



GALVAN • Adams



AS THE
CLOCK RUNS
OUT, RAYMOND
GARCIA THROWS
A TOUCHDOWN
JUST IN TIME!
THE T-BIRDS
WIN!

CHEER!
WOOT! WOOT! WOOT!
YAY!

SWEET!
MAJORLY
TIGHT MOVES,
RAY!

GO T-BIRDS!



THE SCRAPYARD DETECTIVES™

A FRIEND IN NEED

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LETTERER

THE SCRAPYARD DETECTIVES CREATED BY
BILL GALVAN AND CHAD DENTON



TELL ME YOU GOT THAT ON VIDEO, ROBERT!

TEN-FOUR, BUDDY! YOU DA MAN!

NO, YOU DA MAN!

NO, YOU ARE!



WHUMP

OOF!

THE NEXT MORNING...

BANG! BANG!
MEETING IN PROGRESS

HEY, WATCH IT!

THAT BOY IS SO RUDE!



I CALL THIS SESSION OF THE SCRAPYARD DETECTIVES TO ORDER!

FIRST OFF, A SHOUT-OUT TO RAY, FOR YOUR COOL MOVES ON THE FIELD YESTERDAY!

HEAR, HEAR!

AW, C'MON GUYS! LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS.



OKAY! ALL OUR CASES HAVE BEEN SOLVED, EXCEPT FOR MRS. VALENTI'S MISSING DOG, PESTO.

IF SOMEBODY TRIED TO DRESS ME UP LIKE THAT, I'D GO MISSING, TOO!

SINCE IT'S SATURDAY, WE SHOULD GET OUT THERE AND TRY TO FIND...



SORRY TO INTERRUPT, ROBERT, BUT WE HAVE A NEW MYSTERY!

IT'S WEIRD! THIS MORNING WHEN I GOT HERE, SOME OF OUR STUFF WAS MISSING.

A BLANKET, A TUBE OF SUNTAN LOTION, A HALF-EATEN BAG OF CHIPS, AND MY LUCKY BASEBALL CAP.



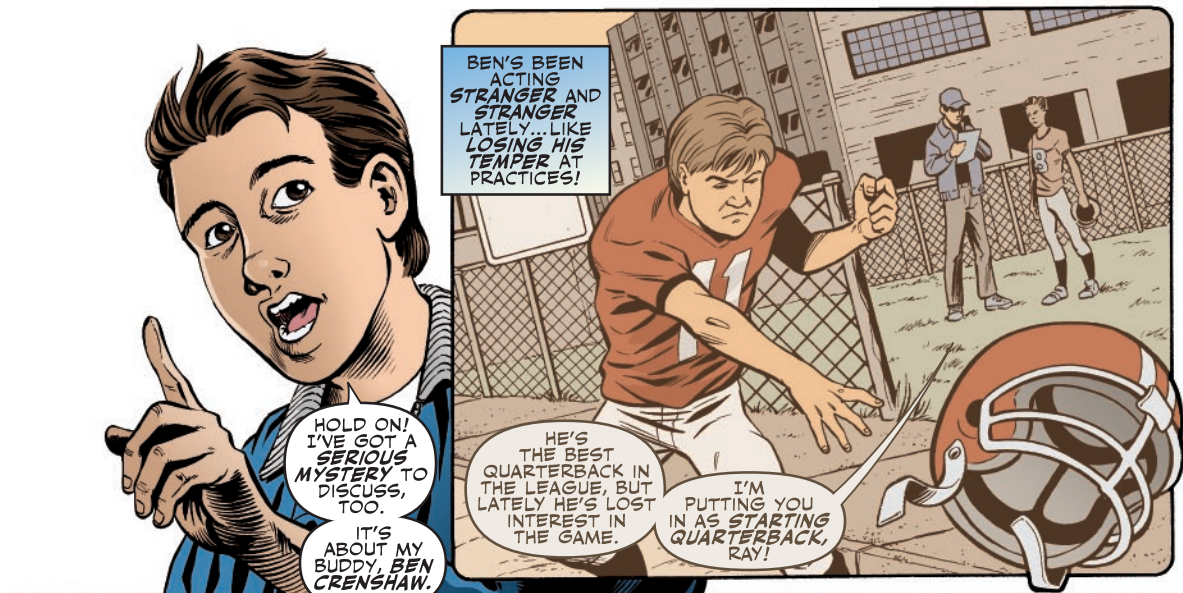
YOU GUYS DIDN'T TAKE THEM, DID YOU?

NOPE.

UH-UH.

THEN, THE SCRAPYARD DETECTIVES SHOULD TAKE ON "THE CASE OF THE MISSING STUFF!"





BEN'S BEEN ACTING STRANGER AND STRANGER LATELY... LIKE LOSING HIS TEMPER AT PRACTICES!

HOLD ON! I'VE GOT A SERIOUS MYSTERY TO DISCUSS, TOO.

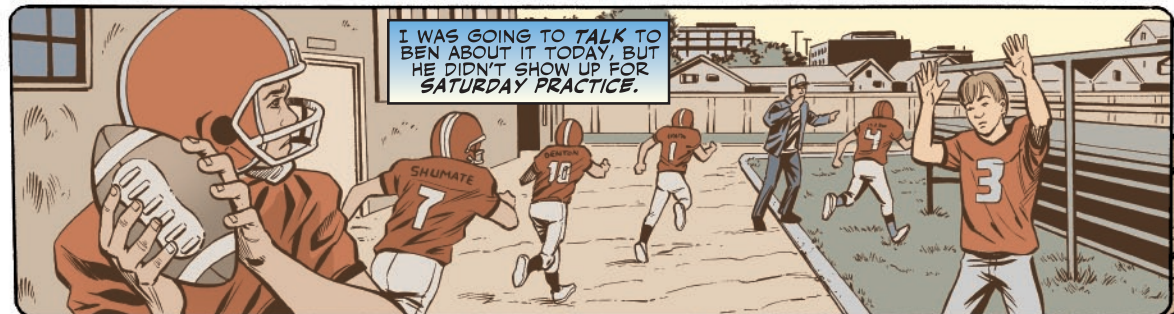
IT'S ABOUT MY BUDDY, BEN CRENSHAW.

HE'S THE BEST QUARTERBACK IN THE LEAGUE, BUT LATELY HE'S LOST INTEREST IN THE GAME.

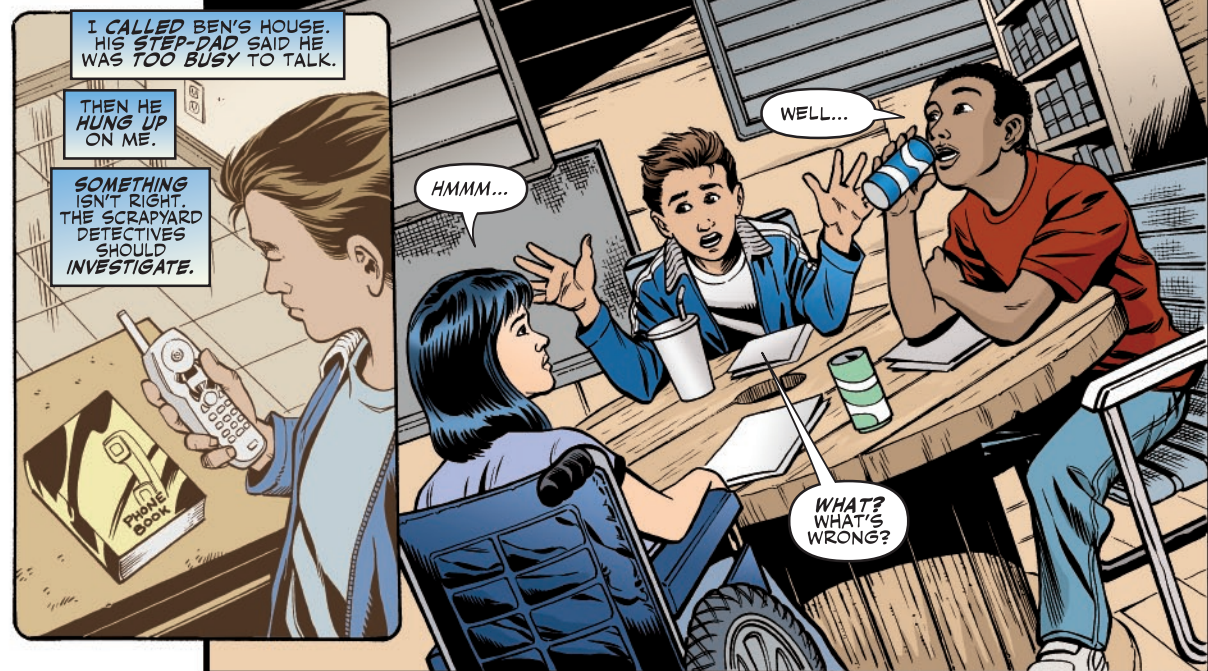
I'M PUTTING YOU IN AS STARTING QUARTERBACK, RAY!



THAT'S NOT ALL! COACH SAYS BEN'S GRADES ARE GETTING WORSE, TOO.



I WAS GOING TO TALK TO BEN ABOUT IT TODAY, BUT HE DIDN'T SHOW UP FOR SATURDAY PRACTICE.



I CALLED BEN'S HOUSE. HIS STEP-DAD SAID HE WAS TOO BUSY TO TALK.

THEN HE HUNG UP ON ME.

SOMETHING ISN'T RIGHT. THE SCRAPYARD DETECTIVES SHOULD INVESTIGATE.

HMMM...

WELL...

WHAT? WHAT'S WRONG?



SORRY, RAY, BUT IT'S NOT REALLY MUCH OF A MYSTERY.

YEAH, BEN'S JUST A BIG JERK.

CASE SOLVED! HE'S PROBABLY OUT DOING BIG, JERKY THINGS!



LIKE WHAT HE DID A COUPLE WEEKS AGO, AT SCHOOL...

HEY, BEN! WHAT'S UP?



HE DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING. HE JUST LEFT.

YEAH, HE'S ALWAYS PUSHING ME OUT OF THE WAY AND INSULTING ME!



BEEP! BEEP! MAKE WAY, IRONSIDES! I GOT PLACES TO BE!

HEY! KNOCK IT OFF!



HEY, THAT'S NOT HOW BEN IS!

IT'S HOW HE IS TO US. HE'S A BULLY WITH A BAD 'TUDE.

A JERK.



COME ON, THAT'S ABSURD!

HE'S NOT A JERK! HE GETS ALONG WITH EVERYBODY ON THE TEAM! IF YOU'D JUST GET TO KNOW HIM...

FORGET IT, MAN. NO WAY.

SORRY, RAY. WE WON'T HELP SOMEONE AS RUDE AS BEN CRENSHAW.

SOME DETECTIVES YOU ARE!

YOU JUDGE THE GUY WITHOUT GETTING THE FACTS FIRST.

STEP OFF, RAY! I KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT BEN ALREADY!

FORGET IT, THEN! I'LL FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH BEN BY MYSELF!

RAY, WE'VE GOT OUR OWN PROBLEMS! THERE'S AN INTRUDER IN THE SCRAPYARD!

FINE, YOU FIND "JACK WHO RIPS-OFF CHIPS," AND I'LL DO THE REAL DETECTIVE WORK!

SLAM



LATER...

HOW YA DOIN', SCIENCE-GUY?

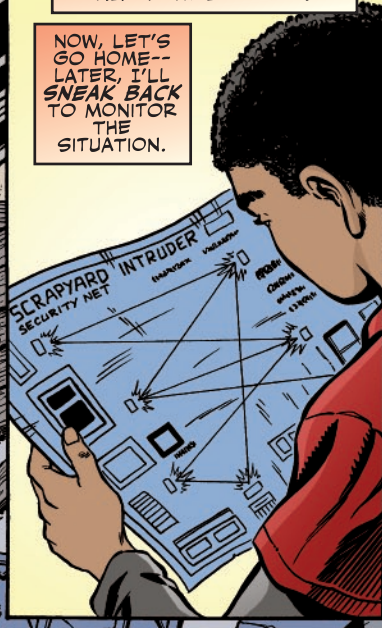
PRETTY GOOD! THIS IS THE LAST ONE!

IF ANYBODY CROSSES ONE OF THE RED MOTION-DETECTOR BEAMS, THE ALARM WILL GO OFF!

NOW, LET'S GO HOME-- LATER, I'LL SNEAK BACK TO MONITOR THE SITUATION.

SOON...

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP



BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP

GOTTA BE CAREFUL! IF IT'S AN ADULT, I'LL RUN HOME AND TELL DAD.



NO, IT'S ANOTHER KID! WHO IS IT?



HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?



CLANK

THWAP

CRASH

BAM

CLANK
RATTLE



HEY!

STOP, YO!

YOU COULD GET HURT IN HERE!



AAAH!

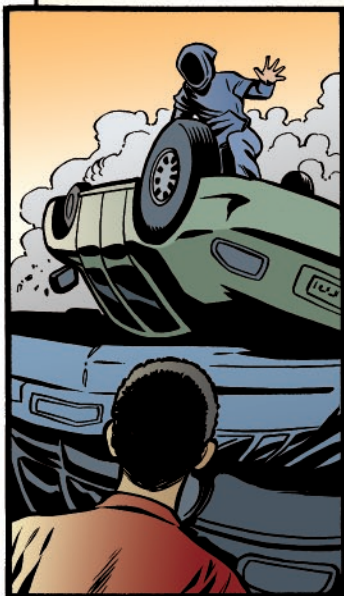
RRRIP

MAKE THAT "WE" COULD GET HURT IN HERE!



DON'T GO UP THERE! IT'S DANGEROUS!

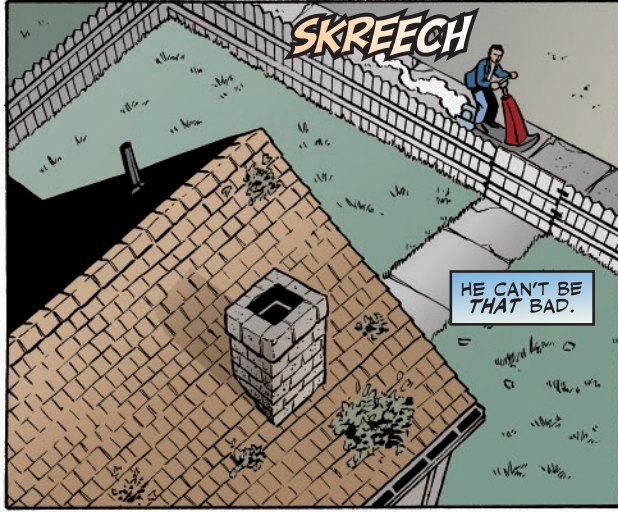






NOBODY HAS ANYTHING NICE TO SAY ABOUT BEN'S STEP-DAD!

WHOOSH



SKREEECH

HE CAN'T BE THAT BAD.



KNOCK KNOCK

WELL, HERE GOES!



WHAT?!

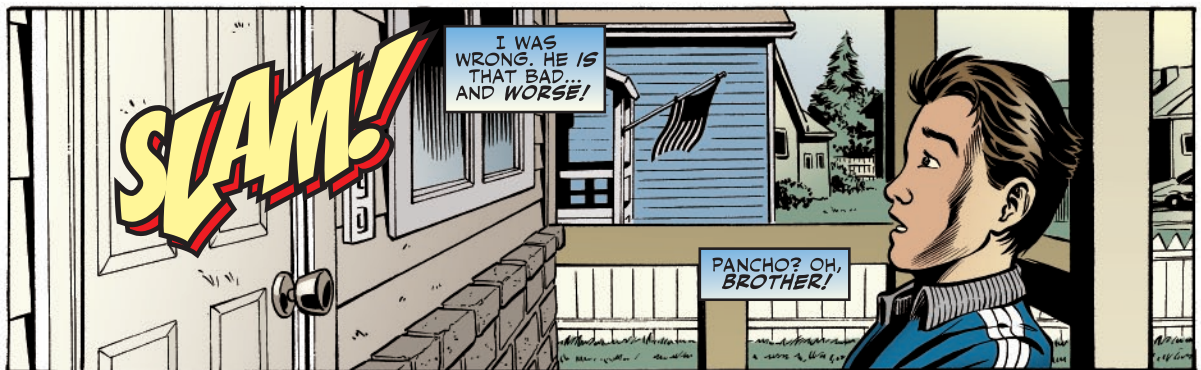
IS B-BEN...?

BEN'S BUSY!



BESIDES, DON'T YOU HAVE WORK TO DO, NOW THAT YOU'VE REPLACED HIM ON THE FOOTBALL TEAM?

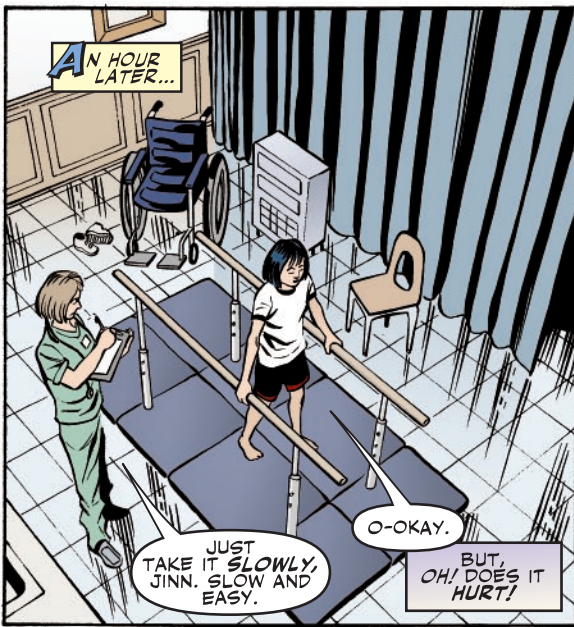
BEST GET TO IT, PANCHO.



SLAM!

I WAS WRONG. HE IS THAT BAD. AND WORSE!

PANCHO? OH, BROTHER!



CHASING INTRUDERS, REPAIRING OUR WALL, ALMOST GETTING CRUSHED BY A TON OF JUNK--WHAT A DELIGHTFUL DAY THIS HAS BEEN!

MAYBE NOW I CAN RELAX AND CHECK OUT MY VIDEO OF THE GAME.

WAIT A MINUTE--LOOK AT THAT! BEN'S STEP-DAD IS REALLY GIVING IT TO HIM.

NO WONDER BEN WAS SO GROUCHY AFTER THE GAME LAST NIGHT!

STILL, IT DIDN'T GIVE HIM THE RIGHT TO BUMP ME LIKE THAT.

HMM...BEN DIDN'T COME TO THE MVP AWARDS--HEY, WHO'S THAT?

IT'S BEN'S STEP-DAD AGAIN. HE SURE IS ACTING SNEAKY!

LOOKS LIKE HE'S BLEEDING! I WONDER WHAT HE'S GOT IN THE DUFFEL BAG?

IT ALMOST LOOKS LIKE...A BODY?!

MAYBE RAY WAS RIGHT! MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING VERY WRONG WITH BEN!



"OKAY, HERE'S THE **REASONS** I CALLED THIS **EMERGENCY MEETING** OF THE **SCRAPYARD DETECTIVES**..."

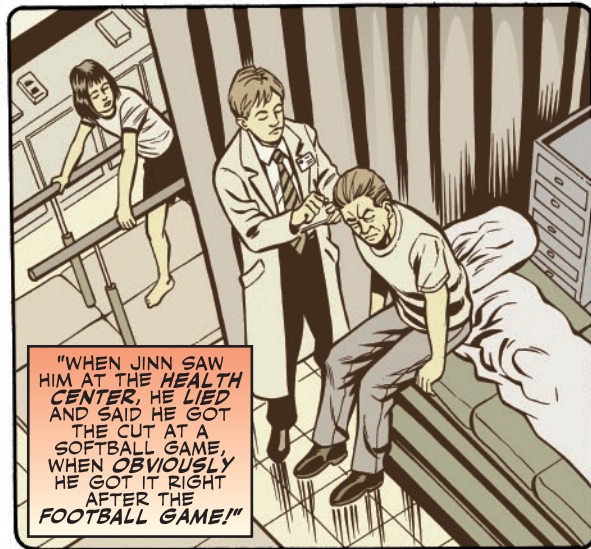
"FIRST, BEN AND HIS STEP-DAD GOT INTO A **BIG ARGUMENT** AT THE **FOOTBALL GAME** LAST NIGHT. NO ONE HIS **SEEN BEN SINCE**."



"LATER, BEN'S STEP-DAD WAS **ACTING SNEAKY**, **BLEEDING** AND **CARRYING A BIG DUFFEL BAG** CONTAINING...**SOMETHING**."



"THEN **TODAY**, WHEN **RAY** TRIED TO **SEE BEN**, HIS **STEP-DAD** ACTED **REALLY STRANGE**."



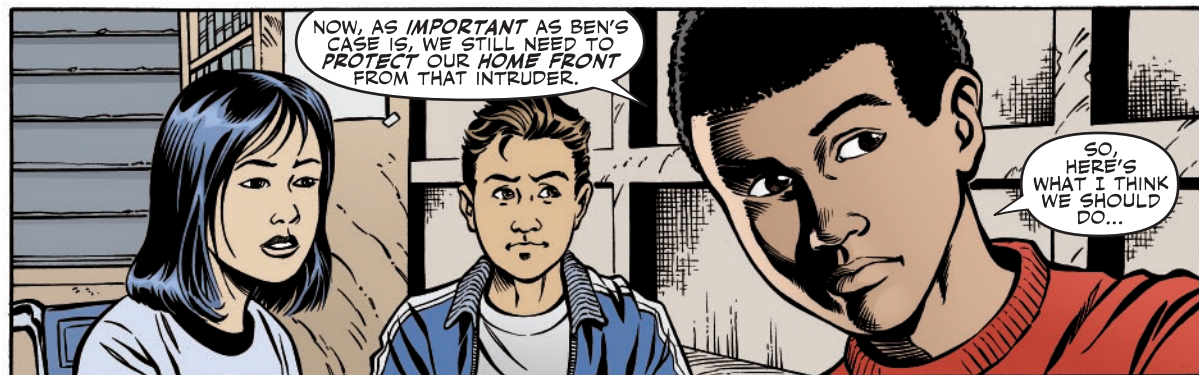
"WHEN **JINN** SAW HIM AT THE **HEALTH CENTER**, HE **LIED** AND SAID HE GOT THE **CUT** AT A **SOFTBALL GAME**, WHEN **OBVIOUSLY** HE GOT IT **RIGHT AFTER THE FOOTBALL GAME!**"



SO, WE WERE **WRONG--** BEN IS GOING THROUGH SOME KIND OF **CRISIS...OR WORSE**, AND IT NEEDS TO BE **INVESTIGATED!** RAY, JINN AND I OWE YOU AN **APOLOGY**."

SORRY, DUDE.

NO PROBLEMO, GUYS, WE COOL.



NOW, AS IMPORTANT AS BEN'S CASE IS, WE STILL NEED TO **PROTECT OUR HOME FRONT** FROM THAT **INTRUDER**."

SO, HERE'S WHAT I THINK WE SHOULD DO...





MEANWHILE...

ROBERT!
THE INTRUDER
IS ON THE
MOVE!

REMEMBER
THE PLAN.
LET'S SEE IF
WE CAN
CORRAL THIS
CRITTER!

HEY,
YOU! COME
HERE! WE WANT
TO TALK TO
YOU!



JINN, HE
TOOK THE BAIT!
THE FISH IS IN THE
BOTTLE! REPEAT: THE
FISH IS IN THE
BOTTLE!



CONVERGE
ON THE DELTA-
ZONE!

COPY
THAT,
ROBERT!
I'M ON MY
WAY!



SORRY,
PAL!
ALL ROADS
LEAD TO
THE SAME
PLACE.

WE'VE
GOT YOU
TRAPPED.



WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!



FIRST STEP: THE DOORBELL!



PLEASE DON'T OPEN THE DOOR
PLEASE DON'T OPEN THE DOOR
PLEASE DON'T OPEN THE DOOR!

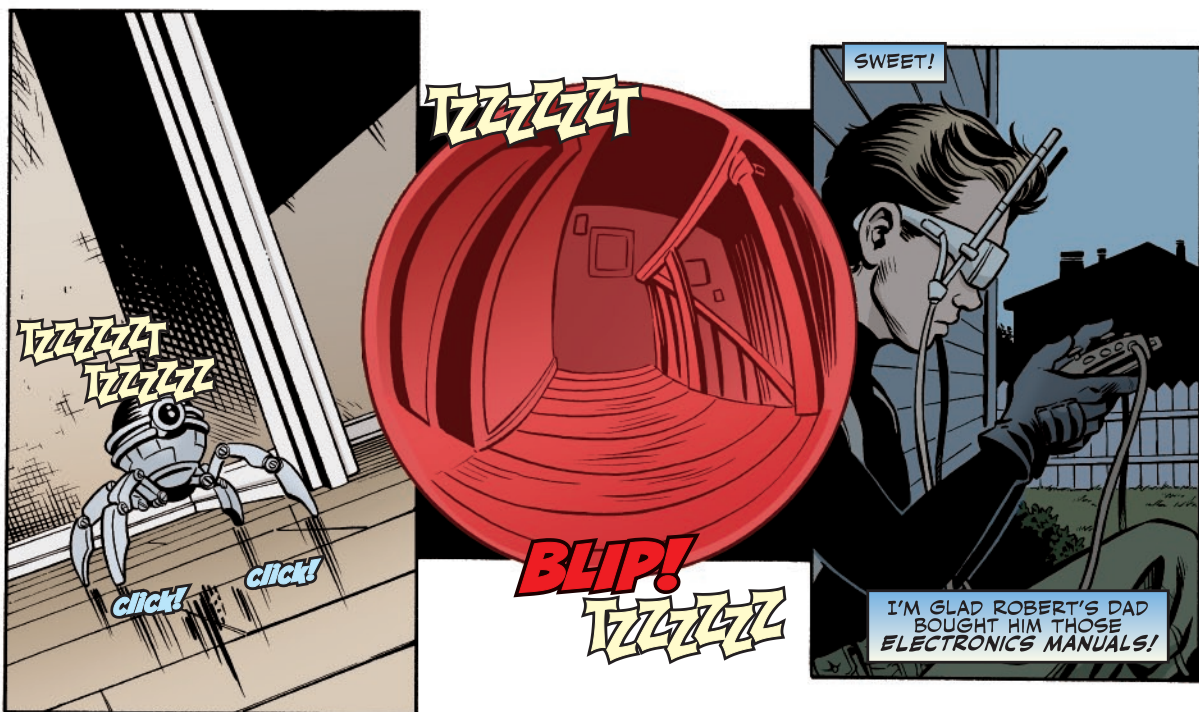


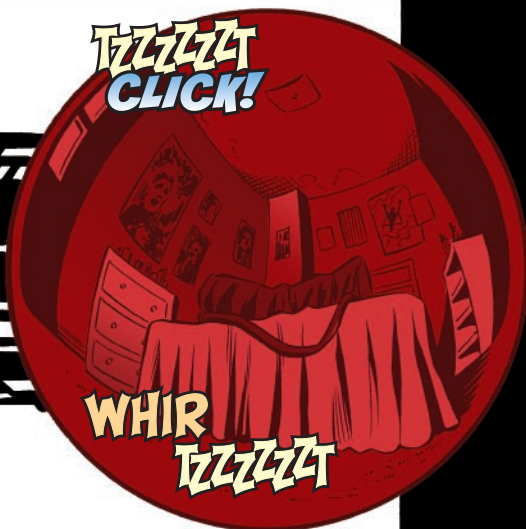
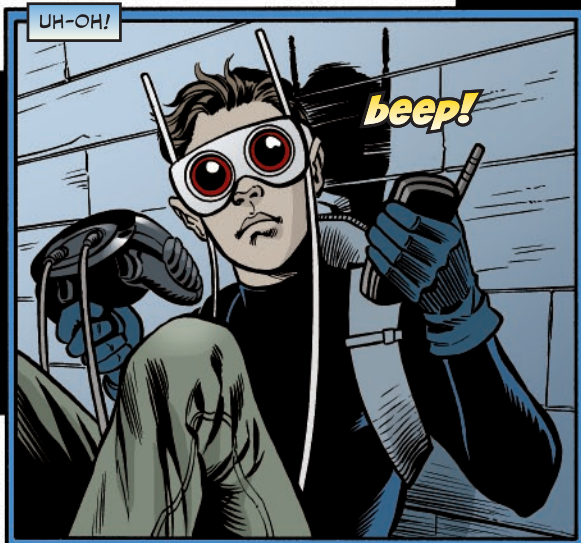
SO FAR, SO GOOD.

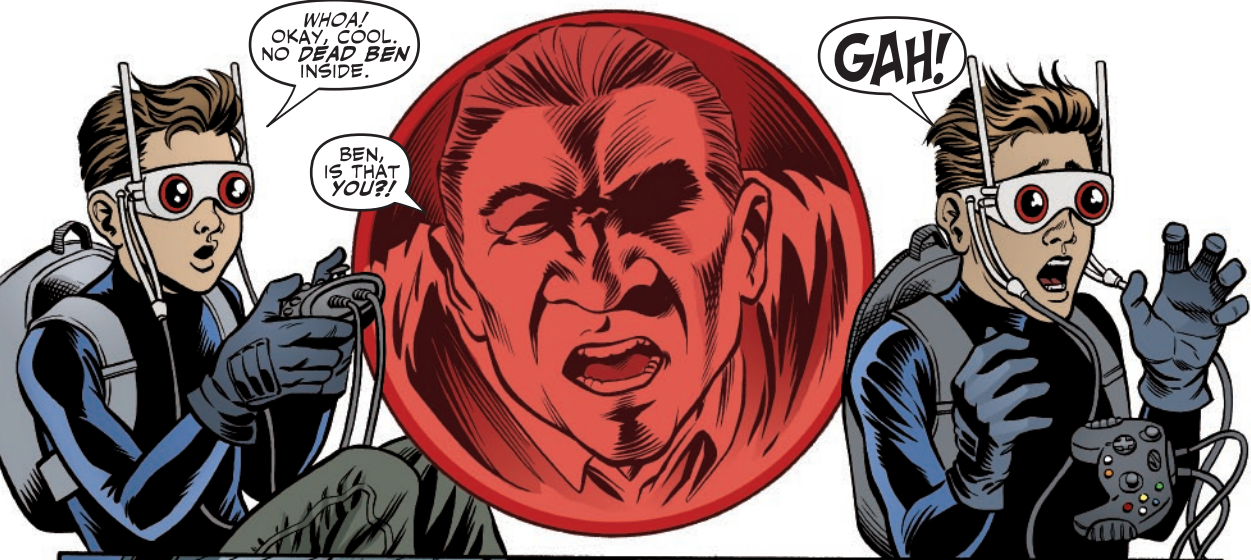
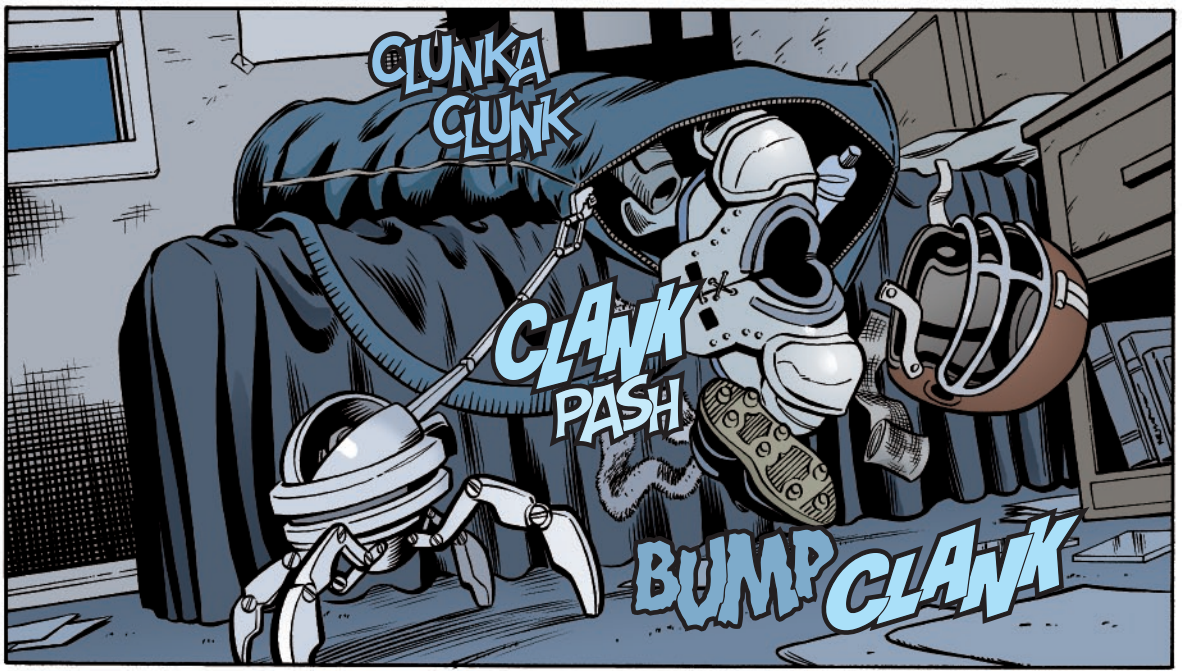


IT WORKED!

DING DONG!
DING DONG!









LOOK, I'M SORRY I TRESPASSED...AND I DIDN'T MEAN TO TIP THAT JUNK ON YOU, ROBERT! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!

I JUST NEED A PLACE TO STAY... SOMETHING TO EAT. I'LL PAY YOU BACK FOR THE CHIPS, I SWEAR.

MY STEP-DAD...HE'S MAKING MY LIFE MISERABLE.



I GOTTA RUN AWAY. AT LEAST 'TIL MY MOM COMES BACK. SHE'S IN NEW ORLEANS, HELPING WITH THE HURRICANE VICTIMS.

YOU CAN'T STAY IN THE SCRAPYARD, BEN, IT ISN'T SAFE! YOU COULD GO TO A RUNAWAY SHELTER.

BUT, CAN'T YOU WORK THINGS OUT WITH YOUR STEP-DAD?



NO WAY! ALL HE DOES IS YELL AND TRY TO OWN ME!

NEVER MIND. I'M OUT OF HERE.



'SCUSE ME, IRONSIDES, I GOT PLACES TO BE!

YOU KNOW I HATE THAT NICKNAME, DON'T YOU?

YOU DO? OH...SORRY. I THOUGHT IT WAS KINDA CUTE.



LOOK, DON'T RAT ME OUT. PLEASE? JUST ONE MORE NIGHT.



IRONSIDES IS CUTE?!



THE NEXT AFTERNOON:

SORRY ABOUT YOUR INVENTIONS, ROBERT. BEN'S STEP-DAD STOMPED ON THEM. THEN HE THREW THEM IN THE STREET.

THAT'S OKAY. WE SHOULD PROBABLY GO TELL HIM BEN'S BEEN CAMPING OUT HERE IN THE SCRAPYARD.



YOU GUYS! I THINK I KNOW WHERE BEN'S BEEN SLEEPING!



LOOK! THESE FOOTPRINTS LEAD BACK TO THE OLD PART OF THE SCRAPYARD!



THIS LOOKS LIKE A LIKELY SPOT FOR A CAMP-OUT!



YEP! YOU WERE RIGHT, JINN. BUT, HE'S GONE NOW.

LOOK! THE POOR GUY WAS EATING DOG BISCUITS! HE MUST HAVE BEEN PRETTY HUNGRY.

I WONDER WHERE HE WENT?



I'VE GOT A PRETTY GOOD IDEA. COME ON, DETECTIVES!

ABANDONED BLOCK TO DEMOLISHED, MAKE WAY FOR NEW CONDOS



HOURS LATER...

I THOUGHT FOR SURE HE WOULD BE HERE, BUT IF WE HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM BY NOW...



IT CAME FROM UP THERE! AND I THINK I SAW SOMEBODY.



BEN? BEN, IF IT'S YOU, PLEASE COME DOWN!

I'M SURE YOU CAN WORK IT OUT WITH YOUR STEP-DAD! MAYBE WE CAN HELP!



OH, RIGHT! AS IF THAT'S GONNA HAPPEN!



"MY STEP-DAD FORBIDS ME TO EVEN HANG WITH YOU GUYS. HE SAYS I'LL GO FARTHER IN LIFE IF I STICK TO MY OWN KIND."

"WHY DO YOU THINK I ALWAYS IGNORED YOU, ROBERT?"

"EVER SINCE MOM LEFT, HE'S BEEN DOUBLY ON MY CASE."

"FRIDAY NIGHT, HE SAID I HAD TO QUIT THE TEAM, RAY!"

"WHEN RAY REPLACED ME AS QUARTERBACK, HE REALLY BLEW A GASKET!"

"WE ARGUED AND HE FELL AND CUT HIMSELF...BUT HE PROBABLY BLAMES ME!"

WHY IS HE TRYING TO RUIN MY LIFE?!

WHA...? WHOA!

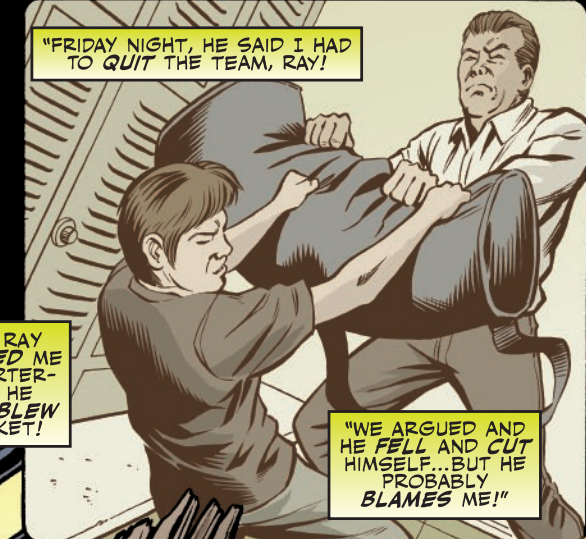
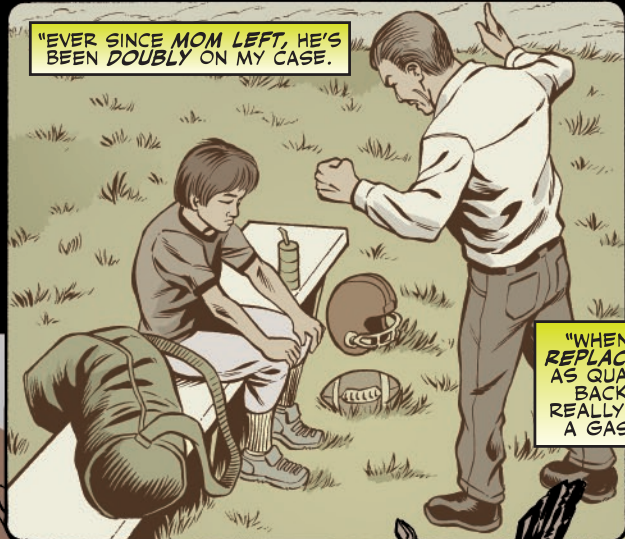
KRACKA
KRACK
CREEEAK

HANG ON, BEN! WE'LL SAVE YOU!

BEN! YOU KIDS GET AWAY FROM HIM!

GET OUT OF MY WAY!

NO, MR. THOMPSON!





ARE YOU CRAZY?! DON'T TOUCH...

CRASH

SPRAKA
THOOM



BUT... WHAT ABOUT BEN?

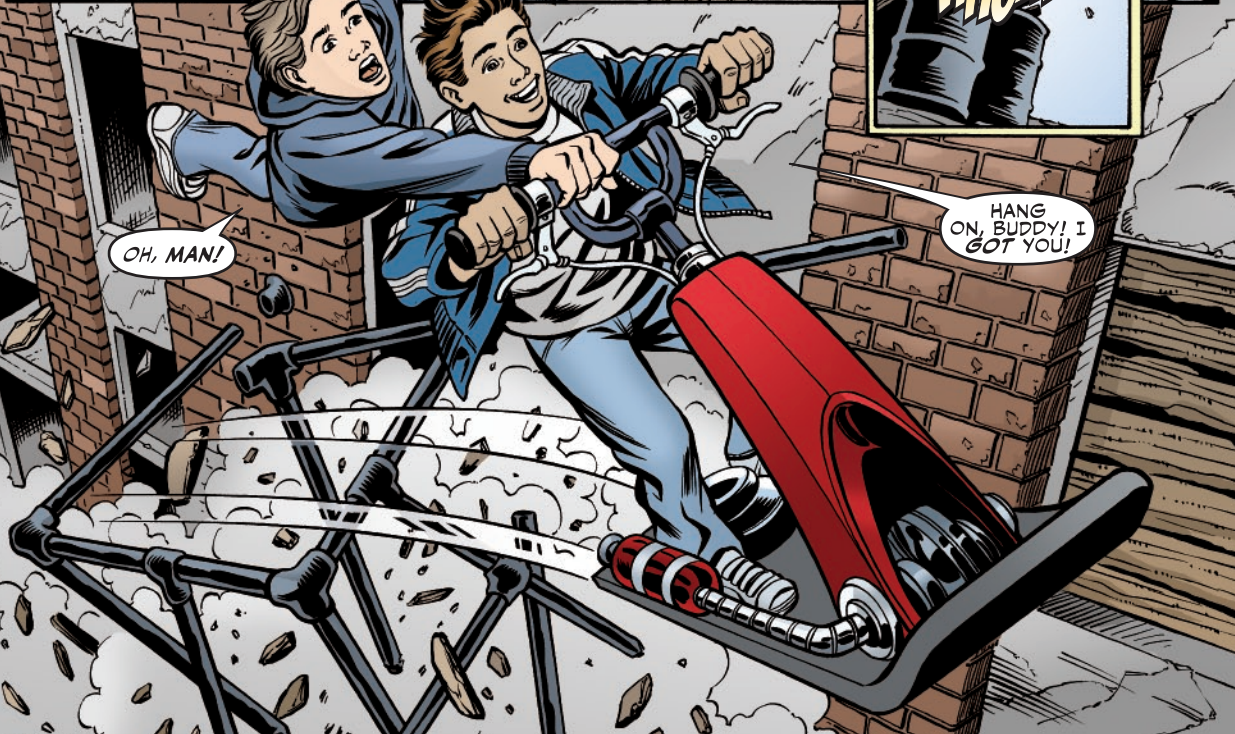


WHOOOOO
HOOOOO!



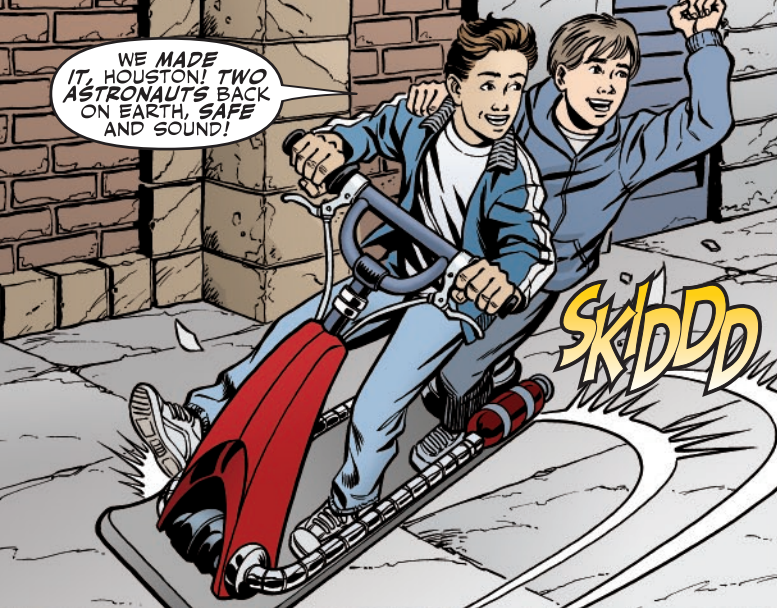
WHOOSH!

WHUMP



OH, MAN!

HANG ON, BUDDY! I GOT YOU!



WE MADE IT, HOUSTON! TWO ASTRONAUTS BACK ON EARTH, SAFE AND SOUND!

SKIDDD



MAKE THAT "THREE ASTRO-NAUTS."

ARF.

IT'S PESTO, MRS. VALENTI'S MISSING DOG! YOU FOUND HIM, BEN!



I-I'M SO SORRY, BEN.

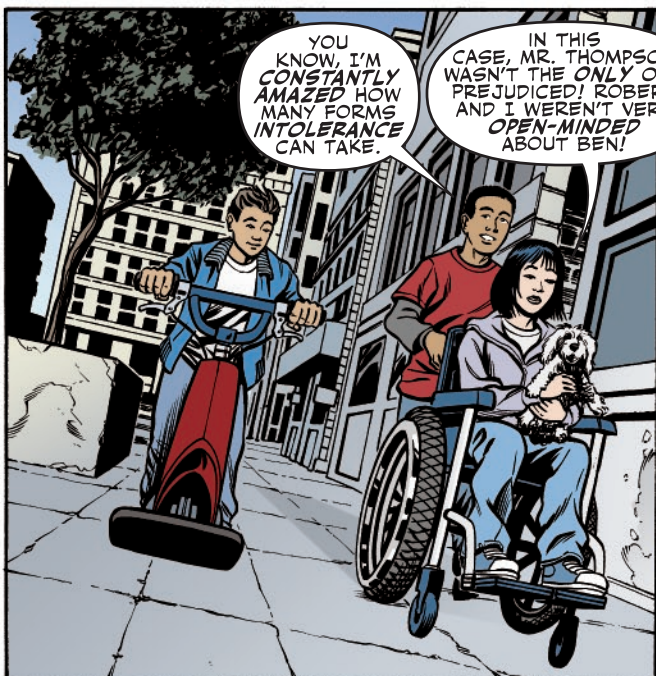
AND, H-HEY... I WANT TO THANK... YOU PEOPLE.

I THOUGHT I KNEW WHAT WAS BEST FOR YOU, BUT... BUT, MAYBE WE NEED TO HAVE A LONG TALK.

WELL, YOU TALK, I'LL LISTEN.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, GUYS, THAT'S A 100% IMPROVEMENT FROM BEFORE.

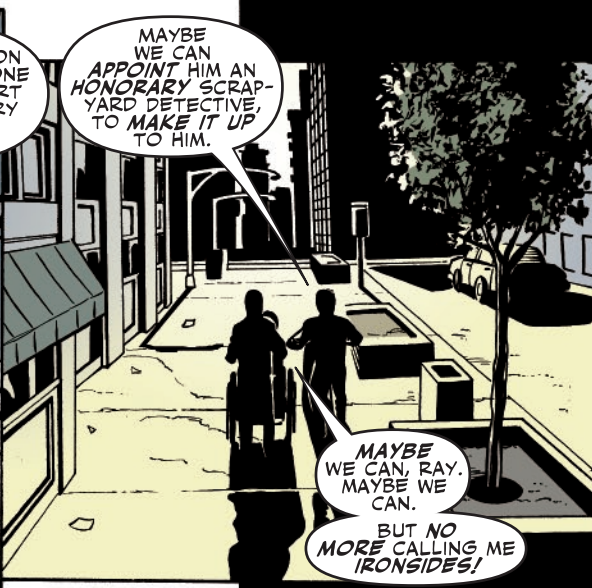
I'LL SEE YOU AT SCHOOL TOMORROW--AND WE WILL DEFINITELY HANG OUT.



YOU KNOW, I'M CONSTANTLY AMAZED HOW MANY FORMS INTOLERANCE CAN TAKE.

IN THIS CASE, MR. THOMPSON WASN'T THE ONLY ONE PREJUDICED! ROBERT AND I WEREN'T VERY OPEN-MINDED ABOUT BEN!

MAYBE WE CAN APPOINT HIM AN HONORARY SCRAP-YARD DETECTIVE, TO MAKE IT UP TO HIM.



MAYBE WE CAN, RAY. MAYBE WE CAN.

BUT NO MORE CALLING ME IRONSIDES!

THE END