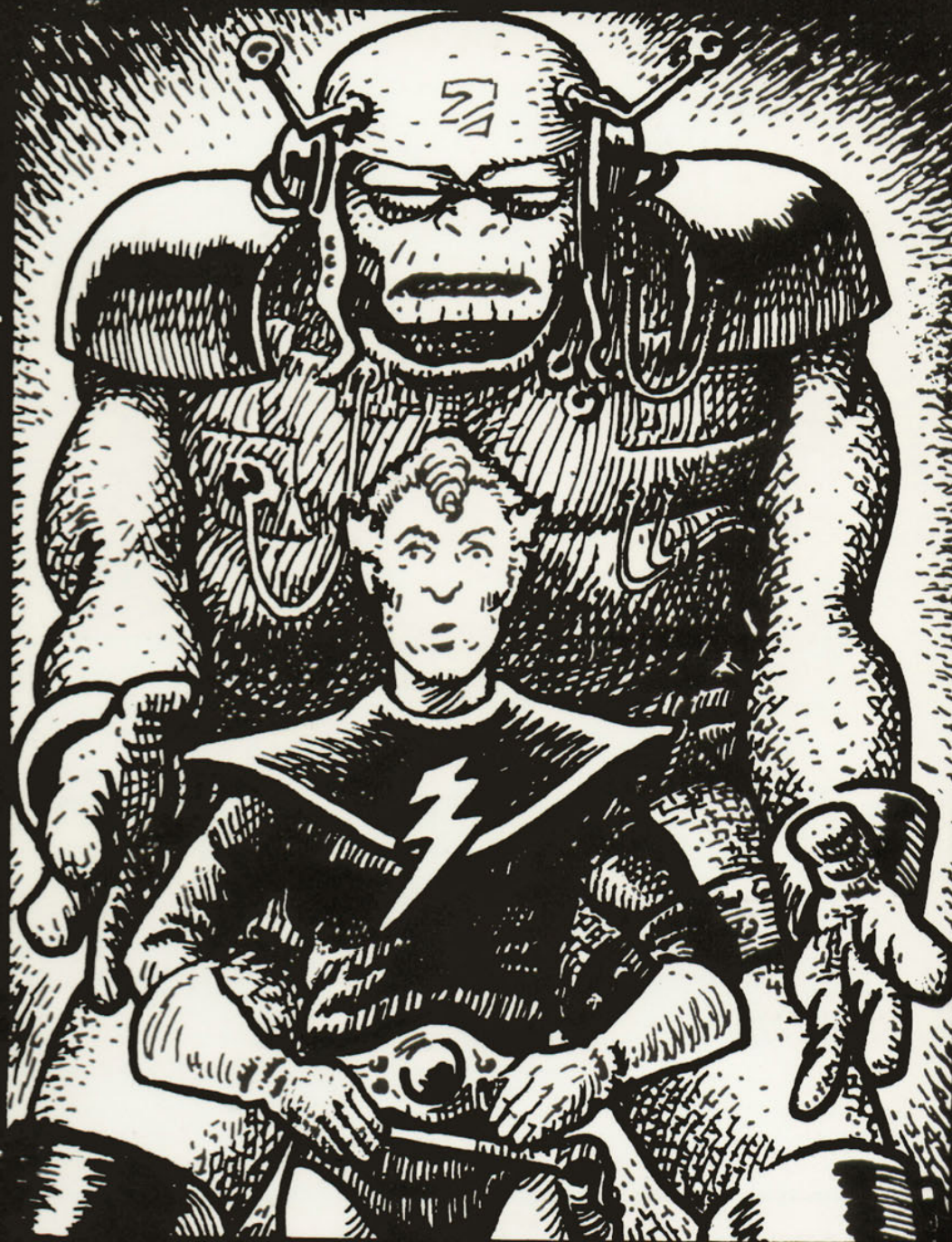




BRYAN TALBOT'S

FRANK FAZAKERLY



SPACE ACE OF THE FUTURE!

£1.50

To Be Perfectly Frank

“Perfectly Frank” was the title proposed to me by one James Manning when we met in London in 1978 for the strip that he was asking me to produce for the new monthly magazine he was editing, *Ad Astra*. Envisaged to be a British equivalent of the glossy U.S. publication *Omni*, it was publicized as “Britain’s FIRST (yes, in caps) Science Fact/Science Fiction Magazine”.

I’ve just had a quick search for it online and can’t find a single mention. There is a magazine with that title, but it’s the official publication of the American National Space Society, established 1989.

Although only working on a shoestring budget, *Ad Astra* (Latin for *To The Stars*) lasted for 16 issues, filled with articles on science, predominantly space research, and SF stories and reviews - and my strip was in every issue. Except it wasn’t called *Perfectly Frank*. At the time, *Some Mother’s Do ‘Ave ‘Em* was an immensely popular British TV sitcom and James envisaged the strip as “Frank Spencer in Space”. That was the entirety of the concept. Frank was the hapless protagonist of the series, who got into a silly situation every episode, due to his accident-prone nature, and James figured I could transpose the whole formula to an SF setting.

I said “Okay”, went off, and created something different, though still a comedy, and with a gormless protagonist called Frank. To his credit, James didn’t bat an eye and accepted the strip on the spot. My idea was “George Formby in Space”. Formby, whose comedy-adventure movies were massive during the war and still popular and on TV while I was growing up, came from the small Northern industrial town of Wigan, just like me. In fact, he was a schoolfriend of my maternal Grandmother.

The story concept, although not the plot, was directly inspired by the idea behind the Bob Hope movie *Paleface*. In the film, Hope plays an itinerant dentist (“Painless Potter”) in the wild west, who becomes a feared gunslinger, not because he’s brave (he’s quite the opposite) nor a good shot, but because circumstances are such that he ends up getting the credit for the real sharpshooter, *Calamity Jane* (played by Jane Russell). And that was the notion behind *The Fazz* - over the course of his misadventures, he would have become a massive intergalactic hero despite being a wimp, while Zelda did all the heroic stuff, and who would indeed, eventually, liberate Earth from the iron rule of the robots.

But it never happened. *Ad Astra* folded at issue 16 because of falling sales, and the story was only about a sixth of the way through, at least. As it was the last issue, James allowed me to finish on a double-pager. I’d met James through my first publisher, Lee Harris, whose *Alchemy Press* published my underground *Brainstorm Comix* series. FF was my first regular paying strip and, as you’ll see, some bits are appallingly badly drawn. Originally meant to be in a half-page format, James gave it a full page from issue 2 onwards, and later told me that it was the most popular regular feature in the magazine.

As you’ll see, if you’ve not already come across it, it is basically a parody of the 1930s *Flash Gordon* and *Buck Rogers* movie serials, with pastiches of *Dan Dare*, *Star Trek* and other space opera standards thrown in along the way. There are costumes, robots and spaceships based on 1930s - 1950s pulp SF magazine illustra-

tions and Art Deco touches here and there. I especially like The Chrome Queen's *Bride of Frankenstein*-inspired head design. The *Mingon* is a cross between the *Mekon* from Dan Dare and *Ming the Merciless* from Flash Gordon.

The Sci-Fi of the period was very swish, sparkly and glamorous in the main, and the notion of characters talking in a broad Lancashire accent onboard a spaceship was amusing at the time. The characters' names are typically Northern, and there's even a reference to *Uncle Joe's Mint Balls*, manufactured in Wigan since Victorian times and still being produced there today, as far as I know.

As for the overall plot, apart from the vague story arc I had in mind, I made up the instalments once a month, just before I had to draw them, mostly ending them on cliff-hangers. Over the two years I was producing the strip, I'd finished drawing the last Brainstorm comic, *Amazing Rock and Roll Adventures*, and started work on *The Adventures of Luther Arkwright* for *Near Myths*, all the while working in my first two "real" jobs, as illustrator for Lancashire County Council, then for British Aerospace on a 6-month contract, producing the comics at nights and weekends.

On the final page, you might spot the Dan Dare-inspired eyebrows of Queen's idealised image of Frank and a reference to the *Cadbury's Smash* alien robots. And, for those who may have wondered...the bomb is in the... well, I think you'll probably guess.

And that would have been that. I'm not going to write a history of the *Preston Speculative Fiction Society* here, but that's how come the publication you've just downloaded came about. Begun by fan, later well-known filker and folk singer Lawrence Dean in the early 80s, the PSFG grew from half a dozen people (including me, Mary and writer Steve Gallagher) sitting around a pub table once a month to the biggest group of its kind in Britain at the time. Not strictly limited to SF but encompassing horror, fantasy, illustration and comics, its regular attendees included luminaries such as Bob Shaw, Ramsey Cambell and Leo Baxendale. Eventually meeting once every two weeks in a large town centre pub's upstairs function room, it attracted a large attendance, as many as over 120 one notable week, sometimes from all over Britain.

There was a guest speaker at every meeting, the roster reading like a genre fan's *Who's Who*: Michael Moorcock, Terry Pratchett, Tanith Lee, Alan Moore, Gwyneth Jones, Neil Gaiman, David Brin, Bill Sienkiewicz, Diana Wynne-Jones, Iain (M) Banks, Garth Ennis, Dave Sim and Grant Morrison, to name a few, some of them on multiple occasions. Richard O'Brien sang *Rocky Horror* songs and Kenny (R2D2, Time Bandits) Baker regaled us with outrageous anecdotes from his long career. One week we'd have a talk by a practicing witch, another a one-man play about Philip K Dick. We had the cream of UK illustrators, from Jim Burns to Dave McKean and Brian Froud, who'd give slide presentations of their work. If we had an animator guest, we'd hire video projectors to show clips from their films. Ray Harryhausen brought models from *The Clash of the Titans* and Nick Park brought *Wallace and Gromit*.

And it was all free. Run by an unelected voluntary committee (mainly the original members), there was no membership charge, no entry fee and every attendee got a free newsletter leading with a feature on the night's guest and advertising events to come in the following months. Everything was paid for, including the guest's expenses and dinner, by the SFPG raffle held every meeting, with prizes of books, video films and

comics donated by members, publishers and guests, sometimes supplemented by large donations of prizes from media stores such as *Forbidden Planet*.

The newsletter was titled *Kimota* (atomic backwards, and *Marvelman*'s catchphrase - you might notice that it's also the name of The Fazz's rocketship) and was edited and produced by PFSG stalwart Graeme Hurry. Graeme went on to produce several publications under the *Kimota* imprint, including collections of short stories by Steve Gallagher, Ramsey Campbell and various PSFG guest speakers. Can't remember now how it came about, but Graeme put together this collection of Fazakerly strips in 1991. The last two pages have art by cartoonist Dave Windett, a member from the beginning and a contributor to a host of comics including *The Beano*, *Sonic the Hedgehog*, *Duckula* and *The Simpsons*. Here's some of his strips free to download: <https://bit.ly/ComicPDFs>. In case you're wondering about the TV show that Steve mentions in the intro. it was called [*Encounter With a Madman and can be watched on my site here*](#).

So, a rather long and rambling introduction to a quite short and very silly book, but I do feel these sorts of things need documenting. Now over 40 years old, this was the last comedy-adventure that I wrote up until the graphic novel *CHERUBS!*, drawn by Mark Stafford, relatively recently. Hope it gives you a giggle.

Does the first page of *Frank Fazakerly, Space Ace of the Future* bear an uncanny resemblance to the opening credits to the much later [*Futurama by Matt Groening*](#), or is that just me?

Bryan Talbot

Sunderland 2020

Links:

- [Some Mothers Do 'Ave 'Em](#)
- [George Formby](#)
- [Cadburys Smash 1970s TV advert](#)
- [Lawrence Dean](#)
- [Steve Gallagher](#)

All of these links are also at www.bryan-talbot.com/frankfazakerly

Opposite is the cover to the first edition of Ad Astra magazine

AD ASTRA

ISSUE ONE / 45pence

**Britain's FIRST Science Fact /
Science Fiction magazine**

In this issue:

Patrick Moore's guide to autumn skies

Brand new Mick Farren SF story

UFOs - Rex Dutta reveals a cover-up

PLUS features, reviews

and much more...



**INSIDE:
Monthly Star
Chart**

SPEAKING FRANKLY

I knew Frank before I knew Bryan, of course.

It's one of those peculiar stories where only later do you look back and see how, with its odd little place in the scheme of everything else, an isolated event can actually be anything but. It was back in 1980, and I'd just launched out as a freelance but with still some contact with my old employers at Granada Television; someone on the regional arts show *Celebration* had decided that they'd like to tackle a programme with a science fiction theme and, unimpeded by any inconvenience like an actual knowledge of the genre, had begun to cast around for brains to pick. They were looking for a writer of sf short stories, and thought that I might do. I thought so too, being so hungry for fame and fortune that the fact of my never having written or published a single short story seemed only a minor drawback.

I went down to the producer's office, where the director outlined his idea. The highlight of the half-hour programme was to be a dramatised short story that would combine live action and artwork enabling the narrative to be somewhat more ambitious than the budget, which was nonexistent. The key to the whole thing lay in the work of this visionary artist that the director had discovered; wild, wonderful, utterly fantastic and realised in mind-boggling detail, this man's contribution would enable the piece to soar way beyond the usual limitations of television sf. He couldn't have pitched it with more enthusiasm and

commitment if he'd been the artist's mother. I can tell you now, I was completely sold; even made for no money, this thing was going to be bigger than *2001*. The director reached into his desk for an example of the man's artwork. I leaned forward, eagerly.

He brought out *Frank Fazakerly, Space Ace of the Future*.

I looked.

'*Ang on,*' Frank was saying. '*Where's th' bog? I'm dying for a . . .*'

Well, I can tell you, it wasn't exactly what I'd been wound up to expect. And it wasn't Fazakerly that they used in the dramatisation, either; *Encounter With a Madman*, adapted from a story by Bob Shaw (who, unlike yours truly, *had* knocked out a few pieces of short fiction in his time) was transmitted in the Granada region in 1981 and featured exactly the kind of dazzling Bryan Talbot art that the director had described. But I don't think I'll ever forget the moment when I was first confronted with what Bryan was later to call his vision of George Formby in space; because in concept it was designed to puncture so many of the grandiose notions that we have about space opera, including some of those that I'd just been hearing.

I met Bryan a year or so later, and told him the story. Given his vague and burned-out memory, I find that I can tell it to him every couple of years and he enjoys it just as much every time. The place of our meeting was the Black Horse public house; not the first of the Preston sf group's venues by any means, but in those early days easily

FRANK FAZAKERLY (July 1991) is published by the Preston SF Group through KIMOTA PUBLISHING. All artwork is the property of the artists. Introduction © Stephen Gallagher 1991. Edited by Graeme Hurry.

the longest-running. Half a dozen regulars, huddled in a corner. . . a scene that the sharp-eyed may note is commemorated in *The Adventures of Luther Arkwright*. Times have moved on and the group has grown beyond all expectations; currently we command our own bar in the function room over the Bear's Paw on Preston's Church street and those half-dozen regulars seem to have become a committee by default, arranging events and guest speakers and running raffles to raise the funds for those same events and guest speakers. It's fun, but, by God. . . sometimes it almost feels like responsibility.

Hence this, the collector's limited edition of *Frank Fazakerly, Space Ace of the Future*. A publication of the group, by the group, for the benefit of the group, and for God's sake don't tell Bryan or he'll be wanting a cut. We'll get his signature somehow; we'll tell him he's answering his fan mail. What you have here is an exclusive collection of all the strips originally published in *Ad Astra* issues 1 - 15 plus an unpublished double-pager that was to have appeared in issue 16. The story does continue beyond this but only, for the moment, in Talbot's fevered

imagination; right now he's too busy lending his talents to encourage up-and-coming outfits like DC Comics to be able to spend the time necessary for its completion.

Ey up!

Stephen Gallagher

Steve Gallagher



Bryan Talbot

430
1000

COLLECTORS' NUMBERED LIMITED EDITION

FRANK FAZAKER

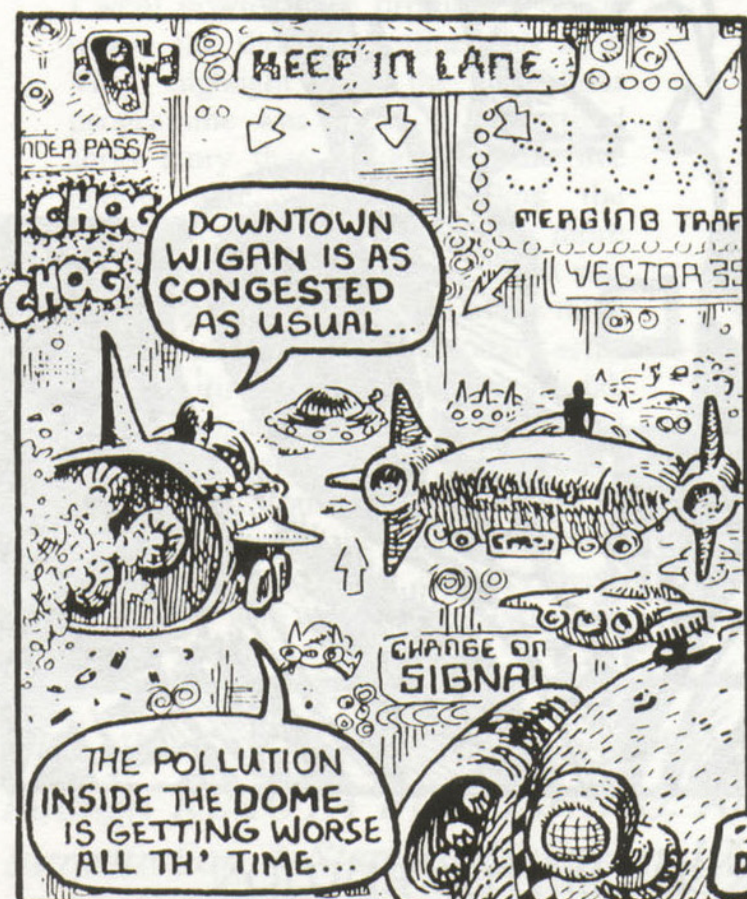
THIS IS EARTH: 3500 AD! A WORLD RULED BY AUTOMATONS! HERE WE FIND FRANK FAZAKERLY - KNOCKING OFF FROM HIS AFTERNOON WORKSHIFT...



ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER SOLAR CREDIT! HMM-I'M BEHIND ON MY FLEXI-TIME ... AGAIN!

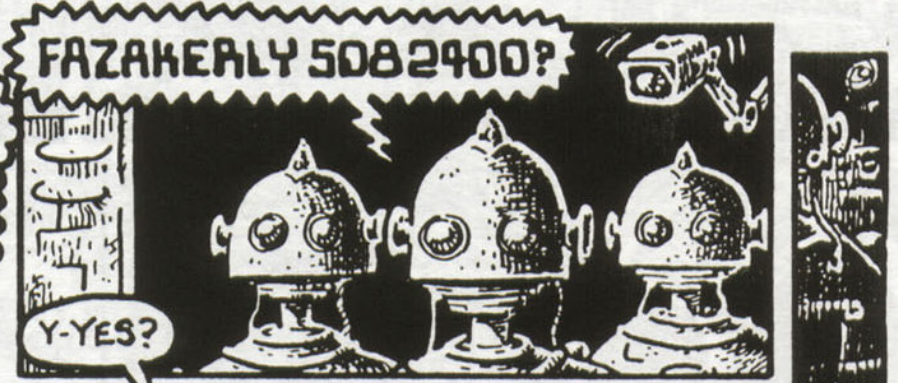
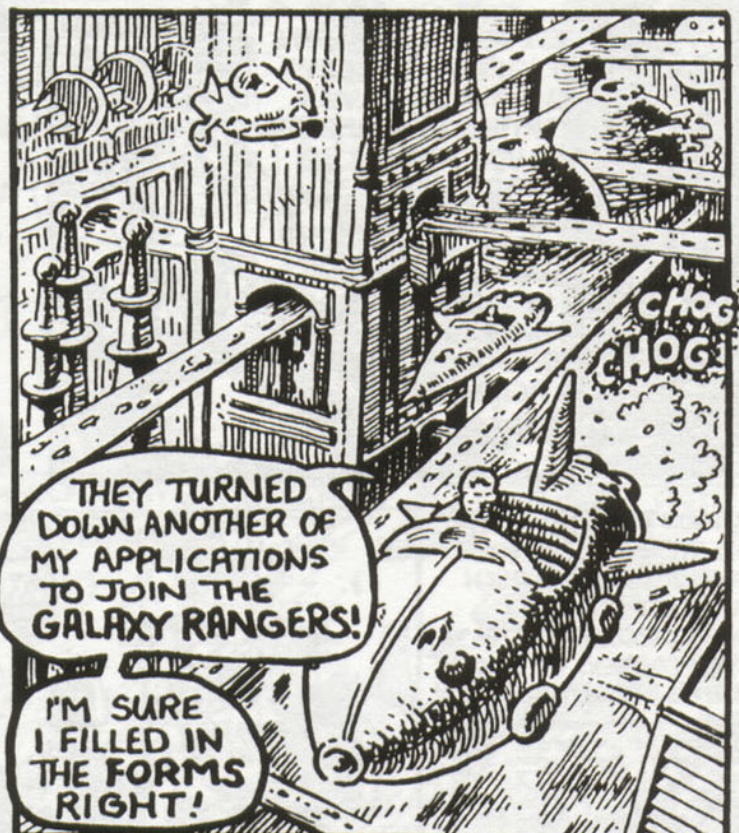


OH SOD IT!



BAZZZZZZT!

LY + SPACE ACE OF THE FUTURE!



DON'T MISS THE NEXT THRILLING INSTALMENT!

FRANK FAZAKERLY

SPACE ACE OF THE FUTURE!

BRYAN TALBOT 78

EPISODE 2: "DEATH SENTENCE"
EARTH: 3500AD! THE QUALITY OF LIFE FOR HUMANS IN A WORLD RULED BY ROBOTS IS PRETTY GRIM! FRANK FAZAKERLY, A CITIZEN OF THE WIGAN OF TOMORROW, HAS BEEN ARRESTED BY THE ROBOT POLICE!

FAZAKERLY 5082400 IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE MAYOR OF WIGAN...

THIS IS THE DESIGNATED DAY OF THE VISIT TO WIGAN BY THE CHROME QUEEN ON HER JUBILEE TOUR OF EARTH...

STATISTICS IMPRESS HER AND SO I'M INCREASING THE QUOTA ON ERADICATION OF UNSUITABLES...

I SEE HERE THAT YOU ARE INEFFICIENT: YOU DAY-DREAM AT WORK, YOUR FLEXITIME IS IN APPEARS AND YOU ARE: \$038 OVERDRAWN.

NOBODY'S PERFECT!

WE ALSO KNOW YOU HAVE APPLIED FOR GALAXY RANGERS MEMBERSHIP!

Gulp!

THAT ORGANISATION IS OUTLAWED ON EARTH AS I'M SURE YOU KNOW. HAND IN YOUR CARDS AT THE DESK.

CONSTABLE 286349 WILL ACCOMPANY YOU TO THE DISINTEGRATION CHAMBER. NEXT!

I HOPE THIS DOESN'T TAKE LONG... I'M LATE FOR THE NIGHT SHIFT AS IT IS!

BUT NOW THE HAND OF FATE INTERVENES IN THE FORM OF A LOOSE WIRE WHICH SUDDENLY CREATES A SHORT-CIRCUIT IN PC.286349'S CYBO-CORTEX. OF SUCH STUFF IS ADVENTURE MADE!



BZZZZT! P.P.

BY 'ECK!

HE'S ATTACHED AN OFFICER! EXTERMINATE HIM!!

YOW!

ZAP ZAP ZAP ZAP

WOOO WOOO WOOO WOOO

M-MUST HIDE!!!

HYPERSPACEWAY

ONLY 2 SOLAR CENTS

PHREW! NEVER TOUCHED ME!

EH?

WHAT A BIG SPACESHIP!

MUST BE THE QUEEN'S!

ANYROAD, I'M SAFE FOR THE MOMENT!

FRANK FAZAKERLY

SPACE ACE OF THE FUTURE!

BRYAN TALBOT 79

EPISODE 4: "ESCAPE FROM THE DOME"
 RESUME: THE CHROME QUEEN'S JUBILEE VISIT TO THE WIGAN OF TOMORROW HAS BEEN INTERRUPTED BY THE APPARENT REBELLION OF WORK UNIT FAZ 5082400. HERO ARCHETYPES UNDERMINE THE AUTHORITY OF THE ROBOT RULE OF EARTH SO THE QUEEN IS LIVID! PERSUED BY SEEK & DESTROY SQUADS OF ROBOCOPS, THE FAZ AND ZELDA BRAITHWAITE ARE MAKING FOR WIGAN PIER IN A DESPERATE BID FOR FREEDOM!

Now Read On...



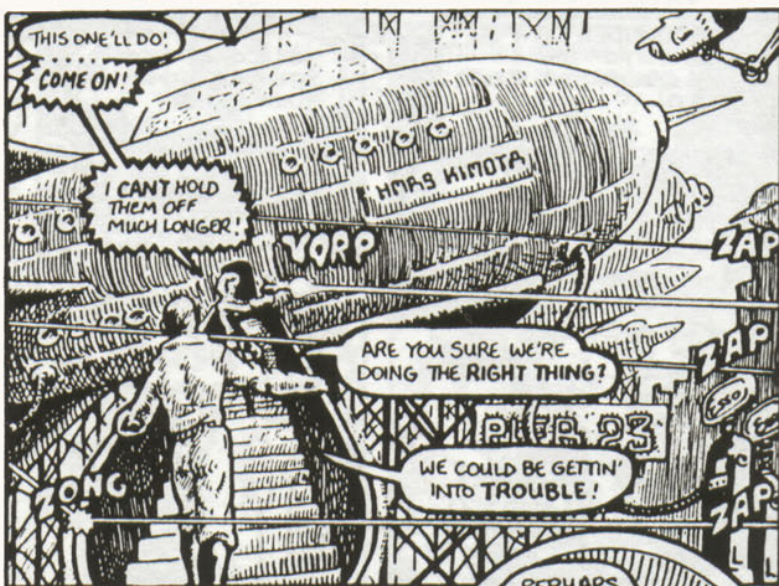
NO GUARDS!

HAH!

WIGAN

THEY DON'T EXPECT HUMANS TO STEAL ROCKET SHIPS!

ZELDA! TH' COPS ARE COMIN' - STEAL A WHAT?!



THIS ONE'LL DO!
 COME ON!

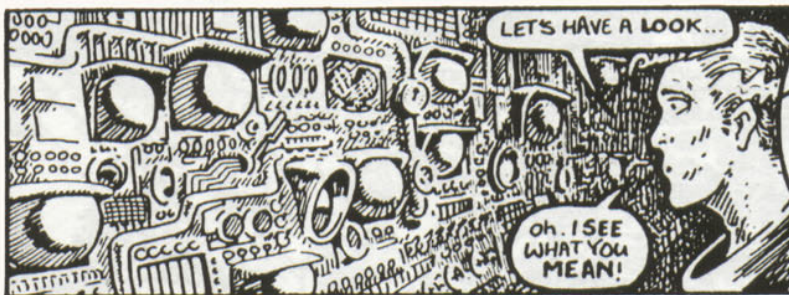
I CAN'T HOLD THEM OFF MUCH LONGER!

ARE YOU SURE WE'RE DOING THE RIGHT THING?

WE COULD BE GETTIN' INTO TROUBLE!



I NEVER THOUGHT OF THIS! HOW DO WE START IT?



LET'S HAVE A LOOK...

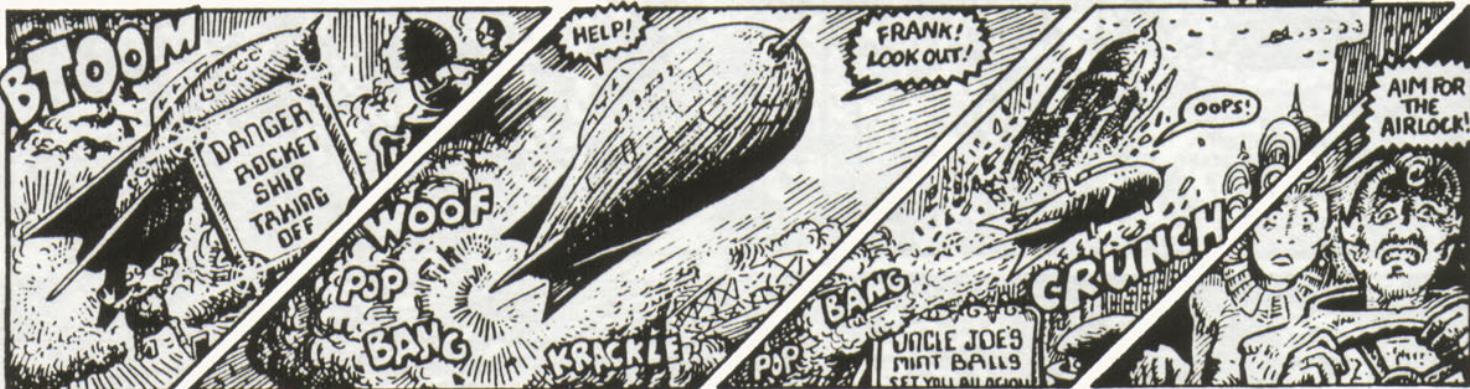
OH, I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN!



PERHAPS THIS'LL DO SOMMAT!

STARTER

KLIK



BTOOM

DANGER ROCKET SHIP TAKING OFF

HELP!

FRANK! LOOK OUT!

OOPS!

AIM FOR THE AIRLOCK!

WOOF

POP

BANG

KRACKLE

BANG

GRUNCH

UNCLE JOE'S MINT BALLS SET YOU ALL A-GOIN'

THE CHROME QUEEN IS NOT AMUSED... THAT FAZAKERLY FLESH-SCUM'S RIPPING OFF MY FLAGSHIP!

LAUNCH ALL AVAILABLE WARP-DRIVE PURSUIT CRAFT! BLAST HIM INTO LITTLE PIECES!!

WE MADE IT!!

WELL I HOPE YOU KNOW WHERE WE'RE GOIN'!

TO THE STARS, FRANK.



WIGAN



BAH GUM!

SEA STUDIO STUDIOS

FRANK FAZAKERLY

SPACE ACE OF THE FUTURE!

EPISODE 5 - "SPACE-THE FINAL FRONTIER"
 RESUME: THE FAZ & ZELDA BRAITHWAITE HAVE ESCAPED FROM THE BARREN, ROBOT-RULED PLANET OF EARTH: 3500 AD BY STEALING THE CHROME QUEEN'S FLAGSHIP!
 Now Dead On...

THERE GO THE PURSUIT CRAFT. I'M SORRY SUCH A THING SHOULD HAPPEN DURING YOUR JUBILEE VISIT, YOUR HIGHNESS, BUT...



NO EXCUSES! FAILURE IS NOT TOLERATED!

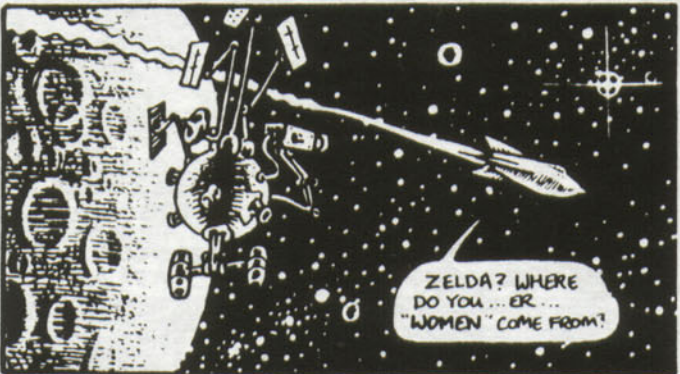
B-BUT FRATZ!



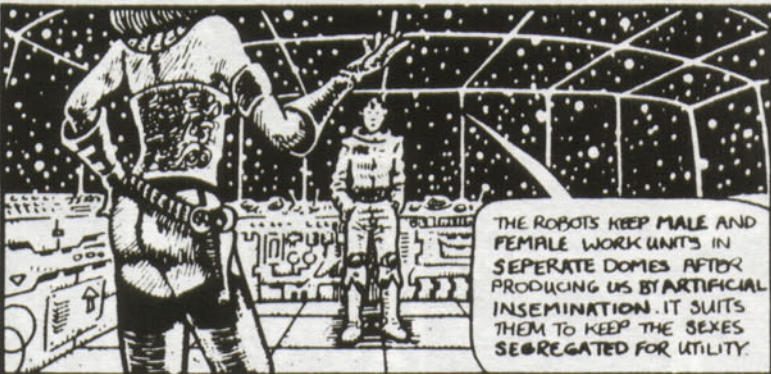
APPOINT A NEW MAYOR!

WHY... I MAY HAVE A USE FOR THIS FAZAKERLY HUMAN... BUT NO! HE MUST DIE. IT'S MORE EFFICIENT THAT WAY!

ROCKETSHIP KINOTA PASSING LUNAR TRACKING SATELLITE #608 NOW YOUR CHROMENESS.



ZELDA? WHERE DO YOU... ER... "WOMEN" COME FROM?



THE ROBOTS KEEP MALE AND FEMALE WORK UNITS IN SEPERATE DOMES AFTER PRODUCING US BY ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATION. IT SUITS THEM TO KEEP THE SEXES SEGREGATED FOR UTILITY.



I'M FROM THE ST. HELENS DOME...

WHAT'S A "SEX"? AND THIS "ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATION"?

I MADE IT TO WIGAN VIA THE EAST-LANCS TUBE - WAY AFTER A SHOOT-OUT WITH THE ROBOCOPS



NOT RIGHT NOW, FRANK.

'ANG ON. WHERE'S TH' BOB? I'M DYING FOR A...



GOOD GRIEF!! THIS IS A ROBOT SHIP! THERE'LL BE NO TOILETS ON BOARD!

EVEN WORSE - THERE'LL BE NO FOOD! I'M STARVING!



NO TOILETS?

NO FOOD??

NO ASPRINS!

NO LASERBLADES!

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

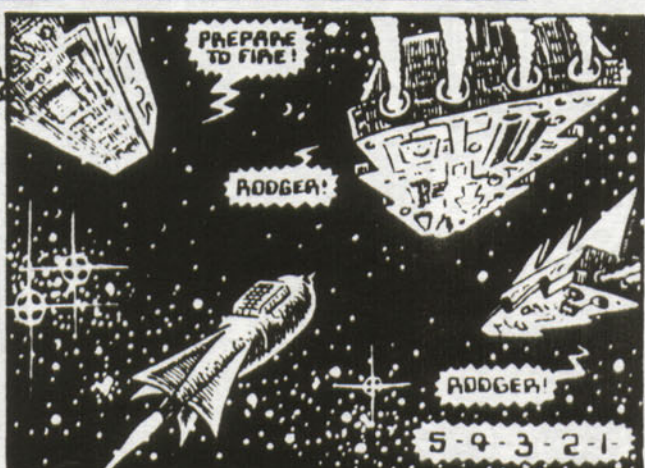


MEANWHILE-BACK IN WIGAN

VISUAL CONTACT ESTABLISHED!

DESTROY!

NOW!



PREPARE TO FIRE!

RODGER!

RODGER!

5-4-3-2-1-

BRAINSTORM STUDIOS

RESUME: THE CHROME QUEEN'S PURSUIT CRAFT HAVE CAUGHT UP WITH THE STOLEN ROCKETSHIP MANNED BY FAZAKERLY 50824.00 & ZELDA BRAITHWAITE. THE ROBOTS ARE ABOUT TO LET RIP WITH

FRANK FAZAKERLY

SPACE ACE OF THE FUTURE!

NO!! HOLD YOUR FIRE!! I WANT FAZAKERLY ALIVE! HE MUST BE MADE AN EXAMPLE OF. BRING MY FLAGSHIP BACK - BOARD HER AND OBLITERATE ANY OTHER FLESHHOIDS YOU FIND THERE!



IT'S OVER A THOUSAND YEARS SINCE THE HUMANS HAD A HERO TO INSPIRE THEM. THIS IS POTENTIALLY DANGEROUS. BUT... I MUST SEE FOR MYSELF WHAT A HERO IS MADE OF.

AND ON THAT TANTALISING NOTE WE RETURN TO THE ROCKETSHIP KIMOTA...



I CAN'T TAKE IT ANY LONGER! WE'RE DOOMED! NO FOOD! NO WATER! NO TOILET...



STEADY ON FRANK! WE'VE ONLY BEEN HERE FOR HALF AN HOUR! WE MUST SEARCH THE SHIP.

EY UP - A NOISE FROM THAT ROOM



'OW DO.

'AVE A CHIP



IS THERE A TOILET IN HERE?

AYE - THROUGH THERE



SIXTY SECONDS TO CONTACT

GOD!



I'M A PRISONER... AWAITIN' EXECUTION. ALBERT ECROYD - THAT'S ME.

ARE YOU A CRIMINAL?

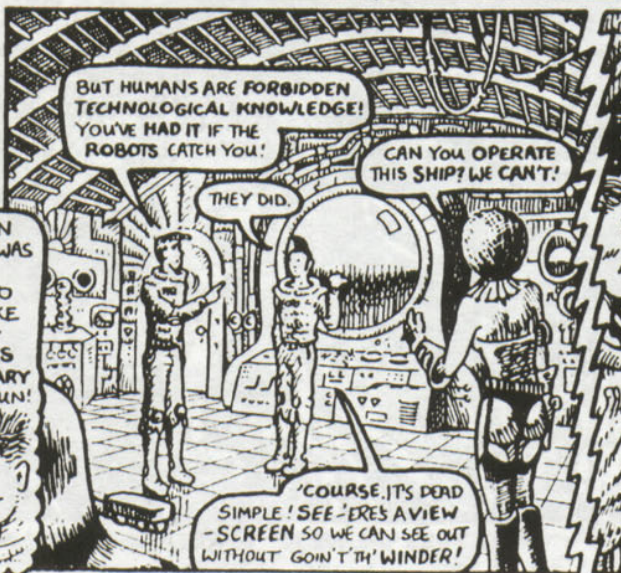
I WAS ARRESTED FOR POSSESSION OF TECHNICAL MANUALS. IN BLACKBURN.



Y- YOU UNDERSTAND THEM?!!

OH AYE.

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN LIKE THIS. WHEN I WAS A LAD I USED TO TAKE MY TOYS TO PIECES AND MAKE VARIABLE MAGNA-FIELD OSCILLATORS AND SOLAR TERTIARY COMPUTERS FOR FUN!



BUT HUMANS ARE FORBIDDEN TECHNOLOGICAL KNOWLEDGE! YOU'VE HAD IT IF THE ROBOTS CATCH YOU!

THEY DID.

CAN YOU OPERATE THIS SHIP? WE CAN'T!

'OURSE, IT'S DEAD SIMPLE! SEE - ERES A VIEW-SCREEN SO WE CAN SEE OUT WITHOUT GOIN' T'H' WINDER!



KLIK! EH?!

I'VE NOT SEEN THIS FILM BEFORE!

WE'RE BEING ATTACKED!!

FRANK FAZAKERLY

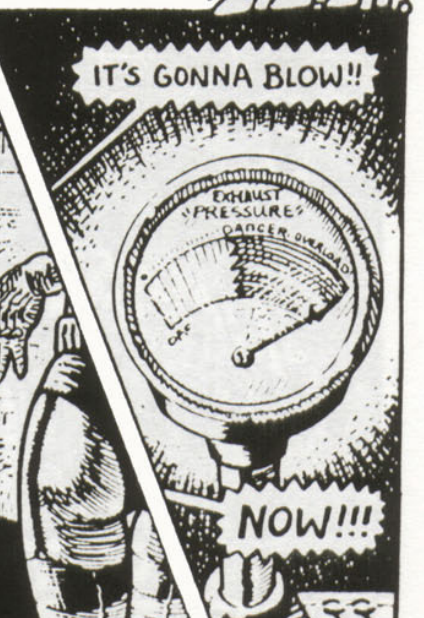
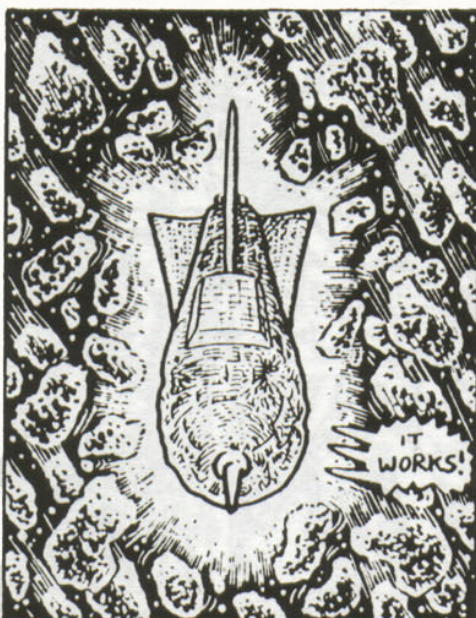
SPACE ACE OF THE FUTURE!

BRYAN TALBOT

EPISODE 7: "FURY OF THE METEOR SHOWER"

RESUME: AFTER ESCAPING FROM EARTH IN A STOLEN ROCKET-SHIP, THE FAZ AND ZELDA DISCOVER ALBERT ECROYD, A SCIENTIFIC GENIUS, IN THE SHIP'S BRIG. THEIR HOMELY CHAT IS SUDDENLY INTERRUPTED WHEN THEY FIND THEY ARE UNDER ATTACK BY THE CHROME QUEEN'S PURSUIT CRAFT!

Now Read On...

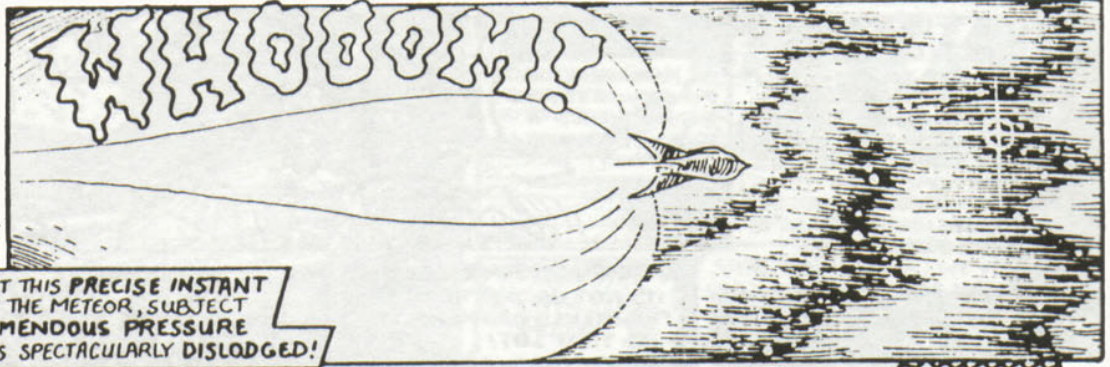


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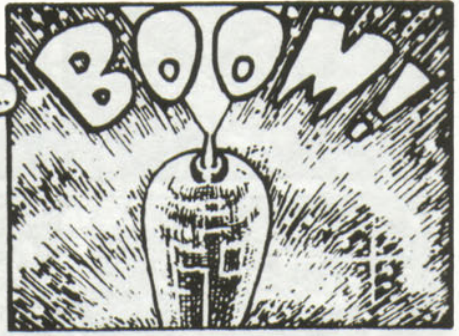
EPISODE 8: 'ACROSS THE UNIVERSE'
 Resumé PERSUED BY THE CHROME QUEENS ROCKET-SHIPS, THE FAZ, ZELDA BRAITHWAITE AND ALBERT ECROYD HAVE BEEN CAUGHT IN A METEOR SHOWER. SAVED FROM CERTAIN DEATH BY ALBERT'S TIMELY INVENTION OF THE FORCE FIELD, THEY DISCOVER THAT THEIR EXHAUST JET, BLOCKED BY A METEOR, IS THREATENING TO BLOW THEM TO SMITHEREENS...

FRANK FAZAKERLY

SPACE ACE OF THE FUTURE!



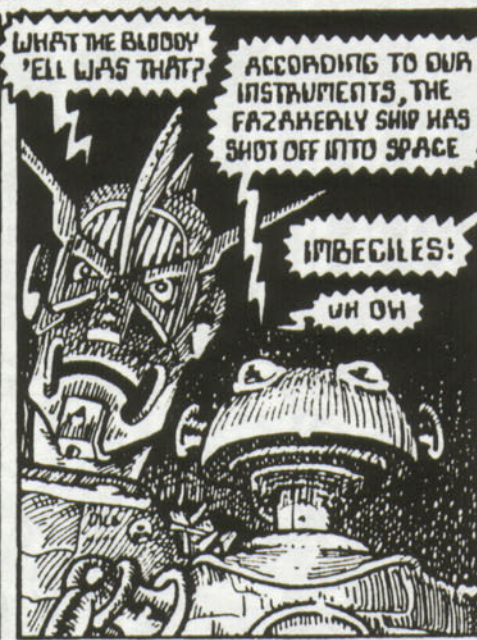
IT IS AT THIS PRECISE INSTANT THAT THE METEOR, SUBJECT TO TREMENDOUS PRESSURE BECOMES SPECTACULARLY DISLODGED!



FRANK FAZAKERLY

SPACE ACE OF THE FUTURE!

EPISODE 9 - "ALIEN ENCOUNTER OF THE WORST KIND"
RESUME: ESCAPING FROM EARTH 3500AD - A ROBOT-RULED PLANET, WHERE MEN & WOMEN ARE KEPT IN SEPARATE DOMES AS "WORK UNITS" AND FREE WILL IS NON-EXISTENT - THE FAZ, ZELDA BRAITHWATE & ALBERT ECROYD HAVE SHOOK OFF THE CHROME QUEEN'S PURSUIT CRAFT THROUGH AN UNLIKELY SERIES OF INCIDENTS INVOLVING A METEOR SHOWER, A BLOCKED EXHAUST JET AND A MASSIVE ENERGY BURN-OUT. THE ROCKETSHIP "KIMOTA" NOW LIES CRIPPLED AFTER HAVING BOLDLY GONE WHERE HUMAN EYE HAS NEVER SET FOOT. WHILE ALBERT ATTEMPTS REPAIRS, ZELDA HAS DECIDED ITS TIME FRANK FOUND OUT ABOUT SEX...
 ← Now Read On



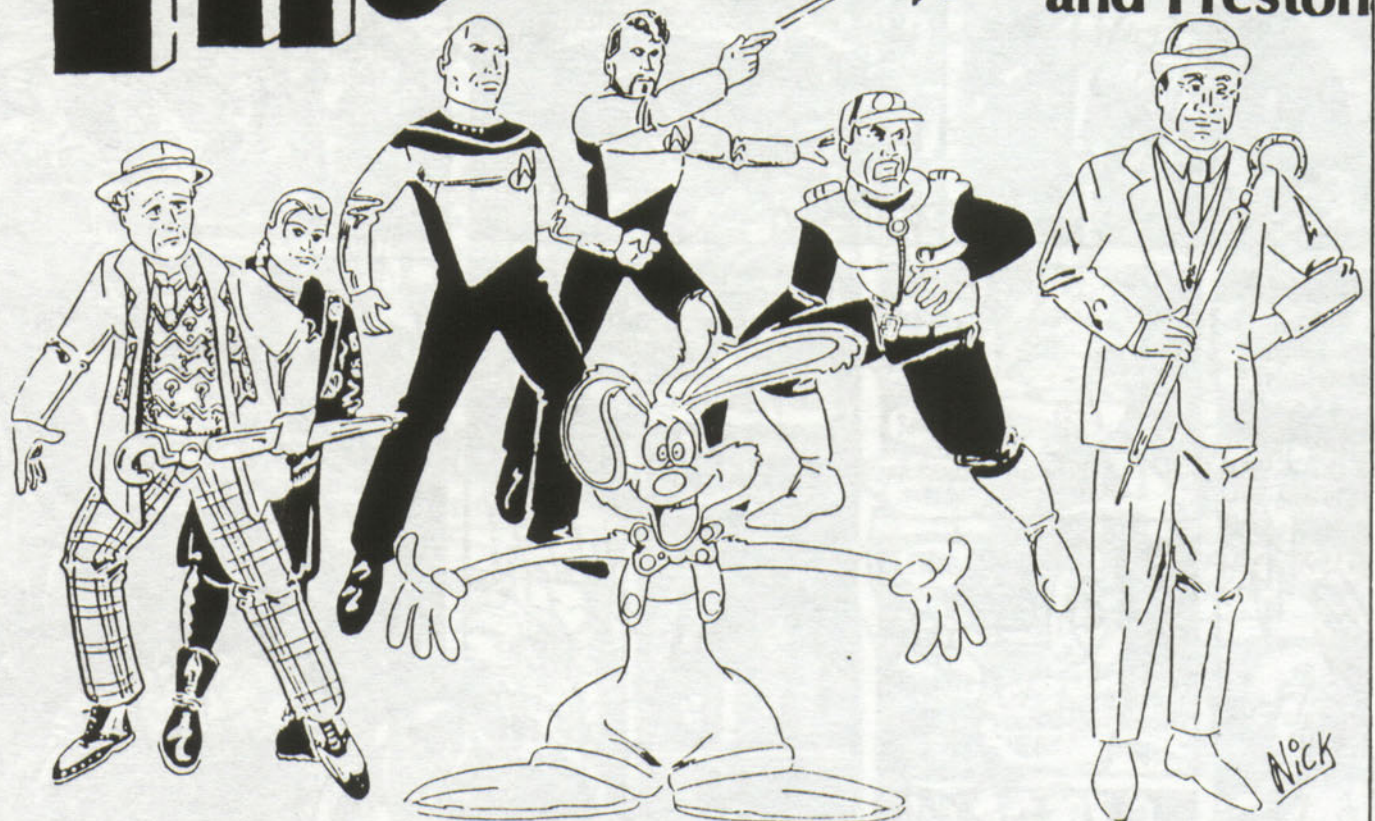
BRAINSTORM STUDIOS

West Lancashire's premier
specialist Science Fiction
and Comic stores



THUNDERBOOKS

of Blackpool
and Preston



Nick

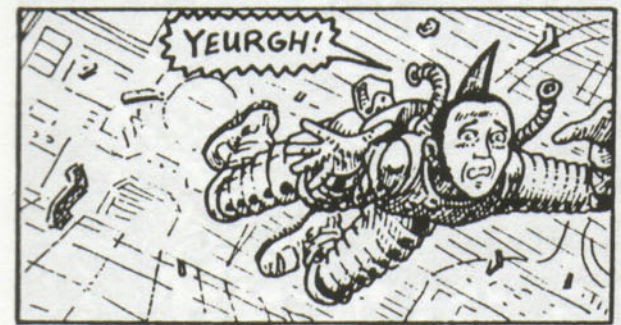
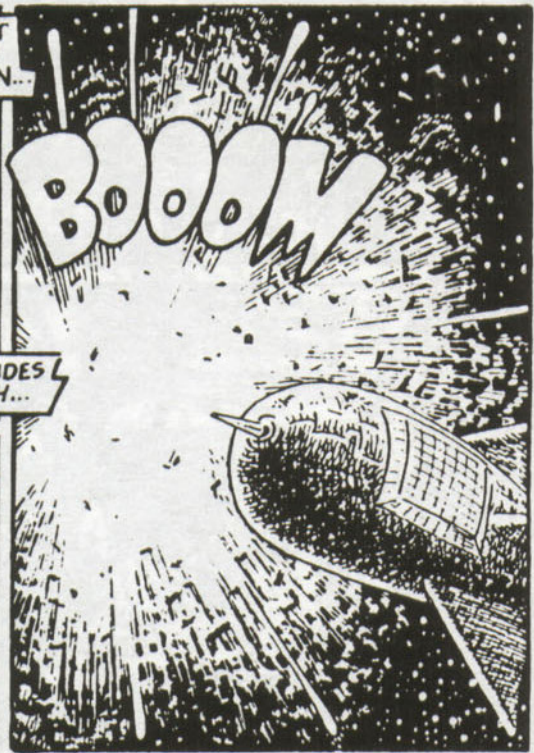
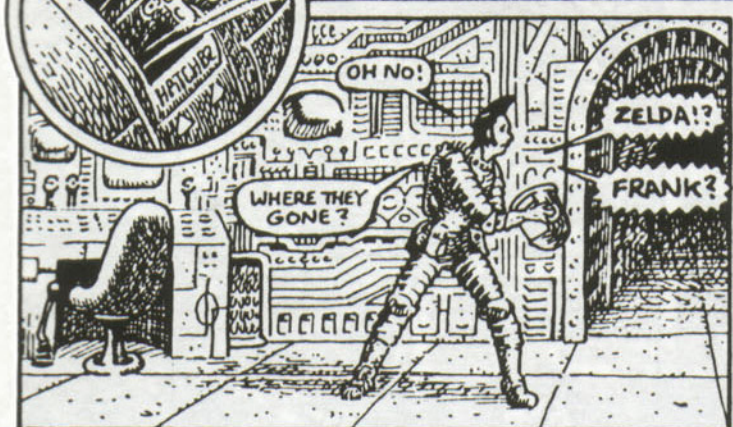
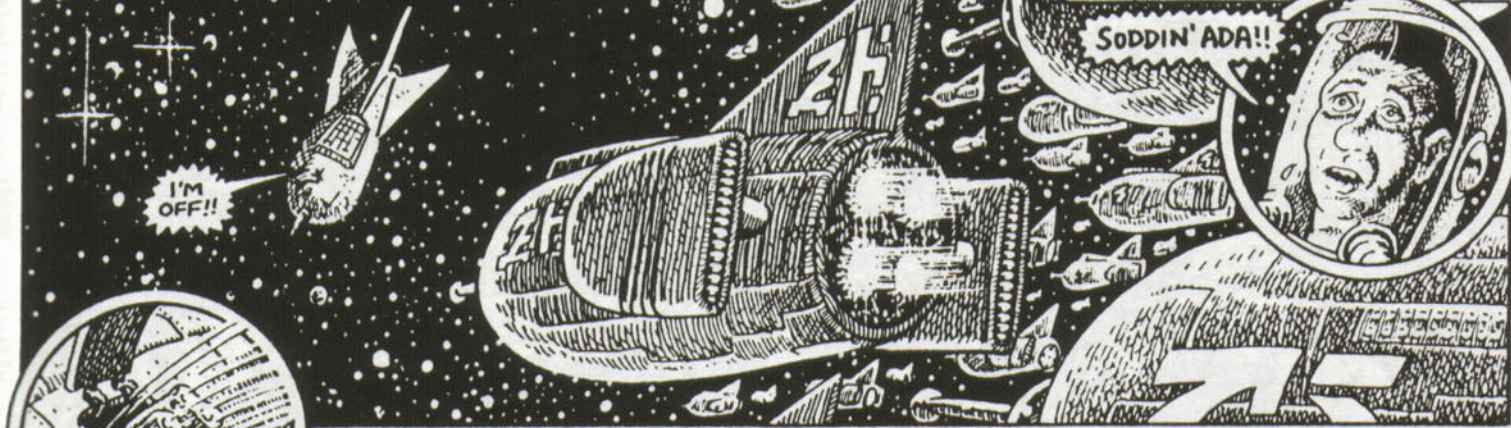
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FRANK FAZAKERLY

SPACE ACE OF THE FUTURE!

EPISODE 10: 'BATTLE IN SPACE'
 RESUMÉ: WHILE ZELDA BRAITHWAITE IS SHOWING FRANK EXACTLY WHAT "SEX" MEANS, ALBERT ECROYD, REPAIRING THE CRIPPLED ROCKETSHIP KIMOTA HAS JUST FOUND OUT THAT WE ARE NOT ALONE...
 Now Read On—



THEY DIDN'T FIRE AT US! THERE'S ANOTHER FLEET! WE'RE REET IN TH' MIDDLE OF AN INTERPLANETARY BATTLEFIELD!!

BRAINSTORM STUDIOS

FRANK FAZAKERLY

SPACE ACE OF THE FUTURE! EPISODE 11 "INTO THE UNKNOWN"

RESUME: ON THE RUN FROM THE ROBOT EMPIRE, FRANK, ZELDA BRAITHWAITE AND ALBERT ECROYD'S DAMAGED ROCKETSHIP HAS ENDED UP SANDWICHED BETWEEN TWO VAST SPACE ARMADAS INVOLVED IN A TERMINAL DOGFIGHT! Now Read On...



ZELDA'S FOUND THE CHROME QUEEN'S WARDROBE

FRANK...

PUT THESE ON

WHAT'S UP WITH MY OVERALLS? I'VE NEVER WORN ANYTHING ELSE!

THAT SUIT IS A SYMBOL OF SUBSERVENCE TO THE ROBOT EMPIRE...

ON EARTH, OF COURSE, THE ANONYMOUS "CONFORMITY SUIT" IS COMPULSORY CLOTHING FOR ALL WORK UNITS/HUMANS.

THAT'S WHY MEMBERS OF THE H.L.F. WEAR EXOTIC COSTUME.

D'YOU THINK I DRESSED LIKE THAT FOR COMFORT?

PITY. I KIND OF LIKED THOSE SUSPENDERS!

SOON...

DO YOU LIKE MY OUTFIT?

HEY ALBERT!

NEVER MIND TH' SODDIN' OUTFIT! THERE'S A WAR GOIN' ON OUT THERE!

ER..WHAT DO YOU THINK?

DON'T YOU REALISE? WE'RE IN TH'... WHAT?

OH!

HO HO!!

HAHA!

HEE HEE HEE HEE

WON

PHEW-THAT WAS CLOSE!

CAN'T YOU SWITCH ON THAT FORCE FIELD THINGY?

NO CHANCE! WE'VE ONLY GOT ENOUGH POWER FOR THE LIFE-SUPPORT SYSTEMS!

LOOK!

THAT SHIP'S BEEN HIT...

THEY'RE BAILING OUT TO ANOTHER ONE.

I WONDER WHAT THEY'RE LIKE. D'YOU THINK THEY'D MIND IF WE BORROWED THEIR POWER?

FRANK!

Y-YEAH!

YOU'RE A GENIUS!

AND SO...

ZZZZZZZZ

SLAK!

REET.

WHO'S GOIN' FIRST?

BRANSTEN STUDIOS

FRANK FAZAKERLY

SPACE ACE OF THE FUTURE! ~ EPISODE 12 ~

— "THE THING FROM ANOTHER PLANET" !! —

RESUME: THEIR ROCKETSHIP BEREFT OF POWER AND STUCK IN AN INTERPLANETARY WAR ZONE, FRANK, ZELDA BRAITHWAITE AND ALBERT ECROYD ARE BOARDING AN ABANDONED ALIEN CRAFT IN THE HOPE OF FINDING A FEW TINS OF ATOMIC ROCKET FUEL THEY CAN PINCH. *Now Read On...*



'AVE YOU GOT A KEY?

NO - BUT THIS HAIRPIN SHOULD...

BZZZT!

...OPEN IT!



BY 'ECK!

≡ SNIFF! SNIFF! ≡

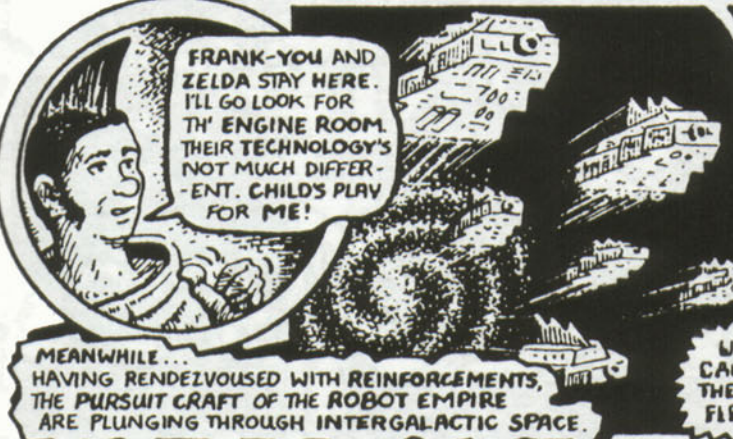
OXYGEN!

WE'RE O.K! THIS PART OF THE SHIP MUST STILL BE AIRTIGHT!

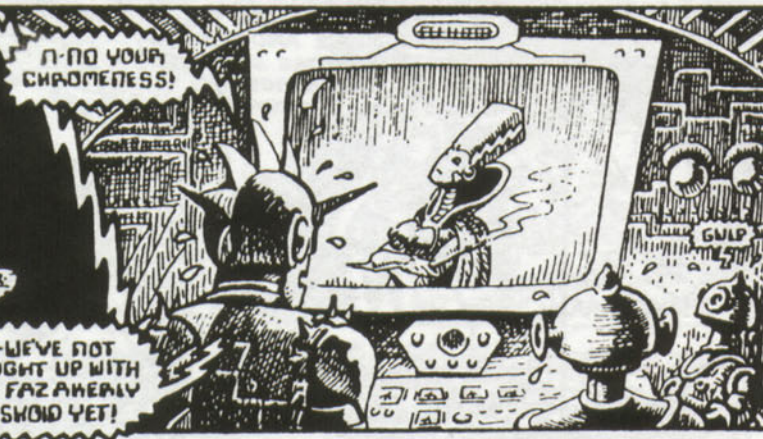


WHY IS EVERYTHING SO BIG?

DON'T ASK!



FRANK-YOU AND ZELDA STAY HERE. I'LL GO LOOK FOR TH' ENGINE ROOM. THEIR TECHNOLOGY'S NOT MUCH DIFFERENT. CHILD'S PLAY FOR ME!



NO YOUR CHARMNESS!

MEANWHILE... HAVING RENDEZVOUSED WITH REINFORCEMENTS, THE PURSUIT CRAFT OF THE ROBOT EMPIRE ARE PLUNGING THROUGH INTERGALACTIC SPACE.

W-WE'VE NOT CAUGHT UP WITH THE FAZAKERLY FLESHOID YET!



YOU INCOMPETENT CLOD! I WANT RESULTS FAST OR, BY WAAHUS, I'LL HAVE YOU SCAPPED FOR SPARE PARTS! DO YOU HEAR ME, H.Q.P.?

Y-YES Y-YOUR M-M-MAJESTY!



ISN'T IT AMAZING, FRANK? WE'VE ESCAPED FROM EARTH—THE VERY CENTRE OF THE ROBOT EMPIRE. I CAN STILL HARDLY BELIEVE IT. AND NOW WE'RE STANDING IN A SPACESHIP BELONGING TO AN ALIEN RACE.

AYE...



...BUT IT'S A GOOD JOB THERE'S NONE STILL KNOCKIN' ABOUT!

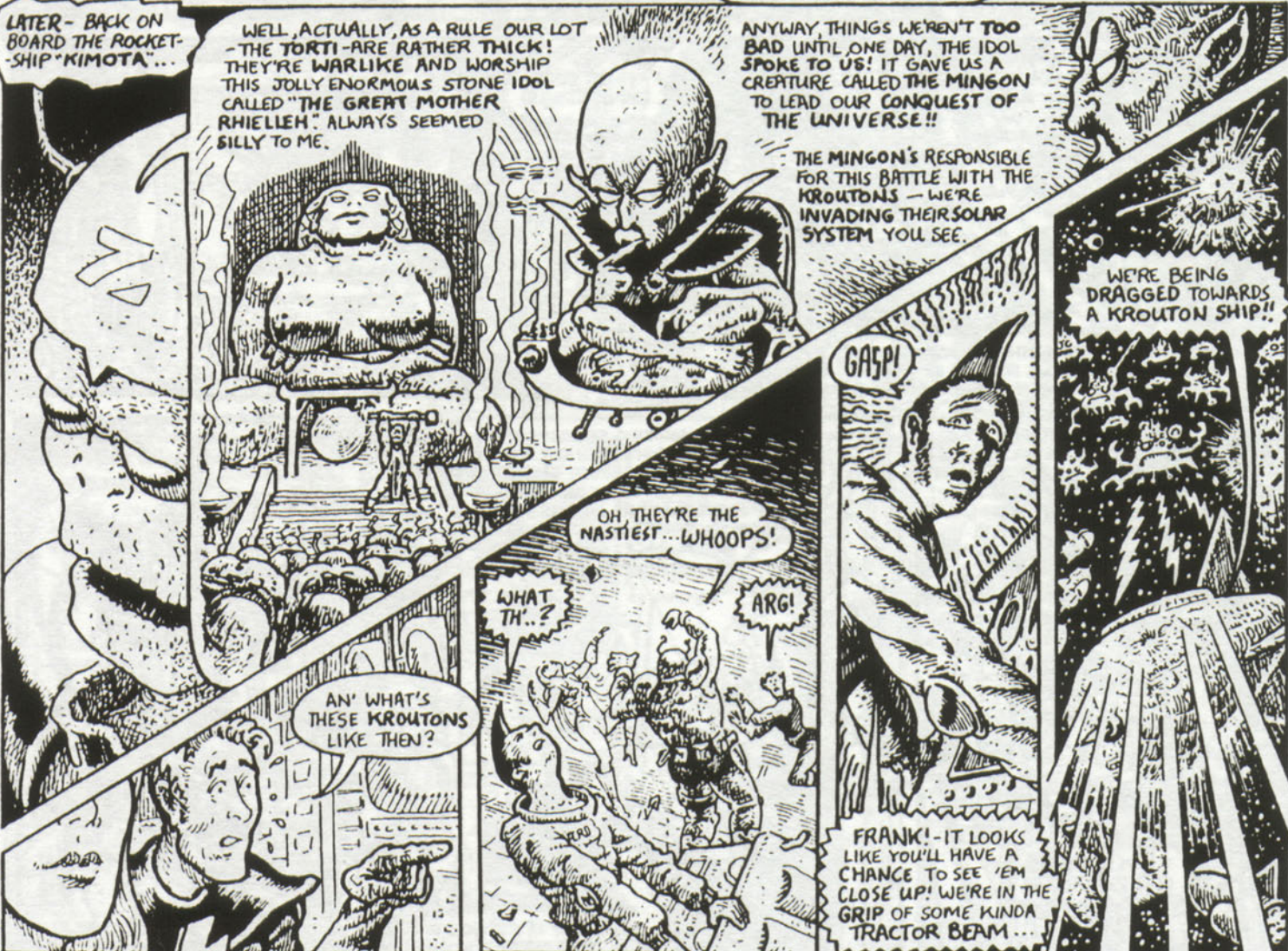
BRAINSTORM STUDIOS

FRANK FAZAKERLY

SPACE ACE OF THE FUTURE!

EPISODE 13: "CURSE OF THE MINGON"

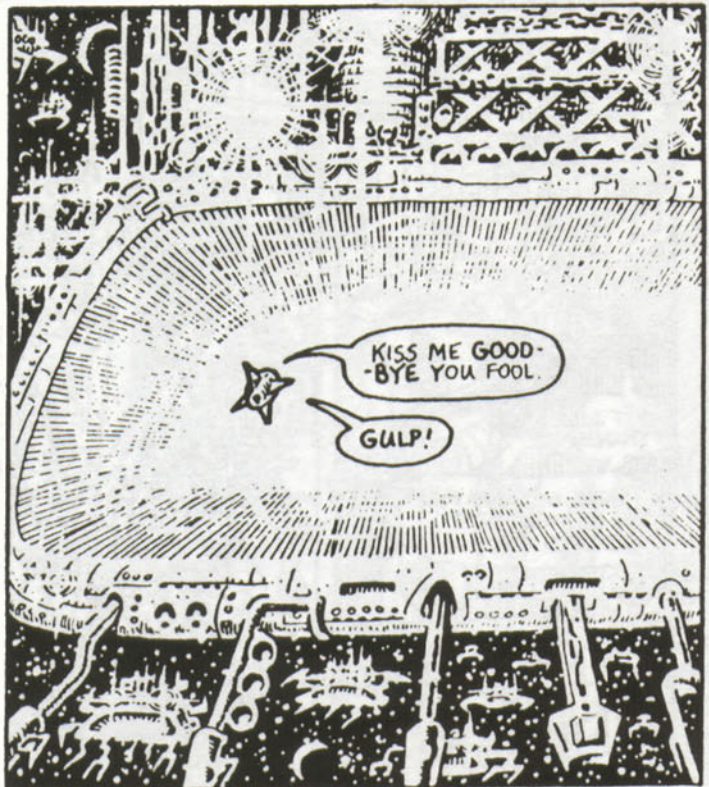
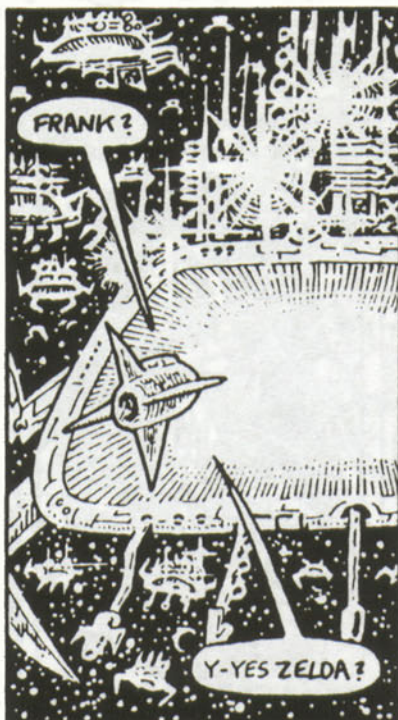
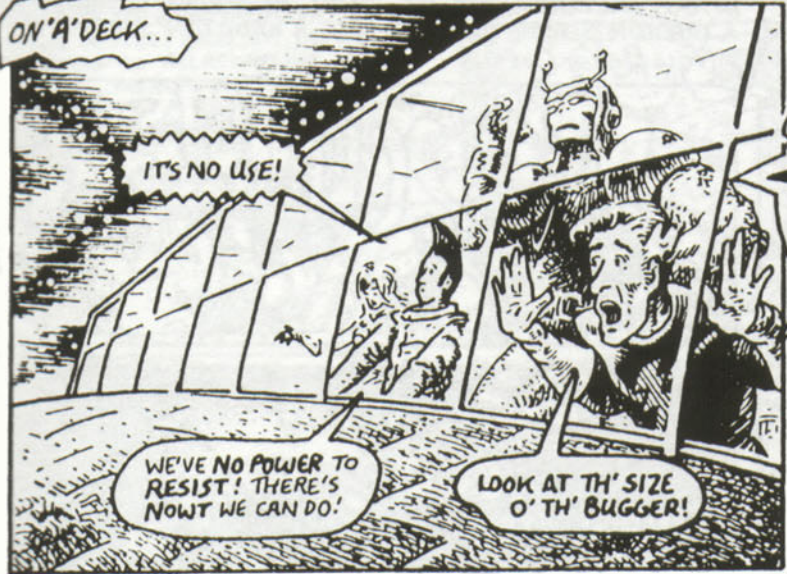
Resumé: BOARDING AN ABANDONED ROCKETSHIP IN THE CENTRE OF AN INTERPLANETARY WAR ZONE, ZELDA IS SUDDENLY ASTONISHED TO SEE AN ALIEN BEING!!
Now Read On...



GRAINSTORM STUDIOS

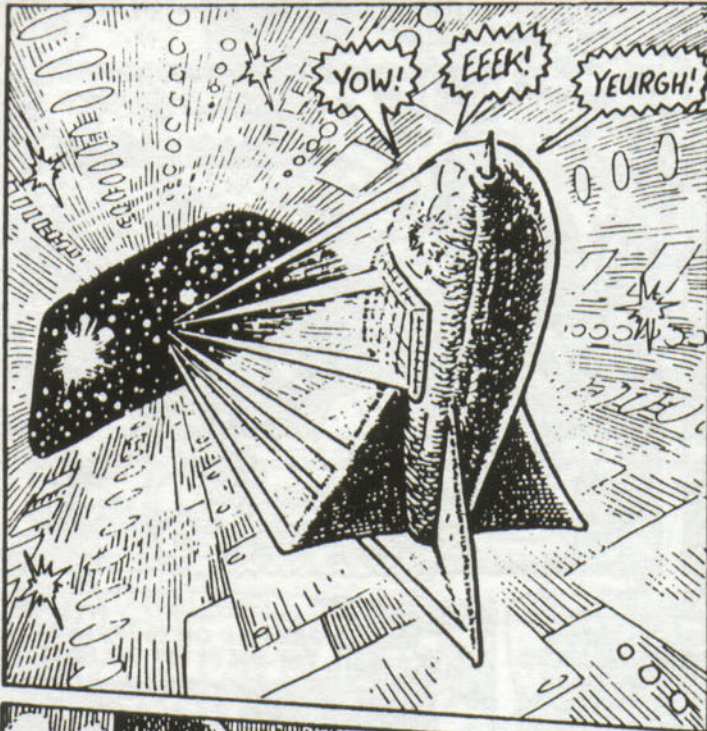
FRANK FAZAKERLY

SPACE ACE OF THE FUTURE!
 EPISODE 14 - "JAWS OF THE KROUTONS"
 Resumé: FRANK, ZELDA AND ALBERT, STRANDED IN AN ALIEN BATTLEFIELD, HAVE JUST MADE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF ZEDRIK - A COWARD FROM A WARRIOR RACE - WHEN THEIR CRIPPLED ROCKETSHIP IS SEIZED BY A KROUTON TRACTOR BEAM!
 Now Read On...



FRANK FAZAKERLY SPACE ACE OF THE FUTURE!

EPISODE 15 "PRISONERS OF THE KROUTON PRIME"!
 Resumé - ESCAPING FROM THE CHROME QUEEN'S ROBOT EMPIRE
 FRANK, ZELDA & ALBERT, STRANDED IN AN ON-GOING
 INTERPLANETARY BATTLE SITUATION, HAVE BEEN GRABBED BY
 A TRACTOR BEAM & DRAGGED INTO A KROUTON SHIP!
 Now Read On...



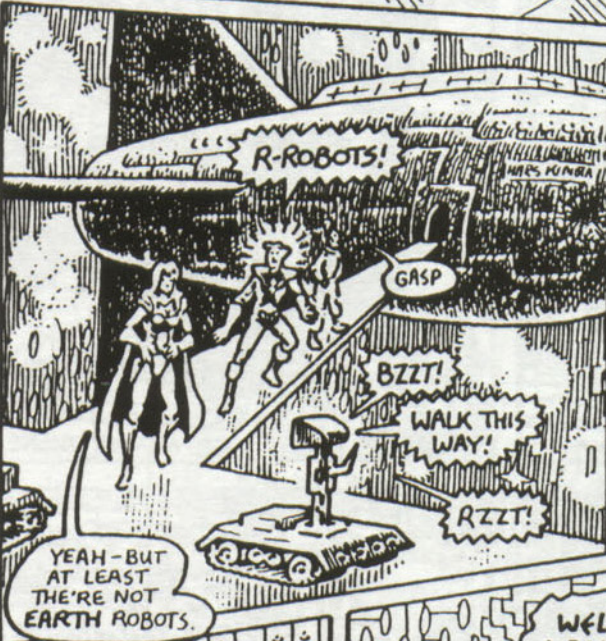
YOW!
 EEEK!
 YEURGH!



CLANG!
 ARG!



ALIENS!
 PREPARE TO DISSEMBARK!

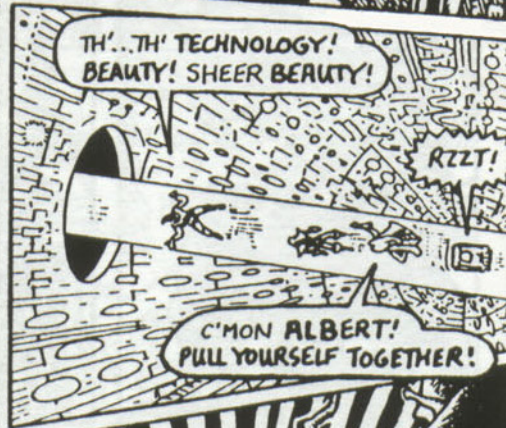


R-ROBOTS!
 GASP
 BZZT!
 WALK THIS WAY!
 RZZT!

YEAH-BUT AT LEAST THEY'RE NOT EARTH ROBOTS.



I SUPPOSE WE'D BEST FOLLOW IT!
 M-MUST WE?



TH...TH' TECHNOLOGY!
 BEAUTY! SHEER BEAUTY!
 RZZT!
 C'MON ALBERT!
 PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER!



BUT JUST THINK!
 WE'RE GOING TO MEET THE BEINGS WOT CREATED ALL THIS!
 I'VE SO MUCH TO ASK THEM!



WELCOME PRIMITIVES!
 I AM THE KROUTON PRIME!



THUD! THUD!

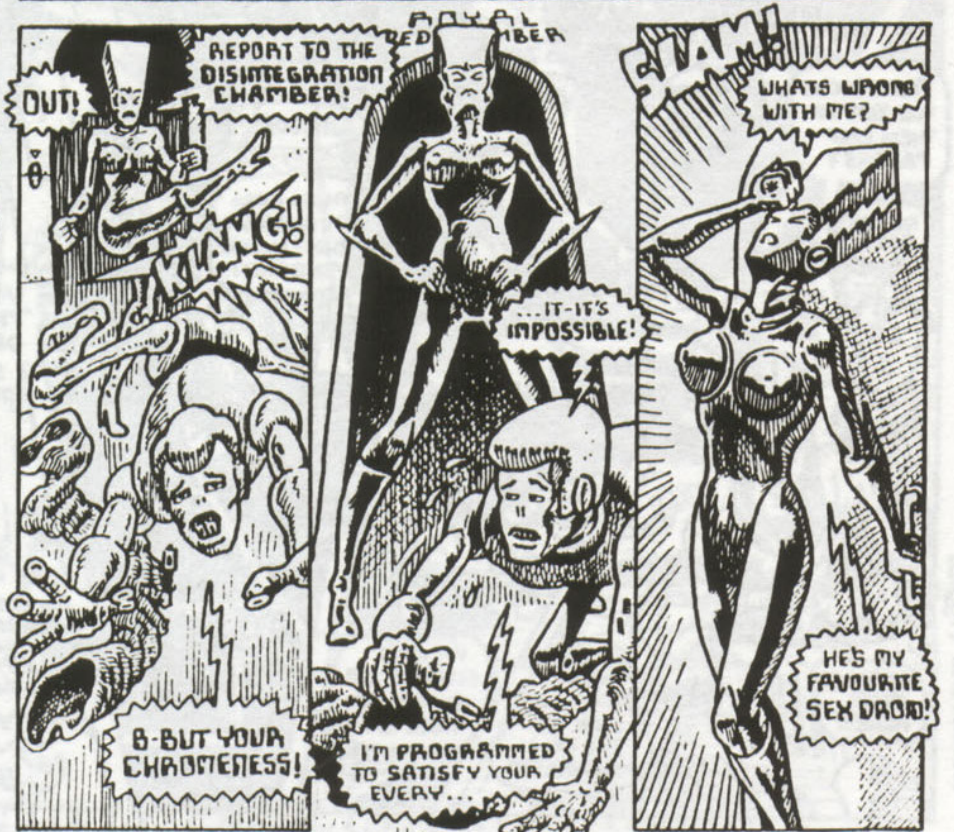
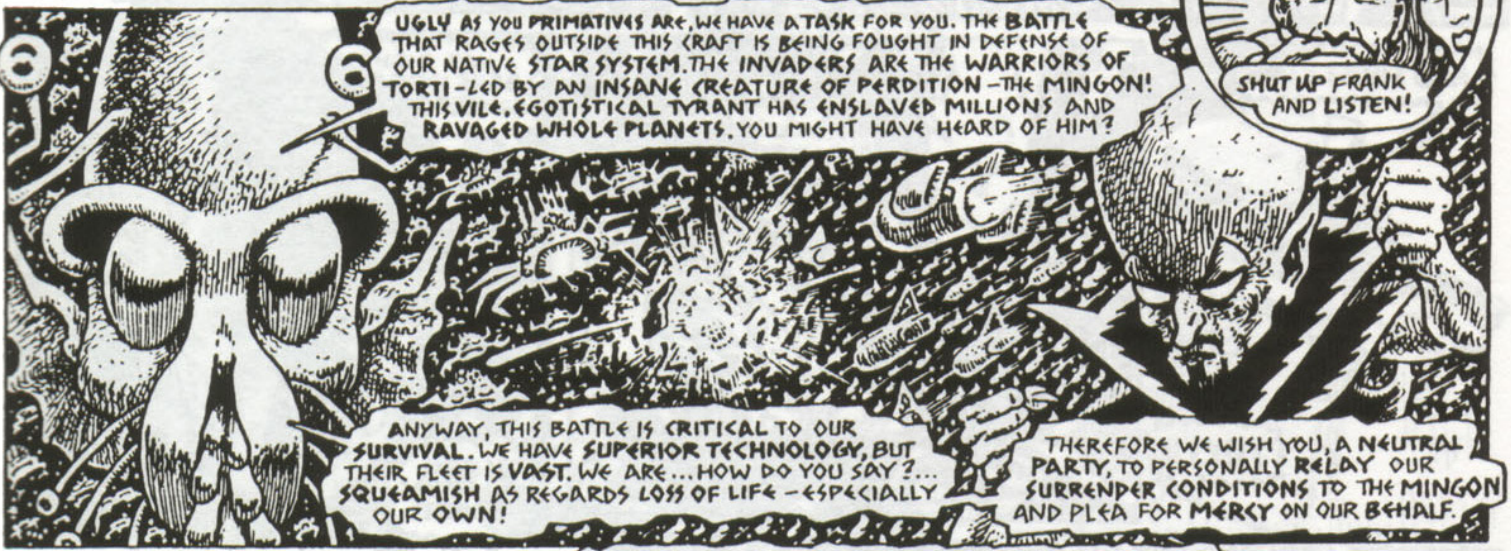


FRANK?
 ALBERT?

BRAINSTORM STUDIOS

FRANK FAZAKERLY

Resume: ON THE RUN FROM THE ROBOT EMPIRE, FRANK, ZELDA BRAITHWAITE AND ALBERT ECROYD MEET ZEDRIK - A COWARD FROM A WARRIOR RACE - IN THE MIDDLE OF A SPACE BATTLE! HOWEVER, BEFORE A MEANINGFUL RELATIONSHIP CAN DEVELOP THEIR ROCKETSHIP IS SNATCHED BY A KROUTON WARSHIP AND ZELDA, ALBERT AND THE FAZ ARE BROUGHT BEFORE THE KROUTON PRIME !! *Now Read On...*





I KNOW PERFECTLY WELL WHAT'S WRONG!
FRANK FAZAKERLY! SINCE HE ESCAPED HE'S BECOME A HERO TO THE PEOPLE... A SYMBOL! I SHOULD BE SCREAMING FOR HIS BLOOD...

... BUT, EVEN THOUGH... I'VE NEVER MET HIM... HE FILLS MY THOUGHTS CONSTANTLY.

JUST IMAGINE THE MAN'S COURAGE!

METAL LOVERS NO LONGER INTEREST ME! I WANT A REAL FLESH AND BLOOD HERO!



AND WHAT I WANT...

I GET!!



KRP!! STATUS REPORT!

GULP! WE'VE FOUND FAZAKERLY YOUR LUMINESCENCE... BUT...

BUT WHAT, GLOD?

ER...



... HE'S RIGHT SLAP-BANG IN THE MIDDLE OF AN INTERGALACTIC WAR!

MORON! I WANT HIM ALIVE!

SEIZE HIM WHEN YOU HAVE THE CHANCE!

AND VAPE THAT FLESHD SLUT THAT'S WITH HIM!

BE STILL MY ATOMIC HEART!

NO... TORTURE HER FIRST!



C'MON FRANK! YOU STILL GOT THAT 'PEACE MESSAGE'?

Q-UIETE F-FRIENDLY REALLY!

Y-YEAH!

WOW!! LOOK AT THE SHIP!



IS IT O.K. TO COME OUT YET?

'ELLO ZEDRIK.

FRANK-CAN YOU TIDY UP THEM CHIP PAPERS?

AYE AYE!

ZELDA! CHECK THE WINDOWS ARE SHUT!

RUBBIS!

EY UP! SOMEBODY'S TAKEN THE BRIDGE AWAY!

WHOOOPS!

THERE GOES TH' RUBBISH BIN! NEVER MIND THEN!

THERE THEY GO, KROUTON PRIME!

WITH THEIR 'MESSAGE OF PEACE' SNURF!!

GLURK!

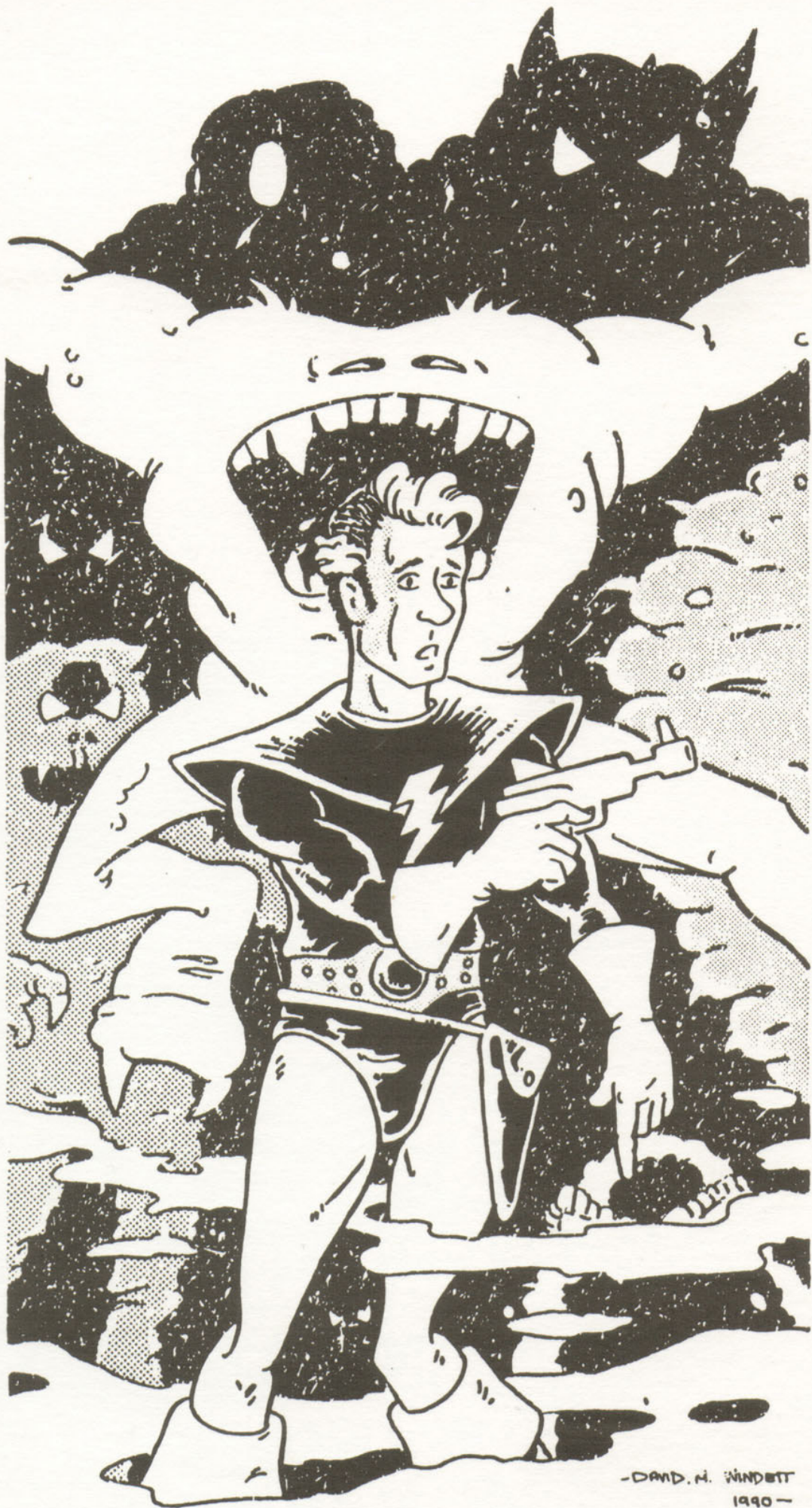
BOOM!! UP GOES THE WHOLE BLOODY PLANET!!!

HEE HEE HEE! GLURK!

AND THANKS TO THE QUARK BOMB WE'VE PLANTED ON BOARD, WHEN THEY MEET THE MINGON...

BRAINSTORM STUDIOS

~ DONT MISS THE NEXT THRILLING INSTALMENT ~ "FRANK FAZAKERLY'S TRIP TO TORTUS"!!



DAVE WINDETT'S INTERPRETATION OF FRANK