

# FEAR AGENT™

*Volume One*

**RE-IGNITION**

*Rick Remender*

*Tony Moore*

# OTHERWORLDLY ACTION!

**Publisher** ✨ **Mike Richardson**  
**Art Director** ✨ **Lia Ribacchi**  
**Designer** ✨ **M. Joshua Elliott**  
**Assistant Editor** ✨ **Katie Moody**  
**Editor** ✨ **Dave Land**

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## **FEAR AGENT VOLUME 1: RE-IGNITION**

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This book collects issues one through four of the comic-book series  
*Fear Agent*, originally published by Image Comics.





FREIGHTER FOURTEEN-BRAVO REQUESTING-- AGAIN, PERMISSION TO DOCK. DO YOU READ, TRADE PAVILION?

COME IN! DON'T YOU DUMMIES SPEAK NO COMMON?!?



BIGGEST DAMN SPACE STATION IN THE ENTIRE QUAD AND THERE AIN'T ONE DAMN PERSON OPING DOCK CONTROL!



HELL WITH 'EM. I GOT A LOAD TO DROP SO I CAN GIT BACK TO THE RIZZAEEL SHIM RACES.



WHAT IN THE HELL IS GOIN' ON HERE?

THEY WOULDN'TA SHUT THIS ENTIRE STATION DOWN FER CUZ OF A WARP-WRECK.





THE PLANET  
FRAZTERGA...

THIS MORNING, ANNIE WAKES ME  
FROM A GOOD DRUNK, TA TELL  
ME SHE READ ON THE UPLINK  
THAT THEY CHANGED THE  
KILLABLE ALIEN RATING--  
AGAIN.

IT'S NOW A DIRECT VIOLATION  
OF THE QUINTALA CONVENTION  
FOR ANY CLASS A, B, OR C TO  
CONSCIOUSLY KILL A CLASS D  
INTELLECT OR LOWER.

CLASS D--HELL, I KNOW  
SOME HUMANS THAT DON'T  
QUALIFY AS CLASS D.

THE ZLASFONS I'M LOOKING  
FOR ARE G CLASS--SO I'M  
IN SAFE LEGAL TERRITORY.

HOW SAFE AM I IN THE  
ZLASFON'S TERRITORY--  
THAT'S ANOTHER QUESTION  
ALTOGETHER.

WHEN WORKIN' A JOB  
LIKE THIS, I TRY'N  
RECOLLECT A PIECE OF  
WISDOM FROM MR.  
SAMUEL CLEMENS...

"THERE'RE SOME  
THINGS THAT CAN  
BEAT SMARTNESS  
'N' FORESIGHT.  
AWKWARDNESS 'N'  
STUPIDITY CAN.

"THE BEST SWORDSMAN  
IN THE WORLD DOESN'T  
NEED TO FEAR THE SECOND  
BEST SWORDSMAN IN  
THE WORLD...

"NO, THE PERSON FOR HIM  
TO BE AFRAID OF IS SOME  
IGNORANT ANTAGONIST  
WHO HAS NEVER HAD A  
SWORD IN HIS HAND  
BEFORE...

"HE DOESN'T DO THE THING  
HE OUGHT TO DO, AND SO  
THE EXPERT ISN'T  
PREPARED FOR HIM."



MY MOMMA MADE ME READ CLEMENS. SHE USED TO TELL ME I WAS A RECKLESS BOY AND I NEEDED PHILOSOPHY TO PREPARE ME FOR THE REAL WORLD.

I GUESS SHE COULDN'T HAVE KNOWN AT THE TIME THAT I'D END UP USIN' PHILOSOPHY TO HELP ME BE RECKLESS.



CASE IN POINT...

GRRR-OWWWWL!



OOOF!

THIS PRIMATE'S DISCOVERED THE VALUE OF GETTING IN THE FIRST PUNCH...



...UNFORTUNATELY, HE'S STILL TEN THOUSAND YEARS AWAY FROM DISCOVERING MOUTHWASH.



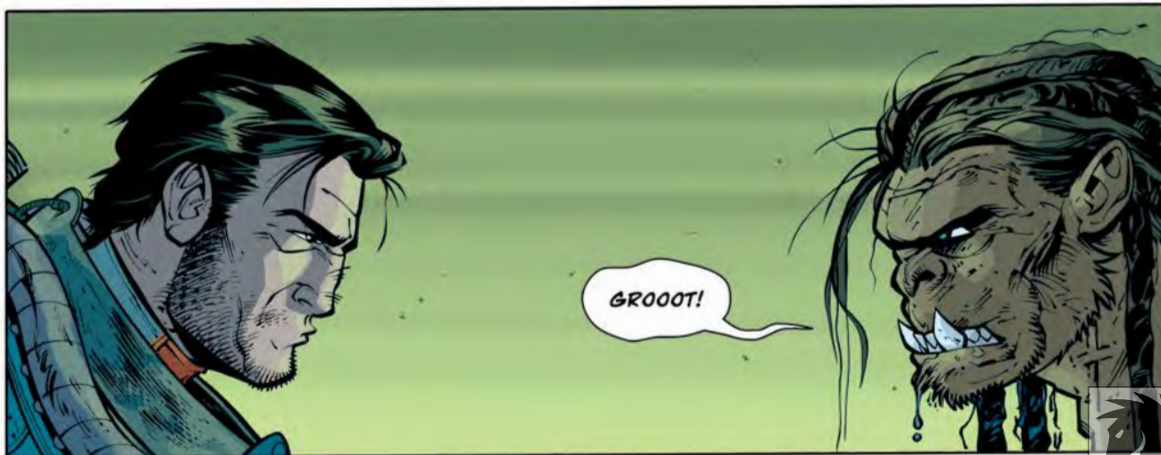
GROCK ?!

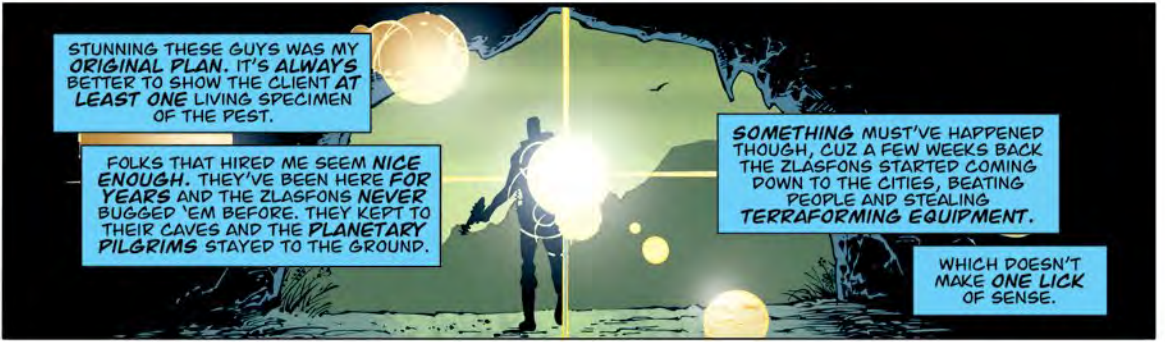
THEY TAKE AWAY MY "NICE GUY" OPTIONS BEFORE I EVEN HAVE A CHANCE.











STUNNING THESE GUYS WAS MY ORIGINAL PLAN. IT'S ALWAYS BETTER TO SHOW THE CLIENT AT LEAST ONE LIVING SPECIMEN OF THE PEST.

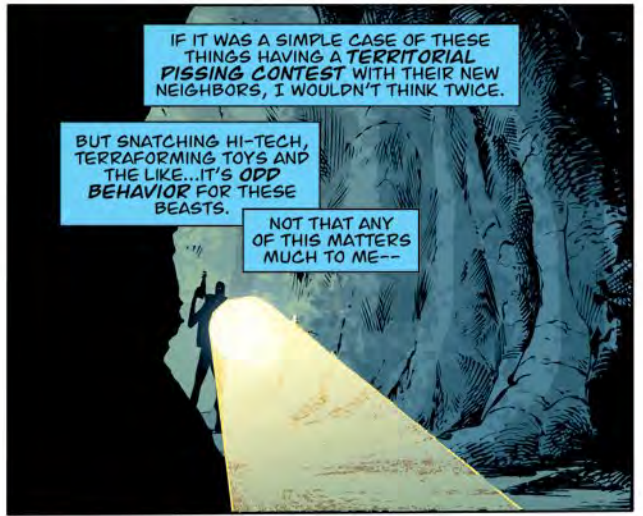
FOLKS THAT HIRED ME SEEM NICE ENOUGH. THEY'VE BEEN HERE FOR YEARS AND THE ZLASFONS NEVER BUGGED 'EM BEFORE. THEY KEPT TO THEIR CAVES AND THE PLANETARY PILGRIMS STAYED TO THE GROUND.

SOMETHING MUST'VE HAPPENED THOUGH, CUZ A FEW WEEKS BACK THE ZLASFONS STARTED COMING DOWN TO THE CITIES, BEATING PEOPLE AND STEALING TERRAFORMING EQUIPMENT.

WHICH DOESN'T MAKE ONE LICK OF SENSE.



THERE'S THE HEISTED EQUIPMENT.



IF IT WAS A SIMPLE CASE OF THESE THINGS HAVING A TERRITORIAL PISSING CONTEST WITH THEIR NEW NEIGHBORS, I WOULDN'T THINK TWICE.

BUT SNATCHING HI-TECH, TERRAFORMING TOYS AND THE LIKE...IT'S ODD BEHAVIOR FOR THESE BEASTS.

NOT THAT ANY OF THIS MATTERS MUCH TO ME--



PERFECT.



THIS DOES NOTHING TO HELP MY HANGOVER.

THE PRIMATES GOT THEMSELVES ONE HIGH FALUTIN' ROCKET SHIP.

AND I HAVE MYSELF ONE VERY EMPTY FLASK.



PROMISED ANNIE I'D FACE UP TA THIS ONE SOBER.

USE A WIDE BURST TO ACCOUNT FOR THE JITTERS.



MENTAL NOTE-- BILL FOR TIME AND A HALF.

**KLA-CLICK!**



ANNIE TELLS ME AT TWENTY DEGREES, ZLASFONS FALL INTO HIBERNATION.



OOGHAAH...!

I KNOCK 'EM DOWN TO TEN FOR GOOD MEASURE.

FOOSH

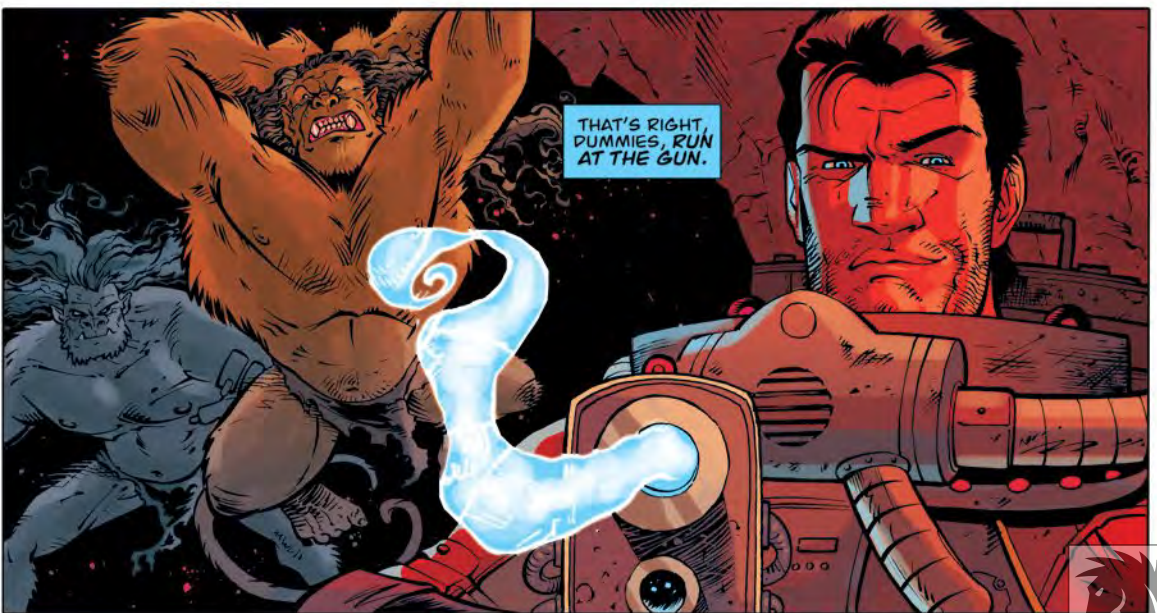


THEY RUSH AT ME IN A PACK.

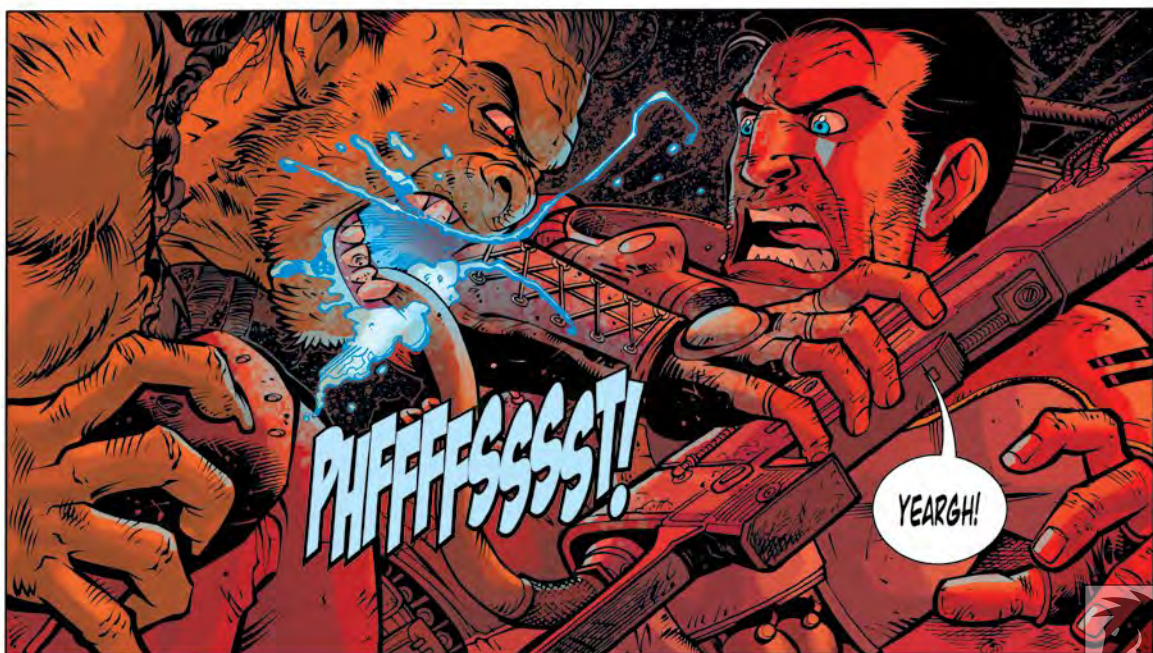
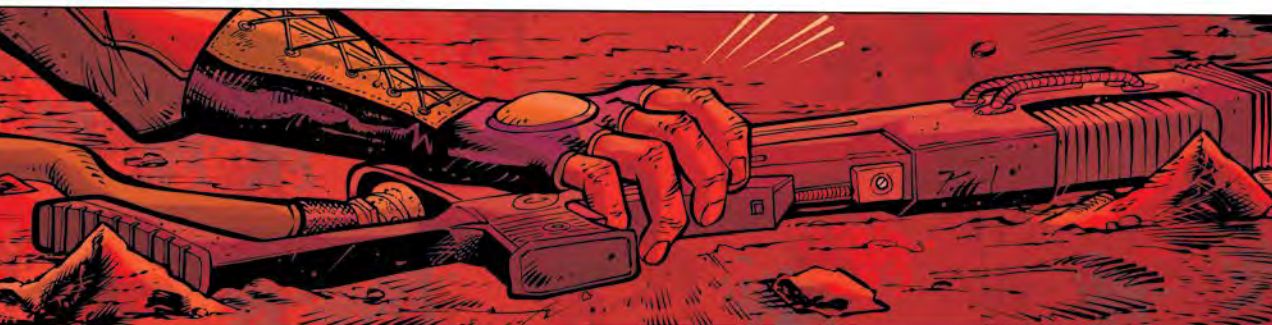
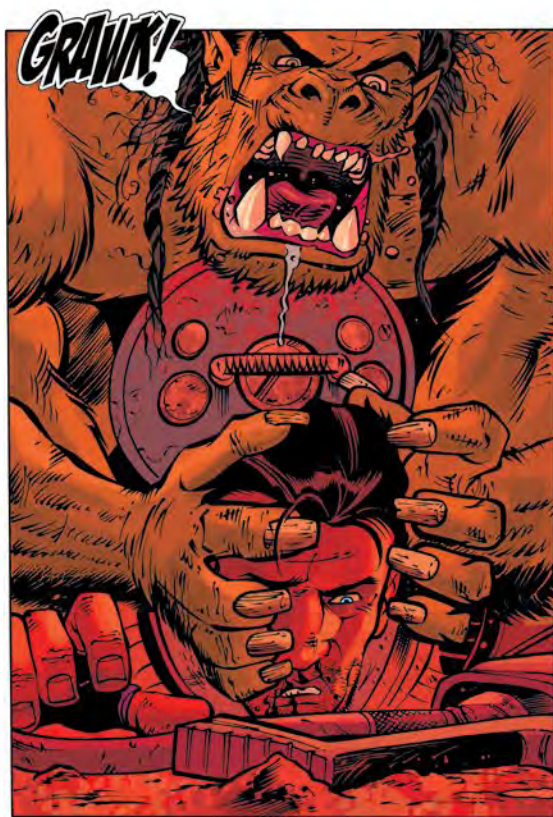
GRUNT!

OOF-OOF!

I'LL BE OUTTA HERE IN TIME FOR HAPPY HOUR.



THAT'S RIGHT, PUMMIES, RUN AT THE GUN.





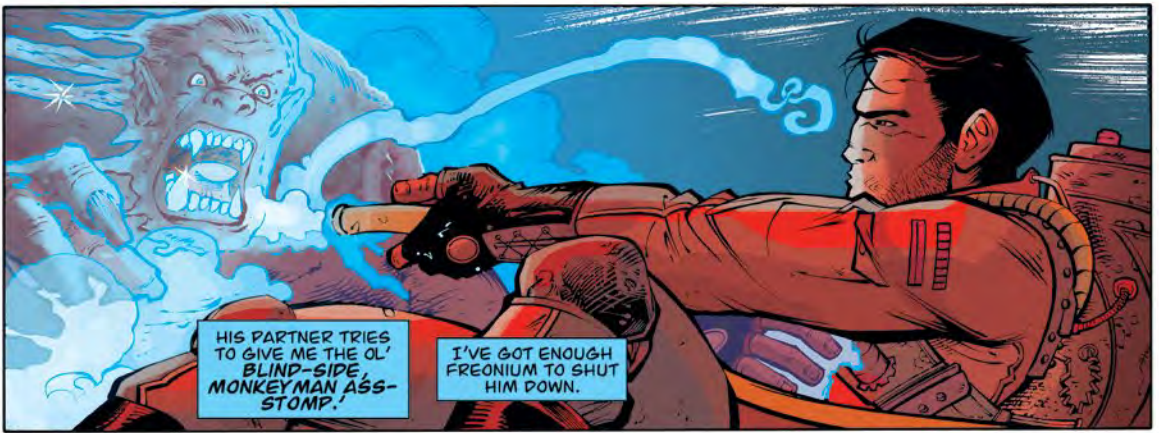
SON OF A BITCH,  
BITES RIGHT THROUGH  
THE FREONIUM LINE AND  
A GOOD INCH INTO MY  
FOREARM.

GOTTA WATCH MYSELF.  
ONE WRONG MOVE AND  
THE ARM SHATTERS  
INTO A MILLION  
SHARDS.



WHICH GIVES  
ME AN IDEA...

SHA-CRACK!



HIS PARTNER TRIES  
TO GIVE ME THE OL'  
BLIND-SIDE,  
MONKEYMAN ASS-  
STOMP.'

I'VE GOT ENOUGH  
FREONIUM TO SHUT  
HIM DOWN.



I'VE GOT TEN SECONDS  
TILL THE CAST OF QUEST FOR  
FIRE DISMEMBERS ME.

CAN'T MOVE OR I  
RISK BREAKING THE  
ARM CLEAN OFF.  
BAD BUSINESS. CAN'T  
EVEN THINK ABOUT  
THAT.

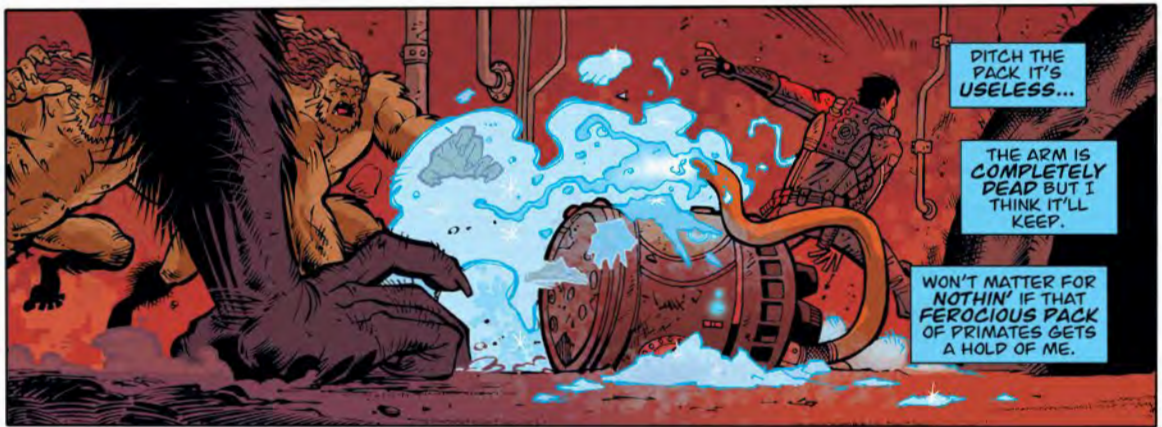
GR-12 WILL THAW  
IT--JUST PRAY  
IT'LL SAVE IT.



ONLY TIME I'VE EVER NEEDED TO USE THIS WAS ON A FAMILY CAT I ACCIDENTALLY FROZE WHILE I WAS DOING AN IN-HOME ZENO-HUNT ON A TERRAFORM.

BURNS LIKE HELL. I CAN SEE WHY THAT LITTLE BASTARD CLAWED AT ME ONCE HE THAWED OUT.

YEE-ARGH!



DITCH THE PACK IT'S USELESS...

THE ARM IS COMPLETELY DEAD BUT I THINK IT'LL KEEP.

WON'T MATTER FOR NOTHIN' IF THAT FEROCIOUS PACK OF PRIMATES GETS A HOLD OF ME.



GROOOOT!

DAMN, I'M SUDDENLY PAINFULLY AWARE OF THE EMPTY FLASK IN MY PACK.

I COULD KILL ANNIE FOR TAKING MY MEDICINE. WOMEN DON'T UNDERSTAND... SOME JOBS SIMPLY REQUIRE THE USE OF WHISKEY.

NO TIME FOR THAT SHIT NOW... SNAP TO, MAN! THIS LOOKS BAD, BUT YOU GOTTA STAY FROSTY--THINK OPTIMISTICALLY.



I'LL CATCH MY BREAK, I ALWAYS DO.

THERE'S GUNNA BE A SOLUTION RIGHT AROUND THE CORNER.

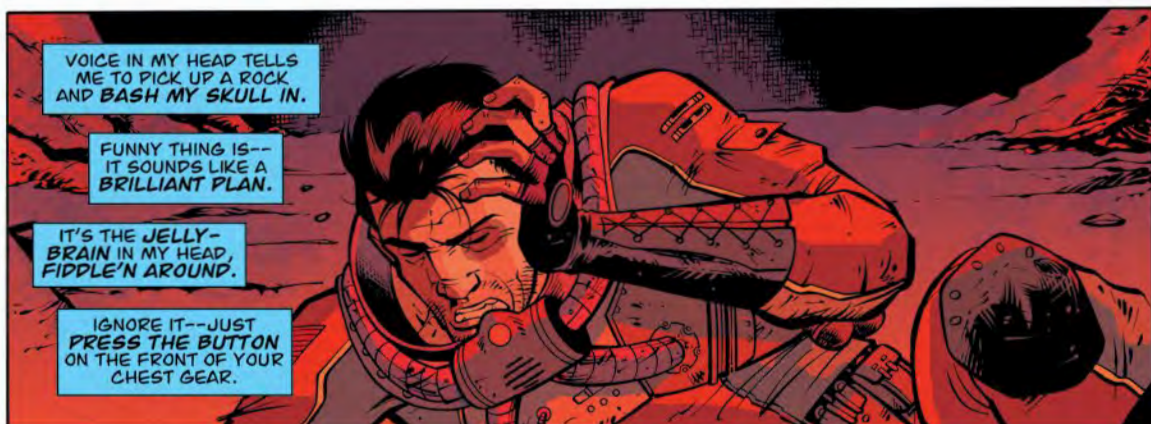




MOTHER OF GOD...

THAT'S SOME FUNNY LOOKING KINDA BREAK...



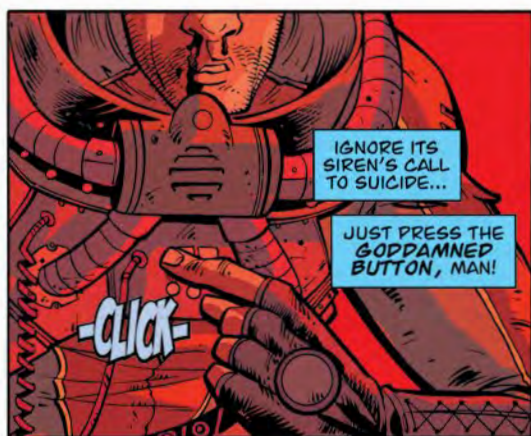


VOICE IN MY HEAD TELLS ME TO PICK UP A ROCK AND BASH MY SKULL IN.

FUNNY THING IS-- IT SOUNDS LIKE A BRILLIANT PLAN.

IT'S THE JELLY-BRAIN IN MY HEAD, FIDDLE'N AROUND.

IGNORE IT--JUST PRESS THE BUTTON ON THE FRONT OF YOUR CHEST GEAR.



IGNORE ITS SIREN'S CALL TO SUICIDE...

JUST PRESS THE GODDAMNED BUTTON, MAN!

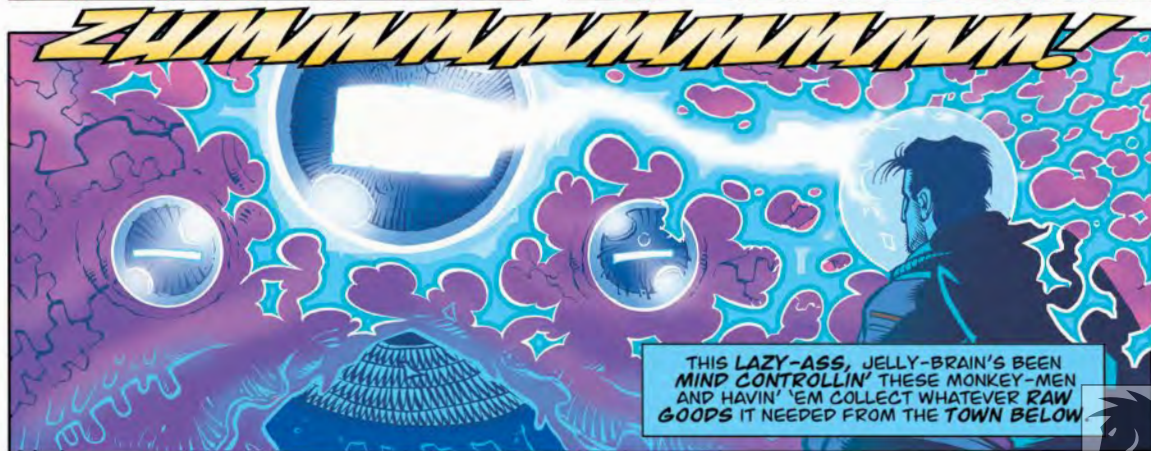
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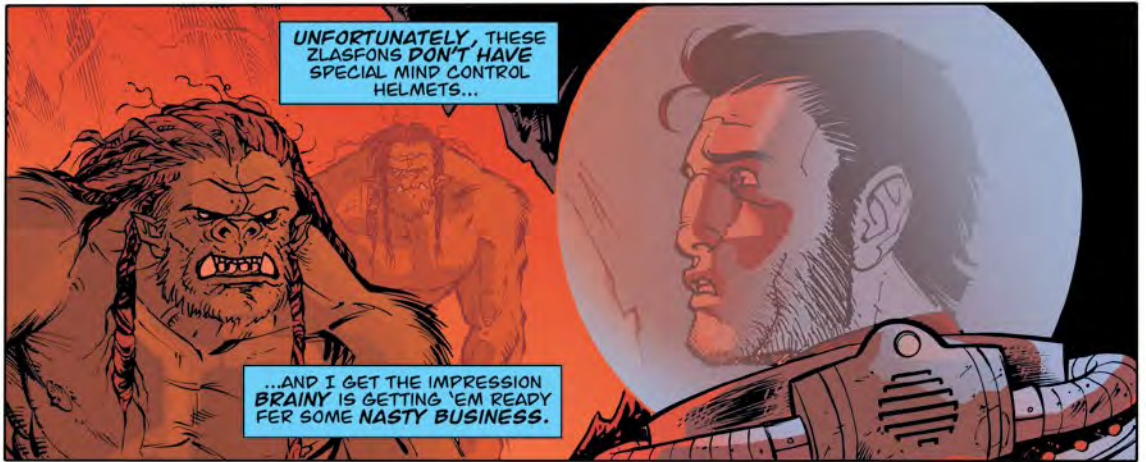
LAST TIME I RAN INTO A CLASS A INTELLECT, IT FRIED ABOUT TWENTY I.Q. POINTS OFF MY BRAIN.

REALLY TOOK THE EDGE OFF MY SCRABBLE GAME.

ZZER-SHEP!



THIS LAZY-ASS, JELLY-BRAIN'S BEEN MIND CONTROLLIN' THESE MONKEY-MEN AND HAVIN' 'EM COLLECT WHATEVER RAW GOODS IT NEEDED FROM THE TOWN BELOW.

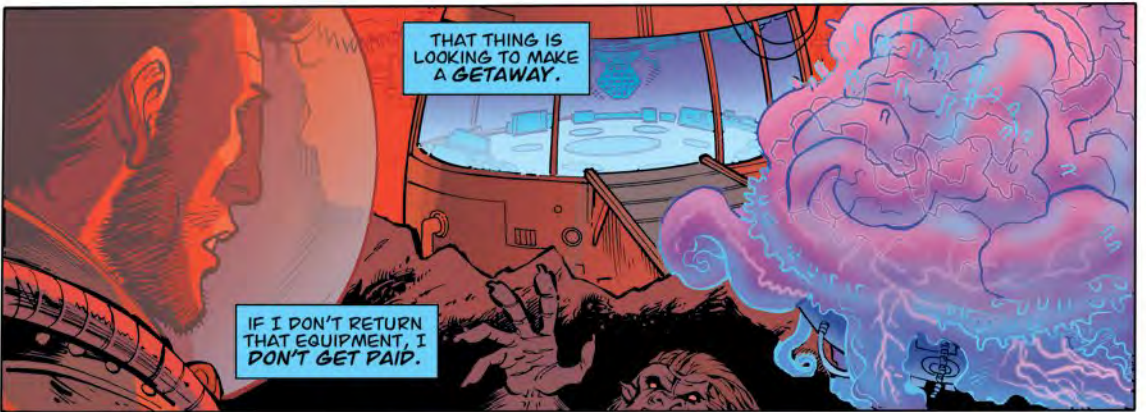


UNFORTUNATELY, THESE ZLASFONGS DON'T HAVE SPECIAL MIND CONTROL HELMETS...

...AND I GET THE IMPRESSION BRAINY IS GETTING 'EM READY FER SOME NASTY BUSINESS.



CHECKS MADE PAYABLE TO MY ASS.



THAT THING IS LOOKING TO MAKE A GETAWAY.

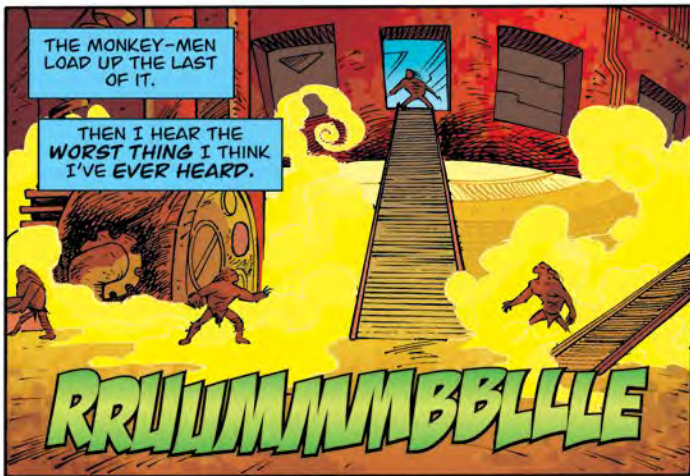
IF I DON'T RETURN THAT EQUIPMENT, I DON'T GET PAID.



IF I DON'T GET PAID I CAN'T AFFORD THE SUPPLIES I NEED TO GET OUTTA THIS STINKIN' SYSTEM...

...FOOD, FUEL-- WHISKEY.

**KA-DAP!**



THE MONKEY-MEN  
LOAD UP THE LAST  
OF IT.

THEN I HEAR THE  
WORST THING I THINK  
I'VE EVER HEARD.

**RRUUMMBBLLLE**



THAT MISERABLE  
JELLY-BRAIN STARTS  
UP THE ENGINES.

DAMN  
IT...



ALLEY-  
OOP!

THIS CAVE IS ABOUT TO  
BECOME HOTTER THAN  
OL' TEXAS ASPHALT.



GROOT--!

**SNAP!**

I CAN FEEL THE  
PITIFUL BASTARD'S  
JAW SNAP  
CLEAN BENEATH  
MY BOOT.



MY CONSCIENCE KICKS  
IN AND I PROMISE MYSELF  
IF I SURVIVE THIS, I'LL  
HELP BUILD A REFUGE FOR  
THESE SORRY BASTARDS.

BUT I'M  
A LIAR.

IF I SURVIVE THIS--  
I'M NEVER GONNA COME  
ANYWHERE NEAR THIS  
SHIT-HOLE AGAIN.



SCREW IT--THE CARGO IS A LOST CAUSE.



MIGHT AS WELL DISH OUT SOME INSTANT KARMA.



I JUST HOPE THIS SLUG KILLIN' IODINE-GOOP IS AS STICKY AS I REMEMBER...



GROOT-OOT!

OOOF!



PACK GETS KNOCKED AWAY BEFORE I FINISH PROGRAMMING IT.



GOOF!

DAP!



SO INSTEAD OF DETONATING  
THE PACK IN FIFTEEN MINUTES...



...THIS  
THING  
IS SET TO  
BLOW IN  
FIFTEEN  
SECONDS.



*CIA-GLOOP!!*



NO TIME TO  
EXPLAIN THE  
SITUATION--



GROOT?



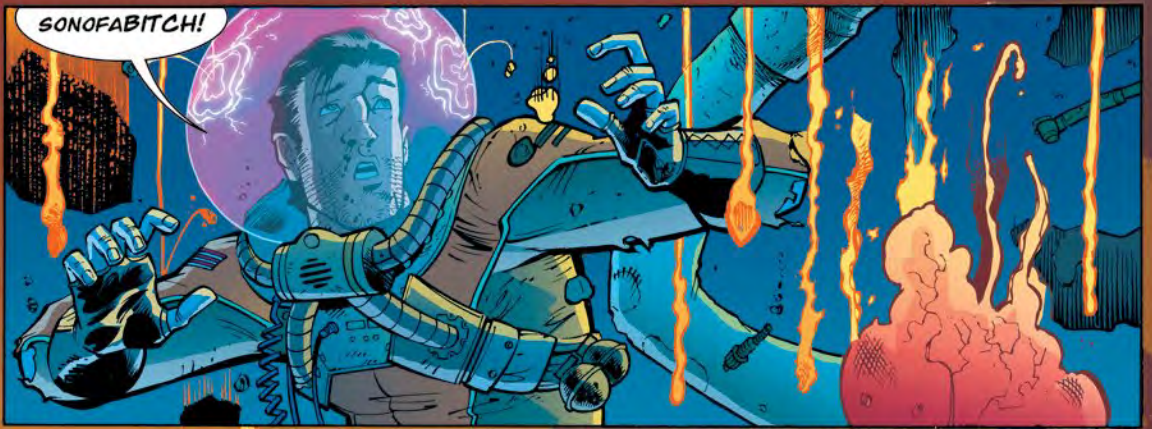
THEY'LL FIGURE  
IT OUT SOON  
ENOUGH.



# FOOSH-THOOOO!!!

I ROUND THE CORNER, SURE  
THAT EACH STEP IS MY LAST.  
THE WORLD GOES HOT AND  
LOUD AROUND ME.





SONOFABITCH!

MY NAME'S HEATH HUSTON, I'M AN ALIEN EXTERMINATOR.

LAST OF A SMALL BAND OF TEXAS ASS-STOMPERS KNOWN AS THE FEAR AGENTS.

RIGHT NOW I'M STANDING AT--WHAT SOME WOULD DESCRIBE AS--A CRIME SCENE.

I'M NOT AUTHORIZED BY ANY MEANS TO EXTERMINATE A CLASS A LIFE-FORM.

BUT, THE WAY I LOOK AT IT--IF THE LAW DIDN'T SEE ME--I DIDN'T DO IT.

