

The background is a vibrant purple mosaic. A central rectangular frame, outlined in black, contains a glowing, multi-colored orb (yellow, green, and blue) that appears to be the sun or a planet. The mosaic pattern consists of small, irregular tiles. The text is overlaid on this background.

F. Planet.  
FiDDiK

John Patrick Garcia

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# CAST OF CHARACTERS



**REPTILIAN WORKER**  
THESE BASIC MEMBERS OF THE REPTOID COLLECTIVE CARRY OUT THE DAY-TO-DAY TASKS NECESSARY TO KEEP THE REPTILIAN SOCIETY ACTIVE.



**HATCHLING**  
NEWLY HATCHED MEMBERS OF THE REPTILIAN COLLECTIVE. THESE HELPLESS UNITS WERE TREATED WITH SPECIAL HORMONES AND SERUMS TO GROW INTO MORE SPECIALIZED REPTILIAN FORMS.



**JIMADOR T. REPTILE**  
THERE WAS NOTHING SPECIAL ABOUT JIMADOR COMPARED TO THE OTHER HATCHLINGS... EXCEPT HE WAS BORN IN THE WRONG PLACE AT THE WRONG TIME.



**MOTHER REPTILE**  
MOTHER REPTILIANS WERE BRED FOR THE SOLE PURPOSE OF MULTIPLYING THE REPTILIAN COLLECTIVE. THOUGH LOVING OF HER OFFSPRING, SHE WAS TOO SEPARATED TO REMEMBER ANY OF HER CHILDREN FOR MORE THAN A FEW MOMENTS.



**BLOOD WASPS**  
INSECTOIDS THAT WERE KNOWN TO INFILTRATE THE OTHERWISE STERILE HATCHERY ENVIRONMENT. BLOOD WASPS FEED ON REPTILIAN HATCHLINGS AND REPRODUCE BY MEANS OF INJECTING PARASITIC LARVAE INTO HOST BODIES.



**PAPA MOLE**  
THIS MAMMALIAN WAS A NATIVE TO THE PLANET OPHIDIA BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF THE REPTILIANS. ONCE A PROSPEROUS TURNIP FARMER, PAPA MOLE IS NOW AN INDENTURED FACILITY CUSTODIAN UNDER THE REPTILE COLLECTIVE. HE LIVES WITH HIS FAMILY IN THE JUNKYARD BELOW THE HATCHERY.



**BENTLEY THE BEETLE**  
THIS DIM-WITTED INSECTOID UNQUESTIONINGLY DRAWS THE MOLE FAMILY CARRIAGE TO-AND-FRO, ONLY DEMANDING A DAILY MEAL OF ORGANIC GARBAGE AS PAYMENT FOR HIS LOYAL SERVICES.



**MAMA MOLE**  
THE REAL BRAINS BEHIND THE MOLE FAMILY, MAMA MOLE MAINTAINED HER HOMESTEAD AND CARRIED OUT THE EXHAUSTING TASK OF RAISING FOUR ENERGETIC MOLE PUPS.



**THE MOLE PUPS**  
REGINALD, GERTRUDE, HAMILTON, AND BABY PRUDENCE. THE RAMBUNCTIOUS OFFSPRING OF MAMA AND PAPA MOLE. DESPITE THEIR EQUALID UPBRINGING, THE MOLE PUPS LIVED LIFE FULL OF WONDER AND CURIOSITY.

AR HYD Y NOS  
ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT  
(TRADITIONAL WELSH LULLABY)

HOLL AMRANTAU'R SUR DDYWEDANT  
AR HYD Y NOS  
"DYMA'R Ffordd i fro Gogoniant,"  
AR HYD Y NOS.  
GOLAU ARALL YW TYWYLLWCH  
I ARDDANGOS GWIR BRYDFERTHWCH  
TEULU'R NEFOEDD MEWN TAWELWCH  
AR HYD Y NOS.  
O MOR SIRIOL, GWENA SEREN  
AR HYD Y NOS  
I OLEUO'I CHWAER DDAEAREN  
AR HYD Y NOS.  
NOS YW HENAIT PAN DDAW CYSTUDD  
OND I HARDDU DYN A'I HWYRDDYDD  
RHOWN EIN GOLAU GWAN I'N GILYDD  
AR HYD Y NOS.

ENGLISH VARIANT VERSION  
SLEEP MY CHILD AND PEACE ATTEND THEE,  
ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT  
GUARDIAN ANGELS GOD WILL SEND THEE,  
ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT  
SOFT THE DROWSY HOURS ARE CREEPING  
HILL AND VALE IN SLUMBER STEEPING,  
I MY LOVING VIGIL KEEPING  
ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT.  
WHILE THE MOON HER WATCH IS KEEPING  
ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT  
WHILE THE WEARY WORLD IS SLEEPING  
ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT  
O'ER THY SPIRIT GENTLY STEALING  
VISIONS OF DELIGHT REVEALING  
BREATHES A PURE AND HOLY FEELING  
ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT.



REPTILIAN SPACE STATION,  
ORBITING PLANET OPHIDIA 3

# Trouble in the Hatchery

## *The Birth of Jimador*

OPHIDIA 3 WAS A SMALL PLANET WHERE THE REPTILIANS KEPT THEIR BIRTHING-CHAMBERS AND INCUBATORS.

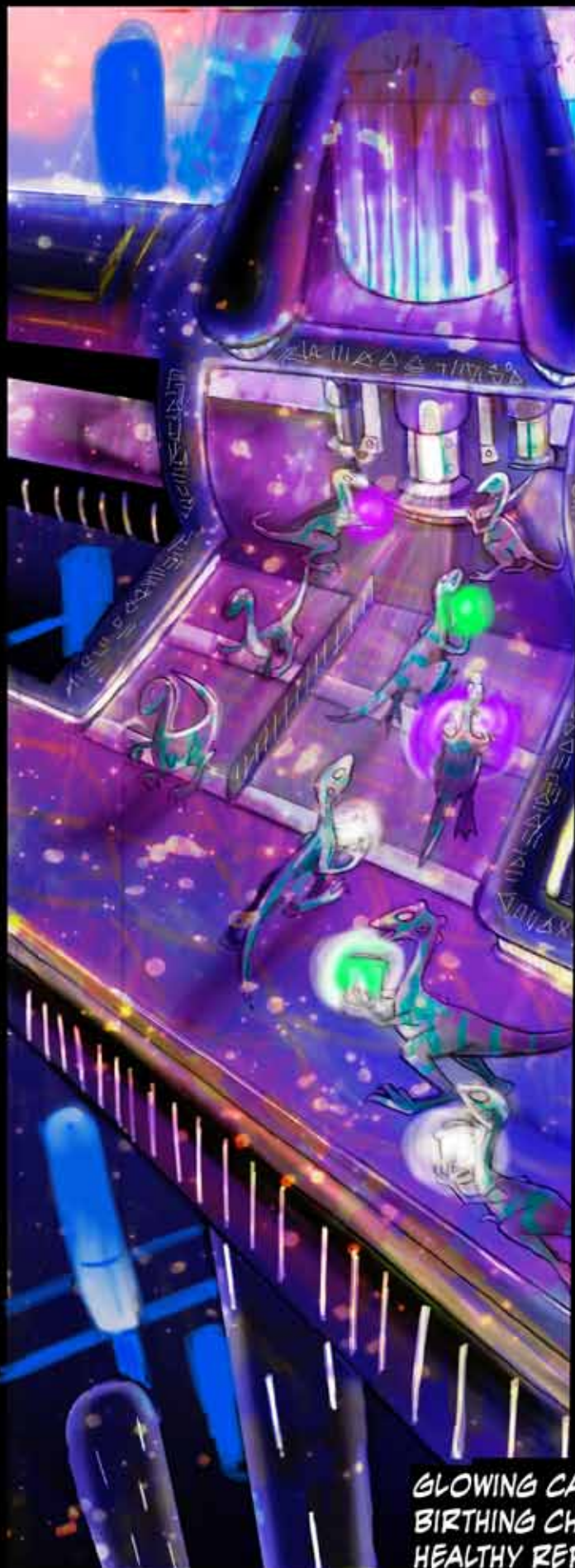
THIS DAY MARKED THE RETURN TO THE BEGINNING OF THE REPTILIAN BIRTHING CYCLE.

THE NETWORK OF CATWALKS AND PASSAGEWAYS WAS ALIVE WITH THE SOUND OF COLD-BLOODED WORKER-REPTILES.

A SHIPMENT OF BIRTHING SUPPLIES HAD ARRIVED FROM OFF-PLANET.

THOUSANDS OF NEW OFFSPRING WOULD  
BE SPAWNED AND THE RANKS OF THE  
REPTILIAN COLLECTIVE WOULD SWELL.

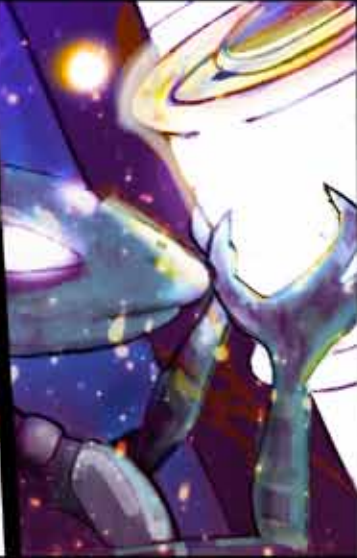
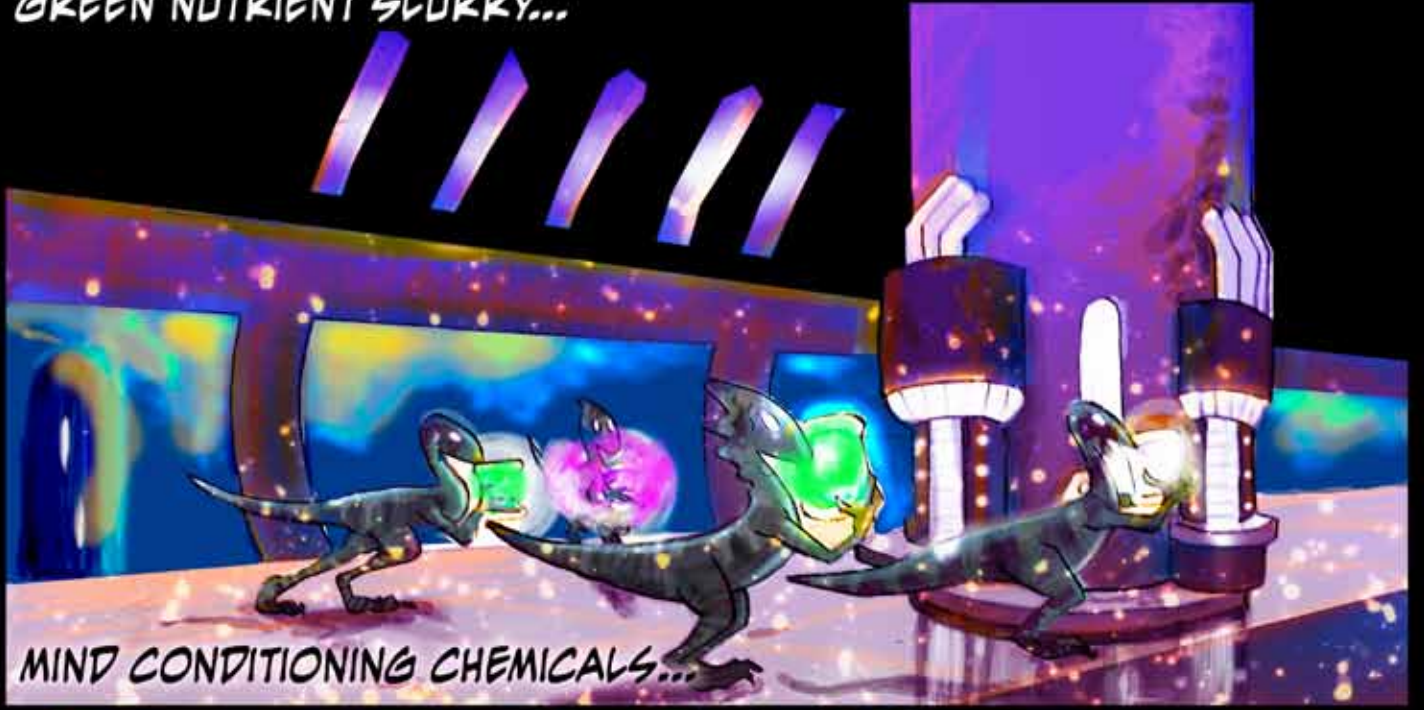




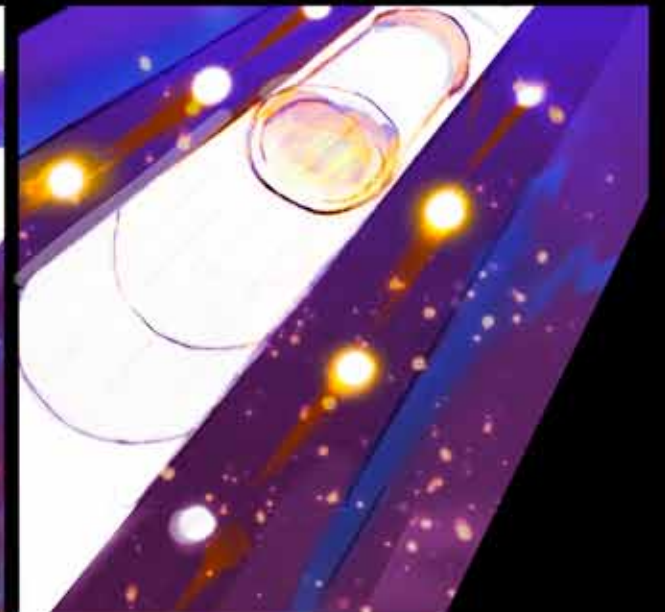
GLOWING CANISTERS WERE HAND-DELIVERED TO THE BIRTHING CHAMBERS. IT TOOK 3 THINGS TO PRODUCE HEALTHY REPTILIAN HATCHLINGS...



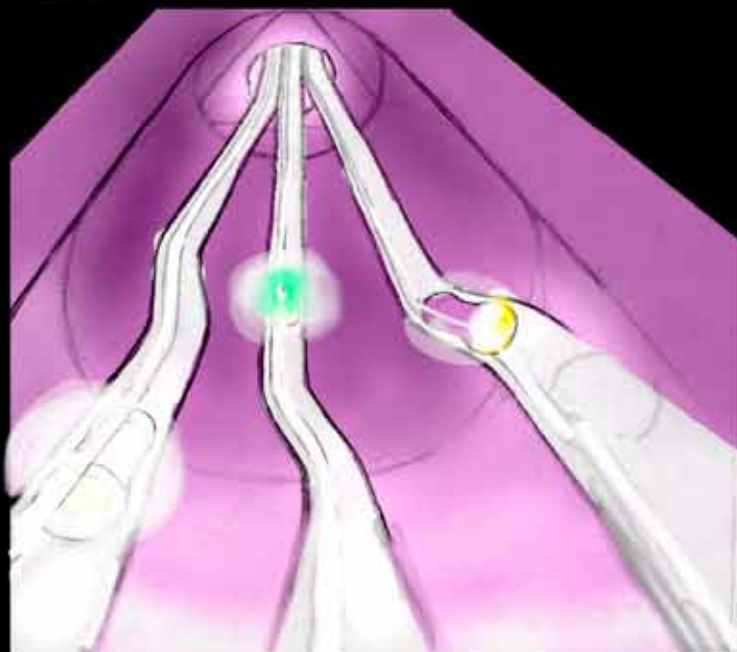
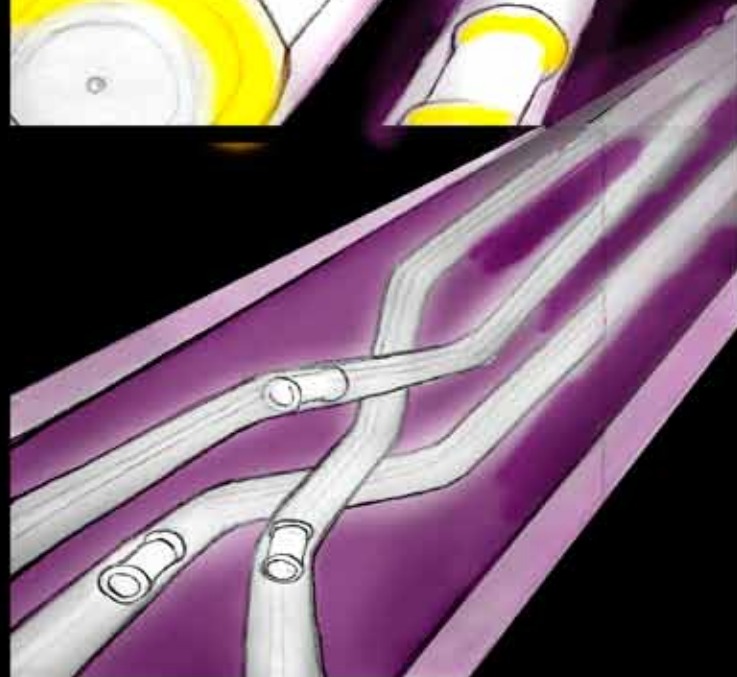
GREEN NUTRIENT SLURRY...



THE SEED OF LIFE ITSELF



THE CANISTERS WERE DELIVERED TO THE NEST OF AN INDIVIDUAL MOTHER REPTILIAN. EACH MOTHER COULD PRODUCE THOUSANDS OF YOUNG REPTILIAN HATCHLINGS IN A SINGLE CYCLE.





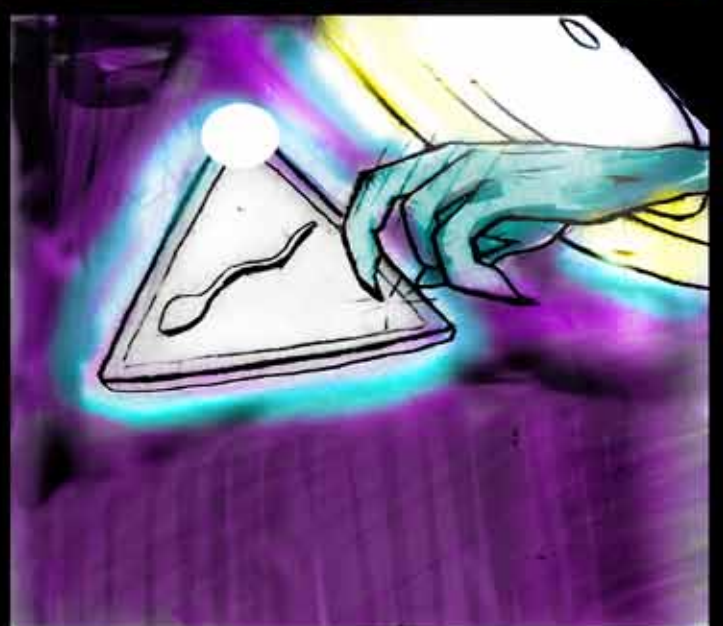
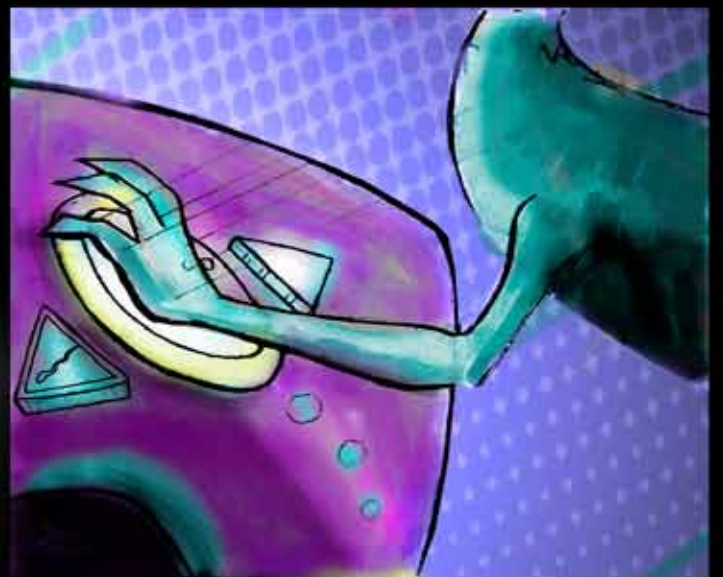
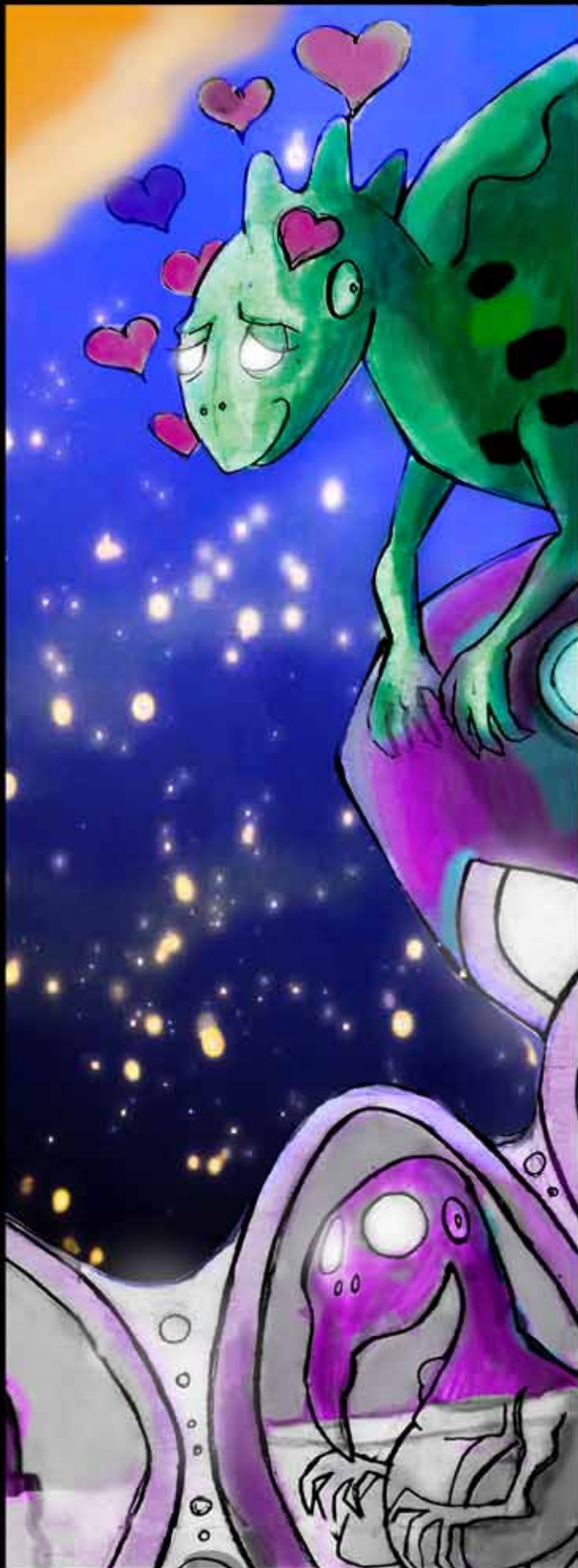


I HATE THIS SPECIFIC TASK.

BELCH!

GURGLE!

HICCOUGH...



I WILL NAME THIS ONE  
JIMADOR.





ONE MOMENT I AM NOTHING.  
THE NEXT MOMENT  
I AM ME?

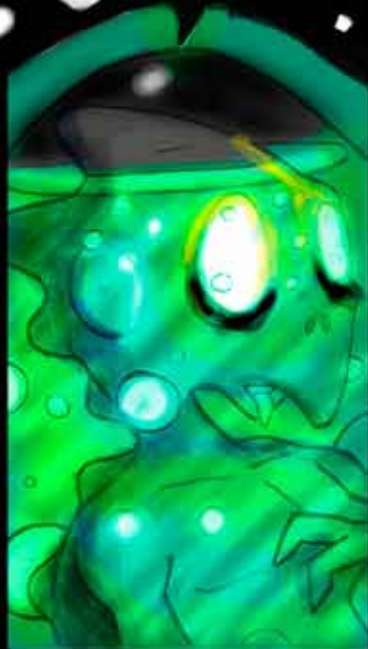
WHAT IS THIS STRANGE PLACE?  
WHERE AM I? WHO AM I?!

I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK  
OF THAT NEEDLE.


YIPE!



THAT WASN'T SO BAD. I  
IN FACT, THIS GREEN LIQUID IS RATHER NOURISHING.  
I COULD GET USED TO THIS TREATMENT.







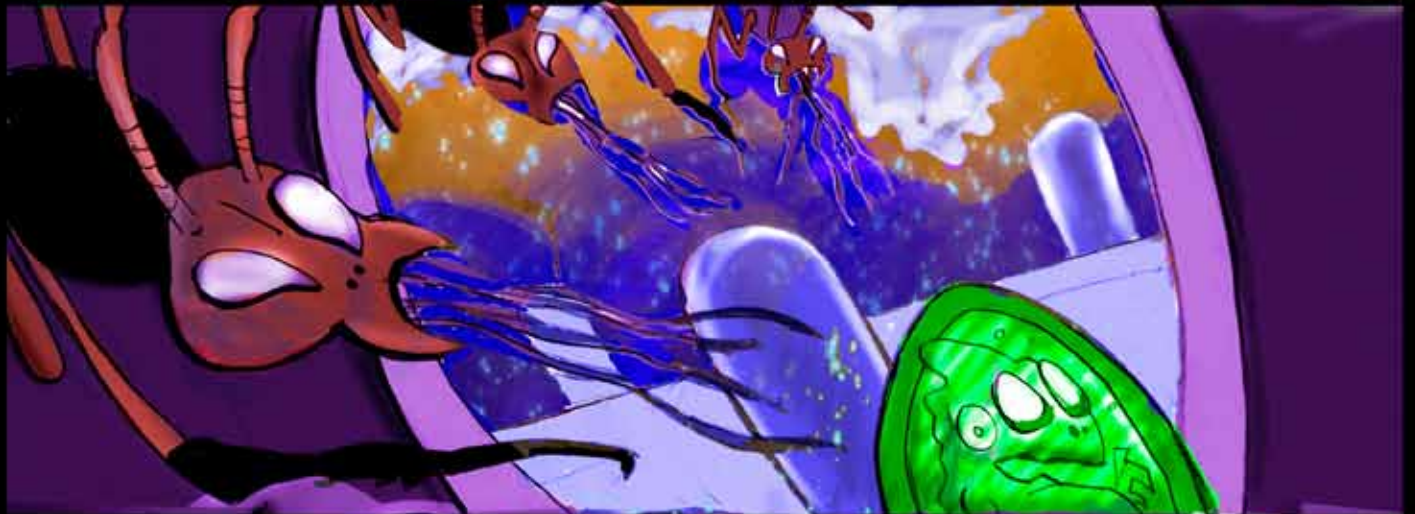
JIMADOR COULD NOT ENJOY HIS MEAL OF NUTRIENT SLURRY FOR LONG. UNBEKNOWNST TO THE REPTILIANS, A HIVE OF BLOOD WASPS HAS NESTED IN THE DOME OF THE HATCHERY.



MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS!  
DO YOU SMELL THE YOUNG BLOOD? IT IS TIME  
TO FEAST AND TO LAY OUR EGGS!  
QUICKLY, BEFORE THE COLD-BLOODS DETECT  
OUR PRESENCE!

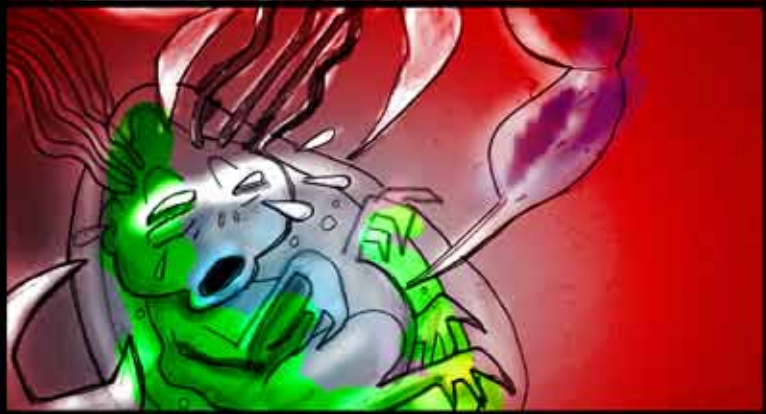
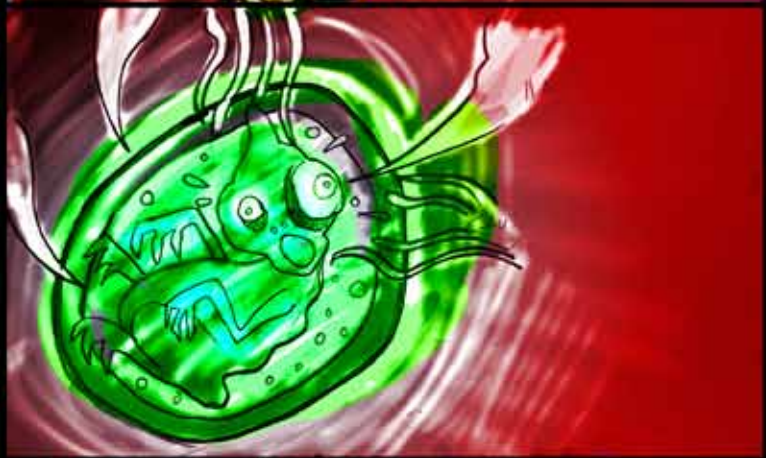


INFECT THAT REPTILIAN RUNT. IT  
CONTAINS 600 CALORIC UNITS  
FOR OUR OFFSPRING!

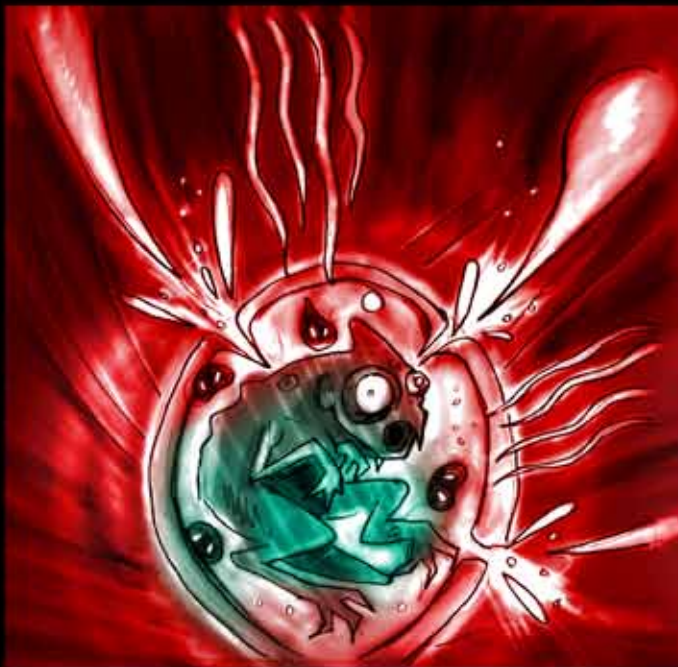


ACT NORMAL JIM... PERHAPS  
THEY WION'T NOTICE YOUR  
GRIPPING TERROR...

JMADOR IS ASSAULTED BY THE BLOOD WASPS. THEIR CRUEL STINGERS PIERCE THE SOFT SHELL, INJECTING THEIR PARASITIC EGGS INTO JIM'S EGG.

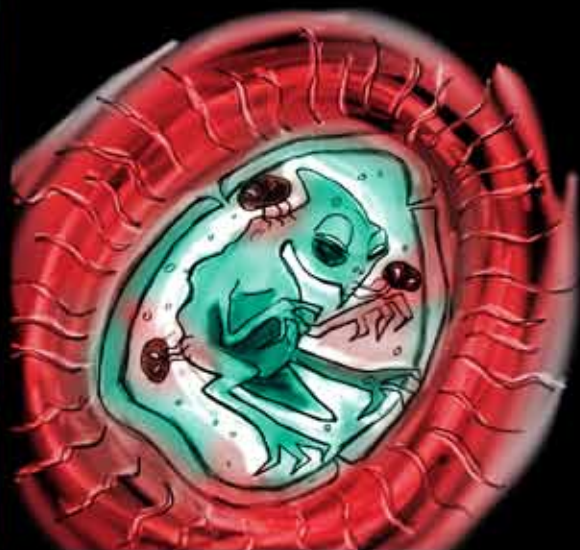


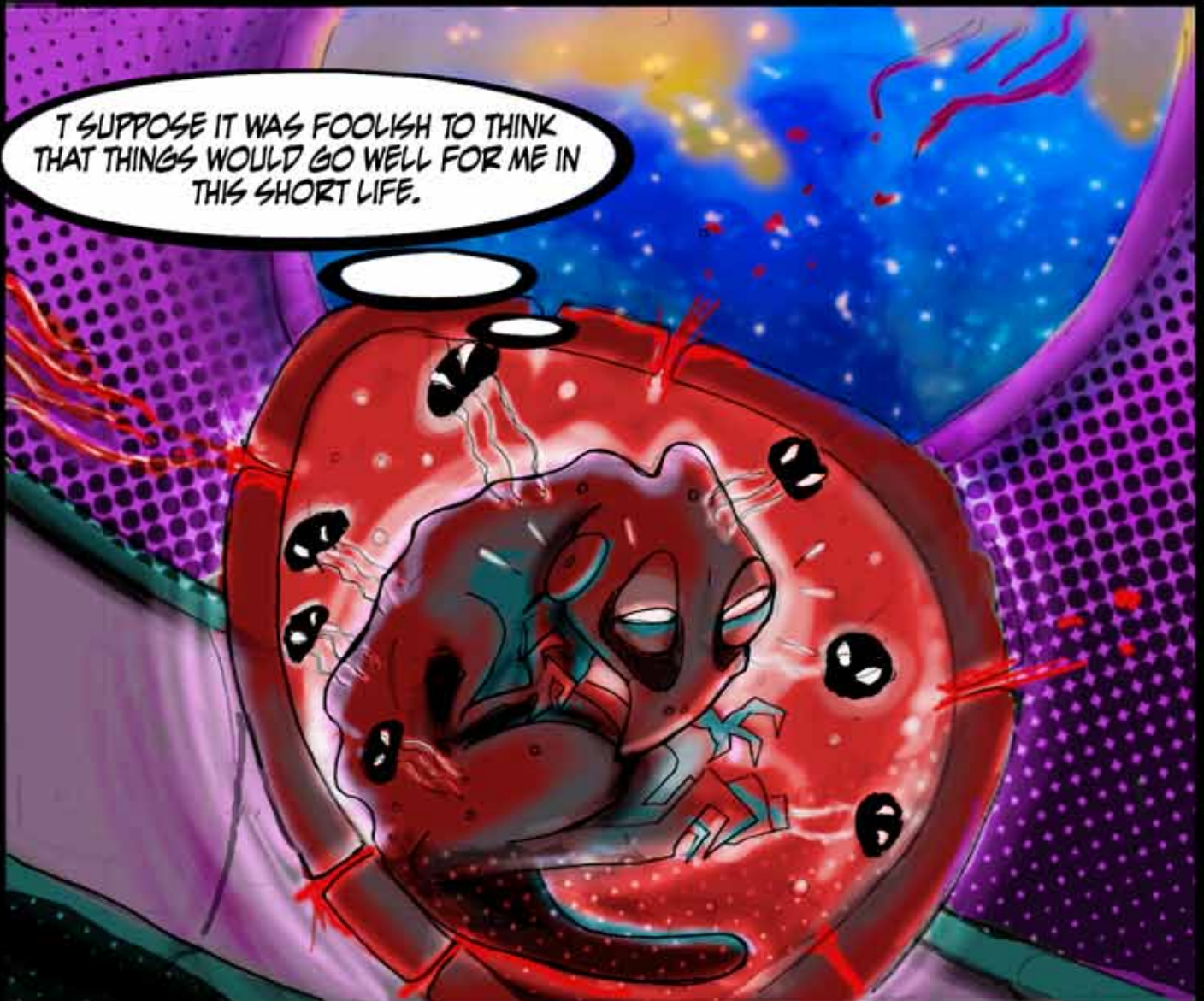
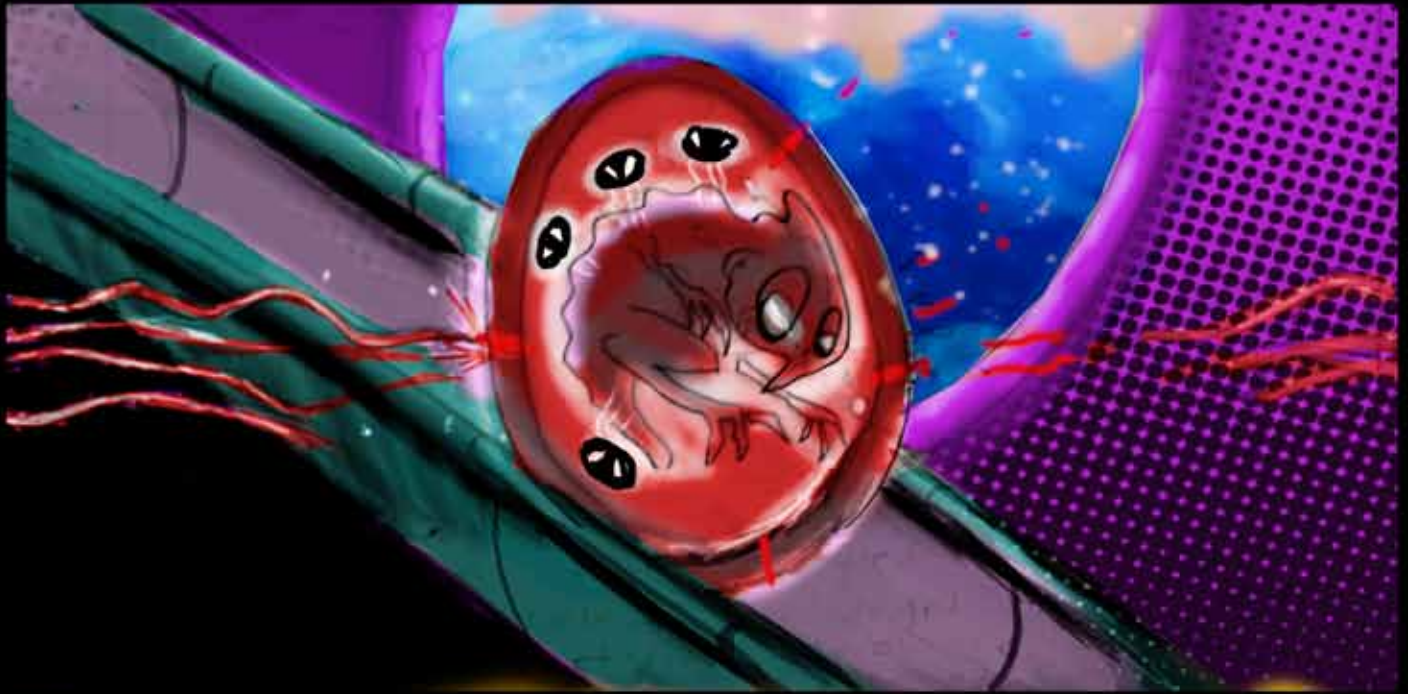


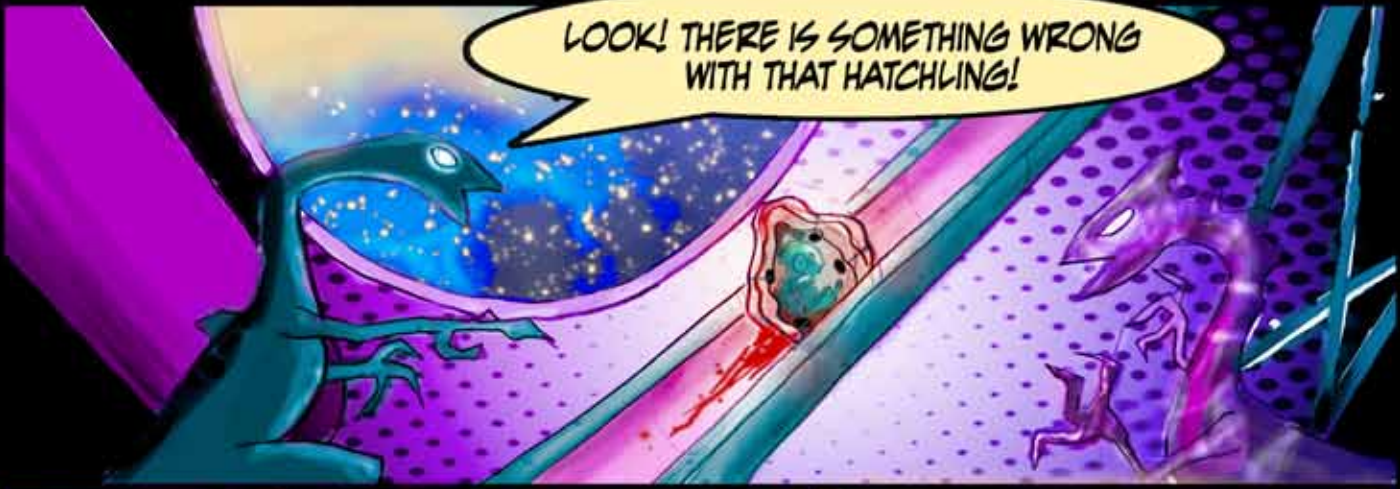


THE BLOOD-WASPS, FINISHED INJECTING THEIR EGGS, FLEE TO THE SAFETY OF THEIR NEST.

JIMADOR IS LEFT ALONE, WITH THE PARASITIC EGGS. THEY BEGIN TO FEED UPON JIM'S OWN BLOOD.







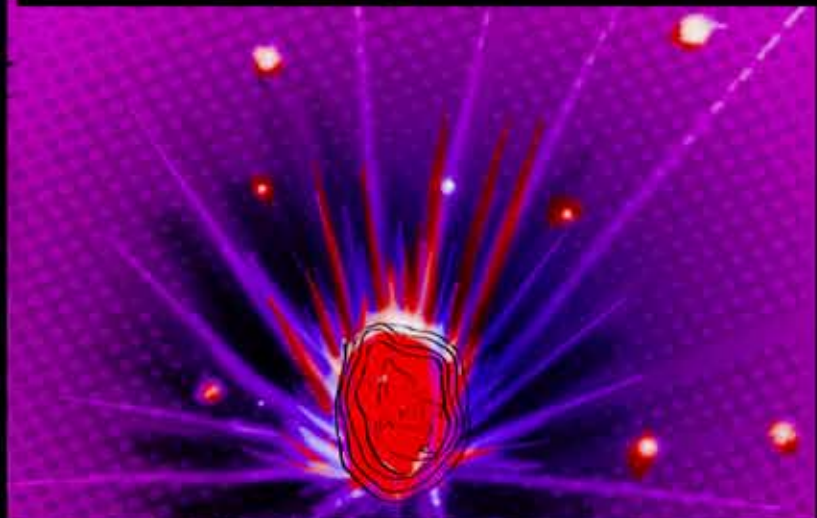
LOOK! THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG WITH THAT HATCHLING!



IT WAS INFESTED BY BLOOD-WASPS!  
EJECT IT INTO THE INCINERATOR BEFORE IT  
INFECTS THE OTHERS!

SEND AN EXTERMINATION UNIT TO FLAME THE  
WASP HIVE! ALERT THE OTHER HATCHERIES!









THIS PLACE SMELLS OF BURNT  
DEATH.



IF THIS IS LIFE,  
THEN I AM GLAD IT IS  
ALMOST OVER.



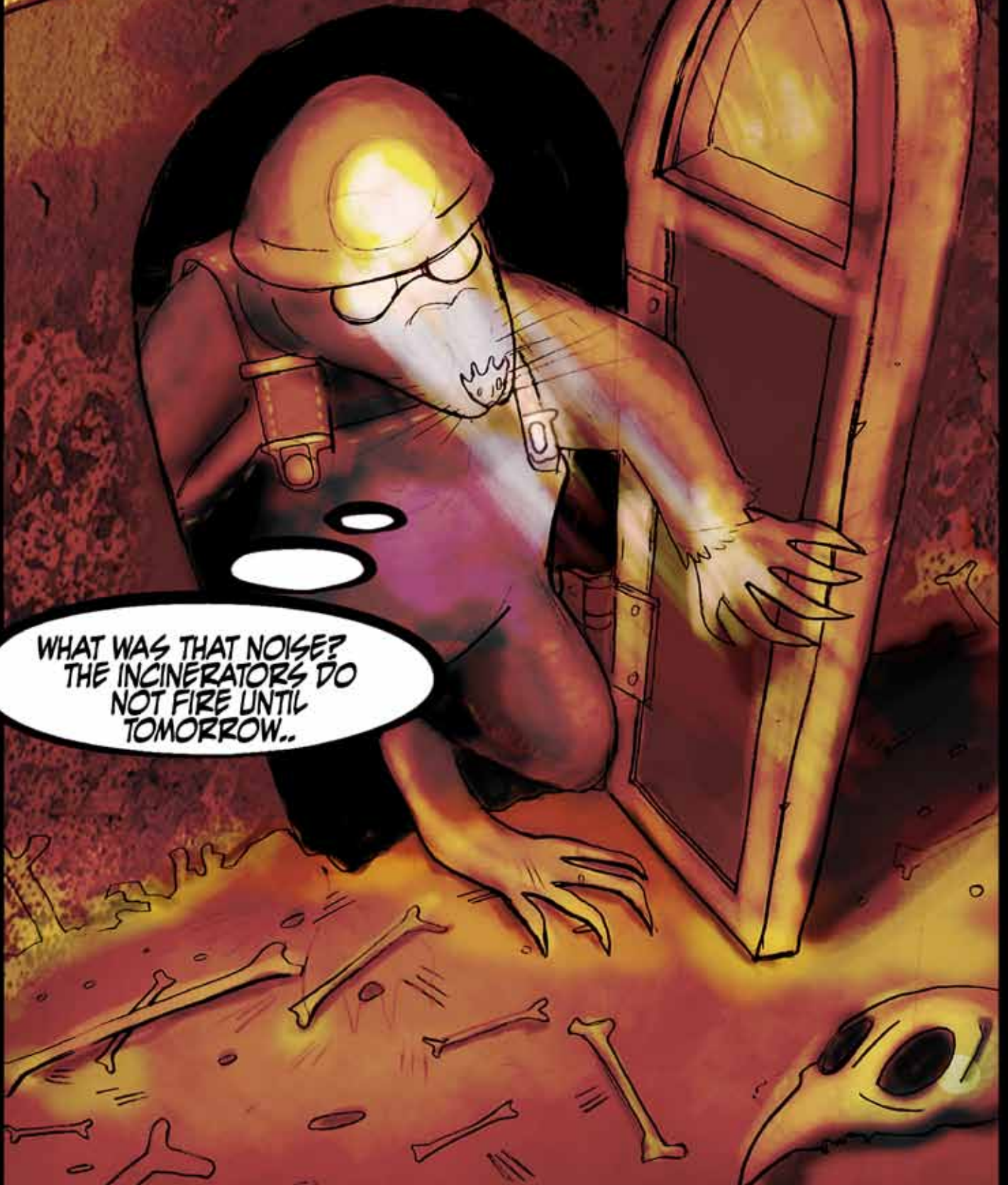
I WISH MY MOTHER WAS  
HERE.



IGNITE THE INCINERATOR!

MAKING HIS DAILY CUSTODIAL ROUNDS, PAPA MOLE OPENS THE SERVICE HATCH INTO THE INCINERATOR.

WHAT WAS THAT NOISE?  
THE INCINERATORS DO  
NOT FIRE UNTIL  
TOMORROW..



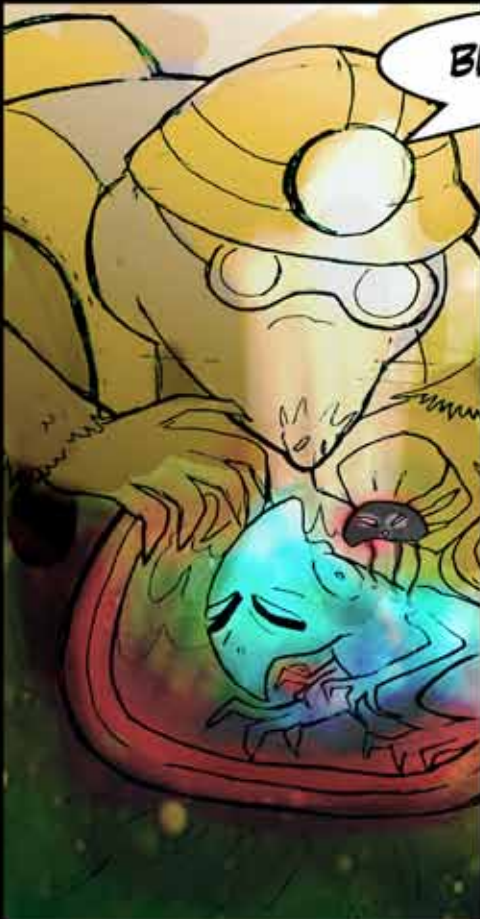


A HATCHLING?! IT CAN'T BE MORE THAN AN HOUR OLD...

\*WHIMPER\* MAMA...MAMA  
\*SNIFF\* MAMA...MAMA



DESPITE HIS BETTER JUDGEMENT,  
PAPA MOLE DECIDES TO HELP  
JIMADOR.



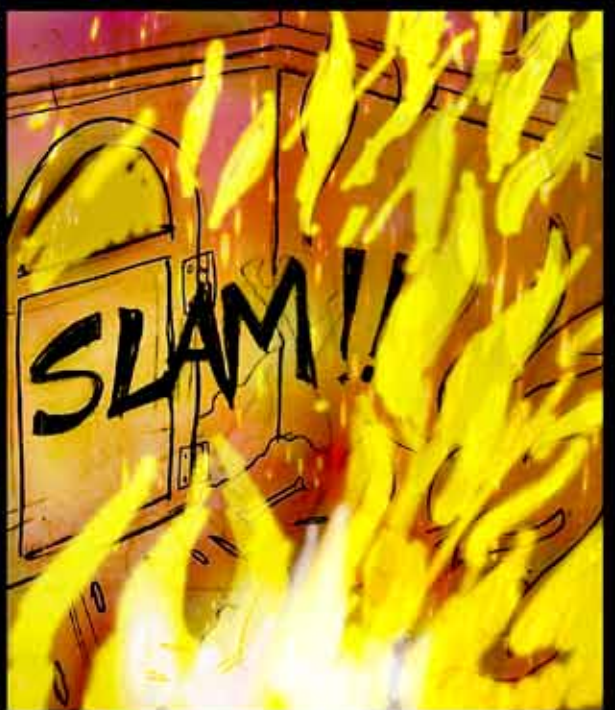
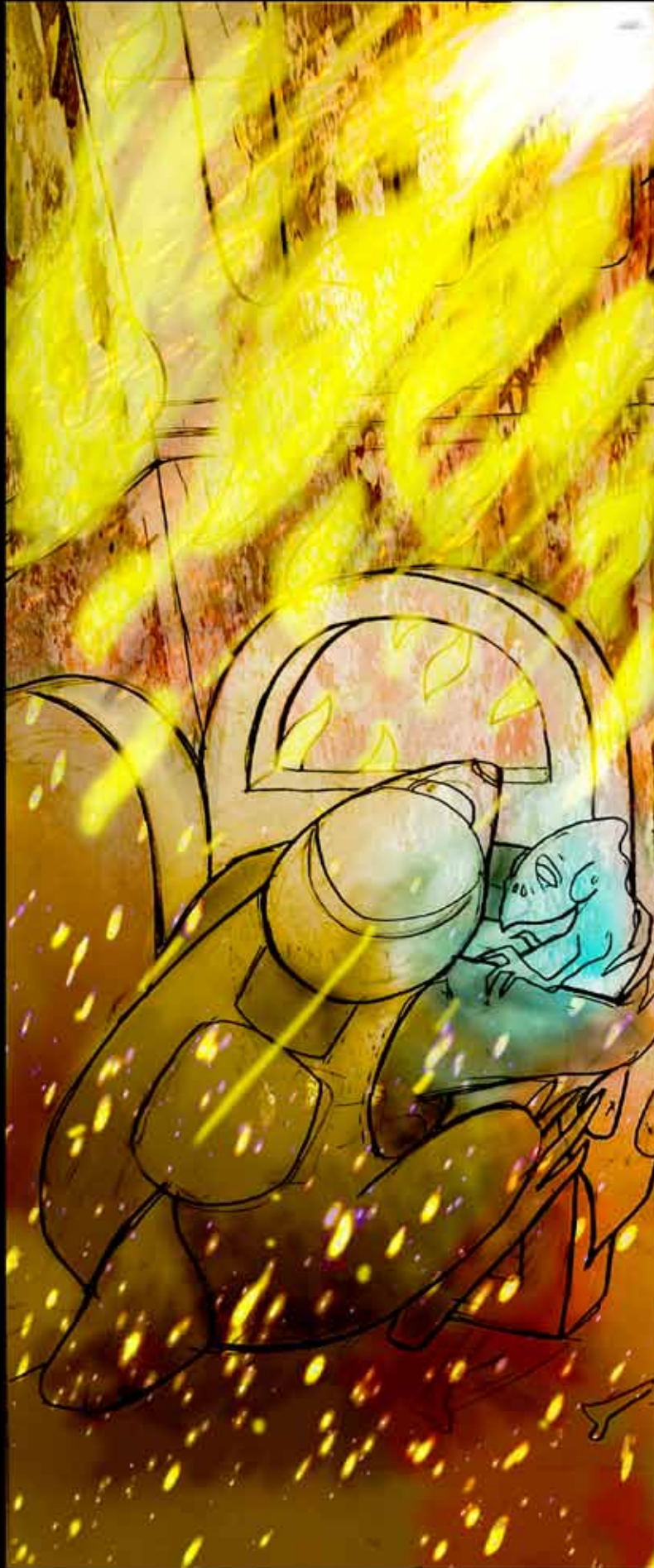
BLOOD WASPS?



YOU ARE COMING  
HOME WITH ME.









YOU WON'T LAST LONG WITHOUT MEDICAL ATTENTION.



WE MUST GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE OTHER REPTILIANS NOTICE US. THEY WILL SURELY KILL US BOTH.



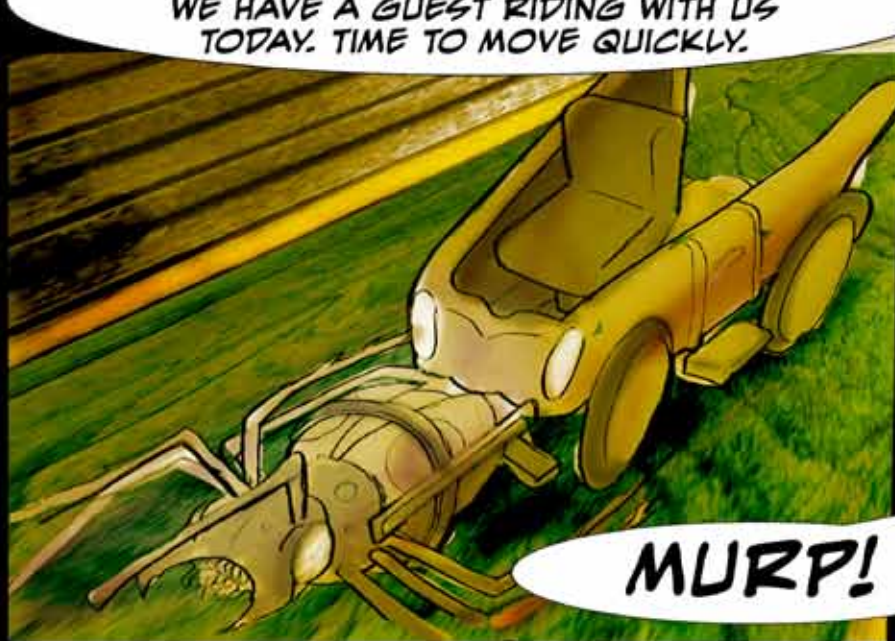




BENTLEY, YOU OLD BEETLE! WAKE UP!  
WE HAVE A GUEST RIDING WITH US  
TODAY. TIME TO MOVE QUICKLY.



YOU'LL BE HOME IN NO  
TIME.

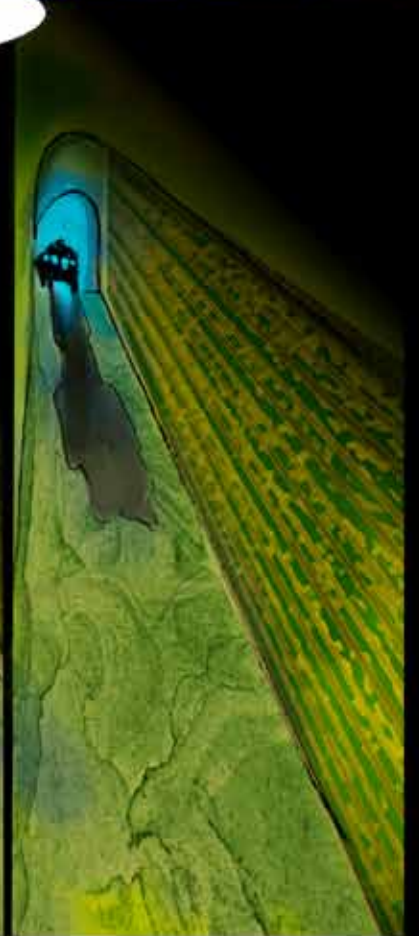


MURP!





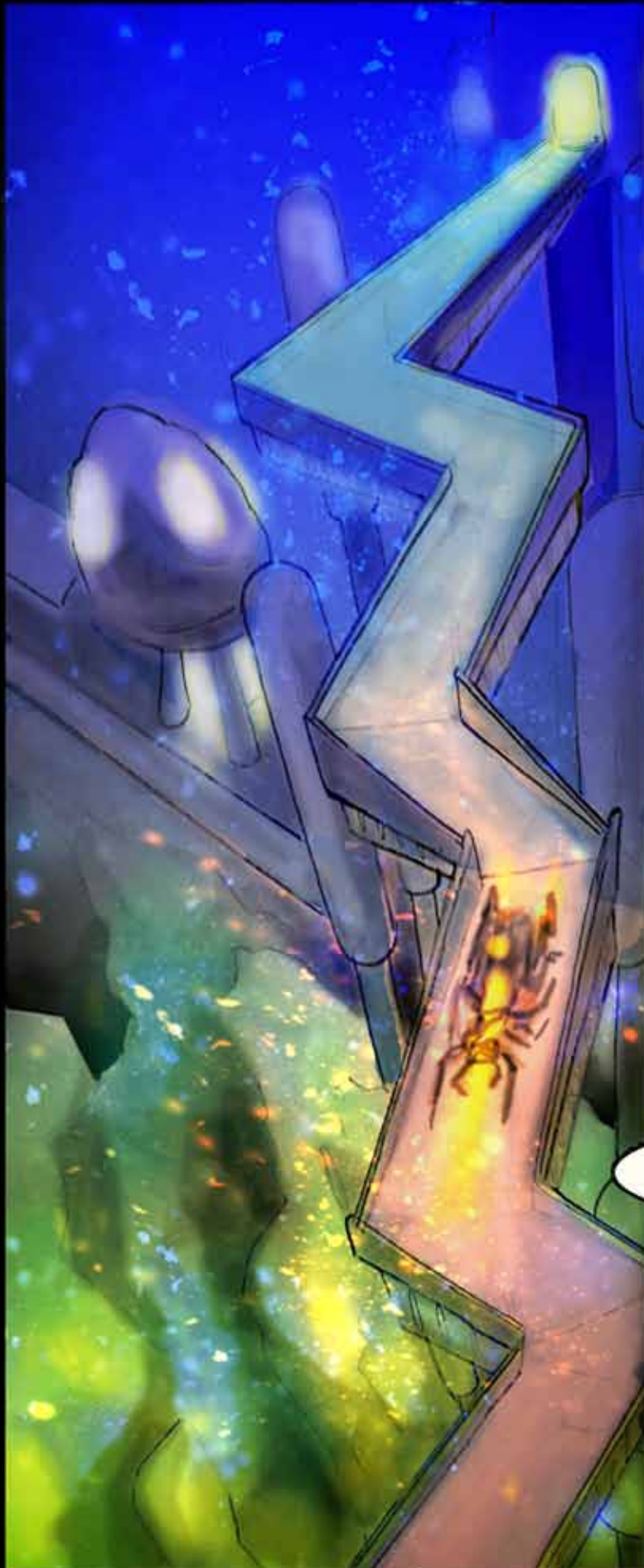
**GIDDYAP!**





PAPA MOLE, JIMADOR, AND BENTLEY EXIT THE INCINERATOR AND MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE LOWER LEVELS OF THE HATCHERY.





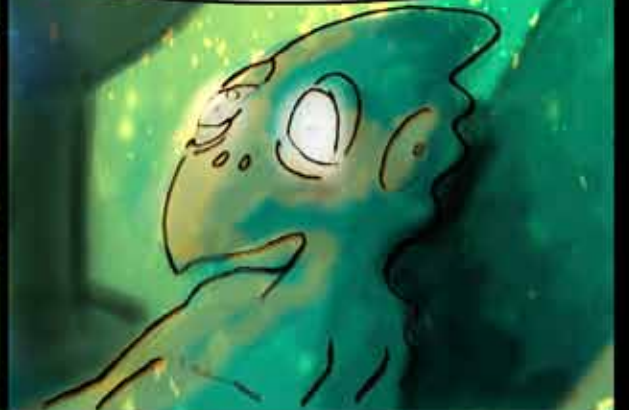
HANG IN THERE,  
LITTLE ONE.



EEEP...




MY FAMILY WILL BE  
DELIGHTED TO MEET YOU.





PAPA MOLE MADE HIS HOME IN THE TRASH YARDS BENEATH THE HATCHERY. THE REPTILIANS HAD AN UNCANNY KNACK FOR CREATING MOUNTAINS OF WASTE MATERIAL.





THE MOLE FAMILY BUILT THEIR MOLESTEAD DEEP IN THE SCRAPYARDS BELOW THE HATCHERIES. MAMA MOLE AND HER RAMBUNCIOUS MOLE PUPS EAGERLY AWAIT THE RETURN OF PAPA MOLE.

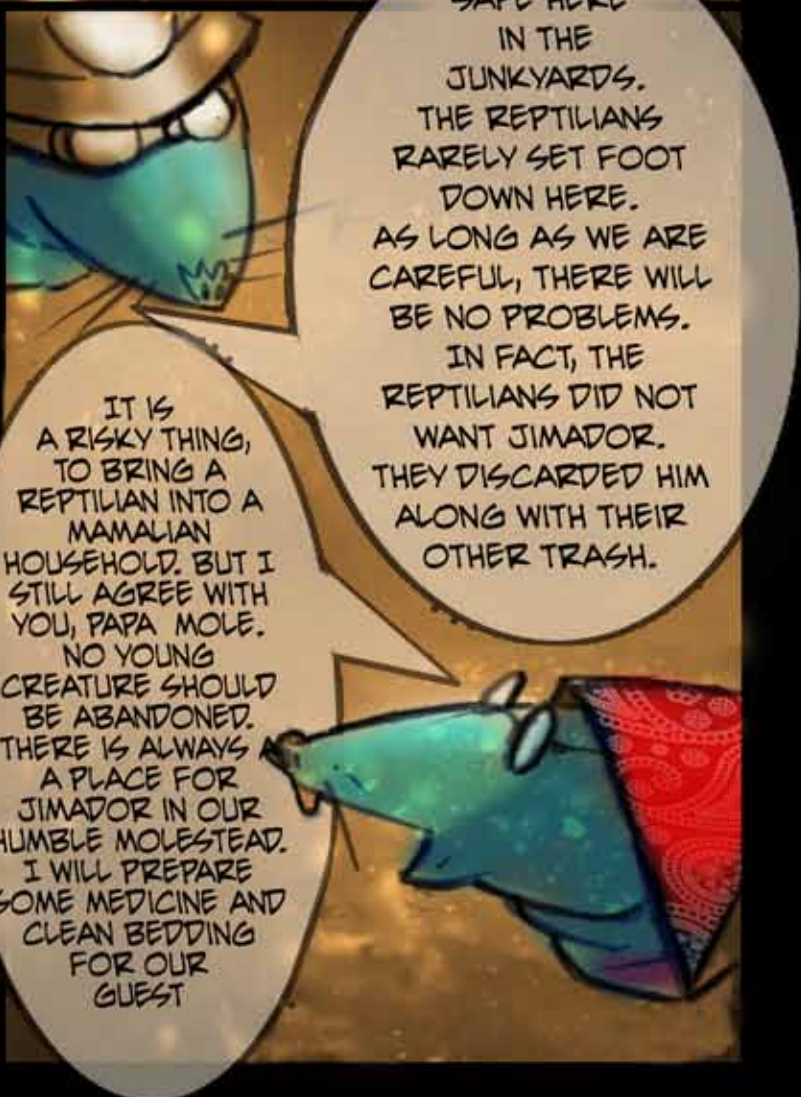


MY DEAREST FAMILY!  
I WOULD LIKE YOU TO  
MEET A NEW FRIEND.  
HIS NAME IS JIMADOR.  
PLEASE TREAT HIM WITH  
KINDNESS.  
MOTHER MOLE, I  
APOLOGIZE FOR SUCH A  
SHORT NOTICE... YOUNG  
JIMADOR WAS  
ABANDONED IN THE  
INCINERATORS.  
HE IS IN NEED OF MEDICAL  
CARE, AND SOME  
KINDNESS.



NO NEED TO EXPLAIN, MY LOVE. THE YOUNG HATCHLING IS IN NEED OF CARE... BUT WE MUST BE CAUTIOUS.

SQUEAK!



IT IS SAFE HERE IN THE JUNKYARDS. THE REPTILIANS RARELY SET FOOT DOWN HERE. AS LONG AS WE ARE CAREFUL, THERE WILL BE NO PROBLEMS. IN FACT, THE REPTILIANS DID NOT WANT JIMADOR. THEY DISCARDED HIM ALONG WITH THEIR OTHER TRASH.

IT IS A RISKY THING, TO BRING A REPTILIAN INTO A MAMALIAN HOUSEHOLD. BUT I STILL AGREE WITH YOU, PAPA MOLE. NO YOUNG CREATURE SHOULD BE ABANDONED. THERE IS ALWAYS A PLACE FOR JIMADOR IN OUR HUMBLE MOLESTEAD. I WILL PREPARE SOME MEDICINE AND CLEAN BEDDING FOR OUR GUEST

HIS TEMPERMENT IS VERY SWEET, DESPITE THE FACT THAT HE HAS BEEN WOUNDED BY BLOOD-WASP LARVAE. THE PUPS SEEM TO ADORE HIM.



IT WILL BE A GOOD THING, TO TEACH THE PUPS ABOUT THE BENEFITS OF DIVERSITY. THEY MUST LEARN THAT 'NURTURE AND NATURE' GO HAND IN HAND.







AND SO, JIMADOR CAME TO LIVE WITH THE MOLE FAMILY IN THE JUNKYARDS BELOW THE HATCHERIES.

A COLD-BLOOD, LIVING AMONG MAMALS WAS LARGELY UNHEARD OF IN THIS CORNER OF THE GALACTIC NEIGHBORHOOD.

IT HAS BEEN A ROUGH FIRST DAY FOR JIMADOR T. REPTILE. NO DOUBT, THERE WILL BE ROUGH DAYS AHEAD.

HOW WILL JIM'S TIME AMONG THE MOLE FAMILY PLAY OUT? WILL THE MOLES BE ABLE TO KEEP JIM'S PRESENCE A SECRET FROM THE REPTILIANS?

THESE QUESTIONS WILL BE ANSWERED IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF FIDDIK!.







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