

All new stories—complete in this issue!

Bride
of

HEAVY METAL

\$3.50

WPS 38340-08

Retailer:
Display until
Sept. 24, 1985



table of contents

- 3 **Hello, Anita**, by Guido Crepax ▼
35 **Monday**, by J. D. King
40 **All About Zaza**, by Edifice von Karpat and P. Buffin
46 **The Bus**, by Paul Kirchner
48 **Eldfell**, by Gauckler and Imbert
58 **The Sleeping Princess**, by Juan Gimenez
66 **Dracula! Dracula! Vlad! Bah!**, by Breccia
74 **I ♥ the Earth**, by Azpiri
82 **Slot Machine**, by Carlos Trillo and Horacio Altuna
90 **Private Screening**, by Beb Deum ►

Cover, by Pamela Lee

Compiled by the staff of *Heavy Metal* magazine

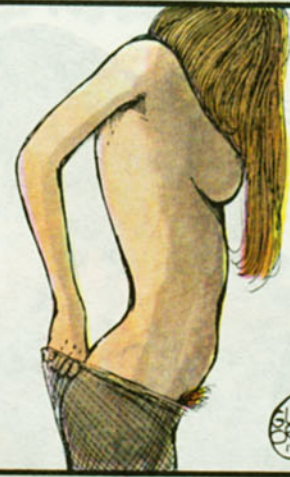
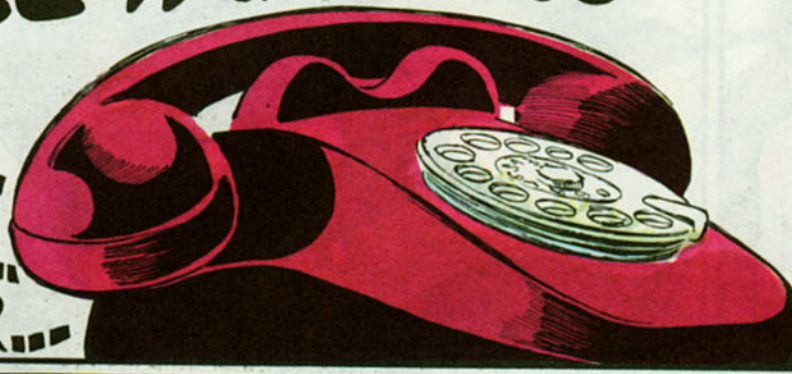


"Hello, Anita" © 1985 Crepax. "All About Zaza" © Albin Michel. "Eldfell" and "Private Screening" © 1985 Métal Hurlant. "The Sleeping Princess," "Dracula," "I ♥ the Earth," and "Slot Machine" © 1985 Selecciones Ilustradas. All other copyrights are held by individual artists, agents, and/or representatives.

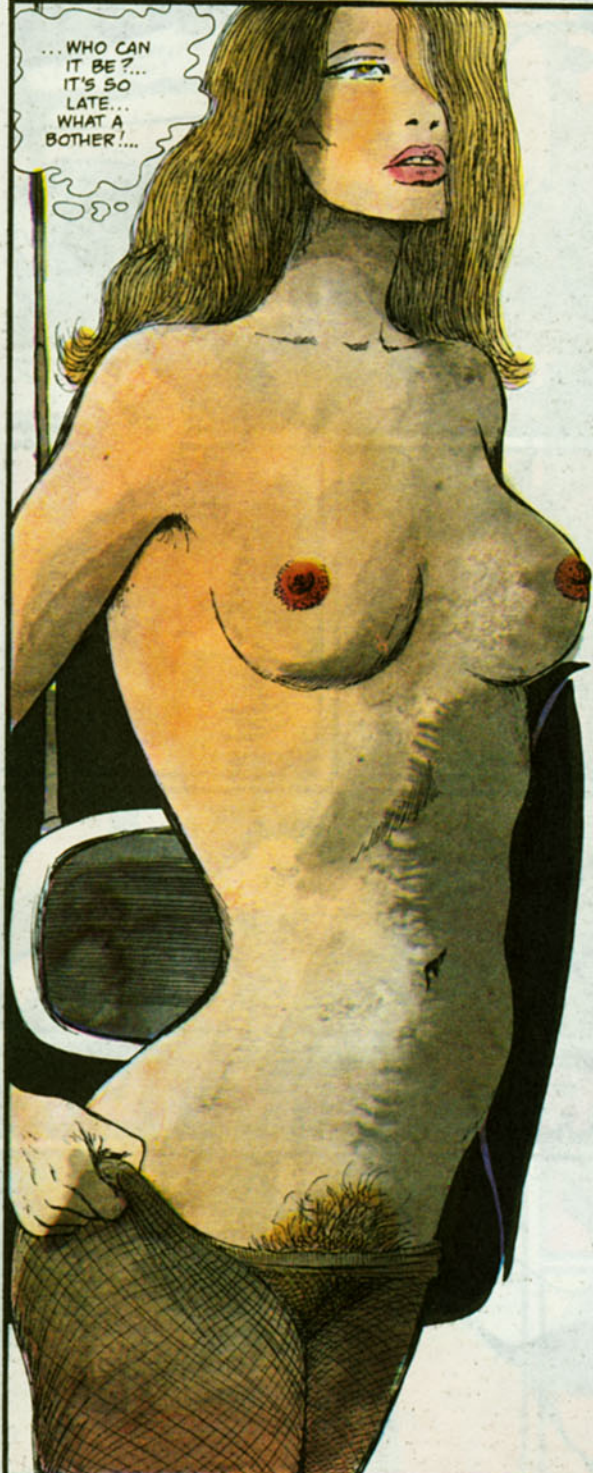
All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. *Bride of Heavy Metal* is © 1985, HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022.

HELLO, ANITA!

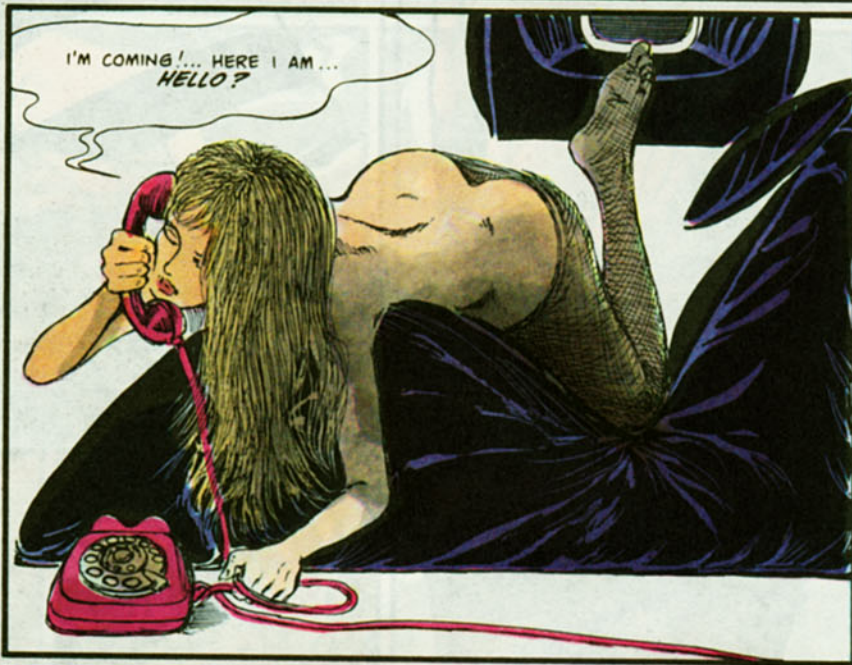
DRR...
DRRR...
DRRR...



... WHO CAN
IT BE?...
IT'S SO
LATE...
WHAT A
BOTHER!...



I'M COMING!... HERE I AM...
HELLO?

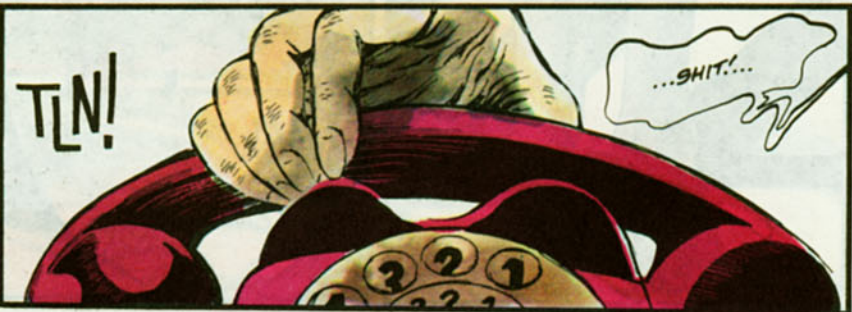


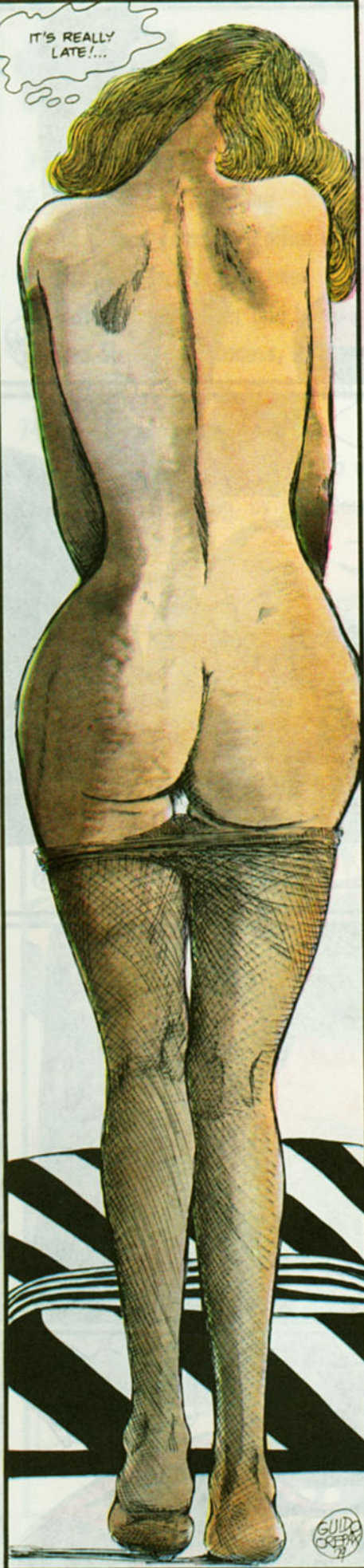
WHO?...
VALENTINA?...
... NO... NO...
MY NAME IS
ANITA... WHO IS
THIS?



TLN!

...SHIT!...





IT'S REALLY LATE!...



IT'S SO HOT!...
I CAN'T... IF I
DON'T FALL
ASLEEP...
TOMORROW I WON'T
FUNCTION AT
THE OFFICE...
WHY DO WE
HAVE TO GO TO
THE OFFICE
IN JULY?
HMMMM...
OH... OH...

... I REALLY
CAN'T SLEEP...
HMMMM...



OH... OH... OH...
HMMMM... OH... OH...



HM...
HMF...
BFHH...



... MAYBE
IF I ...

DRR!.. DRRRRRRRR... DR



NO!.. NOT
AGAIN!!... HMM...

HELLO, ANITA!

...SLEEP... I WANT TO SLEEP!... SLEEP...
SLEEP... SLEEP... OTHERWISE TOMORROW...
AT THE OFFICE, PEOPLE WILL SAY... MISS
ANITA, WE
ARE
UNHAPPY
WITH
YOUR
WORK...



I'LL DO IT
RIGHT AWAY, MR.
SMITH!

TA-TA-
TA-TA-
TA-



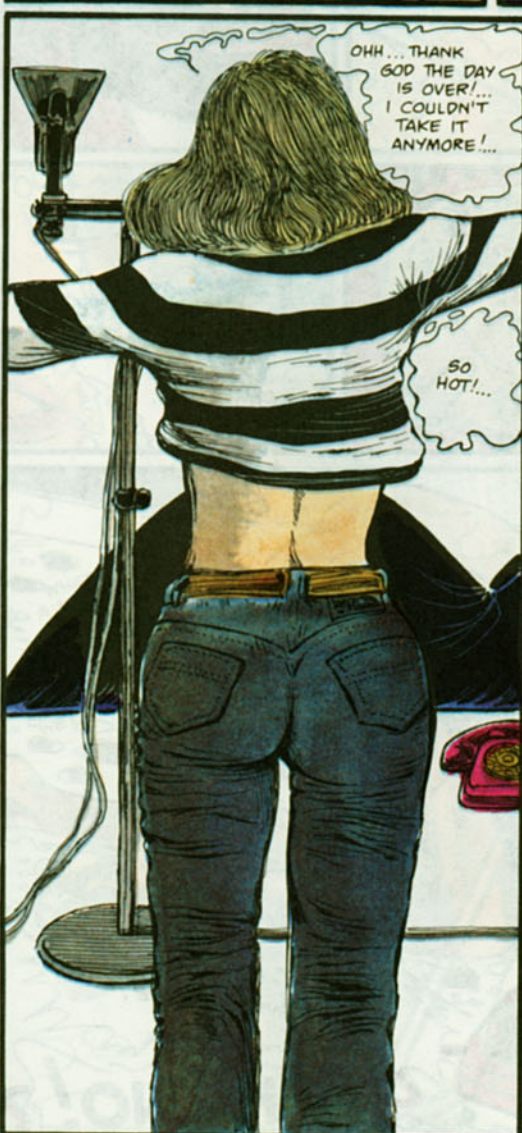
Tz!



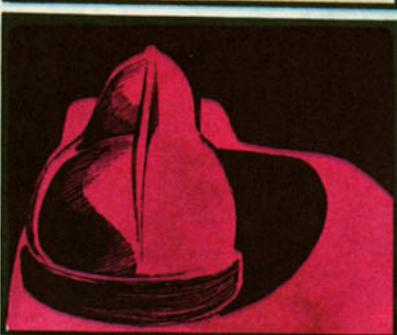
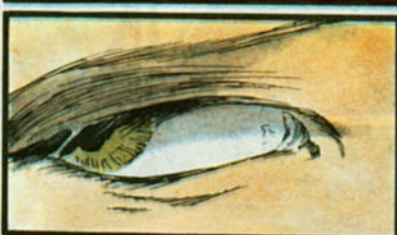
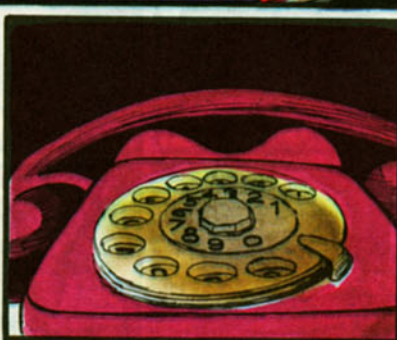
TR...
TR...



OH!... THANK
GOD THE DAY
IS OVER!...
I COULDN'T
TAKE IT
ANYMORE...



SO
HOT!...



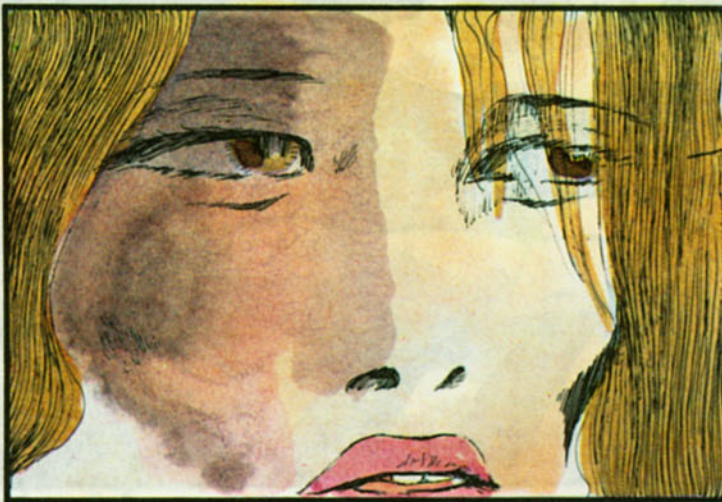
I WONDER
IF THAT
GUY CALLED
AGAIN.
MAYBE HE
FOUND WHO
HE WAS
LOOKING
FOR.



DRR... DRR...



HELLO??



NO...NO...NO...
BUT?...



...HE HUNG
UP...



WHO CAN
IT BE?
...WHY?...



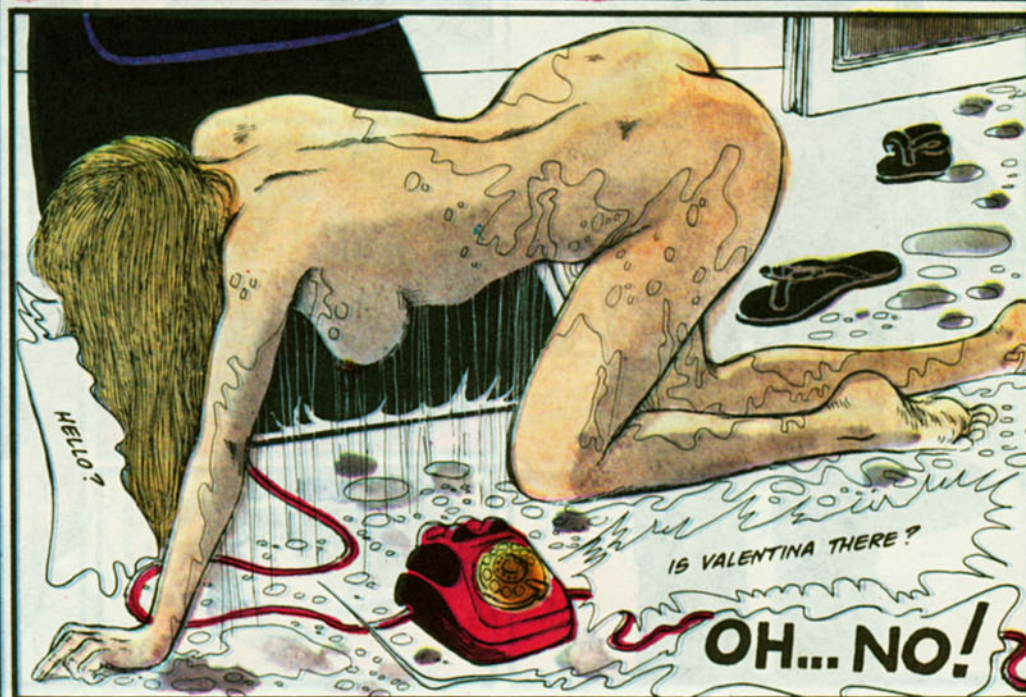
I'LL TAKE
A SHOWER
...I'M SO
HOT...



SHIT!...
NATURALLY...
HIMMM...THE
TELEPHONE
ALWAYS RINGS...
WHEN I CAN'T
ANSWER IT...



IT'S HOPELESS...
I HAVE TO
ANSWER IT...IF
...I HAVE TO!...



HELLO?

IS VALENTINA THERE?

OH... NO!

HELLO! ANITA!

...I DON'T UNDERSTAND... I DON'T UNDERSTAND... WHO WAS THAT?... WHO IS TRYING TO CALL THIS OTHER WOMAN?... WHO IS VALENTINA?... WHY ARE THEY LOOKING FOR HER HERE? I DON'T... KNOW WHY...

TUUU... TUUU... TUUU...

...COULD IT BE SOME BODY WHO LIVED HERE BEFORE ME?... WHO KNOWS... NO... THIS HOUSE IS NEW... I MOVED IN AFTER IT WAS JUST FINISHED... AND... THAT WAS THREE YEARS AGO... NO... IT CAN'T BE... NO... NO... IT CAN'T... NO...

...OH WHAT A MESS I'VE MADE! EVERYTHING IS WET...

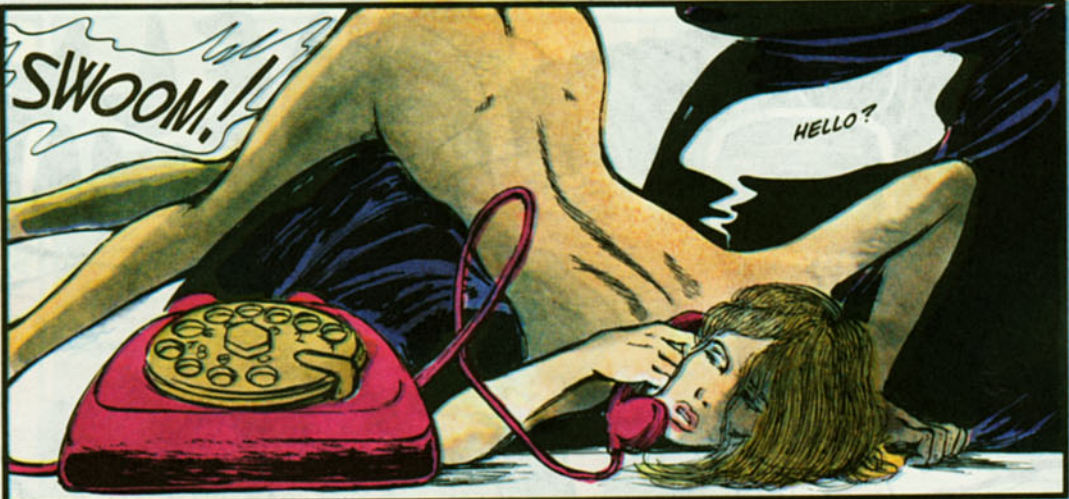
OH... I CAN BARELY STAND UP... WHAT'S THE MATTER?... OH... I HAVE TO LIE DOWN... I CAN'T STAND UP... I'M NOT... MAYBE IT WAS THE SHOWER... MAYBE THE HEAT... THE TELEPHONE...

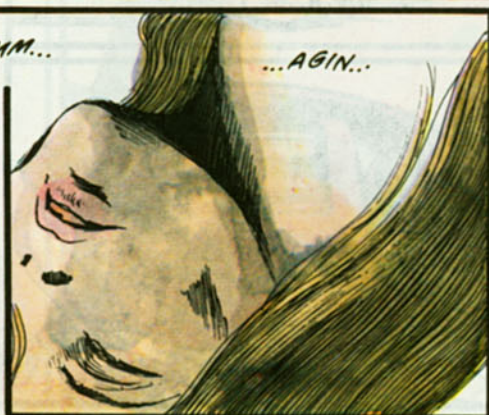
...DRY MYSELF...

OH... I FEEL FAINT... I'M FAINTING... EVERYTHING IS DARK...



TR...TRRR...
TRRRR...





HELLO!
ANITA!

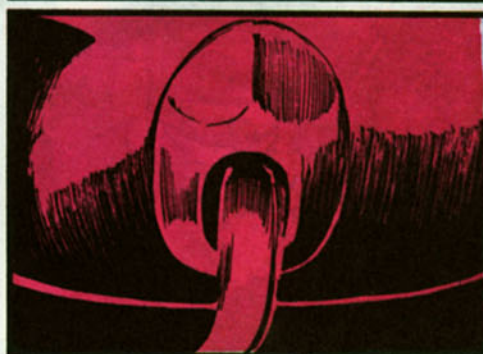
ANOTHER HOT
DAY!... HELLO,
ANITA!... YES...
YES... HELLO, ANITA...
HELLO, ANITA...



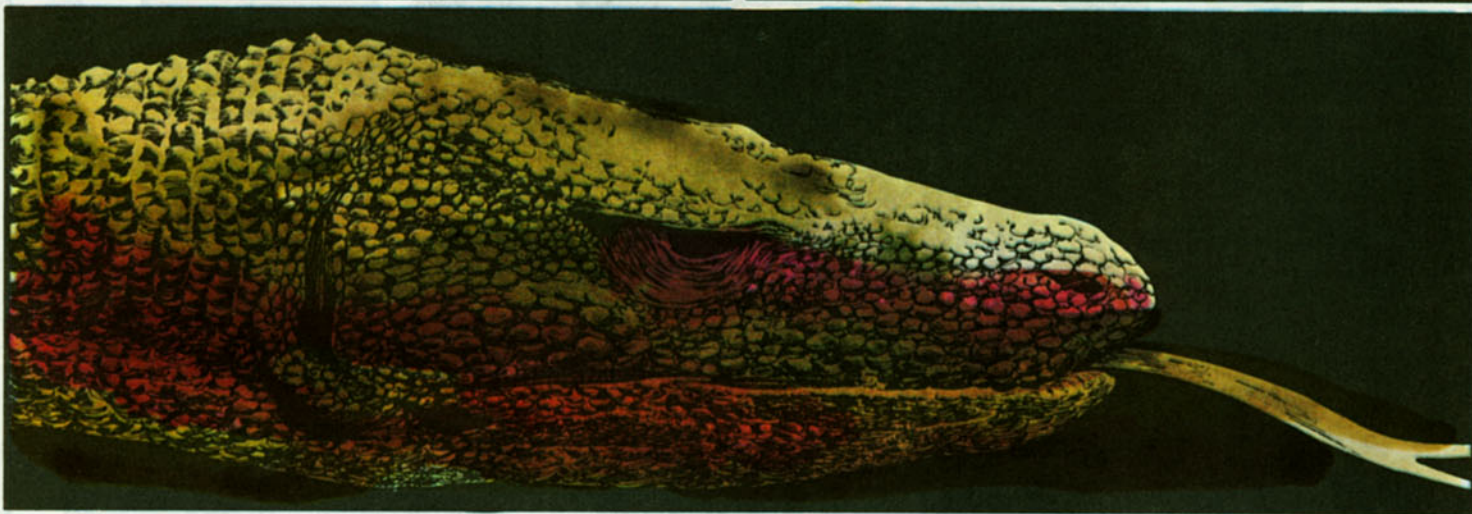
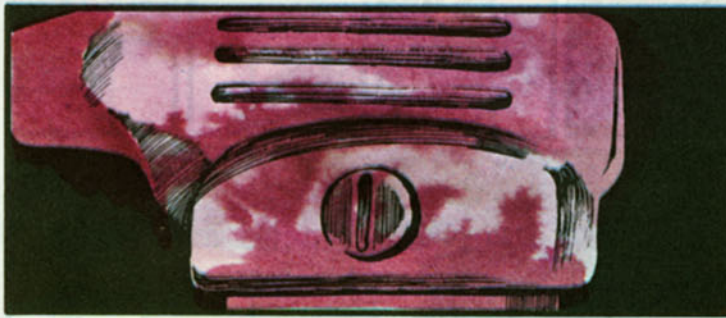
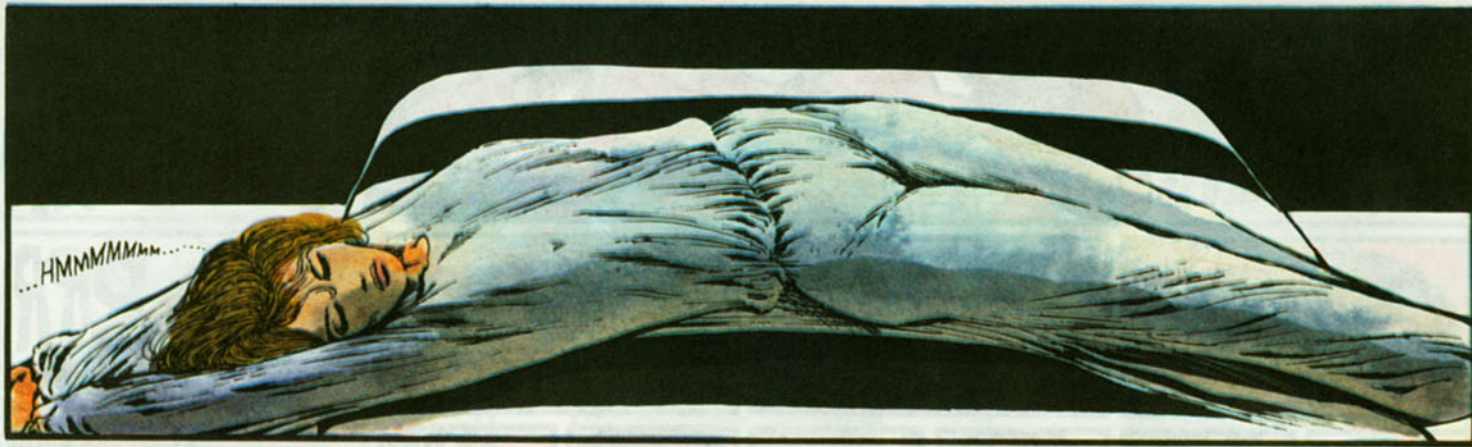
ENOUGH!...
ENOUGH...
I WON'T
ANSWER
THE
TELE-
PHONE
ANY-
MORE!



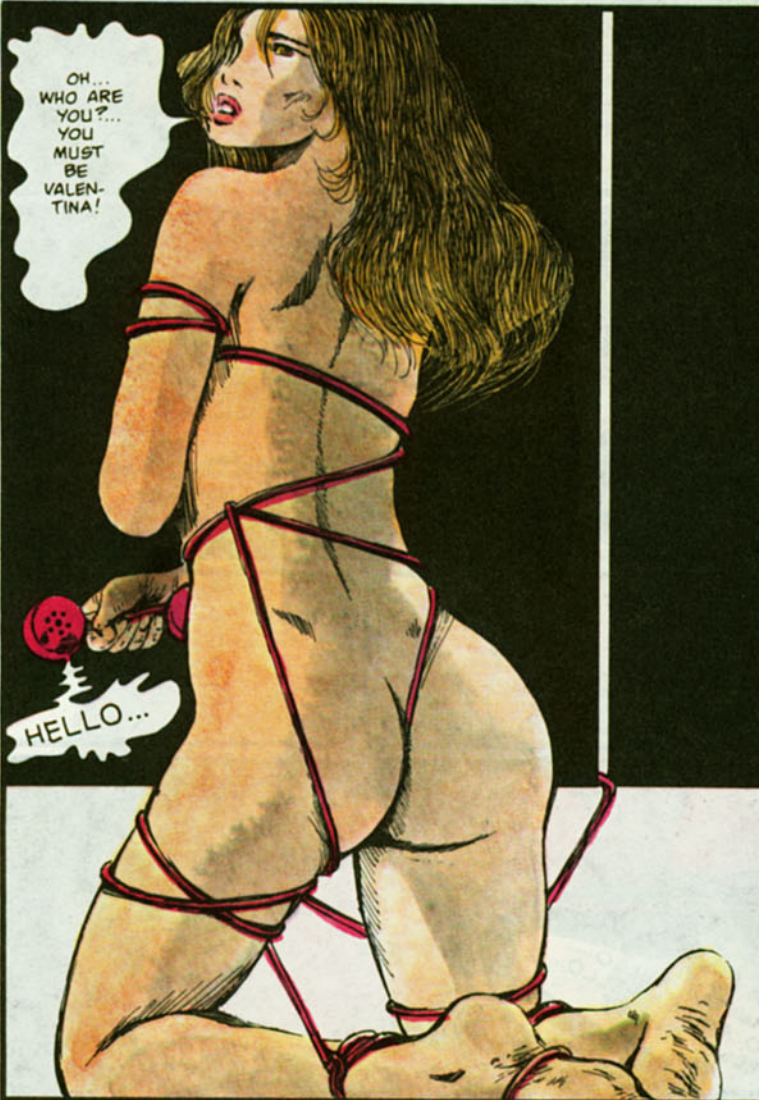
I WON'T ANSWER ANYMORE!!!

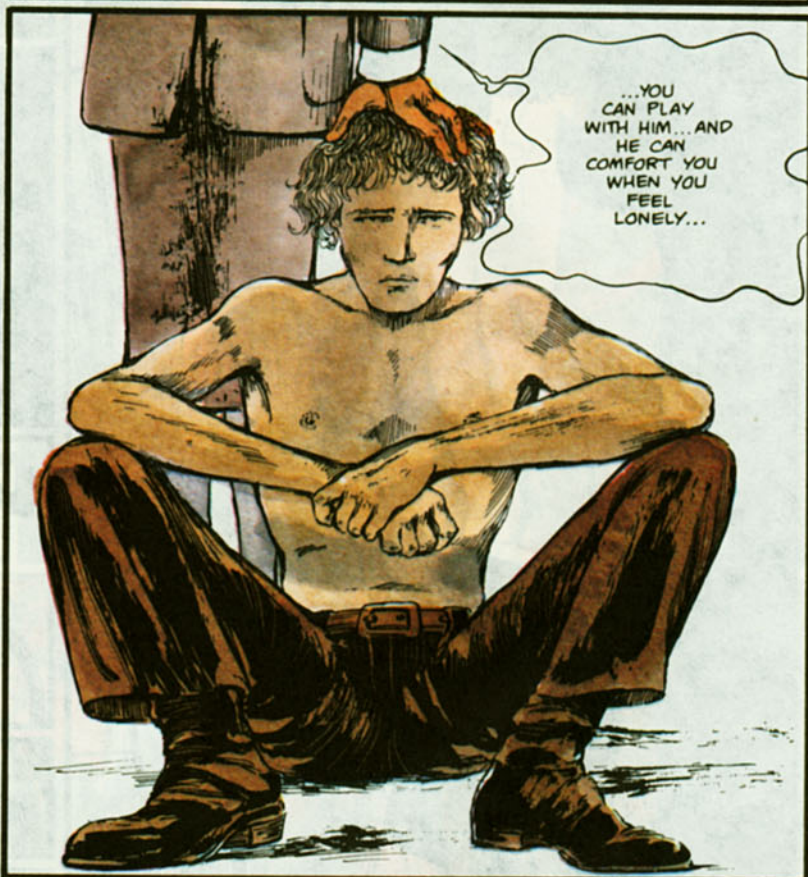
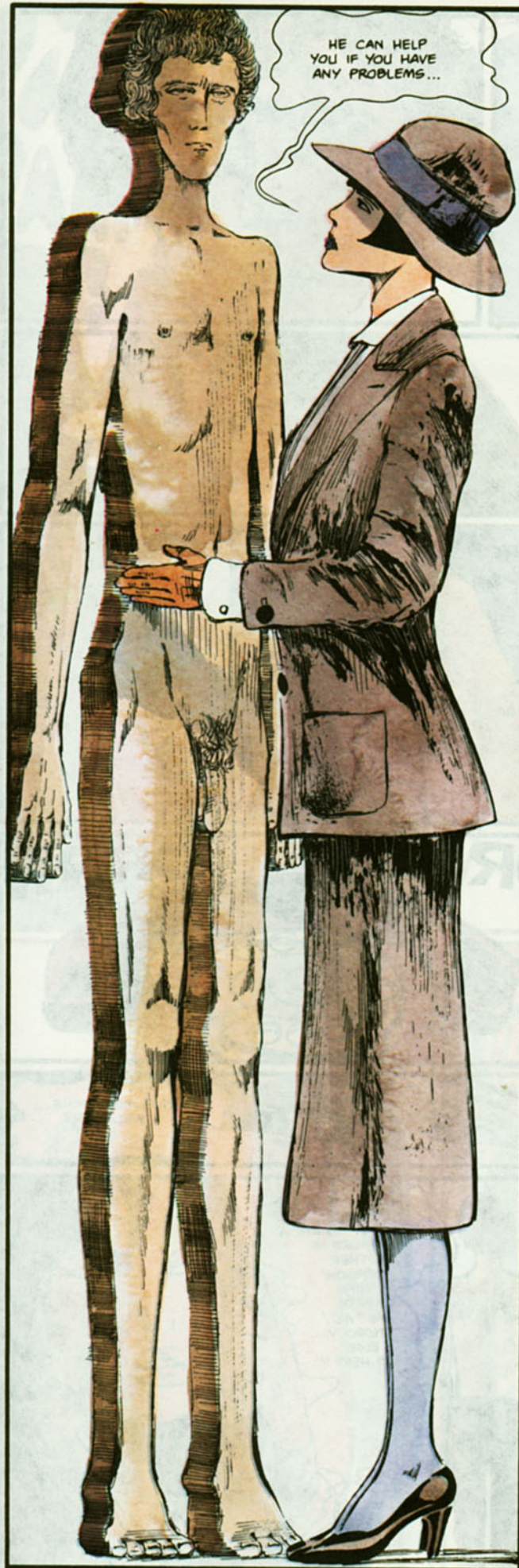


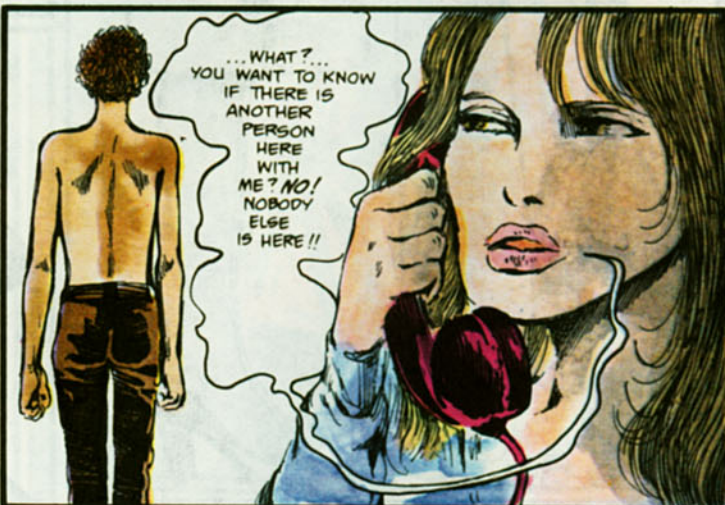
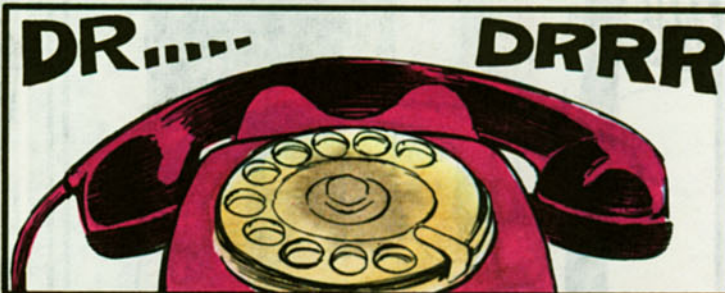
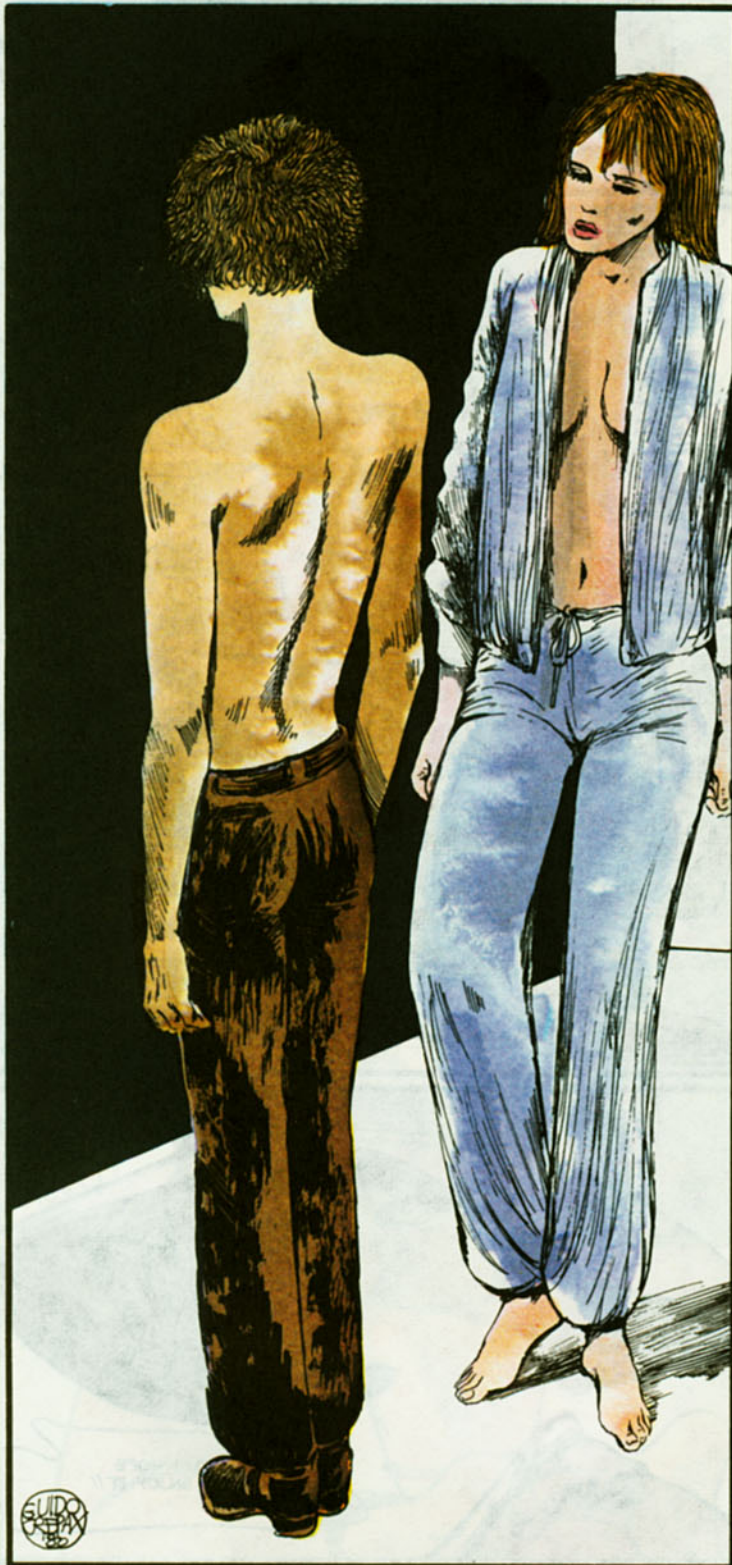














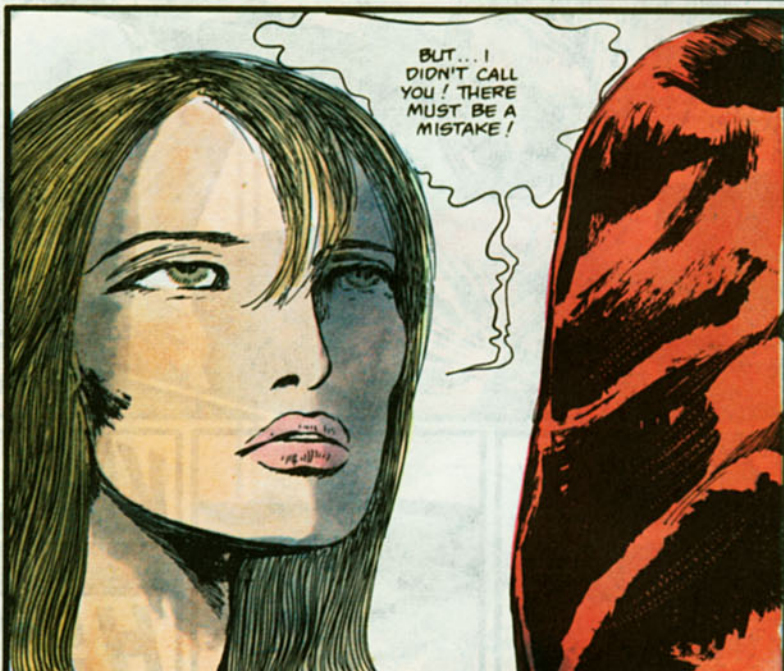
I'M COMING...
HOLD ON...
JUST A
MOMENT...



REPAIRMAN...

SORRY
IT'S TAKEN
SO LONG
TO COME
AND...

...REPAIR
YOUR
PHONE.



BUT... I
DIDN'T CALL
YOU! THERE
MUST BE A
MISTAKE!

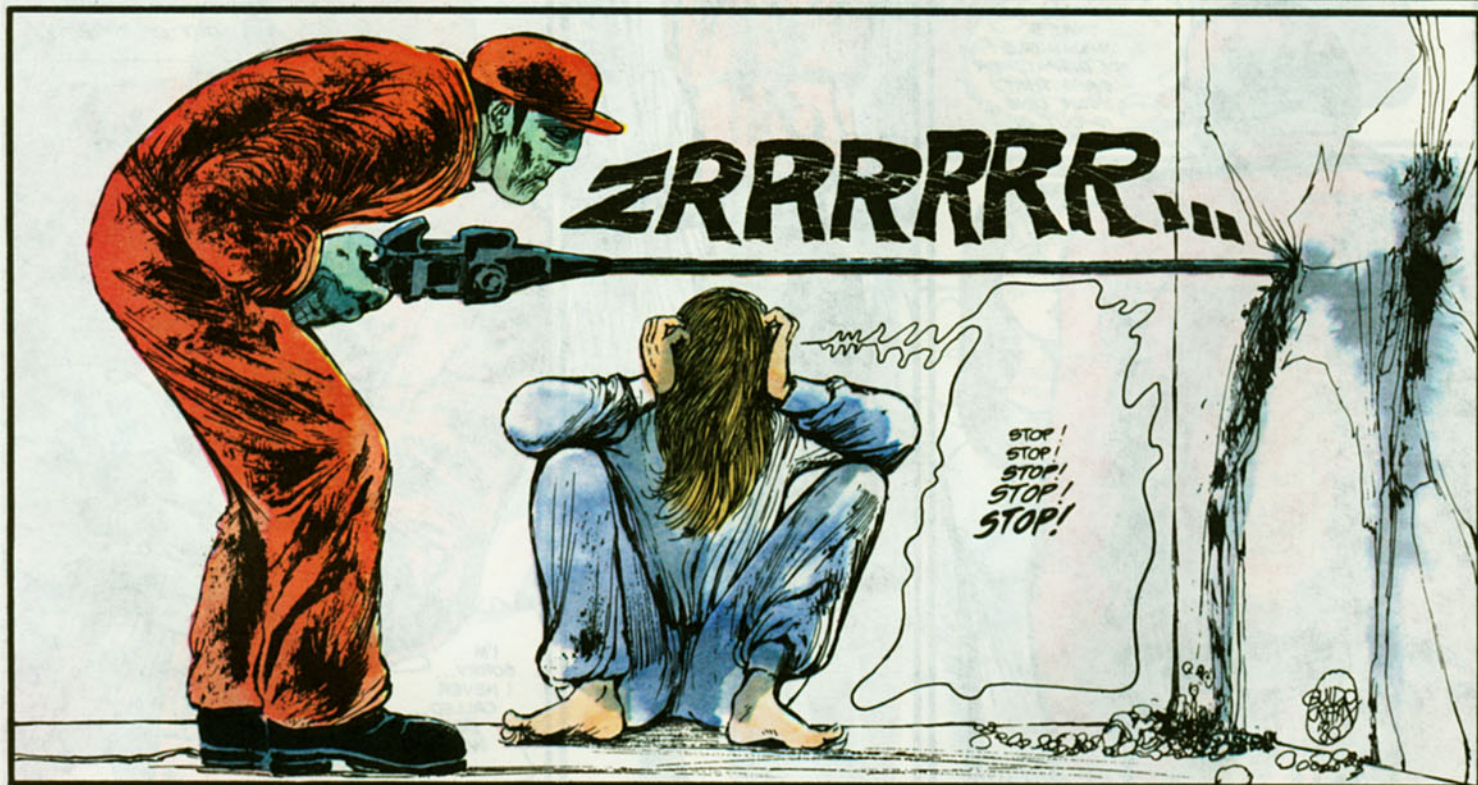
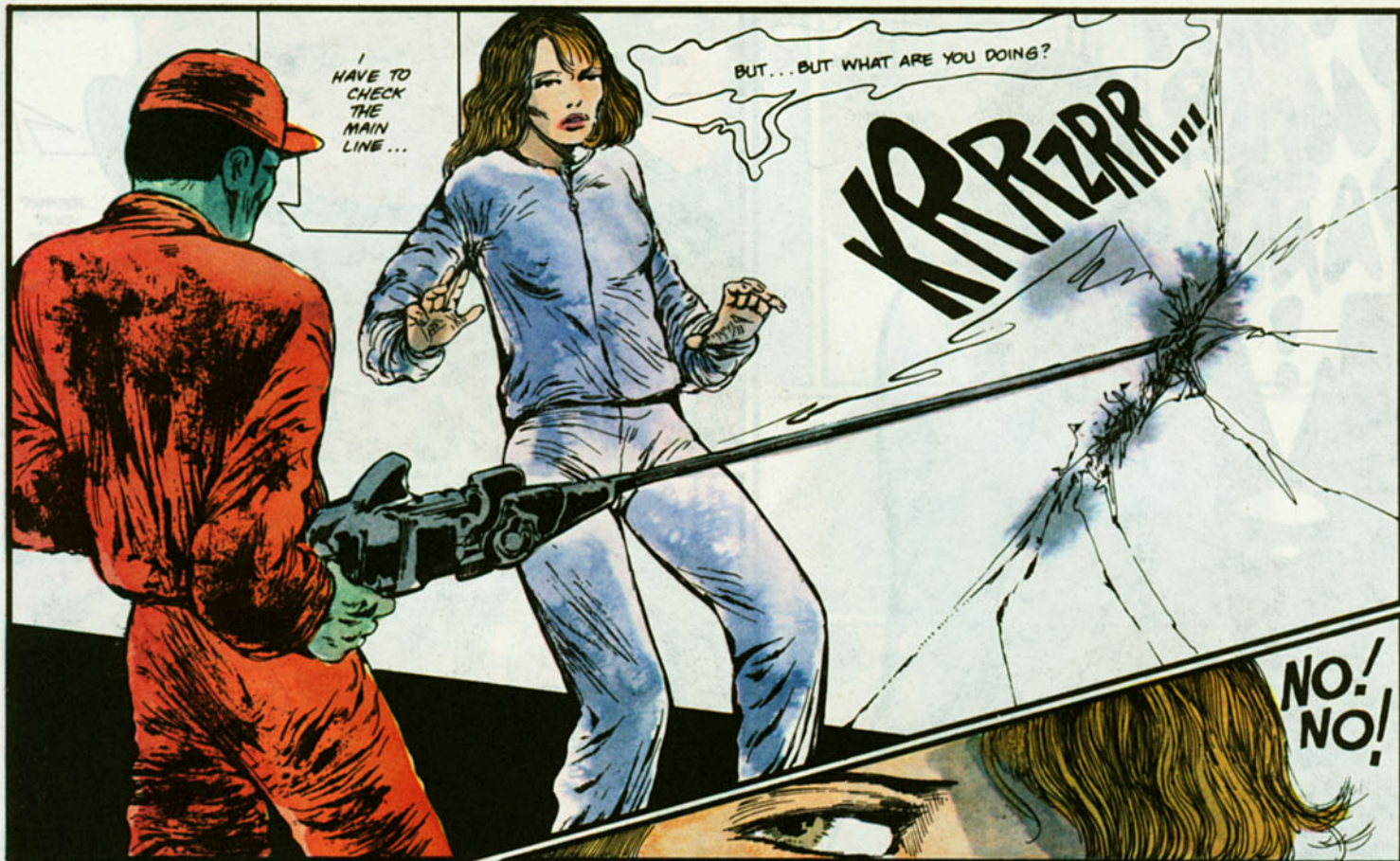


THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!
MY DISPATCHER
SAYS THAT
YOUR LINE
IS OUT OF
ORDER...



OUT OF MY WAY!

I'M
SORRY...
I NEVER
CALLED...
BUT
WHAT...





...FIRST IT'S THE TELEPHONE CALLS...NOW YOU'RE TRYING TO DESTROY MY HOUSE...STOP!
...PLEASE STOP!!!



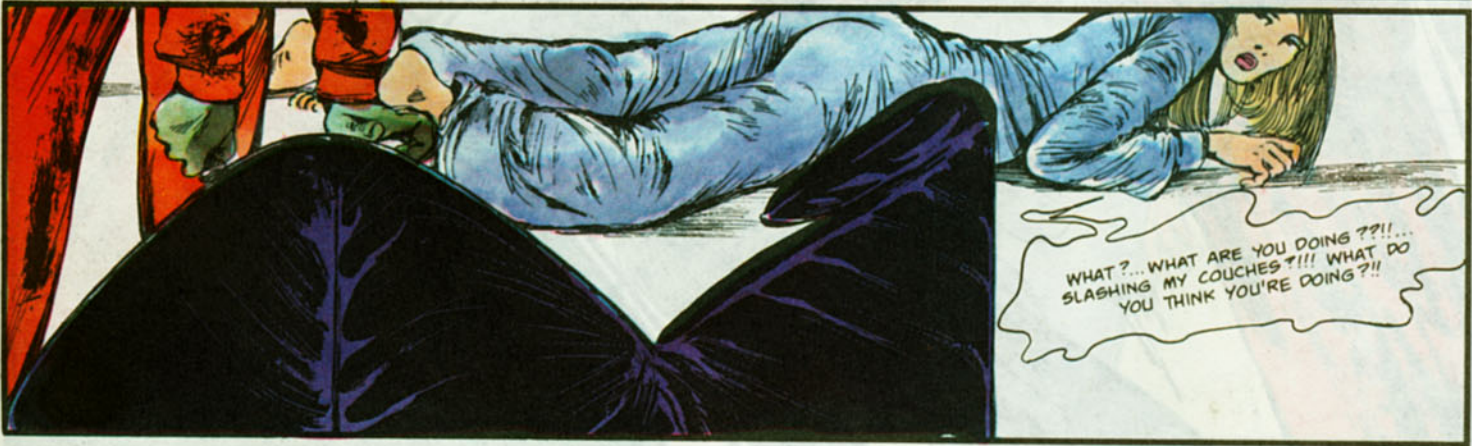
DON'T GET UPSET!... THERE'S NOTHING HERE!



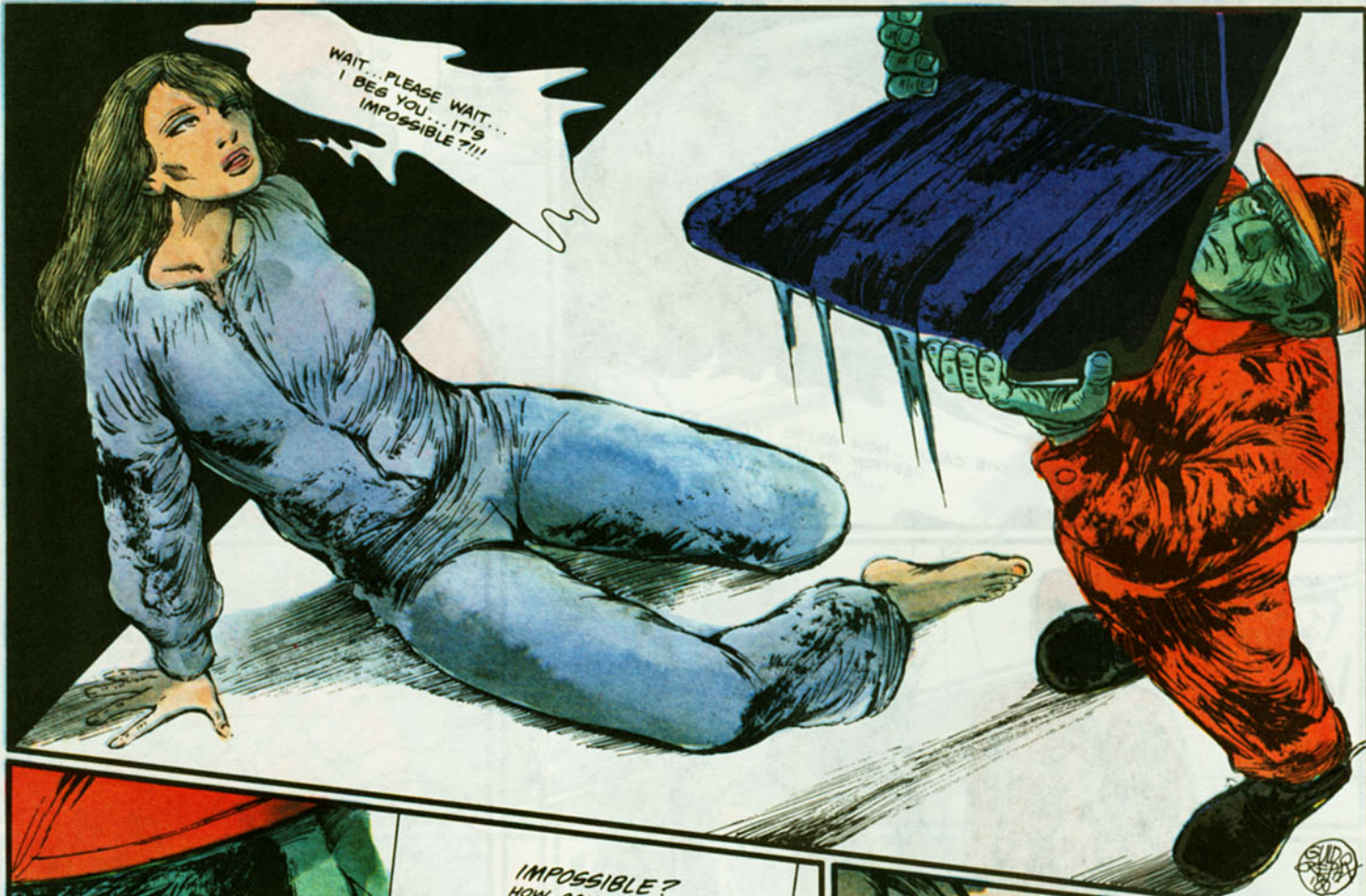
APPARENTLY THE SIGNAL CAME FROM A MICROPHONE CONNECTED TO THE MAIN INSTALLATION...



BUT...NO...A HIDDEN MICROPHONE?...A SECRET MICROPHONE?...THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!...WHO COULD HAVE HIDDEN IT?...NOBODY HAS BEEN HERE! HERE...MAYBE SOMEONE WAS MAYBE...



WHAT?...WHAT ARE YOU DOING??!!...SLASHING MY COUCHES?!!...WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?!!



IMPOSSIBLE?
HOW CAN YOU BE
SO SURE?



WELL...

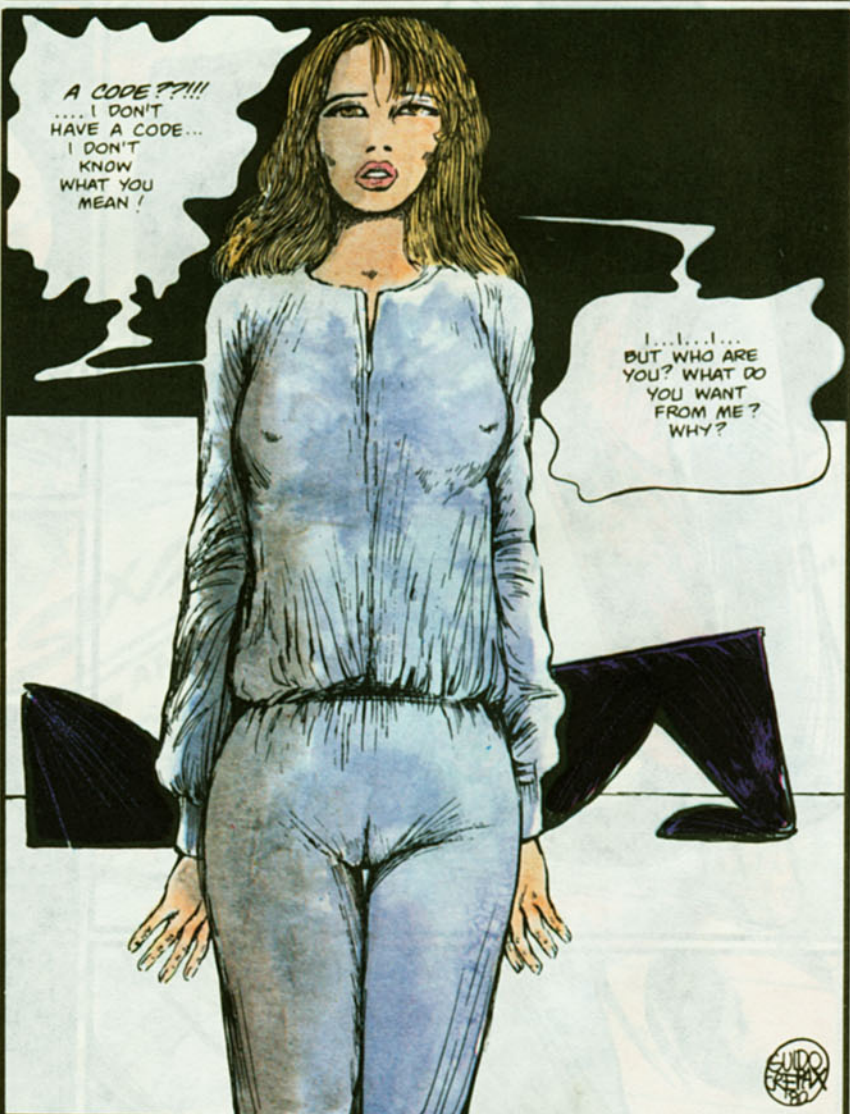
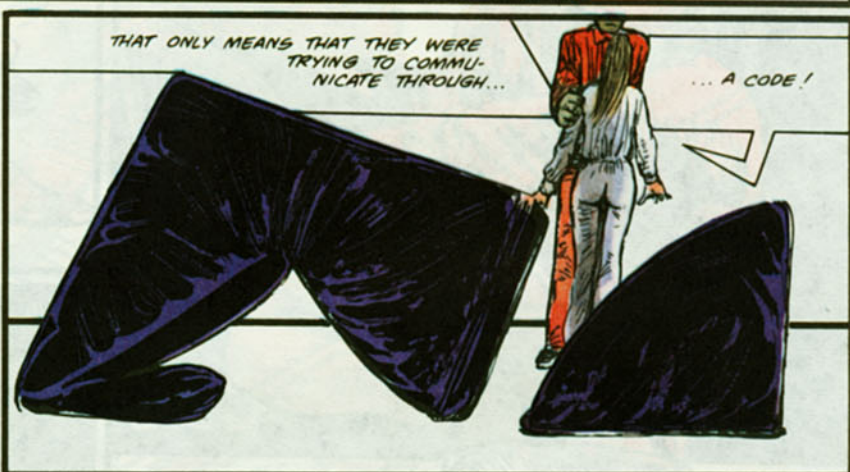


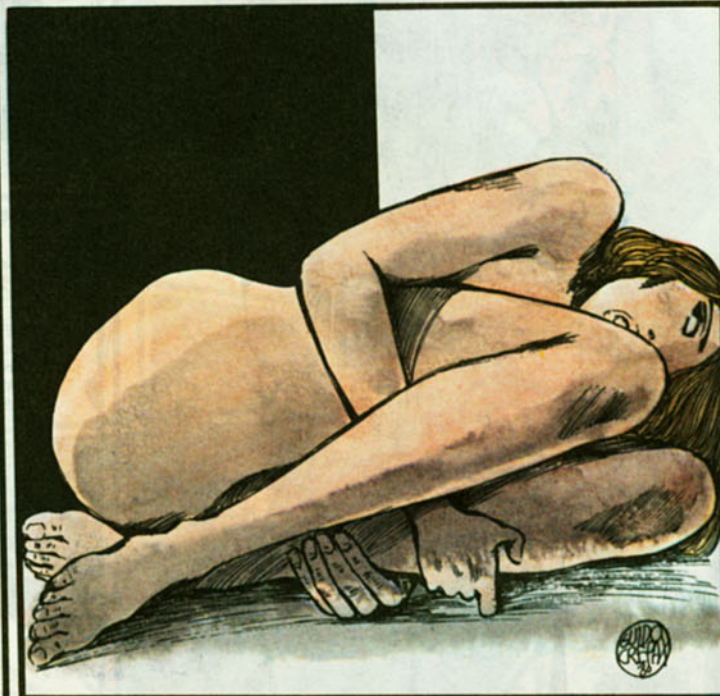
YOU'RE ONLY TRYING
TO MISLEAD ME... YOU KNOW
THE PERFECTLY WELL WHERE THE
SECRET MICROPHONES
ARE!



LET
ME
GO!!!

YOU
CAN'T
DENY
YOU HAVE
RECEIVED
A LOT OF
TELEPHONE
CALLS....







HELLO ANITA!

YOU DIDN'T LIKE TALKING ON THE PHONE??!!

SWAN!

OGH!

OH OH OH!

MOUTH...

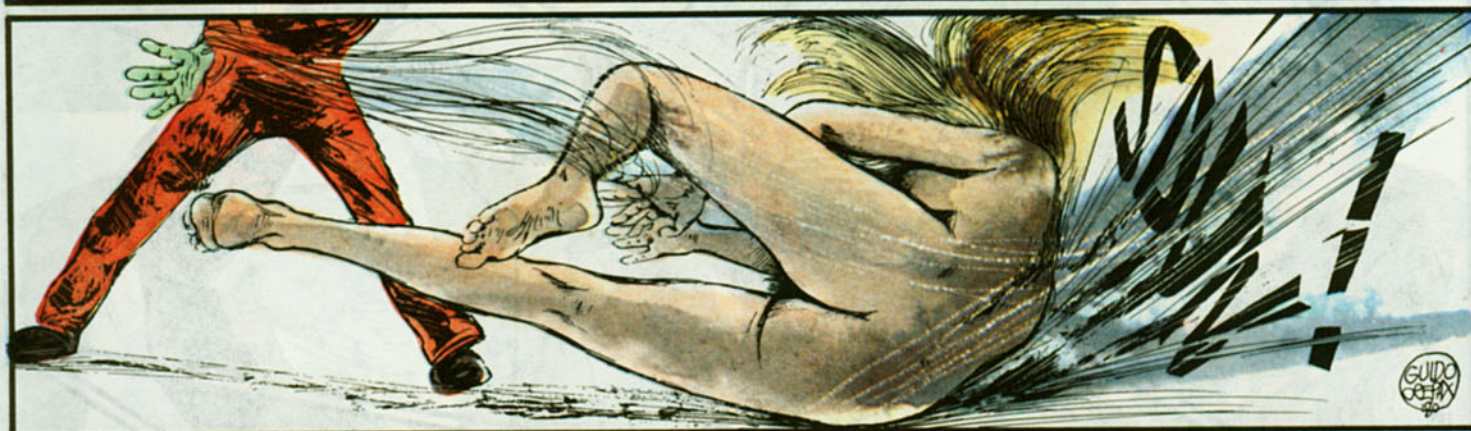
WOAH!

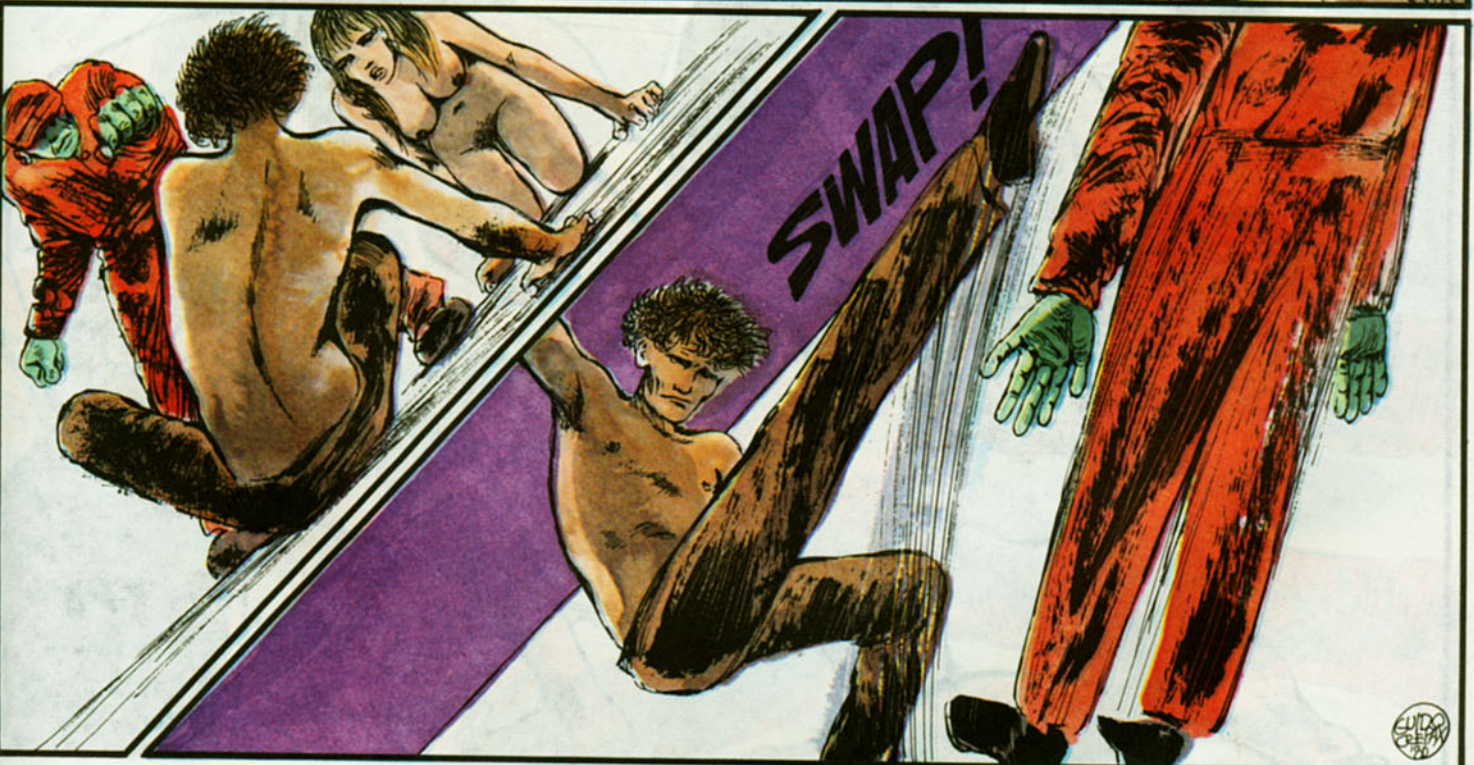
SWIAA...

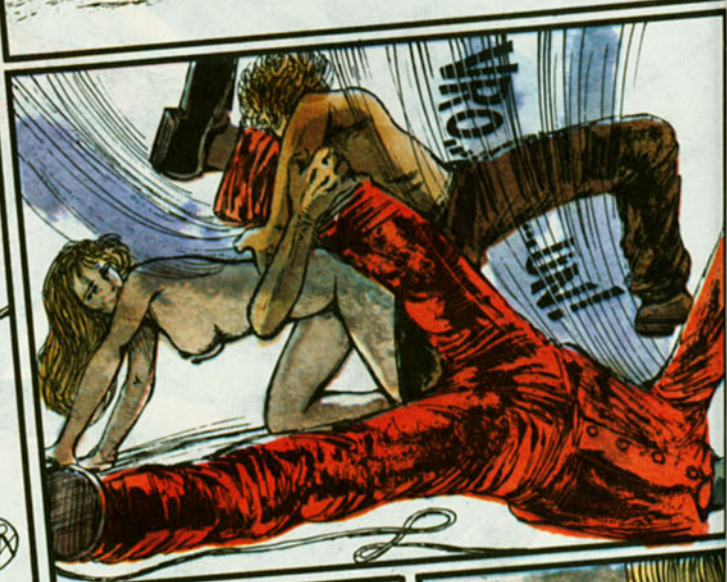
AAAAAH!

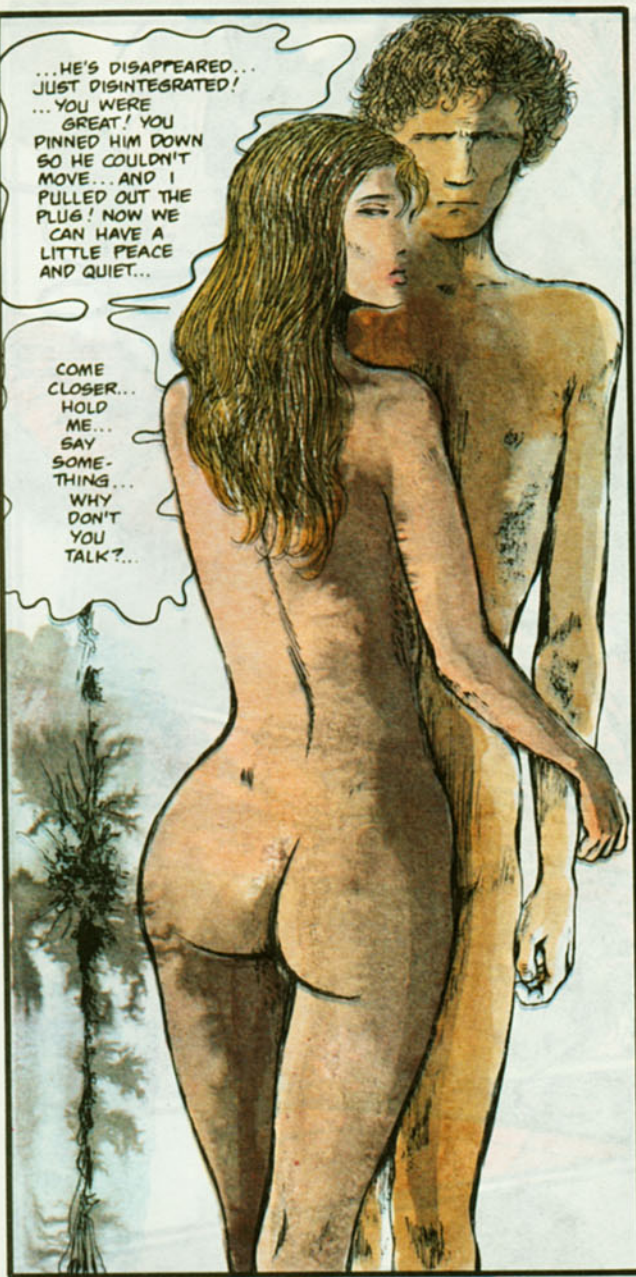
AAAIIU...

YOU MUST TALK NOW!!!









...HE'S DISAPPEARED...
JUST DISINTEGRATED!
... YOU WERE
GREAT! YOU
PINNED HIM DOWN
SO HE COULDN'T
MOVE... AND I
PULLED OUT THE
PLUG! NOW WE
CAN HAVE A
LITTLE PEACE
AND QUIET...

COME
CLOSER...
HOLD
ME...
SAY
SOME-
THING...
WHY
DON'T
YOU
TALK?...



...I WANT YOU
TO FEEL YOU
IN ME...



KR...KRRR...



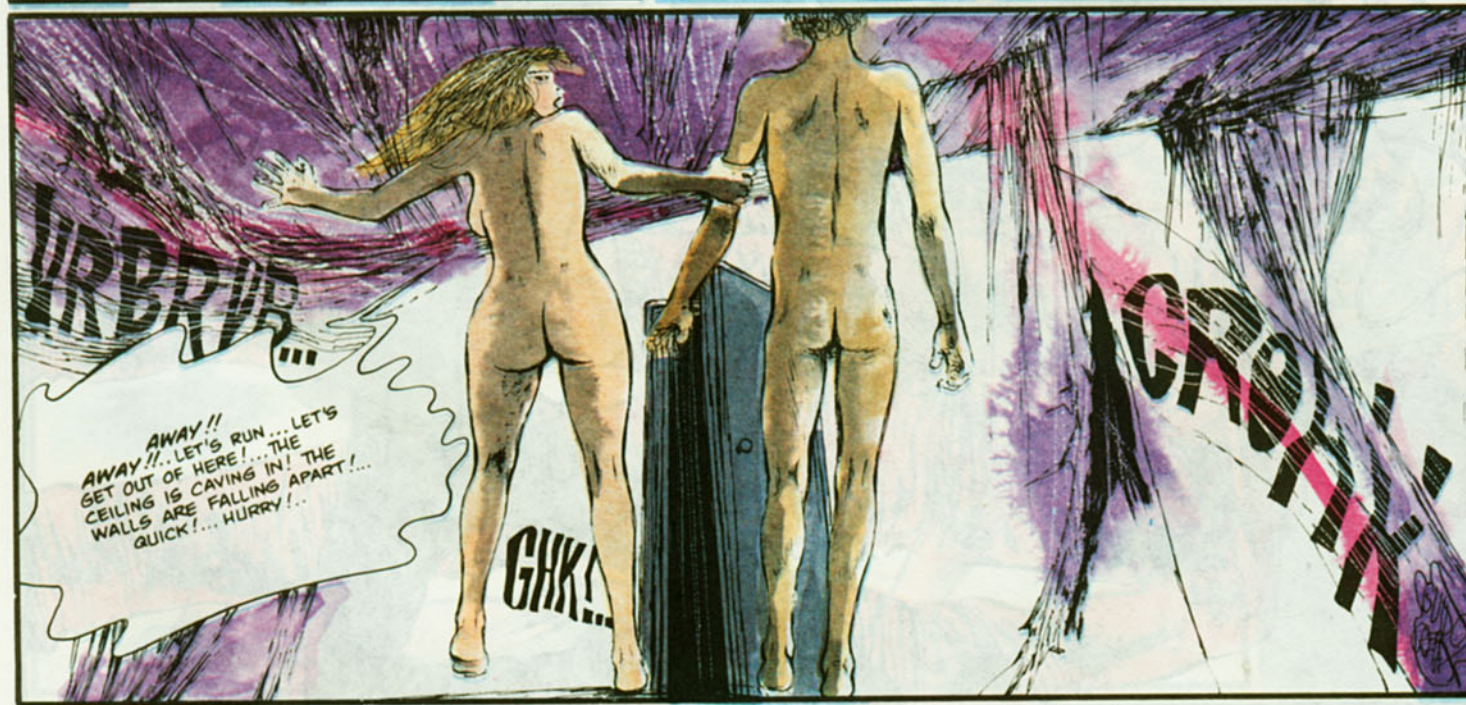
AH... AH...
AAAHHH...
NO!
...NO!
WHAT!
OH!
NO!... THERE
THERE...



KRAH...

KRR...

KRRRR...



AWAY!!
AWAY!!...LET'S RUN...LET'S
GET OUT OF HERE!...THE
CEILING IS CAVING IN! THE
WALLS ARE FALLING APART!...
QUICK!... HURRY!...

GHK!

GRP



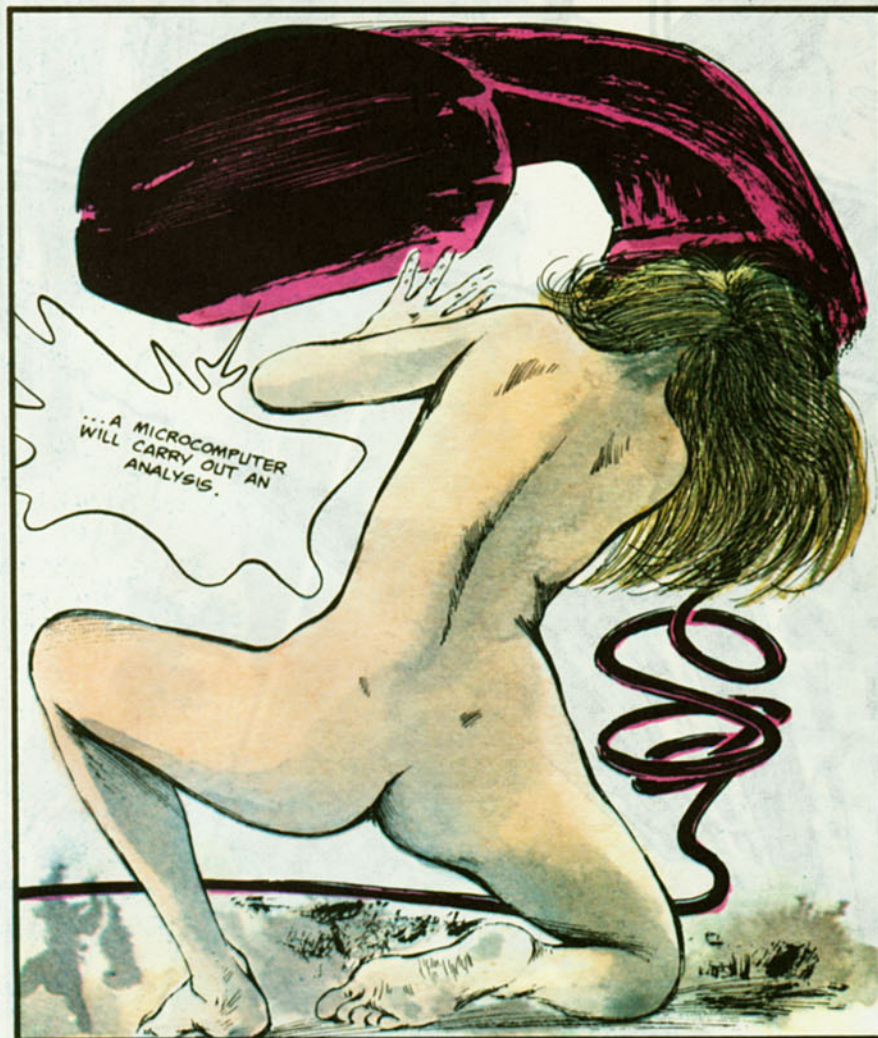
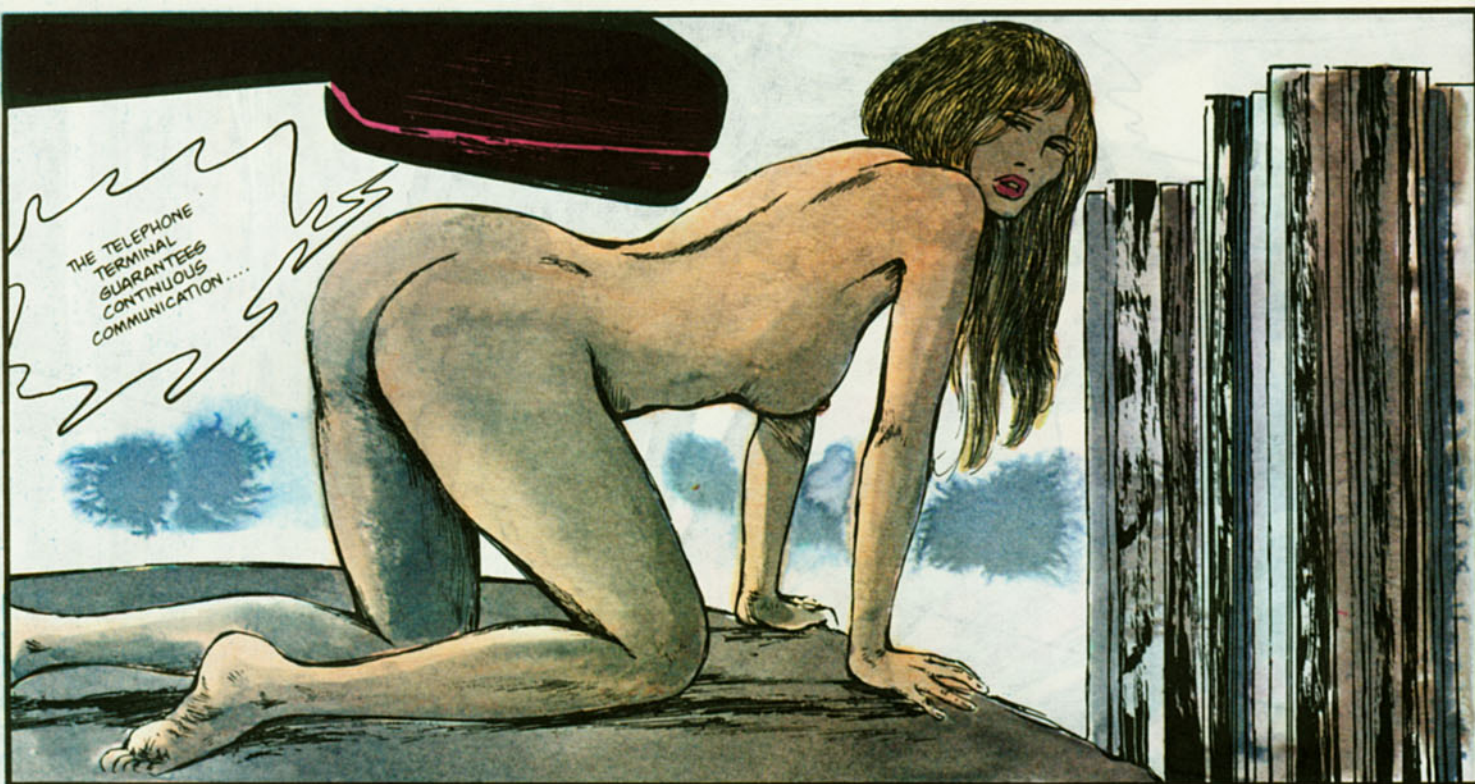


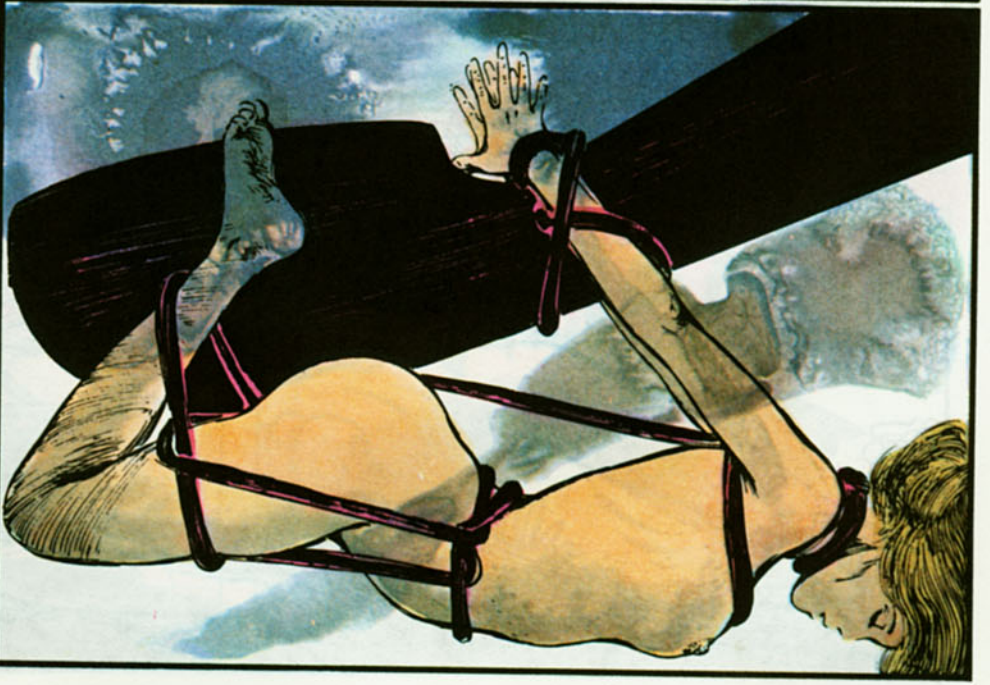
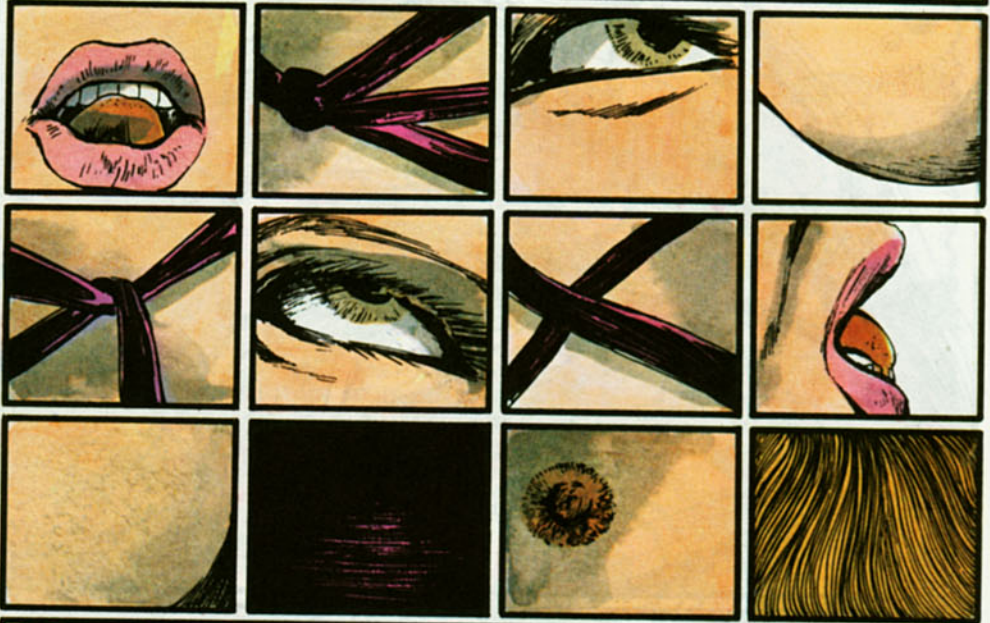
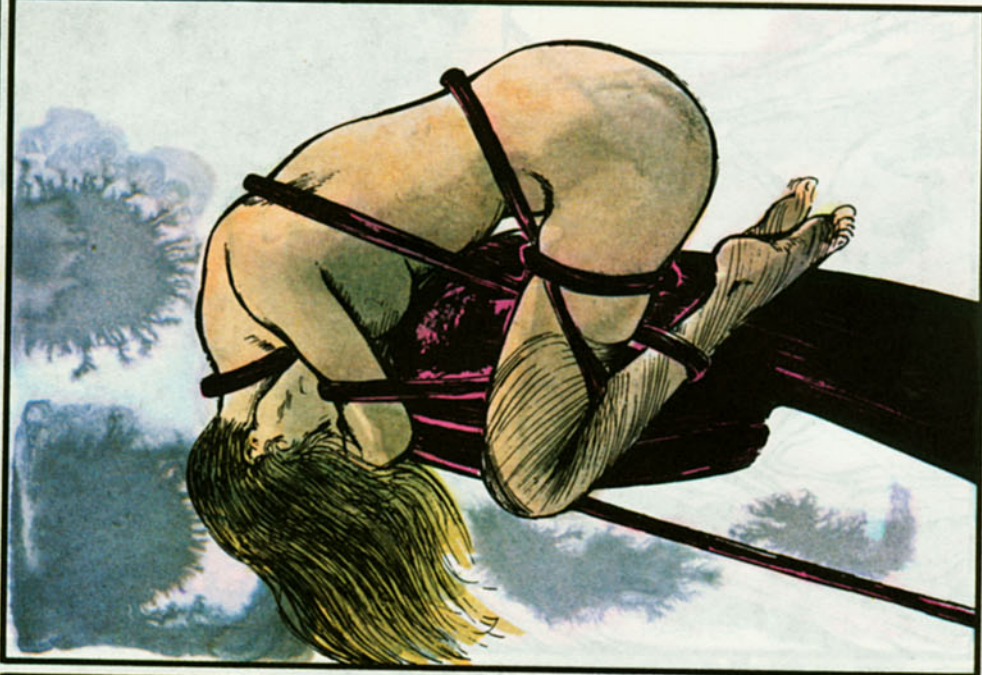
MY ROOM...
I'M SAFE...

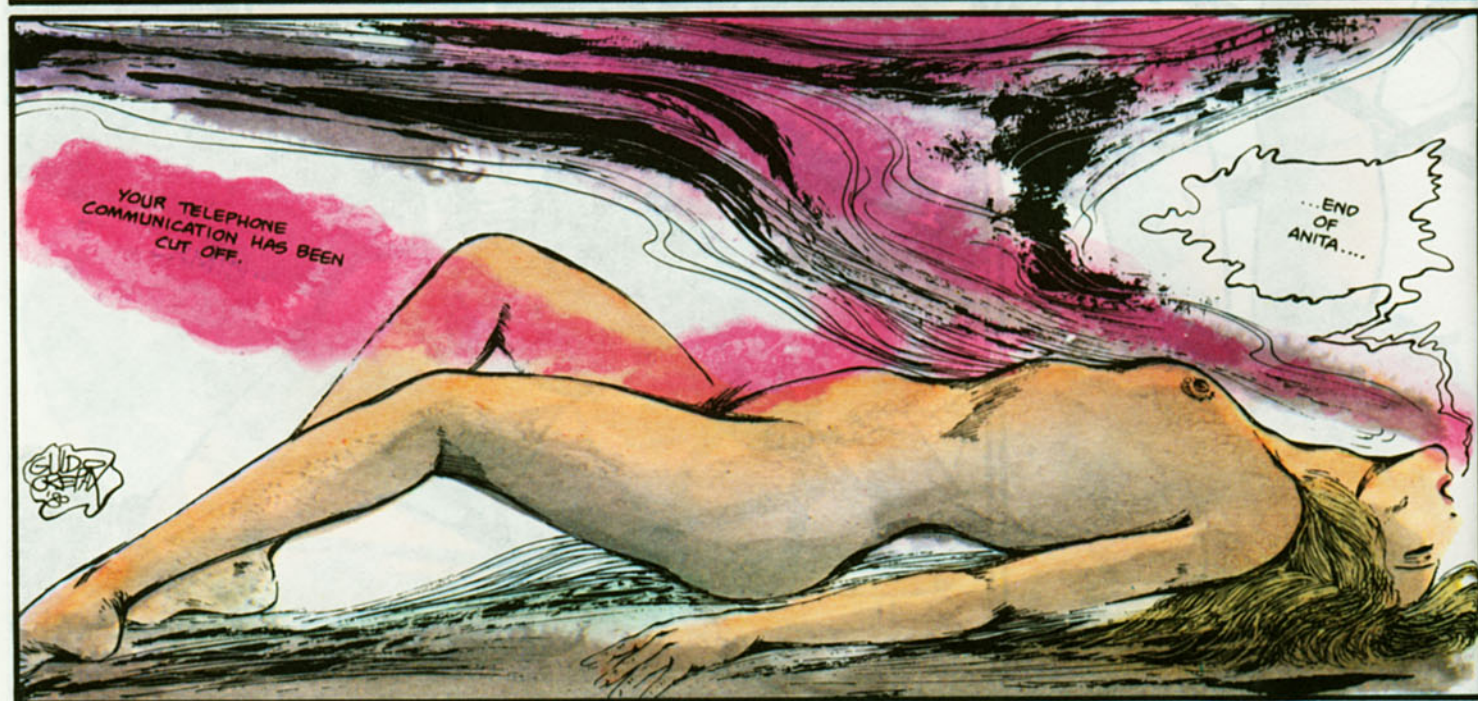
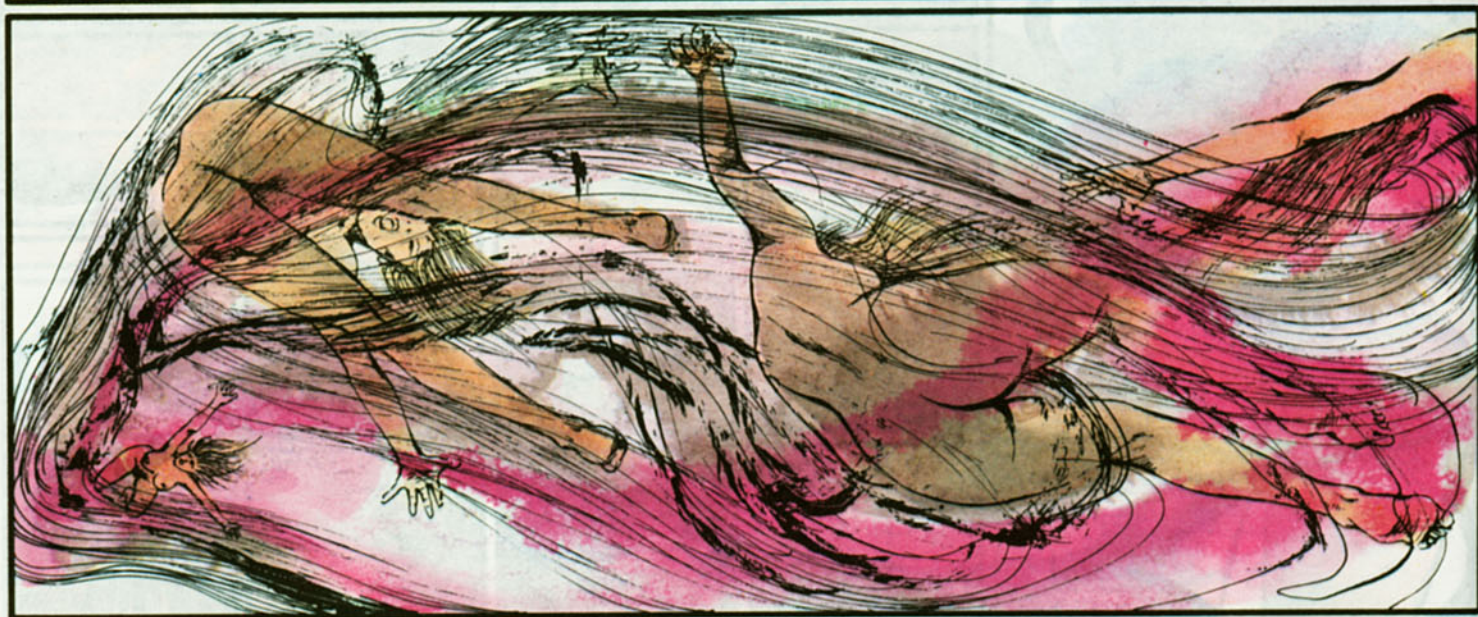
CLAYTON

BUT WHERE'S THE BED?...
WHERE IS IT?
EVERYTHING LOOKS
BIGGER...

OH!







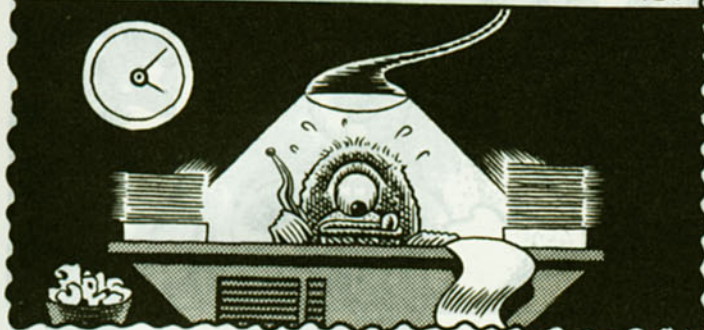
MONDAY!



IT'S THE FIRST DAY
OF MY FIRST VACA-
TION IN SIX ORBITS!

© J.D. KING 1985

YEP, IT WAS JUST SIX ORBITS AGO THAT I ENTERED THE WORK FORCE EAGER TO TAKE ON ANY OVERWHELMING TASK TO ACCUMULATE EXPERIENCE AND CREDITS.



WITHIN A VERY SHORT TIME I BECAME AN OFFICER WITH GREAT RESPONSIBILITY.

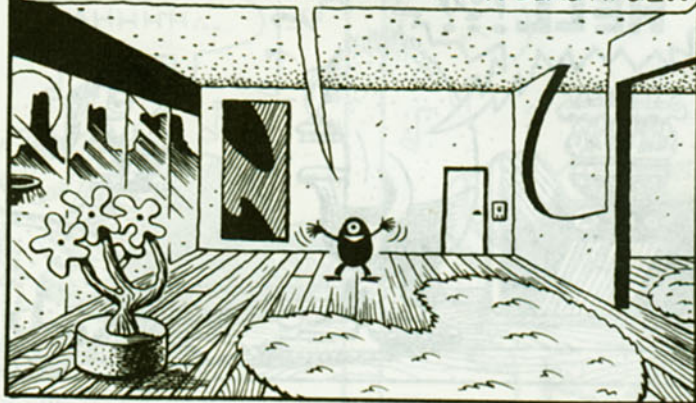


FOR STARTERS I THINK I'LL JUST RELAX AND SETTLE IN!

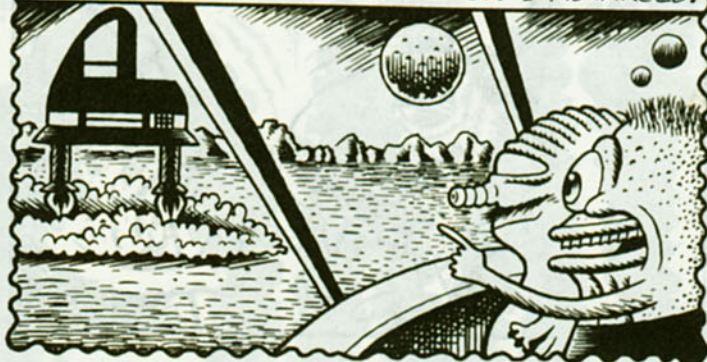
AHH... COMFY!



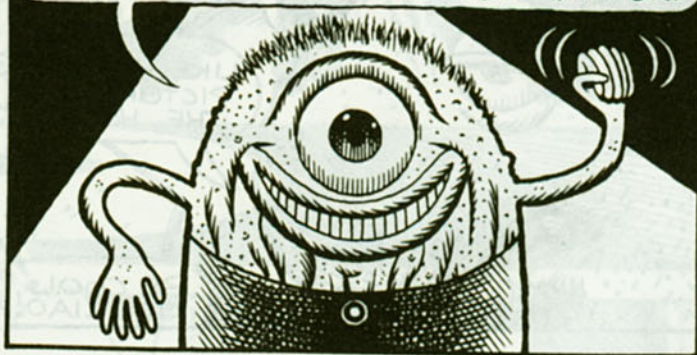
I SPENT THE ENTIRE WEEKEND MOVING INTO THIS NEW LUXURY APARTMENT. IT WAS A PAIN BUT JUST LOOK AT IT NOW! BEAUTIFUL!!

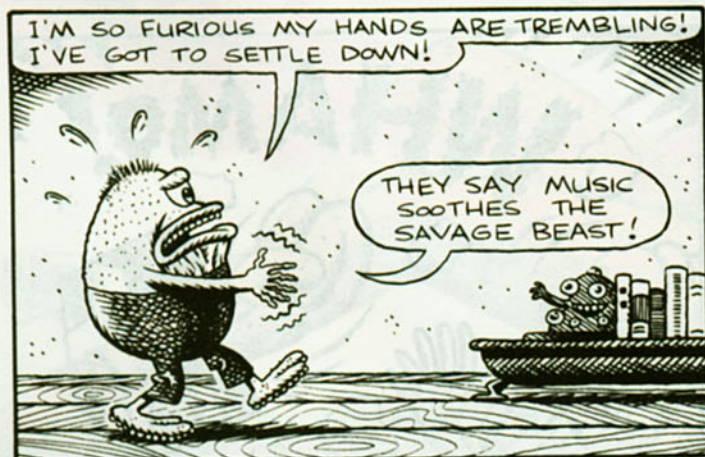
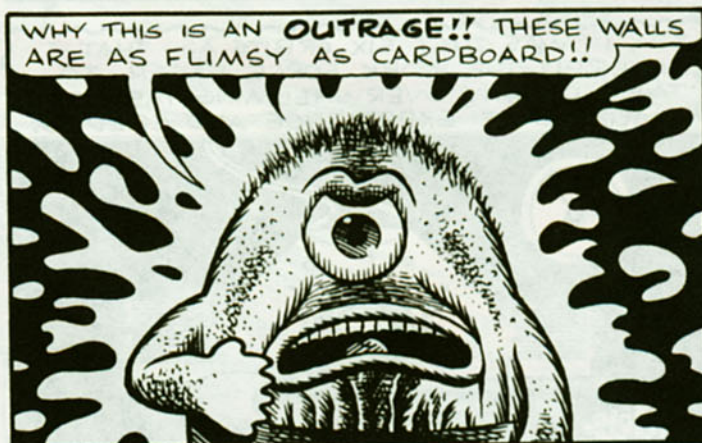
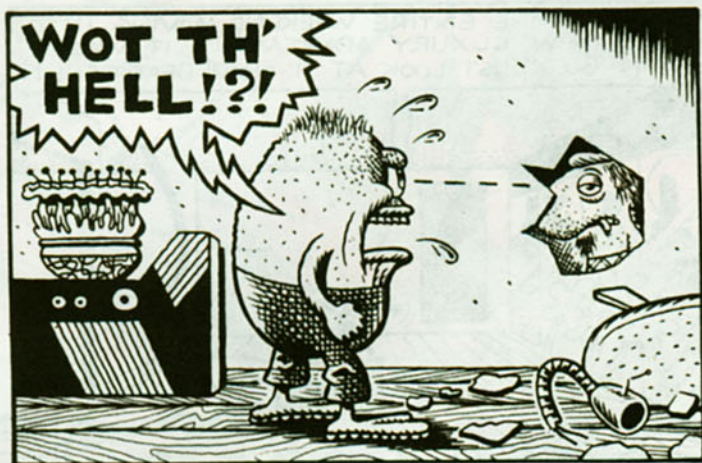


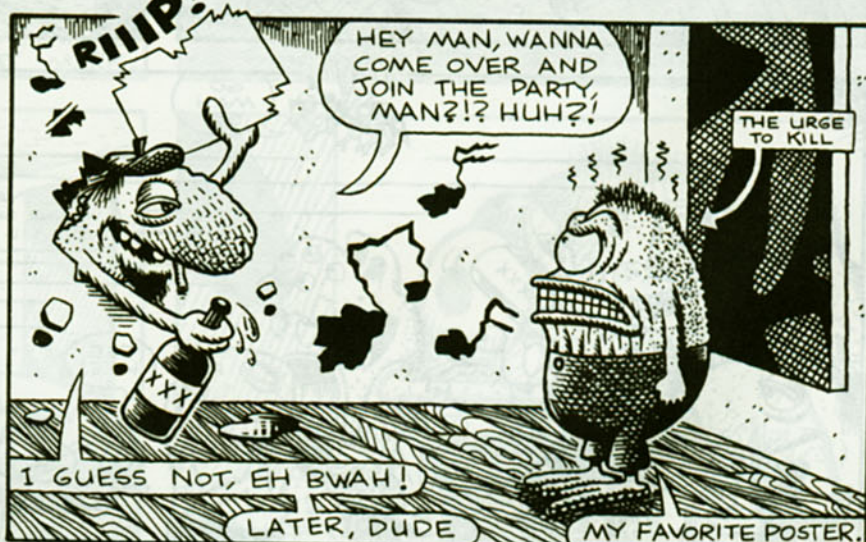
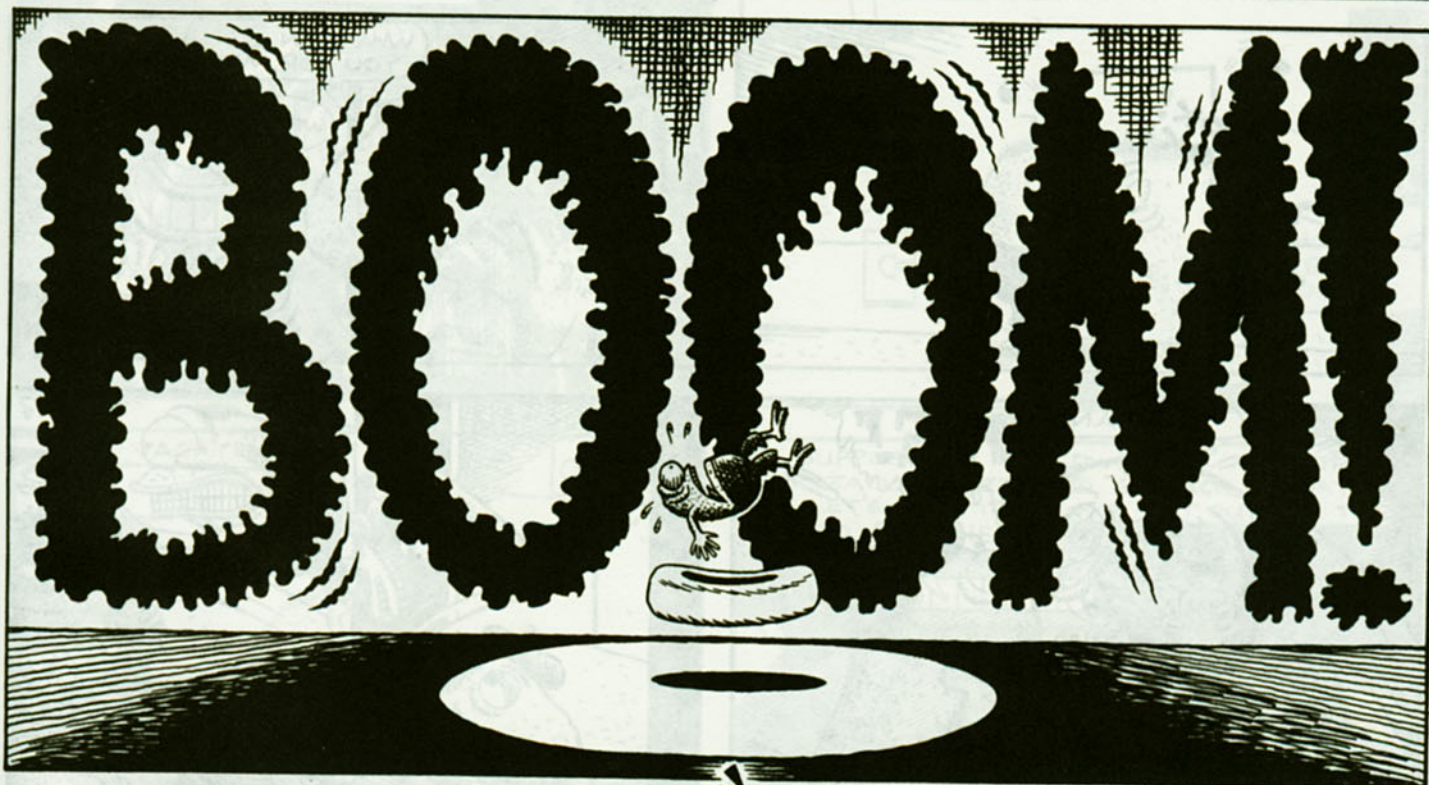
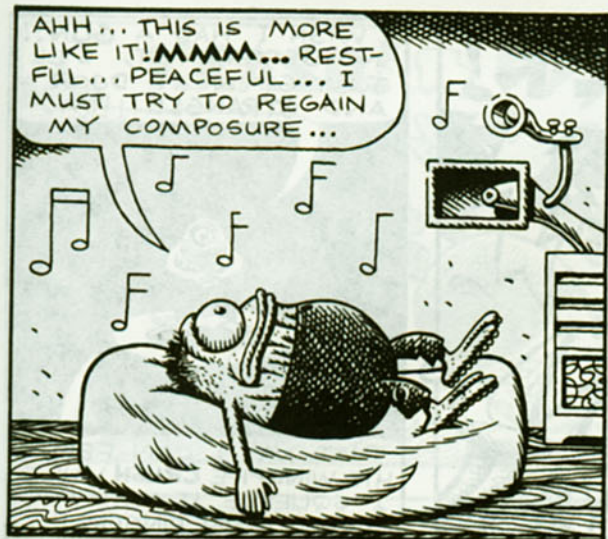
MY ENTHUSIASM AND INNOVATIONS DID NOT GO UNNOTICED BY MY SUPERVISORS. THE MORE I PRODUCED THE FASTER I ADVANCED.

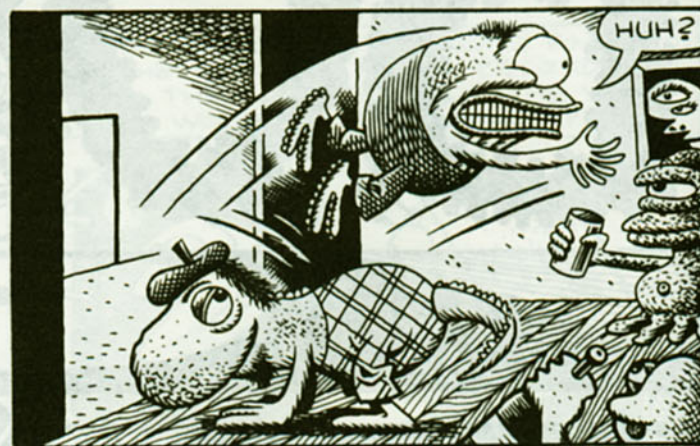
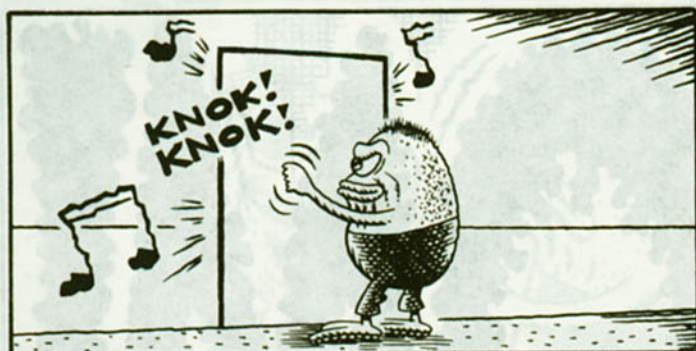


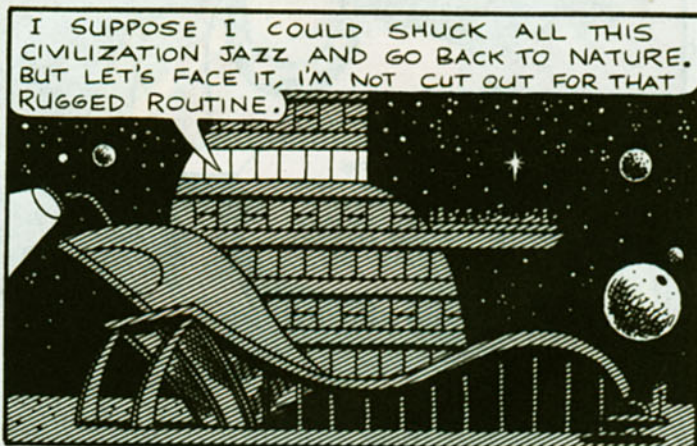
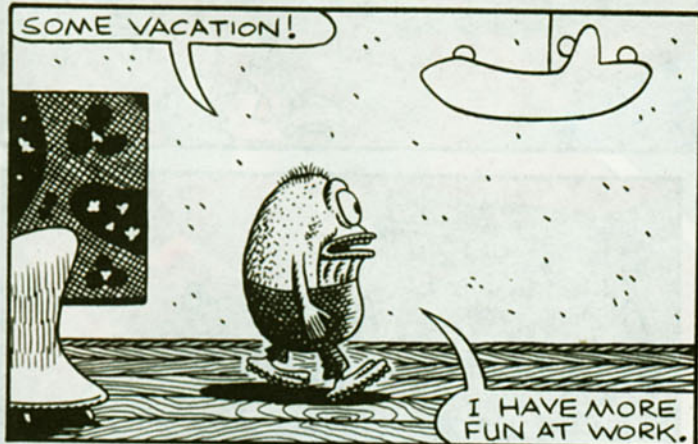
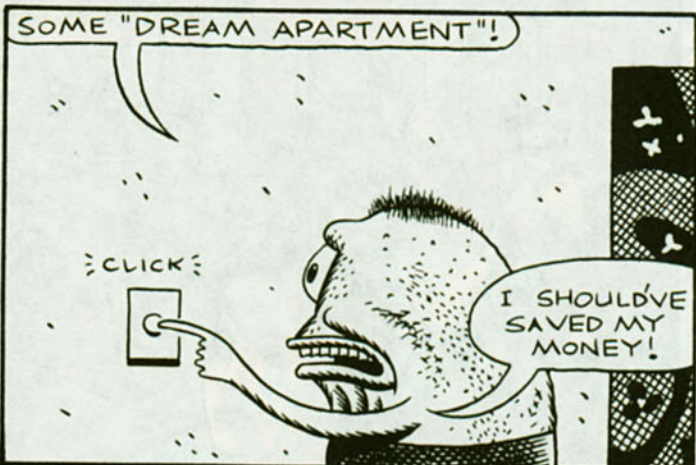
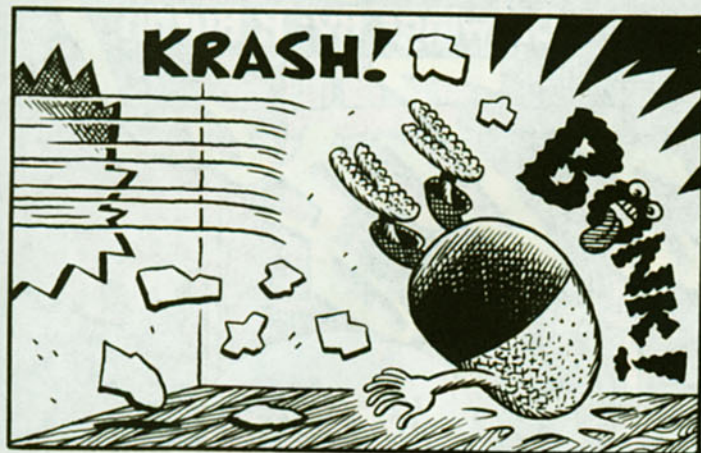
AND HERE I AM TODAY IN MY NEW DREAM PAD AND ON THE FIRST OFFICIAL DAY OF MY LONG AWAITED AND WELL DESERVED VACATION.







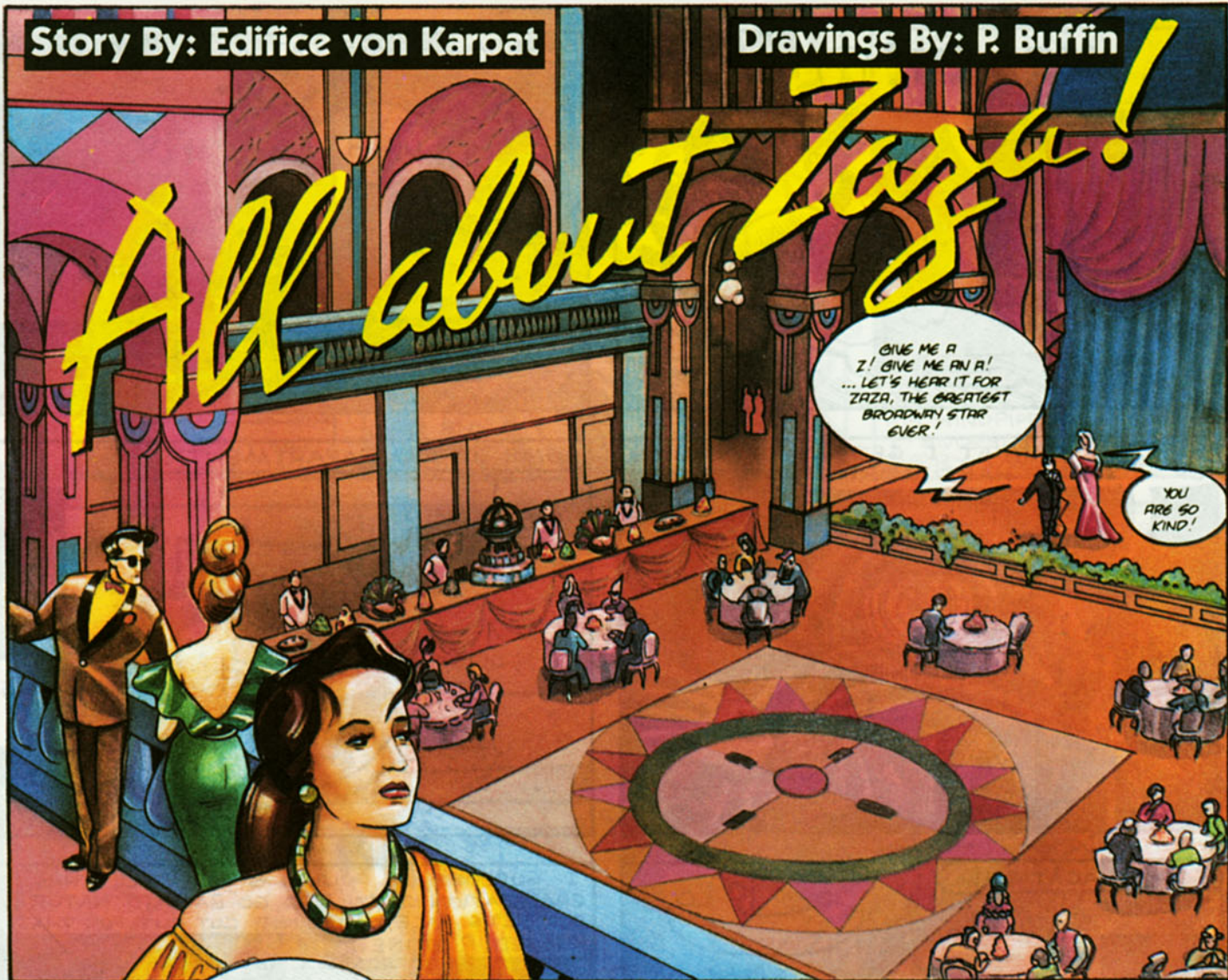




Story By: Edifice von Karpas

Drawings By: P. Buffin

All about Zaza!





THE HATRED THAT SHE FELT TOWARDS HIM WAS SEVERE. ALL I EVER HEARD FROM HER WAS HOW HORRIBLE MEN WERE!



SUFFICE IT TO SAY, I LEAD A VERY ODD CHILDHOOD. I WAS NEVER ONE OF THE "BANGS."

MARIA!

THE YEARS WENT BY ... NO ONE REALLY KNEW ME. ALL I EVER WANTED TO DO WAS BE ON BROADWAY.



I'M SINGING IN THE RAIN, JUST SINGING
IN THE RAIN. WHAT A WONDERFUL
FEELING, I'M HAPPY AGAIN!



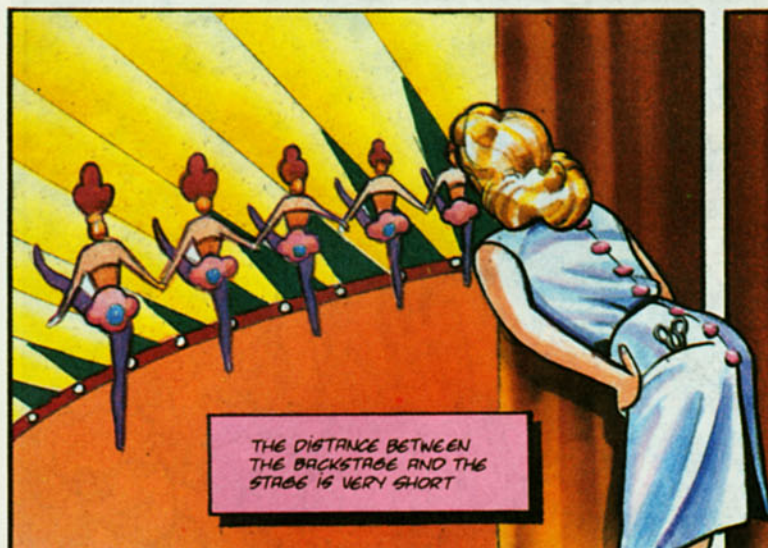
SUDDENLY, I WAS
ZAZA! PEOPLE
LOVED ME! THEY
WANTED ME!



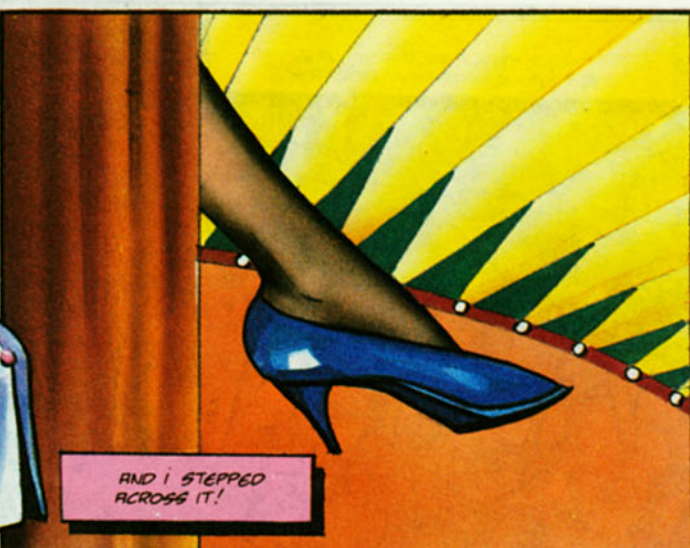
DIAMONDS
ARE A GIRL'S BEST
FRIEND! HOW CAN
I EVER THANK
YOU, MY
LOVE?

I
REALLY
HAVE MADE
IT NOW!

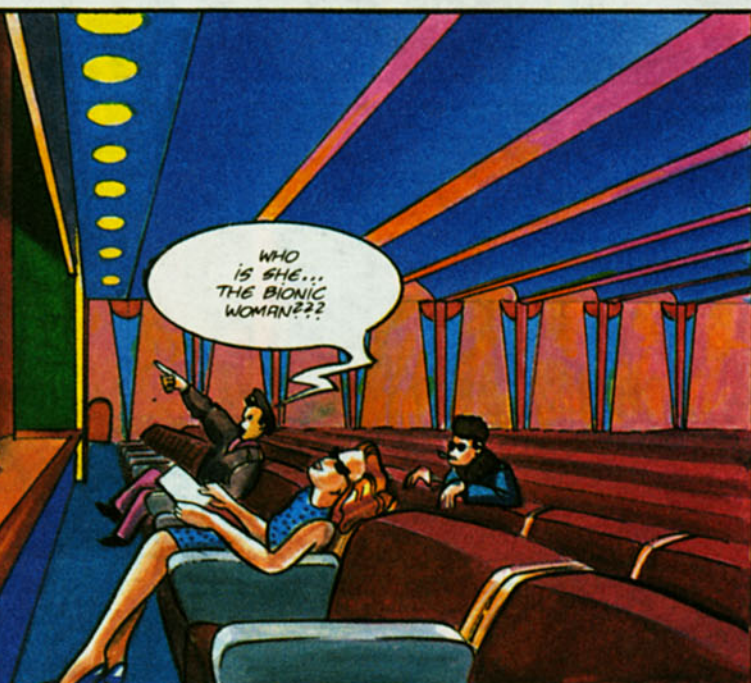
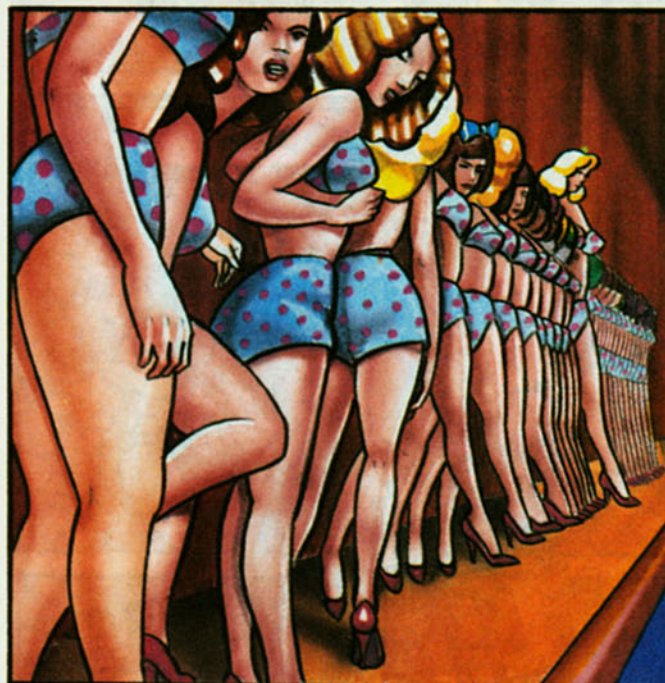




THE DISTANCE BETWEEN
THE BACKSTAGE AND THE
STAGE IS VERY SHORT



AND I STEPPED
ACROSS IT!



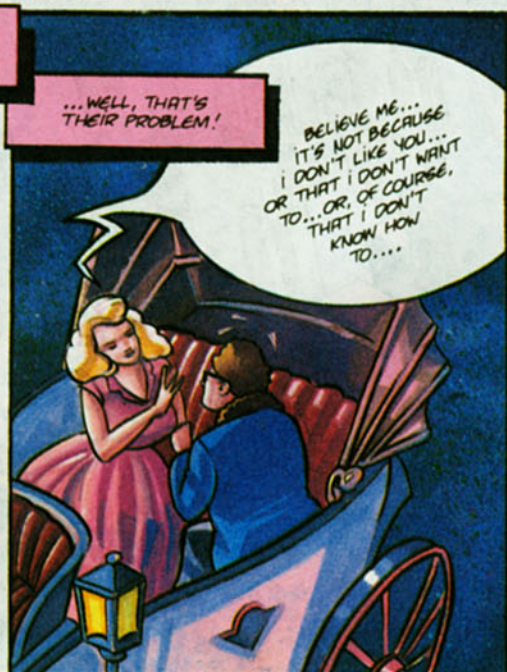
WHO
IS SHE...
THE BIONIC
WOMAN???



THAT JERK
DOESN'T UNDERSTAND
HOW BEAUTIFUL YOU
ARE. I'M GOING TO MAKE
YOU THE GREATEST
STAR THIS TOWN
HAS EVER
SEEN.



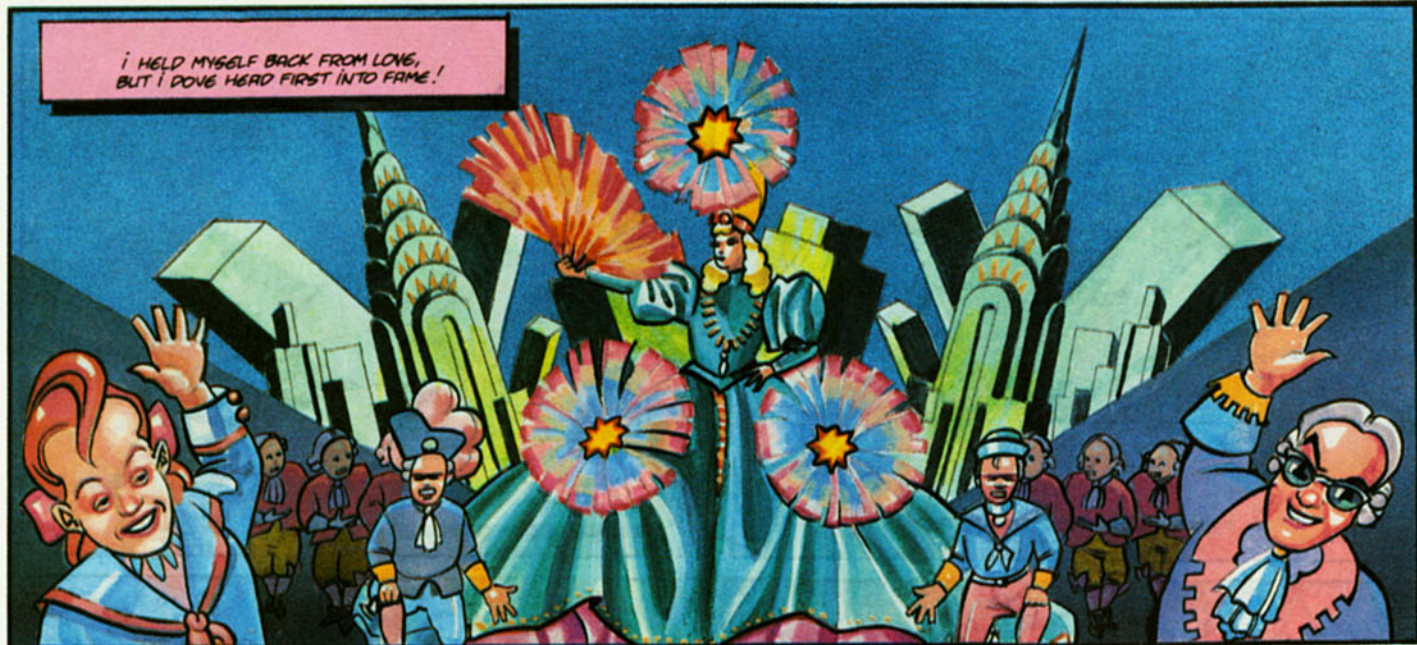
IF MEN PREFER
BLONDES...



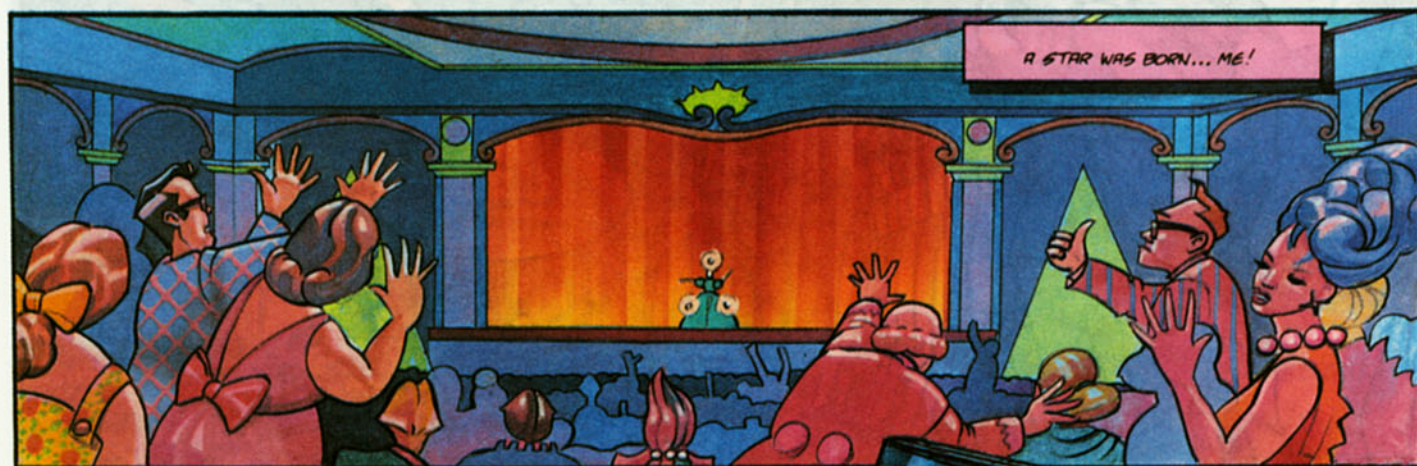
...WELL, THAT'S
THEIR PROBLEM!

BELIEVE ME...
IT'S NOT BECAUSE
I DON'T LIKE YOU...
OR THAT I DON'T WANT
TO... OR, OF COURSE,
THAT I DON'T
KNOW HOW
TO...

I HELD MYSELF BACK FROM LOVE,
BUT I DROVE HEAD FIRST INTO FAME!



A STAR WAS BORN... ME!



I WAS ON THE COVER OF ALL
THE BIG MAGAZINES!



YOU ALWAYS TREATED ME LIKE
A REAL LADY-- YOU HAVE BEEN
SO WONDERFUL TO ME!



BUT, GUS...
GUS! YOU HAD
TO REALIZE
THAT I'M A
MAN!



IS THAT
ALL? SO WHAT!
NO ONE'S
PERFECT!



FIN

LATELY, IT SEEMS YOU CAN HARDLY PICK UP A MAGAZINE WITHOUT FINDING ONE FEATURED PROMINENTLY... YOU CAN BARELY TUNE INTO A T.V. TALK SHOW BEFORE THE DISCUSSION TURNS TO THEM... AND SO WE ASK--

WHAT IS IT WITH THE BUS?

CONSIDER...



FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE 1957 **BUS DRIVER** IS THE LEADING VOCATIONAL CHOICE OF HIGH SCHOOL SENIORS SURVEYED...

TIME MAGAZINE BROKE TRADITION BY CHOOSING A MUNICIPAL BUS FROM AMES, IOWA, FOR ITS YEARLY "MAN OF THE YEAR" ISSUE...



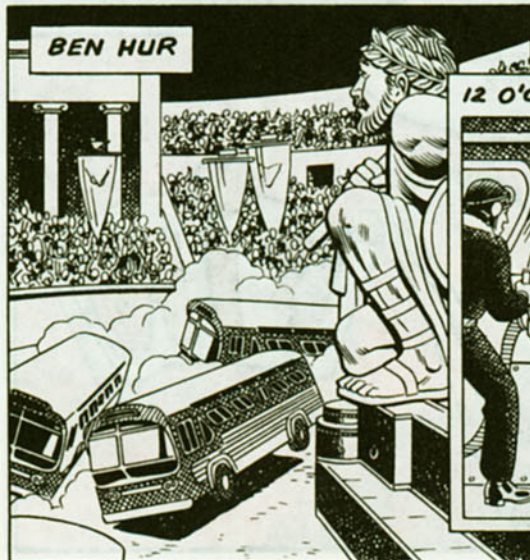
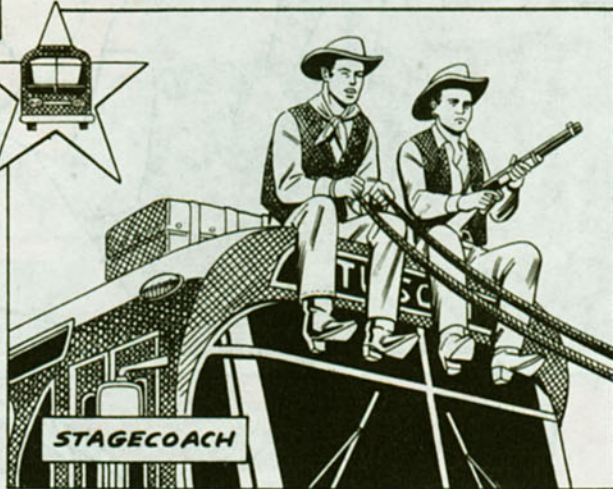
MILLIONAIRE **MALCOLM FORBES** SWAPPED HIS CHAUFFEUR-DRIVEN STRETCH LIMO FOR A ROOMIER "BUS-FOR-ONE"...



HOLLYWOOD, OF COURSE, WAS AMONG THE FIRST TO CAPITALIZE ON THIS ENTHUSIASM... NO ONE WILL SOON FORGET SUCH FILMS AS ...



IN CAR-CONSCIOUS CALIFORNIA, CUSTOMIZED BUSES ARE ALREADY A COMMON SIGHT!



12 O'CLOCK HIGH



ROBINSON CRUSOE



©1985 PAUL KIRCHNER

YET LET US NOT FORGET THAT THERE ARE MANY AMONGST US, ESPECIALLY IN RURAL AREAS, WHO HAVE ONLY THE MOST RUDIMENTARY NOTION OF WHAT A BUS ACTUALLY IS. FOR THEM, THE FOLLOWING INTRODUCTION.

VITAL STATISTICS... *

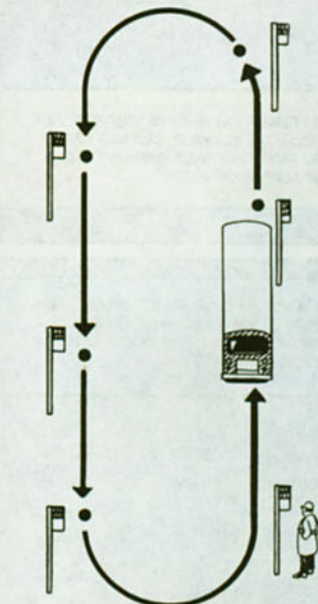
FRONT

SIDE

BACK



ITS FUNCTION...

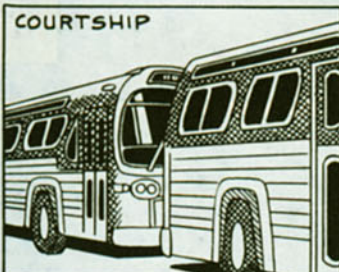


THE BUS FOLLOWS A SET ROUTE, STOPPING FREQUENTLY AT DESIGNATED POINTS.

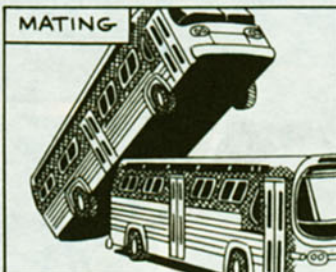
*REMEMBER THAT THESE FIGURES ARE BASED ON STATISTICAL NORMS. INDIVIDUAL VARIATIONS MAY BE CONSIDERABLE. FOR EXAMPLE, DEPENDING ON AGE AND BUILD, A BUS MAY WEIGH ANYWHERE FROM SEVERAL HUNDRED TO 40,000 POUNDS!

PROCREATION AND UPBRINGING...

COURTSHIP



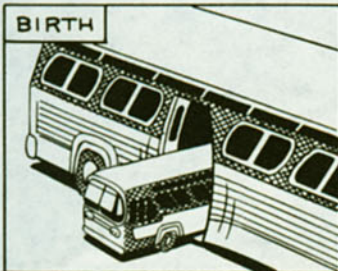
MATING



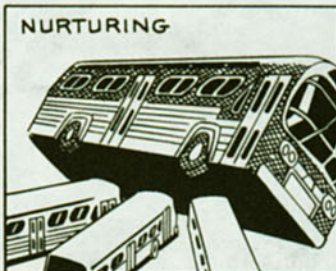
PREGNANCY



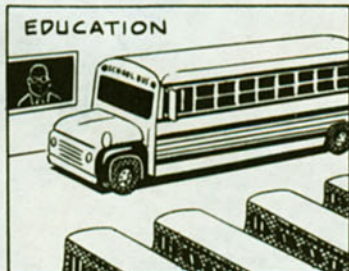
BIRTH



NURTURING

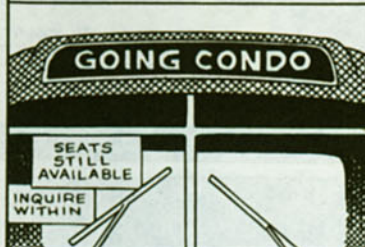


EDUCATION

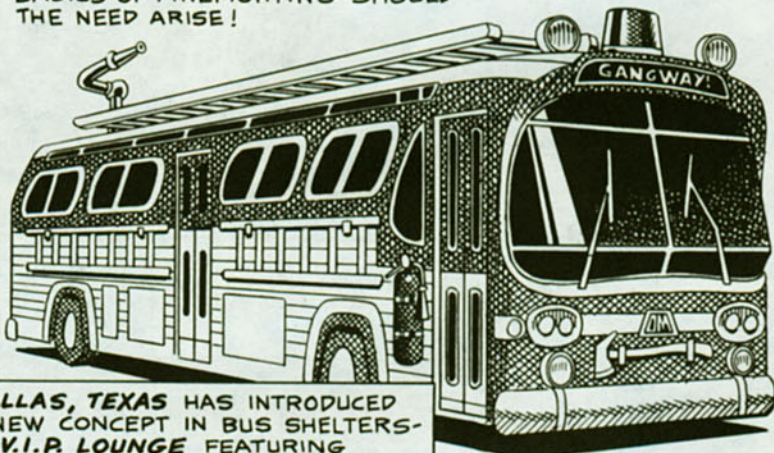


NEW CONCEPTS IN THE BUS ARE KEEPING THIS AGE-OLD FRIEND OF MAN IN STEP WITH THE TIMES!

IN **NEW YORK**, BUSES ARE GOING **CONDO**--AS A PART OWNER OF A BUS, YOU PAY ONLY A MAINTENANCE FEE OF PERHAPS \$3 A RIDE--AND YOU CAN RENT OUT YOUR SEAT WHEN YOU'RE NOT USING IT!



BOSTON, MASS... RATHER THAN TIE UP CITY FUNDS IN LITTLE-USED EMERGENCY EQUIPMENT, BUSES DOUBLE AS **FIRE ENGINES**, WITH COMMUTERS BRIEFED IN THE BASICS OF FIREFIGHTING SHOULD THE NEED ARISE!



IN **DAYTON, OHIO**, BUS TRAVEL IS **FREE!** THE SYSTEM TURNS A PROFIT BY LEASING AISLE SEATS TO REAL ESTATE PROMOTERS, INSURANCE SALESMEN, AND SPOKESMEN FOR THE UNIFICATION CHURCH!

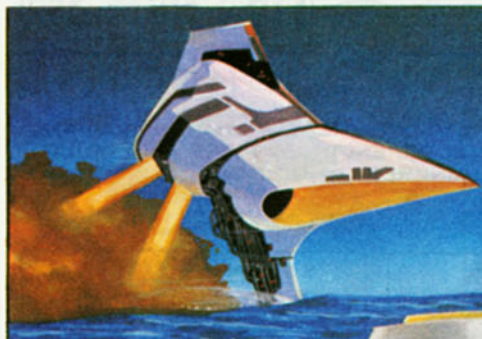


DALLAS, TEXAS HAS INTRODUCED A NEW CONCEPT IN BUS SHELTERS--A **V.I.P. LOUNGE** FEATURING VIDEO GAMES, NAUTILUS EQUIPMENT, EVEN A **SUSHI BAR!**



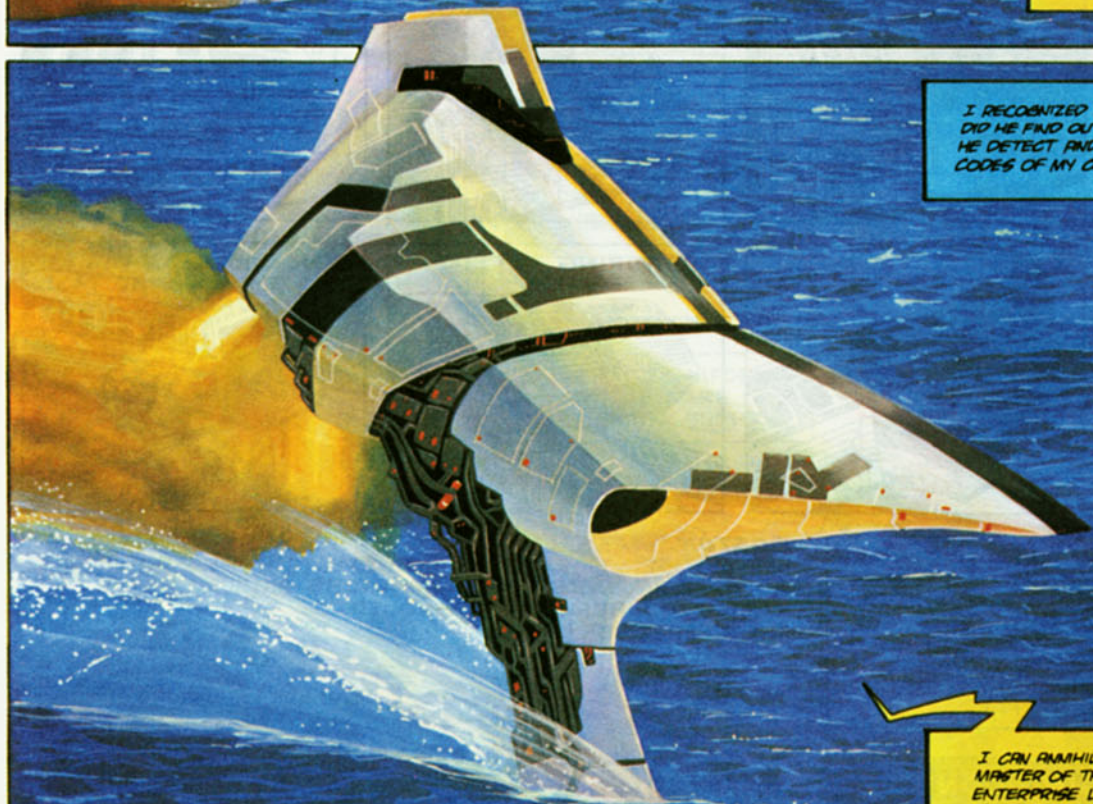
IT HAS NOT BEEN THE PURPOSE OF THIS ARTICLE TO MAKE VALUE JUDGEMENTS ON THE COMPLEX AND CONTROVERSIAL ISSUES RAISED HEREIN. TO ITS SUPPORTERS, THE BUS REPRESENTS ALL THAT IS GOOD IN THE AMERICAN SPIRIT...TO ITS CRITICS, IT EPI TOMIZES THE WORST ASPECTS OF CONTEMPORARY LIFE. SUFFICE IT TO SAY THAT, LIKE IT OR NOT, **BUSES ARE HERE TO STAY!**

ELDFELL



I HAVE JUST LAUNCHED MY HYDROCRRAFT, AND I'LL ATTACK AT FULL SPEED. MY OBJECTIVE IS IN FRONT OF ME IN THE MIDDLE OF THE VAST OCEAN. AFTER THAT... SHIT, THERE'S SOME WEIRD INTERFERENCE IN MY RECEIVER. I HEAR A VOICE COMING IN OVER MY HEADPHONES....

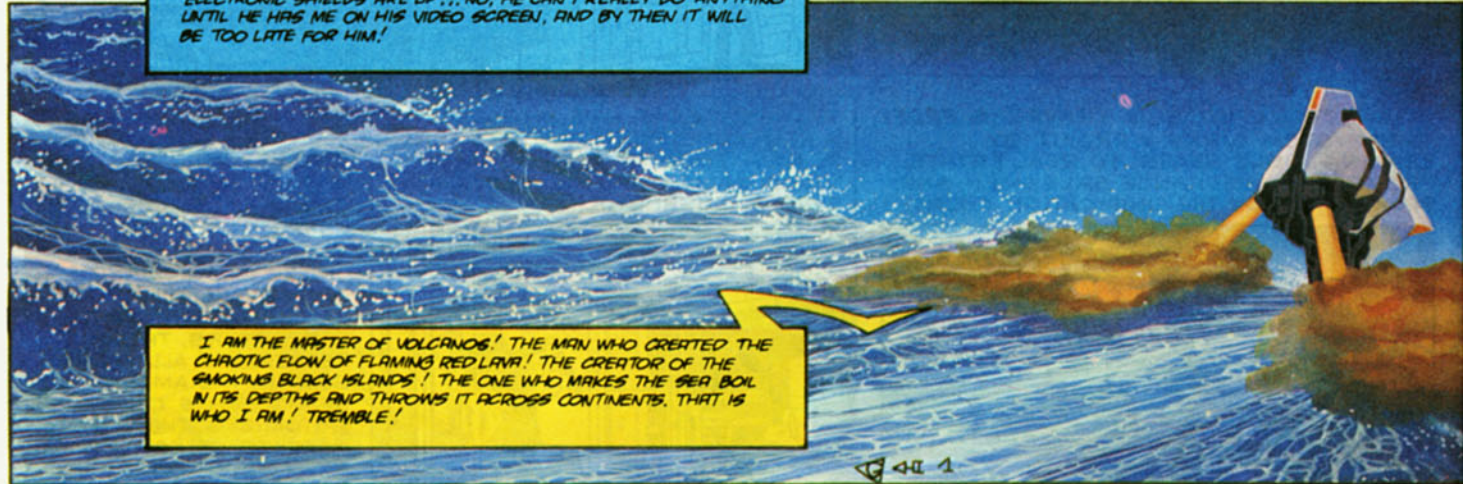
HELLO! I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE BUT I SEE YOU COMING CLOSER. DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE FIGHTING AGAINST? DON'T YOU FEAR FOR YOUR LIFE?



I RECOGNIZED THE VOICE OF THE DESTROYER! HOW DID HE FIND OUT THAT I WAS COMING? HOW DID HE DETECT AND REACH THE MULTI-FREQUENCY CODES OF MY CONTROL CIRCUIT?


I CAN ANNIHILATE YOU AT ANY TIME! I AM THE MASTER OF THE INNER FIRE, AND I FIND YOUR ENTERPRISE LAUGHABLE... HE! HE! I THINK I'LL LET YOU GO A LITTLE FURTHER AND THEN...

I HAVE TO CONCENTRATE. I CAN'T LET HIM INTERFERE. ALL OF MY ELECTRONIC SHIELDS ARE UP... NO, HE CAN'T REALLY DO ANYTHING UNTIL HE HAS ME ON HIS VIDEO SCREEN, AND BY THEN IT WILL BE TOO LATE FOR HIM!



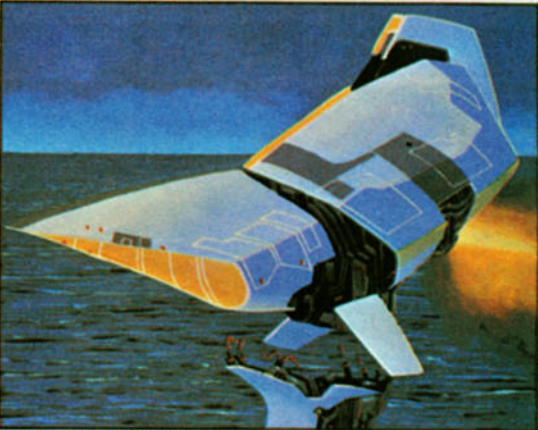
I AM THE MASTER OF VOLCANOS! THE MAN WHO CREATED THE CHAOTIC FLOW OF FLAMING RED LAVA! THE CREATOR OF THE SMOKING BLACK ISLANDS! THE ONE WHO MAKES THE SEA BOIL IN ITS DEPTHS AND THROWS IT ACROSS CONTINENTS. THAT IS WHO I AM! TREMBLE!

written by Imbert
illustrated by Gauckler



STOP THIS, DESTROYER! HE WILL NEVER SEE ME, I WILL APPEAR LIKE A POINT ON HIS HORIZON, SLOWLY LOSING MYSELF LIKE A TINY DROP IN A SUMMER STORM, AND MOMENTS LATER I WILL SHOOT OUT MY DEVASTATING RAYS AND BANGS!... HE WILL DISAPPEAR, THE MASTER OF THE EVER-MOVING SEA....

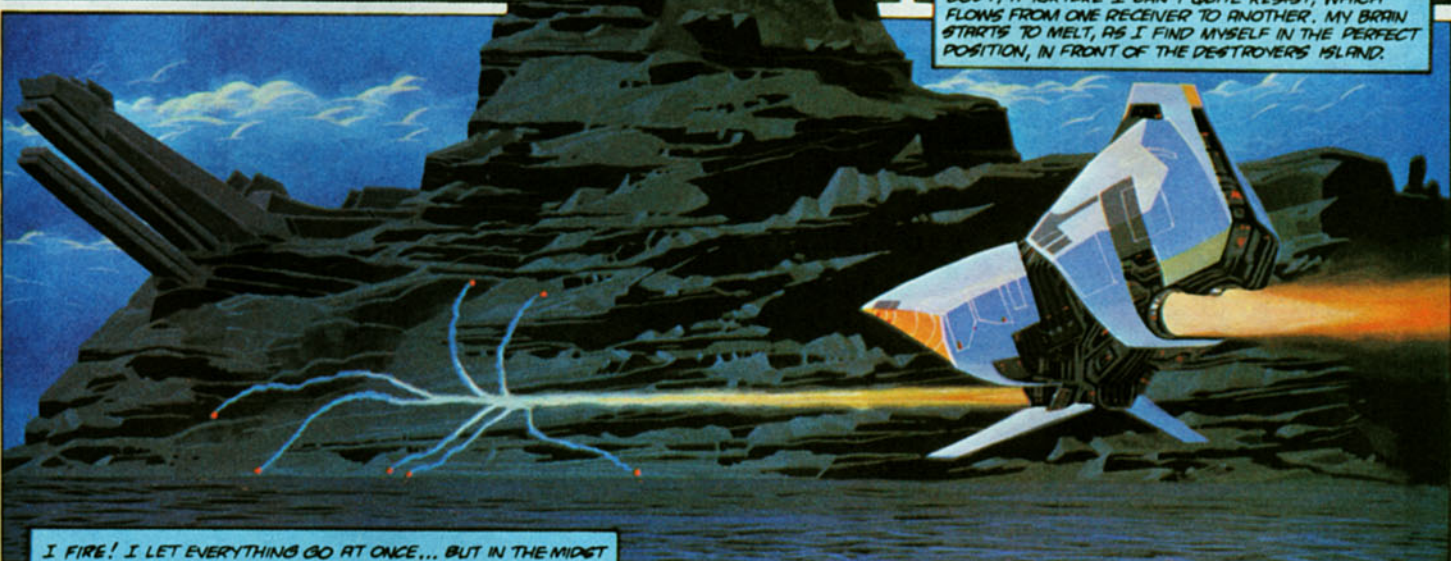
I HAVE TAKEN OFF. I SEE THE ISLAND GETTING CLOSER AND CLOSER ON MY RADAR.




THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN, A MOMENT OF SILENCE, LIKE A SIGNAL... I SHOULD STOP RIGHT HERE... END THE MISSION BEFORE IT REALLY BEGINS... BUT I'M SO CLOSE...



THE ATTACK IS COMING FROM WITHIN! IN MY HELMET! OHHH! A HIGH PIERCING SOUND WHICH INVADES MY BODY, A TORTURE I CAN'T QUITE RESIST, WHICH FLOWS FROM ONE RECEIVER TO ANOTHER. MY BRAIN STARTS TO MELT, AS I FIND MYSELF IN THE PERFECT POSITION, IN FRONT OF THE DESTROYER'S ISLAND.

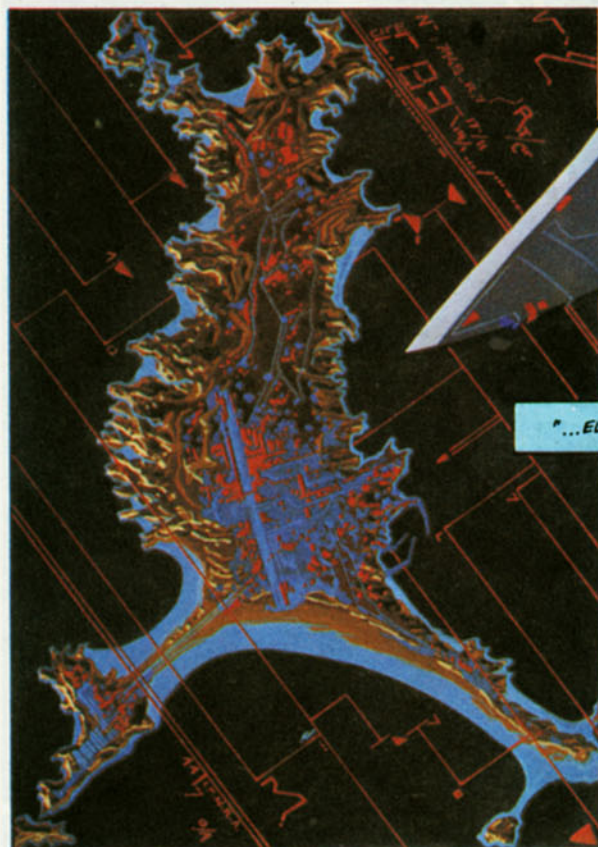


I FIRE! I LET EVERYTHING GO AT ONCE... BUT IN THE MIST OF THE PAIN THAT IS KILLING ME... I NOTICE THAT I MISSED... I HAVE FAILED!



THEY MUST HAVE ME NOW. I TRY TO CONFUSE THEIR SOUND SIGNAL. I CHANGE MY REACTORS TO FULL POWER AND TURN AROUND, 180 DEGREES, TRYING TO SAVE MY SKIN.

I'M CLIMBING.... I SEE ON MY SCREEN THAT I'M BEING FOLLOWED BY MISSILES SO I TURN ON ALL MY POWER, AND WITH A JUMP I'M OUT OF THEIR REACH. I GO STRAIGHT AHEAD... THEY'LL FOLLOW ME NOW FOR 500 MILES, FOR A GOOD 10 MINUTES AT LEAST.



"...ELDFELL..."

MY FUEL RESERVES WON'T LAST LONG AT MACH 3. I'VE LEFT MY PURSUERS BEHIND, BUT NOW I'VE GOT TO FIND A LANDING SPOT. THE DESTROYER IS A COSMIC BANDIT! MY ATTACK HAS FAILED AND NOBODY ELSE WILL DARE APPROACH HIM, EITHER FROM AIR OR SEA.

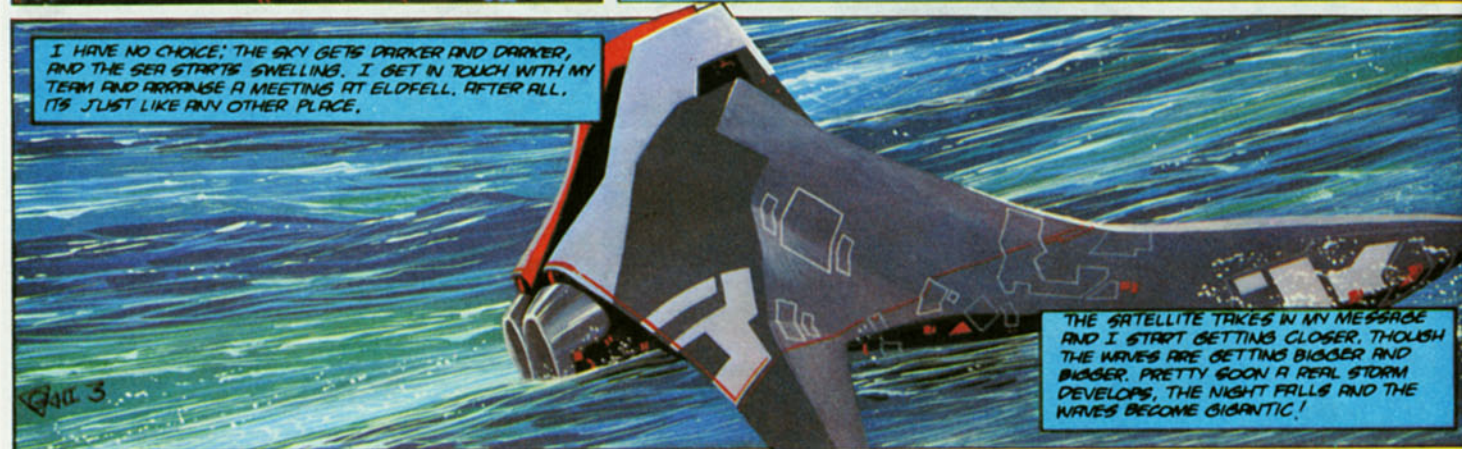


I'M LOST IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN. I LOOK AT MY GEOSCOPIC SCREEN TO SEE IF I CAN SELECT A DESTINATION. THE CLOSEST ONE IS:



A SMALL ISLAND BENTEN BY THE WINDS... WITH VERY LITTLE VEGETATION... AND A SMALL SETTLEMENT OF HUMANS... WHO LIVE REMOVED FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD...

I HAVE NO CHOICE; THE SKY GETS DARKER AND DARKER, AND THE SEA STARTS SWELLING. I GET IN TOUCH WITH MY TEAM AND ARRANGE A MEETING AT ELDFELL. AFTER ALL, IT'S JUST LIKE ANY OTHER PLACE.



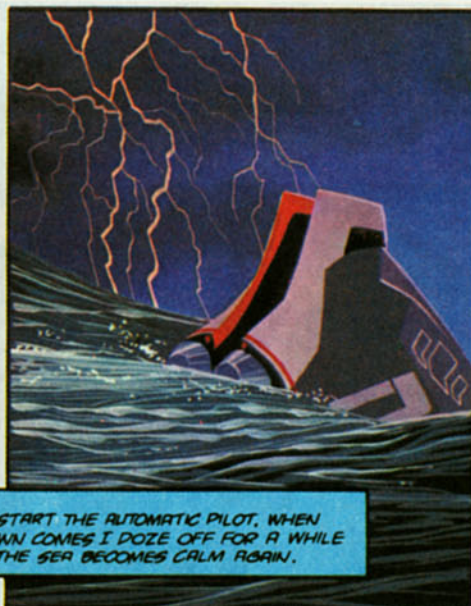
THE SATELLITE TAKES IN MY MESSAGE AND I START GETTING CLOSER, THOUGH THE WAVES ARE GETTING BIGGER AND BIGGER. PRETTY SOON A REAL STORM DEVELOPS, THE NIGHT FALLS AND THE WAVES BECOME GIANTIC!

Page 3

LUCKILY, I START DRIFTING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION, I TRY TO FLY WHEN THE STORM LETS DOWN A LITTLE, BUT THESE MOMENTS OF FLIGHT ARE EXTREMELY FATIGUING, MY ENGINE STARTS TO LOSE SOME OF ITS STRENGTH....



I START THE AUTOMATIC PILOT, WHEN DAWN COMES I DOZE OFF FOR A WHILE ...THE SEA BECOMES CALM AGAIN.



I AM DREAMING. I DREAM THAT GABRIELLE HAS ARRIVED AND IS KISSING ME AND TELLING ME TO WAKE UP. IT'S THE KIND OF A DREAM ONE WOULD WISH TO HAVE ALL THE TIME.



HEY, I'M TALKING TO YOU!!



AND IF I JUST CONCENTRATE, I CAN TRANSFORM MY DREAM INTO AN EROTIC FANTASY. AT THIS POINT I REALIZE THAT I'M AWAKE.

THAT'S ALL YOU EVER THINK OF! JUST WAIT AND SEE, MY DEAR!



SHE GIVES ME A PUSH AND I FALL, AND NEARLY DROWN IN TWO FEET OF WATER. I'VE RUN AROUND, BUT I'VE ARRIVED, AND I'M AWAKE.

HE, HE! JUST LOOK AT HIS FACE!!



I HAVE NEVER SEEN YOU IN THIS OUTFIT, MY CHARMING WARRIOR!

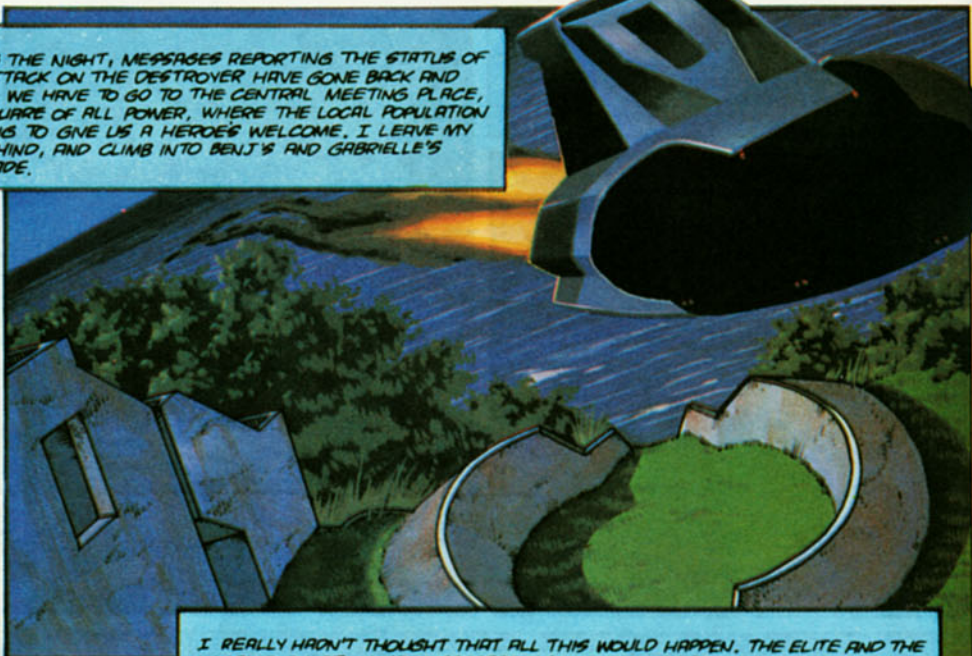
HOLD YOUR FIRE, YOUNG MAN!

THEY ARRIVED HERE BEFORE ME, BENJ IS LYING ON THE BEACH AND TRYING TO GET A TAN.

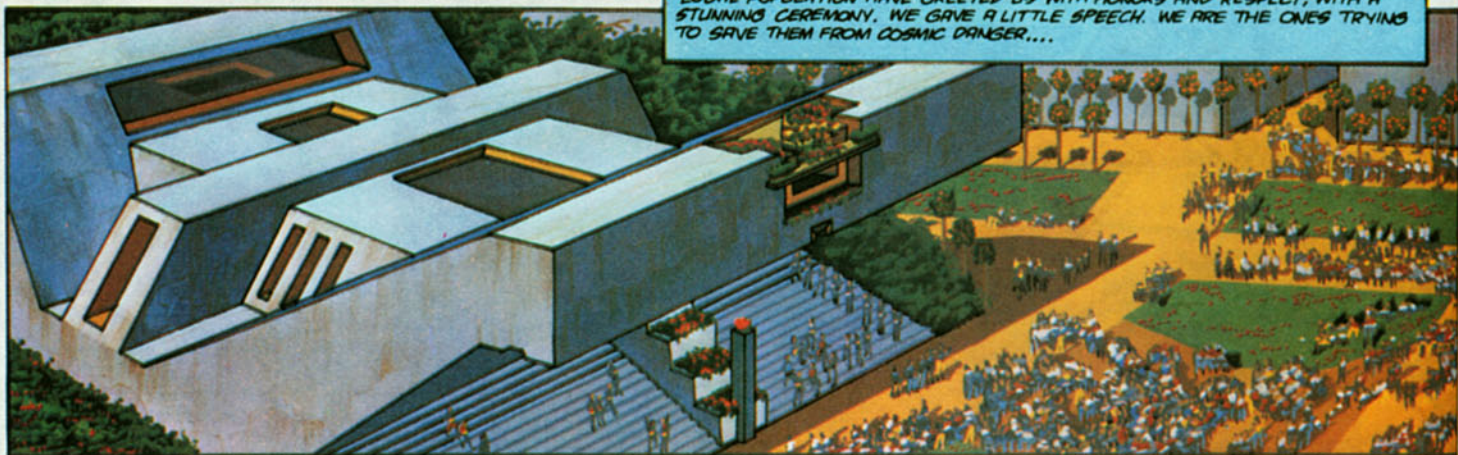




DURING THE NIGHT, MESSAGES REPORTING THE STATUS OF THE ATTACK ON THE DESTROYER HAVE GONE BACK AND FORTH. WE HAVE TO GO TO THE CENTRAL MEETING PLACE, THE SQUARE OF ALL POWER, WHERE THE LOCAL POPULATION IS GOING TO GIVE US A HEROES WELCOME. I LEAVE MY SHIP BEHIND, AND CLIMB INTO BENJ'S AND GABRIELLE'S FALCSPIDE.



I REALLY HADN'T THOUGHT THAT ALL THIS WOULD HAPPEN. THE ELITE AND THE LOCAL POPULATION HAVE GREETED US WITH HONORS AND RESPECT, WITH A STUNNING CEREMONY. WE GAVE A LITTLE SPEECH. WE ARE THE ONES TRYING TO SAVE THEM FROM COSMIC DANGER....

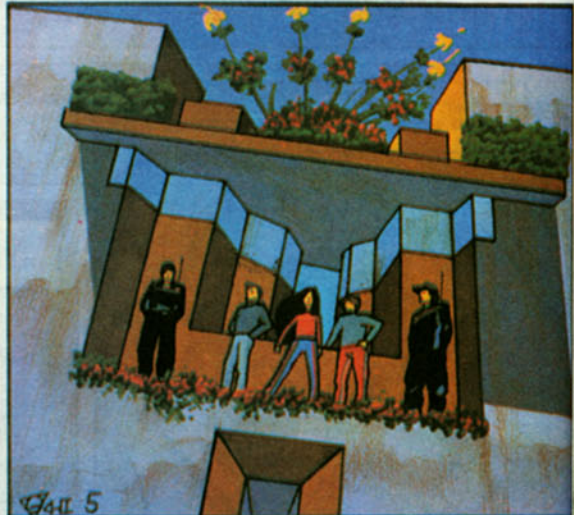


I AM A MAN OF THE AIR. I BELONG TO THOSE PEOPLE AND I AM PROUD TO BE THE BEST AMONG THEM IN DESTROYING THE 255 BASES. MY NAME IS BENJAMIN SINGER. FREE FALL HAS NO SECRETS FOR ME AND FROM HIGH IN THE SKY I WILL COME DOWN TO KILL THE DESTROYER.



I AM THE ONE WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE THREE-QUARTER ATTACKS. I KNOW BETTER THAN ANYBODY HOW TO WORK THE HYDRAULIC DIVING SUITS, AND I WILL GO AND SEARCH FOR THE DESTROYER'S PEOPLE DOWN IN THE VERY HEART OF HIS VOLCANOS.

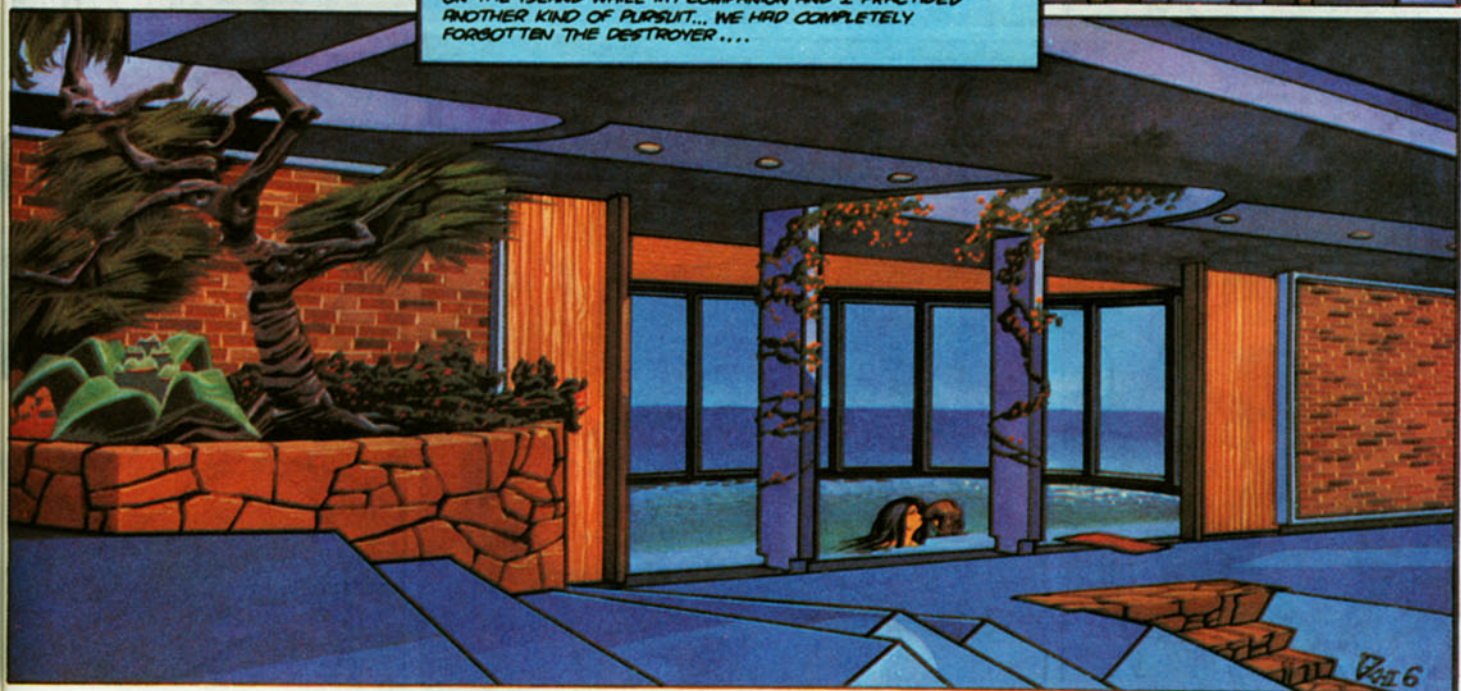
I COME FROM HYPER-ICE, UNDERGROUND CITIES AND PLASM RESERVOIRS ARE MY UNIVERSE. I AM A FAMOUS PILOT AND I'VE JUST COME BACK FROM AN ATTACK ON THE DESTROYER BUT I AM READY TO GO BACK IMMEDIATELY TO CRUSH AND ANNIHILATE HIM!



THE PEOPLE STARTED CLAPPING. THEY DON'T REALIZE THAT AT THIS VERY MOMENT THE DESTROYER IS PROBABLY LOOKING FOR THE SLIGHTEST TRACE OF MY WHEREABOUTS TO TRY AND SWALLOW US IN THE FIRES OF HIS HELL!



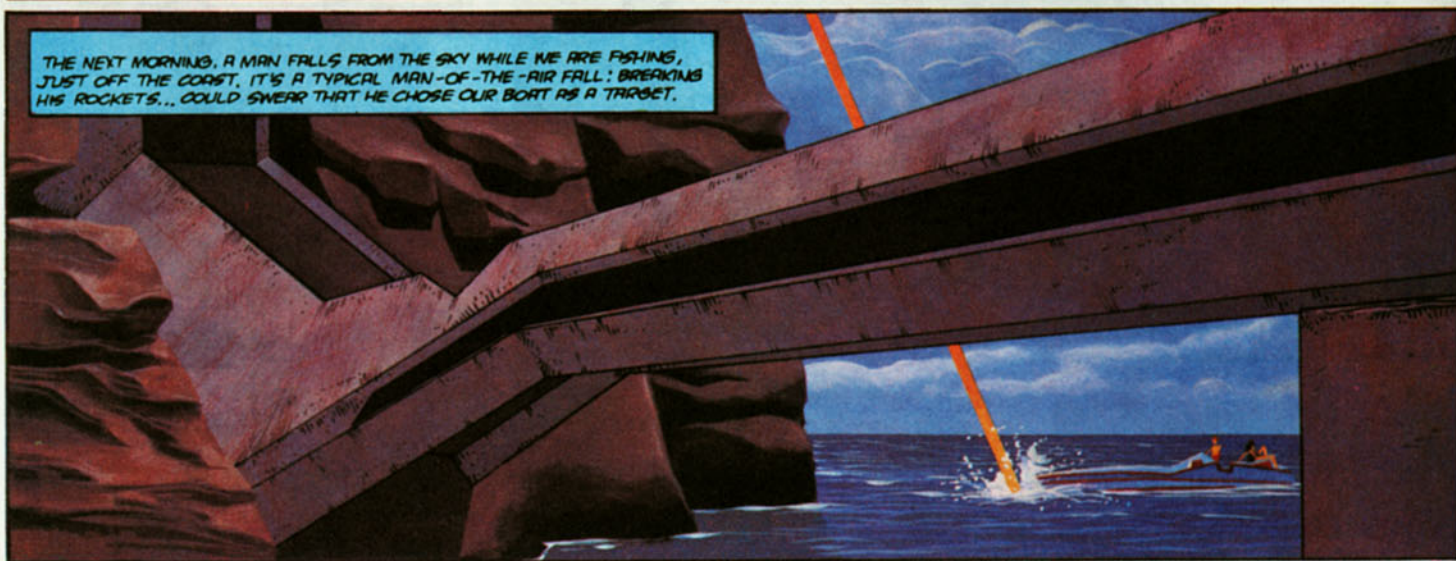
AH, YES! I THINK OF IT NOW, AND I REALIZE THAT WE KNEW
 WE WERE IN GREAT DANGER BUT AT THE SAME TIME... TIME
 SLOWLY WENT BY ENDURING LONG AND HAPPY DAYS.
 GABRIELLE WAS RELAXED AND I WAS GRATEFUL FOR OUR
 MOMENTS OF FRIENDLY COMPLICITY... BENJAMIN, CONTEMPLA-
 TIVE AS ALWAYS, SPENT HIS TIME HUNTING AND FISHING
 ON THE ISLAND WHILE MY COMPANION AND I PRACTICED
 ANOTHER KIND OF PURSUIT... WE HAD COMPLETELY
 FORGOTTEN THE DESTROYER....



HOWEVER, ONE FINE MORNING, WE SPOT A COLUMN OF SMOKE ON THE HORIZON. IT IS CERTAINLY HIS DOING, BUT THE THREAT STILL SEEMS TO BE FAR AWAY...



THE NEXT MORNING, A MAN FALLS FROM THE SKY WHILE WE ARE FISHING, JUST OFF THE COAST. IT'S A TYPICAL MAN-OF-THE-AIR FALL: BREAKING HIS ROCKETS... COULD SWEAR THAT HE CHOSE OUR BOAT AS A TARGET.



HE CLIMBS ON BOARD, AND STARTS ASKING US OUR NAMES. HE SEEMS A LITTLE TOO HAPPY TO HAVE FOUND US.



WHERE DID THIS STRANGE MAN COME FROM? WHEN WE GET TO THE BEACH HE TAKES SOME OF HIS FISHING GUNS WITH HIM. I STAY BEHIND TO PULL THE BOAT UP ON THE BEACH, AND I KNOW I'VE HEARD THAT VOICE BEFORE...

BUT WHAT CAN A WOMAN SOLDIER HAVE IN HER STOMACH?

GUESS!



THAT VOICE! I NOW KNOW WHERE I HAVE HEARD IT BEFORE! IT IS THE VOICE OF THE DESTROYER!



WHEN I GET TO THE TOP OF THE DUNE, IT'S ALL OVER ALREADY, HE TRIED TO SET A TRAP FOR GABRIELLE...



SHE THRUSTS HER HARPOON STRAIGHT INTO HIS NECK, PINNING HIM DOWN TO THE GROUND, RIGHT THROUGH THE VULNERABLE SPOT IN HIS DIVING SUIT.

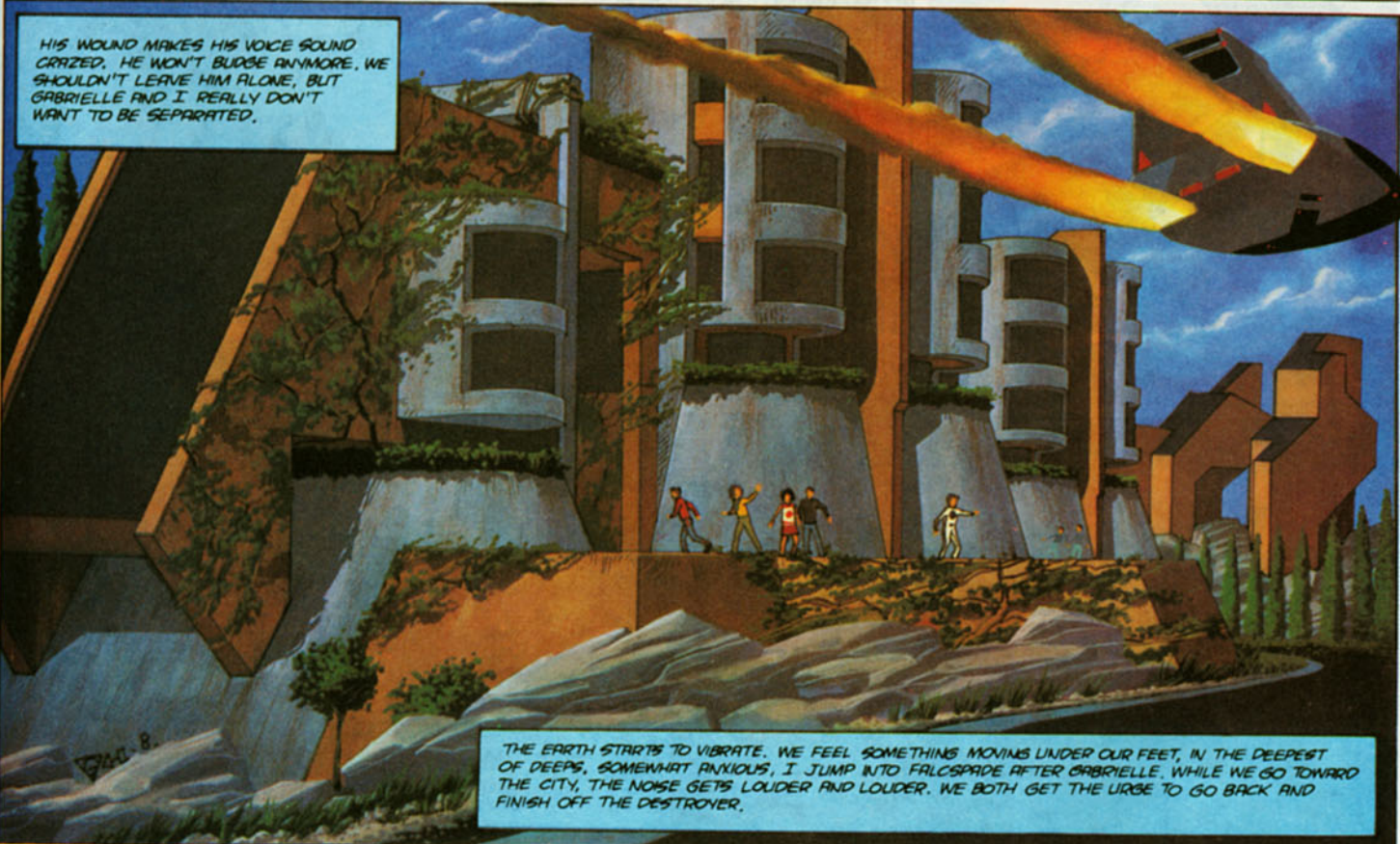
WELL, I WISH YOU COULD HAVE SEEN HIS FACE, WITH HIS HEAD PIERCED THROUGH JUST LIKE AN EARTH WORM! HE CAN'T GET OVER THE FACT THAT HE'S BEEN HAD SO EASILY.



I HAVE MISSED MY MARK WITH YOU TWO, BUT YOU ARE GOING TO HELL ANYWAY! THIS LITTLE SPUR OF ROCK WILL DISAPPEAR IN ABOUT HALF AN HOUR.

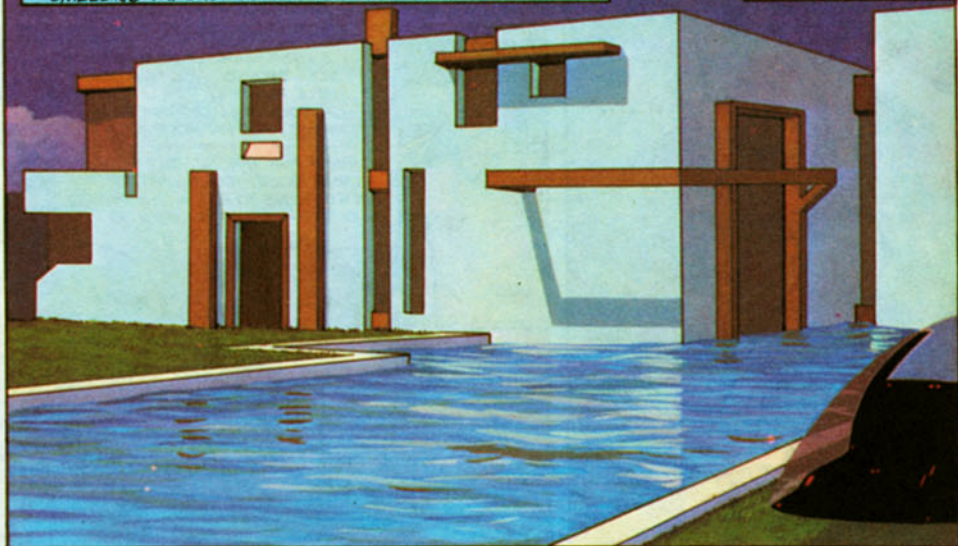
THANKS FOR THE TIP! BUT IF THIS ISLAND GOES, YOU GO WITH IT! WE'RE GOING TO FETCH THE PATROL AND YOU WILL NOT BE ABLE TO RUN AWAY.

HIS WOUND MAKES HIS VOICE SOUND CRAZED. HE WON'T BUDGE ANYMORE. WE SHOULDN'T LEAVE HIM ALONE, BUT GABRIELLE AND I REALLY DON'T WANT TO BE SEPARATED.



THE EARTH STARTS TO VIBRATE. WE FEEL SOMETHING MOVING UNDER OUR FEET, IN THE DEEPEST OF DEEPS, SOMEWHAT ANXIOUS, I JUMP INTO FALCSPADE AFTER GABRIELLE. WHILE WE GO TOWARD THE CITY, THE NOISE GETS LOUDER AND LOUDER. WE BOTH GET THE URGE TO GO BACK AND FINISH OFF THE DESTROYER.

IN THE CITY, PANIC REIGNS. WE CAN'T SEEM TO FIND BENJ AT THE RESIDENCE, AND ALREADY BIG CRACKS START OPENING UP IN THE GROUND, FROM WHICH COME EVIL SMELLING VAPORS AND OMINOUS SOUNDS.



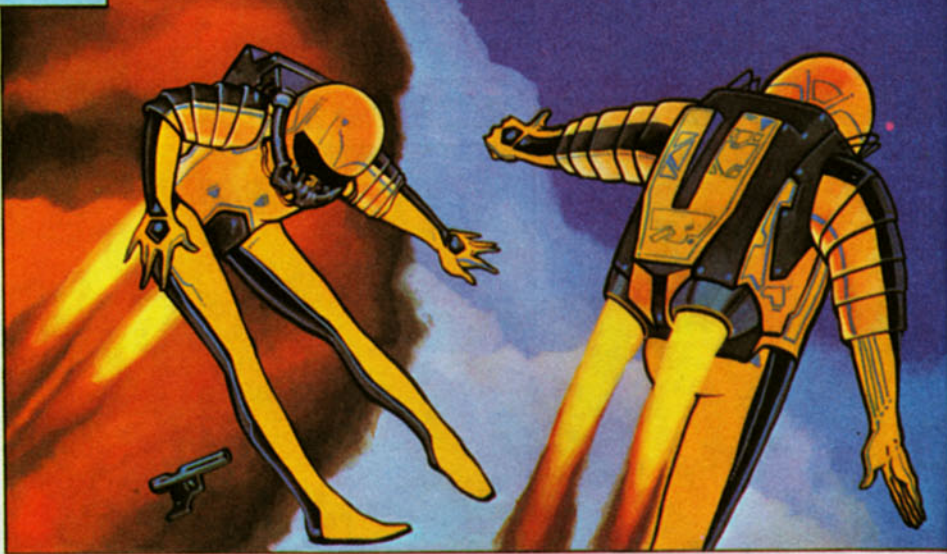
IT'S SHEER HELL! SOMEBODY MUST HAVE SAVED THE DESTROYER. BUT WE CANNOT POSSIBLY GO BACK UNARMED TO CONFRONT THIS DEMON. FALSPRIDE IS TOO FRAGILE, WE HAVE TO FIND SOME SPACE SUITS.



I HAVE JUST FINISHED PUTTING ON MY SUIT, WHEN THE BUILDING CRUMBLES DOWN ON MY HEAD. I'M BURIED UNDERNEATH A MOUND OF DEBRIS, BUT I GET UP WITH GREAT EFFORT.



ENGINES ON, WE TRY TO GET OUT OF THIS MESS. I MANAGE TO GET OUT OF THE RUINS, AND I START CLIMBING.

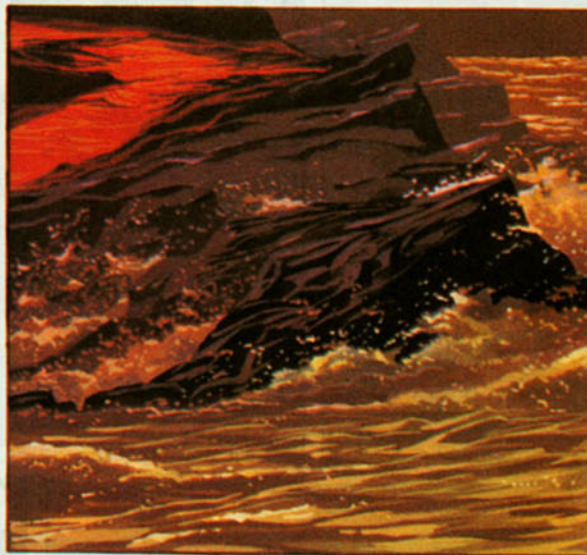


A SHORT FLIGHT OVER THE CITY OF FLAMES! ALL THE SYSTEMS ARE EXPLODING, AND GREAT CREVICES ARE OPENING UP ALL OVER THE ISLAND. WE GLIDE TOWARD THE OCEAN AS THE COAST DISAPPEARS UNDER A CLOUD OF SMOKE AND VAPOR. WE CAN'T SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING ANYMORE. OUR PREY IS SOMEWHERE IN THAT CHAOS, BUT WHERE?

SOMETHING STARTS DISTURBING THE ELECTRONES OF THE IONOSPHERE, AND A MAGNETIC STORM IS ABOUT TO START. THE RADIO ISN'T WORKING ANYMORE AND THE LAST MESSAGE WE GET COMES FROM BENJ WHO IS LEAVING THE ISLAND ON A LIFEBOAT.



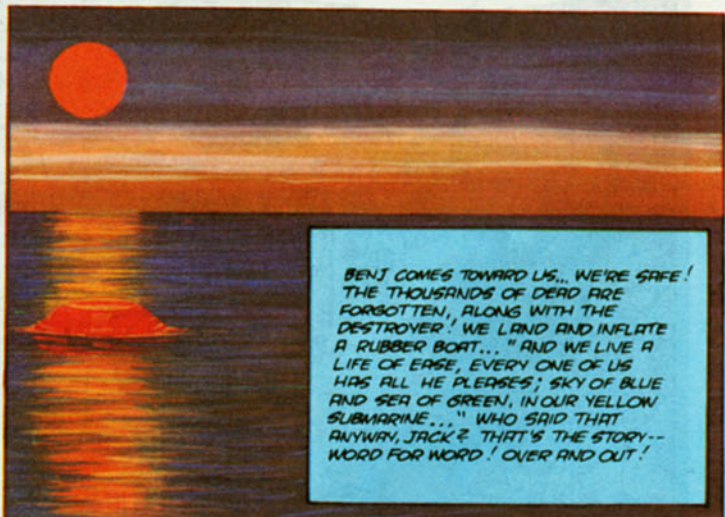
A GREAT WOUND HAS OPENED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ISLAND, AND THE SEA RUSHES IN! LET'S LEAVE! IT IS A TRAGIC SPECTACLE.... BUT AS WE GO FURTHER, THE POINTS ON THE COMPASS START DISAPPEARING. ELECTRICITY MAKES MY HAIR STICK TO MY HELMET, THINGS START TO LOSE THEIR SOLIDITY, BECOME FLUID, THEN DISPERSE AND IONIZE.... NOTHING BUT VAGUE SHAPES ARE LEFT....



UNDER US, THINGS ARE GOING FROM BAD TO WORSE: GREAT WAVES BEAT AGAINST THE ISLAND, WHICH IS SLOWLY BEING SUBMERGED BY BOILING TIDES... AND THE SKY SENDS DOWN ITS TORRENTS OF RAIN AND ITS MILLIONS OF FLASHES OF LIGHTNING. THE WORLD IS GOING CRAZY....

THE WORLD HEEVES IN PAIN, REGRESSING TO CHAOS, AND I REPEAT SOME OF SOPHOCLES' VERSES TO MYSELF: "IT WOULD BE A HUNDRED TIMES BETTER NEVER TO HAVE BEEN BORN; BUT FAILING THAT, THE BEST THING WOULD BE, AFTER HAVING SEEN THE LIGHT, TO GO BACK WHENCE WE CAME."

THEN, SUDDENLY, WE'RE OUT OF THE STORM. UNDER US THE SEA EXTENDS ITS GREY MASSES TO THE HORIZON; WE'RE ONCE AGAIN FLYING IN THE CLEAR, TRANSPARENT AIR.



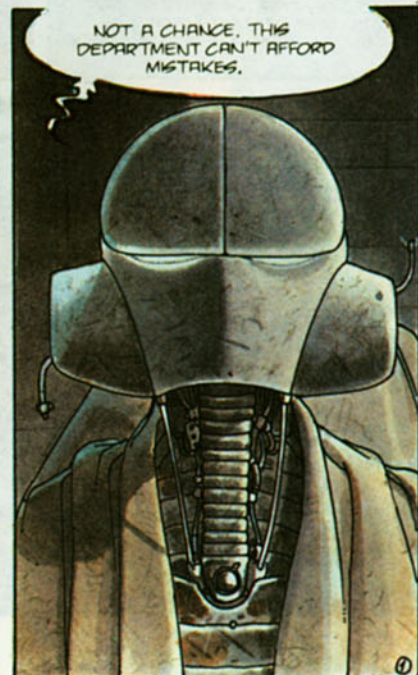
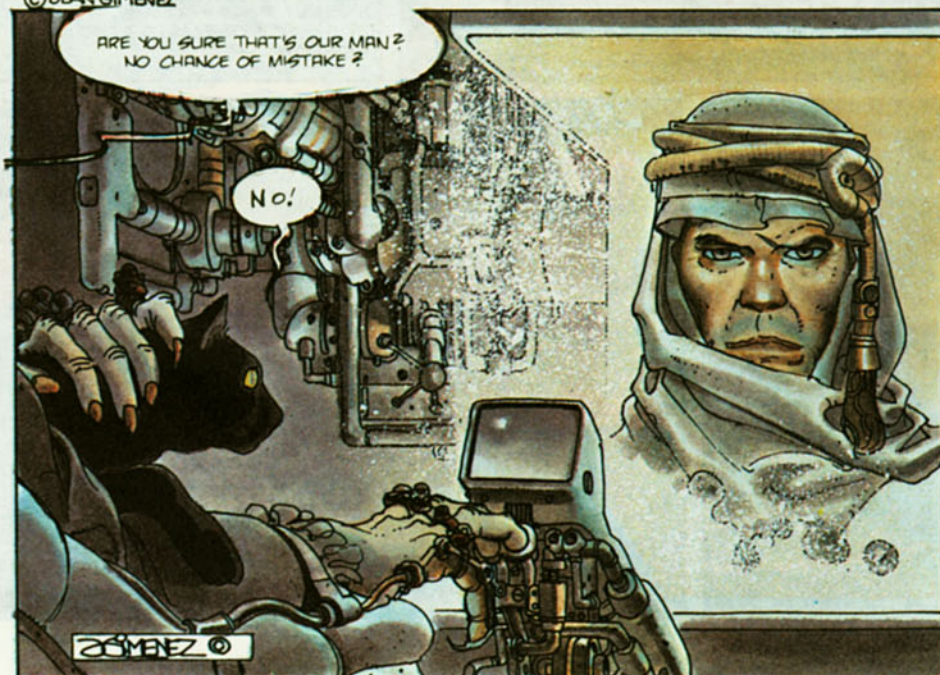
BENJ COMES TOWARD US... WE'RE SAFE! THE THOUSANDS OF DEAD ARE FORGOTTEN, ALONG WITH THE DESTROYER! WE LAND AND INFLATE A RUBBER BOAT... "AND WE LIVE A LIFE OF EASE, EVERY ONE OF US HAS ALL HE PLEASURES; SKY OF BLUE AND SEA OF GREEN, IN OUR YELLOW SUBMARINE..." WHO SAID THAT ANYWAY, JACK? THAT'S THE STORY-- WORD FOR WORD! OVER AND OUT!

MATTER OF TIME

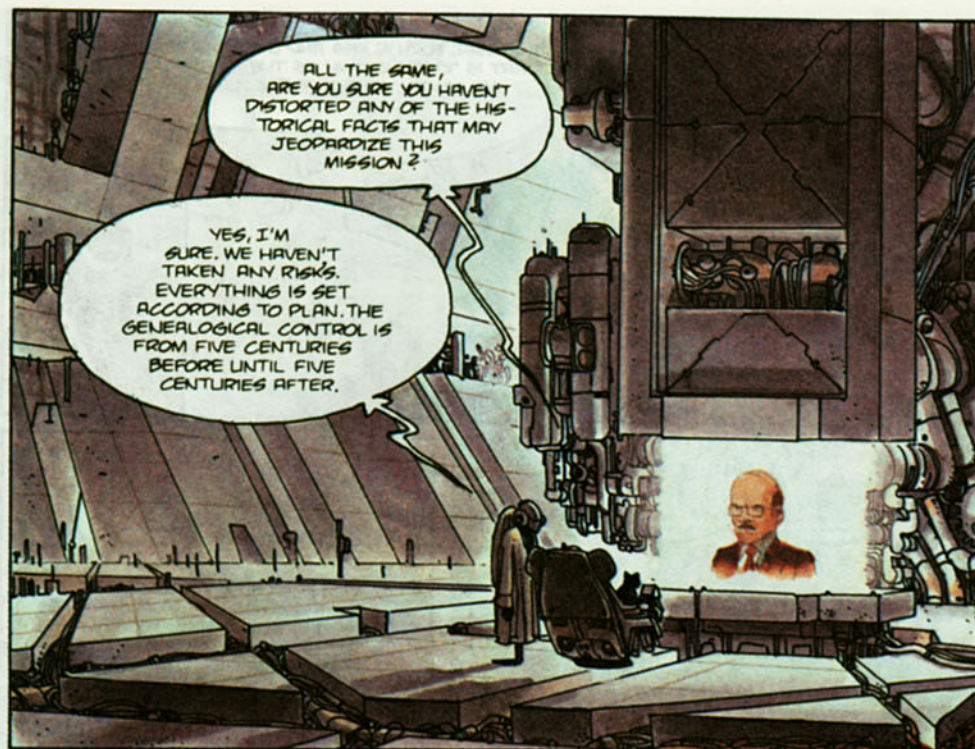
EXPRESS



©JUAN GIMENEZ



Story and drawings by Juan Gimenez



ALL THE SAME, ARE YOU SURE YOU HAVEN'T DISTORTED ANY OF THE HISTORICAL FACTS THAT MAY JEOPARDIZE THIS MISSION?

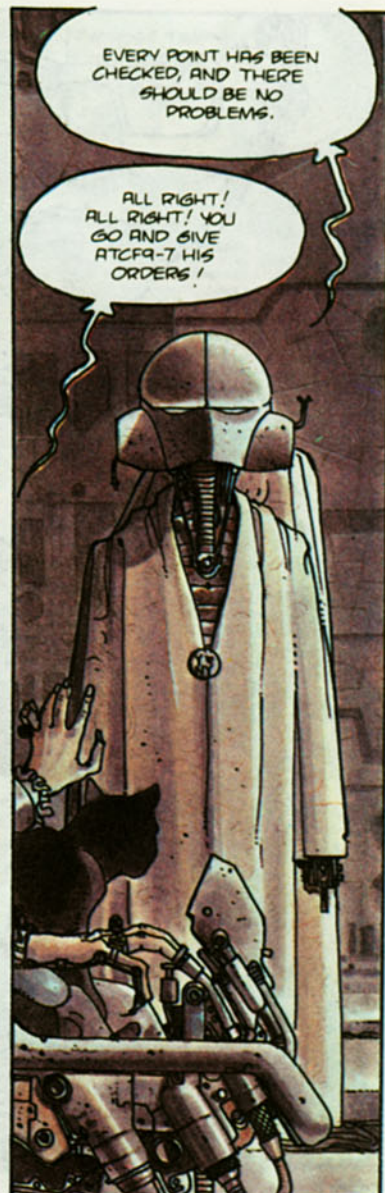
YES, I'M SURE. WE HAVEN'T TAKEN ANY RISKS. EVERYTHING IS SET ACCORDING TO PLAN. THE GENEALOGICAL CONTROL IS FROM FIVE CENTURIES BEFORE UNTIL FIVE CENTURIES AFTER.



AND DON'T FORGET TO DESTROY THE FILES!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT.

MEOWW.



EVERY POINT HAS BEEN CHECKED, AND THERE SHOULD BE NO PROBLEMS.

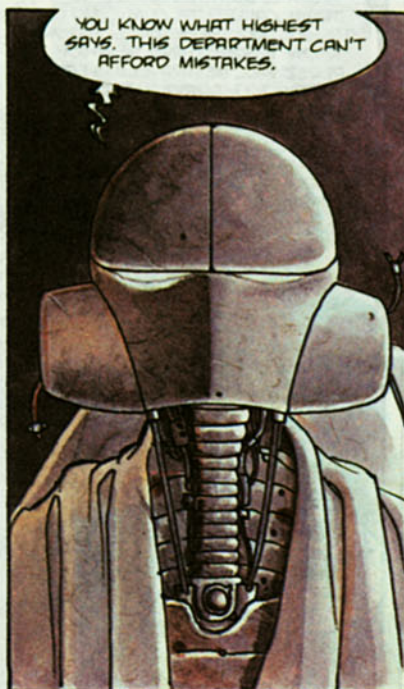
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! YOU GO AND GIVE ATCF9-7 HIS ORDERS!



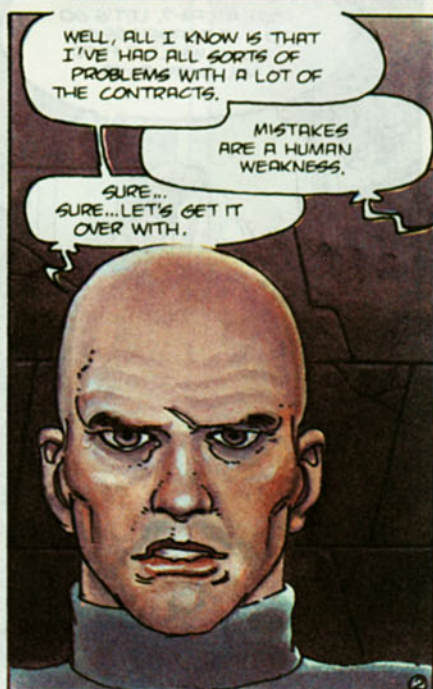
THIS IS JUAN PEREZ.

I CAN READ, TINNY. ANY CHANCE OF MISTAKES?

JUAN PEREZ



YOU KNOW WHAT HIGHEST SAYS. THIS DEPARTMENT CAN'T AFFORD MISTAKES.



WELL, ALL I KNOW IS THAT I'VE HAD ALL SORTS OF PROBLEMS WITH A LOT OF THE CONTRACTS.

MISTAKES ARE A HUMAN WEAKNESS.

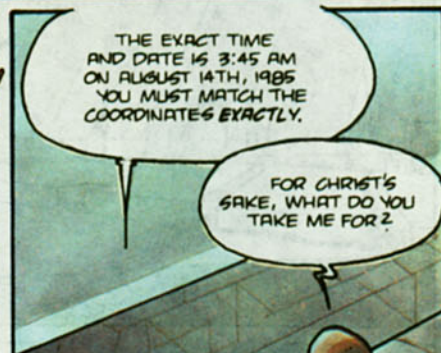
SURE... SURE... LET'S GET IT OVER WITH.



THIS MAN, BORN IN 1953 AND DIED IN 2025, FOUNDED WHAT IS TODAY KNOWN AS THE MULTIPLANETARY. WE MUST CORRECT THE COURSE OF THAT EVENT.



JUAN PEREZ WILL BE SUPPRESSED IN THE USUAL WAY.



THE EXACT TIME AND DATE IS 3:45 AM ON AUGUST 14TH, 1985. YOU MUST MATCH THE COORDINATES EXACTLY.

FOR CHRIST'S SAKE, WHAT DO YOU TAKE ME FOR?



ONCE THE PROJECT IS UNDER WAY, WE WILL BRING YOU BACK.

RIGHT. AND WHEN WILL PEREZ BE INTERCEPTED.



FAST ATCA-7. LET'S GO TO THE TRANSMISSION ROOM WHILE I FEED YOU MORE DATA.

!?!?



YOU WILL BE TRANSPORTED TO A TRAIN CALLED TALCUM... NO TANSO... NO TANGERINE... I DON'T KNOW T-SOMETHING, IN WHICH PEREZ WILL BE TRAVELING FROM PARIS TO MADRID. THE IDEAL PLACE FOR....

WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHY HURRY?



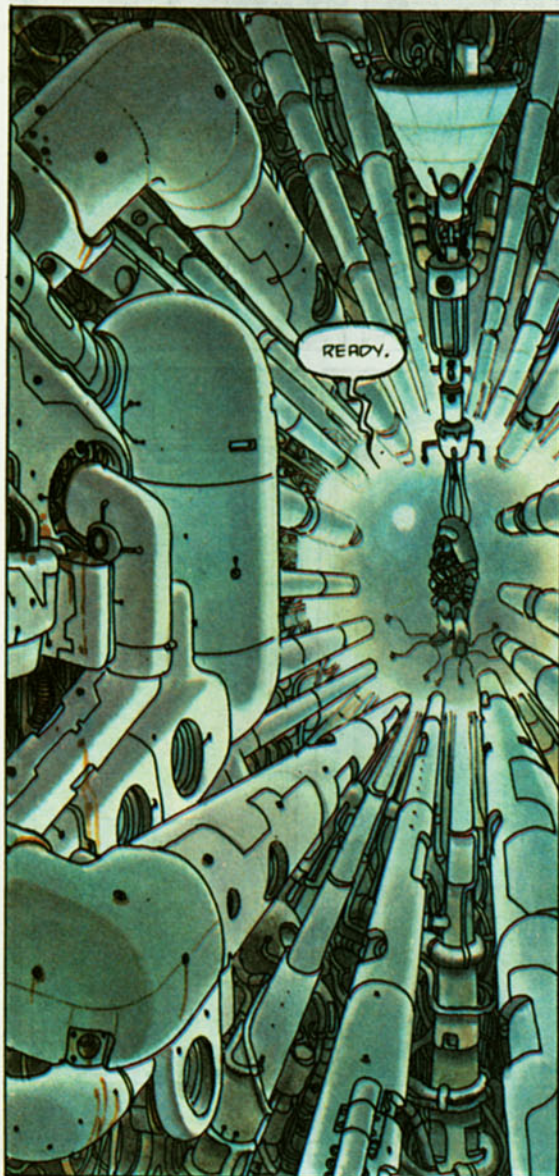
WE CAN'T WASTE ANYMORE TIME.

THAT DAMNED TINHEAD QUASIMODUM IS UP TO SOMETHING NASTY!



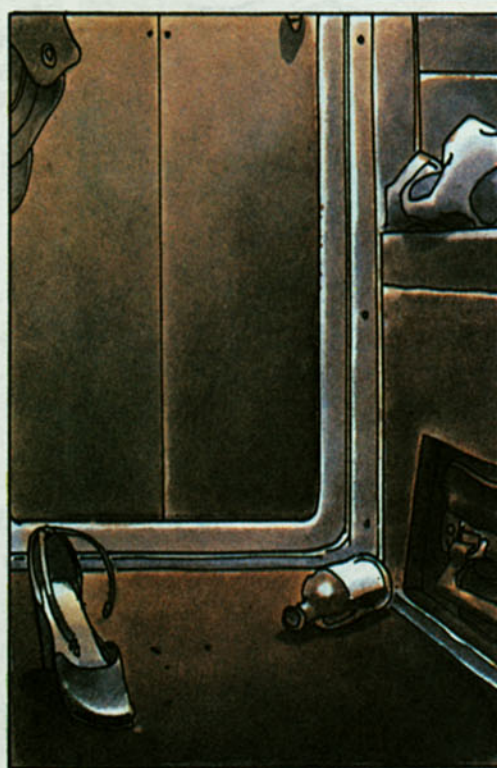
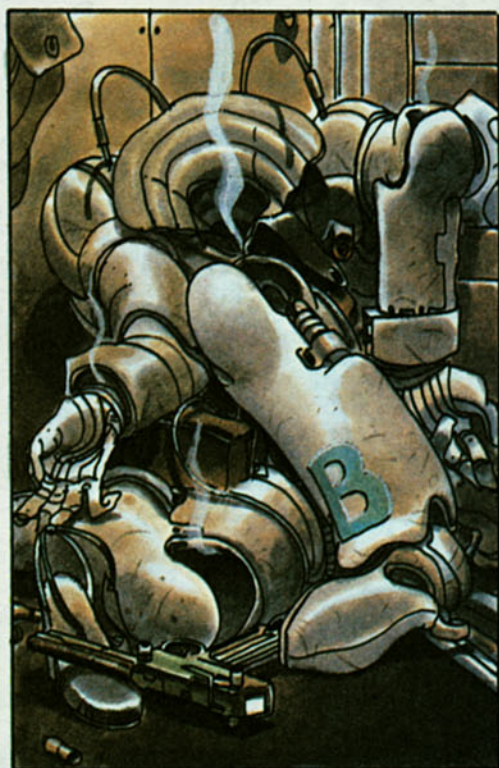
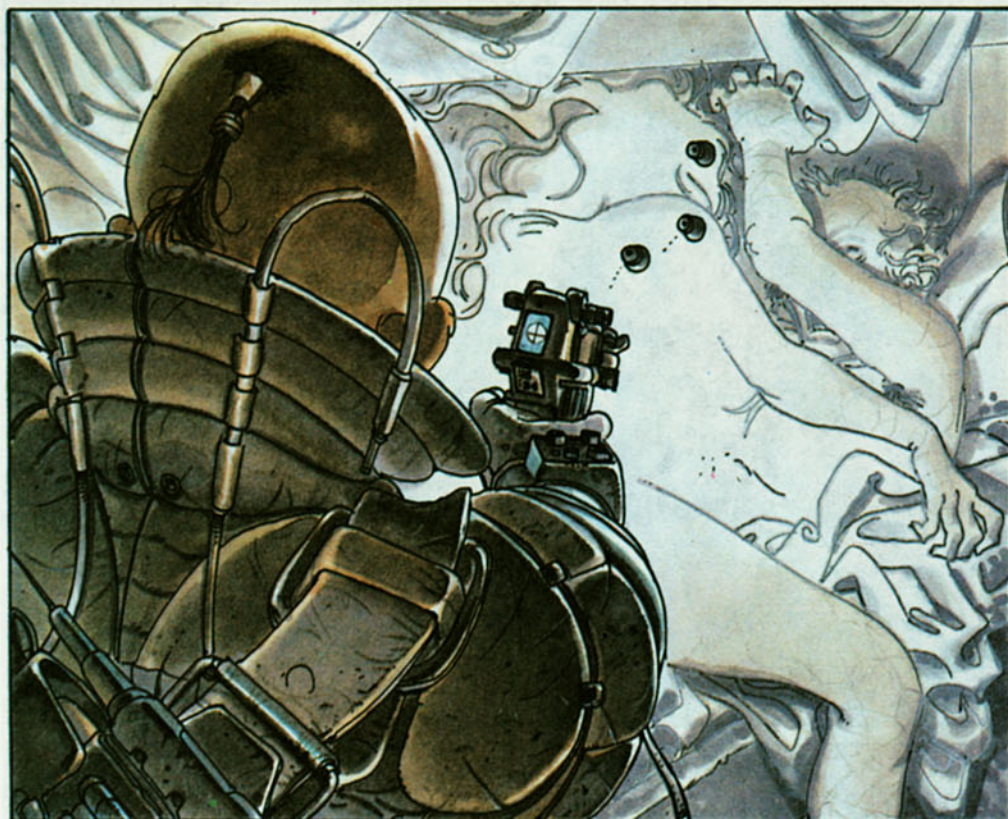
WHAT ABOUT
EQUIPMENT?

YOU'LL NEED AN EXPRESS TIME-SUIT, A
SURGICAL KIT, A WEAPON, AND ANY
PERSONAL DOCUMENTS. EVERYTHING
ELSE IS IN PEREZ'S LUGGAGE. THERE
SHOULDN'T AND CAN'T BE
ANY MISTAKES.









HIGHEST, THE TIME-SUIT AND ALL OF THE EQUIPMENT HAS COME BACK, BUT WITHOUT ATCFA-7 AND...

GOOD... VERY GOOD, TINNY!

THE POLITIMES WILL BE ON OUR TAILS SHORTLY.

YOUR PARDON, HIGHEST, BUT JUAN PEREZ ASKED WHAT HE SHOULD DO NOW.

JUAN PEREZ? WHO'S THAT?

ATCFA-7'S SUBSTITUTE.

OH, YES, TO BE SURE. SEND HIM TO THE MIDDLE EAST. I NEED SOME CONTROL OVER THE OIL-PRODUCING COUNTRIES. GIVE HIM A SHORT CONTRACT TO START WITH. OH, AND ONE MORE THING, TINNY....

YES, HIGHEST?

ARE YOU SURE WE SUPPRESSED ATCFA-7'S GREAT GRANDPARENTS ON THAT TRAIN?

YES, THERE IS NO DOUBT, THE MISSION IS NOW COMPLETE. THERE IS NO WAY ATCFA-7 COULD HAVE EVER BEEN BORN.

VERY GOOD, TINNY.

I AM GLAD TO...

... BE RID OF THAT INEPT FOOL. WHAT A CHUMP!

MEOWW

COMBEEZ ©

THE END

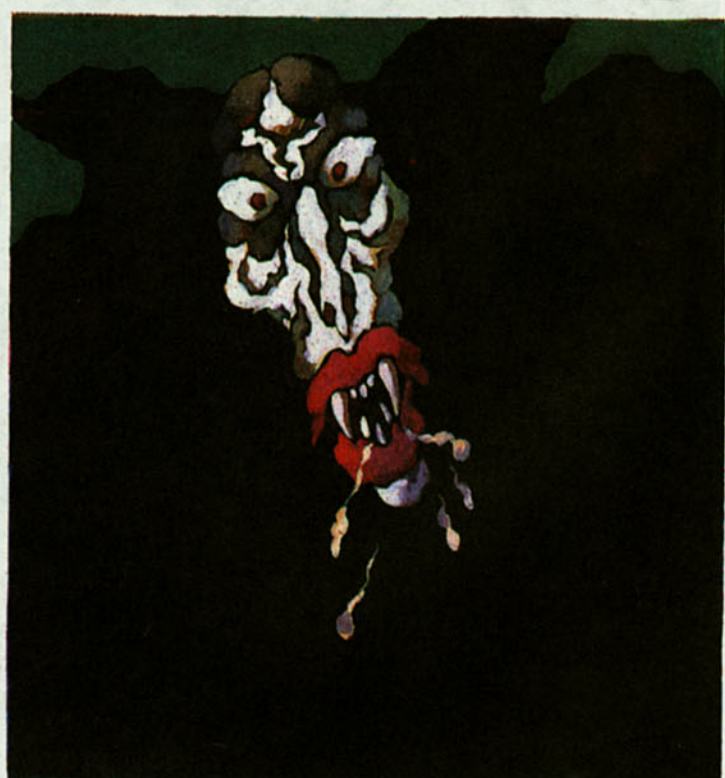
¿ DRACUL-DRACULA VLAD? ¡BAH...!



The
ULTIMATE
in **AFTER**
HOURS FUN!













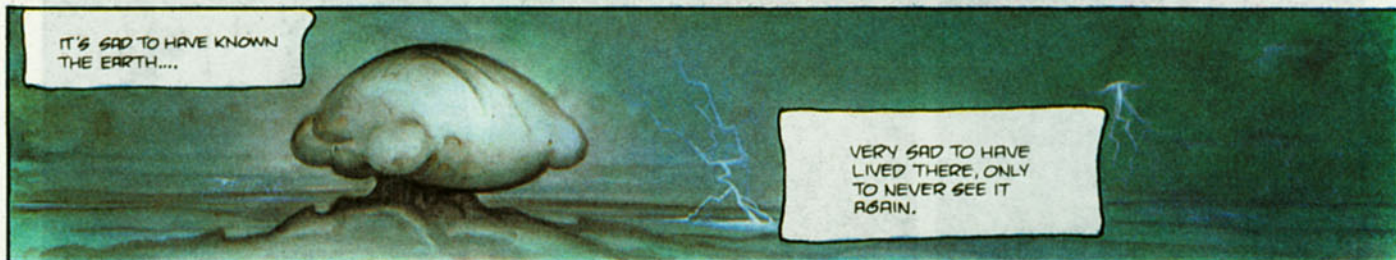


6/11/83 fin

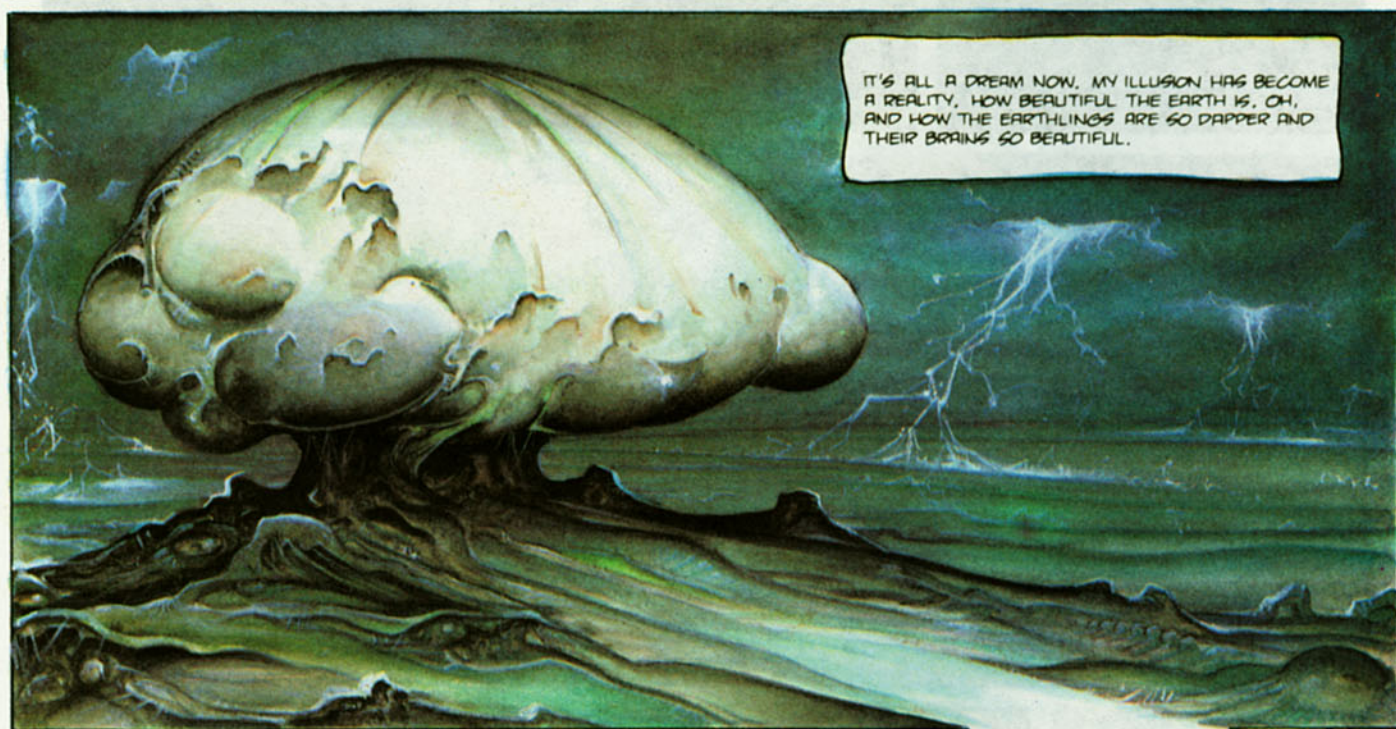
I ♥ THE EARTH



IT'S SAD TO HAVE KNOWN
THE EARTH....



VERY SAD TO HAVE
LIVED THERE, ONLY
TO NEVER SEE IT
AGAIN.




IT'S ALL A DREAM NOW. MY ILLUSION HAS BECOME
A REALITY. HOW BEAUTIFUL THE EARTH IS. OH,
AND HOW THE EARTHLINGS ARE SO DAPPER AND
THEIR BRAINS SO BEAUTIFUL.



THEY ARE THE BLESSINGS OF
THE STARS... THE GLORY OF
SPACE... THE KINGS OF
CREATIONS!

THEY ARE MAGNIFICENT!



I CAN HEAR THE ICY POLAR POLKJ WIND
ROARING THROUGH MY CAVE. IT IS NOTHING
LIKE THE GENTLE BREEZE I FELT ON
EARTH.




THIS IS A COLD, MALICIOUS,
EVIL PLACE.

AND WE SHALL HAVE TO REMAIN HERE
FOR AT LEAST 100 YEARS. OHHHHH
IT'S SOOOO COLD.


AND SPACE... ANOTHER WONDER WE SHALL
NEVER BE ABLE TO OBSERVE FROM HERE.
THIS UNHOLY ATMOSPHERE IS ALWAYS
WRAPPED IN CLOUDS. THIS PLACE IS
IMPERVIOUS TO THE SUN.




AND THE FLIGHT TO EARTH
WAS MARVELOUS!




THE EARTHLINGS WERE
SO FRIENDLY!




DURING THE LONG TRIP
TO THEIR PLANET, THEY
BUILT A SPECIAL
DWELLING JUST FOR ME!



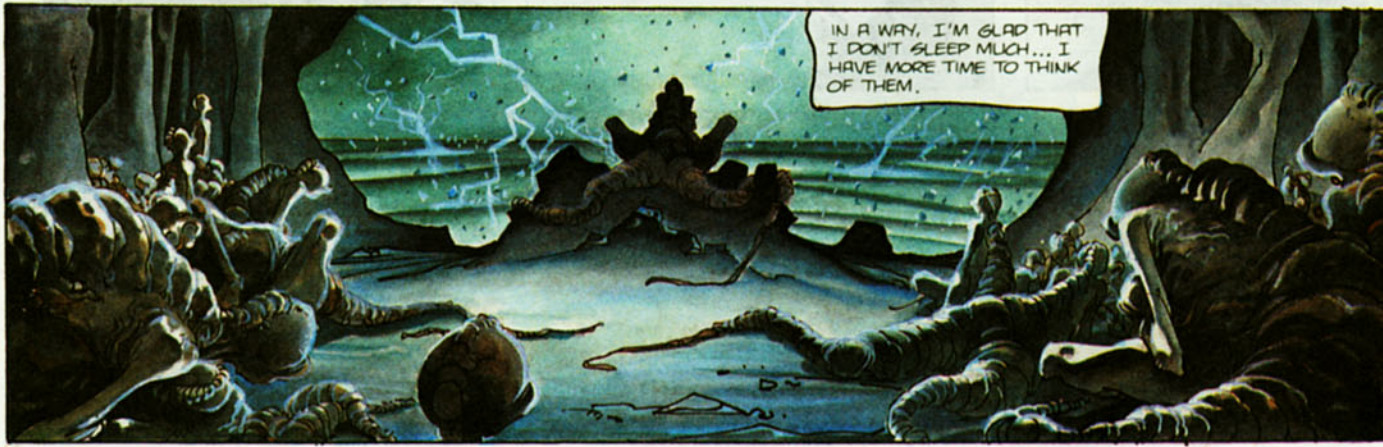
I GUESS MY BODY ISN'T
COMPATIBLE WITH THEIR
ATMOSPHERE.




AND OF COURSE, MY BODY
IS UGLY AND MONSTROUS,
WHAT WITH ITS
WRINKLES AND LUMPS!




MY... THE WIND SOUNDS EVEN
STRONGER NOW. WE'LL FREEZE...
OUR BODIES DON'T GENERATE
ENOUGH WARMTH. SLEEP RARELY
COMES UNDER THESE
CONDITIONS.




IN A WAY, I'M GLAD THAT
I DON'T SLEEP MUCH... I
HAVE MORE TIME TO THINK
OF THEM.



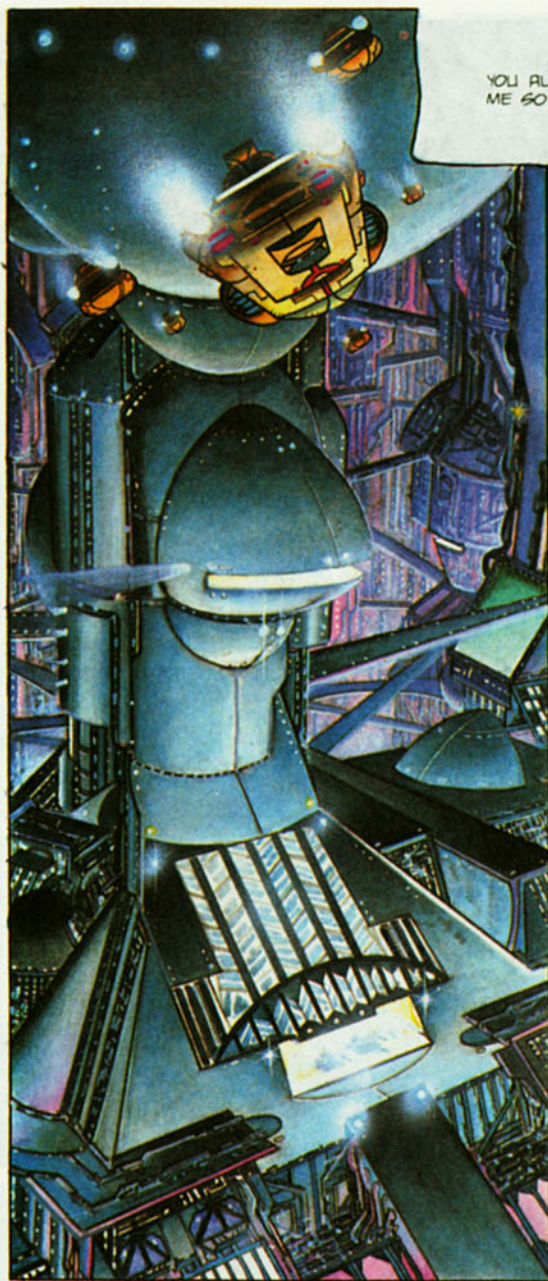
WHEN EARTH FIRST APPEARED ON THE TELECAST SCREEN--WHEN I SAW IT GLIMMERING LIKE A GEM IN BLACK SPACE--SOMETHING INSIDE OF ME WENT ALL FUNNY.



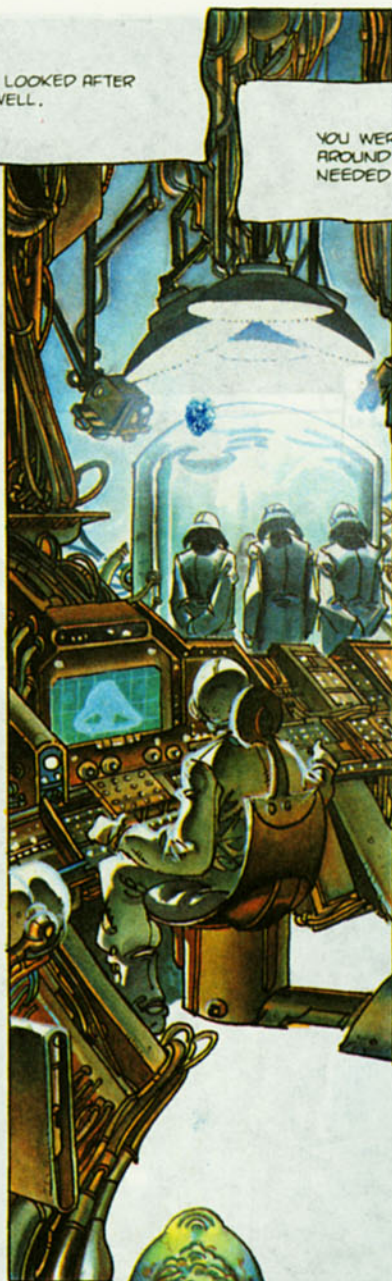
IT'S ROUNDNESS AND TEXTURE SENT SHIVERS DOWN MY SPINE. I KNEW THEN, WHAT REAL LOVE WAS LIKE.



AFTER A SHORT TRIP, WE CAME TO A CRYSTAL PALACE, EVERYTHING THERE WAS TRANSPARENT... CLEAN... SHINY! HOW COULD I EVER EXPLAIN IT TO MY PEOPLE? THEY'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND!



YOU ALL LOOKED AFTER
ME SO WELL.



YOU WERE ALWAYS
AROUND WHEN I
NEEDED YOU.



I WANTED SO OFTEN
TO TELL YOU HOW I
FELT FOR YOU...



BUT I COULDN'T
FIND THE WORDS.

YOUR VOICES WERE
SO SOFT... SO
ANGELIC!

WELL
HERE WE ARE
ON THIS ANFUL OVER-
POPULATED PLANET, ONE
HUNDRED YEARS OF COLD
... ANOTHER 100 YEARS
OF SWELTERING
HEAT.

A
MASS OF
CLOUDS THAT
LET NOTHING
PEEK
THROUGH.

AND
THOSE 100
YEARS OF
COLD.

EVERY
100 YEARS
...COLD...COLD
...COLD...

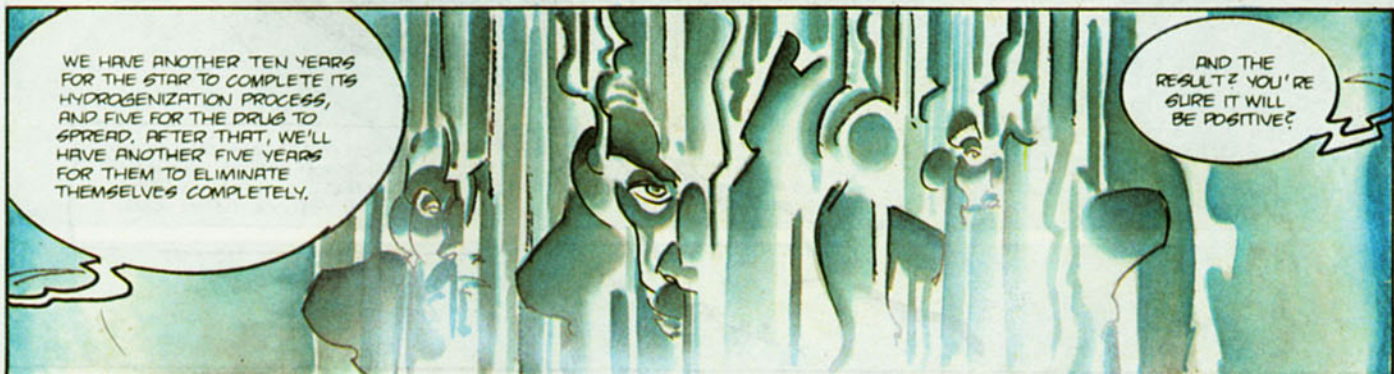
AND
THOSE HORRIBLE
LITTLE
BEASTIES!?

WELL, THEY
JUST SLEEP THROUGH
THE ENTIRE 100 YEARS
... IF THEY DIDN'T,
THEY'D STARVE
FOR SURE.




WE HAVE ANOTHER TEN YEARS
FOR THE STAR TO COMPLETE ITS
HYDROGENIZATION PROCESS,
AND FIVE FOR THE DRUG TO
SPREAD. AFTER THAT, WE'LL
HAVE ANOTHER FIVE YEARS
FOR THEM TO ELIMINATE
THEMSELVES COMPLETELY.

AND THE
RESULT? YOU'RE
SURE IT WILL
BE POSITIVE?






OF COURSE.
WE HAVE ALREADY
INJECTED HIM. NOW
THAT HE'S BACK ON HIS
REVOLTING LITTLE PLANET,
CONTAMINATION WILL
START AT ONCE. I CAN
ASSURE YOU THE
GENOCIDE IS
IMMINENT.




FUNNY THING... I'M STARTING TO GET
A BIT SLEEPY NOW. HAVEN'T SLEPT IN
AGES...



I THINK I MIGHT HAVE MADE
THEM A BIT NERVOUS. THAT'S
LOGICAL, MY DEAR EARTHLINGS.

OH, YES, I AM DRIFTING OFF...BUT
I HOPE I WON'T FORGET YOU IN
MY DREAMS.

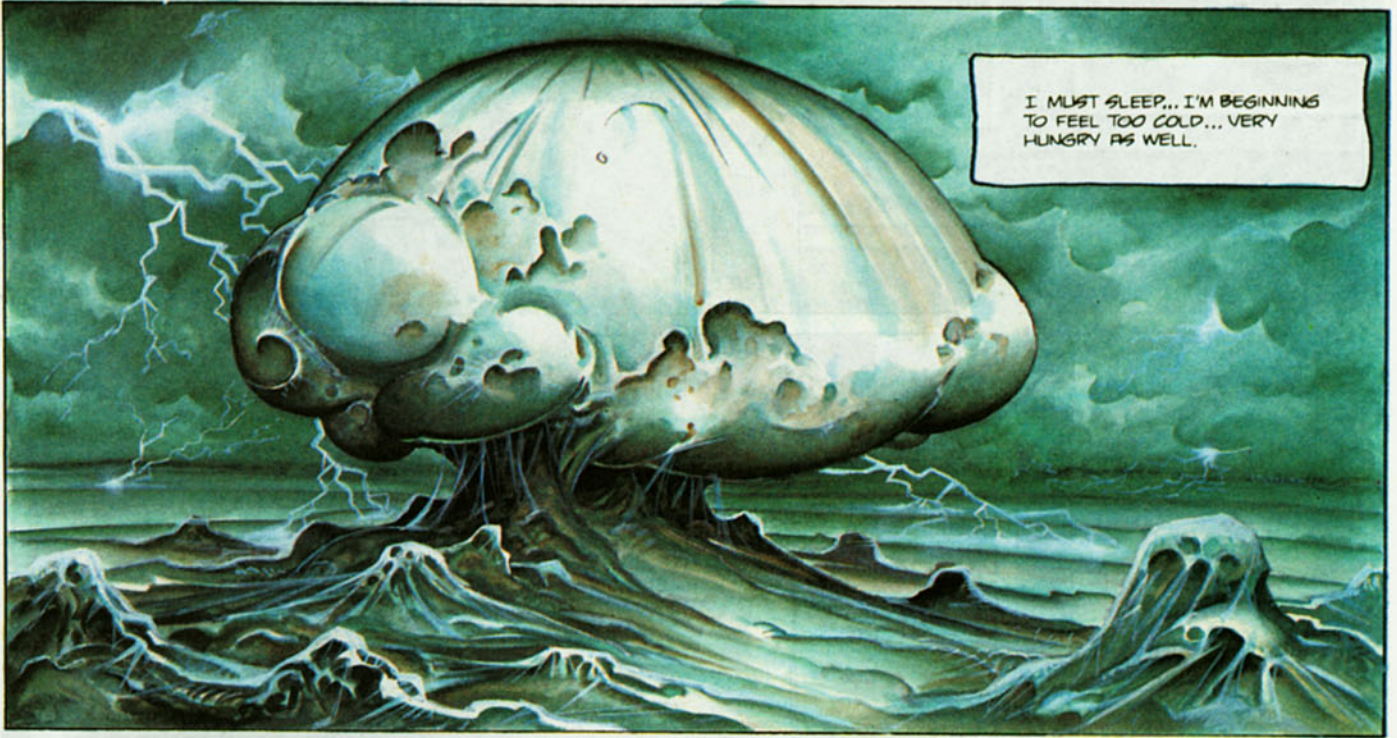


THANK YOU FOR TAKING CARE OF ME.
AND THANK YOU FOR RETURNING ME
TO MY PLANET. I SHALL MISS YOU.
MAYBE I'LL VISIT YOU AGAIN SOME
YEAR SOON.

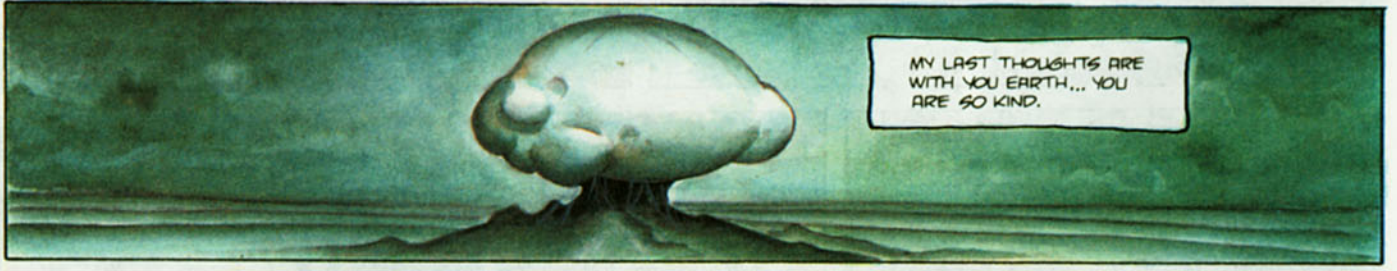


I CAN FEEL THE WINTER
COMING ON. VEGETATION IS
DISAPPEARING... EVERYTHING
EXPIRES EXCEPT FOR US.

WE SHALL LIVE... WE SHALL CONTINUE
TO LIVE FOR LONG AND LONGS, FOR WE
ARE THE ONLY SPECIES ON POLKT.
NOT LIKE YOU EARTHLINGS.



I MUST SLEEP... I'M BEGINNING
TO FEEL TOO COLD... VERY
HUNGRY AS WELL.



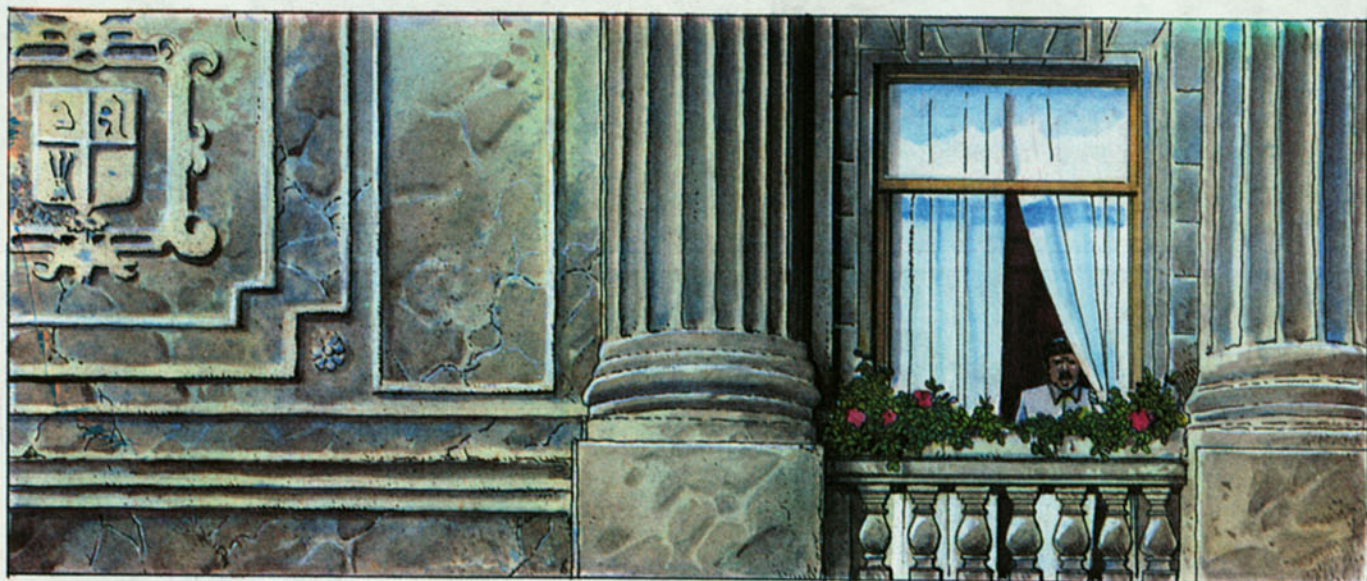
MY LAST THOUGHTS ARE
WITH YOU EARTH... YOU
ARE SO KIND.



fin

SLOT MACHINE

by Horacio
Altuna



FANTASMAS





YES, DEATH IS STARING ME IN THE FACE.

AND THEY REALIZE IT.



DO YOU HATE ME, TOO?

NOO... NO, SIR!



LIAR!

NO!

YOU ALL LIE!

EVERY-ONE OF YOU BASTARDS!



THERE'S NO ONE I CAN TRUST. I AM SURROUNDED BY BRUTALS.



THEY HARASS ME... THEY WAIT FOR THE RIGHT MOMENT...

AND THEN THEY TRY AND ATTACK.



I'M NOT READY TO DIE. I MUST WRITE A MAGNIFICENT EULOGY.



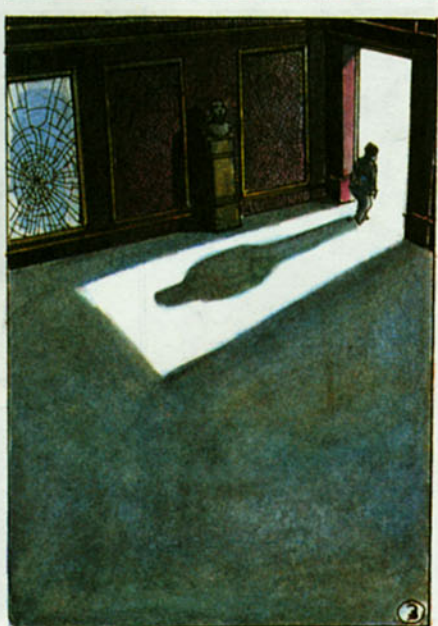
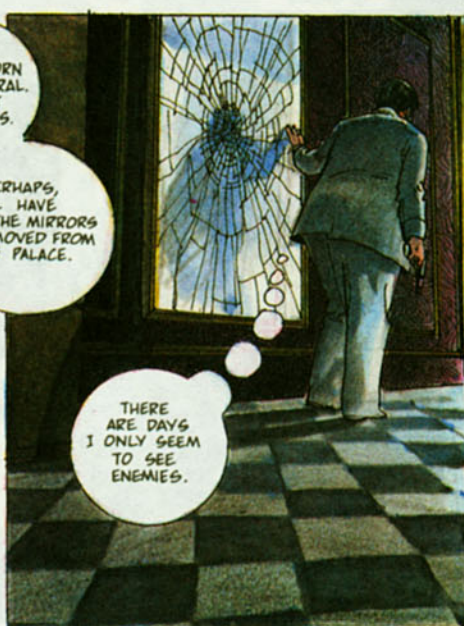
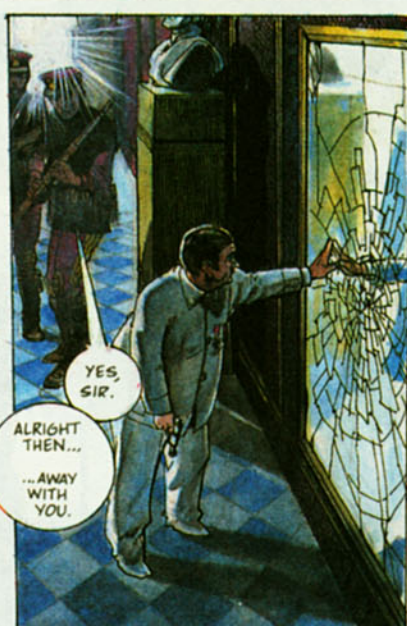
BUT WHO...

... WOULD READ IT?

THE PEOPLE HERE FEEL NOTHING BUT HATRED TOWARDS ME...

I'LL HAVE TO READ IT.

2





AS FOR MY FUNERAL SPEECH, I'LL HAVE TO GIVE IT MYSELF. I'LL DRIVE PEOPLE TO TEARS WHEN THEY HEAR THE RECORDING.



CHRIST, ALL THIS HARPING ON MY DEATH IS GETTING ME DEPRESSED.

IT'S THESE NIGHTMARES THAT ARE GETTING ME.

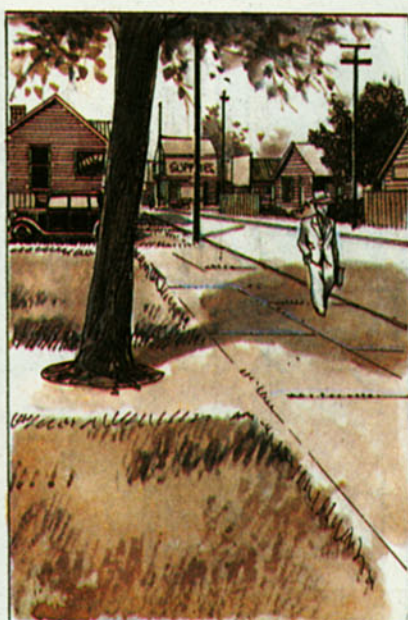
WHY HAVE THEY SUDDENLY BEGUN TO HAUNT ME?

THEY'RE GHOSTS, PEOPLE FROM MY PAST.

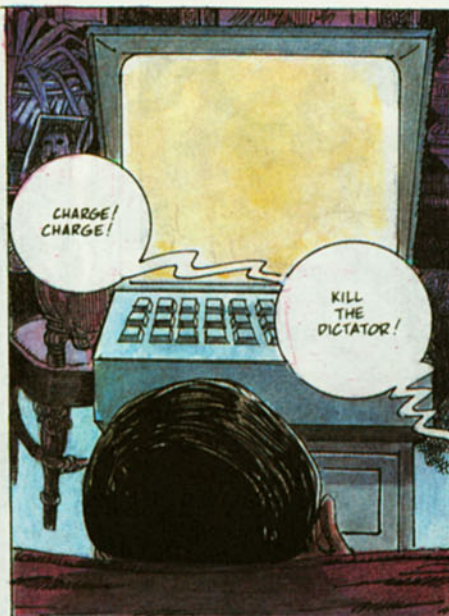
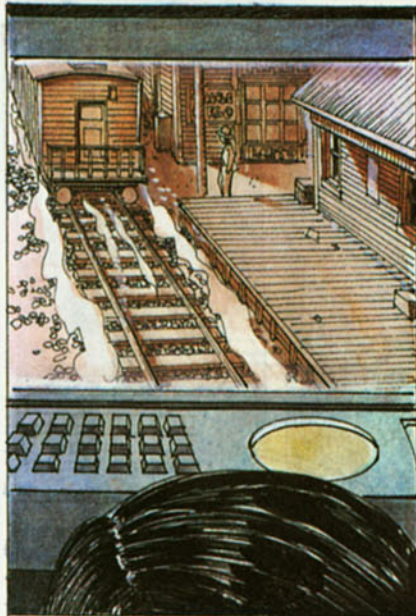


THAT'S ALL, JUST GHOSTS. I'LL AMUSE MYSELF AWHILE....











FOR ONCE
I DON'T SEE
THEIR UGLY
FACES. I SHALL
KEEP MY EYES
CLOSED.

GAINING
ENTRANCE
TO THE
PALACE WAS
EASY
ENOUGH!



FIND
THE
TYRANT,
THEN KILL
HIM!

THEY'LL
NEVER
GET
ME!



HE
MUST
PAY FOR
HIS
SINS!

CURSE
THEM!



I'LL BEAT
THEM YET! I
CAN HEAR
THEM, BUT I
DON'T SEE
THEM!

HERE'S
THE DEMON!
HE'LL DIE
FOR HIS
TREACHEROUS
REGIME!

DIE,
YOU SON
OF A
BITCH!

TAKE
THAT,
AND
THAT!

DIE,
DOG!



MY
GOD,
THIS
DREAM...

...HAS
BECOME
A
REALITY...

I
KNEW ALL
ALONG....



CARLOS
TRILLO
HORACIO
HERRERA
©

FIN

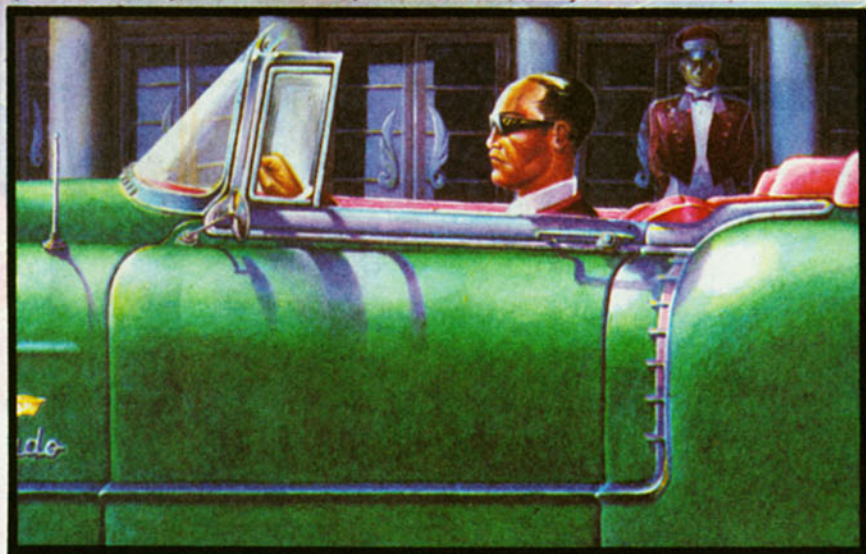
PRIVATE SCREENING

PARIS, FRANCE



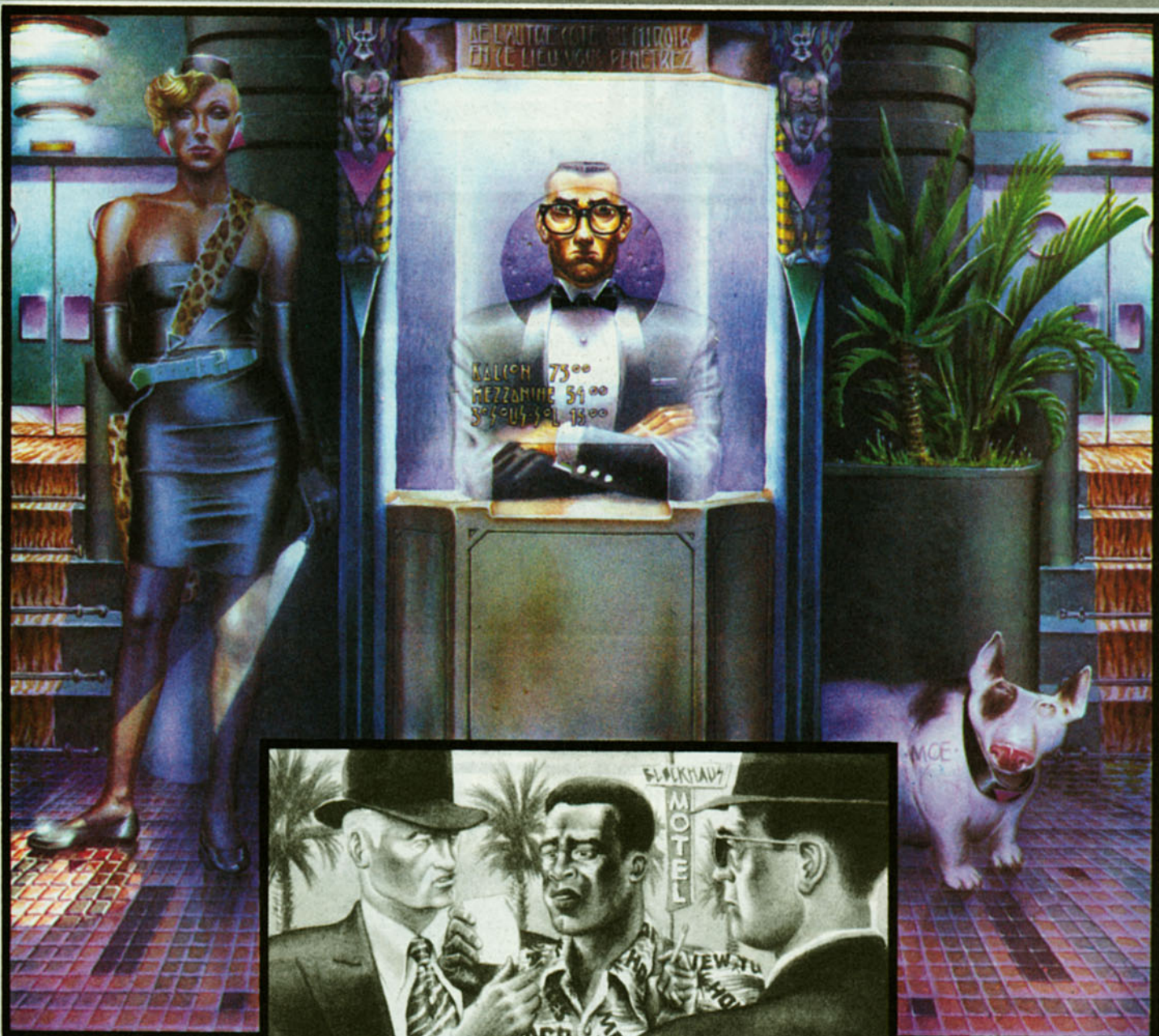
"LET'S MEET AT THE MOVIE HOUSE ON THE RUE MONSIGNY." HIS HEART WAS THUMPING FASTER AND FASTER AS HE NEARED HIS DESTINATION. RAOUL DEPLATINE WAS ANXIOUS... HE KNEW HE WOULD DIE SOON. MAYBE HE'D DIE BY IMPLSION, LIKE AN OLD TV SET.

BUT TODAY, HAIR SLICKED BACK AND DRENCHED IN PERFUME, HE DIDN'T WANT TO THINK ABOUT THE INEVITABLE.





HE ENTERED THE
DARK LOBBY OF
THE PALADIUM
WITH SWEATY PALMS
AND A DESPERATELY
DRY MOUTH.



DID YOU KNOW
HER? OH MY GOD... WHAT A
DISASTER!

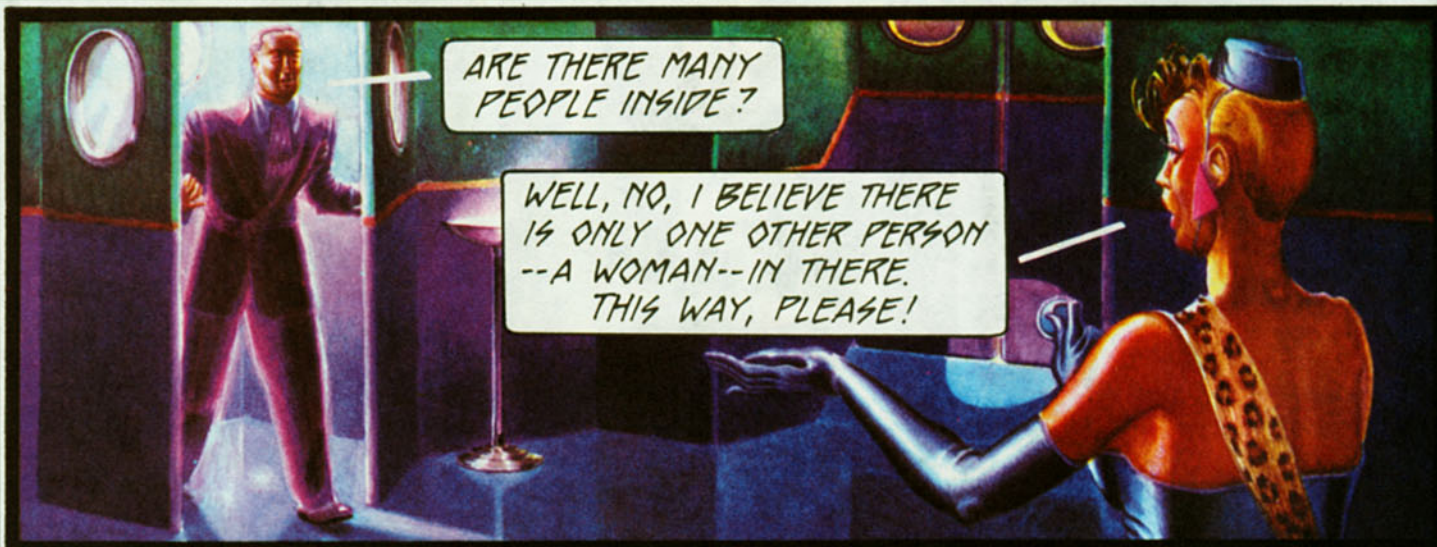
HURRY UP! THE INTERMISSION IS OVER! THE SECOND HALF IS ABOUT TO BEGIN.



YES, SHE'S BEEN BADLY BASHED UP, THE POOR WOMAN. DO YOU THINK WE'RE STUPID? SOMEBODY SAW THE TWO OF YOU TOGETHER YESTERDAY.

ARE THERE MANY PEOPLE INSIDE?

WELL, NO, I BELIEVE THERE IS ONLY ONE OTHER PERSON --A WOMAN--IN THERE. THIS WAY, PLEASE!

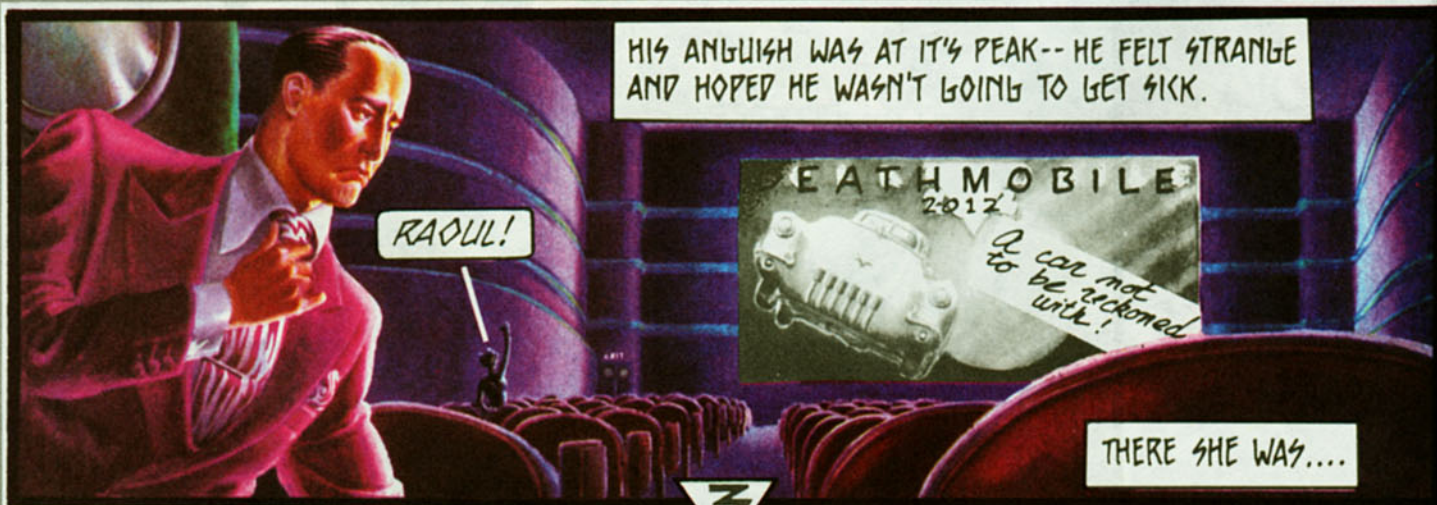


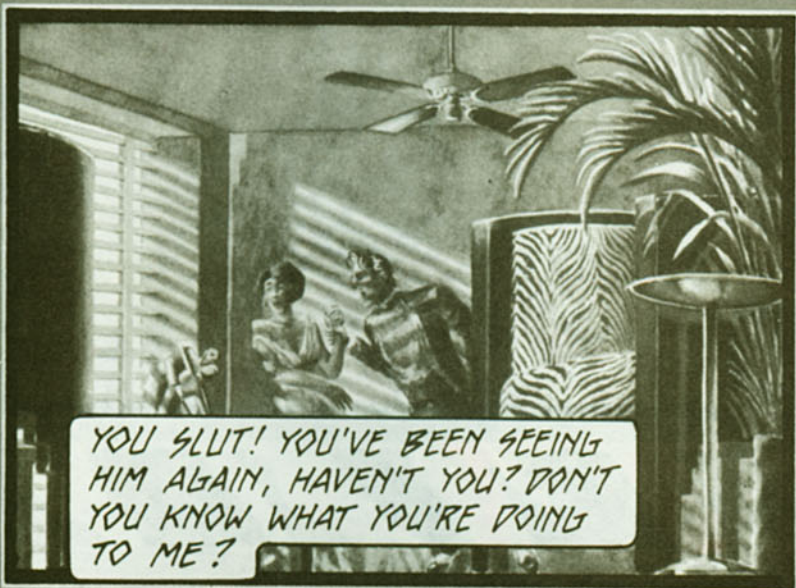
HIS ANGUISH WAS AT ITS PEAK-- HE FELT STRANGE AND HOPED HE WASN'T GOING TO GET SICK.

RAOUL!



THERE SHE WAS....





YOU SLUT! YOU'VE BEEN SEEING HIM AGAIN, HAVEN'T YOU? DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING TO ME?



DARLING, I'M SCARED. WE CAN'T GO ON MEETING HERE!



I'M WARNING YOU, I'M NOT GOING TO STAND IT ANYMORE!





HURRY
UP,
PLEASE,
PLEASE!
I'M
AFRAID!

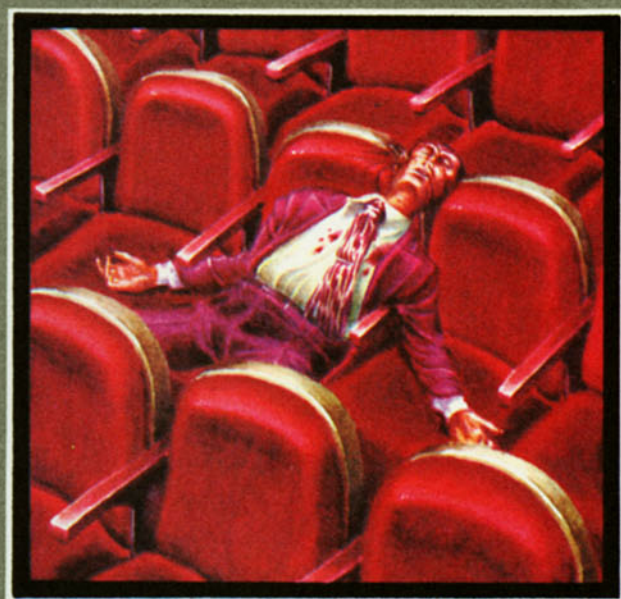
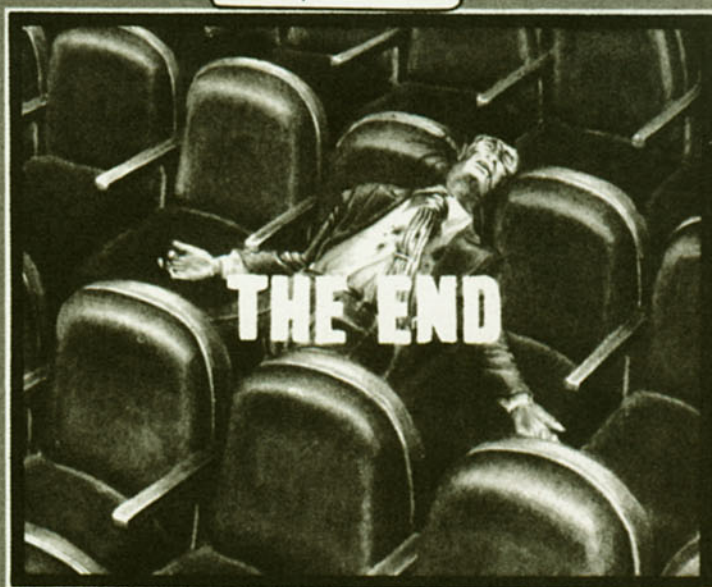
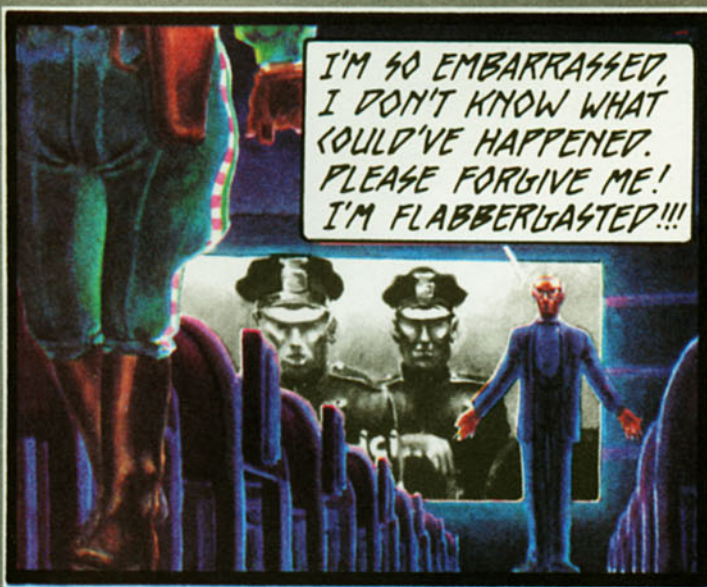


YOU! CHECK THE BATHROOMS! YOU! CHECK
THE AISLES! WERE THERE MANY PEOPLE
INSIDE?



ONLY A MAN AND A WOMAN!
THEN ANOTHER MAN CAME IN
AND HE WAS HOLDING A
GUN IN HIS HAND! JUST LIKE
I TOLD YOU. A FEW MOMENTS
LATER, WE HEARD A SHOT. I
CALLED YOU RIGHT AWAY!





F I N

FROM AN OFFHANDED REMARK BY D'QUARX-AINAMA



I'M SINGING IN THE RAIN, JUST SINGING
IN THE RAIN. WHAT A WONDERFUL
FEELING, I'M HAPPY AGAIN!

READY.

B