JANUARY, 1970

COMPUTER COMICS

WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY JIM SIMMONS

ANY RESEMBLANCE TO REAL PERSONS IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL.
ANY RESEMBLANCE TO PERSONS AT WAYNE STATE UNIVERSITY IS DELIBERATE.

WARNING: READING COMPUTER COMICS MAY BE INJURIOUS TO YOUR HEALTH.
COMPUTER COMICS

presents

A GRIM FAIRY TALE

Malice in Computerland

RATED X

featuring

Old Mother Hubbard

(TEMPORARY QUEEN)

and her four ugly step-sons:

THE BRINY

MR. WIZARD

The Professor

AND

RODGER THE DODGER
CHAPTER 1 — THE GATHERING STORM

ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WAS A LAND CALLED COMPUTERLAND. IN COMPUTERLAND, THE SUN ALWAYS SHONE (24 HOURS A DAY) AND THE WEATHER WAS ALWAYS PLEASANT (72°F, 50% RELATIVE HUMIDITY). THE STREETS WERE ALL CARPETED AND LIFE WAS PLEASANT...

THE SUN (SHAPE LIKE A FLUORESCENT BULB FOR PRACTICALITY)

ON THE HIGHEST HILL IN THE LAND STOOD A BEAUTIFUL PALACE, KNOWN AS THE PALACE OF COMPUTING...

DEEP IN THE DUNGEONS OF THE PALACE OF COMPUTING LABORED AN ARMY OF SLAVES WHO KEPT THE GIANT THROBBING THREE-SICKLY MACHINE GOING...

HIGH IN THE TOWER, IN THE REGAL QUARTERS, OLD MOTHER HUBBARD (TEMPORARY QUEEN) WENT TO THE CUPBOARD TO GET THE DAILY COMPUTER OUTPUT...

ONE OF MY FOUR UGLY STEP-SONS MUST HAVE STOLEN THE OUTPUT TO ADVANCE HIS OWN CAREER! I'LL CALL A PRINCES' MEETING TO SETTLE THIS!

WHO DUNNIT?
READ ON, PLEASE...
LATER...

ALL RIGHT, LUCY DEE, PLEASE CALL THE ROLL!

FIRST, THE BRINX!

THE BRINX! MYSTERIOUS FIGURE FROM ANCIENT TIMES—SILENT, TIMELESS, NEVER CHANGING...

YES, I'VE SAID A WORD SINCE HE WAS AN INFANT! BUT I SEE HIM IN THE DISTANCE... MARK HIM PRESENT!

NEXT, MR. WIZARD! WHERE IS MR. WIZARD?

WHERE, INDEED?

MR. WIZARD HAS NOT FINISHED HIS OTHER BUSINESS YET...

FELLOWS, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET OUR ICH SALESMAN, MR. TOODLES!

MR. TOODLES, MEET MY ADVISORS, FLASH MACK...

HI, FLASH!

AND MASTER DATES!

HE DOES?
FLASH, WHY DON'T YOU TELL MR. TOODLES ABOUT THAT HARDWARE PROBLEM!

YES, FLASH! WHOOPS—WHERE DID HE GO?

DOWN THE HALL...

POOR MR. MACK! HE RAN INTO THE COMPUTER ROOM DOOR AGAIN!

LITTLE MISS KILLJOY

WELL, NO MATTER, HE'S PROBABLY RUN INTO THAT STUPID COMPUTER ROOM DOOR AGAIN!

SAY, BY THE WAY, HOW WOULD YOU FELLOWS LIKE TO SEE MY POWERING A COMPUTER WITH WATER DEMONSTRATION OR MY EGG IN THE BOTTLE EXPERIMENT OR MAYBE MY WALKING ON WATER TRICK...

HOW ABOUT YOUR DISAPPEARING ACT?

WATCH IT, MASTER BATES! YOU'LL SPoil THAT "NICE GUY" IMAGE!

CHARLIE HEAVER

ALL RIGHT, SO I'LL DO MY FAMOUS COMPUTER TERMINAL EXPERIMENT! OH, MIGHTY ORACLE SYSTEM (OS)

TELL ME WHAT'S HAPPENING!

HMM... THE ORACLE TELLS ME I'M SUPPOSED TO BE AT A PRINCES' MEETING NOW! I'LL BET THAT OLD Biddy MOTHER HUBBARD IS GOING TO ACCUSE ME OR STEALING HER OUTPUT! I'LL BE KING YET IN SPITE OF HER...

RIVALRY IN COMPUTERLAND! THE PLOT THICKENS...
AT THE SAME TIME, THE PROFESSOR IS LECTURING...

NOTICE THAT WHEN THE CONSTRAINTS ARE HELD CONSTANT...

BLAH... BLAH...

\[ x^2 + y^2 = z^2 \]

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR, AND THE PROFESSOR'S ASSISTANT, JIM SIMIAN AND EVERETT TIPP, ENTER...

HELLO PROFESSOR, WE THOUGHT WE'D PAY YOU A VISIT, ISN'T THAT RIGHT, JIM?

\[ \text{I...} \]

YOU KNOW, A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY UPSTAIRS

\[ \text{I...} \]

AND THAT REMINDS ME...

GENTLEMEN, OLD MOTHER HUBBARD IS LOOKING FOR WHOMEVER STOLE HER COMPUTER OUTPUT! WE MUST AMASS A FOOLPROOF SET OF STATISTICS AND COLD LOGIC THAT CONVINCE THE OLD BROAD THAT WE DIDN'T DO IT!

REMEMBER, STATISTICS AND LOGIC!

HOW ABOUT TRICKERY AND DECEIT?

THAT'S EVEN BETTER!

GOOD! JUST LIKE AT THE UNIV!

I'LL HAVE MY SECRETARY, FLORENCE MIGRAINE, TAKE A LETTER. "DEAR MOTHER HUBBARD: IT IS WITH GREAT CONSTernATION THAT I HAVE LEARNED OF THE MISSING COMPUTER OUTPUT! WE MUST AMass ALL PERTINENT FACTS AT OUR DISPOSAL AND BRING ALL THE MOST EFFECTIVE RESOURCES OF THE ORGANIZATION TO BEAR TO ENSURE THAT SUCH FAILURES DO NOT RECUR!" HAVE YOU GOT THAT, FLORENCE?

LET'S SEE... WHAT COMES AFTER "DEAR MOTHER HUBBARD:"?

THAT'S CLOSE ENOUGH! I'M GOING TO THE PRINCES' MEETING NOW TO CLAIM MY RIGHTFUL THRONE!

ANOTHER PRETENDER TO THE THRONE!

PLEASE CONTINUE...
CHAPTER 2 — TRIUMPH AND TRAGEDY
MORE OF THE GROUP IS ARRIVING...

HEY, BRINKY, OLD BOY, WE'LL SHOW 'EM THAT THEY CAN'T TAKE COMPUTERLAND AWAY FROM US OLD PROGRAMMERS, EH?

(CRASS CHAPS!) GOOD MORNING, DEAR MOTHER HUBBARD! SHALL WE COMMENCE THE MEETING NOW?

NOT QUITE YET! ADS ISN'T REPRESENTED YET!

OF COURSE! OUR ASSOCIATES FROM THE AGITATORS FOR A DETACHED SYSTEM MUST BE REPRESENTED!

ADS! THE RENEGADE CULT IN COMPUTERLAND — THE AGITATORS FOR A DETACHED SYSTEM! THE PRINCE OF ADS IS RODGER THE DODGER...

WORRY WORRY

AND THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE IS THE EVIL MAGICIAN SVENLANY...

AND SVENLANY'S FAVORITE DUMMY INTO WHICH HE FREQUENTLY THROWS HIS VOICE, IS CHARLIE McWALLACE...

STRAWBERRY BLONDE
GO LEFT...
GO RIGHT...
MORE WORRY

WORRY ABOUT WORRIES

YES, SVENLANY! THAT'S RIGHT, SVENLANY!

SEX AND VIOLENCE, ANYONE?
JUST TURN THE PAGE...
Svenlany Calmly Confers with Rodger the Dodger...

...so the old dame thinks we stole her output! Well, I think you should go and give her a piece of your mind!

Rant!
Rave!
Trouble
Double Trouble

Hey, you know what, Svenlany? I'm going to go and give old Mother Hubbard a piece of my mind! I'm sure glad I thought of that!

Rodger the Dodger Hurries off to the Princes' Meeting, pursued by his favorite employee...

I'll sue you! I'll have you run in! You're prejudiced!

That's my cue to get out of here!

Magpie Canty

At the meeting...

All right, I'm giving you all a piece of my mind!

Rodger the Dodger is present!

Our nude scene (note that it's essential to the plot)...

Look, it's Sophia Loraine!

Yeh! Here's the computer output! I've been using it all morning! I thought it was our personnel listing!

So, accuse me of stealing the output, will you?

Rage
Red Face
Insulting Abby, eh?

I'll fix you dames!

Hold on to your mad hats!
THE CIVIL WAR IS ON!
TAKE THAT, BRINK!
OUTTA MY WAY, LUCY DOLL!
POW!
BAM! ZÖÖÖÖ!

JIM HAMBELLY BURSTS IN...
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! THE SYSTEM'S GONNA CRASH!

PITY! DARN SHAME! BREAKS ME ALL UP!

PRINCE SOOTHER
PRINCE SCHTICK
PRINCE SLAVEY

THEY DIVIDE THE SPOILS, AND LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER...

J.S. UTOPIA? MAYBE! IN ANY EVENT IT IS...

THE END