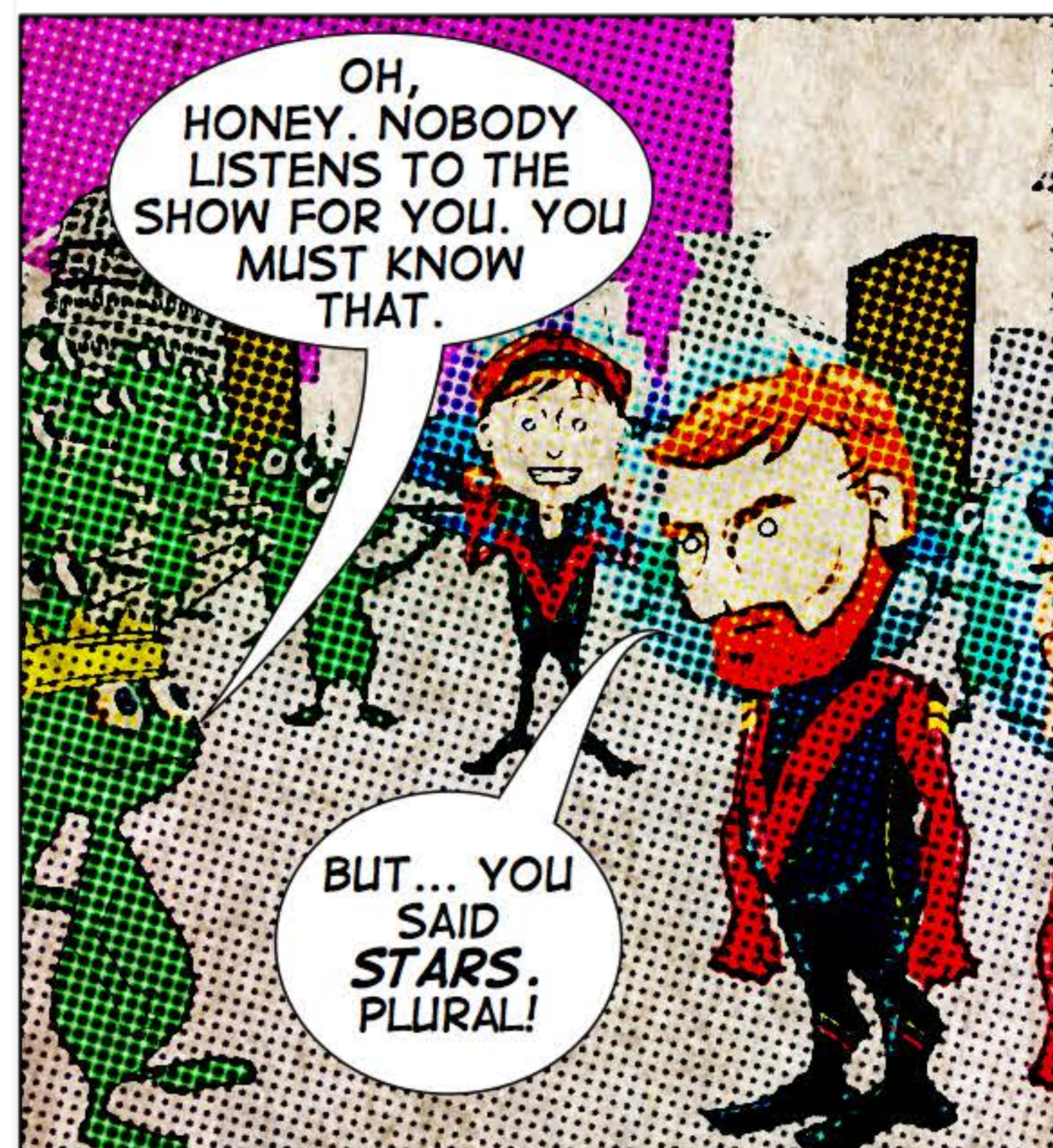
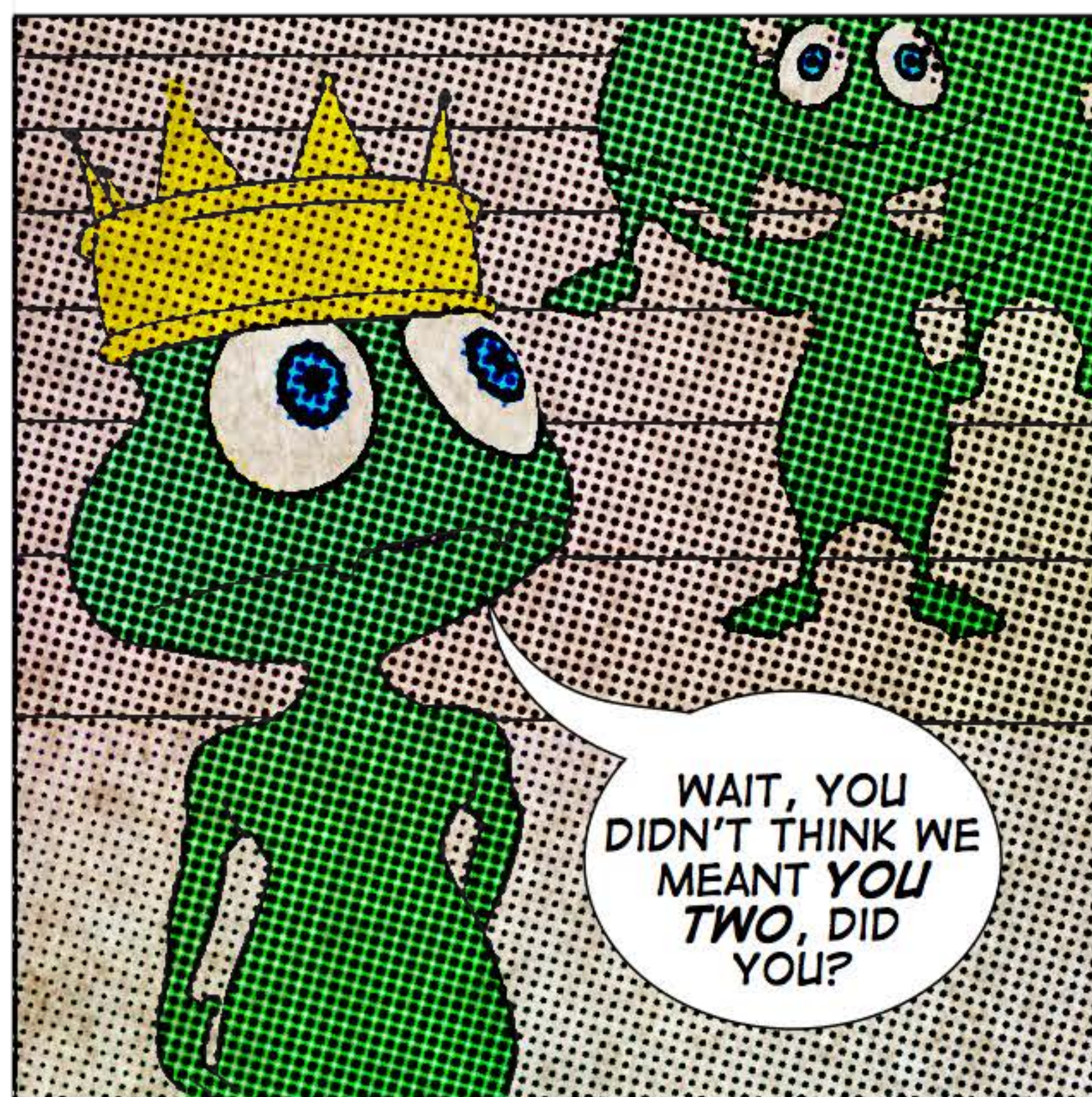
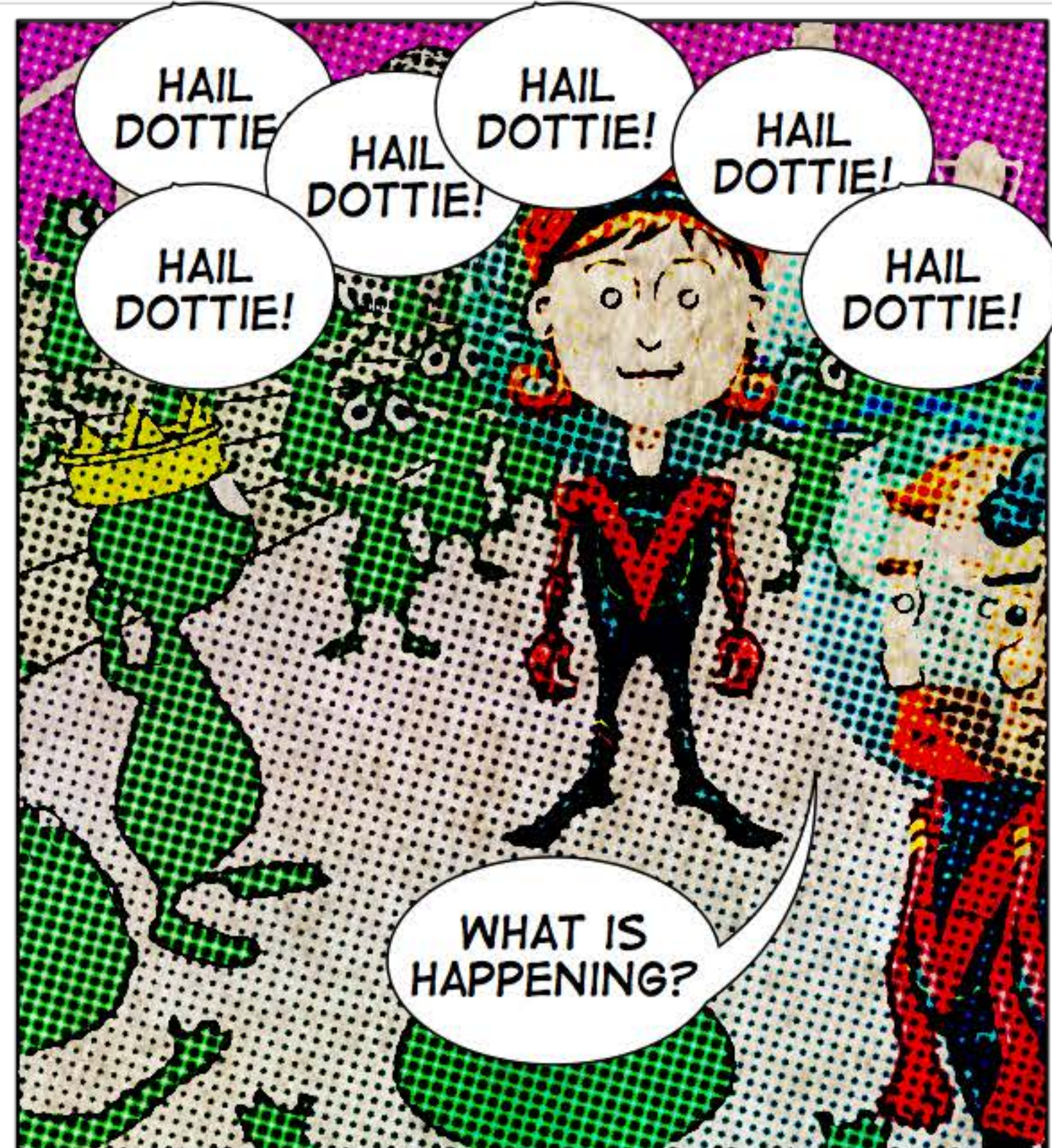


ASSUMING WE SURVIVE, OF COURSE.

SOON, OUR HEROES' MIGHTY ROCKET SHIP SETS DOWN AT THE PREDESIGNATED COORDINATES. AND THE STRANGE ALIENS WAIT IN EAGER ANTICIPATION FOR THEM TO DISEMBARK.







HEY, BOYS
AND GIRLS!

BECOME A SARCASTEER!

JUST LIKE
DOTTIE!



STICKER



WORKING DECODER RING



NUMBERED
MEMBERSHIP
BADGE



WINDOW CLING



RAY GUN



B.O.T.T.O.M.
COSMIC
ILLUMINATOR

Patrolling the spaceways with B.O.T.T.O.M. takes a special kind of hero, and that hero knows to come equipped with the very best equipment. By becoming a Sarcasteer, you can load up on all the keen gear you see pictured here - a real, working decoder ring, a numbered badge identifying you as a member of the Sarcasteers, a ray gun, a B.O.T.T.O.M. cosmic illuminator, and a Sarcasteers window cling and a sticker. And you can get all this for only \$20!

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