

AMAZING TALES OF **SPACE** **AMERICA**



AMAZING TALES OF SPACE AMERICA

AUTHOR: SCOTT HOT

**THIS WORK UTILIZES PUBLIC DOMAIN COMICS AND
WHATEVER CONTRIBUTIONS, WRITTEN OR VISUAL,
THAT I'VE MADE IN THIS BOOK SHOULD ALSO BE
CONSIDERED WORK IN THE PUBLIC DOMAIN.**

SPECIAL THANKS TO GW BRAZIER.

INTRODUCTION

A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO, I STUMBLED UPON SOME PUBLIC DOMAIN COMICS FROM THE 1940S AND 50S. I WAS FASCINATED BY HOW THEY PROVIDED AN EYE-OPENING VIEW INTO A BYGONE ERA.

THE THOUGHT OCCURRED TO ME THAT I SHOULD REMOVE ALL THE EXISTING TEXT AND CREATE A COMPLETELY RE-WRITTEN COMIC BOOK. THIS IDEA OF AN ACROSS-TIME COLLABORATION SEEMED LIKE AN INTRIGUING AND ENTERTAINING IDEA BUT I COULDN'T QUITE MAKE IT WORK.

RECENTLY, I REVISITED THE IDEA AND WHEN I CHANGED MY FOCUS FROM HORROR TO SCIENCE FICTION COMICS, EVERYTHING STARTED TO CLICK. OR AT LEAST I LIKE TO THINK SO.

HOPEFULLY, YOU ENJOY THESE SHORT COMEDIC OFFERINGS.

THESE COMICS COME FROM AN AGE WHERE INTERIOR CREDITS WERE NOT ALWAYS A STANDARD FEATURE. I BELIEVE THE FOLLOWING PEOPLE WORKED ON THE ORIGINAL COMICS: MURPHY ANDERSON, OTTO BINDER, JEROME BIXBY, JOHN CELARDO, MIKE PEPPE, GEORGE ROUSSOS, ART SAAF, AND ALEX TOTH.

THERE ARE PROBABLY MORE PEOPLE WHO WORKED IN SOME CAPACITY ON THESE COMICS, WHOSE NAMES ARE LOST FOREVER.

AND SO I DEDICATE THIS BOOK TO ALL THOSE WHO NEVER GOT ANY CREDIT.

THANKS, SCOTT HOT

BEWARE THE MARTIAN TICKLER

24 HOURS
FROM NOW...



TODAY IN AMERICA, A STRANGE
NEW SCUTTLEBUTT IS GRIPPING
AVERAGE AMERICAN FAMILIES.

THE PAPER IS CLAIMING THAT
SOME KNUCKLEHEADS FROM
SCRANTON ARE SAYING THEY
SAW FLYING SAUCERS.



THAT'S JUST LIKE
IN MY COMIC BOOK
WHERE I LEARNED
ABOUT SATAN!



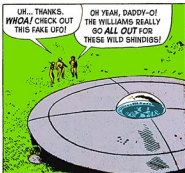




HEY SALLY GIRL!
I'D RECOGNIZE THOSE
CURVES ANYWHERE.
IT'S ME SEAN FROM
THE OFFICE.



THIS BUG-EYED
COMPANION
MUST BE REX!
YOU GOT A REAL
CATCH THERE YOU
LUCKY BASTARD.



UH... THANKS.
WHOA! CHECK OUT
THIS FAKE UFO!

OH YEAH, DADDY-O!
THE WILLIAMS REALLY
GO ALL OUT FOR
THESE WILD SHINDIGS!



REX! THOSE LIZARD
FACE COSTUMES...
THEY'RE GIVING ME A
CASE OF THE HEEBIE
JEEBIES!!



SWEET JESUS! THEIR
SKIN GLISTENS LIKE
A SUNDAY HAM.

LET'S JUST
MOVE AWAY
FROM THEM.



I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT
SALLY! SOMETHING
ABOUT THOSE GUYS
REALLY RATTLES
MY DOORKNOB.

HEY REX!
LOOK OVER
THERE!!



IT'S WILLIAMS!
HE LOOKS UTTERLY
EXHAUSTED!



THIS DEVICE NEXT
TO HIM RESEMBLES
AN ALIEN VERSION
OF YOUR PERSONAL
MASSAGER.

MAYBE IT HAS
SOMETHING TO DO
WITH THOSE
CREEPY
LIZARDS!?





SALLY AND REX ARE QUICKLY
USHERED INTO THE STARSHIP.

OH, REX! **THIS IS HORRIBLE!!** WHAT
ARE THEY PLANNING
ON DOING?

THEY
BETTER
NOT TRY
**ANY BUM
STUFF** ON
US!!!



HEY! WHAT ARE
YOU GUYS DOING
HERE!? WHO ARE
YOU FELLAS?

WE'RE JUST
A COUPLE
OF GARBAGE
MEN THE
ALIENS
KIDNAPPED!



THEY READ YOUR **MIND** TO
FIND OUT WHAT MAKES YOU
HAPPY AND THEN... AND THEN...
THEY MAKE YOU HAPPY!



HMMM... HOW CAN WE
STOP THESE FIENDS? IT'S
MY GOD-GIVEN RIGHT
TO BE UNHAPPY!!



I WAS GONNA WRITE A NOVEL
ABOUT MY **TROUBLED**
CHILDHOOD... AND NOW... IT'S
LIKE **ALL MY ANGST** IS GONE!



OOOH, THAT **BURNS ME!**
WHEN I GET A CHANCE, I'LL
SHOW THESE **GREEN**
SKINNED FREAKS MY
FISTS FOR DENYING THE
WORLD A PIECE OF
LITERATURE!

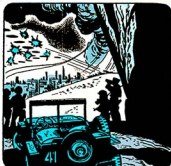


WHAT THE
FLOUNDER!?

THAT'S THE
ALARM THAT
GOES OFF JUST
BEFORE THEY
TAKE YOU TO THE
MIND-READING
MACHINE.







END

IN THE YEAR **2121**, HUGE CHUNKS OF **SPACE WEED** ARE ON COURSE TO CRASH LAND ON **EARTH** AND IT'S THE JOB OF **THE BUD BLASTERS** TO STOP THIS FROM HAPPENING BUT **NOT EVERYONE ON THE SHIP** IS HAPPY WITH **THIS MISSION**.

THE TREACHEROUS MUTINY IN SPACE



AN ASTEROID-SIZED CHUNK OF SPACE WEED HURTLES TOWARDS EARTH.



THE SPACE BLASTERS SPRING INTO ACTION!



CAPTAIN RYAN BARKS OUT ORDERS TO HIS CREW.





ALRIGHT BOYS!
PREPARE THE CANNON.



FIRE!



WHAT A LOUSY
WAY FOR A
MAN TO MAKE
A LIVING!
SMASHING UP
MARY JANE
METEORS...

IF WE DON'T
DO IT
THOUSANDS
OF SCHOOL
KIDS COULD
LOSE THEIR
SENSE OF
AMBITION AND
START
LISTENING TO
FREE JAZZ
RECORDS.



A GREAT
SOCIETY IS
BUILT ON
FREEDOM!
INCLUDING THE
FREEDOM TO
IMPROVISE!

**LISTEN UP,
PAL!** IT'S
STRUCTURES
AND RULES
THAT MAKE
FOR A GREAT
SOCIETY AND
EASILY
**HUMMABLE
TUNES!**



ENOUGH CHITTER-CHATTER!
IT LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT
ANOTHER ONE TO BLAST!



MEANWHILE, IN A NEARBY SHIP,
OFFICER SHEILA IS ON PATROL.

HMMM... MAYBE I SHOULD
MOSEY ON OVER THERE AND
GIVE THAT SPACESHIP A
ONCE OVER.



LOOKS LIKE EVERYTHING'S
IN ORDER. JUST A BUD
BLASTER GOING ABOUT
THEIR DUTIES.



NOTHINGS **EVER** HAPPENS
IN THIS SECTOR. I'M SO
BORED I COULD YODEL
ON A POGO!!



SHORTLY AFTERWARD, YET
ANOTHER **SPACE WEED**
ASTEROID COMES INTO VIEW.

PEOPLE GET
READY!

CAPTAIN!
THERE'S
SOMETHING
DIFFERENT ABOUT
THIS ONE.





CAPTAIN RYAN STARTS HANDING OUT KNUCKLE SANDWICHES BUT THERE ARE JUST TOO MANY OF THEM.



CAPTAIN RYAN IS CRUELLY CAST INTO THE COLD VOID OF SPACE.



WITH ONLY THE AIR LEFT IN HIS LUNGS, CAPTAIN RYAN IS MINUTES AWAY FROM CERTAIN DEATH.



OFFICER SHEILA RECEIVES AN ALERT ON HER POLICE SCOPE.





THEY LAND NEARBY TO CONTINUE
THEIR PURSUIT OF JUSTICE.



SPACE DREAMS

YOU STUDIED
HARD TO
BECOME AN
ASTRONAUT.



BUT THERE'S ONE THING THEY DIDN'T
TELL YOU ABOUT YOUR DREAM...



IT'S LONELY IN
SPACE.



ALL YOU'VE EVER
KNOWN WILL SOON
BE A FADED MEMORY.



OVER TIME, THE SILENCE OF YOUR
MIND WILL BECOME DEAFENING.



YOUR FRAIL HUSK WILL GIBBER
AT THE SHADOWS IN THE CORNERS
OF YOUR EYES.

SOMETIMES, IT'S BEST
TO LET YOUR DREAMS DIE.



THE
END

LOVE IS AS OLD AS THE EARTH ITSELF BUT IN THE FUTURE, A NEW QUESTION ARISES...

CAN THERE BE LOVE IN SPACE?



I KNOW YOU CAN'T **FULLY** UNDERSTAND THIS BUT ONCE PERFECTED MY ROBOTS WILL CHANGE THE FUTURE OF OUR CIVILIZATION.

PROFESSOR AL GIRTH EXPLAINS TO HIS LAB ASSISTANT CONNIE COINCAVE EXACTLY HOW SUPER SMART HE IS.

THIS NEW ROBOT WILL BE ABLE TO DO MANUAL LABOR FOR NO PAY!

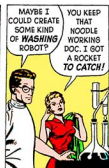
BUT HOW CAN PEOPLE **SURVIVE** IF THE ROBOTS TAKE **ALL THE JOBS**?

THEY NEED TO ADAPT OR **DIE** LIKE ALL THINGS. SAY DO YOU LIKE ME AS A **MAN**?

UHH... DIDN'T YOUR WIFE DIE LAST WEEK?

IT WAS MORE LIKE A WEEK AND A HALF AGO. AND THAT'S A **LONG TIME** TO GO WITHOUT ANY CLEAN LAUNDRY.

OH...UH...

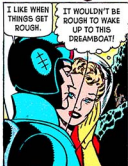


LATER AT THE OFFICE FOR PEOPLE WHO WANT TO GO INTO OUTER SPACE AND DO STUFF.

A WEEK LATER, CONNIE AND OTHER VOLUNTEERS ARE ON THEIR WAY TO THE DISTANT OUTPOST.

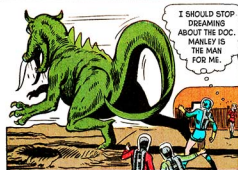
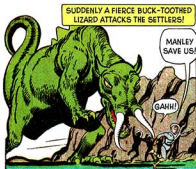
THE NEW SETTLERS ARE TAKEN TO THE FRONTIER SETTLEMENT ON GANYMEDE.





WHEN DANGER APPEARS AT THE COLONY, MANLEY THIEMASTER IS THERE TO TACKLE THE PROBLEM.







THEY WANTED TO TAKE BACK THE PLANET BUT ONE MAN STOOD IN THEIR WAY.

RETURN OF THE VENUSIANS



THE CITY I DESIGNED
LOOKS BEAUTIFUL AND
WOW... I SMELL
FANTASTIC!

I STILL THINK THAT WE
SHOULD'VE **STOPPED FOR
ICE CREAM** ON THE WAY UP
HERE.

NOW SWEETUMS,
YOU KNOW IT'S AN
AUTOMATIC
DIVORCE IF YOUR
WAISTLINE GETS
TOO BIG.

I KNOW
THAT TYLER
BUT IT'S MY
BIRTHDAY
TOMORROW.

WELL THEN
JANEY, WE'LL
TALK ABOUT THIS
TOMORROW
AFTER MY CITY
COUNCIL
MEETING.



TYLER! A VENUSIAN SPACECRAFT HAS ENTERED OUR ATMOSPHERE.

PHOOEY! THEY'RE GOING TO WANT THEIR MOON BACK.



WELL... THEY AIN'T GETTING IT.

WE'VE BUILT A REAL KEEN CITY HERE SO **THIS MOON** BELONGS TO US **NOW!**



LET'S TELL THOSE GREEN LOSERS TO **SKEDADDLE!**

DANG RIGHT WE WILL!



I AM **SKROTA** THE MAGNIFICENT, HERE TO TAKE BACK **THIS MOON!**

HOW ABOUT YOU GO **SUCK AN EGG** YOU REPTILIAN GASBAG!



HOW ABOUT INSTEAD WE LET THE **ROBO-DOGS** ATTACK YOU?

WE AIN'T AFRAID OF THE DOGS!



WELL THEN, **HOTSHOT**, MAYBE YOU'LL BE AFRAID OF OUR NEW WEAPON... **THE STINK GUN.**



WHAT THE HECK IS THAT?!

ONE BLAST AND YOU'LL SMELL LIKE **SHRIMP FILLED HOBO SOCKS FOREVER!**





AT SKROTA'S OFFICE.

I CAN'T WAIT UNTIL
WE GET THOSE
ANNOYING
TWERPS INTO THE
ROCKET!

SAY IT
AGAIN
BROTHER!



THESE FLOPPY
SAUSAGE
LOUDMOUTH
CHATTERBOXES
ARE A POX ON
THE WHOLE
UNIVERSE!!



TYLER IS PRETTY
CUTE THOUGH...
RIGHT?

SURE...



... THAT RASCAL HAS
A VERY FLATTERING
HAIRSTYLE BUT
HE'S ALSO A
HOMICIDAL
LUNATIC! THEY'RE
ALL GETTING ON
THE ROCKET!!



A SCOUT RETURNS
TO THE CAVES.

SHAKE IT.

DON'T
BREAK IT.



THE VENUSIANS ARE
ALL **DRINKING** RIGHT
NOW AND HAVING AN
EARLY VICTORY
CELEBRATION IN THE
ARENA.

IT'S A PERFECT
TIME TO **STOVE**
THEIR LITTLE
DOMES IN.



THE GUARDS
AT THE
FRONT GATE
ARE ALMOST
PASSED OUT
FROM
BOOZING
IT UP!

EVEN WHEN
IT'S **EASY**,
KILLING IS
STILL **SWEET**.



AFTER
THE
ATTACK.

ALRIGHT, PUT
ON THEIR
UNIFORMS!

WE'RE
SNEAKING
IN!

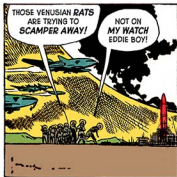


TYLER RALLIES THE TROOPS.

LISTEN UP
PEOPLE! ONCE
WE'RE IN THE
ARENA, WE'LL
ATTACK THEM ON
MY COMMAND!







FOR THE BRAVE MEN WHO STAND GUARD ON LONG-RANGE REMOTE MISSIONS, SPACE IS A VAST AND LONELY PLACE. THEIR SOLITARY SACRIFICES KEEP THE EARTH SAFE FROM ALL DANGERS.

LOOK BENEATH THE SURFACE



AN ALARM GOES OFF AT THE LUNAR OBSERVATORY.

HOLY GUACAMOLE!
A MEANDERING MINI-PLANET
HAS JUST ENTERED OUR
SOLAR SYSTEM!

THE INFORMATION IS QUICKLY
RELAYED TO SPACE HQ.

GET ONE OF THOSE
STIR-CRAZY KOOKS
FROM THE SOLO SHIPS
TO CHECK OUT THIS
AMBLING ASTEROID!

OKEY
DOKEY.

COME IN SHIP 144.

CAPTAIN HARVEY
HERE. WHAT'S THE
SITUATION HQ?





SWEET MOTHER OF PEARL!!!

HHMM...
**NO TRACKS
AND NO BLOOD!**
I HAVE A THEORY
ABOUT **THIS
CREATURE!**



THINGS SURE ARE
KOOKY AROUND HERE!

THE MONSTER IS
JUST UP AHEAD!
KEEP YOUR EYES
ON HIM!



AS THE MONSTER GETS READY
TO ATTACK AGAIN, HARVEY
PICKS UP A FAIR-SIZED ROCK.

NOW TO TEST MY THEORY!



THE ROCK WENT THROUGH
HIM! IT'S LIKE I THOUGHT,
HE'S A **HOLOGRAM!**



DEE-DEE IT'S TOO
DANGEROUS AROUND HERE,
I WANT YOU TO **GO BACK**
TO THE SHIP!

YOU'RE NOT THE
BOSS OF ME
MISTER.



THEY SOON STUMBLE UPON
A MYSTERIOUS ENTRANCE.

OKAY **RUSTY**, GET READY
FOR ACTION!

WHAT?



RUSTY AND I HAVE
BEEN TRAINED TO
HANDLE SITUATIONS
LIKE THIS.

RIGHT...



AT THE BOTTOM, THEY FIND THEMSELVES IN
SOME KIND OF UNDERGROUND STATION.

WE'RE IN SOME KIND
OF UNDERGROUND
STATION.







THE ALIEN SHIPS LEAVE THE DEATH PLANET.

I'M CALLING DIBS
ON HAWAII.

ATTENTION PRISONERS! WE ARE
TEMPORARILY TURNING OFF THE GRAVITY
AS WE MOVE INTO STRIKING POSITION!

OH THERE
GOES
GRAVITY!

THE SUDDEN GRAVITY SHIFT
BREAKS THE CELL WALL.

FOLLOW ME TO THE SHIP!

HARVEY'S SHIP HAS BEEN
SMASHED **BEYOND REPAIR!**

SHIP!

SON OF A SEA
COOK! IT LOOKS
LIKE OUR GOOSE IS
REALLY COOKED
THIS TIME!

THE ALIENS CONTINUE TO
PREPARE FOR THEIR ATTACK.

THE SITUATION LOOKS
PRETTY HOPELESS. I
GUESS THINGS ARE OUT
OF OUR HANDS NOW.

WAIT A
SECOND...

ARE YOU
THINKING WHAT
I'M THINKING?

THOUGHTS
AND
PRAYERS?

THOUGHTS
AND
PRAYERS!



THE BOY WHO CRIED ALIEN!

CHAD JEFFERSON IS SCREWING THE POOCH TODAY.
HE'S DECIDED TO PLAY HOOKY FROM SCHOOL AND
GO FISHING BY THE OLD MILL CREEK.

LITTLE DOES HE KNOW THAT THE FATE OF THE WORLD
WILL SOON DEPEND ON HIM...



WHAT THE
GOSH DARN!
IS THAT ONE OF
THEM THERE
FLYING SAUCER
THINGS?



LOOKS LIKE WHATEVER IT
IS LANDED ON THE OTHER
SIDE OF JOHNSON'S HILL.



HOLY SMOKES!
IT REALLY IS A
DOG-GONE UFO!



ALIENS!! AND THEY
DRESS JUST LIKE A
GERMAN DANCE
GROUP!



WHAT KIND OF BULLPUCKY ARE THESE NIMRODS GETTING UP TO?

WAY TO STICK THE LANDING ZORF!



AW THANKS MAN. YOU'RE ALWAYS SO SUPPORTIVE. IT'S WELL APPRECIATED.

NO ONE CAN DESTROY A PLANET ON THEIR OWN.



THE ALIENS CONTINUE TALKING ABOUT THEIR NEFARIOUS PLANS.

THEY'RE GONNA KILL US ALL!



CHAD RUNS HOME TO WARN HIS PARENTS.

HEY DAD! YOU GOTTA GO BEAT UP SOME ALIENS OR THE PLANET IS DOOMED!

SHUT YOUR TRAP YOU FILTHY LIAR.



BUT I'M TELLING THE TRUTH!

YOUR FATHER'S DEEP IN THE SAUCE DEAR. IT'S BEST FOR EVERYONE IF WE LEAVE HIM ALONE.



CHAD TRIES TO GET HELP FROM THE NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS.

HEY JOEY, LET'S GO ATTACK THE ALIENS IN THE VALLEY.

LET GO OF ME WEIRDO! WE'VE HEARD THIS KIND OF CRAP BEFORE.



SHERIFF MILLER DOESN'T BELIEVE HIM EITHER.

AWW KID... YOU'RE NOT PLAYING WITH A FULL DECK OF CARDS. ARE YA? HA HA HA!

I'M SAD NOW.



PEOPLE WILL BELIEVE ME IF I GET SOME PHOTOS.

DON'T TOUCH MY CAMERA YOU LITTLE SHITBIRD!

WITH NOWHERE LEFT TO GO, CHAD MAKES HIS WAY BACK TO THE CREEK

MAYBE THEY'RE RIGHT. MAYBE I IMAGINED EVERYTHING. *MAYBE I BELONG IN THE BUGHOUSE!*

NOPE! THOSE ARE DEFINITELY SOME **VERY REAL** ALIENS.

THE ALIENS SET UP A POISON SPRAY CANNON.

LET'S TEST FLARNO GAS ON THESE CREATURES.

IMPRESSIVE! YOU HAVE A NATURAL KNACK FOR EXTERMINATION.

THEY LOOK AT US LIKE WE'RE INSIGNIFICANT **BUGS!**

OOH LA LA! I SEE ONE UP AHEAD!

THE ALIENS FIRE THE POISON GAS TO DEADLY EFFECT.

GHAaaaaa!

HOLY CRAP! THEY JUST KILLED IDIOT BOB!

CHAD STEADIES HIMSELF. HE KNOWS HE MUST DO SOMETHING OR ELSE WE'RE ALL DOOMED.

HOW ABOUT YOU GET A TASTE OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE!

CHAD SLOWLY SNEAKS UP TO THE DEADLY SPRAY GUN.



THEY SEEM TO BE NAPPING. WHAT A PERFECT TIME TO KILL THEM!

THE GUN SQUEAKS AS HE MOVES IT INTO PLACE.



WHERE'S THE ON BUTTON?

ZARF! WAKE UP!

WITHIN SECONDS, THE ALIENS HAVE CAPTURED CHAD.



LET'S GET THE SCOOP ON THIS PLANET BY SCANNING HIS BRAIN.

GOOD IDEA! THE YOUNG ONES ARE OFTEN HIP TO THE DEALIO.

THEY BEGIN THE PROCESS OF GATHERING INFORMATION FROM THE EARTHLING.



TELL US ABOUT THIS PLACE!

AMERICA IS THE MOST POWERFUL NATION. WE HAVE LOTS OF BOMBS AND SUGARY SNACKS.

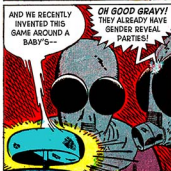
WE'VE ALSO PIONEERED SLAVE LABOR AND PATRIOTIC FERVOR.

GO ON LITTLE ONE... THIS INFORMATION IS USEFUL TO US.



AND WE RECENTLY INVENTED THIS GAME AROUND A BABY'S--

OH GOOD GRAYVY! THEY ALREADY HAVE GENDER REVEAL PARTIES!



THIS MEANS THAT THEY ARE ON THE VERGE OF SELF DESTRUCTION!

DANGER IS IMMINENT! WE MUST LEAVE THIS DOOMED PLANET!





I THINK
I'M HAVING
A PANIC
ATTACK!

WE HAVE TO
TAKE-OFF
NOW!



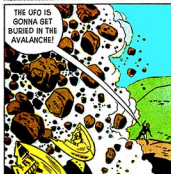
I CAN'T
CONTROL
THE SHIP AT
THIS
SPEED!

WATCH OUT
FOR THE
MOUNTAINS!



**ZAK!
BOOM!**

WHOA!
WHAT A
BUNCH OF
NERVOUS
NELLIES!



THE UFO IS
GONNA GET
BURIED IN THE
AVALANCHE!



A NOW THANKFUL CHAD LOOKS TO THE SKIES.

THANK YOU
AMERICAN
JESUS! WE
HAVE BEEN
SAVED!



CHAD RUNS BACK HOME BUT
VOWS TO TELL NO ONE ABOUT
HIS ALIEN ENCOUNTER.

GO GET DADDY
SOME **HAPPY**
BOTTLES FROM
THE CORNER
STORE.

YES SIR!
CAN I KEEP
THE CHANGE?



NO BUT I'LL
LET YOU HAVE
YOUR FIRST BEER.
HOW'S THAT
SOUND SPORT?

THAT
SOUNDS
AWESOME!



AND SO CHAD HAD
FINALLY LEARNED TO TELL
PEOPLE ONLY WHAT THEY
WANTED TO HEAR.

ONCE I'M DRUNK
I'LL BE A REAL MAN.
LIFE IS GOOD!

**THE
END**

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THANKS FOR YOUR SUPPORT,

SCOTT