



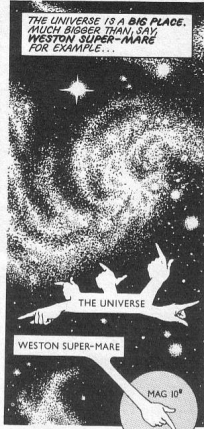
THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

2000.A.D.
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
ALAN MOORE
ART ROBOT
GARRY LEACH
LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER
COMPU-73e

BORAG
THINGS, EARTHLETS.
IT HAS COME TO MY
NOTICE THAT SOME OF MY
OLDER READERS ARE
EXPERIENCING DIFFICULTY
IN FINDING SUITABLE
EMPLOYMENT. THUS I,
THARG THE CAREER-
CONSCIOUS, HAVE
DECIDED TO BRING NEWS
OF JUST ONE OF THE
MANY EXCITING JOBS
WHICH I WAIT AMONGST
THE STARS. I CALL
THIS...



THE UNIVERSE IS A BIG PLACE,
MUCH BIGGER THAN, SAY,
WESTON SUPER-MARE
FOR EXAMPLE...



NATURALLY, IT TAKES A LOT OF PEOPLE TO RUN A
UNIVERSE SMOOTHLY, RANGING FROM THE LOFTY
HEIGHTS OF SENIOR MANAGEMENT...

SOME DAY,
SON, ALL THIS
WILL BE
YOURS.



...DOWN THROUGH THE
HECTIC PACE OF THE
ACCOUNTS DEPARTMENT...

VRIIL GALAXY?
YOU'RE OVER-
BUDGET ON THOSE
'A'-TYPE SUNS--
SEND 'EM BACK
AND ORDER SOME
'B'-TYPE SUNS
INSTEAD.

WHAT?
OH YEAH?
WELL THEN,
SAME TO YOU,
FELLER!



UNTIL FINALLY WE REACH THOSE UNSUNG HEROES WHO MAINTAIN THE HYGIENE OF THE HEAVENS: THE BRAVE MEN OF THE **TRANS GALACTIC GARBAGE DISPOSAL CORPS!**

MUTTER MUTTER
CUSS MUTTER...



THIS IS JUST AS WELL, AS GUARGOL'S WORKING DAY IS OVER EIGHT MILLION YEARS LONG...

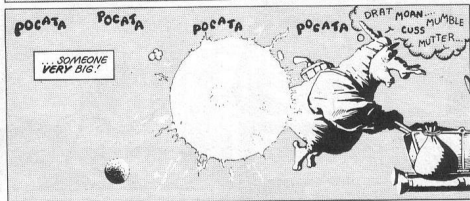
MUTTER... CUSS
GROAN... MUMBLE.



GUARGOL-SEVEN, A RIGELIAN, HAS WORKED FOR THE CORPS SINCE HE LEFT SCHOOL. IT'S A BIG JOB, AND IT NEEDS SOMEONE BIG TO TACKLE IT...

POCATA POCATA POCATA POCATA

SOMEONE VERY BIG!



DRAH MOAN... MUMBLE
CUSS MUTTER...

LIKE ALL RIGELIANS, GUARGOL-SEVEN HAS AN ALMOST INDEFINITE LIFESPAN.



TODAY, GUARGOL-SEVEN MUST CLEAN UP THE WESTERN SPIRAL ARM OF THE GALAXY BEFORE CLOCKING OFF. THIS INCLUDES REPLACING ANY BUNS WHICH HAVE BURNED OUT...



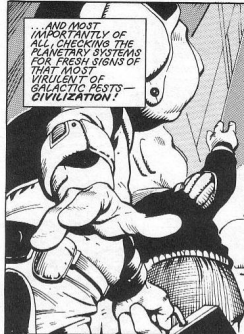
*@#%!!
ANOTHER BATCH OF
XX%O%P,
PUPS!

FILLING IN ANY DANGEROUS BLACK HOLES WHICH MAY HAVE COME INTO BEING SINCE HIS LAST SHIFT...

MUMBLE GRUNT
CUSS MUTTER...



S#Z00P



...AND MOST IMPORTANTLY OF ALL, CHECKING THE PLANETARY SYSTEMS FOR FRESH SIGNS OF THAT MOST VIRULENT OF GALACTIC PESTS—CIVILIZATION!

AHA!



AS GUARGOL-SEVEN HAS LEARNED TO HIS COST, ONE MUST TAKE GREAT CARE WHEN WIPING OUT A PATCH OF CIVILIZATION...

ONLY GOTTER MISS ONE TINY PATCH AND THE NEXT THING YOU KNOW THE LITTLE BLIGHTERS ARE ALL OVER THE GALAXY AGAIN.

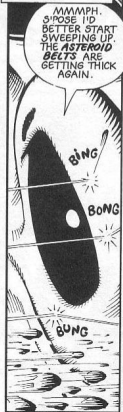


MMPH. THAT'S GOT 'EM.

FINALLY, IT'S TIME FOR A MAGMA-BREAK. PUT YOUR PSEUDOPODS UP, GUARGOL-SEVEN... YOU'VE EARNED IT!



GALAXY-SPANNING ENIGMAS WILL RISE AND FALL BEFORE GUARGOL-SEVEN FINISHES HIS TIE-IN. BUT EVENTUALLY...



MMMPH. S'POSE I'D BETTER START JWSWEEPING UP THE ASTEROID BELTS ARE GETTING THICK AGAIN.

BING

BONG

BONG

YES, IT'S A LONG AND THANK-LESS TASK FRESHENING UP THE FIRMAMENT. BUT COME DAY'S END, GUARGOL-SEVEN CAN PROUDLY SURVEY HIS WORK AND SAY...



DROK THIS FOR A GAME OF IMPERIAL STORM-TROOPERS IN KNOCKING OFF.

AND AT LAST, BACK AT T.G.G.D.C. CENTRAL...

CRUIKEY, QUARGOL NINETEEN! YOU'VE FINISHED EARLY! I THOUGHT YOU WERE MUCKING OUT THE ANDROMEDA GALAXY TODAY.

HAVE, AND THANKS TO 'BIG BANG' I'M FINISHED WITH TIME TO SPARE.

'BIG BANG'! WHAT'S THAT?

WILL TRANSFORM ITS ATOMIC STRUCTURE INTO THAT OF A GALAXY WIDE HYPER-NOVA.

WELL STONE ME.

AND BINGO! 'BIG BANG' DESTROYS 99.99% OF ALL KNOWN CIVILIZATIONS. HERE... TRY IT FOR YOURSELF.

WHY, QUARGOL NINETEEN, HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU? THIS IS THE SLUZZGREEP'S PJAMAS AND NO MISTAKE!

IT'S THE NEW MIRACLE CLEANING FLUID... JUST WATCH... ONE THIMBLE-FULL POURED INTO A TYBE 'B' JUN...

DON'T THANK ME, THANK 'BIG BANG'!!

SO IF ANY OF YOU EARTHLETS SEE YOURSELVES AS POTENTIAL INTERSTELLAR ROAD-SWEEPERS, SIMPLY FILL OUT THE FORM BELOW AND SEND IT TO...

THE MANAGER,
TRANS GALACTIC GARBAGE DISPOSAL CORP.,
PLANET SMATTERBUNG,
NEAR URSA MAJOR.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

I AM ANIMAL VEGETABLE MINERAL OTHER
I AM OVER 870,000 MILES IN HEIGHT
I HAVE A CHEERFUL DISPOSITION
I HAVE AN INDEFINITE LIFESPAN
I AM NOT ALLERGIC TO WHITE DWARF MATTER