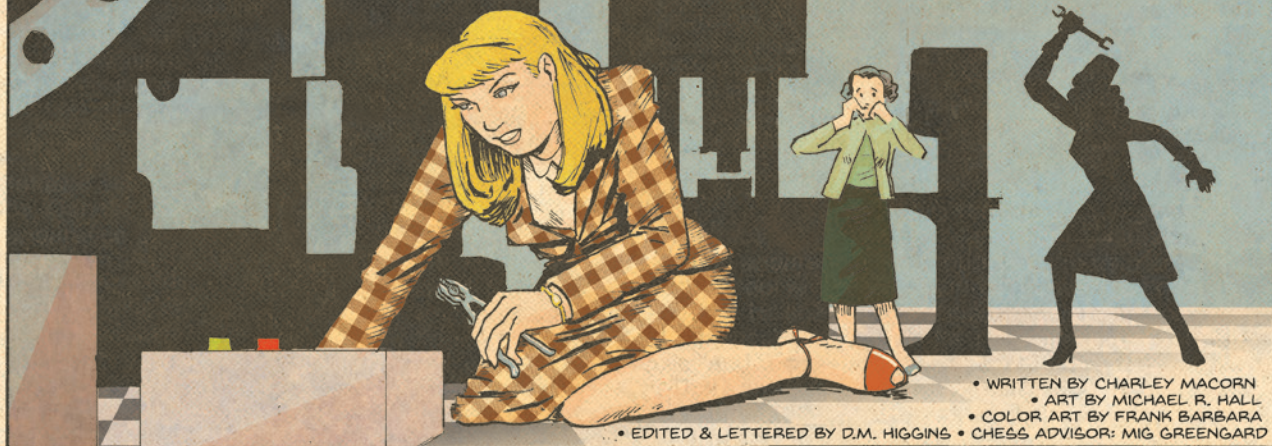


JILL TRENT

Science Sleuth

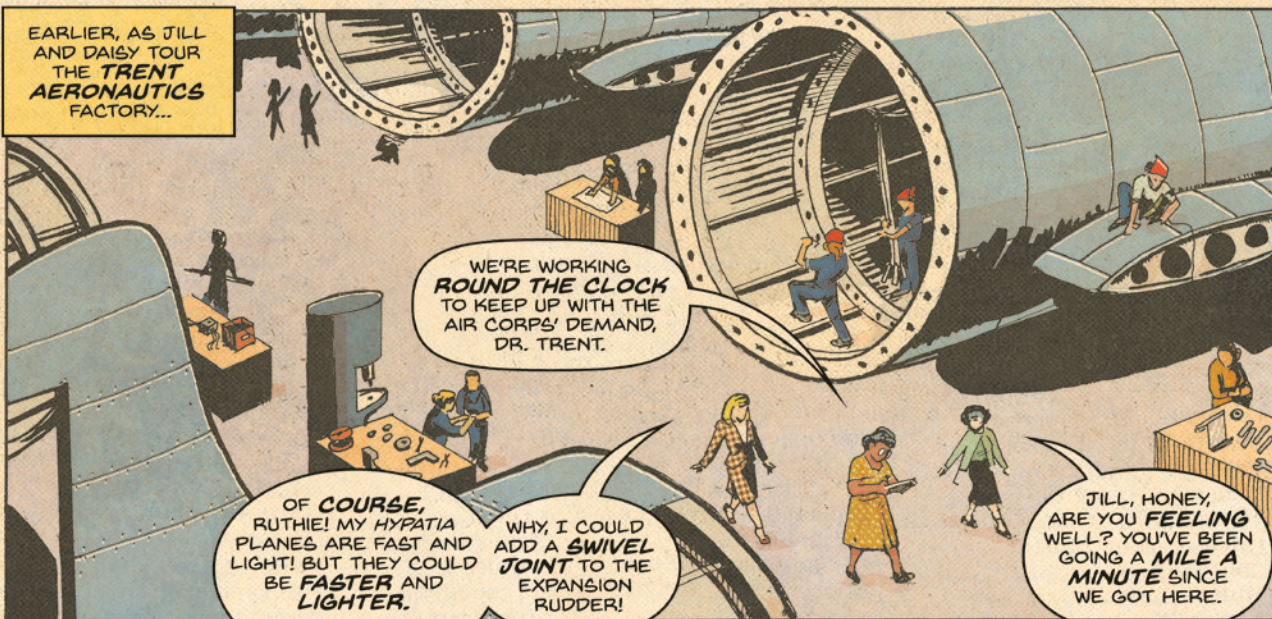
AMID THE FOG OF WAR, JILL AND HER FAITHFUL PARTNER, DAISY, MUST KEEP ONE STEP AHEAD OF A DEADLY GAME. HAS THE SCIENCE SLEUTH FINALLY MET HER MATCH? ONE FALSE MOVE AND SHE'LL BE CAUGHT IN...

FIANCHETTO'S GAMBIT!



• WRITTEN BY CHARLEY MACORN
• ART BY MICHAEL R. HALL
• COLOR ART BY FRANK BARBARA
• EDITED & LETTERED BY D.M. HIGGINS • CHESS ADVISOR: MIG GREENGARD

EARLIER, AS JILL AND DAISY TOUR THE TRENT AERONAUTICS FACTORY...



WE'RE WORKING ROUND THE CLOCK TO KEEP UP WITH THE AIR CORPS' DEMAND, DR. TRENT.

OF COURSE, RUTHIE! MY HYPATIA PLANES ARE FAST AND LIGHT! BUT THEY COULD BE FASTER AND LIGHTER.

WHY, I COULD ADD A SWIVEL JOINT TO THE EXPANSION RUDDER!

JILL, HONEY, ARE YOU FEELING WELL? YOU'VE BEEN GOING A MILE A MINUTE SINCE WE GOT HERE.



JUST PERFECT, DAISY, MY LOVE.

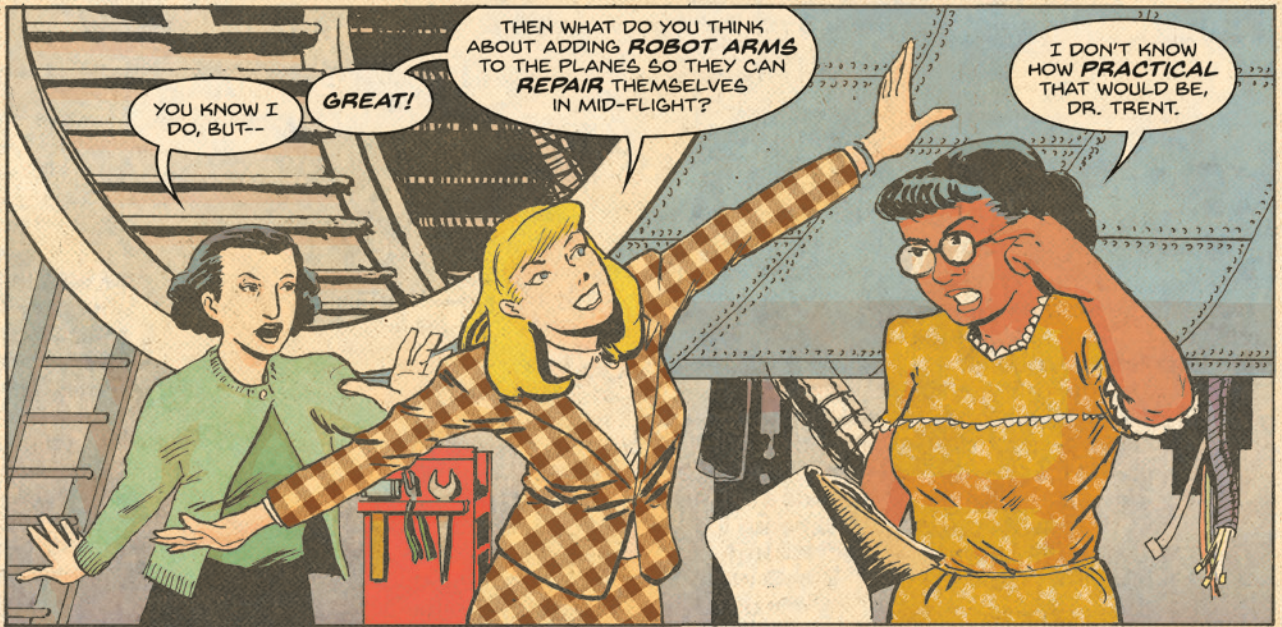
IN FACT, I THINK I'VE DISCOVERED A NEW WAY TO CALCULATE PALINDROMIC PRIME NUMBERS!



YOU ONLY DO RECREATIONAL MATH WHEN YOU'RE WAITING FOR AN ELEVATOR!

WHAT'S GOING ON?

OH, DAISY, SURELY I'M NOT THAT PREDICTABLE. C'MON, YOU HAVE TO TRUST ME.



YOU KNOW I DO, BUT--

GREAT!

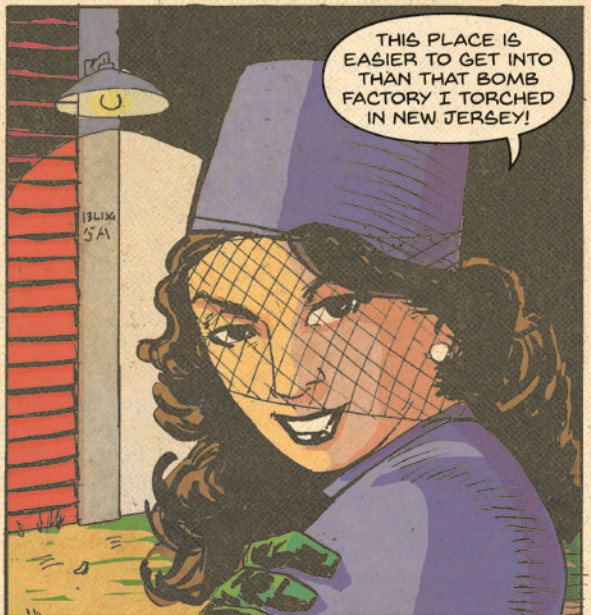
THEN WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT ADDING **ROBOT ARMS** TO THE PLANES SO THEY CAN **REPAIR THEMSELVES** IN MID-FLIGHT?

I DON'T KNOW HOW **PRACTICAL** THAT WOULD BE, DR. TRENT.



MEANWHILE, ELSEWHERE AT TRENT AERONAUTICS...

I THOUGHT THE FAMOUS **JILL TRENT**, SCIENCE SLEUTH, WOULD HAVE TIGHTER SECURITY!



THIS PLACE IS EASIER TO GET INTO THAN THAT BOMB FACTORY I TORCHED IN NEW JERSEY!



JILL, THIS IS GETTING **RIDICULOUS**. YOU DON'T SOUND LIKE YOURSELF.

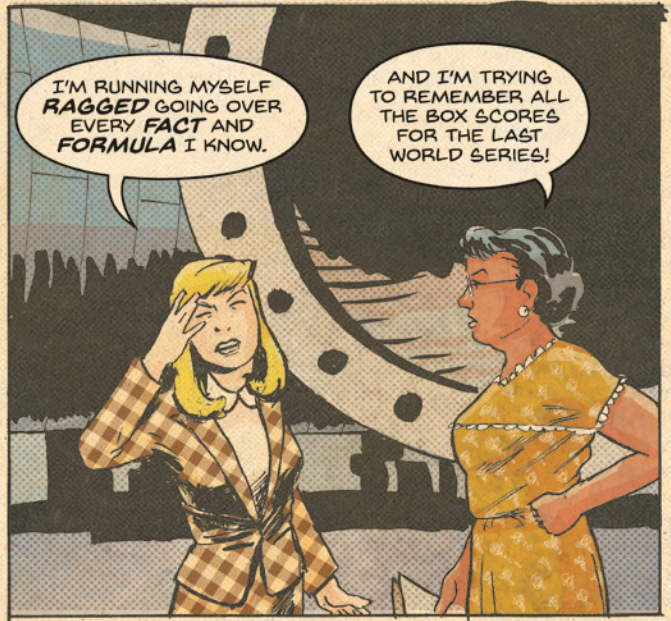
DID YOU KNOW THE CANARY ISLANDS WERE NAMED AFTER **DOGS**, NOT BIRDS? SEE, IN LATIN, **CANARIAE INSULAE--**

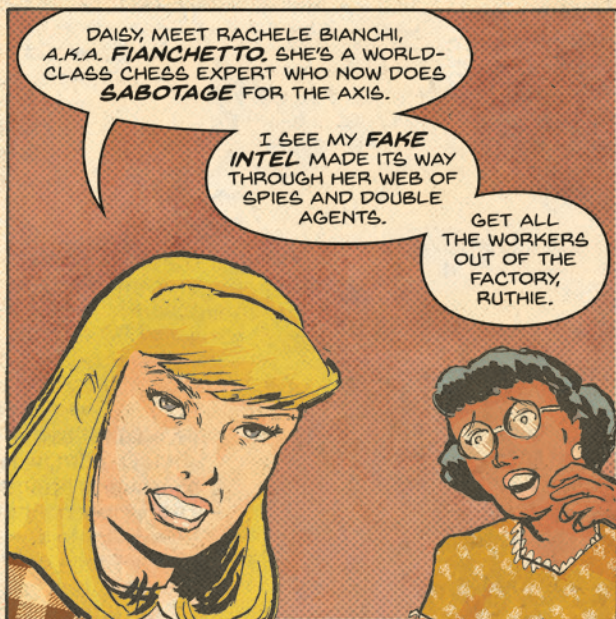


I'M SORRY, RUTHIE, I THINK I NEED TO GET DR. TRENT **HOME**. I'LL PULL OUR CAR AROUND.

I, UH, UNDERSTAND.

...FUEL FROM **PEANUTS!**

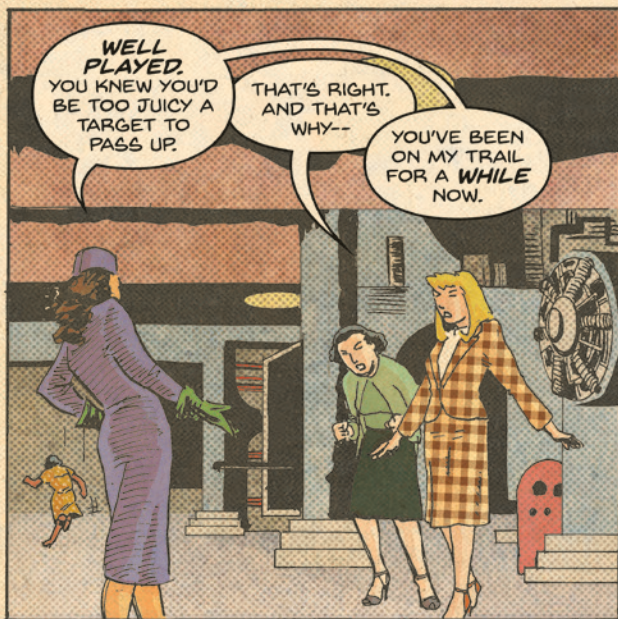




DAISY, MEET RACHELE BIANCHI, A.K.A. **FIANCHETTO**. SHE'S A WORLD-CLASS CHESS EXPERT WHO NOW DOES **SABOTAGE** FOR THE AXIS.

I SEE MY **FAKE INTEL** MADE ITS WAY THROUGH HER WEB OF SPIES AND DOUBLE AGENTS.

GET ALL THE WORKERS OUT OF THE FACTORY, RUTHIE.



WELL PLAYED. YOU KNEW YOU'D BE TOO JUICY A TARGET TO PASS UP.

THAT'S RIGHT, AND THAT'S WHY--

YOU'VE BEEN ON MY TRAIL FOR A WHILE NOW.



BUT WHAT YOU **DON'T KNOW** IS--

YOU DISCOVERED TRACES OF **UNEXPLAINABLE ENERGY**--YOU SUSPECT **PSYCHIC ENERGY!**

BRILLIANT WORK, DR. TRENT!



THAT'S WHY YOU'VE BEEN **JABBERING** LIKE A MANIAC, TRYING TO KEEP ME FROM READING YOUR **MIND.**

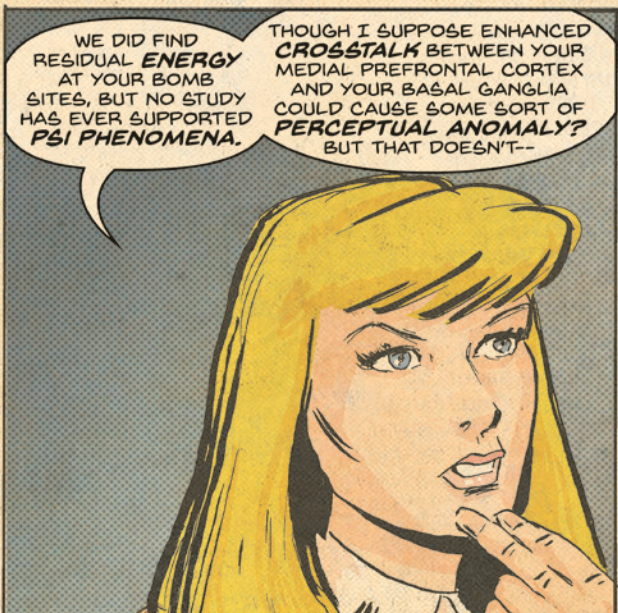
YOU'RE NOT FAR OFF. I CAN ONLY READ **ONE MIND: MY OWN!** I'M ABLE TO READ MY OWN THOUGHTS FROM EXACTLY **FIVE SECONDS** IN THE FUTURE!



WAIT, **WHAT?!** HOW DOES...?

THAT'S...

...BUT THAT'S **PREPOSTEROUS!**



WE DID FIND RESIDUAL **ENERGY** AT YOUR BOMB SITES, BUT NO STUDY HAS EVER SUPPORTED **PSI PHENOMENA.**

THOUGH I SUPPOSE ENHANCED **CROSSTALK** BETWEEN YOUR MEDIAL PREFRONTAL CORTEX AND YOUR BASAL GANGLIA COULD CAUSE SOME SORT OF **PERCEPTUAL ANOMALY?** BUT THAT DOESN'T--



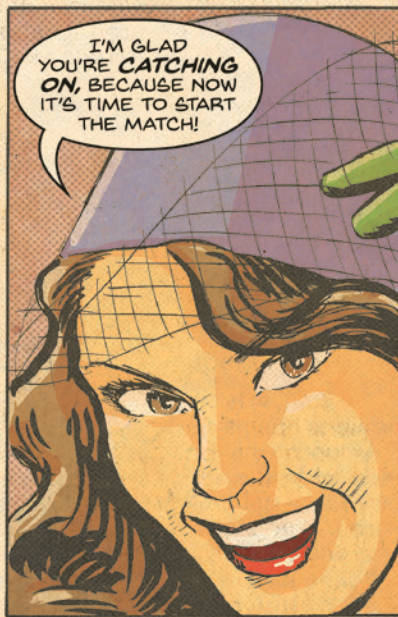
--EXPLAIN ANY **ADVANCE** KNOWLEDGE. I **KNOW**.

AND--

I CAN ONLY READ MY **OWN** MIND, YES.

SO--

THE WHOLE TIME YOU WERE RUNNING YOUR MIND, ALL YOU DID WAS WORRY YOUR PARTNER.



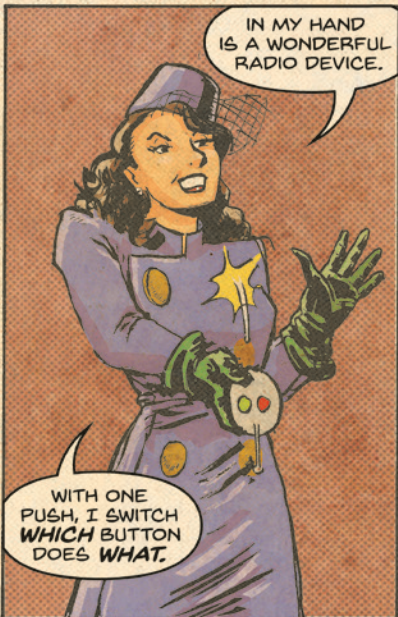
I'M GLAD YOU'RE **CATCHING ON**, BECAUSE NOW IT'S TIME TO START THE MATCH!



I HAVE PLANTED A **BOMB** OF MY OWN DESIGN IN THE CENTER OF THIS FACTORY. IT WILL GO OFF **WITHIN THE HOUR**.

THERE ARE **TWO** BUTTONS ON THE BOMB.

ONE **DEFUSES** IT, AND ONE **DETONATES** IT INSTANTLY.



IN MY HAND IS A WONDERFUL RADIO DEVICE.

WITH ONE PUSH, I SWITCH WHICH BUTTON DOES **WHAT**.



BUT--WHY WOULD YOU EVEN **TELL** US THIS?

FOR THE **THRILL** OF MATCHING WITS. YOU COULD DO SO MUCH **GOOD** WITH YOUR GIFT, FIANCHETTO. WHY THE **DE-STRUCTION**?



BEFORE THE WAR, I WAS MY COUNTRY'S **CHESS** CHAMPION.

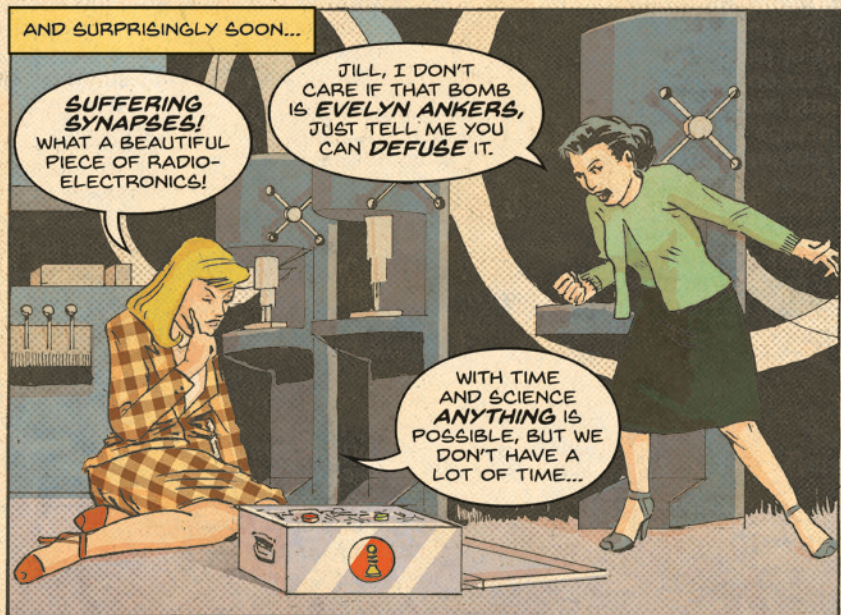
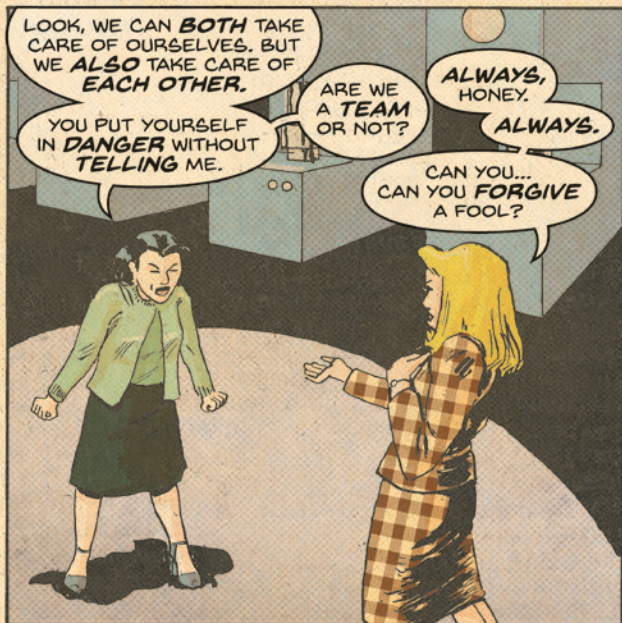
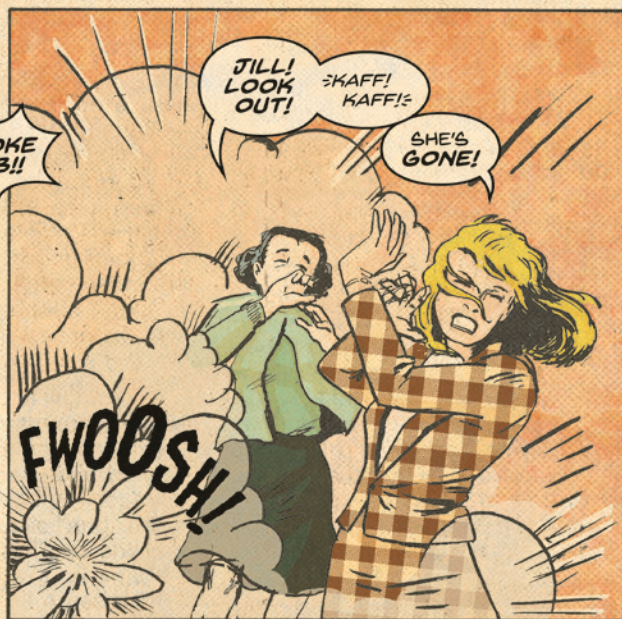
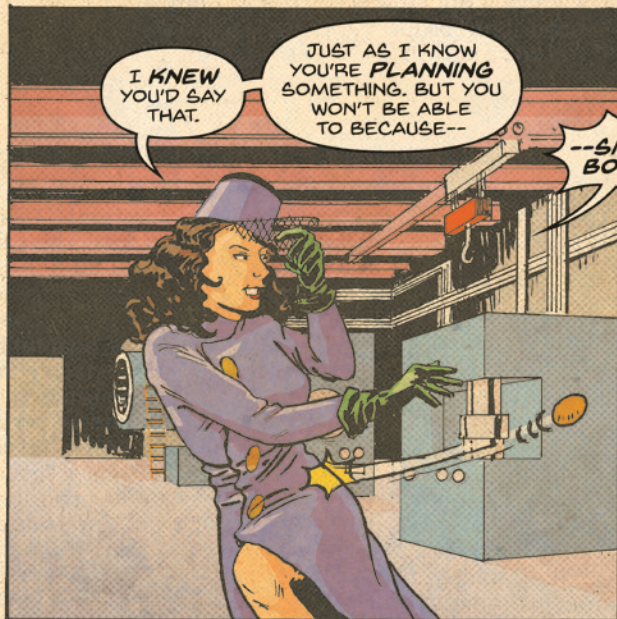
BUT CHESS IS ONLY **EXCITING** IF YOU DON'T KNOW YOUR OPPONENT'S MOVES.

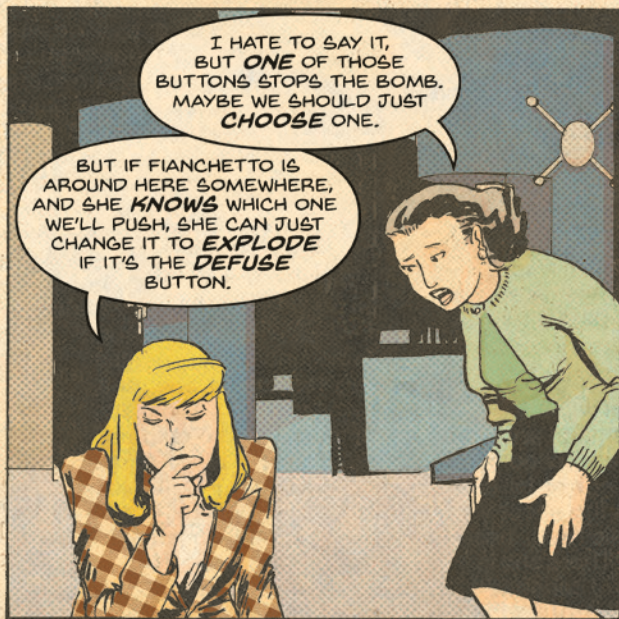


HELPING THE **AXIS** STAY THREE STEPS AHEAD OF THE ALLIES?

WELL, THAT HASN'T **BORED** ME YET.

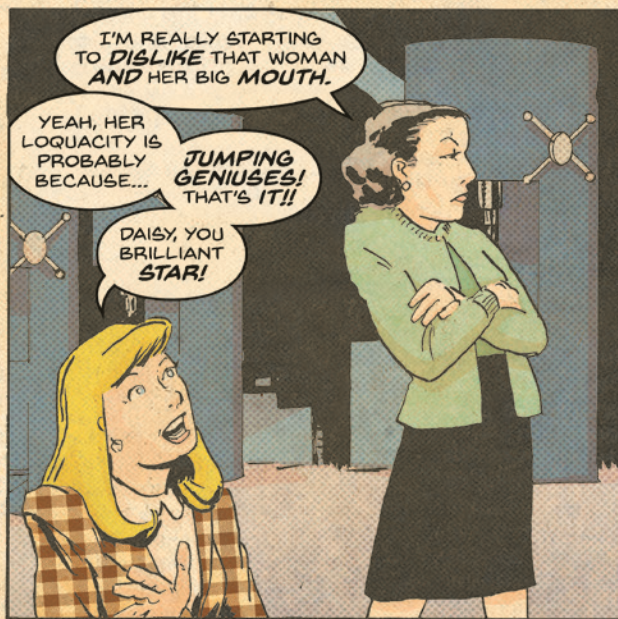
I **DESPISE** ANYONE WHO WOULD USE **CHESS** FOR **EVIL**.





I HATE TO SAY IT, BUT **ONE** OF THOSE BUTTONS STOPS THE BOMB. MAYBE WE SHOULD JUST **CHOOSE ONE**.

BUT IF FIANCHETTO IS AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE, AND SHE **KNOWS** WHICH ONE WE'LL PUSH, SHE CAN JUST CHANGE IT TO **EXPLODE** IF IT'S THE **DEFUSE** BUTTON.



I'M REALLY STARTING TO **DISLIKE** THAT WOMAN AND HER BIG MOUTH.

YEAH, HER LOQUACITY IS PROBABLY BECAUSE...

JUMPING GENIUSES! THAT'S IT!!

DAISY, YOU BRILLIANT STAR!



GAME 1: QUEENS CAN ALSO MOVE LIKE KNIGHTS.

KNIGHT TO F3.

GAME 2: DUNAGNY'S CHESS.

BUT WHITE PAWNS CAN ONLY BE CAPTURED ON DARK SQUARES. PAWN TO B5.

GAME 3: LEGAN CHESS, BUT PAWNS MOVE CLASSICALLY. PAWN CAPTURES D5.

CAN YOU FIGURE OUT HOW?

NEW GAME. HEATHCOTE'S KNIGHT WHEEL. I'LL TAKE WHITE AND LET YOU MOVE FIRST.

BET I MATE IN FOUR OR LESS.

BACK TO THE FIRST GAME.

WHAT'S YOUR MOVE?



NO! STOP!! TOO MANY--

I CAN'T SEE WHAT BUTTON YOU'RE GOING TO PUSH!



AND THAT'S CHECKMATE

KING ME!!

SOCKO!



DAISY, THAT'S CHECKERS.

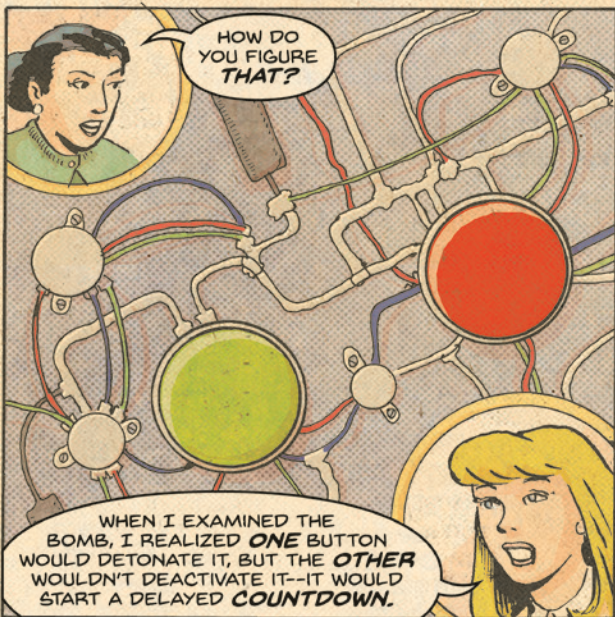
YEAH, I'VE NEVER ACTUALLY PLAYED CHESS.



AND SO...

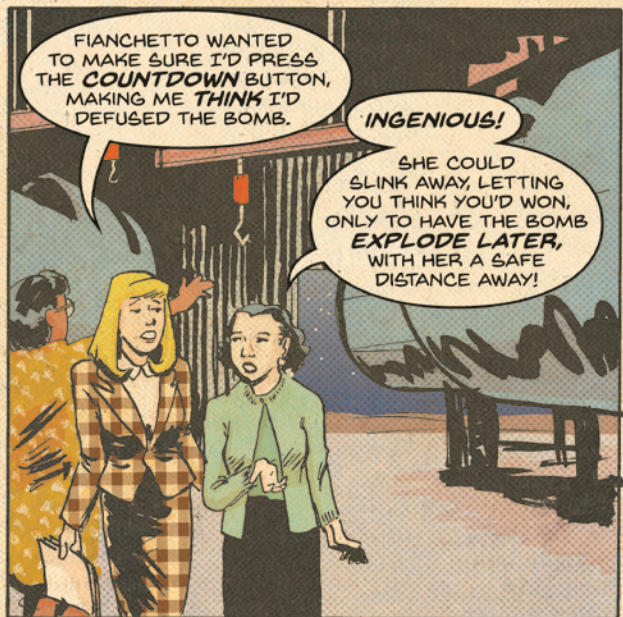
BUT IF SHE WANTED TO BLOW UP THE FACTORY, WHY WAS SHE RIGHT BEHIND US?

BECAUSE SHE WAS ACTUALLY MAKING SURE I'D THINK I DIDN'T DETONATE THE BOMB.



HOW DO YOU FIGURE THAT?

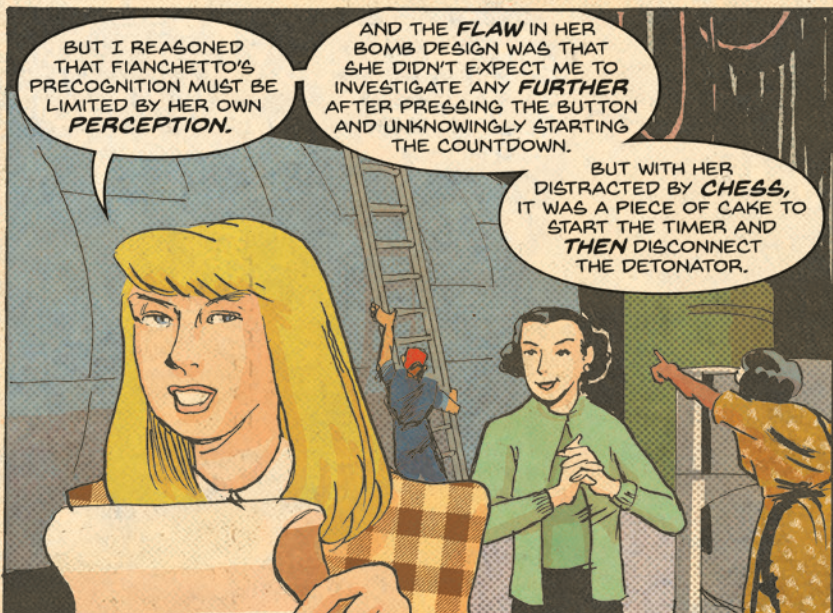
WHEN I EXAMINED THE BOMB, I REALIZED ONE BUTTON WOULD DETONATE IT, BUT THE OTHER WOULDN'T DEACTIVATE IT--IT WOULD START A DELAYED COUNTDOWN.



FIANCHETTO WANTED TO MAKE SURE I'D PRESS THE COUNTDOWN BUTTON, MAKING ME THINK I'D DEFUSED THE BOMB.

INGENIOUS!

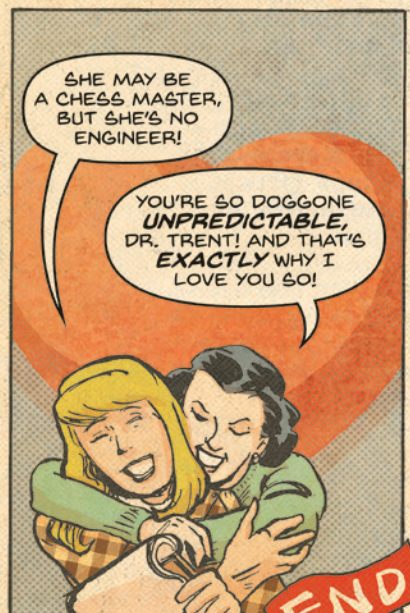
SHE COULD SLINK AWAY, LETTING YOU THINK YOU'D WON, ONLY TO HAVE THE BOMB EXPLODE LATER, WITH HER A SAFE DISTANCE AWAY!



BUT I REASONED THAT FIANCHETTO'S PERCEPTION MUST BE LIMITED BY HER OWN PERCEPTION.

AND THE FLAW IN HER BOMB DESIGN WAS THAT SHE DIDN'T EXPECT ME TO INVESTIGATE ANY FURTHER AFTER PRESSING THE BUTTON AND UNKNOWINGLY STARTING THE COUNTDOWN.

BUT WITH HER DISTRACTED BY CHESS, IT WAS A PIECE OF CAKE TO START THE TIMER AND THEN DISCONNECT THE DETONATOR.



SHE MAY BE A CHESS MASTER, BUT SHE'S NO ENGINEER!

YOU'RE SO DOGGONE UNPREDICTABLE, DR. TRENT! AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHY I LOVE YOU SO!

END

JILL TRENT

Science Sleuth

YOUR EYES DON'T DECEIVE YOU! A WAVE OF HUMONGOUS HAMSTERS IS SURGING DOWN FIFTH AVENUE! JILL TRENT AND HER FAITHFUL PARTNER, DAISY SMYTHE, ARE ON THE RIDE OF THEIR LIVES! AND ONLY THEY CAN STOP--

THE HORROR OF THE HUGE HAMSTERS!

WRITTEN BY CHARLEY MACORN
ART BY MATTHEW R. MCDANIEL
COLORS BY SPENSER MORRIS
LETTERS & PRODUCTION ASSISTANCE BY A.L. ONFROI
EDITED BY D.M. HIGGINS

EARLIER, AT THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION'S ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

DAISY SMYTHE.

PHONE BATTERY: 60%.

AWAKE FOR ONE HOUR.

IT'S JILL TRENT!

JILL TRENT.

SCIENCE SLEUTH.

PHONE BATTERY: 00

INVENTED A CAR THAT RUNS ON PEANUTS.

SHE'S SO GREAT!

DR. TRENT, THE UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA IS WILLING TO OFFER YOU ANY AMOUNT OF MONEY TO--

THANK YOU. I'D LOVE TO DISCUSS ALL THESE THINGS, BUT I HAVE TO SET UP MY NEW ENERGY-EFFICIENT PEANUT ENGINE.



YOU ARE LOVING EVERY MINUTE OF THIS.

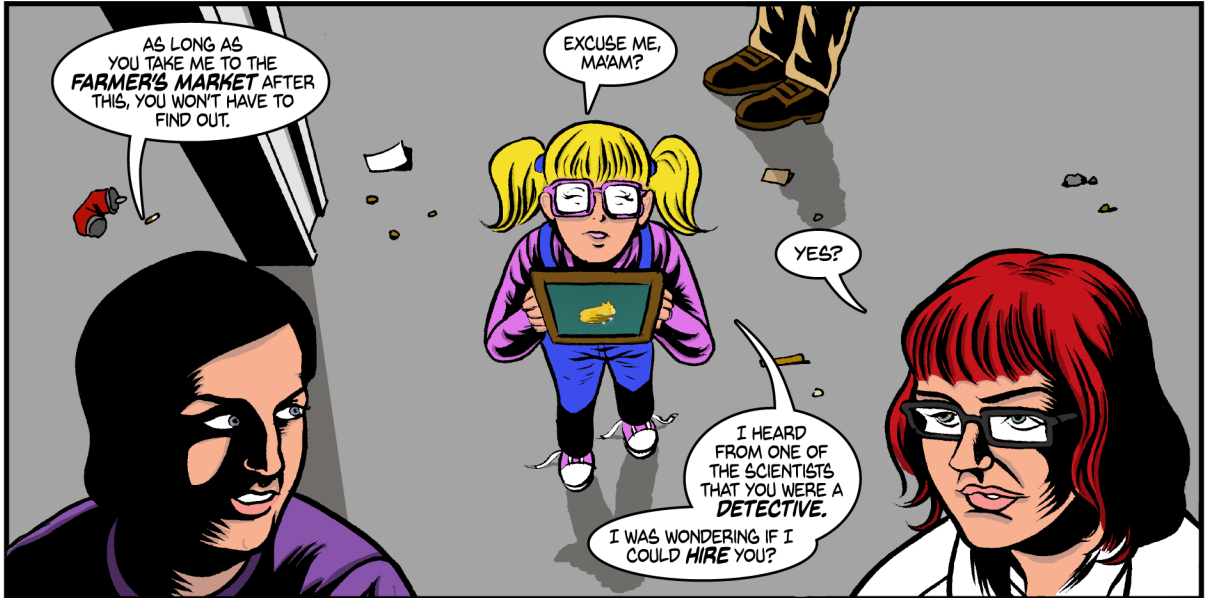
ONCE A YEAR IT'S NICE TO BE RECOGNIZED BY COLLEAGUES.

NORMALLY NO ONE CARES.

WELL, I HAPPEN TO CARE ABOUT YOU VERY MUCH!

I GOT YOU COFFEE!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WOULD DO WITHOUT YOU.



AS LONG AS YOU TAKE ME TO THE FARMER'S MARKET AFTER THIS, YOU WON'T HAVE TO FIND OUT.

EXCUSE ME, MA'AM?

YES?

I HEARD FROM ONE OF THE SCIENTISTS THAT YOU WERE A DETECTIVE.

I WAS WONDERING IF I COULD HIRE YOU?



MY NAME IS KRISTIN AND I'M HERE WITH MY SCHOOL SCIENCE CLUB...

...AND I BROUGHT MY HAMSTER, BURGER, WITH ME SO HE COULD SEE ALL THE SCIENCE STUFF BUT THEN HE GOT LOOSE AND HE'S PROBABLY REALLY SCARED AND I HAVE TO FIND HIM AND I DON'T HAVE A LOTTA MONEY BUT I CAN GIVE YOU EVERYTHING I HAVE I JUST WANT BURGER BACK SAFE!



DON'T WORRY, KRISTIN, WE'LL FIND BURGER. AND AS FOR PAYMENT-- WELL, WE HAPPEN TO HAVE A SPECIAL DISCOUNT FOR SCHOOL SCIENCE CLUB MEMBERS.

ALL MISSING PETS ARE FREE WITH AN "A" GRADE IN SCIENCE CLASS. WHY DON'T YOU HEAD BACK TO YOUR CLASS, AND WE'LL GO FIND BURGER.

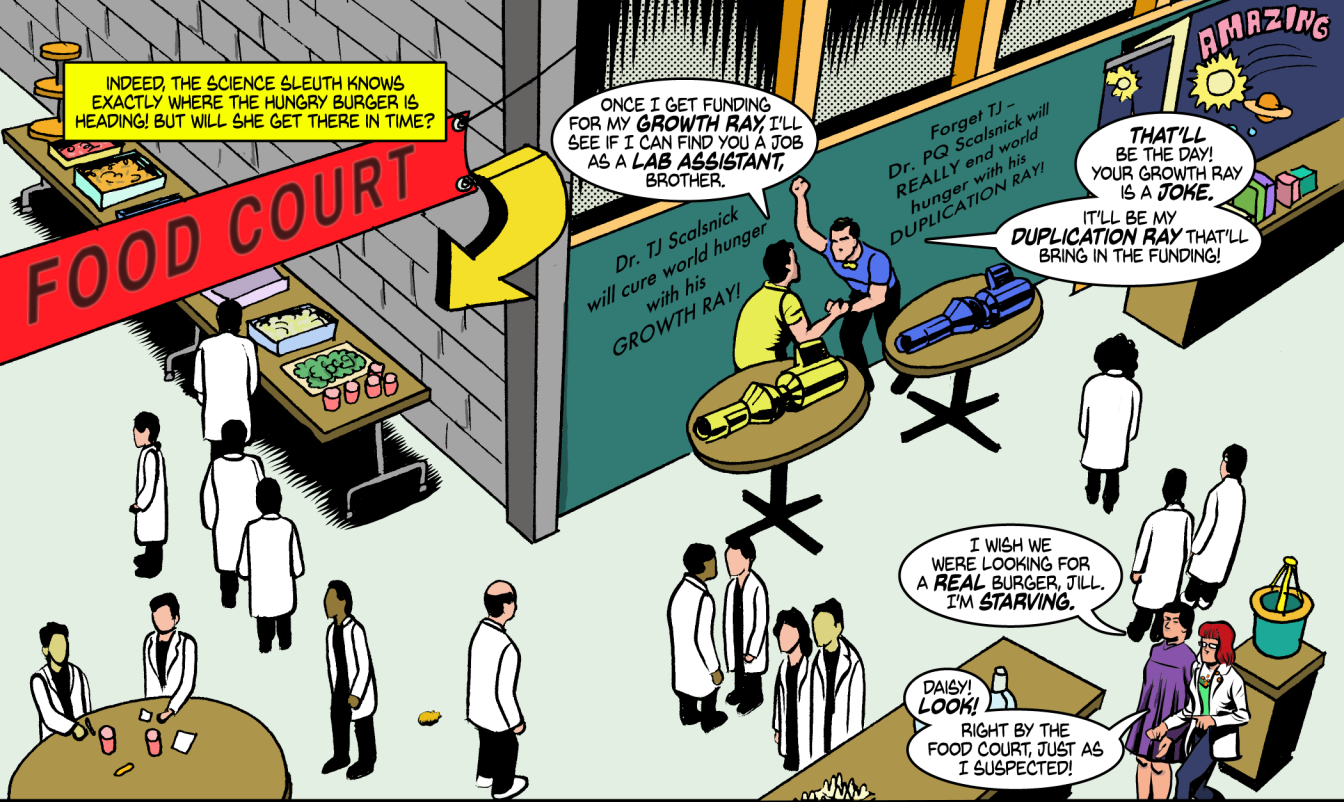


YOU SEEM CONFIDENT, THIS PLACE IS FULL OF THOUSANDS OF STEPPING FEET.

WHAT IF WE CAN'T FIND POOR BURGER, OR...

DON'T WORRY, DAISY. HAMSTERS ARE NEARSIGHTED, ALWAYS HUNGRY, AND HAVE A GREAT SENSE OF SMELL!

I KNOW EXACTLY WHERE HE'S HEADING!



INDEED, THE SCIENCE SLEUTH KNOWS EXACTLY WHERE THE HUNGRY BURGER IS HEADING! BUT WILL SHE GET THERE IN TIME?

ONCE I GET FUNDING FOR MY **GROWTH RAY**, I'LL SEE IF I CAN FIND YOU A JOB AS A **LAB ASSISTANT**, BROTHER.

Dr. TJ Scalsnick will cure world hunger with his **GROWTH RAY!**

Forget TJ - Dr. PG Scalsnick will **REALLY** end world hunger with his **DUPLICATION RAY!**

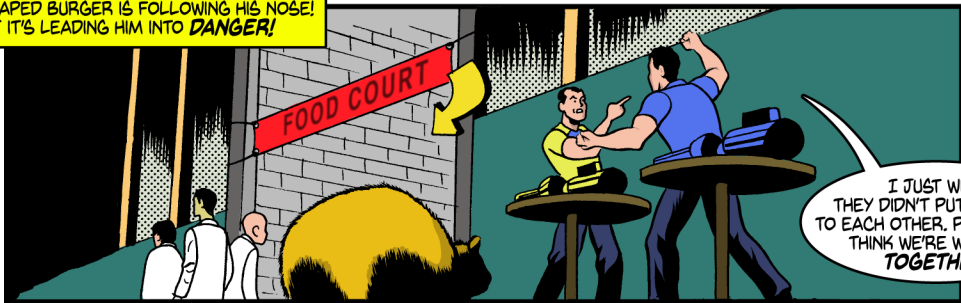
THAT'LL BE THE DAY! YOUR **GROWTH RAY** IS A **JOKE**.

IT'LL BE MY **DUPLICATION RAY** THAT'LL BRING IN THE FUNDING!

I WISH WE WERE LOOKING FOR A **REAL BURGER**, JILL. I'M **STARVING**.

DAISY! LOOK! RIGHT BY THE **FOOD COURT**, JUST AS I SUSPECTED!

THE ESCAPED BURGER IS FOLLOWING HIS NOSE! BUT IT'S LEADING HIM INTO **DANGER!**

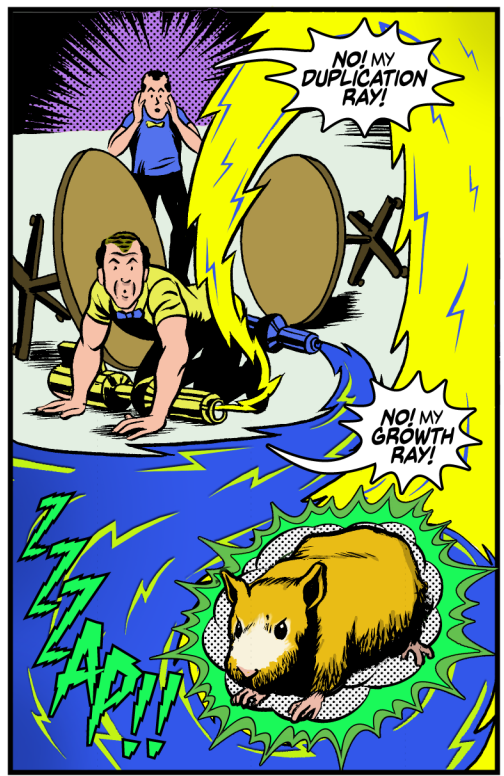


I JUST WISH THEY DIDN'T PUT US NEXT TO EACH OTHER. PEOPLE WILL THINK WE'RE WORKING **TOGETHER!**



EEK!! THERE'S SOME SORT OF **RAT** BY MY FEET! GET IT AWAY!

T.J! LOOK OUT!



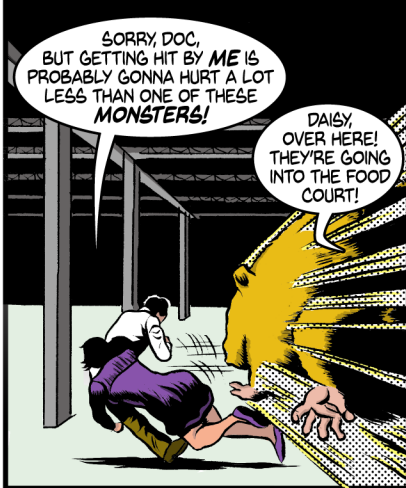
NO! MY DUPLICATION RAY!

NO! MY GROWTH RAY!

ZAP!!



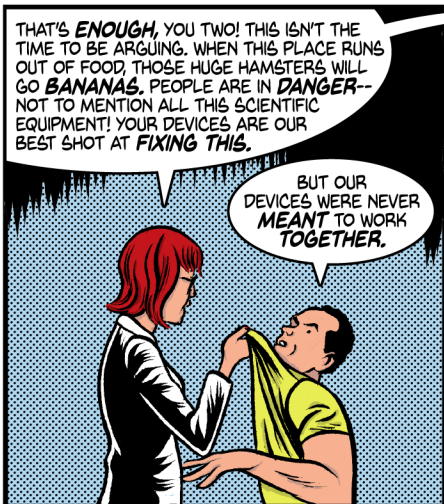
SUFFERING SYNAPSES!
 ...DAISY, I THINK THIS CASE MIGHT HAVE JUST GOTTEN A BIT MORE COMPLEX.



SORRY, DOC, BUT GETTING HIT BY ME IS PROBABLY GONNA HURT A LOT LESS THAN ONE OF THESE MONSTERS!
 DAISY, OVER HERE! THEY'RE GOING INTO THE FOOD COURT!



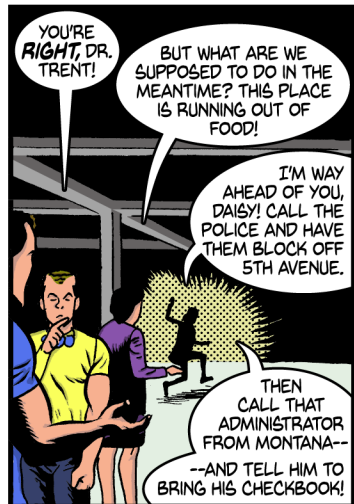
JILL! IT'S THOSE TWO BROTHERS BEHIND THAT STRANGE RAY!
 THIS IS YOUR FAULT, P.Q!
 NO, THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT, T.J.!



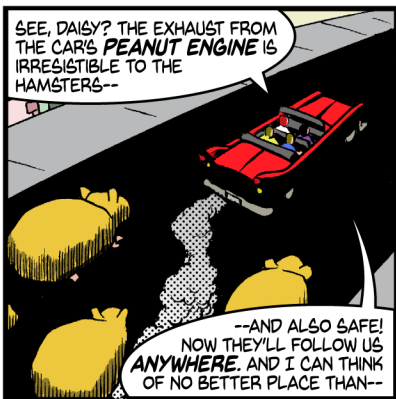
THAT'S ENOUGH, YOU TWO! THIS ISN'T THE TIME TO BE ARGUING. WHEN THIS PLACE RUNS OUT OF FOOD, THOSE HUGE HAMSTERS WILL GO BANANAS. PEOPLE ARE IN DANGER-- NOT TO MENTION ALL THIS SCIENTIFIC EQUIPMENT! YOUR DEVICES ARE OUR BEST SHOT AT FIXING THIS.
 BUT OUR DEVICES WERE NEVER MEANT TO WORK TOGETHER.



PLUS THEY BROKE WHEN THEY HIT THE GROUND.
 THEN YOU NEED TO WORK TOGETHER TO SOLVE THIS PROBLEM. SCIENCE ISN'T ABOUT ONE-UPMANSHIP OR BEING SMARTER THAN SOMEONE ELSE. IT'S ABOUT MAKING THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE!



YOU'RE RIGHT, DR. TRENT!
 BUT WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO IN THE MEANTIME? THIS PLACE IS RUNNING OUT OF FOOD!
 I'M WAY AHEAD OF YOU, DAISY! CALL THE POLICE AND HAVE THEM BLOCK OFF 5TH AVENUE.
 THEN CALL THAT ADMINISTRATOR FROM MONTANA-- --AND TELL HIM TO BRING HIS CHECKBOOK!



SEE, DAISY? THE EXHAUST FROM THE CAR'S PEANUT ENGINE IS IRRESISTIBLE TO THE HAMSTERS--

--AND ALSO SAFE! NOW THEY'LL FOLLOW US ANYWHERE. AND I CAN THINK OF NO BETTER PLACE THAN--

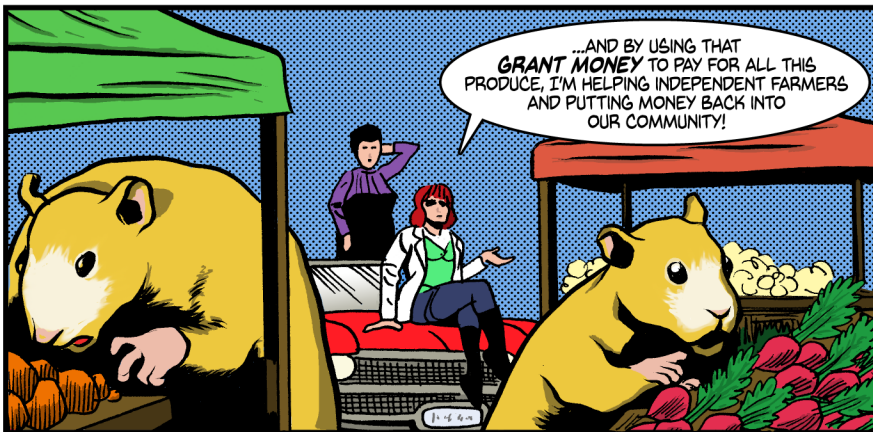


--THE FARMER'S MARKET!

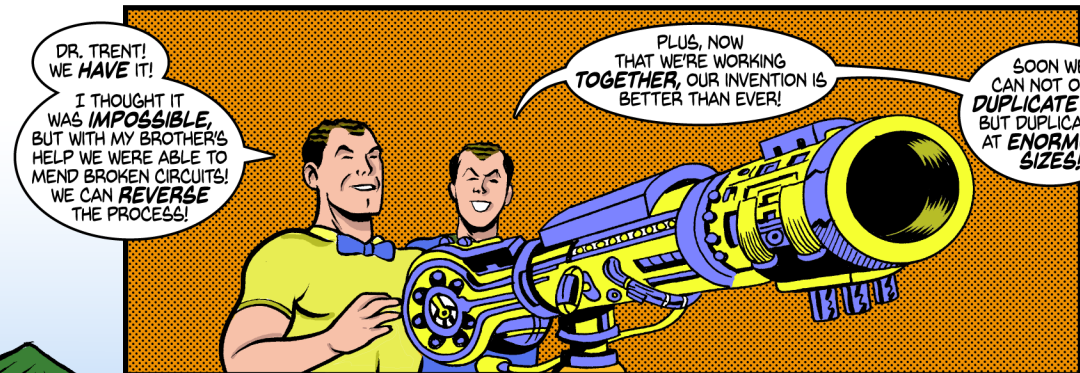
HERE THE HAMSTERS CAN FEAST ON ALL THE HEALTHY, ORGANIC FOOD THEY WANT!



THEY'RE IN HAMSTER HEAVEN!



...AND BY USING THAT GRANT MONEY TO PAY FOR ALL THIS PRODUCE, I'M HELPING INDEPENDENT FARMERS AND PUTTING MONEY BACK INTO OUR COMMUNITY!



DR. TRENT! WE HAVE IT! I THOUGHT IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE, BUT WITH MY BROTHER'S HELP WE WERE ABLE TO MEND BROKEN CIRCUITS! WE CAN REVERSE THE PROCESS!

PLUS, NOW THAT WE'RE WORKING TOGETHER, OUR INVENTION IS BETTER THAN EVER!

SOON WE CAN NOT ONLY DUPLICATE FOOD, BUT DUPLICATE IT AT ENORMOUS SIZES!



AND SO...

SEE, I PROMISED I WOULD TAKE YOU TO THE FARMER'S MARKET!

YEAH, NEXT TIME LET'S JUST ORDER OUT. COME ON, YOU'RE TREATING ME TO A REAL BURGER!

THE END!