

# MIKE MCCOY, MERCHANT MARINE starring in "THE PATCHWORK PALOOKA"

AS AN ABLE-BODIED MARINER IN GOOD STANDING, I'VE BEEN ALL OVER THE ASIATICS, PLYING MY TRADE AND DEFENDING MY TITLE AS THE CHAMPION OF THE MERCHANT MARINE. AND I'VE SEEN A LOT OF STRANGE THINGS IN MY DAY. BUT THIS ONE MATCH I FOUGHT IN TAIPEI HAD 'EM ALL BEAT, HANDS DOWN.

SORRY, SAILOR. NO FIGHTS. MEBBE NEXT TIME, OKAY?

THANKS ANYWAY, KWAN.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT ONLY  
"MURDERIZING"  
MIKE MCCOY  
CHAMP OF THE MERCHANT MARINES  
VS.  
BORIS BRUISEZ-  
PLOTZKY  
PRIDE OF THE RUSSIAN FLEET

By Mark Finn, John Lucas, Trish Mulvihill, Saida Temofonte, Greg Lockard and Will Dennis

JASPER, IF WE DON'T GET INTO A SCRAP SOON, I MAY GET THE DELIRIUM TREMENS. I CRAVES VIOLENCE AND A PAYCHECK.

EIK EIK!

THA WINNAH...!

ONE FULL WEEK ME AND THE REST OF THE CREW FROM THE RED AGNES WERE DOCKED, AND I HADN'T PICKED UP A SINGLE FIGHT. IN TAIPEI, OF ALL PLACES! THE BEST ALL-AROUND ENVIRONMENT FOR A HAM AND EGGER LIKE MYSELF.

THE LAST TIME WE WERE HERE, SIX MONTHS AGO, I RAN A VERITABLE GANTLET OF SOME OF THE MEANEST, TOUGHEST MAN-KILLERS I EVER CROSSED GLOVES WITH. NOW ALL OF A SUDDEN, THE TOWN WAS BARREN OF BOXERS, EVEN THE RANK AMATEURS.



MY MATES  
RELIED ON  
MY FISTIC  
PROWESS TO  
SUPPLEMENT  
THEIR MEAGER  
WAGES. AND  
WE WERE ALL  
FEELING  
THE PINCH.

MIKE!  
WAIT UP!  
WE GOT  
TROUBLE!



WHAT'S  
THE LAY,  
SWEENEY?

THE  
SKIPPER'S IN  
JAIL! HE GOT  
JUGGED FOR  
SLUGGING A  
COP!



DID THE  
COP HAVE IT  
COMING?

THAT AIN'T  
THE POINT, MIKE. WE'RE  
SAILING OUT FOR MANILA  
TOMORRUH!

AND THE  
JUDGE WANTS  
TWO HUNDERD  
AND FIFTY BUCKS  
TO SPRING THE  
SKIPPER!



AND IF WE  
AIN'T GOT NO CAP'N,  
THEN WE MISS  
DELIVERY IN MANILA AND  
WE'RE ALL IN THE SOUP.  
YA GOTTA HELP US,  
MIKE!

CUT  
IT OUT,  
JASPER.

SQUEE!



WADDAYA  
WANT ME TO  
DO ABOUT IT?  
I'M FLAT BUSTED,  
AND THEY AIN'T  
NO SCRAP TO  
BE HAD IN THIS  
PORT. IT'S LIKE  
THE TEMPERANCE  
LEAGUE SUDDENLY  
GOT A TOE-  
HOLD IN THE  
LESS CIVILIZED  
QUARTERS OF  
THE WORLD.



YEAH, AND THAT'S THE STRANGE THING, IF YOU ASK ME. NORMALLY, WE'D BE BETTING OUR SHIRTS ON THE ACTION ALL UP AND DOWN THE DOCKS.

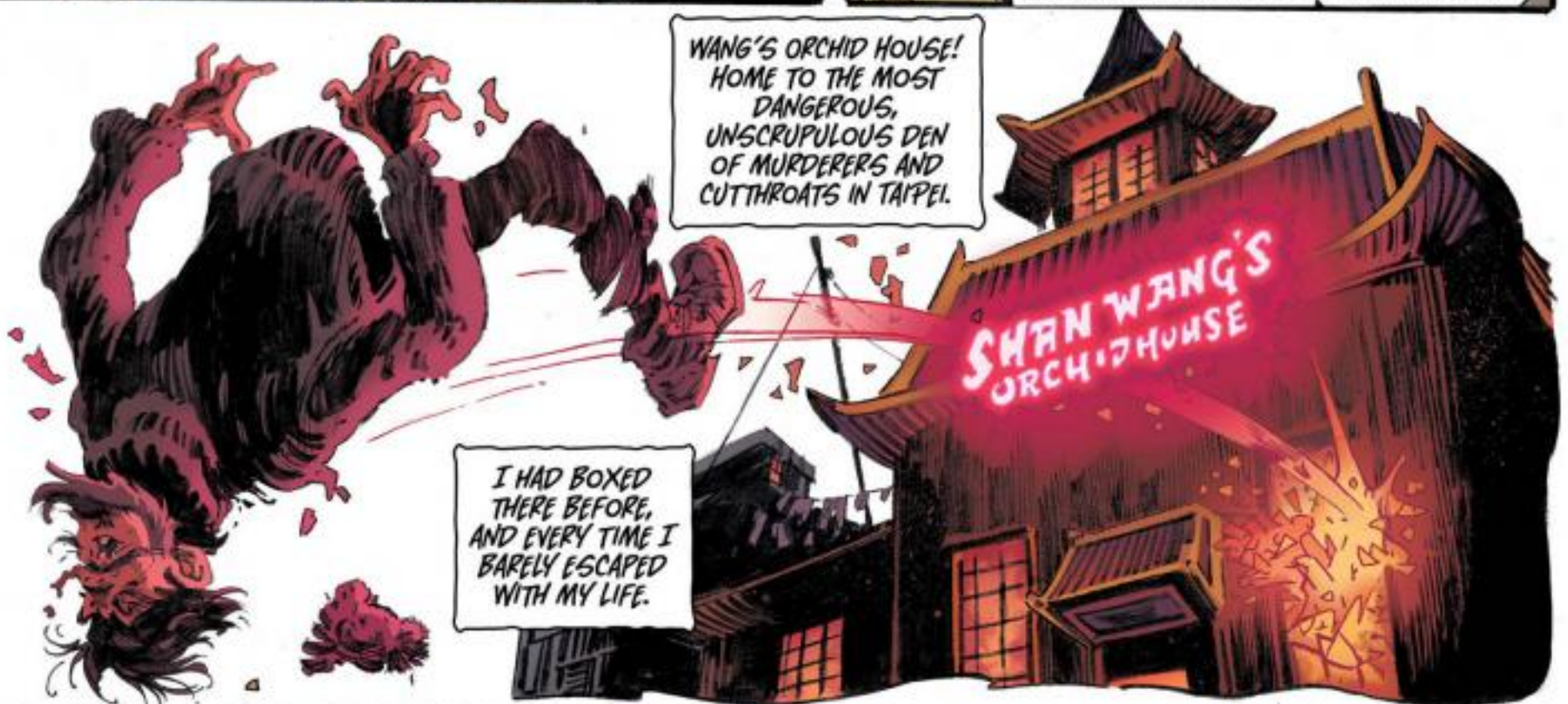
UH, FELLAS, I KNOW WHERE WE COULD GET A FIGHT. BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO RECOMMEND IT.



WHAT? YOU KNEW ABOUT A FRACAS, AND YOU DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING? WHAT KIND OF SHIPMATE ARE YOU, ANYWAY?

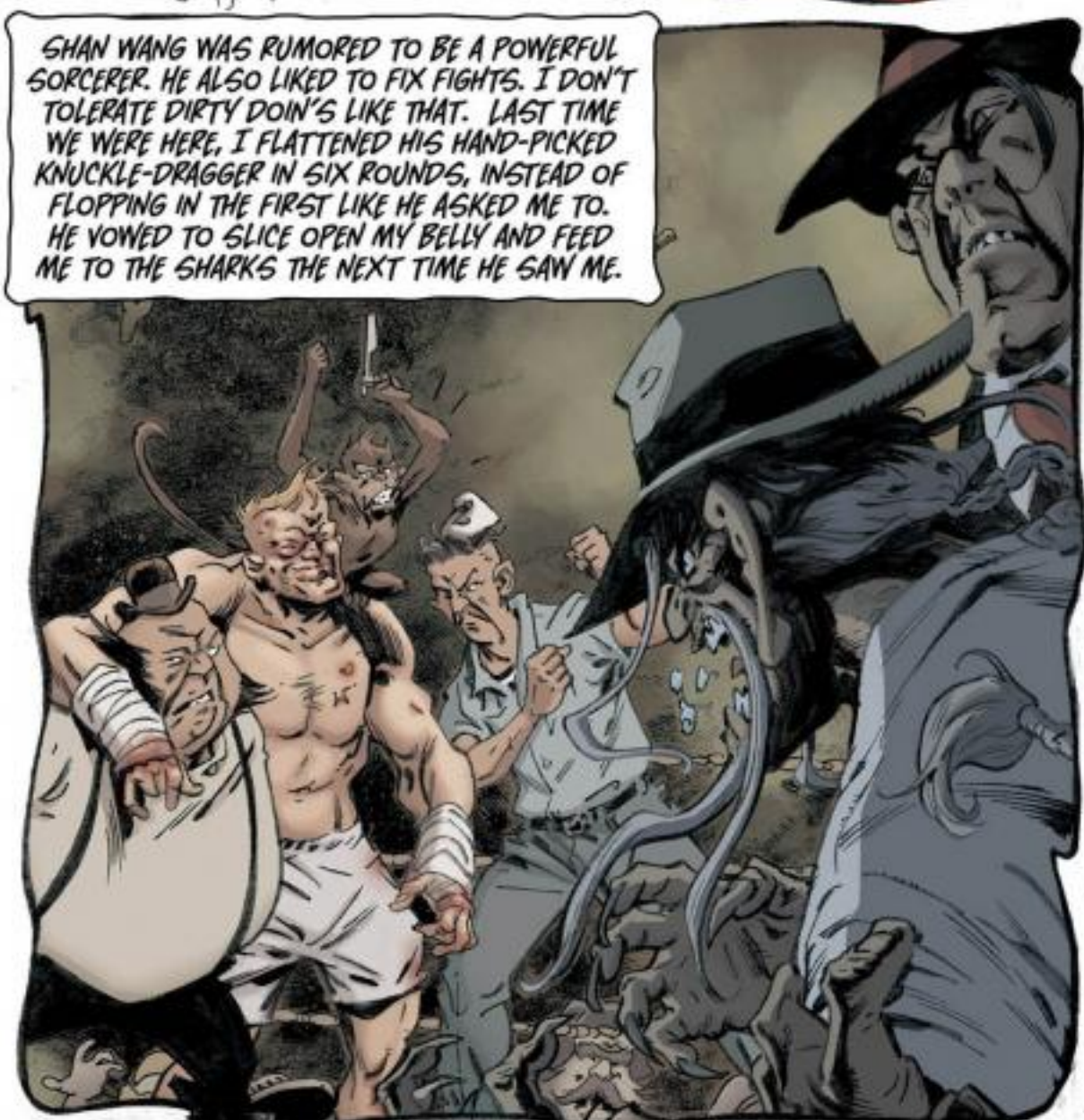
CALM DOWN, MIKE! I'LL TELL YA. IT'S JUST THAT, WELL...

...IT'S AT SHAN WANG'S PLACE.



WANG'S ORCHID HOUSE! HOME TO THE MOST DANGEROUS, UNSCRUPULOUS DEN OF MURDERERS AND CUTTHROATS IN TAIPEI.

I HAD BOXED THERE BEFORE, AND EVERY TIME I BARELY ESCAPED WITH MY LIFE.



SHAN WANG WAS RUMORED TO BE A POWERFUL SORCERER. HE ALSO LIKED TO FIX FIGHTS. I DON'T TOLERATE DIRTY DOIN'S LIKE THAT. LAST TIME WE WERE HERE, I FLATTENED HIS HAND-PICKED KNUCKLE-DRAGGER IN SIX ROUNDS, INSTEAD OF FLOPPING IN THE FIRST LIKE HE ASKED ME TO. HE VOWED TO SLICE OPEN MY BELLY AND FEED ME TO THE SHARKS THE NEXT TIME HE SAW ME.



YOU THINK HE'S STILL MAD AT MIKE?

LIKE WE GOT A CHOICE!

PORK PIE'S RIGHT. IF HE'S MAKING BOOK ON FIGHTERS, HE'S THE ONLY ONE IN TOWN. LET'S GO SEE HIM AND SET SOMETHING UP FOR TONIGHT.



I WALKED INTO THE ORCHID HOUSE FULLY EXPECTING SHAN WANG TO KILL ME ON SIGHT. INSTEAD...

SAILOR MIKE! MY OLD FRIEND! IT'S BEEN TOO LONG!



SAY, WANG, SEEN' AS HOW YOU AIN'T STILL MAD AT ME, I COULD SURE USE A FIGHT. IF YOU CAN GUARANTEE ME TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY BUCKS, WIN OR LOSE, I'LL TAKE ON YOUR BEST MAN.

OH, BUT OF COURSE! I WAS COUNTING ON SEEING YOU. I'VE TAKEN STEPS TO MOVE ALL OF THE FIGHT ACTION TO MY CLUB, JUST FOR YOU, SAILOR MIKE.

WELL, NOW, THIS IS A REAL SURPRISE. I GUESS YOU CAN'T JUDGE A BOOK BY THE SHELF IT SITS ON.

PAY NO ATTENTION TO YOUR SUSPICIOUS FRIEND.

MIKE, SOMETHING'S FISHY ABOUT THIS SETUP...



I NEVER DO!

I GOT MY FIRST LOOK AT THE PALOOKA I'D BE TRADING BLOWS WITH.

I NEVER SEEN ANYONE SO DISTORTED AND MISSHAPEN IN MY LIFE. I FELT DOWN-RIGHT HANDSOME IN HIS PRESENCE.



BRING OUT THE CLUB CHAMPION! READY THE RING! SAILOR MIKE MCCOY IS HERE!

DOGGONE IT, MIKE, HE'S UP TO SOMETHING, I TELL YA. IT'S LIKE HE WAS EXPECTING US.

AW, YOU WORRY TOO MUCH. HE JUST NEEDED TO COOL DOWN, IS ALL. BESIDES, WHAT CAN HE THROW AT ME THAT I CAN'T HANDLE?

OH, I DON'T KNOW. MAYBE THAT?



COSMIC BALL TRYOUTS HAPPEN ONCE IN A LIFETIME! AND SMALL-TOWN BOYS KURT AND MIKE MADE IT THROUGH EACH COMPETITIVE ROUND...BUT ONE OF THESE LIFELONG FRIENDS HAS A **SECRET**...AND, PERHAPS...

# NOT ALLOWED TO PLAY BALL!

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I CAN'T BELIEVE IT, MIKE! COSMIC CITY COMETS TRYOUTS!

I KNOW! WHO EVER WOULD HAVE THOUGHT WE'D MAKE IT ALL THE WAY HERE?!?



...I'VE HEARD THAT SOUND IN YOUR VOICE BEFORE...

YOU'RE WORRIED.



STOP IT.

WE'RE BOTH GREAT PLAYERS. JUST STAY FOCUSED ON THE TRYOUTS.



BUT...IF THEY FIND OUT... DUDE, THEY WOULD NOT BE COOL WITH IT.

GET ON THE FIELD!



EVERYONE IS DIFFERENT... IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER.

BUT WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN THERE FOR EACH OTHER, AND WE ALWAYS WILL BE!



OKAY, RUNTS! BY THE END OF THE DAY, YOU TEN WILL BE BUT TWO!

THEY'RE ALL GOOD! BUT KURT AND MIKE...

ACES.

THEY LOOK THE PART, TOO.

LET'S NEVER FORGET THIS IS ABOUT ENTERTAINMENT, NOT JUST ATHLETIC PROWESS!

FINAL TWO: KURT. MIKE.

YESSS!

