

MARS NEEDS VELCRO

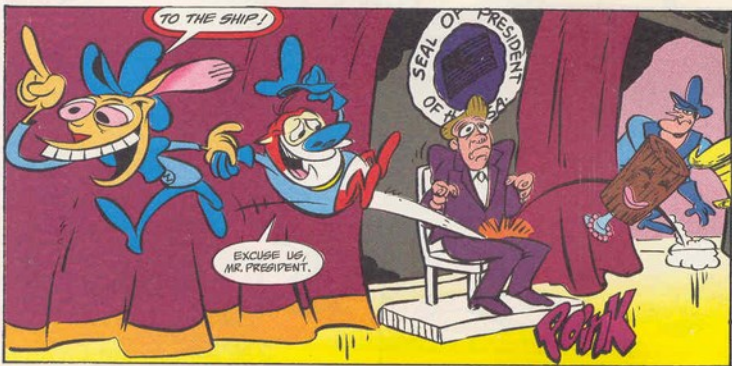


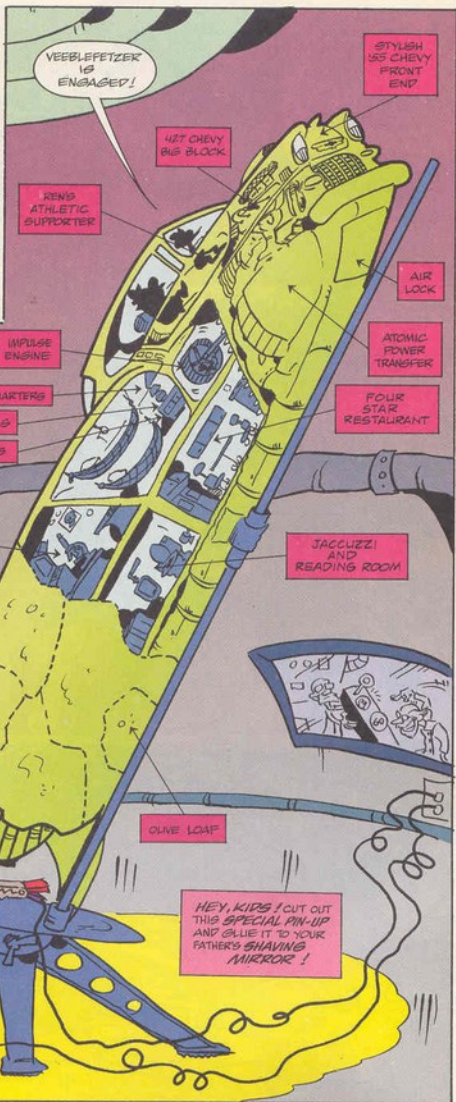
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MIGHTY
MARVEL
POSE 135

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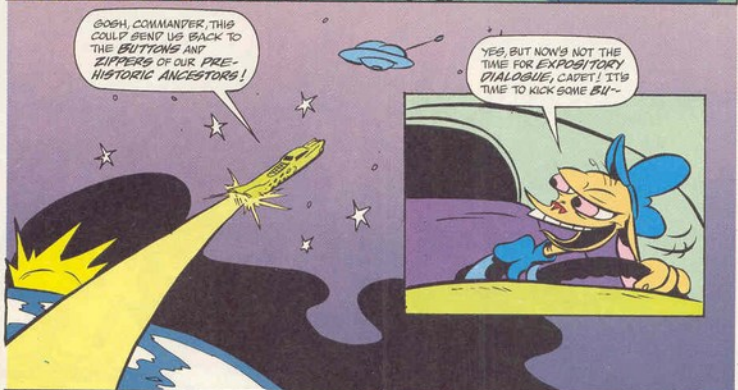




A WORLD WITHOUT VELCRO! THINK OF IT--PEOPLE'S PANTS WOULD GAG, THEIR SHOES WOULD COME OPEN, THEIR TOUPÉES WOULD FLAP IN THE BREEZE...

GOSH, COMMANDER, THIS COULD SEND US BACK TO THE BUTTONS AND ZIPPERS OF OUR PRE-HISTORIC ANCESTORS!

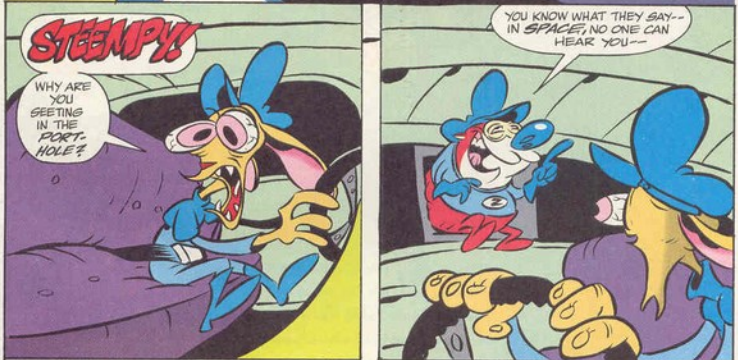
YES, BUT NOW'S NOT THE TIME FOR EXPOSITORY DIALOGUE, CAPT! IT'S TIME TO KICK SOME BU--

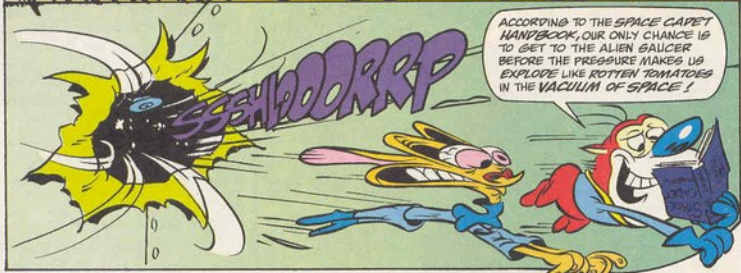


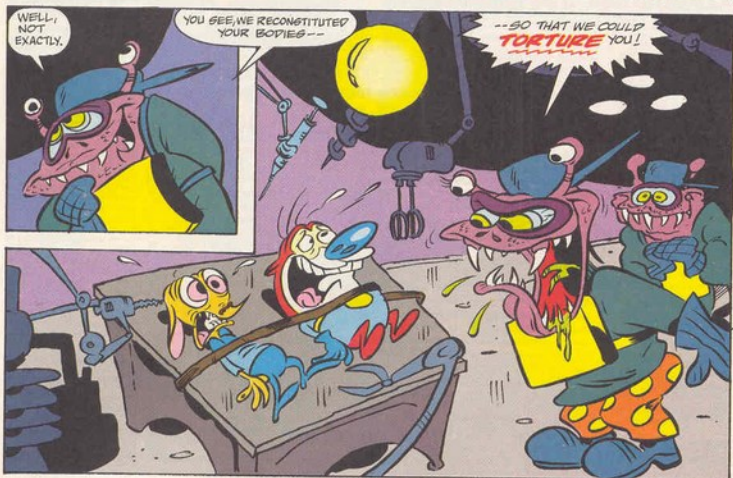
STEEMPY!

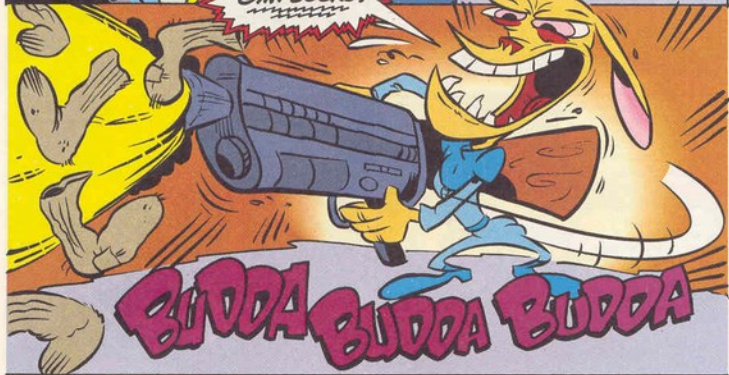
WHY ARE YOU SEEING IN THE PORT-HOLE?

YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY-- IN SPACE, NO ONE CAN HEAR YOU--







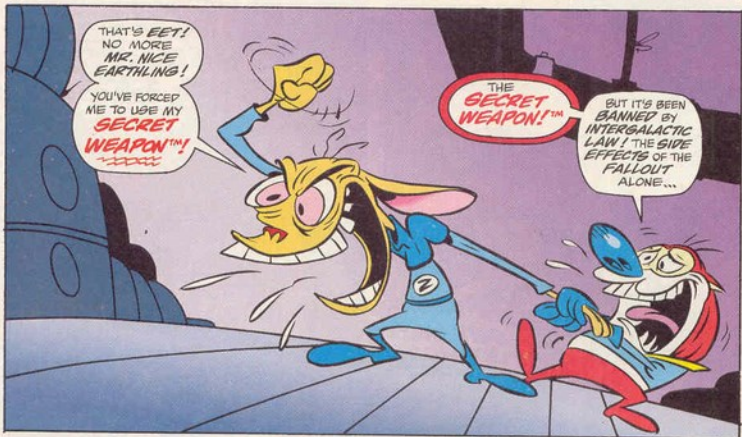




WITH PLEASURE.



DO YOU HAVE ANY GREY POUPOUN Z?

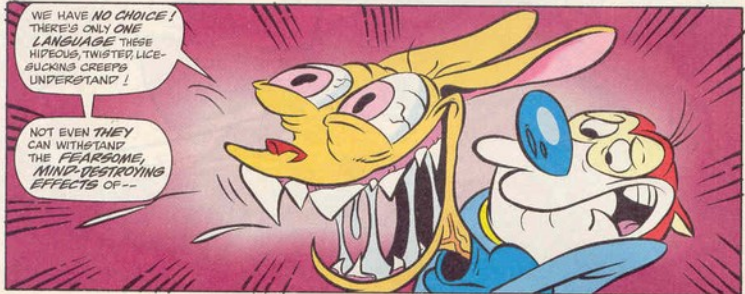


THAT'S EET!
NO MORE
MR. NICE
EARTHLING!

YOU'VE FORCED
ME TO USE MY
**SECRET
WEAPON™!**

THE
**SECRET
WEAPON!™**

BUT IT'S BEEN
BANNED BY
INTERGALACTIC
LAW! THE SIDE
EFFECTS OF THE
FALLOUT
ALONE...



WE HAVE NO CHOICE!
THERE'S ONLY ONE
LANGUAGE THESE
HIPEOUS, TWISTED,
LICE-SUCKING CREEPS
UNDERSTAND!

NOT EVEN THEY
CAN WITHSTAND
THE FEARSOME,
MIND-DESTROYING
EFFECTS OF--



...BUT AT WHAT COST ?

LE FREAK,
C'EST CHIC!
FREAK
OUT!

uh-uh, uh-uh
STAYIN' ALIVE

PUSH PUSH IN THE BUSH!

DO YA THINK
I'M SEXY?

DISCO
INFERNO

The
END...?

