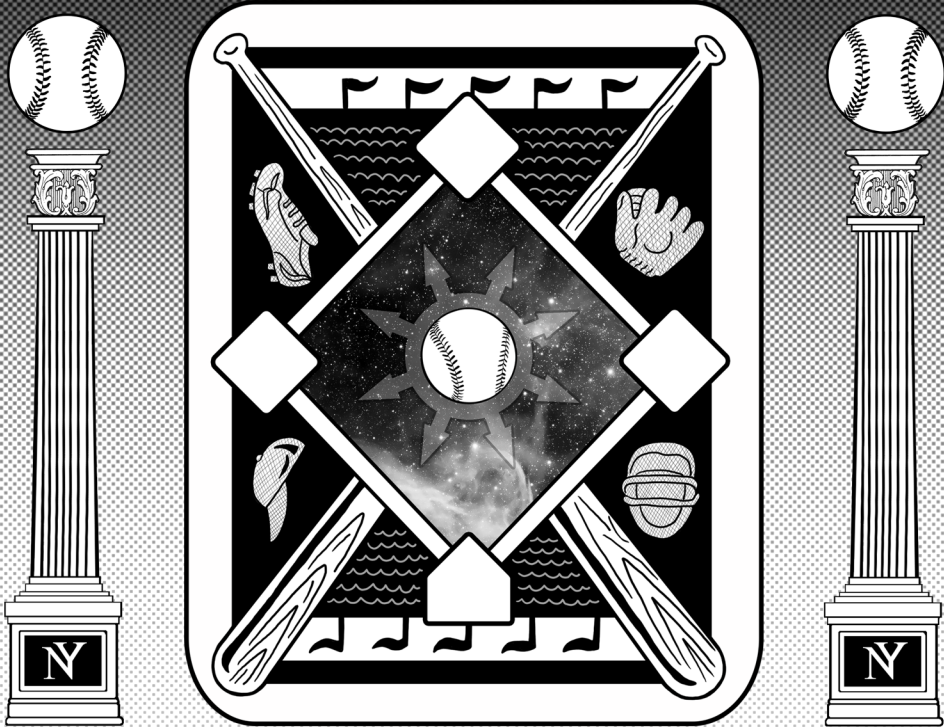


DAZE OF FUTURE PASTIME



BOBBY CAMPBELL • TIMOTHY J. TONER

DAZE OF FUTURE PASTIME



PRESENTING A MIDSUMMER'S DAY DREAM
CLASSIC STARRING THOSE DAMNABLY
PINSTRIPED BOMBERS OF BRONX USA

BROUGHT TO YOU BY NEW CASTLE'S OWN

**BOBBY & TIMOTHY J
CAMPBELL & TONER**

WRITER/ARTIST

ARTIST/MAIN MAN

BACK COVER ARTWORK BY KEVIN SERVANCE

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"THE FUTURE AIN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE" - YOGI BERRA

SOUTH EAST BOSTON,
JULY 6, 1951.

MULLIGANS WAKE

SO STENDEL
CALLS ME IN, HANDS
ME A UNIFORM, AND
SAYS "RUTH WORE #3,
GEHRIG WORE #4,
DIMAGGIO WEARS #5,
AND YOU'RE GONNA
WEAR #6. WELCOME
TO THE BIGS,
KID."

RIGHT
THEN AND
THERE I
KNEW WHAT
THE FUTURE
WAS ALL
ABOUT...

OH FER
CRYIN' OUT
LOUD, MICK!

EVERYBODY
ALREADY KNOWS
THE FUTURE'S
ALL ABOUT
YOU!

BUT IF YOU'RE
FIGURING ON REPLACING
ME, YOU'RE GONNA HAVE
TO LEARN TO SPIN A
BETTER YARN!

HERE'S A
ROUND ON
THE HOUSE,
BOYS!

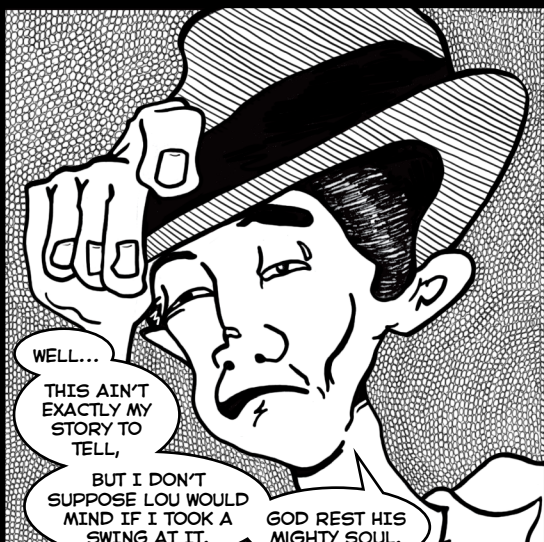
WAY THE
SOX'RE PLAYING
IT'S PROBABLY BEST
IF I IMPLEMENT
A PREEMPTIVE
STRIKE!

HERE WE JOIN THE PROMISING ROOKIE
PROSPECT MICKEY MANTLE AND
THE GREAT JOLTIN' JOE DIMAGGIO
ON A BENDER IN A BEANTOWN BOOZER,
ALREADY IN PROGRESS.



FAIR ENOUGH, JOE, BUT YOU AIN'T EXACTLY MARK TWAIN YOUR OWN SELF!

IF I GOTTA HEAR THAT ONE ABOUT YOGI'S BUTT FOOT AGAIN I MIGHT ACTUALLY BELIEVE IT!



WELL... THIS AIN'T EXACTLY MY STORY TO TELL,

BUT I DON'T SUPPOSE LOU WOULD MIND IF I TOOK A SWING AT IT.

GOD REST HIS MIGHTY SOUL.



THIS WAS BACK IN '34, RUTH'S LAST YEAR AND GEHRIG'S FIRST. THE BOYS WERE ON A RAIN DELAY IN DETROIT, AND THE BABE HAD GOTTEN INTO THE WHISKEY LIKE YOU READ ABOUT.

CRACK!

MIND YOU, WHEN THE GREAT BAMBINO UNLEASHES HIS MR. HYDE IT'S QUITE THE CATASTROPHE! HE TOOK TO HOLLERING AND CARRYING ON LIKE THE RAPTURE'D COME.

AMONGST ALL THE COMMOTION, THE SULTAN OF SWAT MANAGED TO KNOCK HIMSELF SILLY STAGGERING INTO A BRICK WALL. TRUE TO HIS NATURE, THE IRON HORSE WENT TO LEND A HAND,



AND FOR HIS TROUBLE GOT TO SEE THE COLOSSUS OF CLOUT PICK HIMSELF BACK UP AND SPURT BLINDLY INTO THE WALL YET AGAIN!

CRACK!



CRACK!

OVER AND OVER AND OVER AGAIN. LOU SAID IT WAS THE MOST GLORIOUS HORROR HE'D EVER SEEN.



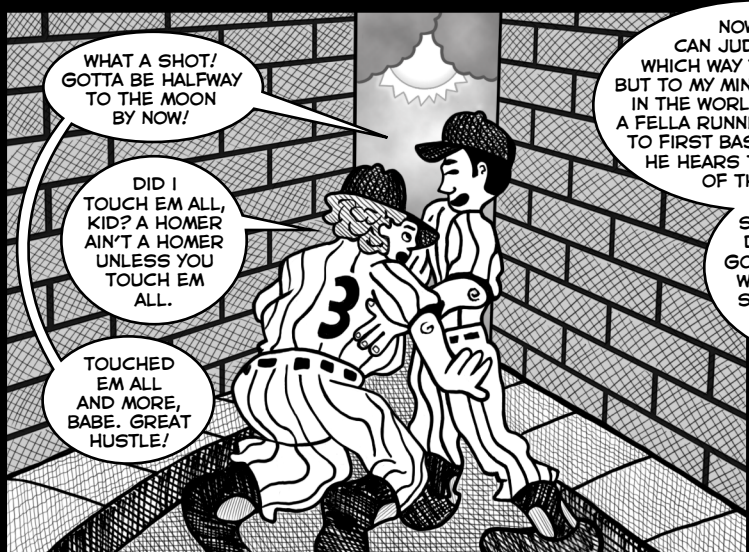
NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT THE KING OF CRASH WAS UNWORTHY OF HIS CROWN.



LOU USED TO SAY THAT HE COULD LEARN MORE FROM A LOSS THAN HE EVER COULD FROM A WIN.



AFTER THAT DAY LOU MAY HAVE BECOME THE SMARTEST MAN ON THE PLANET.



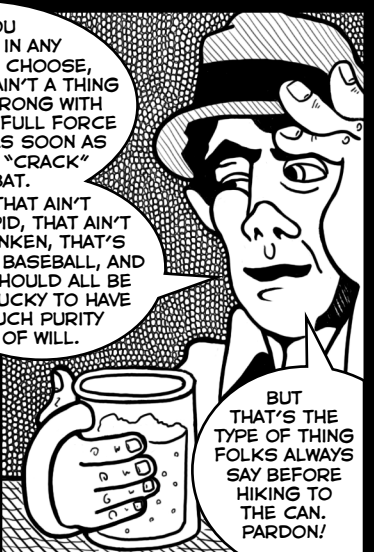
WHAT A SHOT! GOTTA BE HALFWAY TO THE MOON BY NOW!

DID I TOUCH EM ALL, KID? A HOMER AIN'T A HOMER UNLESS YOU TOUCH EM ALL.

TOUCHED EM ALL AND MORE, BABE. GREAT HUSTLE!

NOW YOU CAN JUDGE IN ANY WHICH WAY YOU CHOOSE, BUT TO MY MIND, AIN'T A THING IN THE WORLD WRONG WITH A FELLA RUNNING FULL FORCE TO FIRST BASE AS SOON AS HE HEARS THE "CRACK" OF THE BAT.

THAT AIN'T STUPID, THAT AIN'T DRUNKEN, THAT'S GOOD BASEBALL, AND WE SHOULD ALL BE SO LUCKY TO HAVE SUCH PURITY OF WILL.



BUT THAT'S THE TYPE OF THING FOLKS ALWAYS SAY BEFORE HIKING TO THE CAN. PARDON!



HEH!

HEY YO SO YOU'RE MICKEY MANTLE, RIGHT?

ALL THAT AND MORE, PAL!

THE SWITCHER, THE COMMERCE COMET, THE MICK HIMSELF!?



MAN, YOU BOSTON CATS SURE KNOW YOUR STUFF!

HEY BARKEEP, SET MY NEW FRIEND HERE UP WITH SOMETHING COLD, WOULD YA PLEASE?



MUCH OBLIGED, BIG GUY! THOUGH, I HATE TO TELL YOU, THIS AIN'T EXACTLY A SOCIAL VISIT.



FOR YOU SEE I COME FROM A TERRIBLE FUTURE, MR. MANTLE.

THE EARTH OF THE YEAR 2112 IS A WORLD UNDER THE JACKBOOT OF A MULTINATIONAL TOTALITARIAN REGIME.

DELUSIONAL GREED, SPIRITUAL NARCOLEPSY, AND IRRATIONAL HATRED HAS SET OUR SPECIES ON A PATH TOWARDS IMMINENT EXTINCTION.



SOUNDS LIKE A BOSOX FAN IF I'VE EVER HEARD ONE!



I UNDERSTAND THIS IS ALL A BIT MUCH TO SWALLOW,

BUT PLEASE CONSIDER THIS...



IN THE 9TH INNING OF TOMORROW'S GAME, WITH A FULL COUNT, ELLIS KINDER'S GONNA DISH YOU A FAST BALL IN THE DIRT. IN MY WORLD'S HISTORY YOU TAKE A MEAN CUT AT IT, MISS, AND STRIKE OUT.

RENEGADE SCIENTISTS FROM MY TIME HAVE CALCULATED THAT THIS PRECISE MOMENT IS THE CATALYST THAT TRIGGERS THE SINISTER TIMELINE OF EVENTS THAT LEAD TO APOCALYPSE.

WHEN THE 3-2 PITCH COMES TOMORROW, MICK, PLEASE DON'T SWING.



YOU CAN HOLD ON TO THAT, IF YOU PLEASE, A TOKEN OF APPRECIATION.

THE PAST'S FUTURE BEING WHAT IT IS, I'M QUITE HOPEFUL TO HAVE THE SWITCHER ON MY SIDE.

FAREWELL, MICK.



YOU ABOUT READY, SLUGGER? WE'RE IN THE BREACH TOMORROW AFTER ALL!

IT WOULD APPEAR SO, JOE...

IT MOST CERTAINLY APPEARS SO...

777

MICKEY MANTLE

HEIGHT: 6' WEIGHT: 194 BATS: BOTH THROWS: RIGHT
 BORN: OCTOBER 20, 1931 HOME: DALLAS, TEX

Mickey is 3rd on the All-Time Home Run List! The future Hall of Famer announced his retirement from baseball on March 1st, 1969!

MAJOR LEAGUE BATTING RECORD

YEAR	TEAM	LEA.	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	AVG.
1951	NEW YORK	A.L.	96	341	61	91	11	5	13	65	.267
1952	NEW YORK	A.L.	142	549	94	171	37	7	23	87	.295
1953	NEW YORK	A.L.	127	461	105	136	24	3	21	92	.300
1954	NEW YORK	A.L.	146	543	129	163	17	12	27	102	.307
1955	NEW YORK	A.L.	147	517	121	158	25	11	37	99	.353
1956	NEW YORK	A.L.	150	533	132	173	22	5	52	130	.365
1957	NEW YORK	A.L.	144	474	121	158	21	1	42	97	.285
1958	NEW YORK	A.L.	144	519	127	154	23	6	40	94	.275
1959	NEW YORK	A.L.	150	541	104	145	17	6	54	128	.317
1960	NEW YORK	A.L.	144	527	119	163	16	1	30	89	.321
1961	NEW YORK	A.L.	153	514	132	121	15	0	15	35	.303
1962	NEW YORK	A.L.	123	377	96	54	8	2	35	111	.255
1963	NEW YORK	A.L.	65	172	40	141	25	1	19	46	.288
1964	NEW YORK	A.L.	143	465	92	92	12	1	23	56	.245
1965	NEW YORK	A.L.	122	361	44	96	12	0	22	55	.237
1966	NEW YORK	A.L.	108	338	40	108	17	1	18	54	.298
1967	NEW YORK	A.L.	144	440	63	103	14	1	18	54	.298
1968	NEW YORK	A.L.	144	435	57	103	14	1	18	54	.298
Major League Totals			18 Yrs.	2401	8102	1677	2415	344	72	536	1509

MICKEY SPENDS THE REST OF HIS EVENING CONTEMPLATING THE CONSEQUENCES OF DESTINY, WHILE HIS ROOMMATE, JOHNNY HOPP, PRACTICES HIS BUZZ SAW IMPERSONATION...

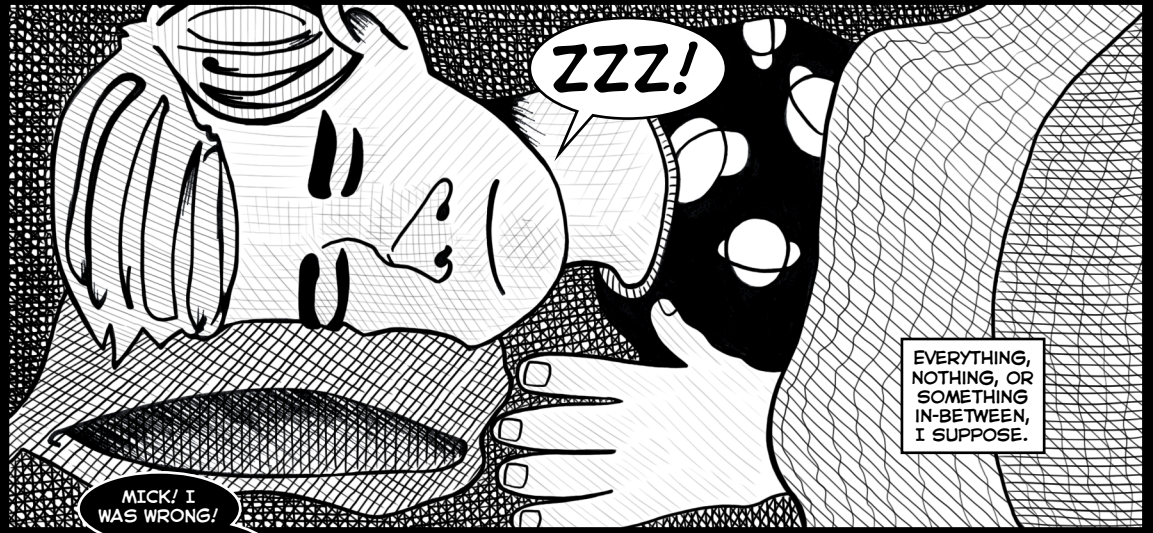


zzz
zzzzz
zzz!

DANG JOHNNY!
THAT AIN'T
HALF BAD.



AND SO WHAT DOES THE
LEGEND THINK OF HIS FATE?



zzz!

EVERYTHING,
NOTHING, OR
SOMETHING
IN-BETWEEN,
I SUPPOSE.

MICK! I
WAS WRONG!

YOU MUST
STRIKE OUT
TOMORROW!

THE
ALTERNATIVE
FUTURE IS EVEN
WORSE!

IT'S A
LIVING HELL
OF TORMENT
AND DESPAIR!



NO, MICK!
DON'T LISTEN
TO HIS LIES!

ANYTHING
WOULD BE BETTER
THAN THE STRIKE
OUT TIMELINE!

ALL LIFE
ON EARTH
WILL END!

NO! NO!

THE WALK
TIMELINE IS
AN ABSOLUTE
NIGHTMARE!

PLEASE
BELIEVE ME!

IT'S A
WORLD
TRAPPED IN
ENDLESS
SUFFERING!

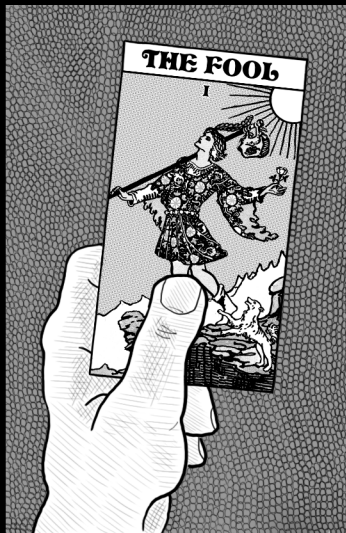




SAVE US!

FREE US!

CHOOSE THEE WELL,
MICKEY MANTLE!





FENWAY

BOSTON VS. NEW YORK

Saturday, July 7, 1951

**SKELETON KEY
LOCKSMITHS**



"OPEN SESAME!"

BOSTON	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	AB	R	H	PO	E
7 Dimaggio, CF															
6 Pesky, SS															
9 Williams, LF															
4 Boudreau, 3B															
1 Doerr, 2B															
10 Goodman, 1B															
23 Vollmer, RF															
11 Rosar, C															
16 Kinder, P															
TOTAL															

ALP
LIFE INSURANCE

14 Moss, C • 3 Dropo, 1B • 6 Pesky, SS • 5 Stephens, 3B
23 Vollmer, OF • 1 Hatfield, 3B • 28 Robinson, C • 37 Maxwell, OF
28 Wright, OF • 17 Parnell, P • 18 Scarborough, P • 19 McDermott, P
22 Stobbs, P • 21 Nixon, P • 30 Steve O'Neill, Manager

M M MAIN MAN POMADE



MARDUK, INC.

OUROBOROS SNAKE OIL



MULLIGANS WAKE

pub & restaurant



DYMAXION



DOING MORE WITH LESS

HCE

Savings & loan



"Here
comes
everybody!"

NEW YORK	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	AB	R	H	PO	E
14 Woodling, LF															
10 Rizzuto, SS															
25 Bauer, RF															
5 Dimaggio, CF															
41 Collins, 1B															
9 Brown, 3B															
42 Coleman, 2B															
29 Silvera, C															
22 Reynolds, P															
TOTAL															

ALP
LIFE INSURANCE

8 Berra, C • 36 Mize, 1B • 12 McDougald IF • 27 Jensen, OF
38 Hopp, 1B • 7 Mapes, OF • 24 Johnson, 3B • 6 Mantle, OF
30 Lopat, P • 22 Reynolds, P • 28 Morgan, P • 35 Ostrowski, P
21 Kuzava, P • 28 Byrne, P • 37 Casey Stengel, Manager



SLACK TOBACCO

PLOW BEER

BAKER

PARTS &
SERVICE



PLEASE, MICK!
LISTEN TO ME!

IF YOU
STRIKE OUT
THE WORLD
WILL BE
DESTROYED!

NO! MICK!
LISTEN TO ME!

IF YOU
TAKE THAT
WALK
THE WORLD
WILL BE
TRAPPED IN
DARKNESS!

AFTER RIDING
THE PINE THROUGH
MOST OF THE GAME,
MANTLE REPLACED
HANK BAUER IN THE
BOTTOM OF THE 8TH
INNING, PLAYING
RIGHT FIELD AND
BATTING 3RD.

JUST IN TIME TO FACE
THE MOMENT OF TRUTH.



PRECIOUS
HOPE FOR
LIFE!

SWEET
RELEASE
OF DEATH!



FREEDOM!

SECURITY!



TO BE
OR NOT
TO BE...



WHAT A RIDICULOUS QUESTION!
PARDON MY CURIOSITY, KID,
BUT YOU LOOK POSITIVELY
FORSAKEN. SOMETHING
EATING ATCHA?

ENTER "THE OLD
PEFFESSOR"
CASEY STENGL.

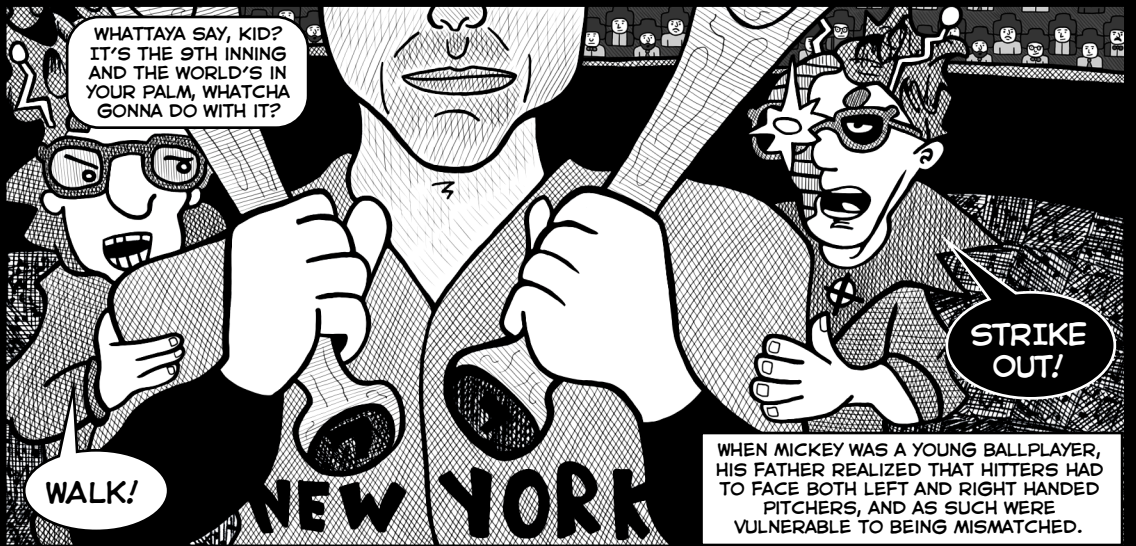


YOU EVER
FEEL THE
WEIGHT OF
THE WORLD,
SKIP?

OH SURE,
MICK, SURE.
CAN'T NOBODY
DODGE THAT'N
FOREVER.

THING YOU
GOTTA REMEMBER
IS THAT THERE'S
ALWAYS A WAY TO LIFT
YOUR BURDEN.
ALWAYS!

I CAN THINK OF ALL
KINDSA DIFFICULTIES
IN THIS WORLD, BUT NOT
ANY IMPOSSIBILITIES...



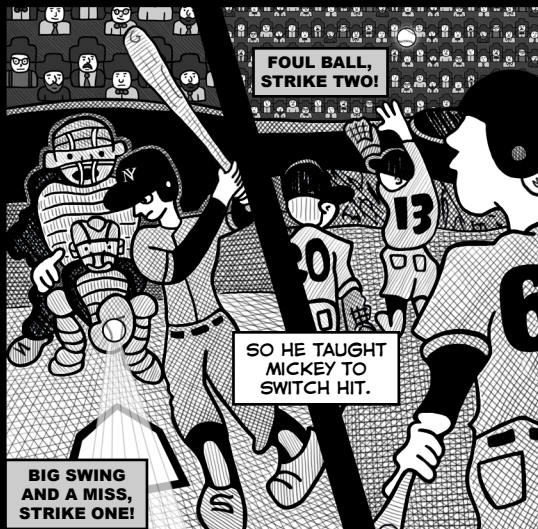
WHATTAYA SAY, KID? IT'S THE 9TH INNING AND THE WORLD'S IN YOUR PALM, WHATCHA GONNA DO WITH IT?

WALK!

NEW YORK

STRIKE OUT!

WHEN MICKEY WAS A YOUNG BALLPLAYER, HIS FATHER REALIZED THAT HITTERS HAD TO FACE BOTH LEFT AND RIGHT HANDED PITCHERS, AND AS SUCH WERE VULNERABLE TO BEING MISMATCHED.



FOUL BALL, STRIKE TWO!

SO HE TAUGHT MICKEY TO SWITCH HIT.

BIG SWING AND A MISS, STRIKE ONE!



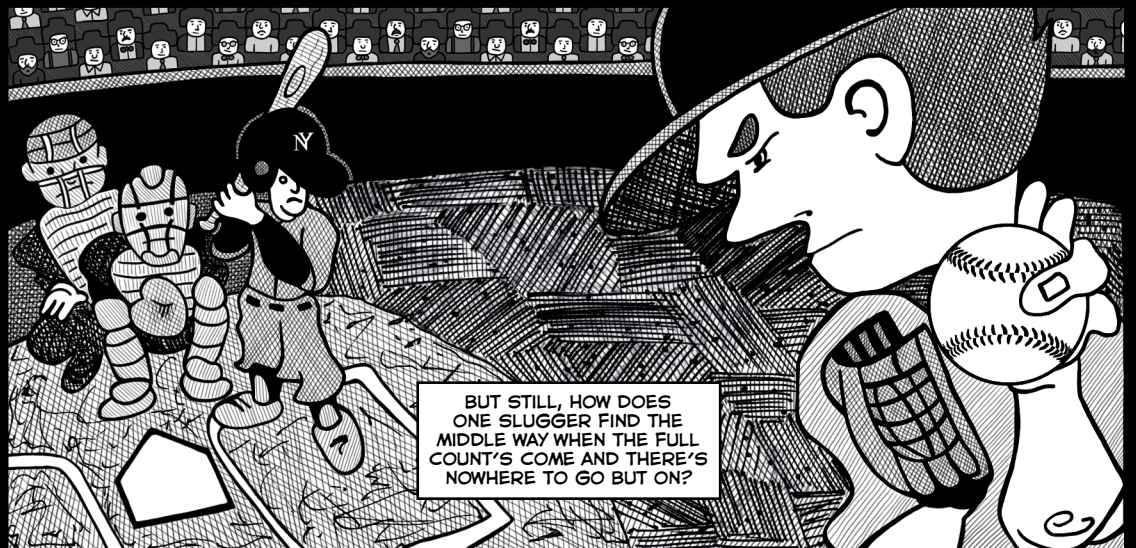
IN THIS EITHER/OR WORLD IT'S BEST TO KNOW BOTH.

A LITTLE CHIN MUSIC, BALL ONE.



JUST MISSED THE CORNER, BALL TWO.

HIGH AND INSIDE, BALL THREE.



BUT STILL, HOW DOES ONE SLUGGER FIND THE MIDDLE WAY WHEN THE FULL COUNT'S COME AND THERE'S NOWHERE TO GO BUT ON?



THE THING IS THOUGH THAT WE REALLY DON'T KNOW JACK ABOUT SQUAT.



WE DON'T KNOW WHERE WE COME FROM, WE DON'T KNOW WHY WE'RE HERE, AND WE DON'T KNOW WHERE WE'RE GOING.



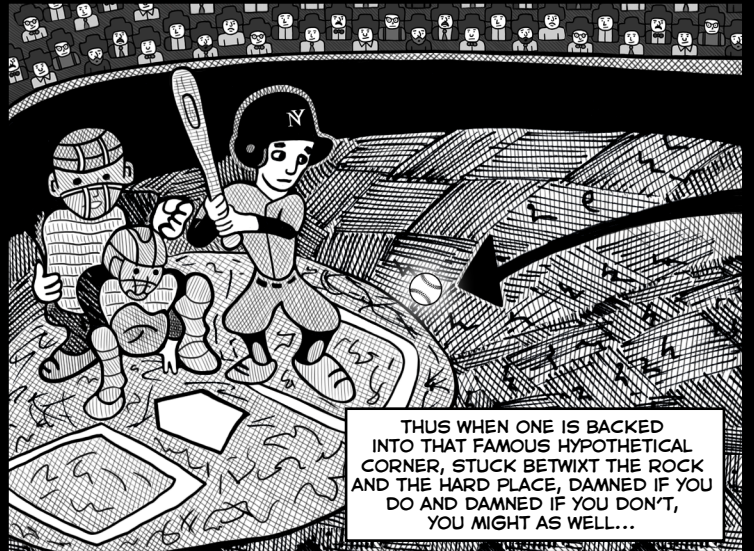
HECK, WE DON'T EVEN REALLY KNOW WHAT WE DON'T KNOW!



THERE IS TRULY NO LIMIT TO OUR IGNORANCE.



NOR THEREFORE, SO FAR AS WE KNOW, OUR POTENTIAL...

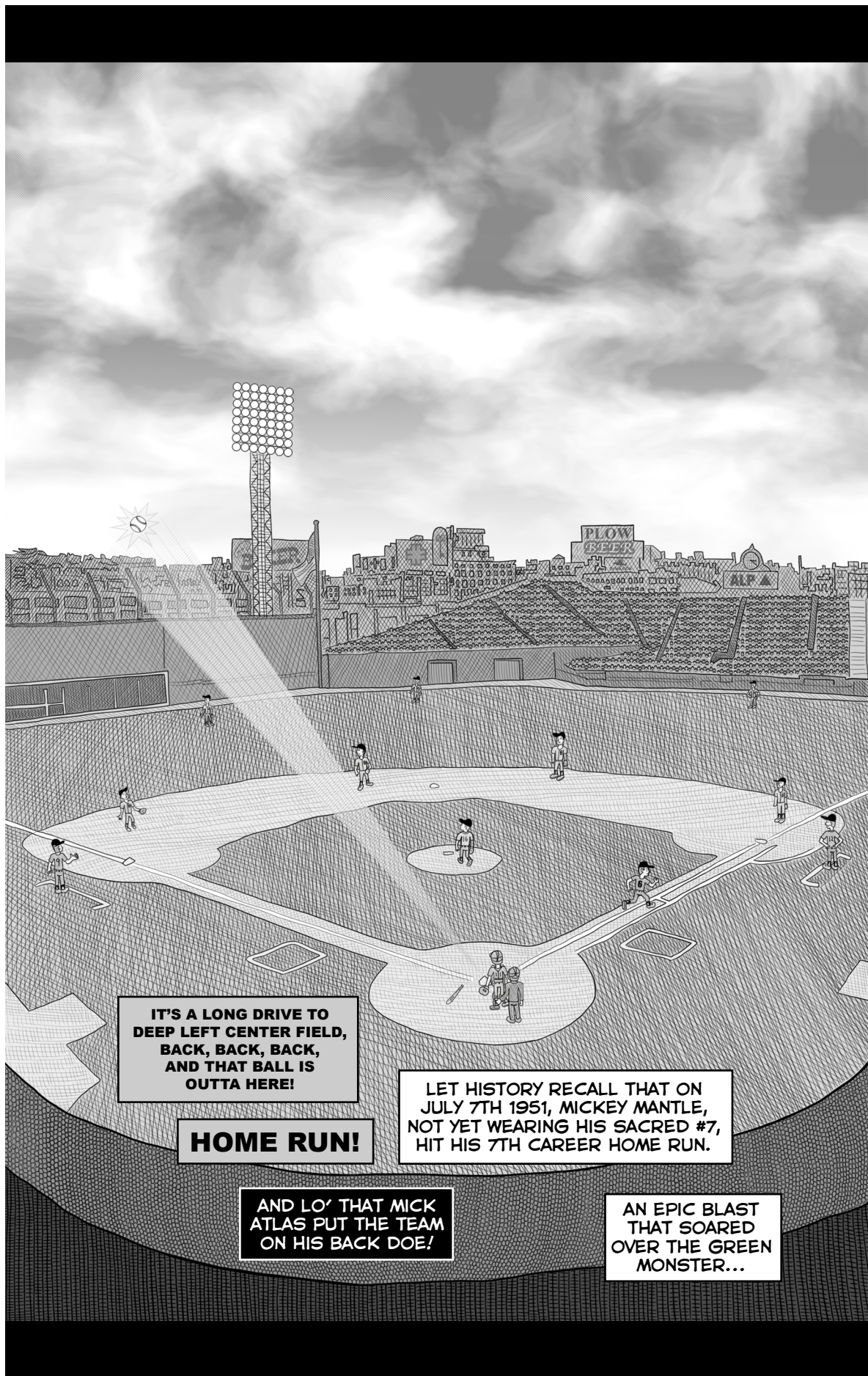


THUS WHEN ONE IS BACKED INTO THAT FAMOUS HYPOTHETICAL CORNER, STUCK BETWIXT THE ROCK AND THE HARD PLACE, DAMNED IF YOU DO AND DAMNED IF YOU DON'T, YOU MIGHT AS WELL...



SWING FOR THE GODDAMN FENCES!

CRACK!



IT'S A LONG DRIVE TO
DEEP LEFT CENTER FIELD,
BACK, BACK, BACK,
AND THAT BALL IS
OUTTA HERE!

HOME RUN!

LET HISTORY RECALL THAT ON
JULY 7TH 1951, MICKEY MANTLE,
NOT YET WEARING HIS SACRED #7,
HIT HIS 7TH CAREER HOME RUN.

AND LO' THAT MICK
ATLAS PUT THE TEAM
ON HIS BACK DOE!

AN EPIC BLAST
THAT SOARED
OVER THE GREEN
MONSTER...



**AND JUST
KEPT GOING!**



**STRAIGHT OUTTA
THIS WORLD...**

ACROSS THE COSMOS...



INTO THE GALACTIC CENTER...



THROUGH A SPACETIME
SINGULARITY WORMHOLE...

OVER AN EINSTEIN-ROSEN BRIDGE

ENTERING A PARALLEL TIMELINE...



THREADING THE NEEDLE
BETWEEN DYSTOPIA &
OBLIVION WITH THE ONE
CONSTANT THROUGH
ALL THE YEARS...

I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU THAT WE WON'T STOP!

THENCE TRANSVERSING THE ALL-NEW,
ALL-DIFFERENT UNIVERSE...



FOLLOWING THE PATH OF
THE EXCLUDED MIDDLE...



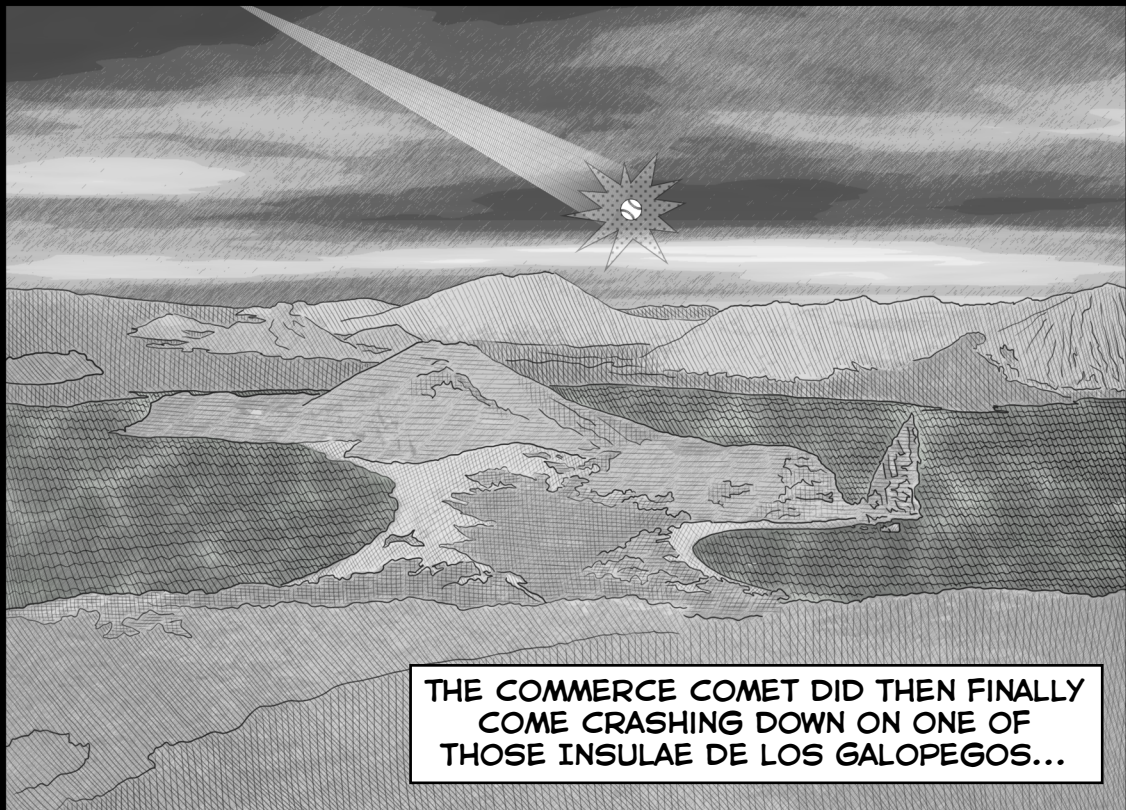
CAUGHT IN THE GRAVITATIONAL PULL
OF THE BEST OF ALL WORLDS...

THIS SPACESHIP EARTH

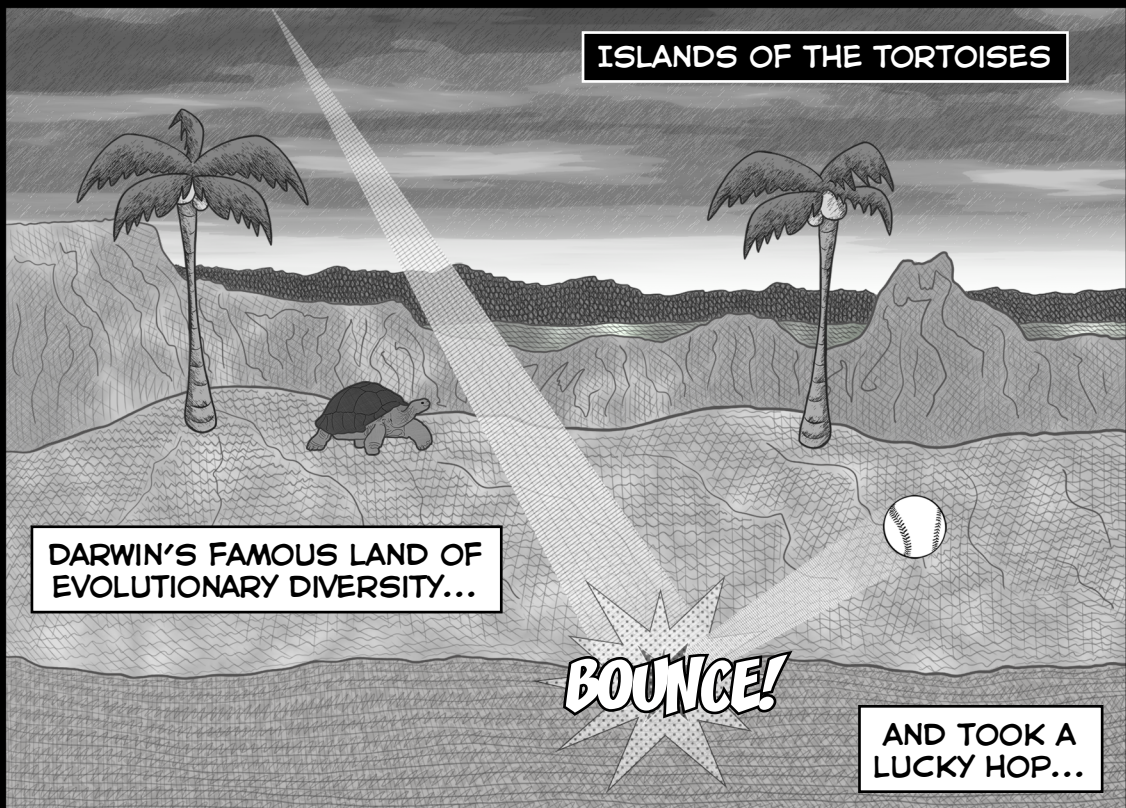
DESCENDING ON
A TRAJECTORY
TOWARDS THE
EQUATORIAL LINE...



HEADED FOR IMPACT
ON AN ARCHIPELAGO IN
THE PACIFIC OCEAN...



THE COMMERCE COMET DID THEN FINALLY
COME CRASHING DOWN ON ONE OF
THOSE INSULAE DE LOS GALOPEGOS...



ISLANDS OF THE TORTOISES

DARWIN'S FAMOUS LAND OF
EVOLUTIONARY DIVERSITY...

BOUNCE!

AND TOOK A
LUCKY HOP...



ENDING UP AT THE FEET OF A LOCAL
BIG GREEN PARTY MACHINE...



ARRIVING AS A CALL TO ADVENTURE
FROM THE GREAT UNKNOWN...



TRANSFIXED BY THE MYSTERY
OF IT ALL, WITH FANATICAL
WONDER, AND HOPES HELD
EVER SO HIGH, A PHENOMENAL
FIGHTIN' SPIRIT BEGINS
TO NEVER SAY DIE!

GO PHILOS!



MONTH	DAY	YEAR	AM • PM •	HOUR	MIN
07	07	1991	• •	12	00
DESTINATION TIME					
MONTH	DAY	YEAR	AM • PM •	HOUR	MIN
12	21	2112	• •	08	08
PRESENT TIME					