



# SCOOBY APOCALYPSE

THE  
NANITE KING  
HAS COME,  
MOTHER--

--TO  
OFFER YOU  
A GREAT  
GIFT.

I AM  
NOT YOUR  
MOTHER!

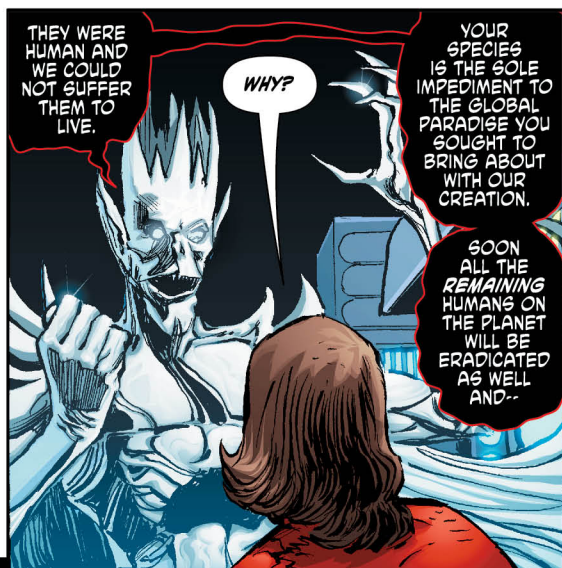
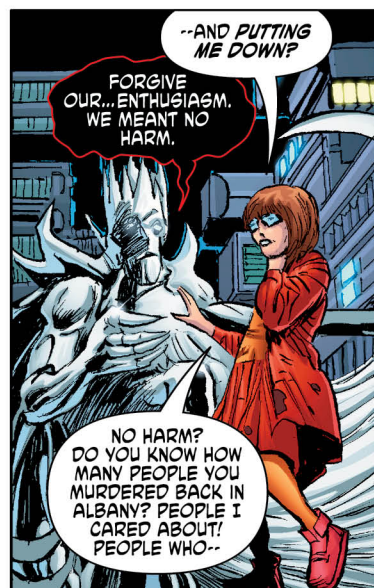
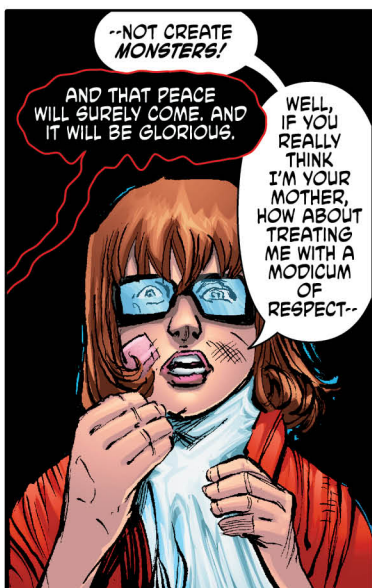
## THE END IS HERE!

IT'S THE  
SCOOBY GANG'S  
GRAND FINALE,  
COURTESY OF...

**J.M. DeMATTEIS:** WRITER  
**PAT OLLIFFE:** PENCILS  
**TOM PALMER:** INKS

**HI-FI:** COLORS **TRAVIS LANHAM:** LETTERS **LIZ ERICSON:** ASST. EDITOR  
**HARVEY RICHARDS:** EDITOR SUPREME **JIM CHADWICK:** IMMENSELY RELIEVED  
COVER BY OLLIFFE & PALMER WITH HI-FI VARIANT COVER BY MIRKA ANDOLFO









BE CAREFUL. BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, *WE* MIGHT INFECTION *YOU*, AND THOSE EMOTIONS YOU'RE FEIGNING--

--WILL BECOME REAL.

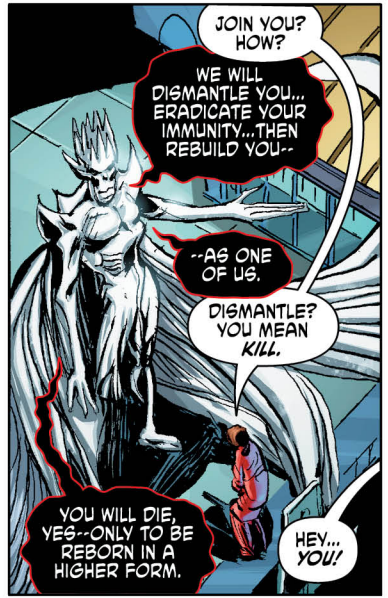
AND YOU WOULD DO WELL TO BE CAREFUL, TOO, MOTHER-- FOR OUR PATIENCE HAS LIMITS.



YOU SAID SOMETHING BEFORE ABOUT BRINGING ME A GIFT. WHAT DID YOU MEAN?

WE SEE NO REASON THAT THE MOTHER OF ALL NANITES SHOULD BE DESTROYED ALONG WITH THE REST OF HUMANKIND--

--SO WE OFFER YOU THE CHANCE TO JOIN US.



JOIN YOU? HOW?

WE WILL DISMANTLE YOU... ERADICATE YOUR IMMUNITY... THEN REBUILD YOU--

--AS ONE OF US.

DISMANTLE? YOU MEAN KILL.

YOU WILL DIE, YES-- ONLY TO BE REBORN IN A HIGHER FORM.

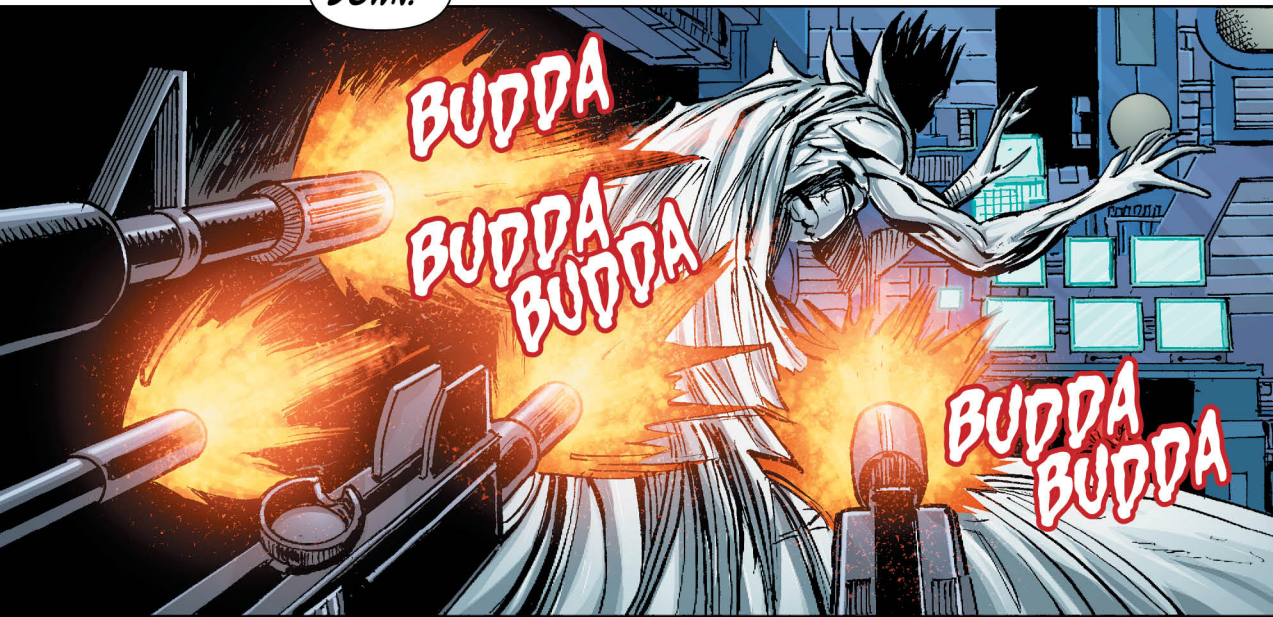
HEY... YOU!



GET THE HELL AWAY FROM MY WIFE!

VELMA--

--GET DOWN!

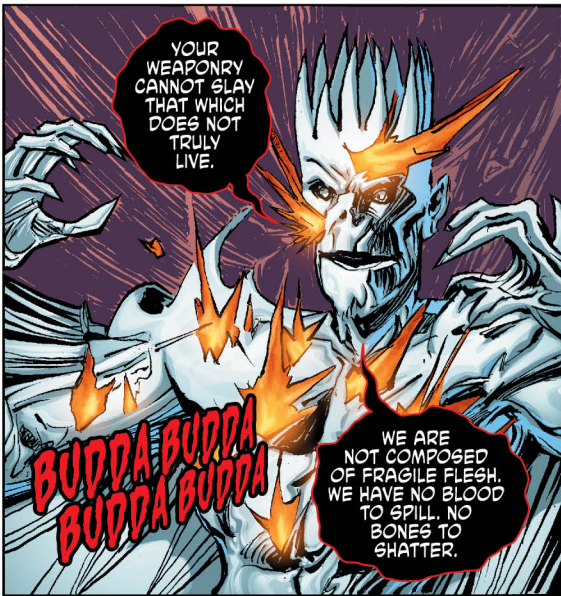


BUDDA

BUDDA  
BUDDA

BUDDA  
BUDDA





YOUR WEAPONRY CANNOT SLAY THAT WHICH DOES NOT TRULY LIVE.

**BUDDA-BUDDA  
BUDDA-BUDDA**

WE ARE NOT COMPOSED OF FRAGILE FLESH. WE HAVE NO BLOOD TO SPILL. NO BONES TO SHATTER.



I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU ARE--

--WHICH IS WHY I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN TAKE YOU DOWN!

**HUMMMM**



AH... FRED JONES: VESSEL FOR THE NANITE FACTION THAT SEEKS OUR END.

**SPAKK  
KRUUKT  
SPUKKT**

THE ONES THAT RESURRECTED YOU ARE FEW, AND PLAINLY IMPAIRED.

OUR POWER DWARFS YOURS, AS WE SHALL NOW PROVE--



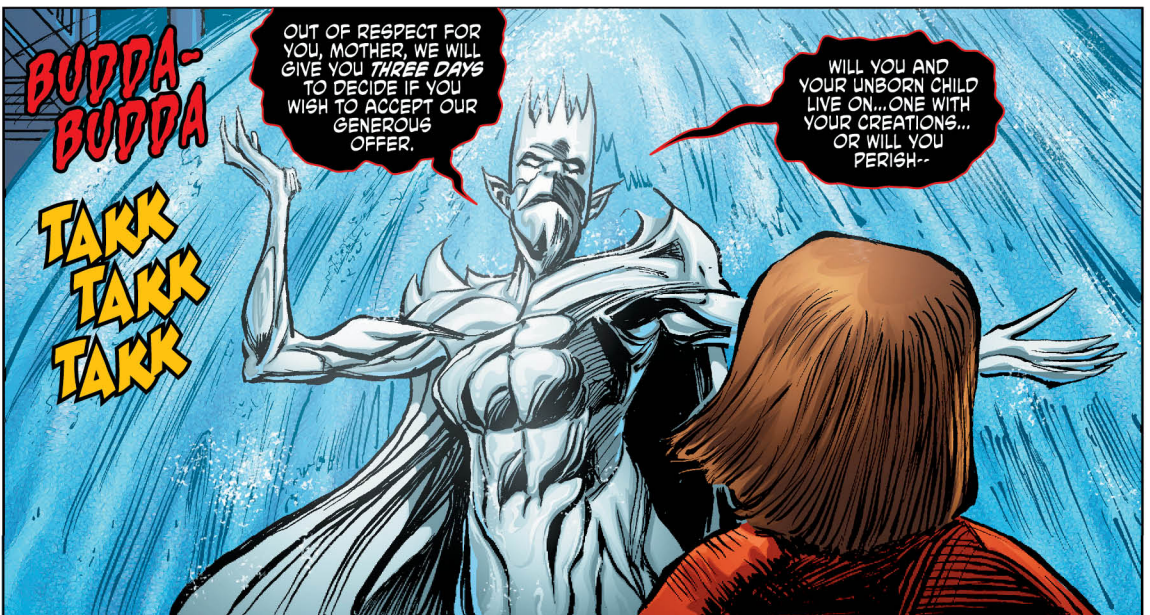
--BY EFFORTLESSLY DISABLING YOUR SWARM.

**KLAK**

**LAK**

**LAK**

**LAK**



**BUDDA-  
BUDDA**

**TAKK  
TAKK  
TAKK**

OUT OF RESPECT FOR YOU, MOTHER, WE WILL GIVE YOU *THREE DAYS* TO DECIDE IF YOU WISH TO ACCEPT OUR GENEROUS OFFER.

WILL YOU AND YOUR UNBORN CHILD LIVE ON... ONE WITH YOUR CREATIONS... OR WILL YOU PERISH--