

British Fantasy Artist Les Edwards Inside!

SEPTEMBER 1991

\$3.95

CAN \$4.50

# HEAVY METAL

THE ILLUSTRATED FANTASY MAGAZINE





# C O N T E N T S

HEAVY METAL • SEPTEMBER 1991 • VOL. XV, NO. IV

## 6 GALLERY

*Les Edwards*

## 12

### THE WATERS OF DEADMOON: THE EYES OF NICHOLAS

*by Adamov and Cothias*

## 60

### THE LITTLE TREE

*by Miguel Angel Prado*

## 64

### MODERN WORLD

*by Peter Kuper*

## 65

### TRAGEDY IN ORBIT

*by Rick Geary*

## 74

### DESERT BONES

*by Mick Aarestrup*

## 81

### MY DEAR FRIEND

*by Daniel Torres*

## 87

### CA-RT-00N

*by Juan Gimenez*

## 99

### THE ESKIMO SONG

*by Eric Drooker*

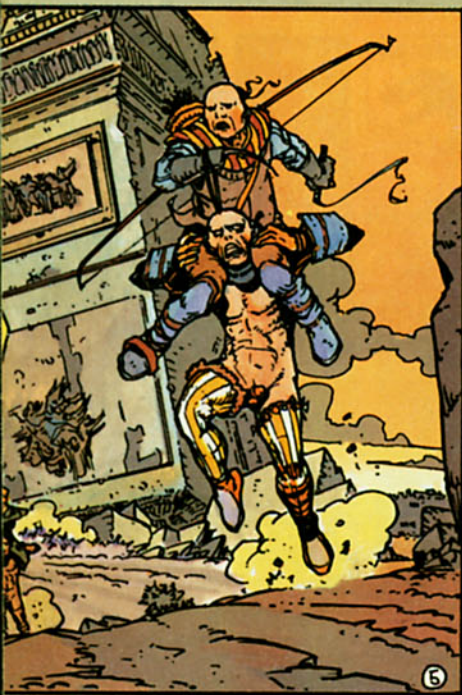
## 107

### BOMBS AWAY

*by Peter Kuper*

## COVER

*by Toni Taylor*



*Editor-in-Chief*  
**JULIE SIMMONS-LYNCH**  
*Production Director*  
**HOWARD JUROFSKY**  
*Art Director*  
**JOHN FIGURSKI**  
*Lettering Designer*  
**ADAM KUBERT**

*Printed in the U.S.A. All copyrights are held by individual artists, writers, and/or representations.*

HEAVY METAL MAGAZINE (ISSN 0885-7822): "Heavy Metal" is a trademark of HM Communications, Inc. © 1991 HM Communications, Inc., 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10013. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity to real people and places in fiction and semification is purely coincidental. EDITORIAL INFORMATION: Heavy Metal will no longer accept unsolicited submissions. Return of submission is not guaranteed. SUBSCRIPTION: Published bimonthly by HM Communications, Inc., 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10013. \$12.95 paid annual subscription, \$20.95 paid two-year subscription, and \$27.95 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Add \$8.00 per year for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries. Second-class postage paid at New York, NY, and additional mailing offices. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscriber, please send change of address to Circulation Director, Heavy Metal Magazine, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10013. ADVERTISING OFFICES: New York Office: 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10013, (212) 645-5040. Vice President/General Manager: Howard Jurofsky; Vice President/Controller: Walter Garibaldi. PRINTED IN U.S.A.



# GALLERY

LES EDWARDS

I was born in 1949—in September, which for astrologers makes me a Virgo. Virgos are neat, organized, and tidy—so much for astrology. For the first year of my life I lived in Walthamstow, East London. I was a noisy baby, I cried a lot—so much for Walthamstow.

From there to East Ham, also in East London, where I lived until I went to art school in 1968. The local schools did their best with me. All I can remember of junior school is being ill quite a lot, and the school plays, though what I was doing in school plays I cannot imagine, since nowadays nothing would entice me into any kind of public performance. I did put aside my dramatic career long enough to pass the Eleven

Plus exam, which provided my passport to nearby East Ham Grammar School for Boys. At this quite ludicrous place short trousers and caps were compulsory in the first year, despite the fact that some twelve-year-olds were nearly six feet tall.

Apart from art, my main interests were English literature and physics. Unfortunately the school's system did not permit the study of these three subjects to "A" level. One had to choose either "Arts" or "Sciences," carefully preventing the acquisition of a truly balanced education. Although I was forced to drop physics I have maintained an interest in the subject, and one of my more futile pastimes is trying to get my brain around quantum theory. As this is

Excerpted from *Blood & Iron* © GW Books and Les Edwards.







*Alien Landscapes*



*The Priestess*





*The Gboul*



*Conan the Rebel*



*Aztec*



only really explicable in terms of advanced mathematics, of which I have absolutely no knowledge, this provides hours of harmless amusement. I'm quite convinced that they just make it up as they go along.

I had a fairly bright academic career, plenty of exams passed, etc., but once in the sixth form, I spent most of my time either in the Art Room, or pondering what I'd do when I got there. The two Art teachers—Dave Waterhouse and Wayne Stephenson—were encouraging, supportive, and constructively critical, all the things that teachers are supposed to be and so often aren't. It was under their influence that I applied to Hornsey College of Art.

1968 was the year of the famous student riots in Paris and the less famous "sit-in" at Hornsey. When I arrived there in November—the term was late starting because of the "trouble"—the college was in a state of confusion, and, fairly quickly, so was I. However, if it was confusing, it was also exciting and new to me. Too much has been written about the late sixties already for me to be able to add anything new, except per-

haps to mention that the epithet "aging hippie" is often hurled in my direction. One of my friends often refers to me as that "Commie-pinko-poofter-artist," so you can see the sort of people I hang around with.

After the one year Foundation course, I went on to the Graphic Design course, which also offered illustration. The supposed "quality" of this course is one of my favorite hobby-horses, but I won't indulge it here. Suffice it to say that at the end of the three years I had very little more idea about illustration than I had at the start; my work and my confidence both suffered.

In 1973, at the end of the course Diploma Show, a character called John Spencer turned up; at the time he was running a small illustrators' agency, Young Artists, from his home. He sought me out in a nearby pub with an offer to represent me and two of the other students. I cannot imagine what he saw in my work, which was of nothing like a professional standard, but it was agreed that if I could provide some samples of sufficient quality he would try to get me work. It took me a long time to bring my work up to an







untitled

acceptable level, but John was always both encouraging and critical, and in time work began to come my way. John left YA some time ago, and is now being a rock 'n' roll star, among other things. When John left, YA was taken over by Alison Eldred, who quickly became the world's best agent. Her endless enthusiasm and energy are astonishing.

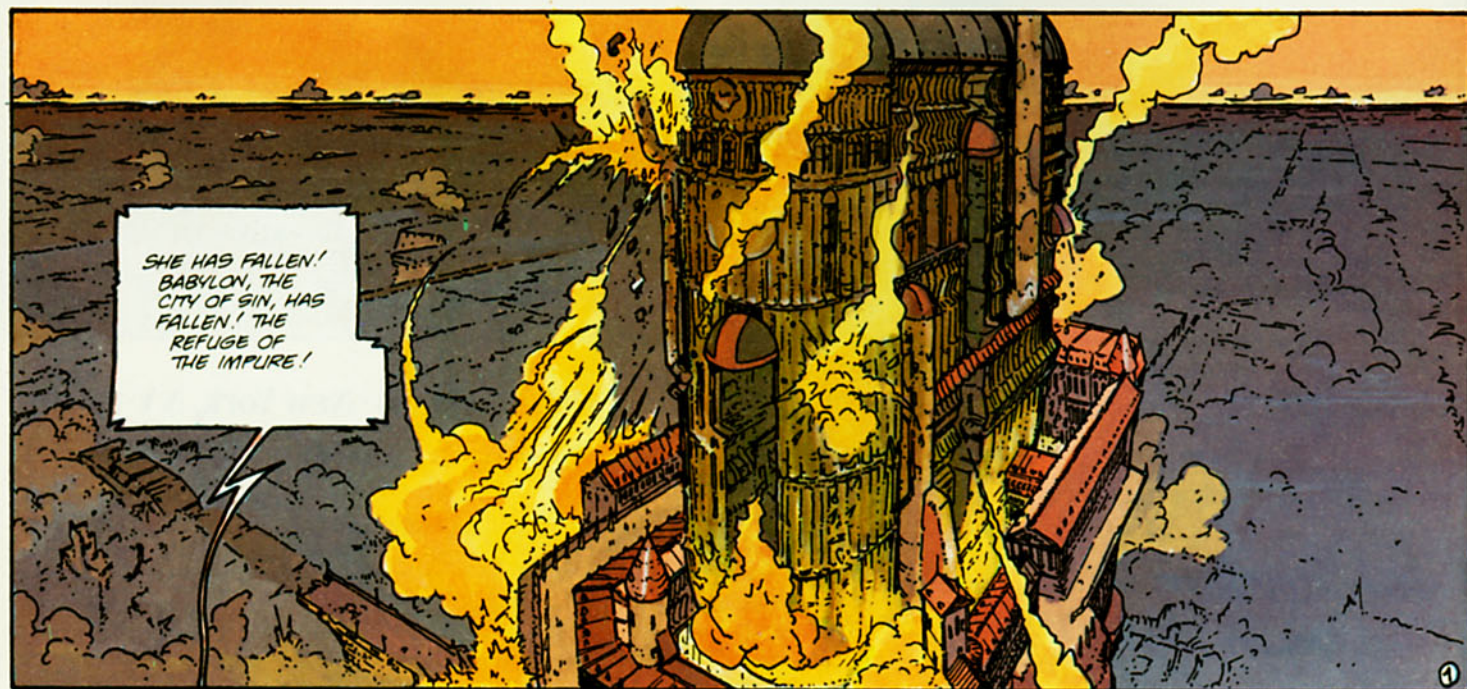
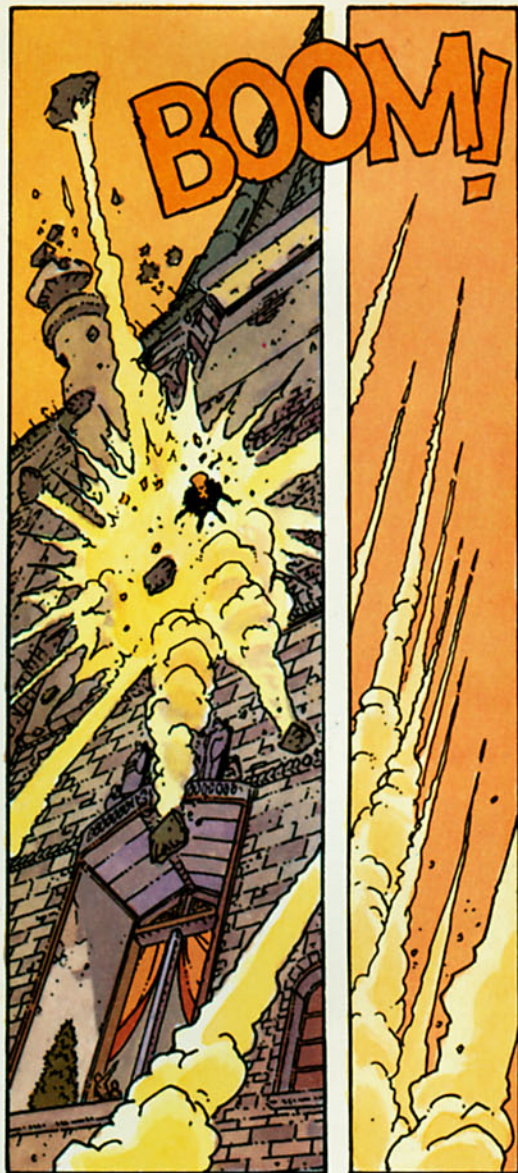
In 1978 I moved from Hornsey back to the East End of London. I now live in Ilford with Valerie, a Director and Partner in Young Artists, without whom all this would be pointless, and two Siberian Huskies—Myska and Zera, without whom life would be considerably less hectic, but also less fun.

—Les Edwards



# The Waters Of Dead Moon

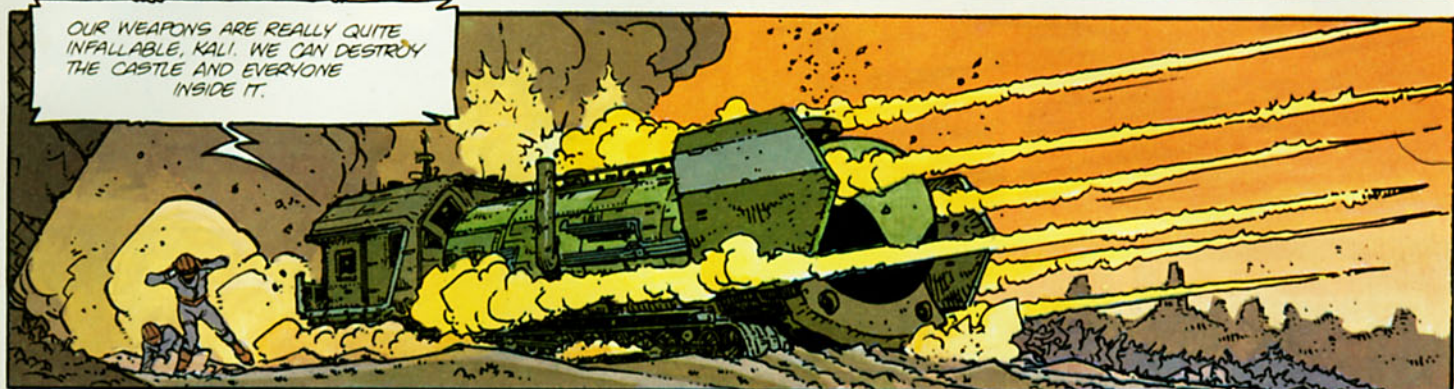
## The Eyes of Nicholas







HE HAS DEFEATED THE PRINCE AND PUNISHED HIS WHORE. HE HAS AVENGED THE DEATH OF HIS FOLLOWERS. THINK OF THOSE DEMONS AS AN EXAMPLE.... IT TOOK ONLY ONE HOUR TO DESTROY THEM FOREVER!



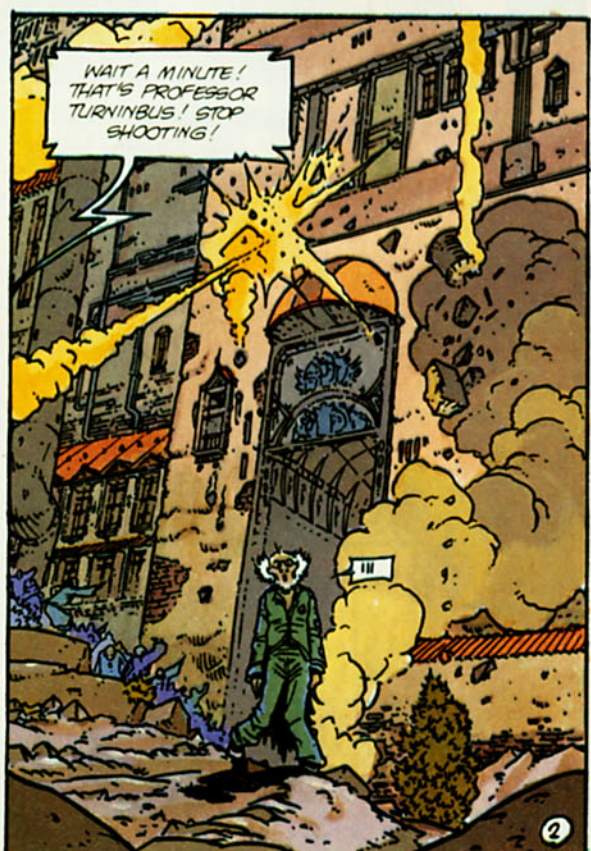
OF COURSE. BUT WHY WOULD YOU WANT THE PRINCE TO DIE?



NO SPECIAL REASON, KALI. BUT IF I HAVE TO DIE OF OLD AGE, I WANT TO BE SURE TO TAKE THE PRINCE WITH ME.



LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH!



WAIT A MINUTE! THAT'S PROFESSOR TURNINBUS! STOP SHOOTING!





PHEW! I REALLY THOUGHT I WAS ABOUT TO DIE OUT THERE!

WE'RE ALL IN THE SAME BOAT. THE SECRET OF ETERNAL YOUTH HAS BEEN LOST FOREVER!



THAT IS NOT SO, MY LORD. THE PRINCE OF DEADMOON HAS MANAGED TO ESCAPE WITH GOLIATH AND THE GIRL. THEY WERE JOINED BY OLD BARNABAS AND TWO KIDS I'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE.



THEY WENT DOWN TO THE TUNNEL THAT CONNECTS THE ARTIFICIAL LAKE WITH THE CATA-COMBS AND THE OLD UNDERGROUND RAILROAD....



YOU ARE LYING, YOU DOG!! MY COUSIN ISN'T THAT STUPID!! HE'D NEVER GO INTO THAT SEWER!!

WHY NOT, MY LORD?



ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WERE MORE THAN 1000 MILES OF UNDERGROUND TUNNELS UNDERNEATH THE CITY, NOW ABOUT 75% OF THEM HAVE COLLAPSED AND ARE UNACCESSIBLE.



...TEN YEARS AGO THE PRINCE SENT A RESEARCH EXPEDITION TO THE VERY HEART OF THE NETWORK TO TRY TO REPAIR AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE....




...THE EXPEDITION WAS MADE UP OF 50 MILITARY ENGINEERS AND 200 COOLIES. ALL OF THEM DIED EXCEPT TWO WHO REAPPEARED AFTER SEVEN OR EIGHT MONTHS....




...THEY WERE STARK RAVING MAD, BUT ENOUGH MATERIAL WAS FOUND ON THEM--NOTES, MAPS AND THE LIKE--TO MAKE EXTENSIVE CORRECTIONS TO THE PRINCE'S OLD MAPS....





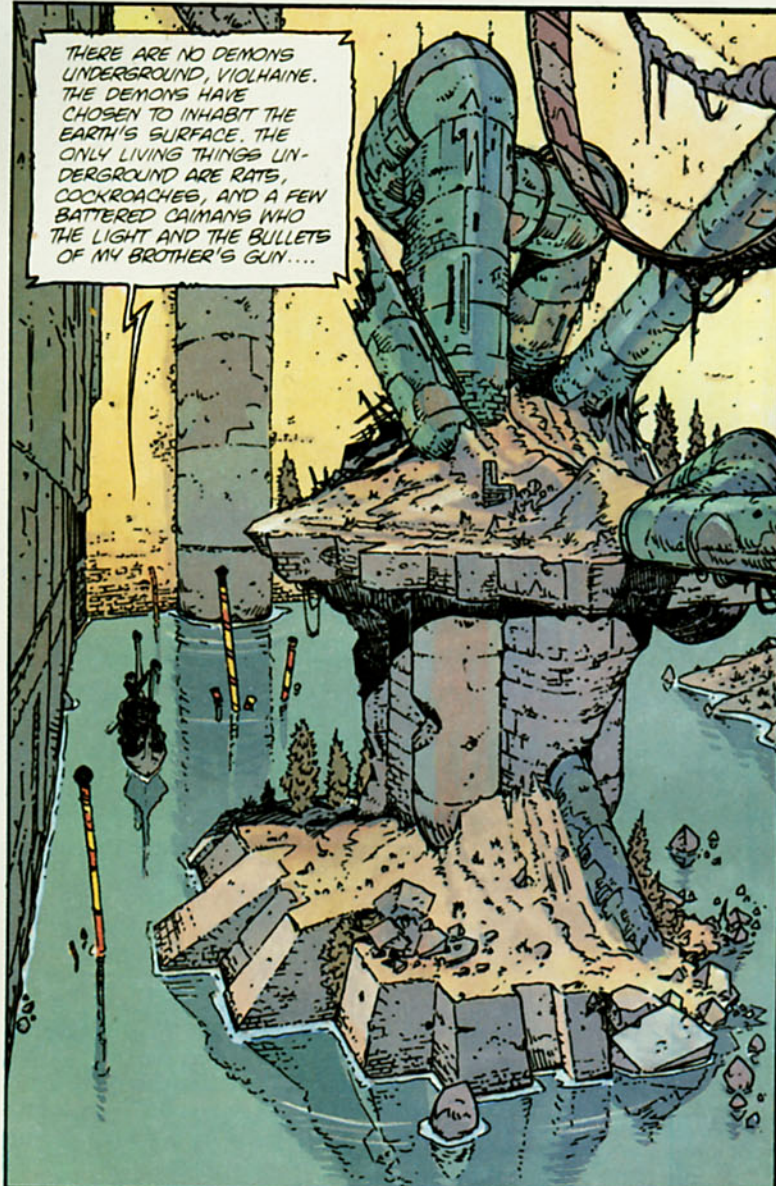
ACCORDING TO THOSE MAPS  
--OF WHICH OUR SPIES GAVE  
US A COPY-- THERE IS ONLY  
ONE EXIT WORTH THE RISK.  
PRINCE JEROME MUST KNOW  
ABOUT IT AND BARNABAS,  
TOO....




OTHERWISE,  
THEY MAY AS  
WELL BE DEAD!

ARE YOU  
SCARED,  
MY DEAR?

YES, BARNABAS, I'M  
SCARED. MY FATHER  
USED TO TELL US THAT  
THE UNDERGROUND  
TUNNELS WERE FULL  
OF DEMONS....




THERE ARE NO DEMONS  
UNDERGROUND, VIOLHAINE.  
THE DEMONS HAVE  
CHOSEN TO INHABIT THE  
EARTH'S SURFACE. THE  
ONLY LIVING THINGS UN-  
DERGROUND ARE RATS,  
COCKROACHES, AND A FEW  
BATTERED CAIMANS WHO  
THE LIGHT AND THE BULLETS  
OF MY BROTHER'S GUN....



BUT MUTANTS ALSO  
LIVE UNDERGROUND!  
MY FATHER USED TO  
SAY THAT MUTANTS...

WHERE WOULD  
WE BE IF WE  
LISTENED TO ALL  
OUR FATHERS HAD  
TO SAY!



SAY WHAT YOU WILL! THESE  
SEWERS ARE A LABYRINTH!  
THEY HIDE HORRIBLE THINGS,  
EVEN WORSE THAN MUTANTS!  
THINGS WHICH WE SHOULD  
NOT EVEN TALK ABOUT....

ONE MUST REALLY  
BE CRAZY TO VEN-  
TURE HERE WITH-  
OUT A MAP!





SHUT UP, SAILOR, AND  
HOLD THE PROW STEADY  
... WE'RE IN FOR A BIT  
OF A ROUGH RIDE....

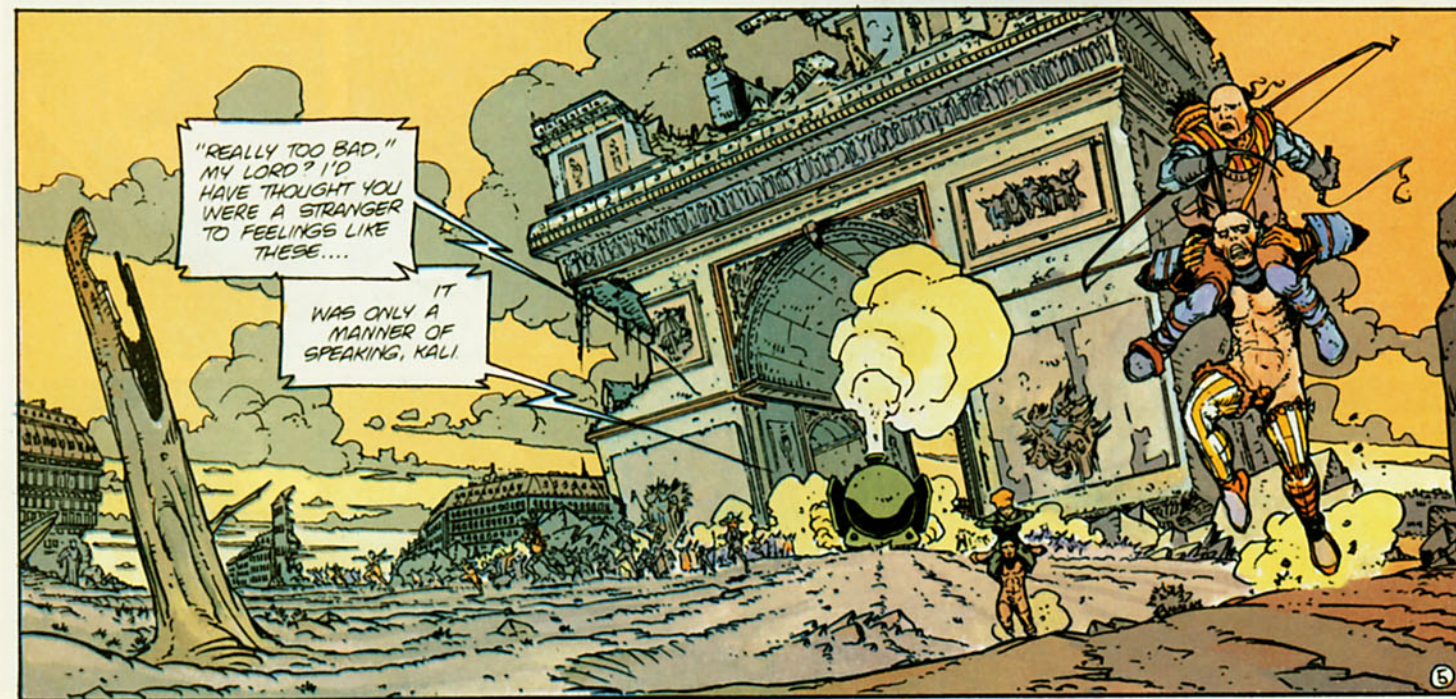


MY DEAR COUSIN, PRINCE  
JEROME, WAS A ROYAL  
EAGLE WHO COULD FLY WAY  
ABOVE HIS COURTIER'S AND  
IMPOSE ALL HIS WHIMS  
ON THEM...



... BUT THE EAGLE HAS FALLEN, AND IS  
NOW LOST IN THE SEWERS WITH HIS  
IDIOTIC CONCUBINE...

... THE EAGLE HAS LOST ME  
BEAK, HIS GRIP IS FEEBLE.  
IT'S REALLY TOO BAD.



"REALLY TOO BAD,"  
MY LORD? I'D  
HAVE THOUGHT YOU  
WERE A STRANGER  
TO FEELINGS LIKE  
THESE....

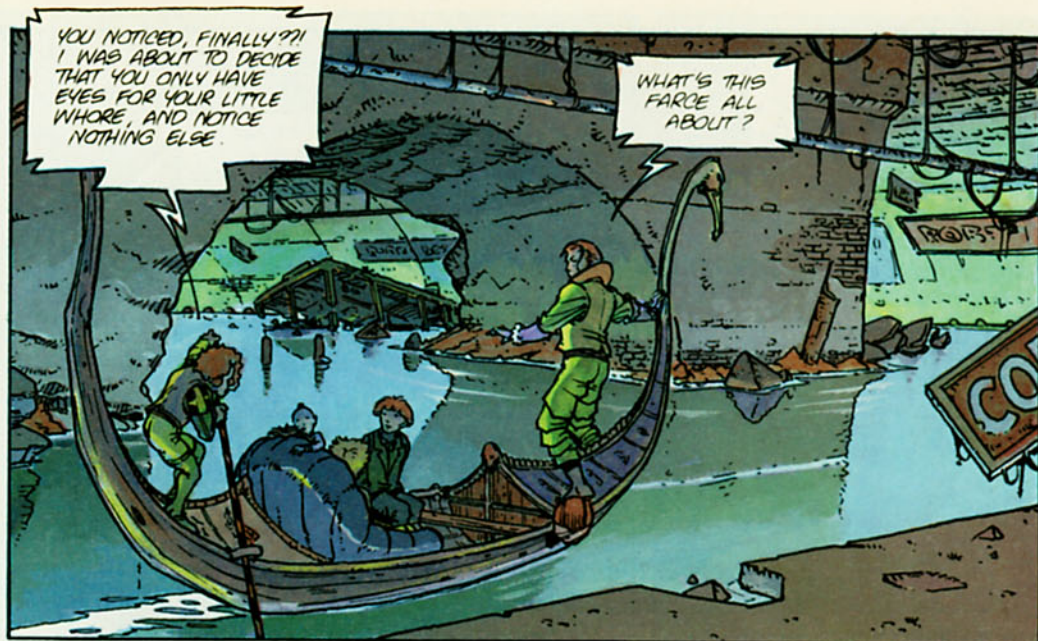
IT  
WAS ONLY A  
MANNER OF  
SPEAKING, KALI.





WE MADE IT!  
THERE IS A GOD  
WHO WATCHES  
OVER MIDGETS.

I KNEW YOU WERE  
SHORT, GOLIATH,  
BUT I DIDN'T KNOW  
YOU HAD A HUMP!



YOU NOTICED, FINALLY?!  
I WAS ABOUT TO DECIDE  
THAT YOU ONLY HAVE  
EYES FOR YOUR LITTLE  
WHORE, AND NOTICE  
NOTHING ELSE.

WHAT'S THIS  
FARCE ALL  
ABOUT?



THIS IS NO JOKE, PRINCE, BUT  
A MIRACLE. THIS HUMP GREW  
JUST BEFORE WE LEFT. BUT I'M  
NOT THE COMPLAINING TYPE...



I'M SURE IT  
WILL BE USE-  
FUL TO US...

ALL RIGHT!  
KEEP YOUR  
SECRET!



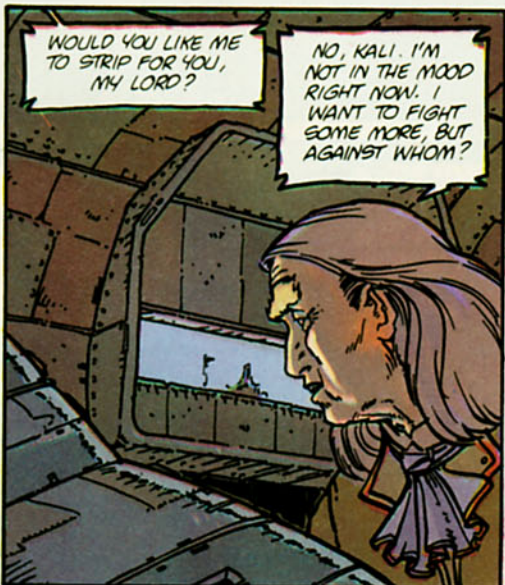
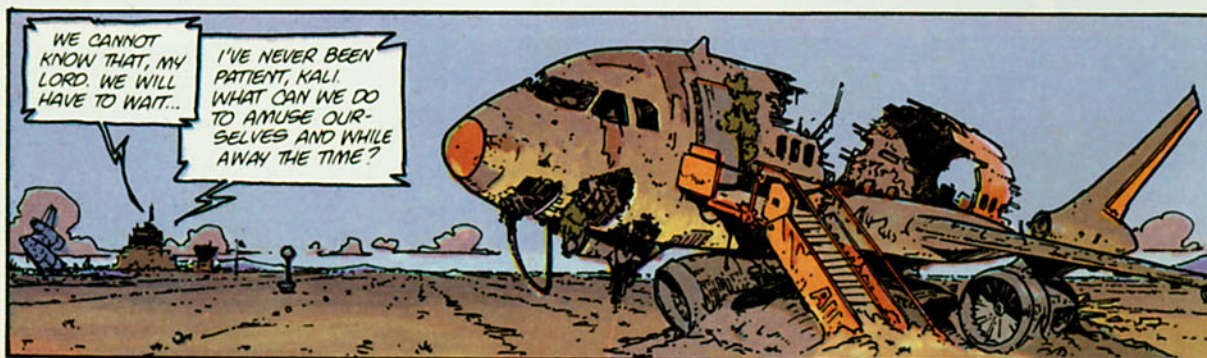
WHO IS THAT  
GUN OVER  
THERE?



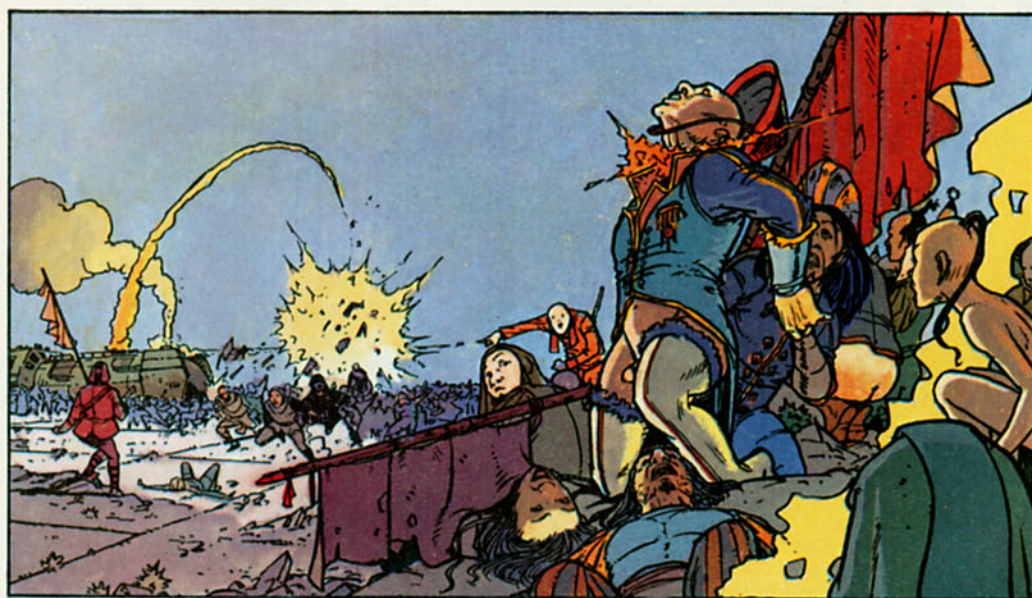
I AM THE STATION  
MASTER. WOULD  
YOU BE SO KIND  
AS TO SHOW ME  
YOUR TRAVEL  
PASSES?

IF YOU HAVE  
NO TRAVEL PAS-  
SES, BE AWARE  
THAT YOU ARE  
BREAKING  
THE LAW!

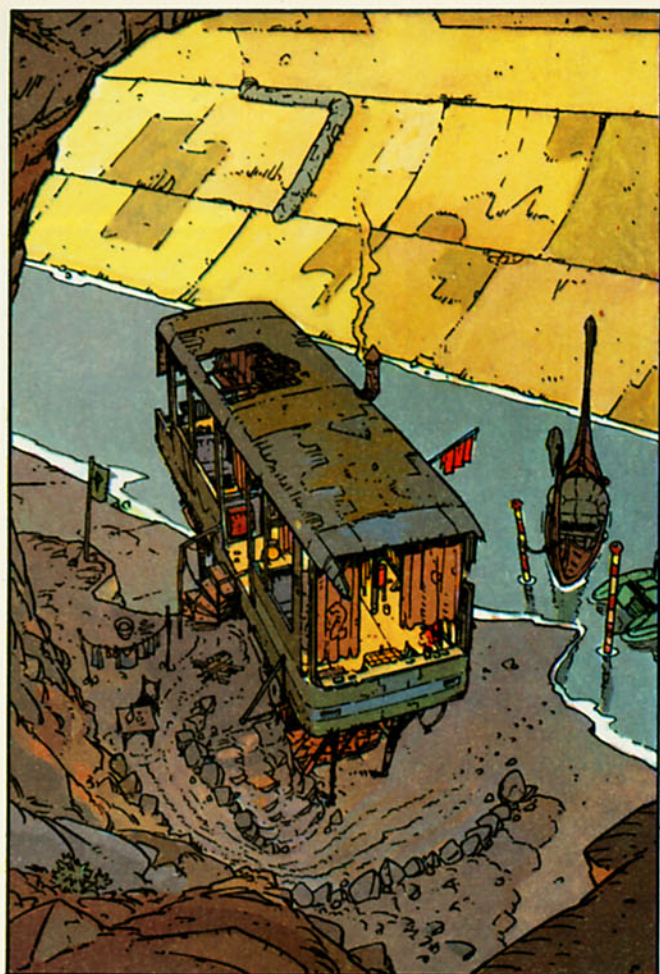












I'M GLAD I CAUGHT YOU OUT THERE. IT'S QUITE A CHANGE FROM MY NORMAL ROUTINE. I HAVEN'T FINED ANYBODY IN MORE THAN 60 YEARS!



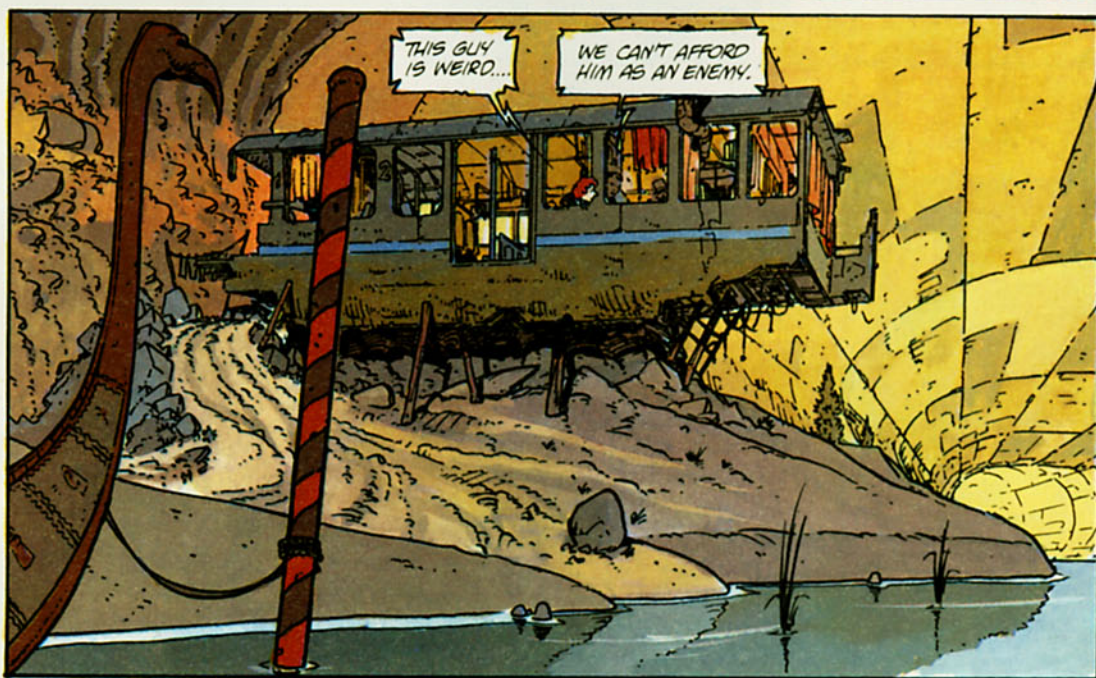
I MUST'VE BEEN 20 YEARS OLD WHEN I LAST TREAD THE GRASS WITH THE COWS UP THERE. THOSE ADMINISTRATORS UP TOP MUST HAVE COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN ABOUT ME.

THERE ARE NO ADMINISTRATORS ANYMORE, MY FRIEND....



I WAS THE LAST PRINCE, AND AS YOU CAN SEE, I'M OUT OF A JOB. IT MEANS I CERTAINLY CAN'T CORRECT THIS PROBLEM... BUT DON'T COMPLAIN TOO MUCH... YOU REALLY LOOK MUCH YOUNGER THAN YOUR YEARS...

I THINK IT'S THE BOOZE.... THIS IS MY LAST BOTTLE....



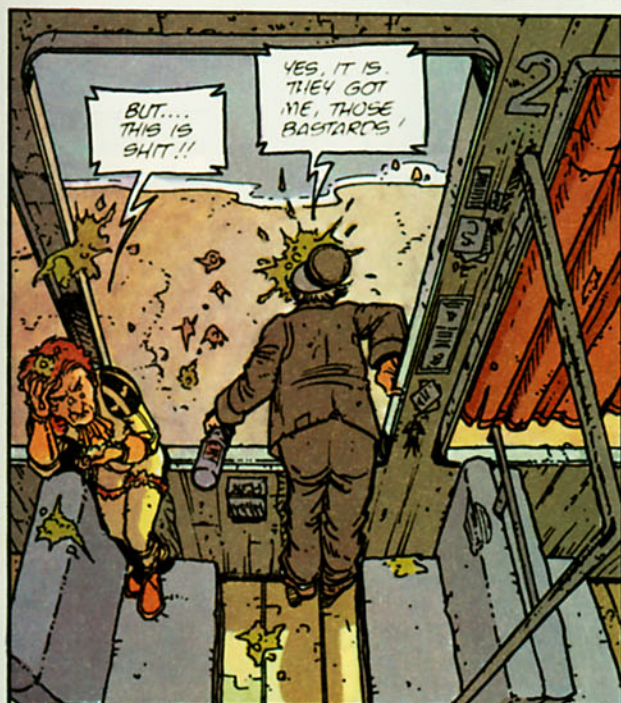
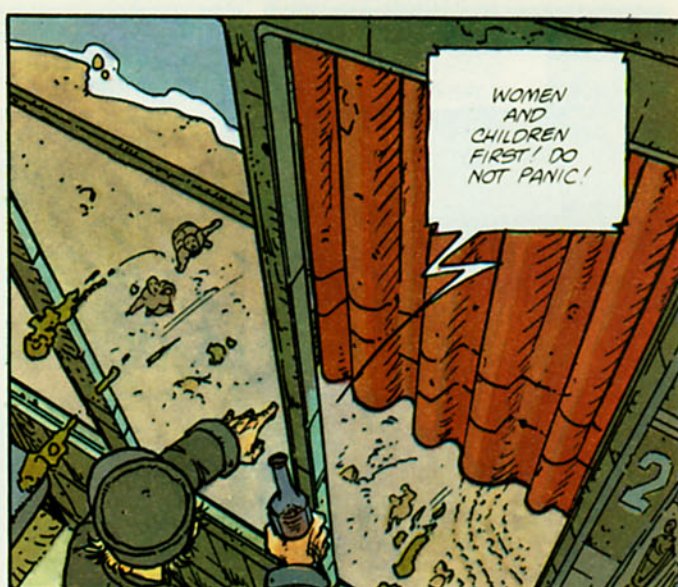
THIS GUY IS WEIRD...

WE CAN'T AFFORD HIM AS AN ENEMY.



?!?!  
...!









DON'T HURT THEM! PLEASE! MUTANTS ARE WILD ANIMALS AND TOTALLY WITHOUT MANNERS BUT THEY ARE NOT EVIL!

THIS IS A GAME TO THEM! THEY DON'T HAVE MUCH TO AMUSE THEMSELVES WITH IN THIS HOLE!



I THINK THIS GAME IS REVOLTING!!



I AGREE WITH YOU THERE. HOWEVER, THE MUTANTS DON'T NECESSARILY HAVE OUR SAME POINT OF VIEW. WHAT'S IMPORTANT IS THAT WE'VE SENT THEM AWAY...



YOUR GUN REALLY SCARED THEM. I DON'T THINK THEY'LL BE BACK IN A LONG WHILE!



NOT EVEN ONE LEFT ALIVE! IT'S TOO EASY!



I'M BORED, KALI. WHAT CAN I DO?

I REALLY DON'T KNOW, MY LORD!



I'M TIRED OF WAITING, KALI. I'M NO LONGER HUNGRY OR THIRSTY, AND I DON'T FEEL SLEEPY YET. I FEEL JUST LIKE ONE OF THOSE POOR PIRANHAS, A PRISONER IN MY FISHBOWL!

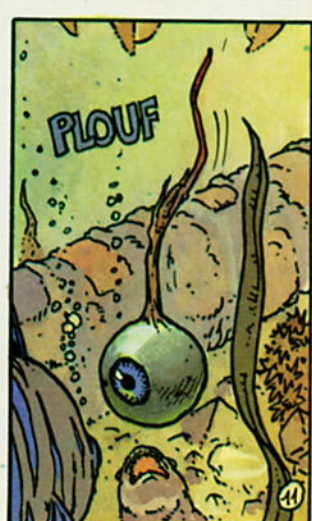


MY DARLING FISH ARE ALWAYS WITH ME. I HAVE TO CHANGE THEIR WATER VERY FREQUENTLY AND FEED THEM THE EYES OF MY PEOPLE...



THEY ARE A LUXURY WITHOUT PRICE OF WHICH I'M VERY PROUD.

LUXURIES ARE ONLY WORTH THE VALUE WE GIVE THEM, MY LORD...



PLOUF





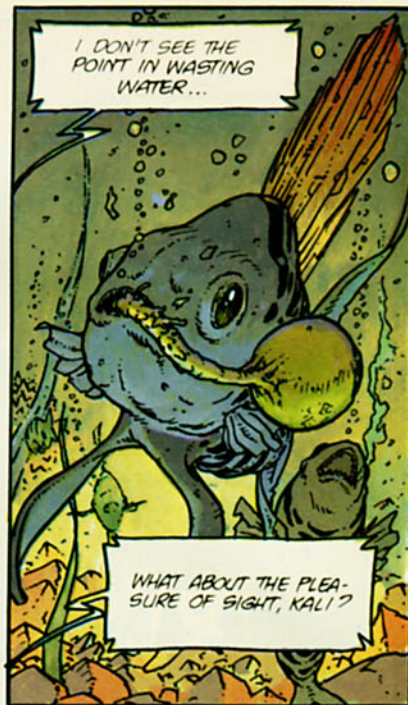
YOU HAVE AN OPINION, KALI? YOU ARE ONLY AN ANDROID PROGRAMMED TO KILL.



EXCUSE ME, MY LORD, BUT WHAT YOU JUST SAID IS NOT ACCURATE, I FEEL I HAVE TO EXPLAIN...



THE SCIENTISTS WHO CREATED ME FOR THE PRINCE OF DEADMOON, AT THE TIME OF YOUR FRIENDSHIP, DIDN'T THINK IT WAS WORTH IT TO GIVE ME SCRIPPLES, BUT THEY DID GIVE ME THE ABILITY TO EXERCISE JUDGEMENT...



I DON'T SEE THE POINT IN WASTING WATER...

WHAT ABOUT THE PLEASURE OF SIGHT, KALI?



HERE WE ARE COMRADES, LIKE IT OR NOT...TELL ME WHAT YOU'RE REALLY AFTER... I IMAGINE THAT YOU AREN'T HERE PURELY FOR THE PLEASURE OF THE RIDE...

NO, OF COURSE NOT. IT WAS THIS OR FACE BEING MASSACRED BY OUR COUSIN MALIK.



YOU MUST BE HEADED SOMEWHERE.

YES, TO THE OCEAN... NICHOLAS'S OCEAN...

YOU ARE STILL FIXATED ON THAT IDEA?



I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST A PRETEXT TO HELP EXPLAIN OUR HASTY DEPARTURE...



THIS OLD MAN'S DREAM IS AT LEAST BIG ENOUGH FOR ALL OF US, MY LORD... WHAT IS THERE OTHERWISE?



...LET US GO FORWARD...





MY EYES, LORD, DO NOT FEEL ANY PLEASURE WHEN THEY SEE YOU ENGAGING IN CHILDISH BEHAVIOR. YOU HAVE BETTER THINGS TO DO THAN FEED YOUR FISH...

BETTER THINGS TO DO? LIKE WHAT? THERE IS NO ONE LEFT TO KILL FOR MILES AROUND!



DUKE MALIK HAS DESTROYED HIS OWN PEOPLE. HE IS NOT WORTHY TO BE THE MASTER OF THE WATERS OF DEADMOON.

PRINCE JEROME WAS NO GREAT PRIZE BUT HE CERTAINLY WAS A BETTER GUARDIAN!



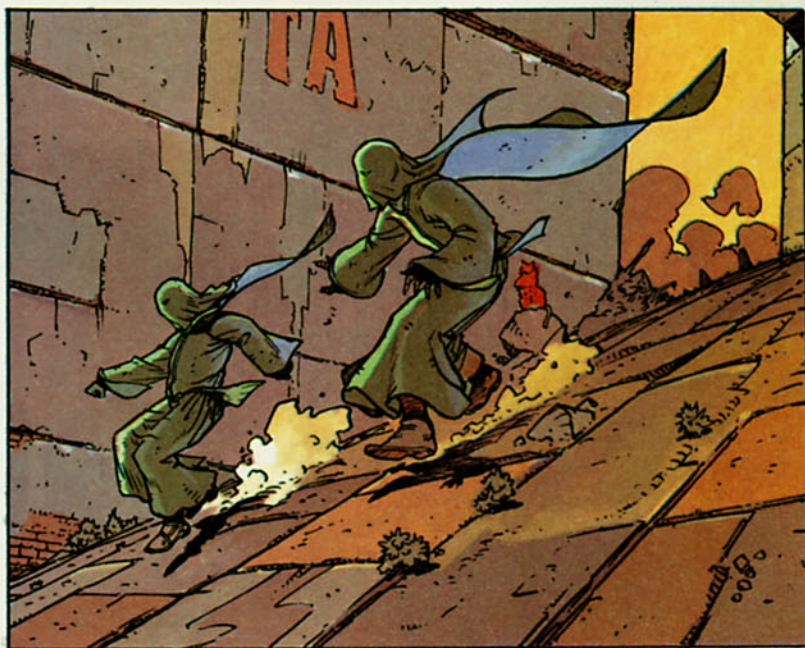
WE MUST RUN AND TELL THE QUEEN OF THIS NEW THREAT.

NO, SISTER, LET'S STAY A WHILE LONGER. WE MUST SEE MORE...

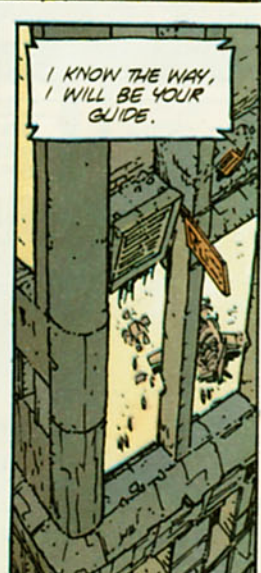
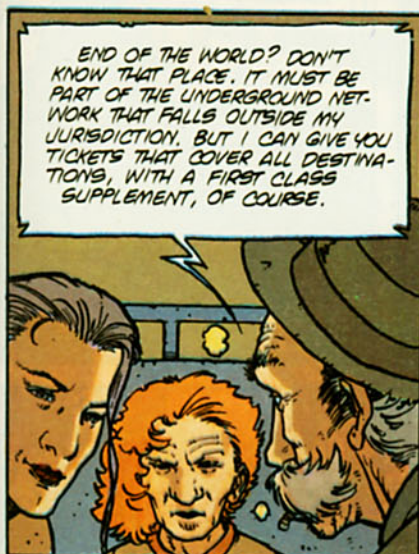
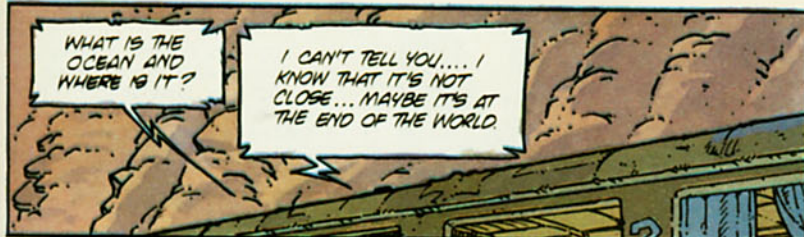


I FEEL THAT SOMETHING AMAZING IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN... SOMETHING MAGICAL...

ANYTHING YOU SAY, SISTER... BUT WE HAVE TO LOOK FOR A BETTER HIDING PLACE...





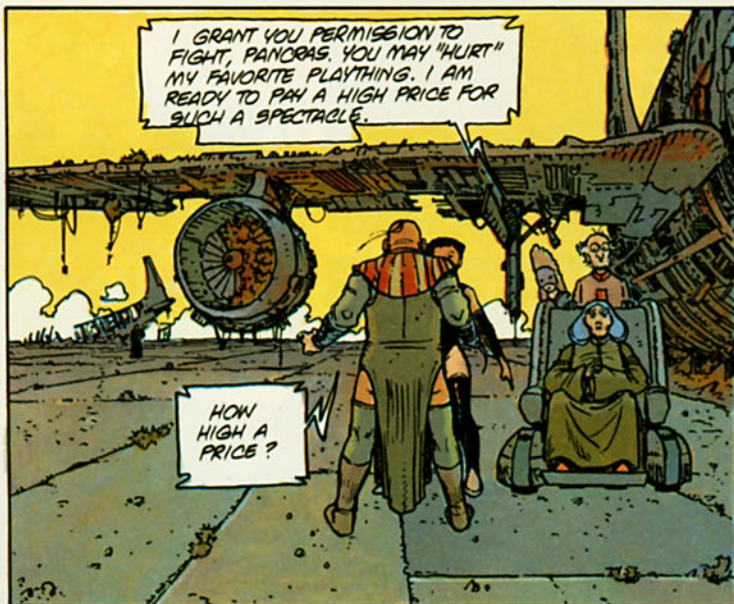




AND I WOULDN'T WANT TO HURT YOU BY MISTAKE. I KNOW HOW MUCH DUKE MALIK CHERISHES YOU AND I WOULDN'T WANT TO ANGER HIM. I DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE, CATCH MY DRIFT?



I GRANT YOU PERMISSION TO FIGHT, PANORAS. YOU MAY "HURT" MY FAVORITE PLAYTHING. I AM READY TO PAY A HIGH PRICE FOR SUCH A SPECTACLE.



HOW HIGH A PRICE?

ALL YOU CAN POSSIBLY THINK OF ASKING FOR. THE STRONGER ONE WILL WIN. IF YOU FIGHT KALI AND WIN I WILL MAKE YOU A BARON.

WHY NOT A MARQUIS, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT?



YOU HEARD ME, BUTCHER. YOU CAN HAVE ALL YOU WANT.



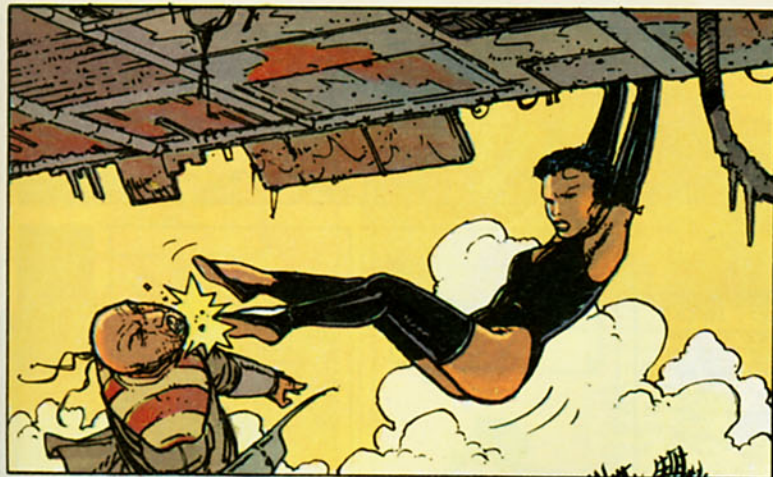
YOU CAN CHOOSE THE WEAPON.



WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IF I SAID NO WEAPONS??







GET UP,  
BUTCHER.



I BEG YOUR  
PARDON.... BUT.... I  
DON'T REALLY FEEL  
UP TO THIS  
RIGHT NOW...



COULD WE DO  
THIS SOME OTHER  
TIME?...



DUKE  
MALIK!

YES,  
BARONESS!



I WOULD LIKE TO TRY MY  
LUCK AGAINST YOUR CHAM-  
PION, UNDER THE SAME  
CONDITIONS. AS A PRIZE  
IF I WIN I WOULD LIKE TO  
PERSONALLY TAKE CHARGE  
OF VIOLHAINE, WHO  
STOLE THE PRINCE FROM  
ME!



LET ME  
TELL YOU, THIS  
WHOLE TRIP  
IS SHEER  
FOLLY.

AND LET ME  
TELL YOU THAT  
THERE MUST  
BE, SOMEWHERE  
AT THE OTHER  
END OF THE  
WORLD, A BIT  
OF OCEAN UN-  
CONTAMINATED  
BY OUR  
IDIOCY.

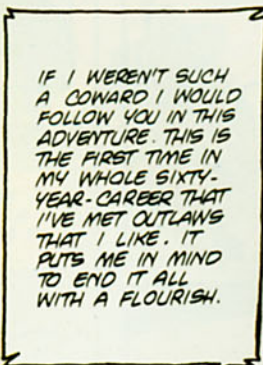
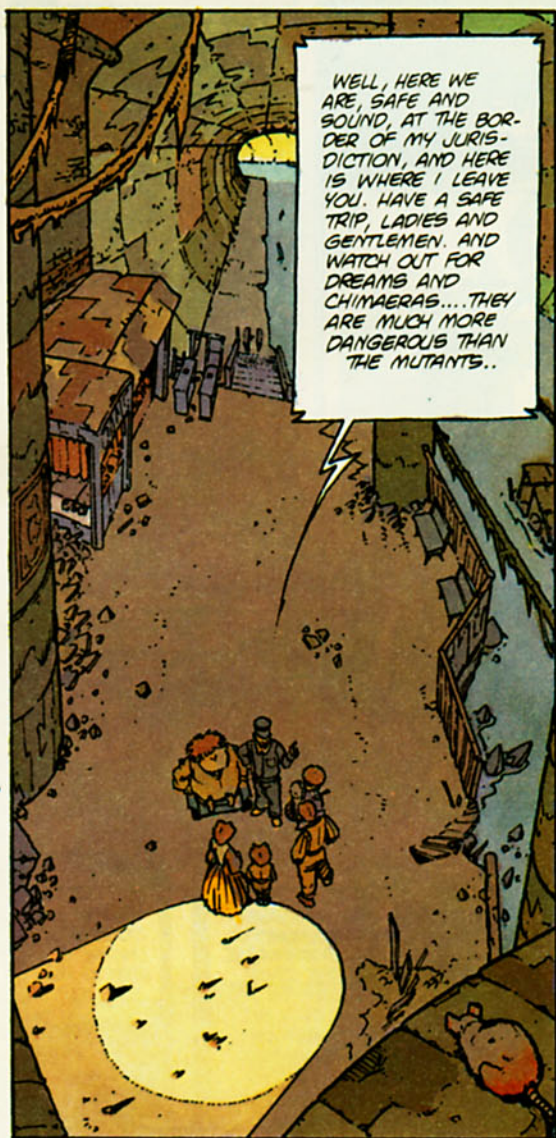


A BLUE-  
GREEN  
OCEAN  
UNDER A  
STRONG YEL-  
LOW SUN...



SOMEWHERE,  
DEEP IN  
NICHOLAS'S  
EYES....









I HEARD YOU PERFECTLY BEFORE, PANORAS, BUT THIS TIME I'M NOT ASKING FOR YOUR OPINION...

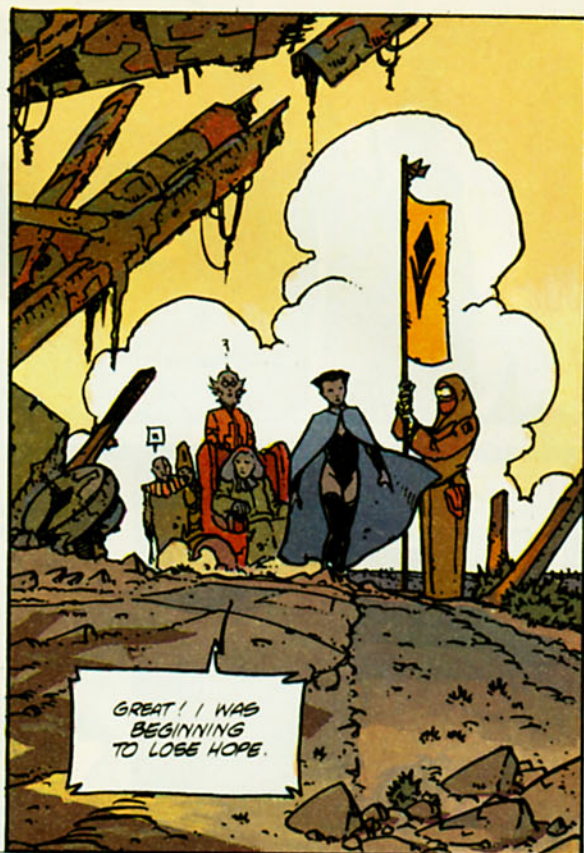
MY LORD?



WHAT NOW?



THE PRINCE OF DEADMOON.... I MEAN THE EX-PRINCE OF DEADMOON HAS JUST COME OUT OF THE TUNNEL WITH ALL OF HIS FRIENDS. THEY WERE SO SURPRISED TO SEE US THAT THEY OFFERED NO RESISTANCE.



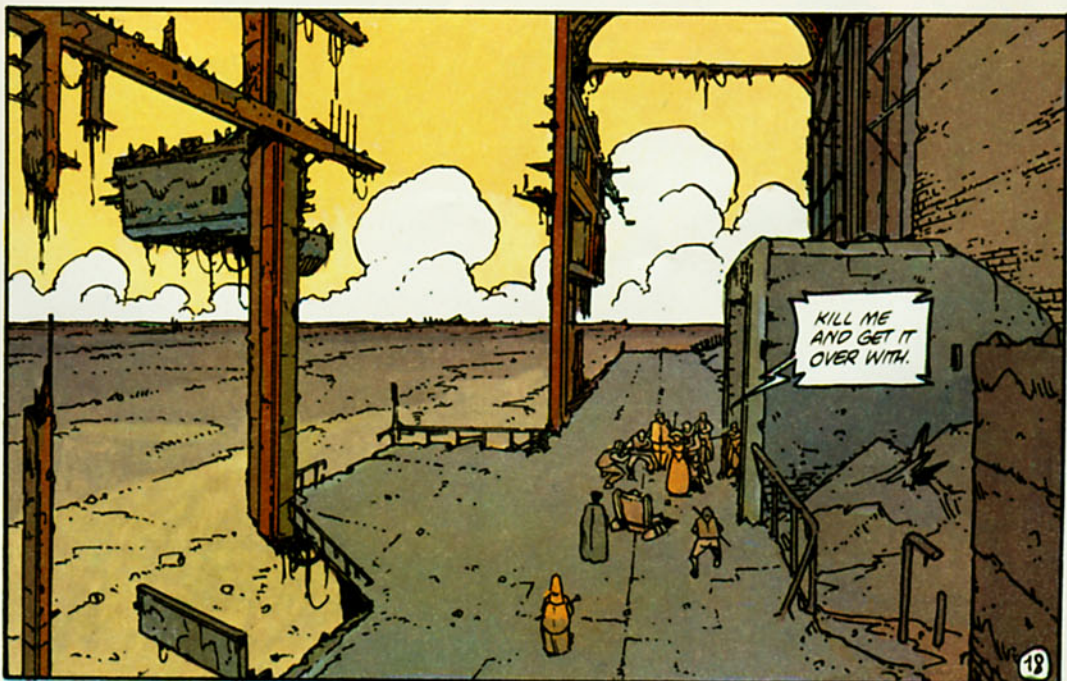
GREAT! I WAS BEGINNING TO LOSE HOPE.



YOU CAUSED ME A LOT OF WORRY, DEAR COUSIN...

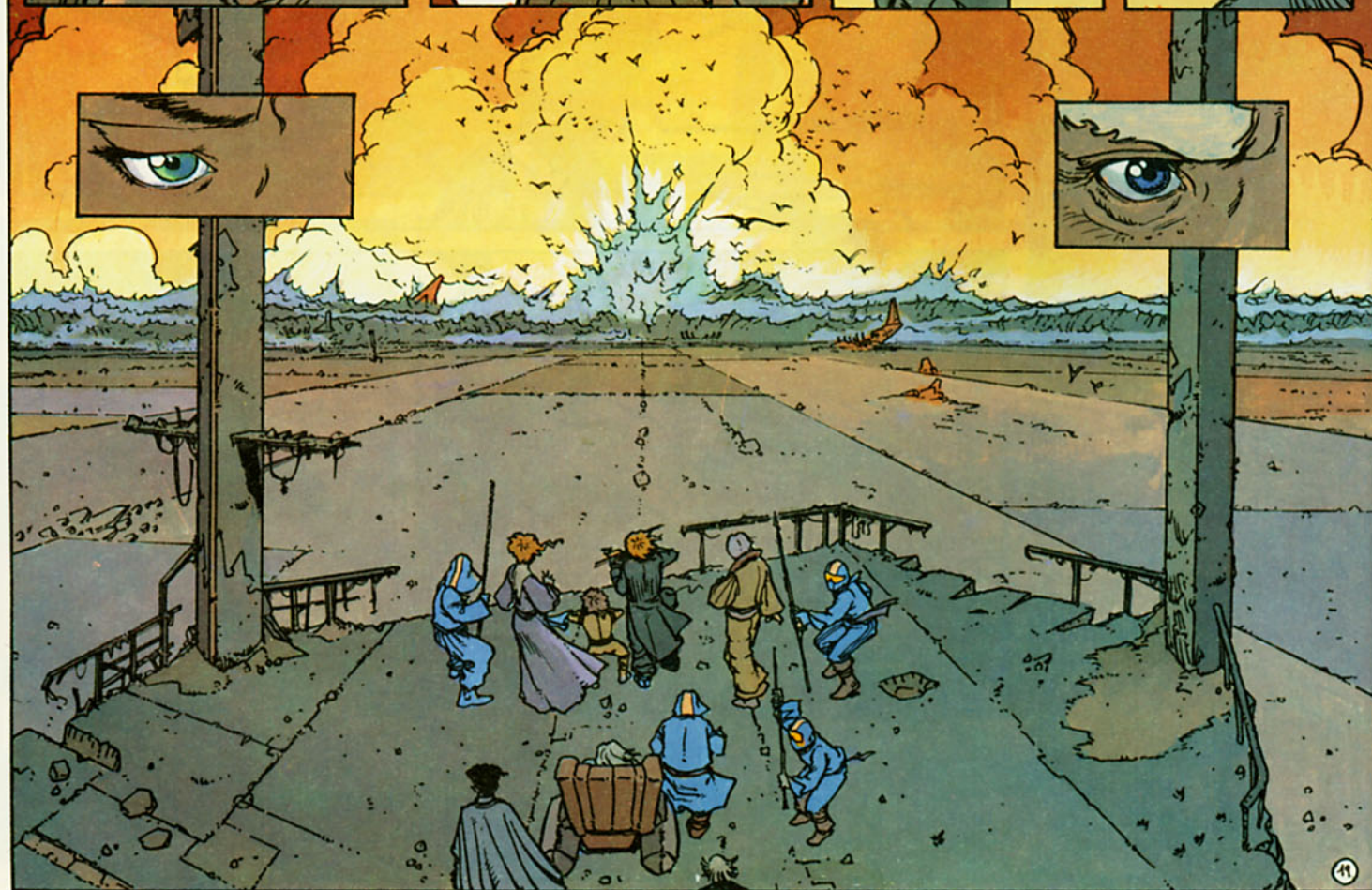


YOU WERE NEVER ABLE TO TRIUMPH WITH DIGNITY, MALIK. IT'S A FAMILY TRAIT.

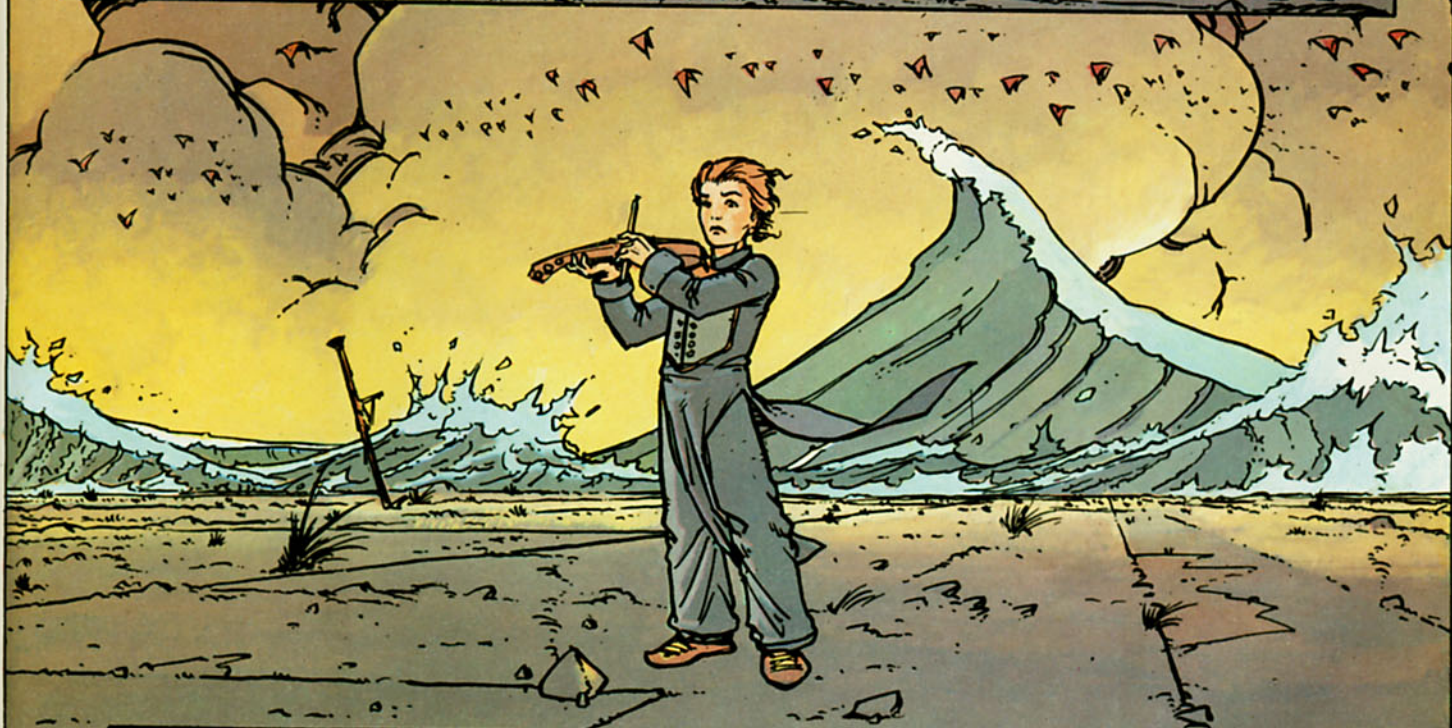
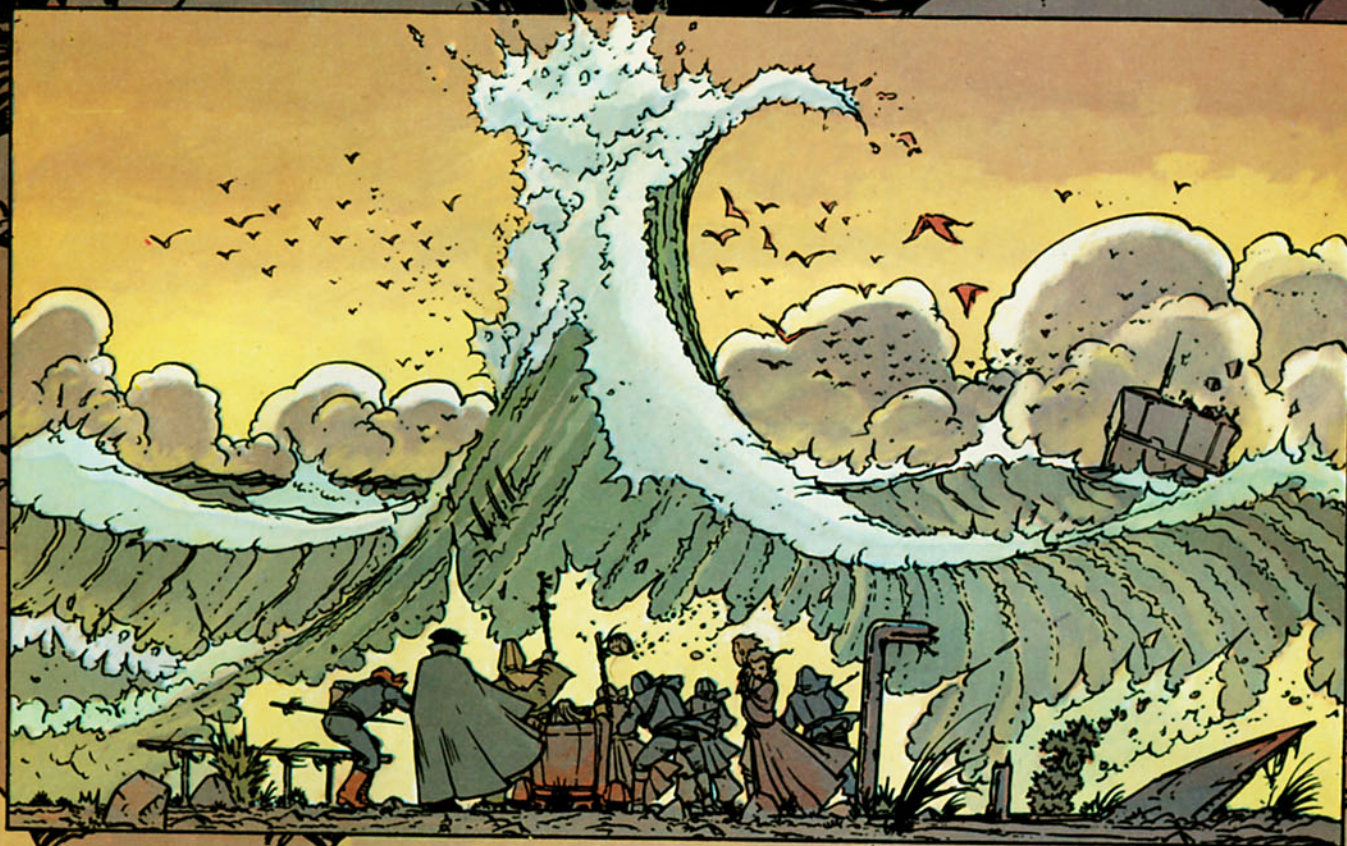


KILL ME AND GET IT OVER WITH.

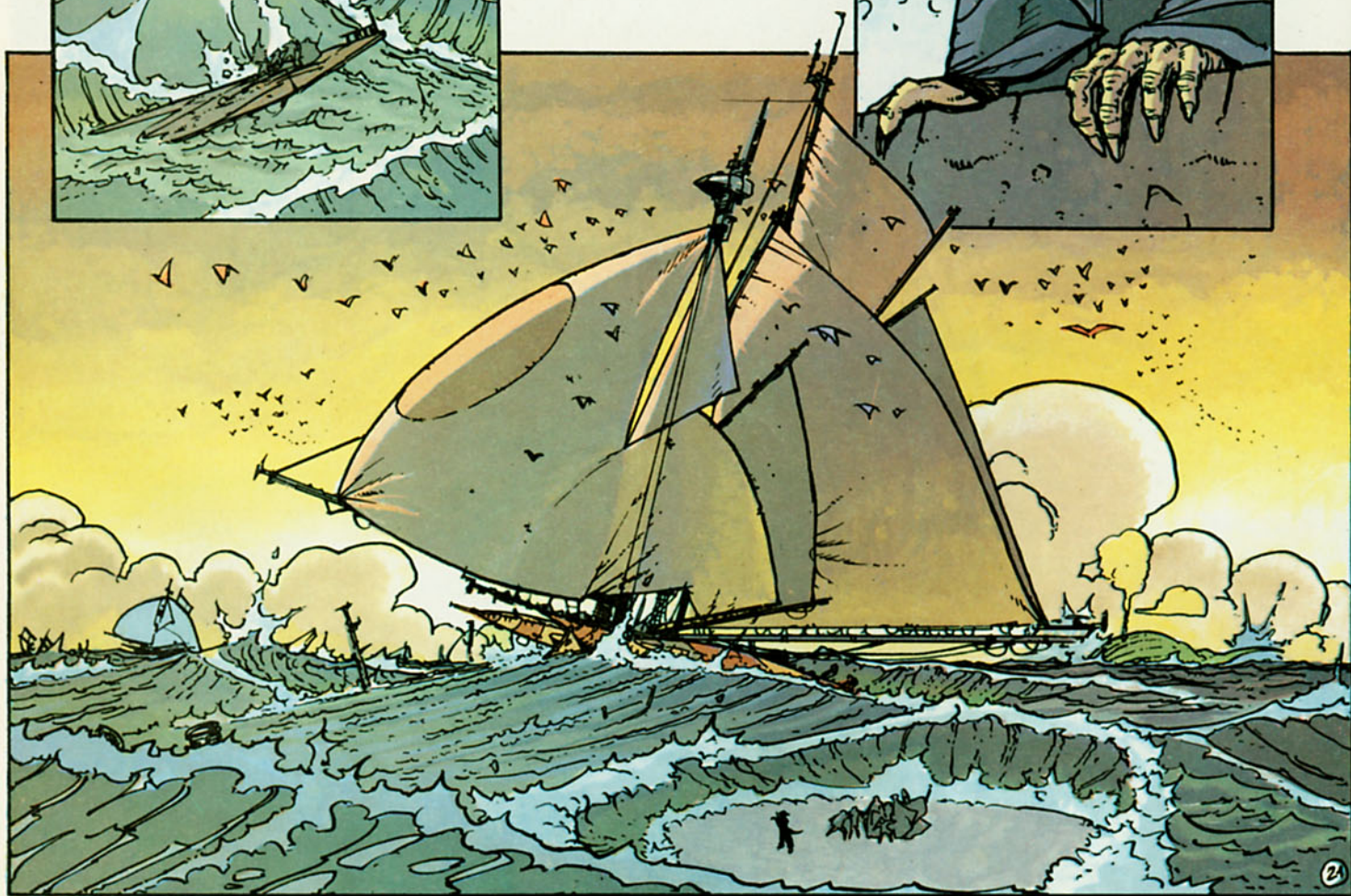




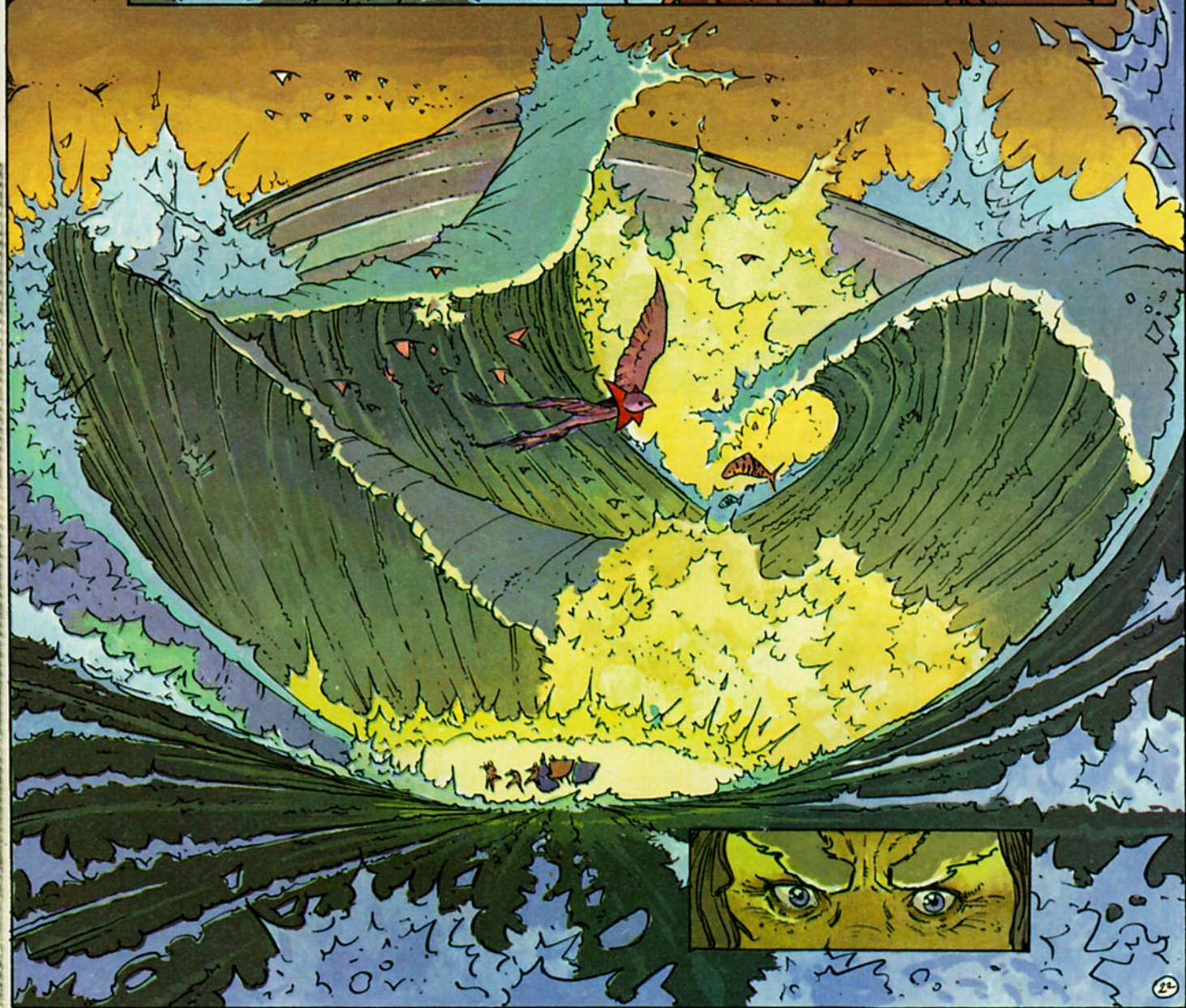
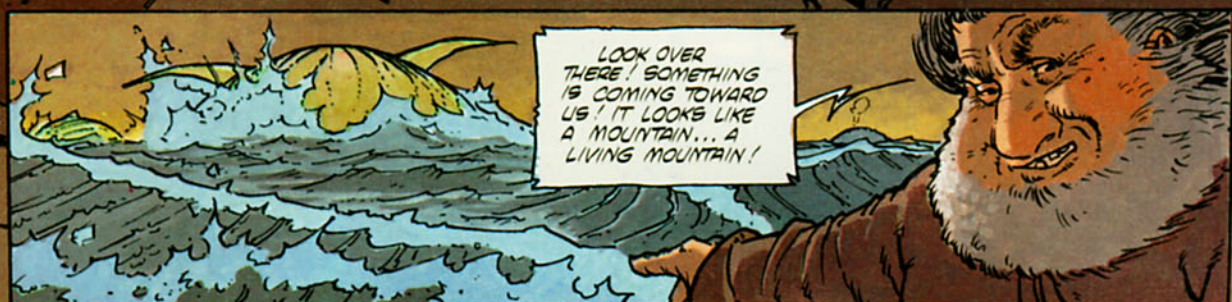
















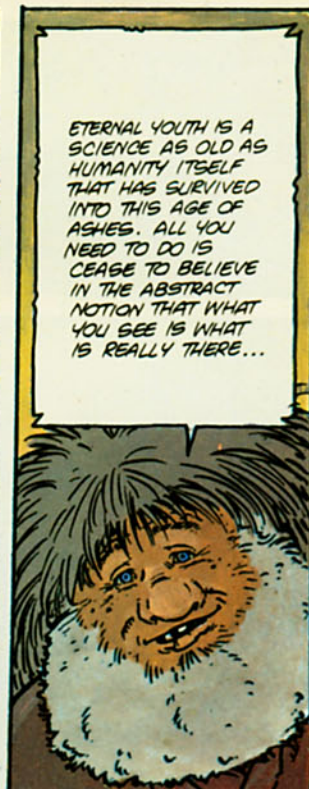
I HATE MURK. I HATE ALL KINDS OF MURK!!

CRACK!



DON'T TRY TO FOOL ME, PROFESSOR BARNABAS. I AM TOO OLD A MONKEY TO FALL PREY TO YOUR SEDUCTIONS. I WANT YOU TO TELL ME ABOUT THE POTION OF ETERNAL YOUTH!

IT'S A FOOLISH TRICK, MALIK.

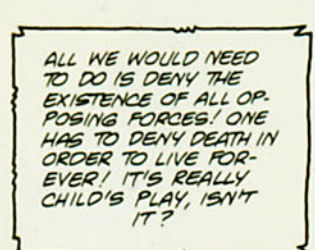


ETERNAL YOUTH IS A SCIENCE AS OLD AS HUMANITY ITSELF THAT HAS SURVIVED INTO THIS AGE OF ASHES. ALL YOU NEED TO DO IS CEASE TO BELIEVE IN THE ABSTRACT NOTION THAT WHAT YOU SEE IS WHAT IS REALLY THERE...



IF WE REALLY WANTED TO WE COULD BECOME LIKE THE GODS OF ANCIENT TIMES, WE COULD REINVENT THE OLYMPUS AND CREATE A NEW EARTH AND SKY TO OUR IMAGE.

WE COULD SAIL ON NICHOLAS'S OCEAN....



ALL WE WOULD NEED TO DO IS DENY THE EXISTENCE OF ALL OPPOSING FORCES! ONE HAS TO DENY DEATH IN ORDER TO LIVE FOREVER! IT'S REALLY CHILD'S PLAY, ISN'T IT?



IT SOUNDS IDIOTIC!

MY LORD...



WE FOUND THESE IN THE PRINCE'S... YOUR COUSIN'S BAG, I MEAN...

YOU MUST TAKE THE LIQUID INTRAVENOUSLY, MY LORD. I HAVE WITNESSED THIS PROCESS BEFORE AND I HAVE EVEN ADMINISTERED THE SYRINGE MYSELF, AFTER BARNABAS PREPARED IT...



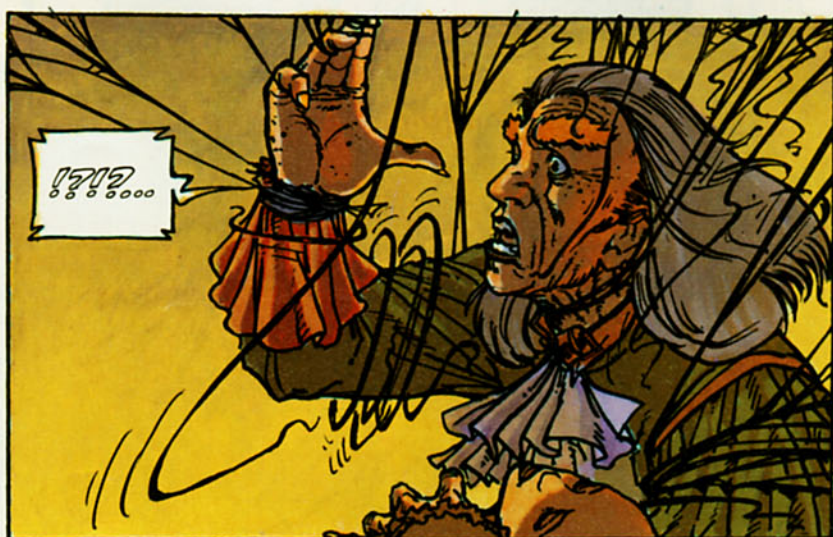
THE LIQUID IN THESE TWO VIALS MUST BE MIXED, BUT IN WHAT PROPORTION?

YOU CAN TORTURE ME ALL YOU WANT, I WON'T SAY A WORD.





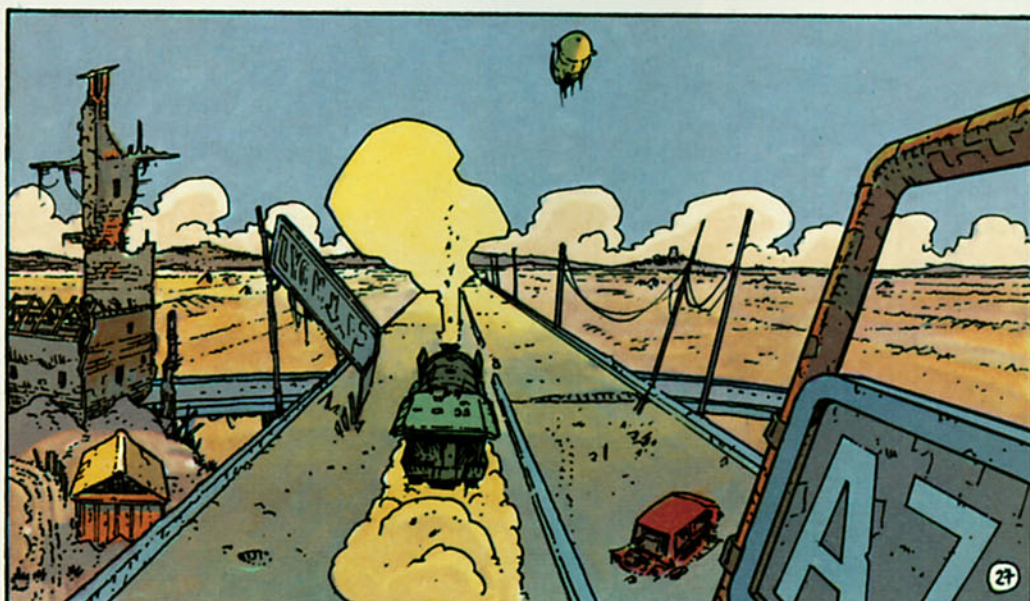
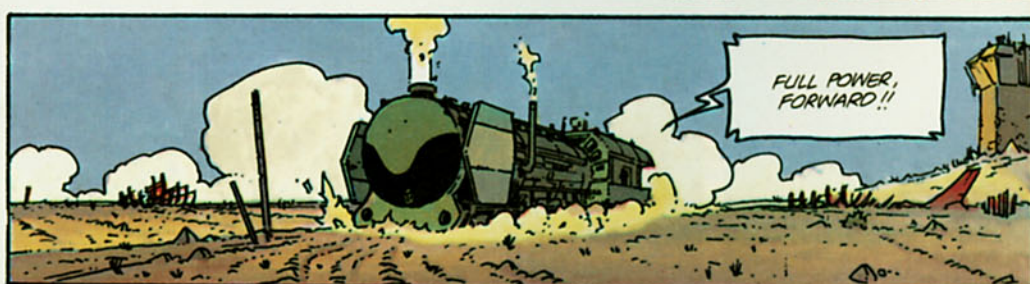
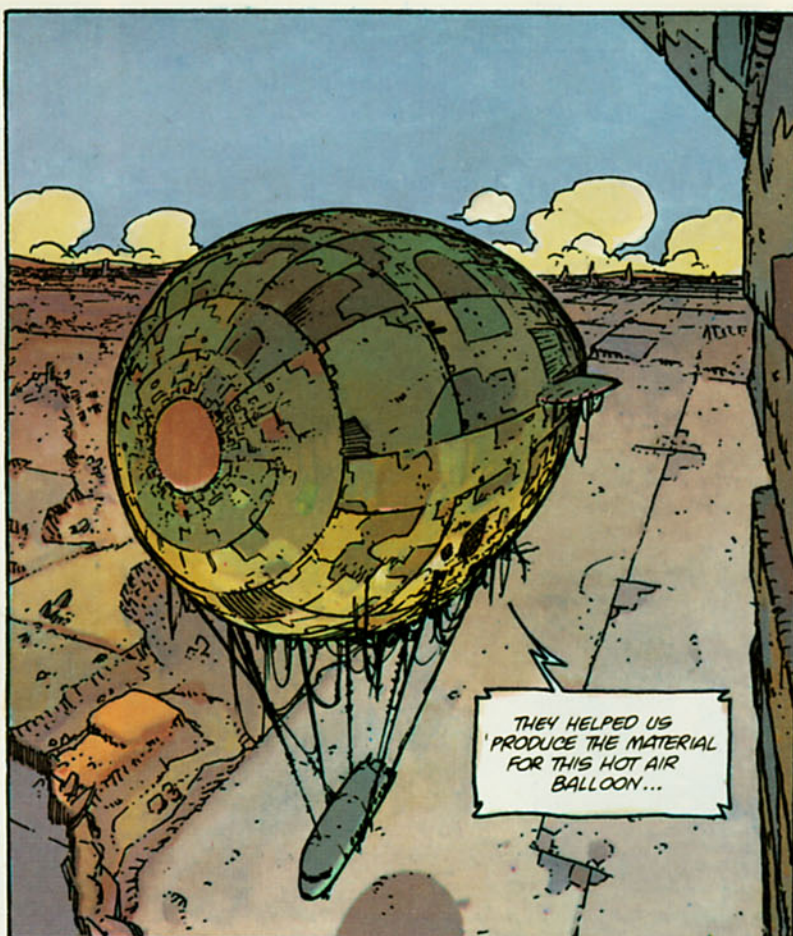
















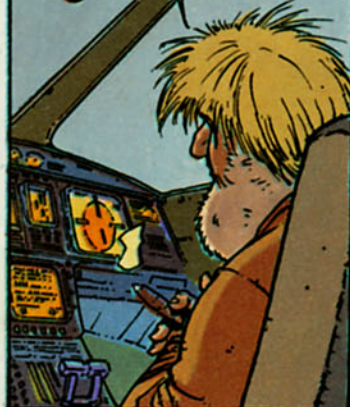


NOW YOU KNOW THE WHOLE STORY, MY GIRL. I AM BOTH PRINCE JEROME'S BROTHER AND DOCTOR.


BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU USE THE POTION YOURSELF?




BECAUSE I WANTED TO GROW OLD. WHAT WOULD YOUTH HAVE DONE FOR ME WITHOUT A LITTLE BEAUTY TO HELP IT OUT?



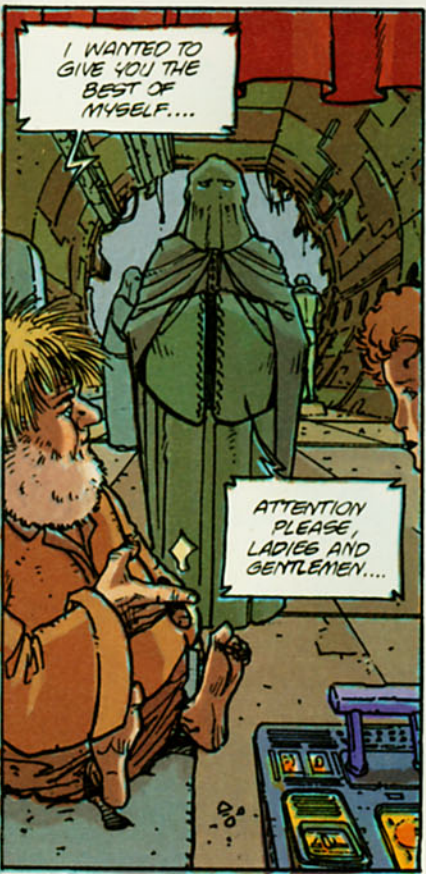
...FURTHERMORE, IN ORDER TO GET VERY SMALL AMOUNTS OF THIS POTION YOU HAVE TO WASTE TONS OF BIO-MASS....



ONE PERSON'S ETERNAL YOUTH IS THE RESULT OF THE SACRIFICE OF THOUSANDS OF LIVES ... ALL THOSE BOARDERS IN MY BROTHER'S PRIVATE ZOO WERE OUR PRIMARY MATERIAL....




IN THE BEGINNING I THINK IT WAS ALMOST LIKE A GAME FOR ME .... SOMETHING LIKE AN INTELLECTUAL CHALLENGE. BUT NOW I APPRECIATE YOUR ANGER: IT MEANS THAT YOU'VE LEARNED SOMETHING FROM ME....

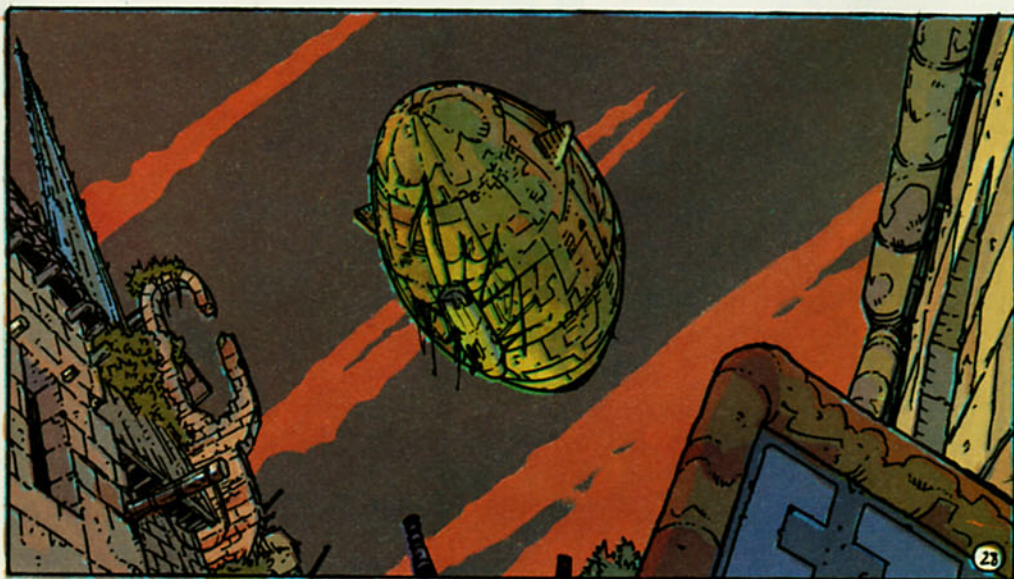


I WANTED TO GIVE YOU THE BEST OF MYSELF....

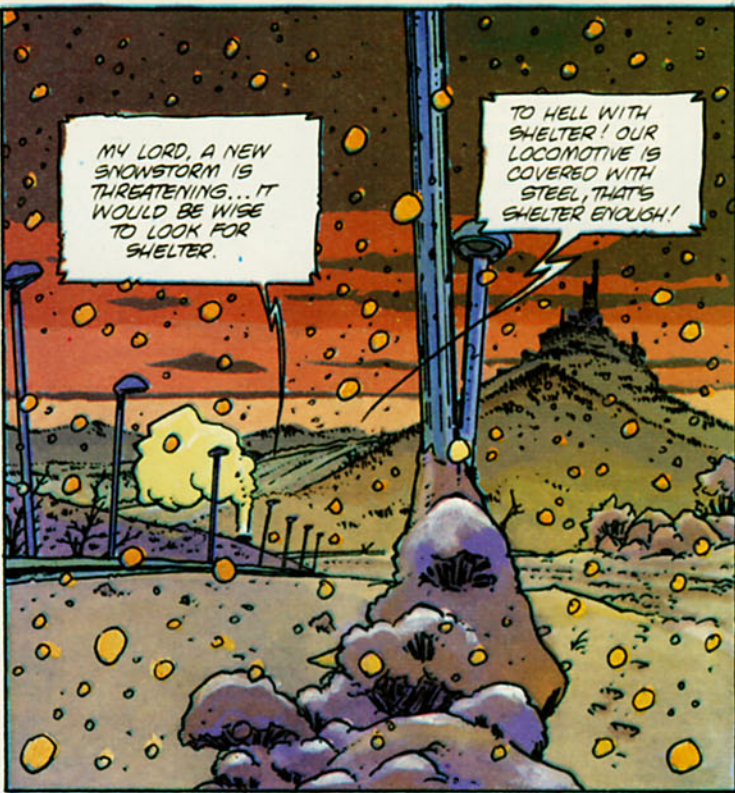
ATTENTION PLEASE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN....



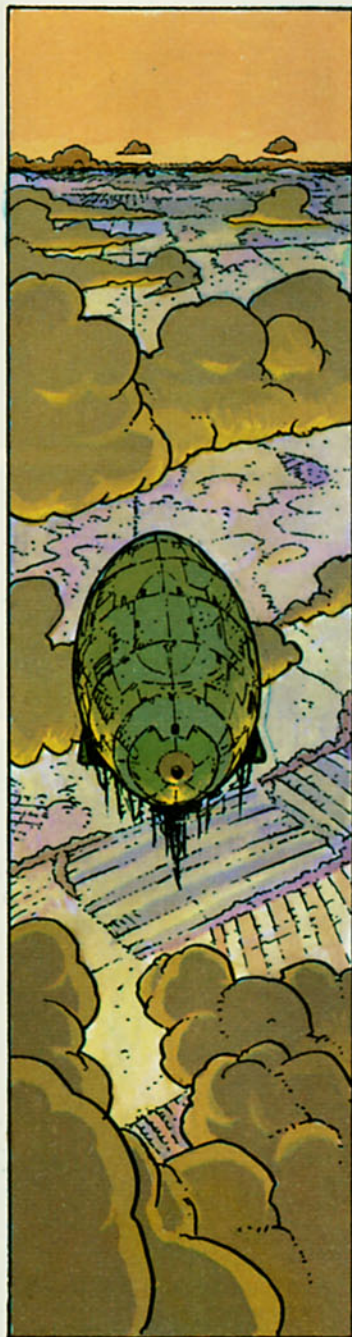
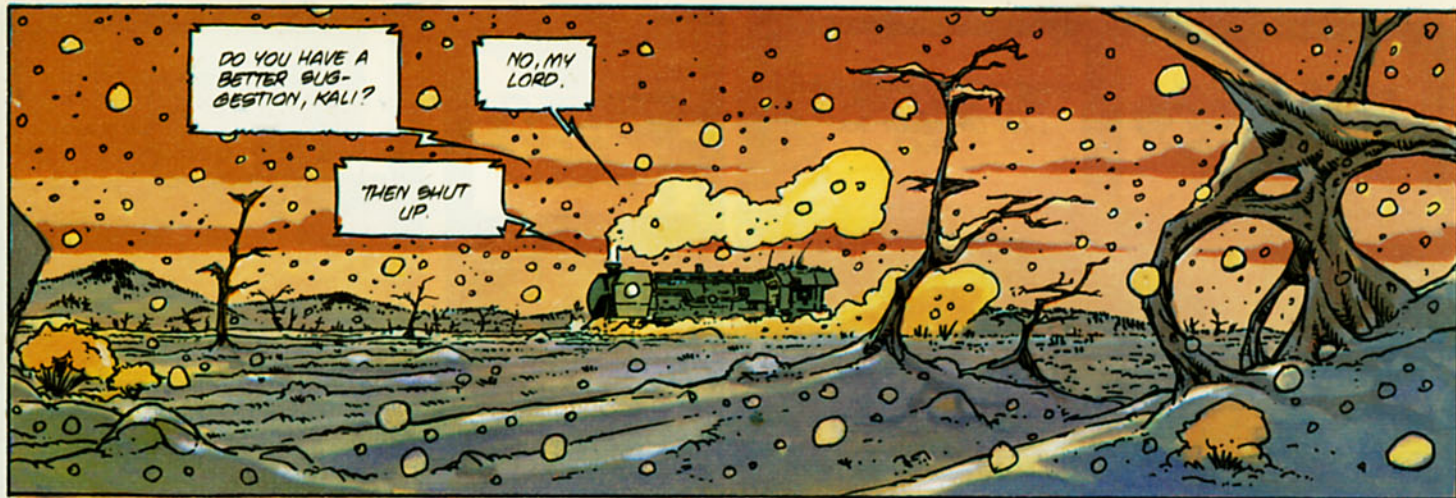
WE ARE GOING TO CROSS AN AREA OF TURBULENCE. PLEASE FASTEN YOUR SEATBELTS AND PUT OUT YOUR CIGARETTES....









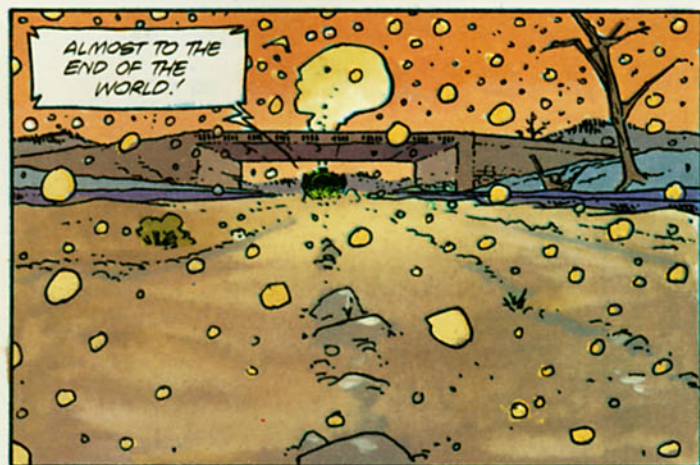






WE JUST PASSED AN OLD GAS STATION. WHY DON'T YOU GO BACK AND FILL UP OUR TANK?

NO NEED TO, KALI. WE STILL HAVE ENOUGH TO LAST US ABOUT 500 MILES.



ALMOST TO THE END OF THE WORLD!



WHAT A MAGNIFICENT VIEW MY FRIENDS! IT'S ALMOST AS BEAUTIFUL AS NICHOLAS'S OCEAN!

YOU'RE RIGHT, BARNABAS, YOU'RE RIGHT. BUT YOUR BROTHER JEROME LOOKS VERY UPSET.



DUKE MALIK STOLE MY POTION AND I DON'T WANT TO GET OLD. CAN YOU HELP ME?

NO, JEROME. I'D NEED A FULLY EQUIPPED LAB TO DO SO... AND ASSISTANTS... AND MANY OTHER THINGS...



THEN I'M DONE FOR!

YOU'RE JUST LIKE ALL THE REST OF US, BROTHER. AND YOU'RE BEHAVING LIKE A SPOILED CHILD....



I NOW UNDERSTAND THAT THE SEARCH FOR PHYSICAL IMMORTALITY STEMS FROM NOT UNDERSTANDING THE TRUE ESSENCE OF NATURE. THE FUNDAMENTAL PROBLEM FACING ALL LIVING THINGS IS NOT HOW TO AVOID DEATH BUT RATHER HOW TO DIE A GOOD DEATH....



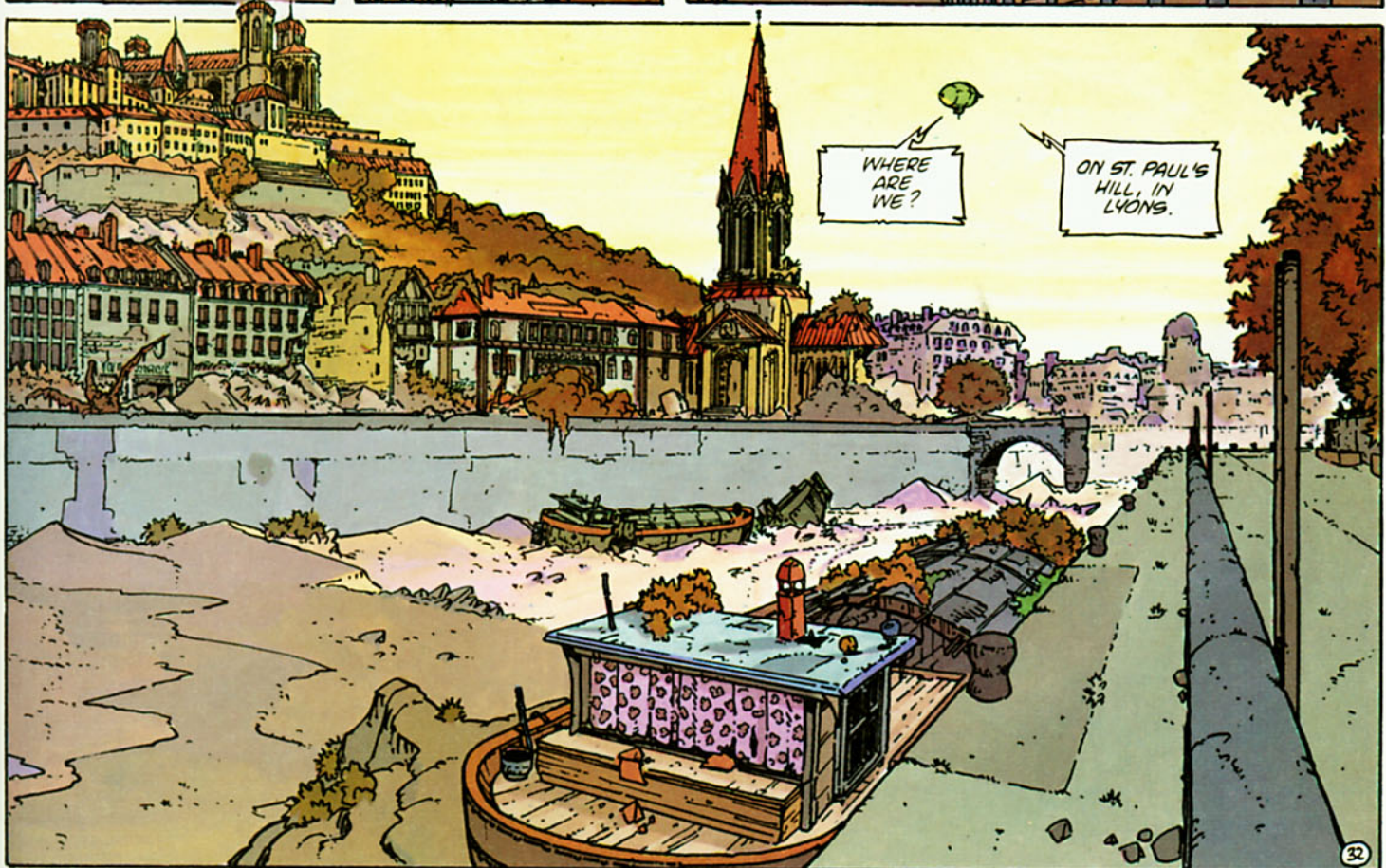
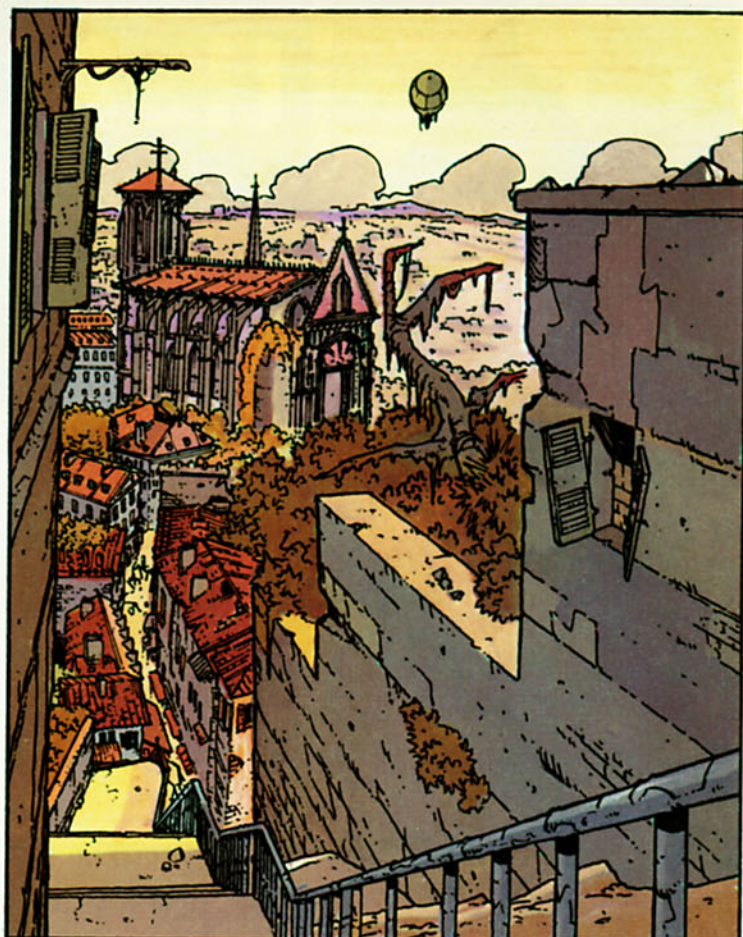
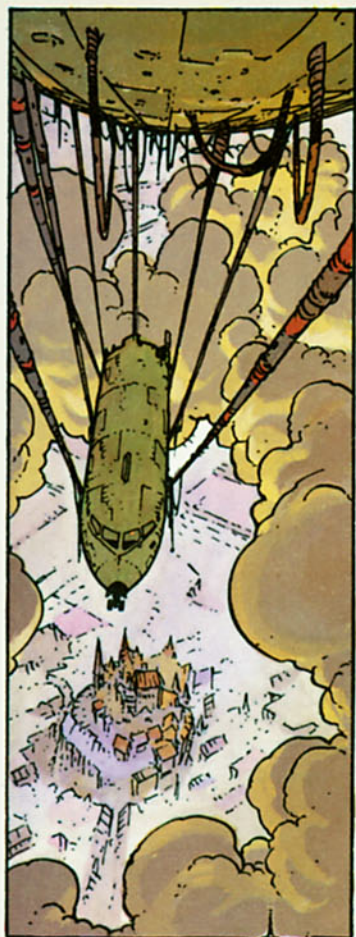
THE ONLY WAY TO BE TRULY ETERNAL IS TO BE DEAD...

WHAT A BUNCH OF HOOEY!

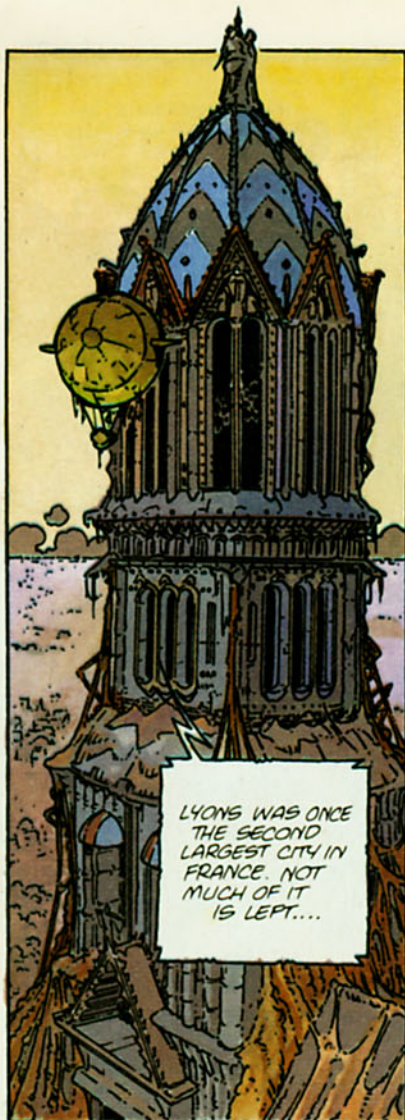


WE ARE BEGINNING OUR DESCENT. HOLD ON.









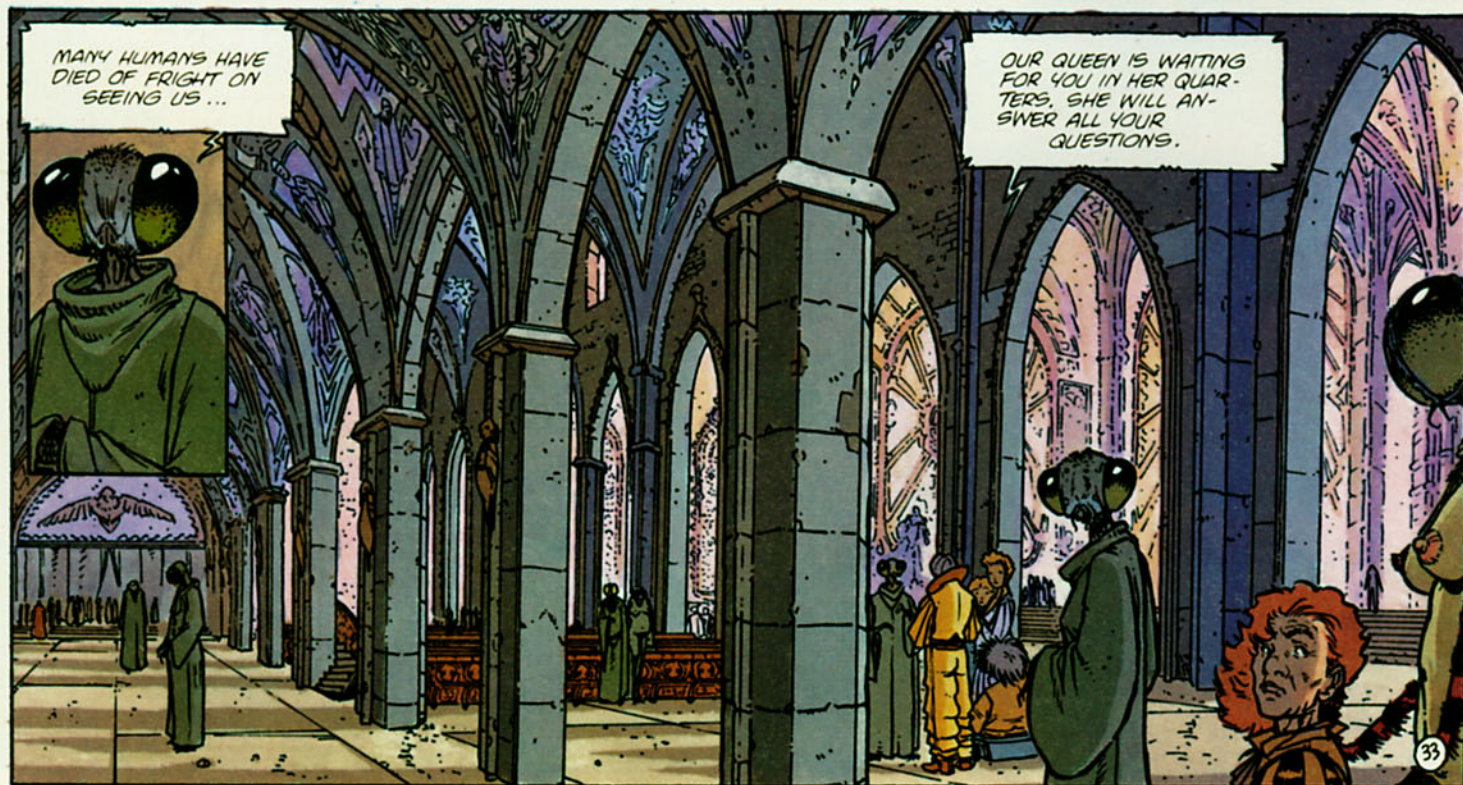
LYONS WAS ONCE  
THE SECOND  
LARGEST CITY IN  
FRANCE. NOT  
MUCH OF IT  
IS LEFT....



BUT WE INTEND  
TO REBUILD IT.



I UNDERSTAND YOUR  
SURPRISE, GENTLEMEN.  
AND YOUR REVULSION.  
THAT IS WHY WE WEAR  
OUR HOODS AND GOWNES  
WHEN WE  
VENTURE  
OUTSIDE OUR  
TERRITORY...



MANY HUMANS HAVE  
DIED OF FRIGHT ON  
SEEING US ...

OUR QUEEN IS WAITING  
FOR YOU IN HER QUAR-  
TERS. SHE WILL AN-  
SWER ALL YOUR  
QUESTIONS.



BY NOW YOU MUST HAVE UNDERSTOOD THAT WE ARE HYBRID CREATURES, A CROSS BETWEEN INSECT AND MAN....

THE UNEXPECTED RESULT OF UNBRIDLED GENETIC MANIPULATION WHICH WAS STARTED BY A GROUP OF SCIENTISTS UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF PROFESSOR BARNABAS....

PROFESSOR TURNIMBUS WAS THE MEANEST OF THEM. HE DELIGHTED IN TEARING OFF OUR WINGS.

I LEFT THAT GROUP SOON AFTER IT CAME INTO EXISTENCE AND I WAS NOT INFORMED OF THEIR WORK...

BACK THEN WE WERE A LOT SMALLER AND CAPABLE OF FLYING. A FEW OF US MANAGED TO ESCAPE AND FIND REFUGE IN ANOTHER CITY. THOSE WERE THE GRANDMOTHERS OF OUR GREAT-GRANDMOTHERS....

HOW LONG AGO WAS THIS?

NOT THAT LONG, PRINCE. NO MORE THAN 25 YEARS AGO. OUR LIFE AND REPRODUCTION CYCLES ARE FASTER THAN YOURS...

YOU ARE RIGHT, PRINCE JEROME. OUR GENITAL ORGANS, HOWEVER, HAVE TURNED OUT TO BE PERFECTLY COMPATIBLE WITH THOSE OF THE MALE SPECIMEN OF YOUR SPECIES WHO HAVE COME OUR WAY....

THROUGH THEM WE HAVE BEEN ABLE TO REPRODUCE FOR FIVE GENERATIONS AND MUTATE TO OUR PRESENT FORM....

REPRODUCTION CYCLE?... SOMETHING ESCAPES ME. I THOUGHT THAT ALL YOUR SUBJECTS WERE OF THE FEMALE SEX.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE MEN?





WE ATE THEM. AFTER THEY HAD CEASED BEING USEFUL TO US, OF COURSE. THE FEAR AND REVULSION THAT MOST OF THEM FELT TOWARD US LEFT THEM ENFEEBLED AND THEIR ENERGY WORE OUT PRETTY QUICKLY.

THAT'S NOT EXACTLY A POLITE THING TO DO!



I AGREE, BUT WHO EVER CREATED US LEFT US NO CHOICE.....



YES, YOU'RE RIGHT. I AM ASHAMED OF MYSELF...

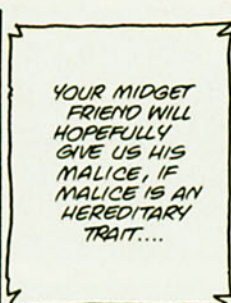


WE CANNOT CHANGE THE PAST. BUT WE WANT TO BE CIVILIZED. WE WANT TO LIVE IN HARMONY WITH OTHER SURVIVING SPECIES. IT'S NOT EASY IN THIS BROKEN WORLD.

WE NEED MANY MORE GENERATIONS. AND THAT IS WHY WE HAVE BROUGHT YOU HERE, GENTLEMEN....



WE NEED YOU, PRINCE, BECAUSE OF THE NOBLE BLOOD THAT RUNS THROUGH YOUR VEINS. WE THINK YOUR NOBILITY IS STILL OF SOME VALUE. YOUR SPERM WILL CONTRIBUTE TO THE SOPHISTICATION OF OUR RACE...



YOUR MIDGET FRIEND WILL HOPEFULLY GIVE US HIS MALICE, IF MALICE IS AN HEREDITARY TRAIT....



NICHOLAS HAS SHOWN US THAT HE HAS A LIMITLESS IMAGINATION THAT HE, I'M SURE, WILL GLADLY PASS ON TO HIS DAUGHTERS, AS SOON AS HE REACHES THE RIGHT AGE. WE WILL BUILD MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS FOR HIM...



IT'S REALLY TOO HORRIBLE...

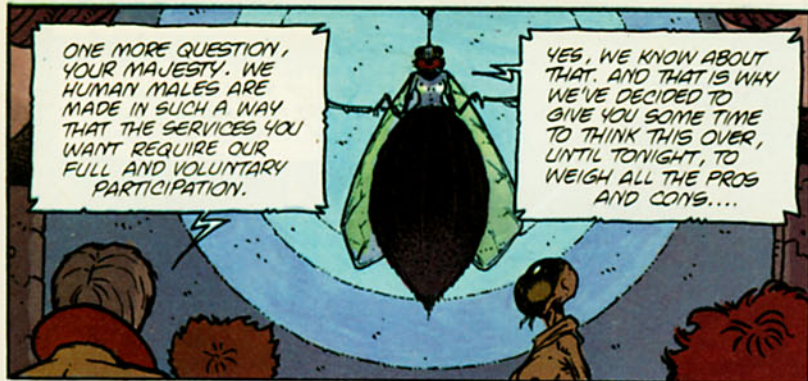


AS FAR AS OLD BARNABAS IS CONCERNED, WE DON'T BELIEVE HIS PHYSICAL CONDITION IS A GENETICALLY TRANSMISSIBLE ONE. IT'S THE RESULT OF AN ILLNESS CALLED POLIO, WHICH USED TO OCCUR OFTEN IN THE PAST. HIS INTELLIGENCE, HOWEVER, HE CAN CERTAINLY GIVE TO US...



YOU ARE IN NO POSITION TO BE SCREAMISH, PROFESSOR BARNABAS. NOR ARE YOU ALLOWED TO BE IRONIC. THIS IS THE LEAST YOU CAN DO TO ATONE FOR THE ERRORS OF YOUR YOUTH. REMEMBER PLEASE THAT WE DID NOT ASK TO BECOME WHO WE ARE....





ONE MORE QUESTION, YOUR MAJESTY. WE HUMAN MALES ARE MADE IN SUCH A WAY THAT THE SERVICES YOU WANT REQUIRE OUR FULL AND VOLUNTARY PARTICIPATION.

YES, WE KNOW ABOUT THAT. AND THAT IS WHY WE'VE DECIDED TO GIVE YOU SOME TIME TO THINK THIS OVER, UNTIL TONIGHT, TO WEIGH ALL THE PROS AND CONS....



THE SPIDERS WILL TAKE YOU TO YOUR CELLS WHERE A MEAL WILL BE SERVED AND YOU WILL HAVE TIME TO REST....



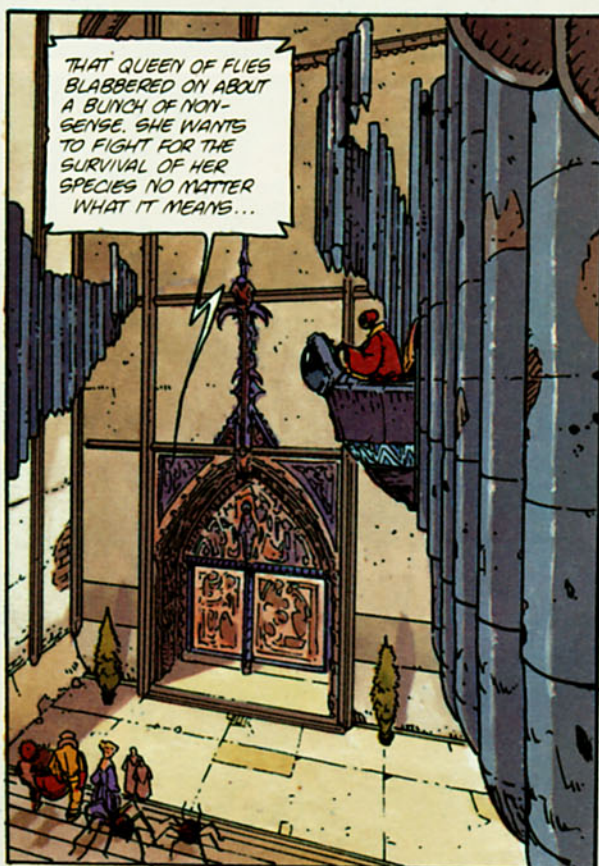
AND WHAT IF WE REFUSE?

YOU WON'T REFUSE. YOU ARE ALL TOO FOND OF LIFE.



WE ARE IN A PRETTY TIGHT SPOT, IF I MAY SAY SO...

WELL, IT'S BETTER THAN BEING MALIK'S PRISONERS...



THAT QUEEN OF FLIES BLABBERED ON ABOUT A BUNCH OF NON-SENSE. SHE WANTS TO FIGHT FOR THE SURVIVAL OF HER SPECIES NO MATTER WHAT IT MEANS...



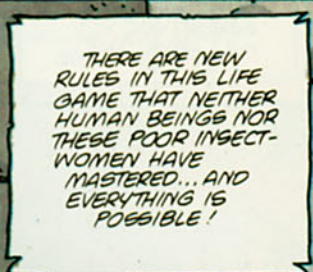
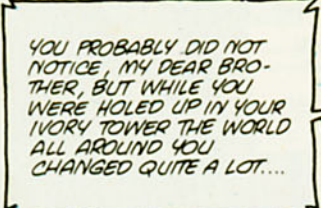
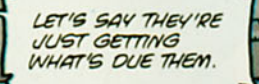
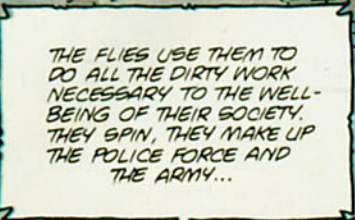
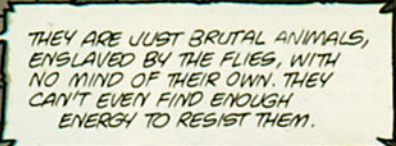
DO YOU THINK THIS SPECIES DESERVES TO SURVIVE?

I'M NOT IN A POSITION TO MAKE THAT KIND OF JUDGEMENT. NO ONE AMONG US IS...



...EXCEPT MAYBE VIOLHAINE AND NICHOLAS. THEY HAVE, IN TRUTH, NEVER HURT A FLY...









MALIK IS STILL AFTER US. WHEN WILL HE LEAVE US ALONE ???!

OUR SPIDERS ARE TRYING TO FIGHT BACK BUT HIS WEAPONS ARE FORMIDABLE. I'M AFRAID WE'RE FIGHTING A LOSING BATTLE...



GIVEN THIS NEW DEVELOPMENT THE QUEEN HAS GIVEN ORDERS FOR YOU TO BE SET FREE....

IT'S REALLY KIND OF HER. I WOULD HAVE DONE THE SAME IN HER PLACE.



WE HAVE DONE ALL WE CAN TO HELP YOU ESCAPE... BUT YOU HAVE TO HURRY...

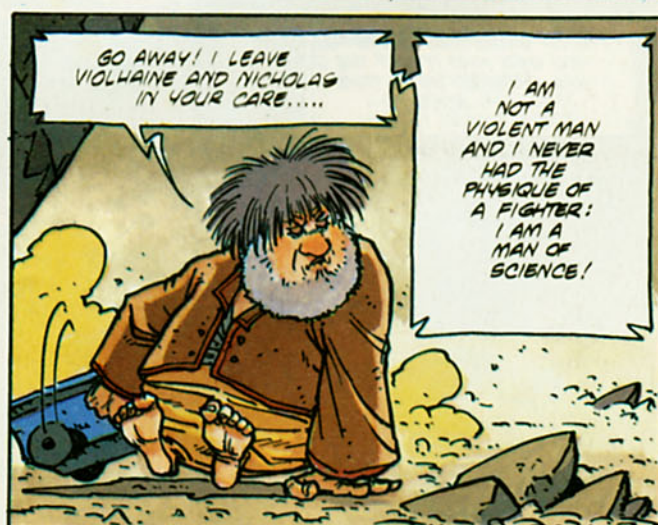


NO, NO, AND NO AGAIN! MALIK CANNOT ALWAYS TRIUMPH LIKE THIS. LEAVE WITHOUT ME. I'M STAYING. HE WANTS ME... ONLY ME...

BUT BARNABAS...!



ENOUGH! IT'S THE FIRST TIME IN A LONG TIME THAT I REALLY KNOW WHAT I WANT. DON'T SPOIL THIS MOMENT FOR ME.



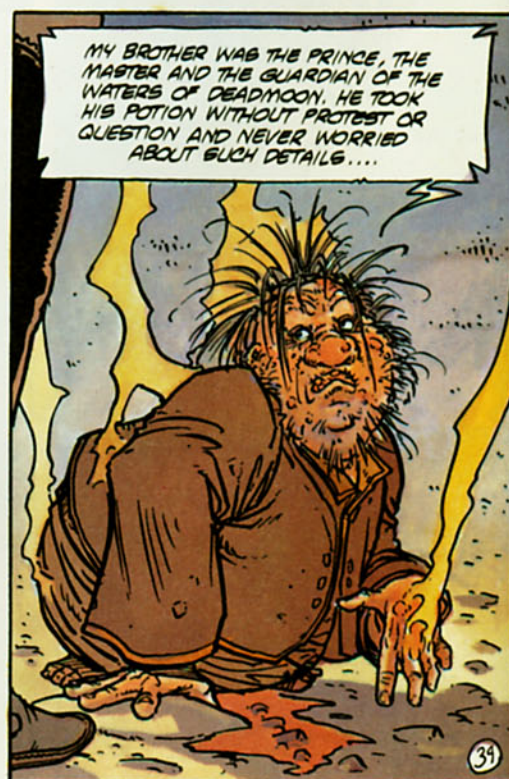
GO AWAY! I LEAVE VIOLHAINE AND NICHOLAS IN YOUR CARE.....

I AM NOT A VIOLENT MAN AND I NEVER HAD THE PHYSIQUE OF A FIGHTER! I AM A MAN OF SCIENCE!



BUT THIS TIME I'VE HAD ENOUGH!







AND NOW, GOODBYE,  
LIKE A BUTTERFLY  
LEAVING HIS CHRYSALIS,  
MY ETERNAL AND  
HEROIC SPIRIT IS  
LEAVING MY EARTHLY  
SPOILS FOR THOSE  
REGIONS OF  
PARADISE WE  
HAVE ALL HEARD OF...

THE WISE MAN  
LIVES FOR 100  
YEARS AFTER  
WHICH HE  
GROWS TIRED  
OF THIS WORLD  
AND LEAVES IT  
TO JOIN THE  
OTHER  
IMMORTALS...

ONE MAY, IF  
ONE WISHES...

APPLAUD  
HIS LAST  
EFFORT....

TO GIVE HIM  
COURAGE...

THE DUKE  
WON'T BE  
PLEASED WHEN  
HE FINDS OUT...

NO, HE WON'T BE  
PLEASED.

SO BARNABAS  
DIED TAKING HIS  
SECRET WITH HIM  
AND YOU TELL ME  
JEROME AND  
GOLIATH HAVE  
MANAGED TO  
ESCAPE?

THE QUEEN FLY  
ENDED UP BY  
TELLING ME UNDER  
TORTURE JUST  
BEFORE SHE DIED...

IT WON'T END  
LIKE THIS, BY GOD!  
WE'RE GOING AFTER  
THEM!!

YES, MY  
LORD, ALONG  
WITH  
VIOLETTA AND  
NICHOLAS...

LORD, THINK IT  
OVER, WHAT  
MORE HAVE THEY  
TO GIVE US?

I WANT TO  
CRUSH THEM, TO  
REDUCE THEM  
TO A PULP.





DO YOU THINK THAT THIS RIVER COULD BE THE SAME THAT CROSSED THE CITY OF DEADMOON AND USED TO BE CALLED THE SEINE?

BARNABAS ISN'T HERE TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTION.

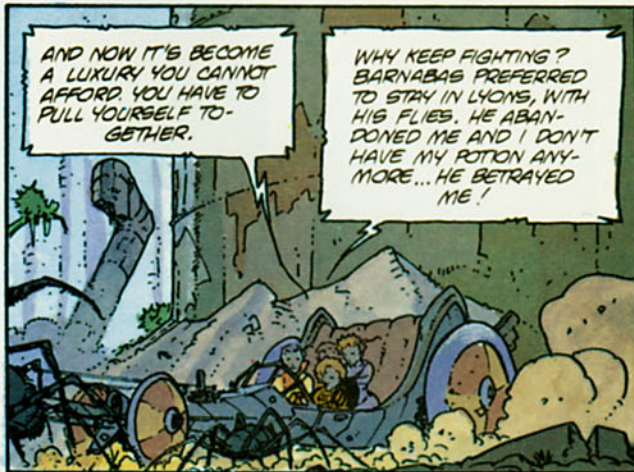
I'M REALLY SCARED, GOLIATH. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE...

NO PRINCE. FEAR WAS ALWAYS WITH YOU, EVEN WHEN YOU WERE THE MASTER. BUT THEN IT WAS ONLY A GAME, IN WHICH YOU HAD THE UPPER HAND...



AND NOW IT'S BECOME A LUXURY YOU CANNOT AFFORD. YOU HAVE TO PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER.

WHY KEEP FIGHTING? BARNABAS PREFERRED TO STAY IN LYONS, WITH HIS FLIES. HE ABANDONED ME AND I DON'T HAVE MY POTION ANYMORE... HE BETRAYED ME!

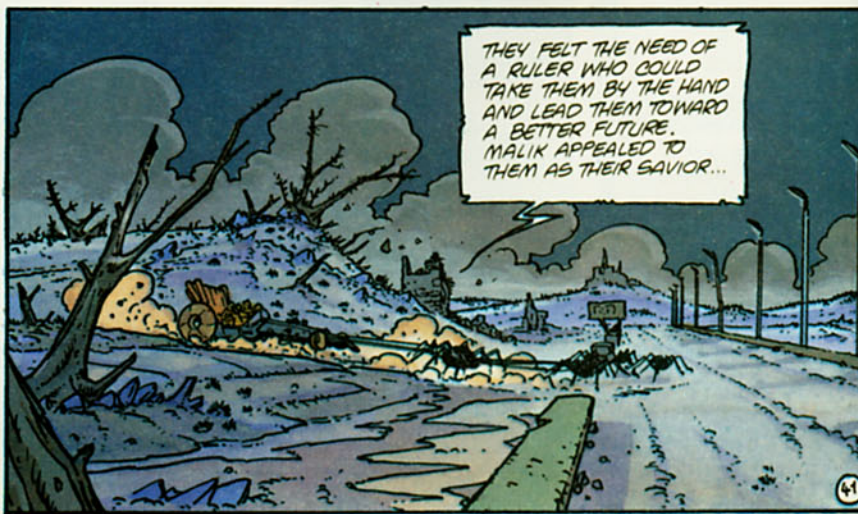


I FEEL MYSELF GETTING OLDER BY THE MINUTE AND VIOL-HAINE DOESN'T LOVE ME ANYMORE. WHAT AN INGRATE! AFTER ALL I'VE DONE FOR HER!!

DEEP DOWN, GOLIATH, I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN AFRAID OF WOMEN. I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN ABLE TO HAVE THOSE I WANTED BECAUSE I WAS A PRINCE. BUT A PRINCE IS ALSO A MAN, HE SUFFERS FROM ANXIETY, LIKE ANYONE ELSE. I'M NOT A PRINCE ANYMORE, I'M OUT OF THE GAME, I'M FINISHED!

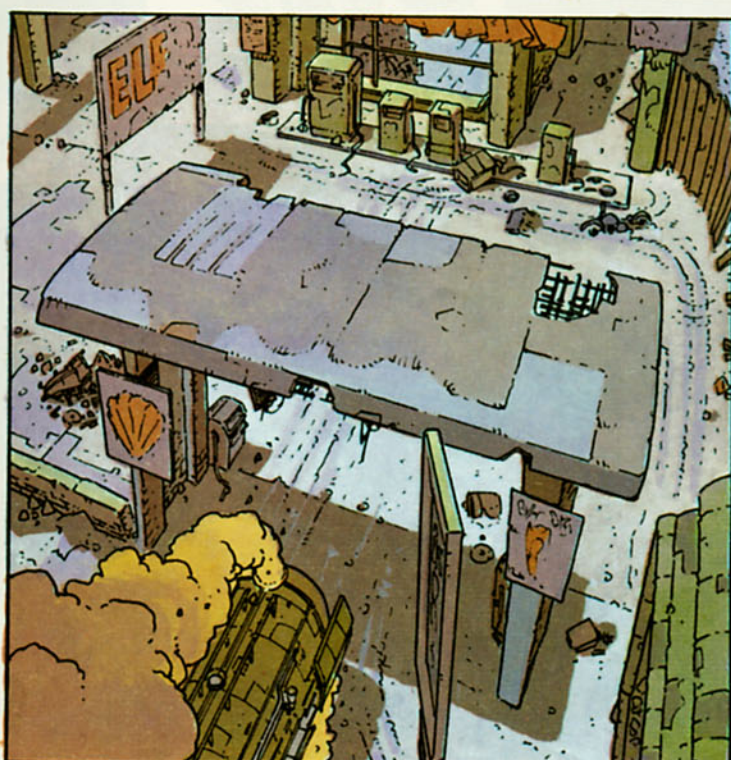
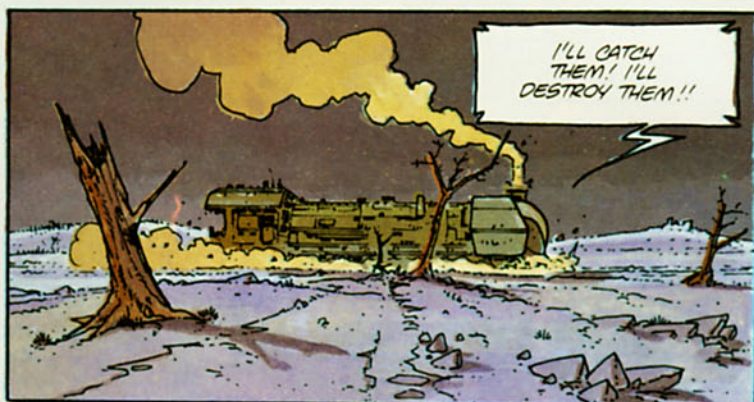


FROM MY POST OF OBSERVATION I'VE WITNESSED YOUR EXCESSES. I TOLD YOU THAT YOUR COURTIER'S WERE GETTING TIRED OF YOUR PREDILECTION FOR THAT LITTLE TRAMP...



THEY FELT THE NEED OF A RULER WHO COULD TAKE THEM BY THE HAND AND LEAD THEM TOWARD A BETTER FUTURE. MALIK APPEARED TO THEM AS THEIR SAVIOR...









THE TRUTH IS, GOLIATH, THAT I WAS TOO SOPHISTICATED FOR MY SUBJECTS.

YOU SEEM AGITATED, MY LORD. I'VE PREPARED A BATH FOR YOU AND PUT A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE IN THE COOLER....



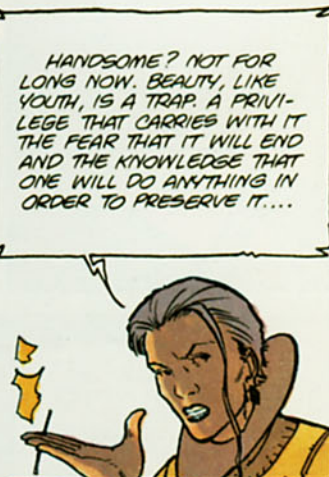
THANK YOU, MY DEAR GOLIATH. I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHERE I'D BE WITHOUT YOU!

I DON'T KNOW EITHER!



VIOLHAINE, YOU'RE LOOKING STRAIGHT THROUGH ME. WHAT ARE YOU THINKING ABOUT?

I WAS WONDERING, PRINCE, WHY IT IS THAT YOU ARE SO HANDSOME AND SO CRUEL.



HANDSOME? NOT FOR LONG NOW. BEAUTY, LIKE YOUTH, IS A TRAP. A PRIVILEGE THAT CARRIES WITH IT THE FEAR THAT IT WILL END AND THE KNOWLEDGE THAT ONE WILL DO ANYTHING IN ORDER TO PRESERVE IT....

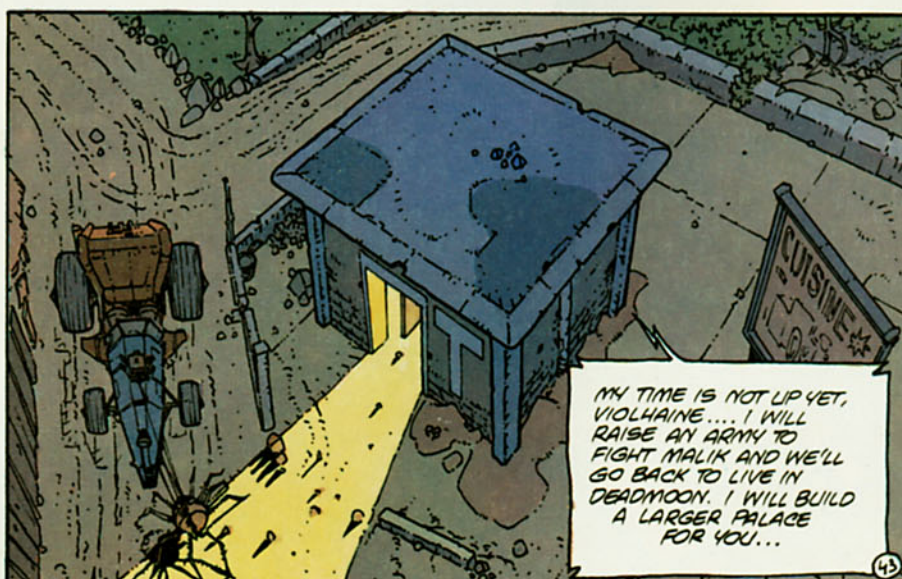


BUT MAINLY CRUEL...

I'M FORCED TO BE CRUEL: ALL RULERS ARE CRUEL. IT'S A LAW OF NATURE.

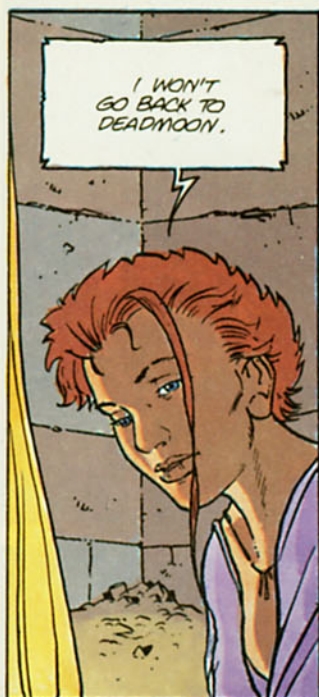


YOU HAVE LOST ALL YOUR POWER. YOU HAVE LOST YOUR KINGDOM. YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A PRINCE IF YOU DON'T WANT TO.



MY TIME IS NOT UP YET, VIOLHAINE.... I WILL RAISE AN ARMY TO FIGHT MALIK AND WE'LL GO BACK TO LIVE IN DEADMOON. I WILL BUILD A LARGER PALACE FOR YOU...





I WON'T  
GO BACK TO  
DEADMOON.



YOU HAVE CHANGED,  
VIOLENE. WHY? YOUR  
VOICE HAS CHANGED! I  
USED TO HEAR MUSIC  
WHEN YOU SPOKE TO ME  
... I WAS THE ONLY ONE  
WHO COULD HEAR IT.



NOW YOUR VOICE SOUNDS LIKE  
THE OCEAN OF NICHOLAS'S  
DREAMS. YOU DON'T BELONG TO  
ME ANYMORE!

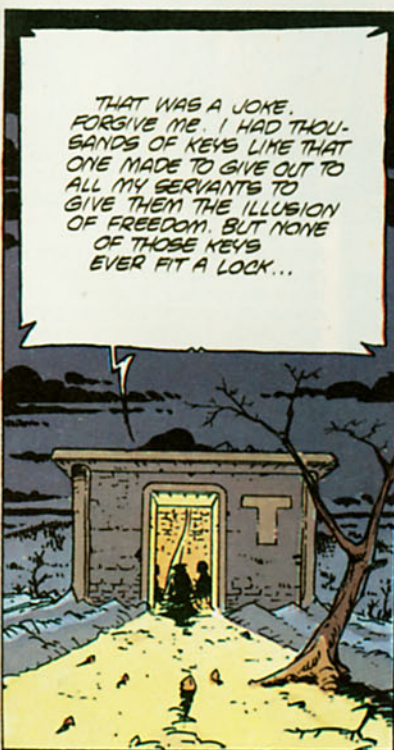


YOU  
HAVE NEVER  
LOVED ME!



I HAVE ALWAYS GIVEN  
YOU ALL YOU WANTED,  
AND MORE...

LIKE  
THIS KEY  
YOU GAVE  
ME?



THAT WAS A JOKE.  
FORGIVE ME. I HAD THOU-  
SANDS OF KEYS LIKE THAT  
ONE MADE TO GIVE OUT TO  
ALL MY SERVANTS TO  
GIVE THEM THE ILLUSION  
OF FREEDOM. BUT NONE  
OF THOSE KEYS  
EVER FIT A LOCK...

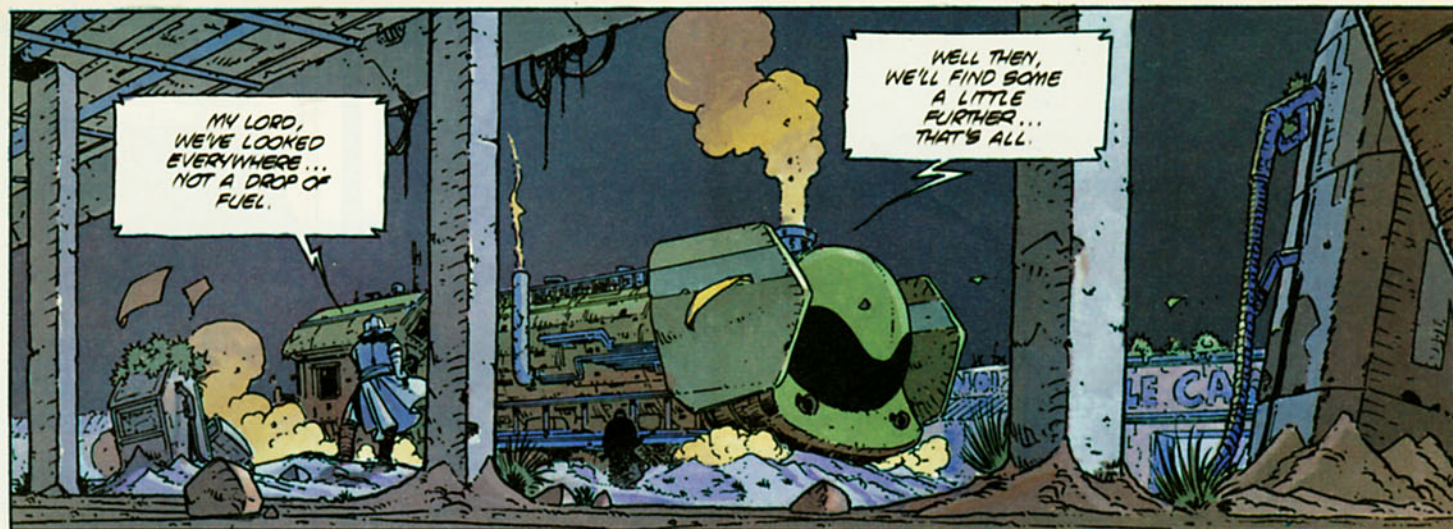


I'M SURE. BUT NOW THE PROBLEM  
IS SOLVED: NICHOLAS HAS HELPED  
ME CREATE A SPECIAL DOOR...



YOU DON'T  
UNDERSTAND.  
WELL, YOU CAN  
STILL MAKE LOVE  
TO ME IF YOU  
WANT, IT DOESN'T  
BOTHER ME...





MY LORD,  
WE'VE LOOKED  
EVERYWHERE...  
NOT A DROP OF  
FUEL.

WELL THEN,  
WE'LL FIND SOME  
A LITTLE  
FURTHER...  
THAT'S ALL.



WE HAVE TO GO ON...  
TO THE VERY LAST  
DROP.

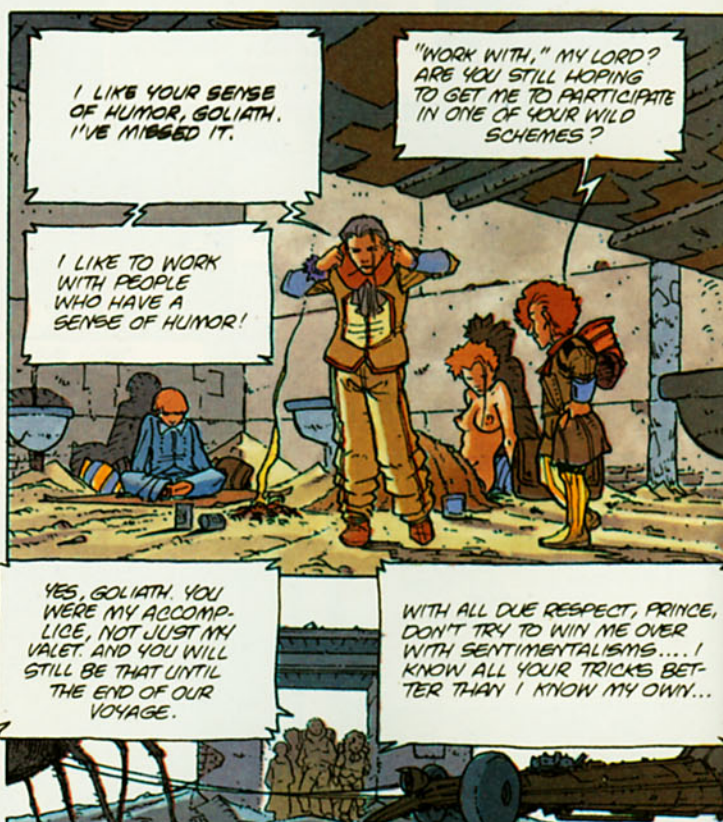


WE HAVE TO  
GO NOW,  
PRINCE. IT'S  
GETTING  
LATE... I'M  
GETTING  
ANXIOUS...

COULDN'T  
WE WAIT  
JUST A BIT LONGER  
...I NEED TO BE  
LOVED...



WOULD YOU  
LIKE ME TO  
BRING IN THE  
VIOLINS?....



I LIKE YOUR SENSE  
OF HUMOR, GOLIATH.  
I'VE MISSED IT.

I LIKE TO WORK  
WITH PEOPLE  
WHO HAVE A  
SENSE OF HUMOR!

"WORK WITH," MY LORD?  
ARE YOU STILL HOPING  
TO GET ME TO PARTICIPATE  
IN ONE OF YOUR WILD  
SCHEMES?

YES, GOLIATH. YOU  
WERE MY ACCOMP-  
LICE, NOT JUST MY  
VALET. AND YOU WILL  
STILL BE THAT UNTIL  
THE END OF OUR  
VOYAGE.

WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, PRINCE,  
DON'T TRY TO WIN ME OVER  
WITH SENTIMENTALISMS.... I  
KNOW ALL YOUR TRICKS BET-  
TER THAN I KNOW MY OWN...



LISTEN TO ME, GOLIATH: TOMORROW  
AT BREAKFAST I WILL MEET WITH A  
GROUP OF MALIK'S PEOPLE, AND I'M  
NOT SURE OF THE OUTCOME. I WOULD  
LIKE YOU TO BE THERE WITH ME TO  
LIGHTEN THINGS UP A LITTLE AND  
GIVE ME SUPPORT.

???





THEN, IF YOU MANAGE TO STAY ALIVE-- AS I HOPE YOU WILL-- YOU'LL GO BACK TO VIOLHAINE AND NICHOLAS WHO'LL BE STAYING WITH BARNABAS AND YOU'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM THE WAY YOU USED TO TAKE CARE OF ME: WITH THE SAME ZEAL AND DEVOTION.



MY LORD, BUT...

ENOUGH SAID. THOSE ARE YOUR ORDERS, GOLIATH.



SO BE IT. BUT I'LL BE THE BAIT....



THE BAIT FOR MY TRAP....



WHY, GOLIATH! YOU'RE CRYING. ONE MUST SEE IT TO BELIEVE IT.

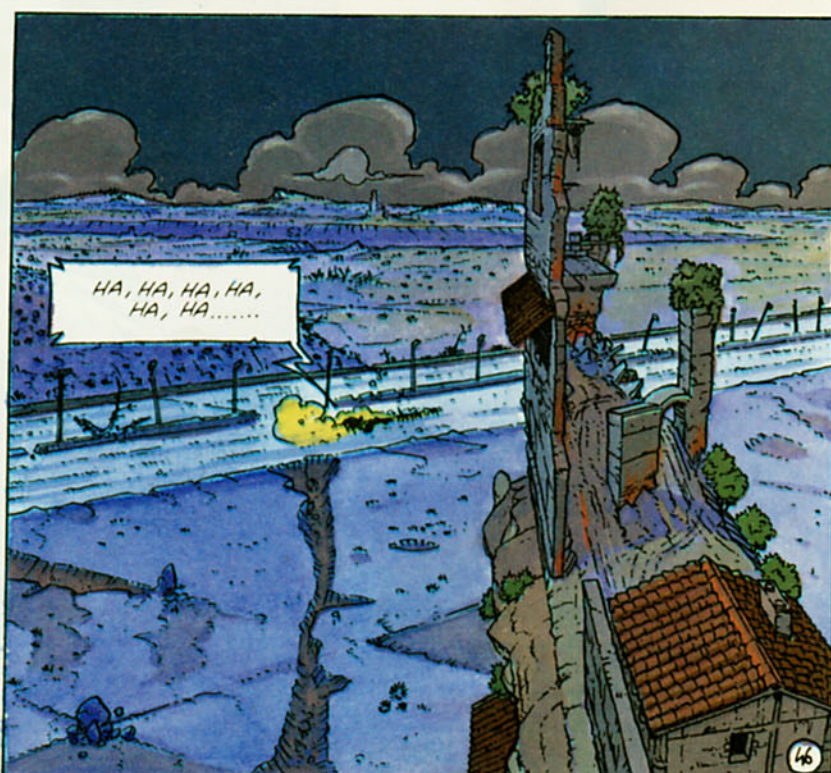
MY PRINCE HAS NOT TAKEN HIS DEFEAT VERY WELL....



I'M AFRAID HE'S GONE COMPLETELY CRAZY....



AND IT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING. WHO KNOWS WHAT THE FUTURE HAS IN STORE FOR US?

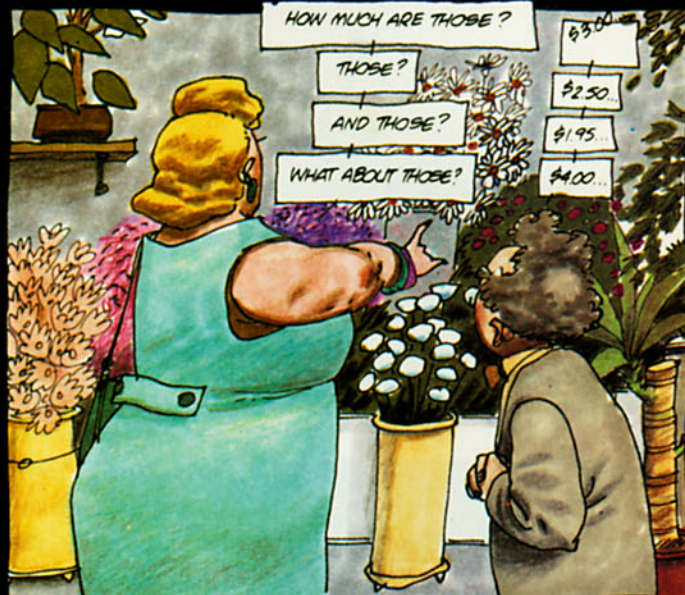
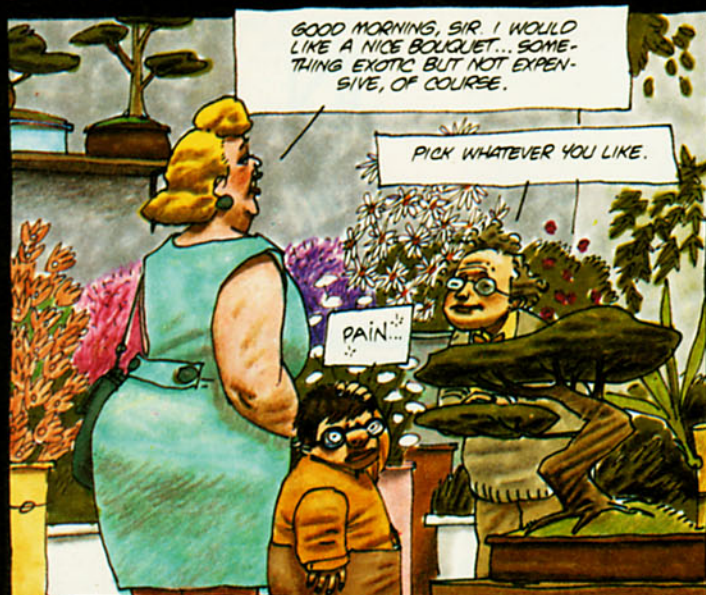


HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA.....

THE END



# LITTLE TREE







PLEASE EXCUSE HIM... YOU KNOW HOW KIDS ARE... MISCHIEVIOUS...

ARE YOU SURE THAT THREE WILL BE ENOUGH?

PAIN...  
LITTLE  
TREE...



WHAT ARE YOU DOING, ROBERT? YOU ARE BEING REALLY BAD. WHAT WILL THIS GENTLEMAN THINK OF YOU?

ARGH! THE EIGHTY-YEAR-OLD-ELM...

LITTLE  
TREE...

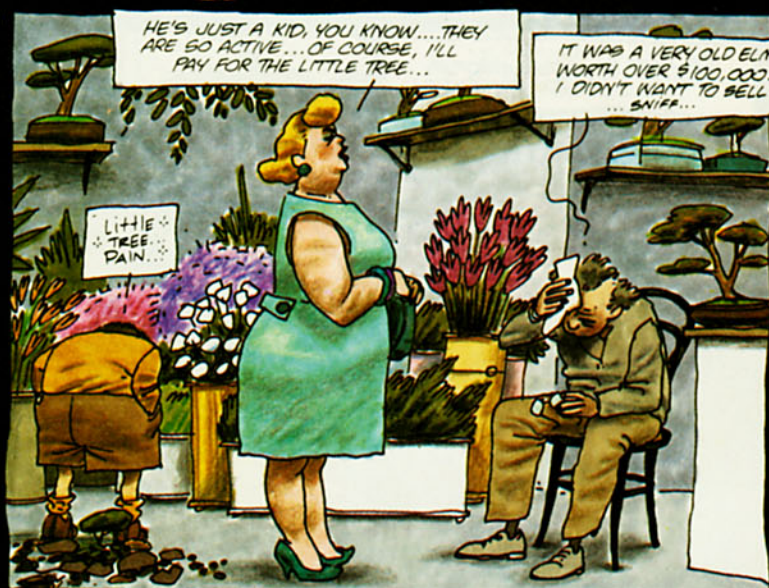


YOU'RE A TOTAL DISASTER! DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING! WATCH OUT!

AGH!

CRASH

MIGLEINXO '86



HE'S JUST A KID, YOU KNOW... THEY ARE SO ACTIVE... OF COURSE, I'LL PAY FOR THE LITTLE TREE...

IT WAS A VERY OLD ELM... WORTH OVER \$100,000... I DIDN'T WANT TO SELL IT... SNIFF...

LITTLE  
TREE  
PAIN...



ARE YOU KIDDING? I'LL GIVE YOU TWENTY WHICH IS MORE THAN ENOUGH FOR FOUR RICKETY BRANCHES. YOU SAID IT WAS OLD, WASN'T IT?

BUT, MADAME, THAT TREE WASN'T RICKETY! IT WAS MADE TO BE SMALL LIKE THAT... IT WAS A BONSAI!



YOU CAN CALL IT ANYTHING YOU WANT. IF IT DIDN'T GROW MORE THAN THAT IN EIGHTY YEARS THEN IT'S A WEED NOT WORTH TWENTY DOLLARS.

BUT MADAME... THESE ARE WORKS OF ART! THEY ARE PASSED THROUGH GENERATIONS, FOR CENTURIES!!

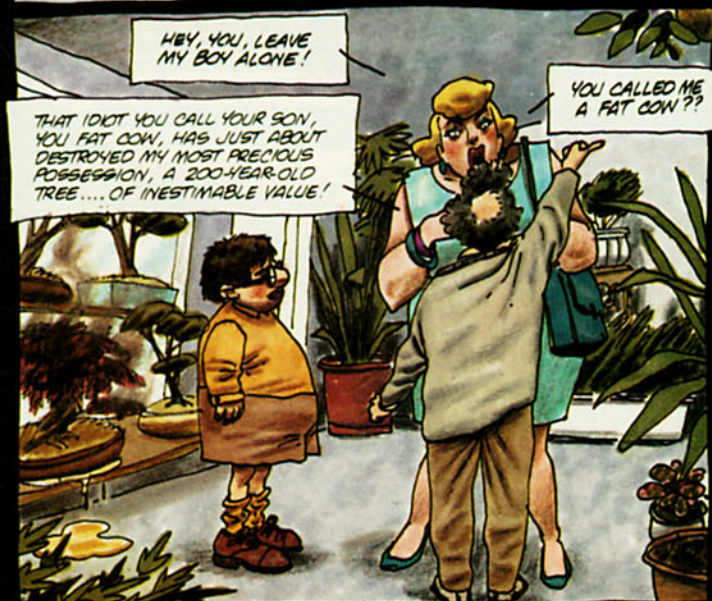
LITTLE  
TREE...



SO THAT'S WHY THEY LOOK SO... SO TIRED! ALL I CAN SEE ARE THESE LITTLE CROOKED PLANTS... A LITTLE LIKE YOURSELF...

THERE IS NO NEED TO INSULT ME...









...DOWN THERE, IN THE PLANT STORE, IT'S BEING HELD UP OR SOMETHING... I HEARD SOMEONE CRY FOR HELP!



AVVV! HELP! MANIAC! DEPRAVED!

WE'RE HERE, MADAME! CALM DOWN!



THIS GUY WANTED TO CHEAT ME... HE TRIED TO HIT MY SON AND TAKE ADVANTAGE OF ME... HE'S A MONSTER!!

I UNDERSTAND MADAME, WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM...

HE CALLED MOMMY A FAT COW!



I ALWAYS SAY THAT PEOPLE WHO HAVE STRANGE HOBBIES ARE SICK, DEGENERATE BEINGS. I'M SURE SOME OF THESE LITTLE PLANTS PRODUCE POWERFUL DRUGS...

WELL, I CERTAINLY WON'T BUY ANY OF HIS FLOWERS. WHAT A SHAME! TO TREAT A CLIENT THIS WAY!!

Little tree ugly. No like!



MY POOR LITTLE ONE! DID THAT MAN HURT YOU, MY DARLING?

No. H.



TO TREAT A CLIENT THIS WAY! I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

THEY LEFT HIM IN PIECES... LIKE A PUZZLE!

Little tree ugly. No like!

MIGLEINXO RADO '86





MY HUSBAND RANDY, AND HIS BEST FRIEND JACK WERE BORED AND ITCHING FOR NOVELTY . . .

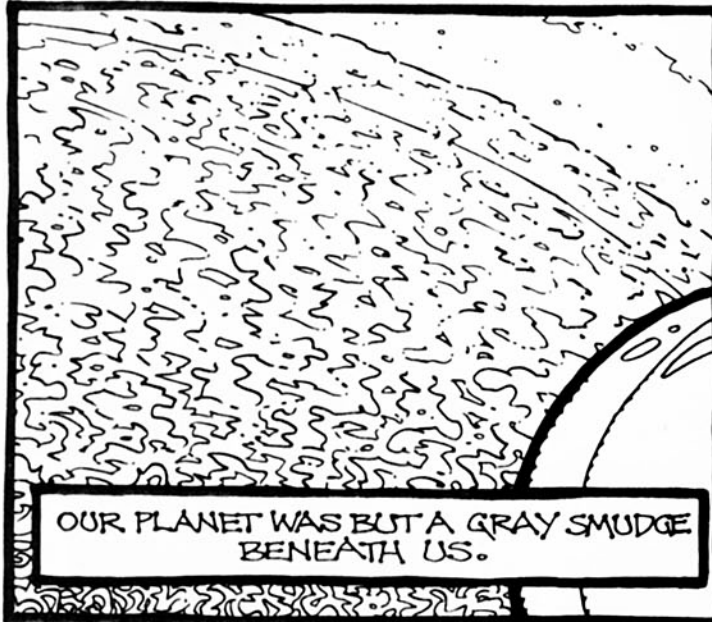


SO THEY SIGNED UP FOR A SCHEME TO "HOMESTEAD IN SPACE."





SO THERE WE WERE IN HIGH ORBIT.



OUR PLANET WAS BUT A GRAY SMUDGE BENEATH US.



JACK'S WIFE MARGE WAS ALSO MY BEST FRIEND.



BETWEEN OUR TWO FAMILIES WE HAD NINE KIDS...



AND COUNTLESS PETS AND LIVESTOCK.



OUR NEAREST NEIGHBOR WAS 2500 MILES AWAY!





WE GREW CORN, SORGHUM, AND OTHER FEED GRAINS. IT WAS FAST, IT WAS EASY!



(THERE WAS A GREAT CRAZE, DOWN BELOW, FOR ORBIT-GROWN FOOD PRODUCTS.)



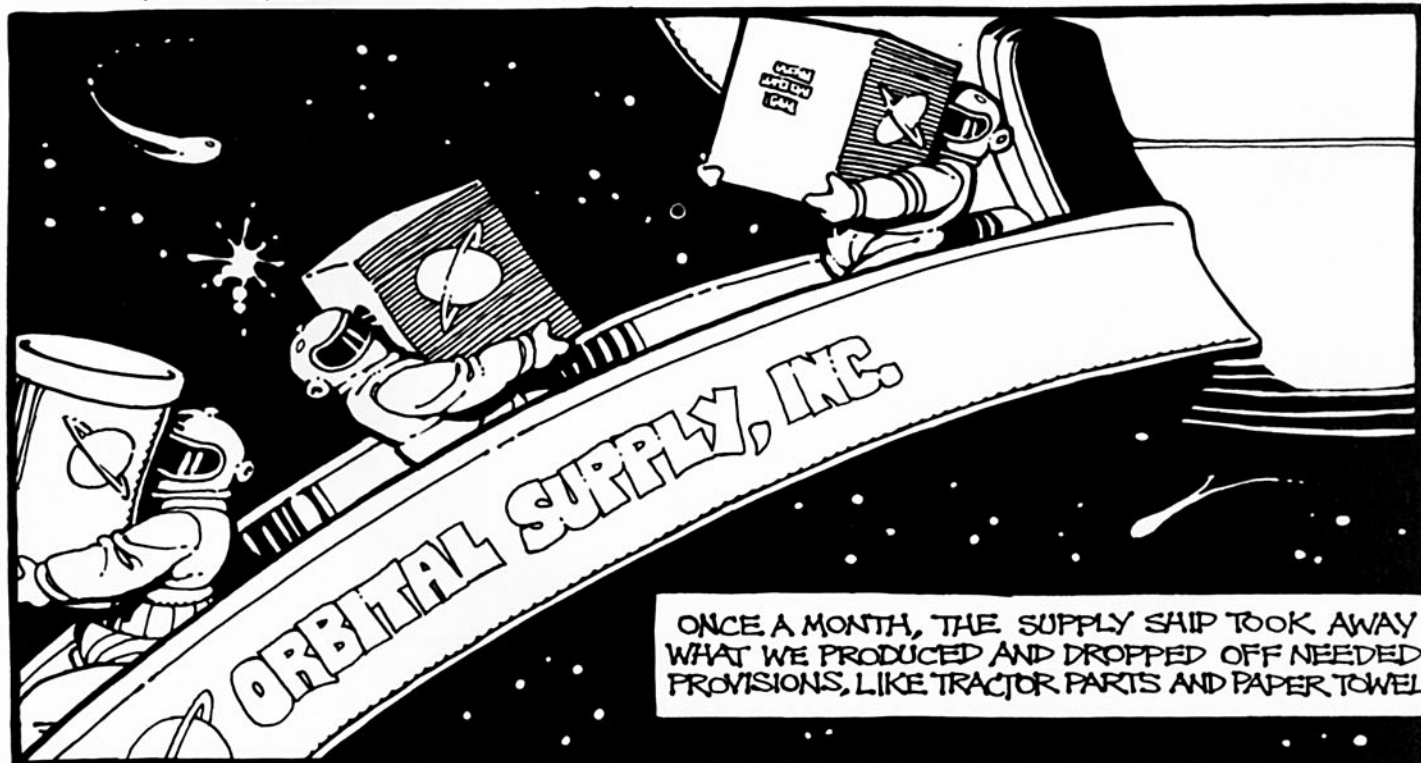
IN ADDITION, RANDY ENJOYED CARVING WOODEN SOUVENIR WHISTLES.



LIFE WAS SWEET, AND EVERYBODY FELT USEFUL.

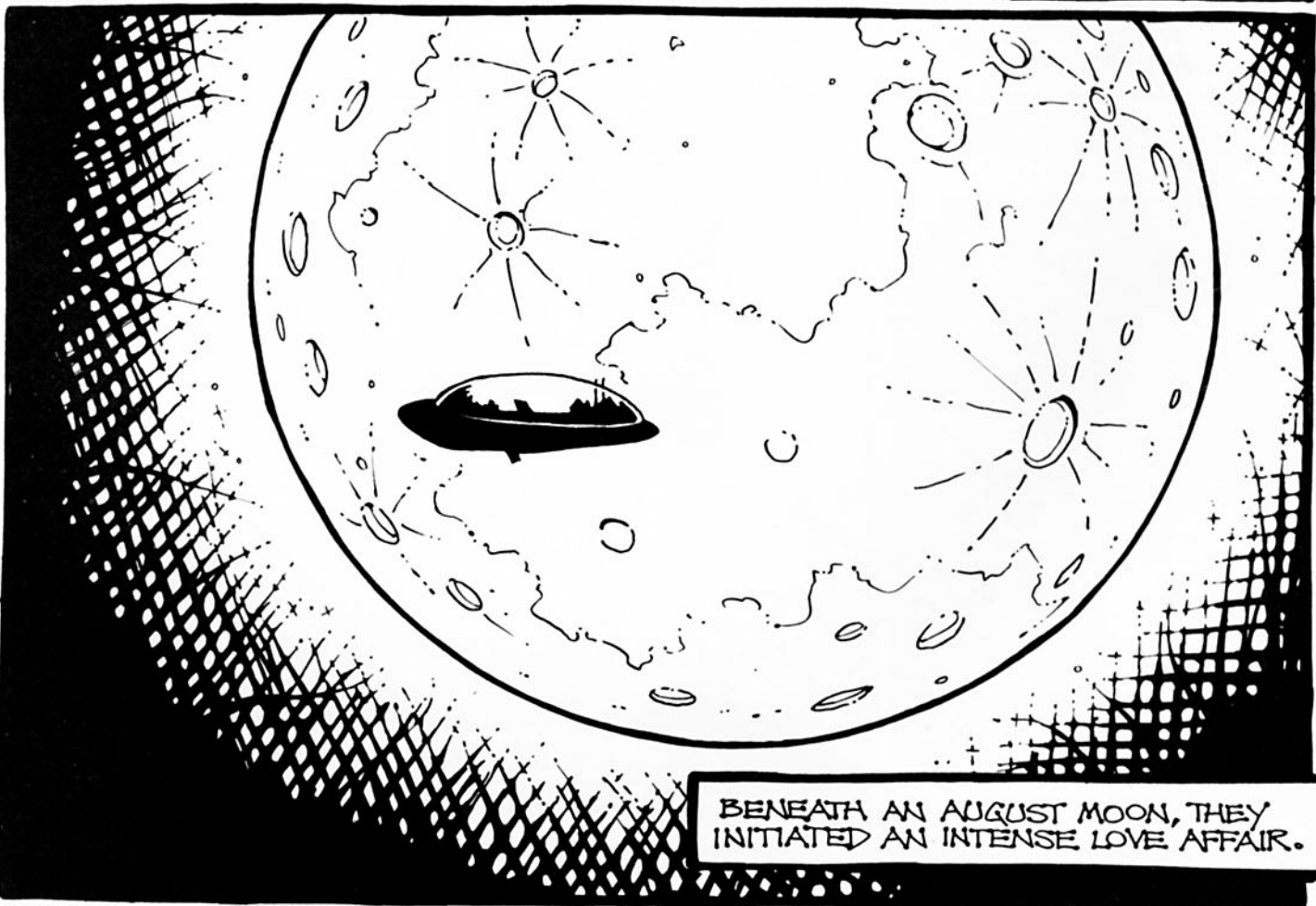
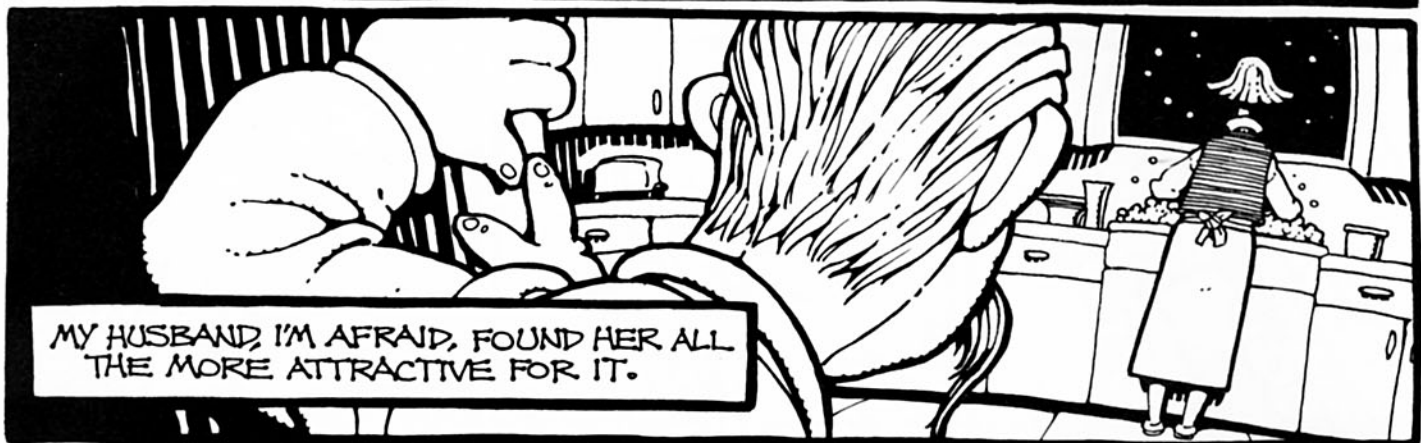


OUR LIESURE HOURS WERE JOYOUS AND CHAOTIC.



ONCE A MONTH, THE SUPPLY SHIP TOOK AWAY WHAT WE PRODUCED AND DROPPED OFF NEEDED PROVISIONS, LIKE TRACTOR PARTS AND PAPER TOWELS.









THE UNFORTUNATE RANDY POURED OUT HIS SHAME AND ANGUISH TO ME AT EVERY OPPORTUNITY.



HOW COULD I HATE HIM WHEN HE WAS IN SUCH PAIN?



BESIDES, THERE'S NO CONTROLLING OUR DEEPEST DESIRES AND IMPULSES.



(I'VE NOTED THE EFFECT OF THE STARS AND PLANETS UPON MY OWN MENTAL BALANCE.)



AND POOR MARGE WAS IN EVEN WORSE SHAPE THAN RANDY!

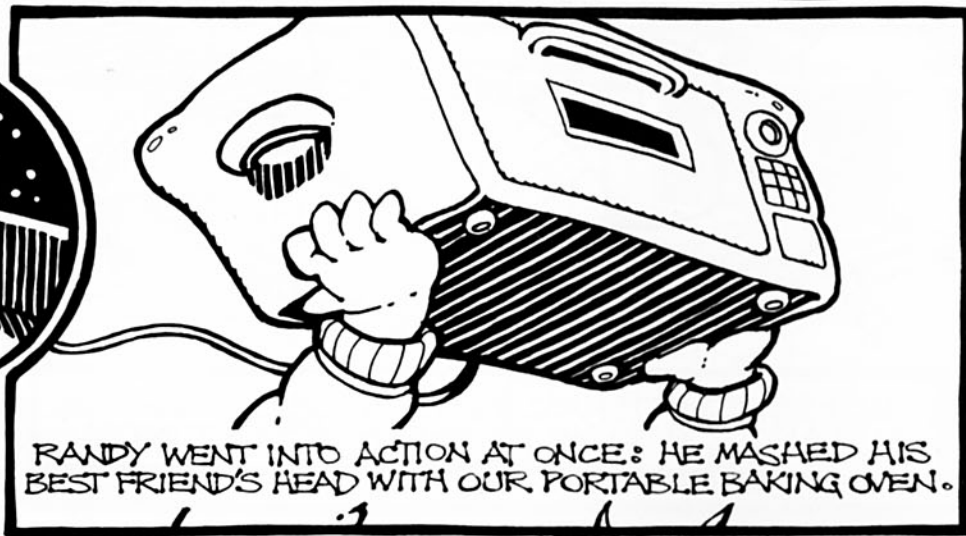




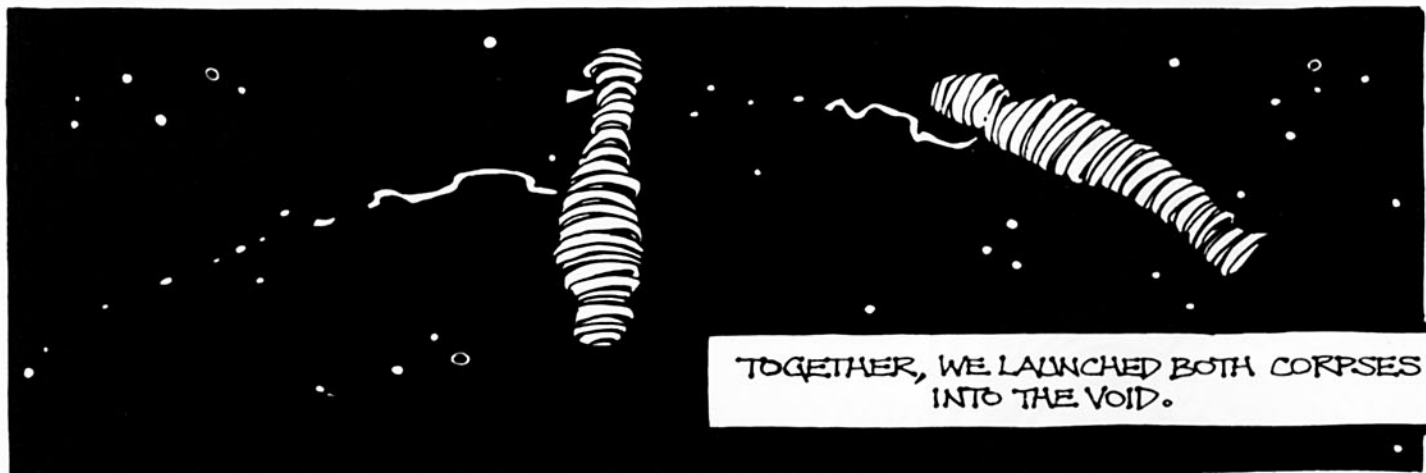
BUT JACK WAS NOT SO UNDERSTANDING AS I:  
IN A FURY, HE LEAPT UPON HIS WIFE, AND  
SMOTHERED HER WITH HIS BODY.



THEN, HIS ANGER SPENT,  
HE SIMPLY SAT DOWN AND  
GAZED INTO SPACE.



RANDY WENT INTO ACTION AT ONCE: HE MASHED HIS  
BEST FRIEND'S HEAD WITH OUR PORTABLE BAKING OVEN.



TOGETHER, WE LAUNCHED BOTH CORPSES  
INTO THE VOID.

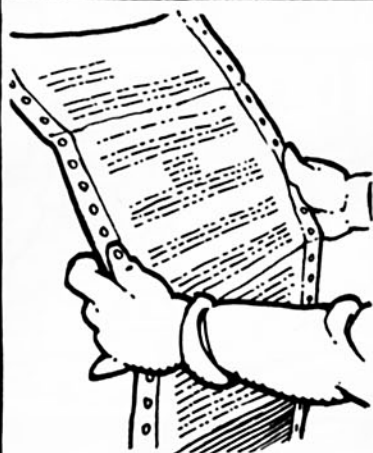


I AWOKE THE NEXT MORNING TO FIND  
MY NOSE PAINTED PURPLE.





RANDY GAVE TO ME AN  
OUTFIT OF MARGE'S  
CLOTHING...



AND COMPELLED ME  
TO MEMORIZE A LIST  
OF HER FAMILIAR  
EXPRESSIONS AND  
CATCHPHRASES.



CONFUSION AND  
ANXIETY REIGNED  
FOR DAYS...



BUT OUR NITES WERE VERY PASSIONATE!



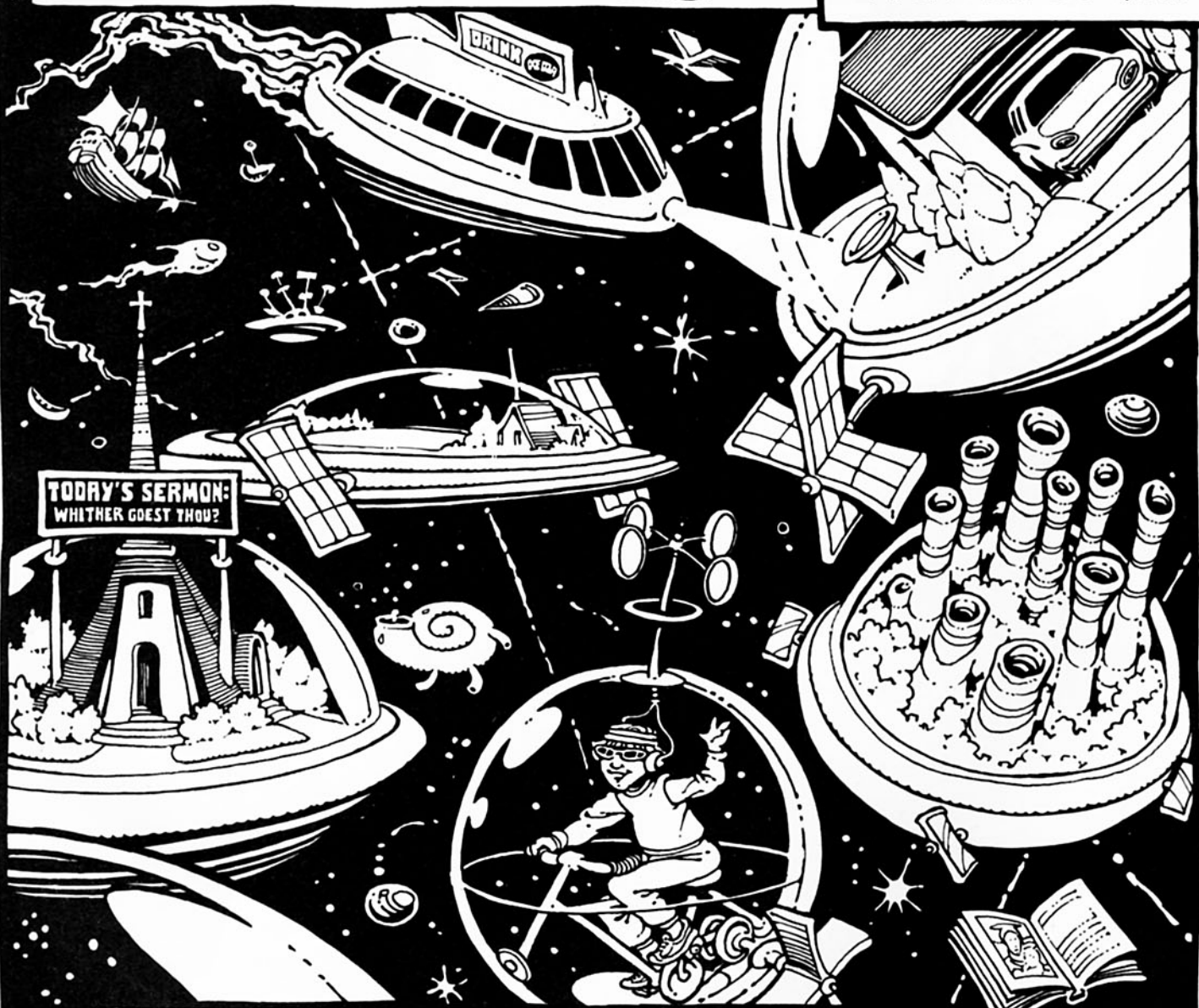
THEN ONE MORNING, RANDY LAUNCHED  
HIMSELF INTO THE VOID.



NOW THE KIDS AND I RUN THE PLACE OURSELVES.

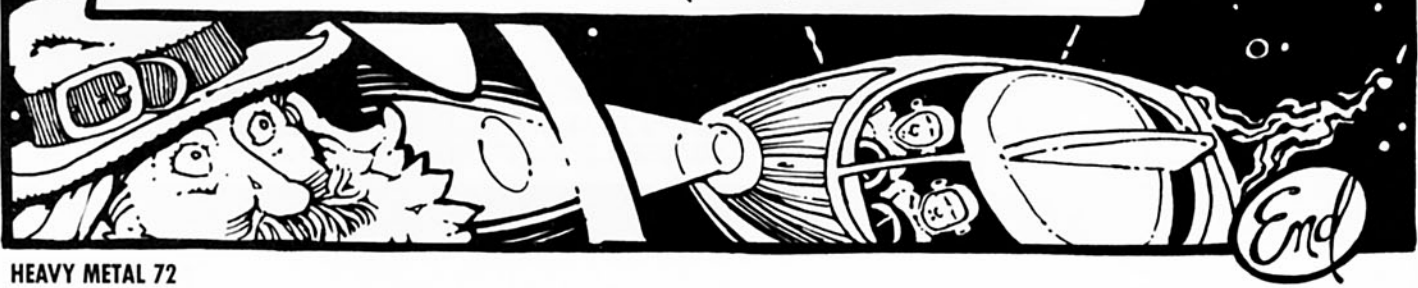


WE RAISE OUR OWN BREED  
OF PURPLE-NOSED GOAT.



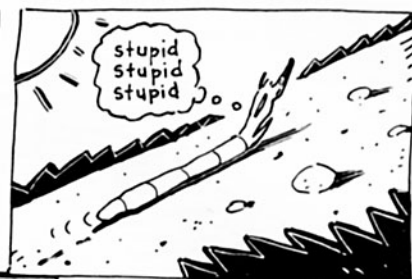
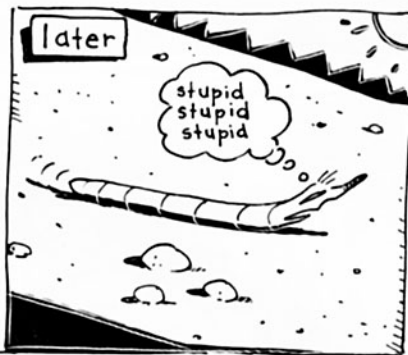
TODAY'S SERMON:  
WHITHER GOEST THOU?

NOW SPACE IS BECOMING VERY CROWDED ...



End

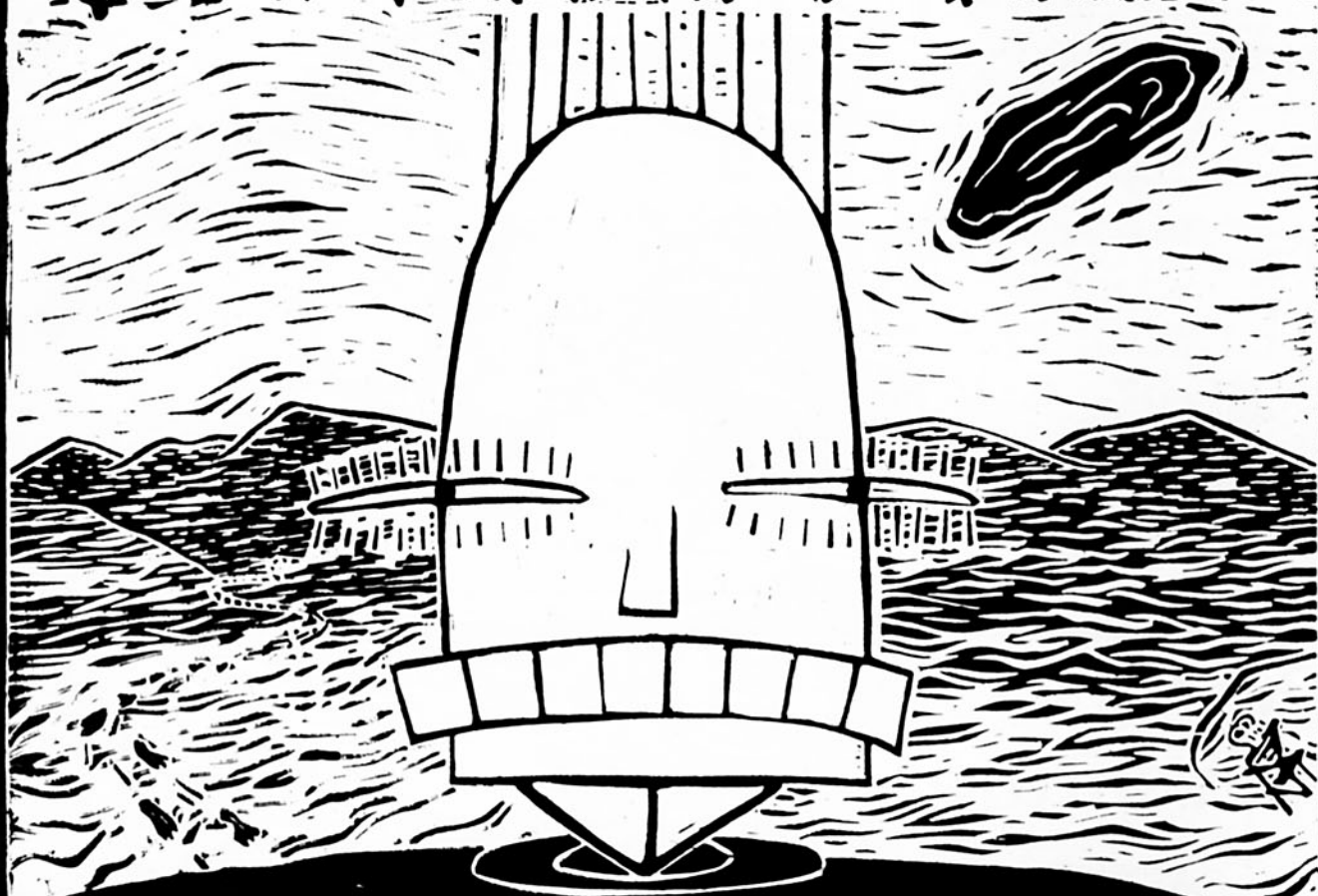




TO BE CONTINUED...



# DESERT BONE!



HILGO HAD BEEN WALKING  
THROUGH THE DESERT FOR  
SEVERAL DAYS WHEN HE  
CAME ACROSS A STRANGE  
ANIMAL CRYING FOR HELP.



HE PICKED IT UP AND  
CARRIED IT ALONG IN  
HOPE OF FINDING SOME  
SORT OF RESCUE.



BUT THE ANIMAL DIED  
AND HE DECIDED TO  
BURY IT IN THE  
SAND...





THE SUN STOOD STRAIGHT ABOVE HIM AND HIS BLISTERED FEET WERE BURNING FROM THE SAND BREAKING BELOW HIM WITH EVERY STEP HE TOOK. THE BURIAL WAS ALMOST COMPLETED



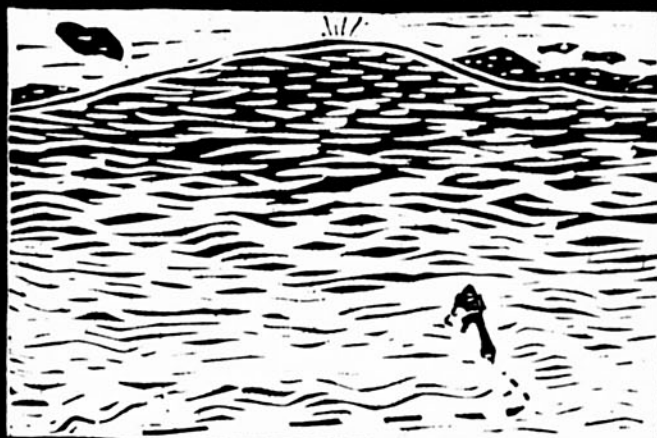
WHEN SUDDENLY THE SKY TURNED BLACK AND SPLIT IN TWO.



ALL THAT WAS LEFT WAS SMOKE IN THE DISTANCE.



THE DEAD ANIMAL VANISHED LIKE LIGHTNING BEHIND A CRACK IN THE SKY.

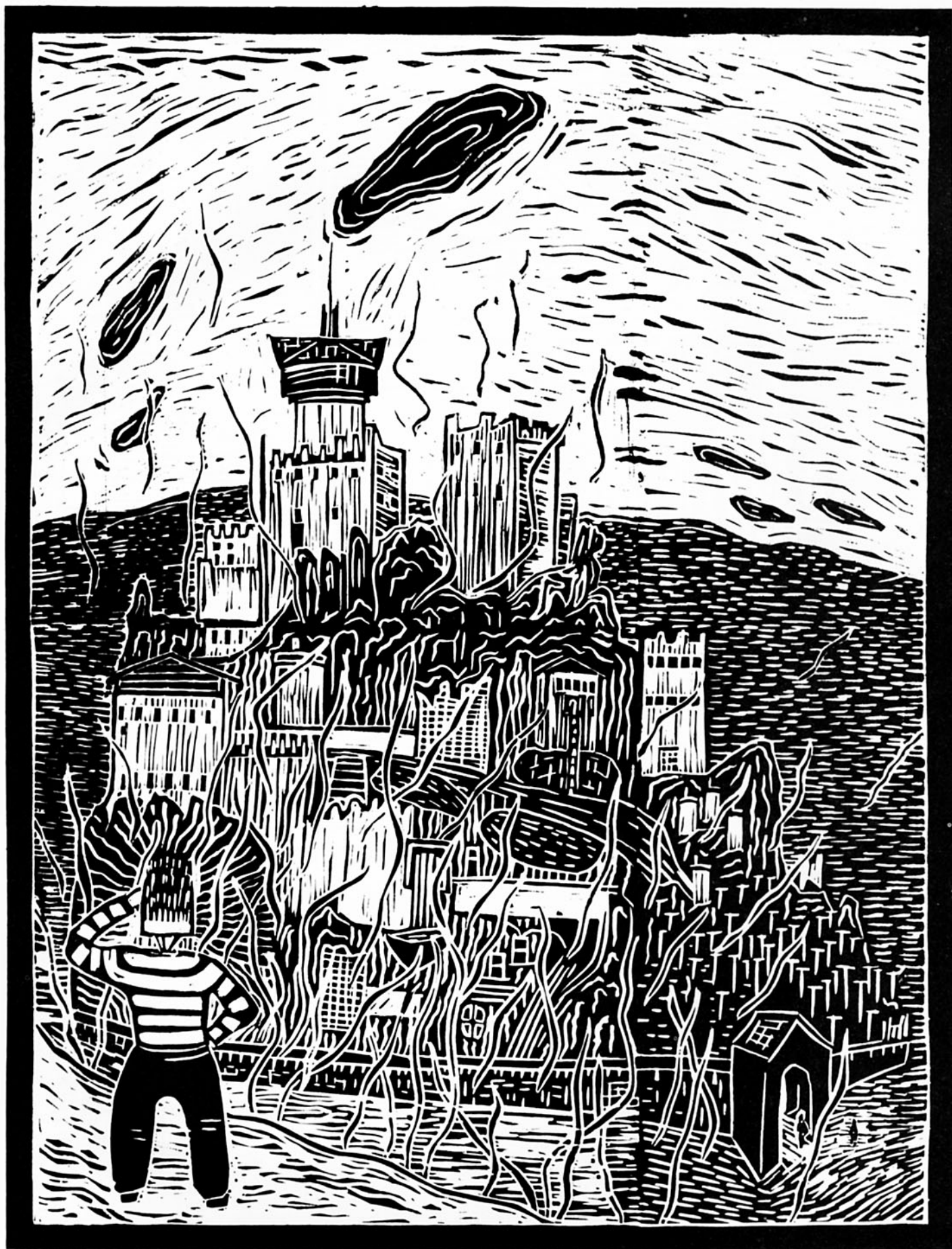


SEVERAL DAYS LATER...



STANDING UP WHERE THE SMOKE BURNED... THE SWEAT WAS BOILING... SEARCHING THROUGH THE HAZE UPON A MIRAGE OR WAS IT REAL?!













SMOKE EVERYWHERE AND A HEAVY STENCH OF SOMETHING DEAD AND ROTTEN FILLED THE AIR.



A CITY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DESERT SURROUNDED BY A WALL BUT NO GUARDS.

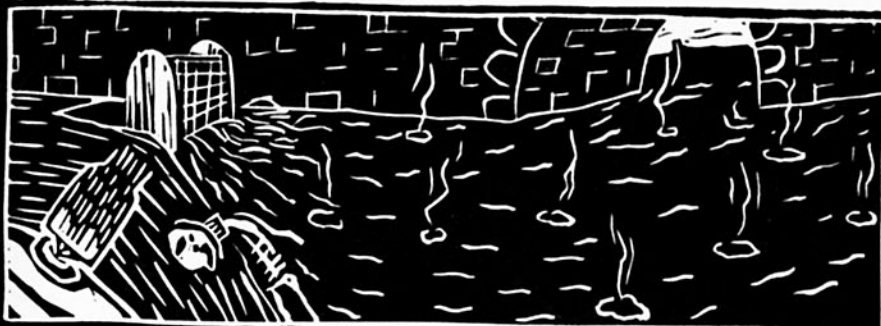
...AND ENOUGH WATER TO FILL UP A RIVER AND HAVE SOMEBODY SWIMMING IN IT.







FRIED by BOILING BLOOD in the RIVER that seemed to come from a HOLE



BEHIND that GRILL!







WOUNDED CREATURES WERE COLLECTING THE DEAD, STACKING THEM INTO PILES ON TOP OF EACH OTHER.



WHILE BODIES WERE FALLING FROM THE OPEN SKY ONTO THE BURNING SAND.



AWAY FROM THE CITY, WHEREVER HE WAS, WHATEVER HE WAS.



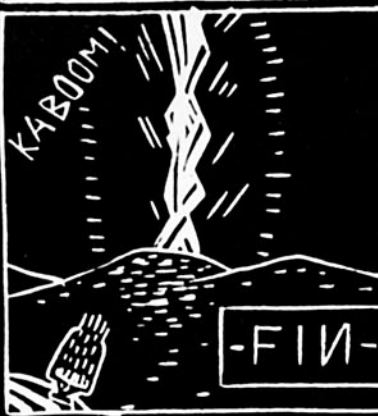
...and the MIDDAY SUN STOOD HIGH



GONE, GONE, GONE...



WHEN SUDDENLY THE SKY TURNED BLACK AND SPLIT IN TWO!



-FIN-





I HATE HIM!

I DETEST HIM!

I'LL NEVER GIVE HIM A DIVORCE!

I'D RATHER GIVE HIM POISON!

# My Dear Friend

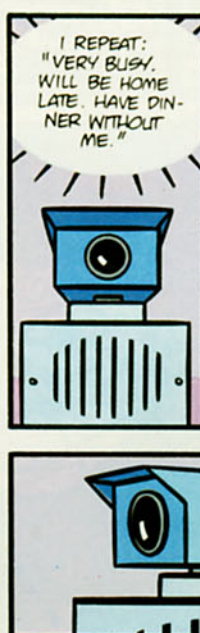
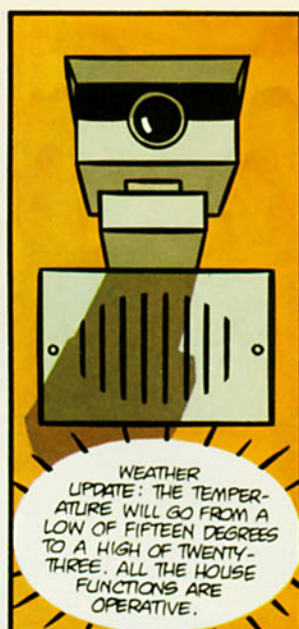
DANIEL TORRES

I HATE WHAT HE SAYS, WHAT HE DOES, WHAT HE THINKS!

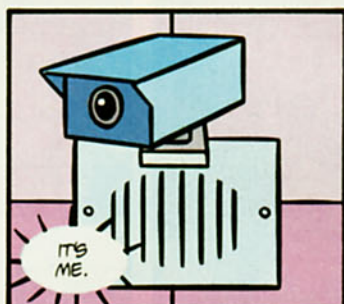
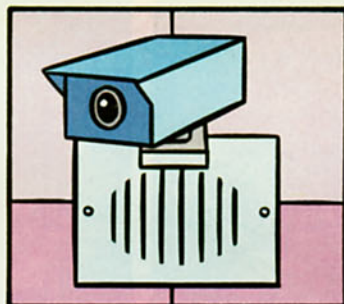
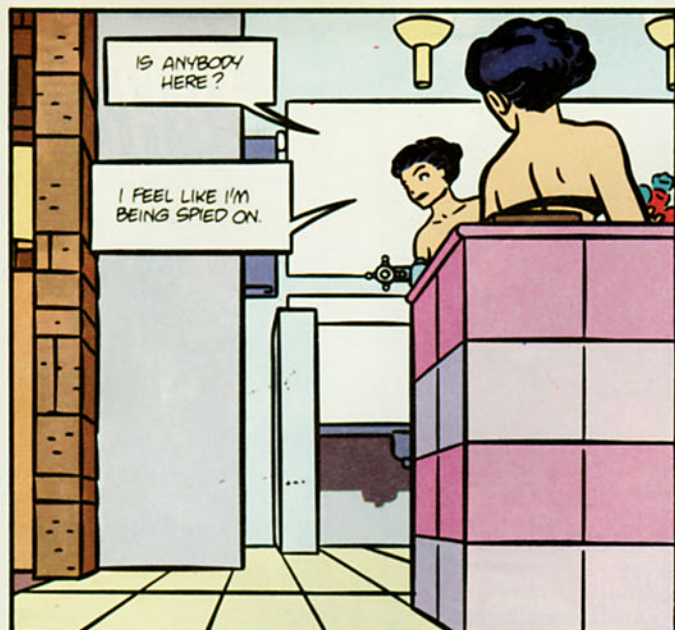
I HATE TO EVEN HAVE TO LOOK AT HIM!

THE ONLY THING THAT COMFORTS ME IS THE THOUGHT OF HOW TERRIBLE IT MUST BE FOR HIM TO FEEL HE IS WASTING HIS TIME WITH A WOMAN HE COULD VERY WELL DO WITHOUT.

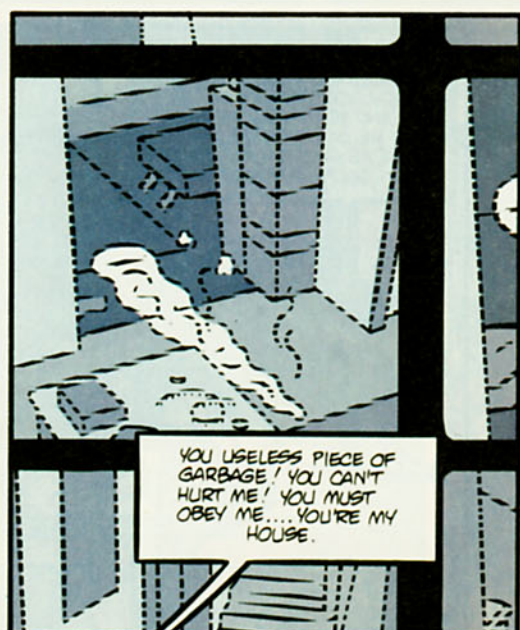
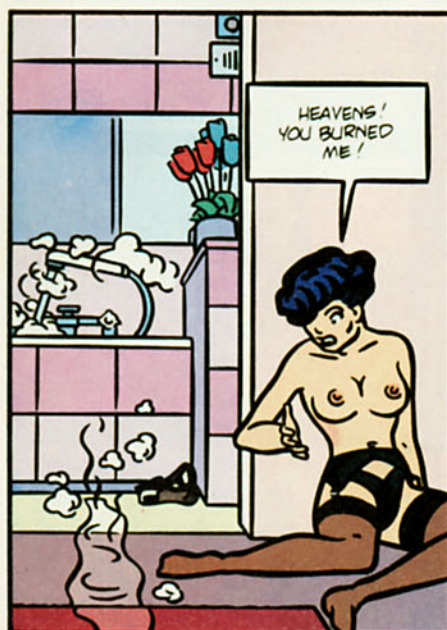
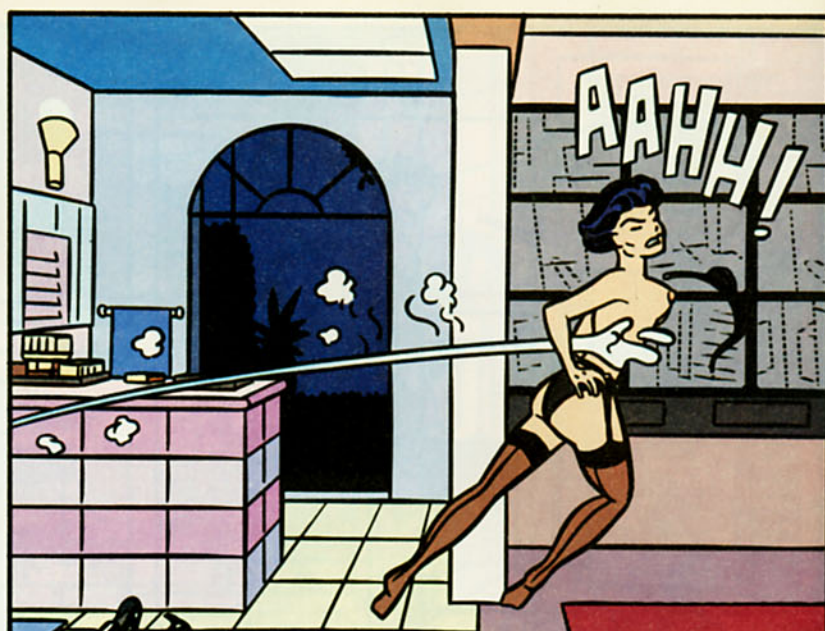
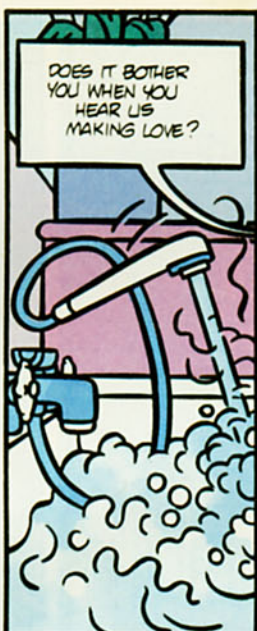




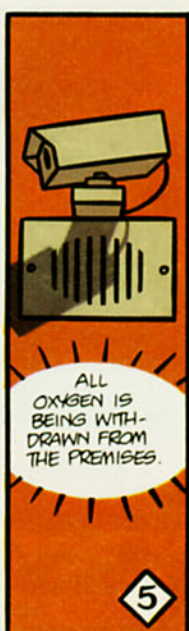




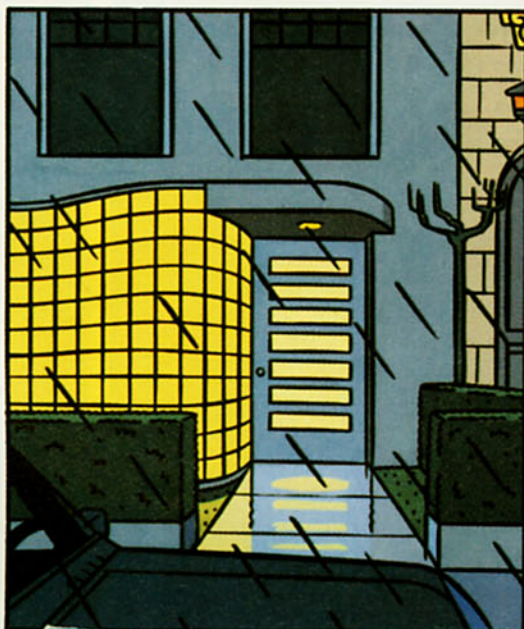
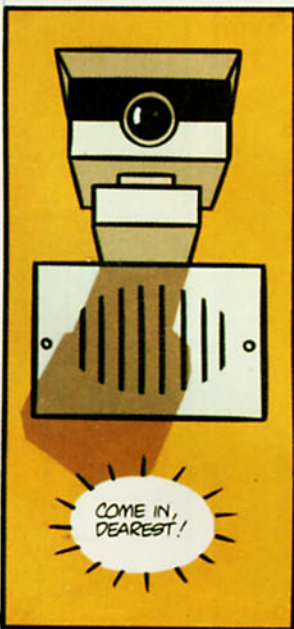
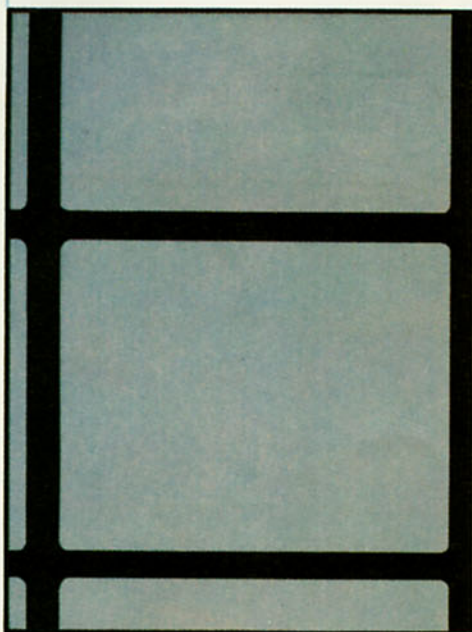
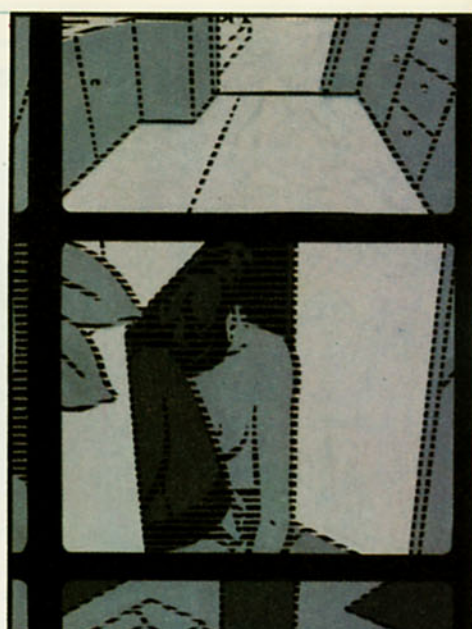






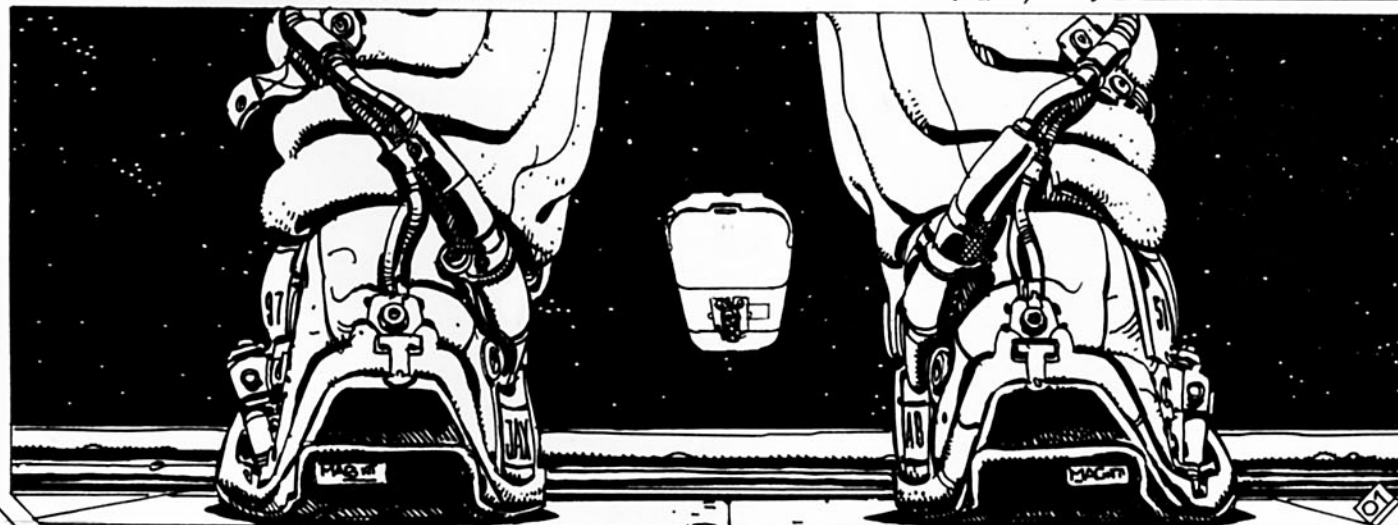
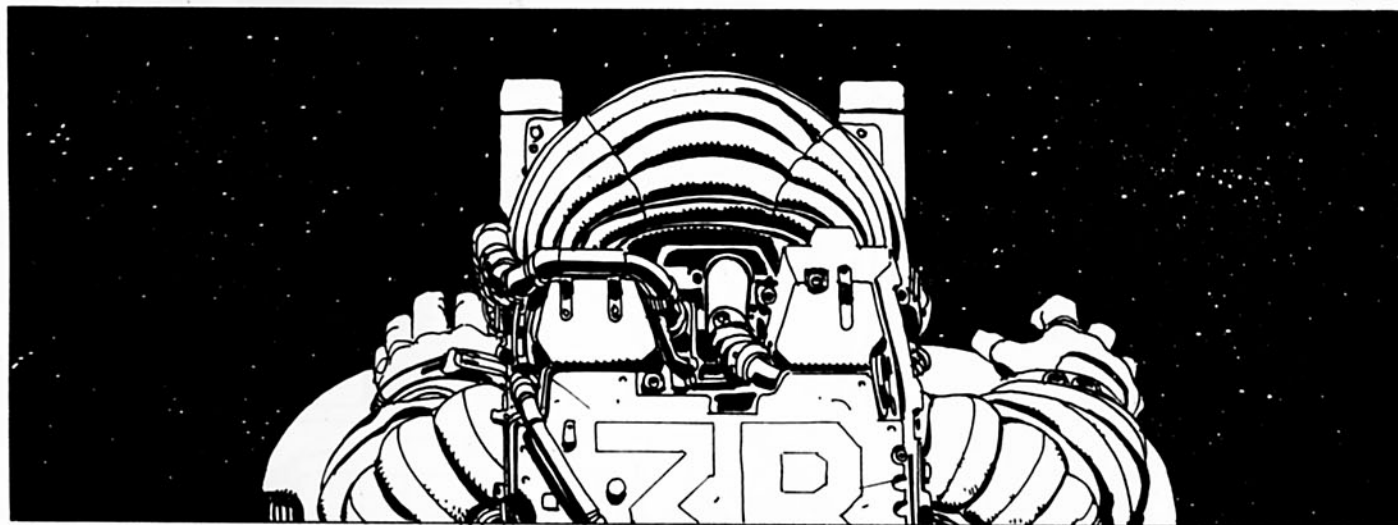
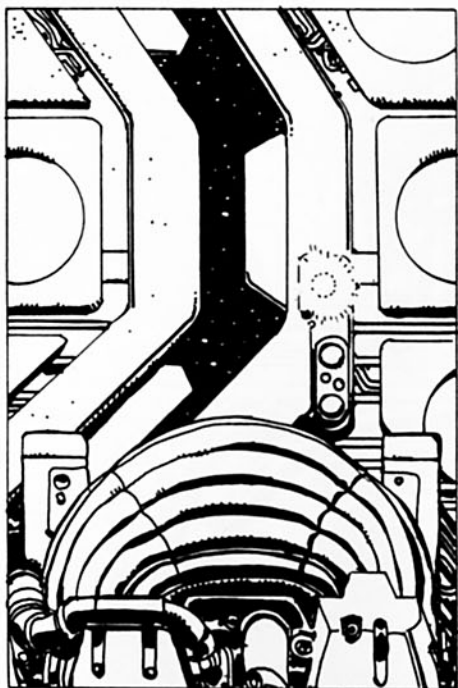




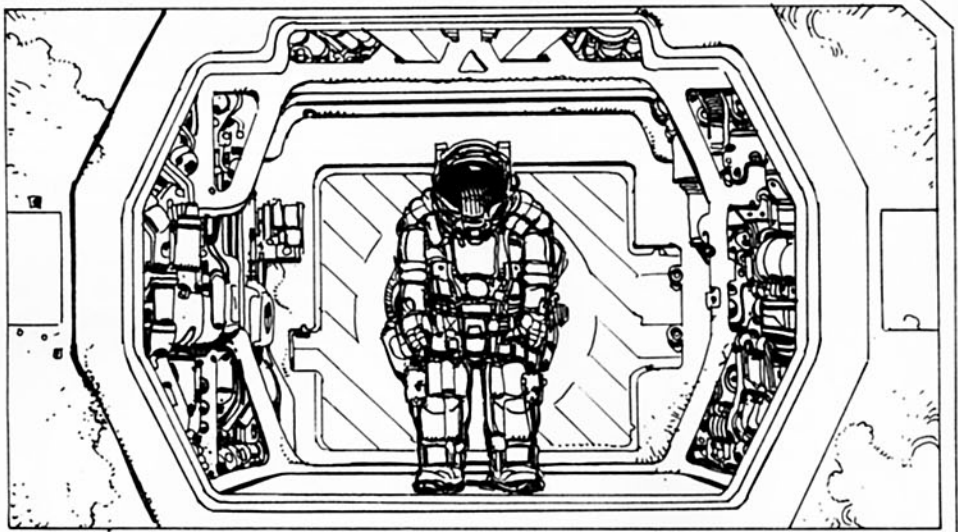
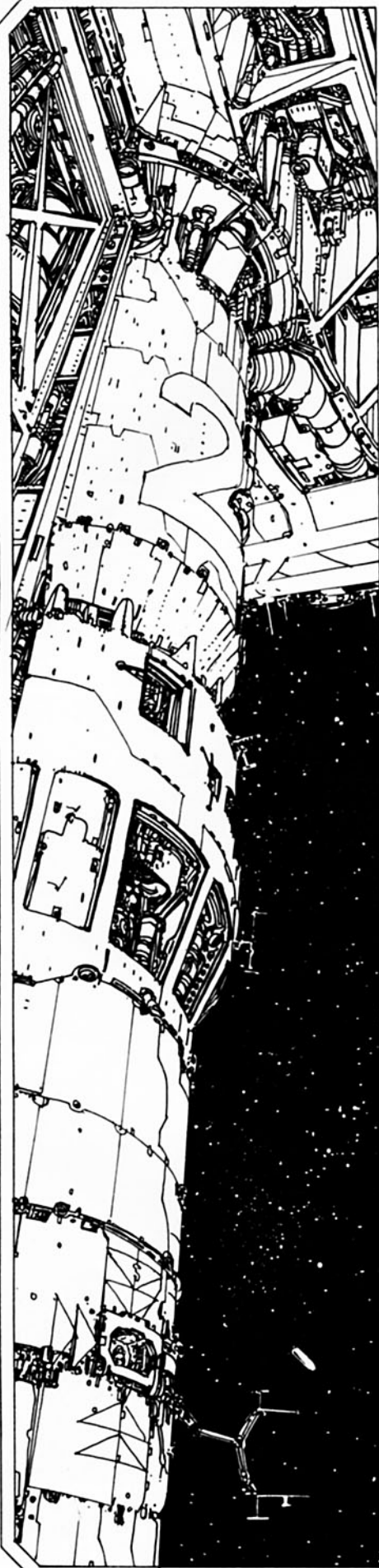




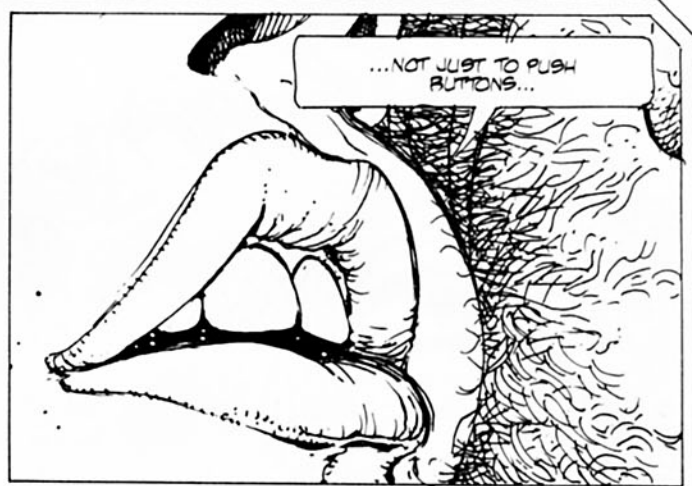
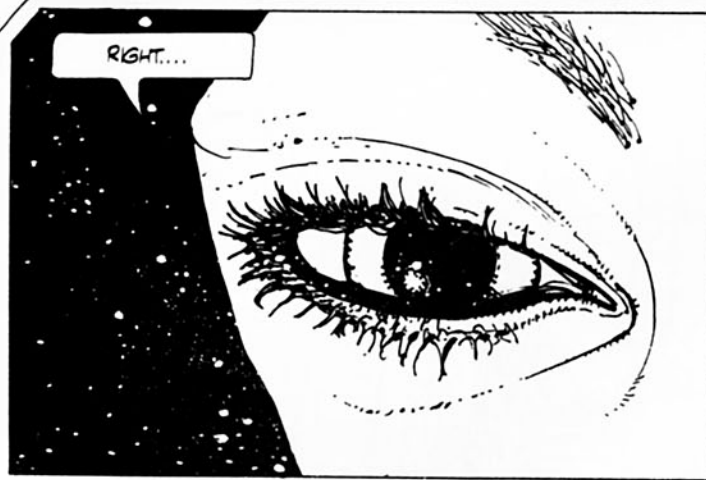
# CARTELOON



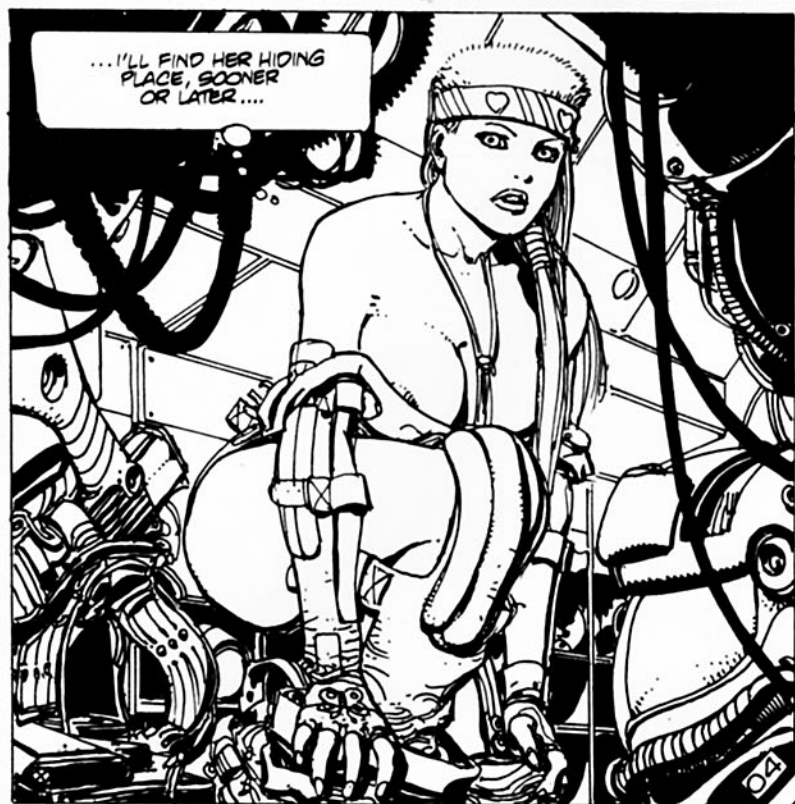
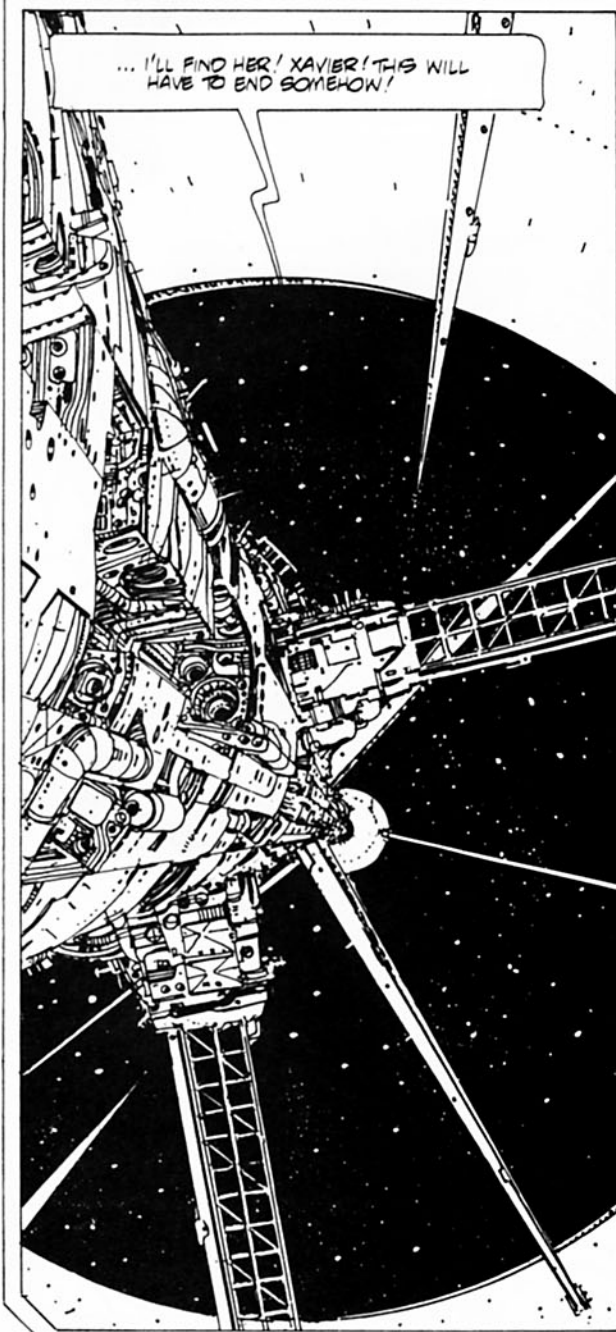
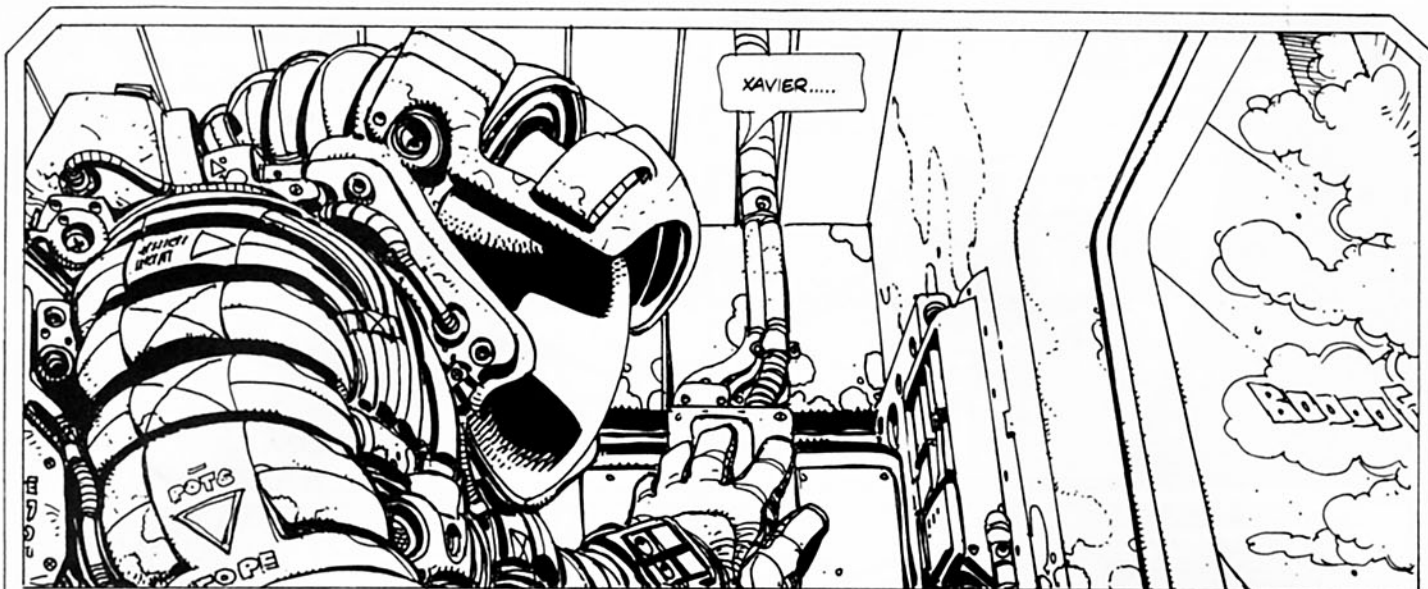




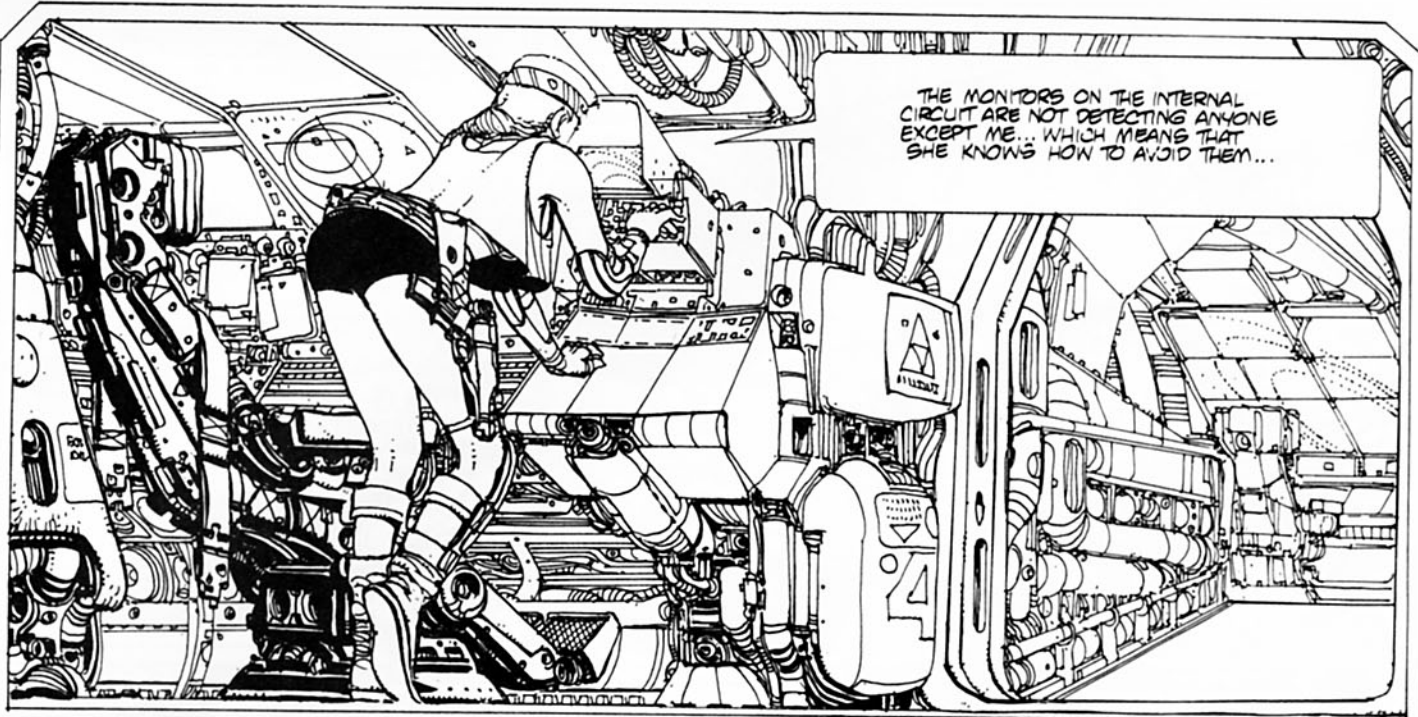










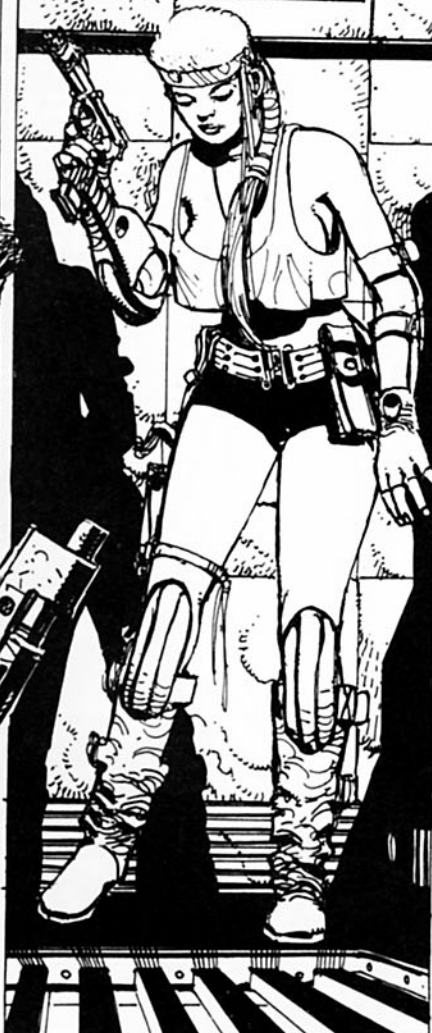


THE MONITORS ON THE INTERNAL  
CIRCUIT ARE NOT DETECTING ANYONE  
EXCEPT ME... WHICH MEANS THAT  
SHE KNOWS HOW TO AVOID THEM...

I'LL MAKE AN  
ACCURATE  
INSPECTION....  
LEVEL BY  
LEVEL.... I'LL  
BEGIN WITH...  
JUST A  
MOMENT! WHAT  
IS THAT NOISE?

WHO KNOWS? THIS  
MAY BE EASIER  
THAN I THOUGHT.

SHE MUST  
BE DOWN  
THERE!!





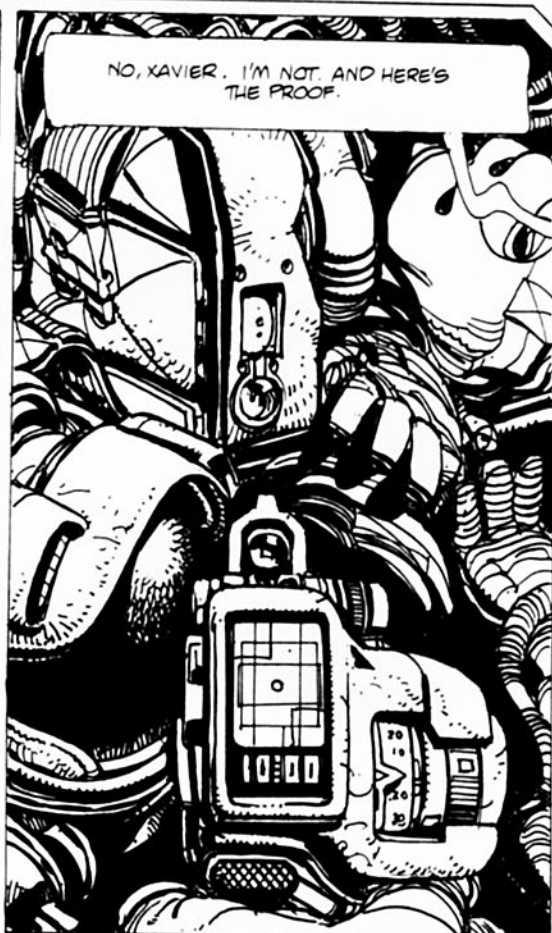






DO YOU HAVE SOMEONE ELSE HIDDEN ON THE SPACESHIP?

YOU MUST BE KIDDING, CAPTAIN.



NO, XAVIER. I'M NOT. AND HERE'S THE PROOF.



A RECENTLY USED SPACESUIT WITH THE OXYGEN LEVEL DOWN TO A FOURTH OF A TANK. WHAT WERE YOU DOING OUTSIDE? WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?



THERE'S THAT NOISE AGAIN! NOW IT'S ON THE UPPER LEVEL. IT SOUNDS VERY CLOSE. WHOEVER IT IS ISN'T EVEN TRYING TO HIDE FROM US...



I'M GOING TO LOOK IN THE CONTROL ROOM, I COULD SURPRISE WHOEVER IT IS!



I'VE SOMETHING NEW  
FOR YOU TODAY.

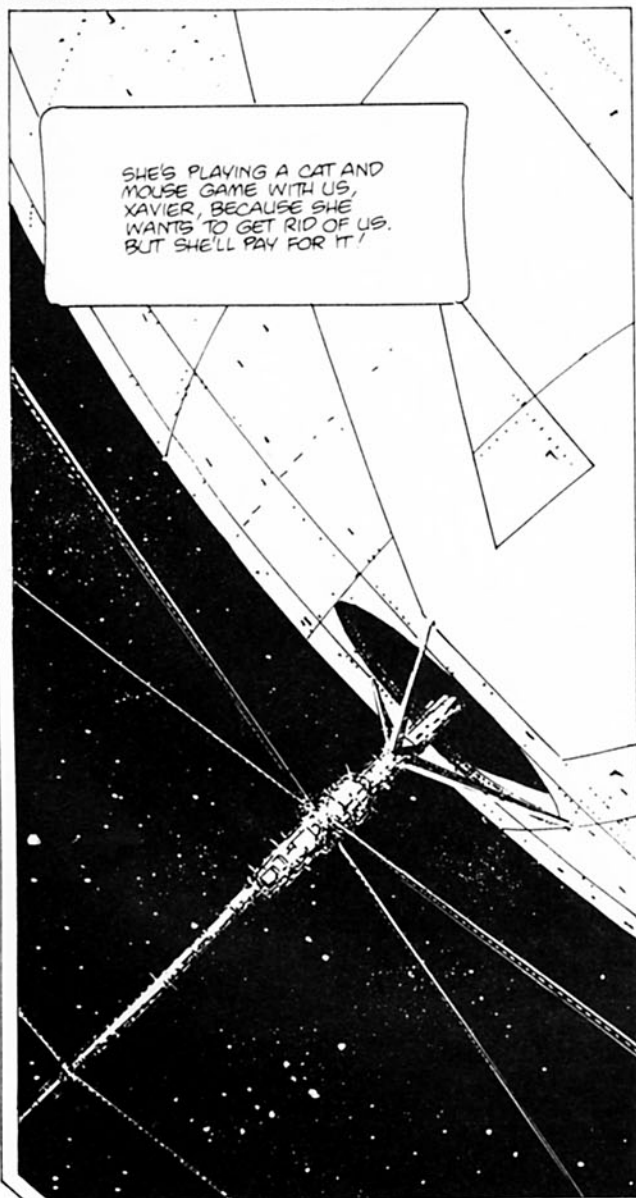


OH MY! SILK  
STOCKINGS  
AND PANTIES!

THE GREAT CAPTAIN OF SPACESHIP CARTOON 4  
WEARING OLD RELICS LIKE THESE? I CAN HARDLY  
BELIEVE IT! WHERE DID YOU FIND THEM?



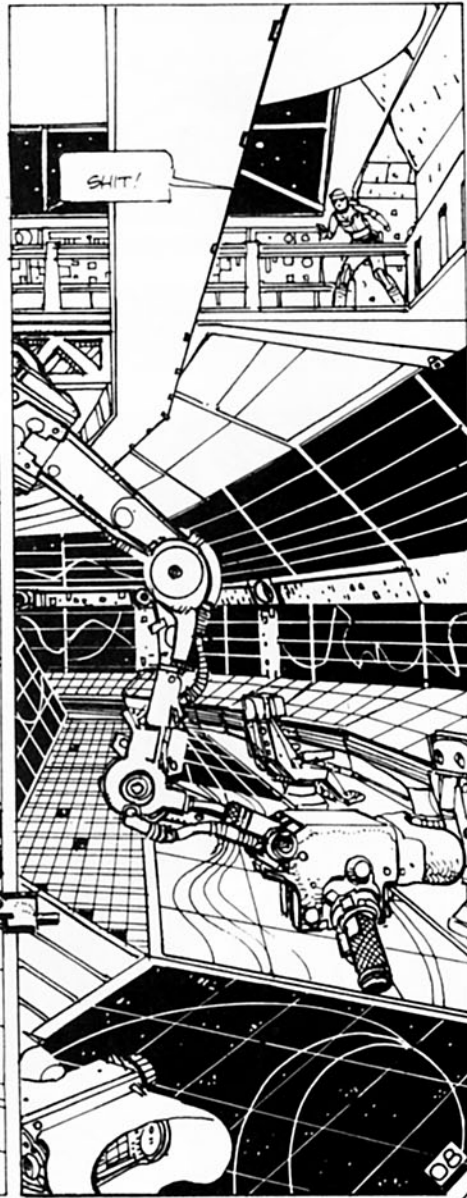
SHE'S PLAYING A CAT AND  
MOUSE GAME WITH US,  
XAVIER, BECAUSE SHE  
WANTS TO GET RID OF US.  
BUT SHE'LL PAY FOR IT!



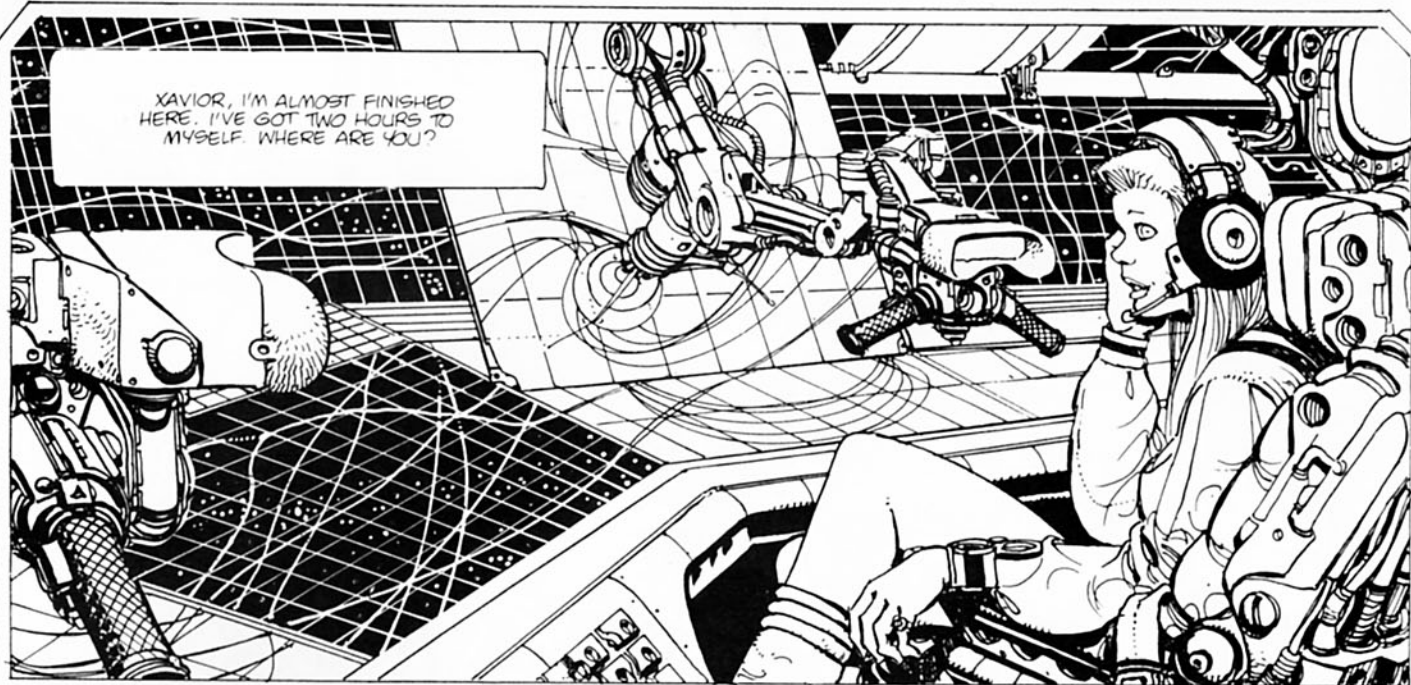
THAT NOISE  
AGAIN! I'M  
REALLY CLOSE.  
I'LL CHECK THE  
MONITOR  
ROOM...



SHIT!







XAVIOR, I'M ALMOST FINISHED  
HERE. I'VE GOT TWO HOURS TO  
MYSELF. WHERE ARE YOU?



YES! IS THAT YOU,  
YOU DEVIL? WHERE  
ARE YOU?



XAVIOR! ANSWER ME!

IF YOU NEED SOMETHING FROM  
ME THIS TIME, IT'LL COST YOU A  
LOT, YOU DEPRAVED LITTLE GIRL.



SO YOU WANT TO PLAY  
AGAIN? IF YOU WANT TO  
PLAY HIDE AND SEEK YOU  
KNOW THAT I CAN FOLLOW  
YOU ON MY MONITORS....



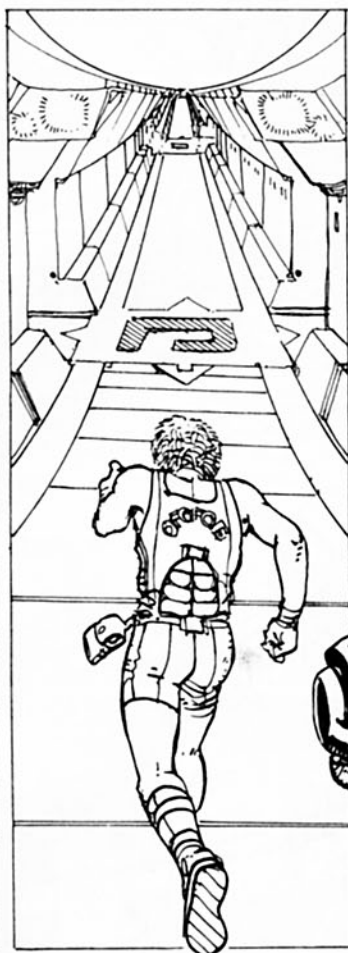
....AND THAT YOU WON'T BE  
ABLE TO LEAVE ANY OF THE  
LEVELS. I CAN CLOSE ALL OF  
THE EXITS FROM HERE...

WE'LL SEE...



IF I CAN MAKE IT TO  
THE J GATE, THEN I  
WILL BECOME CAPTAIN  
OF THIS SHIP.

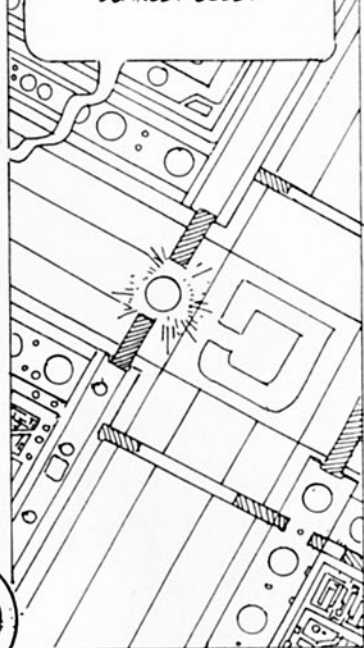
ALL RIGHT.



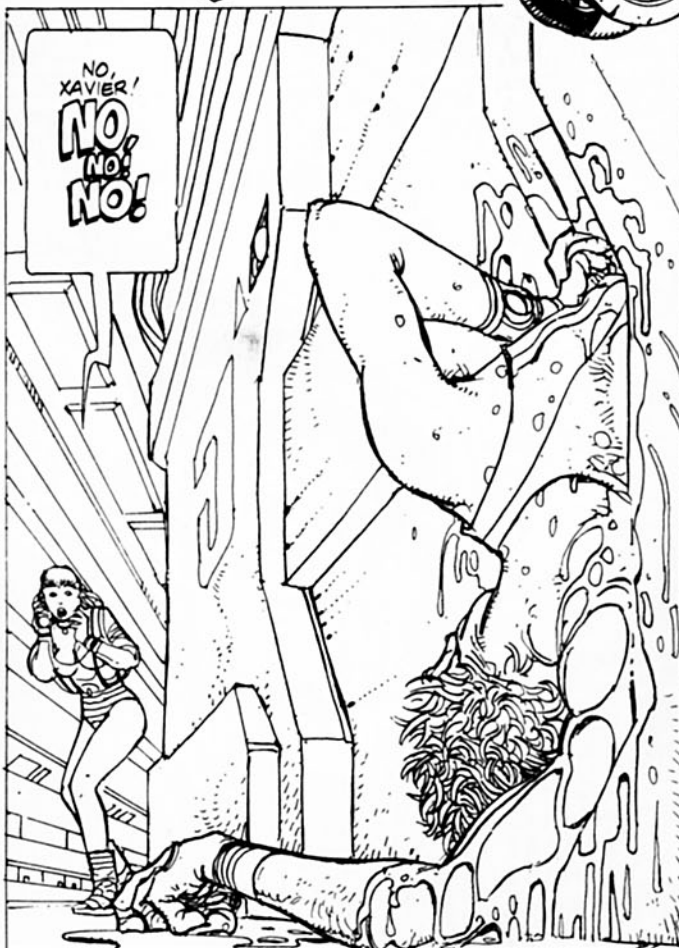
THE ONLY PLACE  
SHE COULD HAVE  
GONE IS THE RE-  
LAXATION ROOM.



ALL RIGHT, XAVIER,  
YOU WIN. NOT ONLY  
DID YOU GET TO THE  
GATE BUT YOU'LL BE  
ABLE TO CROSS TO  
THE OTHER SIDE.  
FROM NOW ON YOU'LL  
BE THE CAPTAIN. I'LL  
MEET YOU IN THE  
CONTROL ROOM, MY  
DEAREST BOSS.



NO,  
XAVIER!  
**NO!**  
**NO!**  
**NO!**



IT CAN'T BE! NO,  
XAVIER, NOT ME!  
NO, NO, IT  
WASN'T ME!  
NO, XAVIER, NO!  
WHO COULD IT  
BE? WHO? WHO  
COULD'VE DONE  
THIS TO YOU??  
WH





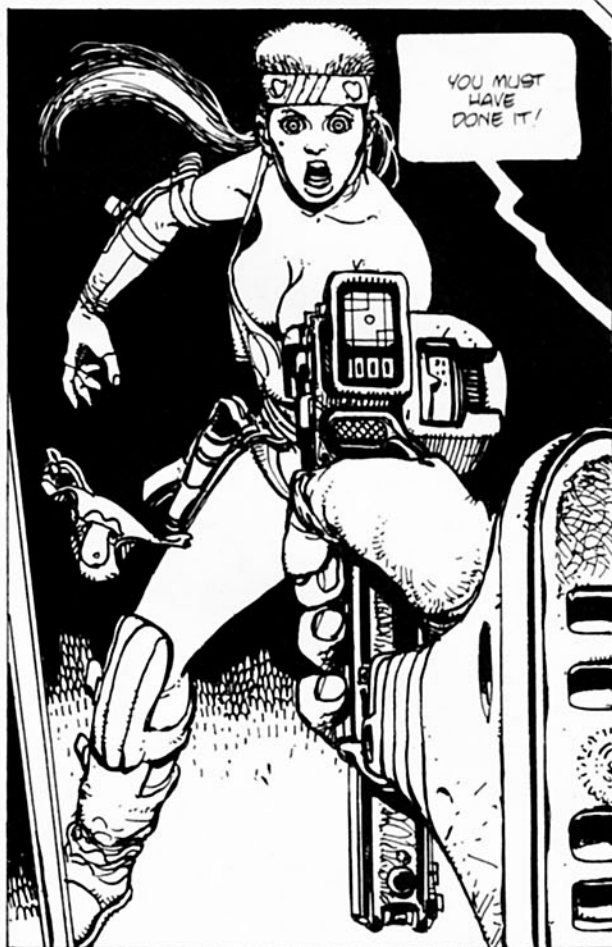
I'M SURE YOU'RE  
AROUND HERE!  
SOMEWHERE...



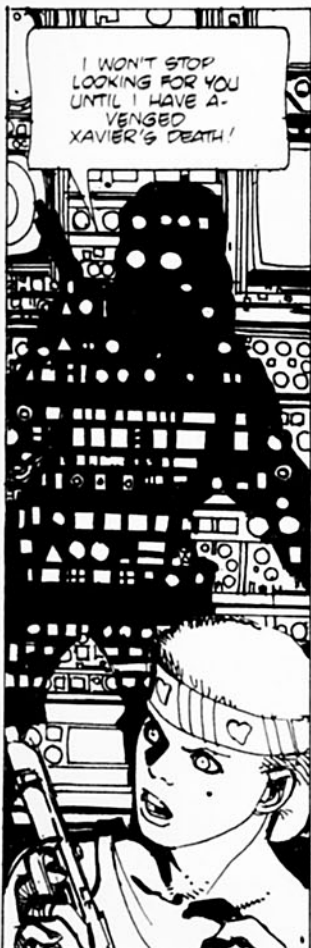
YOU  
DIRTY  
BITCH!



YOU MUST  
HAVE  
DONE IT!



I WON'T STOP  
LOOKING FOR YOU  
UNTIL I HAVE A-  
VENGED  
XAVIER'S DEATH!



I WON'T STOP!

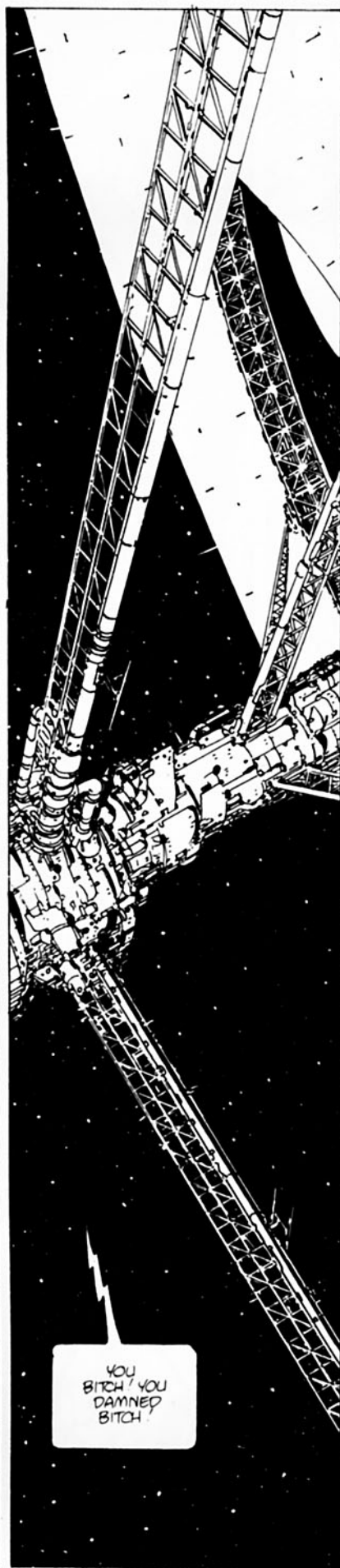


DOMENEZ ©

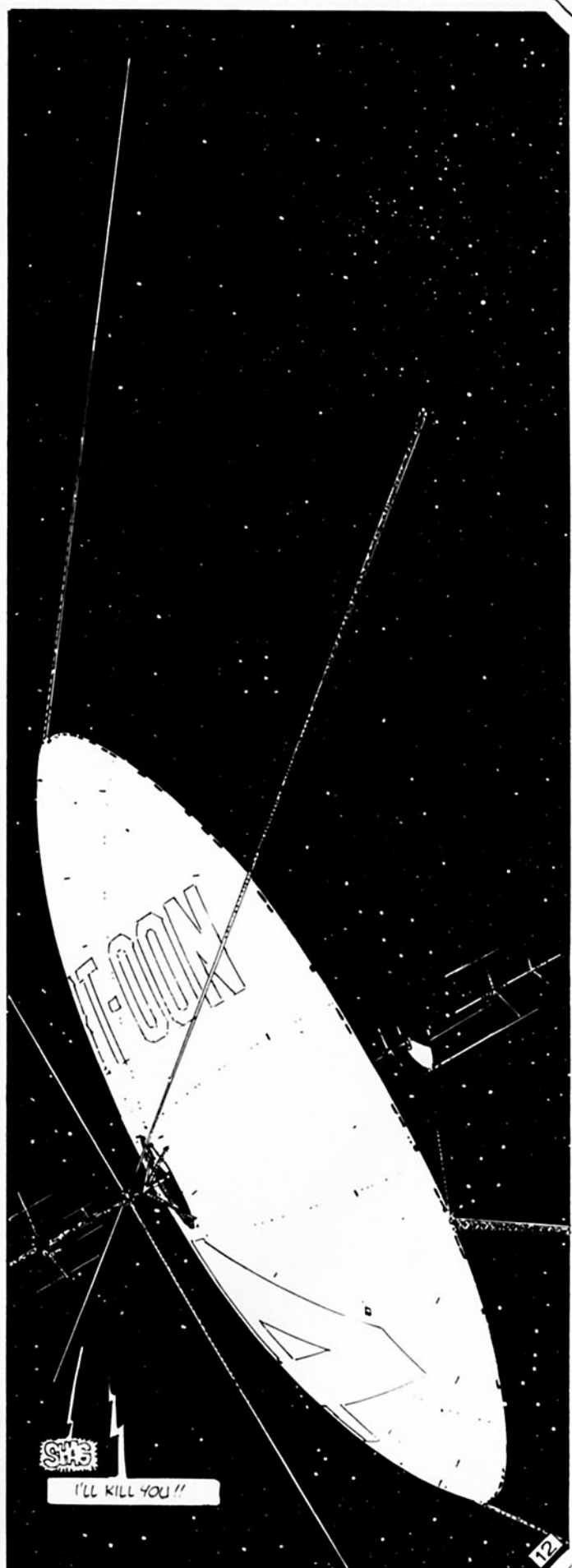




iSHAGG!



YOU  
BITCH / YOU  
DAMNED  
BITCH



SHAGG

I'LL KILL YOU !!





# ESKIMO SONG

A TRUE STORY  
OF ONE WHO SURVIVED  
THE COLD....ALONE

**ERIC  
DROOKER**



AN ESKIMO HUNTER, CAST ADRIFT ON A FLOATING CAKE OF ICE, WAS LOST FOR MANY DAYS.  
WHEN FINALLY RESCUED, HE GAVE TO HIS PEOPLE THE FOLLOWING SONG :

**AYA, I AM JOYFUL; THIS IS GOOD!**



**AYA, THERE IS NOTHING BUT ICE AROUND ME, THAT IS GOOD!**





AYA, I AM JOYFUL THAT IS GOOD!



MY COUNTRY IS NOTHING BUT SLUSH...THAT IS GOOD!





AYA  
I AM  
JOYFUL

THIS  
IS  
GOOD!



AYA, WHEN, INDEED, WILL THIS END? THIS IS GOOD!





I AM TIRED OF WATCHING AND WAKING.....



...THIS IS GOOD!





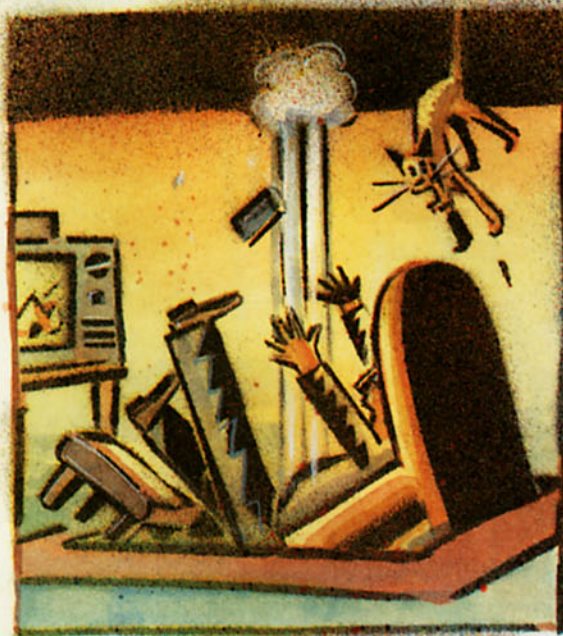
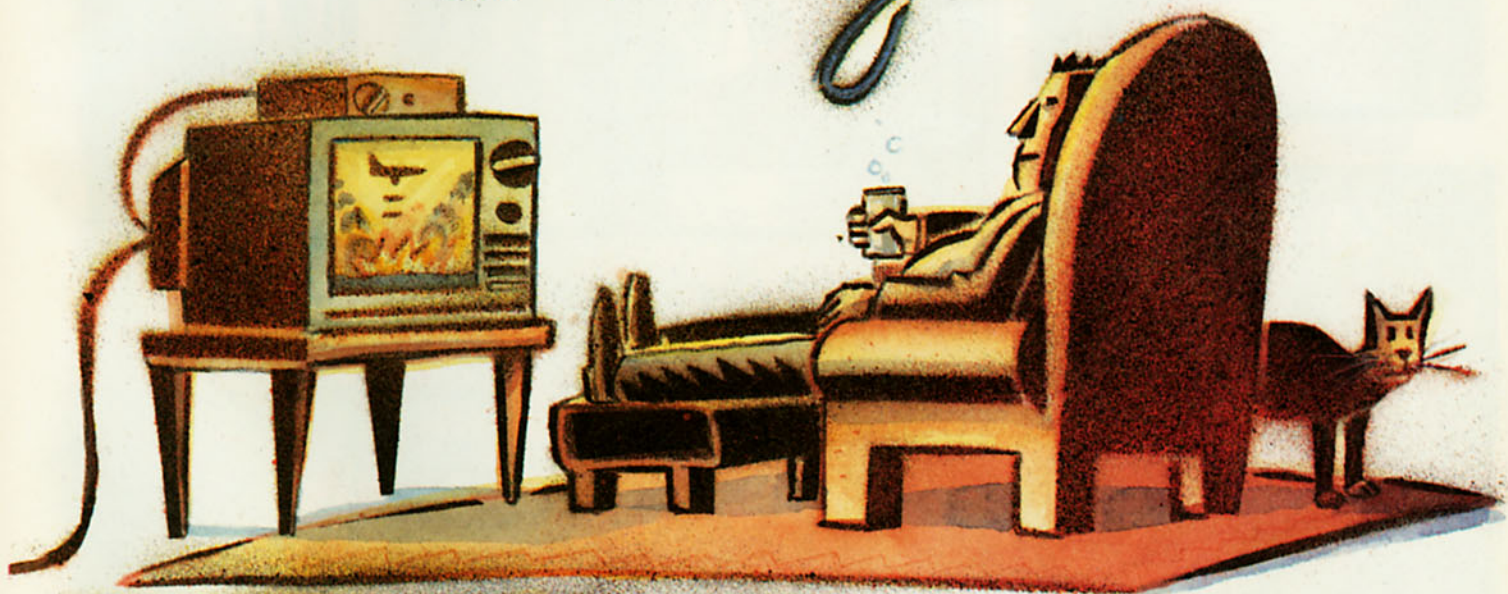






# BUMBS

*Away*



© PETER KUPER 1991



