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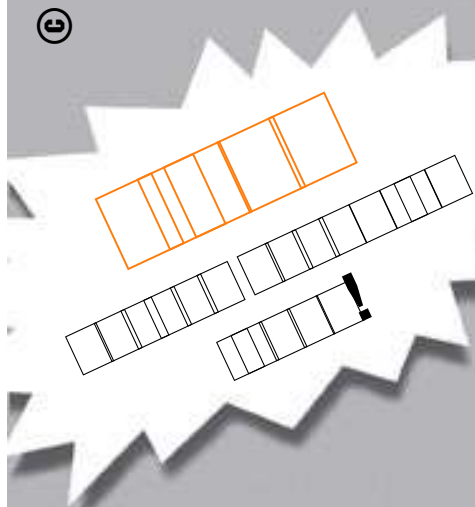


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BY MIKE  
JONES, JR.



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**TO BOLDLY WADDLE  
WHERE NO DUCK HAS  
WADDLED BEFORE!**

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PROLOGUE;  
SOMEWHERE IN SPACE....

ESTEEMED MEMBERS  
OF THE HIGH COUNCIL,  
TODAY WE MUST DECIDE  
MATTERS OF COSMIC  
IMPORTANCE!

INTERGALACTIC  
WILDLIFE  
FEDERATION

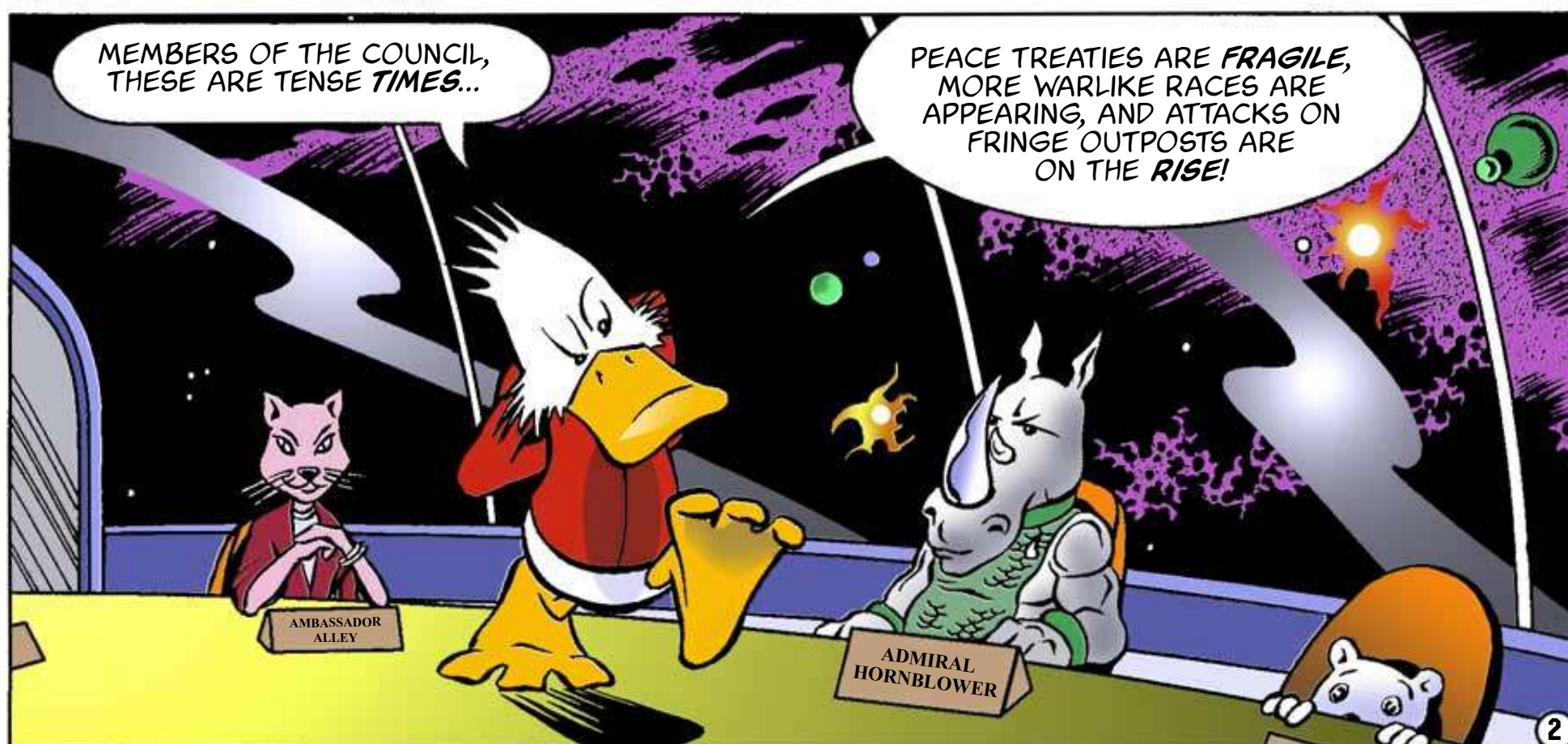
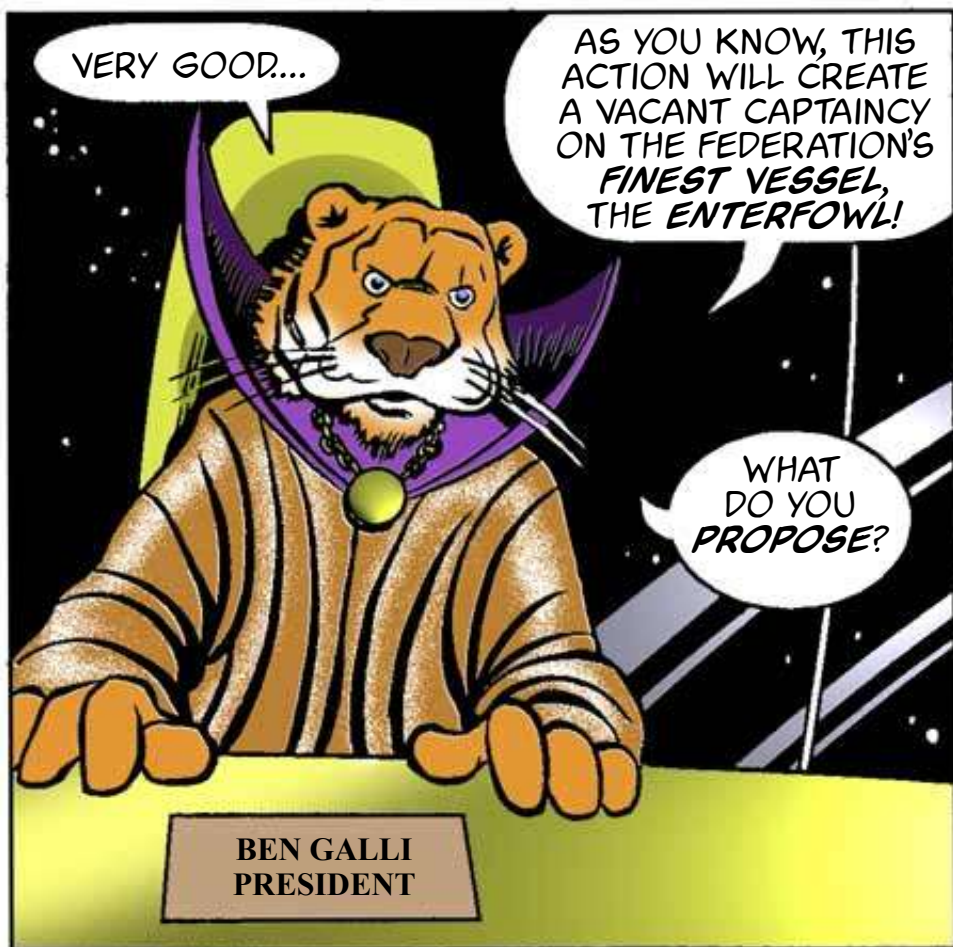
DUCKFLEET IS IN NEED OF  
A *FLEET* CAPTAIN! I RECOMMEND  
PROMOTING CAPTAIN *CHRISTOPHER  
CARP* TO THE POST.

WHAT SAY YOU, COUNCIL?

PROOF ONLY  
NOT FOR SALE  
PROOF ONLY  
NOT FOR SALE  
HEAR! HEAR!  
SNORT!  
MEOW!  
WOOF!  
GRUNT!  
CHIRP!

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"THERE ARE RUMORS OF OMNIPOTENT BEINGS..."

"...AND GIANT, SPACE-SPAWNED, WORLD-DEVOURING CORN SNACKS!"

WHOM CAN WE TRUST UPON THE FRONT LINES? TO WHOM DO WE PASS THE MANTLE OF PROTECTOR OF THE GALAXY?"

"THESE MARK AN ERA OF UNCERTAINTY!"

QUACK!

WHO HAS THE EXPERIENCE AND CRISIS MANAGEMENT SKILLS?

WHO HAS THE SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE, THE DRIVE TO KNOW WHAT'S OUT THERE....

...THE RIGHT FLUFF TO COMMAND?

WHO WILL CAPTAIN THE DUCKSHIP ENTERFOWL?

QUACK!

QUACK!

QUACK!

QUACK!

QUACK I SAY!

JAMES T. QUACK, FIRST OFFICER OF THE PISCINE SHIP FISHGUT.

WHAT SAY YOU COUNCIL?



QUACK!  
QUACK!  
QUACK!  
QUACK!



QUACK!  
QUACK!  
QUACK!  
QUACK!



SPACE....  
THE AVIAN  
FRONTIER....

THESE ARE THE  
VOYAGES OF THE  
DUCKSHIP  
ENTERFOWL....

HER SEASONAL  
MISSION; TO  
EXPLORE STRANGE  
NEW WETLANDS....

TO *SEEK OUT*  
NEW MARSHES  
AND NEW  
HABITATIONS....

TO BOLDLY WADDLE WHERE NO DUCK HAS WADDLED BEFORE!

BY MIKE  
JONES, JR.

██████████; ██████████ 1401.9  
DUCKFLEET HAS INFORMED  
US OF AN IMPENDING  
INVASION OF MYOPIA,  
A SMALL MOLE MINING  
COLONY AT THE EDGE  
OF THE MOLARR SYSTEM.

THE MOLE PEOPLE ARE A  
WEAPONLESS, *PEACE-LOVING*  
RACE....APPARENTLY UNABLE  
TO FACE THE *REALITY* OF  
THE COMING HAWKON  
INVASION.

IT IS *OUR* MISSION TO  
CONVINCE THEM OF THE  
*REALITY* OF THIS INVASION  
AND PROVIDE FOR THEIR  
*ESCAPE*.

THE *LANDING PARTY* WILL  
CONSIST OF MYSELF,  
DR. "WINGS" DeCOY, AND  
MY SULKIN' SCIENCE  
OFFICER, MR. *SQUAWK*.

I ONLY HOPE WE'RE IN *TIME*...

VISITORS!  
WELCOME!  
(UH...WHERE ARE  
YOU?)

HEY! WHY DON'TCHA  
WATCH WHERE  
YER GOIN'?

UMFF!  
'CAUSE I'M  
A MOLE!

I'M  
PRACTICALLY  
*BLIND* AND SO  
ARE YOU!

“

██████████

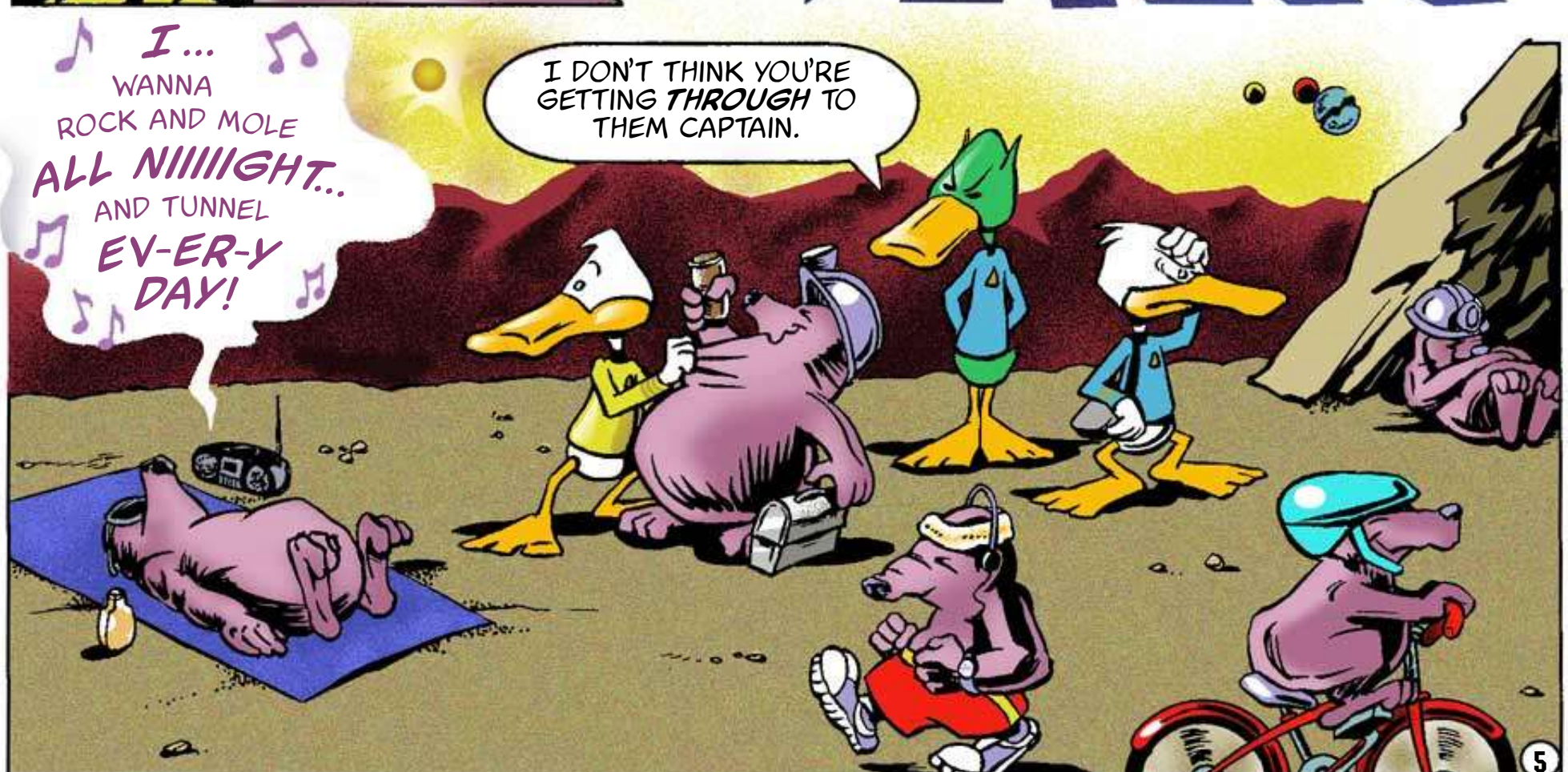
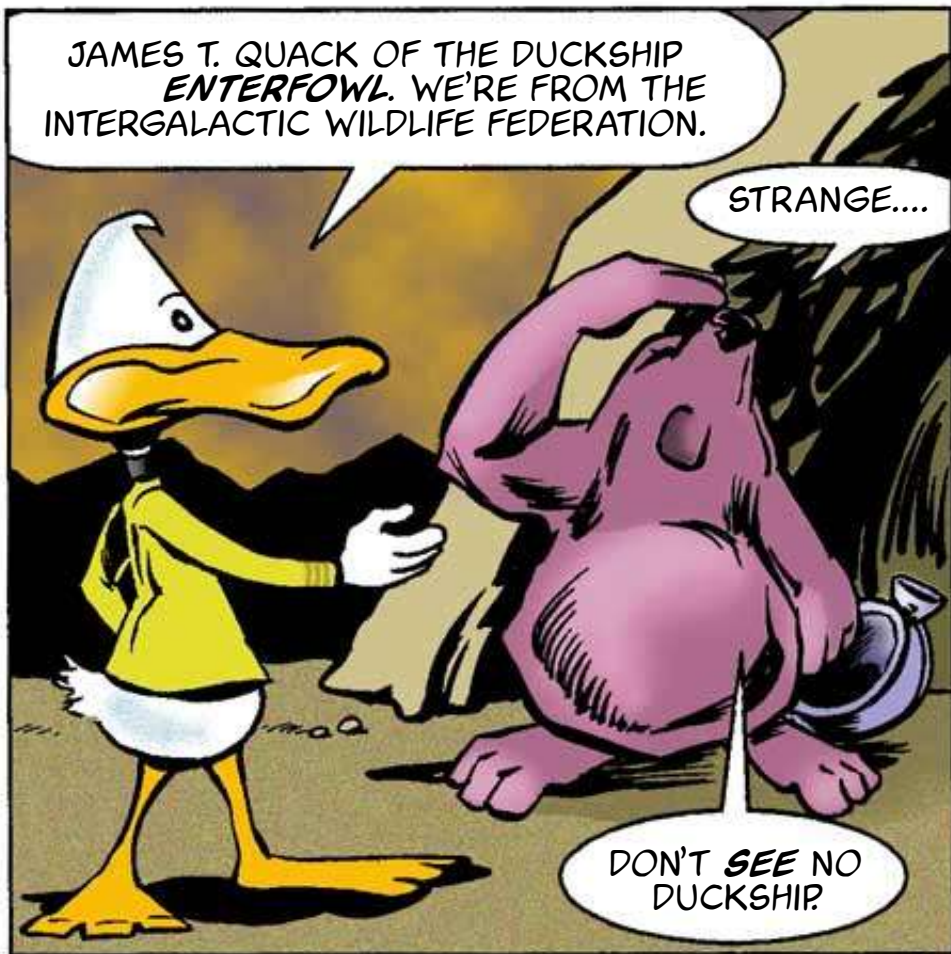
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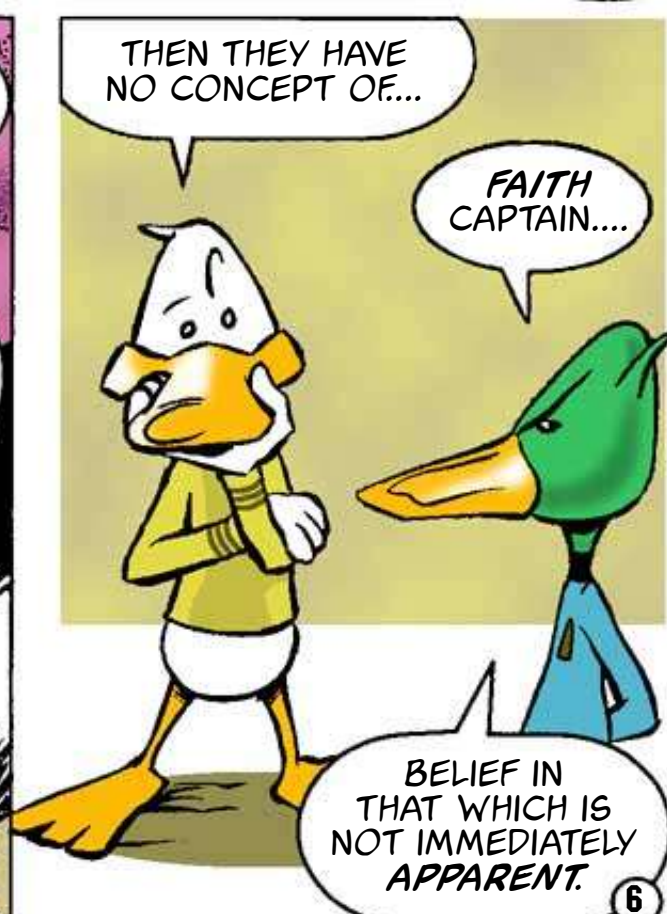
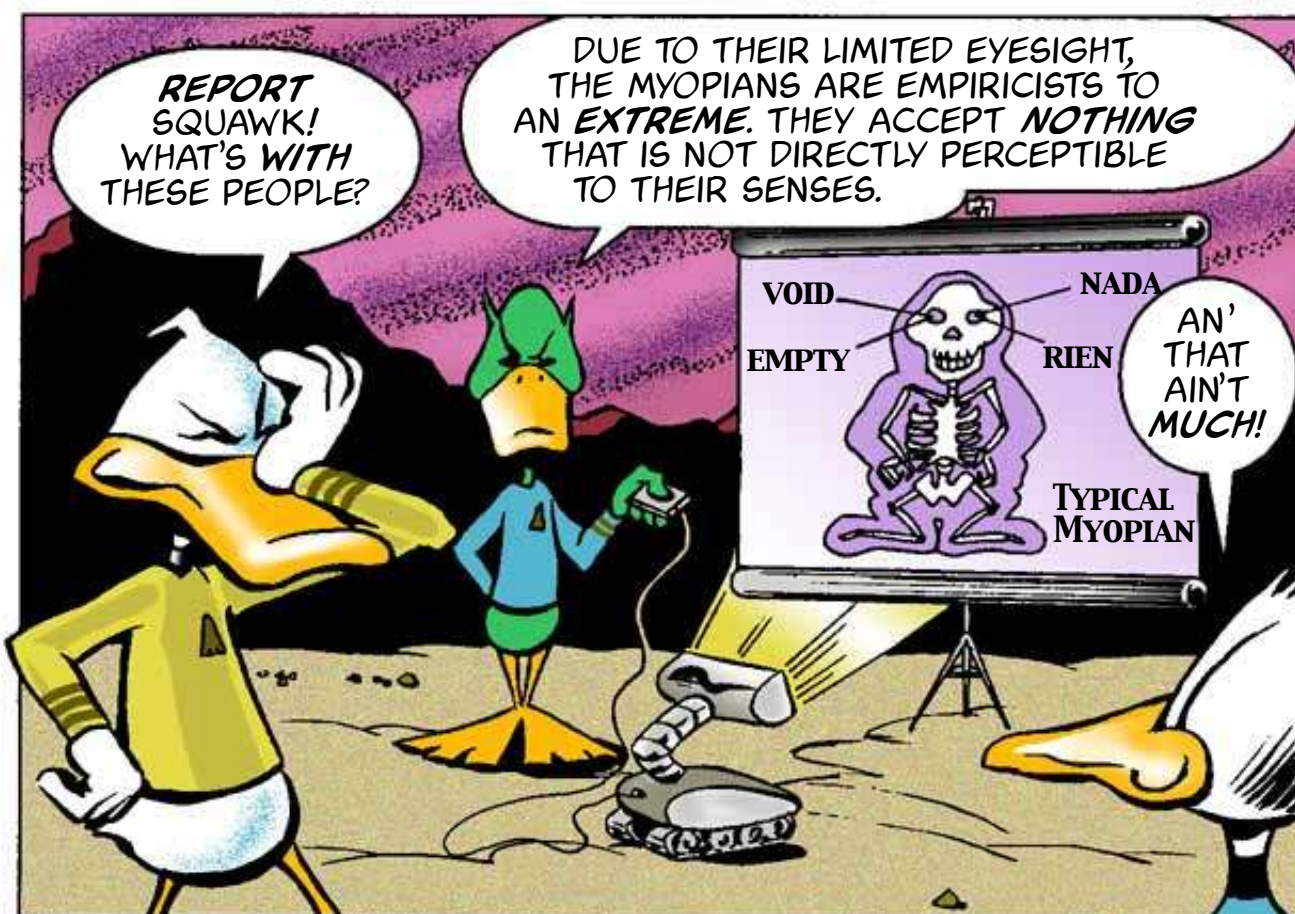
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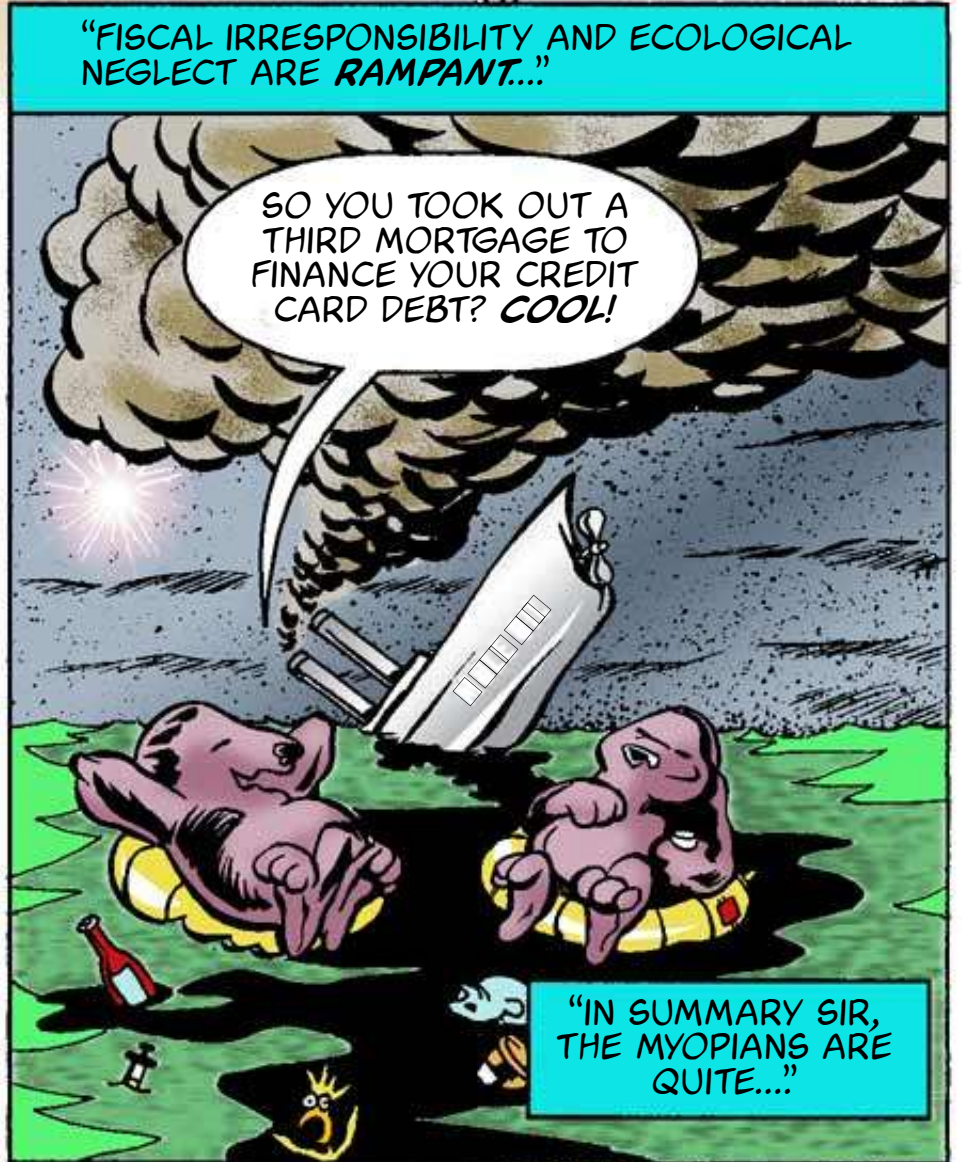
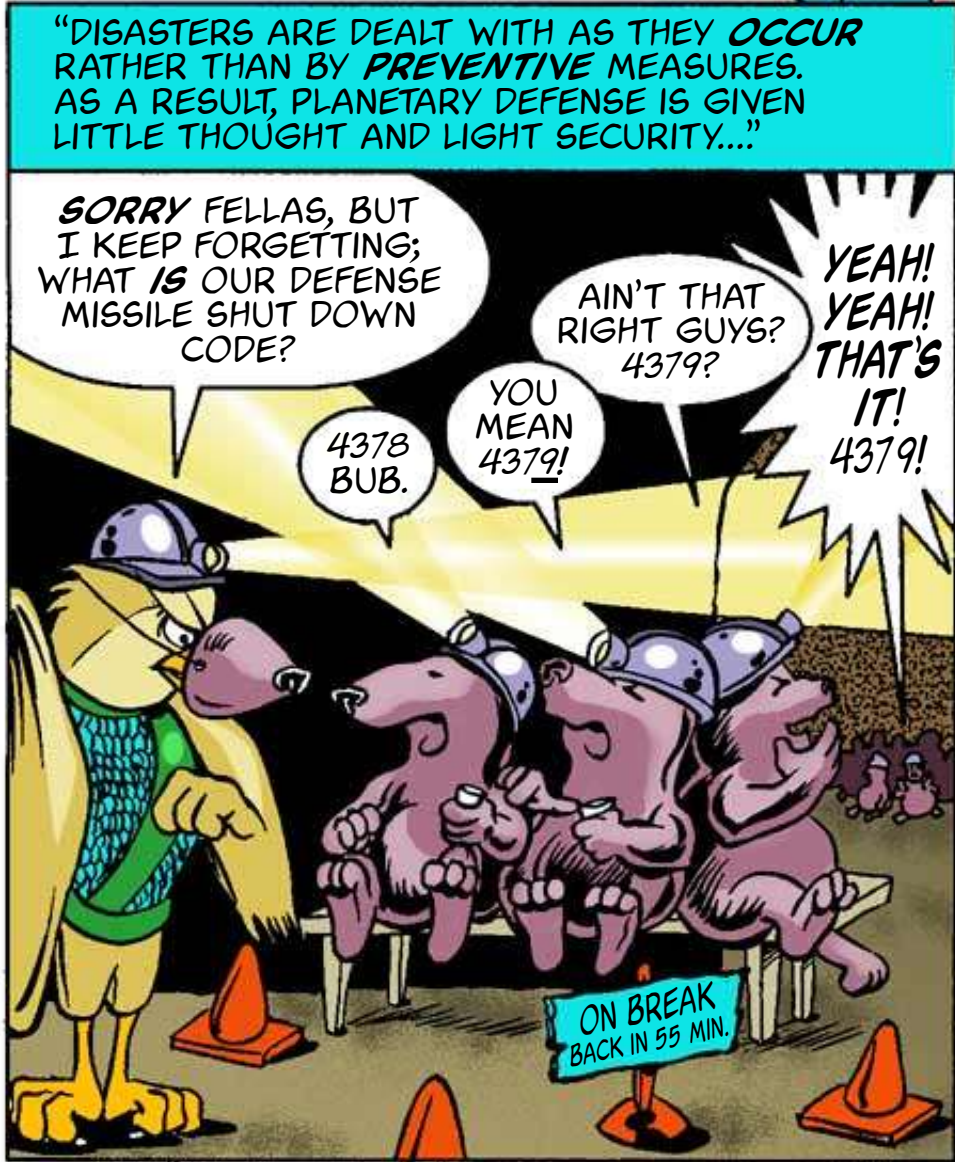
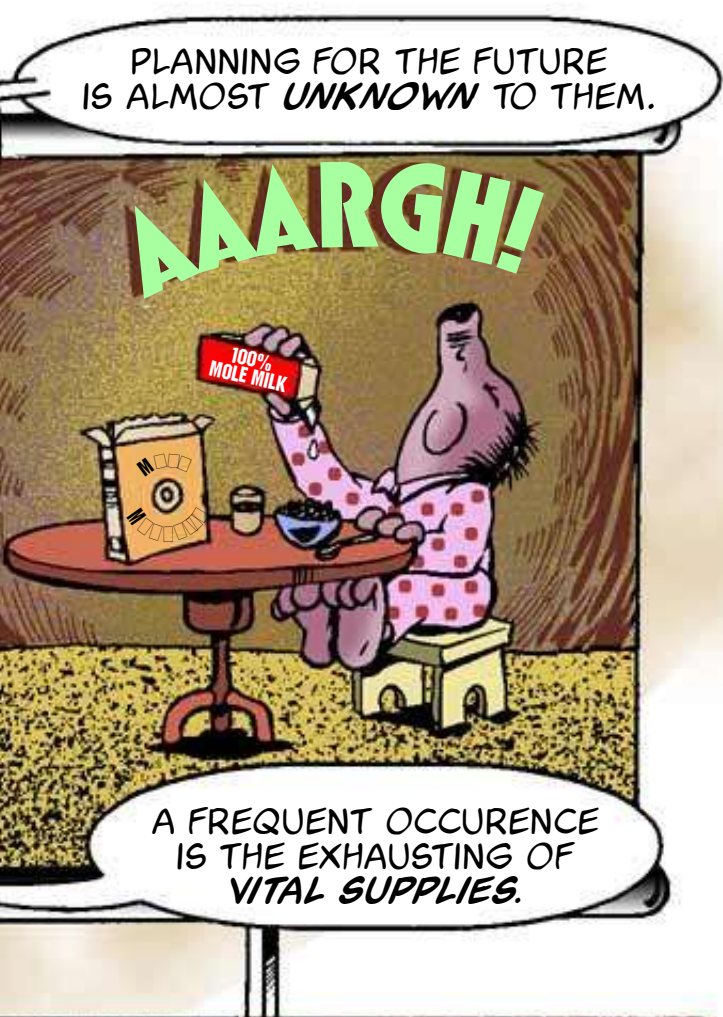




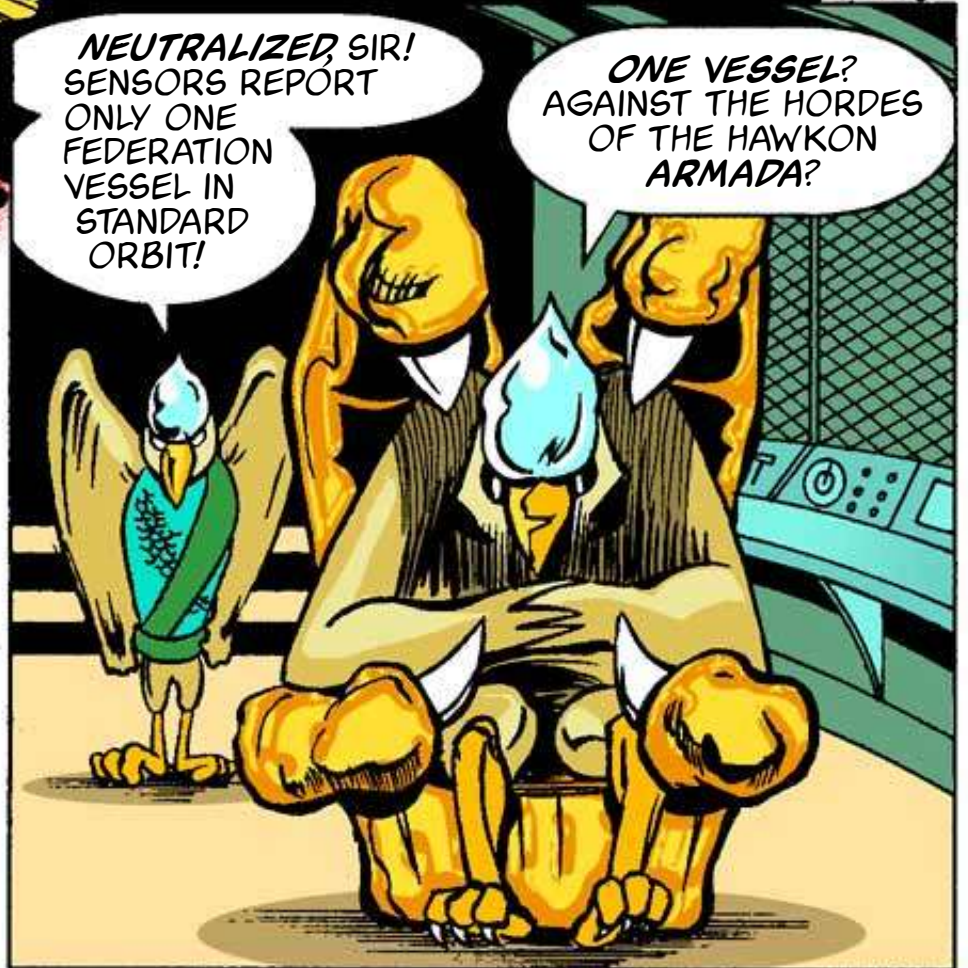
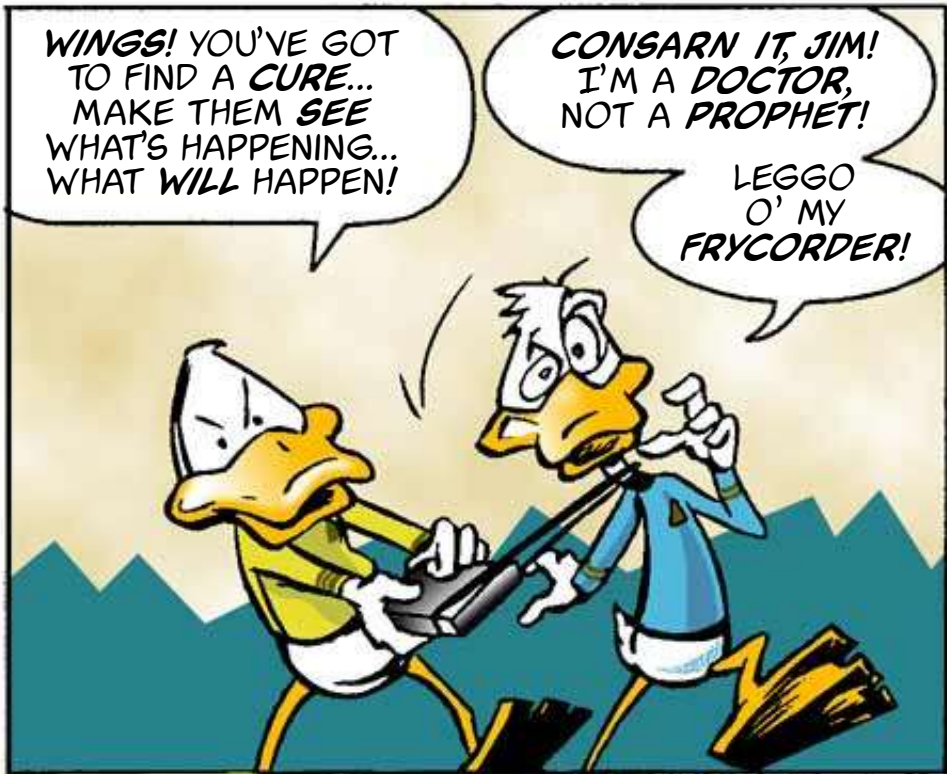




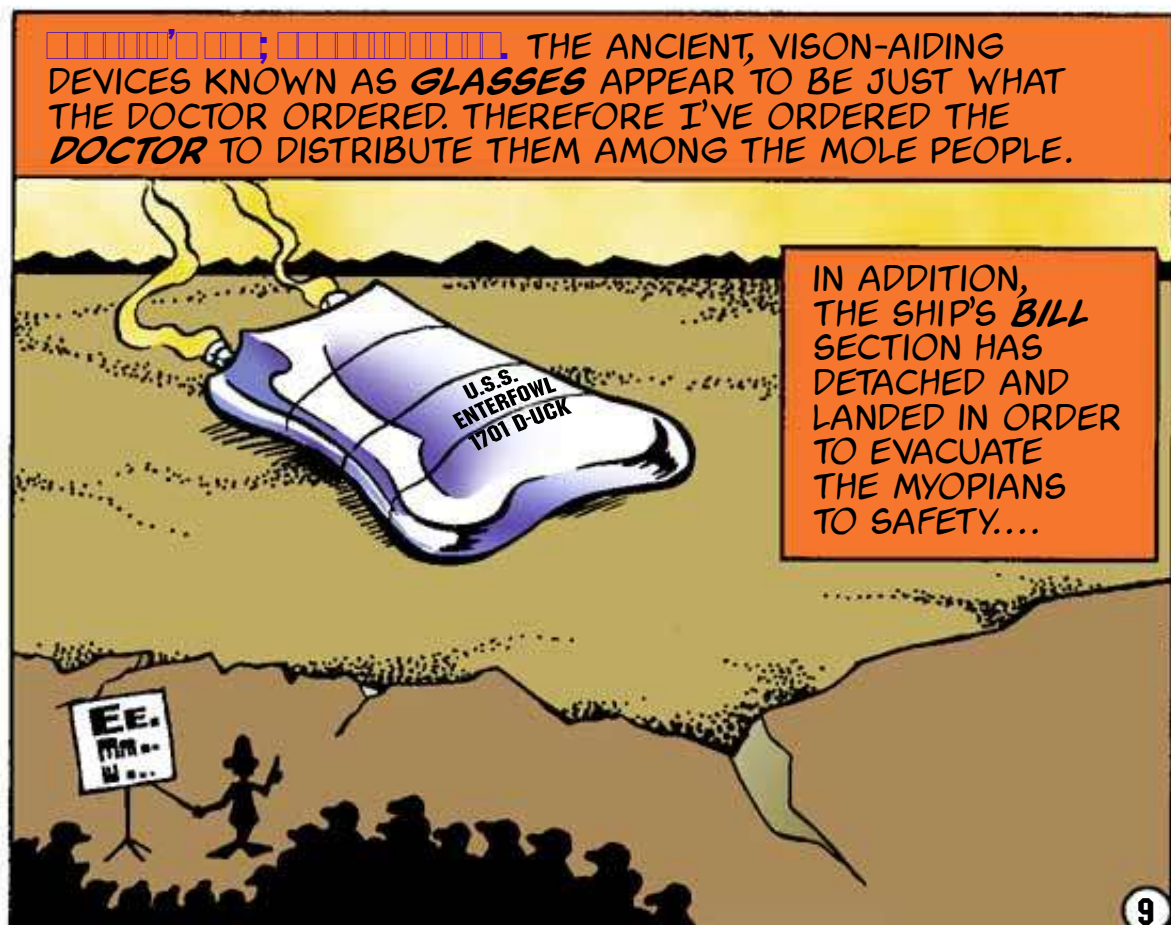
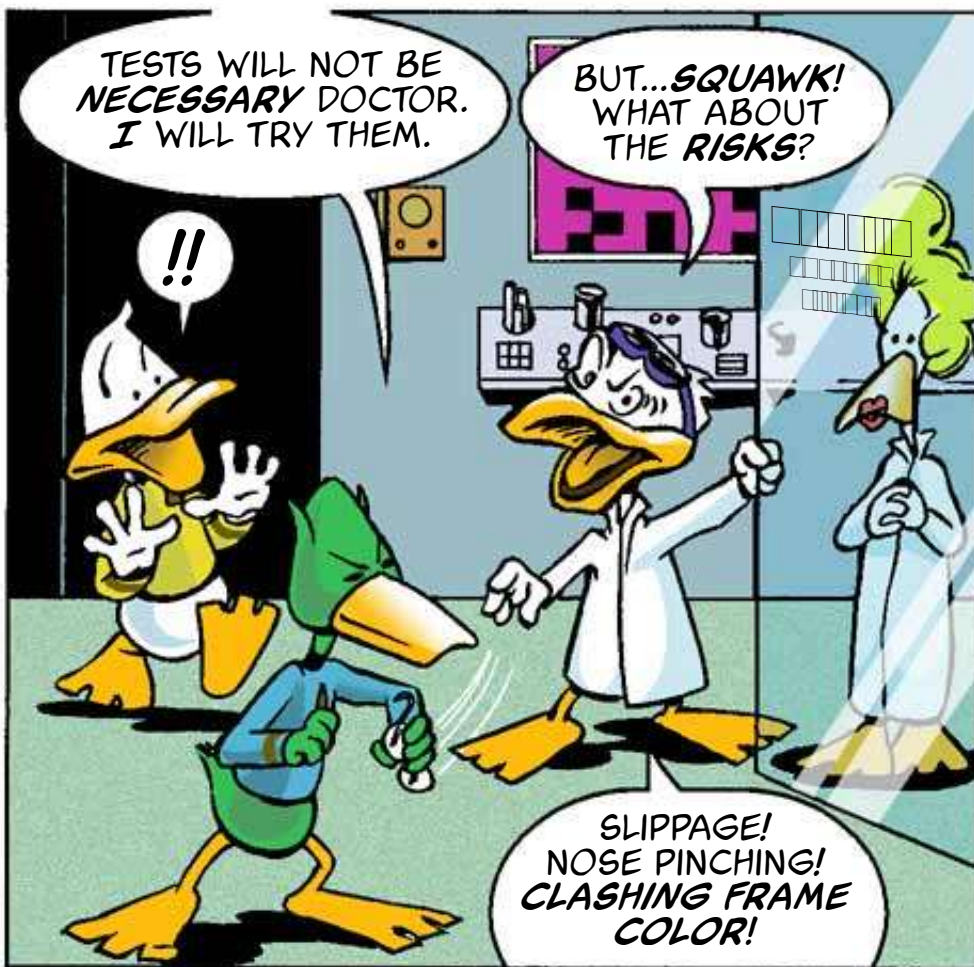
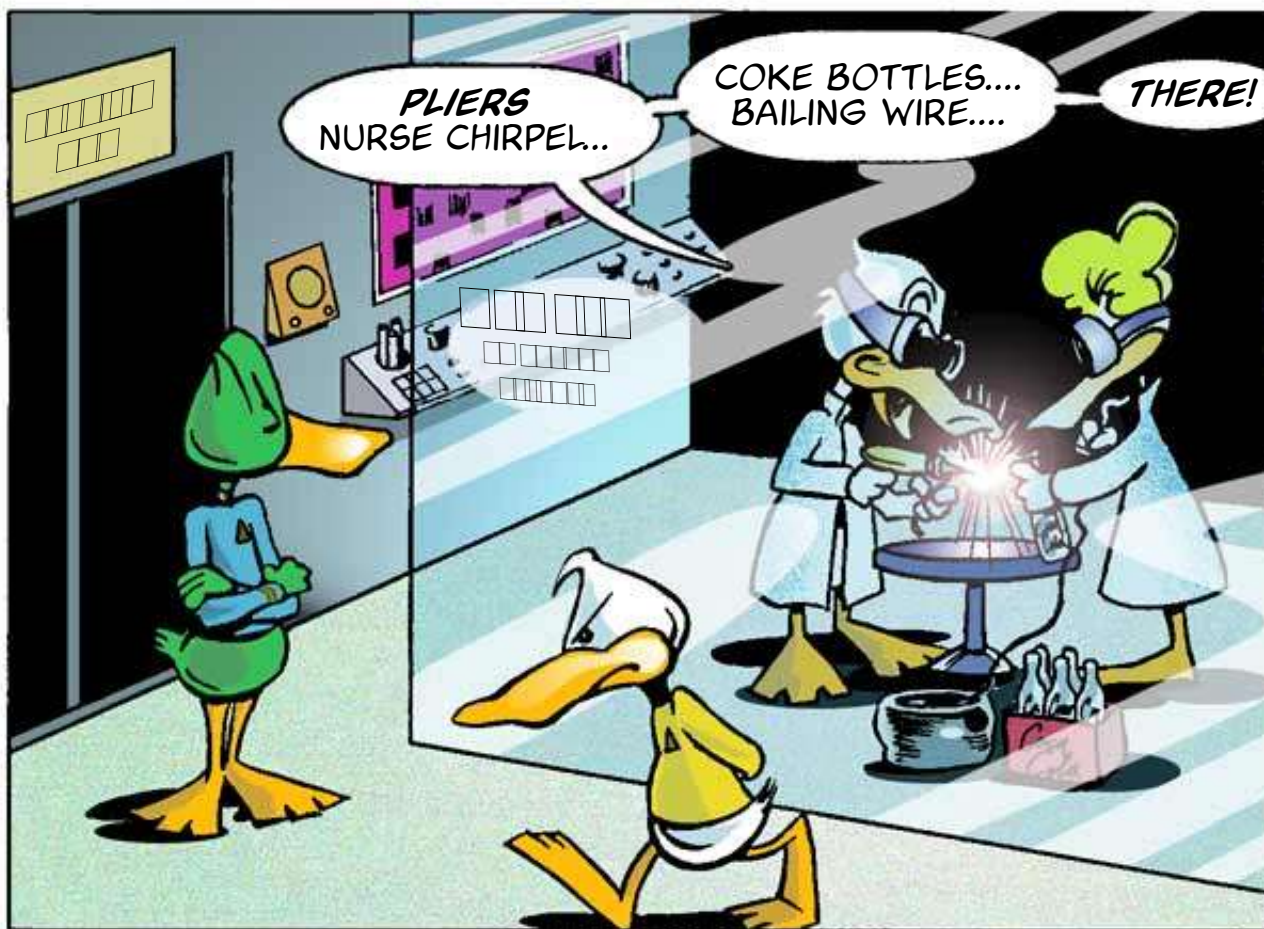














....AND NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON; THE HAWKON FLEET HAS ARRIVED. I KNOW WHAT MUST BE DONE!

JIM!  
WHERE ARE YOU  
GOING IN *THAT*  
GET-UP?

OUT *THERE!*  
THE HAWKONS WILL  
BEGIN *SHELLING*  
SOON....

I'VE GOT TO  
SET UP THE  
*INVISO-SHIELD*  
TO COVER THE  
MYOPIAN'S  
*RETREAT!*

BUT- YOU'LL BE *KILLED!*

DUCKFLEET ORDERS!  
THERE'S *NO TURNING*  
*BACK!*  
BUT- *WADDLE ON!*  
THAT'S AN *ORDER!*

**BAWME!**

DUCK UNDER THE  
*INVISO-SHIELD!*

THOSE SHELLS;  
THEY'RE GRADE A  
*EXTRA LARGE!!!*

**YUCK!**

AS THE SHELLING BEGINS,  
DeCOY'S GLASSES HAVE  
THE DESIRED *EFFECT*; THE  
MOLES HEAD QUICKLY  
FOR THE *SHUTTLEBILL*....

IT'S *TRUE!*  
WE'RE UNDER  
*ATTACK!*

*HEAD FOR*  
THE *SHIP!*

*SOME, HOWEVER, REFUSE*  
TO *ACCEPT* WHAT THEY  
SEE....PREFERRING INSTEAD  
TO RETURN TO THEIR  
COMFORTABLE *BLINDNESS*....

HEY MAN!  
THIS IS TOO  
HEAVY!

I JUST  
WANT TO  
*PARTY!*

....AND *OTHERS*, TRAGICALLY, ARE  
FROZEN INTO *FEAR* BY THE TRUTH!

GO ON!  
GO TO THE  
*SHIP!*

*NO!*  
WE'LL BE  
*SPLATTERED*  
OUT THERE!

YOU ARE  
MISTAKEN.  
OUR  
*CAPTAIN*  
WILL  
PROTECT  
YOU!

**KA-BLOOE!**

HOW DO YOU  
*KNOW* HE WILL?

FOLLOW ME BRETHREN!  
DON'T LISTEN TO THE  
*HARD-NOSED ONES!*

WHAT CAN WE  
DO SQUAWK?

WE CANNOT  
*FORCE* THEM  
TO SAFETY  
DOCTOR!  
THEY MUST  
CHOOSE FOR  
*THEMSELVES!*

WE CAN  
PROTECT  
*OURSELVES*  
WITH THIS  
MYSTIC  
*CHANT!*

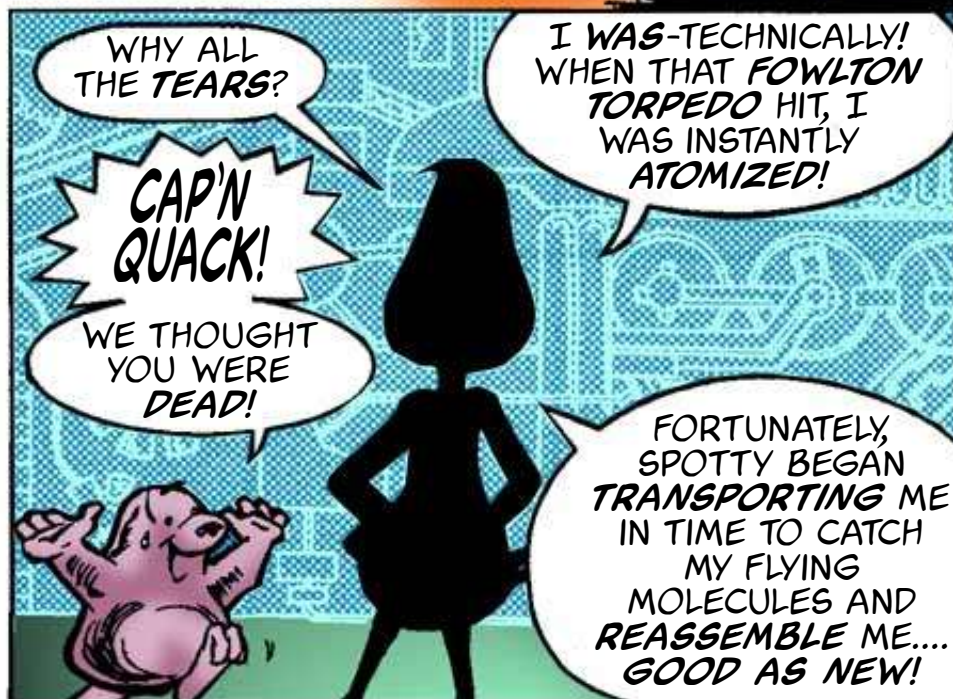
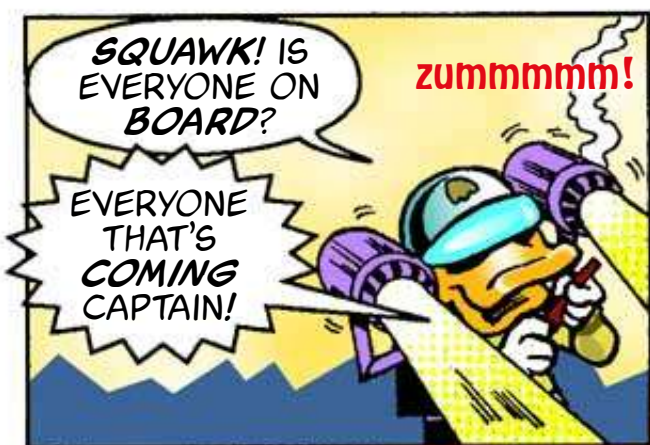
A-WAMP-BOP-  
A-LOO-BOP-  
A-WAMP-BAM-BOOM!  
*TUTTI FRUTTI!*

I DON'T  
*SEE* ANY  
*"SHIELD"*  
OUT THERE!

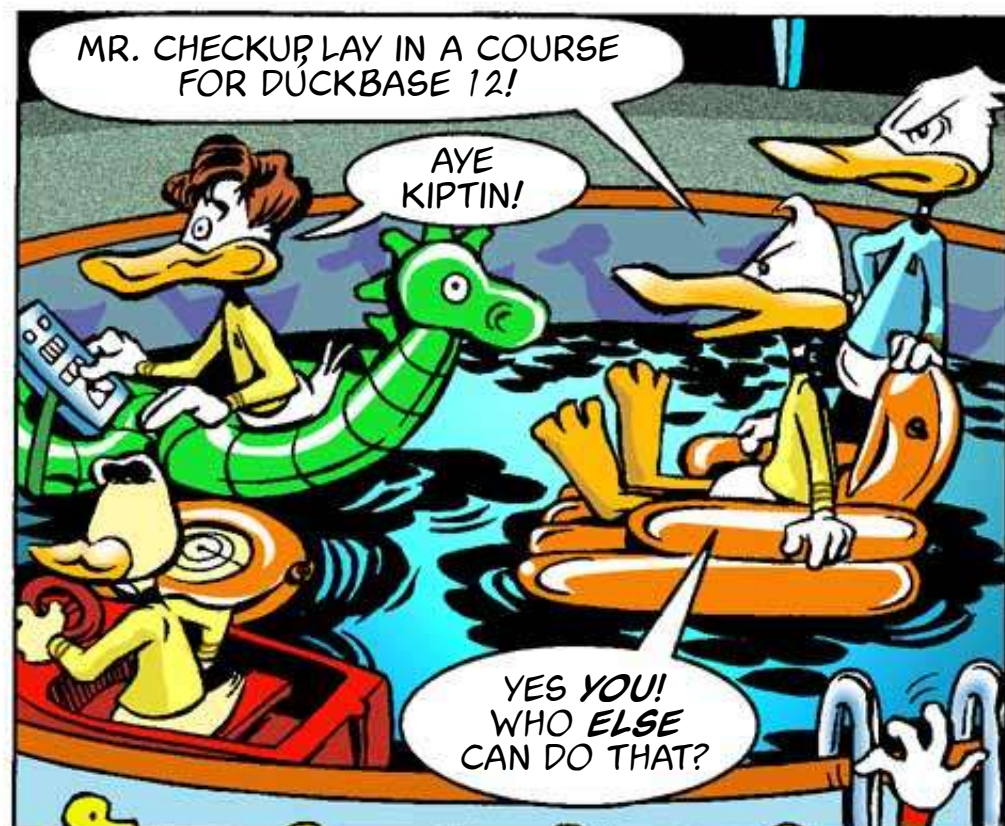
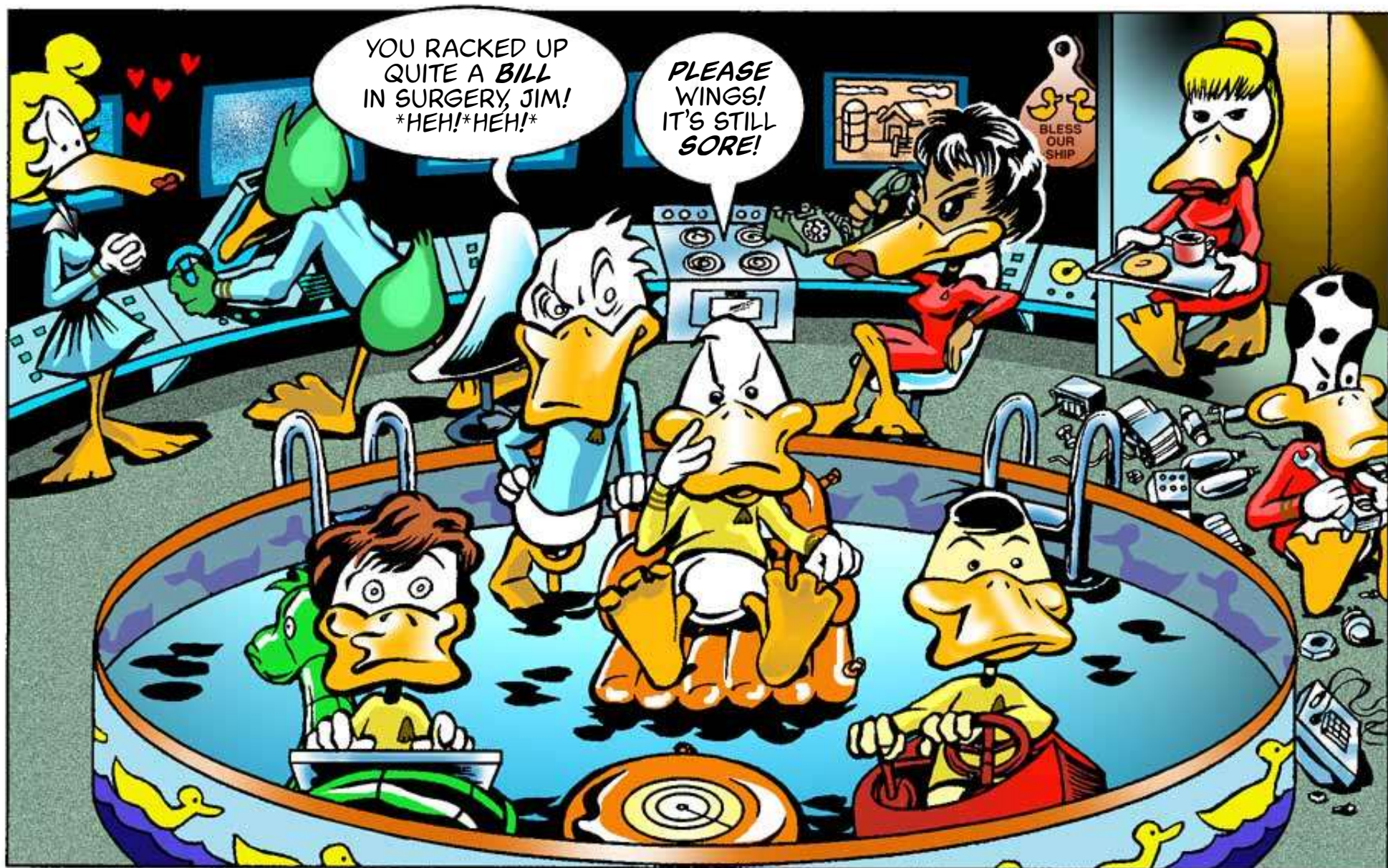
WE'RE BETTER  
OFF IN OUR  
OWN *TUNNELS!*

THEN WE'VE  
DONE ALL  
WE CAN....  
LET'S *WADDLE*  
OUT OF  
HERE!



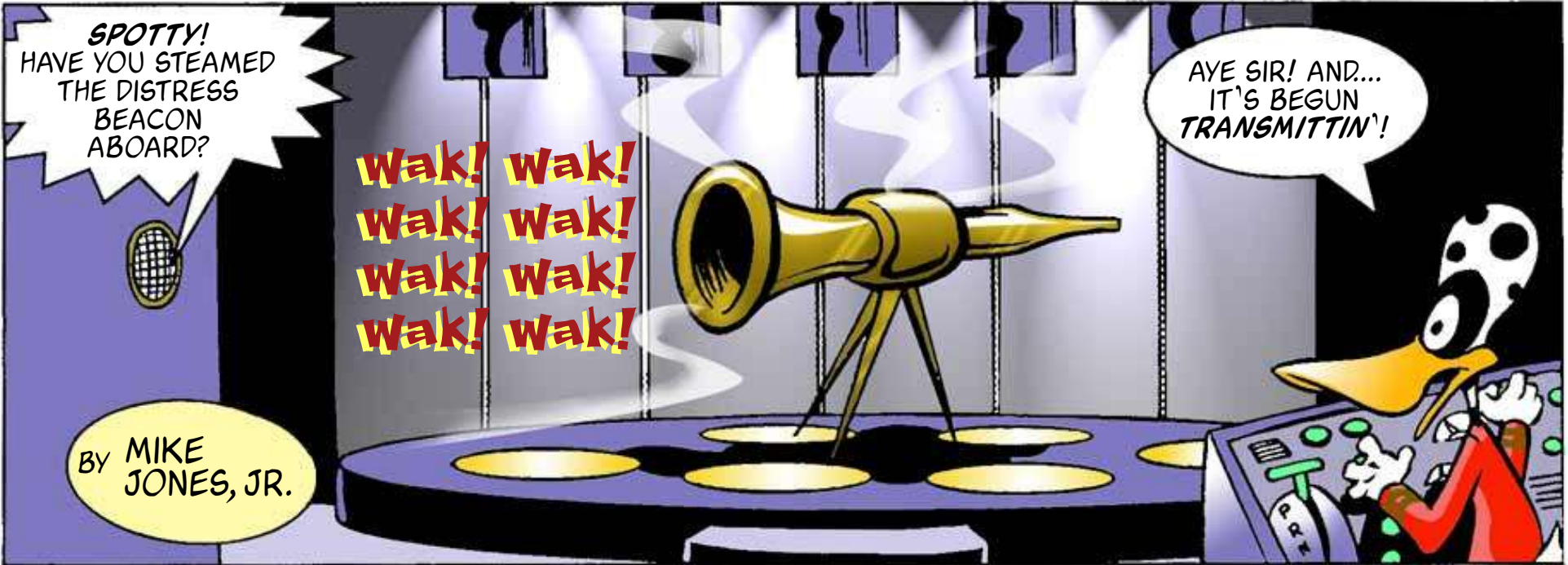
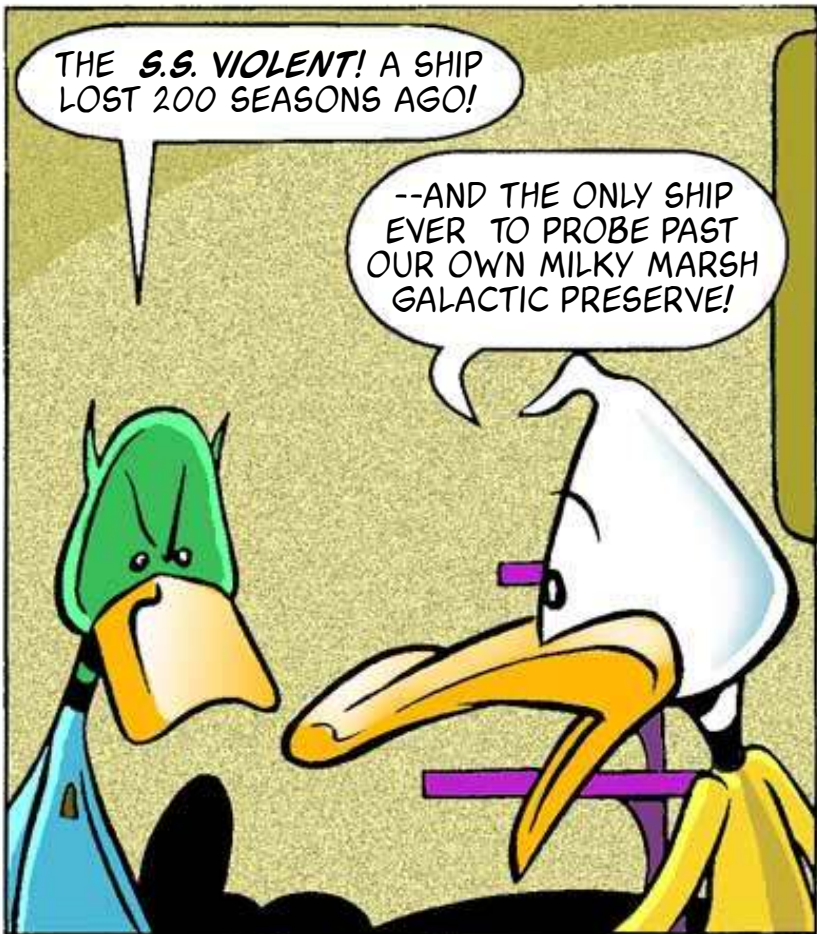
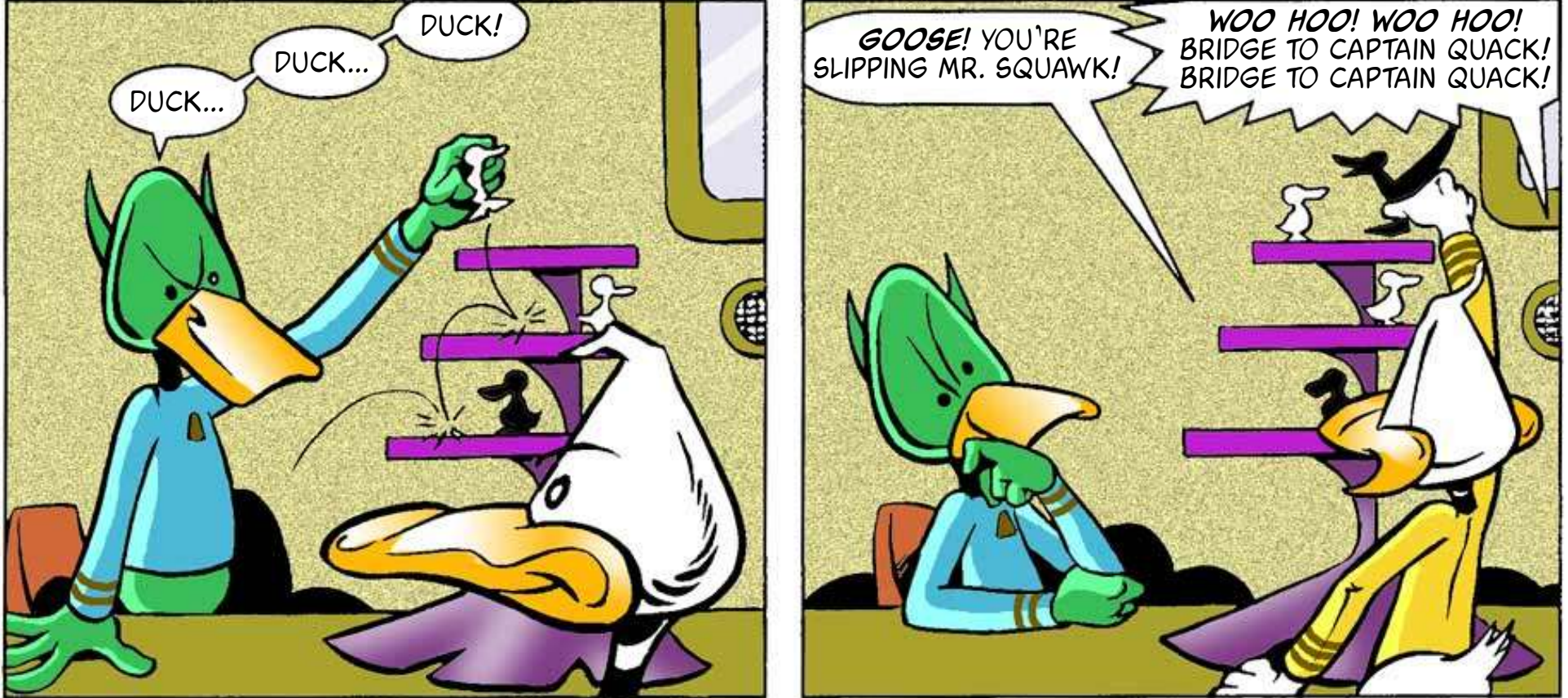








THE IMPOSSIBLE HAS HAPPENED. I'M WINNING MY FAVORITE GAME AGAINST MY SCIENCE OFFICER, MR. SQUAWK.

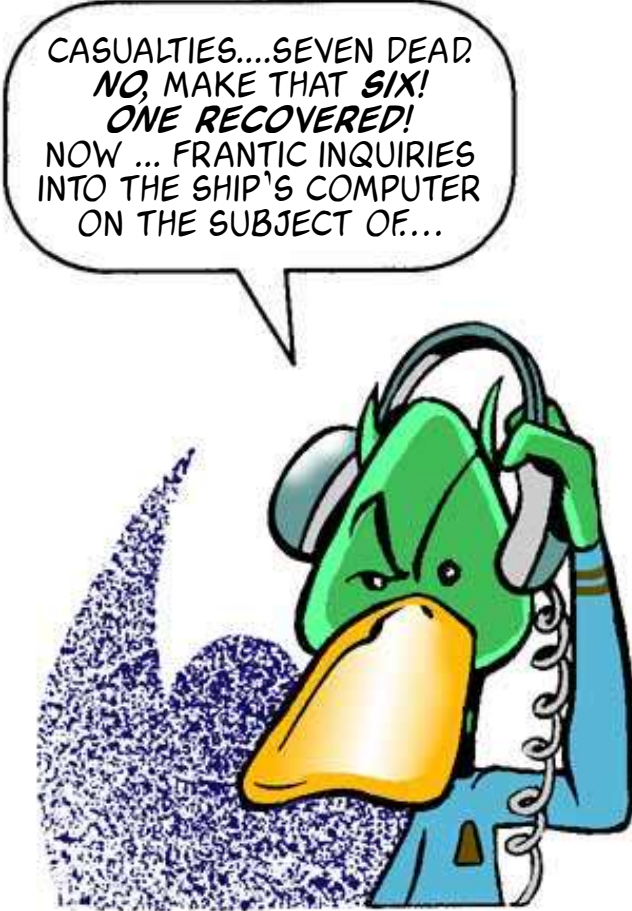
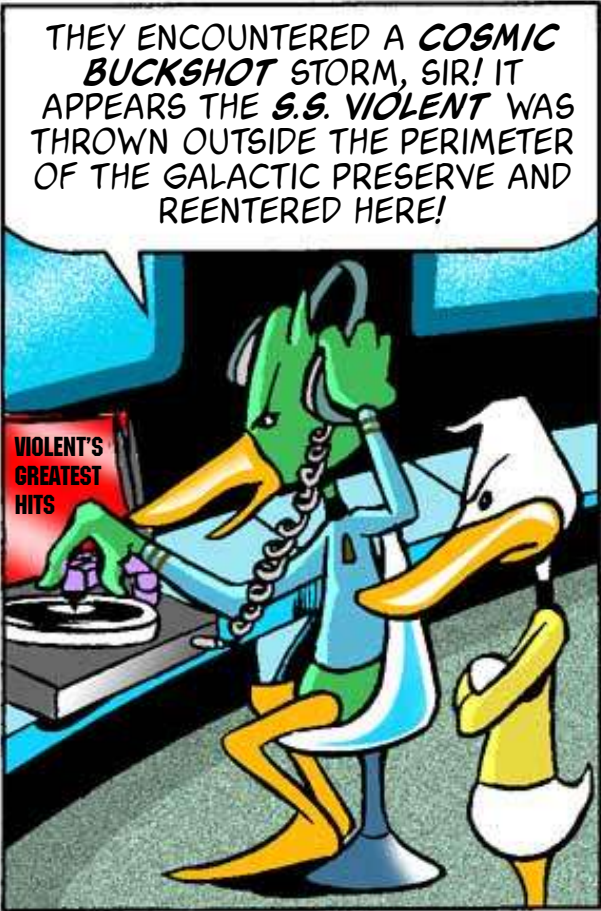
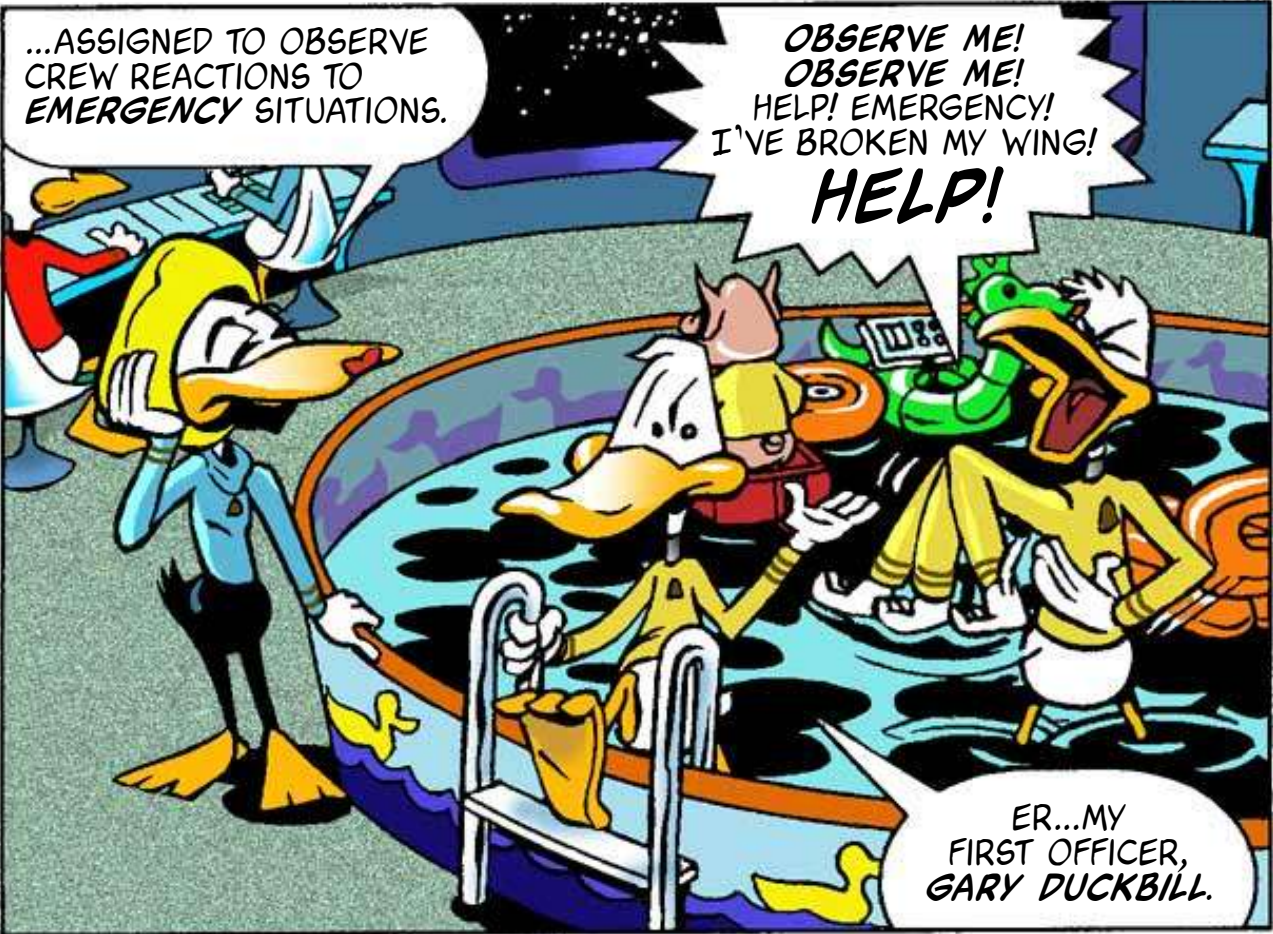


A STAR QUACK *CLASSIC*; THE FIRST IN A SERIES OF TALES WHICH SHOULD SEEM VAGUELY *FAMILIAR*.....

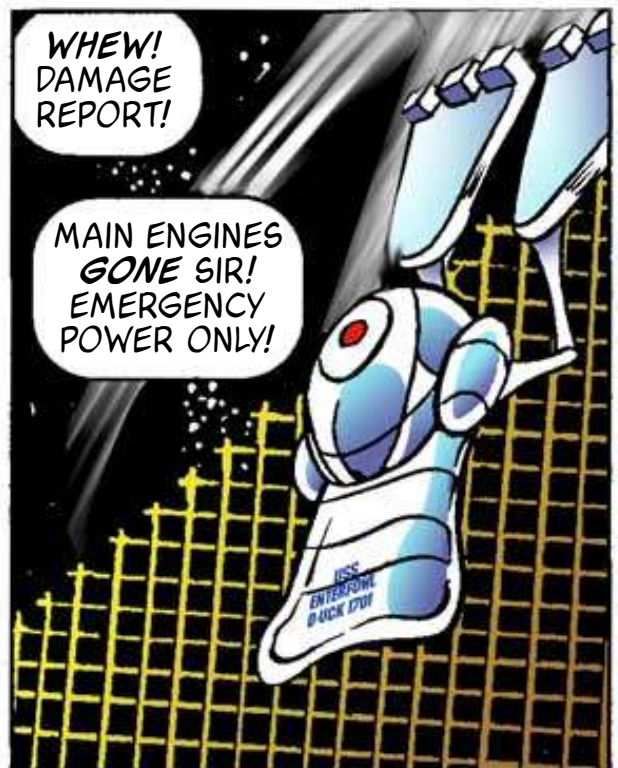
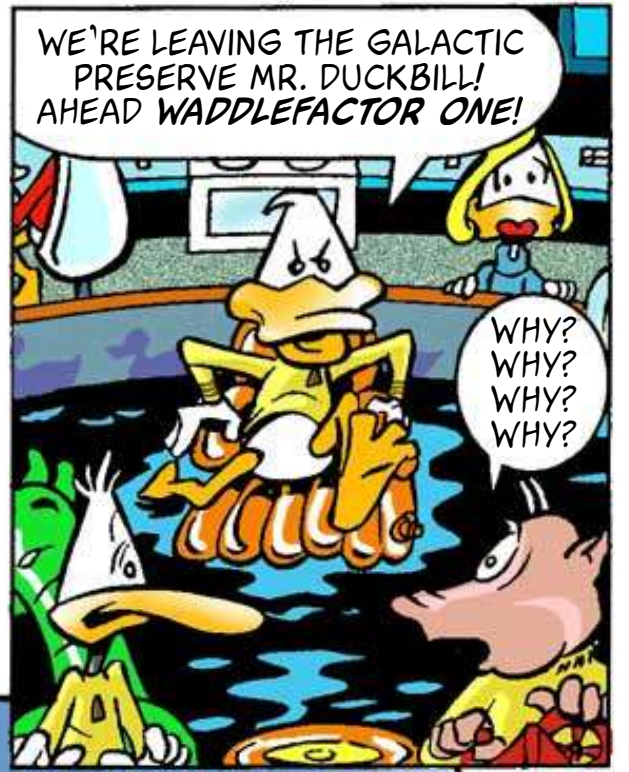




WHILE SQUAWK ANALYZES THE VIOLENT'S RECORDED MESSAGE, I'M MAKING THE ACQUAINTANCE OF NEW CREW MEMBER **ELIZABETH DOWNER**, DOCTOR OF PSYCHOLOGY.









WE ARE LIMPING BACK TO FEDERATION SPACE ON AUXILIARY POWER ONLY, AND THE **LADIES AUXILIARY** IS NONE TOO PLEASED. THE QUESTION TO BE ANSWERED NOW IS, WHAT DESTROYED THE **VIOLENT**? THEY SURVIVED THE GALACTIC BARRIER JUST AS WE DID. AND WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO **GARY DUCKBILL**?



HERE'S THE AUTOPSY REPORT, CAPTAIN. APPARENTLY, ONLY THOSE WITH A HIGH DEGREE OF **B.O.** WERE AFFECTED BY THE BARRIER.

WHAT ABOUT YOU AND DUCKBILL?



I USE A LOT OF **PERFUME**, SIR, BUT **DUCKBILL** ....  
**PHEWW!!**

YEAH. NEVER **COULD** GET THAT GUY TO USE **COLOGNE**!



CAPTAIN, ITS OBVIOUS THAT THE SURVIVOR ON THE **VIOLENT** **ALSO** HAD **B.O.**, AND WAS ENOUGH OF A DANGER FOR ITS CAPTAIN TO GIVE THE ORDER TO **SELF-DESTRUCT**!

BUT- BUT **B.O.** ISN'T **DANGEROUS**!

ALL THE SAME **DR. DOWNER**....



"I'M GOING TO PAY DUCKY A VISIT!"

**KNOCK! KNOCK!**

HELLO JIM!  
C'MON IN!



GOOD TO SEE YOU LOOKING SO....

"IN THE PINK?"

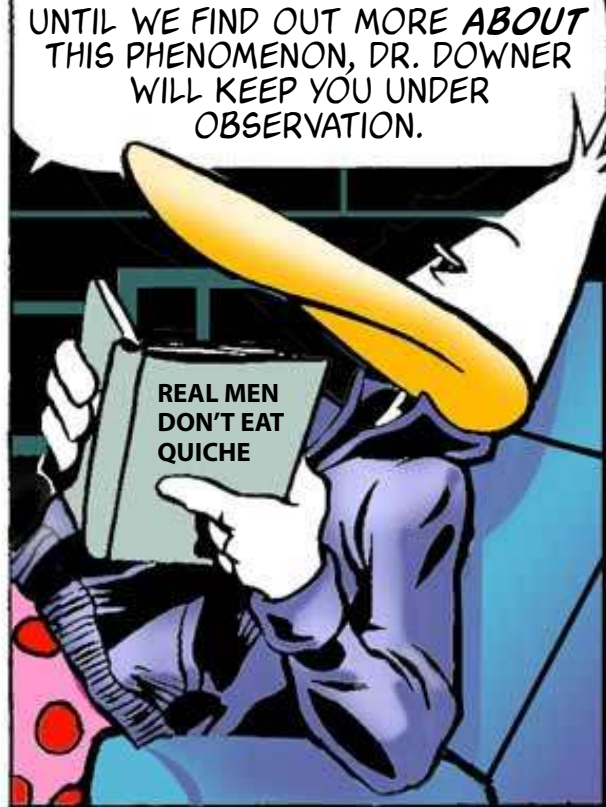
HA! HA!

**SO!**  
WHEN DO I GO BACK TO WORK?



IN A FEW DAYS I SUPPOSE. UNTIL WE FIND OUT MORE **ABOUT** THIS PHENOMENON, **DR. DOWNER** WILL KEEP YOU UNDER **OBSERVATION**.

REAL MEN  
DON'T EAT  
QUICHE



THAT'S NOT VERY **KIND** CAPTAIN!  
DON'T YOU BELIEVE IN BEING  
....**KIND** TO ANIMALS?

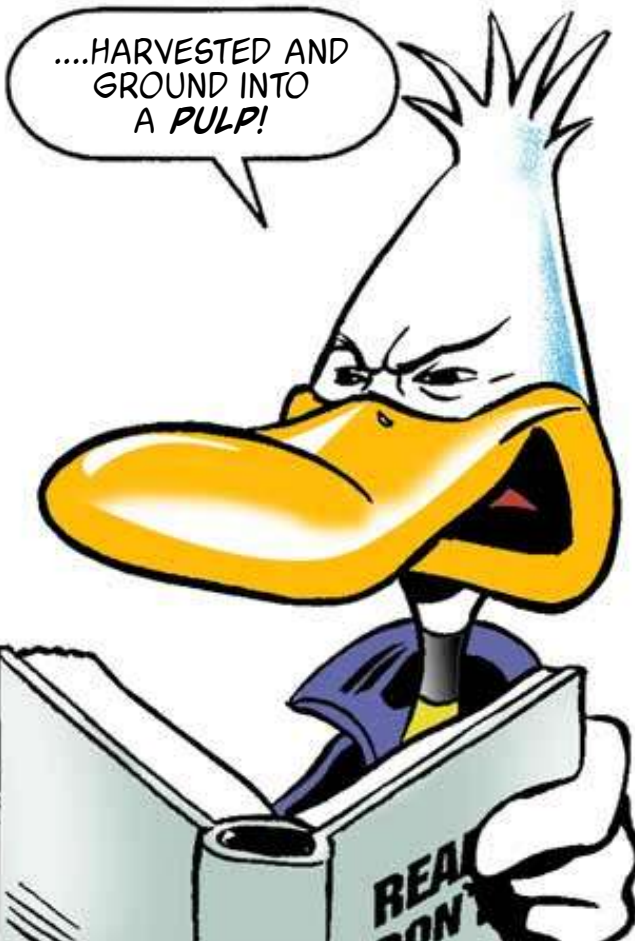






ER....  
SO WHAT  
ARE YOU  
READING?

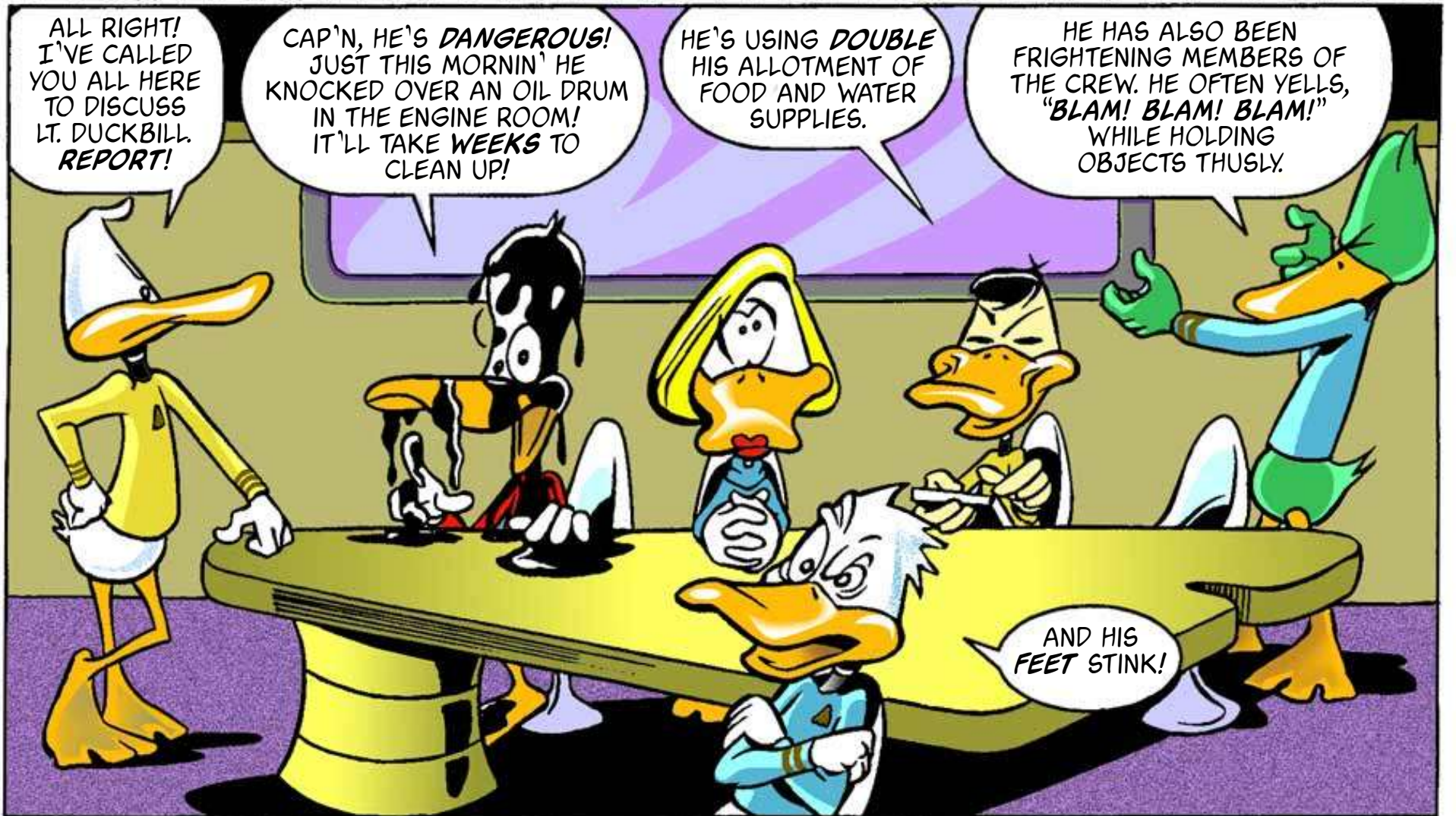
**BOOKS**  
FRIEND CAPTAIN!  
BOOKS MADE OF  
**PAPER** WHICH  
COMES FROM  
**TREES**....



....HARVESTED AND  
GROUND INTO  
A **PULP**!



SAY...  
WHAT DO YOU  
THINK OF MY  
**LEATHER**  
**JACKET**?



ALL RIGHT!  
I'VE CALLED  
YOU ALL HERE  
TO DISCUSS  
LT. DUCKBILL  
**REPORT!**

CAP'N, HE'S **DANGEROUS!**  
JUST THIS MORNIN' HE  
KNOCKED OVER AN OIL DRUM  
IN THE ENGINE ROOM!  
IT'LL TAKE **WEEKS** TO  
CLEAN UP!

HE'S USING **DOUBLE**  
HIS ALLOTMENT OF  
FOOD AND WATER  
SUPPLIES.

HE HAS ALSO BEEN  
FRIGHTENING MEMBERS OF  
THE CREW. HE OFTEN YELLS,  
"**BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!**"  
WHILE HOLDING  
OBJECTS THUSLY.

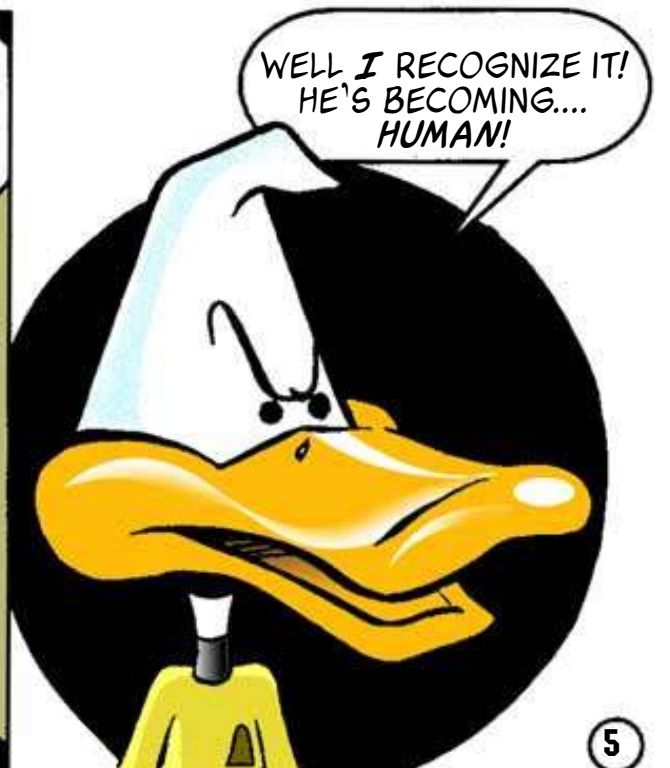
AND HIS  
**FEET STINK!**



BUT GARY'S SO  
**WONDERFUL!**  
NO ONE'S BEEN  
HURT HAVE THEY?

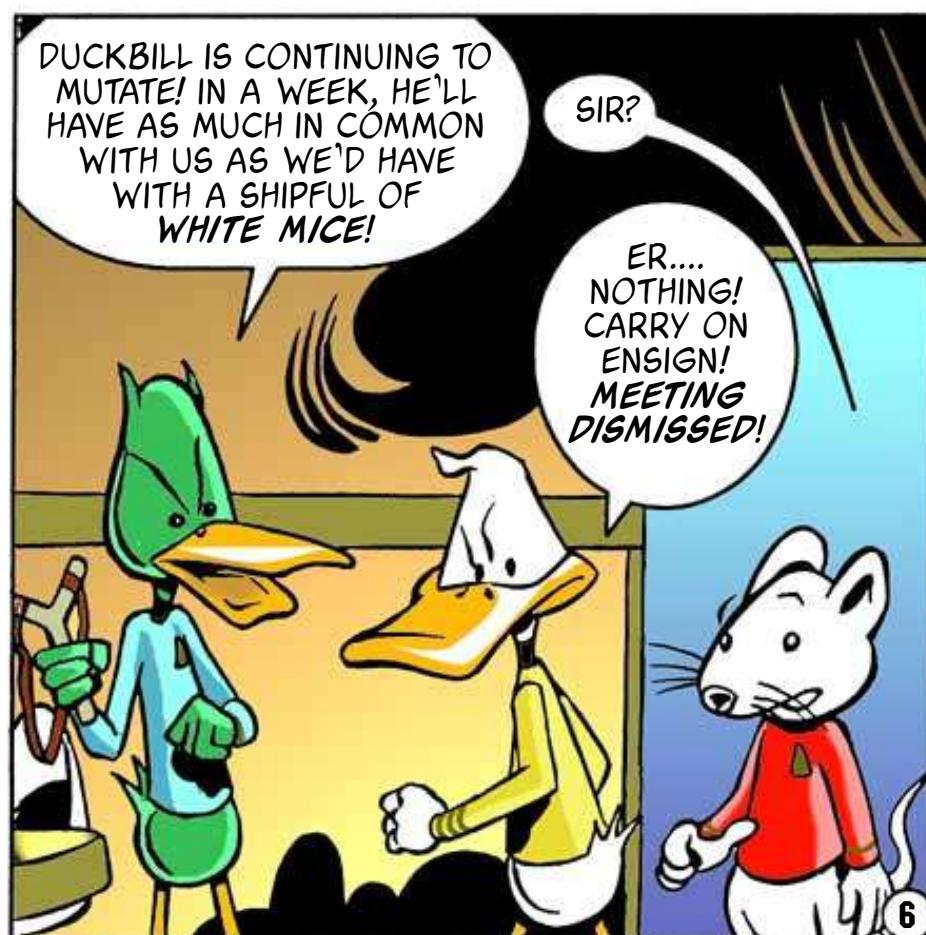
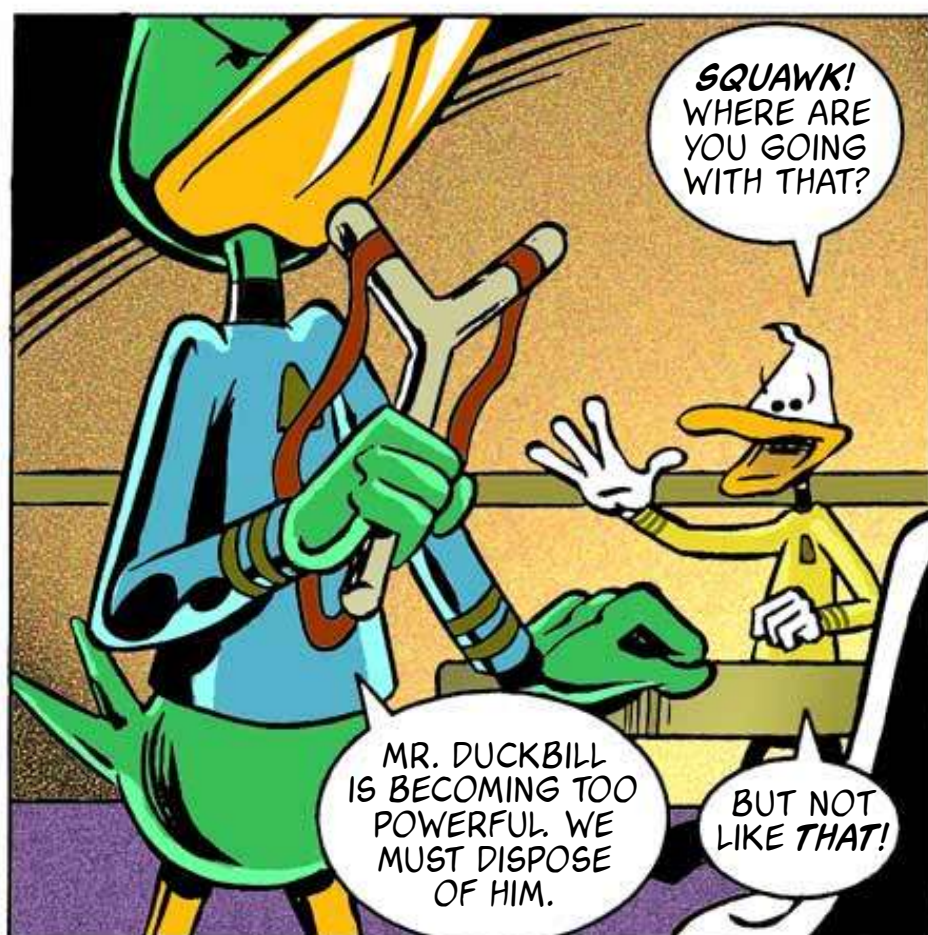
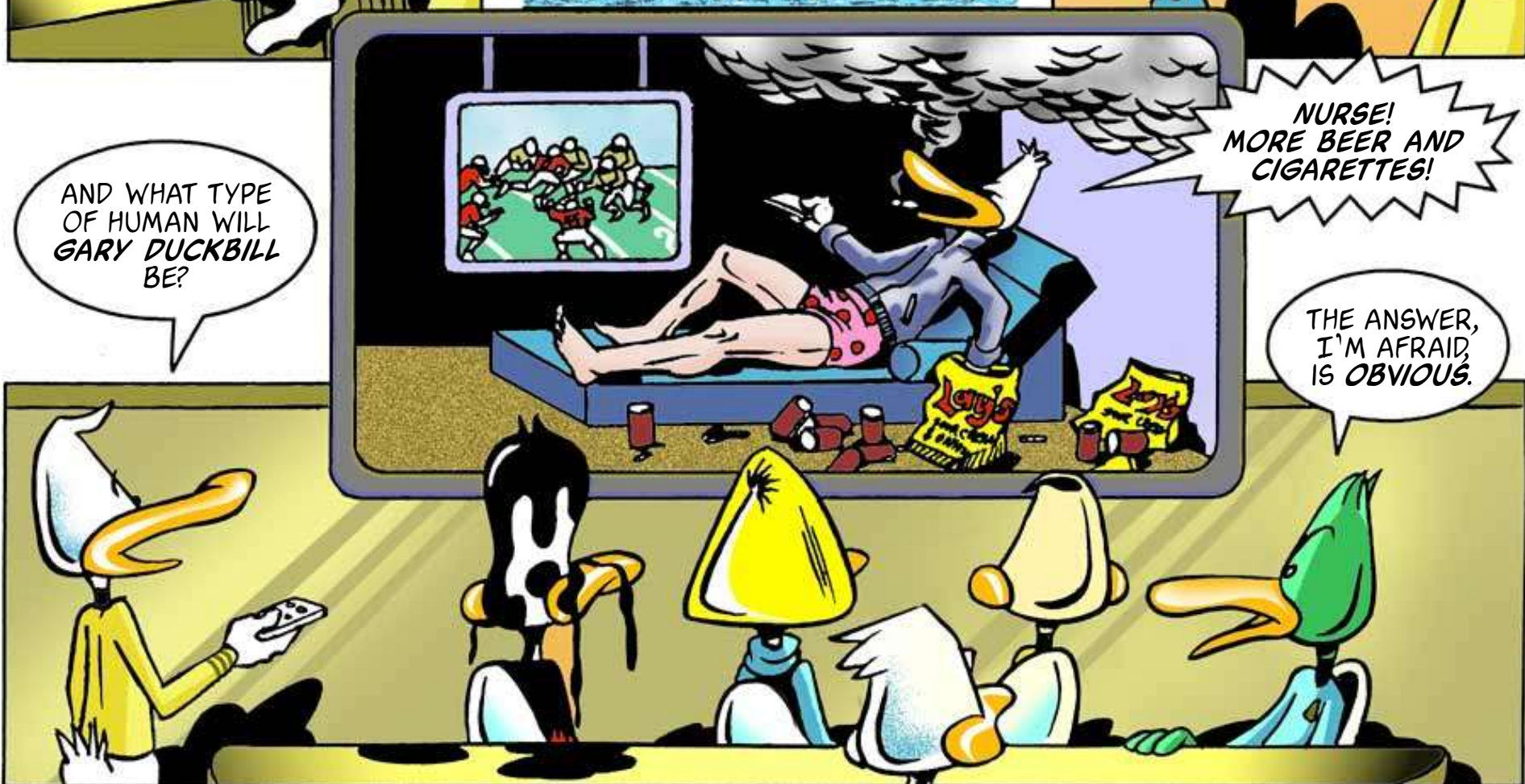
DR. DOWNER, WE MUST  
REMEMBER OUR SUBJECT IS  
**NOT** GARY DUCKBILL, BUT  
RATHER WHAT HE IS  
MUTATING **INTO**....

....A **SUPERIOR**  
**LIFE FORM** OF  
SOME KIND WHICH  
I DO NOT  
RECOGNIZE.



WELL I RECOGNIZE IT!  
HE'S BECOMING....  
**HUMAN!**

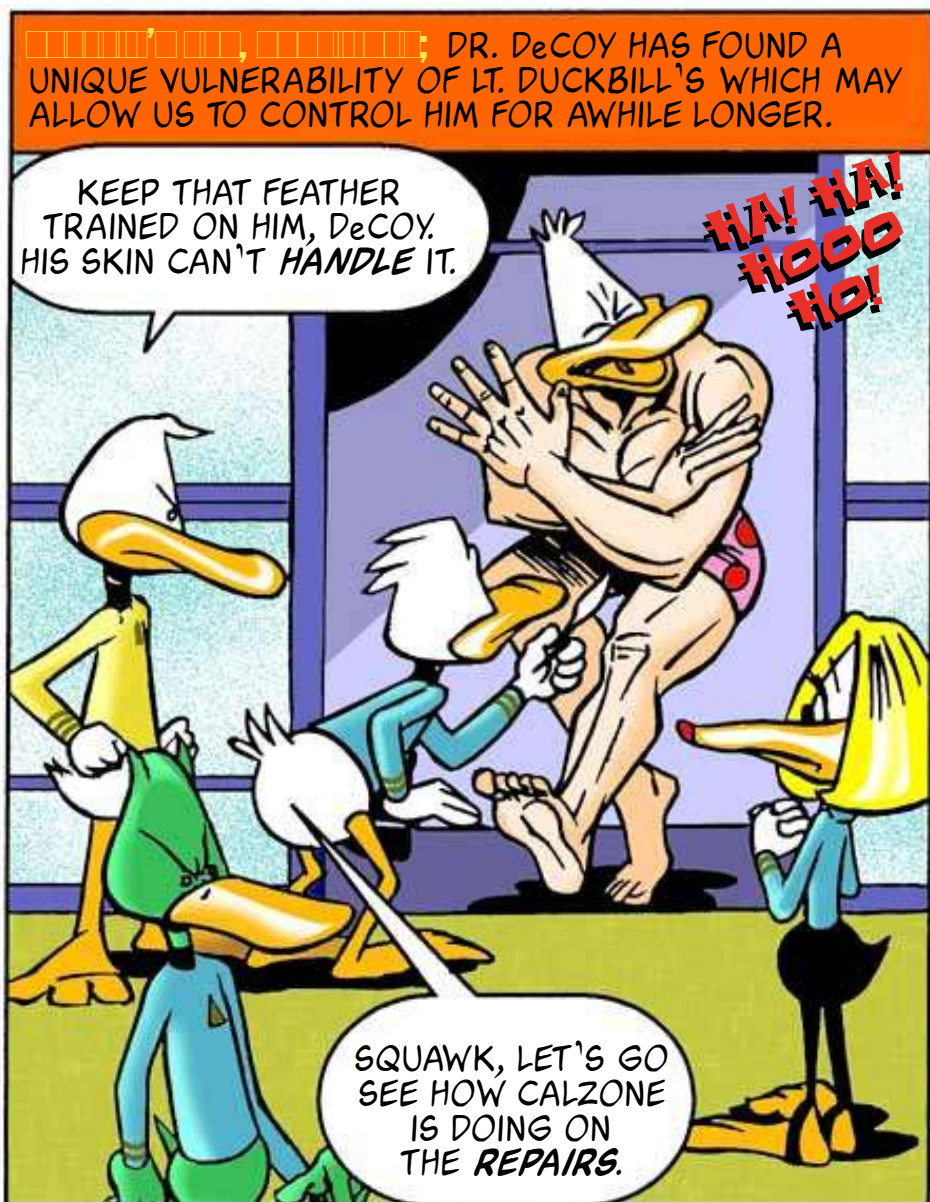
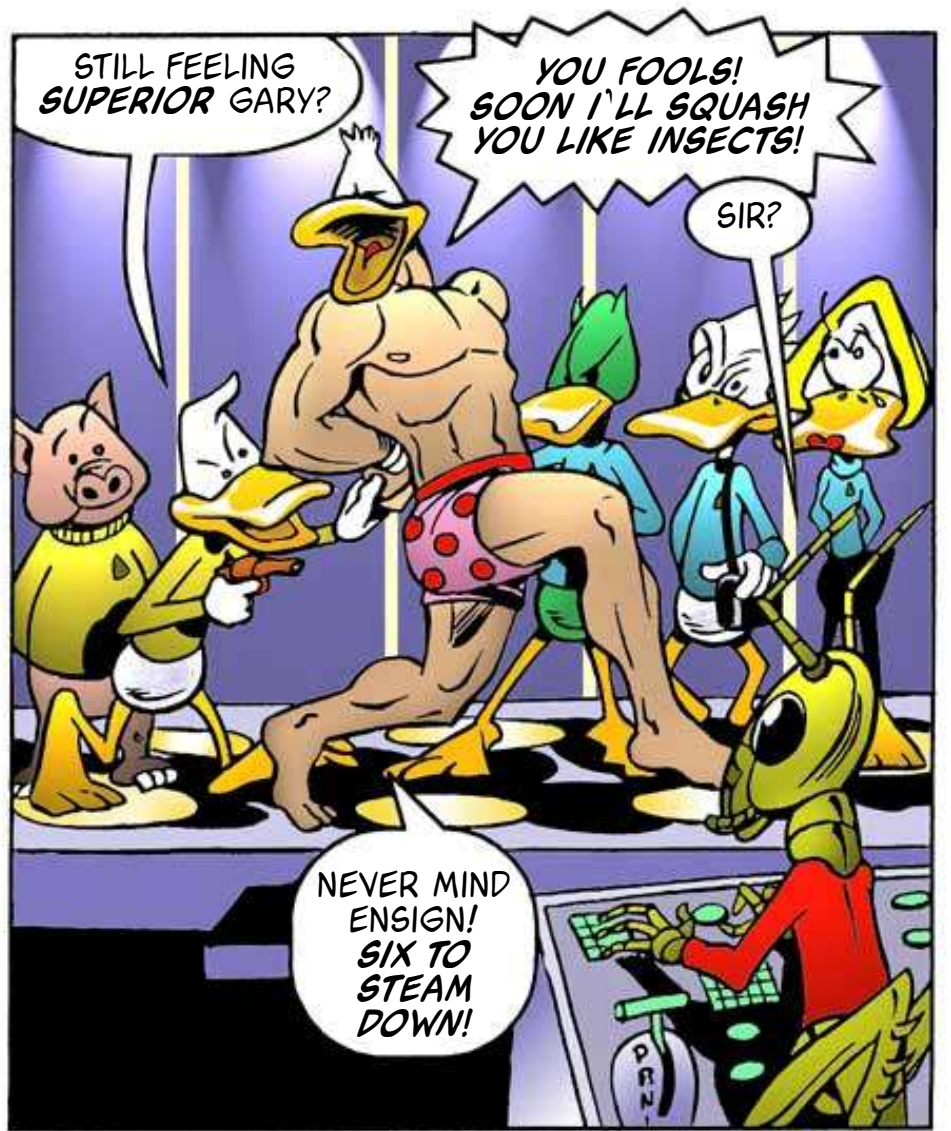
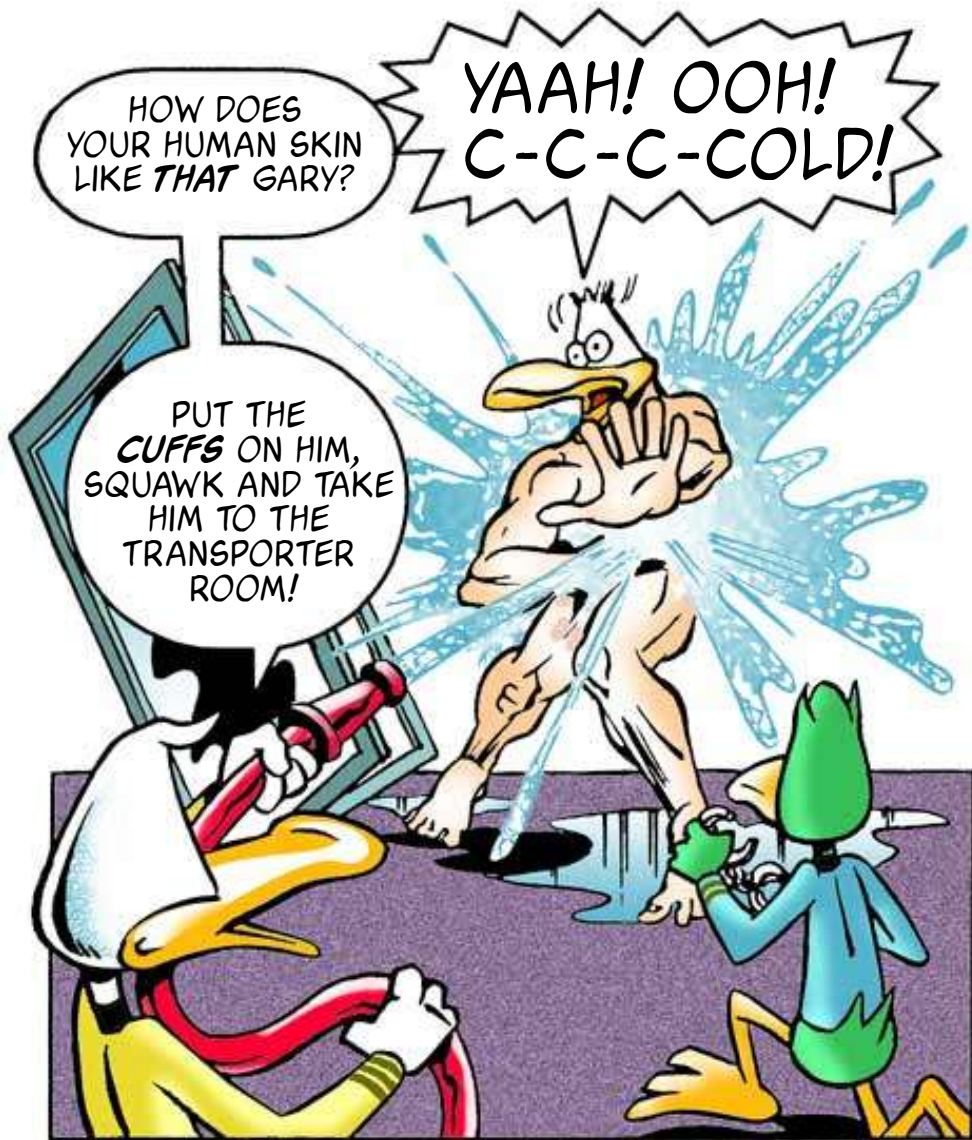








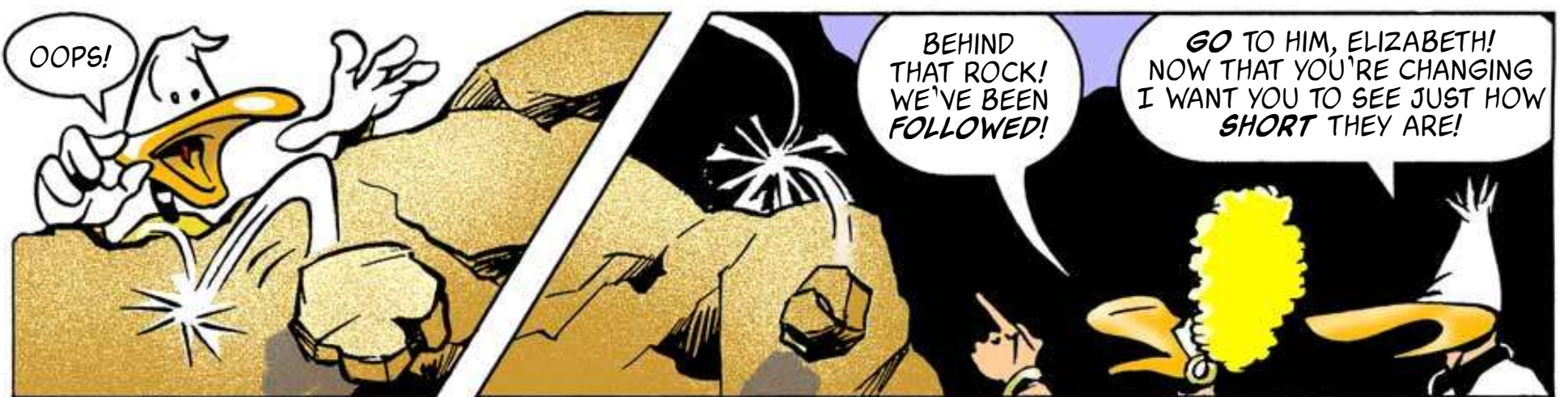
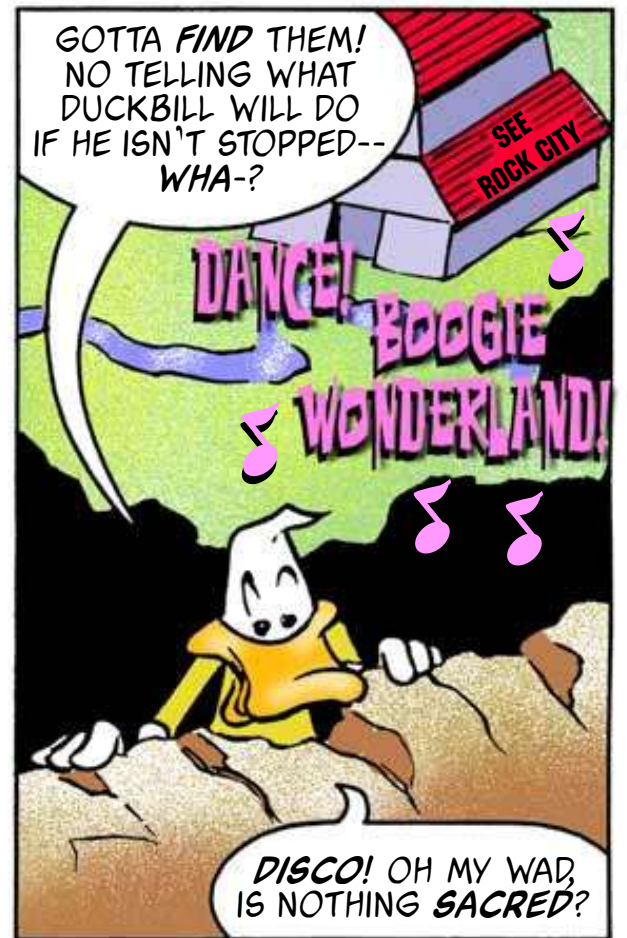














# CAN YOU BLAME HER, JIM?

AS SHAKESPOOR *HIMSELF* SAID,  
"WHAT A PIECE OF WORK IS *MAN*!  
HOW NOBLE IN REASON!  
HOW INFINITE IN FACULTIES!  
THE BEAUTY OF THE WORLD!  
THE PARAGON OF ANIMALS!"

YOU'VE GOT A HUMAN'S POWERS, YES,  
BUT YOU'RE STILL A *DUCK*!  
WITH A DUCK'S MORAL FRAILTY!  
A DUCK'S YELLOW BILL!  
A DUCK'S PEA-SIZED  
**BRAIN!**

I SEE YOU CHOOSE TO JOIN YOUR *COMPANIONS* ON  
MY *MANTLEPIECE*!

JAMES T.  
QUACK

LEE  
CALZE

*CALZONE!* I THOUGHT  
I SMELLED BACON FRYING!

MURRAY  
HEIFFERNAN

AND ENSIGN *HEIFFERNAN* HAS BEEN MISSING SINCE  
THE DAY YOU SHOWED ME YOUR LEATHER JACKET!

YOU  
IMMORAL  
**FIEND!**

AH, BUT I MUST  
HAVE AN ETHICAL  
LAPSE EVERY NOW  
AND THEN!  
AFTER ALL....

"TO ERR  
IS *HUMAN*!"

**HA! HA! HA! HA!**

NOW IT'S TIME TO  
DOMESTICATE YOU!  
**FETCH BOY!**

**DOWNER!**

DO YOU LIKE  
WHAT YOU SEE?

NOW  
**ROLL OVER!**

THERE'LL  
ONLY BE  
*ONE* OF YOU  
IN THE  
END!

REMEMBER,  
"ABSOLUTE  
POWER...."

"IS WORTH.... *TWO IN THE BUSH!*"

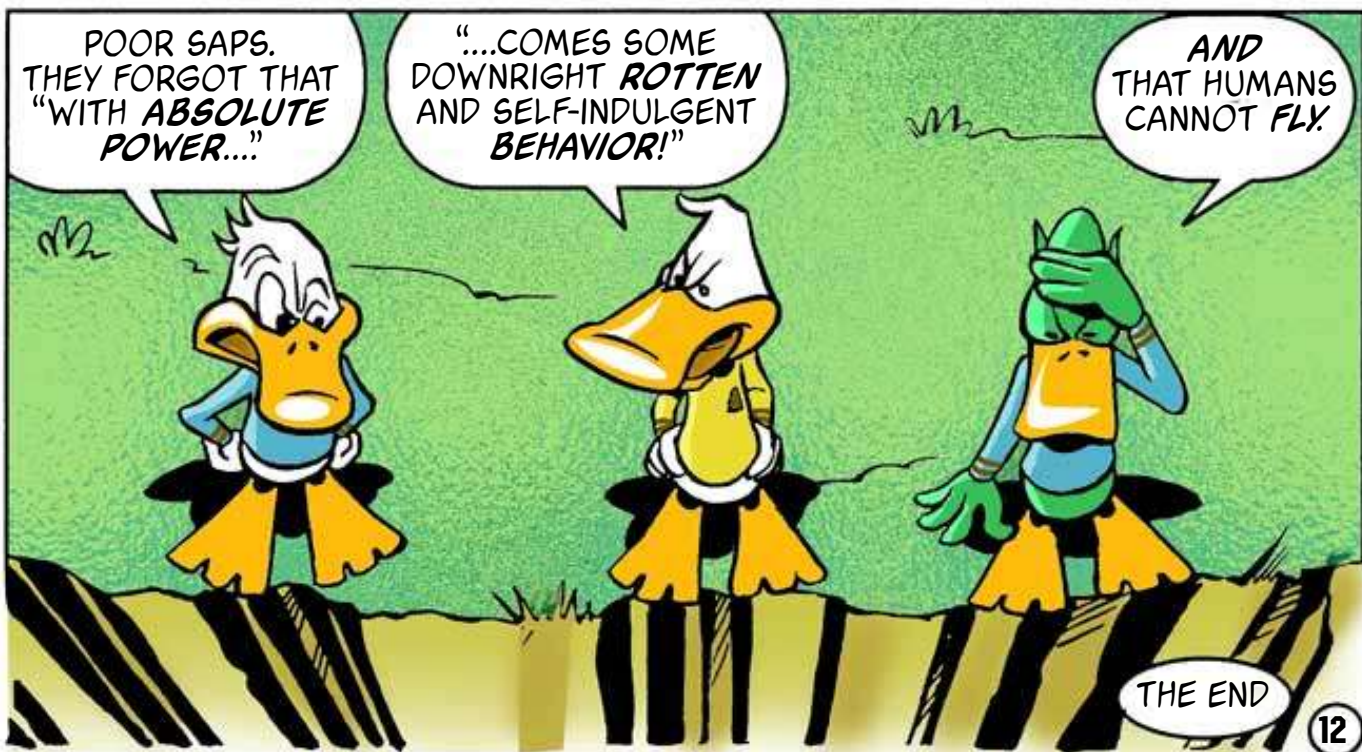
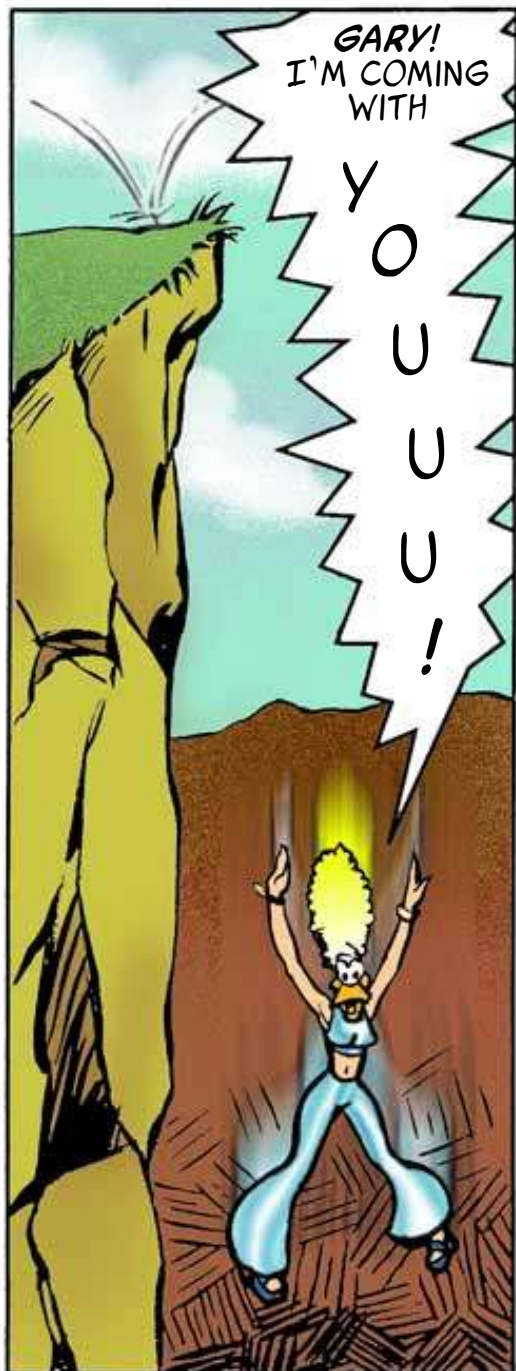
NOW JIM,  
PLAY *DEAD!*

**SHOOT THE DUCK!  
SHOOT THE DUCK!**

**BLAM!**

WOW!  
WHAT A  
SHOT....









## Frequently Asked Questions About Star Quack

Well, okay. No one's actually asking ANY questions about Star Quack yet since this is the first issue, but what follows are some questions I would ask if I weren't me! Hopefully by issue #3 we can replace this with an actual letters page. (Hint; write some letters to [mikejonesjr@hotmail.com](mailto:mikejonesjr@hotmail.com))

### 1. Where did Star Quack come from?

Way back in the late eighties, I was in graduate school at Louisiana Tech University in the graphic design program. One of my most enjoyable experiences there was being a teaching assistant in a class on cartooning taught by then Tech photography professor and comics connoisseur Dan Younger. The culmination of the class was the actual printing of a 32 page black and white comic book with a color cover entitled "Burn This Comic". Most people took the title literally, and so few of the original 1000 copies exist today.

Each member of the class contributed pages and my contribution was a 4-page story entitled "Star Quack". This story was a much-abbreviated version of "None Are So (Duck) Blind" which is featured in this very issue. If you want to know what was different, imagine pages 1,2,3,6, and 9 deleted, and the other sequences crammed together in a very tight 4 pages. Needing an idea quickly, I had started with the pun of "Dr. DeCoy" and progressed from there in a fevered frenzy of creation until Star Quack was born.

This was in early 1988, and there weren't many Star Trek parodies yet. In fact, the only ones I knew of were the Saturday Night Live version and "Pigs in Space". Since then, of course, there have been more parodies created than can be counted, some even involving ducks (much to my heartache and sorrow). These parodies include episodes of Duckman, Tiny Toon Adventures, and a very funny web comic called Melonpool.

I went on to follow my career of being a college professor of graphic design when in 1993 a contest in Animation Magazine caught my eye. It was the first annual Cartoon Network/Animation Magazine Storyboard Contest, open to both professional animators and amateurs alike. I thought it would be a good chance to build up my storyboarding skills and revisit a concept I loved, so I revamped my original 4-page story, adding in new sequences. Out of over 700 entries, Star Quack won one of the 7 honorable mentions. Star Quack was also awarded the highest individual score by any one judge, so I felt encouraged to develop the idea further.

Other projects got in the way for several years, but I eventually completed a black and white version of this entire issue with the intention of self-publishing. Then I read **Reinventing Comics** by Scott McCloud and everything changed. If you haven't read this book yet, please do so. I also recommend Scott's first book, **Understanding Comics**. They are the most scholarly works on the art form of comics yet produced.

Anyway, **Reinventing Comics** got me excited about the possibilities of online publication of Star Quack. I had decided that self-publishing was a fairly expensive and risky proposition and Scott's vision of the future of the comics industry online was very enticing. The internet, with almost no overhead costs or financial risk, offered the capability of working in color, and seemed a perfect home for Star Quack. In his references McCloud mentioned a site called Comicon.com, which I explored and there discovered a link to something called **Unbound Comics**. Amazingly, here was a company actually trying to implement some of McCloud's visions of comics' future; diversity of genre, direct connection between creators and readers, and low financial risk. I submitted my work to them and the result is what you are now reading on your monitor screen!

I'm very excited about the issues to come. If you've read this far, you can see that I've had 13 years for story ideas to percolate in my brain! I really think that the story possibilities for Star Quack are endless and I can't wait to spring them on you! Boldly waddle with me in the upcoming months to see worlds and phenomena that no waterfowl has yet imagined....

Well, my space is up and I've only answered one of my questions. But there's so much more I want to know! Next issue I'll tackle a few more "FAQ's". I promise to have shorter responses and cover more ground. See you in January 2002!

**MIKE**

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**Next issue on sale, January 2002!**

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**Send letters about STAR QUACK to [mikejonesjr@hotmail.com](mailto:mikejonesjr@hotmail.com).**  
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# THE END

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