

IDW
ISSUE
5
\$3.99

COSMIC SCOUNDRELS™



EITHER WE'VE
REACHED THE EDGE
OF THE UNIVERSE,
OR **SOMEBODY**
IS REALLY LAZY.

CHAPMAN • SURIANO

EXCERPT FROM THE OFFICIAL HANDBOOK OF THE



IDW BORN AGAIN BORN AGAIN EDITION

TAD AND JACOB

Names: Tad & Jacob Smithsonian

Affiliation: The Homely Church of Mongo Prime

Occupation: Missionary Lieutenants in the Altar Server Space Corps

Recent History: After years of serving obediently as religious test pilots ready to die in the name of their savior Mongo Prime (don't ask me why an ultra-conservative religion needs test pilots), Tad & Jacob were recently assigned as missionaries to the Affluon System. They were given their own ship, **The Heavenly Fist of Mongo Prime**, and sent to Prelaxagon in the hopes of bringing some humility, mildness, and sensible pants to the ultra-rich royalty. They jumped at the chance to serve at the royal wedding. When the wedding was postponed, they decided to rush back to their ship for a quick "devotional nap." Unfortunately for them, newly formed space wadbags **The Cosmic Scoundrels** were looking for an easy way off Prelaxagon. While Tad and Jacob slept in their cryo chamber, Roshambo snuck aboard and changed the setting from "devotional nap" to "eternal rest." Love Savage then sweet-talked the ship's A.I. into believing THEY were Tad and Jacob and convinced her to warp them directly from the surface, thereby obliterating their pursuers. About a year later, Tad and Jacob would be painfully reanimated by living anti-matter under the control of the Eldrix Morgolvium. Fun! They lumbered around for a few pages and then got offed.

Tad and Jacob's early exploits in the Altar Server Corps were so wholesome and corny that famous intergalactic funny pages artist, Z'BOG based a whole series of comics on them. Also fun!

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WHEN LAST WE LEFT THE BOYS, LOVE SAVAGE MADE US ALL WATCH A FLASHBACK WHERE HE LEFT HIS ARRANGED BRIDE AT THE ALTAR, CAUSING A PLANETARY CIVIL WAR. ALL BECAUSE HE LEARNED HIS GROODLY INBRED GENES MAKE IT SO HE CAN GET IT ON WITH PRETTY MUCH ANYBODY HE WANTS... WHAT A JERK!!

SO, DEATH GODS -- HOW DO WE WANNA DO THIS?

WE GET THE BABY, YOU GUYS GET THE BRACELETS, AND WE DIVIDE THE PRELAXAGON'S BLOOD HALVSIES?

SOUNDS GOOD TO US. THIS IS THE END OF THE RUSHED NEGOTIATIONS.

I THINK NOT, YOU VAGABONDS! THE HIGH PRINCE IS OURS TO MASSIVELY INBREED AS WE PLEASE!

SADLY, SAVAGE HOLDS BOTH THE TITLE OF BEING "GROODLY INBRED," AND HAVING BEEN "GROODLY IN BREAD." DON'T ASK.



WHOA, LITTLE TAD,
ARE YOU OKAY?

HC!

I'M DETECTING
GRAVITATIONAL DISTORTIONS.
I BELIEVE THOSE BUBBLES ARE
COMPOSED OF SPACETIME.

WE GOTTA
BURP HIM!

OH GOD,
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO
DO THIS AGAIN,
ARE YOU?

WHOA, LOOK!
THIS ONE'S FULL'A
YESTERDAY!

YOU'RE DOIN'
IT WRONG. GIVE
HIM HERE.

YOU SHALL
NOT BURP THE
SACROSANCT
ONE!!

WHAT A
SURPRISE.

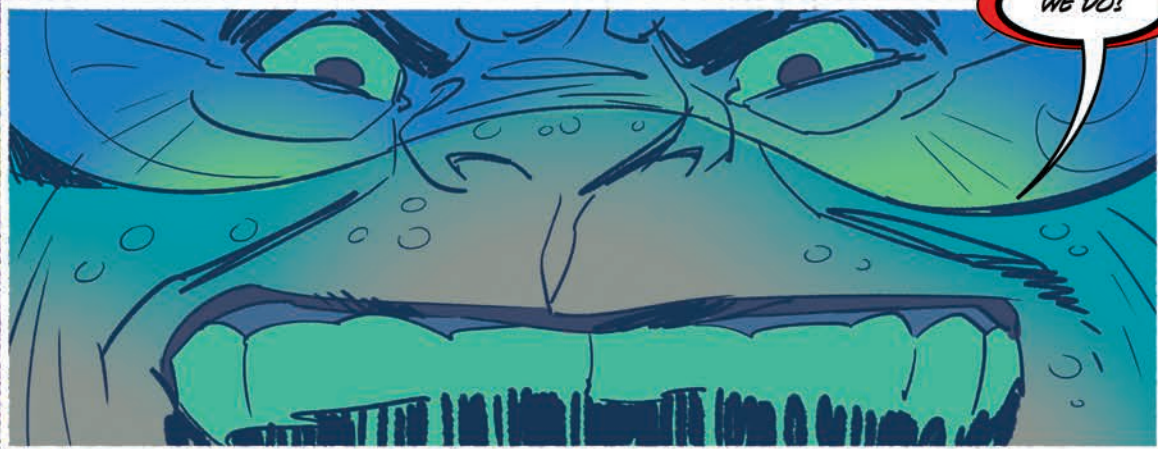
WHEN THE BABY STARTS BURPING UP TEMPORAL ANOMALIES, IT'S
ELIMINATION DIET TIME. HIS BEST GUESS IS THAT THE GUILPIT IS GLUTEN.



HIS HOLINESS' OUCHY TUM
TUM CAN ONLY BE QUELLED
BY THE MILK OF THE
VIRTUOUS SISTERHOOD!

JEEZ! DOES ANYBODY
ELSE WANT TO DRAMATICALLY
WARP IN?

WE DO!





WHICH ONES
ARE YOU GUYS
AGAIN?

WAIT! I WANT
TO BE HERE
TOO!!

HAIRBATH?!

YEAH!

AND LOOK, I'VE
GOT COOL NEW ROBOT
PINCERS SINCE YOU
SLICED MINE OFF!

WHICH VARIANT ACTION FIGURE DO YOU THINK IS MORE RARE AND VALUABLE?
ROBOT PINCER HAIRBATH? OR LOVE SAVAGE WITH SPRING-LOADED ATMOSBAP?
I'D COLLECT 12 UPGS TO SEND AWAY FOR EITHER OF THOSE BAD BOYS.