



**FOONGATEZ!**  
STUDIOS  
#1  
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# SAM

FATE  
REVOLUTION







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**FOONGATZ!**  
STUDIOS

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**The story so far...**



For years, the Alliance Shipping Federation (ASF) has been the lifeblood of an entire galaxy. They started as a small trade fleet on the planet Mandit. Eventually they expanded to other systems and charted the Spaceways: stellar trade routes that offered safe passage between worlds. They have since evolved into a galactic corporation that facilitates 99% of all interplanetary trade and transportation. They have enjoyed a prosperous and welcomed existence, free from any major opposition or conflict...until now.

About one year ago, ASF ships along the outer rim of the Spaceways started falling under attack by a mysterious tyrant called Rancor. His army moved slowly down the Spaceways in his massive traveling home world, terrorizing everything in its path; hijacking ships, killing crews, and invading member planets all in an attempt to strong-arm the ASF into submission.

The ASF Board of Directors voted to fight back, and expanded and restructured their security forces. Superior technology was their one advantage over the Army of Rancor's sheer power, so they refocused their resources into developing an armada of advanced ships and combat-trained Force Teams that would make up the new Security Fleet. As Rancor draws closer, the ASF is making final preparations for their first wave of counter-offensives.

Meanwhile, another mystery has emerged in Goldenrod City, home to ASF Headquarters on Mandit. A young man was discovered with no memory and no clues to his past other than a collar with name "Sam" inscribed on the tag. After being treated at an ASF sponsored clinic, Sam took up residence in a small apartment along the outskirts of the city where he is now forced to start a new life while struggling to remember his old one. Is Sam simply an unfortunate victim of a strange and unexplained case of amnesia? Or is his sudden appearance during these troubled times more than a coincidence...

500 Years Ago...

Guardian.  
Protector.  
Champion.

HERO.

Dracio has been many things to the people of Landanon.

An icon of their civilization, immortalized in their myths and legends.

He's been by their side since the beginning...

...from their genesis, through the dark ages, to the dawn of their enlightenment...

...and now...



...at the end of their days.

# The Ranconian War

## Chapter I

"What kind of a day will it be?"







They came without warning...

...and attacked without mercy.

Their forces swept through the vast planetside...

...leaving nothing but death and destruction in their wake.



And now only the Hero remains, standing alone with no people left to protect, no world left to fight for.



But there is an ancient saying about those with nothing left to lose...

...that it is they...

...who are the most dangerous of all.





So he fights.

He lets the rage  
consume him and  
drive his hand.

Rage towards those  
who destroyed his  
legacy...

...rage towards  
himself for not  
being able to  
stop it.

But there is  
also fear.

Fear of what his  
attackers might  
really be after.

Fear that despite keeping  
it secret for an eternity...

...this evil may have discovered  
his true purpose.






...that even his  
worst fears...

SH-  
ZAK

And in an instant  
he realizes...





...couldn't have prepared him  
for the reality he now faced.

Rancor.

Dracio had heard the stories  
and knew this day would  
eventually come.

He told himself he would be  
ready, that he would be able to  
save Landanon from the fate of  
the other Firstworlds.

He was wrong.





He knows what  
is at stake now.

He knows that  
he must see this  
fight through to  
the very end.

URK...

Unfortunately,  
that end...

WHH

T'HOOM

...comes all too swiftly.





**KRA-  
-KOOOM**





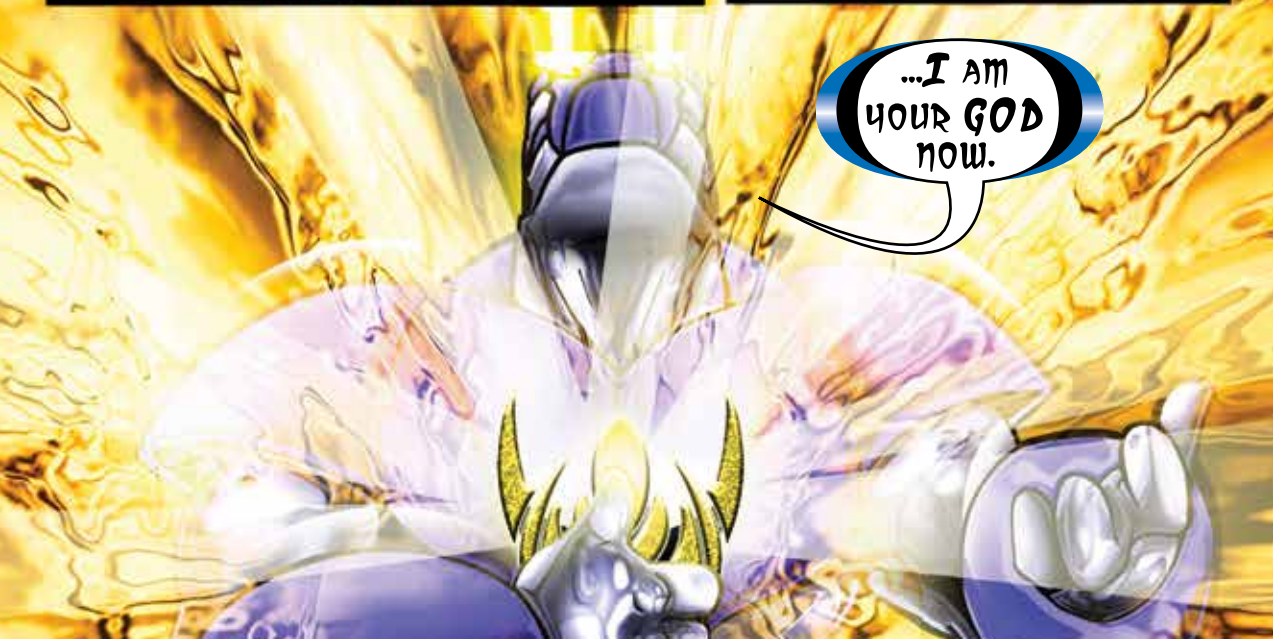


I KNOW  
WHY YOU'RE  
HERE...  
WHAT YOU'RE  
AFTER...

BUT YOU  
CAN'T...THE  
THREE MUST  
NEVER AGAIN  
BECOME  
ONE.  
THE  
GODS WON'T  
ALLOW IT.

CRUNCH







AT  
LAST...

Today...

Planet Mandit

Goldenrod City, Dawn

Another Day.



Another day writing in this journal, hoping it'll help me remember something.



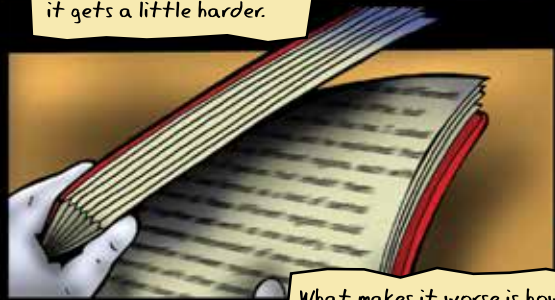
Another day spent wandering this city hoping to find someone who knows more about me than just my name.

Another day spent hoping to finally find some answers as to where I came from and how I got here.



NAME: SAM  
RANK: CIVILIAN

Every day that goes by, it gets a little harder.



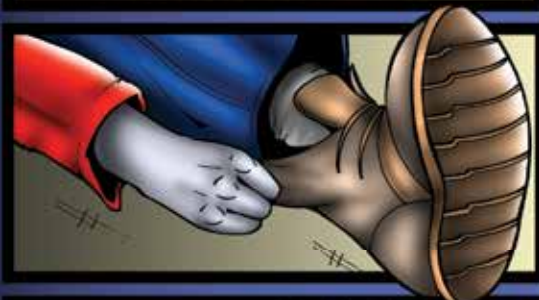
What makes it worse is how familiar everything is.



Places I feel like I've been before, things I feel like I've done before, people I feel like I recognize...



...but no one recognizes me back.



Dr. Regal says it's still early, but at some point I might have to think about just letting go and starting over.

I don't know how I feel about that, and I don't really want to think about it right now. I have to get to work, which I guess I don't really feel like doing either.

Not that I don't like going... Chachi's is the one place that makes me feel like I actually belong here.

HOME

It's just that the last thing I need today...

...is to feel like it's going to be just another day.

43:57





IT'S GOING TO BE A BEAUTIFUL DAY.

WE SHOULD DO SOMETHING OUTSIDE, DURING LUNCH. MAYBE TAKE A WALK ALONG THE BAY? WE HAVEN'T DONE THAT IN A WHILE.

NAME: FEEFEE CHAMPLAIN  
RANK: SENIOR MED TECH

YEAH... DEFINITELY. WE SHOULD DEFINITELY DO THAT.

NAME: DR. WINSTON REGAL  
RANK: CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICER

WE COULD TAKE SOME FOOD WITH US, FIND A QUIET PLACE ALONG THE SHORE TO EAT.

I THINK THAT WOULD BE NICE.

MMHMM...



THEN AFTERWARDS, IF YOU FEEL LIKE IT, WE CAN STRIP NAKED AND SEE HOW MANY LAPS WE CAN RUN AROUND THE BUILDING BEFORE GETTING TACKLED BY SECURITY.

THAT SOUNDS LIKE FUN, HONEY. AS LONG I CAN GET THIS DONE BY--

WAIT, WHAT?

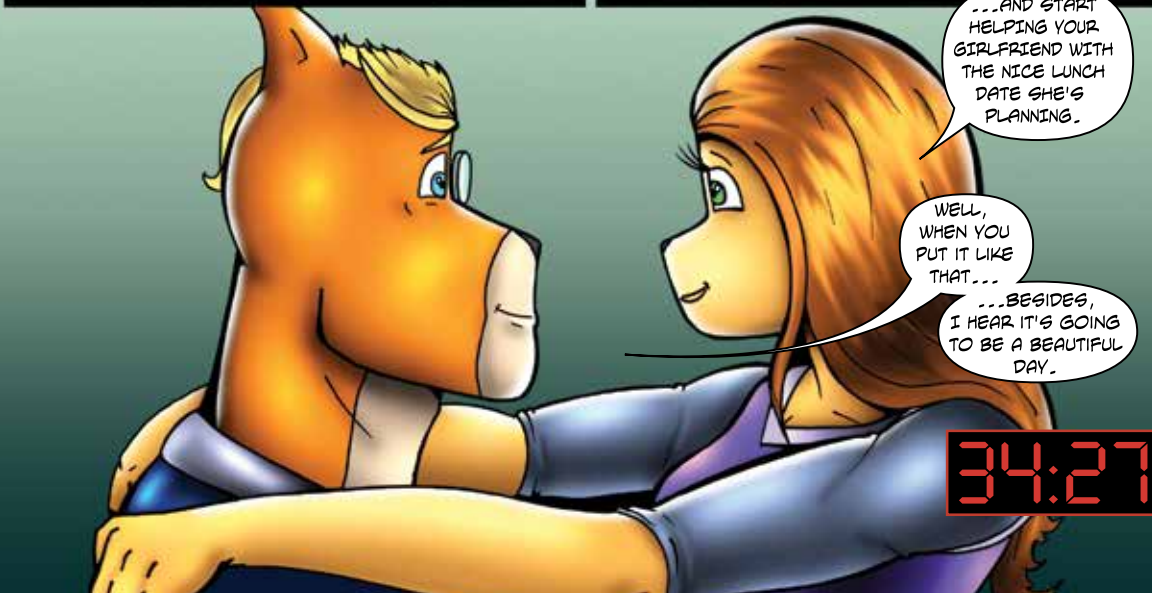
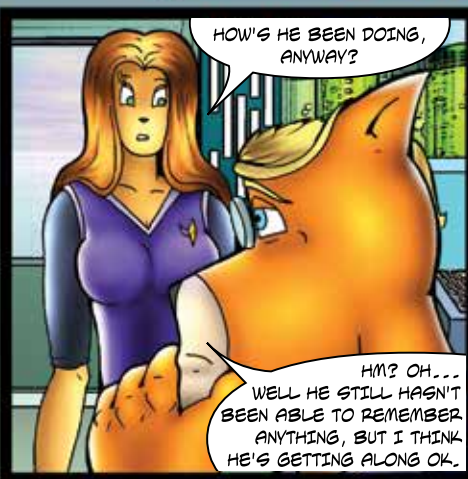
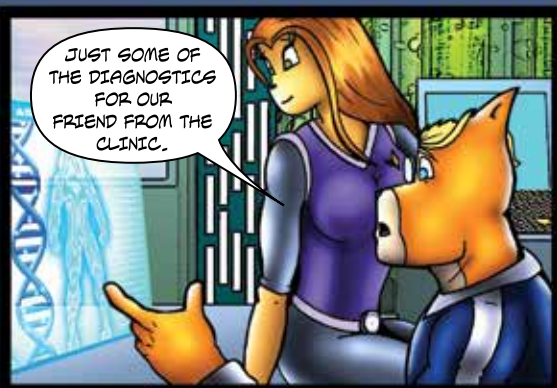
HOW Y'DOIN'?

SORRY.

YEAH.

I WAS JUST--





34:27





ARE YOU KIDDING ME?

I'M AFRAID NOT, SIR.

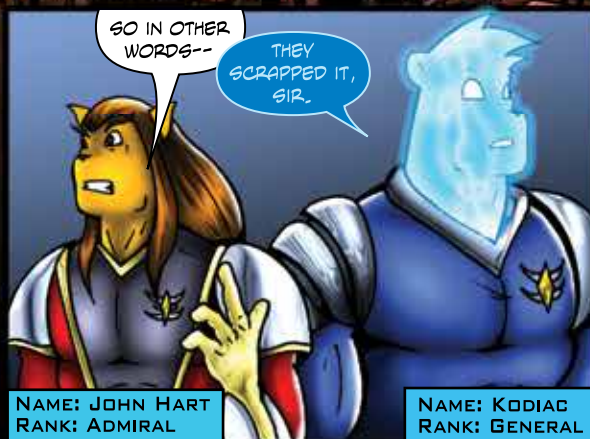


THEY SCRAPPED IT?

WELL--

THEY SCRAPPED THE GUARDIAN PROJECT...

IT'S BEEN PUT ON "INDEFINITE HOLD".



NAME: JOHN HART  
RANK: ADMIRAL

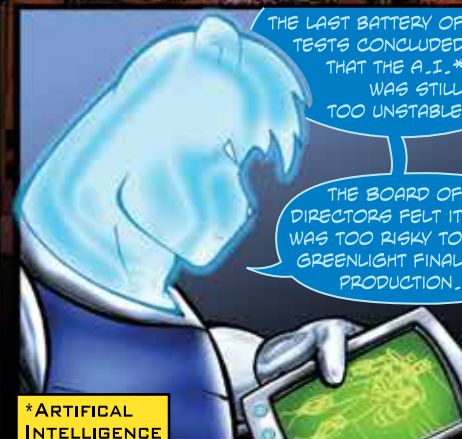
NAME: KODIAC  
RANK: GENERAL

SO IN OTHER WORDS--

THEY SCRAPPED IT, SIR.



MONTHS OF RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT, AND AT THE LAST MINUTE-- WHAT HAPPENED?



\*ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE

THE LAST BATTERY OF TESTS CONCLUDED THAT THE A.I.\* WAS STILL TOO UNSTABLE.

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS FELT IT WAS TOO RISKY TO GREENLIGHT FINAL PRODUCTION.



THEY KNOW WE'RE LAUNCHING THIS NEW FLEET IN TWO DAYS, RIGHT?

THEY'VE BEEN KEPT APPRISED OF OUR PROGRESS, YES SIR.

ALL OF OUR STRATEGIC PROJECTIONS FACTORED FOR A GUARDIAN GENTRY ON EACH SHIP.

YES.

THIS WASN'T JUST FOR SHOW, THIS WAS AN ACTUAL THING.

IT'S CERTAINLY AN UNFORTUNATE TURN OF EVENTS, SIR.

YOUR FORCE TEAMS ARE GOING TO HAVE TO PICK UP SOME OF THE SLACK, NOW.

I'VE ALREADY SCHEDULED DOUBLE SESSIONS OF ALL REMAINING TRAINING SIMULATIONS BETWEEN NOW AND THE LAUNCH. THEY'LL BE READY.



GOOD.

ALRIGHT, LET'S GET THE BAD NEWS STARTED DOWN THE CHAIN.

THIS DAY ISN'T STARTING OUT QUITE THE WAY I WOULD HAVE LIKED...

...LET'S JUST HOPE IT DOESN'T HAVE ANY MORE SURPRISES IN STORE FOR US.

29:32





NAME: PETEY GALIANO  
RANK: PILOT, 1ST CLASS

NAME: BEN "TRICAT" SCANZILLO  
RANK: PILOT, 1ST CLASS

I THOUGHT  
THAT WAS  
TRINA...

TRINA  
WAS THE ONE  
WITH--ACTUALLY,  
THERE WERE TWO  
TRINAS...

...EITHER WAY IT  
WASN'T TRINA

OH! AND THAT  
ONE IN THE RED  
SKIRT WITH THE  
BLONDE COAT?

SABRINA?

NO...NO  
SABRINA WAS  
THE BRUNETTE  
IN THE BLUE  
TOP.

WAITAMINUTE,  
WHICH ONE WAS  
MELINA?

THERE WAS  
NO MELINA,  
PETE.

I COULDA  
SWORN  
THERE WAS  
A MELINA.

THERE WAS NO--  
DUDE WERE WE EVEN  
AT THE SAME PARTY  
LAST NIGHT?

HONESTLY?  
I'M NOT EVEN  
SURE NOW.





YOU GONNA BE ALRIGHT TO FLY TODAY, MAN?

THAT I'M ALWAYS SURE OF.

I DUNNO BUDDY, I'M THINKIN' MAYBE TODAY'S THE DAY I FINALLY TAKE YOU IN THE TIME TRIALS.

IN YOUR DREAMS, MY CROSS-BREED FRIEND.



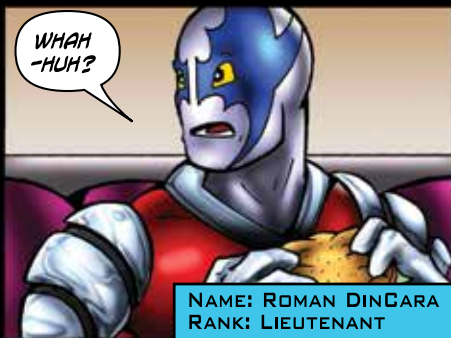
YOU ALWAYS HAVE TO GO THERE, DON'T YOU?

ONLY IN YOUR SAD LITTLE DREAMS.



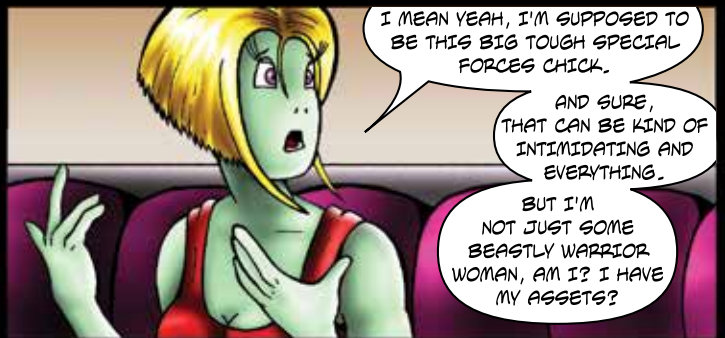
DO YOU THINK I'M ATTRACTIVE?

NAME: RONDA ENRIQUEZ  
RANK: LIEUTENANT



WHAAH -HUH?

NAME: ROMAN DINCARA  
RANK: LIEUTENANT



I MEAN YEAH, I'M SUPPOSED TO BE THIS BIG TOUGH SPECIAL FORCES CHICK.

AND SURE, THAT CAN BE KIND OF INTIMIDATING AND EVERYTHING.

BUT I'M NOT JUST SOME BEASTLY WARRIOR WOMAN, AM I? I HAVE MY ASSETS?



I, UH--

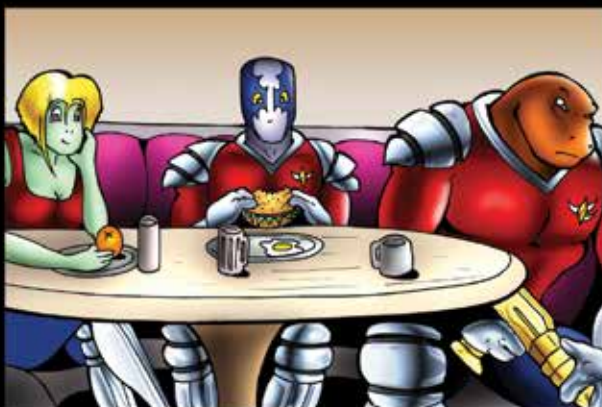
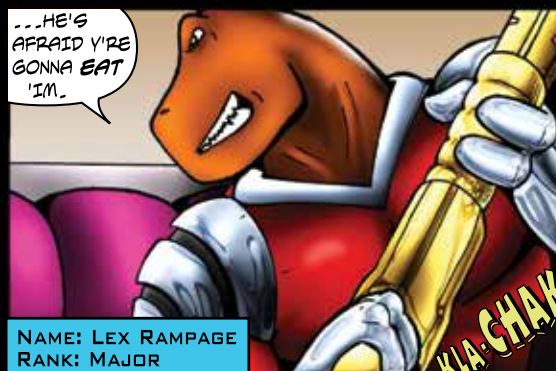


I DON'T, Y'KNOW... Y'SEE I'VE NEVER REALLY--



ASSETS?



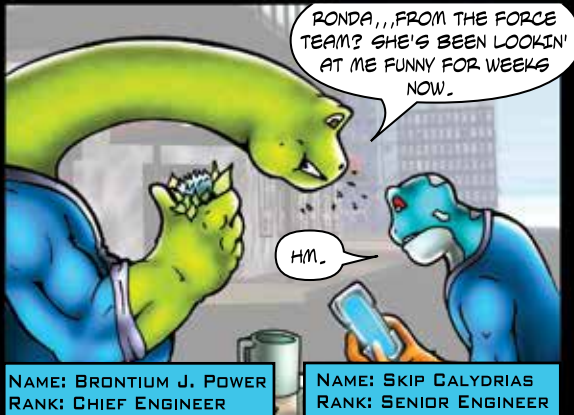






I SWEAR  
THAT WOMAN  
IS GONNA  
EAT ME.

WHO?



RONDA,,FROM THE FORCE  
TEAM? SHE'S BEEN LOOKIN'  
AT ME FUNNY FOR WEEKS  
NOW.

HM.

NAME: BRONTIUM J. POWER  
RANK: CHIEF ENGINEER

NAME: SKIP CALYDRIAS  
RANK: SENIOR ENGINEER



SHE'S BEEN LOOKIN'  
AT ME LIKE I LOOK  
AT A SALAD BAR.

I  
KNOW THAT  
LOOK.

AND SHE  
IS A MEAT-  
EATER.

YUP.

DID YOU  
KNOW SHE  
WAS A MEAT-  
EATER?

I  
DIDN'T COVER  
THAT WITH  
"YUP"?

SHE TRIES  
TO FOOL YA WITH  
THAT GREEN SKIN,  
BUT AT THE END OF  
THE DAY---

...SHE EATS  
MEAT.

SAVAGE.

SHE'S  
ACTUALLY PRETTY  
NICE. YOU SHOULD  
JUST GO TALK  
TO--

AND SHE  
KEEPS LOOKIN'  
AT ME LIKE  
THAT.

MAYBE  
SHE LIKES  
YOU.

SMOTHERED  
FROM HEAD TO  
TOE IN A TANGY  
SAUCE,  
MAYBE.

OK, WELL,  
NOW MY WHOLE DAY  
IS GONNA BE ABOUT  
TRYING TO GET **THAT**  
IMAGE OUT OF  
MY HEAD.



BUT  
SERIOUSLY, DO  
YOU THINK?

WHAT?  
THAT SHE'S  
GONNA EAT  
YOU?



WELL, YOU  
ARE KINDA MEATY.

THIS  
IS WHAT I'M  
SAYIN'.





ALRIGHT, I GOTTA GET INTO THE GARAGE. JURZAK AND I STILL HAVE SOME MODS TO MAKE ON THE SUTHERLAND BEFORE THIS AFTERNOON'S TIME TRIALS.

ALRIGHT, I'LL BE IN LATER TO FIX EVERYTHING YOU GUYS MESS UP.



AND TELL BEEBO TO STAY OUTTA MY LUNCH.

YOU BET.



WHOA!  
OOPS...  
SORRY.

NO PROBLEM.



SORRY I'M LATE, CHACHI. I HAD MORE OF THOSE BAD DREAMS LAST NIGHT AND I OVER-SLEPT...



...AND THEN I GOT LOST ON MY WAY HERE...

...AGAIN...



...AND THEN I GOT DISTRACTED BY THIS THING HAPPENING ON MAIN STREET WITH A STEGOSAURUS THAT I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.



BUT I'M HERE NOW AND I PROMISE IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN.





# RANCOR DRAWS CLOSER

## ASF Ships, Planets Remain Under Constant Attack

BY CECIL GIMPY

Despite the recalling of most ASF cargo and transport ships in the system, the Army of Rancor continues to attack independent operations across the galaxy. ASF attacks have stripped of all goods and left drifting without power or life support.

...CAN'T BE ANY WORSE THAN USUAL.

ASF outposts and member planets have also been subject to numerous attacks and violent intimidation. Everything within a thousand miles of the Alcazar itself has been at the mercy of Rancor's satellite armadas. Invasion parties strike quickly and without warning, and local defenses have proven to be no match against their power and numbers. Some planets have broken all ties with the ASF to

there are those who question the ASF's decision to stand up against Rancor, when conceding to his demands would likely put an end to the bloodshed. ASF press secretary Callista Johannsen issued a statement at yesterday's daily conference addressing this issue.

"Our hearts go out to all who have suffered losses as a result of the atrocities that







GET OUTTA  
HERE...

I'M  
COMPLETELY  
SERIOUS...

HEY!  
HE'S  
MAKING IT  
UP.

YOU'RE MAKING  
IT UP!

I SWEAR  
TO YOU I'M  
NOT.

LET HIM  
FINISH, I WANNA  
HEAR THIS.

THANK  
YOU.

SO THERE  
WE ARE, JUST DRIFTING  
BY SOME BARREN MOON  
OUTSIDE THE ORBIT  
OF TIRAGOS...

...WITH A PENGUIN RAIDING PARTY PREP-  
AIRING TO DOCK. NOW, YOU KNOW  
THERE WASN'T MUCH BY WAY OF SHIP  
SECURITY BACK THEN, SO IT'S  
BASICALLY UP  
TO ME TO--

DON'T TELL  
ME THAT WUSSY CRAP  
ACTUALLY PASSES FOR  
A WAR STORY THESE  
DAYS.

NAME: MAX WOLFENSHIRE  
RANK: CAPTAIN

NAME: APOLLO JAKESTON  
RANK: CAPTAIN

NAME: JACK PRIDE  
RANK: CAPTAIN



HOW LONG HAVE  
YOU BEEN DOWN  
THERE?



LONG  
ENOUGH TO  
HEAR YOU GOIN'  
ON LIKE Y'RE  
SOME KINDA  
HOT-SHOT.

I DIDN'T  
EVEN GET TO  
THE GOOD  
PART.

MY GRANDAUGHTER  
COULD TAKE A PENGUIN  
RAIDING PARTY WITH  
ONE CLAW TIED  
BEHIND HER SHELL.

TOUGH  
CROWD  
TODAY...

GENTLEMEN.

NAME: MARTY MCCRAB  
RANK: FLEET COMMANDER





ADMIRAL.

AS YOU WERE.



THE GUARDIAN PROJECT IS ON THE SHELF UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

WHAT?!

WHY?



DOESN'T MATTER, WE'RE MOVING ON.



SEE? I TOLD YOU THIS WOULD--

HEY! EYES FORWARD.



IN TWO DAYS WE'RE LAUNCHING A MAJOR COUNTER-OFFENSIVE AGAINST THE ARMY OF RANCOR, AND YOU THREE ARE SPEARHEADING THE FLEET.

YOU'RE THE LEADERS.

I'M COUNTING ON YOU TO STAY FOCUSED...

...TO USE THE TIME WE HAVE TO PREPARE YOUR CREWS AND THE OTHER CAPTAINS FOR WHAT I'M CERTAIN WILL BE THE MOST DIFFICULT BATTLE ANY OF US HAS EVER SEEN.

YOU'VE HAD YOUR 5 SECONDS TO BE TICKED OFF ABOUT THE GUARDIANS.

ANYONE HERE FEELS LIKE THEY NEED MORE THAN THAT, LEAVE YOUR INSIGNIAS ON THE TABLE AND WALK AWAY. OTHERWISE...



...IT'S TIME TO GET TO WORK.

08:13









WHAT'S HAPPENIN', SAMMY?

GOT IN THE PAPER, HUH?

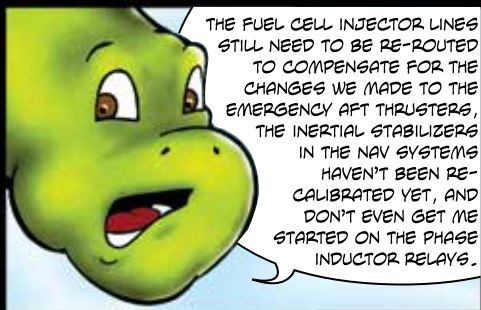


YEAH, I KNOW RIGHT? I'M LIKE A BIG TIME CELEBRITY AND STUFF.



THINGS MUST BE GOING PRETTY GOOD ACROSS THE STREET THEN.

WELL WE STILL GOT A TON OF WORK TO DO.



THE FUEL CELL INJECTOR LINES STILL NEED TO BE RE-ROUTED TO COMPENSATE FOR THE CHANGES WE MADE TO THE EMERGENCY AFT THRUSTERS, THE INERTIAL STABILIZERS IN THE NAV SYSTEMS HAVEN'T BEEN RE-CALIBRATED YET, AND DON'T EVEN GET ME STARTED ON THE PHASE INDUCTOR RELAYS.



YEAH IT'S GOIN' GOOD.



COOL.

SO WHAT'S GOIN' ON WITH YOU?

EH, I'M HAVIN' A ROUGH DAY.

MEMORY WOES?

YEAH... GOT ME FEELIN' KINDA DOWN, IS ALL.



Y'KNOW, THERE'S A WHOLE BRIGHT SIDE TO YOUR SITUATION THAT YOU'RE COMPLETELY MISSING.



HEH, YEAH, RIGHT.

NO, I'M SERIOUS.



YOU KNOW HOW MANY PEOPLE WISH THEY COULD JUST FORGET EVERYTHING AND START THEIR LIVES OVER FROM SCRATCH?



YOU ACTUALLY HAVE THE FREEDOM TO DO THAT, AND THE PERFECT EXCUSE NOT TO FEEL GUILTY ABOUT IT. SOMEONE FOR WHATEVER REASON HIT YOUR RESET BUTTON, AND NOW YOU CAN DO WHATEVER YOU WANT.



HECK, THERE ARE A FEW CHOICE MOMENTS FROM MY PAST I WISH WOULD DISAPPEAR FROM MY LITTLE PEA BRAIN.



BUT THAT'S JUST IT, ISN'T IT? "CHOICE"? WHAT IF I WAS HAPPY...WHAT IF I DIDN'T WANT TO START OVER?



COULD BE. COULD ALSO BE THAT YOU'RE BETTER OFF NOT KNOWING, YOU EVER THINK ABOUT THAT? THAT MAYBE THERE'S A GOOD REASON YOU DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING?



THAT MAYBE THERE'S A REASON YOU'RE HERE NOW INSTEAD OF WHEREVER YOU WERE BEFORE?



ANY IDEA WHAT THAT REASON MIGHT BE?

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH CLEANING UP AFTER SUPERSTARS LIKE ME?

HA! SPEAKING OF WHICH, I BETTER GET BACK TO--





ARGH!!!

SAM?!  
SAMMY WHAT'S  
WRONG?!

OH  
NO...



00:04

00:03















To Be Continued...



# HISTORY of



The character of Sam was born in 1986 when Bil Gallagher's 3rd grade teacher had given a creative writing assignment, and the student who wrote the best story would get to read it over the P.A. to the entire elementary school. Unsure of what to write about, Bil asked his mother for help. Mrs. Gallagher offered young Bil this simple and sound advice...

*"Write about the things you like."*

Well, Bil liked Dinosaurs, the movie *Back to the Future*, and his dog... Sam. So, Bil strung together a masterpiece in which Sam snuck into a time machine built by Dr. Nut, traveled to prehistoric times, befriended a Brontosaurus, returned with him to the present, and convinced Bil's family to let him live in the back yard. Bil got to read his story to the whole school, and it was a hit, so he did what any creator would do... he made sequels.

Never forgetting his mother's advice, he continued to work all the things he liked into each tale. Sam was given super-powers, complete with tights and a cape. He fought mutant cats and vanquished evil-doers with his mighty pudding gun (patent pending). But after a while Super Sam took the inevitable backseat to more pressing issues like recess and the spreading cooties epidemic.

As Bil started high school, Sam caught a second wind with the help of his neighborhood pals Alex Drinan and Jesse Luongo. With a passion for comic books and embarrassingly lacking social lives, the three spent their free time developing Sam's world. An entire Universe was growing, but jobs, school, and even the occasional girlfriend started pushing Sam into the background once again.

Sam was revived once more when Bil met Ron Smith while the two were working in a local supermarket. Both aspiring comic creators, Bil and Ron would brainstorm ways to integrate their characters into one universe. Eventually both Bil and Ron left the produce department to pursue separate careers in graphic design. Fortunately, Alex had been off at college, rediscovering comics at a time when the medium was seeing some of the best writers and artists it had in a long time. With a new appreciation for the craft, he decided to make one more effort to make Sam a reality.

After dragging Bil out of a creative coma, the two hunted down Ron, and together they spent week after week developing the story and characters into what you see here today. With the help and support of their families and some very good friends, the three are now committed to making their life-long dream of telling these stories come true.

And the rest, we hope, will be history...

