

"AUSTRALIA, MATE.  
CULTURAL CENTER  
OF THE WORLD.

"**THREAT!**  
NUCLEAR  
DEVICES HAVE  
BEEN PLACED IN  
AUSTRALIA'S  
MAJOR CITIES.

"ALSO:  
PERTH.

"SOME **EXTREMELY** RAW PRAWN HAS  
INFORMED THE OZ GOVERNMENT THAT  
WE HAVE 24 HOURS TO GIVE THEM FULL  
OWNERSHIP OF THE ENTIRE COUNTRY.

17.35

"OR THEY WILL **DETONATE!**  
**KILLING MILLIONS!**

"I KNOW, MATE!  
STREWTH!

"VILLAIN GOES  
BY THE NAME  
**THE BUNYIP!**

**ARTIST'S IMPRESSION!  
NOT REAL!**

"A FABLED AUSTRALIAN  
SWAMP CREATURE  
THAT DOES NOT EXIST!  
SORT OF LIKE BIG-  
FOOT. BUT MORE...  
**AUSTRALIAN.**

"GOT A RANSOM  
NOTE GAFFER-TAPED  
TO A BOOMERANG.

"THE BAD LAD  
BEHIND THIS IS  
REQUESTING  
**ONE** MAN TO  
DELIVER THE  
CONTRACT.



"AUSTRALIA'S  
**GREATEST**  
SECRET AGENT, AND  
MY OLD COBBER..."

**CAPTAIN BOOMERANG!**



SORRY, MATE.

NOSEBLEED.

NO ONE PUNCHED ME.

**AGENT OF OZ**

Writer **ROB WILLIAMS** Artist **PHILIPPE BRIONES** Colors **GABE ELTAEB**  
Letters **PAT BROUSSEAU** Cover **DAN PANOSIAN** Variant Cover **FRANCESCO MATTINA**  
Editor **KATIE KUBERT** Group Editor **JAMIE S. RICH**



YOU WERE TELLING THE TRUTH...?

YOU WERE ACTUALLY TELLING THE TRUTH?



ABOUT WHAT?

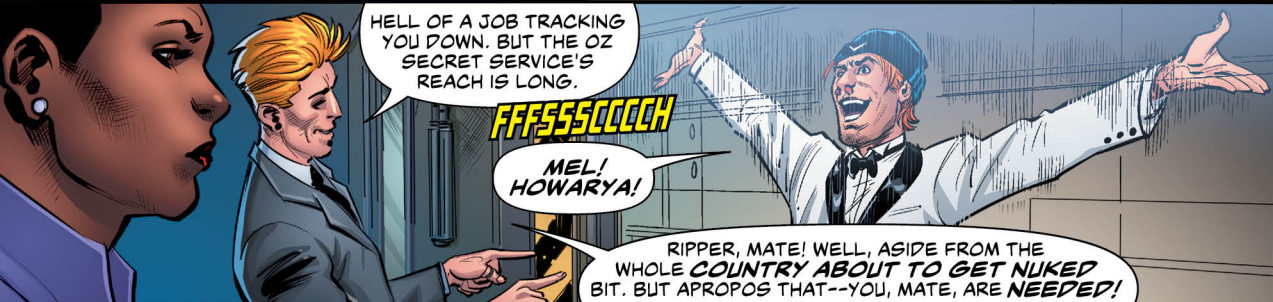
BEING A GENUINE SECRET AGENT FOR THE AUSTRALIAN SECRET SERVICE?

YEAH, 'COURSE. WHY WOULD I LIE ABOUT THAT?



BECAUSE, **DIGGER HARKNESS**, YOU LIE ABOUT EVERYTHING!

*[COUGH]* BIT AWKWARD THIS, MATE, YOU IN PRISON AND ALL. YOUR LETTER SAID YOU WERE LIVING AS A BUDDHIST MONK SOMEWHERE IN TIBET.



HELL OF A JOB TRACKING YOU DOWN. BUT THE OZ SECRET SERVICE'S REACH IS LONG.

**FFFFSSCOOCH**

MEL! HOWARYA!

RIPPER, MATE! WELL, ASIDE FROM THE WHOLE COUNTRY ABOUT TO GET NUKED BIT. BUT APROPOS THAT--YOU, MATE, ARE NEEDED!



GIVEN THE NATURE OF THE THREAT, THE AUSTRALIAN GOVERNMENT HAS REQUESTED-- AND BEEN GRANTED-- DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY FOR YOU. TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OUT OF BELLE REVE.

YOU GO AWOL AFTER THAT, I GET TO BLOW YOUR BRAINS WIDE OPEN.

MINOR DETAILS. LET'S CRACK OPEN A COLD ONE, EH?



OUTSTANDING.

**FZZT**

ACTIVATE  
CODE OR SELF-  
DESTRUCT WILL  
INITIATE!

HUGH  
JACKMAN. NICOLE  
KIDMAN. CHRIS  
HEMSWORTH...

...AND KYLIE  
MINOGUE.

I'M...

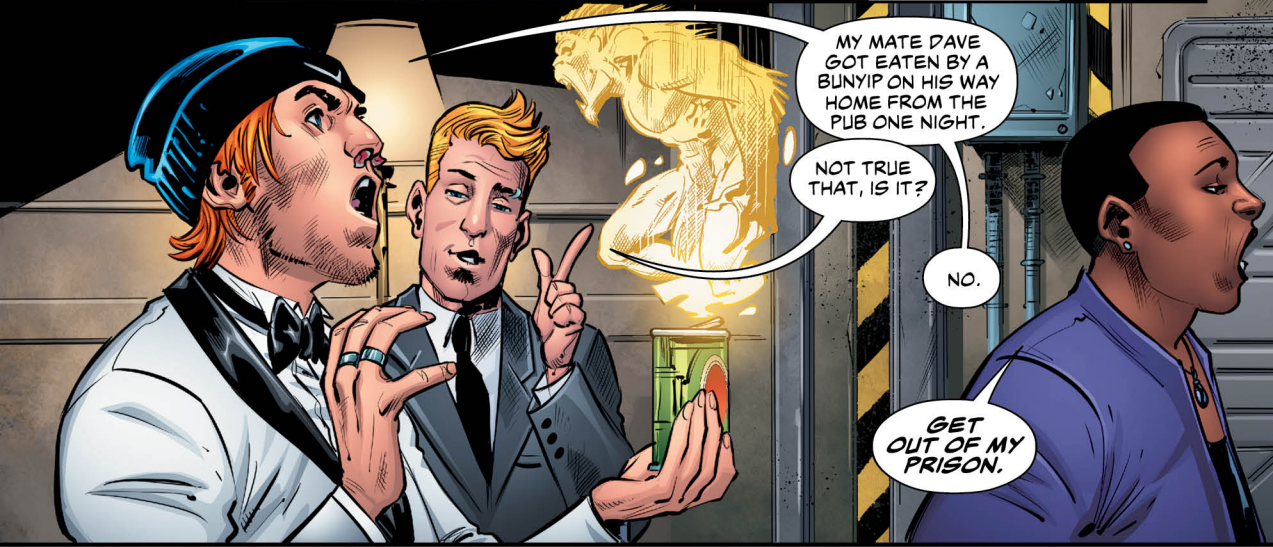
...SPINNING  
AROUND...



THANK YOU. IDENTITY CONFIRMED.  
WELCOME BACK TO THE AUSTRALIAN  
SECRET SERVICE, CAPTAIN  
BOOMERANG. YOUR TARGET:  
**THE BUNYIP.**

THAT'S ALL WELL  
AND GOOD. BUT THE  
REAL QUESTION IS ... WHY,  
EXACTLY, HAS THE BUNYIP  
REQUESTED YOU?

...AHHH, THAT'S  
PRETTY BLOODY  
OMINOUS, MATE.

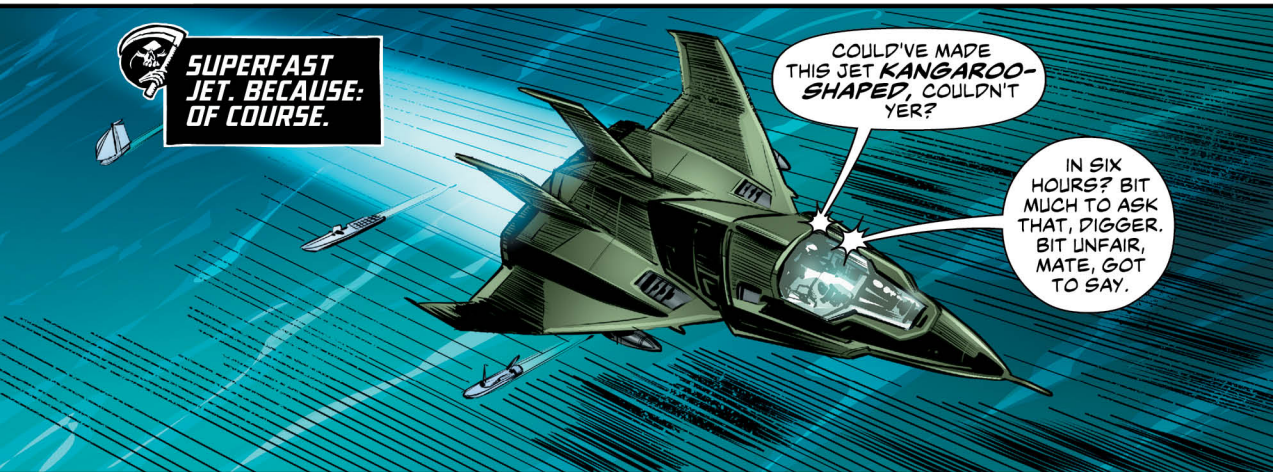


MY MATE DAVE  
GOT EATEN BY A  
BUNYIP ON HIS WAY  
HOME FROM THE  
PUB ONE NIGHT.

NOT TRUE  
THAT, IS IT?

NO.

**GET  
OUT OF MY  
PRISON.**



**SUPERFAST  
JET. BECAUSE:  
OF COURSE.**

COULD'VE MADE  
THIS JET **KANGAROO-  
SHAPED**, COULDN'T  
YER?

IN SIX  
HOURS? BIT  
MUCH TO ASK  
THAT, DIGGER.  
BIT UNFAIR,  
MATE, GOT  
TO SAY.



FAIR DINKUM. YOU'VE GOT A POINT THERE, MEL.

NOW LET'S GET SERIOUS HERE, EH? THE FINEST TECH MINDS BACK IN MELBOURNE HAVE COME UP WITH SOME **VERY** SPECIAL TOYS FOR YOU ON THIS MISSION.



FEAST YER EYES ON **THESE** BAD BOYS!

BOOMERANGS?

IMPRESSIVE, EH?



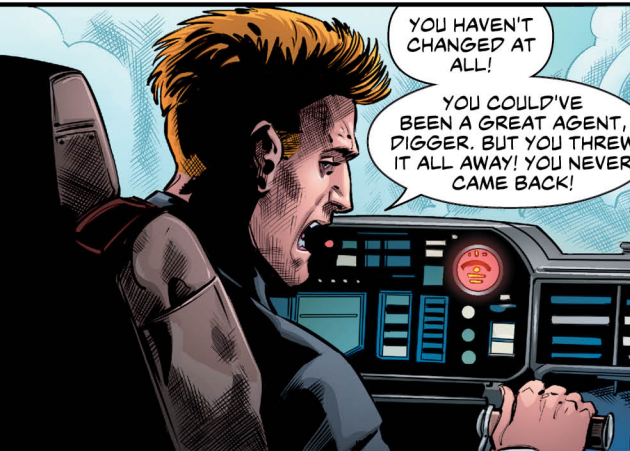
MEL, I HATE TO BREAK IT TO YOU, MATE, BUT IF THERE'S ONE THING CAPTAIN BLOODY BOOMERANG ISN'T BLOODY SHORT OF IT'S **BOOMERANGS!**



CAREFUL! THERE'S BUNKER-BUSTING BOOMERANGS, A FLYING BOOMERANG--ALL SORTS THERE!

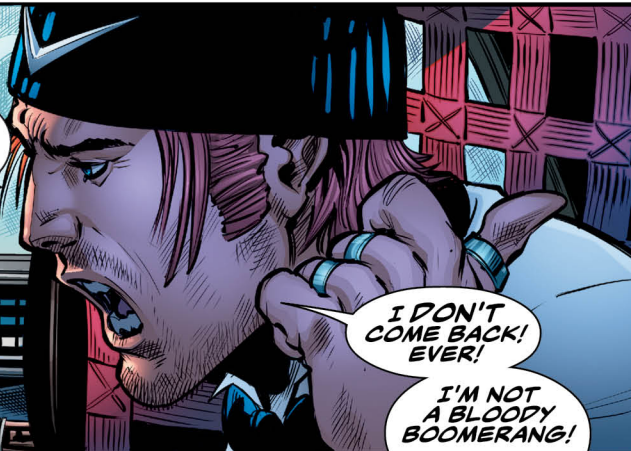
BOOMERANGS! BOOMERANGS! ALWAYS BLOODY BOOMERANGS!

I AM **MORE** THAN BOOMERANGS, MATE! I'M A THREE-DIMENSIONAL, COMPLEX INDIVIDUAL WITH... WITH **FEELINGS** AND EVERYTHING!



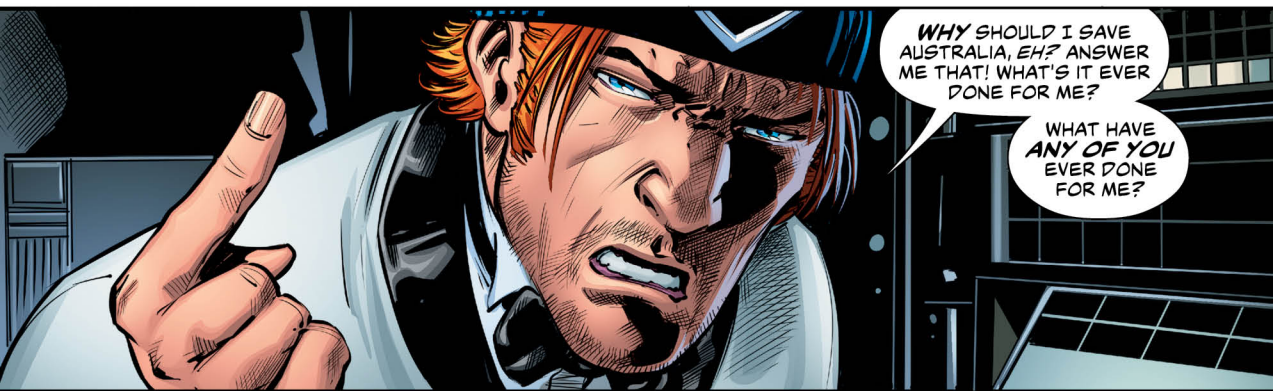
YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED AT ALL!

YOU COULD'VE BEEN A GREAT AGENT, DIGGER. BUT YOU THREW IT ALL AWAY! YOU NEVER CAME BACK!



I DON'T COME BACK! EVER!

I'M NOT A BLOODY BOOMERANG!



WHY SHOULD I SAVE AUSTRALIA, EH? ANSWER ME THAT! WHAT'S IT EVER DONE FOR ME?

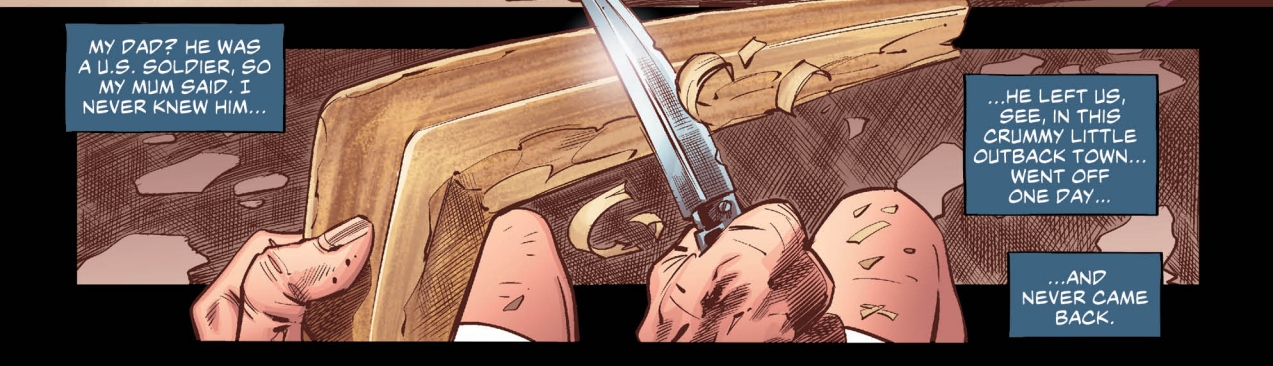
WHAT HAVE ANY OF YOU EVER DONE FOR ME?



THAT'S THE THING WITH PLACES WE COME FROM, EH?

WE SORT OF HATE THEM...

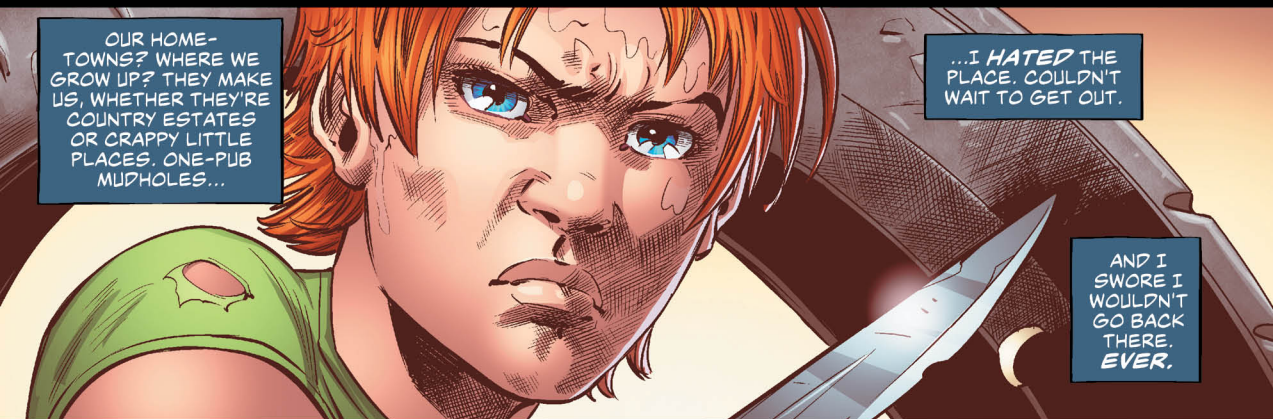
...AND WE SORT OF LOVE THEM.



MY DAD? HE WAS A U.S. SOLDIER, SO MY MUM SAID. I NEVER KNEW HIM...

...HE LEFT US, SEE, IN THIS CRUMMY LITTLE OUTBACK TOWN... WENT OFF ONE DAY...

...AND NEVER CAME BACK.



OUR HOME-TOWNS? WHERE WE GROW UP? THEY MAKE US, WHETHER THEY'RE COUNTRY ESTATES OR CRAPPY LITTLE PLACES. ONE-PUB MUDHOLES...

...I HATED THE PLACE. COULDN'T WAIT TO GET OUT.

AND I SWORE I WOULDN'T GO BACK THERE. EVER.