

**ECLIPSE**  
COMICS

Adolescent  
Radioactive  
Black Belt

No 1

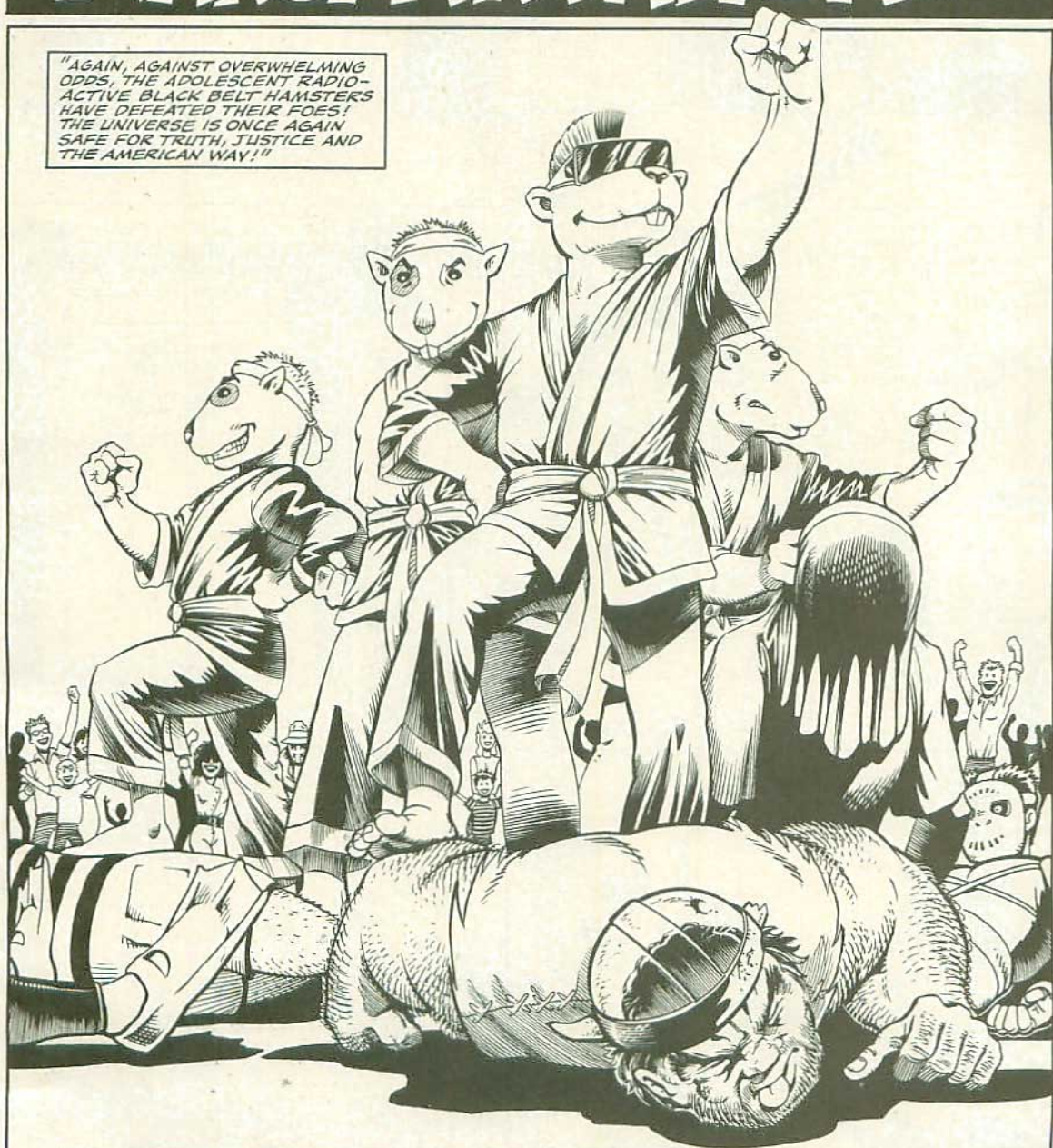
\$2.50/CANADA

# Hamsters



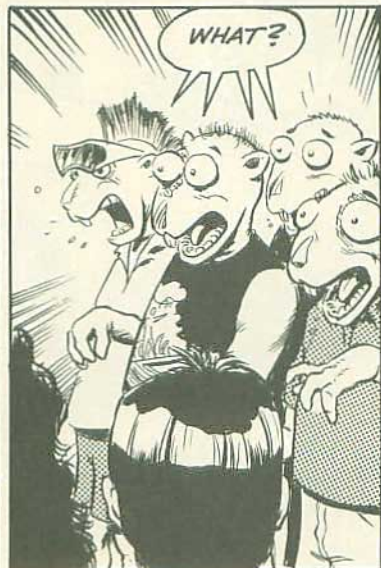
# ADOLESCENT RADIOACTIVE BLACK BELT HAMSTERS CLOBBER THE MANGA INVASION!

"AGAIN, AGAINST OVERWHELMING  
ODDS, THE ADOLESCENT RADIO-  
ACTIVE BLACK BELT HAMSTERS  
HAVE DEFEATED THEIR FOES!  
THE UNIVERSE IS ONCE AGAIN  
SAFE FOR TRUTH, JUSTICE AND  
THE AMERICAN WAY!"



STORY: DON CHIN    ART: KEN HOOPER AND GREG ESPINOZA  
LETTERS: BILL PEARSON    EDITOR: LETITIA GLOZER

SPECIAL THANKS TO CHRIS SCHEWK, MARK MIRAGLIA, SHEP HENDRIX & JIM SINCLAIR

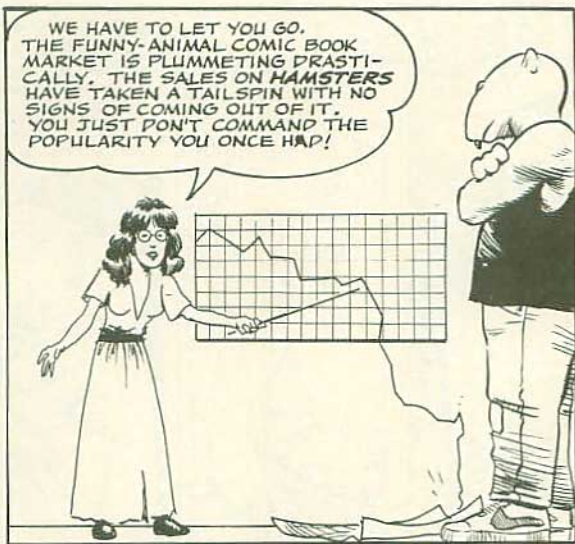




YOU CAN'T DO THIS! WHAT ABOUT OUR CONTRACTS?!

DOES THIS MEAN I WON'T BE ABLE TO BUY ANY MORE TOYS?

HUSH, YOU TWO. LET MR. MULLANEY EXPLAIN, AND CLINT, STOP BITING HIS NOSE!



WE HAVE TO LET YOU GO. THE FUNNY-ANIMAL COMIC BOOK MARKET IS PLUMMETING DRASTICALLY. THE SALES ON HAMSTERS HAVE TAKEN A TAILSPIN WITH NO SIGNS OF COMING OUT OF IT. YOU JUST DON'T COMMAND THE POPULARITY YOU ONCE HAD!



BUT WE WERE THE ORIGINAL FIRST PARODY OF A PARODY! WITHOUT US, THERE WOULD BE NO BORIS THE BEAR! THERE WOULD BE NO HAMSTER VICE! THERE WOULD BE NO COLD-BLOODED CHAME-LEON COM-MAN-DOES!

YES, CLASSICS... ALL OF THEM.



I KNOW WHAT THIS IS... THIS IS A CONSPIRACY!!!

I BET IT WAS THOSE MUTANT NINJA TURTLE GUYS!

OR SOMEBODY WITH GOOD TASTE.



DON CHIN... OUR CREATOR... WHY DIDN'T YOU LET US KNOW?

I... I JUST COULDN'T... I DIDN'T WANT TO BELIEVE IT MYSELF! >ULP<

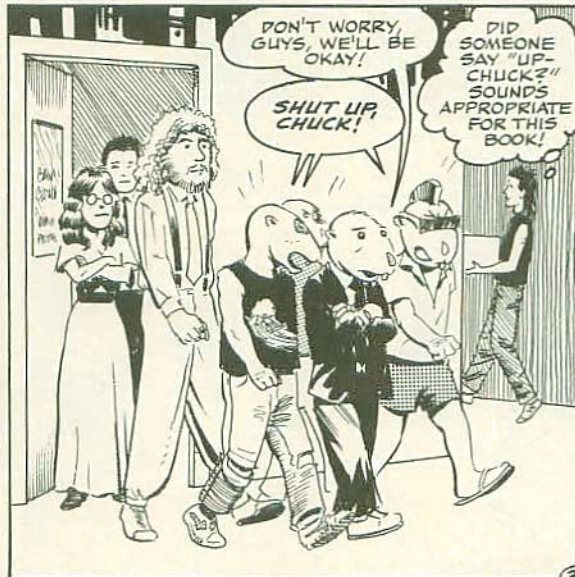


YOU GUYS DID A GREAT JOB FOR ECLIPSE, BUT NOW IT'S TIME TO GO OUR SEPARATE WAYS.

HERE'RE PAY-CHECKS FOR YOUR LAST ISSUE WITH A LITTLE EXTRA "BONUS."

WE WISH YOU ALL THE BEST OF LUCK ON YOUR OWN.

YEAH, YOU GUYS WERE TERRIFIC.



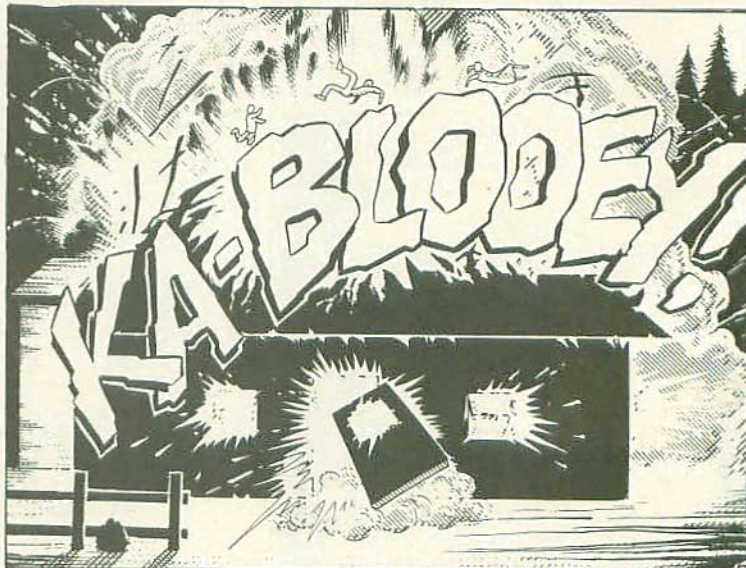
DON'T WORRY, GUYS, WE'LL BE OKAY!

SHUT UP, CHUCK!

DID SOMEONE SAY "UP-CHUCK?" SOUNDS APPROPRIATE FOR THIS BOOK!















WILL THAT BE ECONOMY, MID-SIZE OR LUXURY SIZE, SIR?

AND WOULD YOU LIKE TO PAY FOR THIS WITH CASH OR CREDIT?

ECONOMY.

CREDIT. DO YOU TAKE HAMSTERCARD?

WOW! WHAT A PLANE!

YOU SURE YOU KNOW HOW TO FLY THIS THING JACKIE?

NO PROBLEM-- IT'S JUST LIKE THE ARCADE GAME, AFTERBURNER!

I HOPE WE MAKE IT!



THE HAMSTERS' LEAR JET STREAKS THROUGH THE SKY OVER THE PACIFIC, BURSTING THE SOUND BARRIER!



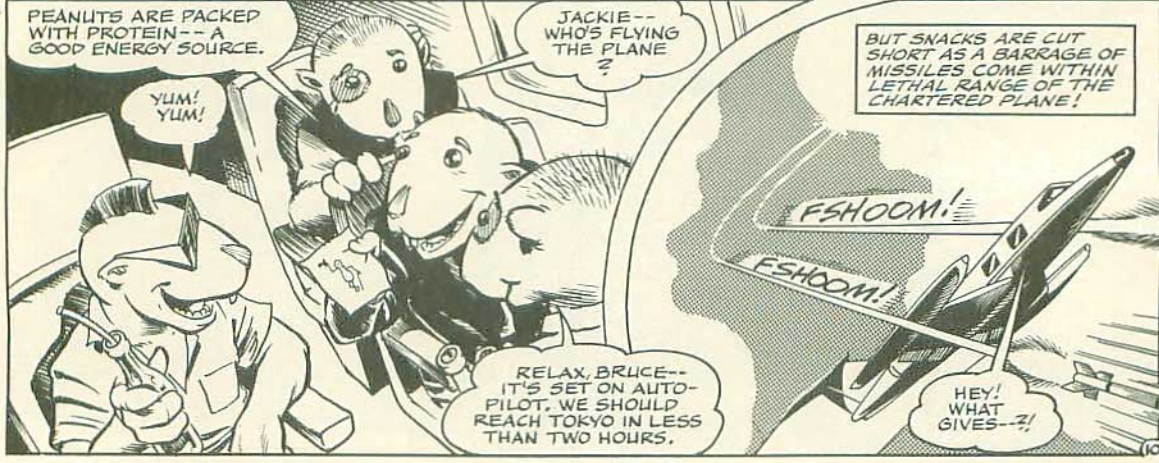
WHILE INSIDE...

HEY, EVERYONE! IT'S YOUR FRIENDLY HERTZAIR STEWARD WITH COMPLIMENTARY SNACKS AND DRINKS, COURTESY OF 7-11!

ANYWAYS, MY PLAN IS THIS-- WE INFILTRATE RIZ COMICS' HEADQUARTERS, PETHRONE THIS "GOOCHIGU" TURKEY, AND COME BACK TO AMERICA ON TOP OF THE COMICS' HEAP-- WHERE WE RIGHTFULLY BELONG!

SOUNDS GOOD TO ME!

SSH!



PEANUTS ARE PACKED WITH PROTEIN-- A GOOD ENERGY SOURCE.

YUM! YUM!

JACKIE-- WHO'S FLYING THE PLANE?

BUT SNACKS ARE CUT SHORT AS A BARRAGE OF MISSILES COME WITHIN LETHAL RANGE OF THE CHARTERED PLANE!

FSHOOM!

FSHOOM!

HEY! WHAT GIVES--?!

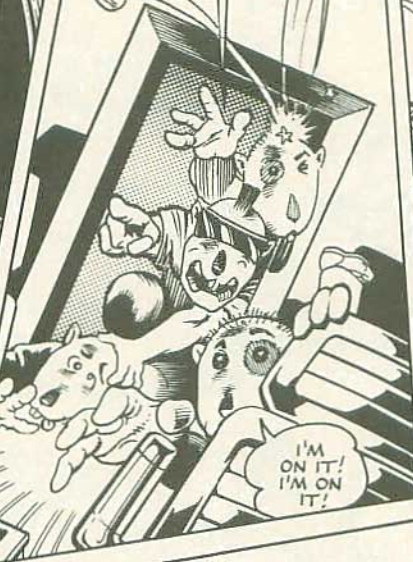
RELAX, BRUCE-- IT'S SET ON AUTOPILOT. WE SHOULD REACH TOKYO IN LESS THAN TWO HOURS.

ATTENTION, INTRUDERS! THIS IS PILOT GYM PAJAMAS, SWEEPING AND CAREENING ACROSS SKIES OF DEATH, LETTING YOU KNOW THAT YOU HAVE JUST VIOLATED THE PRIVATE AIRSPACE OF DIARRHEA 88, A LAND OF FIRE -- A LAND OF WAR!



CRAZY EIGHTS! WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!

JACKIE! JACKIE! MAN THE CONTROLS!



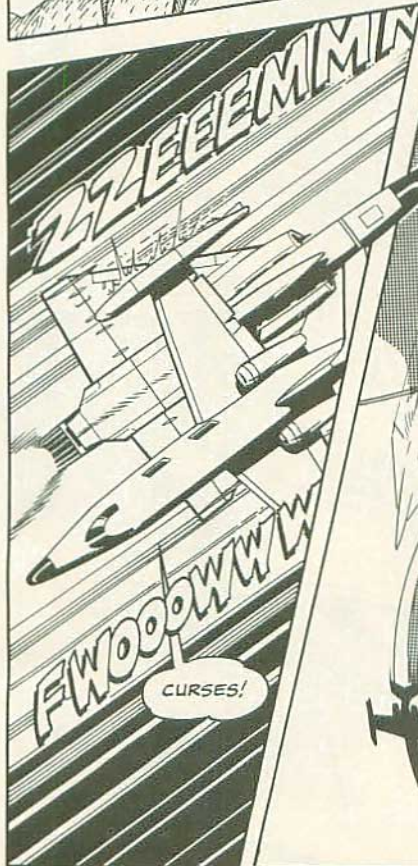
I'M ON IT! I'M ON IT!

¡AY CARAMBA! WE'VE GOT A PSYCHO PILOT IN A FULL-BLOWN FIGHTER JET ONTO US!

— KZZZT — SURRENDER NOW OR DIE BEFORE I UNLEASH RED-HOT FIERY BULLETS OF DESTRUCTION THAT WILL RIP THROUGH YOUR PLANE LIKE SCORCHING RIVETS THROUGH TOILET PAPER!



DIVE, JACKIE, DIVE !!!



CURSES!

THE FEISTY PILOT QUICKLY PERFORMS A MANEUVER, THE DEATH-DEFYING LOOP-DE-LOOP, THAT PUSHES HIS CRAFT AND ITS BALSA WOOD-SUPER GLUE CONSTRUCTION TO THE LIMIT!

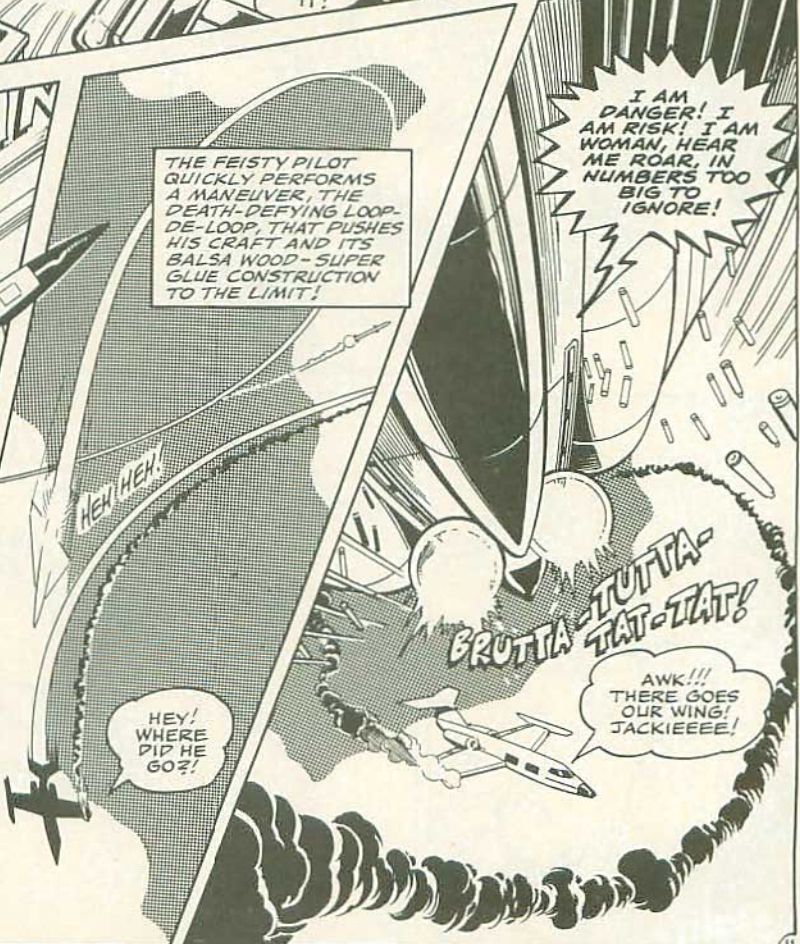
HEH HEH.

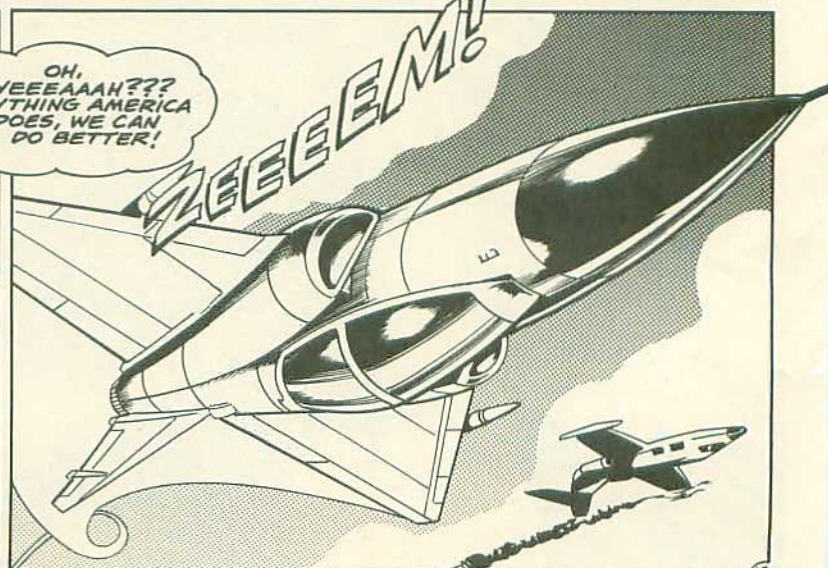
HEY! WHERE DID HE GO?!

I AM DANGER! I AM RISK! I AM WOMAN, HEAR ME ROAR, IN NUMBERS TOO BIG TO IGNORE!

BRUTTA-TUTTA-TAT-TAT!

AWK!!! THERE GOES OUR WING! JACKIEEEE!







GURK!  
KOFF!  
SPUT!

EEEEEEEEEE

MAYDAY!

MAYDAY!

SATURATED BY THE STICKY CARAMEL-COLORED LIQUID, PAJAMAS' CONTROL PANEL SHORTS OUT!

THE RENOWNED FIGHTER PILOT PULLS HIS EJECTION RINGS, TO NO AVAIL! PEPSI-COLA HAS GUMMED UP THE MECHANISM!



WATCH ME NOW, AS I EXPLODE IN A BIG ORANGE BALL AND COME APART IN TEENIE-WEENIE PIECES!



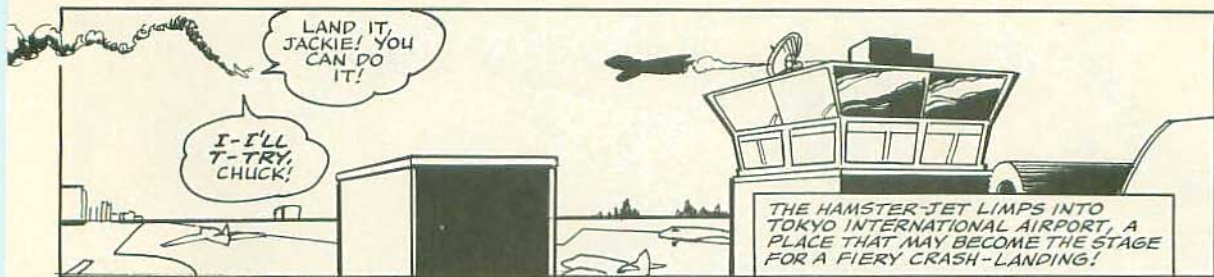
KRA-BOOM!

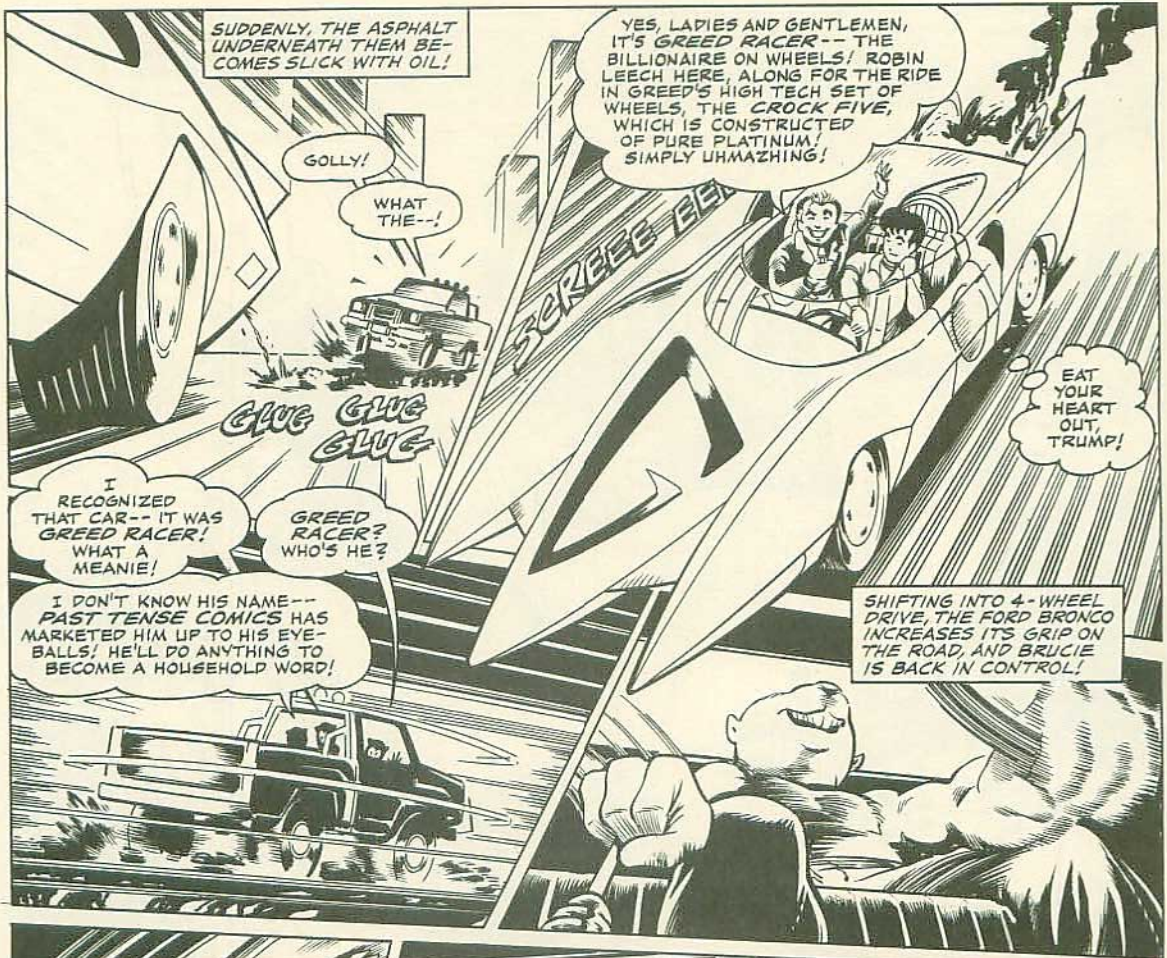


SHARKS! SHARKS! NOOOOOO !!!!

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?

I THINK I'M SWITCHING TO DR. PEPPER.





SUDDENLY, THE ASPHALT UNDERNEATH THEM BECOMES SLICK WITH OIL!

YES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IT'S GREED RACER-- THE BILLIONAIRE ON WHEELS! ROBIN LEECH HERE, ALONG FOR THE RIDE IN GREED'S HIGH TECH SET OF WHEELS, THE CROCK FIVE, WHICH IS CONSTRUCTED OF PURE PLATINUM! SIMPLY UHMAZHING!

GOLLY!

WHAT THE--!

GLUE GLUE GLUE

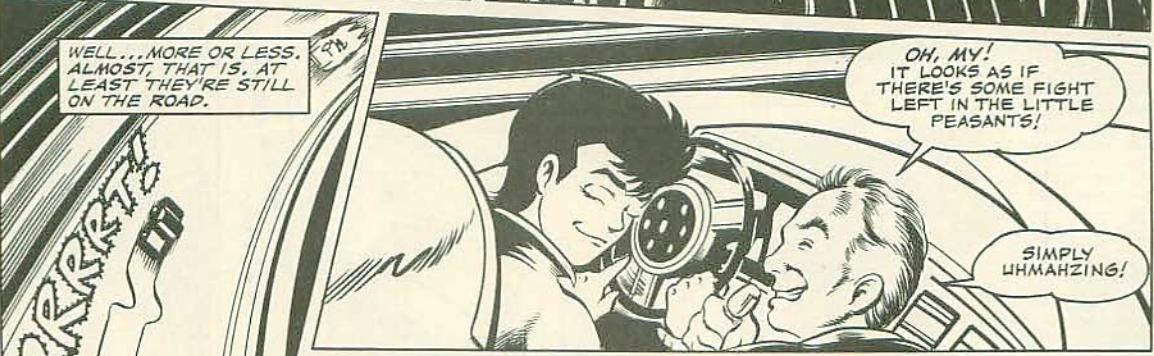
EAT YOUR HEART OUT, TRUMP!

I RECOGNIZED THAT CAR-- IT WAS GREED RACER! WHAT A MEANIE!

GREED RACER? WHO'S HE?

I DON'T KNOW HIS NAME-- PAST TENSE COMICS HAS MARKETED HIM UP TO HIS EYE-BALLS! HE'LL DO ANYTHING TO BECOME A HOUSEHOLD WORD!

SHIFTING INTO 4-WHEEL DRIVE, THE FORD BRONCO INCREASES ITS GRIP ON THE ROAD, AND BRUCIE IS BACK IN CONTROL!



WELL... MORE OR LESS. ALMOST, THAT IS. AT LEAST THEY'RE STILL ON THE ROAD.

OH, MY! IT LOOKS AS IF THERE'S SOME FIGHT LEFT IN THE LITTLE PEASANTS!

SIMPLY UHMAZHING!

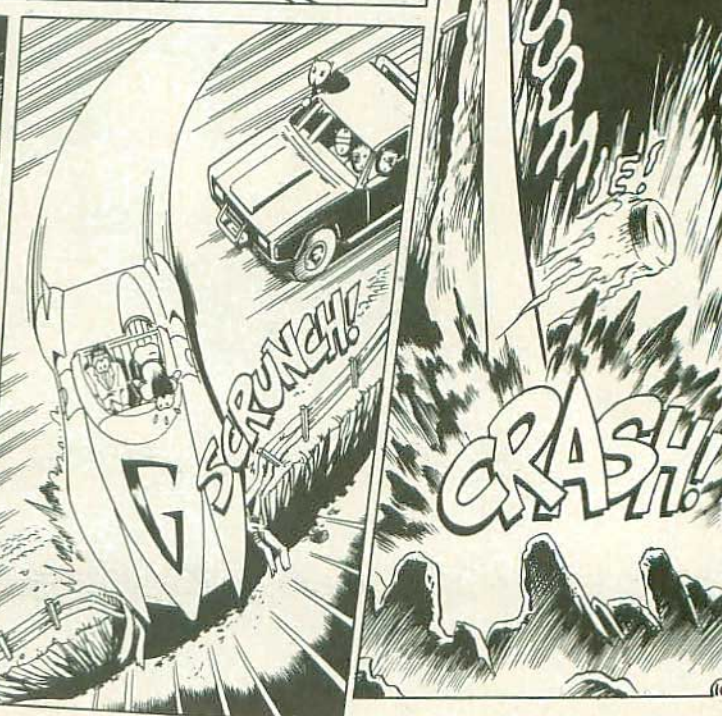


AND LOOK AT THIS! A SECRET STEERING WHEEL LOADED WITH CLEVER DEVICES!

WHAT WILL THEY THINK OF NEXT...? SIMPLY UHMAZHING! GREED, TELL US WHAT EACH BUTTON DOES, WILL YOU?

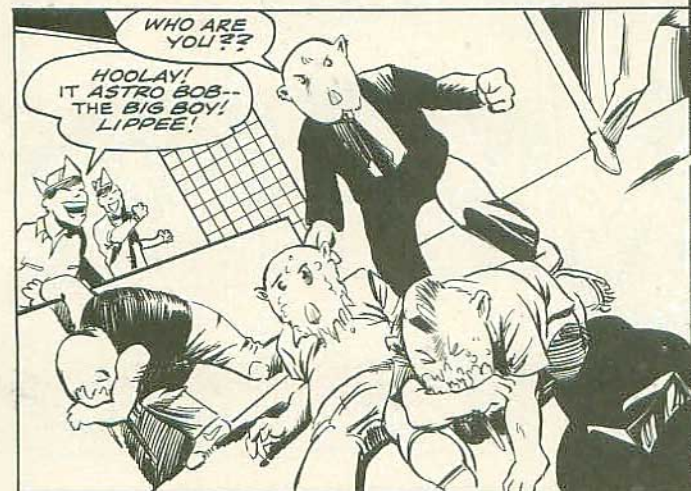
GLADLY, ROBIN.

LETTER A ELECTRONICALLY SENDS MY EX-WIFE HER MONTHLY ALIMONY PAYMENT. B POURS A SHOT OF BOURBON, MY FAVORITE DRINK. C SERVES ME FRESH CAVIAR ON RYE CRISPS. D IS FOR DRUGS, LIKE THIS VALIUM HERE. E IS TO CALL E.F. HUTTON TO SEE HOW MY PORTFOLIO IS DOING, AND F IS TO FIRE ANYBODY THAT I PLEASE! HA, HA, HA! POWER! DON'TCHA JUST LOVE IT!!





RIZ COMICS HEAD-QUARTERS, TOKYO.







THERE IS A FISSION OF FRENCH FRIES AND FLESH--THERE IS A FLASH--THEN, THERE IS ONLY ONE STANDING--ASTRO BOB, THE BIG BOY!



OOOOOAH... WH-WHAT HAPPENED...?



<ROOK! ROOK! ASTRO BOB-- ONE STILL ARIVE! KRILL HIM!>



THE MIGHTY MITE PICKS UP HIS ENEMY WITH THE POWER TO SQUISH HIS HEAD AS EASILY AS HE SQUEEZES TOOTH-PASTE FROM A TUBE.

Owww...!



BUT, SUDDENLY--



OARRRRR!



PLOP!



A-HA! I SHOULD HAVE SUSPECTED AS MUCH! MY AUTOPSY REVEALS THAT HE DIED FROM A HEART ATTACK! PROBABLY CAUSED BY A DIET LOADED WITH CHOLESTEROL-LADEN FOODS AND SATURATED FAT! TSK, TSK!.. AND HE WAS ONLY SEVEN YEARS OLD...

NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO GET BIG, MAC!

THREE MINUTES LATER, AND THREE BLOCKS NORTH...



THIS MUST BE THE PLACE!

WHAT A BIG UGLY YELLOW BUILDING!

MAKES ME AIR-SICK JUST LOOKING AT IT!



FLOOR 100 OF 103...

100

DIS IS PECULIAR... WE'RE ALL THE WAY AT THE TOP OF THIS PLACE AND AIN'T SEEN NOBODY WEIRD YET!

DON'T UNDERESTIMATE THESE PEOPLE.

WHO KNOWS WHAT WE'LL RUN INTO NEXT.



BUY ZOOM! BUY ZOOOM!

WHAT DID I TELL YOU?

THIS PLACE SURE HAS WEIRD JANITORS...

THAT'S NO JANITOR, IT'S--

**KAMWAY THE DIRECT DISTRIBUTION NINJA!!!!**



POGGONE ~~!!!~~ ~~!!!~~ ~~!!!~~ HAIR-- ALWAYS IN MY FACE!!!

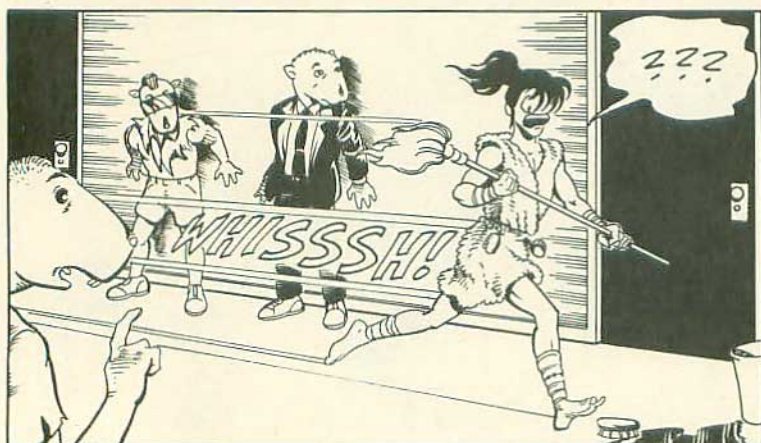


AIEEEEE! BUY FROM MEEEEEE!

WHAT DO WE DO?!

NOT MUCH-- I MEAN, THE GUY'S WEAPON IS A MOP, FEK CRYIN' OUT LOUD!

THE WORST HE CAN DO IS WIPE US TO DEATH!

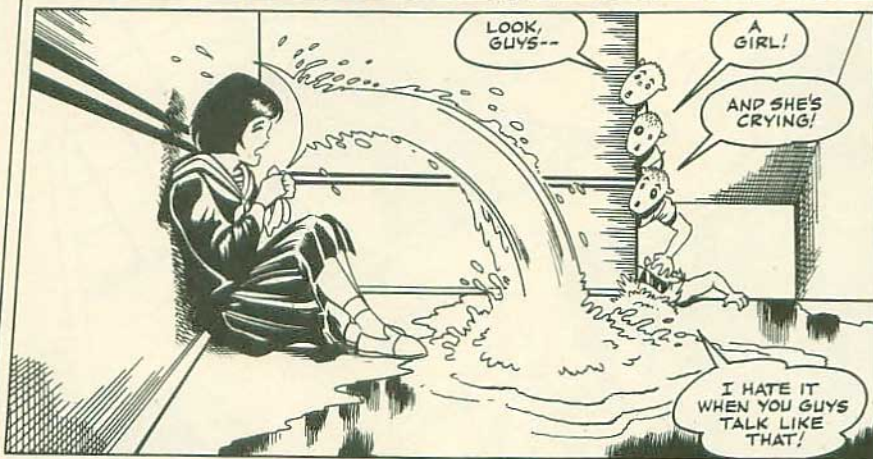
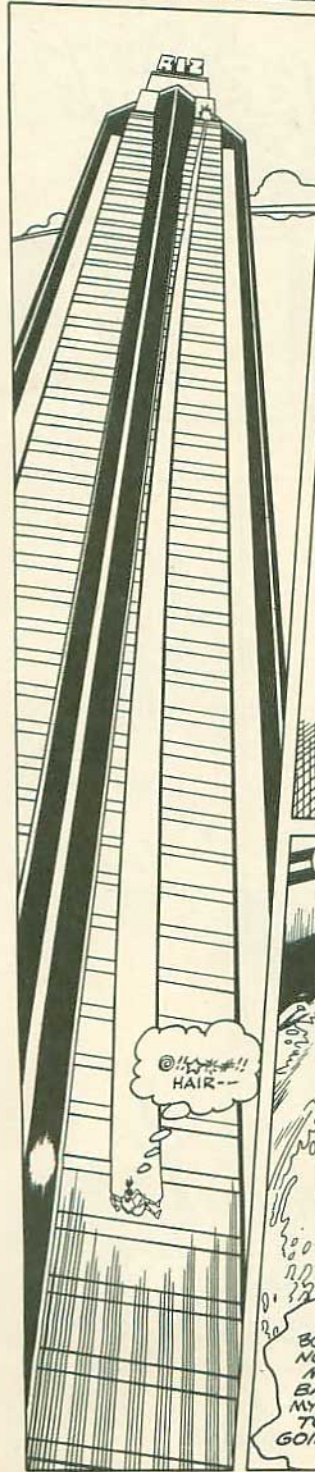


WHISSSH!

???



ZIP!



HAIR--



YOU JUST NEED SOMEBODY TO CONFIDE IN -- IF YOU'RE LIKE MOST TEENAGE GIRLS, YOU FIND YOUR PARENTS TOO BUSY AND INSENSITIVE!

WHAT YOU NEED IS SOMEONE WHO'S A GOOD LISTENER TO SIT DOWN WITH YOU AT DENNY'S AND SIP SOME HOT SAKI SO YOU CAN LET OUT YOUR FEELINGS.

UNFORTUNATELY, IT AIN'T GONNA BE ME! BON VOYAGE!

SLOSH

SLOSH SLOSH

BONKTY-BONK

KRASH! KLANG

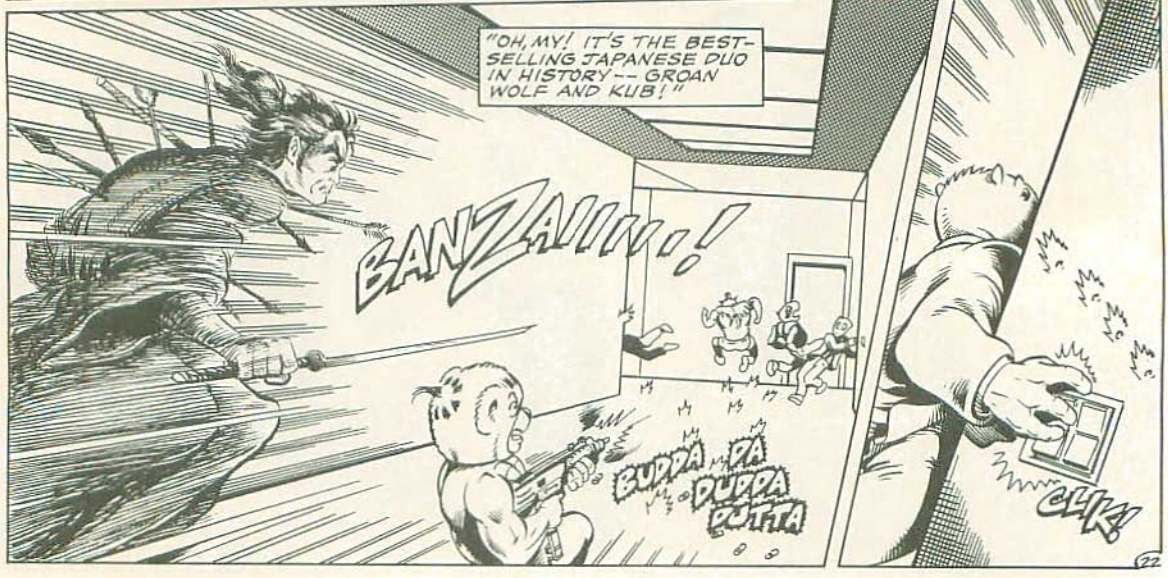
SNIF SOB Y-Y-YOU KNOW SOMETHING? YOU'RE RIGHT!

I NEED SOMEONE TO TALK TO-- TO RELATE WITH!



< THE GIRL HAS FAILED PISMALLY, YOU ARE THE GREAT PUBLISHING EMPIRE'S LAST HOPE! >

< PREPARE TO DIE, AMERICAN CUR!!! >



"OH, MY! IT'S THE BEST-SELLING JAPANESE DUO IN HISTORY -- GROAN WOLF AND KUB!"

BANZAI!!!

BURRA PA PUPPA PUPPA

CLIK



I TOLD YOU THAT "THROWING YOUR VOICE" TRICK I SENT AWAY FOR IN A COMIC BOOK WOULD COME IN HANDY ONE DAY!

UGH! WHAT A MESS!

< RIZ COMICS  
GOOCHI GOOCHIGUGU JR.  
PUBLISHER >\*

THIS IS IT--  
WHERE THE  
HEAD HONCHO  
HANGS OUT!

OBOY!  
THE BIG CHEESE!  
PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER  
ONE! THE TOP  
BANANA! THE--

SHHHH! BE  
QUIET! THE DOOR'S  
OPEN!

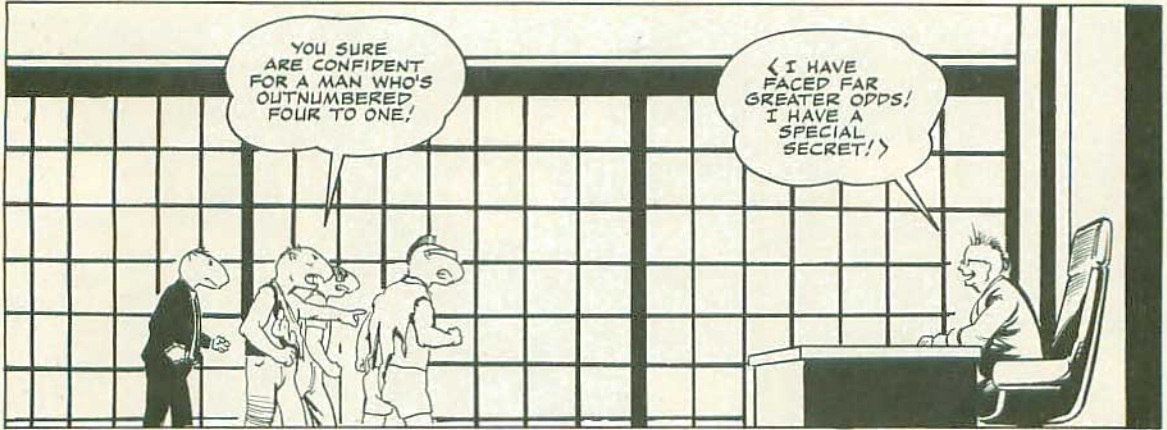
YES--PRETEND  
YOU'RE WALKING  
ON RICE PAPER LIKE  
DAVID CARRADINE...

\*TRANSLATED,  
OF COURSE

WE HAVE  
COME FOR YOU,  
GOOCHIGUGU!  
SURRENDER  
OR DIE!

OR WORSE --  
BE FORCED TO  
WATCH "SATURDAY  
NIGHT FEVER" WITH  
SUBTITLES!

< HA, HA, HA, HA!  
YOU STILL NOT  
KNOW WHO YOU  
DEAL WITH,  
DO YOU? >



YOU SURE ARE CONFIDENT FOR A MAN WHO'S OUTNUMBERED FOUR TO ONE!

< I HAVE FACED FAR GREATER OPDS! I HAVE A SPECIAL SECRET! >



JACKIE-- DOES HE SEEM TO BE GETTING BIGGER TO YOU...?

UH-HUH. SCARY, ISN'T IT?

SECRET, EH? AND WHAT MIGHT THAT BE? STRONG ENOUGH FOR A MAN, BUT MADE FOR A WOMAN?



THIS IS MY SECRET!

THE GROWING CONTINUES AT A PHENOMENAL RATE, UNTIL THE RAGING LIZARD IS AS TALL AS RIZ COMICS ITSELF!

LOOK AT ME NOW, RODENTS! LOOK AT THE PRODUCT OF YEARS OF NIPPON'S GROWTH AND EXPORTING! MARVEL AT THE CREATION OF THE GREATEST INDUSTRIAL MIRACLE OF THE NUCLEAR AGE! FACE ME-- FACE GLUTZILLA!

STURRRR--  
EEETCH!



W-WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

WOULD YOU TAKE A TRAVELER'S CHECK TO FORGET ALL ABOUT THIS?



WE JUMP!

I SHOULDN'T HAVE WATCHED 'DIE HARD' BEFORE WE LEFT!



SPRONG!

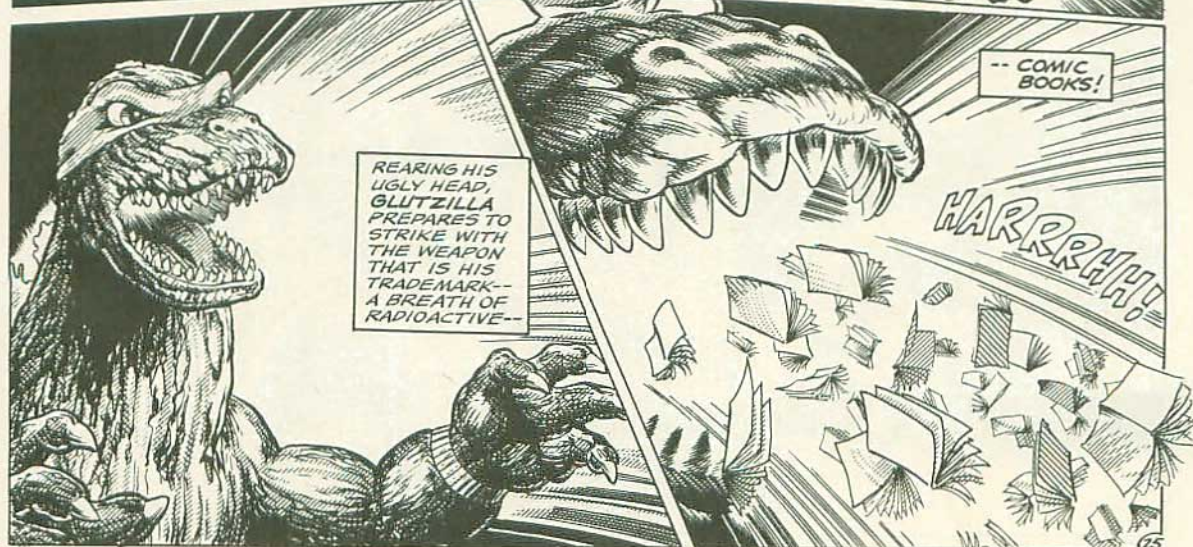


(YOU CANNOT ESCAPE! JAPAN IS AN ISLAND! HA, HA, HA, HA!

FLOOR IT, BRUCE!

I'M GOING AS FAST AS I CAN!!!

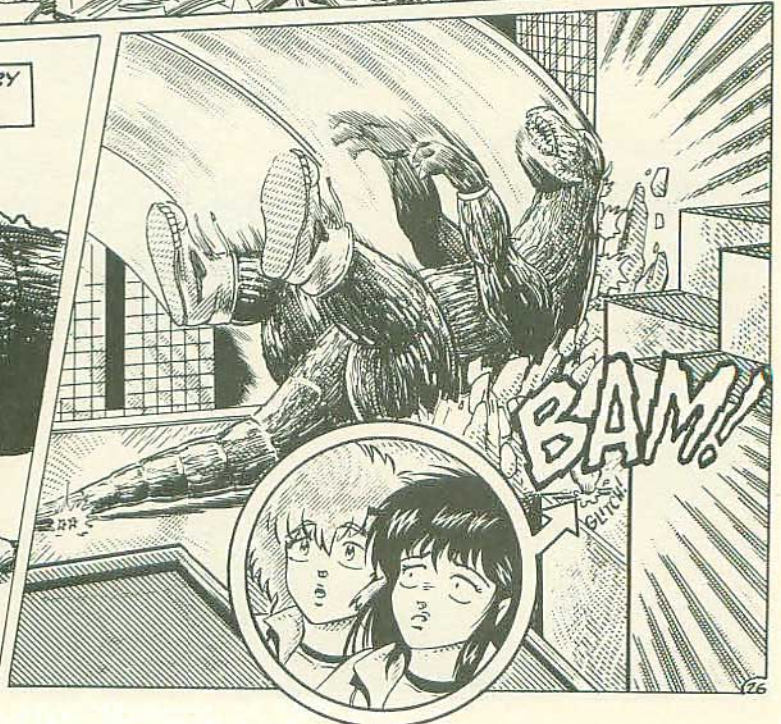
THOOM!

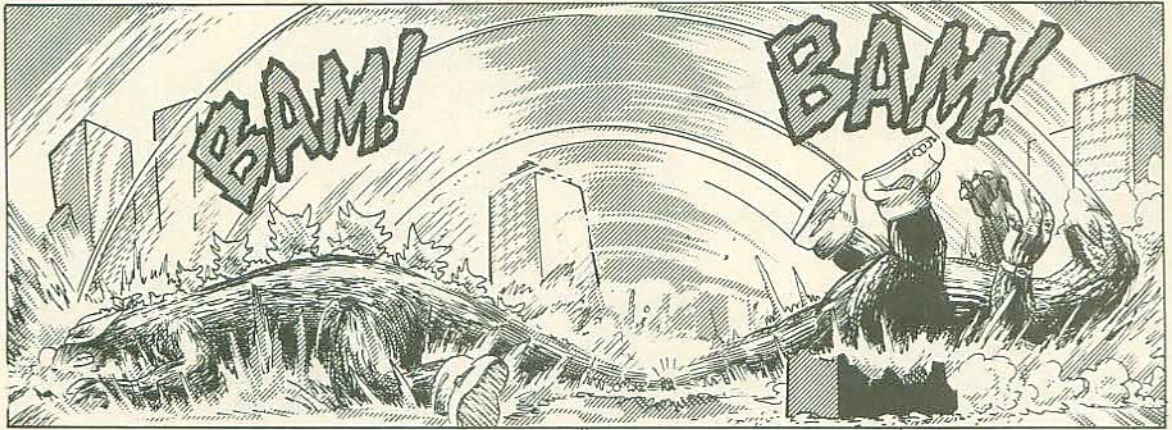


REARING HIS UGLY HEAD, GLUTZILLA PREPARES TO STRIKE WITH THE WEAPON THAT IS HIS TRADEMARK-- A BREATH OF RADIOACTIVE--

-- COMIC BOOKS!

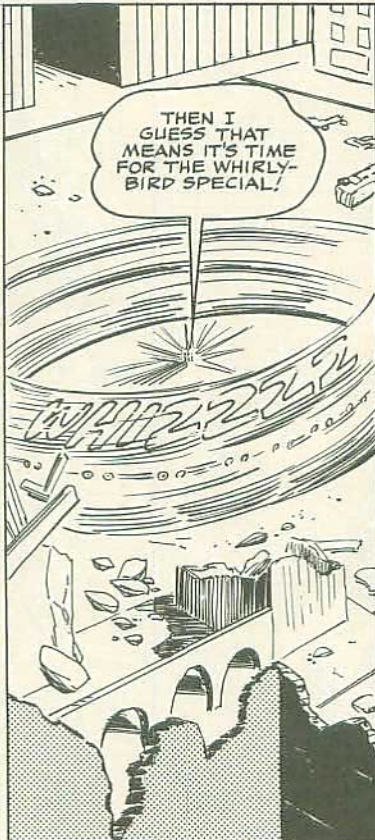
HARRRHH!





SO WHAT'S IT GONNA BE, BIG FELLA? DO YOU PROMISE TO PULL YOUR BOOKS OUT OF THE U.S., OR DO WE HAVE TO USE OTHER METHODS?

UGH! NEVER! WE WILL NEVER SURRENDER! DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR!



THEN I GUESS THAT MEANS IT'S TIME FOR THE WHIRLY-BIRD SPECIAL!



SAYONARA, SUCKER!



THE THROW PROPELS GOOCHIGUGU INTO DEEP SPACE, WHERE THE AIR IS THIN AND THE PRESSURE IS HIGH.



TOO HIGH!

SPLAT!



GOD SPEAKS ON NEWSPRINT IN FOUR COLORS?



WELL, THAT TAKES CARE OF THAT!

WHAT A RELIEF... I THOUGHT WE MIGHT HAVE TO DROP AN H-BOMB ON THE PLACE...

BLOW ME DOWN...

AN H-BOMB?

HALITOSIS-BOMB-- IT WOULD HAVE WIPED OUT HIS BREATH FOR CENTURIES TO COME, DEVELOPED BY THE LISTERINE CORP. IN '48, IT'S NEVER BEEN USED YET!

WITH TOKYO CRIPPLED AND ALL ITS MANUFACTURING PLANTS DESTROYED, THE "HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN" NEVER REGAINS THE QUALITY OF PRODUCTION IT ONCE ENJOYED.

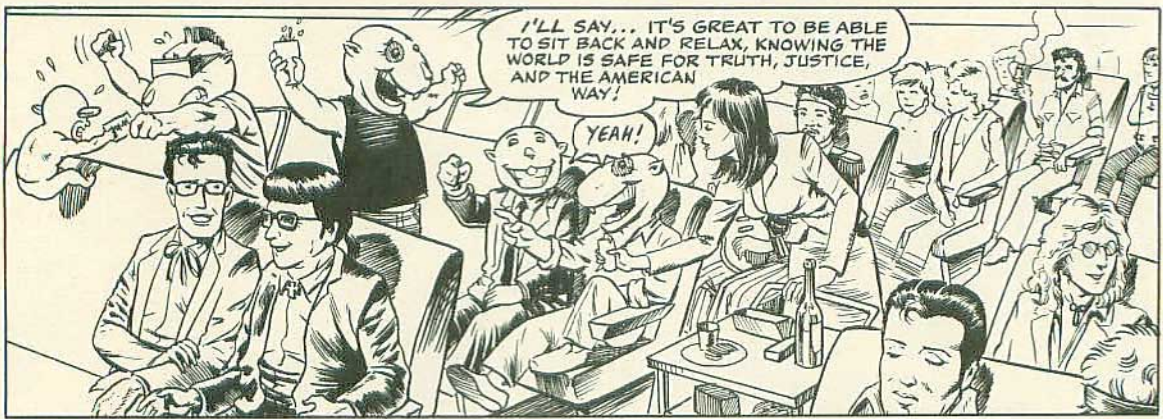


IT RANKS BELOW YUBA CITY, CALIFORNIA, AS THE WORLD'S WORST PLACE TO LIVE...

OUR HEROES QUICKLY TAKE THE FIRST PLANE BACK TO CALIFORNIA, REQUESTING FOUR TIMES AS MANY HONEY-ROASTED PEANUTS AS THE AVERAGE TRAVELER...



I THINK WE SHOULD PROPOSE A TOAST! THAT'S ONE TREND WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT!



I'LL SAY... IT'S GREAT TO BE ABLE TO SIT BACK AND RELAX, KNOWING THE WORLD IS SAFE FOR TRUTH, JUSTICE, AND THE AMERICAN WAY!

YEAH!



I'M SURE THAT THE AMERICAN FANS WILL LOVE US NEW MARTIAL ARTS HEROES FROM HONG KONG-- I CAN'T WAIT TO GET OVER THERE! DON'T YOU AGREE, MUDSPORD?

SURE THING, DRUNKEN FOOT! I MEAN, WHAT COULD EVER STOP US FROM GOING OVER BIG?!

The End?