IT HATH BEEN SAID THAT IF ONE WERE TO WAIT LONG ENOUGH, ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE, AND AFTER A SEEMING ETERNITY OF ALMOST A YEAR AND A HALF, LO, AND BEHOLD, WOWEEKAZOWIE! #3 IS ACTUALLY OUT!

BETWEEN THEN AND NOW, A LOT HAS HAPPENED, TOO LONG A STORY TO TELL. IN THE SPACE I HAVE FOR THIS EDITORIAL, I PROMISE TO EXPAND UPON IT IN MY EDITORIAL FOR NEXT ISSUE, WHICH, I MIGHT ADD IS NOT A YEAR AND A HALF AWAY.

WHAT WITH THE INTERESTS OF SOME INDIVIDUALS INVOLVED CHANGING, OR BEING DIVERTED INTO OTHER PROJECTS, OR DISAGREEMENT ABOUT THE SPACES AND EVEN GOING PRO, IT SEEMED AT ONE POINT THAT THERE WASN'T GOING TO BE A THIRD ISSUE.

SOMETHING EVENTUALLY #3 DID START TAKING SHAPE, BUT WITH TRYING TO FINANCE IT, WAITING FOR ADDITIONAL MATERIAL TO COME IN, TIME DRIFTED BY AND IT WAS ALREADY FALL. KIM THOMPSON, WHO HAD EXPRESSED INTEREST IN TAKING OVER AS PUBLISHER WERE UNABLE TO DO SO AS HE BECAME THE BEARING THE BURDEN OF PUBLISHING A ZINE. MANY OF THE OTHER MEMBERS WHO WEREN'T IN PUBLISHING AND EDITING THEIR OWN PROJECTS WERE NOT INTERESTED IN COMMITTING THEMSELVES TO A ZINE FOR A VARIETY OF REASONS.

ALONG THE WAY I STARTED GETTING A BIT OF WORK IN COMICS, BUT THAT WAS ERRATIC AND SPORADIC AT BEST, BUT AT THE TIME IT LOOKED AS IF WOWEE WOULD FINALLY BE OUT LAST WINTER.

IT WOULDN'T BE WORK TRICKLED TO NON-EXISTANT (MORAL: LIVING AWAY FROM THE BIG APPLE IS A DEFINITE DISADVANTAGE) AND THE PROPOSED FORMAT CHANGE WHICH WOULD HAVE CERTAINLY BOOSTED WOWEE'S CIRCULATION WOULD HAVE TO WAIT.

NOT HAVING RECEIVED A COMPLAINT ABOUT WOWEE'S NON-APPEARANCE UNTIL I HAD STARTED TO WORK ON A NEWSLETTER TO SEND SUBSCRIBERS FROM TWO PEOPLE, I REALIZED THAT A NEWSLETTER MIGHT NOT BE QUITE ENOUGH, ESPECIALLY AFTER WILLIE B. SENT SUBBERS A STRIP-ZINE, I FELT I HAD TO DO AT LEAST AS WELL.

UNFORTUNATELY, PARTLY DUE TO THE NEW FORMAT I FELT THAT I COULDN'T SEND OUT THE ORIGINAL #3, WHICH HAS NOW BEEN SHIFITED TO #4. INSTEAD I'VE PUT TOGETHER THIS ISSUE FOR THE SUBBERS, SO THEY'D FINALLY GET SOMETHING IN THEIR HANDS. ALSO, A SPECIAL NOTE TO SUBBERS. THIS ISSUE IS ON US, IF YOU HAD TWO ISSUES COMING, YOU'RE STILL GOING TO GET TWO OUTSIDE OF THIS ISM, FOR INSTANCE.

IN THE MEANTIME, I HAVEN'T BEEN IDLE, AS #4 AND #5 ARE ALL LINED UP. YOU'LL BE SEEING ARTICLES BY THE LIKES OF MARK GRUENWALD, KIM THOMPSON, FRANK LOVECE, GENE PHILLIPS, KURT BUSIEK, RICHARD SWANSON, AND WILLIE'S VICTORY STRIP RETURNING NEXT ISSUE. ALSO ON HAND WILL BE STRIPS STARRING NIMBUS BY LOVECE, ROBBY PHILLIPS & SAN DE LA ROSA, AND MEG (FROM THE ENFORCERS) BY LARRY HOUSTON, DAR HAYWOOD AND MYSELF, ALSO DEATHMARK BY LOVECE, BILL NEVILLE AND DE LA ROSA, PLUS SHOTS BY CORIN NEAL, SALTZER, BOSTIS, BYRDS AND OTHERS. #5 HAS ARTICLES BY BILL TURNER, FRANK LOVECE, KIM THOMPSON AND LOVECE, AND A POSSIBLE COLUMN BY WILLIE, AS WELL AS STRIPS BY GRUENWALD, KARL KESSEL AND PARTS II OF OMEN AND DEATHMARK.

AS FOR THIS ISSUE, FISH-EYE'S BED IS COURTESY OF INTERFAN AND WAS ORIGINAL SCHEDULED FOR ANOTHER PRODUCTION OF MINE, AND TIM CORRIGAN'S ELASTICWORM WAS ORIGINALLY SET FOR THE ORIGINAL #3. MARKET, BY WILLIE B. IS FOR ALL YOU VICTORY COMPLEMENTS.

I'M RUNNING OUT OF SPACE AND HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO SAY ALL I WANTED TO, MY APOLOGIES, ALSO MY APOLOGIES TO YOU ALL FOR THE DELAY IN GETTING #3 OUT. I'M NOT NECESSARILY ASKING FOR YOUR FORGIVENESS, JUST YOUR UNDERSTANDING.

THANK YOU ALL,
THE CANARY ISLANDS WERE OFT DESCRIBED AS "A NECKLACE OF DIAMONDS ACROSS THE THROAT OF THE PACIFIC".

IF THIS IS TRUE, THEN THE ISLAND OF BOLI MUST CERTAINLY BE THE RHINESTONE IN THE CHAIN.

THE ISLAND OF BOLI IS HOME TO ONLY ONE MAN, THE PEARL MAN, OLD FISH-EYE.
EVERYTHING YOU USUALLY GET, PLUS A BARREL OF GUNPOWDER! IT'LL COST YOU EXTRA!

PEARLS, THE BEST COSTELLO HAD EVER SEEN.

VERN COSTELLO WAS A SMALL-TIME SMUGGLER AND RUM-RUNNER UNTIL HE MET AN ISLANDER ON MORAB WHO TOLD HIM WHAT TO BRING--AND HOW HE WOULD BE PAID.

WELL, BLOW ME AWAY! AMAZIN' HOW YOU ALWAYS GOT MORE OF THOSE BEAUTIES! A BODY'D THINK THEY POPPED OUT OF YOUR EARS.

YOU'RE STILL THE STRANGEST BODY I EVER BRING SUPPLIES FOR, BUT GOD KNOWS, THE PAYMENT CAN'T BE FAULTED! SEE YOU IN A COUPLE OF MONTHS!
FISH EYE'S BED

Vernon Costello, third-rate smuggler, planned on coming back a lot sooner than a couple of months. In fact, he planned on going back in less than a day.

The Federals had finally come to Pacific waters... and all of a sudden smuggling had become about as much fun as hunting whales in a canoe.

Costello was out to make one last killings before retirement.

You'll be back by morning?

Wouldn't you like to know. Just stay here and don't let anybody steal the bloomin' ocean!

...An Interpin Production
Steve Clement - Story
Pete Botsis - Artwork
Pete Iro - Inks & Letters
THE SLOSHING BAGS ON HIS SHOULDER, SLEEK SAND UNDER HIS HEELS, THE SMUGGLER DASHED INTO THE SPRAY-COATED FOLIAGE, THINKING OF WHAT A DECISIVE CHANGE HE WAS ABOUT TO MAKE ON THIS TINY SEA-ROCK.

NO ONE GETS THAT MANY PEARLS UNLESS HE KNOWS WHERE THE BEST OYSTER BEDS ARE. WELL, NOT BEING INCLINED TO GO SWIMMIN', I'LL JUST SETTLE FOR WHAT THE OLD BOY'S GOT ON HAND.

I'VE NEVER IN ALL MY TIMES HEARD SEEN THAT OLD MAN LEAVE MORE THAN SPITTING DISTANCE FROM HIS CABIN. WELL, IF ANYTHING'LL DO IT, THIS WILL.

CAUGHT! NOW I OUGHT JUST TO HAVE TIME ENOUGH TO GET 'ROUND TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND BEFORE...

...HALF THE ISLAND IS BURNING!

A FIRE. IT DOES NOT BEGIN ON AN ISLAND WITHOUT HELP.

DEAL WITH IT IN THE USUAL WAY.
WHERE THERE HAD ONLY BEEN A RIPPLING SILENCE, NOW AROSE A SPLUME OF SALT AND FOAM, LIKE SOME PILAR FROM THE TEMPLE OF NEPTUNE.

WHAT IN THE NAME OF WHALE FAT IS THAT CRAZY ISLANDER UP TO?

OF COURSE. WE SHALL WAIT.

DONE, YOU FEEL HIS EVIL?

TWO HOURS LATER...

...AND I TELL YOU I DON'T LIKE IT! ALL THAT KICKING ABOUT AND THAT LONELY WATERSPOUT!

YOU'LL KNOW ALL ABOUT IT, BUCKY-BOY, SOON ENOUGH!

WE'RE DAMN CLOSE TO THAT OLD MAN'S PLACE, AIN'T WE? WHAT IF HE SHOULD HEAR US?

HE WILL, BUCKY, AND HE'LL COME RUNNING. RIGHT, RIGHT?

ARRGGH!

A MAN SCREAMS... TRUE?

DAMN HIS PUFFY FACE? I WHIPPED THIS SWINE UNTIL HE'S DOG MEAT, AND THAT OLD DARKIE STAYS ON THAT PORCH LIKE HE'S GLUED TO IT: SO MUCH FOR DOING THINGS THE SUBTLE WAY!

TRUE, IT IS NONE OF YOUR CONCERN. ANOTHER PETTY DIVERSION, REMAIN WITH ME.
YOU'RE EITHER AS BLIND AS YOU ARE DUMB, OR YOU SOMEHOW KNEW WHAT WAS GOING ON. BUT WHATEVER-WHICH WAY, IT DON'T MATTER NONE.

DIE LIKE YOU LIVED, PEARL-MAN. QUIETLY.

FEAR NOT... FEAR NOT OF DEATH.

CONGRATULATIONS, VERNON COSTELLO...

HE'S GOT TO HAVE HIDDEN THOSE PEARLS AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE... I WISH I KNEW WHERE HE GOT THEM.

...YOU JUST FOUND OUT.

AAHHH!

THWAP!

MOMENTS PASSED LIKE GRAINS OF SAND TURNING TO PEARL, UNTIL...
THERE, YOU ARE WELL AGAIN. AND I HAVE TENDED TO THE GREEDY ONE.

COME, LET US BURY HIM.

I AM NOT DEAD.

NOT NOW. NOW IS ALL THAT MATTERS. THE SAND WILL AID YOU. USE IT.

I DON'T LIKE BEING DEAD. CAN WE NOT DO THIS NEXT TIME.

IF POSSIBLE.

AND JUST LIKE ALL THE REST... HE FOUND HIS REST IN FISH-EYE'S BED.

DO NOT FEAR. FOR DOES NOT ALL GREED LOVE THE FEAR-MAN?

WILL WE NEED A NEW SUPPLIER?

COSTELLO WAS A THIEF AND A SMUGGLER, JUST LIKE THE REST.
TO BE OR NOT TO BE,
THAT IS THE QUESTION.

WHETHER 'TIS NOBLER IN THE MIND TO SUFFER
THE SLEINS AND ARROWS OF OUTFIEROUS FORTUNE...

OR TO TAKE ARMS AGAINST
A SEA OF TROUBLES AND,
BY OPPOSING...

...END THEM.

A DAMP WIND CARESSED
MY FACE, SENDING
CHILLS THROUGH MY BODY.

THE CITY LIGHTS FLICKERED THROUGH
THE MIST, AND AN OLD MAN STOOD AT THE BRIDGE
RAILING WHILE THE INKY RIVER OF NIGHT
PERMEATED THE AIR

HE APPEARED TO ADDRESS AN
INVISIBLE HOST, AND, AS I
WATCHED, HIS DEJECTED AIR
CHANGED TO ONE OF TRIUMPH.

HE WAS GOING TO JUMP.

HIS STOOD SHOULDER S SHOCK
BENEATH A THIN, WORN COAT.

ALARMED, I DASHED
TOWARD HIM, BUT EVEN
AS I DID SO I KNEW...

...I WOULD BE TOO LATE.
As the man leaped, his huge dog caught his coat and pulled... All that remained of the two lives was an old battered cane leaning against the railing.

I picked up the cane, wondering about its owner. Why had he killed himself? He was no coward, or he would have hesitated...

Yet his fear of life could have overcome his fear of the unknown.

I decided he was crazy -- the type that hears voices.

This brought a bitter smile to my lips, for I knew how earnestly he would protest if he knew my thoughts.

Most often, this type would not admit, even to himself, that he heard things others did not.

Suddenly a ray of light appeared from nowhere and went nowhere.

As I stood thinking, blackness completely surrounded me and the wind turned clammy. Its icy fingers pulled at me. I gazed unknowingly into the darkness.

You are a puny mortal encased in a fleshly body. Only jump and you will be free!

You will become one of those beneath the bridge.

And then, become a part of me...

The wind had acquired a voice.

You are a puny mortal encased in a fleshly body. Only jump and you will be free!

You will become one of those beneath the bridge.

And then, become a part of me...

And who has more freedom than I?

Jump, mortal...

Unwillingly, I climbed onto the railing and stood there, poised.
AND THE POLICE STATION, WHERE I INTENDED TO REPORT THE OLD MAN’S DEATH.

I NEVER MADE IT.

DID YOU BELIEVE YOU COULD DISOBEDIER? THAT CAR WAS NOT OUT OF CONTROL!

YOU STEPPED BEFORE IT AS I INSTRUCTED YOU.

YES, MORTAL, YOU. TOO, ‘HEAR VOICES.’

YOU TOO ARE CRAZY!

AND THE HISsing LAUGHTER SOUNDED BENEATH THE BRIDGE.

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I STEPPED DOWN TO THE STREET AND STARTED FOR THE SAFETY OF NEON LIGHTS...

SUDDENLY I THREW THE CANE AS HARD AS I COULD AFTER ITS OWNER.

A PASSING CAR STRUCK ME AND KNOCKED ME OFF THE BRIDGE. AS I PLUMMeted TO MY DEATH...

...I HEARD A SOUND WHICH COULD HAVE BEEN SNAKE’S LAUGHTER.

FOOL!
INSIDE THE GREAT SPACESHIP, A STRANGE UNUSUALNESS HAD SEIZED THE CREW, AND NO ONE WOULD SPEAK OF IT! SUDDENLY, A YOUNG OFFICER BROKE THE SILENCE.

COLONEL, ISN'T THERE SOMETHING WE CAN DO ABOUT ALL THIS?!

I'M AFRAID I DON'T QUITE UNDERSTAND, MULBERRY! EH, WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, LAD?

WE DON'T EVEN HAVE ANY REASON FOR BEING IN SPACE! AND BESIDES, WHY DO WE HAVE THE HEADS OF ANIMALS?!

THAT'S BEEN BOTHERING YOU, HAS IT?

THE OLD VETERAN CHUCKLED. HIS AIDE WASN'T USED TO THESE THINGS!

THERE'S A PERFECTLY LOGICAL EXPLANATION FOR EVERYTHING.

WHAT COULD POSSIBLY EXPLAIN THIS?

YOU-KNOW-WHO COULDN'T COME UP WITH A PREMISE!

... ALL WE'RE LEFT WITH ARE SPECIAL EFFECTS!

YAH! WHO'S THAT?!

DON'T SWEAT IT, KID! THIS IS THE LAST PANEL!

YUP!
"AFTER the HOLOCAUST!

THE LONELINESS IS ENDED.

AS YOU SIT AT THE CONTROLS WHICH, FOR THE LAST THREE MONTHS HAS BEEN YOUR WHOLE LIFE, YOUR VERY REASON FOR LIVING, THIS FACT SIFTS THROUGH.

ADAM ROYCE, YOU ARE NO LONGER ALONE.

ART & STORY BY: JOHN BYRNE INKS & LETTERS BY: PETE IRO

SILENTLY, A PRAYER OF THANKS TO ASTRAC ONE, THE TINY SATELLITE THAT HAS BROUGHT YOU THIS VITAL KNOWLEDGE.

EVEN THOUGH YOU SHRUG ON YOUR COAT, YOU DO NOT REALLY FEEL THE CHILL MORNING BREEZE THAT WAFTS IN FROM THE PACIFIC SHORE.

YOU CAN THINK ONLY OF ASTRAC'S INFORMATION AND THE FACT THAT IT MUST BE ACTED UPON!

ASTRAC ONE, WHOSE DELICATE SENSORS CAN PICK OUT THE PULSE OF A SINGLE FLEA IN A ROOMFUL OF DOGS.

AIRPORT!

THE GREAT JETS STAND SILENT, RUSTING. NO FUEL SHORTAGE NOW. THE LAST MAN ON EARTH HAS ALL THE FUEL HE NEEDS.

AND HE IS NOT ALONE.

A JERKY, AWKWARD TAKE-OFF. YOU HAVEN'T FLOWN IN SEVERAL YEARS, HAVE YOU, ADAM?

SURPRISED AT HOW READILY IT COMES BACK? OR CAN YOU THINK ONLY OF FINDING WHAT ASTRAC HAS LOCATED FOR YOU?

OF FINDING... HER!
High above the jagged Rockies, pressing inland, a flight a more experienced flyer might balk at.

But you don't think of the danger. Do you? The irony. All your dead colleagues who mocked the notion that the end could come so swiftly.

What would they think knowing that you, shy, introverted, but aptly named Adam, would be the bearer of the seed from which the new family tree of Man would spring.

Your on board telemetry informs you that you have reached your destination...

But you try it anyway!

You survive! Bruised and battered, but undeniably alive.

But then, were you not fated for survival, Adam?

Caution to the winds now, you race thru dense foliage, heading in the direction pinpointed before your crash and...

But the only place to land is a dirt road, that an expert would fly miles to avoid.

You gush!

Please! Don't be afraid! You and I are the last survivors. Continuation of the race depends on us.

...and my name is Adam.

Sounds groovy man, only...

...my name is Steve!
Otto Feldspar had long been ridiculed for his ideas, yet he persisted in his theory that centuries ago, there had been a race of gods, beings who had roamed the galaxies, exercising incredible power. Otto had spent most of his life accumulating evidence to support his claims.

In some ruins on a deserted planetoid, Otto had come upon several star-charts containing new information. This material had seemingly been hidden - without a clue as to why, or when, or by whom.

Otto decided to take advantage of this opportunity. According to the charts, there was a tomb of some sort on a certain planet - a tomb which contained the remains of the ancient god of war - Maarz.
If he could find that tomb, and prove the existence of the old gods, Otto could realize his life's dream. So he bought a rocket and set off to search for a god.

Buying the rocket was no problem; over years of hard work in the ruins of many planets, Otto had collected scores of priceless treasures. He was a wealthy man.

But the wealth was meaningless to him. His fascination with legend had become a dominant obsession.

And now he had a chance to prove to himself and the others that his speculations were the truth.

The journey to the planet called Treskel—where the tomb was believed to be—seemed an eternity to the anxious Otto Feldspar. But after six months in space, Treskel came into view...

The tomb was supposedly near the co-ordinates he had chosen for a landing, but he understood it to have been hidden somewhere below the planet's surface. Otto set the ship down carefully.

For good or ill, he knew this would be the culmination of a long quest.
LIKE ANY CIVILIZED WORLD, THE EARTH WORM STRIKES!

THE WORM WORLD HAS ITS SHARE OF HEAVY INDUSTRY. AND TO MAKE INDUSTRY RUN, YOU NEED FUEL, WHICH MEANS COAL. AND WE ALL KNOW THAT COAL MINING IS VERY DANGEROUS WORK.

BOSS! THIS WHOLE SECTION IS CAVED IN. THESE LAST FEW BEAMS AIN'T GONNA HOLD FOR LONG! IT'S A DEATH-TRAP! LET'S GET OUTA HERE!

NO! IF TED SIMPSONS IS IN HERE, AND STILL ALIVE. WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM OUT! THAT POOR GUY WAS GOING TO RETIRE IN TWO MONTHS!

LOOK! THERE HE IS.

LOOK AT THE WAY HE'S GLOWING!

WE JUST GOT OUT OF THERE IN TIME. THE WHOLE BLAMED TUNNEL JUST GAVE IN.

ONE OF YOU GUYS GO OVER TO MY OFFICE, AND CALL AN AMBULANCE DOWN HERE ON THE DOUBLE!

REMEMBER!

DAYS LATER IN THE HOSPITAL..... HE'S COMING AROUND NOW. APPARENTLY NONE OF THE WORSE FOR WEAR EXCEPT FOR A FEW MINOR LUMPS, BUT THAT GLOWING...!

WE'LL HAVE TO KEEP HIM HERE FOR AWHILE AND CONDUCT SOME TESTS!

SHHHH... DID YOU FEEL THAT? I THOUGHT I FELT THE BUILDING SHAKE....!

STRANGEST THING I'VE EVER SEEN!
YOU'RE RIGHT.
PIECES OF PLASTER
FALLING OUT OF
THE CEILING.

IT'S AN
EARTHQUAKE.
WE'VE GOT TO
GET THE
PATIENTS TO SAFETY.

WHILE IN TED SIMMONS' ROOM...
OH... WHAT
HAPPENED?...
WHERE AM I?

LOOK... MR.
SIMMONS HAS
REGAINED
CONSCIOUSNESS.

A NURSE COMES TO A STARTLING
REALIZATION...
IT'S HIM.
HE'S CAUSING
THIS.

I KNOW IT SOUNDS CRAZY, AND
WILL NO DOUBT, COST ME MY
JOB, BUT MR. SIMMONS... I'VE
GOT TO PUT YOU UNDER.

I WAS RIGHT. THE TREMOR
STOPPED. THAT STRANGE
AURA AROUND HIM. THAT
RADIATION. SOMEHOW
HE'S GAINED THE POWER
TO CAUSE EARTHQUAKES.

AND JUST
BY BEING
AWAKE.

AND NOW READERS, LET'S TURN
THE CLOCK BACKWARD JUST A
FEW MOMENTS TO WALLY
WILSON'S NEW AND USED
BOOKSTORE.

WE'VE NEVER
HAD AN
EARTHQUAKE
HERE BEFORE.

GREAT SCOT.
THE HOSPITAL LOOKS
LIKE IT'S GOING TO
FALL OVER ANY
MINUTE. ONLY
ELASTICWORM
MIGHT HAVE A
CHANCE TO
SAVE HUNDREDS OF
PATIENTS.

AND SO OUR HERO APPEARS
AT LAST.

IT STOPPED AS SUDDENLY
AS IT STARTED. I'D STILL
BE MIGHTIER TO HURT.
IF THERE'S ANYTHING
I CAN DO.

AND SO OUR HERO APPEARS
AT LAST.

IT STOPPED AS SUDDENLY
AS IT STARTED. I'D STILL
BE MIGHTIER TO HURT.
IF THERE'S ANYTHING
I CAN DO.

GOD HELP US.

DOCTOR, I'LL HELP GET
THESE PEOPLE OUT OF HERE.
THERE COULD BE ANOTHER
TREMOR.

WHO'S HE?
WAS HE
HURT?

EVERYTHING
IS UNDER
CONTROL FOR THE
MOMENT ELASTIC-
WORM, BUT
PLEASE COME IN.

WHEN THE DOCTOR EXPLAINS
EVERYTHING TO ELASTICWORM,
JUST AS THE NURSE EXPLAINED
IT TO HIM.

WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO DO?

HE: ELASTICWORM
IS THE MOST POWER-
FUL WORM THAT EVER
LIVED.

HE: ELASTICWORM
IS THE MOST POWER-
FUL WORM THAT EVER
LIVED.

HE: ELASTICWORM
IS THE MOST POWER-
FUL WORM THAT EVER
LIVED.

HE: ELASTICWORM
IS THE MOST POWER-
FUL WORM THAT EVER
LIVED.

HE: ELASTICWORM
IS THE MOST POWER-
FUL WORM THAT EVER
LIVED.

HE: ELASTICWORM
IS THE MOST POWER-
FUL WORM THAT EVER
LIVED.
I SPENT TWENTY YEARS BUSTING MY BACK IN THOSE MINES. I QUIT!"

HE'S TAKING HOT BATHS AND EATING COOKED MEALS. I'VE BEEN FILLING MY Lungs WITH SOOT!

I HEREBY CLAIM HALF OF EVERYTHING YOU PRODUCE! NOW GET BACK TO WORK!!!

TO THEIR MUTUAL HORROR, THEY LOOK OUT THE WINDOW TO SEE...
Just hold on there a minute, Simmons!

I'll warn you only once, hero! Back off or be destroyed!

Elasticworm! Be careful!

Elasticworm! I might have known you'd try and stop me!

You're talking crazy, Simmons! Calm down and come in the hospital!

Hmm!

No matter how tight you make it, Simmons, there will always be some tiny space for me to slip through!

The truth is, his powers dwarf mine! I've got to get this over with!

You don't scare me, Elasticworm! Your days of "saving the worm world" are over!

I'm only going to get one chance! If I don't time this just right, it'll be curtains!

I'm b-blacking out... he beat me!

Moments later...

Yes, Elasticworm. We do! We haven't the right to keep him knocked out the rest of his life!

We'll do all we can to find a cure but someday...

...the earth-worm will return!

I've never dared to stretch myself this far before!
Woweekazowie!