

DR. HOOTERS



ISSUE
#1

Author

J.J. McQuade

Illustrations by:

J.J. McQuade



BOTCOMICS

Botcomics Presents:
Dr. Hooters

All Rights Reserved © 2016 by Botcomics

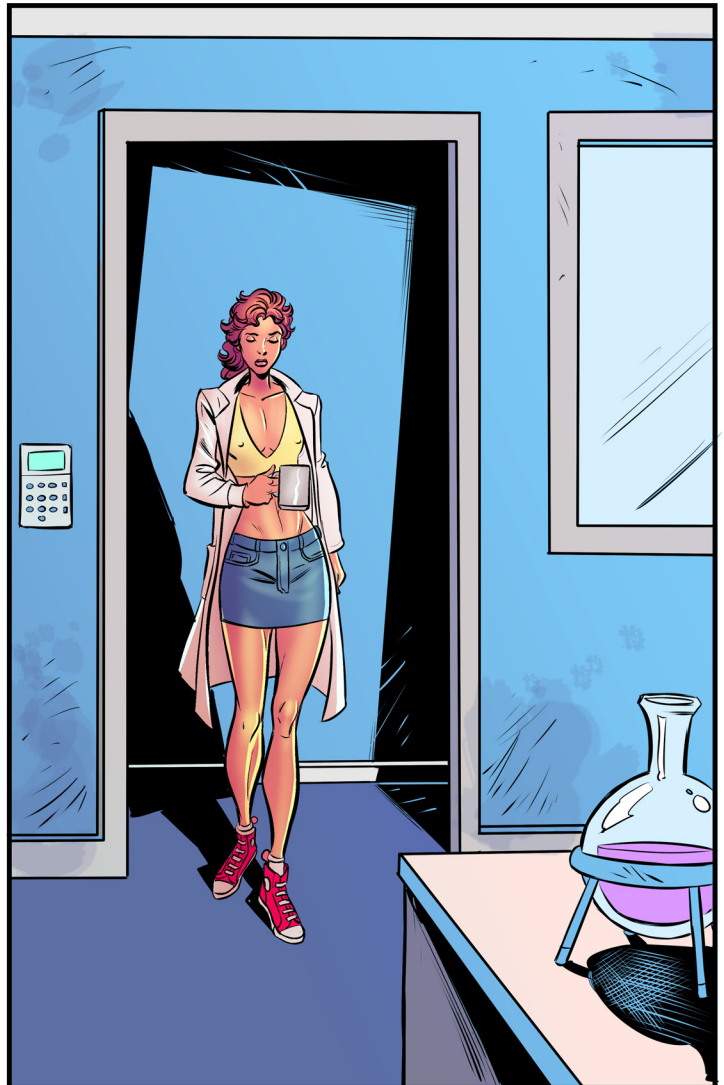
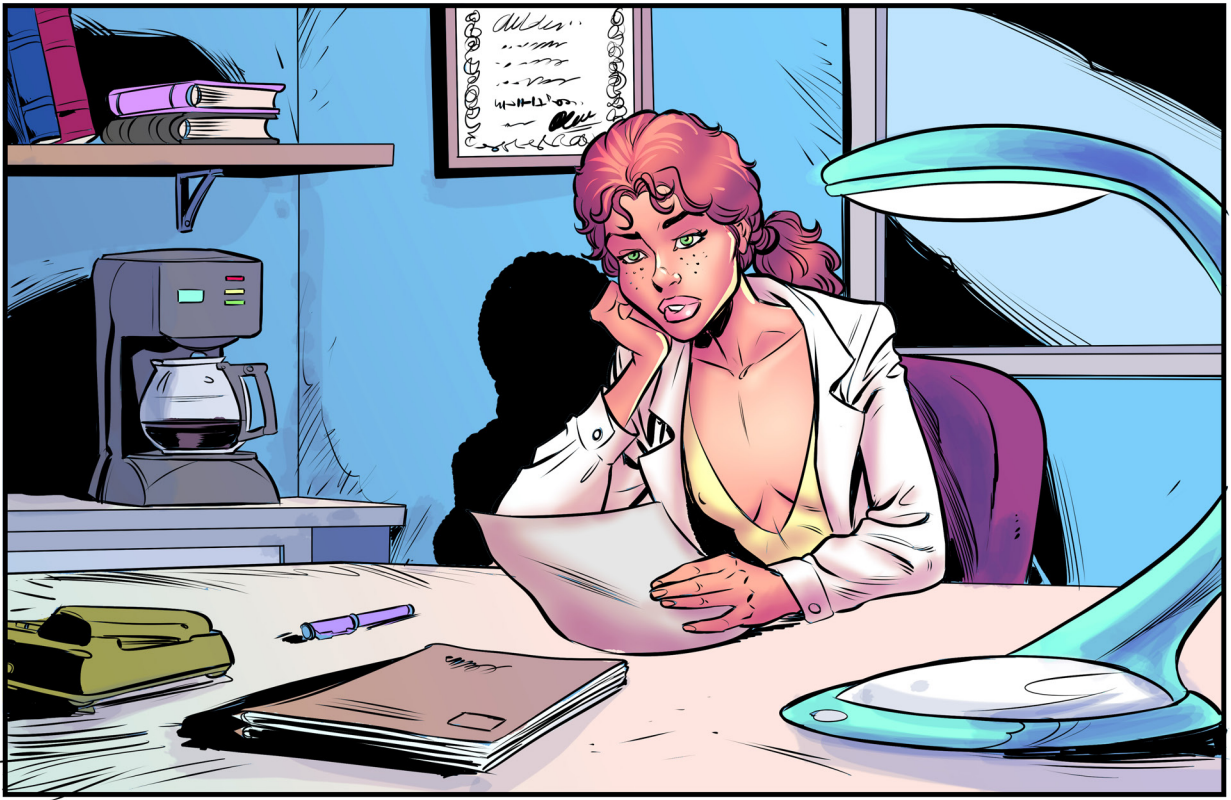
No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, graphic, electronic, or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, taping, or by any information storage retrieval system, without express written permission from the publisher.

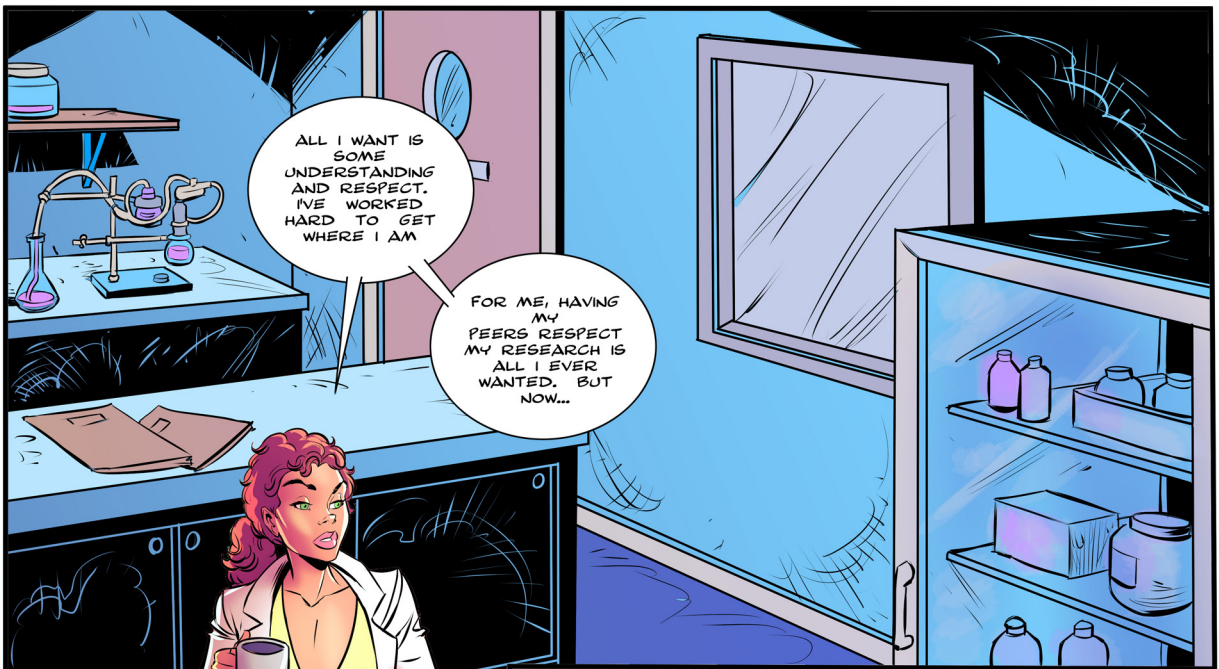


For information address:
340 S Lemon Ave #5700
Los Angeles, CA 91789
United States

Any resemblance to actual people and events is purely coincidental.
This is a work of fiction.

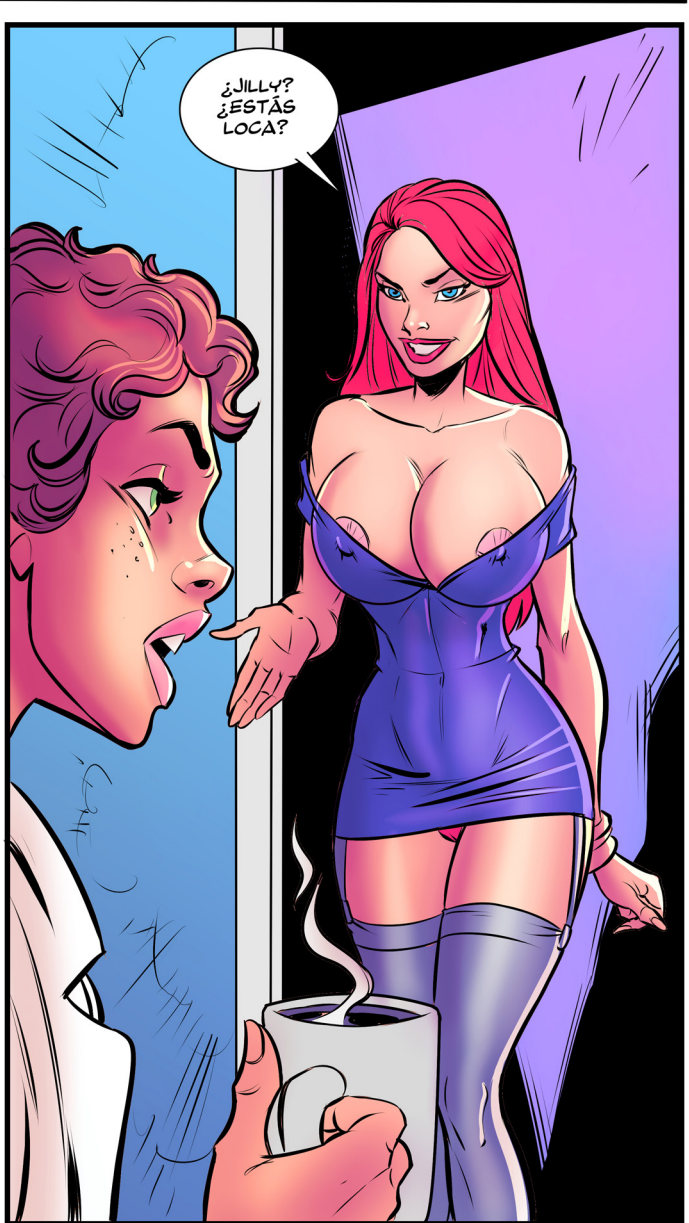
Published in the United States of America





ALL I WANT IS SOME UNDERSTANDING AND RESPECT. I'VE WORKED HARD TO GET WHERE I AM

FOR ME, HAVING MY PEERS RESPECT MY RESEARCH IS ALL I EVER WANTED. BUT NOW...



¿JILLY?
¿ESTÁS LOCA?



AS A WET CAT, I SHOULD BE HEADING THAT GRANT!

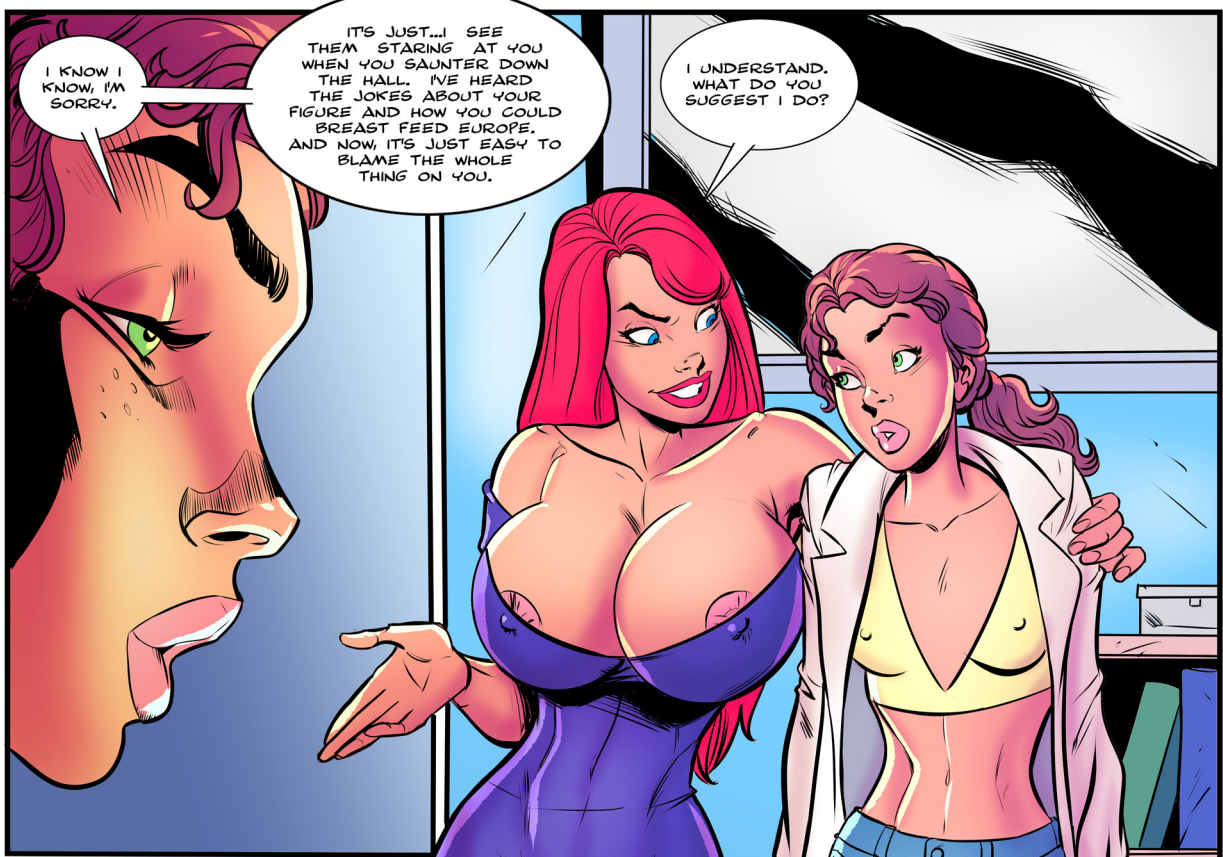
I NUMBER-CRUNCHED FOR TWO YEARS ON THE SIDE, PREPARING TO HEAD THIS DEPARTMENT WHEN DR. REARDON RETIRED.



WHY DID THEY GIVE IT TO YOU?



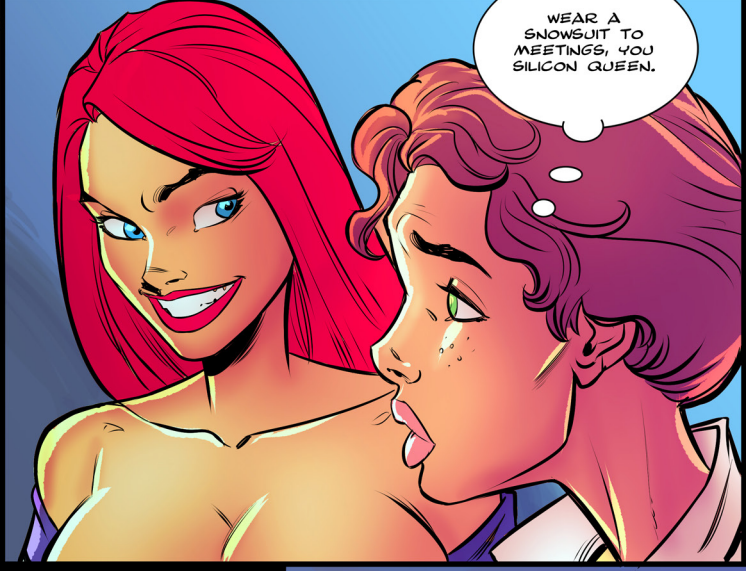
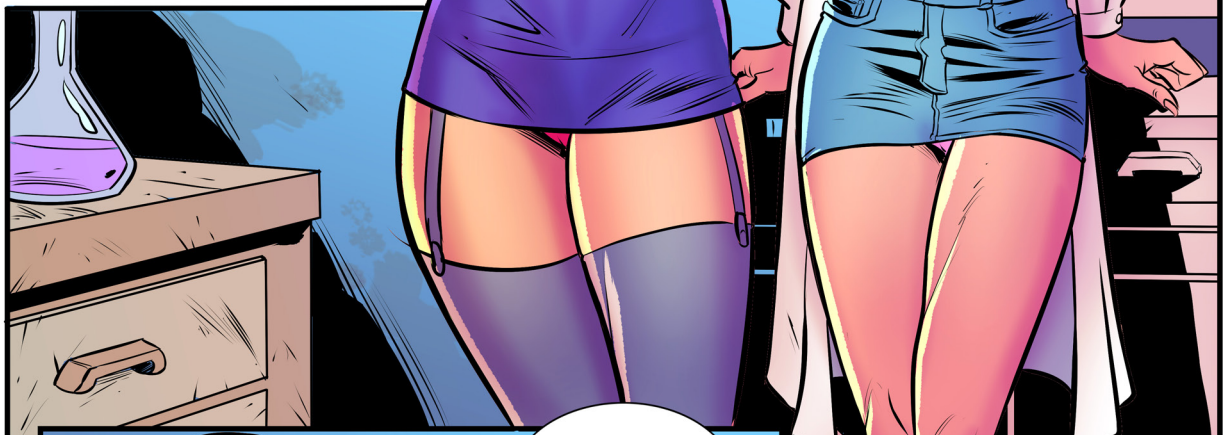
LOOK, I'M SICK OF YOU BLAMING MY SUCCESS ON MY LOOKS. I AM JUST AS COMMITTED TO THIS DEPARTMENT AS YOU.



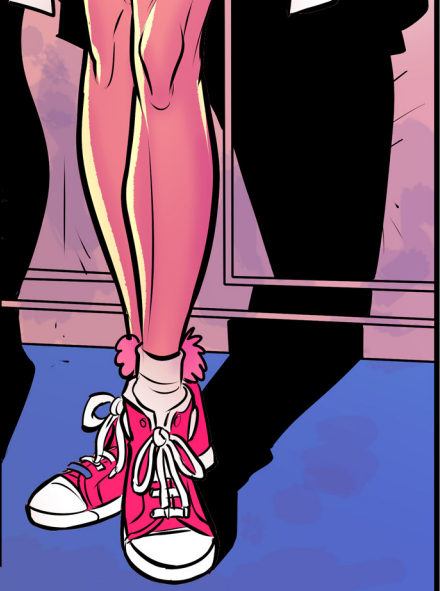
I KNOW I KNOW, I'M SORRY.

IT'S JUST...I SEE THEM STARING AT YOU WHEN YOU SAUNTER DOWN THE HALL. I'VE HEARD THE JOKES ABOUT YOUR FIGURE AND HOW YOU COULD BREAST FEED EUROPE. AND NOW, IT'S JUST EASY TO BLAME THE WHOLE THING ON YOU.

I UNDERSTAND. WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST I DO?

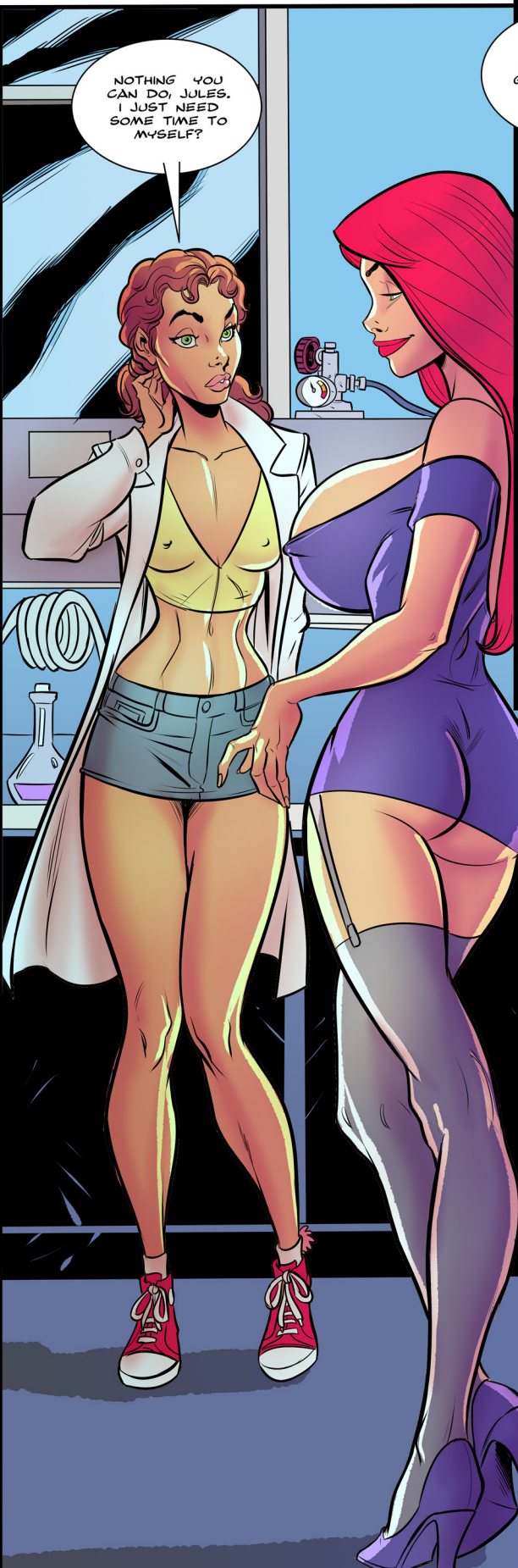


WEAR A SNOWSUIT TO MEETINGS, YOU SILICON QUEEN.





NOTHING YOU CAN DO, JULES. I JUST NEED SOME TIME TO MYSELF?

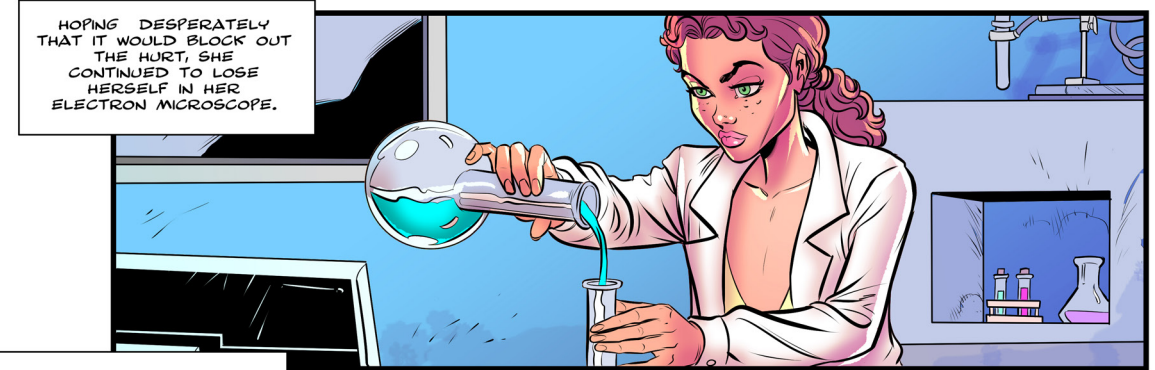


I HEAR YA, HON. I SHOULD GET BACK TO THE PARTY

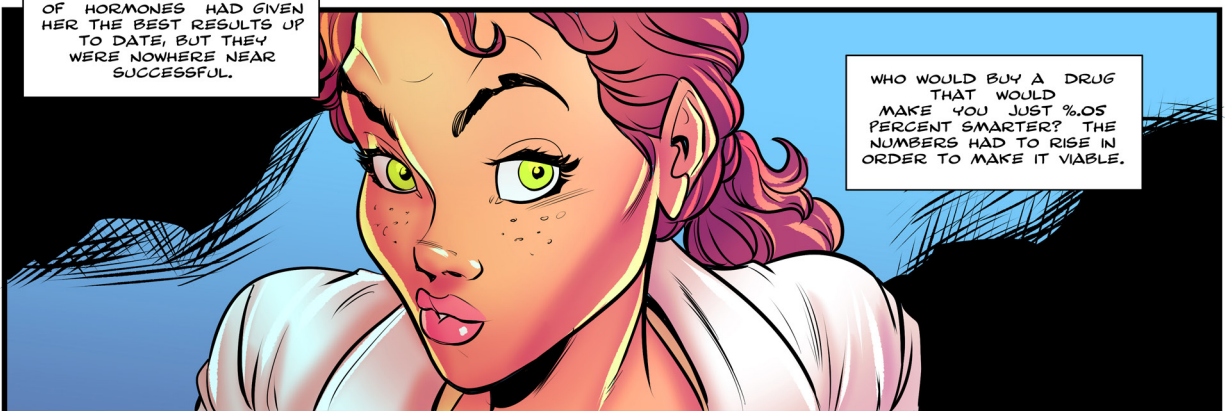




HOURS LATER, JILL CONTINUED TO DROWN HERSELF IN HER RESEARCH.

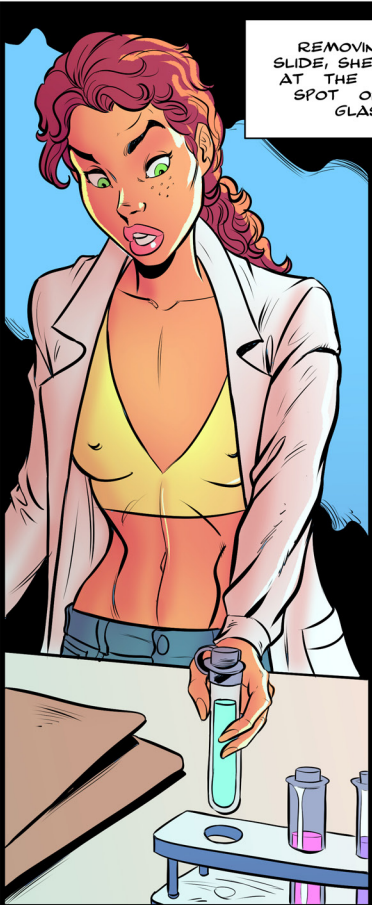


HOPING DESPERATELY THAT IT WOULD BLOCK OUT THE HURT, SHE CONTINUED TO LOSE HERSELF IN HER ELECTRON MICROSCOPE.

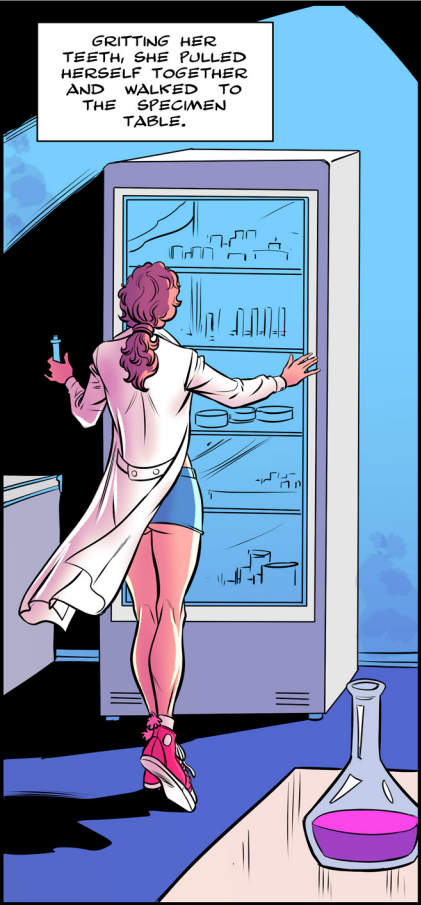
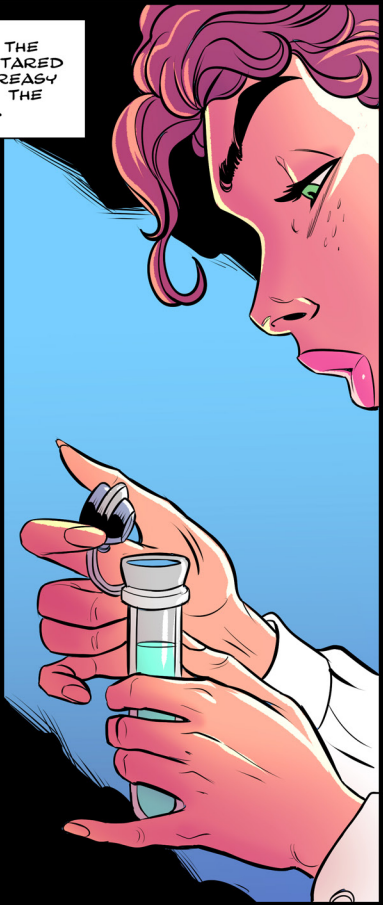


HER LATEST BATCH OF HORMONES HAD GIVEN HER THE BEST RESULTS UP TO DATE, BUT THEY WERE NOWHERE NEAR SUCCESSFUL.

WHO WOULD BUY A DRUG THAT WOULD MAKE YOU JUST 0.05 PERCENT SMARTER? THE NUMBERS HAD TO RISE IN ORDER TO MAKE IT VIABLE.



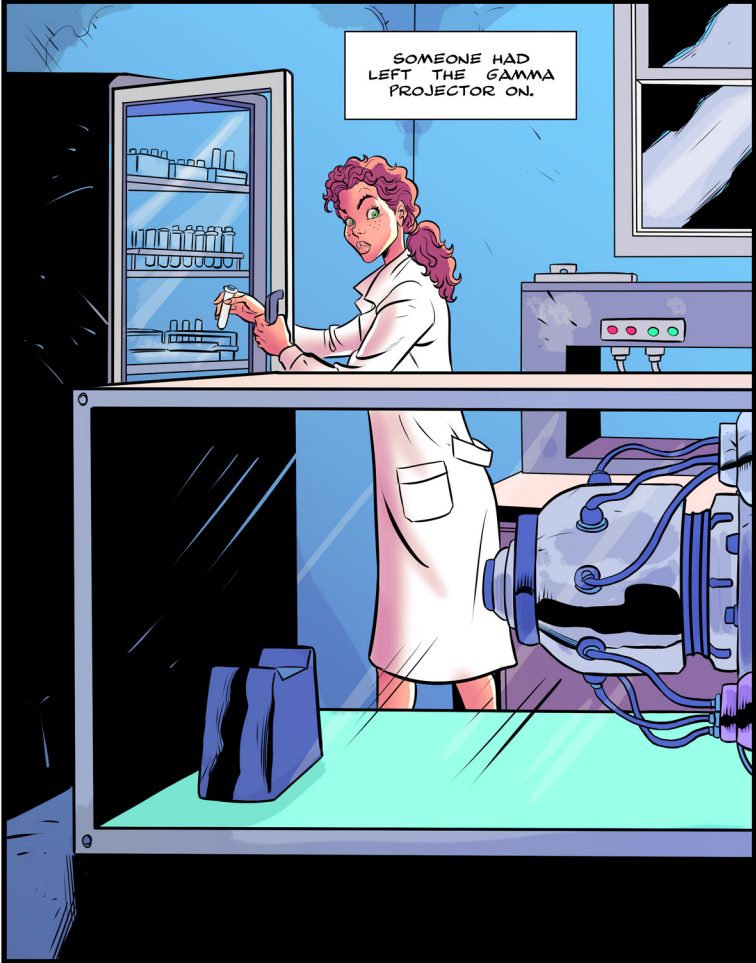
REMOVING THE SLIDE, SHE STARED AT THE GREASY SPOT ON THE GLASS.



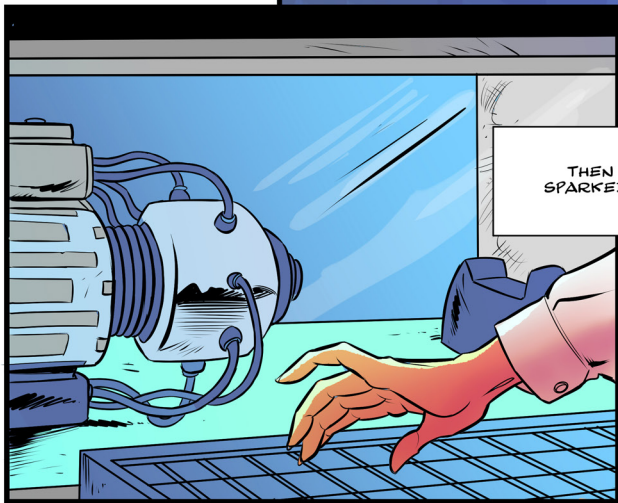
GRITTING HER TEETH, SHE PULLED HERSELF TOGETHER AND WALKED TO THE SPECIMEN TABLE.



JUST AS SHE OPENED THE CABINET, SHE NOTICED THE REFLECTION OF A LIGHT IN THE GLASS DOOR.



SOMEONE HAD LEFT THE GAMMA PROJECTOR ON.

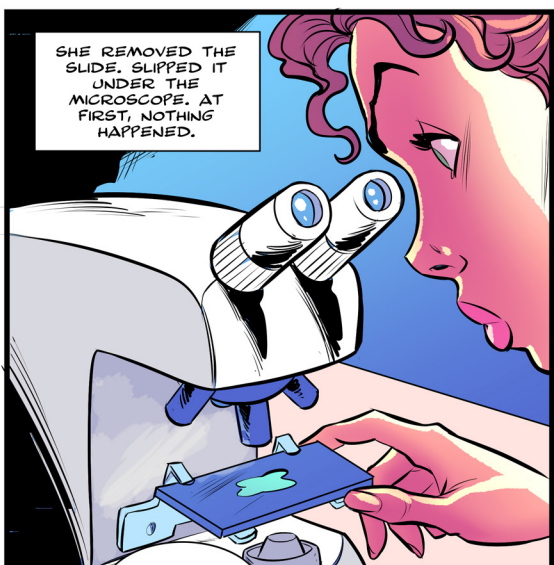


THEN SOMETHING SPARKED INSIDE HER.

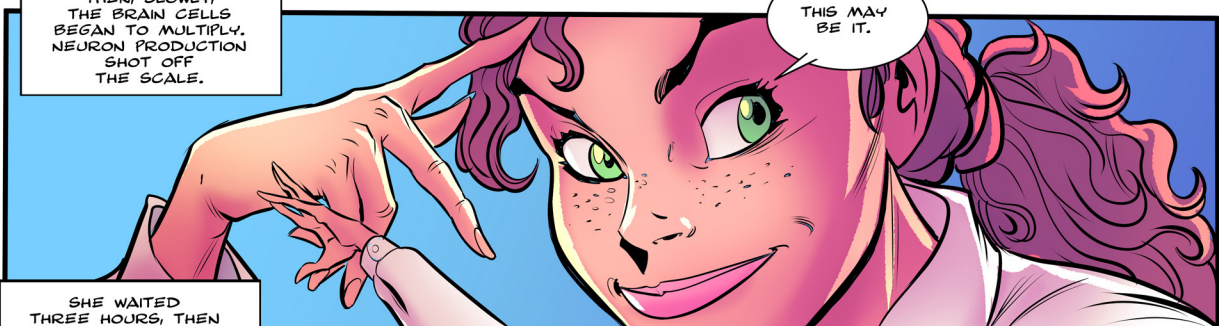




GAMMA RAYS?

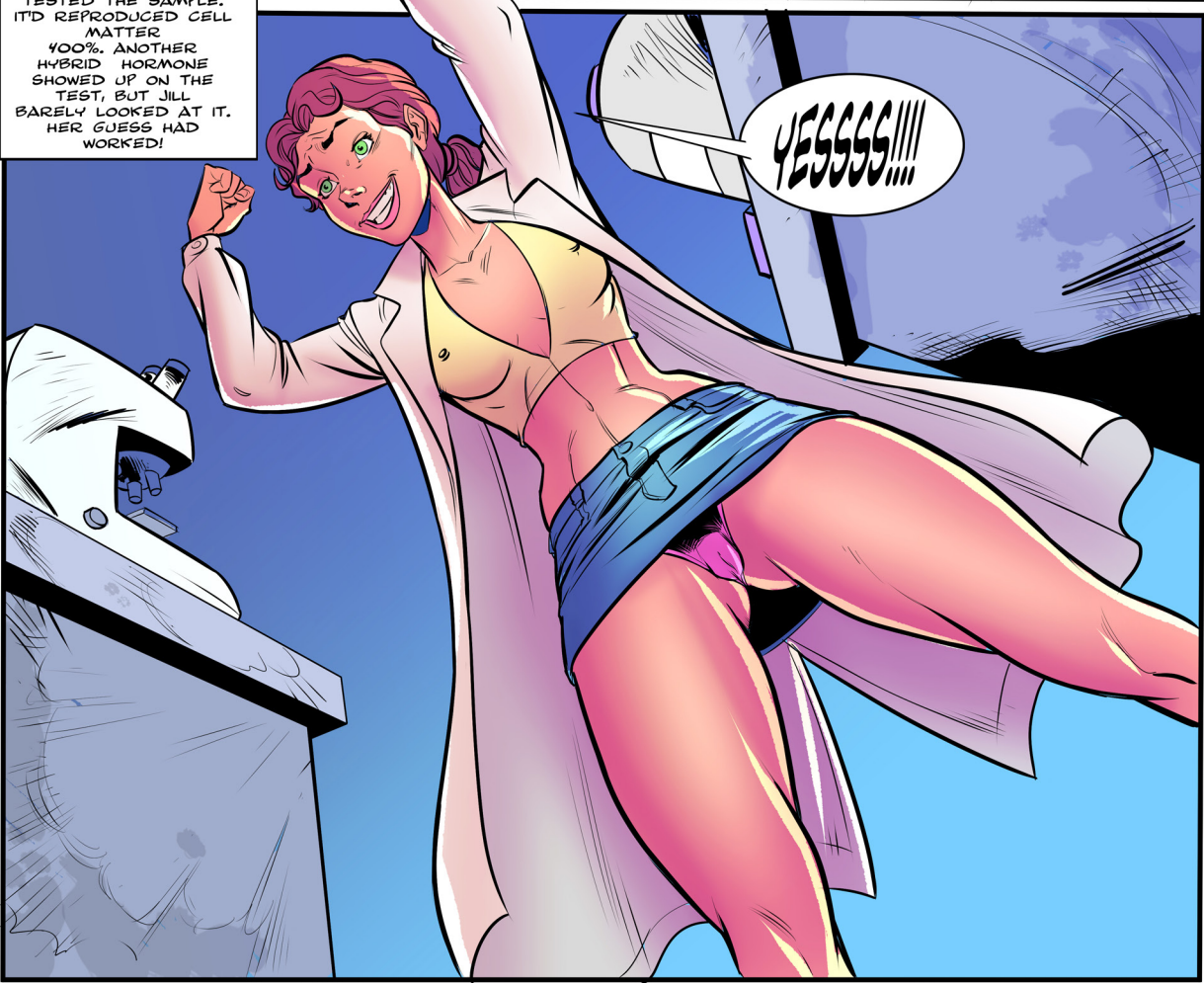


SHE REMOVED THE SLIDE, SLIPPED IT UNDER THE MICROSCOPE. AT FIRST, NOTHING HAPPENED.



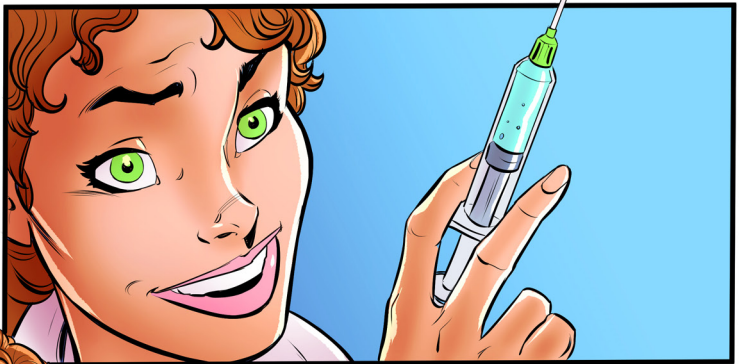
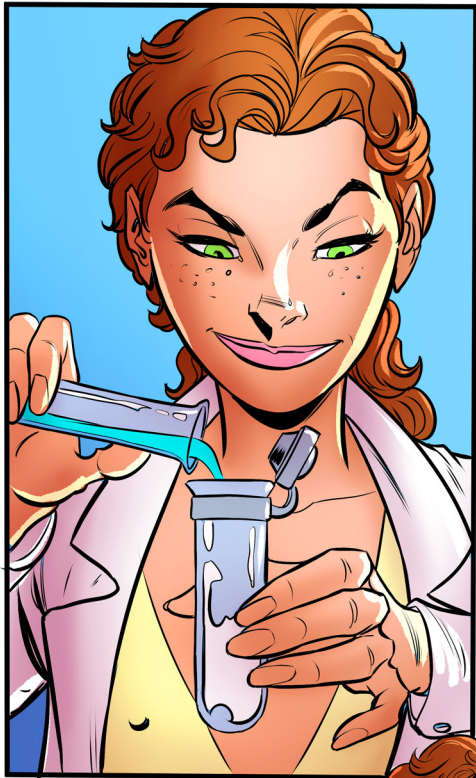
THIS MAY BE IT.

THEN, SLOWLY, THE BRAIN CELLS BEGAN TO MULTIPLY. NEURON PRODUCTION SHOT OFF THE SCALE.



YESSSSS!!!!

SHE WAITED THREE HOURS, THEN TESTED THE SAMPLE. IT'D REPRODUCED CELL MATTER 400%. ANOTHER HYBRID HORMONE SHOWED UP ON THE TEST, BUT JILL BARELY LOOKED AT IT. HER GUESS HAD WORKED!



TO BE CONTINUED...

Additional issues are available at Botcomics