



THE MOST FUN YOU'LL EVER HAVE WITHOUT THINKING!

# SPACE ARK



CAPT. STONE IS IN SERIOUS DANGER! SO WHY  
IS HE SMILING? YOU'LL FIND OUT IN...

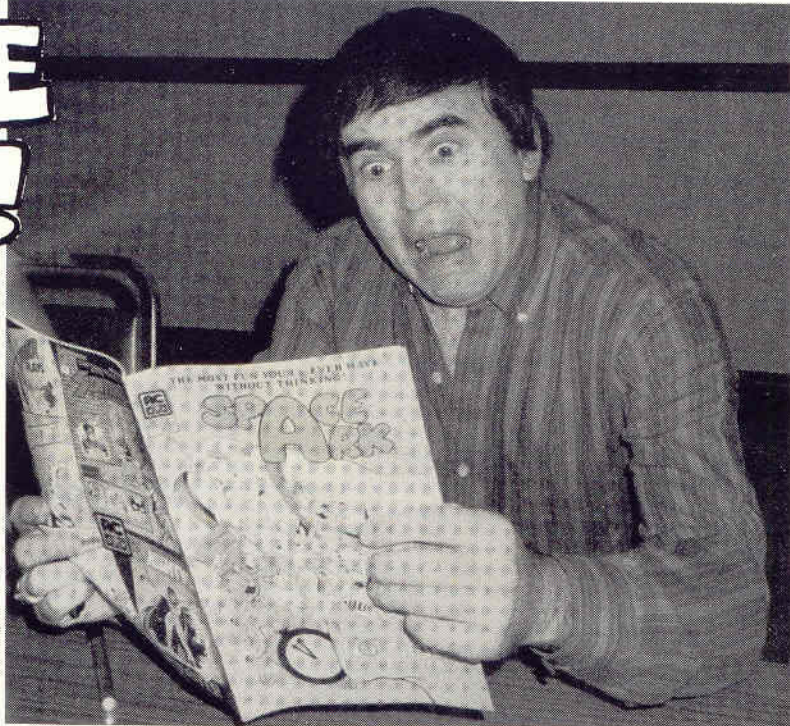
## CATTYCORNERED!



# SPACE ARK!



KEN MITCHRONEY  
SPACE ARK  
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WALTER KOENIG AT TREKCON IN MIAMI  
(photo by Beth Mitchrone)

Sure! They smacked him around . . . shot him with laser and phaser blasts. He's the most abused officer on the Enterprise. Why, they even put nasty, brain chewin' critters in his ears but he always comes back. But wait! What's this? A new form of torture? AARGH! Yes, Commander Pavel Chekov is ultimately done in by . . . SPACE ARK!

Howdy do!

Welcome to another page tearin' issue of **SPACE ARK!** Response was so good on the first issue that we thought we'd give it another go. Any chance you folks would support us on a regular series? Will ya, huh? Will ya? Well, anyway . . . time will tell. (I remember old Will Tell. Kinda short guy . . . usta draw for Carl Po . . . oops! I digress.)

We've planned up to **TEN ISSUES** so far with all the stupidity you've come to expect from me, Mark and the crew. Why shucks, gang, we even have a few surprises coming!

Before you plunge into this literary wonder, I have a few comments about this issue's story. The script was submitted by my good friend and railroad buddy, Bob Sayes. Bob is known for his Star Trek and fiction stories. Believe it or not, he wrote a **serious SPACE ARK** script. His second mistake was to tell us we could do with it as we pleased. After a few script conferences, we managed to mangle Bob's script into something that hardly resembled the original. Yikes! Well, we did get a letter from Allen Dean Foster suggesting we handle our stories this way.

Thus "**Cattycornered**" was born. But, fear not, true believer . . . next issue we will return to our regular format . . . a gag literally every panel.

And now, because there are a few people out there who made my life a living hell because I forgot to list them in our "Thank You" column last issue . . . here's more thank yous! Thanks goes out to Buddy the horse, the crew of the N and W 611, Andy (doit bomb) Collins and his wife Louann, the crew of the Necrocon, Omnicon, Trekon, Tropicon, Robert Bloch, Dave Cockrum, Reid B. Hughs for the shot in the arm, Tom Scott

for his fantastic calligraphy, and my greatest thanks goes to Cliff at **Cliff's Books**, 209 N. Woodland Blvd., DeLand, FL 32750 for helping me out with the color separations and other tasks necessary to complete this issue. Cliff . . . you're the greatest. And last but far from least . . . thanks to the beautiful Caroline Munroe.

Hey, **SPACE ARK** fans, don't forget that the mail truck always stops by the studio. Don't just sit there and read . . . write and let us know what you think about our book. Next issue we may even print some letters!

Well, I've got to go peel the cat now. Read on, McDuffs! See ya next issue.

## Selected Readings and Plugs —

**ALBEDO** by Steve Gallacci

This is serious stuff here! Not funny animals in space. Lots of water color, airbrush and swell back-ups. And rumor has it that Erma and Kitty pulled some time together in their basic training at the academy. You'll like it.

**CUTEY BUNNY** by Josharootie Quagmire

Toon in to America's favorite Black and White bucksum bunny as she rights wrong and looks marvelous doing it! Lots of walk-ons, gags and all round silliness. Why, heck, even Brooklyn reads this one. Need we say more? (Well, he doesn't really read it. He kinda looks at the pictures.)

**THE HURRICANE TRACKING PROGRAM** by good old Mark Cantrell

This disc will "blow" you away! Send \$10 to P.O. Box 95, Canal Point, FL 33438. (For the Atari 800 with disc.)

**SCRATCH** by Charles (Chuckles) Tredwell

Devilishly clever . . . fun for the whole family (if your last name is Adams). Besides, I've got to plug his book. Charlie's got my house keys!!!



AS WE JOIN CAPTAIN STONE,  
HE IS RELAXING IN HIS QUARTERS  
WITH THE MINDSET ON...

WANT ANOTHER  
GRAPE, SWEETUMS?

NO THANKS—  
I THINK THEY'VE  
(hic!) FERMENTED.

HOW'S ABOUT  
A GOOD  
BACK SCRATCH?

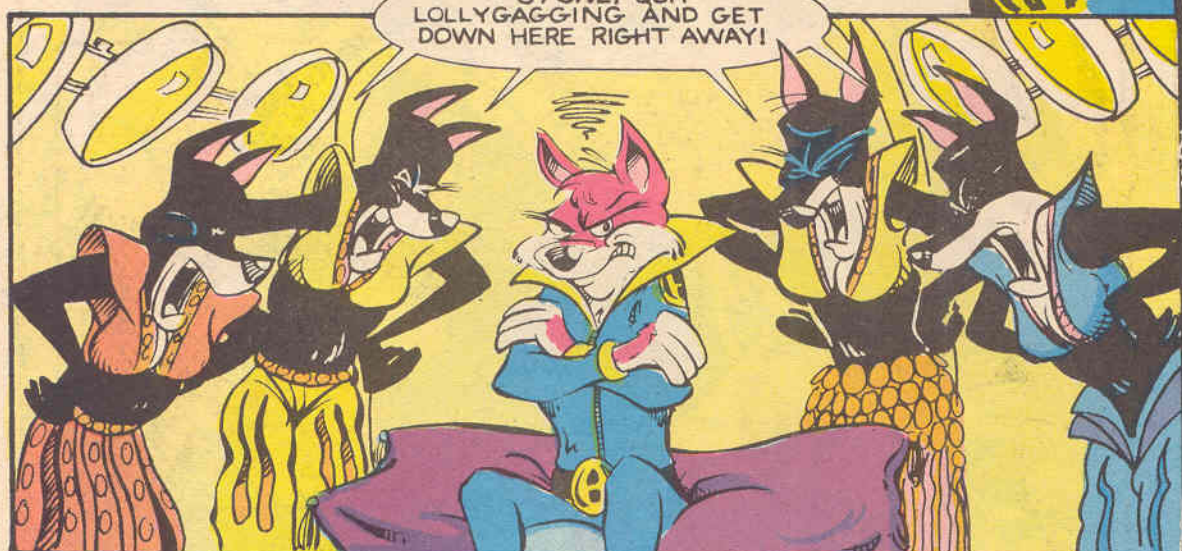
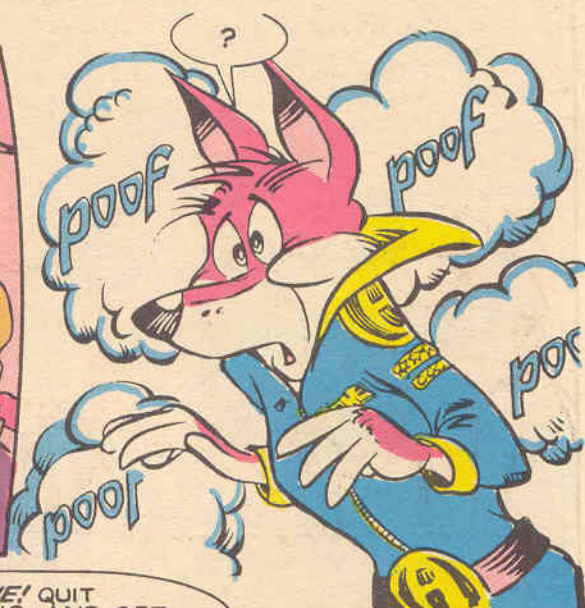
# CATTYCORNERED

BY KEN MITCHRONEY & MARK CANTRELL & ROBERT SAYES  
THOMAS SCOTT-LETTERER • REBEKAH BLACK-COLORIST • BILL BLACK-EDITOR



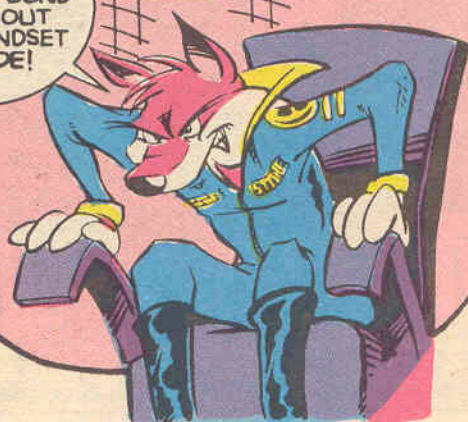


AHHH. THIS IS THE LIFE!



WRRRRR

NUTS!  
I WISH HE'D NEVER FOUND OUT ABOUT THAT MINDSET OVERRIDE!



I'LL NEVER HAVE ANY FUN!





STONE!

I'LL GET  
RIGHT TO THE  
POINT!

SOMEONE  
HAS BEEN STEALING  
OUR FUEL SHIPMENTS  
AND I WANT YOU AND  
YOUR CREW ON  
THE CASE!



THEY STOLE A  
CASE OF FUEL?

NO! I WANT  
YOU TO TRACK  
DOWN THE 3X!

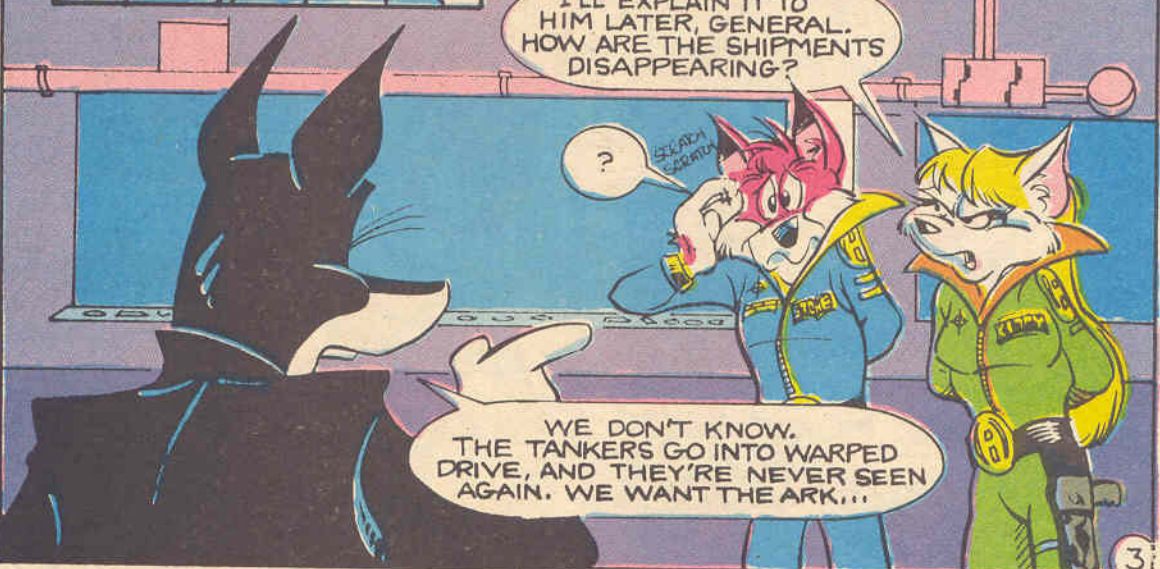
WHY WOULD YOU  
WANT US TO  
TRACK DOWN  
THREE EGGS?



I'LL EXPLAIN IT TO  
HIM LATER, GENERAL.  
HOW ARE THE SHIPMENTS  
DISAPPEARING?

?

WE DON'T KNOW.  
THE TANKERS GO INTO WARPED  
DRIVE, AND THEY'RE NEVER SEEN  
AGAIN. WE WANT THE ARK...





YOU WANT MY  
SHIP AND MY CREW  
TO PLAY DECOY,  
IS THAT IT?

WELL  
YOU CAN  
JUST  
FORG...

NEED I REMIND YOU,  
CAPTAIN, YOU'RE ALL STILL  
PAYING FOR THAT HOLE  
IN THE WALL? \*

YOUR HAZARD  
PAY SHOULD JUST  
ABOUT COVER IT!

UUP!

**BWAZIP**

\* SPACE ARK #1

NOW, R AND D  
HAVE COME UP WITH  
THIS LITTLE GEM IN  
CASE YOU RUN INTO  
TROUBLE...

IT'S A PARTICLE-  
BEAM LASER THAT  
CAN PUNCH THROUGH  
ANY KNOWN  
SHIELDING...

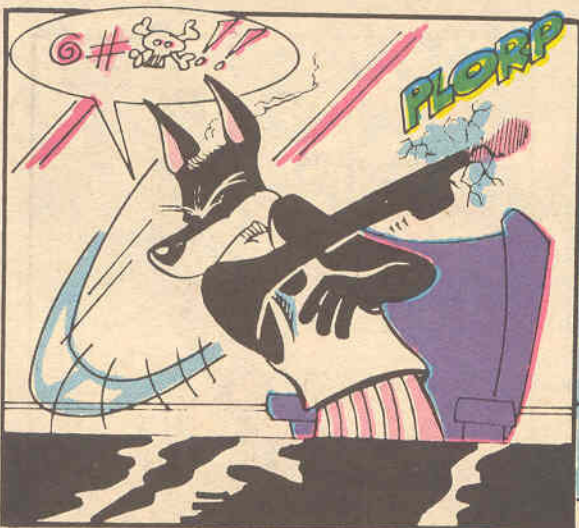
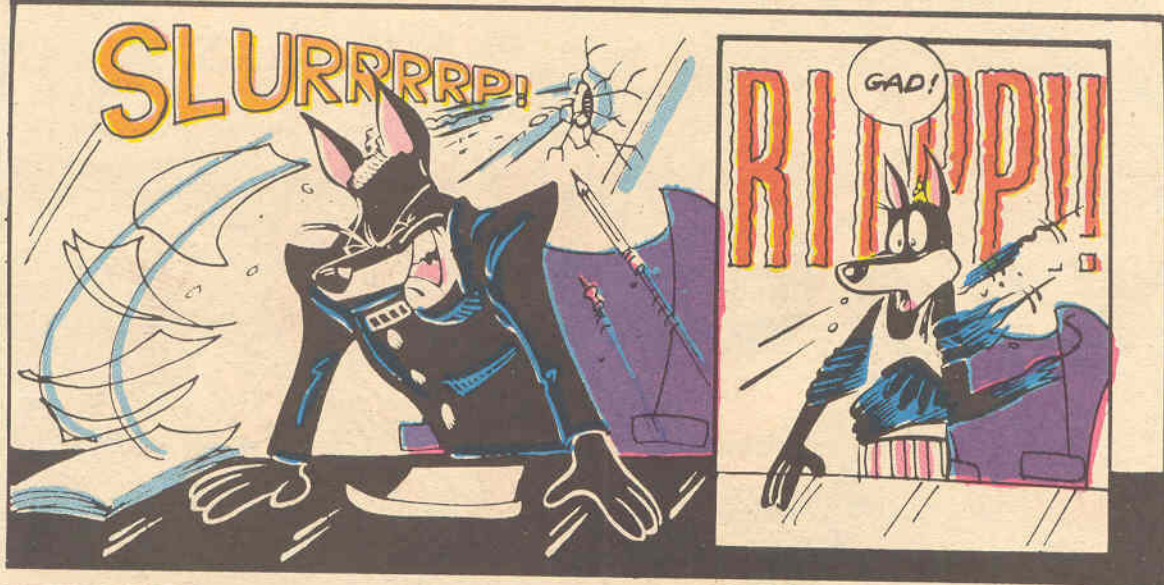
BE  
VERY  
CAREFU...

**BAZOT**

INSTRUC-  
TION  
PB  
LASER

SNAG  
ARK











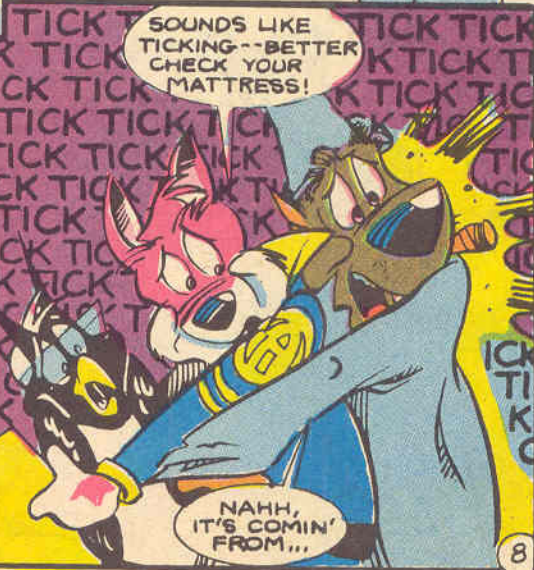
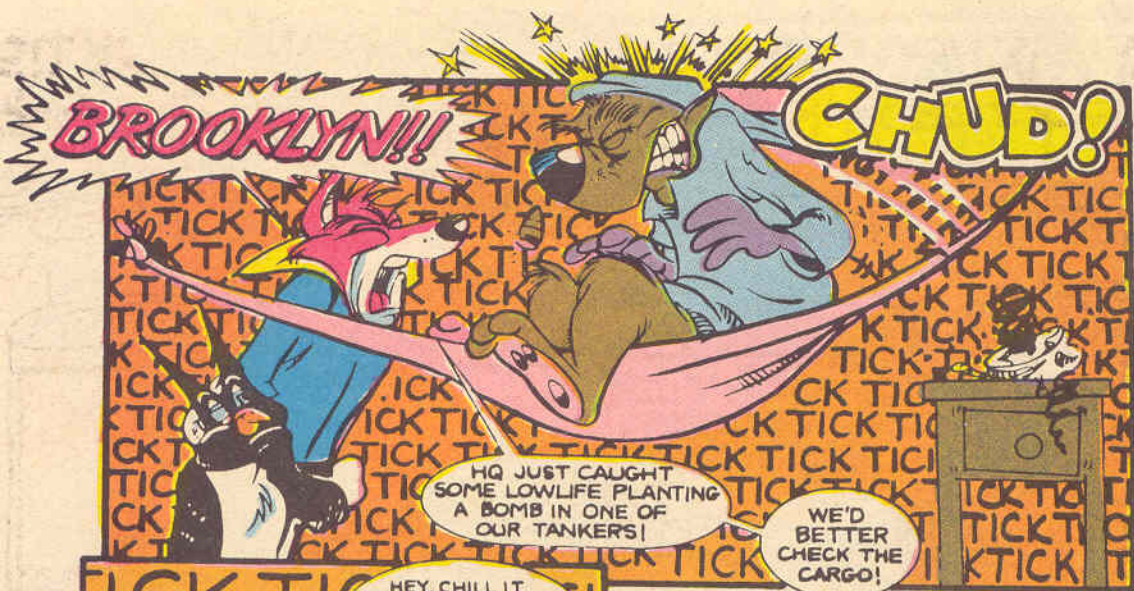
SOON THE ARK IS LOADED AND CAMOUFLAGED,  
AND THEY SET SAIL INTO THE UNKNOWN,  
UNWARE OF THEIR COVERT ESCORT...

ONE MORE  
SCREW-UP, STONE, AND  
YOU'RE OUT OF MY  
HAIR FOREVER!

AND I'M JUST  
THE GUY TO RECORD  
THE WHOLE THING  
FOR POSTERITY!  
HEH HEH HEH!

[illegible]







"ONE O DEM BOOM BOOM JUICE BARRELS!"

DR. WHOOT!!



HMMM. CRUDE, BUT EFFECTIVE. RATHER LIKE OUR CHIEF ENGINEER.

I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO DISARM IT ... THERE.

THREE POINT SIX SECONDS TO SPARE... PIECE OF CAKE.

WHAT KIND OF BOMB IS IT, DOCTOR?

I CAN'T TELL. I'LL BE IN MY LAB DISASSEMBLING IT.

SOMEBODY'S GOT A MAGNABEAM ON US, STONE-WE'RE DROPPING BACK INTO NORMAL SPACE...

... AND THERE'S AN UNCHARTED STAR SYSTEM COMING UP!

I'LL BE RIGHT UP.

SHIP APPROACHING, CAPTAIN SIR!

THEY MUST WONDER WHY THEIR LITTLE TRAP DIDN'T WORK.

KITTY, READY TO REVERSE MAGNABEAM. OPEN A CHANNEL ON MY MARK...

...NOW.



WHAT?  
YOU'RE  
SUPPOSED  
TO BE...

WOW!  
WHAT A  
**FOX!!**

NEVER MIND  
THE FUEL,  
TABATHA!  
TRANSMAT  
**HIM!**

I HEREBY  
ORDER YOU TO LAY  
TO AND SURRENDER  
IN THE NAME OF THE...

WHAT  
NOW?

**FRIZZZZOT!**

NOW  
WAIT  
JUST A  
MIN--

BARKER,  
CHARGE UP  
THE GUNS!

BROOKLYN,  
GIVE ME  
POWER!

THE  
BOMB...

IT...

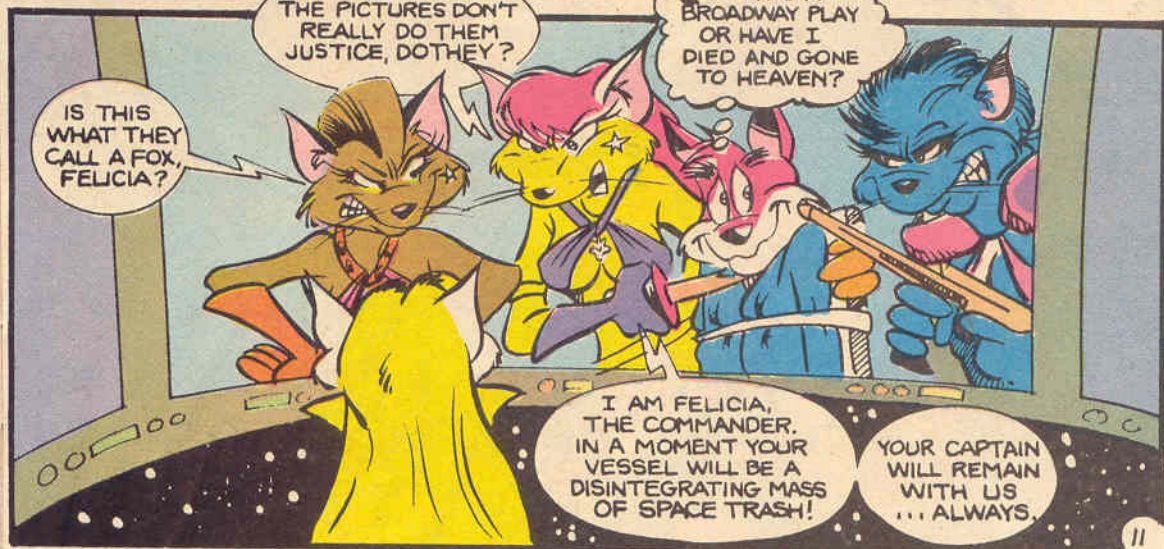
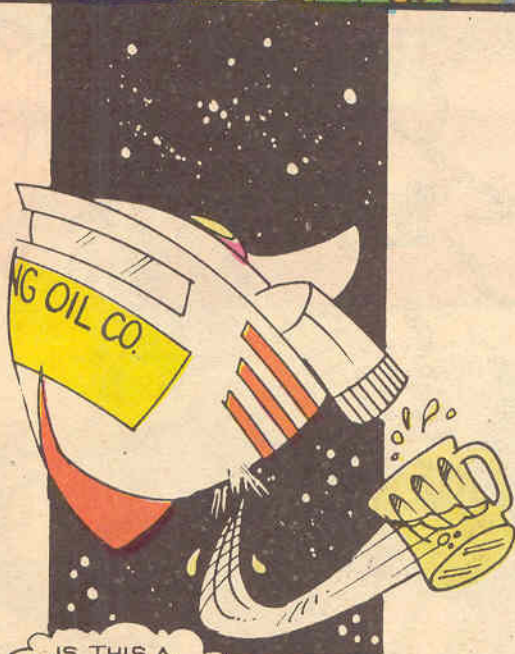
IT WAS  
A...

ohhhh...

YOU SAY  
THE CAP'S BEEN  
KIDNAPPED!

I GOTTA  
HAVE A  
DRINK!







HAH! LITTLE DO THEY KNOW THE ARK HAS ALWAYS BEEN A DISINTEGRATING PILE OF TRASH!

IF I CAN JUST SLIP OUT OF THESE CUFFS...

MANDY—WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!

ENGINES FULL! TO THE RING, QUICKLY!

THEY'RE HEADING FOR THAT BIG PLANET, MA'AM.

CAN'T SHOOT—NOT WITH STONE ON BOARD! THEY'RE ALMOST IN THE RING!

HEY! IT'S MADE OF...



"JUNK!!"

WE'LL  
NEVER  
FIND THEM  
IN THERE!

WE'VE GOT  
TO, BARKER,  
FOR WHOOT'S SAKE  
AND FOR  
STONE'S!

...AND I  
WISH TO  
HEAVEN I  
KNEW WHERE  
BROOKLYN  
WAS!

RIGHT HERE, MY  
PULCHRITUDINOUS  
PUSSYCAT!

BENEFICENT  
BROOKLYN WAS RETURNED,  
OUR CAPTAIN IS AS  
GOOD AS SAVED!

BROOKLYN,  
YOU'RE GLOWIN'!  
AND HEY, HOW'D  
YOU GET  
SO...

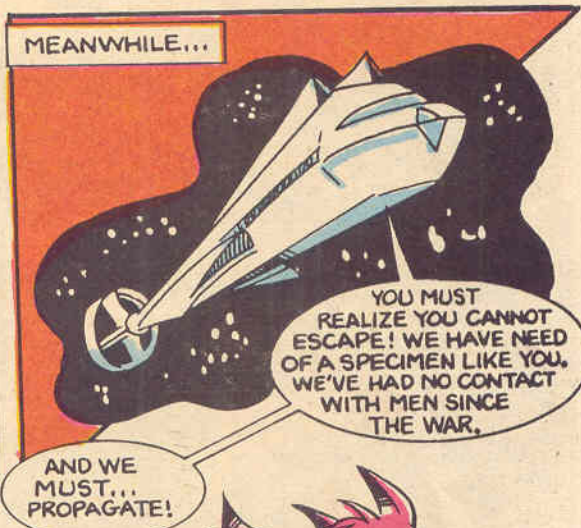
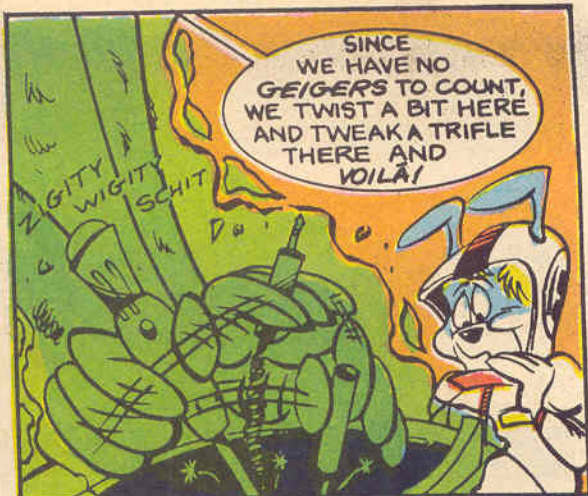
PERSPICACIOUS?  
ERUDITE? LET US SAY  
THE EVILS OF DRINK  
HAVE BEEN GREATLY  
EXAGGERATED!

WELL,  
I HOPE YOU'RE  
SMART ENOUGH TO  
BRING BACK POOR OLD  
DOCTOR WHOOT AND  
THE CAPTAIN!

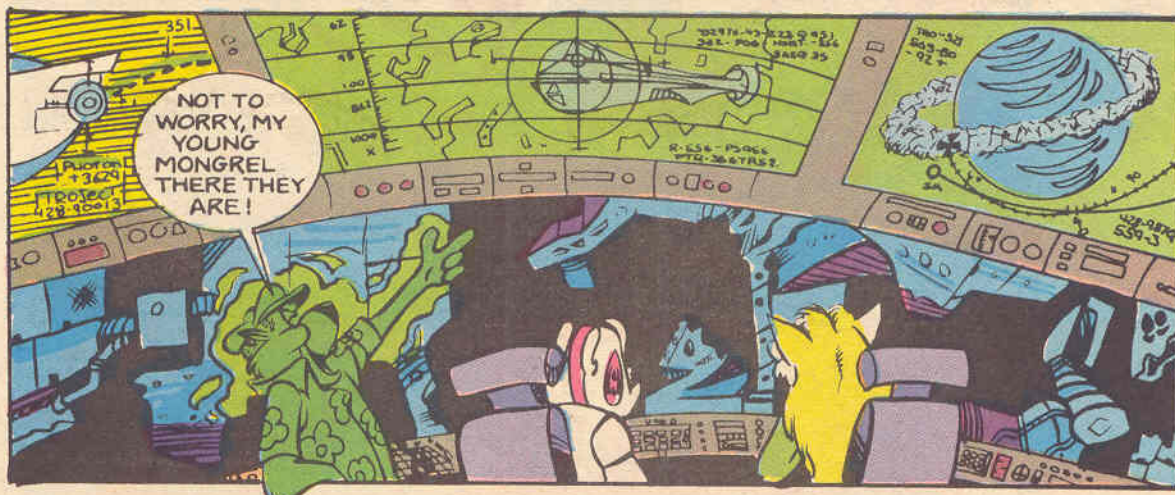
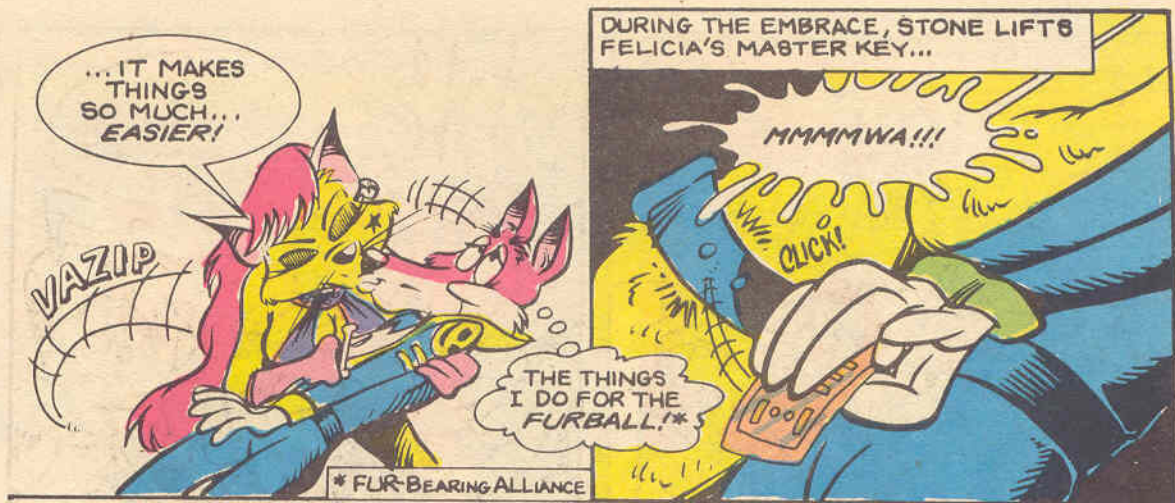
AH,  
THEREIN LIES  
THE RUB! OUR GOOD  
DOCTOR IS SLEEPING-  
OFF THE EFFECTS OF  
A CLASS B MARK VII  
NEURAL DISRUPTOR  
DEVICE!

... IN  
ENGLISH, A  
SLEEP BOMB! THE  
ALIENS PURLOIN THE  
FUEL WHILE THE  
CREW IS ASLEEP,  
YOU SEE,











MOMENTS LATER ON  
THE FELINER...

**FRIZOOT!**

MA'AM, I  
COULD REALLY USE  
SOME TALCUM  
POWDER!

YOU TWO!  
YOU'RE OUT OF  
UNIFORM! INTO  
THE LOCKER  
ROOM!

Locker  
Room

IN THE LOCKER ROOM OUR HEROES  
ARE FORCED TO STRIP...

LOOK! A  
TEENY WEENY  
LITTLE TAIL!  
WHY IT'S  
A... A...

MAN!!

CRASH  
RATTLE

STRUGGLE!  
STRUGGLE  
STRUGGLE

**CAP!**

!?!

YOU  
NEEDN'T HAVE  
BOTHERED--YOUR  
CAPTAIN HAS  
JOINED OUR  
CAUSE!

YOU  
TWO WILL  
MAKE FINE  
SLAVES!



...ON A  
DIET OF  
GRUEL!!



OOOOH...

TALK ABOUT  
GRUEL AND UNSUAL  
PUNISHMENT!

...HOPE MY  
PLAN WORKS!



WHO  
NEEDS 'EM, ANYWAY?  
SAY, FELICIA, DON'T YOU  
AND I HAVE A LITTLE  
UNFINISHED, UH,  
BUSINESS?

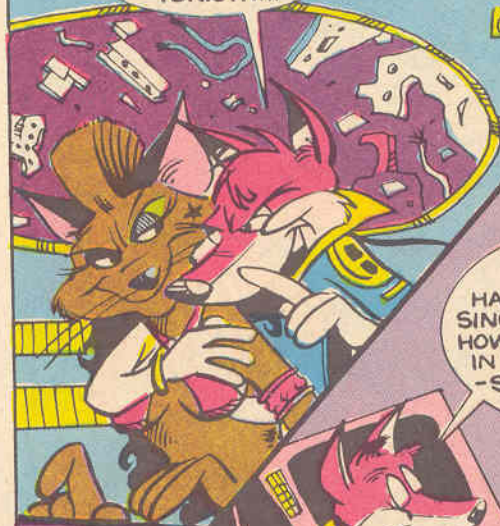
I'M FREE  
AROUND 2100 HOURS  
TONIGHT--YOUR  
QUARTERS?



MY, YOU'RE  
TURNING OUT  
BETTER THAN I  
HAD EXPECTED. MY  
ESCORT WILL MAKE  
SURE YOU'RE  
NOT LATE.

LATER THAT HOUR...

SAY  
TABATHA, I'M  
FREE AROUND  
2100 HOURS  
TONIGHT...

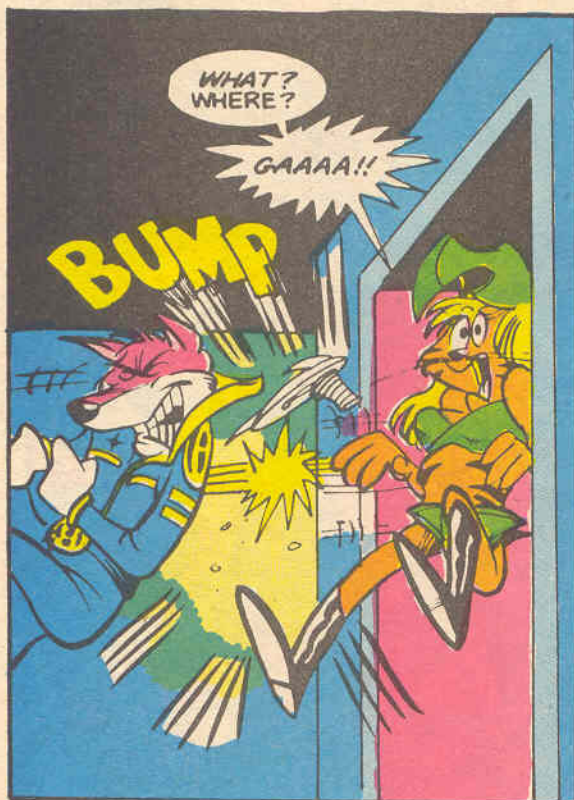
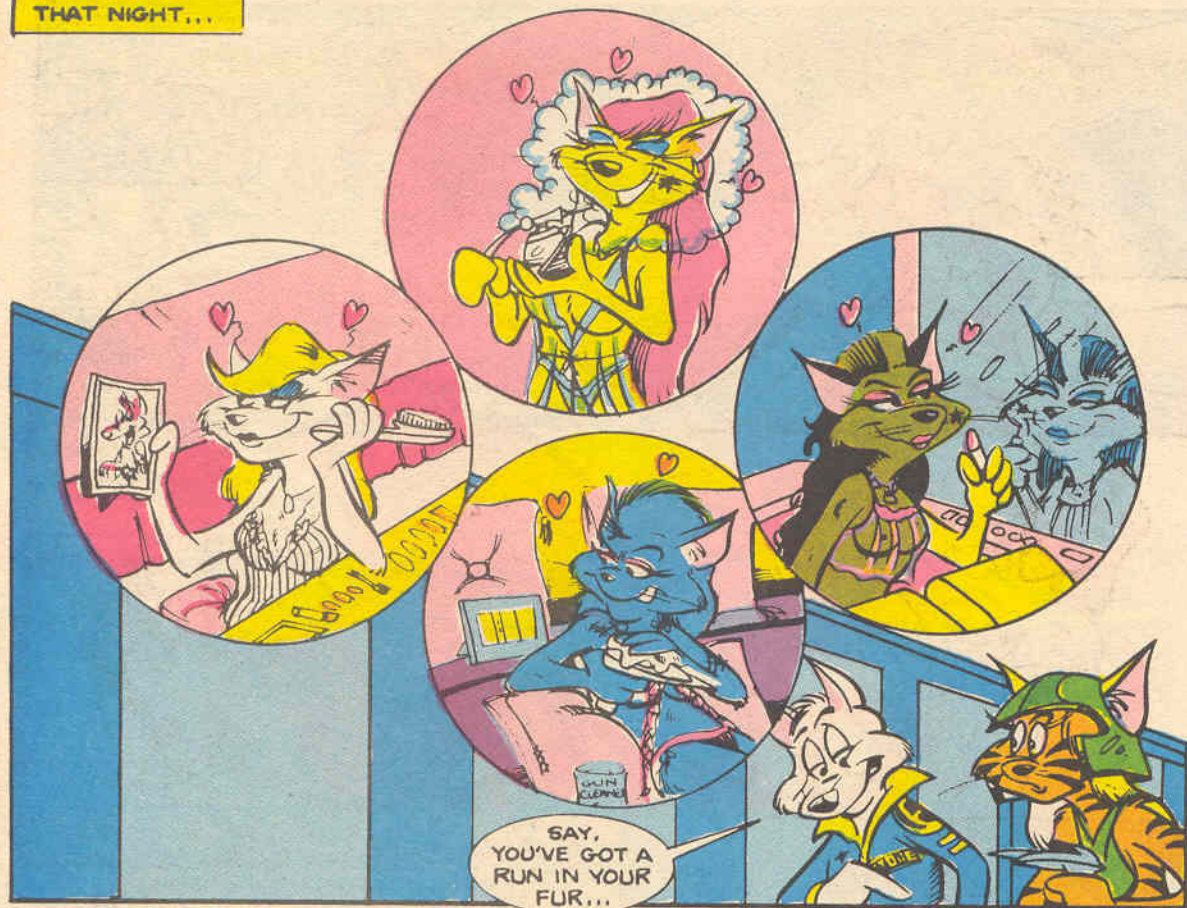


SAY LIONA,  
I'M NOT DOING  
ANYTHING TONIGHT  
AROUND 2100...

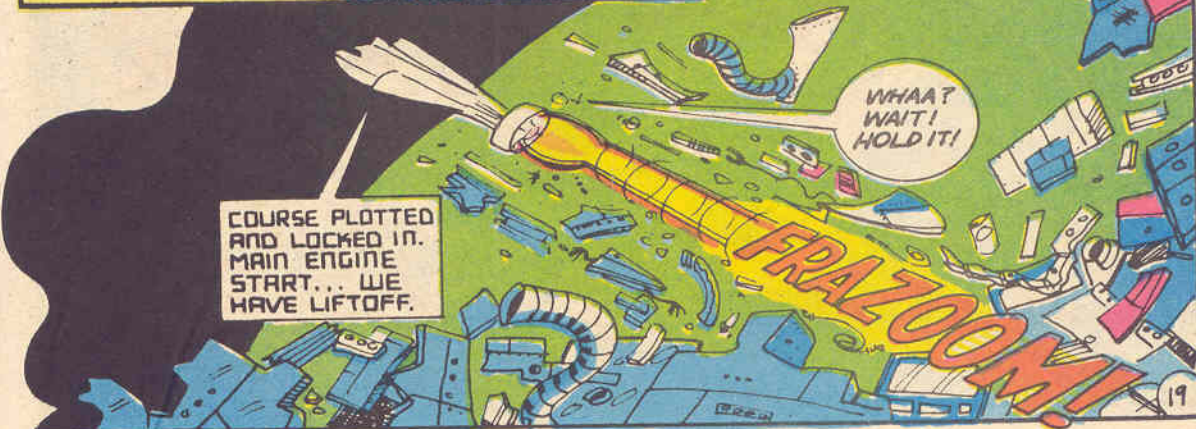
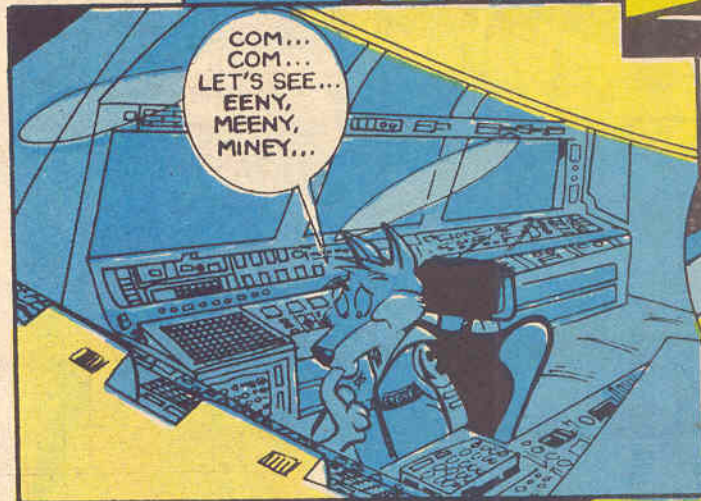
Y'KNOW,  
MANDY, I'VE  
HAD MY EYE ON YOU  
SINCE I GOT HERE.  
HOW ABOUT I MEET YOU  
IN YOUR ROOM TONIGHT  
-SAY ABOUT 2100  
HOURS?













THEY'RE  
LEAVING THE  
RING. SEGUE  
TO PLAN B!

READY  
WITH THAT  
LASER, BOLTZ.  
FIRE ACROSS  
THEIR BOW!

LASER!  
NOT RAZOR!  
YOU CYBERNETIC  
SIMPLETON!

SAFETY RAZOR

?

ZINGA  
ZINGA  
SWOOSH!

BREAK  
OUT THE  
DRAMAMINE  
AND PREPARE  
TO FOLLOW!  
PURP

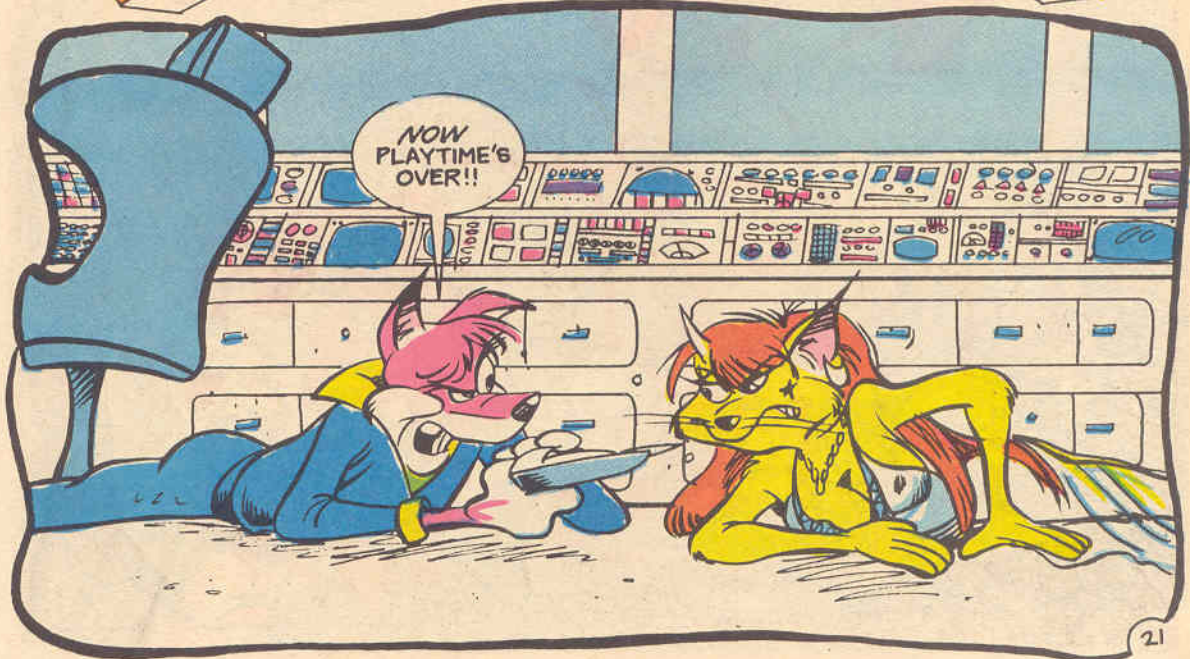
NEVER  
UNDERESTIMATE  
THE POWER OF A  
BOBBYPIN,  
CAPTAIN!

PLAYTIME'S  
OVER--I'LL TAKE  
THAT SEAT NOW!

FOOSH!

TAKE IT!  
TAKE IT! JUST  
GET US STOPPED!  
WE'RE HEADING  
RIGHT FOR  
A...







LATER...

STEADY,  
BROOKLYN.

OH, CAP... I  
NEVER WANNA  
BE SMART  
NO MORE!

SO YOU  
SEE CAPTAIN,  
AFTER THE WAR OUR  
PEOPLE BECAME STERILE  
FROM RADIATION POISON-  
ING. ONE BY ONE THEY  
PERISHED, UNTIL ONLY  
THREE OF OUR  
FEMALES WERE  
LEFT.

IT  
WAS THEN  
WE DISCOVERED  
THE SECRET OF  
CLONING. WE'RE ALL  
CLONES OF THOSE  
THREE SURVIVORS.

WE'VE  
LIVED IN THE RING  
FOR GENERATIONS,  
REBUILDING ONE OF  
THE FELINERS.

WE WERE  
TO USE THE FUEL  
FROM YOUR TRANSPORTS  
TO POWER IT...

UNTIL  
YOU GOT  
HERE.

SO  
WHERE  
ARE ALL THE  
TANKER  
CREWS?

MY GUESS  
WOULD BE  
HERE IN THE  
FELINER,  
RIGHT?

YES  
THEY'RE ALL SAFE,  
THEY WOULD HAVE  
GONE WITH US TO A NEW  
STAR SYSTEM WHERE  
WHERE WE COULD  
HAVE STARTED  
OVER.

BUT THE  
ALLIANCE WOULD BE  
HAPPY TO TAKE YOU TO  
AN UNINHABITED  
SYSTEM!

SURE! AND  
I KNOW A BUNCH  
OF GUYS WHO'D  
JUMP AT THE  
CHANCE TO  
GO WITH  
YOU!



WE ACCEPT YOUR FIRST OFFER WITH THANKS, CAPTAIN, AS FOR THE SECOND, IT WON'T REALLY BE NECESSARY.

YOU SEE, WHILE YOU SLEPT OUR SENSORS BUILT A COMPUTER MODEL...

I THINK WE'LL HAVE ALL THE MAN WE'LL EVER NEED!

AND I SUPPOSE YOU'VE SAVED THE GALAXY SINGLE-HANDELY AGAIN, EH, STONE?

I'M BEAMING OVER TO SEE FOR MYSELF!

CAN I ASK YOU FOR ONE LAST FAVOR?

ANYTHING, YOU HANDSOME DEVIL!





COORDINATES RECEIVED--  
I'M BEAMING NOW!

ALL RIGHT, STONE  
I KNOW  
YOU...  
**FRIZZZOT!**



... YOU  
... OH  
... NO...



**YYYIIIIII! AAAHHH!**

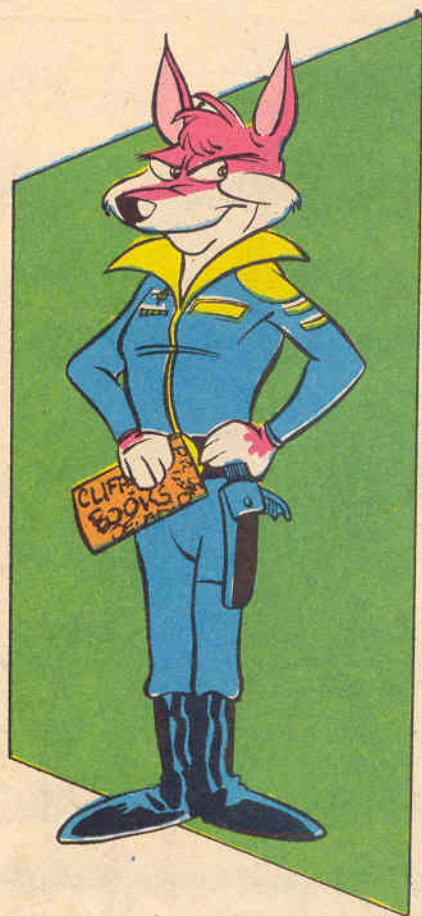


MEANWHILE, BACK  
ON THE ARK--BOLT  
BOLTZ IS GLOWING  
STRANGELY...

"CAPTAIN BOLTZ"...  
HAS A NICE  
RING TO IT!







# SPACE ARK

## CAPTAIN STONE

Our Captain, orphaned as a child, was adopted by an itinerant family of three-toed sloths, who tried to teach him how to hang from a tree limb by his toenails. The result was a severe identity crisis and several nasty bumps on his head. IN frustration, the sloths left the young Stone on the doorstep of the FURBALL academy.

Recognizing officer materials when they saw it, the academy directors enrolled Stone as an Astrophysics major, with a minor in Corrective Gum Chewing.

On graduation, Stone was given his first (and probably last) command, the Space Ark, where his ego is free to grow unbounded.

## KITTY

Our first officer knew hard times on the Army base where she grew up. Once, during a severe mouse shortage, she was able to divert a large group of lemmings to the base with fake "Beach Ramp" signs. Impressed by her resourcefulness, the Base Commander awarded her an academy scholarship. Graduating with honors, she was assigned to the Space Ark, where she's been stuck ever since.

Always a sucker for a uniform, Kitty has carried a torch for Stone for quite some time, and won't hesitate to use it when he steps out of line.







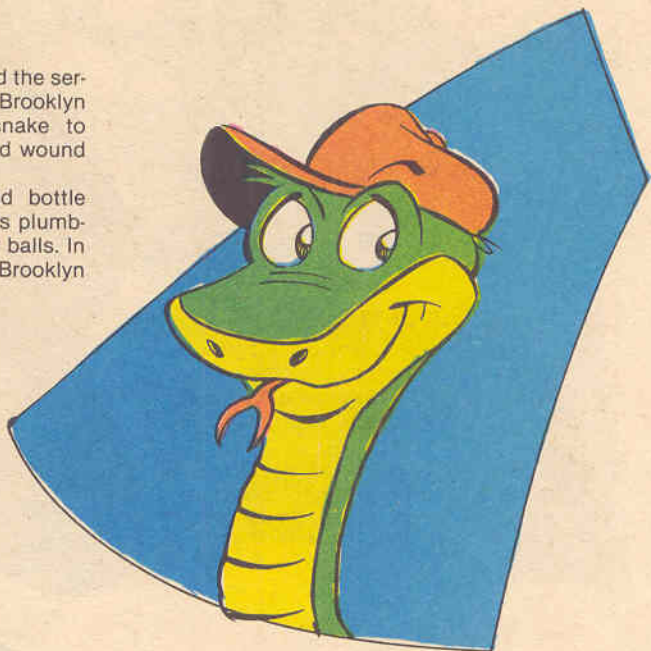
#### BROOKLYN

Growing up as a street kid in New York, our Chief Engineer tried to weasel out of the draft by dressing in drag and affecting a lisp. A FURBALL recruiter soon ended his career as a Brooklyn Dodger, and he found himself in the Space Ark's engine room, where he now operates a distilling business on the side.

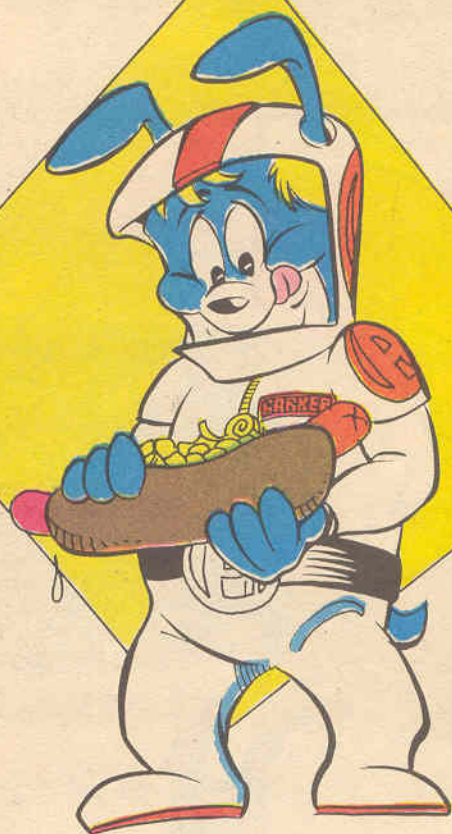
#### SLINX

Our Engineer's Mate entered the service quite accidentally, when Brooklyn requisitioned a plumber's snake to clear a clogged sewer line and wound up with Slinx instead.

As chief pipe cleaner and bottle washer, Slinx roams the ship's plumbing in search of renegade hair balls. In his off hours, he tries to keep Brooklyn from soiling the furniture.







### BARKER

Always shy as a pup, Ensign Barker had only one real friend: his refrigerator. When the FURBALL offered him officer training as a three-course option, Barker thought they meant a large meal and signed up immediately.

Unable to part with his security blanket, our Ensign had it reinforced and made into a spacesuit, which he wears constantly. Inside are several secret compartments for snacks, but Barker doesn't eat between meals. He's never been able to tell where one meal ends and the next one begins.

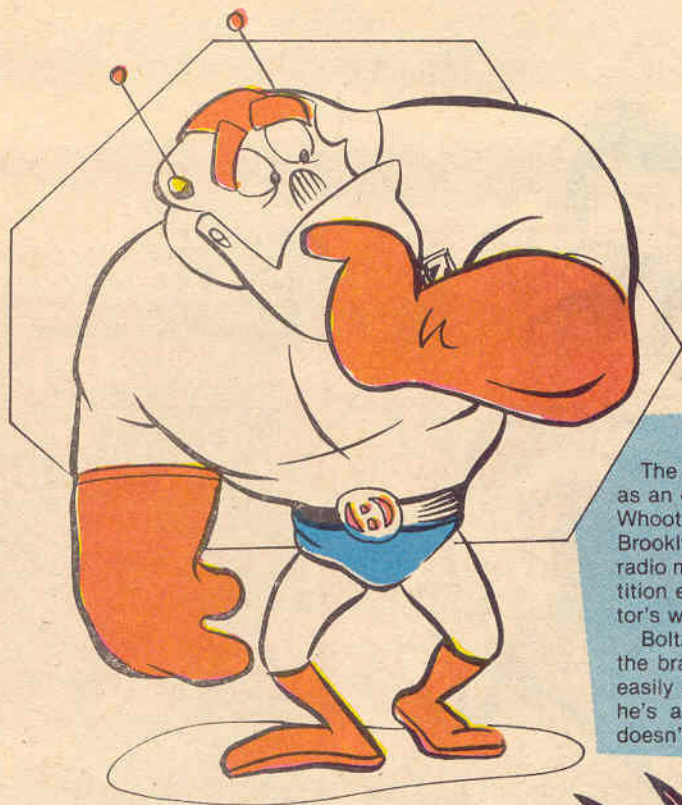
### DOCTOR WHOOT

Our science officer's origins are shrouded in mystery, although word has it he won a trip around the galaxy on a TV game show and got on the wrong ship by mistake.

No dummy he, the Doctor soon realized his mistake, but stayed aboard anyway, for a simple reason: On the Ark, he can feel superior to EVERYBODY.







### BOLTZ

The Ark's resident robot began life as an electronic toaster, which Doctor Whoot decided to modify to tell time. Brooklyn, not to be outdone, added a radio module, and their friendly competition escalated into a full-scale inventor's war, with Boltz as the result.

Boltz tries to be helpful, but having the brains of a small appliance, he is easily confused. This may explain why he's always assigned the jobs Slinx doesn't want.



### GENERAL DYNAMIX

The General was one of the Captain's instructors at the Academy, and hoped he'd seen the last of Stone after graduation. No such luck.

Born a farmer's son, the General's hobby is still raising crops — the riding kind. A strict disciplinarian, Dynamix has little time for Stone's incompetence, and hopes the Captain will bumble his way out of the service. And soon, before the General's receding fur-line gets any worse.