

# BUG WARS

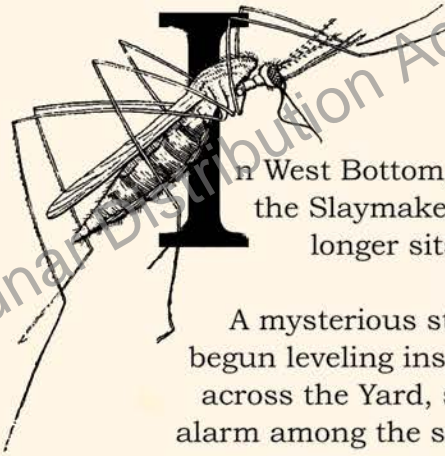
Jason  
AARON  
Mahmud  
ASRAR  
Matthew  
WILSON  
Becca  
CAREY

image

2 \$4.99  
MAX US



MATTHEW WILSON



**I**n West Bottom, Alabama,  
the Slaymaker house no  
longer sits empty.

A mysterious storm has  
begun leveling insect colonies  
across the Yard, sounding  
alarm among the sects of bug  
warriors known as the Mytes.

In his late father's office,  
young Slade Slaymaker  
discovers a mysterious amulet  
that suddenly shrinks him  
to the size of an insect.

Astride his rhinoceros beetle,  
Pac, Slade soon finds himself  
lost in the wilds of his own  
backyard...and entering  
Bug Rustler territory...

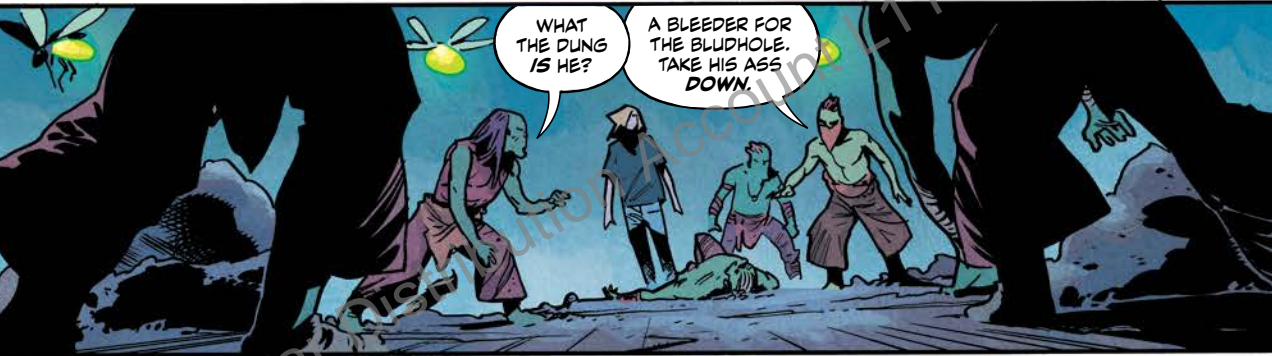




The Yard.

HOLY  
FUCKIN'  
CRICKET  
SHIT!

THE  
KID PUNCHED  
GRIMGUM'S WHOLE  
DERN FACE THE  
FUCK OFF!



WHAT  
THE DUNG  
IS HE?

A BLEEDER FOR  
THE BLUDHOLE.  
TAKE HIS ASS  
DOWN.



STAY  
BACK!  
DON'T...

DON'T  
YOU MAKE  
ME...

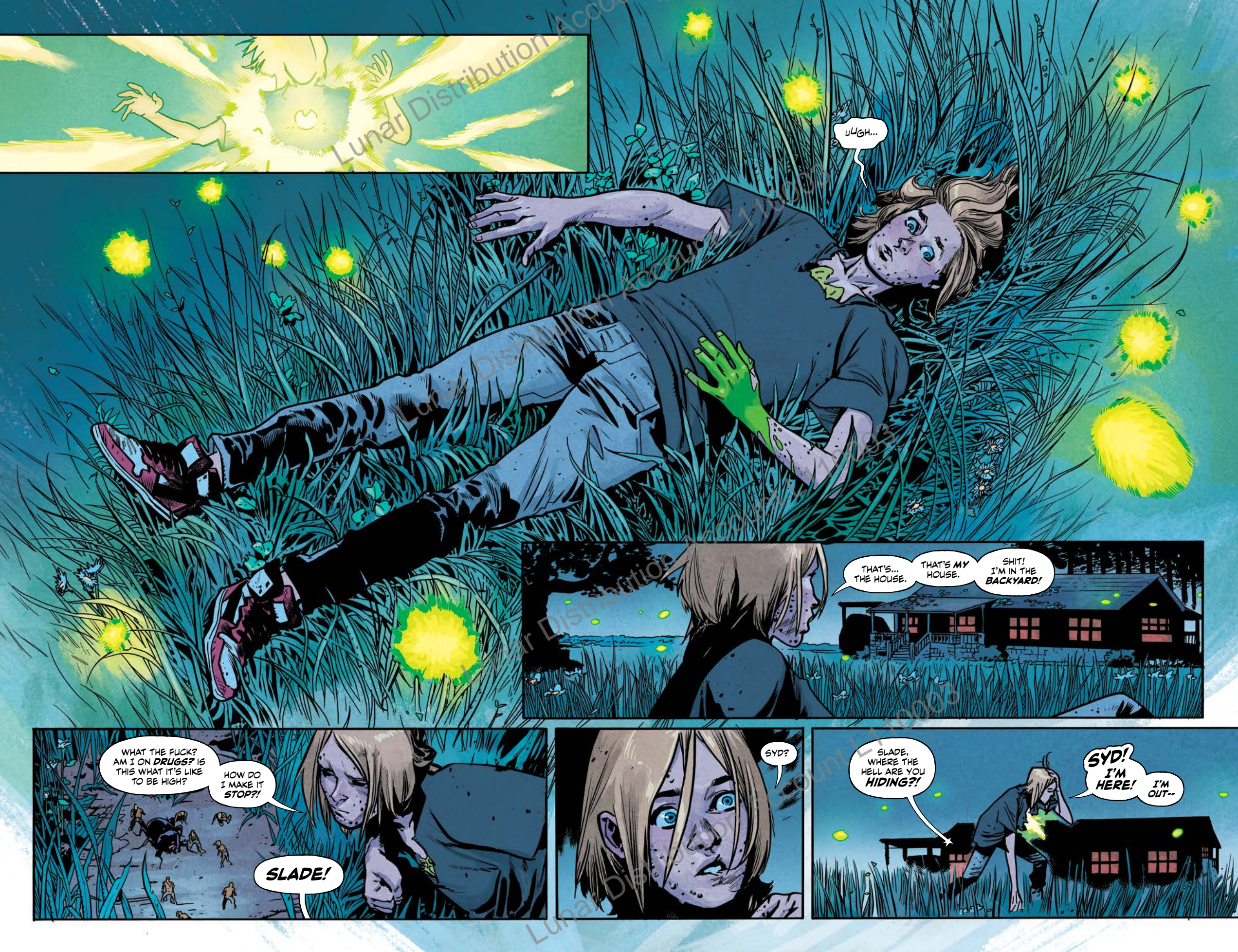


I SAID,  
"STAY BACK!"

AAAARRRGGH!!!

HE'S  
STRONG AS  
ALL BUG-FUCKIN'  
GET OUT! GET SOME  
CORDAGE 'ROUND  
THE BASTARD!

NOW  
WHAT? WHAT  
DID I...



Lunar Distribution Account

UUGH...

THAT'S... THE HOUSE. THAT'S MY HOUSE. SHIT! I'M IN THE BACKYARD!

WHAT THE FUCK? AM I ON DRUGS? IS THIS WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE HIGH? HOW DO I MAKE IT STOP?!

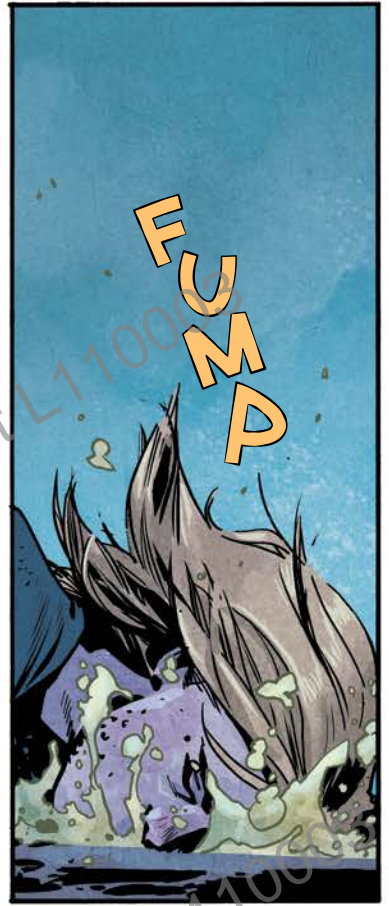
SLADE!

SYD?

SLADE, WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU HIDING?!

SYD! I'M HERE! I'M OUT--

Lunar Distribution Account





THIS ONE LOOKS LIKE HE'S BEEN DEAD FOR DAYS. YOU CAN SELL DEAD ONES AS FEED TO THE CRICKET RANCHERS. I ONLY TAKE LIVING MYTES.

HE AIN'T DEAD. HERE, LOOK.

UNNGH.



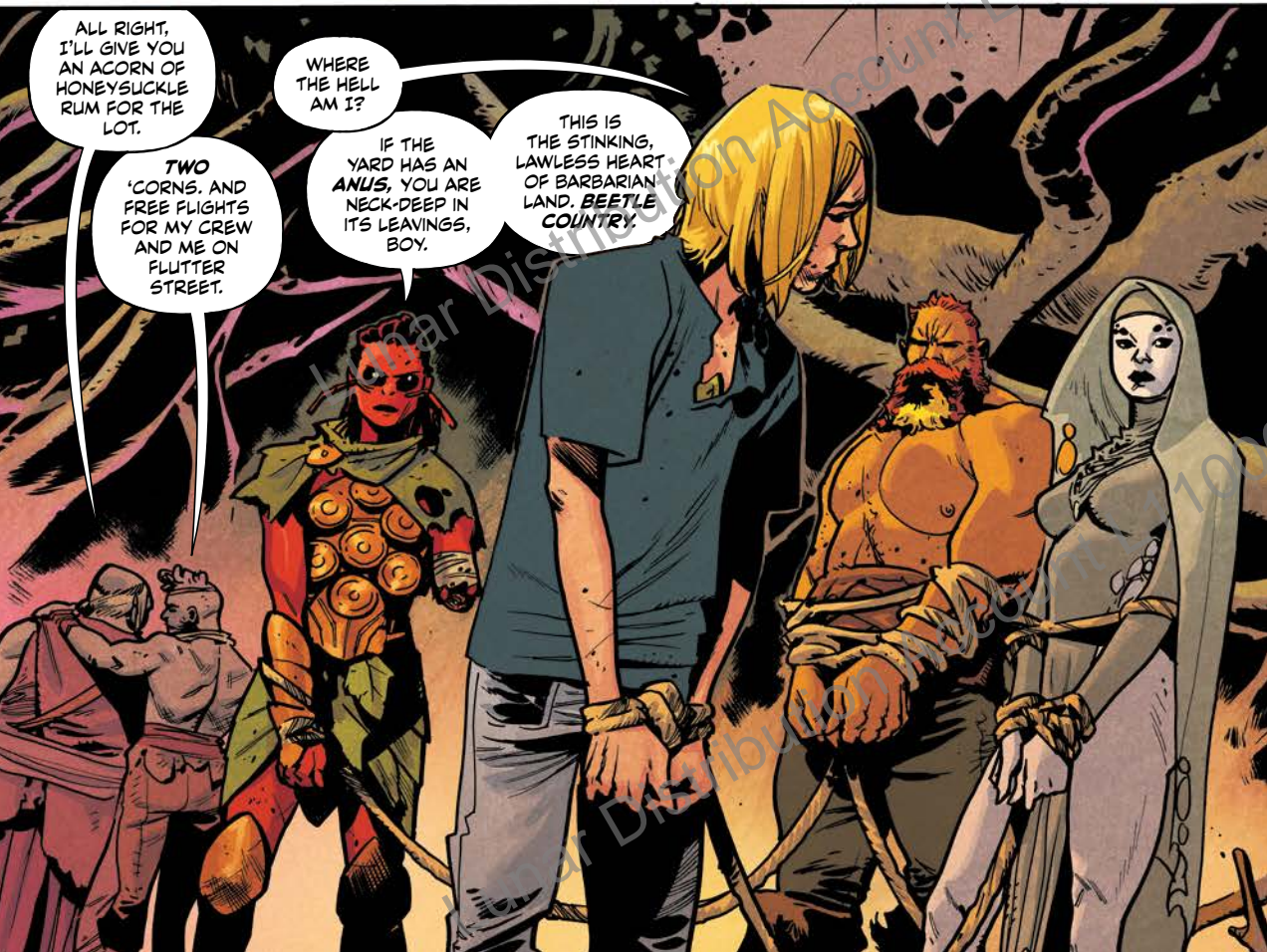
SEE? HE'S ALIVE. AND GOT MORE FIGHT IN HIS SCRAWNY ASS THAN YOU'D THINK.

HE'S SO HIDEOUS. WHAT IS HE? A YOUNG SPIDER WARLOCK, PERHAPS?



HE'S NOT ONE OF OURS.

SHUT YOUR FUCKIN' WEB HOLE, WITCH!



ALL RIGHT, I'LL GIVE YOU AN ACORN OF HONEYSUCKLE RUM FOR THE LOT.

WHERE THE HELL AM I?

IF THE YARD HAS AN ANLUS, YOU ARE NECK-DEEP IN ITS LEAVINGS, BOY.

THIS IS THE STINKING, LAWLESS HEART OF BARBARIAN LAND. BEETLE COUNTRY.

TWO 'CORNS, AND FREE FLIGHTS FOR MY CREW AND ME ON FLUTTER STREET.

A large, detailed illustration of a chaotic scene in a forest. In the foreground, a large, purple beetle is prominent. To its left, a woman in a blue hooded cloak looks towards the right. In the background, several people are engaged in various activities: some are riding horses, others are working with tools, and a large structure is being built or dismantled. The scene is filled with a sense of organized chaos and activity.

THIS IS  
**SWARM CITY.**

BEST HOPE  
YOUR SOUL IS IN  
GOOD STANDING  
WITH YOUR LORD.  
BECAUSE I CAN  
ASSURE YOU...

...THE  
GRACE OF NO  
CIVILIZED GOD  
WILL FIND YOU  
HERE.

From dirt-poor, cutthroat  
Bug Rustlers to shit-rich,  
dandified Dung Barons.

From two-fisted Twig Loggers  
come down from the high  
branches to sullen, stag-riding  
Tick Skinners returned from  
the Wild Weeds.

For all the many,  
wandering clans of Beetle  
Riders...Swarm City was  
their cultural center.

The beetle metropolis.  
Hidden within a brush pile.

Most dangerous hive  
in all the Yard.

My first stop on  
the road to war.

Here Beetle Riders came to browse the butcher shops and mealworm markets of the Bug Bazaar.



To debauch their way through the pollen dens and rotting fruit bars that littered the Underbrush.



To partake of the exotic pleasures of Flutter Street.



To pray for the blessings of Momma Weevil and the lost saints of wars gone by.





But mostly they came...because of the Bludhole.

GONE QUIET, HAVEN'T YOU, BOY? KEEP IT UP, IF YOU CAN.

ONCE THEY'VE THROWN US INSIDE THAT WRETCHED DEATH SWAMP OF THEIRS.

DON'T GIVE THESE VILE CREATURES THE PLEASURE OF DIDDLING THEMSELVES TO YOUR SCREAMS.

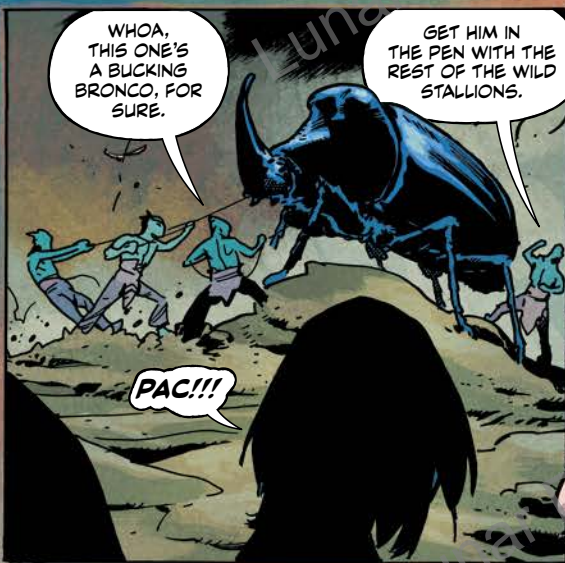
PAC?

WHOA, THIS ONE'S A BUCKING BRONCO, FOR SURE.

GET HIM IN THE PEN WITH THE REST OF THE WILD STALLIONS.

PAC!!!

NO!  
GET AWAY FROM MY BUG!







THIS IS IT, MY FRIENDS! LISTEN TO THAT SWARM UP THERE CLICKING AND TRILLING! THEY'RE BUZZING FOR YOU!

WITH THIS VILE *TRUCE* TALK GOING AROUND, THIS COULD BE THE LAST BEAST FEEDING WE'RE LIABLE TO GET FOR A SPELL.

SO, DO ME A FAVOR AND BLEED FOR ALL IT'S WORTH OUT THERE, RIGHT? I MEAN, REALLY *SPRAY* IT AROUND AS MUCH AS YOU CAN.



OFFER THESE FINE, PAYING CUSTOMERS THE GLORIOUS SPECTACLE OF YOUR BLOOD-DRENCHED DEMISE...

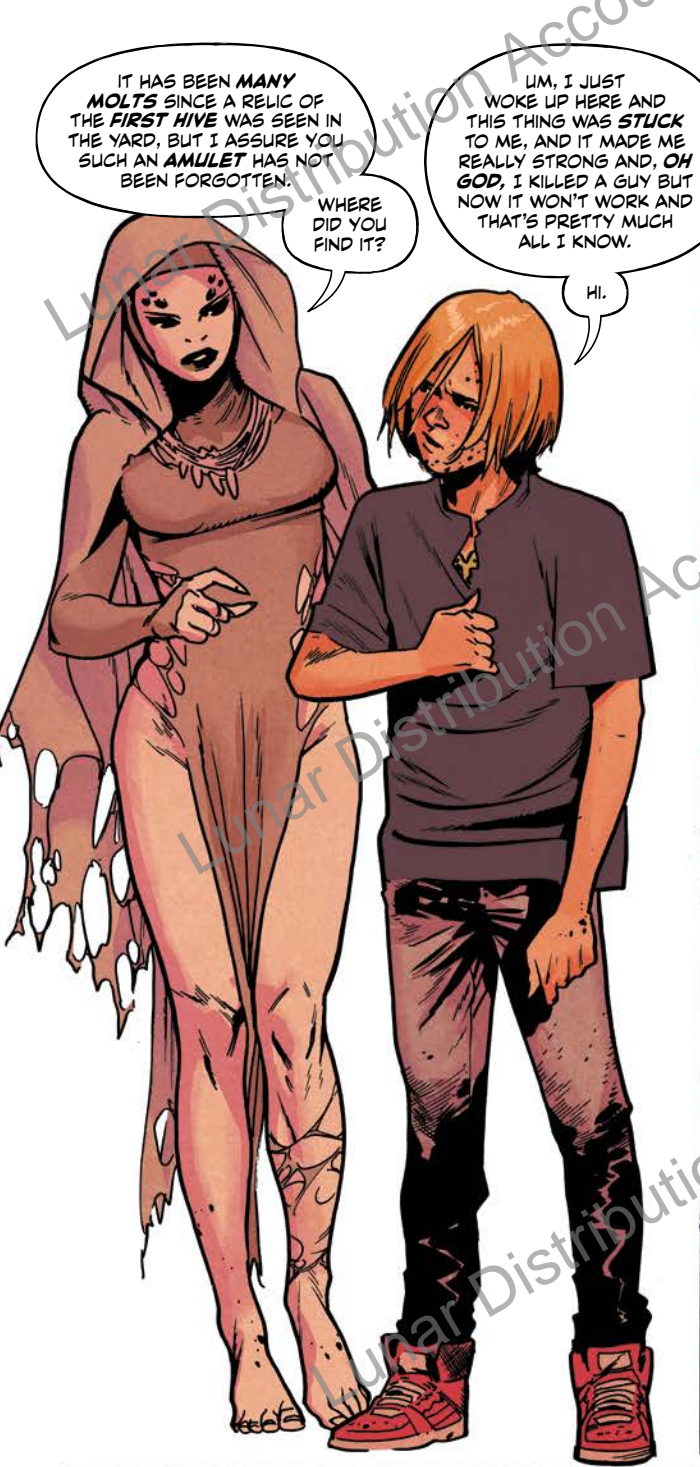
...AND YOU HAVE MY WORD I WON'T SELL WHATEVER'S LEFT OF YOU TO THE *CORPSE FUCKERS* DOWN IN CARRION TOWN.



C'MON, DAMNIT. WHY WON'T YOU WORK?

MAKE ME STRONG AGAIN.

YOU SHOULD KEEP THAT COVERED.



IT HAS BEEN **MANY** **MOLTS** SINCE A RELIC OF THE **FIRST HIVE** WAS SEEN IN THE YARD, BUT I ASSURE YOU SUCH AN **AMULET** HAS NOT BEEN FORGOTTEN.

UM, I JUST WOKE UP HERE AND THIS THING WAS **STUCK** TO ME, AND IT MADE ME REALLY STRONG AND, **OH GOD**, I KILLED A GUY BUT NOW IT WON'T WORK AND THAT'S PRETTY MUCH ALL I KNOW.

WHERE DID YOU FIND IT?

HI.



THERE'S A PIECE OF IT **MISSING**. THAT MUST BE DESTABILIZING ITS POWER.

RIGHT. SO, WHAT YOU'RE SAYING IS...THIS IS TOTALLY SOME CRAZY **DREAM** I'M HAVING, RIGHT?

WHO ARE YOU? WHAT SECT ARE YOU FROM?

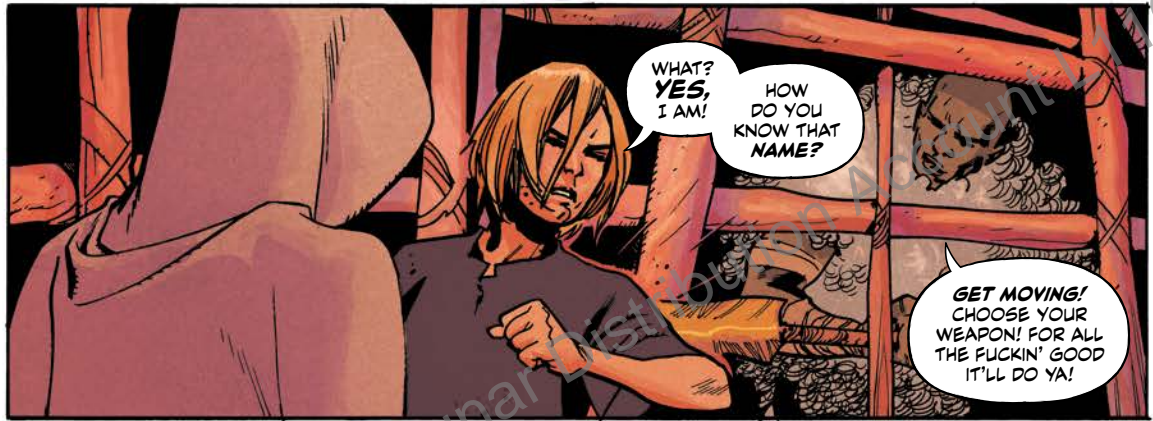


UH, I'M NOT SURE WE HAVE THOSE IN **ALABAMA**.

I'M **SLADE**. I'M FROM THE HOUSE, WE JUST MOVED IN.

THE HOUSE?

YOU ARE OF THE HOUSE OF **SLAYMAKER**?



WHAT? **YES**, I AM!

HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT NAME?

**GET MOVING!** CHOOSE YOUR WEAPON! FOR ALL THE FUCKIN' GOD IT'LL DO YA!



THIS CAN'T BE REAL.

I'LL WAKE UP ANY MINUTE, BACK IN MY ROOM, WITH ALL MY REGULAR OLD BUGS THAT DON'T WANNA KILL ME.



MOVE, BLEEDERS! INTO THE BLUDHOLE WITH YOU!



HEH, OH, DON'T YOU WORRY.



THE BEASTS IS STILL PLENTY THIRSTY.



YEAH.

ANY FUCKING MINUTE NOW.

PEOPLE OF THE BEETLE!

BLESSED GRUBS OF MOMMA WEEVIL!

WELCOME TO THE BLUDHOLE!

MOST VICIOUS RIDERS, RUSTLERS AND SHITKICKERS FROM ACROSS THE YARD!

HEAR THE WORD OF WARDADDY KRIM WHO COMES TO YOU NOW FROM A MEETING OF THE SWARM LORDS!

WHERE THE BEETLE CLANS HAVE AGREED TO TERMS OF TEMPORARY TRUCE... AS OFFERED BY THE QUEENS OF THE ANTS!

BOOOOOOO!

THE WEB WITCHES HAVE AGREED AS WELL! AS HAVE THE HONEYED LORDS AND THE MAGGOT MONKS!

EVEN THE WASP RAIDERS!

A MEETING OF AMBASSADORS IS BEING CALLED, TO DISCUSS STRATEGIES FOR SLAYING OUR COMMON FOE! BUT TONIGHT...

OH NO...

TONIGHT WE CELEBRATE THIS HISTORIC PEACE! IN THE BEETLE RIDER WAY!

WITH ONE LAST FESTIVAL OF FUCKING BLOODSHED!

BEHOLD, OUR HONORED BLEEDERS! REPRESENTATIVES FROM OUR NEWFOUND ALLIES!

A GENERAL OF THE ANTURIONS!

**BOOOOOO!**

A BUTCHEROUS WOR WRAIDER!

A DEVIUS SPIDER SYSTER!

AND A JUVENILE MAGGOT MONK!

WAIT, WHAT?

IF OUR GUESTS SHOULD SURVIVE THE WILD BEASTS OF THE BLUDPHOLE, THEY WILL EARN THE RIGHT TO JOIN THEIR FELLOW MYTES IN THE COMING BLOODBATH!

THE WAR TO TOPPLE OUR FEARSOME FOE! THE WAR AGAINST THE--

SKAB OF THE BLAKK NEST SPITS ON YOUR TRUCE!

NO TRUE WRAIDER WOULD EVER ACCEPT THE SHAME OF PEACE!

**WE STING UNTIL WE DIE!**

FROM NOW UNTIL THE END BUGS COME! UNTIL THE SKY TURNS BLACK FROM THE SWARMING OF THE--



**GEIRRGH!**



**HRRRG!**

YOUR BLOOD BEASTS ARE WEAK!

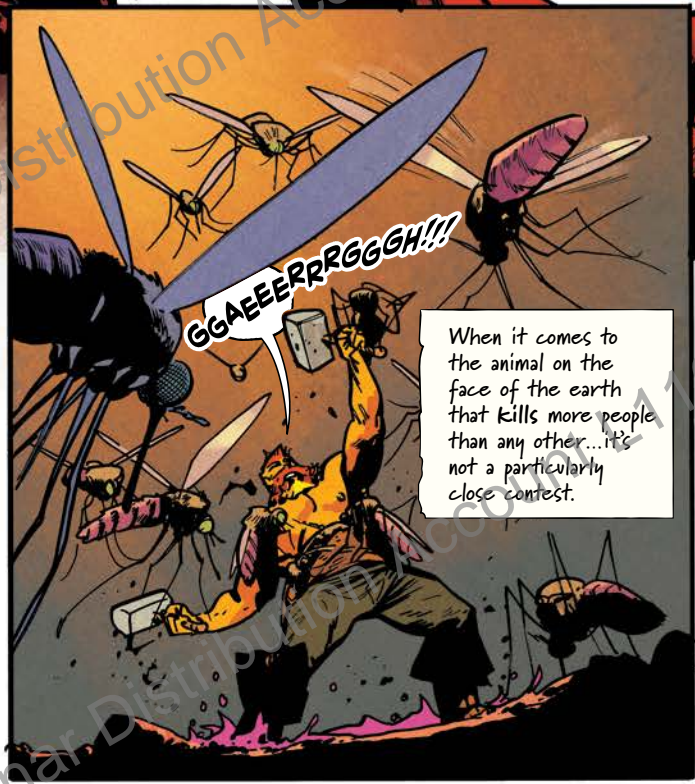
MY BODILY HUMORS WILL BURN HOLES IN THEIR BOWELS AND LEAVE THEM DROWNING IN THEIR OWN DRIZZLING SHIT!



MY BROOD WILL BURN THIS CITY TO THE GROUND!

MY WASPS WILL LAY THEIR EGGS IN YOUR MOTHERS' EYES!

MY... GRRAGH!



**GGAEERRRGGGH!!**

When it comes to the animal on the face of the earth that kills more people than any other...it's not a particularly close contest.



There's only one creature alive that kills humans even more than other humans do.

To the tune of a million of us a year.

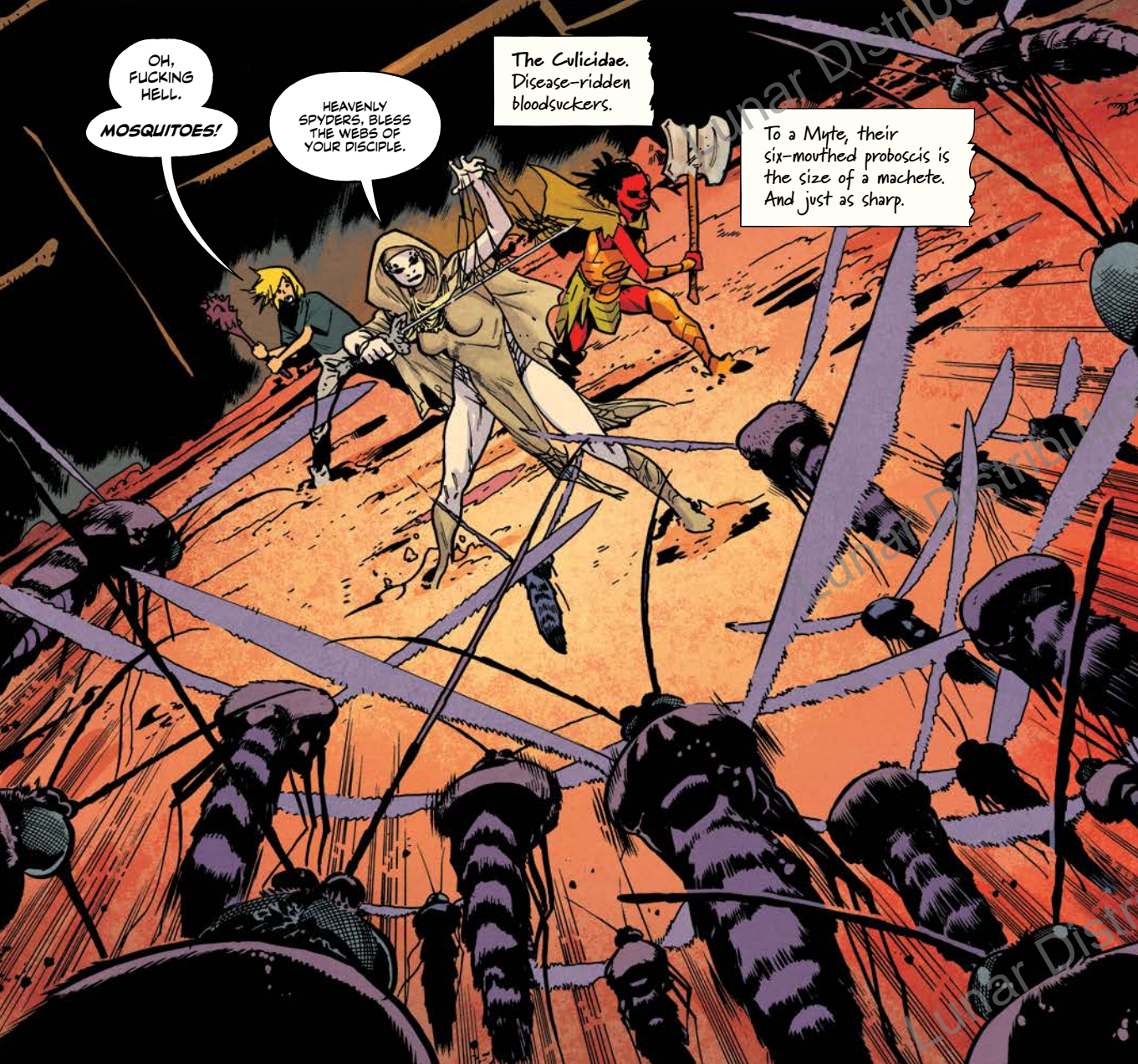


OH, FUCKING HELL.  
MOSQUITOES!

HEAVENLY SPYDERS. BLESS THE WEBS OF YOUR DISCIPLE.

The Culicidae. Disease-ridden bloodsuckers.

To a Myte, their six-mouthed proboscis is the size of a machete. And just as sharp.



Officially...my least favorite bug.



WHOA!



DAMN THAT WITCH! WE RUN A FAIR SLAUGHTER HERE! NO INFERNAL SPIDER MAGIC ALLOWED!

ARCHERS!



LET THEM COME! I SURVIVED THE ROOTGUARD MASSACRE! THIS IS MERCY COMPARED TO WHAT BEFELL US THERE!

THIS ISN'T HAPPENING. THIS ISN'T POSSIBLE. I'M NOT ABOUT TO DIE IN MY OWN BACKYARD.

SLADE! WE CAN'T HOLD THE BEASTS AT BAY FOREVER! YOU MUST USE THE AMULET!



I CAN'T! IT'S NOT WORKING!

YOU AIN'T BLEEDIN'! GET IN THERE AND FEED THE SKEETERS!

MOMMA WEEVIL WANT BLOOD!



AND WE WANT WAR! DEATH TO THE ANNIHIRAZER!

DEATH TO THE STORM BRINGER!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS!

LET US OUT!!!





NHRRGH!



WAR! WAR FOR ALL THE YARD!

DEATH TO THE DARK STOMPER!

DEATH TO THE BRINGER OF THE RAZOR STORM!



THE FLAME HAS BEEN DOUSED. WEAVERS, GUIDE MY BLADE.



OUR ARMIES WILL SWARM HIM AND FEAST ON HIS FACE!

DEATH TO THE ANNIHILAZER!

DEATH TO HE WHO LAYS WASTE TO THE GRASS!

WAIT... NO WAY, IS THAT... THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE...



...SYD?!?



SLADE!!!



SLADE,  
WHERE ARE  
YOU?!



TINY BUG  
PEOPLE. IN THE  
BACKYARD.

WANT TO  
**MURDER** MY  
BROTHER.

BECAUSE  
HE **MOWS** THE  
GRASS.



SLADE! WE NEED  
YOU TO FIGHT,  
BOY!

**FIGHT LIKE A  
SLAYMAKER!**

SLADE?!

To be  
continued...