

SAM & MAX



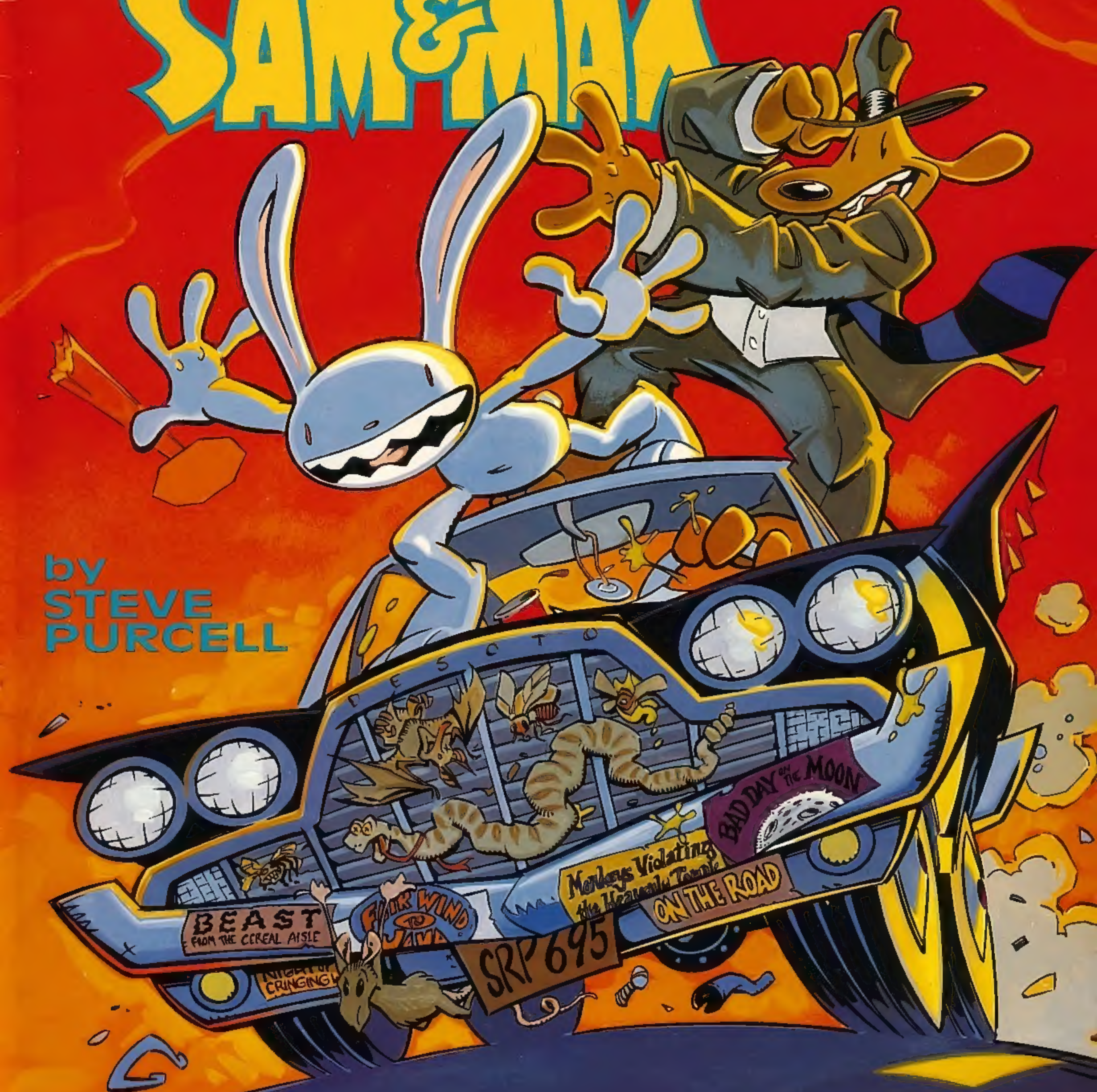
SURFIN' THE HIGHWAY

by STEVE PURCELL

The collected

SAM & MAX

by
STEVE
PURCELL



SURFIN' THE HIGHWAY





SAM & MAX



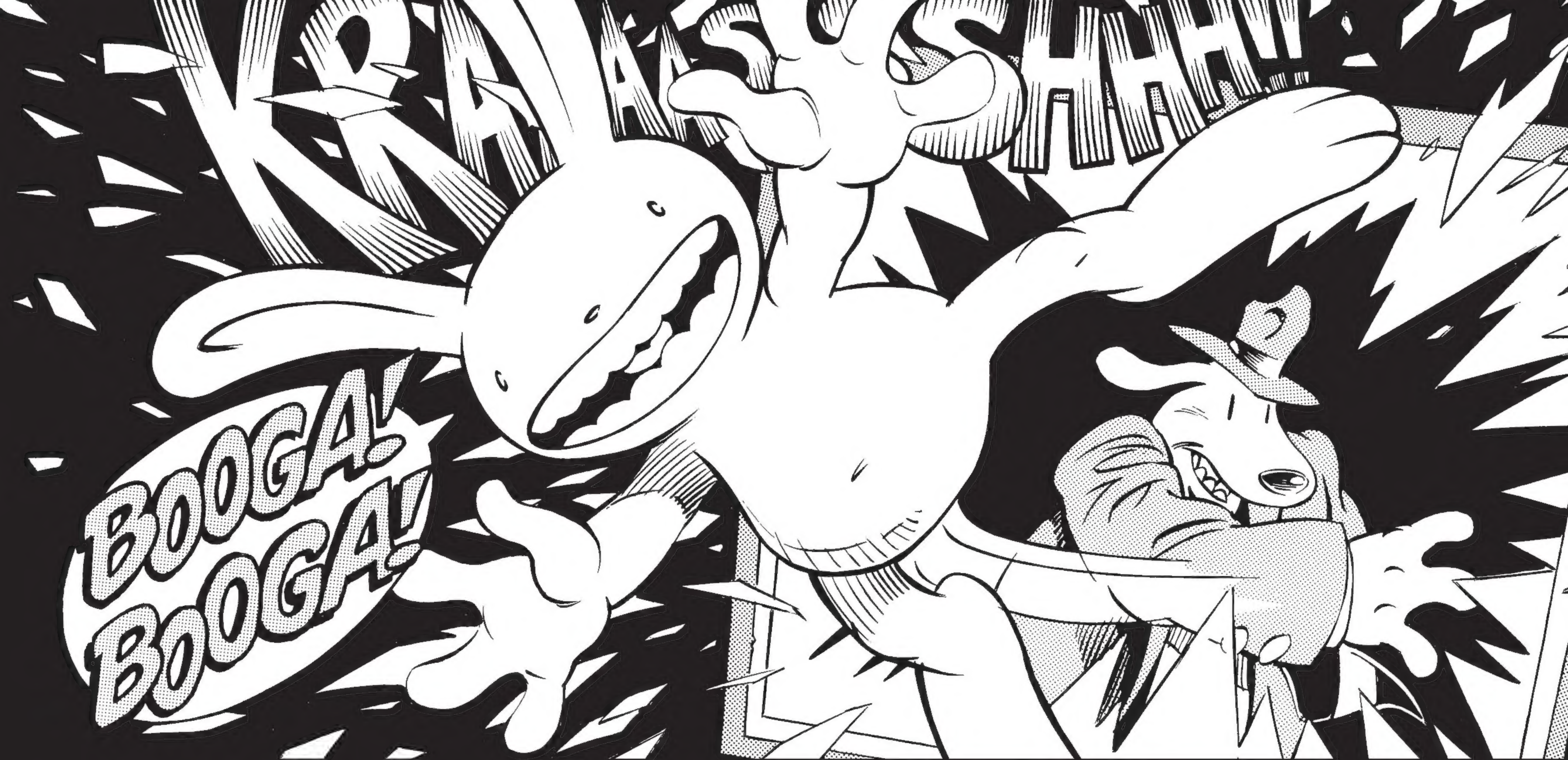
SURFIN' THE HIGHWAY

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY

STEVE PURCELL

LETTERED BY

LOIS BUHALIS



SAM & MAX ARE LIKE THOSE SETS OF TWIN BABIES YOU USED TO HEAR ABOUT...

...so thoroughly connected that they develop their own impenetrable language. Some readers come to believe that they are the only ones who have cracked Sam & Max's bizarre code—then, feeling obliged to include others in the conspiracy, lend a friend their only copy of the comics, discovering later that the fugitive book has been handed off to the next unsuspecting “indoctrinee.”

In the twenty years since the first Sam & Max comic was published, I have often heard from people who

tell me some version of, “My friends and I always use that phrase,” or, “We make up our own Sam & Maxisms,” or even more memorably, “We played Fizzball at our wedding with an engraved axe handle!” It's a gratifying thing to have people invite your characters into their lives that way.

I suppose you could argue that anything that's repeatedly put in front of an audience will eventually gain loyalty, but to that I say, “Hah!” There have been only a handful of these comics! A smattering

of successful games. A blip of an animated series. Certainly not enough material to build that relentless traction of an endlessly renewed sitcom or syndicated comic that has existed since the Korean Conflict. Sam & Max's fans are a discerning bunch with impeccable taste and that ever-appealing desire to share the good news with their friends.

It is to the existing fans and to those future put-upon readers that I offer this collection. In this updated volume you'll find all the stories, ads, and pin-ups

that matter... if not the lumbering webcomic storyline, or that forever-unfinished story about Max being shot and replaced by a sociopathic gibbon. I'll finish that damn thing some day or I'll drag it through the afterlife like Marley's chains. In the meantime, please enjoy Surfin' the Highway.



SAM & MAX FREELANCE POLICE IN:
MONKEYS VIOLATING the HEAVENLY TEMPLE
BASED ON THE NOVELLA: SAM & MAX MEET SOME BAD GUYS



NEW YORK NEW YORK
IT'S A HELL OF A TOWN
THE BRONX IS UP
AND THE BOWERY'S DOWN
THE MIMES ARE FOOD
FOR THE BUMS UNDERGROUND
NEW YAWK NEW YAAWWWK-d

THAT'S A CUTE SONG, SAM.
I DON'T RECOGNIZE IT.

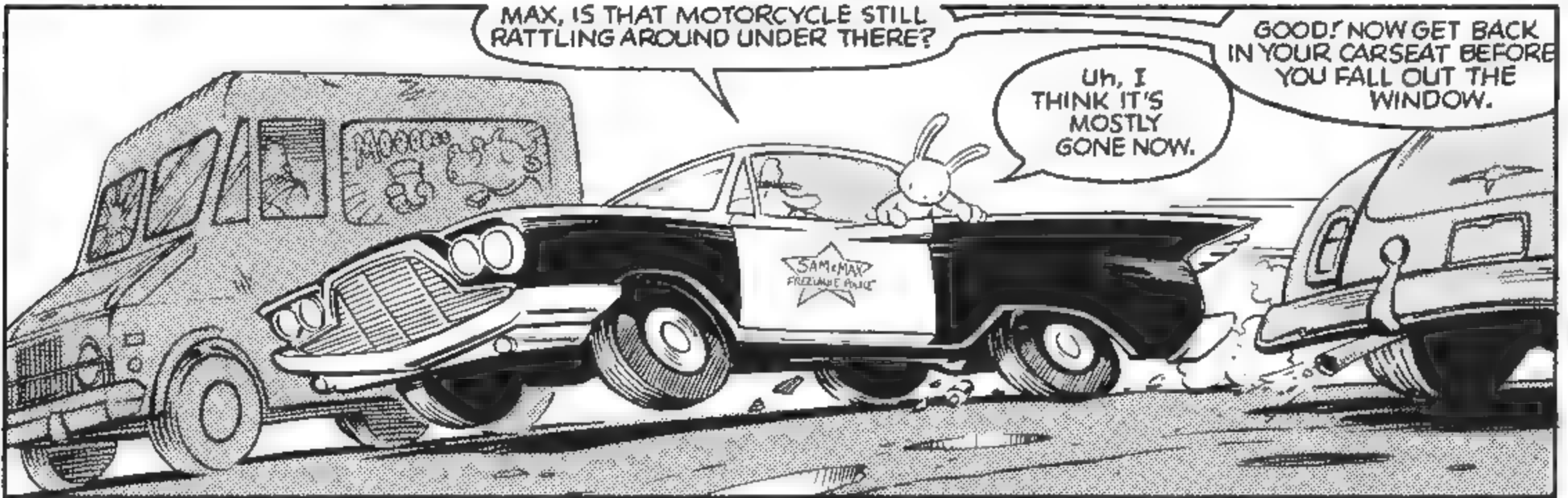
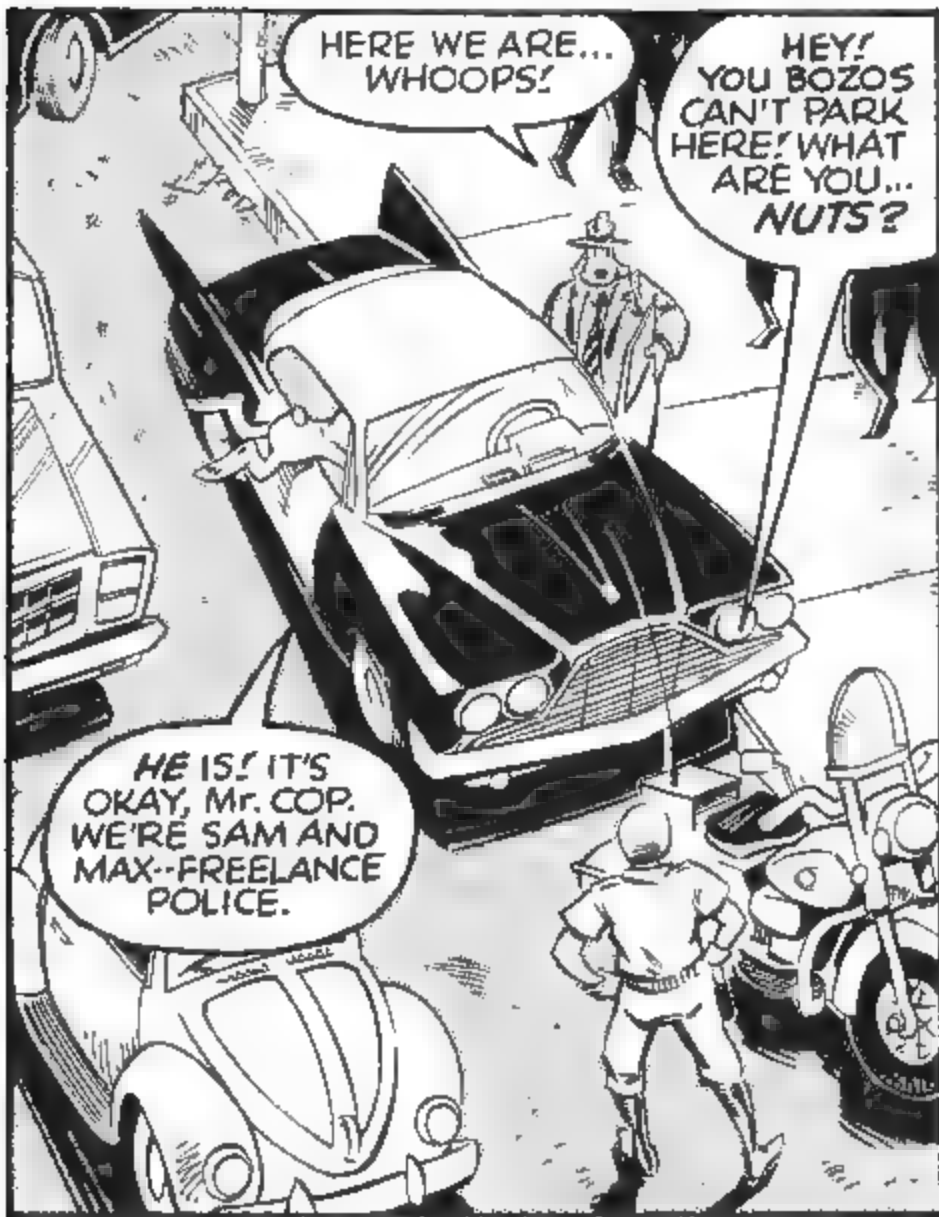
IT'S FROM ONE OF MY FAVORITE MUSICALS, MAX. IT'S ABOUT A QUAINT FRENCH CIRCUS THAT COMES TO TOWN AND IS IMMEDIATELY CANNIBALIZED BY THE LOCAL MOLE MEN.

Pratt 087
COMPUTER TYPEWRITER
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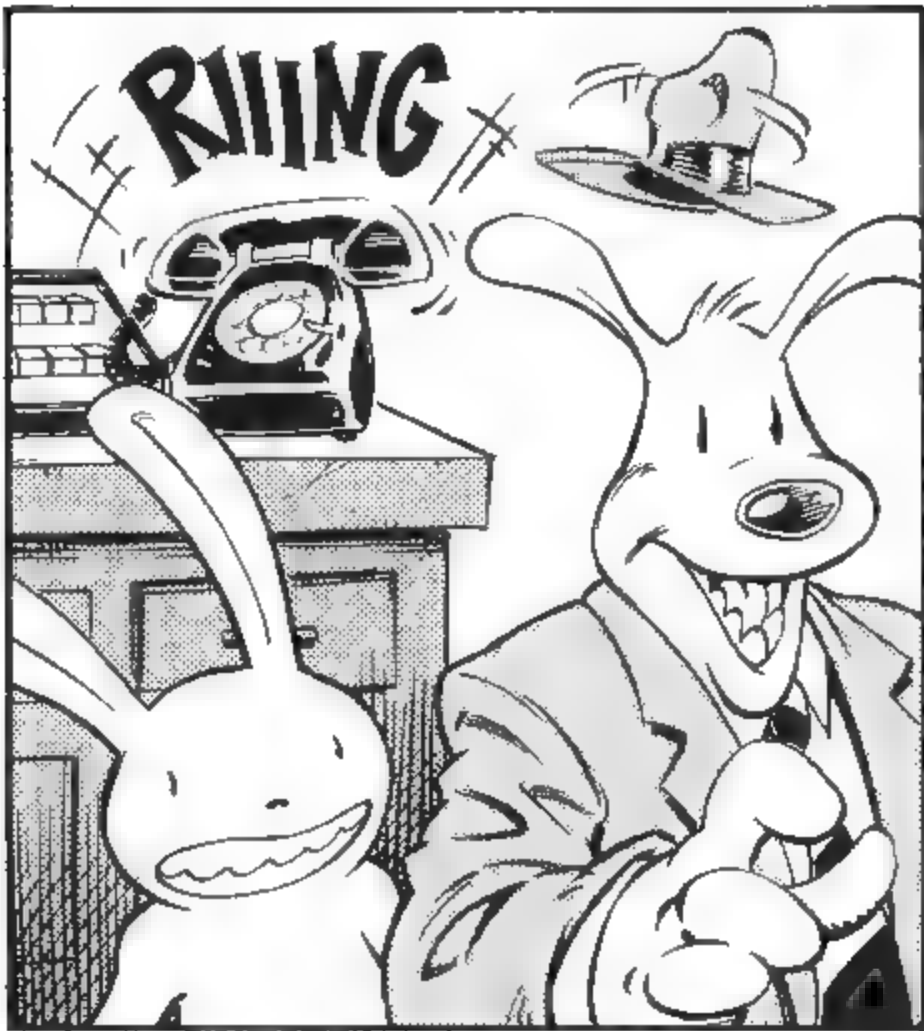












RING



**I GOT IT!
I GOT IT!
I GOT IT!**



HELLO? YES, COMMISSIONER? YES?... YES?... YES?--

**MPGH
WMBH**

HOLY JUMPING MOTHER O' GOD IN A SIDE-CAR WITH CHOCOLATE JIMMIES AND A LOBSTER BIB! **WE'RE ON OUR WAY!**



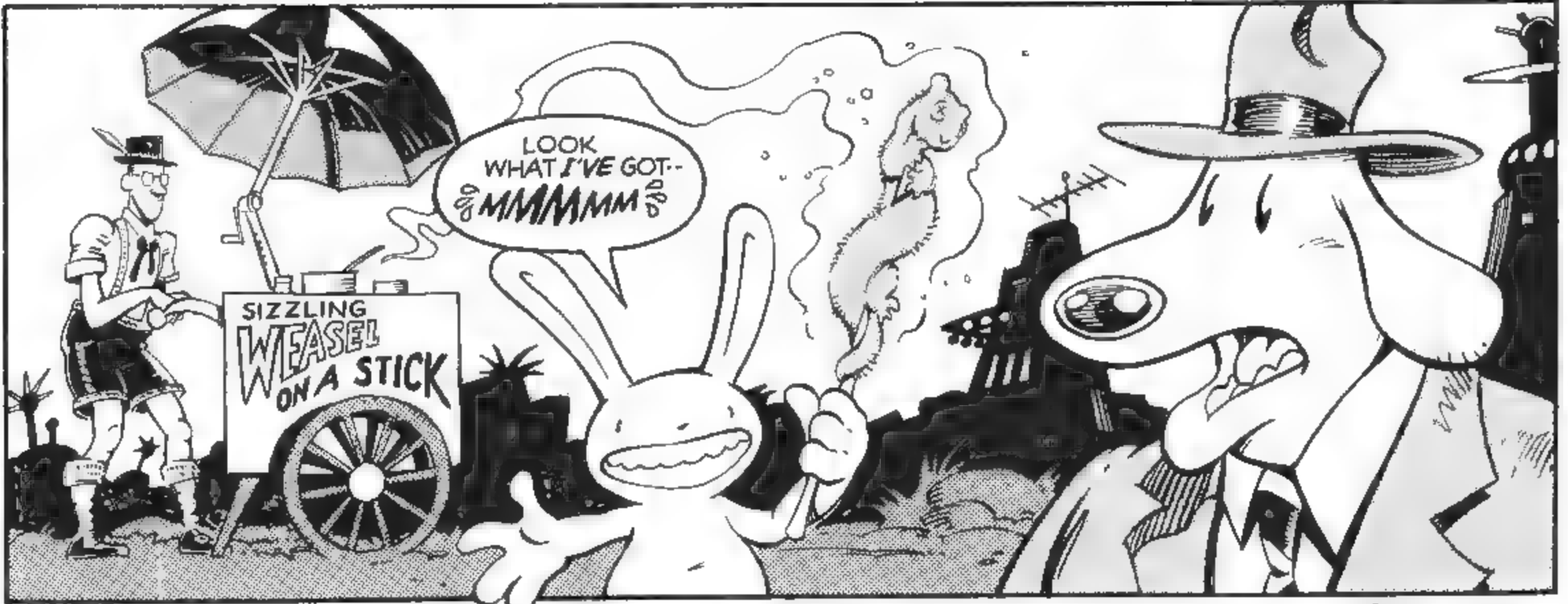
WE HAVE TO CHECK OUT SOME NASTY DOINGS HALF-WAY ACROSS THE EARTH, MAX!--

--WE'RE OFF TO THE **PHILIPPINES!**



WELL, HERE WE ARE IN THE PHILIPPINES?

DRAWN WITHOUT REFERENCE MATERIAL, APPARENTLY.





I LIKE IT HERE!

WE'RE REAL CLOSE... I SMELL... EVIL.

YOU SMELL LIKE A ZOO.

SMART ASS.



MY GOD IN HEAVEN!

ME TOO!



THIS MUST BE THE BOGUS PSYCHIC GALLSTONE OPERATION RUN BY THE DANGEROUSLY INSANE DOCTOR FRITZ NUNKIE, SOMETIMES CALLED "THE ANGEL OF BLOOD!"

OOOHH SCARY. HOW ABOUT "KING O' THE SPOILED POTATO SALAD"?

GET IN THE ALLEY, HAMSTERHEAD.

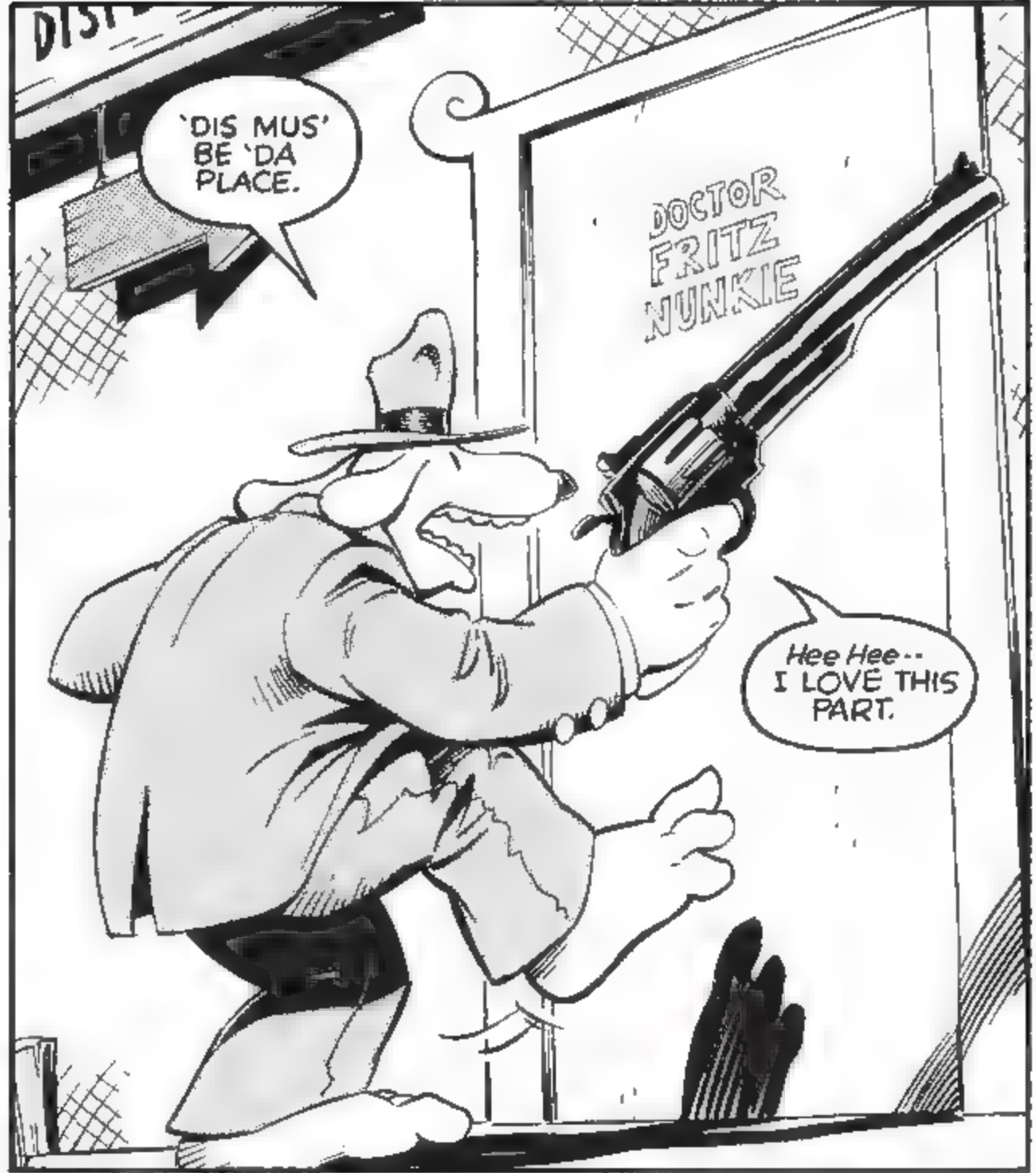


FRITZ NUNKIE HAS BEEN USING HIS GULLIBLE PATIENTS IN TWISTED CULT CEREMONIES.

HERE COMES HIS SHIPMENT OF ILLEGALLY OBTAINED PSYCHIC GALLSTONES-- RIGHT ON SCHEDULE.

I LOVE SHOOTING STUFF.







MAX'S GUN-- IT MUST HAVE FALLEN OUT OF HIS POCKET, OR SOMEPLACE.



A MESSAGE IN (Gulp)... **BLOOD** IT'S FROM MAX-- THAT'S DEFINITELY HIS HANDWRITING! WHAT COULD IT MEAN?

HOPE THE LITTLE GUY'S OKAY.



WHAT A RELIEF-- IT'S ONLY CHICKEN BLOOD--

--THE KIND COMMONLY USED BY FAKE PSYCHIC GALLSTONE GUYS. SENSELESS WASTE OF A CHICKEN, THOUGH.



FRITZ NUNKIE-- PTHOOO!

IF HE SO MUCH AS HARMS A HAIR ON THAT LITTLE MELON HEAD, I'LL TEACH HIM THE MEANING OF THE PHRASE, "SAVAGE PUMMELING."



I THINK MAX CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF.

UGLIEST CAT I'VE EVER SEEN.



Aha! KIL-A-MANSTA!
LITTLE GUY COULDN'T
SPELL IT. THAT'S
CUTE.



I'VE HEARD ABOUT THESE
CULT JAMBOREES. IT'S AN
INTERNATIONAL GOON
GATHERING.



LOTS OF
HOWLING AND DRINKING...
ORGIASTIC WORSHIP OF
HEATHEN IDOLS... GREAT
LOOKING CHICKS IN
DIAPHANOUS ROBES...
SOUNDS KIND OF INTERESTING...
NO, NO, SAM. BAD...
VERY BAD... NOT
INTERESTING
AT ALL!



≈HUF HUF≈
ALMOST THERE. I CAN
HEAR THE YATTERING
CROWD. ≈HUF HUF HUF≈
THEY PROBABLY
HAVE MAX PINNED
UP FOR THEIR UNHOLY,
GIBBERING MONSTER
PARTY--

≈HUF HUF HUF≈
GETTING READY TO
FEED HIM TO THE BIG
BOOGEY THEY THINK
LIVES DOWN THE
VOLCANO.
≈HUF HUF≈

I'VE GOT TO RESCUE
MY LITTLE PAL-- ≈HUF HUF HUF≈
--AND I'VE GOT TO ARREST
NUNKIE, FOR CRIMES
AGAINST HUMANITY
(AND CHICKENS)--

≈HUF HUF HUF≈
--AND I'VE GOTTA LOSE
SOME WEIGHT.

WISH WE
WERE HOME
PLAYING
FIZZBALL.

CONTINUED, AFTER THE FOLLOWING PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT!

LET'S PLAY FIZZBALL™

IT'S THE WACKY NEW GAME THAT'S FILLING HOSPITAL CONCUSSION AND LACERATION WARDS ACROSS THE NATION! AND IT'S SO EASY TO PLAY!

THE FIELDERS:
WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO, TRY TO CATCH A SHREDDED METAL CAN? WHAT ARE YOU, STUPID?

NO POINTS ARE SCORED
FIZZBALL IS NON-COMPETITIVE AND PROMOTES COOPERATIVE BEHAVIOR!
EVERYONE GETS TO SEE BEER CANS BUST OPEN!
EVERYONE PITCHES IN TO CARRY LINE DRIVE VICTIMS TO THE HOSPITAL!
EVERYONE PLAYS TOWARD A COMMON GOAL—THE MUTUAL AESTHETIC APPRECIATION OF RAINING FROTH AND SHIMMERING ALUMINUM SHRAPNEL!
AND DON'T FORGET THE FUN OF MAKING A BIG STINKING MESS!

EQUIPMENT:

THE PITCHER:
READY TO PLAY? SHAKE THE CAN VIGOROUSLY UNTIL THE LITTLE BALL STARTS RATTLING. OOPS, WRONG GAME. USE YOUR OWN JUDGEMENT. GET ABOUT FIFTEEN FEET FROM THE BATTER TO PITCH.

THE BATTER:
SWING LIKE A MAD APE. THE OBJECT IS TO HACK THROUGH THE SOFT MIDDLE AND SPLIT THE CAN WIDE OPEN! YAHOOO! SOME FUN, EH?

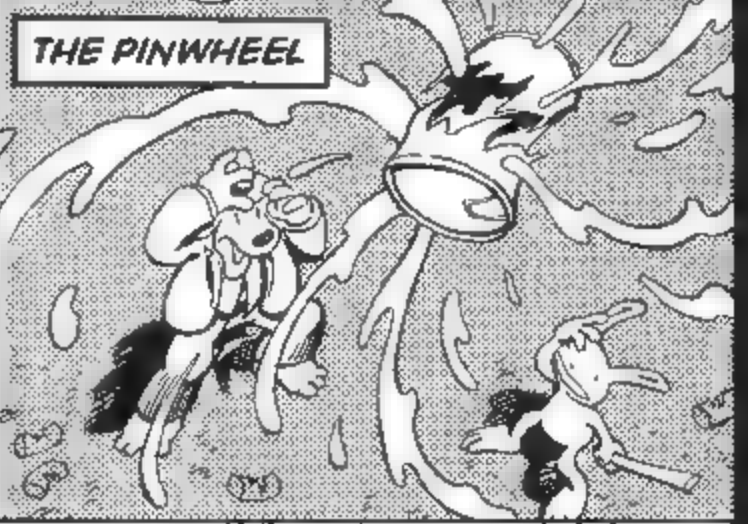
A REAL EASY UNDERHAND PITCH IS USED. YOU'RE NOT TRYING TO STRIKE THE GUY OUT. YOU WANT TO SEE THE CAN BLOW UP, RIGHT? RIGHT?

REFERENCE SECTION
VARIOUS FIZZBALL PHENOMENA--CREATE YOUR OWN!

OFFICIAL FIZZBALL UNIFORMS

GET YOURSELF A FEW CASES OF THAT CHEAP, NASTY BEER THAT'S USUALLY FOUND STACKED AND ON SALE NEAR THE CHECKOUT COUNTER RIGHT BEFORE NATIONAL DRINKING HOLIDAYS.

YOU'LL NEED AN AXE OR MATTOCK HANDLE OR SOME KIND OF PRIMITIVE LOOKING BRANCH! THINK ATOMIC WAR-CLUB SIZE! YEAH!



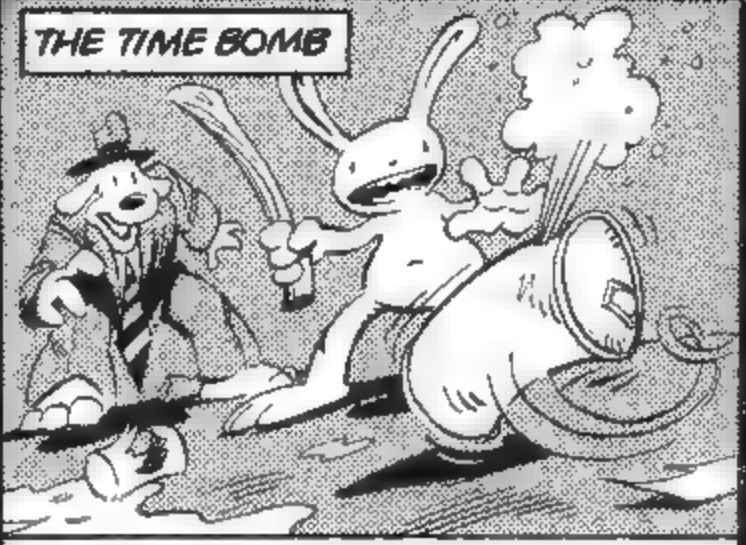
THE PINWHEEL
THIS IS A GREAT FIZZBALL EFFECT! THE CAN IS SMACKED OPEN AND ROTATES IN THE AIR FOREVER, DRENCHING EVERYTHING IN A TWENTY-FOOT RADIUS WITH BEAUTIFUL RIBBONS OF FOAM!



THE WAR OF THE WORLDS
PICTURE THE TOP OF THE BATTED CAN, SNAPPED FREE, SPINNING AND ACTUALLY GAINING ALTITUDE LIKE A HOVERING ALIEN CRAFT! WOW!



THE CANNONBALL
THIS ONE IS OFTEN FRUSTRATING. THE SWELLING CAN IS BASHED OVER THE FENCE, UNRUPTURED AND OUT OF REACH. BUT YOU MIGHT WANT TO KEEP AN EYE ON THE KIDS NEXT DOOR WHEN THEY TRY TO OPEN IT. HEE HEE.



THE TIME BOMB
A TINY RUPTURE STARTS A FINE SPRAY-LEAK AS THE SPINNING CAN SKITTERS ACROSS THE GROUND! QUICK! GET IT BACK IN PLAY BEFORE IT'S A DUD!



HAVE FUN AND BE SURE TO WEAR PROTECTIVE HEAD-GEAR (BUT ONLY IF YOU'RE SOME KIND OF GODDAM PANSY), AND MAYBE NEXT TIME WE'LL TELL YOU ABOUT 8-TRACK TAPE SKEET SHOOT.

SMELLS LIKE A BAR RAG IN HERE. MAYBE WE SHOULD PLAY OUTSIDE NEXT TIME.

Thanks to Art Adams, Mike Mignola and Scott Mignola for selfless aid in research and development. **STEVE PURCELL** © 1987



REAL CLOSE, BUT THEY DON'T SEE ME. I'LL JUST STASH THIS BEHIND A BUSH.



THEY'VE GOT MAX TIED TO THAT CHEEZY ALTER! TOO MANY TO TAKE ON BY MYSELF.

THEY'RE LIKE SOME KIND OF SPOOKY SHRINERS.



A POOL OF LUKEWARM VOLCANIC MUD. I WILL DISGUISE MYSELF AS THE TERRIBLE VOLCANO GOD. YOK YOK



SAW THIS ON TV WHEN I WAS A KID. THIS'LL BE GREAT.



QUAAAAA!
QUAAAAA!





HEY, COOL KNIFE!

SHUT UP, MAX--GOOD LORD, IT'S HIM!



WE GATHER BEFORE THE SACRED LORD DOMASADITO IN WHOSE REVERED EFFULGENCE WE BASK! AND NOW, INTO THE CAPRICIOUS DIMINUTIVE ONE I RESOLVE TO PLUNGE THE CONSECRATED CEREMONIAL DAGGER!

HE MUST HAVE GONE TO JUNIOR COLLEGE!



HE MEANS HE'S GOING TO POKE YOU WITH THAT KNIFE, AND THEN I'LL BE FORCED TO JUMP OFF THE HIGH DIVE WITH YOUR ADORABLE CARCASS TIED TO MY HEAD, IF I'VE READ MY VOLCANO GOD CULTS RIGHT.

DID YOU BRING YOUR TRUNKS?

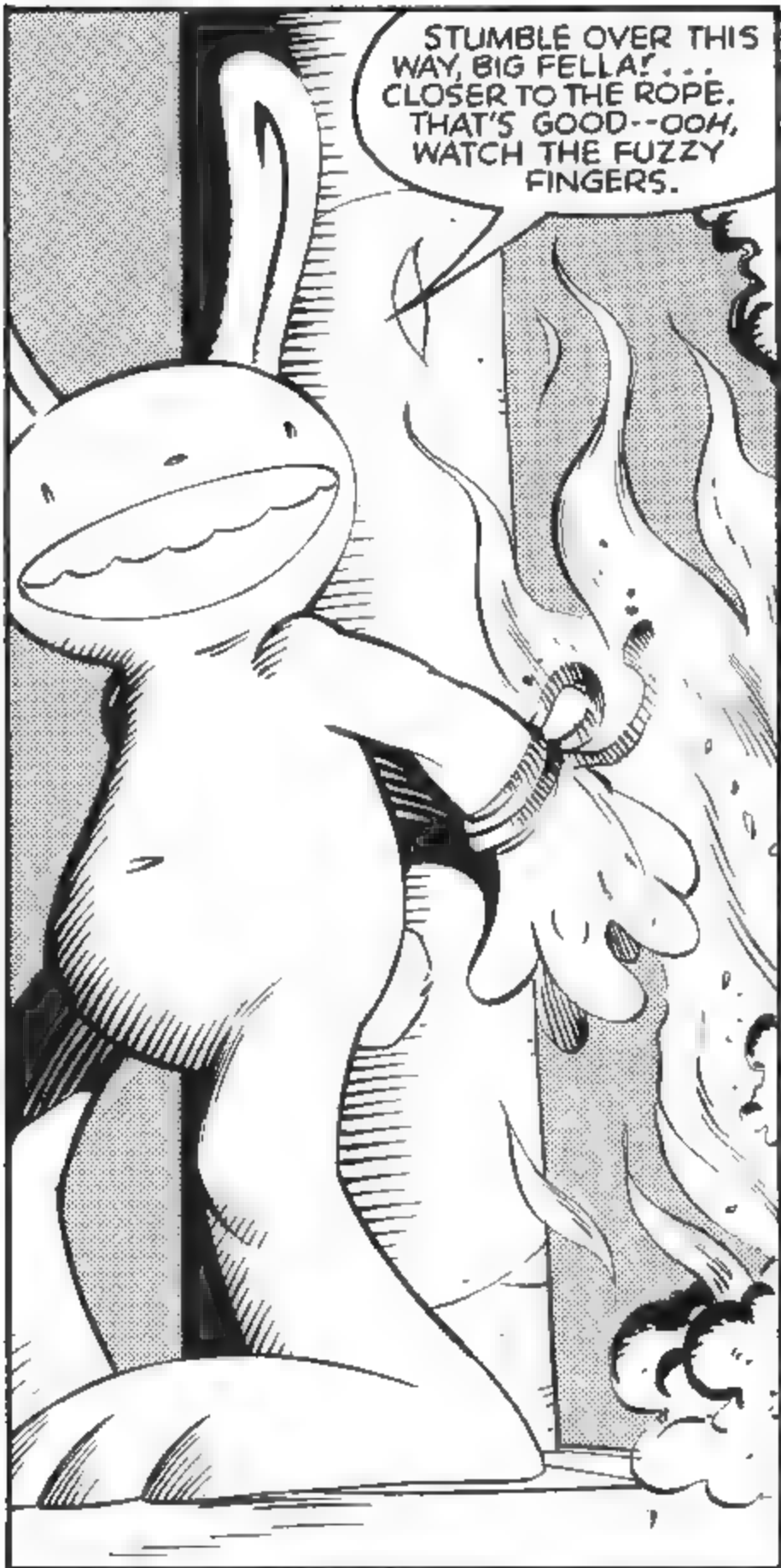
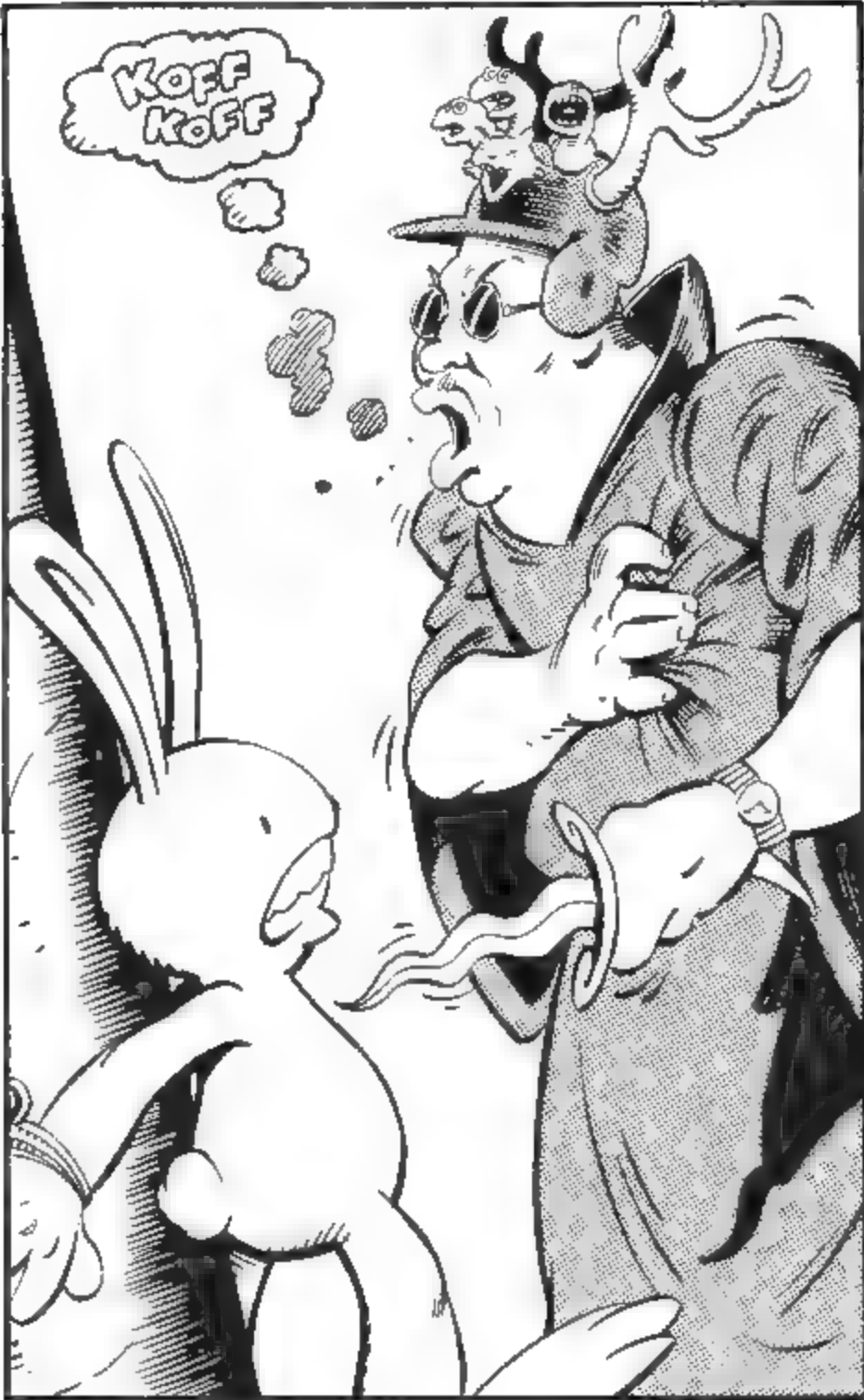
TO DOMASADITO, THE LOFTIEST AND MOST FIERCE, WE CROON THE SACRIFICIAL MEDLEY-- NYUNG NYUNG NYUNG Yadda Yadda SWEETEE NYUNG NYUNG NYUNG--

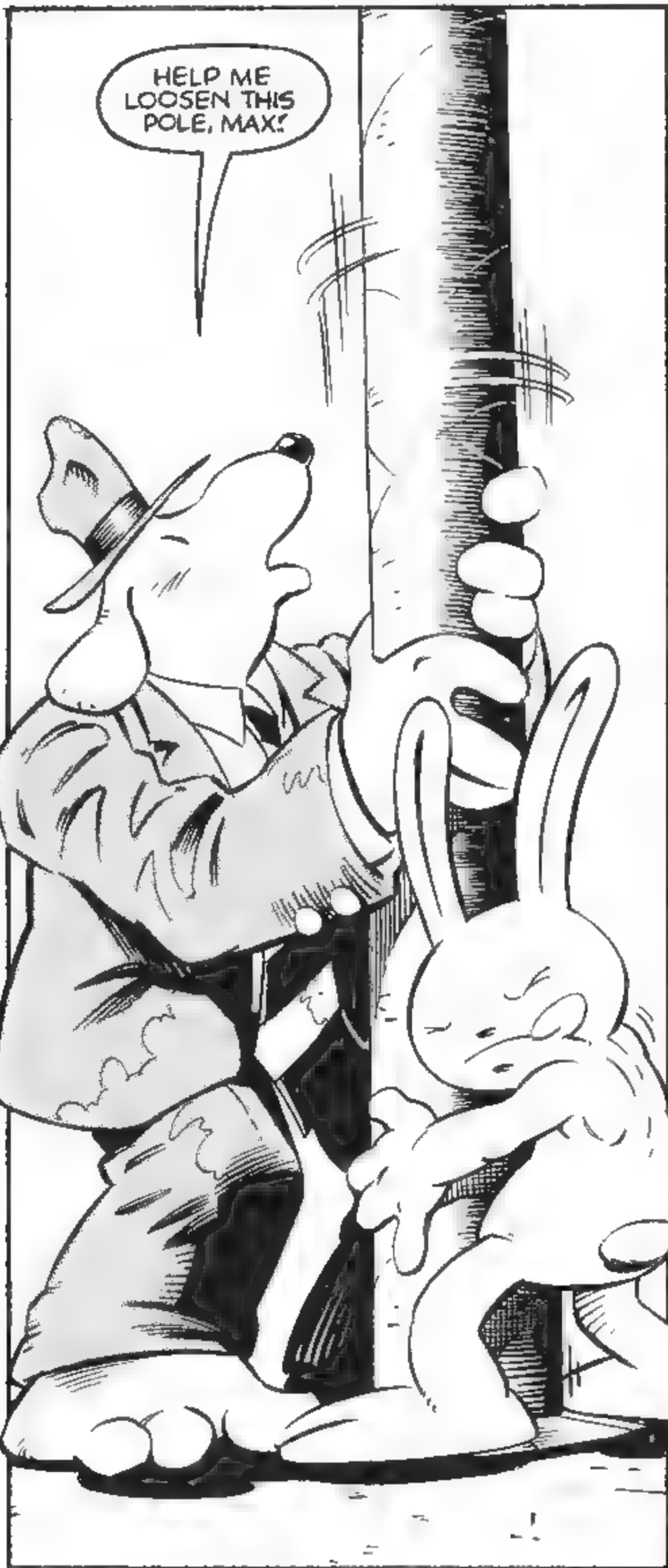
--ALL TOGETHER NOW!

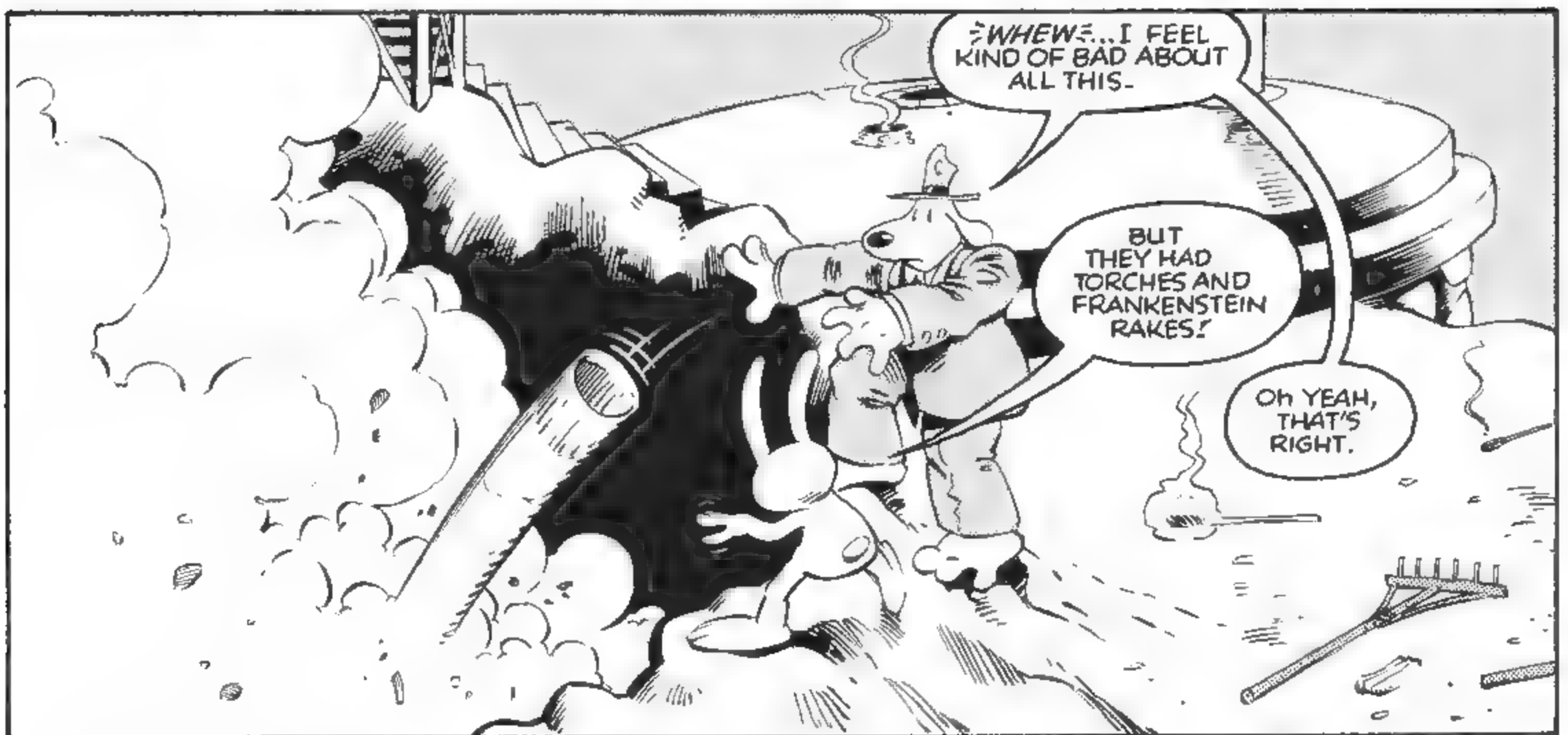
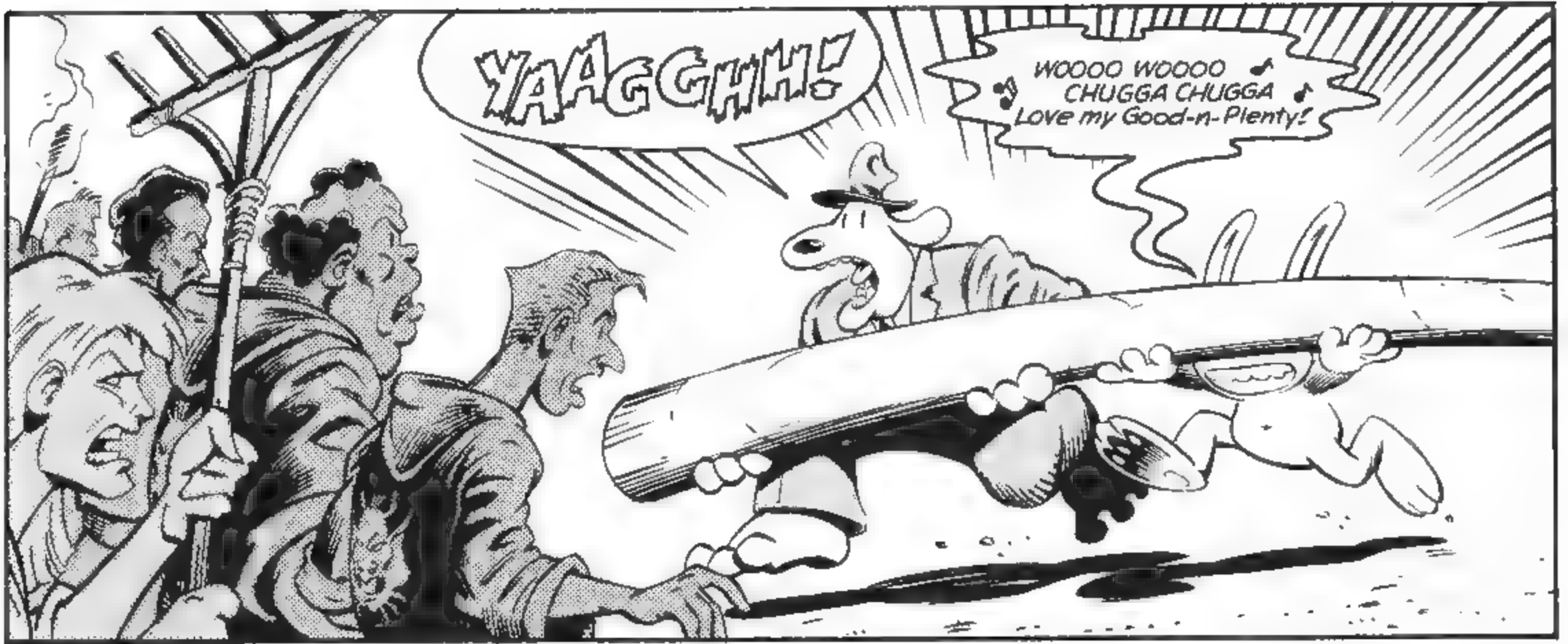


YADDA YADDA SWEETEE

YIKES! HE MEANS IT!











I THOUGHT WE WERE FINISHED WHEN THOSE YOWLING CULTISTS CAME AT US! HOW ABOUT YOU, MAX?

WHAT CULTISTS?

UH... FORGET IT, BUDDY.

CAN I SPIT OUT THE WINDOW, SAM?

NO WAY, MAX-- WE'RE ABOUT A HUNDRED AND FORTY SEVEN MILLION FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL-- YOU'D BE SUCKED INTO THE SCREAMING VOID OF SPACE.



YEEP.

NOW FINISH YOUR DELICIOUS MEAL BEFORE I JAM IT DOWN YOUR THROAT, LITTLE PAL.



I'VE GOT TO TAKE A WALK-- THIS IS GRISLY.



GET BACK IN YOUR SEAT!

BUT I ATE MY DINNER! YOU FLIGHT ATTENDANTS ARE GETTING NASTIER.

IDIOT, I'M A TERRORIST HIJACKER!

A CLOWN TERRORIST...HOW HORRIBLE.

IT'S A MASK, YOU CLOT!





IT'S OKAY, FOLKS!
EVERYTHING'S UNDER
CONTROL!

THE MATERIAL
IN THIS HIGH TECH
PLATTER WILL
PREVENT FURTHER
DEPRESSURIZATION.

THUP

Grrrrr



I'VE BEEN AUTHORIZED
BY THE CAPTAIN TO GIVE
YOU BOYS ANYTHING
YOU WANT.

THEN BRING ME ALL
THE UNCLOTHED
WOMEN MY POOR EYES
CAN STAND!

JESUS, MAX, TAKE IT
EASY--YOU DON'T
EVEN LIKE GIRLS.

OH, YEAH, IN
THAT CASE--HOW ABOUT
SOME MORE OF THESE
GREAT PEANUTS?

YOU CRACK
ME UP, LITTLE
BUDDY!

JUST
ROOT
BEER

PEANUTS

**SAM & MAX FREELANCE POLICE IN:
NIGHT OF THE GILDED
HERON SHARK**

BASED ON THE SHORT
STORY: SAM & MAX MEET
SOME MORE BAD GUYS



IT'S GREAT TO
BE BACK ON SOILED
NATIVES OR NATIVE
SOIL OR SOMETHING,
RIGHT, MAX?

FLINT
PAPER'S OFFICE IS
PILED HIGH WITH SHOT-
UP CRIMINALS AND THE
WALLS ARE RIDDLED
WITH BULLET HOLES
AND HE'S KISSING A
BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
RIGHT ON THE
MOUTH!

WONDER IF
THE MUNSTERS
ARE ON YET?



THAT'S
FUNNY, THE
DOOR WAS
UNLOCKED.



LIGHT'S NOT
WORKING, EITHER.
HOPE NOBODY
TOOK MY TV.

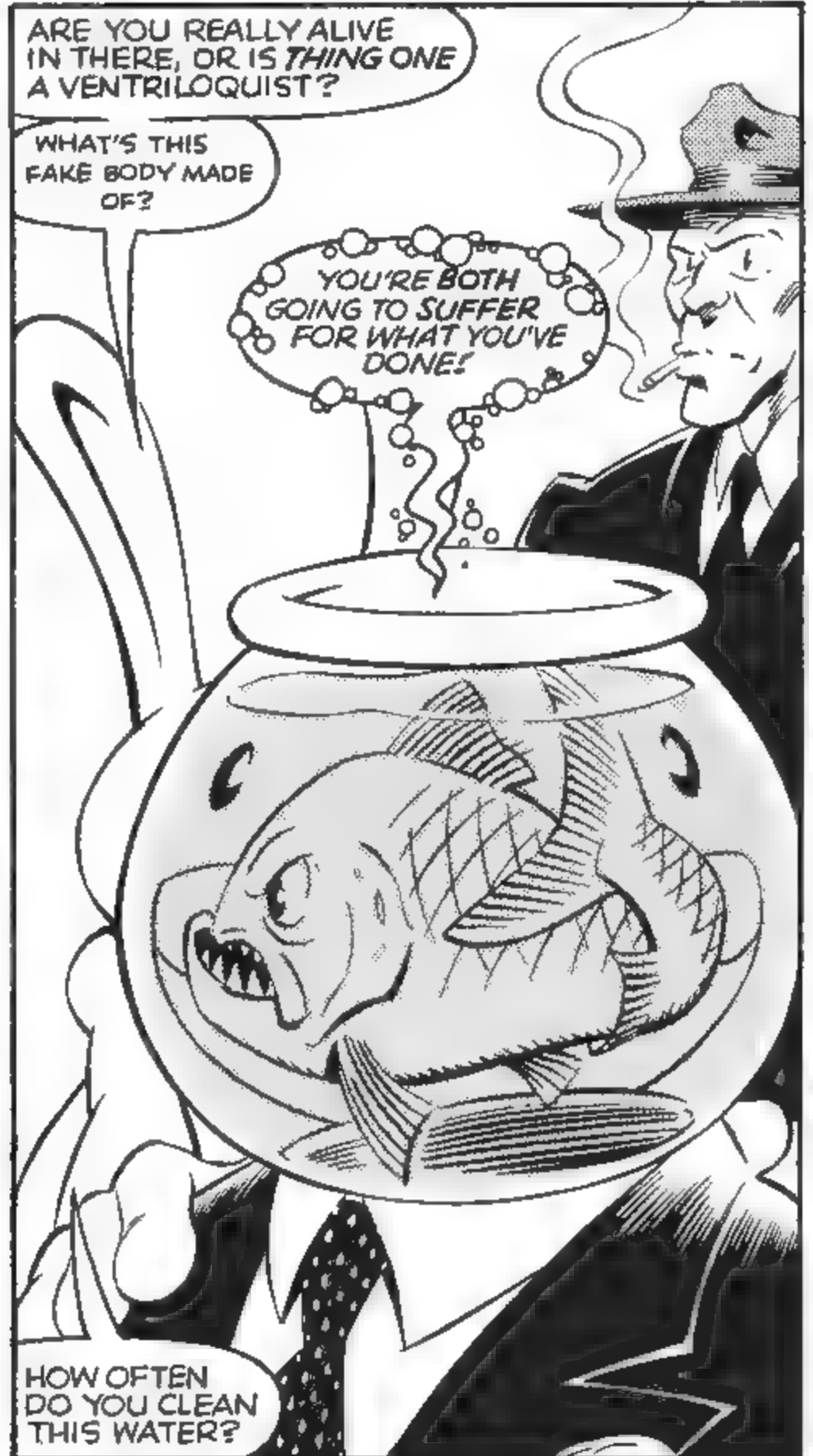
HEY, IT'S
THREE FIGURES
SILHOUETTED
BEFORE THE
ETHEREAL EVENING
LIGHT OF THE
CITY. HOW
'BOU THAT?



WELCOME BACK,
GENTLEMEN.

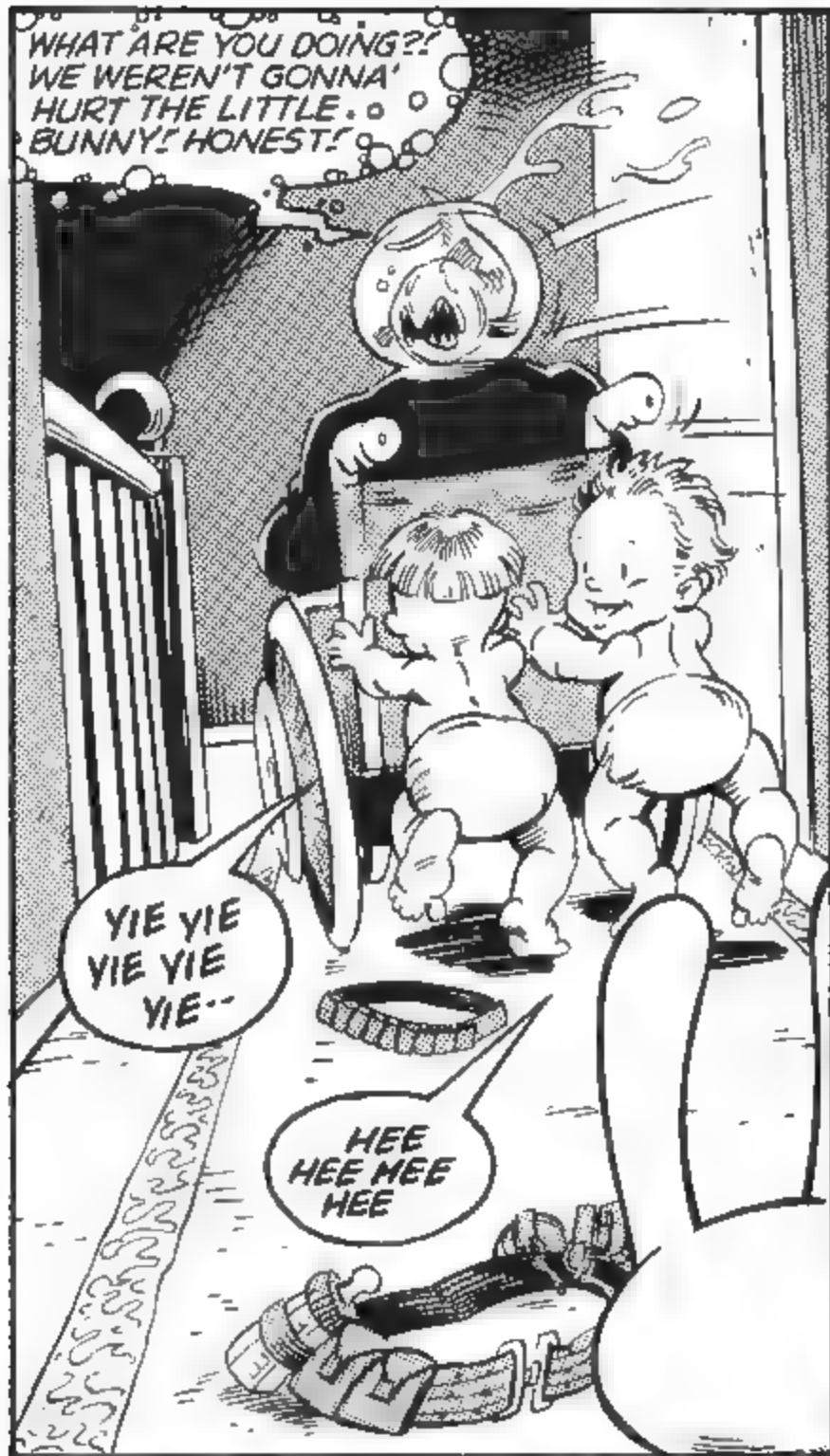
GENTLEMEN?

WEIRD
SMELL. YOU
GUYS BEEN
HERE
AWHILE?









SAM & MAX ACTIVITY PAGE

GETTING ALONG ^{IN} THE JOINT

HEY KIDS! PLANNING ON SPENDING SOME TIME IN FEDERAL PRISON? WELL, HERE'S A COOL CRAFT PROJECT THAT MIGHT JUST SHORTEN YOUR STAY! JUST FOLLOW THESE LOVINGLY ILLUSTRATED INSTRUCTIONS:

FIRST YOU'LL WANT TO PILFER 10 OR 12 BARS OF SOAP FROM THE BIG, SCARY SHOWER ROOM. A FEW BARS AT A TIME CAN BE EASILY SWALLOWED AND RETRIEVED LATER. AW, GO AHEAD. IT'S NOT THE WORST THING YOU'LL EVER HAVE TO DO IN PRISON.

READY FOR ASSEMBLY? GET THE BARS WET SO THEY CAN BE FUSED TOGETHER, SOMETHING LIKE THIS.

SAM'S SURVIVAL CORNER

MAX'S PAL, GORDON LIDDY, HAS SOME ADVICE FOR YOU GUYS ABOUT KEEPING YOUR MANHOOD IN PRISON, AND I'M PARAPHRASING: "IF SOMEONE SAYS, 'GOOD MORNING,' BASH IN HIS HEAD WITH A MOP HANDLE." GOOD LUCK AND HAVE FUN!

A BLADE FROM A SHARPENED COT SPRING WORKS FINE FOR SHAPING. MAX FOUND THIS READY-MADE WHIT'LIN' KNIFE STUCK IN THE BACK OF IGGY THE SNITCH.

REALISTIC BLACK FINISH IS SHOE POLISH OR GRECIAN FORMULA SWIPED FROM INMATE WITH "JUST A TOUCH OF GREY." DON'T LET HIM CATCH YOU ALONE IN THE MACHINE SHOP!

WHADDYA KNOW? A WALTHER 9mm AUTOMATIC!

COME AND GET ME, YA DIRTY SCREW! TEE HEE!

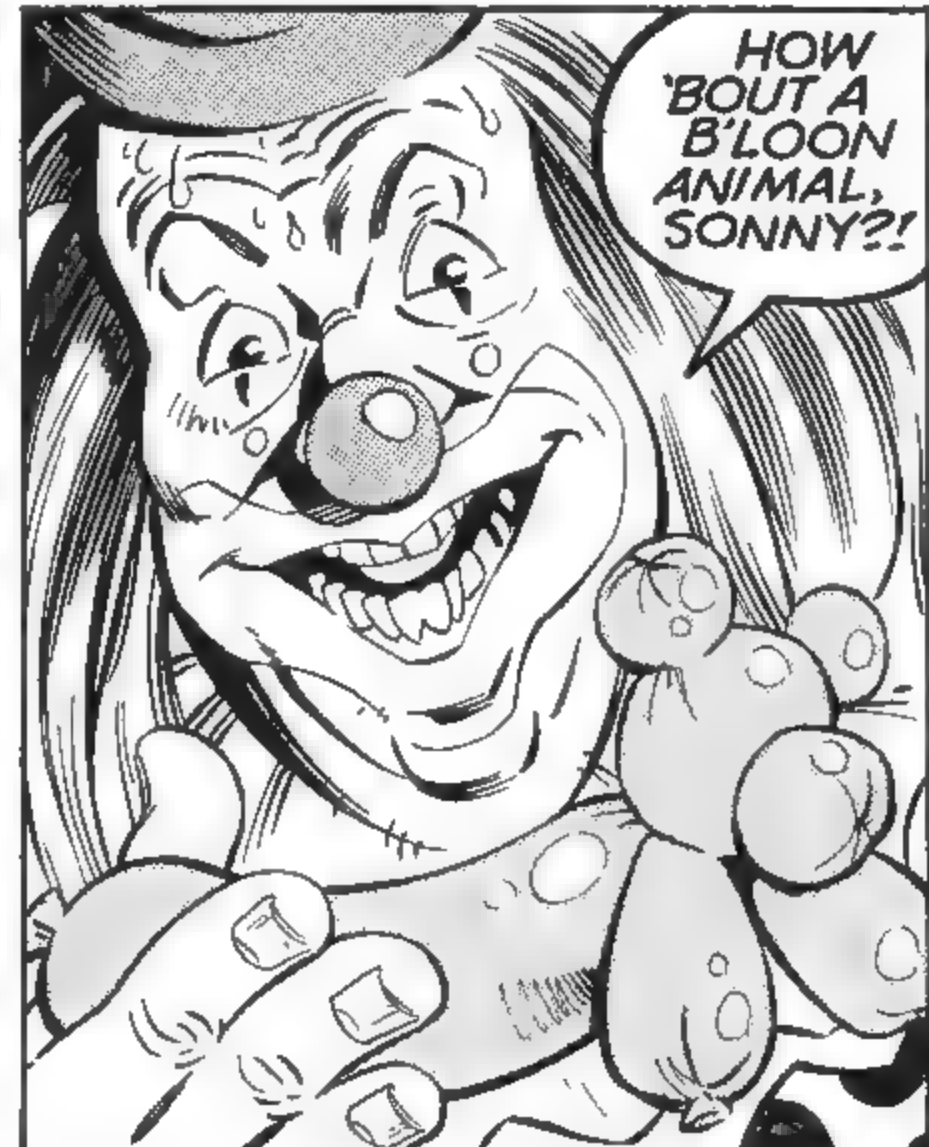
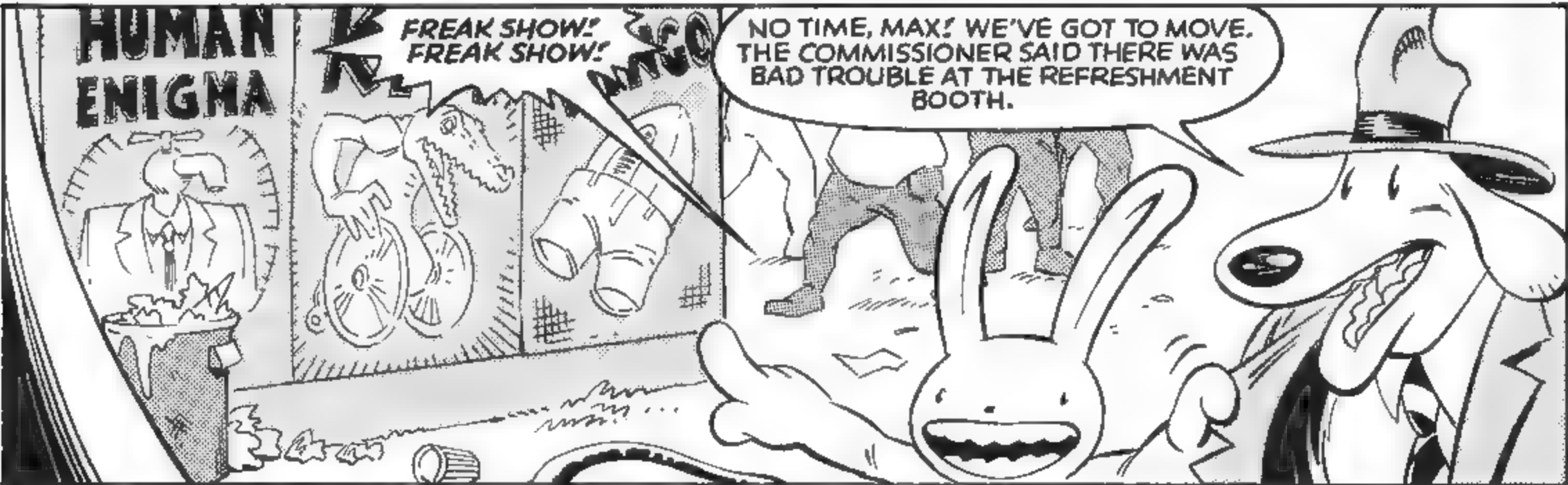


SAM and MAX
FREELANCE POLICE IN:

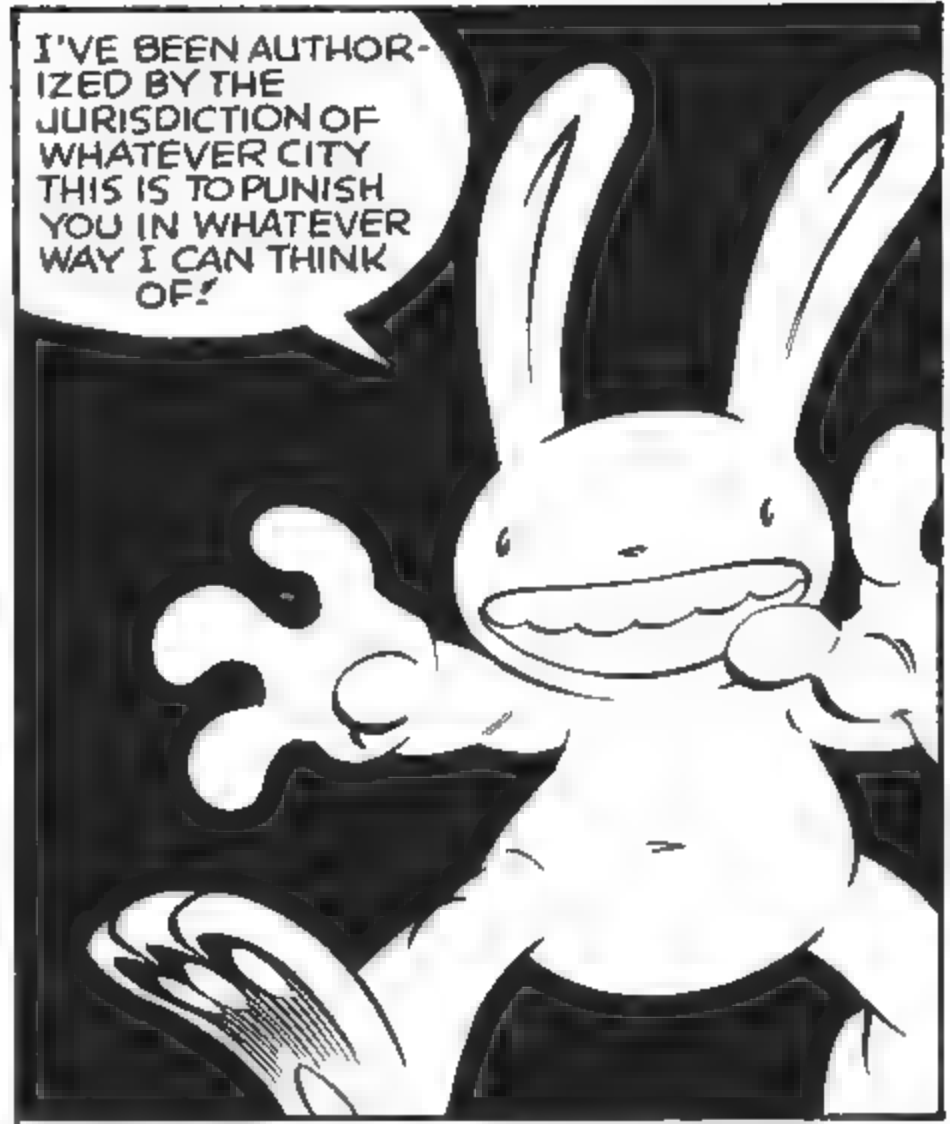
NIGHT OF THE GRINGING WILDEBEEST

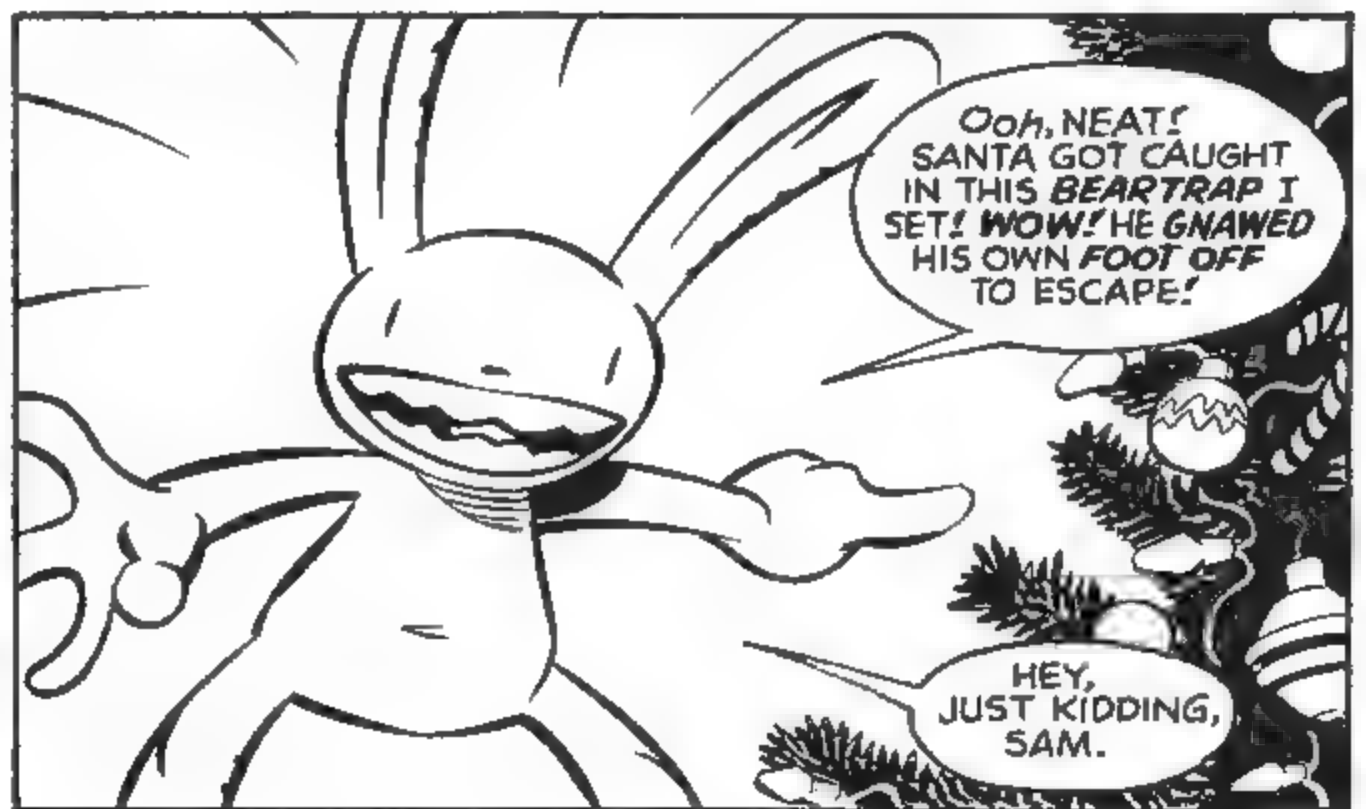
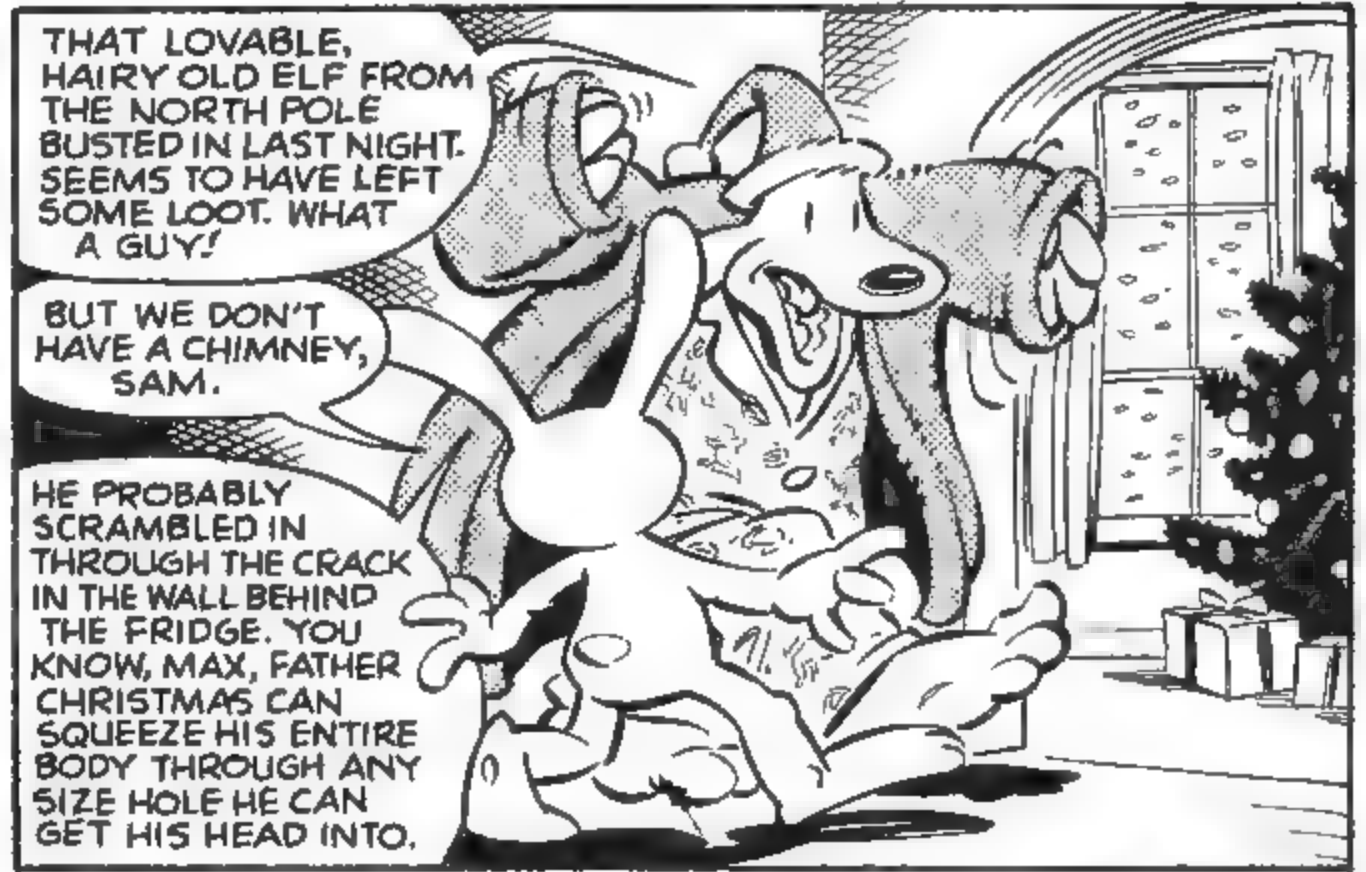
BASED ON THE BROADWAY
MUSICAL: SAM AND MAX
GO TO THE CARNIVAL

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY
STEVE PURCELL
LETTERED BY: L. LOIS BUHALIS











HE ATE THE CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES YOU MADE, SAM! SAINT NICK MUST HAVE A CAST IRON GUT!

LOOK! HE BACKWASHED INTO HIS MILK! I COULD *SELL* THIS!



PRESENTS AND EVERYTHING! WE WEREN'T EVEN VERY *GOOD* THIS YEAR. THIS ONE'S STILL WARM FROM HIS FATTY AMBIENCE.

SOUNDS LIKE AN ASSORTMENT OF "CHEESES OF MANY LANDS."

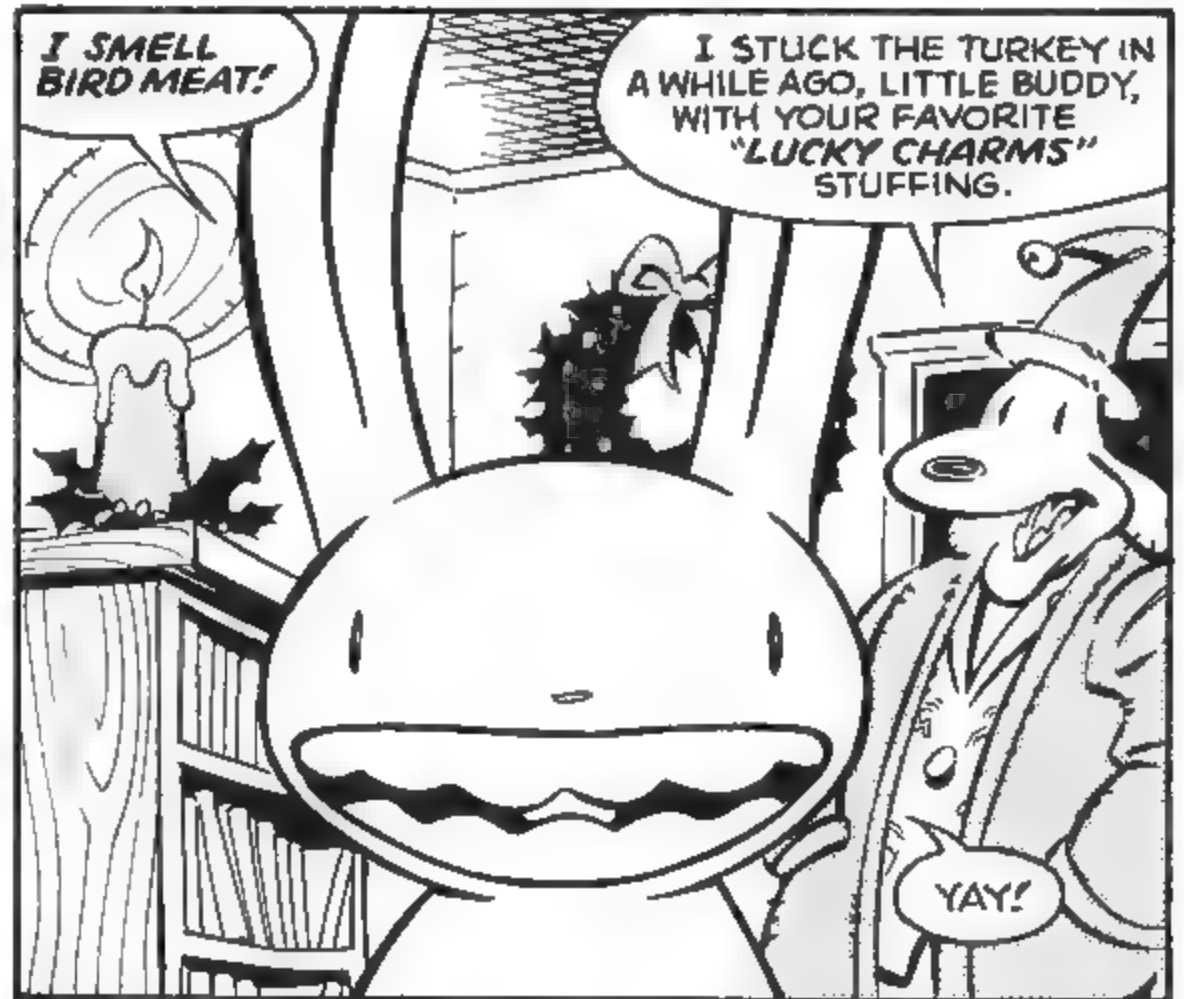
LOOKIE, SAM! A SCARF! FORTUNATELY I'M MATURE ENOUGH TO APPRECIATE SUCH A PRACTICAL GIFT.



HEY, WHAT LUCK! A RIPE TANGERINE, SALTED CASHEWS, AND A BRAND NEW OCARINA!

A STOCKING FULL OF AMMO! HE'S A SANTA FOR THE NINETIES!

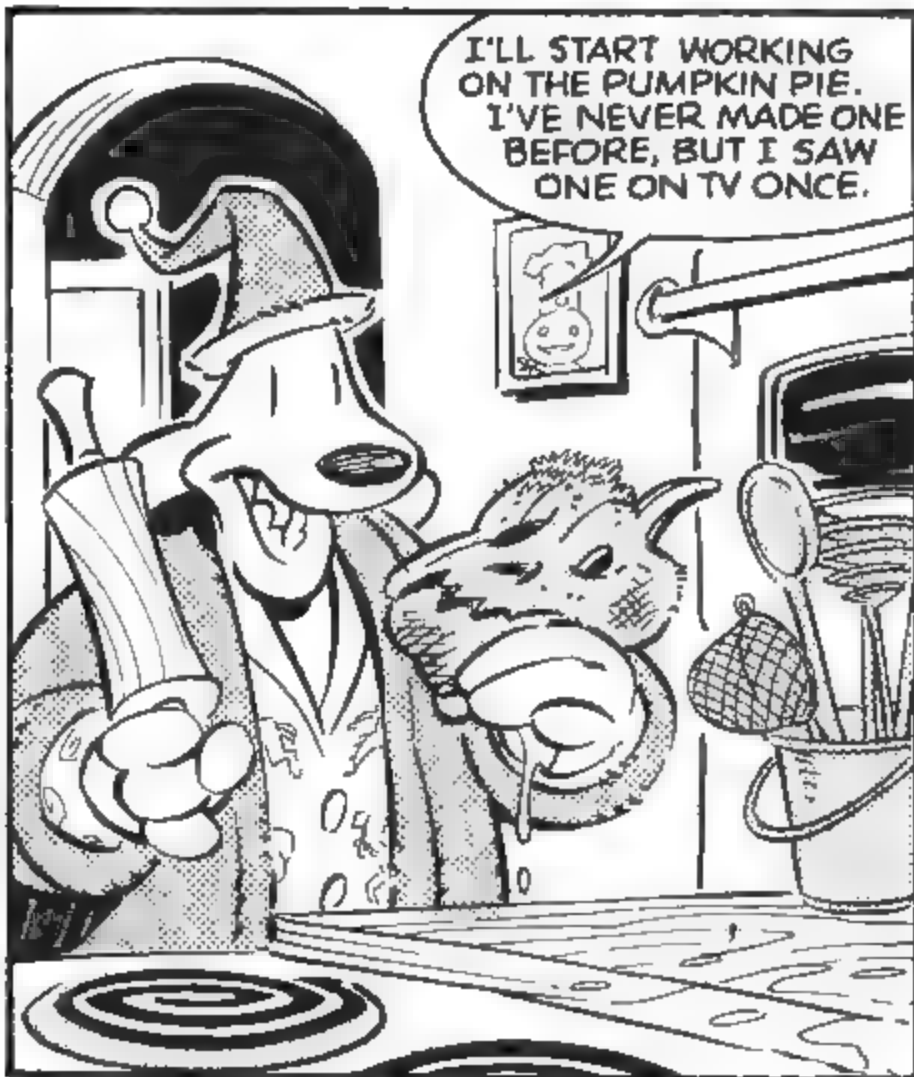
THAT'S FROM ME, SAM! SANTA CLAUS HATES THAT KIND OF CRAP.



I SMELL BIRD MEAT!

I STUCK THE TURKEY IN A WHILE AGO, LITTLE BUDDY, WITH YOUR FAVORITE "LUCKY CHARMS" STUFFING.

YAY!



I'LL START WORKING ON THE PUMPKIN PIE. I'VE NEVER MADE ONE BEFORE, BUT I SAW ONE ON TV ONCE.

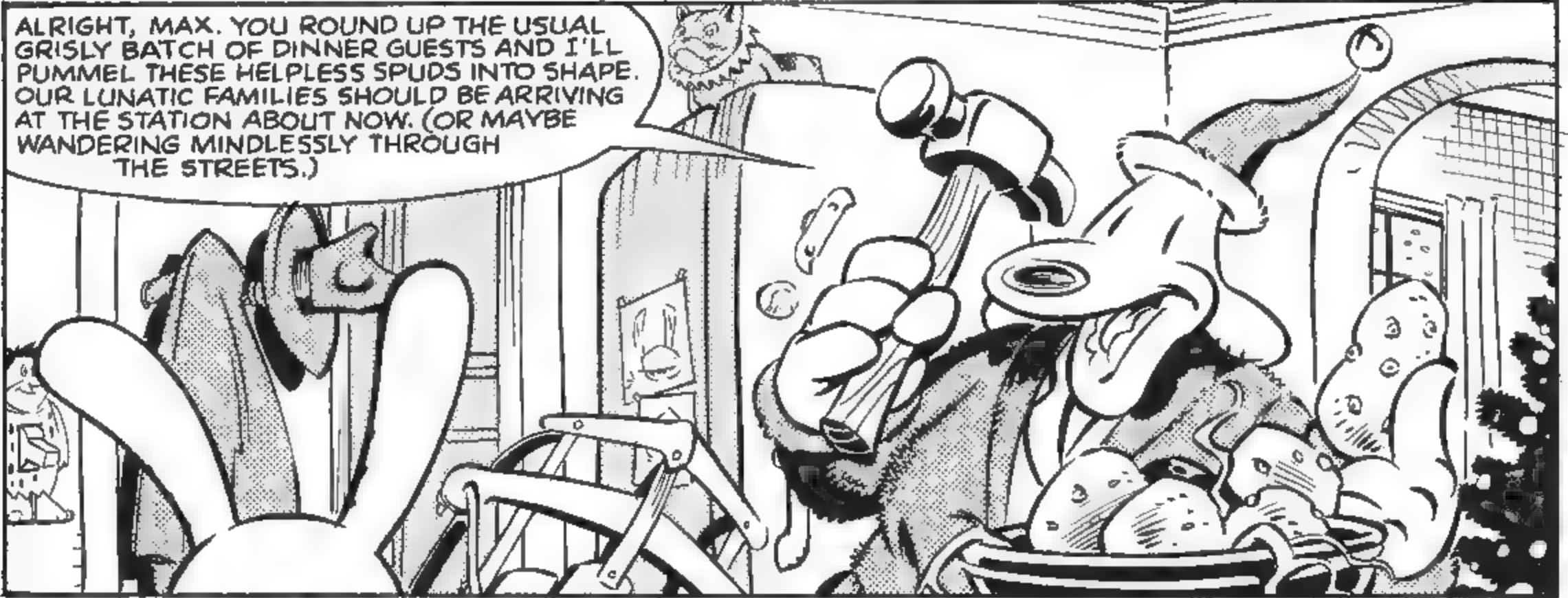


HI, SAM! DINNER READY?

HEY MAX! COULD YOU HAND ME THE FROZEN CORN PELLETS?

I THINK I SAW THEM NEXT TO THE TATER TOT GLACIER.

ALRIGHT, MAX. YOU ROUND UP THE USUAL GRISLY BATCH OF DINNER GUESTS AND I'LL PUMMEL THESE HELPLESS SPUDS INTO SHAPE. OUR LUNATIC FAMILIES SHOULD BE ARRIVING AT THE STATION ABOUT NOW. (OR MAYBE WANDERING MINDLESSLY THROUGH THE STREETS.)



HURRY BACK AND REMEMBER TO KEEP THEM BLINDFOLDED SO THEY DON'T LEARN HOW TO GET HERE. YOK YOK



OOPS, THEY'RE BACK ALREADY. BUT I'LL HAVE THIS BAFFLING DINNER ORDEAL RESOLVED IN NO TIME.



JELLO SALAD-- THE FOOD OF THE GODS!

AND NOW I'D LIKE TO MAKE A SPECIAL NOG TOAST TO OUR SWELL CHRISTMAS GUESTS. WE WOULD HAVE BOUGHT YOU ALL PRESENTS BUT IT NEVER EVEN OCCURRED TO US. OH, WELL!

DA RUMPA PUMPUM-- RUMP A PUMPUM. GET IT? RUMPA PUMPUM. GET IT?

hee hee hee

GOD BLESS US EVERYONE! I WANT THE NECK... AND THE FACE!

IT'S A HANDSOME BIRD, SON. VERY REALISTIC.

YOU CRACK US UP, MAX! HAR HAR



Final 88

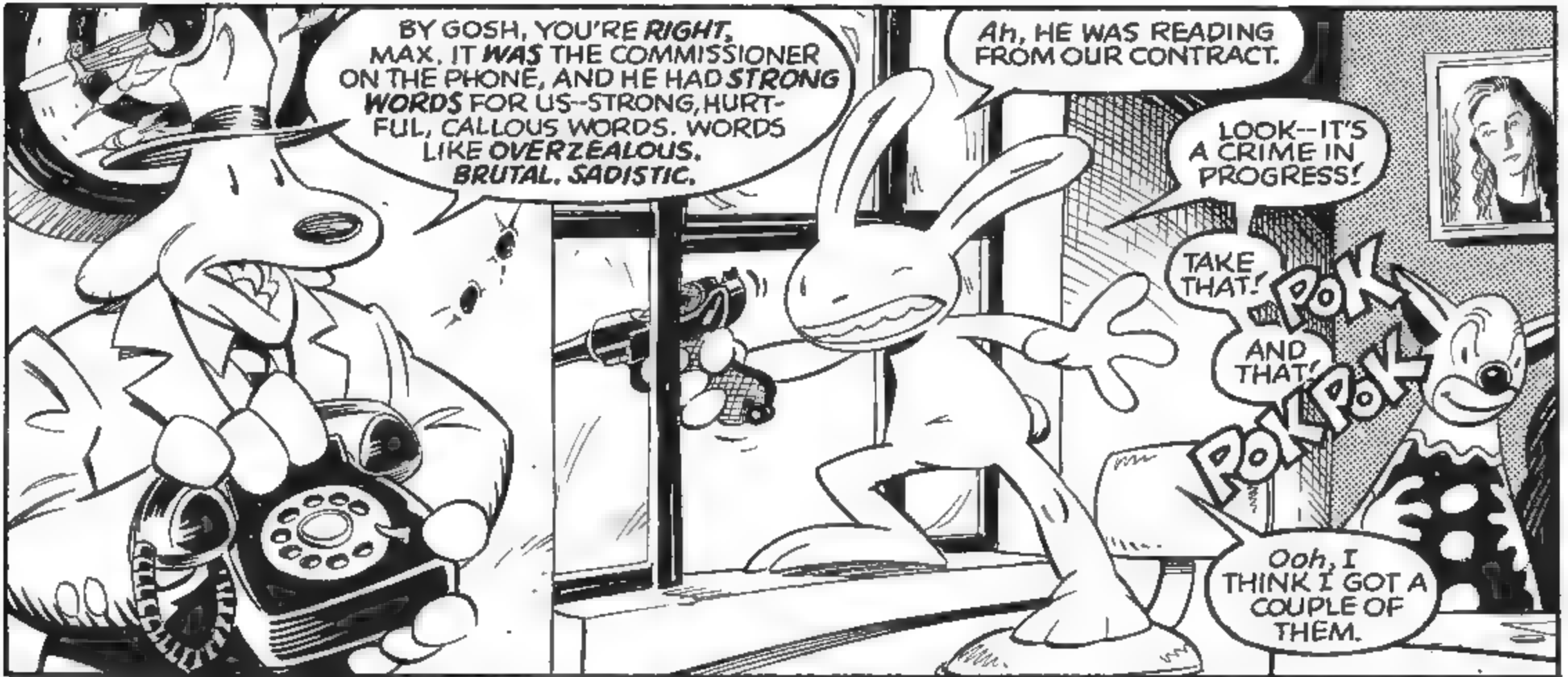
SAM & MAX FREELANCE POLICE ON THE ROAD

BASED ON THE FAMED BEAT GENERATION NOVEL,
"SAM AND MAX DRIVE AROUND IN A CAR," by
BUCKY KEROUAC

CHAPTER 1:
"PRISONERS OF THE CASBAH"









I KIND OF LIKE THE IDEA OF A ROAD TRIP. WE SHOULD LEAVE RIGHT AWAY!

THE WORKMEN ARE ALMOST FINISHED REPAIRING FLINT PAPER'S OFFICE! THEY'VE CLEANED THE DISPATCHED GANGSTER RESIDUE OFF THE WALLS AND NOW THEY'RE PUTTYING UP THE CRATERS LEFT BY THE SKULLS OF HURLED STRONG-ARMS.

I HEAR FLINT PAPER'S VACATIONING IN NORTHERN IRELAND THIS SEASON.



YOU WEREN'T OUT DRIVING AROUND WITHOUT ME, WERE YOU, MAX?

WHO, ME? NAHH.

SAY, WE SHOULD GET SOME FOOD FOR THE TRIP DOWN AT MA & PA'S CORNER GROCERY AND STICK-UP EMPORIUM.

WIENERS AND BEANS, PUSH-UPS, GRAPE JELLY AND CRACKERS, LITTLE CHOCOLATE DONUT WADS...



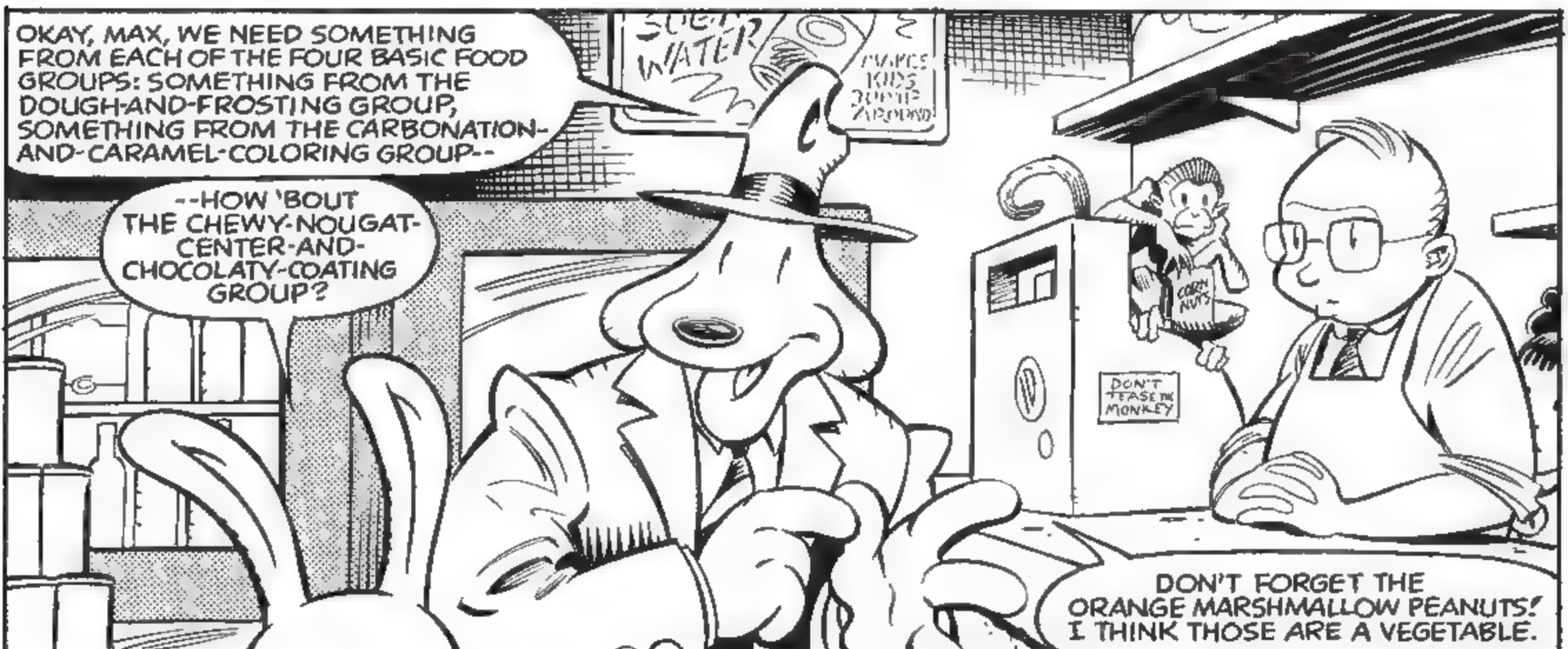
...GIANT PRETZEL STICKS, CHEEZ-ITS, BAGGED FRUIT DRINKS THAT EXPLODE WHEN YOU SQUEEZE 'EM...

MA AND PA ARE GETTING TIRED OF THE CONSTANT ROBBERIES. THEY MAY SELL OUT TO SEVEN-ELEVEN.

...GIANT SLURPEES, RED-HOT CHILI, FROZEN BURRITOS THAT YOU CAN HAMMER NAILS WITH...

FOOD





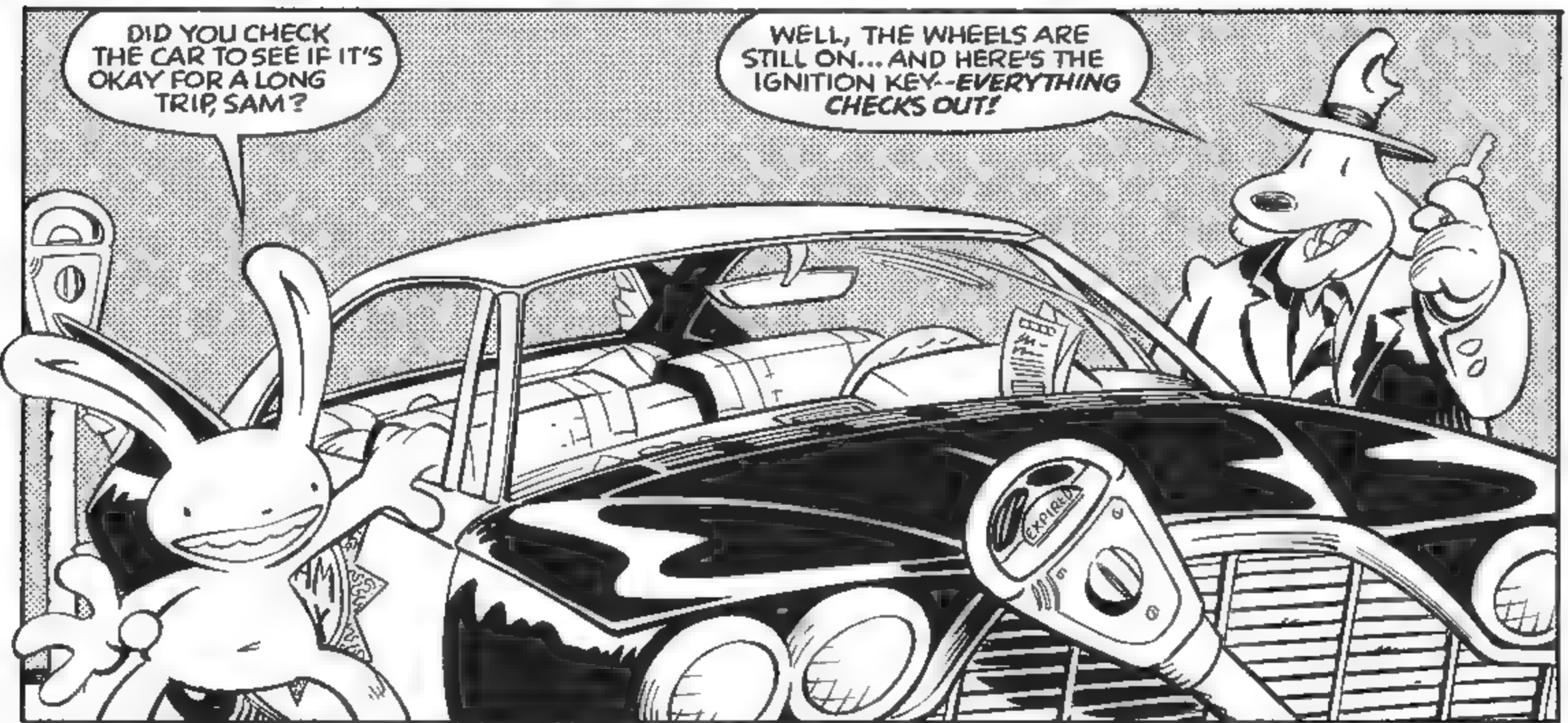


SHOULD WE STOP AT HOME TO MAKE SURE THE TURTLES HAVE ENOUGH FOOD AND TO PICK UP SOME CLOTHES?

YOU DON'T WEAR CLOTHES.

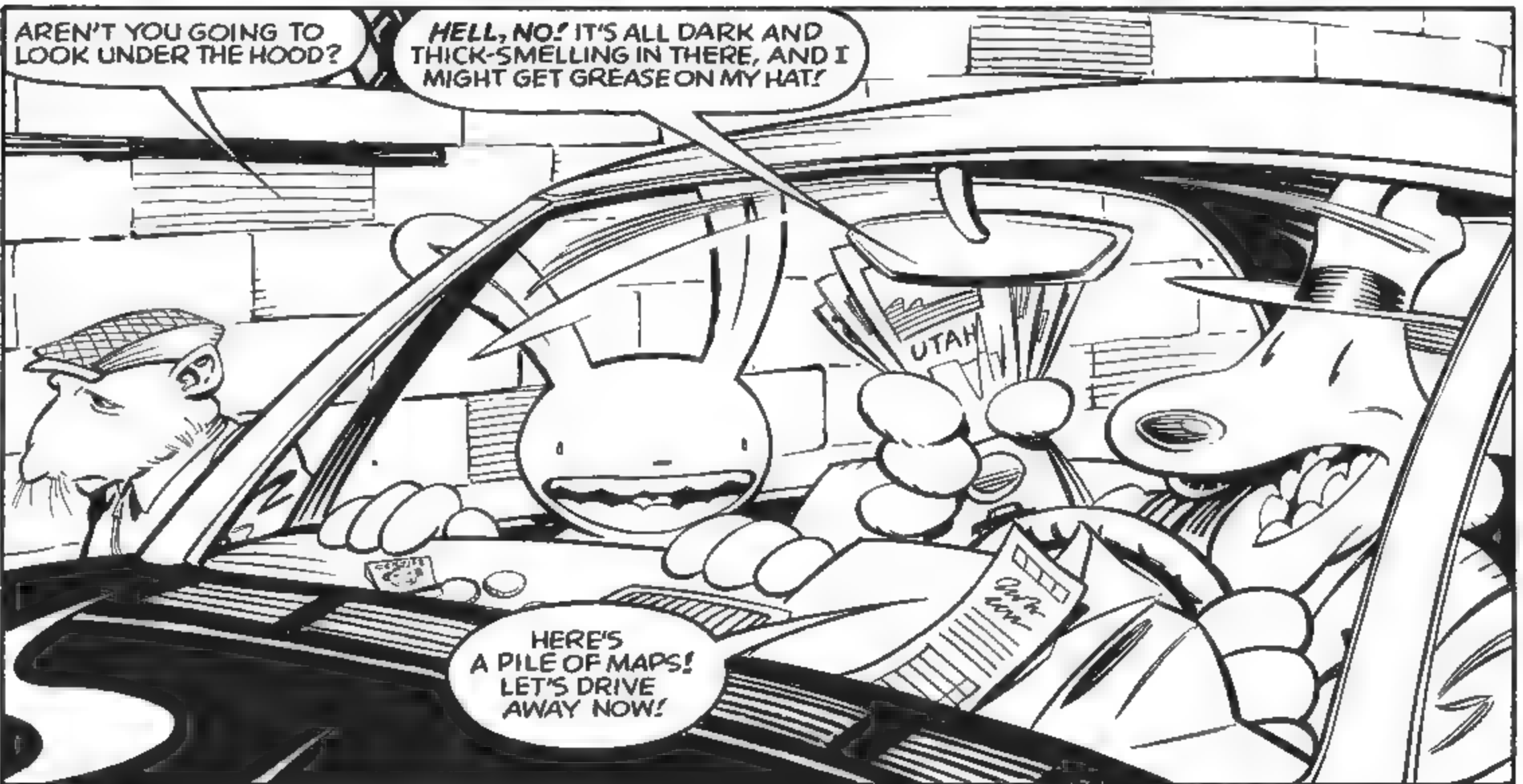
Oh, yeah, that's right. I'm buck naked.

BUCK NAKED-- TEXAS RANGER! Tee-hee-hee!



DID YOU CHECK THE CAR TO SEE IF IT'S OKAY FOR A LONG TRIP, SAM?

WELL, THE WHEELS ARE STILL ON... AND HERE'S THE IGNITION KEY-- EVERYTHING CHECKS OUT!



AREN'T YOU GOING TO LOOK UNDER THE HOOD?

HELL, NO! IT'S ALL DARK AND THICK-SMELLING IN THERE, AND I MIGHT GET GREASE ON MY HAT!

HERE'S A PILE OF MAPS! LET'S DRIVE AWAY NOW!



STEER FOR ME FOR A MINUTE WHILE I ROOT AROUND THE BACK FOR A BOX OF SUGAR COOKIES, MAX. AND TELL ME IF I NEED TO PUT ON THE BRAKES, WOULD YOU?

VROOM-VROOM!
OUT OF THE WAY, LADY! RUN! RUN FOR SAFETY, FOOLISH PEDESTRIANS!

CAUTION BIZARRE PERFORMANCE



THANKS! NOW WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I WAS JUST WAVING AT SOME TODDLERS IN THE NEXT CAR. THEY'RE CRYING NOW!



WHERE TO FIRST, SAM?

I DON'T KNOW, I'M KIND OF EXHAUSTED. LET'S STOP AT A CHEESY MOTEL AND MAKE FUN OF THE FILTHY MOVIES ON CABLE.

OBOYS! WE CAN FLUSH BATH TOWELS DOWN THE CAN!

YOU CRACK ME UP, MAX!

BREAKFAST at the DINER

Nothing could be finer when you're squashing cats and voles in Caroliner

DON'T YOU LOVE STOPPING FOR BREAKFAST WHEN YOU'RE ON THE ROAD?

I DO... AND SO DOES MY HAIRY LITTLE FRIEND.

AND MAX DOES, TOO.

LET'S HAVE A LOOKIE.

GREASY BUT SINCERE DINER

THERE'S THE CHAIN-SMOKING GUY WITH FIVE TEETH AND A SCREW-ON TOUPEE YAMMERING RELENTLESSLY AT HIS IMAGINARY PLAYMATE. MAKE EYE CONTACT AND YOU'VE GOT A FRIEND FOR LIFE!

GIGANTIC WAITRESSES FROM TOWNS NAMED AFTER AMPHIBIANS CALLING YOU "DARLIN'" IN SOME KIND OF GOOEY ACCENT. WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THIS ONE'S HAIR IS MADE OF?

CHOW DOWN, BUT HURRY! THE GREASE IN THE EGGS WILL LUBRICATE THE FOOD TUBE IN ANTICIPATION OF THE RAZOR-SHARP, CHARRED STRIPS OF SKINK-BACON!

THEN, A WARM, INVITING STACK OF HOTCAKES. WASH IT ALL DOWN WITH A TALL GLASS OF JUICE: (jōos) noun 1. THE LIQUID PART OF VEGETABLES OR FRUITS. 2. THE FLUID PART OF AN ANIMAL BODY; THE BODILY "HUMORS"; THE NAMES OF DIGESTIVE SECRETIONS.

ON SECOND THOUGHT... ASK FOR WATER.

HOW MANY FORMS OF LIFE CAN BE FOUND IN THE GEOLOGICAL WONDERLAND UNDER THE TABLE? ONE CRAWLS ON A PSEUDOPOD OR "FALSE FOOT." ANOTHER LITTLE FELLOW SQUIRTS A POISONOUS VENOM WHEN IRRITATED. AND REMEMBER: STALACTITES HOLD TIGHT TO THE CEILING. STALAGMITES MIGHT GROW UP. TRY TO KEEP ALL THIS STUFF OFF YOUR PANTS.

See you for LUNCH!

SAM & MAX ON THE ROAD

Chapter 2: "I LOVE A BAND LEADER"



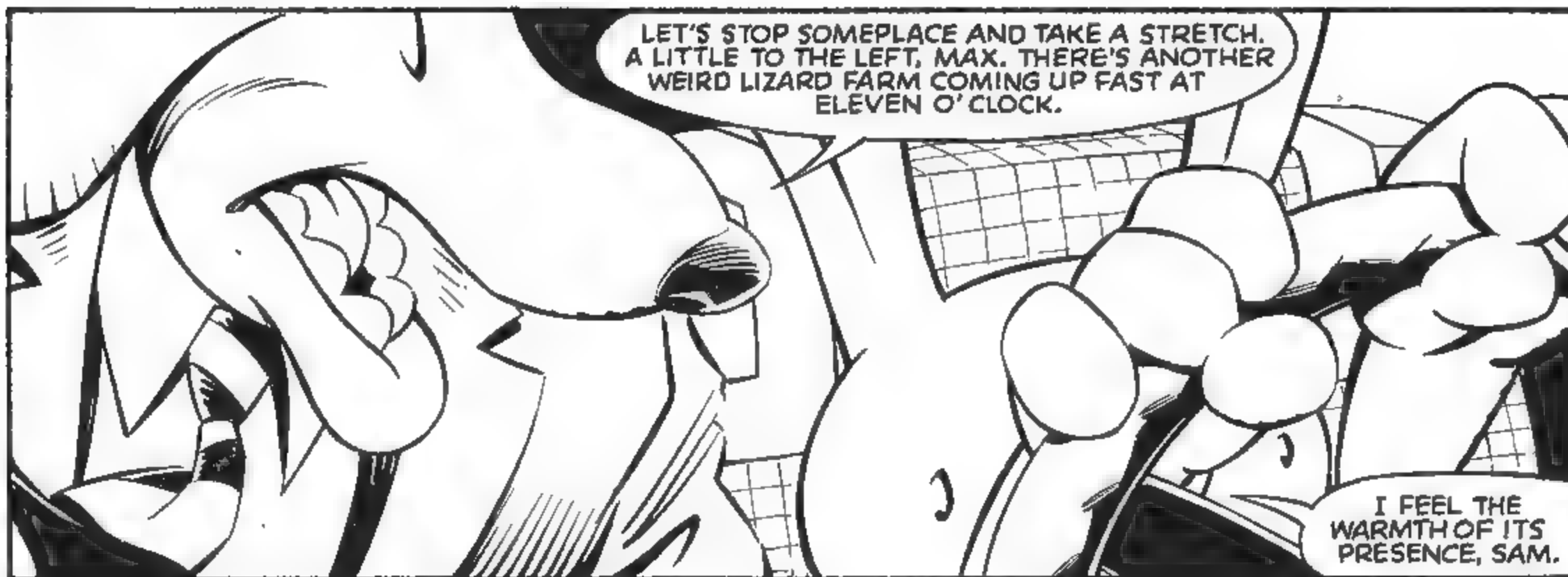
I'M GLAD WE GOT TO TAKE A VACATION FOR A WHILE, MAX! I'M CRAZY ABOUT CAR TRIPS. I LOVE THE SQUEAKING STYROFOAM COOLER AND SLEEPING AT SNAKE-INFESTED REST STOPS AND ALL THE GOOFY ROADSIDE DIVERSIONS-- THEY'RE GREAT!

LET'S GO TO MEXICO, SAM! WE'LL LOAD UP THE CAR WITH LACQUERED FROG BANDS AND SELL THEM IN AMERICA AT A HUGE PROFIT!

NOW ENTERING ANOTHER BARREN GODFORSAKEN STATE

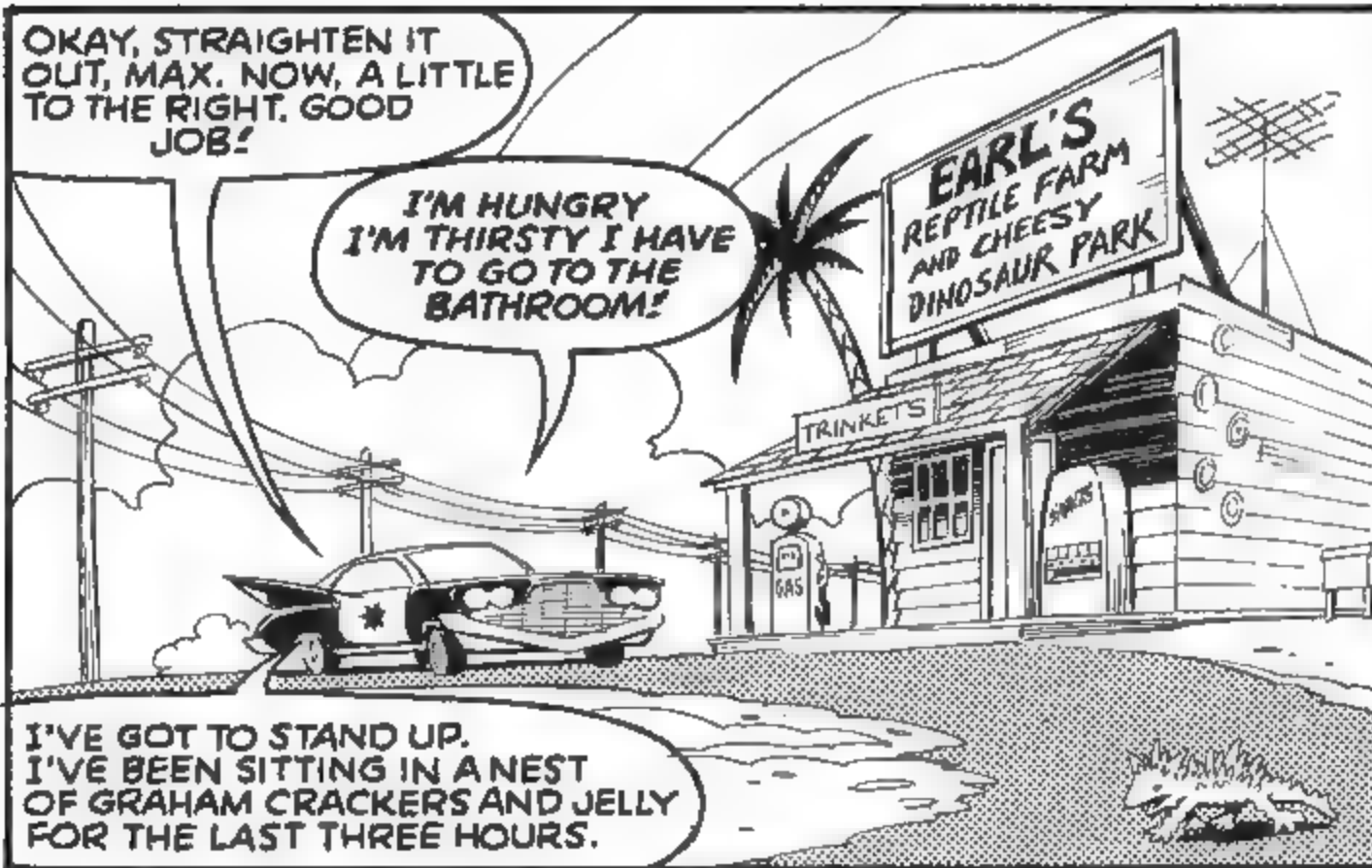
LACQUERED FROG BANDS ARE NO LONGER POPULAR WITH AMERICA'S INFLUENTIAL TREND-SETTERS, MAX. WE'D BE HOSED.

WE COULD JUST ROLL IN THEM!

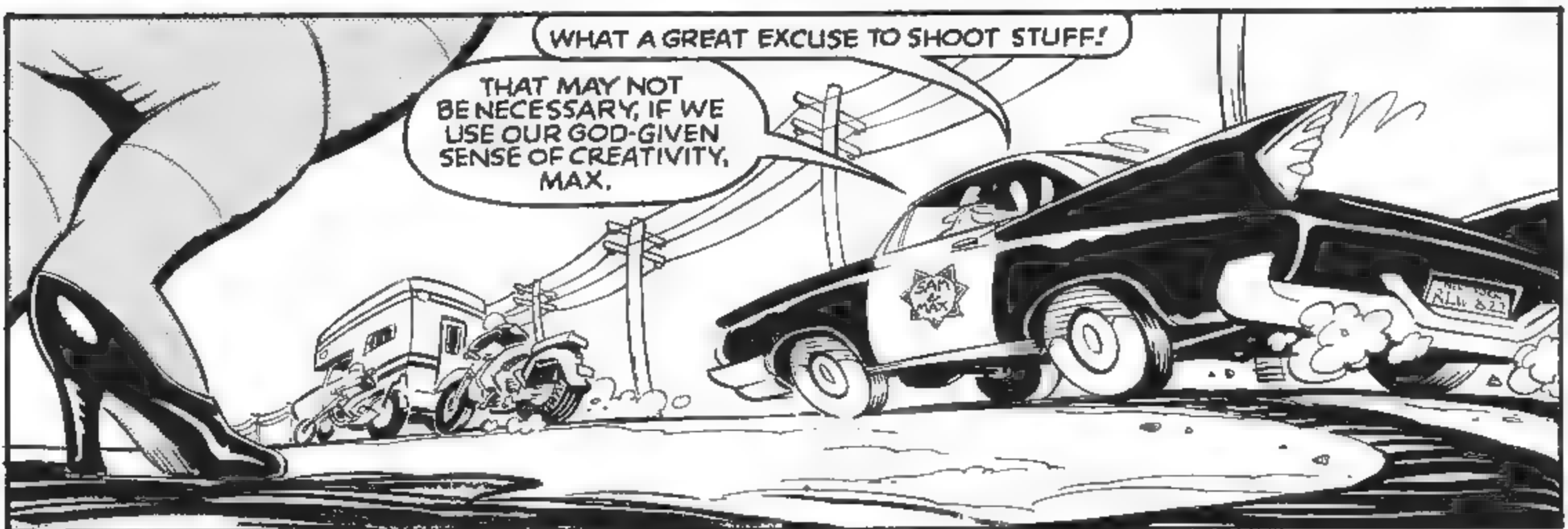
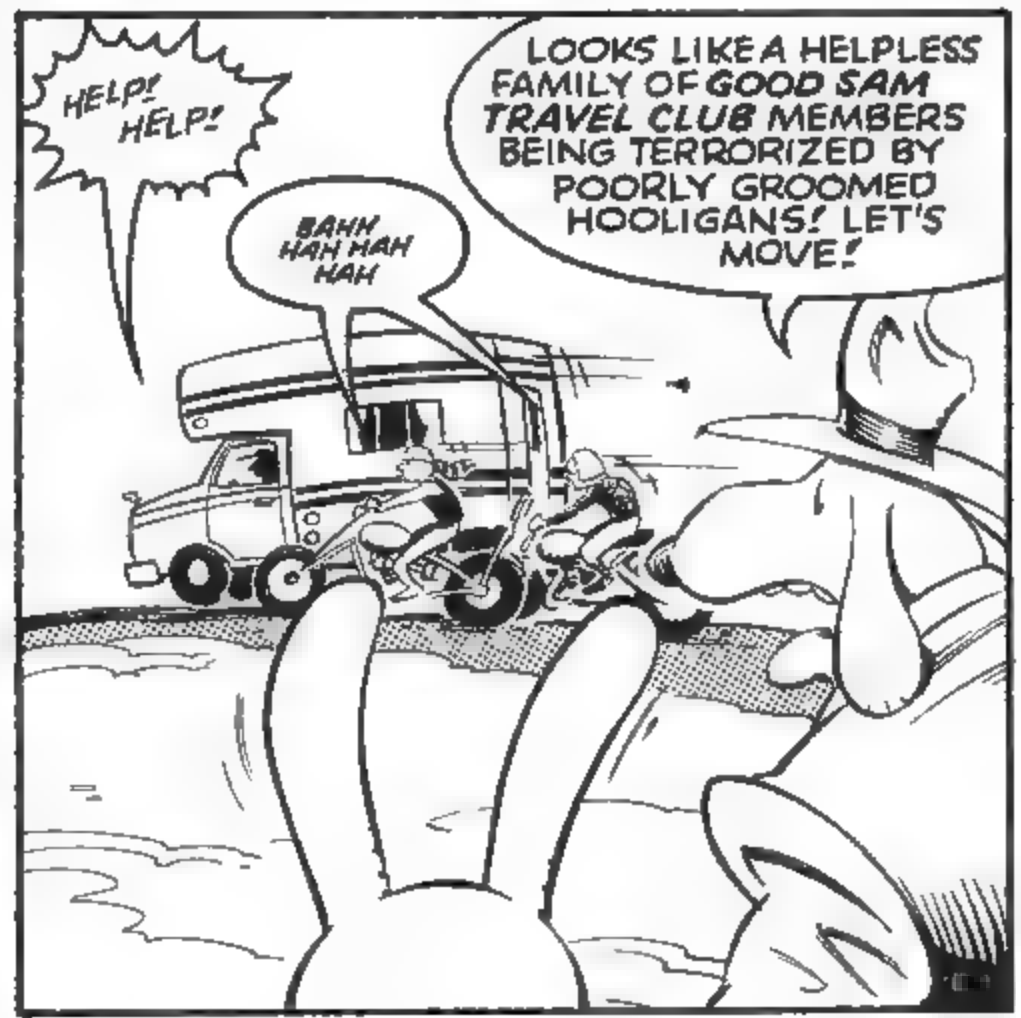


LET'S STOP SOMEPLACE AND TAKE A STRETCH. A LITTLE TO THE LEFT, MAX. THERE'S ANOTHER WEIRD LIZARD FARM COMING UP FAST AT ELEVEN O' CLOCK.

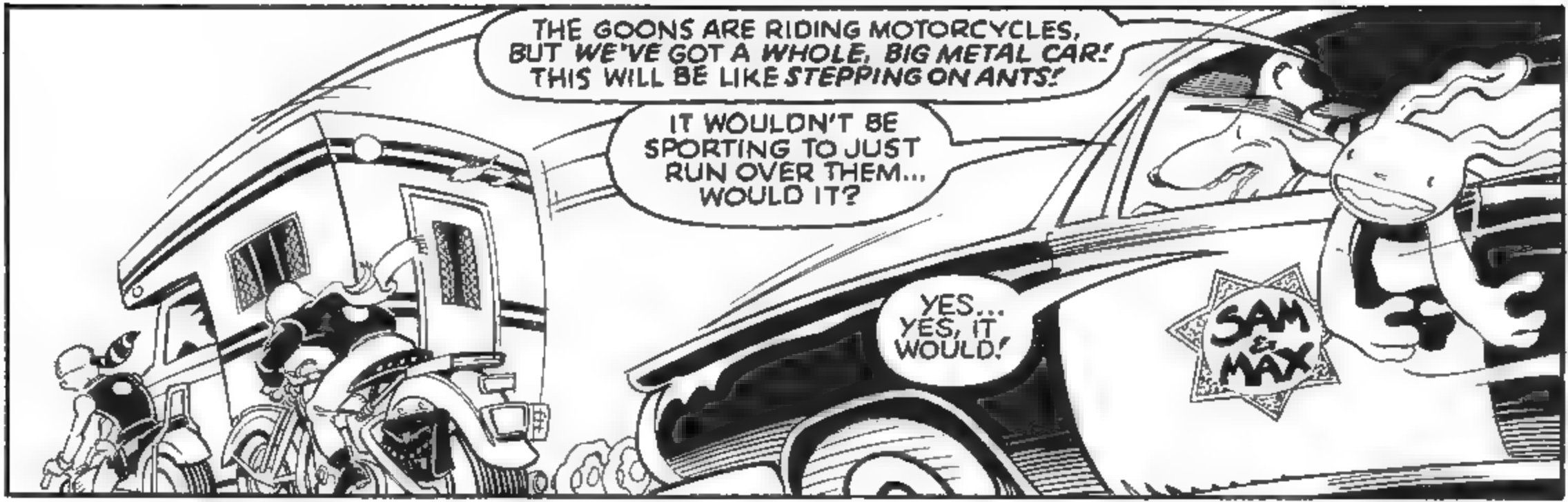
I FEEL THE WARMTH OF ITS PRESENCE, SAM.



I'VE GOT TO STAND UP. I'VE BEEN SITTING IN A NEST OF GRAHAM CRACKERS AND JELLY FOR THE LAST THREE HOURS.



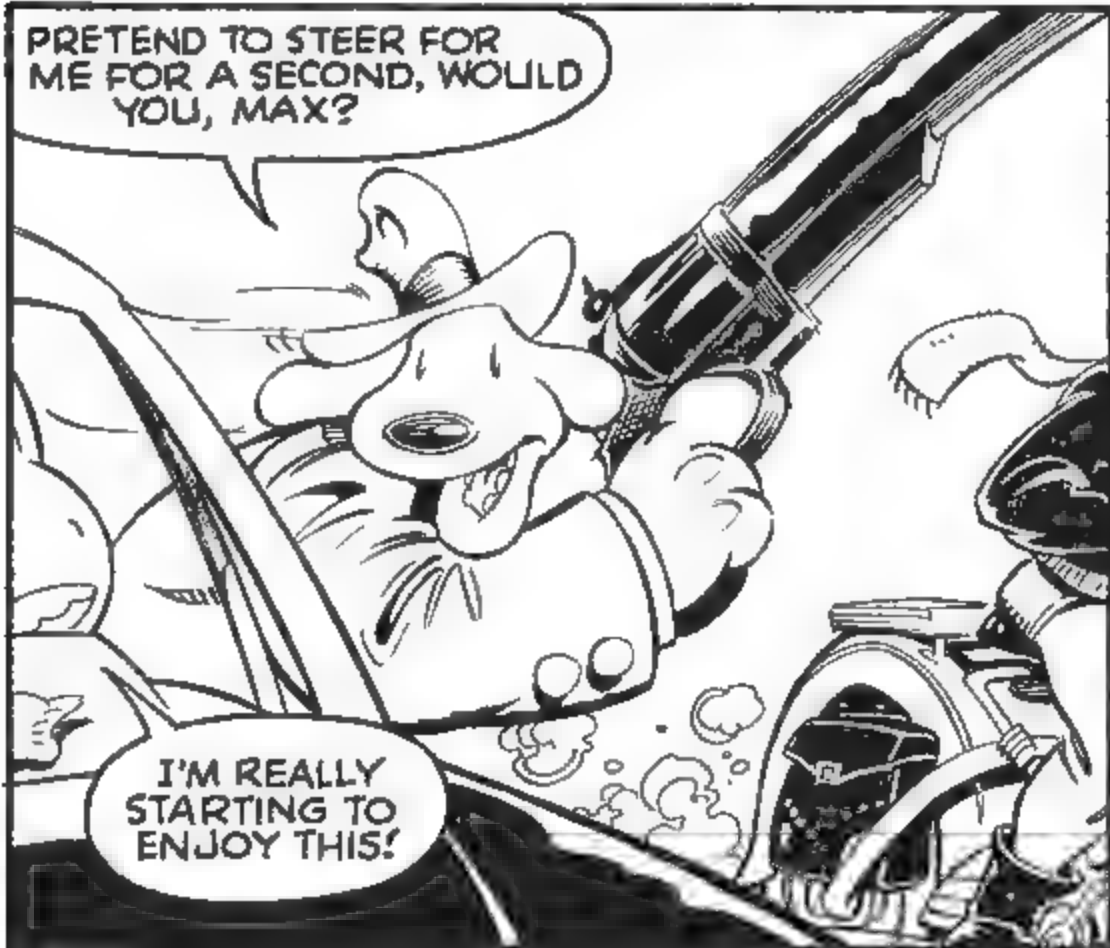
WHAT A GREAT EXCUSE TO SHOOT STUFF!
THAT MAY NOT BE NECESSARY, IF WE USE OUR GOD-GIVEN SENSE OF CREATIVITY, MAX.



THE GOONS ARE RIDING MOTORCYCLES, BUT WE'VE GOT A WHOLE, BIG METAL CAR! THIS WILL BE LIKE STEPPING ON ANTS!

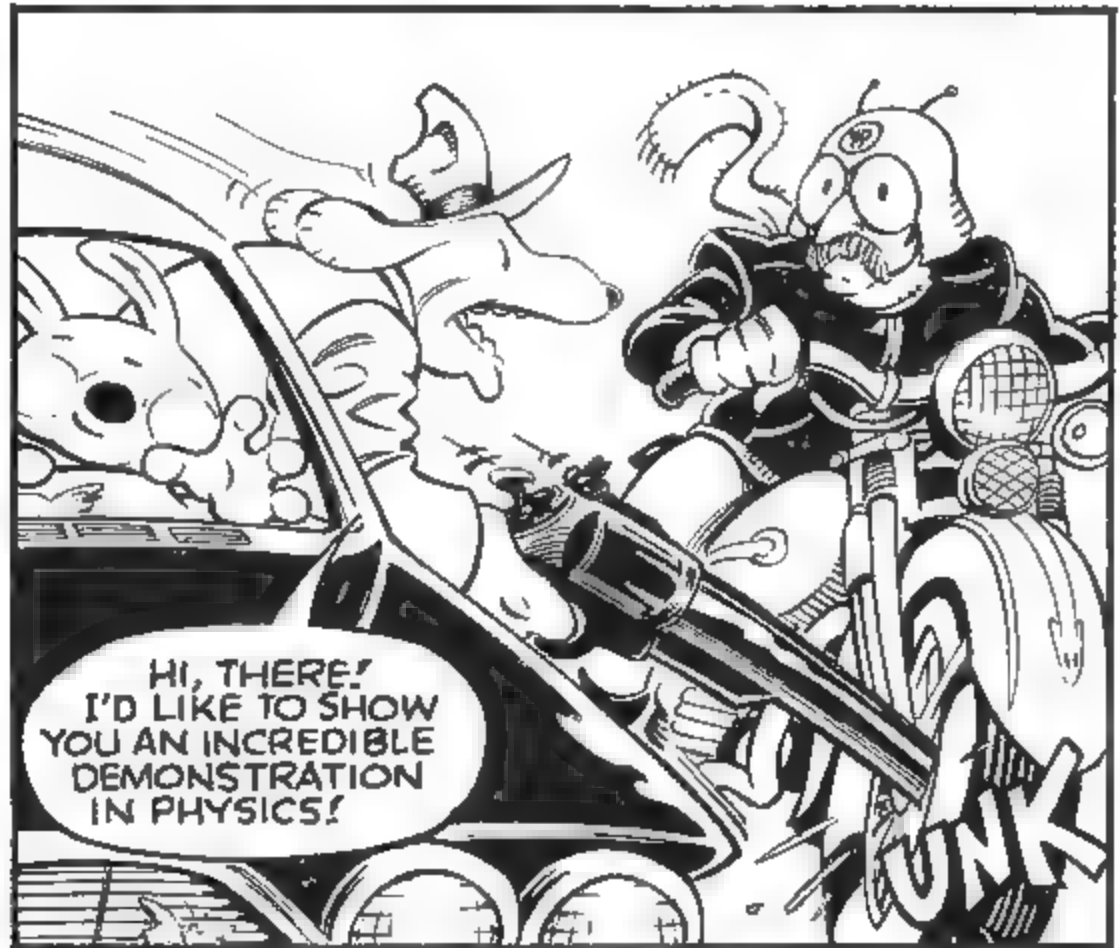
IT WOULDN'T BE SPORTING TO JUST RUN OVER THEM... WOULD IT?

YES... YES, IT WOULD!



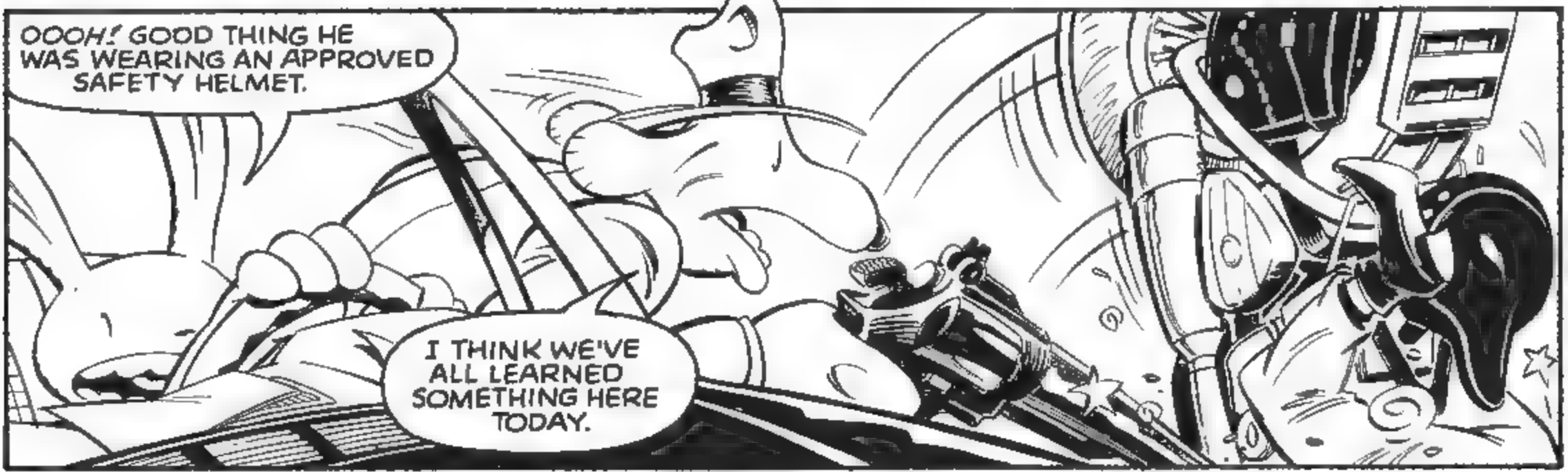
PRETEND TO STEER FOR ME FOR A SECOND, WOULD YOU, MAX?

I'M REALLY STARTING TO ENJOY THIS!



HI, THERE! I'D LIKE TO SHOW YOU AN INCREDIBLE DEMONSTRATION IN PHYSICS!

BUNK



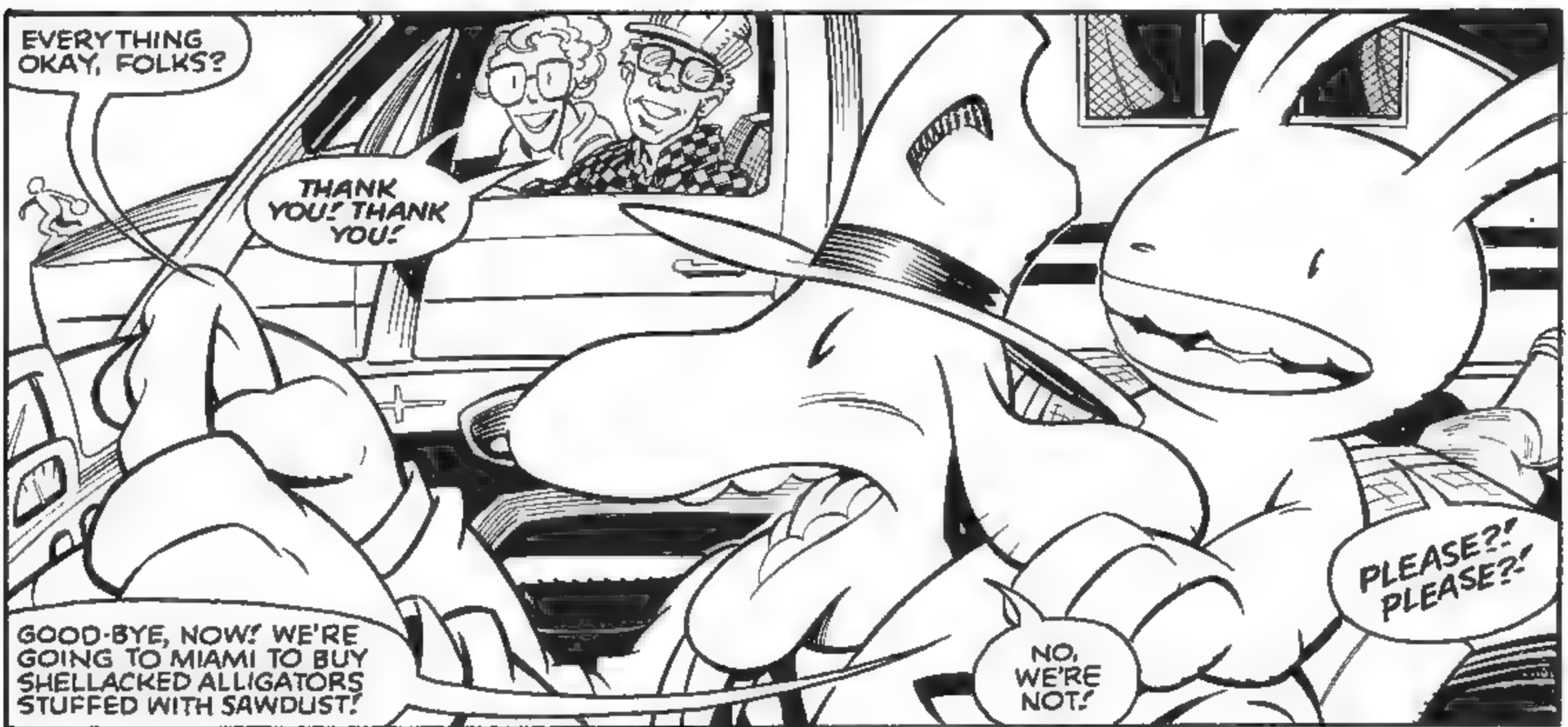
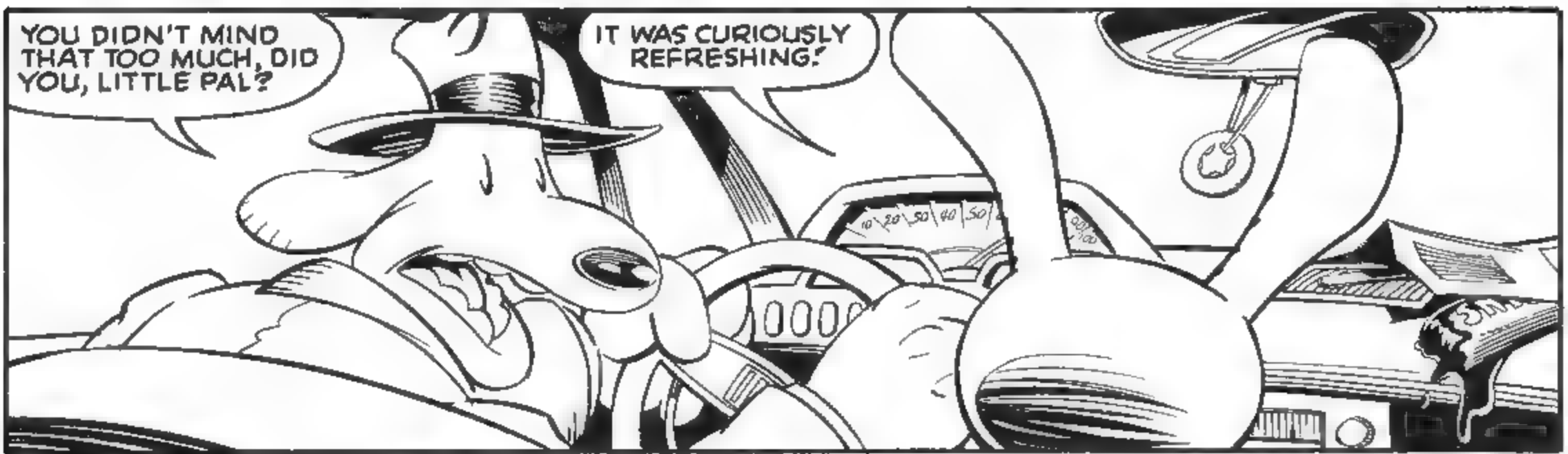
OOOH! GOOD THING HE WAS WEARING AN APPROVED SAFETY HELMET.

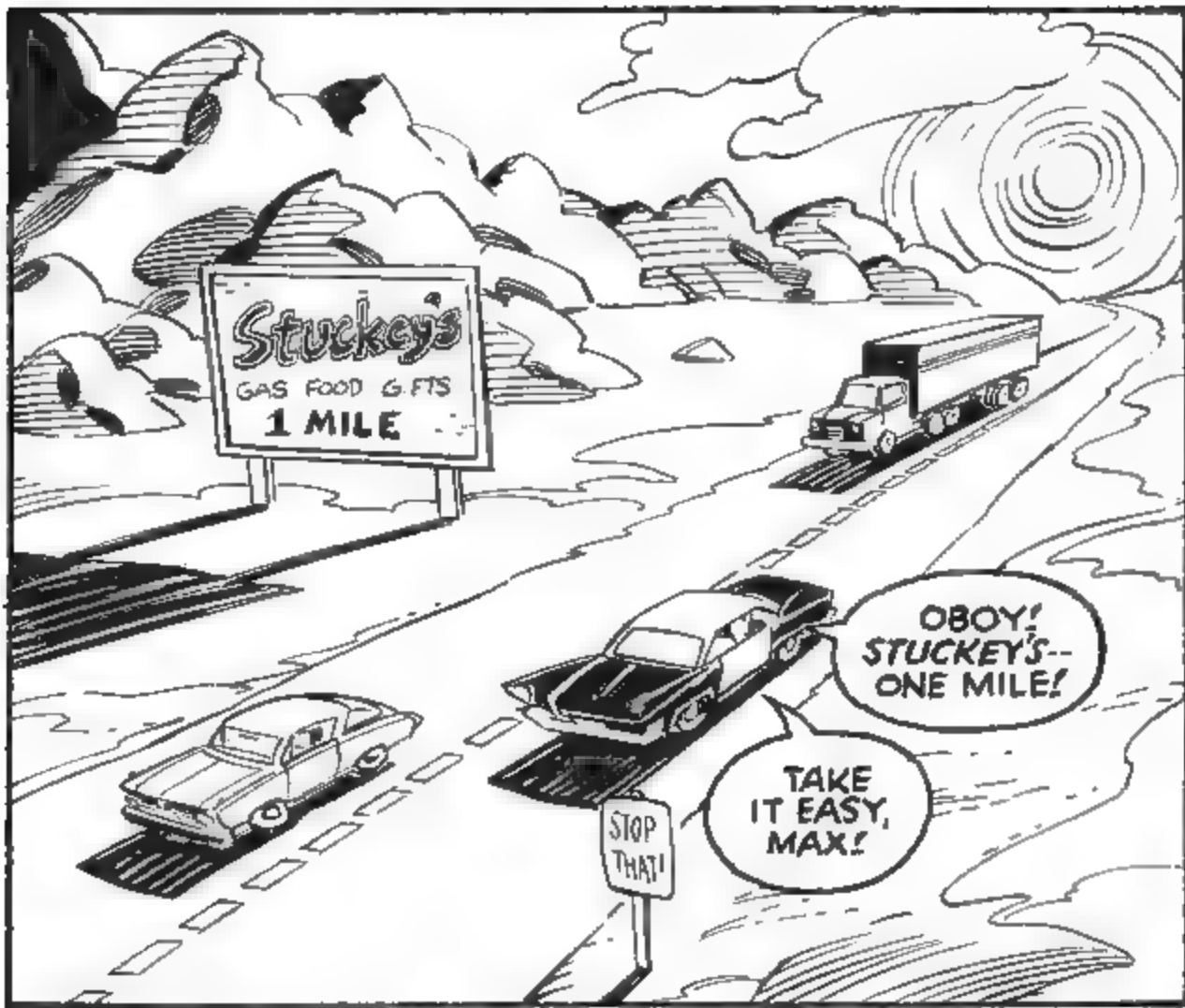
I THINK WE'VE ALL LEARNED SOMETHING HERE TODAY.



SHOULD WE STOP AND SEE IF HE'S OKAY?

MAYBE ON THE WAY BACK, THERE'S ANOTHER DEED-DOER WE SHOULD WAVE OURSELVES AT.



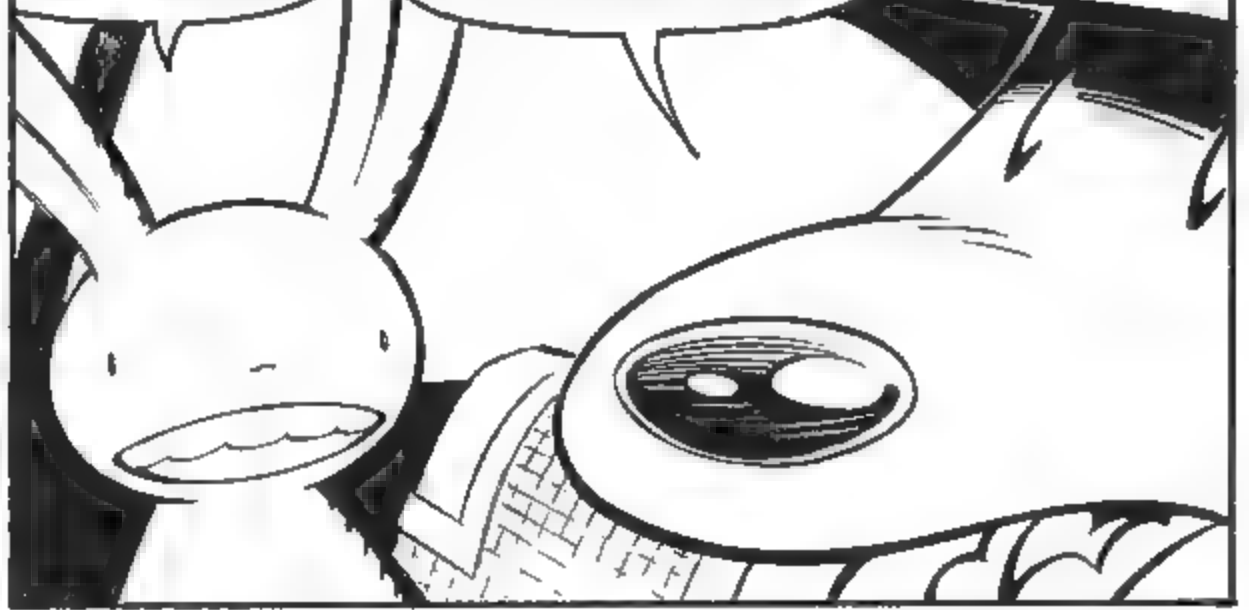


IT WAS DUSK (LIKE IT IS NOW), AND I WHINED AND HOWLED FOR DAD TO PULL INTO THE APPROACHING STUCKEY'S. I WANTED TO PERUSE THE GIFT SHOP FOR AUTHENTIC PLAINS INDIAN HARMONICAS AND JACKALOPE POSTCARDS.



WHAT ABOUT THE FREE BOX OF PECAN CANDY WITH EVERY GAS FILL-UP?!

QUIET--! THE PLACE LOOKED KIND OF DARK AND SPOOKY WHEN WE PULLED IN. THEN I SAW THE PROPRIETOR...



WHAT? WHAT?

...HIS HAIR WAS WHITE AND STOOD STRAIGHT UP. HE HAD BLACK CIRCLES AROUND HIS WIDE, STARING EYES!



MY DAD SAID, "SOMETHING THE MATTER, SON?" AND THE GUY TOLD US, IN A LOUD, IRRITATING MONOTONE, ABOUT AUNTIE ALICE, A TERRIFYING SPECTER OF BLOOD-CHILLING UNPLEASANTNESS.



HE SAID SHE'S ABOUT SEVEN FEET TALL WITH BLACK HAIR RADIATING OUT FROM HER GHASTLY WHITE HEAD.

AND HER EYES...
=GASPE



...HER EYES HAVE BEEN COARSELY GOUGED FROM THEIR GLISTENING SOCKETS. HE SAID SHE WEARS A SHREDDED, BLOOD-CAKED SMOCK!

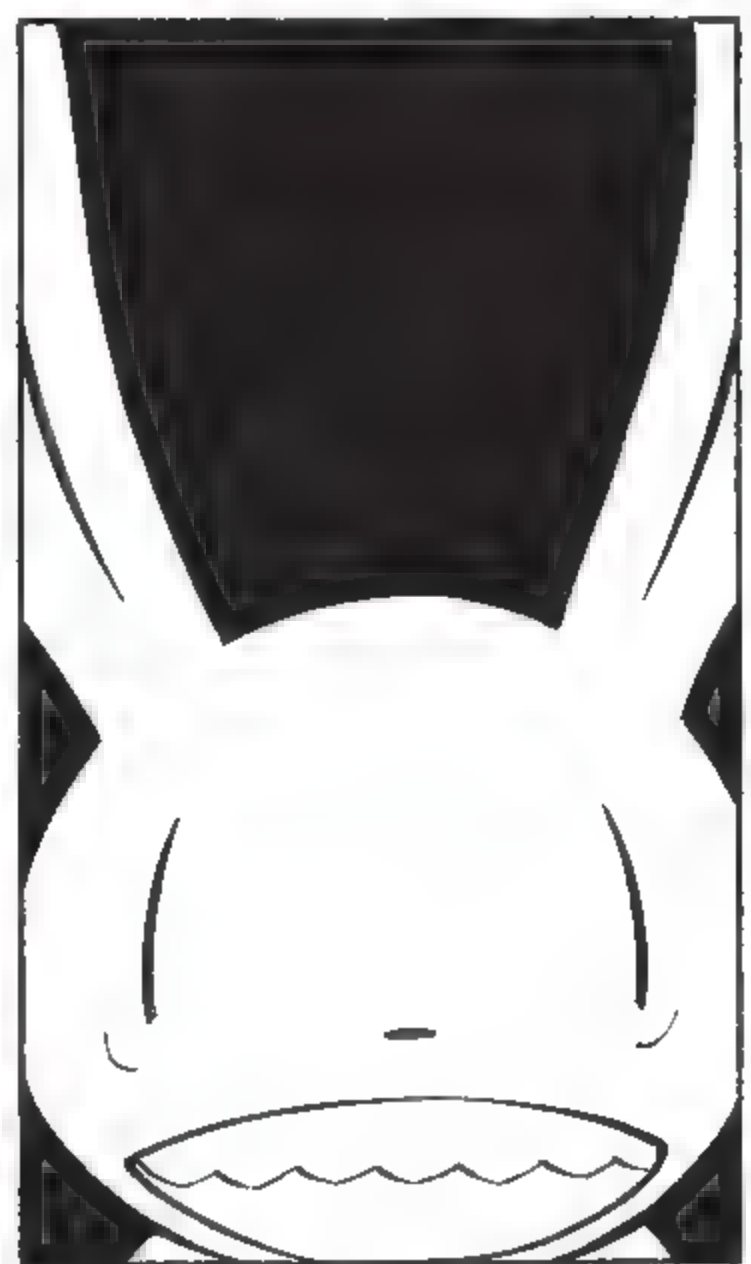
I'VE GOT A BLOOD-CAKED SMOCK.

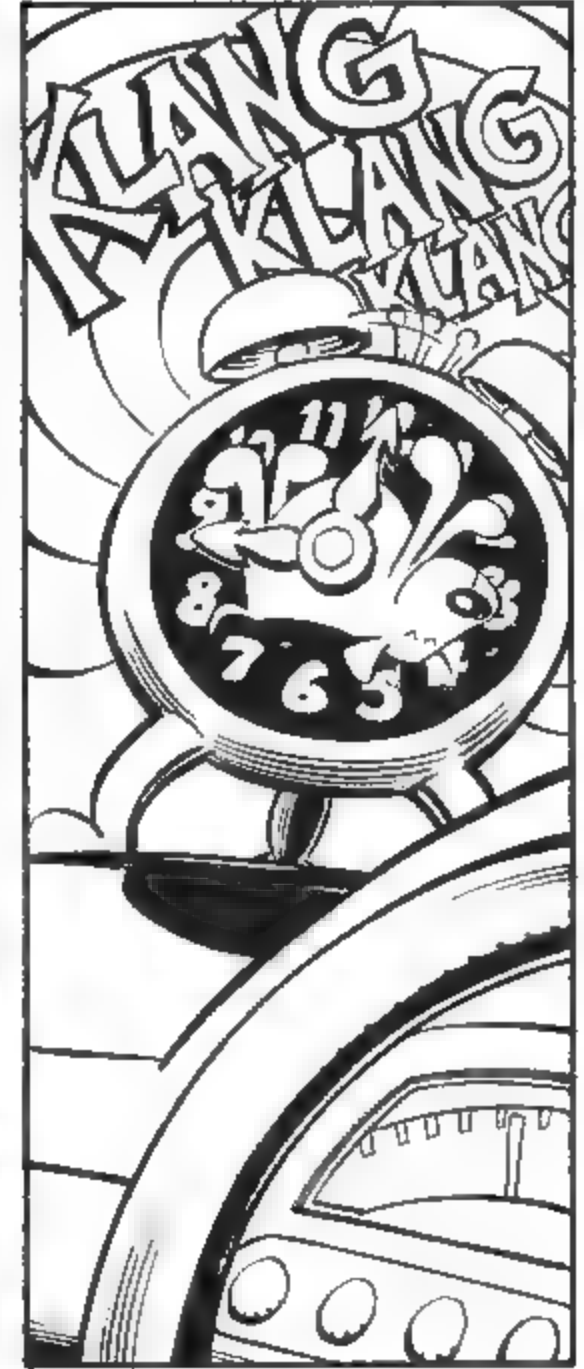
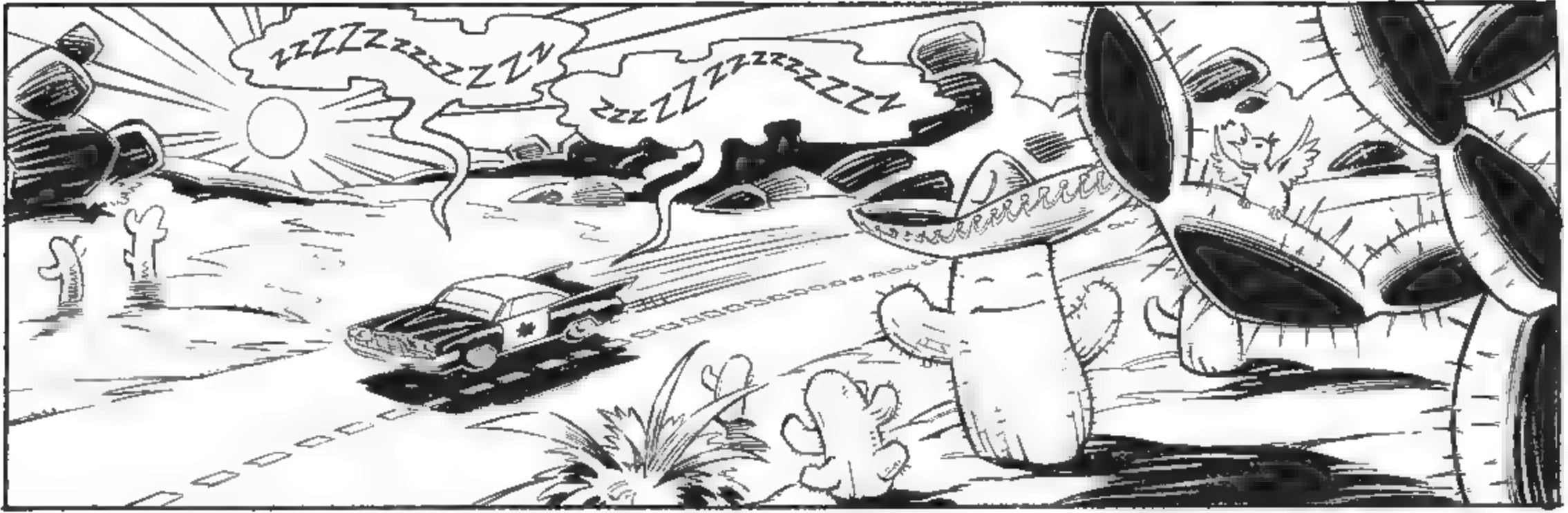
SHE WANDERS THE HIGHWAY FROM STUCKEY'S TO STUCKEY'S, LOOKING FOR SCREECHING CHILDREN TO RIP FROM THEIR CARS, CAUSING THEIR PARENTS TO GO INSANE WITH FEAR AND RELIEF.

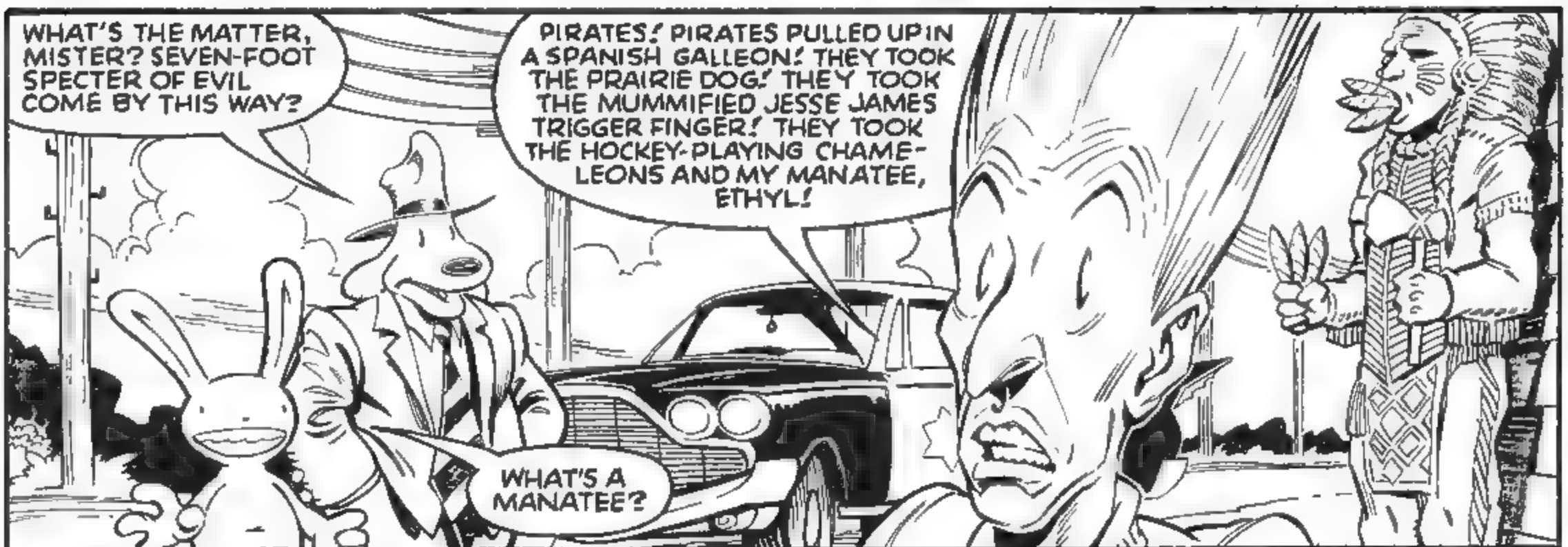
SHE HAD JUST MADE OFF WITH THE PROPRIETOR'S KIDS AS THEY WERE RETURNING FROM A LOCAL HORNE-TOAD-AND-BADGER PROMENADE. HE SAW THE WHOLE GRISLY SCENE, THEY SAY AUNTIE ALICE STILL WANDERS THE HIGHWAYS LOOKING FOR INNOCENTS TO DEVOUR.











SAM & MAX ON THE ROAD

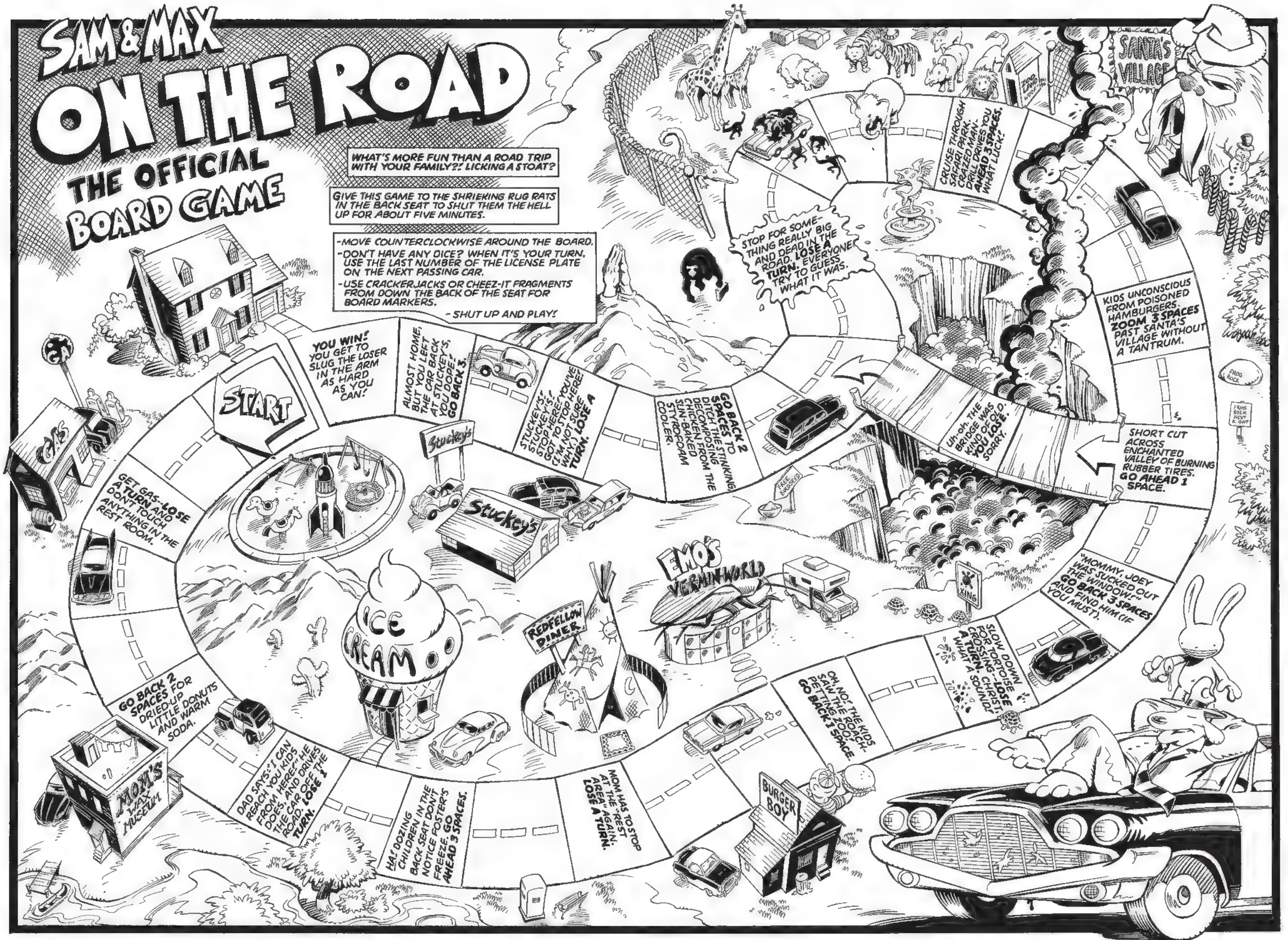
THE OFFICIAL BOARD GAME

WHAT'S MORE FUN THAN A ROAD TRIP WITH YOUR FAMILY?? LICKING A STOAT?

GIVE THIS GAME TO THE SHRIEKING RUG RATS IN THE BACK SEAT TO SHUT THEM THE HELL UP FOR ABOUT FIVE MINUTES.

- MOVE COUNTERCLOCKWISE AROUND THE BOARD.
- DON'T HAVE ANY DICE? WHEN IT'S YOUR TURN, USE THE LAST NUMBER OF THE LICENSE PLATE ON THE NEXT PASSING CAR.
- USE CRACKERJACKS OR CHEEZ-IT FRAGMENTS FROM DOWN THE BACK OF THE SEAT FOR BOARD MARKERS.

- SHUT UP AND PLAY!



START

GET GAS--LOSE A TURN AND DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING IN THE REST ROOM.

GO BACK 2 SPACES FOR DRIED-UP LITTLE DONUTS AND WARM SODA.

DAD SAYS: I CAN REACH YOU KIDS FROM HERE! HE DOES, AND DRIVES THE CAR OFF THE ROAD. LOSE 1 TURN.

HA! DOZING IN THE BACK SEAT DON'T NOTICE POSTER'S FREEZE. GO AHEAD 3 SPACES.

MOM HAS TO STOP AT THE REST AREA AGAIN. LOSE A TURN.

Stuckey's

Stuckey's

Redfellow Diner

Emo's Verminworld

Burger Boy

KIDS UNCONSCIOUS FROM POISONED HAMBURGERS. ZOOM 3 SPACES PAST SANTA'S VILLAGE WITHOUT A TANTRUM.

SHORT CUT ACROSS ENCHANTED VALLEY OF BURNING RUBBER TIRES. GO AHEAD 1 SPACE.

MOMMY, JOEY WAS SUCKED OUT THE WINDOW! GO BACK 3 SPACES AND FIND HIM (IF YOU MUST).

SLOW DOWN! STOP FOR CHRISTMAS CROSSING SOUND! AUNT AUNT! STOP FOR CHRISTMAS CROSSING SOUND!

OH NO! THE KIDS SAW THE ROAD. BETTING ZOOACH. GO BACK 1 SPACE.

GO BACK 2 SPACES TO STUCKEY'S! STOP HERE! YOU'RE THE DECISION FROM THE CHICKEN BAKED SUN-DODAM STYLER. COOLER.

STUCKEY'S! STOP HERE! YOU'RE 1/2 M NOT SURE WHY. TURN, LOSE A TURN.

ALMOST HOME, BUT YOU LEFT THE CAR BACK AT STUCKEY'S. YOU DOPE! GO BACK 3.

YOU WIN! YOU GET TO SLUG THE LOSER IN THE ARM AS HARD AS YOU CAN?

STOP FOR SOMETHING REALLY BIG AND DEAD IN THE ROAD. LOSE A TURN. EVERYONE TRY TO GUESS WHAT IT WAS.

CRUISE THROUGH SAFARI PARK. CRAZED MAN. DRILL DRIVES YOU AHEAD 3 SPACES. WHAT LUCK?

SANTA'S VILLAGE

ROAD ROCK

ROAD ROCK



IF THERE ARE ANY PIRATES TO BE FOUND, I THINK THEY'D BE IN NEW ORLEANS, MAX!

WHAT A STROKE OF LUCK! THAT'S EXACTLY WHERE WE ARE!



LOOK AT ALL THE CHEERFUL HYDROCEPHALIC CITIZENS!

THEY'RE WEARING MARDI GRAS MASKS, BONEHEAD, AS ALL NEW ORLEANS CITIZENS DO YEAR 'ROUND.



HELP! HELP! A SHIP PULLED UP! NASTY-SMELLING MEN JUMPED OUT AND TOOK OUR MANATEES, DARLENE AND MISSY. THEY SANG RUDE SEA CHANTEYS!

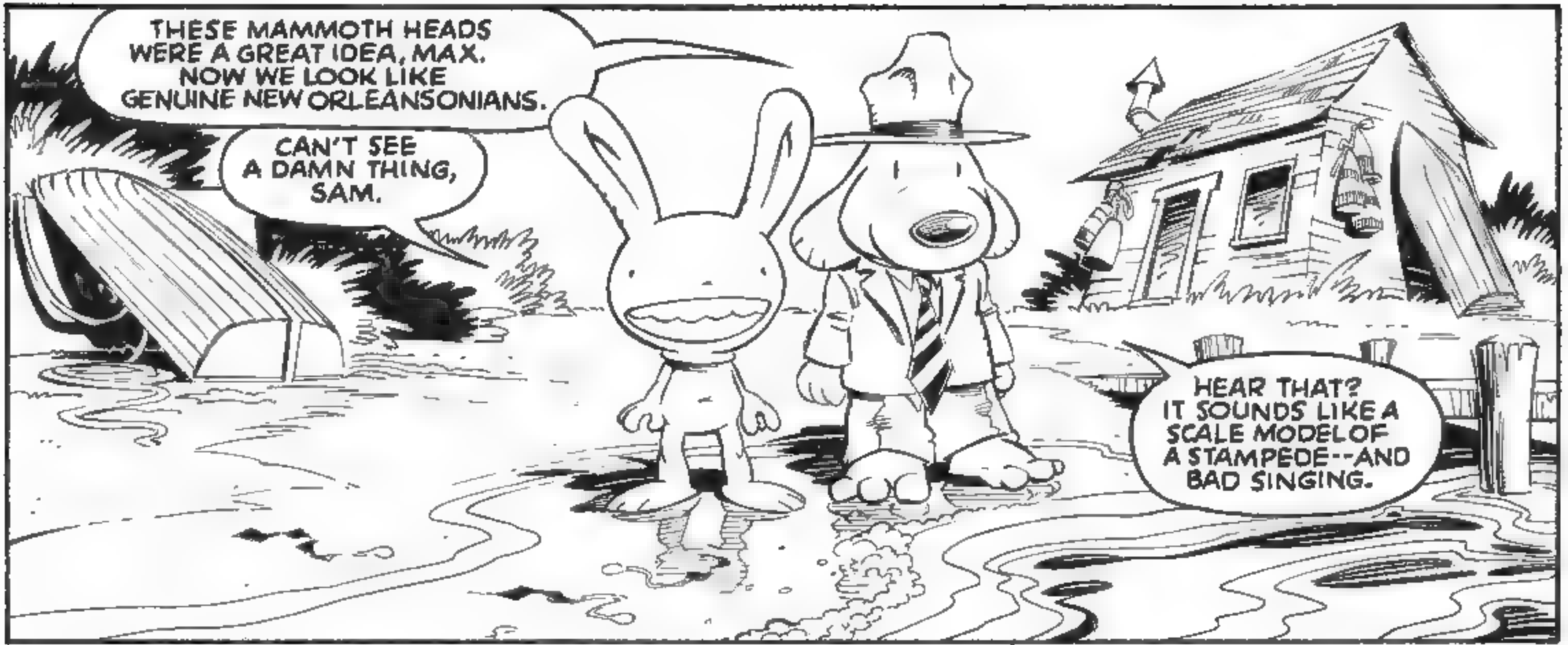
YOU FROM OUT OF TOWN?



LET'S GO DOWN TO THE HARBOR AND LOOK FOR SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING SPANISH GALLEONS.

GOOD THINKING, BUDDY!

RIGHT! WE'D BETTER PICK UP GIANT HEADS ON THE WAY SO WE'LL BE MORE INCONSPICUOUS.



THESE MAMMOTH HEADS WERE A GREAT IDEA, MAX. NOW WE LOOK LIKE GENUINE NEW ORLEANSONIANS.

CAN'T SEE A DAMN THING, SAM.

HEAR THAT? IT SOUNDS LIKE A SCALE MODEL OF A STAMPEDE--AND BAD SINGING.

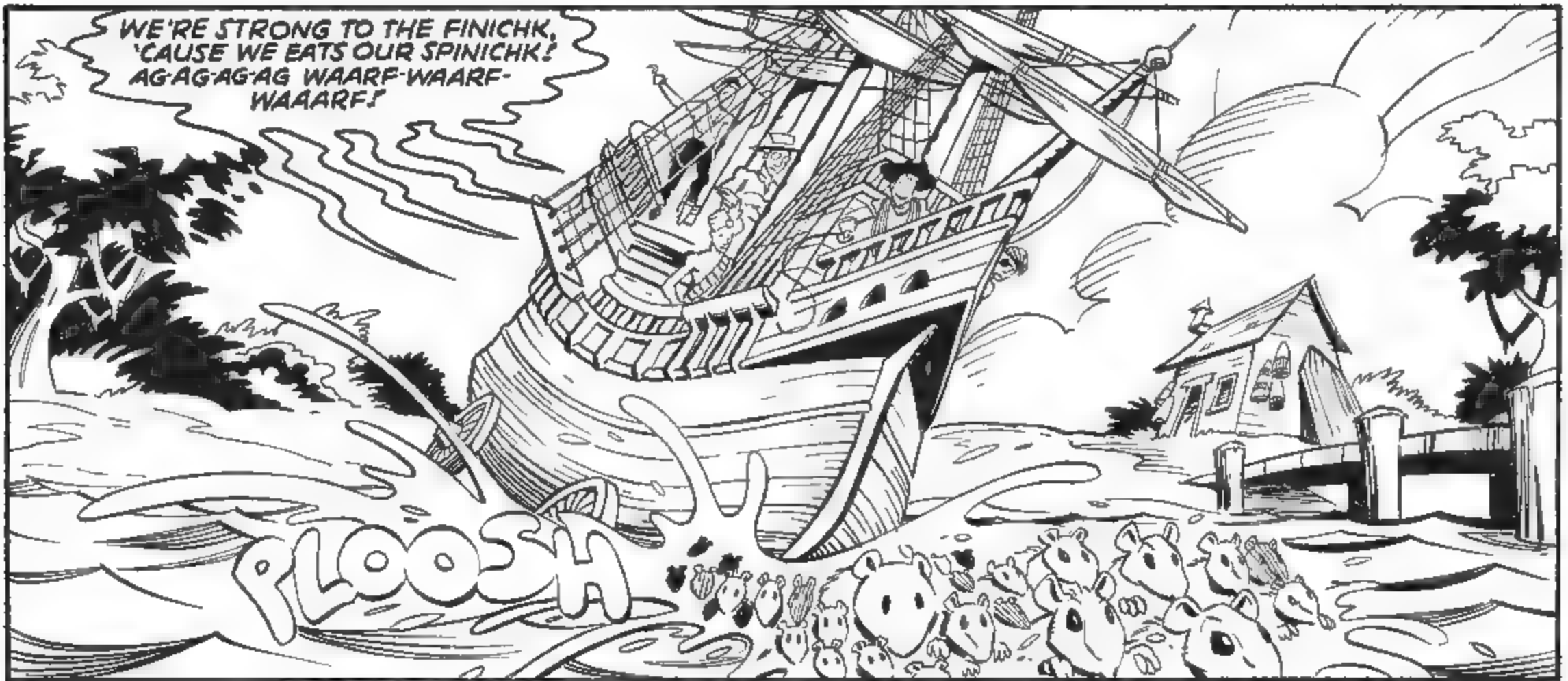


HOIST HIIIIIGH
THE JOL-LY
ROG-ER!

KRAK

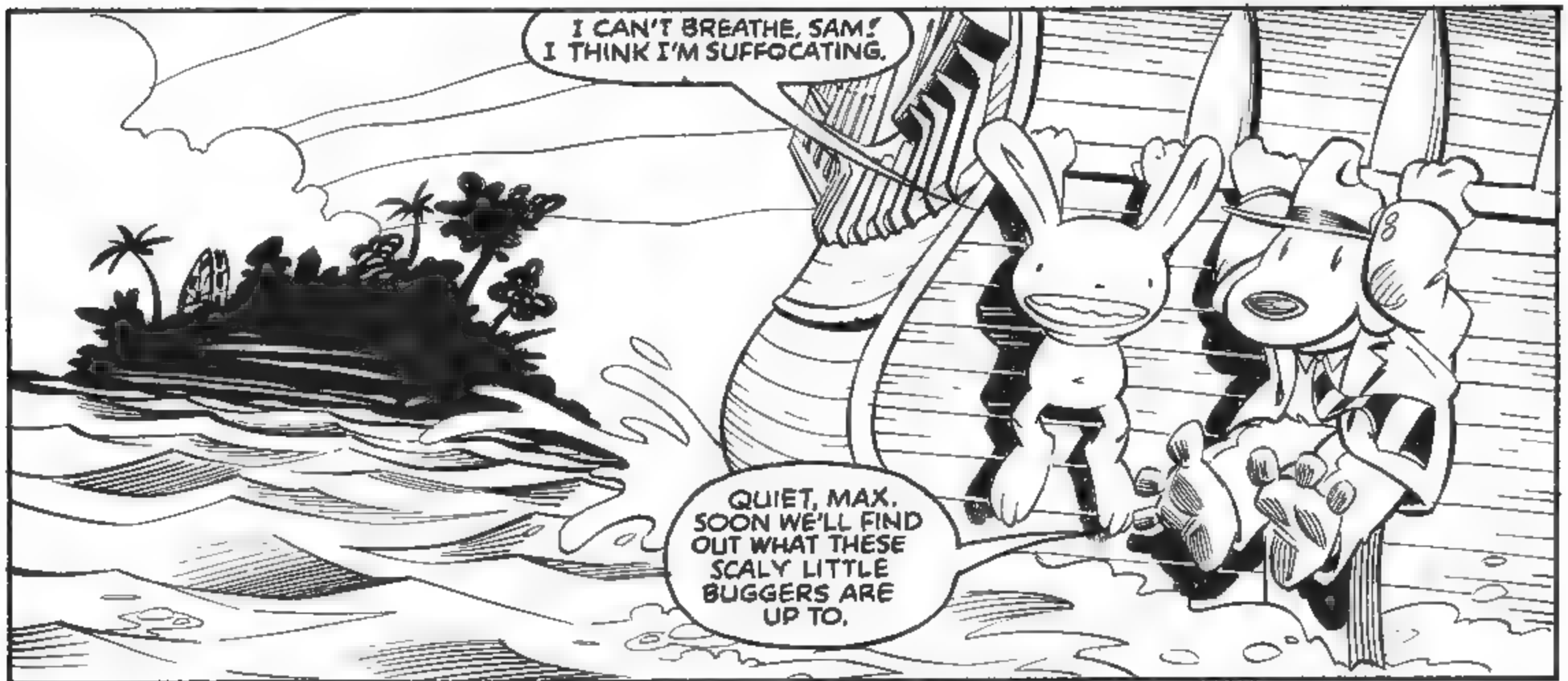
WOW! A SPANISH GALLEON PULLED BY A LEGION OF RATS AND THE WORLD'S LARGEST PRAIRIE DOG! I'M IMPRESSED!

Sssh. BE DISCREET. PRETEND YOU'RE SHUCKIN' CRAWDADS OR SOMETHING.



WE'RE STRONG TO THE FINICK,
'CAUSE WE EATS OUR SPINICK!
AG-AG-AG-AG WAARF-WAARF-
WAAARF!

PLOOSH



I CAN'T BREATHE, SAM!
I THINK I'M SUFFOCATING.

QUIET, MAX.
SOON WE'LL FIND
OUT WHAT THESE
SCALY LITTLE
BUGGERS ARE
UP TO.



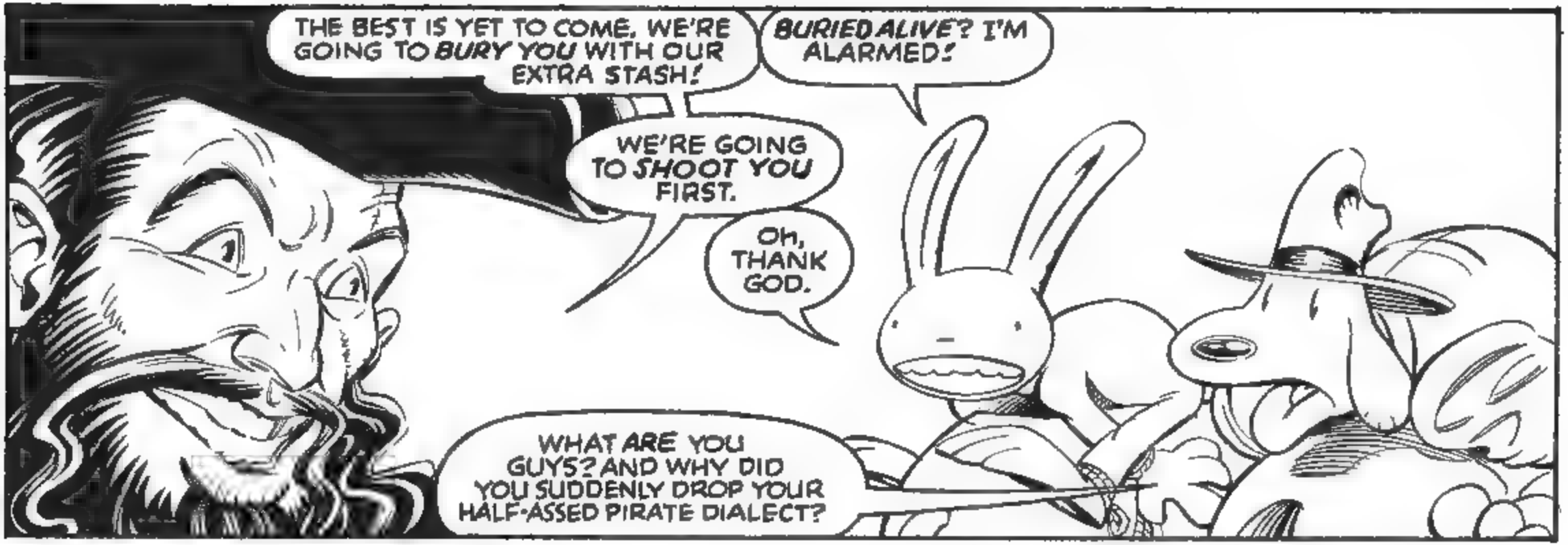
Ahh, YOU'VE BROUGHT
US A FINE BATCH OF
MANATEES, LADS. I S'POSE
WE'LL BE BRINGIN' UP THE
PARTY GLASSWARE TONIGHT.

I'LL GET THE
CUPCAKE
PANS!

WE'VE GOT SOME OTHER STUFF,
TOO, CHIEF! WHAT DO THEY CALL
IT...BOOTY OR SOMETHING.

I FEEL
LIGHTEADED, SAM.
I THINK MY BRAIN IS
OUT OF AIR. BUT IT'S
KIND OF A NEAT
FEELING.





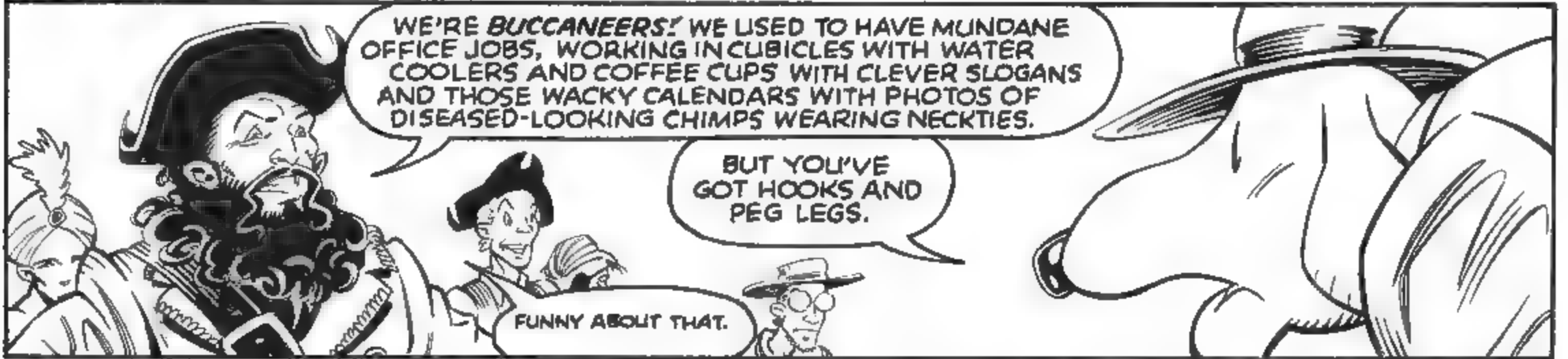
THE BEST IS YET TO COME, WE'RE GOING TO BURY YOU WITH OUR EXTRA STASH!

BURIED ALIVE? I'M ALARMED!

WE'RE GOING TO SHOOT YOU FIRST.

Oh, THANK GOD.

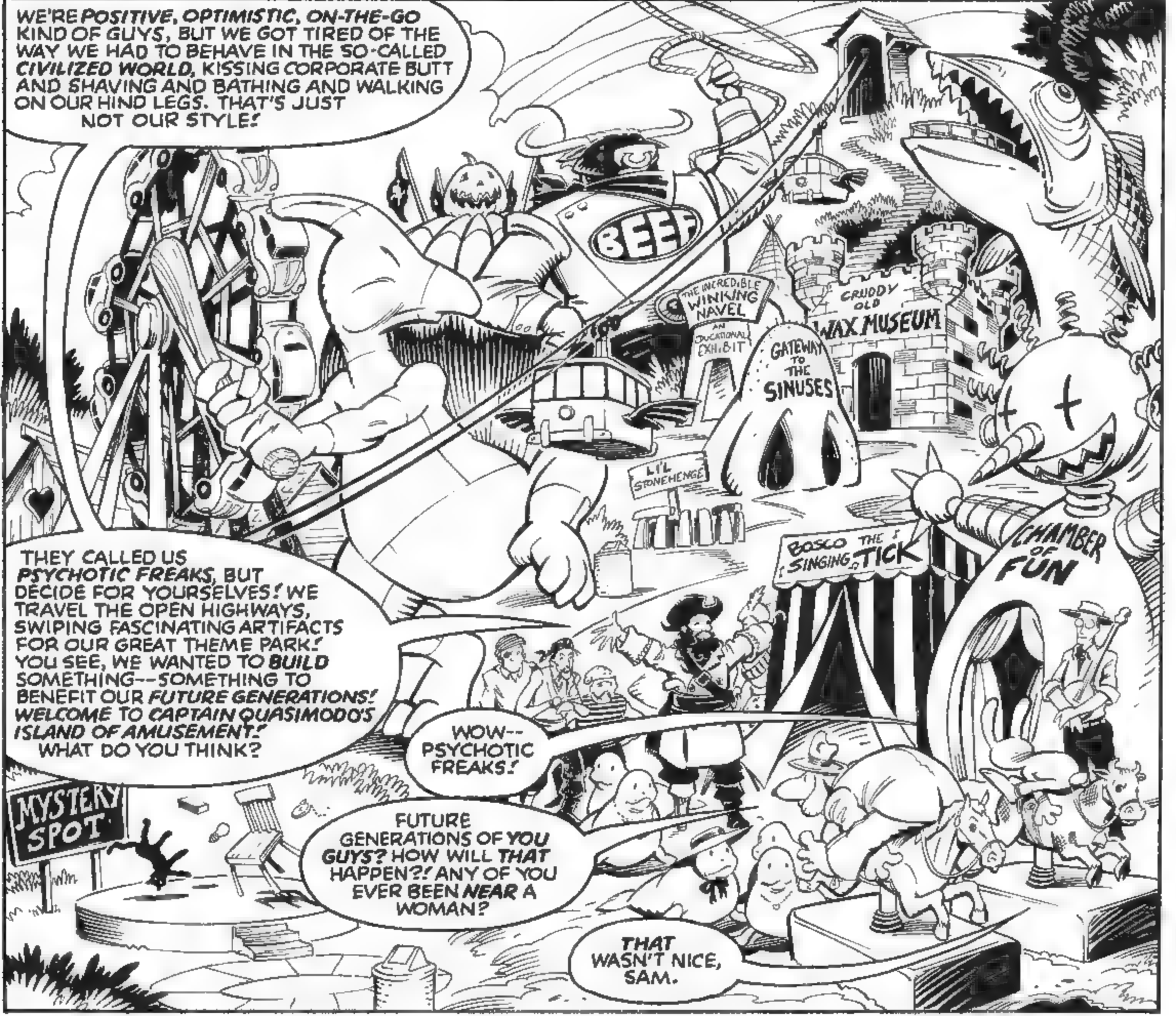
WHAT ARE YOU GUYS? AND WHY DID YOU SUDDENLY DROP YOUR HALF-ASSED PIRATE DIALECT?



WE'RE BUCCANEERS! WE USED TO HAVE MUNDANE OFFICE JOBS, WORKING IN CUBICLES WITH WATER COOLERS AND COFFEE CUPS WITH CLEVER SLOGANS AND THOSE WACKY CALENDARS WITH PHOTOS OF DISEASED-LOOKING CHIMPS WEARING NECKTIES.

BUT YOU'VE GOT HOOKS AND PEG LEGS.

FUNNY ABOUT THAT.



WE'RE POSITIVE, OPTIMISTIC, ON-THE-GO KIND OF GUYS, BUT WE GOT TIRED OF THE WAY WE HAD TO BEHAVE IN THE SO-CALLED CIVILIZED WORLD, KISSING CORPORATE BUTT AND SHAVING AND BATHING AND WALKING ON OUR HIND LEGS. THAT'S JUST NOT OUR STYLE!

THEY CALLED US PSYCHOTIC FREAKS, BUT DECIDE FOR YOURSELVES! WE TRAVEL THE OPEN HIGHWAYS, SWIPING FASCINATING ARTIFACTS FOR OUR GREAT THEME PARK! YOU SEE, WE WANTED TO BUILD SOMETHING-- SOMETHING TO BENEFIT OUR FUTURE GENERATIONS! WELCOME TO CAPTAIN QUASIMODO'S ISLAND OF AMUSEMENT! WHAT DO YOU THINK?

WOW-- PSYCHOTIC FREAKS!

FUTURE GENERATIONS OF YOU GUYS? HOW WILL THAT HAPPEN?! ANY OF YOU EVER BEEN NEAR A WOMAN?

THAT WASN'T NICE, SAM.



OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT. WE HAVEN'T INTRODUCED OUR DARLING GIRLIES OF THE SEA, LOVELY MAIDS OF THE DEEP, MOST BELOVED--

YIKES! THAT'S ENOUGH-- I'M GETTING DIZZY!

SHALL WE SING YOU A SONG ABOUT THEM?



GOD HELP US, MAX! THEY'RE GOING TO DO A NUMBER!

ABOUT THEIR 'MERMAID' WIVES? I MAY LOSE MY MIND!

PLINK PLINKA PLINK PLINKA
PLINK PLINK PLINK

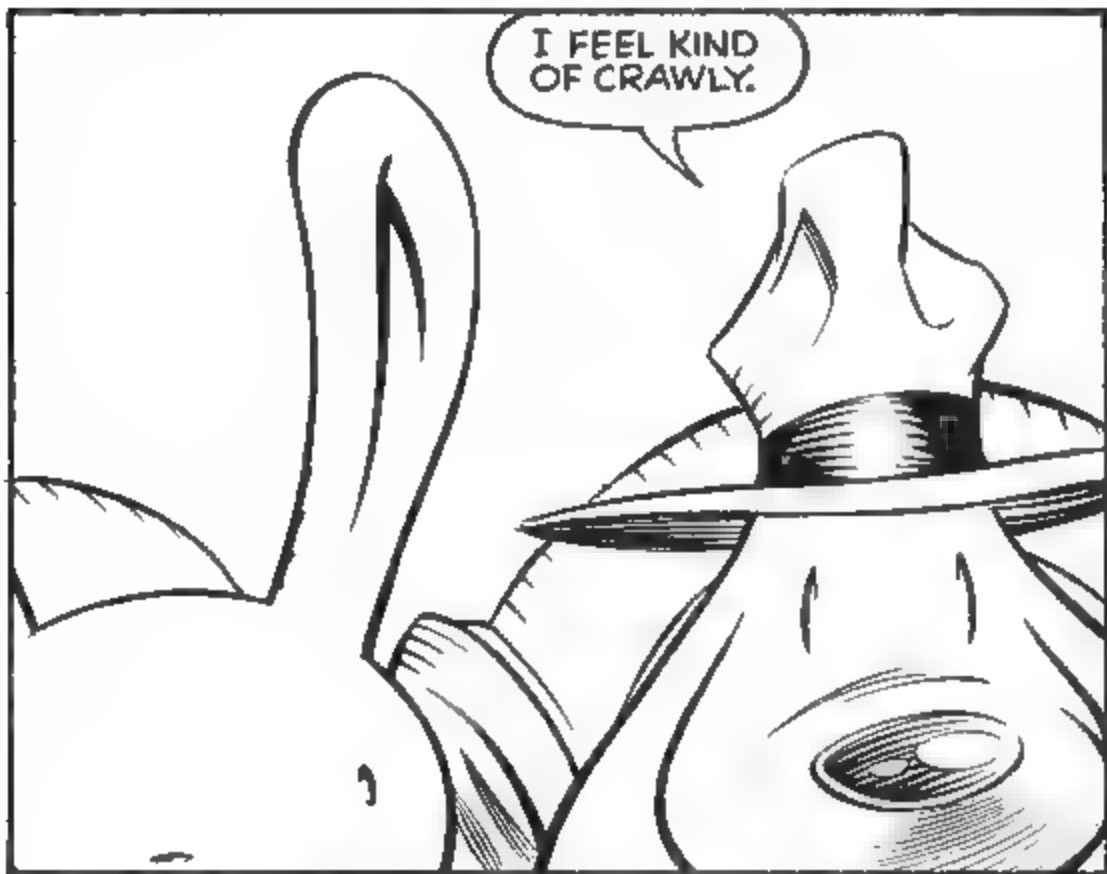
WHEN I COME UP FROM 'ROUND THE HORN
I FOUND A GAL
WHAT MAKES ME BEAM
SHE HOLDS ME
IN HER SUPPLE FLIPPERS
DARLIN' LADY
OF MY DREAMS!

MANATEE! SWEET MANATEE!
YOUR MUSTACHE BRISTLES
TICKLE ME
IN PLACES NO ONE EVER SEES
MY SOFT AND LOVING MANATEE!

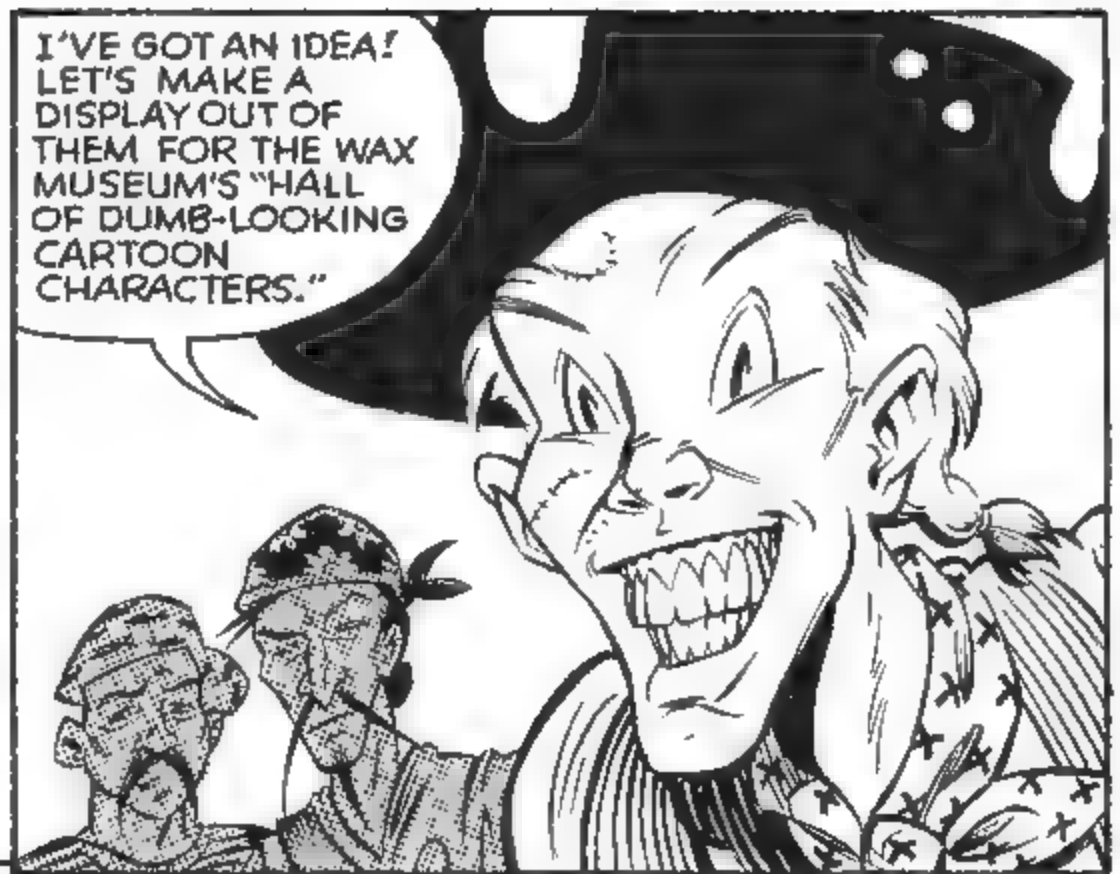
I FOUND HER BOBBIN'
IN THE SURF
HER BRINY SMILE
ENCHANTIN' ME
WE HAILED HER UP
AND GAVE HER LOVIN'
A BUOYANT LASS
YOU WOULD AGREE!

MANATEE! SWEET MANATEE!
MY BUXOM BOVINE
FROM THE SEA
OH, WON'T YOU COME AND
MARRY ME?
MY WARM AND FLACCID
MANATEEE!

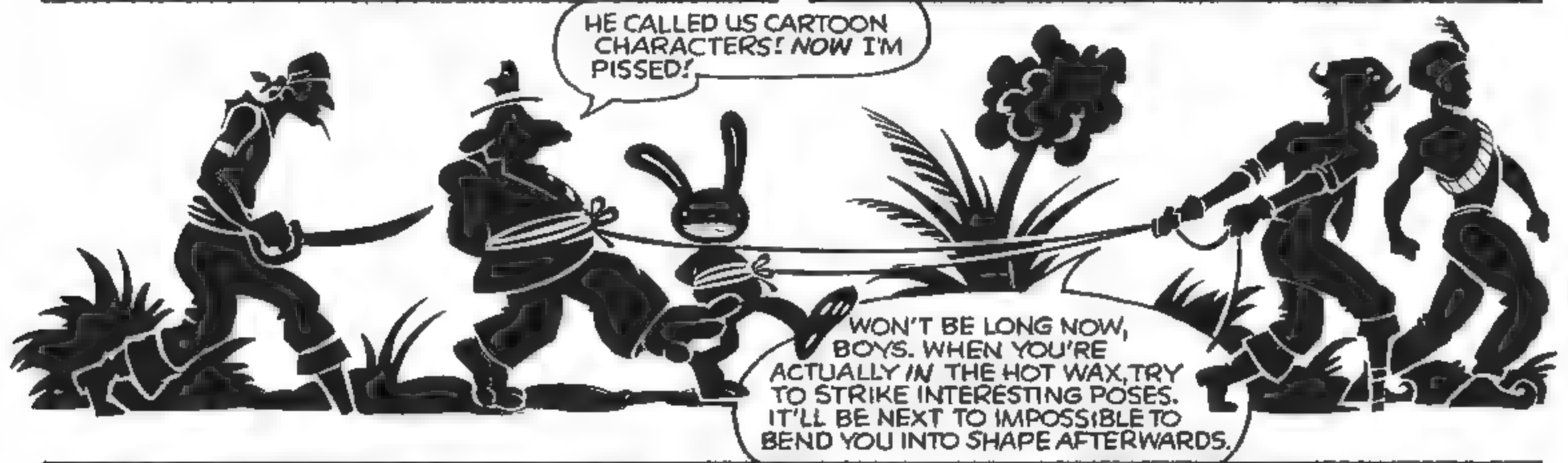
25¢



I FEEL KIND OF CRAWLY.



I'VE GOT AN IDEA! LET'S MAKE A DISPLAY OUT OF THEM FOR THE WAX MUSEUM'S "HALL OF DUMB-LOOKING CARTOON CHARACTERS."



HE CALLED US CARTOON CHARACTERS! NOW I'M PISSED!

WON'T BE LONG NOW, BOYS. WHEN YOU'RE ACTUALLY IN THE HOT WAX, TRY TO STRIKE INTERESTING POSES. IT'LL BE NEXT TO IMPOSSIBLE TO BEND YOU INTO SHAPE AFTERWARDS.



WELL, LITTLE BUDDY, WE'RE ABOUT TO BE DIPPED IN MOLTEN WAX. IT'S ABOUT A HUNDRED AND EIGHTY MILLION DEGREES, AND WE'RE GOING TO BE IN IT!

CHEER UP, SAM! WHAT'S THE WORST THAT COULD HAPPEN?!





WE SHOULD AT LEAST HUMILIATE THEM FOR THE DISCOMFORT THEY'VE CAUSED US.

LET'S MOCK THEIR STUMPS.



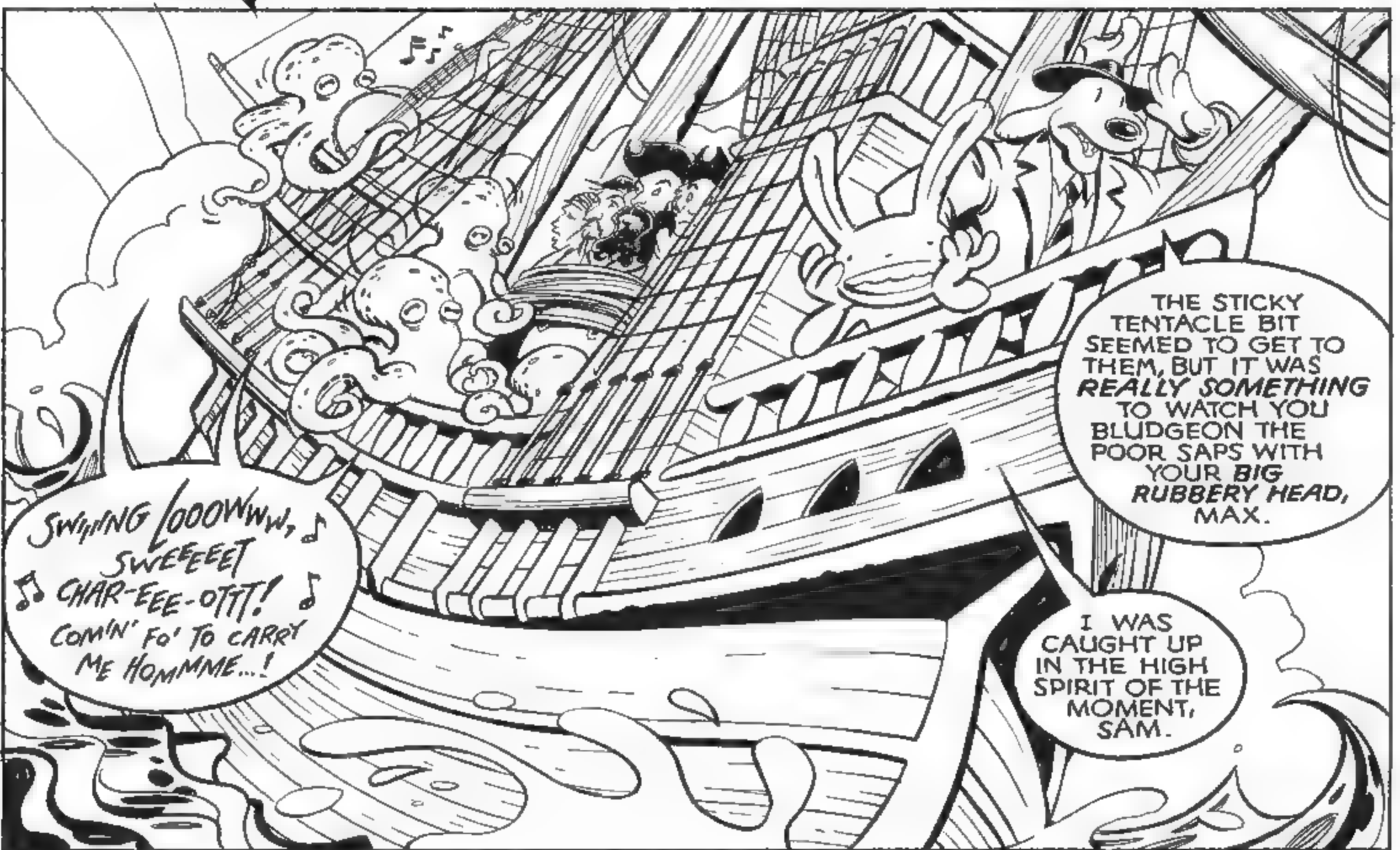
Hmm... THAT WOULDN'T BE COOL, MAX.

IN THAT CASE...

WOOOOOOO!
Tee-hee-hee!

SUK
SMEERP
STOP

NO!
NO! WE
HATE
THAT!



SWING /OOOWW, ♪
SWEET
♪ CHAR-EEE-OTT! ♪
COMIN' FO' TO CARRY
ME HOMMME...!

THE STICKY TENTACLE BIT SEEMED TO GET TO THEM, BUT IT WAS REALLY SOMETHING TO WATCH YOU BLUDGEON THE POOR SAPS WITH YOUR BIG RUBBERY HEAD, MAX.

I WAS CAUGHT UP IN THE HIGH SPIRIT OF THE MOMENT, SAM.



GOOD-BYE, ETHYL!
WELL, THAT'S THE LAST
ONE. WHERE TO NOW,
SAM?!

THOUGHT WE'D CHECK OUT THE
SHELLACKED ALLIGATOR CONCESSION
DOWN IN MIAMI AND MAYBE
STOP AT STUCKEY'S ON
THE WAY.

YOU'RE MY
BEST FRIEND,
SAM.

AW, YOU'RE GONNA
MAKE ME CRY OR
SLAP YOUR FACE OR
SOMETHING,
LITTLE PAL.



I GOT THE
ROAD-TRIP BLUES
I GOT DEM DIRTY WINDSHIELD
ROAD-TRIP BLUES
I GOTTS THE ROAD-TRIP BLUES, MAHH MA
I GOT DOZE BEE BITE SUNBURN DIRTY WINDSHIELD
ROAD-TRIP BLUES
IF I EVAH FIND A REST STOP
I'M GONNA PITCH A LOAD OF THEM
ROAD-TRIIIP BLUUUES!
OOOOOOOoH

THAT'S DISGUSTING,
SAM! NOW LET'S SING
99 BOTTLES OF BEER ON
THE WALL UNTIL WE
BLACK OUT!

NOW YOU'RE
TALKING, MAX. HEY,
PASS THE
LIV-A-SNAPS,
WOULD YOU,
BUDDY?

YOU BET!



A SAM & MAX ARTSY-CRAFTSY BIT OF TIME-WASTING NONSENSE!

HOW 'BOUT A LOVABLE PAPER BAG MAX-HEAD PUPPET?

HUH? HOW ABOUT IT?



WAAHK WAAHK

I'VE GOT ONE, AS DO ALL THE PEOPLE I RESPECT AND ADMIRE, AND YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW GLAD I AM ABOUT IT.



I LIKE IT!

HERE'S HOW:

CUT THESE SHAPES OUT OF WHITE CONSTRUCTION PAPER.



GLUE THEM ONTO A PAPER LUNCH BAG IN A FACE-LIKE CONFIGURATION.

DRAW MAX'S ADORABLE FEATURES AND THE INSIDE OF HIS GAPING MAW ON THE BAG (IF YOU FEEL AMBITIOUS, YOU CAN INCLUDE EVERYTHING MAX MAY HAVE EATEN IN THE LAST 24 HOURS).



MAKE A BUNCH AND USE THEM TO PUT ON TWISTED PUPPET SHOWS FOR THE NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS WHICH WILL AFFECT THEM LATER IN LIFE!



USE IT TO COMMUNICATE IDEAS AND CONCEPTS TO PEOPLE OF OTHER LANDS! MAX'S TERRIFYING HEAD IS A UNIVERSAL SYMBOL OF SOMETHING OR OTHER, I THINK.

KEEP ONE IN YOUR FIRST-AID KIT AND DON'T FORGET TO KEEP A SPARE IN THE FAMILY CAR! OKAY?

CURSE OF THE FACELESS MAN ⁰⁰





Hoo! THERE HASN'T BEEN ANY OIL OR TRANSMISSION FLUID IN THIS CAR FOR DAYS. THIS WILL BE VERY EXPENSIVE. GLAD YOU CAME BY.

GOT A FUDG'ICLE MACHINE HERE?



LOOKS LIKE THE BLOCK'S CRACKED. IT'S A PRETTY UGLY SCENE ALL AROUND IN THERE. YOU'D BETTER SIGN THIS BLANK WORK ORDER.

HOW WAS IT, LITTLE BUDDY?

IT WAS DARK, LIKE A CAVE, AND THERE WERE NO TOILETS-- JUST BLACK, SMOKING HOLES IN THE WALLS AND FLOOR! GIANT ROACHES HOWLED LIKE DAMNED SOULS AS THEY SKITTERED ALONG THE MOLDERING GROUT-WORK!

SAM & MAX

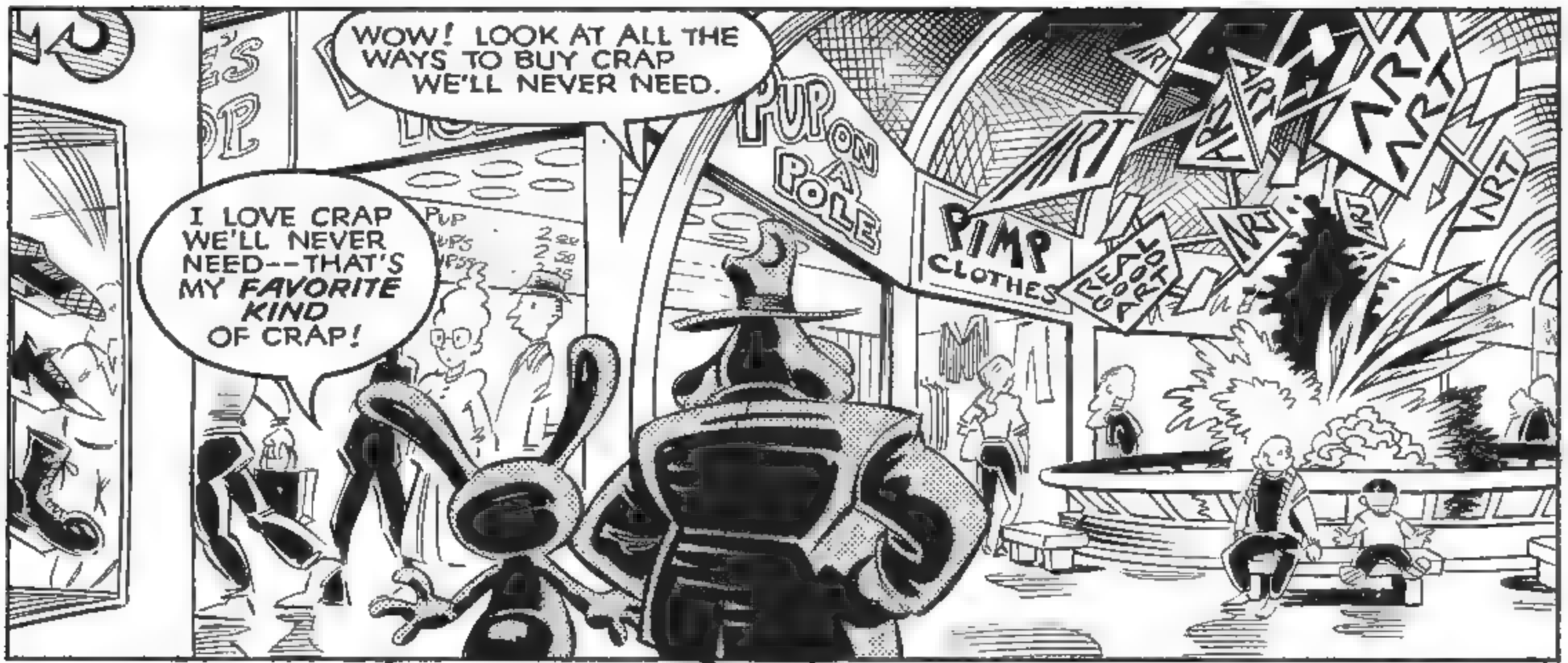
DID YOU WASH YOUR FLUFFY PAWS?



I THINK HE SAID TO COME BACK LATER. LET'S GO WANDER THROUGH THE NEW MALL FOR A WHILE.

BIG MALL AU GO GO

OBOY! WE CAN LOOK AT EVERYONE WE'RE GLAD WE AREN'T.



WOW! LOOK AT ALL THE WAYS TO BUY CRAP WE'LL NEVER NEED.

I LOVE CRAP WE'LL NEVER NEED-- THAT'S MY FAVORITE KIND OF CRAP!



WHAT'S HAPPENING-- SOME KIND OF IMAGINATIVE DREAM SEQUENCE?

IT'S A LAME, SWIRLING MONTAGE OF THE DAY'S EVENTS, OR SOME SUCH NONSENSE. LET'S CLIMB ABOARD!

IT'S A CULTURAL MELTING POT! PLEASE PASS THE FRITOS!

FOODS OF ALL NATIONS!

NOT BLOODY LIKELY... UNLESS THEY'RE SERVING SNO-CONES IN HELL ABOUT NOW.

HEY, LOOK-- ANOTHER CARD AND CHINTZY GIFT STORE.

AND HERE'S A CUDDLY, OFFICIALLY-LICENSED TOY OF ME TO STICK IN A CAR WINDOW! ISN'T IT CUTE? LOOK-- IT'S WEARING THE SKIN OF A GARFIELD DOLL.

OUR NEW FASHION STATEMENT--?

MAYBE THIS IS A DREAM SEQUENCE.

PINCH ME! PINCH ME!



WELL, HERE WE ARE, HANGING OUT AFTER A REWARDING DAY AT THE MALL.

I BOUGHT LOTS OF INTENSE CRAP I'LL NEVER NEED, AND I'M VERY PLEASED ABOUT IT.



HEY--YOU DON'T SMOKE! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!



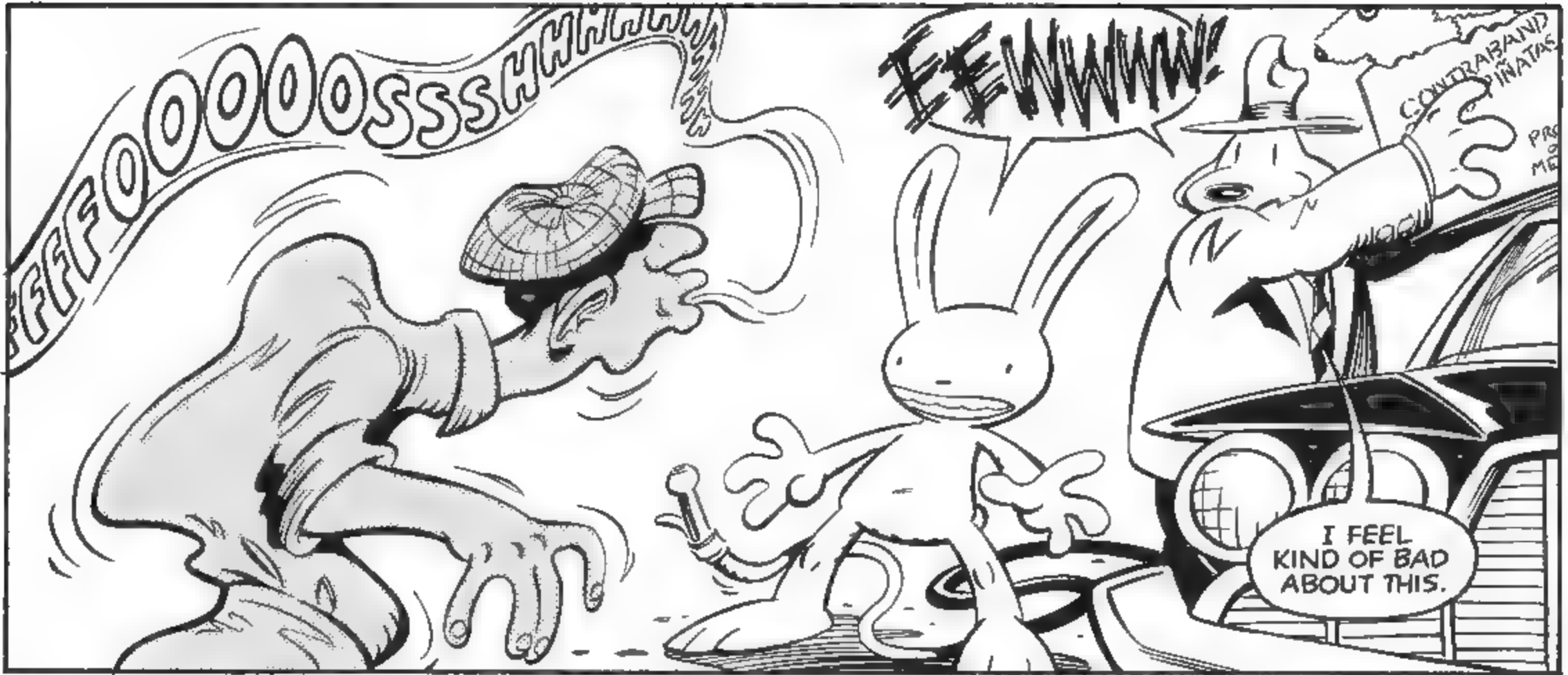
IT'S TIME TO LEAVE, MAX.

TRYING TO LOOK COOL, SO CHEAP, TEEN-AGE BIMBOS WILL COME BY AND TAKE ME HOME AND WASH MY SOCKS AND MAKE ME CHOCOLATE MILK AND DIG THE WAX OUT OF MY EARS WITH A BIG Q-TIP!



I HAD TO GET YOU OUT OF THERE. I THINK YOU WERE DELIRIOUS.

YEAH. DELIRIOUS. YEAH.





HEY, SAM! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE SO GOOD AT THIS!

I'VE BEEN HIGHWAY SURFING MOST OF MY LIFE, LITTLE PAL. IT'S AN EXCELLENT WAY TO CAP OFF A SUCCESSFUL ROAD TRIP!

AND IT SEEMS TO BRING JOY TO THE HEARTS OF PASSING BUS LOADS OF SWEATING TOURISTS.

SAM & MAX

YOU BUST ME UP, MAX!

The End

Sam & Max
PRESENT:

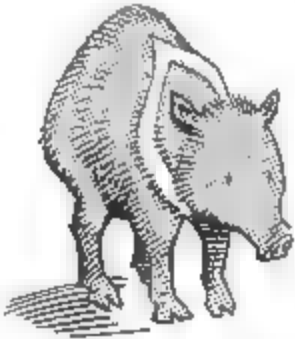
OUR BEWILDERING UNIVERSE

A NEEDLESS OVERVIEW OF OUR SURROUNDINGS TO PROVOKE EXCHANGES OF IDEAS AND GUNFIRE!

BAFFLING ANIMAL WONDERS

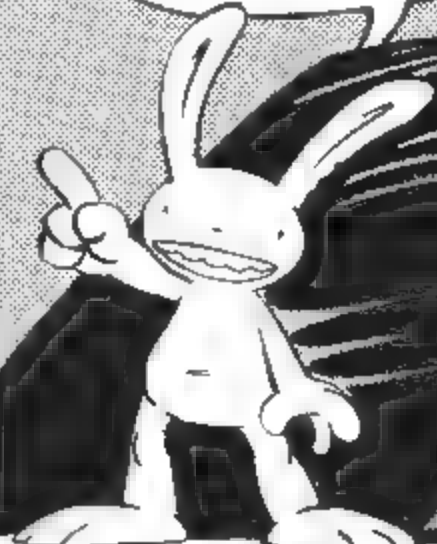
LOOK AT THAT. ISN'T IT RIDICULOUS?

MAYBE IT WILL LEAVE IF WE ALL LAUGH AT IT.



MAX'S WORLD OF DISCOVERY

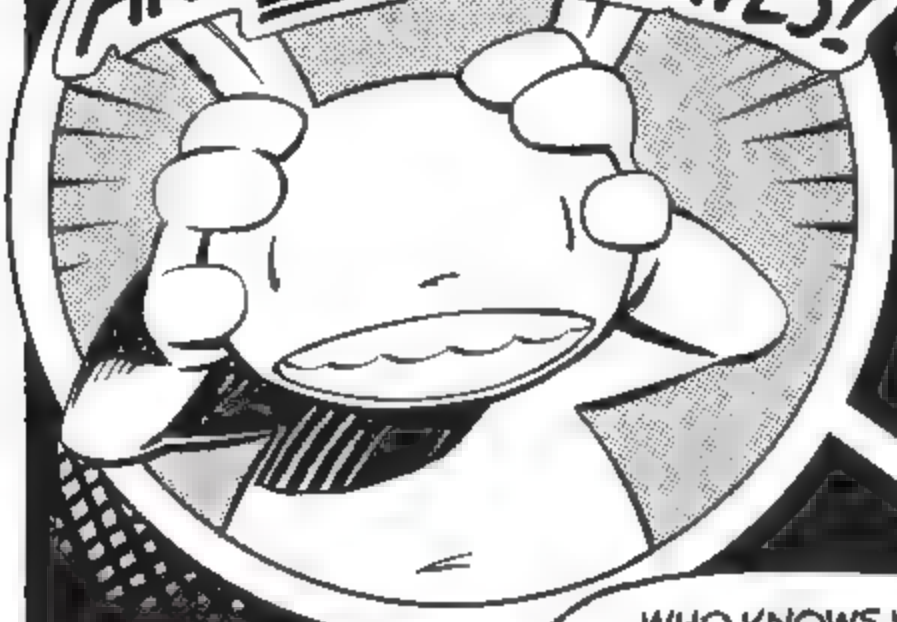
HERE'S AN EXPERIMENT YOU CAN DO! LEAVE A BAG OF BREAD ON TOP OF THE REFRIGERATOR FOR A LONG TIME. IT WILL EVENTUALLY TURN GREY AND TASTE BAD. NOW THROW IT INTO THE STREET.



SEAMONKEYS ARE NOT PRIMATES!

TRY IMAGINING HOW FAR THE UNIVERSE EXTENDS! KEEP THINKING ABOUT IT UNTIL YOU GO INSANE.

DO YOU KNOW THAT THE EARTH IS CONSTANTLY BEING BOMBARDED BY COSMIC RAYS? AND THEY GO RIGHT THROUGH THESE DUMB SUITS. SOONER OR LATER WE'RE ALL GOING TO GET SOMETHING WRONG WITH US. SEE WHAT I MEAN?



WHO KNOWS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF ALL AT ONCE THEY OPENED ALL THE LOCKS IN THE PANAMA CANAL? I DON'T!

ME NEITHER, BUT IT WOULD PROBABLY BE HORRIBLE!



AMAZING PRODUCE

WHICH FRUIT OR VEGETABLE IS MOST RESILIENT WHEN YOU THROW HAMMERS AT IT? HOW CAN WE FIND OUT?



SAM & MAX'S DISGUISE O-RAMA

WHAT COULD BE MORE ENJOYABLE THAN DRESSING AND STRIPPING EVERYONE'S MOST BELOVED PIN-HEADED CARTOON CHARACTERS? OR ANYONE ELSE FOR THAT MATTER! PASTE THESE PAGES ONTO HEAVY PAPER OR PLYWOOD AND CUT THEM OUT WITH A HACKSAW! NOW!

OH, FOR THE LOVE OF GOD! DON'T CUT THE BOOK UP AND THEN HAVE TO BUY A SECOND COPY!

GOSH NO! YOU SHOULD SEAL THIS ONE IN AN ACID-FREE PLEXIGLASS CUBE, BURY IT IN YOUR YARD AND JUST THINK ABOUT ALL THE FUN YOU MIGHT'VE HAD.



SAM'S STANDARD ISSUE GREY SUIT HELPS DIFFUSE THE POTENTIAL HORROR OF THE SIGHT OF A BLATHERING, UPRIGHT-WALKING, SIX-FOOT DOG.

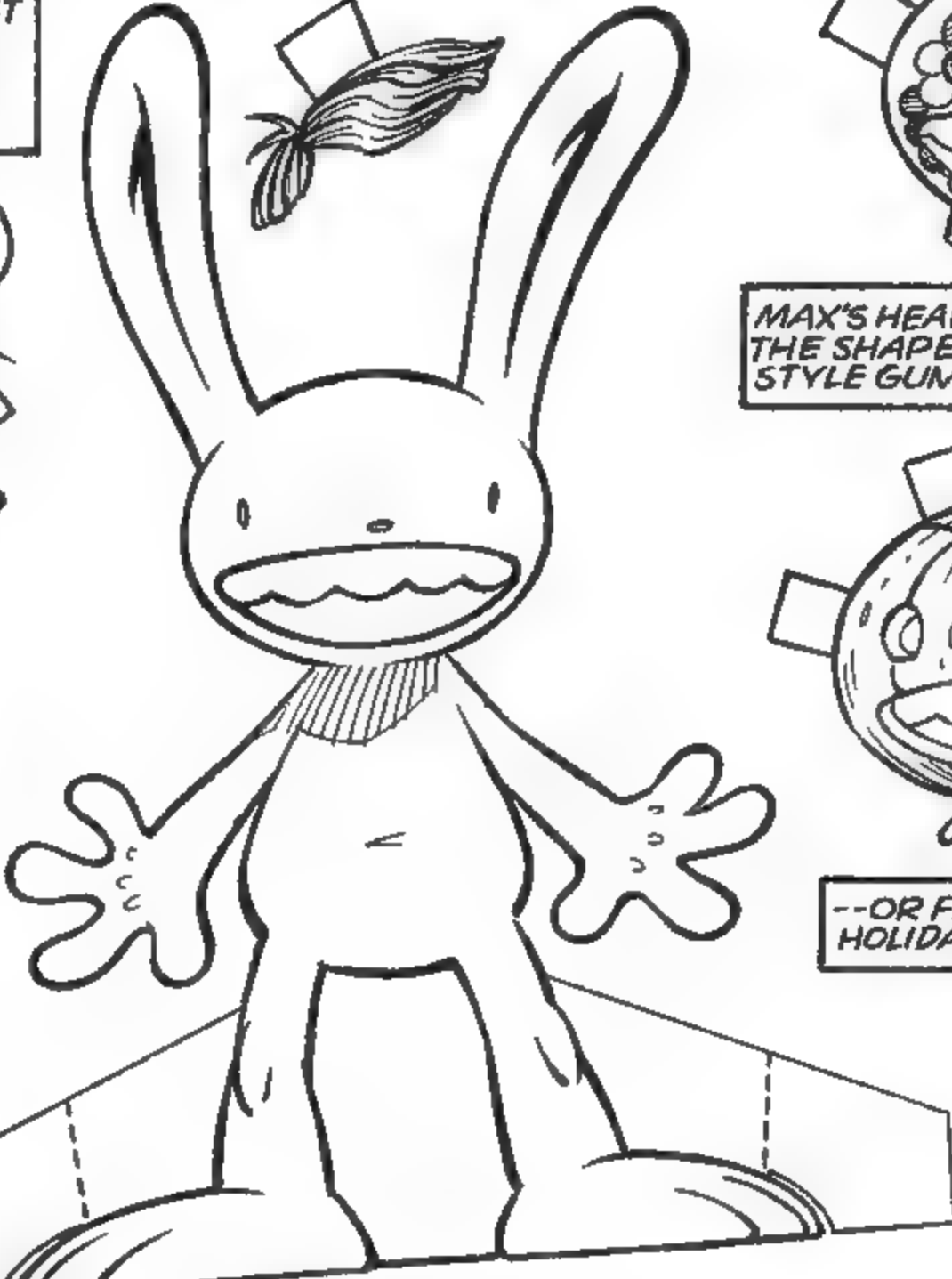


MAX'S AUTHENTIC PIMP SUIT ALLOWS HIM TO INVESTIGATE MOST FRIGHTENING, URBAN, CRIME-INFESTED UNDERBELLIES. SOMEWHERE IS A THREE-FOOT NAKED PIMP.



WHAT'S A PIMP?

MAX FOUND THESE IN THE DUMPSTER BEHIND BURGER BOY. HE IS CONFUSED BY SINISTER RUMORS ABOUT WHAT THEY MIGHT BE.



CRUDE METHOD OF CONCEALING MAX'S IDENTITY IN HIS SERIES OF POORLY-FOCUSED STAG FILMS.

MAX'S HEAD IS NOT UNLIKE THE SHAPE OF AN OLD-STYLE GUM MACHINE--



--OR FESTIVE HOLIDAY GOURD.



ILLUSTRATED GUY: SAM COULD USE THIS OUTFIT TO INFILTRATE A GROUP OF SNAKE HANDLERS OR QUAIN, MOTORCYCLING ENTHUSIASTS.



SECRETLY ENCODED HAWAIIAN SHIRT: SAM'S SEDUCTIVE, WRITHING NATIVE DANCE COULD CONVEY A SIGNIFICANT MESSAGE IN THE RIGHT CIRCLES. OR INSPIRE A SHOOTING.



MAX'S BLOOD-CAKED SMOCK

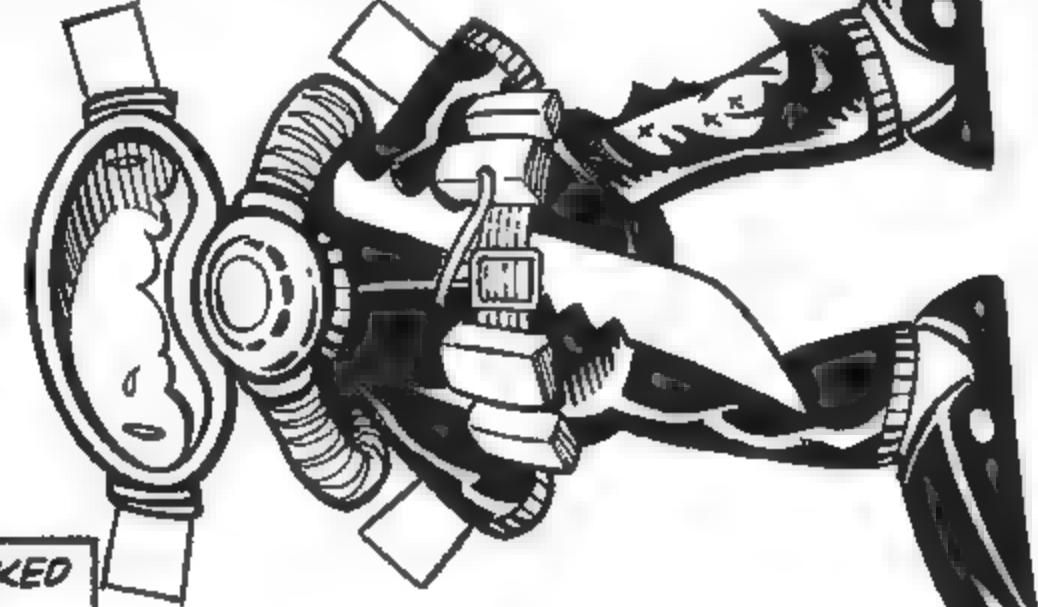


I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR THAT!

SCUBA OUTFIT: FOR CLIMACTIC UNDERWATER FIGHT SCENES OR EXPLORING THE FANTASTIC WORLD OF THE NEW YORK SEWER SYSTEM.



BLOOD-CAKED BERET



FLUSH ME!



**SAM
&
MAX**
Freelance
POLICE

BAD DAY ON THE MOON

BASED ON THE COMPLETELY OBSCURE FRENCH FARCE
"GARÇON, UNE OMELETTE ET DEUX BIFTEKS"



THERE HE GOES,
MAX! I THINK I SAW
HIS GREASY CRIMINAL
BUTT DISAPPEAR
THROUGH THAT OLD
FENCE.

BANG! BANG!
KERPOW! KAK KAK KAK!
AT-AT-AT! KPSHHH!

COLETTE
PURCEL ©92



STAND BACK, LITTLE BUDDY. LEST A RAZOR-SHARP WOOD SHARD PIERCE YOUR BALLOONISH HEAD.

EXCUSE ME?

BOONK



I LOVE MAKING A RACKET. IT'S ONE OF MY FAVORITE PARTS OF THIS JOB.

I LOVE DISCHARGING UNREGISTERED FIREARMS WITHIN CITY LIMITS.



ALRIGHT, SONNY. CONSIDER YOURSELF PINCHED.

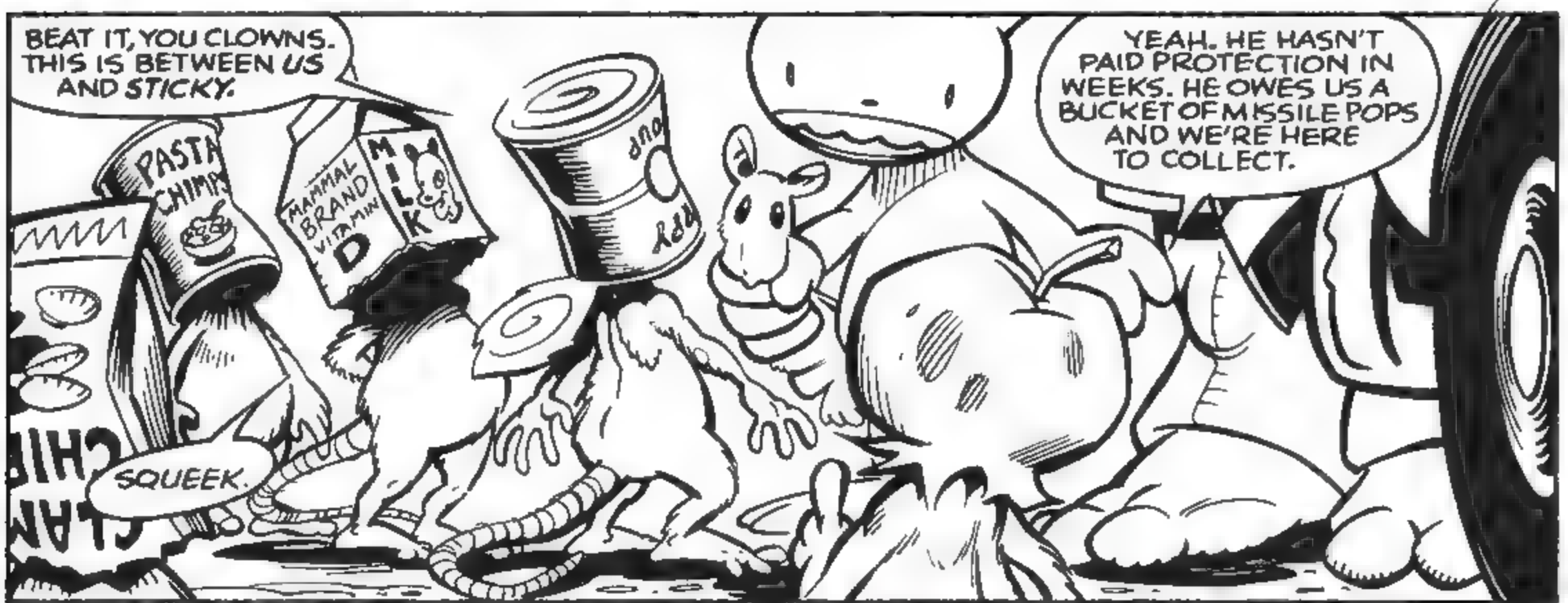
I CAN HEAR THE OCEAN.

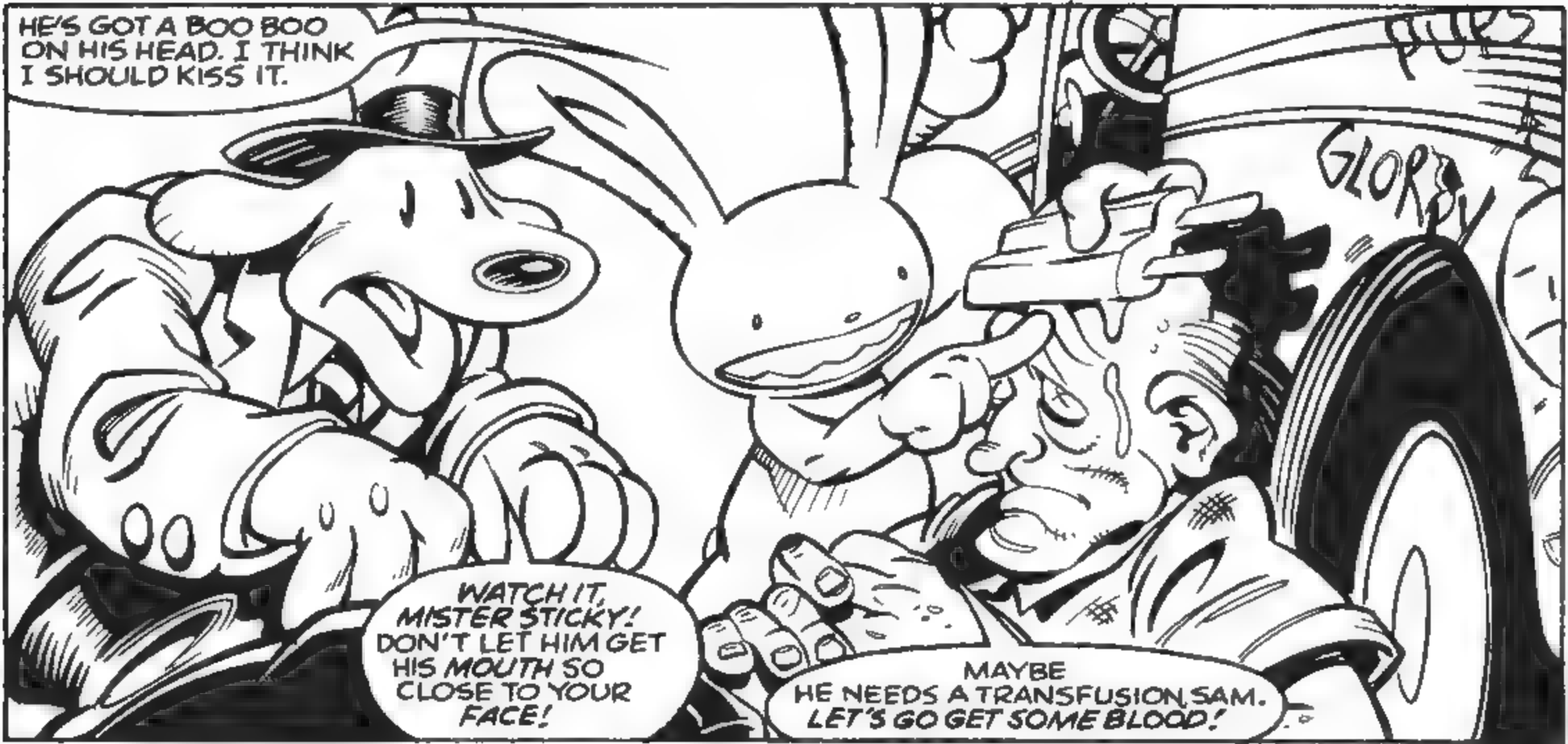


I LIKE HOW HIS TINY LEGS SWIM THROUGH THE AIR. CAN I KEEP HIM, SAM?

SORRY, MAX, BUT HIS DIRTY LITTLE FINGERPRINTS ARE ALL OVER THIS PRISTINE ICE CREAM BAR. AND NO RECEIPT. IT'S OUT OF MY HANDS.

IT'S MY JOB TO SWIPE FOOD! IT'S EXPECTED OF ME! I'M GOOD AT IT!

















MAYBE THIS IS THE INEVITABLE TRAP DOOR LEADING TO THE OBVIOUS HOLLOW CORE OF THE MOON WHERE HIGH DRAMA WILL NO DOUBT ENSUE.

ENSUE. ENSUE. I DON'T THINK THAT'S A WORD, SAM.



I THINK I'M HAVING SOME TROUBLE FIGURING OUT HOW TO FIND THE MOONIES OR MOONITES OR WHATEVER THE HELL THEY'RE CALLED.

TAKE THAT DIPPY BAG OFF YOUR HEAD AND LET'S FOLLOW THESE HIGHWAY SIGNS.

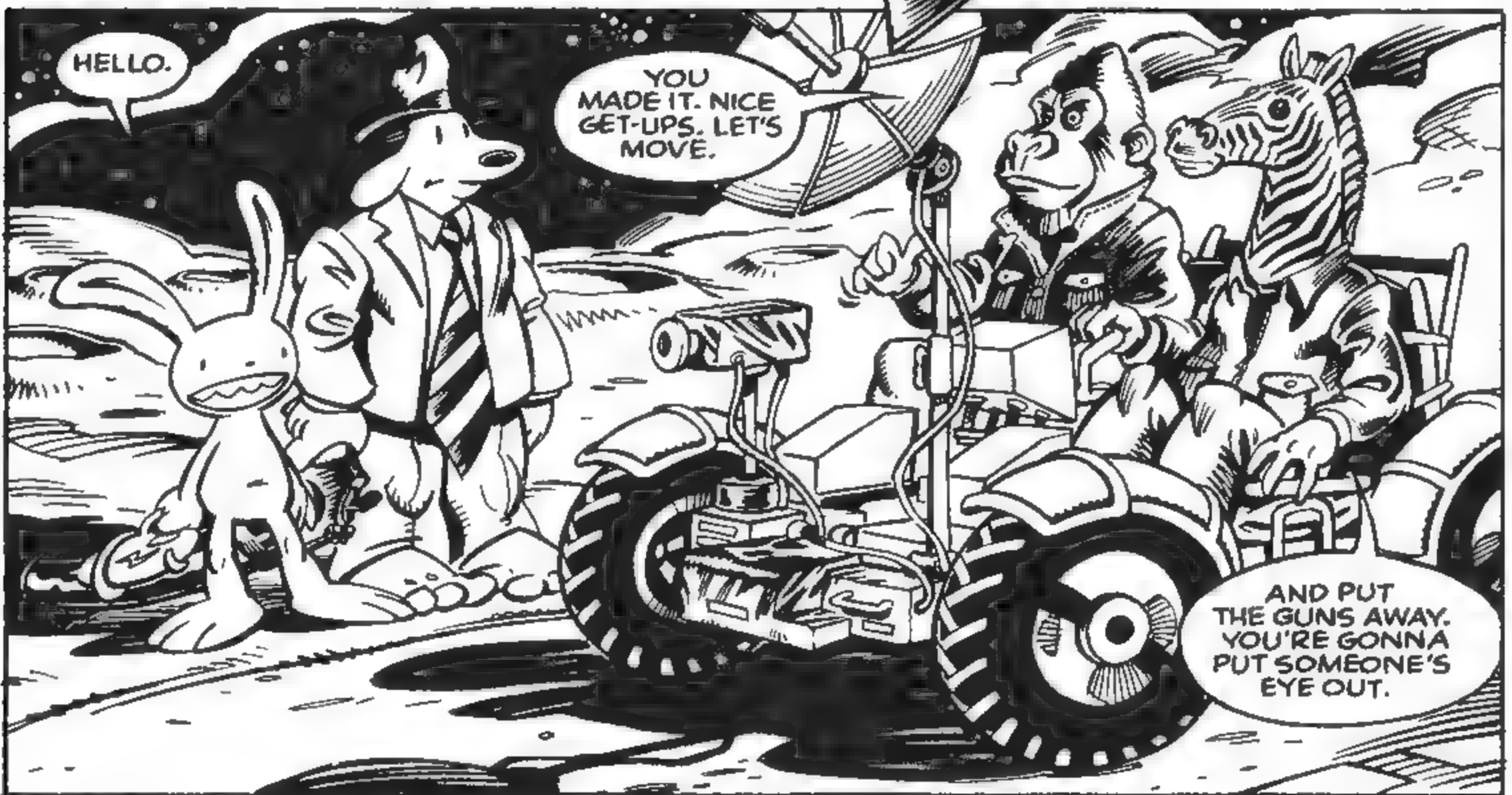


SO LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT. WE CAN BREATHE HERE THEN?

I GUESS THOSE CANDY-BUTT ASTRONAUTS DIDN'T HAVE THE STONES TO TRY IT.

I COULD NEVER SAY THAT ABOUT AN ASTRONAUT.

SCUMBO
ONE ROAD
VISTA POINT





WELL, SAM, THE GORILLA AND DONKEY MEN APPARENTLY THINK WE'RE SOMEONE ELSE. BUT THAT'S OKAY. WE GOT THE RIDE WE NEEDED.

HE'S A ZEBRA, MAX. AND THAT'S WHAT MAKES ME A LITTLE SUSPICIOUS.



YOU SEE, IN NATURE, A ZEBRA WOULDN'T NORMALLY HANG OUT WITH A GORILLA. PLUS, LISTEN TO THIS; A ZEBRA CAN'T DRIVE A MOON BUGGY. OR ANY KIND OF CAR FOR THAT MATTER. ZEBRAS DON'T HAVE HANDS!

MY GOD! YOU'RE RIGHT, SAM. THE GORILLA SHOULD BE DRIVING. I THINK YOU'RE ONTO SOMETHING. WE BETTER PLAY DUMB.

YOU MEAN STARTING NOW?



SQU... LIQUORS

KEEP YOUR GUNS OUT OF SIGHT 'TIL I GIVE THE WORD.

I HEARD YOU GUYS MUMBLING BACK THERE. YOU AIN'T GONNA GO YELLOW ON US, ARE YOU?

I WAS ADMIRING YOUR LACK OF HOOVES. YOU MOON FOLKS MUST BE QUITE THE EVOLUTIONISTS. WELL, ME, TOO. I FEEL A SIXTH FINGER COMING ON.

IT'S AN INTERSPECIES
HOLDUP!



DON'T ANYBODY
MOVE! IT'S A STICKUP!
ALL WE WANT IS THE DOUGH--
AND MAYBE ONE OF THOSE ELVIS-
SHAPED WHISKEY DECANTERS.
WE WANNA DRINK FROM THE
NECK HOLE OF THE KING.

WHERE ARE YOUR GUNS?
TAKE 'EM OUT.

WE FROWN
ON THIS SORT OF
ACTIVITY.

START SCOOPIN' THE
CASH INTO A PLAIN BROWN
BAG, OLD MAN.



WE FIND IT
DOWNRIGHT
REPELLANT.

YOU! I KNOW YOUR VOICE!
YOU'RE THAT HENDERSON KID!
I ALWAYS KNEW YOU
WERE A HOOD.

GUESS THE COSTUME PARTY'S
OVER, FELLAS. WE WON'T BE NEEDIN'
THESE PATHETIC DISGUISES.



GIANT
RAT GUYS!
WEIRD,
INTERESTING.

AND
SOMEHOW
APPROPRIATE. SHALL
WE BEAT THE LIVING
CRAP OUT OF
THEM, SAM?

CAN'T THINK
OF A REASON
NOT TO.







Mmmm. THAT RECEPTIONIST SMELLS LIKE CHEESE.

THE LIGHT. WALK TO THE LIGHT, SAM. COME IN TO THE LIGHT! HELLO, GRAND-MOTHER.

TAKE IT EASY, LITTLE PAL.



HI.

PAY NO ATTENTION TO THAT FIELDMOUSE IN THE BROOM CLOSET!

I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU, MEN OF THE EARTH.

Ooh, MEN OF THE EARTH. I LIKE THAT.

YOUR ASSISTANCE IS REQUIRED TO RESOLVE A CERTAIN PEST PROBLEM WHICH HAUNTS OUR GLORIOUS CITY. THE SITUATION IS GRAVE.

A PEST PROBLEM? A TOWNLOAD OF RATS HAS A PEST PROBLEM, SAM. THAT'S PRETTY FUNNY. AND FROM A FLYING HEAD. AMAZING.



YOU DON'T FULLY UNDERSTAND. THESE PESTS ARE UNUSUAL. CITIZENS ARE DISAPPEARING. TAKEN AWAY AND USED FOR GOD KNOWS WHAT!

WELL, THAT SOUNDS FINE. AND JUST WHERE MIGHT WE FIND THESE SO-CALLED PESTS?

AND DO YOU THINK I COULD BORROW A CLAW HAMMER?



THE CREATURES YOU SEEK MAY BE FOUND ON THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON!

WHERE'S THAT?

JUST OUT THE BACK DOOR. GO THROUGH THE JANITOR'S SUPPLY ROOM AND TAKE A RIGHT.

Whew. WOULD YOU LIKE A STICK OF CINNAMON GUM?



THANKS. WE'LL SEE YOU SOON. COULD YOU HAVE A TASTY DESSERT WARMING FOR US WHEN WE RETURN FROM OUR GRUELING ADVENTURE?

WE'LL KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR THE REST OF YOUR BODY.



THIS SHOULD BE THE WAY. SEE ANYTHING?

THAT LOOKS LIKE THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON RIGHT OVER THERE.



THIS WELL-USED PORTAL SEEMS TO BE WHERE WE WANT TO BE. IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S RIGGED WITH A FORCE FIELD THAT SEEMS TO BE TURNED OFF AT THE MOMENT.

Mmm, SCIENCE FICTIONY.



I CAN SEE THE MURKY OUTLINES OF TERRIBLE IMMENSE BEINGS LUMBERING THROUGH A NIGHTMARISH CITYSCAPE.

NEAT! LET'S GO LOOK AT THE GIANT BUGS!



IT MAKES ME FEEL SO...SO... INSIGNIFICANT.

I ALWAYS FEEL THAT WAY ABOUT YOU, SAM.

WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT THEY'RE DOING WITH THOSE POOR FUZZY LITTLE RAT PEOPLE THEY'VE BEEN HARVESTING.



LET'S PICK ONE ROACH GUY AND FOLLOW HIM, MAX.

HERE'S A PLUMP, HANDSOME SPECIMEN. I'VE DECIDED TO CALL HIM... BINGO.



BINGO DISPLAYS MANY TRAITS WHICH MAY BE INTERPRETED AS HUMAN, BUT OF COURSE IT IS UNSCIENTIFIC TO ANTHROPOMORPHIZE A FIFTY-FOOT MOON ROACH.

WE'VE GOT TO FOLLOW HIM INTO THAT TREMENDOUS CEREAL BOX.

WHILE SAM TRACKS BINGO TO HIS LAIR, MAX WAITS UPSTREAM TO POINT AND LAUGH AT THE ENSUING CARNAGE. *Oops, I SAID ENSUING.*



IT'S A GIANT MOON ROACH COFFEE SHOP. IT'S UNCANNY. LIKE SOME EARTH PARALLEL DEVELOPMENT.

I NEVER DREAMED I'D LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO HEAR YOU SAY EARTH PARALLEL DEVELOPMENT AND MEAN IT, SAM.



IT SMELLS LIKE COFFEE. WHAT'S HE ADDING TO IT?

IT SEEMS TO BE SOME KIND OF NON-DAIRY FLAVOR ENHANCING SUBSTANCE MADE OF-- Gasp!



EEEEK!

SCREEE SCREEEE!



LIK! COUGH! CHOKE!



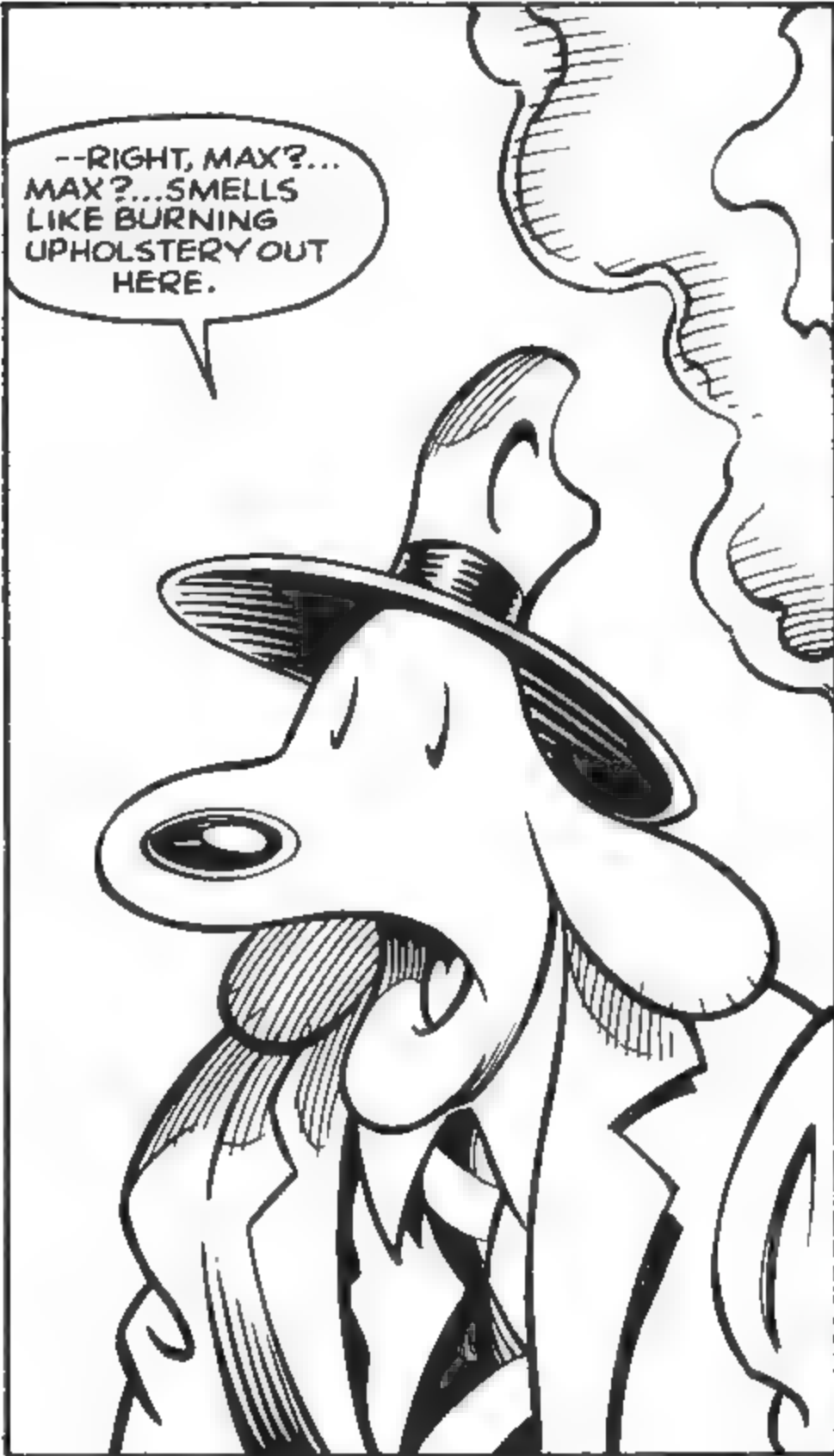
I'M HAVING A LOT OF TROUBLE WATCHING THIS, MAX.

I FIND IT FASCINATING, BUT I FEAR THAT BINGO HAS BEGUN TO ALIENATE ME, SAM.

KEEP IT DOWN, LITTLE BUDDY.











OH, ONE MORE THING. IT'S HARD TO RELATE TO A CREATURE WITHOUT A FACE. THAT'S WHY PLANKTON MAKE TERRIBLE CARTOON CHARACTERS.



THAT SEEMS TO HELP, SAM. BUT I'M BECOMING WISTFUL.

I GUESS I'M STARTING TO MISS MOST OF MY MAJOR ORGANS. EXCEPT FOR MY PANCREAS. THAT THING NEVER DID ME A DAMN BIT OF GOOD.



I THINK YOU'RE VASTLY UNDERERRATING THE FUNCTION OF THE PANCREAS, MAX. BUT MORE ON THAT, LATER.

EXIT

MAYBE THE MAYOR OR WHATEVER THE HELL HE IS CAN GIVE US SOME HELPFUL HINTS.



HE'S STILL HERE. BUT I GUESS HE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO GET FAR, NOT HAVING A BODY AND ALL. OOPS, SORRY, LITTLE BUDDY.

S'ALL RIGHT.



I NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D RETURN. HAVE YOU FOUND A WAY TO HELP US? AND WHY ARE YOU CARRYING THAT SMOLDERING DISHRAG AROUND LIKE A HAND PUPPET?

HEY! HEY!

SOMETHING HORRIBLE HAPPENED OUT THERE, CHIEF. WE WERE HOPING YOU COULD HELP US OUT. ANY IDEAS?

MY MINISTER OF SCIENCE WILL ADVISE YOU. BUT THAT WON'T EXCUSE YOU FROM YOUR PROMISE OF AIDING US WITH OUR ROACH PROBLEM.

FOLLOW ME.

I'M RIGHT ON IT! NO KIDDING.



WE USE THIS DEVICE TO PRODUCE A RICH, DELICIOUS PEANUT BRITTLE FOR USE IN OUR SAVAGE, BACKWARD RITUALS. BUT IT MAY SERVE YOUR NEEDS.

I'M FEELING OPTIMISTIC.



IN YOU GO, LITTLE FELLA'. REMEMBER WHEN I USED TO BATHE YOU AS A BABY?

NO, SAM. YOU MUST BE THINKING OF THE TIMES WE MADE HOMEMADE DONUTS IN THE DEEP FRYER.

OH YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT.

YOU MUST NOW APPLY THE HELMET OF SUPPLICANCE.



HERE GOES. OW! FEELS LIKE THE CONVOLUTIONS OF MY BRAIN ARE BEING ANALYZED. I HATE THAT.



Sniff Sniff. YOU KNOW, A BIG POT OF HEARTY CHICKEN SOUP WOULD REALLY HIT THE SPOT ABOUT NOW.

SHUT THE HELL UP, SAM! THAT'S NOT FUNNY.

A FEW MORE MOMENTS AND I SHOULD BE ABLE TO ADJUST THE DNA LEVELS.

MAX DOESN'T HAVE DNA. I THINK HE'S CONSIDERED A MINERAL.

BRAIN CONVOLUTION ANALYZER

VERY TWISTY

COULD BE TWISTIER

NOT SO TWISTY

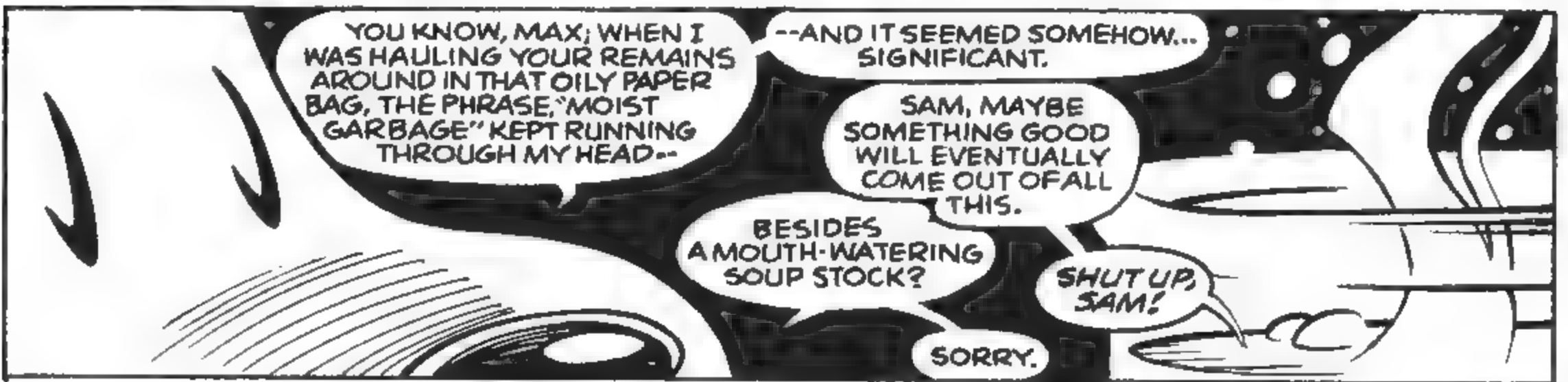


ANY LUCK? I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL LIKE MY SPARSELY POPULATED OLD SELF.

THE BASIC MOLECULAR STRUCTURE OF YOUR LITTLE FRIEND IS STILL VASTLY COMPROMISED. HAND ME THAT STAPLE GUN.

I THINK WE'RE GETTING CLOSE, MAX.

KEEP TALKING, SAM. IT'S KEEPING ME FROM GETTING BITTER.



YOU KNOW, MAX; WHEN I WAS HAULING YOUR REMAINS AROUND IN THAT OILY PAPER BAG, THE PHRASE "MOIST GARBAGE" KEPT RUNNING THROUGH MY HEAD--

--AND IT SEEMED SOMEHOW... SIGNIFICANT.

SAM, MAYBE SOMETHING GOOD WILL EVENTUALLY COME OUT OF ALL THIS.

BESIDES A MOUTH-WATERING SOUP STOCK?

SHUT UP, SAM!

SORRY.



25¢ NEW YORK SHRIEK FINAL

EARTH'S SANITATION WORKERS PLEDGE MOIST GARBAGE TO MOON ROACHES

THEY SAY IT'S A FIFTY-FOOT ROACH OMBUDSMAN FROM SPACE.

JUST WHAT THIS TOWN NEEDS. WHERE'D IT COME FROM? CRAWL OUT FROM UNDER THE CHRYSLER BUILDING?

DOG AND A RABBIT BROUGHT IT BACK FROM THE MOON IN THEIR CAR.

...FIGURES.

--AND IN SO DOING, AS THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, I HEREBY DECLARE THIS DATE IN HISTORY-- FIFTY FOOT MOON ROACH DAY! I'D SHAKE YOUR TERRIBLE FORECLAW IF I WAS WEARING WELDING GLOVES.

HYUK HYUK.

Ah ha ha ha. Har har har.





WHY AREN'T YOU OUT CELEBRATING WITH EVERYONE ELSE? DON'T YOU KNOW THIS IS ONE OF THE FIRST COCKROACH-RELATED HOLIDAYS?

CELEBRATE WHAT? THE LOSS OF EARTH'S VALUABLE LANDFILLS OF MOIST GARBAGE? WE'RE JUST GIVING IT AWAY. WHY AREN'T WE TAKING CARE OF OUR OWN VERMIN BEFORE WE CATER TO FOREIGNERS.

SO YOU'RE THE ONE! YOU WHACKED THE MAILMAN SO WE WOULDN'T GET OUR MOON GIG. AND IT MIGHT HAVE WORKED IF HE WASN'T SUCH A DEDICATED U.S. POSTAL WORKER. YOU'RE A PERCEPTIVE BUT DEADLY LITTLE BUG.



NOBODY CALLS ME A BUG!

HEY, TAKE IT EASY, FELLA! DON'T GO GETTING YOURSELF IN ANY DEEPER. JUST HAND OVER THE PISTOL AND NOBODY WILL GET HURT, RIGHT MAX?



FWAP!



SAME MAX Freelance POLICE in

BEAST FROM THE CEREAL AISLE

BASED ON: McLWRAITH'S GUIDE
TO SILLY ASS PARANORMAL PHENOMENA
(VOLUME II)

THAT'S ENOUGH
GOOFING FOR NOW, MAX.
THE COMMISSIONER SAYS
THERE'S NASTY BUSINESS
DOWN AT SLOTHMART
GROCERY WORLD.

YAAAK! YAAAAK!

AND WHILE
WE'RE THERE WE SHOULD
STOCK UP ON ELF-SHAPED
BALONEY SLICES AND
BACON FAT!

TONIGHT
WANT THE DOG

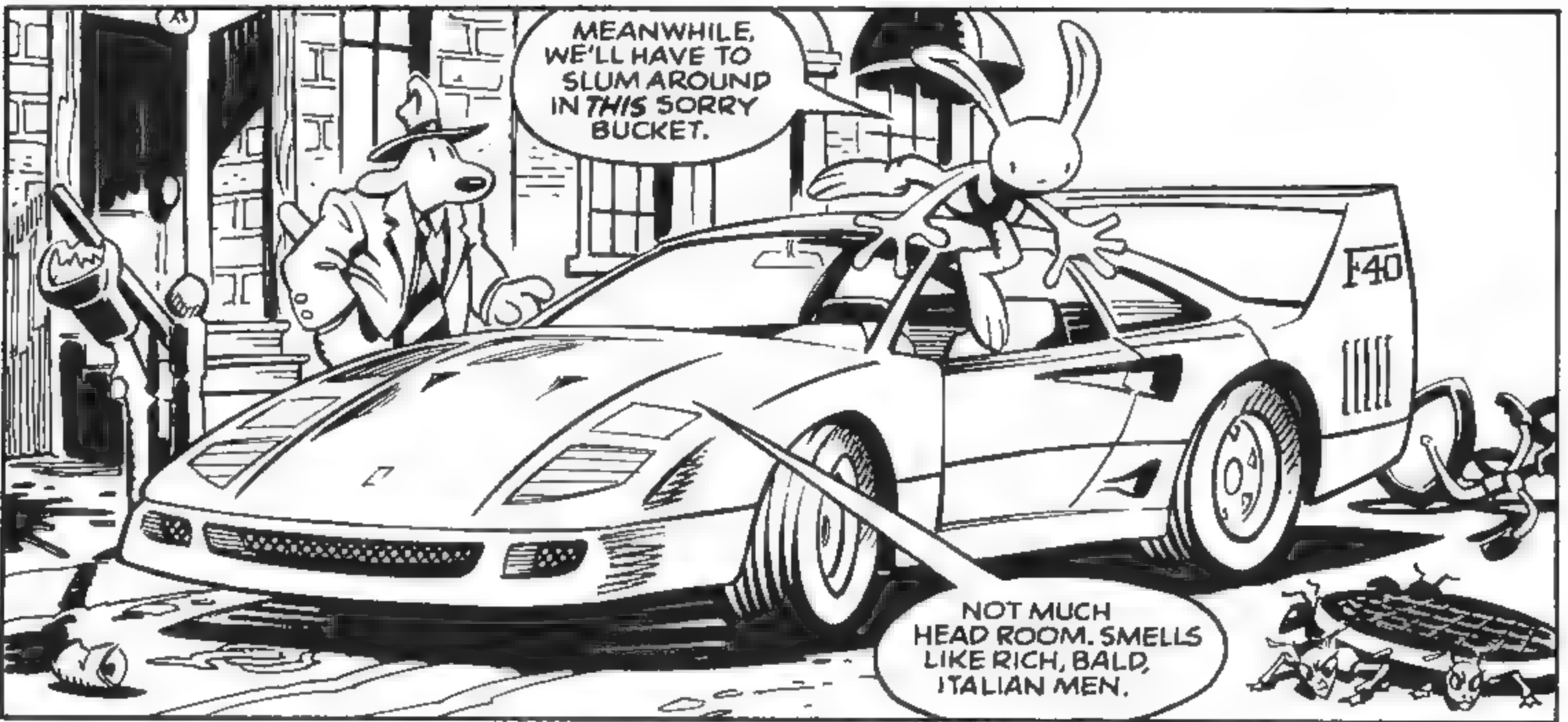




DID YOU WARM UP THE DESOTO?

HEY, WHERE IS IT? STILL IN THE SHOP?

ACTUALLY, SAM, THE GARAGE GAVE ME A LOANER, SINCE THEY HAVE TO FASHION THE REPLACEMENT STARTER MOTOR FROM A BLOCK OF RAW METAL ORE. IT SHOULD BE READY NEXT SPRING!



MEANWHILE, WE'LL HAVE TO SLUM AROUND IN THIS SORRY BUCKET.

NOT MUCH HEAD ROOM. SMELLS LIKE RICH, BALD, ITALIAN MEN.



LOOKIE HERE, MAX! THERE'S A THIEVING HOODLUM UNDER THE DASH. MUST BE AFTER OUR LITTER BAG!



GOODBYE, THIEVING, HOODLUM!

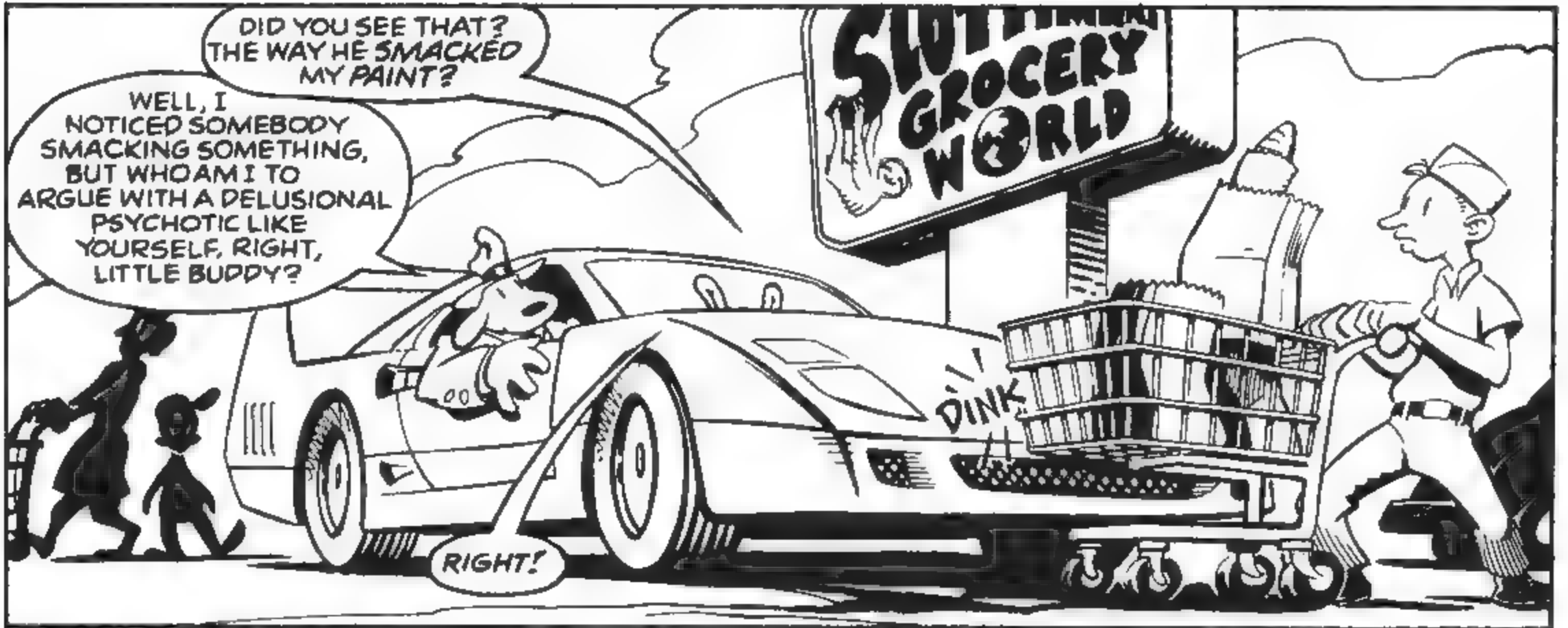
SHALL I BACK OVER HIM, SAM?

SORRY, MAX, NO TIME FOR PETTY INDULGENCES!



MAX, IN AMERICA, IT'S CUSTOMARY TO DRIVE ON THE RIGHT.

IT'S TURNING INTO A DAMN POLICE STATE, SAM!



DID YOU SEE THAT? THE WAY HE SMACKED MY PAINT?

WELL, I NOTICED SOMEBODY SMACKING SOMETHING, BUT WHO AM I TO ARGUE WITH A DELUSIONAL PSYCHOTIC LIKE YOURSELF, RIGHT, LITTLE BUDDY?

RIGHT!

DINK



IF YOU'RE UPSET, MAX, I DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD SUPPRESS IT.

HEY, MAN! I THINK YOU'RE NOT GOOD! I'LL NEVER BE YOUR BEST FRIEND!

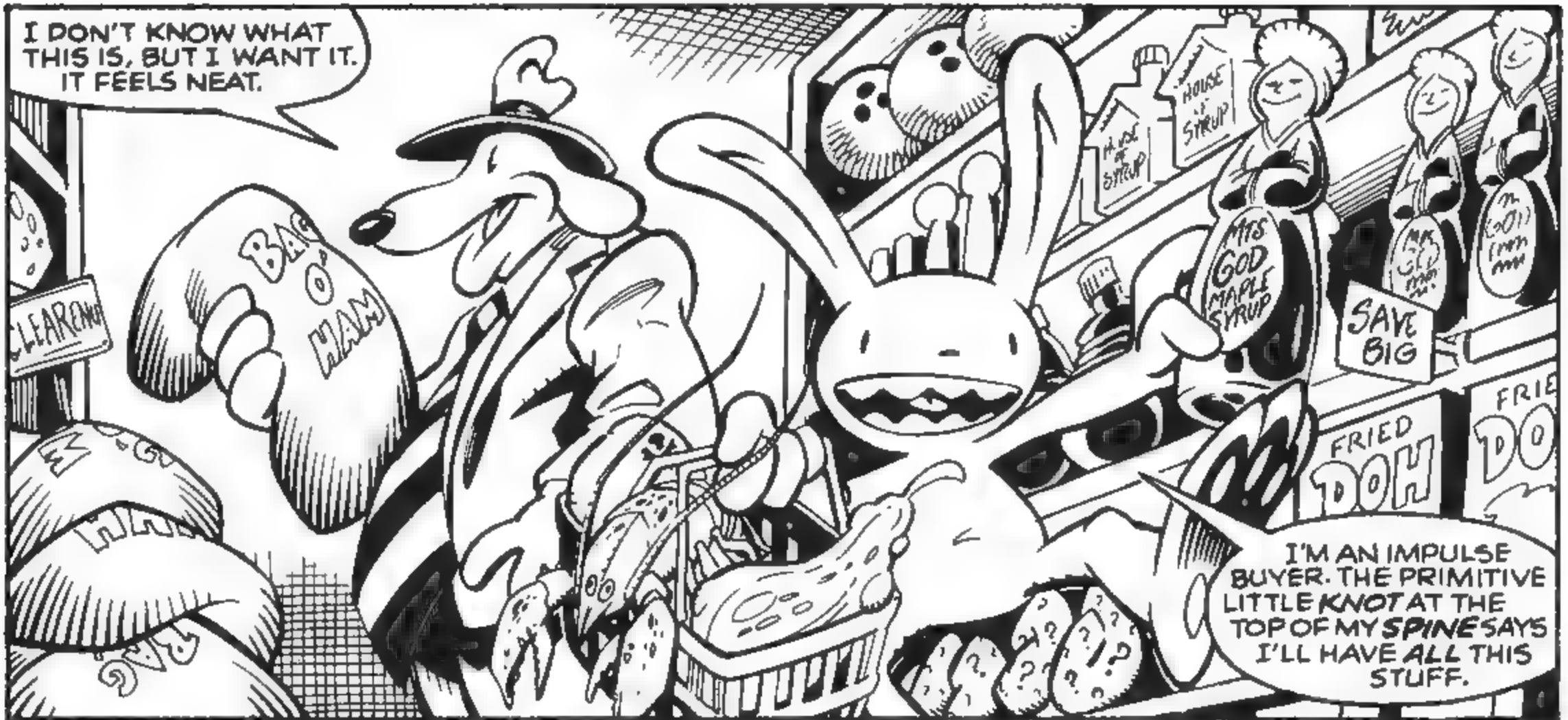
Ooh, YOU'RE A SCARY BUNNY.

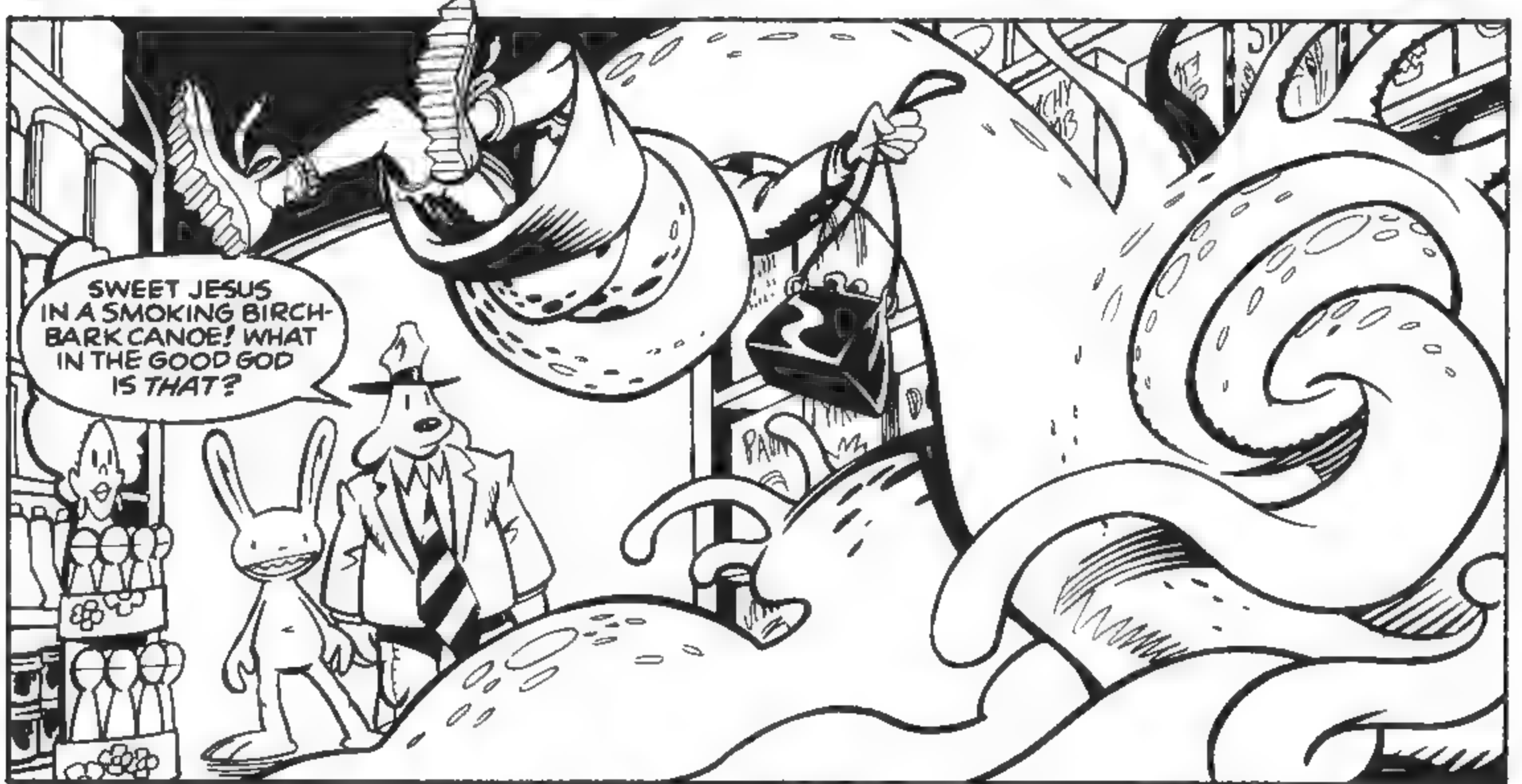
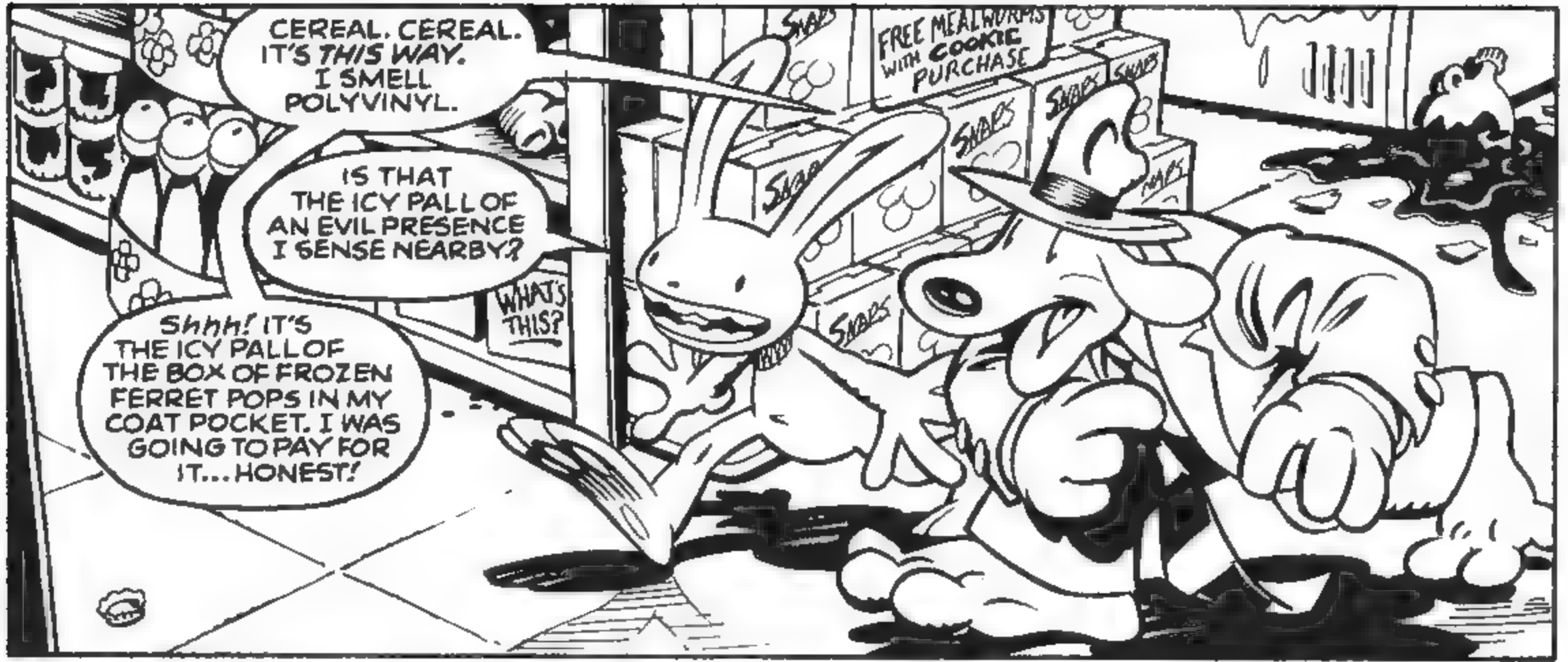


I DARE SAY I FEEL LITTLE REMORSE FOR MY ACTIONS, SAM.

OH, WELL. IF YOU DID, YOU PROBABLY WOULDN'T MEAN IT.

DRINK MORE BEER







I WISH I WAS FUZZIER. I FEEL THE BONE-CHILLING BREATH OF AN INHUMAN SPIRIT.

WHADDYA KNOW? THERE'S A FREE SATANIC RITUAL KNIFE IN EVERY BOX OF SUGAR-GLAZED HANDBALLS! TAKE THAT, PARENT WATCHDOG GROUPS!



THERE ARE CEREALS BACK HERE FROM PREHISTORIC TIMES. THIS ONE'S ACTUALLY MADE OF WHEAT! PREPOSTEROUS!

NO SIGN OF EVIL INCARNATE--



WHAT THE HELL'S HAPPENING?

ANY LUCK, MAX?

MPHLPK!

I THINK IT'S SAFE TO SAY THE BEAST FROM THE CEREAL AISLE IS A MISCHIEVOUS SPIRIT FROM THE OTHER SIDE.



YOU MEAN NOTIONS AND RUBBER GOODS?

SEE? IT SEEMS TO BE EXPRESSING ITSELF THROUGH THIS ECTOPLASMIC MANIFESTATION. PRETTY FAKE LOOKING, HUH? DON'T WORRY, MAX IS EXPERIENCING A MINIMUM OF DISCOMFORT.

I DON'T CARE.

Wheeee!









HERE COMES A HAIR-RAISING EFFECT NOW, SAM. Ooh. Aah.



MMmff!

PHOOP
PHOOP
PHOOP



IT'S HERE! THE BEAST! YIKES!

STAND BACK! I ONCE SAW IT SUCK THE FAT OUT OF A ROTARIAN!



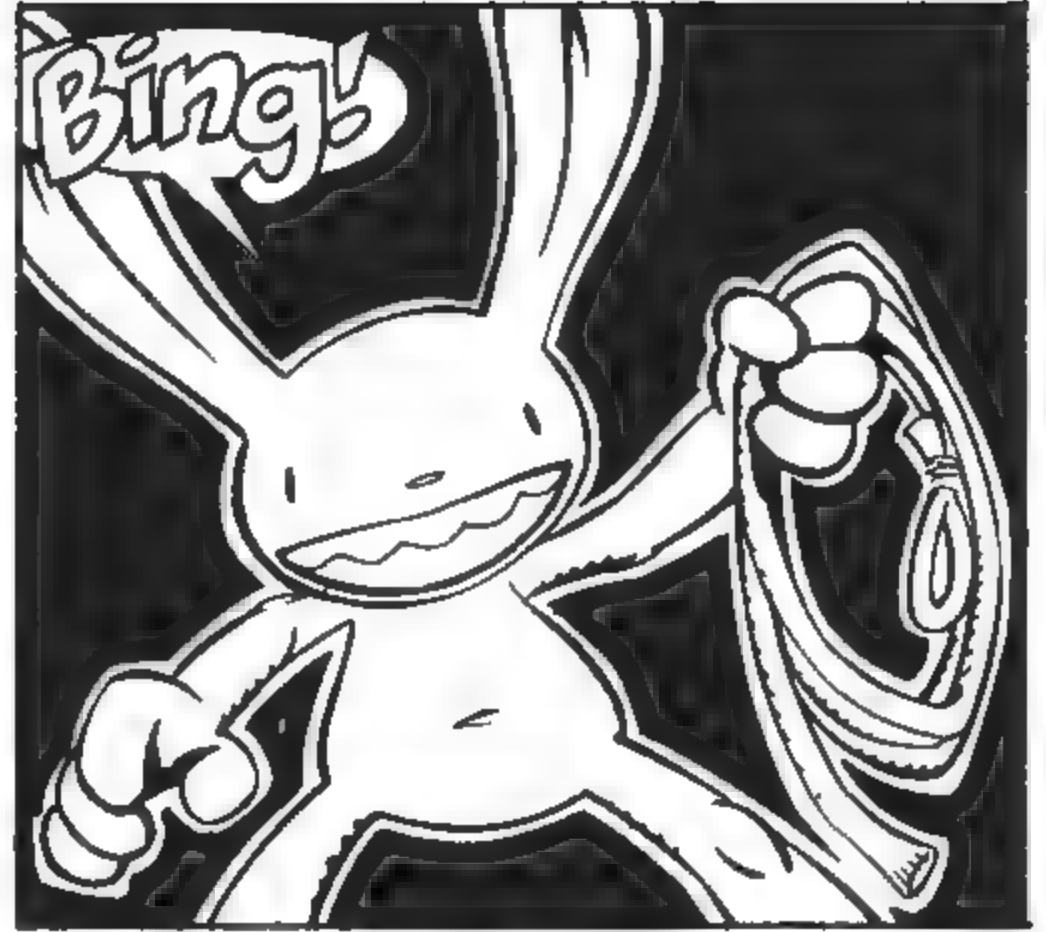
HERE IT COMES, SAM! I'LL TAKE SOME BLURRY SNAPSHOTS TO SELL TO OUR FAVORITE LAME TABLOID NEWS SHOW!

UNNGH!



IT'S MANIFESTING ITSELF IN A SORT OF DEMONICKY, HUMANOIDY SHAPE--JUST LIKE WE HOPED--HEY, THAT'S MY HAT, JACK!

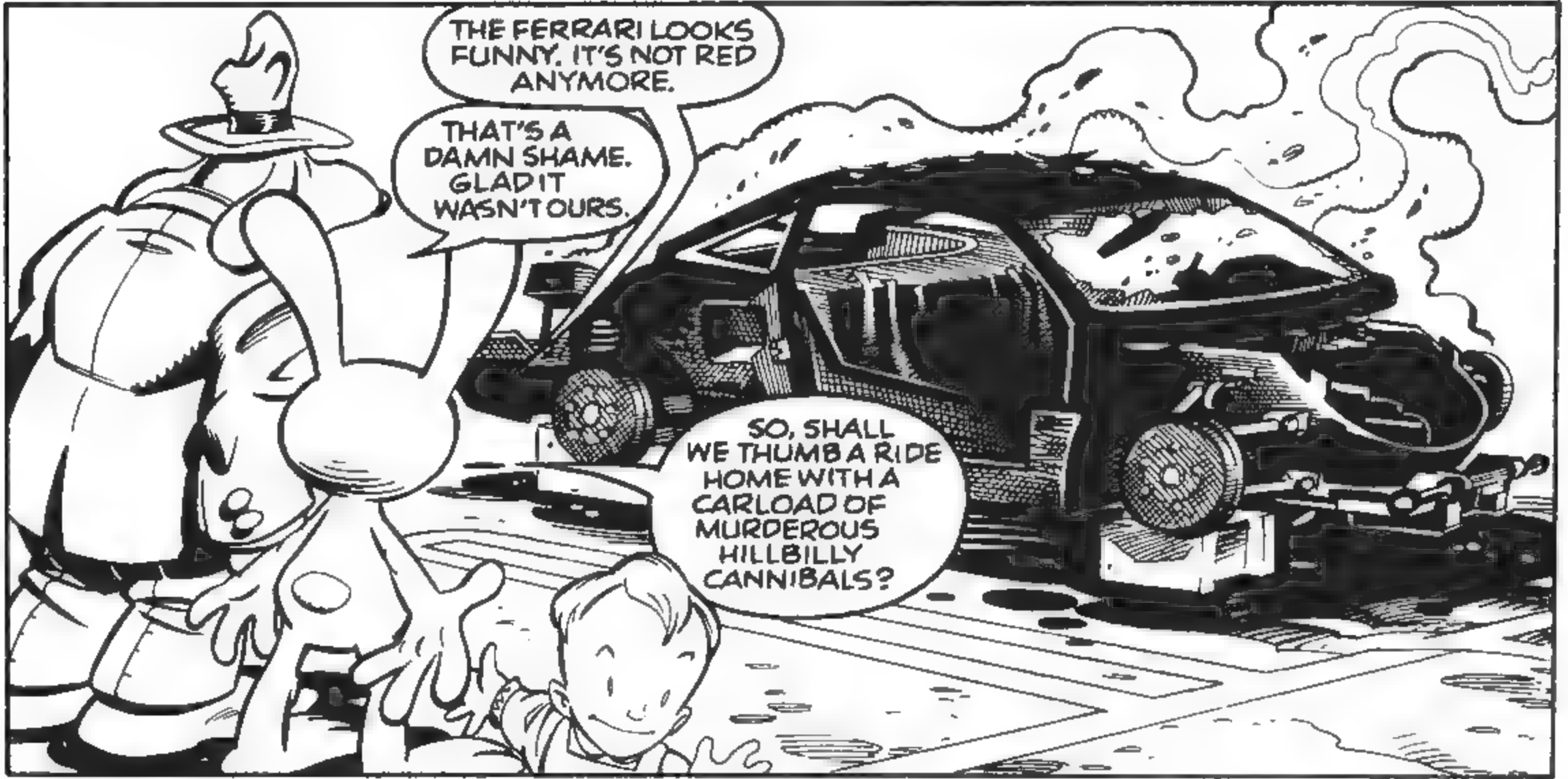
STRIFE











THE FERRARI LOOKS FUNNY. IT'S NOT RED ANYMORE.

THAT'S A DAMN SHAME. GLAD IT WASN'T OURS.

SO, SHALL WE THUMB A RIDE HOME WITH A CARLOAD OF MURDEROUS HILLBILLY CANNIBALS?

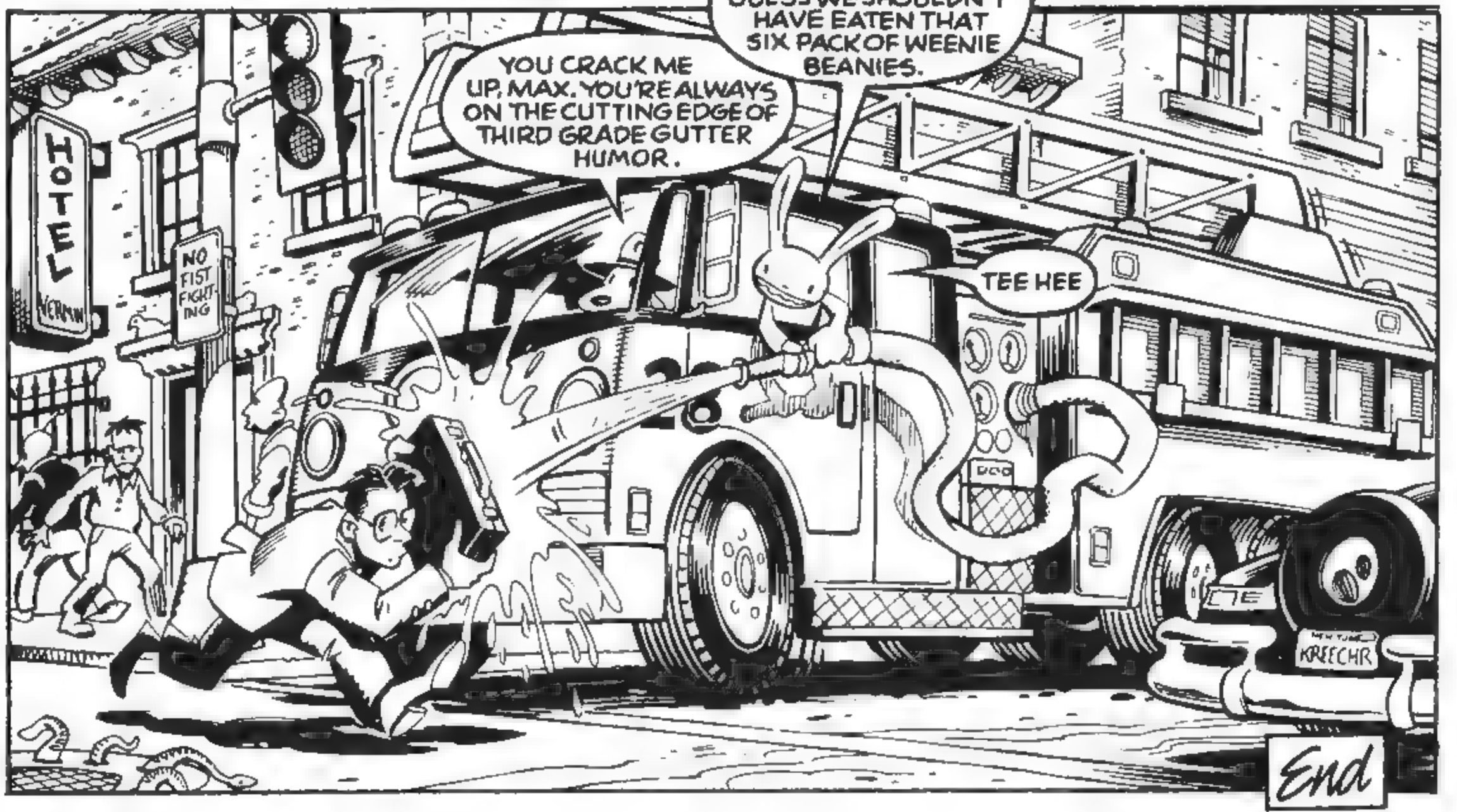


WAKE ME UP IF THERE'S A FIRE, MAX.

FUNNY YOU SHOULD MENTION THAT, SAM--

MAYBE NEXT TIME, MAX. THIS THOUGHTFUL, CARELESS CITIZEN LEFT US THEIR KEYS.

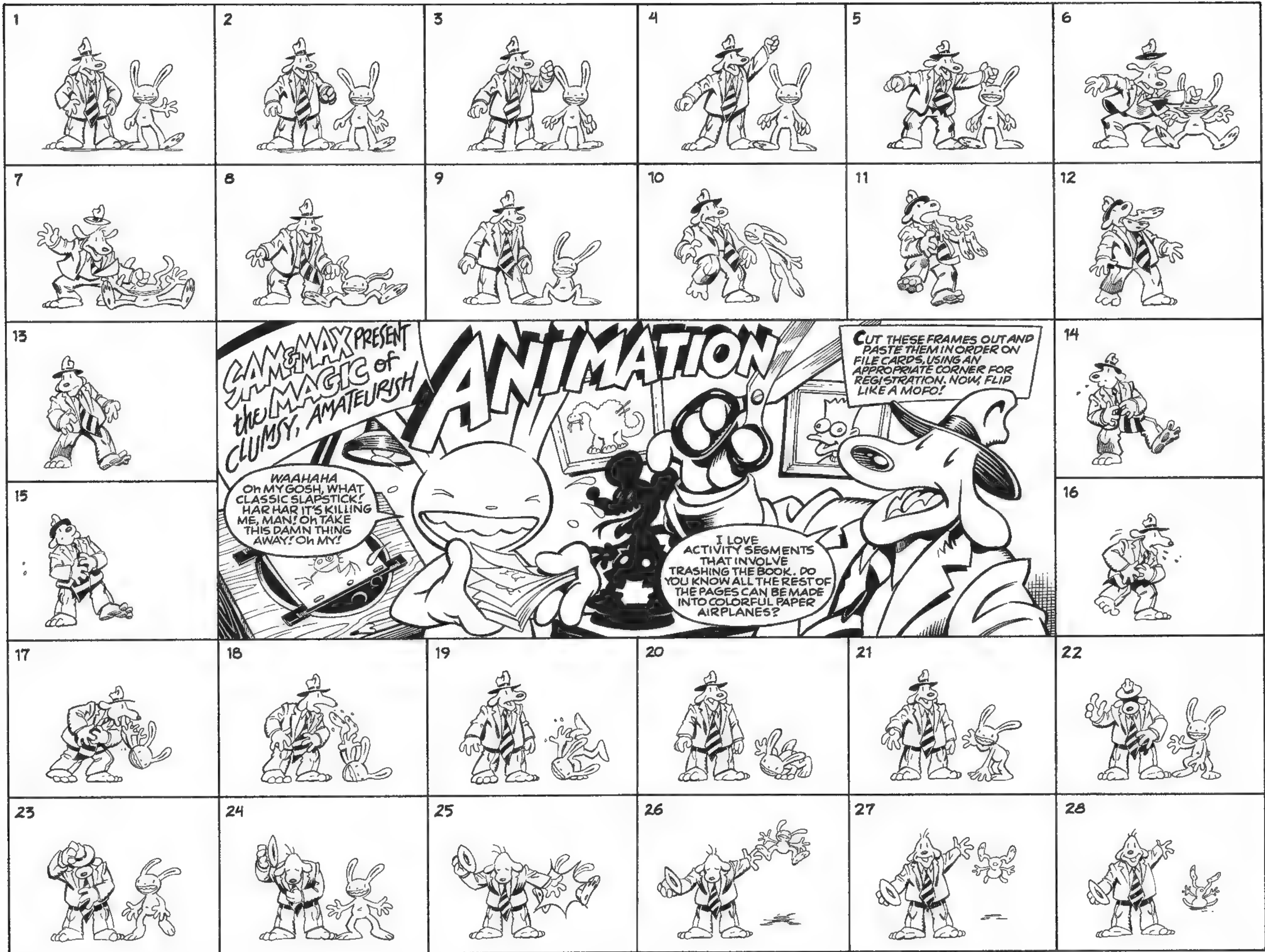
--I FEEL A SIREN NOISE COMING ON. GUESS WE SHOULDN'T HAVE EATEN THAT SIX PACK OF WEENIE BEANIES.



YOU CRACK ME UP, MAX. YOU'RE ALWAYS ON THE CUTTING EDGE OF THIRD GRADE GUTTER HUMOR.

TEE HEE

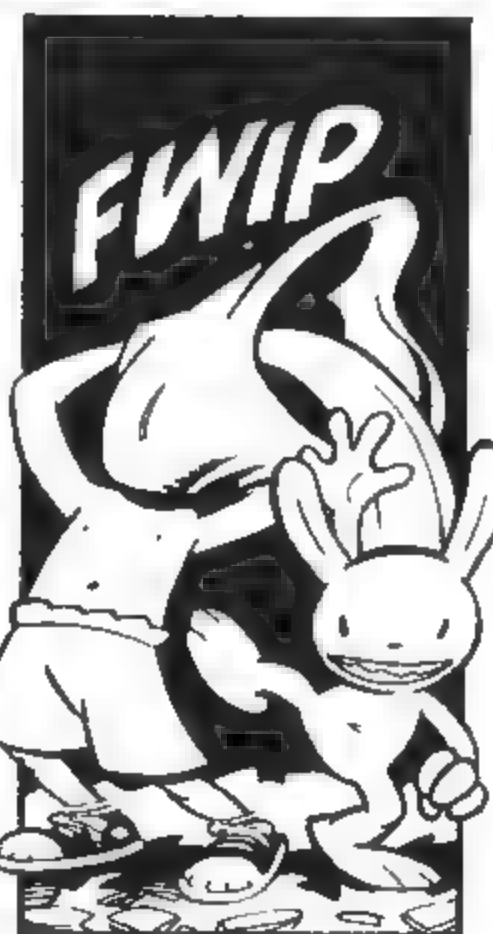
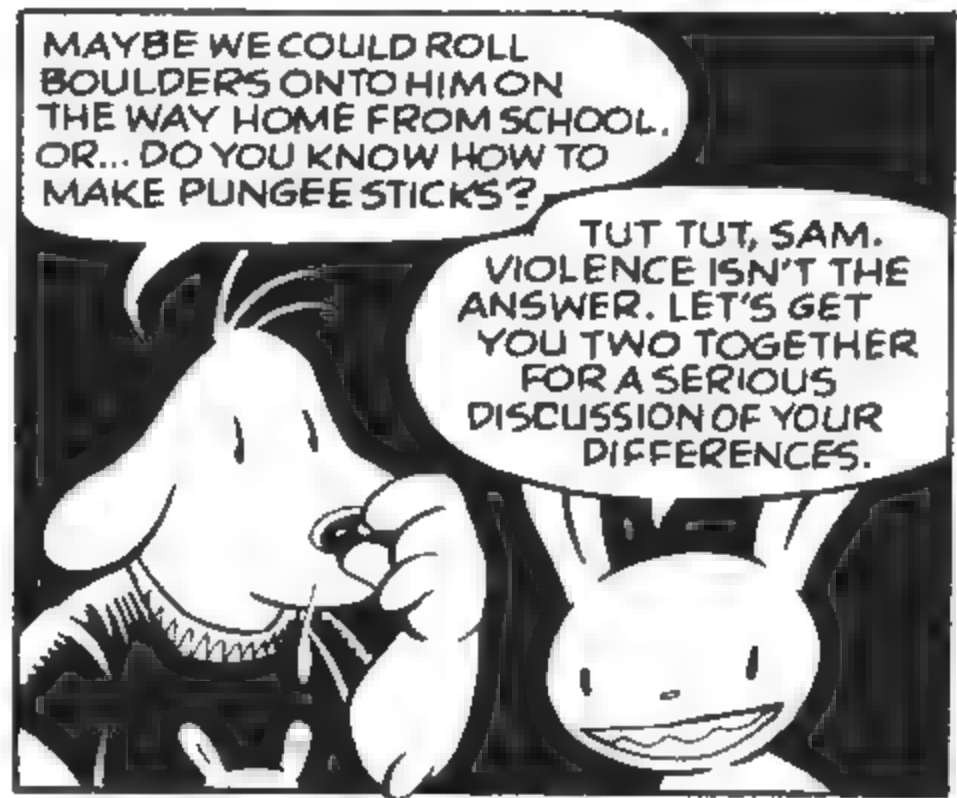
End





TERROR ON THE TANBARK

Starring SAM & MAX
AS SOFT, MARKETABLE BABY VERSIONS OF THEMSELVES.



SAM & MAX DEEP DEEP THINKERS IN:
POUNDERINGS OF THE AGES

RIDDLES OF NATURE

I READ ABOUT THIS ONCE! WHAT'S MORE HORRIBLE THAN A CATFISH THAT CAN BREATHE AIR AND WALK THE EARTH ON ITS HIDEOUS LITTLE FINS?

I KNOW! AND I'LL BE ANSWERING IN THE FORM OF A TONGUE TWISTER--HOW 'BOUT SWAMP ROAD FISHGUTS SLICKS?

IF I THINK I'M INSANE, DOES THAT MEAN I'M NOT, BECAUSE A REALLY INSANE PERSON WOULDN'T KNOW THEY WERE?

NO-- YOU ARE!

TRY THIS!

SWAP YEARBOOKS WITH SOMEONE ROUGHLY YOUR OWN AGE AND TAKE A LOOK-- THEY'RE ALL THE SAME PEOPLE!

THE HAIR. I CAN'T STOP LOOKING AT THE HAIR.

WE HAD ONE OF THESE GUYS! BUT OURS WAS CALLED ROGER COLTON.

HERE'S A THICKER VERSION OF DEBBIE BUTLER!

The Binnacle
 GOODE HIGH SCHOOL

SOMETHING TO BUG THE LADIES

YOU KNOW, MAX, AS MEN, WE WILL PROBABLY NEVER FULLY APPRECIATE THE HUMAN BIRTH PROCESS.

RIGHT, SAM. GUYS REGARD IT AS SOMETHING OF AN ATROCITY OF NATURE!

THAT PRECIOUS LITTLE CRITTER WE BUY SQUEEZY TOYS FOR BASICALLY STARTS OUT AS A PARASITE!

I'M A PARASITE! I'M A PARASITE!

IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE YOUR HARE TURN WHITE! GET IT? BAH HAHA HAAA!

IDIOT.

WHEREVER THERE'S A NECKLESS
GOON BEATING UP A GUY—

WHEREVER AN INBRED STREET
GANG IS TORCHING A HELPLESS
BUM—

WHEREVER INNOCENT CREATURES
ARE TERRORIZED BY THE
HATEFUL AND IGNORANT—

WE'LL BE THERE!
SEVERELY DISAPPROVING.
RIGHT MAX?!.....
....MAX?....



SAM & MAX

FREELANCE POLICE

COMING
SOON
FROM:



©'87 STEVE PURCELL.

SAM & MAX
FOR THE
NATIONAL RIFLE AND ARTILLERY ASSOCIATION

MAX AND I
WOULDN'T WANT
EVERY GIBBERING
LUNATIC CARRYING
THESE THINGS
AROUND...

...BUT WE DON'T
WANT SOME CHEEZE
FILLED BUREAUCRAT
TAKING AWAY OUR
SOMETHING OR OTHER
AMENDMENT RIGHT
TO KEEP AND BEAR
HARPOON GUNS AND
CONCUSSION BOMB
LAUNCHERS-RIGHT
MAX?

LET ME PUT IT
THIS WAY SAM- IF
YOU MET A NINE FOOT
HUMANOID WITH A RUSTY
MEAT AXE STANDING
IN YOUR FOYER, WOULD YOU
RATHER BE HOLDING A
BUSTED BALL BAT
OR ONE OF
THESE?!

WHAT
THE HELL'S
A FOYER?

SAM & MAX
FREELANCE POLICE
COMING SOON
FROM
FISHWRAP



MAX, THAT BATHING SUIT YOU'RE WEARING MAKES MY FLESH CRAWL! AND WHERE DID YOU GET SUNGLASSES TO FIT YOUR BIZARRELY SPACED EYEBALLS?

DARYL HANNAH SAYS I'M A TOTALLY HELATIOUS BABE, SAM! SO MIND YOUR OWN DAMN BUSINESS!

YOU CRACK ME UP, LITTLE PAL!

SCOOPY'S TOYS



MY GOD,
MAX! I STEPPED
ON A DEADLY
STONEFISH!

IT'S A
BUTTERMILK
CRULLER, YOU
DORK

Praga 89

CRIME IS A DISEASE

AND WE'RE A PINK,
CHALKY-TASTING
MEDICINE!
RIGHT MAX?

I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE TALKING
ABOUT!



© 1987 STEVE PURCELL

SAM & MAX
FREELANCE POLICE

**COMING
IN
AUGUST
FROM:**





SAM & MAX

FREELANCE POLICE

• SPECIAL ROAD TRIP EDITION •



SAN DIEGO!

YOU KNOW MAX, THIS IS THE ONLY ZOO WHERE THE HOWLER MONKEYS AND THREE-TOED TREE SLOTHS LOOK TRULY WELL-FED AND HAPPY!

THIS IS THE COMIC CON, BEEFHEAD!

LOOKIE SAM! I GOT MORT DRUCKER TO SIGN THE BACK OF MY HUGE SKULL! I HAD TO THREATEN HIM!

YOU ARE A CRUEL AND HATEFUL BEAST MAX!

WE LOVE THE **SAN DIEGO COMIC CON** MORE THAN WE LOVE ORANGE PUSH-UPS AND MISSILE POPS, RIGHT MAX?

DAMN STRAIGHT BRO'

SEE YOU THERE!

Prick 88



SAM & MAX ON THE ROAD



BUCKLE UP!

LET'S NOT RIDE WITH THESE GUYS ANYMORE, MAX. I THINK I SWALLOWED MY GUM.

GOOD THING WE WERE RESTRAINED BY OUR SAFETY BELTS, SAM! MY HUGE SKULL IS COMPLETELY INTACT, AND I GET TO KEEP ALL MY TEETH! HOO-HAH!



IN "ACTION FIGURE SURGERY"

by STEVE PURCELL

LETTERED BY LOIS BUHALIS

BASED ON A SHOCKING REPPRESSED MEMORY FROM SCOTT RUSSELL!

THIS BOX OF MISTREATED PLAY-THINGS SHOULD PROVIDE THE RAW INGREDIENTS.

SOUNDS DELICIOUS. BUT WHERE'S SUPERFLY?

AS LONG AS WE HAVE OPPOSABLE THUMBS AND A CHIMP-LIKE IMPULSE TO WRECK STUFF, SUPERFLY IS A DREAM THAT CAN COME TRUE!

THE SHORT ANSWER--? 'CAUSE HE'S INCREDIBLY LAME! BUT DON'T LET THAT DASH YOUR FLUFFY LITTLE HOPES, MAX.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THOSE SHORT-SIGHTED TOY COMPANIES?! WHY DON'T THEY MAKE AN ACTION FIGURE OF MY FAVORITE GRIM, VIGILANTE HERO, SUPERFLY?!

TELL ME MORE!

NOW, THAT'S ONE BIG, BEAUTIFUL, HAND-FULL-O' TOYS!

I MAY WEEP OPENLY. GIMME! GIMME!

A LITTLE MODEL GLUE... AN OLD SET OF MANDIBLES FROM ANT PUNK... SOME HIGHLY TOXIC, RADIOACTIVE LEAD-BASED INDUSTRIAL ENAMEL LEFT OVER FROM THE SPACE PROGRAM...

SORRY, MAX. IT APPEARS I'VE GLUED ALL MY DIGITS TOGETHER. Oh, WELL, AT LEAST IT'S IN TIME FOR SOFTBALL SEASON.

LIIVE! LIIVE!!

SAM, WOULD YOU HELP ME BUILD DARKSKULL, SUPERFLY'S BONEHEADED NEMESIS?

SUPERFLY IS MINE AT LAST! TO PLAY WITH AND TREASURE AND WAIL ON WITH A PIPE WRENCH ONCE THE INITIAL NOVELTY WEARS OFF! YOU'RE MY BEST FRIEND, SAM!

GEE, SAM. I GUESS THAT MAKES YOU THE BONEHEAD!

JUST DON'T CHOKE ON HIM.

COME CLOSER SO I CAN SWAT YOU WITH THESE THINGS.

The End

SAM & MAX IN: THE KIDS TAKE OVER!

TM & © 1997 by STEVE PURCELL



WHEW. GOOD THING WE HAD THESE CRYOGENIC CHAMBERS JIGGED UP IN ANTICIPATION OF COMET KAHUNA BOPP. RIGHT, MAX?

WHAAAT?

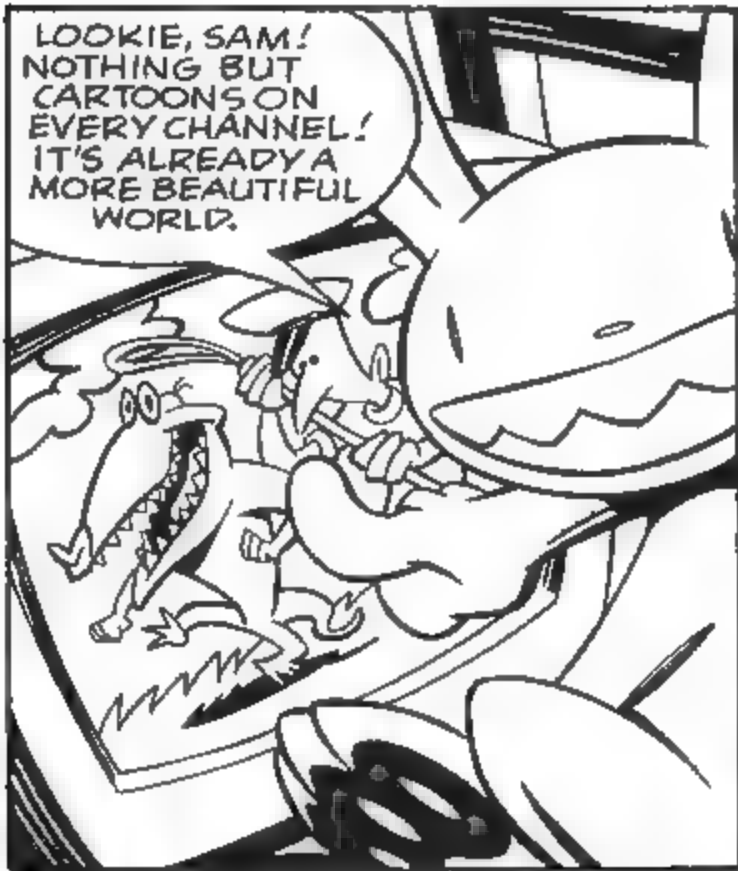
LETTERED BY: LOIS BUHALIS

AMAZING THAT ANYTHING'S STILL STANDING SINCE EARTH'S ORBIT PASSED RIGHT THROUGH THE COMET'S NOXIOUS TAIL WASH. WHO KNOWS WHAT EFFECT IT HAD ON CIVILIZATION?



MAYBE IT'S A PLANET OF TALKING ANIMALS AMBLING ABOUT ON THEIR HIND LEGS LIKE HUMANS!

Oh, THAT'S JUST SILLY.



LOOKIE, SAM! NOTHING BUT CARTOONS ON EVERY CHANNEL! IT'S ALREADY A MORE BEAUTIFUL WORLD.



CHILDREN! EVERYWHERE! CLEARLY THE EFFECT OF THE COMET HAS UPENDED SOCIETY, PUTTING THE KIDS IN CHARGE!

FINE WITH ME!



HIGHWAYS HAVE BEEN REDESIGNED TO MAKE ROUTINE TRIPS TO THE SUPERMARKET 60% WACKIER!

I LIKE IT!



GREEN VEGETABLES ARE NO LONGER CONSIDERED HUMAN FOOD!

WERE THEY EVER?



SAM & MAX

SKEPTICAL INVESTIGATORS

TM & © 1998 by Sam Frazee

LETTERED BY LOIS BUHALIS



WE'RE BACK WITH OUR FIRST GUEST--A THICK-MINDED "ABDUCTEE" WHO CLAIMS SHE ACTUALLY POPPED-OUT A HYBRID ALIEN CHILD!
Pffffff!



HE HAD BIG, BLACK EYES LIKE A COCKERSPANIEL...AND PASTY, GREY SKIN...LIKE THE CLERKS AT THE DMV.

PERSONALLY, I THINK YOU'RE FULL OF CRAP--

-- AND IF THE AUDIENCE IS WITH ME, I'D LIKE TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO REDUCE YOU TO A DEFEATED, BLUBBERING SHELL OF YOURSELF.

BUT IT'S TRUE!



COME OFF IT, TOOTS! YOU'D HAVE US BELIEVE YOU'VE BEEN GETTIN'-IT-ON WITH SOME CLAMMY, BUBBLE-HEADED ALIEN! WHICH IS IT--DELUSIONAL PSYCHOSIS OR JUST WISFUL THINKING?!



THAT'S HIM! THAT'S THE ONE!

OOOOOOOO



LADY, I'M THIS CLOSE TO POURING MY DRINK ON YOU.



OH, RIGHT. WHEN YOU BACK THESE KOOKS INTO A CORNER, THEY ALWAYS RESORT TO OUTLANDISH THEATRICALS.

SHOULD I CALL SOMEBODY?



OH, YOU'RE GOOD. YOU'RE REAL GOOD.



AW, THAT'S CUTE. GO ON-- SPLIT IN HALF AND LET THE LOCUSTS FLY OUT. VERY IMPRESSIVE. VERY WHIMSICAL.



IS ANYONE ACTUALLY BUYING THIS LOAD?



ANOTHER SORRY-ASS PARANORMAL CLAIM PUMMELED SILLY BY THE BODY BLOWS OF REASON. RIGHT, MAX?

SAM, DID YOU ACTUALLY SAY, "GETTIN'-IT-ON"?

NEXT WEEK-- GUSHING STIGMATICS! THEY'RE ALWAYS GOOD FOR A HOOT!

SAM & MAX
FREELANCE POLICE

IN FAIR WIND TO JAVA

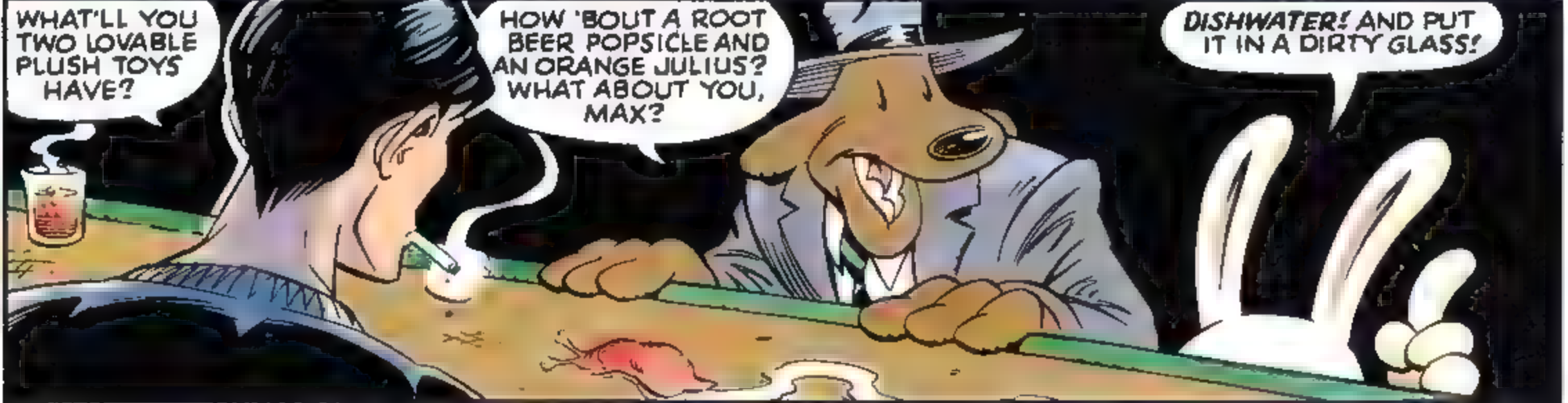
WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY:
STEVE PURCELL
LETTERED BY: L. LOIS BUHALIS

BASED ON THE ANCIENT HIERATIC
MANUSCRIPT: "SAM & MAX KICK
SOME ALIEN BUTT"



THIS PLACE
REEKS OF ADVENTURE
AND EXCITEMENT,
SAM?

I THOUGHT
IT WAS THIS TUNA FISH
SANDWICH I FOUND
CRAWLING WITH LIFE
IN MY COAT
POCKET.



WHAT'LL YOU
TWO LOVABLE
PLUSH TOYS
HAVE?

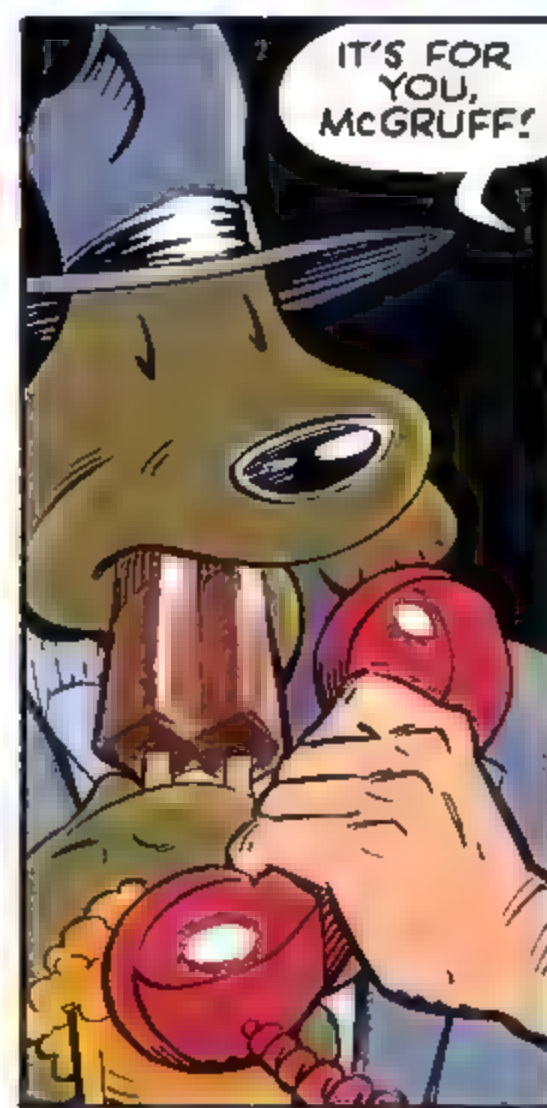
HOW 'BOUT A ROOT
BEER POPSICLE AND
AN ORANGE JULIUS?
WHAT ABOUT YOU,
MAX?

DISHWATER! AND PUT
IT IN A DIRTY GLASS!



DON'T GULP IT MAX,
YOU'LL GET A BELLY
ACHE.

RINGING



IT'S FOR
YOU,
MCGRUFF!



DID YOU HEAR WHAT
HE CALLED ME? I
HATE THAT!

LET'S SNEAK
UP TO HIS ROOM LATER
AND DRAIN ALL THE
LIQUID OUT OF
HIS BODY.

IF HE CALLS ME
"HELLO KITTY" I'LL
PLUG HIM.



YES?...YES?...YES?...YES?...
EEP! WE'RE ON OUR
WAY!

EEP?



THAT WAS THE COMMISSIONER,
MAX! THERE'S BAD TROUBLE
IN ANCIENT EGYPT! LET'S
MOVE!

RIGHT! WE'LL TRAVEL
THROUGH THIS
DIMENSIONAL PORTAL
ON TOP OF THE BAR!

THAT'S
SPILLED BEER,
ROCKHEAD.

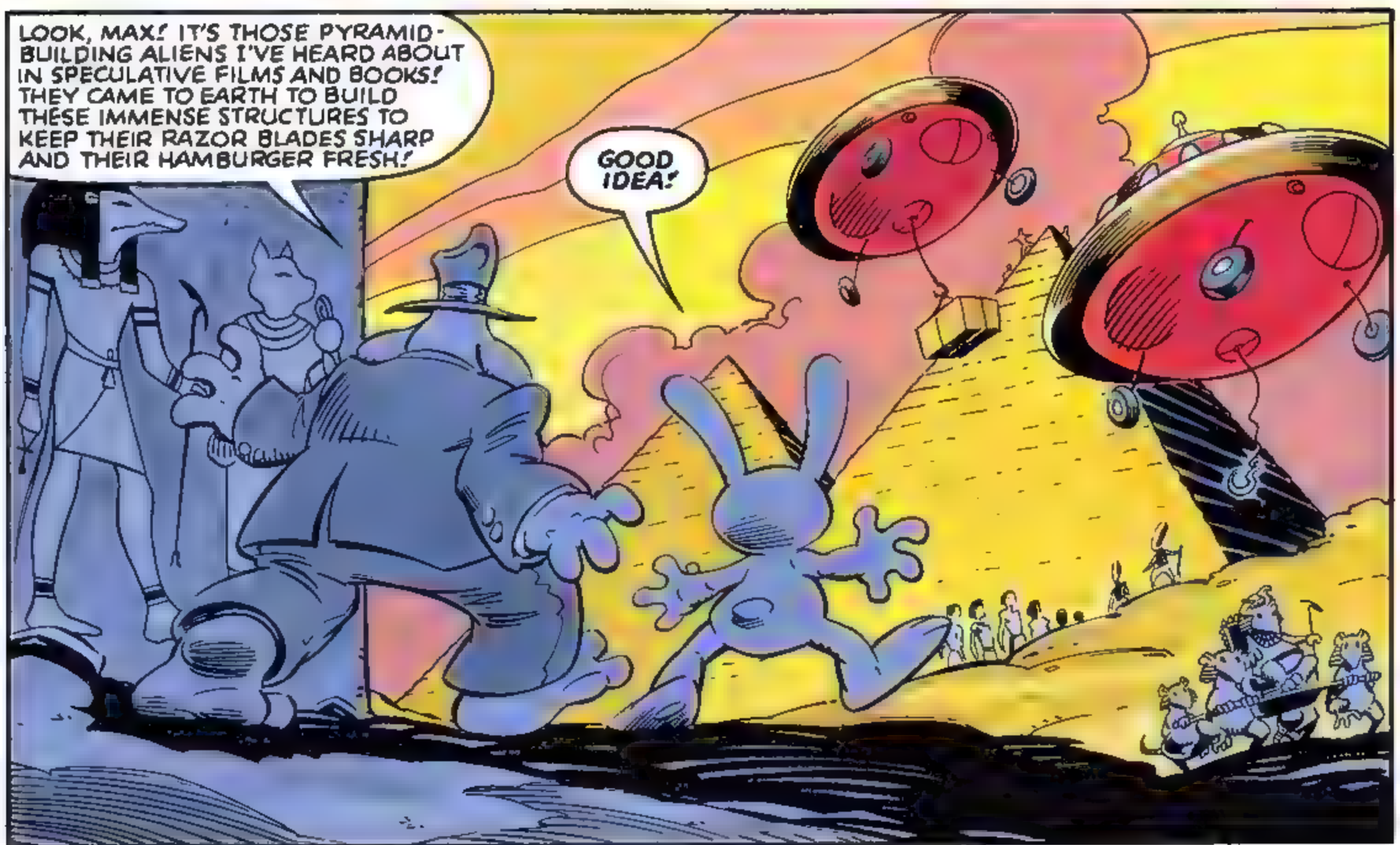
Oh, IN THAT
CASE...



WELL HERE WE ARE
IN ANCIENT EGYPT!

SENSITIVELY
RENDERED ONLY
AFTER PAINSTAKING
RESEARCH, NO
DOUBT.

Sshhh.
BEHOLD THE
MAJESTY OF
THESE POINTY
STONE
THINGS.



LOOK, MAX! IT'S THOSE PYRAMID-
BUILDING ALIENS I'VE HEARD ABOUT
IN SPECULATIVE FILMS AND BOOKS!
THEY CAME TO EARTH TO BUILD
THESE IMMENSE STRUCTURES TO
KEEP THEIR RAZOR BLADES SHARP
AND THEIR HAMBURGER FRESH!

GOOD
IDEA!

YOU SEE MAX, THERE'S NO WOOD AROUND HERE TO MAKE CARTS OR ROLLERS TO MOVE THESE HUGE STONES. EACH WEIGHING ABOUT 118 MILLION TONS OR SOMETHING. SO NATURALLY THE ONLY WAY TO BUILD THESE SO-CALLED PYRAMIDS IS WITH REALLY FAKE-LOOKING SPACESHIPS!

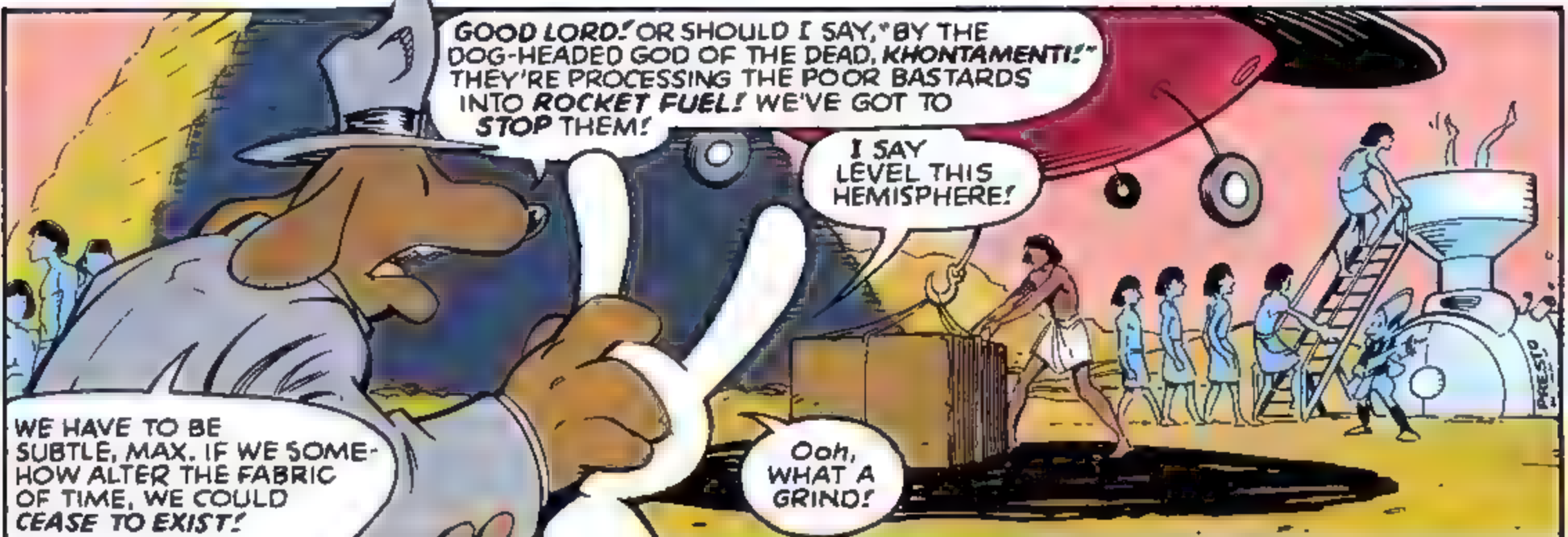


THAT MAN'S WEARING EYE MAKE-UP! I'M SHOCKED!

STILL... ONLY BY SOMEHOW EXPLOITING THE LOCAL GRUNTS COULD THESE SPACE GOONS COMPLETE THEIR UNWHOLESOME TASK.



WHERE'D YOU GET THAT HAT?

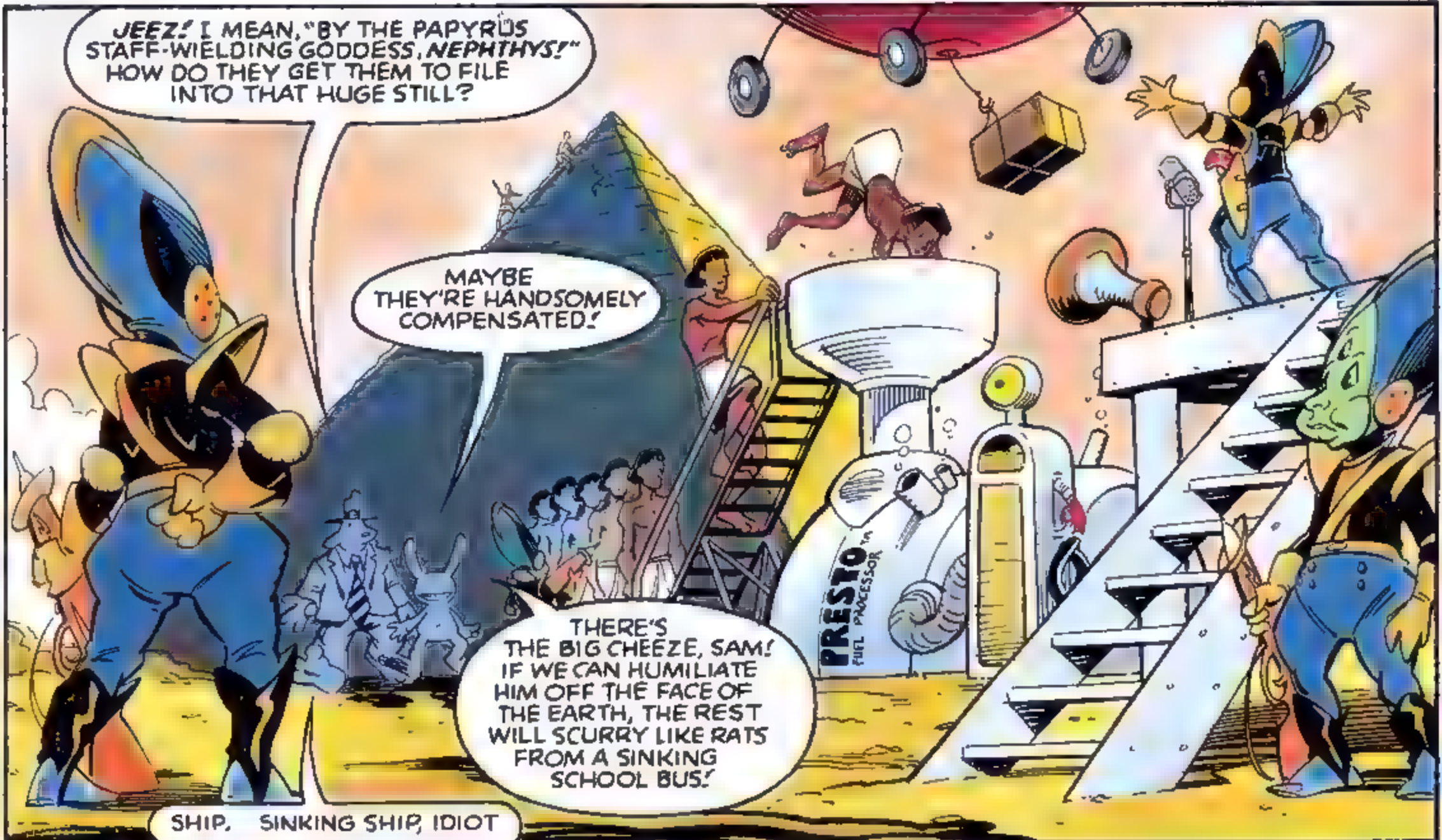


GOOD LORD! OR SHOULD I SAY, "BY THE DOG-HEADED GOD OF THE DEAD, KHONTAMENTI!" THEY'RE PROCESSING THE POOR BASTARDS INTO ROCKET FUEL! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!

I SAY LEVEL THIS HEMISPHERE!

Ooh, WHAT A GRIND!

WE HAVE TO BE SUBTLE, MAX. IF WE SOMEHOW ALTER THE FABRIC OF TIME, WE COULD CEASE TO EXIST!

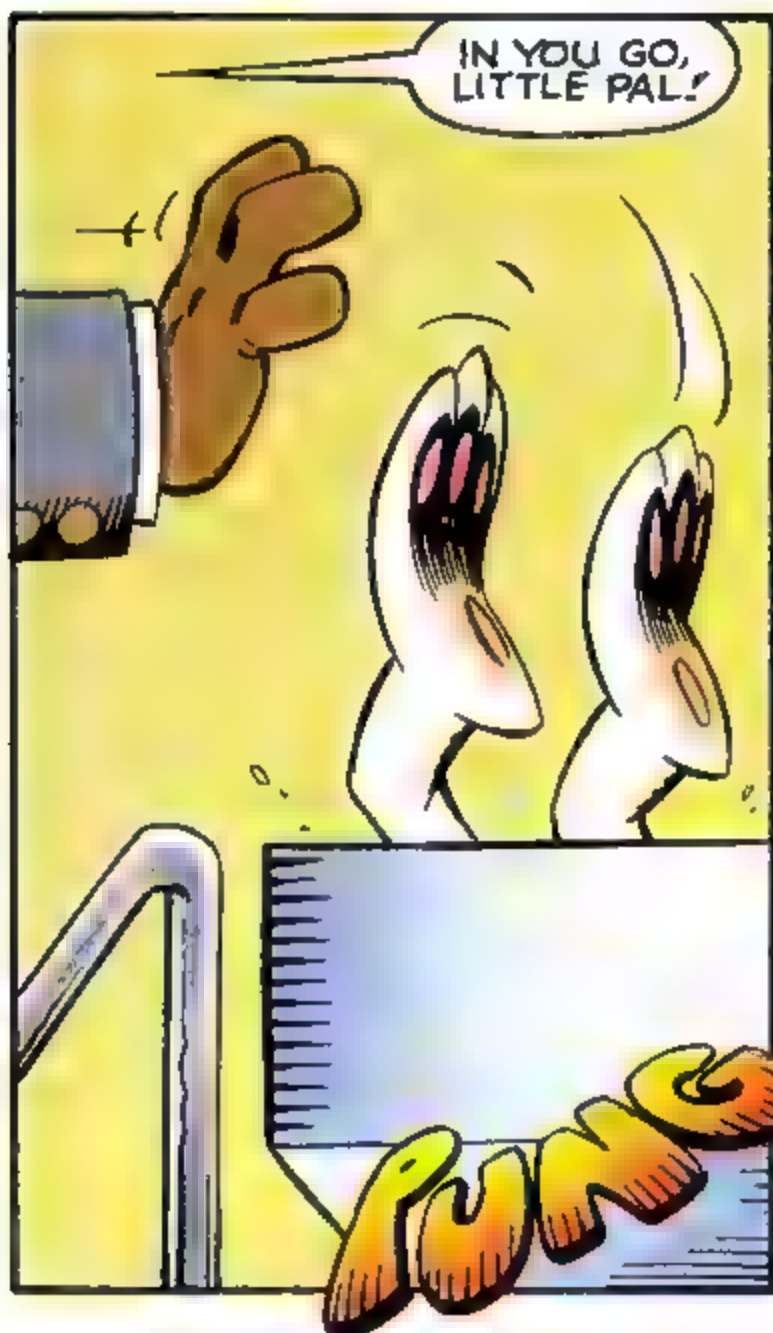
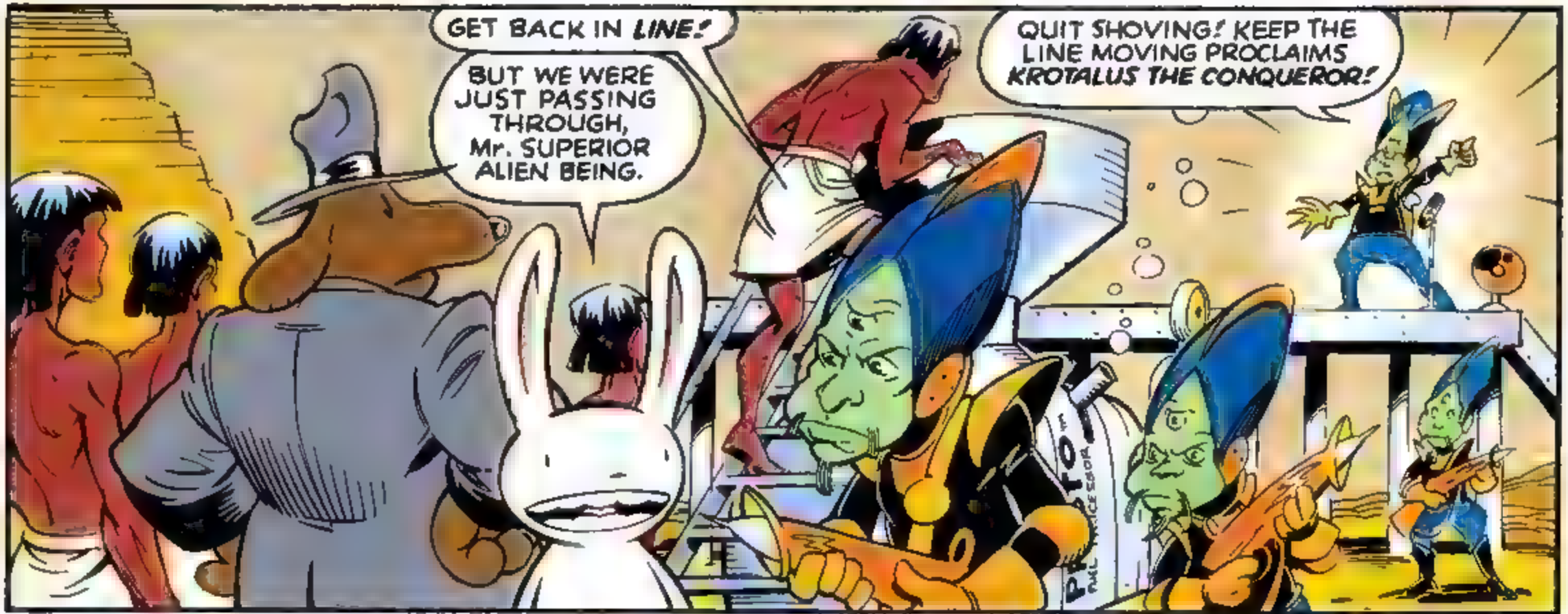


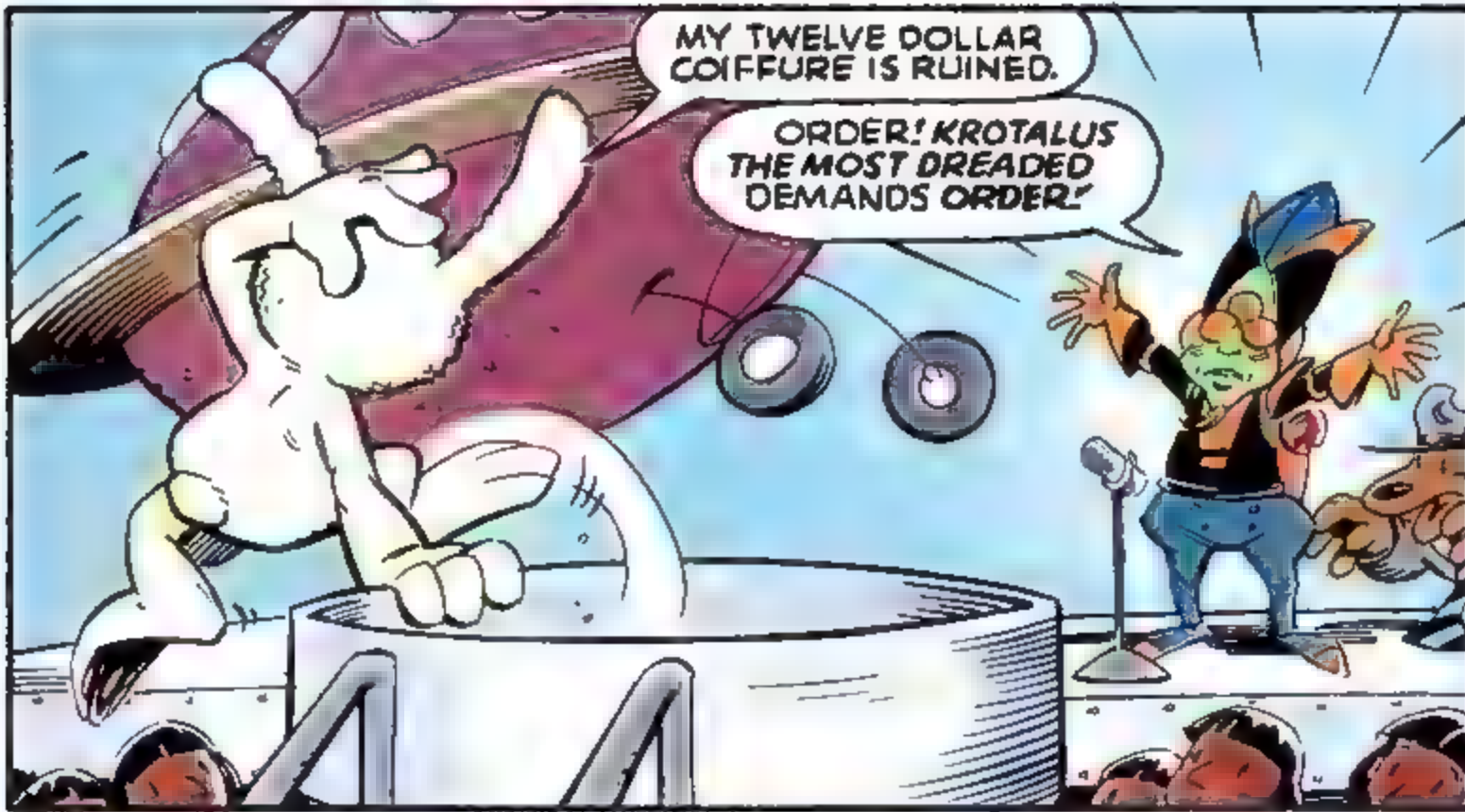
JEEZ! I MEAN, "BY THE PAPYRUS STAFF-WIELDING GODDESS, NEPHTHYS!" HOW DO THEY GET THEM TO FILE INTO THAT HUGE STILL?

MAYBE THEY'RE HANDSOMELY COMPENSATED!

THERE'S THE BIG CHEEZE, SAM! IF WE CAN HUMILIATE HIM OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH, THE REST WILL SCURRY LIKE RATS FROM A SINKING SCHOOL BUS!

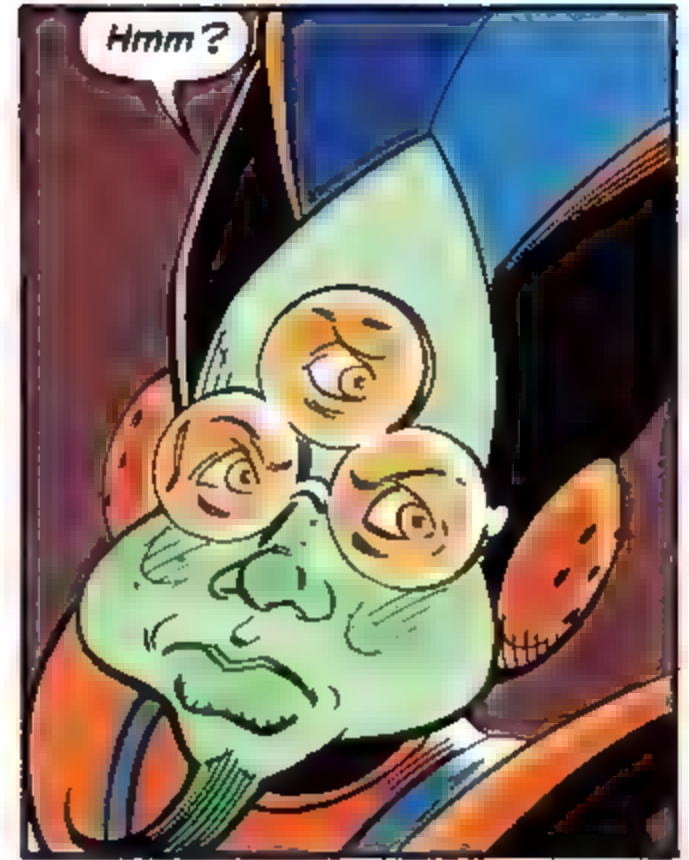
SHIP, SINKING SHIP, IDIOT



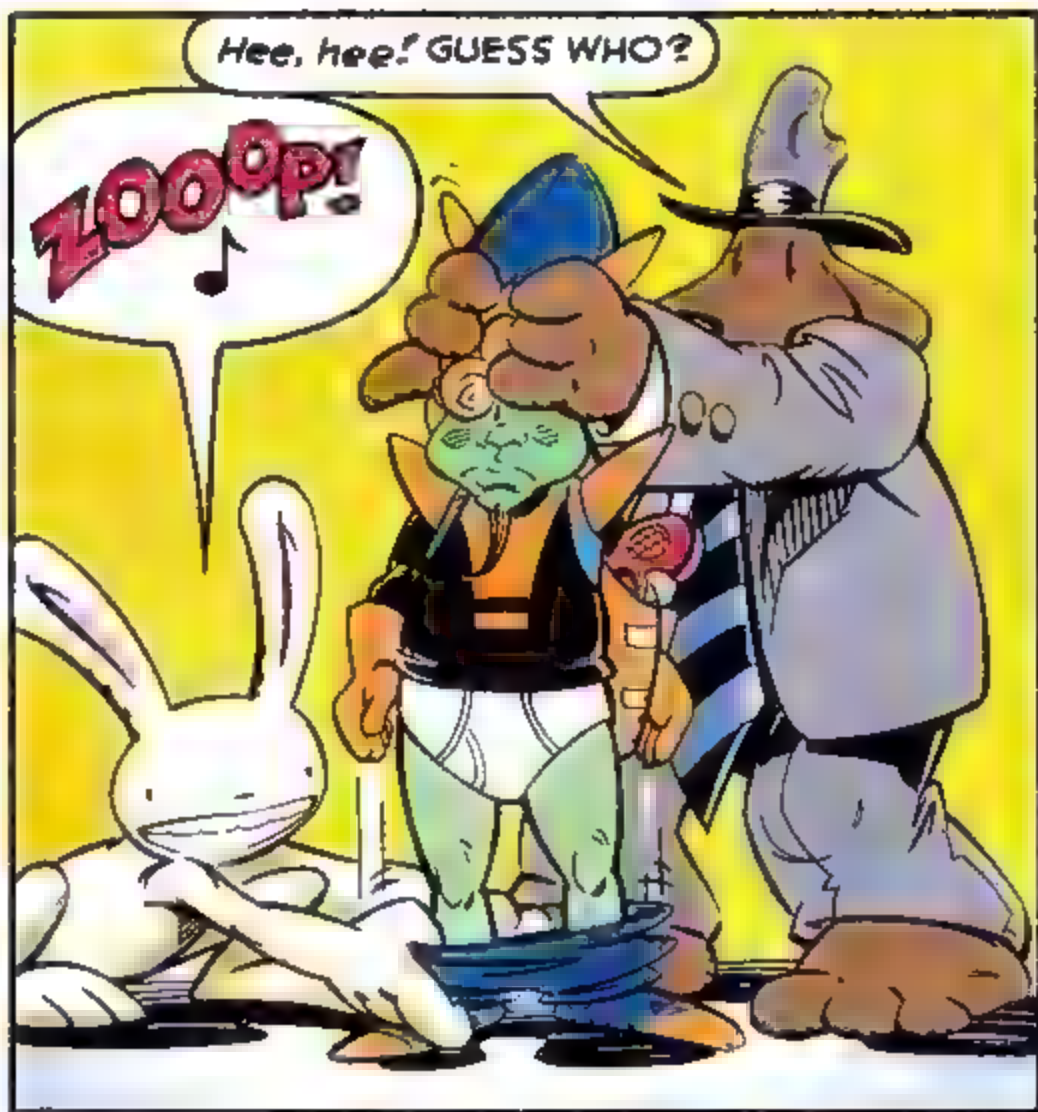


MY TWELVE DOLLAR COIFFURE IS RUINED.

ORDER! KROTALUS THE MOST DREADED DEMANDS ORDER!



Hmm?



Hee, hee! GUESS WHO?

ZOOOP!



HEY, EVERYBODY! LOOK AT THE PANTSSED ALIEN! YOK! YOK!

LOOK AT HIS GOOFY SHORTS! LET'S HAVE A BIG HAND FOR HIM, FOLKS!



YOUR SLAVES NO LONGER FEAR YOU, KROTALUS THE HELPLESS PINHEAD!

Oops! LOOK OUT, SAM, HE'S GOT A BIG, FUTURISTIC GUN!

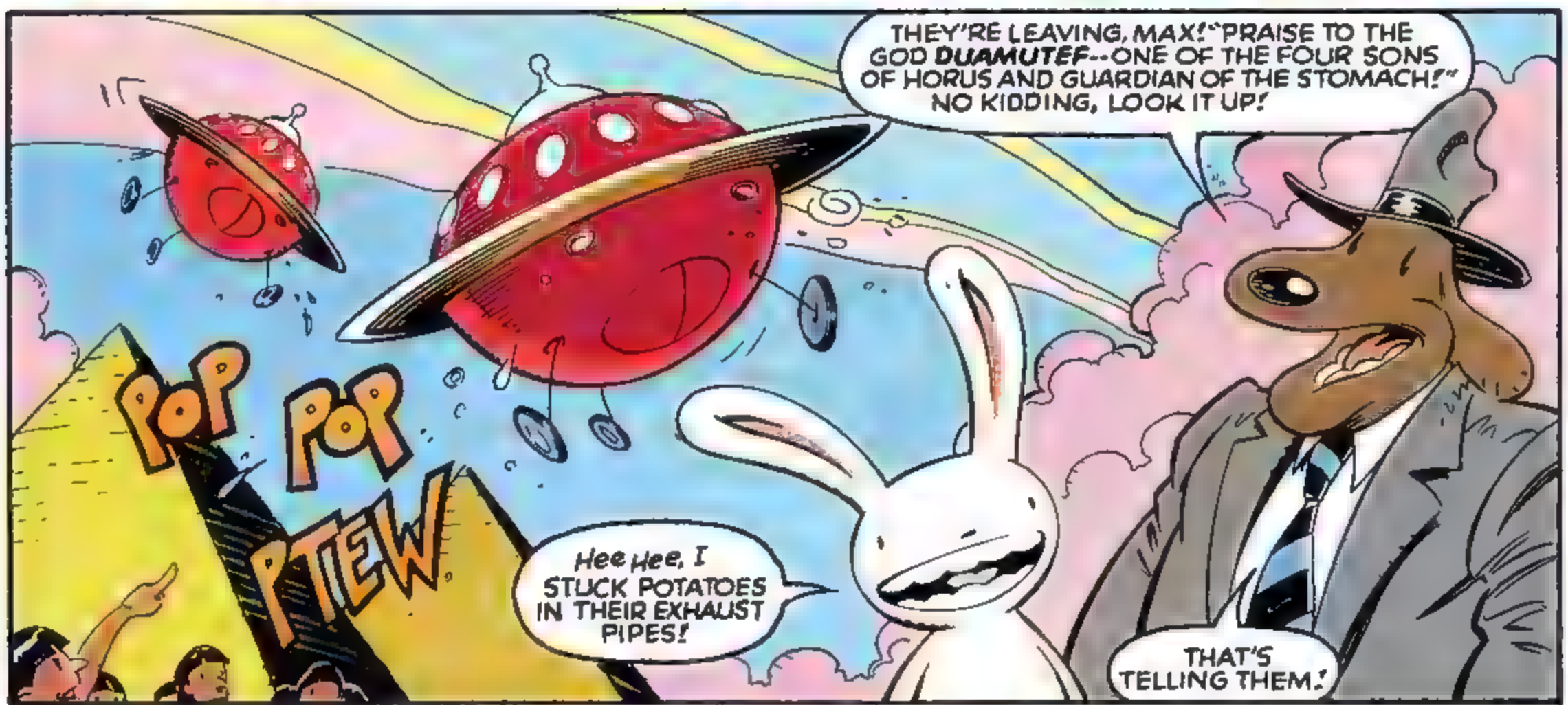
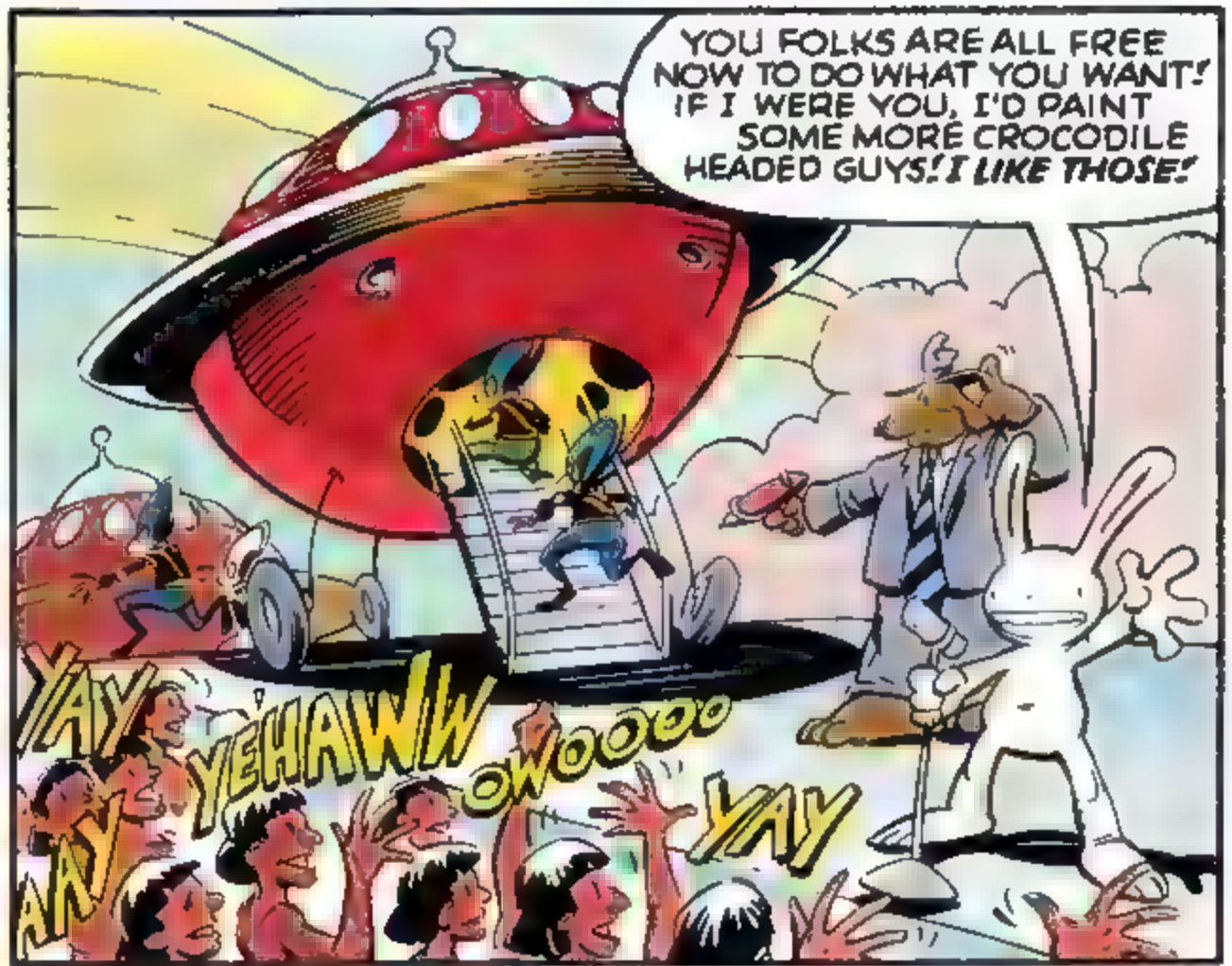


SCRAM! GO PICK ON THE MAYANS!

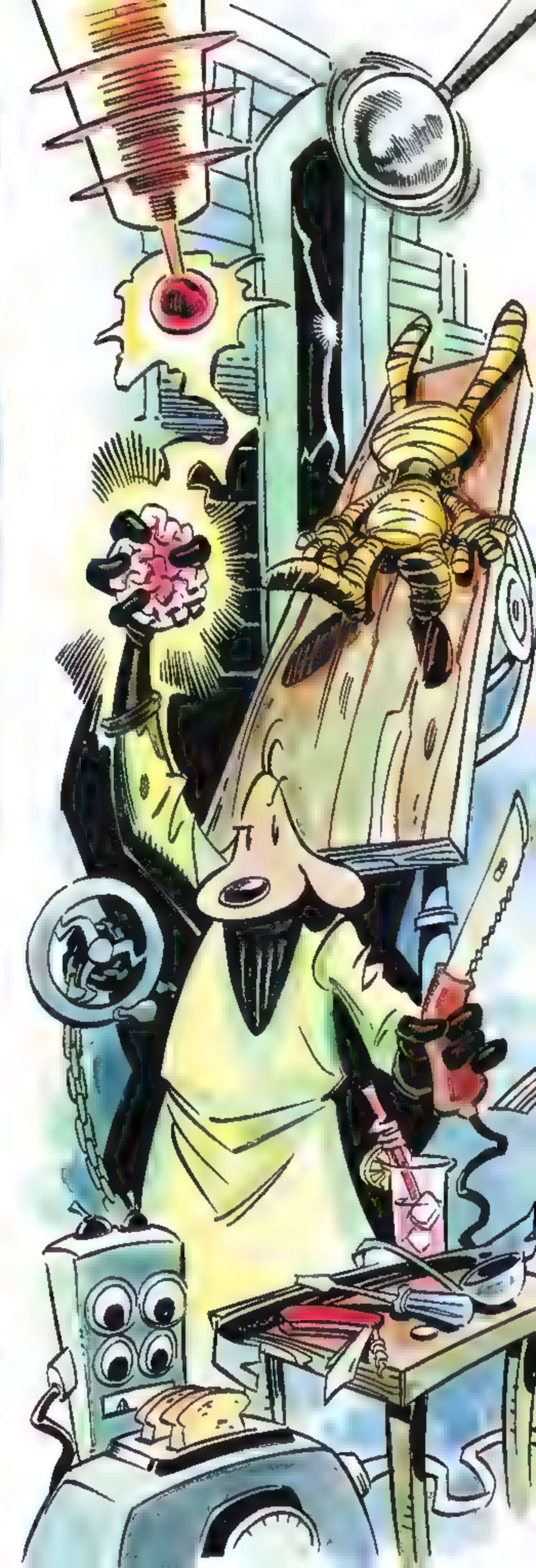
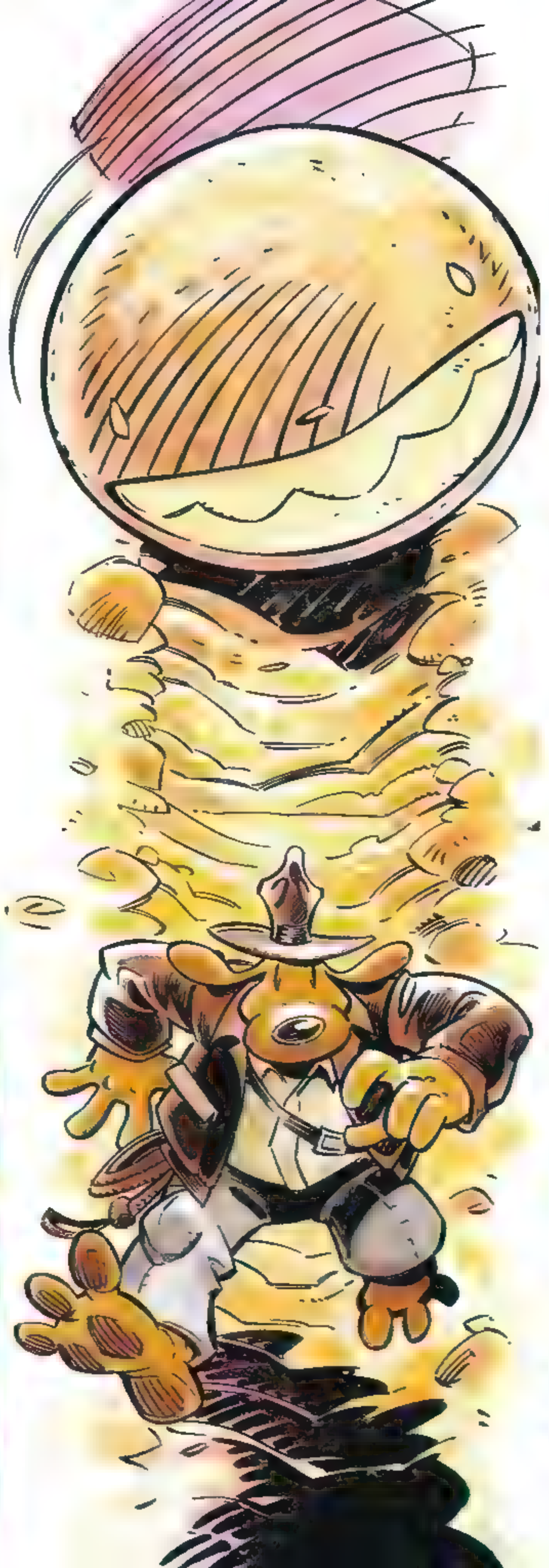
I FEEL KIND OF BAD, BEATING UP ON SUPERIOR ALIEN BEINGS.

SO WHAT?

PUNT



Thanks to SCOTT G. MIGNOLA, who somehow actually dreamed part of this story.



SAM & MAX

TM & © 1990 - STEVE PERCELL

LETTERED BY: L. LOIS BUHALIS

FREELANCE POLICE
IN: "SAM & MAX MEET SOME FRIGHTENING PIRATES"
BASED ON THE NOVELETTE "SAM & MAX MEET SOME FRIGHTENING PIRATES"

YES... YES... YES?... SWEET MOTHER OF MERCY IN A TOBOGGAN-- WE'RE ON OUR WAY!

IT WAS THE COMMISSIONER, SAM, I MEAN MAX. HE SAID THERE'S BAD TROUBLE IN THE 17TH CENTURY!

SOME KIND OF PIRATEY NONSENSE.

LET'S MOVE-- UNKH!

WELL HERE WE ARE IN THE CARIBBEAN. IT'S RICHLY TEXTURED WITH ROMANTIC PERIOD CHARM.

HELLO LITTLE MONKEYS! THEY'RE JUST LIKE RATS WITH PREHENSILE TAILS. NEAT!

Sssh. I SMELL THE FETID PRESENCE OF DEED-DOERS, MAX.

THE WHAT?

WE'LL BE BURYIN' SLIPPERY JACK ALIVE AND THEN AHRR TREASURE WILL BE PROTECTED FROM UNWASHED MISCREANTS LIKE US.

SOUNDS FAIR, I GUESS.

OKAY BREAK IT UP! WHAT THE HECK'S GOING ON HERE?

Ooh. THAT'S TELLING HIM.

THIS ISN'T NICE. AND I'M PRETTY SURE IT'S AGAINST THE LAW.

WE'RE PIRATES AND WE'RE REALLY CRANKY. THAT'S OUR JOB.

YEAH. SO HOSE OFF, DOG LIPS.

HEY. HEY

OOOPS.

Uh-oh.

MAX! MAX! WAKE UP, LITTLE BUDDY!

Oh... THERE CERTAINLY IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME. IS IT REALLY A DREAM, SAM?

WELL...NO.

EVERYTHING WILL BE JUST FINE, DON'T YOU THINK?

SAM & MAX FREELANCE POLICE

TM & © 1991 by

STEVE PURCELL

LETTERED BY: L. LOIS BUHALIS

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT: KALANI STREICHER

THAT WAS CLOSE! IMAGINE IT, MAX. WE WERE ACTUALLY BURIED ALIVE BY A SORRY BAND OF GASSY SMELLING PIRATES.

WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THE MONKEY WOULD DIG US UP TO RIFLE OUR WALLETS?

YOU DON'T EVEN CARRY A WALLET.

YEAH BUT NOW I CAN FASHION ONE FROM THIS HANDSOME MONKEY SCALP.

Mmm IT'S STILL WARM.

YOU ARE A CRUEL AND HATEFUL BEAST, MAX.

RUNGGG

SAM AND MAX FREEL--YEEP! WE'RE ON OUR WAY!

NO TIME FOR INCOMPREHENSIBLE YIK YAK LITTLE BUDDY--

--LOOKS LIKE THE CHEESE IS FINALLY HITTING THE FAN BACK IN WORLD WAR II. GET THE CAR KEYS!

WOOF!

WELL, THIS SEEMS TO BE A LIKELY SPOT FOR HITLER'S MISGUIDED GENIUSES TO BE FOUND DESIGNING THE MOST THREATENING AND PECULIAR FLYING WEAPONS OF ALL TIME, OR UNTIL THE NEXT BATCH.

HEY, 'NUFF SAID.

ENTSCULDIGEN SIE FRÄULEIN, IST DIES DER ZUG NACH FRANKFURT? I MEAN... OKAY YOU BARBARIC MAKERS OF ALL THAT IS VILE AND DESTRUCTIVE, MY PAL MAX WOULD LIKE TO MAKE A PLEA FOR PEACE.

MAX. GUTER NAME.

COME ON Mr. H. IF EVERYONE WOULD JUST TRY TO GET ALONG THEN... WELL MAYBE THERE'D BE NO MORE WARS AND YOU'D GET A CHANCE TO START WHIPPING THAT MOUSTACHE BACK INTO SHAPE.

ICH WERDE DICH MEINEM HAUSSCHAKAL OTTO FÜTTERN.

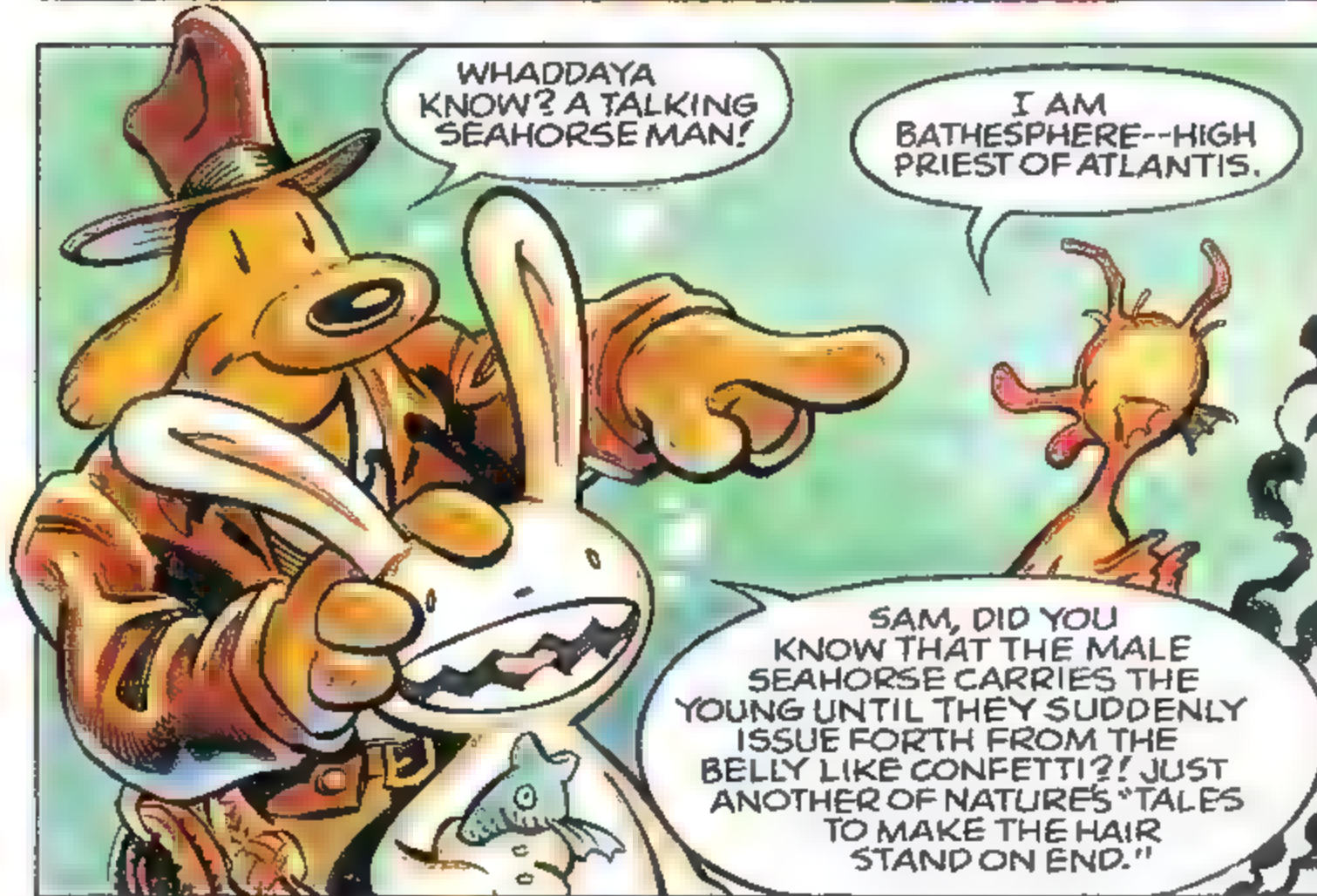
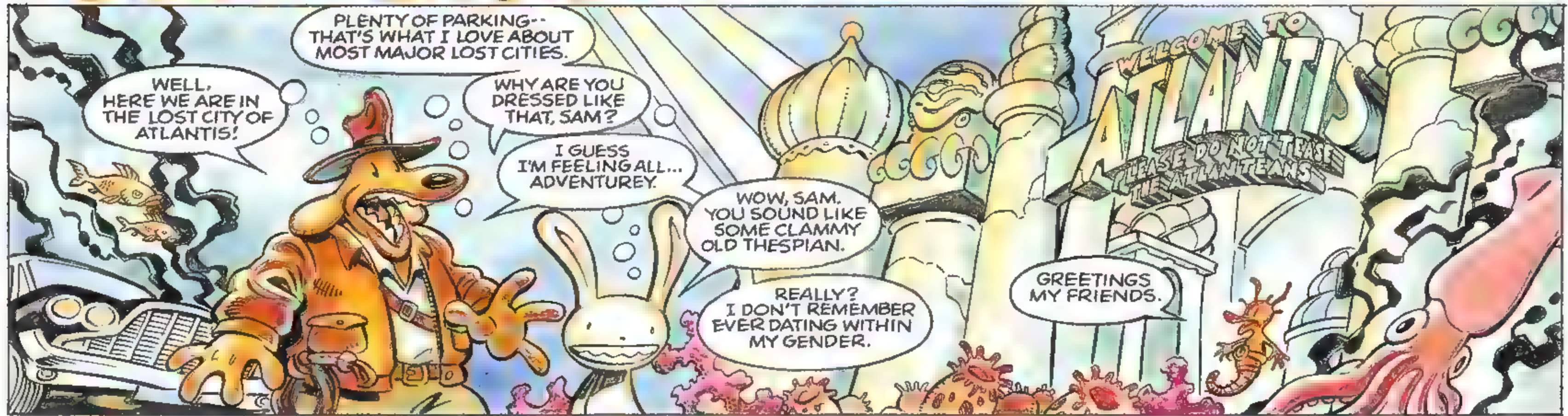
ICH WURTE NICHT DASS DER FÜRHER EINEN SCHAKAL ALS HAUSTIER HAT. WIE NEIDLICH.

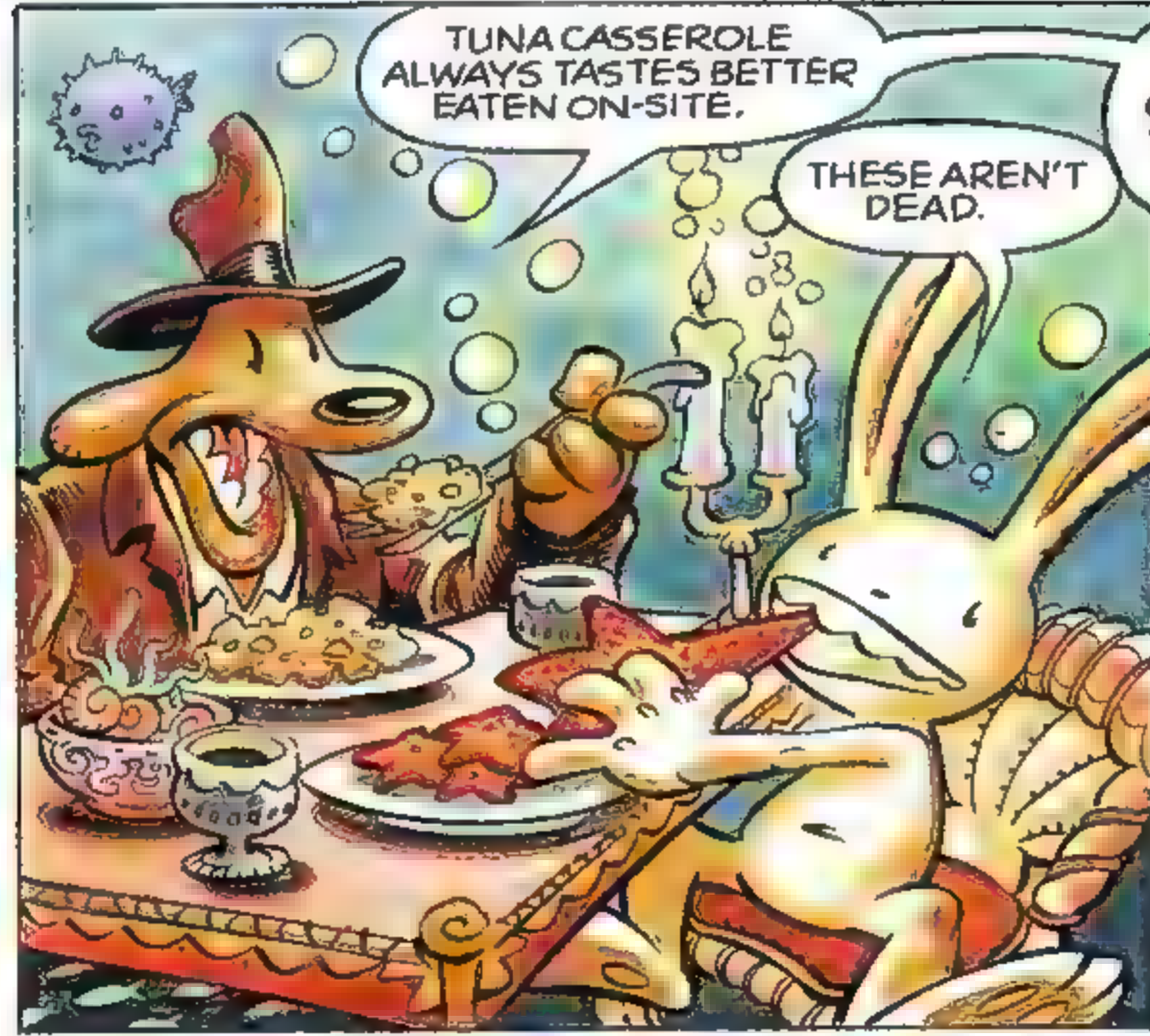


SAM & MAX

FREELANCE POLICE

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LETTERED BY: L. LOIS BUHALIS

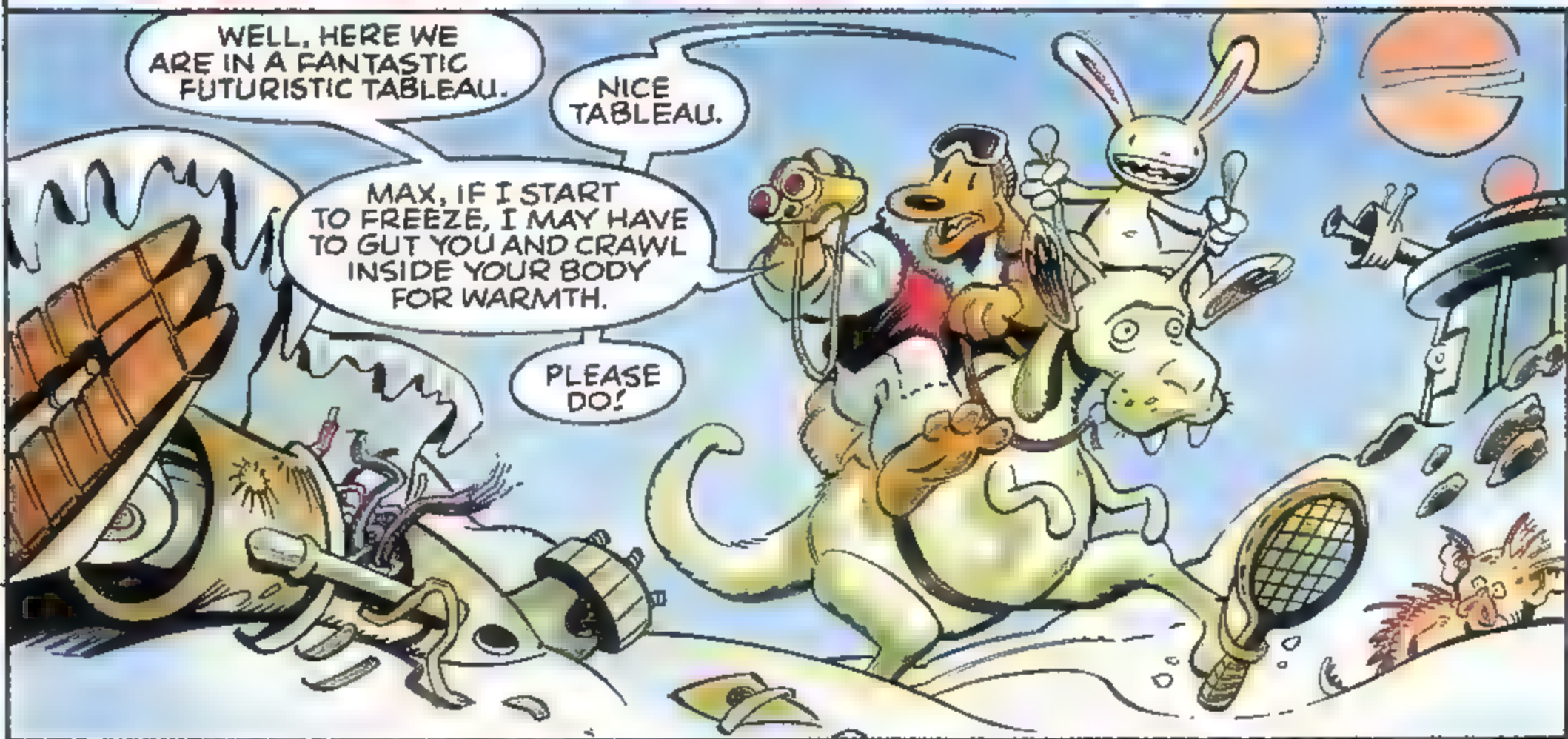




SAM & MAX FREELANCE POLICE

TM & © 1992 BY STEVE PARCELL

LETTERED BY: L. LOIS BUHALIS



WELL, HERE WE ARE IN A FANTASTIC FUTURISTIC TABLEAU.

NICE TABLEAU.

MAX, IF I START TO FREEZE, I MAY HAVE TO GUT YOU AND CRAWL INSIDE YOUR BODY FOR WARMTH.

PLEASE DO!



I SMELL WET PUPPY DOGS!

HEY, IT'S NOT ME.

SAM, A DISTURBANCE IN MY AURA TELLS ME WE'RE NEARING AN OUTPOST OF THE UNSAVORY EMPIRE.



THAT'S THEIR BUNKER. IT REEKS OF MALEVOLENCE.

MAYBE THEY'RE COOKING PORK RINDS.

SHOULD WE INTERROGATE THEM, SAM? OR JUST START BREAKING UP THE FURNITURE?

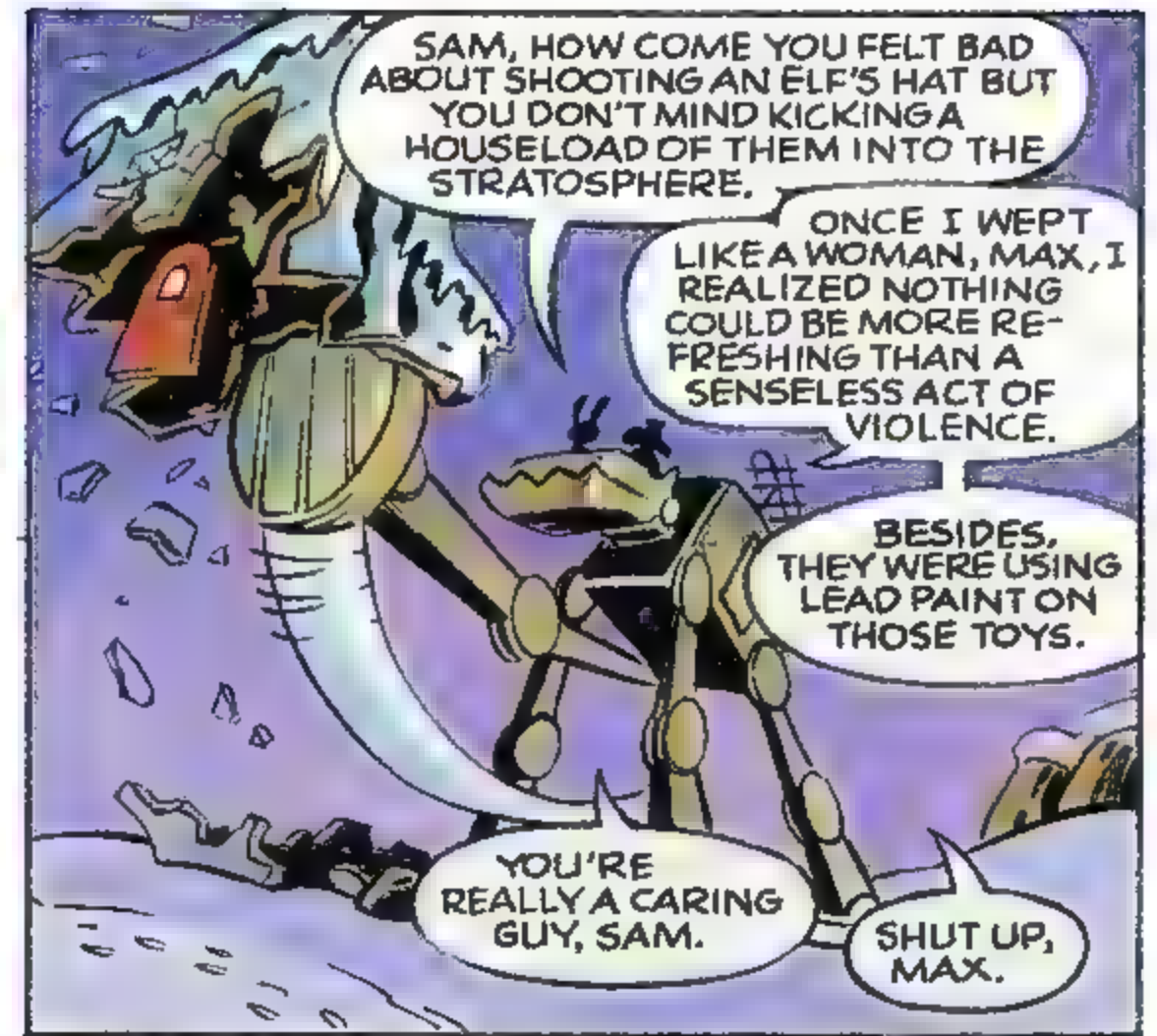
THIS IS THE ONLY LANGUAGE THOSE COLD-EYED SCUMBUBBLES CAN UNDERSTAND.



OKAY, FREEZE, YOU CHEEZY, STORMTROOPING NE'ER DO WELLS! OOPS!

LOWER, SAM. AIM AT THE BIG, PINK, ROUND PART.

ZHOOP!

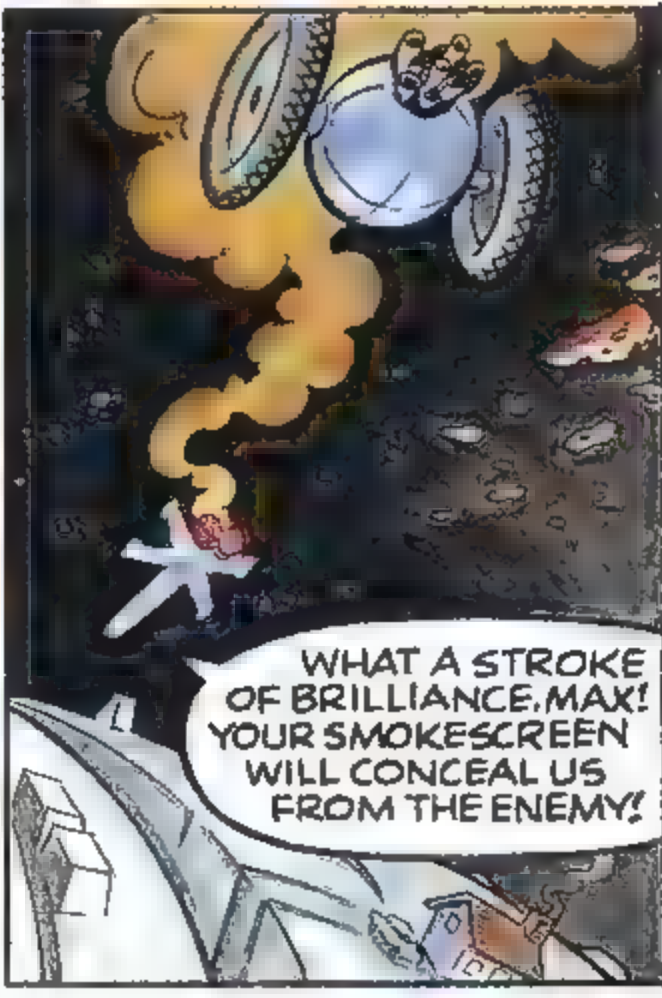
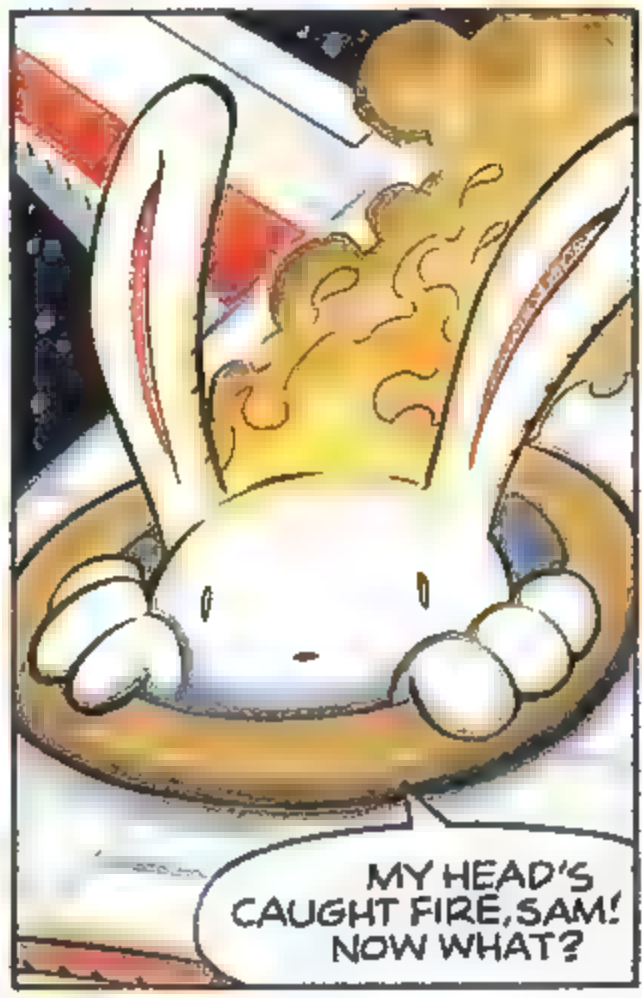
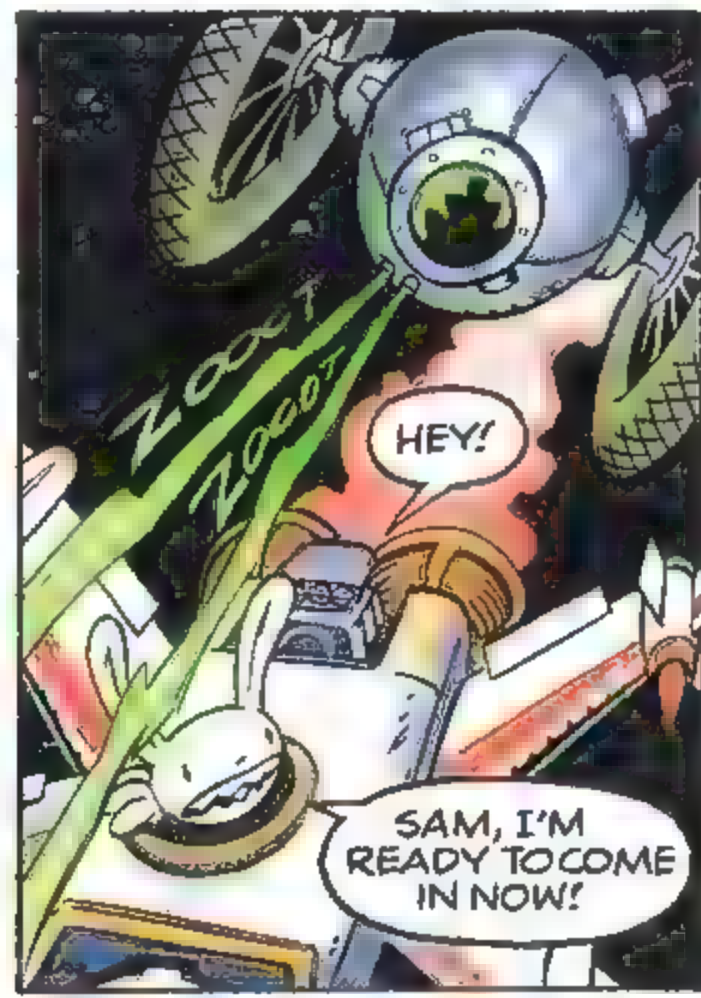
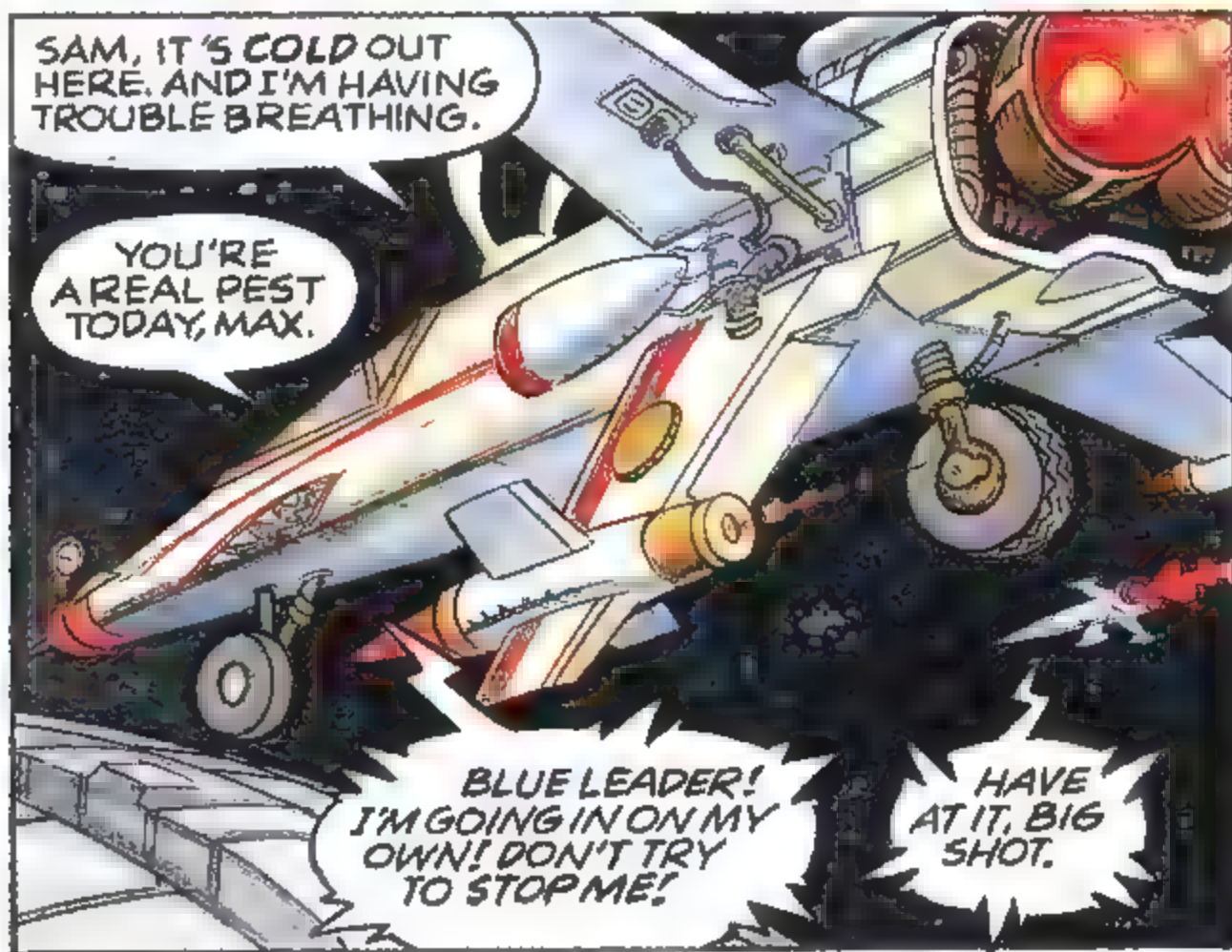
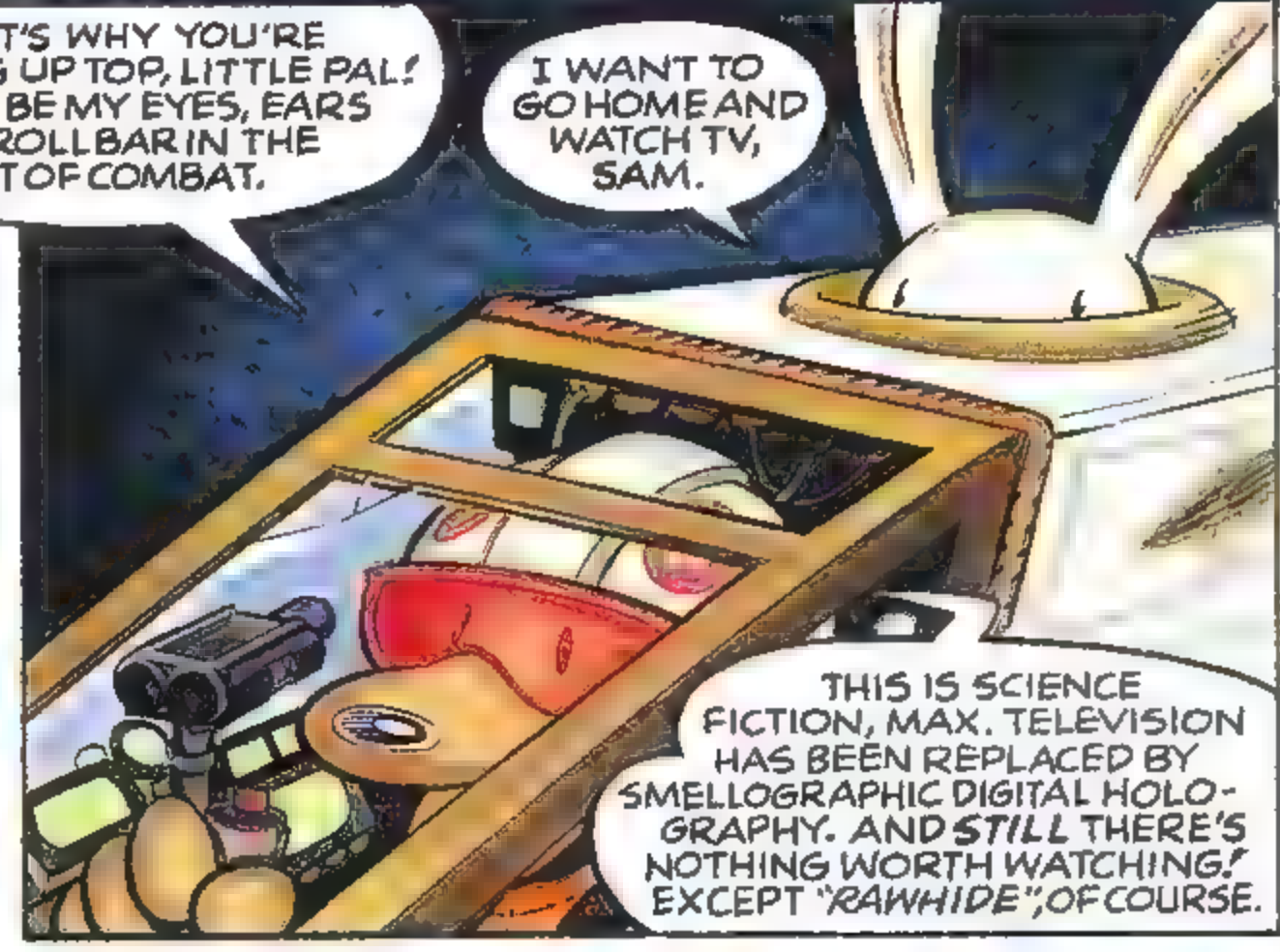
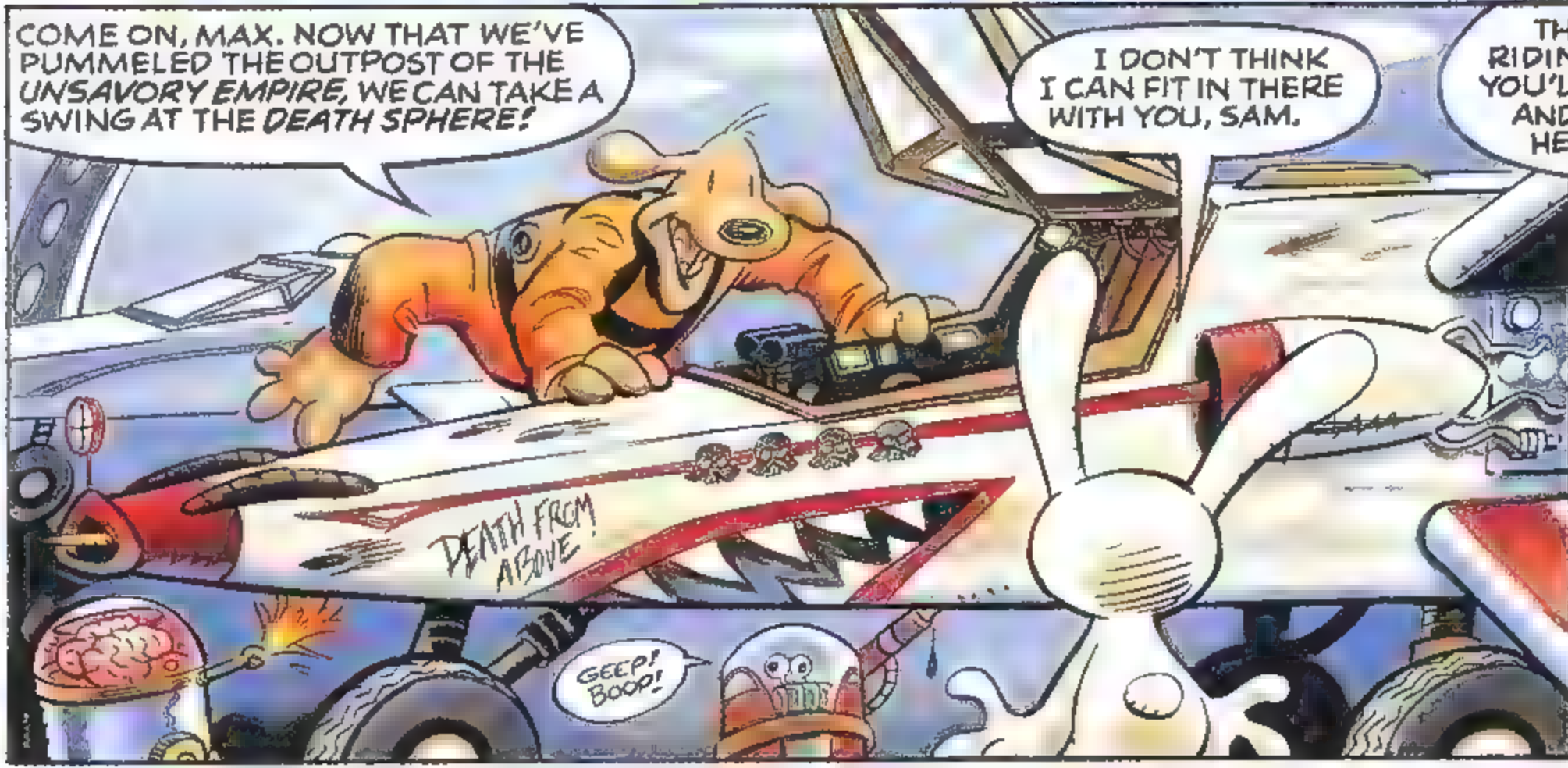


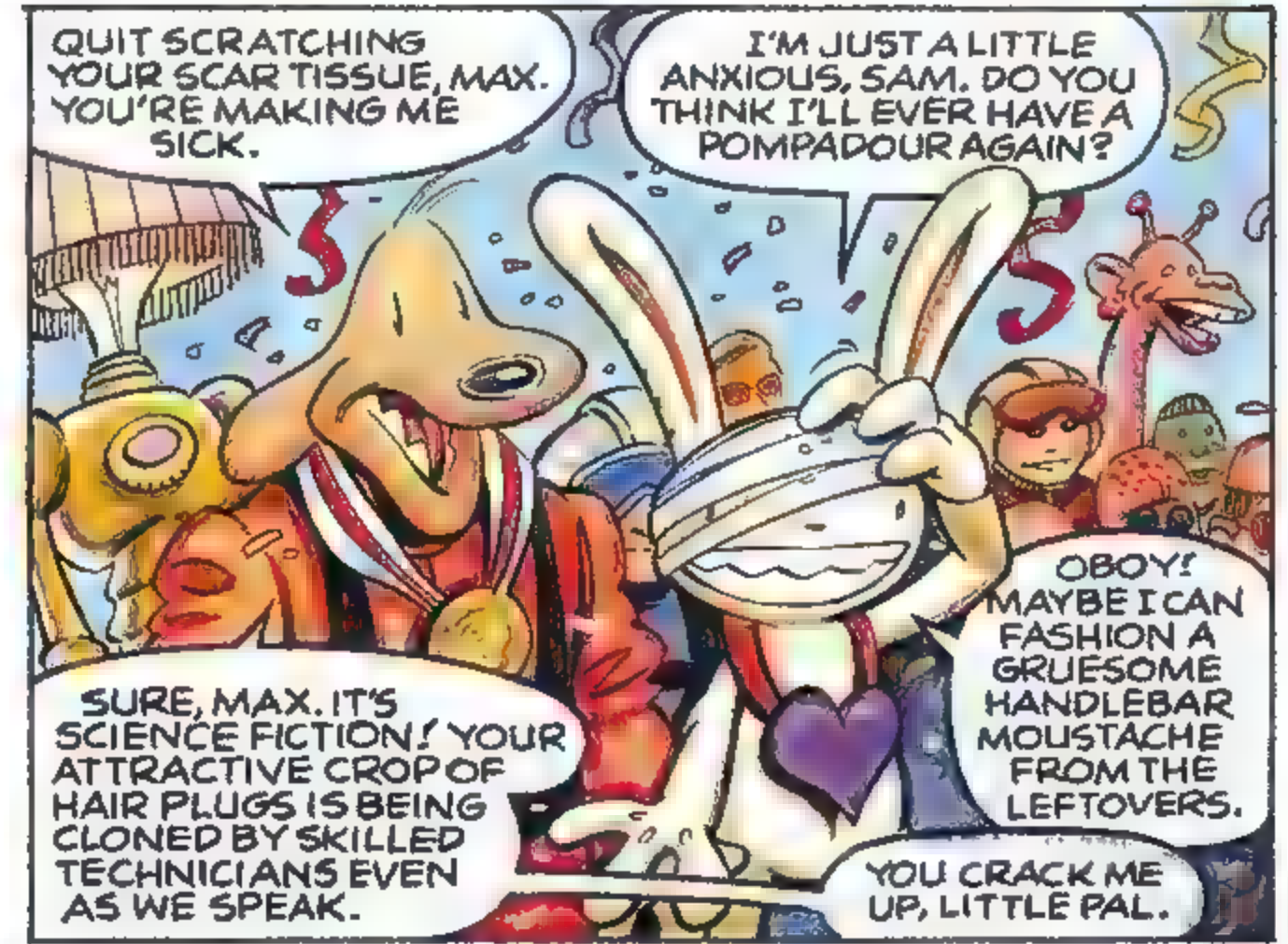
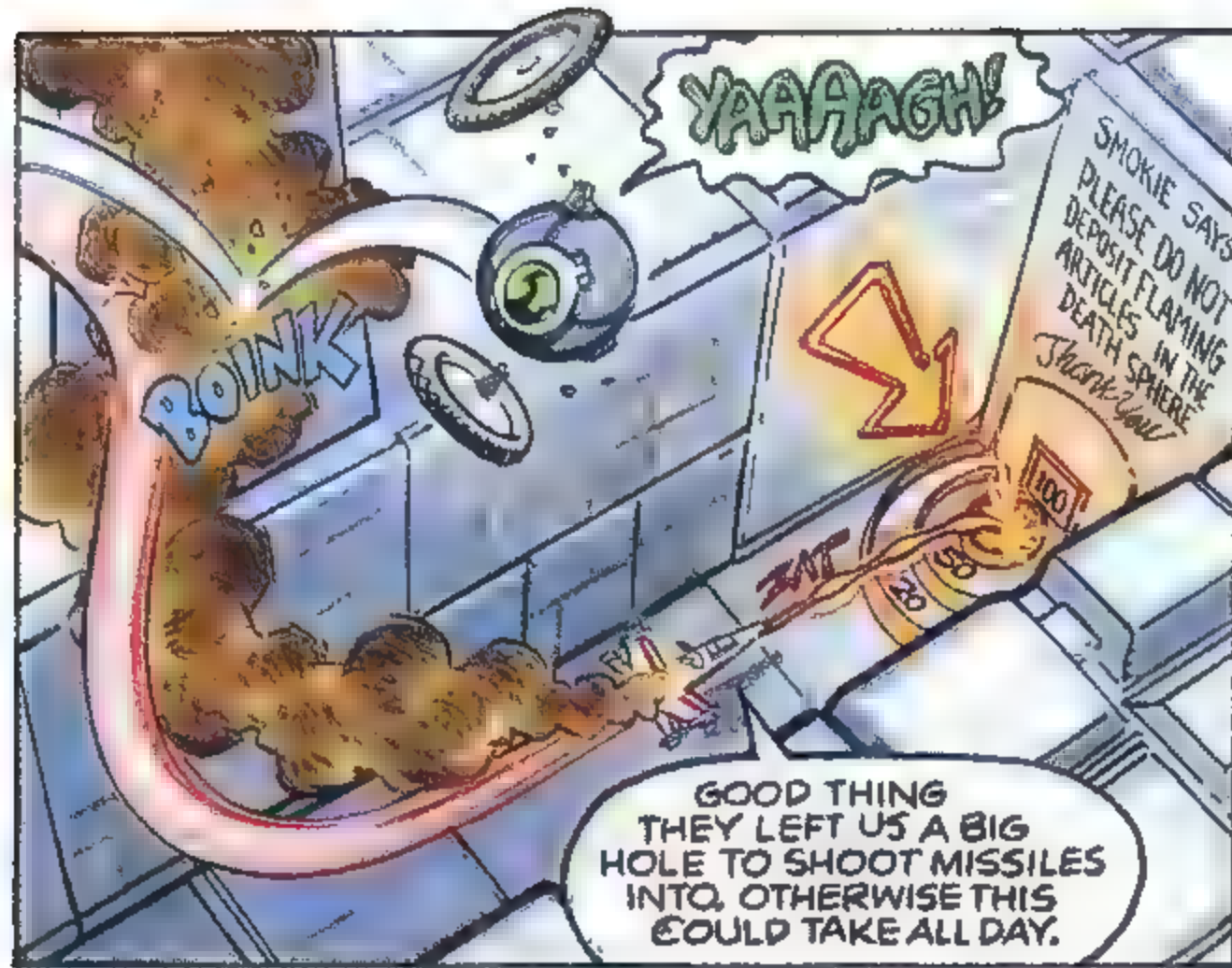
SAM & MAX

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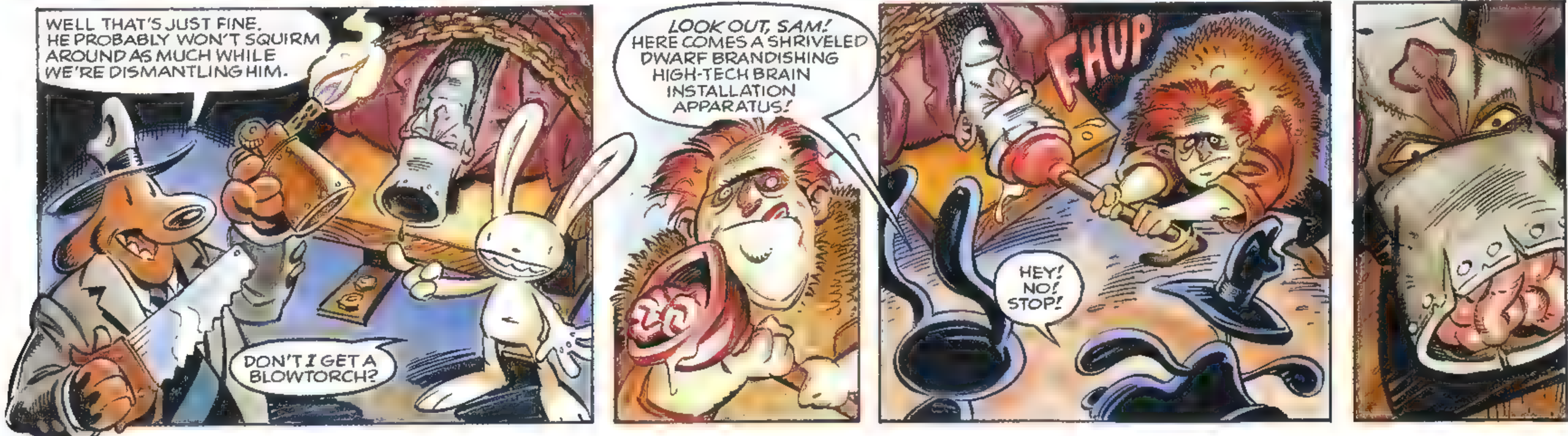
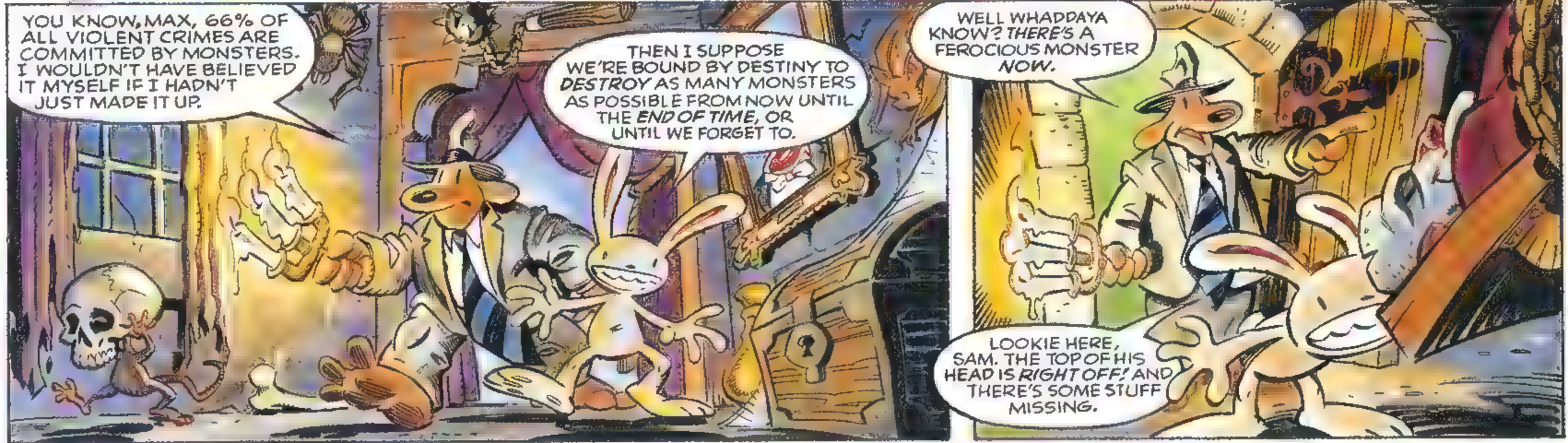


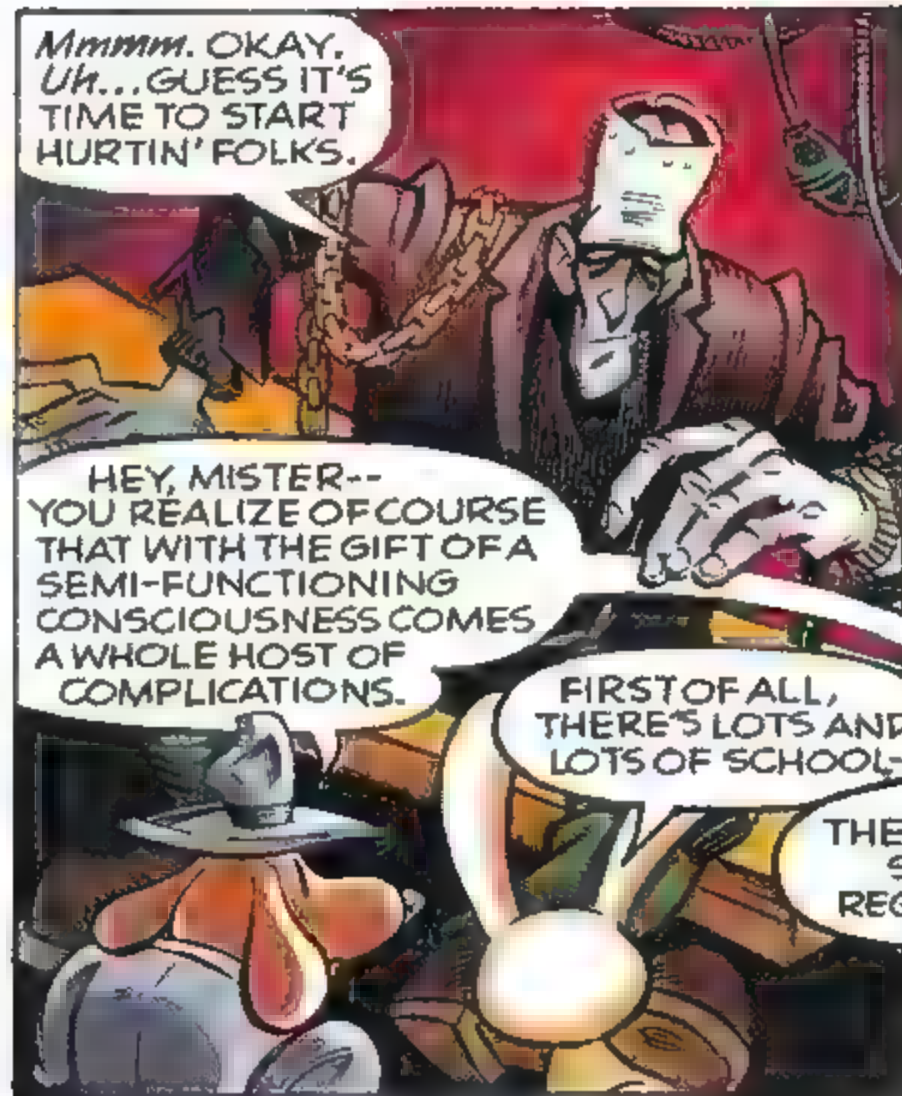
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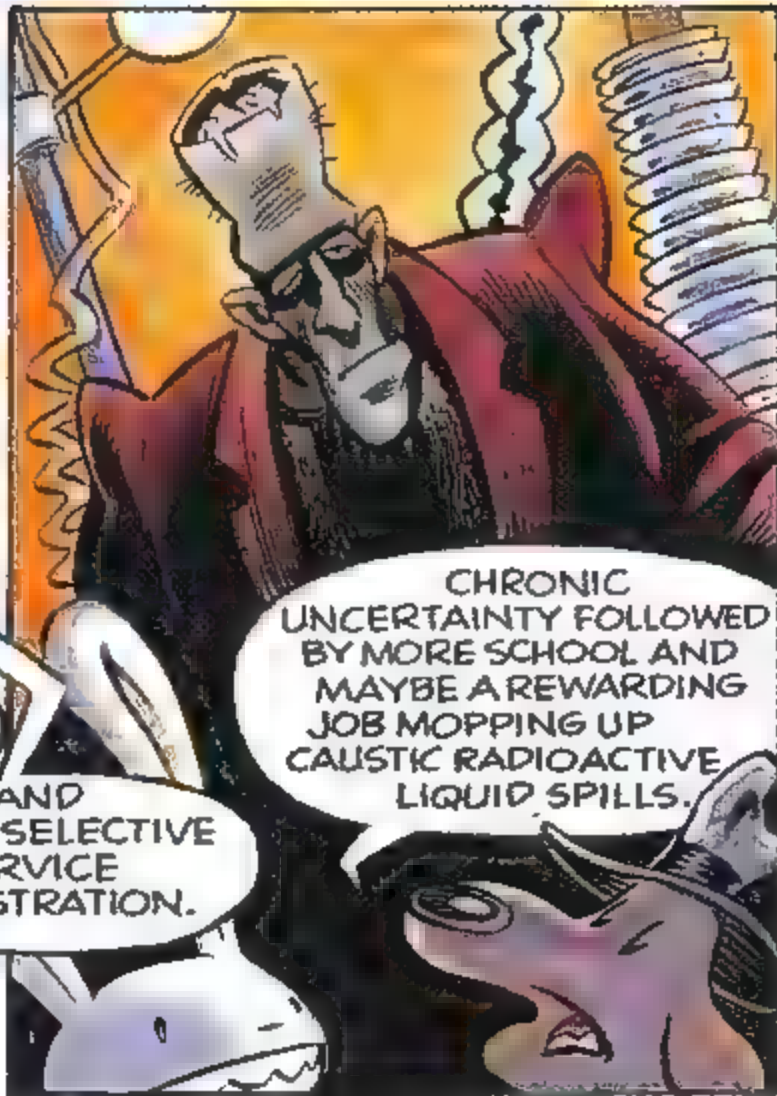


Mmmm. OKAY. Uh... GUESS IT'S TIME TO START HURTIN' FOLKS.

HEY, MISTER-- YOU REALIZE OF COURSE THAT WITH THE GIFT OF A SEMI-FUNCTIONING CONSCIOUSNESS COMES A WHOLE HOST OF COMPLICATIONS.

FIRST OF ALL, THERE'S LOTS AND LOTS OF SCHOOL--

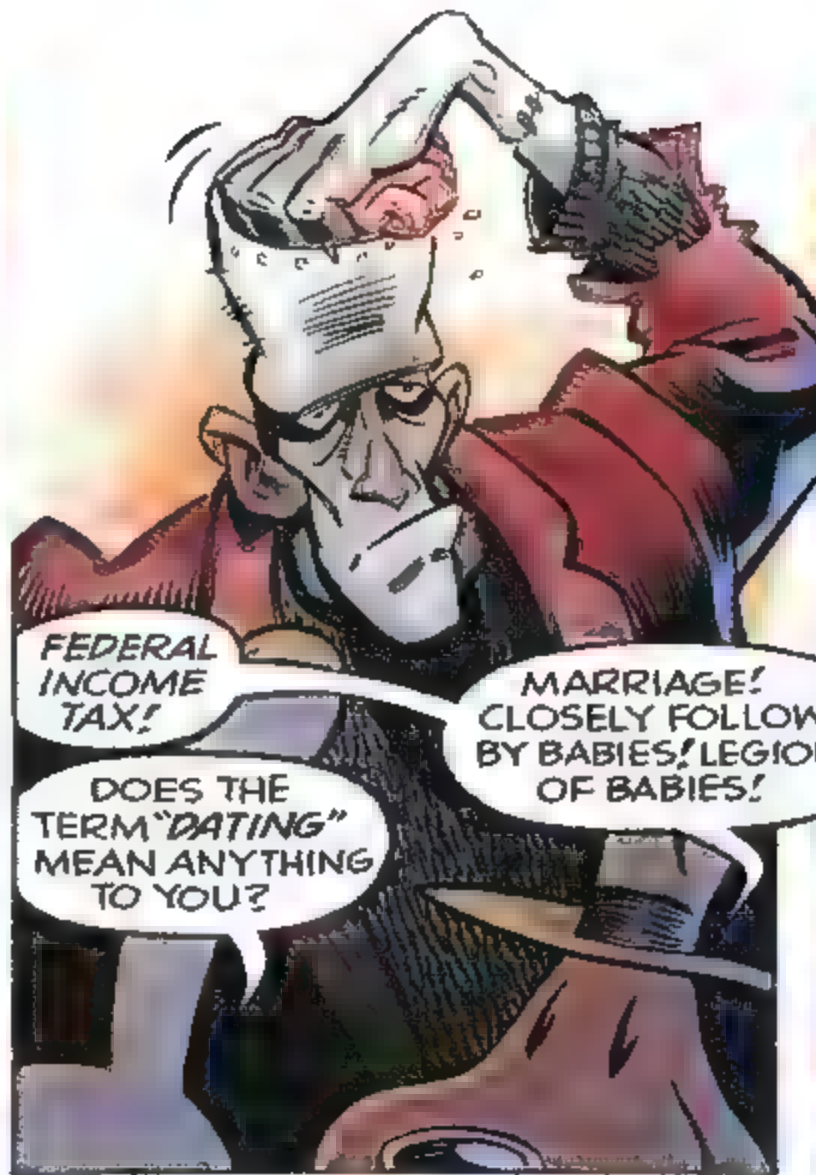
AND THEN SELECTIVE SERVICE REGISTRATION.



CHRONIC UNCERTAINTY FOLLOWED BY MORE SCHOOL AND MAYBE A REWARDING JOB MOPPING UP CAUSTIC RADIOACTIVE LIQUID SPILLS.

WHEW.

WHEW.



FEDERAL INCOME TAX!

DOES THE TERM "DATING" MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?

MARRIAGE! CLOSELY FOLLOWED BY BABIES! LEGIONS OF BABIES!



THAT'S TELLING HIM, SAM.

WHEW.

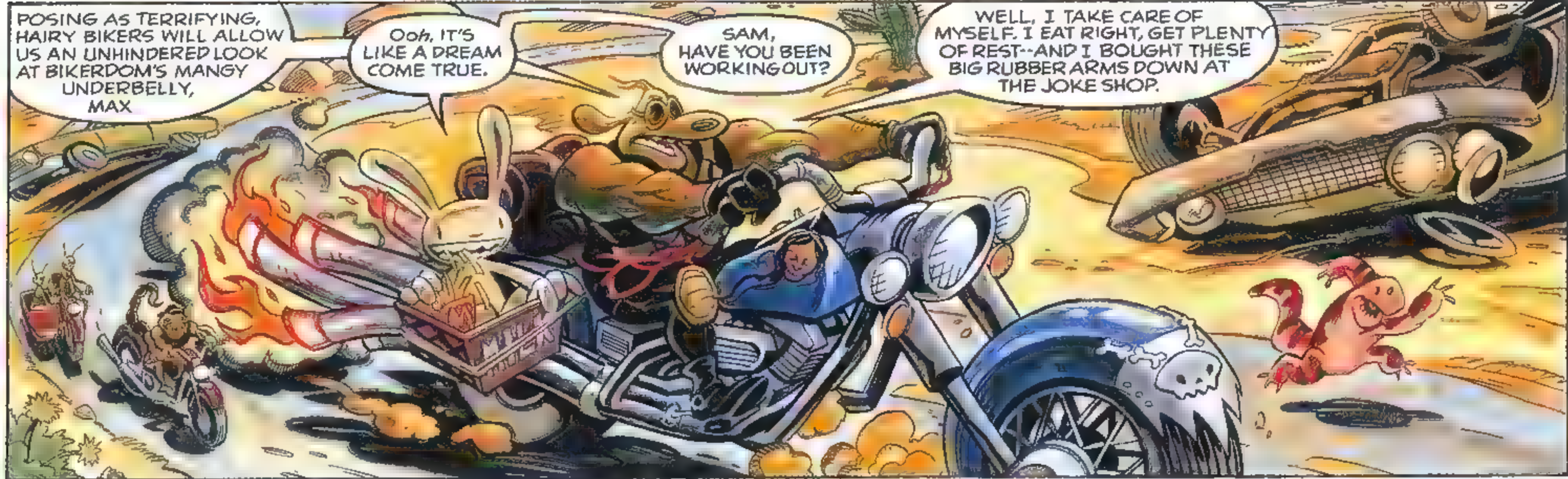
WHEW.



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F R E E L A N C E P O L I C E

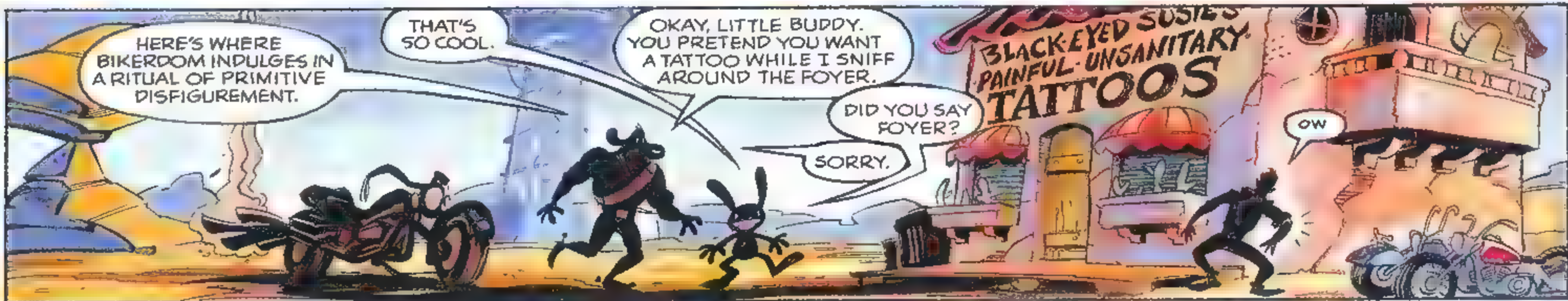


POSING AS TERRIFYING, HAIRY BIKERS WILL ALLOW US AN UNHINDERED LOOK AT BIKERDOM'S MANGY UNDERBELLY, MAX

Ooh, IT'S LIKE A DREAM COME TRUE.

SAM, HAVE YOU BEEN WORKING OUT?

WELL, I TAKE CARE OF MYSELF. I EAT RIGHT, GET PLENTY OF REST--AND I BOUGHT THESE BIG RUBBER ARMS DOWN AT THE JOKE SHOP.



HERE'S WHERE BIKERDOM INDULGES IN A RITUAL OF PRIMITIVE DISFIGUREMENT.

THAT'S SO COOL.

OKAY, LITTLE BUDDY. YOU PRETEND YOU WANT A TATTOO WHILE I SNIFF AROUND THE FOYER.

DID YOU SAY FOYER?

SORRY.

OW

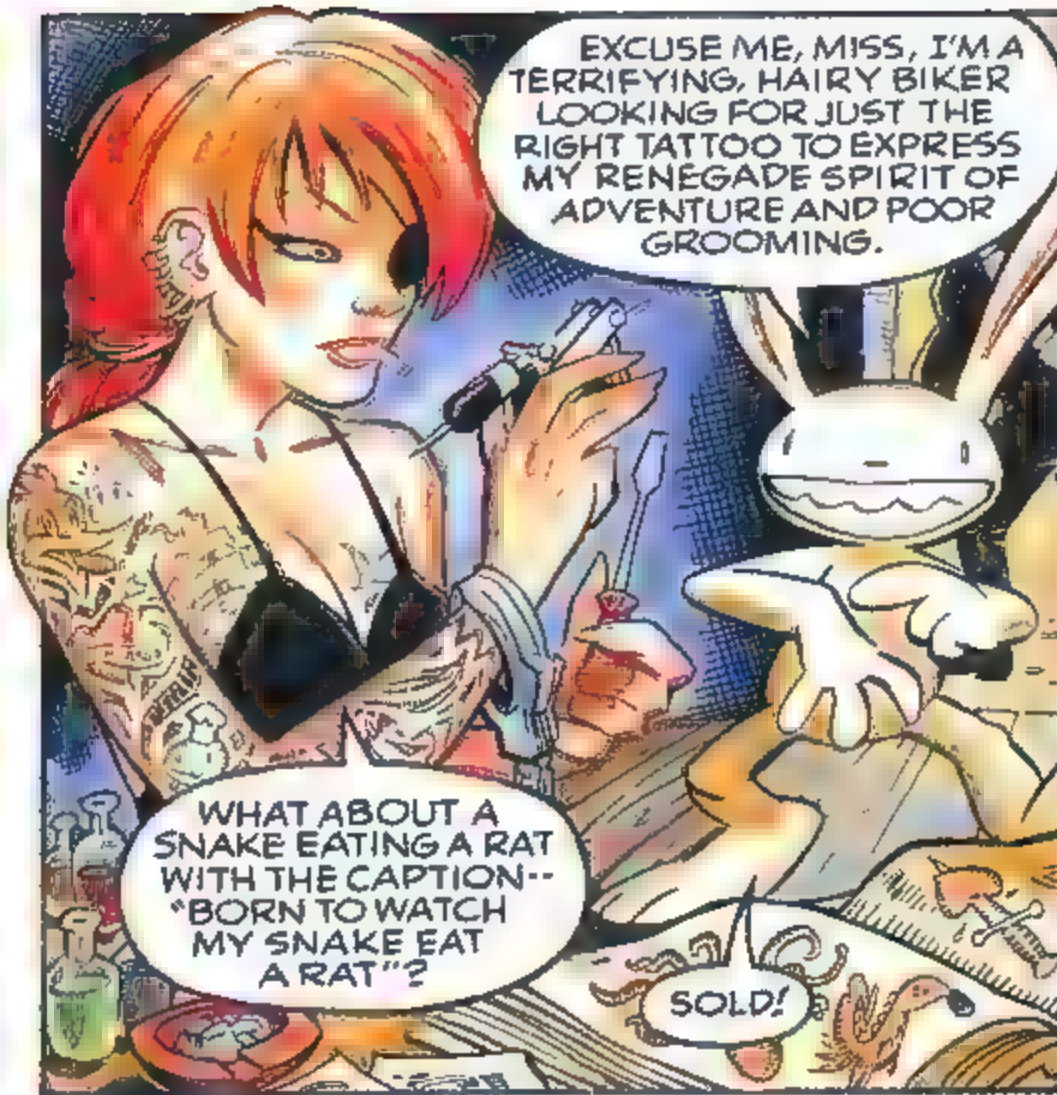
BLACK EYED SUSIE'S
PAINFUL UNSANITARY
TATTOOS



BE SURE TO ASK FOR SOMETHING INTIMIDATING, MAX.

HOW 'BOUT ELVIS NAKED?

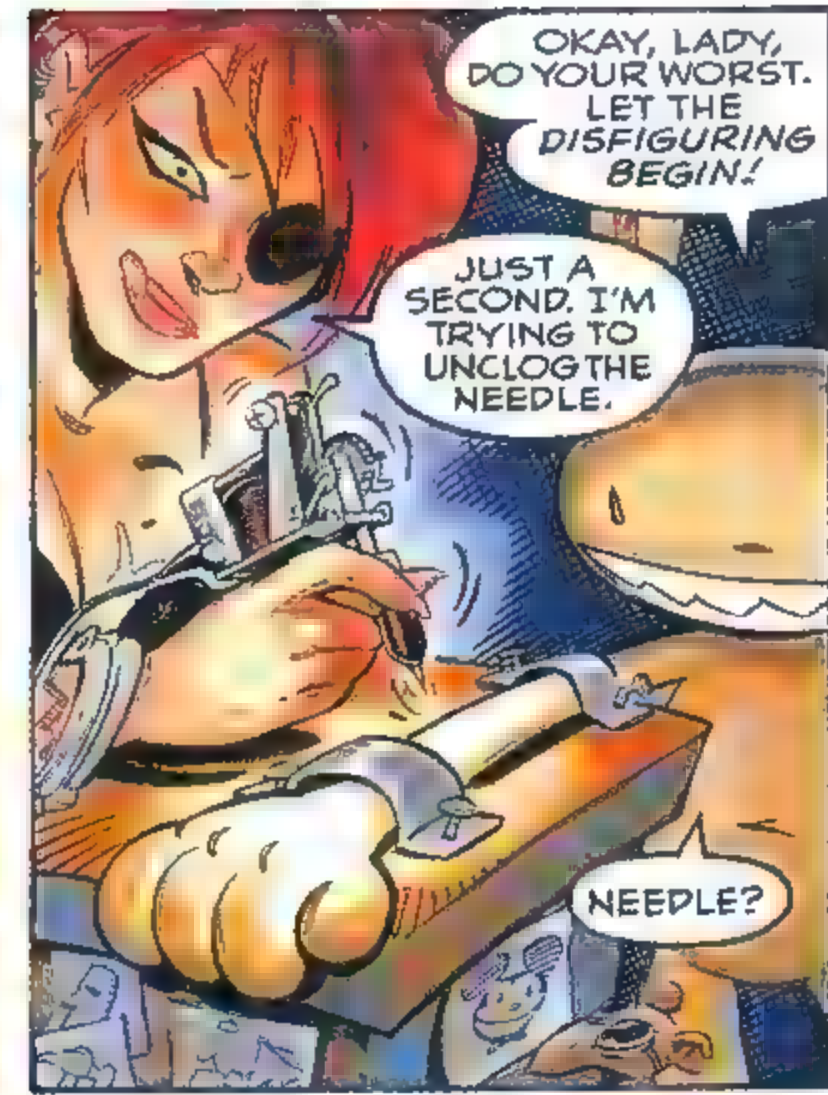
UH, FORGET WHAT I SAID.



EXCUSE ME, MISS, I'M A TERRIFYING, HAIRY BIKER LOOKING FOR JUST THE RIGHT TATTOO TO EXPRESS MY RENEGADE SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE AND POOR GROOMING.

WHAT ABOUT A SNAKE EATING A RAT WITH THE CAPTION-- "BORN TO WATCH MY SNAKE EAT A RAT"?

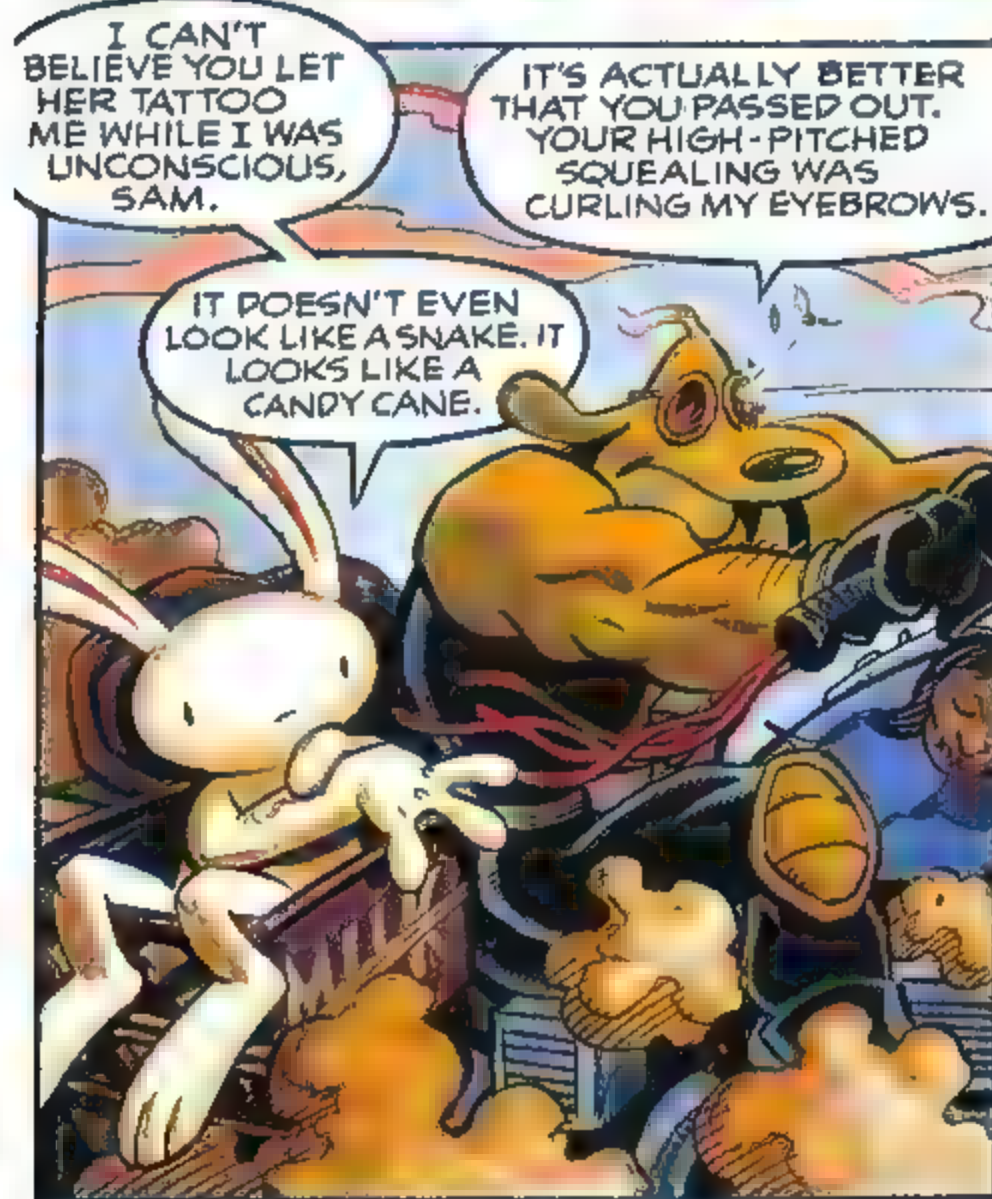
SOLD!



OKAY, LADY, DO YOUR WORST. LET THE DISFIGURING BEGIN!

JUST A SECOND. I'M TRYING TO UNCLOG THE NEEDLE.

NEEDLE?



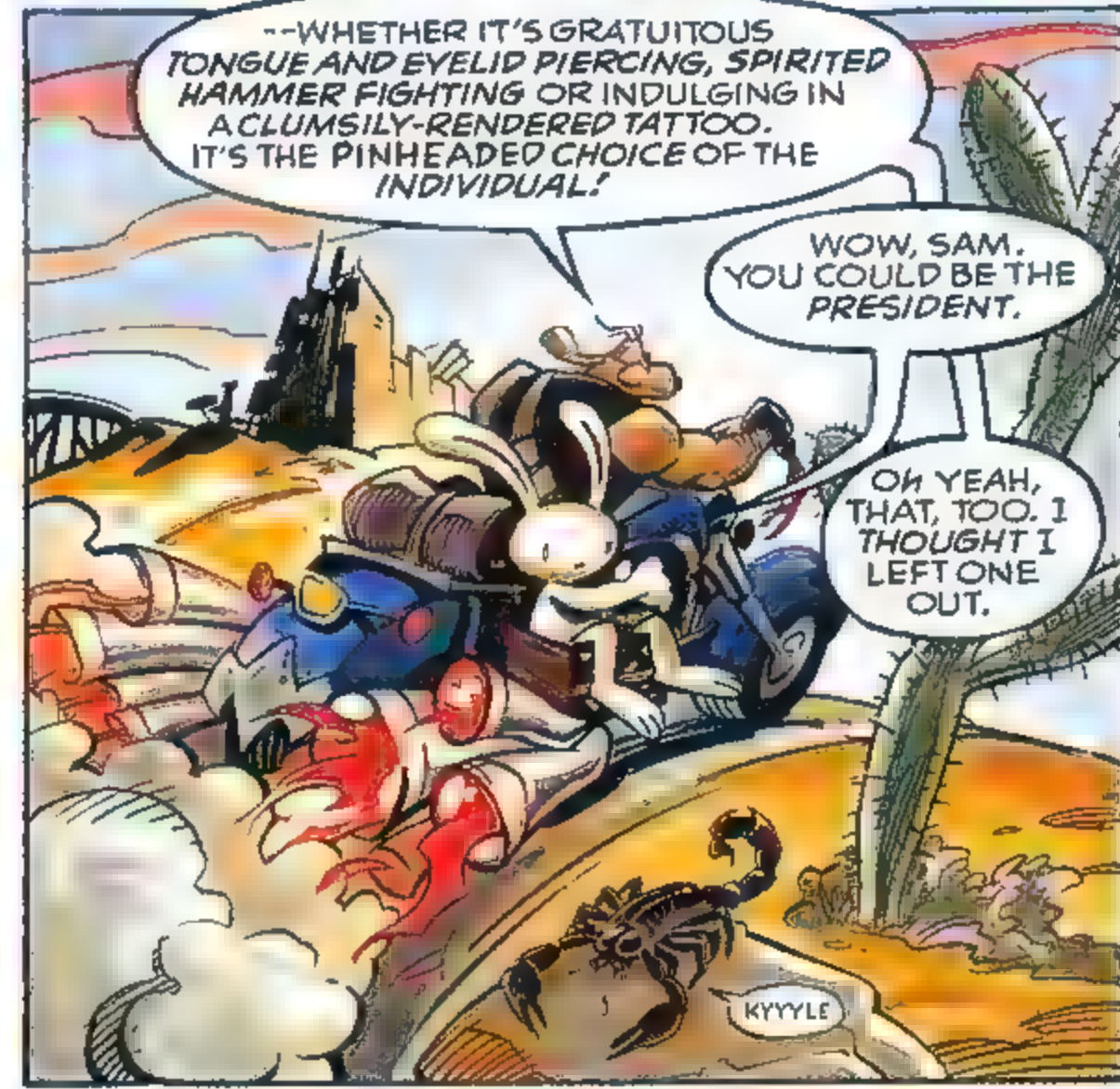
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU LET HER TATTOO ME WHILE I WAS UNCONSCIOUS, SAM.

IT'S ACTUALLY BETTER THAT YOU PASSED OUT. YOUR HIGH-PITCHED SQUEALING WAS CURLING MY EYEBROWS.

IT DOESN'T EVEN LOOK LIKE A SNAKE. IT LOOKS LIKE A CANDY CANE.



THAT'S OKAY, MAX. I'VE COME TO REALIZE THAT ONE OF THE PERKS OF LIVING IN A FREE SOCIETY IS THE INALIENABLE RIGHT TO DEBASE OURSELVES IN A WIDE VARIETY OF WAYS--



--WHETHER IT'S GRATUITOUS TONGUE AND EYELID PIERCING, SPIRITED HAMMER FIGHTING OR INDULGING IN A CLUMSILY-RENDERED TATTOO. IT'S THE PINHEADED CHOICE OF THE INDIVIDUAL!

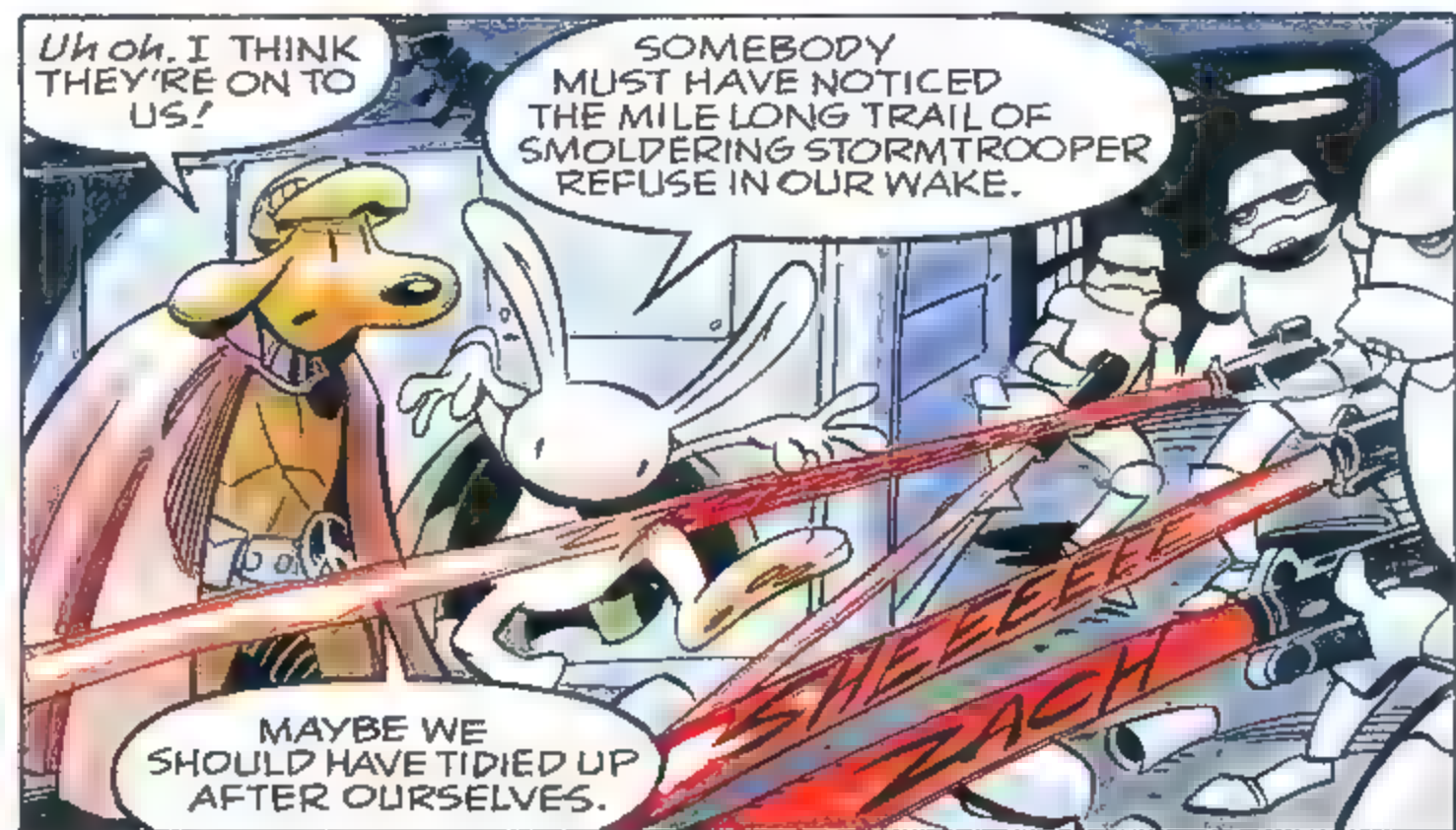
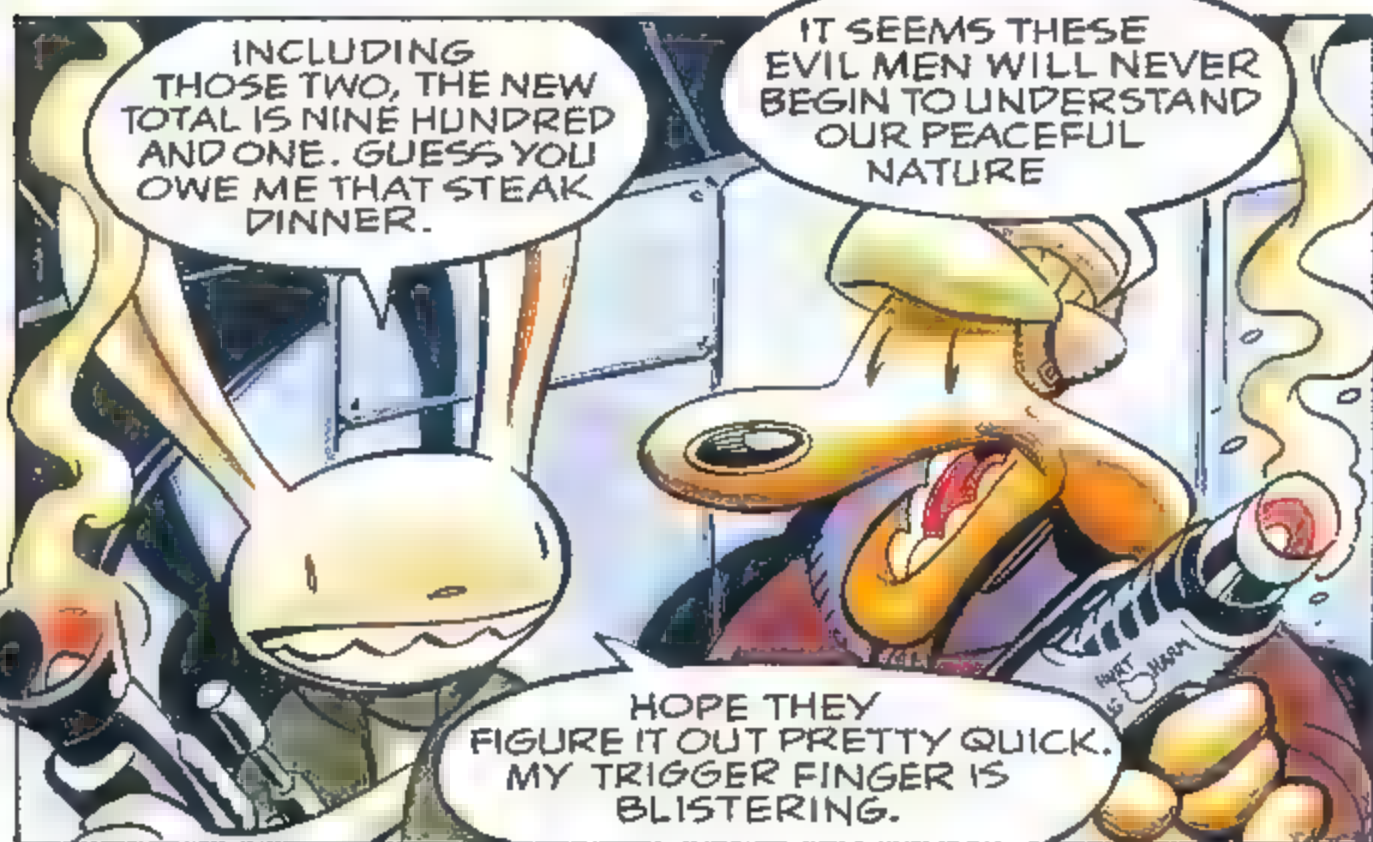
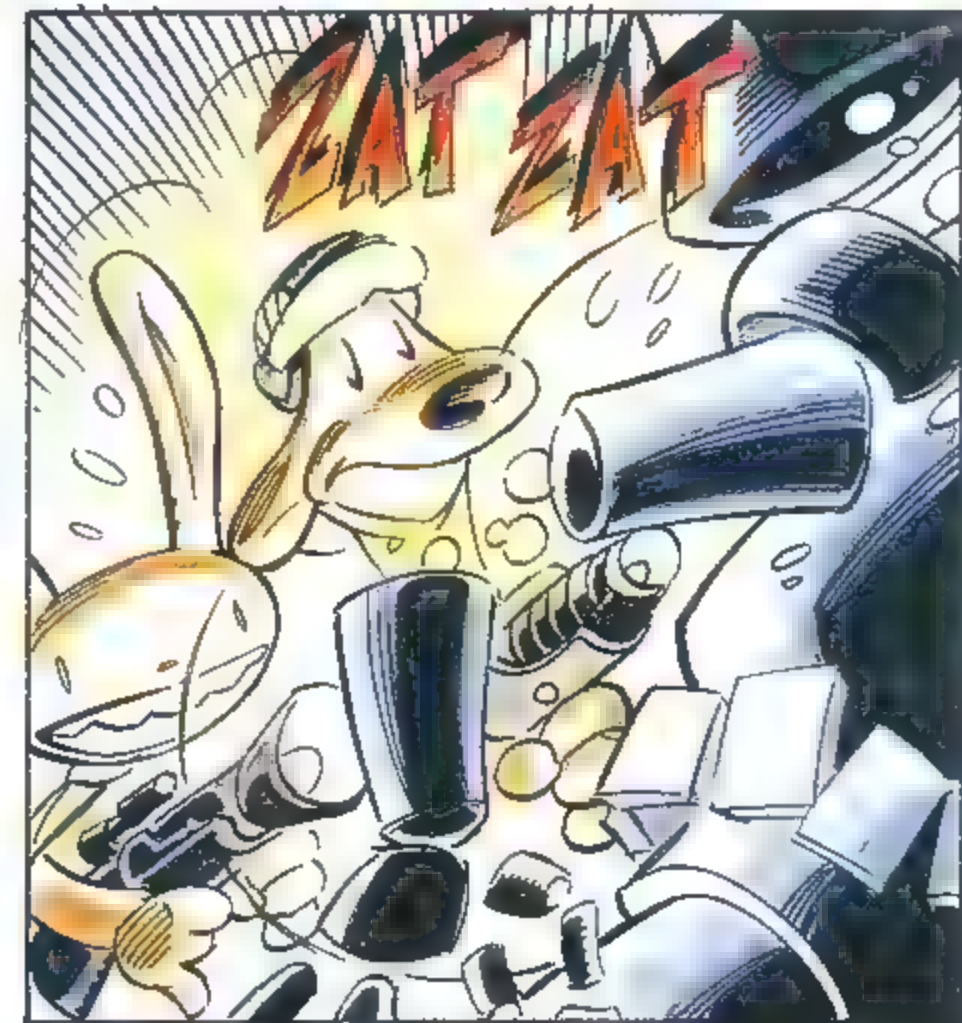
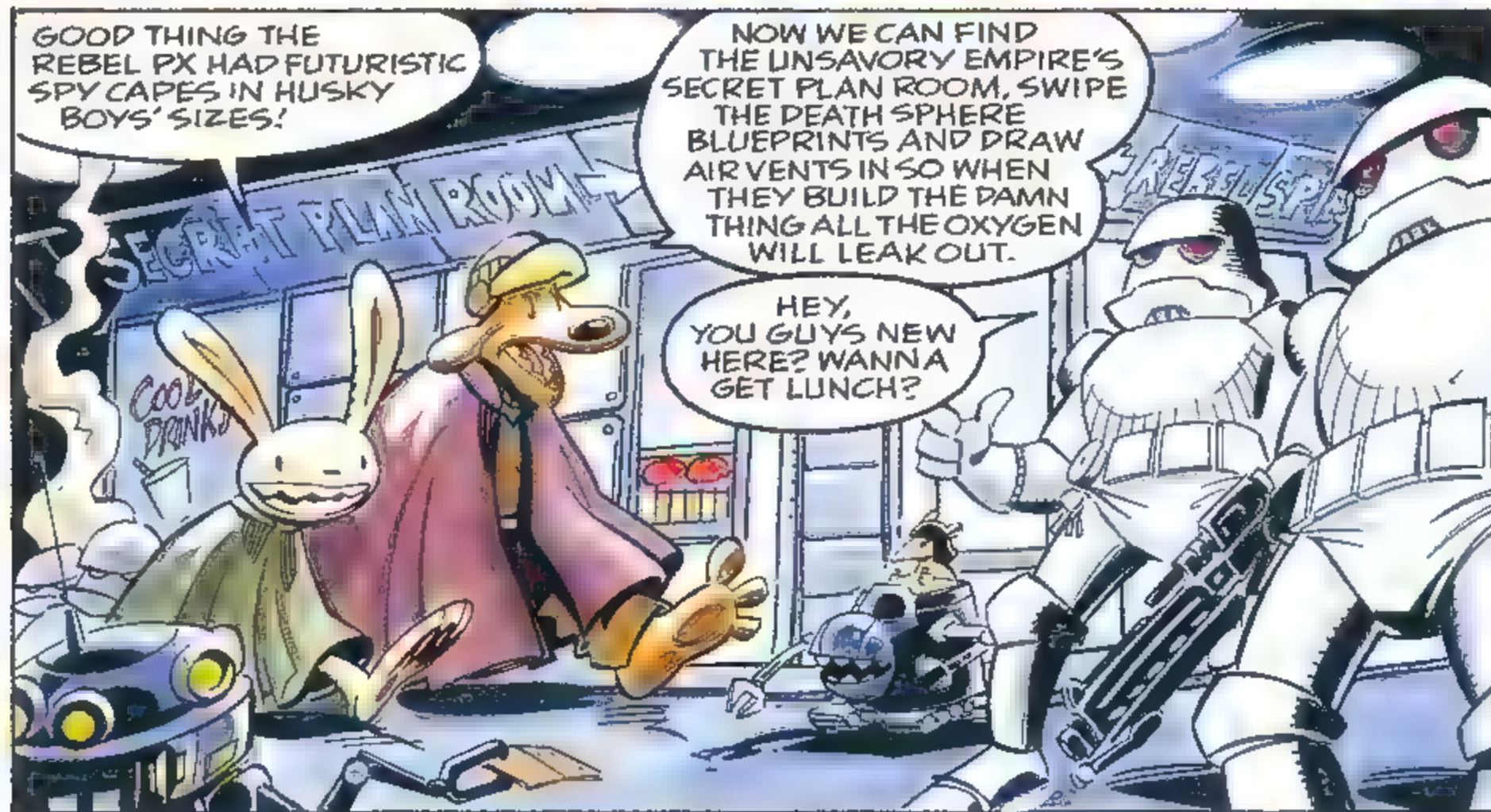
WOW, SAM. YOU COULD BE THE PRESIDENT.

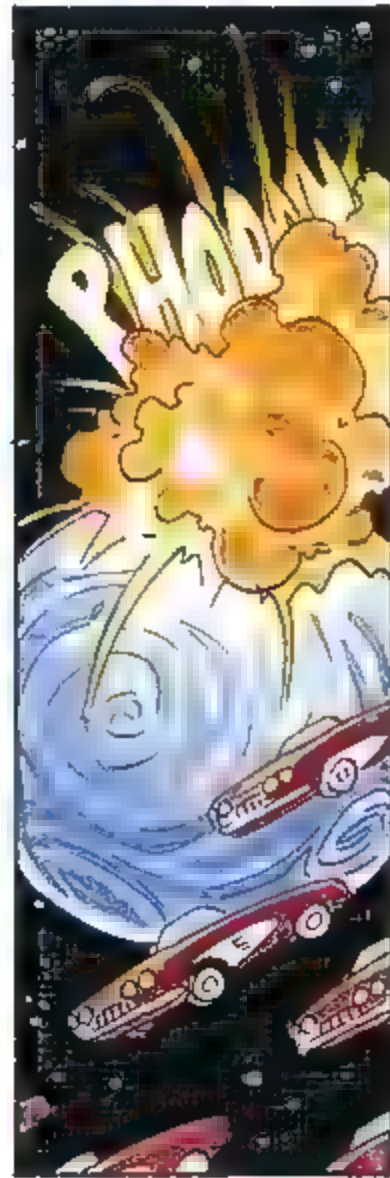
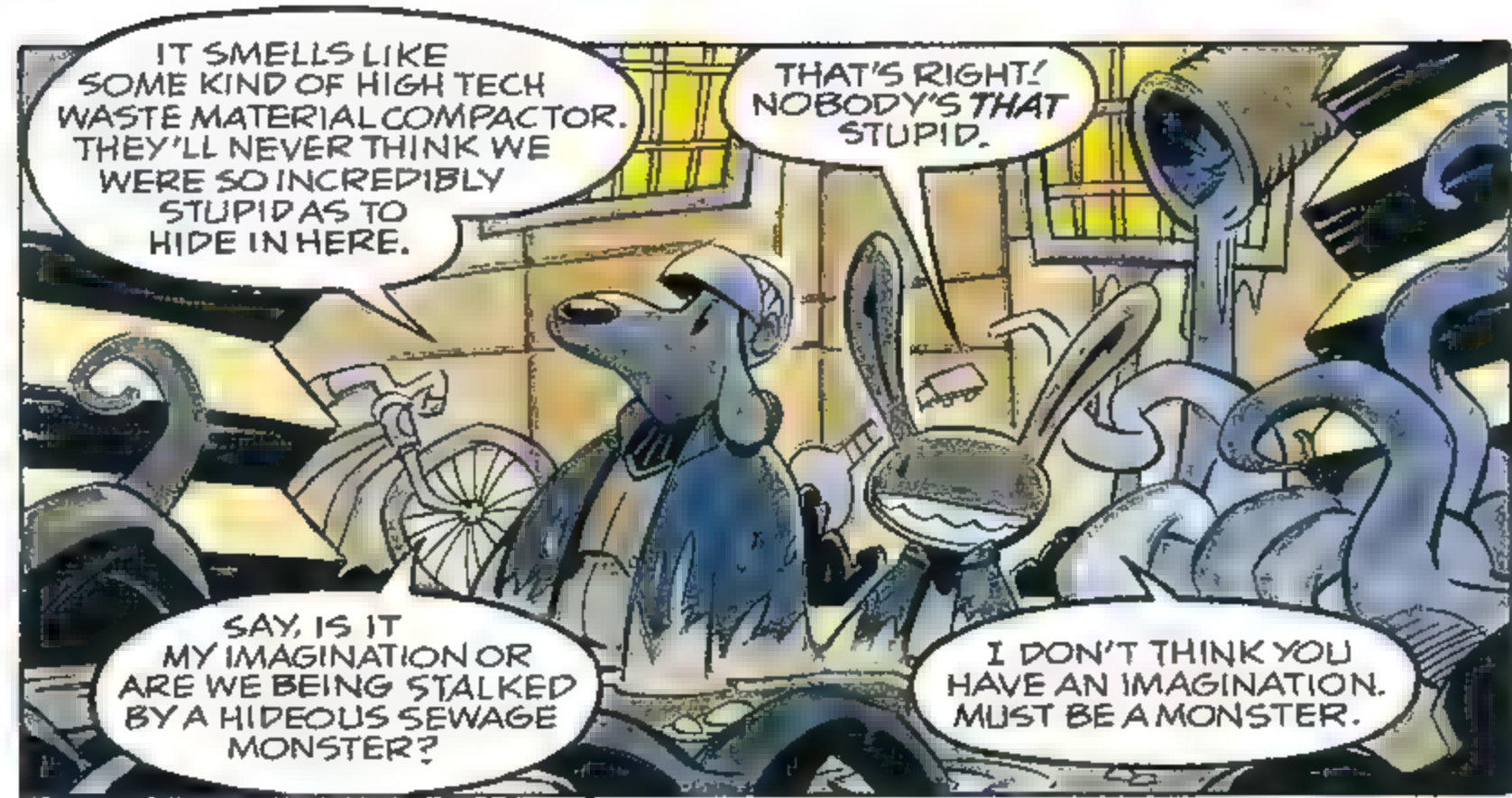
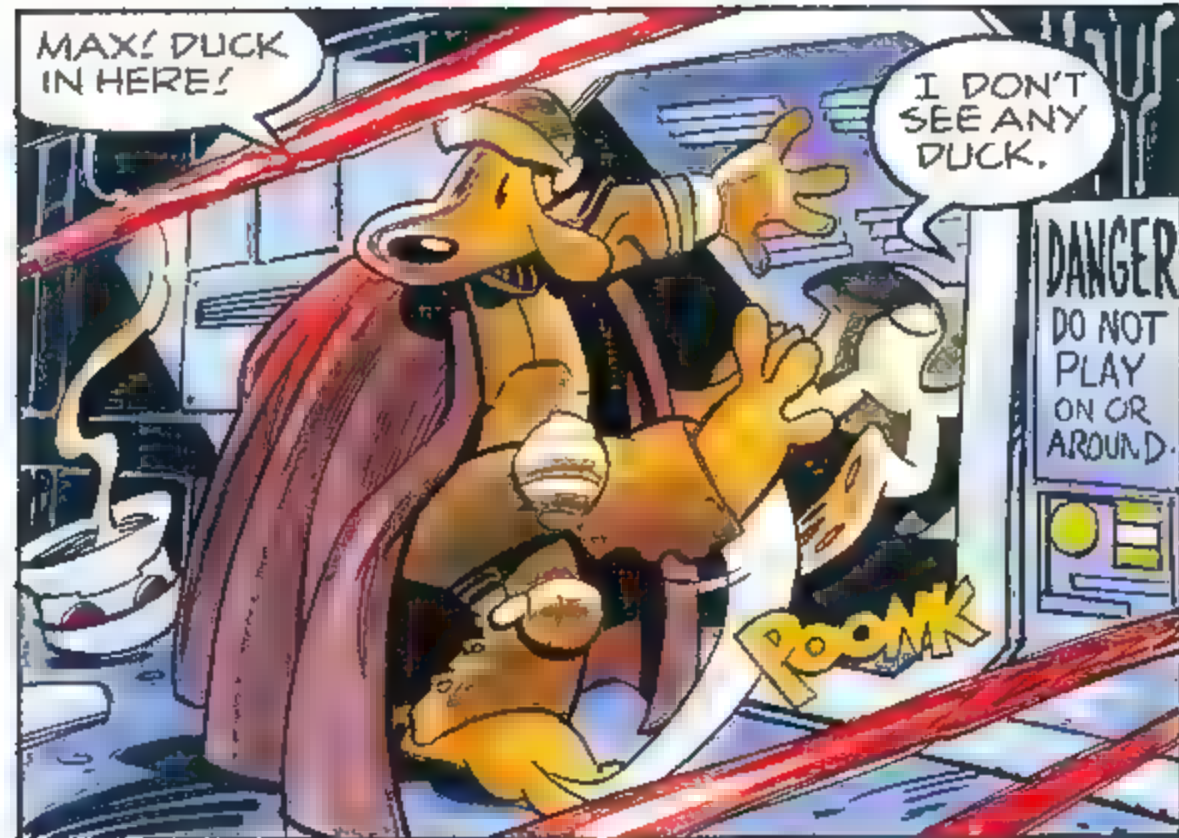
OH YEAH, THAT, TOO. I THOUGHT I LEFT ONE OUT.

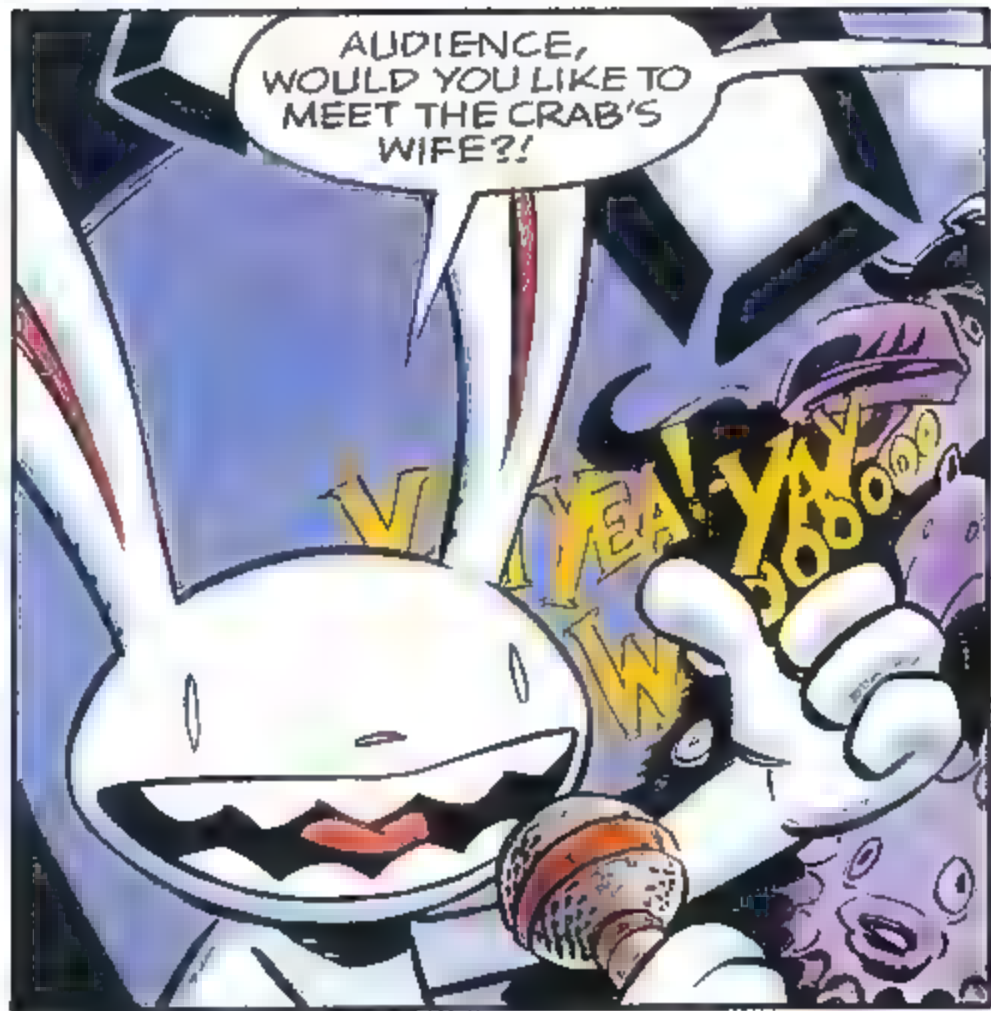
KYYLE

SAM & MAX

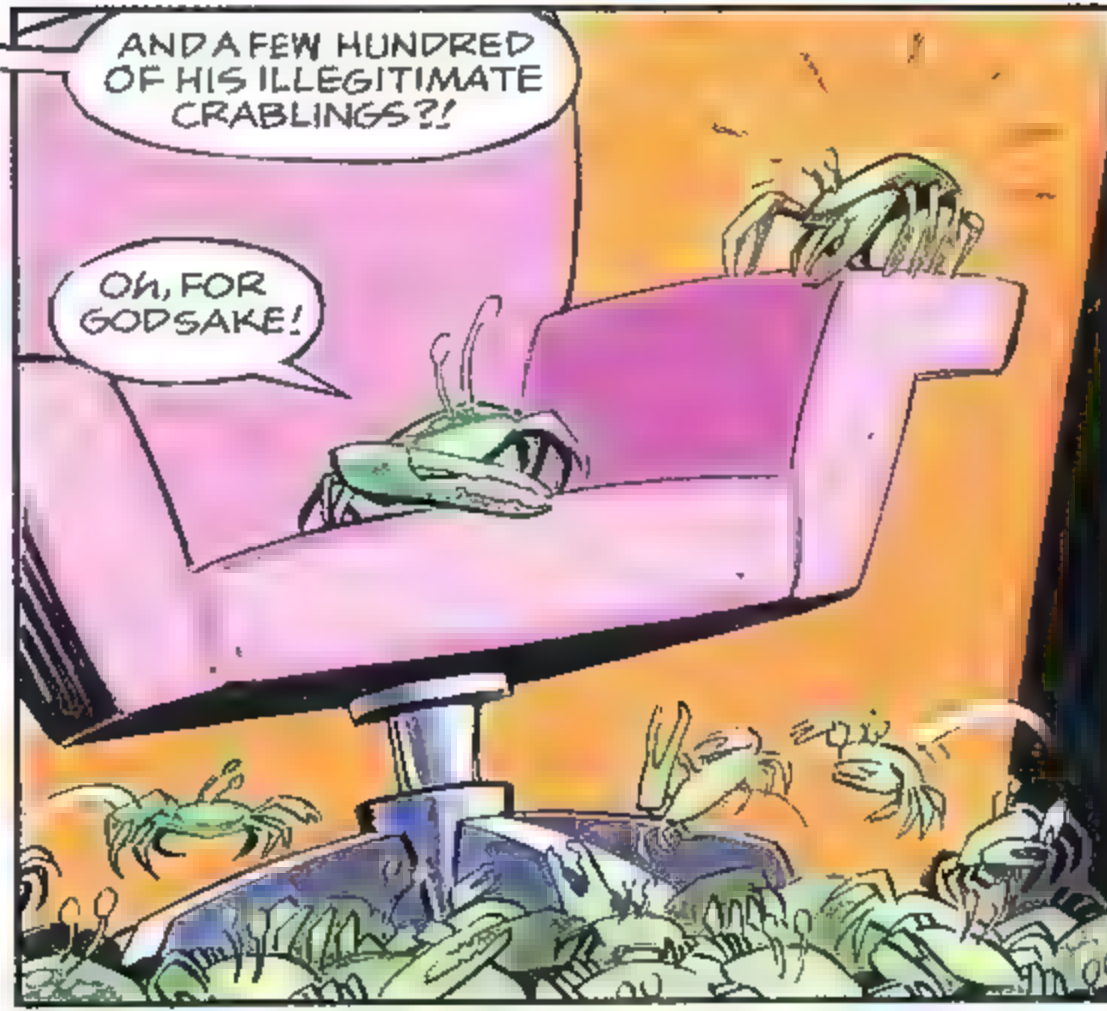
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AUDIENCE, WOULD YOU LIKE TO MEET THE CRAB'S WIFE?!

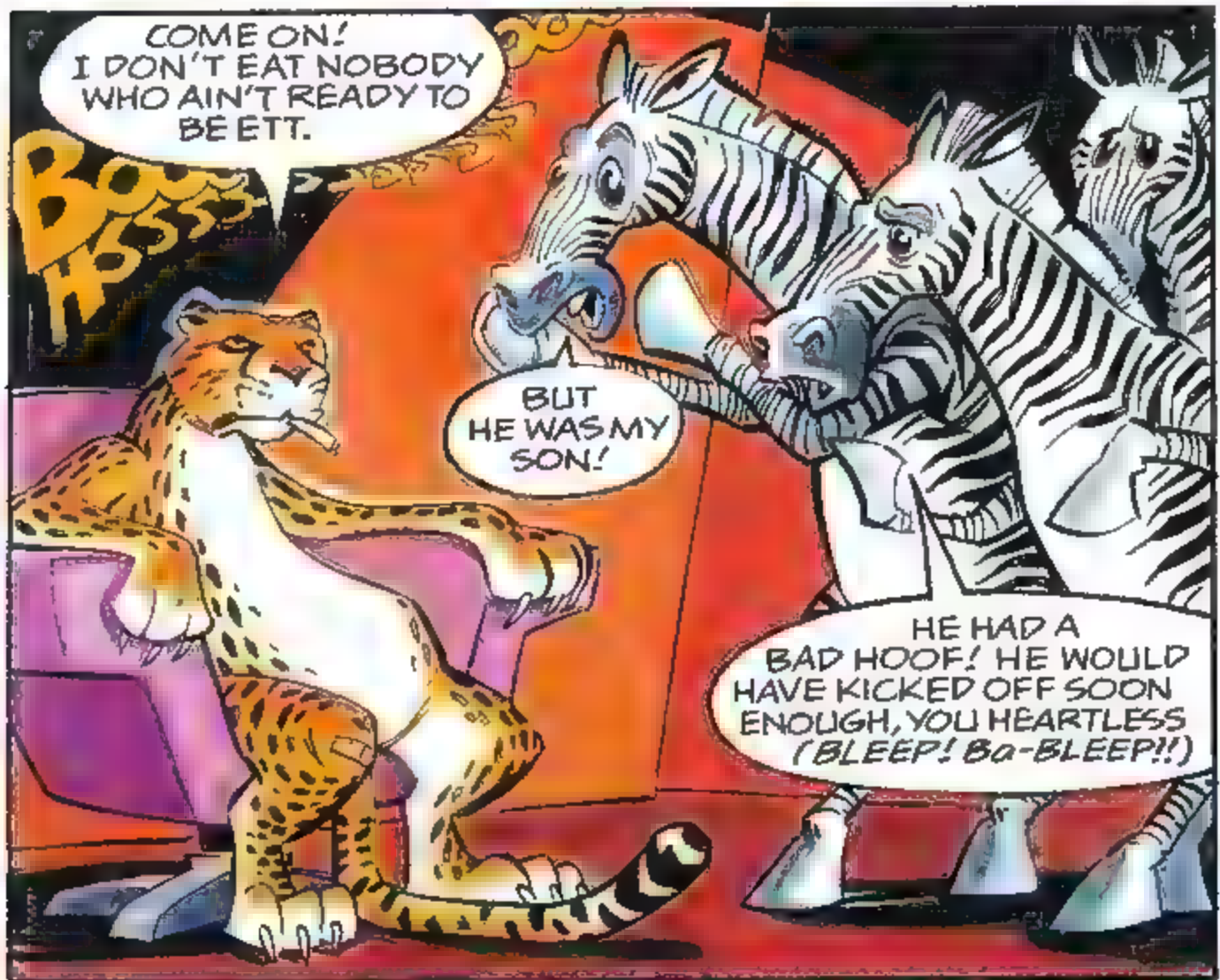


AND A FEW HUNDRED OF HIS ILLEGITIMATE CRABLINGS?!

Oh, FOR GODSAKE!



WHILE THEY'RE SORTING THAT OUT, MAX AND I WOULD LIKE YOU TO MEET A CHEETAH. AND...THE FAMILY OF HIS VICTIM.



COME ON! I DON'T EAT NOBODY WHO AIN'T READY TO BE ETT.

BUT HE WAS MY SON!

HE HAD A BAD HOOF! HE WOULD HAVE KICKED OFF SOON ENOUGH, YOU HEARTLESS (BLEEP! Ba-BLEEP!!)



HEY, LAY OFF! I'M ENDANGERED!

WE CERTAINLY DON'T CONDONE THIS TYPE OF VIOLENT OUTBURST. BUT IT SURE IS GREAT FOR RATINGS.

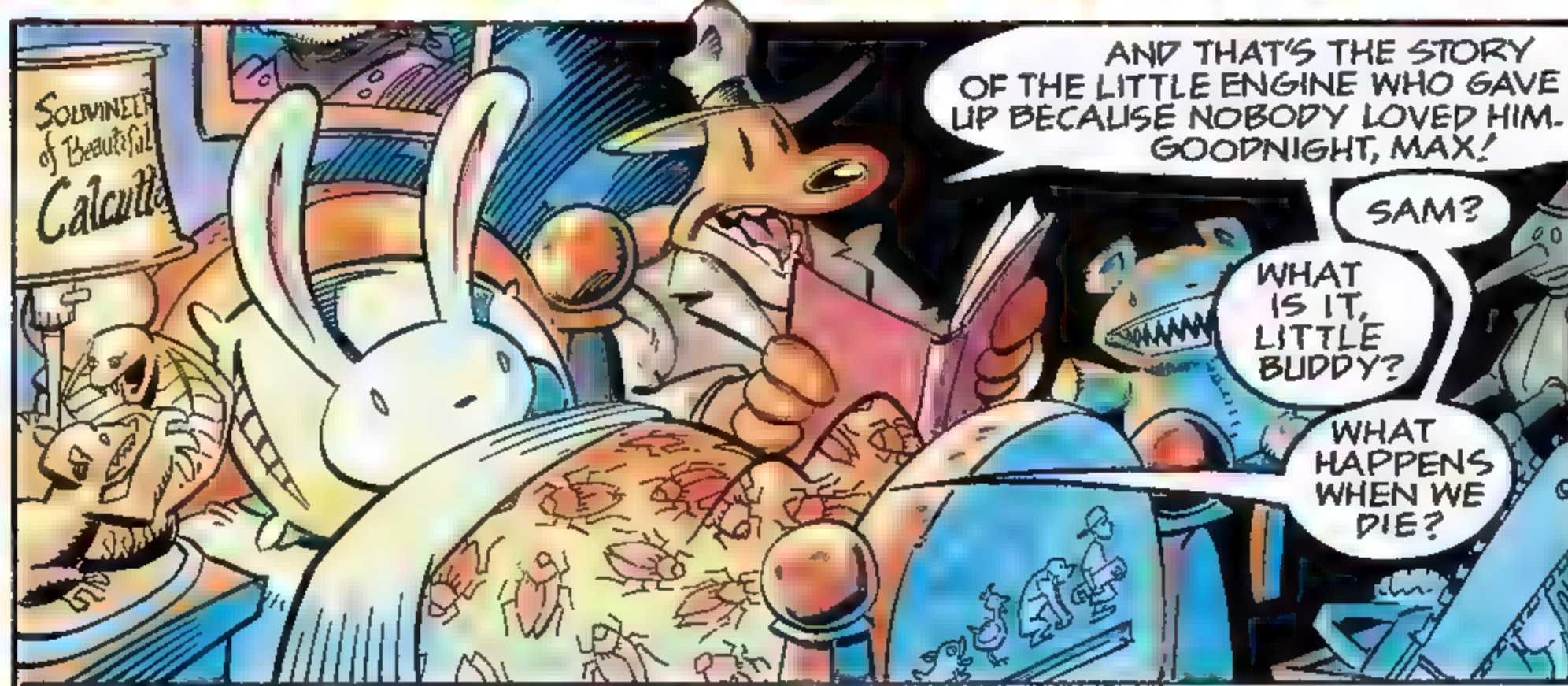
YOU ARE NOW!

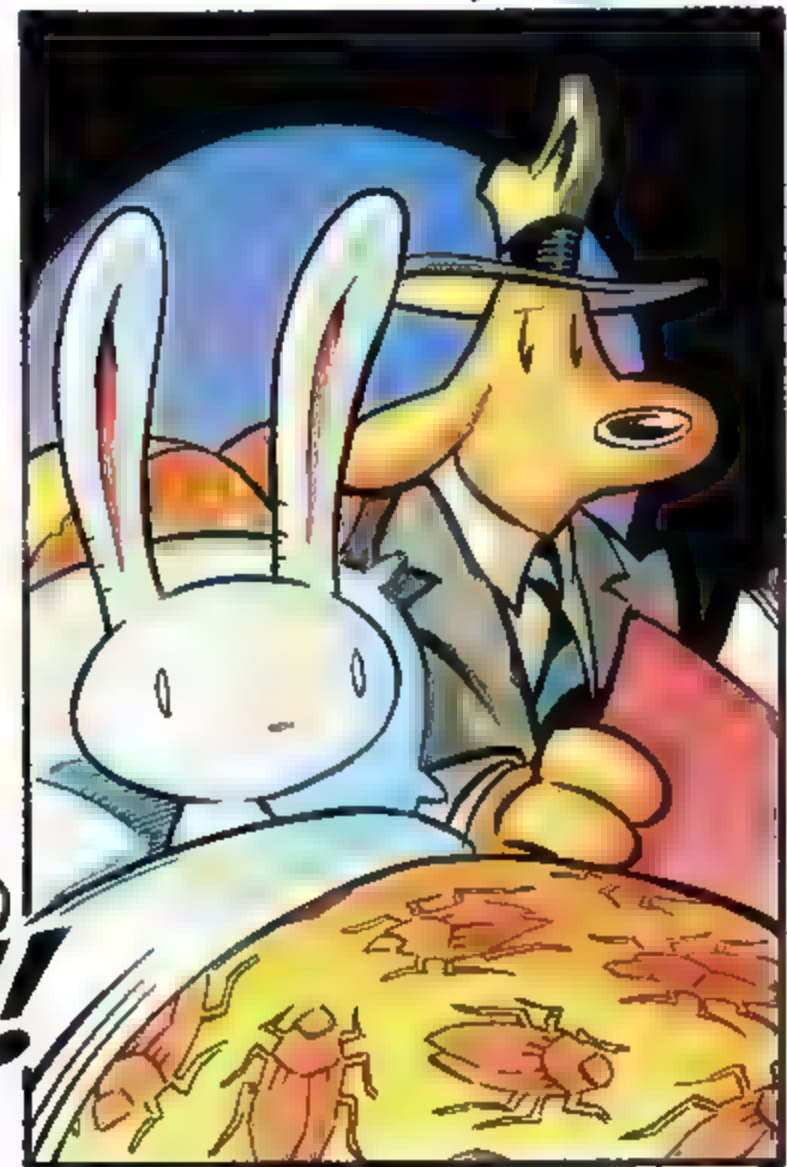
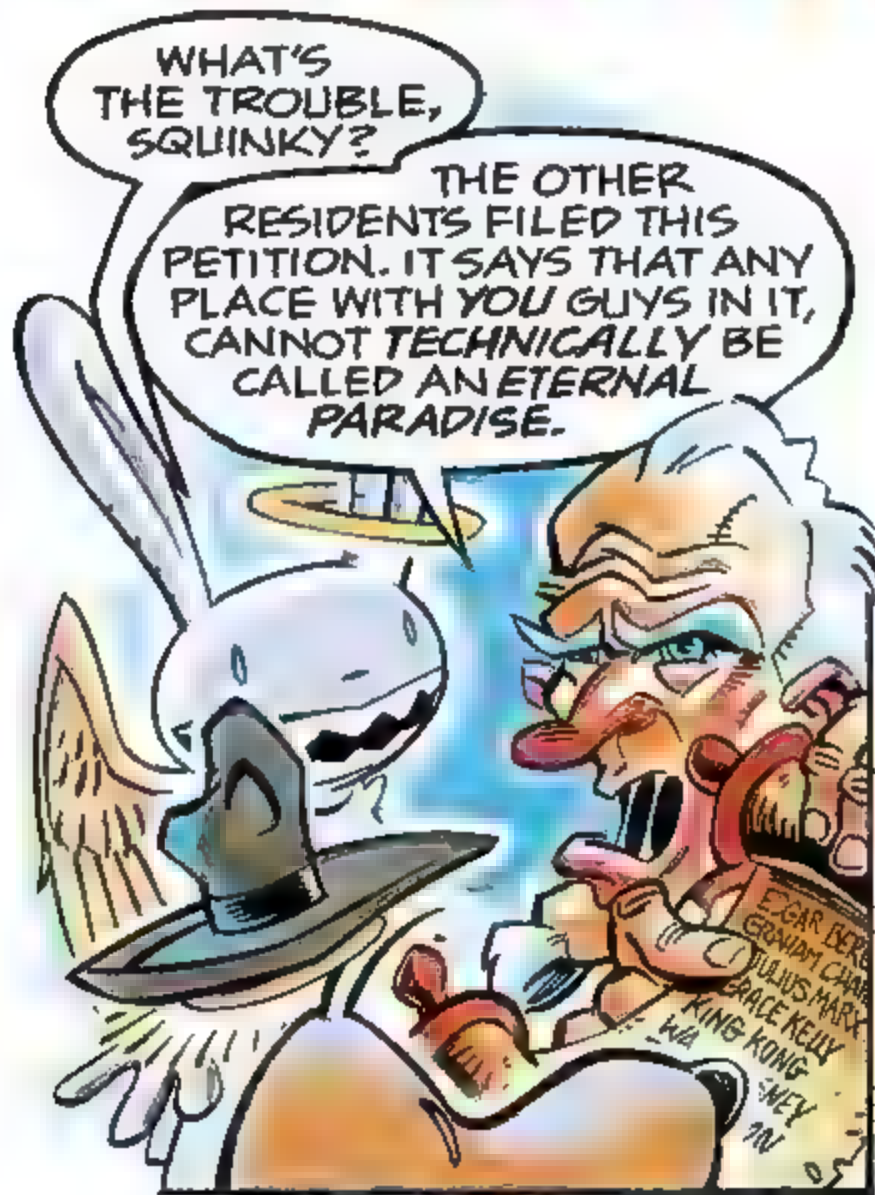
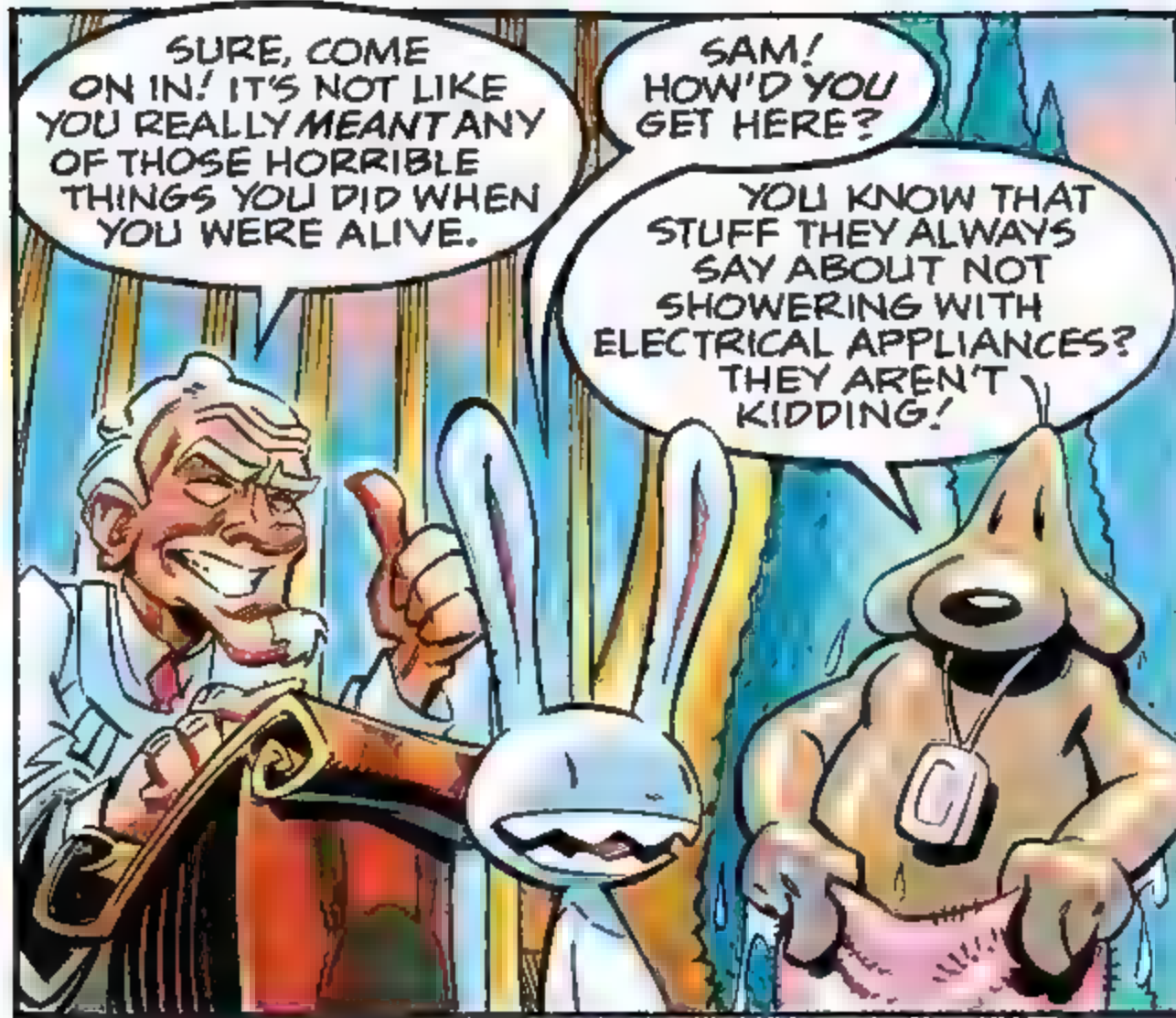
SORRY FOLKS, BUT THE SOMALI WILD ASS WAS EATEN BY HYENAS WHO, AMAZINGLY ENOUGH, FORGOT TO LAUGH AT HIS NAME. SEE YOU NEXT TIME!

SAM & MAX

TM & © by Steve Purcell

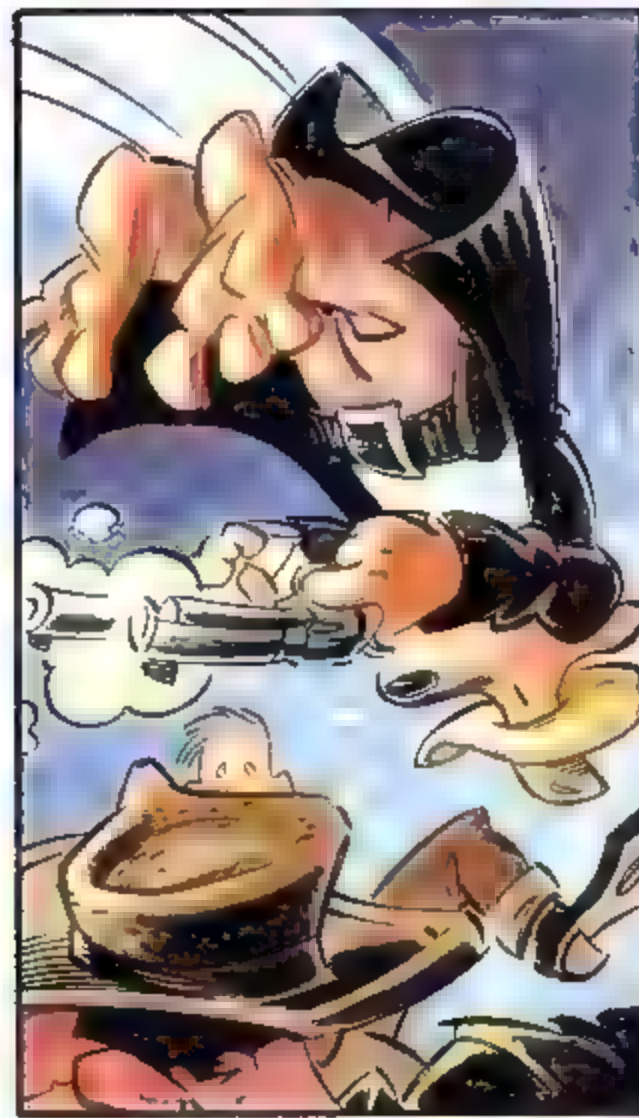
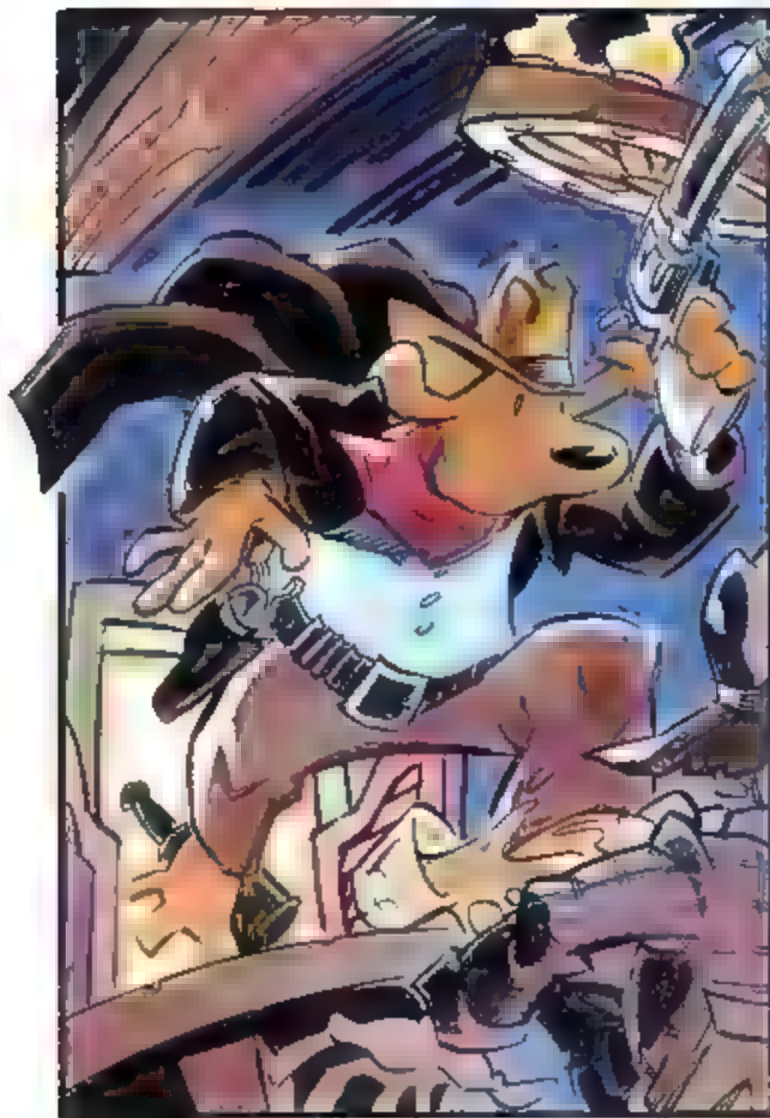
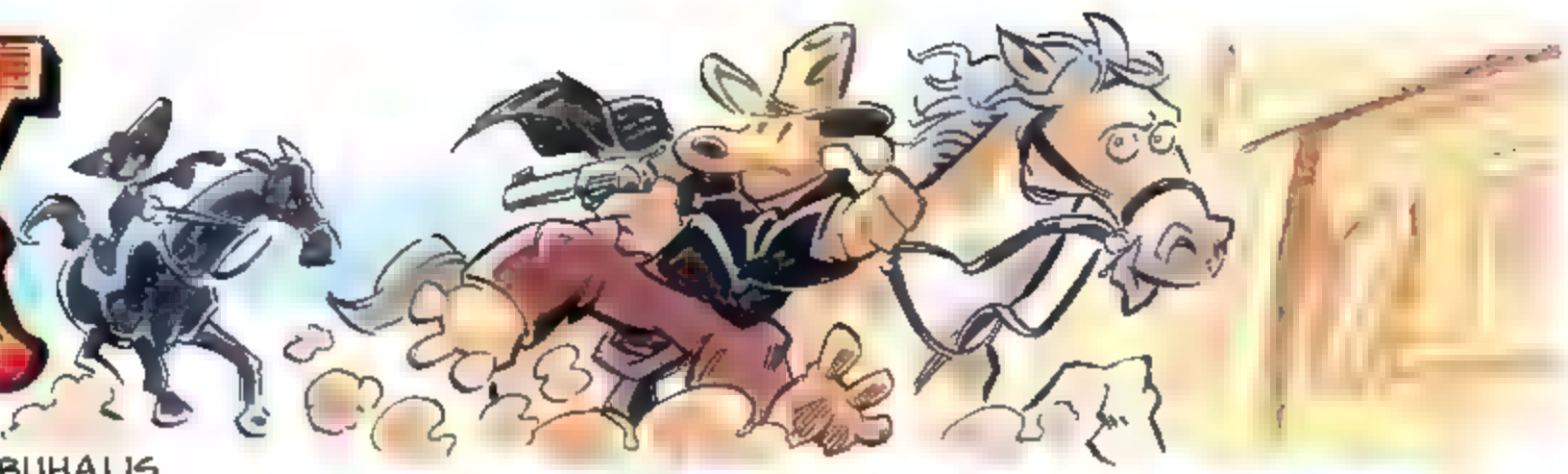
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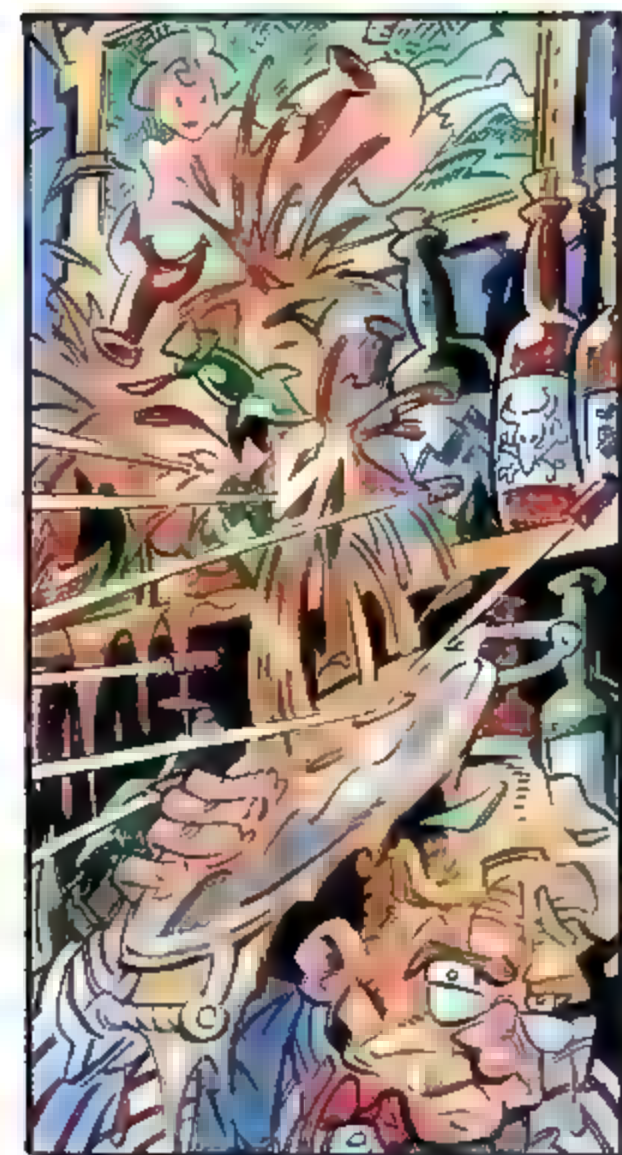
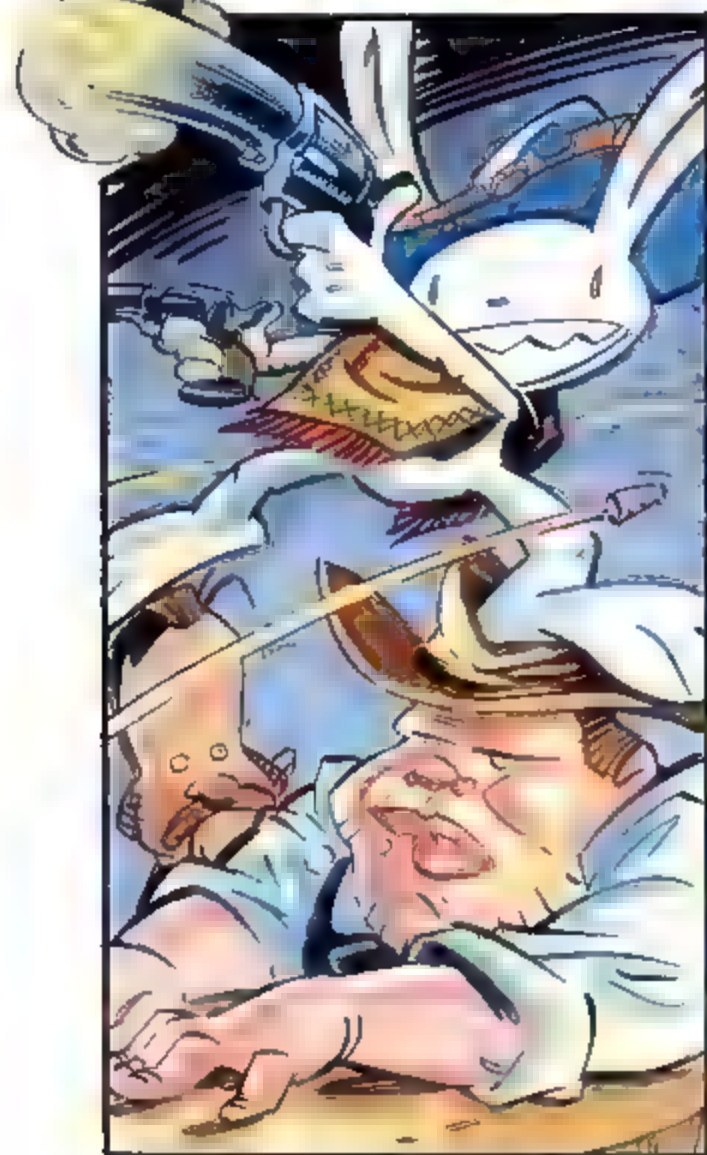
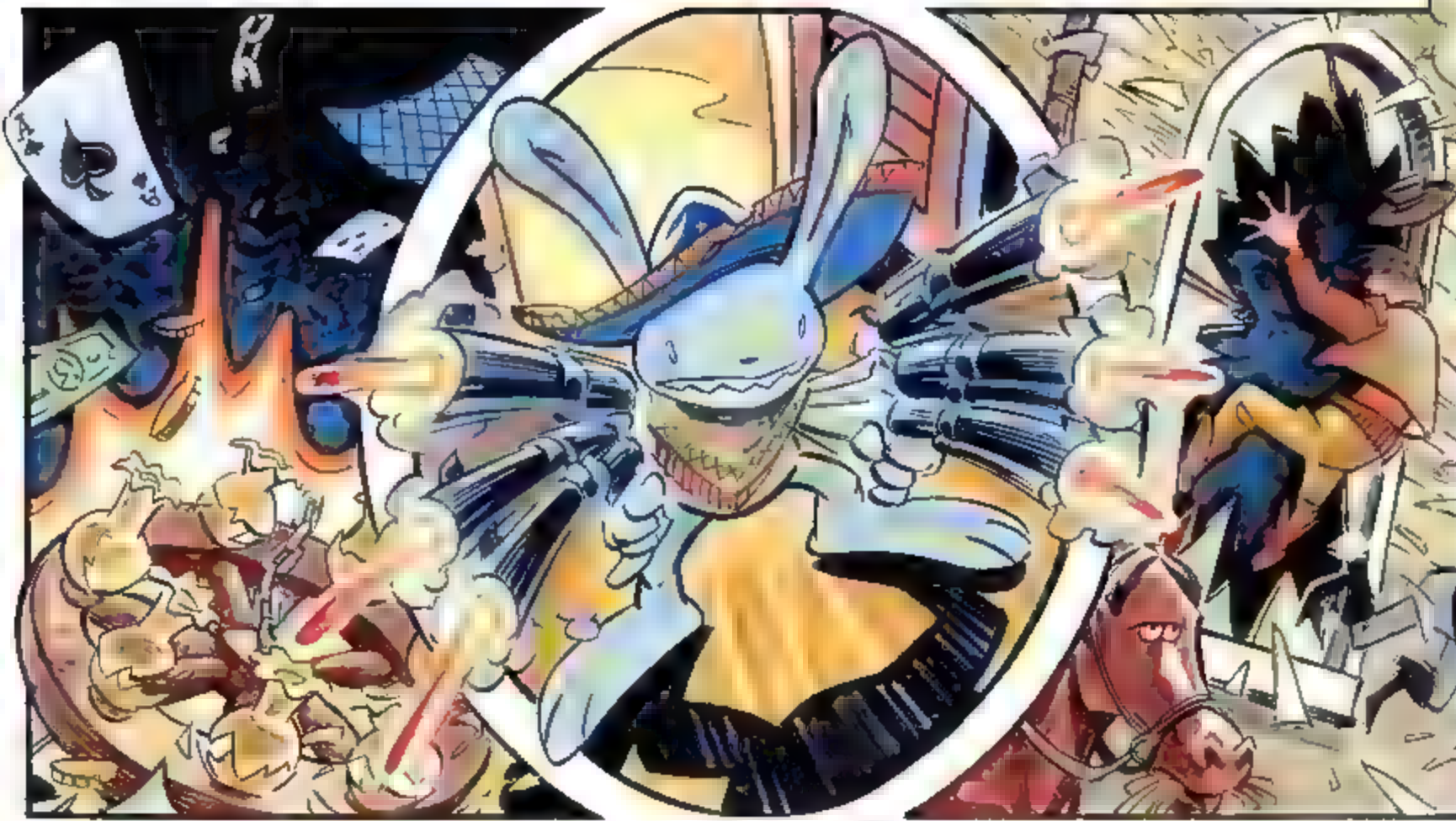
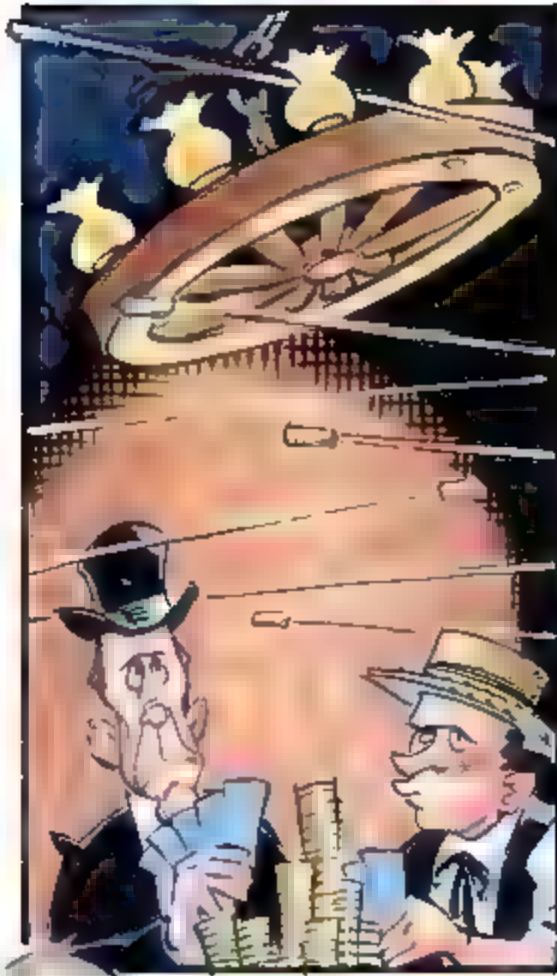




SAM MAZ

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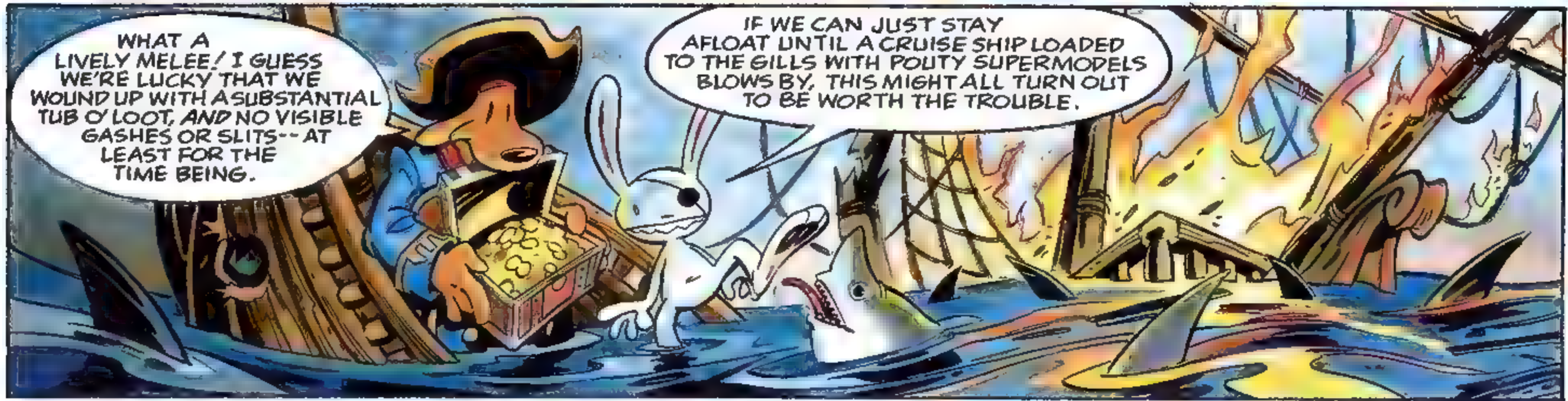
WELL, THAT WAS A GRATUITOUS DISPLAY OF TESTOSTERONE-INDUCED CARNAGE.

IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO GET A TABLE IN THIS DUMP! AND DON'T SAY TESTOSTERONE--KIDS ARE GONNA' READ THIS!

AWW, YOU CRACK ME UP, YOU MANGY, YELLA' TAILED VARMINT.



TALE BY *STEVE PIRCELL*
LETTERED BY--LOIS BUHALIS



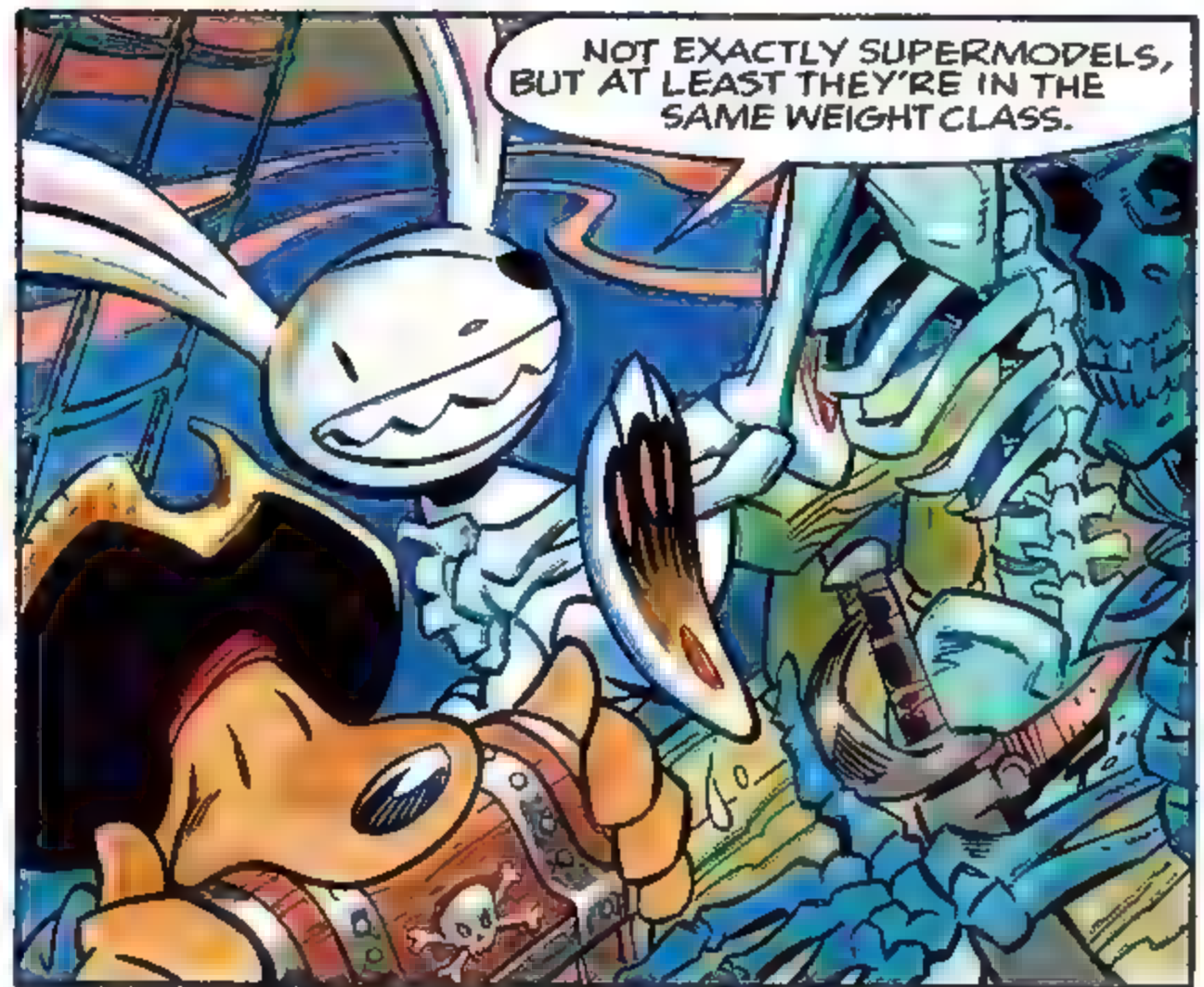
WHAT A LIVELY MELEE! I GUESS WE'RE LUCKY THAT WE WOUND UP WITH A SUBSTANTIAL TUB O' LOOT, AND NO VISIBLE GASHES OR SLITS-- AT LEAST FOR THE TIME BEING.

IF WE CAN JUST STAY AFLOAT UNTIL A CRUISE SHIP LOADED TO THE GILLS WITH POUTY SUPERMODELS BLOWS BY, THIS MIGHT ALL TURN OUT TO BE WORTH THE TROUBLE.

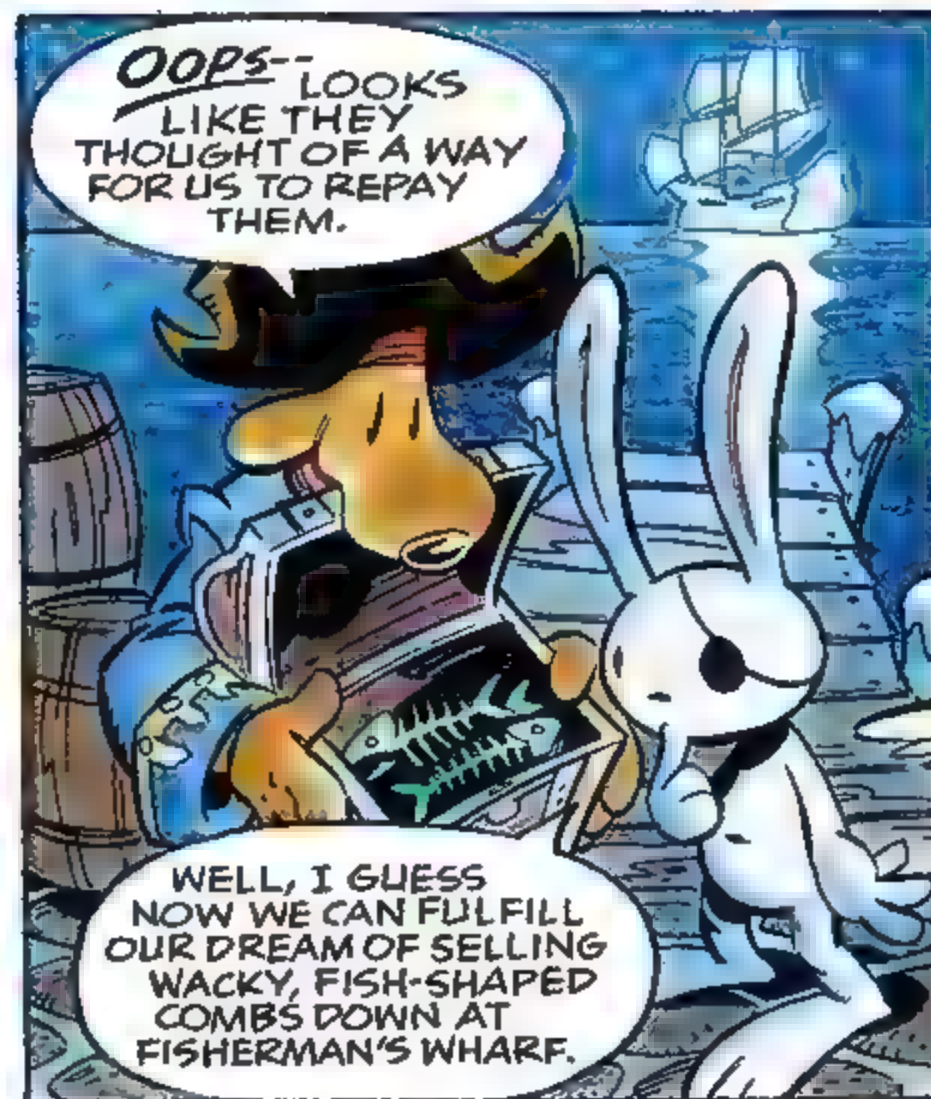
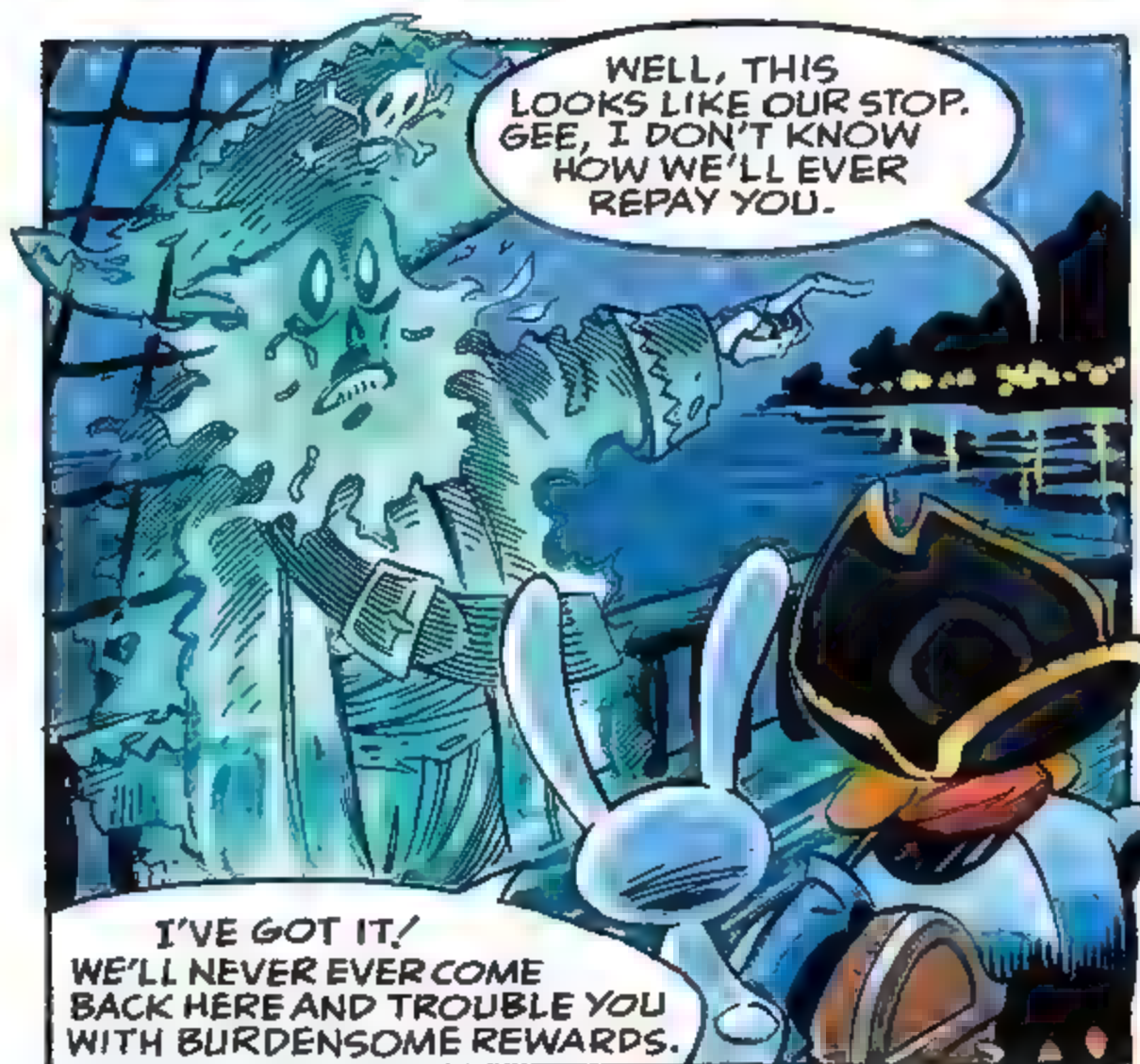
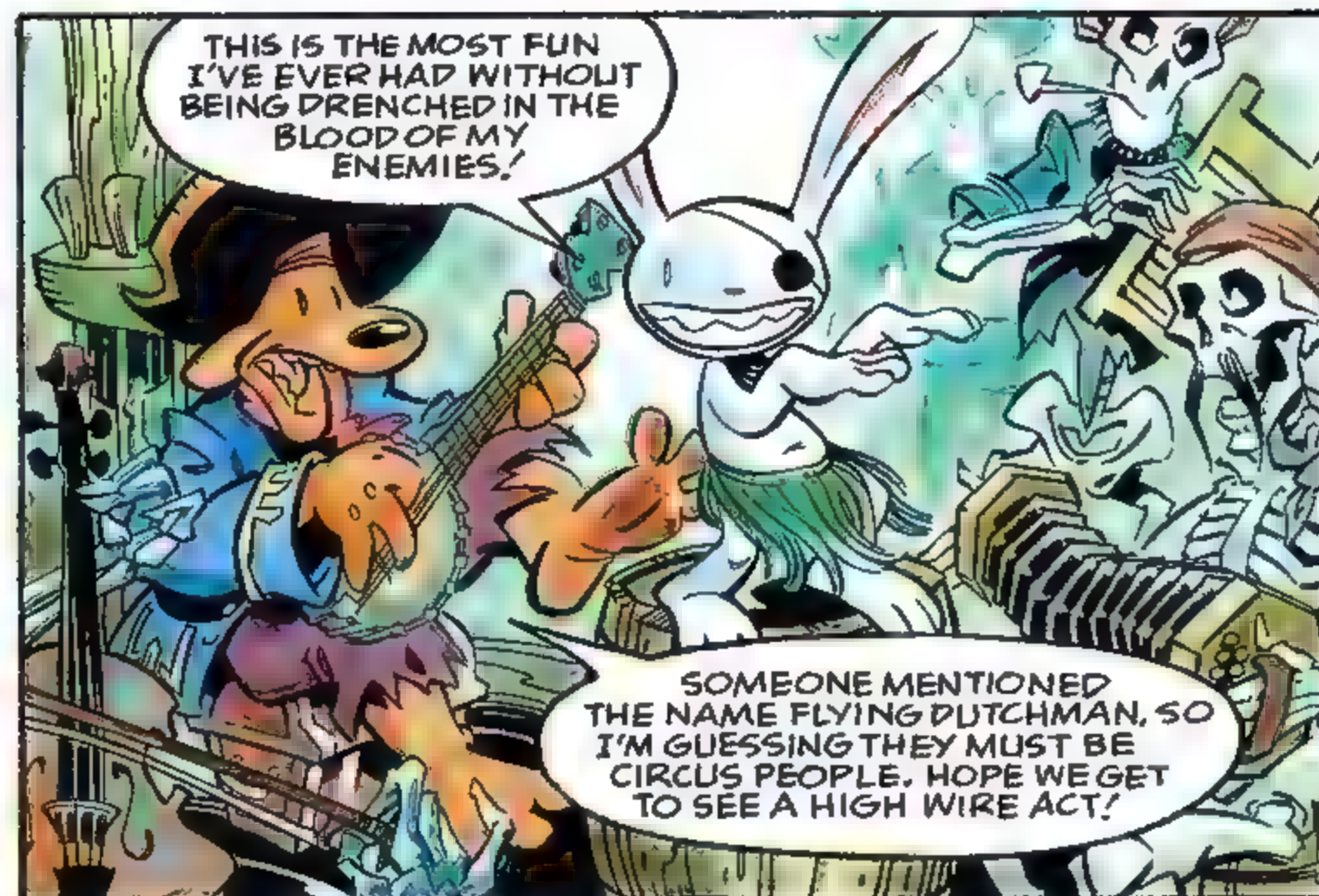
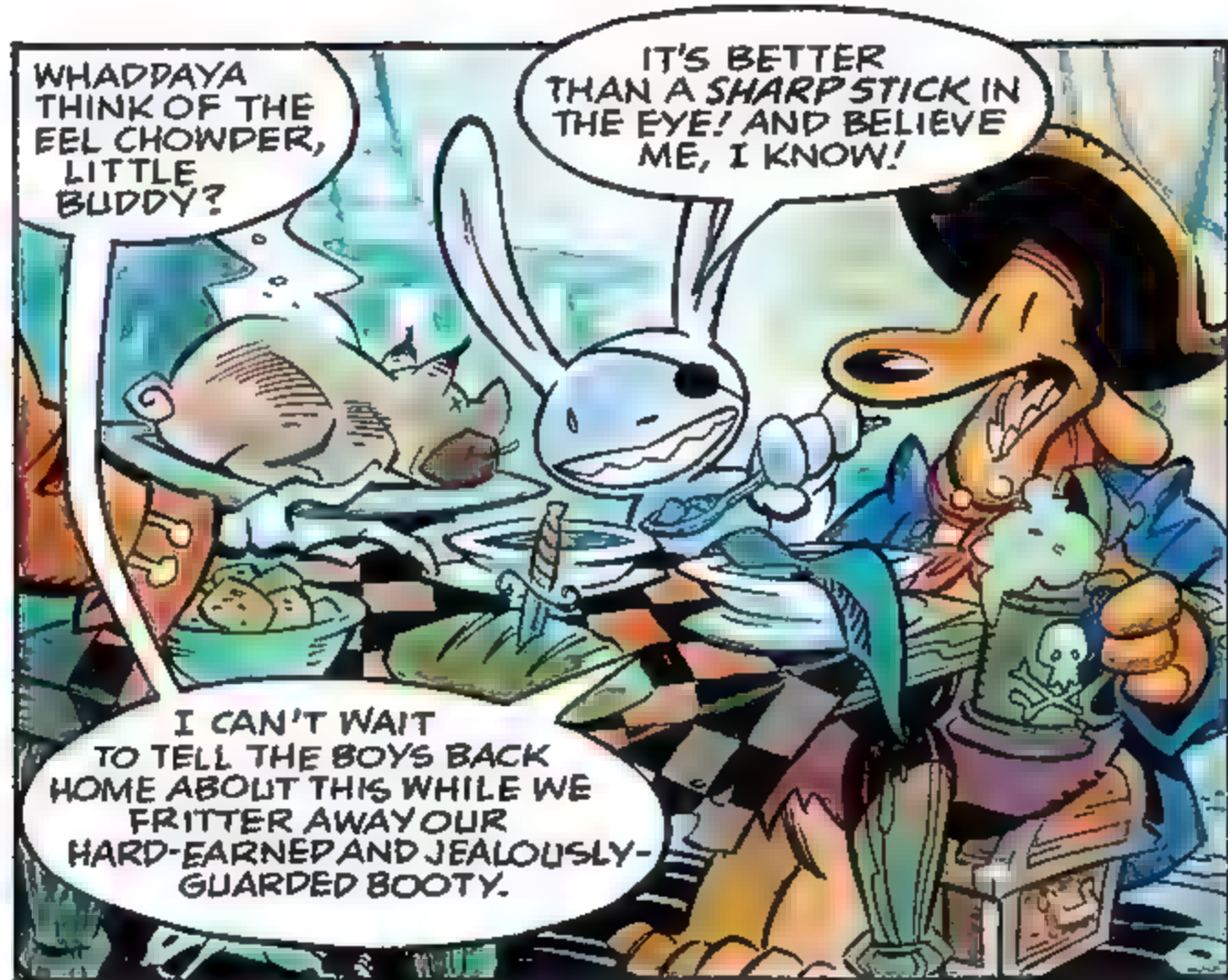


SEE, SAM? THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT I WAS TALKING ABOUT.

HEY, YOU'RE GOOD.



NOT EXACTLY SUPERMODELS, BUT AT LEAST THEY'RE IN THE SAME WEIGHT CLASS.

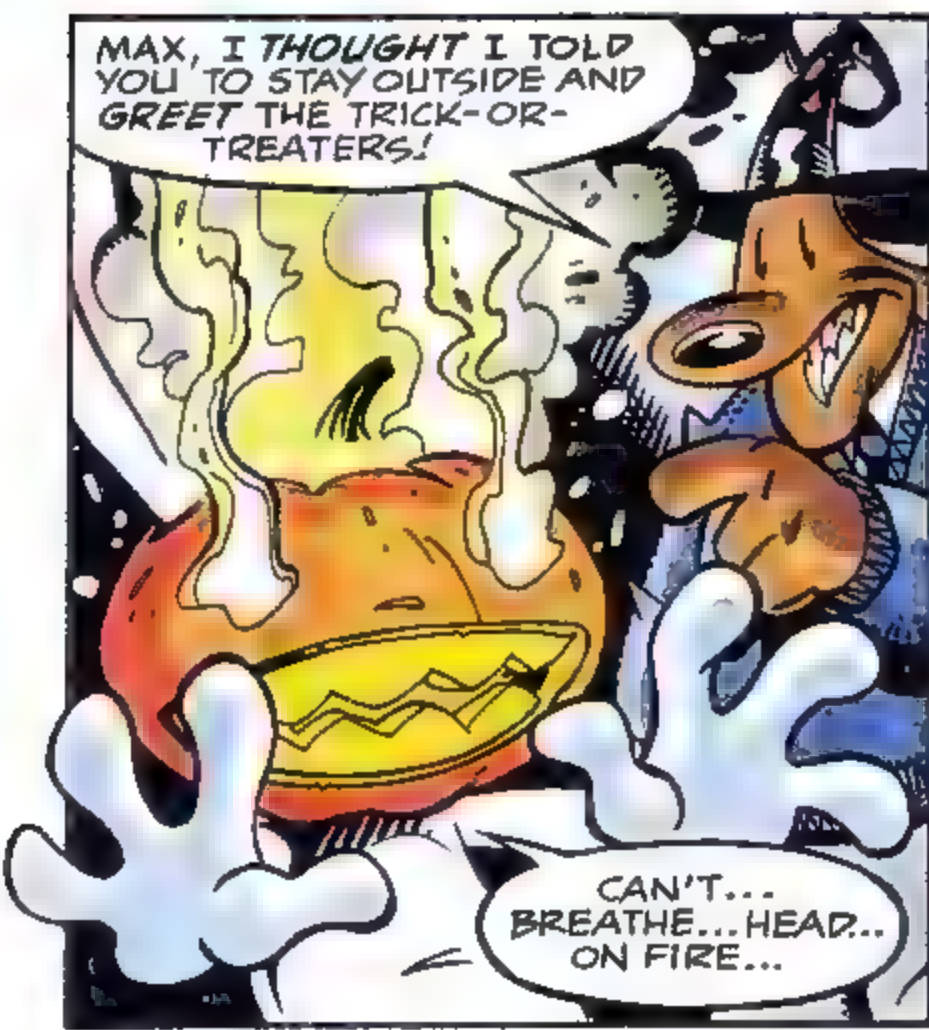




FREELANCE POLICE
IN "BELLY OF THE BEAST"

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 LETTERED BY **LOIS BUHALIS**

~ BASED ON ANXIOUS CLUCKINGS OF JITTERY MOMS ~



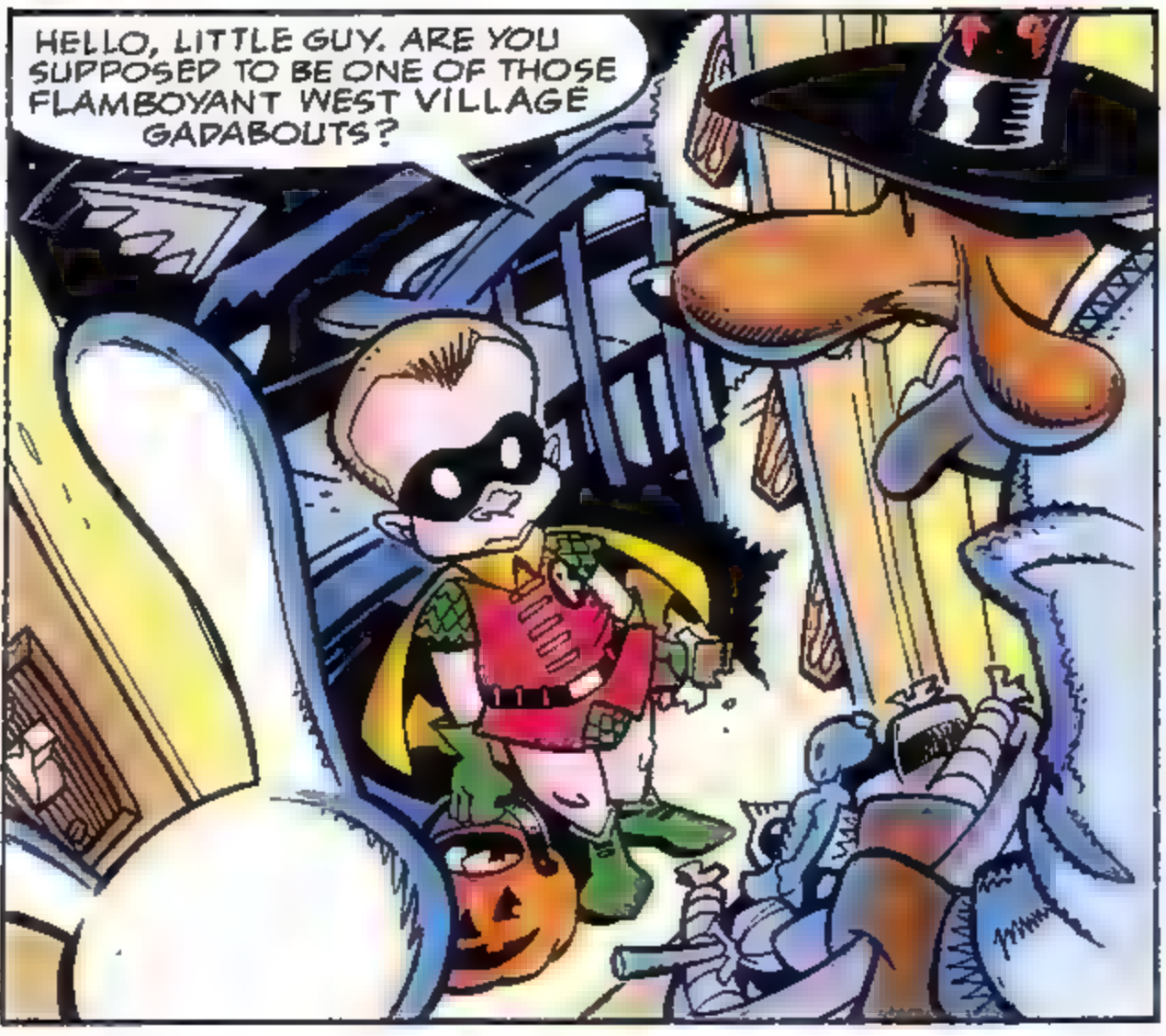
CAN'T... BREATHE... HEAD... ON FIRE...



THAT'S BETTER.

DO YOU SMELL BURNING ARMY MEN?

NOK NOK



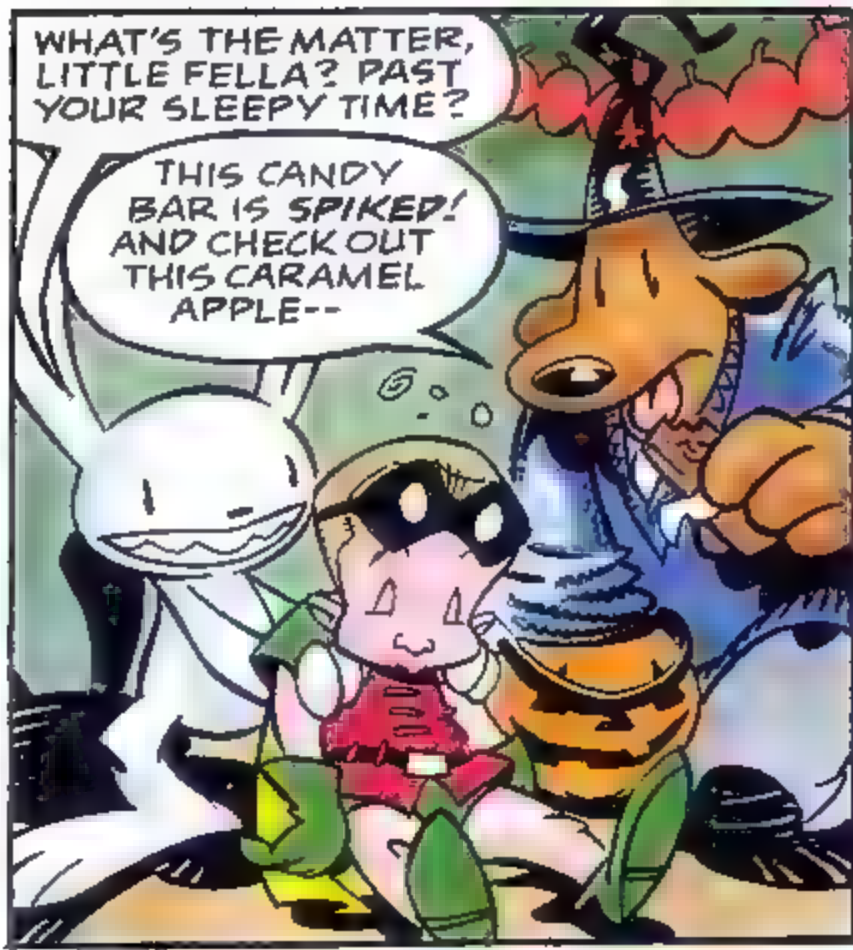
HELLO, LITTLE GUY. ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO BE ONE OF THOSE FLAMBOYANT WEST VILLAGE GADABOUTS?



MUST HAVE OVERINDULGED IN THE FLAMBOYANT GADABOUT LIFESTYLE!

AND WHY NOT!?

FWUMP



WHAT'S THE MATTER, LITTLE FELLA? PAST YOUR SLEEPY TIME?

THIS CANDY BAR IS SPIKED! AND CHECK OUT THIS CARAMEL APPLE--

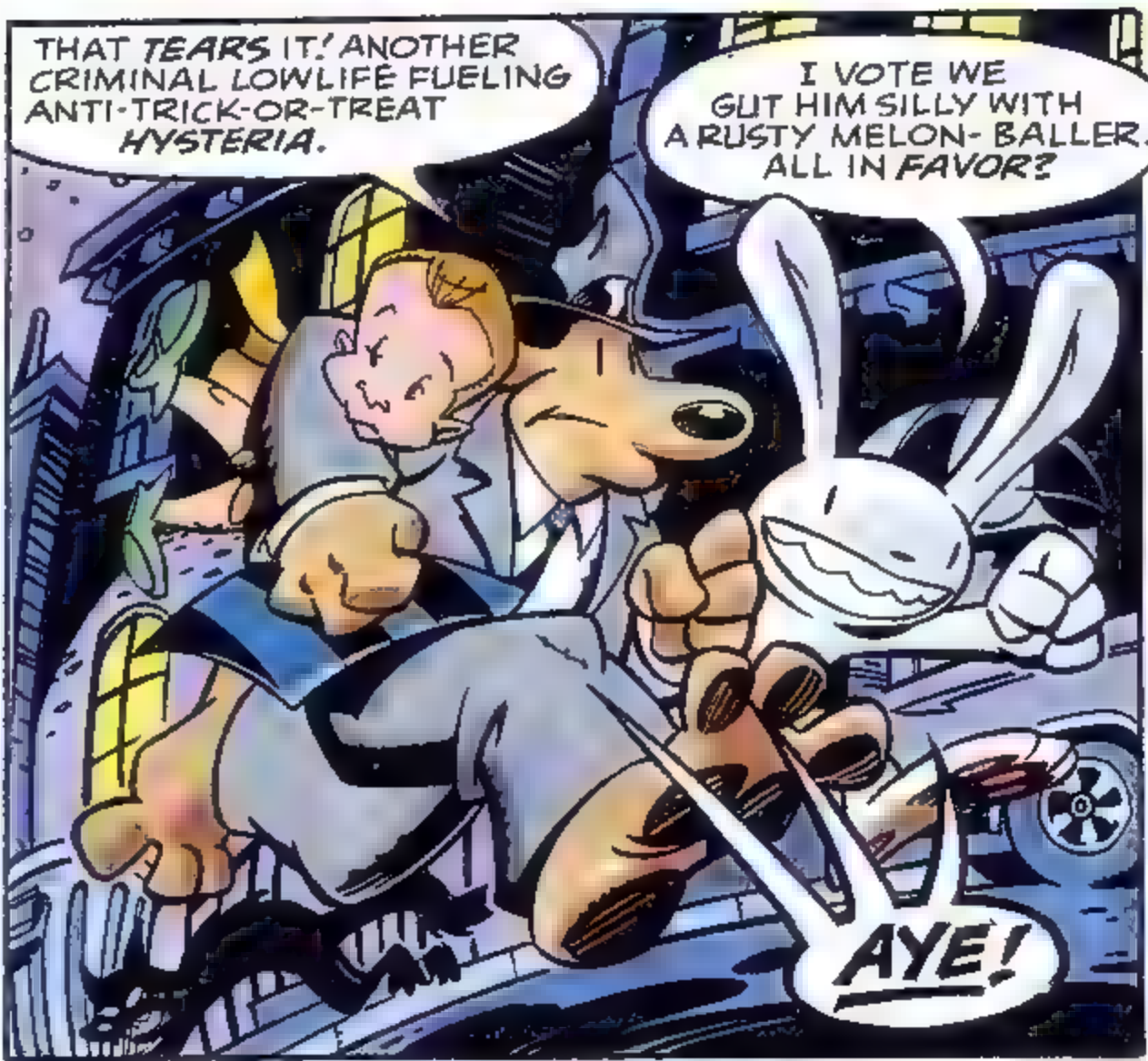


--IT HAS A RAZOR IN IT!



WHO GAVE YOU THESE SO-CALLED TREATS?

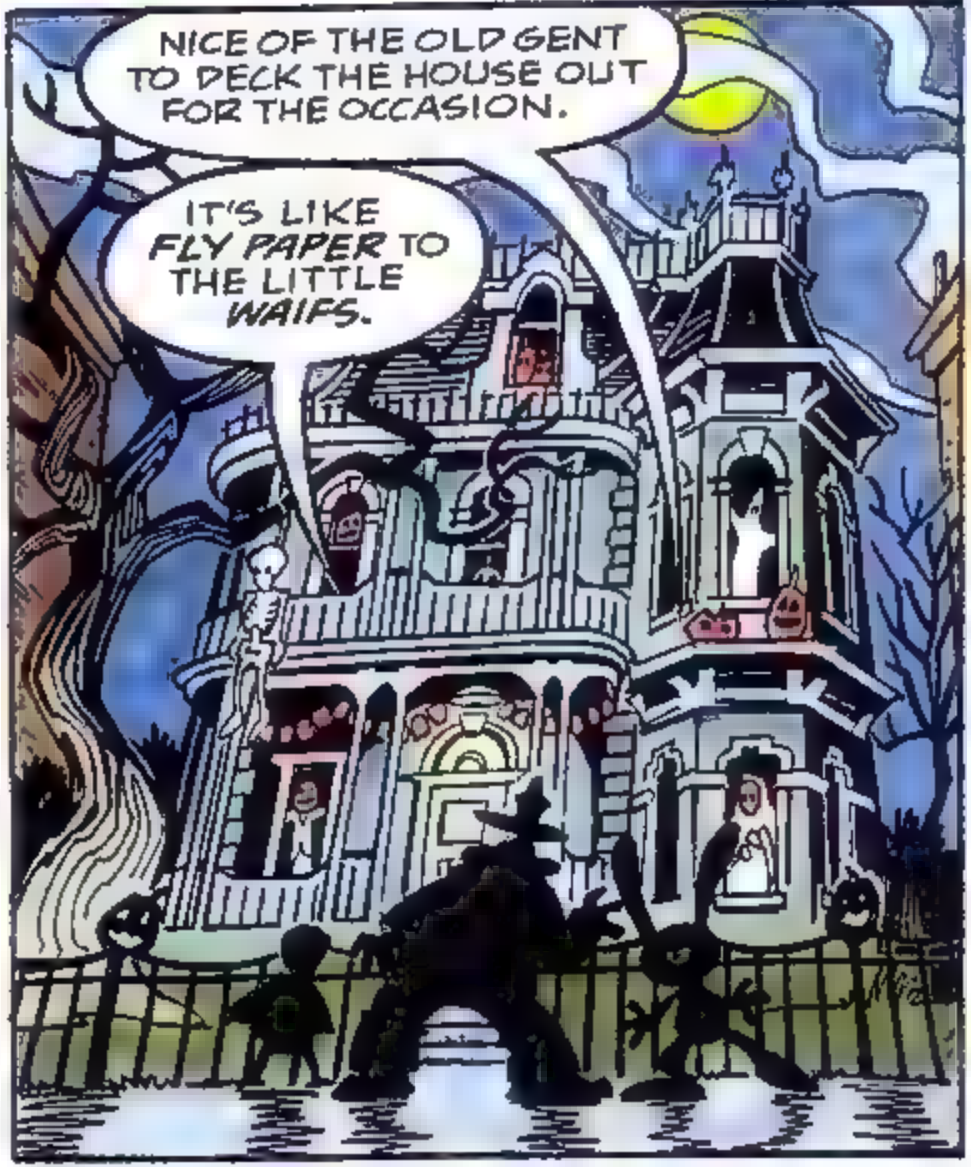
MISTER AHTOO, DOWN THE BLOCK. HE AST ME TO COME IN, BUT I WAS A-SCARED.



THAT TEARS IT! ANOTHER CRIMINAL LOWLIFE FUELING ANTI-TRICK-OR-TREAT HYSTERIA.

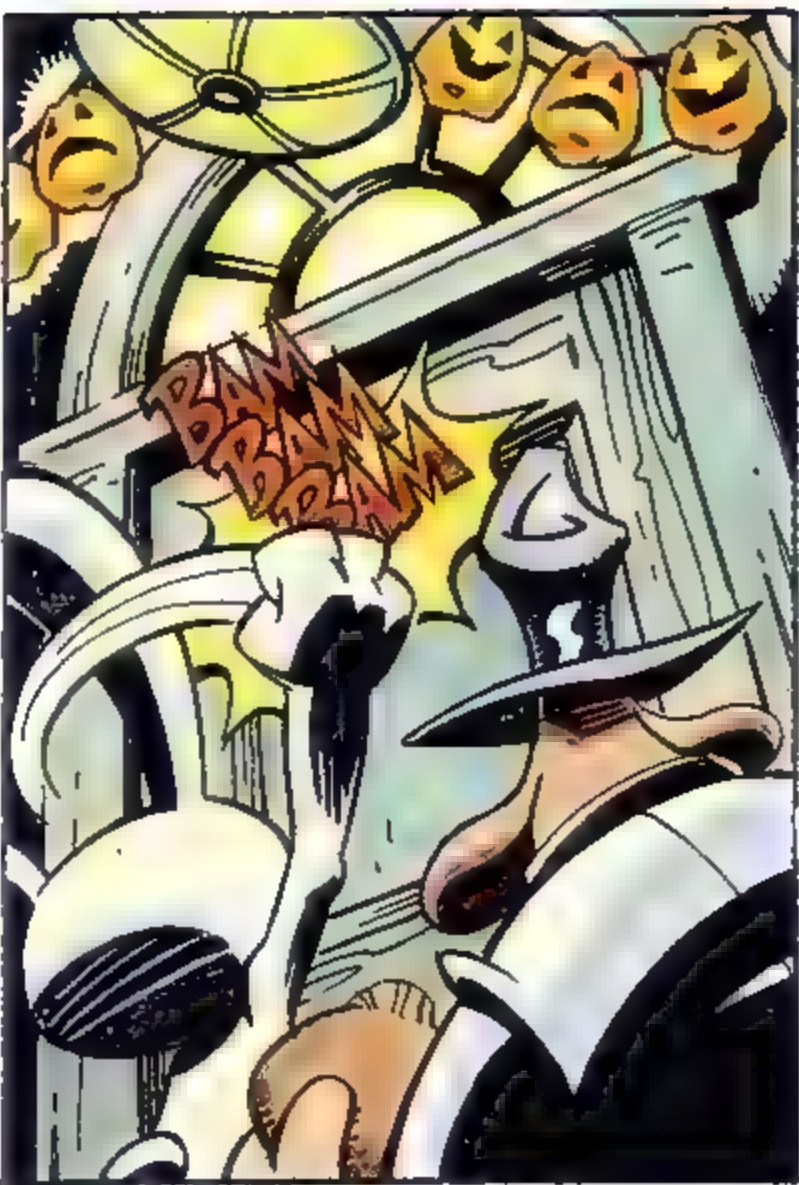
I VOTE WE GUT HIM SILLY WITH A RUSTY MELON-BALLER. ALL IN FAVOR?

AYE!



NICE OF THE OLD GENT TO DECK THE HOUSE OUT FOR THE OCCASION.

IT'S LIKE FLY PAPER TO THE LITTLE WAIFS.



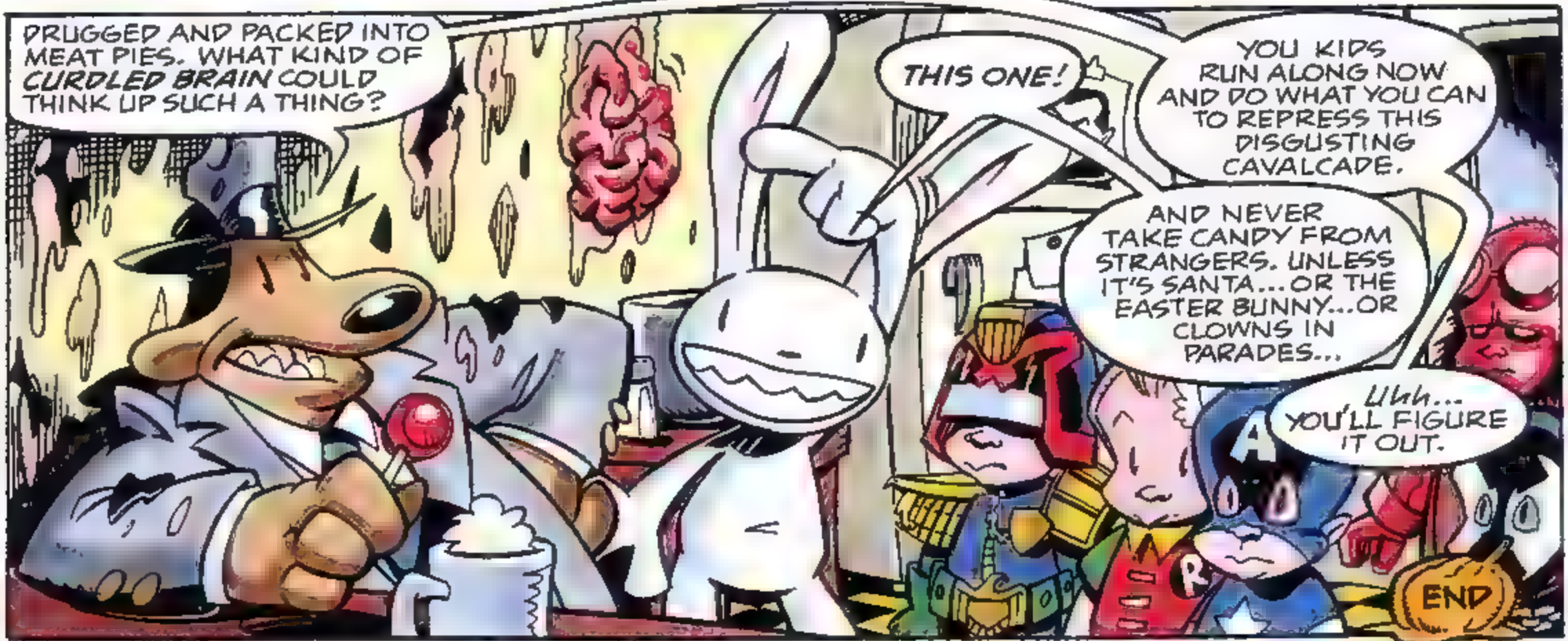
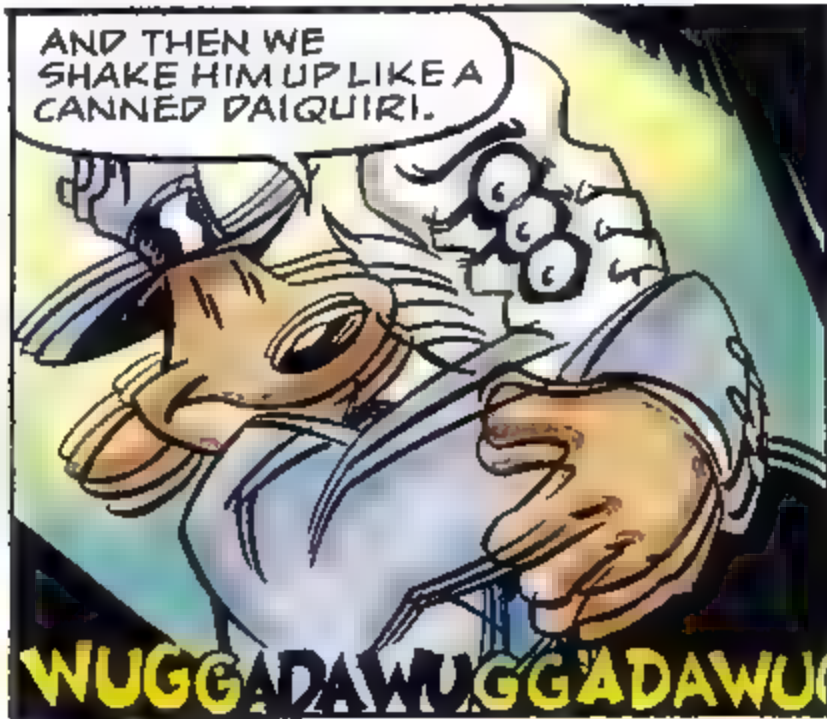
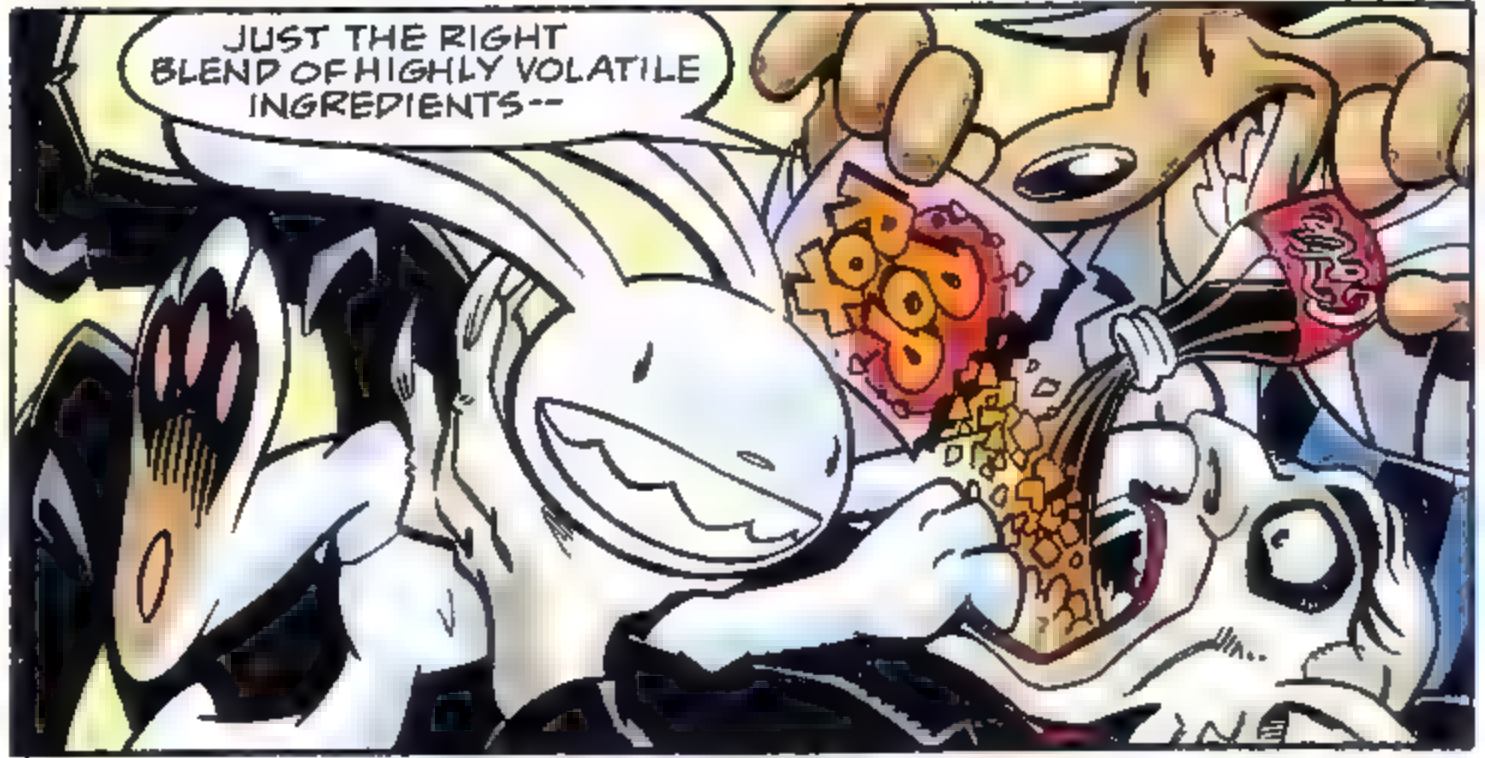
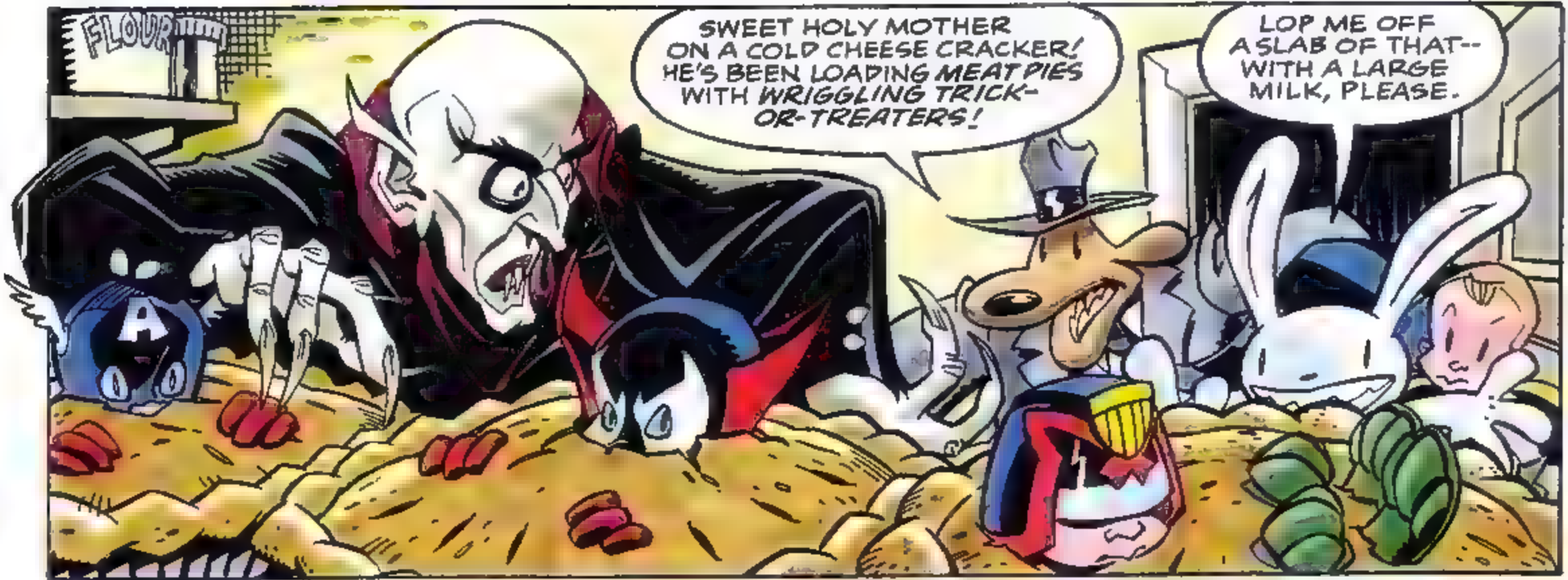
BAM BAM BAM



YESSSS?



POONK!







THE GREAT MOTHMAN

WALKING TREES OF MYSTERY

PURCELL'S CIRCUS LAND 88

JAN & MAX











©94
STEVE PURCELL













The Collected Sam & Max—surfin' the Highway is replete with the wry humor, witty repartee, unabashedly antisocial behavior, and first class graphics that have earned this quirky pair of furry flatfoots a rabidly devoted following.

From the pair's undercover stint as "terrifying hairy bikers" who visit a tattoo parlor to experience the timeless "ritual of primitive disfigurement," to their trigger-happy and danger-riddled quest to rid the Moon of giant cockroaches, this is a hilariously twisted, distinctively rendered, and action-packed adventure with America's favorite Freelance Police.

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- One page strips for short attention spans and a cover gallery for those who can't read at all!
- Plus pinheaded games and activity pages to keep you busy and off the streets.

The Collected Sam & Max—surfin' the Highway—
truly the only book you'll ever need!

Cartoonist Steve Purcell has been chronicling the shocking and dangerous exploits of the Freelance Police since the disco era.



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