PAPEL ESPECIAL PARA HQ

Formato padrão Comics (17x26cm)

Os textos não devem ultrapassar o retângulo pontilhado menor.
Para desenhos sangrados estender até a linha contínua.
Sugere-se fazer os quadros no retângulo pontilhado menor.

Título: FRANK COVER Capítulo: COVER Página: Artista:

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Para páginas duplas corte na linha pontilhada do retângulo maior e una com fita adesiva.

Is ignorance bliss?

CHEMICAL MAN

TAKE OUT THE TRASH!

If so, the folks behind *Brand-New Four Elements* are living a life of paradise.

TEK TEK TEK TEK

Issue #19 is insipid and implausible. A woeful attempt by Fab Comics to do something original.

You can't ignore continuity.

You can't scoff in the face of **character.**

STOP

HELLO?

ALL RIGHT, MOM!

JEEZ...

This issue is a misstep. Trite plotting and the proliferation of caption boxes mar otherwise inspired art.

Readers don't want this. We want high adventure supplemented with lurking mystery!

Alas, there will be another **big, strange** story ahead. Such are superhero comics.

See you then, FRANCO--

--HIYA.

PART ONE: THE START OF THE STORY

W-WAIT. ARE YOU ROBBING US?

...AND BURNING MY HOUSE DOWN...

...WITH GREEN LASER FIRE...?

GET IN.

Um. NO?

TA-TAKE WHAT YOU NEED! DON'T HURT ME!

CLICK CLICK CLICK

THE HECK?

AH!

HELP?

HELP!

FRANCO?

STOP

HELP HELPHELP HELP!

HELP!

CLINK

HH.

WUZ-WUZZAT?

BLEARGH

W-WHERE'S MY ROOM? *WHERE'S MY HOUSE?!*

WHAT *DID* YOU *DO?!* MY MOM *BETTER* BE OK, YOU PURPLE PSY...

HOLD ON.

WOW, I DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE YOUR DISGUISE THERE. WHY ARE YOU DRESSED AS--

VIOLET VISOR

I SUGGEST YOU GET WISE AND SURRENDER. THOUGH I'M SURE YOU HAVE OTHER PLANS.

SKUNK

NOT YOU. *NOT NOW.*

HEY! I'M NOT--

ZZT

YOWZA!

STOP THIS, PITZ! TELL ME WHERE *KID ATOMIC* IS!

MOVE!

WHAT'S GOING ON?!

DING

ZZT

ZZT

ZZT

IS THAT...IS THAT THING REAL?

REALER THAN YOU KNOW.

NO.

NO. THAT'S--

--NEW UTOPIA!

IMPOSSIBLE.

UFF

LET'S GO.

CHOOM

DON'T EVEN TRY HITTIN' BACK, HON.

YOUNG FORCE IS HERE TO PUT AN END TO WHATEVER SCHEME YOU GOT RUNNIN'.

HOOPOO

LECIA THE LUMINOUS

DIE!

I

DON'T

THINK

SO.

SORRY, VISOR, JUST LIKE THE REST YOU'RE TOO SLOW FOR THE--

GREEN RACER

WINNING THIS BOUT IS AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

YOU'RE RIGHT. I'M OUT-MATCHED--

CLICK

--BUT *NEVER* OUT-MANEUVERED.

WATCH YOURSELVES, KIDS. I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN BY THE TIME THIS STORY ENDS.

HA HAHA HA!

HE'S GONE!

GREEN RACER, FORM A PERIMETER *NOW!* LECIA, CAST A LOCATE SPELL!

I WILL TRY BUT HIS MAGIC INHIBITORS ARE A HEFTY OBSTACLE.

DO YOUR BEST! WE CAN'T LET THAT MANIAC GET AWAY AGAIN.

AND WHOEVER YOU ARE, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST.

THIS IS WILD! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE SKUNK BOY, RIGHT?

EXCUSE ME?

HOLY SMOKES, YOU EVEN *LOOK* LIKE GARY DIXON.

WHO ARE YOU? *ANSWER ME!*

I'M... EXTREMELY CONFUSED RIGHT NOW.

HOW *DO YOU* KNOW MY *NAME?!*

Oh JEEZ, YOU'RE REALLY STRONG.

WHAT THE HECK IS THIS? A MARKETING GIMMICK BY FAB TO SELL A NEW COMIC BOOK?

WHAT THE HECK IS A "COMIC BOOK"?

REPORT.

DRINK

I WAS RIGHT. THE SIDEKICKS SHOWED UP.

MOVE TO THE NEXT PHASE.

"VISOR'S GONE. MY BAD."

YEAH, A *BAD* SPEEDSTER.

HEY!

ENOUGH! WE'LL WORRY ABOUT VISOR AS SOON AS I GET HIS GOON TO SPILL THE BEANS ON WHAT HE KNOWS ABOUT ME.

FANTASTIC COSPLAY, GUYS. THIS IS ALL REALLY GREAT, WHATEVER IT IS.

DO YOU THINK THIS IS A JOKE? *TELL ME HOW YOU KNOW MY NAME!*

LISTEN, I *DON'T* KNOW IT, DUDE. MY NAME IS FRANCO NORMAN! ONE OF YOUR...CO-WORKERS? THE ONE DRESSED AS VIOLET VISOR ABDUCTED ME FROM MY HOME. DRUGGED ME OR SOMETHING.

DRESSED AS?

BUP

TALK ABOUT META...

I'VE CALLED IN SUPER CLUB.

I DIDN'T ASK YOU DO TO THAT, HOODOO.

TOO BAD, IT'S DONE. TIGER-EYE CAN DEAL WITH HIM.

SUPER CLUB? *TIGER-EYE?*

SLOW DOWN--

--UH, YOUNG FORCE? LET'S PROCESS THIS. WHATEVER'S GOING ON IS A ***HUGE*** AND ***ODD*** MISUNDERSTANDING.

WELL, MAKE US UNDERSTAND. IF YOU COME CLEAN IT'LL LOOK BETTER FOR YOU.

OK, RIGHT. SO I THINK I'M IN A COMIC. A ***STORY.*** OR MAYBE TRAPPED IN A COMA DREAM. I DON'T REMEMBER AN ACCIDENT BUT THAT MIGHT MEAN THERE WAS ONE.

I'M FROM MISSOURI. NOT THE ONE IN THIS DIMENSION BUT A DIFFERENT ONE? I'M NOT SURE.

LET ME START OVER. I KNOW WHO YOU ARE BUT YOU WOULDN'T KNOW WHO I AM BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT REAL BUT I ***AM*** WHICH IS WHY YOU DON'T KNOW ME.

IT'S AN HONOR MEETING YOU ALL. I'M A ***BIG*** FAN.

...

SCAN THIS NUTJOB.

INDEED. WE SHALL DISCOVER WHAT THIS ***FAN*** TRULY KNOWS.

RVLTH TRTH!

I am UNABLE TO PENETRATE HIS MIND! IT IS LIKE BORING THROUGH SOLID BEDROCK.

WELL, ***WE*** GOT WAYS OF DEALIN' WITH THE HARD-HEADED.

THIS IS GONNA HAPPEN ONE OF TWO WAYS: YOU HAND OVER THE GOOF IN THE GLASSES AND THEN SCOOT BACK TO YOUR MOMMIES AND DADDIES--

--OR WE RIP YOU INTO BLOODY SHREDS AND CHEW ON YOUR BONES.

GGHHRRR

I THINK WE KNOW FERAL FREAK'S PREFERENCE.

ALPHA! YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR FURRY MIND IF YOU THINK WE'RE HANDING OVER *ANYTHING*.

YOU AND THE ***LUPINE LEAGUE*** CAN GO FIND A CAR TO CHASE!

THIS BANTER IS GOING TO LEAD TO A FIGHT, ISN'T IT?

LOOPIS, *BLAST 'EM!*

MY. PLEASURE.

BOOOOM

I DON'T GOT EYES ON THAT FRANCO GUY!

LET ME EAT YOU!

WE'RE OUTNUMBERED! WHERE'S ***BROTHER BOULDER*** WHEN YA NEED HIM?!

THIS IS ALL A DISTRACTION! IT'S ON YOU, GREENIE. FIND FRANCO!

Er, LITTLE STUCK HERE, *MI AMIGO.*

HOW IS THIS HAPPENING?

IT ISN'T. IT'S SOME TYPE OF PRANK. I'M *NOT* IN THE FAB UNIVERSE. I WAS SLIPPED SOMETHING. NO OTHER EXPLANATION.

EVERYTHING IS SO...

RRRRRR

...VIBRANT.

H-HEY FERAL... FREAK.

YOUR REAL NAME IS ALEX, RIGHT? ALEX GERBEROV? WHATEVER THE LUPINE LEAGUE TOLD YOU ABOUT ME IS A *LIE*.

I READ ALL ABOUT THE TERRIBLE THINGS BARON BRUTE DID TO YOU. I THINK I KNOW HOW TO *TURN YOU BACK*.

TRUST ME, ALEX--

--I'M *REALLY* SORRY ABOUT THIS.

KLANGG

EXIT

THAT WORKED?

H

WHAT HAPPENED TO FREAK? BOBCAT, YOU SEE THAT RUNT?

NOPE, BUT I SURE DO SMELL HIM!

Uh oh.


PARKING
THERE'S *NO WAY* THIS IS REAL.


HALL OF HEROES
JEEZ-O-MAN, *IT'S REAL.*
THE MUSEUM FROM SILVER AGE *SUPER CLUB*--IN ALL ITS GLORY!


HALL OF HEROES
WHAT A WONDERFUL NIGHTMARE.
HEY!
IS THAT DETECTIVE X'S HAT? THAT'S HIS HAT!

Ah, YOU'RE AN ADMIRER OF THE SAINTLY LOT.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF THE DEVIL?

HOLY SMOKES! YOU--

--YOU'RE...

HOOTY.

NO. ANNOYINGLY CLOSE THOUGH.

MOONSONG?

KING MACHINE

SNAP

I AM THE ONE WHO EXPELS THE SUN FROM THE SKY. THE SON OF THE ARCH-BEAST. THE SEED OF FENRIR. *HE WHO HATES.*

HAT-TEE.

SUN

WHY ARE YOU SAYING IT LIKE THAT, YOU IMBECILE? MY NAME IS--

--HATI!

Oh--

--NO.

SIR?

H--!

SPLOTCH

STOP HIM!

SPLOOOTCH

>~<

UH.

SORRY?

MMPHME! HHMAAPTHEE!

HRRNN.

...LUNAR POWER.

YOU EARTH FOOLS ARE PATHETIC.

THE *PRIME PAPA* GOT THIS!

SPLAT

GAH! I DON'T GOT THIS!

?

WHAT IN THE--

HEY!

VESTIBULE OF VILLAINS

THINK YOU CAN OUTRUN ME, TWERP?

Ohff!

THUD

Oh, YOU GOTTA BE KIDDIN' ME!

OK, SEEIN' HATI GO DOWN LIKE THAT, *PRETTY FUNNY*, BUT THERE'S STILL A HUGE BOUNTY ON YOUR HEAD, PAL.

NO MORE FUSSIN'. I'M COMING FOR YA, *FRANCO!*

SNIFF SNIFF

SNIFF SNIFF SNIFF

SNIFF

WHAT IS *THAT?*

THE LOCKSMITH'S SKELETON DOOR. USES SOME TYPA ALIEN MAGIC TO TAKE THE USER WHEREVER THEY WANNA GO. MAKES FOLLOWIN' IMPOSSIBLE.

CONVENIENT.

TOO CONVENIENT.

TAKIN' OUT THE LEAGUE LIKE THAT WAS A VET MOVE TO SAY THE LEAST. I'M NOT EVEN SURE HOW HE GOT THIS *THING* TO WORK.

THIS ISN'T A NORMAL CATCH AND DELIVER. WE NEED TO FIND HIM BEFORE THE CLIENT DOES.

RIGHT. QUESTION IS, IF YOU WERE THIS GUY--

"--WHERE IN THIS *BIG, STRANGE* WORLD WOULD YOU GO TO FOR HELP?"

NEXT:
A GET TOGETHER WITH THE GRAND GUARDSMAN