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ANNING &  
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Stan Lee  
PRESENTS:

# THE MICRONAUTS!

--MICRONAUTS ROLL CALL--  
COMMANDER ARCTURUS RANH  
MARIONETTE \* DEVIL \*  
NANOTRON \* MICROTRON  
BUG \* ACROYEAR

## CHAPTER ONE: DISCOVERY!

DOWN, DOWN, DOWN  
MICROTRON AND  
NANOTRON SINK,  
BENEATH THE  
STORMY SEA.

HOMEWORLD  
ROBOTS, THEY  
ARE SYNTHESSES  
OF ORGANICS  
AND MACHINE!

THEY CAN  
DROWN! THEY  
CAN DIE!

BILL MANTLO / MIKE VOSBURG & DANNY BULANADI / JIM NOVAK, LETTERS / AL MILGROM / JIM SHOOTER  
PLOT/SCRIPT ART BOB SHAREN, COLORS EDITOR FORCE COMMANDER

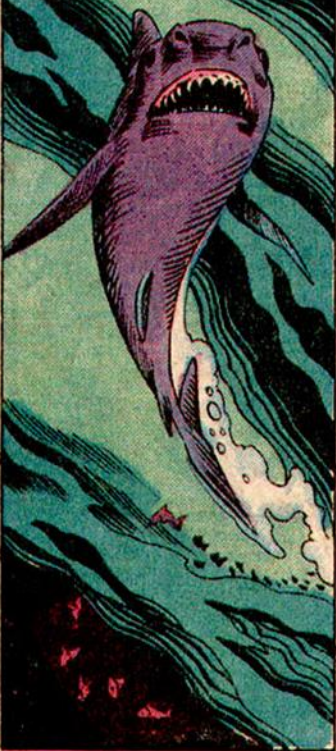
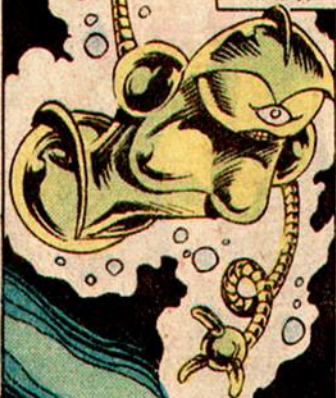
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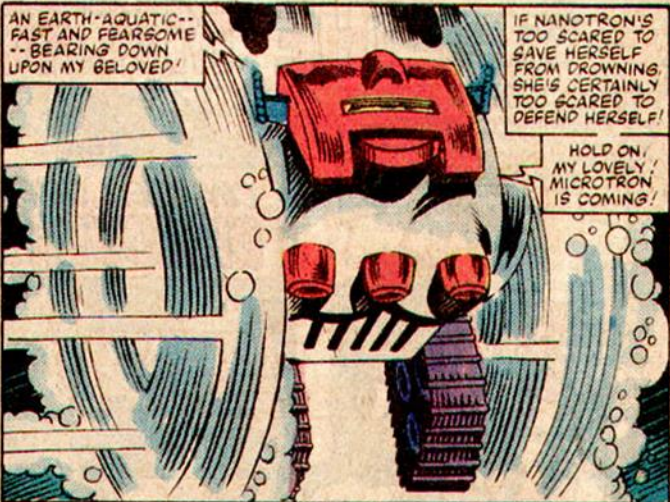
NANOTRON,  
CUT IN YOUR  
EMERGENCY  
OXYGEN  
RESERVES!



NO USE! SHE'S  
TOO SCARED  
TO HEED ME!  
AND WHAT'S  
THAT?!



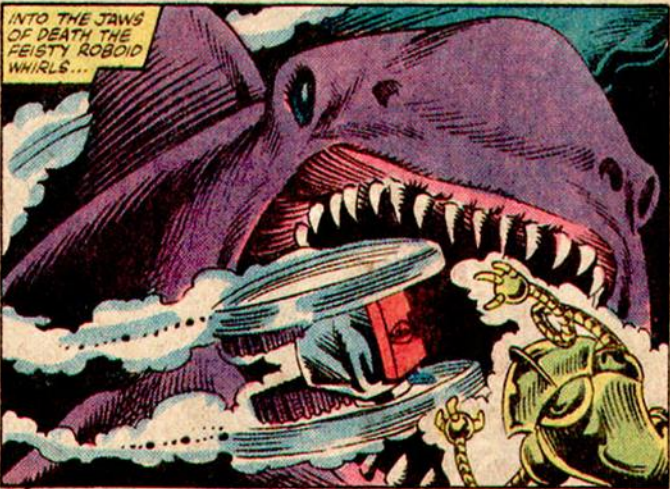
AN EARTH-AQUATIC--  
FAST AND FEARSOME  
-- BEARING DOWN  
UPON MY BELOVED!



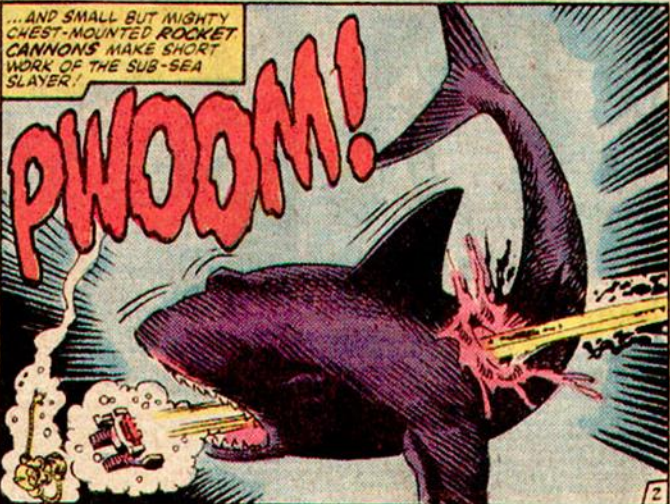
IF NANOTRON'S  
TOO SCARED TO  
SAVE HERSELF  
FROM DROWNING,  
SHE'S CERTAINLY  
TOO SCARED TO  
DEFEND HERSELF!

HOLD ON!  
MY LOVELY  
MICROTRON  
IS COMING!

INTO THE JAWS  
OF DEATH, THE  
FEISTY ROBOT  
WHIRLS...



...AND SMALL BUT MIGHTY  
CHEST-MOUNTED ROCKET  
CANNONS MAKE SHORT  
WORK OF THE SUB-SEA  
SLAYER!





THE SIGHT OF  
HER ROBOID LOVER  
DEALING WITH  
DANGER CAUSES  
NANOTRON'S PANIC  
TO SUBSIDE.

I WOULD  
RISK ANY-  
THING FOR  
YOU,  
DEAREST  
ONE!

I'M ALL RIGHT  
NOW, BELOVED!  
IT'S JUST THAT  
SO MUCH HAS  
HAPPENED--

"--SINCE OUR BATTLE WITH ARCADE!"

OUR LAST TWO  
ISSUES -- AL.

I'VE BEEN TRYING  
TO GET A BIO-LOCK  
ON COMMANDER  
RANN AND DEVIL--

--BUT IT'S TOO DIF-  
FICULT DOWN HERE  
AT THE BOTTOM OF  
THE SEA!

MICROTRON,  
LOOK! WHAT'S  
THAT?!

WHY... IT--  
IT LOOKS  
LIKE--

--BIOTRON!



# CHAPTER TWO: THE SOUL SURVIVORS!

FROM THE ISLAND  
COMES A STRANGE,  
GUTTURAL CHANTING.

THE PURPOSE OF THE  
CHANTING APPEARS TO  
BE RITUALISTIC, A  
SIGN OF WORSHIP.

THE OBJECT OF  
THAT WORSHIP IS  
COMMANDER  
ARCTURUS RANN,  
MICRONAUT.

THE WORSHIPPERS  
ARE BEINGS THE  
LIKES OF WHICH  
RANN HAS NEVER  
SEEN.





AND THE HALLOWED GROUND IS AN ISOLATED ISLAND WHICH THE COMMANDER WASHED UP ON, AFTER A NEAR-FATAL CLASH WITH HIS DERANGED FELLOW-MICRONAUT, **DEVIL**. THE BEST DESCRIPTION OF THE PLACE WOULD BE TO CALL IT A **GRAVEYARD**...AN OPEN-AIR MORTUARY FOR MEN AND SHIPS.

BUT THE SKELETONS ARE EARTH-HUMAN IN SIZE.

RANN'S CAPTORS ARE NOT.

INDEED, THEY ARE THE SAME SIZE AS RANN HIMSELF.

WHO ARE THEY, THEN? FROM WHERE DO THEY HAIL?

THE LEADER OF THE MICRONAUTS SUSPECTS HIS QUESTIONS WILL BE ANSWERED ATOP YON MOUND OF **SKULLS**!



STEP FORTH, O ILLUSTRIOUS  
**TIME TRAVELER!**  
ASCEND TO THE HEIGHTS TO  
WHICH YOU ARE  
ACCUSTOMED!

WHAT'S  
GOING ON  
HERE?!

THAT'S THE  
SECOND TIME  
THESE  
CREATURES  
HAVE  
REFERRED  
TO ME AS  
THE **TIME  
TRAVELER!**

BUT HOW COULD  
THEY KNOW TO  
ASSOCIATE ME--  
THE **CREATOR OF  
THE TIME  
TRAVELERS**  
THROUGH AN  
ACCIDENT OF  
FATE--WITH THAT  
ENTITY, WHICH IS  
KNOWN ONLY IN  
THE **MICRO-  
VERSE?!** \*

\*FOR THE FULL STORY, SEE  
**MICRONAUTS #7--AL.**

UNH! THERE'S A DISC  
MOUNTED ATOP THE MOUND  
OF SKULLS, REFLECTING  
THE LIGHT OF THE SUN--  
MAGNIFYING IT! THE  
GLARE IS BLINDING!

ASSUME YOUR PLACE  
IN THE SUN, SON OF  
THE **ENIGMA FORCE!**

THE **ENIGMA  
FORCE--**  
SOURCE OF  
THE **TIME  
TRAVELER'S**  
POWER!

THEY  
KNOW  
ABOUT  
THAT--  
TOO?

COME! IT IS NOT  
METE FOR ME  
TO STAND  
ABOVE YOU!

LET YOUR  
WORSHIPPERS--  
YOUR CHILDREN--  
SEE YOU IN ALL  
YOUR GLORY!

DALLAN AND  
SEPSIS, THIS  
CREATURE IS  
ACTUALLY  
POSITIONING ME  
IN A STANCE  
TRADITIONALLY  
ADOPTED BY  
THE **TIME  
TRAVELERS!**

THERE MUST  
BE SOME  
EXPLANATION  
FOR THIS  
MYSTERY!



THERE IS...  
BOW DOWN, YE **SOUL SURVIVORS**, BEFORE HIM WHOSE RETURN WE HAVE AWAITED FOR NIGH UNTO A THOUSAND YEARS! THE **TIME TRAVELER** RETURNED TO US!

TELL US THE TALE!

RECOUNT AGAIN FOR US THE **FIRST COMING!**

YES, LET'S HEAR IT! MAYBE IT'LL CLEAR THINGS UP!

LONG AGO, WE DWELT IN ISOLATION--

--OUR WORLD UNTOUCHED BY ANY OF THE **OTHER** INHABITANTS OF THE STAR SYSTEM CALLED THE **MICROVERSE!**

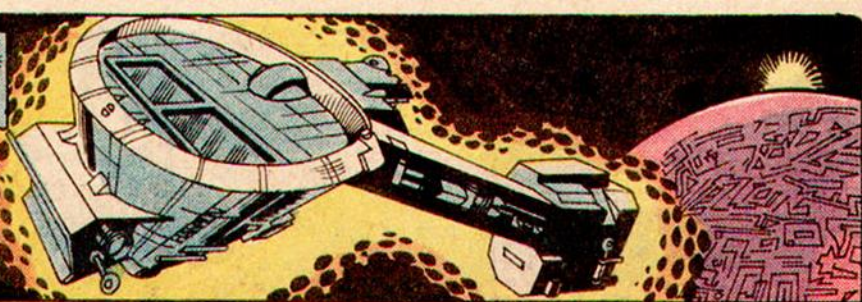
INDEED, WE DID NOT KNOW WE **WERE** ALONE, FOR IN OUR PRIMITIVE STATE, WE DID NOT EVEN REALIZE THERE WERE OTHER WORLDS BEYOND OUR OWN!

"BUT WE WERE CONTENT IN OUR IGNORANCE--

"--UNTIL THE DAY THE SUN DESCENDED FROM THE SKY!"

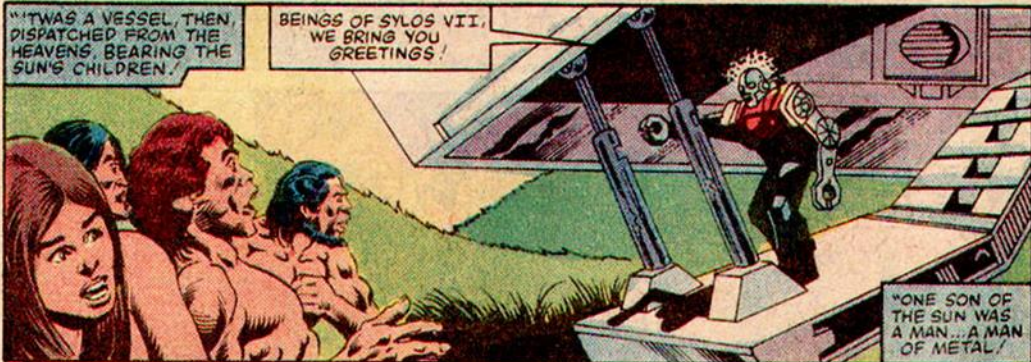


"WE SOON SAW  
IT WAS NOT THE  
SUN, FOR THAT  
ORB REMAINED  
FIXED IN OUR  
SKY."



"'T WAS A VESSEL, THEN,  
DISPATCHED FROM THE  
HEAVENS, BEARING THE  
SUN'S CHILDREN."

BEINGS OF SYLOS VII.  
WE BRING YOU  
GREETINGS!



"ONE SON OF  
THE SUN WAS  
A MAN... A MAN  
OF METAL!"

"THE OTHER WAS A BEING OF LIGHT!"

GO EASY WITH  
THEM, BIOTRON.  
WE MUST BE  
THE FIRST OFF-  
WORLDERS  
THEY'VE EVER  
SEEN.

MASTERED  
THEIR  
LANGUAGE,  
YET?

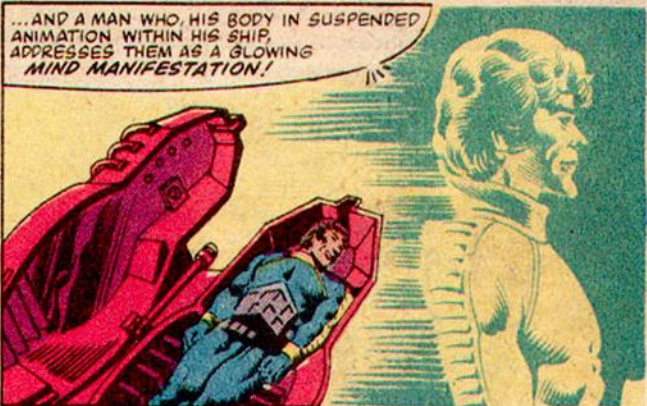


I WOULD HAVE,  
COMMANDER, BUT THE  
PRIMITIVES ARE TOO  
SCARED TO SPEAK.

YES, WELL -- THAT'S TO BE EXPECTED. IT MUST BE HARD  
FOR A RACE AT THEIR STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT TO  
FATHOM THE SUDDEN ARRIVAL OF A STARSHIP, A ROBOT...



...AND A MAN WHO, HIS BODY IN SUSPENDED  
ANIMATION WITHIN HIS SHIP,  
ADDRESSES THEM AS A GLOWING  
MIND MANIFESTATION!





TRY TO TELL THEM THAT WE COME IN PEACE, TO WELCOME THEM IN- TO THE FAMILY OF KNOWN WORLDS OF THE MICROVERSE.

THAT I WILL, COMMANDER, AS SOON AS I--ER--BLESS THIS BABY!



"AT FIRST THE SONS OF THE SUN CONVERSED ONLY WITH EACH OTHER..."



"--BUT SOON THEY DESIGNED TO ADDRESS US, TO WALK AMONG US, TO WORK MIRACLES!"

OLD G'NARL STRAIGHTENS UP! SHE WALKS!

AFTER A LIFETIME'S AGONY, SHE IS CURED!

EASY ON THE "MAGIC", BIOTRON.

JUST A SMALL APPLICATION OF HOMEWORLD MEDICINE, COMMANDER. SURELY YOU WOULDN'T BEGRUDGE THE PRIMITIVES THAT?

WE'VE ALREADY UPSET THEIR ENTIRE EVOLUTION JUST BY APPEARING AMONG THEM, OLD FRIEND.

TOO MASSIVE A CULTURE SHOCK ALL AT ONCE COULD SERIOUSLY IMPAIR THEIR DEVELOPMENT.



AND WE WANT SYLOS VII TO DEVELOP, TO TAKE ITS PLACE WITH HOMEWORLD, SPARTAK, KALIKLAK... AND ALL THE OTHER WORLDS OF THE MICROVERSE!

THAT'S THE PURPOSE OF OUR 1,000 YEAR MISSION AS HOMEWORLD'S FIRST MICRO-NAUTS!

"SO THE SONS OF THE SUN HAD LIVED 1,000 YEARS! THEY WERE TRULY DIVINE TRAVELERS THROUGH TIME!"





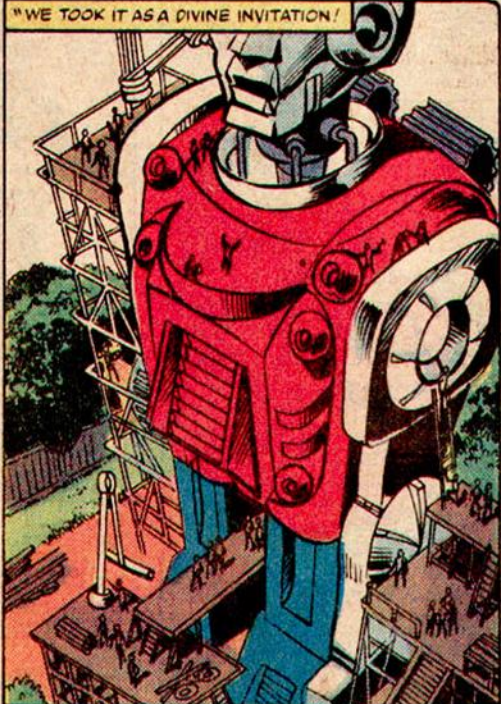
"THEY LEFT US THEN, TO RETURN TO THE SKY!"

DEVELOP AT YOUR OWN  
SPEED, IN YOUR OWN  
TIME!

WHEN YOU'RE  
READY TO REACH  
FOR THE HEAVENS,  
THE REST OF THE  
MICROVERSE WILL  
BE WAITING!

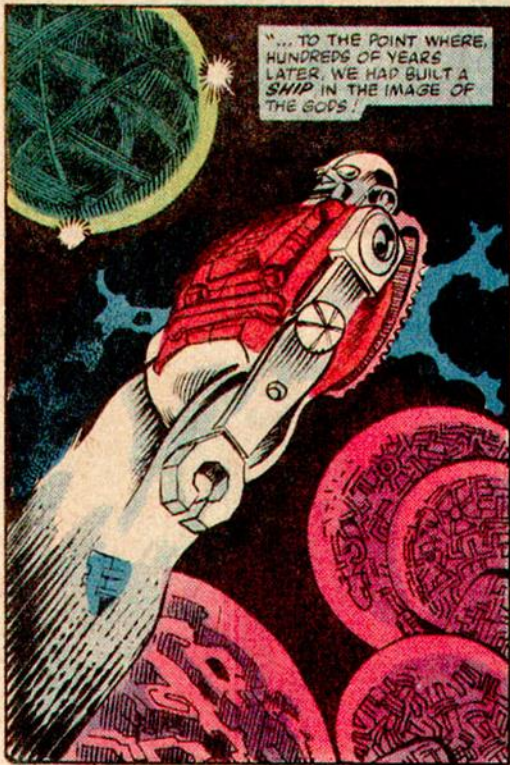


"WE TOOK IT AS A DIVINE INVITATION!"

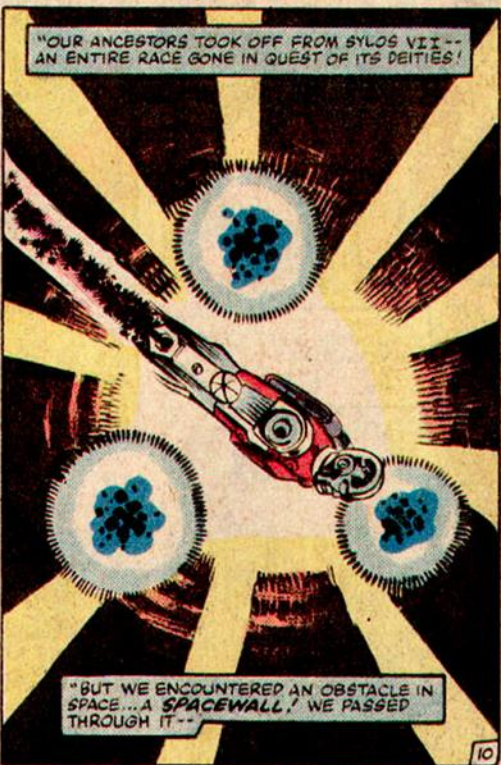


"GENERATION AFTER GENERATION TURNED THEIR MINDS  
FROM THE MUD TO THE STARS! OUR RACE ADVANCED..."

"... TO THE POINT WHERE,  
HUNDREDS OF YEARS  
LATER, WE HAD BUILT A  
SHIP IN THE IMAGE OF  
THE GODS!"



"OUR ANCESTORS TOOK OFF FROM SYLOS VII--  
AN ENTIRE RACE GONE IN QUEST OF ITS DEITIES!"



"BUT WE ENCOUNTERED AN OBSTACLE IN  
SPACE...A *SPACEWALL*! WE PASSED  
THROUGH IT--"





"... BUT, IN SO DOING, BECAME ALTERED FOR ALL TIME!"

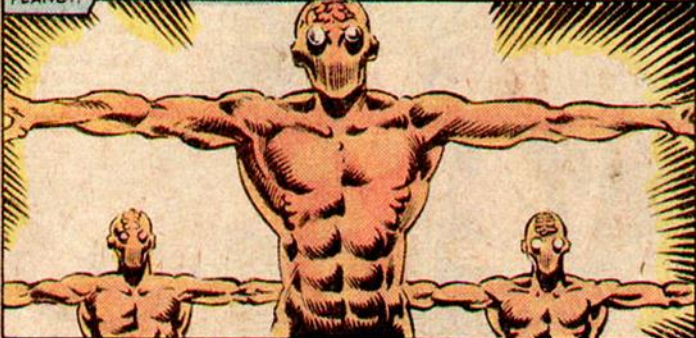
"BEYOND THE SPACEWALL WAS THIS WORLD, MILLIONS OF TIMES LARGER THAN OUR OWN."

"OUR SHIP PLUNGED INTO ITS OCEANS!"

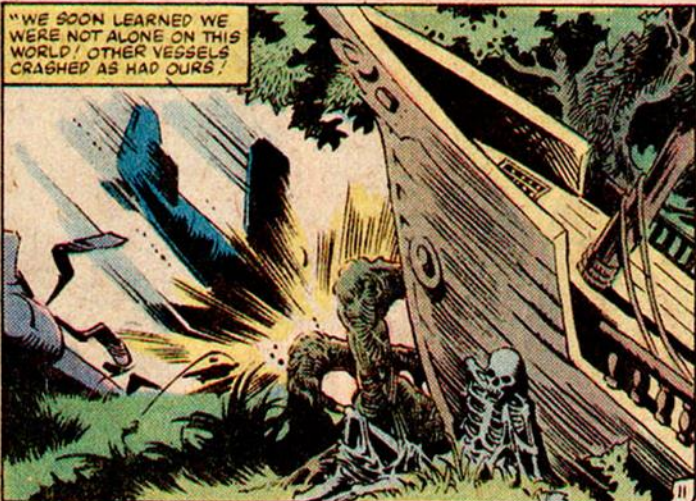
"MOST OF OUR RACE PERISHED! BUT ENOUGH SURVIVED--"



"-- TO CONTINUE THE WORSHIPFUL WAYS OF OUR FOREFATHERS... TO AWAIT THE RETURN OF THE *TIME TRAVELERS*... ON THIS INHOSPITABLE, ALIEN PLANET."



"WE SOON LEARNED WE WERE NOT ALONE ON THIS WORLD! OTHER VESSELS CRASHED AS HAD OURS!"





"THEIR CREWS LOOKED MUCH AS WE ONCE DID!"



HOLY SMOKES! WHO, OR WHAT, ARE YOU?!

"WE COULD NOT UNDERSTAND THEM--"

"--BUT WE FOUND THAT WE COULD DRAIN ENERGY FROM THEM..."



YEEARGH!

"...AND THUS PERPETUATE OUR RACE!"



GHASTLY! IN PURSUIT OF BIOTRON AND I, THESE POOR BEINGS PASSED THROUGH THE SPACE-WALL--

--AND, IN THE PROCESS, BECAME TRANSFORMED INTO SOME KIND OF DEADLY PSYCHIC VAMPIRES!



AND NOW, SON OF THE SUN--TRAVELER THROUGH TIME--OUR PRAYERS HAVE BEEN ANSWERED! AFTER HUNDREDS OF YEARS--

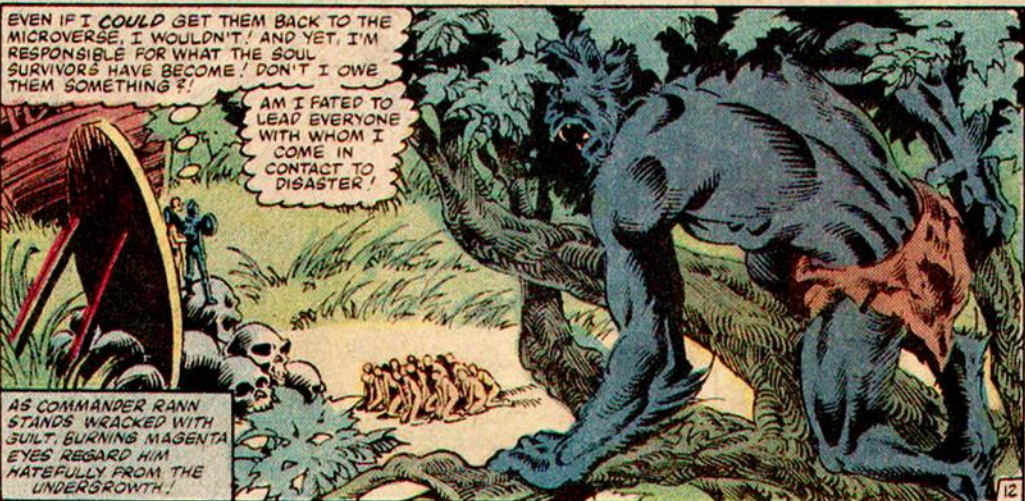
--YOU HAVE COME TO LEAD YOUR PEOPLE HOME!

HOME? TO THE MICROVERSE? WHERE THEY'D SUCK THE SOULS OUT OF EVERY LIVING BEING?!



EVEN IF I COULD GET THEM BACK TO THE MICROVERSE, I WOULDN'T! AND YET, I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT THE SOUL SURVIVORS HAVE BECOME! DON'T I OWE THEM SOMETHING?!

AM I FATED TO LEAD EVERYONE WITH WHOM I COME IN CONTACT TO DISASTER!



AS COMMANDER RANN STANDS WRACKED WITH GUILT, BURNING MAGENTA EYES REGARD HIM HATEFULLY FROM THE UNDERGROWTH!

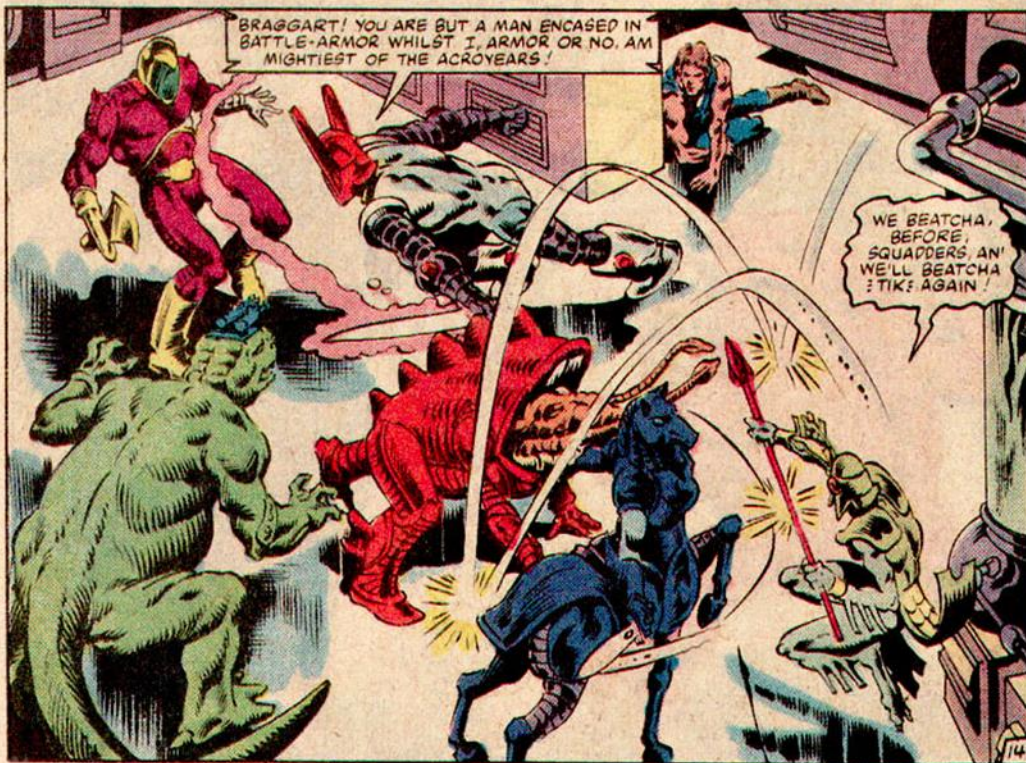
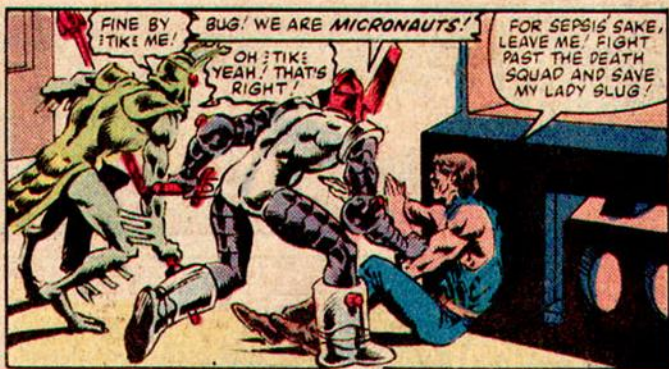


CHAPTER  
THREE:  
**DEATH**  
IN A DARK  
DUNGEON!

THE MIGHTY ACROYEAR  
AND THE BOMBASTIC BUG  
RAIDED THE PLEASURE  
PITS OF HOMEWORLD TO  
RESCUE FELLOW-REBEL  
PRINCE PHAROID...









AH, BUT WHEN  
LAST WE  
FOUGHT, IT  
WAS TEAM  
AGAINST  
TEAM!

YOU ARE  
BUT TWO NOW,  
MICRONAUTS,  
TO OUR  
FOUR!

BE YOU FOUR  
OR FOUR HUNDRED  
--STILL WILL WE  
SURVIVE?

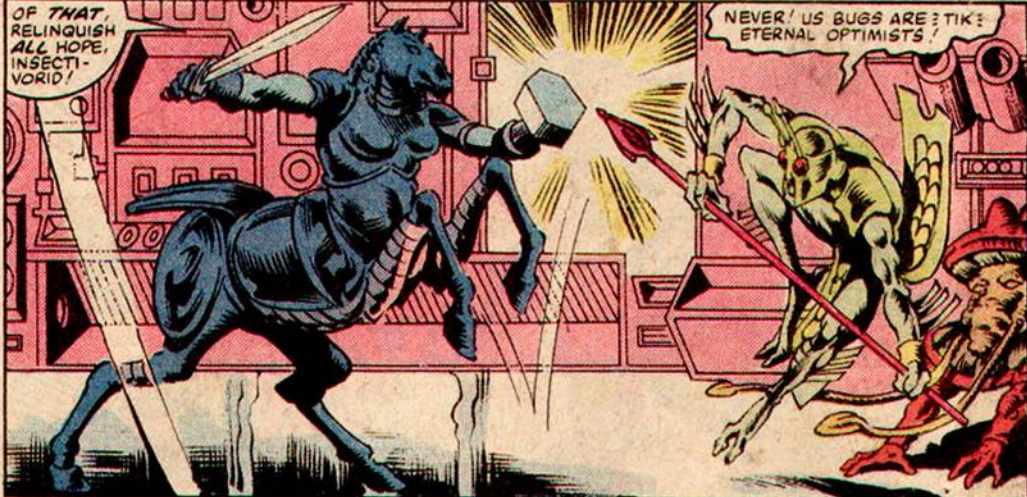
SURVIVE? DOES  
THAT MEAN WE'RE  
TAKING LOWERING  
OUR SIGHTS FROM  
WINNING?

BRZZAK

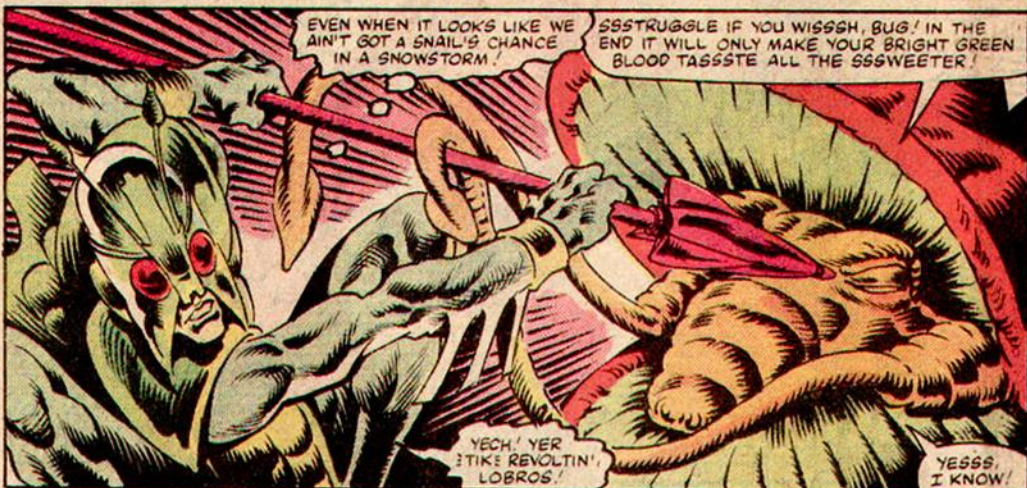
TKLANG



OF THAT, RELINQUISH ALL HOPE, INSECTIVORID!



NEVER! US BUGS ARE?TIK? ETERNAL OPTIMISTS!



EVEN WHEN IT LOOKS LIKE WE AIN'T GOT A SNAIL'S CHANCE IN A SNOWSTORM!

SSSTRUGGLE IF YOU WISSSH, BUG! IN THE END IT WILL ONLY MAKE YOUR BRIGHT GREEN BLOOD TASSSTE ALL THE SSSWEETER!

YECH! YER ?TIKE REVOLTN! LOBROS!

YESSS, I KNOW!

AS THE BATTLE RAGES, PRINCE PHAROID LOOKS HELPLESSLY ON...

SINCE THE DAY I FIRST MET THE MICRONAUTS, I'VE BEEN LITTLE MORE THAN A LIABILITY TO THEM! THEY CARRIED THE REBELLION AGAINST KARZA--

--AND SUBSEQUENTLY MADE ME AN HONORARY MICRONAUT, ONLY TO SEE ME BETRAY THEM TO FORCE COMMANDER!



I'VE SINCE MADE AMENDS, BUT AS FAR AS THE REBELLION AGAINST ARGON GOES, I'VE BEEN ALL BUT USELESS!

NOW I MAY BE THE CAUSE OF BUG AND ACROYEAR'S DEATHS!

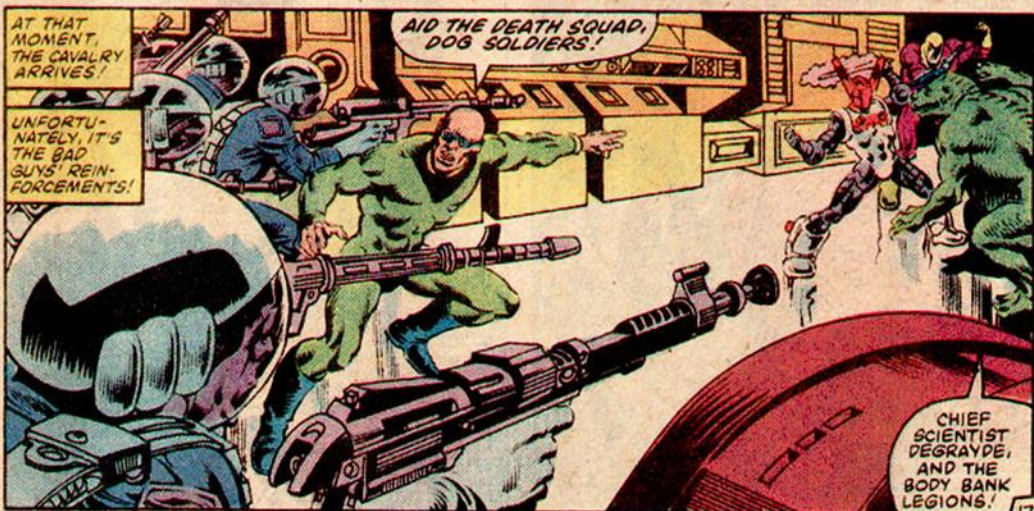
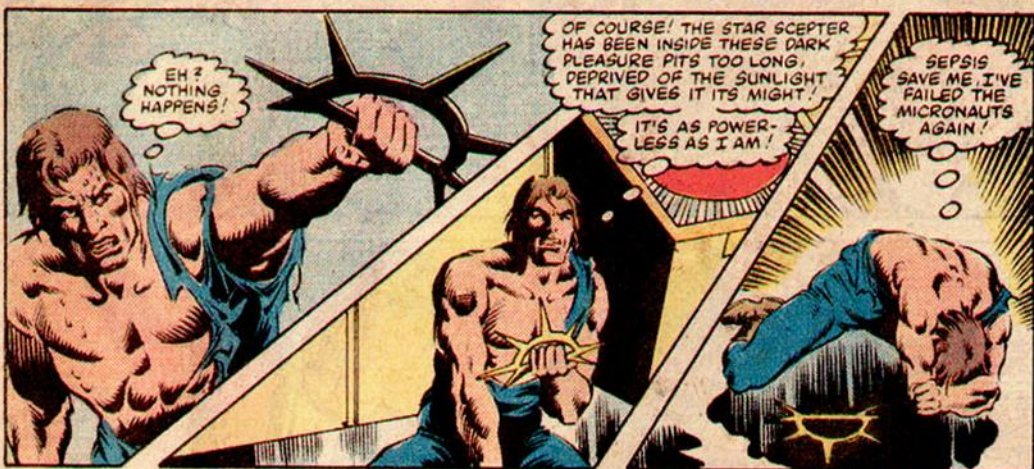
I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!



OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS EYE, PRINCE PHAROID SPIES...

#MICROS #29-34 T-AL.







THOUGH YOU MAY BE AS MANY AS THE MOLECULES OF THE MICROVERSE, STILL WILL MY ENERGY SWORD STRIKE YOU DOWN!



WILL IT, ACROYEAR? NOT, I THINK, IF YOU WISSSSH TO SSSAVE YOUR FRIEND FROM GRUESSOME DEATH!

LOBROS' TONGUE-TENTACLES :TIK: SNAKIN' AROUND ME!

DOWN MY :TIK: THROAT!



SGLLKKK!

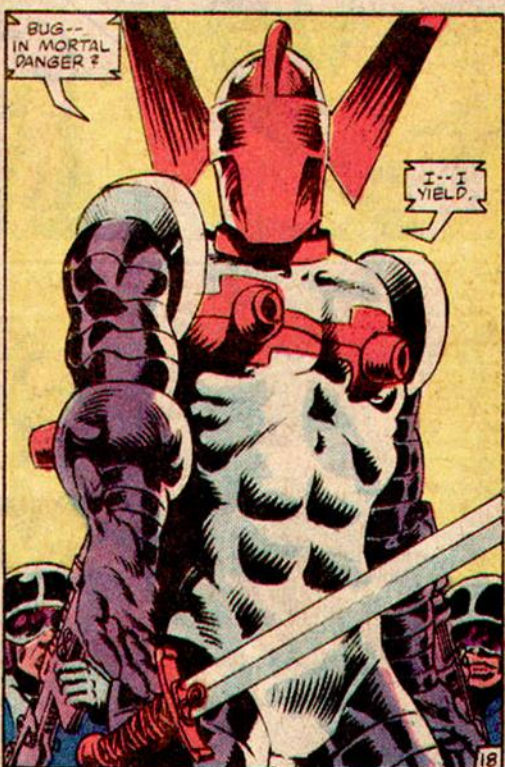
YIELD, SPARTAKIAN, LEST YOU WOULD SEE LOBROS SUCK THE LIFE OUT OF YOUR INSECTIVORID ALLY!

OR YIELD NOT, ACROYEAR-- AND LET ME FEASST!

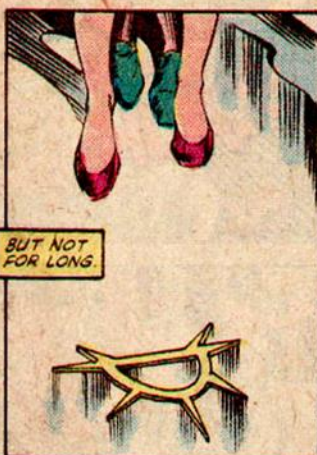


BUG-- IN MORTAL DANGER?

I--I YIELD.









...WHILE, ELSEWHERE, IN HOME-WORLD'S FIRST ZONE, THE LAST OF OUR MIGHTY MICRONAUTS TAKES CENTER STAGE AS SHE PREPARES TO ASSAULT THE HOLY TEMPLE OF THE LIGHT!



SHE IS MARIONETTE, PROUD PRINCESS OF HOMEWORLD, SISTER TO FORCE COMMANDER, LEADER OF THE REBELLION AGAINST HIM!

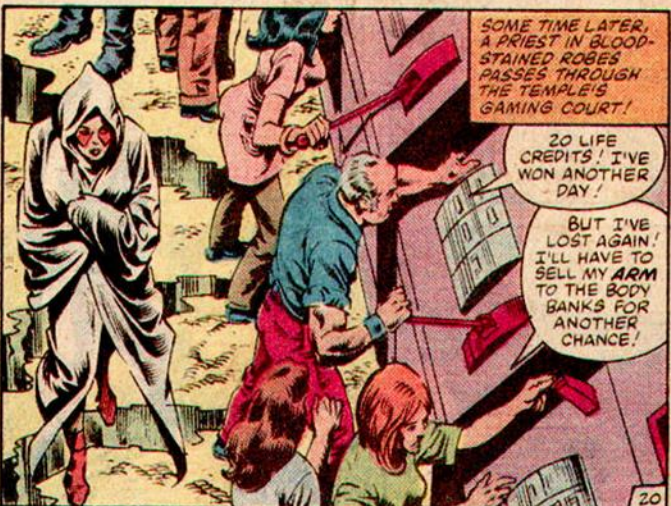
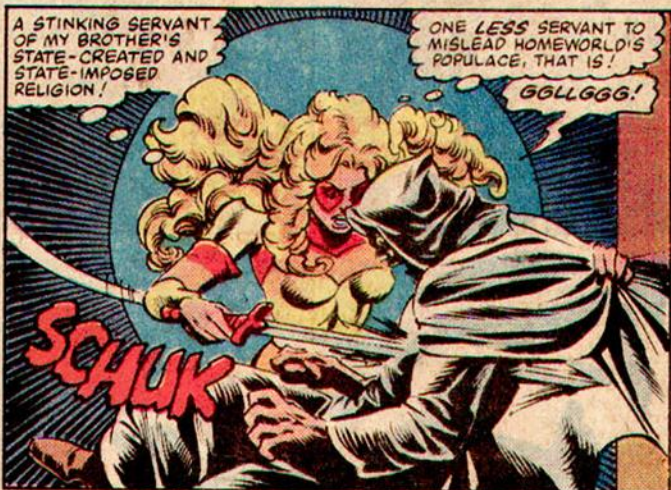
A PRIEST OF THE LIGHT COMES!



A STINKING SERVANT OF MY BROTHER'S STATE-CREATED AND STATE-IMPOSED RELIGION!

ONE LESS SERVANT TO MISLEAD HOMEWORLD'S POPULACE, THAT IS!

GGLGGG!



SOME TIME LATER, A PRIEST IN BLOOD-STAINED ROBES PASSES THROUGH THE TEMPLE'S GAMING COURT!

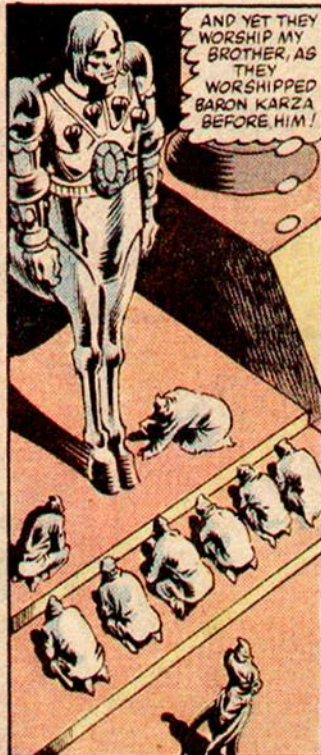
20 LIFE CREDITS! I'VE WON ANOTHER DAY!

BUT I'VE LOST AGAIN! I'LL HAVE TO SELL MY ARM TO THE BODY BANKS FOR ANOTHER CHANCE!



THE POOR--KEPT IN POVERTY  
BY ARGON--PLAY FOR THE  
PROMISE OF EXTENDED LIFE!

EACH LOSS COSTS  
THEM ANOTHER  
LIMB OR ORGAN  
FROM WHICH ARGON  
CONSTRUCTS HIS  
DOG SOLDIERS!

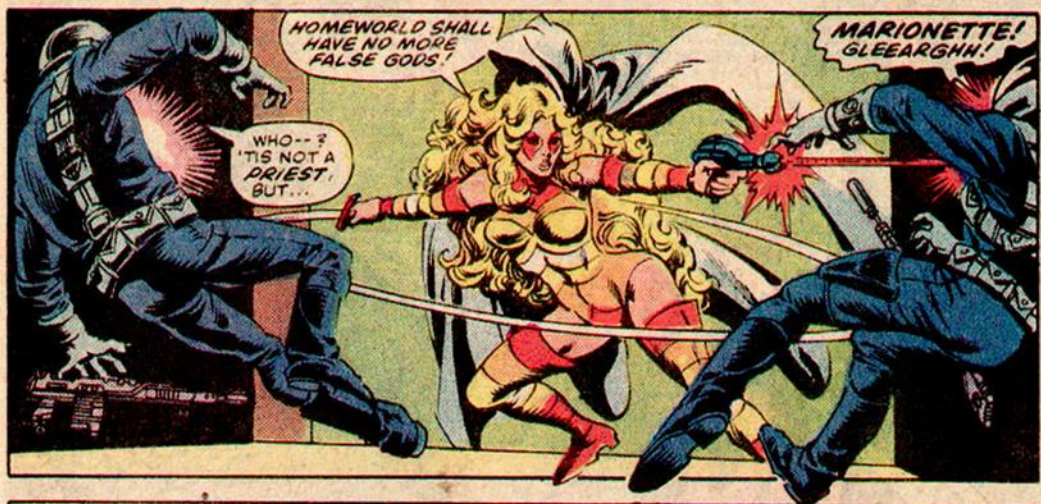


AND YET THEY  
WORSHIP MY  
BROTHER, AS  
THEY  
WORSHIPPED  
BARON KARZA  
BEFORE HIM!

ARGON HAS  
BETRAYED EVERY  
IDEAL WE HELD  
DEAR AS  
CHILDREN!



'TIS MY TASK  
TO DEFEAT HIM,  
AS THE  
MICRONAUTS  
DEFEATED  
KARZA!



HOMEWORLD SHALL  
HAVE NO MORE  
FALSE GODS!

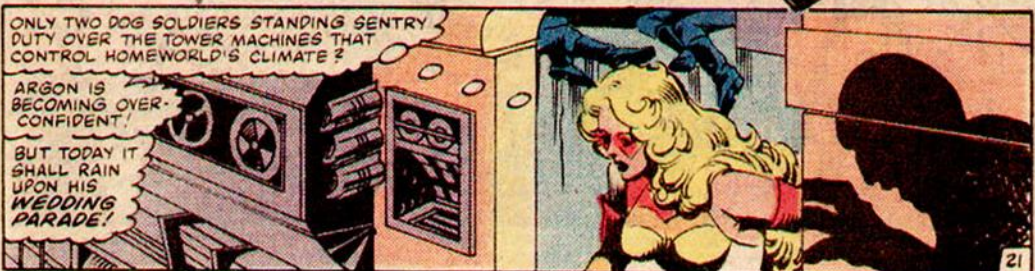
WHO--?  
'TIS NOT A  
PRIEST,  
BUT...

MARIONETTE!  
GLEEARGHH!

ONLY TWO DOG SOLDIERS STANDING SENTRY  
DUTY OVER THE TOWER MACHINES THAT  
CONTROL HOMEWORLD'S CLIMATE?

ARGON IS  
BECOMING OVER-  
CONFIDENT!

BUT TODAY IT  
SHALL RAIN  
UPON HIS  
WEDDING  
PARADE!





BUT... WHO? WAIT, I KNOW  
YOU! I HAVE FOUGHT  
YOU BEFORE!

I AM  
HUNTARR,  
GUARDIAN OF  
THE WEATHER-  
TOWER!

MY FORCE  
COMMANDER HAS  
ORDERED THAT ALL  
WHO ENTER HERE  
UNBIDDEN MUST  
DIE!

CHAPTER FOUR: WHERE DEVILS FEAR TO TREAD!

GRROWRRGH!

EARTH AGAIN, AS A BURN-BLACKENED, BAYING MASS OF SAVAGE MUSCLE LEAPS, RENDING AND TEARING, INTO THE  
MIDST OF THE STARTLED SOUL SURVIVORS!



IN THE PAST FEW DAYS, THE GENTLE TROPICAN HAS BEEN ASSAULTED, BADLY BURNED, AND VERY NEARLY DROWNED.

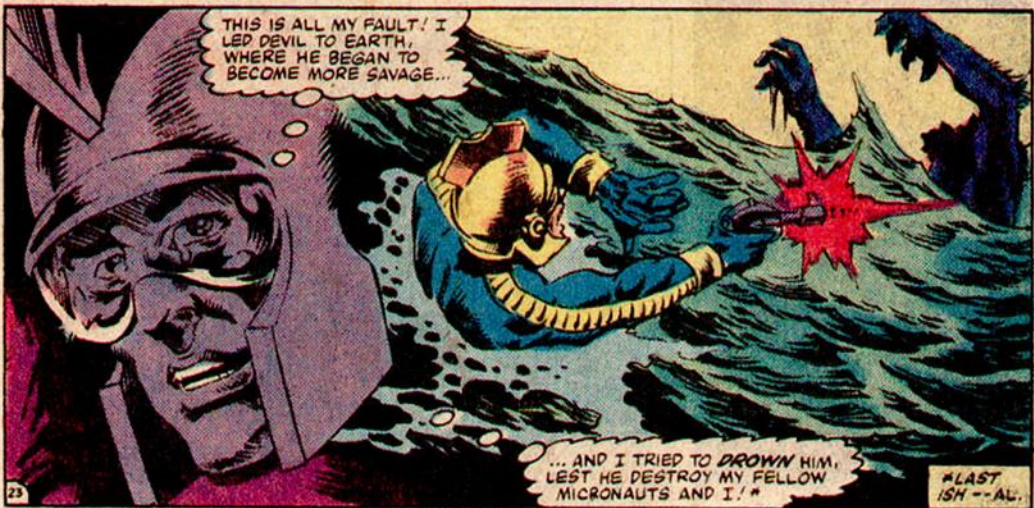
WHATEVER REASON ONCE RULED HIM HAS LONG SINCE FLED...



...GIVEN WAY TO SHEER BESTIAL SAVAGERY!



THIS IS ALL MY FAULT! I LED DEVIL TO EARTH, WHERE HE BEGAN TO BECOME MORE SAVAGE...



... AND I TRIED TO DROWN HIM, LEST HE DESTROY MY FELLOW MICRONAUTS AND I! \*

#LAST ISH --AL.



BUT THEY'VE ALL BEEN LOST ANY-  
WAY-- MARIONETTE, BUG AND  
ACROYEAR SHRUNK OUT OF EXIS-  
TENCE-- AND MICROTRON AND  
NANOTRON SENT TO THE  
BOTTOM OF THE SEA!



THE BLAME  
IS MINE, AND I  
MUST MAKE  
AMENDS!



DEVIL, DESIST BEFORE  
YOU OR THESE  
CREATURES COME  
TO HARM!

I'M RESPONSIBLE  
FOR THE STATE  
YOU BOTH FIND  
YOURSELVES IN!



UINGHH!

**RARRCH**



NO GOOD!

HE'S TOO FAR  
GONE FOR MERE  
WORDS TO  
REACH HIM!



AND NOW HE'S  
LEAPING IN FOR  
THE KILL!!!

**AWROOO**

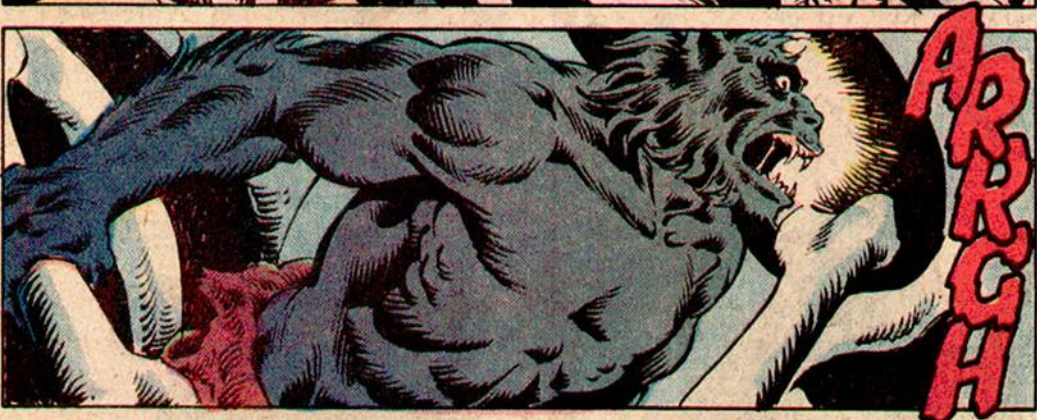




IT'S ME OR HIM! MAYBE I SHOULD DIE GRACEFULLY-- ATONE FOR ALL THE HARM I'VE CAUSED!

NO! WHILE I LIVE THERE'S HOPE THAT THE DAMAGE CAN BE UNDONE!

OR IS THAT JUST MY SELFISH RATIONALE FOR WANTING TO SURVIVE?



NOW WHAT'S GOING ON?

THE SOUL SURVIVORS ARE ASSEMBLING IN A LINE BETWEEN ME AND DEVIL!





IN THE LAST FEW SECONDS, THE SOUL SURVIVORS HAVE SEEN THEIR PEITY ASSAULTED AND THEIR SACRED SHRINE OF SKULLS DEFILED... ALL BY A SAVAGE, SLAYING ANIMAL.



THE SURVIVORS -- THEY'RE GLOWING!

SUCH SACRILEGE DEMANDS REDRESS. HANDS JOIN, AND THE CHANTING STARTS.



AT ONCE, DEVIL CALMS.



HE HAS HEARD THE CHANT BEFORE

IT IS SIMILAR TO THE SOOTHING SONG OF FIREFLYTE...

... HIS LOST COMPANION.



THANK YOU, MY FRIENDS!  
I AM ALL RIGHT AGAIN!  
YOU HAVE NOTHING  
FURTHER TO FEAR  
FROM ME!

HERE  
TAKE MY...



... HAND?

THE KING OF THE  
SOUL SURVIVORS  
OFFERS HIS HAND  
AS WELL...



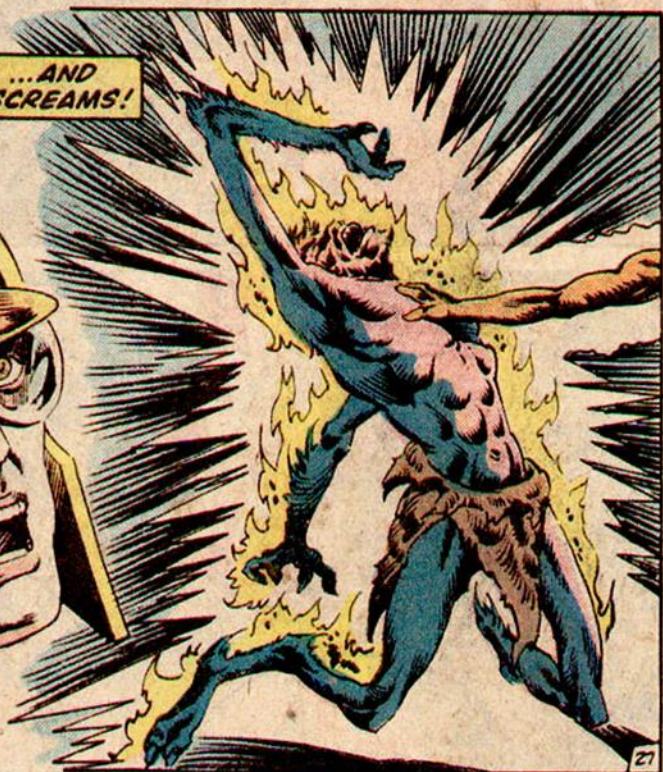
... AND, UPON  
CONTACT  
DEVIL  
SCREAMS...

...AND SCREAMS...

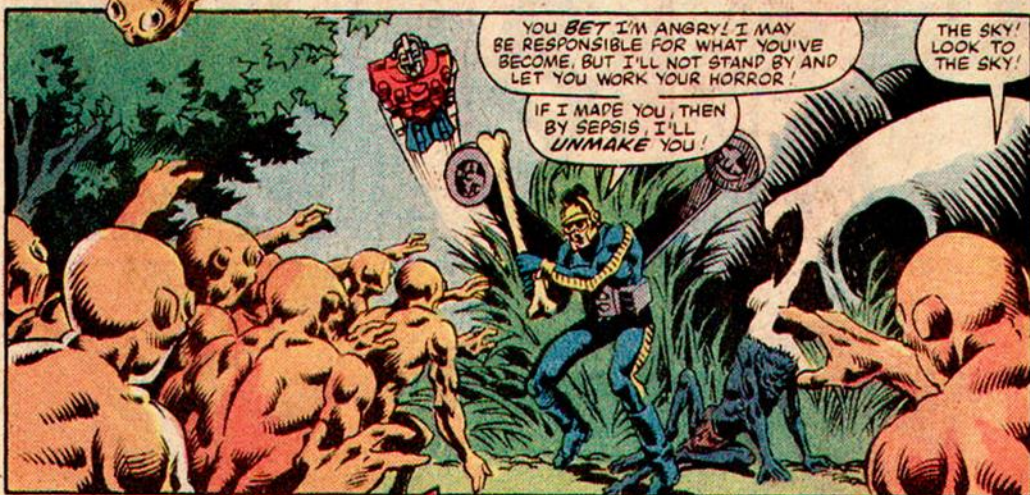
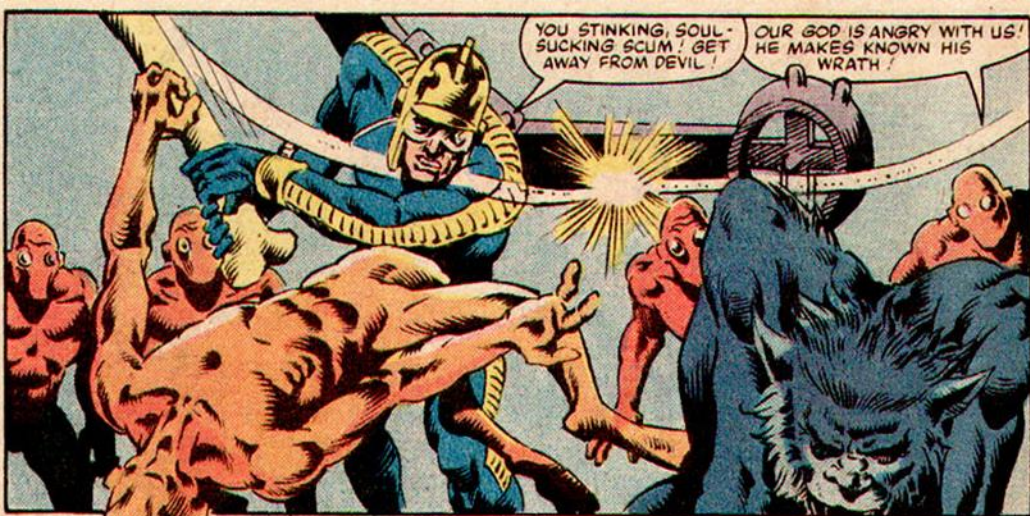
...AND  
SCREAMS!



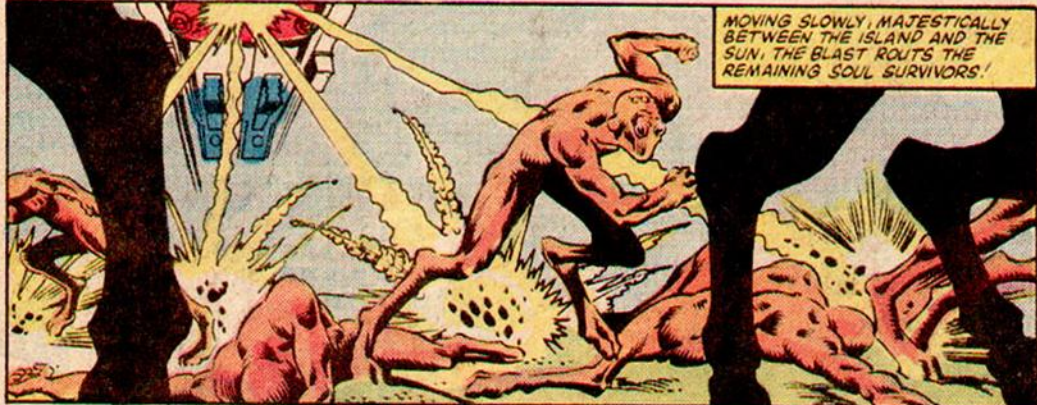
BY THE ENIGMA  
FORCE-- THEY'RE  
KILLING ANOTHER  
MICRONAUT!



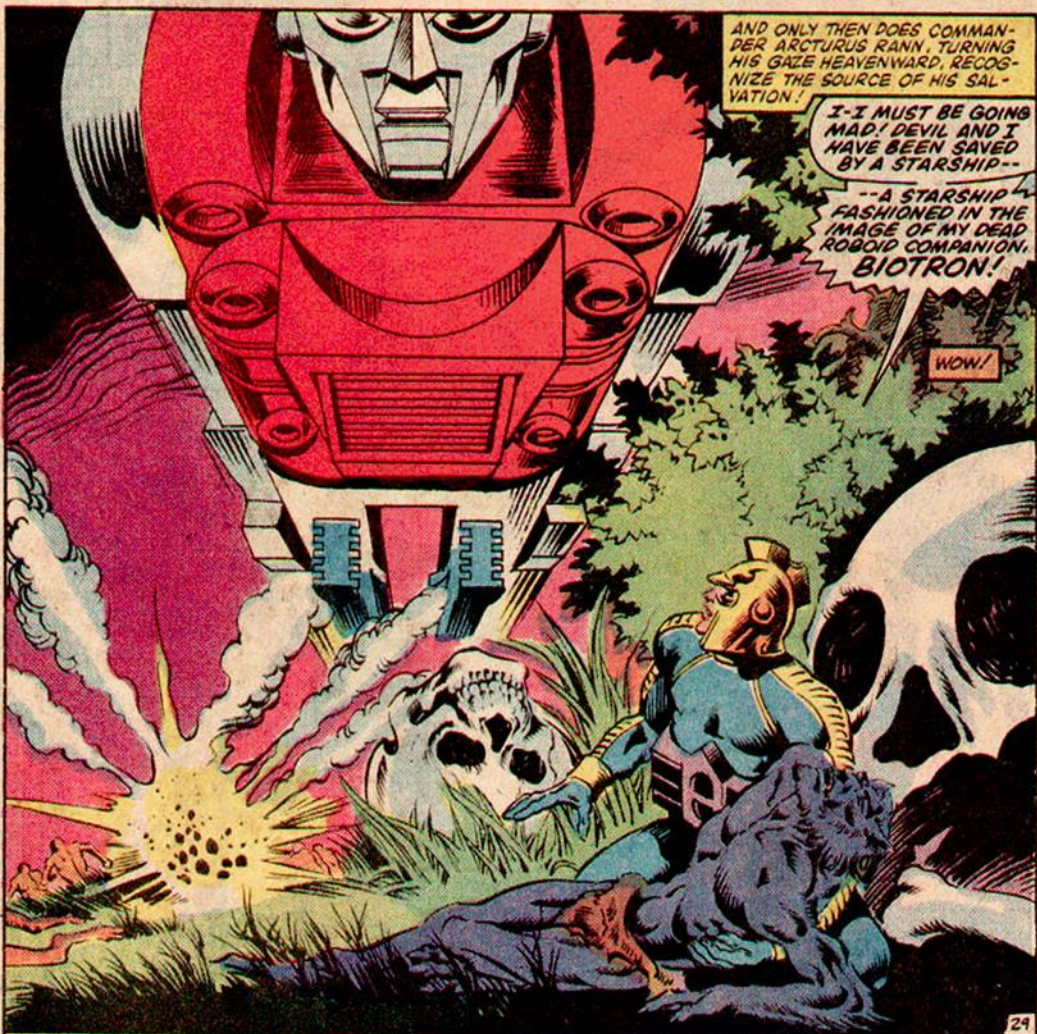








MOVING SLOWLY, MAJESTICALLY BETWEEN THE ISLAND AND THE SUN, THE BLAST ROUTS THE REMAINING SOUL SURVIVORS!



AND ONLY THEN DOES COMMANDER ARCTURUS RANN, TURNING HIS GAZE HEAVENWARD, RECOGNIZE THE SOURCE OF HIS SALVATION!

I-I MUST BE GOING MAD! DEVIL AND I HAVE BEEN SAVED BY A STARSHIP--

--A STARSHIP FASHIONED IN THE IMAGE OF MY DEAD ROBOID COMPANION, BIOTRON!

WOW!

NEXT MONTH: **RESURRECTION!**







# MICROMAILS

% MARVEL COMICS GROUP

387 Park Avenue South  
New York, New York 10016

ALLEN MILGROM  
EDITOR  
ANN NOCENTI  
ASSISTANT EDITOR

Dear Micronauts,

It has been far too long since I have written a missive to this mag and with the appearance of issues #41 and #42 I find I just can't keep silent any longer. There was a time when Micronauts was my favorite comic. In the brilliant run of Mantlo/Broderick stories which included the second coming of Baron Karza and the classic search for the three keys of the Enigma Force this series reached an all time high in exciting graphic story telling. Each issue kept me eagerly awaiting the next and never was I disappointed at the end of that wait. Then two things happened that I feel hurt the credibility and continuity of this mag tremendously.

First, and I suppose this is to be expected and endured by every true comics fan, in issue #34 we viewed the last work of Pat Broderick. This man was possibly the most imaginative artist we have seen yet on this book and he will be sorely missed from these pages. However, as was the case when Michael Golden left this book, after a few fill-in issues, Mr. Broderick has been very ably replaced by the seasoned and always professional Gil Kane. But more about this later. The second thing that really blew my mind was the fact that you have turned the good Prince Argon into a power-mad carbon-copy of Baron Karza and thus the state of things in the Microverse has been a little hard to swallow for this particular reader.

Then, two things happened in this comic that may yet save this book from the brink of mediocrity. The first step was having the Micronauts return to earth and the second, and I think most important, was changing this book to the elite ranks of direct sales.

From the beginning the Micronauts have held a very special place in the Marvel Universe. This book has stood out from the rest of the Marvel line mainly because I think creators and fans alike really love and care about this series. At its best the Micros rival the warmth and compassion of Wendi Pini's ELFQUEST adventures and even Bill has admitted that he got the idea for this comic from playing with his young son. I don't know if anyone has ever said this about a mere funny book before, but MICRONAUTS should be considered high quality family entertainment for children of all ages. The Microverse, with its own heritage, traditions and language is the stuff of which some of the greatest mythological writings were made of, and I think it is the type of work which is honestly aware of its readership. With stories such as the one which took place in the comic shop in issue #39, beautiful, unspoiled, wrap-around covers, double letters pages and extended stories with no ads, you are giving your fans and readers more than we could ever hope for in this ultra-commercial medium we all love so much. End of, though honest and heart-felt, plug for direct sales.

Continue putting out class acts like issue #41 and #42 and the praise from above will never cease. "Everyone's Little in Liddleville" is a fantastic story and the "Cover of 1982" wasn't too shabby either. Gil Kane is an innovative genius in the graphic-story form and his work thus far has been a pure delight. This story had it all: the loss of the HMS Endeavor, the strange mind trans-

ference between Lady Slug and Duchess Belladonna and an epic battle with Dr. Doom. The ending especially was a very chilling scene.

Character development was the highlight of issue #42. Here we learn that the longer Devil stays away from Tropica the wilder and more savage his natural instincts become. This is a nice touch but please don't let him kill anybody because we all know what happens to those kinds of heroes. He adds a much needed aspect to the group. Being the most inexperienced member of the Micros he is more prone to question orders and, in certain situations, become a bit unruly. Don't ever let him go too far. He has too much potential and I heard it through the Microvine that he was very upset that he didn't appear on this issue's cover.

Anyway.... the Wasp was also shown in a very good light this story, continuing Mr. Shooter's good development of the Avengers' newest leader. It's about time somebody realised this lady was fighting the heavy-weight villains back when half of Marvel's heroes were still in short pants. And who says nudity can't be portrayed with a touch of class in the comics. The ridiculous plight the Wasp found herself in when her gown shrunk out of existence was a nice touch of realistic writing and almost makes up for the countless times I hopelessly wondered how the Hulk and She-Hulk kept from baring it all when they burst forth, muscles rippling, from normal street clothes.

But before I give you guys a severe case of eye strain I would like to close with a few suggestions.

- 1) Please give us an annual this year.
- 2) How about a limited special series with each issue devoted to a separate Micronaut? Or maybe this type of story could be worked out in the current series.
- 3) Last but not least, how about an epic quest taking place in the Microverse but also involving one of earth's super groups? It's possible since our tiny warriors have met members of the Avengers, the X-Men and the Fantastic Four.

Peace from the desert.

Bill D. Middleton  
1010 Connelly  
Clovis, New Mexico 88101

As thoughtful a missive as yours, Bill, deserves an equally thoughtful response. First, a MICRONAUTS ANNUAL this year is out of the question. The regular monthly mag is only 8 pages shy of ANNUAL size now and, what with our current lack of a regular artist, asking someone to produce a 38 page extravaganza just wouldn't do justice to our creative integrity, to you, the fans, or to the Micronauts themselves. Thus, until MICRONAUTS is stabilized artistically, we're afraid the idea of a MICRONAUTS ANNUAL will have to be put on "hold." (But, as we hinted last month, there is a rather special MICRONAUTS project in the works, being plotted even now as a joint effort between Bill Mantlo and Chris Claremont. You know what that implies.)

Second, a limited special series featuring individual Micronauts is extremely appealing, either as solo issues, mini-

-series, or as backup tales in the regular MICRONAUTS mag. However, we'd like to see where the characters are going after MICRONAUTS #50 (which is going to be one heckuva job!) before we commit ourselves.

Third, the MICRONAUTS SPECIAL PROJECT may satisfy your desire to see our heroes in an epic situation with an Earth super-team, so rather than repeat ourselves in the regular mag, we suggest you try to remain patient until then. We won't keep you in the dark for long. Honest.

Dear Allen, Ann and Bill,

Maybe I'm just nit-picky, but I have this eency-weency problem while reading Micronauts lately. You see, it involves credibility. I'm a stickler for it. My gift. My curse. Anyways, lately it seems I've been forced to suspend my disbelief, as they say, to enjoy the most recent issues. And I don't think I should have to.

So what is this problem of mine? Well, I can accept a Microverse without too much difficulty, and the origin of the Microverse struck me as being fine. No, the thing I have trouble believing is that a former hero and noble lord of the Microverse could become corrupted so easily and so quickly.

I don't think it is impossible for a person to become corrupt. You've all heard the old saying 'absolute power corrupts absolutely'. But to become corrupted, you need a basic flaw in your nature. Shakespeare proved this time and time again, with characters like Macbeth and Othello.

But Argon never displayed any of these flaws. He was never hungry for power like Macbeth, never glib and suspicious like Othello, never indecisive like Hamlet (I realise some people may think I'm stretching things citing examples from Shakespeare, but they serve to accurately show my thinking). It is almost as if Argon woke up one day and said, "Hey, I've got unlimited power. I think I'm going to become a tyrant." It just didn't strike me as right.

There is only one solution I can think of. Suppose Karza planted another post-hypnotic command in the prince's mind. Suppose this isn't really Argon but the Baron himself acting through Argon. Suppose issue #50 has Micronauts versus... Baron Karza.

This I could accept.

Sincerely,  
G. Schmidt  
160 Rear Grove St.  
Wellesley MA 02181

Dear Micromasters,

Here are a few thoughts on Micronauts number 42...

Hmm. Devil's going wild. Ever since he left Tropica with Acroyear, he won't find the peace that he needs unless he leaves the Micronauts rather than risk going berserk.

Was Arcturus going to ask Marionette to marry him? Well, if Marionette can ever find the time to stop thinking of Argon, I sure hope Arcturus would try to ask her again. And I hope that she would say, "yes."

Recently Arcturus and Marionette haven't had a chance to be alone. The Micronauts have been too busy and on the run ever

CONTINUED ON INSIDE BACK COVER.



since the second coming of Baron Karma. The only time they had a chance to really rest was in Micronauts #38, but in that, everyone was gathered together telling stories. Marionette and Arcturus must find time to talk and be alone.

I, unlike Randy Evans, don't dislike the new roboid Nanotron. She may be the daffiest looking roboid in the Microverse, but I like the way she has a crush on Microtron. Microtron's her hero.

Recently, Nanotron's been the only Micro-naut not to be in a depression. She's been pulling her own weight and the others' trying to make them all happy. Her positive attitude is unique in that, no matter what the odds she faces, she's always cheerful. But she's not hiding her feelings like the others, it's just her nature to always be cheerful. In fact, right now, Nanotron is the only person on the team who is cheery.

Now for boo boo number one. Why does Acroyear have an "H" (H) on his forehead when it should be a "T" (T)?

Now for the second boo boo for which I can provide an answer. Bill said that Insectivords tiké when they talk because of chitinous membranes in their throats. Later someone complained that Bill was making Bug tiké when he was thinking. So Bill stopped the thinking tiké but then it came back.

Maybe the thinking tiké aren't Bill's fault, but Bug's. Normally when Bug talks he tiké. He can't help that. When he thinks, Bug unconsciously tiké because he's so used to tiké when he talks. The tiké comes naturally to his brain. It's so hard for him to shake the thinking tiké out of his mind because it's a habit. And habits

are hard to beat. Bug's mind tiké unconsciously.

Bye,  
Eber Christensen  
3272-25th Street  
San Francisco, CA 94110

**Sorry about the goof regarding Acroyear's brand, Eb. And a goof was what it was, pure and simple. Both Bill and Gil overlooked the error. We'll try to be more careful in the future.**

**As for Argon, we hope that MICRO-NAUTS #50 explains to your satisfaction how this paragon of the Rebellion could become the tyrannical Force Commander. If not, let us know.**

**Oh, by the way, your ingenious explanation of Bug's tiké has garnered you a KNOW PRIZE.**

Dear Marvel,

Subject: Tripping Through the Microverse Blindfolded (or, "How DOES Acroyear see through his helmet?")

As witnessed by the hordes of 'Naut fanatics, Acroyear's helmet has no slits for seeing through. Since he does not rely upon a seeing-eye dog, there must be an explanation. Here's mine:

The two large vanes connected to the helmet are High-and-Low-gain sound transceivers. They connect to a display screen in the visor section of his helmet; (the extended part) which is part of the Acroyear 'Perimeter Detection and Ranging' unit, located inside his headgear. The fore-and-aft dorsal connect to the visual parts of the PDR and the vanes which conduct sound.

When the unit is working, the visual unit,

which works off of a Microversion form of our radar systems, gives him a 360° visual of the area around him. The vanes bring in all sound, from 5 to infinity on the decibel scale. With the efficiency of all Spartakian electronics gear, Acroyear can not only see what's happening behind him, he can also hear it. I hope this settles any questions about how Accky sees with that fancy headgear he has.

I know this won't win a No-Prize on workability, but how about one for sheer brilliance on an unknown subject (Spartakian headgear)?

Please keep up the fantastic work. It is appreciated.

Charlie E. Tennant  
2328 Rondeau Drive  
Toledo, OH 43615

**Yours may not be the answer to the question of how it is Acroyear sees through his helmet, Charlie, but it's certainly an answer... and a good enough one to gain you, too, a coveted Marvel KNOW PRIZE.**

Dear Micromakers,

Gil Kane has made me forget about Mike Golden.

As #42 shows, it's about time Devil lived up to that name.

Oh, by the way, the Wasp looks as good out of costume as she does in costume.

Here's hoping Gil stays through #50.

John Brittan  
11 Fleetwood Drive  
Daly City, CA 94015

Whoops!

**HERE'S  
JUST A  
TASTE  
OF  
THE  
ART  
YOU'LL  
SEE  
IN  
MARVEL  
FANFARE  
#6  
--ON SALE  
IN  
SEPTEMBER!  
AT YOUR LOCAL DIRECT  
DEALERSHIP COMICS  
SHOP!**







**MICRONAUTS**  
THEY CAME FROM INNER SPACE

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