



#6

THE GOON™

**FLEE, MANKIND,
FLEE BEFORE
THE WALKING
APOCALYPSE
THAT IS...**

¡LAGARTO HOMBRE!

**SEE HORROR!
SEE BRUTALITY!
SEE SHOCKING
ACTS OF
DEPRAVED
CARNAGE!**



by Eric Powell

The nameless man, the zombie priest, had come to town
to build a gang from the undead. But even the undead fear...

THE GOON™

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by Eric Powell

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TIME AND SPACE. THE FABRIC OF THE UNIVERSE.



LONG HAVE THE GREAT MINDS CONTEMPLATED THESE SISTERS OF EXISTENCE. AND YET WE STILL UNDERSTAND VERY LITTLE.



FOR ALL THAT IS KNOWN, THIS WOVEN BARRIER OF OUR SECURE REALITY COULD BE AS THIN AS TISSUE PAPER.

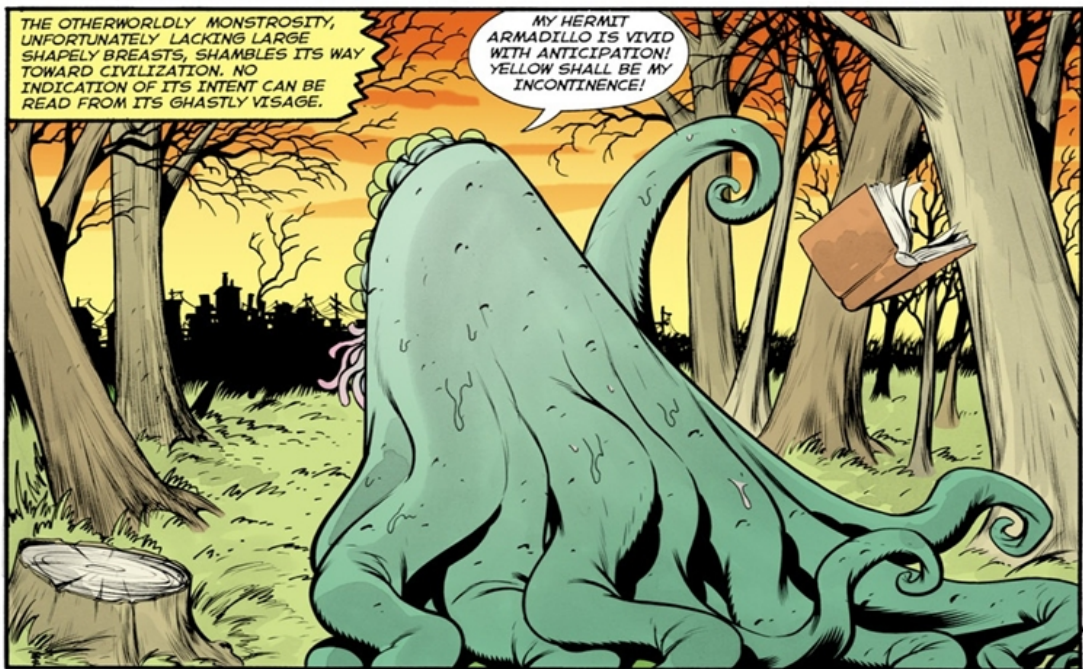
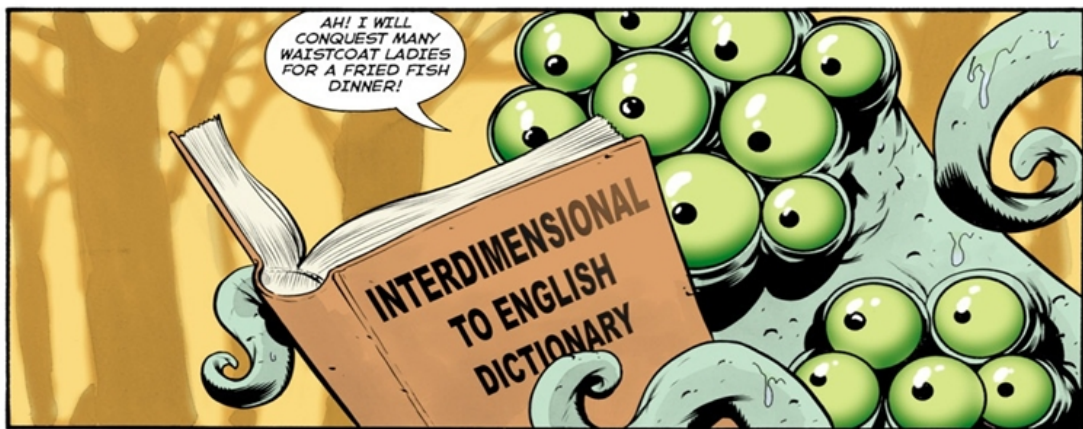


AND IF THERE SHOULD BE A RIP IN THAT FABRIC, WHAT MIGHT BE WAITING TO ENTER ON THE OTHER SIDE?



WOW. HOW ORIGINAL. AN UGLY THING WITH TENTACLES. WHY CAN'T IT BE SOMETHING INTERESTING LIKE A MONSTER MADE OUT OF BREASTS? THINK ABOUT IT, PEOPLE. FRIGHTENING, YET STRANGELY COMPELLING! BEHOLD THE BEAST OF A THOUSAND BOSOMS!





FOR THERE ARE THOSE, SUCH AS THE WORLD-RENNOWN SCIENTIST AND SOMETIMES DIABOLICAL MADMAN DR. HIERONYMOUS ALLOY, WHO ARE ALWAYS WATCHFUL OF UNFORESEEN METAPHYSICAL EVENTS OF BIZARRE PROPORTION.



WATCHDOG OF THE MYSTERIOUS OR SOPHISTICATED PEEPING TOM. EITHER WAY, THE INGENIOUS EYE OF ALLOY MISSES LITTLE.



OTHERS WITHOUT THE ADVANTAGE OF ADVANCED DEVICES OF OBSERVATION WALK BLINDLY FORTH TO FACE THE SHADOW OF THE UNKNOWN.





THE BEAST--REVELING IN THE CHAOS AND DESTRUCTION, OR SIMPLY TRYING TO FIND THE BEST PLACE IN TOWN FOR A TUNA-SALAD SANDWICH WITH THE BREAD LIGHTLY TOASTED, AND A PICKLE ON THE SIDE--DRIVES THE TOWNSPEOPLE BEFORE HIM LIKE RATS FROM A FIRE.

UPSTREAM
MY APOCALYPSE
SWAYS A CONGEALED
SANDWICH! PICKLED
DOOM IS BEHELD!



BUT WHILE THE OTHERS SCATTER IN FEAR, FIRM STANDS THE GOON. HIS WILL, HARDENED THROUGH A LIFE OF MISERY AND PAIN, IS SET AND KNOWS NO COMPROMISE.



EYES LOCK AND AN ETERNITY PASSES BETWEEN THEM. THEY EACH KNOW ONE OF THEM WILL NOT SURVIVE THE MEETING.



SOFTLY, DISTANTLY, A LONESOME TUNE FROM A HARMONICA CAN BE HEARD.
WAAA WA WA WA!

SUCKLE MY
CANTALOUPE. I'M
BIG-TIME PARTY
BOY.



WAAA WA WA WA!

I RECKON.



WA WA WA WAAA!



WE WE WAAA WAAA WAAAAA!



OH NO!! HE'S LAMBASTED THE GOON
ABOUT THE HEAD!

SMACK!



AH-HA! NOW IT IS THE GOON WHO WILL
DO THE LAMBASTING!

FWAP!



HIT HIM! HIT HIM! MAKE HIM YOUR
FEMALE DOG! MAKE HIM YOUR PRISON
NANCY THAT YOU HAVE BUT TRADED
TWO CIGARETTES AND A SWALLOW OF
CHEAP WINE FOR!

POW!



THAT WILL TEACH YOU TO COME
AROUND HERE WITH YOUR GOOGLY
EYES! I LAUGH AT YOUR PUMMELING!

CRASH!



LITTLE GOES
THE AGONY OF
MY SORROWED
GENITALIA!

ACK! PUNCTURED
ORGANS ARE LIKE
RAZORS OF
OATMEAL!

IN THE THROES OF PAINFUL DEATH, THE VOYAGER FROM THE UNFATHOMABLE BEYOND CONTEMPLATES ONE LAST ACT OF MALICE.

ONLY... THE LONELY... SUFFER MY CUDDLE FISH.

THE UNASSUMING HORNED MEXICAN FIRE TOAD, WHICH MIGHT HAVE BEEN A GIFT TO SOME SMALL, LOVING CHILD, OR FLAYED OPEN AND HAD ITS ORGANS REMOVED BY PIMPLY TEENAGERS IN A SCIENCE CLASS...



...IS NOW THE INSTRUMENT OF AN ALIEN INTELLECT'S REVENGE!



PHLEERT!
BWAURK!



WHAT UNMENTIONABLE HORROR COULD IT BE DESIGNING?!



DO WE EVEN DARE CONSIDER WHAT
AWAITS?!



WHAT MANNER OF BEAST IS THIS
TAKING TOWERING FORM ABOVE THE
STREETS?!



AND MIGHT IT HAVE LARGE, JIGGLING
BOSOMS?!



GOOD GOD, MAN!!
NOT EVEN A NIPPLE!!

¡EL HOMBRE
DEL LAGARTO!





THE LAGARTO HOMBRE BELCHES
FORTH A FUME OF RUIN AS IT
SCREAMS CURSES UPON THE MEEK!



BEWILDERED BY THE SENSELESS
CARNAGE TAKING PLACE BEFORE
THEIR VERY EYES, NO ONE WITNESSES
THE FORTUITOUS COMING OF DR.
ALLOY!



NOT DISTRACTED BY THE UNGODLY
BOSOMS A CREATURE THAT SIZE
WOULD POSSESS IF IT INDEED HAD
BOSOMS, THE STUNNING INTELLECT OF
DR. ALLOY ASSESSES THE SITUATION
AND QUICKLY TAKES ACTION!



ONLY ALLOY KNOWS WHAT CONCOCTION
THE MYSTERIOUS DART CONTAINS...



...BUT IT IS CLEAR NO ONE WOULD
WANT IT SHOT INTO THEIR BUTT!



THE EXACT PURPOSE OF ALLOY'S
ACTIONS CANNOT BE KNOWN, BUT THEIR
RAMIFICATIONS ARE VIVIDLY CLEAR!



THROUGH MYSTERIOUS ARTS OR
NEFARIOUS SORCERY, THE GOON IS
TAKING SHAPE AS IF TO RIVAL THE
GARGANTUAN BEAST FROM SOUTH OF
THE BORDER!



THE GOON. MORE BEAST NOW THAN MAN.
HUMAN LOGIC ERASED. ANIMAL INSTINCT
TAKES CONTROL.



AND YET ONE THOUGHT STILL PERMEATES
HIS DULL SIMIAN-LIKE BROW.



THAT THOUGHT... "LAGARTO HOMBRE BAD!!"



LIKE ANCIENT TITANS IN SOME FORGOTTEN HISTORY THAT MANKIND NEVER KNEW, THEY TOWER ABOVE ALL. THE MEAGER MORTALS THAT WATCH FROM BELOW CAN ONLY AWAIT THEIR DESTRUCTION AND HOPE THEY DON'T POOP THEIR PANTS, FIRST.

¡NO PUEDES COMPETIR
CONMIGO, GORILA GRANDE COMO
UN GRINGO! ¡TU MADRE FUE UNA
AMANTE DE POLLOS!



WITH MALICE, THE VOLCANIC ERUPTION
SPEWS!



THE BLAST OF HOT LATIN FIRE SMASHES
INTO THE GOON LIKE A TORRENT OF WET
MOOSE FARTS. HEY! YOU GIVE ME A BETTER
ANALOGY AND I'LL USE IT, YOU JUDGMENTAL
LITTLE HAYSEED!



AS IF THE VERY HEAVENS WERE BREAKING,
THE BLOW LANDS IN THUNDEROUS
COLLISION!





BEHOLD A SCENE OUT OF TIME! A BATTLE OF PREHISTORIC GOD-BEASTS WING FOR RULE WITH HOPES OF THE PROVERBIAL VIRGIN SACRIFICE TO FOLLOW!



AH! A SAVAGE BLOW FROM HIS SERPENTINE APPENDAGE!

SMACK!



AH! HE SETS FOR ANOTHER STRIKE! EH! MY DELICATE SENSIBILITIES CAN NO LONGER WITHSTAND THE CARNAGE!



SNAG!



¡AY! ¡MI ESPALDA
ES DE RUEDAS
DE FUEGO!



SMASH!





AH-HA! THE COLOSSAL CONQUEROR STANDS TRIUMPHANT OVER THE BODY OF HIS FALLEN ENEMY!

GWAAH!



BUT WAS THE MIGHTY LAGARTO HOMBRE TRULY EVIL? COULD IT HAVE POSSIBLY BEEN JUST ANOTHER MISUNDERSTOOD CREATURE MERELY TRYING TO SURVIVE IN A WORLD THAT HATED AND FEARED IT?

THESE ARE QUESTIONS WE ALL MUST PONDER AS WE WITNESS THIS WONDROUS BEHEMOTH BREATHE ITS LAST.

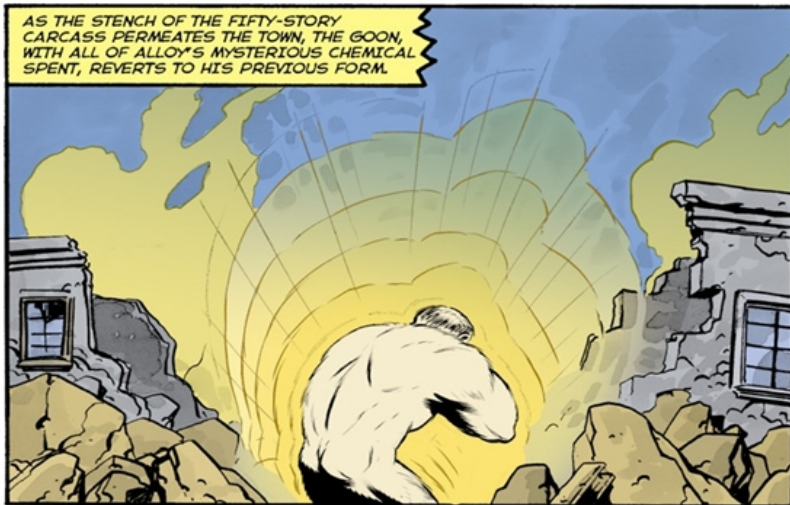


**¡AY! ¡ESTOY MUERTO!
¡ME MATASTE, TÚ HIJO
DE UNA PUTA QUE!
AMA POLLOS!**



THUD!

AS THE STENCH OF THE FIFTY-STORY CARCASS PERMEATES THE TOWN, THE GOON, WITH ALL OF ALLOY'S MYSTERIOUS CHEMICAL SPENT, REVERTS TO HIS PREVIOUS FORM.



IT IS A GLORIOUS SIGHT AS THE JUBILANT POPULACE GREET'S OUR HERO! ALL LOOK ON HIM WITH AWE AND RESPECT!

SOMEBODY
GET ME SOME
PANTS!

WHATTA
MAN!!



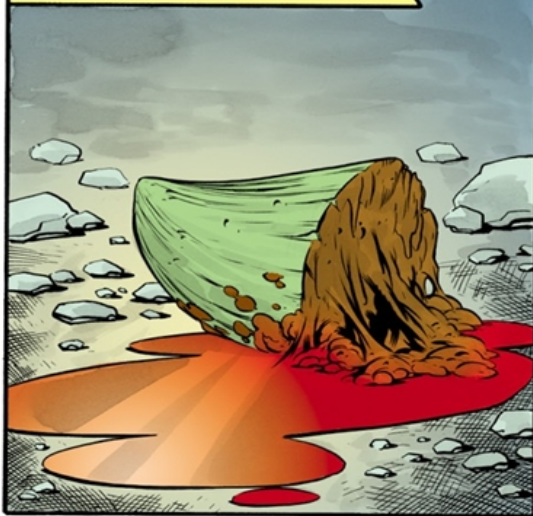
WITH THE GIANT MENACE DESTROYED, THE SIMPLE TOWNSFOLK, IN JOYOUS CELEBRATION, MUTILATE THE WRETCHED THING AND PLAY WITH THE BITS.

LOOK, MA!
A GIANT
EYEBALL!

I HAD TA FIGHT
TWO KIDS AND A
DOG FOR IT, BUT I
SHOWED THEM! AIN'T
NOBODY GETTIN' THE
GIANT EYEBALL BUT
VICK SCHNEIDER
RIGHT HERE!



BUT NOT ALL OF THE SCRAPS ARE COLLECTED FOR SOUVENIRS AND MORBID PLAYTHINGS.



GOING UNNOTICED THROUGH THE ENTIRE DEBACLE IS THE OFT-LABELED "DIABOLICAL GENIUS."



BUT JUST WHAT USE HIS UNFATHOMABLE YET TWISTED INTELLECT COULD MAKE OF SO SUSPECT A TRINKET IS NOT SO EASILY DEDUCED.



MIGHT THE FEAR UNLEASHED THIS DAY NOT BE OVER? MAY THE CARNAGE STARTED BY THE VISITOR FROM THE VAST UNKNOWN BE REKINDLED BY THE DEVICES OF A LUNATIC MIND?



JUST WHAT IS THIS SO-CALLED MADMAN OF SCIENCE PLANNING WITHIN THE WALLS OF HIS FORTIFIED DWELLING?!



COULD IT BE... A GO-GO DANCE OF EPIC PROPORTION!!

YES, MY DEAR,
I GENETICALLY
ENGINEERED HIM
FROM A SCRAP OF
THE ORIGINAL
MONSTER. I MADE
HIM MUCH SMALLER,
OF COURSE.

¿PUEDO TE OFPECER
MÁS ALCOHOL? ¡TÚ DAMA
BORRACHA CON PECHOS
GRANDES!



¡SI' BEBE! ¡BEBE, TÚ
PUERCO PARECIDO A
COMEDORES DE QUESO!
¡UN DÍA TU TIPO DEL
OLOR DE EXCREMENTO
DE PERRO LAMARÉ ENTRE
LOS DEDOS DEL
HOMBRE DEL
LAGARTO!

END?