



ROGER
WILCO

\$2.95
\$3.50 Canada

THE ADVENTURES OF **ROGER WILCO**™



12/91

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

ROGER WILCO

Written by

PAUL O'CONNOR

Illustrated by

**ANDREW WALLS &
CRAIG TAILLEFER**

Lettered by

GAIL BECKETT



ANDREW WALLS • Cover TOM O'CONNOR • Cover Colors

**DAVE OLBRICH • Publisher CHRIS ULM • Editor-In-Chief
DAN DANKO • Editor KIM SCHOLTER • Publishing Coordinator.
TOM MASON • Creative Director STACY HERRING • Production
TY RULLI • Circulation**

ROGER WILCO #2 • April 1992

Roger Wilco is published monthly by Adventure Comics, a division of Malibu Graphics Publishing Group 5321 Sterling Center Drive, Westlake Village, CA 91361. 818/889-9800 \$2.50/\$3.00 in Canada. Roger Wilco and Space Quest are copyright ©1992 by Sierra On-Line. All rights reserved. Used with permission. Roger Wilco #2 is copyright ©1992 Malibu Graphics Publishing Group. Any similarity to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the consent of Sierra On-Line and Malibu Graphics Publishing Group. All other contents ©1992 Malibu Graphics Publishing Group. Printed in the USA. SCOTT ROSENBERG/President. CHRIS ULM/Vice-President. TOM MASON/Secretary. DAVE OLBRICH/Treasurer. CHRISTINE HSU/Controller.

LOOK,
COMPUTER
—ULENCE
FLATS!

WE'RE
GONNA
BE FAMOUS!
GET READY,
SARIENS...

WE'RE GONNA
MAKE US SOME
LIZARD
STEW!

LOLITA'S
BAIL
BONDS

CASINO

ATOMIC
FOOD!
FUSION!
FUN!

WEDDING
CHAPEL
2 for 1
SALE!

DEATH TO THE DELTAUR!

PAUL O'CONNOR—WRITER
ANDREW WALLS—PENCILS

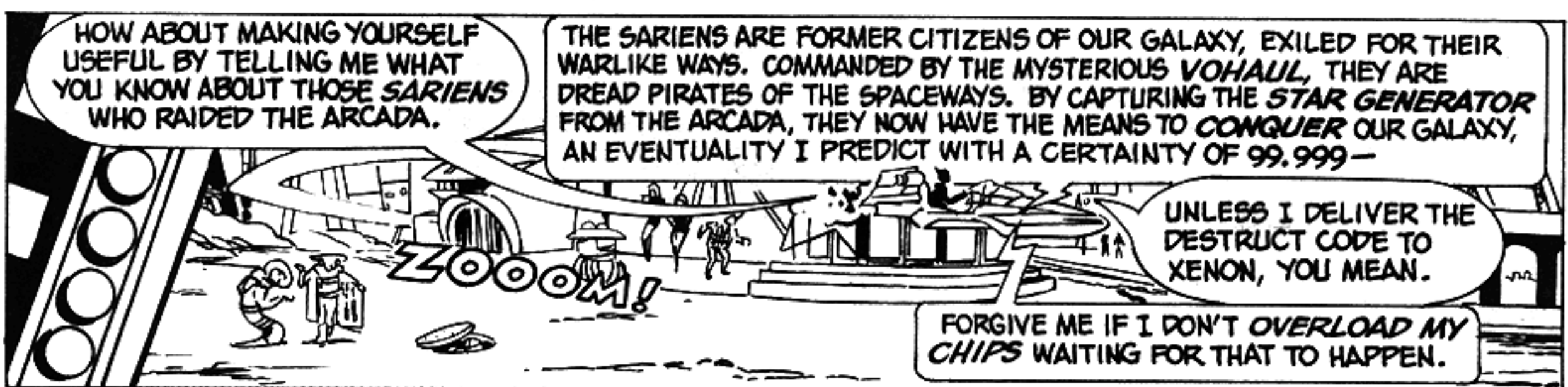
CRAIG TAILLEFER—INKS
GAIL BECKETT—LETTERS



DON'T SUCCUMB TO ECSTATIC FIBRILLATIONS, WILCO 1205C.

FIGURES CAN LIE, AND LIARS CAN FIGURE, COMPUTER—

YOU'RE STILL 187,638 PARSECS FROM XENON, WITH NO IDEA HOW TO GET HOME, OR HOW TO DELIVER THE *STAR GENERATOR DESTRUCT CODE* TO THE AUTHORITIES. I PREDICT THE DEMISE OF YOUR COGNITIVE FUNCTIONS BEFORE COMPLETING YOUR MISSION WITH 99.9999% PROB—

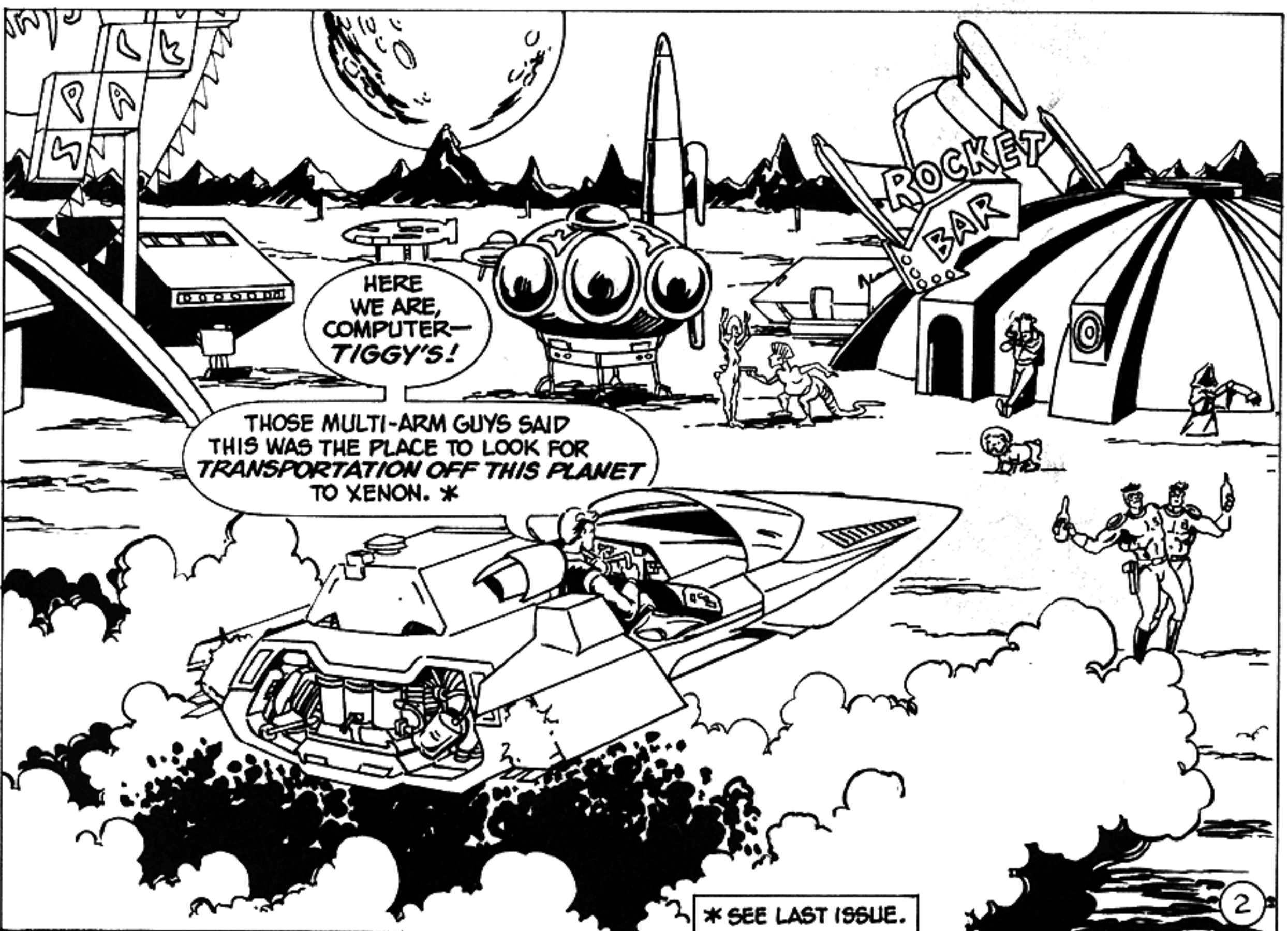


HOW ABOUT MAKING YOURSELF USEFUL BY TELLING ME WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THOSE *SARIENS* WHO RAIDED THE ARCADE.

THE *SARIENS* ARE FORMER CITIZENS OF OUR GALAXY, EXILED FOR THEIR WARLIKE WAYS. COMMANDED BY THE MYSTERIOUS *VOHAUL*, THEY ARE DREAD PIRATES OF THE SPACEWAYS. BY CAPTURING THE *STAR GENERATOR* FROM THE ARCADE, THEY NOW HAVE THE MEANS TO CONQUER OUR GALAXY, AN EVENTUALITY I PREDICT WITH A CERTAINTY OF 99.999—

UNLESS I DELIVER THE DESTRUCT CODE TO XENON, YOU MEAN.

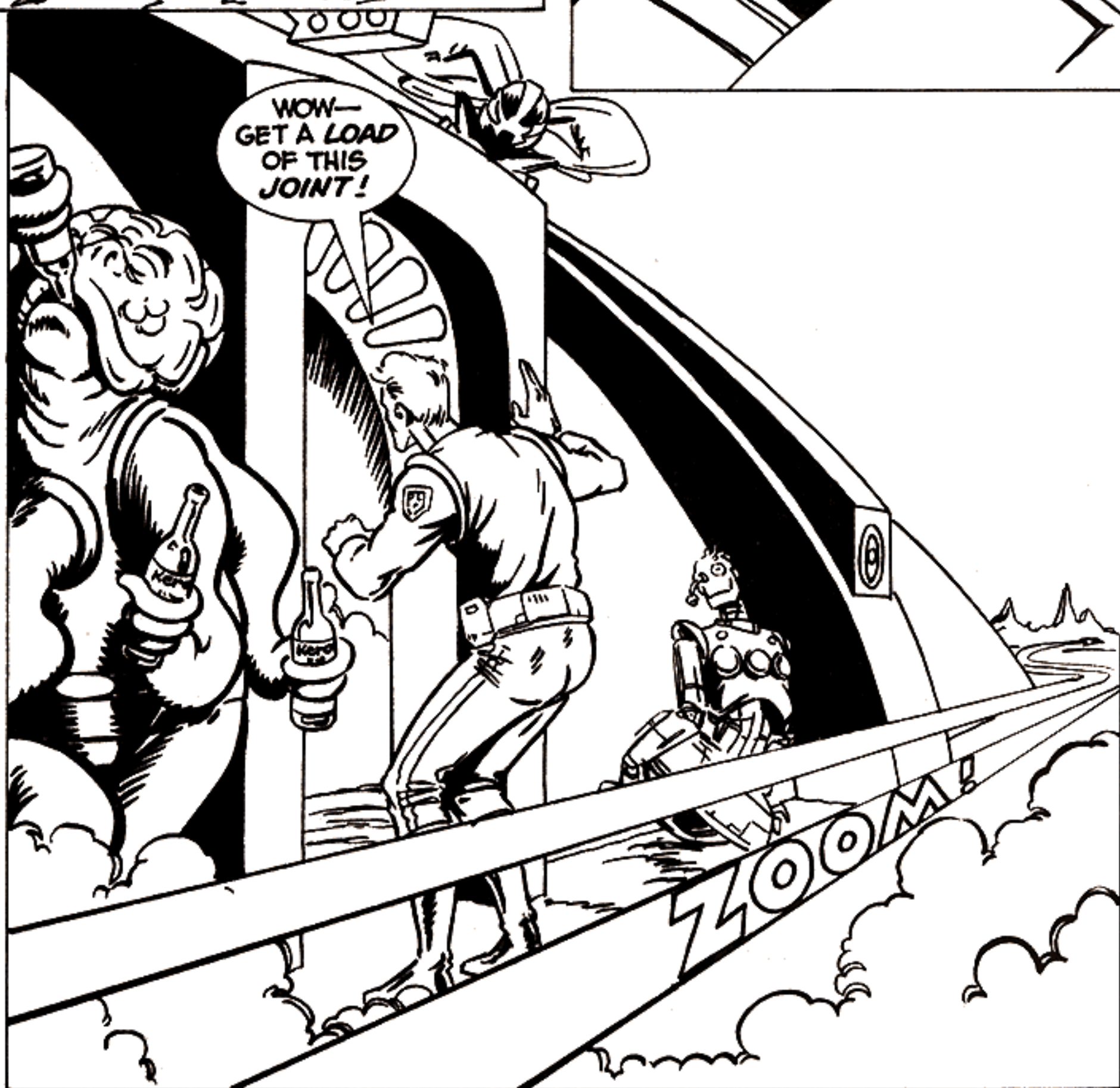
FORGIVE ME IF I DON'T OVERLOAD MY CHIPS WAITING FOR THAT TO HAPPEN.



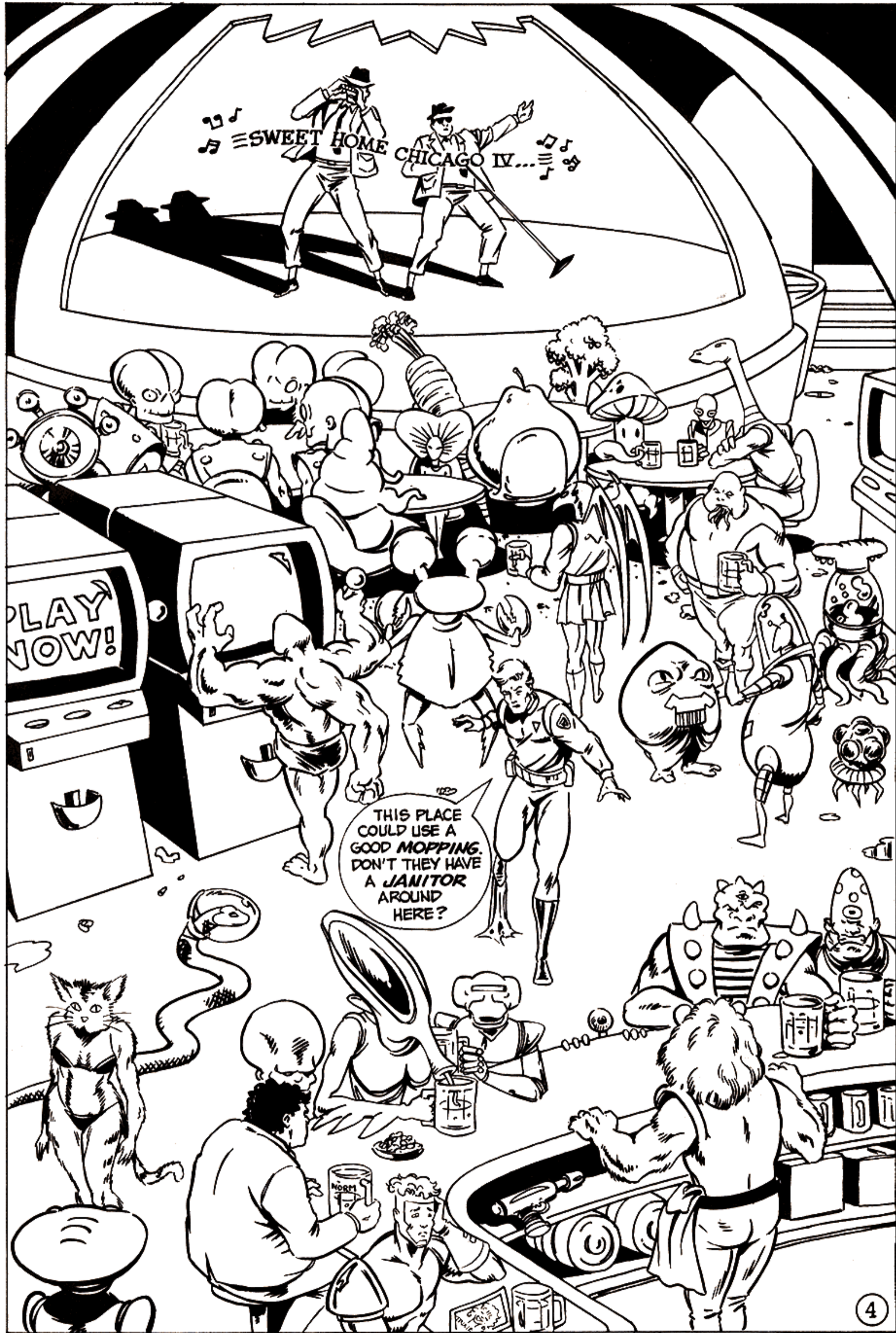
HERE WE ARE, COMPUTER—*TIGGY'S!*

THOSE MULTI-ARM GUYS SAID THIS WAS THE PLACE TO LOOK FOR TRANSPORTATION OFF THIS PLANET TO XENON. *

* SEE LAST ISSUE.



♪ ♪
♪ ≡ SWEET HOME CHICAGO IV... ♪ ♪



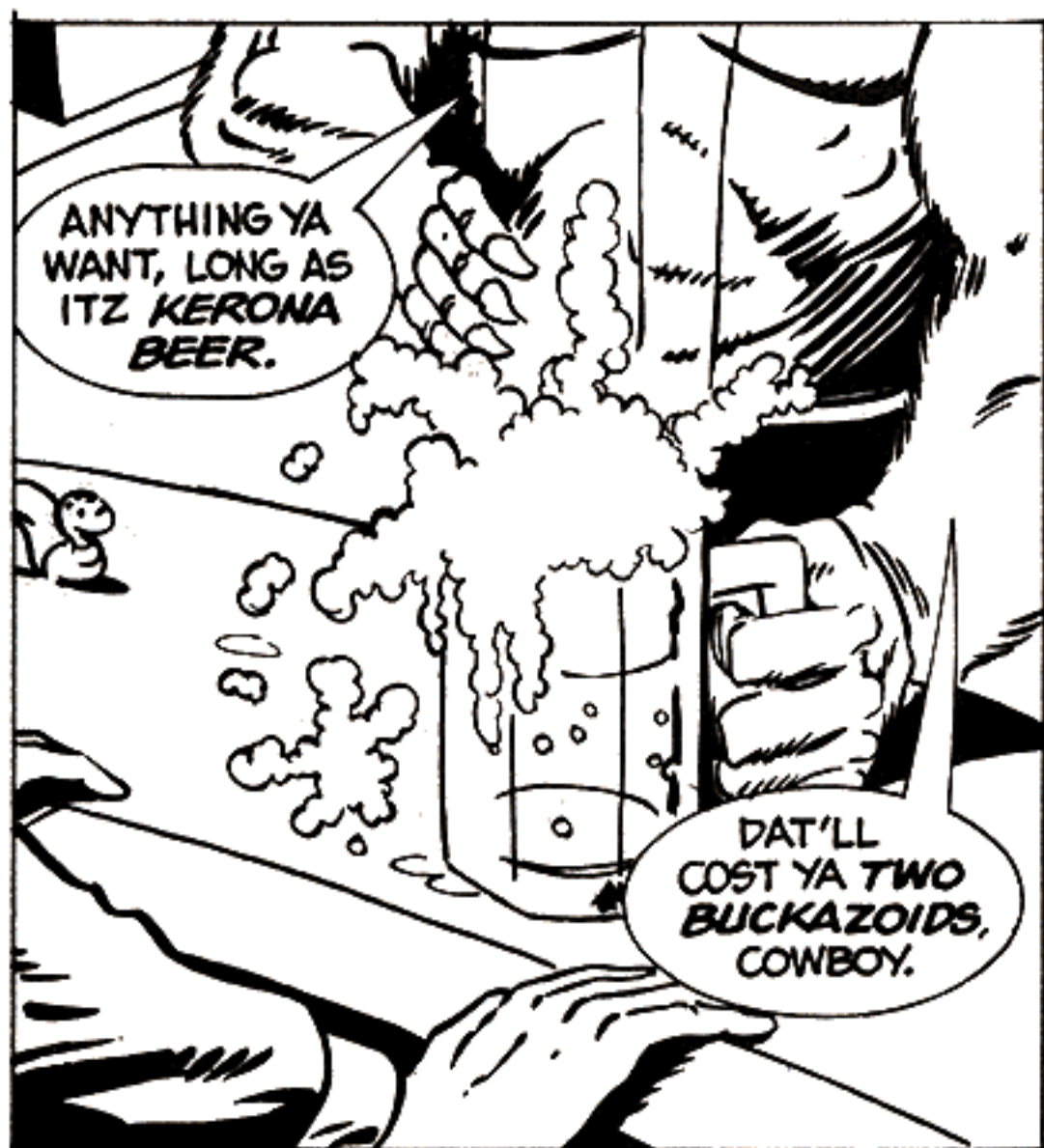


IS MIKE HERE?

NEVA HOID OF 'IM. WATCHA DRINKIN'?

WHAT HAVE YOU GOT?

VENUSIAN PEANUTS



ANYTHING YA WANT, LONG AS ITZ KERONA BEER.

DAT'LL COST YA TWO BUCKAZOIDS, COWBOY.



HOW IS YOUR FERMENTED BEVERAGE, WILCO 1205C?

TASTES LIKE CARBONATED ZIPPLE SWEAT, BUT AFTER THAT TRIP THROUGH THE DESERT, I'M NOT COMPLAINING.

SAY, ISN'T THAT FAT GUY SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD?

I'M A SPAAAAACE MAN



SO, THERE I WAS, MINDING MY OWN BUSINESS, CRUISING THROUGH SECTOR HH—I DROP OUT OF WARP IN THE USUAL PLACE, AND WHAT DO I SEE, BIGGER THAN LIFE?

LIZOID TAYLOR?

BIGGER THAN THAT. IT WAS THAT SARIEN PIRATE SHIP—THE DELTAUR! IF IT'S IN SECTOR HH, I FIGURE IT'S GOTTA BE HEADIN' THIS WAY, SO—



EXCUSE ME— DID YOU SAY YOU FOUND A SARIEN SHIP...?

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, TWO-EYES!

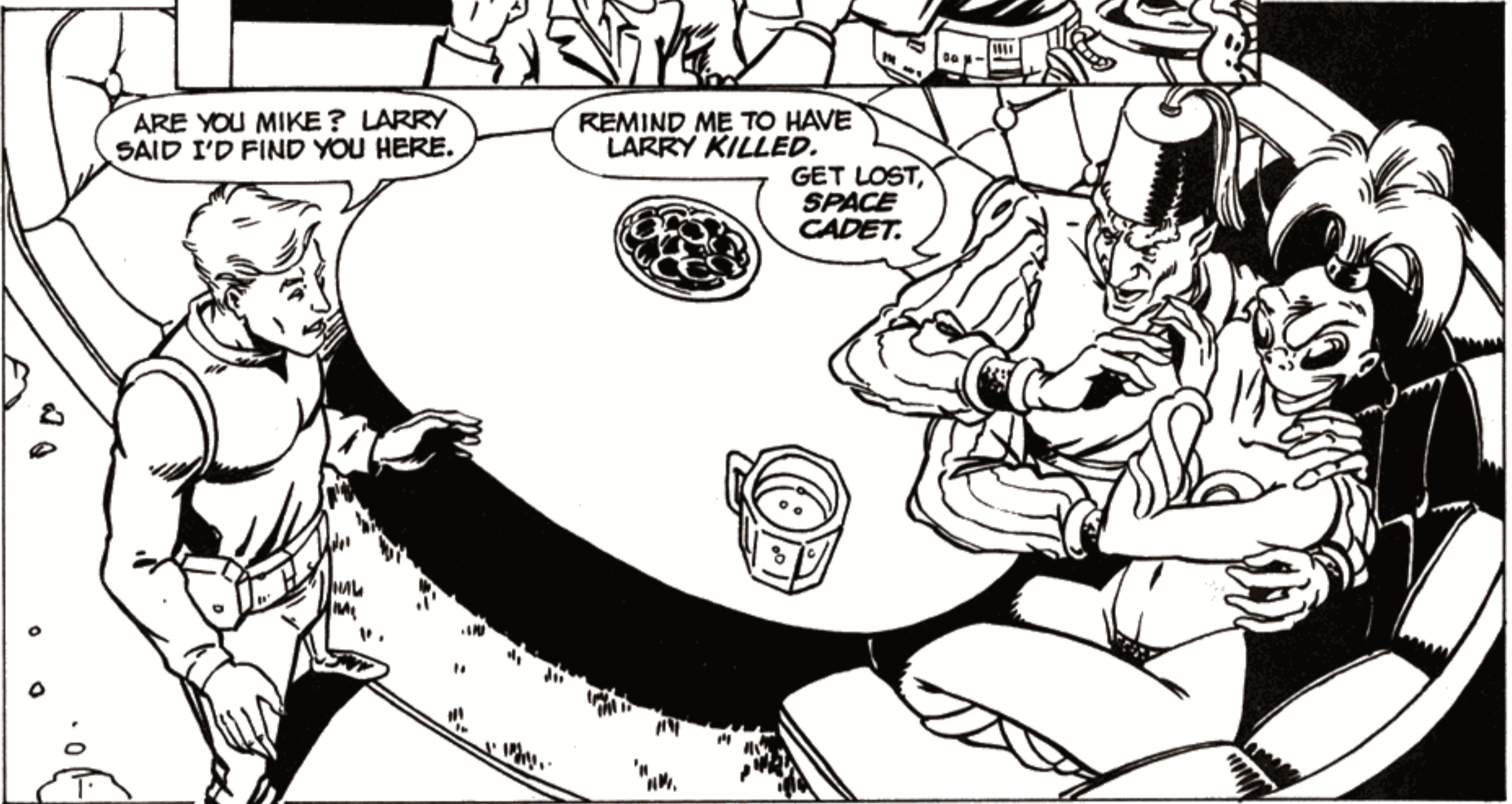
YEAH— MAYBE YOU COULD DO WITH A FEW LESS EARS!



IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR MIKE, HE'S OVER IN THAT BOOTH.

TOUCHY, TOUCHY.

TELL 'EM LARRY SENT YA.



ARE YOU MIKE? LARRY SAID I'D FIND YOU HERE.

REMIND ME TO HAVE LARRY KILLED.

GET LOST, SPACE CADET.



OUR FOUR-ARMED MUTUAL FRIENDS SAY YOU'RE THE GUY TO SEE ABOUT TRANSPORTATION OFF-PLANET.

WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY THIS WAS BUSINESS IN THE FIRST PLACE?

I NEED A SHIP.

THAT TAKES MONEY.



FIVE BUCKAZOIDS? CHUMP CHANGE, PAL. GOT ANYTHING TO TRADE?

HMM... I LEFT MY SKIMMER WITH THE VALET.

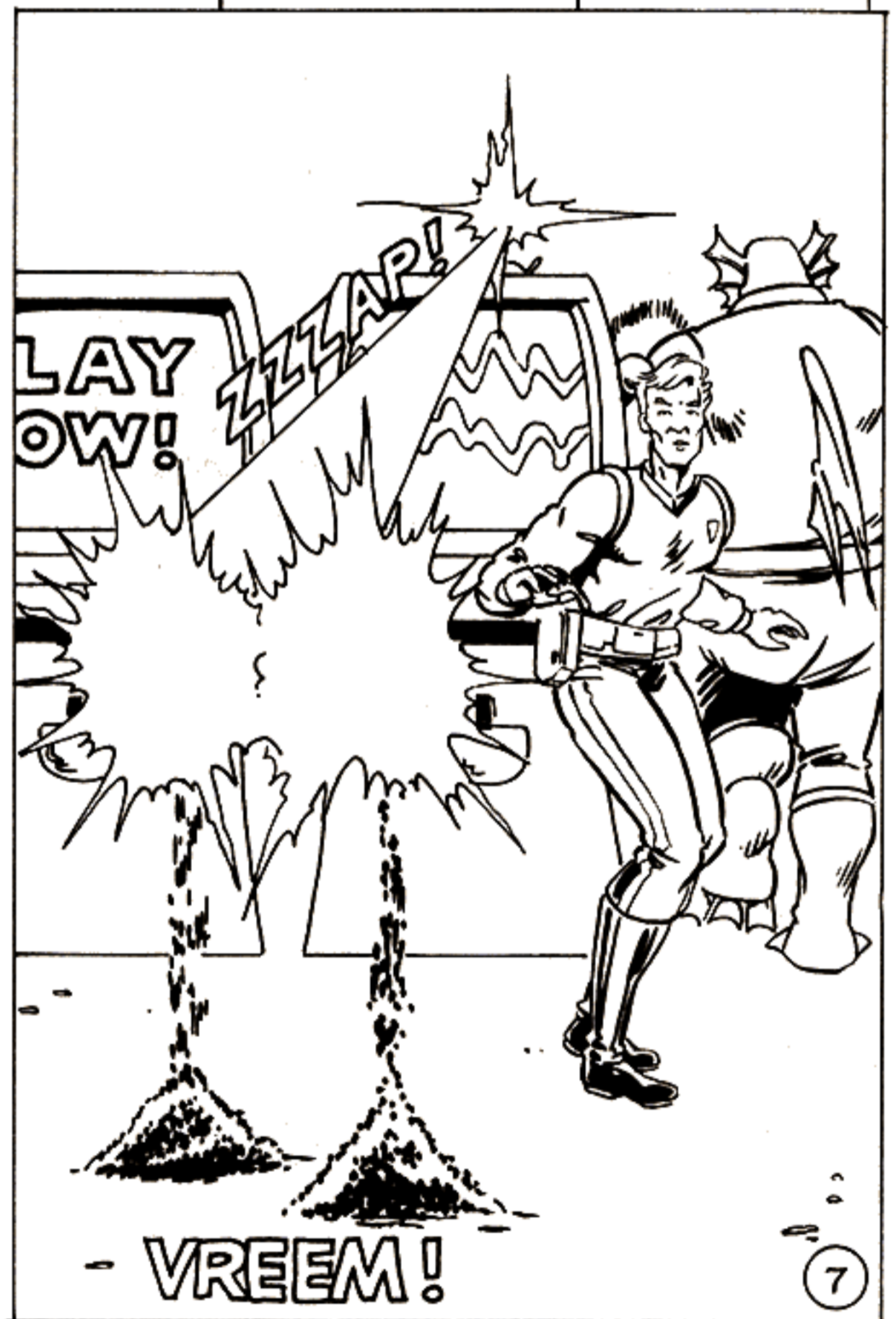
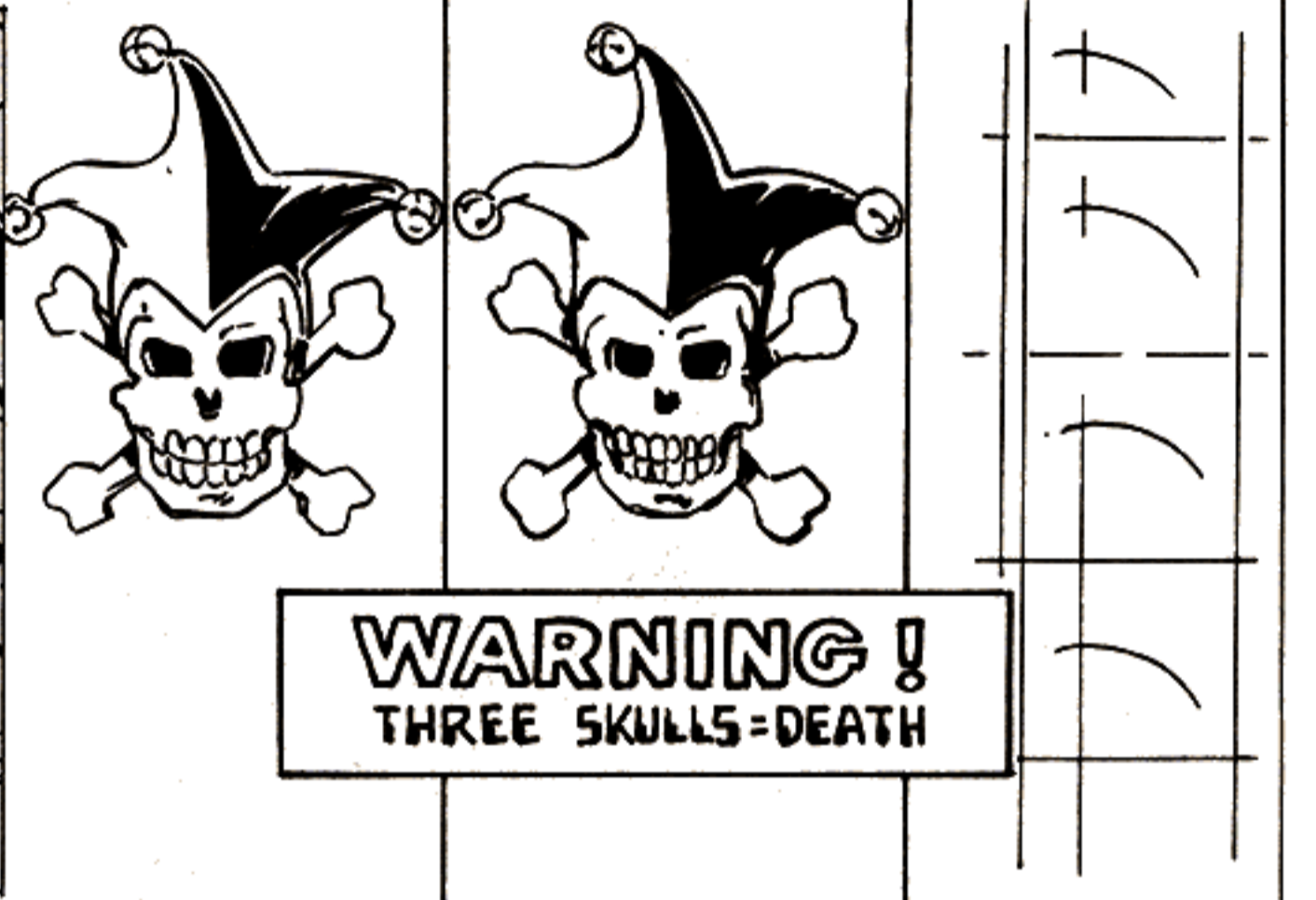
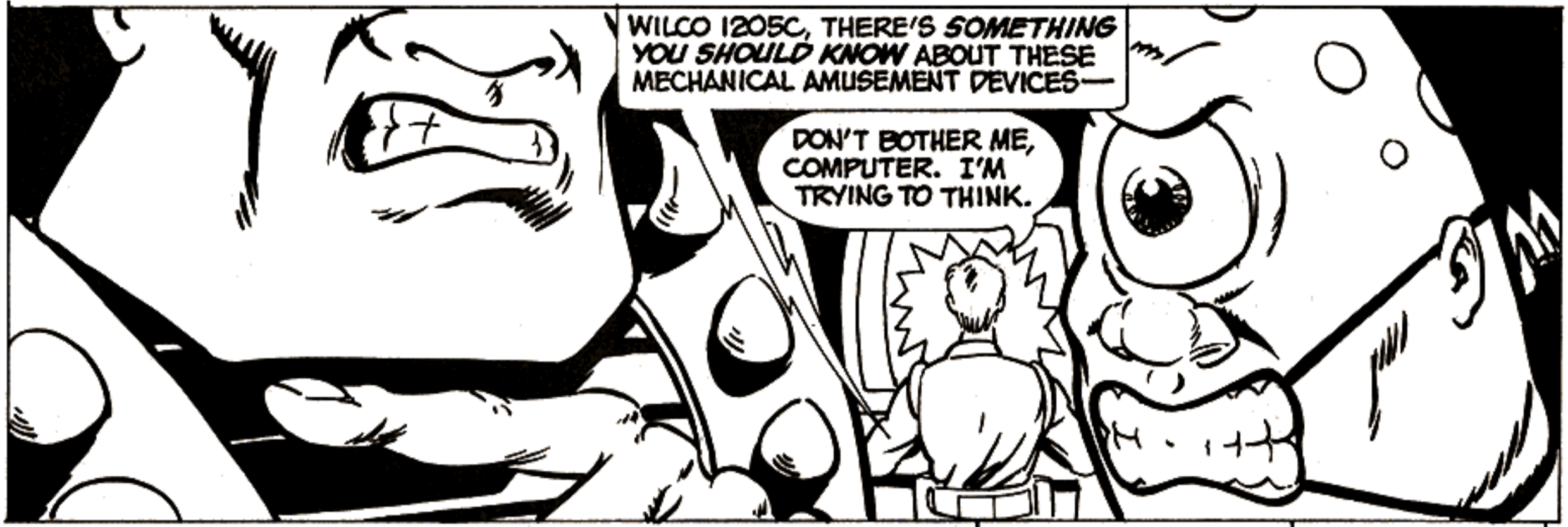
YOU DIMWIT! TIGGY'S DOESN'T HAVE A VALET!



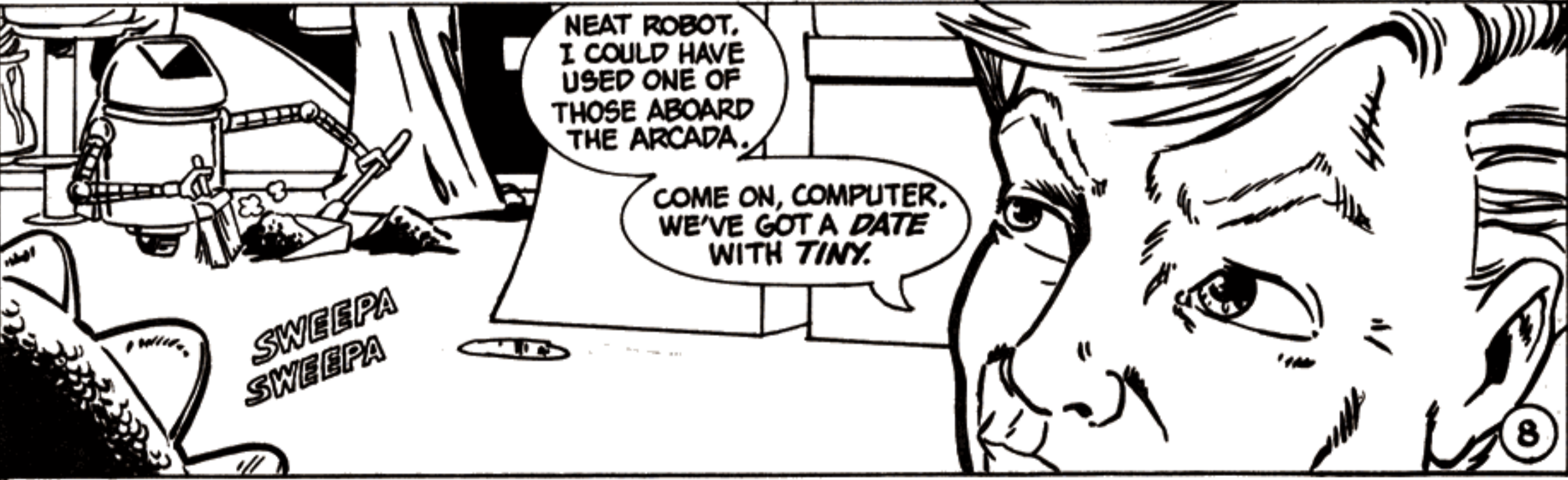
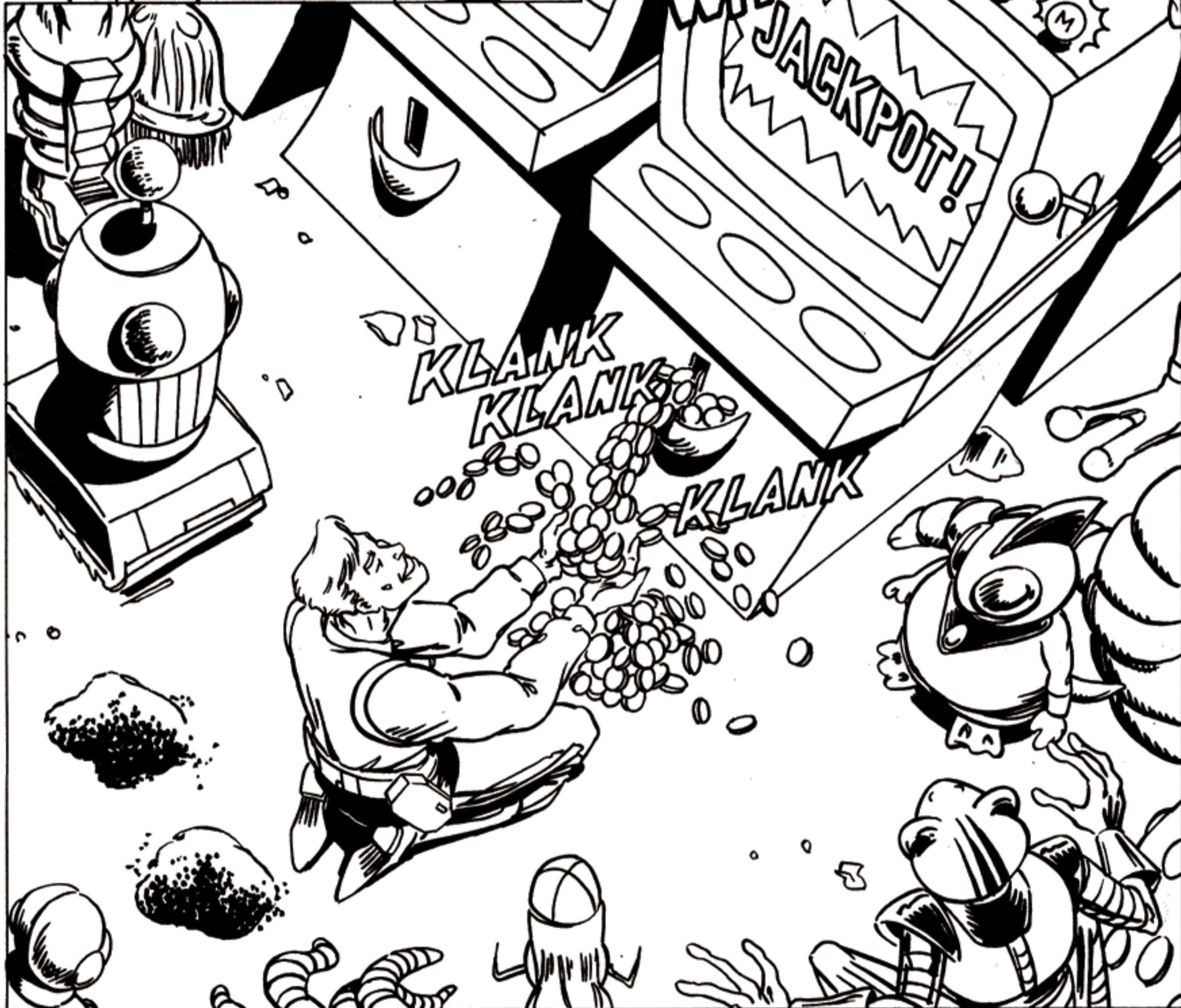
SO, WHAT DO I DO?

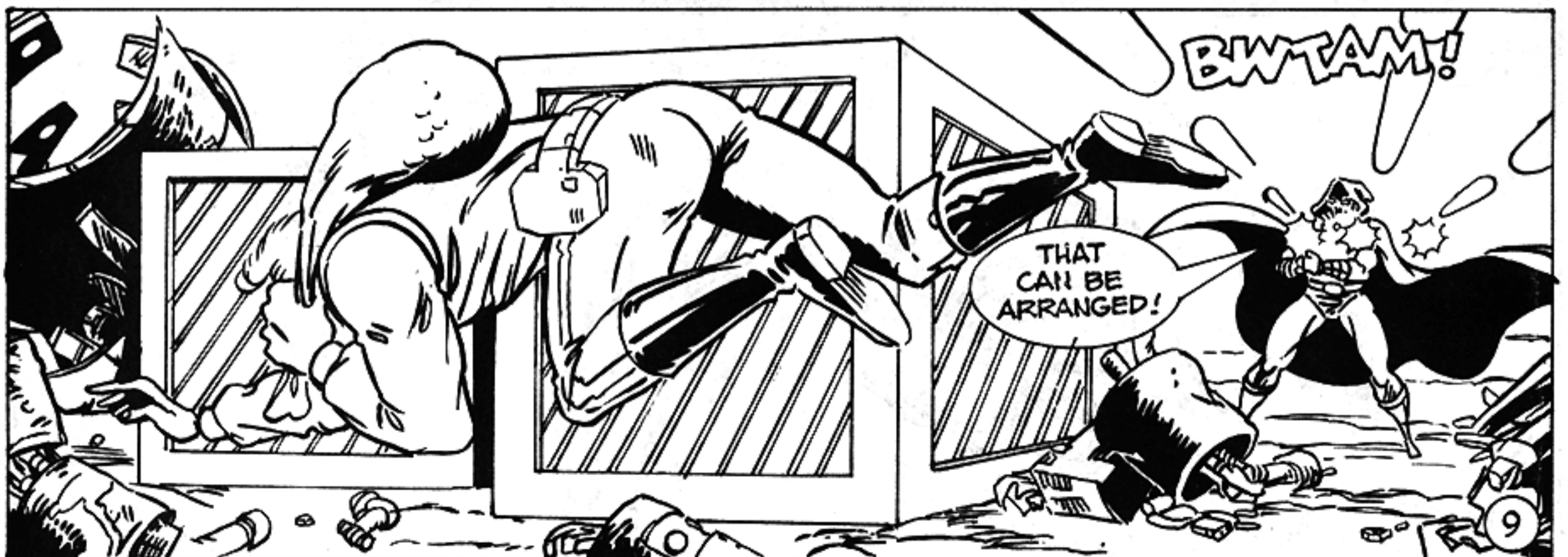
WHAT EVERYONE ELSE DOES IN ULENCE FLATS, PAL—GAMBLE. WHEN YOU GET A PILE, TALK TO TINY AT SHIPS R US, AND DO ME A FAVOR...

DON'T TELL HIM I SENT YOU.



STRANGE.
COULD HAVE
SWORN
SOMEONE
TAPPED ME
ON THE
SHOULDER.







DECIBEL LEVELS REGISTER AN UNUSUALLY LOW THRESHOLD.

YEAH— THINGS ARE TOO QUIET, IF YOU ASK ME.

ALMOST LIKE...AN ANNOYING NOISE... HAS GONE AWAY?



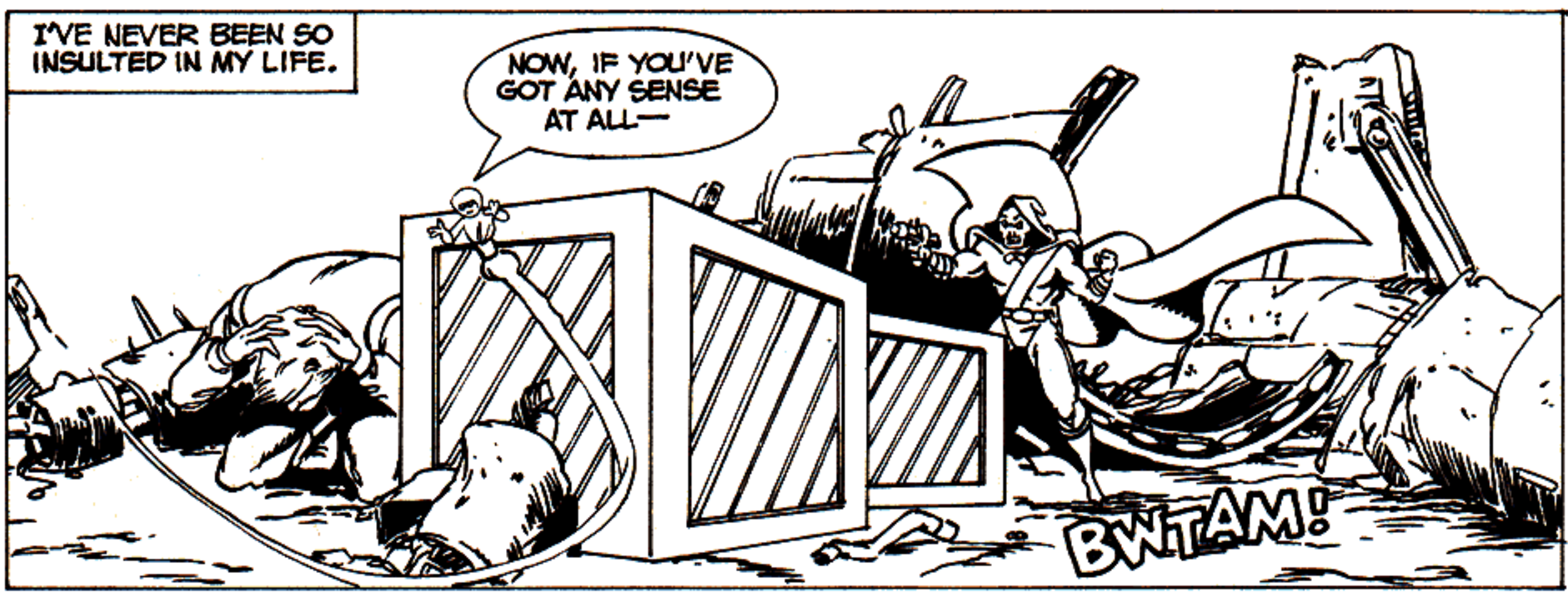
ANNOYING? YOUR HUMBLE NARRATOR, ANNOYING??

OH, NO, HE'S BACK.

WE WERE DOING FINE WITHOUT YOU.



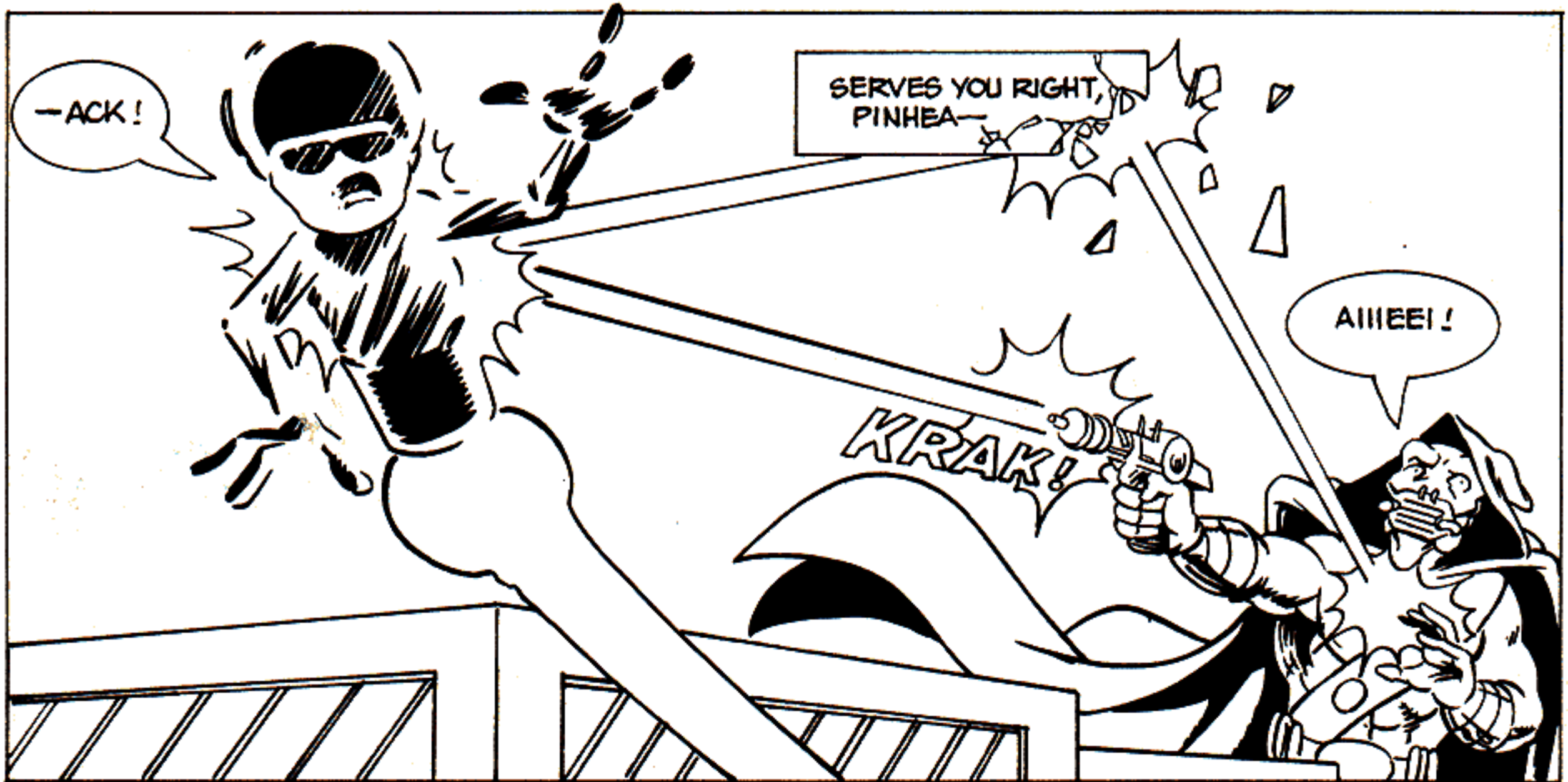
YEAH! THE READER CAN SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING— HE NEEDS A NARRATOR LIKE A MOOSE NEEDS A HAT RACK!



I'VE NEVER BEEN SO INSULTED IN MY LIFE.

NOW, IF YOU'VE GOT ANY SENSE AT ALL—

BWTAM!

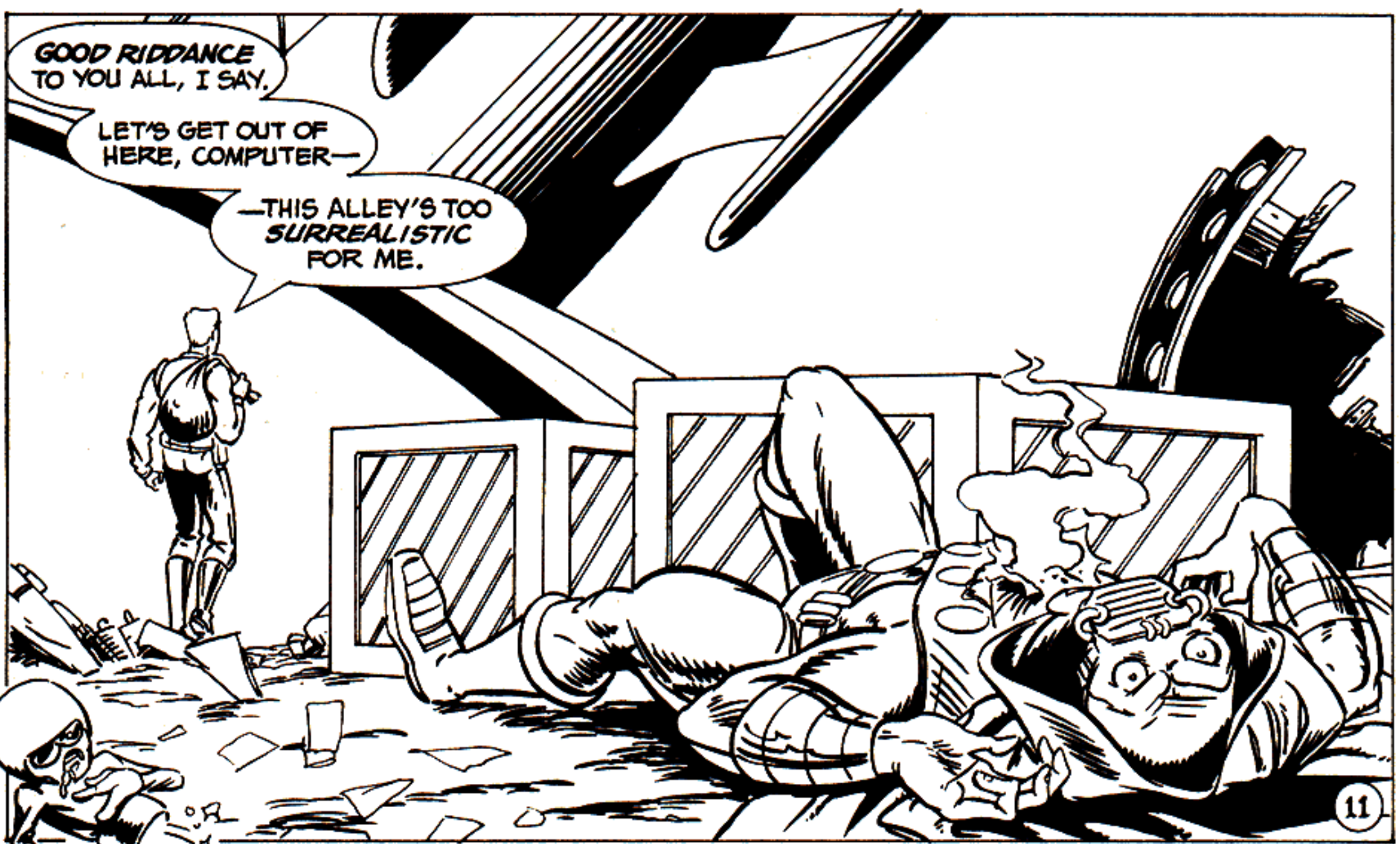


-ACK!

SERVES YOU RIGHT, PINHEA

AIIIEE!

KRAK!



GOOD RIDDANCE TO YOU ALL, I SAY.

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, COMPUTER—

—THIS ALLEY'S TOO SURREALISTIC FOR ME.

SATURN V
A
DIFFERENT
KIND OF
ROCKET
COMPANY

STUPID BUYER
ON DUTY

SHIPS 'R' US

HOW HIGH
DO YOU WANT
TO FLY?

GIANT SLUG
RIDES FOR
THE KIDS

COMPLIMENTARY
ORGAN TRANSPLANT
WITH EVERY
PURCHASE

HAVE YOU
ORBITED
A
PHORD...
LATELY?

BARFVGNUGEN

NO
"O"
rings
here!!

TUNE UP YOUR THRUSTERS AND
SAVE 2.5 X 10⁹ TONS OF LIQUID
FUEL A YEAR!

AIRTIGHT
AIRLOCKS
We
PROMISE!!

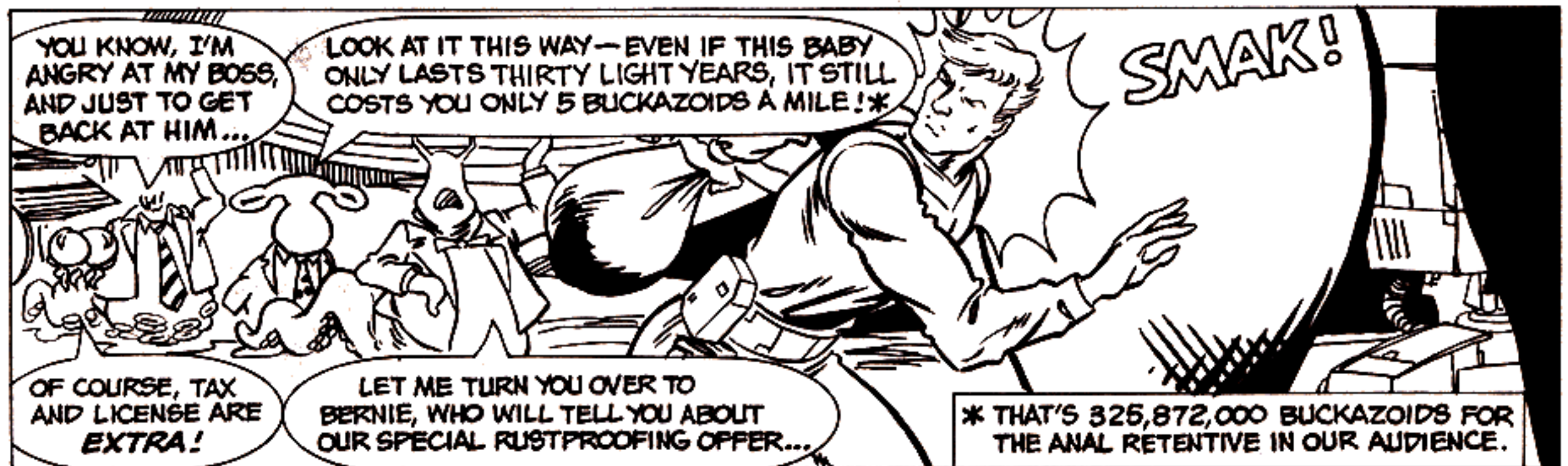
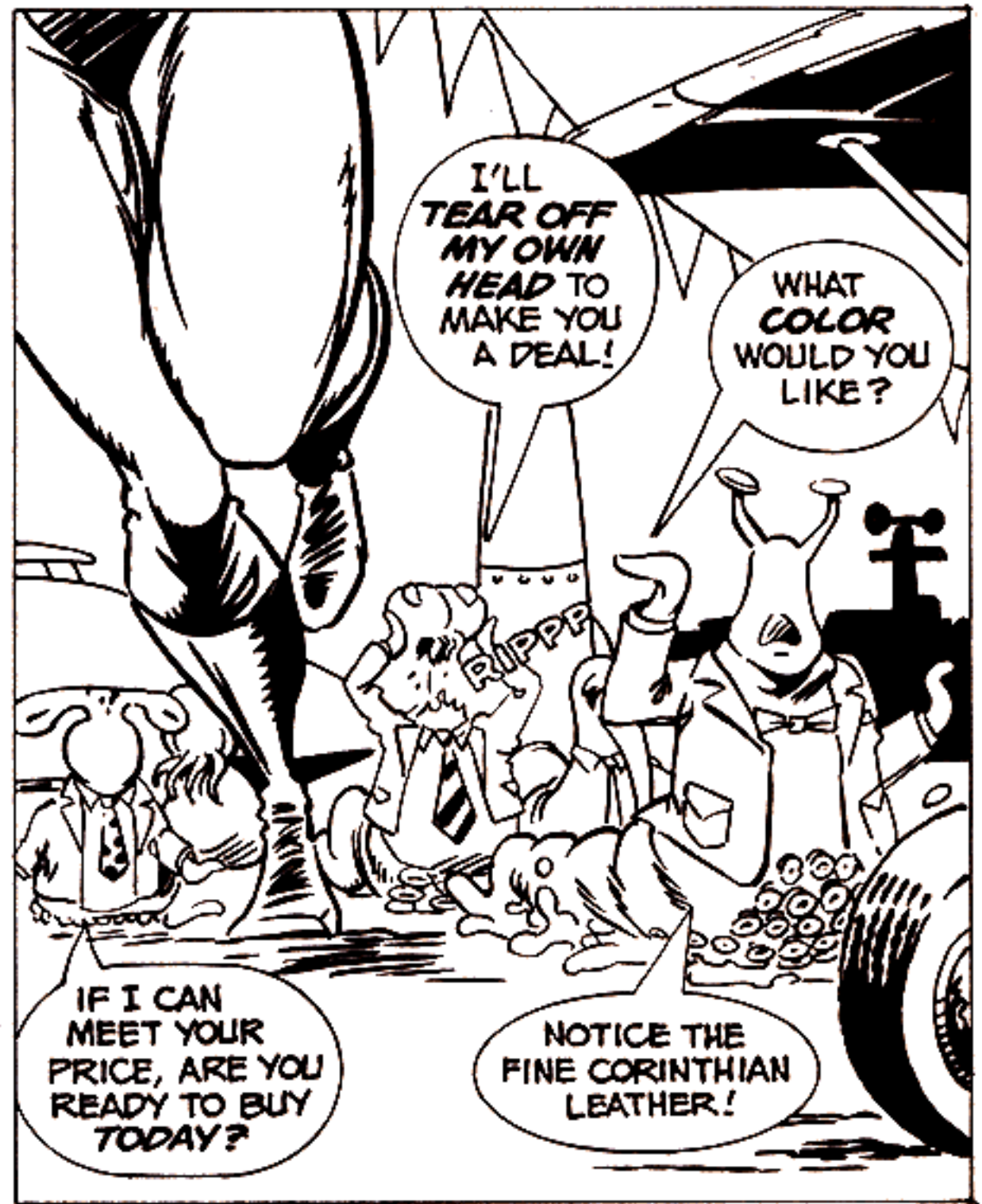
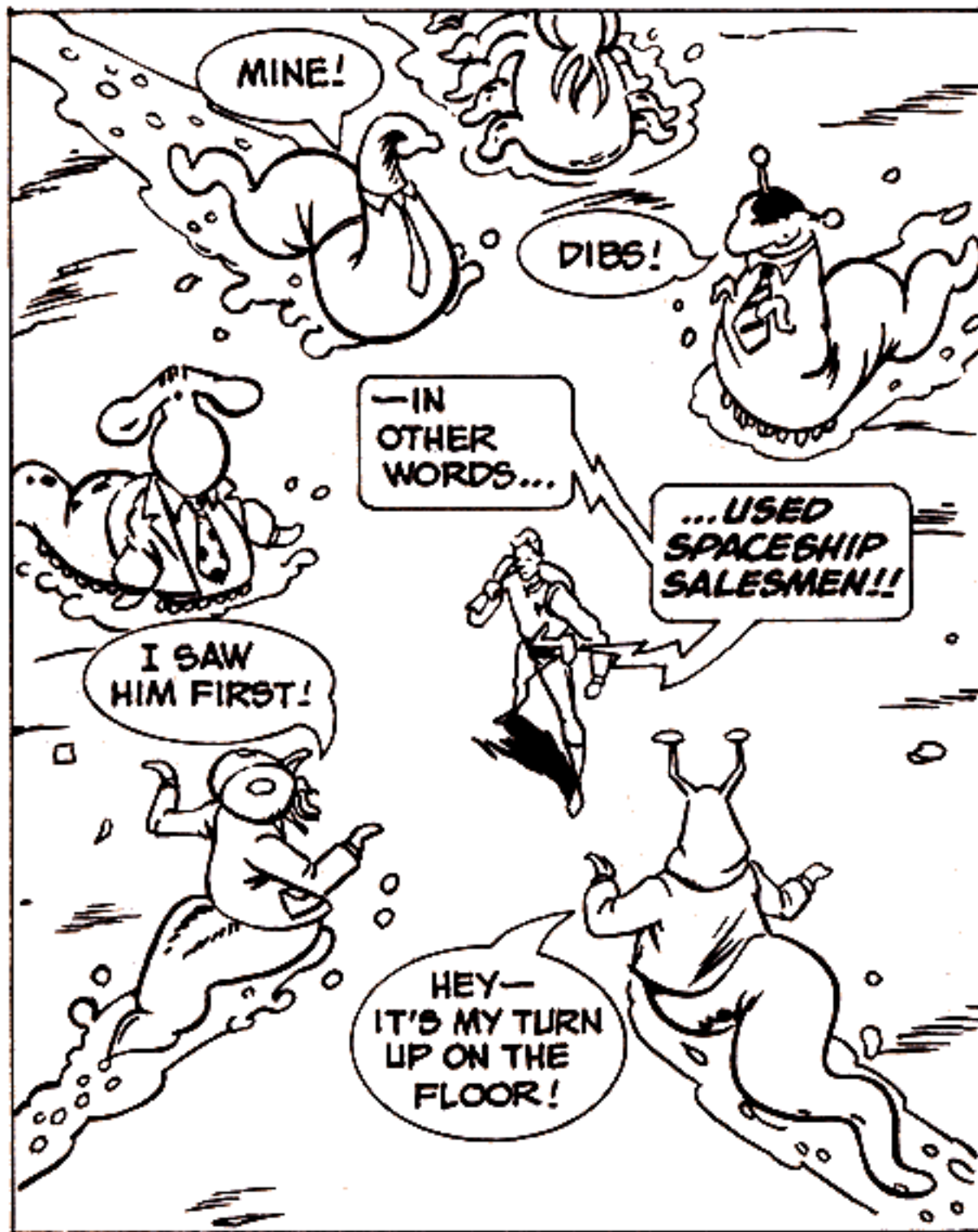
USED
BOOSTER
SALE!

THIS
MUST BE
THE
PLACE.

SARIENS
HAVE THE
STAD
GENERATOR
—END
—OF-THE-
WORLD
SALE

WARNING,
WILCO 1205C. I
DETECT SNAKEOIL,
POLYESTER, HAIR
DYE, NICOTINE,
CAFFEINE, GARLIC,
AND SWEAT-STAINED
DRESS SHIRTS—

BUCKAZOIDS
a PROBLEM?
NO PROBLEM!
E-Z
CREDIT TERMS
AVAILABLE



* THAT'S 325,872,000 BUCKAZOIDS FOR THE ANAL RETENTIVE IN OUR AUDIENCE.





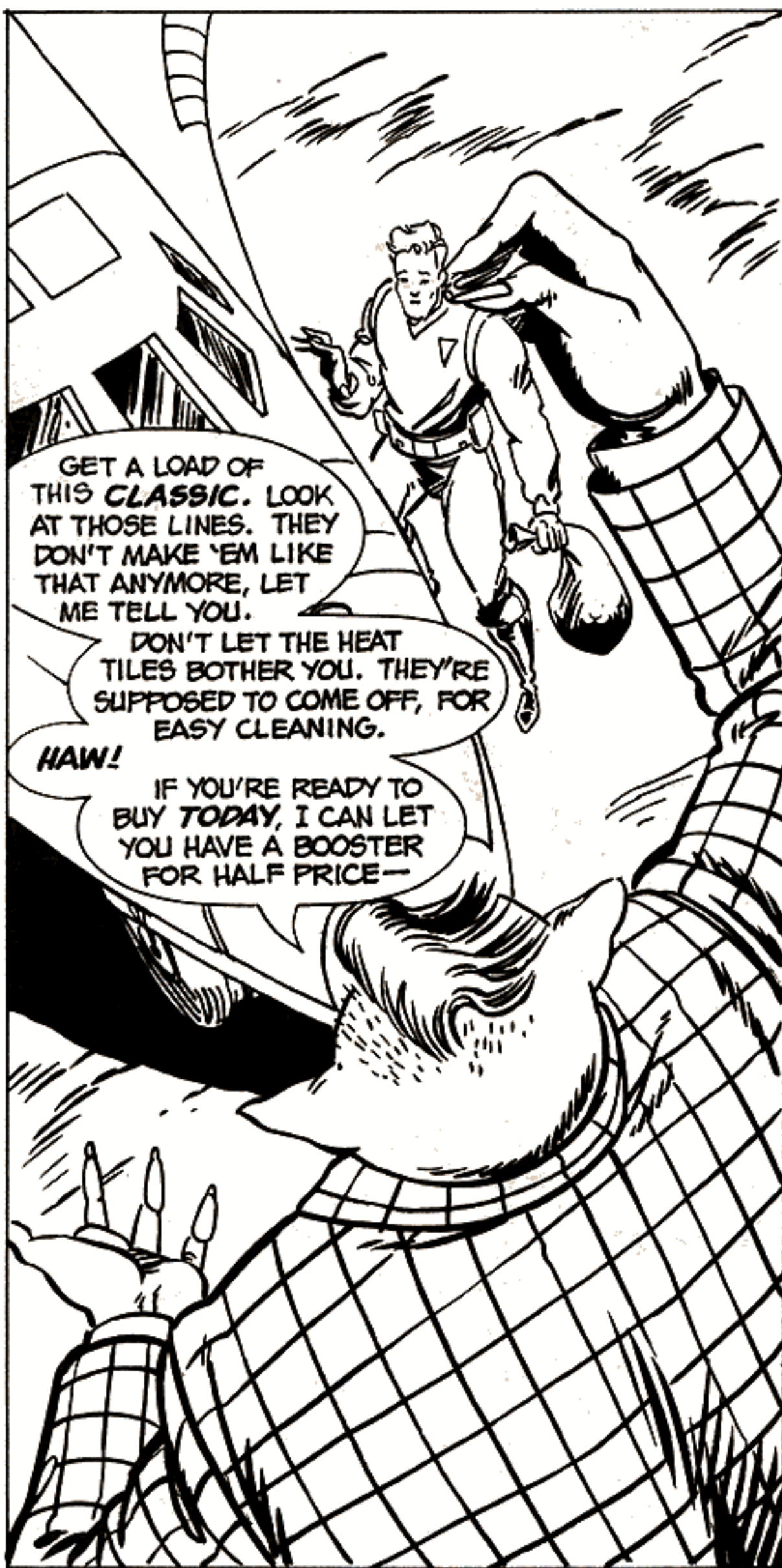
THAT'S MY NAME, DON'T WEAR IT OUT!

HAW!

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THE SWEETEST DEAL ON JETS, YOU'VE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE, BUCKO —

— MAY I CALL YOU BUCKO? —

YES, SIR, WHATEVER YOU WANT, WE GOT IT, YES SIR-EEE BOB —



GET A LOAD OF THIS CLASSIC. LOOK AT THOSE LINES. THEY DON'T MAKE 'EM LIKE THAT ANYMORE, LET ME TELL YOU.

DON'T LET THE HEAT TILES BOTHER YOU. THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO COME OFF, FOR EASY CLEANING.

HAW!

IF YOU'RE READY TO BUY TODAY, I CAN LET YOU HAVE A BOOSTER FOR HALF PRICE —



YOU ARE READY TO BUY TODAY, AREN'T YOU?

Y-YES!

GOOD MAN!

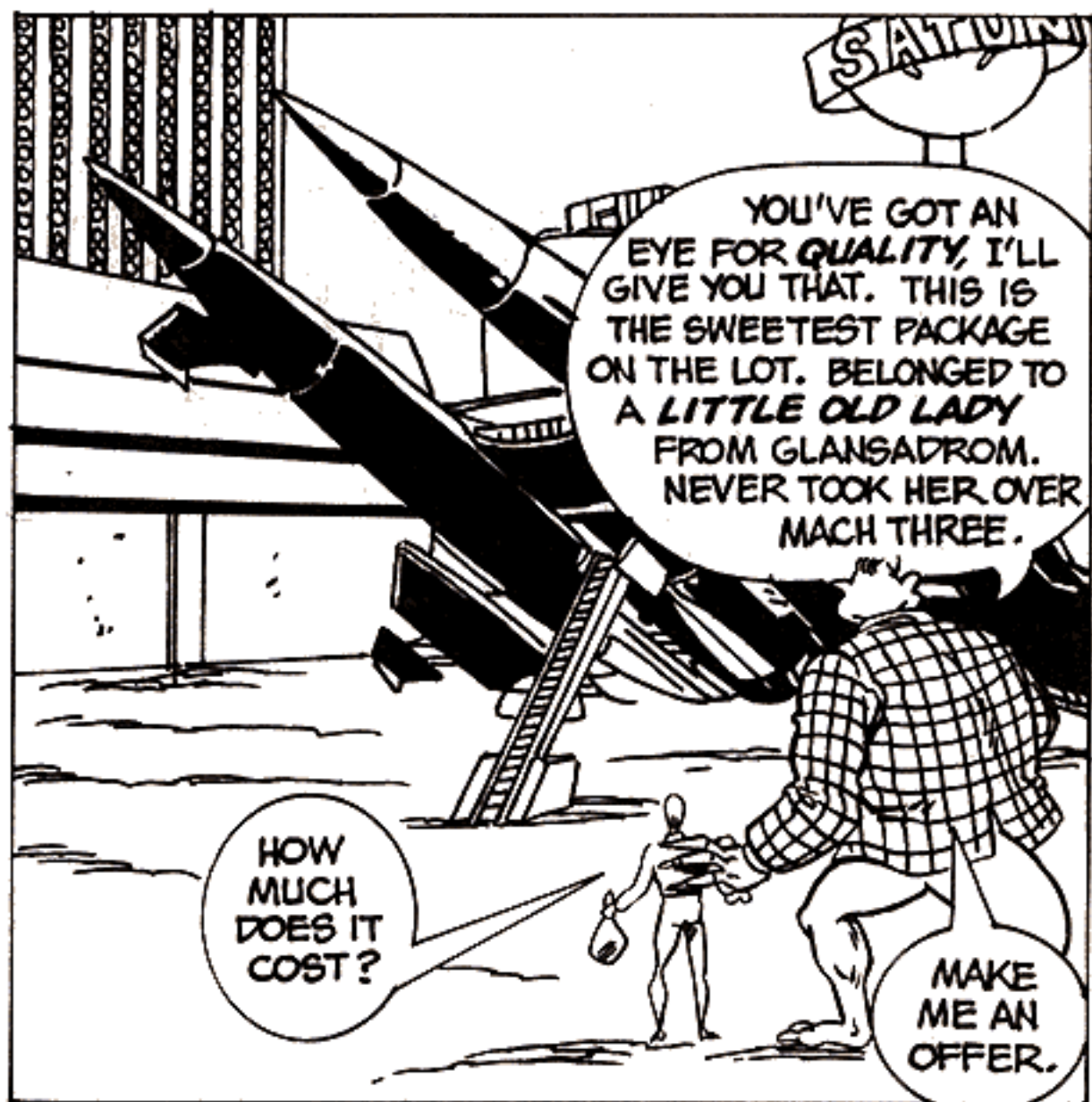


UH—

—ER—

—HOW ABOUT THAT ONE, OVER THERE?

HMMM.

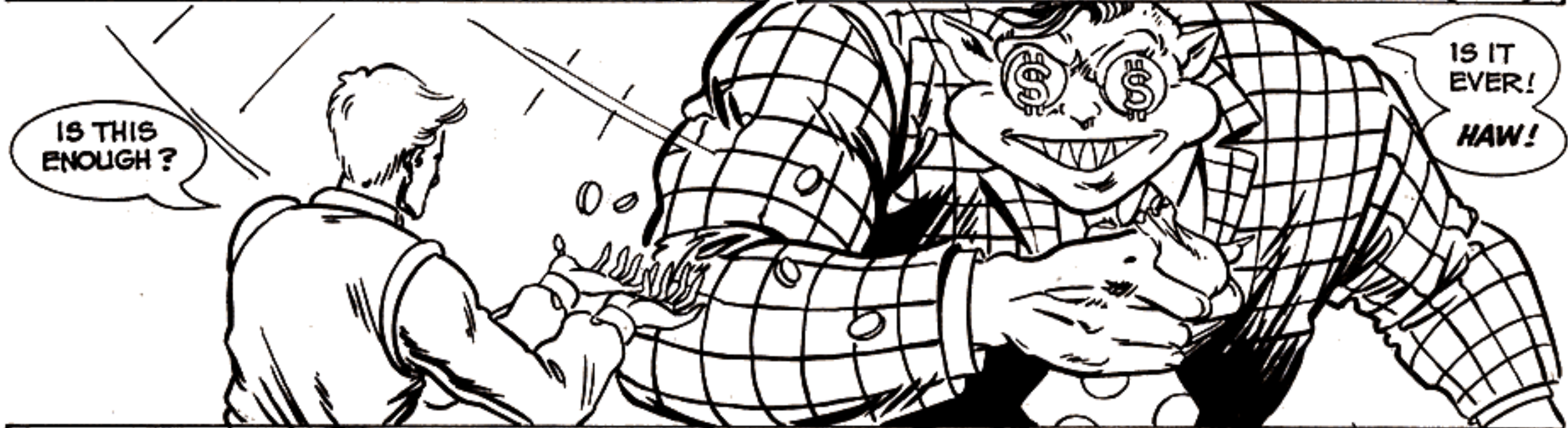


SATURN

YOU'VE GOT AN EYE FOR QUALITY, I'LL GIVE YOU THAT. THIS IS THE SWEETEST PACKAGE ON THE LOT. BELONGED TO A LITTLE OLD LADY FROM GLANSADROM. NEVER TOOK HER OVER MACH THREE.

HOW MUCH DOES IT COST?

MAKE ME AN OFFER.



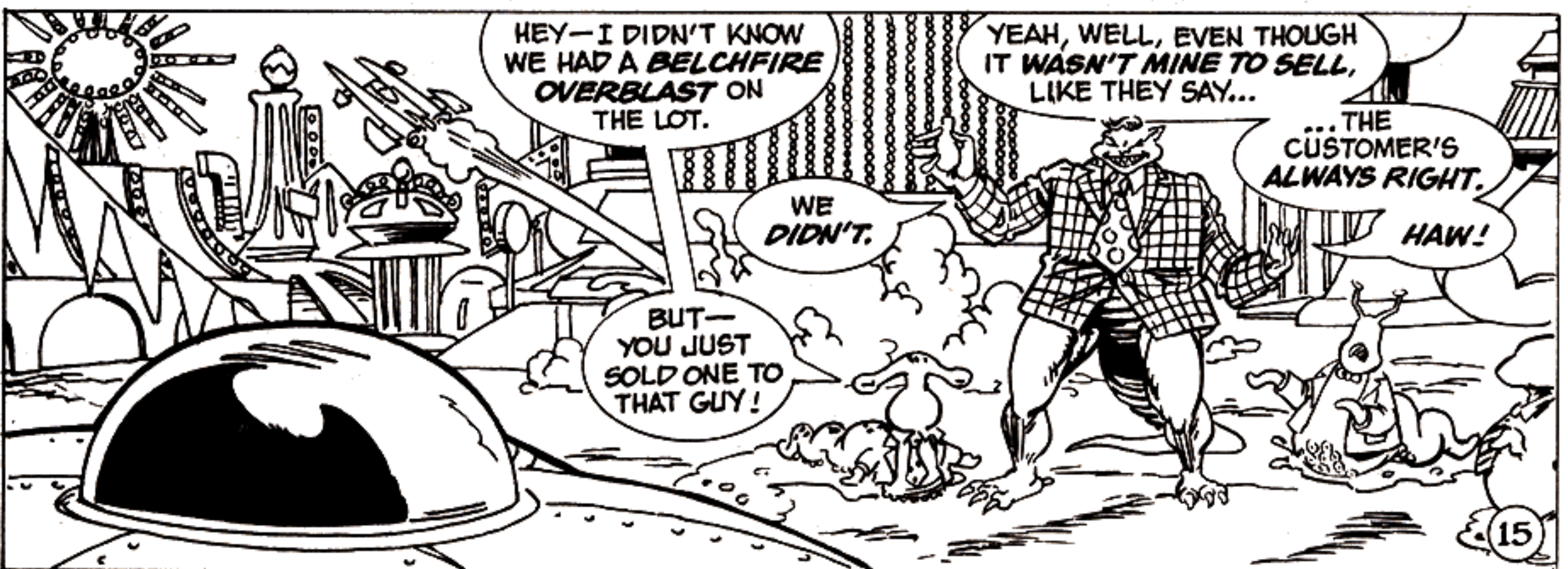
IS THIS ENOUGH?

IS IT EVER!
HAW!



PLEASURE DOING BUSINESS WITH YA, MISTER!

HAW!



HEY—I DIDN'T KNOW WE HAD A BELCHFIRE OVERBLAST ON THE LOT.

YEAH, WELL, EVEN THOUGH IT WASN'T MINE TO SELL, LIKE THEY SAY...

THE CUSTOMER'S ALWAYS RIGHT.

HAW!

WE DIDN'T.

BUT—YOU JUST SOLD ONE TO THAT GUY!

SWOOSH

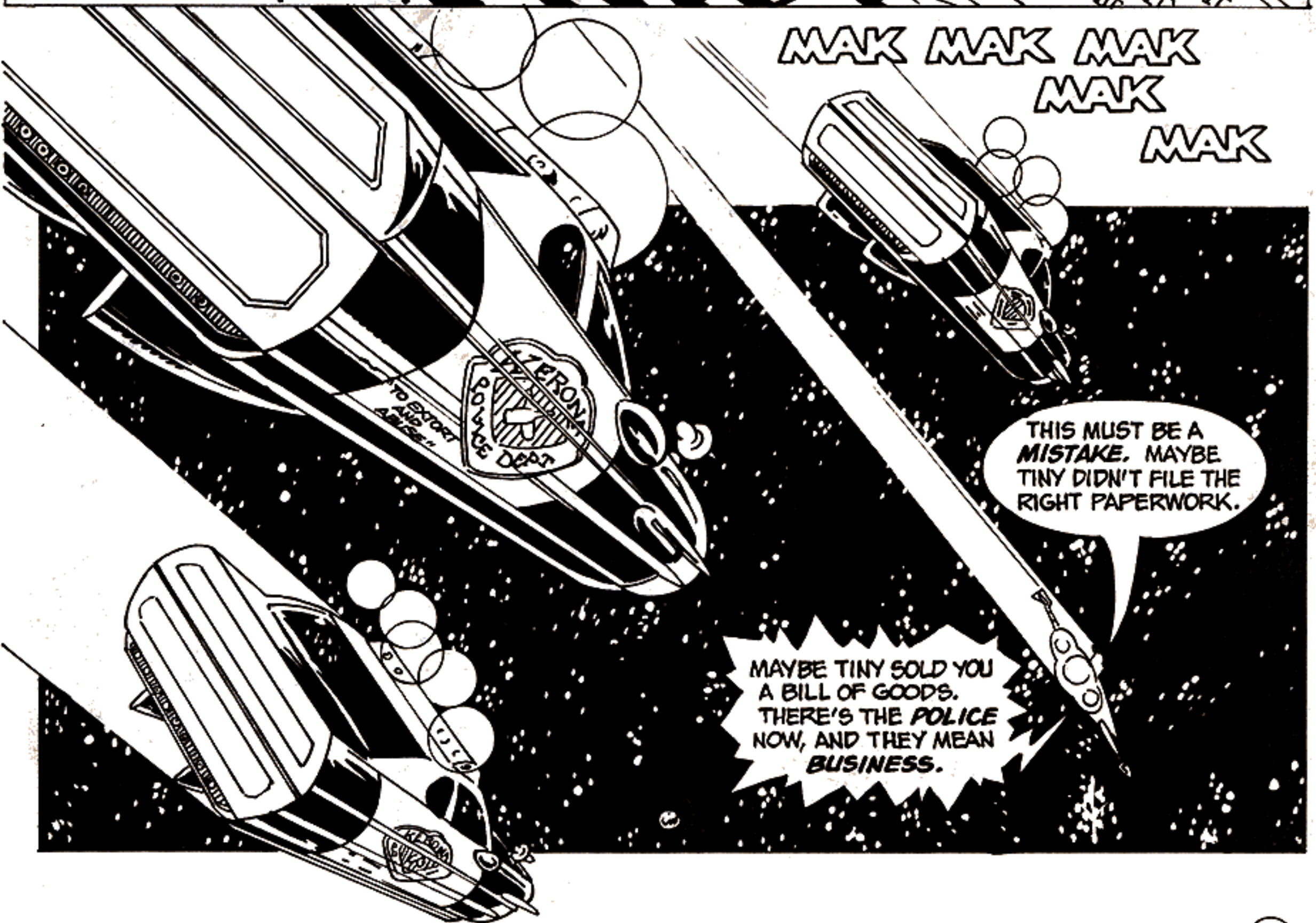
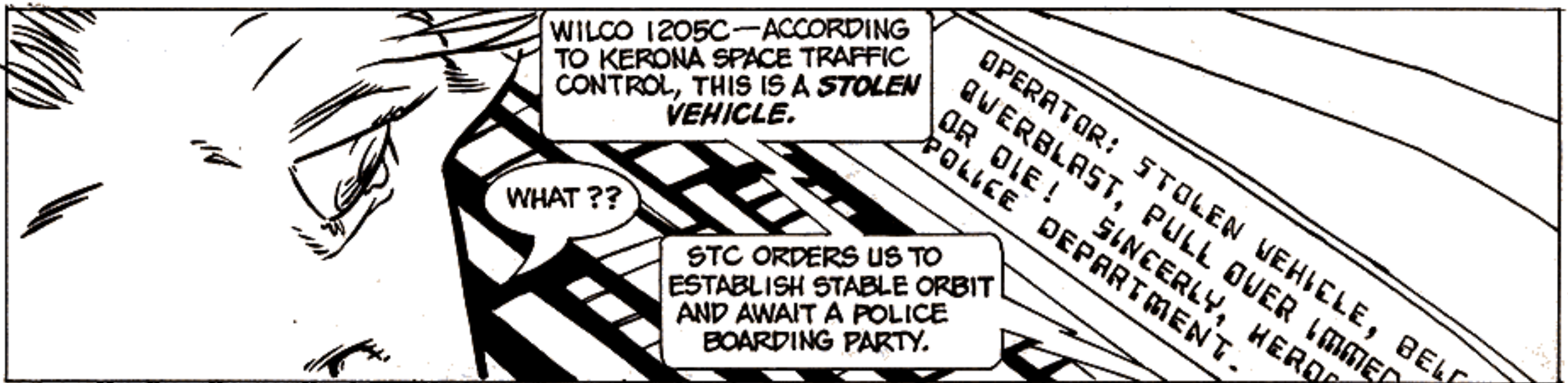
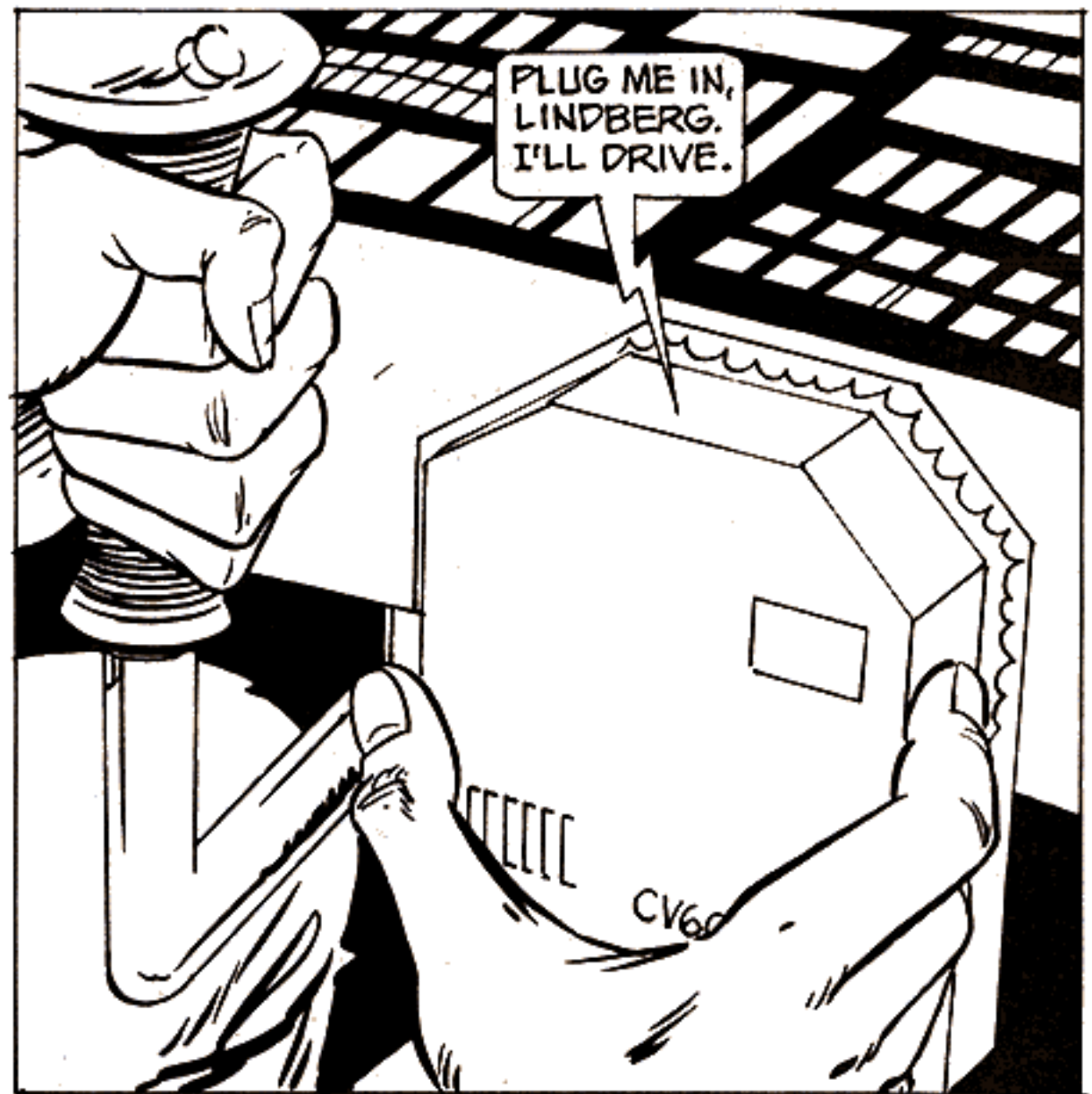
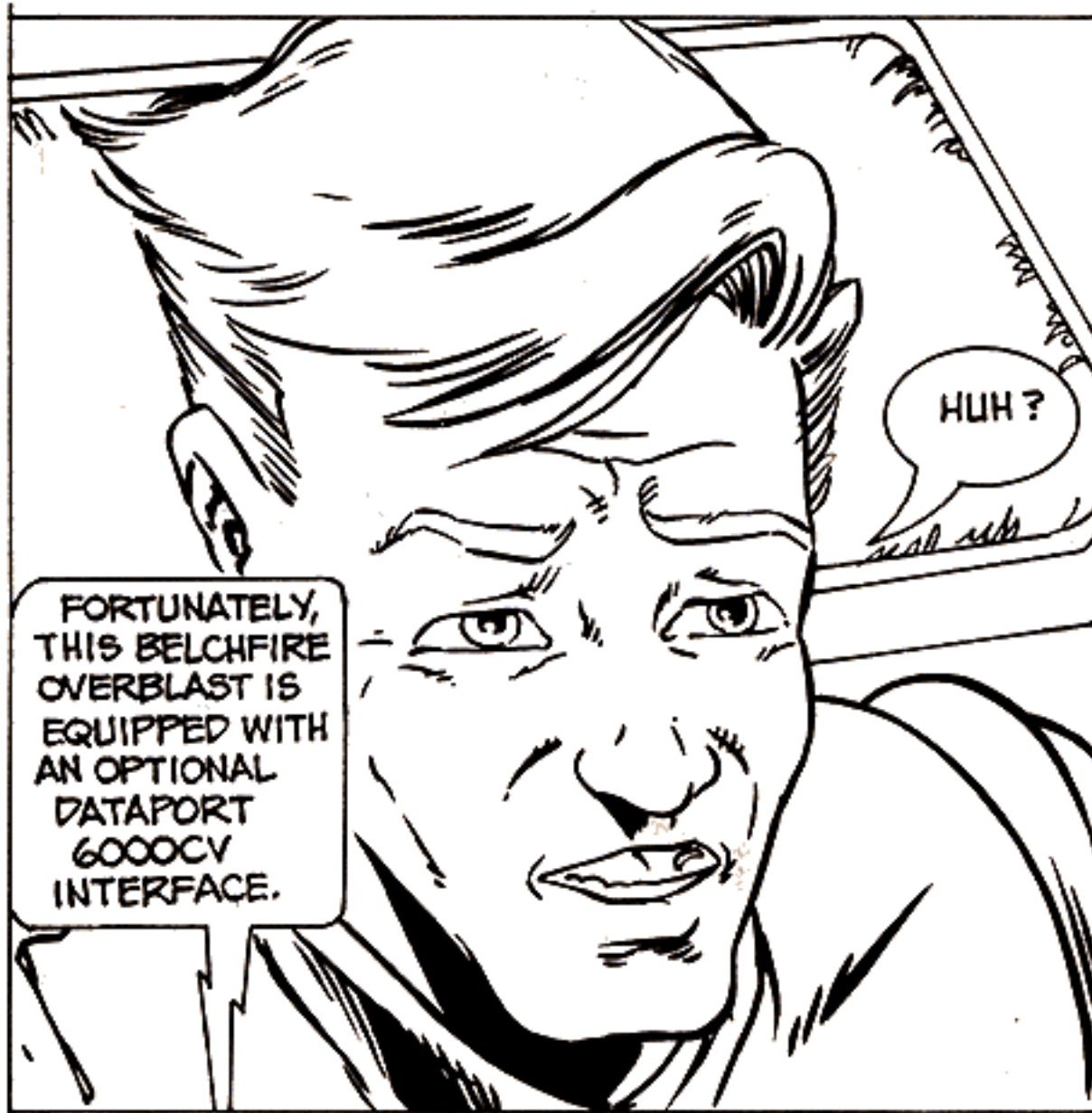


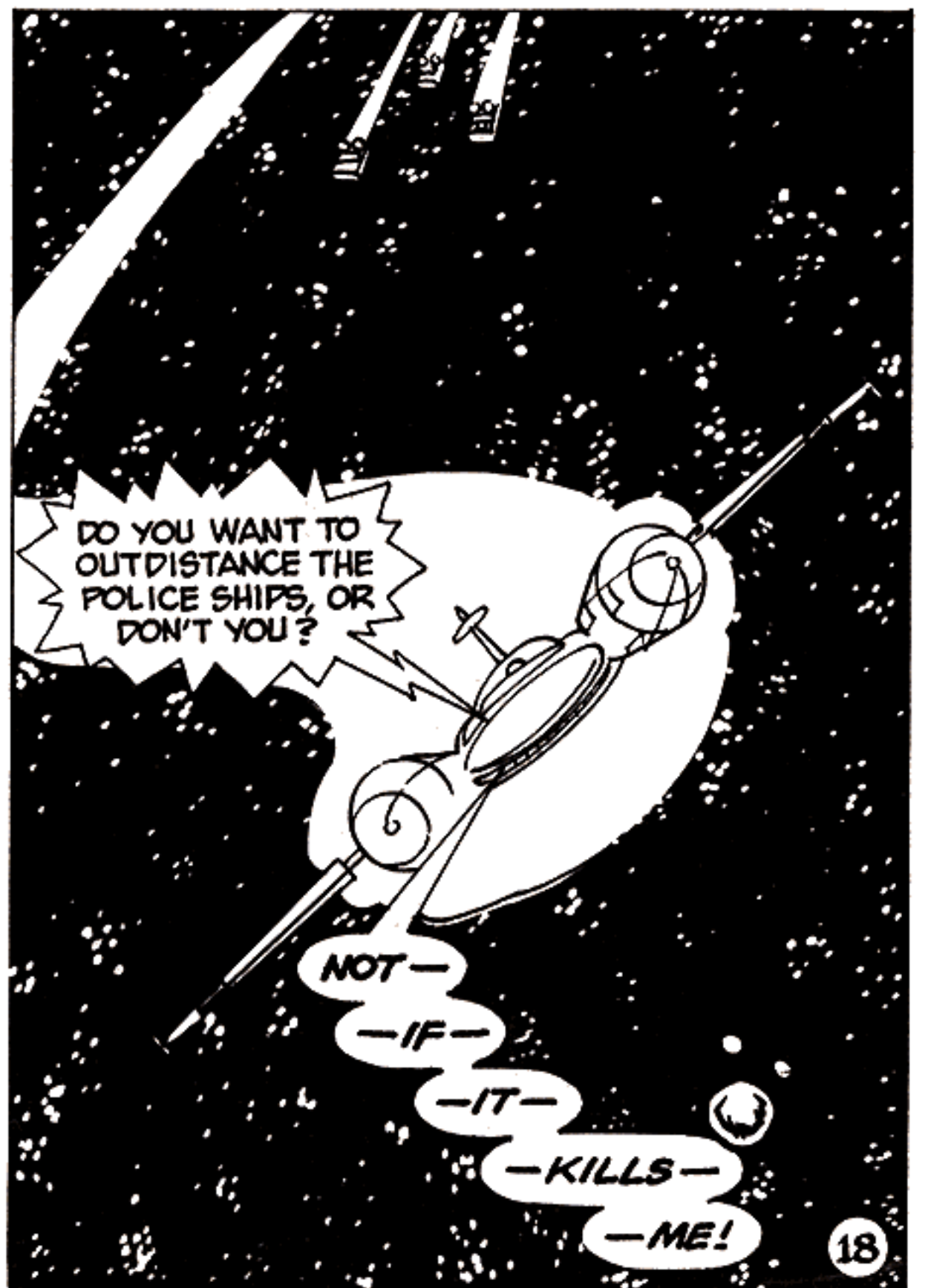
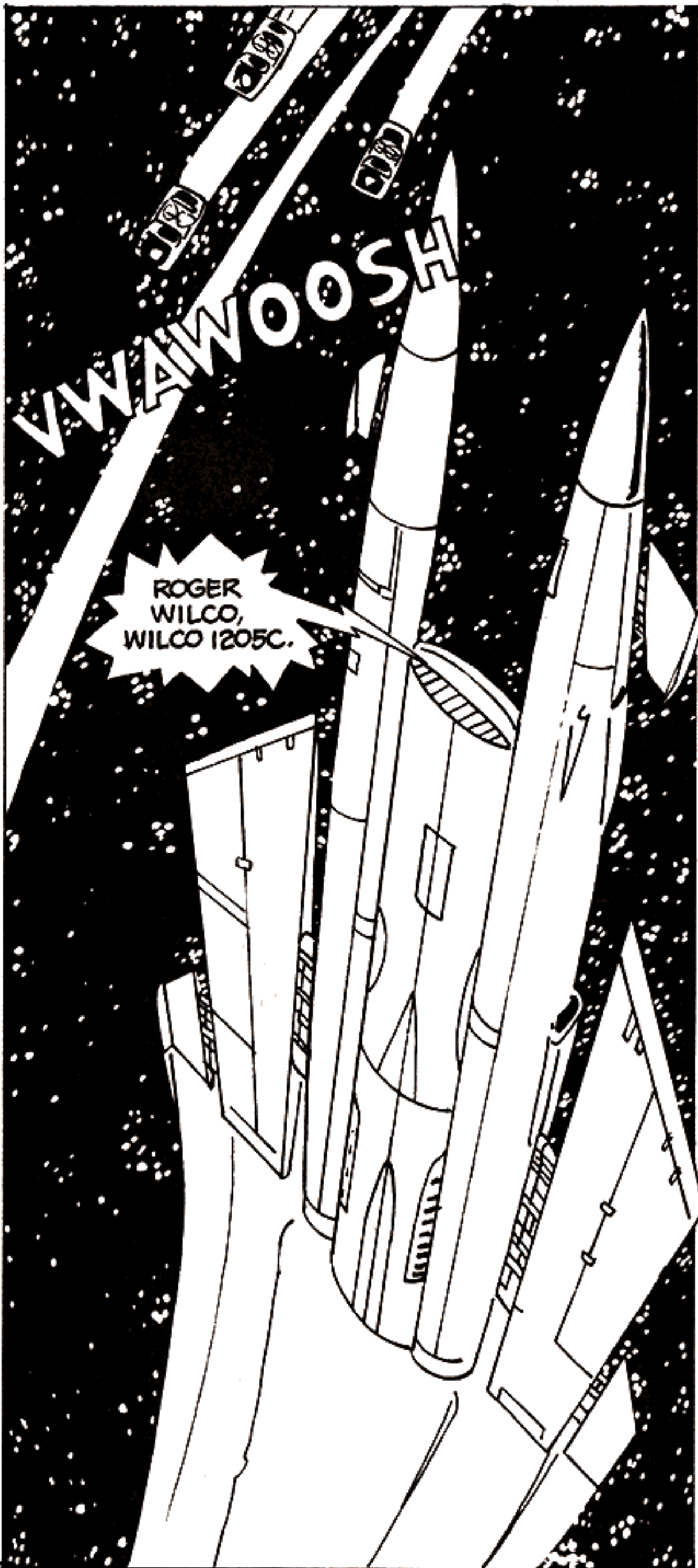
CONGRATULATIONS,
WILCO 1205C. YOU'VE ESCAPED
KERONA, DESPITE SPIDER DROIDS,
CAPRICIOUS ALIENS, MUGGERS,
USED SHIP SALESMEN,
AND BAD LIQUOR.

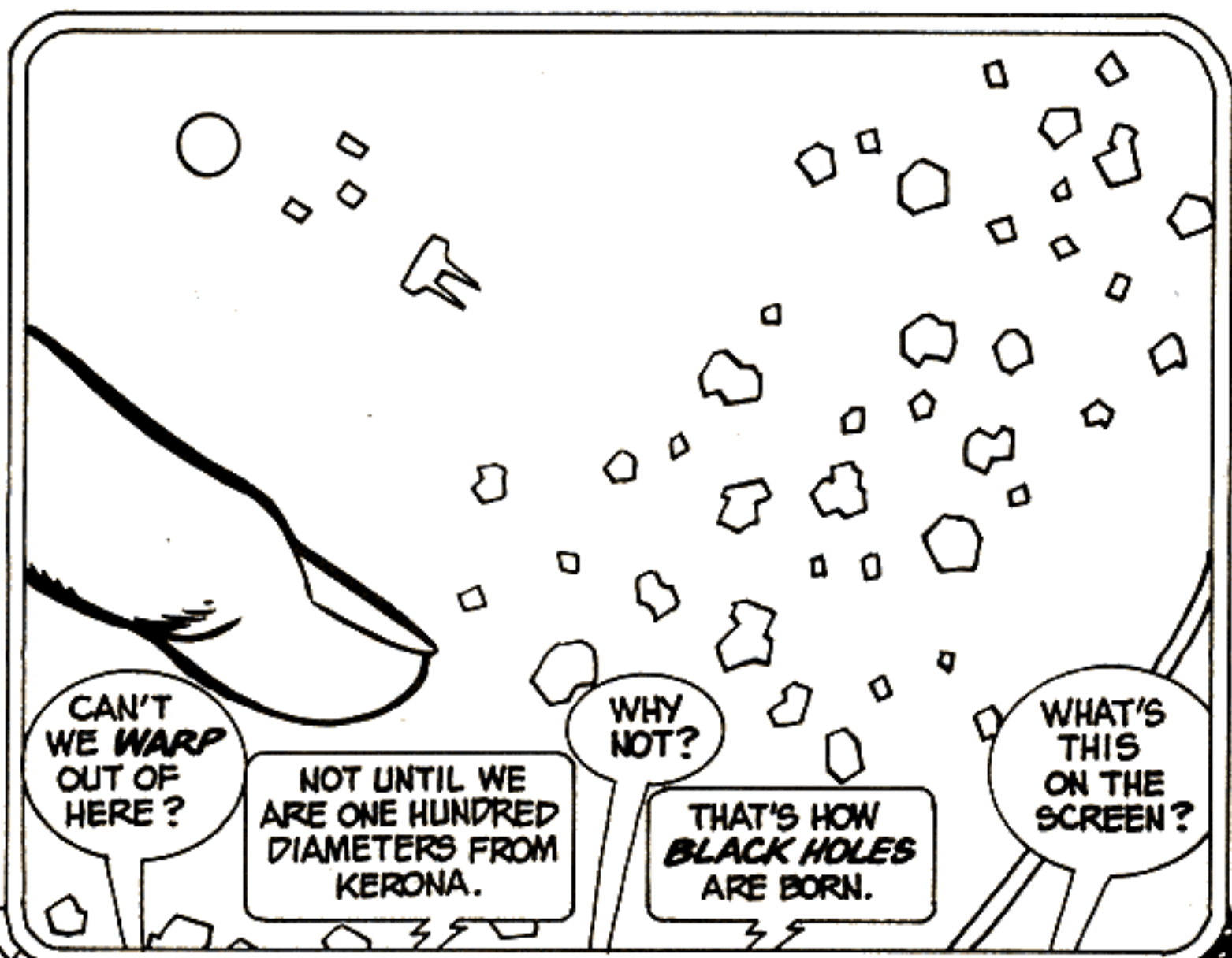
GUESS I'M THE
STUFF OF HEROES
AFTER ALL, HUH?

DON'T GET A **SWOLLEN CRANIUM.**
DO YOU KNOW HOW TO NAVIGATE THIS
VEHICLE?

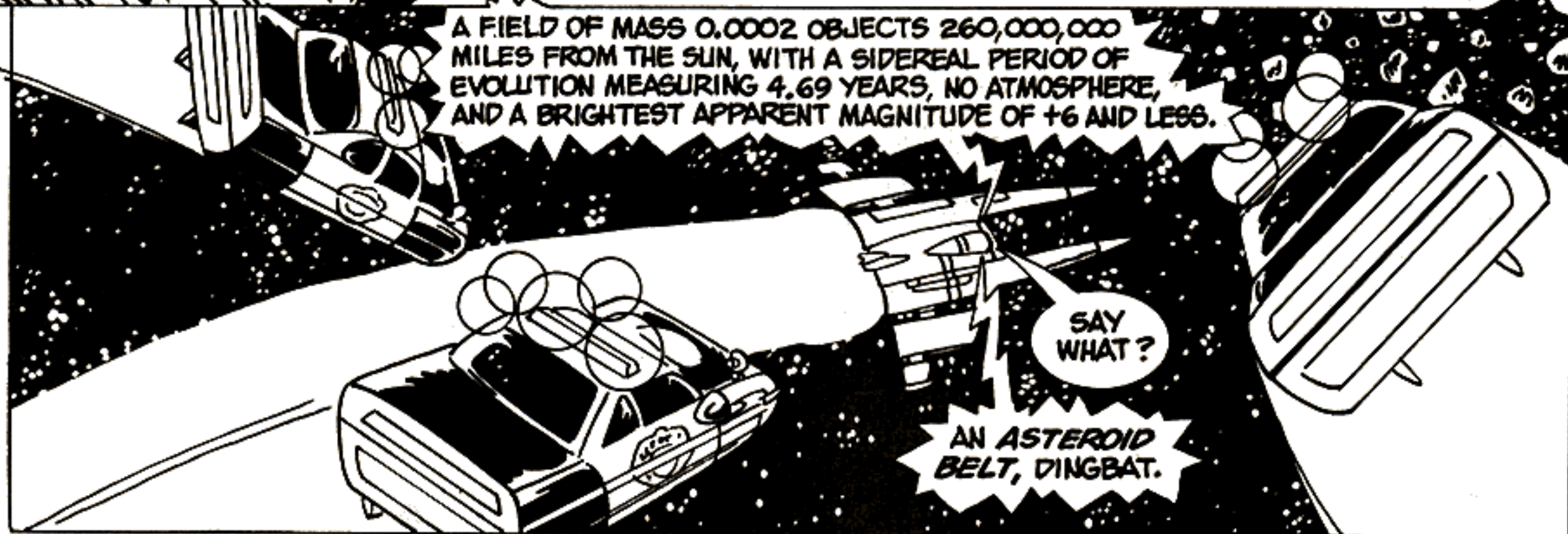
ACTUALLY,
NO.

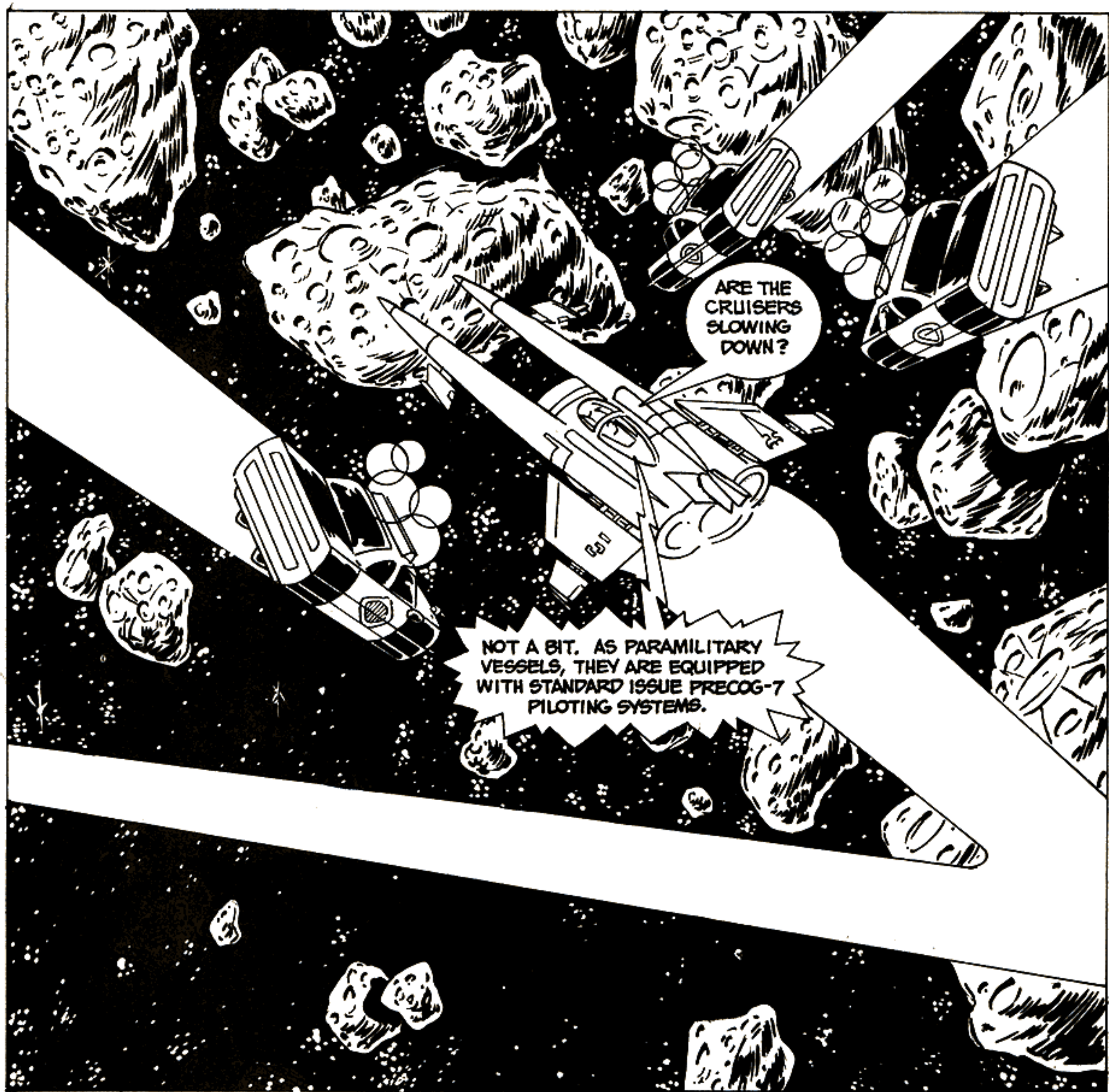






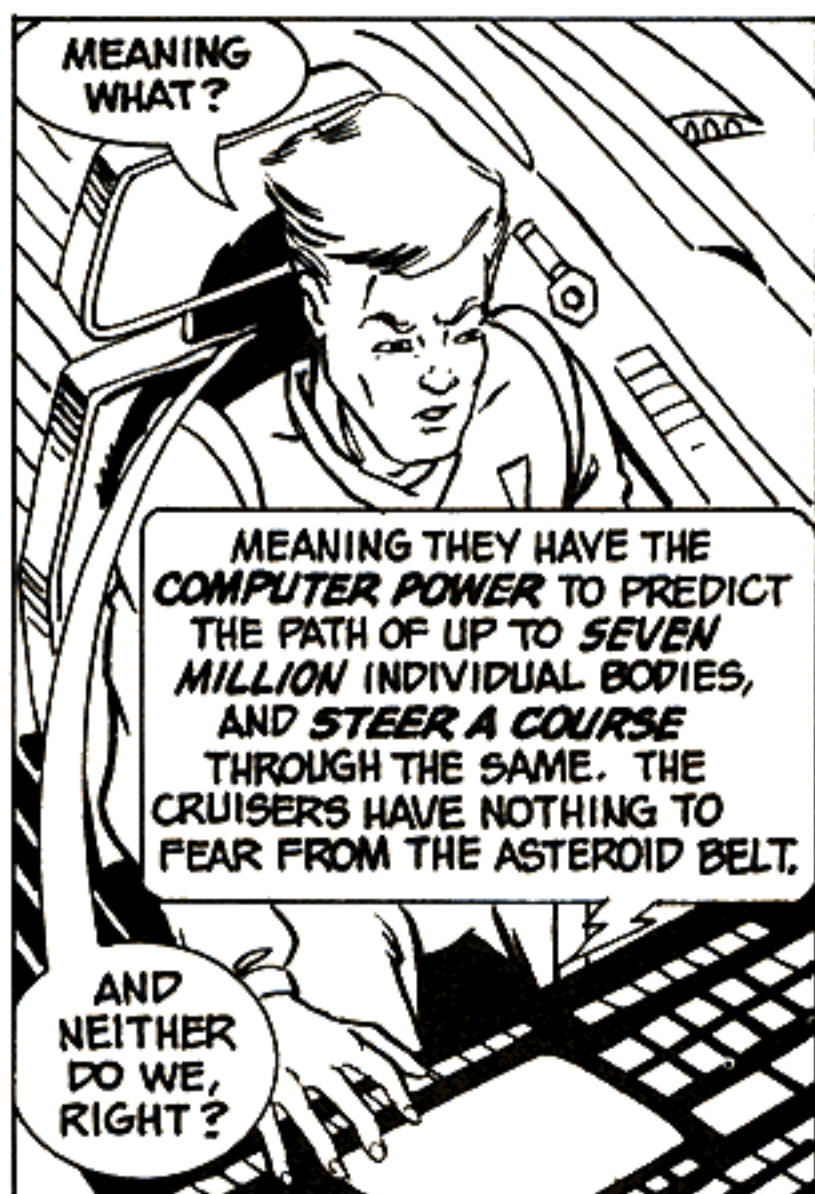
A FIELD OF MASS 0.0002 OBJECTS 260,000,000 MILES FROM THE SUN, WITH A SIDEREAL PERIOD OF EVOLUTION MEASURING 4.69 YEARS, NO ATMOSPHERE, AND A BRIGHTEST APPARENT MAGNITUDE OF +6 AND LESS.





ARE THE CRUISERS SLOWING DOWN?

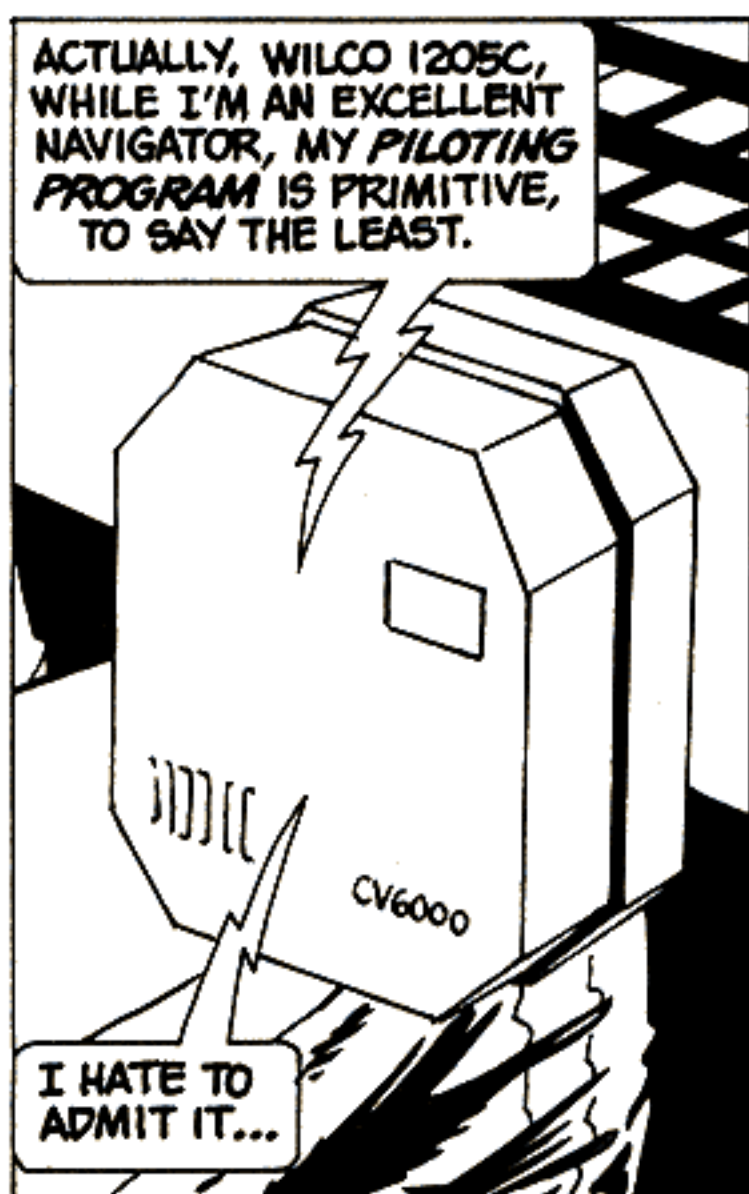
NOT A BIT. AS PARAMILITARY VESSELS, THEY ARE EQUIPPED WITH STANDARD ISSUE PRECOG-7 PILOTING SYSTEMS.



MEANING WHAT?

MEANING THEY HAVE THE COMPUTER POWER TO PREDICT THE PATH OF UP TO SEVEN MILLION INDIVIDUAL BODIES, AND STEER A COURSE THROUGH THE SAME. THE CRUISERS HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR FROM THE ASTEROID BELT.

AND NEITHER DO WE, RIGHT?



ACTUALLY, WILCO 1205C, WHILE I'M AN EXCELLENT NAVIGATOR, MY PILOTING PROGRAM IS PRIMITIVE, TO SAY THE LEAST.

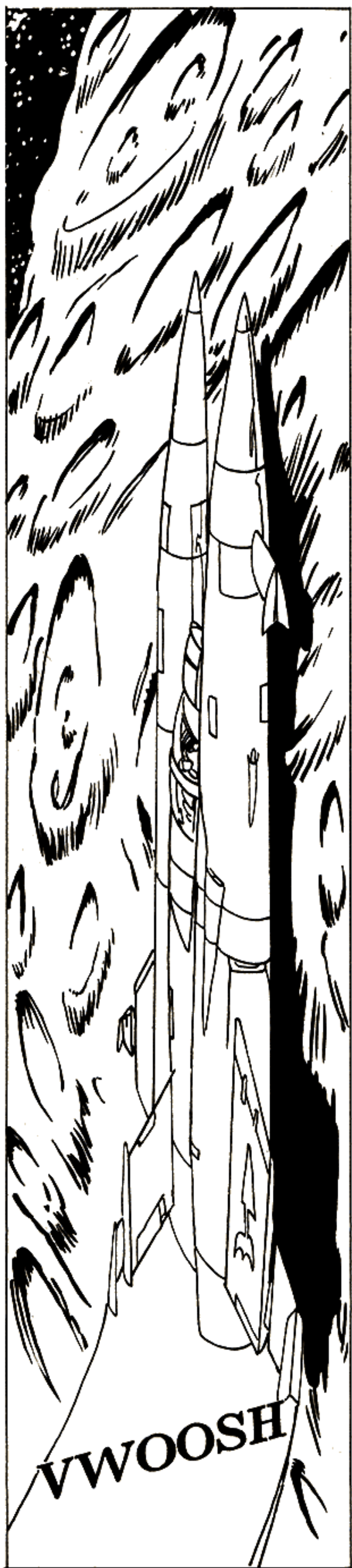
I HATE TO ADMIT IT...

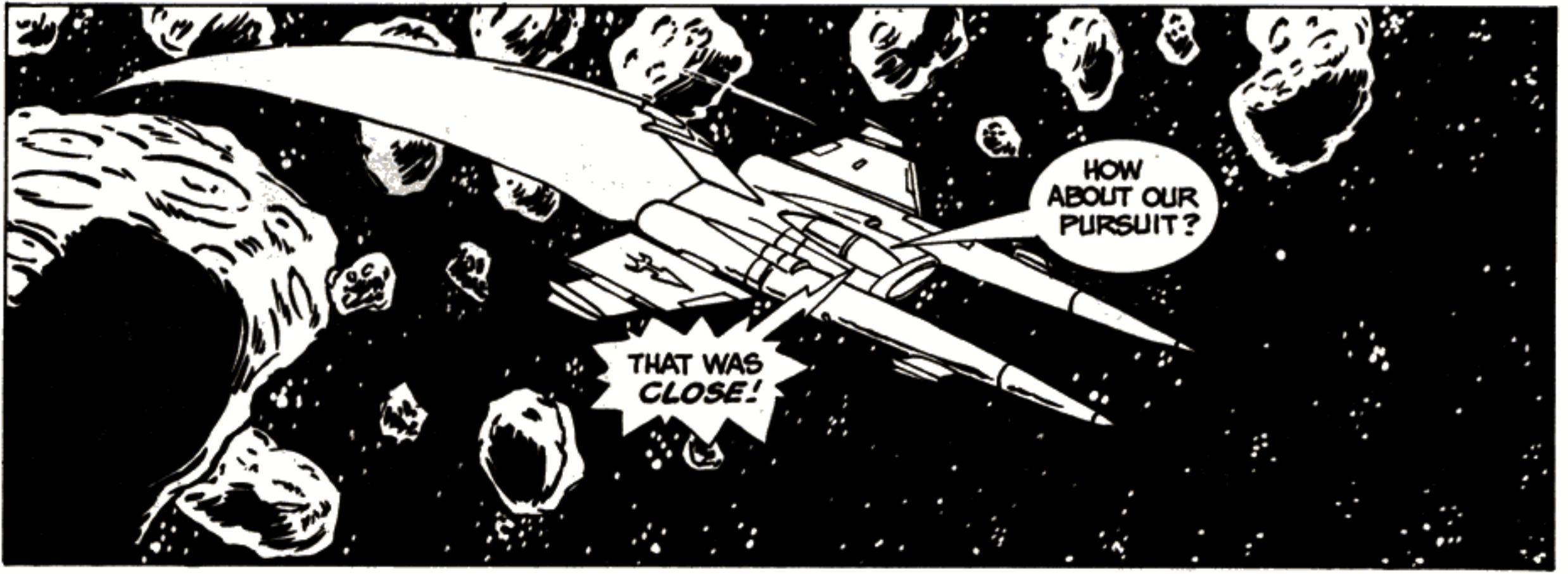


...BUT WE'RE DOOMED.



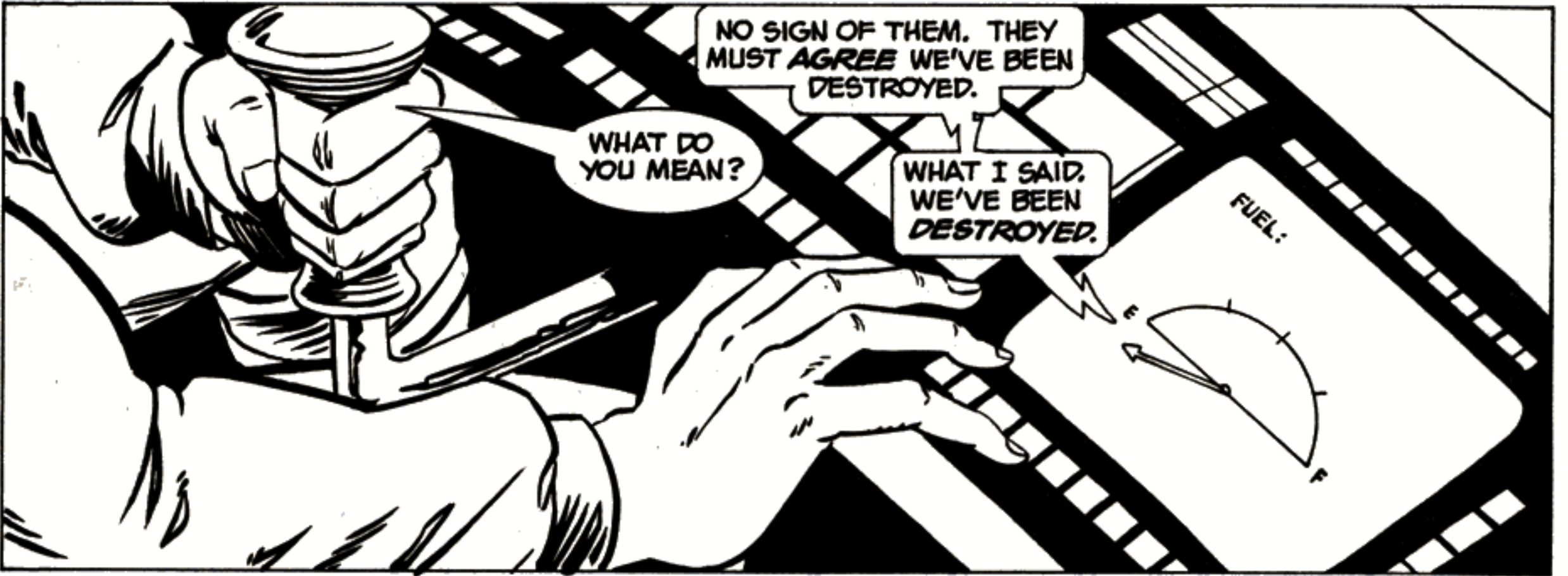
GAA-YAH-YAHHH!





HOW ABOUT OUR PURSUIT?

THAT WAS CLOSE!

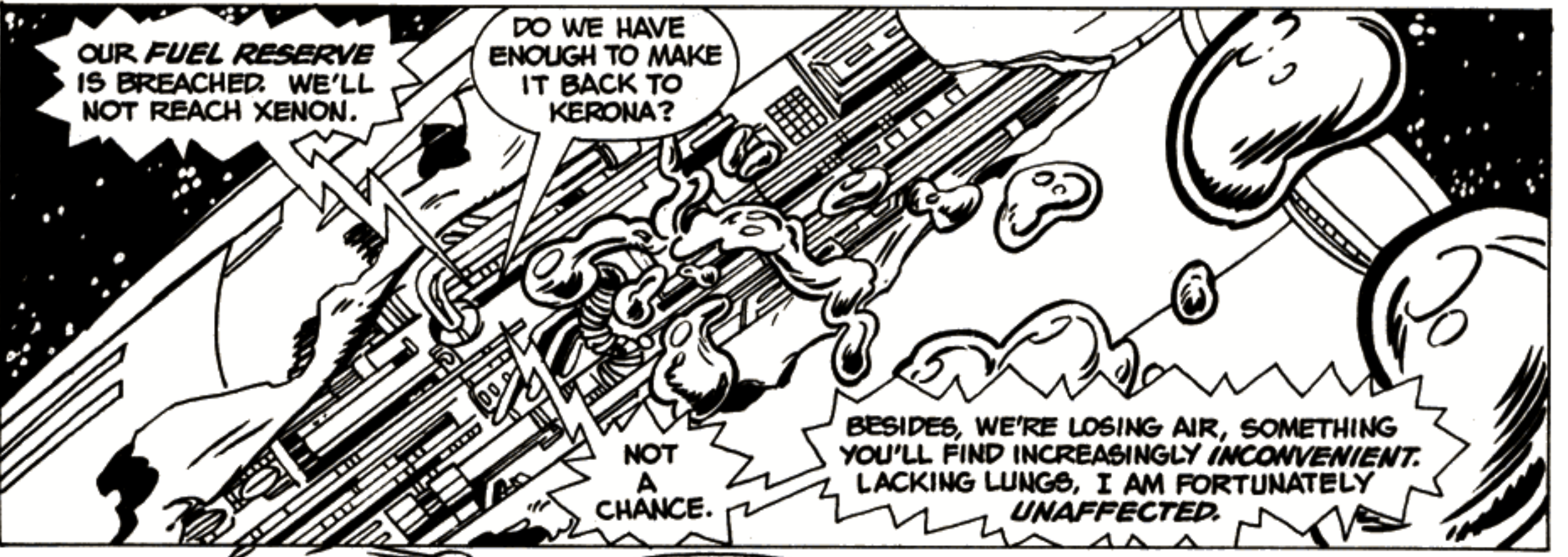


NO SIGN OF THEM. THEY MUST AGREE WE'VE BEEN DESTROYED.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

WHAT I SAID, WE'VE BEEN DESTROYED.

FUEL:



OUR FUEL RESERVE IS BREACHED. WE'LL NOT REACH XENON.

DO WE HAVE ENOUGH TO MAKE IT BACK TO KERONA?

NOT A CHANCE.

BESIDES, WE'RE LOSING AIR, SOMETHING YOU'LL FIND INCREASINGLY INCONVENIENT. LACKING LUNGS, I AM FORTUNATELY UNAFFECTED.



LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT.

I CAN'T GET BACK TO KERONA, AND I CAN'T WARP TO XENON.

I'M RUNNING OUT OF AIR EVEN FASTER THAN I'M RUNNING OUT OF FUEL.

AND I'M THE ONLY MAN IN THE UNIVERSE WHO KNOWS HOW TO STOP THE SARIENS FROM CONQUERING THE GALAXY WITH THE STAR GENERATOR.

CAN'T GET MUCH WORSE, CAN IT?

WRONG, WILCO 1205C...



I DETECT
THE SARIEN
BATTLESHIP
DELTAUR...

...SENSORS CONFIRM
SHE HAS CLEARED
FOR ACTION...

...AND HER WEAPONS
ARE LOCKED ON US!

NEXT ISSUE:

*TO BOLDLY GO WHERE NO
MAN HAS MOPPED THE FLOOR!*



PLAY SPACE QUEST 1
The game that launched a
thousand laughs!
List price \$59.95,
you pay just \$25.00

ROGER WILCO

HE'S OUT TO CLEAN UP THE UNIVERSE BUT HE DOESN'T DO WINDOWS

Hey, WAKE UP!

Roger Wilco's the chief sanitation engineer (a.k.a. janitor) on the starship Arcada. His mission: to scrub dirty decks... to replace burned-out lightbulbs...

TO BOLDLY GO WHERE NO MAN HAS SWEEPED THE FLOOR.

But while he was napping in the broom closet, his starship was hijacked. Now the top-secret Star Generator's been stolen. And if Roger doesn't get it back, the universe as we know it is toast. It's the original Space Quest adventure, re-illustrated, re-animated, and ready to rocket you into new worlds of wacky adventure.

Stumble through a cosmos of hand-painted and digitized graphics with a hard-rockin' music-card-compatible soundtrack and Roger's new space-age mouse-controlled no-typing interface.

And quit sleeping on the job!

Keep things movin' with the no-typing point-and-click interface

Blast off into amazing all-new hand-painted and digitized art.

Get Space Quest 1, flagship of the Space Quest series, for your MS-DOS machine.

Send check or money order (payable to Sierra On-Line) for just \$25.00 to: Sierra, PO BOX 978, Oakhurst, CA 93644
Or, use your MasterCard, Visa, American Express, or Discover card by calling 1-800-326-6654 Toll Free! Outside the US call (209) 683-4468.
Please specify VGA or EGA/Tandy, and 3.5" or 5.25" disks.

ACTUAL VGA SCREENS SHOWN.
EGAITANDY ALSO AVAILABLE.

Rock across the cosmos to the music-card-compatible soundtrack.

SIERRA®