

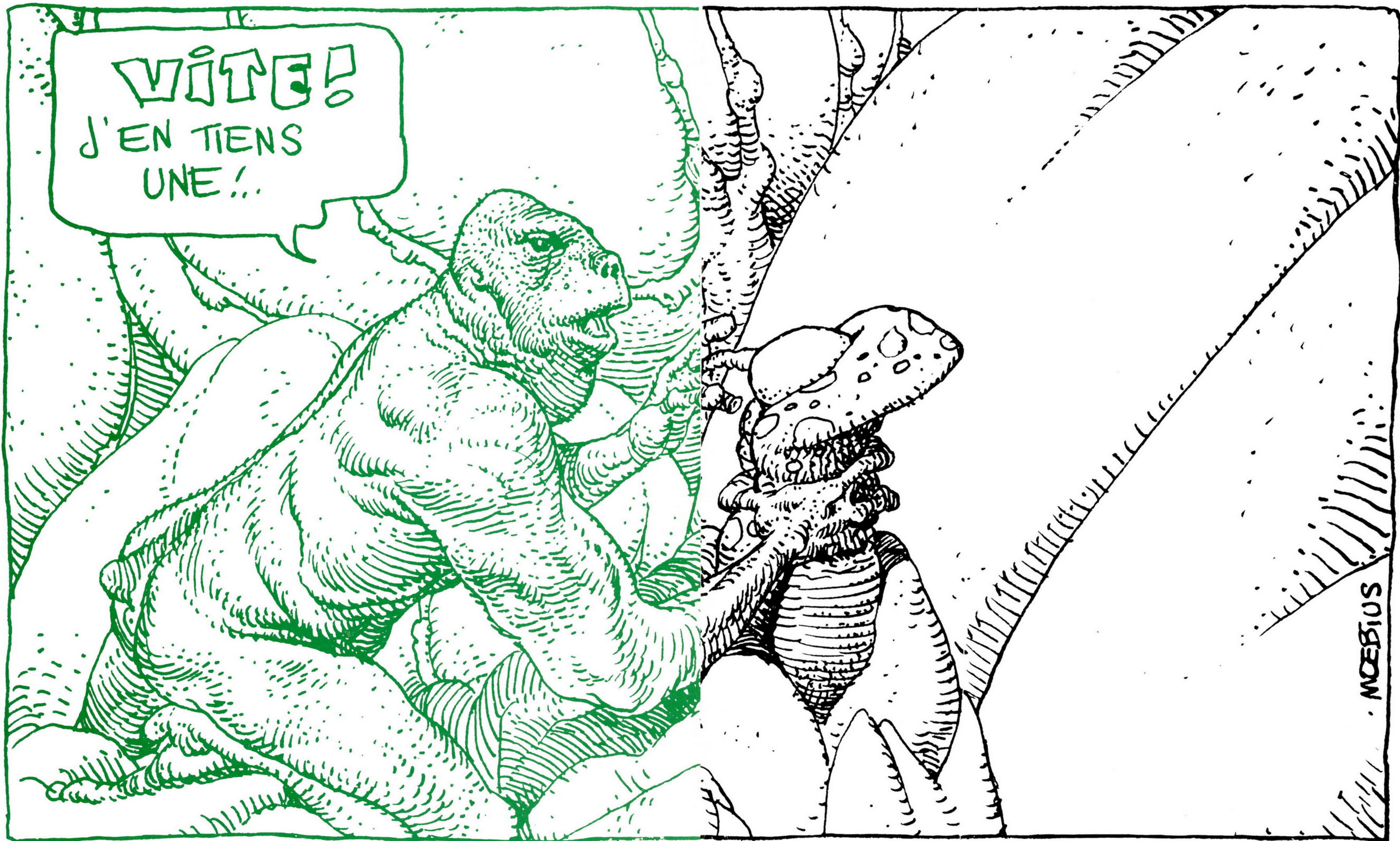
HEAVY
METAL
PRESENTS

IS MAN GOOD?

By
MOEBIUS



WITE!
J'EN TIENS
UNE!...



NOEBIUS

Art Director: **John Workman**
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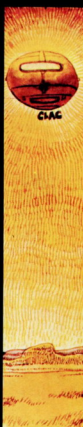
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ISBN 0-930-36892-4



USO IT GOES



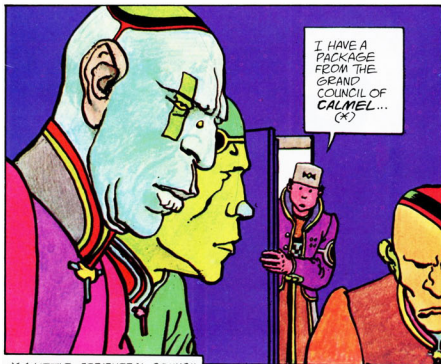
MOEBIUS IS MAN GOOD?

**Translated by Sean Kelly
and Valerie Marchant**

BLACK THURSDAY

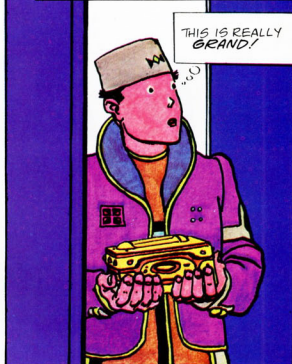
By MOEBIUS of the INSTITUTE

DURING THAT PERIOD, **JEERMAN CLOZER** WAS ONLY A LITTLE ERRAND BOY, DOING WHATEVER CAME HIS WAY.

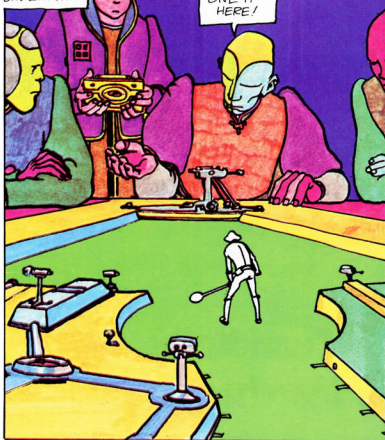


* A LITTLE, PERIPHERAL COUNCIL

AT THAT TIME IN HIS LIFE, HE WAS EASILY INTIMIDATED BY THE GODS.



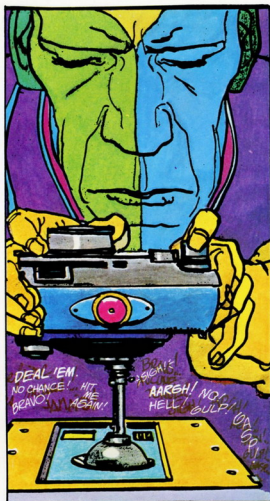
THE GAME WAS UNDERWAY.



EVERYONE HELD HIS BREATH.



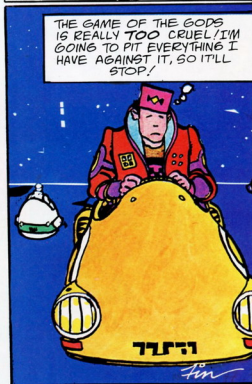
MOEBIUS



SUDDENLY, A BOLT OF LIGHT
PIERCED THE UNFORTU-
NATE CHAMPION QUITE
THROUGH--AND HE DIED...



LATER THAT MONTH, WHILE RIDING
A VEHICLE, **JERMAN CLOZER**
MADE THE MOST IMPORTANT
DECISION OF HIS LIFE.

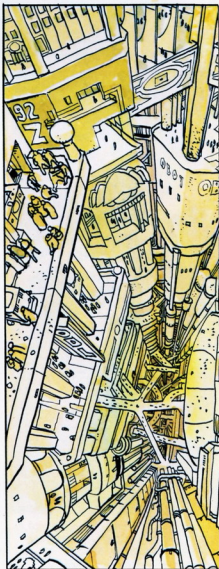
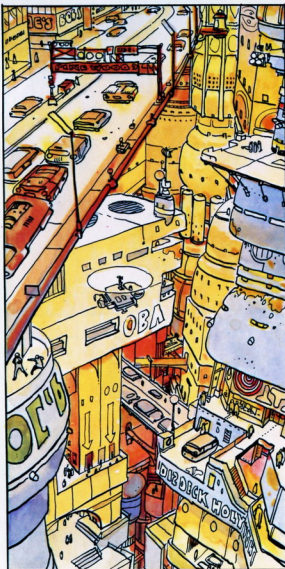
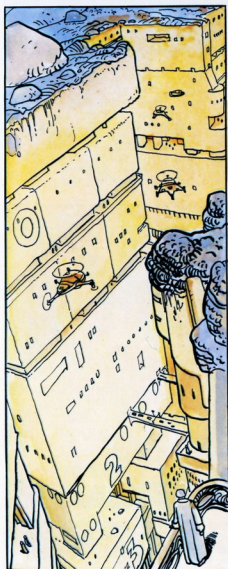


THIS DECISION HAD ABSOLUTELY
NO EFFECT ON THE **GAME OF
THE GODS**, WHICH GOES ON
FOREVER.

THE LONG TOMORROW

by DAN O'BANNON

art by
MOEBIUS



I'M A
PRIVATE
EYE...

THAT DAY STARTED
OUT LIKE ALL
THE OTHERS...

MY OFFICE IS ON 97TH STREET,
MY NAME IS PETE CLUB...

BZZZZ
BZZZ

YEAH... CLUB
CONFIDENTIAL
INVESTIGATIONS...
YOU GOT CLUB.

IT WAS A DAME OVER IN THE
TWELFTH ZONE... VERY RITZY AREA...
VERY HUSH-HUSH BUSINESS...

DOLLY VOOK
DE KATTER-
BAR...

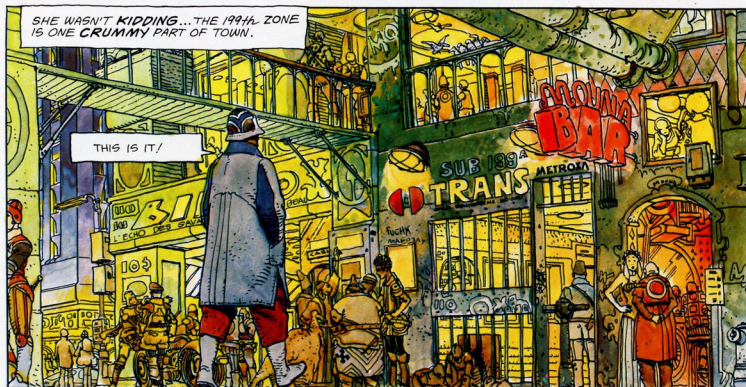
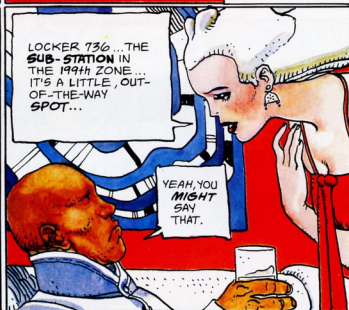
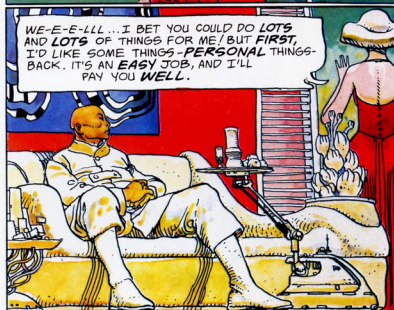
I DON'T OFTEN GET
A CHANCE TO HANG
OUT WITH PEOPLE
THIS HIGH UP.

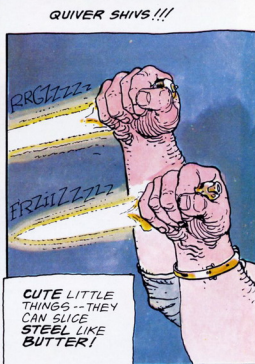
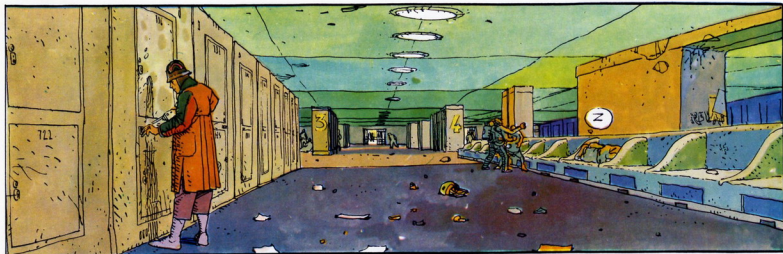
I THREW ON MY TRENCH
COAT AND GOT GOING.

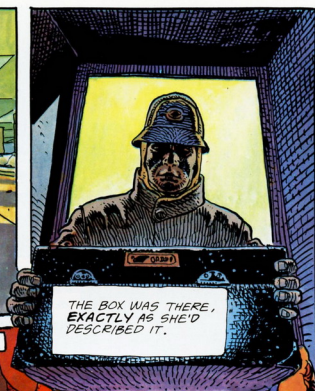
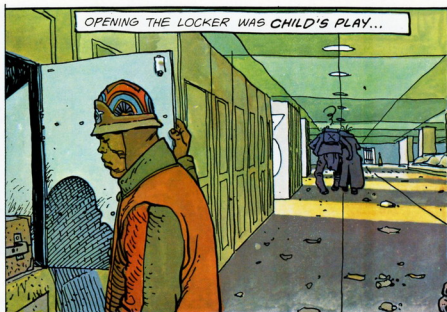
SHE WAS WAITING FOR ME
IN HER SNAZZY CONAPT.

HEY...
THIS
DOLLY
VAN DE
KATTER-
BAR IS
SOME
LOOK-
ER!

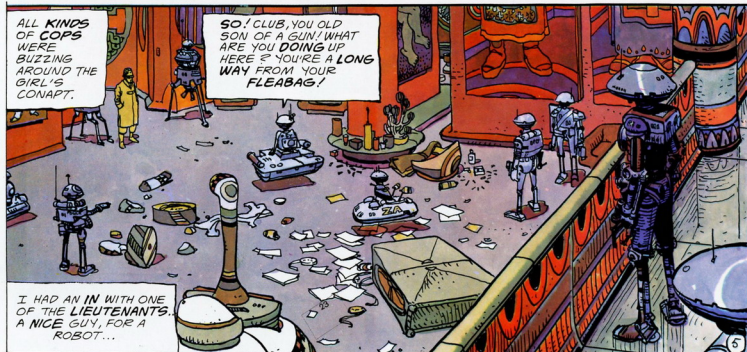
GOOD
DAY, MR.
CLUB!



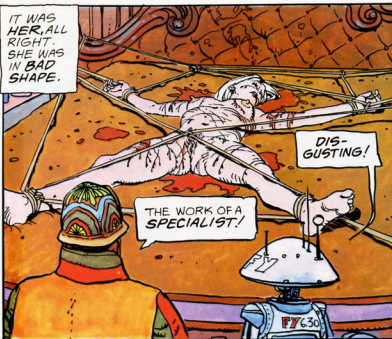




I MADE TRACKS BACK TO DOLLY VOOK DE KATTERBAR.



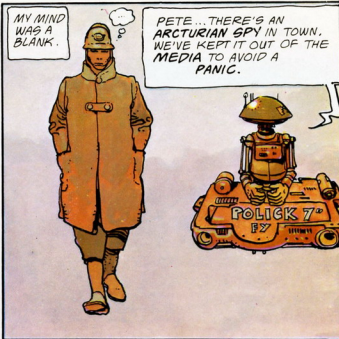
IT WAS HER, ALL RIGHT. SHE WAS IN BAD SHAPE.



DIS-GUSTING!

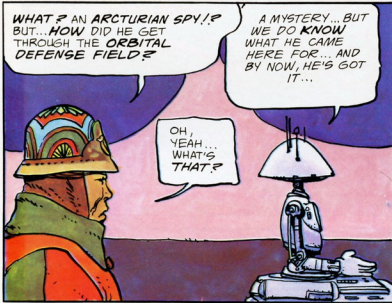
THE WORK OF A SPECIALIST!

MY MIND WAS A BLANK.



PETE...THERE'S AN ARCTURIAN SPY IN TOWN. WE'VE KEPT IT OUT OF THE MEDIA TO AVOID A PANIC.

WHAT? AN ARCTURIAN SPY!? BUT...HOW DID HE GET THROUGH THE ORBITAL DEFENSE FIELD?



A MYSTERY...BUT WE DO KNOW WHAT HE CAME HERE FOR...AND BY NOW, HE'S GOT IT...

OH, YEAH...WHAT'S THAT?

THE MAJOR'S BRAIN!

OH, YES!

IT HAD TO HAPPEN SOME DAY.



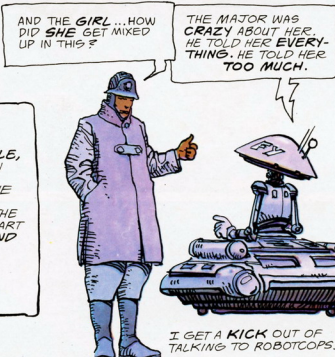
BUT I SAW THE MAJOR THIS MORNING, AT THE BLOOD BANK!



AND THE GIRL...HOW DID SHE GET MIXED UP IN THIS?

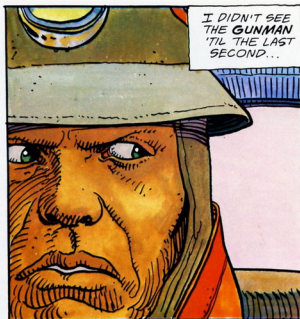
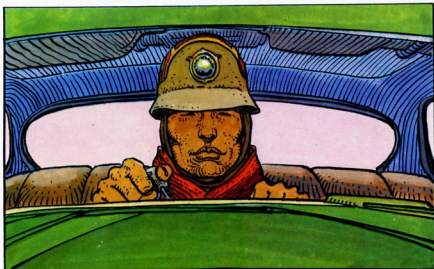
THE MAJOR WAS CRAZY ABOUT HER. HE TOLD HER EVERYTHING. HE TOLD HER TOO MUCH.

THAT WAS AN ANDROID-DOUBLE, PETE...WE'RE IN DEEP SHIT...WE HAVE TO GET THE MAJOR'S BRAIN BACK BEFORE THE ARCTURIANS START MESSING AROUND WITH IT.

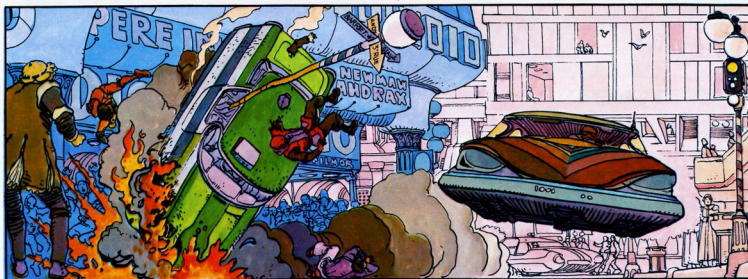
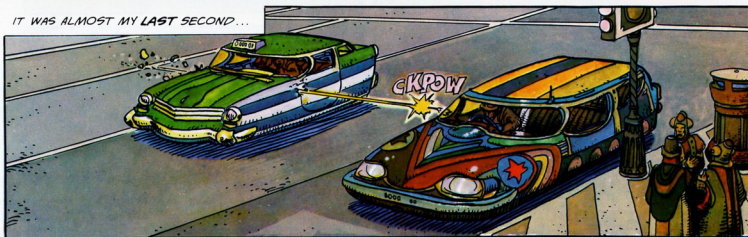


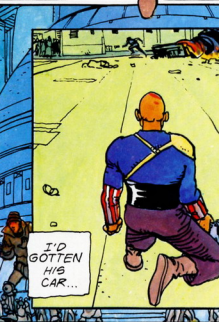
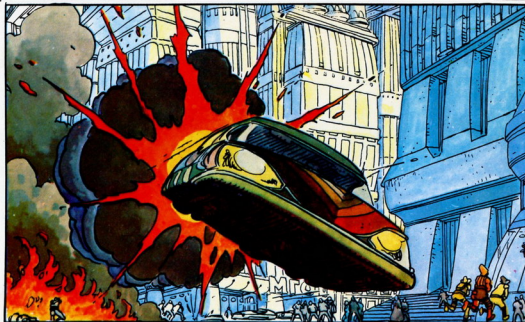
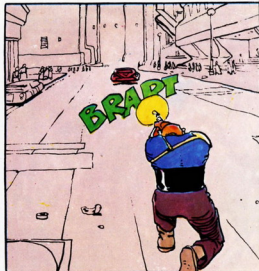
I GET A KICK OUT OF TALKING TO ROBOTCOPS!

I DECIDED TO GET BACK TO THE OFFICE... I WAS STARTING TO GET **VERY CURIOUS** ABOUT WHAT WAS IN THAT BOX.

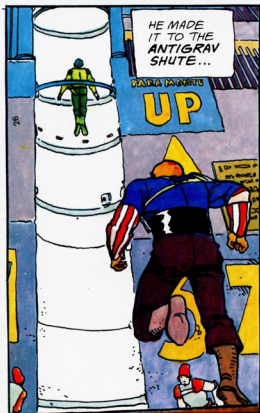
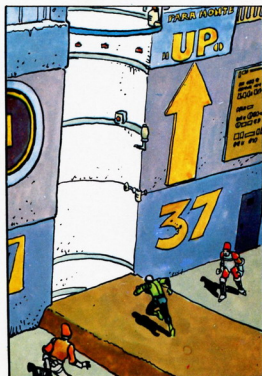


IT WAS ALMOST MY LAST SECOND...





BUT MY NEW FRIEND KEPT RIGHT ON GOING.



TO BE CONTINUED...

THE LONG TOMORROW

PART 2

STORY: DAN O'BANNON
ART: MOEBIUS

"I TAILED THE GUY WHO'D JUST TRIED TO SNUFF ME UP THE ANTI-GRAV SHUTES TO THE SURFACE. WE WERE IN THE ASTROPORT, SURROUNDED BY SPACE CRUISERS..."

"HE WAS YOUR STANDARD ISSUE KILLER, WEARING THE REGULATION UNIFORM OF THE BONDED HIT MAN'S UNION... I KNOW THE TYPE. THEY'RE USEFUL. JUST FOLLOWING ORDERS. BUT WITH A CHANCE TO GET MY MITTS ON ONE..."

"ALL ALONE OUT THERE, WITHOUT WITNESSES..."

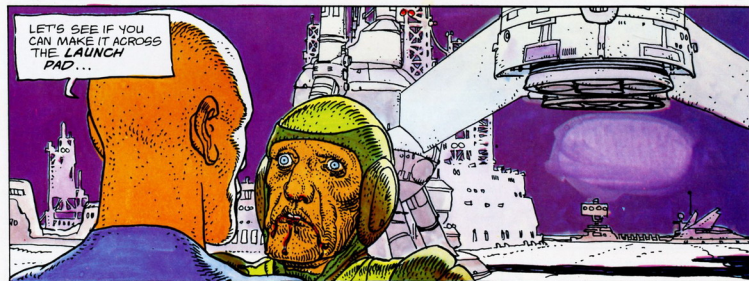
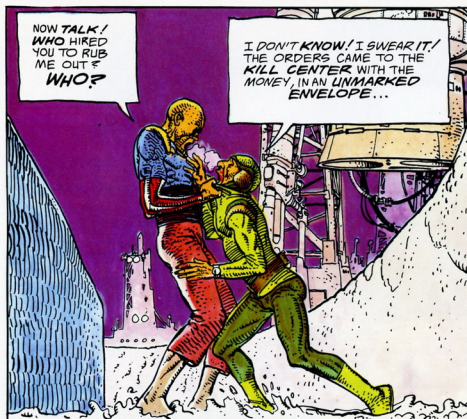
"I DIDN'T EXACTLY TAKE IT EASY ON HIM..."

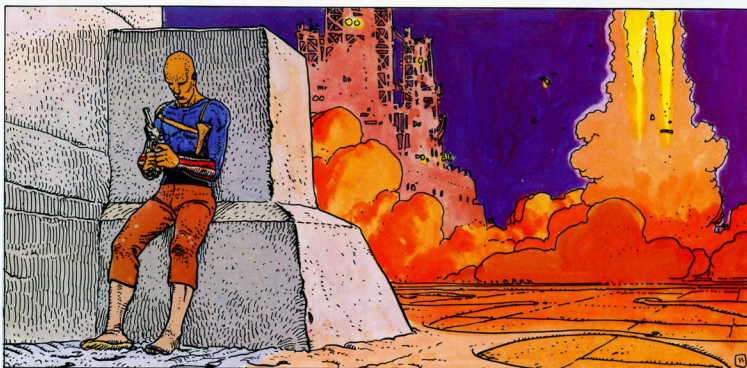
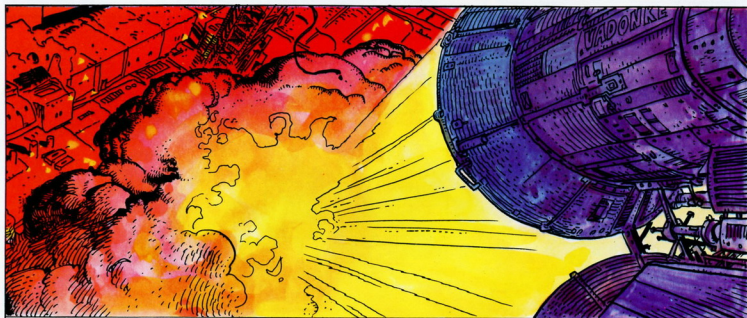
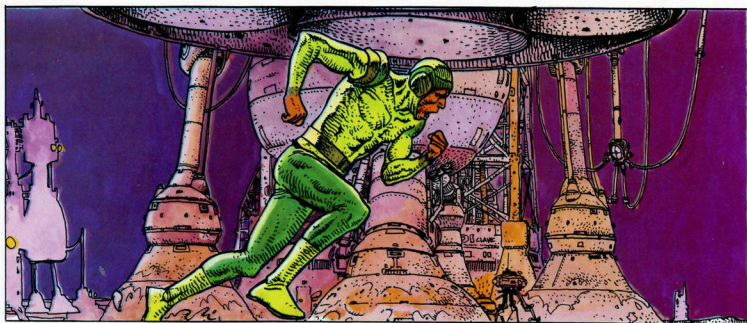
MAYBE THIS'LL SLOW YOU DOWN, FRIEND!

SHOCK

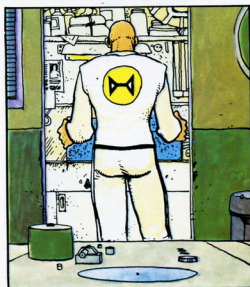
BUMB

POMP





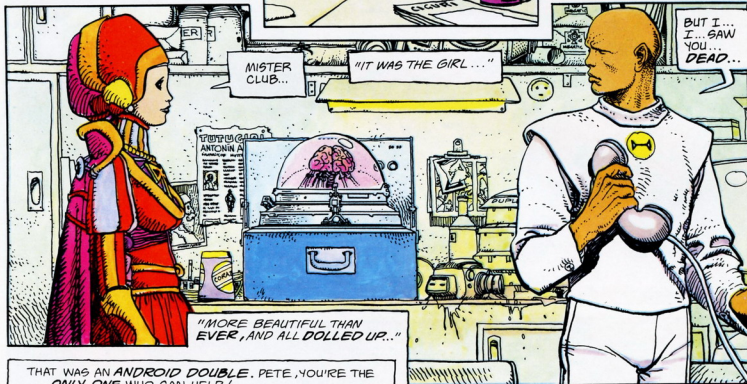
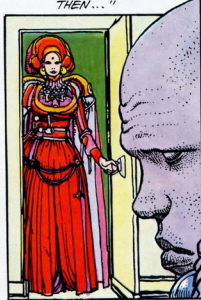
"I MADE IT BACK TO MY OFFICE,
AND GOT BUSY OPENING UP
THAT SUITCASE..."



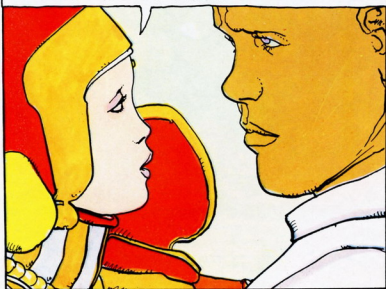
"JUST AS I THOUGHT...THE **MATOR'S**
BRAIN WAS IN THERE..."



"I FIGURED I'D BETTER
CALL LIEUTENANT FY.
THEN..."

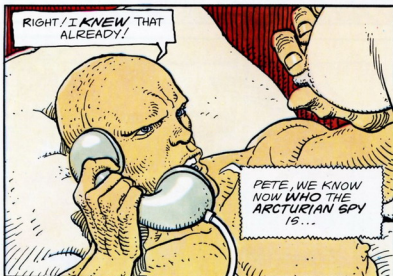
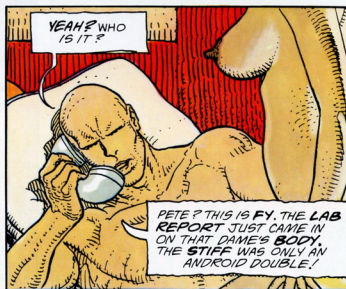
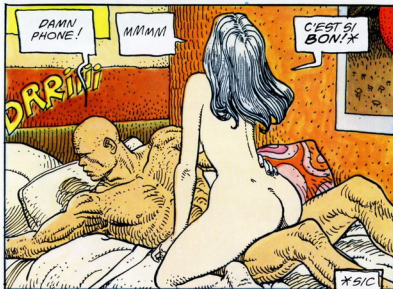
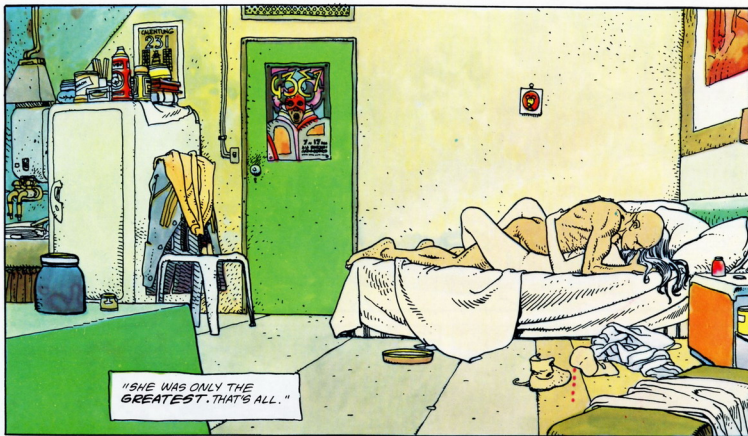


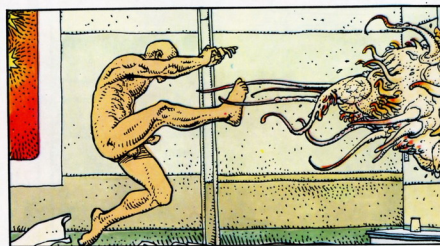
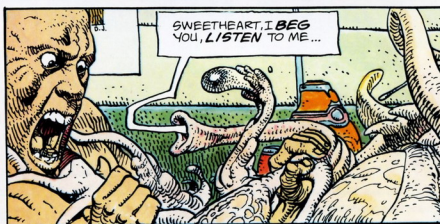
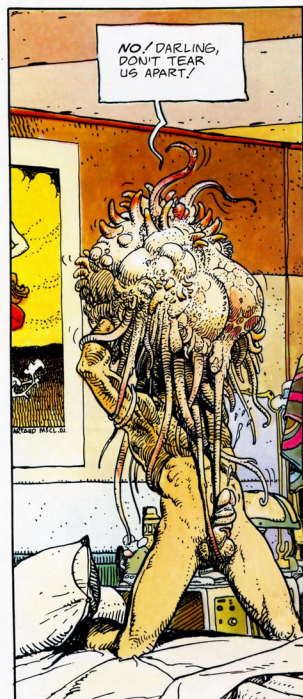
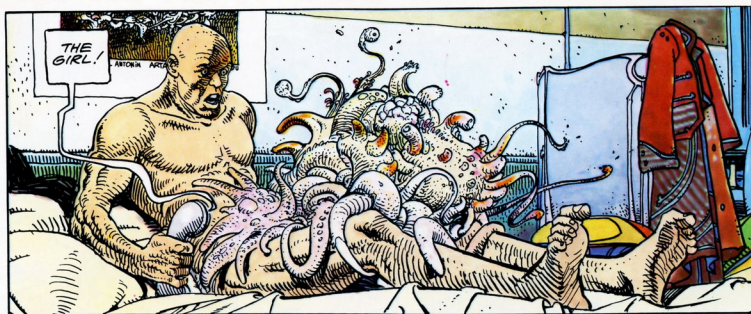
THAT WAS AN **ANDROID DOUBLE**. PETE, YOU'RE THE
ONLY ONE WHO CAN HELP!

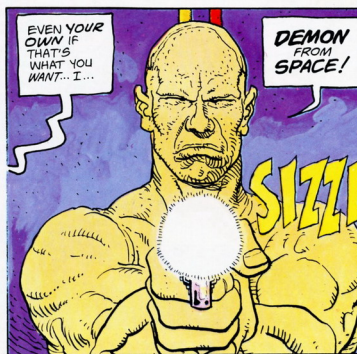
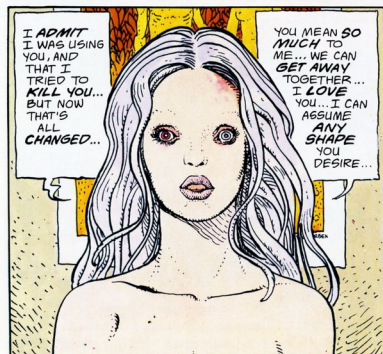
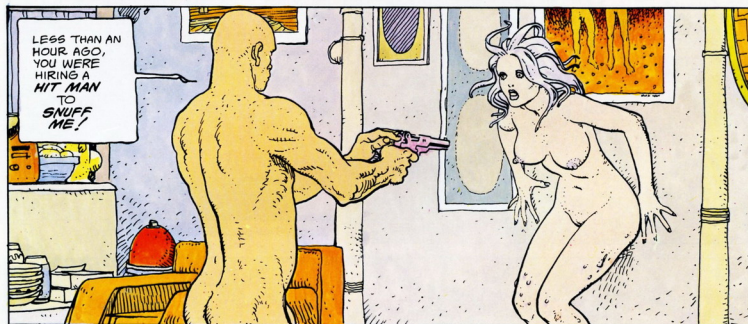
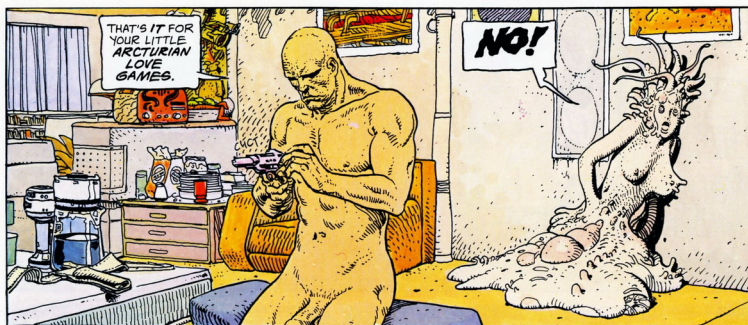


OH, PLEASE SAY YOU'LL HELP
ME!

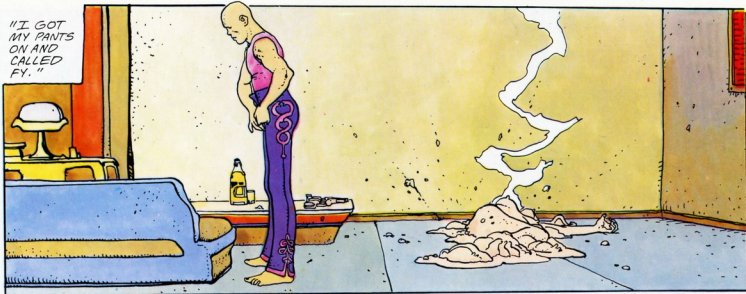




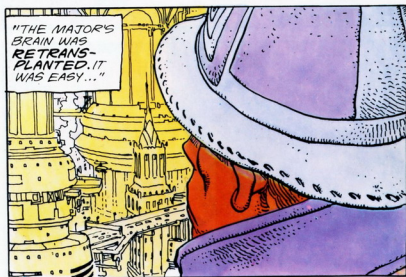




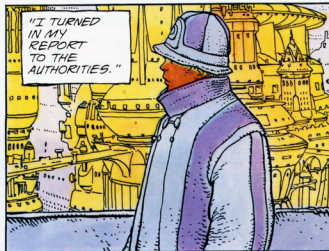
"I GOT
MY PANTS
ON AND
CALLED
FY."



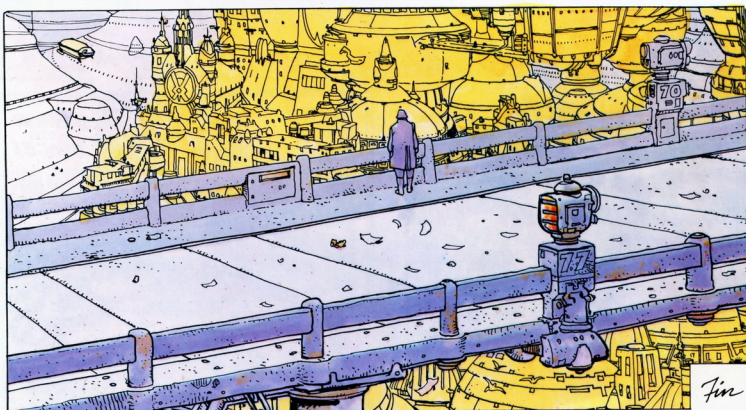
"THE MAJOR'S
BRAIN WAS
RETRANS-
PLANTED.
IT WAS EASY..."



"I TURNED
IN MY
REPORT
TO THE
AUTHORITIES."



"IT WAS AN OLD STORY... MEANINGLESS..."



Fin

"JUST A STORY. AND THERE ARE EIGHT MILLION LIKE IT IN THIS CITY, DRIFTING THROUGH ETERNITY."

MARVELS OF THE UNIVERSE



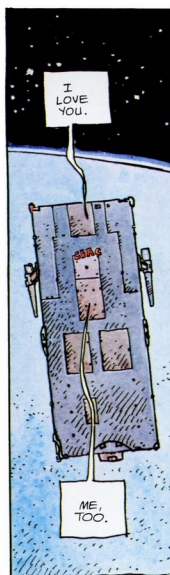
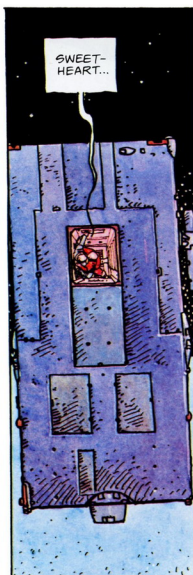
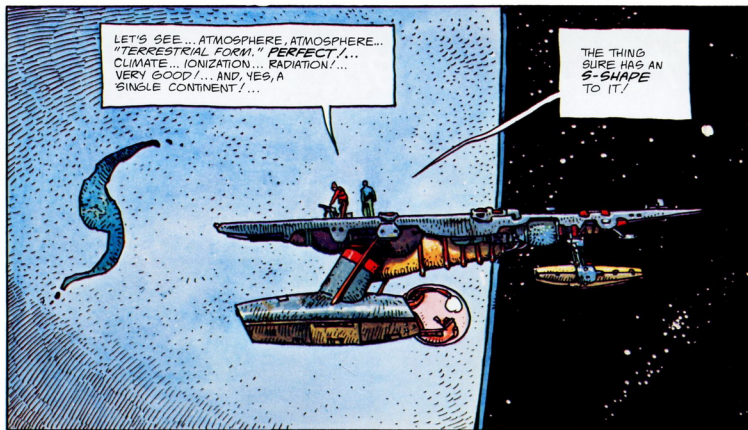
A TYPICAL "FAMILY" OF SWIMMERS
THIS ANTIQUE PICTURE SHOWS AN ORDINARY FAMILY OF AIR-SWIMMERS...
NOTICE ON THE BOTTOM, THE TOP AND FROM LEFT TO RIGHT THE
FLIER, THE RIDER, THE SPEEDER, THE TWO FRIFONS, THE MAJEN AND
THE TOOPONDPOO, SO CONTROVERSIAL IN OUR DAY...
IN THE BACKGROUND, OTHER FAMILIES GRACEFULLY EXERCISE
AGAINST THE BROKEN SKYLINE OF THE VERLUSIAN MOUNTAINS.

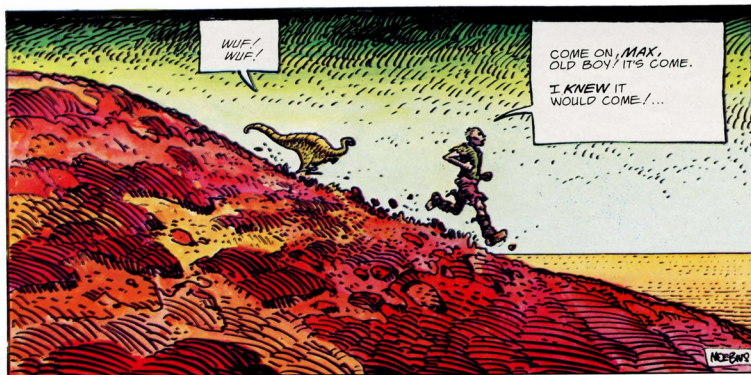
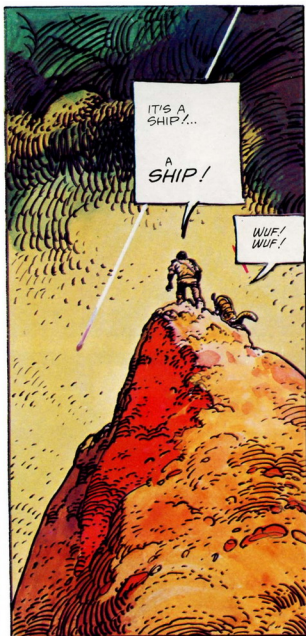
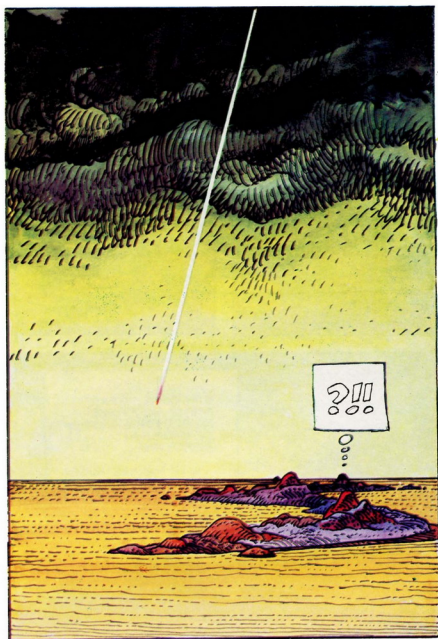
It's a Small Universe

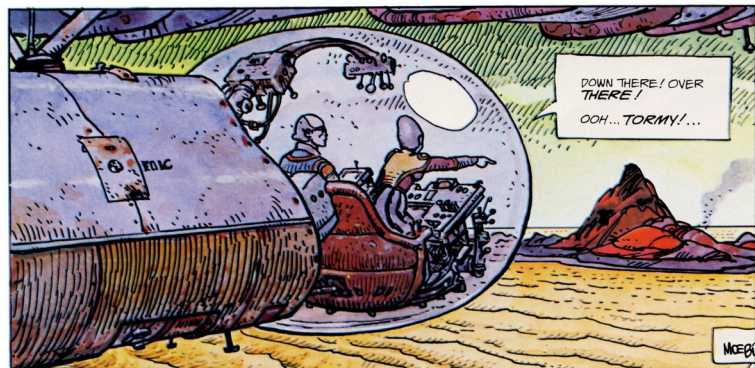
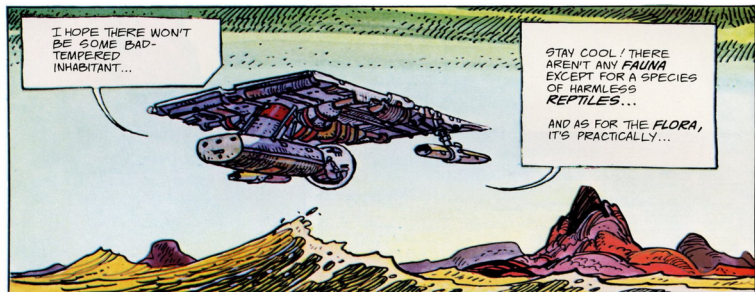
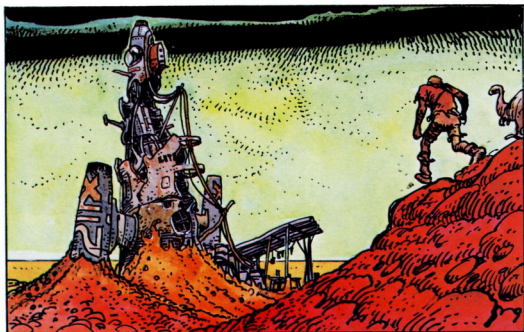
FANTASTIC! IT'S
EXACTLY THE TYPE
OF PLANET WE'VE
BEEN LOOKING
FOR!

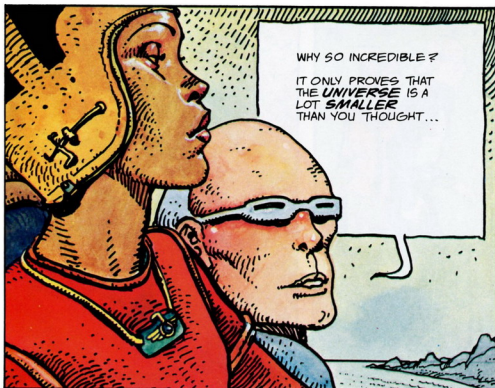
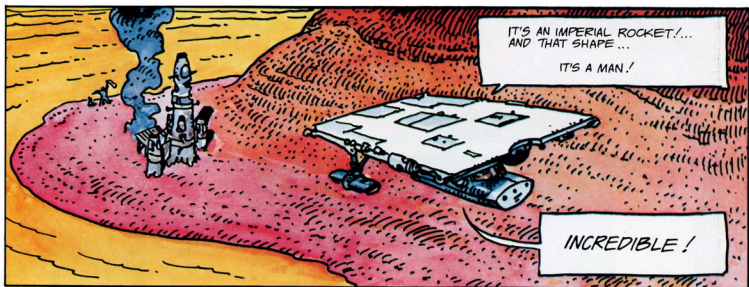
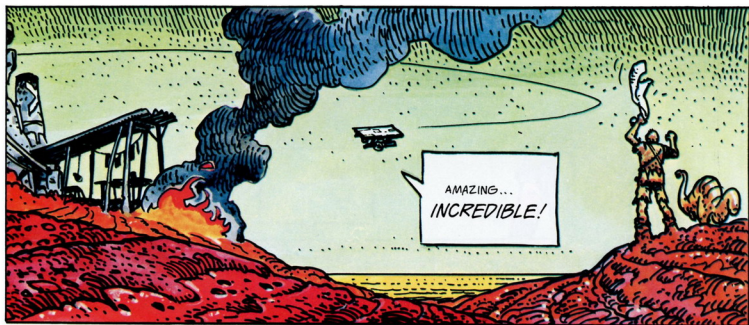


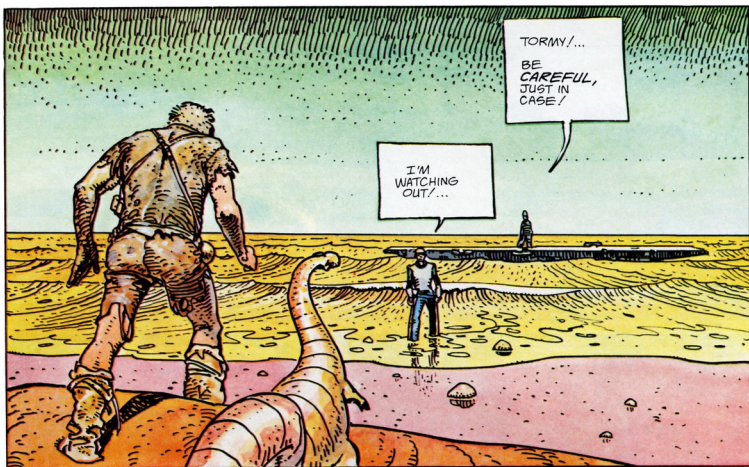
WHAT
DOES THE
SONAR
SAY,
HONEY?...

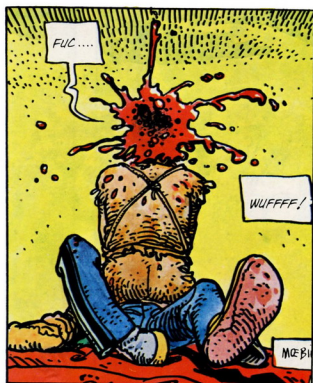
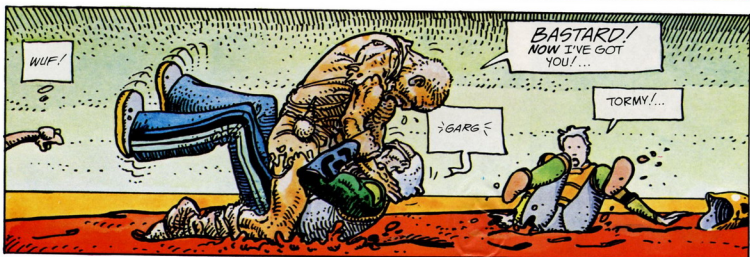
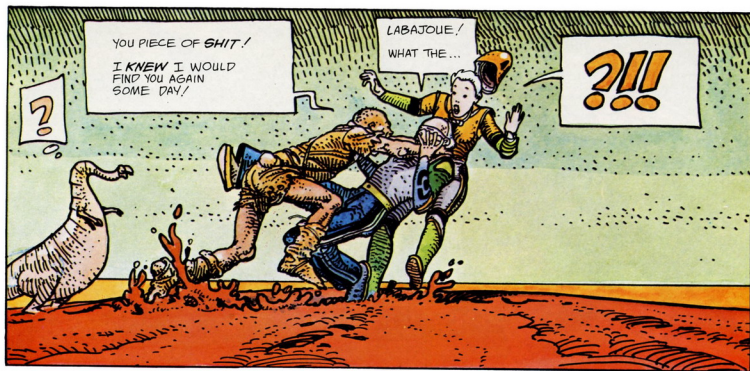


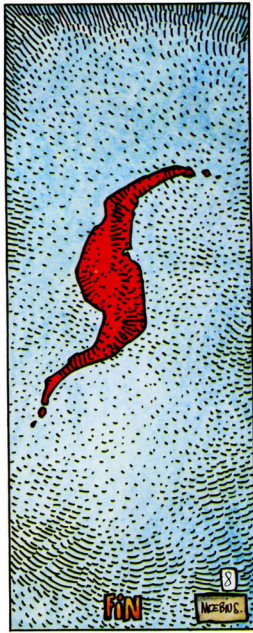
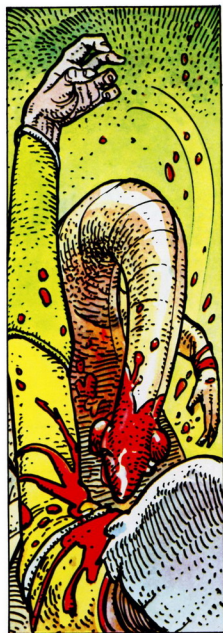
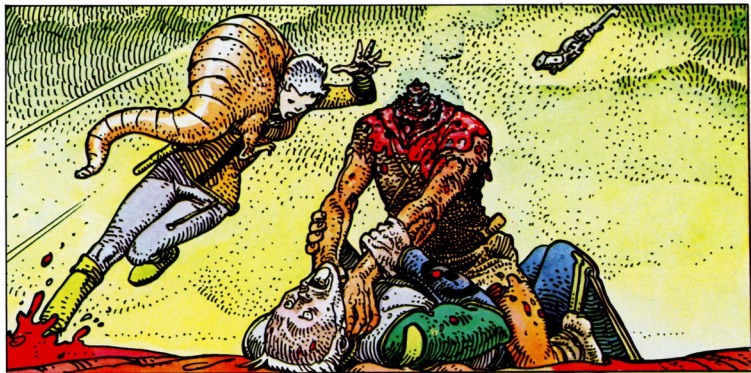








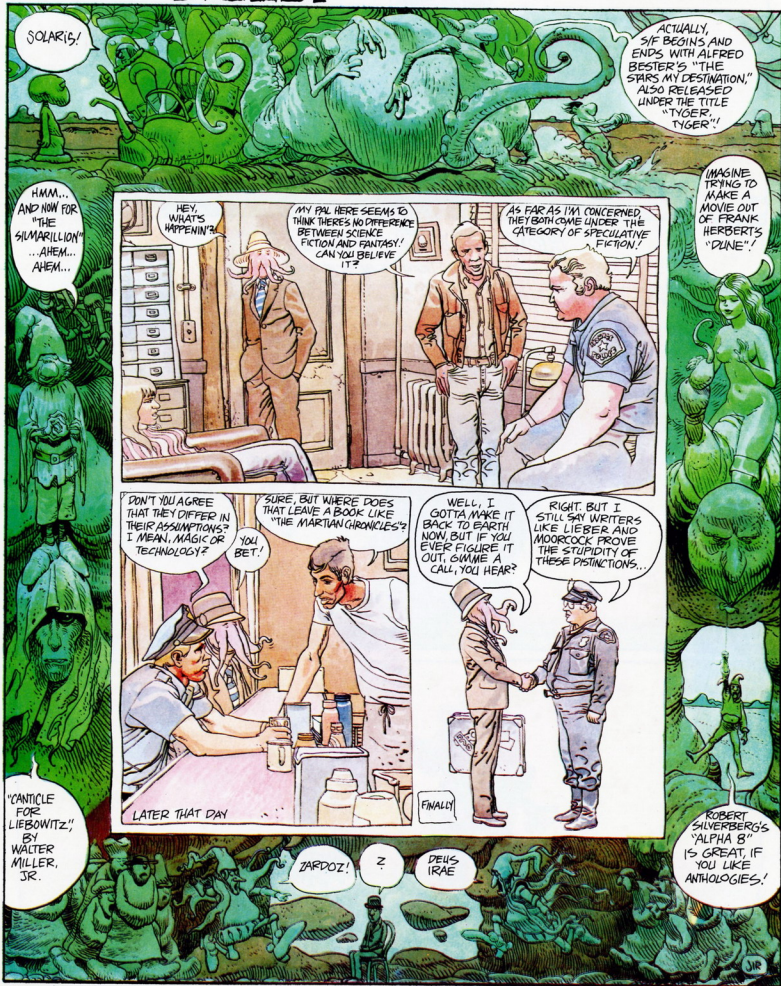


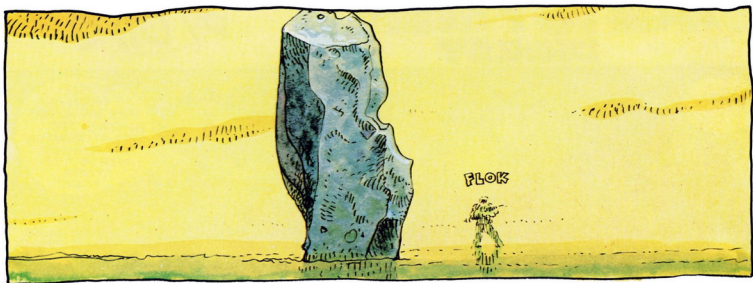


FIN

SYANTS FIKSHUN DIGEST

by GIR

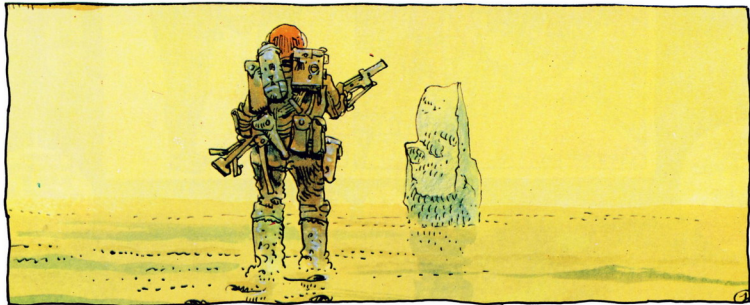
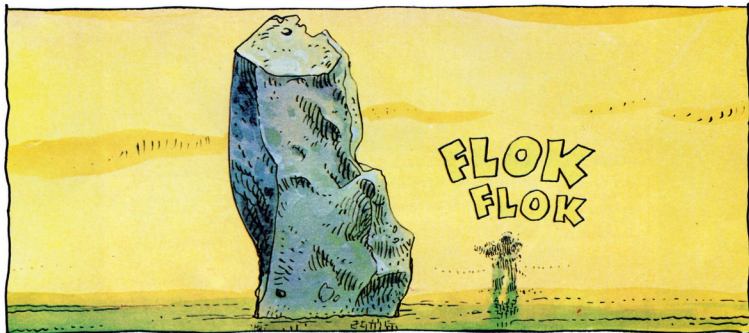


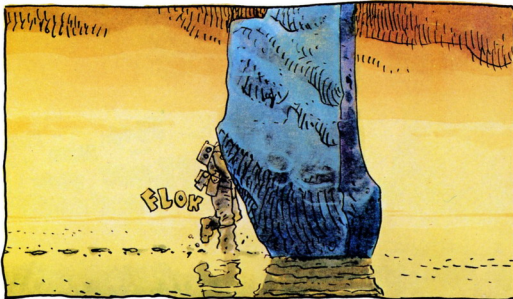
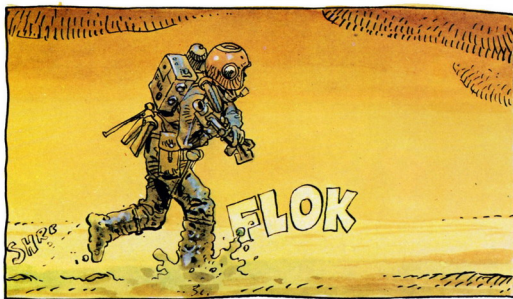


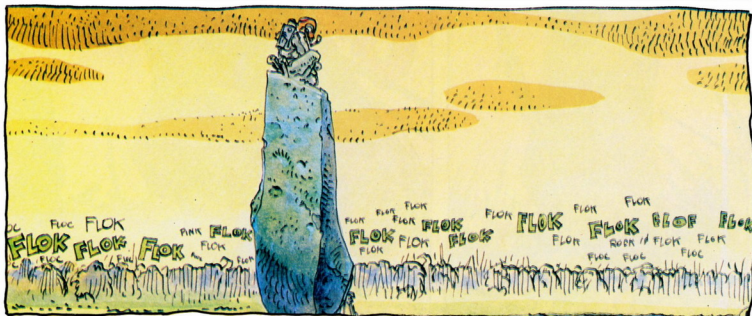
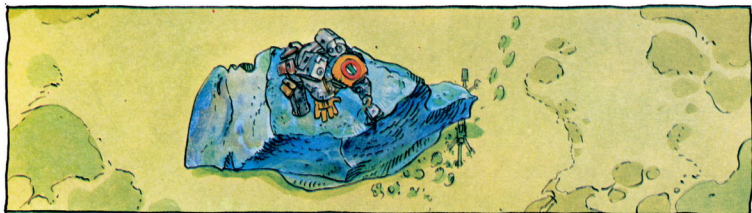
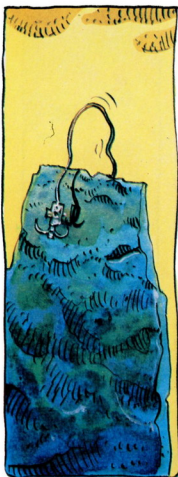
HOW GOOD IS MAN?

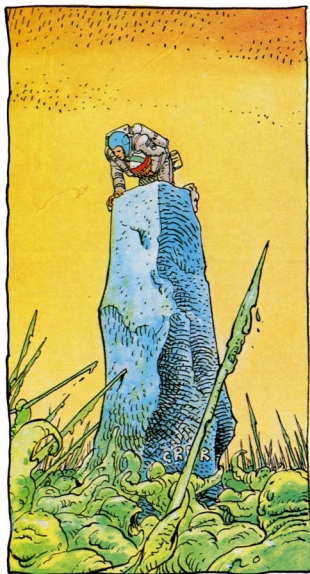
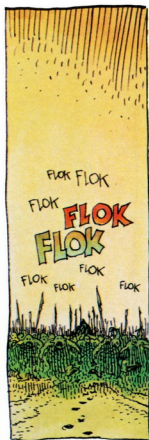
from the series "TRAVELS IN SCIENCE"

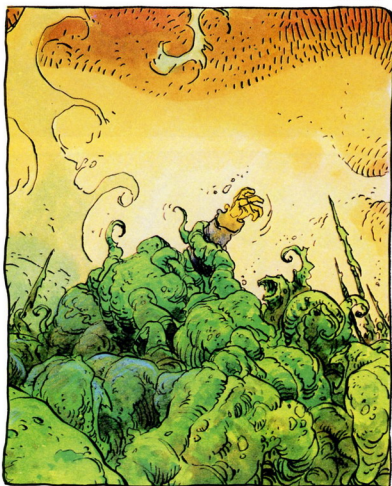
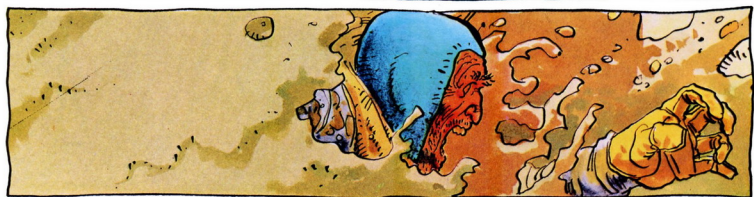
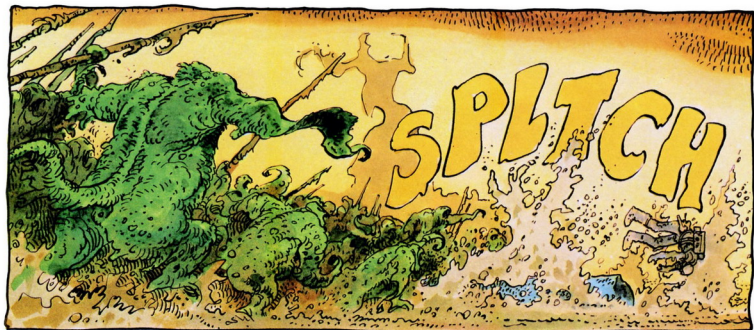
ACTION! MYSTERY! ONE OF THE MEN ON THE EXPEDITION TO VUNOS HAS STRAYED
IN THE ETERNAL MISTS. HE HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO BAY BY THE INDIGENOUS MONSTERS
OF THIS FAR-OFF PLANET...





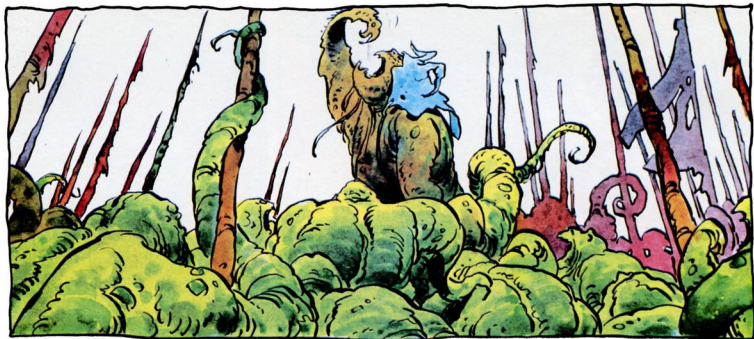


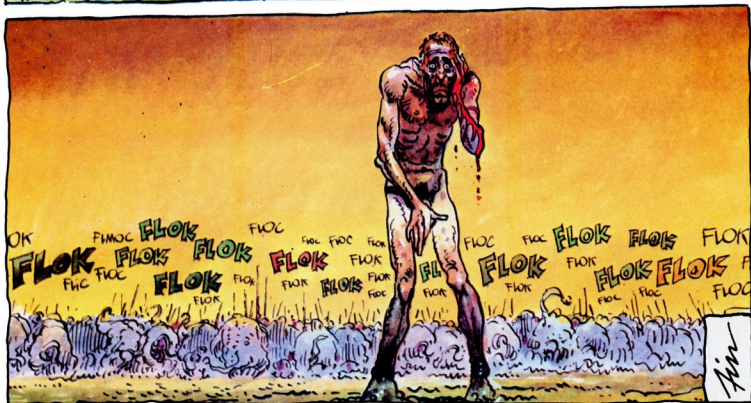












BALLADE

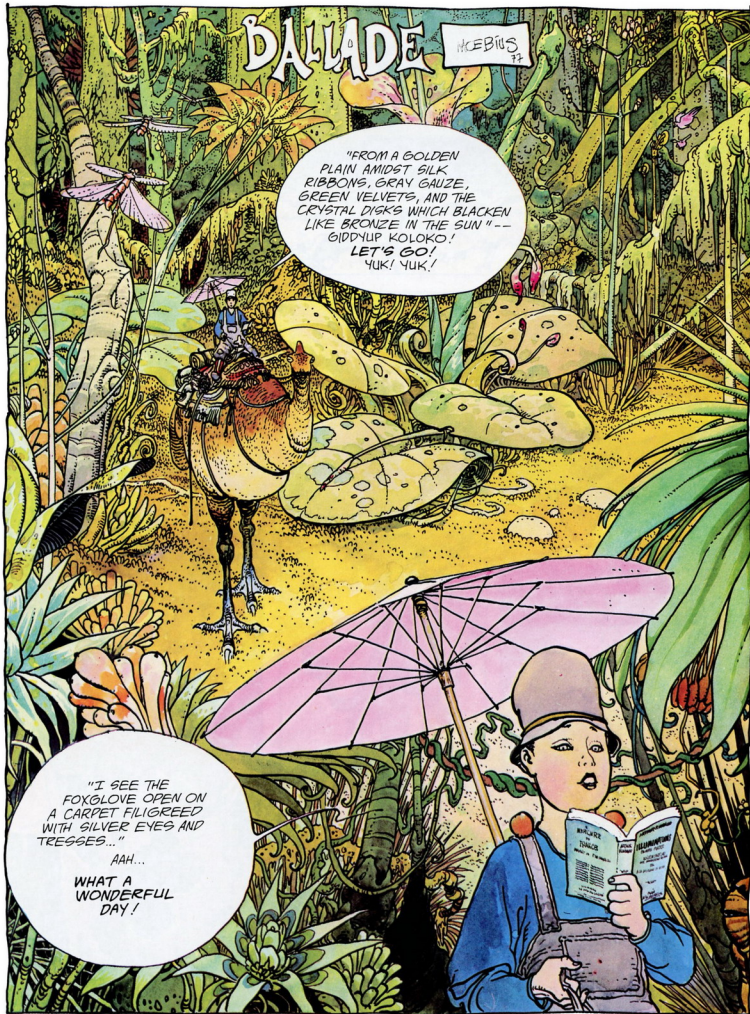
KEBILIS 12

"FROM A GOLDEN
PLAIN AMIDST SILK
RIBBONS, GRAY GAUZE,
GREEN VELVETS, AND THE
CRYSTAL DISKS WHICH BLACKEN
LIKE BRONZE IN THE SUN" --
GIDDYUP KOLOKO!
LET'S GO!
YUK! YUK!

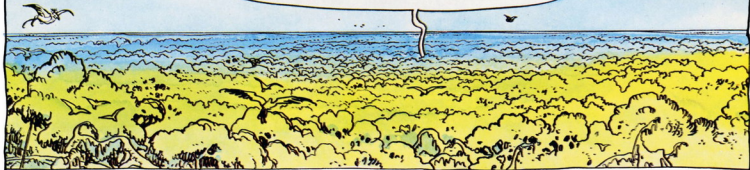
"I SEE THE
FOYGLOVE OPEN ON
A CARPET FLIGREED
WITH SILVER EYES AND
TRESSES..."

AAH...

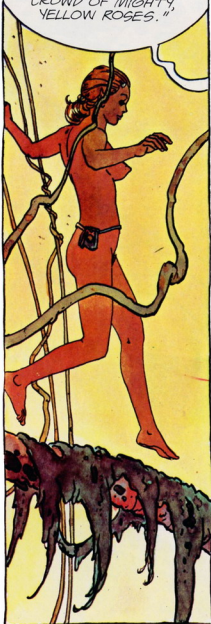
WHAT A
WONDERFUL
DAY!



"PIECES OF GOLD,
YELLOW, STREWN ON AGATE,
MAHOGANY PILLARS SUPPORTING AN
EMERALD DOME, BOUQUETS OF WHITE SATIN
AND SLENDER WANDS OF RUBIES CLUSTER..."



"AS IF A GOD WITH
VAST BLUE EYES, IN
THE FORMS OF SNOW,
SEA, AND SKY HAD
SUMMONED TO HIS
MARBLE TERRACES A
CROWD OF MIGHTY,
YELLOW ROSES."



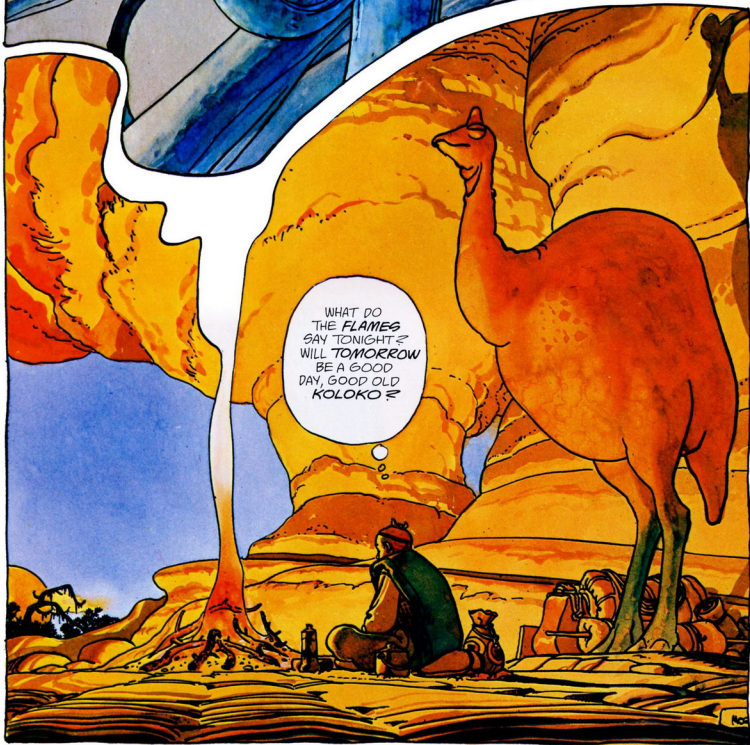
JUST LOOK AT THIS LITTLE
MOUNTAIN FELLOW, THIS YOUNG
RASCAL OFF ALL ALONE ON
AN ADVENTURE, CROSSING
MY BIO-FOREST WHILE
QUOTING
RIMBAUD!



SOON,
NIGHT
FALLS...



WHAT DO
THE **FLAMES**
SAY TONIGHT?
WILL **TOMORROW**
BE A GOOD
DAY, GOOD OLD
KOLOKO?



SUDDENLY: A HORRIBLE PIEDSHELL SCORPION!





THE FAWN DANCES,
TRACING IN THE AIR
THE SECRET AND
MAGICAL GESTURES
WHICH HAVE ALWAYS
PACIFIED THE
PIEDSHELL.



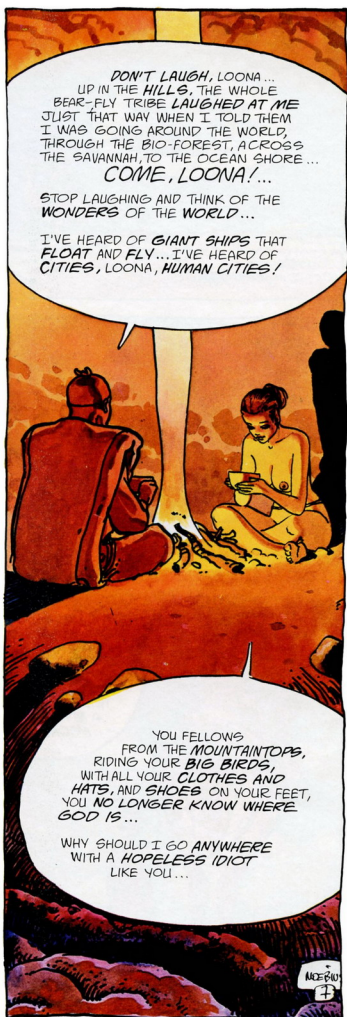
THIS GIRL IS BUT
TWENTY YEARS
OF AGE. SHE IS
EXPERT AT RUNNING
ALONG MOSSY
BOUGHS. SHE
EATS THE FRUITS
WHICH GROW HERE
FREELY IN
PROFUSION.

AND ALL WHO DWELL
IN THE BIO-FOREST
KNOW HER
LANGUAGE.



GOOD EVENING,
LITTLE FELLOW FROM
THE HIGHLANDS... IT
WAS YOUR FIRE THAT
ATTRACTED THE PIEDSHELL
HERE... THEY HAVE THE
BRAINS OF
BUTTERFLIES...

AND IT'S ME
THAT HE WANTED AS
PLUNDER!... YUK...
WHAT WOULD YOU SAY
TO A NICE HOT CUP
OF BANG,
LITTLE FAWN?



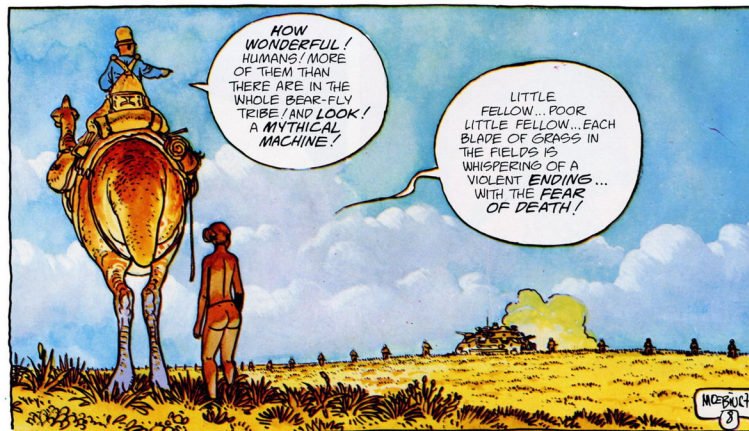
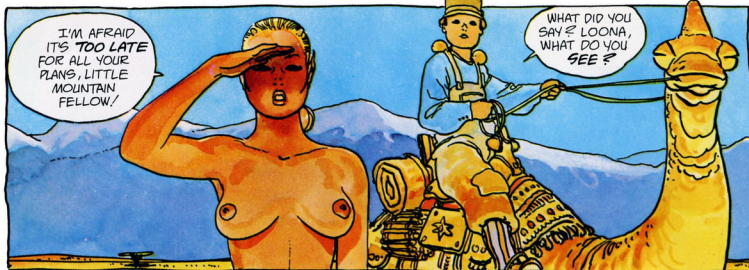
DON'T LAUGH, LOONA...
UP IN THE HILLS, THE WHOLE
BEAR-FLY TRIBE LAUGHED AT ME
JUST THAT WAY WHEN I TOLD THEM
I WAS GOING AROUND THE WORLD,
THROUGH THE BIO-FOREST, ACROSS
THE SAVANNAH TO THE OCEAN SHORE...
COME, LOONA!...

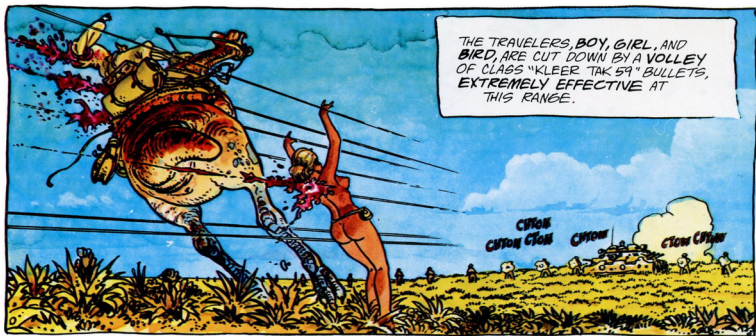
STOP LAUGHING AND THINK OF THE
WONDERS OF THE WORLD...

I'VE HEARD OF GIANT SHIPS THAT
FLOAT AND FLY... I'VE HEARD OF
CITIES, LOONA, HUMAN CITIES!

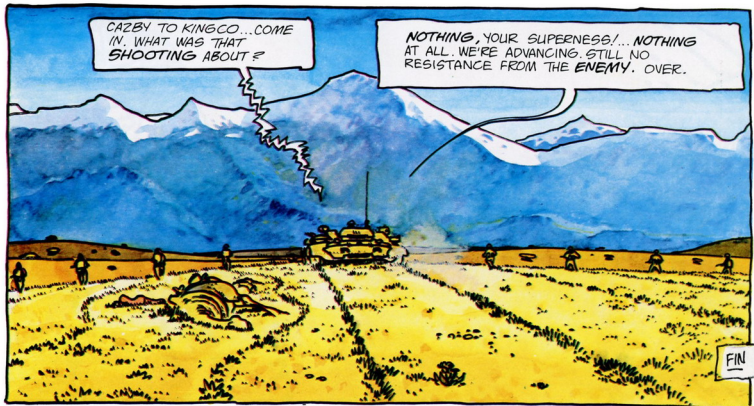
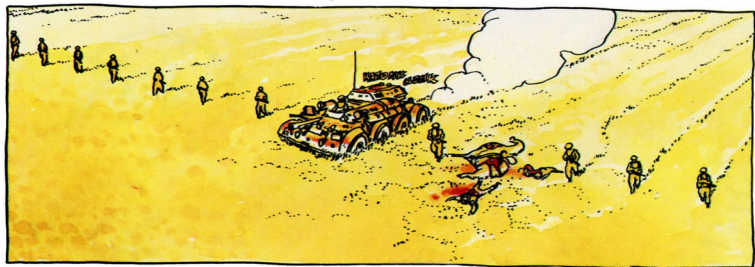
YOU FELLOWS
FROM THE MOUNTAINTOPS,
RIDING YOUR BIG BIRDS,
WITH ALL YOUR CLOTHES AND
HATS, AND SHOES ON YOUR FEET,
YOU NO LONGER KNOW WHERE
GOD IS...

WHY SHOULD I GO ANYWHERE
WITH A HOPELESS IDIOT
LIKE YOU...





THE TRAVELERS, BOY, GIRL, AND BIRD, ARE CUT DOWN BY A VOLLEY OF CLASS "KLEER TAK 59" BULLETS, EXTREMELY EFFECTIVE AT THIS RANGE.



CABBY TO KINGCO...COME IN. WHAT WAS THAT SHOOTING ABOUT?

NOTHING, YOUR SUPERNESS!...NOTHING AT ALL. WE'RE ADVANCING. STILL NO RESISTANCE FROM THE ENEMY. OVER.

FIN

HEY!
I'VE FOUND
ONE!...



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