



THE MICRONAUTS

THE NEW VOYAGES

AT LAST..THE FACE OF THE UNKNOWN!

60c

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NOV

U.K. 30p
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BUTCH
GUICE
ARTIST
ADRIAN
1983



...Though Huntarr
May Not Live
To See It!



Stan Lee PRESENTS:

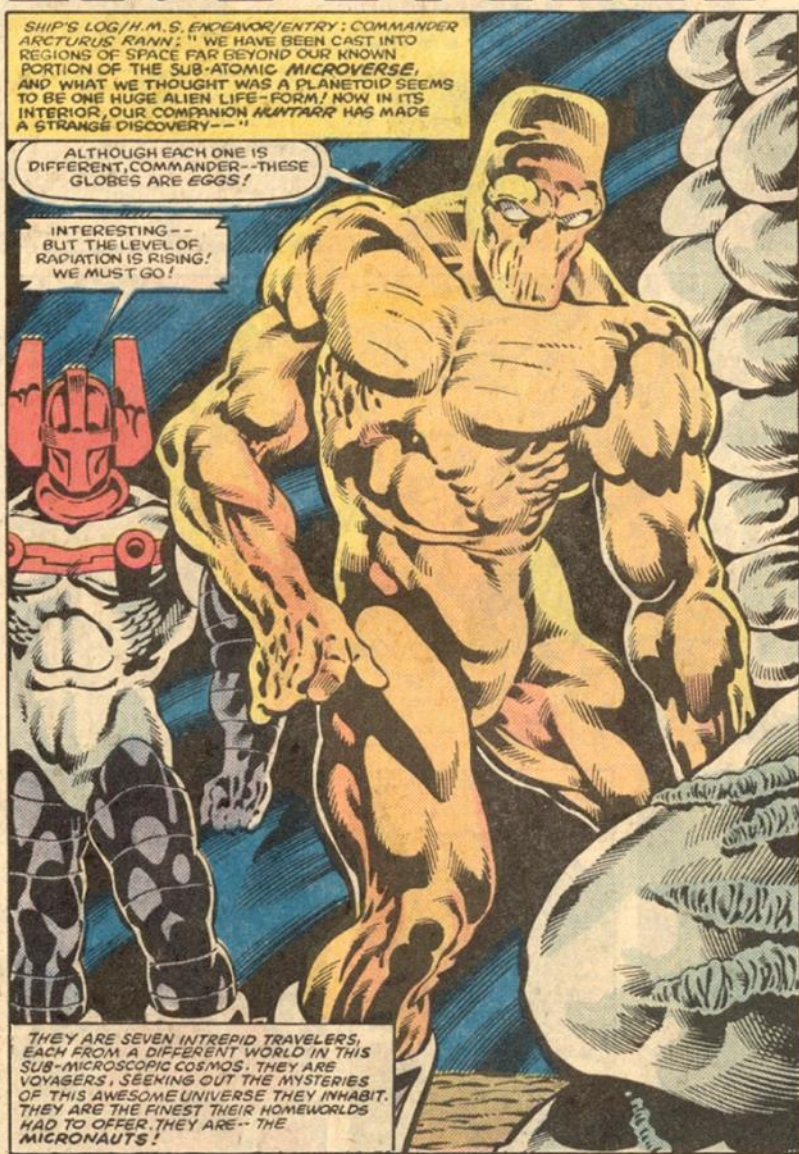
LIFE-CYCLES



SHIP'S LOG/H.M.S. ENDEAVOR/ENTRY: COMMANDER ARCTURUS RANN: "WE HAVE BEEN CAST INTO REGIONS OF SPACE FAR BEYOND OUR KNOWN PORTION OF THE SUB-ATOMIC MICROVERSE, AND WHAT WE THOUGHT WAS A PLANETOID SEEMS TO BE ONE HUGE ALIEN LIFE-FORM! NOW IN ITS INTERIOR, OUR COMPANION HUNTARR HAS MADE A STRANGE DISCOVERY--"

ALTHOUGH EACH ONE IS DIFFERENT, COMMANDER--THESE GLOBES ARE EGGS!

INTERESTING-- BUT THE LEVEL OF RADIATION IS RISING! WE MUST GO!



THEY ARE SEVEN INTREPID TRAVELERS, EACH FROM A DIFFERENT WORLD IN THIS SUB-MICROSCOPIC COSMOS. THEY ARE VOYAGERS, SEEKING OUT THE MYSTERIES OF THIS AWESOME UNIVERSE THEY INHABIT. THEY ARE THE FINEST THEIR HOMEWORLDS HAD TO OFFER. THEY ARE-- THE MICRONAUTS!

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LETTERS * COLORS

ACROYEAR



COMMANDER RANN



MARIONETTE



BUG



HUNTARR




BIOTRON




MICROTRON


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"THE STAR THAT THE CREATURE AND WE ARE ORBITING IS A CEPHEID VARIABLE, NOW NEARING THE PEAK OF ITS CYCLE OF BRIGHTNESS--"




"--AND THE ONLY OBJECT ORBITING THE STAR IS A TINY BODY, UPON WHICH OUR SHIP, THE ENDEAVOR, HAS LANDED TO RECHARGE AND REPAIR. IT IS THIS BODY THAT TURNS OUT TO BE-- WHAT'S THIS?"




"SOMETHING SEEMS TO BE HAPPENING TO THE CHAMBER! COMMANDER OUT!"

THERE ARE ?TIK- ENERGY-BEAMS EVERYWHERE!

PERHAPS WE'VE TRIPPED SOME SORT OF DEFENSE MECHANISM!




BUT WHAT IT LACKS IN SKILL, IT ?TIK- MAKES UP FOR IN ENTHUSIASM!



AND THE ?TIK- RAD-LEVELS ARE GOING OFF THE SCALE!

WELL, IT CERTAINLY DOESN'T SEEM TO BE TOO GOOD A SHOT! MOST OF THE BEAMS AREN'T EVEN CLOSE!



OUR SUITS--AND MY SWORD--CAN DEFLECT THE BEAMS, BUT ONLY FOR A LIMITED TIME! AND WE ARE VERY DEEP INSIDE THE CREATURE!



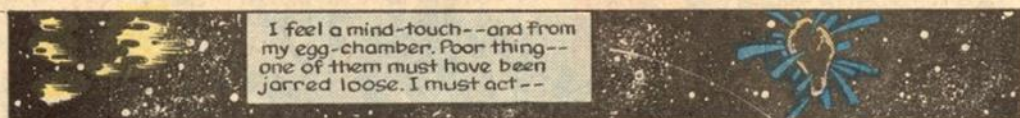


BIOTRON--ENDEAVOR--
ARCTURUS RANN TRANSMITTING
ON MIND-LINK--DO YOU READ?



BIOTRON HERE, COMMANDER! YOU'RE COMING
IN FAINT-- YOU'RE NOT SYNCHRONIZED WITH US
PERFECTLY, BUT I DO HEAR-- WHAT'S GOING ON?

WE NEED TO
GET OUT OF HERE,
BIOTRON! WHAT
OPTIONS DO WE
HAVE WITHOUT
DAMAGING THE
CREATURE?

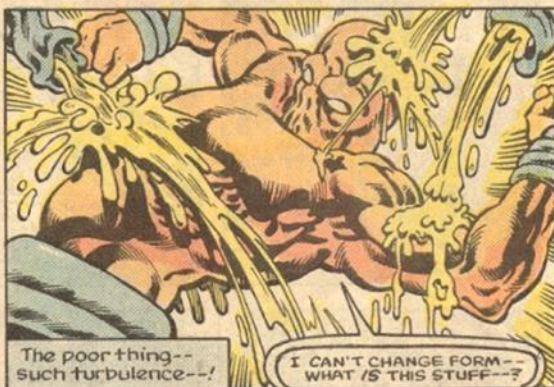


I feel a mind-touch--and from
my egg-chamber. Poor thing--
one of them must have been
jarred loose. I must act--



--my eggs must be safe
until the time comes--!

COMMANDER! IT'S
GRABBING ME--!



The poor thing--
such turbulence--!

I CAN'T CHANGE FORM--
WHAT IS THIS STUFF--?



AND WE CAN'T EVEN GET TO
HIM-- THESE TENTACLES--!

IT'S ALL WE
CAN DO TO
KEEP TIK--
OURSELVES
FREE!

VREEP!

But all is not yet calm--!





THE SURFACE
AT LAST! BUT
IT'S SO MUCH
TIK- BRIGHTER
THAN BEFORE!

THE STAR
PULSATES, BUG--
AND WE'RE AT ITS
PEAK OUTPUT
NOW! BUT INTO THE
SHIP!



ALL RIGHT,
CREW ABOARD!
SECURE ALL
HATCHES!

COMMANDER--
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING?



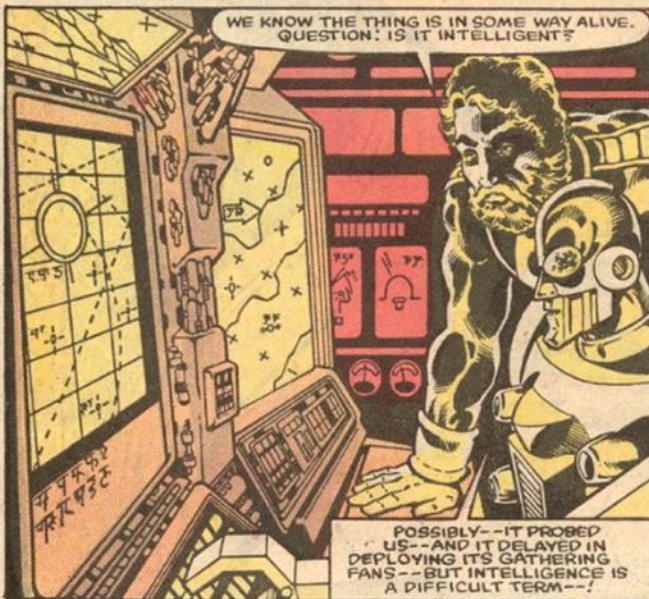
YOU CAN'T RUN OUT ON
TIK- HUNTARR/HE'S
ONE OF US!

I'M NOT
DESERTING
HIM, BUG--



I'M DOING EVERYTHING
I CAN TO SAVE HIM.

BIOTRON--!



WE KNOW THE THING IS IN SOME WAY ALIVE.
QUESTION: IS IT INTELLIGENT?

POSSIBLY--IT PROBED
US--AND IT DELAYED IN
DEPLOYING ITS GATHERING
FANS--BUT INTELLIGENCE IS
A DIFFICULT TERM--!



THAT'S CLOSE
ENOUGH FOR
ME! I WANT
A BROAD-
SPECTRUM,
OPEN-END
MIND-LINK AT
ALL THE
POWER YOU
CAN MUSTER!

WORKING,
COMMANDER--!



Poor baby! Look at the mess his genetic code is in!

PLEASE-- LET ME GO! CAN YOU HEAR-- UNDERSTAND ME?



Fortunately, there's nothing there that can't be fixed--!



I must look closely
at my new companion--
surely the Makers
have sent it--!

PLEASE! DO NOT PROBE
US-- THE LIGHT BY
WHICH YOU SEE BRINGS US
HARM-- LET US SPEAK
WITH MINDS ALONE!

THE ALIEN INTELLIGENCE SNEEPS
INTO ARCTURUS BARRY'S MIND--
AND SPEAKS THROUGH IT...

OF COURSE, I'M
VERY SORRY. I
HAVE NEVER
"SPOKEN," BUT
AM EAGER TO.

I MUST ASK--
WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT IS THIS
PLACE?

THIS PLACE IS
THE UNIVERSE
AND I AM A
CHILD OF THE
MAKERS, AS YOU
MUST BE. SURELY
YOU HAVE COME
HERE BY THEIR
DESIGN?

DO NOT BE QUICK TO
DENY THAT, COMMANDER.
WE MAY HAVE BEEN
FLUNG HERE WITH A
PURPOSE.

I WISH I
COULD BELIEVE
THAT, ACROYEAR.

WE MEAN NO HARM--
BUT WE MUST HAVE
THE RETURN OF ONE
OF US. HE WAS DOWN IN
YOUR EGG-CHAMBER,
AND YOU-- GRABBED
HIM. HE MUST COME
BACK-- TO THE
SURFACE. DO YOU
UNDERSTAND?

"HARM"-- DAMAGE,
YOU MEAN, BY THE WILL?
EXTRAORDINARY-- BUT YOU
MUST KNOW THAT THE
CHILD'S GENETIC CODE IS
A MESS. I HAVE BEEN
UNDOING THE-- "HARM"
IS THAT THE CONCEPT?

HE'S DOING
SOMETHING TO
TIK-HUNTY? YOU
CAN'T LET HIM,
COMMANDER--!

I CAN FEEL--
THINGS MELTING,
CHANGING-- IT'S
LIKE WHEN I WAS
MUTATED IN
KARZA'S BODY
BANKS, ONLY--

-- BY THE ENIGMA
FORCE, WHAT AM I
BECOMING??



SOON I SHALL JOURNEY TO THE MAKERS, AND IT WOULD BE A PLEASURE AND A WONDER IF YOU WOULD JOIN ME.

THERE'S NOTHING MORE. CONTACT'S BEEN BROKEN.

BUT--WHAT DID THAT ALL MEAN?



I'M NOT SURE-- BUT THIS "JOURNEY TO THE MAKERS" STUFF SURE SOUNDS LIKE A "TIK-METAPHOR FOR DYING--"



THAT'S NOT WHAT IT FELT LIKE, BUG-- THERE WAS A CONCEPT OF AN ACTUAL PHYSICAL JOURNEY--AND I THINK SOME SORT OF FASTER-THAN-LIGHT OR HYPER-SPACE TRAVEL.

MAYBE-- JUST MAYBE-- WE CAN HITCH A RIDE--?

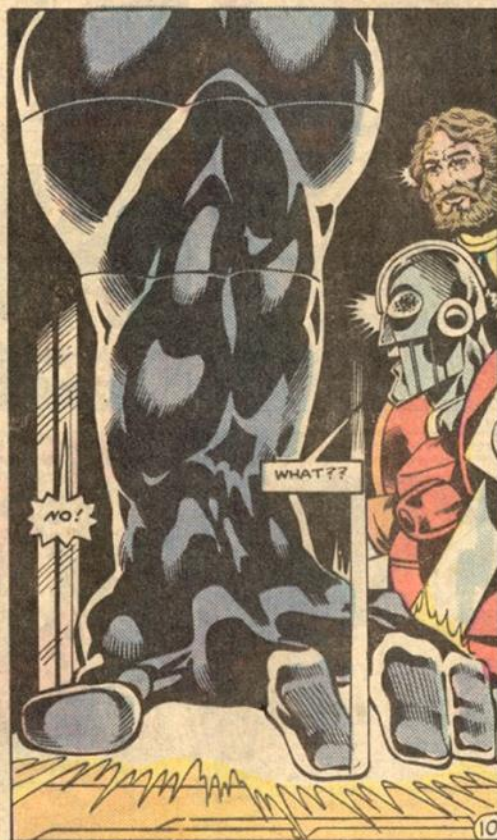


WE SHOULD ALSO CONSIDER, COMMANDER, IF IT MIGHT NOT BE BETTER TO STAY ORBITING THIS FAR-FLUNG STAR THAN TO GO WITH THE ALIEN WHO-KNOWS-WHERE--?



AND IN THE CENTER OF THE ALIEN--

I'M COMPLETELY ENCASED IN THIS STUFF NOW-- AND THERE'S A VOICE-- SUCH A LOVELY VOICE-- SINGING ME TO SLEEP-- HELP ME-- OH HELP ME--!





WE ARE NOT LEAVING HUNTARR STILL TRAPPED INSIDE THE ALIEN, COMMANDER. WE STAY.



ACROYEAR, I'M TRYING TO SAVE THIS WHOLE SHIP! WE HAVE NO CHOICE!



ARCTURUS, THIS IS WAR NO LONGER. THE ENDEAVOR--AND ALL OF US--ARE NOT MORE PRECIOUS THAN HE IS. IF WE DIE TRYING TO SAVE OUR FRIEND SO BE IT. THAT IS OUR ONLY CHOICE.

YOU'RE RIGHT, OF COURSE. OLD PATTERNS DIE HARD.



COMMANDER--I BELIEVE I'VE ADJUSTED THE SHIELDS AT A MINIMUM SETTING SO THAT THEY WILL DIMINISH ANY FURTHER SUDDEN IMPACTS!

VERY GOOD, MICROTRON!

EXACTLY WHAT I WAS GOING TO SUGGEST, MICROTRON!



DALLAN AND SEPSIS! COMING OUT OF THE GROUND--WHAT IS IT?



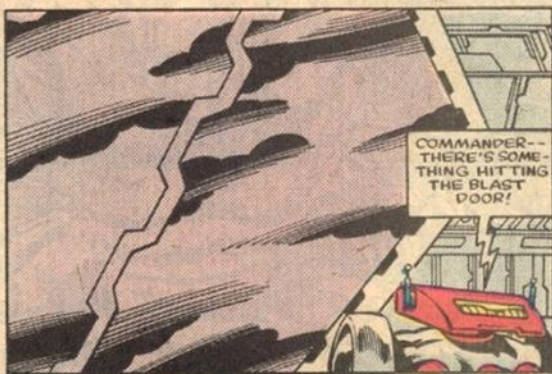


SENSORS INDICATE THE ALIEN HAS EXTRUDED PARTS OF ITSELF INTO SPACE--APPARENTLY CONFIGURING FOR SPACEFLIGHT! THE OBJECT WE SAW SEEMS TO BE ONE OF THE DRIVES!



WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF TIME! ONE OF US HAS TO GO AFTER HUNTARR! I--

SWELL! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE TIK- ALONG FOR THE RIDE WHETHER WE TIK- LIKE IT OR NOT!



COMMANDER-- THERE'S SOMETHING HITTING THE BLAST DOOR!



SOMETHING SEEMS TO HAVE GOTTEN INSIDE THE SHIELDS AND IS BOMBARDING US!



IT'S FAR TOO REGULAR TO BE A BOMBARDMENT! IT'S SOMETHING ALIVE!

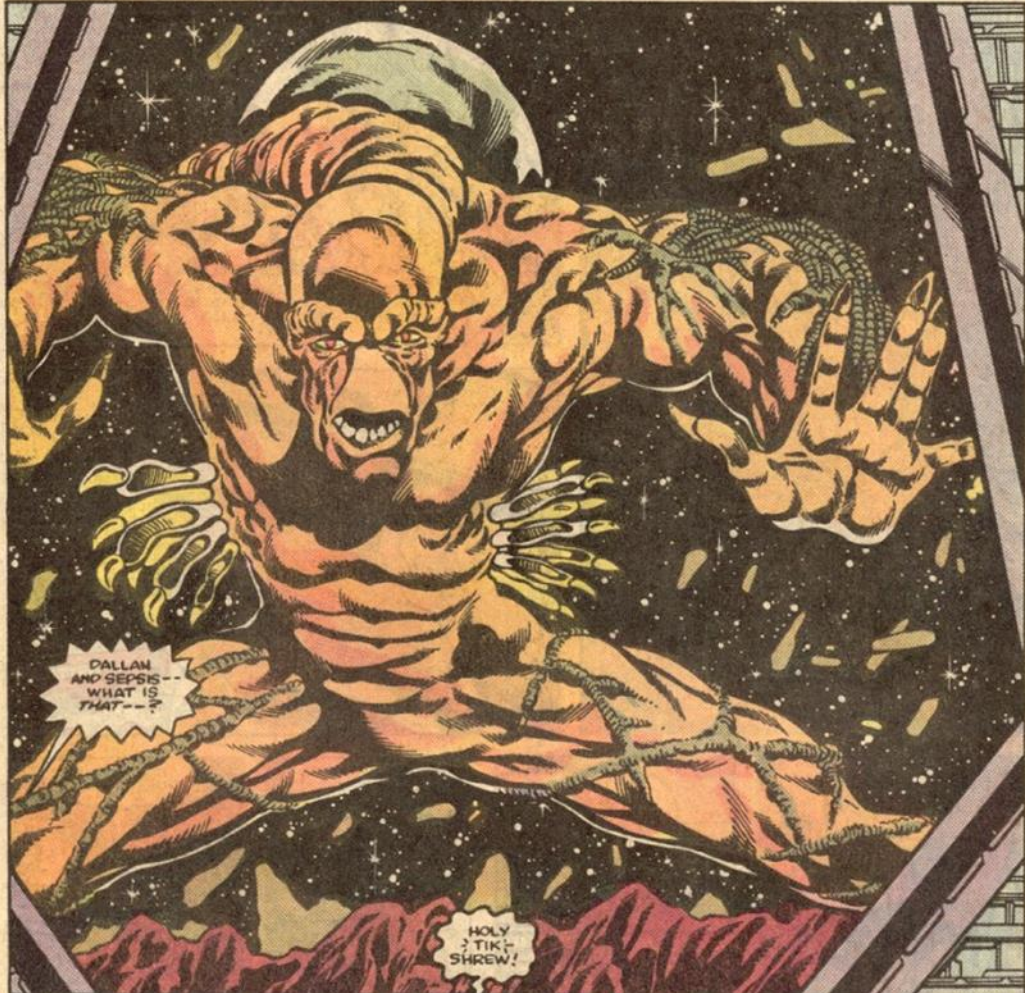
BUG, OPEN THE BLAST DOORS!



UH, COMMANDER, SHOULD I? I MEAN--



OPEN THE DOORS, BUG.





CONCLUSIONS? WITH RESPECT, ARCTURUS, WE'VE GOT TO GET IT OFF THE HULL, THERE'S NO TELLING--

EXACTLY, MY PRINCE, THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT THAT THING IS--OR WHAT ITS PURPOSE IS. LET US FIND OUT.



LOOK! LOOK AT ITS 'T'IK-- FINGER!



IT'S A PLASMA JET-- IT'S GOING TO BURN RIGHT THROUGH THE PORT--!



BUT WAIT--IT-- IT'S WRITING SOMETHING--THE LETTER 'H'.

IT--IT'S HUNTARR!



HUNTARR-- MY FRIEND! WHAT IN THE NAME OF THE WORLD MIND HAPPENED TO YOU?

AS SOON AS I FIND OUT MYSELF I'LL TELL YOU! THE THING ENCASED ME-- THEN RELEASED ME-- LOOKING LIKE THIS! THAT'S ALL I KNOW!



OH YES--I BROUGHT ALONG ONE OF THE EGGS FROM THE CHAMBER! I FIGURED IT MIGHT SERVE TO ANSWER SOME OF THE MYSTERIES!

EASY WITH IT NOW!



HUNTARR! OH,
HUNTARR! YOU MADE IT!
YOU MADE IT OUT!



I
THOUGHT
WE HAD
LOST
YOU...

SPACE IS TOO
SMALL FOR THAT,
PRINCESS.



COMMANDER, THE ALIEN IS
ABOUT TO GO ON ITS SEED-
ING FLIGHT, TO SPREAD ITS
PROGENY THROUGHOUT THE
UNIVERSE -- AT LEAST THAT'S
WHAT IT
TRANSMITTED
TO ME.

I'VE BEEN TRYING TO
RAISE THE MIND-LINK,
BUT SINCE THE TREMORS
STARTED, IT'S BEEN
NO USE.



MY GUESS IS
THAT IT CEASED
TO BE CONSCIOUS
WHILE TRANSFORM-
ING ITSELF -- WHICH
WAS HOW I WAS
ABLE TO GET FREE.

BUT THIS
FLIGHT -- IT
COULD TAKE
US ANY-
WHERE --!



I KNOW, BUT THE ALIEN
IS OUR LAST TRANS-
PORT OUT OF HERE --
AND WE'D BEST TAKE IT.

BESIDES, WE
HAVE NO HOME
ANY MORE --
"ANYWHERE"
SHOULD NOT
FAZE US.



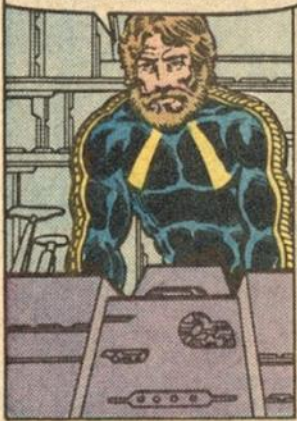
EASY WITH THE TIK-
EGG, ACROYEAR -- MAKE
SURE THE CRADLE
IS SECURE!

AH, BUG,
WHERE
WOULD I
BE WITHOUT
YOUR
SUPERVISION?
BUT AT LEAST
THE RAC-
LEVELS HERE
BY THE
ENGINES
SHOULD MAKE
THE LITTLE
ONE FEEL
RIGHT
AT HOME!



ALL HANDS -- PREPARE FOR
HYPERDRIVE! LOOKS LIKE WE'LL
BE LEAVING SHORTLY!

THE ALIEN NOW SEEMS TO BE FULLY
DEPLOYED-- WE HAVE READINGS OF
HYPERDRIVE ACTIVATION!



TRACTOR BEAM STATION
MANNED, COMMANDER--
I'LL KEEP US JOINED TO
THE ALIEN IF ANYTHING CAN!



THE ALIEN HAS
CHANGED ALTITUDE--
POISED FOR ESCAPE
FROM THE STAR'S
GRAVITY FIELD!



ALL HANDS--HOLD ON!
WE HAVE IGNITION!





I am delighted to have you along on my journey, friends. It has been too short a time since I learned of the existence of beings other than myself and the Makers.



Ah. A profound question. They made you and me, of course--and have remade the Universe toward Infinite Life--but who are they in truth?

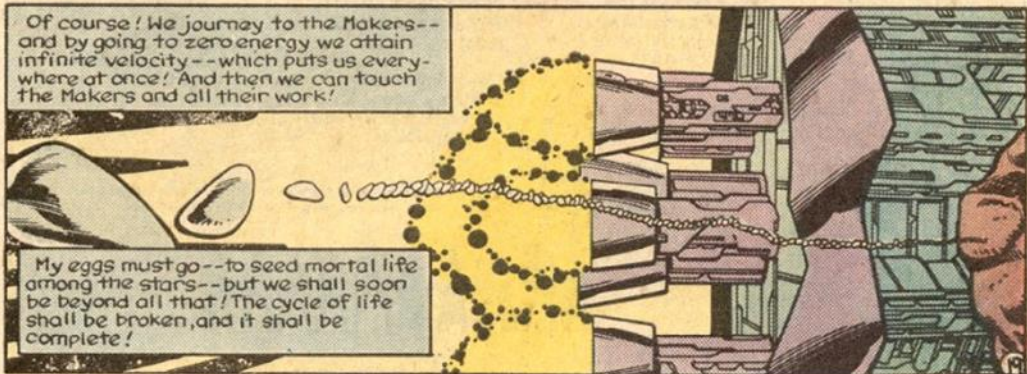


There is a delicious tension in speculating on a blessed mystery. It has a pleasure to it.



But I must not neglect my original impulse! Who are you? What star is yours? How many times have you circled it? How do you fashion your offspring? There is little time, and I wish to know--!





I KNEW IT! IT
WANTS TO COMMIT
TICK-SUICIDE AND
TAKE US TICK-WITH
IT! WELL, NO THANKS!



BUT THE TICK-
TRACTORS ARE
JAMMED--I CAN'T
BUDGE 'EM!

BUG, LET IT GO!
EVEN IF WE DID
BREAK FREE, WE DON'T
HAVE ENOUGH POWER
TO MAKE IT BACK TO
NORMAL SPACE!

I CAN DO IT, MARI-- BESIDES, I'D
TICK- RATHER DIE ON MY OWN THAN
CHAINED TO TICK- SOMEONE ELSE!



HOLY SHREW!

BUG!

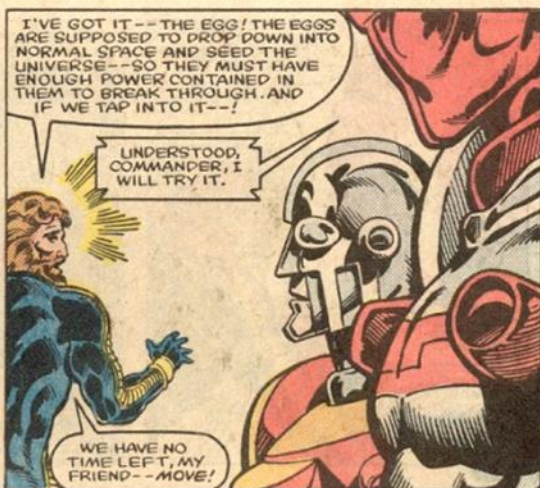


YOU'VE OVERLOADED THE SERVOS,
BUG! THERE'S NOT ENOUGH POWER
TO DRIVE THEM!

MY FRIEND--ARE
YOU GOING TO DIE--
END YOURSELF



A profound thought--! through my eggs, life will go on--yet I
will soon be more than life! That, as I understand you--is death--
but is it an end? We shall soon know--



BREAKING FREE--
AND THERE HE GOES
INTO INFINITY!

NOW WE'LL
SEE WHETHER
WE SHARE HIS
FATE! BIOTRON--
CUT IN THE
DRIVES!

WORKING-- COMMANDER,
ALL SYSTEMS ARE DOWN!

ALL THAT
MATTERS IS
THE DRIVES,
BIOTRON!
ALL THAT
MATTER IS--

--IS THAT WE'VE
MADE IT, BIOTRON.
WE'VE MADE IT.
WE'RE HOME.

WELL, HERE WE ARE-- STUCK IN THE ?TIK-
MIDDLE OF NOWHERE-- AND SHREW, DOES IT
?TIK- FEEL GOOD.

WELL, NOWHERE
IS BETTER THAN
EVERYWHERE-- I THINK.
WHAT DO YOU SAY,
ARCTURUS?

I WAS JUST
THINKING OF--
OUR FRIEND.
HAS HE IN FACT
NOW MET THE
MYSTERY FACE
TO FACE?

THERE WAS A TIME I
WOULD HAVE JOINED HIM
GLADLY. NOW, HOWEVER, I
STAND ON ONE SIDE AND
WONDER.

HE SPOKE AS IF
HE HAD MET THESE
"MAKERS" FACE
TO FACE: COULD
SUCH-- GODS--
WALK THE UNIVERSE
PHYSICALLY?

ELSEWHERE
ABOARD THE
EMPEROR
... ..

IT SEEMS
TO ME THEY
DON'T WANT
TO BE
DISTURBED.

BUT I MUST
TELL THEM--
I'M SO UPSET--
THIS IS
TERRIBLE!

WE'LL DON'T JUST
STAND THERE--
READ IT OUT!

I JUST
PROCESSED
THE
MICRONAUTS'
BIOTELE-
METRY-- I
TRIED TO TELL
THEM THEY
SHOULD REPORT
TO THE AUTO-
DOC-- THEY
WERE IN THE
ALIEN'S
ENVIRONMENT
TOO LONG!

THEY ABSORBED
TOO MUCH
RADIATION-- THE
PROCESS IS
IRREVERSIBLE!

MICROTRON--
THE
MICRONAUTS
ARE DYING!

NEXT: IN THE
COUNTRY OF THE
BLIND!