

# THE INTERGALACTIC NEMESIS

BOOK TWO: ROBOT PLANET RISING

Jason Neulander | David Hutchison | Lee Duhig





# *THE INTERGALACTIC NEMESIS*

**BOOK TWO: ROBOT PLANET RISING**





# *THE* **INTERGALACTIC VENEMESIS**

## **BOOK TWO: ROBOT PLANET RISING**

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by Jason Neulander & Chad Nichols, which was based on

“Return of the Intergalactic Nemesis” by Ray Colgan & Jason Neulander

Based on characters originally created by  
Ray Colgan, Lisa D’Amour, Julia Edwards, Jason Neulander and Jessica Reisman

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### **THANKS TO**

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### **DEDICATED TO**

Piper and Scarlett, who inspired me to quit my other job and do this instead. –J.N.

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[www.theintergalacticnemesis.com](http://www.theintergalacticnemesis.com)

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FROM THE DESK OF  
**Molly Sloan**

It's hard to believe it's been just two weeks since I lost my last story. Two weeks since I learned that my assistant Timmy Mendez was telekinetic. Two weeks since we watched that rat Mysterion the Magnificent die in the Ultra Hive. Two weeks since I last held Ben Wilcott in my arms.

Ben Wilcott. Librarian from Flagstaff, Arizona. Hero from the future. Sacrificing everything he loved to save Earth from destruction and, in the end, disappearing forever because we changed history by decimating those Zygonian sludeoids once and for all. When he disappeared, my story disappeared with him. And my heart was torn into a million tiny pieces....

But another story was waiting right around the corner. You see, yesterday an old friend of mine disappeared into deep space. It all happened like this...





# PART ONE

---

Lost in Space





SOMEWHERE IN  
DEEP SPACE. ...

COMMANDER ELBEE-DEE-  
OH, THIS IS MISSION  
CONTROL. PLEASE  
ESTABLISH CONTACT.

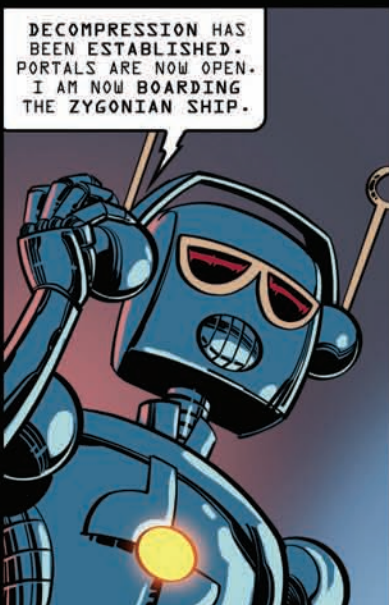
THIS IS ELBEE-  
DEE-OH. I AM  
RECEIVING YOUR  
TRANSMISSION,  
MISSION CONTROL.

YOUR SHUTTLE SHOULD  
BE APPROACHING THE  
ABANDONED ZYGMAN  
VESSEL NOW. DO YOU  
HAVE VISUAL CONTACT?

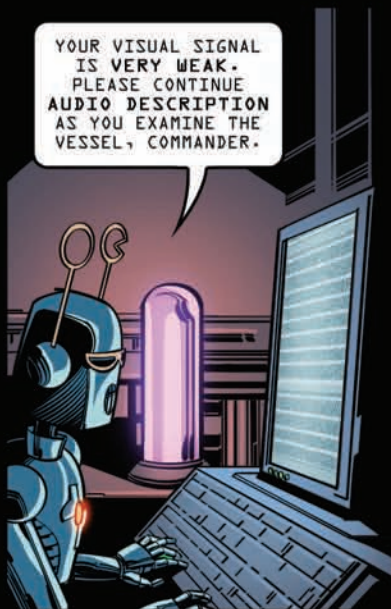
I HAVE VISUAL CONTACT.  
THE ZYGMAN VESSEL IS  
FLOATING IN SPACE  
EXACTLY WHERE THE  
CEREBRETRON PREDICTED.

APPROACH WITH CARE  
AND LOCK ONTO ITS  
OUTER PORTAL.





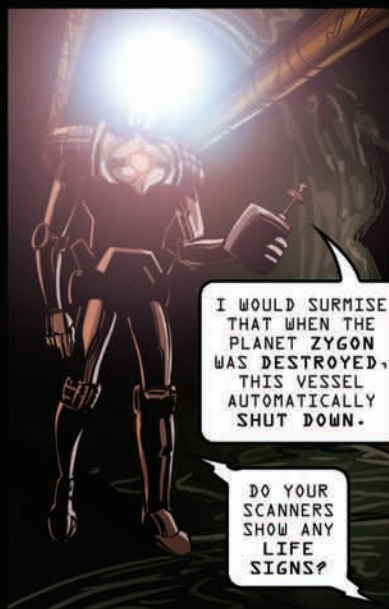




YOUR VISUAL SIGNAL  
IS VERY WEAK.  
PLEASE CONTINUE  
AUDIO DESCRIPTION  
AS YOU EXAMINE THE  
VESSEL, COMMANDER.

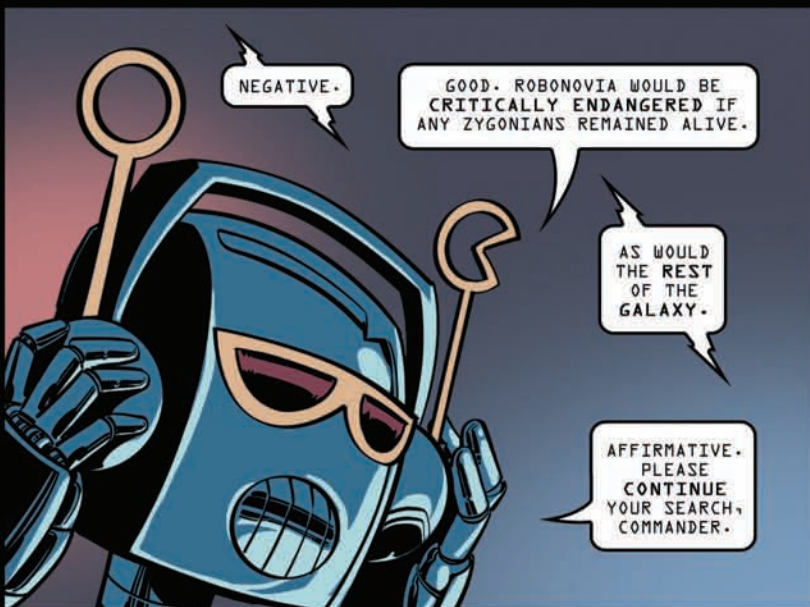
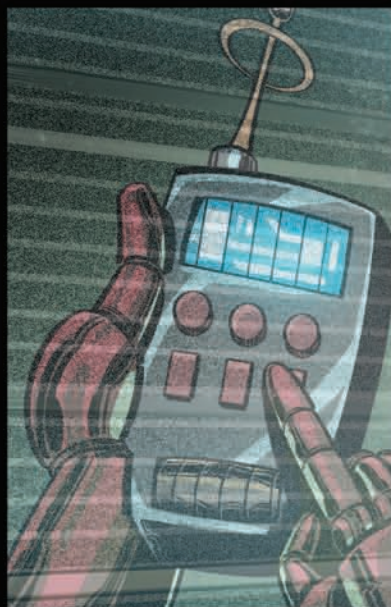


FROM THE FINE LAYER  
OF DUST, IT WOULD  
APPEAR THE VESSEL HAS  
BEEN INOPERATIVE  
FOR SEVERAL WEEKS.



I WOULD SURMISE  
THAT WHEN THE  
PLANET ZYGMON  
WAS DESTROYED,  
THIS VESSEL  
AUTOMATICALLY  
SHUT DOWN.

DO YOUR  
SCANNERS  
SHOW ANY  
LIFE  
SIGNS?



NEGATIVE.

GOOD. ROBONOVIA WOULD BE  
CRITICALLY ENDANGERED IF  
ANY ZYGMONIANS REMAINED ALIVE.

AS WOULD  
THE REST  
OF THE  
GALAXY.

AFFIRMATIVE.  
PLEASE  
CONTINUE  
YOUR SEARCH,  
COMMANDER.



I AM NOW ON THE  
MAIN BRIDGE. ALL  
ONBOARD SYSTEMS  
ARE OFF-LINE.

WAIT.  
WHAT'S  
THIS?



COMMANDER?  
ELBEE?



ZYGMONIAN RESIDUE. ALL  
ZYGMONIAN CONTROL SYSTEMS ARE  
COATED IN IT. NOTHING TO  
WORRY ABOUT. THEIR PLANET WAS  
DESTROYED ONLY TWO WEEKS  
AGO. IT WOULD NOT HAVE HAD  
ENOUGH TIME TO DECOMPOSE.





CONTINUE  
YOUR SEARCH,  
COMMANDER.



I AM MOVING  
TOWARDS THE  
ENGINE CORE.

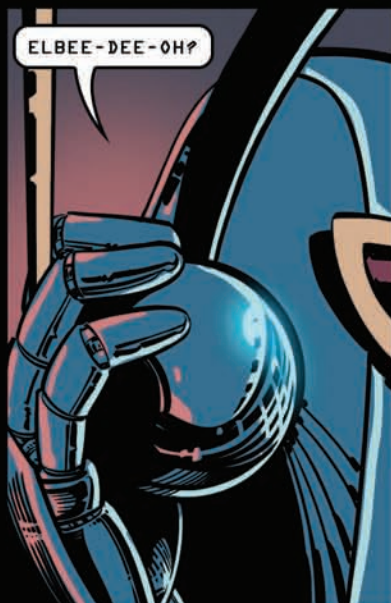
COMMANDER,  
PLEASE  
BOOST YOUR  
SIGNAL.



...-ONTROL,  
WHAT DID  
YOU SAY?  
I LOST  
YOU FOR  
A MO-...



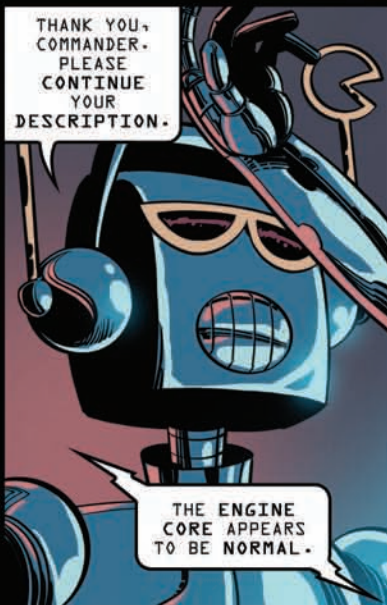
COMMANDER  
ELBEE-DEE-OH,  
PLEASE BOOST  
YOUR SIGNAL.



ELBEE-DEE-OH?



IS THAT BETTER,  
MISSION CONTROL?



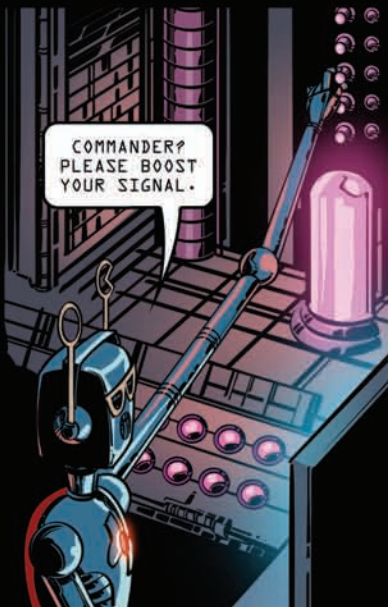
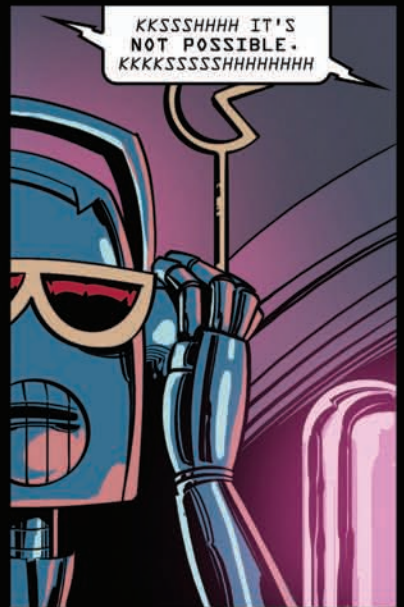
THANK YOU,  
COMMANDER.  
PLEASE  
CONTINUE  
YOUR  
DESCRIPTION.

THE ENGINE  
CORE APPEARS  
TO BE NORMAL.

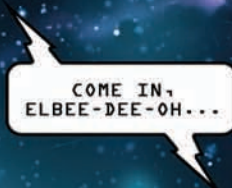
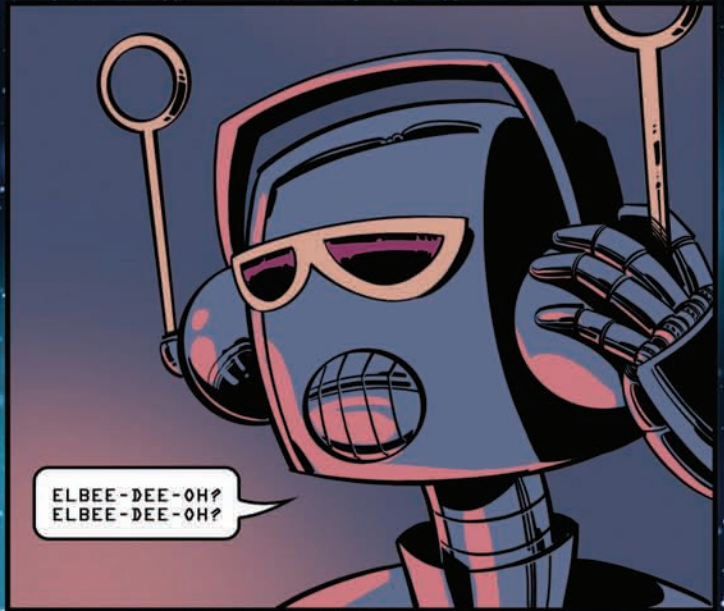


WAIT.  
THAT'S  
STRANGE.









# CHAPTER ONE

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The Amazing Invention of  
Dr. Lawrence Webster





# THE INTERGALACTIC NEMESIS

CHAPTER ONE

THE AMAZING INVENTION  
OF DR. LAWRENCE WEBSTER



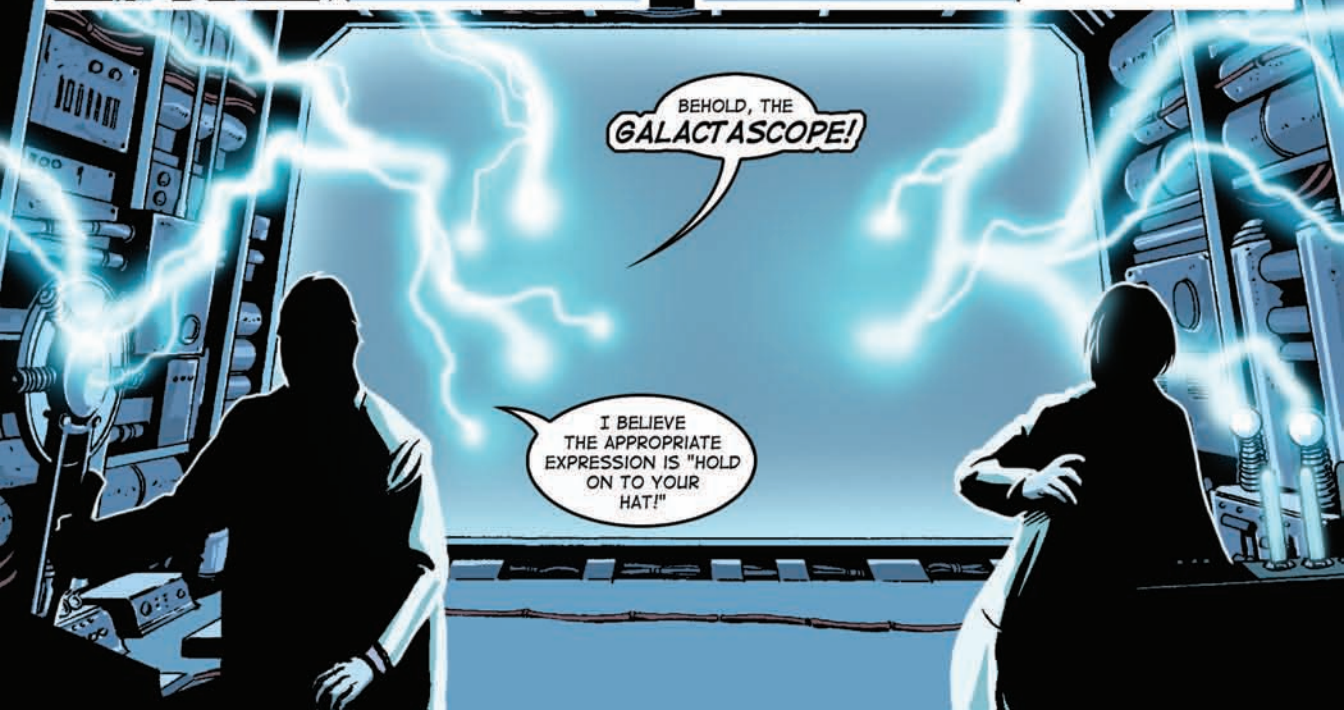








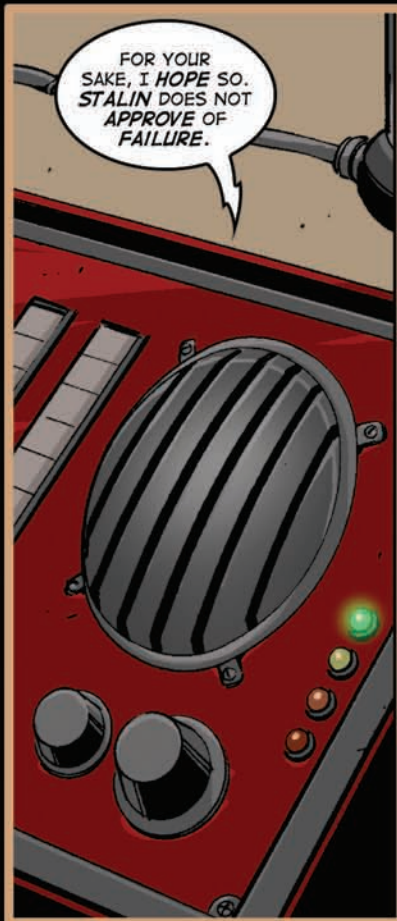
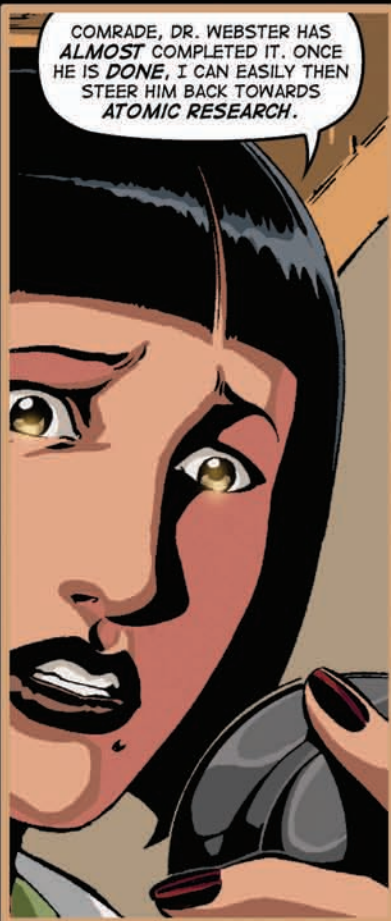




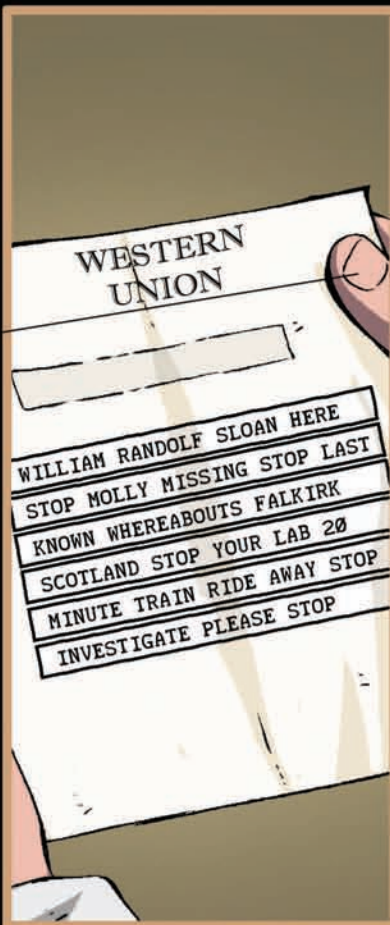
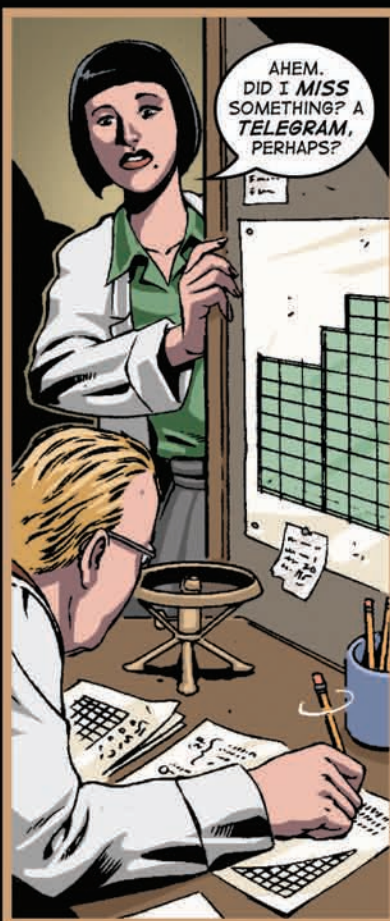
















IT WAS A WHIRLWIND ROMANCE AT FIRST...

...MOLLY HAD JUST GRADUATED **RADCLIFFE**. I WAS AT PRINCETON FINISHING UP MY **DOCTORATE**...



...WELL, MOLLY CAME TO PRINCETON TO **INVESTIGATE** A PARTICULARLY GRUESOME **MURDER** OF AN ENGLISH PROFESSOR...



...IT WAS LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT...




...ONLY MY **BAD LUCK** THAT I MET HER RIGHT WHEN SHE WAS **BITTEN** BY THE **REPORTING BUG**...



...THE **ENGAGEMENT** DRAGGED ON FOR **TWO YEARS**. FINALLY WE SET A DATE. BUT WHEN THE DAY ARRIVED, MOLLY **DIDN'T**...



SHE WAS IN **MEXICO** WORKING ON THE **STORY** THAT WON HER THE **PULITZER**.



DA. SHE SOUNDS LIKE **PLEASANT WOMAN**.







IT WORKS!  
GREAT GOD IN  
HEAVEN! IT  
WORKS!

ZZZBRAAKKKTTT

ZZKKKZZTTT

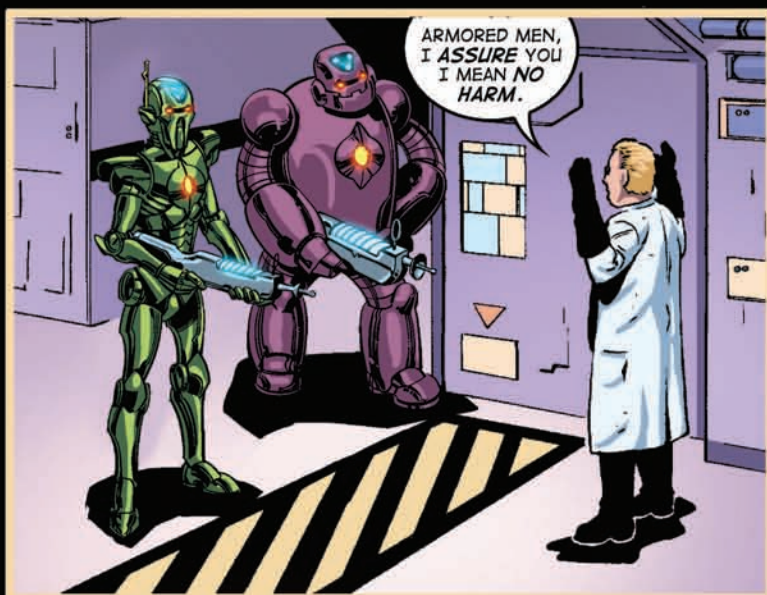
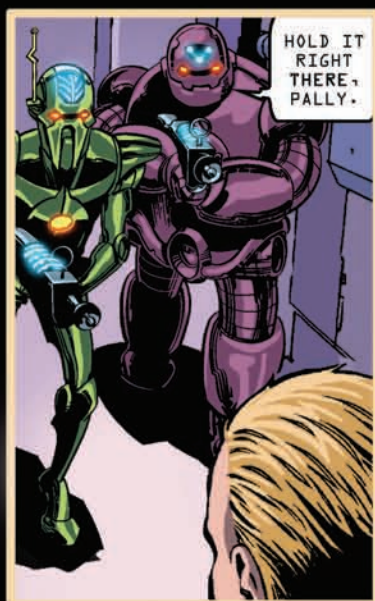




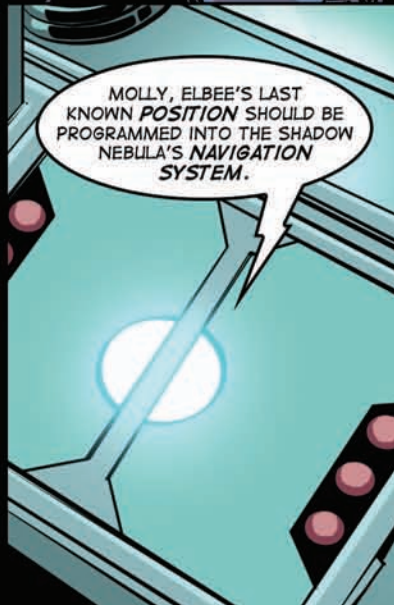
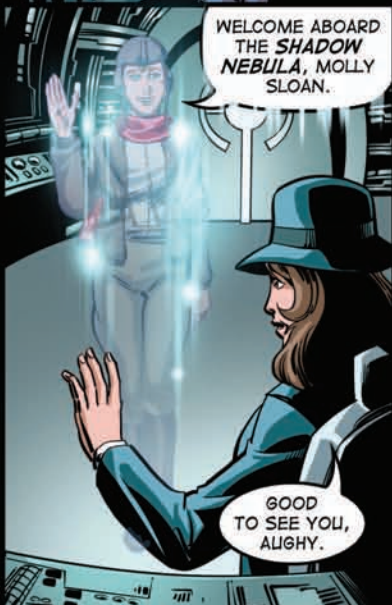






















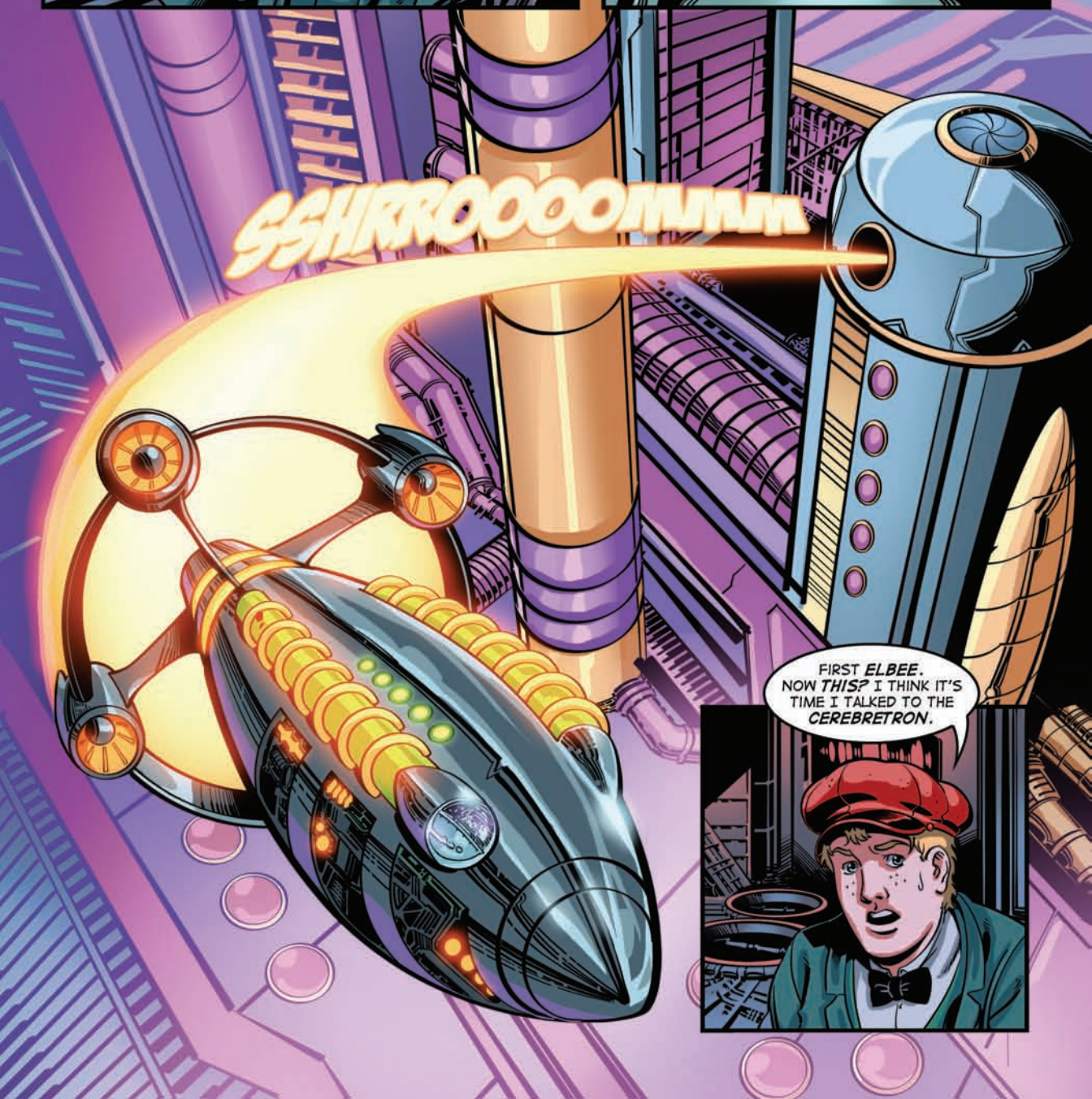


I GOT IT,  
MOLLY.

T-MINUS ONE...  
LAUNCH INITIATED...



GOOD  
THING FOR THOSE  
*MIND-POWERS*, KID!  
I'LL CONTACT YOU WHEN  
WE GET TO *ELBEE*.  
SLOAN OUT.



*SSHRRROOOOMMM*



FIRST *ELBEE*.  
NOW *THIS*? I THINK IT'S  
TIME I TALKED TO THE  
*CEREBRETRON*.



# CHAPTER TWO

---

Trouble on Robonovia





# THE INTERGALACTIC NEMESIS

CHAPTER TWO

TROUBLE ON ROBONOVIA

MISKATROPOLIS,

CAPITAL OF ROBONOVIA.

CEREBRETRON,  
WHAT'S GOING  
ON?

I AM EXPERIENCING SEVERE  
MALFUNCTIONS, TIMMY MENDEZ.  
MALFUNCTIONS THAT ARE AFFECTING  
ABILITY TO CONTROL ROBONOVIA'S  
POSITRONIC NEURAL NETWORK.

BUT IF YOU'RE  
MALFUNCTIONING,  
ROBONOVIAN  
SOCIETY'LL FALL  
APART!





BACK ON THE FARM, I REPAIRED  
3-BOTTOM GANG PLOWS, TRACTORS,  
10-FOOT TANDEM DISKS, HARROWS,  
12-FOOT COMBINES, AND TRUCKS ALL  
WHILE STUDYING FOR MY JOURNALISM  
DEGREE AT HARVARD.

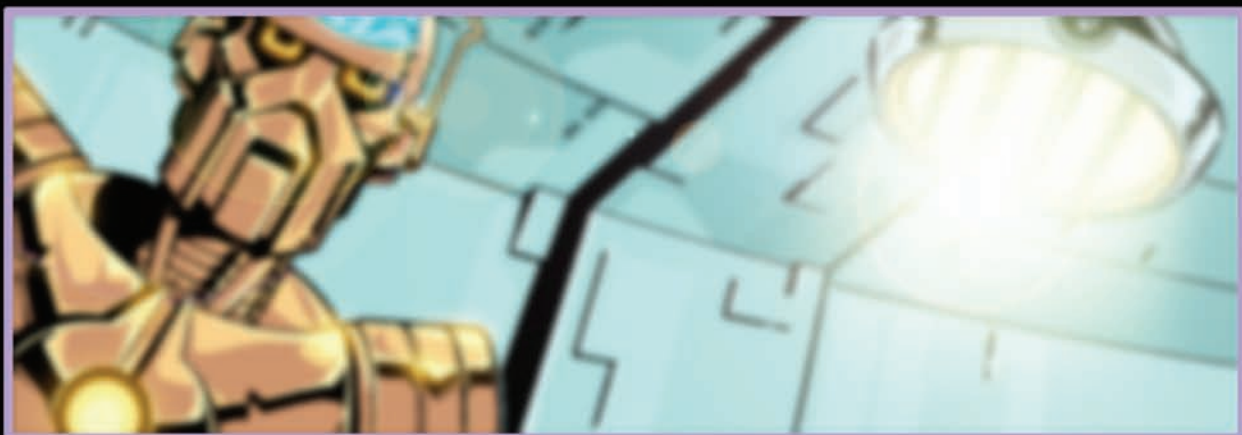
AND I GRADUATED  
MAGNA CUM  
LAUDE! HOW  
BAD COULD THIS  
DIAGNOSTIC  
TEST BE?

MY MEMORY TAPES  
ARE CORRUPTING.  
TIMMY MENDEZ.  
9-1-29-3-5-1.  
9-1-29-3-5-1.

I'LL BE  
BACK IN A JIFFY,  
CEREBRETRON! DON'T  
GIVE UP THE  
GHOST!

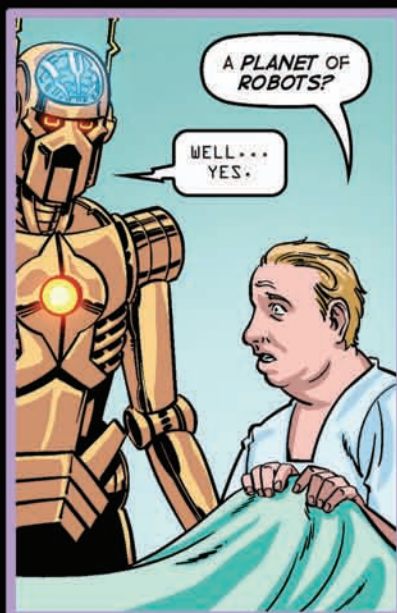
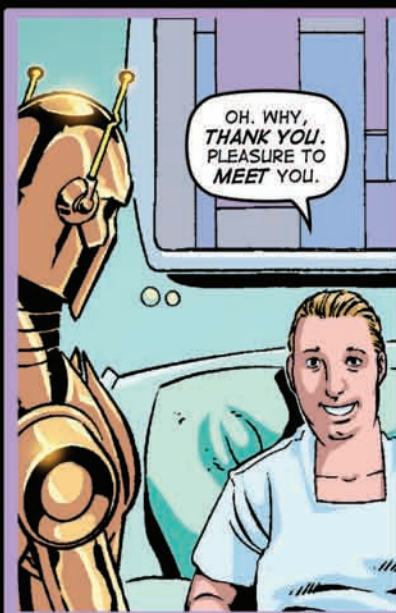
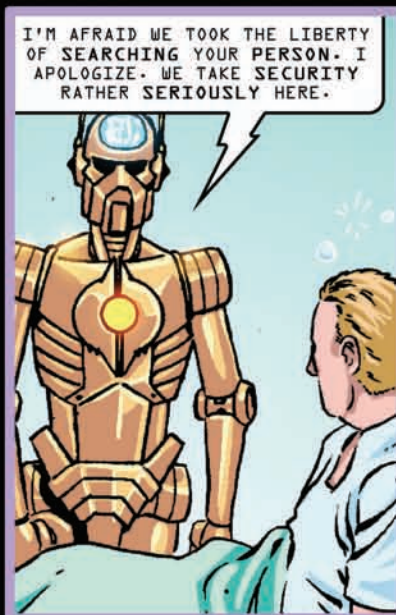


SOME TIME LATER...

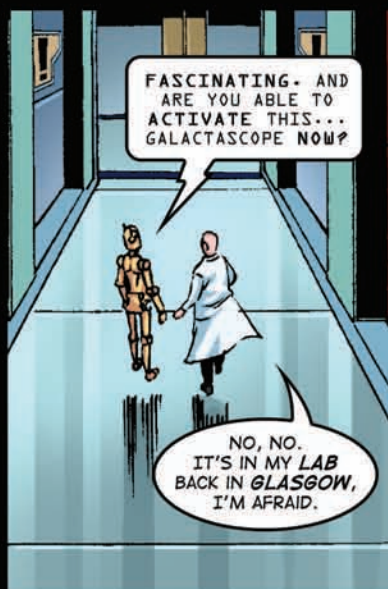
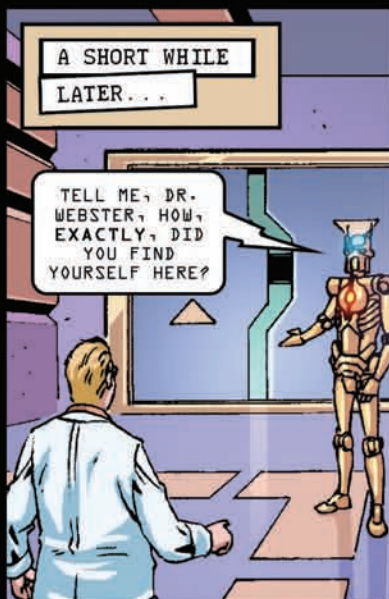


GOOD, DR. WEBSTER.  
YOU ARE NOT HARMED.













A **NEW**  
GALACTASCOPE?

YES. IS IT  
POSSIBLE?



YES... **YES!** THAT  
JUST MIGHT **WORK!**  
I'VE MEMORIZED THE  
**SCHEMATICS.**

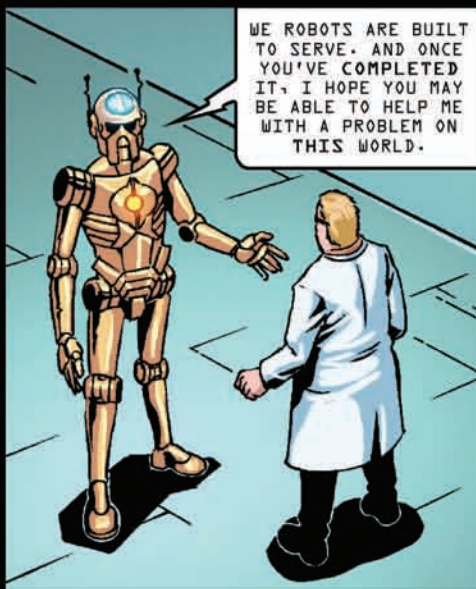


WITH YOUR **SUPERIOR**  
**TECHNOLOGY**, I BET  
WE **COULD** BUILD  
ANOTHER ONE!

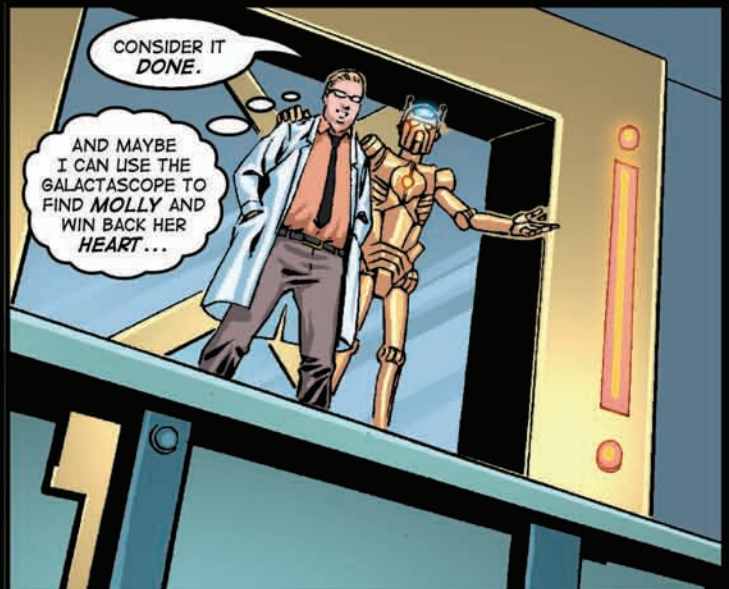


THAT'S EXCELLENT  
NEWS, DR. WEBSTER.

OH, THANK  
YOU, ALPHATRON!  
I CAN'T THANK  
YOU **ENOUGH!**



WE ROBOTS ARE BUILT  
TO SERVE. AND ONCE  
YOU'VE COMPLETED  
IT, I HOPE YOU MAY  
BE ABLE TO HELP ME  
WITH A PROBLEM ON  
THIS WORLD.

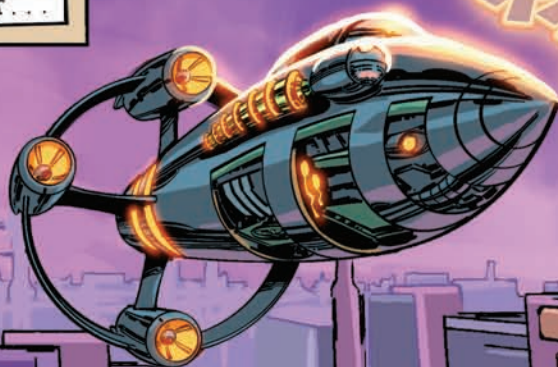


CONSIDER IT  
**DONE.**

AND MAYBE  
I CAN USE THE  
GALACTASCOPE TO  
FIND **MOLLY** AND  
WIN BACK HER  
HEART...



ON ANOTHER PART  
OF THE PLANET...



ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT

WHAT THE HECK  
IS GOING ON? AUGHY,  
AREN'T YOU PROGRAMMED  
TO OVERCOME BILLIONS  
OF PROBLEMS? DO  
SOMETHING!



AS THE SHIP'S  
AUTOMATED  
HOLOGUIDE, I AM  
PROGRAMMED TO  
OVERCOME PRECISELY  
3.91435 BILLION  
POSSIBLE OBSTACLES,  
DIFFICULTIES,  
AND--



ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT

WELL,  
FIX THIS  
ONE!



I'M AFRAID I  
CANNOT, MOLLY  
SLOAN. I HAVE NOT  
BEEN PROGRAMMED  
FOR THIS SITUATION.



ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT



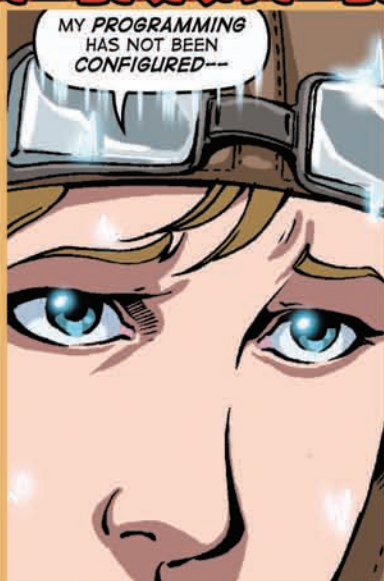
**ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT**



**ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT**



**ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT**



**ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT**



ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT



ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT



ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT



ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT



**ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT**



**KRTCHOW**

**ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT**

**VRREEE**

**ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT**

**ALIGHYYYYYYYYYYYYY!**

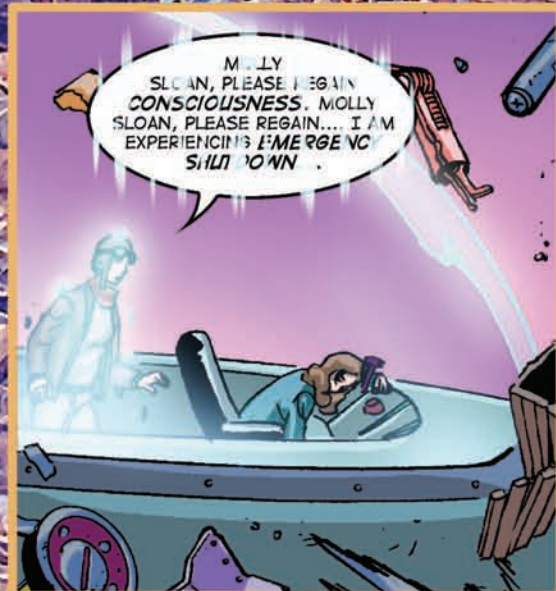
**ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT**



**ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT**



**ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT-ERRNT-ERR\***









MEANWHILE...



HELLO?



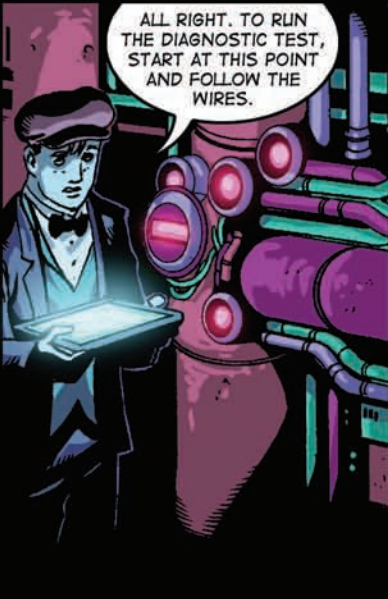
IS ANYONE  
HERE?



THAT'S WEIRD.  
SHOULDN'T THERE BE  
ROBOTS GUARDING  
THIS PLACE??















# CHAPTER THREE

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## The Spider's Web







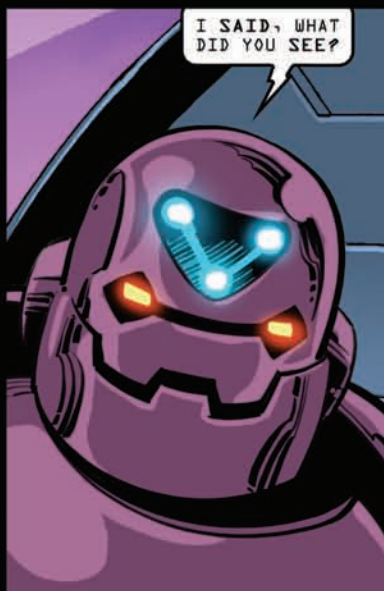
# THE INTERGALACTIC VENEMESIS

CHAPTER THREE

THE SPIDER'S WEB



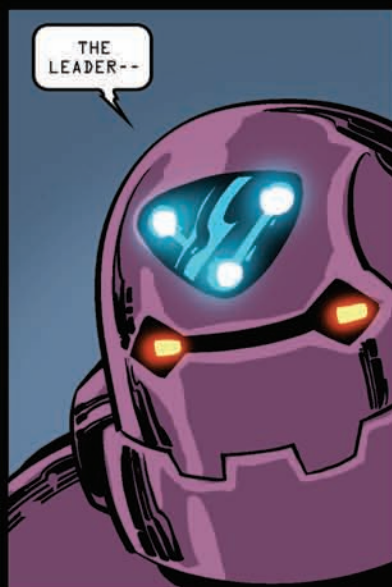
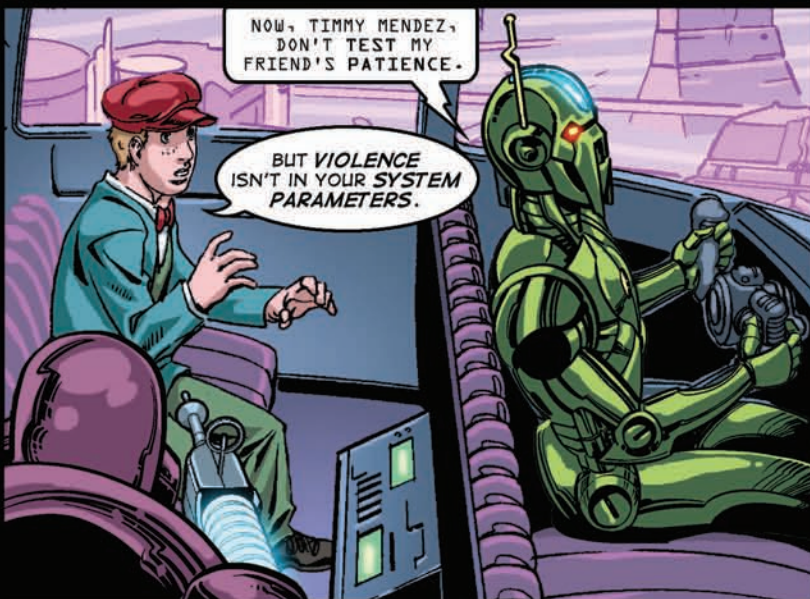




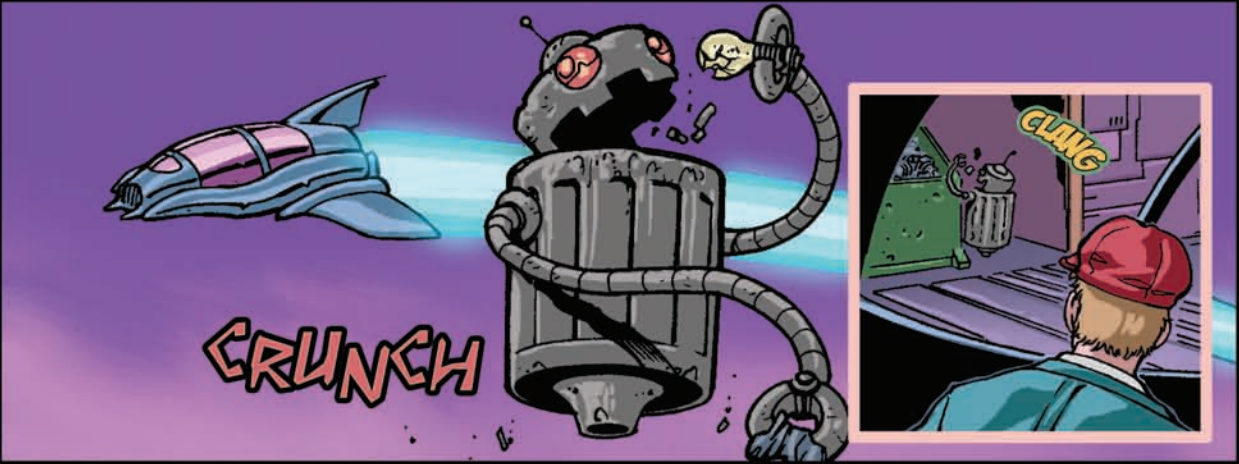






















MEANWHILE,  
OUTSIDE THE CITY...

MOLLY.  
MOLLY, YOU *HAVE*  
TO WAKE UP.

BEN? BEN  
WILCOTT? IS IT  
REALLY YOU?

DON'T MOVE.  
YOU'RE *TRAPPED* WHERE  
THE *FUSELAGE* CAVED IN. I  
NEED TO MOVE THE  
SEAT BACK.

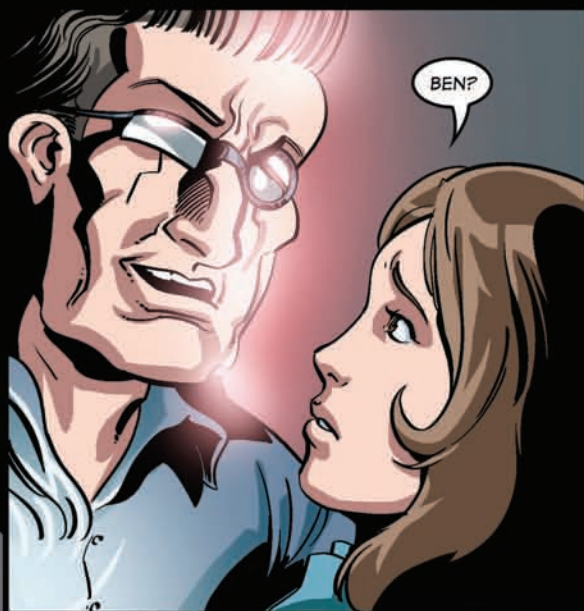
I DON'T UNDERSTAND.  
AREN'T YOU IN THE  
*FUTURE* WITH YOUR  
WIFE AND KID?

SHHH.  
YOU'RE JUST  
SHELL SHOCKED  
RIGHT NOW.













AM I, MISS SLOAN? NO, I'M MORE POWERFUL THAN EVER. SOON, I SHALL RULE THE ENTIRE GALAXY!

THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING!



NOW, MISS SLOAN, LOOK INTO MY EYES!



AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!!!



OF COURSE. JUST A DREAM.

OH, BEN, I HOPE YOU'RE HAPPY IN THAT FUTURE OF YOURS.

ALL RIGHT, SLOAN, LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN. AGAIN. NOW WHERE THE HECK AM I?





AT THAT SAME MOMENT...

OF COURSE!  
THE NEURAL PATHWAYS ARE  
CONSTRUCTED ENTIRELY ACCORDING  
TO THE *BERTUCCI POSTULATE*. THE  
*BERTUCCI POSTULATE*! OH, IF ONLY  
MY COLLEAGUES AT *PRINCETON*  
COULD SEE *THIS*!

HELLO, DR. WEBSTER. HOW  
GOES THE GALACTASCOPE?

WHA...!?

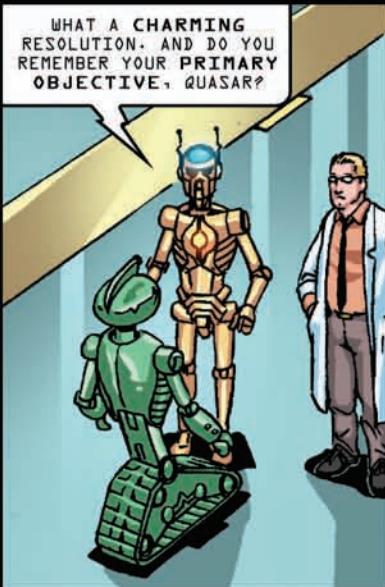
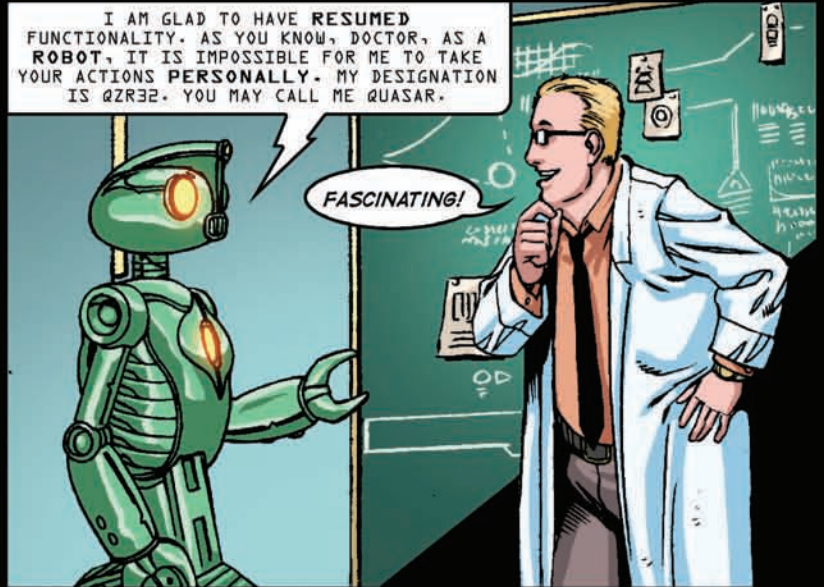
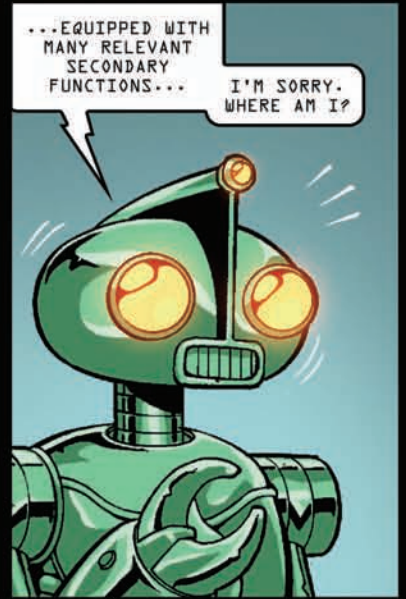
DR. WEBSTER!  
HAVE YOU  
DISASSEMBLED  
YOUR ROBOT  
ASSISTANT?

WHAT? OH, OH, *YES*! ALPHATRON, THE  
*DESIGN* OF THESE--WELL, OBVIOUSLY  
YOU KNOW AS MUCH. WHY, WITH  
THIS *TECHNOLOGY*--

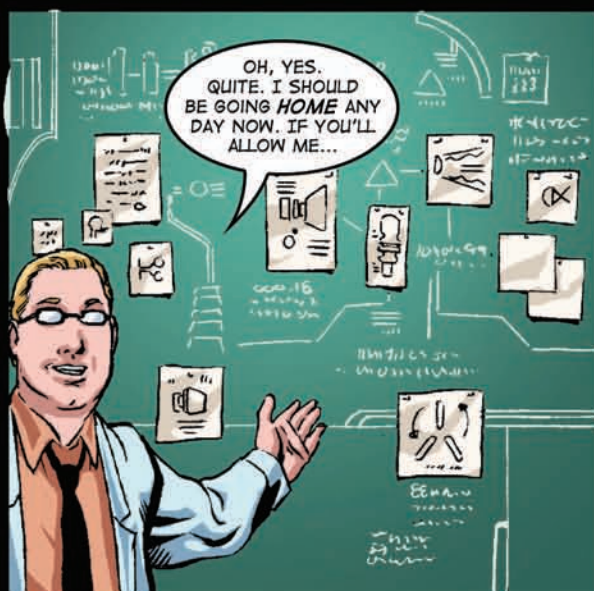
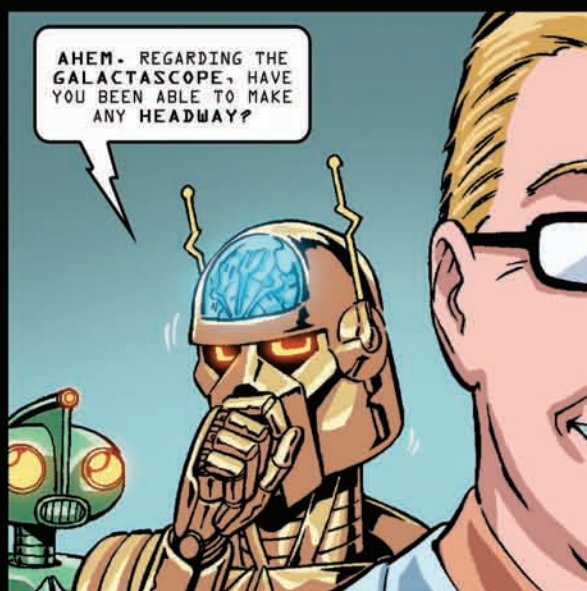
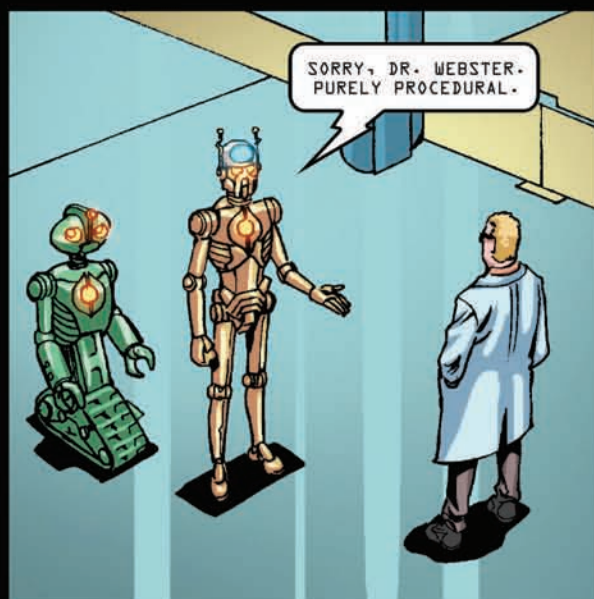
DR. WEBSTER, WE ROBOTS  
ARE ACTUAL BEINGS,  
NOT MERE MACHINES.

HOW WOULD  
IT BE IF  
ONE OF  
US WENT  
ROOTING  
AROUND  
IN YOUR  
HEAD?

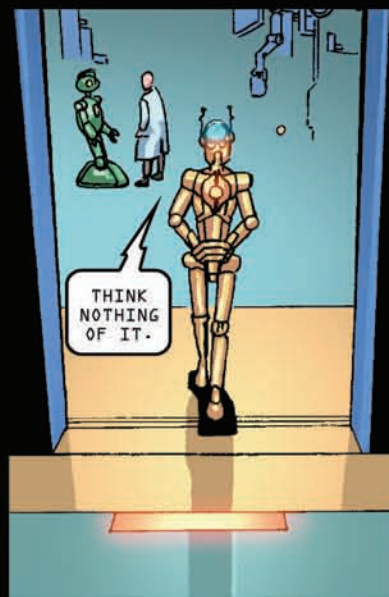
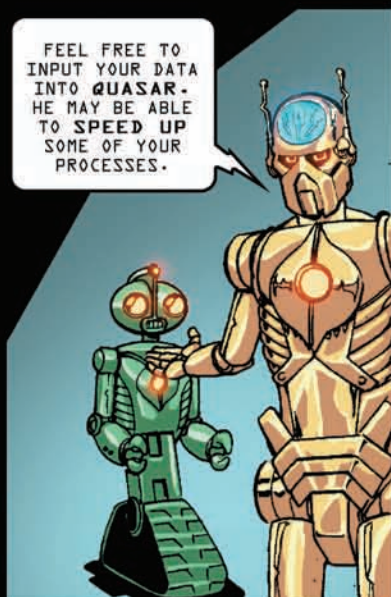




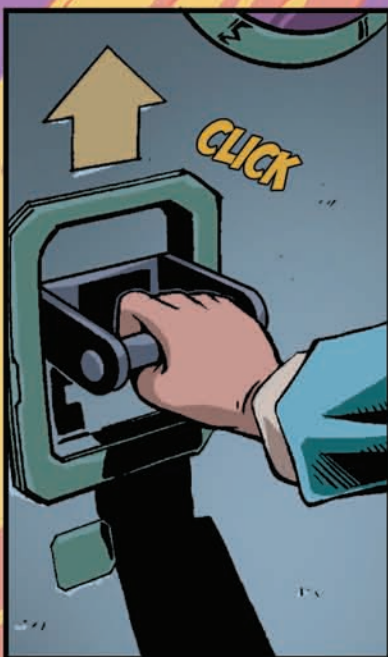
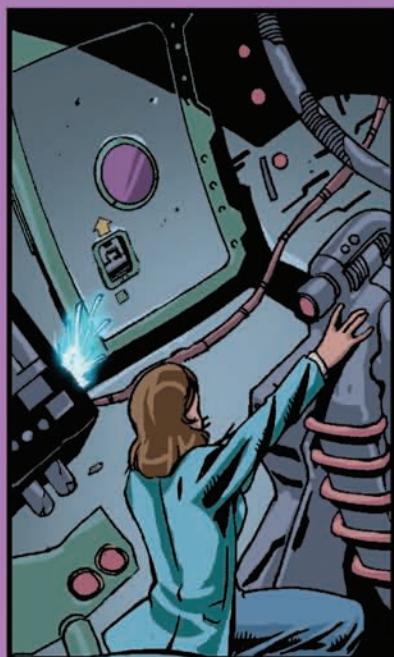




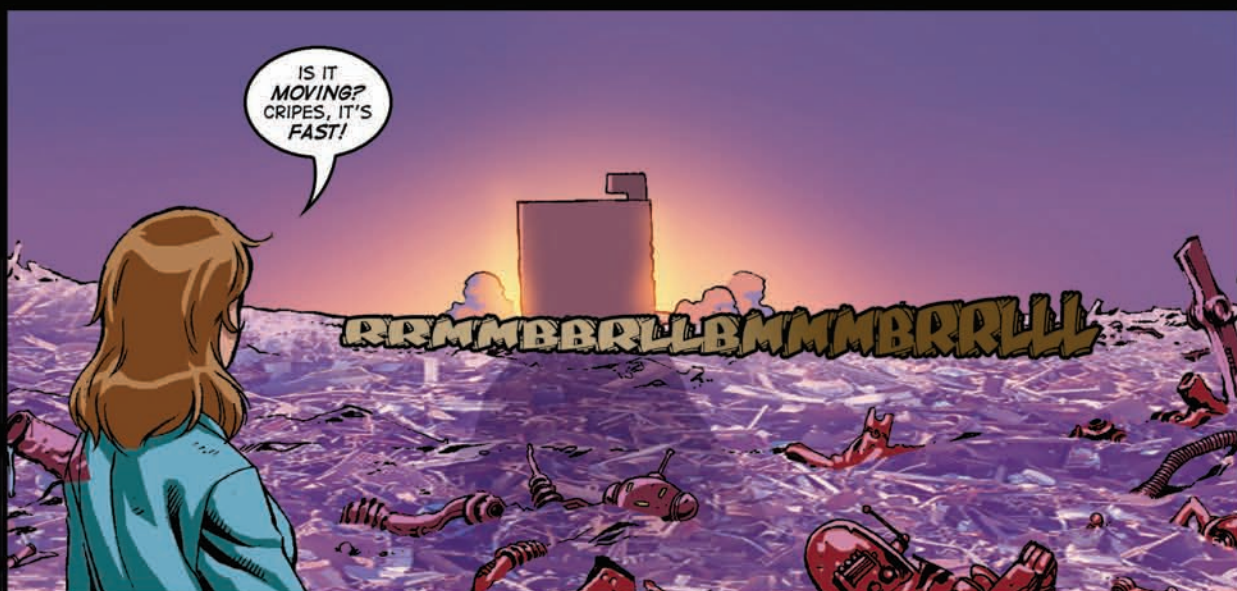


































# CHAPTER FOUR

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## The Sacrifice

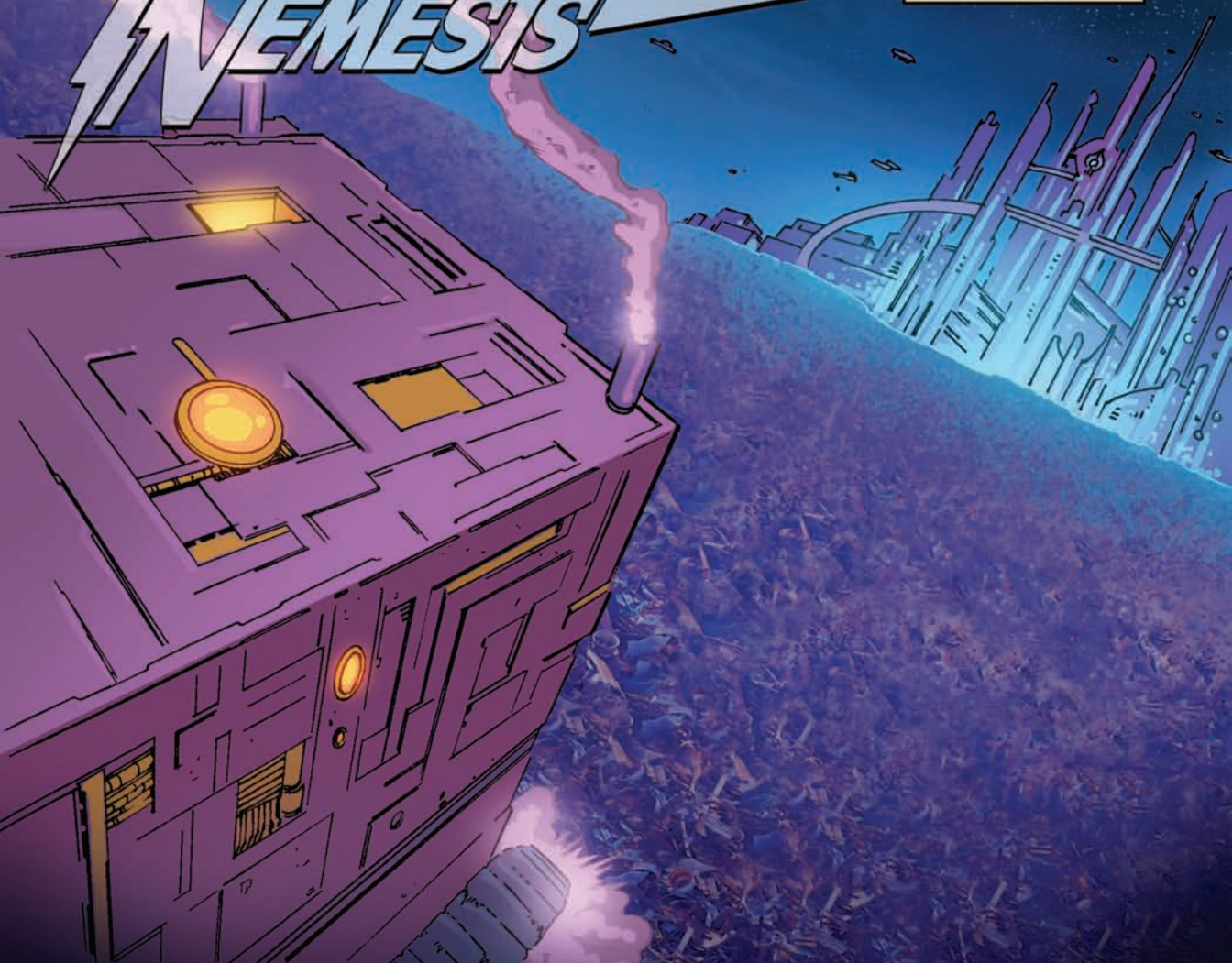






# THE INTERGALACTIC NEMESIS

CHAPTER FOUR  
THE SACRIFICE



...THOUGH  
**HONESTLY**, I  
HAVE NO IDEA HOW  
WE'D HAVE FINISHED  
OFF **MYSTERION**  
**THE MAGNIFICENT**  
OURSELVES. CHALK  
ONE UP FOR THE  
**ZYGONIANS**, I  
GUESS.

ANYWAY, THAT'S  
HOW WE SAVED NOT **ONE**,  
BUT **TWO GALAXIES** FROM  
THOSE **SLUDGE MONSTERS**  
FROM THE **PLANET ZYGON**.

IS WERRY  
**INTERESTING**  
STORY. YOU SHOULD  
PUBLISH.

SO, FIRST  
WE FIND **LARRY**.  
THEN WE FIGURE OUT WHO  
SHOT DOWN MY SHIP. DEAL?

WERRY GOOD,  
MOLLY SLOAN.  
WERRY GOOD.  
COMRADE.

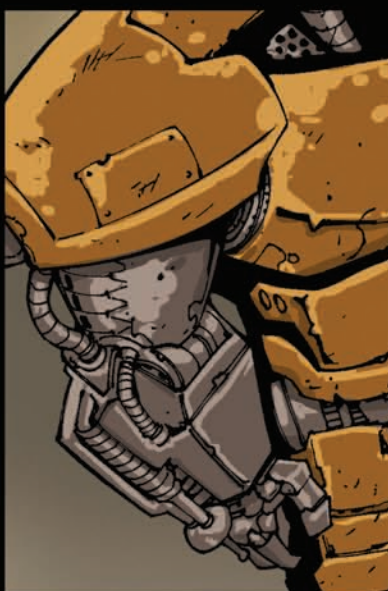
UH, LET'S JUST  
CALL IT A **LIMITED**  
**PARTNERSHIP**.  
PUT 'ER **THERE**,  
PARTNER.

PUT **WHO**  
WHERE?





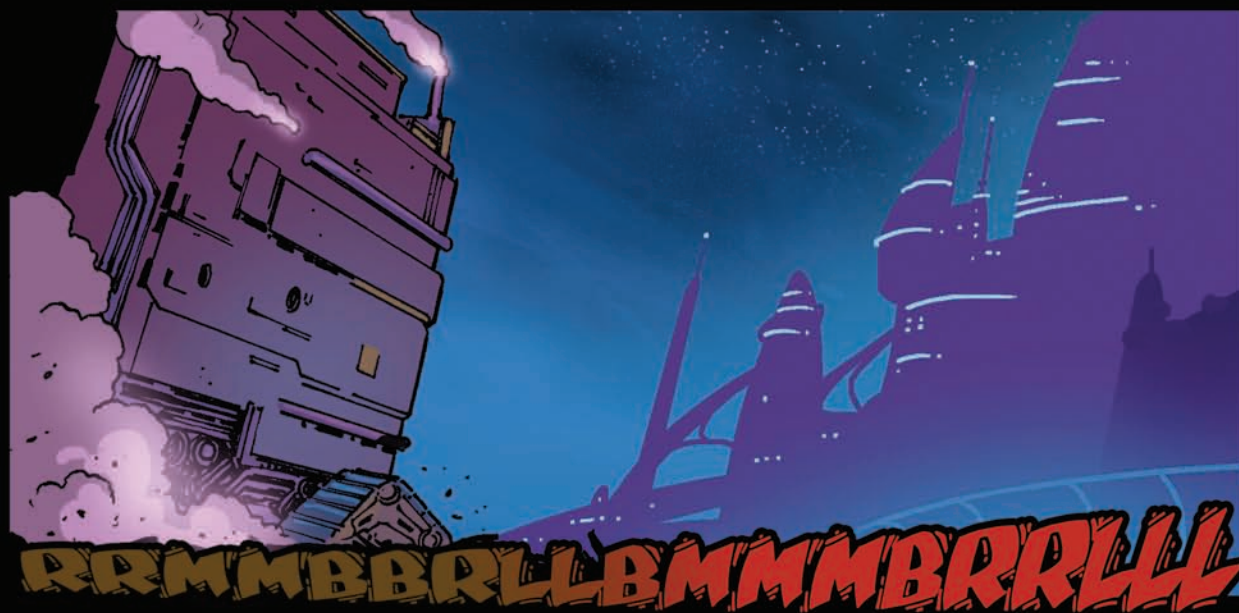








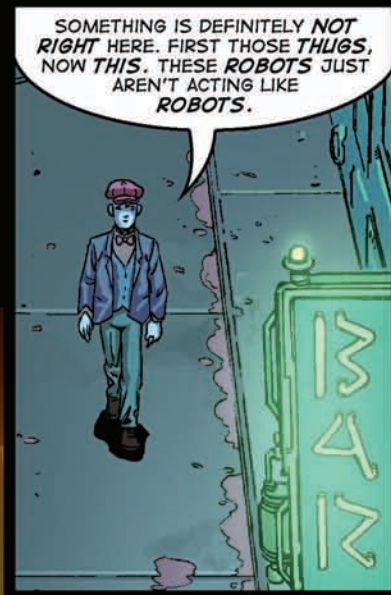




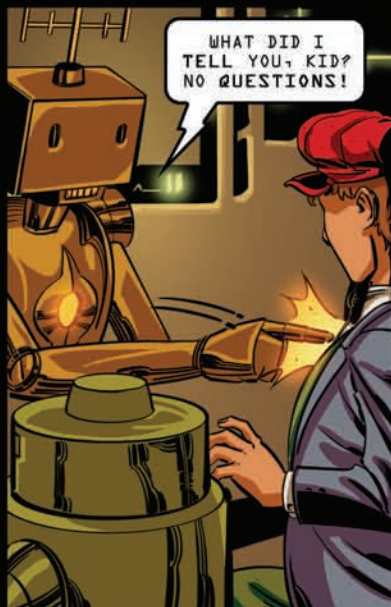
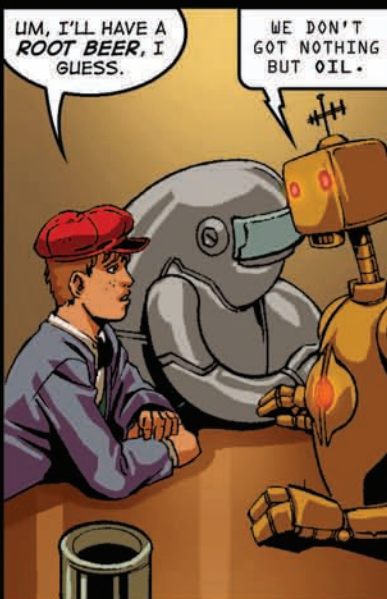
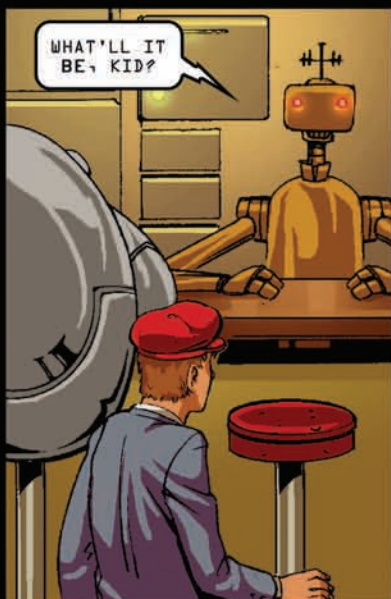


















MEANWHILE . . .

BLAST  
IT!

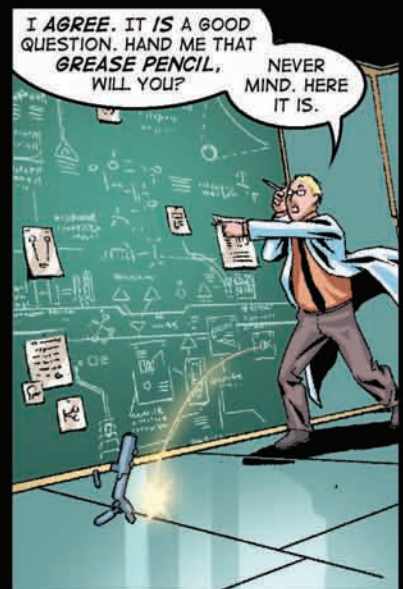
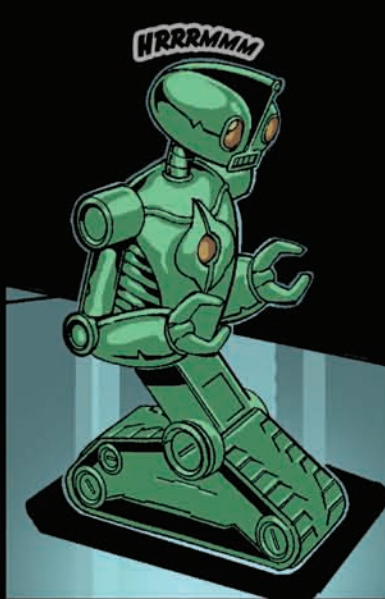
HOW CAN  
ONE CONSTRUCT A  
CATALYTIC REACTOR IF  
THE SYSTEM IS COMPLETELY  
**SELF-CONTAINED?!**  
THERE'S NO POINT  
OF ENTRY!

DR. WEBSTER, IT HAS  
BEEN SOME TIME SINCE  
YOU HAVE UTILIZED MY  
SERVICES. WOULD THIS  
BE AN APPROPRIATE TIME  
TO SWITCH TO STANDBY?

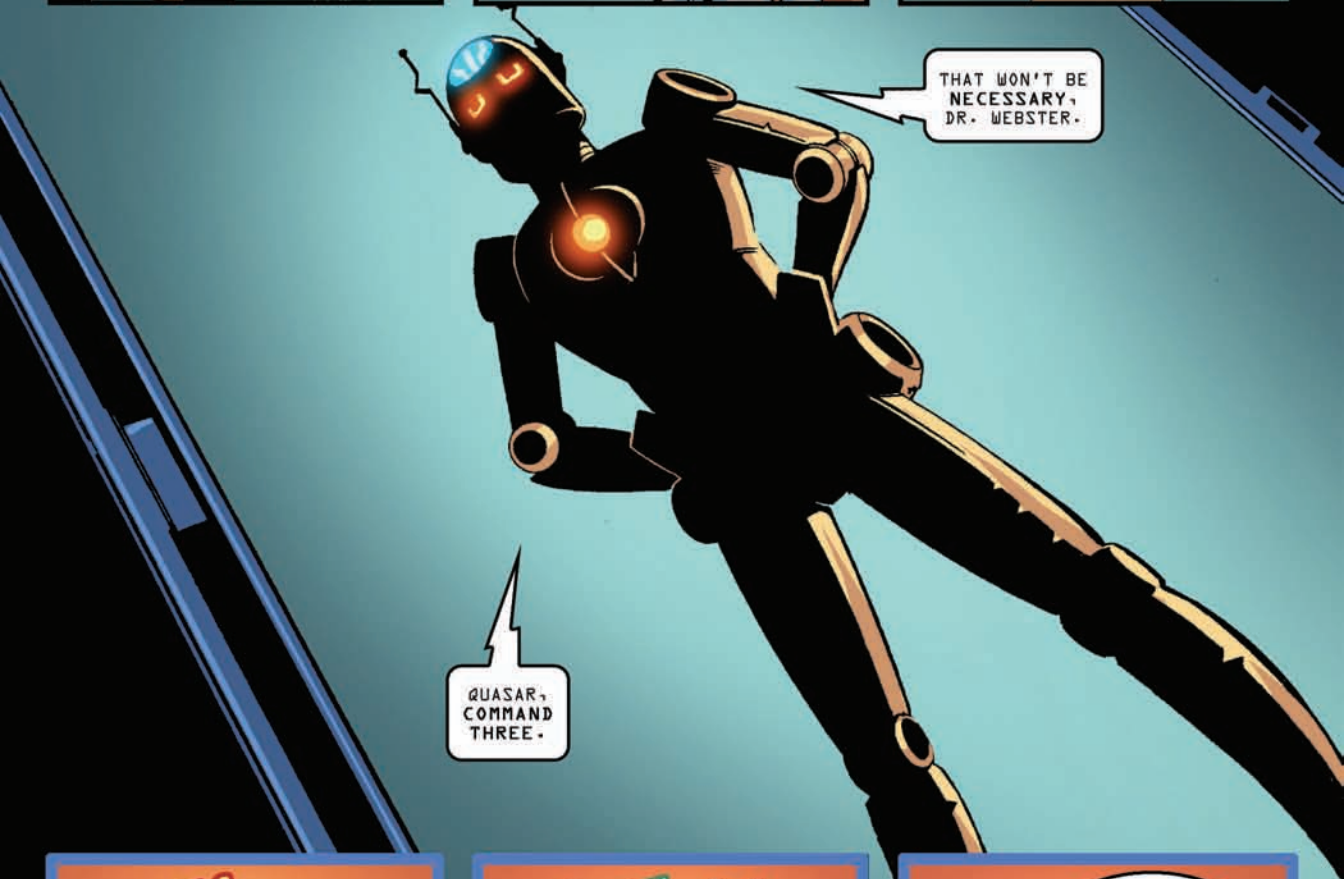
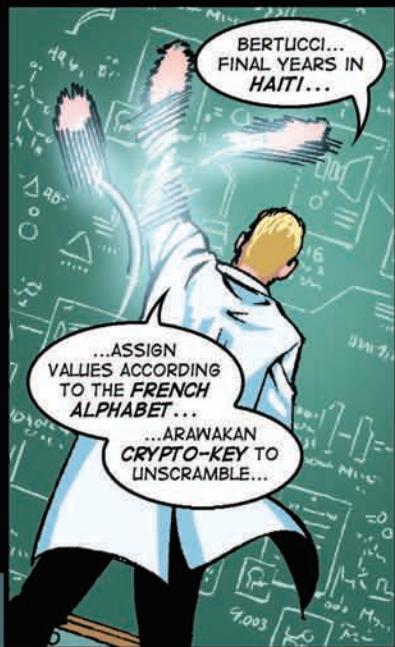
YES, YES.  
DO WHAT YOU MUST,  
QUASAR.

CHRRRRMMM

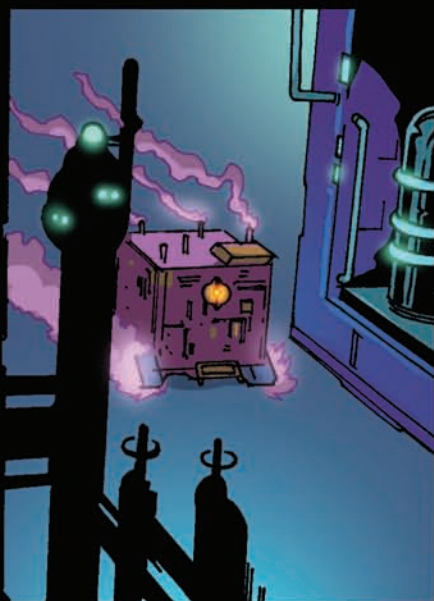


















MOMENTS

LATER...







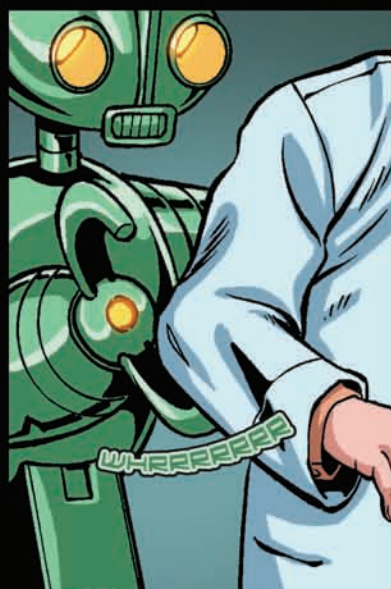
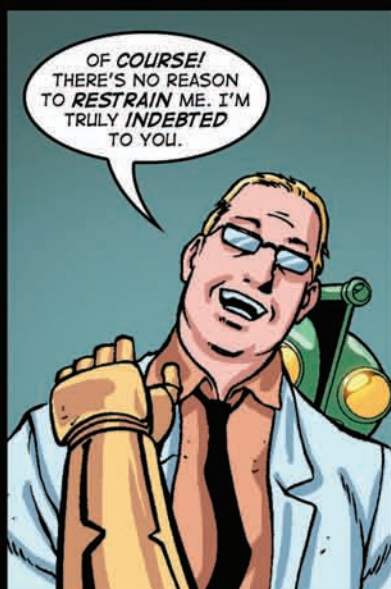
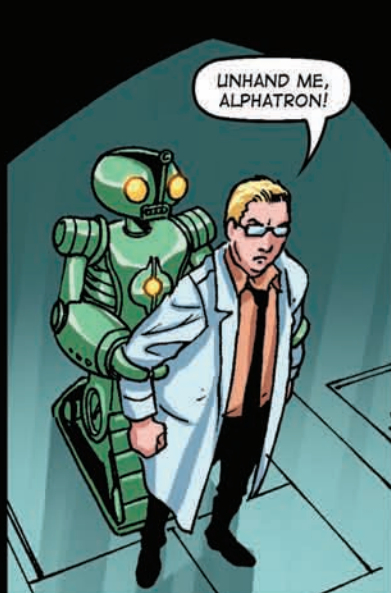








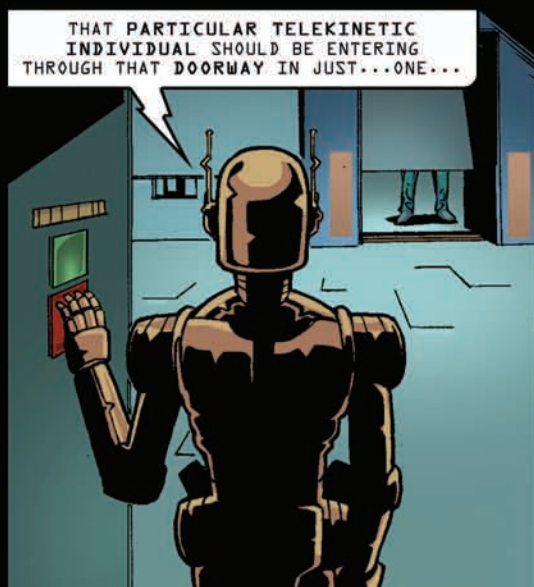
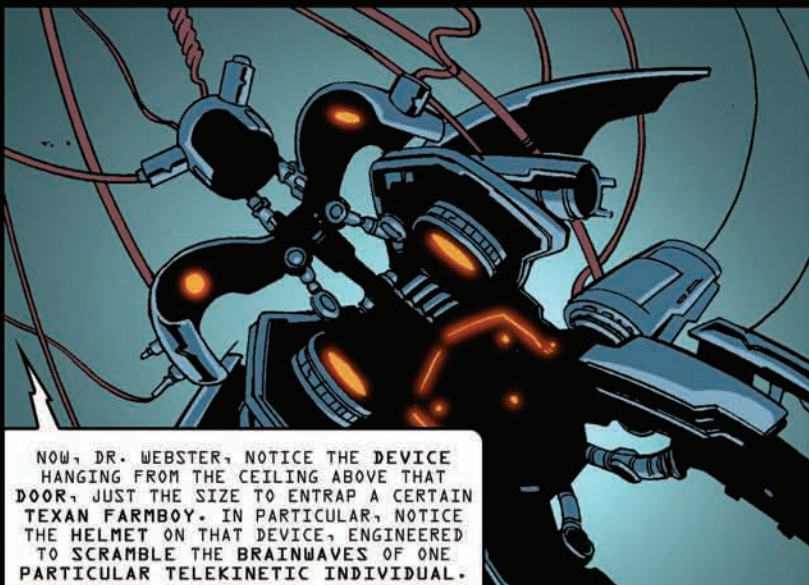








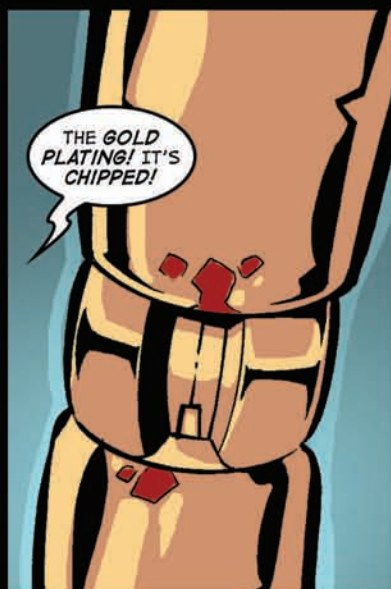
















AND DON'T BOTHER TO STRUGGLE. YOUR MIND POWERS ARE USELESS THANKS TO MY INGENUOUS PSYCHO-SCRAMBLER.



WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, ALPHATRAN? WHAT KIND OF GAME ARE YOU PLAYING?



IT'S NO GAME, MR. MENDEZ. IN JUST HERE MOMENTS, THE WHOLE OF ROBONOVIA WILL BE MINE FOR THE TAKING!



I DON'T THINK SO! ONCE MOLLY GETS BACK WITH THE *SHADOW NEBULA*---



AH YES. MISS SLOAN. SHE AND HER STARSHIP WERE BLOWN OUT OF THE SKY NOT LONG AGO BY MY ARTILLERY DIVISION.



WAIT A SECOND! YOU SAID YOU DIDN'T *KNOW* HER!



I KNOW. I DID. NO MATTER. I'M AFRAID SHE'S QUITE DEAD BY NOW.



NOT QUITE DEAD YET, MISTER!





WHERE DID YOU--?  
HOW DID--? HOW  
ARE YOU ALIVE?!



MOLLY! YOUR *FATHER*  
SENT THIS! I'M HERE  
TO *RESCUE*  
YOU!



LATER,  
LARRY! ELBEE,  
WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING WITH  
THOSE  
ZYGONIAN  
EGGS!?



ZYGONIAN EGGS?  
I HAVE NO IDEA  
WHAT YOU'RE  
TALKING ABOUT.



OR DO I?



THIS  
ENDS *HERE*,  
MISTER!



I DON'T  
THINK SO.



UHHHHNNNN...

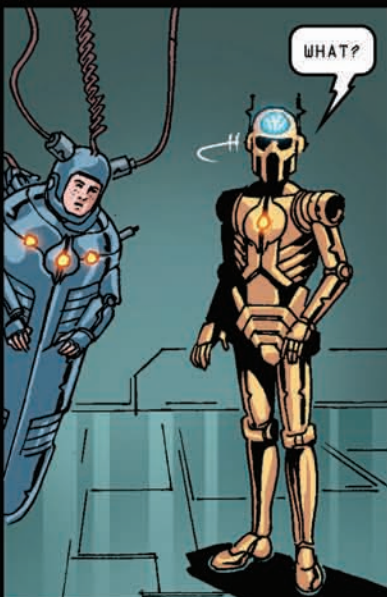








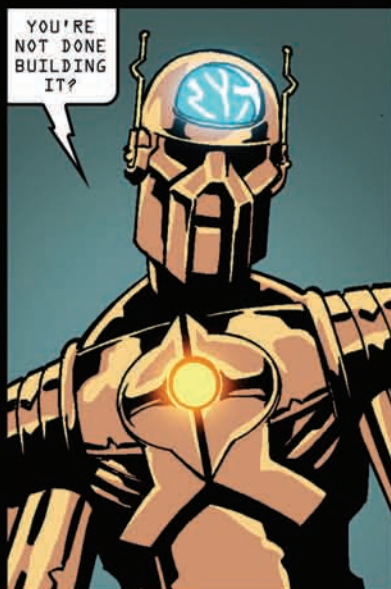
BUT IT'S NOT  
*FINISHED.*



WHAT?



I'M NOT DONE  
*BUILDING IT.*



YOU'RE  
NOT DONE  
BUILDING  
IT?



I GOT *SIDETRACKED* BY THE  
*BERTUCCI* SERIES, WHICH,  
BY THE WAY, IS--



ENOUGH ABOUT THE  
*BERTUCCI* SERIES. HOW  
AM I SUPPOSED TO GET  
RID OF MR. MENDEZ--?



YOU  
KNOW, THIS  
*CONTRAPTION*  
YOU HAVE TIMMY  
IN. VERY *CLEVER.*

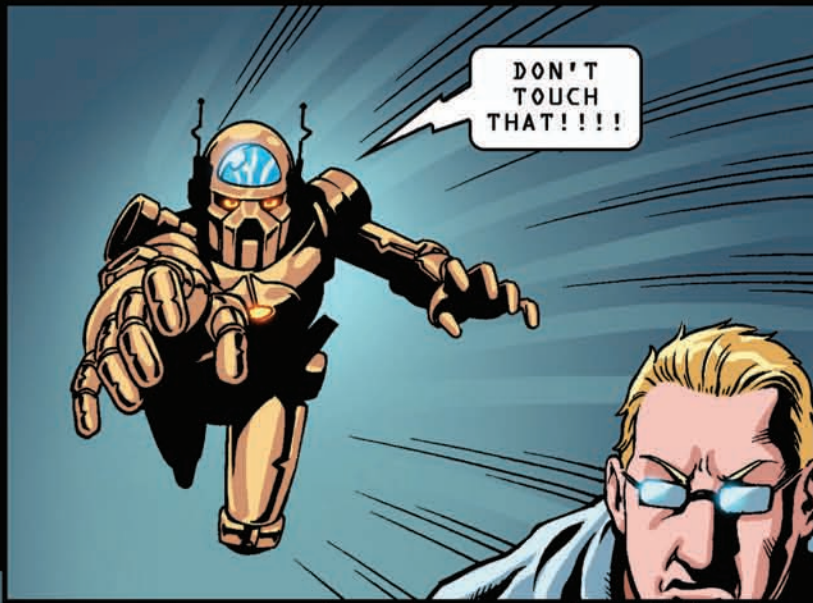


THE *GALACTASCOPE*,  
DR. WEBSTER!



SO, *THIS* BUTTON *RELEASES*  
THE DEVICE FROM THE CEILING...  
I SUPPOSE THIS *OTHER*  
BUTTON...















# PART TWO

---

Who's the Boss?







# CHAPTER FIVE

---

Enter Stranger... Again









BUT  
MYSTERION  
DIED ON ZYGM!  
UNLESS...



UNLESS HE USED HIS *MIND POWERS* TO TRANSFER  
HIS *CONSCIOUSNESS* TO THE *ULTRA HIVE* RIGHT  
BEFORE HE DIED AND THEN THE HIVE *SENT*  
*OUT* THAT CONSCIOUSNESS TO *EVERYWHERE*  
LINKED TO IT, INCLUDING THE *ZYGMIAN*  
TRANSPORT THAT ELBEE-DEE-OH  
DISCOVERED IN *SPACE* BEFORE  
HE *DISAPPEARED*...



...BUT HE *DIDN'T*  
DISAPPEAR BECAUSE WHAT  
REALLY HAPPENED IS THAT *MYSTERION*  
TRANSFERRED HIS *MIND* FROM THE TRANSPORT'S  
COMPUTER TO ELBEE-DEE-OH AND THEN  
COMPLETELY REPROGRAMMED  
HIM AND THEN *ELECTROPLATED*  
HIM WITH *GOLD*.



IT ALL  
MAKES PERFECT  
SENSE NOW!



SURE IT DOES,  
KID. CAN'T YOU GET THIS  
BUCKET TO GO ANY  
FASTER?



# THE INTERGALACTIC NEMESIS

CHAPTER FIVE

ENTER STRANGER...AGAIN!

CEREBRETRON!  
YOU'VE BEEN SABOTAGED  
BY MYSTERION!

NOW THAT  
WE KNOW WHAT'S  
WRONG, WE CAN FIX  
YOU UP NOW  
AND---

IT IS TOO  
LATE. I  
AM DYING.

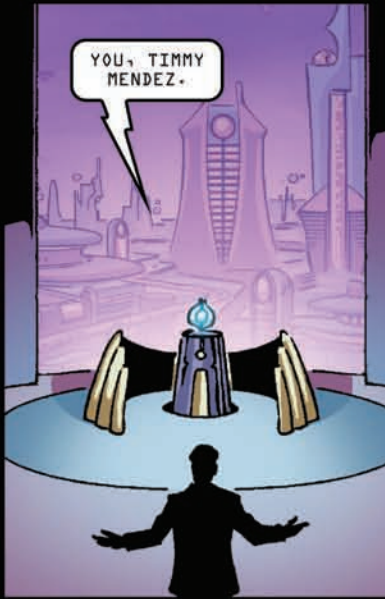
BUT  
CEREBRETRON!

YOU CAN'T  
DIE!

















YOU HAVE BEEN MY **GUIDE** IN THIS GALAXY, HELPING ME UNDERSTAND THE **POWERS OF MY SUPERBRAIN** AND TEACHING ME THE **WISDOM** THAT WILL LET ME **GUIDE THE ROBOTS** IN YOUR PLACE.



WITHOUT YOU, WE'D ALL BE **DEAD ALREADY** BECAUSE OF WHAT THE **ZYAGONIANS** HAD **PLANNED**.




CEREBRETRON, I NEVER GOT TO KNOW MY **DAD**. HE **DIED** IN A **THRESHER** ACCIDENT WHEN I WAS **THREE**.



WELL, I GUESS WHAT I'M TRYING TO SAY IS... I'LL **MISS YOU**. I'LL REALLY MISS YOU, CEREBRETRON. BUT **MORE** THAN THAT...

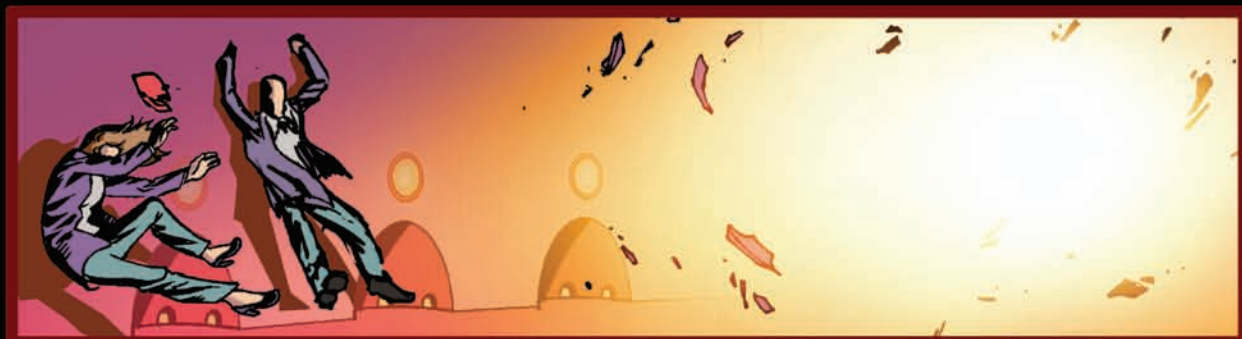
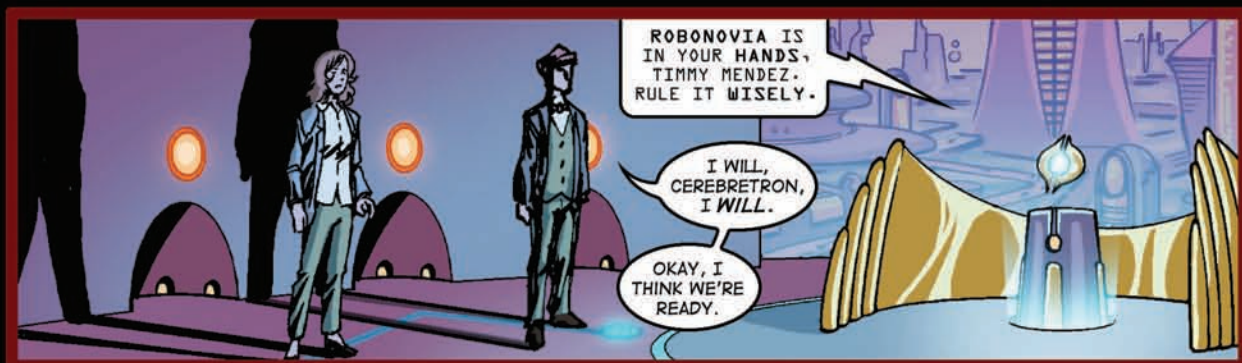


I LOVE YOU CEREBRETRON. YOU'RE THE **FATHER I NEVER HAD**.



AND YOU THE SON.









MY HEAD...  
WHERE AM I...?



YOU IDIOTS! WE'LL NEVER COMPLETE THE GALACTASCOPE NOW!

BOSS, WE'LL MAKE IT UP TO YOU. WE PROMISE.

I'M SURROUNDED BY NITWITS!

BOSS, THAT'S NOT A NICE THING TO SAY.

UGH!

LOOK, WE GOT ANOTHER PRISONER. MAYBE SHE CAN HELP.

ANOTHER PRISONER?

WE LOCKED HER IN HERE, BOSS.

WELL, WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR, FOOL? BRING HER TO ME!

WHATEVER YOU SAY, BOSS.





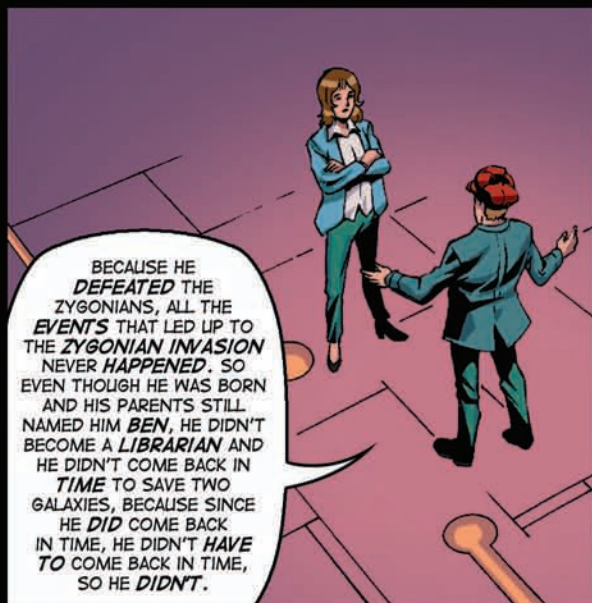














WE COULD ONLY GET YOU  
A *ONE-WAY TICKET*.  
THERE'S NO WAY  
TO SEND YOU  
*BACK*.



OH, MY GOD!  
MILLIONS OF  
LIVES ARE AT  
*STAKE!*



I KNOW,  
THAT'S EXACTLY  
WHY--



NO ONE  
KNOWS WHERE IT  
STARTED. NO ONE  
KNOWS HOW IT  
BEGAN...



...MAYBE IT WAS  
THE *OBSCURE*  
CASE OF THAT  
MAN IN  
*BOYNTON*  
*BEACH*,  
*FLORIDA*...



...MAYBE IT WAS  
THE *ISOLATED*  
*OUTBREAK* IN  
THE *YUKON*...



.... THE  
*WARNING*  
*SIGNS* WERE  
SMALL...



BUT THEN, WHEN I WAS  
SEVENTEEN, THE *CHANGES*  
FELL LIKE A *HYDROGEN*  
*BOMB*.



I REMEMBER IT SO  
*CLEARLY*. WE WERE SITTING  
DOWN TO *DINNER*, AND *DAD*  
HAD SOME *GREAT NEWS*...







KIDS,  
THINGS JUST  
COULDN'T BE GOING  
BETTER AT  
WORK.



THAT'S  
WHY MOM AND  
I WANT TO TELL  
YOU THAT--



GRRRRP...



HELORGGGHH

CINDY!  
WHAT  
THE---?



SKKKRRRRP



WHAT ON  
EARTH...?



I'M OKAY. I'M  
OKAY.





AND NOW, THESE **MUTANTS** HAVE TAKEN OVER THE **PLANET**, WHILE THE **REST OF US** LIVE IN **FEAR** FOR OUR **LIVES**.

A **SMALL HANDFUL** OF SURVIVORS **BANDED TOGETHER** TO LEARN THE COMPLEX SCIENCE OF **GENETICS**. I'M ONE OF THOSE **SURVIVORS**.

MY **SOLE PURPOSE** IS TO FIND A **CURE** FOR THESE **MUTATIONS** AND **RETURN TO NORMAL HUMANITY**.

WHAT ABOUT YOUR **WIFE AND SON**? DID THEY TURN INTO... INTO...



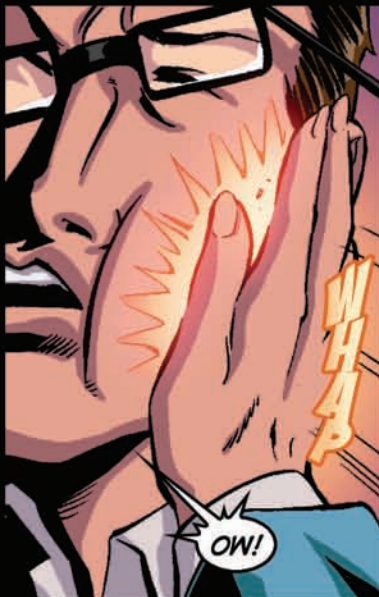
WIFE AND SON? ARE YOU **KIDDING**? I HAVE NO TIME FOR **FAMILY**.

IT'S ALL I CAN **DO** TO STAY **ONE STEP** AHEAD OF THE **MONSTERS**.



SO, YOU'RE NOT **MARRIED**...?









NOW, DR. ZOROKOV, I BELIEVE PRIOR TO YOUR ARRIVAL ON ROBONOVIA, YOU WERE A SOVIET SPY?

YES, MASTER.



IN YOUR EXPERIENCE AS A SPY AND A SOLDIER, DO YOU AGREE WITH MY STRATEGY OF TAKING MY UNSTOPPABLY VIOLENT ROBOT ARMY TO ATTACK THE CRYSTAL PALACE AND DESTROY TIMMY MENDEZ?

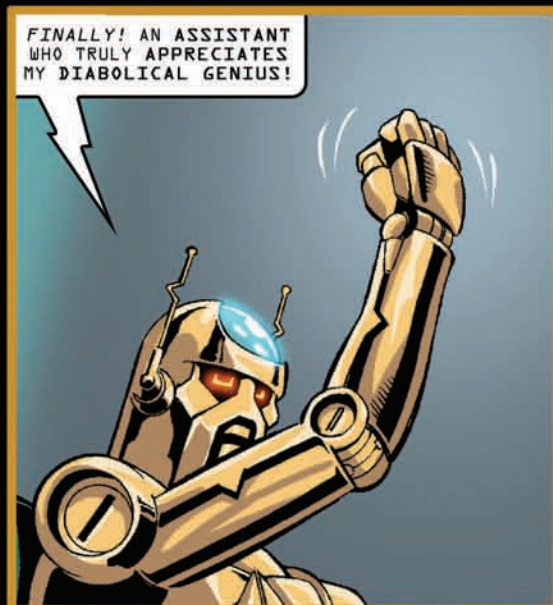


YES, MASTER.



DO YOU FURTHER AGREE THAT THE BEST COURSE OF ACTION ONCE I'VE TAKEN OVER ROBONOVIA IS TO USE MY ROBOT ARMY TO INVADE EVERY OTHER INHABITED PLANET IN THE UNIVERSE, STARTING WITH EARTH?

YES, MASTER.



FINALLY! AN ASSISTANT WHO TRULY APPRECIATES MY DIABOLICAL GENIUS!

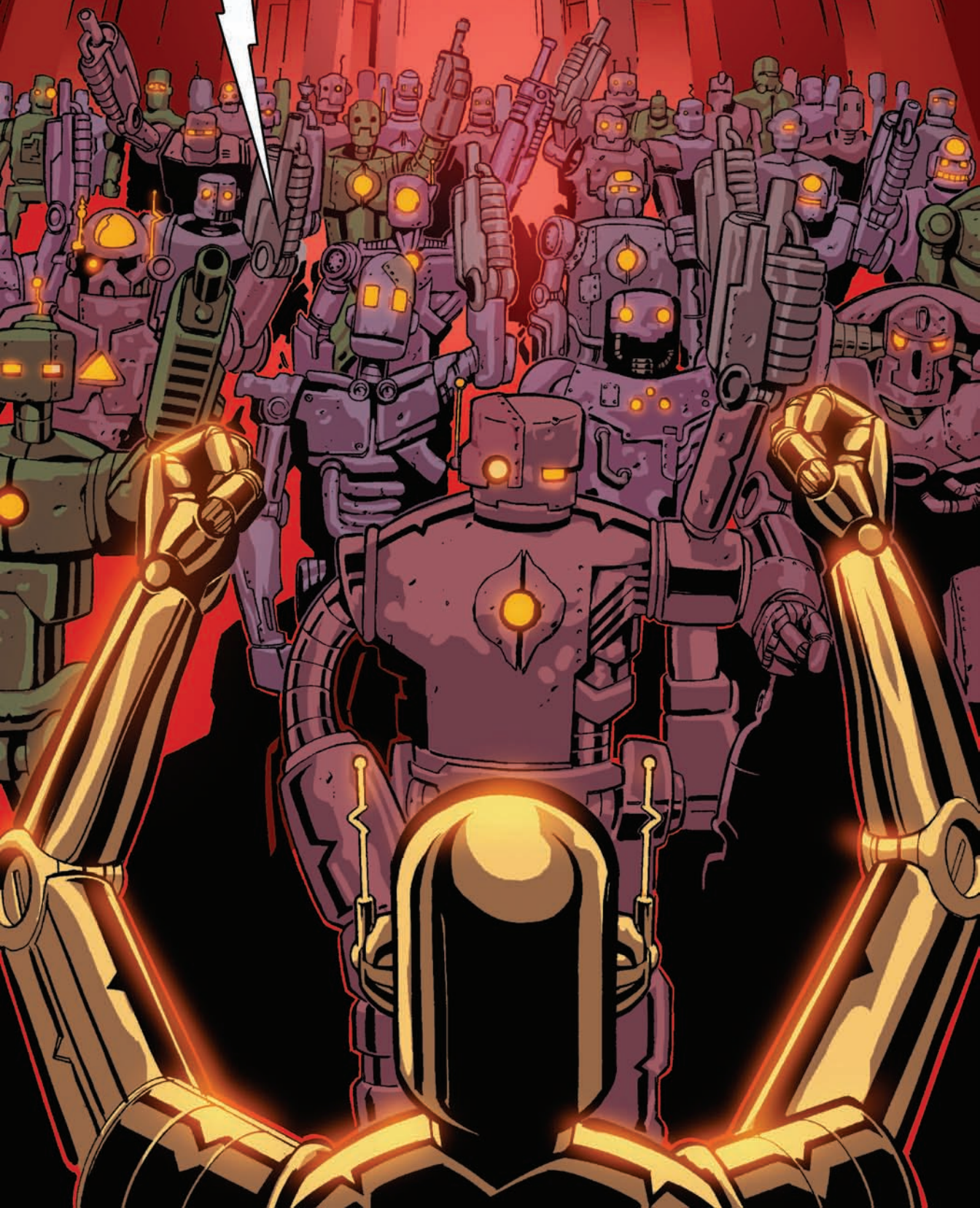






NOW, MY BEAUTIFUL ROBOT ARMY!  
ARE YOU READY TO DESTROY THE  
CRYSTAL PALACE OF WISDOM?

**YES, MASTER!**







WITH A ROBOT  
ARMY AT MYSTERION'S  
*DISPOSAL*, NO PLANET IN  
THE *GALAXY* IS GOING  
TO BE *SAFE*.



IT'S LIKE THE  
*ZYGONIAN EMPIRE*  
ALL OVER AGAIN!

MAYBE  
THAT'S WHY HE'S  
HATCHING...



...ZYGONIAN  
EGGS.



OOOOH.  
WHERE AM I? WHAT  
HAPPENED?



MOLLY?  
YOU'RE *SAFE*!



WELCOME BACK,  
LARRY. YOU HAD US ALL  
A LITTLE *WORRIED*  
THERE.



OH,  
MOLLY, I  
CAN'T TELL  
YOU--

LATER,  
LARRY. WE'VE  
GOT *BIGGER*  
FISH TO FRY  
HERE.





THERE'S A **ROBOT ARMY** ABOUT TO TAKE OVER THE **UNIVERSE**, AND IT'S BEING LED BY OUR OLD **ARCH-ENEMY**--

**MYSTERION THE MAGNIFICENT!**



THE **WORLD-FAMOUS HYPNOTIST?**

**MESMERIST, ACTUALLY.**



WE'VE GOT TO FIGHT **FIRE** WITH **FIRE**. WE NEED AN ARMY OF OUR **OWN**.

WE MIGHT BE IN **LUCK**, KID. WHEN I GOT SHOT DOWN, THE **SHADOW NEBULA** CRASH-LANDED IN A **ROBOT JUNKYARD**. THERE ARE ENOUGH **PARTS** THERE TO ASSEMBLE A **MILLION ROBOTS**.



BUT HOW WOULD WE **KEEP** THEM FROM JOINING UP WITH **MYSTERION**!?



I'VE GOT IT! REMEMBER THAT **NUMBER SERIES?**

**9-1-29-3-5-1?**





THE **BERTUCCI** SERIES!?



**EXACTLY!**  
HOW DID YOU  
KNOW?

IT WAS  
THE SUBJECT OF  
MY **MASTER'S**  
**THESIS!**



**INCREDIBLE!**  
WELL, **MYSTERION** IS  
USING IT AS A FORM OF  
ROBOTIC **MIND CONTROL**.  
IF WE CAN **REVERSE** IT,  
WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO  
**IMMUNIZE** THE ROBOTS  
WE BUILD AT THE  
JUNKYARD.



GREAT WORK,  
DOC! IF WE CAN  
DEFEAT **MYSTERION'S**  
ARMY, I'LL BE ABLE TO  
TAKE HIM ON **HEAD-  
TO-HEAD**.

THAT'S A  
BIG "IF". AND THAT  
**STILL** LEAVES THE  
**ZYGONIANS**.



MISS SLOAN,  
DO YOU BY ANY CHANCE  
HAVE A **SAMPLE** OF THE  
**EGGS**?



FUNNY  
YOU SHOULD ASK.  
I'VE BEEN TRYING TO  
**FIGURE OUT** WHAT  
TO **DO** WITH THIS.  
EW.





MY ALPHA-THREE SHOULD BE ABLE TO *SCAN THE DNA* AND PERHAPS FIND A *WEAKNESS*.



THAT'S *STRANGE*. THERE MUST BE SOMETHING *WRONG*. LET ME TRY AGAIN.



THERE IT IS AGAIN. BUT, IT'S *NOT POSSIBLE!*



*ENOUGH ALREADY!* WHAT'S GOING ON?



ACCORDING TO MY ALPHA-THREE, THE ZYBONIAN CHROMOSOME STRUCTURE IS A SERIES NINE-SEVEN DNA SEQUENCE.



IN ENGLISH, DOC!





BY SOME *CRAZY TWIST OF FATE*, THIS *ZYAGONIAN DNA* HAS THE SAME MAKEUP AS THE *MUTATED PART OF HUMAN DNA* IN MY TIME ON EARTH.



YOU MEAN...



I HAVE THE *TECHNOLOGY* TO *DESTROY* THEM!



# CHAPTER SIX

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## Intergalactic Domination







# THE INTERGALACTIC VENEMESIS

CHAPTER SIX  
INTERGALACTIC  
DOMINATION



THIS  
PROJECTION  
SHOWS A MODEL FOR  
THE WORK I DO IN  
THE FUTURE.

A MAGNIFICATION OF *MICROBES*  
WORKING IN *COORDINATED*  
ACTIVITY. *AMAZING!* BUT  
WHAT ARE THEY  
DOING?

BUILDING SALT  
CRYSTALS.

BUT SALT DESTROYS  
ZYBONIANS...



JUST  
LIKE THE  
*MUTANTS* IN  
MY TIME ON  
EARTH.



TO FIGHT THEM,  
WE USE *MICROBES*  
TO FARM SALT CRYSTALS  
FROM THE ATOMS OF  
THE VERY AIR WE  
BREATHE.

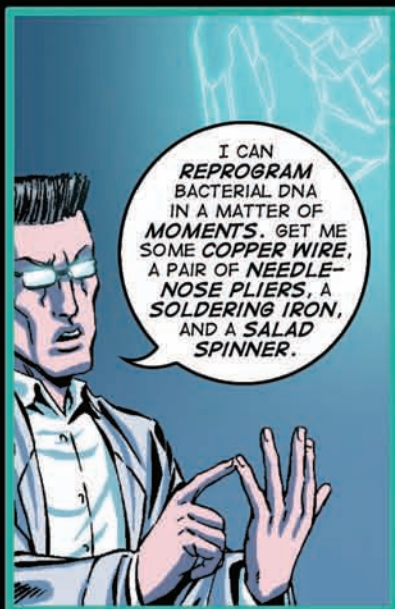


AMAZING!

JEEPERS!

WHAT?





I CAN **REPROGRAM** BACTERIAL DNA IN A MATTER OF **MOMENTS**. GET ME SOME **COPPER WIRE**, A PAIR OF **NEEDLE-NOSE PLIERS**, A **SOLDERING IRON**, AND A **SALAD SPINNER**.



SALAD SPINNER?



DOC, I'M SURE WE HAVE EVERYTHING WE NEED IN OUR **SCIENCE LAB**.



AN ACTUAL... **SCIENCE LAB**...? WHAT I WOULD GIVE FOR THAT IN MY TIME.

**AMAZING!** THEN ALL WE NEED IS A **SAMPLE OF SALT** FOR THE MICROBES TO USE AS MODEL.



THERE *ISN'T* ANY! THE **ZYGONIANS** **ELIMINATED SALT** FROM THIS GALAXY A LONG TIME AGO.



THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE **WRONG**, TIMMY. IT'S WITH US **EVERYWHERE** WE GO.



BUT I ATE THE **LAST PIECE OF TAFFY** WEEKS AGO!



NO, TIMMY. **IN OUR BODIES!**

OUR TEARS, OUR SWEAT.



**BRILLIANT!**



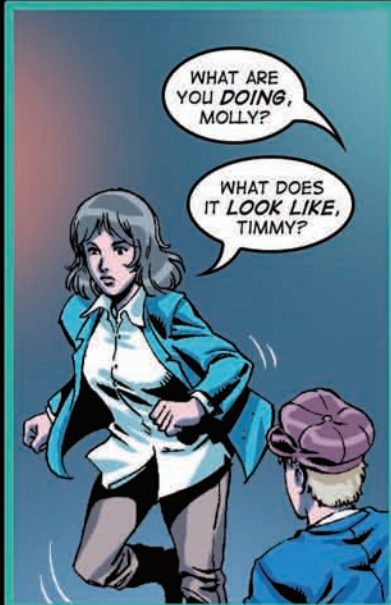
THERE'S ONLY **ONE** PROBLEM. IT'S GOING TO TAKE A **WEEK** TO DEVELOP ENOUGH SALT TO USE.

THEN WE DON'T HAVE ANY TIME TO WASTE, DO WE?



WHAT ARE YOU **DOING**, MOLLY?

WHAT DOES IT **LOOK LIKE**, TIMMY?



NORMALLY, I'M NOT ONE TO **BREAK A SWEAT**. BUT THIS IS A **SPECIAL OCCASION**.



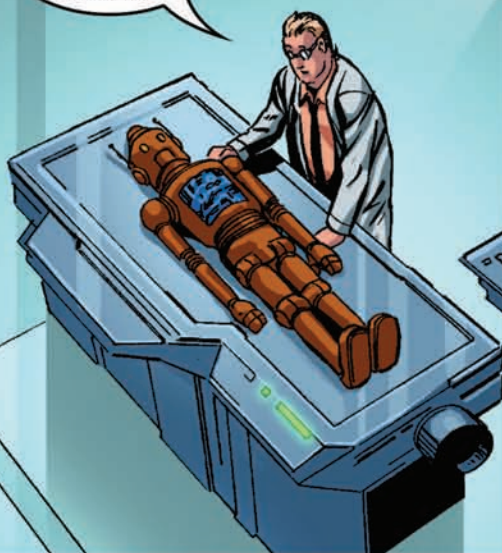
YOU'RE A **WONDER**, MISS SLOAN! **RUN IN PLACE, EVERYONE! RUN!**





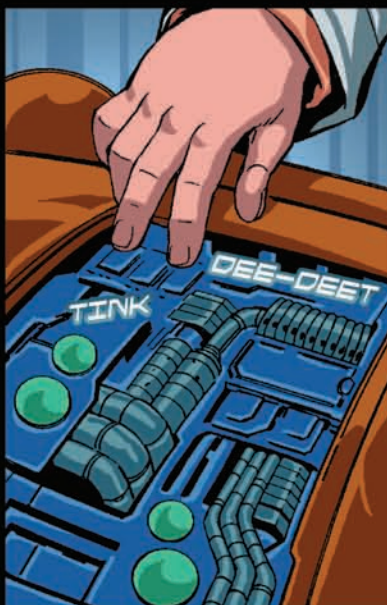


THERE.  
THAT OUGHT TO  
DO IT. ROBOT 6-38,  
HOW ARE YOU  
FEELING?

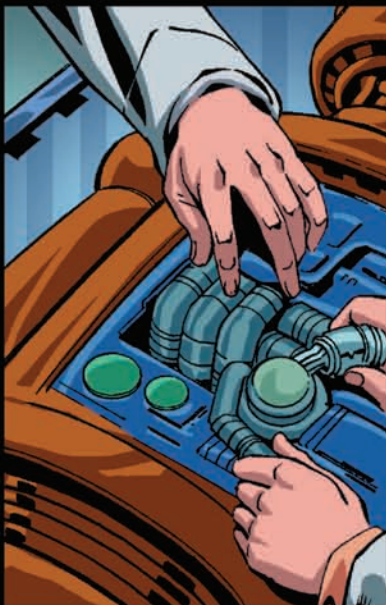


EAT DIRT,  
WEBSTER.





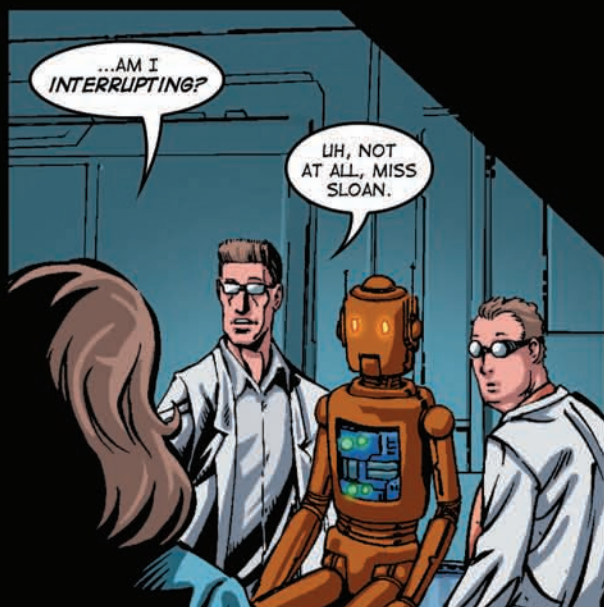








GENTLEMEN...



...AM I INTERRUPTING?

UH, NOT AT ALL, MISS SLOAN.



DR. WILCOTT, DO YOU MIND IF I HAVE A MOMENT ALONE WITH DR. WEBSTER?



OF COURSE, I'LL JUST...

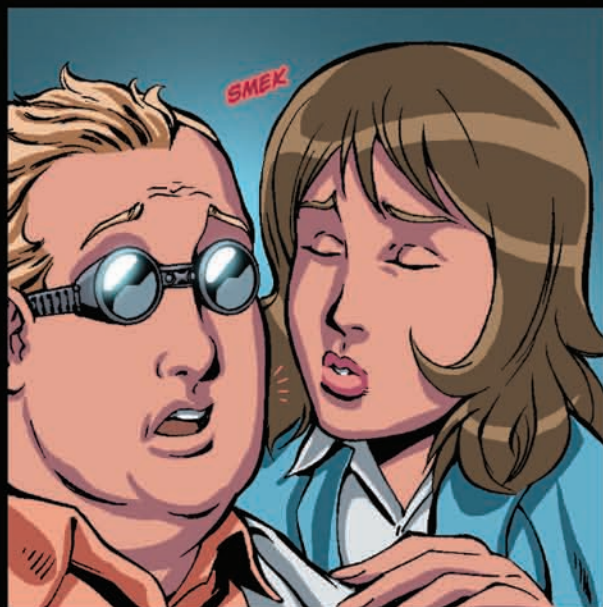


OH, MOLLY! I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE YOU AGAIN.



YEAH, ABOUT THAT. I JUST WANT TO SAY I'M SORRY FOR WHAT I DID TO YOU. ON OUR WEDDING DAY.









ALL RIGHT.  
LARRY'S HEADED  
TO THE *JUNKYARD* TO  
BUILD HIS *ROBOT*  
ARMY.



BEN AND I NEED TO SNEAK INTO  
*MYSTERION'S COMPOUND*. GET  
THOSE *EGGS*, AND HOLD THEM *HERE*  
UNTIL IT'S *HARVESTING TIME* DOWN  
ON THE OLD *SALT FARM*.

I JUST  
DON'T KNOW  
HOW WE'LL *GET*  
PAST HIS  
ARMY.



EMERGENCY-  
EMERGENCY.



BRING IT UP ON THE  
VIEWSCREEN.



DEAR LORD!



WELL, MOLLY AND BEN,  
WITH *MYSTERION'S ARMY*  
*ON THE MOVE*, NOW'S  
YOUR CHANCE.



C'MON, DR.  
WILCOTT, THOSE  
*EGGS* WON'T KEEP  
FOREVER.



A QUICK HOVERCAR  
DRIVE LATER...

















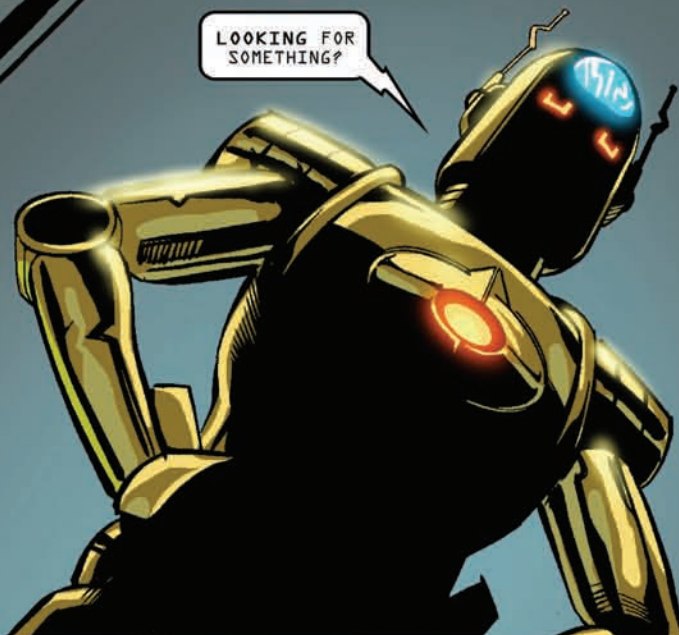


WHAT THE---?  
THE EGGS!

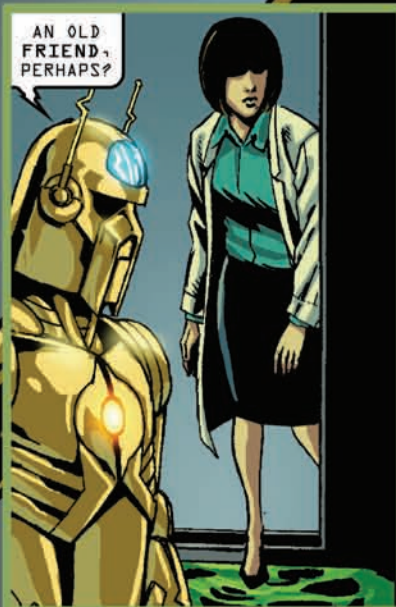


THEY'RE  
GONE!

LOOKING FOR  
SOMETHING?



AN OLD  
FRIEND,  
PERHAPS?



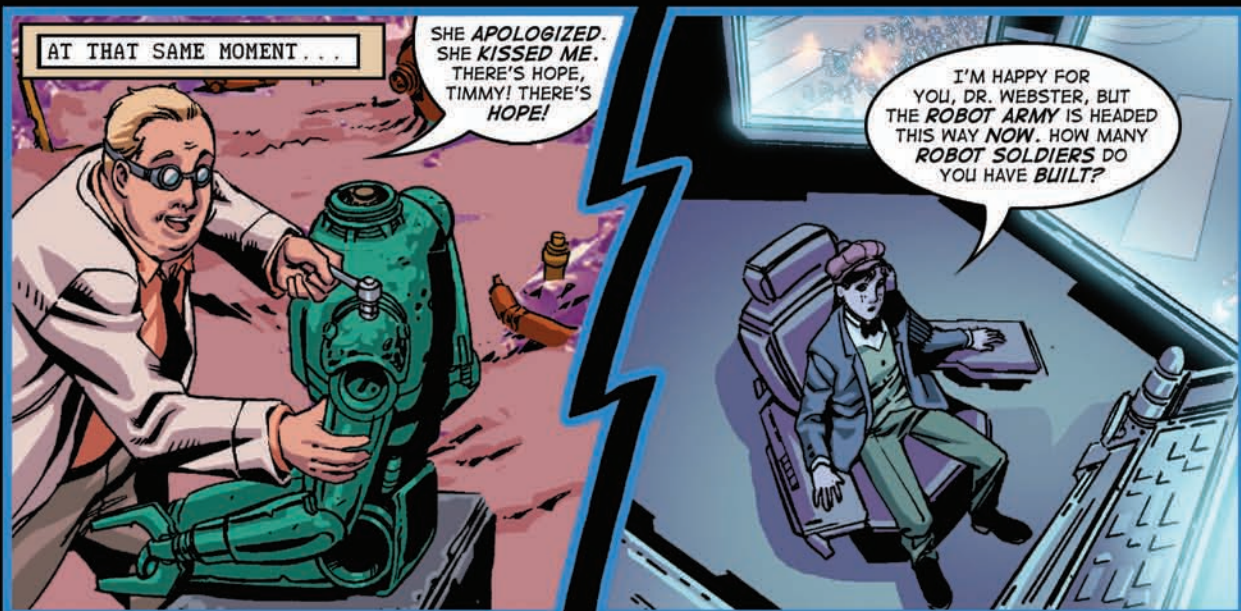
MOLLY SLOAN.  
COME WITH ME.



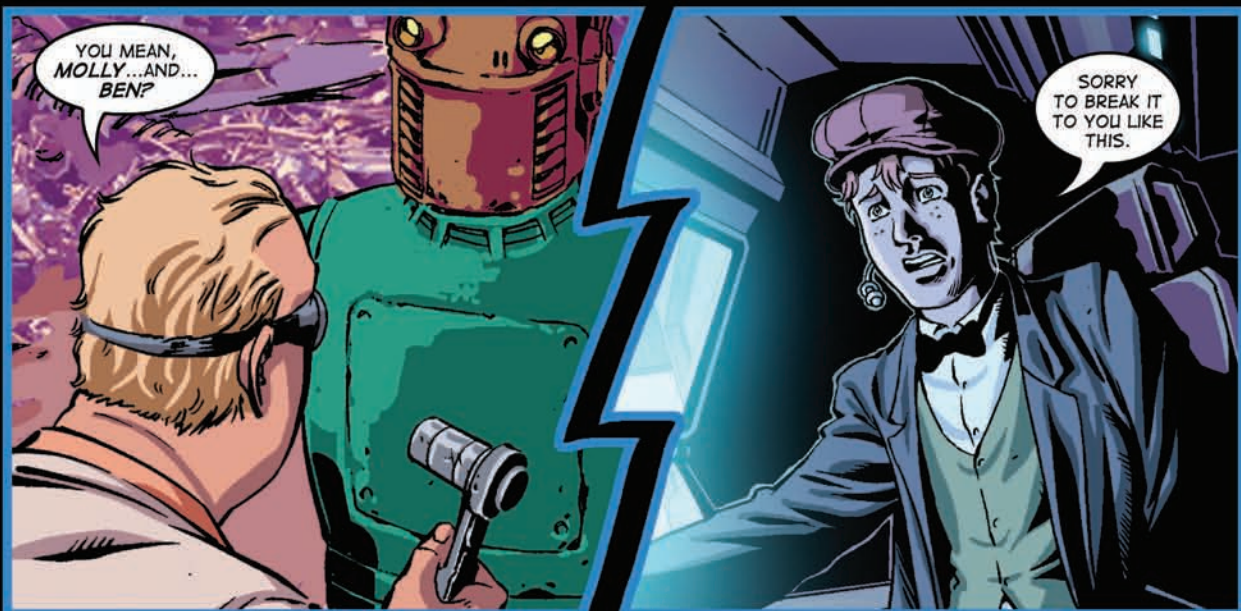
NATASHA! NATASHA!  
SNAP OUT OF IT!  
NOOOOOO...















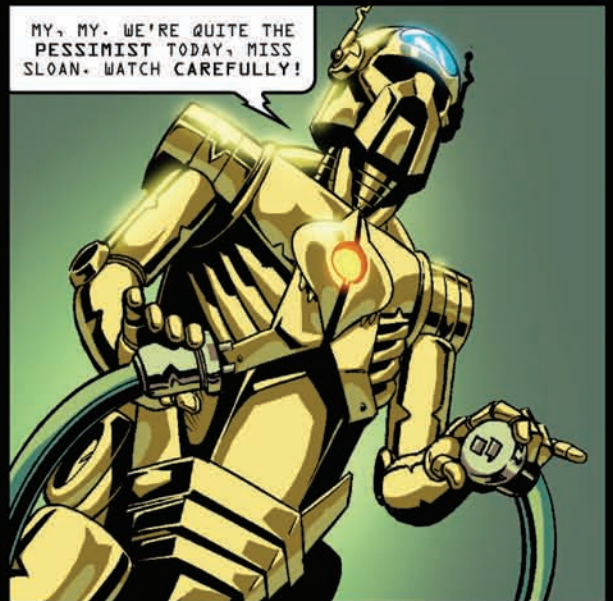


MEANWHILE . . .

AH, MR. WILCOTT  
AND MISS SLOAN.  
WELCOME BACK TO  
THE WORLD OF  
THE LIVING.















NOW, SET THE  
COORDINATES  
WE DISCUSSED.



YES,  
MASTER.



IN THE  
VIEWSCREEN!

IT CAN'T  
BE!



OH, YES! MY BASE OF  
OPERATIONS ON EARTH.  
THE GREATEST ENGINEERING  
ACHIEVEMENT OF OUR AGE!



YOU  
MONSTER!



ONCE MY  
ROBOT ARMY  
DESTROYS  
TIMMY  
MENDEZ,  
THEY WILL  
FOLLOW ME  
TO EARTH!



WITH THE ZYAGONIANS  
AUGMENTING MY MIND-POWERS  
AND THE ROBOT ARMY AT MY  
DISPOSAL, SOON I WILL  
DOMINATE THE ENTIRE GLOBE!



NOW, PREPARE YOURSELVES FOR  
ANOTHER OF MY MAGNIFICENT  
PERFORMANCES, A MESMERIZING  
SPECTACLE THAT I CALL...





**...INTERGALACTIC  
DOMINATION!**



# CHAPTER SEVEN

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## Rise of the Robots









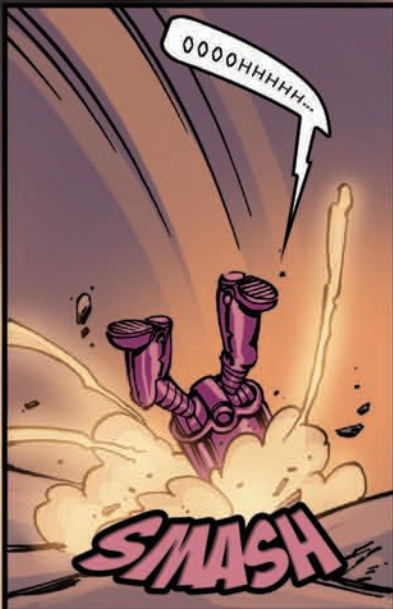


# THE INTERGALACTIC ENEMESIS



CHAPTER SEVEN  
RISE OF  
THE ROBOTS





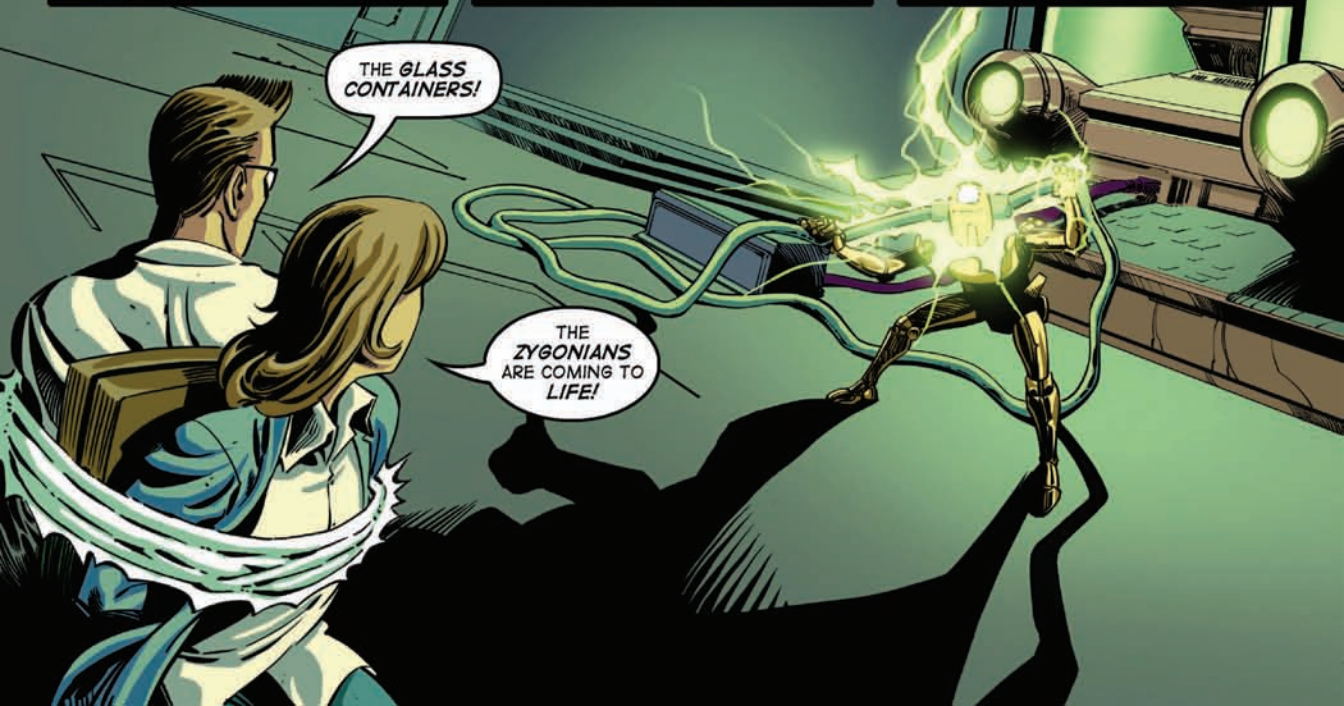
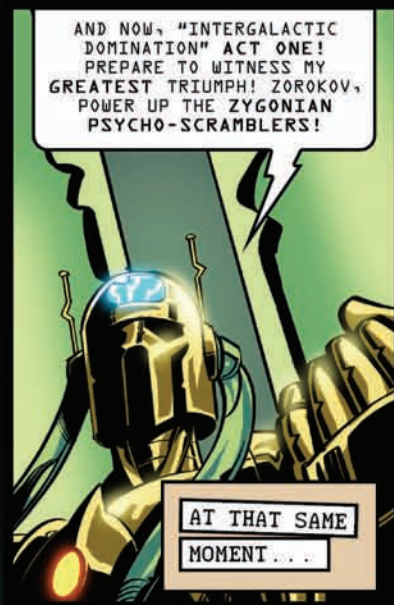




READY!  
AIM--!

NO! NO!





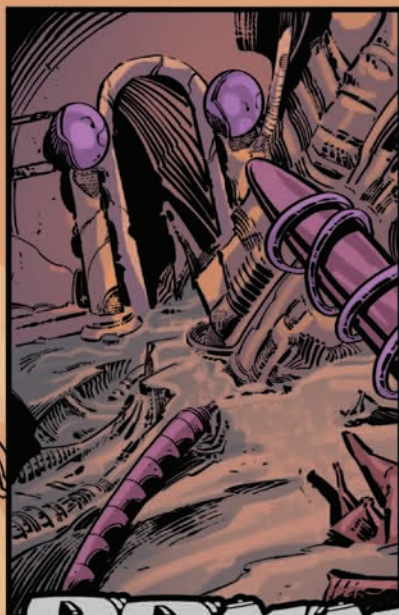




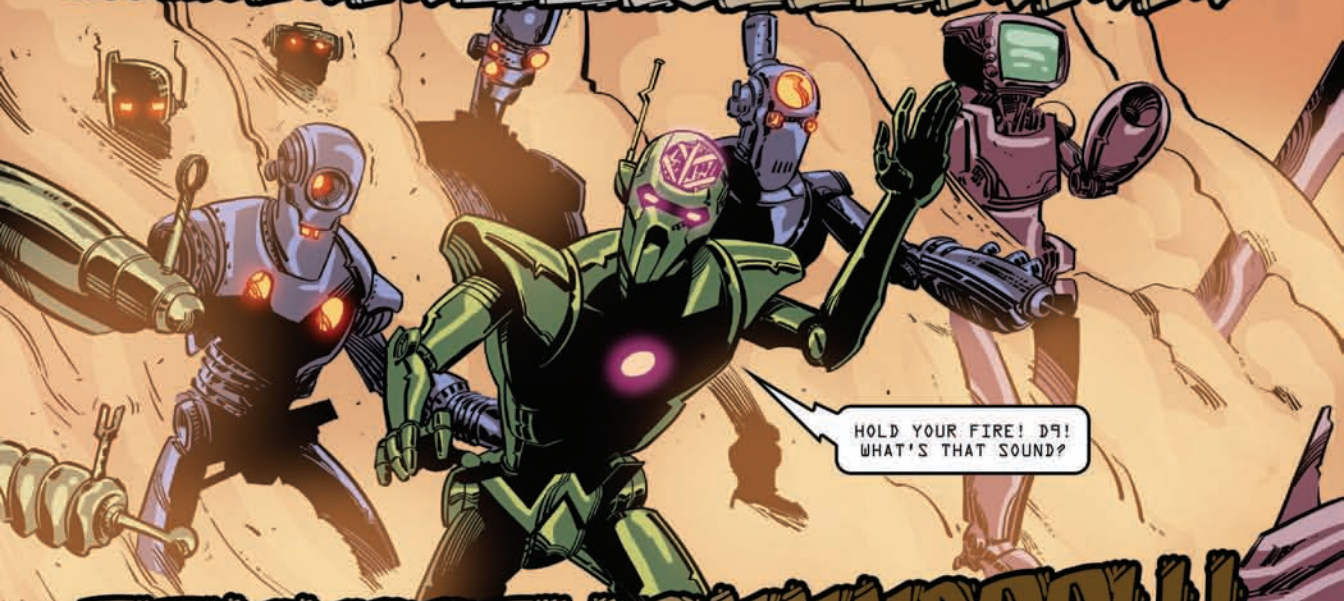








RRMMBBRLLBNMM



HOLD YOUR FIRE! D9!  
WHAT'S THAT SOUND?

RRMMBBRLLBNMMBBRLL



HEY, THE  
GROUND'S  
MOVING!



DEE-  
NINE...

I GOT A BAD  
FEELING  
ABOUT THIS...







RRM B B R L L B M M M B R R L L L



RUN, ELL-SEVEN, RUN!!!!

SSSHHRRRRMMMMMM

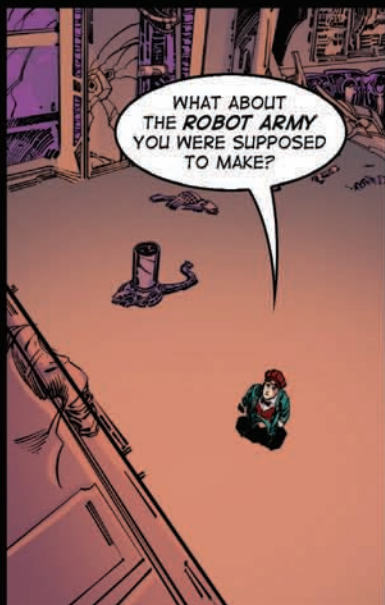


DEE-NINE! WHERE YOU GOING? GET BACK DOWN HERE!

HE-E-E-E-E-LP!!

SSSHRRRRROARRRRRR





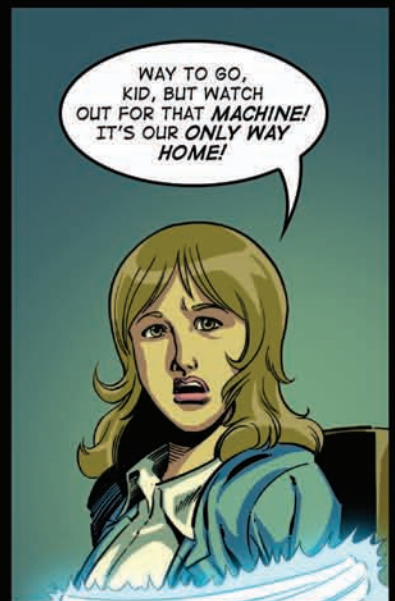




















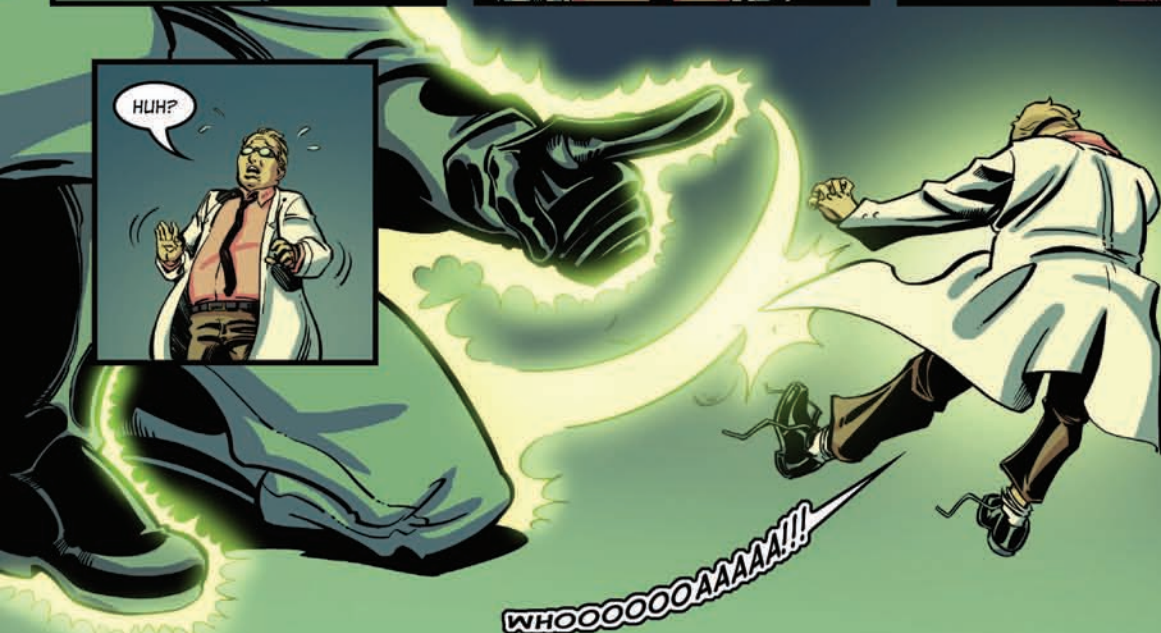
LARRY! ATTACK MYSTERION WITH THE ARMY!



THEIR ANTI-VIOLENCE SUBROUTINES HAVE BEEN RESTORED! THEY CAN'T ATTACK ANYTHING!



OH, DR. WEBSTER...



HUH?

WHOOOOOOO AAAAA!!!



WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! SEE IF YOU CAN REACH MY ALPHA-3!

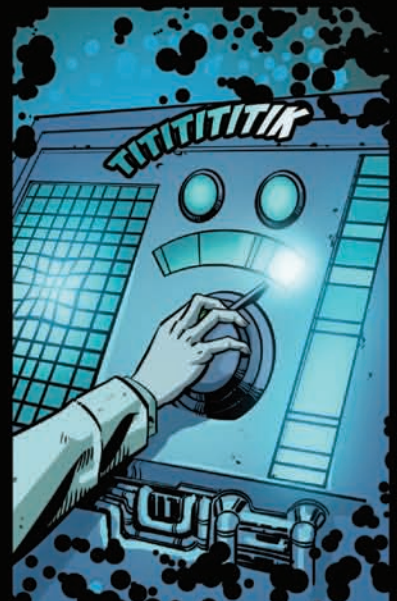


OOOOOH! TAKE THAT, MYSTERION!

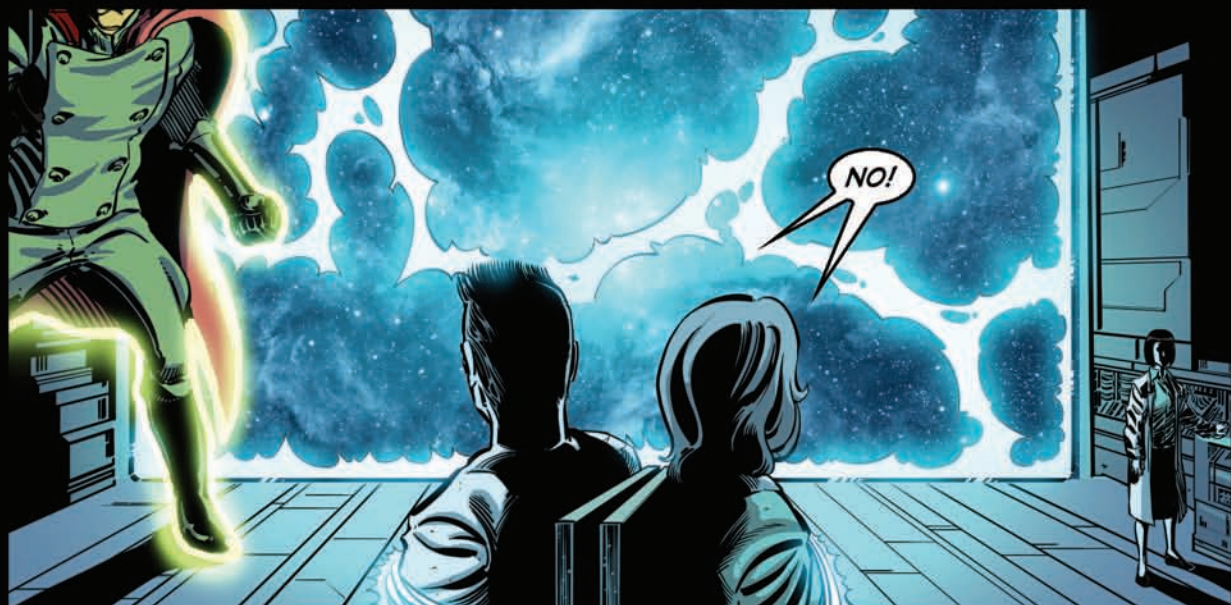


GO GET HIM, KID!


















YOU *NEVER*  
HAD ME UNDER CONTROL.  
YOUR *MIND POWERS* ARE  
*NOTHING* COMPARED TO  
THE *HORRORS* OF  
*SIBERIA.*

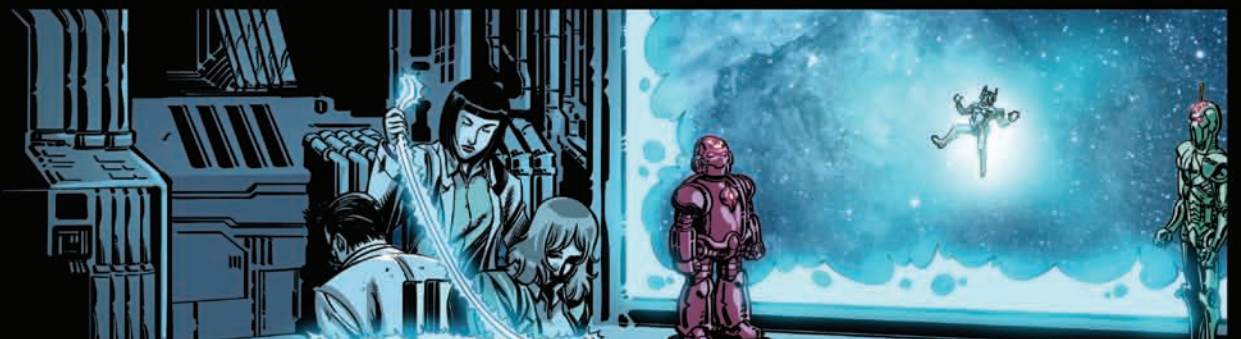










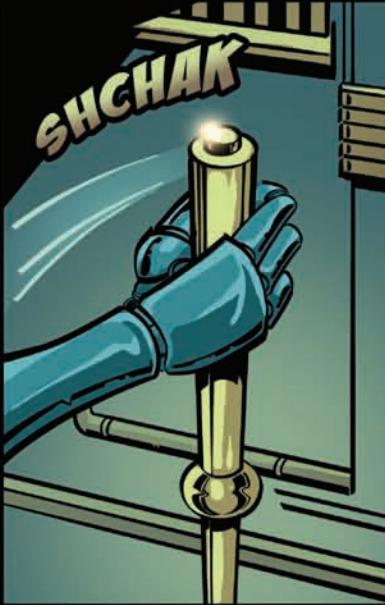




NOW, PLEASE  
POWER DOWN  
GALACTASCOPE.



SHCHAK



MYSTERION!  
YOU R---...  
WHERE'D  
HE GO?



I WOULD HAVE  
RESCUED YOU *SOONER*,  
BUT OPPORTUNITY TO *SAFELY*  
DO SO DID NOT ARISE UNTIL *THIS*  
MOMENT. MY *APOLOGIES*,  
COMRADES.



NO NEED  
TO *APOLOGIZE*,  
DOCTOR.



DR. WEBSTER.  
MY *POOR* DR. WEBSTER.  
YOU ARE ALL RIGHT?



I'M FINE.  
BUT LOOK AT  
*TIMMY!*















ROBOTS!  
ATTACK!



VIOLENCE IS  
NO LONGER  
PART OF OUR  
SYSTEM  
PARAMETERS,  
MOLLY SLOAN.



SSSHZZSS



DEAR LORD! WHY DON'T  
THOSE ROBOTS DO  
ANYTHING?!



VIOLENCE  
IS NOT PART  
OF OUR--

ZZZZT

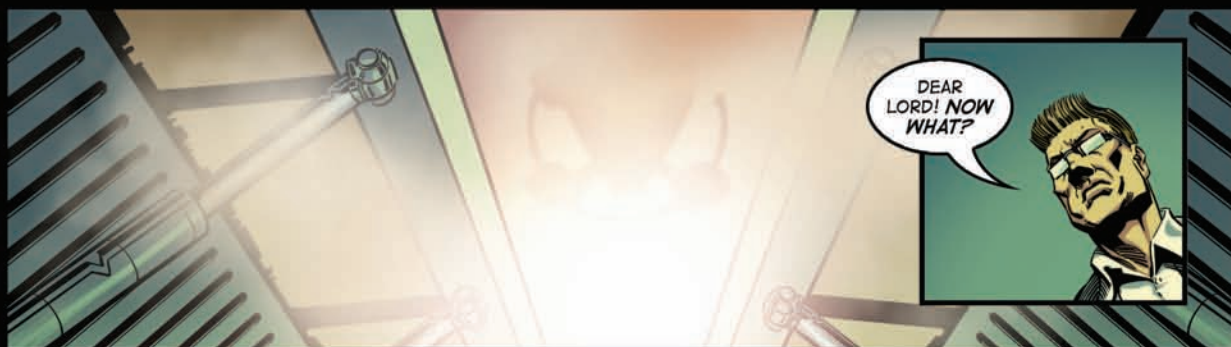


OH, NO.  
BEN, IT CAN'T  
END HERE!



OH,  
MOLLY.









DR. WEBSTER **PATCHED ME UP** WHEN HE WENT TO THE **JUNKYARD**, THE SALT CRYSTALIZED **MUCH FASTER** THAN DR. WILCOTT ANTICIPATED, AND **TIMMY** IS NOW CONTROLLING ME WITH HIS **MIND**.



THANKS, AUGHY...



SOON

THEREAFTER...

THANK YOU, HUMANS,  
FOR RESTORING PEACE  
TO OUR PLANET. TIMMY  
MENDEZ, ON BEHALF OF  
ALL ROBOTS, I WELCOME  
YOU AS OUR NEW RULER.

THE ONLY THING I DON'T *UNDERSTAND*  
IS HOW THOSE *SALT CRYSTALS* GREW  
SO *FAST*. I THOUGHT THEY WERE  
SUPPOSED TO TAKE A *WEEK*!

YEAH,  
WELL, I DID  
*THAT* WITH MY  
MIND POWERS,  
TOO.

ENOUGH WITH EXPLANATIONS.  
WHEN MYSTERION *SMASHED* INTO  
GALACTASCOPE, HE *DAMAGED* IT.  
NOW IT HAS ONLY ENOUGH POWER  
LEFT TO TRANSPORT *TWO* BACK  
TO *EARTH*. WHO WILL GO?

I CAN'T  
RETURN. I HAVE A  
*ROBOT PLANET*  
TO RULE.

RETURN?  
ARE YOU OUT OF  
YOUR MINDS?

SCIENCE IS SO *ADVANCED*  
OUT HERE THAT I MAY BE ABLE  
TO PUT *ALL* MY THEORIES INTO  
PRACTICE! OF COURSE, WITH  
ALL THE *TECHNOLOGY*--

I WILL STAY,  
TOO. *SVRENSKI*  
WILL *NEVER* FIND  
ME HERE.













**Jason Neulander** (script) has been involved with *The Intergalactic Nemesis* as a producer, director, and writer since 1996. This is his first comic book script. Neulander lives in Austin, TX, with his wife and two daughters.



**David Hutchison** (pencils and inks) was born and raised in Cincinnati. Art has been his passion since an early age. He became interested in the creation of comics in his teens. His first published work came just after graduating high school and he's made my living in comics ever since. He likes cats, dogs, and the robots that chase them!



**Lee Duhig** (color art) is a digital colorist who has worked professionally in comics for over a decade. He has worked for almost every publisher in comics and his work with GURU-eFX can be seen on a monthly basis on various titles for Marvel comics. He also serves as the head of Marketing for Antarctic Press and watches more bad movies a year than most could stand to watch in 2 lifetimes.



# THE EPIC SAGA CONTINUES...

“It’s hard to believe it’s been just two weeks since I lost my last story. Two weeks since I learned that my assistant Timmy Mendez was telekinetic. Two weeks since we watched that rat Mysterion the Magnificent die in the Ultra Hive. Two weeks since I last held Ben Wilcott in my arms.

“But another story was waiting right around the corner. You see, yesterday an old friend of mine disappeared into deep space. It all happened like this...”

When Commander Elbee Dee-Oh is lost in space, it’s up to Molly Sloan and Timmy Mendez to find him. If only it were that simple...



## PRAISE FOR BOOK ONE: TARGET EARTH

I may be biased, being a fan of pulps and old timey derring-do, but the writing here is **TOP NOTCH**... [The art is] as polished as anything else on the marketplace.

– Philip Schweier, *comicbookbin.com*

If you like your storytelling to have a bit of a classic feel (both in presentation and content) and you also enjoy a pulp-ish tinge to your series, **YOU ARE GOING TO LOVE** *The Intergalactic Nemesis*.

– Chuck Moore, *Comic Related*

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