GIRL GENIUS®
ELECTRONIC EDITION



VOLUME THREE

AGATHA HETERODYNE AND THE MONSTER ENGINE

AIRSHIP ENTERTAINMENT

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3

Agatha Heterodyne and the

MONSTER ENGINE

A Gaslamp Fantasy with ADVENTURE, ROMANCE & MAD SCIENCE

GIRL GENIUS®

BY PHIL & KAJA FOGLIO

Girl Genius®

Agatha Heterodyne & The Monster Engine

A Gaslamp Fantasy with Adventure, Romance & Mad Science



Story by Kaja & Phil Foglio
Pencils by Phil Foglio
Colors by Mark McNabb & Laurie E. Smith

Airship Entertainment



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Story by Phil & Kaja Foglio. Pencils by Phil Foglio. Story colors by Mark McNabb (pages 5-62 and 64-76) and Laurie E. Smith (pages 63 and 77-127). Selected spot illos colored by Kaja Foglio. Logos, Lettering, Artist Bullying & Book Design by Kaja. Fonts mostly by Comicraft– www.comicbookfonts.com. Invaluable art assistance by Cheyenne Wright, Savannah Goodwin and Alice Bentley.

Most of the material in this collection was originally published in the Girl Genius comic book issues 7-10.

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This book is dedicated to Cheyenne Wright and Savannah Goodwin– towering figures of legend on the TPU campus in addition to (or possibly because of) being the only ones who actually know where the Department of Transdimensional Harmonics *is* on any given week. Fear them.

Kaja Foglio

With the publication of this volume, Professor Foglio has completed her preliminary account of the first major incident in the life of Agatha Heterodyne. This occasioned the consumption of half a bottle of sherry, a triumphant dance of her own creation atop the main library, and then a nice lie-down in a darkened room with a damp cloth over her eyes. Despite innumerable offers from various learned bodies and publishers of torrid historical novels, she has already begun work on chronicling Miss Heterodyne's further adventures.

Phil Foglio

Professor Foglio continues his field research, attempting to verify the more outré incidents in the early life of Agatha Heterodyne, despite several incidents involving bad mushrooms. Some of the more chairbound members of the academic peer-review board saw cause to mock these difficulties, until it was shown that these mushrooms were over three meters tall, ambulatory, and possessed of a burning desire to conquer the Earth. "Bad" was a bit of an understatement. The surviving board members have vowed to so note, as soon as enough members to constitute a quorum are found.

Mark McNabb

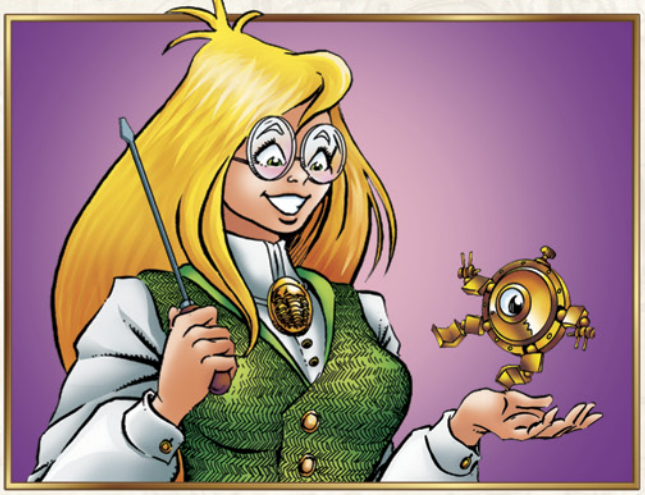
Professor McNabb's radical approach to color theory has sparked innumerable campus discussions, as well as at least one religious movement. The illustrations contained in his latest monograph caused the campus printing press to melt, an incident that Professor McNabb declared "A resounding success" and "I'm not paying for that."

Laurie E. Smith

A student of the long-mocked "visible spectrum" school of art theory, Professor Smith came to the attention of Professors Foglio and Foglio with her stunning "polar bear in a snowstorm" series of illustrations, which were rendered entirely without the use of the color white.



OUR STORY SO FAR



It is a world where the Industrial Revolution became an all-out war. Rival Mad Scientists ("Sparks" to use the more polite term) amuse themselves by unleashing their creations upon one another, much to the dismay of the general populace. These battles have in many places created a landscape devastated by doomsday machines and monsters.

At the time of our story, Europe is recovering from an especially bad period of conflict known as The Long War. Responsible for much of that recovery is Baron Klaus Wulfenbach—an unusually powerful Spark. The Baron has established an empire by the simple expedient of conquering all who dared to disturb the Pax Transylvania, and with his rule has come a certain degree of order.

Even though most people admit that things have been better since the Baron took control, he is still unfavorably compared to his former companions—the Heterodyne Boys—popular heroes who disappeared years ago under mysterious circumstances. Many still await their return.

Girl Genius Volume One: The Beetleburg Clank

Agatha Clay was a student at Transylvania Polygnostic University. She worked hard, but had trouble concentrating and none of the little machines that she was constantly building ever actually worked. Although most people considered her damaged, the head of the University—Dr. Beetle—insisted upon her continued attendance and even employed her as a personal assistant in his lab.

In a University town like TPU's Beetleburg, strange things happen all the time. One morning, Agatha was startled by an electrical apparition and fled into an alley. There she was mugged by a pair of ragged soldiers, who stole a locket containing pictures of her parents.

Distraught, Agatha ran to Dr. Beetle's lab just in time for a surprise visit from Baron Wulfenbach and his newly-revealed son, Gilgamesh. Dr. Beetle had found a dangerous weapon—a slaver wasp hive engine of a type last seen in the Long War—and was attempting to hide it for his own purposes. This treachery had been discovered, and the Baron had come to deal with the problem personally. Dr. Beetle was killed in the ensuing fight and Agatha was expelled. When her foster parents—Adam and Lilith Clay—were informed of the day's events, they seemed most concerned with the theft of the locket. Agatha was informed that they would leave town the next day if it could not be found.

The next morning, Agatha awakened in Adam's machine shop, where something had clearly been built in a hurry. With her was Moloch Von Zinzer—one of the soldiers who had stolen her locket the day before. The other thief—his brother—had died in the night, apparently because of an odd mechanism built into the locket. Moloch had come looking for Agatha with vague, drunken thoughts of revenge. Before anyone had a chance to do anything, a large mechanical "clank" came bursting through the doors followed by a canister of knockout gas and, finally, by Baron Wulfenbach and his soldiers.

The clank had been found stalking the streets. When the Baron reset the clank's controls to return to its point of origin, it had led him straight to the Clay's workshop. The Baron recognized Agatha as the student from Beetle's lab and assumed that the soldier, not she, was the builder of the device and therefore a new Spark. Agatha (still in her underwear from the night before) was assumed to be his lover. Both were taken to the airship fortress Castle Wufenbach—Moloch to be studied and Agatha to ensure his good behavior.

Girl Genius Volume Two: The Airship City

The first person that Agatha met when she awoke was Moloch Von Zinzer. Knowing that he was no Spark, and too frightened to point out the Baron's mistake, he blackmailed Agatha into pretending to be his assistant by threatening to expose Agatha's "parents" as the actual builders of the clank. Since Agatha feared that this might be true, she agreed to go along with the deception.

Agatha then discovered that she had been housed with a group of the Baron's students. Her new friends explained that they were children of various powerful Sparks and rulers, and that the Baron kept them with him to keep their parents in line.

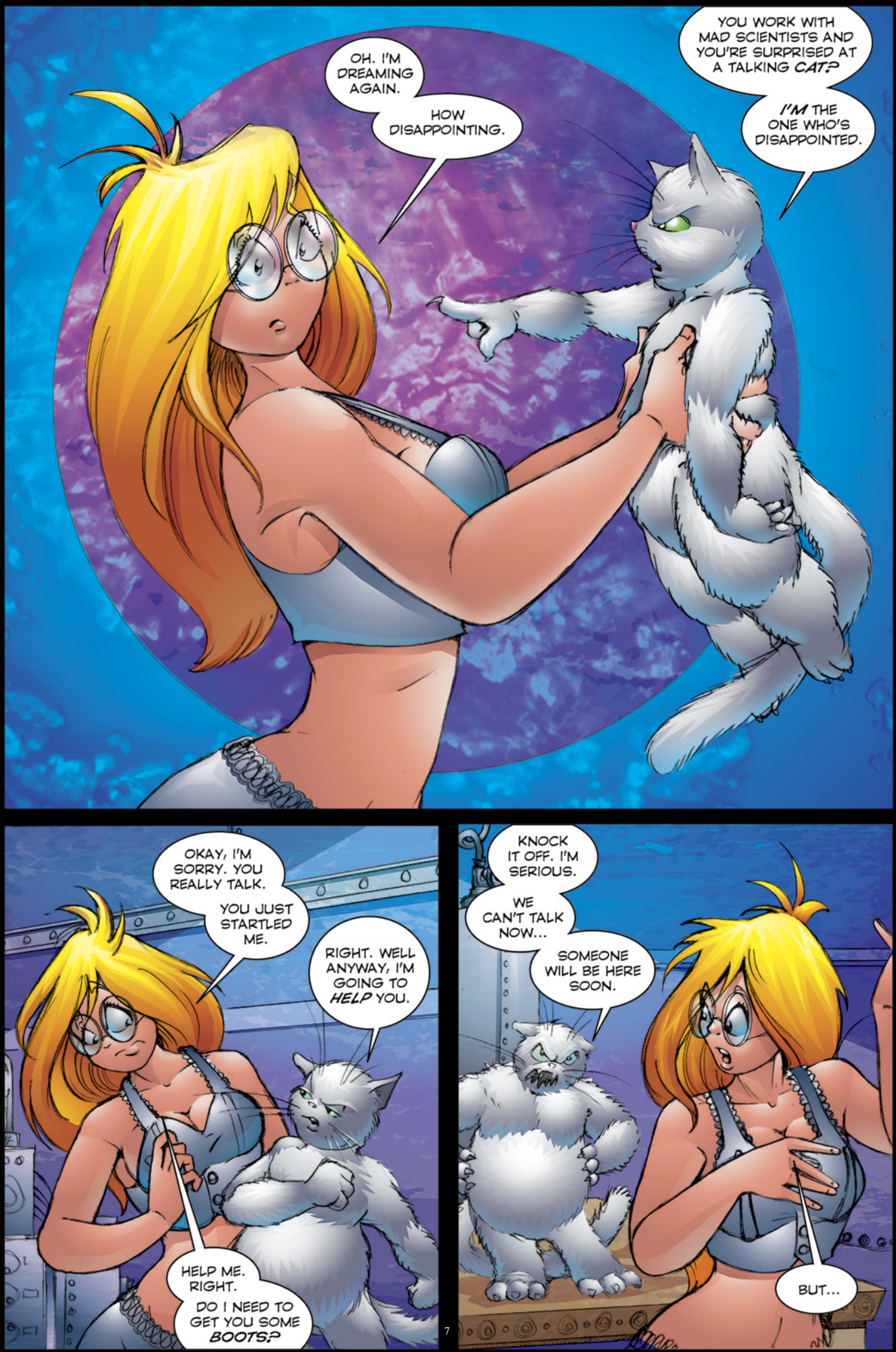
Gilgamesh Wulfenbach believed that there was more to the events surrounding the Beetleburg clank than his father thought. Interviewing Agatha alone, he found that her answers to his questions only made him more suspicious. While testing a flying machine, the two crashed into the quarters of one of the generals of the Jägermonsters, a group of construct soldiers who once served the Heterodynes. The General became so interested in Agatha that Gil became worried and was forced to hurry her away.

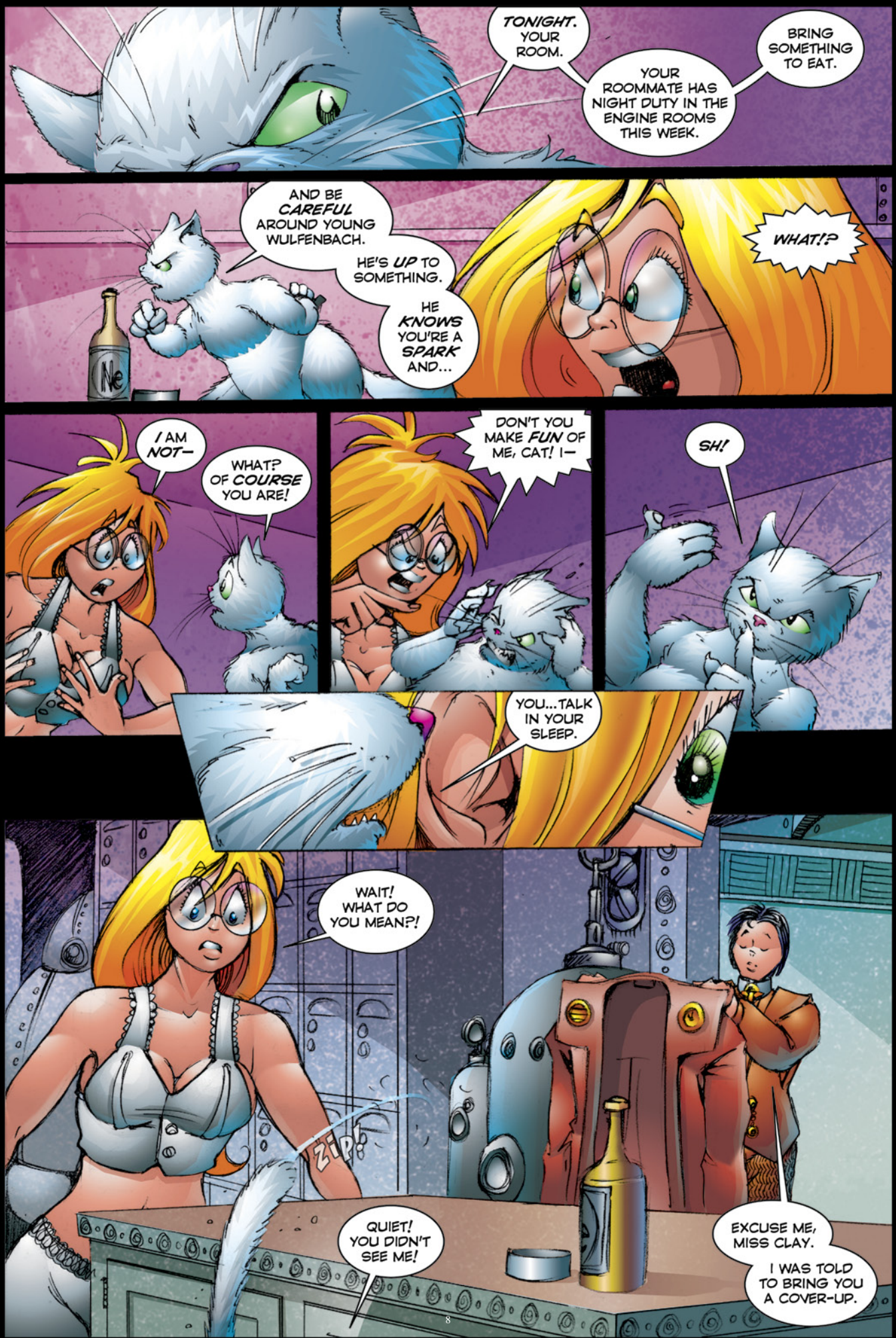
Days passed, with Agatha and Moloch both trying to look busy while searching for a way to escape. Agatha had been waking up every morning in the lab—as though she had been trying to work in her sleep. Unfortunately, nothing useful ever seemed to come of it. Finally, tempers rose, and Moloch threatened Agatha, saying that if his "beloved assistant" had a tragic "accident," it would buy him more time. Thanks to the timely assistance of a cat that Agatha had been feeding, Moloch got the worst of the fight. Gil happened by just as Agatha was throwing Moloch into the hall. After hiring Agatha to work in his own lab, he took a terrified Moloch away, promising to "help" him.

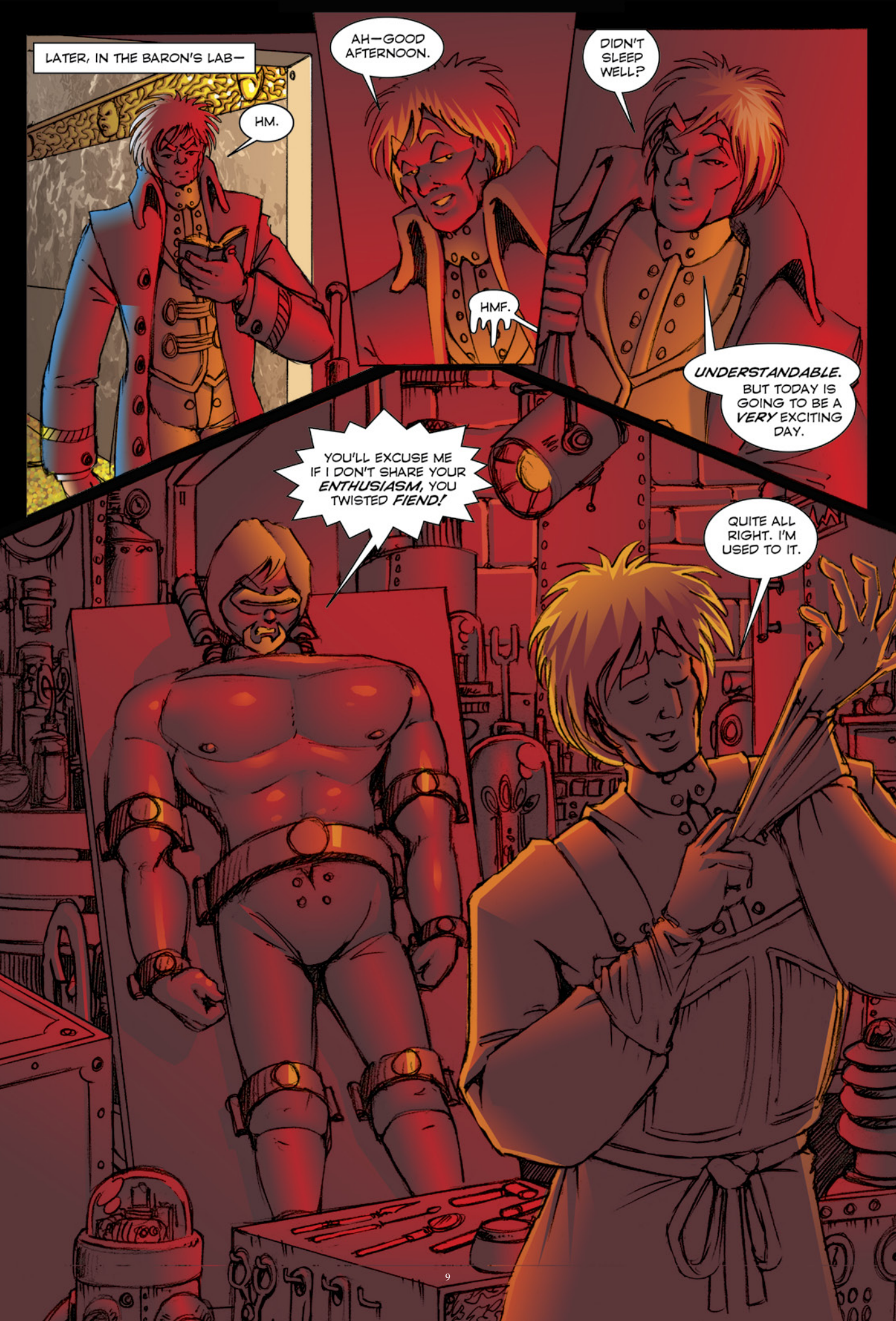
Agatha was thrilled with the idea of working with someone who might actually let her DO something—right up until the cat started talking.

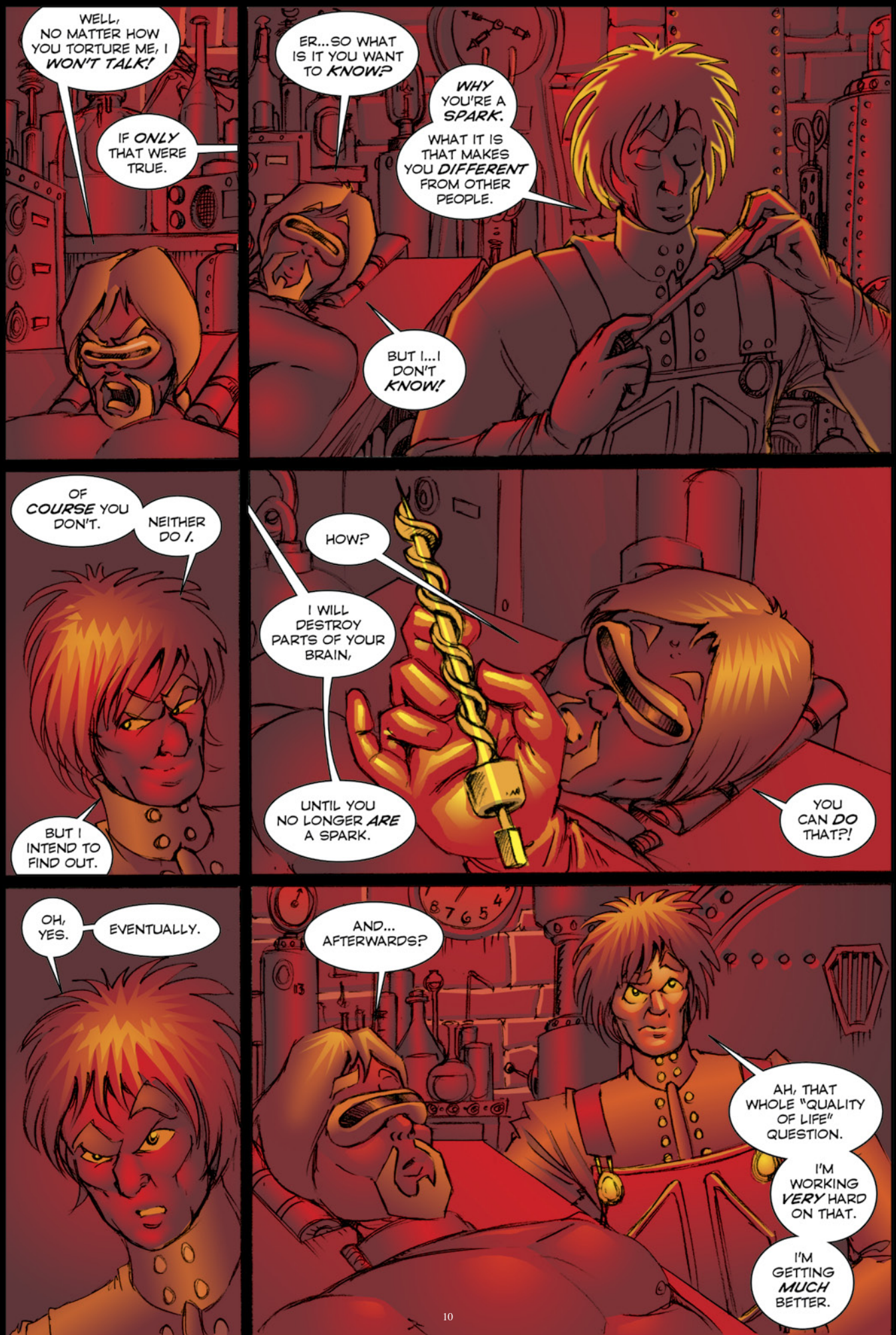
And now, we return to our story...



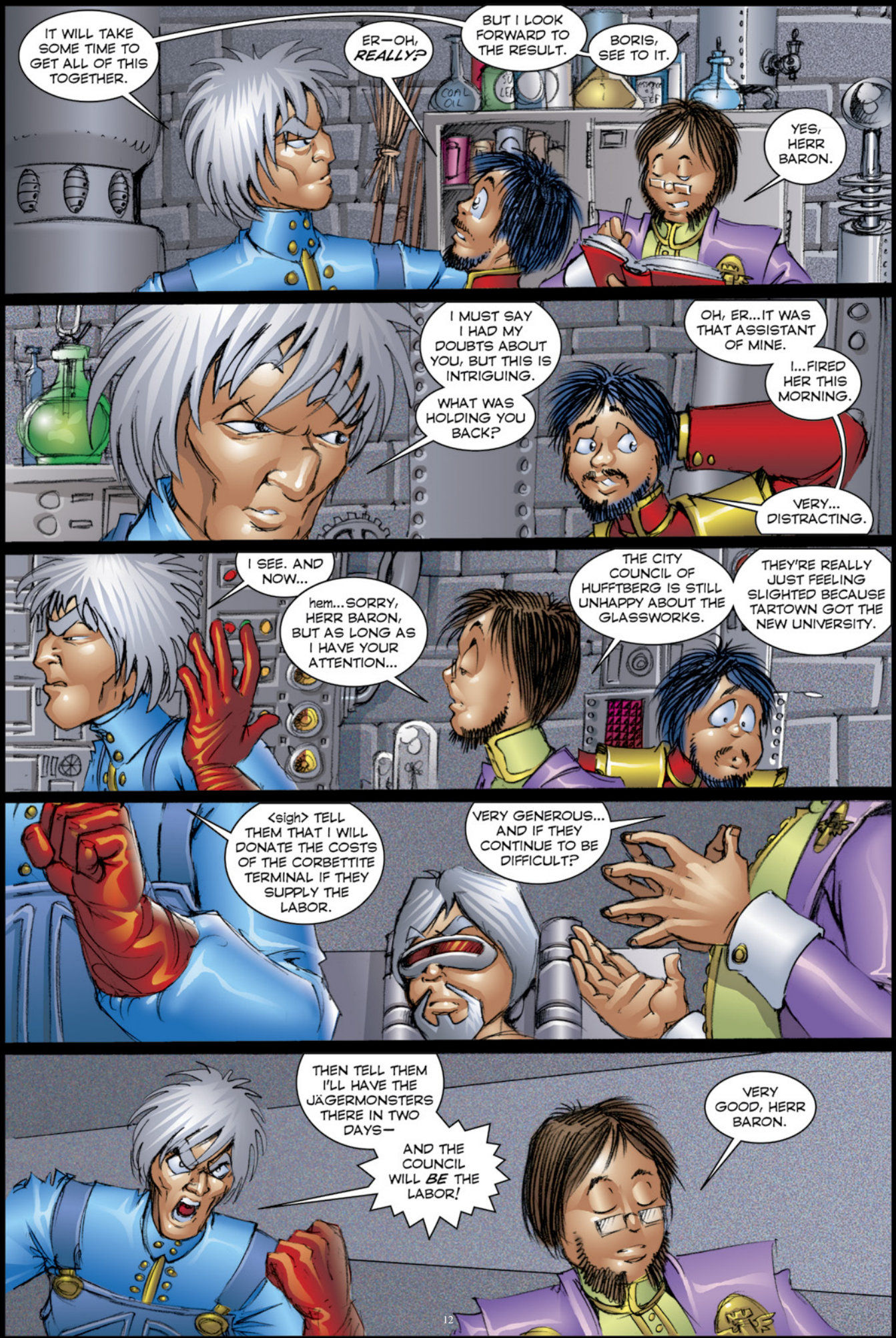

OH. I'M DREAMING AGAIN.
HOW DISAPPOINTING.
YOU WORK WITH MAD SCIENTISTS AND YOU'RE SURPRISED AT A TALKING *CAT?*
I'M THE ONE WHO'S DISAPPOINTED.
OKAY, I'M SORRY. YOU REALLY TALK.
YOU JUST STARTLED ME.
RIGHT. WELL ANYWAY, I'M GOING TO *HELP* YOU.
HELP ME. RIGHT.
DO I NEED TO GET YOU SOME *BOOTS?*
KNOCK IT OFF. I'M SERIOUS.
WE CAN'T TALK NOW...
SOMEONE WILL BE HERE SOON.
BUT...


TONIGHT. YOUR ROOM.
YOUR ROOMMATE HAS NIGHT DUTY IN THE ENGINE ROOMS THIS WEEK.
BRING SOMETHING TO EAT.
AND BE CAREFUL AROUND YOUNG WULFENBACH.
HE'S UP TO SOMETHING.
HE KNOWS YOU'RE A SPARK AND...
WHAT!?
I AM NOT—
WHAT? OF COURSE YOU ARE!
DON'T YOU MAKE FUN OF ME, CAT! I—
SH!
YOU...TALK IN YOUR SLEEP.
WAIT! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?!
ZIP!
QUIET! YOU DIDN'T SEE ME!
EXCUSE ME, MISS CLAY.
I WAS TOLD TO BRING YOU A COVER-UP.


LATER, IN THE BARON'S LAB—
HM.
AH—GOOD AFTERNOON.
HMF.
DIDN'T SLEEP WELL?
UNDERSTANDABLE. BUT TODAY IS GOING TO BE A VERY EXCITING DAY.
YOU'LL EXCUSE ME IF I DON'T SHARE YOUR ENTHUSIASM, YOU TWISTED FIEND!
QUITE ALL RIGHT. I'M USED TO IT.


WELL, NO MATTER HOW YOU TORTURE ME, I WON'T TALK!
IF ONLY THAT WERE TRUE.
ER...SO WHAT IS IT YOU WANT TO KNOW?
WHY YOU'RE A SPARK.
WHAT IT IS THAT MAKES YOU DIFFERENT FROM OTHER PEOPLE.
BUT I...I DON'T KNOW!
OF COURSE YOU DON'T.
NEITHER DO I.
BUT I INTEND TO FIND OUT.
HOW?
I WILL DESTROY PARTS OF YOUR BRAIN,
UNTIL YOU NO LONGER ARE A SPARK.
YOU CAN DO THAT?!
OH, YES.
EVENTUALLY.
AND... AFTERWARDS?
AH, THAT WHOLE "QUALITY OF LIFE" QUESTION.
I'M WORKING VERY HARD ON THAT.
I'M GETTING MUCH BETTER.


BUT MY WORK! MY MISSION!
YES, A BONUS, THAT.
YOU VILLAIN!
YES, YES. NOW, NORMALLY THERE WOULD BE A LOT MORE TESTS.
BRAIN CORER
YOU'D HAVE A LONG, PRODUCTIVE CAREER WORKING FOR ME WHILE I STUDIED YOUR HABITS AND PATTERNS.
...BUT?
BUT I'M AFRAID THAT YOU ARE FAR TOO DANGEROUS.
NOW LOOK UP...
HERR BARON?
YES, BORIS?
I AM SORRY TO DISTURB YOU, HERR BARON,
BUT YOU DID SAY TO TELL YOU THE MOMENT HERR VON ZINZER HAD SOMETHING.
WELL?
UM...ER... IT'S ALL HERE!
I KNOW WHAT I WANT TO DO, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO GET SOME OF THIS...
ER... HERE'S A LIST?
...INTERESTING. YES, THAT WILL BE TRICKY.


IT WILL TAKE SOME TIME TO GET ALL OF THIS TOGETHER.
ER—OH, REALLY?
BUT I LOOK FORWARD TO THE RESULT.
BORIS, SEE TO IT.
YES, HERR BARON.
I MUST SAY I HAD MY DOUBTS ABOUT YOU, BUT THIS IS INTRIGUING.
WHAT WAS HOLDING YOU BACK?
OH, ER...IT WAS THAT ASSISTANT OF MINE.
I...FIRED HER THIS MORNING.
VERY... DISTRACTING.
I SEE. AND NOW...
hem...SORRY, HERR BARON, BUT AS LONG AS I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION...
THE CITY COUNCIL OF HUFFTBERG IS STILL UNHAPPY ABOUT THE GLASSWORKS.
THEY'RE REALLY JUST FEELING SLIGHTED BECAUSE TARTOWN GOT THE NEW UNIVERSITY.
<sigh> TELL THEM THAT I WILL DONATE THE COSTS OF THE CORBETTITE TERMINAL IF THEY SUPPLY THE LABOR.
VERY GENEROUS... AND IF THEY CONTINUE TO BE DIFFICULT?
THEN TELL THEM I'LL HAVE THE JÄGERMONSTERS THERE IN TWO DAYS—
AND THE COUNCIL WILL BE THE LABOR!
VERY GOOD, HERR BARON.


I SWEAR, IT'S LIKE RUNNING A KINDERGARTEN.
WHAT, TYRANT?
DOES YOUR EMPIRE GIVE YOU NO PLEASURE?
NO. IT GIVES ME NO PLEASURE.
POLITICS ALWAYS ANNOYED ME.
NOW I DO IT EVERY DAY.
I HAVEN'T SEEN MY WIFE IN YEARS.
YOUR... WHO?!
MY OLD FRIENDS ARE GONE.
I HAVEN'T TRAVELED OR EXPLORED—
BUT...
AT LEAST WITH THE HETERODYNES WE HAD THE ADVENTURES.
BUT... WAIT—WHO IS—
THE OCCASIONAL FIGHT.
NOW, IT'S: SEND IN THE ARMIES.
THEN, THE BUREAUCRATS. WITH MOPS.
IT'S BECOME AN OLD FORMULA.
WELL, WE DO WHAT WE MUST.
FLESH DISSOLVER
BLOOD SALTS
NEURIN ACID
NO, MY PLEASURE IS IN THESE RARE MOMENTS OF RESEARCH.
SO HOLD STILL.
I AM GOING TO ENJOY THIS VERY MUCH.
LIL' RUPPY
—IK!
YOUR PARDON, HERR BARON—


YES?
YOUNG DUMEDD REFUSED TO REPORT FOR GREASE TRAP DUTY.
HE HAD *HIDDEN* HIMSELF IN ONE OF THE LABS.
I WASN'T *HIDING*. I WAS *WORKING*.
REALLY? ON WHAT?
ON AN AUTOMATIC GREASE-TRAP CLEANER, HERR BARON.
AH *HMM*. HOW *UNSURPRISING*.
BUT I MUST INSIST THAT SUCH THINGS BE PURSUED IN YOUR *FREE TIME*.
THINK OF IT AS INSPIRATION.
I HAVE A SURFEIT OF INSPIRATION, SIR.
DON'T BE TOO *CLEVER*, LAD, OR *YOU'LL* BE *NEXT!*
SILENCE!


MASTER DuMEDD IS AWARE THAT HE IS UNDER MY PROTECTION.
OF COURSE, HERR BARON. VERY MUCH AWARE.
I APOLOGIZE FOR CAUSING YOU ANY ANNOYANCE, HERR BARON.
I'LL JUST BE GETTING BACK TO THOSE GREASE TRAPS!
YES, SIR!
IDIOT! HAVEN'T YOU BEEN TOLD TO NEVER BRING ANY OF THE STUDENTS INTO THIS LAB?!
BUT HERR BARON, I...
YOU ARE NOW A JÄGER ORDERLY UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.
NO! I...
I COULD HAVE YOU SHIPPED TO CASTLE HETERODYNE.
NOW GET OUT!
YESSIR!
CONFOUND THAT IDIOT!
TO JEOPARDIZE ALL MY WORK WITH DuMEDD...
THE BOY IS NOT STUPID.
A WEB OF LIES CAN UNRAVEL WITH THE LIGHTEST TOUCH OF THE TRUTH!


THIS WILL HURT SLIGHTLY LESS IF YOU DO NOT MOVE!
TA DAAH! I AM HERE!
GIVE ME STRENGTH!
THUNK!
BANGLADESH DuPREE.
THAT'S RIGHT! IT'S ME!
I HEARD YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, AND KNEW YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO WAIT!
SAY, WHAT ARE YOU UP TO HERE?


KLAUS, ARE YOU TORTURING THIS MAN?
NO.
OOOOHH! HE ASKED ME TO HELP!
YES! HELP!
A WISE CHOICE!
NOBODY KNOWS MORE ABOUT TORTURE THAN ME!
I BELIEVE HE EXPECTED YOU TO RESCUE HIM.
WHAT— IS HE STUPID?
A BIT. NOW, ABOUT YOUR REPORT.
A PITY ABOUT THAT GUNBOAT, BY THE WAY.
YEAH, THAT WAS OVER WAY TOO QUICK.
...YESSS. I WAS INTERESTED IN YOUR PHENOMENA LOG.
OH— THE RAIN OF MARZIPAN.
NO— THOUGH THAT WAS INTRIGUING. I MEANT THE APPARITIONS.
The Book of Dolfarc
PHENOMENA OBSERVED
YEAH, THOSE WERE WEIRD.
THE FIRST TIME WAS WHEN I WAS WATCHING THAT GUNBOAT BURN.

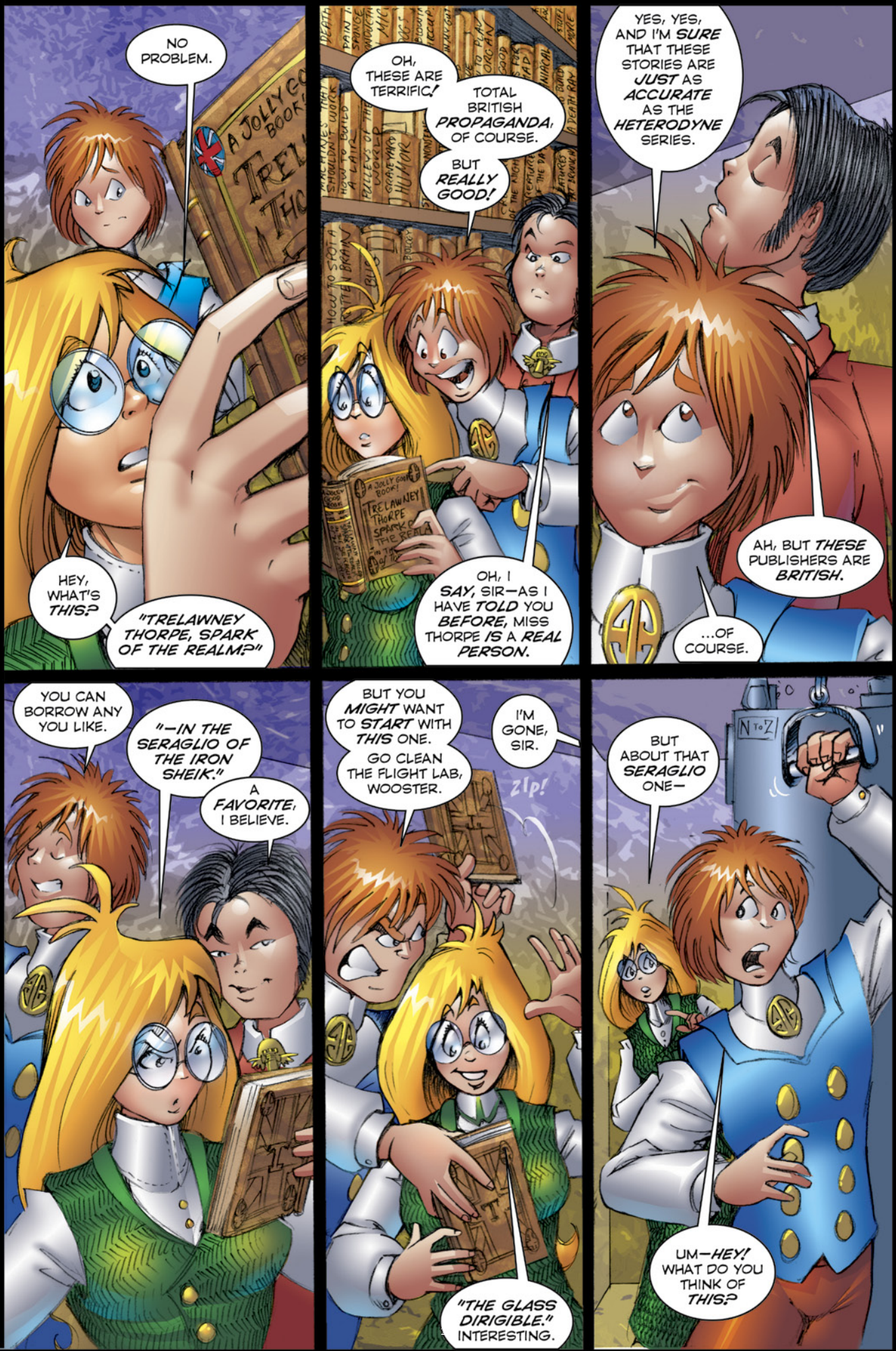

THERE WAS ALL THIS *CRACKLING*, AND THEN THESE PEOPLE APPEARED RIGHT IN THE *AIR*...
—A LITTLE EARLIER. HOW'S THIS?
MISTRESS— YOU ARE NEEDED...
ZZt
MANIAC.
YES! THERE THEY ARE! HEY! THEY *MADE* IT!
AND *INSULTED* ME!
Z.O.P!
THEN TWO WEEKS LATER, I'M INVESTIGATING THIS BURNT-OUT TOWN (WHICH I DID *NOT* DO) WHEN—
ZT ZZZT
OKAY, THERE'S BANG. YOU SEE YOUR FRIENDS?
UM...NO. THIS ISN'T *QUITE* THE RIGHT PLACE.
HEY "MISTRESS"— SHE'S GETTING READY TO *SHOOT* YOU.
DON'T WORRY.
I'M GOING TO TRY—
ZT


—AND THEN IT WAS GONE.
WEIRD THING WAS, ONE OF THEM LOOKED LIKE GIL.
ALL DRESSED UP LIKE ONE OF THE GHOST LADIES.
HEH.
JEEZ, ARE YOU OKAY?
HEY, DON'T WORRY. IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN HIM.
YOU'VE HAD HIM CAGED UP HERE THE WHOLE TIME, HAVEN'T YOU?
THIS IS VERY IMPORTANT NEWS, DuPREE. THANK YOU.
OKAY, WHATEVER.
ANY NEWS ON MY PROBLEM?
NO. I'LL LET YOU KNOW.
WELL, YOUR ROYAL BARONSHIP.
I'LL BE IN DOCK FOR A FEW DAYS IF YOU NEED ME.
YES, YES.
THIS IS VERY BAD.
SURELY EVEN YOU REALIZE—
HA VILLAIN! I REALIZE YOUR REIGN OF EVIL IS AT AN END!


ELSEWHERE—
WOOSTER! MISS CLAY! COME IN.
TODAY I'LL JUST SHOW YOU AROUND THE LAB.
LET YOU SETTLE IN.
THIS ISN'T THE SAME LAB.
NO—YOU SAW THE FLIGHT LAB EARLIER.
THIS IS MY PERSONAL LAB, AND MY LIBRARY.
HELLO AGAIN!
ZK!

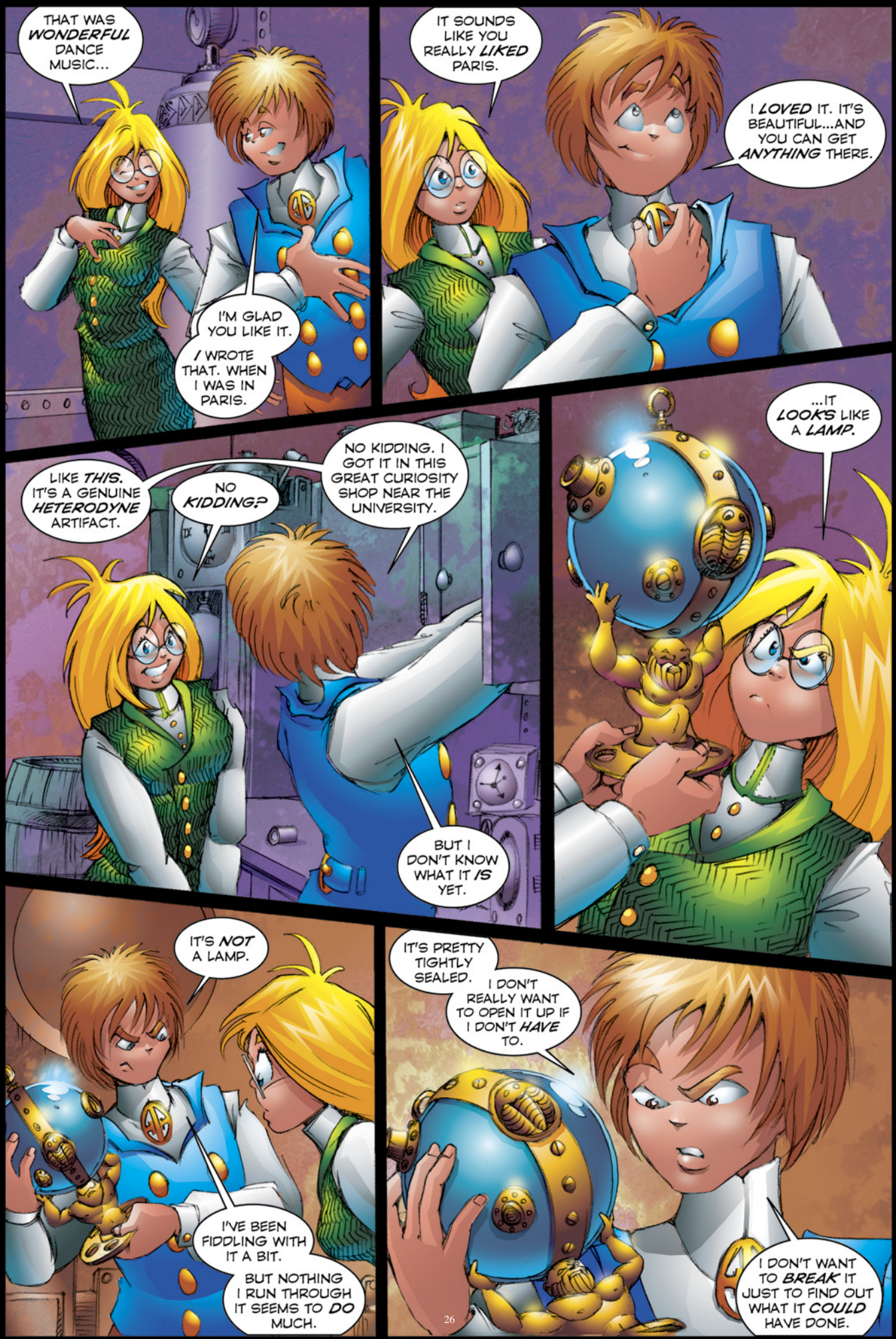

AH—YOU HAVEN'T BEEN PROPERLY INTRODUCED.
THIS IS ZOING.
ZOING, MISS CLAY WILL BE HELPING US NOW.
SCHMEKA TEEE?
NO, THAT'S STILL YOUR JOB.
WHEW.
WHAT IS IT?
MY FRIEND.
I'M SORRY, I—
IT'S OKAY. HE'S A CONSTRUCT.
I MADE HIM WHEN I WAS A KID.
HE WAS EIGHT.
EIGHT?!
HEH. EVEN MY FATHER WAS SURPRISED.
THAT IS VERY YOUNG.
MOST OF THE GIFTED BREAK THROUGH IN THEIR TEENS—OR EVEN LATER.
MASTER GILGAMESH IS A VERY STRONG SPARK INDEED.
GET DIGGER TUBS
THIS IS ARDSLEY WOOSTER. HE DOES MY BRAGGING FOR ME.
I HAD THE PLEASURE OF MEETING MASTER GILGAMESH IN PARIS.
HE KINDLY ARRANGED FOR ME TO BE HIS ASSISTANT HERE.
THIS WAS BEFORE I KNEW WHO HE WAS, OF COURSE.
HA! YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HIS FACE!
VERY SNEAKY, SIR. MOST AMUSING.


HEH. ANYHOW, TO START WITH, YOU'LL BE GIVING GENERAL ASSISTANCE WHEN IT'S NEEDED.
WHEN IT *ISN'T*, WELL...
OVER HERE WE'VE CLEARED A SPACE FOR YOU TO WORK ON YOUR *OWN* PROJECTS.
NEEDS WORK
MY OWN... WOW.
THANK YOU!
I *THOUGHT* YOU *MIGHT* HAVE SOME IDEAS.
CULTIVATE A MANICAL LAUGH
A HISTORY OF THE GEARHEADS
OUR FRIEND LIGHTNING
HOW TO AVOID OUR FRIEND REANIMATING A DEAD JOKE
ZAP!!
THEY CALLED ME MAD
I ROBOT
YOU'RE OKAY
WHO'S WHO
WHAT'S WHAT
WHO BUILT WHAT
OOPS!
10 MISTAKES THAT WILL GET BLOWN UP
SPARK WITH STYLE
DANGEROUS BUT FUN
OH—YOU'LL *ALSO* BE IN CHARGE OF THE *LIBRARY*.
GREAT!
HEY! YOU'VE GOT *ALL* THE *HETERODYNE BOYS* BOOKS!
UH...
THESE ARE SO MUCH FUN! SAY, YOUR *FATHER* IS IN THESE, ISN'T HE?
SURE HE IS. RIGHT HERE!
OH. I UH, DON'T REALLY *REMEMBER*...
"HEY, KLAUS, WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THE TAR VAT?"
"YOU PUT IT UNDER THE HATCH, YOU GREAT IDIOT!"
PUNCH SCRATCHED HIS HEAD. "WULL, IFFEN YOU HADN'T BEEN RUNNIN' AWAY..."
OH.
OH *DEAR*.
YES, WELL. I'D APPRECIATE IF YOU DIDN'T *MENTION* THESE.


NO PROBLEM.
HEY, WHAT'S THIS?
"TRELAWNEY THORPE, SPARK OF THE REALM?"
OH, THESE ARE TERRIFIC!
TOTAL BRITISH PROPAGANDA, OF COURSE.
BUT REALLY GOOD!
OH, I SAY, SIR—AS I HAVE TOLD YOU BEFORE, MISS THORPE IS A REAL PERSON.
YES, YES, AND I'M SURE THAT THESE STORIES ARE JUST AS ACCURATE AS THE HETERODYNE SERIES.
AH, BUT THESE PUBLISHERS ARE BRITISH.
...OF COURSE.
YOU CAN BORROW ANY YOU LIKE.
"—IN THE SERAGLIO OF THE IRON SHEIK."
A FAVORITE, I BELIEVE.
BUT YOU MIGHT WANT TO START WITH THIS ONE.
GO CLEAN THE FLIGHT LAB, WOOSTER.
I'M GONE, SIR.
ZIP!
"THE GLASS DIRIGIBLE." INTERESTING.
BUT ABOUT THAT SERAGLIO ONE—
UM—HEY! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS?




A MECHANICAL ORCHESTRA!
WOULD MILADY CARE TO DANCE?
YOU KNOW, I THINK I WOULD.
I EXPECTED NOTHING LESS.
BUT I WANT TO SEE HOW IT WORKS, LATER.


THAT WAS WONDERFUL DANCE MUSIC...
I'M GLAD YOU LIKE IT.
I WROTE THAT. WHEN I WAS IN PARIS.
IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU REALLY LIKED PARIS.
I LOVED IT. IT'S BEAUTIFUL...AND YOU CAN GET ANYTHING THERE.
NO KIDDING. I GOT IT IN THIS GREAT CURIOSITY SHOP NEAR THE UNIVERSITY.
NO KIDDING?
LIKE THIS. IT'S A GENUINE HETERODYNE ARTIFACT.
BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS YET.
...IT LOOKS LIKE A LAMP.
IT'S NOT A LAMP.
I'VE BEEN FIDDLING WITH IT A BIT.
BUT NOTHING I RUN THROUGH IT SEEMS TO DO MUCH.
IT'S PRETTY TIGHTLY SEALED.
I DON'T REALLY WANT TO OPEN IT UP IF I DON'T HAVE TO.
I DON'T WANT TO BREAK IT JUST TO FIND OUT WHAT IT COULD HAVE DONE.


YOUR FATHER KNEW THE HETERODYNES.
MAYBE *HE* WOULD KNOW WHAT IT IS.
I'M SURE HE *WOULD*, BUT WHERE'S THE FUN IN *THAT?*
I'LL GET IT.
WHAT'S *THIS* ONE?
LIGHTNING GENERATOR. WATCH.
BZZZ-ZAP!
I'M STILL WORKING ON IT.
AT THE MOMENT IT TAKES *WAY* TOO LONG TO RECHARGE.
CLICK CLICK CLICK
YES— I SEE.
THAT LOOKS NASTY.
I WANTED A MORE REALISTIC FENCING CLANK TO PRACTICE WITH.
THE ONES FOR THE STUDENTS ARE KIND OF TAME, DON'T YOU THINK?


I DON'T FENCE, ACTUALLY.
OH, IT'S FUN!
YOU SHOULD HAVE ZULENNA TEACH YOU. SHE'S REALLY GOOD.
HA. ZULENNA.
SHE DOESN'T LIKE ME AT ALL.
SHE'D LOVE THE CHANCE TO—
TINK!
SSSKKT
KLAC-CHAK
RRRRR
TAKE ME TO PIECES.
WHOOPS.

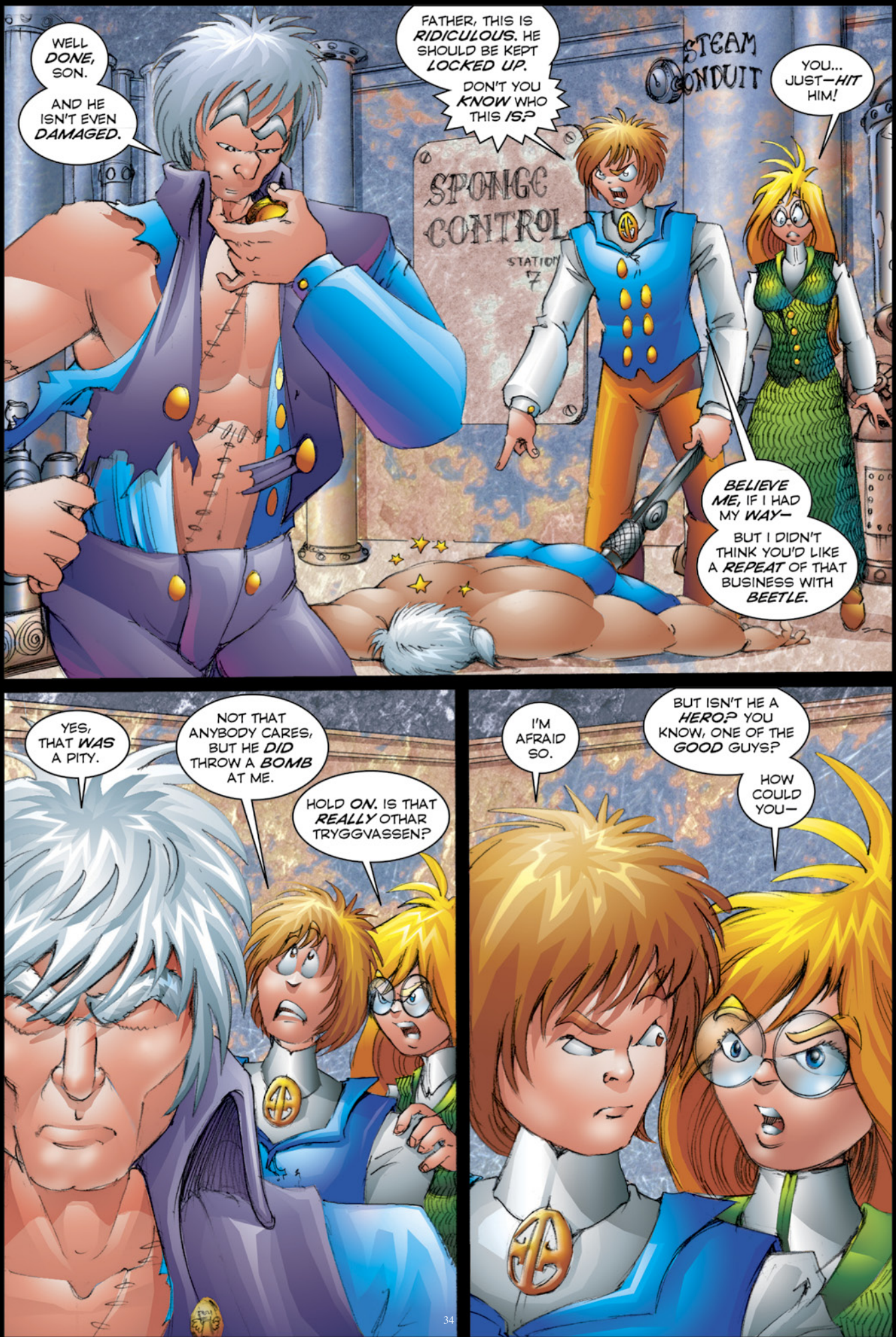

LOOK OUT!
AMUSING. HOW DO YOU SHUT IT OFF?
YOU HIT THE HEART AGAIN.
clack!
WELL, THAT'S PRETTY STRAIGHT-FORWARD.
click!
clack!
clack!
TINK!
WELL, YES, BUT IT'S A REALLY GOOD FENCING CLANK.
BONK!
SSSSSS!
...I DON'T FENCE.

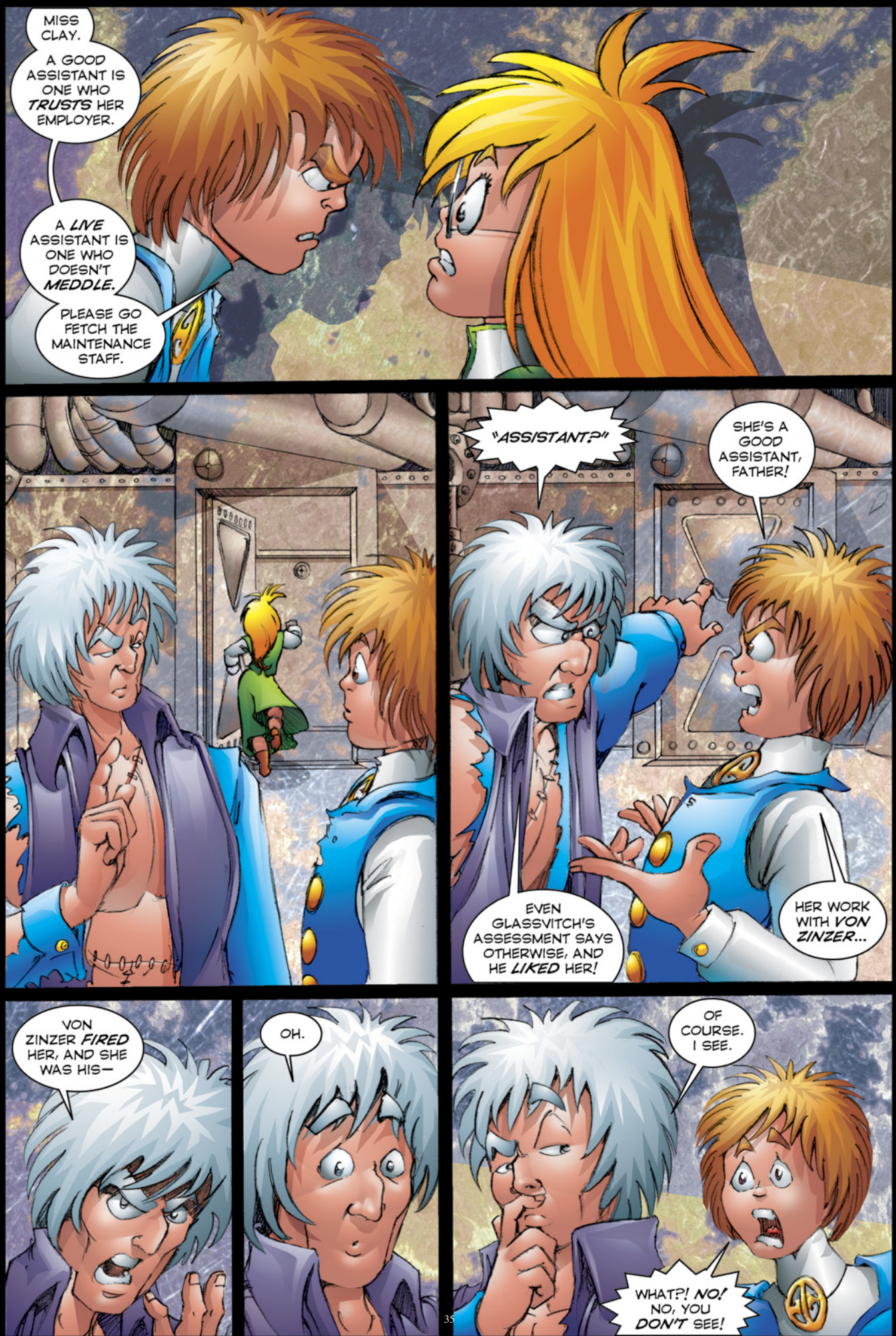

SO HOW IS ALL *THAT* MORE REALISTIC?
EVER TRAVELED THE *WASTELANDS?*
OH.
BUT THERE ARE STILL SOME *PROBLEMS...*
SSKKT
KLAC-CHAK
RRRRR
WHAT?!
OKAY, *THAT'S* A PROBLEM.
THERE'S A FORTY-THREE PERCENT CHANCE OF *SPONTANEOUS RESTART* WITHIN THIRTY SECONDS.
CLANG!
"THAT'S NOT A PROBLEM. THAT'S A *DESIGN FEATURE.*
THE *PROBLEM* IS IT *LEARNS* FROM PREVIOUS ENCOUNTERS."
RIP!
BUT THAT'S *GREAT!*
WELL, *YEAH,* BUT I'M AFRAID THAT WITH ALL THE TEST FIGHTING—
I'M REACHING THE LIMIT OF MY *ABILITY.*

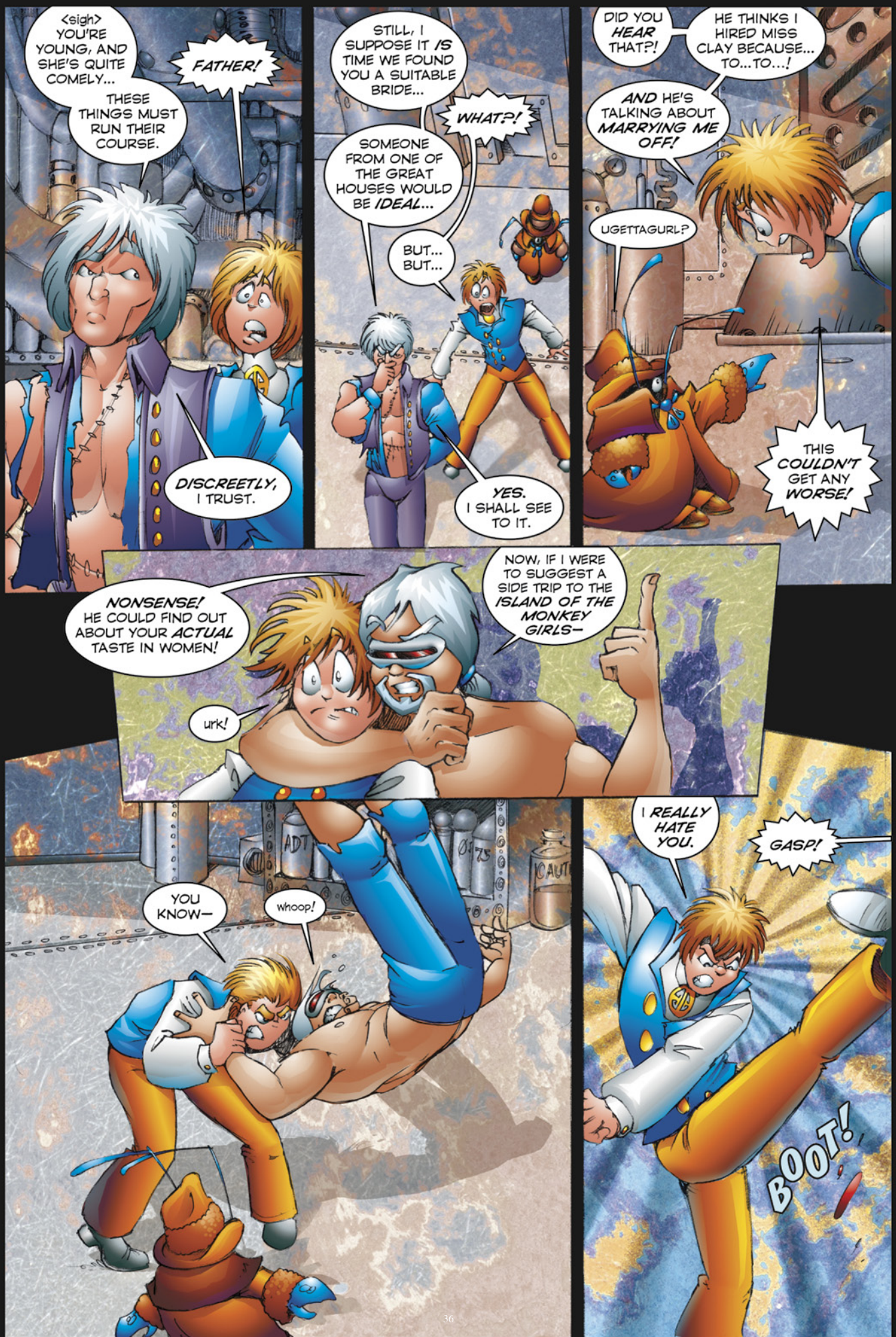

MISS CLAY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!
NO ATTACK, NO RESPONSE.
YOU COULD HAVE BEEN KILLED!
IT WAS AN EXPERIMENT.
I WILL NOT TOLERATE LAX PROCEDURES IN THIS LAB!
YOU'RE JUST MAD I BEAT IT TWICE.
I AM NOT!
NOW WE WAIT.
WHEW.

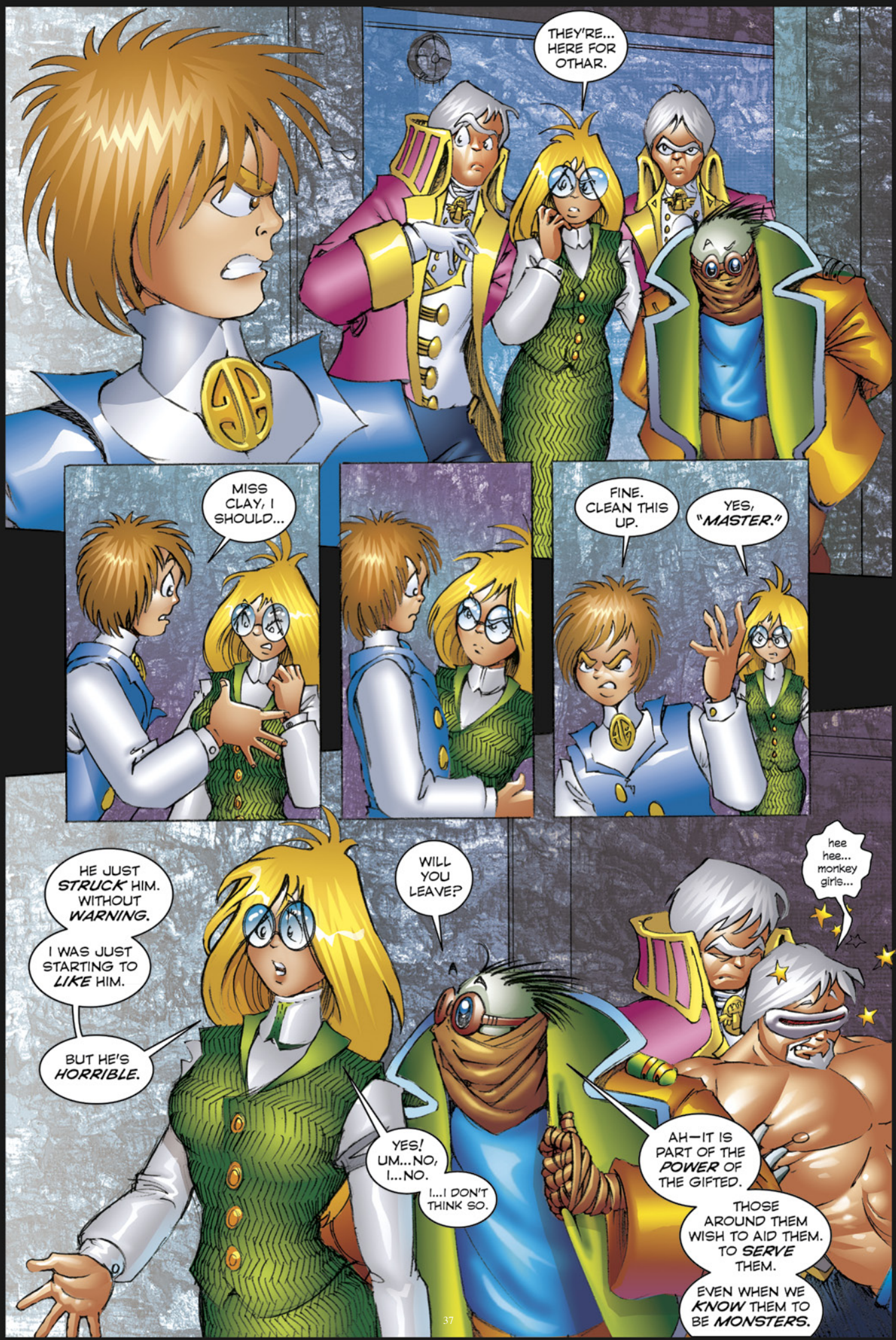

CRASH!
FATHER, WHY IS HE HERE?
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU STILL TALK LIKE THAT.
GET WOUND, TRYGGVASSEN.
GILGAMESH! SO—ALL THE VIPERS ARE IN RESIDENCE!
SORRY, SON. I GOT A BIT CARRIED AWAY.


WE'VE BEEN ALL OVER THE CASTLE, AND I'M TIRED.
WHY DON'T YOU FINISH THIS?
ANOTHER TEST?!
I'LL BET YOU LET HIM LOOSE IN HERE ON PURPOSE!
HA! I ESCAPED! USING NAUGHT BUT MY WITS!
...AND SOMETHING MY FATHER LEFT WITHIN YOUR REACH, RIGHT?
UH...
THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT.
CHONK!
WELL, WHATEVER.
I CAN'T HAVE YOU RUNNING AROUND THE PLACE.
DOWN YOU GO.
WHY, 'TIS THE FAIR MAIDEN!
HAVE NO FEAR, I SHALL RESCUE YOU FROM THIS DEN OF EVIL!
IN YOUR DREAMS.
WHACK!

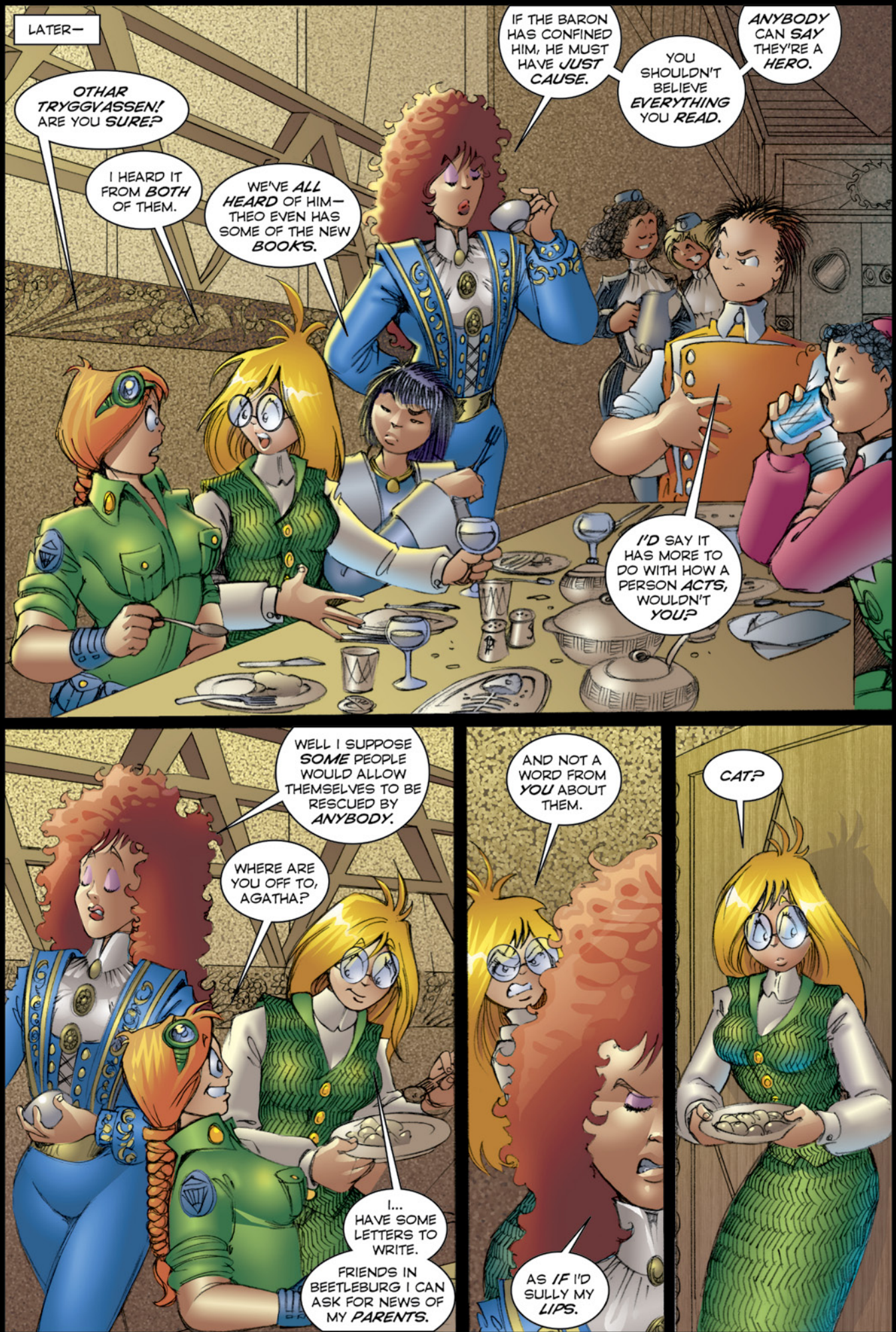

WELL DONE, SON.
AND HE ISN'T EVEN DAMAGED.
FATHER, THIS IS RIDICULOUS. HE SHOULD BE KEPT LOCKED UP.
DON'T YOU KNOW WHO THIS IS?
STEAM CONDUIT
SPONGE CONTROL
STATION 7
YOU... JUST—HIT HIM!
BELIEVE ME, IF I HAD MY WAY—
BUT I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D LIKE A REPEAT OF THAT BUSINESS WITH BEETLE.
YES, THAT WAS A PITY.
NOT THAT ANYBODY CARES, BUT HE DID THROW A BOMB AT ME.
HOLD ON. IS THAT REALLY OTHAR TRYGGVASSEN?
I'M AFRAID SO.
BUT ISN'T HE A HERO? YOU KNOW, ONE OF THE GOOD GUYS?
HOW COULD YOU—

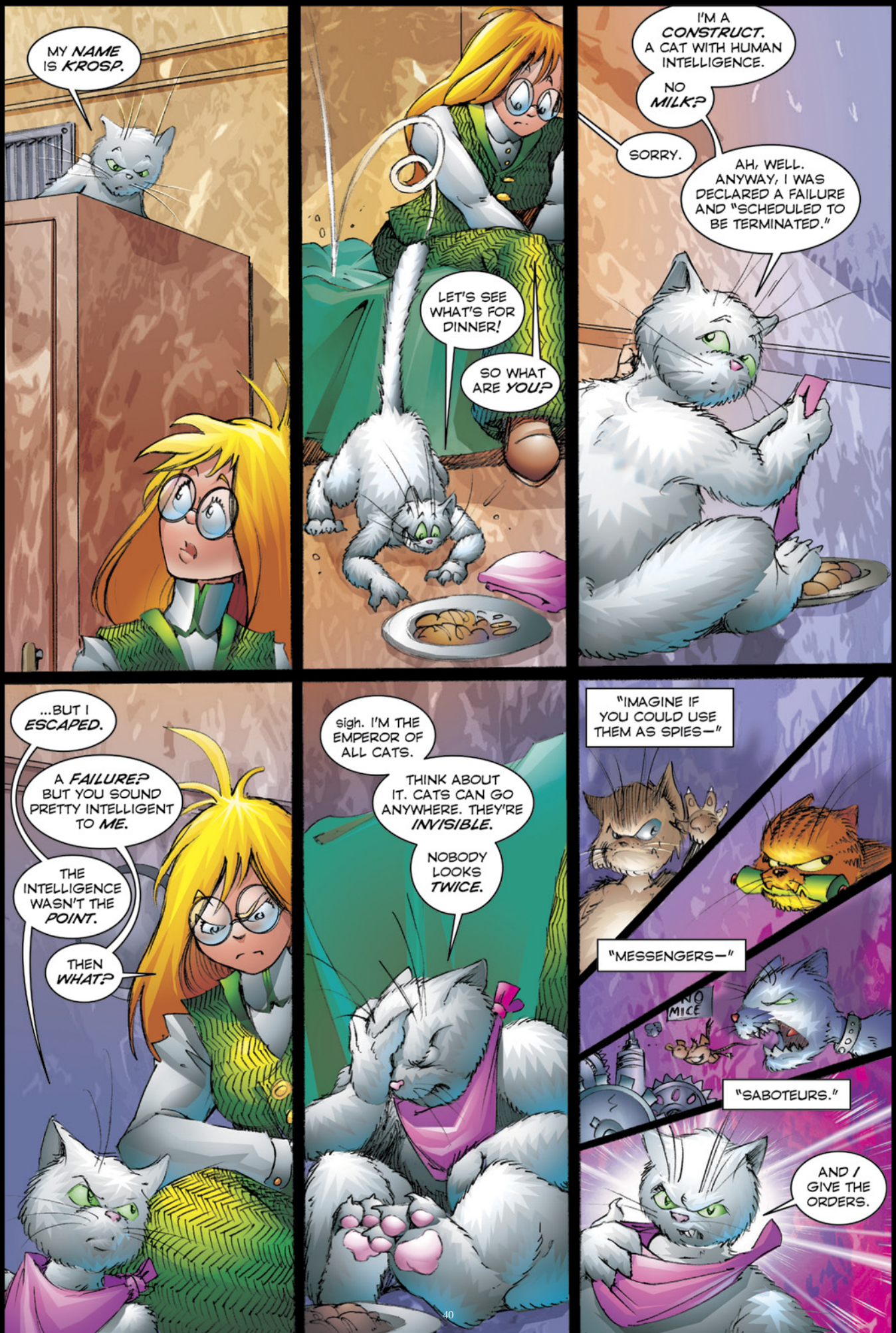

MISS CLAY.
A GOOD ASSISTANT IS ONE WHO TRUSTS HER EMPLOYER.
A LIVE ASSISTANT IS ONE WHO DOESN'T MEDDLE.
PLEASE GO FETCH THE MAINTENANCE STAFF.
"ASSISTANT?"
SHE'S A GOOD ASSISTANT, FATHER!
EVEN GLASSVITCH'S ASSESSMENT SAYS OTHERWISE, AND HE LIKED HER!
HER WORK WITH VON ZINZER...
VON ZINZER FIRED HER, AND SHE WAS HIS—
OH.
OF COURSE. I SEE.
WHAT?! NO! NO, YOU DON'T SEE!

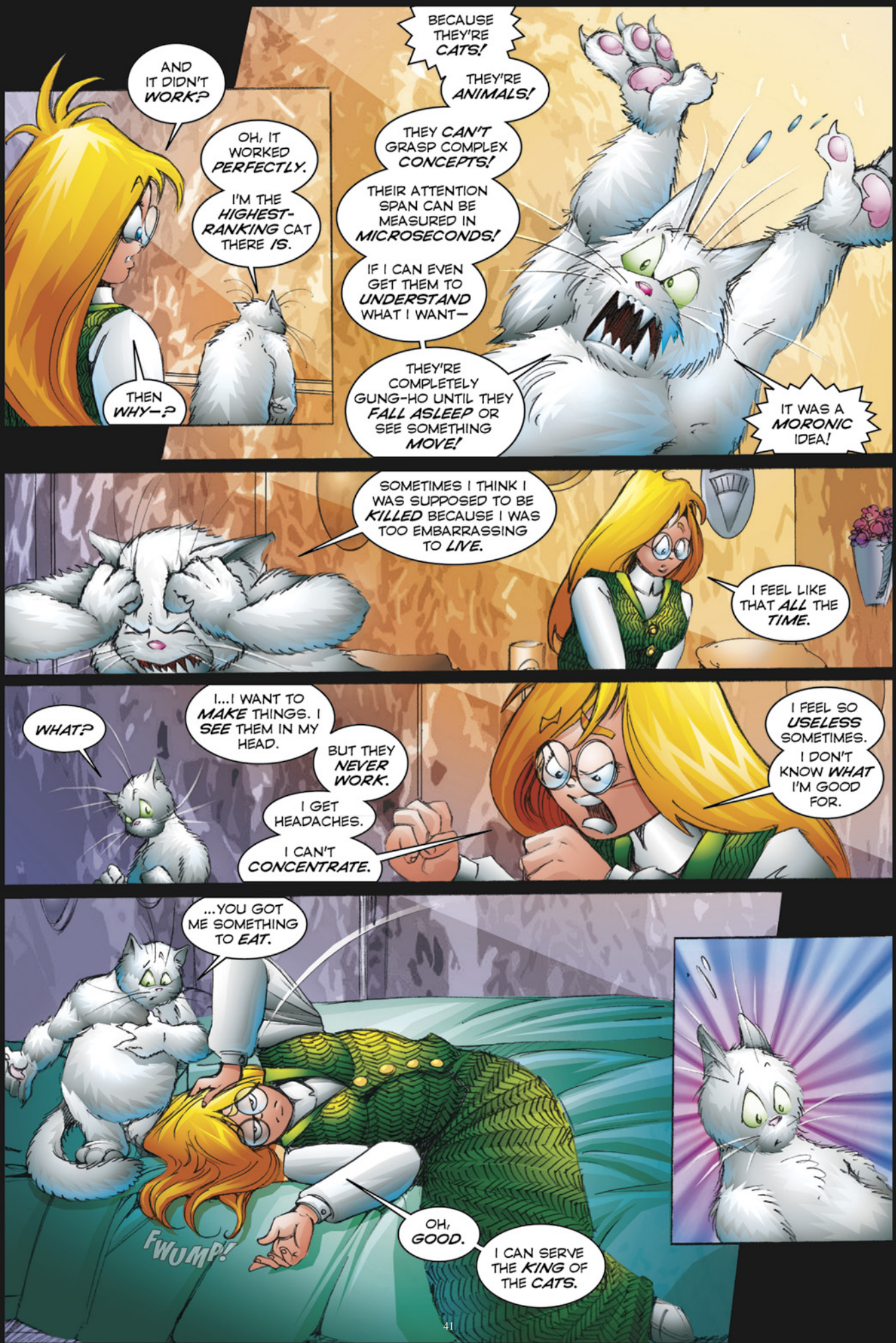

<sigh> YOU'RE YOUNG, AND SHE'S QUITE COMELY...
THESE THINGS MUST RUN THEIR COURSE.
FATHER!
DISCREETLY, I TRUST.
STILL, I SUPPOSE IT IS TIME WE FOUND YOU A SUITABLE BRIDE...
WHAT?!
SOMEONE FROM ONE OF THE GREAT HOUSES WOULD BE IDEAL...
BUT... BUT...
YES. I SHALL SEE TO IT.
DID YOU HEAR THAT?!
HE THINKS I HIRED MISS CLAY BECAUSE... TO...TO...!
AND HE'S TALKING ABOUT MARRYING ME OFF!
UGETTAGURL?
THIS COULDN'T GET ANY WORSE!
NONSENSE! HE COULD FIND OUT ABOUT YOUR ACTUAL TASTE IN WOMEN!
NOW, IF I WERE TO SUGGEST A SIDE TRIP TO THE ISLAND OF THE MONKEY GIRLS—
urk!
YOU KNOW—
whoop!
I REALLY HATE YOU.
GASP!
BOOT!


THEY'RE... HERE FOR OTHAR.
MISS CLAY, I SHOULD...
FINE. CLEAN THIS UP.
YES, "MASTER."
HE JUST STRUCK HIM. WITHOUT WARNING.
I WAS JUST STARTING TO LIKE HIM.
BUT HE'S HORRIBLE.
WILL YOU LEAVE?
YES! UM...NO, I...NO.
I...I DON'T THINK SO.
hee hee... monkey girls...
AH—IT IS PART OF THE POWER OF THE GIFTED.
THOSE AROUND THEM WISH TO AID THEM. TO SERVE THEM.
EVEN WHEN WE KNOW THEM TO BE MONSTERS.

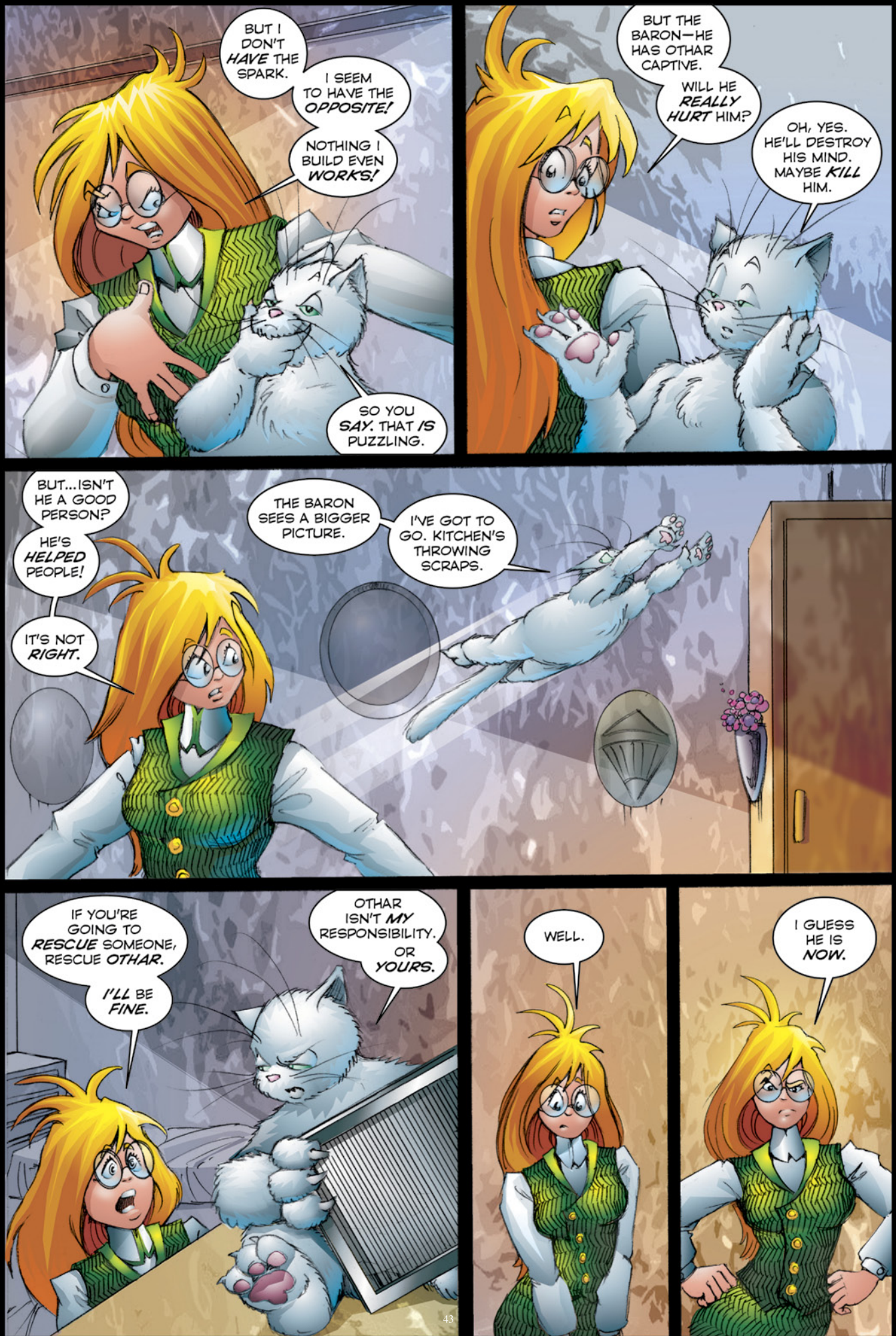

MUST HE BE A MONSTER?
I HOPE NOT.
THE BEST WE CAN DO IS ADVISE THEM.
YOU, AT LEAST, HAVE METHODS OF PERSUASION AT YOUR DISPOSAL THAT I DO NOT.
PAT PAT
SNERK SNERK SNERK
YOU DISGUSTING LITTLE MAN!
DON'T YOU HAVE SOMETHING THAT YOU SHOULD BE DOING?
I—
I—
AH... yes.
THEN GO DO IT.
YES, MISTRESS.


LATER—
OTHAR TRYGGVASSEN! ARE YOU SURE?
I HEARD IT FROM BOTH OF THEM.
WE'VE ALL HEARD OF HIM—THEO EVEN HAS SOME OF THE NEW BOOKS.
IF THE BARON HAS CONFINED HIM, HE MUST HAVE JUST CAUSE.
YOU SHOULDN'T BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOU READ.
ANYBODY CAN SAY THEY'RE A HERO.
I'D SAY IT HAS MORE TO DO WITH HOW A PERSON ACTS, WOULDN'T YOU?
WELL I SUPPOSE SOME PEOPLE WOULD ALLOW THEMSELVES TO BE RESCUED BY ANYBODY.
WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO, AGATHA?
I... HAVE SOME LETTERS TO WRITE.
FRIENDS IN BEETLEBURG I CAN ASK FOR NEWS OF MY PARENTS.
AND NOT A WORD FROM YOU ABOUT THEM.
AS IF I'D SULLY MY LIPS.
CAT?


MY NAME IS KROSP.
LET'S SEE WHAT'S FOR DINNER!
SO WHAT ARE YOU?
I'M A CONSTRUCT. A CAT WITH HUMAN INTELLIGENCE.
NO MILK?
SORRY.
AH, WELL. ANYWAY, I WAS DECLARED A FAILURE AND "SCHEDULED TO BE TERMINATED."
...BUT I ESCAPED.
A FAILURE? BUT YOU SOUND PRETTY INTELLIGENT TO ME.
THE INTELLIGENCE WASN'T THE POINT.
THEN WHAT?
sigh. I'M THE EMPEROR OF ALL CATS.
THINK ABOUT IT. CATS CAN GO ANYWHERE. THEY'RE INVISIBLE.
NOBODY LOOKS TWICE.
"IMAGINE IF YOU COULD USE THEM AS SPIES—"
"MESSENGERS—"
NO MICE
"SABOTEURS."
AND I GIVE THE ORDERS.


AND IT DIDN'T WORK?
OH, IT WORKED PERFECTLY.
I'M THE HIGHEST-RANKING CAT THERE IS.
THEN WHY—?
BECAUSE THEY'RE CATS!
THEY'RE ANIMALS!
THEY CAN'T GRASP COMPLEX CONCEPTS!
THEIR ATTENTION SPAN CAN BE MEASURED IN MICROSECONDS!
IF I CAN EVEN GET THEM TO UNDERSTAND WHAT I WANT—
THEY'RE COMPLETELY GUNG-HO UNTIL THEY FALL ASLEEP OR SEE SOMETHING MOVE!
IT WAS A MORONIC IDEA!
SOMETIMES I THINK I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE KILLED BECAUSE I WAS TOO EMBARRASSING TO LIVE.
I FEEL LIKE THAT ALL THE TIME.
WHAT?
I...I WANT TO MAKE THINGS. I SEE THEM IN MY HEAD.
BUT THEY NEVER WORK.
I GET HEADACHES.
I CAN'T CONCENTRATE.
I FEEL SO USELESS SOMETIMES.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M GOOD FOR.
...YOU GOT ME SOMETHING TO EAT.
FWUMP!
OH, GOOD.
I CAN SERVE THE KING OF THE CATS.

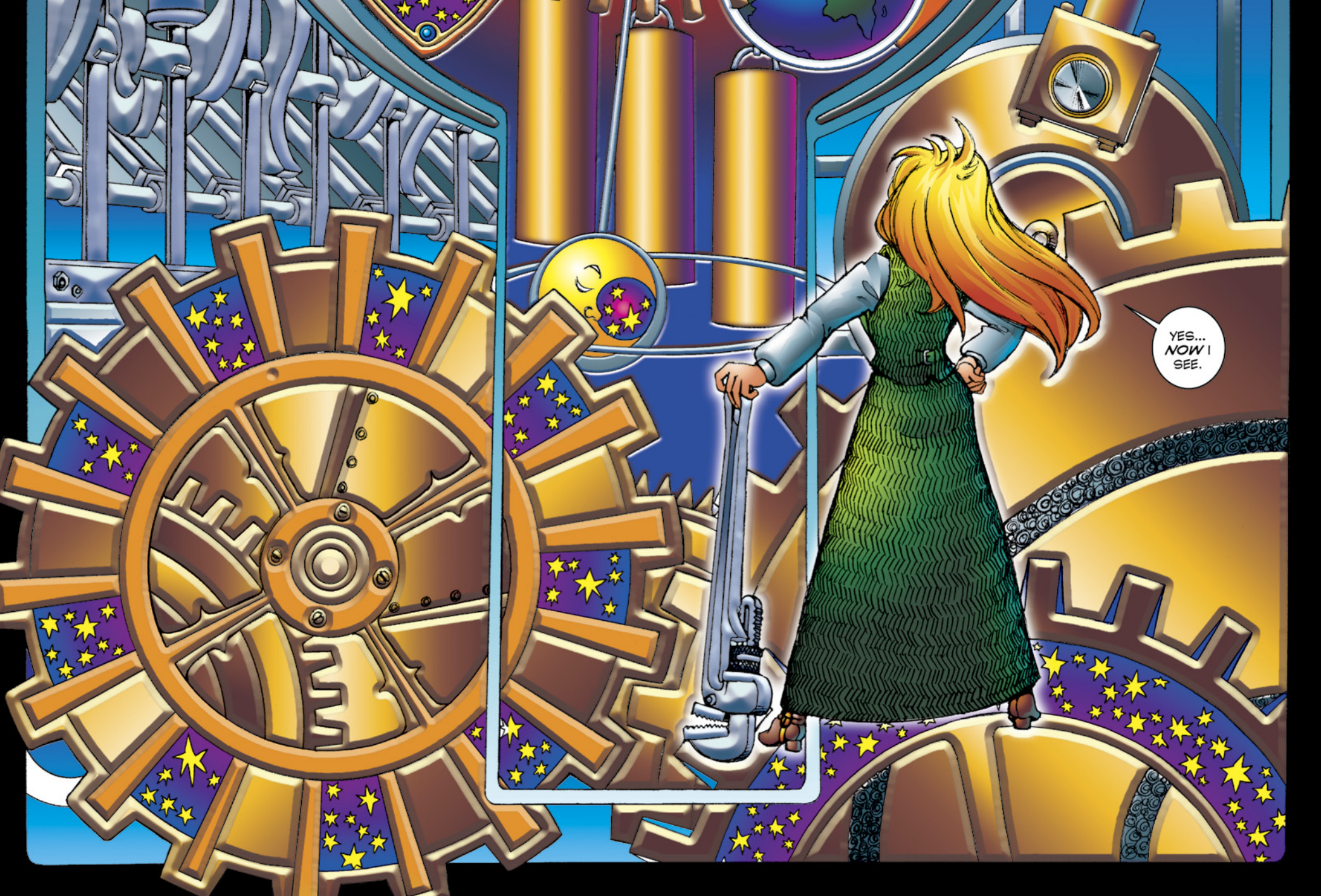

I ACCEPT YOUR FEALTY.
NEXT TIME, DON'T FORGET THE MILK.
NOW, WE HAVE TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO ESCAPE.
ESCAPE FROM WHAT?
FROM THE BARON.
I CAN LIVE HERE, BUT YOU COULDN'T HIDE.
YOU'RE MY RESPONSIBILITY NOW. I MUST SEE YOU SAFE.
BUT WHY WOULD THE BARON BE INTERESTED IN ME?
THE BARON STUDIES THE SPARK.
ONE WAY HE STUDIES IT IS BY DESTROYING IT.
HE "STUDIED" MY CREATOR, DOCTOR VAPNOOPLE.
I COULDN'T SAVE HIM, BUT I CAN SAVE YOU.

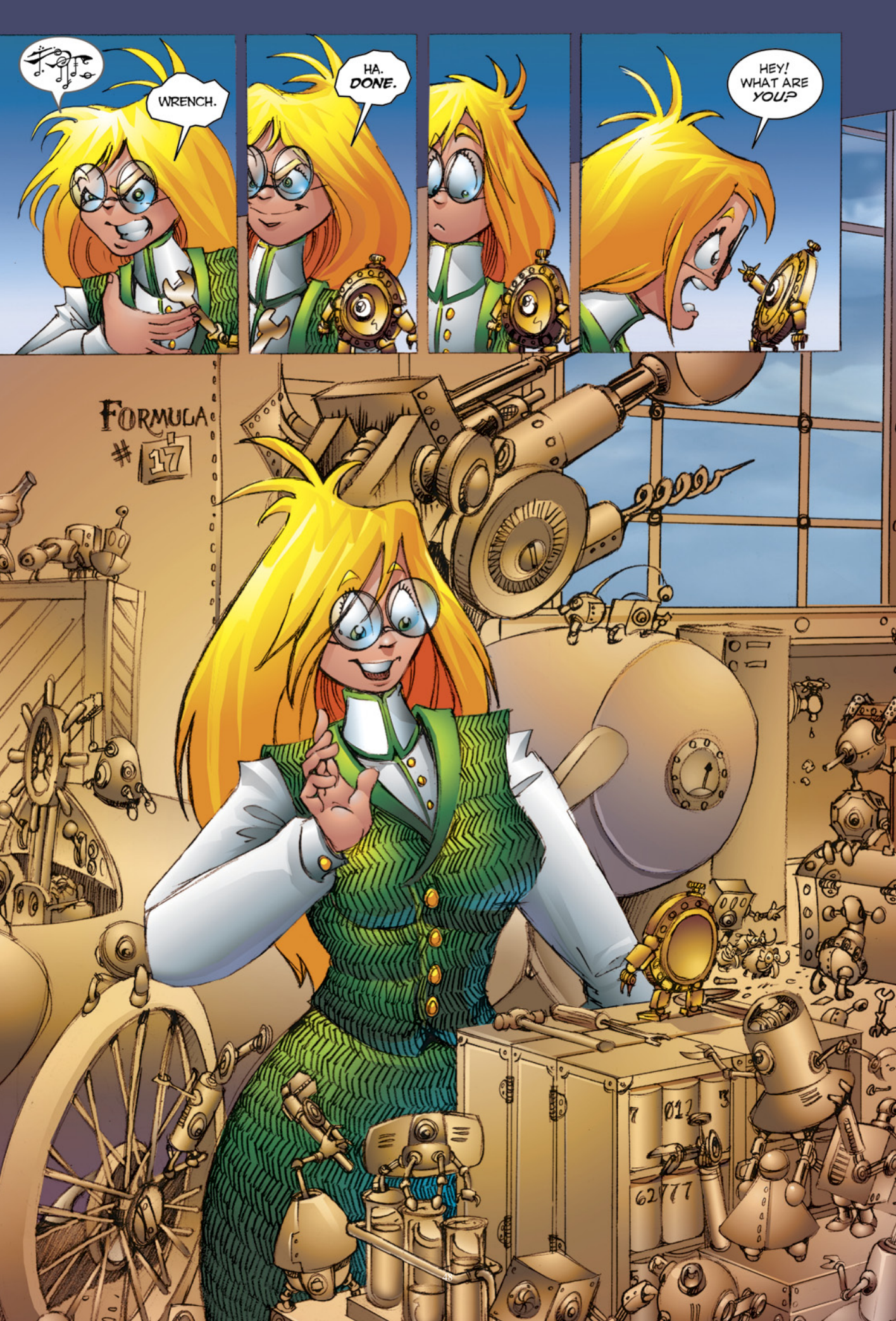

BUT I DON'T HAVE THE SPARK.
I SEEM TO HAVE THE OPPOSITE!
NOTHING I BUILD EVEN WORKS!
SO YOU SAY. THAT IS PUZZLING.
BUT THE BARON—HE HAS OTHAR CAPTIVE.
WILL HE REALLY HURT HIM?
OH, YES. HE'LL DESTROY HIS MIND. MAYBE KILL HIM.
BUT...ISN'T HE A GOOD PERSON?
HE'S HELPED PEOPLE!
IT'S NOT RIGHT.
THE BARON SEES A BIGGER PICTURE.
I'VE GOT TO GO. KITCHEN'S THROWING SCRAPS.
IF YOU'RE GOING TO RESCUE SOMEONE, RESCUE OTHAR.
I'LL BE FINE.
OTHAR ISN'T MY RESPONSIBILITY. OR YOURS.
WELL.
I GUESS HE IS NOW.


LATER THAT NIGHT—
DOCTOR VG. WHY ARE YOU STILL HERE?
IT IS VERY LATE.
I COULDN'T SLEEP.
I THINK I HAVE FOUND A WAY TO DETERMINE THE AGE OF THE HIVE ENGINE.
-NO- ALCHEMY
UNLESS IT WORKS
REALLY?
YES. IT WILL INVOLVE DISASSEMBLING PART OF THE CONTROL UNIT.
BUT WE CAN COMPARE THE CRYSTALLIZATION OF THE BRINES...
AH. THAT WOULD WORK.
I...HAVE ALWAYS ADMIRED YOUR BRILLIANCE, DOCTOR.
WHAT?
I AM SO SORRY.
Hrg!
CHAK!
you...you have killed me!
NO, OLD FRIEND.
I HAVE SPARED YOU.


CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!
SPARED YOU FROM THAT WHICH IS TO COME.
CHUNK! CLUNK WHUMMM
YOU'VE ACTIVATED IT!?
ARE YOU INSANE?!
ALAS. THAT COMFORT IS DENIED ME.
YOU'RE A SERVANT OF THE OTHER!
YOU'RE A REVENANT?
YES.
FIGHT IT!
DON'T DO THIS!
THE OTHER IS GONE! DEAD!
OH NO. THE OTHER LIVES— AND I HAVE SEEN HER.

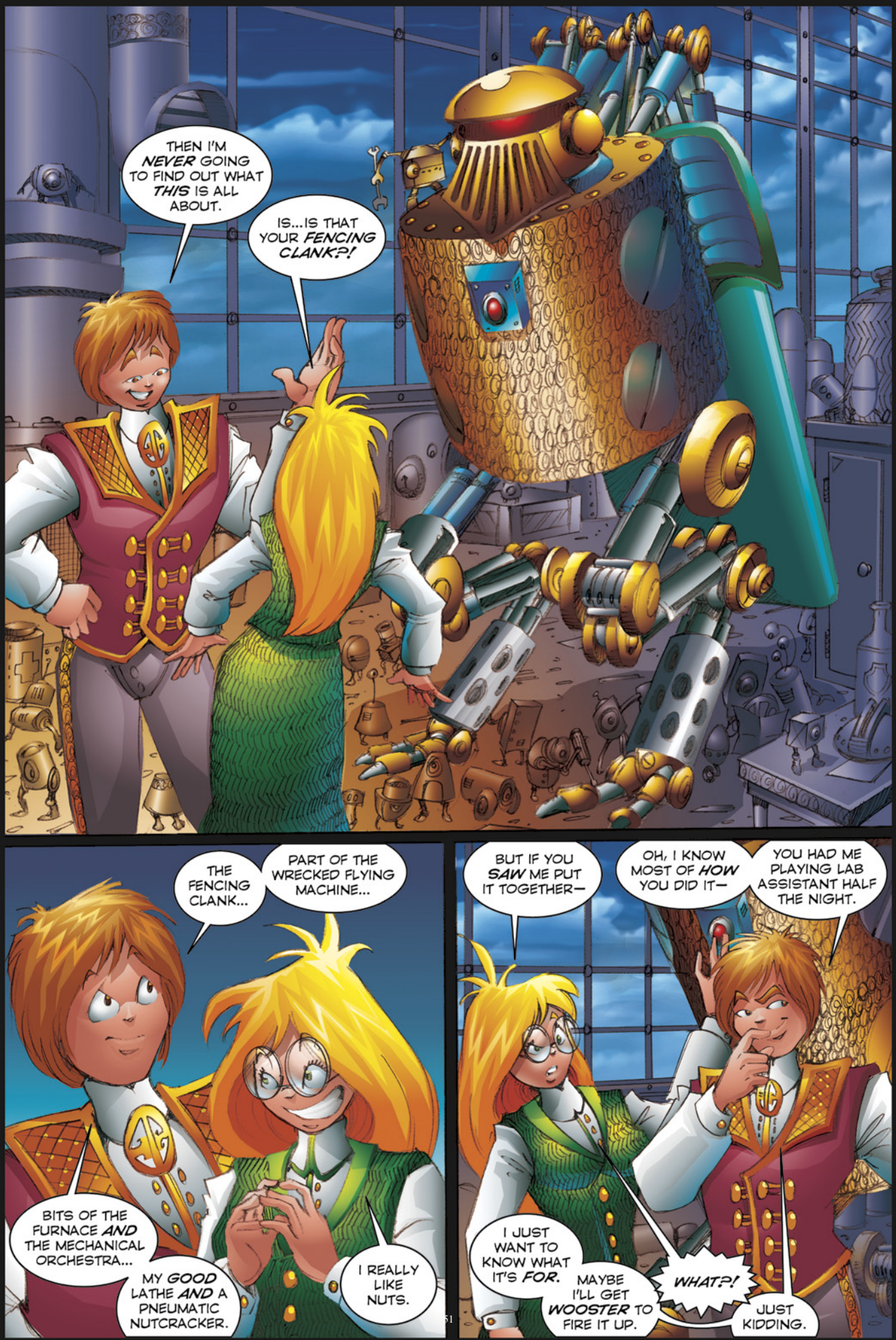

AGATHA IS
DREAMING...
FOGLIO
24

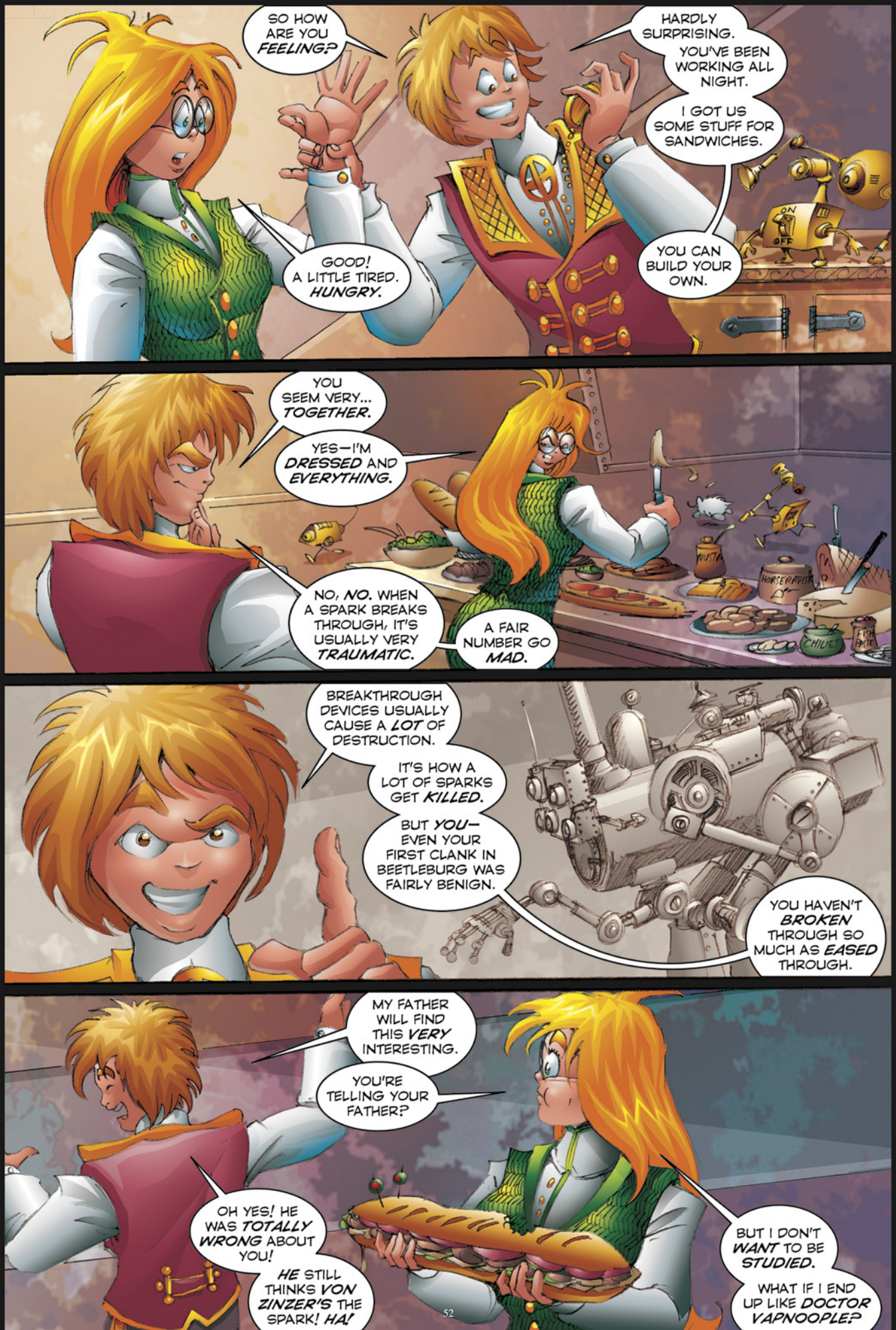

YES... NOW I SEE.

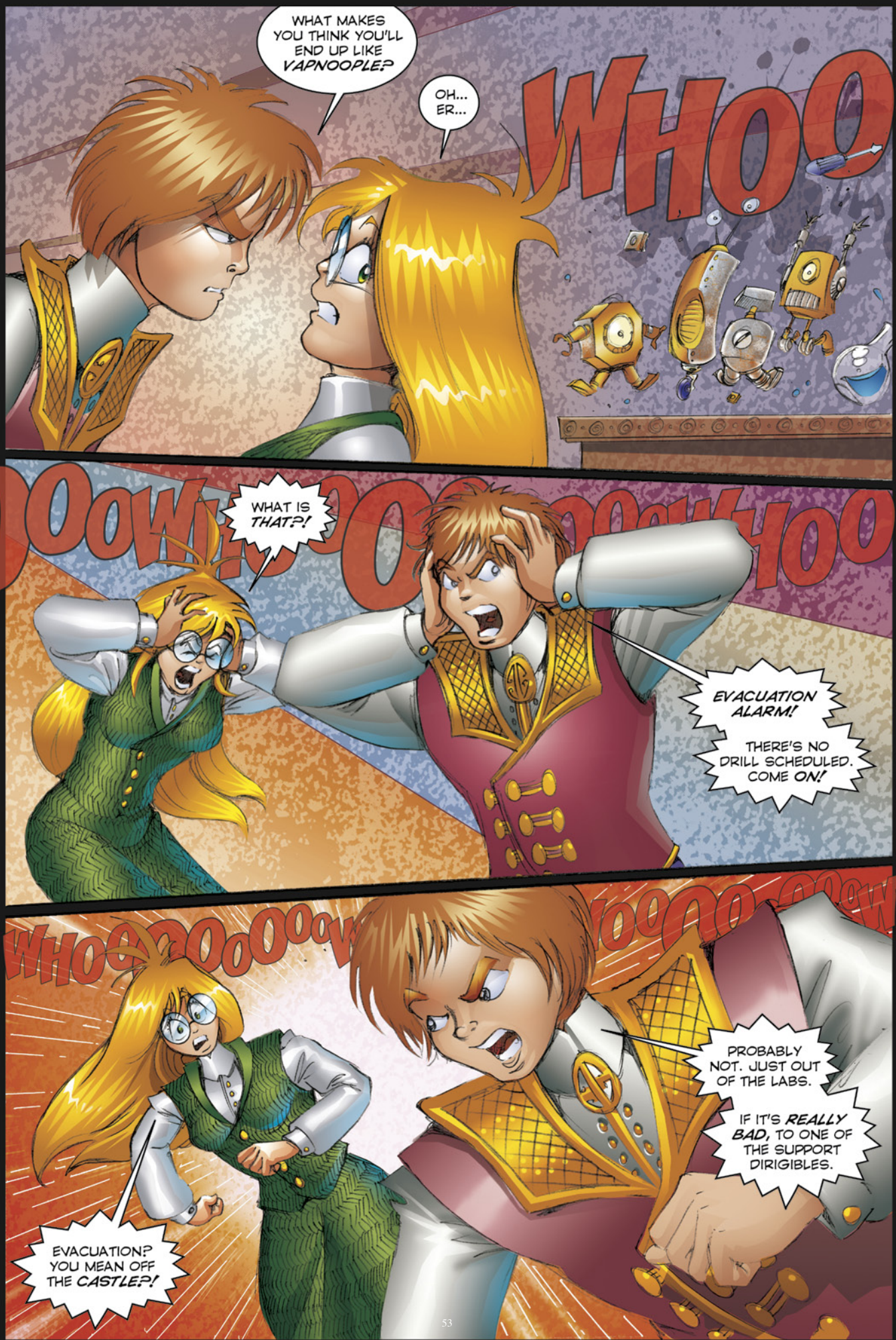

WRENCH.
HA. DONE.
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU?
FORMULA #17


YOU SHOULD *KNOW*—
YOU BUILT THEM.
FUN GEAR RATIOS

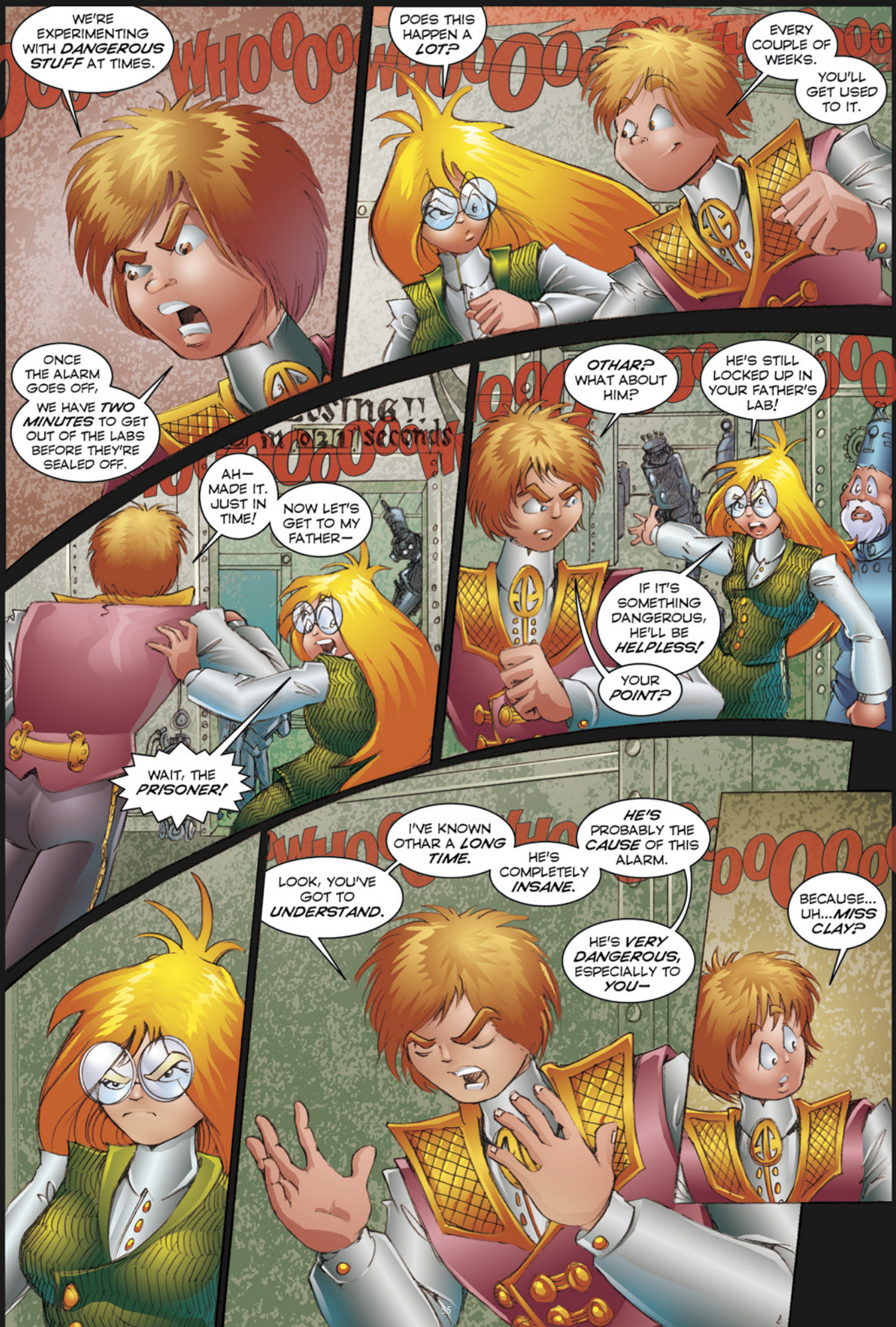

I—BUT HOW COULD I?
THERE ARE TOO MANY OF THEM!
I THINK YOU STARTED A FEW NIGHTS AGO—IN YOUR SLEEP.
BUT ALL OF THESE...
THAT'S THE BEST PART—
THEY'RE SELF-REPLICATING!
WHAT?!
YES—THIS ONE WAS BUILT BY THREE OTHERS TONIGHT.
IT DOESN'T SEEM TO BE AS WELL-MADE, THOUGH.
THEY WORK.
I BUILT SOMETHING THAT WORKS!
YOU'LL HAVE TO GET USED TO THAT—BEING A SPARK AND ALL.
I...BUILT SOMETHING THAT WORKS...
A SPARK—
I CERTAINLY HOPE SO.
BECAUSE IF YOU'RE NOT—


THEN I'M NEVER GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT.
IS...IS THAT YOUR FENCING CLANK?!
THE FENCING CLANK...
PART OF THE WRECKED FLYING MACHINE...
BITS OF THE FURNACE AND THE MECHANICAL ORCHESTRA...
MY GOOD LATHE AND A PNEUMATIC NUTCRACKER.
I REALLY LIKE NUTS.
BUT IF YOU SAW ME PUT IT TOGETHER—
OH, I KNOW MOST OF HOW YOU DID IT—
YOU HAD ME PLAYING LAB ASSISTANT HALF THE NIGHT.
I JUST WANT TO KNOW WHAT IT'S FOR.
MAYBE I'LL GET WOOSTER TO FIRE IT UP.
WHAT?!
JUST KIDDING.

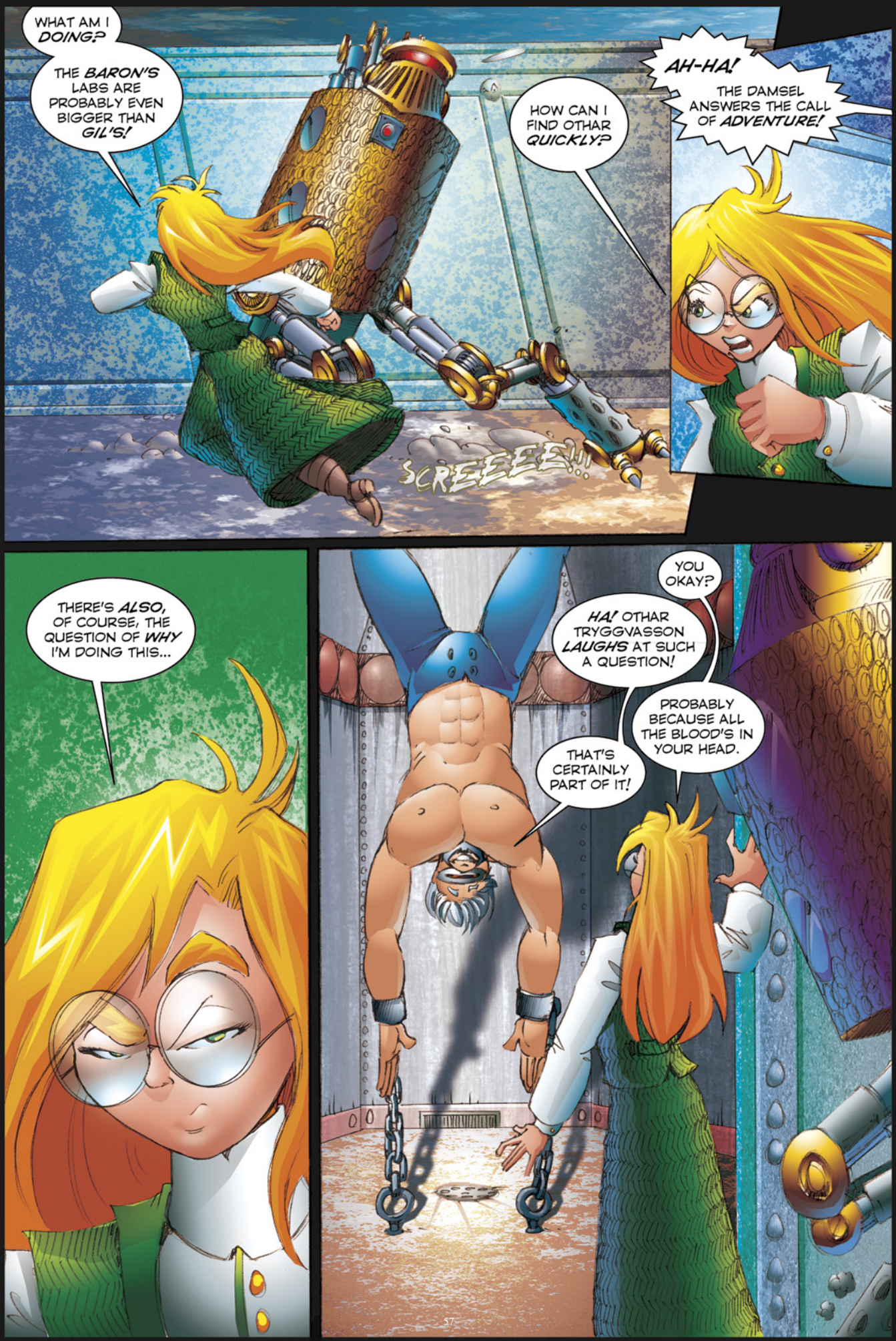

SO HOW ARE YOU FEELING?
GOOD! A LITTLE TIRED. HUNGRY.
HARDLY SURPRISING. YOU'VE BEEN WORKING ALL NIGHT.
I GOT US SOME STUFF FOR SANDWICHES.
YOU CAN BUILD YOUR OWN.
ON
OFF
YOU SEEM VERY... TOGETHER.
YES—I'M DRESSED AND EVERYTHING.
NO, NO. WHEN A SPARK BREAKS THROUGH, IT'S USUALLY VERY TRAUMATIC.
A FAIR NUMBER GO MAD.
MUSTARD
HORSERADISH
CHILI
FISH PASTE
BREAKTHROUGH DEVICES USUALLY CAUSE A LOT OF DESTRUCTION.
IT'S HOW A LOT OF SPARKS GET KILLED.
BUT YOU— EVEN YOUR FIRST CLANK IN BEETLEBURG WAS FAIRLY BENIGN.
YOU HAVEN'T BROKEN THROUGH SO MUCH AS EASED THROUGH.
MY FATHER WILL FIND THIS VERY INTERESTING.
YOU'RE TELLING YOUR FATHER?
OH YES! HE WAS TOTALLY WRONG ABOUT YOU!
HE STILL THINKS VON ZINZER'S THE SPARK! HA!
BUT I DON'T WANT TO BE STUDIED.
WHAT IF I END UP LIKE DOCTOR VAPNOOPLE?


WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU'LL END UP LIKE VAPNOOPLE?
OH... ER...
WHOO
WHAT IS THAT?!
EVACUATION ALARM!
THERE'S NO DRILL SCHEDULED. COME ON!
EVACUATION? YOU MEAN OFF THE CASTLE?!
PROBABLY NOT. JUST OUT OF THE LABS.
IF IT'S REALLY BAD, TO ONE OF THE SUPPORT DIRIGIBLES.

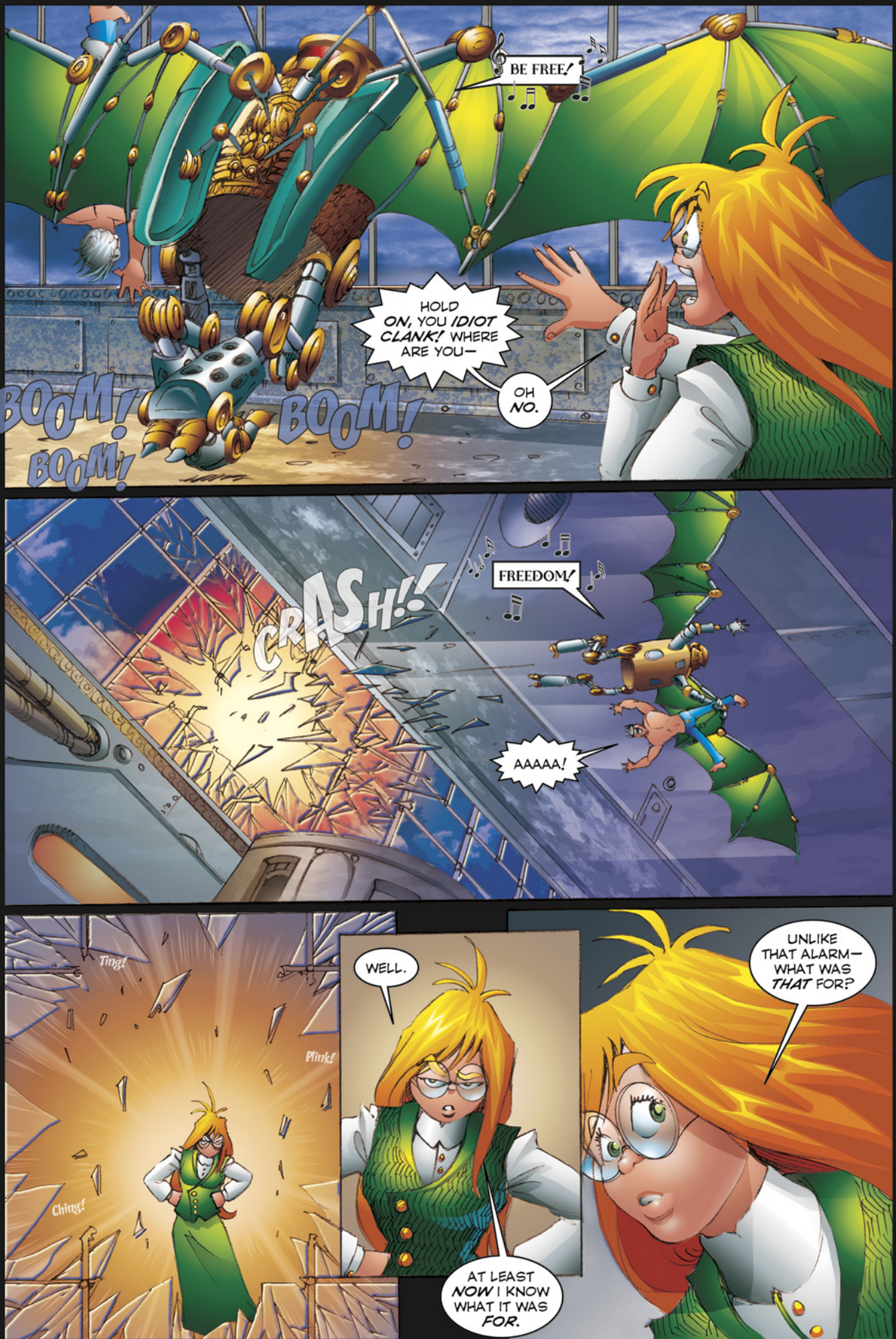

OOOWHOO
WAIT!
WHAT?!
MY LITTLE CLANKS!
FORGET THEM!
NO! I MADE THEM!
WATER COIL
FOLLOW ME!
WHOOOOOOOWHOOOOO
BUT WHAT ARE THEY EVEN GOOD FOR?
IF WE LEAVE THEM BEHIND WE'LL NEVER KNOW!
#5


WE'RE EXPERIMENTING WITH *DANGEROUS STUFF* AT TIMES.
WHOOOOOOOOOO
DOES THIS HAPPEN A *LOT?*
EVERY COUPLE OF WEEKS.
YOU'LL GET USED TO IT.
ONCE THE ALARM GOES OFF, WE HAVE *TWO MINUTES* TO GET OUT OF THE LABS BEFORE THEY'RE SEALED OFF.
OTHAR? WHAT ABOUT HIM?
HE'S STILL LOCKED UP IN YOUR FATHER'S LAB!
AH— MADE IT. JUST IN TIME!
NOW LET'S GET TO MY FATHER—
IF IT'S SOMETHING DANGEROUS, HE'LL BE *HELPLESS!*
YOUR *POINT?*
WAIT, THE *PRISONER!*
I'VE KNOWN OTHAR A *LONG TIME.*
HE'S COMPLETELY *INSANE.*
HE'S PROBABLY THE *CAUSE* OF THIS ALARM.
LOOK, YOU'VE GOT TO *UNDERSTAND.*
HE'S *VERY DANGEROUS,* ESPECIALLY TO *YOU—*
BECAUSE... UH...*MISS CLAY?*


CLANG!
EEEEEEEE
WELL, IF I'M GOING AFTER HER—
YOU'LL HAVE TO OPEN THAT DOOR!
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!
CLICK!
CLICK!
CLICK!
CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!
CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!
CLICK! CLICK! CL
CLICK! CLICK


WHAT AM I DOING?
THE BARON'S LABS ARE PROBABLY EVEN BIGGER THAN GIL'S!
HOW CAN I FIND OTHAR QUICKLY?
SCREEEE!!!
AH-HA!
THE DAMSEL ANSWERS THE CALL OF ADVENTURE!
THERE'S ALSO, OF COURSE, THE QUESTION OF WHY I'M DOING THIS...
YOU OKAY?
HA! OTHAR TRYGGVASSON LAUGHS AT SUCH A QUESTION!
PROBABLY BECAUSE ALL THE BLOOD'S IN YOUR HEAD.
THAT'S CERTAINLY PART OF IT!

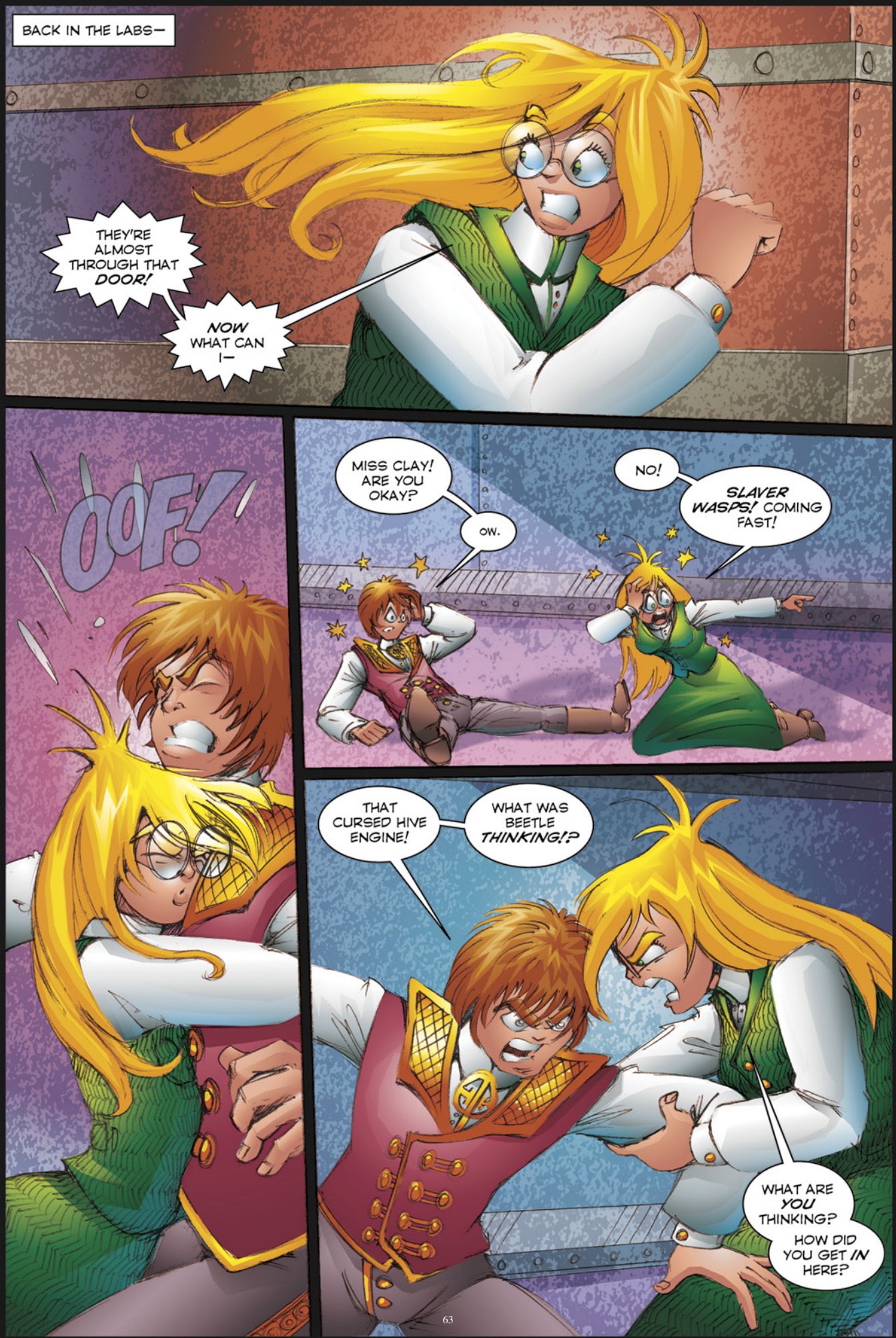

SUBJECT: OTHAR I AM HERE TO RESCUE YOU!
WHAT!?
YOW!
ZZZRRROW!
FEAR NOT! SOON YOU WILL BE SAFE!
WAIT!
WE'RE INSIDE! YOU CAN'T FLY IN HERE!
STOP!
FWOMP!


BE FREE!
HOLD ON, YOU IDIOT CLANK! WHERE ARE YOU—
OH NO.
BOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM!
CRASH!
FREEDOM!
AAAAA!
Ting!
Plink!
Ching!
WELL.
AT LEAST NOW I KNOW WHAT IT WAS FOR.
UNLIKE THAT ALARM— WHAT WAS THAT FOR?

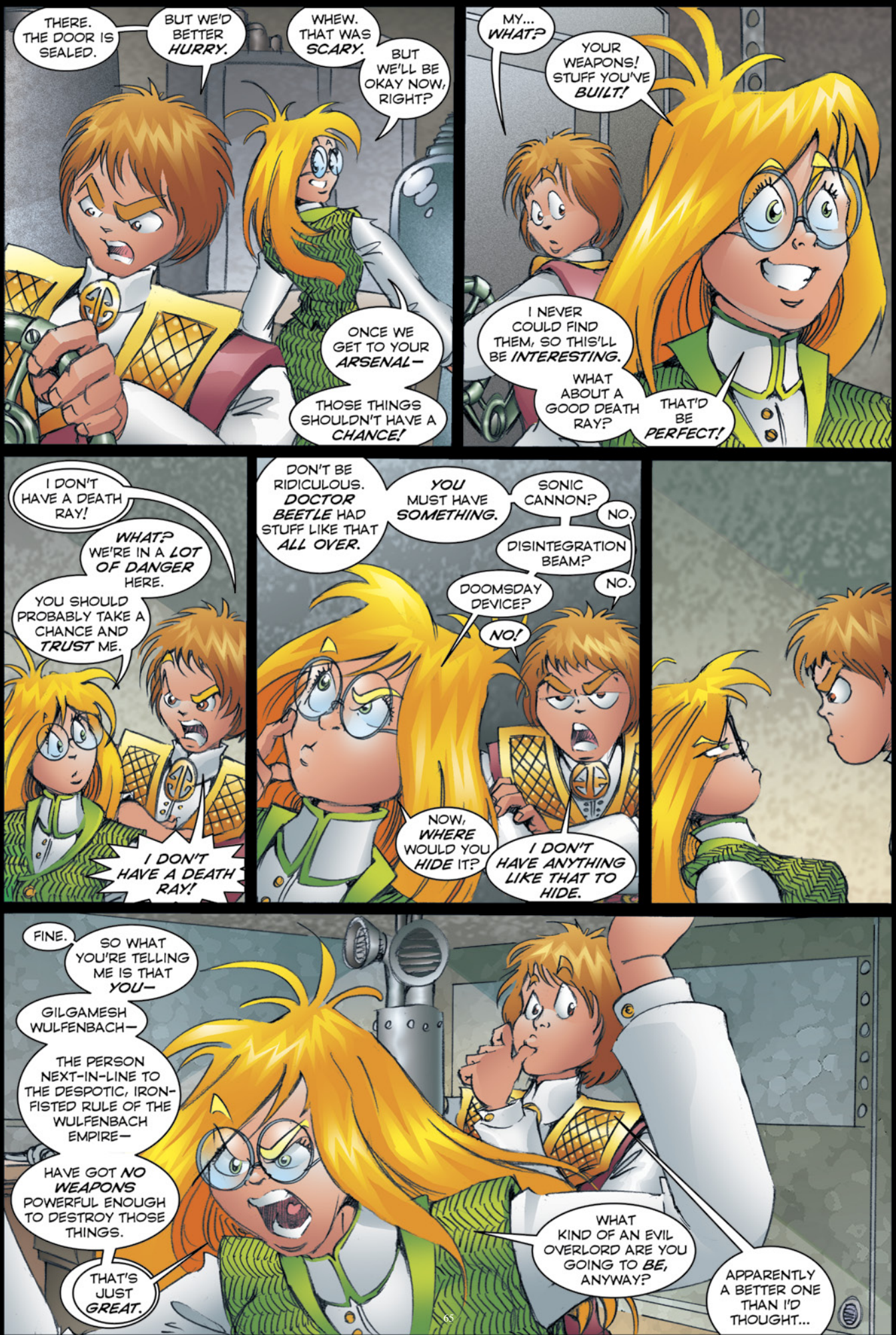

OH NO.

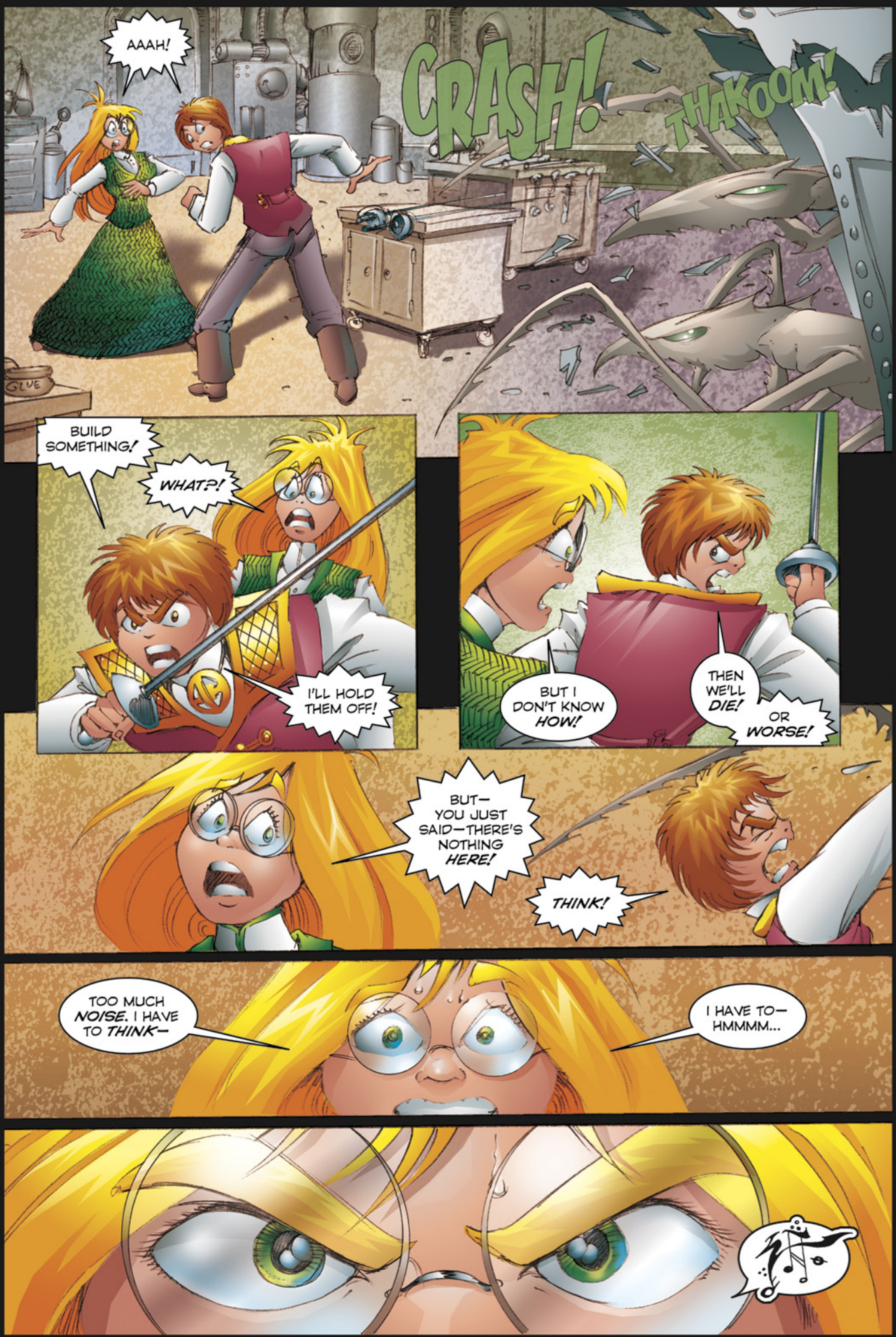

HERR BARON— ZE OUTFLIERS REPORT SLAVER VARRIORS ALL OVER YOU MAIN LABS.
THE HIVE ENGINE HAS OBVIOUSLY BEEN ACTIVATED.
A REVENANT ON BOARD.
HOW MANY WERE IN THE LABS?
WE'RE NOT SURE...
A FEW TECHS CLEANING...OH, AND THE PRISONER, OF COURSE.
WHERE IS DR. VG?
AH—NO ONE HAS SEEN DR. VG SINCE LAST NIGHT.
DRAT.
DERE IZ SUM GOOT NEWS—
ALL DE BOGS DEY HAFF SEEN SO FAR IZ VARRIORS.
SO THERE IS A CHANCE THAT THE ACTUAL SWARM IS STILL GROWING—
THAT IS GOOD NEWS.
UND VE VILL FINALLY GET A LEEDLE ADVENTURE! HAH!
TRUE! HOW SOON CAN WE GO IN?


HYU GIFF DE ORDER UND VE GO.
VE HAFF A TEAM OF JÄGERKIN, LACKYA, CLENKS UND CREW AT EACH ENTRY.
EXCELLENT. I'M PLEASED AT THE LACK OF RIVALRY.
SIR—DERE IZ A TIME TO TWIT NANCY-BOY FEETSMEN UND A TIME TO CRUSH BOGS.
WELL SAID.
FORGIVE ME, GENERAL.
THE CHILDREN'S SHIP IS AWAY.
THE OLDER ONES WERE NOT HAPPY.
WELL OF COURSE. THEY'RE KIDS.
THEY WANT TO FIGHT!
IT'S FUN!
I TEACH RESTRAINT.
OH, SO YOUR DRESSMAKER'S AN A+ STUDENT THEN.
SSSSSS...
YOU'RE LOSING AIR, SWEETHEART!
ENOUGH. TAKE YOUR POSITIONS.
TELL CAPTAIN PATEL TO CONTINUE THE EVACUATION.
YES, HERR BARON.
IF HE DOESN'T HEAR FROM MY SON OR MYSELF IN TWO HOURS,
OR IF THE WHEELHOUSE IS ATTACKED,
HE IS TO SCUTTLE THE CASTLE.


BACK IN THE LABS—
THEY'RE ALMOST THROUGH THAT DOOR!
NOW WHAT CAN I—
OOF!
MISS CLAY! ARE YOU OKAY?
OW.
NO!
SLAVER WASPS! COMING FAST!
THAT CURSED HIVE ENGINE!
WHAT WAS BEETLE THINKING!?
WHAT ARE YOU THINKING?
HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?


YOUR LITTLE CLANKS.
THEY OPENED THE DOOR.
THEY'RE AMAZING!
GREAT! THEN WE CAN LEAVE!
CLICK!
CLICK!
CLICK!
NO—I HAD THEM SEAL THE DOOR AGAIN.
WASPS WERE COMING.
017 DAYS WITHOUT A MAJOR EXPLOSION
THEN WE'RE SURROUNDED!
WAIT—MY CLANKS CAN'T KEEP UP!
THEY'LL CATCH UP.
IT'S US THE WASPS WANT. HURRY!
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
MY MAIN LAB IS JUST AHEAD.
WE'LL START THERE.

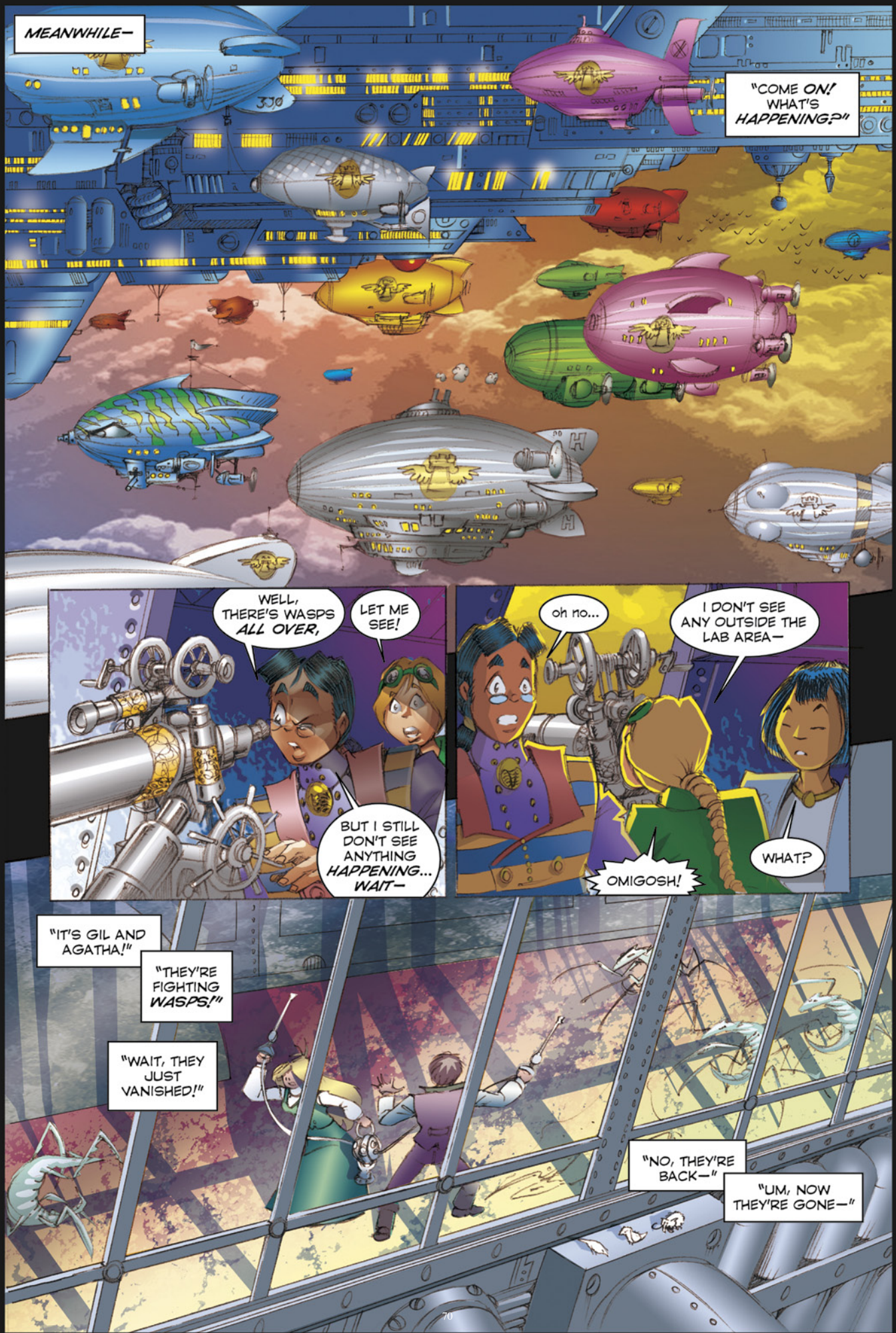

THERE. THE DOOR IS SEALED.
BUT WE'D BETTER HURRY.
WHEW. THAT WAS SCARY.
BUT WE'LL BE OKAY NOW, RIGHT?
ONCE WE GET TO YOUR ARSENAL—
THOSE THINGS SHOULDN'T HAVE A CHANCE!
MY... WHAT?
YOUR WEAPONS! STUFF YOU'VE BUILT!
I NEVER COULD FIND THEM, SO THIS'LL BE INTERESTING.
WHAT ABOUT A GOOD DEATH RAY?
THAT'D BE PERFECT!
I DON'T HAVE A DEATH RAY!
WHAT? WE'RE IN A LOT OF DANGER HERE.
YOU SHOULD PROBABLY TAKE A CHANCE AND TRUST ME.
I DON'T HAVE A DEATH RAY!
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS. DOCTOR BEETLE HAD STUFF LIKE THAT ALL OVER.
YOU MUST HAVE SOMETHING.
SONIC CANNON?
NO.
DISINTEGRATION BEAM?
NO.
DOOMSDAY DEVICE?
NO!
NOW, WHERE WOULD YOU HIDE IT?
I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING LIKE THAT TO HIDE.
FINE.
SO WHAT YOU'RE TELLING ME IS THAT YOU—
GILGAMESH WULFENBACH—
THE PERSON NEXT-IN-LINE TO THE DESPOTIC, IRON-FISTED RULE OF THE WULFENBACH EMPIRE—
HAVE GOT NO WEAPONS POWERFUL ENOUGH TO DESTROY THOSE THINGS.
THAT'S JUST GREAT.
WHAT KIND OF AN EVIL OVERLORD ARE YOU GOING TO BE, ANYWAY?
APPARENTLY A BETTER ONE THAN I'D THOUGHT...


AAAH!
CRASH!
THAKOOM!
GLUE
BUILD SOMETHING!
WHAT?!
I'LL HOLD THEM OFF!
BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW!
THEN WE'LL DIE!
OR WORSE!
BUT— YOU JUST SAID—THERE'S NOTHING HERE!
THINK!
TOO MUCH NOISE. I HAVE TO THINK—
I HAVE TO— HMMMM...


I'D BETTER BE *RIGHT* ABOUT YOU—
THESE SWORDS ARE REALLY ONLY FOR *SPORT*—
SPLIX!
CHOP!
AND THESE BUGS ARE *FAST!*
THUNK!
AGATHA?!
LAB TECH IN A DRUM "EXPENDABLE"
uh oh...


BZZZT!
HA! IT WORKS!
YOU DID IT!
ZT! ZT! ZT! ZT! ZT! ZT! ZT!
SURE DID.
HERE. YOU'RE THE FENCER.
IT'S MY LIGHTNING GENERATOR!
SORT OF.
YES. THE HETERODYNE DEVICE CAN RECHARGE THEM INSTANTLY.
WOW. I KNEW IT WAS A POWER SOURCE, BUT—
ZT!
ZT!
I'D REALLY THOUGHT THAT THERE WAS MORE TO IT.


I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T FENCE!
THIS ISN'T FENCING!
THIS IS SWINGING WILDLY!
ZT!
ZT!
COULDN'T YOU HAVE USED A LONGER CABLE?
BLEET!
IT'S WHAT WAS THERE!
OKAY, SO NOW WHAT DO WE DO?
UM... WE SHOULD TRY TO GET OUT?
ZT!
ZT!
ZT!
ZT!
ZT!
WE CAN HEAD FOR AN EXIT—
BUT THEY'LL JUST KEEP COMING.
THEN WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM AT THE CENTER.
WE'VE GOT TO DESTROY THE ENGINE!


MEANWHILE—
"COME ON! WHAT'S HAPPENING?!"
WELL, THERE'S WASPS ALL OVER,
LET ME SEE!
BUT I STILL DON'T SEE ANYTHING HAPPENING... WAIT—
oh no...
I DON'T SEE ANY OUTSIDE THE LAB AREA—
OMIGOSH!
WHAT?
"IT'S GIL AND AGATHA!"
"THEY'RE FIGHTING WASPS!"
"WAIT, THEY JUST VANISHED!"
"NO, THEY'RE BACK—"
"UM, NOW THEY'RE GONE—"


WHAT IS WRONG WITH MY EYES?!
LET ME SEE.
HAVE THE MESSAGE LIGHT SEND THIS TO THE BARON.
HE'S GOT TO KNOW!
NO, I SEE IT TOO...
I HOPE THE BARON GETS TO THEM IN TIME.
WHY WAIT?
GO RESCUE THEM OURSELVES?
INTRIGUING...
BUT THE LIFEGLIDERS'LL BE WATCHED...
PROBABLY BY A MAN—
THERE'S NO MALE GUARD ON THIS SHIP THAT CAN RESIST A BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS!
THAT'S THE TRUTH!
ENGINES
I CANNOT BELIEVE THAT WORKS EVERY TIME.
IT ALWAYS WORKS ON ME!


SOON—
OKAY. I GUESS THERE'S ONE WHO CAN.
YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO HIT HIM SO HARD—
OH YES I DID!
YOU KNOW, THIS IS REALLY STUPID.
OH, YOU JUST NOTICED?
YOU CAN STAY HERE.
NAH, JUST MAKING CONVERSATION.
COME ON!
WE'LL HEAD FOR THE ARMORY FIRST.
"LET'S GO!"


SLAVERS. URRR—I HATES DEM.
IT'LL BE GOOT TO LET LOOSE!
VEN DOES VE GO?
I LUFF DEM. I IZ GONNA MEK ME A NIZE BUG PIE LATER! YUM!
MEBBE DAT'Z DE ZIGNAL, HEY?
EEP!
WELL?
WHAT ARE YOU ALL WAITING FOR?
LET'S GO SQUASH SOME BUGS.
RRHAAAGH!


THE TROOPS ARE ASSEMBLED AT THE DOORS, HERR BARON.
THE JÄGERMONSTERS ARE *ESPECIALLY* ENTHUSIASTIC.
MM. IT'S BEEN A WHILE SINCE THEY *REALLY* FOUGHT.
HERR BARON!
A *MESSAGE!*
YES?
MASTER GILGAMESH HAS BEEN SPOTTED IN THE LABS—
HE'S *FIGHTING BUGS!*
I SEE.
HE IS MY SON.
HE WILL SURVIVE.
BUT HE *STILL* NEEDS A *TALKING TO.*
LET'S GO *GET* HIM, *SHALL WE?*
YEAH!
LET'S *GO!*
WHOO!
YEAH YEAH, LET'S *GO* ALREADY.


MEANWHILE—
THEY'VE STOPPED ATTACKING.
OF COURSE. WE'RE GOING *TOWARD* THE ENGINE.
BUT I THOUGHT THEY WERE *DEFENDING* IT.
TO A DEGREE.
MAINLY, THEY'LL ESTABLISH A PERIMETER AND HERD EVERYONE INSIDE TO THE CENTER.
WE'LL BE TAKEN OVER,
AND THEN *OUR* JOB WILL BE TO DEFEND IT.
KILL ME FIRST.
RIGHT.


WE SHOULD BE CLOSE.
HOW CLOSE WILL THEY LET US GET?
REAL CLOSE.
HHHHHHZZZ
LOOK AT THAT THING.
HOW DO WE KILL THAT?
QUICKLY.


WHAT WAS THAT?
BAD NEWS.
AND THEY WON'T LET US OUT, NOW.
YES. WE'D BETTER—

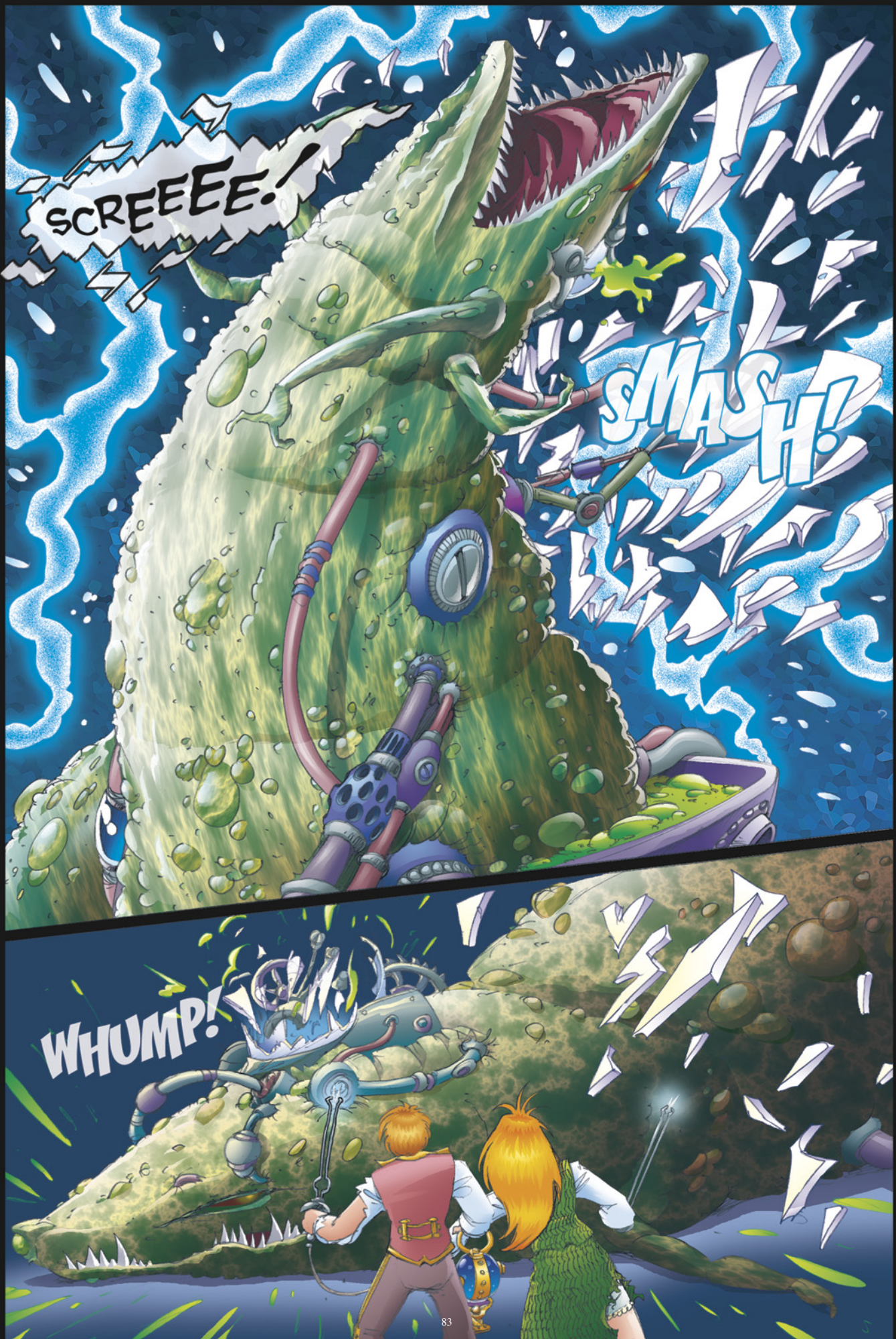

OW! AAAH!
OUCH! HEY! MY SWORD!
IT'S BEGINNING TO GENERATE THE SWARM!
AND I CAN'T MOVE!


NO! STOP!
OW! THEY'VE TRAPPED US! THIS IS IT!
LET US GO!


SMEK!
EEEEEEEEEEE!
WHAT THE—?
THEY LET US GO!
YES!
COME ON!
GRAB YOUR SWORD!
WE'RE LUCKY YOUR LITTLE CLANKS SHOWED UP TO DISTRACT THEM!
ZT!
ZT!
I DON'T KNOW...
I WONDER...


ZT!
ZT!
YOU! STAND ASIDE!
THIS MUST BE AN OLD ENGINE—
THE SWARM SHOULD COME FAST, AND ALL AT ONCE.
CLICK CLICK CLICK
WOW.
CLICK CLACK!
BZZZT!
ZT!
WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE QUEEN BEFORE IT GENERATES MORE!

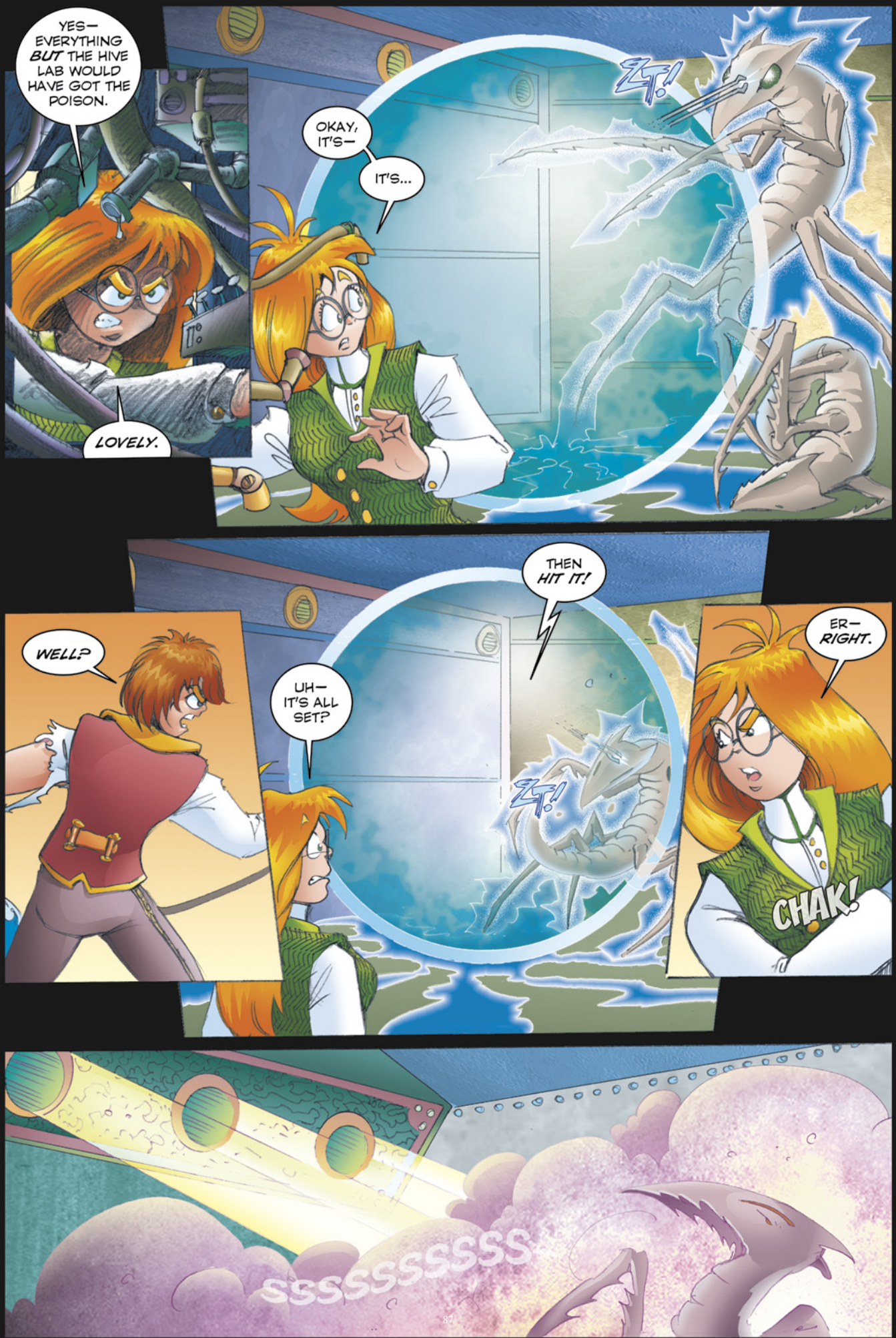

IT'S CLEAR!
WHAT?
HOW—
COME ON!
BLLT!
HA!


SCREEEE!
SMASH!
WHUMP!


UM—THE WARRIORS ARE JUST STANDING AROUND.
WEIRD.
HA! THAT WAS GREAT!
WE DID IT! WE—
ER—
UH OH.
R-R-RRRRRR
LET'S... GO.
NOW.

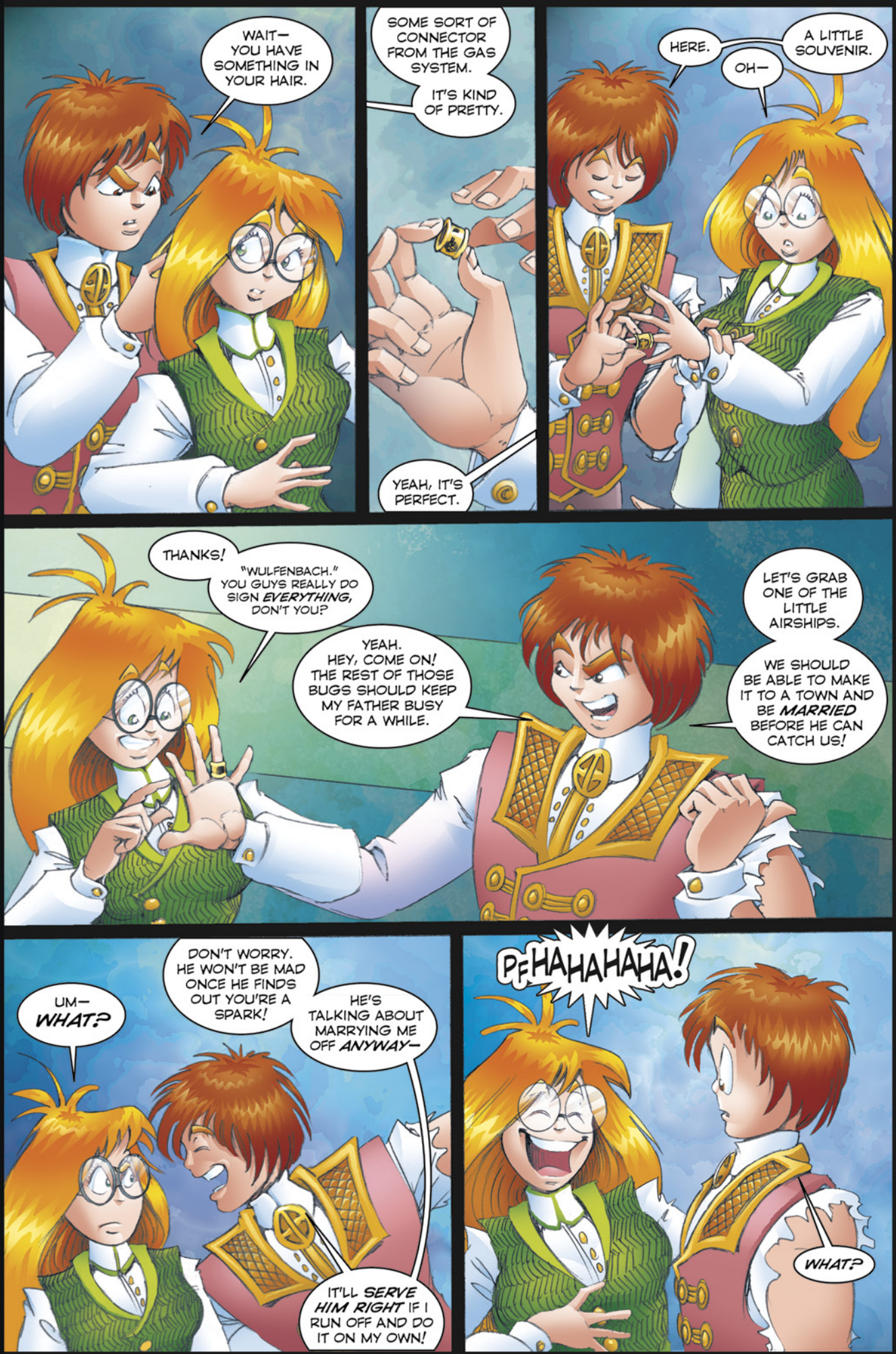

PAFF!
WE'VE RELEASED THE SWARM!
WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
WHAT WAS MY FATHER THINKING?
WHAT WOULD HE—
OF COURSE!

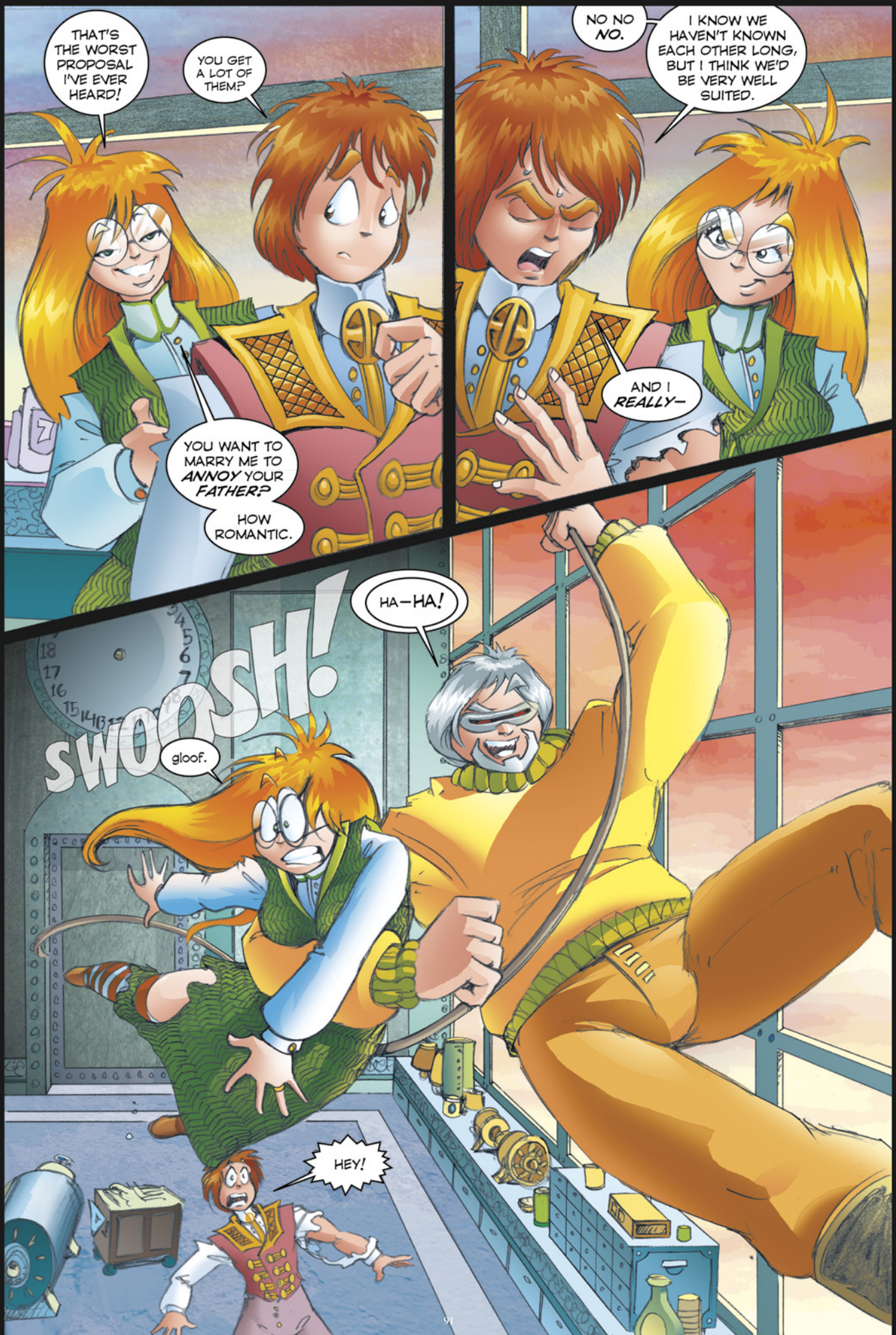

THERE HAS TO BE A FAIL-SAFE HERE SOMEWHERE.
IT'LL BE DISGUISED, BUT HANDY.
YES. HERE.
K-CHAK!
THERE. THAT'S THAT PART OF THE LAB SEALED.
CLANG!
VESPIARY CONTROL
AND ONE OF THESE SHOULD FLOOD THE LAB WITH GAS.
WAIT.
SOMEBODY ACTIVATED THAT ENGINE. ON PURPOSE.
UH—
LET ME LOOK AT THIS.
HANG ON A MINUTE.
ZT!
ZT!
WELL?
UH-HUH. THE GAS LINE HAS BEEN REROUTED.
TO WHAT I THINK MAY BE THE MAIN VENTILATOR FOR THIS AREA.


YES— EVERYTHING *BUT* THE HIVE LAB WOULD HAVE GOT THE POISON.
LOVELY.
OKAY, IT'S—
IT'S...
ZT!
WELL?
UH— IT'S ALL SET?
THEN *HIT IT!*
ZT!
ER— *RIGHT.*
CHAK!
SSSSSSSSSS


IT LOOKS LIKE IT WORKED.
YEAH...YOU KNOW, FROM EVERYTHING I'VE LEARNED ABOUT SLAVER WASPS—
I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE TOUGHER.
I GUESS THE BARON WILL HAVE AN EASY TIME MOPPING UP, THEN.
DOCKING
—DIS IZ NOT GOING VELL!
FALL BACK!


HE'LL PROBABLY BE SORRY HE MISSED ALL THE EXCITEMENT.
WE SHOULD—

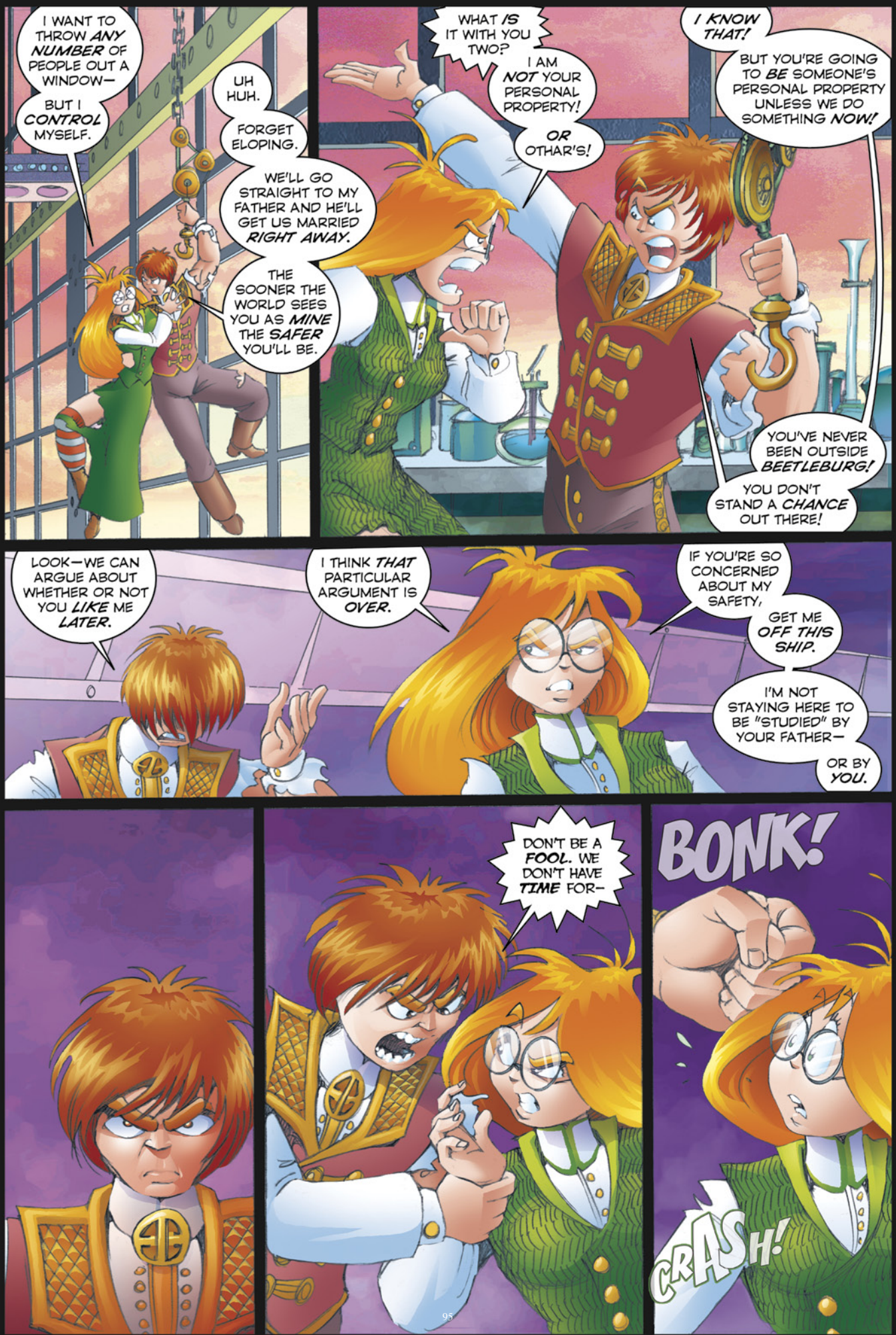

WAIT— YOU HAVE SOMETHING IN YOUR HAIR.
SOME SORT OF CONNECTOR FROM THE GAS SYSTEM.
IT'S KIND OF PRETTY.
YEAH, IT'S PERFECT.
HERE.
OH—
A LITTLE SOUVENIR.
THANKS!
"WULFENBACH." YOU GUYS REALLY DO SIGN *EVERYTHING*, DON'T YOU?
YEAH. HEY, COME ON! THE REST OF THOSE BUGS SHOULD KEEP MY FATHER BUSY FOR A WHILE.
LET'S GRAB ONE OF THE LITTLE AIRSHIPS.
WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO MAKE IT TO A TOWN AND BE *MARRIED* BEFORE HE CAN CATCH US!
UM— *WHAT?*
DON'T WORRY. HE WON'T BE MAD ONCE HE FINDS OUT YOU'RE A SPARK!
HE'S TALKING ABOUT MARRYING ME OFF *ANYWAY*—
IT'LL *SERVE HIM RIGHT* IF I RUN OFF AND DO IT ON MY OWN!
PFHAHAHAHA!
WHAT?


THAT'S THE WORST PROPOSAL I'VE EVER HEARD!
YOU GET A LOT OF THEM?
YOU WANT TO MARRY ME TO ANNOY YOUR FATHER?
HOW ROMANTIC.
NO NO NO.
I KNOW WE HAVEN'T KNOWN EACH OTHER LONG, BUT I THINK WE'D BE VERY WELL SUITED.
AND I REALLY—
SWOOSH!
HA—HA!
gloof.
HEY!


DO YOU MIND?
I WAS BUSY HERE!
AGATHA! GET AWAY FROM HIM!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, WULFENBACH?
DIDN'T EXPECT A HERO TO RESCUE THE DAMSEL FROM YOUR UNWELCOME ADVANCES?!
THEY WEREN'T UNWELCOME, YOU IDIOT!
JUST A MINUTE!
I'M NOT DONE YELLING AT YOU YET!
WELL, YES, YOU ARE—
WE'VE GOT TO GO—
AND HE'S GOT TO DIE.
YOW!
NO!
CHUFF!
PAF!
DRAT. HE GOT AWAY.
LOOK— COULD YOU PLEASE—
YOU SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL. YOU COULD HAVE FALLEN!
YOU'RE LUCKY I CAUGHT YOU!

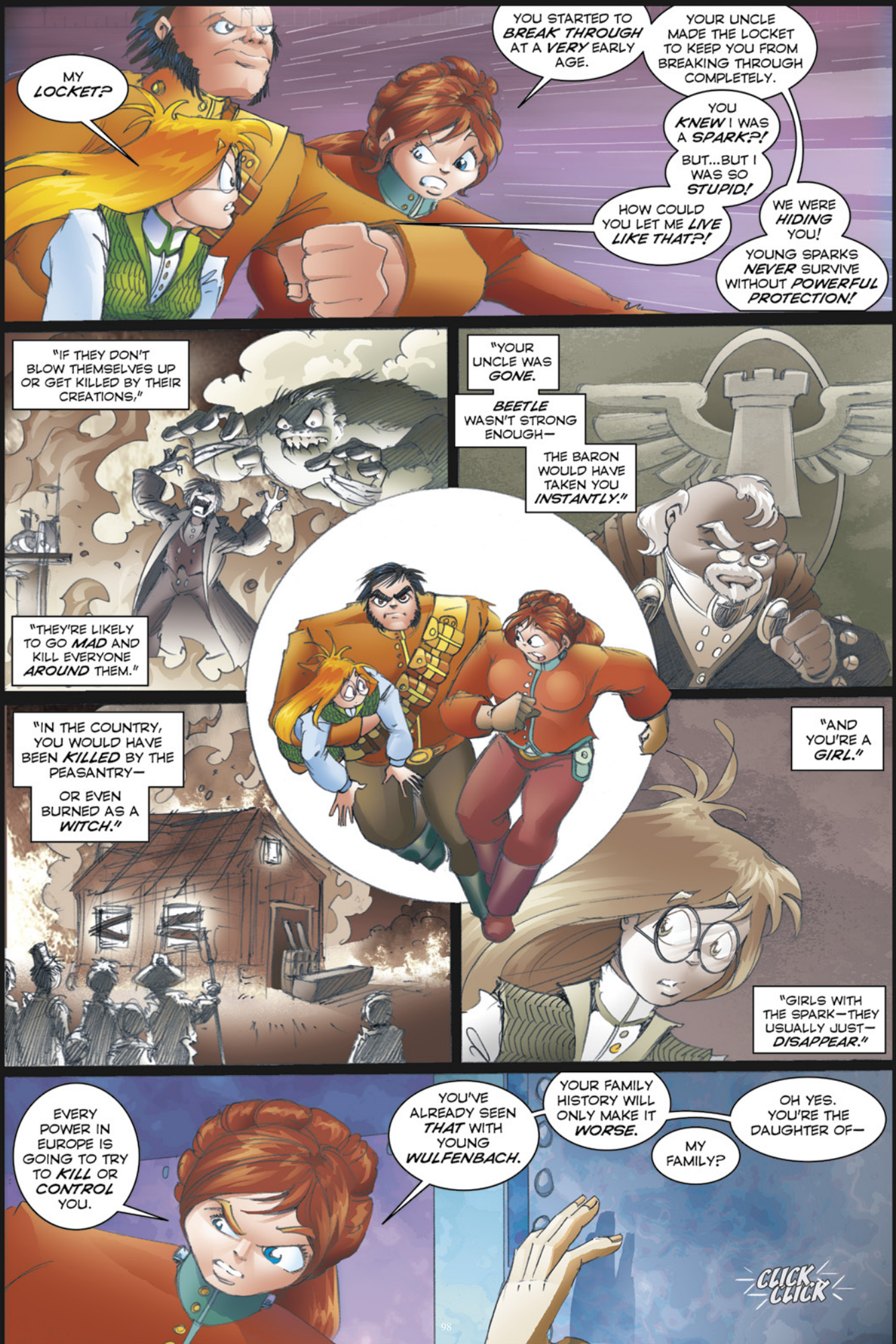

WHAT?
I DIDN'T—
I HOPE YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BE ONE OF THOSE CLUMSY SIDEKICKS—
WHO ALWAYS NEED RESCUING DURING THE FINAL SHOWDOWN.
I AM NOT YOUR SIDEKICK!
OF COURSE YOU ARE!
YOU CAME TO RESCUE ME!
IF I'D KNOWN YOU WERE GOING TO RUN AROUND TRYING TO SHOOT PEOPLE—
YOUR INNOCENCE DOES YOU CREDIT,
BUT YOU'LL SOON LEARN THAT EVIL DESERVES NO PITY.
AND YOUNG WULFENBACH IS CERTAINLY EVIL!
WELL... CLUELESS, MAYBE.
IF BEING LIKE YOU IS THE ALTERNATIVE—
whoop!
POW!


ZIP!
CLACK
I'LL GLADLY TAKE EVIL.
WHOOSH!
OOF!
CRASH!!
FOUL!
HE'S FALLEN OUT OF THE AIRSHIP!
I WENT TO ALL THAT TROUBLE TO RESCUE HIM,
AND YOU'VE KILLED HIM!
I WISH. I'VE SEEN HIM SURVIVE WORSE.
TRUST ME—WHEN YOU GET TO KNOW HIM BETTER, YOU'LL WANT TO THROW HIM OUT A WINDOW YOURSELF.


I WANT TO THROW ANY NUMBER OF PEOPLE OUT A WINDOW—
BUT I CONTROL MYSELF.
UH HUH.
FORGET ELOPING.
WE'LL GO STRAIGHT TO MY FATHER AND HE'LL GET US MARRIED RIGHT AWAY.
THE SOONER THE WORLD SEES YOU AS MINE THE SAFER YOU'LL BE.
WHAT IS IT WITH YOU TWO?
I AM NOT YOUR PERSONAL PROPERTY!
OR OTHAR'S!
I KNOW THAT!
BUT YOU'RE GOING TO BE SOMEONE'S PERSONAL PROPERTY UNLESS WE DO SOMETHING NOW!
YOU'VE NEVER BEEN OUTSIDE BEETLEBURG!
YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE OUT THERE!
LOOK—WE CAN ARGUE ABOUT WHETHER OR NOT YOU LIKE ME LATER.
I THINK THAT PARTICULAR ARGUMENT IS OVER.
IF YOU'RE SO CONCERNED ABOUT MY SAFETY,
GET ME OFF THIS SHIP.
I'M NOT STAYING HERE TO BE "STUDIED" BY YOUR FATHER—
OR BY YOU.
DON'T BE A FOOL. WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR—
BONK!
CRASH!


WAS THIS BOY BOTHERING YOU, DEAR?
LILITH! ADAM!
...YOU HIT HIM...
HE'LL BE FINE, DEAR.
WHO IS HE?
GILGAMESH WULFENBACH.
HE...UH... WANTS ME TO MARRY HIM.
IN FACT, HE KIND OF INSISTS.

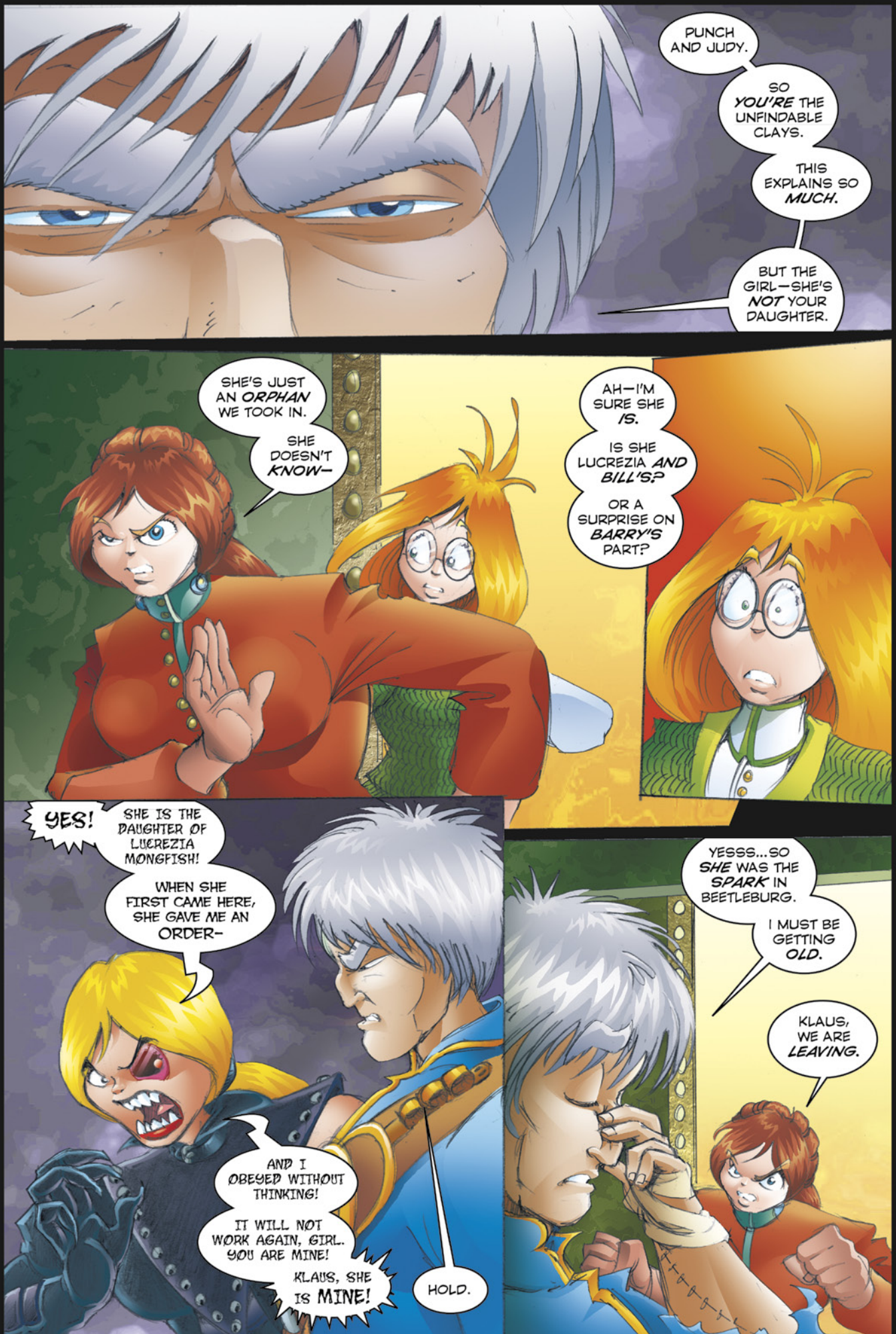

SO YOU THINK I SHOULDN'T, THEN.
WE'RE LEAVING. RIGHT NOW.
HOW?
WE'VE BEEN FOLLOWING THE CASTLE ON THE GROUND.
THIS SUDDEN BURST OF ACTIVITY, ALL THOSE SHIPS LEAVING—
IT WAS SIMPLE ENOUGH TO COMMANDEER ONE OF THE SMALLER VESSELS.
RATTLE
WE'LL LEAVE THE SAME WAY.
EERAACTT!
BUT THIS PLACE IS HUGE!
HOW DID YOU FIND ME?
WE HAVE DONE THIS SORT OF THING BEFORE, DEAR.
WE JUST LOOKED FOR THE CENTER OF THE CHAOS, AND THERE YOU WERE.
WE KNEW SOMETHING LIKE THIS WOULD HAPPEN IF YOUR LOCKET WAS REMOVED.

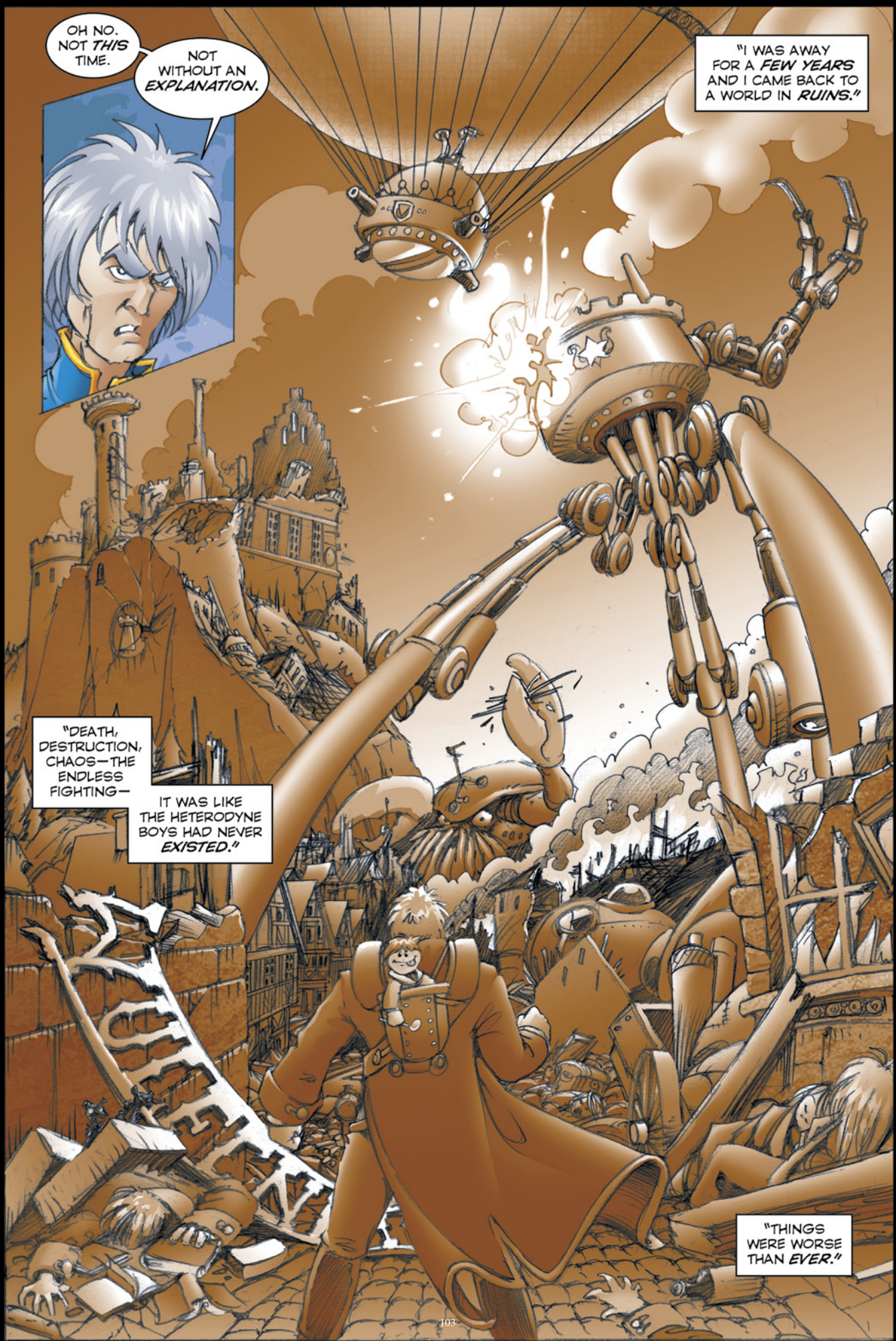

MY LOCKET?
YOU STARTED TO BREAK THROUGH AT A VERY EARLY AGE.
YOUR UNCLE MADE THE LOCKET TO KEEP YOU FROM BREAKING THROUGH COMPLETELY.
YOU KNEW I WAS A SPARK?!
BUT...BUT I WAS SO STUPID!
HOW COULD YOU LET ME LIVE LIKE THAT?!
WE WERE HIDING YOU!
YOUNG SPARKS NEVER SURVIVE WITHOUT POWERFUL PROTECTION!
"IF THEY DON'T BLOW THEMSELVES UP OR GET KILLED BY THEIR CREATIONS,"
"THEY'RE LIKELY TO GO MAD AND KILL EVERYONE AROUND THEM."
"YOUR UNCLE WAS GONE.
BEETLE WASN'T STRONG ENOUGH—
THE BARON WOULD HAVE TAKEN YOU INSTANTLY."
"IN THE COUNTRY, YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN KILLED BY THE PEASANTRY—
OR EVEN BURNED AS A WITCH."
"AND YOU'RE A GIRL."
"GIRLS WITH THE SPARK—THEY USUALLY JUST—DISAPPEAR."
EVERY POWER IN EUROPE IS GOING TO TRY TO KILL OR CONTROL YOU.
YOU'VE ALREADY SEEN THAT WITH YOUNG WULFENBACH.
YOUR FAMILY HISTORY WILL ONLY MAKE IT WORSE.
MY FAMILY?
OH YES. YOU'RE THE DAUGHTER OF—
CLICK CLICK


WHAT—
JUDY!


KLAUS!
PUNCH?
JUDY?
CONTAIN THEM.
AND FIND MY SON.


SOMETHING VERY ODD IS GOING ON HERE.
KLAUS, WE—
VAIT! PONCH?!
DAMN.
SMACK!
SEAL THIS AREA—
AND KEEP THE JÄGERS OUT OF HERE.
UM, NO, HERR BARON—
THERE'S BEEN A MISTAKE.
THESE ARE MY PARENTS—
ADAM AND LILITH CLAY.


PUNCH AND JUDY.
SO YOU'RE THE UNFINDABLE CLAYS.
THIS EXPLAINS SO MUCH.
BUT THE GIRL—SHE'S NOT YOUR DAUGHTER.
SHE'S JUST AN ORPHAN WE TOOK IN.
SHE DOESN'T KNOW—
AH—I'M SURE SHE IS.
IS SHE LUCREZIA AND BILL'S?
OR A SURPRISE ON BARRY'S PART?
YES!
SHE IS THE DAUGHTER OF LUCREZIA MONGFISH!
WHEN SHE FIRST CAME HERE, SHE GAVE ME AN ORDER–
AND I OBEYED WITHOUT THINKING!
IT WILL NOT WORK AGAIN, GIRL. YOU ARE MINE!
KLAUS, SHE IS MINE!
HOLD.
YESSS...SO SHE WAS THE SPARK IN BEETLEBURG.
I MUST BE GETTING OLD.
KLAUS, WE ARE LEAVING.


OH NO. NOT THIS TIME.
NOT WITHOUT AN EXPLANATION.
"I WAS AWAY FOR A FEW YEARS AND I CAME BACK TO A WORLD IN RUINS."
"DEATH, DESTRUCTION, CHAOS—THE ENDLESS FIGHTING—
IT WAS LIKE THE HETERODYNE BOYS HAD NEVER EXISTED."
"THINGS WERE WORSE THAN EVER."


"SO I STOPPED IT.
...AND I DID IT MY WAY THIS TIME.
NO MORE NEGOTIATING."
"NO MORE PROMISES."
"NO MORE SECOND CHANCES."
"AND I DID IT ALONE. BECAUSE I HAD TO.
—AND IT WORKED."
AND NOW, HERE YOU ARE. ALIVE.
I THOUGHT YOU WERE ALL DEAD AND I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WHAT HAD HAPPENED!
...BUT NOW I WILL, BECAUSE YOU WILL STAY AND TELL ME.
AS FOR THE GIRL—
DO YOU SERIOUSLY THINK I WILL SACRIFICE THE RELATIVE PEACE I HAVE WORKED FOR—
TO THE CHAOS THAT WILL ERUPT IF AN UNTRIED HETERODYNE HEIR IS ALLOWED TO RUN LOOSE?
...BUT THERE IS SOMETHING HERE I DON'T UNDERSTAND.


YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY BEEN HIDING FROM ME ALL THESE YEARS.
WHY?
YOU ALWAYS COULD PLAY TO THE GALLERY, KLAUS.
BARRY CAME BACK.
WONDERFUL. MORE PUZZLES.
KATZ, HAVE THESE PEOPLE LOCKED UP—
IN SEPARATE QUARTERS.
I WANT THEM GUARDED AROUND THE CLOCK—
AND NOT BY THE JÄGERS.
USE THE DREEN.
I'LL DEAL WITH THEM WHEN WE'VE CLEANED UP THIS MESS.
HEY, KLAUS! WE FOUND YOUR BOY!
BABBLING A BIT, BUT OKAY.
SAYS HIS FIANCÉE KNOCKED HIM OUT!
HIS WHAT!?
AH. I SEE HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.
THAT STOPS—
HEY! THAT'S HER!
WHAT?
THE GIRL I TOLD YOU ABOUT!
IN MY PHENOMENON LOG! WITH GIL AND THE GEISTERDAMEN!
THAT'S HER!
WORSE AND WORSE.
KEEP THE GIRL SEDATED—
POK!

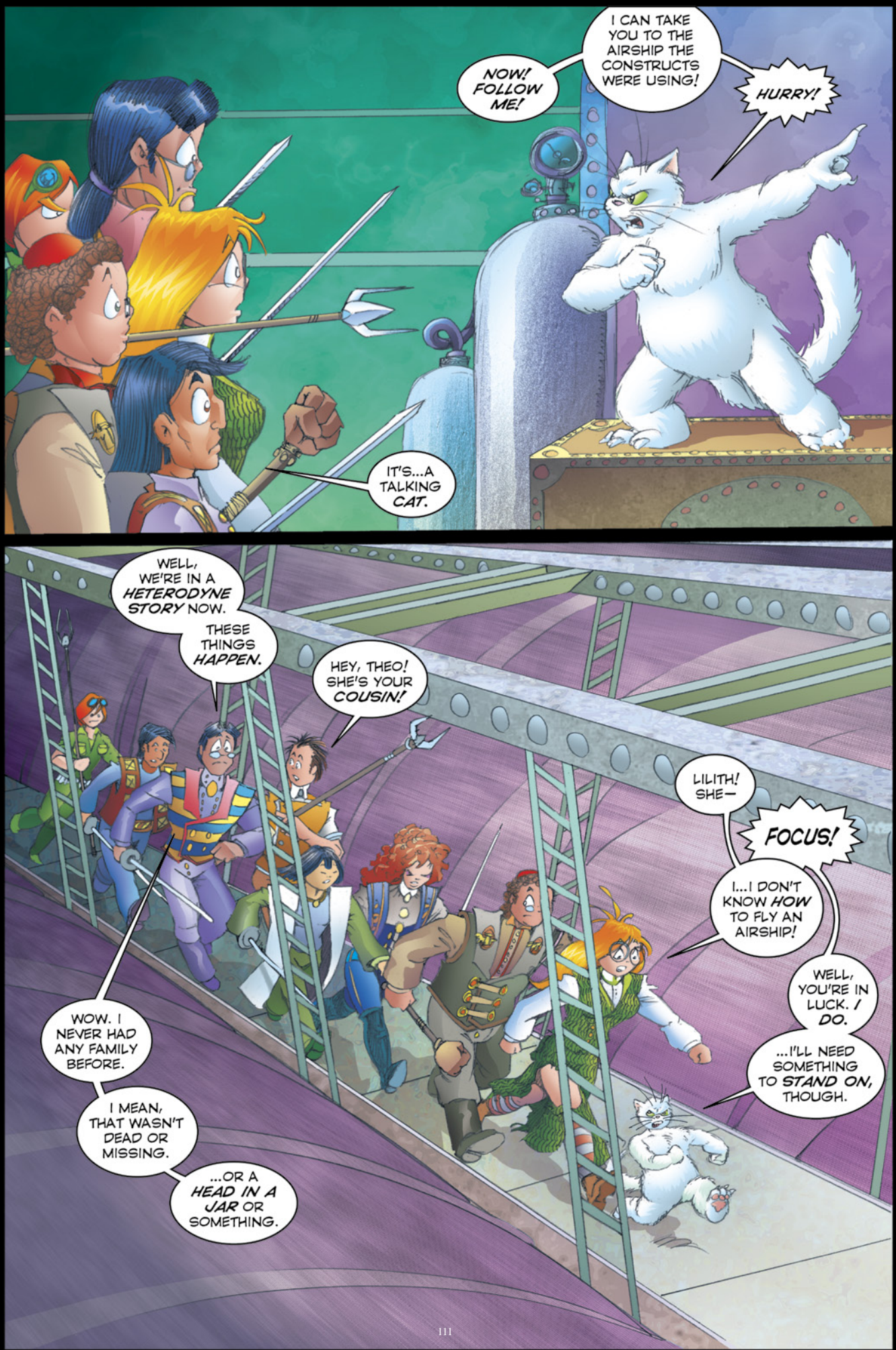

DAARG!
CRAK
SMAK
HERR—
AK!
oof.
WHUMP
I'LL GET AGATHA OUT OF HERE.
MEET US AT THE DOCK.
SMASH
KISH
THAK
PAK
ZAP
ZZZ
PING!


YAAG!
WULFENBA
CHOK!
SMASH
NO!
OWW!
CLISH!
HMF
THUP.
VOW
TAK
TAK
TAK
TAK
TAK
TAK


POW
CRACK-
SNAPRRRIP!
!


FRUNCH!
HA!
ADAM!
GO. GET TO CASTLE HETERODYNE. IT WILL HELP YOU.
WHAT?! BUT—


EEYOWWW!!
NO! MINE!
WE LOVE YOU! NOW RUN!
WHOOP!
LILITH!
ERG.
RR SNAP TEAR
YAAHH!
WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE! NOW!
BUT MY—
AGATHA—
MOVE!
OR THEIR DEATHS WILL BE WASTED!
UH—


I CAN TAKE YOU TO THE AIRSHIP THE CONSTRUCTS WERE USING!
NOW! FOLLOW ME!
HURRY!
IT'S...A TALKING CAT.
WELL, WE'RE IN A HETERODYNE STORY NOW.
THESE THINGS HAPPEN.
HEY, THEO! SHE'S YOUR COUSIN!
LILITH! SHE—
FOCUS!
I...I DON'T KNOW HOW TO FLY AN AIRSHIP!
WELL, YOU'RE IN LUCK. I DO.
...I'LL NEED SOMETHING TO STAND ON, THOUGH.
WOW. I NEVER HAD ANY FAMILY BEFORE.
I MEAN, THAT WASN'T DEAD OR MISSING.
...OR A HEAD IN A JAR OR SOMETHING.


BUT WHAT ARE YOU GUYS DOING HERE?
WE CAME TO HELP YOU AND GIL!
BUT WE SURE DIDN'T EXPECT THIS!
A HETERODYNE HEIR. WOW!
WELL, EVEN IF IT'S TRUE, IT DOESN'T CHANGE—
DON'T BE ABSURD.
IT CHANGES EVERYTHING.
THE HETERODYNES SAVED MY FAMILY'S LANDS. DESIGNED OUR DEFENSES.
THE BARON HAD TO TREAT US WITH RESPECT.
WE WOULD HAVE BEEN NOTHING WITHOUT THEIR HELP.
YOU'LL SEE. MANY WILL FEEL THE SAME.
NAUGHTY CHILDREN!
UH OH.


STOP THIS AT ONCE!
GO! I'LL HOLD HER OFF!
ZULENNA? WHAT—
HER FAMILY SAVED MINE.
EVERYTHING I AM DICTATES THAT I DO THIS.
NOW GO!
SSSSS
GET OUT OF MY WAY, CHILD.
YOU'VE NEVER HURT ANY OF US, VON PINN.
DON'T MAKE ME HURT YOU.


YOU CANNOT HURT ME! I WOULD TEAR YOU TO SHREDS!
THEN THAT'S JUST WHAT YOU'LL HAVE TO DO.
ZULENNA! REMOVE YOURSELF FROM MY PATH! NOW!
NO.
SSSSSS...
I...I CANNOT...
HEY—
KIDS, HUH? LET ME TAKE CARE OF THIS.
YOU-
RELAX! I WON'T HURT THE KID!
I'LL JUST GET HER OUT OF THE WAY FOR YOU!
HI, GIRLIE! LET'S PLAY!
WHAT?
I'M WARNING YOU—


SAY, THAT'S NICE OF YOU.
TING TING
I'M SERIOUS!
TING TING CLANG!
WELL, SO AM I, KIDDO.
AND REALLY, I'M SURE YOU'RE PRETTY GOOD!
oh!
BUT, YOU KNOW, I'M A PIRATE QUEEN!
I DO THIS FOR A LIVING!
AND SO— ADIOS!
HA. THAT WAS FUN.
NOW LET'S GET THE REST!


NO!
OH, YEAH! BETTER AND BETTER!
BUT YOU'VE GOT NO TEETH WHEN IT COMES TO THE KIDS, HEY?
SSS
AW, DOES THAT HURT?
SO BIG AND SCARY—
SLICE
RHAG!
I LIVE WITH PAIN.
I USE IT. CULTIVATE IT.
AH—
SHAPE IT.
CRUNCH
SNAP

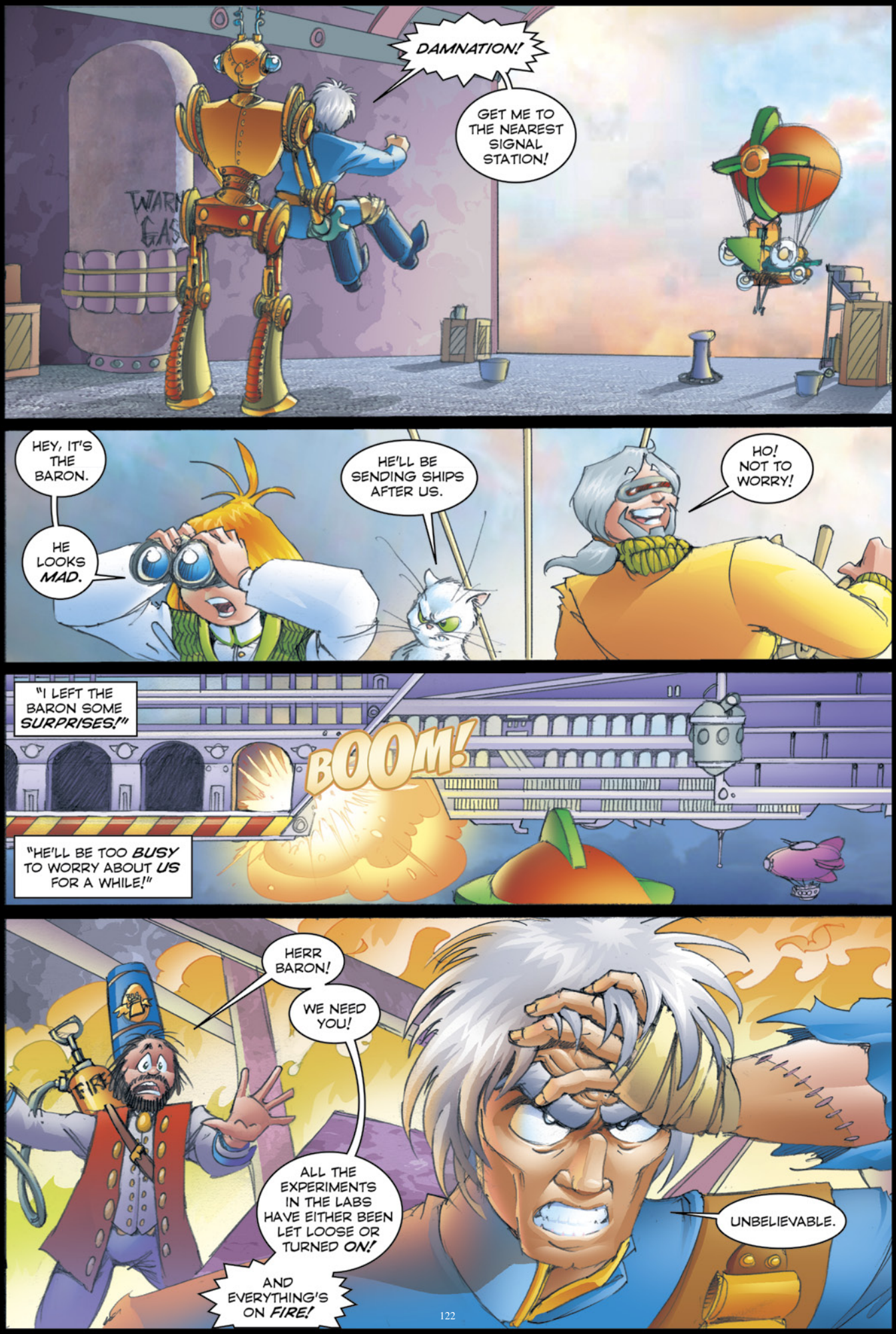

EE-YOW'N!
MF!
SMAK
AH AH AH-
TIME FOR A LESSON!
A FINAL-
EH?
DIK DIK DIK DIK DIK DIK DIK DIK DIK DIK DIK DIK
GAS?
I WILL DEAL WITH YOU IDIOTS LATER.
CLANK— CONTINUE FORWARD.

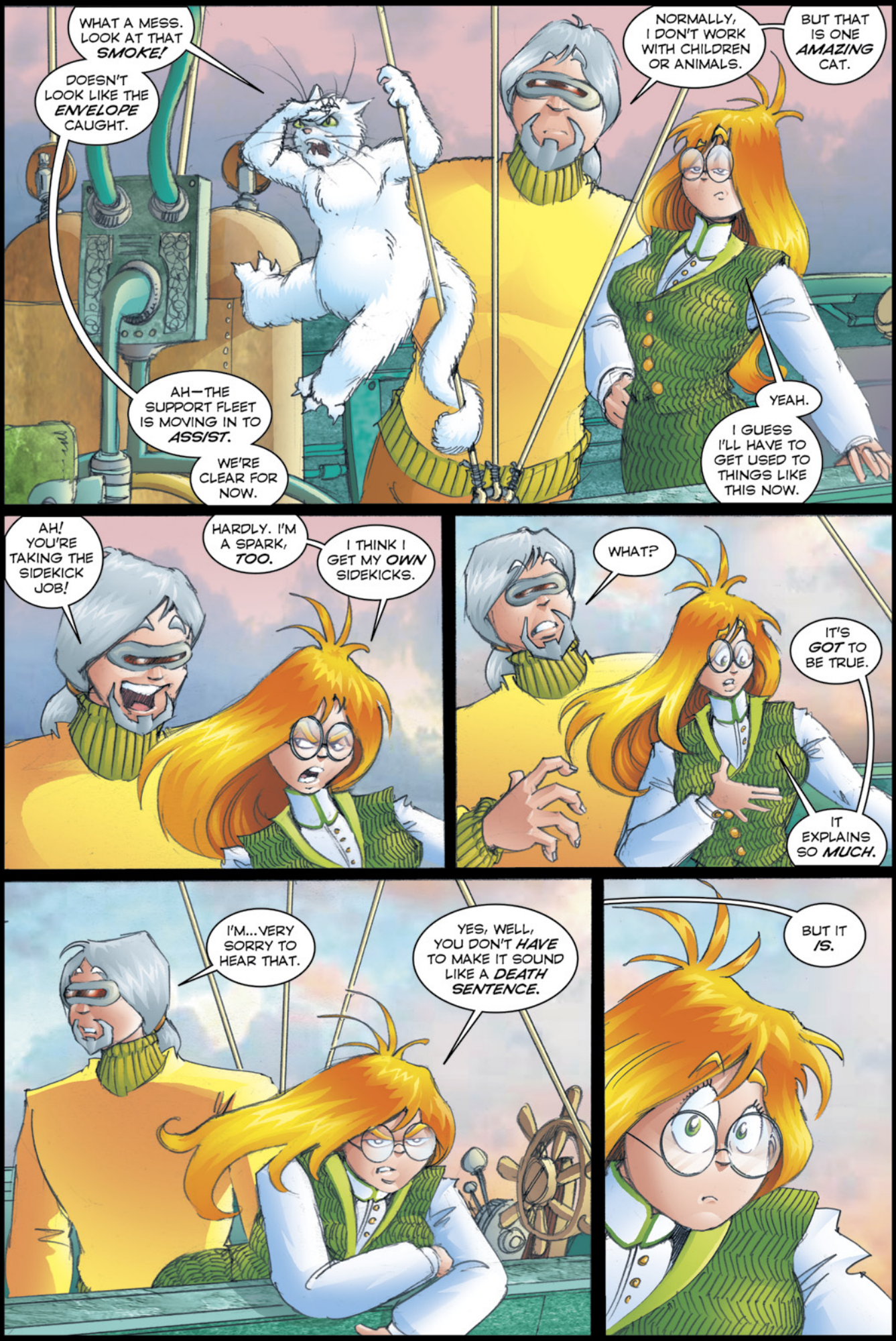

HERR BARON—
AH. GOOD TIMING.
GO ON AHEAD. I WANT YOU TO—
NO. WAIT.
BACK THERE WITH VON PINN AND DuPREE—THERE WAS SOMEONE ELSE.
AH. THE PRINCESS ZULENNA.
I'M SORRY, HERR BARON.
SHE APPEARS TO BE DEAD.
DAMN!
"YOU WILL TAKE HER TO MY MEDICAL LAB—
AND PLACE HER IN THE COLD ROOM."
YOU WOULD REVIVE HER!?
BUT SHE IS A ROYAL!
THE FIFTY FAMILIES EXPRESSLY FORBID—
THE FIFTY FAMILIES HAVEN'T GOT THE AUTHORITY OR THE POWER TO FORBID ME ANYTHING.
SHE WAS HERE UNDER MY PROTECTION—
AND I DON'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT THEIR RIDICULOUS GAMES OF SUCCESSION.
BUT HERR BARON—
SHE WILL.
THAT IS HER PRIVILEGE.
BUT SHE IS THE ONE WHO WILL CHOOSE!
NOW, GO! YOU'RE WASTING TIME!
I GO, HERR BARON. BUT...
WHILE THE ROYALS HAVE LITTLE OBVIOUS POWER-
THAT WHICH THEY DO HAVE, THEY USE WITH DEADLY FINESSE.
BE CAREFUL.
HMF. I KNOW THAT.
WELL, SO BE IT.
NOW. CLANK— CONTINUE FORWARD.
UM—HERR BARON?


NOW WHAT?
STAND ASIDE!
ER... NO, HERR BARON.
PLEASE LET HER GO, SIR!
SHE'S REALLY NICE. SHE WON'T CAUSE TROUBLE!
SHE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW SHE WAS A SPARK!
OR A HETERODYNE.
WHY CAN'T YOU LET HER GO?
BECAUSE YOU HARDLY KNOW HER—
AND STILL YOU RALLY TO HER SIDE.
EVEN IN DEFIANCE OF ME.
THAT'S WHY.
FWOOSH!

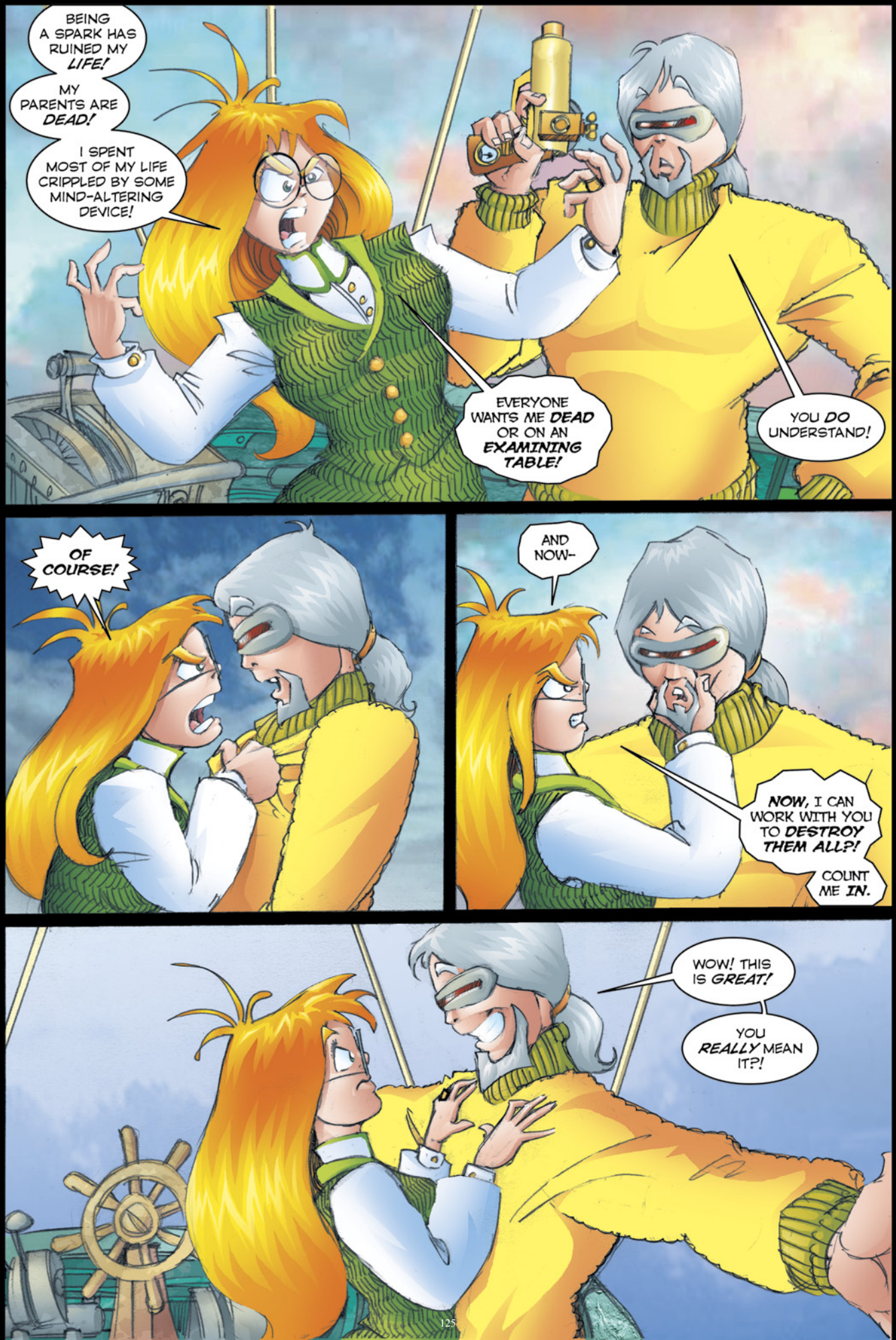

HERE WE GO!
WAIT, WHO—
AH! EXCELLENT! YOU MADE IT!
OTHAR?!
YOU KNOW A TALKING CAT AND OTHAR TRYGGVASSEN?
IS IT REALLY HIM?
BUT...BUT YOU—
HA! I KNEW YOU'D CHOOSE GOOD IN THE END!
I'M NOT HERE FOR YOU—
COME ON!


YES, COME ON! ADVENTURE AWAITS!
GET ON THE AIRSHIP.
ER—DON'T YOU WANT TO HEAR THE EXCITING TALE OF MY ESCAPE?
CASTING OFF!
YOU'D BETTER GET GOING.
THEO?
I'M NOT COMING.
WHAT?!
I'LL BE ALONG, BUT I'VE GOT TO SEE IF ANY OF THE OTHERS WANT TO COME.
WE'LL CATCH UP TO YOU IN MECHANICSBURG!
THAT'S WHERE YOU'LL BE GOING, RIGHT?
AH— ...BUT I DON'T WANT TO GO ALONE.
ALONE? HA! YOU TRAVEL WITH OTHAR TRYGGVASSEN!
...AND ME!
YOU'RE REALLY SURE YOU CAN GET AWAY?
PRETTY SURE.
WELL, GIL'S GOT SOME KIND OF INVISIBILITY DEVICE. IT MIGHT HELP.
THANKS.
TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, COUSIN.
YOU TOO.


DAMNATION!
GET ME TO THE NEAREST SIGNAL STATION!
HEY, IT'S THE BARON.
HE LOOKS MAD.
HE'LL BE SENDING SHIPS AFTER US.
HO! NOT TO WORRY!
"I LEFT THE BARON SOME SURPRISES!"
BOOM!
"HE'LL BE TOO BUSY TO WORRY ABOUT US FOR A WHILE!"
HERR BARON!
WE NEED YOU!
ALL THE EXPERIMENTS IN THE LABS HAVE EITHER BEEN LET LOOSE OR TURNED ON!
AND EVERYTHING'S ON FIRE!
UNBELIEVABLE.


WHAT A MESS. LOOK AT THAT SMOKE!
DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THE ENVELOPE CAUGHT.
AH—THE SUPPORT FLEET IS MOVING IN TO ASS/ST.
WE'RE CLEAR FOR NOW.
NORMALLY, I DON'T WORK WITH CHILDREN OR ANIMALS.
BUT THAT IS ONE AMAZING CAT.
YEAH. I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO GET USED TO THINGS LIKE THIS NOW.
AH! YOU'RE TAKING THE SIDEKICK JOB!
HARDLY. I'M A SPARK, TOO.
I THINK I GET MY OWN SIDEKICKS.
WHAT?
IT'S GOT TO BE TRUE.
IT EXPLAINS SO MUCH.
I'M...VERY SORRY TO HEAR THAT.
YES, WELL, YOU DON'T HAVE TO MAKE IT SOUND LIKE A DEATH SENTENCE.
BUT IT IS.


I'M REALLY VERY SORRY ABOUT THIS.
BUT YOU HAVE TO DIE.
WHAT?! WHY?
AH–I'M GLAD YOU ASK.
WHAT IS THE CAUSE OF EVERYTHING WRONG IN THE WORLD TODAY?
MADBOYS. THE SPARK.
THEY CREATE MONSTERS.
RIP APART THE CITIES WITH THEIR CONSTANT FIGHTING.
THEY CAN'T HELP IT. THEY'RE LIKE MAD DOGS.
AND YOU ARE ONE OF THEM.
YOU ALL HAVE TO DIE.
BUT YOU–
YOU HAVE THE SPARK!
"YES! BUT I ALONE ALSO HAVE THE RESOLVE TO DO WHAT MUST BE DONE!"
"I MUST HUNT AND DESTROY EVERY SPARK IN EXISTENCE!"
...AND THEN–
THEN I CAN FINALLY KILL MYSELF!
...AND RID THE WORLD OF THE SCOURGE ONCE AND FOR ALL!
WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO?
I– WHAT?


BEING A SPARK HAS RUINED MY LIFE!
MY PARENTS ARE DEAD!
I SPENT MOST OF MY LIFE CRIPPLED BY SOME MIND-ALTERING DEVICE!
EVERYONE WANTS ME DEAD OR ON AN EXAMINING TABLE!
YOU DO UNDERSTAND!
OF COURSE!
AND NOW-
NOW, I CAN WORK WITH YOU TO DESTROY THEM ALL?!
COUNT ME IN.
WOW! THIS IS GREAT!
YOU REALLY MEAN IT?!


NO.
HEY!
FOUL!


ZING!
KRAK!
THE IDIOT HIT THE ENVELOPE.
BUT WE SHOULD STILL BE ABLE TO STAY UP FOR A FEW HOURS.
I REALLY OWE GIL AN APOLOGY.
WE'VE GOT TO STEER CLEAR OF CIVILIZATION.
OUR BEST BET IS THE WASTELANDS.
BUT WHY?
WHY ALL THIS DEATH OVER ME?
BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT JUST A SPARK.
YOU'RE THE LAST OF THE HETERODYNE FAMILY.
AS LONG AS YOU'RE AROUND, THE BARON AND EVERY OTHER MAJOR POWER IN EUROPE WILL WANT TO CONTROL YOU,
AND EVERYONE ELSE WILL EITHER WANT TO FOLLOW YOU—
OR KILL YOU.
YOU'VE GOT TO UNDERSTAND THAT.
BUT THAT'S ALL POLITICS.
I DON'T CARE ABOUT ANY OF THAT.
WE'LL, YOU'D BETTER START TO CARE.
BECAUSE EVERYONE'S GOING TO CARE ABOUT YOU.


YOU MEAN, THEY'RE ALL GOING TO *WANT* SOMETHING FROM ME.
THAT'S RIGHT.
LIKE IT OR NOT, YOU'LL CAUSE TROUBLE JUST BY *EXISTING*.


ALL RIGHT THEN.
LET'S GO CAUSE SOME TROUBLE.

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