

ZTM 2 GRAPHIC NOVELS BY STEFAN PETRUCHA & SHO MURASE

Nancy Drew

DIARIESTM

*Monkey
Wrench Blues
Dress Reversal*



BASED ON THE SERIES BY

CAROLYN KEENE

PAPERCUT ZTM

THAT'S GEORGE HOLDING THE CAMERA, BESS UNDER THE HOOD, AND ME, **NANCY DREW**, GIRL DETECTIVE, BARELY STANDING!

I'M *USED* TO UNUSUAL SITUATIONS, BUT DRIVING AN EXPERIMENTAL CAR IN A RACE IS A NEW ONE!

SO, NANCE, CAN YOU TELL THE FOLKS BACK HOME WHAT MAKES THE FANCY CAR *GO*? IS IT ALL JUST *HOT AIR*?

NOPE! THE POWERFUL EXHAUST *HELPS* PROPEL THE MS, BUT IT ALSO USES POWERFUL MAGNETS RECOVERED FROM A TOP SECRET *EXPERIMENTAL* TANK!

THOSE MAGNETS REQUIRE *SPECIAL SHIELDING* TO KEEP THEM FROM ATTRACTING EVERY PIECE OF METAL AROUND FOR A HUNDRED YARDS!

CREDO

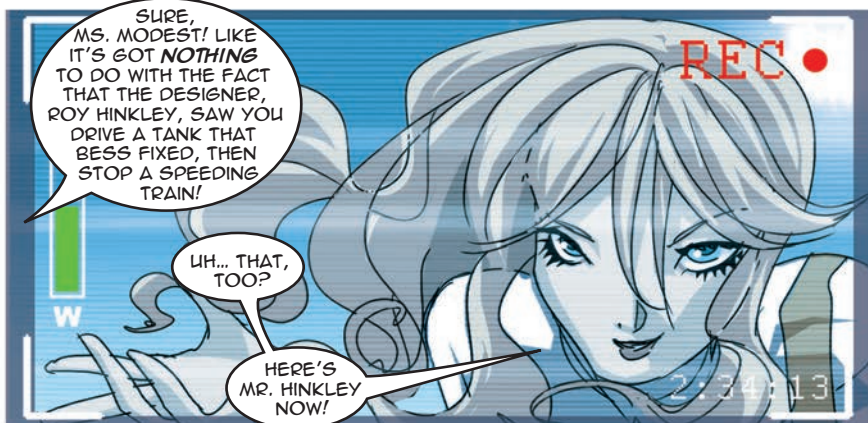


CHAPTER ONE: TRIALS PER GALLON



NOW TELL US WHY SOMEONE WOULD CHOOSE AN **INEXPERIENCED** DRIVER SUCH AS YOURSELF, AND AN **INEXPERIENCED** MECHANIC, LIKE MY DARLING COUSIN BESS, FOR SUCH AN IMPORTANT RACE?

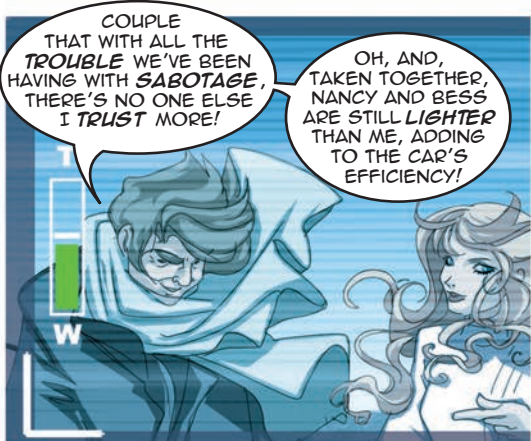
JUST **LUCKY**, I GUESS?



SURE, MS. MODEST! LIKE IT'S GOT **NOTHING** TO DO WITH THE FACT THAT THE DESIGNER, ROY HINKLEY, SAW YOU DRIVE A TANK THAT BESS FIXED, THEN STOP A SPEEDING TRAIN!

UH... THAT, TOO?

HERE'S MR. HINKLEY NOW!

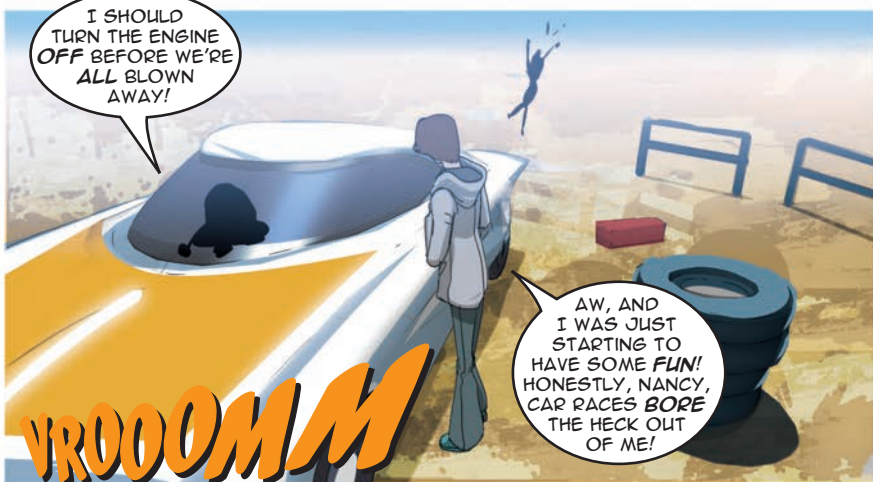


COUPLE THAT WITH ALL THE **TROUBLE** WE'VE BEEN HAVING WITH **SABOTAGE**, THERE'S NO ONE ELSE I **TRUST** MORE!

OH, AND, TAKEN TOGETHER, NANCY AND BESS ARE STILL **LIGHTER** THAN ME, ADDING TO THE CAR'S **EFFICIENCY**!



AND THEY'RE MORE **SURE-FOOTED**! **AHHH!**





GEORGE MIGHT BE BORED, BUT NOT ME! THEN AGAIN, *I'M* THE ONE WHO'S GOING TO BE DRIVING!

IN AN EFFORT TO REPLICATE ACTUAL DRIVING CONDITIONS, THIS GOVERNMENT-SPONSORED RACE GOES THROUGH THREE DIFFERENT TYPES OF TERRAIN - DIRT, MOUNTAIN, AND DESERT!

AND, EACH CAR IS ONLY GIVEN *ONE* GALLON OF GAS!

WHOEVER MAKES IT OVER THE FINISH-LINE FIRST WINS A *HUGE* GOVERNMENT DEVELOPMENT CONTRACT.

THAT'S THE MONEY ROY HINKLEY AND HIS SPONSOR, ENTREPRENEUR *RALPH CREDO*, NEED TO BRING THE CAR TO PRODUCTION!




EVEN MY BOYFRIEND, NED NICKERSON, AND MY DAD, CARSON DREW, CAME TO CHEER ME ON.

I KNOW IT'S A RACE, NANCY, BUT DON'T GO TOO FAST, OKAY?

DAD, I KIND OF HAVE TO!




MR. CREDO'S LOOKING A LITTLE TENSE, HUH?




WHO CAN BLAME HIM? HE'S PROBABLY JUST WORRIED THERE'LL BE MORE SABOTAGE!

OR MAYBE NOT!

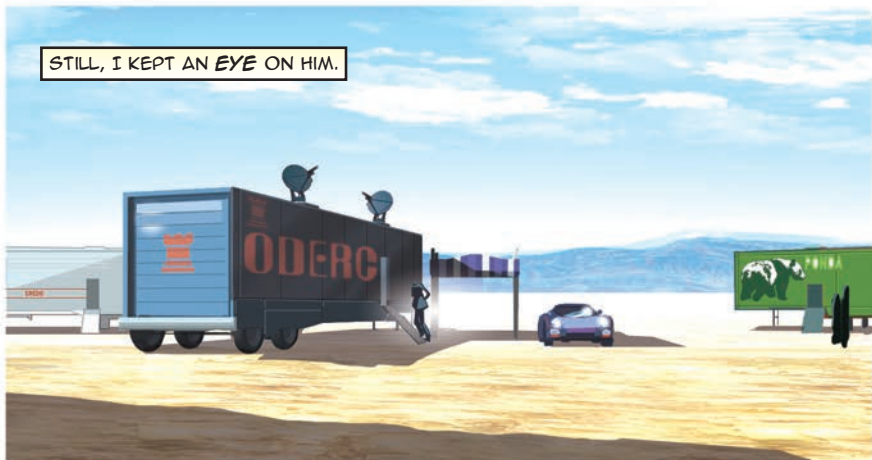


MY INSTINCTS TOLD ME *SOMETHING* WAS UP, BUT WHO'D HAVE MORE TO LOSE IN THIS RACE THAN RALPH CREDO?

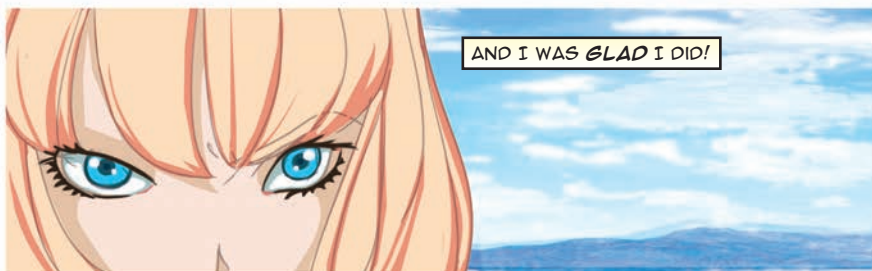
HE'D POURED TONS OF MONEY INTO THE CAR ALREADY!



STILL, I KEPT AN *EYE* ON HIM.

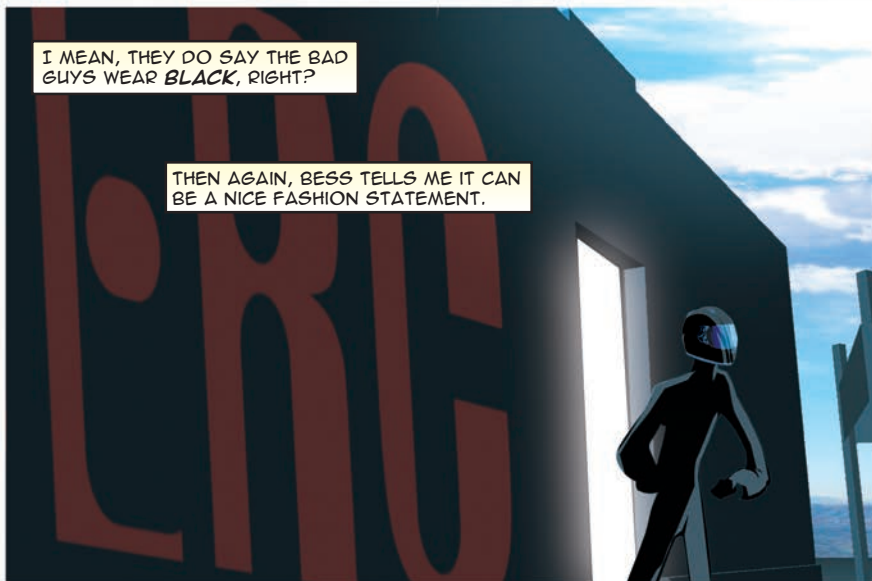


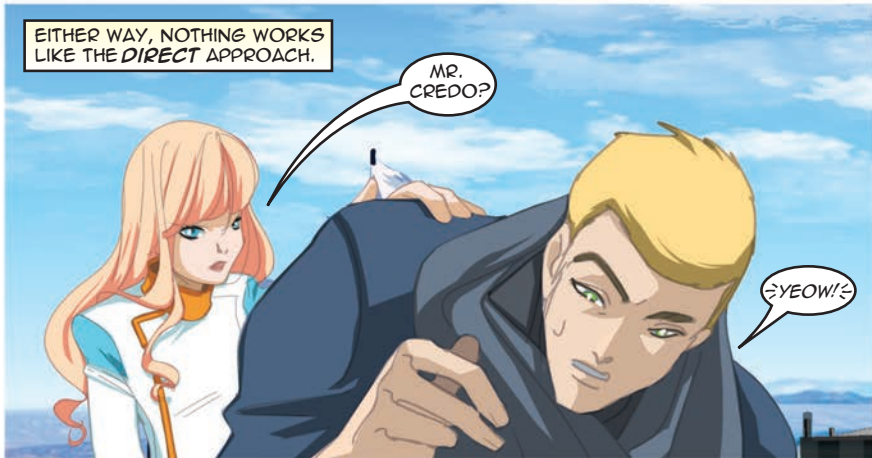
AND I WAS *GLAD* I DID!



I MEAN, THEY DO SAY THE BAD GUYS WEAR *BLACK*, RIGHT?

THEN AGAIN, BESS TELLS ME IT CAN BE A NICE FASHION STATEMENT.

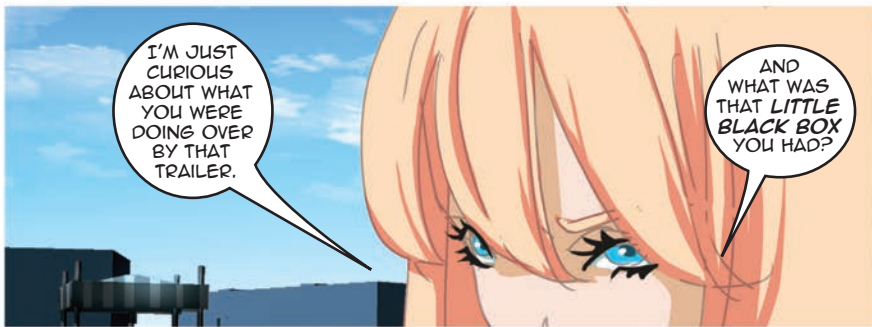




EITHER WAY, NOTHING WORKS LIKE THE *DIRECT* APPROACH.

MR. CREDO?

=YEOW!=-

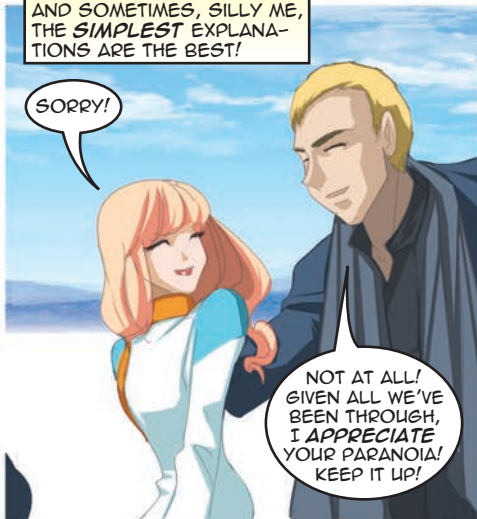


I'M JUST CURIOUS ABOUT WHAT YOU WERE DOING OVER BY THAT TRAILER.

AND WHAT WAS THAT *LITTLE BLACK BOX* YOU HAD?



JUST HAD TO MAKE A *CALL*, NANCY! I WAS HAVING TROUBLE GETTING A SIGNAL!



AND SOMETIMES, SILLY ME, THE *SIMPLEST* EXPLANATIONS ARE THE BEST!

SORRY!

NOT AT ALL! GIVEN ALL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH, I *APPRECIATE* YOUR PARANOIA! KEEP IT UP!