EXPROPRIATE MONEY!
It's Easy—Fast—and FUN, Too!

Why Just WISH for the Things You Want?

This dear stuff can be carried in the pocket without danger, while it is a formidable weapon against any force of militia, police, or detectives that may want to stifle the cry for justice that goes forth from the plundered slaves.

clip the card below and show it to cashiers and clerks!

Empty the register into a paper bag. I have a gun.
just kidding.

Tyrannous Space Demons of Future—Past New York
Welcome to the first issue of Space Demons, a comic so bold that it barely includes any reference to anything suggested in its title! Follow the adventures of Thrakgar, the computer programmer, as he makes his way through the happy wastelands of an abandoned civilization! Watch as he deals with issues of identity, violence, and the return of authoritarian government! Must he stand alone against the forces of patriarchy and fascism? What of the titular space demons? Will they descend upon the scraps of humanity like the ravenous raptors they might well be?

Strangers in a Tangled Wilderness
Publishers of all of the finest in anarchist culture, we have it all: fiction, theory, how-to, and, of course, comics! Everything we publish we make available for free download, and we encourage people to print and distribute our literature for themselves. www.tangledwilderness.org
By the time the dust subsided, civilization was only a dim, fading memory.

The aliens who scorched our planet left almost nothing intact.

And their jurassic minions lurched up from the ground to rule us once more.

Thrakgar
The computer programmer!

The bombs took out everything but spared everyone. The dinosaurs were a bit much, but all in all it's probably the best thing that's ever happened to humanity, and they spared all the cute little robotic monkeys.
It's an easy life for the modern traveler.

I missed the bus... I missed the bus...

Hey, y'all mind if I crash on the floor of your cave?

No, I wasn't raised in a frickin' barn! I was raised in Queens! By you!

Then don't leave your dishes in the sink.

Ahh! I hate you dad! I hate you a lot!

Okay, just chill out.

Chee chee chee!

It's a little too long cause when I woke up, yo the bus was gone.

I was up, he was up, but I lay back down, thinking I could chill...
Hey, I'm not trying to get up in your business, but isn't that kind of messed up?

Whatever. We're taking over now. And besides, I do what I wants.

The stench of patriarchy filled the air.

Look, boy. Just cause you got a big stick don't make you in charge.

The young man laid his elder down in a single blow.

Hey travel kid, we don't want your scabies. Buzz off.

You killed dad!

The would-be cops all fled from justice.

I don't have scabies, you asshat!

Enraged, Thrakgar charged forward to deal with the alpha male.

Crack.

Die, pigs! Die!

Sucks that your dad's dead. What was that all about?

He busted in here talking all this trash about how his friends were going to civilize us.
The younger brother convinced Thrakgar to help track down his brother’s friends.

Off the pigs, then go swimming. Got to be in that order.

My bro offed my dad. Something bad is up. For real? That sucks. I liked that guy.

Bunch of cop wannabe assholes are trying to get up on us, too. People aren’t happy just letting things how they are, want everyone to be ruled.

I hate cops.

In my day we didn’t just let the police push us around. I say, we gotta push back! Only, I’m all old and stuff.

You’ve got that big rock on a stick, go use it! I don’t think they’re cops.

I’m not saying they’re cool or nothing, but I don’t see why we gotta kill ‘em.

No way! We’ve got to keep our people safe! They’re cops! Kill ‘em!

Save the women!

What?!
If we don't stop them now, they'll just gain power and walk all over us! We have to destroy them! Y'all can go run up on them if you want. But I don't think they're cops. If they are cops, you let me know. Ha! They won't reject me ever again! Cause they'll all be totally dead! *Oh, that guy is right behind me.*

But Thrakgar didn't hear. Killing fascists is fun... hella fun.

Thrakgar had spent years reading books about climbing. Why is it I let myself get talked into this crap?

All of that ebook hoarding finally paid off as he hauled himself up the line. *Thrakgar, do the dishes.* *Thrakgar, smite our foes.*

See how I got some fool to run my errands? That's how it's done. I hate my family. Killing fascists is fun... hella fun.
HERE THEY COME, Y'ALL!
WE CAN'T LET 'EM PAST US!
COURAGE!

Thrakgar dodged their spears as he flew into battle...

And tore into his foes like an angry dog.

Soon, the crowd of men had fallen before him.

Well, you've killed the bear club.

Cops is cops!

MORON. WE'RE NOT COPS. YOU GOT PLAYED.

YOU'RE A PAWN.

AH, CRAP. FOR SERIOUS? YOU'RE NOT TRYING TO TAKE OVER?

Nah.

We're just guys who are into other guys. This guy was a creep so we'd banned him. He played you.
It's true, Thrakgar. When you showed up with that dead guy, I saw an opportunity to get my revenge.

And while you were climbing the cliff, I went down the steps and kidnapped these two.

But leave her out of it, yeah?

Emotion overwhelms our hero.

I swear this happens every time I try to get involved. Geez, I really hope I didn't kill any of those guys.

He stands, uncertain of how to begin to forgive himself.

Okay, my bad y'all. He doesn't know how to make amends.

Maybe I won't spend the night here after all, yeah? Sorry again.

It's not your fault, not really. It's this guy's.

All guts, no brains, kid's today. Lots of club-swinging, too little critical thinking.
THE BEAR ADMINISTERED JUSTICE...
ASS-HOLE.
I WISH I WAS STILL WORKING AT WENDY'S.

THE BEAR CLUB, ARGUABLY STRONGER FOR THE ORDEAL, MADE ITS WAY BACK TO THEIR CAMP.

I WISH I WAS STILL WORKING AT WENDY'S.

THRAK GAR CARRIED THE YOUNG WOMAN AWAY TO CUT HER BONDS.

THE RAIN MINGLED WITH EVERYONE'S TEARS.

THIS'S GONNA HAUNT ME FOREVER.

THIS HAS TO BE THE WORST DAY OF MY LIFE. HOW DID WE LET THIS HAPPEN? IS ANYONE ELSE DEAD?

THRAK GAR FINDS HIGHER GROUND.
YOU OKAY?
YOU'RE AN IDIOT.

SAM LOST AN EYE. BUT HE'S ALIVE.

THRAK GAR FINDS HIGHER GROUND.
YOU OKAY?
YOU'RE AN IDIOT.

SAM LOST AN EYE. BUT HE'S ALIVE.

THE BEAR ADMINISTERED JUSTICE...

ASS-HOLE.
I WISH I WAS STILL WORKING AT WENDY'S.

THRAK GAR CARRIED THE YOUNG WOMAN AWAY TO CUT HER BONDS.

THE RAIN MINGLED WITH EVERYONE'S TEARS.

THIS'S GONNA HAUNT ME FOREVER.

THE BEAR ADMINISTERED JUSTICE...
ASS-HOLE.
I WISH I WAS STILL WORKING AT WENDY'S.

THRAK GAR CARRIED THE YOUNG WOMAN AWAY TO CUT HER BONDS.

THE RAIN MINGLED WITH EVERYONE'S TEARS.

THIS'S GONNA HAUNT ME FOREVER.

THRAK GAR FINDS HIGHER GROUND.
YOU OKAY?
YOU'RE AN IDIOT.

SAM LOST AN EYE. BUT HE'S ALIVE.

WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF THIS GULLY BEFORE IT FLOODS!

THRAK GAR FINDS HIGHER GROUND.
YOU OKAY?
YOU'RE AN IDIOT.

SAM LOST AN EYE. BUT HE'S ALIVE.
Thrakgar, meanwhile, watched the cold rain pour faster and faster. He’d never before appreciated global warming as much as he did on that windy rock in the rain that day.

“You didn’t know.” And you ran in there to knock heads. You want to fight the power, fight fascists? Fight the man in your head that rushes off to solve every problem with violence. Fight nazis. Just make sure they’re nazis.

The day’s dead are carried away by the water.

What’s up, my little robot monkey? Alright!

Chee Chee Chitter Squeeker Chee

Thrakgar made his fairwells and strode off once more...

I suck at life, I get that. Your pops was an asshole though. Totally deserved it.

Yeah, I know.

...to adventure!