

FREE COMIC BOOK DAY

TM

SQUIRT



POULTON

YOON

WEEKS

ONORATO



HEROES COME IN ALL SIZES

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SQUIRT CREATED BY MARK POULTON AND MARK YOON

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A METEOR ROCKETS TOWARDS EARTH
AS IT LEAVES A TRAIL OF DUST AND
PARTICLES IN ITS PATH.

AS THE HEAT BEGINS
TO VAPORIZE IT,
A MYSTICAL ORB
IS RELEASED...

AND AN UNWILLING BOY'S
DESTINY IS ABOUT TO
BECOME ALTERED.

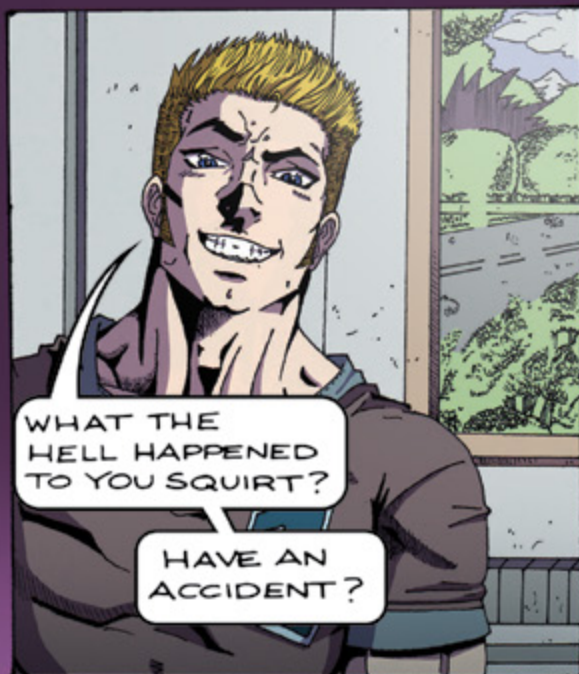
WRITER—MARK POULTON
ARTIST—MARK YOON

COLORIST—DEXTER WEEKS
LETTERER—RYAN ONORATO









WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO YOU SQUIRT?

HAVE AN ACCIDENT?



YEAH, KID LOOKS LIKE HE PEE'D HIMSELF.



BWAH
HAHA
HAHA

HAHA
HAHA
HAHA



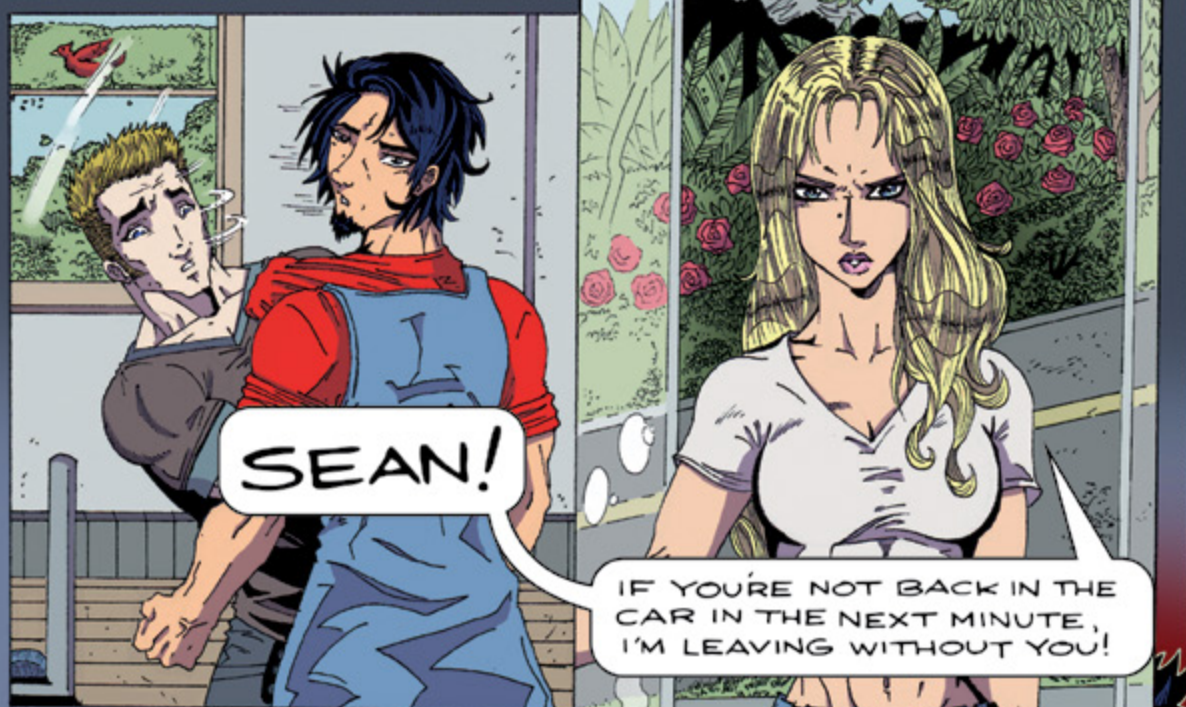
WHY DO YOU HAVE TO BE SUCH A JERK?



WHAT DID YOU SAY PLUG?

THE NAME'S KORD.

LIKE THERE'S A DIFFERENCE.



SEAN!

IF YOU'RE NOT BACK IN THE CAR IN THE NEXT MINUTE, I'M LEAVING WITHOUT YOU!



WHOA...



WE'RE NOT THROUGH, SKATE RAT.

DON'T WANT TO GET THE LITTLE LADY UPSET, DO YA?



I SAID NOW!



WHIPPED.

SHUT UP.

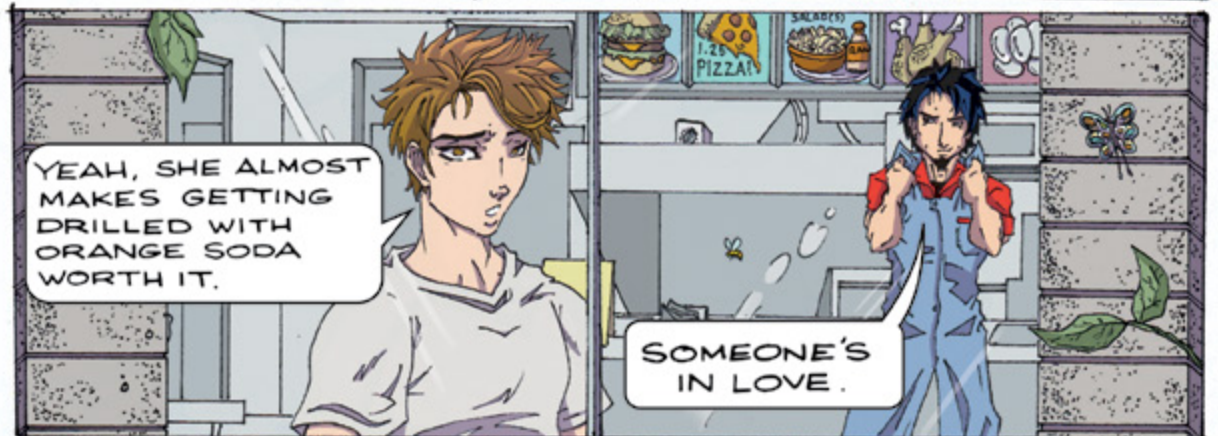


YOU THERE,
JASON?



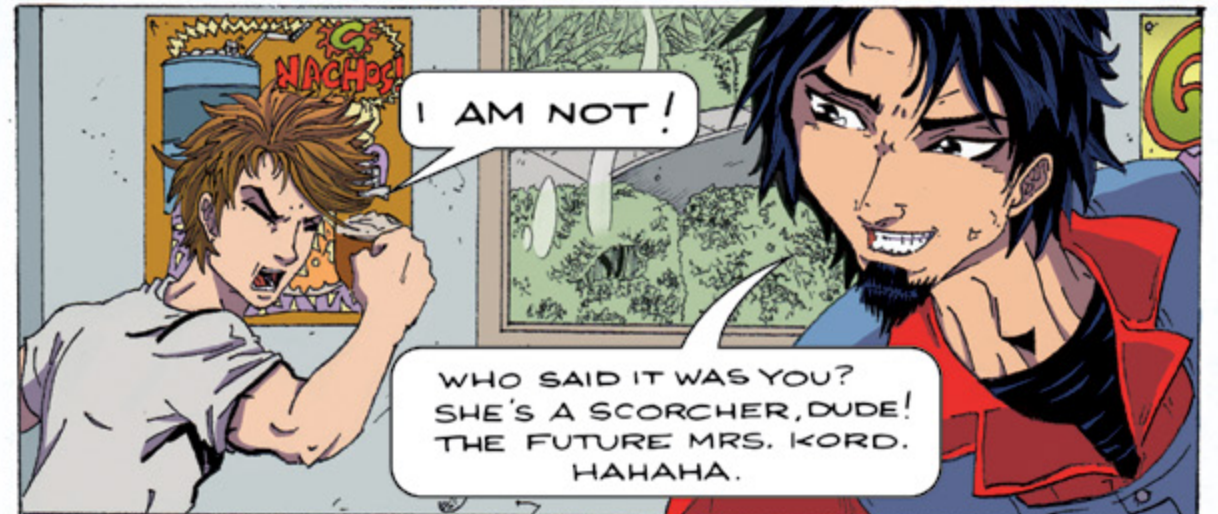
HUH?

THOUGHT I LOST YOU
THERE FOR A MINUTE, BUD.
SHE'S A HOTTIE ALRIGHT.



YEAH, SHE ALMOST
MAKES GETTING
DRILLED WITH
ORANGE SODA
WORTH IT.

SOMEONE'S
IN LOVE.



I AM NOT!

WHO SAID IT WAS YOU?
SHE'S A SCORCHER, DUDE!
THE FUTURE MRS. KORD.
HAHAHA.

LATER THAT NIGHT...

I LOOKED LIKE A COMPLETE GOOF IN FRONT OF STACY.

WHAT DOES SHE SEE IN THAT GUY?

I BET THAT FORTUNE GUY DOESN'T HAVE PROBLEMS LIKE ME. WHAT I WOULDN'T DO TO BE SOMEONE ELSE INSTEAD OF PLAIN OL' SQUIRT.

TONIGHT IS THE NIGHT. IF THE PROPHECIES ARE CORRECT, MY YEARS OF PLANNING WILL FINALLY PAY OFF.

THE ORB SHOULD DESCEND TONIGHT AND FIND ITS HOST.

ROGERS, ARE THE MEN IN PLACE?

YES SIR, MR. FORTUNE. ONCE THE ORB REACHES THE ATMOSPHERE, YOU WILL BE NOTIFIED.

EXCELLENT. ONCE IT SELECTS A HOST, KILL THEM AND BRING THE ORB TO ME.



YO KID, YOU GOT SOME CHANGE?

MY FRIEND WAS TALKING TO YOU, SON. YOU TOO GOOD FOR US?

WELL, YOU DEAF KID. I ASKED YOU A QUESTION...

LEAVE ME ALONE.

"LEAVE ME ALONE." HAAAA!

DUDE, HE'S GETTING AWAY.

GET HIM!



GOTTA GET AWAY.



YOU'RE DEAD, GEEK.



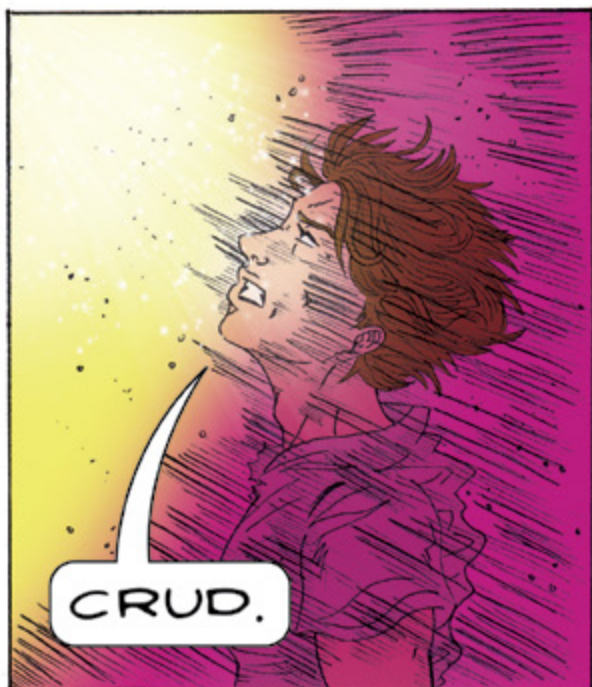
MAYBE I CAN LOSE THEM DOWN THIS SIDE STREET.



FUDGE...



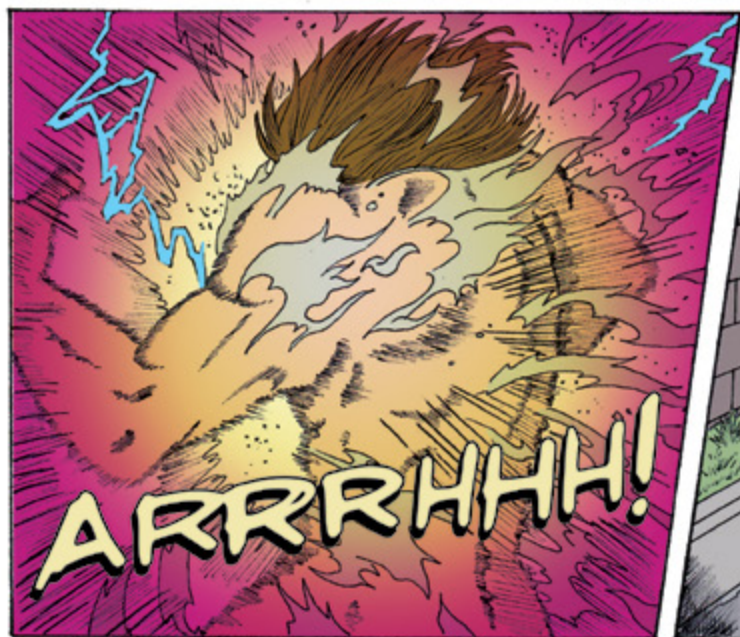
WHAT THE...



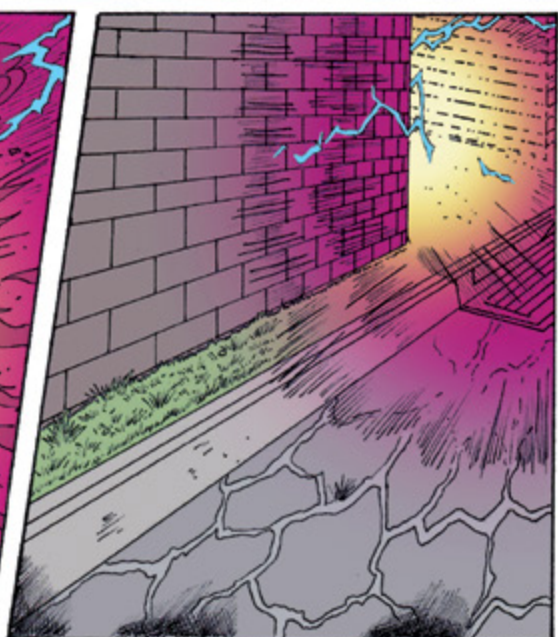
CRUD.



THIS JUST ISN'T
MY DAY...



ARRRRHHH!

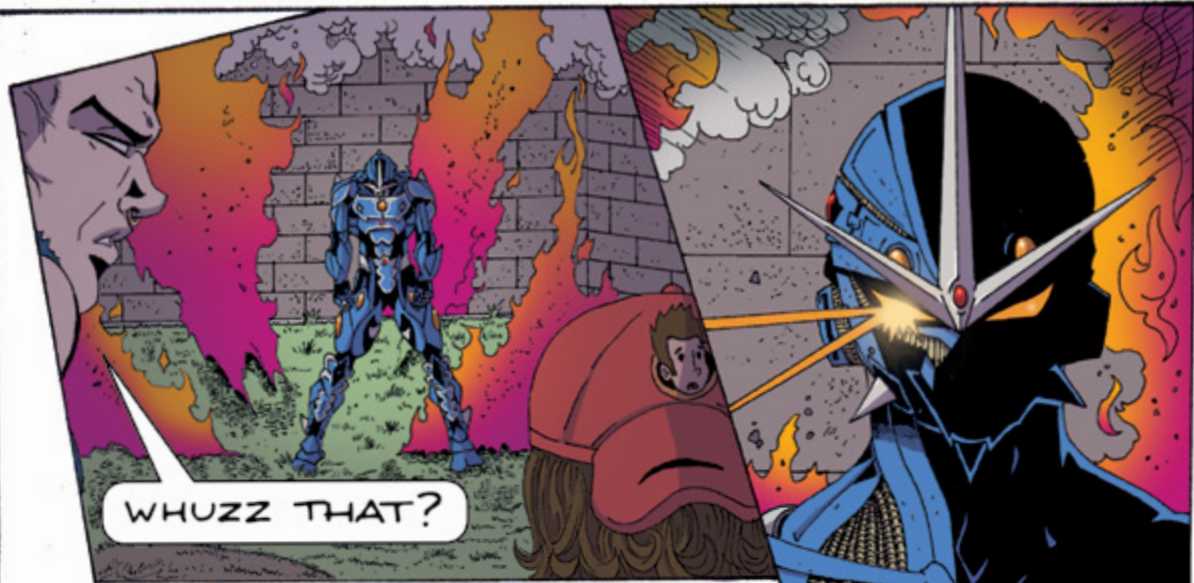


WHU...

CAN'T SEE
NUTHIN'.

OOOOOO...





WHUZZ THAT?



TAKE IT EASY MAN,
WE DONT WANT
ANY TROUBLE.





THIS IS THE LOCATION, MEN.
BE READY FOR ANYTHING.
CONSIDER THE ORB HOSTILE.



SIR, IT APPEARS
WE'RE TOO LATE.
IT SEEMS THE
ORB HAS CHOSEN
A HOST.

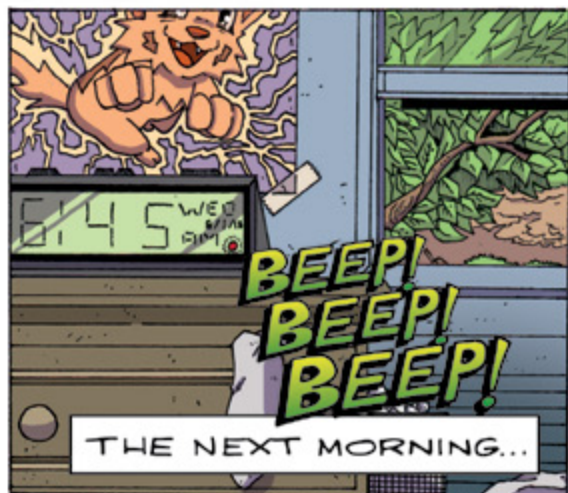


ARE YOU CERTAIN?



POSITIVE,
SIR.

THE GEEK
WAS SOME
KIND OF
ALIEN...



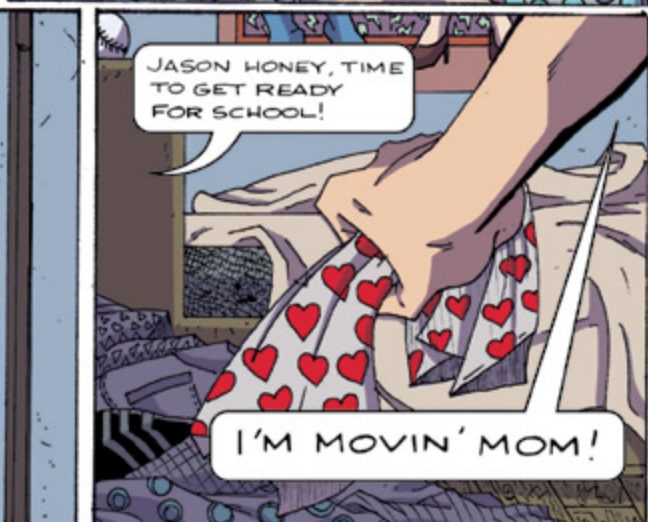
THE NEXT MORNING...



WHU? WHERE AM I?

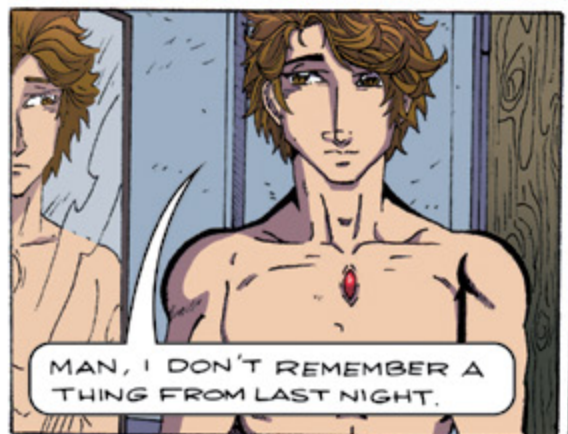


HOW DID I GET HERE?

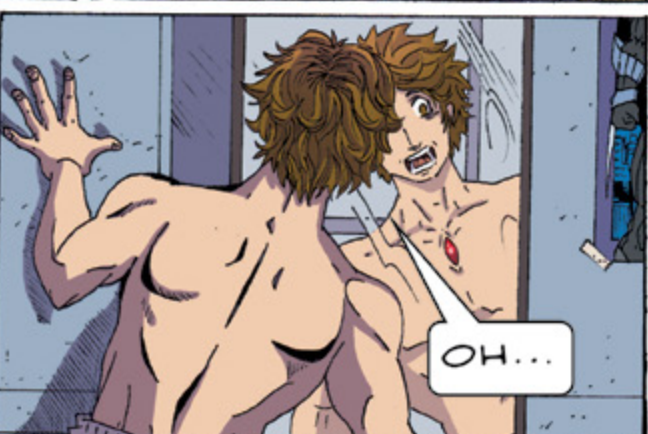


JASON HONEY, TIME TO GET READY FOR SCHOOL!

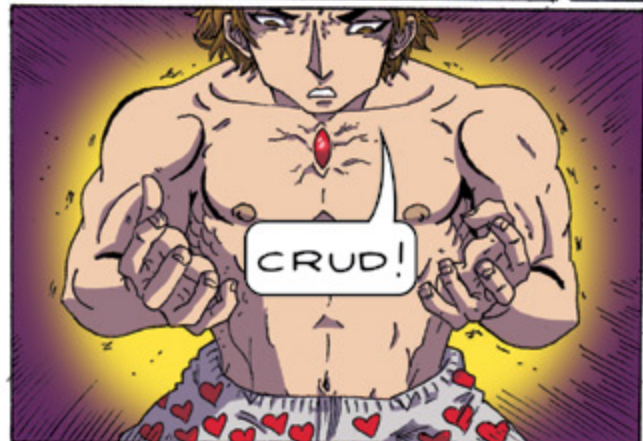
I'M MOVIN' MOM!



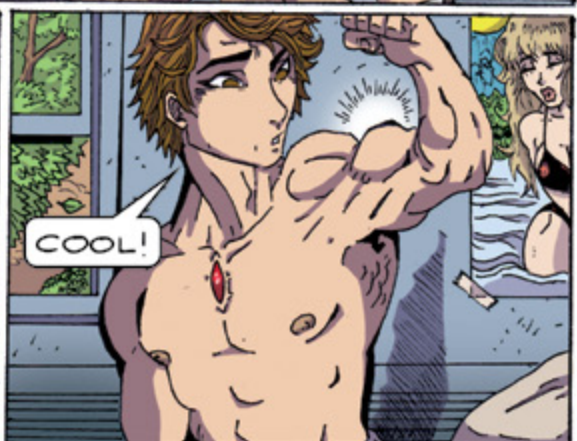
MAN, I DON'T REMEMBER A THING FROM LAST NIGHT.



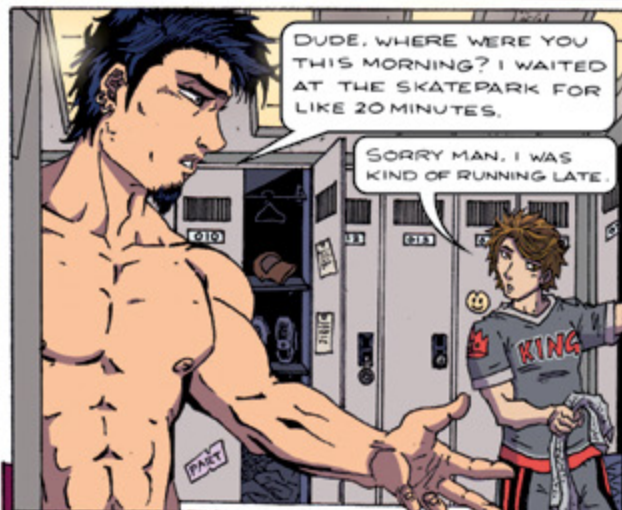
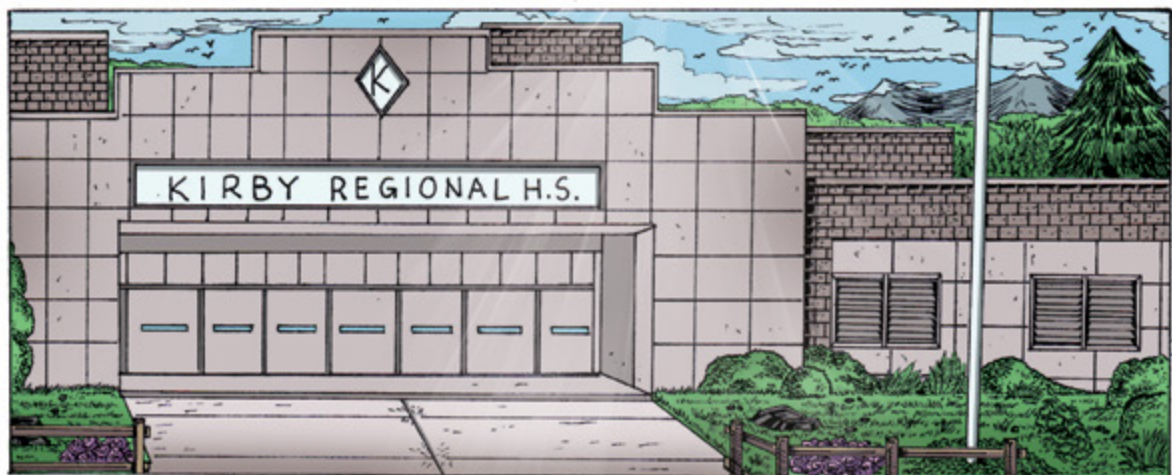
OH...



CRUD!



COOL!





USE THE FAT KIDS AS SHIELDS,
WHILE SEAN AND HIS BUDDIES
PICK OFF THE MATHLETES.



PLAY BALL!

000

AWAY

1 2



SMACK!



YOU GUYS CAN HAVE
THE SLACKER, BUT
SQUIRT IS MINE!



WOOSH!

THIS IS GOING TO
BE A LONG DAY.



29:09

CLOCK

0

1

2

3

4

9

H



09:08

CLOCK

000

1 2 3 4

00



YEEOW!

09:22

CLOCK

00

1 2 3 4

00



MAN DOWN.
I'VE BEEN HIT.




AVENGE ME.





WHERE AM I?



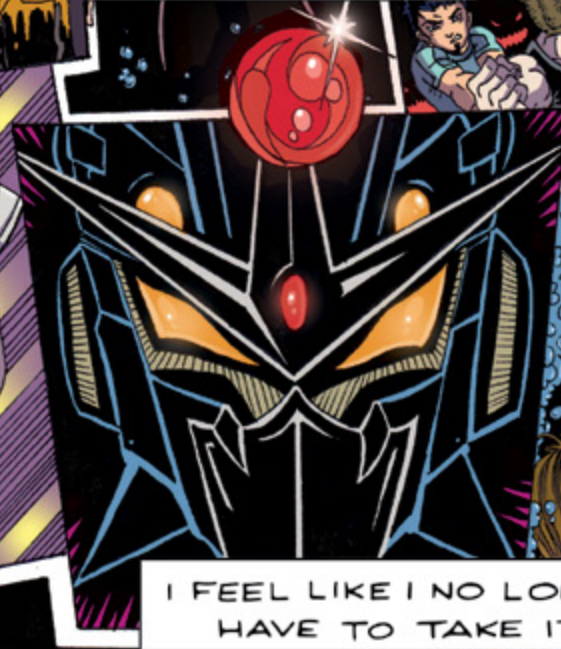
WHAT HAPPENED
LAST NIGHT?



SEAN HAS BULLIED
ME FOR YEARS...



BUT SUDDENLY,



I FEEL LIKE I NO LONGER
HAVE TO TAKE IT.

