

BRIAN JOINES • BACHAN

IMAGINE

AGENTS

BOOM!
STUDIOS

4
OF 4



SPECIAL AGENT FIELD MANUAL

REVISED EDITION NO. 19-A

PROPERTY OF: DAVID SLATERN
AGENT NO.: ST-9870-146



NAME: DAPPLE ASSIGNED CHILD: BECKY
CURRENT STATUS: UNKNOWN

POST-EVENT RECON:

- DAPPLE HOLDS A MEETING OF FIGMENTS FROM AROUND THE GLOBE. HE REVEALS HIS PLAN TO MERGE FIGMENTS WITH CHILDREN, MAKING THEM "AS REAL" AS HUMANS.
- DAPPLE REVEALS HIS PAST: BEING NEGLECTED BY YOUNG REBECCA FAIRVIEW AND BEING CAPTURED BY ROOKIE AGENT DAVID SLATERN. DURING HIS IMPRISONMENT, DAPPLE STUDIED THE HUMAN BRAIN AND, UPON HIS ESCAPE, USED THE ENERGY FUNNELED THROUGH I.M.A.G.I.N.E.'S EQUIPMENT TO MERGE WITH CHILDREN AND BECOME FULLY TANGIBLE.
- AGENTS SLATERN AND TERRY SNOWGOOSE, ALONG WITH REBECCA AND FIGMENT FURDLEGURR, RUSH IN TO SAVE ELLIOT, ONLY TO FIND THEMSELVES SURROUNDED BY DAPPLE'S FOLLOWERS.
- BLOUNDER, HAVING LEARNED OF DAPPLE'S PLANS, ALERTS I.M.A.G.I.N.E. DIRECTOR SABRINA QUIST, WHO CRASHES THE MEETING, RESCUING THE OTHERS.
- DAPPLE BREAKS AN I.M.A.G.I.N.E. ENERGY CHAMBER TO ABSORB ITS POWER. HE'S TRANSFORMS INTO A FIGMENT LIGHTNING ROD, DRAWING THEM INTO HIM UNTIL HE EXPLODES INTO A GIGANTIC NEW FORM.
- IN THE AFTERMATH, DAVE AND BLOUNDER ARE MISSING.

REPORT CONTINUED IN CASE NO.: 1823-15E

CASE FILE REFERENCE IMAGE: 9483-293-12-M

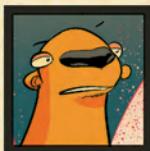
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IMAGINE AGENTSTM

I.M.A.G.I.N.E. CASE FILES
CASE NO.: 4930-34R
FIELD AGENTS: SLATERN, DAVE
SNOWGOOSE, TERRY



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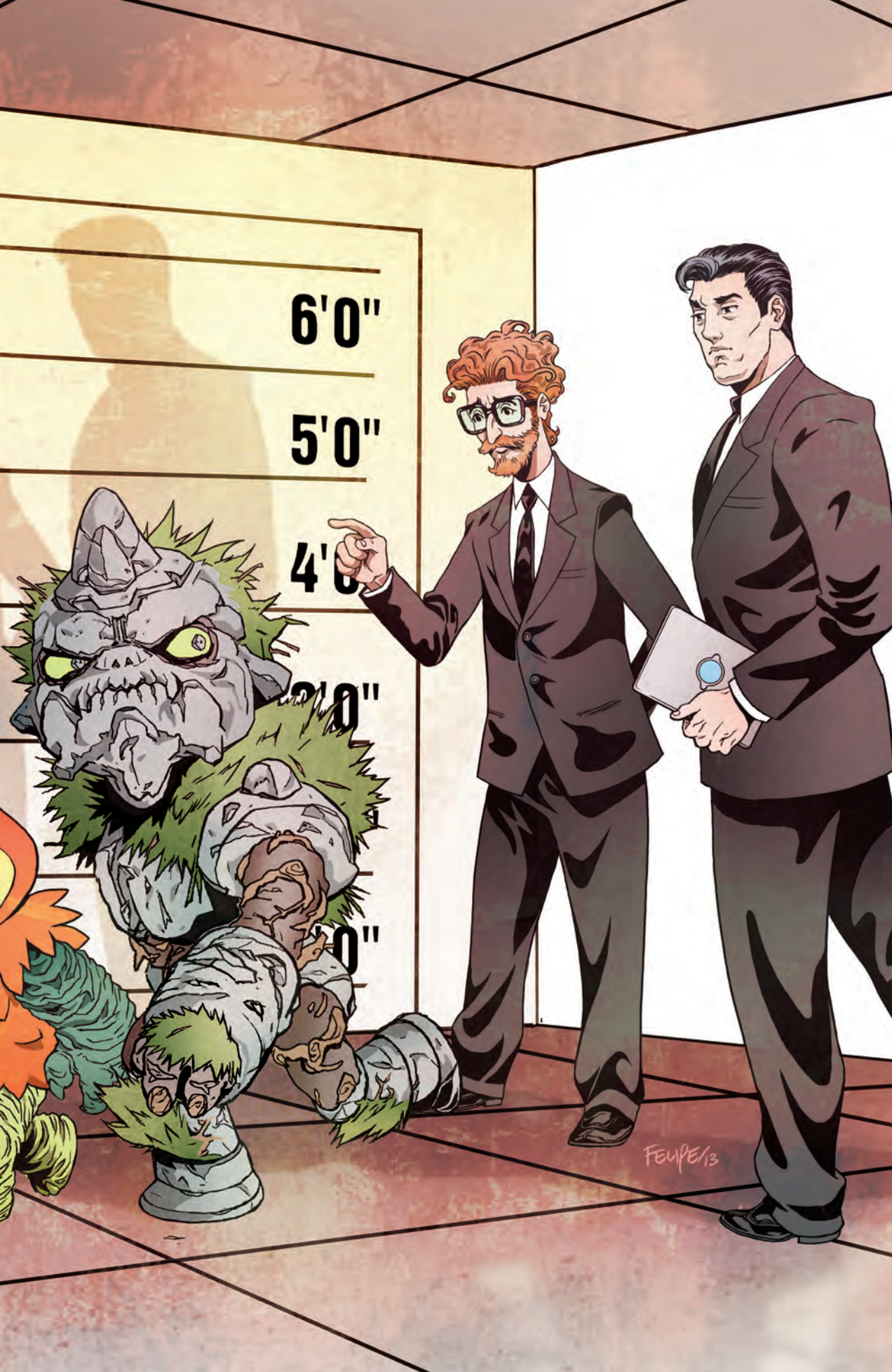
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WELL,
WELL...

...THIS WAS
UNEXPECTED.





AGENT
SNOWGOOSE?
WHAT SHOULD
WE DO?

I HAVE
NO IDEA, BUT
I'M PRETTY SURE
**UNCONTROLLABLE
SOBBING'S**
INVOLVED.

**FIRE!!!
BRING HIM
DOWN!!**



TSK TSK. A
VALIANT EFFORT,
DIRECTOR QUIST.
BUT SADLY LACKING
IN IMPACT.

DON'T WORRY,
I'M SURE YOU'LL
GET ANOTHER
CHANCE. HERE...



...ALLOW ME TO
INCENTIVIZE
YOU.

MOMMY?

NO!! YOU
LEAVE HIM
ALONE!



BUT MY
DEAR REBECCA...
WHERE'S THE
FUN IN
THAT?

AAAAHHH!!



DAPPLE,
PLEASE...YOU
HATE **ME**, NOT HIM!
TAKE ME INSTEAD!!
JUST LET HIM GO,
I'M BEGGING
YOU!!

AND
MISS WATCHING
YOU WALLOW ABOUT
IN HELPLESSNESS?
NOT LIKELY.



THINK OF IT
AS A PARTING
GIFT...A FINAL,
PERSONAL TWIST OF
THE KNIFE BEFORE
MY VENGEANCE
GOES GLOBAL.

IT MAY
SEEM PETTY,
ALL THINGS
CONSIDERED...





...NOT TO PUT TOO FINE A POINT ON IT.



IS...IS THAT DAPPLE? HOW--?

DON'T WORRY, MISTER AGENT DAVE, WE'LL STOP HIM!



WE COULD SHOOT HIM WITH LASERS OR SUCTION OUT HIS ENERGY OR MAYBE BUILD SOME KIND OF **FIGMENT BOMB** THINGY OR--

IT'S OVER.

NO, IT'S OKAY! I FOUND A BUNCH OF I.M.A.G.I.N.E. STUFF AROUND THE--



I SAID IT'S OVER!

UNDERSTAND, I'VE BEEN AFTER DAPPLE FOR YEARS. AND EVERY TIME I STUPIDLY THINK I HAVE HIM, HE WINDS UP TEN STEPS AHEAD!

YOU SAID IT YOURSELF-- HE BLEW UP. HE **EXPLODED**. AND WHAT HAPPENS? HE'S FRIGGING **GIGANTOR!!**



WE CAN'T FIGHT THAT. WE'RE NOT **EQUIPPED** TO FIGHT THAT. IT'S OVER.

HE **WINS**.

WAIT... IS DAPPLE THE REASON YOU GET SO CRABBY AROUND FIGMENTS, MISTER AGENT DAVE?



WHAT DID HE DO?



YOU
HAVE TO **DO**
SOMETHING!!



MS. FAIRVIEW,
I KNOW YOU'RE,
LIKE, **TOTALLY**
STRESSED AND
EVERYTHING BUT
WE'RE WORKING
ON IT!

DIRECTOR QUIST IS
GETTING A HOLD OF
THE **TOKYO** BRANCH.
WE'RE PRETTY SURE
THEY KNOW HOW TO
HANDLE **GINORMOUS**
FIGMENTS OVER
THERE.



I DON'T WANT
THE TOKYO BRANCH, I
DON'T WANT DIRECTOR
QUIST. YOU ZAPPED ME
AT MY HOUSE, YOU
WATCHED DAPPLE TAKE
MY SON...YOU
OWE ME.

I WANT
YOU.

ME?



YOU DON'T
WANT ME! I'M
A **TERRIBLE**
AGENT!

IN ONE WEEK I
LOST MY WEAPON,
ALMOST GOT DAVE
KILLED, GOT KNOCKED
OUT **EIGHT** TIMES,
TOTALED AN SUV, FORGOT
MY EARPIECE,
SHOT--



THE
EARPIECE.



DIRECTOR
QUIST! I
HAVE AN
IDEA!

ELLIOT WAS
ABLE TO SEE **ALL**
THE FIGMENTS,
RIGHT? SO DAPPLE
MUST'VE GOTTEN
HIS HANDS ON
A--

HQ'S
SCRAMBLED
THREE CHOPPERS,
MA'AM. ETA
THIRTY-FIVE
MINUTES.



DIRECTOR
QUI--

I HEARD
YOU. REMOVING
THE EARPICE **COULD**
MAKE THE BOY IMMUNE
TO DAPPLE'S ATTACKS,
BUT HOW DO YOU
PROPOSE REACHING HIM
WITHOUT AIR SUPPORT?
GROWING A PAIR
OF WINGS?

I APPRECIATE
YOUR ENTHUSIASM,
TERRY, BUT I NEED
YOU TO ASSIST
WITH CROWD
CONTROL...



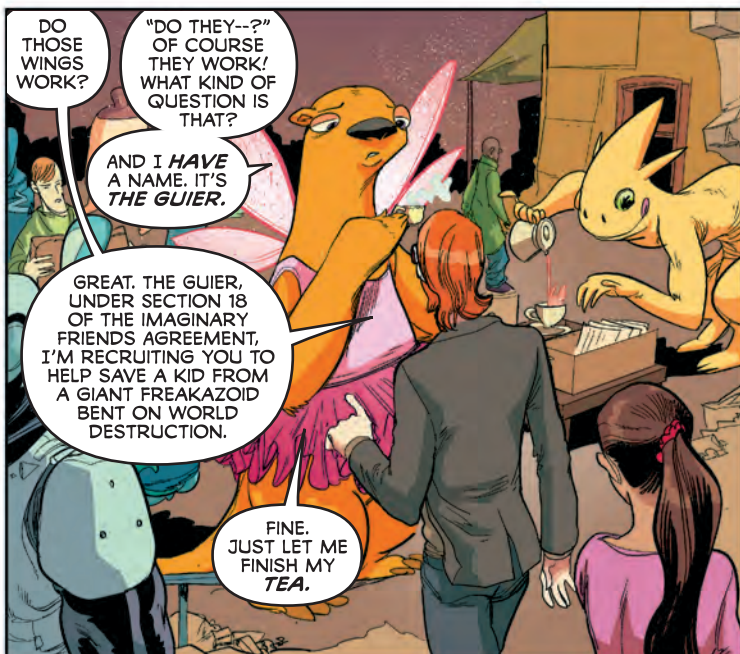
...AND LET
THE **REAL**
AGENTS
DO THEIR
JOBS.



WHAT DID SHE--WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

SHE WANTS WINGS? I'LL GIVE HER WINGS!

HEY! FUZZY DUDE!!



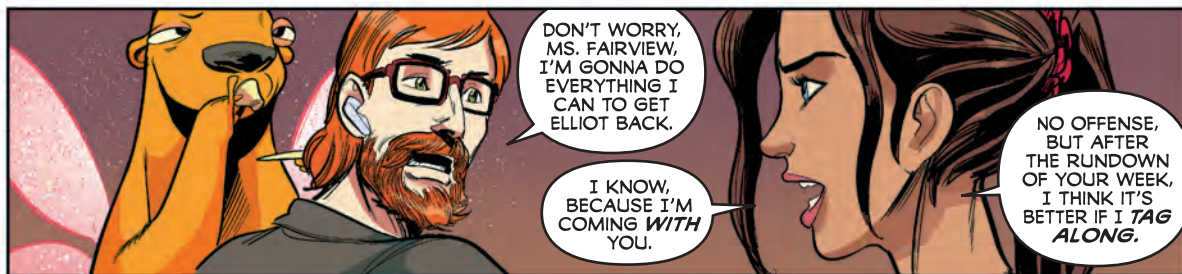
DO THOSE WINGS WORK?

"DO THEY--?" OF COURSE THEY WORK! WHAT KIND OF QUESTION IS THAT?

AND I *HAVE* A NAME. IT'S *THE GUIER*.

GREAT. THE GUIER, UNDER SECTION 18 OF THE IMAGINARY FRIENDS AGREEMENT, I'M RECRUITING YOU TO HELP SAVE A KID FROM A GIANT FREAKAZOID BENT ON WORLD DESTRUCTION.

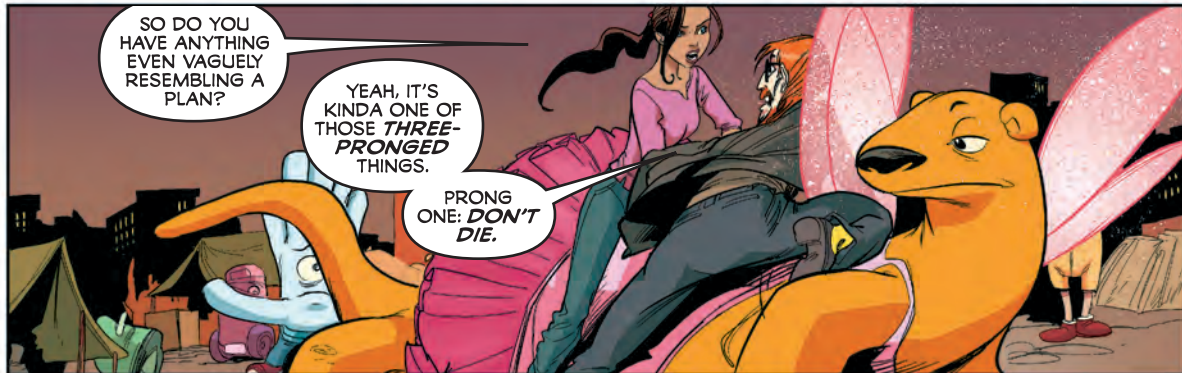
FINE. JUST LET ME FINISH MY *TEA*.



DON'T WORRY, MS. FAIRVIEW, I'M GONNA DO EVERYTHING I CAN TO GET ELLIOT BACK.

I KNOW, BECAUSE I'M COMING *WITH* YOU.

NO OFFENSE, BUT AFTER THE RUNDOWN OF YOUR WEEK, I THINK IT'S BETTER IF I *TAG ALONG*.



SO DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING EVEN VAGUELY RESEMBLING A PLAN?

YEAH, IT'S KINDA ONE OF THOSE *THREE-PRONGED* THINGS.

PRONG ONE: *DON'T DIE*.



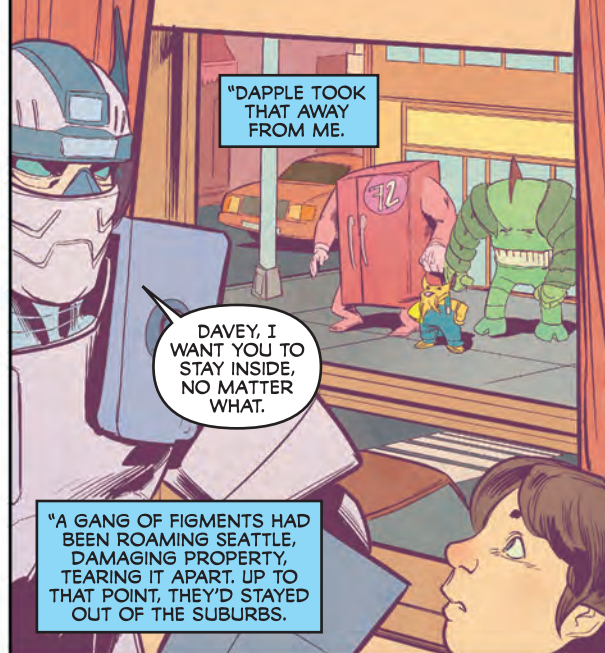
THE PRONGS GET A LITTLE *HAZY* AFTER THAT.



"WHEN I WAS A KID, MY BEST FRIEND WAS A FIGMENT. EVERY DAY WAS A NEW ADVENTURE, EXPLORING, PLAYING..."

"IT WAS THE HAPPIEST TIME IN MY LIFE."

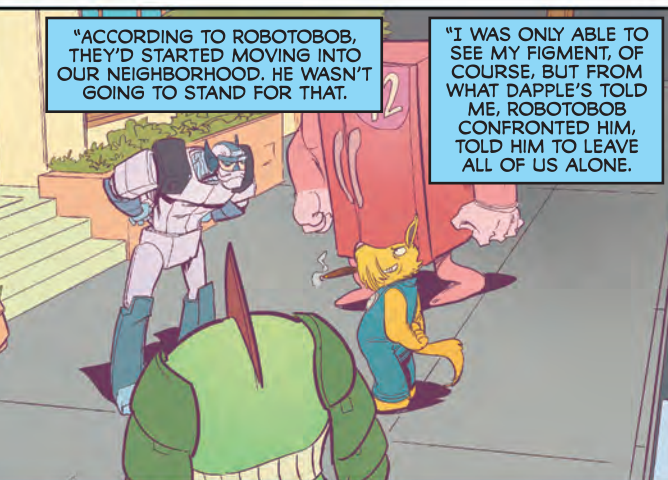
FLY, ROBOTOBAB, FLY!!



"DAPPLE TOOK THAT AWAY FROM ME."

DAVEY, I WANT YOU TO STAY INSIDE, NO MATTER WHAT.

"A GANG OF FIGMENTS HAD BEEN ROAMING SEATTLE, DAMAGING PROPERTY, TEARING IT APART. UP TO THAT POINT, THEY'D STAYED OUT OF THE SUBURBS."



"ACCORDING TO ROBOTOBAB, THEY'D STARTED MOVING INTO OUR NEIGHBORHOOD. HE WASN'T GOING TO STAND FOR THAT."

"I WAS ONLY ABLE TO SEE MY FIGMENT, OF COURSE, BUT FROM WHAT DAPPLE'S TOLD ME, ROBOTOBAB CONFRONTED HIM, TOLD HIM TO LEAVE ALL OF US ALONE."



"THAT WAS THE LAST TIME I EVER SAW HIM."



I SPENT YEARS TRYING TO FIND HIM... CALLING IN FAVORS, FOLLOWING LEADS... **NOTHING.** FINALLY, I JUST HAD TO ACCEPT IT: DAPPLE KILLED MY FIGMENT.

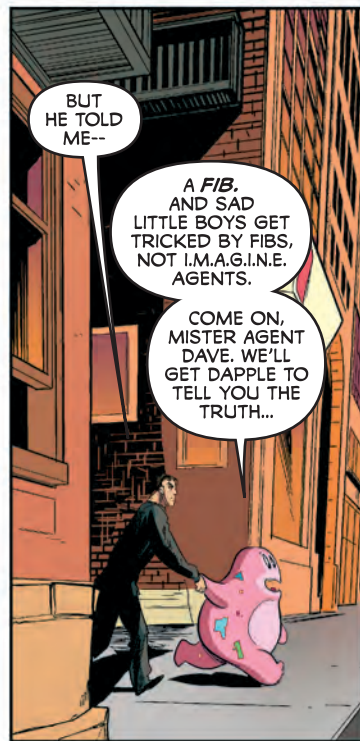
HE'S NOT COMING BACK.

BUT...



...FIGMENTS **CAN'T** DIE. I DON'T THINK WE WORK THAT WAY.

LOOK AT DAPPLE. FOR SOMEONE WHO JUST WENT SPLODEY, HE'S DOING PRETTY OKAY FOR HIMSELF!



BUT HE TOLD ME--

A FIB. AND SAD LITTLE BOYS GET TRICKED BY FIBS, NOT I.M.A.G.I.N.E. AGENTS.

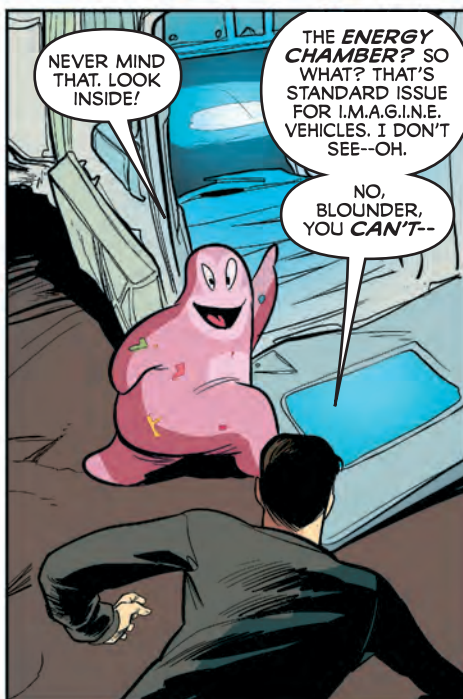
COME ON, MISTER AGENT DAVE. WE'LL GET DAPPLE TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH...



...AFTER WE STOP HIM.

WHAT, WITH THIS STUFF? IT'S JUNK!

WHO DO YOU THINK WE'RE UP AGAINST, CRAIGSLIST?



NEVER MIND THAT. LOOK INSIDE!

THE **ENERGY CHAMBER**? SO WHAT? THAT'S STANDARD ISSUE FOR I.M.A.G.I.N.E. VEHICLES. I DON'T SEE--OH.

NO, BLOUNDER, YOU **CAN'T**--



NOT ME...**US!**

IF DAPPLE CAN COMBINE WITH A HUMAN AND GET ALL POWERFUL BY BEING MEAN AND GLOOMY, WHY CAN'T WE?

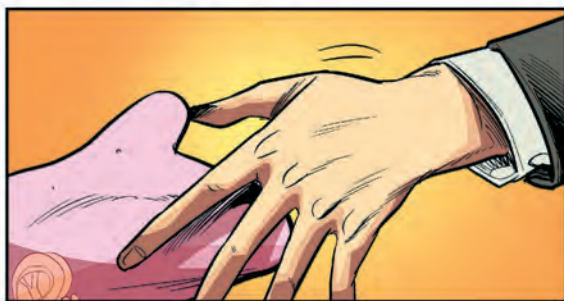
WE'LL JUST FOCUS ON GOOD STUFF! ROBOTOBAB, MOLLY AND HER FAMILY...

I--NO, I'M SORRY, BLOUNDER, BUT I **CAN'T**. WE HAVE NO IDEA WHAT'LL HAPPEN OR IF IT'LL WORK AND ANYTIME A FIGMENT GETS INVOLVED YOU **KNOW** SOMETHING BAD IS GOING TO--



MISTER AGENT DAVE, YOU SPENT SO MUCH TIME HATING FIGMENTS BECAUSE ONE OF US WAS A REAL JERK TO YOU.

DON'T YOU THINK IT'S TIME YOU TOOK A CHANCE ON A **SECOND OPINION**?



I'M GOING TO REGRET THIS, AREN'T I?

PROBABLY.

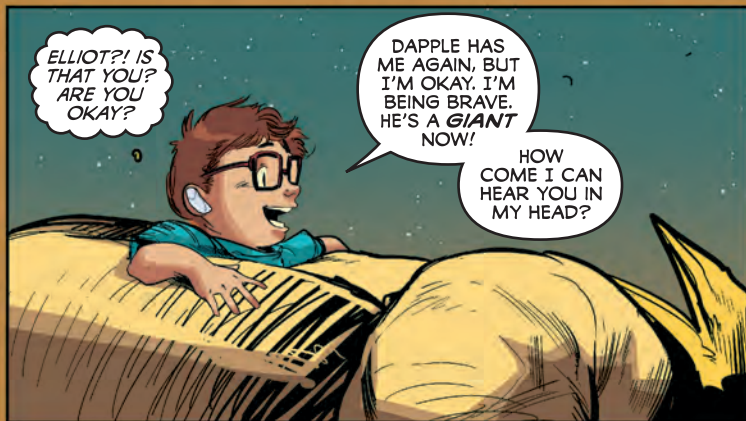
WON'T IT BE **GREAT**?



FOMP!

HHHRRRM?

ODD. AH, WELL...





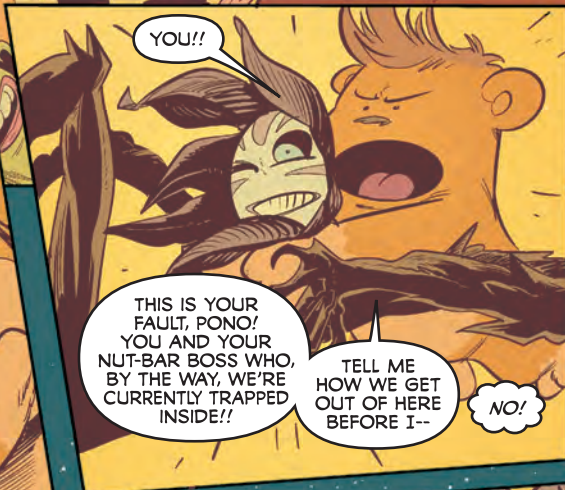
...AT LEAST UNTIL
I CAN FIGURE OUT
HOW TO RESCUE
MYSELF.



ARE
YOU IN
DANGER?

IT'S HARD
TO EXPLAIN,
KIDDO. IT'S
KINDA LIKE--

HEY, WATCH
WHERE YOU'RE
BOUNCING,
YOU--



YOU!!

THIS IS YOUR
FAULT, PONO!
YOU AND YOUR
NUT-BAR BOSS WHO,
BY THE WAY, WE'RE
CURRENTLY TRAPPED
INSIDE!!

TELL ME
HOW WE GET
OUT OF HERE
BEFORE I--

NO!



DON'T
HURT HIM,
FURDLEGURR!
PONO TRIED TO
SAVE ME!

TRIED
TO SAVE
HIMSELF
IS MORE
LIKE IT.



ALL RIGHT, YOU
GOT ME, URSA MINOR!
I CHEATED, I SWINDLED, I
AIDED AND ABETTED, AND
I BACKED THE WRONGST
WRONG HORSE SINCE THE
TROJANS HAD THEIR
SLEEPOVER!

BUT I
DIDN'T WANT
THIS...**NOBODY**
WANTED THIS.

SO WE CAN GO
BACK-AND-FORTH
WITH THE BLAME
GAME AND KEEP
BEING THE SURPRISE
INSIDE THIS DAPPLE
PIÑATA...



"...OR WE CAN PUT OUR
HEADS TOGETHER AND SEE
ABOUT GETTING OUT OF
THIS MESS."

DO YOU SEE
HIM? DO YOU
SEE ELLIOT?



AAAAH!!
WHAT
THE--?!

DON'T
WORRY...

...I'VE
GOT YOU.



BLOUNDER?!
HOW--WAIT A
MINUTE.

DAVE?!?



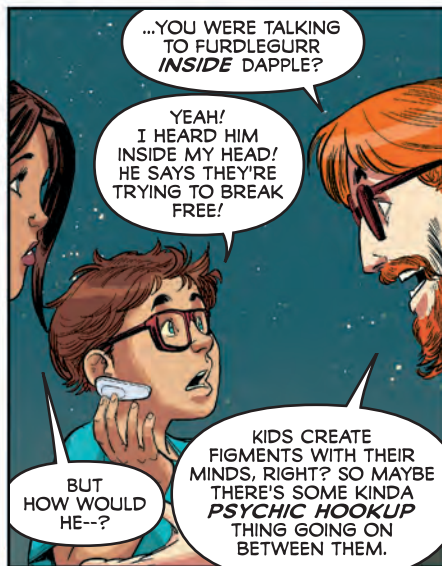
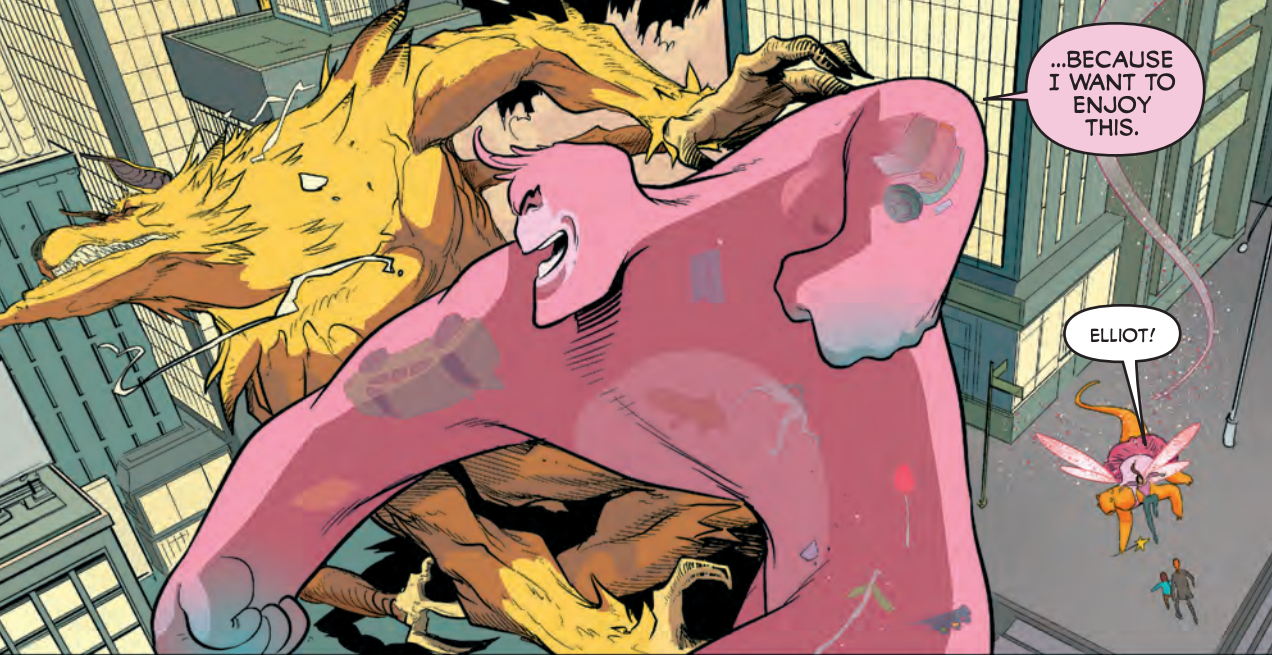
SLATERN!?!



ARE YOU
TWO ALL
RIGHT?

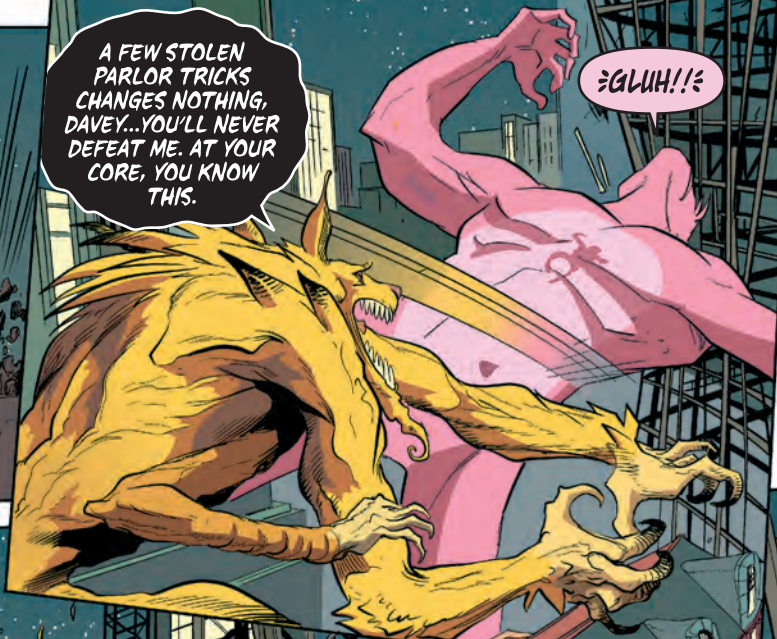
YEAH, I
THINK SO.

GOOD...



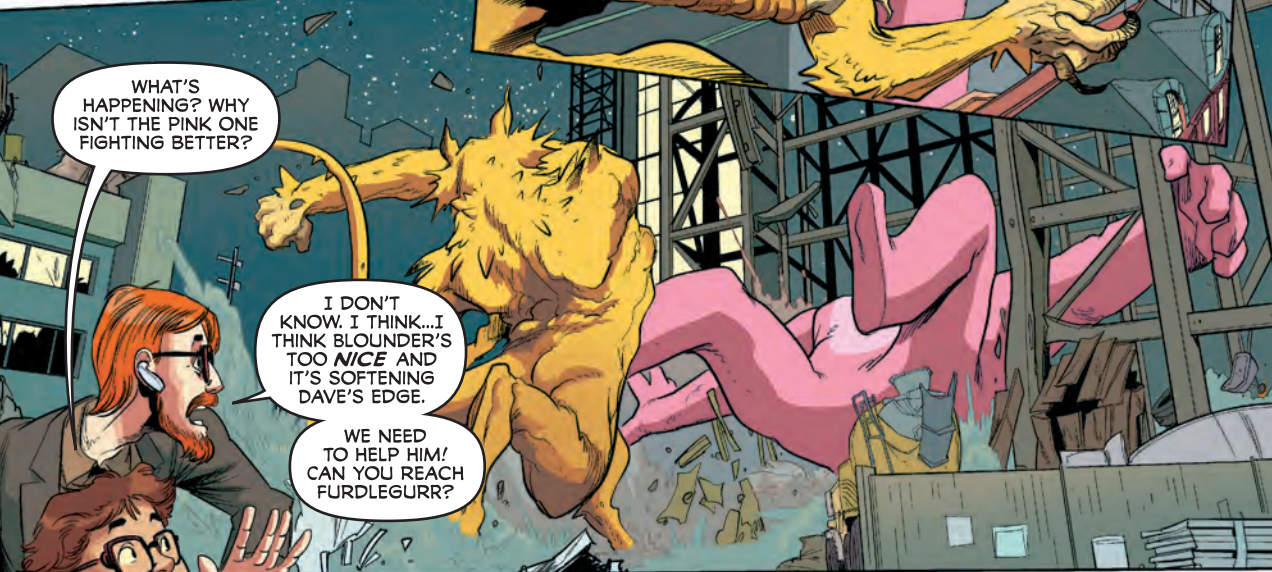


SUCH FOOLISH, IMPOTENT BRAVADO.



A FEW STOLEN PARLOR TRICKS CHANGES NOTHING, DAVEY...YOU'LL NEVER DEFEAT ME. AT YOUR CORE, YOU KNOW THIS.

GLUH!!



WHAT'S HAPPENING? WHY ISN'T THE PINK ONE FIGHTING BETTER?

I DON'T KNOW. I THINK...I THINK BLOUNDER'S TOO *NICE* AND IT'S SOFTENING DAVE'S EDGE.

WE NEED TO HELP HIM! CAN YOU REACH FURDLEGURR?



I'LL TRY.
FURDLEGURR? CAN YOU HEAR ME? WE NEED YOU TO--

I HEARD, SPORT! I'M ALREADY WORKING ON IT!



HE'S WORKING ON IT!

GOOD! NOW, IF WE CAN--MS. FAIRVIEW? ARE YOU OKAY?

I CAN'T JUST DO *NOTHING*. THIS ALL STARTED WITH MY FIGMENT, AFTER ALL.

IF ELLIOT HAS SOME KIND OF MENTAL CONNECTION WITH FURDLEGURR...



"...MAYBE I HAVE ONE WITH *DAPPLE*."



LISTEN, EVERYONE! I MAY HAVE A WAY OUT OF THIS, BUT I'M GOING TO NEED **EVERYONE'S** HELP!

I KNOW SOME OF YOU FEEL LIKE YOU WERE TREATED POORLY, BY YOUR KIDS OR THE AGENTS, AND THAT'S WHAT FIRST LED YOU TO DAPPLE. AND YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT...YOU **SHOULD'VE** BEEN TREATED BETTER.

BUT DAPPLE'S NOT ABOUT HELPING YOU...HE'S ABOUT REVENGE. AND HE'LL BE ABOUT REVENGE UNTIL HE'S HURT A LOT OF PEOPLE, INCLUDING **OUR KIDS**.

THEY DON'T **DESERVE** IT.



OUR KIDS AREN'T PERFECT. YES, SOME OF THEM MAY HAVE TREATED YOU BADLY. BUT LOOK AT WHERE THEY'RE AT IN THEIR LIVES.

THEY'RE THESE SOFT, FRAGILE LITTLE THINGS, ALONE IN A WORLD TOO BIG FOR THEM, AND DEALING WITH **FEELINGS** AND **EMOTIONS** THEY CAN BARELY UNDERSTAND. AND THEY'RE SO, SO LONELY.

THEY WANT SOMEBODY, **ANYBODY**, WHO WILL UNDERSTAND THEM, WILL HELP THEM DISCOVER THEIR WORLD AND HELP PROCESS EVERYTHING THEY ENCOUNTER.



"AND THAT'S WHERE WE COME IN. FROM ALL THE IMAGES AND IDEAS THEY'VE PICKED UP, THEY **IMAGINE** THESE BODIES WE'RE IN AND BRING US INTO THEIR LIVES.

"THEY PUT IN EVERYTHING THEY THINK IS GOOD AND RIGHT WITH THE WORLD AND DESIGN A FRIEND WHO REPRESENTS THAT **ABSOLUTE BEST** AS THEY SEE IT.

"WE'RE THEIR **IDEALS**. HOW CAN WE POSSIBLY LET THEM DOWN?"

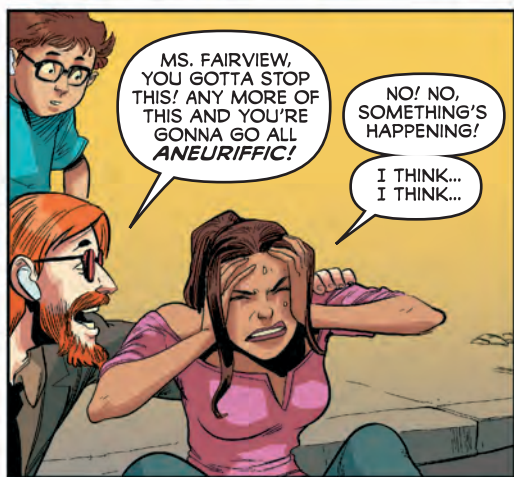


SO THINK, **REMEMBER**. FIND A TIME WHEN YOU AND YOUR CHILD HAD A MOMENT, A SECOND, WHEN YOUR BOND WAS GOOD AND PURE, BEFORE ANY BAGGAGE OR DAMAGE THAT MIGHT'VE COME LATER. THINK OF THAT TIME, FOCUS ON IT...



"...AND DON'T LET IT GO."

WAIT...WHAT'S HAPPENING? WHY DO I FEEL SO--



MS. FAIRVIEW, YOU GOTTA STOP THIS! ANY MORE OF THIS AND YOU'RE GONNA GO ALL **ANEURIFFIC!**

NO! NO, SOMETHING'S HAPPENING!

I THINK... I THINK...

...I'VE GOT HIM!!

GAH! DOES IT NEVER STOP RAINING IN THIS BLASTED CITY?

I LOOK LIKE A **CLOG** FROM THE BOTTOM OF A DRAIN.

I'M SORRY YOU GOT CAUGHT IN THE STORM, DAPPLE! HERE, I MADE YOU SOME COCOA WITH MARSHMALLOWS.

SPARE ME YOUR CONDOLENCES, CHILD! THIS IS JUST ANOTHER REASON WHY-- MARSHMALLOWS, YOU SAY?

MMMMMMMM.

I-- THANK YOU, BECKY.

THAT WAS VERY KIND OF YOU.

REBECCA? NO! SHE WAS SO...

...SWEET?

GRRAAAARRGGH!!!!



TWO MONTHS LATER...

GUARDS!!



GUARDS!!!



I DEMAND ACCESS TO YOUR LIBRARY! I HAVE A RIGHT TO ITS CONTENTS!!

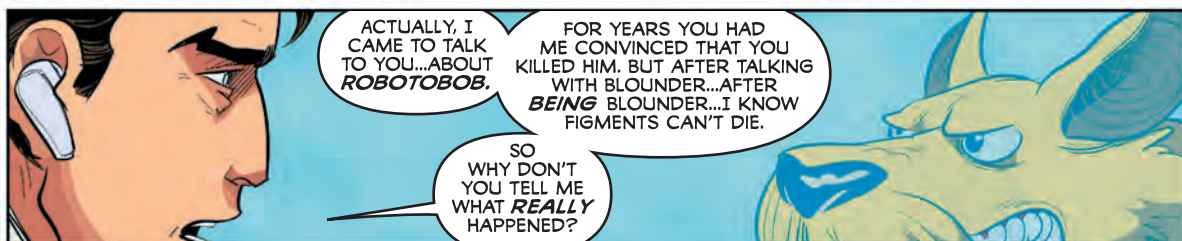
SURE. MAYBE WE'LL GET YOU A NICE BOOK ON **NEEDLEPOINT**.



WHO KNOWS? MAYBE IT'LL WORK. MAYBE YOU'LL BE ABLE TO KNIT YOUR WAY TO FREEDOM.

BUT BOOKS ON TECHNOLOGY AND THE HUMAN MIND? WELL, FOOL ME ONCE AND ALL OF THAT...

SLATERN. COME TO GLOAT, I TAKE IT? REVEL IN YOUR VICTORY?



ACTUALLY, I CAME TO TALK TO YOU...ABOUT **ROBOTOBOB**.

FOR YEARS YOU HAD ME CONVINCED THAT YOU KILLED HIM. BUT AFTER TALKING WITH BLOUNDER...AFTER **BEING** BLOUNDER...I KNOW FIGMENTS CAN'T DIE.

SO WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME WHAT **REALLY** HAPPENED?



YOUR FIGMENT. SO BOLD, SO HEROIC. HE TRIED TO STAND UP TO US, TO PROTECT YOU. WE BEAT HIM **MERCILESSLY**.

STILL, IF WORD REACHED I.M.A.G.I.N.E. IT WOULD HAVE BROUGHT ATTENTION TO MY OPERATIONS, SO I MADE HIM AN OFFER--LEAVE SEATTLE **FOREVER** AND WE'D SPARE YOU AND YOUR COMMUNITY.

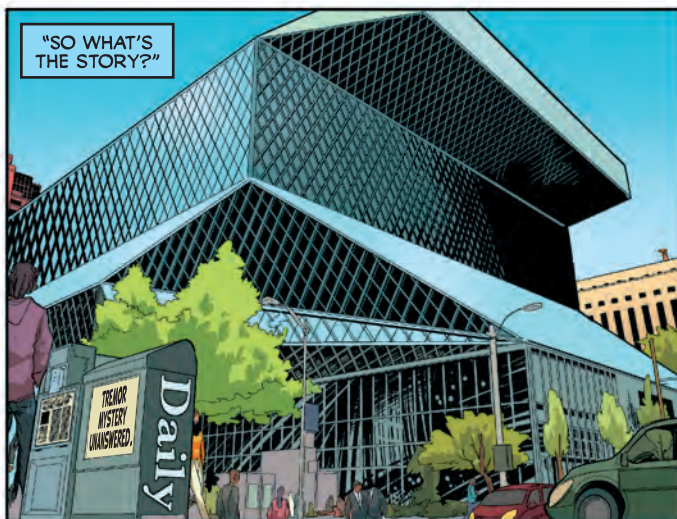
HE'S BEEN OUT THERE ALL THIS TIME AND YET, YOU STILL CAN'T FIND HIM. YOU KNOW WHAT THAT SAYS TO ME?



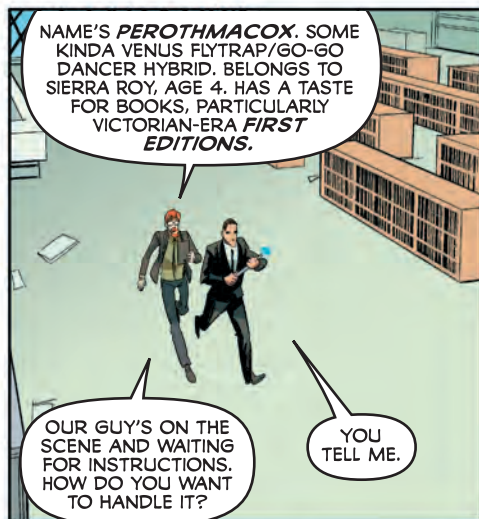
HE WANTS NOTHING TO DO WITH YOU, DAVEY. HE **DOESN'T CARE**.

HERE, LET ME SHOW YOU SOMETHING...





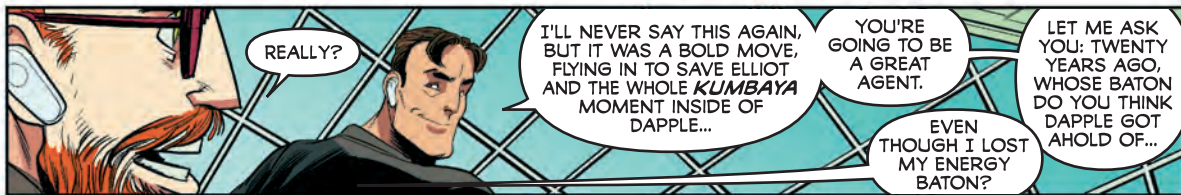
"SO WHAT'S THE STORY?"



NAME'S *PEROTHMACOX*. SOME KINDA VENUS FLYTRAP/GO-GO DANCER HYBRID. BELONGS TO SIERRA ROY, AGE 4. HAS A TASTE FOR BOOKS, PARTICULARLY VICTORIAN-ERA *FIRST EDITIONS*.

OUR GUY'S ON THE SCENE AND WAITING FOR INSTRUCTIONS. HOW DO YOU WANT TO HANDLE IT?

YOU TELL ME.



REALLY?

I'LL NEVER SAY THIS AGAIN, BUT IT WAS A BOLD MOVE, FLYING IN TO SAVE ELLIOT AND THE WHOLE *KUMBAYA* MOMENT INSIDE OF DAPPLE...

YOU'RE GOING TO BE A GREAT AGENT.

EVEN THOUGH I LOST MY ENERGY BATON?

LET ME ASK YOU: TWENTY YEARS AGO, WHOSE BATON DO YOU THINK DAPPLE GOT AHOLD OF...



...IN THE FIRST PLACE?

WELL, I'D SAY WE *FOUND* HER.

WHAT?! YOU CAN SEE ME?!

WHO ARE YOU, SO FOOLISH TO INTERRUPT MY MEAL?

WELL, TOUGH GUY...YOU WANNA TAKE THIS ONE?

ABSOLUTELY!

DON'T MOVE, *PEROTHMACOX*...

...WE'RE
**I.M.A.G.I.N.E.
AGENTS!**



THE END?