



*Martin & Parson*  
PRESENT

# **THE LEGEND OF TANK★GIRL**

*a 30th Anniversary Collection*

*Belt 17*

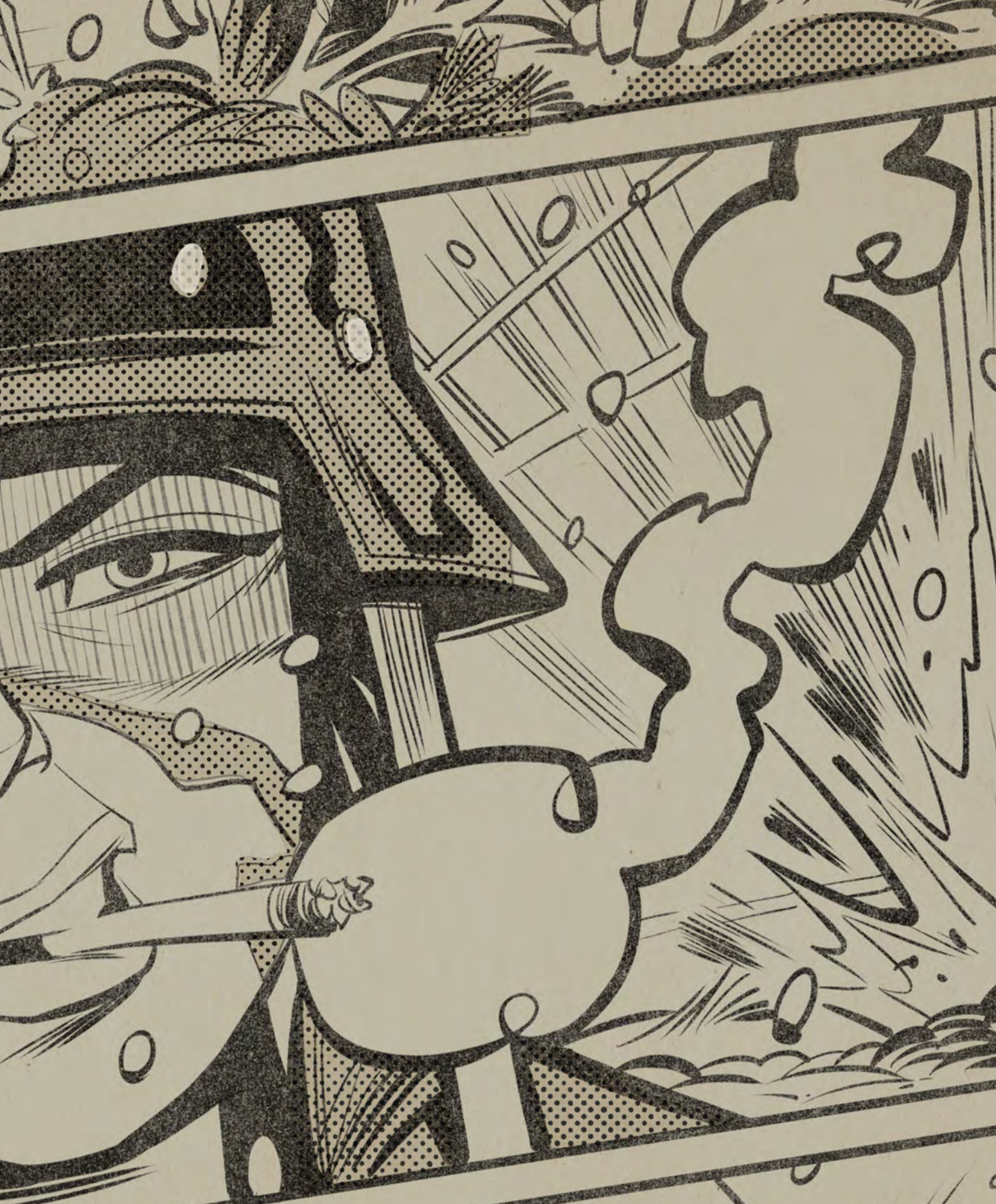




GIVE ME  
SOME MEN.  
I CAN  
TAKE IT

CHRIST! GIV  
MEN? WHAT  
SHOULD I  
SHOULD I MEA





VE YOU  
? WHY  
TRUST  
N, HOW  
I'D RE

CAPTAIN, I'M A LONE  
FEMALE, RUNNING  
NAKED THROUGH  
A WAR ZONE, I SPEAK  
WITH AN AUSTRALIAN  
ACCENT, AND I'VE  
INTERFERED



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# THE LEGEND OF TANK★GIRL

*a 30th Anniversary Collection*

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# INTRODUCTION

The idea to create a trilogy of Tank Girl books had been kicking around for a long time, but somehow, as usual, the girl refused to fit the format. Traditionally, Tank Girl has always worked best in small bursts — stand alone stories that you can digest in the space of five minutes, before letting your short attention span wander on to the next whimsical waste of time.

With the thirtieth anniversary of Tank Girl's first publication looming, it felt like the right time to produce something of substance, something epic, so I brought the idea of the trilogy to the table once more. This time it seemed to fit: the "Magic 3" was present — three girls reunited, three decades to celebrate, three consecutive books — and, with Brett Parson on board as artist, we had a team with the chops to take on the gargantuan task.

I wanted to bring back a character that we had killed off a long, long time ago, and I felt this resurrection needed to be executed with some gravity, and with a darker tone than our usual slapstick, *Looney Tunes* approach. I conceived the first part as a tragedy, a chance to really put the characters through the wringer, see what they're made of, and end that book on a real downer.

But I couldn't leave it there — Tank Girl is a humour comic after all — so in the second act the whole thing deconstructs into a blizzard of pastiche, pop-culture references, and piss-taking — familiar Tank Girl territory.

Finally, in the last book of the trilogy, the story builds to a convoluted climax, before it folds back in on itself and disappears up its own rear-end.

Classic Tank Girl? We hope so, we gave it everything we had.

This hefty tome contains all of it, plus everything else that was flying around during the two years of its creation — character sketches, vehicle designs, and library of guest artist covers. It's something to digest slowly and savour, and maybe pass down from generation to generation, kinda like a family bible.

We hope you enjoy the ride, we did!

**Alan Martin**

Routin Linn, Northumberland

May 2018









A REGULAR, RUN-OF-THE-MILL,  
THURSDAY AFTERNOON IN  
DOWNTOWN SYDNEY...

...GALLERY OWNER  
MAGNOLIA JONES AND  
HER RELIABLE ASSISTANT  
ROB ROY FINGERHEAD GO  
ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS OF  
SELLING FINE ART AND  
CULTURAL COLLECTIBLES  
TO THE RICH AND FAMOUS...

THE CONSIGNMENT  
FROM WAGGA WAGGA HAS  
JUST ARRIVED. SHALL WE BRING  
THE PIECE STRAIGHT INTO  
THE SHOWROOM, OR DO  
YOU WANT TO GIVE IT  
A LOOK-OVER FIRST?

BRING IT  
IN. I DON'T LIKE  
TO LEAVE THE MAIN  
SHOWROOM EMPTY  
FOR TOO LONG,  
IT'S BAD FOR  
BUSINESS.



WHAT  
EXACTLY HAVE  
THEY SENT US  
AGAIN?

OH, IT'S  
A GOODIE... I THINK  
IT'LL APPEAL TO OUR  
CLIENTS WHO HAVE  
A PENCHANT FOR  
CRIMINAL ARTEFACTS  
AND GENERAL  
NAUGHTINESS.



OKAY GUYS,  
WHEEL IT IN!



WHAT  
AN AMAZING  
OBJECT.



BY  SNERK!  
ALAN + BRETT  
**TANK GIRL**

IN

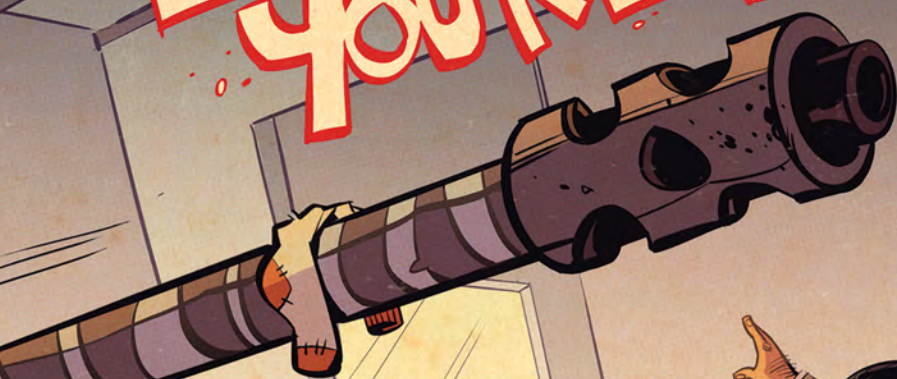
**TWO  
GIRLS  
ONE  
TANK**





PART ONE:

# "LIFE IS VERY LONG WHEN YOU'RE LONELY"



ALRIGHT, THAT'S FAR ENOUGH! HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!

INCREDIBLE.



CLINK!

TA!





SO, MAGNOLIA, WHAT ABOUT A PRICE TAG? WE'RE GOING TO NEED TO SETTLE ON AN ASKING PRICE PRETTY QUICKLY. PEOPLE ARE ALREADY STARTING TO LOOK IN THROUGH THE WINDOW.

IT WON'T BE TOO LONG BEFORE WORD-OF-MOUTH HAS SPREAD ON THIS BABY.

REASSURE ME FOR A MOMENT, ROB ROY - **THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT I THINK IT IS, ISN'T IT?**

ABSOLUTELY. WHAT ELSE COULD IT BE? YOU CAN'T FAKE THE STUFF OF LEGEND. THIS BEAST IS POSITIVELY OOZING AUTHENTICITY.

THEN THIS IS IT- THE OUTLAW THEY CALL **TANK GIRL** - THIS IS HER VEHICLE, HER HOME HER ACCOMPLICE IN COUNTLESS DIRTY CRIMES.

I CAN'T BEGIN TO THINK OF A PRICE FOR IT.

I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF I WANT TO SELL IT.

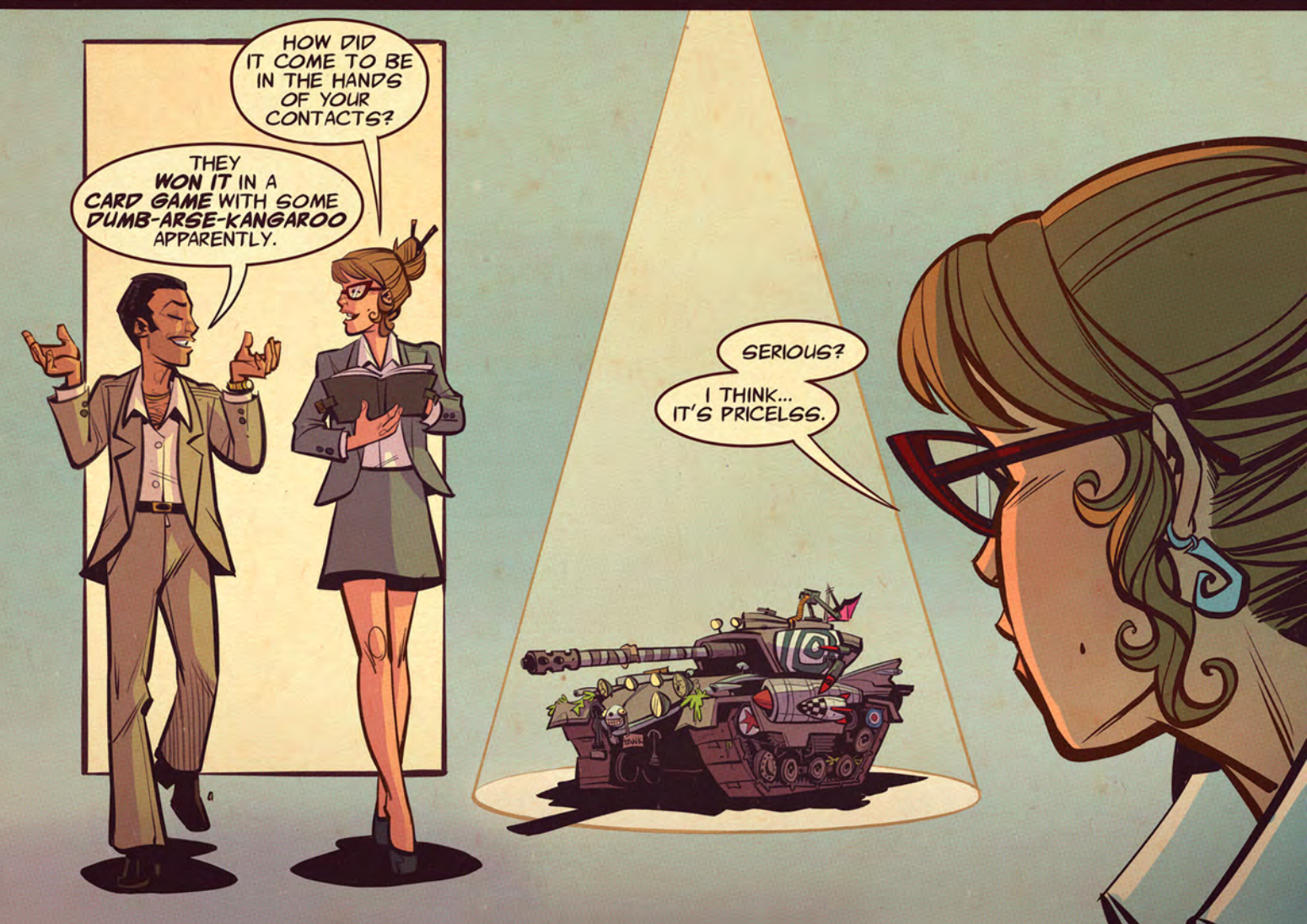


HOW DID IT COME TO BE IN THE HANDS OF YOUR CONTACTS?

THEY WON IT IN A **CARD GAME** WITH SOME **DUMB-ARSE-KANGAROO** APPARENTLY.

SERIOUS?

I THINK... IT'S PRICELESS.







AT THAT PRECISE  
MOMENT, BALLS-DEEP  
IN WAGGA WAGGA  
TERRITORY...

FUCK.

THEY'RE TO HAVE YOU THANK  
THAT IT'S ALL MAGIC  
BUT IT ISN'T  
IT'S ALL MAGIC  
EVERYTHING IS MAGIC

...MYTHICAL PUTRID PRINCESS OF THE  
OUTBACK TANK GIRL, HER SUPER  
MARSUPIAL SPOUSE BOOGA, AND  
THEIR DISASTROUSLY-DYSFUNCTIONAL-  
BUT-ACTUALLY-RATHER-GOOD-FUN  
BEST FRIEND BARNEY ARE PONDERING  
A DISTURBING MYSTERY...

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2005 10 10  
1000 1000





IT'S JUST GONE, YEAH?  
THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE  
TELLING ME?

YOU FELL ASLEEP  
FOR TEN MINUTES, YOU  
WOKE UP, AND **BINGO!**  
MY FUCKING TANK  
IS GONE?!



THAT'S ALL THE  
INFORMATION WE CAN  
GIVE YOU AT  
THE PRESENT.

YEP. THAT'S  
THE SHORT AND  
CURLIES OF THE  
SITUATION.



I CAN'T FUCKING BELIEVE IT. I GO  
AWAY FOR SIX VERY SHORT DAYS  
TO VISIT MY DYING AUNTY, AND  
WHEN I COME BACK MY FUCKING  
TANK HAS BEEN NICKED.

IT'S  
TERRIBLE. YOU  
JUST CAN'T TRUST  
FOLKS THESE DAYS.  
EVERYBODY'S ON  
THE MAKE.

THEY'RE  
ALL CUNTS.



DON'T  
WORRY BOOBY.  
WE'LL GET  
YOU ANOTHER  
TANK.

YEAH. IT'LL  
BE BETTER,  
STRONGER,  
FASTER...

I LOVED  
THAT TANK. IT HELD  
SO MANY MEMORIES FOR  
ME. I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S  
GONE FOREVER.



WE GOTTA  
GET SOME MONEY.  
LOTS OF MONEY.  
ENOUGH TO BUY  
A NEW TANK.

AN IDENTICAL  
TANK. I WANT THAT  
SAME TANK.  
I WANT IT ALL  
OVER AGAIN!





LET'S GET DOWN TO THE WAREHOUSE, SEE WHAT KIND OF WAR MACHINES WE STILL OWN.

C'MON. GET UP. IT'S A LONG WALK BACK TO TOWN.

FIVE TO THE LEFT...NO... COCKBALLS...FIVE TO THE RIGHT...OH ARSEBOLLOCKS...

HERE'S THE PLAN: WE KIT-UP WITH SOME NASTY WEAPONRY; WE ZERO IN ON SOME EASY, CASH-HEAVY TARGET; BOSH-BOSH-BOSH - LOADS-A-MONEY.



CLICKA  
CLICKA  
TIK  
TIK

SOUNDS A FUCK-SIGHT MORE LUCRATIVE THAN SAFE-CRACKING WITH BOOGA.



SHIT, THERE'S NOT A LOT IN HERE.

THERE'S NOT EVEN A SPARE SHERMAN. WHAT HAPPENED TO MY GLORIOUS COLLECTION OF VINTAGE WEAPONS AND VEHICLES?

WE BLEW THE FUCK OUT OF IT.

SMASHED IT TO TINY PIECES, DOING ROBBERIES, HEISTS, HOLD-UPS, STAND-OFFS, CHICKEN RUNS, AND EVEL KNEIVEL STYLE STUNTS. WE WASTED THE LOT!





I GUESS  
THIS WILL HAVE  
TO SUFFICE.

STRAP ON  
A LARGE PAIR OF GUNS,  
CHOOSE YOURSELF  
SOME WHEELS AND  
GET GASSED-UP.

WE NEED TO GO  
AND VISIT DECAF DAVE,  
SEE IF WE CAN GET A  
TIP-OFF ON THE MOVEMENT  
OF ANY LARGE AMOUNTS  
OF GREEN STUFF!



I'LL TAKE  
POINT IN THE  
STAGHOUND.



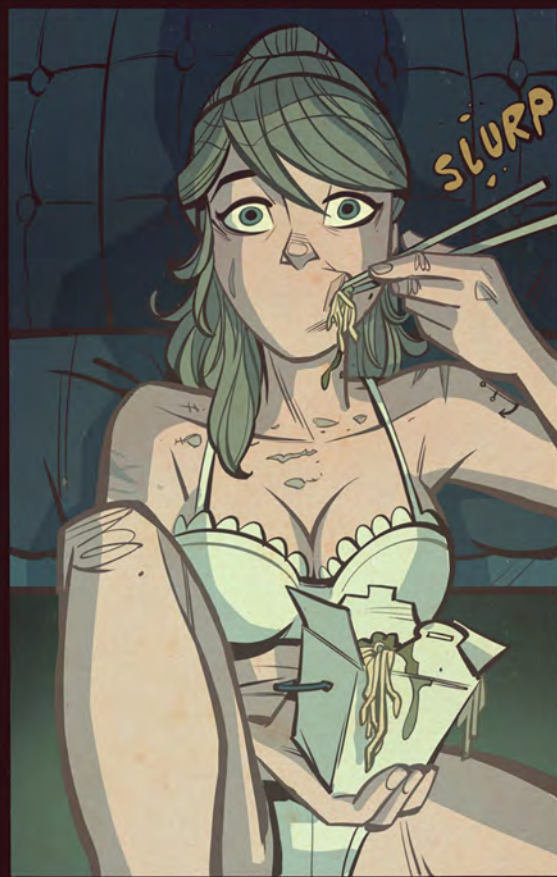
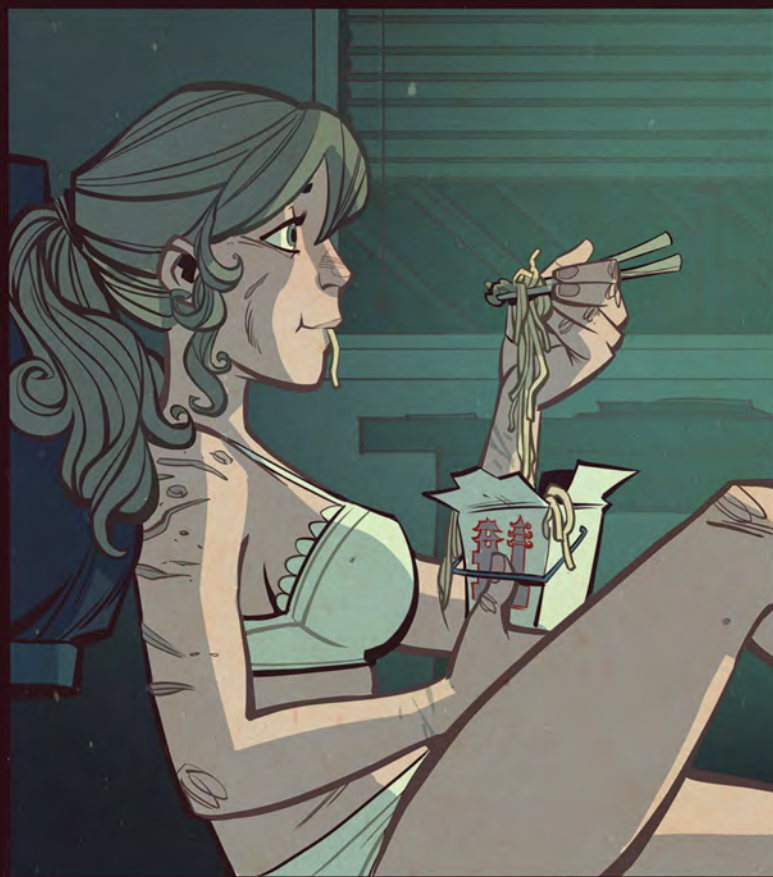
I'LL COVER  
YOU FROM THE  
MOTORBIKE  
AND SIDE-  
SALAD!



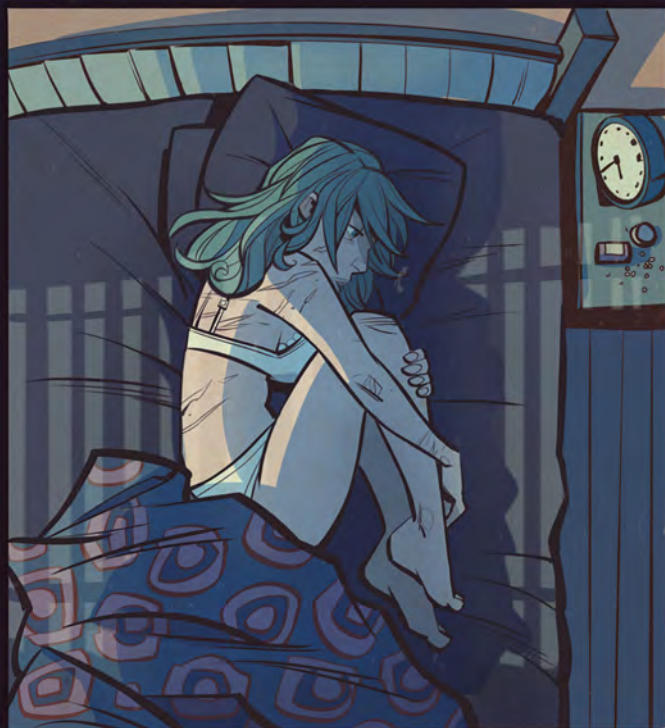
AND I'LL  
BRING UP THE  
REAR IN THE...ER...  
...SHITTY LITTLE  
FAIRGROUND  
TANK.







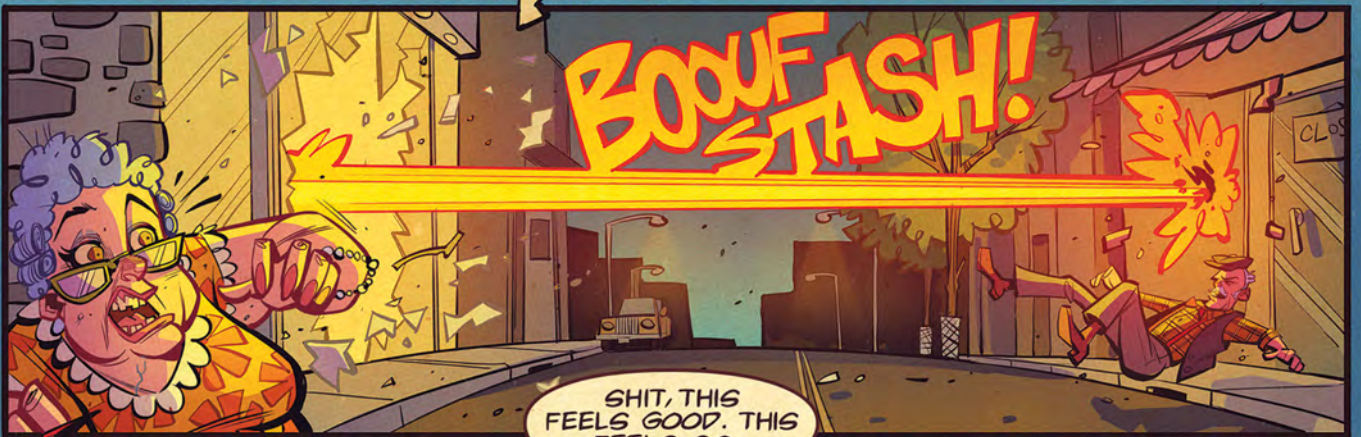
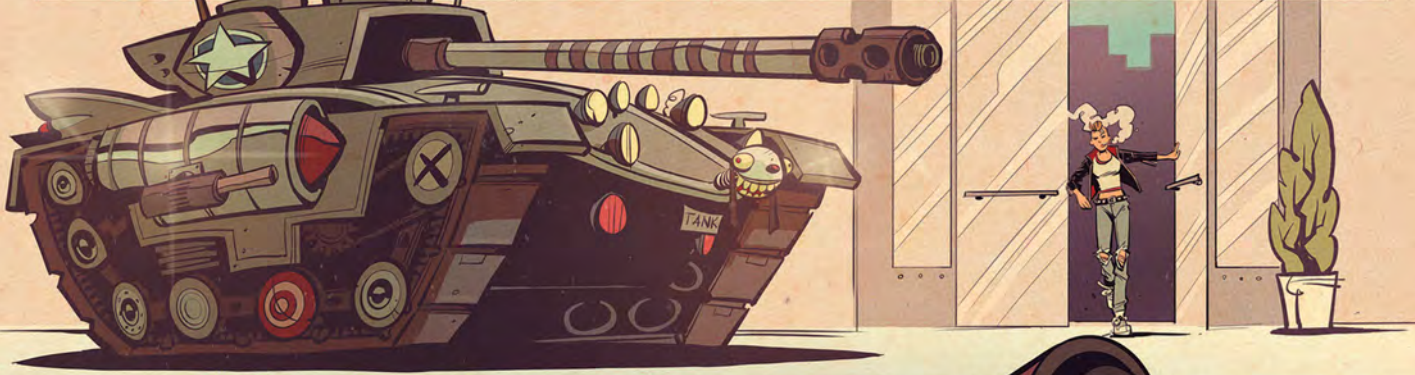
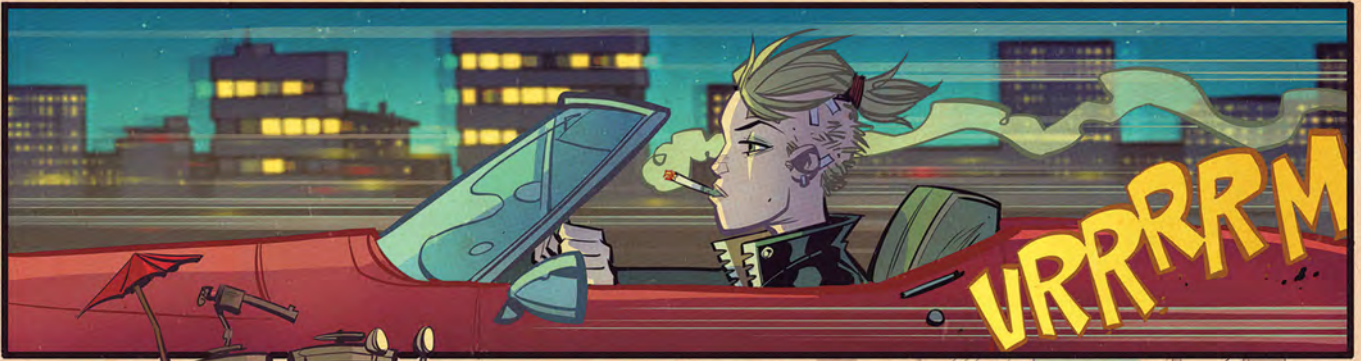














OUT AT DECAF DAVE'S, THE COFFEE FLOWS AND THE CONVERSATION SPLUTTERS...

GOT ANY DECAF?

ER...NO. I DON'T CARRY THE STUFF, AS A RULE.

LISTEN CHAPS, IT'S SO INCREDIBLY DIFFICULT TO GET HOLD OF ANY DECENT DECAF OUT HERE. ALL EVERYONE SEEMS TO DRINK THESE DAYS IS THIS ORGANIC, ARTISAN, HAND-ROASTED SHIT. I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH PEOPLE.

WHAT IS IT WITH THIS GUY?

HE'S ADDICTED TO DECAFFEINATED COFFEE. HE'D DRINK FIFTY CUPS A DAY, GIVEN HALF THE CHANCE.

FUCK KNOWS.

HOW TERRIBLE. IT MUST BE POSITIVELY AWFUL FOR YOU.

HERE YOU ARE DAVE, THE EAST-STORE'S FINEST DECAF. ONE JAR NOW, AND A WHOLE CASE-FULL IF YOU CAN PRESENT ME WITH A JUICY TIP.

SPUFF  
PUFF

I PRESENTED YOU WITH MY JUICY TIP LAST WEEK, AND YOU DIDN'T GIVE ME A JAR OF COFFEE. WHAT'S THAT ALL ABOUT?

OH YEAH!

OOOO! NICE!

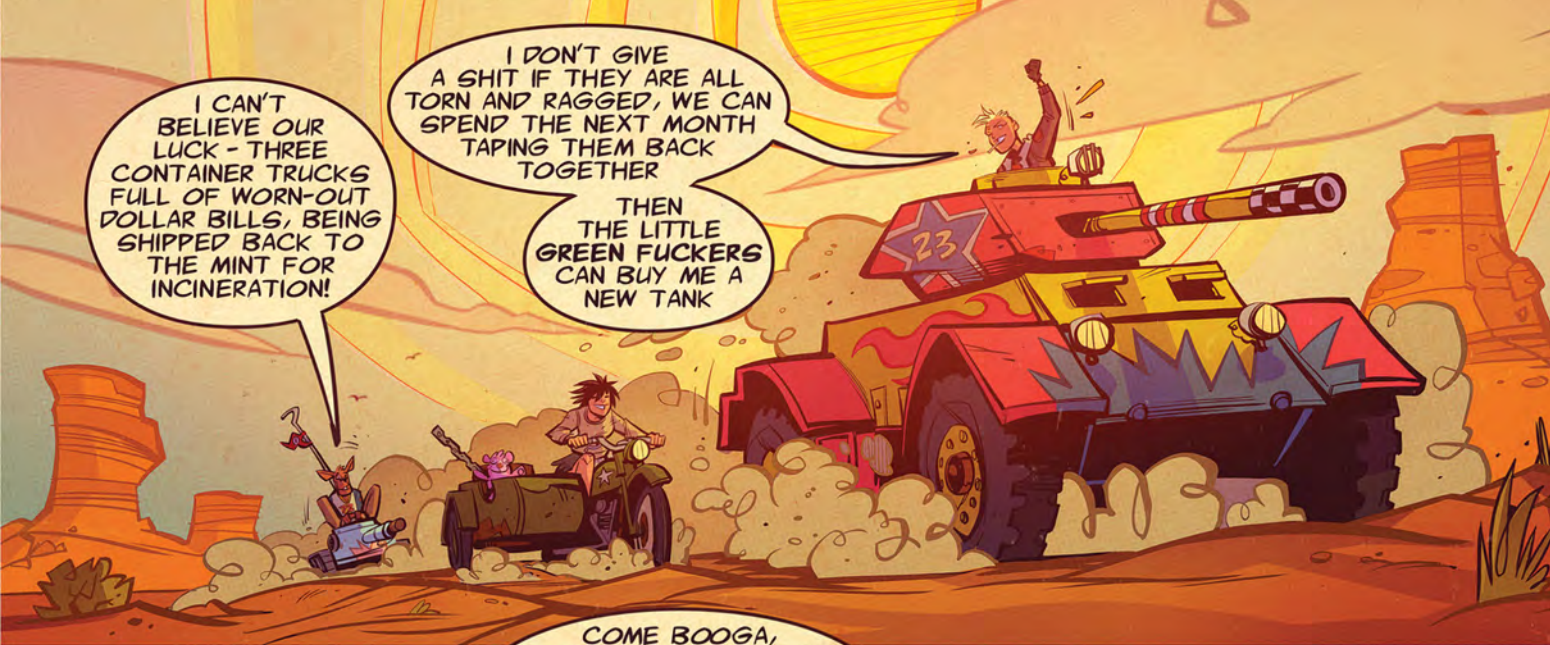
WIVES OF FARMERS

SNIFFPORT!









I CAN'T BELIEVE OUR LUCK - THREE CONTAINER TRUCKS FULL OF WORN-OUT DOLLAR BILLS, BEING SHIPPED BACK TO THE MINT FOR INCINERATION!

I DON'T GIVE A SHIT IF THEY ARE ALL TORN AND RAGGED, WE CAN SPEND THE NEXT MONTH TAPING THEM BACK TOGETHER

THEN THE LITTLE GREEN FUCKERS CAN BUY ME A NEW TANK

COME BOOGA, KEEP UP. CAN'T YOU MAKE THAT PIECE OF CRAP GO ANY FASTER?

I'M FLAT OUT!



THEN YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO CATCH US UP. THAT SHIPMENT WILL BE PASSING THROUGH ALLISON SPRINGS AT NOON. WE CAN'T MISS IT



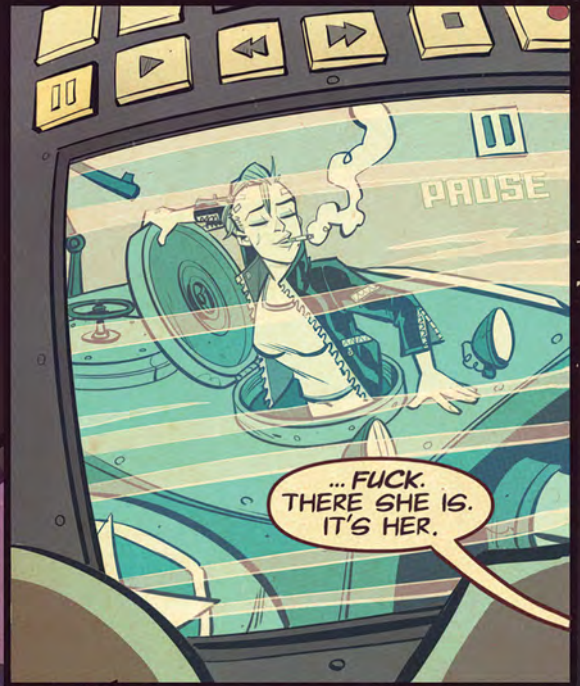
YES. YES. IT WAS A LEGITIMATE PURCHASE FROM A REPUTABLE DEALER. I CAN SHOW YOU THE PAPER-WORK

YOU SAY YOU ONLY TOOK DELIVERY OF THE VEHICLE YESTERDAY, IS THAT CORRECT?

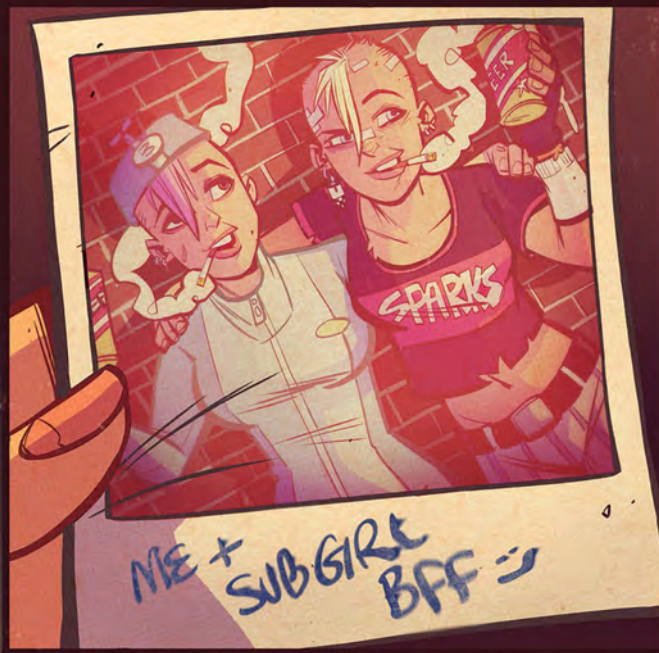
IS THERE ANY SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE?

ER... YES... OF COURSE. I HAVEN'T HAD A CHANCE TO LOOK AT IT YET. LET ME TAKE YOU TO THE OFFICE

















ROCKATANSKY PARK  
--TOO EXPOSED...

DUNDEE CITY  
-- OVER-POPULATED...

...ALLISON  
SPRINGS  
-- YES THE  
PERFECT  
PLACE FOR  
A SHOOT  
-OUT.

FULL POWER.  
GIVE ME EVERYTHING  
SHE'S GOT, COMPUTER.  
AND TRY TO KEEP  
TO THE FLATS.

LET'S  
MAKE IT THERE  
IN LESS THAN  
FIVE MINUTES, FIND  
OURSELVES A GOOD  
STRONGHOLD.

ALPHA-ONE  
TO HEADQUARTERS  
- WE'VE FOUND HER.  
LOOKS LIKE SHE'S  
CHANGING HER  
COURSE FOR  
ALLISON.

GOOD  
WORK SERGEANT.  
DON'T LOSE HER.  
I'M COUNTING  
ON YOU.

TURBOOO!



COME  
ON, YOU  
LITTLE TURD.  
FASTER! I'M  
GONNA MISS ALL  
OF THE SWEET  
ACTION.

FART  
FART  
FART

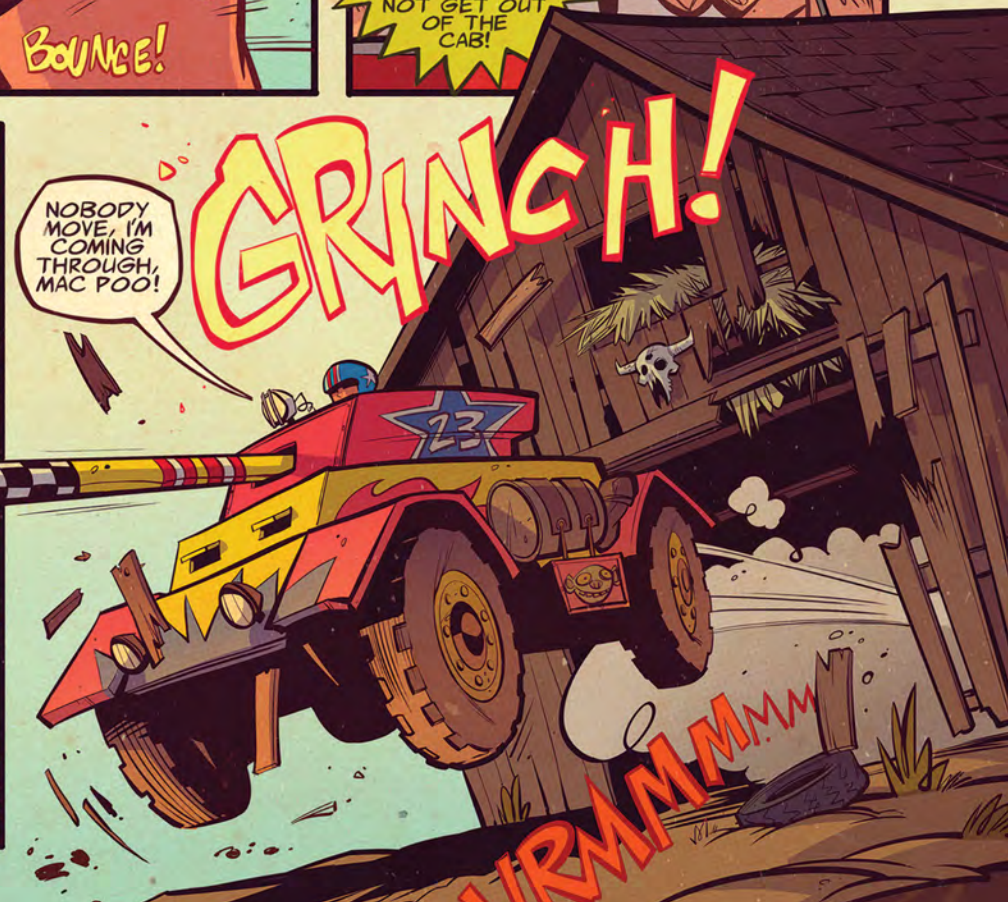
POW! OZ



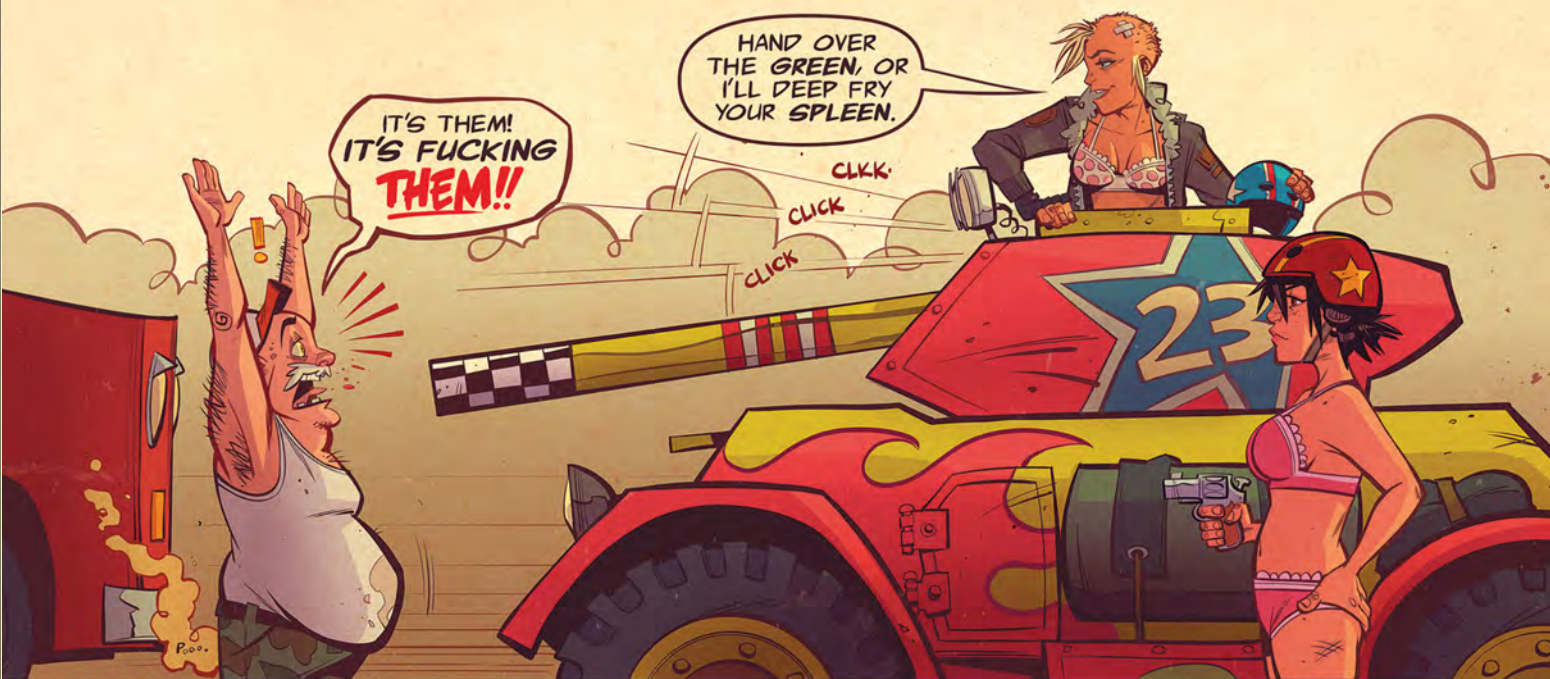
THIS IS IT.  
NICE AND SLOW  
BOYS. KEEP 'EM  
PEELED.

GRUMBLLEE  
BRUMMIA









IT'S THEM!  
IT'S FUCKING  
**THEM!!**

HAND OVER  
THE GREEN, OR  
I'LL DEEP FRY  
YOUR SPLEEN.

CLKK

CLICK

CLICK

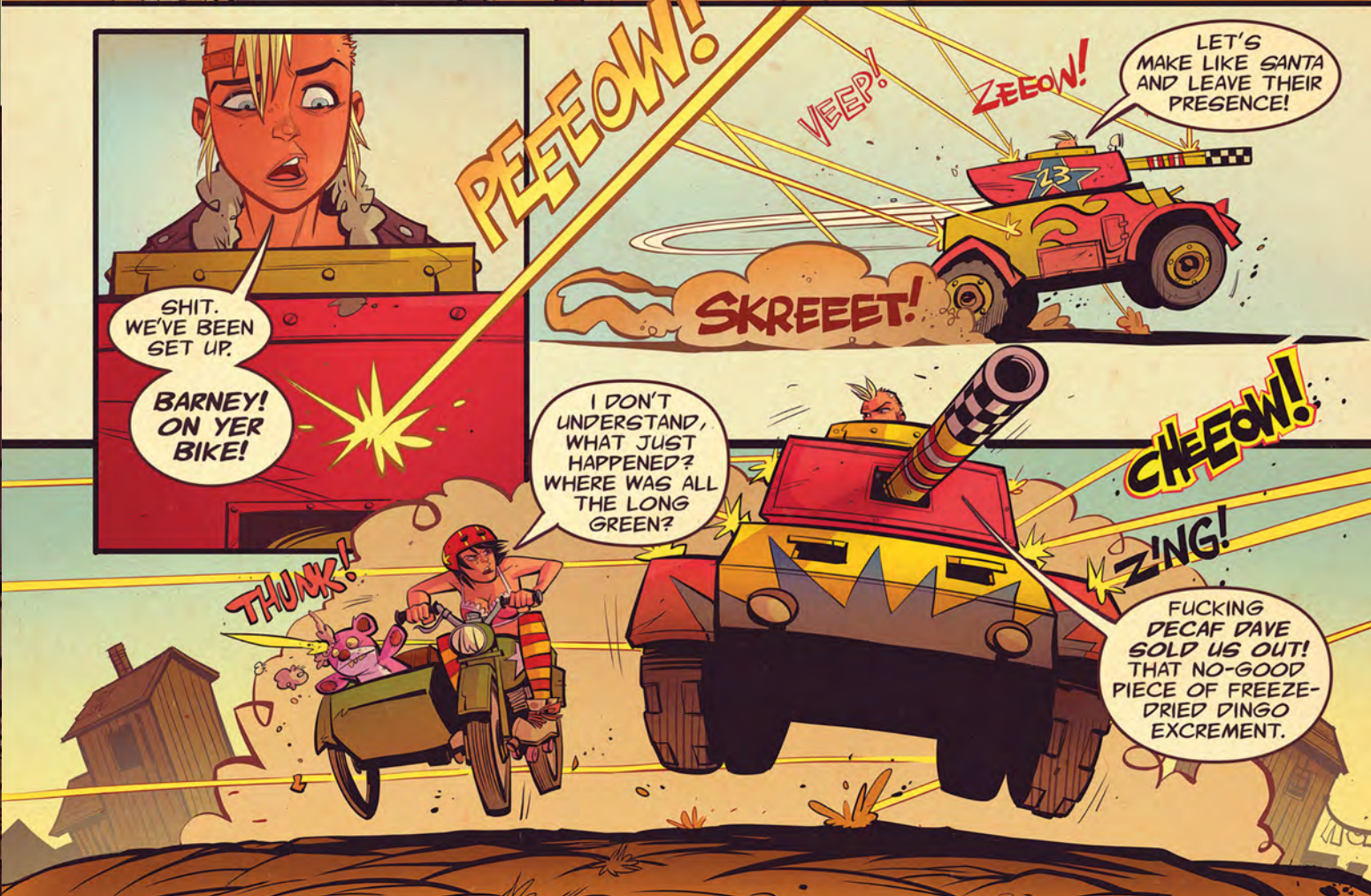


TWO SQUADS,  
ONE ON EACH SIDE  
OF THE STREET!

GET INSIDE  
THE BUILDINGS AND  
PIN THEM DOWN BEFORE  
THEY CAN MAKE A MOVE.  
GET TO IT MEN!

FOOSH!

BRAM!



SHIT.  
WE'VE BEEN  
SET UP.

BARNEY!  
ON YER  
BIKE!

LET'S  
MAKE LIKE SANTA  
AND LEAVE THEIR  
PRESENCE!

I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND,  
WHAT JUST  
HAPPENED?  
WHERE WAS ALL  
THE LONG  
GREEN?

FUCKING  
DECAF DAVE  
SOLD US OUT!  
THAT NO-GOOD  
PIECE OF FREEZE-  
DRIED DINGO  
EXCREMENT.

PEEEOW!

VEEP!

ZEEON!

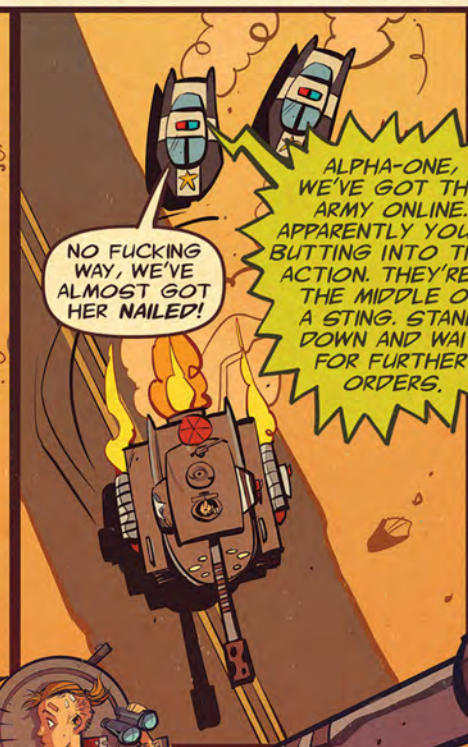
SKREEET!

THUNK!

CHEOW!

ZING!





NEXT: TWO GIRLS TWO TANKS!



**PREVIOUSLY  
IN  
TWO GIRLS  
ONE TANK...**

ART AND COLLECTABLES DEALER, MAGNOLIA JONES, FOUND HERSELF MYSTERIOUSLY DRAWN TO TANK GIRL'S TANK AFTER IT WAS DELIVERED TO HER SHOWROOM TO BE SOLD.

IN A DRUNKEN, TRANCE-LIKE STATE, MAGNOLIA SHAVED HER HEAD AND STOLE THE TANK FROM HER OWN SHOWROOM, HIGHTAILING IT OUT INTO THE DUSTY OUT BACK, PURSUED BY COPS BELIEVING HER TO BE THE REAL TANK GIRL.



AIN'T THAT THE LAW OF SOD? THE DAY I DECIDE TO START SMOKING, I RUN OUT OF CIGARETTES.



MEANWHILE, THE ACTUAL REAL TANK GIRL, BEREFT OF HER TANK, VISITED COFFEE-ADDICTED TIPSTER DECAF DAVE TO GLEAN INFORMATION ON THE MOVEMENT OF LARGE AMOUNTS OF CASH, PLANNING TO STEAL ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY HERSELF A NEW TANK.

ON THE PROMISE OF A LIFETIME'S SUPPLY OF DECAFFEINATED COFFEE, DAVE SET UP TANK GIRL IN A TRAP WITH THE AUSTRALIAN ARMY.

TANK GIRL AND BARNEY BARELY MADE IT AWAY FROM THREE LORRIES FULL OF TROOPS ...



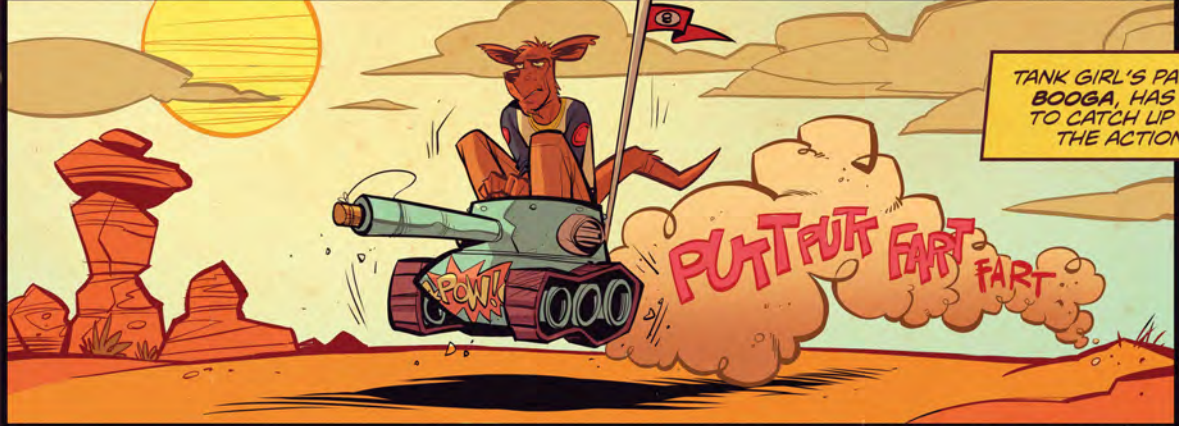
PONG!

PANG!

ZEEEP!

VRRRRRRMM!

FUCK THIS FOR A GAME OF AIRFIX SOLDIERS!



TANK GIRL'S PARTNER, BOOGA, HAS YET TO CATCH UP WITH THE ACTION ...

PUT PUT FART FART

MAGNOLIA NOW FINDS HERSELF GATECRASHING TANK GIRL'S HIGH SPEED CHASE. THERE IS SOME CONFUSION...



HUH?

YEAH, LIKE, HUH?



TANK GIRL

IN

TWO GIRLS  
ONE TANK

PART  
TWO:

TWO  
TWO



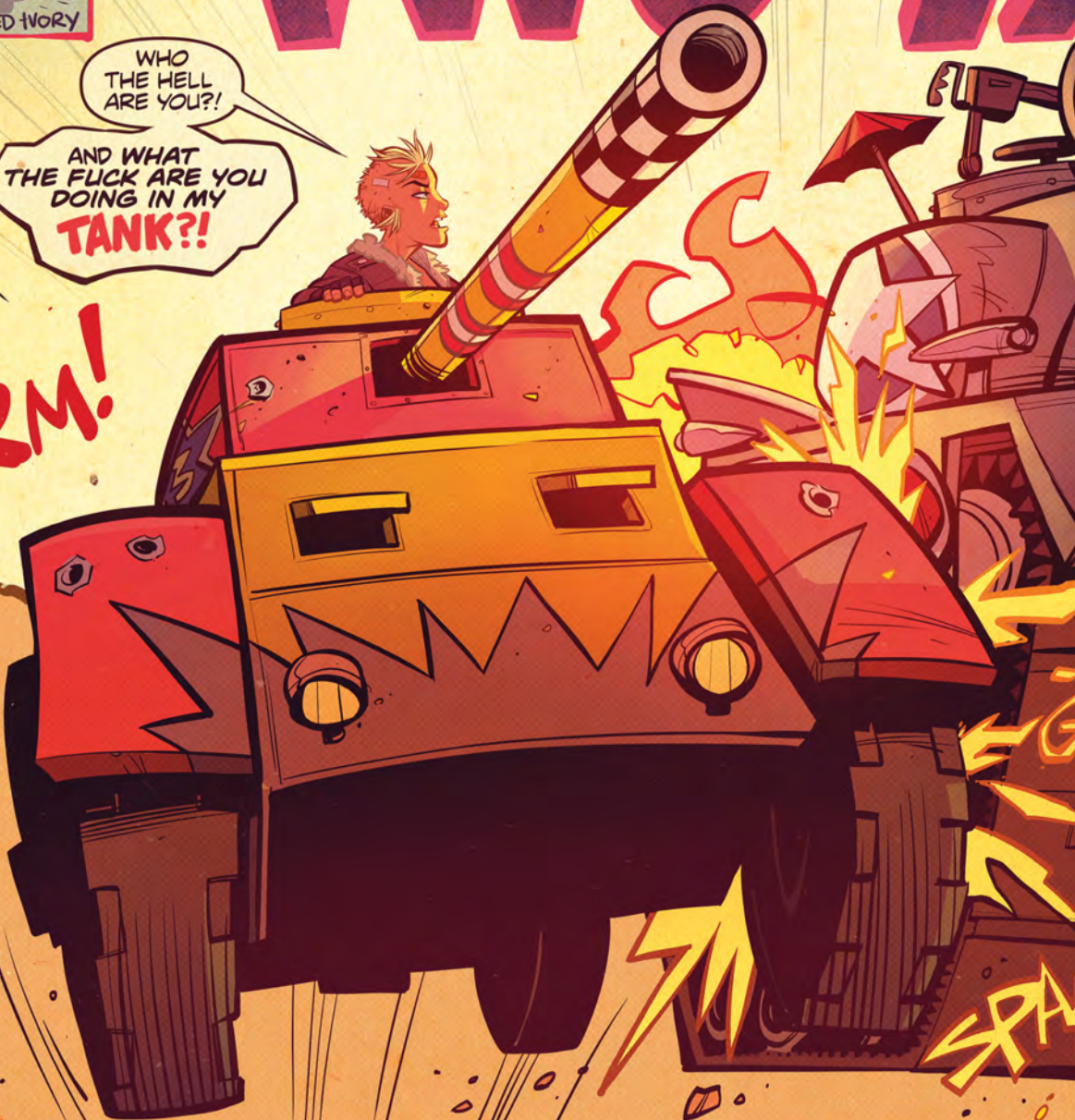
BY  
ALAN  
AND  
Brett

ADDITIONAL COLOUR: NED IVORY

WHO  
THE HELL  
ARE YOU?!

AND WHAT  
THE FUCK ARE YOU  
DOING IN MY  
TANK?!

BRRRRM!





# GIRLS TANKS

