



SAM

FATE REVOLUTION





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FOONGATZ!
STUDIOS

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The story so far...

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



Meanwhile, another mystery has emerged in Goldenrod City. A young man was discovered with no memory and no clues to his past except a collar with the name "Sam" inscribed on the tag. Is Sam simply an unfortunate victim of amnesia? Or is his sudden appearance during these troubled times more than a coincidence?

In Our Last Issue...

Sam narrowly escaped a crowd of religious fanatics who were convinced that he was a gift from someone called 'The Protector.' After a timely rescue by Bronto, Sam got a guided tour of ASF Headquarters where he learned a lot about the ASF's struggle



against Rancor. Later, Dr. Regal, FeeFee and Damon Castle's experiment to study Sam's powers nearly destroyed the entire lab, but there were no casualties. After a long training session, Sam got to join the servicemen at a pre-launch party at Chachi's Bar and Grill. However, an unknown saboteur put something funny in the Penque Ale, and it can only mean bad news for the ASF at the unveiling ceremony.





AH!

WHO-WHA!?



GUYS!
WHAT'RE YOU
DOING HERE?!
YOU'VE GOTTA
GET DOWN TO
THE SPACE-
PORT!



OH NO,
THE LAUNCH!
WE'RE GONNA
BE LATE!

The Ranconian War

Chapter IV

"Deep Trouble"

"I DON'T HAVE TO TELL ANY OF YOU THAT THESE HAVE BEEN TRYING TIMES."





FOR TOO LONG NOW HAVE RANCOR AND HIS MERCENARIES TERRORIZED OUR SYSTEM IN HIS BID FOR POWER.

FOR TOO LONG HAVE THEY USED THEIR FEAR TACTICS TO TRY TO DIVIDE OUR PEOPLE AND BREAK OUR WILL.



BUT I STAND BEFORE YOU TODAY WITH THE LEADERS OF THIS GREAT PLANET TO MAKE ONE THING PERFECTLY CLEAR...



...THE LAST OF US WILL GO DOWN FIGHTING BEFORE THE FIRST KNEELS.



"TODAY'S LAUNCH OF OUR NEW WARSHIPS WILL MARK THE TURNING POINT IN..."



HEY, WE MISS ANYTHING?

NOTHING IMPORTANT, THE ADMIRAL JUST HAS TO GET HIS SOUND-BITES IN BEFORE WE CAN GO TO WORK.



HEY, WHERE'S THAT OTHER GUY WHO'S USUALLY WITH YOU GUYS? WITH ALL THE ARMS AND LEGGS?

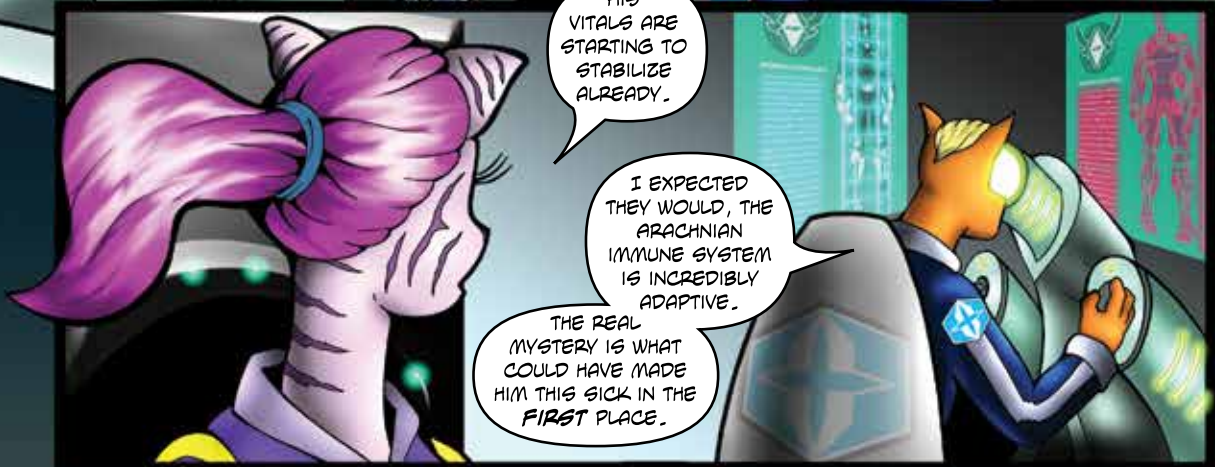


ROMAN? WEIRD THING ACTUALLY, HE COLLAPSED ON HIS WAY HERE. THEY TOOK HIM TO DR. REGAL'S LAB TO GET CHECKED OUT.

Y'ASK ME, HE WAS JUST FAKIN' TO GET OUTTA' SITTING THROUGH THE SPEECH...



"... 'CAUSE I SWEAR I'VE NEVER SEEN THAT GUY SICK A DAY THAT I'VE KNOWN HIM.."



HIS VITALS ARE STARTING TO STABILIZE ALREADY.

I EXPECTED THEY WOULD, THE ARACHNIAN IMMUNE SYSTEM IS INCREDIBLY ADAPTIVE.

THE REAL MYSTERY IS WHAT COULD HAVE MADE HIM THIS SICK IN THE FIRST PLACE.



HE'S BEEN ON MANDIT LONG ENOUGH THAT I CAN'T IMAGINE THERE'D BE ANY NATURAL VIRUSES THAT HIS BODY HASN'T ALREADY DEVELOPED A DEFENSE AGAI--

HUH...

"...WHAT IS--"



--OH NO--



THE GREATEST ENGINEERING MINDS OF THE ALLIED WORLDS HAVE CRAFTED THE FINEST VESSELS THIS GALAXY HAS EVER SEEN. THEY ARE THE FIRST IN A NEW CLASS OF WARSHIP DESIGNED SPECIFICALLY TO COMBAT RANCOR'S FORCES.



HEY, HEY! CHECK THAT OUT!

HUH? WHERE?

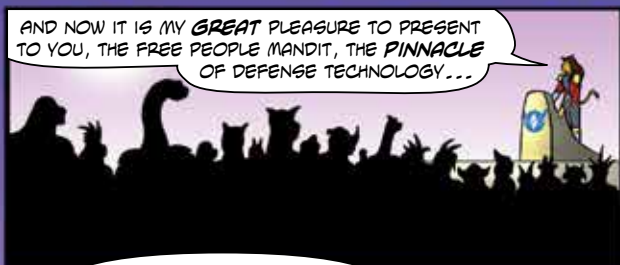


IT'S THE NURSE YOU GOT A THING FOR.

FEEFEE...




WINK!




AND NOW IT IS MY **GREAT** PLEASURE TO PRESENT TO YOU, THE FREE PEOPLE MANDIT, THE **PINNACLE** OF DEFENSE TECHNOLOGY...



...AND THE **SALVATION** OF OUR **WORLD!**




I KNOW
HE'S IN THE MIDDLE
OF A SPEECH, THIS IS
AN **EMERGENCY!**



LISTEN TO ME,
THIS IS THE CHIEF MEDICAL
OFFICER AND I'M **TELLING** YOU
THAT IF YOU DON'T GET ME
ADMIRAL HART ON THE COMM
RIGHT NOW PEOPLE ARE
GOING TO D--



AH!



NO...NO
NO NO NO
NO...



**SIGNAL
LOST
UNKNOWN
INTERFERENCE**



THERE THEY ARE!
MY PRIDE AND JOY!

WOW!



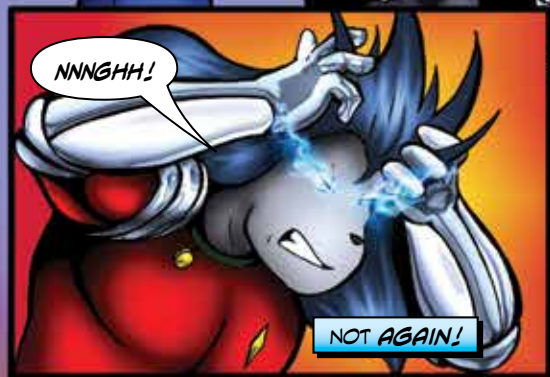
RONDA?
ARE YOU
ALRIGHT?

HUH?
WHAT'S GOING
ON?

OH...
I DON'T FEEL
SO GREAT ALL
OF A SUDDEN.

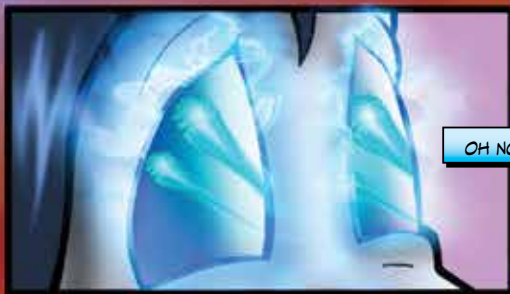


EVERYONE'S
GETTING SICK!?



NNNGHH!

NOT AGAIN!



OH NO...



BBBBBOOMMM!







THE SEA-CREATURES ARE SURROUNDING US!

WHY ARE THEY ATTACKING!? DON'T THEY REALIZE WE'RE TRYING TO DEFEND THE **ENTIRE** PLANET?

THOSE CRUISERS ARE SITTING **DUCKS** UP THERE, JOHN!



CAPTAIN PRIDE! RETURN FIRE AT WILL!

NEGATIVE, ADMIRAL! THEY TOOK OUT OUR WEAPONS SYSTEMS ALMOST IMMEDIATELY! WE'RE **DEFENSELESS** UP HERE!



THEN **CLIMB**, DAGGIT! ALL SHIPS, CLIMB AND GET OUT OF RANGE OF THAT **MECH**!

CAPTAIN PRIDE, DO YOU **READ**?

JACK?

JACK?!





NOT IF YOU KNOW WHERE TO HIT HIM... COVER M--



THWACK!



...NOT GOOD.

















SOMETHING'S
NOT RIGHT...WHY ARE
THEY JUST *MINDLESSLY*
LASHING OUT!



I THINK
I MAY KNOW...
EXCUSE ME,
ADMIRAL...



DO
WHAT YOU
WILL, MY
WORK HERE
IS--



YEEEAARGH!!!







HOW MUCH LONGER?

TOO LONG!
THE EXTRA WEIGHT
IS SLOWING US
DOWN!

TWO
BIRDS...

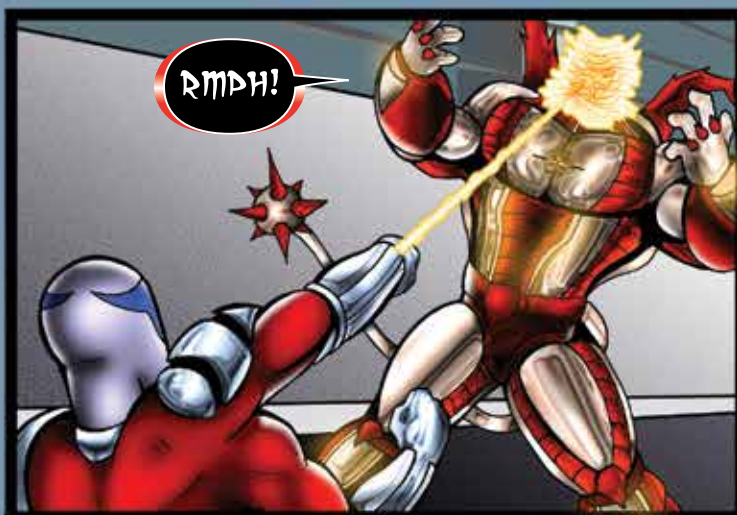
...ONE
STONE!

LOOK
OUT!

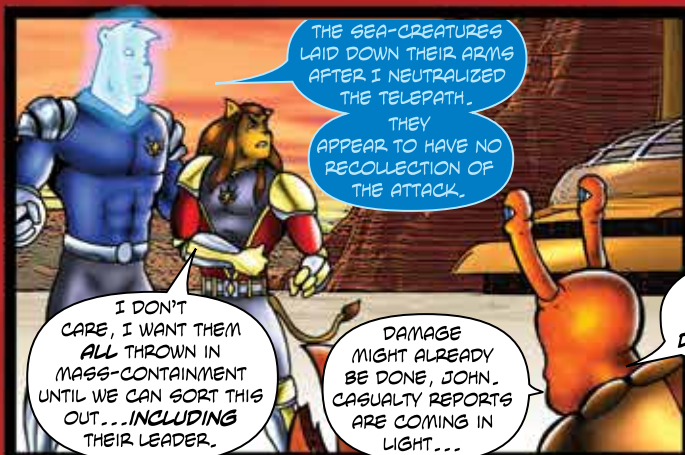
TOO CLOSE...
ROMAN
SURE PICKED A
SWELL TIME TO
TAKE A SICK
DAY.











THE SEA-CREATURES LAID DOWN THEIR ARMS AFTER I NEUTRALIZED THE TELEPATH. THEY APPEAR TO HAVE NO RECOLLECTION OF THE ATTACK.

I DON'T CARE, I WANT THEM **ALL** THROWN IN MASS-CONTAINMENT UNTIL WE CAN SORT THIS OUT...**INCLUDING** THEIR LEADER.

DAMAGE MIGHT ALREADY BE DONE, JOHN. CASUALTY REPORTS ARE COMING IN LIGHT...



...BUT THE FLEET IS DANG NEAR **DEMOLISHED**.

THAT'S WHAT THIS WAS ALL ABOUT. RANCOR **USED** THEM TO CRIPPLE US BEFORE WE COULD EVEN COME OUT OF THE CORNER.



ADMIRAL! IT'S THE CHIEF! HE WAS GRABBED BY A SQUAD OF RANCONIANS...

WE TRIED TO RUN THEM DOWN BUT THEY GOT AWAY.



AND NOW THE ONE MAN WHO MAY BE ABLE TO GET THIS FLEET REPAIRED IS IN **ENEMY** HANDS. THIS WASN'T JUST A GUERRILLA RAID. THIS WAS A **CALCULATED STRIKE**.



I SHOULD'VE GONE AFTER HIM, BUT I **HAD** TO SAVE ALL THOSE OTHER PEOPLE. THESE POWERS, I SHOULD'VE BEEN ABLE TO DO MORE... BEEN ABLE TO DO **SOMETHING**.

BUT I'M GONNA MAKE IT **RIGHT**...



...I'M GONNA GET HIM **BACK**...

...SOMEHOW.



NEXT ISSUE:
RETALIATION





SAM
FATE
REVOLUTION

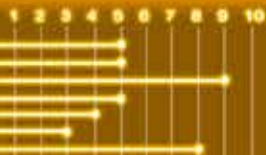
CHARACTER PROFILES



ROMAN

Roman was born without his race's natural web-spinning ability. Dr. Regal fitted him with artificial web-launchers, and that inspired Roman to leave his home planet of Arachnia and join the Alliance to help others. Roman's unique combination of arachnid agility and power make him an invaluable asset in the fight against the Army of Rancor. However, his confidence in battle is contrasted by his severe insecurities in the rest of life. Ever since leaving his home planet, he's had to deal with the challenges of being the only one of his kind everywhere he goes.

STRENGTH
SPEED
AGILITY
DURABILITY
ENERGY
INTELLIGENCE
COMBAT SKILLS



KODIAC

Long ago during the exploration days of the ASF, the legendary pioneer Captain Howe discovered a being of pure energy on a barren planet along the galactic edge. Its origin was a complete mystery. Howe named it Kodiak after the ancient God of lightning. He usually appears as a bear-like creature to fit in, but he is a being of pure energy who can change his shape at will. He doesn't seem to age in any calculable way, and has been the guardian of the descendants of Howe for generations. He cannot remember his origins, and hides a deep fear that he may be an extremely dangerous being.

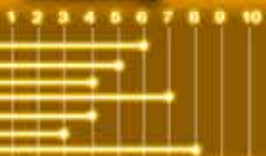
STRENGTH
SPEED
AGILITY
DURABILITY
ENERGY
INTELLIGENCE
COMBAT SKILLS



POTENT BEAST

The warrior-nobles of the war-torn planet Arak-Thul were chosen by their people to fight honorable battles to settle tribal conflicts. They each became legends among their people, and none more than Potent Beast. However, even the mighty Arak-Thul were no match for Rancor's army. But the Arak-Thul culture saw wisdom in joining a stronger nation. Potent Beast proudly accepted a high rank in the Rancorian Guard, and several other Arak-Thul hold high ranks.

STRENGTH
SPEED
AGILITY
DURABILITY
ENERGY
INTELLIGENCE
COMBAT SKILLS



MARTY

Marty comes from the "old school" ASF. One of few ocean dwellers to leave his watery homeland for the adventure of space travel, Marty actually feels most at home aboard a starcruiser. His low tolerance for shenanigans on the job makes him come off as a curmudgeon, but during downtime, he can dish it out better than the wisest wisecracker on the ship. Despite his age and small stature, Marty is no pushover in battle. His hard carapace and hermit shell are a natural armor, and his large claw packs a wallop.

STRENGTH
SPEED
AGILITY
DURABILITY
ENERGY
INTELLIGENCE
COMBAT SKILLS

