

HUNTED

♀ ISSUE # 2



AGENCY PUBLISHING

"IN SPACE, NO ONE CAN HEAR YOU..." BLAH, BLAH, BLAH.

WHAT COULD THIS DIABOLICAL VILLAIN HAVE PLANNED FOR VICKI? FIND OUT INSIDE!

HUNTED

ISSUE 02

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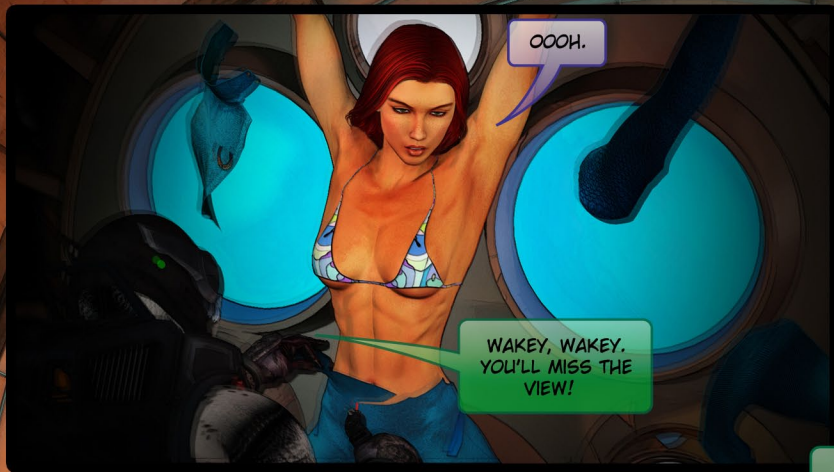
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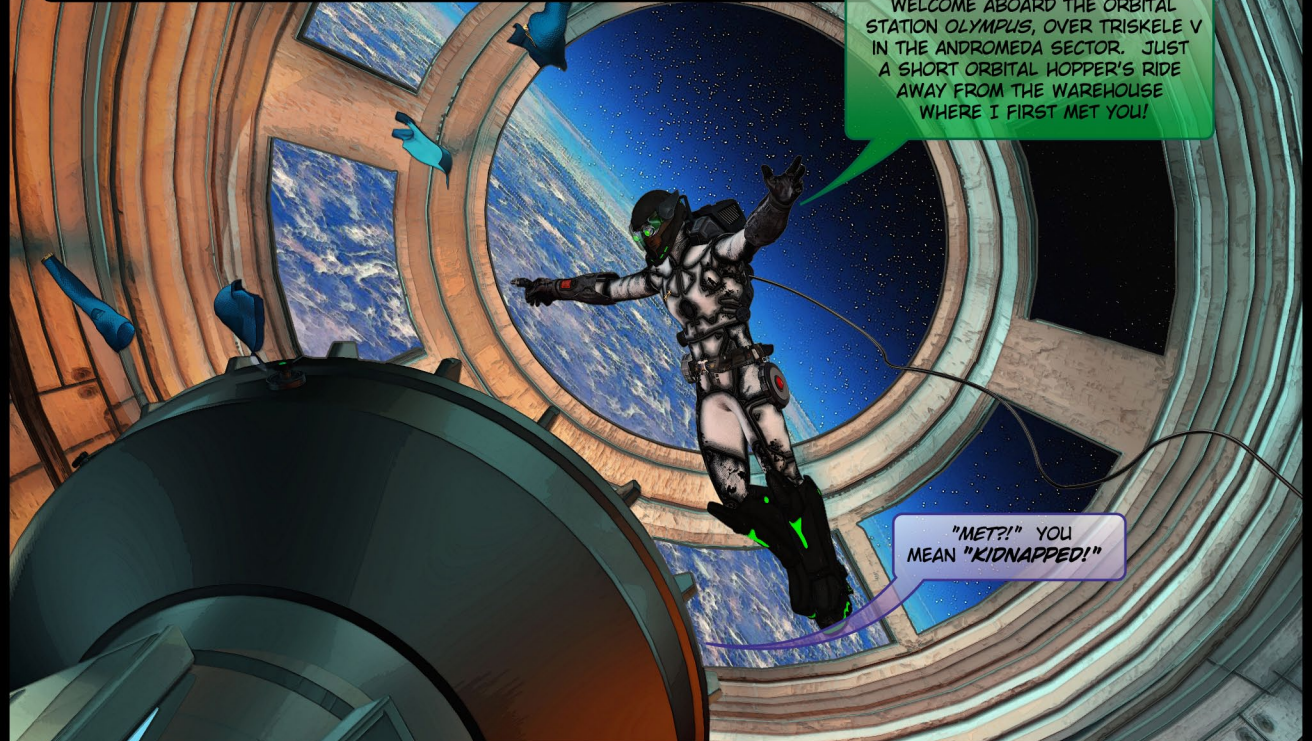


OOOH.

WAKY, WAKY.
YOU'LL MISS THE
VIEW!

WELCOME ABOARD THE ORBITAL
STATION OLYMPUS, OVER TRISKELE V
IN THE ANDROMEDA SECTOR. JUST
A SHORT ORBITAL HOPPER'S RIDE
AWAY FROM THE WAREHOUSE
WHERE I FIRST MET YOU!


"MET?!" YOU
MEAN "KIDNAPPED!"



TSK, TSK. SEMANTICS! YOU
SHOULD BE HAPPY! THE OL'
STATION HERE'S HOSTING A PARTY
WITH ONLY THE MOST WELL-TO-DO
SCIENTISTS, MILITARY BRASS, AND
THE USUAL HANGERS-ON. THEY'RE
LAUNCHING THIS BRAND NEW
ROCK OUT INTO SPACE SOON.

HEH HEH. ANDROMEDA.
ROCK. SEE THE PARALLELS?
I GUESS THAT MAKES YOU THE
ANDROMEDA OF THIS LITTLE TALE,
SINCE YOU'RE ALL TIED UP!






IN THE NAME OF
THE LAW, IDENTIFY-

YOU'RE GOING TO WANT TO
KEEP QUIET NOW. THIS SONIC
AMPLIFIER WILL CHANGE ANY NOISE
YOU MAKE INTO WEAPONS-GRADE
SHOCKWAVES. NASTY STUFF! THEY'LL
SHOOT RIGHT OUT THE FRONT OF THIS
LITTLE THING. BUT ENOUGH HOWLING
WILL TEAR THIS WHOLE PLACE APART.

BUT DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME.
FORTUNATELY I KEEP A PERSONAL
SHIELD GENERATOR ON HAND FOR
JUST SUCH AN EMERGENCY!

YOU SEE, THE WINDOW'LL GO FIRST.
THE INSTANT DECOMPRESSION WILL
KNOCK US RIGHT OUT OF ORBIT,
SENDING *OLYMPUS* CRASHING DOWN!

Y'SEE, IF YOU'RE ANDROMEDA...
WELL, THAT MAKES ME THE
MONSTER. HEH HEH.



CAN YOU BELIEVE HOW FAR GEOLOGY'S
COME SINCE THEY INVENTED THESE
SENSOR GLOVES?! THESE LITTLE
VIBRATING CILIA HAVE MADE MINERAL
IDENTIFICATION A BREEZE; INSTANT FEEDBACK
FROM UNDERGROUND WITH A TOUCH!

VMMM-VMMM-VMMM.



OF COURSE, I'M GOING TO BE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING ELSE: JUST THE RIGHT SPOT!

HE'S GONNA TICKLE ME, LIKE EMILY!
OH NO, OH NOOHHO!

LET'S START WITH ONE OF THE CLASSICS, HMM?



WHAT'S WRONG, LIEUTENANT ANDROMEDA? YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY. C'MON, LET IT OUT!

NONONONO!
STOP, STOP, STOP!

COMMANDER, HELP ME! PLEASE!

I CERTAINLY HOPE YOU'RE NOT WAITING FOR A TIMELY RESCUE. THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO FIND YOU IN TIME.

GRRK!

IT TICKLES... SO MUCH!



MEANWHILE, COMMANDER CANDACE FORESTER AND LAE'SHAAR TRACK THEIR MISSING COMRADE.

I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT BASTARD SLIPPED AWAY FROM US AT THE WAREHOUSE.* AT LEAST EMILY IS SAFE. NOW TO RESCUE VICKI!

* SEE ISSUE 1.

SENSORS SHOW SEVERAL ENGINE WAKES IN THAT VICINITY THAT INDICATE ESCAPE VELOCITY. LOCAL AEROSPACE CONTROL DETECTED ONLY ONE UNREGISTERED ORBITAL HOP.

BRILLIANT! NOW WE'VE GOT 'IM!



THE VEHICLE'S COURSE INTERSECTS WITH AN ORBITAL STATION, DESIGNATED OLYMPUS, WITH A COMPLEMENT OF OVER 200.

DAMN! CONTACT STATION SECURITY AND HAVE THEM BEGIN EVACUATIONS. IF OUR ENCOUNTER WITH THIS SICKO IS ANY INDICATION, THOSE PEOPLE ARE IN A LOT OF TROUBLE...

...TO SAY NOTHING OF VICKI.



GGHH-GRKK!!

ALL RIGHT, TIME OUT.

GOTTA SWITCH UP MY STYLE!

PAN!
PAN!

YOU KNOW WHAT MY FAVORITE UNIVERSAL FORCE IS?

WHA-
WHAT IS HE—?

IT'S INERTIA! ONCE SOMETHING GETS GOING... IT'S HARD TO STOP.

MAYBE IT'S STARTING THAT PROJECT YOU KEEP PUTTING OFF. MAYBE IT'S A REVOLUTION.

OR MAYBE IT'S AS SIMPLE AS AN OBJECT...

GASP!

...FLOATING RANDOMLY IN SPACE.

NRRRN!

STOP-STOP-STOP, PLEASE!

ALL I HAVE TO DO IS SPIN THIS FEATHER AND IT JUST KEEPS GOING AND GOING. AND EVERY TIME YOU TOUCH IT, IT SPINS BACK ACROSS THOSE SOLES FROM SOME OTHER DIRECTION.

THAT'S GOTTA BE THE WORST FOR YOU, HUH, LIEUTENANT? NOT KNOWING WHERE IT'S COMING FROM. NOT ABLE TO ANTICIPATE IT OR RATIONALIZE A SOLUTION. NO SYSTEM. NO STRUCTURE. JUST ENTROPY.

WHO'RE---?
WHY?

WHO AM I?
WHY AM I
DOING THIS?



RRRGGHH!

I CAN'T-
CAN'T TAKE--!!

BECAUSE I'M
EVERYBODY AND
NOBODY.

I'M A WEIRD WRINKLE
IN YOUR PRESSED SLUIT;
THAT STRANGE LINE
OF CODE IN THE
OPERATING SYSTEM.

NNNNH!!

NO, NO,
NONONO!!!

Noooooo!
AAHAAHAA!!

RANDOMNESS.

CHAOS.

ALL FOR ITS OWN SAKE.





LOOKS LIKE I FINALLY HIT A NERVE! HEH.

HEEEHEEHEE!!
NONONONO!!
ST-ST-HAHAHA
HAHA-P!!



HAHAHA!!
EEEEHEEHEEHAHA!!

NOT!
HAHAHA!!
NOT
THEERE!!

crrkk



HAHAHAHAHA!!



**CAN'T-CAN'T!
AAAAHHHHAAAA!!
STAND IT!!**

AS THE STATION BEGINS TO SHAKE, OLYMPUS SECURITY BEGINS EVACUATION PROTOCOLS. CANDACE AND LAE'SHAAR SEEK OUT ONE OF THE EVENT ORGANIZERS, DR. ALISA VENA, FOR INFORMATION.

DR. ALISA VENA?

YES.

COMMANDER CANDACE FORESTER, UN MILITARY. THIS IS L'NI REPRESENTATIVE LAE'SHARR. WE'RE HERE FROM THE PLANET'S SURFACE ON AN INVESTIGATION.

THE STATION'S UNDER EVAC, WHICH I AM GUESSING YOU ORDERED.

CORRECT, DOCTOR.

MAY I ASK THE MEANING OF ALL THIS?

THERE'S NO TIME TO EXPLAIN NOW, DOCTOR. I'M AFRAID IT'S A BIT OF A MESS. CAN YOU TELL US WHAT THIS RECEPTION WAS FOR?

WE WERE ABOUT TO LAUNCH A SATELLITE CONTAINING ATMOSPHERIC EQUIPMENT. THE DATA IT WOULD GATHER HERE WOULD BE USED IN MY METEOROLOGICAL RESEARCH. I HOPE IT WON'T BE DAMAGED BY THIS... WHATEVER IT IS.

THE SATELLITE'S IN THE LAUNCH BAY, THEN?

YES.

DOCTOR, IS ANYONE IN THERE?

*HEEELP!
HEEHEEHEE!!
COMMANDER!!!
AHAAHAAAA!!*

NOT THAT I KNOW OF. THE BAY WAS PREPPED FOR LAUNCH HOURS AGO. EVERYONE WAS CLEARED OUT THEN.

COMMANDER, THERE IS A HIGH PROBABILITY THAT ENOUGH DAMAGE TO THE BAY COULD CAUSE CONSIDERABLE HARM TO THE STATION'S PASSENGERS.

RIGHT. WHERE'S THE LAUNCH BAY?

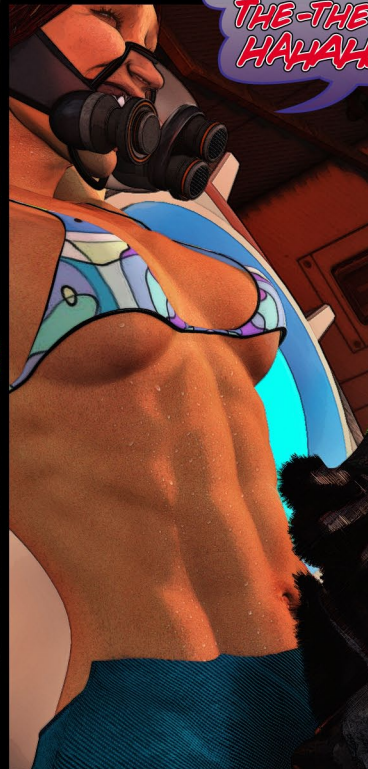
*NO-NO-NOHOOHOOHOO!!
THE-THE PEOPLE!!
HAHAHAHAHA!!!*

OH, PLEASE.

WHY SHOULD YOU CARE ABOUT THEM? IF YOU THINK THESE PEOPLE GIVE TWO SHITS ABOUT YOU, YOU'RE CRAZIER THAN ME!

AHAAHAAAA!

BESIDES, I THINK SOMEBODY LIKES THIS!





LET'S TEST THAT THEORY, SHALL WE?

NO...

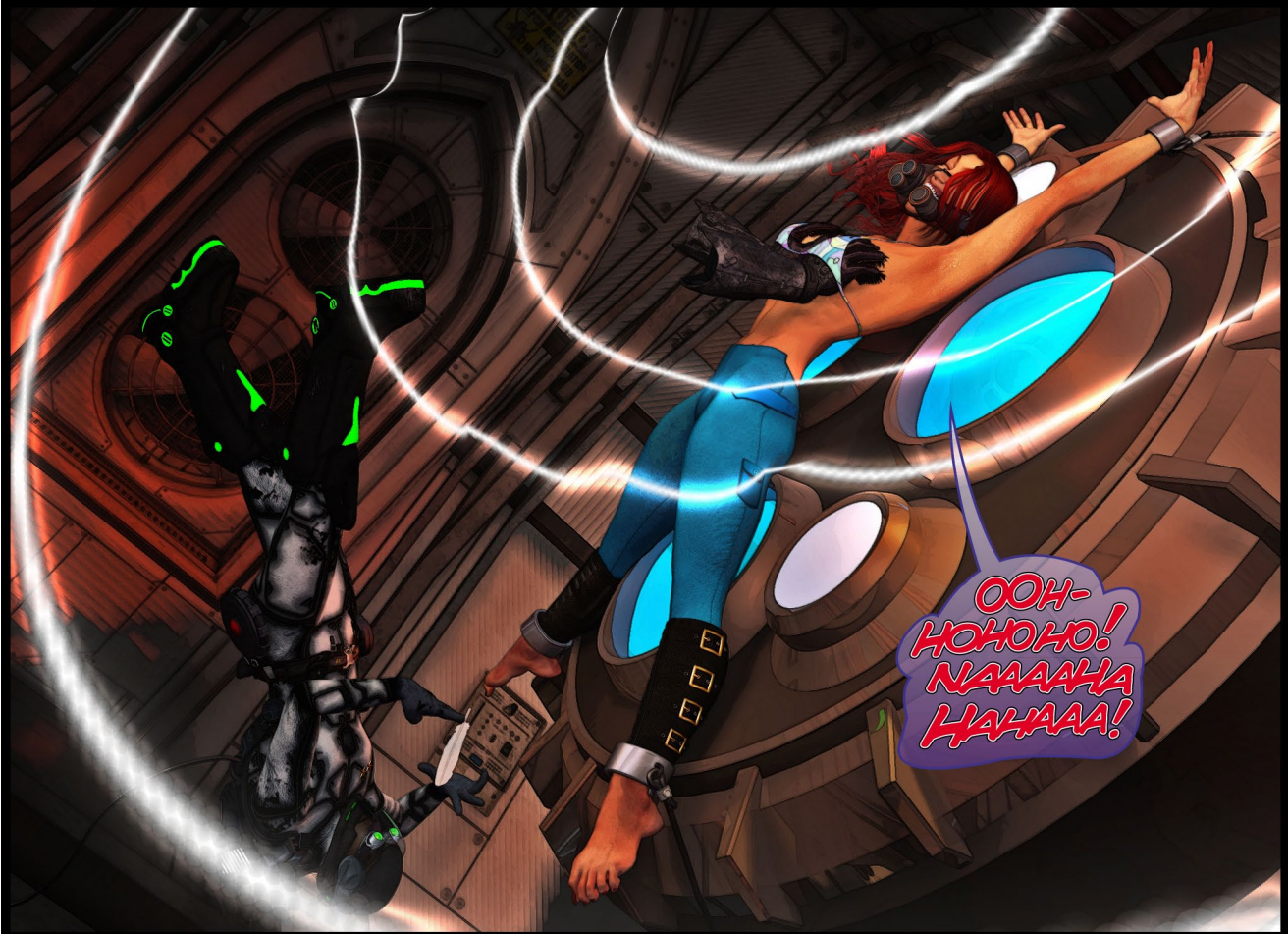


NO!



SWAP!

NYAAHAHAHA!



OOH-
HOHOHO!
NAAAAHA
HAHAHA!



NOO-
HAHAHA-T
TH-AAHA
HAHA-T!



NZZNN!

*OH NO, NO,
NONONO!*

WHAT A WAY
TO GO, HUH?



SPLORK!

AAAWIEEE!

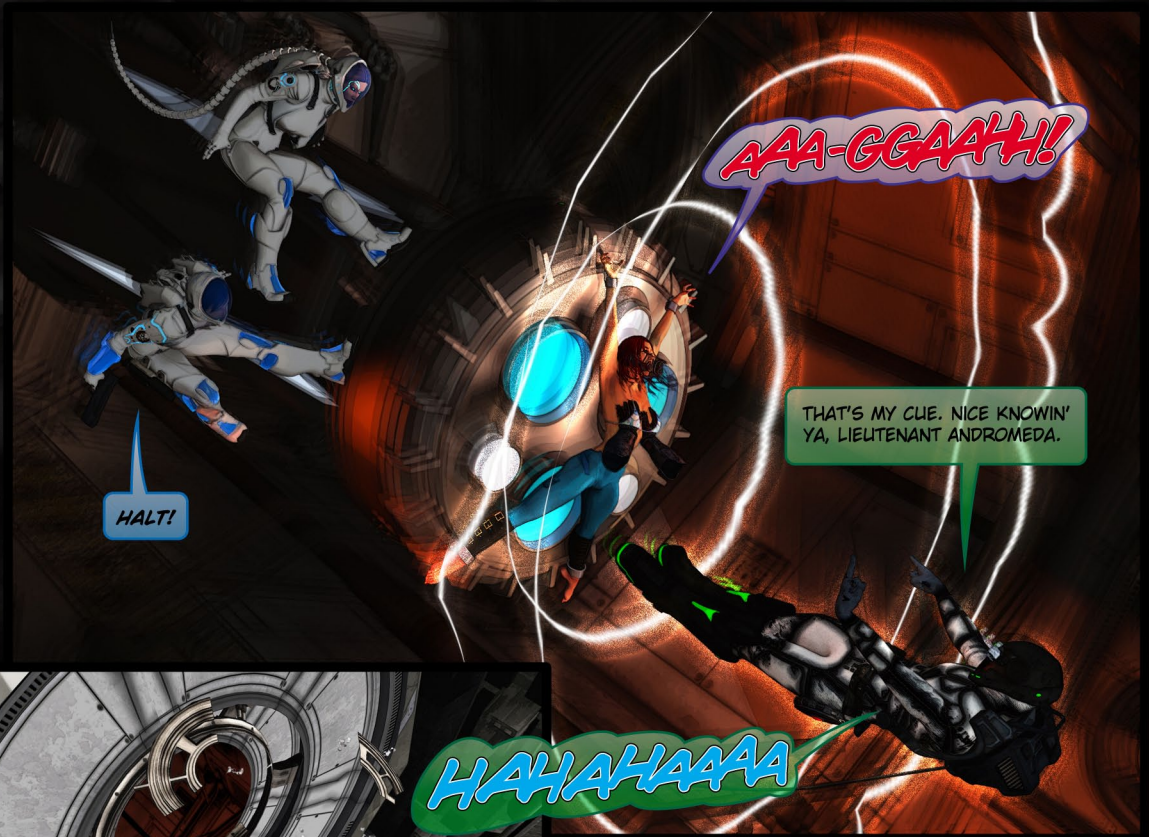
OW





?!

HAHAHAAAA
AAATIEE!



AAA-GGAAH!

HALT!

THAT'S MY CLUE. NICE KNOWIN' YA, LIEUTENANT ANDROMEDA.



WHOOSH!

HAAAAA

THE STATION'S OUTER HULL IS BREACHED. WE MUST EVACUATE!



WHEEEEEEEEEEE!!

PERMISSION TO COME ABOARD? HAH!

THUNK

GRRK!

PHZOOM!

CRRK!

WARNING! HULL BREACH!
INSTANTING FORCEFIELDS.

PILOT? WHAT'S
HAPPENING?!

SORRY, MA'AM, WE
HIT SOME WRECKAGE
FROM THE SPACE STATION.
BUT DON'T WORRY,
EVERYTHING'S
UNDER CONTROL.



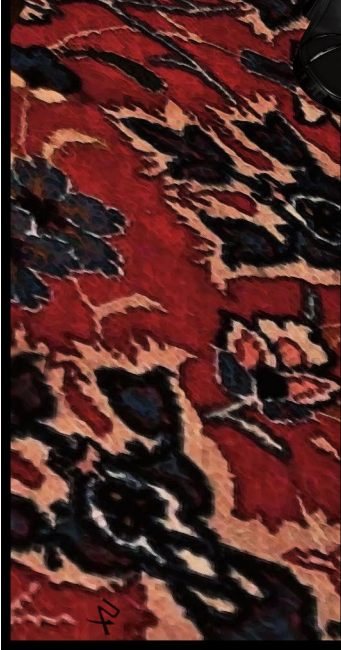
YOU'D BEST STAY IN THE CABIN FOR THE REST OF THE TRIP, JUST IN CASE.

THE OLYMPUS STATION IS CRASHING! I HOPE EVERYONE MADE IT OUT.



SIGH

IT LOOKS LIKE MY RESEARCH WITH THE WEATHER HARNESS WILL HAVE TO DO WITHOUT THE DATA FROM THAT SATELLITE.



THAT SOUNDS FASCINATING, DOCTOR. SINCE IT'S GOING TO BE A LONG TRIP, I'D LOVE TO HEAR MORE.

WHAT COULD THIS VILLAIN HAVE IN STORE FOR DR. VENA? WHAT IS THE "WEATHER HARNESS?"
FIND OUT NEXT ISSUE!

Yelena #6

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