

EH! WOIMY!
WHACHA PLAYIN?



SNOOKER...
WANNA PLAY?



NO TANKS.
...I NEVEH
LOINED DA ROOLS.

ME NIETHER, BUT I
COULDN'T FIND ANY
BIGGER BALLS.



EY!
I TINK I HOID
DA DOORBELL!



WOIMY!
DA DWARVES
WANT DER
BOWLIN
BALLS BACK!

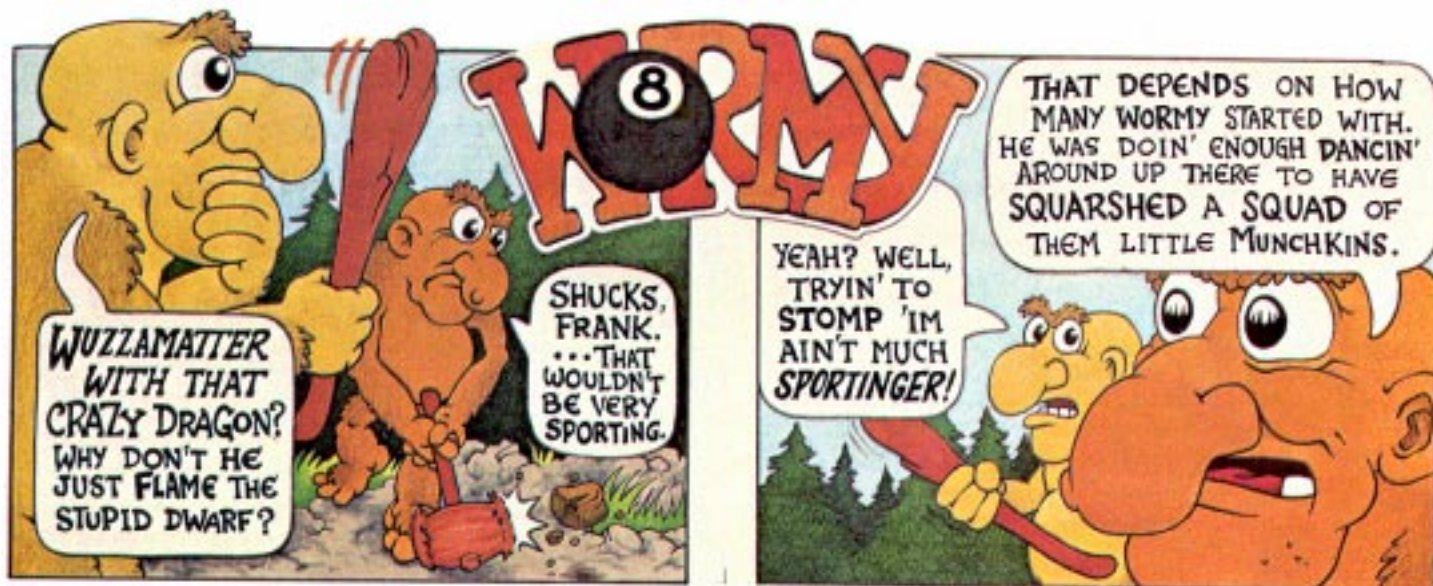
TELL THEM I MOVED
TO PITTSBURG.



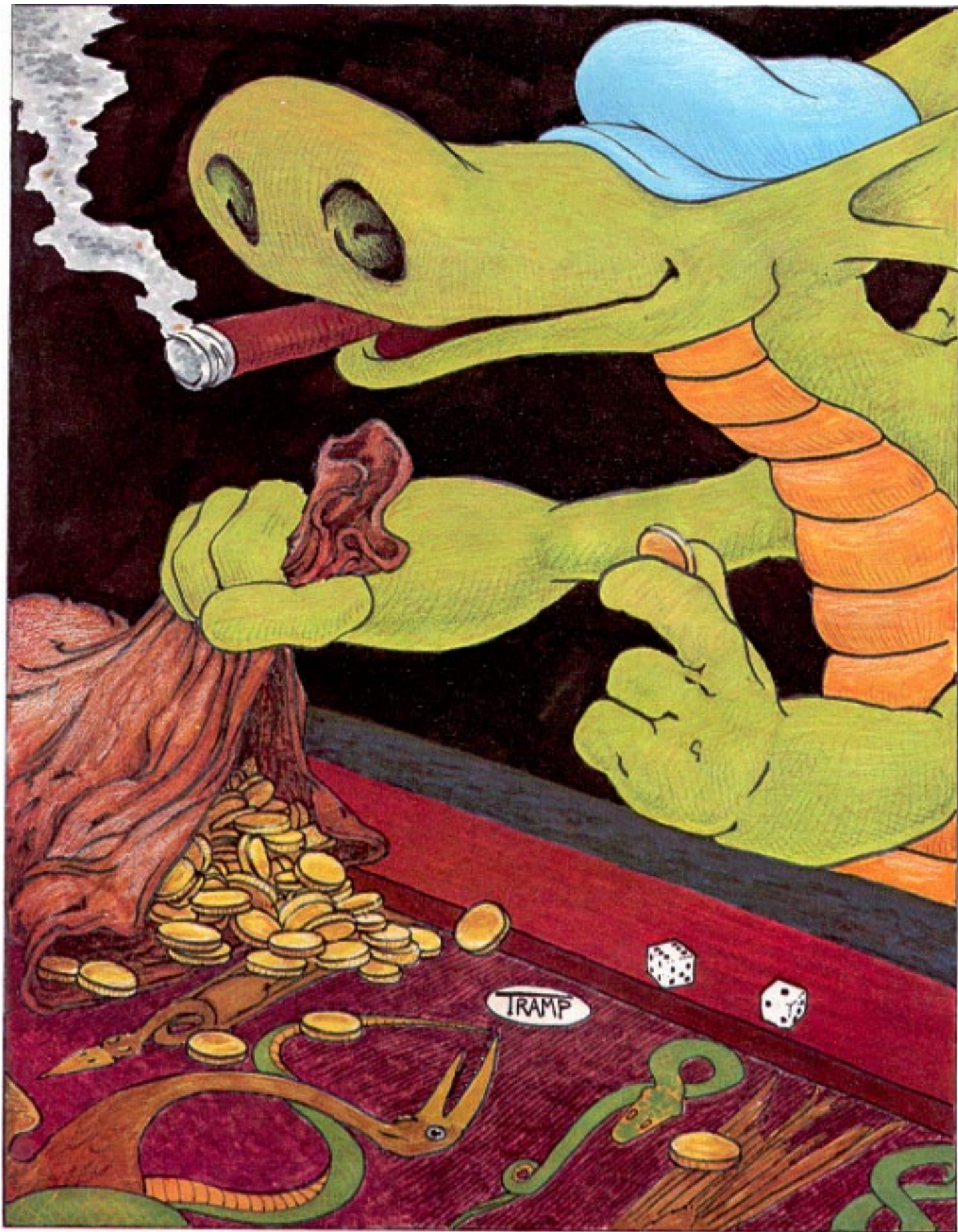


WORMY



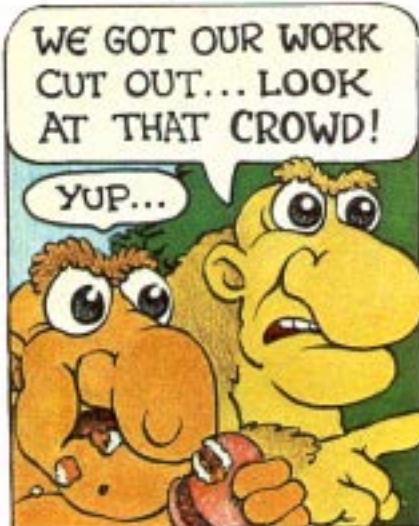




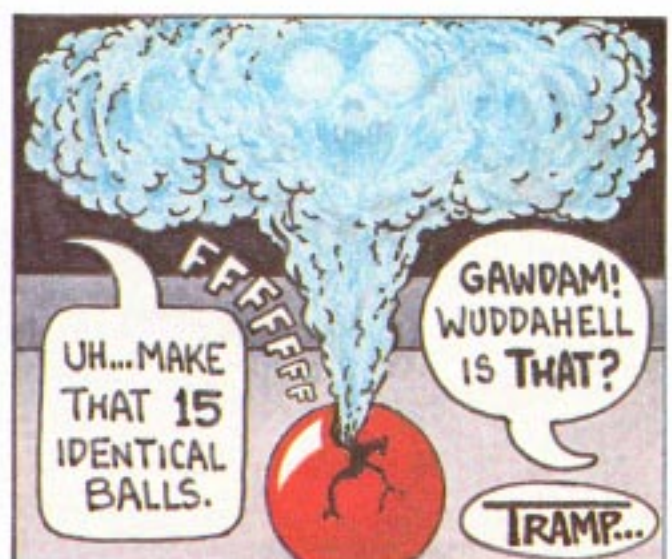
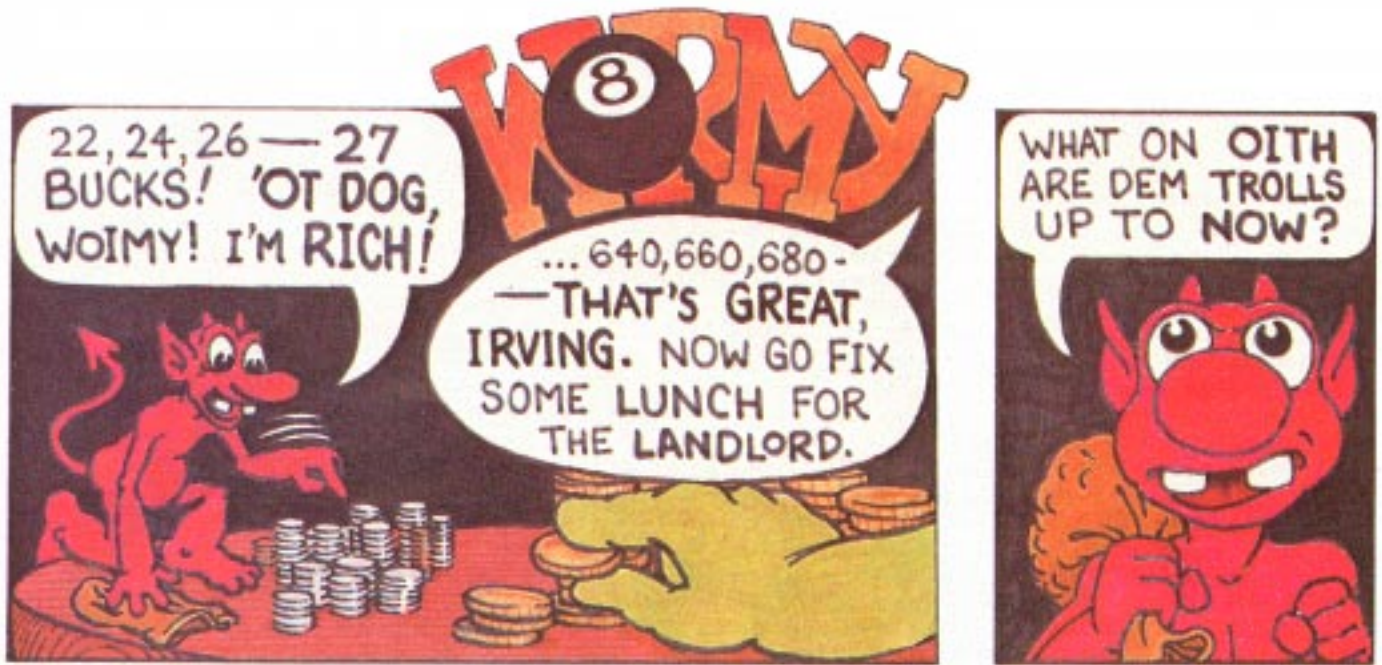


I've got my counters . . . What are you gonna use?

WORMY

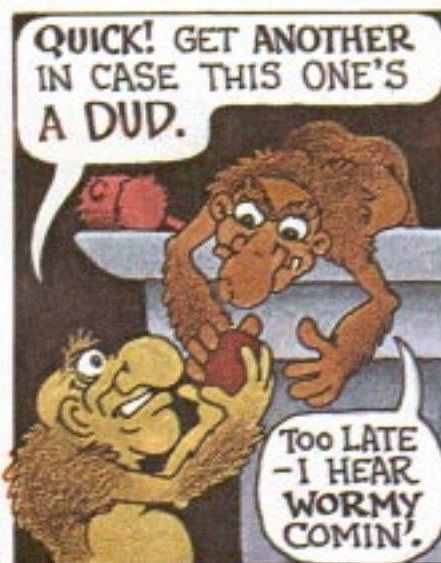
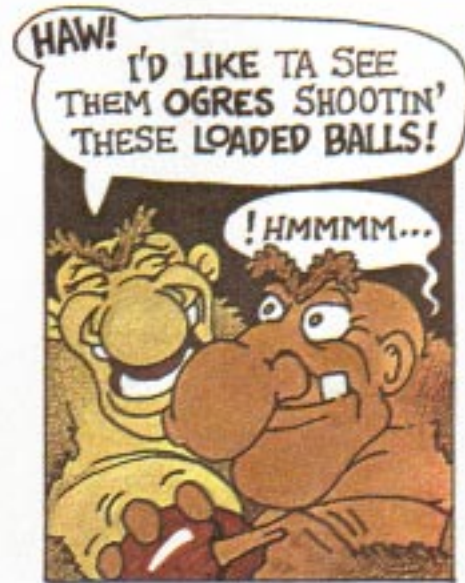


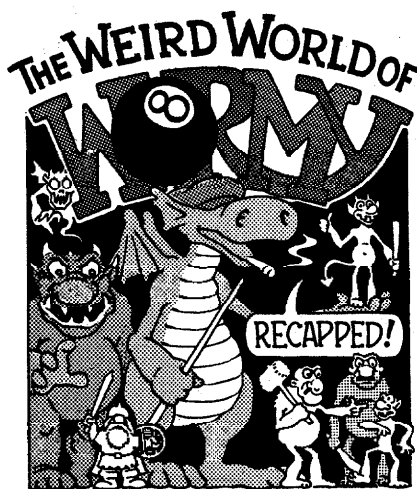






WORMY





IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE A TROOP OF DWARVES MARCHED UP TO HIS LAIR AND BADE HIM RELEASE THEIR BALLS.



WORMY REQUIRED THAT FIRST THEY MUST UNRAVEL HIS RIDDLE. ...ALAS, THE DWARVES WERE ALL STUMPED!

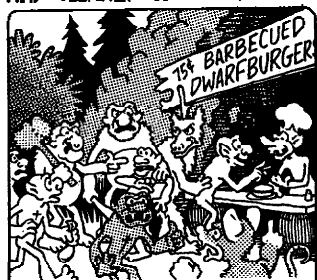


THITHER FLED HE, WHILST THUNDER SMOTE HIS REAR, AS THEY SAY IN THE SONG. WORMY CHASED THE LAST DWARF ALL ACROSS THE VALLEY AND DOWN INTO A LARGE, DEEP CAVE, WHERE



NOW, ONE OGRE MIGHT HAVE CAUGHT THE DWARF, BUT FOUR OGRES DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE. BETWEEN STUMBLING OVER EACH OTHER, AND GETTING INTIMATE WITH THE ARCHITECTURE, THEY FAILED TO BAG THE LITTLE BOOGER. WHEN HE SCURRIED UP THE CHIMNEY, THE OGRES WERE SOMEWHAT DISGRUNTLED, BUT THEY WERE EVEN LESS GRUNTLED WHEN THEY FOUND THEIR POKER GOLD HAD SCURRIED OUT THE DOOR! SO THEY GRABBED THEIR CUDGELS AND WENT OFF ON A WILD SEARCH FOR A LARGE PARTY OF DWARVES.

MEANWHILE, BACK AT WORMY'S CAVE, IRVING THE IMP HAD CLEANED UP THE CARNAGE



AND WAS NOW CLEANING UP ON THE LOCAL SCAVENGERS. HE HIRED TWO STRONG-ARM TROLLS TO KEEP THE PEACE.

NOBODY NOTICED THE HUGE SILHOUETTE APPEAR ON THE CLIFF OVERHEAD



THE SCAVENGERS WENT CRAZY. MANY SWARMED TO THE SPOT, SCRAMBLING AND FIGHTING OVER THE GLEAMING GOLD... UNDER THE LEAPING LIZARD!



OF COURSE, THEY ALL EXPLODED UNDER 27 TONS OF DRAGON, WHO WOULDN'T? THE BLAST KNOCKED DOWN THE REFRESHMENT STAND AND BLEW THE IMP HALFWAY TO THE POOLROOM. IT SENT THE TWO TROLLS TUMBLING HEAD OVER HEELS. ALTHOUGH THEY SUFFERED MINOR DISLOCATIONS, THEY WERE ALREADY LAUGHING BY THE TIME THE SMOKE HAD CLEARED. BUT IRVING CAME OUT CUSSING AND RUBBING A LUMP BETWEEN HIS HORNS, AND BEGAN SEARCHING THE WRECKAGE FOR THE MONEY HE HAD EARNED. WORMY RETRIEVED HIS GOLDEN BAT, CONGRATULATED THE SURVIVORS, AND INVITED THE TROLLS DOWN TO SHOOT SOME SNOOKER WITH HIM.



FRANK & DUDLY HADN'T PLAYED ANY SNOOKER LATELY, SO WORMY GAVE THEM TIME TO BRUSH UP A BIT. WHILE HE STOWED THE GOLD IN HIS TREASURE VAULT.

THEY THOUGHT IT WAS FUNNY WHEN FRANK RECKLESSLY CRACKED ONE OF THE BALLS OPEN...



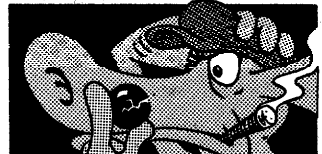
BUT THEY WEREN'T LAUGHING WHEN AN ETHERIAL DEMON CAME OUT OF IT!



IT REALLY IRKED WORMY TO FIND THE TROLLS SMEARED ALL OVER HIS PRECIOUS FELT.

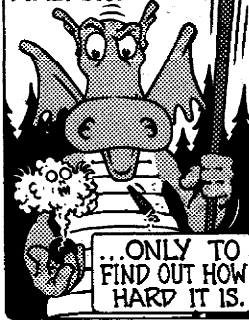


WHEN THEY'D BEEN PUT BACK TOGETHER AGAIN, FRANK & DUDLY JOKED SOULRY ABOUT WORMY'S WILD VERSION OF SNOOKER. THEY HAD NO IDEA THESE WERE BOWLING BALLS.



WHEREAS WORMY HAD HAD NO IDEA THEY WEREN'T! HE SAID NOTHING...BUT BEFORE THE TROLLS HAD FINISHED REGENERATING, HE TOOK ONE OF HIS SIX EXTRA BALLS OUTSIDE AND CRACKED IT...

PPFF A VISCOUS, BLUE CLOUD ISSUED FORTH AND A VICIOUS, BLUE DEMON ENTERED THE MATERIAL DIMENSION

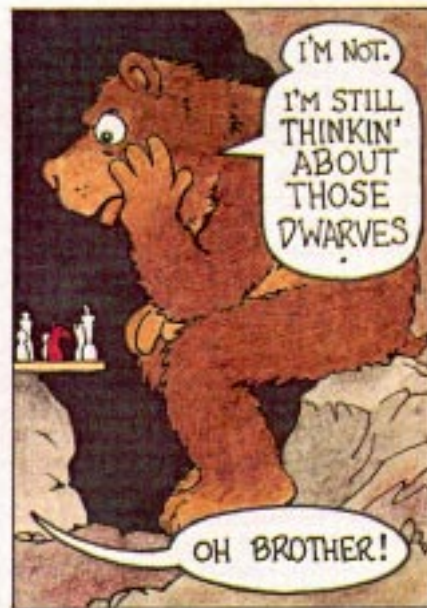


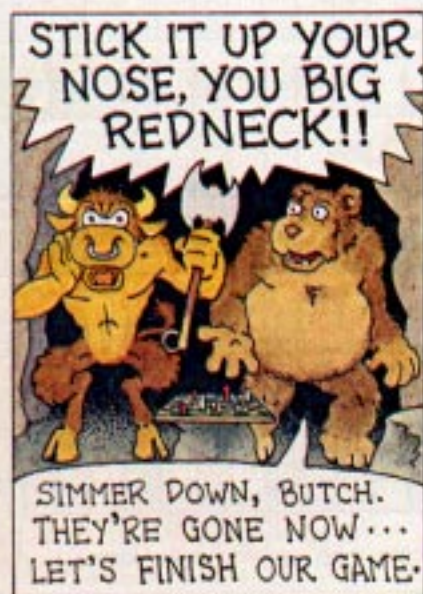
TROLLS KNOW ALL TOO WELL HOW HARD IT IS. A TROLL CAN REGENERATE ALL THE WAY BACK FROM A PULP! THAT'S WHY TROLLS HAVE SO MANY ENEMIES. FRANK & DUDLY HAD AN OLD GRUDGE IN MIND WHEN THEY GOT UP AND SNUCK OFF WITH ONE OF THE DEMON-BALLS.

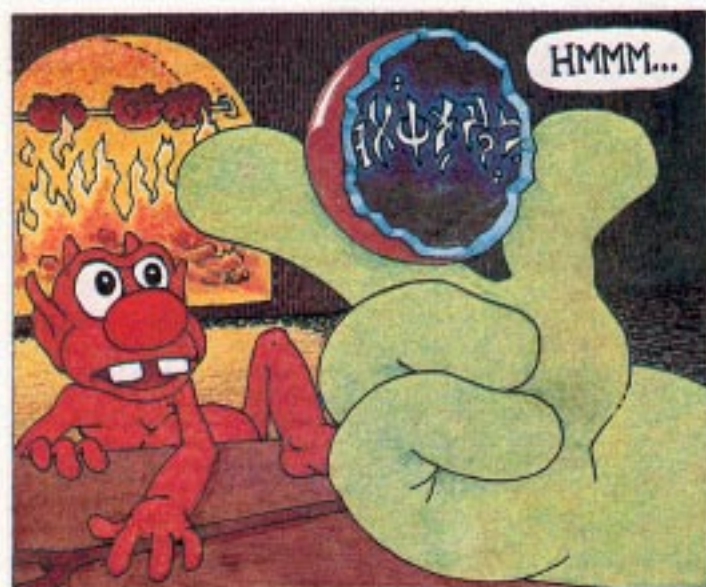
WHILE OUTSIDE, WORMY LOST NO TIME GUNCHING THE 2ND DEMON BUT HE PAUSED AT HIS DOOR TO CONSIDER THE POTENCY OF THESE PORTABLE HELLS. GASTLY IDEAS BEGAN POPPING INTO HIS RUTHLESS DRAGON-BRAIN...TOO GASTLY TO WASTE, HE RESOLVED. AND AS HE STRODE BACK INSIDE, HE WISHED HE HAD A REAL ENEMY.

WHILE SOMEWHERE AT THE END OF THIS WEIRD WORLD, GREMORLY WAS WATCHING.

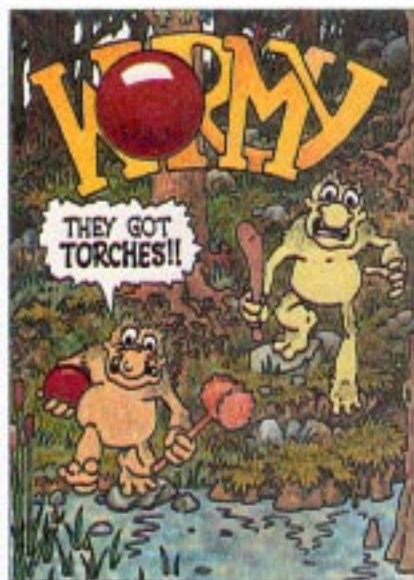






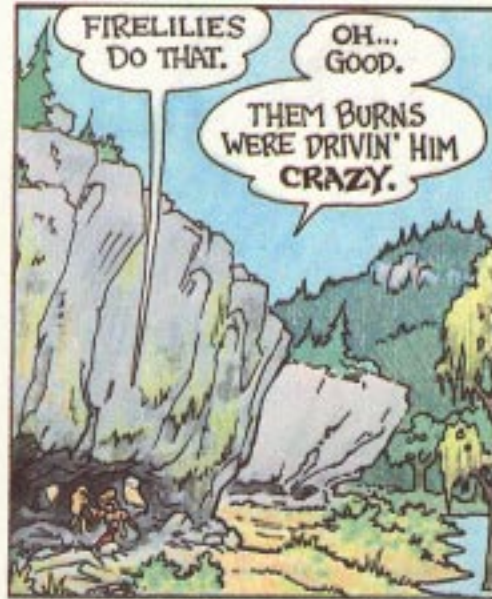














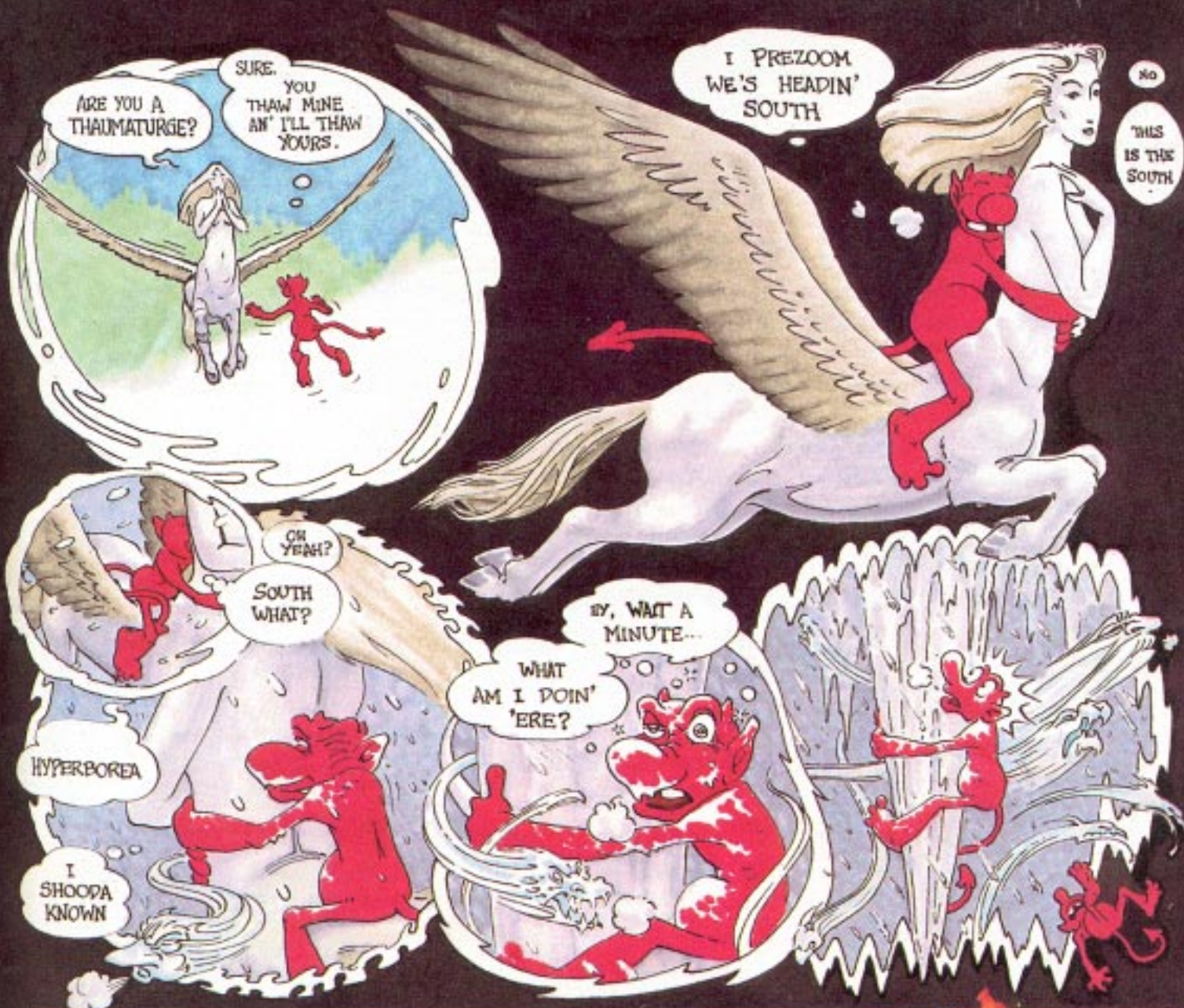


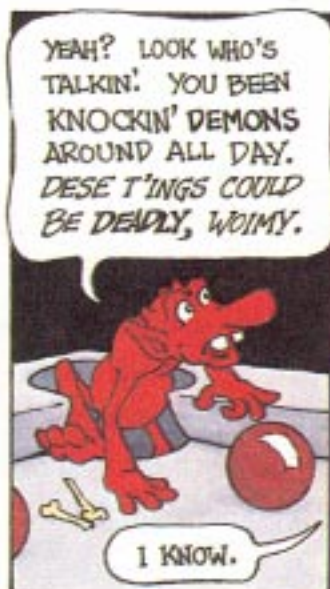






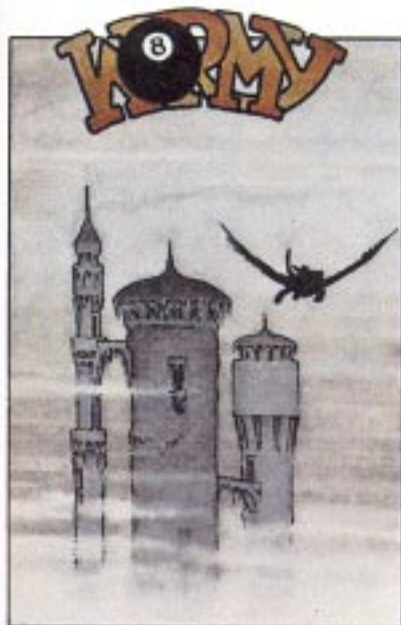












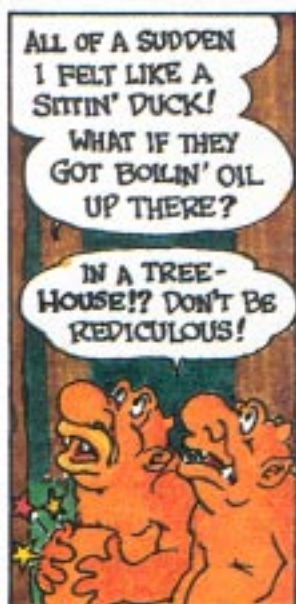


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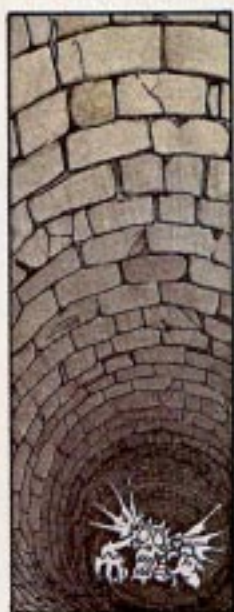
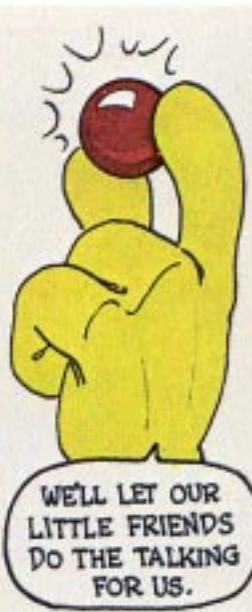




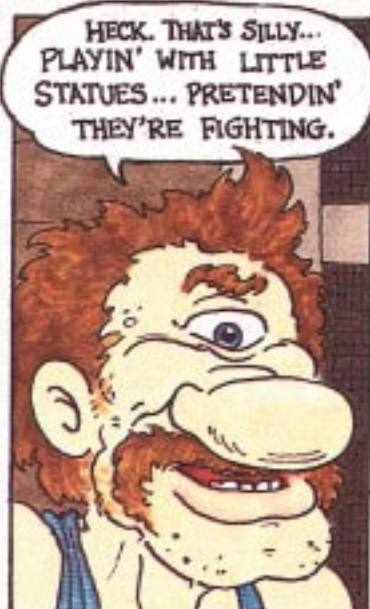
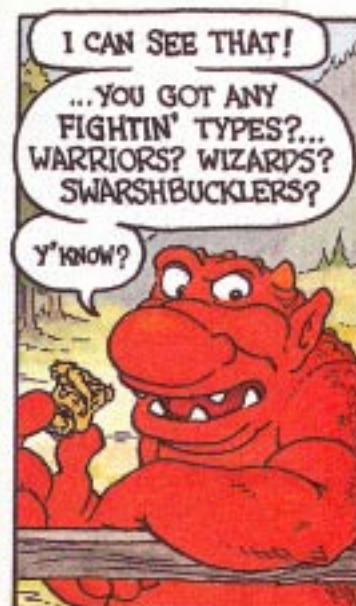
WORMY





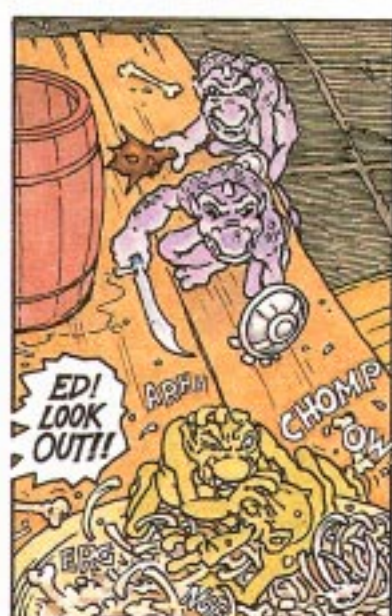
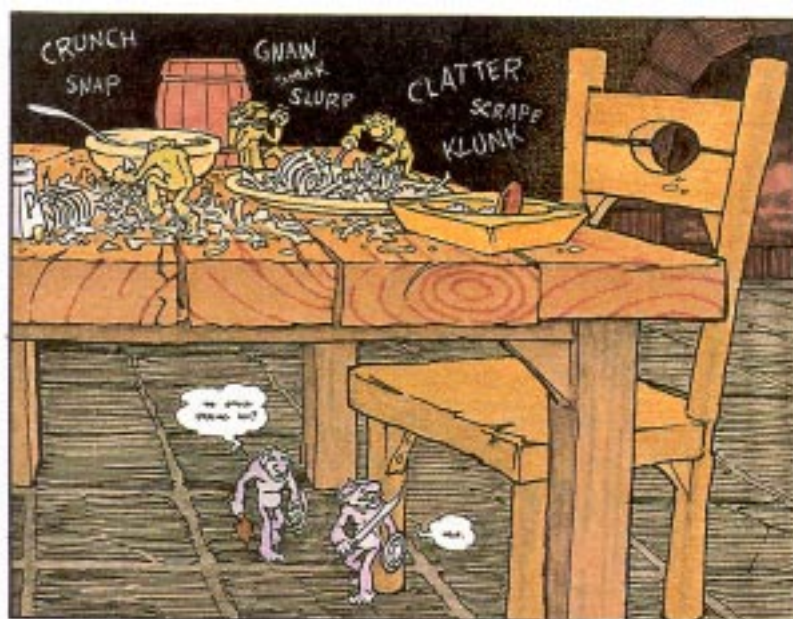








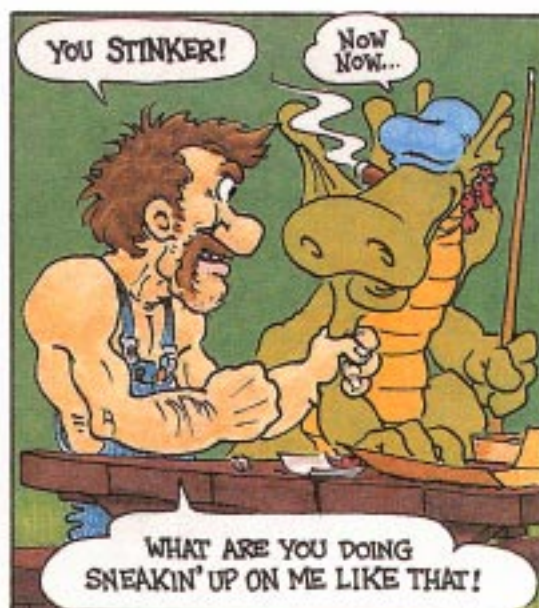




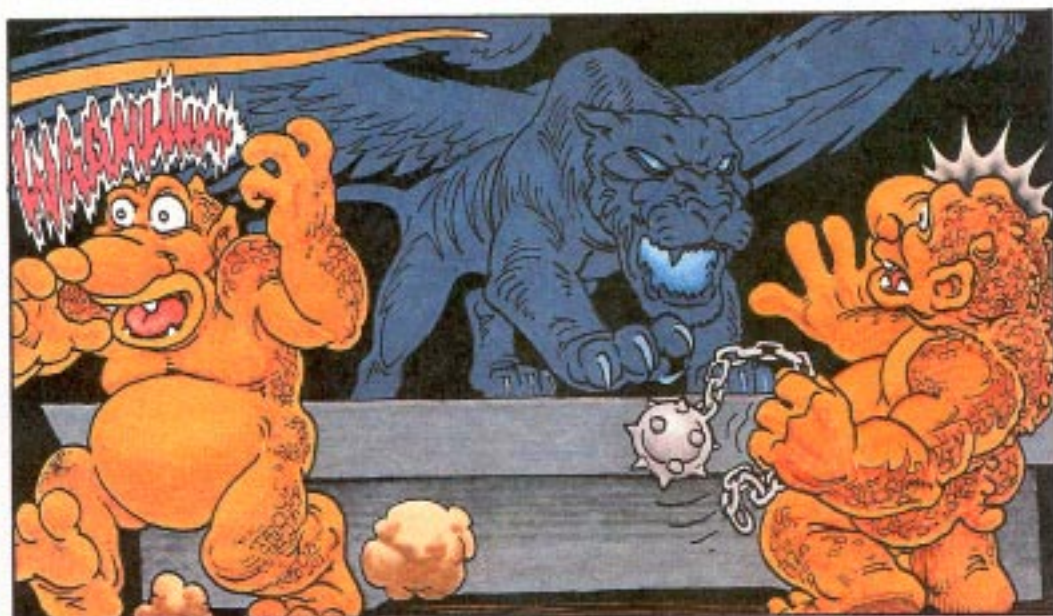








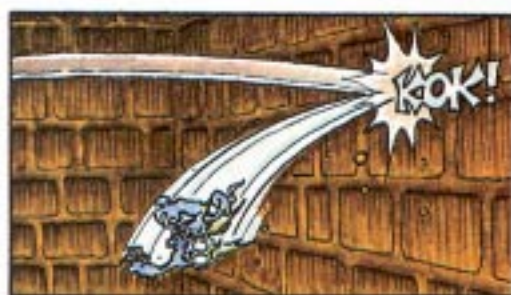
















SHEESH!
WHAT WAS
THAT ALL
ABOUT?

OTIS! LISTEN...
SOMETHIN'S WRONG!
I MEAN... WHO ARE
THESE GUYS?!
WHAT ARE WE
DOING HERE?

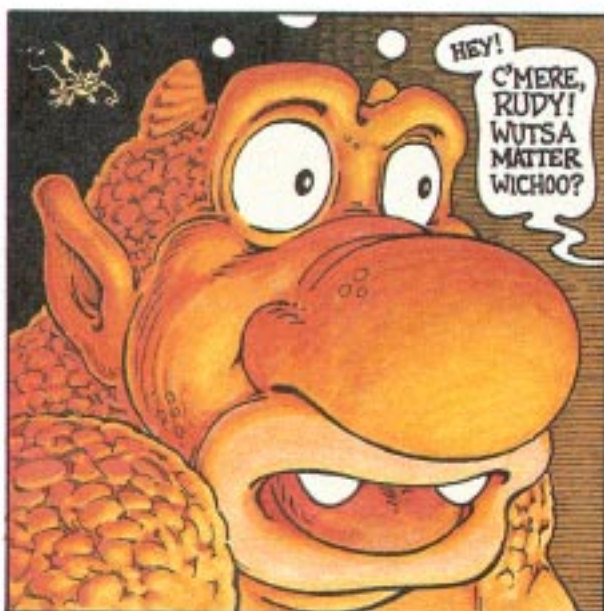
WUDDYAMEAN?
WORMY SWIPED
OUR GOLD!

FERGET
THE GOLD!
LET'S GET
OUTA HERE!

DON'T BE STUPID.
JUST GRAB THEM SACKS
AND ACT NON-SHLONT-

HEY, YOU
LIS'NIN?

A POX UPON THAT
WILY DRAGON!
I SHOULD'VE KNOWN
HE'D FREE ONE TO
GUARD THE REST.



HEY!
C'MERE,
RUDY!
WUTSA
MATTER
WICHOO?



RUDY!
COME BACK
HERE!



YOU DOG!
I HOPE YOU
TRIP ON THE
STAIRS!



FADUMP!
BONK!
OOF!



GRUMF
MUMBLE
MOMF...

WUTSA
MATTER
WICHOO?

ZYX!



WUTSA
MATTER
WICHOO?

WUTSA
MATTER
WICHOO?

SONS OF
THUNDER!

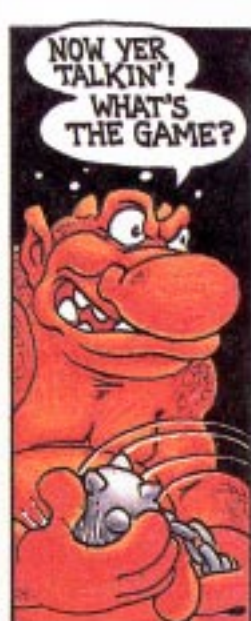
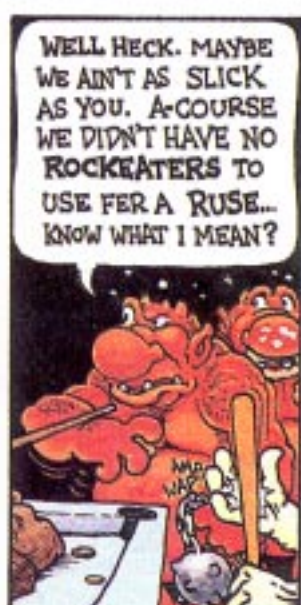
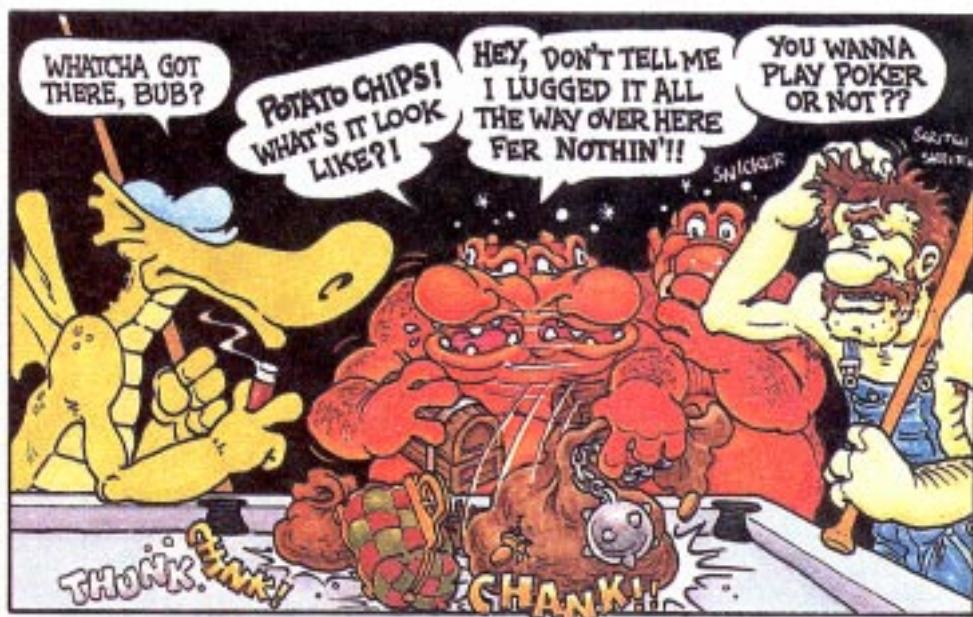
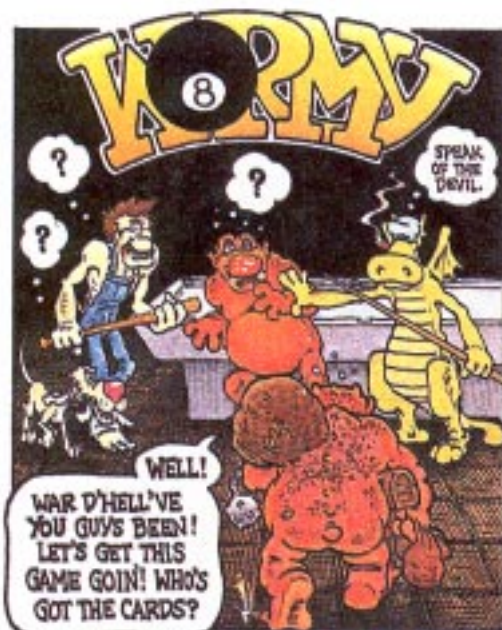
SHADOWCAT!!

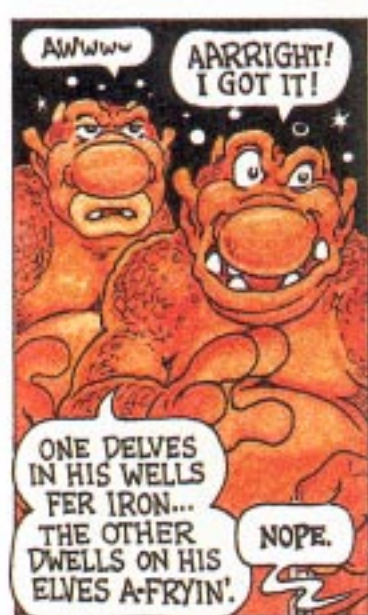


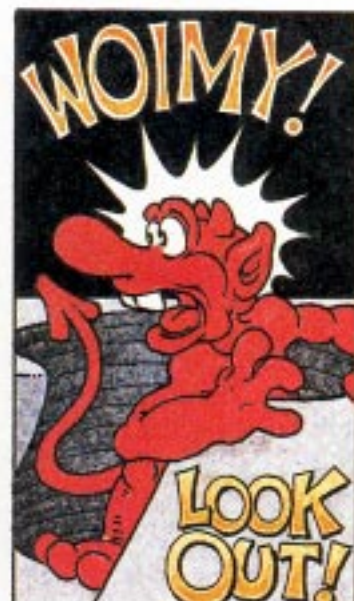
THE DRAGON
HAS RETURNED!

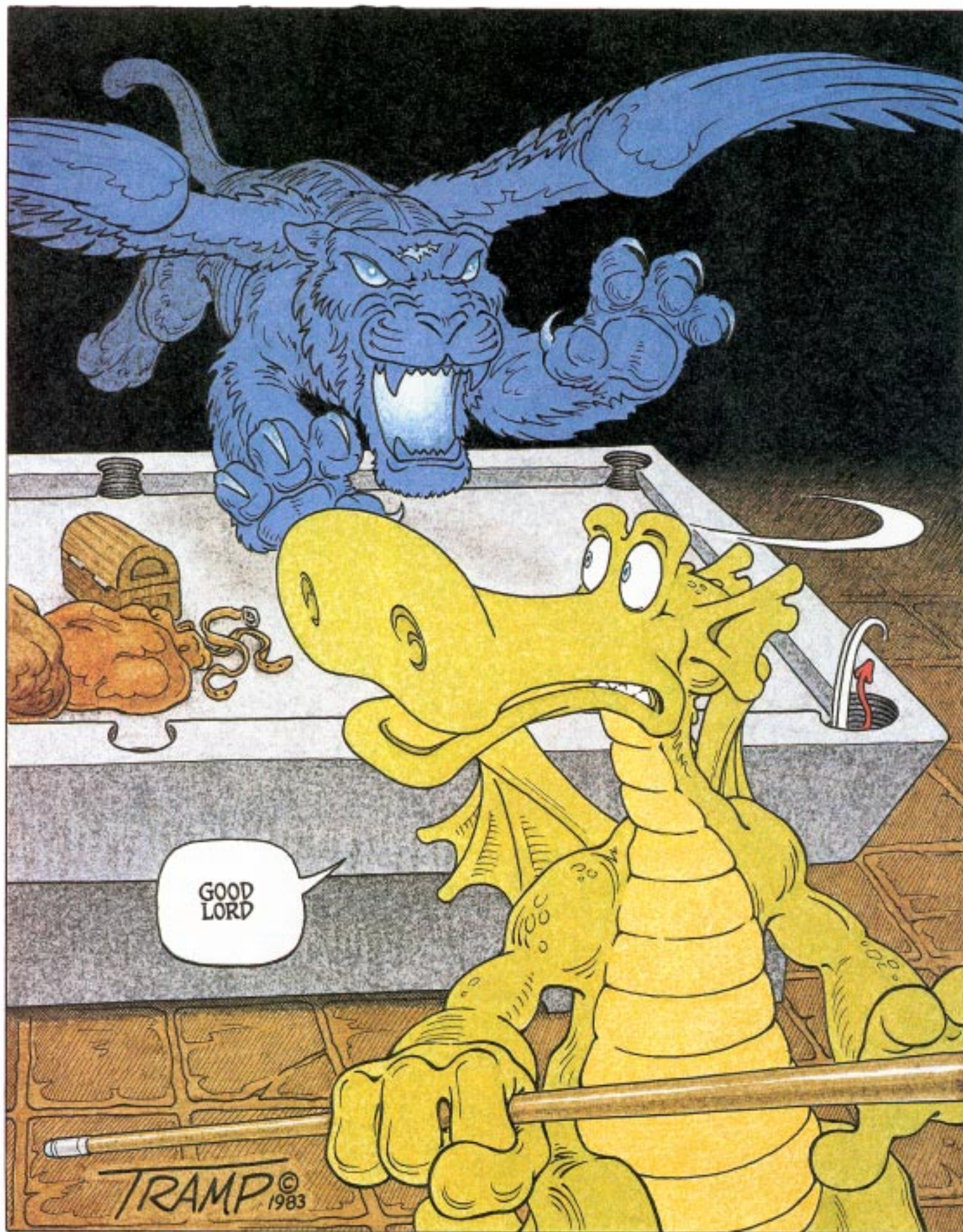
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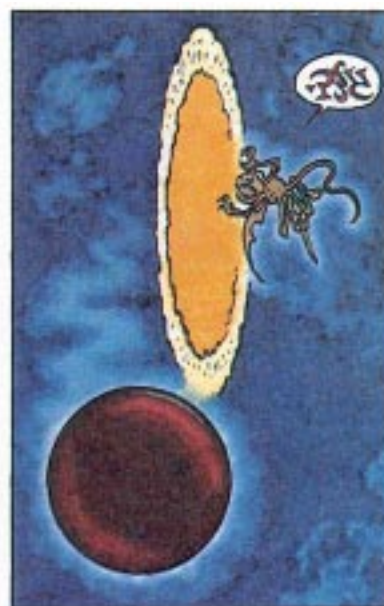


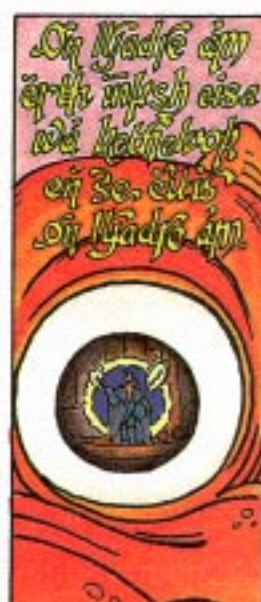


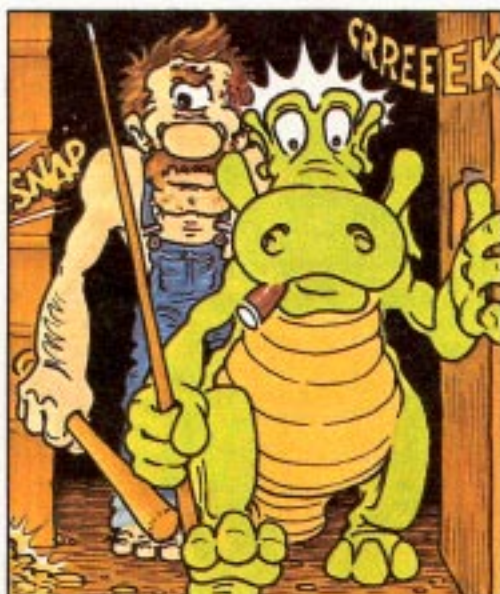
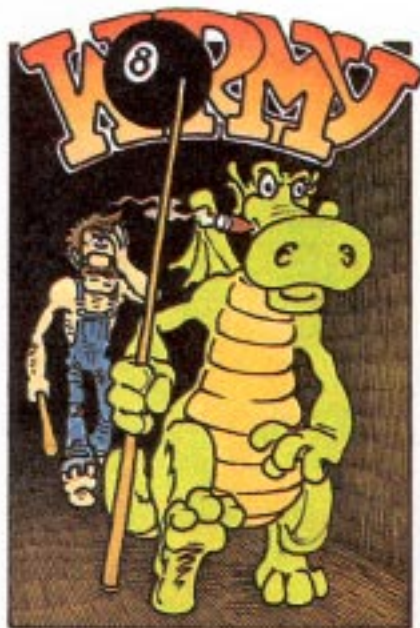










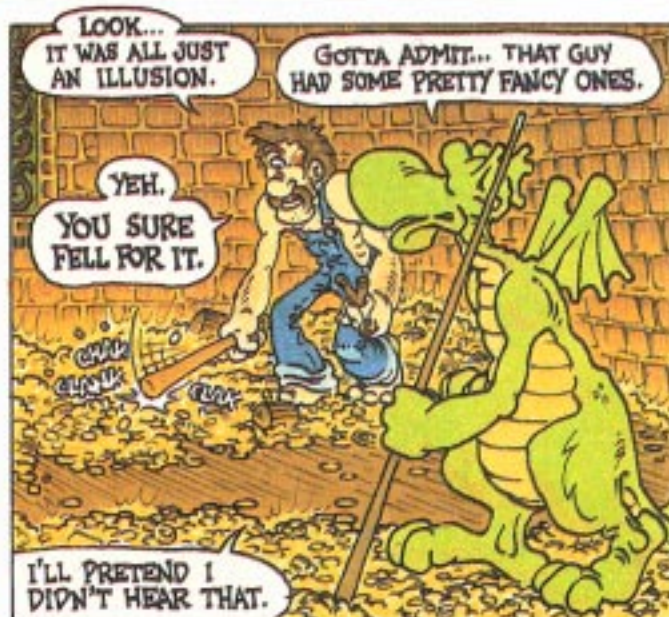








WORMY





ONE THANG'S FER DANG SURE. THIS DADGUM GATE AIN'T NO ILLUSION... GOES RIGHT INTO OUTER SPACE OR SOMETHIN'.

NO SIGN OF THAT WIZARD?

NOPE.

GOOD.

THAT WAS ONE HELLOVA SHOT, ACE.

HECK...

AH WAS ADMIN' FER 'S HEAD.



DANG! THAT IS WEIRD! TAKE A LOOK AT THIS, WORM.



HNN... I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN.

INCREDIBLE!

I'LL SAY.



HOW IN THE WORLD IS THIS POSSIBLE?

IT'S NOT IN THE WORLD, THAT'S HOW.



YAH! THERE'S SOMETHIN' IN THERE! IT'S ALIVE! I FELT IT MOVIN'!!

SOMETHING KIND OF LEATHERY... COVERED WITH SCALES?

YEAH! DID YOU FEEL IT TOO?

NO... I FELT SOMETHING WITH HAIRY KNUCKLES AND BIG, FAT FINGERNAILS.



BETTER SEAL THAT THANG UP, WORM... THERE'S ALL KINDS A WEIRD CRITTERS IN THERE!



I WAS JUST THINKING... THIS GATEWAY MIGHT PROVE TO BE USEFUL.

FOR WHAT?

GARBAGE DISPOSAL, FOR INSTANCE.

BUT FOR NOW...



SLAM!

...IT'S EASY ENOUGH TO PUT AN END TO IT.

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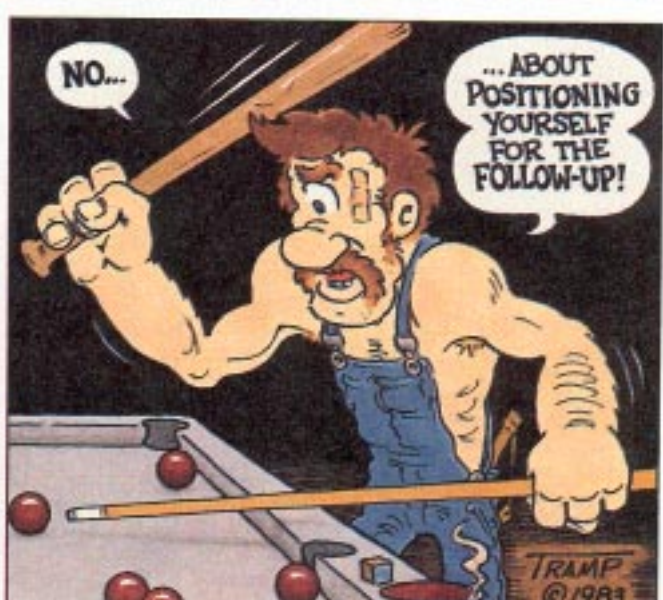
YEAH... IT MEANS THEY HAVE A TIGHTER PLAY IN THE SLICE, AND LESS TAKE ON THE SPIN, SO IT'S TOUCHY HOW YOU POSITION YOURSELF FOR THE FOLLOW-UP.

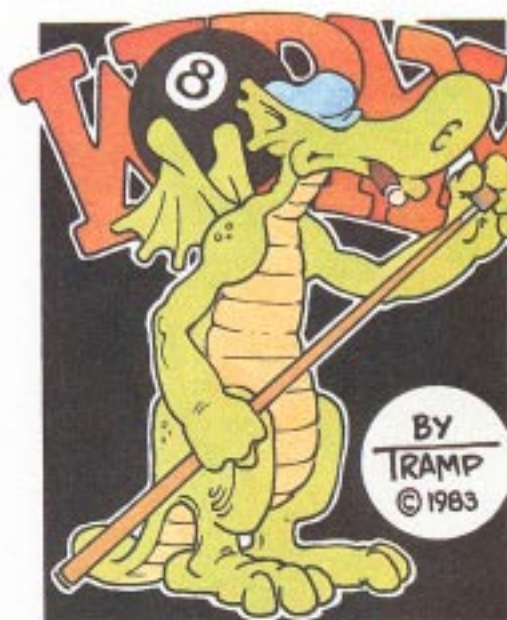


NO... IT MEANS THAT WIZERD WAS WORKIN' FER THE DWARVES.

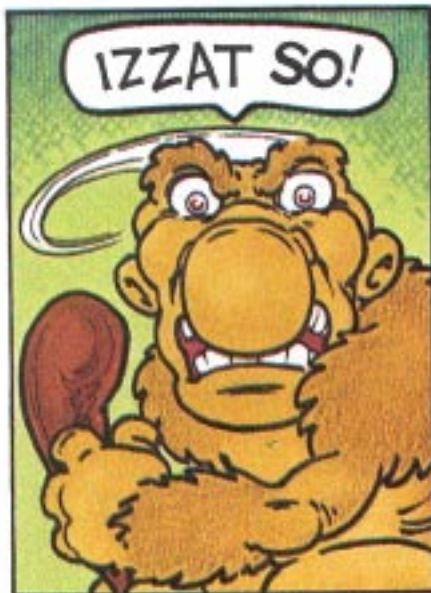
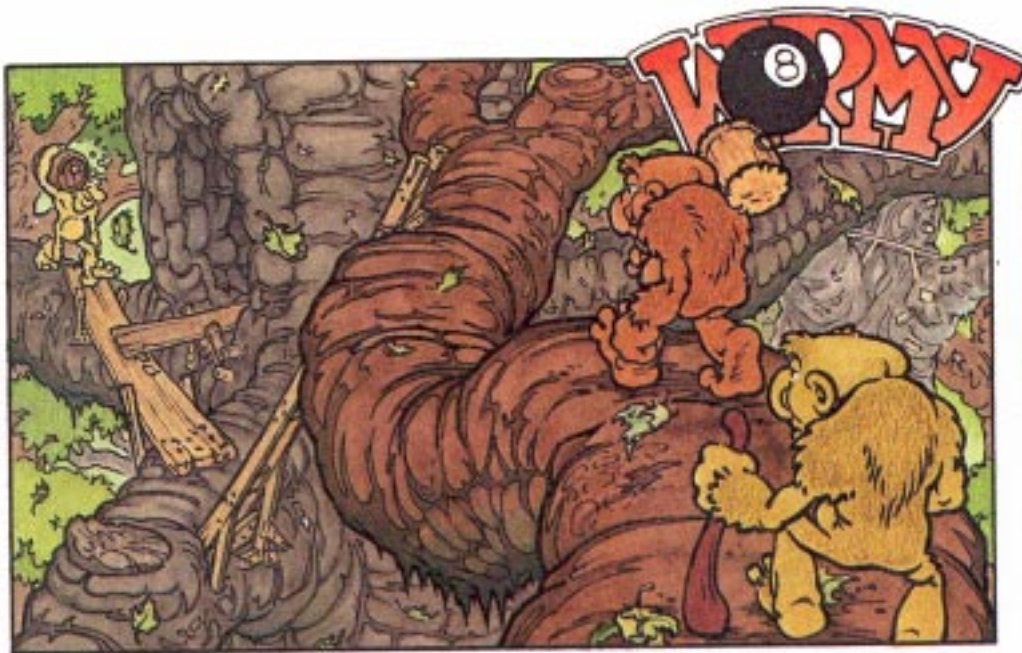
NAH. HIGHLY UNLIKELY.

GOOD LORD.

















KEEP YER EYEBROWS ON.
...IT AIN'T THE KINDA
HEADS YER THINKIN' OF.



HERE.

TAKE A
LOOK AT
THESE.



WHAT IS THIS, A JOKE?

HEH
HEH
HEH

THESE
ARE ALL
GIANTS!



HEY.
THOSE
ARE NEAT!

WHERE'D YA
GET THESE?



YA RECKONIZE ANY
OF THEM MUGS?

...
SEEN 'EM
ANYWHERE
AROUND?

SURE.

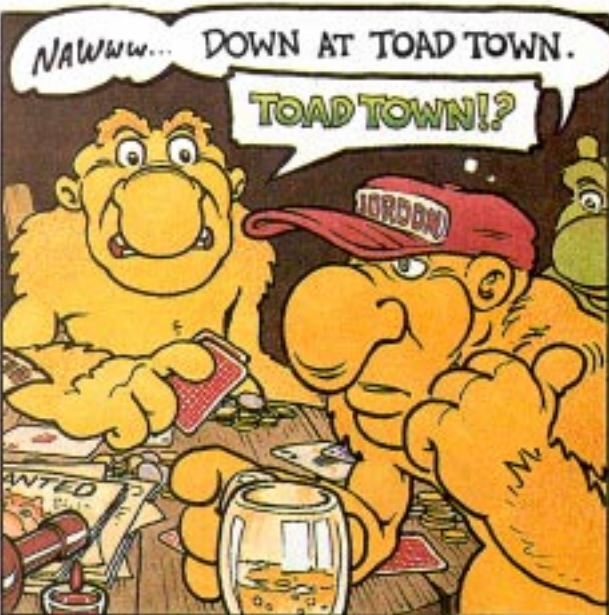
I'VE SEEN
THIS ONE
BEFORE.

AROUND
HERE?



NAWWW... DOWN AT TOAD TOWN.

TOAD TOWN!?



YEAH!
HANGIN' UP IN THE POST OFFICE.
HELL! THEY PROBLY DON'T EVEN
KNOW IT'S WORTH ANYTHING!
WATCH YER DRINK, THERE,
MISTER... YA WOULDN'T WANNA
RUIN THAT COLLECTION A-YERS.

YA KNOW WHAT?

WUT? I ALWAYS
THOUGHT BOUNTIES
WERE SOME SORTA
FAT, LITTLE RODENTS.

IT'S A
SIMOLEON
TO YOU.



8 WORMY





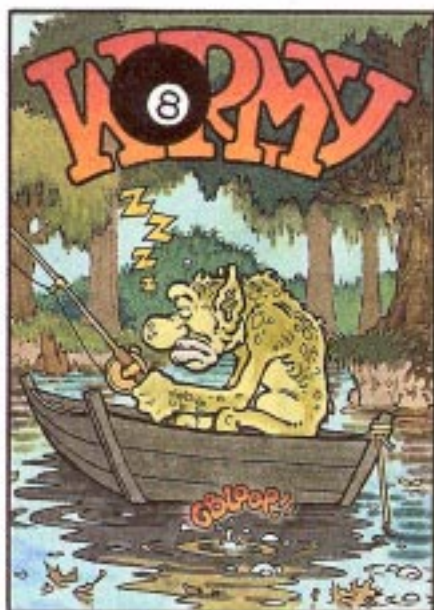


WORMY



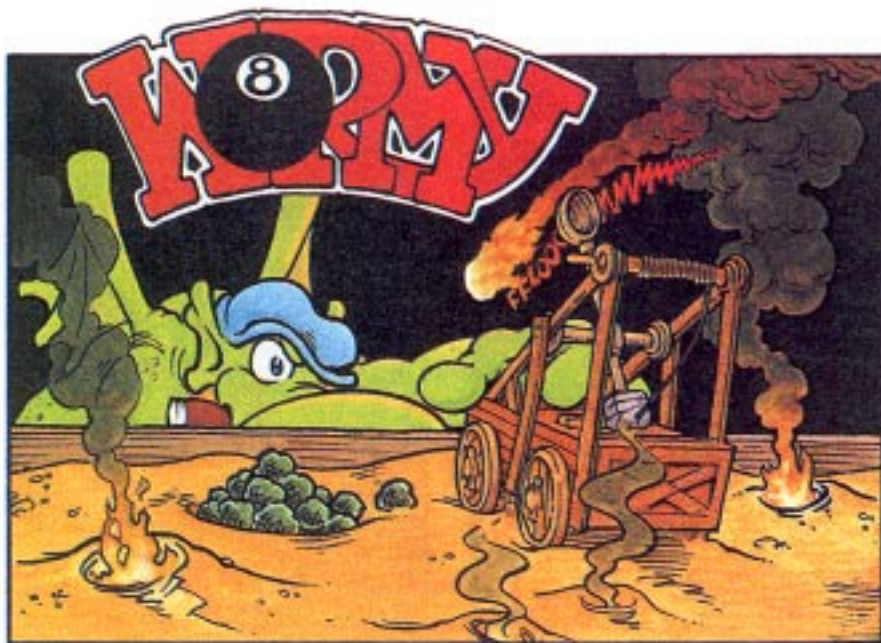






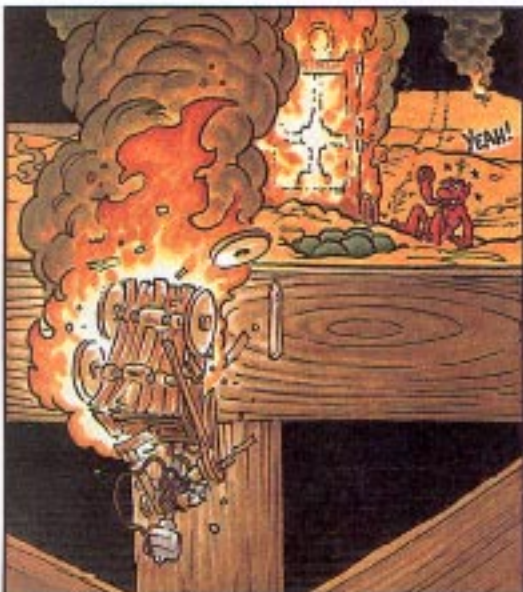


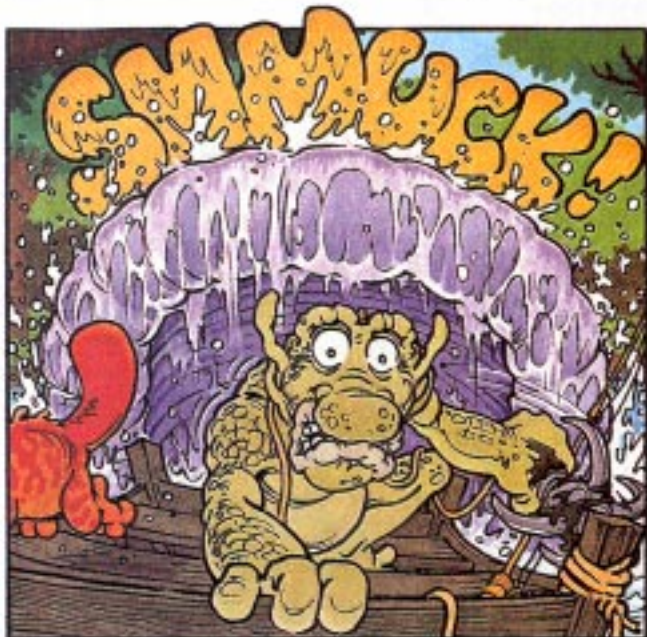
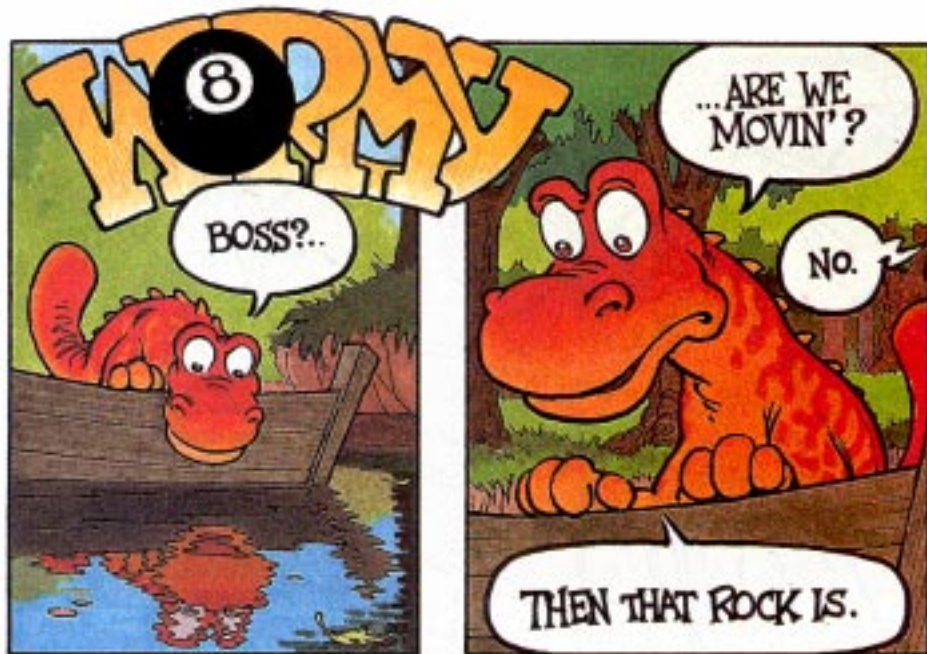


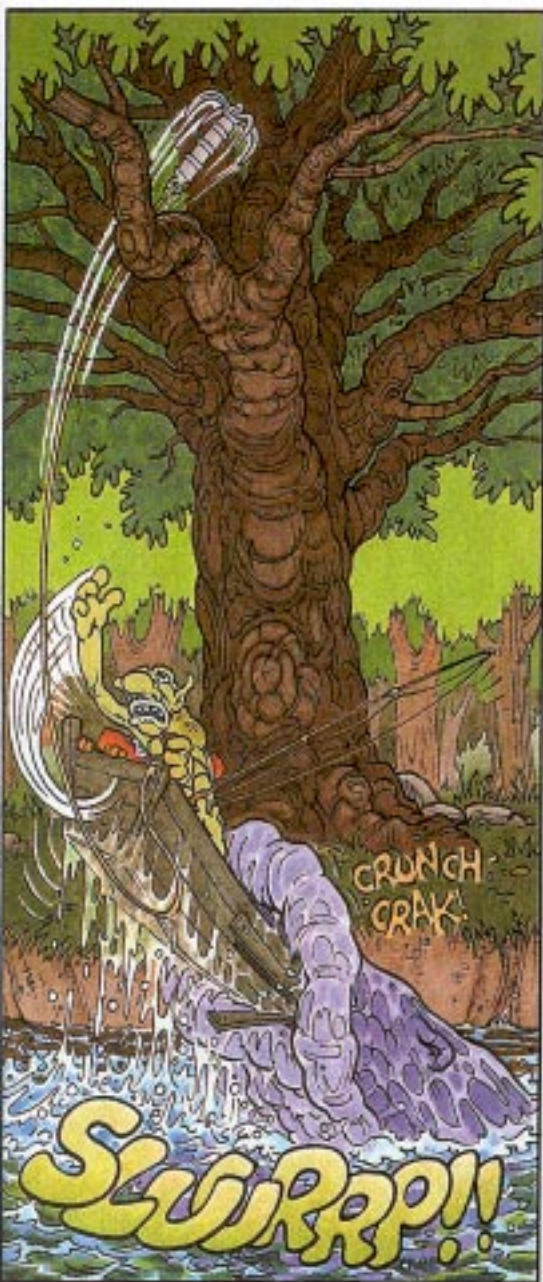














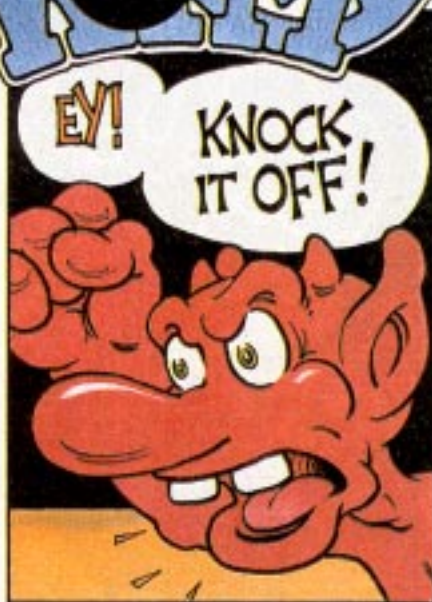


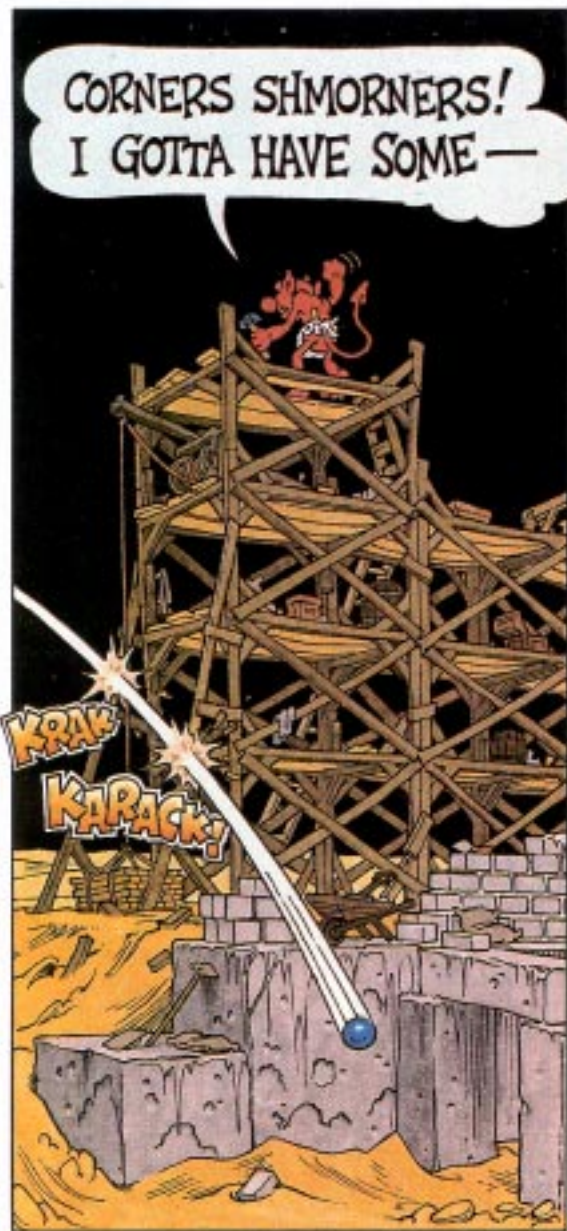


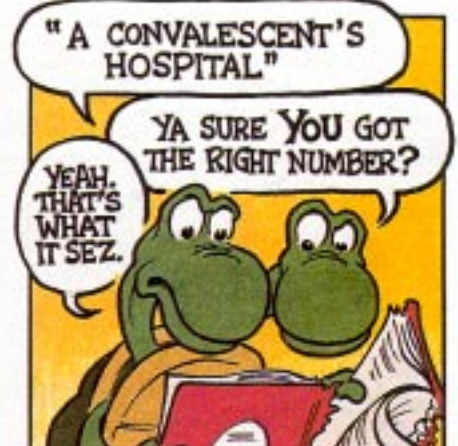
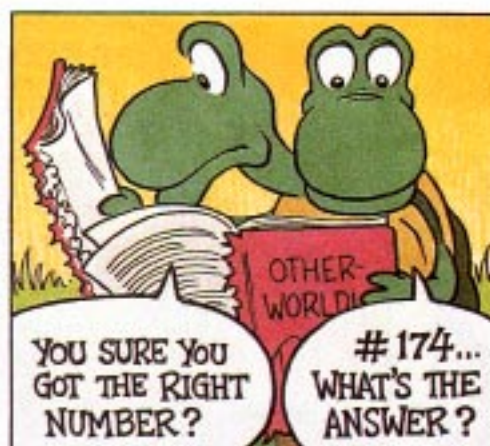
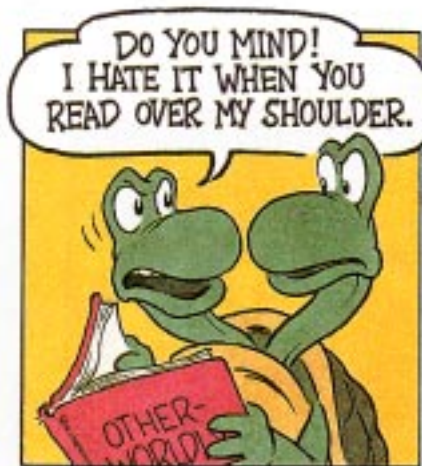
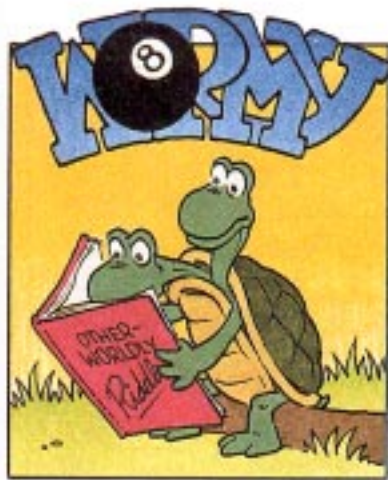


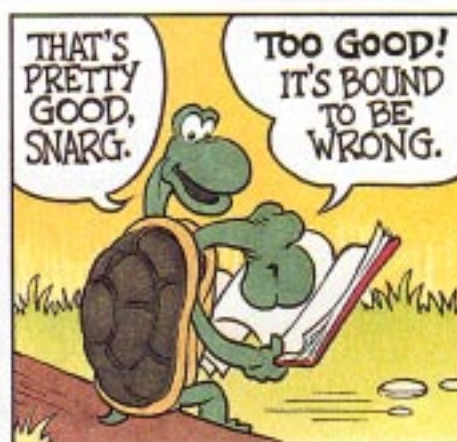
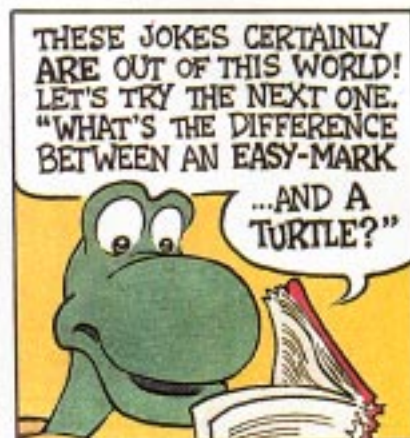
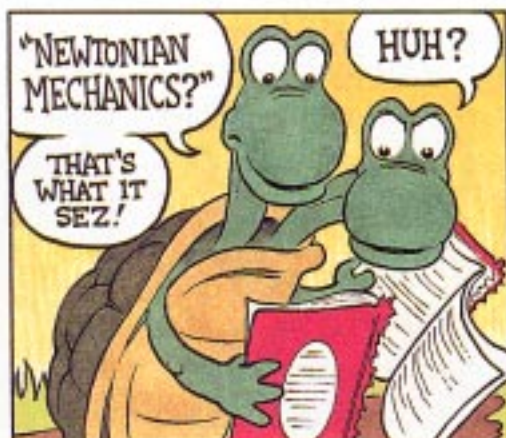


WORMY 8

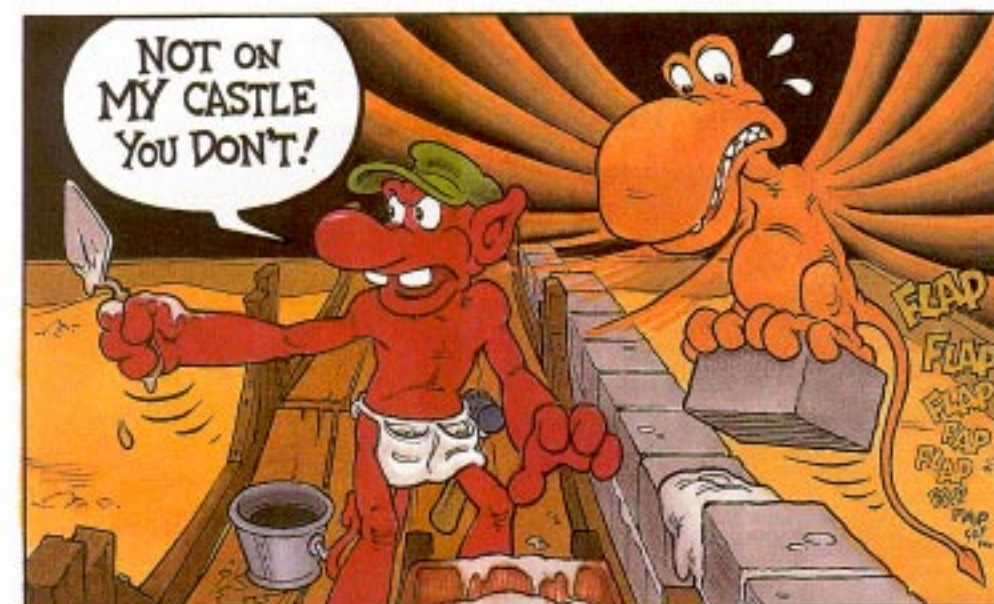
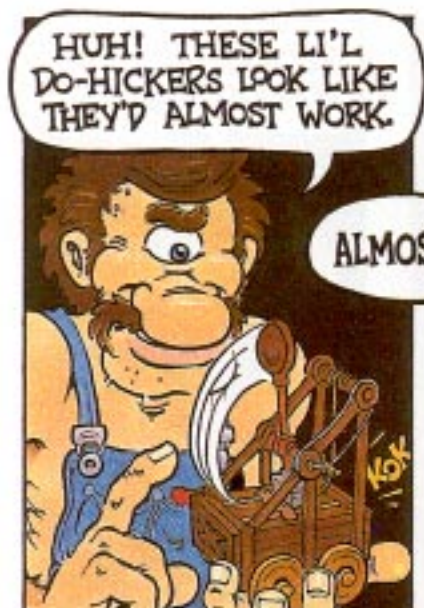


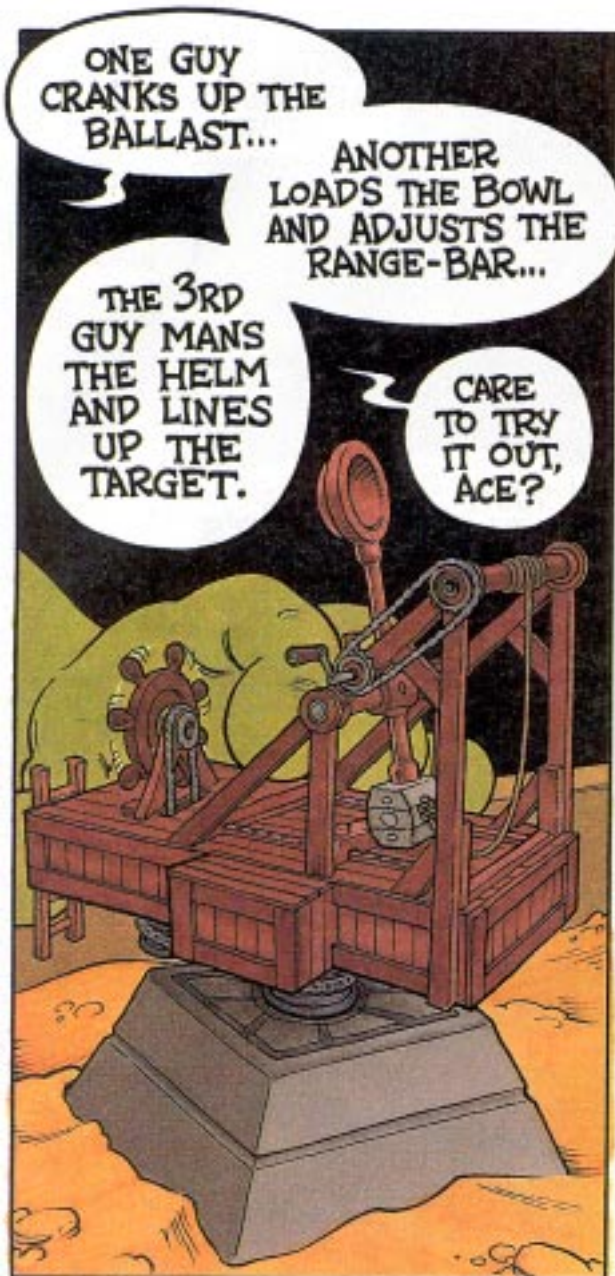


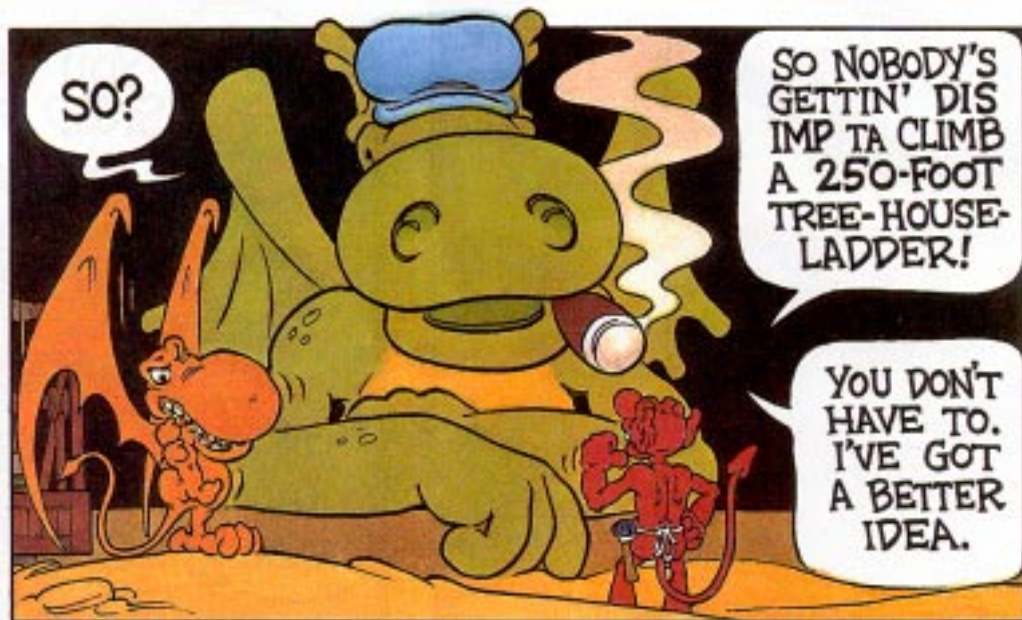


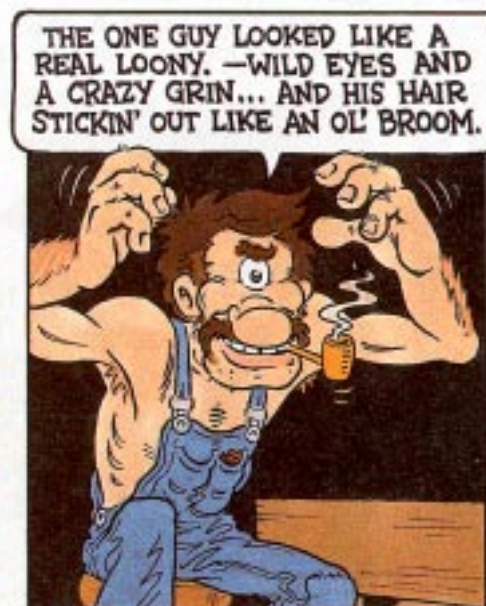
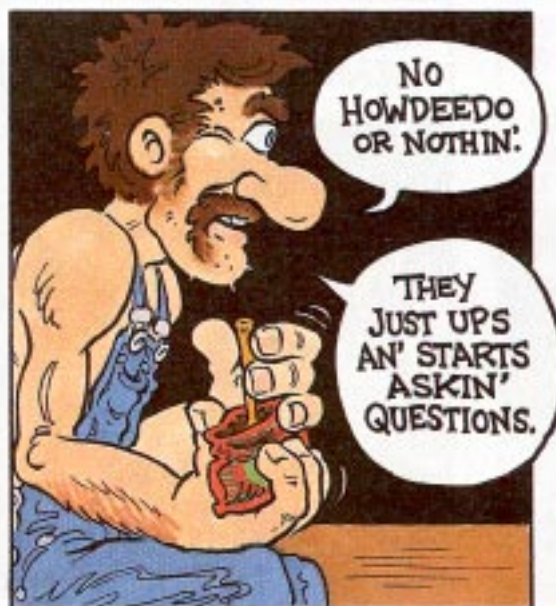
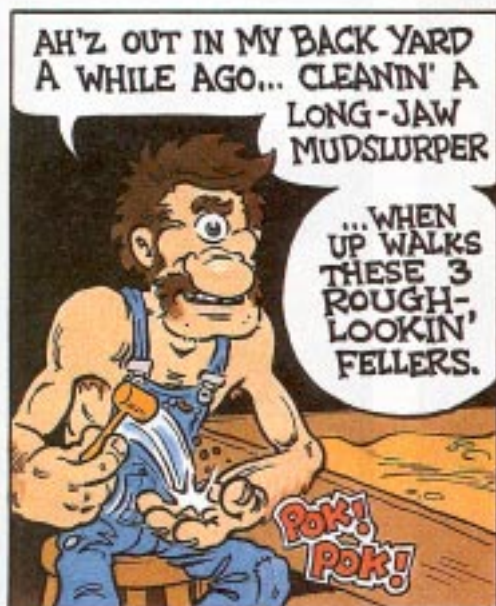


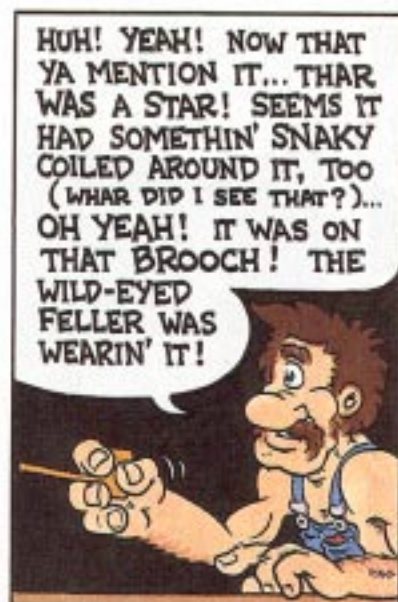
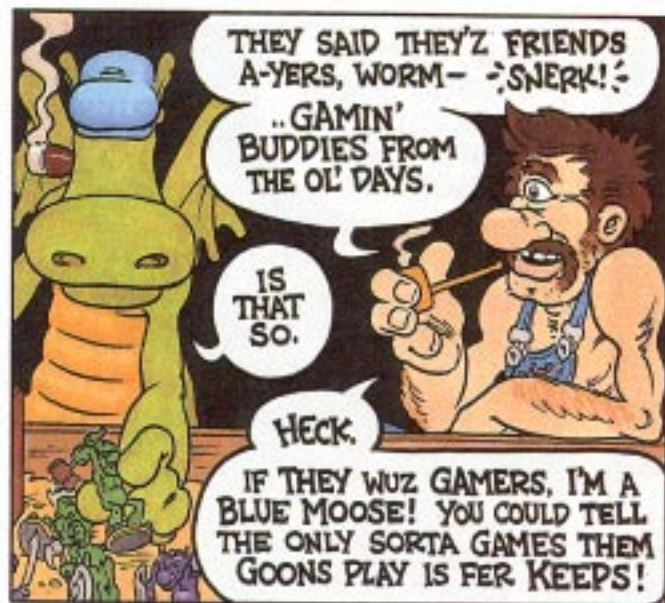


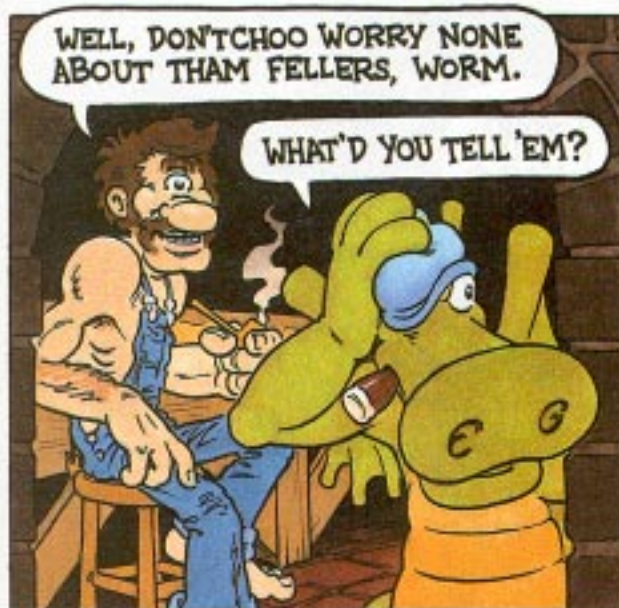
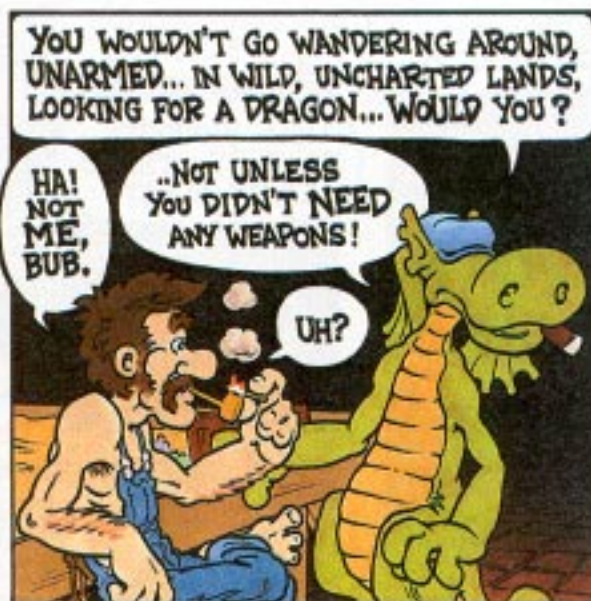


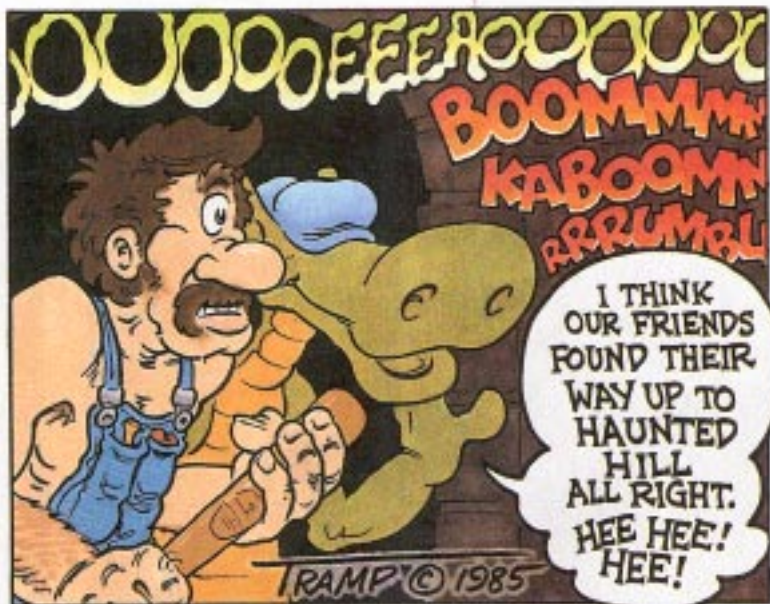
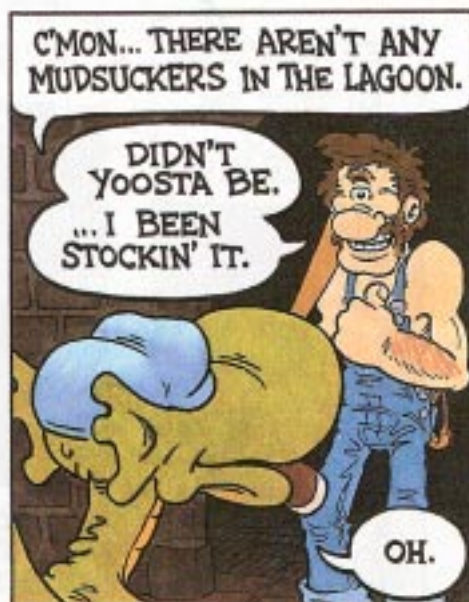
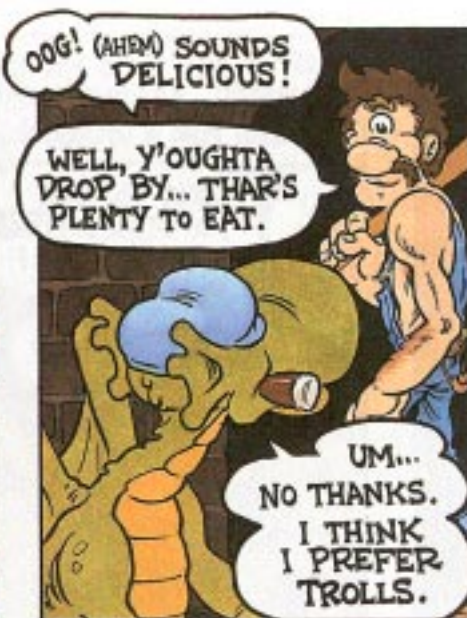


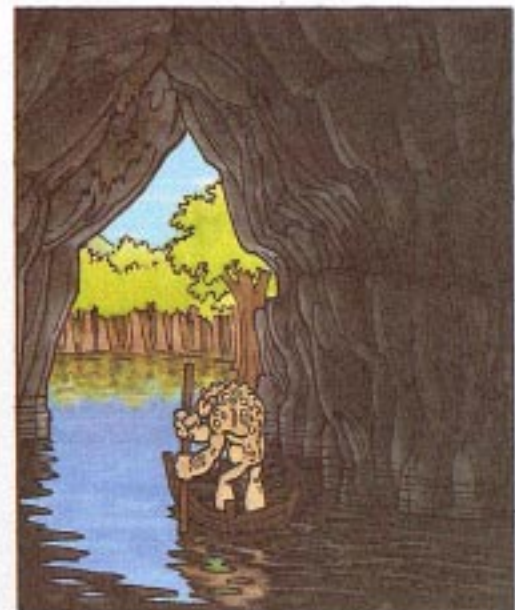
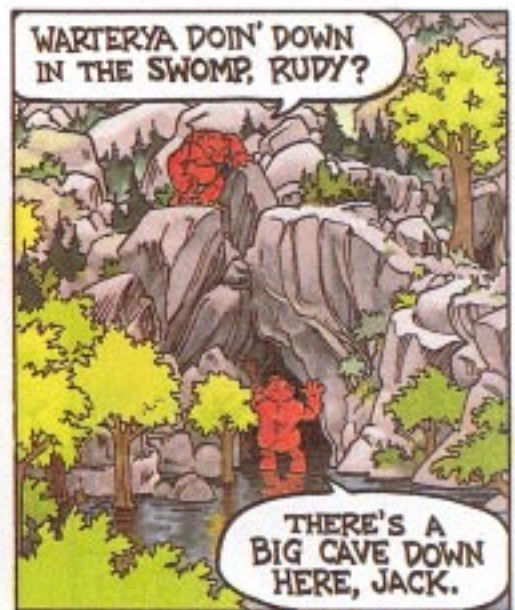
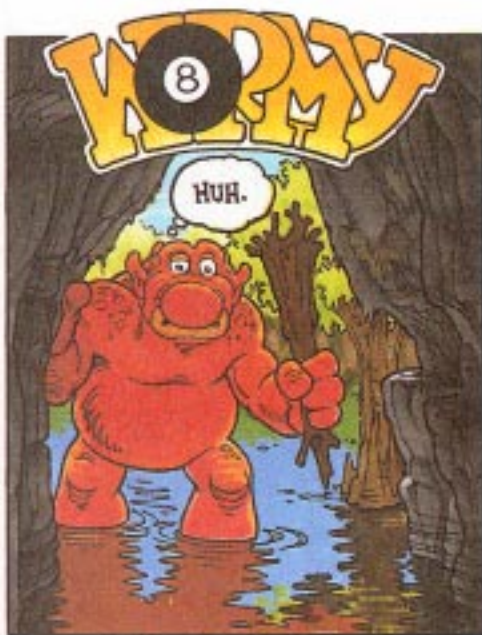


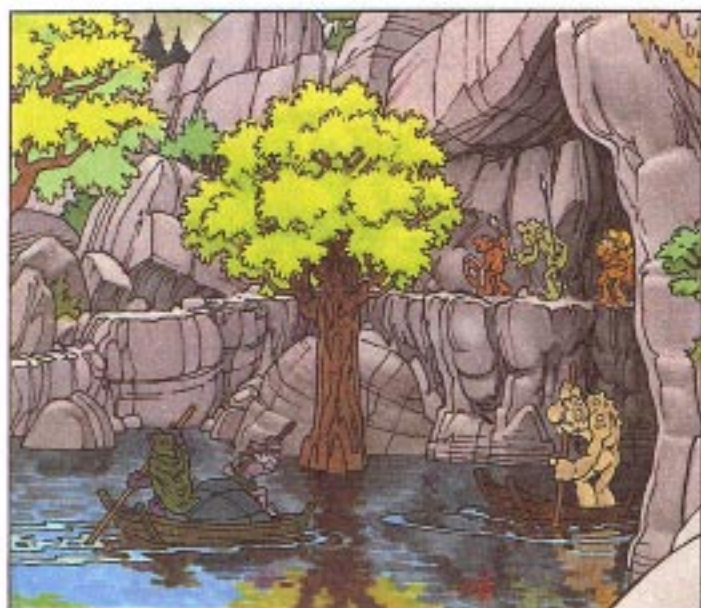


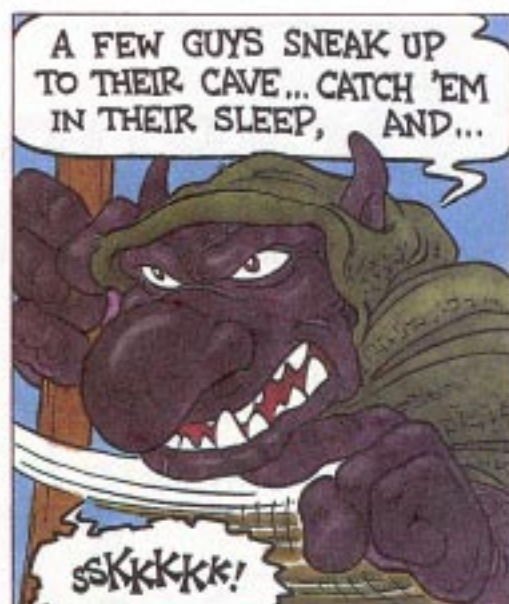




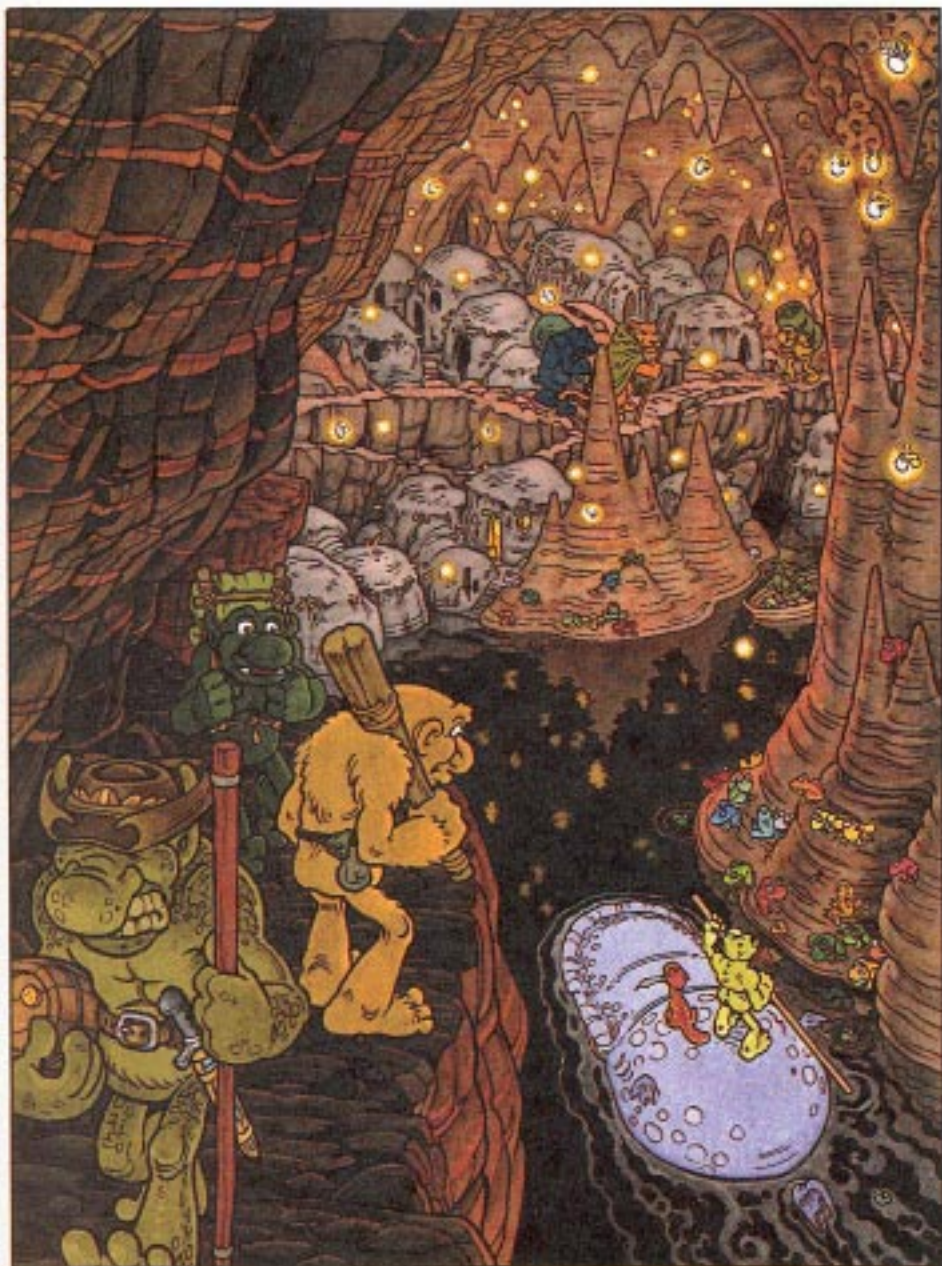




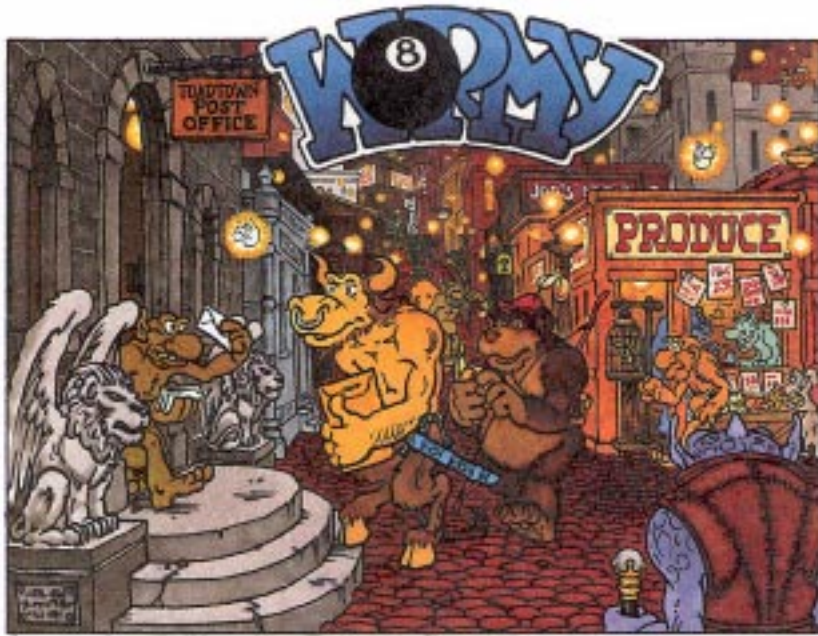




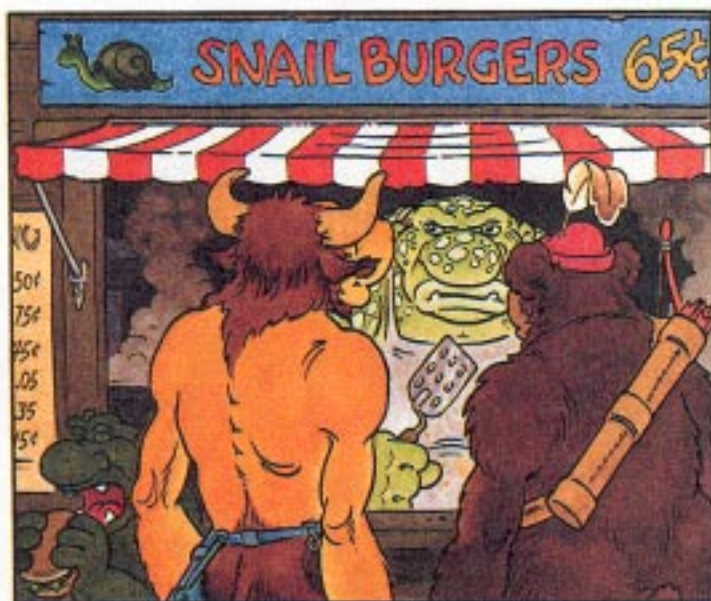






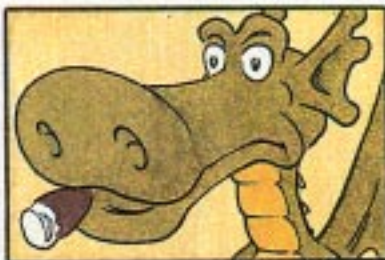


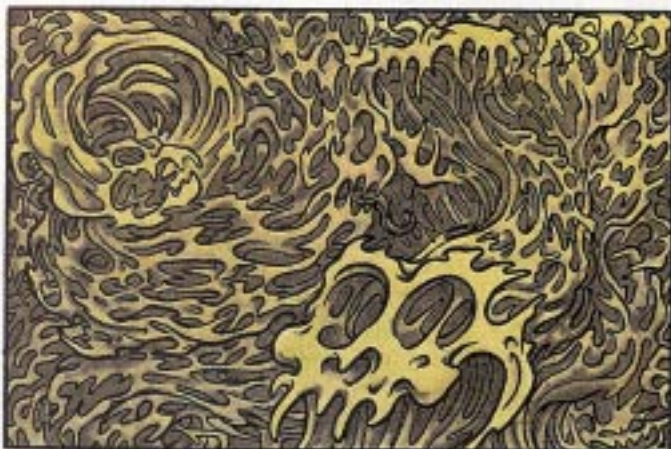








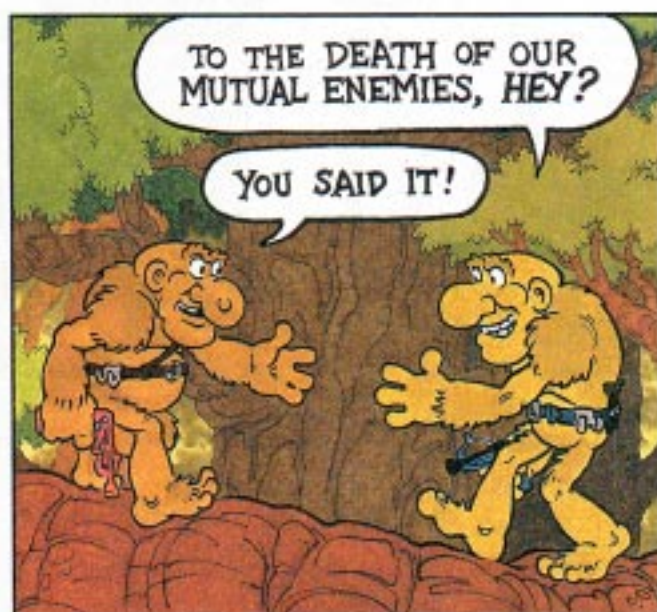












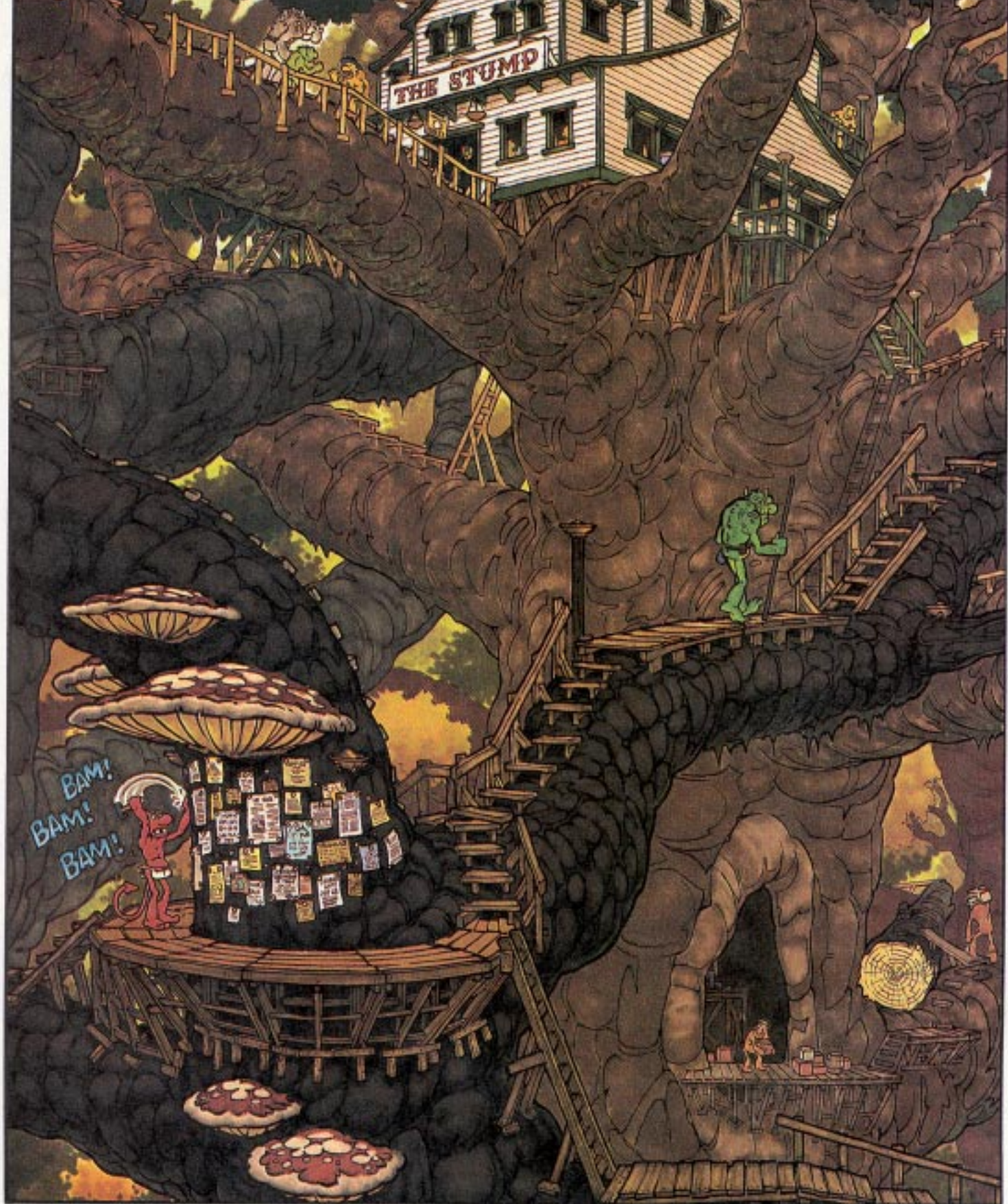








WORMY









**NOW HIRING
GAMEWARRIORS**

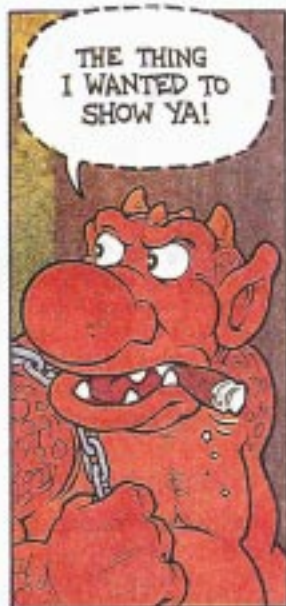
WANTED: Woodtrolls, Muddtrolls, Hilltrolls & Moostrolls, experienced in the use of small arms or heavy artillery, to play in giant wargames for pay. Applicants will be tested for speed, strength, stamina and weapon-skills. Familiarity with Standard Casino Regulations is a plus. Wages start at \$100.00 gold per game, increases commensurate with qualifications. Excellent benefits include bonuses for deeds of valor. Apply in person at the Dragon's cave, North end of the Goblin Hills. **TROLLS ONLY, PLEASE.** Non-regenerating species need not apply.







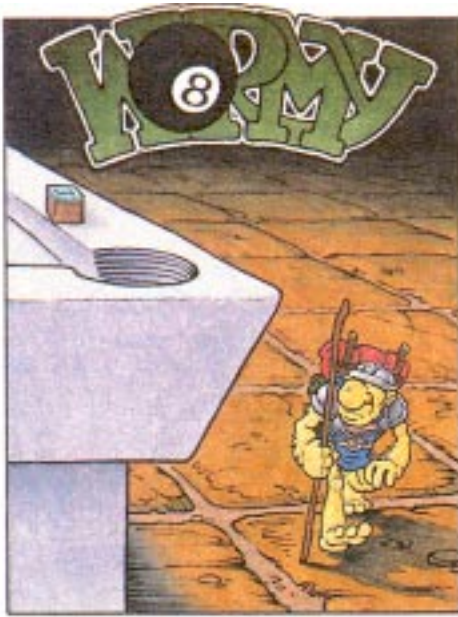




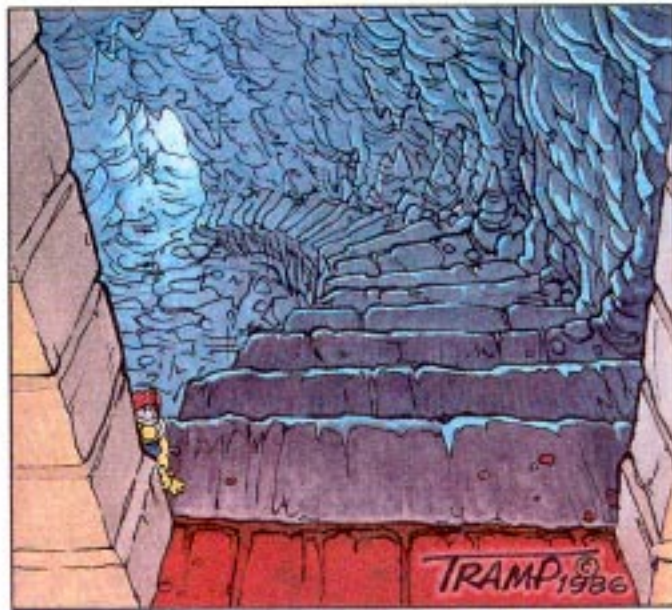
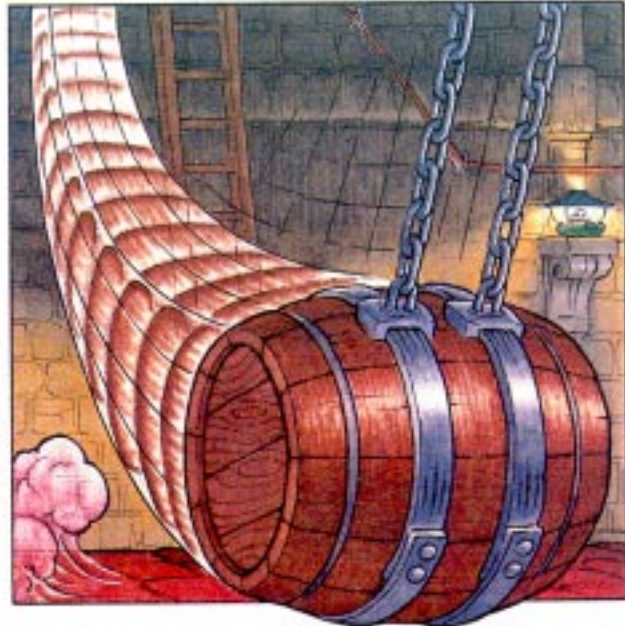






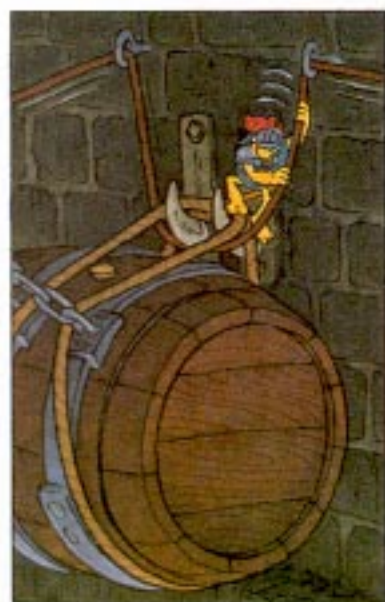
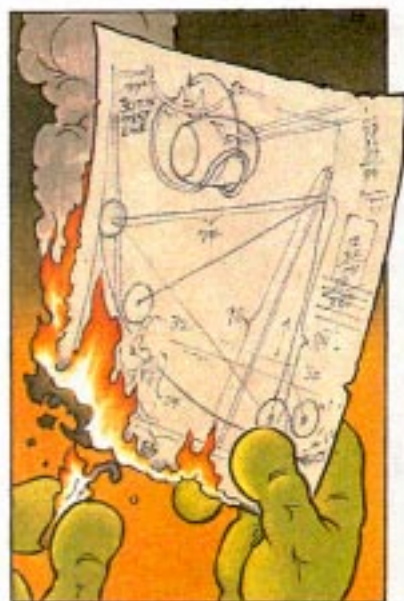




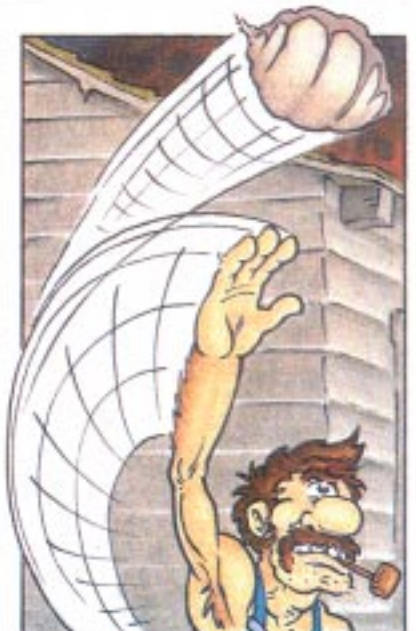












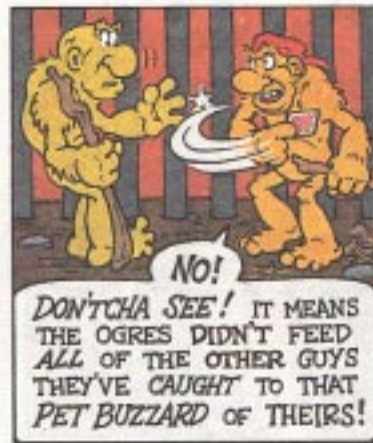
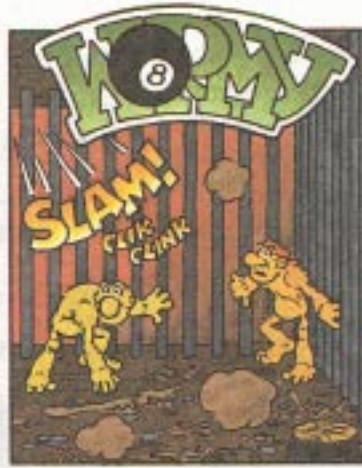






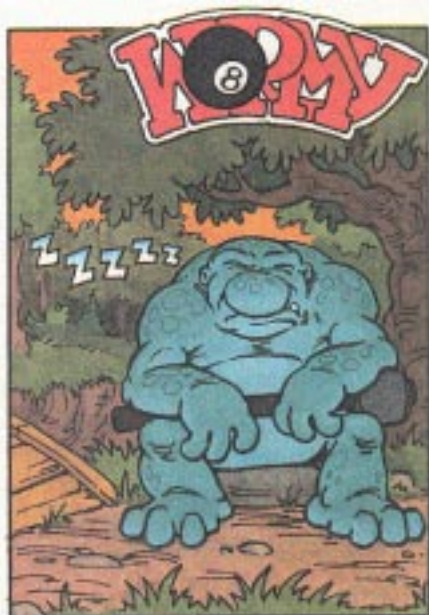




















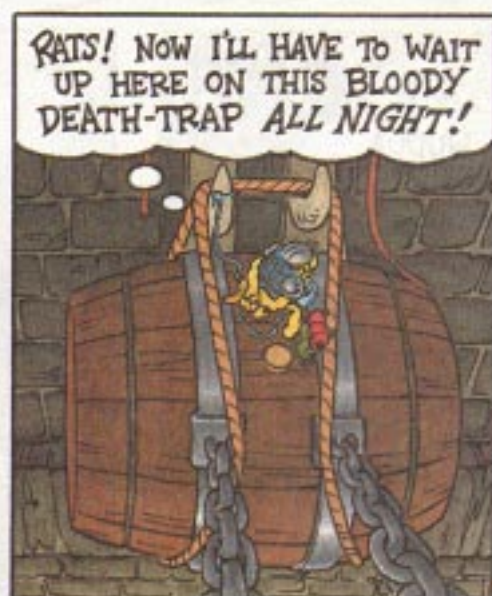


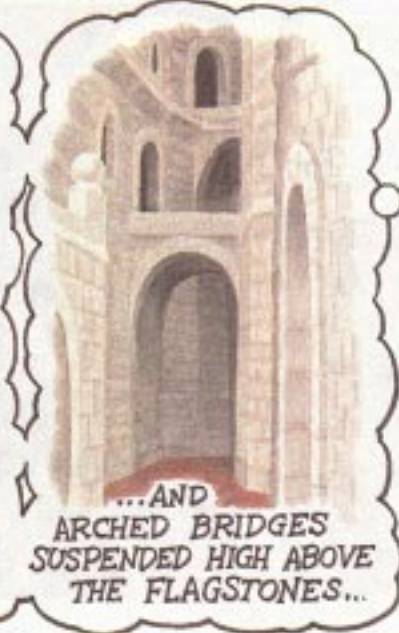


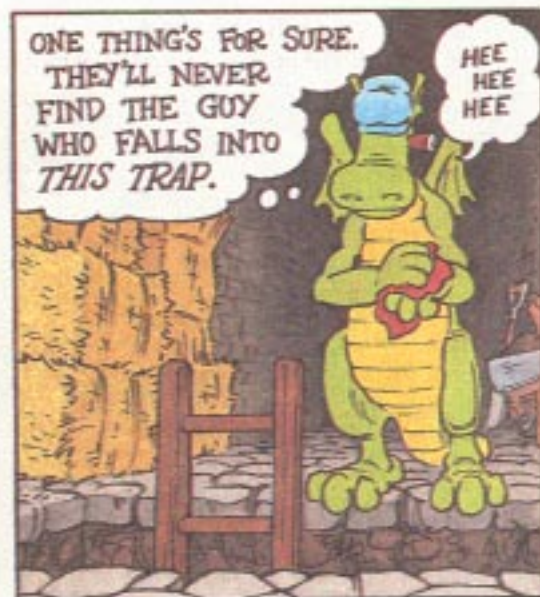
WORMY





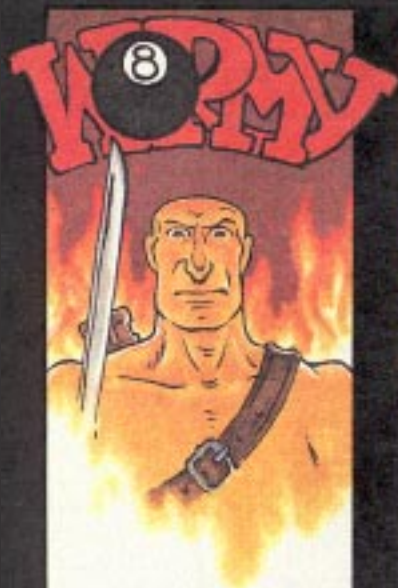


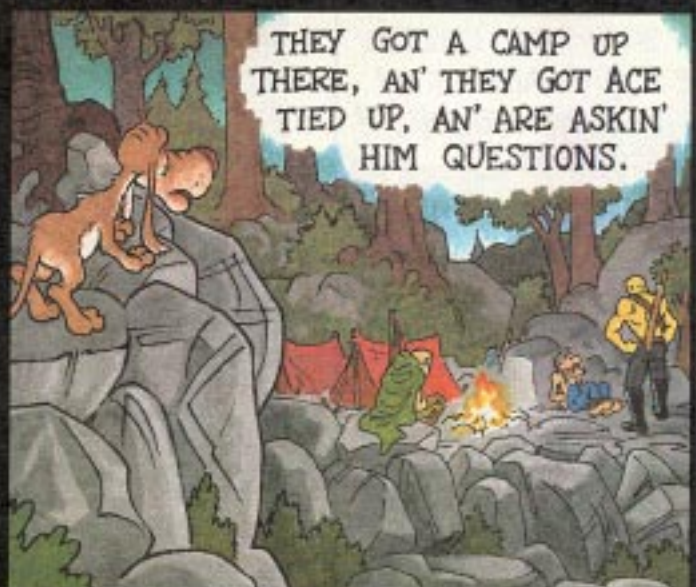












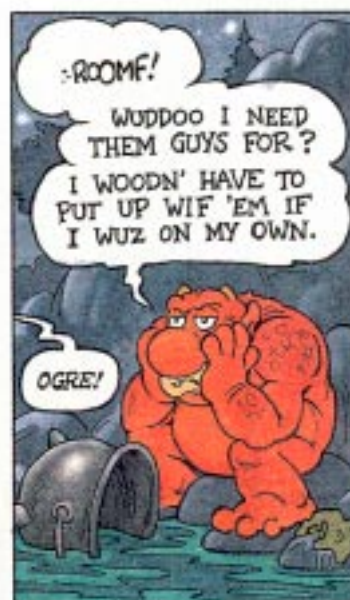
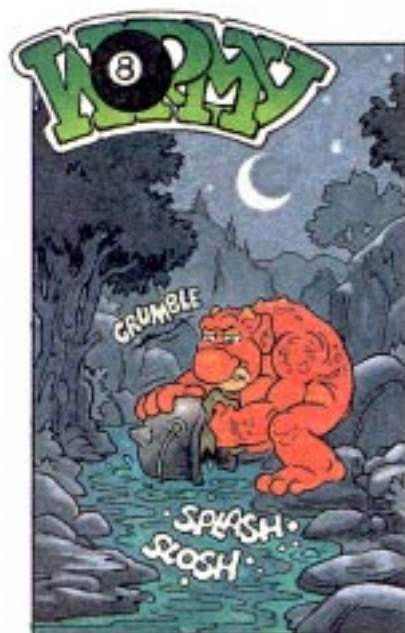










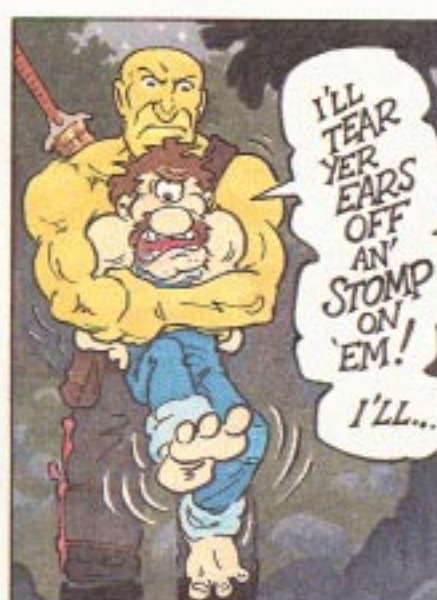




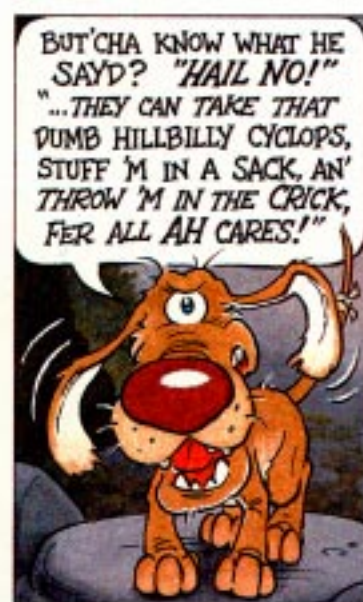


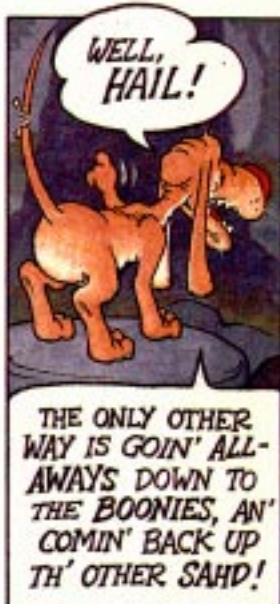




















AS SOON AS
WE FINISH DA
IRON KEEP.

GOOD
LORD!



IS THERE ANYTHING
I CAN DO TO HELP?

YA EVEH DONE
ANY MASONRY
WOIK?

NO, BUT I'M
A MEMBER OF
THE MYSTERIOUS
BROTHERHOOD
OF TROLLS.



'EY SLIM!

PUT DUDLY TO WOIK
HAULIN' CEMENT BAGS.

YOU GOT IT, CAPTAIN.



HEY IRVING!

YEAH?

C'MERE.

THERE'S SOMETHIN'
YOU OUGHTA KNOW ABOUT.



YOU KNOW THAT
TROLL DOWN THERE
IN THE BLUE JERKIN,
WITH THE HELMET
THAT COMES DOWN
OVER HIS EYES?

JEDD?
SURE.

HE'S DA BEST
FOREMAN I GOT
WOIKIN FOR ME.



IRVING! THE GUY'S
A BOUNTY HUNTER!
GIANT BOUNTIES!

AND HE'S
AFTER WORMY'S
HEAD!!



DAT GUY RIGHT
DOWN DER?

DON'T POINT,
IRVING! HE'S
WATCHING US.

HE'S AFTAH
WORMY??

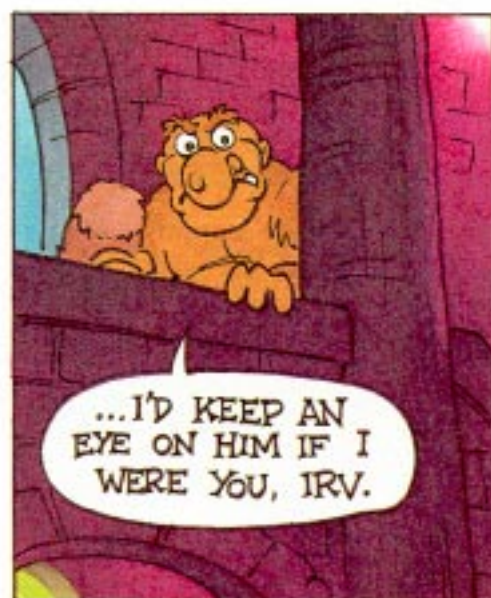
SHHH!



HEH HEH
HEH...
YER PULLIN' MY
TAIL, AIN'TCHA?

NO!
IT'S TRUE!

HE'S GOT A WANTED
POSTER WITH WORMY'S
PICTURE ON IT!
AND HE WAS ASKIN'
ABOUT WORMY UP AT
THE STUMP!





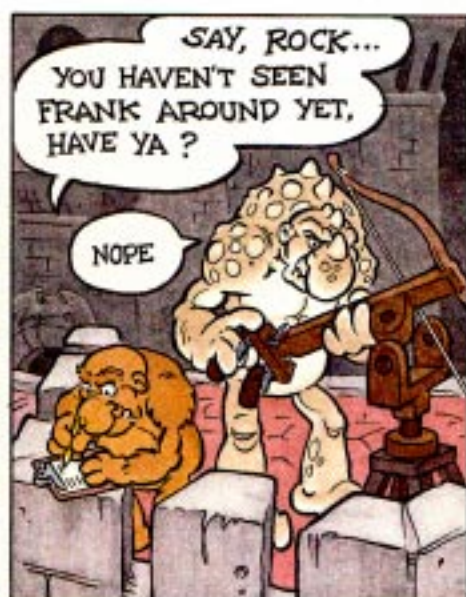
8 WORMY



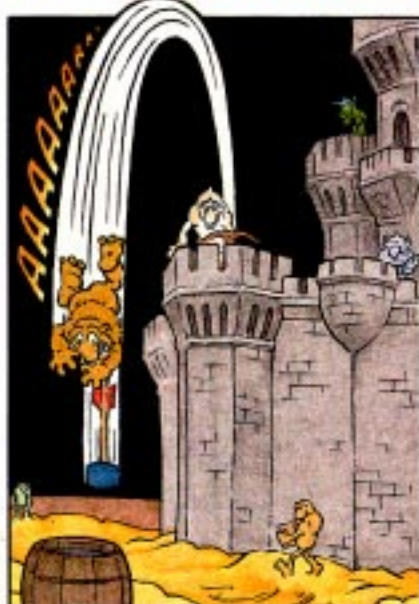






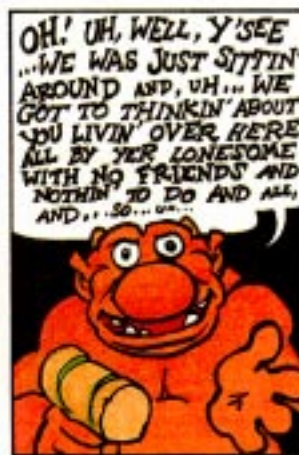
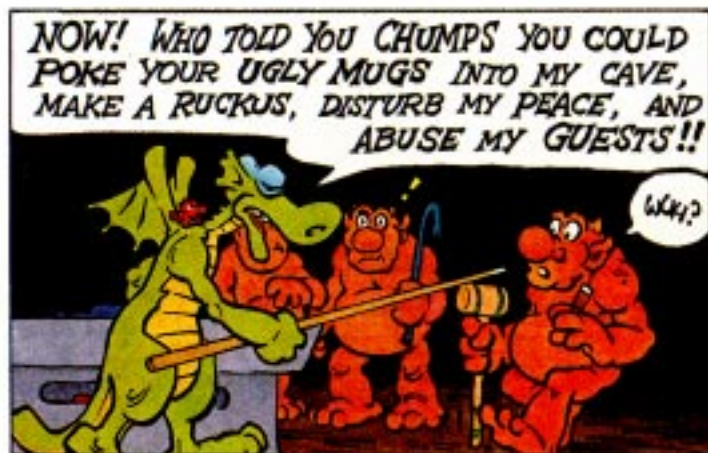














YOU... WANT TO CHALLENGE ME... TO A WARGAME?



THAT'S RIGHT!
A WARGAME!
ON OUR TABLE!
FER KEEPSIES!



WELL... NOT EXACKLY
A WARGAME...
ACKSHULLY, WE
WERE THINKIN OF A
SERIES OF SMALL
MEE-LEES... YOU KNOW,
"PIT-BATTLES."



YOU BRING (OHH) SAY...
20 TROLLS OR SO OVER
TO OUR PLACE, 'N WE'LL
DUKE IT OUT. WINNER
KEEPS THE LOSER'S
TROLLS.

WE GOT A FEW BEERS
AND WE'LL HAVE A
GOOD TIME! WUDDA
YA SAY, WORMY?



OTIS...
DON'T YOU KNOW
THAT WARGAMING
IS ILLEGAL?



UH?
SO?
WHAT DIFFERENCE
DUZZAT
MAKE?



OHHH... COME
ON, WORMY...
WE'RE COOL.

WE DON'T CARE IF
YOU AIN'T EXACKLY
ON THE UP 'N UP.



JUST TELL ME THIS,
OTIS... DID YOU GUYS
COME UP WITH THIS
IDEA... ALL BY
YOURSELVES?



YEAH! LIKE I
SAID!... WE WAS
JUS' SITTING AROUND
AND —

— THEN WHAT MADE
YOU THINK THAT I
PLAY WARGAMES?



HAWF!
WUDDER YA DOIN'
KEEPIN' TROLLS
IF YA DON'T!

THERE
YA GO
AGAIN,
WORMY...

YOU GOT
NOTHIN TO WORRY
ABOUT WITH US.
YEAH
WE AIN'T GONNA
SQUEAL ON YA.



YOU DIDN'T
ANSWER MY
QUESTION.

WHAT
QUESTION?



WHO TOLD YOU
THAT I'M A
WARGAMER?



OH IT WAS JUST SOME
GUY WHO WORKS FER
THE BLACK KRAKEN.

BUT IT DON'T MATTER,
CUZ HE AIN'T THE SAME
ONE WHO TRIED TO GET
YA TO SELL YER TROLLS!



SOMEONE'S DEFINITELY
BEEN FEEDING THESE
OGRES A LINE.
WOIMY!
WUDDA DEY
TALKIN' ABOUT?

SHH!



THE BLACK KRAKEN?
SO YOU GUYS WORK FOR
THE SLAVE TRADERS.

WUT!
NO WAY!

WE RUN
OUR OWN
BIZNESS!

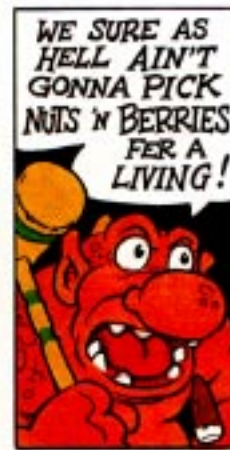
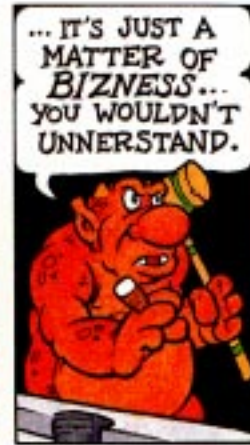


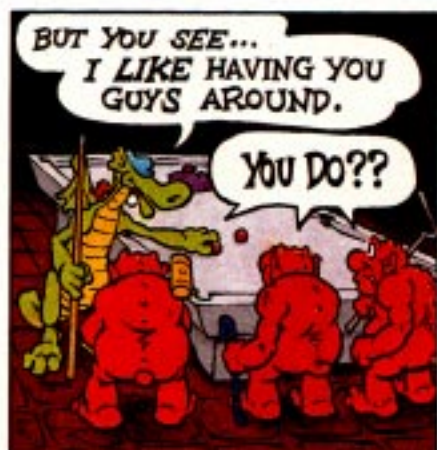
BUT YOU CATCH
TROLLS AND SELL
THEM TO THE
TRADERS.

YEAH! WUDDA THINK?
WE PICK NUTS 'N
BERRIES FER A LIVIN'?

HAW!

AR AR AR...





WORMY



BONK!
OW! JUST
PUT A LID
ON IT,
BONEHEAD!



YOU'RE THE
BONEHEAD,
OTIS!



JUST HOLD
IT TILL WE GET
OUTSIDE!



ARRRIGHT!
NOW!
WART'S THE
BIG IDEAR,
OTIS!



REALLY, OTIS!
YOU DIDN'T HAVE
TO GIVE IN TO ALL OF
WORMY'S DEMANDS!

HIS GAME!
HIS RULES!
ON HIS TABLE! SHEEZE!
AFTER THAT GUY WORNED US!



WHAT ARE
YOU GUYS—
DEAF?



DIDN'T YOU HEAR
WHAT HE SAID!?
"NO BOILIN' OIL, NO
ACID, NO FIREBALLS
OR FLAMIN' ARROWS..."

REALLY! THAT'LL
TAKE ALL THE
FUN OUTA IT.



BUT HE SAID
IT'S BECUZ HIS
EMPLOYEES WON'T GO
FER PYROTECHNICS!

SO?
I WOULDN'T EITHER
IF I WAS A TROLL.



HIS "EMPLOYEES"
YOU TURTLEBRAIN!

DON'TCHA UNNERSTAN'?
WORMY USES MERCENARIES!



OHHHH... I GET IT.

YOU SEE WHAT I'M
GETTIN' AT, FLOYD?

YEAHH...



SO THAT'S WHY HE
JUST LET THEM TWO
TROLLS WALK AWAY!
HE DON'T KEEP
SLAVES!!

RIGHT!



HUH!
HOW'S HE
GETTUM TO
FIGHT?

THAT'S
THE
POINT!

YA CAN'T!

RIGHT!

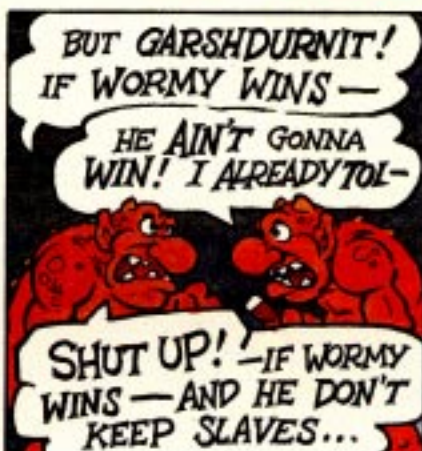


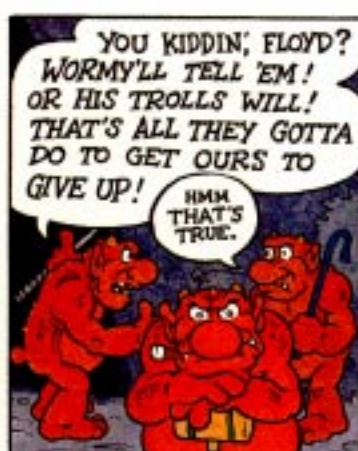
YOU EVER SEEN
MERC'S COME UP
AGAINST HARDENED
SLAVES?..



THEY GET
EATEN ALIVE!
HAR AR ARR

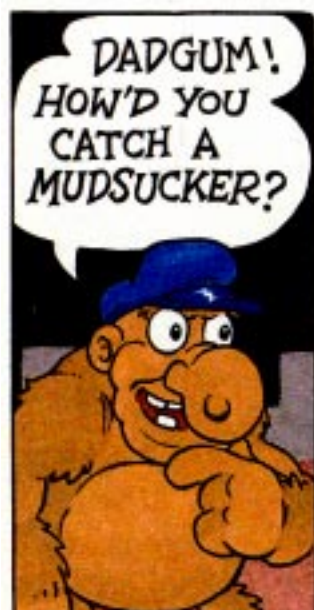
HAW!
AND WE THOUGHT
WORMY WAS A REAL
WARGAMER.

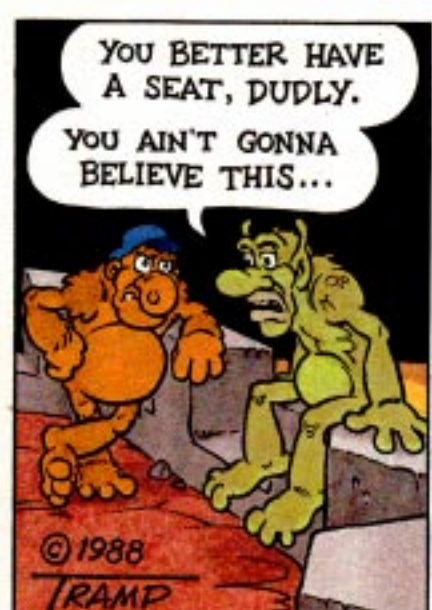
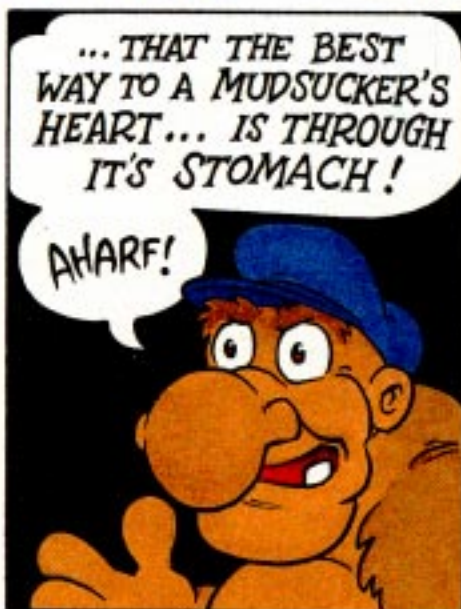












WORMY

