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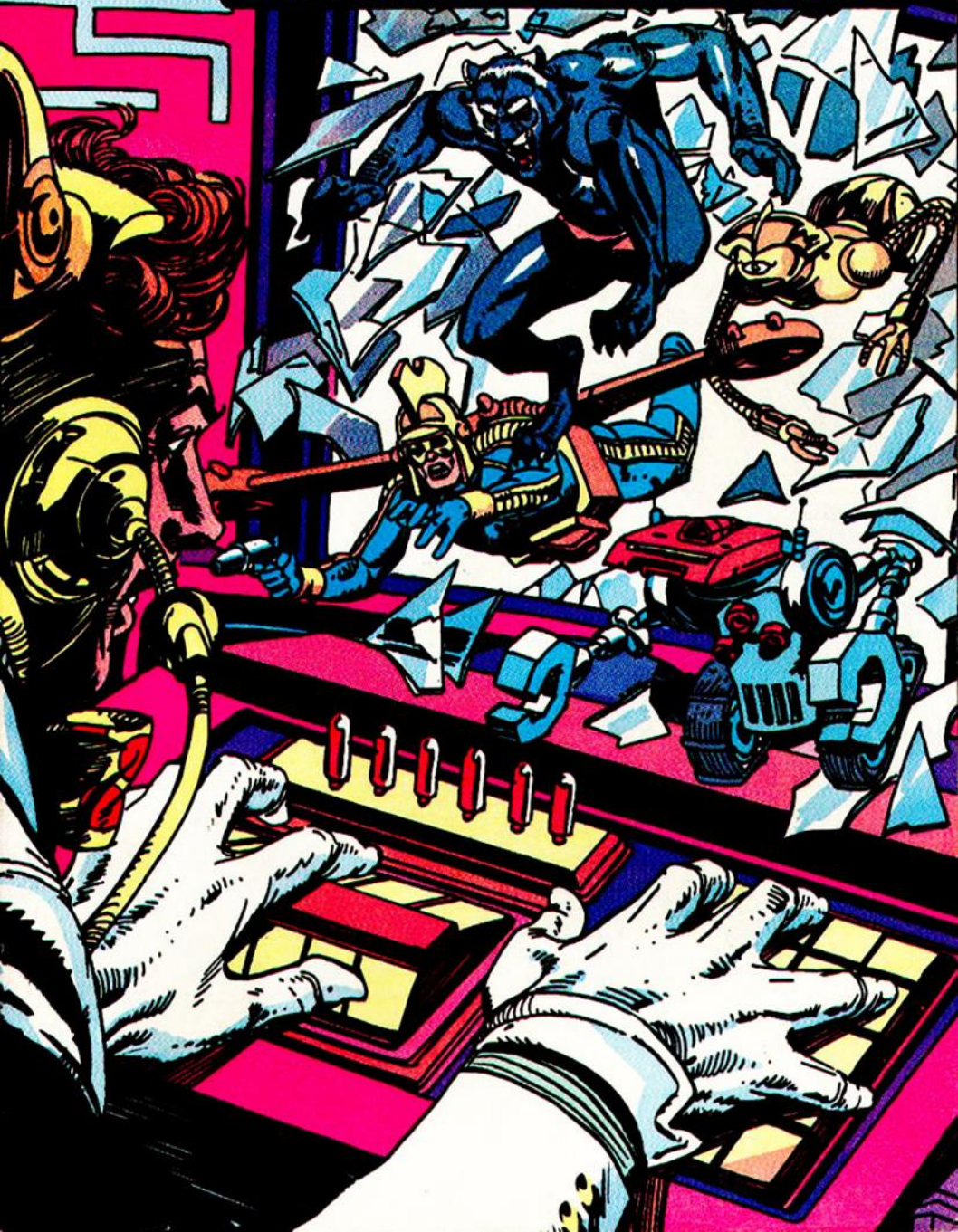
SEPT  
75¢ U.K. 35p  
#45

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THE

# MICRONAUTS

THEY CAME FROM INNER SPACE





MICRONAUTS® Vol. 1, No. 45, September, 1982. (U.S.P.S. 539-990) Published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP, James E. Galt, President, Stan Lee, Publisher, Michael Horowitz, Vice President, Publishing, Milton Schiffman, Vice-President, Production, OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 575 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022. Second Class postage paid at New York, NY and at additional mailing offices. Published monthly. MICRONAUTS®, SPACE GLIDER®, BIOTRON®, MICROTRON®, ACROYEAR®, BAKON™, KARZAR®, GALACTIC DEFENDER™, LASERSONICS®, PHOBOS®, FORCE COMMANDERS®, TIME TRAVELER®, HYDRO COPTER®, ASTRO STATION®, REPTON™, ANTRON™, NEON ORBITER®, THORUM ORBITER®, STAR SEARCHER®, BATTLE CRUISERS®, CENTAURUS®, AMPZILLA®, LOSHCOS®, HYDRA®, and PHAROID™ are trademarks of MEGO CORP. and the likeness of the characters to which those names are applied are the property of MEGO CORP. and the trademarks and likenesses are used with the permission of MEGO CORP. and the likeness of the characters to which those names are applied are the property of MEGO CORP. and the trademarks and likenesses are used with the permission of MEGO CORP. All rights reserved. Price 75¢ per copy in the U.S. and Canada. Subscription rate \$9.00 for 12 issues. Canada, \$10.00. Foreign, \$11.00. Printed in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. Postmaster: Send address changes to Subscription Dept., Marvel Comics Group, 387 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10016.





Stan Lee  
PRESENTS:

# THE MICRONAUTS!

CHAPTER ONE:

## BLINDED BY THE LIGHT!

COMMANDER RANH

MARIONETTE

DEVIL

BUG

NANDOTRON

MICROTRON

ACROYEAR

SOMEWHERE 'MIDST  
FLICKERING VIDEO  
SCREENS AND ZAPPING  
RAYS OF LIGHT, A  
STRANGE FIGURE  
HUMS AN EVEN  
STRANGER SONG.

ZIPPITY-DO-  
DAH-HH-ZIPPITY-  
AAAY-- I'VE GOT  
A DEADLY NEW  
GAME TO PLAY!

SOON I'LL HAVE  
SOME X-MEN TO  
SLAY-- ZIPPITY-  
DOO-DAH-HH--  
ZIPPITY-AAAY!

THE SINGER GIGGLES  
AND SHOOTS DOWN A  
SERIES OF 'SPACE  
INVADERS' WITH  
DEADLY ACCURACY!

BILL MANTLO  
SCRIPTER

GIL KANE  
BREAKDOWNS

DANNY BULANADI  
FINISHES

JIM NOVAK, LETTERS  
BOB SHAREN, COLORS

AL MILGROM  
EDITOR

JIM SHOOTER  
FORCE COMMANDER

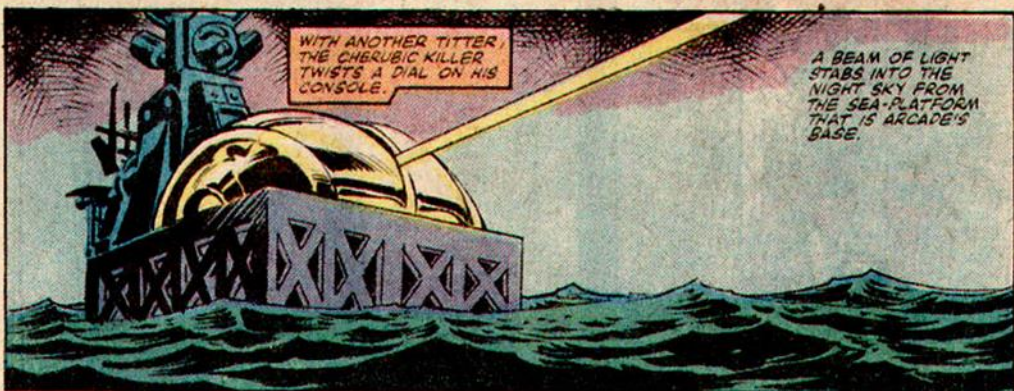


HE IS THE  
MASTER  
ASSASSIN...  
ARCADE!

MY, MY, MY. WHAT A MARVELOUS  
MIND FOR MAYHEM I HAVE!

EVER SINCE I OFFED MY DEAR,  
RICH DADDY AND ABSCONDED  
WITH MY INHERITANCE, I'VE HAD  
NOTHING BUT TIME ON MY  
HANDS...

TIME TO PLAY WITH  
MY LOVELY, LETHAL  
MURDER  
MACHINES!



WITH ANOTHER TITTER,  
THE CHERUBIC KILLER  
TWISTS A DIAL ON HIS  
CONSOLE.

A BEAM OF LIGHT  
STABS INTO THE  
NIGHT SKY FROM  
THE SEA-PLATFORM  
THAT IS ARCADE'S  
BASE.



IN LESS TIME THAN IT  
TAKES TO TELL, THE  
BEAM OF LIGHT FLASHES  
NORTHWARD...

... AND ACROSS THE  
FLORIDA KEYS.



SOON MY LOVELY LIGHT-BEAM WILL  
REACH NEW YORK--WESTCHESTER--  
CHARLES XAVIER'S 'SCHOOL FOR  
GIFTED YOUNGSTERS'--

--HOME OF  
THE UNCANNY  
X-MEN!

STRIKING MY ENEMIES WHERE THEY  
LIVE, IT WILL TRANSFORM 'EM INTO  
WAVES OF LIGHT, AND TRANSMIT 'EM  
BACK HERE... TO ME!

THEN, WON'T WE  
HAVE FUN?!!

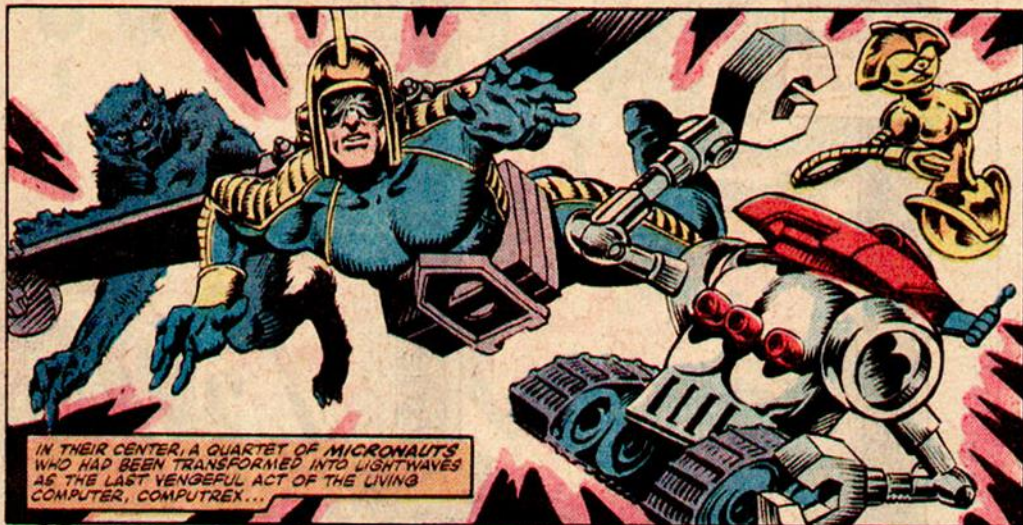
DOUBLING OVER WITH LAUGHTER,  
ARCADE AWAITS THE ARRIVAL OF  
HIS CAPTIVE X-MEN!



BUT THIS NIGHT, THE HOMICIDAL HIGH-  
ROLLER WILL FIND HE'S WON  
SOMETHING OTHER THAN  
WHAT HE GAMBLLED FOR!

ARCING OVER THE SOUTHERN-  
MOST TIP OF THE PENINSULA  
OF FLORIDA, ARCADE'S BEAM  
INTERCEPTS ANOTHER  
STABBING SOUTH FROM CAPE  
CANAVERAL.

THE TWO  
BEAMS  
FUSE.



IN THEIR CENTER, A QUARTET OF MICRONAUTS  
WHO HAD BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO LIGHTWAVES  
AS THE LAST VENGEFUL ACT OF THE LIVING  
COMPUTER, COMPUTREX...

...NOW FIND THEIR FREE-  
FLOATING MOLECULES  
TRAPPED BY THIS NEW  
BEAM, AND THEMSELVES  
TRANSMITTED BACK...

...TO THE RADAR-  
RECEIVERS AT  
ARCADE'S SEA-BASE!

SO SOON! HMM.  
GUESS I DIDN'T  
REALIZE THAT  
LIGHT TRAVELS AT  
THE SPEED OF--  
ER--LIGHT!

I'LL JUST GIVE  
MY COMPUTERS  
A SEC OR TWO TO  
REINTE-  
GRATE THE  
X-MEN--

--AND THEN  
I'LL TAKE A  
GANDER AT MY  
HELPLESS  
HEROES!



BUT, WHEN SCORPION VIDEO MURDER MACHINES FLICKER TO LETHAL LIFE, THE ARCADE LETS OUT A SHIVER...

WHAT?! I WANTED CYCLOPS, STORM, SPRITE, WOLVERINE, COLOSSUS AND NIGHTCRAWLER! I'VE BEEN CHEATED! YOU'RE NOT THE X-MEN!!!

WHEED THEY ARE NOT-- BUT THEY ARE HEROES!

THE FIRST IS COMMANDER RAIN--SPACE-GLIDER, TEAM-LEADER AND TELEPATH.

THE SECOND IS DEVIL--ONCE A GENTLE SOUL IN ANIMAL FORM--NOW BECOME A SNARLING BRAGGART.

THE THIRD AND FOURTH ARE MICROTRON AND NANOTRON, ROBOTS BOTH, SYNTHESIS OF ORGANIC MATTER AND MACHINE.

THESE FOUR ARE THE ONLY MICRONAUTS STILL ON EARTH AFTER A BATTLE DURING WHICH THE NEPHALOUS DOCTOR NEARLY USHURED THEIR TEAMMATES--MADONNETTE, ACROTHEAR AND BUS--BACK TO THEIR SUB-ATOMIC SOLAR SYSTEM... THE MICRO-VERSE!

ARCADE IS SUPPOSE TO SAY, STUNNED!



BUT, WHEN ARCADE'S VIDEO MURDER MACHINES FLICKER TO LETHAL LIFE, THE ASSASSIN LETS OUT A SHRIEK...

WHAT?! I WANTED CYCLOPS, STORM, SPRITE, WOLVERINE, COLOSSUS AND NIGHTCRAWLER! I'VE BEEN CHEATED! YOU'RE NOT THE X-MEN!!!

INDEED THEY ARE NOT-- BUT THEY ARE HEROES!

THE FIRST IS COMMANDER RAYN--SPACE-GLIDER...TEAM-LEADER AND TELEPATH.

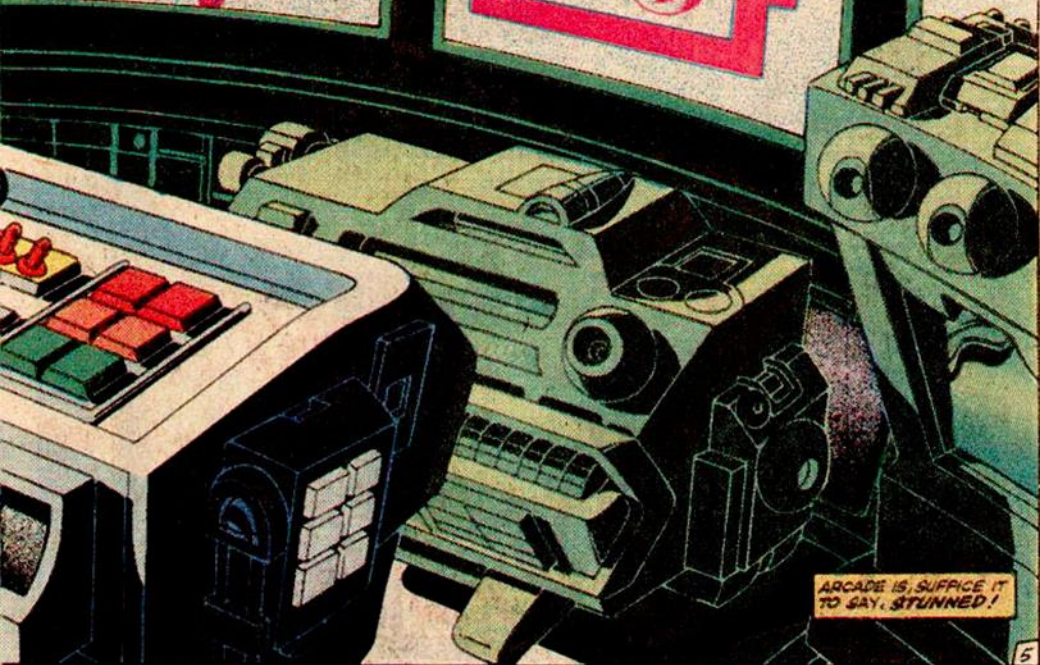
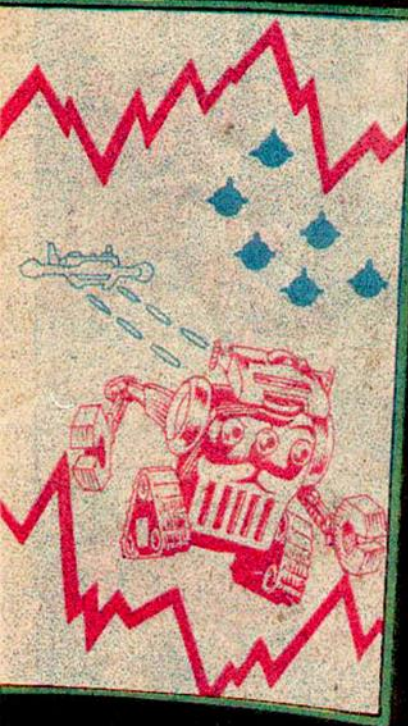
THE SECOND IS DEVIL--ONCE A GENTLE SOUL IN ANIMAL FORM--NOW BECOME A SNARLING, SAVAGE BEAST.





THE THIRD AND FOURTH ARE  
MICROTRON AND NANOTRON,  
ROBOTS BOTH, SYNTHESIS OF  
ORGANIC MATTER AND MACHINE.

THESE FOUR ARE THE ONLY MICRONAUTS  
STILL ON EARTH AFTER A BATTLE DURING  
WHICH THE NEPARIOUS DOCTOR NEMESIS  
SHRUNK THEIR TEAMMATES -- MARIONETTE,  
ACROYEAR AND BUG -- BACK TO THEIR  
SUB-ATOMIC SOLAR SYSTEM... THE MICRO-  
VERSE!



ARCADE IS, SUFFICE IT  
TO SAY, STUNNED!



ONLY FOUR OUT OF SIX SCREENS  
ACTIVATED -- AND THOSE APPEARING  
ON THEM ARE **NOT** THE X-MEN ?!

COMPUTER, YOU'D BETTER HAVE  
A DING-DONGED GOOD EXPLANA-  
TION FOR THIS !!!



ARCADE PROGRAMS  
HIS QUERY IN.

THE COMPUTER'S  
RESPONSE IS AS  
SWIFT AS IT IS  
SELF-EVIDENT!

LIGHTBEAM  
INTERCEPTED  
--THOSE  
TRANSMITTED  
NOT  
H-MEN

SHEE-OOT, SHERLOCK! AIN'T YOU  
A MASTER OF DEDUCTION!

BUT IF THEY'RE **NOT**  
THE X-MEN -- THEN  
WHO THE HECK ARE  
THEY ?!



STRIKE THAT  
SEARCH-REQUEST,  
'PUTER -- I KNOW  
YOU DON'T KNOW!

BUT WHAT'S  
IT MATTER  
WHO THEY  
ARE ?

THEY'RE **HEROES** -- OR AT  
LEAST THEY **LOOK** LIKE  
HEROES -- AN' I **HATE**  
HEROES!

I CAN PLAY THE  
GAME WITH **THEM** AN'  
HAVE JUST AS MUCH  
FUN AS IF THEY  
WERE THE X-MEN!



HEY, I DON'T  
MIND KILLING  
STRANGERS!

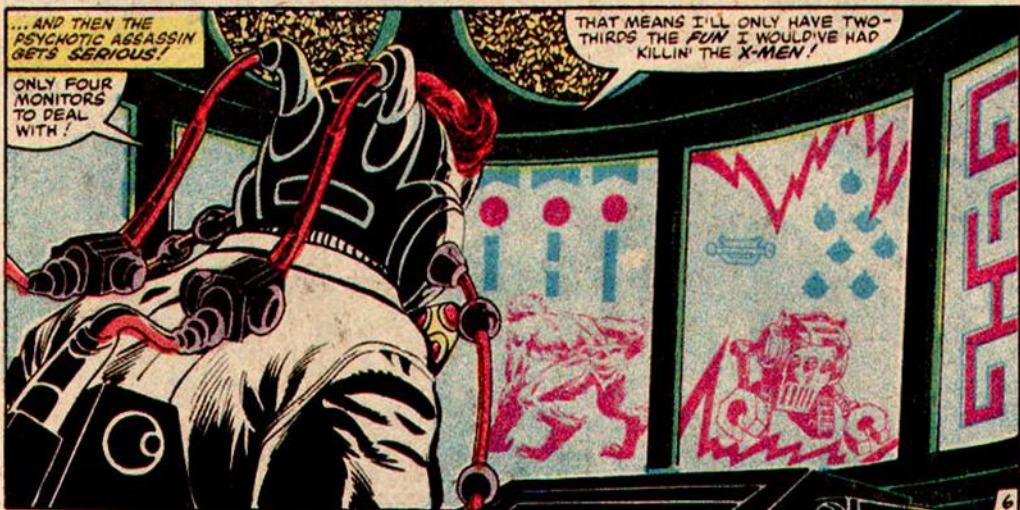
REALS OF  
DELIGHT ECHO  
THROUGHOUT  
SEA-BASE...



... AND THEN THE  
PSYCHOTIC ASSASSIN  
GETS **SERIOUS**!

ONLY FOUR  
MONITORS  
TO DEAL  
WITH!

THAT MEANS I'LL ONLY HAVE TWO-  
THIRDS THE **FUN** I WOULD'VE HAD  
KILLIN' THE X-MEN!





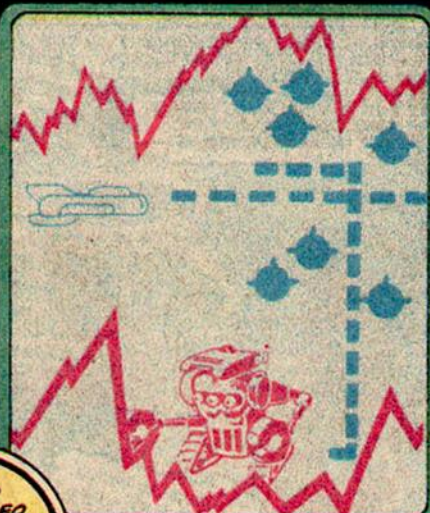
BUT THAT ALSO MEANS--HOOKED  
INTO MY CYBER-HELMET AND LINKED  
DIRECTLY TO THE COMPUTER--  
MY REACTION TIME WILL BE  
ONE-THIRD FASTER!

OKAY, IT'S NOT  
WHAT I WANTED--  
BUT IT SEEMS A  
SHAME TO LET  
FOUR PERFECTLY  
GOOD HEROES  
GO TO WASTE!

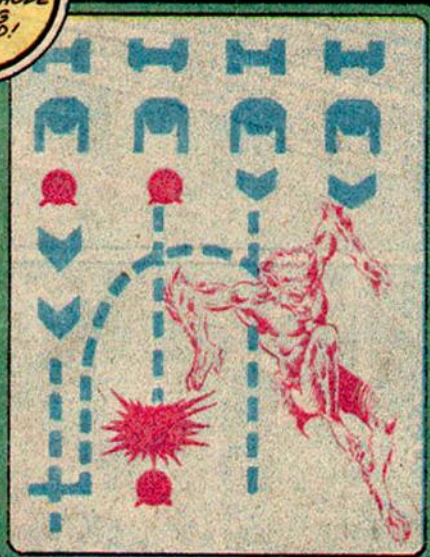
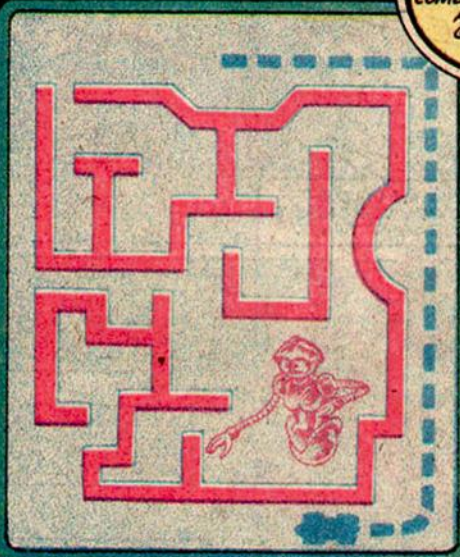
SO THIS'LL BE A TEST-RUN! I'LL HONE MY  
SKILL AND IRON OUT ALL THE BUGS KILLING  
THESE FOUR BEFORE I TAKE ON THE X-MEN  
FOR THE MAIN EVENT!

READY, KIDDIES?  
GET YOUR ACTS  
TOGETHER! THIS  
IS A TAKE!

THE LIGHTS  
DIM BEHIND  
THE GIGGLING  
ARCADE...



...AND  
FOUR VIDEO  
MURDER  
MACHINES BE-  
COME A CATHODE  
KILLING  
GROUND!





INSIDE THE GAME, COMMANDER RANN PERCEIVES HIMSELF AS THREE-DIMENSIONAL... AND HIS ATTACKERS AS VERY REAL AND VERY DEADLY!

I KNOW WE'VE BEEN REDUCED TO LIGHT RAYS AND, THEORETICALLY, SHOULDN'T BE SUSCEPTIBLE TO HARM IN THIS STATE--

--BUT I'M NOT ABOUT TO STAKE MY LIFE ON A THEORY!

VREE  
VREE

AND IT'S NOT ONLY MY LIFE THAT'S ON THE LINE-- BUT THE LIVES OF MY FELLOW MICRONAUTS, TOO!

I'VE GOT TO FIND SOME WAY TO GET THEM OUT OF DANGER, RESTORE THEM TO NORMAL--

...THE FEISTY MICROTRON DODGES ENERGY-CHARGES AS HE SCURRIES ACROSS A STARK LUNAR LANDSCAPE.

OH, MY! I COULD BEAR THIS IF ONLY I KNEW WHERE NANOTRON WAS!

--AND THEN WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUR MISSING TEAMMATES!

AS COMMANDER RANN WONDERES HOW TO ACCOMPLISH STAGE ONE OF HIS MISSION...

AT THAT MOMENT, MICROTRON'S FEMALE COUNTERPART IS BEING WHIPPED AROUND A RACE-COURSE!

THE VEHICLES ARE DRIVERLESS--YET THEY STRIKE AT ME UNERRINGLY!

IF ONLY MY BELOVED MICROTRON WERE HERE TO TELL ME WHAT TO DO!

INSIDE THE FOURTH MONITOR, DEVIL EVADES A BARRAGE OF LASER-LIGHT BEAMED DOWN AT HIM BY AN ENDLESS SERIES OF ALIEN-SHAPES THAT FLICKER ACROSS THE 'SKY-SCREEN' OVERHEAD.

THE BEAMS BURN AND, HAVING BARELY SURVIVED THE INFERNO AT H.E.L.L.--

\*THE HUMAN ENGINEERING LIFE LABORATORY, LAST 15H--AL.



--THE SINGED SAVAGE WILL NOT SUBJECT HIMSELF TO SUCH FIERCE FIRES AGAIN!

VREE

VREE

HE FINDS MOMENTARY SHELTER BEHIND MAMMOTH MOON-BASES.

BUT, LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE IN THIS STRANGE ENVIRONMENT, THE SEEMINGLY SOLID IS, IN REALITY, LIGHT.

SOON, NOTHING WILL STAND BETWEEN HIM AND THE FIRE. SOON, HE WILL HAVE TO LEAP, SLAVERING AND SNARLING, TO FACE HIS ATTACKERS IN THE SKY.

EVEN AS DEVIL COWERS, A BEAST AT BAY, THE ALIEN BEAMS CHISEL AWAY AT HIS SANCTUARY.

MEANWHILE...

AS SWIFTLY AS I SHOOT DOWN ONE OF THOSE VESSELS ATTACKING ME--

--THREE MORE TAKE ITS PLACE!

IF I AM HAVING DIFFICULTY COPING WITH MY COMPUTER-ENHANCED REFLEXES, HOW MUCH HARDER IT MUST BE FOR COMMANDER RAIN WITH HIS SLOWER HUMAN RESPONSES!

MUCH!

I CAN'T PENETRATE THE FORCE SHIELDS SURROUNDING THOSE SPACESHIPS.

BUT THEY DON'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY TROUBLE FIRING THROUGH THEM TO GET AT ME!

IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE AN ENERGY-BEAM CONNECTS!

AND THEN...!



HMMM, MY LITTLE  
PLAYERS ARE PUTTING  
UP QUITE A STRUGGLE!  
I WONDER WHO THEY  
ARE--AND WHERE  
THEY COME FROM?

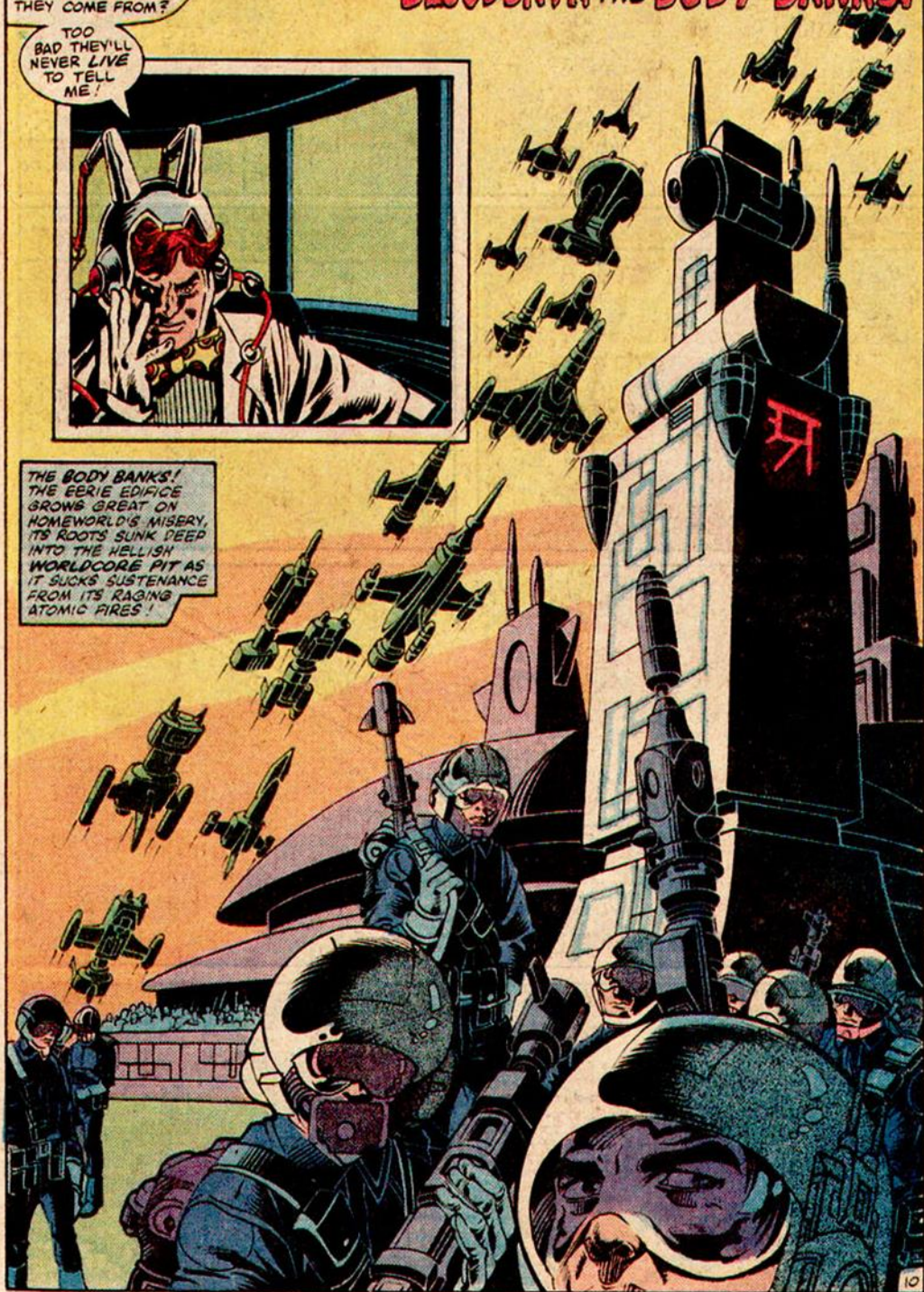
**HOMEWORLD!**

# CHAPTER TWO BLOODBATH IN THE BODY BANKS!

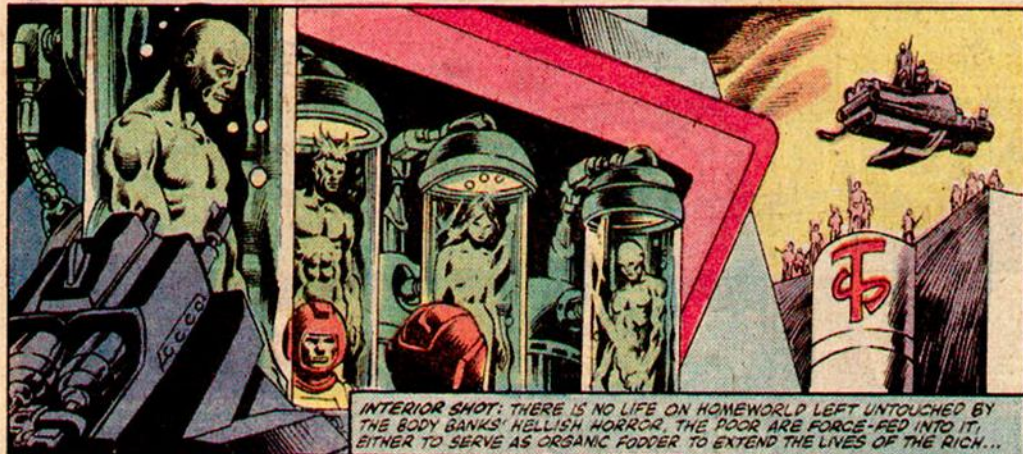
TOO  
BAD THEY'LL  
NEVER LIVE  
TO TELL  
ME!



THE BODY BANKS!  
THE EERIE EDIFICE  
GROWS GREAT ON  
HOMEWORLD'S MISERY,  
ITS ROOTS SUNK DEEP  
INTO THE HELLISH  
WORLD CORE PIT AS  
IT SUCKS SUSTENANCE  
FROM ITS RAGING  
ATOMIC FIRES!







INTERIOR SHOT: THERE IS NO LIFE ON HOMEWORLD LEFT UNTOUCHED BY THE BODY BANKS' HELLISH HORROR. THE POOR ARE FORCE-FED INTO IT, EITHER TO SERVE AS ORGANIC FODDER TO EXTEND THE LIVES OF THE RICH...

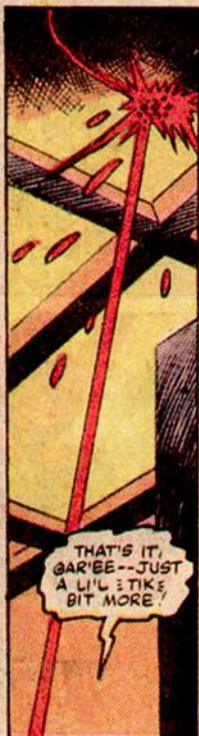


...OR TO BECOME DOG SOLDIERS, CONSCIENCELESS STORM-TROOPERS' UNQUESTIONINGLY OBEYING THE DICTATES OF HE WHO RE-CREATED THEM--THEIR LIEGE-LORD ARGON THE FIRST, KING OF HOMEWORLD, FORCE COMMANDER!



BUT, DESPITE A MYRIAD OF SAFEGUARDS...

...THE SECURITY OF THE BODY BANKS HAS JUST BEEN BREACHED --FROM BELOW!



THAT'S IT, GAR'EE--JUST A LIL' TIKIE BIT MORE!



THE NEEP-KNIGHT'S LASER-VISION WAS NEARLY SHORN THROUGH THE CEILING ABOVE--

--THAT IS THE FLOOR OF THE BODY BANKS!

IT IS A WONDER THAT FORCE COMMANDER IS UNAWARE OF THIS TUBE-WAY RUNNING BENEATH HIS BODY BANKS.

THE BANKS WERE CONSTRUCTED BY BARON KARZA CENTURIES AGO, ACRYEAR! NOT ALL THEIR SECRETS ARE KNOWN TO THE NEW REGIME!

YET, WE LOWLIES REMEMBERED, FOR, IT WAS OUR FATHERS AND OUR FATHER'S FATHERS WHO WERE FORCED TO BUILD THE BANKS WITH THEIR SWEAT AND BLOOD!



A CIRCULAR SWATH  
SLICED THROUGH THE  
CEILING BY THE  
LASER-VISION OF THE  
KNIGHT OF NEED...

...AFFORDS THE  
MIGHTY ACROYEAR  
OF SPARTAK ALL  
THE ADVANTAGE HE  
NEEDS TO RAISE  
THE ROOF!

THE UNASSAILABLE  
BODY BANKS  
HAVE JUST BEEN  
ASSAILED!

C'MON E-TIKE REBELS!  
LET'S PAY A E-TIKE  
CALL--

--ON THE SONNUVA-  
SNAIL WHO'S E-TIKE  
OPPRESSIN' US ALL!

WHO ARE THESE  
REBELS WHO  
NOW POUR THROUGH  
THE BREACH IN  
THE WAKE OF  
ACROYEAR?

THEY ARE  
LOWLIES--SUB-  
LEVELLERS FROM  
HOMEWORLD'S  
FIRST ZONE

THEY ARE THE POOR AND THE DOWNTRODDEN OF THE MANY WORLDS OF THE MICROVERSE--THOSE UPON WHOM  
FORCE COMMANDER'S HEEL TRODS HARDEST AND HARSHTEST.

THEY ARE THOSE WHO  
STOKE THE BODY BANKS  
... AND THEY WOULD BE  
FUEL NO MORE!

HE WHO LEADS THEM IS  
BUG, AN INSECTIVORID  
FROM THE PLANET KALI-  
KLAK... A MICRONAUT!

COMMAND, BEING A DISCI-  
PLINED ART, IS NOT HIS  
FORTE -- BUT HE DOES  
HIS BEST.

AHEAD, THE TRUE GENERAL -- THE WARRIOR-BORN  
ACROYEAR -- DRAWS HIS BROADSWORD FROM ITS  
MAGNETIC SHEATH AT HIS ARMORED HIP.

A STUP  
ON ITS HILT  
ACTIVATES IT...

...AND FIERCE  
ENERGY  
FLASHES  
ALONG ITS  
LENGTH.

SLIDER-WINGS  
RETRACTING  
BEHIND HIM,  
ACROYEAR  
BEGINS HIS  
ASSAULT.

THIS RAID HAS A TWO-  
FOLD PURPOSE: TO  
FREE THOSE HELD HERE  
... AND TO BUY TIME  
FOR MARIONETTE.



THE FIRST  
STAGE OF  
THE RAID  
PROCEEDS  
AS PLANNED.

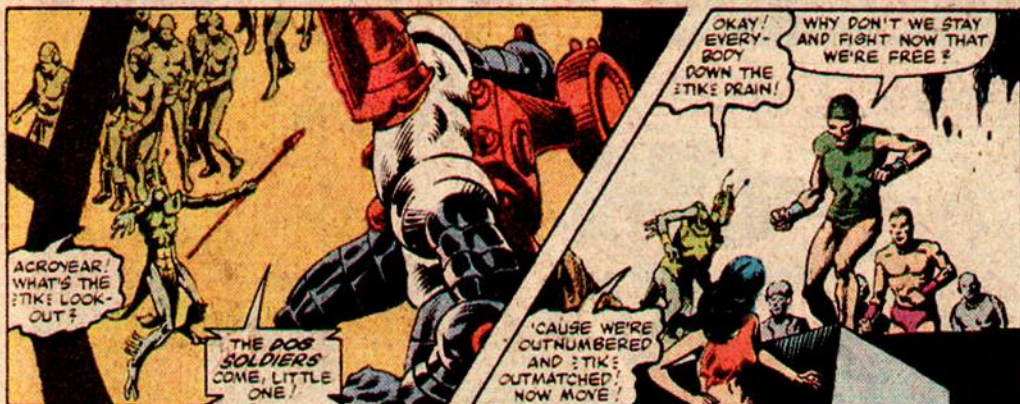
PRaise DALLAN  
AND SEPSIS!  
WE THOUGHT  
OURSELVES  
DOOMED!

PRaise THE REBELLION,  
FRIEND--AND JOIN WITH  
US IN OVERTHROWING  
THE TYRANT!

DESTROY ALL RECORDS  
OF THOSE FREED FROM  
THIS UNIT, LEST ARGON  
SEEK RETRIBUTION  
AGAINST THEIR  
FAMILIES.

THATAWAY,  
LADS AN'  
LADIES! DO  
WHAT WE  
:TIKE: CAME  
TA DO!

BUT DO IT :TIKE: FAST!  
I GOT A HUNCH OUR LI'L  
RAID AIN'T SONNA REMAIN  
A SECRET FOR LONG!



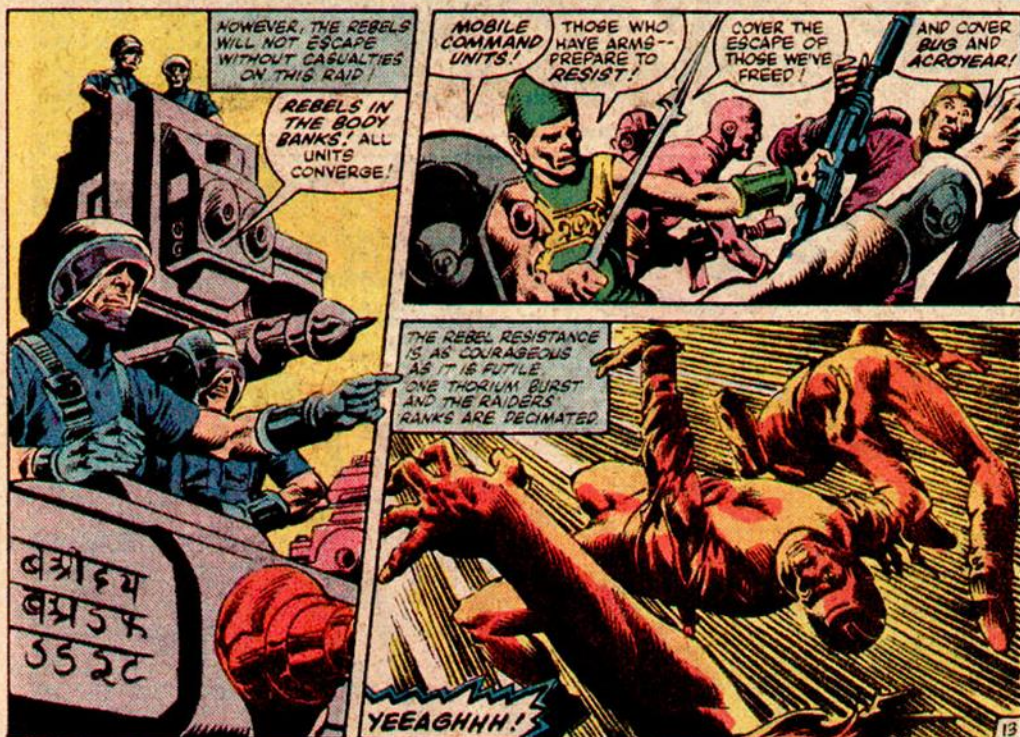
ACROYEAR!  
WHAT'S THE  
:TIKE: LOOK-  
OUT?

THE DOG  
SOLDIERS  
COME, LITTLE  
ONE!

OKAY!  
EVERY-  
BODY  
DOWN THE  
:TIKE: DRAIN!

WHY DON'T WE STAY  
AND FIGHT NOW THAT  
WE'RE FREE?

'CAUSE WE'RE  
OUTNUMBERED  
AND :TIKE:  
OUTMATCHED!  
NOW MOVE!



HOWEVER, THE REBELS  
WILL NOT ESCAPE  
WITHOUT CASUALTIES  
ON THIS RAID!

REBELS IN  
THE BODY  
BANKS! ALL  
UNITS  
CONVERGE!

MOBILE  
COMMAND  
UNITS!

THOSE WHO  
HAVE ARMS--  
PREPARE TO  
RESIST!

COVER THE  
ESCAPE OF  
THOSE WE'VE  
FREED!

AND COVER  
BUG AND  
ACROYEAR!

THE REBEL RESISTANCE  
IS AS COURAGEOUS  
AS IT IS FUTILE.  
ONE THORIUM BURST  
AND THE RAIDERS'  
RANKS ARE DECIMATED.

YEEAGHHH!



STILL, FOR EVERY REBEL WHO FALLS, ANOTHER LIFTS HIS WEAPON AND TAKES HIS PLACE, GALLANTLY SACRIFICING HIMSELF. THAT BOTH ASPECTS OF THE RAID ON THE BODY BANKS MAY SUCCEED.

KEEP MOVIN'! WE'VE GOT  
TA GET YE AWAY TA  
SANCTUARY--

--AN' WE'VE  
GOT TA KEEP  
THE DOGGIES'  
ATTENTION  
FOCUSED ON  
US SO THAT  
STAGE TWO  
CAN GO AS  
PLANNED!

STAGE TWO: ACTING ON A PREARRANGED PLAN, BUG AND  
ACROYEAR BREAK AWAY FROM THE REST OF THE REBELS  
AND, INSTEAD OF FLEEING, FIGHT THEIR WAY DEEPER INTO  
THE BODY BANKS.

EAT HOT 3TIKE  
RAYS,  
DOGGY!

REVEL NOT TOO LONG IN  
BATTLE, LITTLE ONE. OUR  
MISSION TAKES PRECEDENCE.

AH, I KNOW ALL ABOUT OUR  
3TIKE MISSION, ACROYEAR! I  
JUST WANTED TA HAVE A  
LITTLE CLEAN, DOGGY-KILLIN'  
3TIKE FUN--

--FORE WE GOT TA  
THE 3TIKE NASTY  
STUFF!

THERE IS NO  
JOY FOR ME  
IN SLAUGHTER,  
BUG. FARE  
THEE WELL.

YEAH, I KNOW,  
BIG BUDDY. YOU  
AIN'T HAD MUCH  
JOY AT ANYTHIN'  
SINCE YER  
PEOPLE  
BRANDED YA  
A TRAITOR  
AN' SPLIT  
OFF INTA  
SPACE--

--LED BY YER  
LOUSE OF A  
LADY-LOVE,  
CILICIA!\*

FILLED WITH SORROW  
FOR HIS FRIEND, BUG  
MOVES ON INTO DARK-  
NESS.

WHILE THE  
REBELLION RAIDED  
THE BODY BANKS,  
OUR TEAMMATE--  
MARIONETTE--  
BEGAN HER AS-  
SAULT ON THE  
ROYAL PALACE,  
SANCTUM SANCTORUM  
OF HER HATED  
BROTHER, THE  
TYRANT FORCE  
COMMANDER.

I PRAY SHE SUCCEEDS  
IN HER MISSION AS WE  
MUST SUCCEED IN OURS.

THE FREEING OF  
PRINCE PHAROID  
FROM THE BODY  
BANKS!

\*MICROS  
#31-- AL.



ILLUMINATED BY THE TWIN MOONS THAT SHED THEIR LIGHT ON HOMEWORLD, THE ROYAL PALACE RISES REGALLY AGAINST THE NIGHT.

SHE IS MARIONETTE, DISTAFF MEMBER OF THE MICRONAUTS, AND NOMINAL LEADER OF THE REBELLION.

SHE IS ALSO PRINCESS MARI, HEIR TO THE THRONE OF HOMEWORLD.

THIS PALACE, THEN, WAS ONCE HER HOME.

I SPENT MY CHILDHOOD HERE, BEING TUTORED BY MICROTRON IN THE BENEVOLENCE OF THE MONARCHY. MY BROTHER PRINCE ARGON LEARNED BY MY SIDE.

NOW MICROTRON IS TRAPPED ON EARTH WITH COMMANDER RANN, THE MAN I LOVE-- ARGON IS THE FASCISTIC FORCE COMMANDER--

--AND I MUST BREAK INTO MY ANCESTRAL HOME TO PREVENT HIM FROM MARRYING THE LADY SLUG, WHO WAS LEADER OF THE REBELLION IN MY ABSENCE!

SHOULD THEY WED, IT WOULD DEMORALIZE OUR FORCES-- AND MAKE THE POPULACE QUESTION THE COMMITMENT OF THE REBELLION!

EXPERTLY, AGILELY, MARIONETTE SOMERSAULTS THROUGH DETECTO-BEAMS!

UNDETECTED, A TINY FIGURE GLIDES EVER CLOSER TO ITS TOWERING TURRETS.

SHE TRAINED LONG AND HARD TO BE THE GYMNAST SHE IS.

SHE HAS PROVEN HER COURAGE BY FIGHTING ALONGSIDE THE MICRONAUTS!

NOW IT MUST BE SEEN WHETHER SHE CAN SUCCEED AT FRATRIGIDE!

I'M IN! NOW, BROTHER, PREPARE TO RECEIVE MY WEDDING PRESENT!



SHE HAS COME A LONG WAY, THIS PROUD HOMEWORLD PRINCESS, SINCE SHE STOOD WORSHIPFULLY IN HER SIBLING'S SHADOW. THOUGH BOTH WERE BEING GROOMED FOR THE THRONE, MARI HAD ALWAYS ASSUMED THAT IT WOULD BE ARGON WHO WOULD RULE.



NOW IT IS ARGON WHO MUST BE OVER-THROWN...

...FOR THE GOOD OF THE PLANET MARI LOVES.

VOICES...  
RAISED IN ANGER!



SHE HAS SEEN THAT COME TO PASS -- AND SEEN POWER CORRUPT HER BELOVED BROTHER UNTIL HE BECAME AS DESPOTIC AS BARON KARZA, THE TYRANT THEY'D HELPED OVERTHROW.

AND HIDEOUS, INHUMAN, MOCKING LAUGHTER, WHAT--F



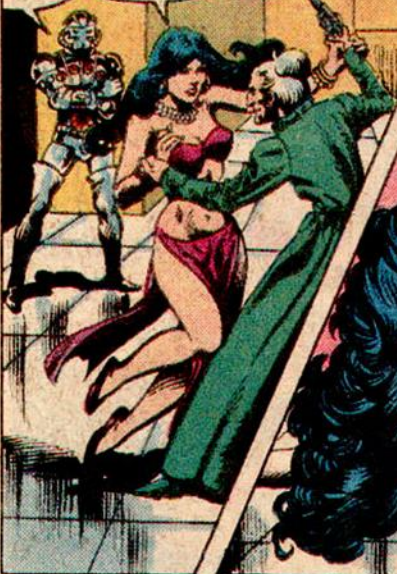
ARGON -- STANDING IN FULL ARMOR AS FORCE COMMANDER -- AMUSING HIMSELF --



"--AS THE LADY SLUG WRESTLES WITH THE WITHERED OLD CRONE FOR POSSESSION OF A LASER-SONIC PISTOL!"

HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

GIVE ME THAT PISTOL, YOU DRIED-UP OLD HAG!



OLD I MAY BE-- AS YOU, WHO STOLE MY YOUTH FROM ME, WOULD KNOW BEST OF ALL! BUT I AM A FIGHTER WHILE YOU ARE BUT A PAMPERED PET!



NOW, IF I CAN NOT HAVE THAT WHICH IS RIGHTFULLY MINE-- THEN NEITHER SHALL YOU!

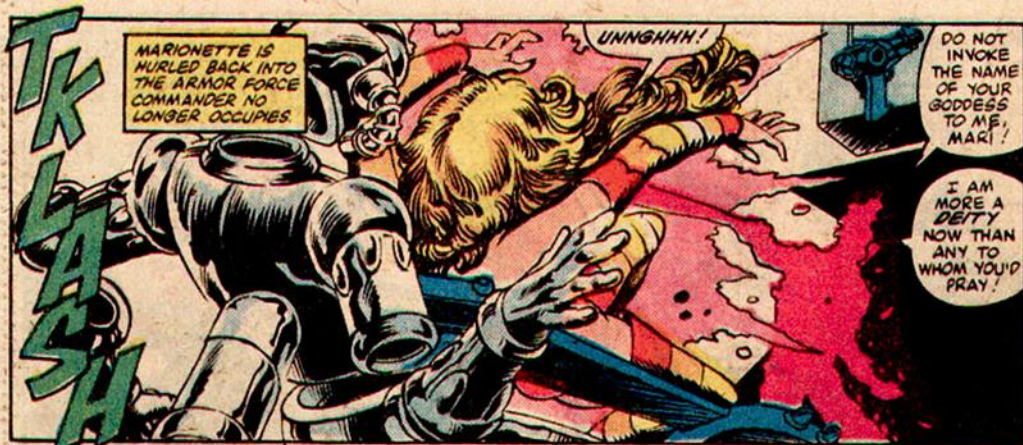


OHKKH!









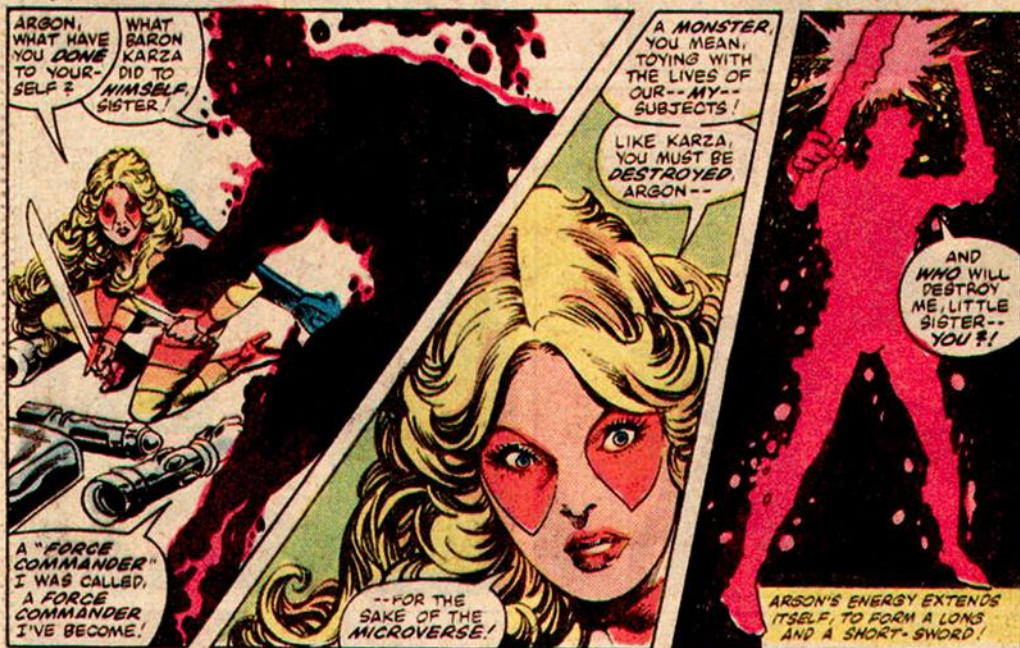
TK  
LASH

MARIONETTE IS  
HURLED BACK INTO  
THE ARMOR FORCE  
COMMANDER NO  
LONGER OCCUPIES.

UNNGHHH!

DO NOT  
INVOKE  
THE NAME  
OF YOUR  
GODDESS  
TO ME,  
MARI!

I AM  
MORE A  
DEITY  
NOW THAN  
ANY TO  
WHOM YOU'D  
PRAY!



ARGON,  
WHAT HAVE  
YOU DONE  
TO YOUR-  
SELF?

WHAT  
BARON  
KARZA  
DID TO  
HIMSELF  
SISTER!

A MONSTER,  
YOU MEAN,  
TOYING WITH  
THE LIVES OF  
OUR-- MY--  
SUBJECTS!

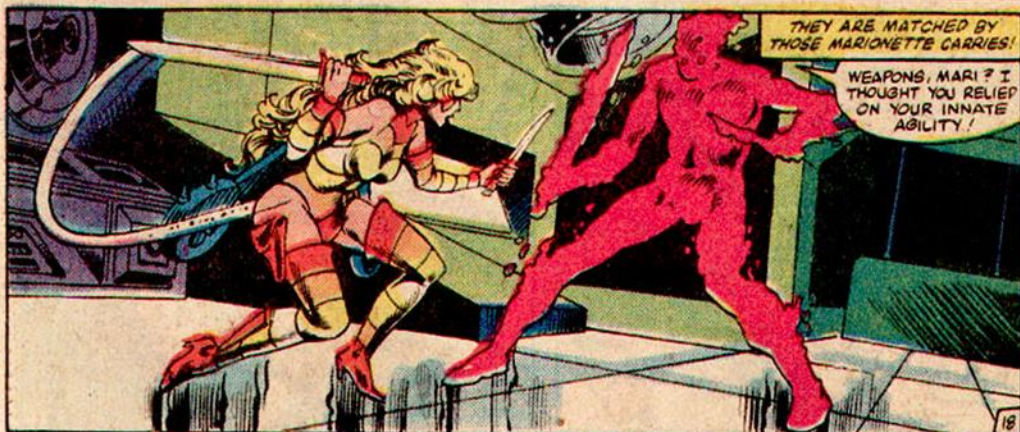
LIKE KARZA,  
YOU MUST BE  
DESTROYED,  
ARGON--

AND  
WHO WILL  
DESTROY  
ME, LITTLE  
SISTER--  
YOU?!

A "FORCE  
COMMANDER"  
I WAS CALLED,  
A FORCE  
COMMANDER  
I'VE BECOME!

--FOR THE  
SAKE OF THE  
MICROVERSE!

ARSON'S ENERGY EXTENDS  
ITSELF, TO FORM A LONG  
AND A SHORT-SWORD!



THEY ARE MATCHED BY  
THOSE MARIONETTE CARRIES!

WEAPONS, MARI? I  
THOUGHT YOU RELIED  
ON YOUR INNATE  
ABILITY!





THIS ISN'T  
A GAME LIKE  
THOSE WE  
PLAYED WHEN  
WE WERE CHILD-  
REN, ARGON!

I DIDN'T  
COME TO IMPRESS  
YOU WITH MY  
GYMNASTICS--BUT  
TO KILL!

WAS IT YOUR  
BELOVED COMMANDER  
RAHN WHO  
AWAKENED THE  
WARRIOR-WOMAN  
IN YOU, SISTER?

NO,  
ARGON!

IT WAS SEEING WHAT  
HORRORS YOU'D HEAPED  
UPON OUR PEOPLE THAT MADE  
ME REALIZE ONLY YOUR DEATH  
WOULD FREE HOMEWORLD!



AS SIBLINGS CLASH, THE WITHERED "BELLADONNA" REMEMBERS HER PURPOSE FOR ESCAPING THE DUNGEONS OF HOMEWORLD:

I WAS LEADER OF THE REBELLION WHILE MARI WAS OFF-WORLD WITH THE MICRONAUTS!

ARGON SOUGHT TO DEMORALIZE THE REBELLION AND DIS-SUADE THE PEOPLE FROM JOINING IT BY ANNOUNCING HIS IMPENDING MARRIAGE TO ITS LEADER!

BUT IT WAS NOT ME HE INTENDED TO MARRY--IT WAS YOU, IN MY BODY!

DON'T KILL ME! PLEASE! I DON'T WANT TO MARRY HIM!

SLUG-- ABOUT TO KILL BELLA-DONNA?

THEN SHE'LL NEVER GET HER TRUE BODY BACK!

HOWEVER, BEFORE VENGEANCE CAN BE CONSUMMATED...

MY ARM!

...FORCE COMMANDER'S SHORTSWORD TRANS-FIXES HER!

SLUG'S BEEN WOUNDED! I'VE GOT TO HELP...

CONCERN FOR OTHERS WOULD BE YOUR DOWN-FALL, SISTER!

GLKRRK!

YOU ALWAYS WERE TOO WEAK TO BE A WAR-RIOR!

THE PAIN IS INDESCRIBABLE AS FORCE COMMANDER EXTENDS HIS EVIL ENERGY THROUGH THE BODY OF HIS SISTER!



LURCHING BACK,  
THE PROUD PRINCESS  
MARI PLUMMETS  
THROUGH THE  
WINDOW!

FARE-  
WELL,  
LITTLE  
SISTER!

A PITY  
YOU WON'T  
BE ABLE TO  
ATTEND THE  
WEDDING!



THERE'LL BE NO WEDDING, DEMON!  
SEPSIS, TO THINK THAT ONCE I  
LOVED YOU -- WAS BETROTHED  
TO YOU -- HAD CONSENTED TO  
BE YOUR QUEEN!

YOU SHALL BE MY QUEEN,  
LADY SLUG -- OR, RATHER  
YOUR BODY WILL, DRAPED  
IN YOUR FLESH, THE  
DUCHESS BELLADONNA  
WILL PLAY THE ROLE  
OF THE MONARCH'S  
BRIDE --

--OR PERISH!



AS FOR YOU, YOUR PUNISHMENT  
WILL BE -- TO LIVE! TO SPEND  
EACH DAY FEELING YOUR  
ARTERIES HARDEN, YOUR  
BONES GROW BRITTLE -- TO  
FEEL OLD AGE DRAWING  
YOU EVER NEARER TO  
DEATH!

PERHAPS I'LL EVEN  
LET YOU BE  
BELLADONNA'S  
HAND-  
MAIDEN!

WHAT A  
JEST!

YOU'LL BE  
ABLE TO  
ADVISE HER  
HOW TO USE  
THE BODY  
SHE STOLE  
FROM YOU TO  
PLEASE HER  
MONARCH!

WELL,  
WHY DOESN'T  
ANYONE  
LAUGH?!?

HAHAHAHAHA

GOODBYE,  
HOMESWORLD...



...HELLO,  
EARTH!

# WIN, LOSE OR DRAW?!

CHAPTER THREE





INSIDE THE GAMES, THE ACTION HAS ACCELERATED!

FOR EACH DEFENSE-SCREEN I BLAST DOWN, THAT SHIP CREATES ANOTHER!

ITS REACTIONS --OR THOSE OF WHOEVER IS CONTROLLING IT--ARE A LOT FASTER THAN MINE!

VREET

THERE'S A LIMIT TO HOW MANY EVASIVE MANEUVERS I CAN DREAM UP BEFORE...

WAIT! MY LAST SHOT RUPTURED THE DEFENSE-SCREENS--AND THE SHIP IS TAKING LONGER THAN BEFORE TO REPAIR THE BREACH!

THIS MAY EITHER BE MY ONE AND ONLY CHANCE--

--OR THE PRELUDE TO "DEATH OF A MICRONAUT!"

AT FULL POWER-DIVE, COMMANDER RANN HURLS HIMSELF THROUGH THE RUPTURED DEFENSE-SCREENS TO THE SHIP BEYOND!



AND  
INSIDE  
YET  
ANOTHER  
SCREEN...

ZROARRRRMMMMMM

OH, MY! THAT  
VEHICLE MEANT  
TO RAM ME!

I AVOIDED IT BARELY IN TIME--  
BUT EVEN NOW OTHERS  
APPROACH AT INCREDIBLE  
SPEEDS! I'VE NEVER FELT SO  
FRIGHTENED BEFORE--

--AND I'VE HAD  
JUST ABOUT  
ENOUGH OF  
THIS!

USUALLY I RELY ON MICRO-  
TRON TO DEFEND ME FROM  
DANGER, BUT MY ROBOD  
CHAMPION ISN'T HERE!

I'M A SERVO-DROID,  
NOT USED TO COMBAT,  
BUT MARIONETTE KEEPS  
TELLING ME TO COME OUT  
OF THE KITCHEN!

VERY WELL!  
IF FIGHT  
I MUST--

SHKREE ZRAK

--THEN  
FIGHT I  
SHALL!

MORE? IS THERE NO  
END TO YOUR NUMBERS?  
COME AHEAD THEN! I'LL  
NOT RUN FROM YOU!

FROM HERE ON IN,  
NANOTRON STANDS  
HER GROUND!

SHREEET





SCREEN THREE:  
AS THE ENERGY-  
FIRES CHISEL AWAY  
AT HIS STONE  
SANCTUARY...



...THE ONCE-  
GENTLE  
TROOPMAN IS  
PUSHED OVER  
THE EDGE.

GONE IS THE  
REASON THAT  
RAISED HIM AND  
HIS RACE ABOVE  
THE BEASTS.

GONE IS THE  
LAUGHTER  
THAT SUSTAINED  
HIM IN TIMES  
OF TROUBLE.

GONE IS THE  
SONG THAT  
SOOTHED HIS  
SOUL AND  
SAVED HIS  
SANITY.



NOW THERE  
IS ONLY A  
SNARLING,  
SLAVERING  
SAVAGE  
DEVIL!

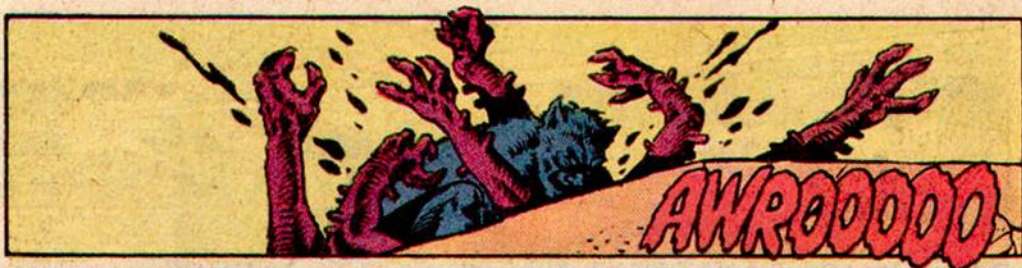


HE HAS  
BEEN  
DRIVEN  
FROM  
HIDING.

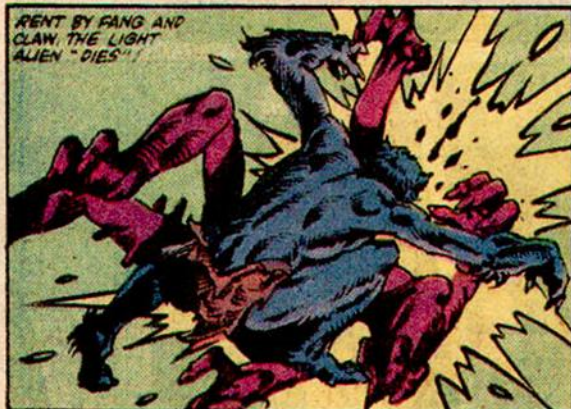
VERY WELL,  
THEN--HE WILL  
CONFRONT HIS  
TORMENTORS.

THE FIRST "SPACE INVADER"  
TO TOUCH DOWN WILL FEEL  
HIS RENDING FANGS!





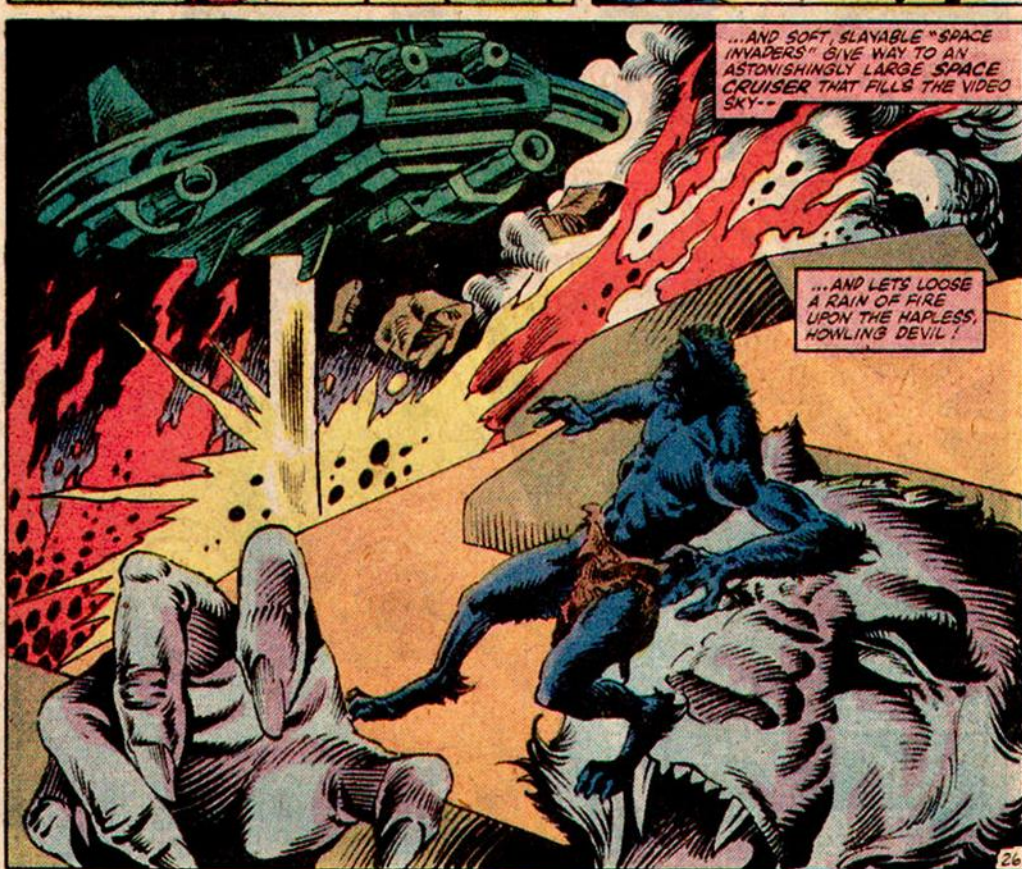
AWROOOOO



RENT BY FANG AND  
CLAW THE LIGHT  
ALIEN "DIES"!



YET, EVEN AS ONE  
ENEMY PERISHES  
BENEATH HIM, THE  
ATTACK INCREASES  
IN SPEED AND  
INTENSITY...



...AND SOFT, SLAYABLE "SPACE  
INVADERS" GIVE WAY TO AN  
ASTONISHINGLY LARGE SPACE  
CRUISER THAT FILLS THE VIDEO  
SKY--

...AND LETS LOOSE  
A RAIN OF FIRE  
UPON THE HAPLESS,  
HOWLING DEVIL!



LAST MICRONAUT TO BE  
ACCOUNTED FOR: MICROTRON.

OH, DEAR! ALTHOUGH I'M  
HOLDING MY OWN, THIS  
COULD GO ON FOREVER!

VREET

PWOOM  
PWOOM

IT SEEMS MY ENEMIES WILL  
KEEP COMING, NO MATTER  
HOW MANY OF THEM I  
DESTROY! SO IF I CAN'T  
OUTFIGHT THEM, I'LL HAVE  
TO OUTTHINK THEM!

RISKY-- SWITCHING OVER TO ANALY-  
TICAL MODE WHILE MAINTAINING  
DEFENSE MODE, BUT I DON'T REALLY  
SEE THAT I HAVE ANY CHOICE!

CAPACITATORS  
HUMMING, THE  
FEISTY ROBOID  
COLLATES  
DATA WHILE  
FIGHTING BACK!

HMMM, AS I SUSPECTED-- THIS IS  
A CATHODE PROJECTION INTO  
WHICH WE MICRONAUTS, TRANS-  
FORMED INTO LIGHTWAVES, HAVE  
BEEN INTEGRATED!

THE KEY TO GETTING OUT OF  
HERE, THEN, IS TO REINTEGRATE  
OURSELVES-- TO BECOME  
SOLID ONCE MORE!

HAVING ANALYZED  
OUR WAVELENGTH,  
IT SHOULD BE A  
RELATIVELY EASY  
MATTER TO RE-  
VERSE POLARITIES...

MICROTRON TRIES  
AND THE RESULTS  
ARE IMMEDIATELY  
APPARENT TO HIS  
TEAMMATES.

SOMETHING'S  
HAPPENING TO ME!

I FEEL STRANGE--  
SOMEHOW MORE SOLID  
THAN I HAVE SINCE  
MATERIALIZING INSIDE  
HERE!



I KNOW! I'M BECOMING HUMAN AGAIN! I'M NO LONGER JUST A BEING OF LIGHT!



IS THIS SOME NEW PLOY OF MY OPPONENT--TO MAKE ME A MAN AGAIN BEFORE THE KILL?!

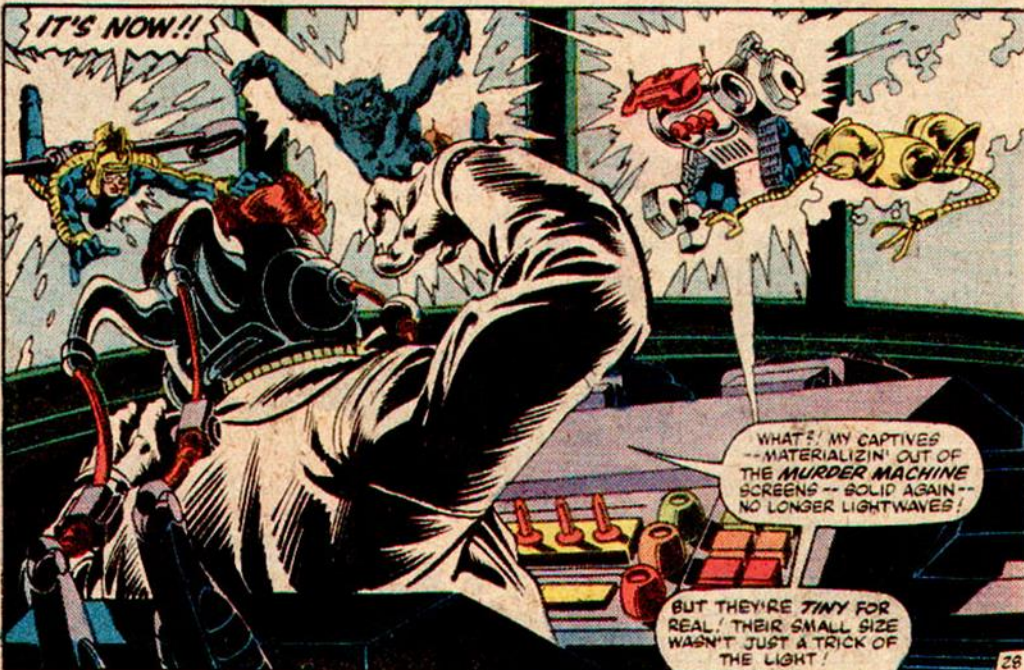
NO! NOW THAT I'M NO LONGER A RANDOM LIGHTWAVE, I'M ABLE TO CONTACT MY TEAM-MATES TELEPATHICALLY AGAIN!

THIS IS MICROTRON'S DOING! HE'S SOMEHOW REVERSED THE PROCESS THAT TRANSFORMED US INTO LIGHTWAVES IN THE FIRST PLACE!



AND HE'S TELLING ME THAT IF EVER THERE WAS A MOMENT TO BREAK OUT...

IT'S NOW!!



WHAT?! MY CAPTIVES -- MATERIALIZIN' OUT OF THE MURDER MACHINE SCREENS -- GOLD AGAIN -- NO LONGER LIGHTWAVES!

BUT THEY'RE TINY FOR REAL! THEIR SMALL SIZE WASN'T JUST A TRICK OF THE LIGHT!



WHO THE  
DEVIL--?!

EXACTLY!

GROW

I CAN SENSE DEVIL'S  
THOUGHTS! HE MEANS  
TO KILL OUR  
ATTACKER!

I CAN'T  
SAY THAT  
I BLAME  
HIM!

COMMANDER! THE HUMAN  
IS STRIKING A BUTTON ON  
HIS COMMAND-CHAIR!

THAT'S  
RIGHT,  
MUNCH-  
KING!

I FIGGER ANYONE  
WHO CAN OUT-FIGHT MY  
VIDEO MURDER MACHINES  
HAS GOTTA BE AS TOUGH AS  
THE X-MEN--OR TOUGHER!

SO, NO MATTER  
HOW SMALL YOU ARE,  
I'M NOT GONNA TAKE  
ANY CHANCES!

HE WHO PLAYS  
AND RUNS AWAY,  
LIVES TO PLAY  
ANOTHER DAY!

THE CHAIR--IT'S TIPPING BACK-  
WARDS ONTO SOME SORT OF  
TRACK--AND ROCKETS HIDDEN  
AT ITS BASE ARE BEGINNING  
TO IGNITE!

EVERYONE  
BACK!

RAARGH!  
FIRE! MORE  
FIRE!

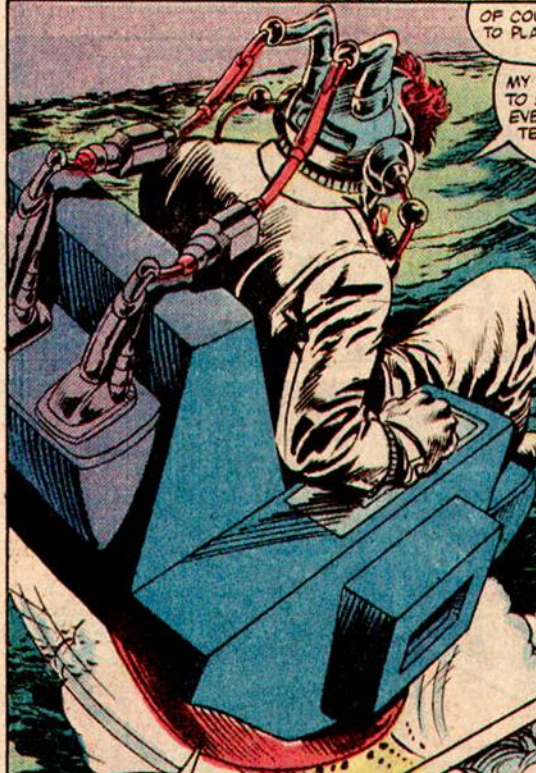
TAA-TAA,  
MY TINY TITANS!  
I DON'T MIND THAT  
YOU BEAT ME--TRULY  
I DON'T!

IT'S THE THRILL OF THE  
GAME ITSELF THAT ARCADE  
THRIVES ON--AND YOU'VE  
PROVIDED ME THRILLS  
TO LAST...

... WELL, 'TIL NEXT TIME!

SHROARR





OF COURSE, I PLAN TO BE AROUND  
TO PLAY AGAIN-- WHILE YOU MAY  
NOT BE SO LUCKY!

MY SEA-BASE WAS RIGGED  
TO SELF-DESTRUCT IN THE  
EVENT THAT I WAS... GOT-  
TEN THE BETTER OF,  
SHALL WE SAY?

OH, DON'T  
THINK ME A  
SPOIL-  
SPORT!

HOW,  
NANOTRON?  
WE'VE NO  
VESSEL-- BOTH  
THE ENDEAVOR AND  
THE ASTROSTATION  
WERE DESTROYED!

IT'S JUST  
THAT I DO SO  
LIKE TO WIN!

OH! WE MUST  
ESCAPE FROM  
HERE!

THEN THE ASSASSIN IS GONE,  
A MERE STREAK ARCING  
AWAY OVER THE HORIZON,  
AND THE MARVELOUS MICRO-  
NAUTS FIND THEMSELVES  
ABANDONED AMIDST THE  
DESTRUCTION RAVAGING  
SEA-BASE!

AND WE'RE  
MILES FROM  
SHORE! IT  
SEEMS  
HOPELESS!

OH, DEAR-- IT'S BEGINNING  
TO LOOK LIKE WE WON'T  
EVER GET BACK TO THE  
MICROVERSE AGAIN!

BUT, THEN  
ONE NEVER  
KNOWS, DO  
ONE?

# BLAWHROOM!

**NEXT  
MONTH:**

# THE SOUL-SURVIVORS!



# MICROMAILS

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP  
575 Madison Avenue  
New York, New York 10022

ALLEN MILGROM  
EDITOR  
ANN NOCENTI  
ASSISTANT EDITOR

Dear Micromakers,

MICRONAUTS #38-40 were superb! In only the first three Direct Sales issues, you've put MICRONAUTS on par with THE X-MEN and the new TEEN TITANS. We've seen the return of the Acroyears, the Fantastic Four, and the diabolical Death Squad. I now find my self calling my favorite comics' shop (Odyssey 2000) every week, asking if the newest MICRONAUTS has arrived yet. You've made MICRONAUTS my favorite, and I hope you keep up the excellent work. I love this comic!

P.S.: Is there going to be a MICRONAUTS ANNUAL this year?

Jamie Lauchlan  
170 Caldwell Road  
Dartmouth, Nova Scotia  
Canada

As much as Gil and Bill would have liked to have produced a MICRONAUTS ANNUAL this summer, Jamie, the gods were against them. Producing 29 solid pages of MICRONAUTS each and every month has taken its toll on these two gentlemen, and they just couldn't find the time to add another issue to their schedules. But, big and good news. There will be a super-secret MICRONAUTS SPECIAL PROJECT winging your way sometime in the near future. We're not at liberty to say too much about it at this early stage of the game, except that it will be written by Bill in conjunction with Cavortin' Chris Claremont. Now what does that suggest?

Dear Micromakers,

I enjoyed MICRONAUTS #40, but I especially liked the Bonus Posters of the Death Squad on page 32. I'd like to see more such extra attractions.

Kendrick Thurston  
2909 Landover Street  
Alexandria, VA

And we'd like to give you more of them, Ken — but, by the end of each issue, Bill and Gil find themselves so caught up in the story that they forget to leave room for any extra features. So we made room by using the inside and back cover! Now this comic is truly non-stop Micronauts, cover to cover!

Dear Bill and Gil,

Now come on! How do you do it? How do you keep coming up with one fantastic issue after another? Though I expected more action from the Fantastic Four, MICRONAUTS #40 was yet another milestone in the upward history of this mag.

But now, as you pass your 40th issue, I want some answers to a couple of questions I have about these MARVELous MICRONAUTS:

(1) Acroyear — what type of metal is the Earth equivalent of Acroyear's Spartak-forged armor? Does his armor possess chest-cannons? And, if not, why does he then have the same circular protuberances on his breast that Microtron does? How does he see through his helmet?

(2) Bug — is his ability to cling to any surface the same as Spider-man's? And, is his Rocket-Lance flexible? (If not, please stop drawing it that way!)

Other than that, I have no complaints. Please don't ever let my favorite mag die!

B. A. Buerstatte  
4018 Levitt Ct  
Castro Valley, CA 94546

We won't B. A.

As for your questions: (1) As far as we know, there is no Earth equivalent to Acroyear's armor; not even Iron Man's would match it for sheer indestructibility (though Shellihead possesses a vast array of electronic devices and armaments which the Acroyears of Spartak would spurn, being predominantly hand-to-hand fighters). Those circles on Acroyear's chest, elbows, and boots are purely ornamental — he possesses no weapons save his awesome strength and his fabled Energy-Sword (which adheres magnetically to his armor when not in use). He sees through his helmet, as we've said before, with difficulty. (2) Bug, being an insectivore from Kaliklak, possesses an insect's inborn ability to cling to any surface. For

all intents and purposes, it is exactly the same as Spider-man's, but, unlike Spidey's powers, it is not radioactive in origin (remember, Web-Head gained his powers as a result of being bitten by a radioactive spider). The wood of Bug's lance is flexible, and that's the way we've been drawing it (sometimes).

Dear Guys,

The past several issues of MICRONAUTS have been (especially #40) MARVELous, superb, astonishing, fantastic, wonderful, incredible, terrific, unbelievable, fabulous, dazzling, sensational, and (Wait! Let me catch my breath!) good!

But get rid of Nanotron, huh? She is, to say it bluntly — no, I can't even say it. She's that bad.

Gil Villa  
5638 Via Corona  
Los Angeles, CA 90022

Perhaps Nanotron's days are numbered, Gil. But who knows, you might miss her when she's gone...

Dear Bill and Gil,

Biotron will be back? Hooray! But in a way that will make us Micromaniacs throughout the land angry? ARRGH! I'm angry already!

Please, Bill, have a heart. It was you who built Biotron, in just a few short issues, into one of my favorite Marvel characters. You just can't make me go through the agony of seeing him betray the Micronauts, serve the sinister Argon, or, worse, yet, become transformed into some hideous vampire-like abomination.





Please, Bill, if Biotron can't return as the warm, vibrant, rabid old holmsmen he once was, then just let him Rest in Peace.  
Please.

Michael McClelland, Macronaut  
Route 5, Box 629  
Fort Smith, AR 72901

Okay.

Dear Sirs,

My attraction to MICRONAUTS began just after the first few issues came out. The quality of the Michael Golden, and then the Howard Chaykin, art caused me to take note. I quickly hunted down those issues which I had missed, and discovered that I had overlooked the start of a well-written, and exciting series.

I became disinterested in MICRONAUTS as the artists began changing quite regularly. It would restore my faith in MICRONAUTS and in Marvel's Editors if you could make it worth some artist's while to put some long-term effort and commitment into this magazine. I have little doubt that MICRONAUTS would then become the Marvel "team" comic, as well as a leader in the science fiction/adventure field.

I would look forward to seeing this series develop its full potential. With a regular artist, I would be sure to be here issue after issue for such stories as Acroyear's reunion with his lost race, and Commander Rann's re-link with the Enigma Force. I'd certainly stay for the dethroning of Prince Argon.

John D. Eggleston  
5th Floor  
Albany Med. Law Dorm  
Albany, NY 12208

Dear People,

What made Pat Broderick's art on MICRONAUTS so much better than his present work for the competition? What kept these characters constant through the dizzying change of artists? What made Steve Ditko's art on MICRONAUTS #39 so much better than Steve Ditko's art on both MICRONAUTS ANNUALS? What made Gil Kane's work seem so much more solid than his shaky 10-page attempt in MICRONAUTS #38? What? You don't know? Why, Danny Bulanadi's inks, of course!

Too often the importance of the inker is minimized or even, gulp! forgotten. Not so by this reader. Thanks, Danny, for all the work, effort and devotion you've put in to make MICRONAUTS the great mag it is artwise. I hope you'll be with MICRONAUTS for a long time to come.

Paul Mose  
6996 W. Burt Road  
St. Charles, MI 48655

Paul, we wouldn't let Danny Bulanadi go for all the world! No one knows better than Bill and AJ how a comic mag may suffer during the game of "musical artists" that's all too often played for lack of available talent. Such dire fate befell MICRONAUTS for six solid issues. There were some who thought it meant the death of this mag. But, when the finished art came in, much of the magic was restored by Danny's inks. We're aware of each man's contribution to MICRONAUTS. Danny Bulanadi's as much a part of this team as Gil and Bill.

Dear Micromakers,

Will you please get the Micronauts back to the Microverse already?? I mean, it's fun seeing them make fools of themselves on Earth, but enough's enough!

MICRONAUTS #40 was pretty good. My one complaint (or three, actually) is the sheer impossible convenience of the Endeavor winding up in a sewer across the street from the Baxter Building, the fact that the Thing is no longer composed of jagged-edged rocks (see recent issues of THE FANTASTIC FOUR if you don't believe me), and the fact that Franklin Richards was drawn too much like a girl.

Other than that, it looks like Gil Kane has found a home for himself at last here in MICRONAUTS. His work really does these heroes justice. I hope he stays.

Dave Schmidt  
134 Senator Street  
Brooklyn, NY 11220



Dear Marvel,

Remember me? A short while ago, I wrote in and essentially told you that MICRONAUTS was no longer worth buying or thinking about, let alone reading. I'm the guy who called Bill Mantlo's writing infantile and said it conveyed no humor or dramatic impact. I'm the guy who termed the art on this mag a travesty. I'm the guy who was absolutely disgusted with MICRONAUTS.

Now, I'm the guy with egg on his face.

If this sounds like an apology, it is. MICRONAUTS #40 was, in a word, fantastic (trite but true!).

Bill's scripting was original, humorous and intellectual. How many readers, I wonder, understood the "Kafkaesque" pun on page 77? I was immensely pleased to see that young Franklin Richards did not exclaim "Sockamamee!" upon spying the Micronauts. Also appreciated were the developments in the Microverse, and the hint of a battle-to-come with Doctor Doom.

Gil Kane's art was, as always, action-packed and superbly stylish. I especially liked his sinewy, animalistic interpretation of Devil and his rendition of Franklin Richards. Danny Bulanadi's inks perfectly complemented Gil's pencils, too.

Wait a minute, now: there were also a few minor boo-boos here and there. First off, where did Bug ever hear the tune "The Ants Go Marching"? Maybe there are Girl Scouts on Kalikiak, but I doubt it. Secondly, howcum Ben Grimm appeared in his rock-like state? Doesn't anybody up there at Marvel monitor cross-continuity?

A couple of suggestions from off the top of this yoke-covered noggin: Elaborate on how Roboids can be both living and mechanical at the same time, find a way to have Nick Fury enter the Microverse, and have the Micros meet with The Jack of Hearts before he's consumed by radiation poisoning.

Well, see you in the funny pages.

(Anyone know what kind of shampoo one uses to wash out egg?)

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**NEXT MONTH: Our earthbound MICRONAUTS discover a lost race — a race that started in the Microverse and ended up — in the BERMUDA TRIANGLE!! Micromanics, Micronuts & Microphilis... drop everything and BE HERE!**



