



WOW. YOU'VE REALLY SOLVED THE PROBLEM OF WHAT TO DO WITH TOO MUCH SPACE.

NOW, WHERE THE HELL IS THE ISSUE WITH MY BIG FEATURE ON BEING CHILDLESS?

I CALLED IT "BABY-FACED LIES." BARBARA WALTERS FEATURED ME ON A TODAY SHOW SEGMENT IN '85. OR MAYBE '75.

**BRRNG
BRRNG**

**BRRNG
BRRNG**

MAYBE WE SHOULD GET THAT?

NAH. THESE DAYS, NOBODY CALLS ME BUT CON ARTISTS TELLING ME I OWE MONEY, OR I WON MONEY, OR I'M ELIGIBLE FOR BETTER HEALTH INSURANCE.

USUALLY, I TALK DIRTY TO THEM TILL THEY HANG UP.

IT'S PROBABLY MY BOSS, CHECKING UP ON... CHECKING IN WITH ME. FEEL FREE TO REGALE HER WITH SOME VINTAGE DIRTY TALK.

WHERE THE HELL IS THE PHONE?

**BRRNG
BRRNG**



YOU'VE REACHED HILDY WINTERS ON AN AUTOMATIC ANSWERING MACHINE. IF YOU'RE A SALESPERSON OR A CON ARTIST, GO SCREW YOURSELF.

IT'S IN THE OTHER ROOM!

STOP! YOU CAN'T GO IN THE KITCHEN!



IF YOU'RE A FRIEND, AN EDITOR, OR DR. TWERSKY, LEAVE A MESSAGE AFTER THE TONE.

WHAT DO YOU THINK I'M GOING TO DO, CRAM SPOONS IN MY POCKETS?

IT'S MY HOUSE. YOU CAN'T JUST WANDER *WHENEVER* YOU PLEASE!

I MEAN, WHEREVER.



BEEEP!

OKAY. SO HOW ABOUT I WAIT HERE AND YOU BRING ME THE PHONE?

I'M SORRY, BUT I JUST DON'T FEEL *COMFORTABLE* LETTING YOU INTO THE KITCHEN.

WAIT, WHAT?

I SAID, HOW ABOUT YOU BRING THE PHONE IN HERE?



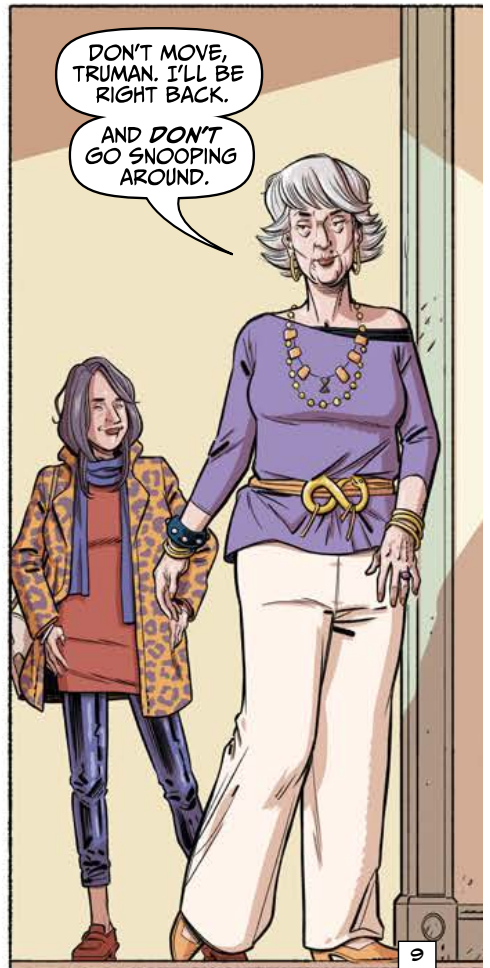
HELLO, MRS. WINTERS. THIS IS LILLIAN GRAVES FROM THE HELPING MOM AGENCY.

IF I DON'T PICK UP, SHE'LL DOCK MY PAY.

YEAH, OKAY.



THANK YOU, MS. WINTERS. TELL HER TRISTA IS HERE?



DON'T MOVE, TRUMAN. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.

AND DON'T GO SNOOPING AROUND.



I'M JUST CALLING TO SEE HOW THINGS ARE GOING WITH TRISTA, YOUR NEW HOME HEALTH CARE--

CLICK

HELLO? HELLO?

HEY. THIS ISN'T BAD.



HELLO? HELLO?

SHH! CAN YOU KEEP A SECRET?
What Your Best Friend Won't Tell You...and What She Will.

by Hildy Winters

This is the dirty little secret of close female friendships: We tell one another everything.

Yes, everything—the awful mistake we made at work, how many ciggies a day, exactly what our guy does in bed.

These conversations do not only...



I SHOULD MAKE LILLY READ THIS.

There's only one thing your best friend won't tell you... and that's the day she stops being your best friend.



GODDAMNIT! I DISCONNECTED THE CALL!

HILDY? CAN I HELP?



CLATTER CRASH BANG

HILDY! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

AAAAGHH!
WHY IS THIS MY LIFE? I'M FALLING APART!



HILDY? SHIT!



MS. WINTERS!
WHERE ARE YOU?

OH, CRAP,
WHAT AM I GOING TO
TELL LILLY? THE OLD
LADY VANISHES?



IT CAN'T BE
THE SHROOMS.
THEY WORE
OFF AROUND
MIDNIGHT.



UNNNNGGH!

MS. WINTERS!
ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT?



DON'T
WORRY, I'VE
GOT YOU!

AAAGH!
MY FOOT!

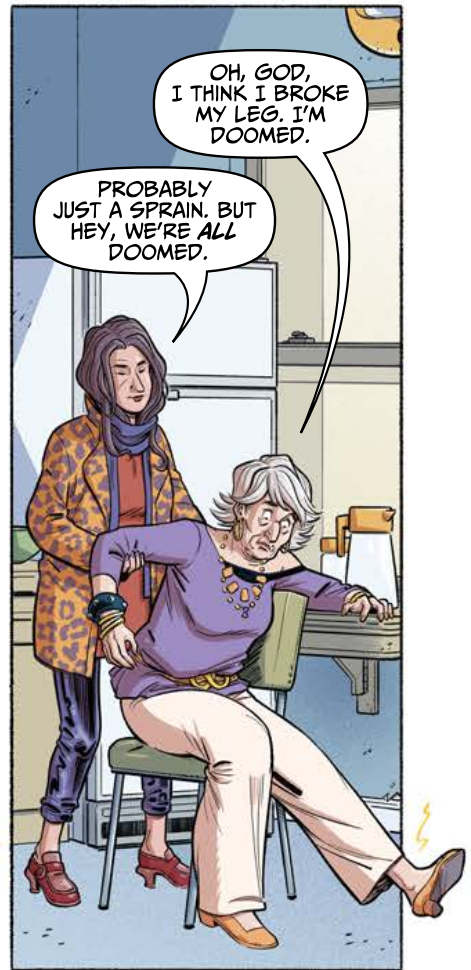


SORRY ABOUT THAT.
LET ME HELP YOU UP.
WHERE WERE YOU
TRYING TO GO,
ANYWAY?



NONE OF YOUR DAMN
BUSINESS. I GOT THINGS TO
DO, AND NOT A LOT OF TIME
LEFT TO DO THEM.

NOW **BACK
OFF** AND LEAVE
ME ALONE.

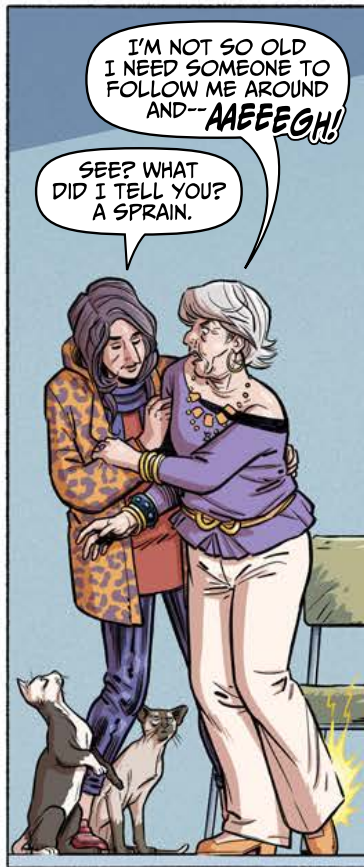




NONSENSE! I JUST BANGED IT. STOP TRYING TO CONTROL ME.

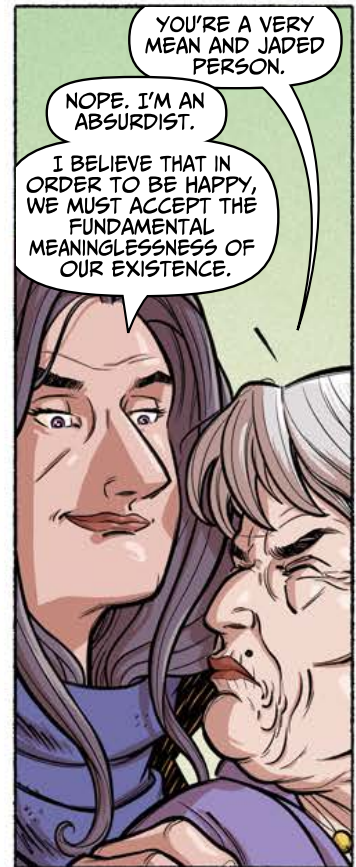
HEY, I'M NOT THE CONTROLLING TYPE.

I'M MORE THE "DO THE ABSOLUTE MINIMUM REQUIRED TO DO THE JOB" TYPE.



I'M NOT SO OLD I NEED SOMEONE TO FOLLOW ME AROUND AND-- **AAEEEOH!**

SEE? WHAT DID I TELL YOU? A SPRAIN.



YOU'RE A VERY MEAN AND JADED PERSON.

NOPE. I'M AN ABSURDIST.

I BELIEVE THAT IN ORDER TO BE HAPPY, WE MUST ACCEPT THE FUNDAMENTAL MEANINGLESSNESS OF OUR EXISTENCE.



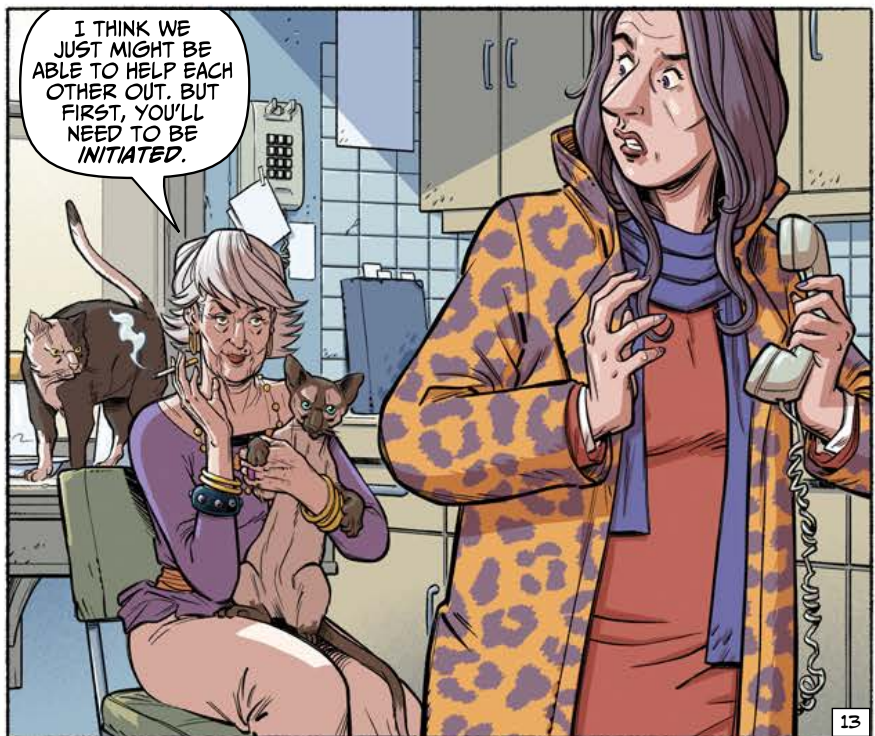
THAT'S NOT ABSURDISM, KID. THAT'S BARGAIN-BASEMENT NIHILISM.

YOUR BOSS KNOW SHE HIRED A GLOOM MERCHANT?

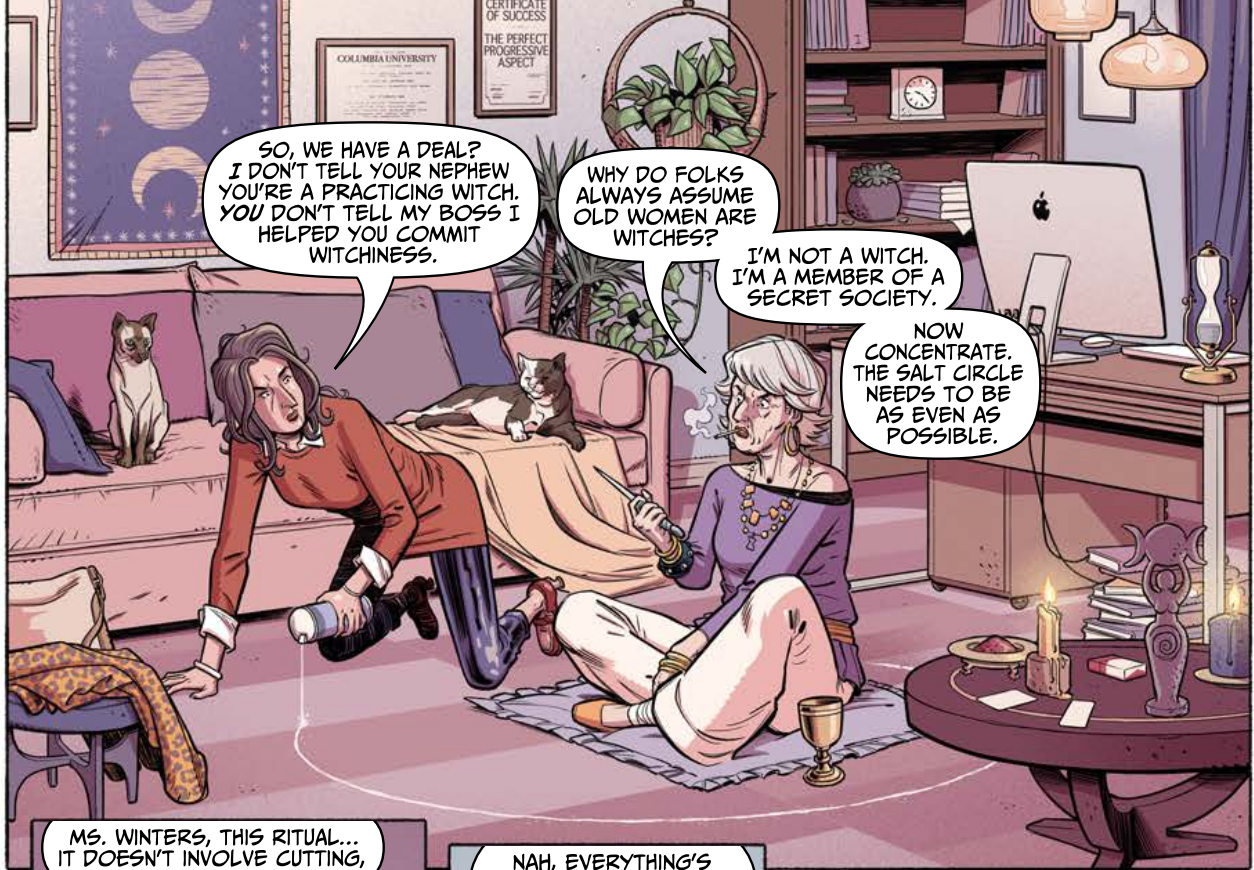


BOSS--CRAP! I NEED TO CALL LILLY BACK BEFORE SHE SENDS OVER A REPLACEMENT.

ON YOUR LAST CHANCE WITH THE AGENCY, HUH?



I THINK WE JUST MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP EACH OTHER OUT. BUT FIRST, YOU'LL NEED TO BE INITIATED.



SO, WE HAVE A DEAL? I DON'T TELL YOUR NEPHEW YOU'RE A PRACTICING WITCH. YOU DON'T TELL MY BOSS I HELPED YOU COMMIT WITCHINESS.

WHY DO FOLKS ALWAYS ASSUME OLD WOMEN ARE WITCHES?

I'M NOT A WITCH. I'M A MEMBER OF A SECRET SOCIETY.

NOW CONCENTRATE. THE SALT CIRCLE NEEDS TO BE AS EVEN AS POSSIBLE.

MS. WINTERS, THIS RITUAL... IT DOESN'T INVOLVE CUTTING, DOES IT?



NAH, EVERYTHING'S SYMBOLIC. THE ATHAME REPRESENTS THE MASCULINE PRINCIPLE AND CHANNELS ETHERIC ENERGIES.



WHATEVER. JUST DON'T GET CONFUZZLED AND MACK THE KNIFE ME.

HEY, FANCY SHOES.



FLUEVOGS.
GOT THIS PAIR IN THE FLAGSHIP STORE IN VANCOUVER BACK IN THE MID-NINETIES.

I WAS ON ASSIGNMENT, TEETERING ALONG THE COBBLESTONES IN THE GASTOWN SECTION IN MY POST-FEMINIST POWER BLAHNIKS.

"MY INTERVIEW HAD LASTED SIX HOURS, MOST OF THEM ON THE HOOF."

"I KNEW THE MOMENT WE STOPPED MOVING, WE WERE GOING TO WIND UP IN BED, AND I NEEDED MORE USABLE QUOTES."



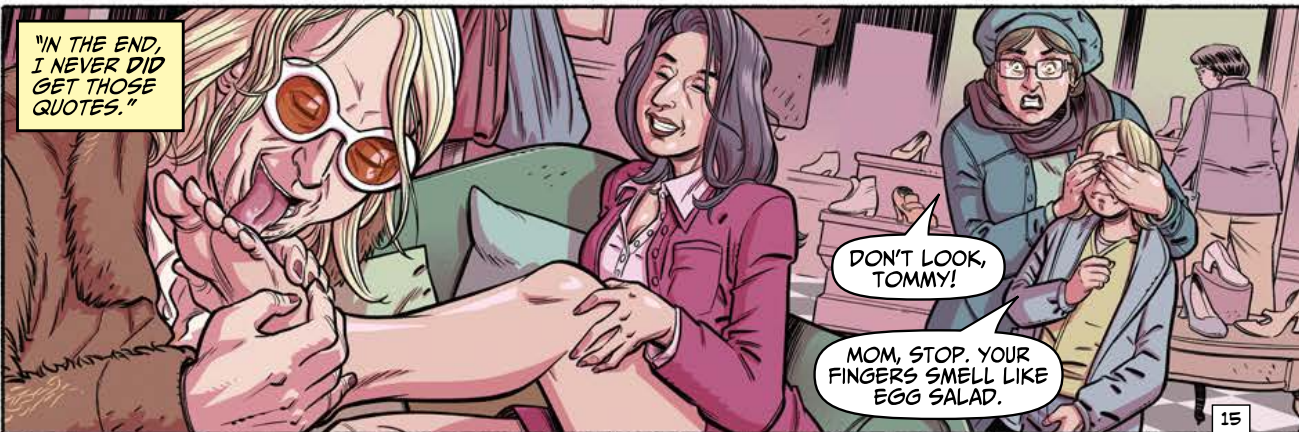
"BUT I KEPT TWISTING MY ANKLE ON THE COBBLESTONES, SO WE DECIDED I NEEDED NEW SHOES."



"THE AFFAIR DIDN'T LAST, BUT MY LOVE OF IDIOSYNCRATIC FOOTWEAR STILL STANDS THE TEST OF TIME."

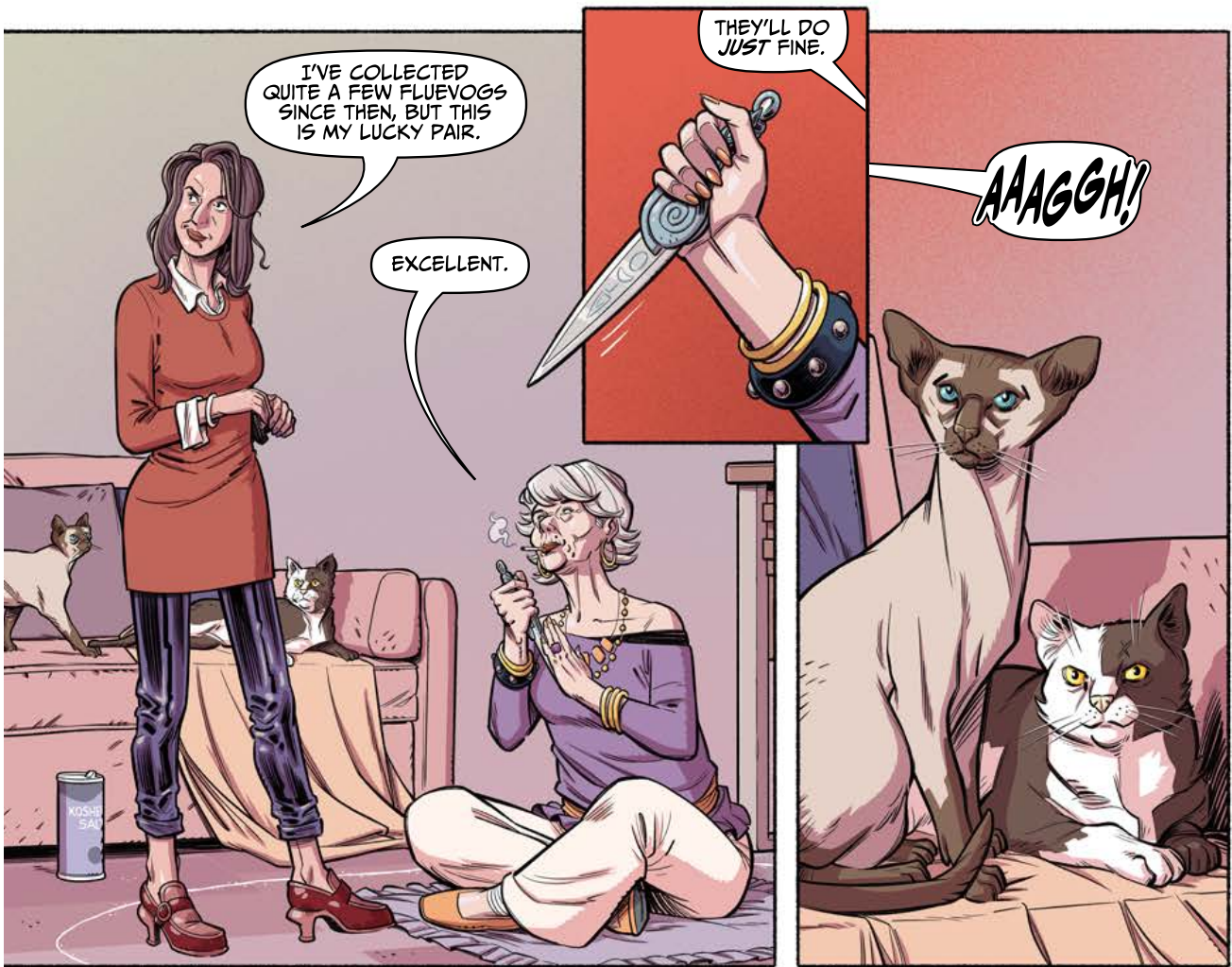


"IN THE END, I NEVER DID GET THOSE QUOTES."



"DON'T LOOK, TOMMY!"

"MOM, STOP. YOUR FINGERS SMELL LIKE EGG SALAD."



I'VE COLLECTED QUITE A FEW FLUEVOGS SINCE THEN, BUT THIS IS MY LUCKY PAIR.

EXCELLENT.

THEY'LL DO JUST FINE.

AAAGGH!



HOLY CRAP, YOU'RE INSANE!

NONSENSE. THE INITIATION REQUIRES A SACRIFICE, THAT'S ALL.



SO YOU STABBED ME?

STOP KVETCHING. I STABBED YOUR FLUE-FETISH, NOT YOUR FOOT.





THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP

BRRRRING
BRRRRING

MS. WINTERS? HILDY?

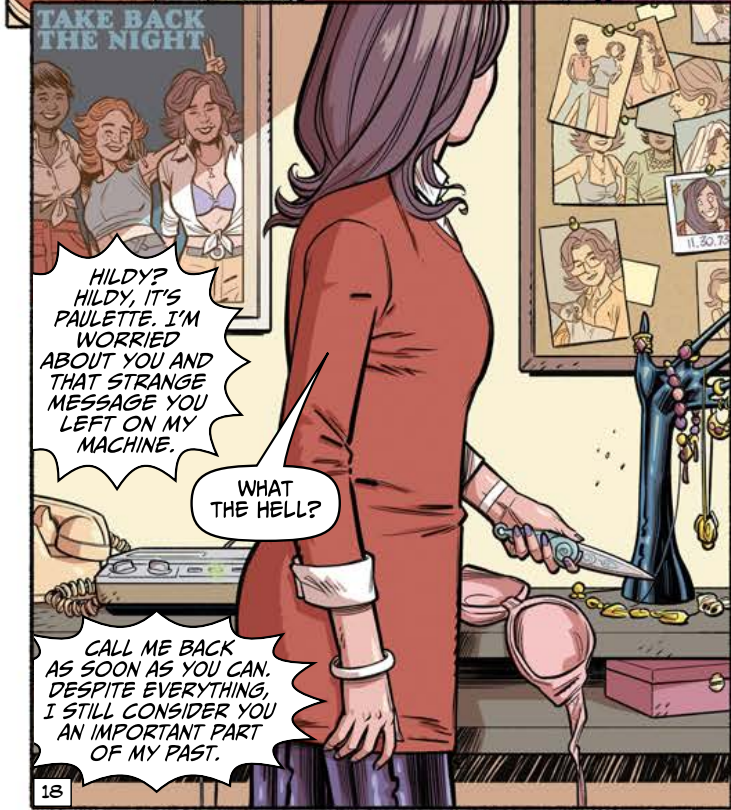


OH, HELLO, CAT.

DEAR LORD, ARE THOSE BEN WA BALLS YOU'RE BATTING ABOUT?

MRRRROWRR!

YOU'VE REACHED HILDY WINTERS ON AN AUTOMATIC ANSWERING MACHINE...



TAKE BACK THE NIGHT

HILDY? HILDY, IT'S PAULETTE. I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOU AND THAT STRANGE MESSAGE YOU LEFT ON MY MACHINE.

WHAT THE HELL?

CALL ME BACK AS SOON AS YOU CAN. DESPITE EVERYTHING, I STILL CONSIDER YOU AN IMPORTANT PART OF MY PAST.



IS THAT A POLAROID OF ME? AND IS THAT MY YOYO?



OOOOOWWW!



WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING, YOUNG LADY?

I CAN'T WAIT ANYMORE! PAST TIME IS PASSING!

AND WHY DO YOU HAVE A POLAROID OF ME AS A KID?

YOU WERE A KID?



WHAT'S THE PLAN HERE? CRAWLING DOWN FIFTEEN FLIGHTS OF STAIRS?

I JUST NEED TO GO THROUGH THE PORTAL. IN 1973, MY ANKLE IS FINE!



OKAY, YOU WANT TO STEP OUT THE BACK DOOR? FINE. I'LL HELP YOU. BUT THEN WE GO RIGHT BACK INSIDE.

ABSOLUTELY. ANYTHING YOU SAY.



THERE YOU GO. SATISFIED? NOTHING HERE BUT THE FIRE STAIRS AND... HEY! CAREFUL!

LET GO OF ME!



STOP! YOU'RE GOING TO FALL DOWN THE--

WAIT A MINUTE. WHERE DID THE STAIRS GO?

MRRROW?

MROW.

G.I.L.T.

Travel Responsibly!
Only 1 Temporalist
at a Time.



GUILD OF INDEPENDENT LADY TEMPORALISTS

Rules and Regulations:

- 1) Do not alter any major feature of the apartment without co-op board approval.
- 2) Do not alter any major feature of the past without co-op board approval.
- 3) Do not stay in the past for longer than 7 days.

WHAT IS THIS, THE BERMUDA TRIANGLE OF THE UPPER WEST SIDE?

I TOLD YOU TO LET GO OF ME, BUT DID YOU LISTEN?

I FEEL WEIRD.



HILDY! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

OY VEY. YOU'RE REALLY NOT SUPPOSED TO BE HERE.

Well, that was good, wasn't it? Yes, if you're the low type who reads the text page before the story, I just laid a big spoiler on you. I'll repeat it: This issue was good! More spoilers: witty, gorgeous, sensitive . . . oh my God, that describes *me!* Alisa, Mauricet, and Rob have made *G.I.L.T.* a valentine to me!

While that sinks in, let's have a look at your letters, which already exist due to time travel.

Dear Editor,

My oldest brother, who's been reading G.I.L.T. much longer than I have, recalls a story in which Hildy and Trista tracked down a criminal by means of candle wax. Can you please explain?

Hollis Phemister
Pawtucket, RI

Is it warm in here?

Dear Editor,

Recently, you had a story in which a giant enemy gave Hildy and Trista some awful rough moments. It seems to me that if Hildy could grow into a giant, she'd be much more effective.

Lefty Donovan
Reno, NV

I suppose, Lefty. But there was no giant or—now that I think of it—no candle wax. This is the first issue ever of *G.I.L.T.*! How could these stories exist? Wait, I already said time travel. I feel really light-headed.

Dear Editor,

More than once, you've called the G.I.L.T. mobile the fastest car in the world. What gives it its special power?

Katie Osborne
Lexington, KY

I don't know, Katie. There's a *G.I.L.T.* mobile?

Dear Editor,

Personally, my favorite type of story is when Trista's body, for some strange scientific reason, undergoes incredible changes. Are you planning another one soon?

Marty Fricke
Akron, OH

What is wrong with you, Marty? Don't write to us anymore. And don't read *G.I.L.T.* We don't want you.

Dear Editor,

Are boys allowed to join G.I.L.T.? If they are, I would love to join. Could you please tell me where one is located near me?

Abbott Boyd
Kirksville, MO

No and no, Abbott.

Dear Editor,

I bought G.I.L.T. comics for my little girl and read the stories to her before she could read. Now she can buy her own, and do you know what happened in the meantime? I got bit by the G.I.L.T. bug myself! Now little Kathy always remembers to pass her copies on to me. Keep up the good work!

Debbie Willihan
Banff, Alberta

Thanks for your letter, Debbie. We've forwarded it to the Canadian Centre for Child Protection. The rest of you: Please, please, please do not read *G.I.L.T.* to small children. It's not for them.

Dear Editor,

Is it true that Hildy and Trista have outfits which enable them to withstand severe bolts of electricity?

Joan Torio
Utica, NY

That's it. I'm closing the mailbag. Do better, people.



COMING AHOY-TRACTIONS

THE WRONG EARTH: FAME & FORTUNE (Mark Russell, Michael Montenat, Andy Troy, and Rob Steen. Covers by Jamal Igle, Michael Montenat, and Gene Ha.)—Another cash-grabbin' *WRONG EARTH* one-shot! On Earth-Alpha, Dragonflyman and his billionaire alter-ego, Richard Fame, work to bring citizens together. On Earth-Omega, the Dragonfly—also Richard Fame—busts heads and breaks unions with a savage intensity. But they both share one goal: build a new sports stadium with Richard Fame's name on it!—**April 13!**

NEXT: Alisa, Mauricet, and Rob's love letter to *moi* continues as Hildy and Trista are whisked back to 1973, where they meet again for the first time! Join us back here on **May 11!** Until we meet again—

—Tom



Write to *G.I.L.T.*—or any *AHOY* comic—at letters@comicsahoy.com. Snail mail: PO Box 189, DeWitt, NY 13214. Mark "OK to print" if it is.

AND! Subscribe to the free, funny-as-anything *AHOY Comics Newsletter* at bit.ly/newsahoy.



MULTIVERSE AHOY!

THE WRONG EARTH

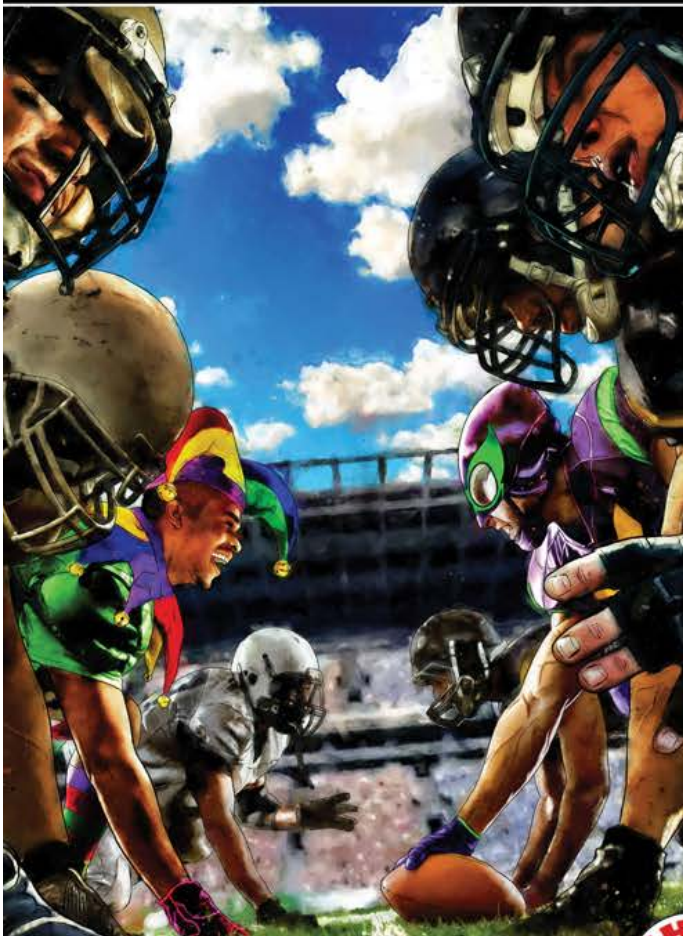
FAME & FORTUNE

MARK RUSSELL
MICHAEL MONTENAT
ANDY TROY
ROB STEEN

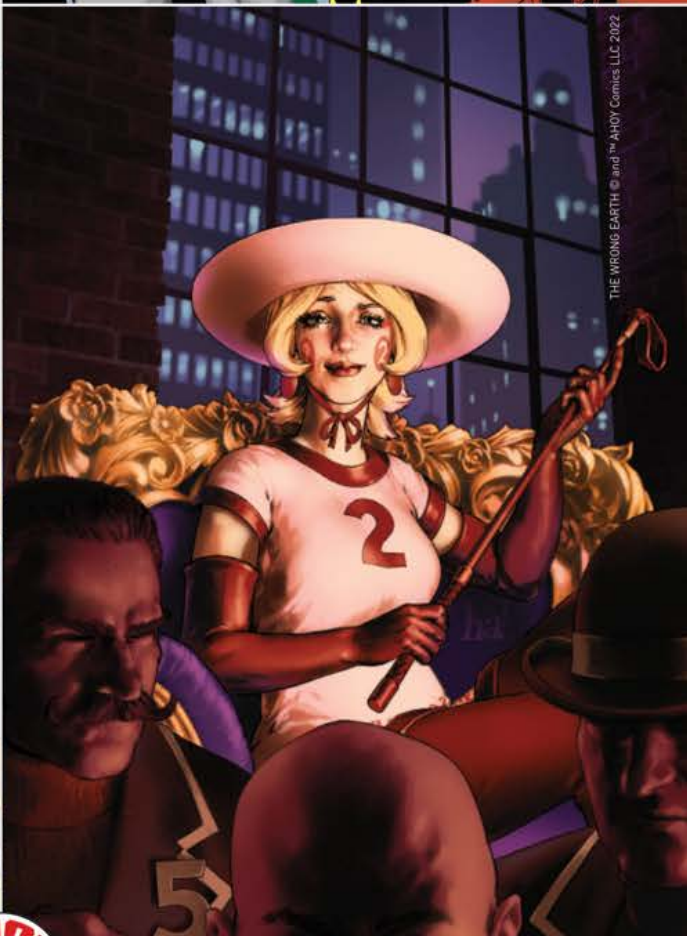


APRIL 13

JAMAL IGLE
COVER



MICHAEL MONTENAT
VARIANT COVER



GENE HA
VARIANT COVER

THE WRONG EARTH © and ™ AHOY Comics, LLC 2022

Art by Jane Cat



RETURN OF THE HUMANS

by MAGGIE DANCER

After the nuclear war, after global warming peaked and began its descent, after all remaining humans were gone to Mars and beyond and the only animals left were squirrels, aardvarks, vultures, and several of the more aggressive insects, the only other things were the robots. AI had taken over all the work that the humans had done and each robot had its specific task. And only its specific task.

After 100 years, what had been left behind were the farms, the manufacturing plants, the river keepers, the soil testers, the packers, the miners, the clothiers, the drivers, the pilots, the rock diggers, the cement makers, and all the robots who did all the kinds of work that the humans had done. This continued without pause for the entire 100 years and all activities were centered, as had been predicted, at the earth's poles.

It took the five Overseer robots—who knew nothing more than to make sure all robots were doing their programmed tasks—those 100 years to realize that 100 years of automobiles had been built, 100 years of vegetables had been grown, harvested, refrigerated, frozen and stored,

100 years of building after building after building had been built so that all the food, cars, computers, drones, howitzers, Jumbo Jets, ships, trains, piles of blacktop and cement and all else that had been produced were overwhelming the planet with no humans to consume them.

All were duly stored because that was the job of the storer robots and it was, of course, all they knew how to do. And that was the only unfortunate result—no robot could be reprogrammed. No robot knew the codes, the procedures, or even that there were codes and procedures. Every single robot had been given one job and one job only.

There was a leader, however, among the five Overseer robots. And one thing that it knew besides being a leader type of robot was that there had been humans, and those humans had been made of genes. And so that leader, with a decal on its left hip showing 889245GX22, gathered all the searchers and librarians and techie robots to find out what genes were and how to make them into human beings.

889245GX22 appointed Librarian 45WN to find all books on genetics. Librarian 45WN, in turn, put Color Specialist Zx78 in charge of finding a book and the book he chose was written by Doc PackerBacker. It happens that Doc PackerBacker finished third from last in his class at Joe's Med School (unaccredited). Doc PackerBacker had taken full advantage of the course menu and decided he liked genetics, the best. He wrote a book about genetics which he titled "Genetics of the Creatures: My Favorite Projects and Other Science Stuff". It was a vanity book financed by his dotting uncle. It so happened that the Color Specialist Zx78 chose this book because he liked the cover.

It bears noting that Doc PackerBacker was known for a riotously messy lab and the quality of his notes and records of experiments duly reflected that fact. This, of course, would present nearly any sentient being with problems in that there were no pictures of actual human beings in his entire book. However, 889245GX22, Librarian 45WN, Color Specialist Zx78, the other four Overseers and every other robot laboring was incapable of entertaining the thought that other books on genetics might provide pictures showing examples of human beings of every conceivable gender.

It took 15 years for the robots to finally come up with a foot, neither left nor right but it was peculiarly round rather than long, that bore 10 incisor teeth around its circumference instead of toenails. "HUMAN!" exclaimed 889245GX22. "At last!"

The Human Project robots continued to labor and after 25 more years they emerged from the laboratory with a round shape that consisted of six legs, multicolored, all connected to each other. They formed what would look to us like a hub with six spokes, each consisting of several joints, the number of which was not equal to its neighbors. "It will WALK!" exclaimed 889245GX22.

If congratulations could have been had all around, the robots would have heartily clapped each other on the back and said, in unison, "Huzzah!" but, alas, the vast majority were mute and, when their various tasks were done, inert. It was left to 889245GX22 to make any kind of comment thereafter which, of course, fell on no aural receptors of any kind except the Musician robots, but they never recognized the tune.

Twenty years after the creation of the thing with six legs, 105 disaffected descendants of the humans who went to Mars decided to build a spaceship of their own and leave Mars to go back to terraform Earth. Their imaginations were filled with the idea it would be possible to rehab the Earth's generous helping of flora and fauna in their lifetimes so that they would hear birdsong, see water buffalo in Africa, smell the perfume of roses, overlook the grandeur of Niagara Falls and the Grand Canyon, before the last of their generation on Earth died out. All of them expected their offspring would live in such a reconstructed ecological Utopia. This made five years spent outfitting their spaceship with all the comforts of home fly by. It only seemed like four years.

While the Martian humans labored, then navigated their way to Earth, the robots, being tireless entities, labored

away at their project. They produced hands with eyeballs the fingers and thumbs, chimera that crossed human and elephant genes with completely indescribable results.

The day finally arrived when the Martian humans landed on Earth and took all necessary readings of the atmosphere, if there had been one. Significantly, this was near the site where the robots were so busy with their human project, producing results that were always comically horrific.

Captain Biff Jones, the leader of the Martian humans, emerged from the spaceship first. First Officer Jake Smith followed shortly thereafter, and both strode down the ramp to the ground. In an odd coincidence, Jones and Smith spotted 889245GX22, the Librarian, the techies, and the laborer robots at the same time that they saw Jones and Smith. Of course, not a single robot could fathom what kind of creatures these two humans were. Nevertheless, 889245GX22 acted the gracious host and offered to show them around to see the marvelous work they were engaged in.

"This planet once held creatures known as humans, but they disappeared. We are engaged in rebuilding a human population. Would you care to see the remarkable progress we have made?"

Jones and Smith looked at each other quizzically, then turned to 889245GX22 and nodded. "We would be most interested in seeing your progress."

As proudly as possible for a robot, 889245GX22 bowed and accompanied them to the rooms in which their creatures were stored. Jones and Smith stifled their disbelief when their host showed them all the robot creations. Ever curious, 889245GX22 asked what entry on the phylum of life Jones and Smith were.

Jones responded, "We're gods."

889245GX22 replied, "What are gods?"



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THE LEVER

by RYAN ROE

“What’s this?” Luke asked.

“What’s what?” said Keith.

They were in Keith’s car, on the way to grab some pizza. Keith was driving. Luke had been adjusting the armrest when he happened to notice a little lever between the seats. Tucked between the cupholders, it was about the size of Luke’s index finger.

“What is this lever, right here?” said Luke. “It says EMERGENCY EXIT.”

“I don’t know,” Keith answered.

“Well, what happens when you pull it?”

“I’ve never pulled it. I’ve never had an emergency.”

“Yeah, but aren’t you curious? We should try it!”

“No!” Keith insisted. “What if it makes the doors fall off or something? It would be a pain to get them put back on.”

“It’s not gonna make the doors fall off!” Luke insisted. “But wouldn’t that be cool if it did? We should pull the lever!”

“We’re not pulling the lever,” said Keith. “Obviously you’re only supposed to use it if there’s an emergency, and we don’t have an emergency.”

“How about in the owner’s manual? There must be something in there about what it does.”

“I bought this car used from my ex’s brother. He lost the manual, and I can’t find it online.” Luke persisted. “How about if we wait until we get back to your house, then we try it? So if something happens, we’ll be in your driveway.”

“No, man. That’s not what it’s for. Just forget it, okay?”

They drove in silence for a minute or two. Luke tried to distract himself by looking out the window, but the lever seemed to call out: *“Pull me, Luke! It’s the only way to find out what I do! Don’t you want to know?”*

Luke glanced at Keith. Keith’s eyes were focused on the road. Luke slowly moved his left hand over the cupholders. Keith didn’t seem to notice. Luke curled his finger under the lever. He was touching it now.

“Hey!” Keith shouted.

“Huh-ha-what?” Luke yanked his hand away from the lever and into his lap.

Keith was still looking out the windshield. “That jerk ran right through that red light!” he griped. “Some people. Does he think he’s the only driver on this road?!”

Jolted out of his lever-induced trance, Luke breathed a



heavy sigh. *Well . . . it is Keith's car*, he thought. *Maybe I should, like, respect his wishes?* He decided to leave it alone. For now. He distracted himself by looking out the window for the rest of the trip to the pizza place.

Two weeks later, Luke and Keith got an early start for a road trip to visit a buddy they hadn't seen since the three of them graduated college. Keith was driving again.

Before they left the city, Keith pulled into a shopping center. "I'm going to run into Starbucks. You want something?"

"Dude," said Luke. "From Starbucks? Think about who you're asking." He held up his canned energy drink. "I got my caffeine fix right here."

"Okay. I'll be right back."

Luke was now alone in the car. But he wasn't completely alone . . . because there was the emergency exit lever. He never had found out what happened when it was activated. Curiosity gnawed at him like a termite devouring a back porch.

EMERGENCY EXIT.

It was a safety feature. How bad could it possibly be?

Luke stole a furtive glance left, then right. Satisfied that neither Keith nor anyone else was watching him, he closed his eyes and pulled the lever.

KA-CHUNK. With a jolt, the car hummed to life, then the hum became a growl. The car began vibrating wildly. Luke's seat belt unbuckled. His seat folded all the way back. The car now seemed to be collapsing in on itself.

Doors, engine parts, and wheels shifted, slid, and doubled over on each other. Luke lay there, paralyzed with disbelief in the middle of the noise and chaos.

Keith stepped out of the coffee shop, just in time to see the car changing its shape like a Transformer action figure.

Luke now found himself in darkness, inclined at an angle. Reaching his hands out, he felt solid metal all around him. The vibration, as well as the grinding and whirring noises, stopped. For the moment, he was trapped.

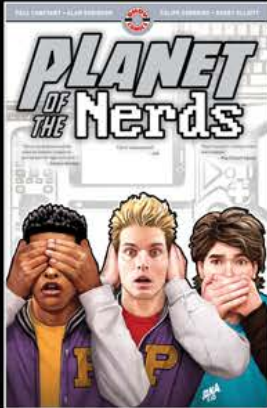
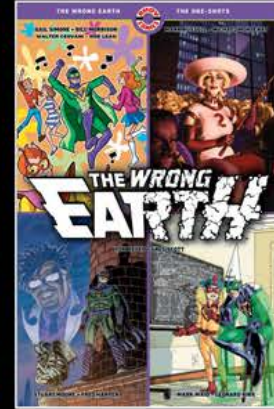
I don't understand, Luke thought. *I thought this was supposed to be an emergency ex—*

BOOM! With a deafening explosion, the car-turned-cannon fired him into the air. Luke was launched into the sky, over the shopping center, and out of sight.

Keith stood watching from outside the coffee shop. "I told him not to pull the lever," he said, as he took a sip of his mocha latte.

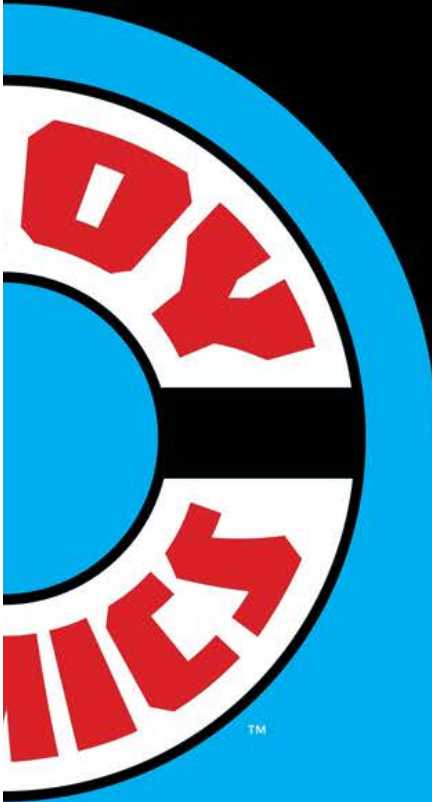
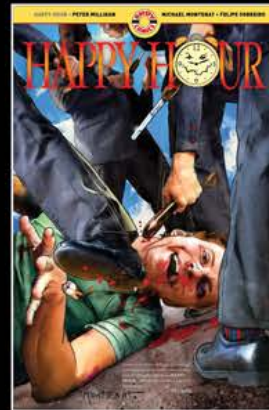
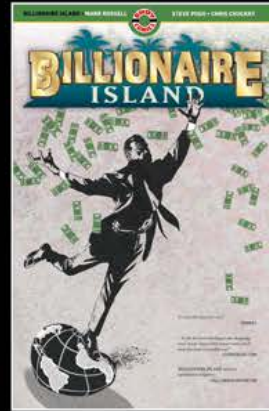


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