

FAR TREK



The Next Annihilation

80p

P a r T r e k

The Next Annihilation

By James Doonan & Jerry Moriarty

The inspiration for Par Trek emerged in those distant August afternoons when relegation was an unheard of phenomenon for Dunfermline Athletic. Under the inspirational guidance of the ever-popular Ian Munro, our eyes turned to the distant horizons of Europe and beyond...

However, something went tragically wrong: Ian Munro, in a final insult to his army of admirers, signed Craig Robertson.

And so, the catastrophe continued despite a brief excursion to a distinctly forgettable Skol Cup Final.

But, like a phoenix from the ashes of despair, new hope emerged: PAR TREK - The Next Annihilation, a story of pride, ambition and triumph over superior opposition.

Something the Pars seemed incapable of doing...

This comic is dedicated to the creative genius of the late Gene Roddenberry, creator of Star Trek, and the inspiration behind the Star Wars trilogy, George Lucas.

The characters and events portrayed in this comic are entirely fictional and bear no resemblance to any Dunfermline players currently masquerading as footballers. All artwork is copyright and may not be reproduced in any shape or form without the express permission of the writers.

"Space...the final frontier. These are the voyages of the Par Ship EastEnderprise and it's special mission to seek out and explore strange new stadiums, to boldly go where no Par has gone before..."

But that was the good old days . . .

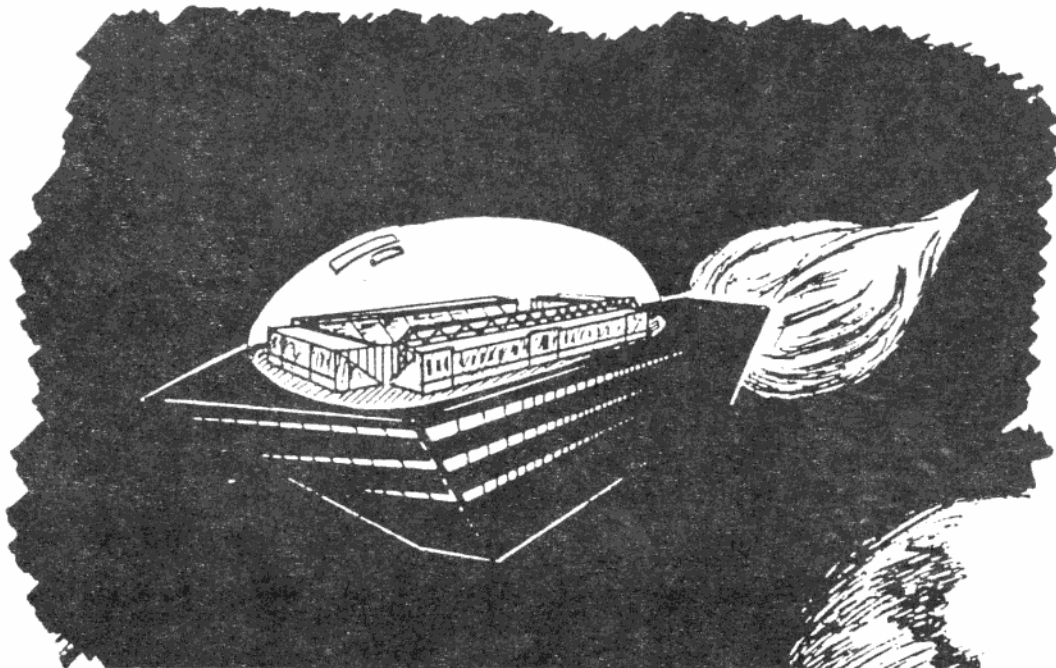
An age of darkness was about to descend upon the universe. David Murray's evil Empire, Glasgow Rangers, had abolished all premier league fixtures apart from Old Firm games, and proclaimed the Premier League Championship theirs for eternity. After all, Celtic were easy to beat.

But an even more dastardly plan was begining to hatch in Murray's evil mind as he neared the completion of his ultimate weapon of destruction, a fearsome manifestation of evil known as the Death Star.

However, a small band of planets who had opposed reconstruction in an attempt to thwart Rangers and avoid relegation, had formed the Rebel Alliance, an adventurous organisation pledged to defeating the Empire and it's tyrannical domination of intergalactic football. Led by the intrepid guardians of sportsmanship and honour, Dunfermline Athletic, winners of the Sunday Mail's "Most Generous Defence" award for three consecutive seasons, the Alliance fought to defend the rights of smaller planets.

Meanwhile, in a galaxy far, far away. No, further away than that, a defenceless freighter and it's precious cargo was about to fall into the clutches of the Empire's most evil henchman, Rangers manager, Darth Walter.

But the conclusion of this final and decisive battle for independence was about to be realised as the unarmed freighter was overwhelmed and locked in the tractor beam of the huge battlecruiser, Ibrox.

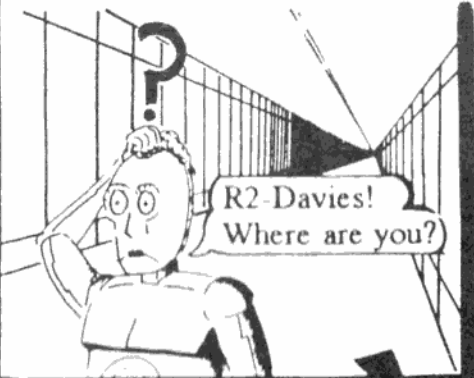


At last, Darth Walter had Princess Irons in his iron grip.

SS IBROX

Princess Irons' ship was doomed...

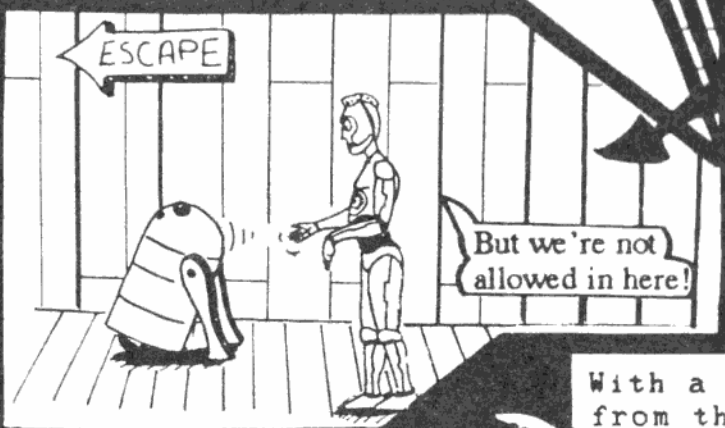
MEANWHILE, IN THE HOLD A CONFUSED DROID, C3P-MOYES WAS LOOKING FOR HIS LOST COMPANION, R2-DAVIES...



R2-Davies! Where are you?



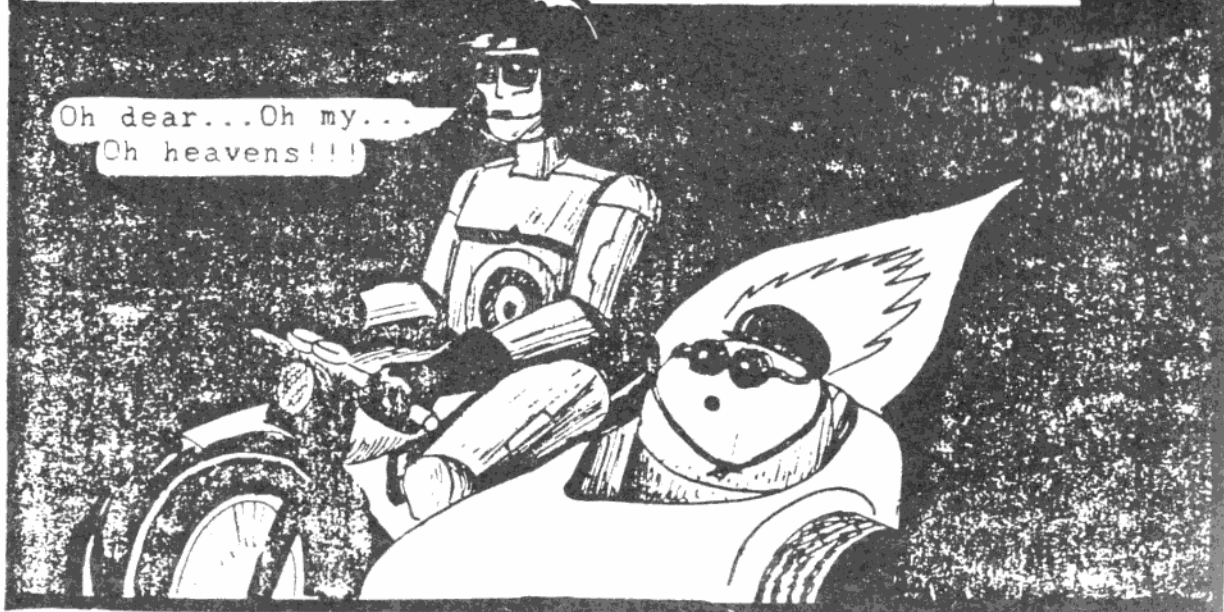
Go quickly, my brave little droid!

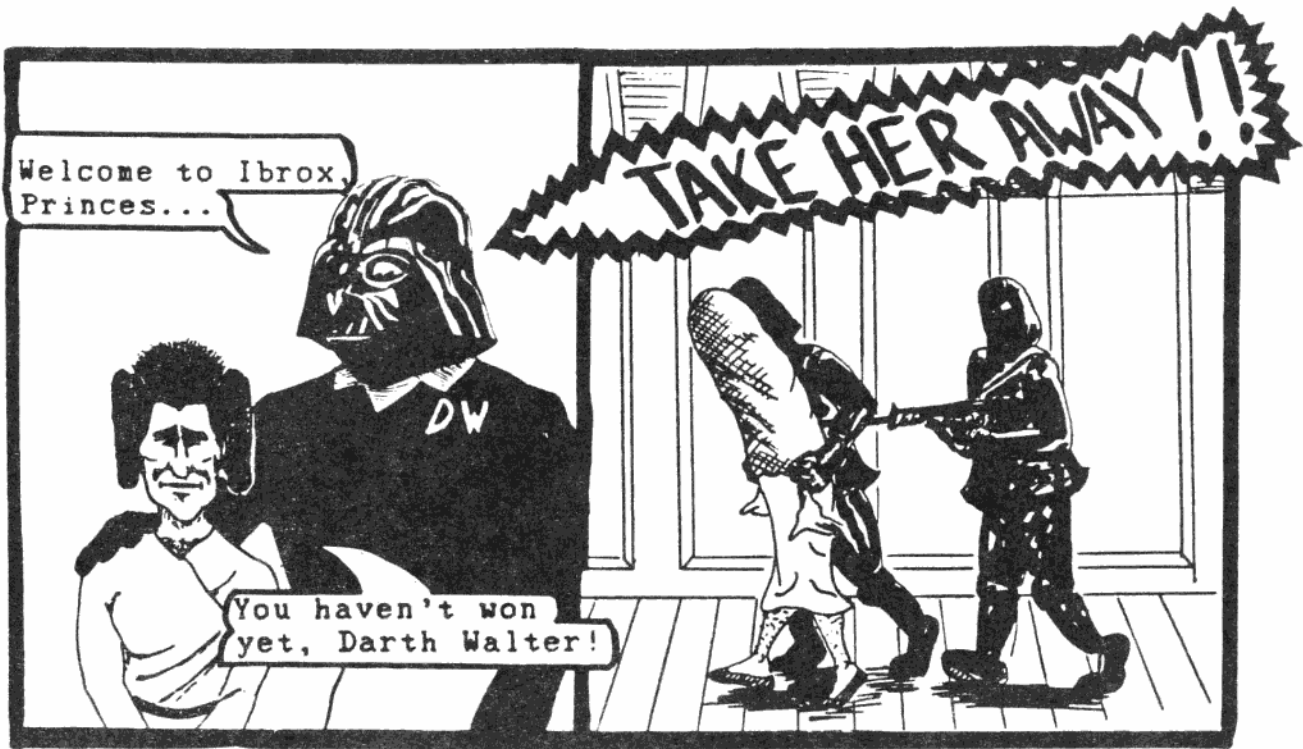


But we're not allowed in here!

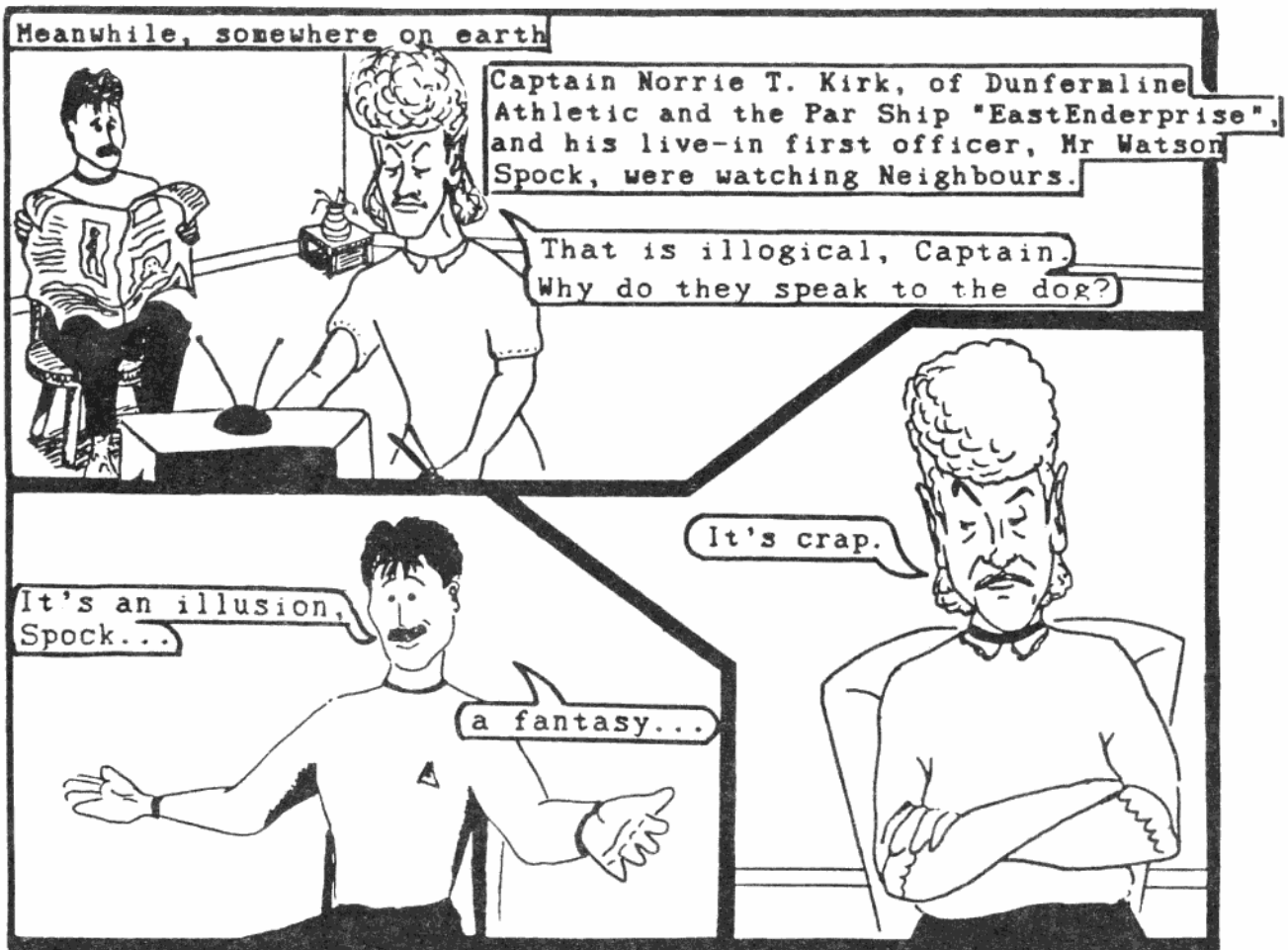
With a loud hiss, the pod sped from the doomed ship...

Oh dear... Oh my... Oh heavens!!!





With the rebel fleet vanquished and Princess Irons held prisoner, there seemed to be nothing left to prevent the Empire achieving its dream of intergalactic domination. Only a miracle could save the rebel alliance.



Suddenly the peaceful life of Ramsey Street was replaced by the evil figure of Emperor Murray who was about to unveil his dream of intergalactic domination.

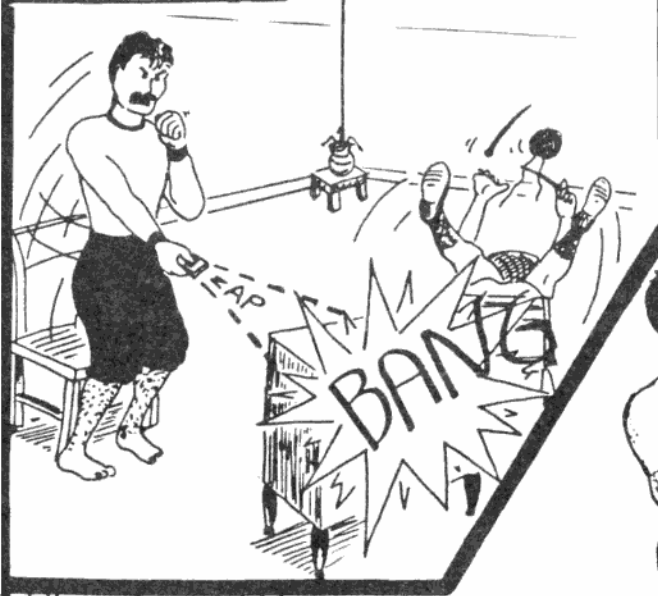
People of the galaxy, your supreme leader, Davros Murray, has captured the beautiful Princess Irons.



Now there is nothing to stop me winning the Scottish Cup!

I challenge you now, people of the galaxy to present a team for annihilation in the final
WE ARE INVINCIBLE!
"THE CRY WAS NO SURRENDER..."

Kirk was angry.



DAMN IT, SPOCK!
He can't do that!



OH? I suppose this means we're going on another madcap intergalactic adventure? You'd better phone Scotty.



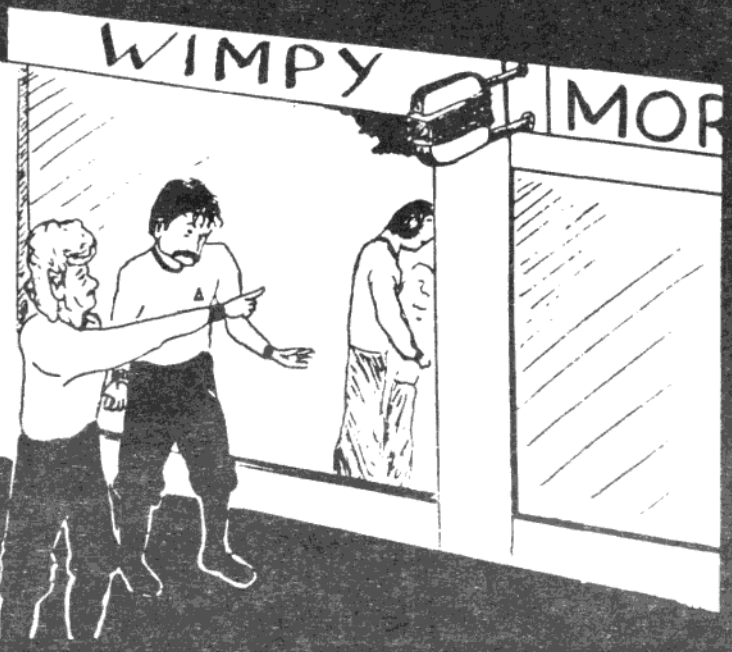
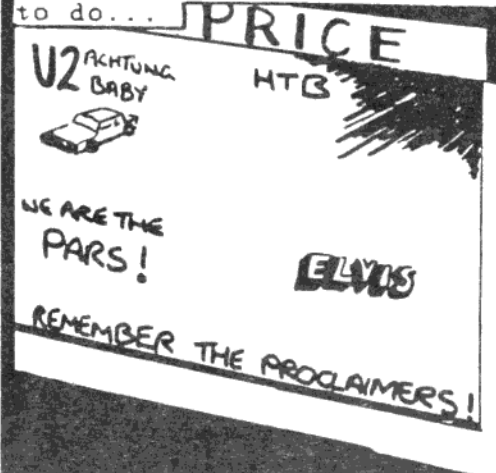
she needs new discs, new tyres, the ignition's dodgy and the cigarette lighter's broken...

but I could patch her up and she might just make it.

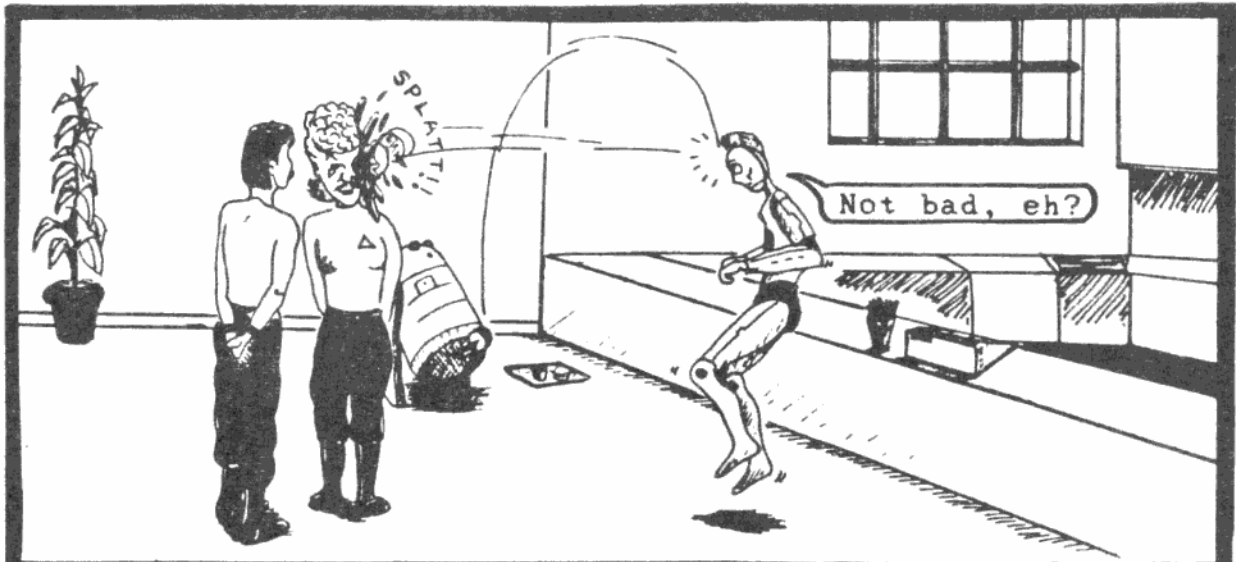


C'mon, Spock, we've gotta find a team!

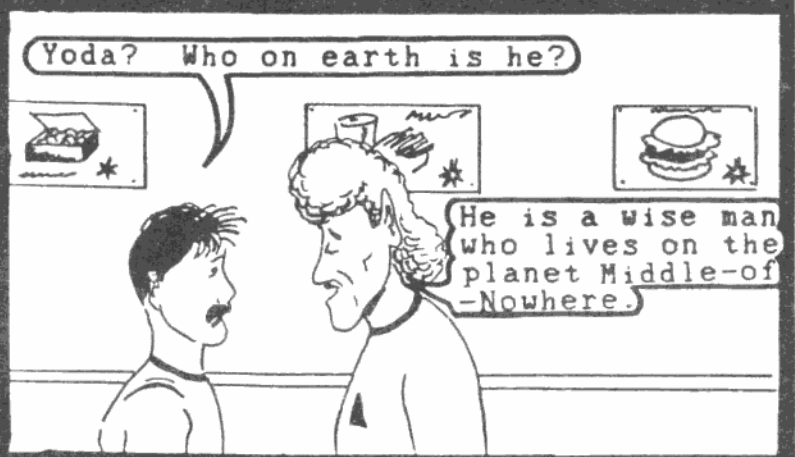
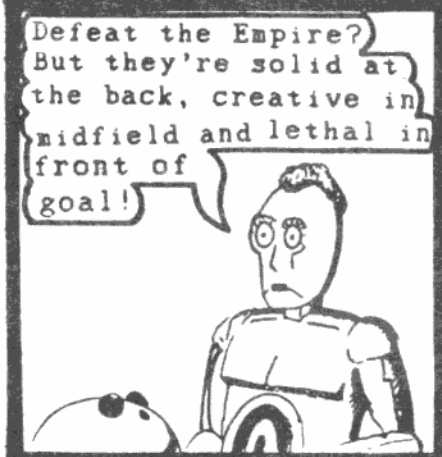
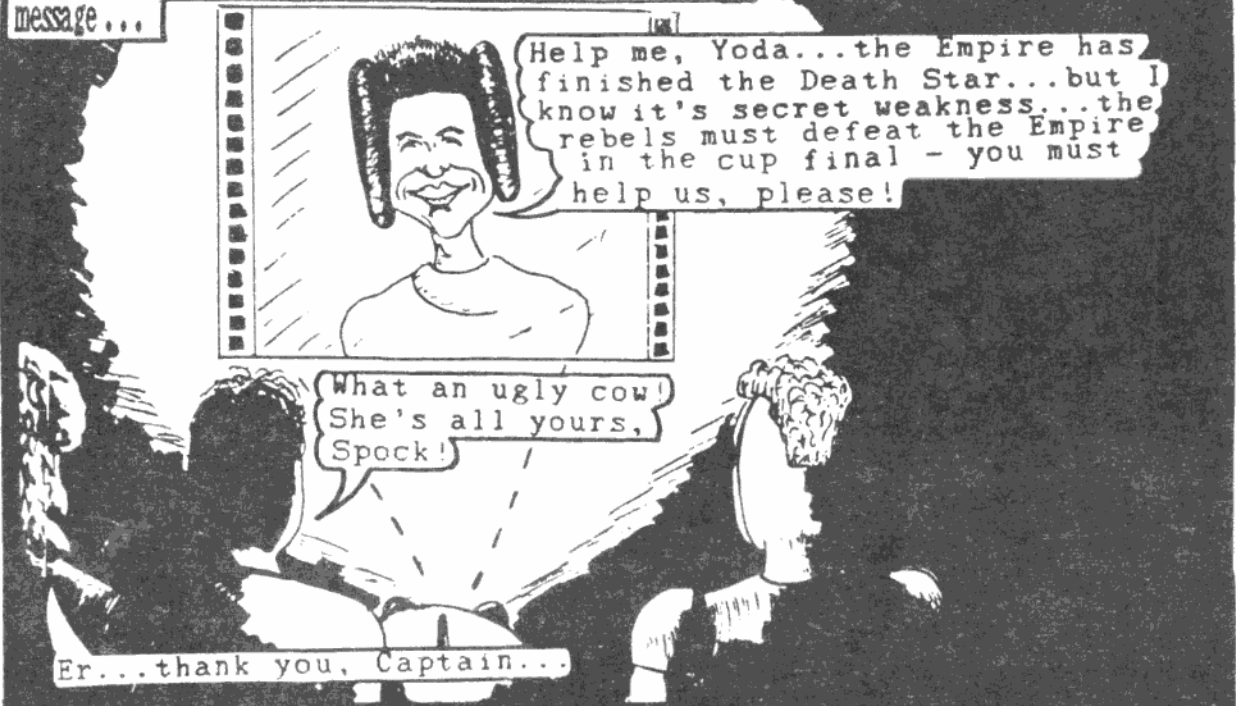
But first, he was hungry. He wanted a nutritious meal. But a Wimpy would have to do...

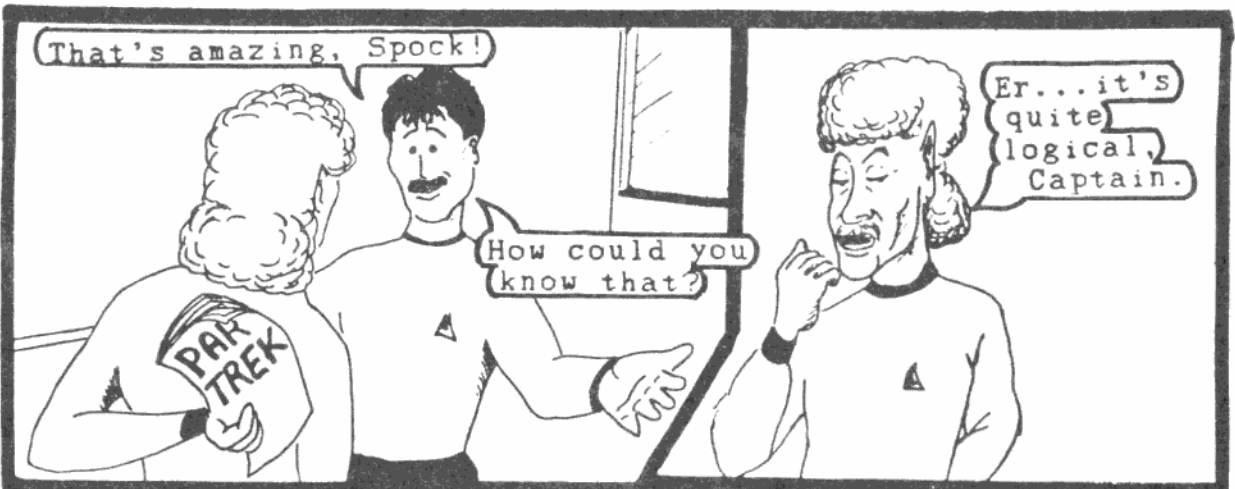






Later on, the new companions are gathered in a secret hiding place. Once they are certain of avoiding detection by the Empire's spies, reporters from the Daily Record, R2-Davies reveals Princess Iron's message...

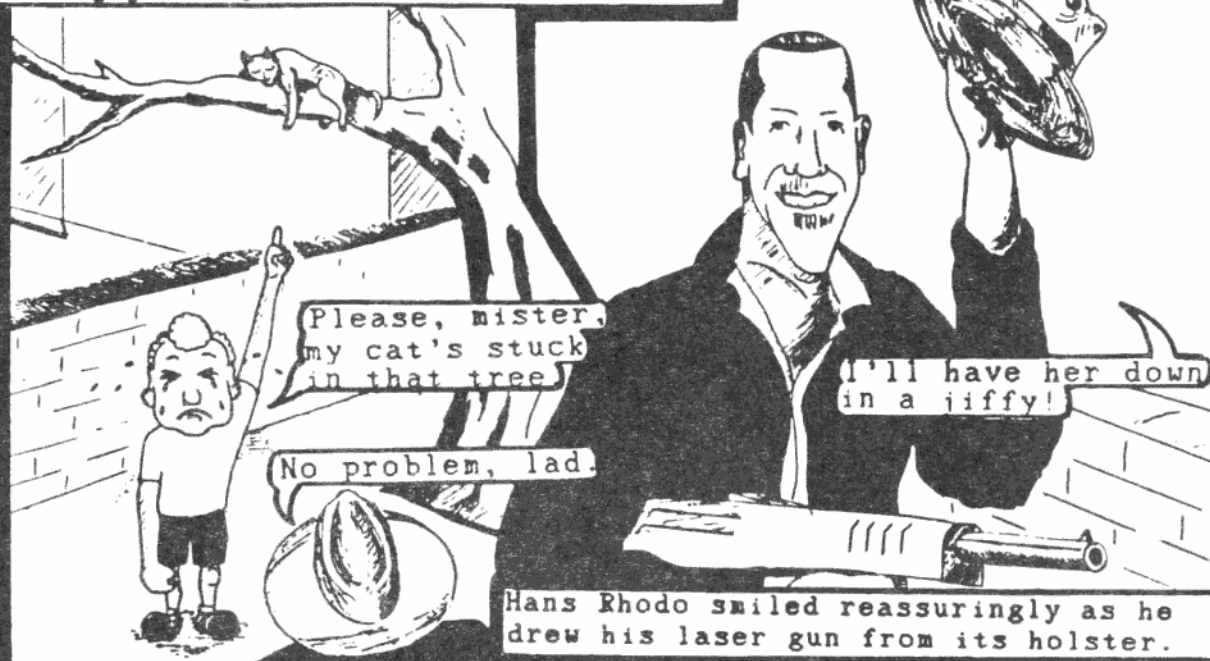




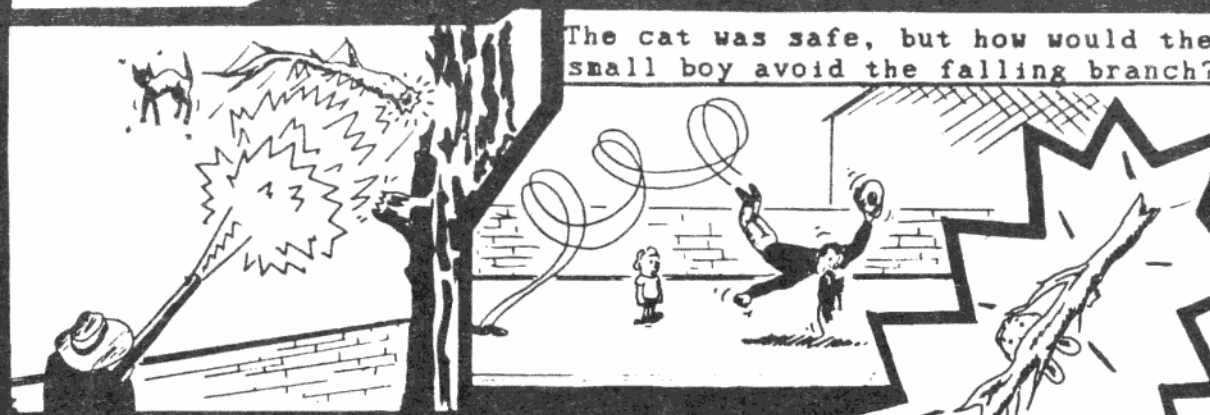
Spock, R2 and C3P-Moyes return to the Eastenderprise while Kirk continues the quest for players.



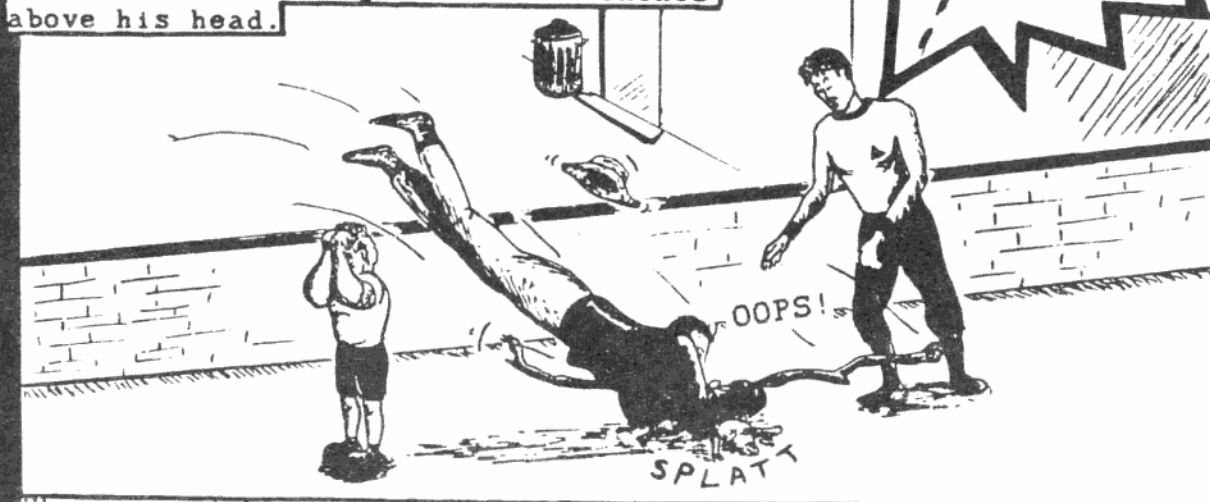
Meanwhile, a tear-jerking scene was taking place just a few metres away...



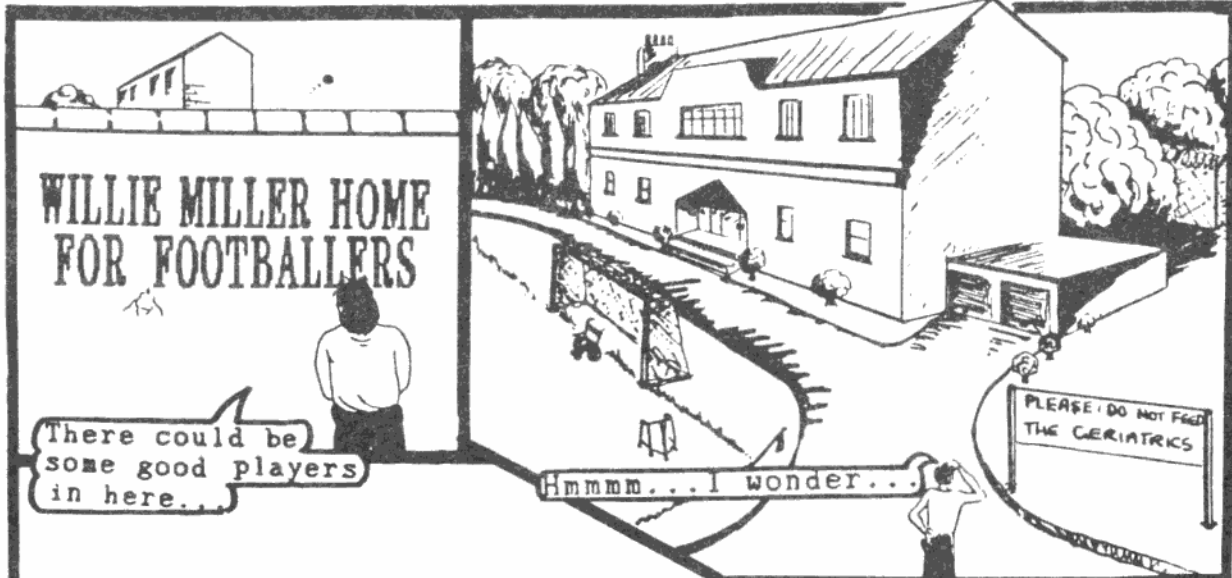
Hans Rhodo smiled reassuringly as he drew his laser gun from its holster.



In a flash, Rhodo reacted and saved the boy's life, catching the branch inches above his head.



What incredible luck! Purely by coincidence, Kirk had stumbled across a talented goalkeeper - or a supremely gifted ball-boy! After giving Hans Rhodo directions to find the EastEnterprise, Kirk continued his quest. But first, he stopped to think for a moment...

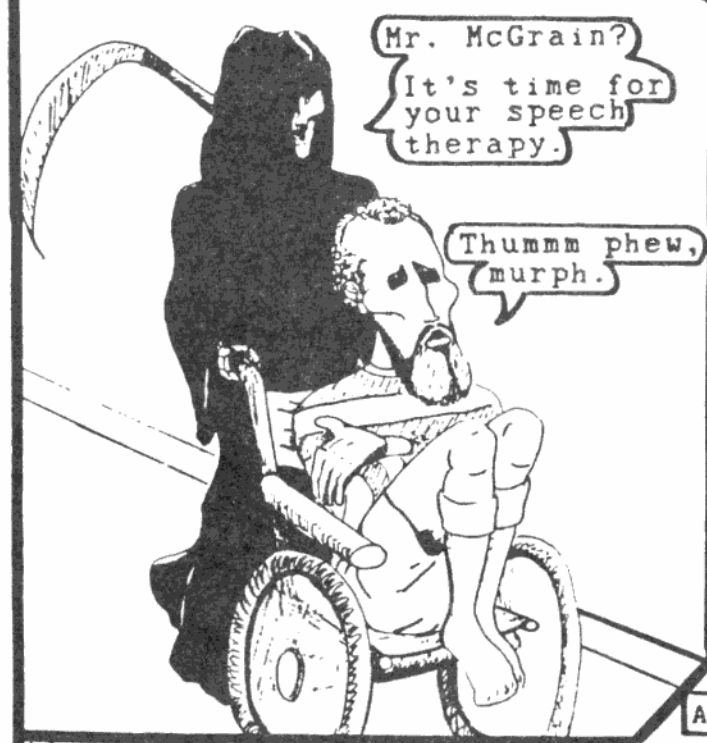


WILLIE MILLER HOME FOR FOOTBALLERS

There could be some good players in here...

Hmmm... I wonder...

PLEASE DO NOT FEED THE GERIATRICS



Mr. McGrain? It's time for your speech therapy.

Thummm phew, murph.



Hello? What's this?

A sudden noise alerted Kirk.



A'reet, bonny lad, if ya wanna catch a fish, ye gorra keep the hook in the air - divvent let it touch the water, like!

The fish cannae play cont'idental, an' neever cin we.



SLAM

CRASH

SHIT! TERRY BUTCHER!



Instinctively, he ran away....

Suddenly inspired, Kirk thought of a clever plan to find quality players.

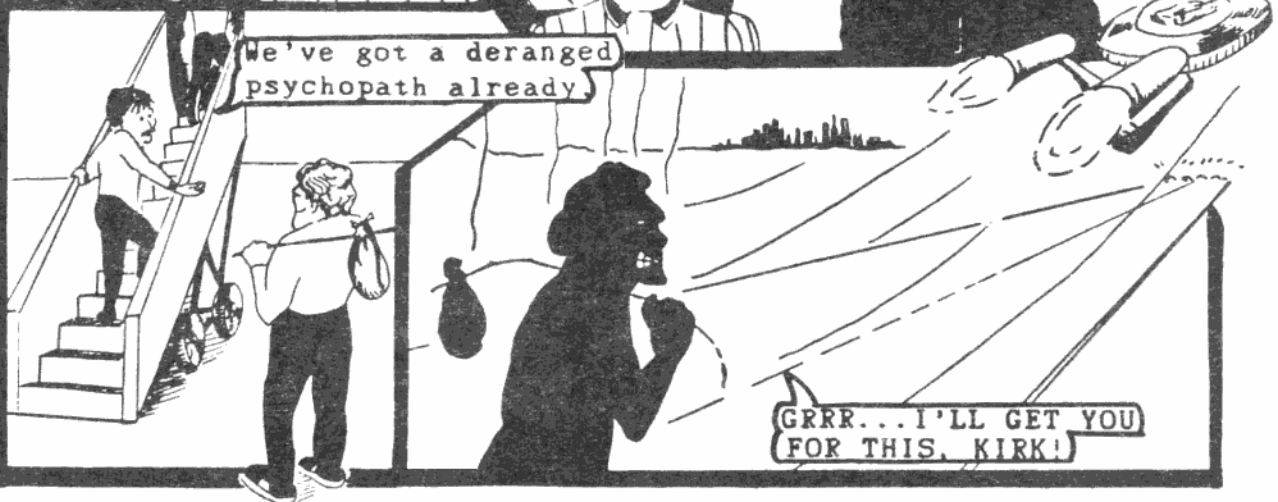


And so, a squad was selected.

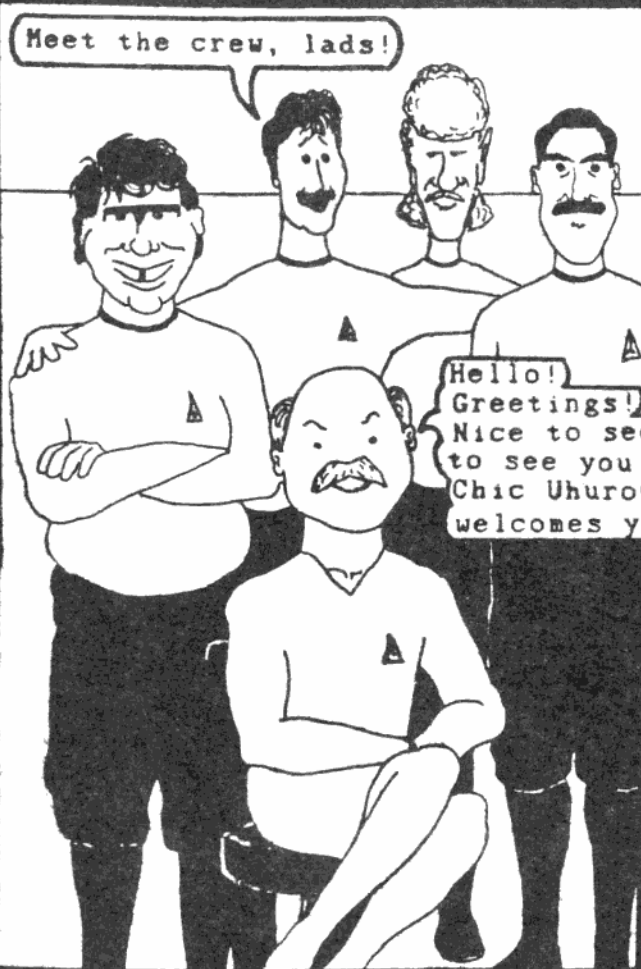
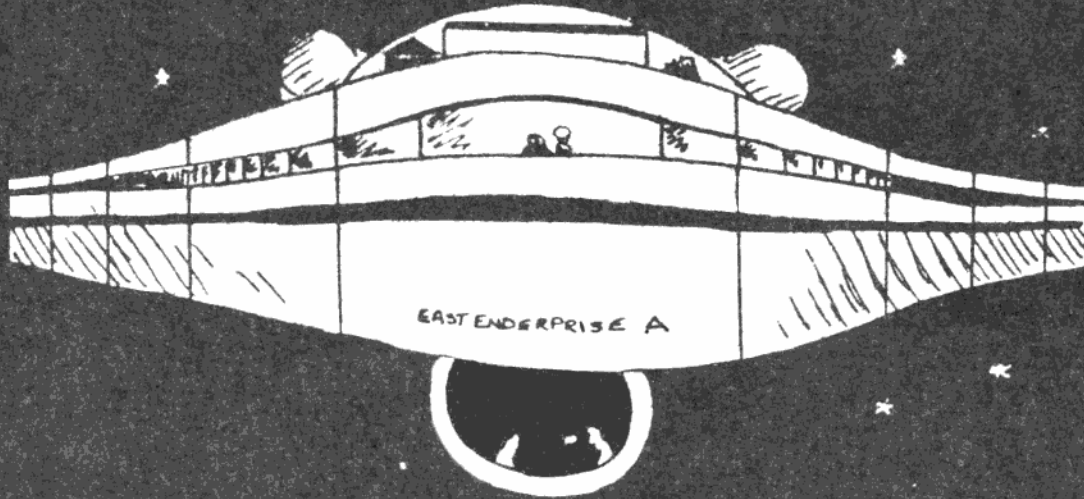
Unfortunately, an undesirable wanted to join as well



No thanks, Roy.



Once on board the Par ship, the new team mates were introduced to the crew: ships doctor, Ian "Bones" McCall, the engineer, Jock Scotty, and the ship's communications officer, Chic Uhuroung.



Meet the crew, lads!

Hello!
Greetings!
Nice to see you,
to see you nice!
Chic Uhuroung
welcomes you!



Scotty, set a course
for the planet
Middle-of-Nowhere.



Aye, aye, captain!

The squad was almost complete. All that stood between Kirk and winning the Scottish Cup was the Empire and it's fearsome new weapon, the Death Star. To win the Cup, the Death Star would have to be destroyed. However, the fatal weakness in the Death Star's structure was known only to Princess Irons. And across the gulf of space, Princess Irons, alone and helpless, was at the mercy of the Empire's torturous barbarity. .

The rebels, Princess...
Tell me about them...

DO WHAT YOU
LIKE, DARTH
WALTER!

I'LL NEVER
TALK!

So be it, Princess
SEND IN McCOIST!

Hullo there, doll! The name's Alistair,
I'm a fitballer, by the way.
D'ye want tae hear some of ma
funny stories?

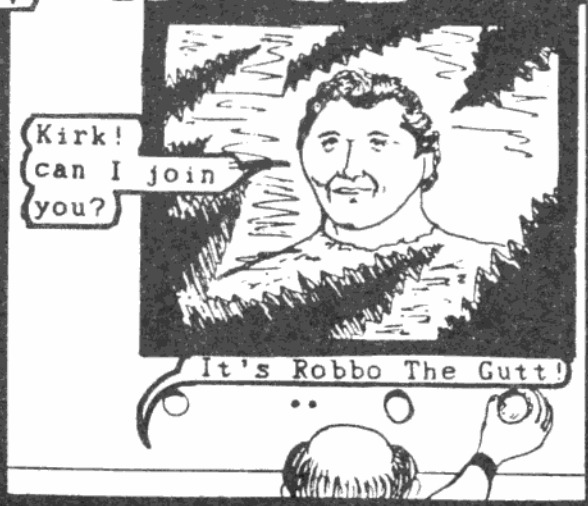
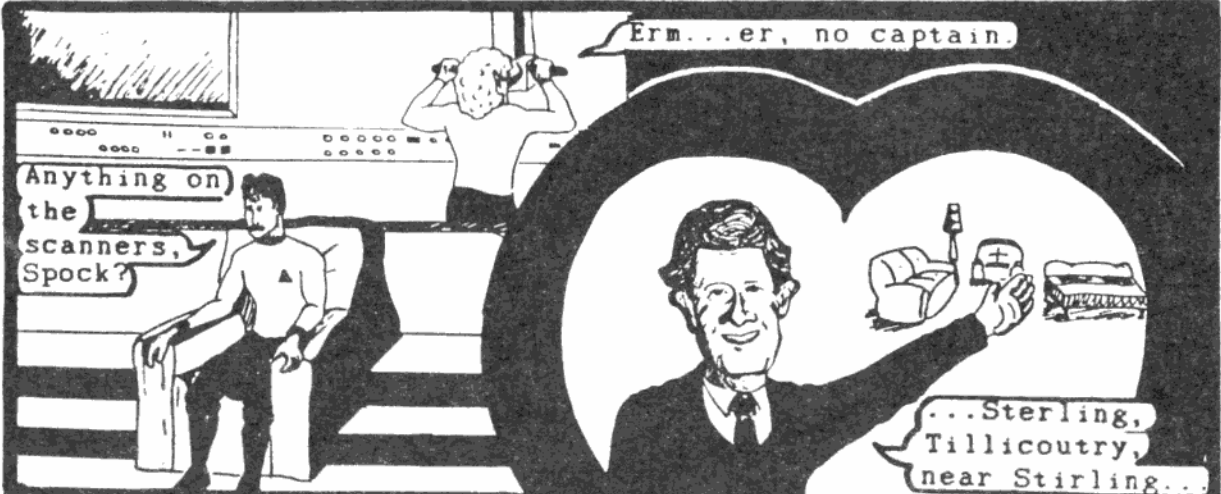
AAARGGH!

NOOO!

I'LL TALK!

I'LL TALK!

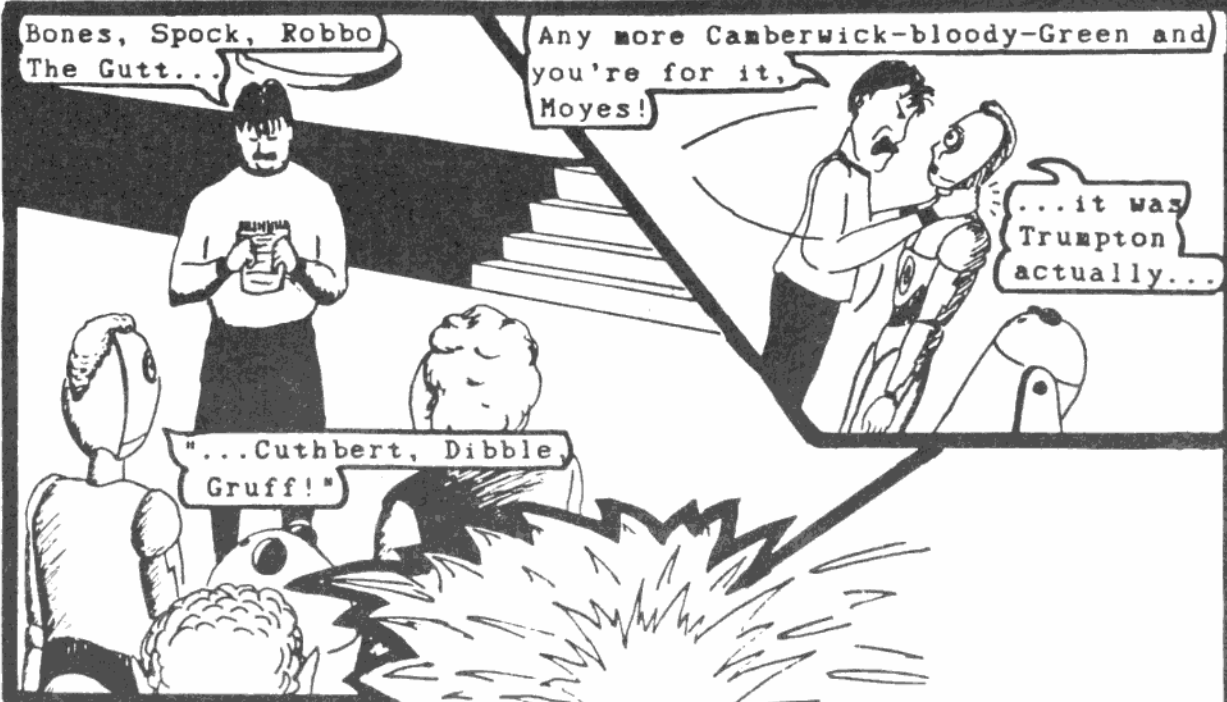
Meanwhile, the crew of the Par ship Enderprise were journeying to their first port of call, the planet Middle-of-Nowhere, for a team talk with the mysterious wise man known simply as Yoda.



Some time later, the ship moved into orbit around the planet Middle-of-Nowhere.

Now came the most perilous part of their journey - searching the planet for Yoda.

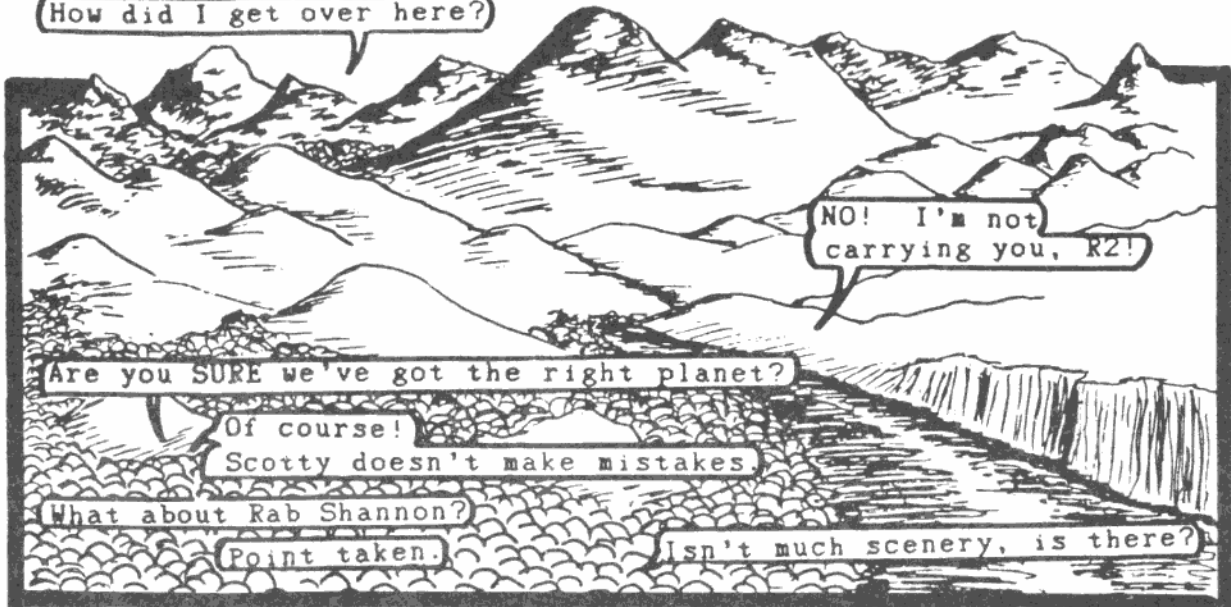
Carefully, Kirk chose the search party.



The planet's surface was completely alien to anything they had ever seen before.



How did I get over here?



NO! I'm not carrying you, R2!

Are you SURE we've got the right planet?

Of course!
Scotty doesn't make mistakes.

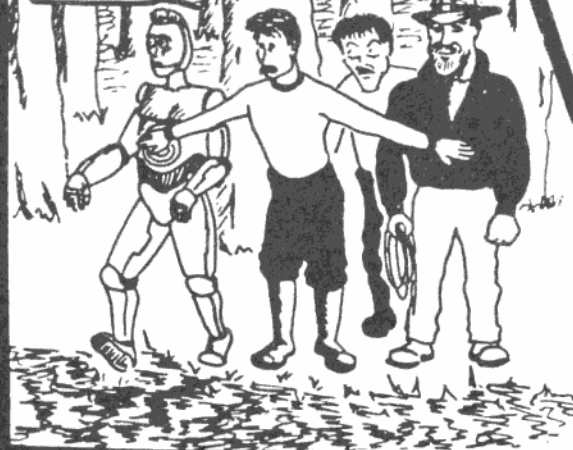
What about Rab Shannon?

Point taken.

Isn't much scenery, is there?

Suddenly, Kirk sensed danger

WAIT! This looks like quicksand - get a security guard!



Well done, Eddie!



PHEW! That was close.

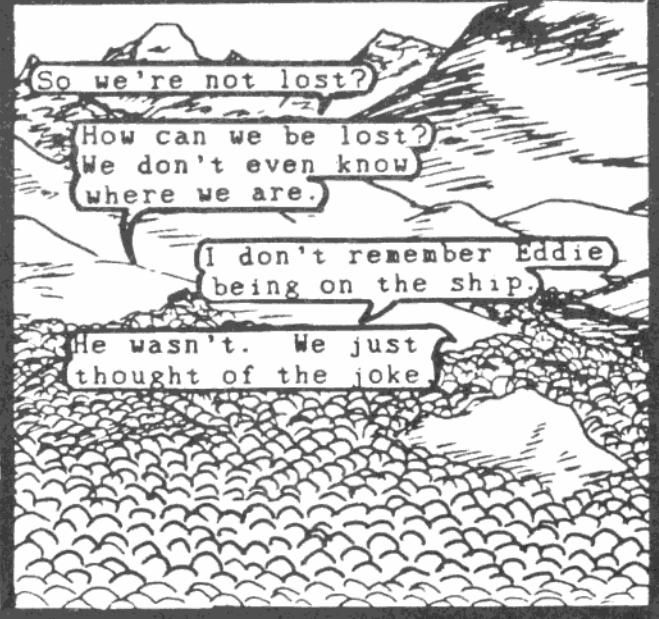


So we're not lost?

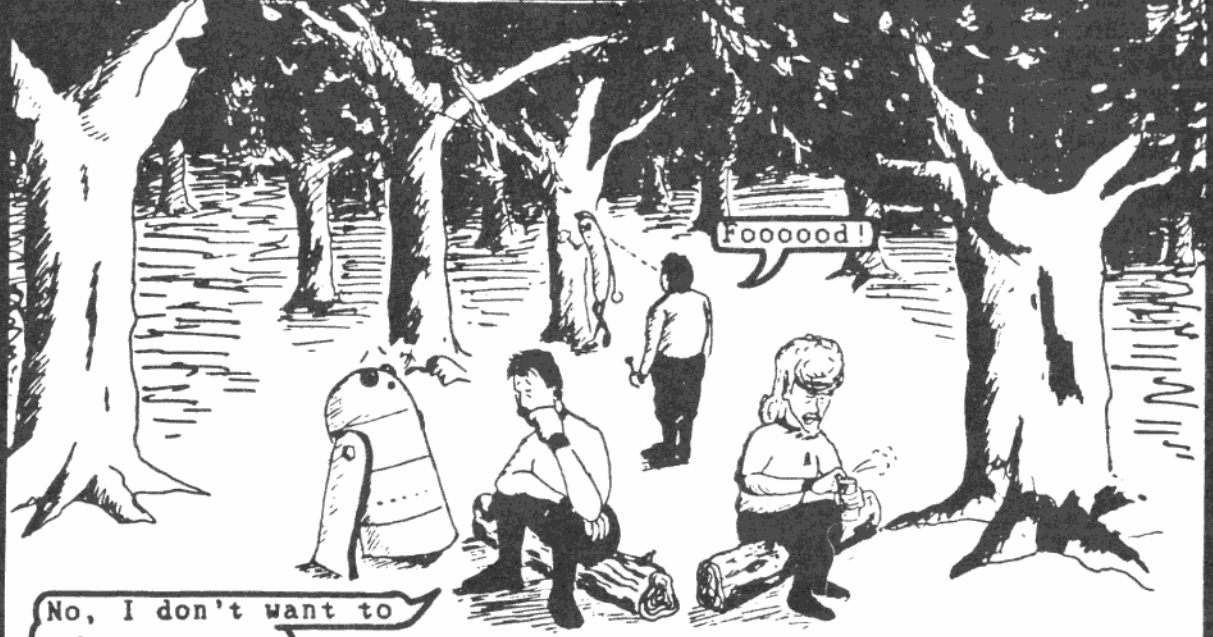
How can we be lost?
We don't even know where we are.

I don't remember Eddie being on the ship.

He wasn't. We just thought of the joke

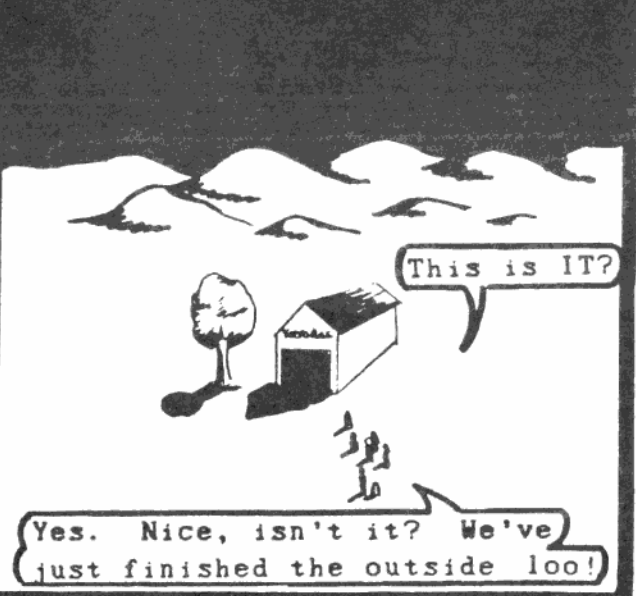
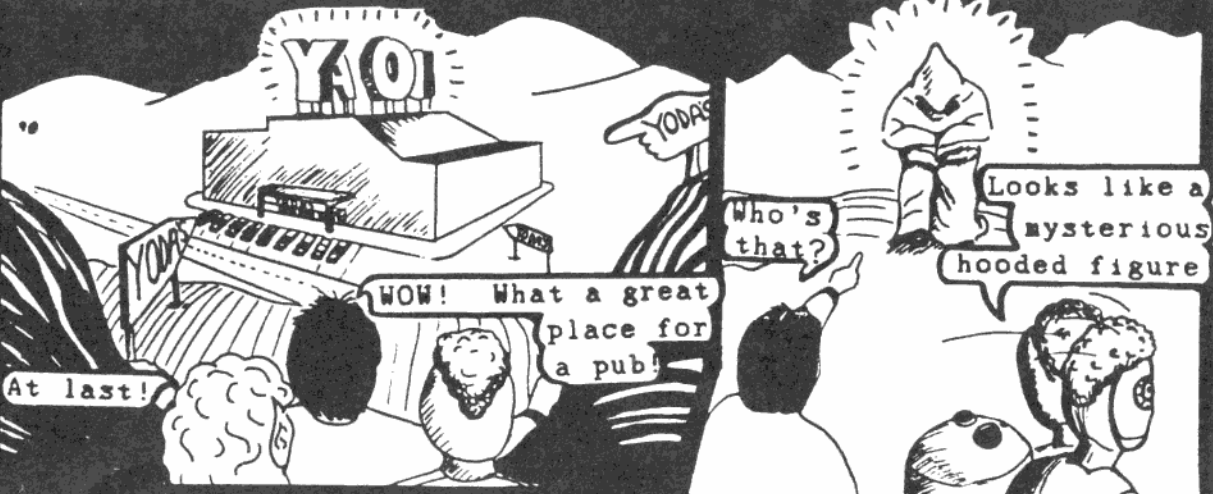


After several hours, the group were starving and exhausted...



No, I don't want to play tig, R2.

Eventually, the forest came to an end.

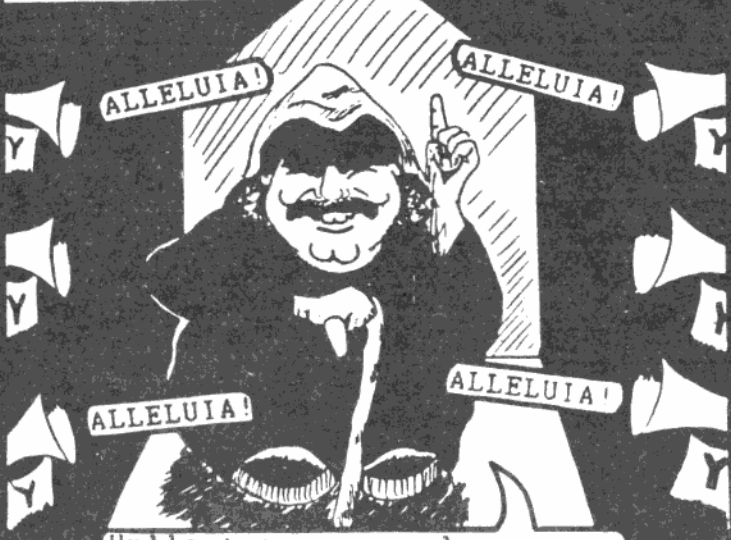


WAITING ROOM

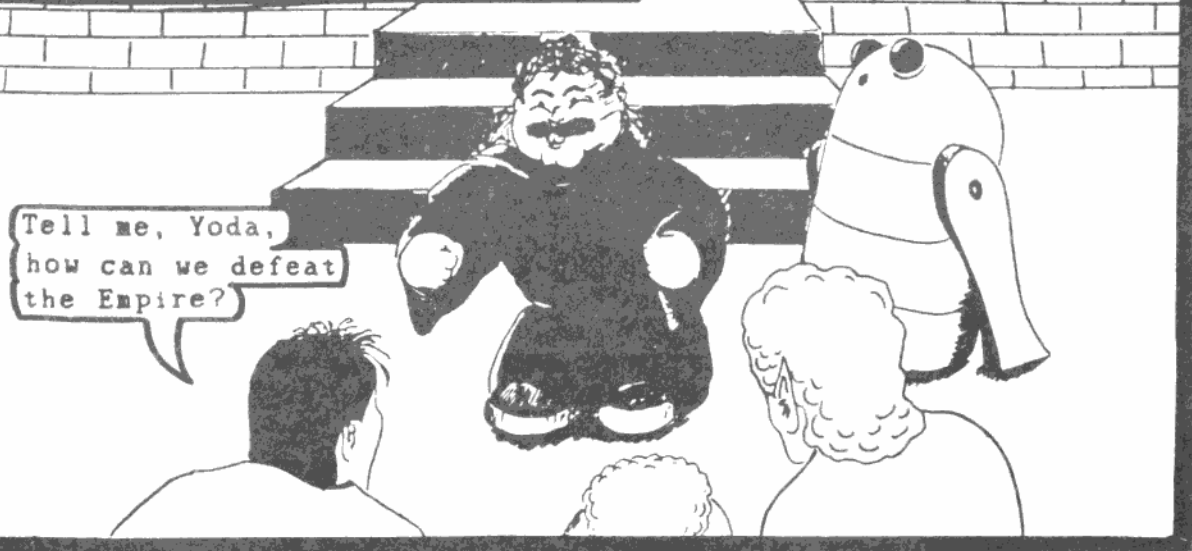


Suddenly, the room was bathed in light and the Master stepped forward...

...which wan of you fearties farted?



Hullo tae you, ya lazy crew. Ma patience had near departed. But this I now must ask of you...



Tell me, Yoda, how can we defeat the Empire?

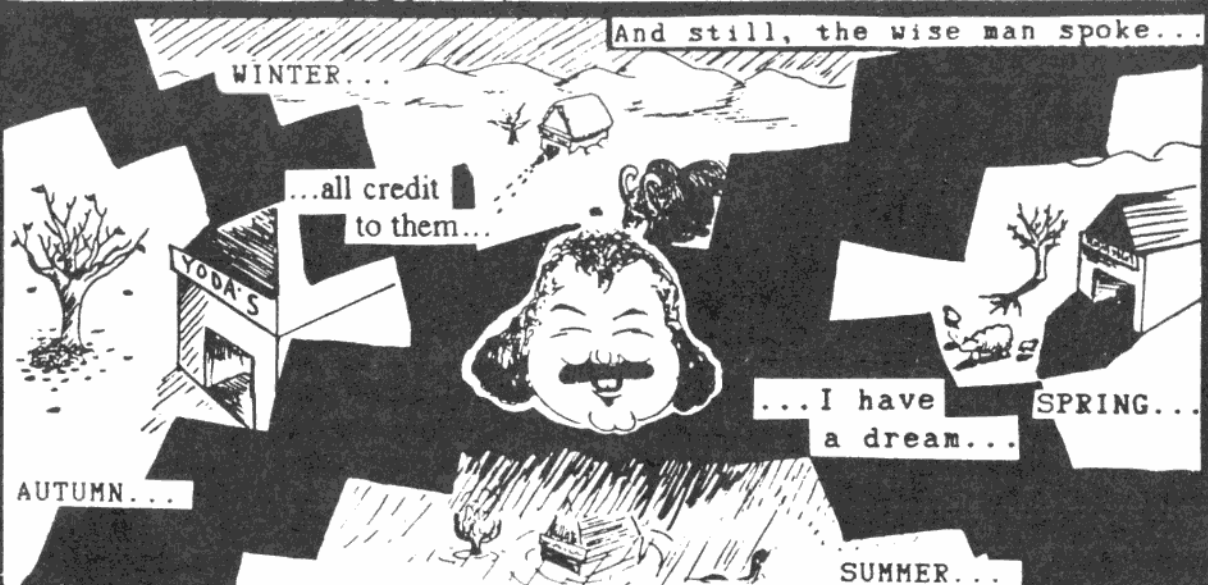
Yoda Leishman, the wisest man in the universe, spouted forth his knowledge...



Well Dougie...at the end of the day...



sick as a parrot...over the moon...get a result...



And still, the wise man spoke...

WINTER...

...all credit to them...

...I have a dream...

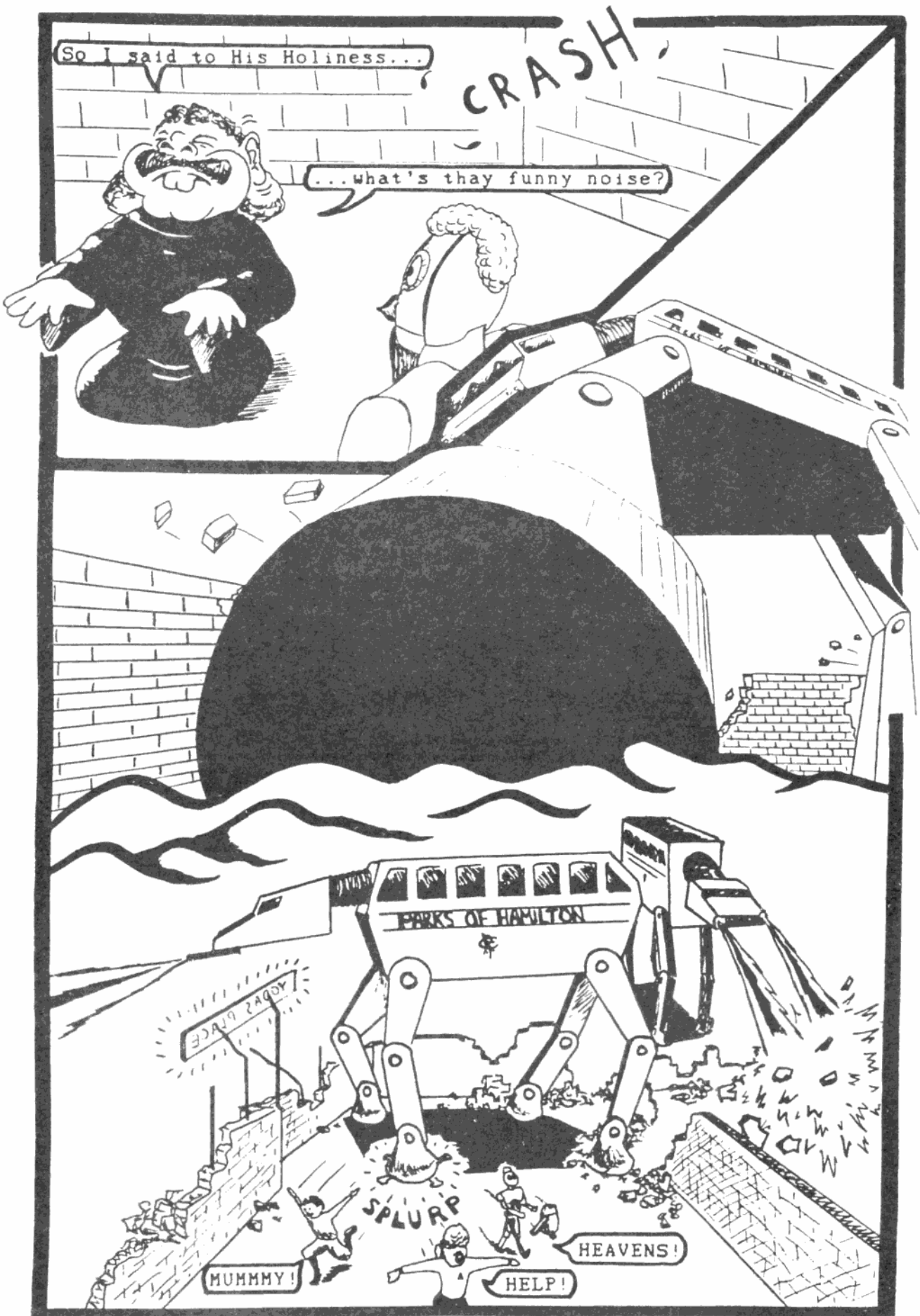
SPRING...

AUTUMN...

SUMMER...

Get stuck in, work hard... the boys done good...





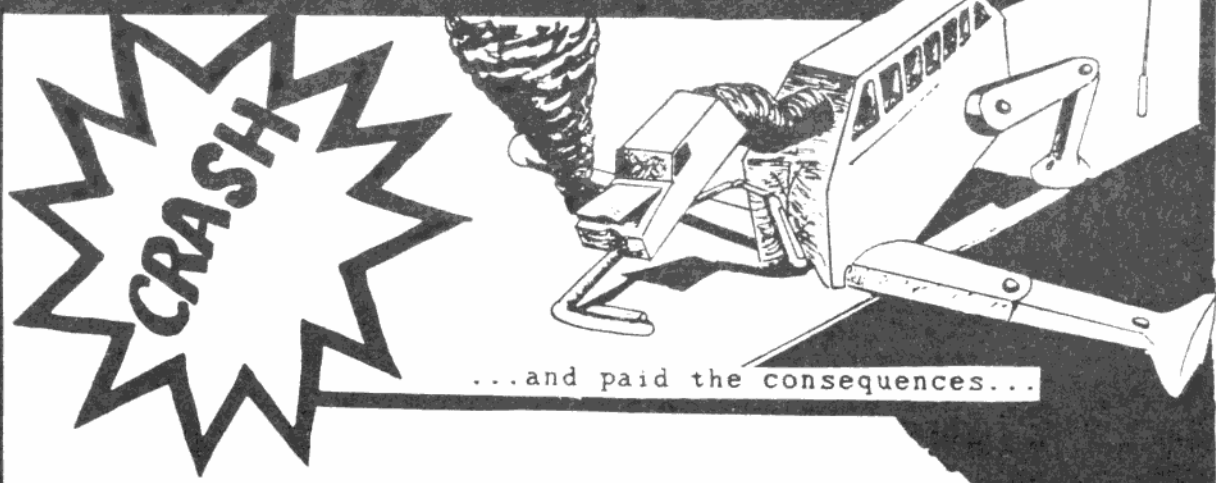
The pilot's of the Empire's fearsome assault vehicle gloried in the master's horrible demise...



Well done, Durranty! Here's yer kebab!

Thank's Roy. BRILLIANT! Hunners of onions!

Foolishly, Durrant took his hands off the wheel...

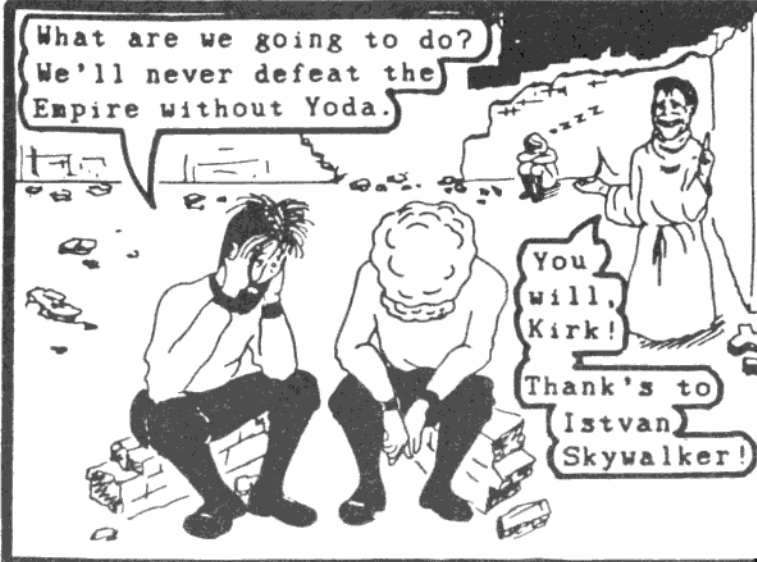


...and paid the consequences...



Would you mind blowing in this bag, sir?

JINGS! The polis!



What are we going to do?
We'll never defeat the
Empire without Yoda.

You
will,
Kirk!
Thank's to
Istvan
Skywalker!



HIM?



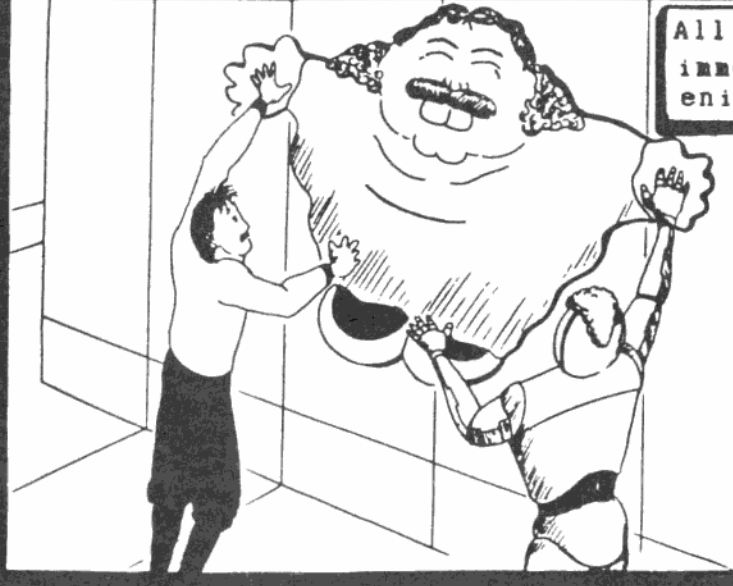
Can I bring
Chewbacca?



Istvan has
"The Force",
Kirk.
He will know
what to do.

The group return to the EastEnderprise, saddened by the loss of Yoda. As a mark of respect, they attach him to the wall of the bridge with Blu-Tac.

Yoda did not have time to tell Kirk how to defeat the Empire.



All Kirk had was a squad of immeasurable talent and the enigmatic Istvan Skywalker.

Suddenly, panic swept across the Bridge.

For heavens sake, Moyes, put it on the main screen!



But I'm watching "Neighbours"!

The ship was receiving a transmission from the Empire - could they be trying to brainwash the crew?



OH NO! IT'S GERRY McNEE'S OPINION SPOT!

Rangers...Rangers...Old Firm...bigotry...bigotry...Celtic's stadium...bigotry...bigotry...one Graeme Souness, there's only one Graeme Souness...the sash my father wore...

OPINION



Meanwhile, at Ibrox, the crowd was beginning to gather.

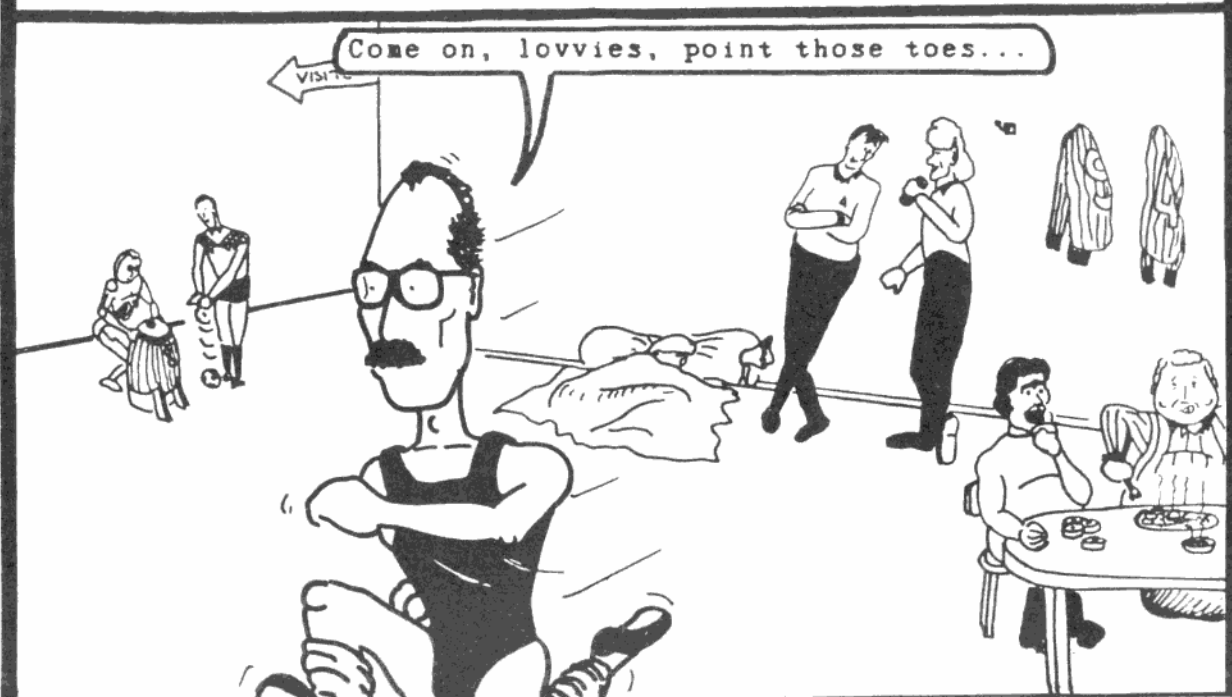
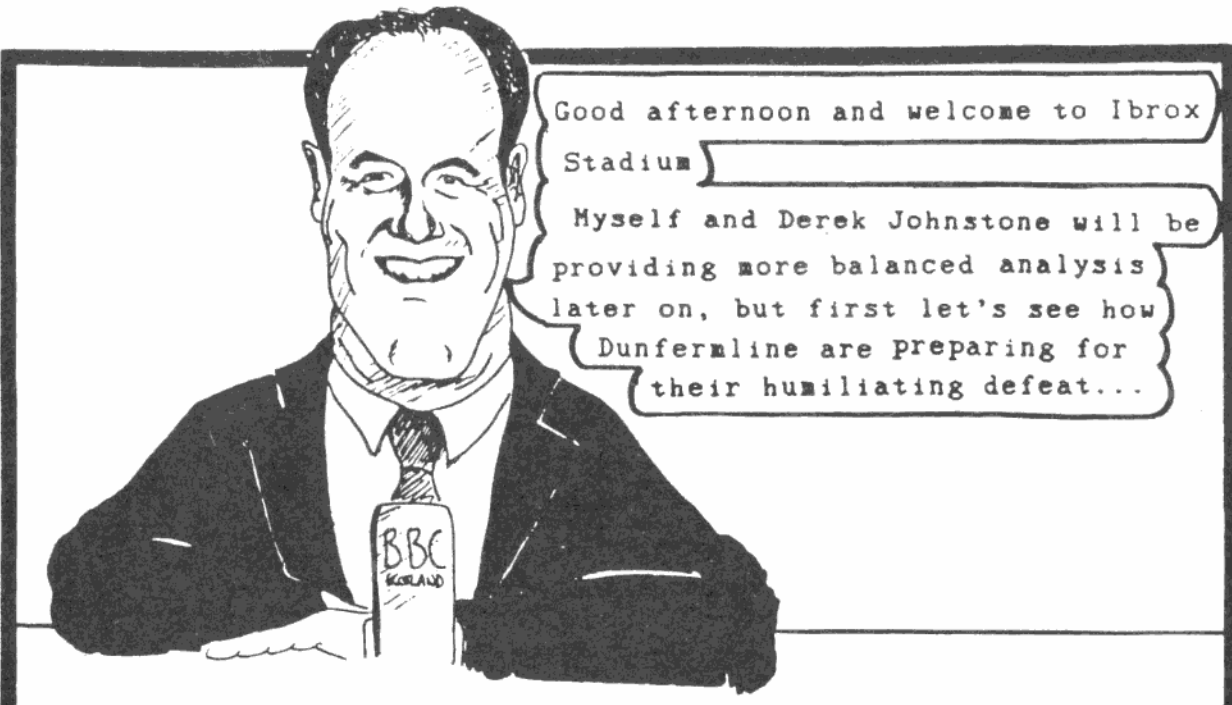
"...the chisel ma' faither bore..."

WHAT?

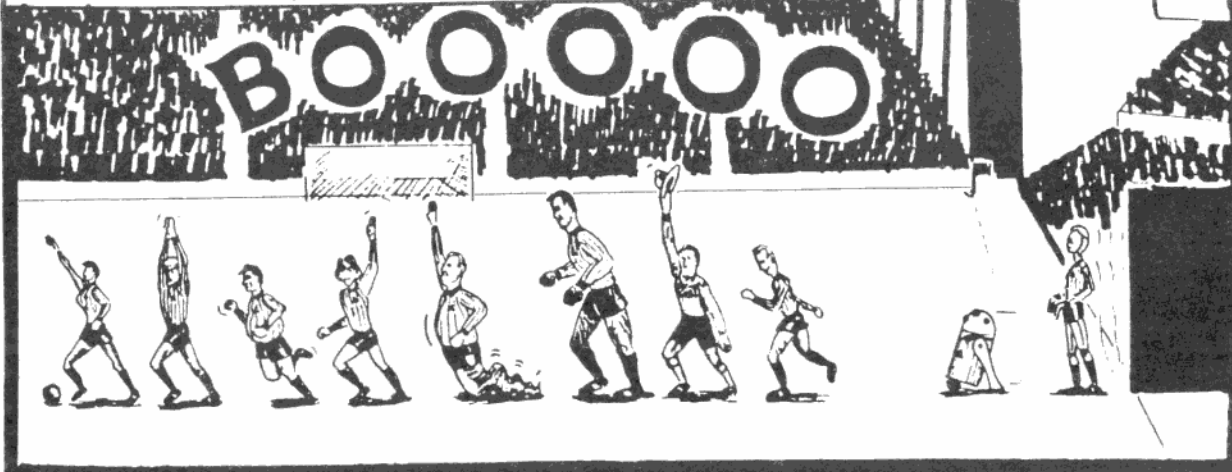
He wis a STONE MASON!

"Wha's like us", eh, Father O'Mally?

You wore that bunnet last year!



Dunfermline complete their pre-match warm-up and take to the field



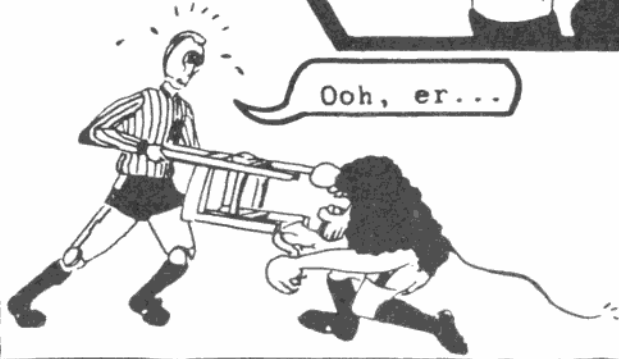
CHAMPIONIES, CHAMPIONIES...the all-conquering treble-winning Glasgow Rangers have just emerged from the tunnel led by their captain, Richard Gough.

Back, Terry, back!

GRRRR!



Ooh, er...



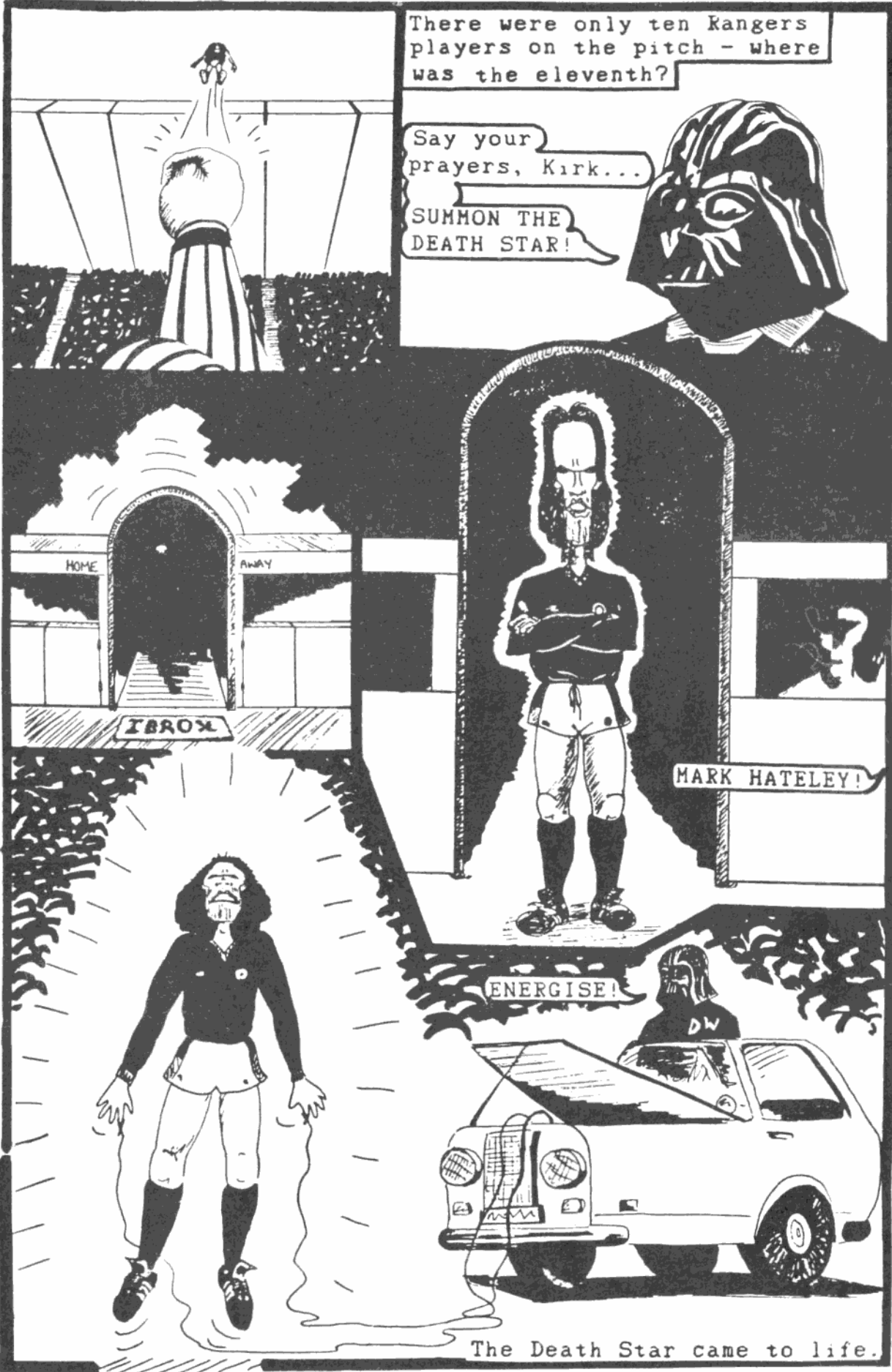
Huh?

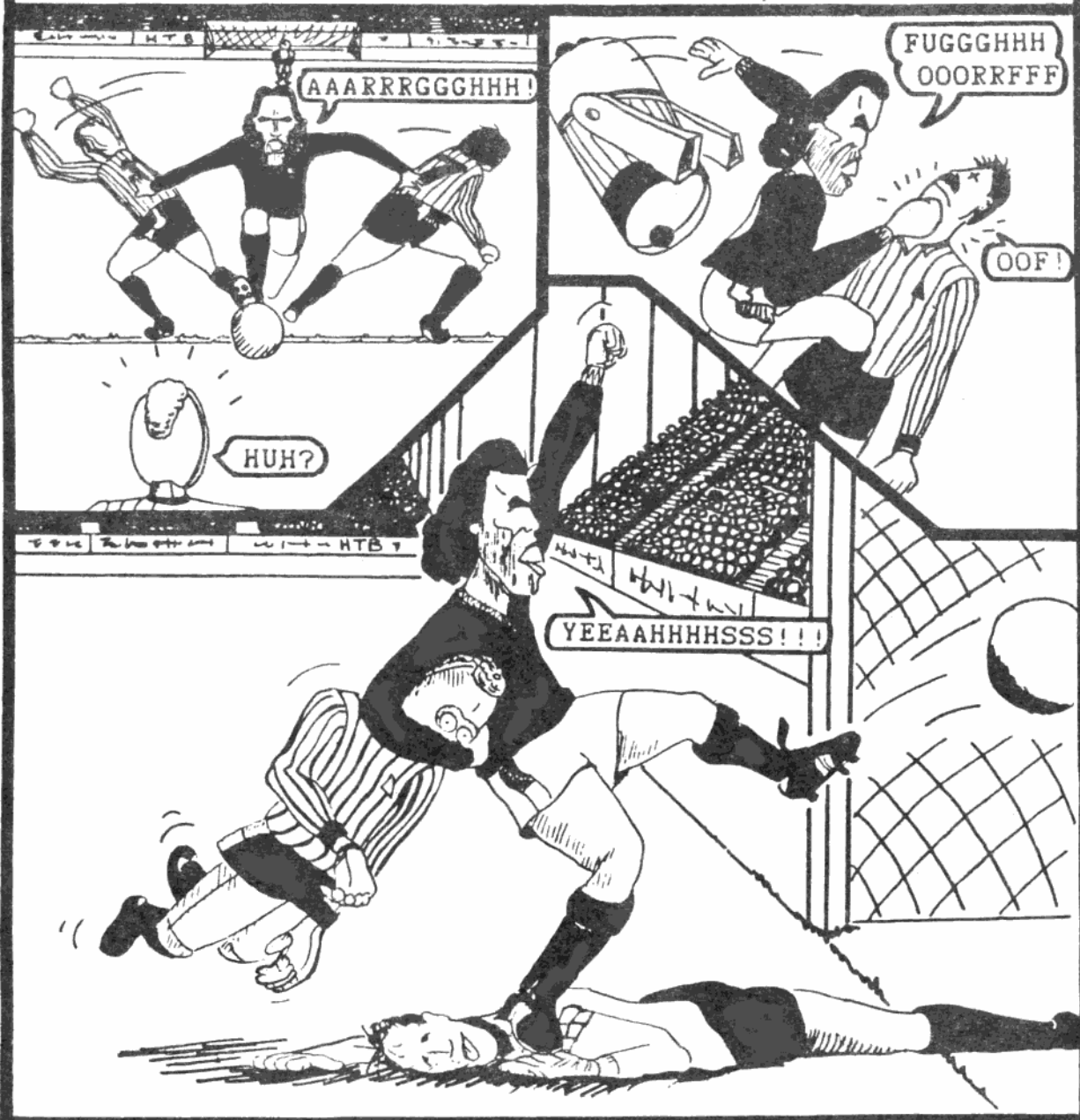
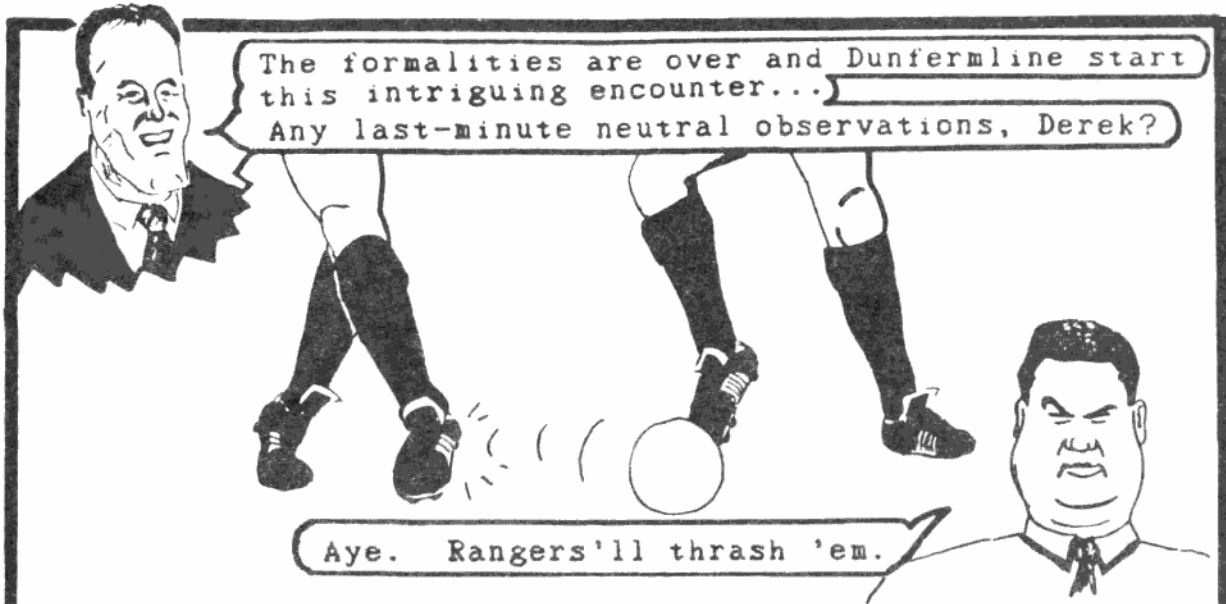


R2-Davies! Help me!

Mmmm...slobber...
munch...

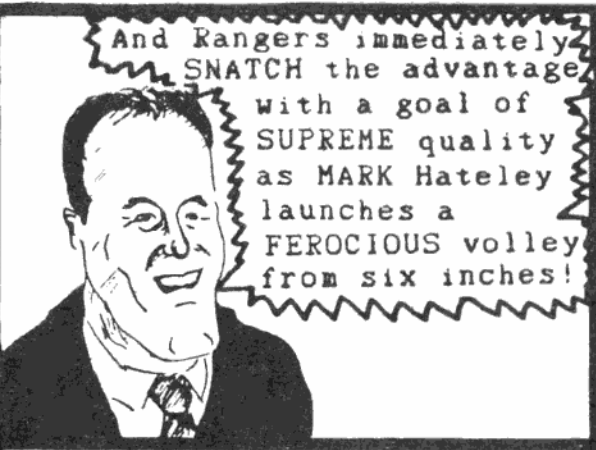








Brilliant, Mark!
Hae wan of ma buns!



And Rangers immediately SNATCH the advantage with a goal of SUPREME quality as MARK Hateley launches a FEROCIOUS volley from six inches!

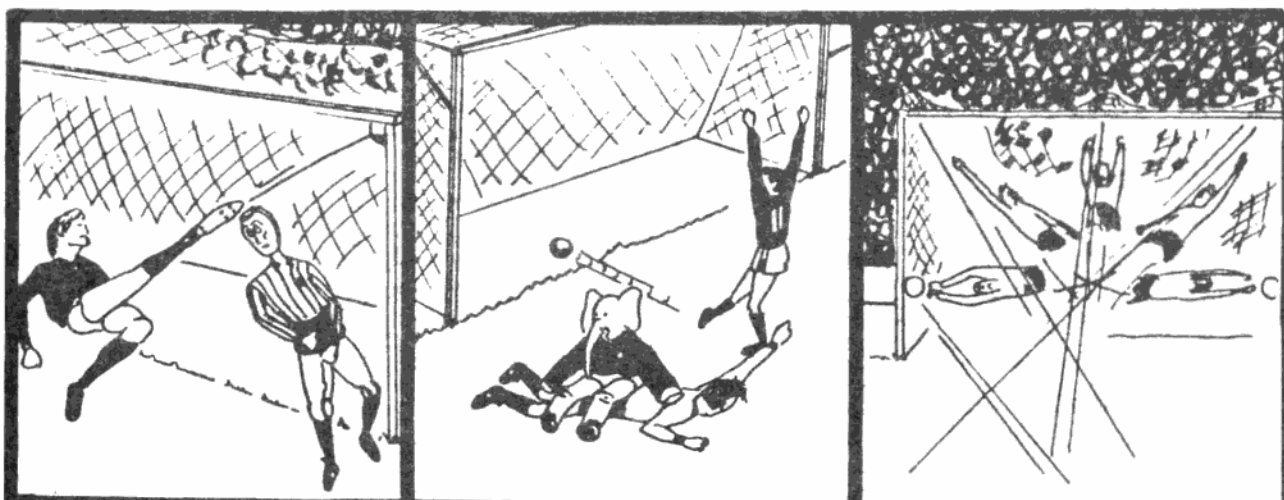
Dunfermline fight back.



...Er...Dunfermline equalise... thanks to a lucky deflection.



Rangers two-headed beast, Mo Johnstone scores.



Dunfermline
have NO
answer to
RAMPANT
Rangers...

Then, just as it all seemed
lost...



...a flicker of hope - Hans
Rhodo made a miraculous save.



YEEEEAAHHH - OH?

It was half-time.

Rangers 14: Dunfermline 1. Was there any way back for our heroes? Perhaps there was - the ghostly form of Yoda Leishman joined the players in the dressing room to offer his inspirational advice.



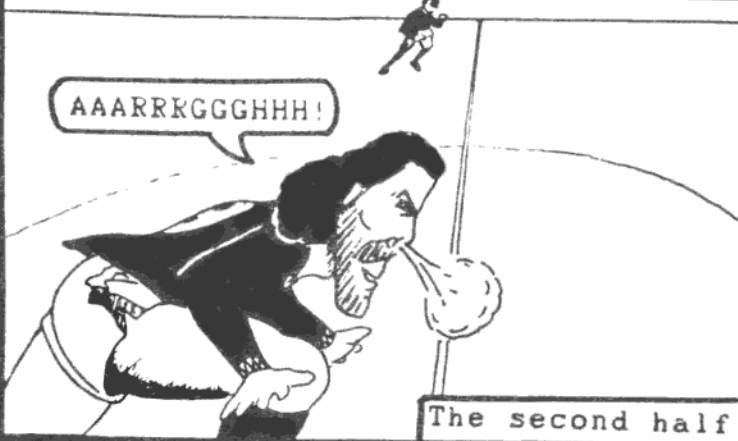
The match re-starts, Derek.
D'you want to sing The Sash now?

Jock and Derek were providing half-time analysis.

WE THOUGHT YOU WERE SHITE - WE WERE RIGHT!



Istvan Skywalker was the rebel's last hope.



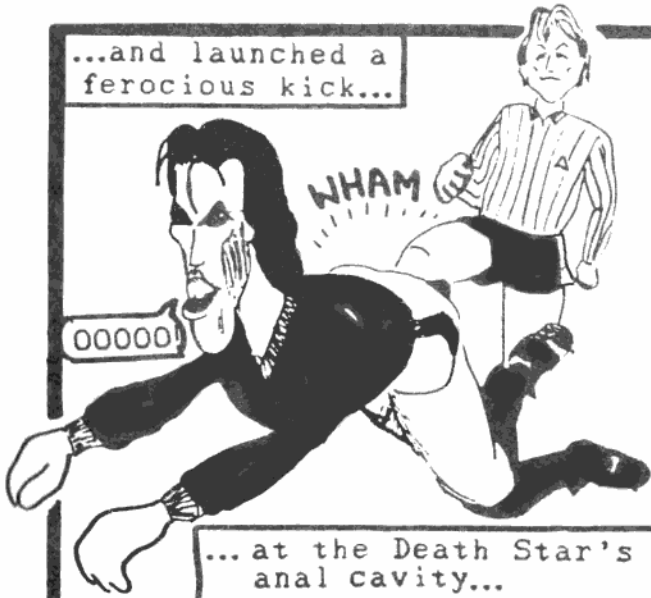
Nimbley, Skywalker avoided the Death Star...



...Turned...



...and launched a ferocious kick...



...at the Death Star's anal cavity...

...earning himself a booking



TRAGEDY for Rangers...

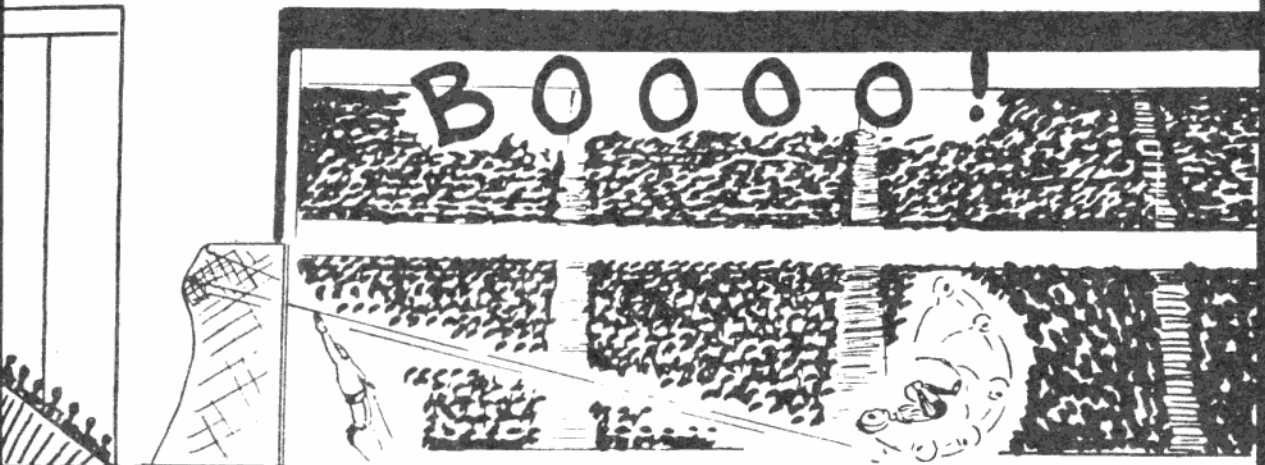
Sheer AGONY on the face of Hateley...

Dunfermline moved into attack.



...a CONTRO-VERSIAL moment as McCall wins a penalty...

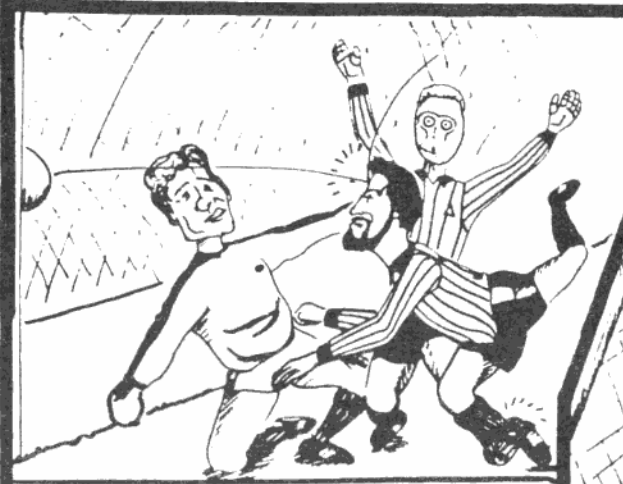
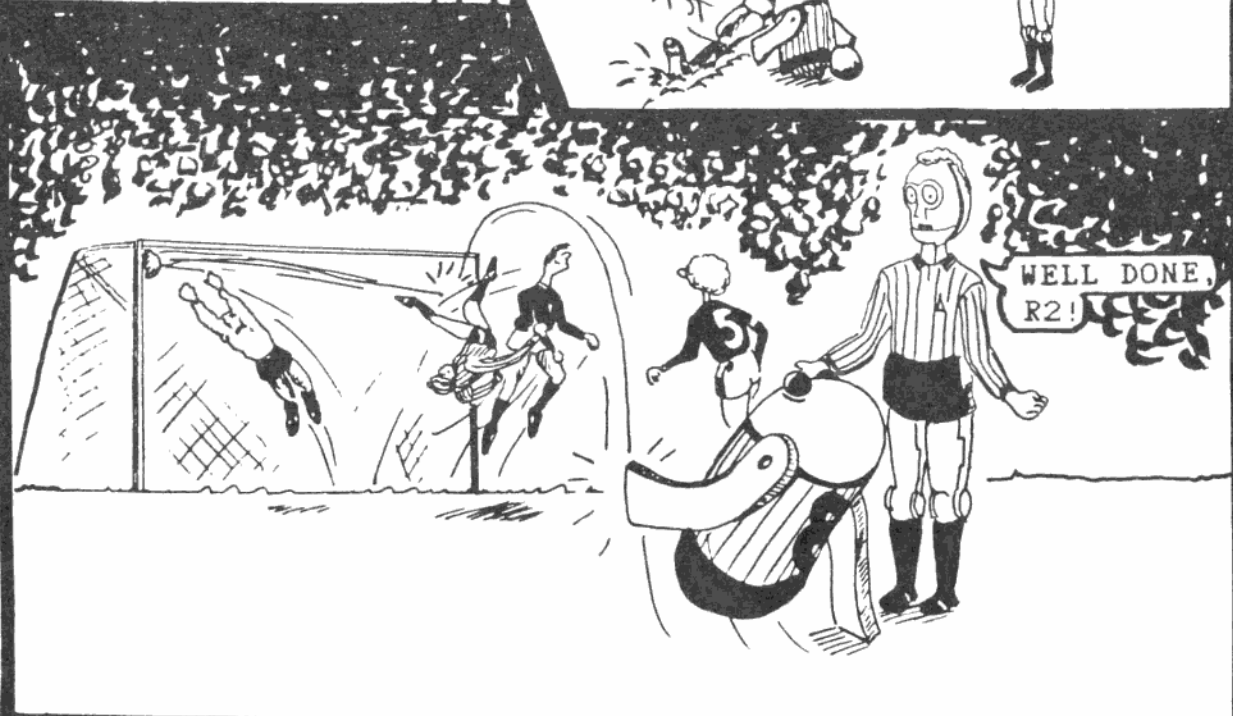
C3P-Moyes stepped forward.



...and decieved Andy Goram with his resourceful penalty. With the Death Star suddenly de-commisioned, Rangers fell apart and Dunfermline pushed forward confidently...



Plucky midfield maestro R2-Davies inspired the Pars



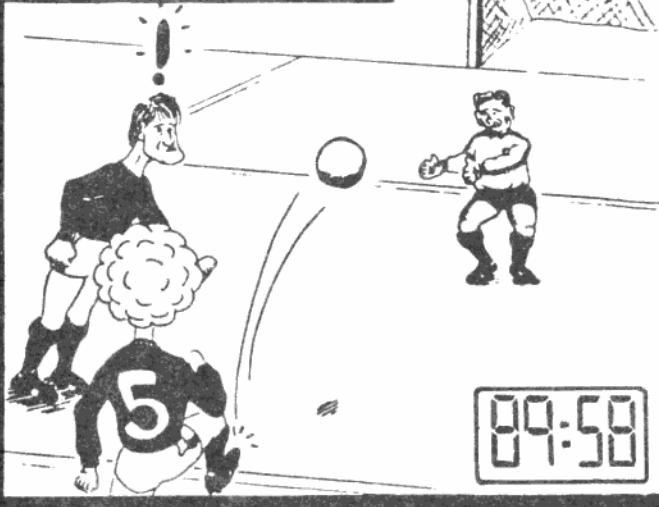
...as did the plucky little droid.



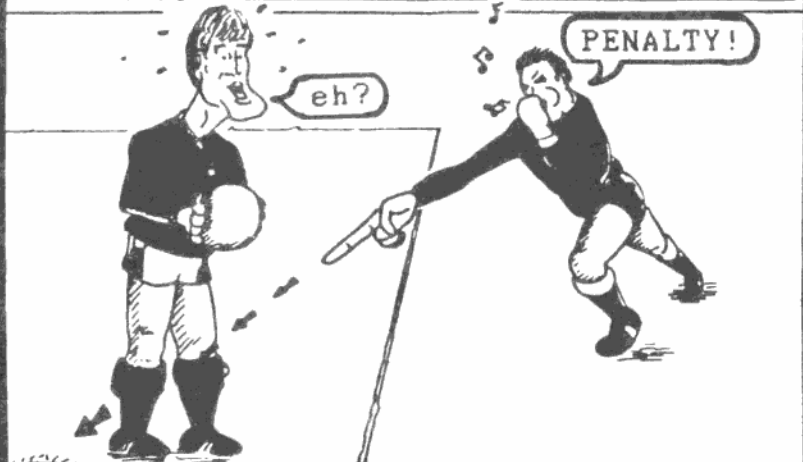
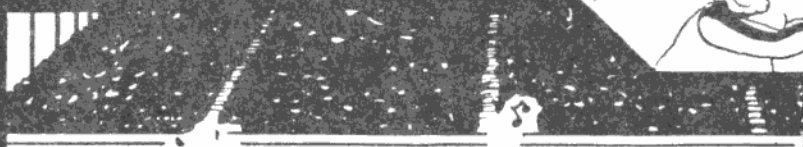
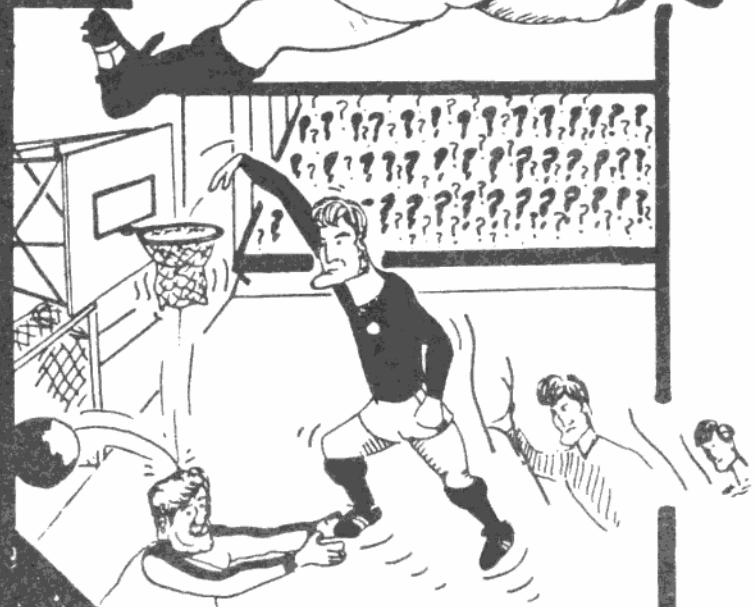
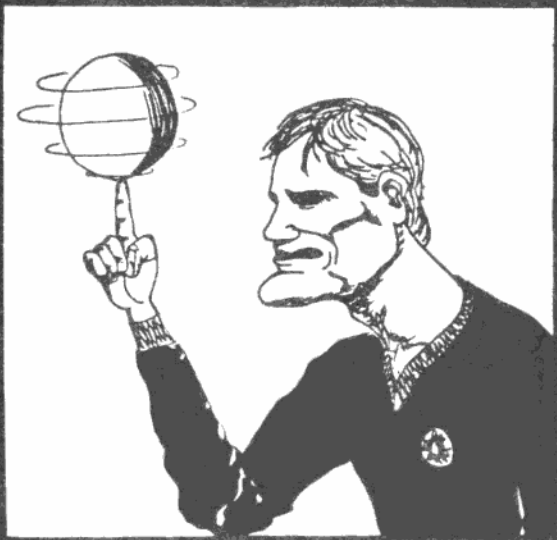
As Rangers collapsed, even Shaggy Jenkins scored...

The score was Rangers 14: Dunfermline 14.

With second's remaining, Oleg Kuznetzov passed back to Andy Goram.



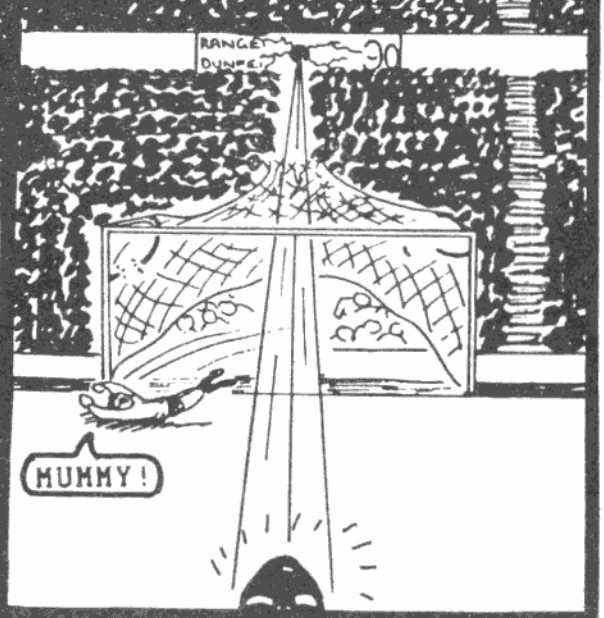
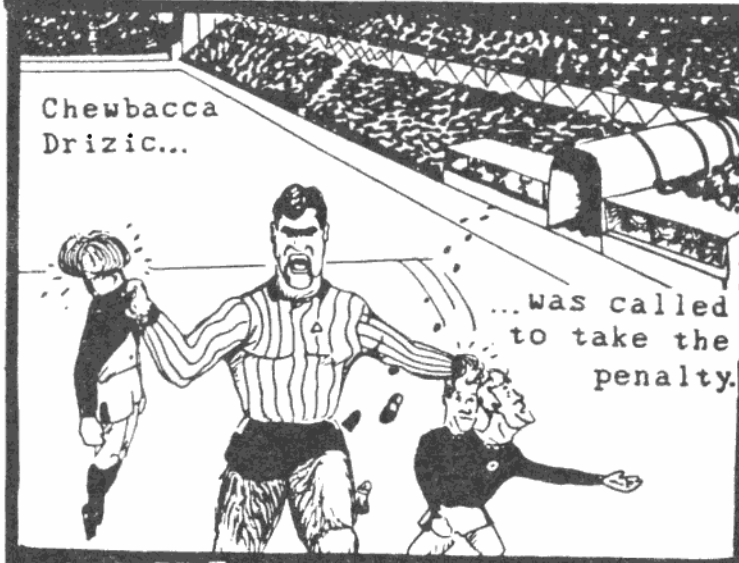
Suddenly, Richard Gough experienced a complete mental collapse



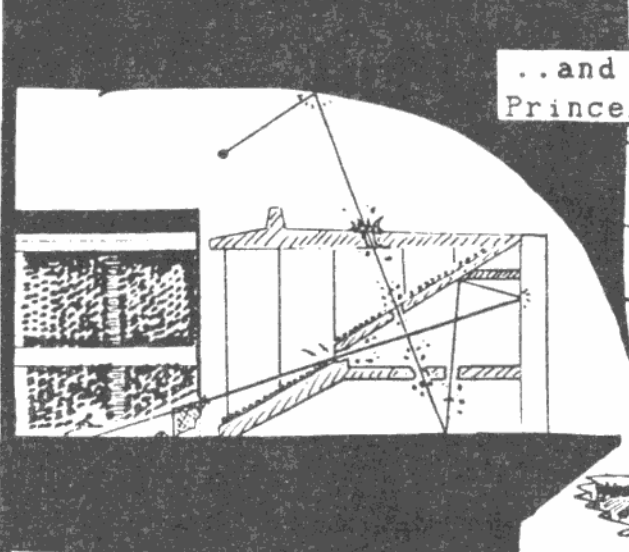
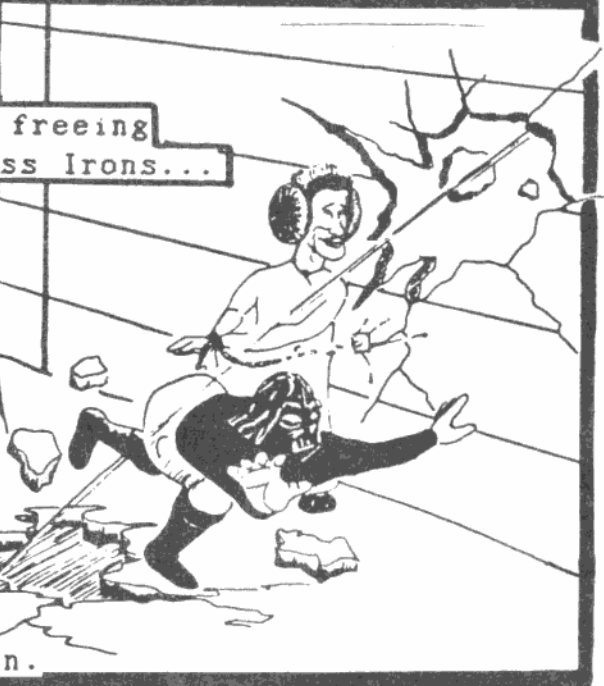
Davie "Eagle-Eyes" Syme spotted a major infringement,



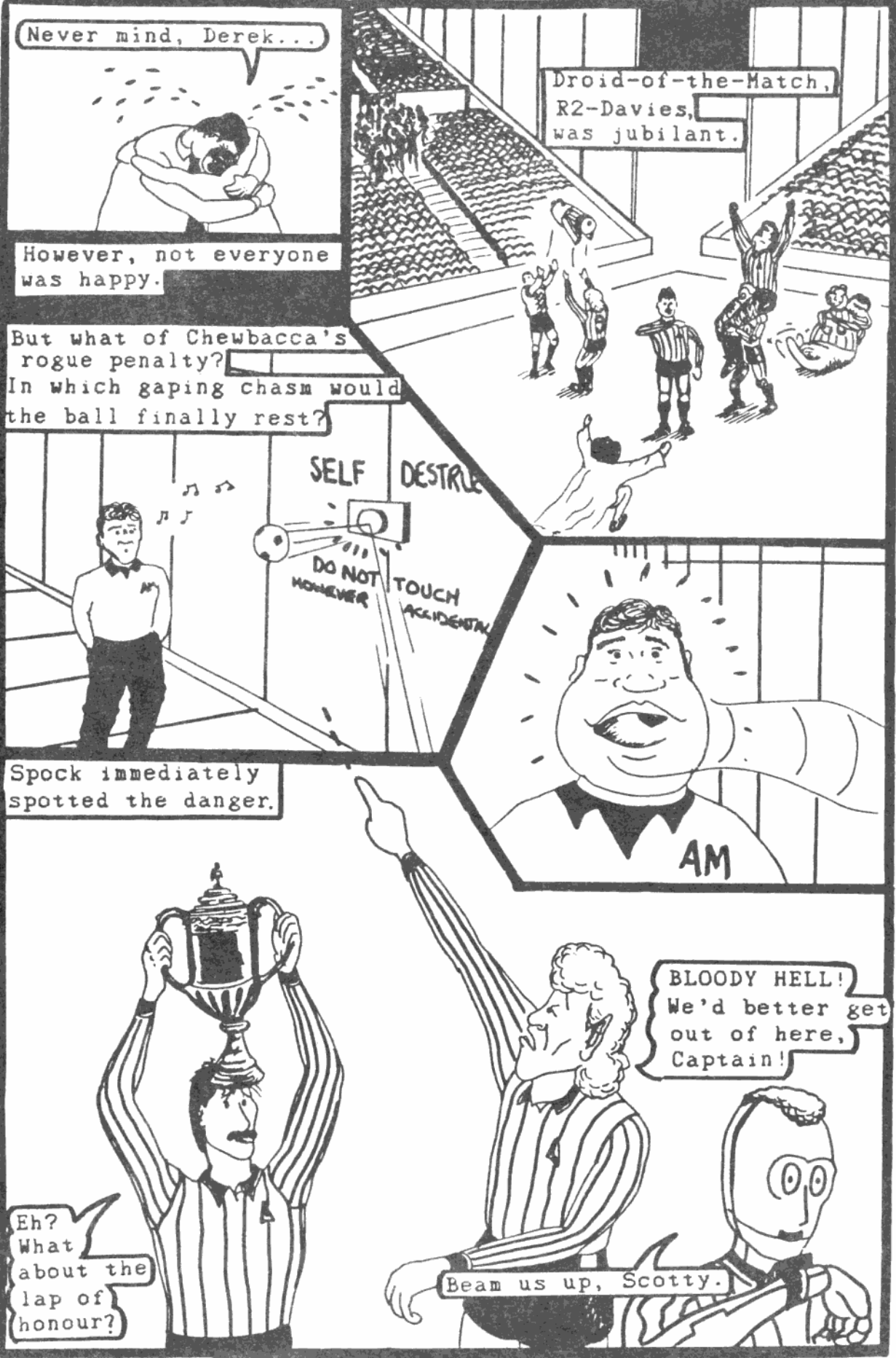
Guest linesman, Michael Jackson, agreed...



Chewbacca's penalty rocketed through the battlestation, wrecking the superstructure...



Meanwhile, the final whistle blew and the celebrations began.



Never mind, Derek...

Droid-of-the-Match, R2-Davies, was jubilant.

However, not everyone was happy.

But what of Chewbacca's rogue penalty? In which gaping chasm would the ball finally rest?

SELF DESTRUCT
DO NOT TOUCH HOWEVER ACCIDENTAL

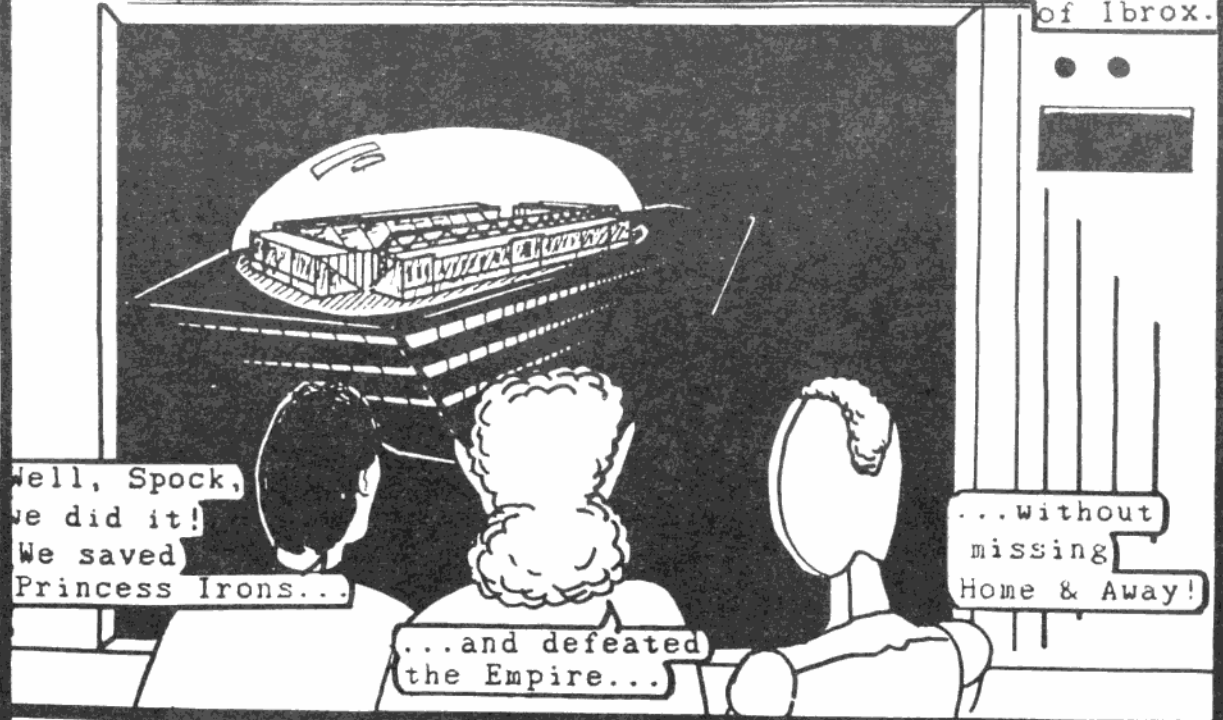
Spock immediately spotted the danger.

BLOODY HELL! We'd better get out of here, Captain!

Eh? What about the lap of honour?

Beam us up, Scotty.

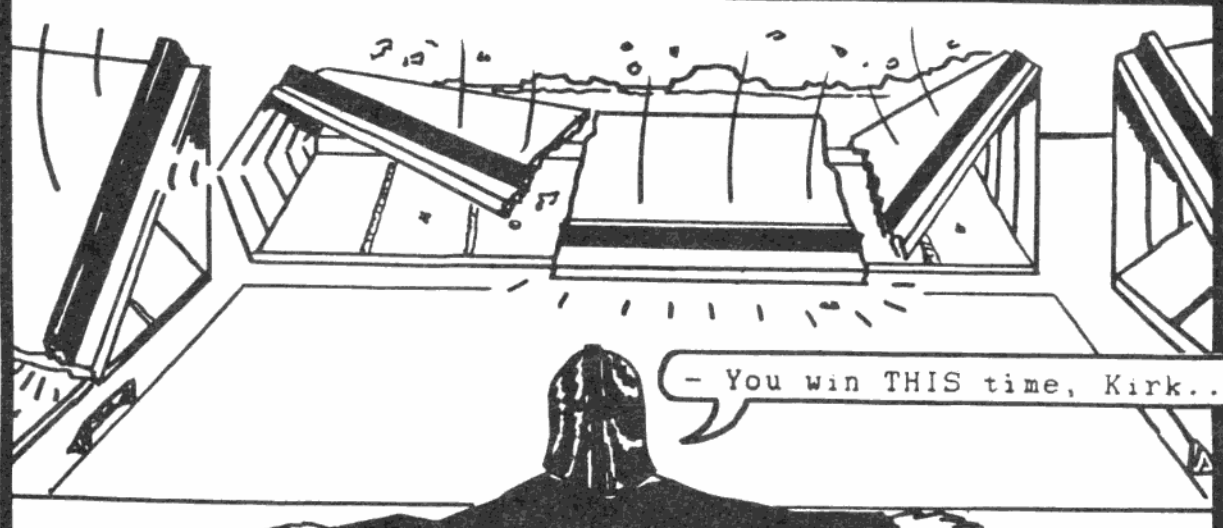
Safely back on the Eastenderprise, the crew awaited the end of Ibrox.



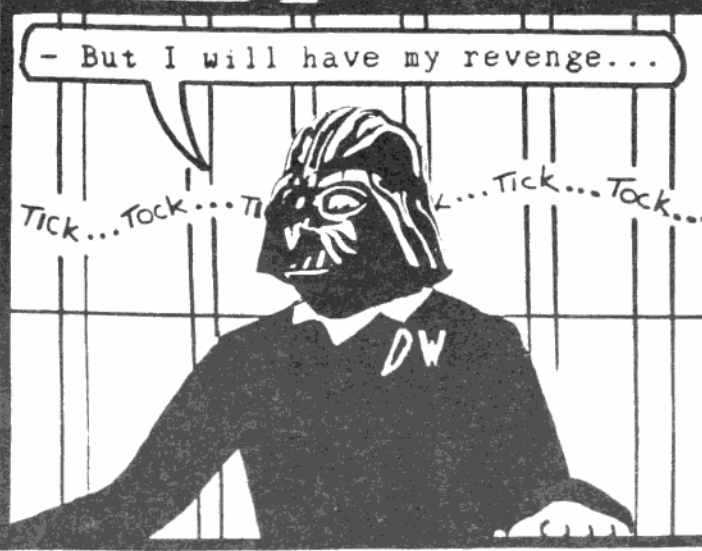
Well, Spock,
we did it!
We saved
Princess Irons...

...and defeated
the Empire...

...without
missing
Home & Away!

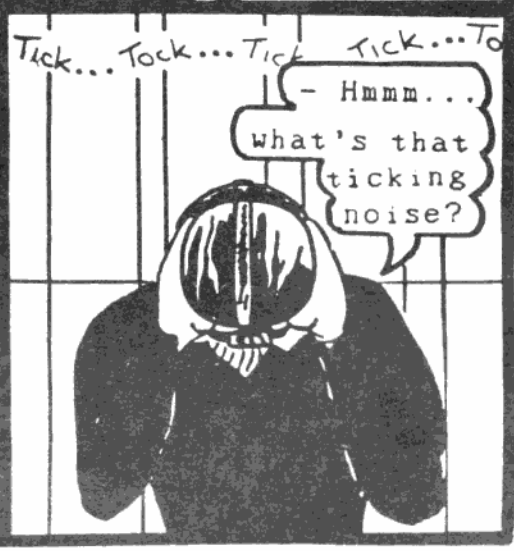


- You win THIS time, Kirk...



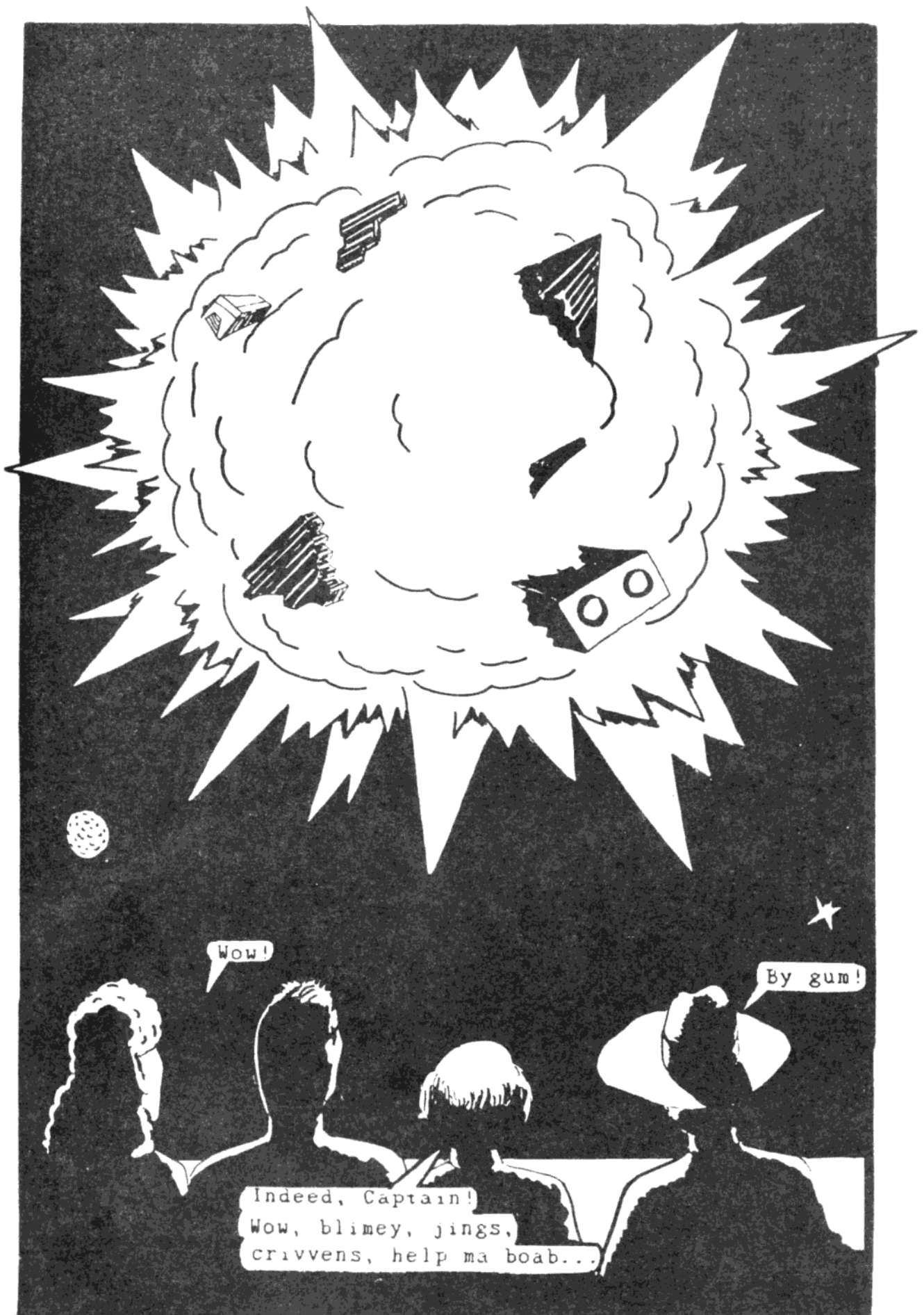
- But I will have my revenge...

Tick... Tock... Tick... Tock...



Tick... Tock... Tick... Tock... To

- Hmm...
what's that
ticking
noise?



Suddenly, C3P-Moyes felt a cold fear...

Aye, aye, cap'n!

Let's go home, Scotty.

OH NO!
WHERE'S
R2-DAVIES?

THE END

coming soon....

PAR TREK II

THE SEARCH FOR R2

RIP-OFF PRODUCTIONS Ltd

presents

Par Trek: The Next Annihilation

Starring...

Norrie McCathie - John Watson - Davie Moyes
Billy Davies - Davie Irons - Jocky Scott
Ian McCall - Andy Rhodes - Istvan Kozma
Grant "Shaggy" Jenkins - George O'Boyle
Grant Tierney - Craig Robertson - Ray Sharp
Ross Jack - Doug Rougvie - Ian Munro
Eddie Gallacher and Milos Drizic

With Supporting Cast

Chic Young - Mark Hateley - David Murray
Richard Gough - Andy Goram - Ally McCoist
Terry Hurlock - Oleg Kuznetzov - Ian Durrant
Maurice Johnston - Davie Dodds - Jock Brown
Derek Johnstone - Dougie Donnelly - Jamesie Boy
Diego Maradona - Walter Smith - Ruud Gullet
Billy McNeill - Graeme Souness - Andy Roxburgh
Jack Charlton - Terry Butcher - Ian Ferguson
David Syme - Michael Jackson - George Best
and Pele

With special appearances by

The Supreme Being - James Leishman esq.
Paul Gasgoigne's knee

A Persistent Klingon - Roy Aitken
H.T.B, "Old Pineapple Face", Mr. Bean,
and Graham

Danny McGrain appears courtesy of the Scottish
Association of Speech Therapists.

Gaffer - Salman Rushdie
Best Boy - Vincent Mackay

Consultant Test Engineer - David Gilfillan

Mr. Leishman's Hair by "Grey-But-There" Ltd.

Derek Johnstone's pies provided by Bulk Foods Inc.

Football Scenes Choreographed by *IMAGINATION

Jocky Scott's Trenchcoat provided by Mrs. Scott.

Ken MacKay appears courtesy of his spectacularly
successful programme of pre-match warm-ups.

Craig Robertson's belly courtesy of Bad Diets Ltd.

Craig Robertson is sponsored by Skoda Motors Ltd.

Rab Shannon does not appear as we would not like to
embarrass the poor fellow.

Davie Dodds is sponsored by Govan Circuses Int.

***Design, Layout and
Artwork***

By

Jerry Moriarty

Story and Characters

By

James Doonan

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