GRIDCURRENT

ISSUE 2



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ENB COMICS

GRIDCURRENT

ISSUE 2

"UNWELCOME GUESTS PT. 2"

Chaos has found its way inside Dr. Alec Grant's secret facility on Delta 5 in the form of three intruders hired by his own employer, Rising Sun Corporation. The intruders' purpose: to steal his project and all the data files belonging to it. Alec has been wounded in an attack by the vile Grell and awaits medical assistance from his daughter, Betty, in order to escape.

En route to the medical supplies, Betty has been captured during a confrontation with one of the intruders known as the Slug. Unfortunately for the intruders, Alec's secret project has been activated by Betty. Despite being named Mr. Snackpants, this Autodrudge is a monster designed to be feared.

Dan Biesel - Writer/Artist | Steve Siewert - Story Editor

Dear Reader,

I appreciate the patience and persistence of those who have been waiting for this second issue of *Gridcurrent*. The question of "So, when is the second one coming out?" has been steady since the release of the first. I've listened to stories of how kids have worn their copies down because they read it all the time. It all means a lot to me, and I've realized how much I owe the continuation of this story to readers. I'm sorry it has taken as long as it has to get into your hands.

Somewhere between the best intentions of hopping right back into the chair to get things done and now a whole bunch of life happened. Fortunately I have managed to settle down and find my way back. I put my foot down and made the time for this because *Gridcurrent* is no longer me satisfying an urge to just make a comic book - it is for all of you now.

I look forward to "So, when is the third one coming out?" and getting back in that chair.

Thank you and enjoy,

Dan Biesel

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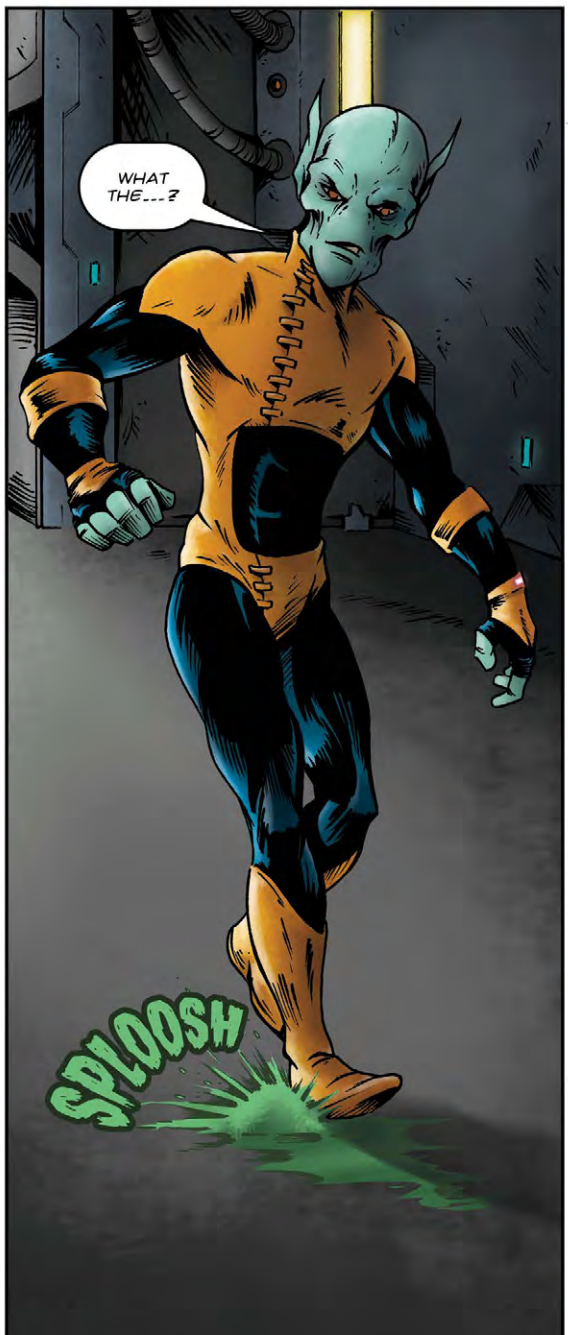
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The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this book are entirely fictional.


I'M RECEIVING YOUR TRANSMISSION. THE SIGNAL ISN'T THE BEST, BUT IT'S GETTING THROUGH THE SHIELDING.
EXCELLENT. I'M ROUNDING UP THE EQUIPMENT NOW, AND THE EXPLOSIVES ARE SET AND READY TO BLOW. GRANT TRIED GIVING US SOME GRIEF, BUT GRELL TOOK CARE OF HIM.
WE'RE PRIMED AND READY TO GO.
THE SLUG IS IN THE MAIN LAB, SO IT SHOULDN'T BE TOO MUCH LONGER. HE'S GOT ALL THE DEFENSES DISABLED. I'M NOT TOO WORRIED ABOUT GETTING OUR BUTTS BLOWN AWAY BEFORE WE GET OUT THE DOOR.
JUST BE LUCKY YOU THREE AREN'T PART OF THE DECOR. THE SCHEMATICS WERE SHODDY AT BEST, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE THAT PLACE HAS MORE FIREPOWER THAN A BATTLE CRUISER.
CONSIDER THIS JOB DONE.
WE NEED TO PULL THIS OFF, DACK. I CAN'T RETIRE OFF MY GOOD LOOKS.


SOME OF THE POWER APPEARS TO BE OUT IN THE ZERO ZONE.
I BET THE SLUG SCREWED SOMETHING UP. I'M GOING TO CHECK IT OUT.
UNDERSTOOD.


HE MUST BE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE...

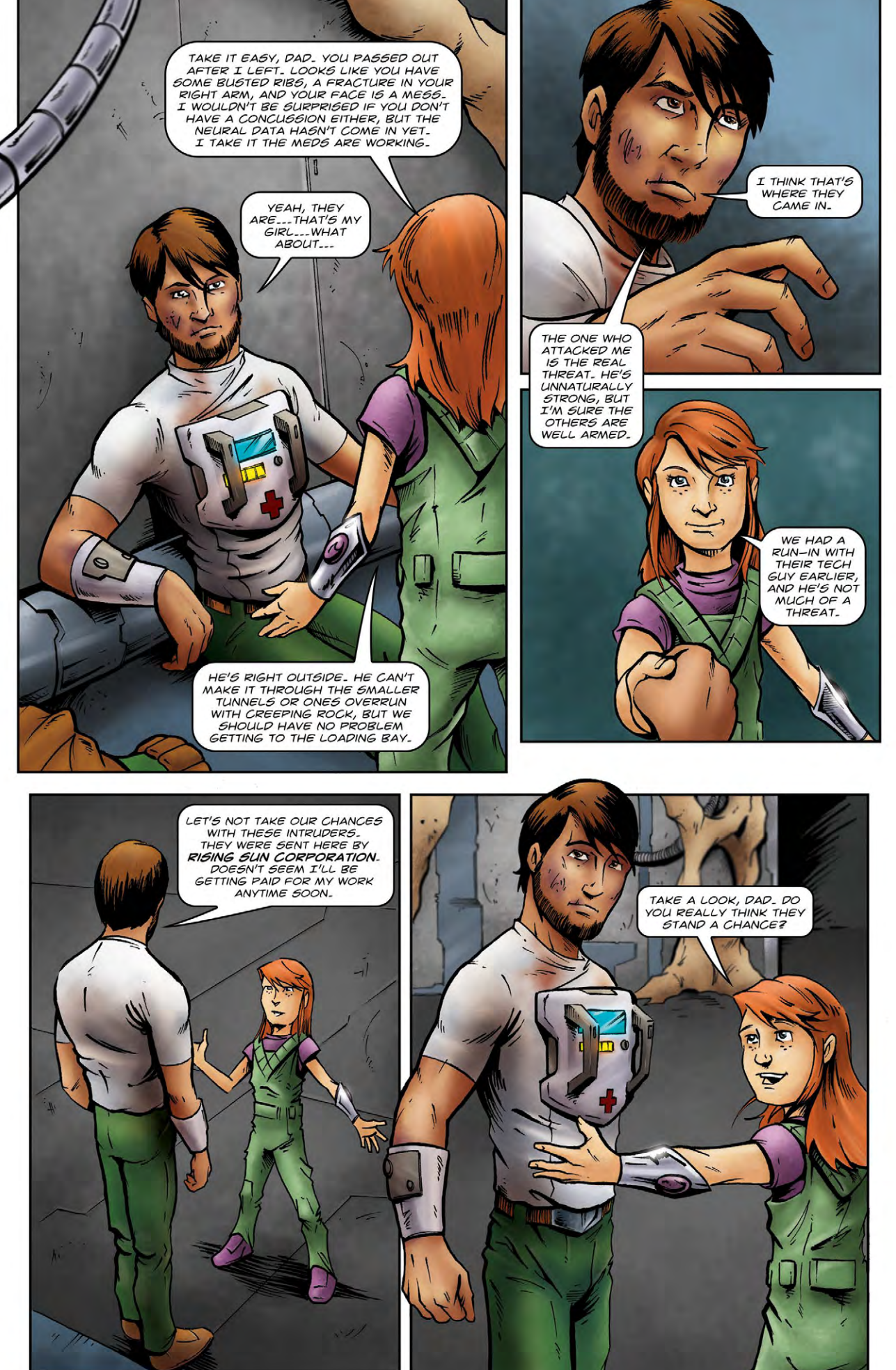

WHAT THE...?
SPLOOSH


DACK, THE MAIN PRIZE IS OUT OF THE BOX AND I CAN'T FIND THE SLUG.


WHAT??!?!
HANG ON...


I FOUND THE SLUG, AND HE'S BEEN KNOCKED OUT. THERE'S NO WAY IT COULD HAVE BEEN GRANT. MUST'VE BEEN A SECURITY DRONE.
WHAT ABOUT THE PRIZE? DO YOU THINK IT'S BEEN TURNED ON?
NO. THIS DOESN'T MAKE SENSE. THERE'S NO WAY THAT THING IS ACTIVE YET. FROM WHAT I KNOW OF IT, WE'D BE PASTE BY NOW IF IT WAS. STAY IN THE DOCK, AND I'LL WORK MY WAY THERE WITH THE SLUG. WE MAY NEED HIM.


HEY, DAD. YOU GOTTA WAKE UP, OK?
OH GOOD- YOU'RE UP!

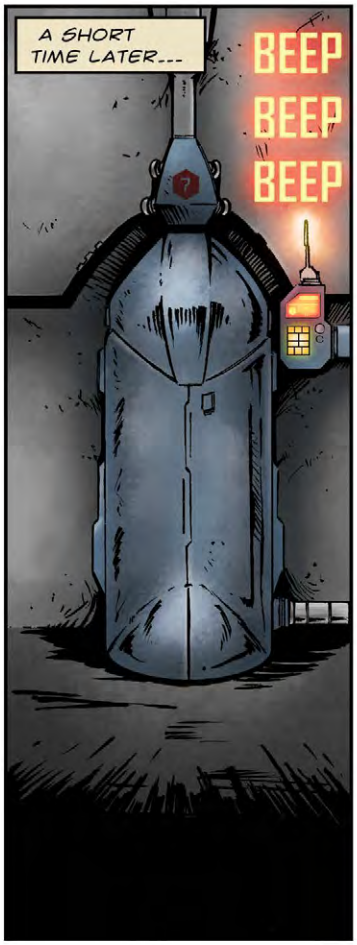

TAKE IT EASY, DAD. YOU PASSED OUT AFTER I LEFT. LOOKS LIKE YOU HAVE SOME BUSTED RIBS, A FRACTURE IN YOUR RIGHT ARM, AND YOUR FACE IS A MESS. I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF YOU DON'T HAVE A CONCUSSION EITHER, BUT THE NEURAL DATA HASN'T COME IN YET. I TAKE IT THE MEDS ARE WORKING.
YEAH, THEY ARE...THAT'S MY GIRL...WHAT ABOUT...
HE'S RIGHT OUTSIDE. HE CAN'T MAKE IT THROUGH THE SMALLER TUNNELS OR ONES OVERRUN WITH CREEPING ROCK, BUT WE SHOULD HAVE NO PROBLEM GETTING TO THE LOADING BAY.
I THINK THAT'S WHERE THEY CAME IN.
THE ONE WHO ATTACKED ME IS THE REAL THREAT. HE'S UNNATURALLY STRONG, BUT I'M SURE THE OTHERS ARE WELL ARMED.
WE HAD A RUN-IN WITH THEIR TECH GUY EARLIER, AND HE'S NOT MUCH OF A THREAT.
LET'S NOT TAKE OUR CHANCES WITH THESE INTRUDERS. THEY WERE SENT HERE BY RISING SUN CORPORATION. DOESN'T SEEM I'LL BE GETTING PAID FOR MY WORK ANYTIME SOON.
TAKE A LOOK, DAD. DO YOU REALLY THINK THEY STAND A CHANCE?


WHERE'S THE BATTLE HELMET?
I AM THANKFUL THE BATTLE HELMET IS ALL I AM MISSING. IT'S NOT A NECESSARY COMPONENT OF MY BEING. BESIDES, I LOOK MORE MENACING WITHOUT IT.
WE CAN ALWAYS DEBATE THAT LATER.
WE MUST BE ON OUR GUARD. THEY WILL RESIST OUR DEPARTURE.

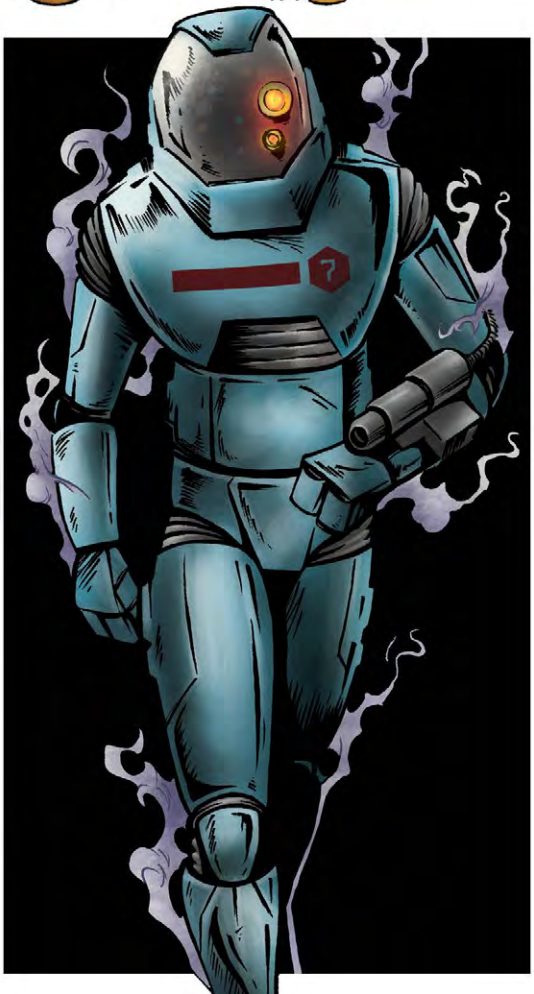

UGHHHHH... GRELL...LEMME GO. I'M AWAKE!
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?
WE ARE SO DEAD! IT'S ACTIVE! THERE'S ALSO A LITTLE GIRL HERE. A REAL NASTY ONE TOO.


SHE'S GOT THAT THING WITH HER! WE NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY KILL US!

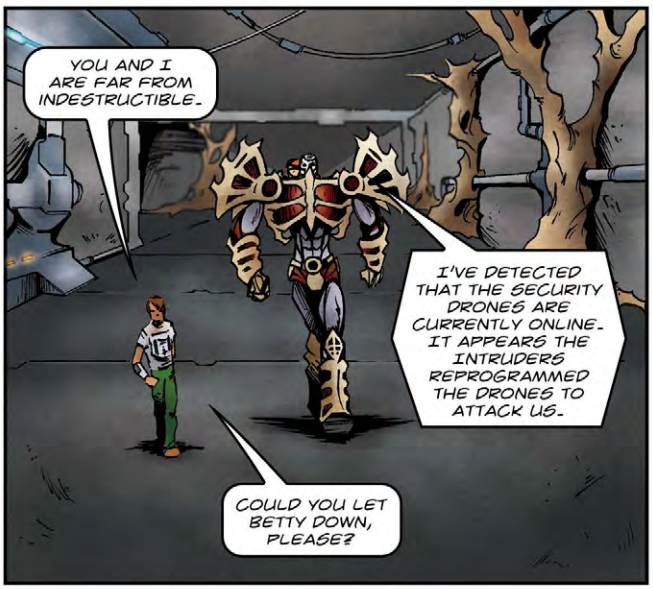

A GIRL? NO WAY IS THERE ANYONE ELSE HERE. IT MUST HAVE BEEN A SECURITY DRONE. WHAT ABOUT THE FILES?
I NEVER GOT THE CHANCE. I WAS JUMPED!
I HAVE AN IDEA. YOU ACTIVATE THE SECURITY DRONES WITH OUR ORDERS. THEN, I'LL BRING THE KILLBOT ONLINE FOR EXTRA MUSCLE.


A SHORT TIME LATER...
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP


FTUMCH

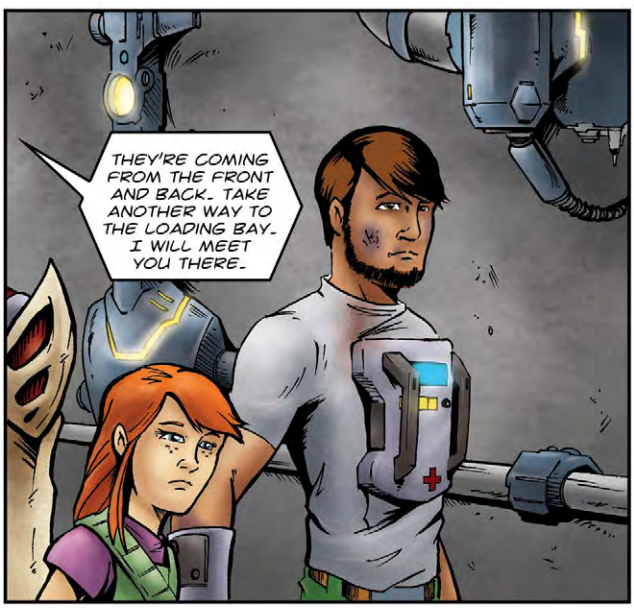



WHERE ARE WE GOING TO GO AFTER WE GET OUT OF HERE, DAD?
WELL, BERRONSH IS THE ONLY CITY WE CAN TRAVEL FROM.
IT'S JUST A PIT STOP AND TRANSFER POINT IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE — AN EASY PLACE TO GET SUPPLIES WITHOUT DRAWING MUCH ATTENTION. IT WILL TAKE SEVERAL DAYS TO GET THERE ON FOOT.
THEIR MISSION WAS TO TRANSFER ME TO ANOTHER LOCATION BEFORE I WAS ACTIVATED. THESE INTRUDERS WILL HAVE A TRANSPORT.
FOR ALL WE KNOW, RISING SUN CORPORATION HAS A SMALL ARMY WAITING OUTSIDE.
ARE YOU KIDDING ME, DAD? THE THREE OF US CAN TAKE WHATEVER THEY THROW AT US!


YOU AND I ARE FAR FROM INDESTRUCTIBLE.
I'VE DETECTED THAT THE SECURITY DRONES ARE CURRENTLY ONLINE. IT APPEARS THE INTRUDERS REPROGRAMMED THE DRONES TO ATTACK US.
COULD YOU LET BETTY DOWN, PLEASE?


LISTEN UP BETTY; WE HAVE TO KEEP CLEAR OF THE ACTION ONCE THIS STARTS AND MAKE OUR WAY TO THE LOADING BAY.
AWWWW... DAD.


FOR A GIRL THAT WAS ALL KINDS OF WORRIED AND SAD EARLIER, YOU SURE HAVE FOUND A THIRST FOR BATTLE. IS THIS SOMETHING I SHOULD WORRY ABOUT?
WE'LL HAVE TIME TO TALK ABOUT IT ONCE WE'RE OUT OF HERE.


THEY'RE COMING FROM THE FRONT AND BACK. TAKE ANOTHER WAY TO THE LOADING BAY. I WILL MEET YOU THERE.




ENGAGE HOSTILES!
PEW PEW PEW
RUN!
OH YEAH!


THAT THING IS OUT THERE. I CAN HEAR THOSE DRONES GETTING TORN TO SCRAPS.
THIS OLD GIRL IS GOING TO BUY US ENOUGH TIME TO HOP OFF THIS ROCK.
KILLBOT IS READY. HOW ABOUT YOU, SLUG? TIME TO GET THOSE FILES.
FWOOOOOOOSH
DO I HAVE TO?


K-TUNK-SH
SHREENK
THWUNK
PEW PEW
PEW
WE HAVE A BIG PROBLEM HEADING THIS WAY!


CHOOM
CHOOM
CHOOM
CHOOM
CHOOM


THIS IS A KILLBOT.
THE NAME SAYS IT ALL.
THIS PARTICULARLY NASTY MODEL WAS MANUFACTURED ON AN INDUSTRIAL MOON THAT ORBITED THE MASSIVE GAS GIANT, JAGHTA. THE MOON'S ORBIT DECAYED WITHOUT WARNING AND WAS CRUSHED UNDER JAGHTA'S IMMENSE ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE.
SEVERAL OF THESE JAGHTAN KILLBOTS ARE STILL FUNCTIONAL THROUGHOUT ALL THE KNOWN SYSTEMS AND HAVE THE WORST REPUTATIONS. IF THEY ARE NOT PROGRAMMED WITH NEW ORDERS BEFORE EACH ACTIVATION, THEN THEY MAY GO INTO A FRENZY THAT OFTEN KILLS THOSE THEY WERE MEANT TO OBEY.
REGARDLESS OF HAVING THIS MAJOR DESIGN FLAW, THEY HAVE BEEN USED TO CONQUER SMALL WORLDS WITH EFFICIENCY.
FLOOOMMSH


VRRR-ZZZZTTT
KA-CLANK
SOPHISTICATED AS I MAY BE, I HAVE BEEN SPARED THE FATE OF BECOMING A MINDLESS KILLING MACHINE.
I HAVE BEEN RECENTLY ACTIVATED MYSELF. YOU HAVE PROVEN TO BE A WORTHY WARM-UP.
KRAZZT


PEW
ERROR
KLINSH
4
WHOA.
FZZZZT
FZZZZT
GLANG


UGH! THERE'S TOO MANY DRONES! HOW MANY OF THESE DUMB THINGS DID YOU MAKE?
THWACK
THIS IS TOO MUCH. I GOT TO TURN THE MEDS DOWN.
HUMMMMM
KLUNK
KRTSSSSSHHH


KLYNK
AWWWW, C'MON!!!
HEY!
WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?
GETTING OUT OF HERE! HAVE FUN WITH YOUR FRIENDS!!!
I KNEW WE SHOULD HAVE FINISHED YOU OFF WHEN -
NO. BETTY, YOU NEED TO COOL IT. JUST LET HIM GO.


I'M SORRY... I DON'T KNOW... I...
UGGHHH...!
IT'S ALRIGHT. JUST HELP ME GET AWAY FROM THIS MADNESS, OK?
SURE, DAD. ARE YOU FEELING UP TO IT?
YEAH. LET'S GO.
I'M TELLIN' YOU, GRELL, IT SOUNDS INSANE DOWN THAT HALLWAY.
I AGREE, COUSIN, BUT WE NEED THIS FINISHED.
THERE'S NO TURNING BACK NOW.


I'M STARTING TO HAVE MY DOUBTS ABOUT THIS MISSION, GRELL.
WE'VE ALREADY LOST THE PACKAGE. WITH ALL THAT COMMOTION IN HERE, I DOUBT THE SLUG IS GONNA BE ABLE TO GET THOSE FILES.
I THOUGHT A VETERAN LIKE YOU WOULD BE MADE OF STERNER STUFF. I GUESS I WAS WRONG. IF YOU THINK YOU CAN JUST DROP OUT FROM A JUICY PAYDAY --
I DON'T CARE ABOUT MONEY NOW! WE NEED TO TURN AND CUT OUR LOSSES. I WOULD RATHER LIVE THAN GET TORN TO SHREDS BY THAT MONSTROSITY.
NOT A CHANCE. YOU KNOW I'M IN DEEP.
I NEED THIS!!!
YOU'LL NEVER PAY OFF THOSE LOUSY GAMBLING DEBTS YOU OWE. YOU'LL JUST STUPIDLY WASTE YOUR EARNINGS AWAY LIKE USUAL.
TRY NOT TO LET YOUR EMOTIONS GET THE BEST OF YOU, COUSIN. I'VE GOT THE DETONATOR, REMEMBER? WE WILL FINISH THIS JOB ONE WAY OR ANOTHER – FOR THE SUPREME GLORY AND ADVENTURE!

FOR THE SUPREME GLORY AND ADVENTURE!


THAT WAS A GREAT IDEA TO CUT ACROSS THIS WAY. I HAVEN'T HAD TO COME THROUGH THE MAIN GENERATOR CORE FOR SOME TIME.
IT'S PRETTY IN HERE.
I'VE NEVER THOUGHT OF IT LIKE THAT BEFORE.
IT'S ALWAYS JUST BEEN A POWER SOURCE TO FUEL MY---
HEY, WE'RE GOING TO BE OK.
BETTY, I HAVEN'T BEEN COMPLETELY HONEST WITH YOU. I SHOULD START NOW. YOU NEED TO KNOW.
FIRST OF ALL, I MADE MR. SNACKPANTS BECAUSE I WAS ANGRY AT THE OFFWORLDERS FOR WHAT THEY DID TO PEOPLE I LOVED AS MUCH AS I LOVE YOU. HE WAS NEVER MEANT TO BE ANYONE'S FRIEND, BE NICE, OR TAKE CARE OF US LIKE HE IS NOW.
I KNOW, DAD. YOU TOLD ME THIS BEFORE, BUT I PUT THE GOOD PROGRAM IN HIM — THE ONE THAT IS OUR FRIEND. SO THAT'S BETTER.


I'M AFRAID THERE'S MORE TO IT THAN THAT. THERE'S MORE TO ALL OF US.
YOU WERE GOING TO GIVE HIM AWAY SO WE COULD HAVE MONEY TO LIVE WHEREVER WE WANTED TO. BUT NOW WE DON'T NEED TO! HE CAN COME WITH US, IT'LL BE NEAT!
I HOPE WE CAN MAKE IT THAT FAR, SO--
ARE YOU SURE THIS IS THE BEST WAY TO THE LOADING BAY?
AFFIRMATIVE.


DAD...
DAD, I'M SLIPPING.
"HANG ON, HONEY, WE HAVE TO MAKE SURE THEY'RE GONE."
KRACK
BOOM
CRANSH
BETTY!
DAAAAAAD!
TO BE CONCLUDED...

CONCEPTS & SKETCHES

THIS PIC HAS SEEN BETTER DAYS. DATED 1999, IT IS THE EARLIEST SKETCH OF BETTY AND MR. SNACKPANTS I HAVE BEEN ABLE TO FIND.





A VERY SPECIAL THANK YOU TO THE FOLLOWING:

My Family for their continued support.
Tom and Mitch of 20 Watt Tombstone; Mutt, Dylan, Tomo, and Adam of Corpse Show Creeps; and James Balsamo of Acid Bath Productions.
Your need of cool looking t-shirts and other art funded this comic!
Brent Purgason for being the coolest fan ever. Erin Kapp for her proofreading skills.


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