

PERHAPANAUTS
ANNUAL

1 2008

\$3.50
COVER A

IMAGE
COMICS
GROUP

KING-SIZE ANNUAL!

TODD AND CRAIG'S

Perhapanauts™

HELL ON EARTH!



CHOOPIE



ARISA



MOLLY



BIG



MG BATTLES THE JERSEY DEVIL!

THE **Perhapanauts**

TODD AND CRAIG'S

ANNUAL #1

There are places in this world where the fabric of reality has worn thin, where strange and terrible creatures have crossed over to lurk in the shadows and the night.

There is an organization dedicated to finding these creatures and sending them back whence they came, sealing the rift behind them, and maintaining the integrity of those borders.

The organization is called *BEDLAM*. Its agents are...The *PERHAPANAUTS!*

Story by
TODD DEZAGO

Art by
CRAIG ROUSSEAU

Colors by
RICO RENZI

Cover A by
CRAIG ROUSSEAU

Cover B by
MIKE and LAURA ALLRED

Special thanks to Mike and Laura Allred for the jazzy, socko cover! And to Eric, Joe, Allen, Traci, Drew, and Erik here at Image for everything they've done and for making this the most exciting re-launch any two guys with a comic book about paranormal investigating monsters could hope for! And to our pal, Dana Moreshead--he knows why.

CHOOPIE



ARISA



MOLLY



MG



BIG



IMAGE COMICS, INC. - WWW.IMAGECOMICS.COM ★ ERIK LARSEN - PUBLISHER ★ TODD MCFARLANE - PRESIDENT ★ MARC SILVESTRI - CEO ★ JIM VALENTINO - VICE-PRESIDENT
ERIC STEPHENSON - EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR ★ JOE KEATINGE - PR & MARKETING COORD. ★ BRANWYN BIGGESTONE - ACCOUNTS MANAGER ★ PAIGE RICHARDSON - ADMIN. ASSIST.
TRACI HUI - TRAFFIC MANAGER ★ ALLEN HUI - PRODUCTION MANAGER ★ JONATHAN CHAN - PRODUCTION ARTIST ★ DREW GILL - PRODUCTION ARTIST

THE PERHAPANAUTS ANNUAL #1. February 2008. Published by Image Comics, Inc. Office of publication: 1942 University Avenue, Suite 305, Berkeley, California 94704. Copyright © 2008 Todd Dezago and Craig Rousseau. All rights reserved.
THE PERHAPANAUTS™ (including all prominent characters featured herein), its logo and all character likenesses are trademarks of Todd Dezago and Craig Rousseau, unless otherwise noted. Image Comics® and its logos are registered trademarks of Image Comics, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means (except for short excerpts for review purposes) without the express written permission of Image Comics, Inc. All names, characters, events and locales in this publication are entirely fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events or places, without satiric intent, is coincidental. PRINTED IN CANADA.

THE PERHAPANAUTS created by
Todd Dezago and Craig Rousseau.



ESTELVILLE, NEW JERSEY--

GOOD.
GOOD.

QUIET
DOWN, CHOLLY.
THERE'S NOTHING
OUT THERE.

RRRR-ROWT!
ROWT!

ROWT!
ROWT!
ROWT!

WELL, IF
YOU'RE GONNA
BARK, THEN STAY
OUT THERE.

I'M TRY'NA
WATCH THE
GAME!

CRAZY
DOG...

ROWT!
ROWT!

ROWT! ROWT!
ROWT! ROWT!

ROWT!
ROWT!
ROWT!

EEEE?

?

CHOLLY?

SNAP!

YIPE!
YIPE!



* This story takes place before the events of Second Chances #3 --eric.

BEDLAM--
DYDATech® WING--

*Dimensional
Integrity
Detection And
Technology

OKAY,
SCOTT--JUST A
QUARTER TURN
MORE...

SO, NOT TO
BE A COMPLETE
MORON OR
ANYTHING,
BUT *WHAT* IS
THIS SUPPOSED
TO DO...?

WELL, USING SOME NEW
TECHNOLOGY THAT WE'VE
RECENTLY COME ACROSS, WE'RE
UPGRADING THE MAGNIFICATION
OF THIS DIMENSIONAL MONITOR WHICH
SHOULD LET US SEE, TO A MUCH
GREATER EXTENT, THE WEAK
SPOTS IN THE DIMENSIONAL
FABRIC.

MG--An enigma to his
teammates and the rest of
BEDLAM, brilliant mind with the
ability to 'slide' between our
dimension and others nearby.

YOU KNOW--THE PLACES
MOST LIKELY TO *TEAR* AND LET
BEASTIES AND WHATEVER SLIP
THROUGH FROM BORDERING
DIMENSIONS.

THUS, WE CAN *REPAIR*
THOSE SPOTS AND REINFORCE
THE *BOUNDARIES* IN
ADVANCE!

SORRY.
NOBODY REALLY SAYS
"THUS" ANYMORE,
DO THEY?

YEAH. NO.
THEY DON'T.

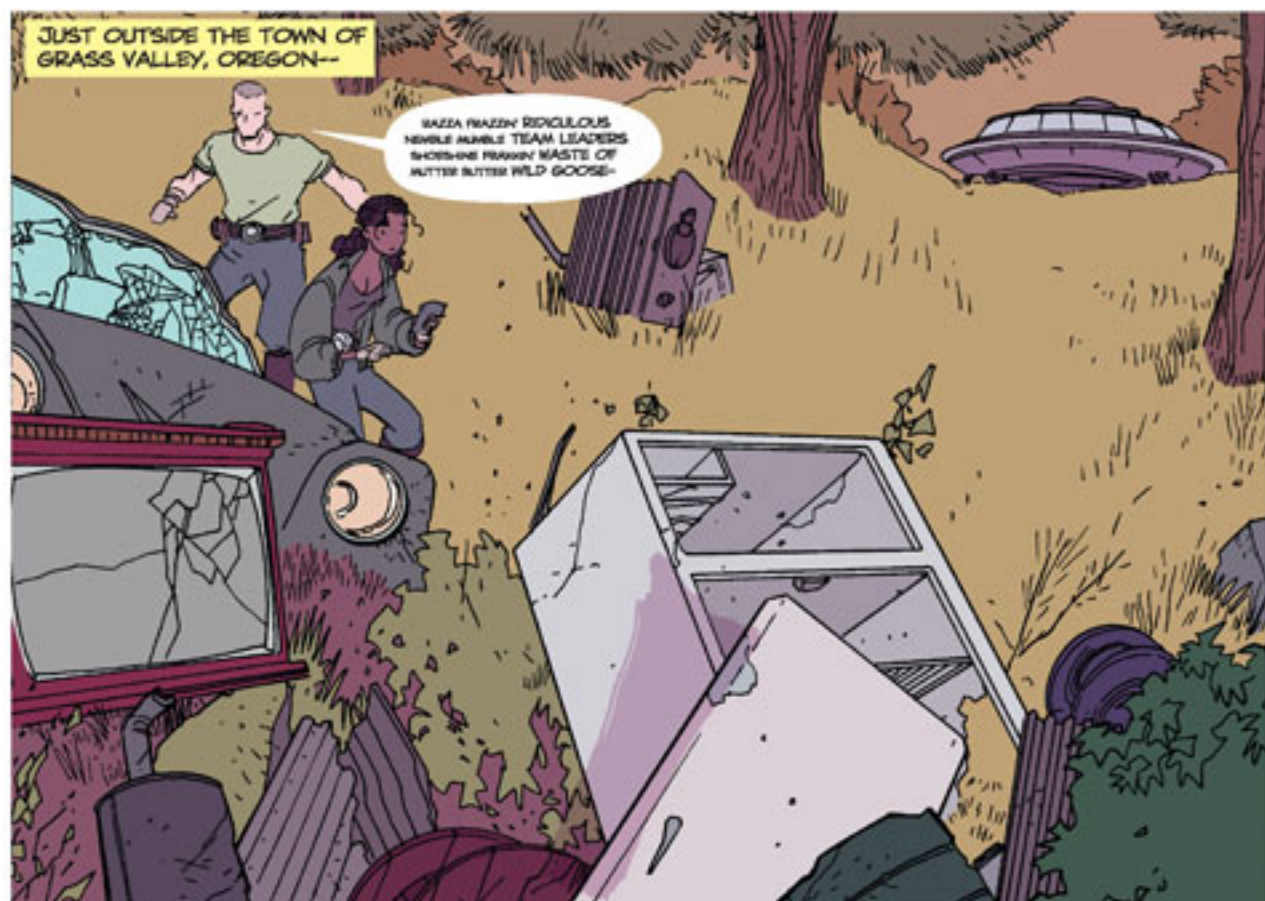
SPEAKING OF BOUNDARIES--
LOCK, MG-- WE'VE BEEN
WORKING TOGETHER FOR A
WHILE NOW AND I KNOW THAT
YOU HAVE SPECIAL...
ARRANGEMENTS WITH BEDLAM
ABOUT YOUR PRIVACY,
ABOUT YOUR PAST, BUT...
WELL, I'VE HELPED YOU BUILD
SOME AMAZING STUFF...

SINCE YOU SHOWED UP HERE
A FEW YEARS AGO, YOU'VE ADVANCED
THIS DEPARTMENT A HUNDREDFOLD.
YOU'VE ESTABLISHED *D-GATES* IN PLACES
WE NEVER EVEN KNEW *EXISTED*. YOU'VE
INTRODUCED AND DECIPHERED OTHERWORLDLY
ALIEN TECHNOLOGY THAT MADE *US* FEEL
LIKE *FLINTSTONES*. AND YOU CAN
ACTUALLY *SLIDE* BETWEEN
DIMENSIONS *YOURSELF*...

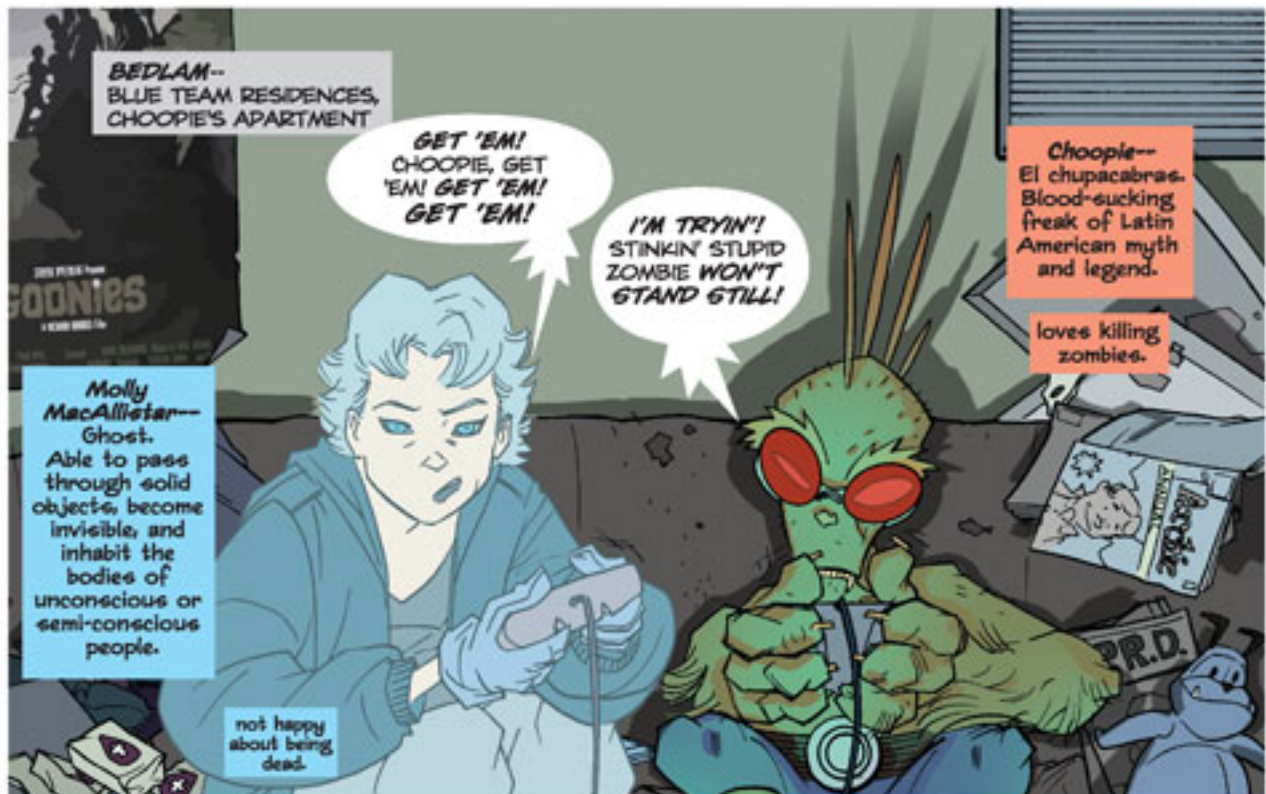
UNASSISTED.
NO TECHNOLOGY.

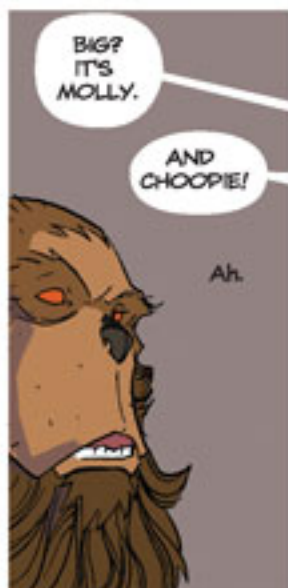
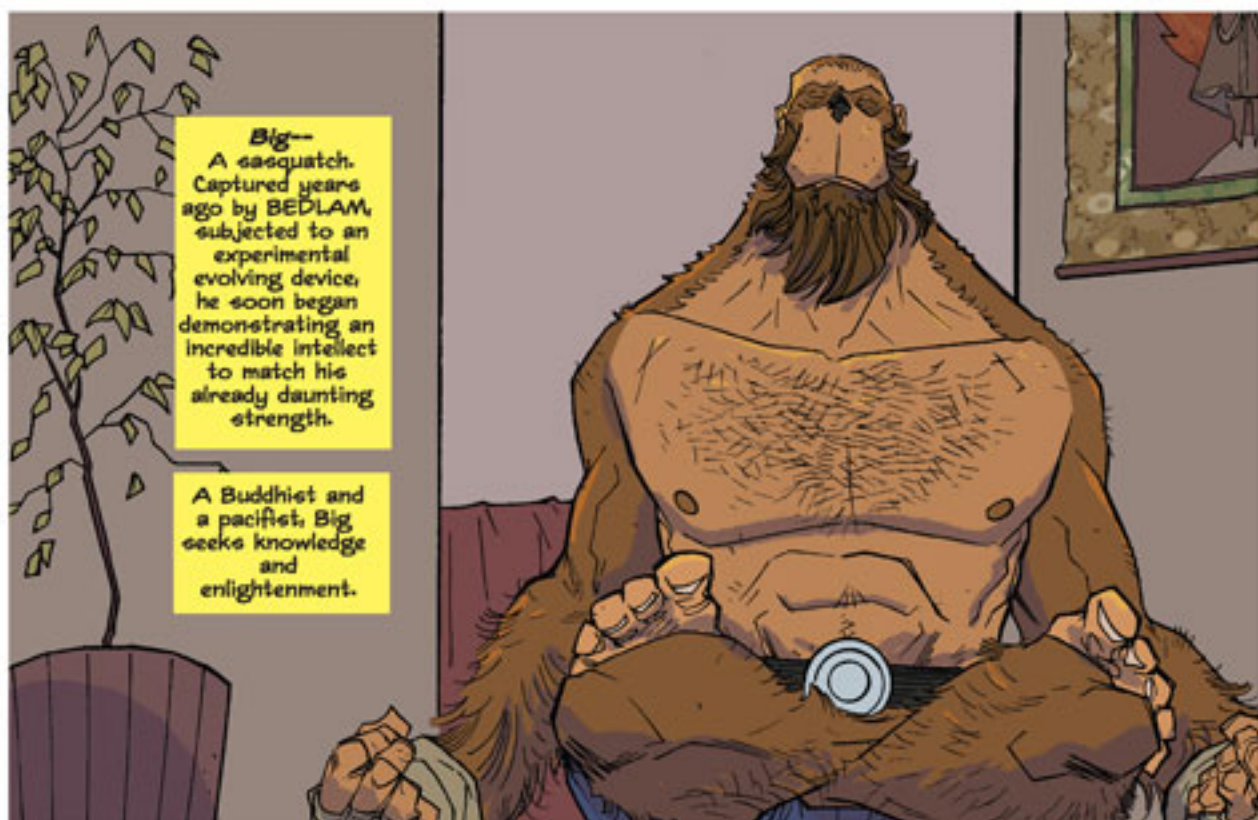
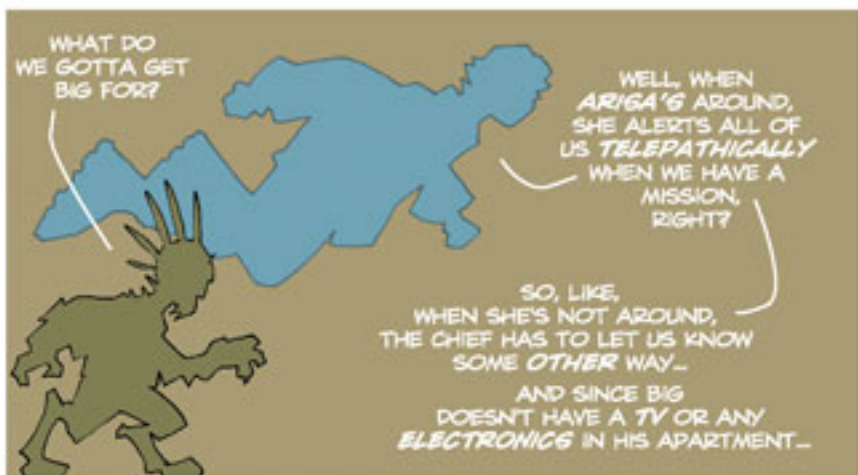
THAT I
KNOW OF.

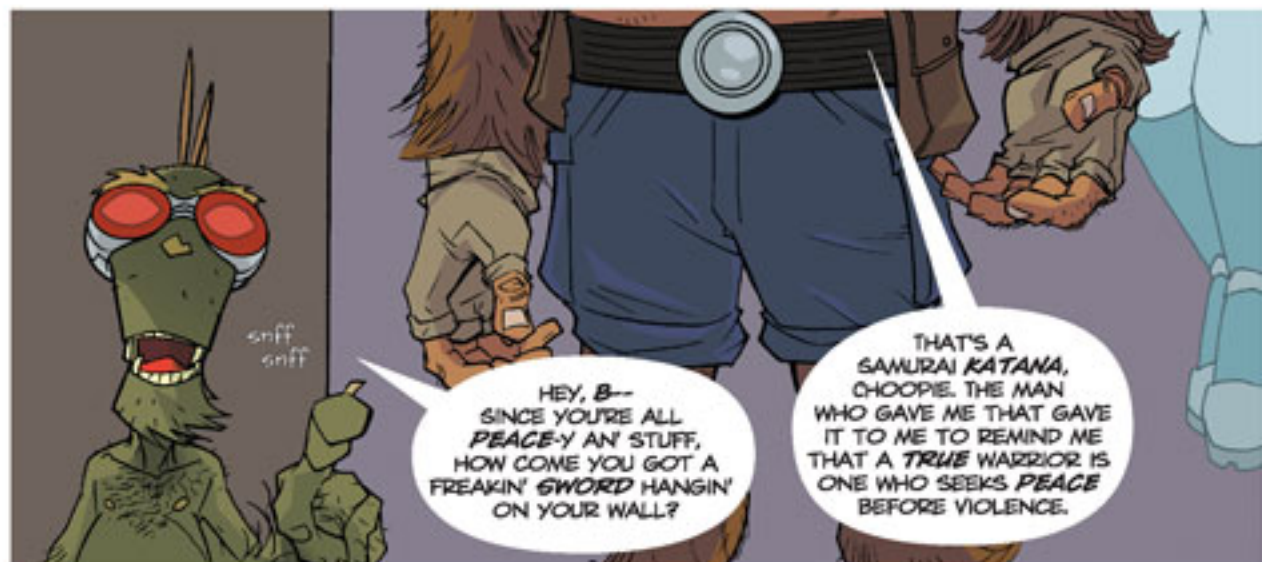


















SOON—

--14 CONFIRMED ATTACKS IN THE PAST 24 HOURS. ALL FATAL. NO EYEWITNESSES, THOUGH EVERYTHING ABOUT THEM MATCHES WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT THE JERSEY DEVIL.



THEN LET'S GO GET 'EM.

HOCKEY, RIGHT?

BIG, IF YOU'D BE SO KIND AS TO FILL CHOOPIE IN...?

OF COURSE...



"THE EARLIEST SIGHTINGS OF THIS DEMONIC-LOOKING CREATURE DATE BACK TO COLONIAL TIMES.

"REPORTS ABOUNDED THROUGHOUT THE PINE BARRENS OF SOUTHERN NEW JERSEY OF TERRIFYING ENCOUNTERS WITH THIS UNEARTHLY BEAST THAT BORE THE HEAD OF A HORSE, BAT-LIKE WINGS, AND THE BODY OF A GOAT OR A STAG.

"NEWS TRAVELED DIFFERENTLY IN THOSE DAYS AND REPORTS WERE RARE AND ERRATIC. THEN, IN JANUARY OF 1909, THE BEAST WAS SPOTTED BY MORE THAN 100 PEOPLE AS IT TERRORIZED THE COUNTRYSIDE...

"...IT'S HOOFPRINTS WERE TRACKED ACROSS THE LANDSCAPE, FROM SOUTHERN JERSEY TO AS FAR NORTH AS PHILADELPHIA."

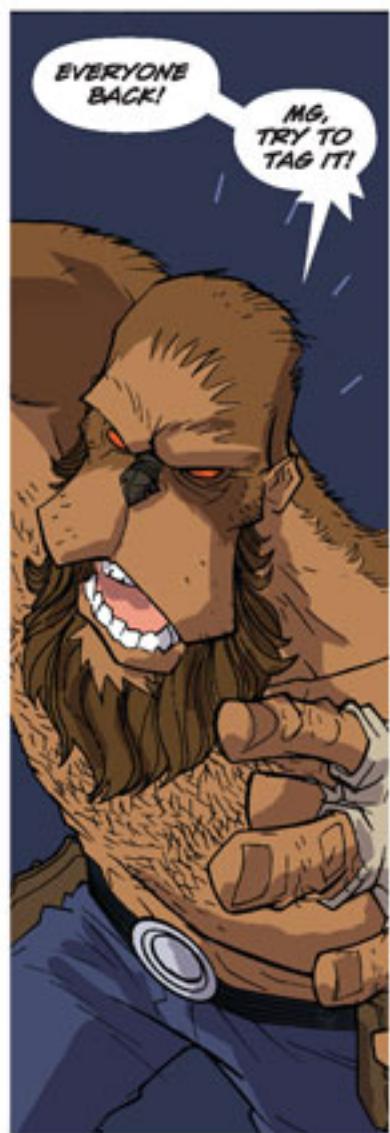
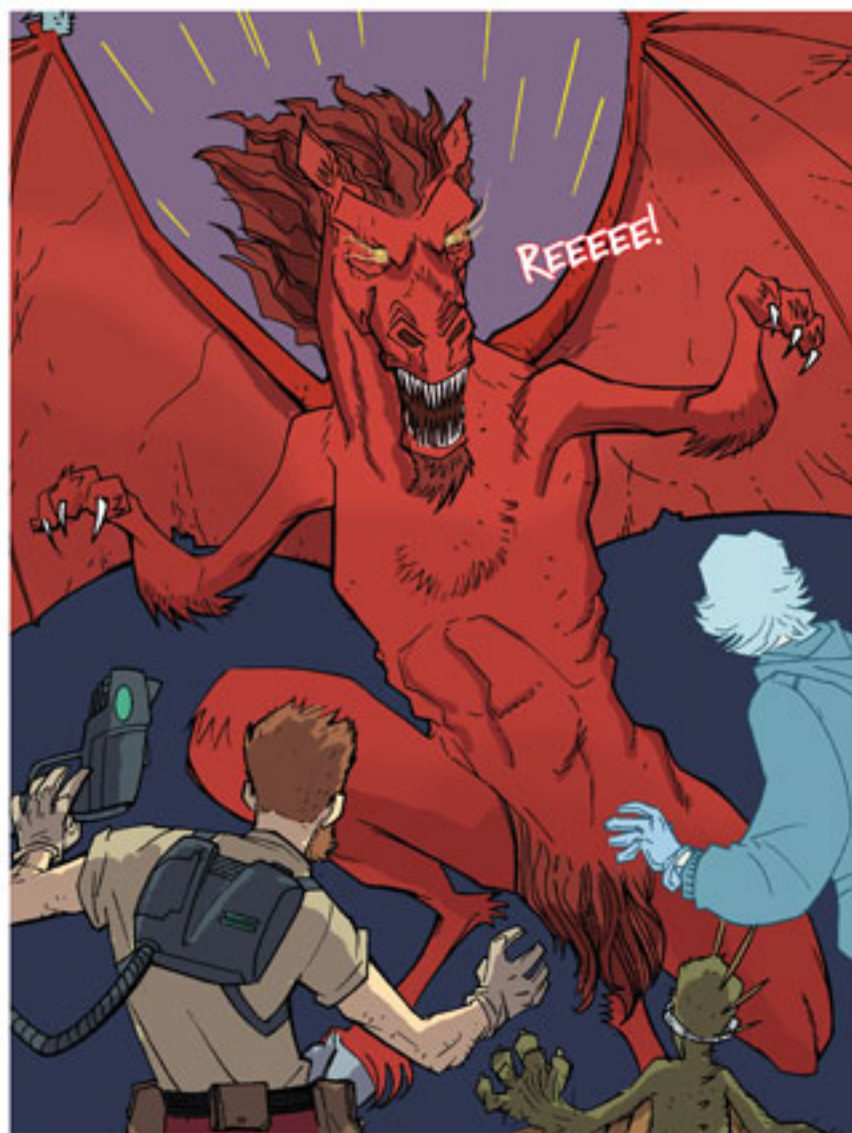
LEGEND TELLS THAT, IN THE LATE 1600S, A MRS. LEEDS, A MOTHER OF 12--THE ENTIRE FAMILY LIVING IN A SMALL CABIN--FOUND HERSELF PREGNANT WITH HER 13TH CHILD.

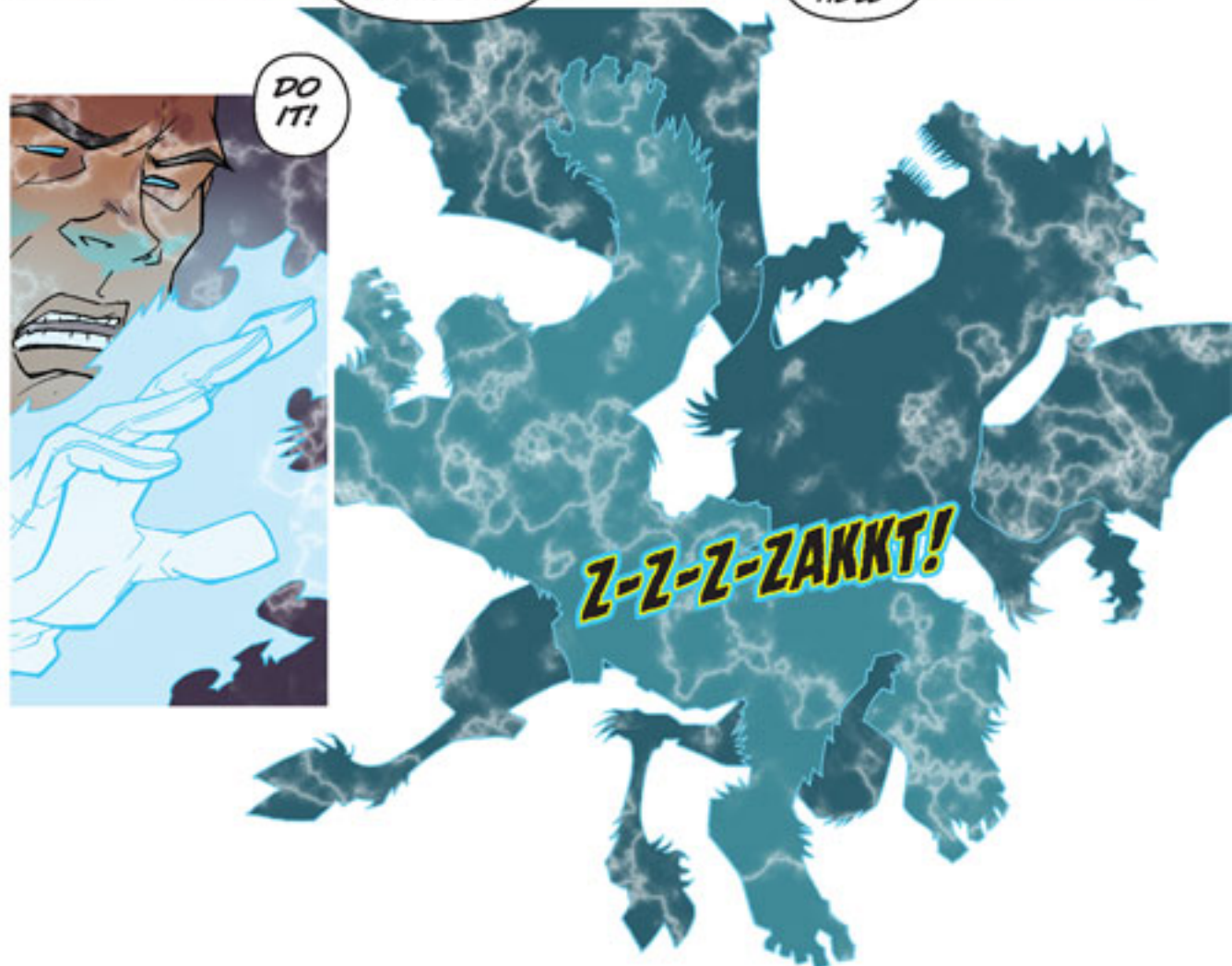
ACCOUNTS VARY AS TO WHAT SHE ACTUALLY SAID IN HER EXASPERATION, WHETHER IT WAS "THE DEVIL TAKE IT, THEN" OR "I HOPE 'TIS THE DEVIL..."

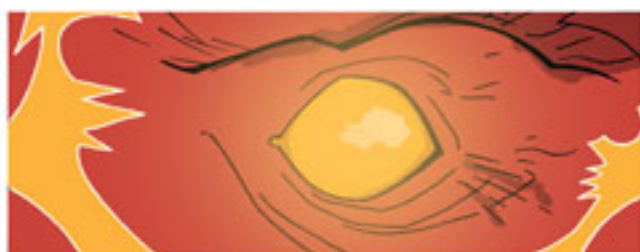
IN ANY EVENT, IT'S BELIEVED THAT SHE CURSED HERSELF THAT DAY...













IT CAN TELEPORT!

No, not teleport, Molly— it slides. Turtles itself between dimensions—

...like MG does.



H-HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT?

SHE'S A FAERIE. SHE HAS FAERIE EYES—

SHE SEES DIFFERENT.



EVERYONE IN A CIRCLE! THAT THING WILL PROBABLY BE BACK!

LET'S BE READY—WE DON'T KNOW WHAT IT WANTS OR WHERE IT'S GOING!



BUT I KNOW WHERE IT'S BEEN. IT'S GOT A STINKT SMELL.

YOU MEAN A 'DISTINCT' SMELL.



NO, I MEAN IT STINKS!

FINE. WHATEVER. GO, CHOOPIE—FOLLOW IT'S BACKTRAIL. MAYBE IT CAN TELL US SOMETHING.

PETER, I THINK YOU SHOULD GO WITH HIM.



WHY SHOULD I GO WITH THAT LITTLE PAIN IN THE—

BECAUSE ONLY YOU COULD LAY HANDS ON THE... EVIDENCE... AND FIGURE OUT MORE OF WHAT'S GOING ON HERE.

HMPH. GORPGE, YOU MEAN.



RIGHT. OKAY, I'LL—

PETER!







MEANWHILE--

HOW CAN ANYTHING ACTUALLY LIVE HERE?!

WHERE-?
IS...THIS ITS REALM...?!

IT'S SO VOLATILE! SO ARRID AND OPPRESIVE!
SO-

REEE!



OH, HELL--



AND ALSO MEANWHILE--

DON'T LOOK MOLLY--YOU'LL HATE IT! IT'S HORRIBLE AND BAD...

GHOOPIE! WAIT UP!

...AND IT SMELLS SO DELICIOUS!



OKAY. GET AWAY FROM THERE, FREAK, AND LET'S SEE WHAT WE-

-GASP!-

OH!

OH.

NO.



AND, MEANWHILE--

--AS MG AND THE DEVIL TWIST BACK INTO VIEW ABOVE THE CLEARING--

MG! GET FREE! WE-

NO, ARISA! I'VE GOT TO STICK WITH IT OR IT'LL GET AWAY!

REEE!

BIG-- I CAN'T TAG IT! GOT MY HANDS FULL--



--SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO. CALL MILO--

--WE NEED HIM--



--THIS ISN'T SCIENCE!

--THIS IS SOME BAD MA-



AND, ELSEWHERE--

--AS MOLLY
AND CREW ARRIVE
AT THE SITE OF YET
ANOTHER GRISLY
ATTACK--

NUMBER 6.

EWW.
EWW,
EWW, EWW.

OKAY,
CHOOPIE--
THAT'S CLOSE
ENOUGH. COME
AWAY FROM
THERE!

CHOOPIE!



OKAY,
CRAZY--

SPANK
SPANK



--YA FOUND
IT. NOW GET IT
TOGETHER!

GOOD



CHOOO...?
CHOOPIE...?
COME ON,
BUDDY...

LOOK AT ME.
CAN YOU SEE ME?



PLEASE, GOD--
I KNOW I GOTTA
DO THIS, BUT PLEASE,
LET IT BE FAST--

--AND LET
IT BE OVER
SOON.











A-ARE YOU...?

YES. I AM THE ONE FIRST CALLED IT HERE.

NO MERCY, I BEG, BUT I WAS SO SO DESPERATE... MY HUSBAND— A MONSTER, HE WAS. A CRUEL MAN.

WE HAD US 12 CHILDREN AND HE BEAT THE LOT OF 'EM. AND I *RELENTLESS*. HE WAS. HE—HE *KILT* TWO OF MY BABIES —MICAH AND MARY— AND WHEN I CAME UP IN A CHILD WAY AGAIN, I WISHED IT BE THE *DEVIL HIMSELF* COME AND STOP THAT MAN FROM CAUSIN' MORE PAIN...



AND IT DID.

GIRL IN *THERE* FIND HERSELF IN THE SAME WAY. A *BABE* ON THE WAY AND A *MAN'D* LIKE TO *KILL* HER FOR IT. ONLY, LIKE *ME*, SHE CALLED UP HELP FROM THE *WRONG PLACE*. LET THAT *EVL LOOSE* ON THE WORLD ONCE AGAIN.

AND WHAT IT HAS DONE...



"ABOMINATIONS AND ATROCITIES."

"BUT YOU...YOUR FRIENDS, THEY'VE FOUND IT--"



JUST THROW IT IN...?

--AND GET AWAY!

"THEY CALL UP THE *GOOD*. THE ONE THING CAN VANGLISH *EVL* AND *DEVIL* EVERYTIME".



"BANISH IT BACK TO HELL...FOREVER."



IT IS DONE. THANK YOU, CHILD.

NOW THAT MY ERRS HAVE BEEN RIGHTED, I CAN REST.

I WILL *PRAY* THAT YOU FIND *YOUR PEACE* SOON AS WELL, DEAR--



"...FOR ISN'T THAT ALL *ANY* OF US CAN TRULY HOPE FOR...?"



"PEACE AND REST--"

"--REST AND PEACE?"

fin.