

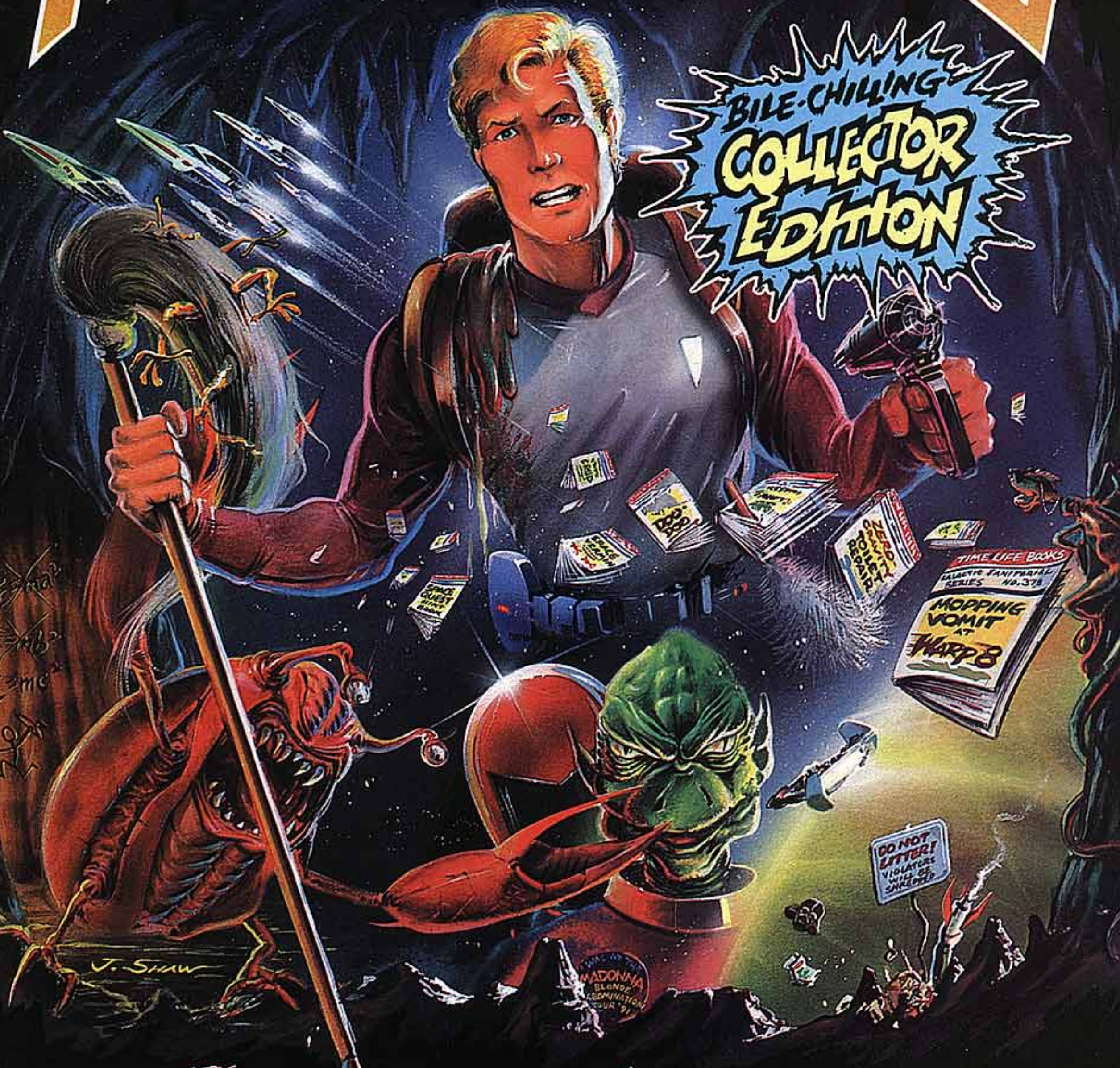
#1

T H E A D V E N T U R E S O F

\$2.95 / \$3.50 Canada

# ROGER WILLCO

BILE-CHILLING  
COLLECTOR  
EDITION



## THE SARIEN ENCOUNTER!!!



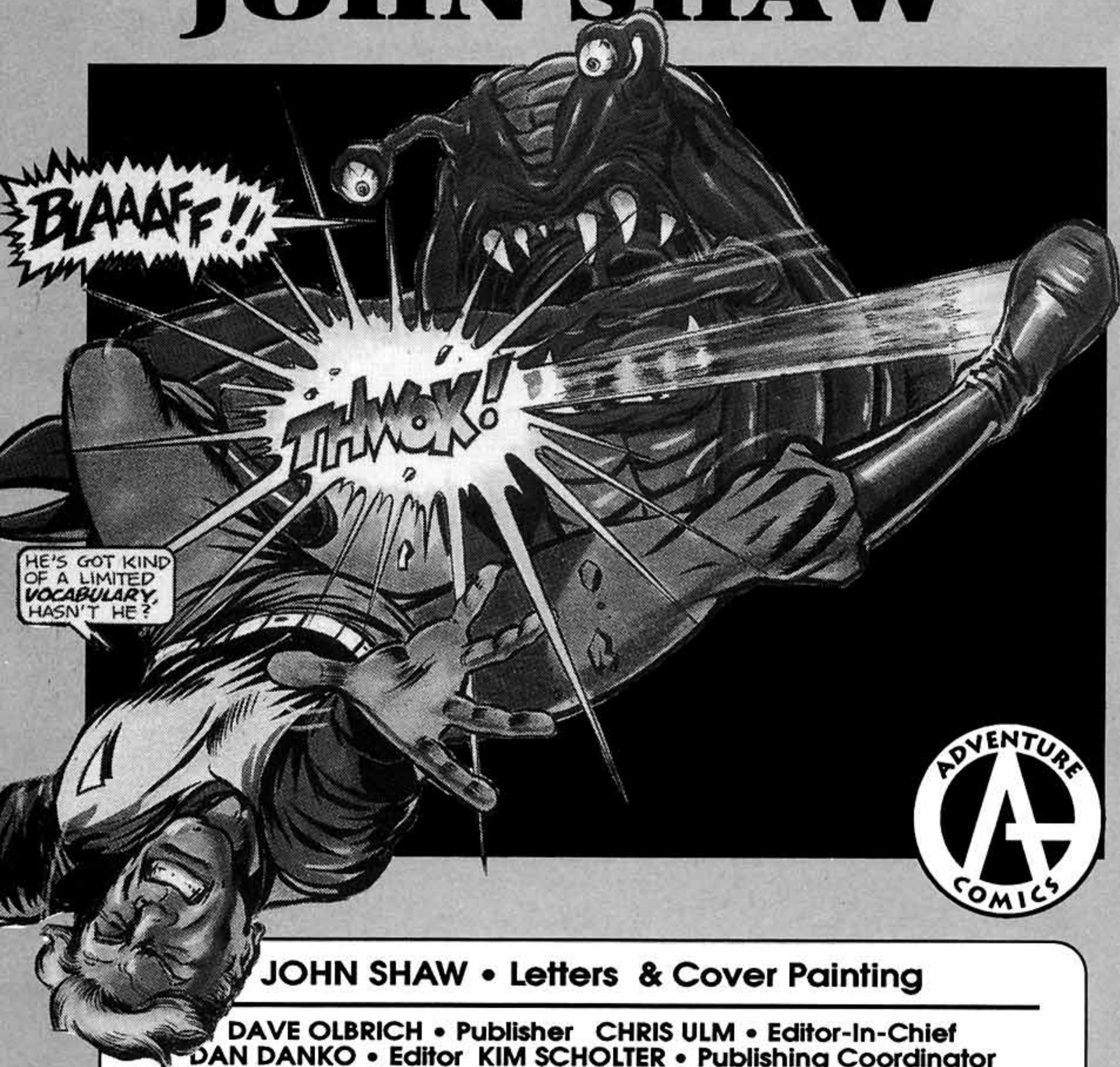
BASED ON THE THRILLING  
"SPACE QUEST" COMPUTER  
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T H E A D V E N T U R E S O F

# ROGER WILCO

Written & Illustrated by  
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# THE ADVENTURES OF ROGER WILCO



**L**ight years from Earth's solar system, the people of the galaxy Earnon, have been struggling to maintain the precious balance of life. The sun of Earnon is slowly dying; the planets grow cold. Food is no longer plentiful. Life will soon become impossible to sustain. The scientific community of Xenon devised a plan to convert one of Earnon's lifeless planets into a new sun. The effort was centered around the development of a device called the Star Generator. The Star Generator would be capable of igniting an otherwise useless planet into a raging ball of flame...An expedition set out aboard the starship Arcada to successfully complete development and testing of the Star Generator. The Arcada is now returning triumphantly to Xenon with the fully operational Star Generator...

ABOARD THE LEVEL OF ARCADA THE HAS BEEN EXCITEMENT HIGH... IT NEVER SEEMED POSSIBLE THAT THIS TECHNOLOGICAL BABY WOULD EVER BE BIRTHED... AND THE CAPTAIN AND CREW HAVE EXHIBITED AN ENORMOUS SENSE OF PRIDE TO BE THE ONES PRIVILEGED ENOUGH TO BRING THE GLAD TIDINGS BACK TO XENON!

WHAT COULD POSSIBLY GO AMISS? WHO WOULD EVER DREAM OF INTERFERING WITH SUCH AN ALTRUISTIC CAUSE? (HECK, THE FOLKS OF EARNON DIDN'T EVEN MIND THEIR TAX MONEY GOING TO THIS ONE!)





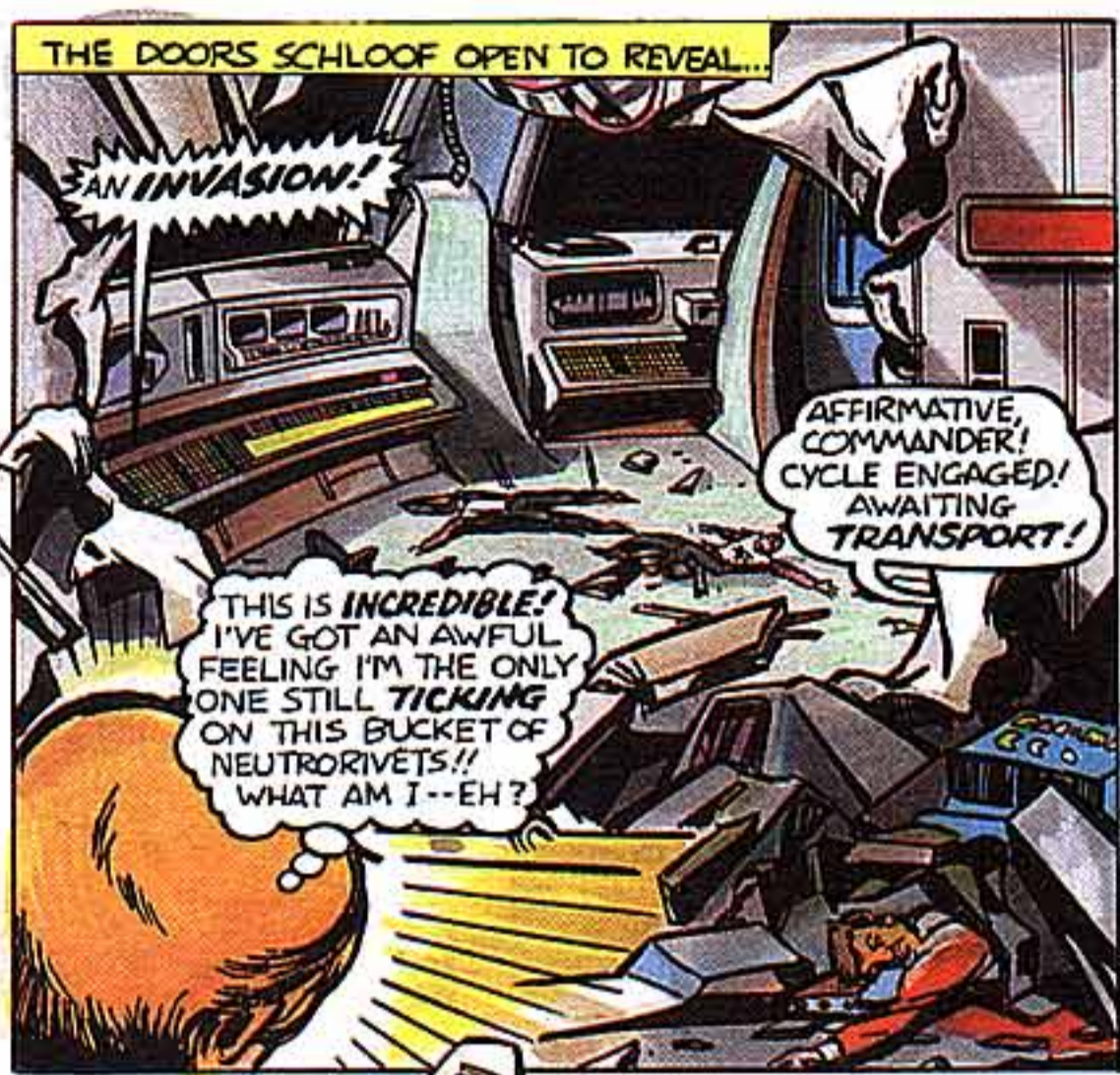


# THE ADVENTURES OF ROGER WILCO





# THE ADVENTURES OF ROGER WILCO



THE DOORS SCHLOOF OPEN TO REVEAL...

**SAN INVASION!**

THIS IS INCREDIBLE! I'VE GOT AN AWFUL FEELING I'M THE ONLY ONE STILL TICKING ON THIS BUCKET OF NEUTRORIVETS!! WHAT AM I--EH?

AFFIRMATIVE, COMMANDER! CYCLE ENGAGED! AWAITING TRANSPORT!



TH-THAT'S PROFESSOR FRYE... THE GUY WHO INVENTED THE BIG WATT! I'D GIVE MY PANCREAS FOR A BLASTER RIGHT NOW!

YOUR LAST CHANCE, OLD MAN... I REMIND YOU... YOU WOULD BE WELL-TREATED IF YOU JOIN US! YOUR CO-OPERATION WOULD BRING A GREAT PRICE!

YEAH, AND VOHAUL WOULD PROBABLY GIVE US A RAISE!

SHUT UP, FOOL! WELL, HUMAN?

YOU FILTHY SONS OF PHLEGMHOGS! NO PRICE COULD MAKE ME BETRAY MY...



**GNNIHHH!!**

DELTAUR! 3 TO TRANSPORT! MOLECULIZE!!

I THOUGHT THE WORD WAS "ENERGIZE"!

**CEETER!**

AS THE TRANSPORT BEAM WHISKS THE NASTY FELLOWS AWAY, ROGER RUSHES TO THE SIDE OF DR. MATTHEW FRYE, THE BRILLIANT CREATOR OF THE STAR GENERATOR!



PROFESSOR FRYE, SIR! WH-WHAT'S GOIN' ON? MY NAME IS ROGER WILCO, OP NUMBER ONE-TWO-ZERO-FI--

I DON'T GIVE A PLOBBET'S GLUTEUS WHAT YOUR NUMBER IS, BOY! CLAM UP AND LISTEN! THEY HAVE TAKEN THE GENERATOR!!

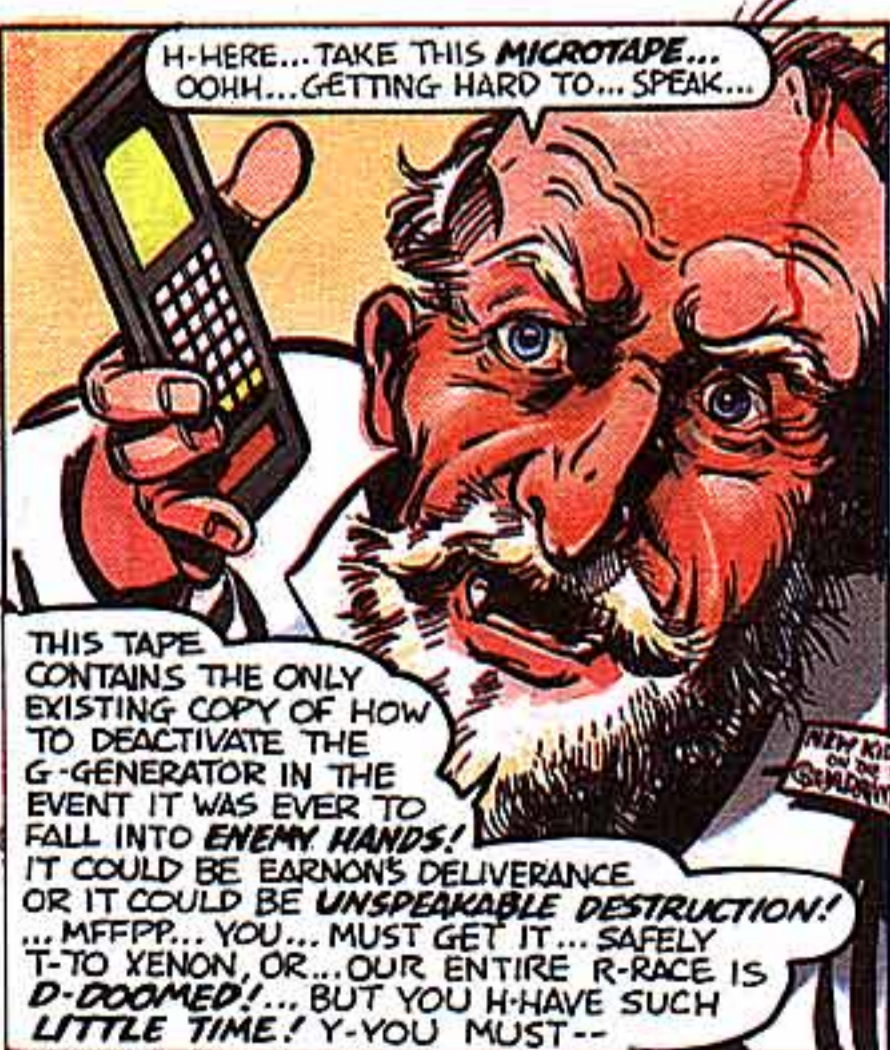
TH-THE BIG WATT? THEY'VE STOLEN IT? WHO ARE THEY?



THEY ARE THE... UGNHH... SARIENS!! ...BUNCH OF MOTHERLESS MOLESTERS OF SWAMP... UGGHHH!

TAKE IT EASY, PROFESSOR! WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?

YOU ARE OUR ONLY HOPE, BOY...



H-HERE... TAKE THIS MICROTAPE... OOH... GETTING HARD TO... SPEAK...

THIS TAPE CONTAINS THE ONLY EXISTING COPY OF HOW TO DEACTIVATE THE G-GENERATOR IN THE EVENT IT WAS EVER TO FALL INTO ENEMY HANDS! IT COULD BE EARNON'S DELIVERANCE OR IT COULD BE UNSPEAKABLE DESTRUCTION! ... MFFPP... YOU... MUST GET IT... SAFELY T-TO XENON, OR... OUR ENTIRE R-RACE IS D-DOOMED!... BUT YOU H-HAVE SUCH LITTLE TIME! Y-YOU MUST--



HE'S DEAD, JIM!

Y-YOU MUST--

**CROAK!**



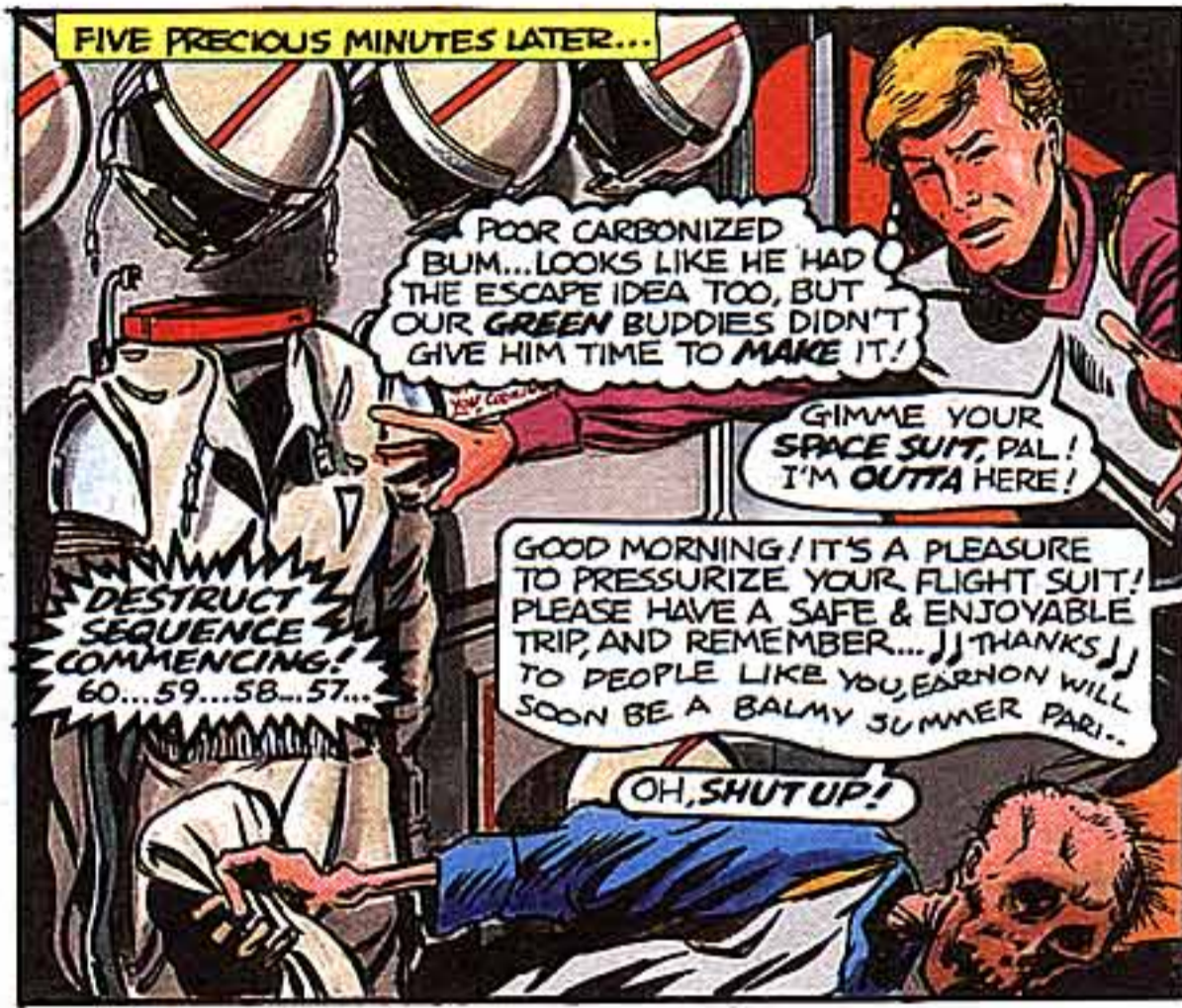
# THE ADVENTURES OF ROGER WILCO



**ATTENTION! SELF-DESTRUCT SEQUENCE IS NOW IN EFFECT!! ABANDON SHIP!! T-MINUS TEN MINUTES AND COUNTING! ABANDON SHIP!!**

**10 MINUTES??!! IT'LL TAKE ALMOST THAT LONG JUST TO REACH THE SHUTTLE BAY!!**

I DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO FLY THE STUPID THING... I'M FINISHED!



**FIVE PRECIOUS MINUTES LATER...**

POOR CARBONIZED BUM... LOOKS LIKE HE HAD THE ESCAPE IDEA TOO, BUT OUR GREEN BUDDIES DIDN'T GIVE HIM TIME TO MAKE IT!

GIMME YOUR SPACE SUIT, PAL! I'M OUTTA HERE!

GOOD MORNING! IT'S A PLEASURE TO PRESSURIZE YOUR FLIGHT SUIT! PLEASE HAVE A SAFE & ENJOYABLE TRIP, AND REMEMBER... ♪ THANKS ♪ TO PEOPLE LIKE YOU, EARNON WILL SOON BE A BALMY SUMMER PARI...

OH, SHUT UP!

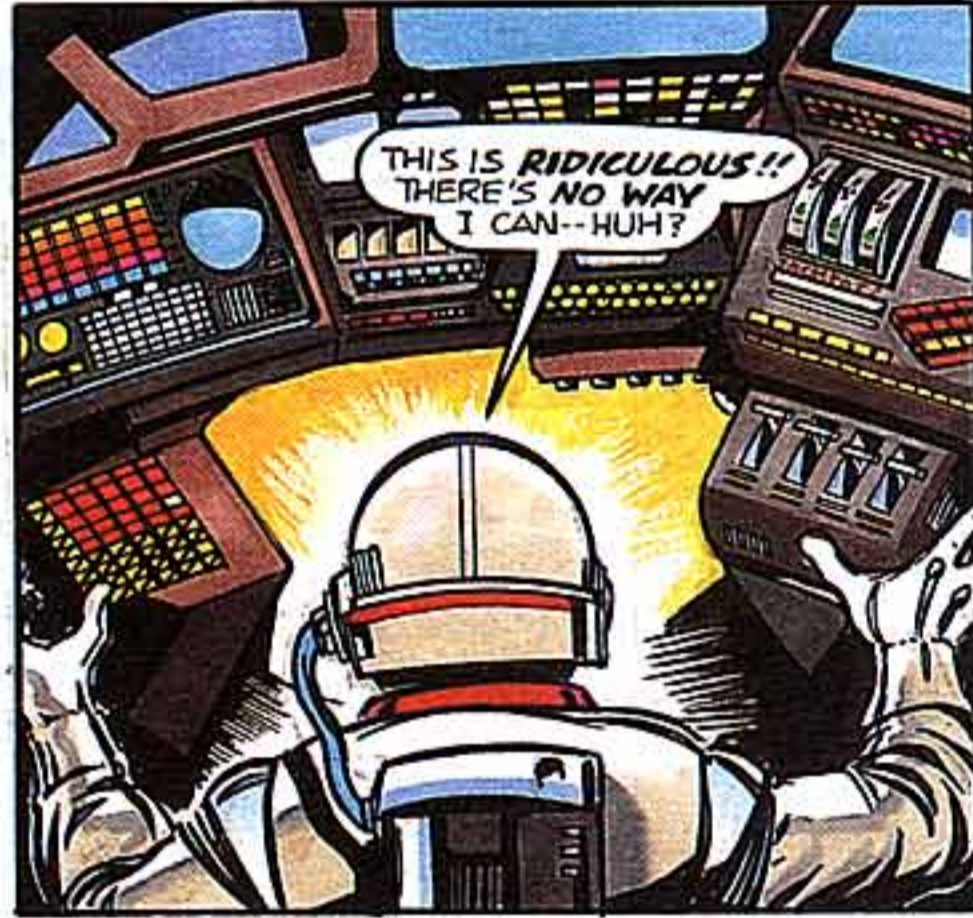
**DESTRUCT SEQUENCE COMMENCING! 60...59...58...57...**



THAT COMPUTER SOUNDS LIKE THE XENON FEDERAL LADY TELLING ME TO INSERT MY ASTRO-TELLER CARD!



I SURE HOPE THEY DESIGNED THESE THINGS SO IDIOTS CAN FLY 'EM!

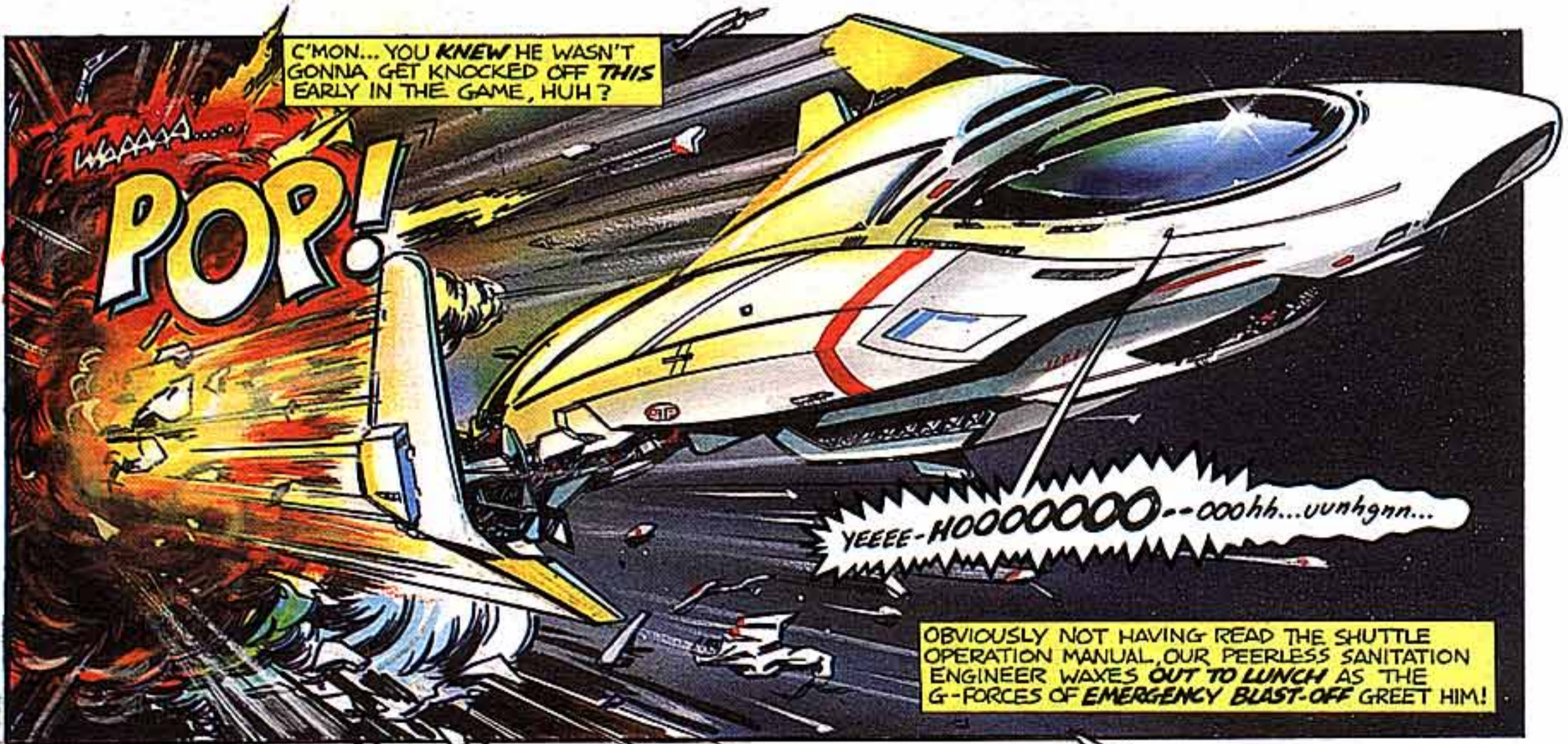


THIS IS RIDICULOUS!! THERE'S NO WAY I CAN--HUH?



**30 SECOND BLAST-OFF EMERGENCY**

IT IS DESIGNED FOR AN IDIOT!!



**POP!**

WAAAAA.....

C'MON... YOU KNEW HE WASN'T GONNA GET KNOCKED OFF THIS EARLY IN THE GAME, HUH?

YEEEE-HOOOOOOOO--OOHH...UUNHNN...

OBVIOUSLY NOT HAVING READ THE SHUTTLE OPERATION MANUAL, OUR PEERLESS SANITATION ENGINEER WAXES OUT TO LUNCH AS THE G-FORCES OF EMERGENCY BLAST-OFF GREET HIM!



# THE ADVENTURES OF ROGER WILCO

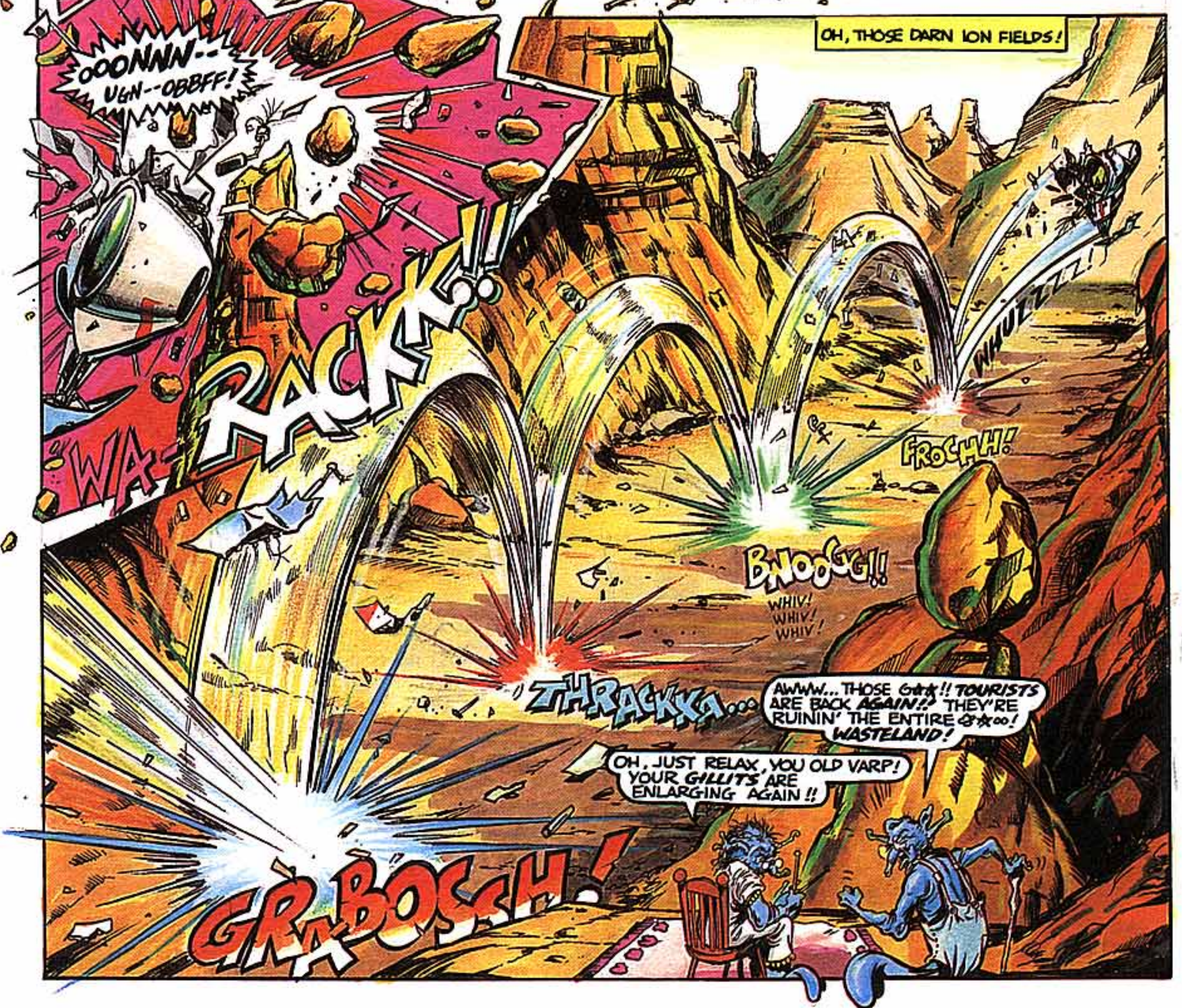
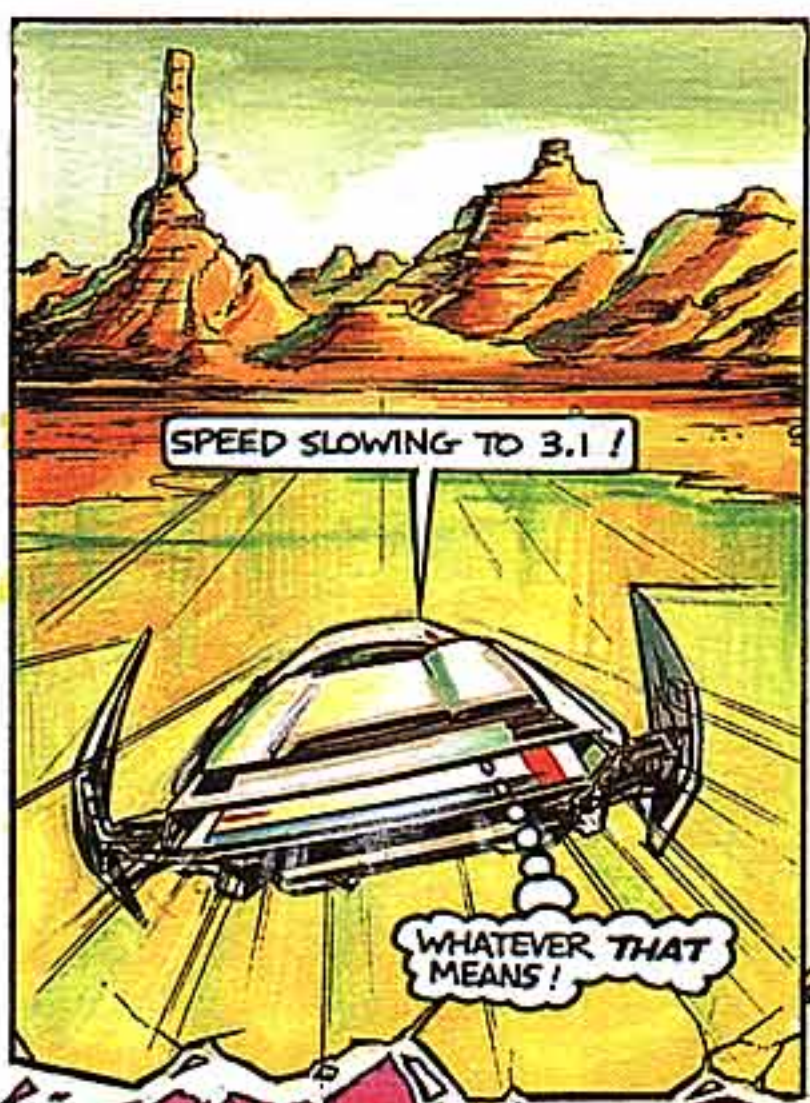








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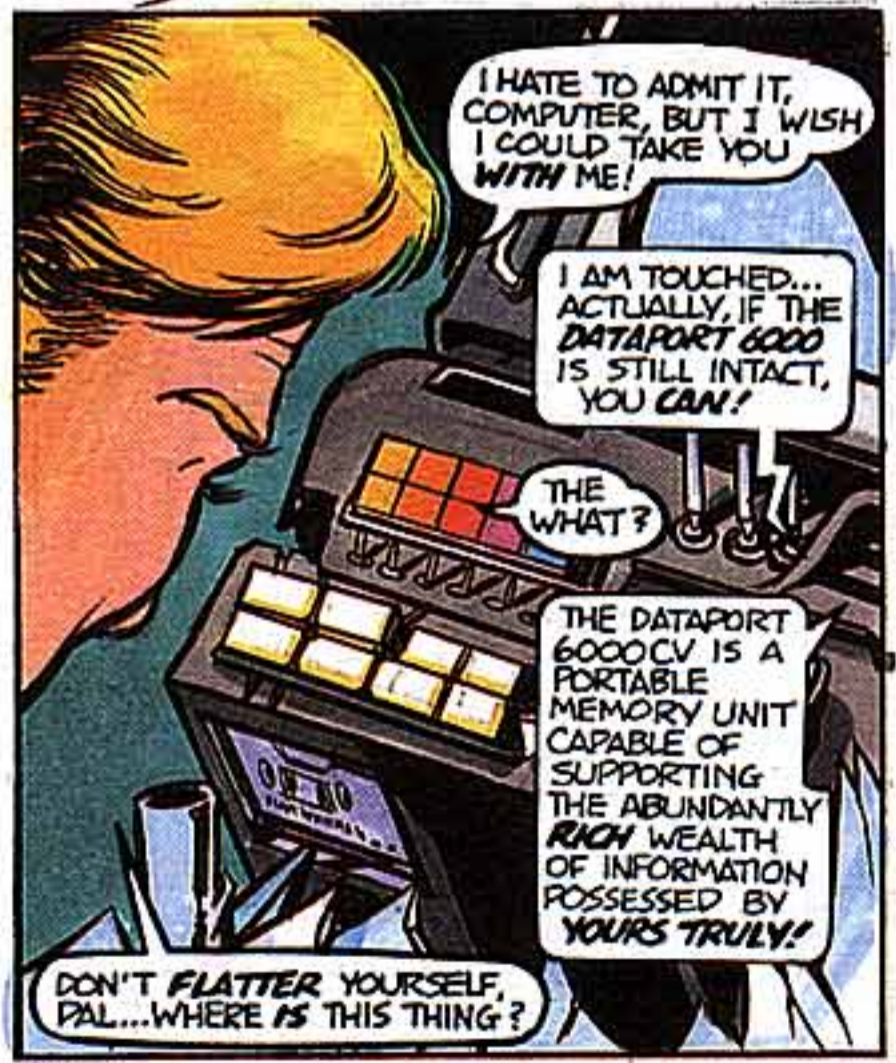




# THE ADVENTURES OF ROGER WILCO



A SHORT TIME LATER...





# THE ADVENTURES OF ROGER WILCO

AS OUR HERO GETS HIS NEW COMPANION SQUARED AWAY, HE BEGINS TO WONDER IF HE'LL EVER AGAIN SEE THE STARS OF HOME... BUT HE IS THANKFUL TO BE ALIVE, AND AS HE BREATHE'S IN THE INTOXICATING KERONIAN BEAUTY, THE BALMY BREEZES CARESS HIS-

OH, GAG!! WOULD YOU PLEASE CUT THE HARLEQUIN ROMANCE CRAPOLA?

MAN, THIS PLACE MUST BE THE ARMPIT OF THE GALAXY! I SURE HOPE IT COOLS OFF!

LET'S SEE WHAT WE'VE GOT HERE...

FIRST AID KIT... HMM... ALL RIGHT!! WATER! IT'S THAT GROSS, DEHYDRATED STUFF, BUT I'M NOT COMPLAININ'!

HOW QUIANT.. IT EVEN COMES WITH A CUP!

IT'S AMAZING THAT ONE 'O THESE BABIES HOLDS 150 GALLONS OF THE STUFF!

YUK! IT TASTES LIKE BAK-BAK, BUT AT LEAST IT'LL KEEP ME GOIN'!

OKAY... WHICH WAY SHOULD I-- WHAT'S THAT?

H-HEY, COMPUTER... YOU FINISHED JUICIN' UP YET?

CRUNCH!! WHIRRRRRR!!

CRUNCH!! WHIRRRRRR!!

YEEEOOWW!!

FLASK!

SIX FARKLOBS SAYS HE GETS CRISPED!

YER ON! BUT IF HE DOES, I GET THE DARK MEAT!

FLOZZK!

HOPE THIS THING WORKS!

OH, GREAT... IT MUST HAVE SOME KINDA DEFLECTOR SHIELD OR SOMETHING!!

FORGET PLAYIN' HERO, WILCO!! GET OUTTA HERE!

FRAZZK!



# THE ADVENTURES OF ROGER WILCO



MINUTES LATER...





# THE ADVENTURES OF ROGER WILCO









# THE ADVENTURES OF ROGER WILCO



WAIT!! COME BACK!! HOW DO I GET OUTTA HERE?

COMPUTER! DO YOU KNOW--

NO, I DON'T KNOW WHAT AN ORAT IS!!



AS THE SUBTERRANEAN ELEVATOR GLIDES UPWARD...

THIS TURBOLIFT DOESN'T SEEM TOO ANCIENT! COMPUTER, IS IT POSSIBLE TO TELL HOW OLD THIS THING IS?

WHAT DO I LOOK LIKE, WILCO 1205C A CARBOATOMIC ANALYZER?

I WONDER IF THAT LIZARD GUY ACTUALLY LIVES DOWN HERE SOMEWHERE... HE SAID THAT I-- WHOA... I'M SLOWING DOWN!



HEY-- WE'RE OUTSIDE! MAN, THE TEMPERATURE HERE IS BIZARRE! IT'S ACTUALLY KINDA COLD!!

IT IS PRECISELY 49.78 DEGREES FARENHEIT... A VERITABLE MEAT LOCKER!



I SHOULD HAVE ASKED HOW FAR IT IS TO CIVILIZATION...

ALL I KNOW IS THAT I'M IN NO HURRY TO MEET AN ORAT... ESPECIALLY AT NIGHT!

MAN, I WISH THIS SURVIVAL KIT HAD A LUMINATOR... I SURE COULD USE SOME L--



STOP!!

WILCO 1205C, IF YOU TAKE ANOTHER STEP WE'LL LOOK LIKE ANTAREAN GOULASH!!

BUT I DO READ SOLID GROUND AND A FAINT LIFE FORM READING 26.7 METERS TO THE RIGHT!



WHAT DO YOU THINK IT IS?

ARE YOU ASKING FOR A SPECULATION?

SURE...



WELL, I'D SAY IT'S ONE OF TWO THINGS... EITHER A SMALL, RODENTLIKE NOCTURNAL PLANTEATER...

OR?

OR A SLOBBERING KERONIAN SCHARFBEAR WITH 14-INCH FANGS WHO CRAVES HUMAN FLESH ABOVE ALL CULINARY DELIGHTS, AND WOULD REVEL AT THE CHANCE TO REDUCE YOU TO A PULPY CARCASS FULL OF--

WOULD YOU PLEASE SHUT UP?

JUST A GUESS!

LOOK, EINSTEIN... LET ME REMIND YOU THAT IF THIS ORAT DOES MAKE A MID-NIGHT SNACK OUT OF ME, YOU'LL WIND UP BEING THE AFTER-DINNER MINT!

OKAY, OKAY...



# THE ADVENTURES OF ROGER WILCO



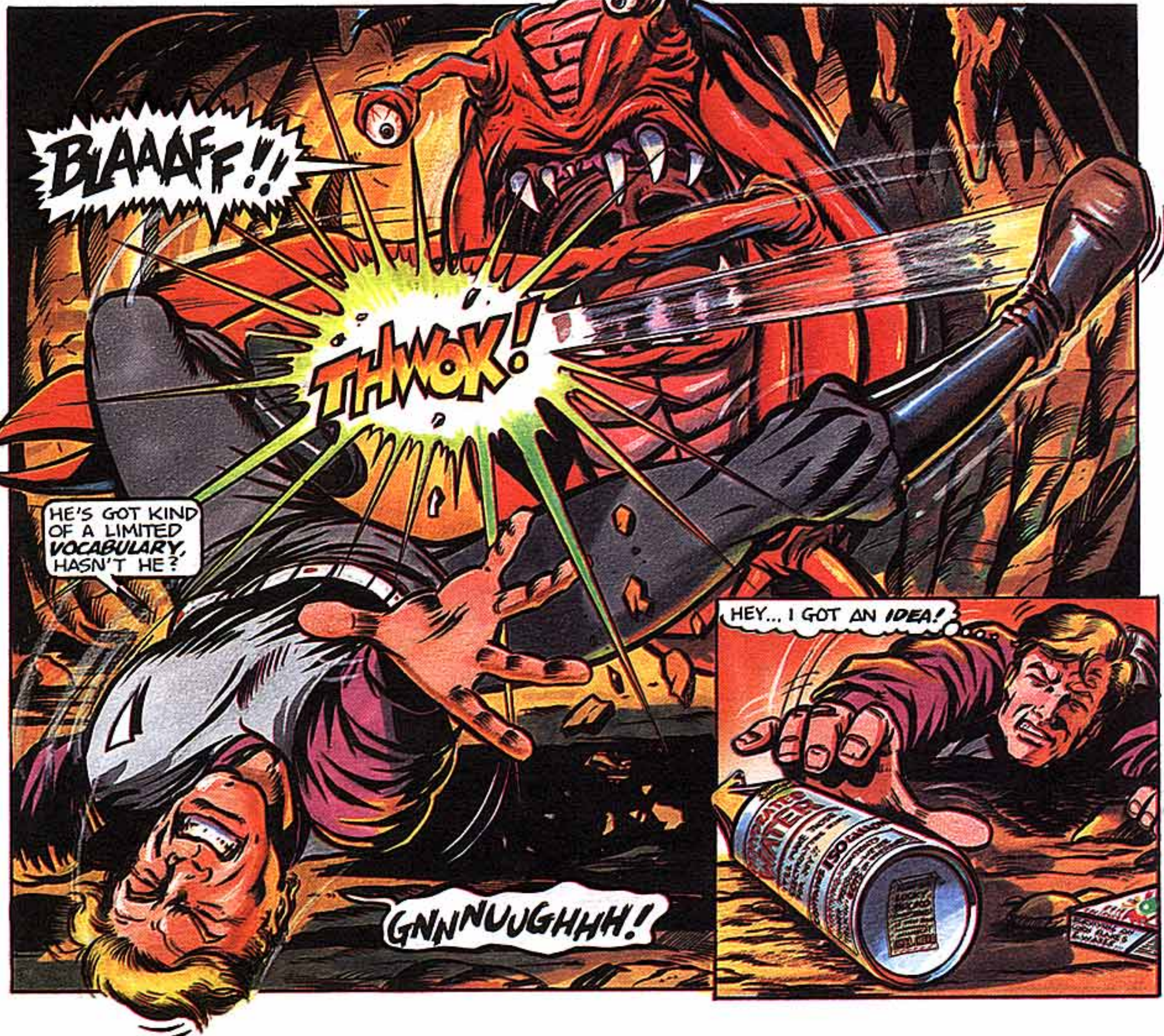
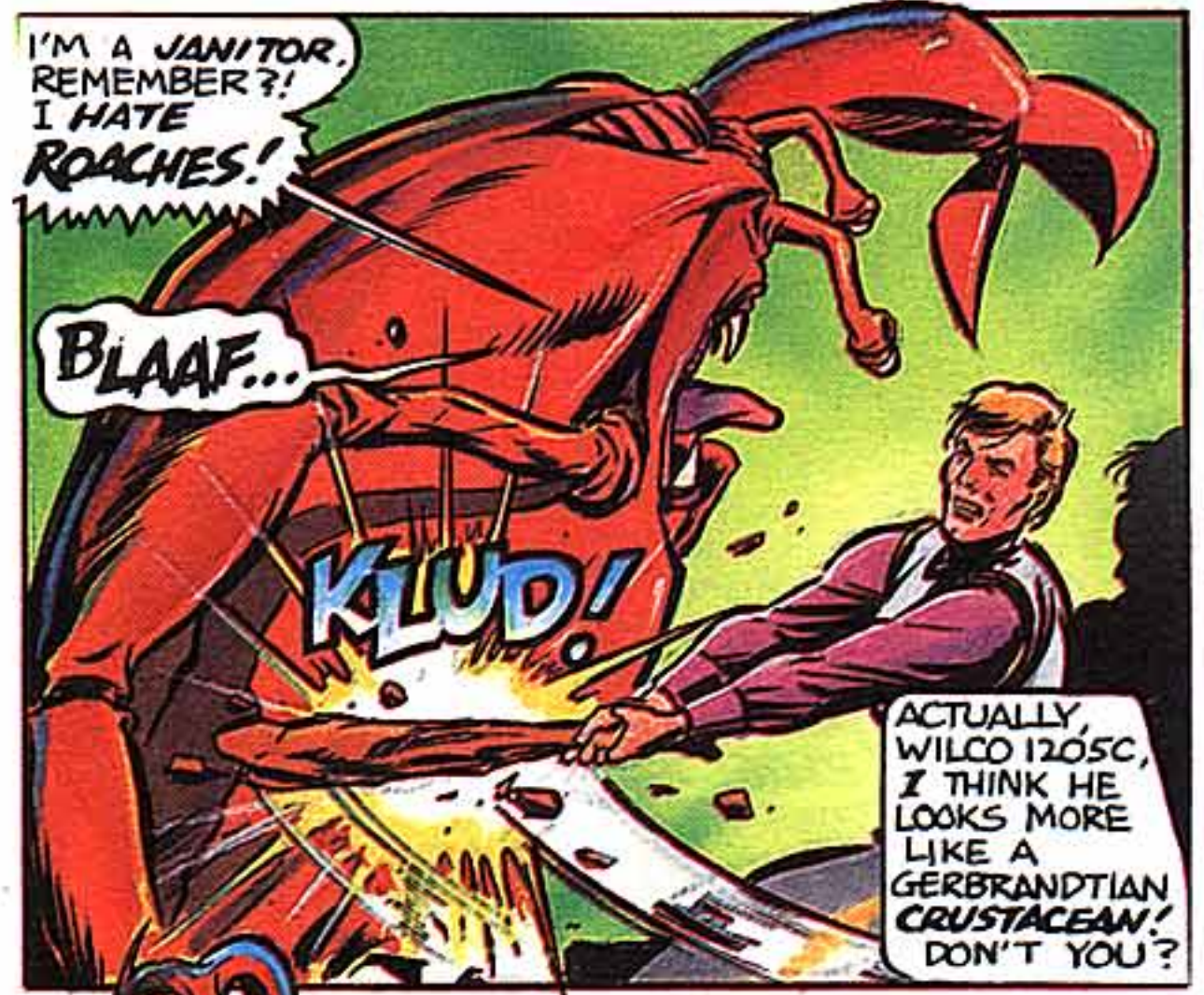


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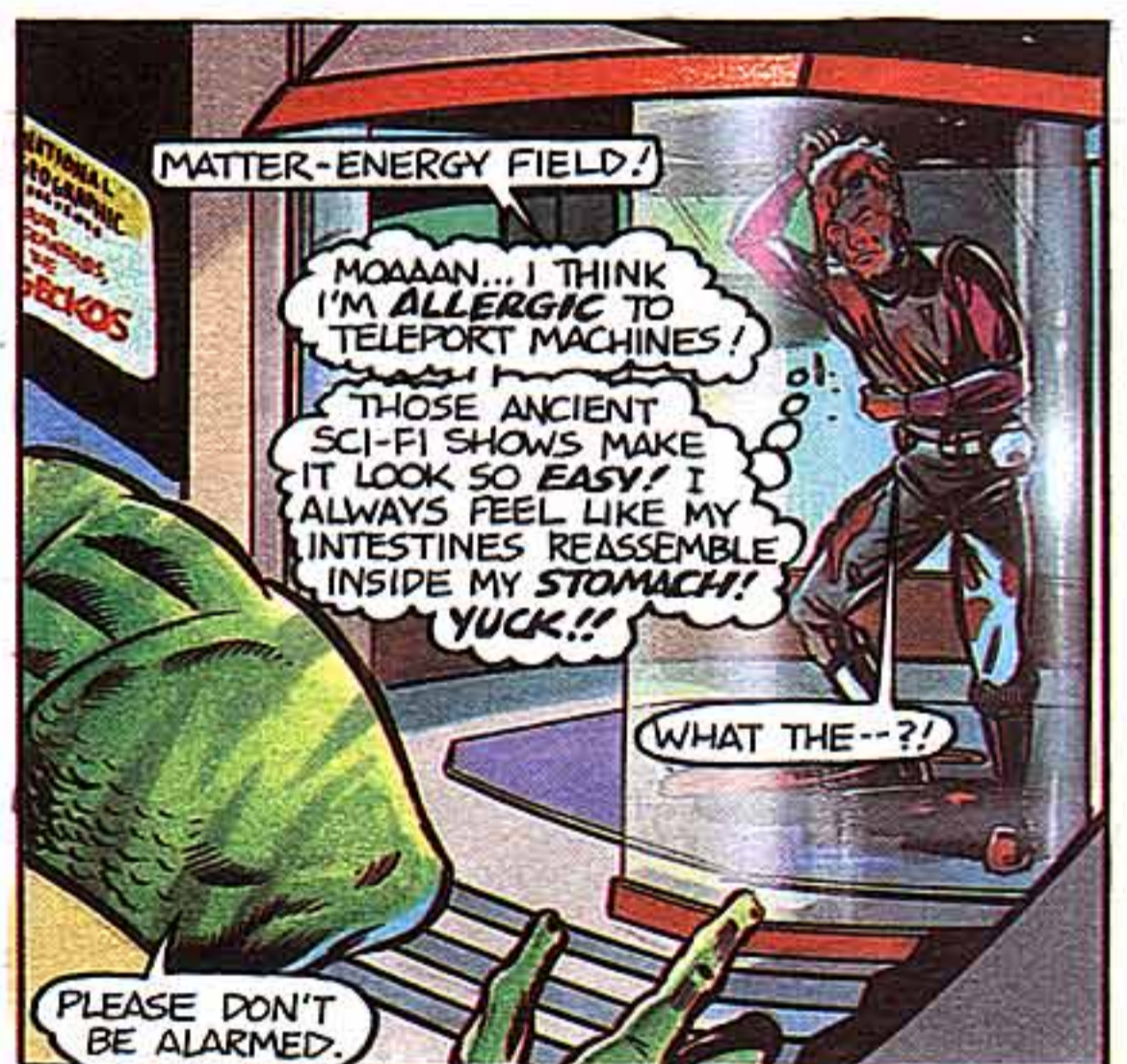






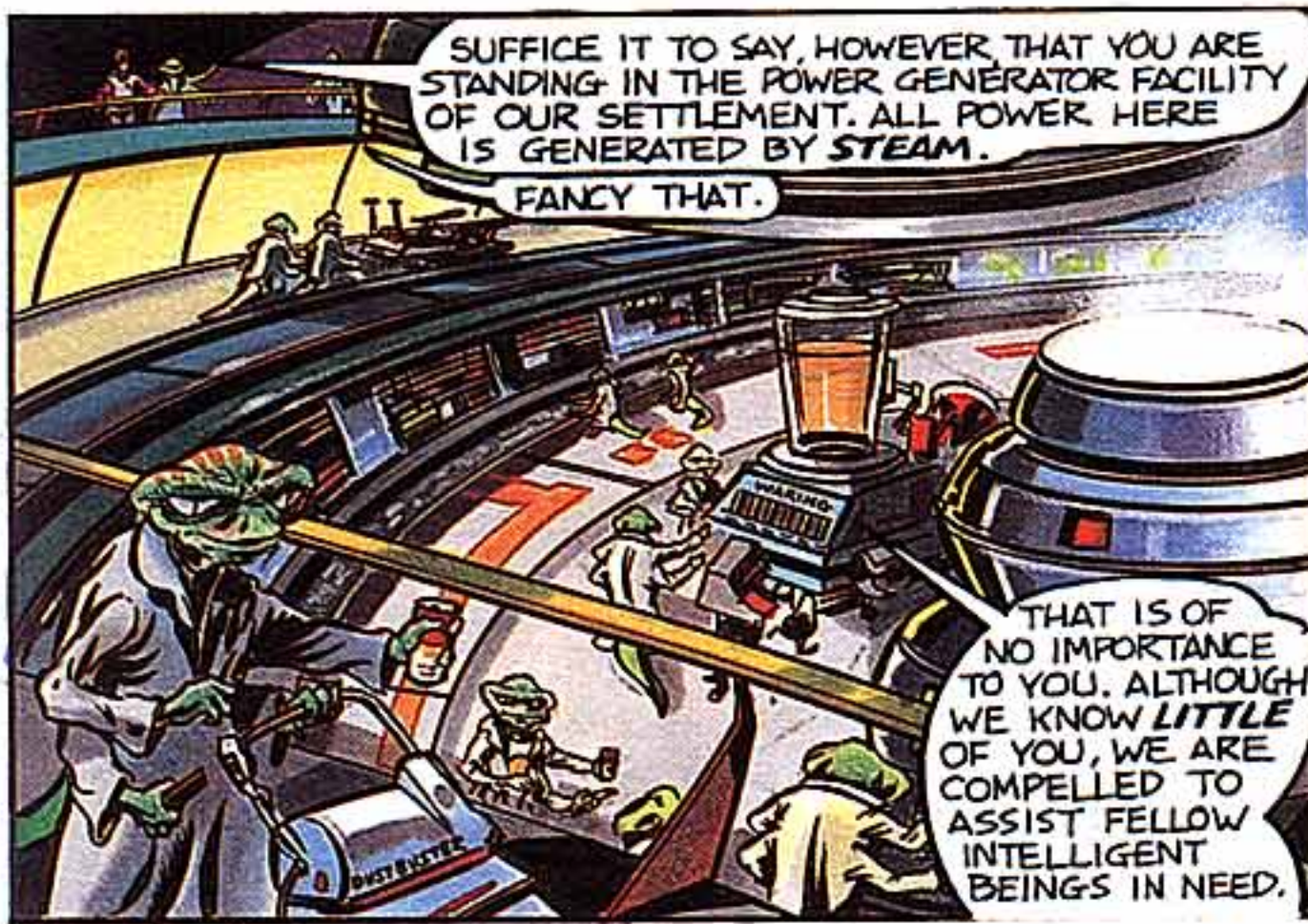


# THE ADVENTURES OF ROGER WILCO





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SUFFICE IT TO SAY, HOWEVER, THAT YOU ARE STANDING IN THE POWER GENERATOR FACILITY OF OUR SETTLEMENT. ALL POWER HERE IS GENERATED BY STEAM.

FANCY THAT.

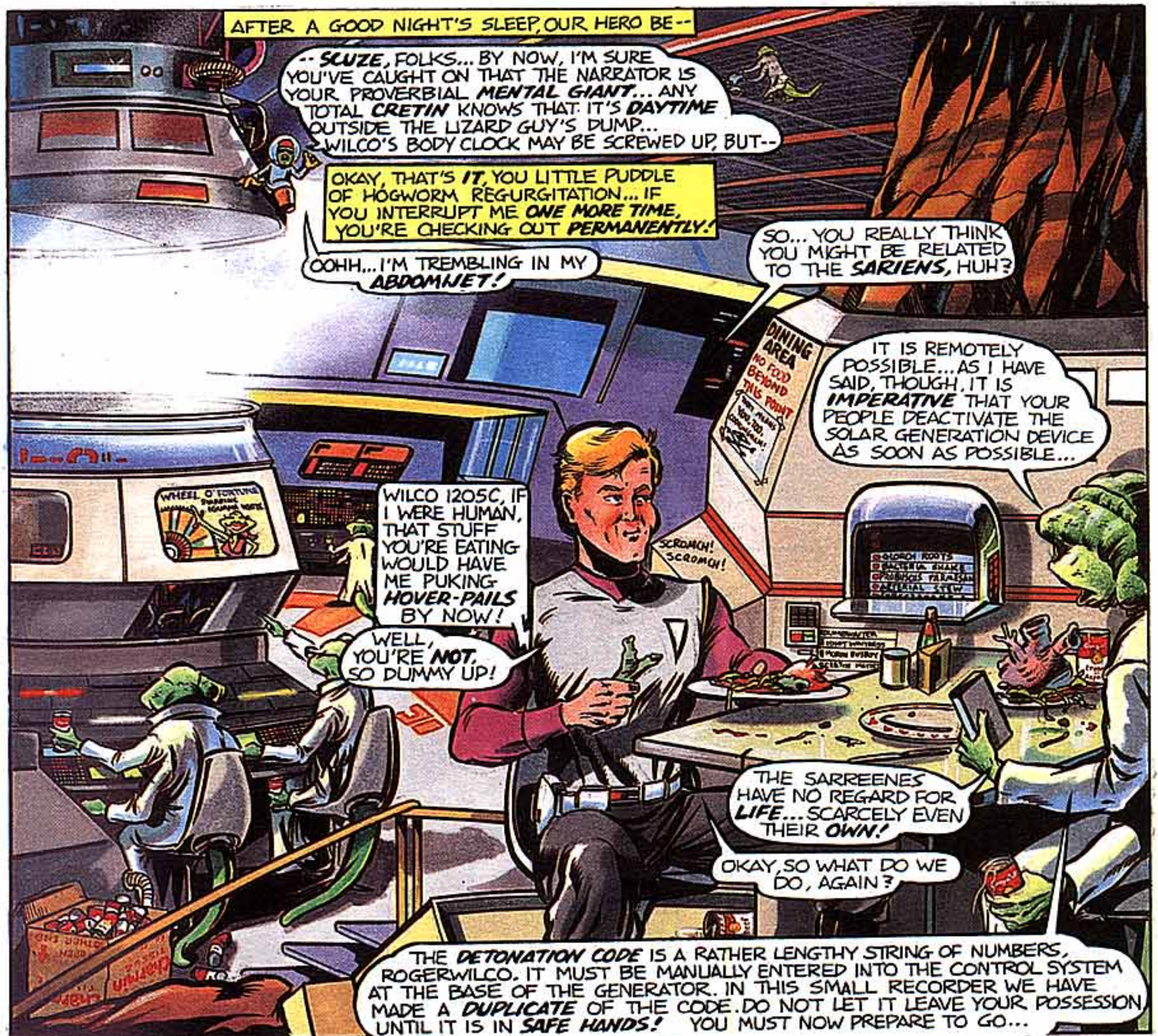
THAT IS OF NO IMPORTANCE TO YOU. ALTHOUGH WE KNOW LITTLE OF YOU, WE ARE COMPELLED TO ASSIST FELLOW INTELLIGENT BEINGS IN NEED.



WE REALIZE WE HAVE PROMISED YOU TRANSPORTATION, SO A SKIMMER IS CURRENTLY BEING PREPARED FOR YOUR USE. IF YOU WISH, YOU MAY REST AND REFRESH YOURSELF BEFORE YOUR DEPARTURE.

THIS IS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!!

UH, OKAY... THANKS!



AFTER A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP, OUR HERO BE--

-- SCUZE, FOLKS... BY NOW, I'M SURE YOU'VE CAUGHT ON THAT THE NARRATOR IS YOUR PROVERBIAL MENTAL GIANT... ANY TOTAL CRETIN KNOWS THAT IT'S DAYTIME OUTSIDE THE LIZARD GUY'S DUMP... WILCO'S BODY CLOCK MAY BE SCREWED UP, BUT--

OKAY, THAT'S IT, YOU LITTLE PUDDLE OF HOGWORM REGURGITATION... IF YOU INTERRUPT ME ONE MORE TIME, YOU'RE CHECKING OUT PERMANENTLY!

OOHH... I'M TREMBLING IN MY ABDOMINET!

SO... YOU REALLY THINK YOU MIGHT BE RELATED TO THE SARIENS, HUH?

IT IS REMOTELY POSSIBLE... AS I HAVE SAID, THOUGH, IT IS IMPERATIVE THAT YOUR PEOPLE DEACTIVATE THE SOLAR GENERATION DEVICE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE...

WILCO 1205C, IF I WERE HUMAN, THAT STUFF YOU'RE EATING WOULD HAVE ME PUKING-HOVER-PAILS BY NOW!

WELL, YOU'RE NOT, SO DUMMY UP!

SCROMCH! SCROMCH!

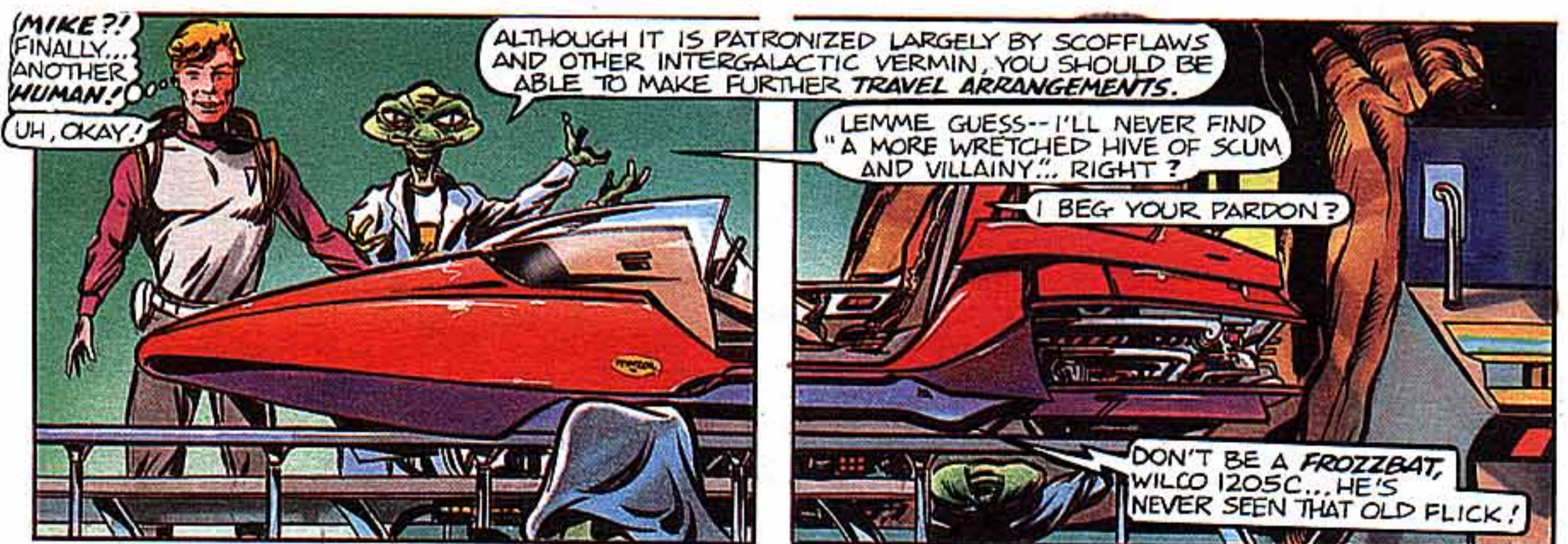
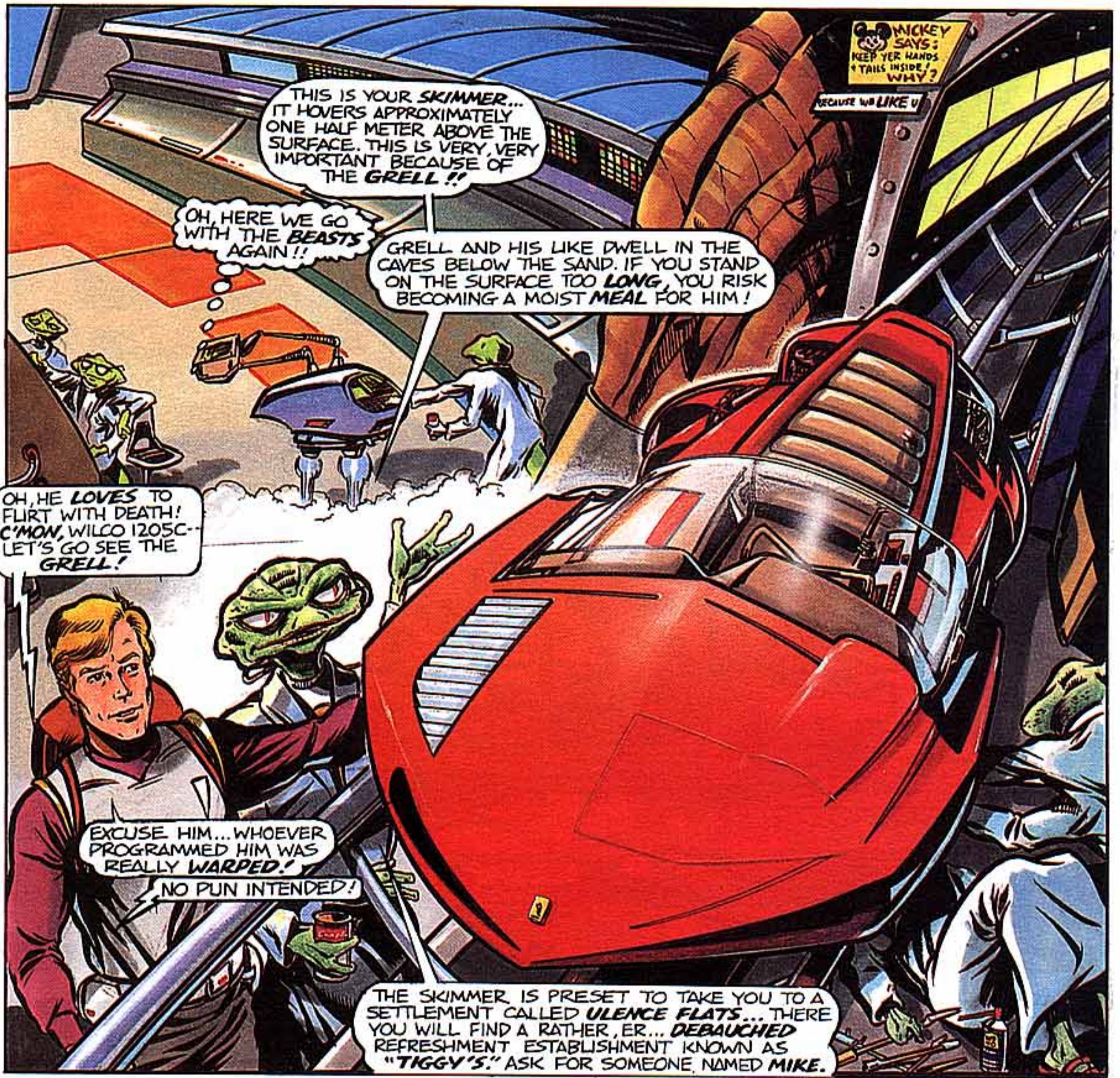
THE SARREENES HAVE NO REGARD FOR LIFE... SCARCELY EVEN THEIR OWN!

OKAY, SO WHAT DO WE DO, AGAIN?

THE DETONATION CODE IS A RATHER LENGTHY STRING OF NUMBERS, ROGERWILCO. IT MUST BE MANUALLY ENTERED INTO THE CONTROL SYSTEM AT THE BASE OF THE GENERATOR. IN THIS SMALL RECORDER WE HAVE MADE A DUPLICATE OF THE CODE. DO NOT LET IT LEAVE YOUR POSSESSION UNTIL IT IS IN SAFE HANDS! YOU MUST NOW PREPARE TO GO...



# THE ADVENTURES OF ROGER WILCO



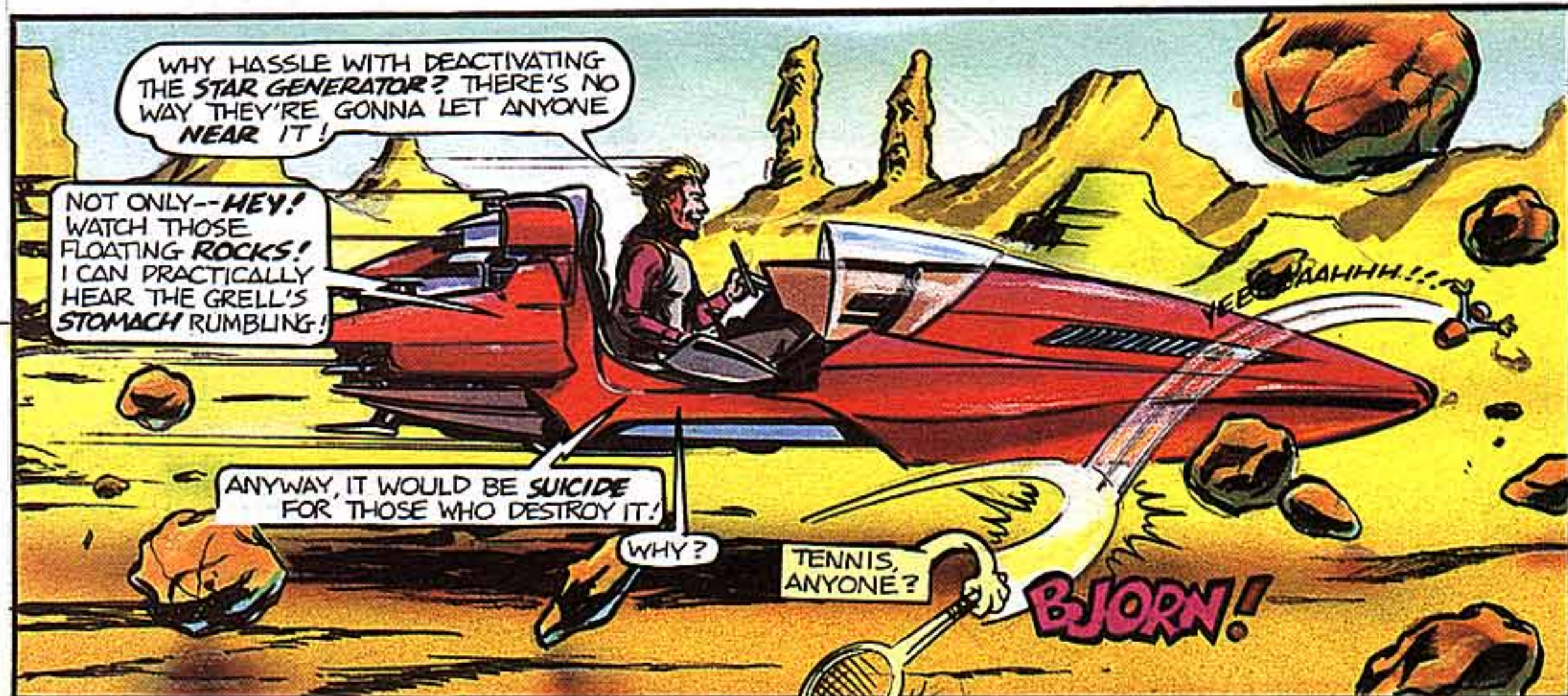
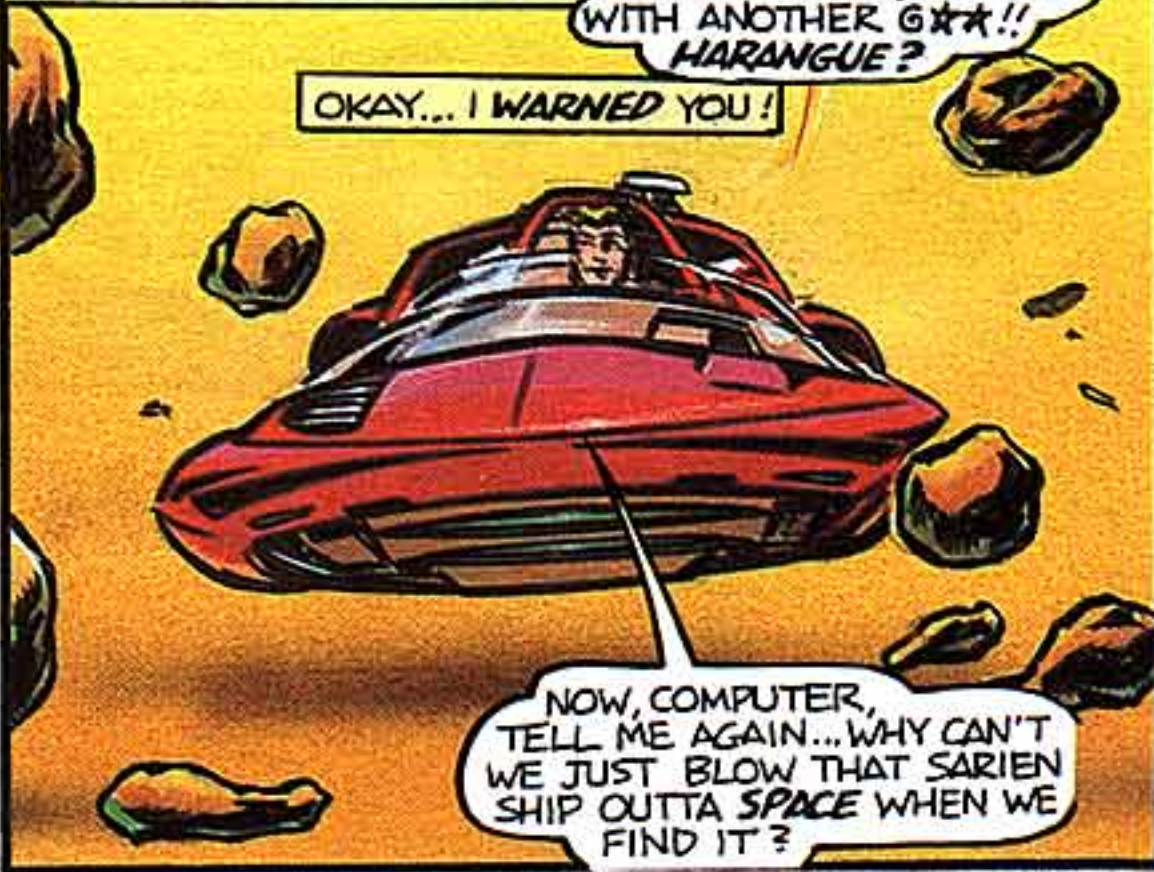


# THE ADVENTURES OF ROGER WILCO

AFTER GOODBYES, THANK-YOUs AND OTHER NICITIES GENERALLY EXCHANGED BETWEEN HUMANS AND 4-ARMED REPTILIAN FOLK ARE COMPLETED, ROGER BIDS THEM FAREWELL...



AS OUR FRIENDS KICK UP A CLOUD OF KERONIAN DU--



IF ITS ELEMENTS ARE DETONATED BEFORE BEING RENDERED INERT, IT WOULD TRIGGER A CATAclySM OF GALACTIC PROPORTION!



A SHORT TIME LATER... (AHH!) NO INTERRUPTION!!





# THE ADVENTURES OF ROGER WILCO

