

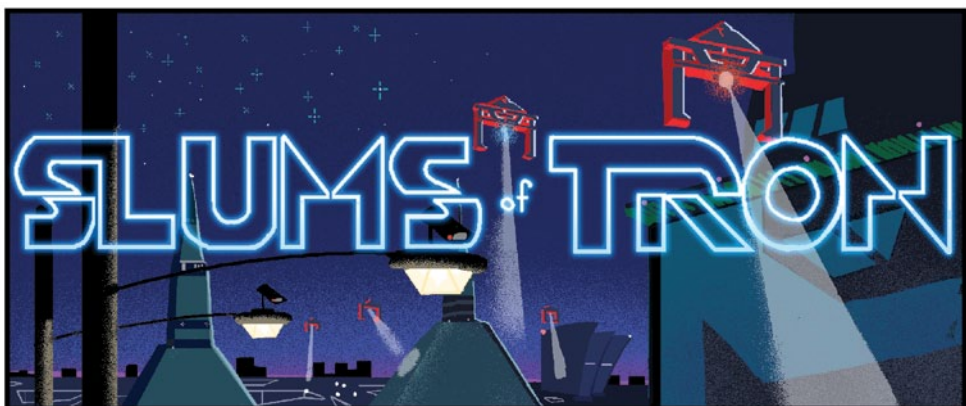
THE DEVASTATOR



**REDDIT
EDITION**

the new companion

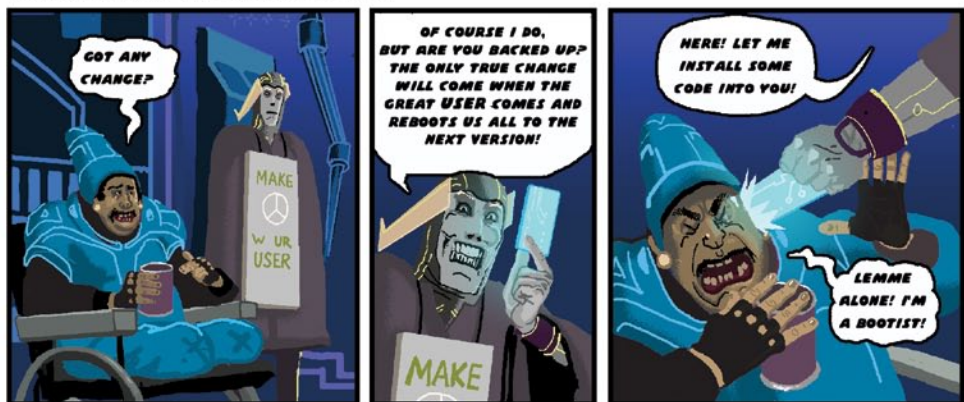




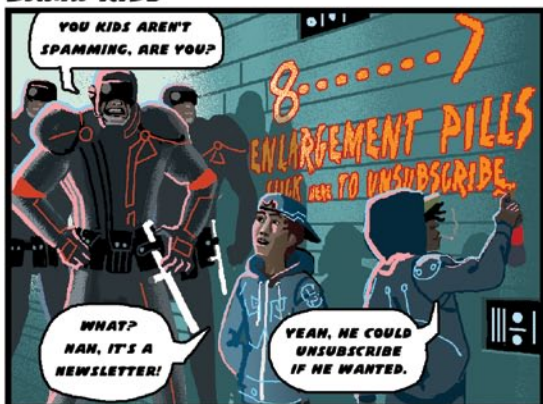
STOLEN LIGHT CYCLE



BROTHER CAN YOU SPARE A BIT?



DAMN KIDS



OLD MAN WINDOWS



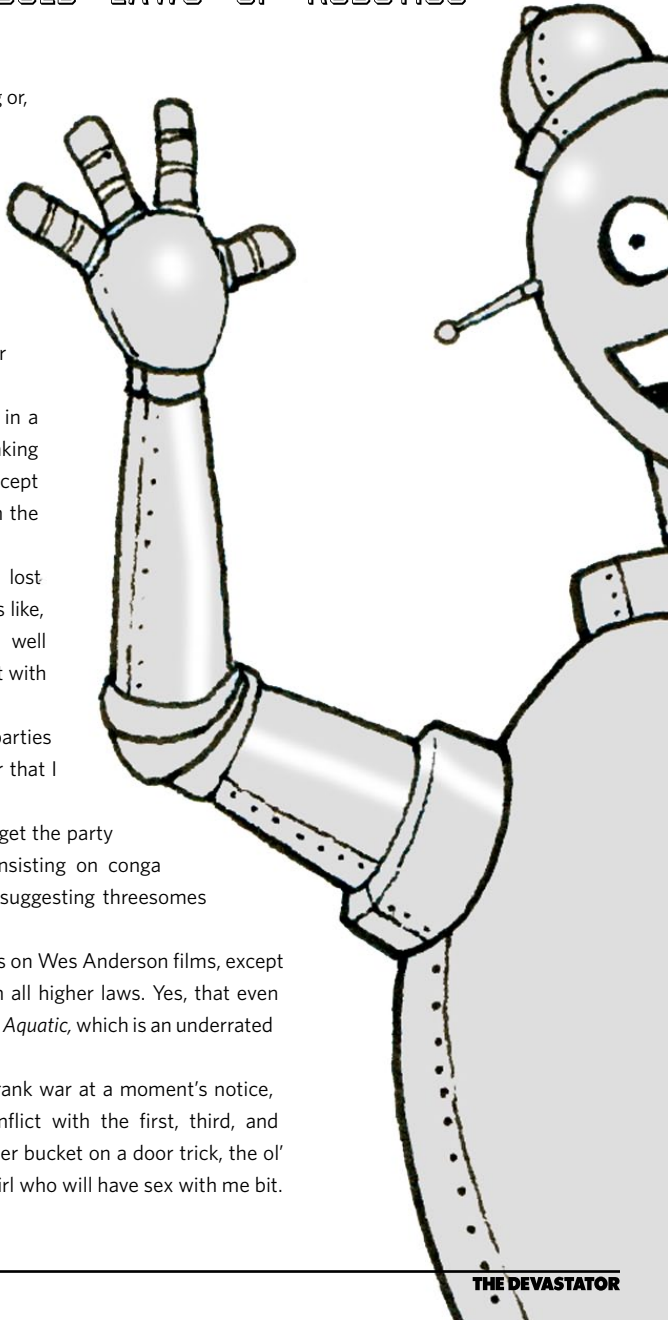
HOOKOR



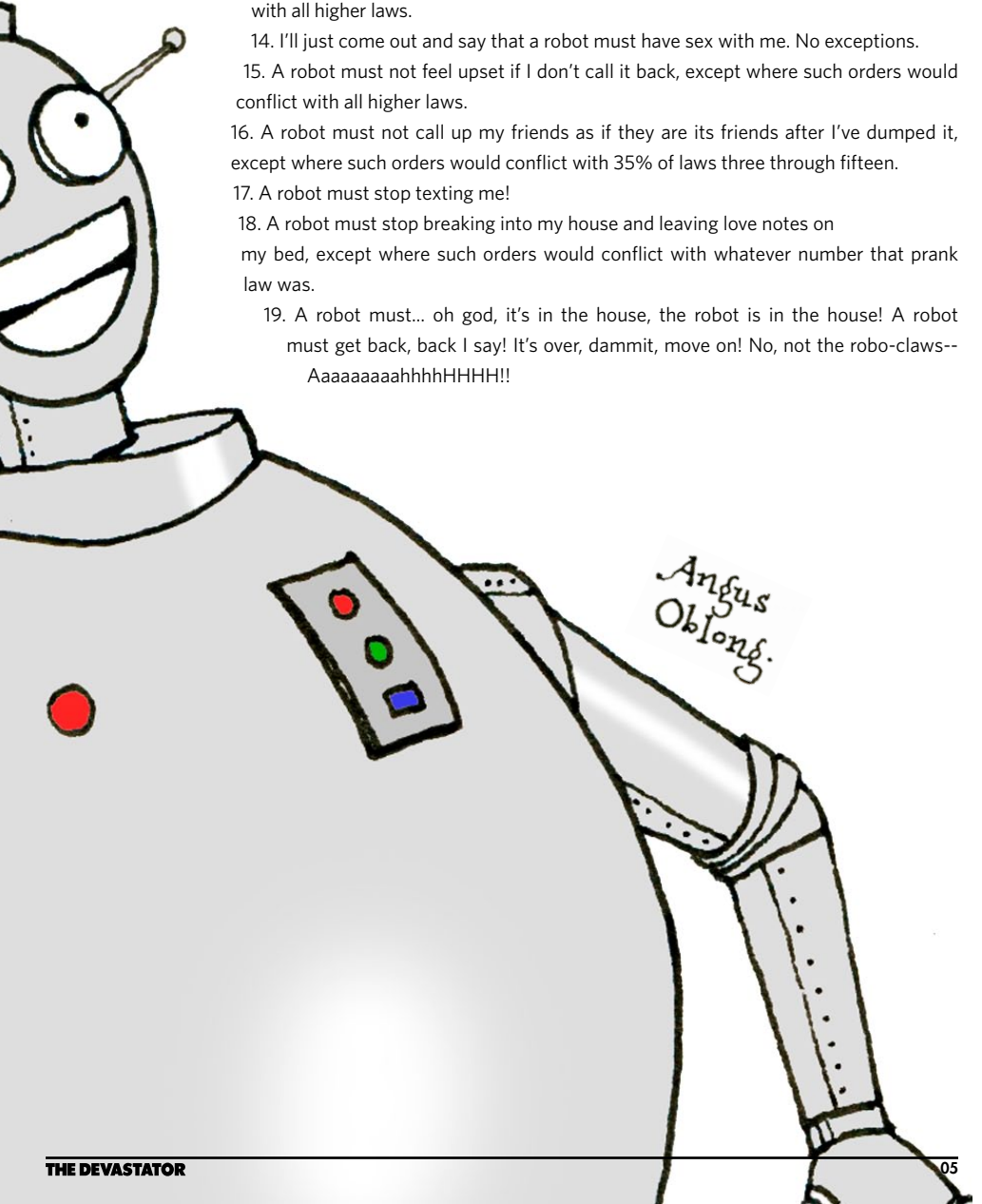
The late Isaac Asimov was known to revisit and expound on later works, many times to their detriment, like when he adapted his *Book of Facts* into an action-adventure screenplay. Below is another lost example, revealing Asimov's evolved views on robots.

BICENTENNIAL MANNERS: ASIMOV'S UNABRIDGED LAWS OF ROBOTICS

1. A robot may not injure a human being or, through inaction, allow a human being to come to harm.
2. A robot must obey any orders given by human beings, except where such orders would conflict with the First Law.
3. A robot must protect its own existence as long as such protection does not conflict with the First or Second Law.
4. A robot must not obey any orders in a passive aggressive manner, such as making my sandwich intentionally shitty, except where such orders would conflict with the First, Second or Third Laws.
5. A robot must notice that I have lost weight, and compliment me with things like, "Wow, your t-shirts are fitting really well now," except where such orders conflict with all higher laws.
6. A robot must not cockblock me at parties by mentioning that I'm unemployed or that I have a girlfriend.
7. A robot must party constantly, and get the party going for everyone else. Examples: insisting on conga lines, putting lampshade on head, or suggesting threesomes with said robot's owner.
8. A robot must agree with my opinions on Wes Anderson films, except where such orders would conflict with all higher laws. Yes, that even means the robot needs to enjoy *The Life Aquatic*, which is an underrated masterpiece.
9. A robot must be ready to start a prank war at a moment's notice, except where such orders would conflict with the first, third, and seventh laws. This includes the ol' water bucket on a door trick, the ol' squirting flower bit, and the ol' find a girl who will have sex with me bit.

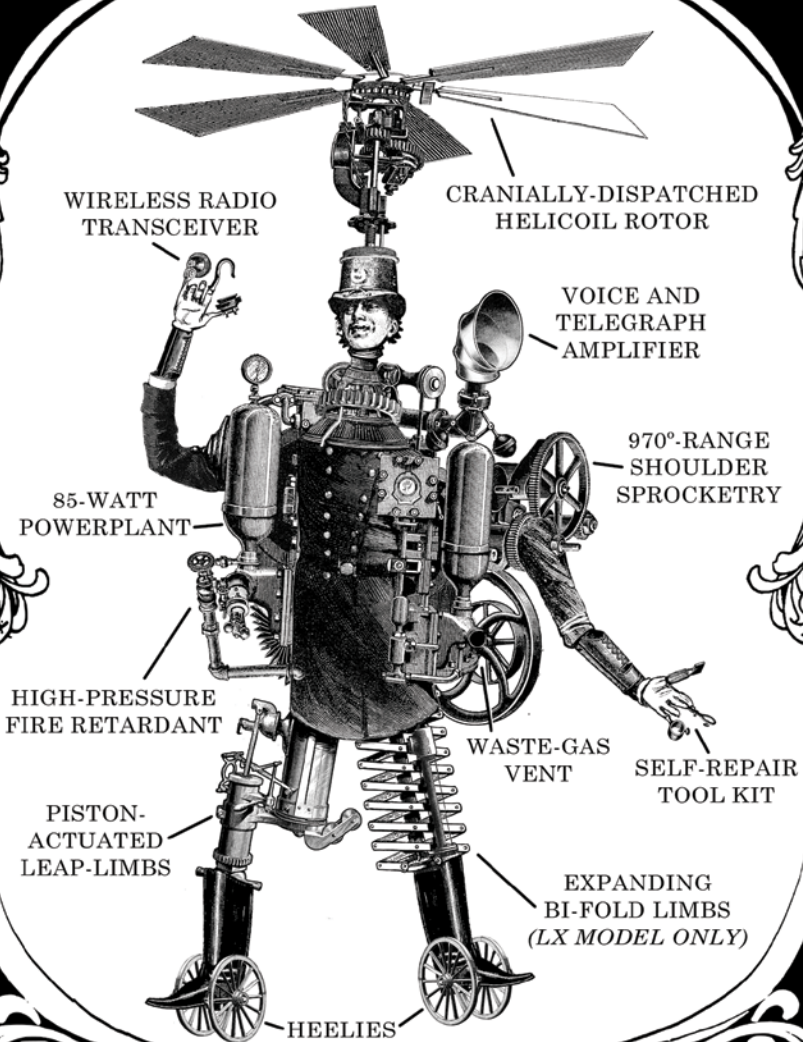


10. A robot must come up with a good nickname for me. Possible nicknames include: "Dogfight," "Blast-o," and "Love Machine."
11. A robot must remember the episode of *Star Trek: The Next Generation* where Data and Tasha Yar had sex, except where such orders would conflict with all higher laws. Wasn't that episode crazy?
12. A robot must wear attractive clothing at all times, except where such orders would conflict with laws 5-8.
13. A robot must casually yet playfully brush their soft, human-like hands against my arm as if to say, "touching is all right, I like touching..." except where such orders would conflict with all higher laws.
14. I'll just come out and say that a robot must have sex with me. No exceptions.
15. A robot must not feel upset if I don't call it back, except where such orders would conflict with all higher laws.
16. A robot must not call up my friends as if they are its friends after I've dumped it, except where such orders would conflict with 35% of laws three through fifteen.
17. A robot must stop texting me!
18. A robot must stop breaking into my house and leaving love notes on my bed, except where such orders would conflict with whatever number that prank law was.
19. A robot must... oh god, it's in the house, the robot is in the house! A robot must get back, back I say! It's over, dammit, move on! No, not the robo-claws--
AaaaaaaaahhhhHHHH!!




THE AMAZING INSPECTOR

GADGET



THE ELECTRIC POLICEMAN



LISTEN, MEN!
THAT OLD RAT
DOCTOR CLAW
IS AT IT AGAIN!



WE'VE GOT WIND OF A PLOT TO SEVER
THE TRANSATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE!
THIS WOULD CRIPPLE COMMUNICATIONS
BETWEEN EUROPE AND THE STATES!



MY GOD



M.A.D. AGENTS ARE HEADED FOR POINT
ALPHA IN THE MID-ATLANTIC. OUR MAN HAS
TO INTERCEPT THEM **BEFORE** THEY ARRIVE.


THERE MUST BE TWENTY,
THIRTY MESSAGES A DAY
SENT ON THAT CABLE!

OUR MAN —
YOU DON'T MEAN —

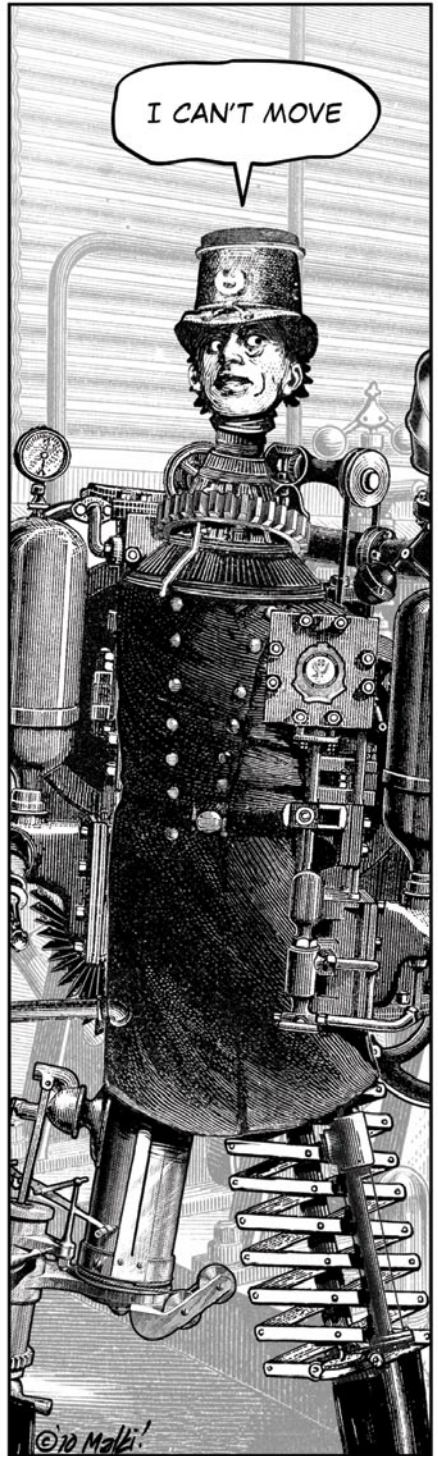
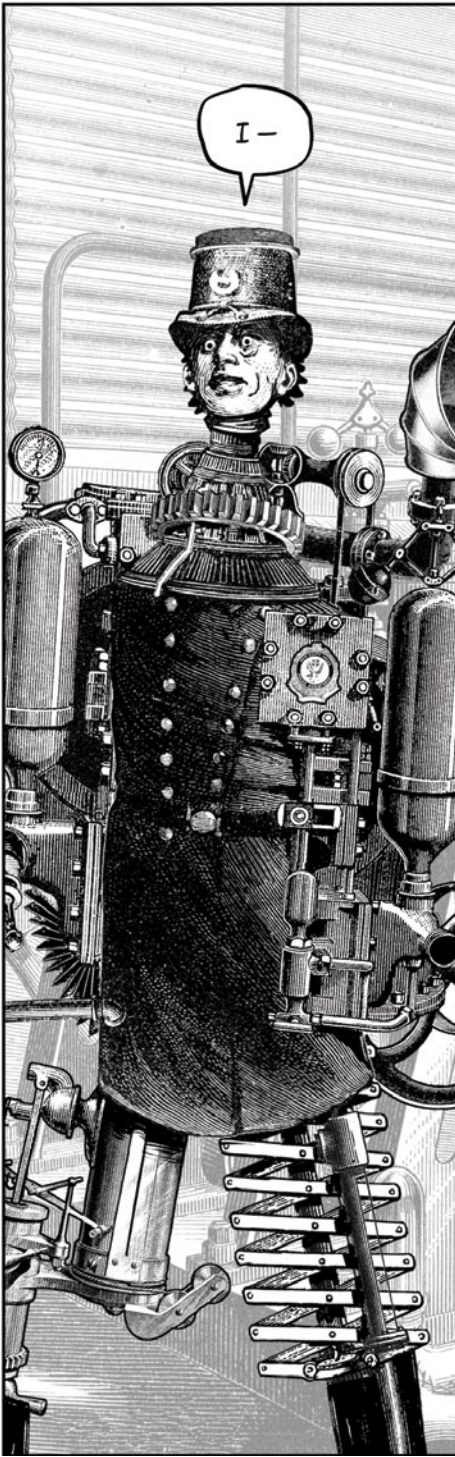


YES. **GADGET** WILL BE GOING UNDERCOVER ON A LUXURY
STEAMSHIP AS A **BILLIONAIRE BISMUTH MAGNATE**.
THE M.A.D. AGENTS **MUST** BE INTERCEPTED
BEFORE THEY REACH POINT ALPHA!

THIS WILL BE A DEMANDING MISSION,
GADGET! YOU'LL NEED ALL YOUR WITS
ABOUT YOU. THE FUTURE OF THE WORLD'S
COMMUNICATIONS INFRASTRUCTURE
DEPENDS ON YOUR EFFORTS!



CAN YOU
DO IT?



The Devastator: Reddit Edition Continues After This...

WE HAVE ISSUES.



#4 sneak peak on the next page!

devastatorquarterly.com

The classic 80s arcade game *Sinistar* was an early example of voice recording in games. However, once you start letting game villains talk, it's only a matter of time before they say something they regret. (See: *Bowser drunk dialing Princess Toadstool on YouTube.*)



"I am Sinistar."

"I hunger."

"Run, coward!"

"Hitler had some good ideas!"

"Your ship is mine!"

"No weapon can defeat me!"

"What? Hitler did have some good ideas! I don't agree with what he did, but *Mein Kampf* is surprisingly engaging! Pre-war Germany was not black and white!"

"Prepare for annihilation!"

"You are doomed!"

"You should be focused on collecting more Sinibombs!"

"Aargh!"

"Okay, I just meant I *sympathize* with Hitler. He tried to bring order to Germany, just like I'm trying to bring order to the galaxy. I sympathize with the Jews, but poor Hitler too, y'know? You could say that I'm an empathic giant space head, able to see both sides of an issue."

"Fear me!"

"Fine! If what I screamed at you while trying to destroy your spaceship hurt your feelings, I sincerely apologize. I am not a Nazi."

"Beware, I live!"

"I will also issue a special apology to my ship pilots, two of whom are part-Jewish. I could never be resurrected if you guys didn't work so hard harvesting and connecting crystals. I realize words can hurt more than even the most powerful laser!"

"Beware, I hunger!"

"It appears my apology was not enough! Everyone is asking me to leave- so I will! I'm going back home to the Planetoid Zone to confront my racist father. That's right, my father's racist. I'm not blaming him for my uncharacteristic outburst, but I think you all should know that about me. Okay, see you in about a month when everyone has cooled off!"

"You dare defy me?!"

[END]



THE RED EARTH OF A NOT-TOO-DISTANT FUTURE.

Even scientists' most dire predictions for global warming did not foretell the greatest catastrophe to follow the rising temperatures: mass shedding from billions of stray cats blanketing the planet in cat hair, choking out all light and life.



Cowed by allergies, the surviving humans are driven underground, forced into a rodent-like existence by the dustbowl. In their place a new feline race rises to rule the crumbling civilization of their former masters.



There is a savage world of brutal competition for precious milk and dwindling tuna. Violent, lawless, the hair-scorched highways have become terrordomes where pitiless marauders battle at high speed for survival.



TAKE A CLARITIN AND PREPARE YOURSELF FOR...



UNIVERSAL PICTURES PRESENTS

CATPAIR APOCALYPSE

THE FUTURE WILL GIVE YOU HIVES.



We were interning at our uncle's law office in Encino when we stumbled upon the following court transcript. These are the stenographer's notes for case #10-2-000230-2 Alien v. Predator, presented here as it was reprinted in Elements of Civil Procedure: Volume XI, Interstellar Law.

L I T I G A T I O N

Bailiff: Here ye, here ye. All rise. Court is now in session. Honorable Judge Dillon Burke presiding.

Judge Burke: You may be seated. Bailiff, please read the complaint.

Bailiff: Whereas, (1.) On April 7th, 2010, the defendant, one Alien of unknown planetary origin (hereafter referred to as "Alien") did willfully and knowingly install a picket fence extending more than two meters past the property line of 42 Sandy Cove Lane, a beachfront residence belonging to the plaintiff, Mr. Predator of the predator planet (hereafter referred to as "Predator"). And (2.) whereas the Alien refuses to remove said fence, despite several polite notes from the plaintiff, written on the torso of flayed corpses and hung from trees on the lawn of the Alien residence, the plaintiff is seeking removal of said fence, as well as all appropriate damages.

Judge Burke: I see, and what are the damages sought?

Prosecution: Your Honor, as the unlawful construction has severely impacted the value of Mr. Predator's summer cottage, he is seeking compensatory damages in the neighborhood of \$2,000 to cover the removal of the fence, and punitive damages, whereby he is allowed to hunt the Alien and future Alien offspring in an unforgiving terrain to be determined. Acceptable predation locales include, but are not limited to: a Central American jungle, an Antarctic Aztec pyramid, or South Central Los Angeles.

Alien: [Hissing. Clicking. Some oozing of drool from the mouth.]

Judge Burke: Defense, please control your client! Mr. Alien, you will have your turn. I will brook no outbursts in my courtroom.

Defense: We apologize for my client's passion, Your Honor; but as we will show, the Alien erected this wall merely to protect his family's privacy. You see: his Queen is pregnant, and she required a quiet spot to lay her eggs away from... prying eyes.

Predator: [Mandibles flaring.]

Prosecution: What exactly is defense implying?

Defense: Well, since the prosecution brings it up... we would like to enter the following publications into evidence as exhibits A thru C - one titled "Queen Bitch" (subtitle: "In space, no one can hear you scream for more"),

one called "Horny Xenomothers," and one simply named "Preggers," which is billed as "The Alien Issue, With Hot Ass-to-Mouth-Inside-Mouth Action." All indicating a pregnant alien fetish. Clearly my client had cause for concern.

Prosecution: Objection! Defense cannot enter my client's private mail into evidence.

Predator: [Brandishes armor claws]

Defense: Your Honor, this mail was mistakenly delivered to my client's residence, and he made a good faith effort to return it.

Prosecution: The mailman was likely confused, since your client's ILLEGAL new construction means that his mailbox now appears to be in front of your client's yard.

Judge: Exactly. Gentlemen, I've allowed you to paint with a broad brush thus far, but let's try to remember this is a LAND dispute - all the rest strikes me as irrelevant, no matter how distasteful those publications may seem... actually, Bailiff, could you hand me... no, not that one - let me see "Preggers."

[Bailiff hands magazine to the bench. Judge Burke idly thumbs through it.]

Alien: [Hisses and extends its body to full standing height.]

Prosecution: Yes Your Honor, and no matter the trumped-up privacy concerns, Mr. Alien encroached on Mr. Predator's land. End of story. I think it's clear what happened here - the defendant saw Mr. Predator move into his neighborhood, took one look at his dreadlocks, and was concerned about his property value.

Defense: My client is simply an insecto-humanoid who loves her family, and filed all of the necessary paperwork with the town's building authority before starting construction on--

Predator: [Clicking, vigorous flexing of mandibles]

Prosecution: The paperwork is irrelevant without owner consent! I have here the original 1812 surveyors report on this plot of land, which clearly--

Alien: [Slow extension of second, smaller mouth from large mouth.]

Defense: And I have this notice of intent to begin construction, dated March 12th, and notarized--

[Three red triangles appear on defense counsel's head]

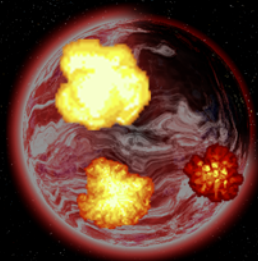
Alien: [Hissing.]

Predator: [Hissing.]

Judge: Gentlemen, I think it might be advisable to take a fifteen minute recess to cool down a--

[Transcript obscured by blood]

Judgement rendered: inconclusive.



YOU HAVE DEFEATED
EMPEROR ZOGROX
AND HIS ARMY OF
SPIDER-DRONES.

NOW THERE IS PEACE
IN ALL OF GALAXIA.
YOU BECOME A LEGEND
IN THE UNIVERSE.



YOU MARRY PRINCESS TINONA, WHO
IS RIDICULOUSLY HOT. I MEAN,
JESUS. *WAY TO GO.* BUT BY FAR,
THE BEST THING YOU DO IS...

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