

THE WATERS OF DEADMOON! RICHARD CORBEN!

SEPTEMBER 1992

\$3.95

CAN \$4.50

# HEAVY METAL

THE ILLUSTRATED  
FANTASY MAGAZINE





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RETAILER: DISPLAY UNTIL SEPTEMBER 21, 1992





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HEAVY METAL • SEPTEMBER 1992 • VOL. XVII, NO. III



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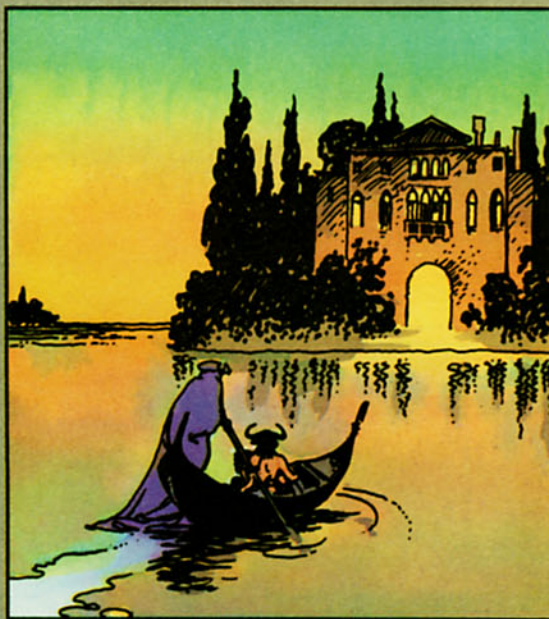
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Peter Kuper's

## COMICS TRIPS

**TRAVELLERS I HATED**

- Germans: loud, self-centered, egotists
- French: snobby, self-centered, egotists
- Israelis: rude, egotists
- Australians: loud, obnoxious, mannerless
- some English: stuff-shirt, boring, rude
- Californians: brainless, inane, obnoxious
- most other Americans: whiny, loud, overt tourists

**TRAVELLERS I LIKED**

- Dutch: attractive, bright, relaxed
- Swedish: same as above minus bright
- Austrians: intelligent, friendly, although some Master Race attitude holdover
- some English: witty, friendly, semi-informed
- New Zealanders: good travellers, fun, relaxed
- French: how can you hate people who love comix?!

“O F COURSE,

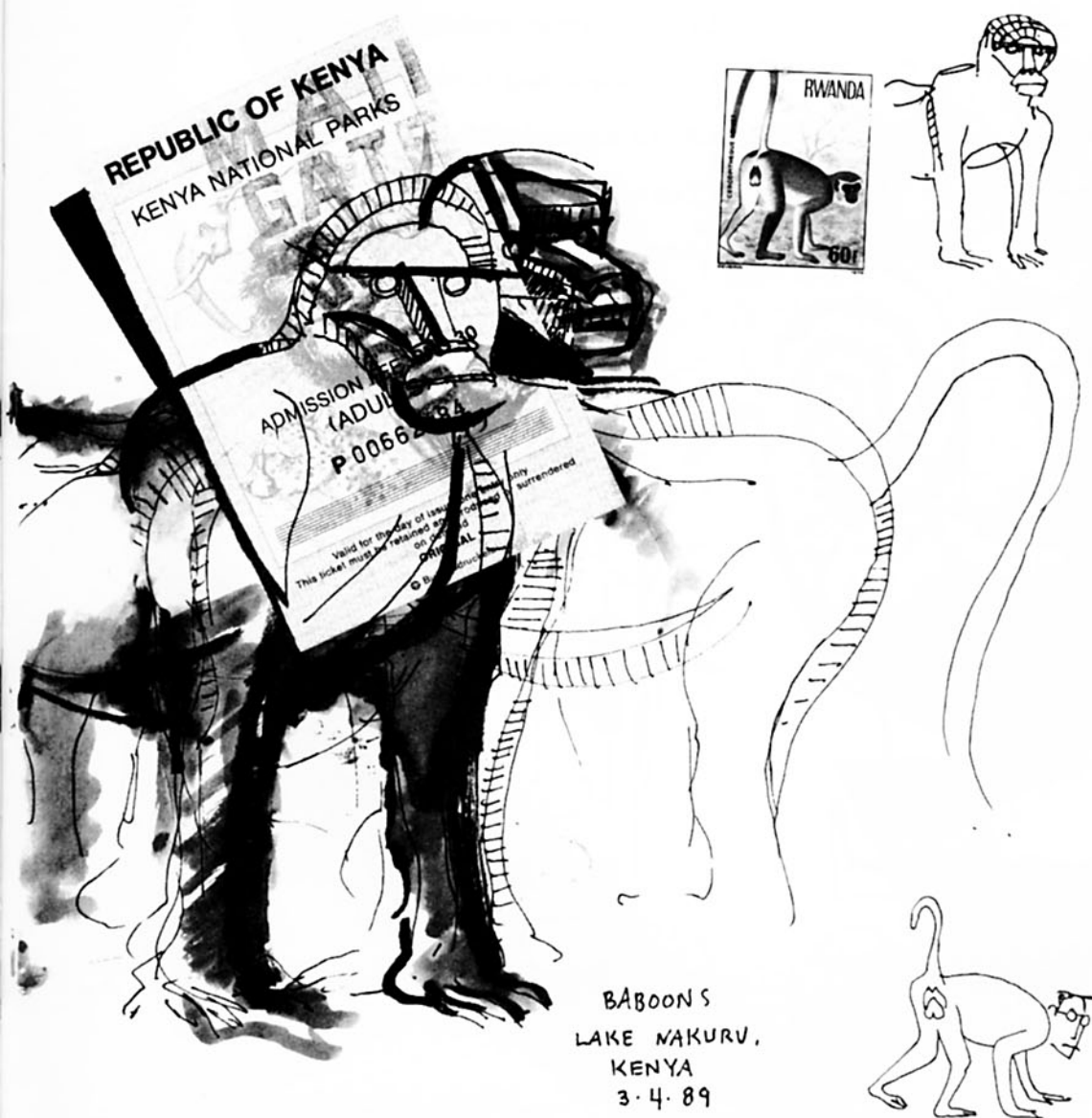
*it wasn't by accident that my wife, Betty  
and I found ourselves globe-trotting through Africa and  
Southeast Asia. We had been fantasizing about and  
saving for this trip for years.”*



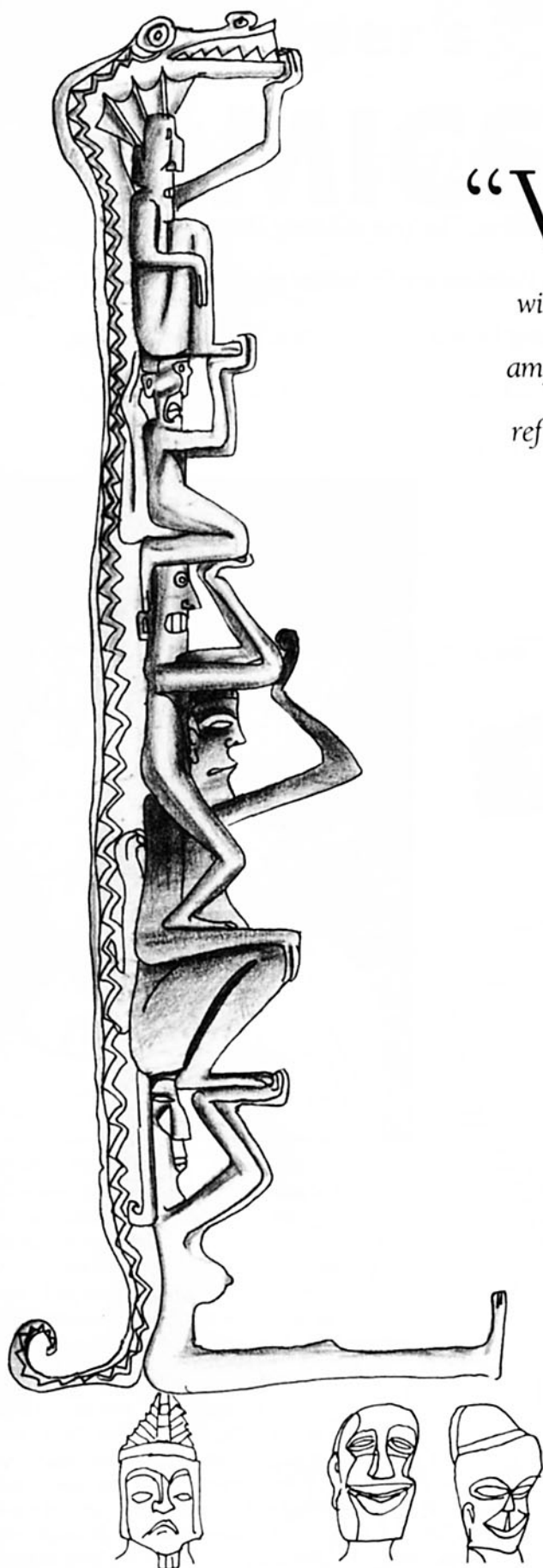


# "THIS WAS TRAVEL

with a capital "T"—Indiana Jones, Lawrence of Arabia, The Year of Living Dangerously, The African Queen, The Man Who Would be King! Vacations are for tourists anxious to disengage, relax and watch their time evaporate. What we were looking for was high-adventure. Unexplored regions, 18-hour bus rides, bizarre infections: we wanted to throttle the experiences for all they were worth—and then lie on the beach for a week."





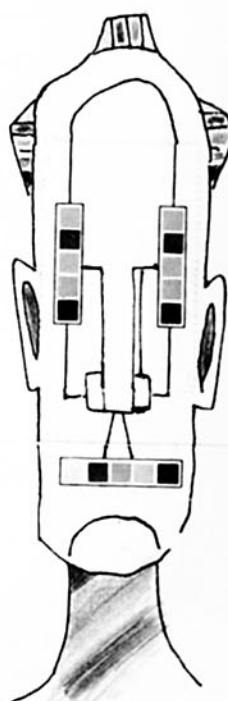


# “WHEN WRESTLING

*with some nasty microbe or another, one has ample opportunity to squat or double over and reflect on one's life. I found this problem could*

*be avoided with a few simple steps:*

1. Develop new annoying habits.
2. Consume a magic mushroom omelette.
3. Scuba dive without training.
4. Rent a motorcycle (helmets not included).
5. Don't go on the trip expecting to become Lawrence of Arabia.







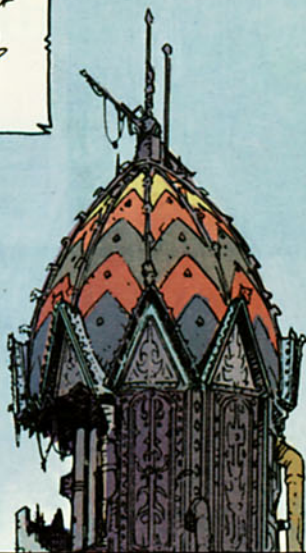
The process of communicating these designs to a Balinese mask maker was probably the deepest conversation I've had without words. Through drawing, gesturing, and laughing, I commissioned him to carve (counter-clockwise)

*Just-New-In-Town-Take-My-Money, Constipation,*  
and *Lost/Stolen Passport* masks.





WELL, MY DEAR  
GRANDMASTER OF  
THE WARDROBE,  
WHAT NEWS DO  
YOU BRING ME?



# The Waters Of Dead Moon The End

ALAS, PRINCESS VERA!  
NOTHING THAT YOU  
DON'T ALREADY KNOW.  
YOUR HUSBAND, PRINCE  
JEROME, WHO USED TO  
MONOPOLIZE THE  
WATER SUPPLY ON  
DEADMOON HAS QUAR-  
RELED WITH HIS COU-  
SIN, MALIK, WHO PRO-  
VIDED THE FUEL TO  
OPERATE THE MACHINES  
WHICH FILTERED  
THE WATER....



SINCE THEIR  
QUARREL THE  
WATER PUMPS  
HAVE STOPPED  
WORKING  
AND...



...OUR WATER  
RESERVES WILL  
ONLY LAST A  
WEEK. THEN WE  
WILL ALL DIE  
OF THIRST!

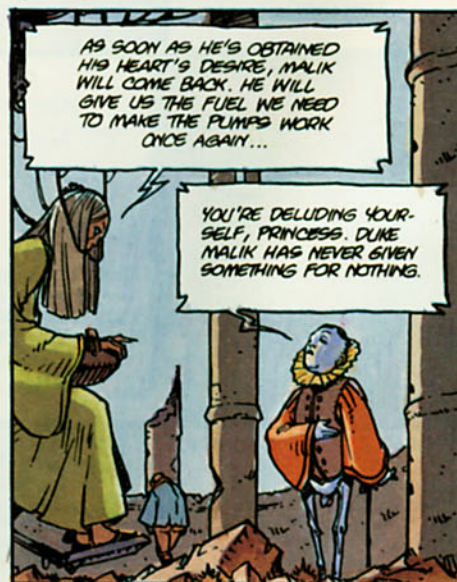


WE WON'T IF MALIK FINDS THE PRINCE.  
THE DUKE COULDN'T CARE LESS A-  
BOUT THE WATER. ALL HE WANTS IS  
THE SECRET TO PRINCE JEROME'S  
ETERNAL YOUTH....



THAT'S WHY HE'S SO  
DETERMINED TO  
HUNT HIM DOWN!

AS SOON AS HE'S OBTAINED  
HIS HEART'S DESIRE, MALIK  
WILL COME BACK. HE WILL  
GIVE US THE FUEL WE NEED  
TO MAKE THE PUMPS WORK  
ONCE AGAIN...



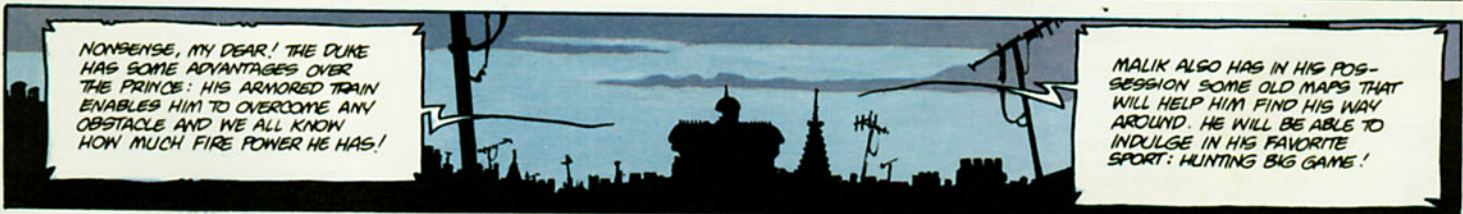
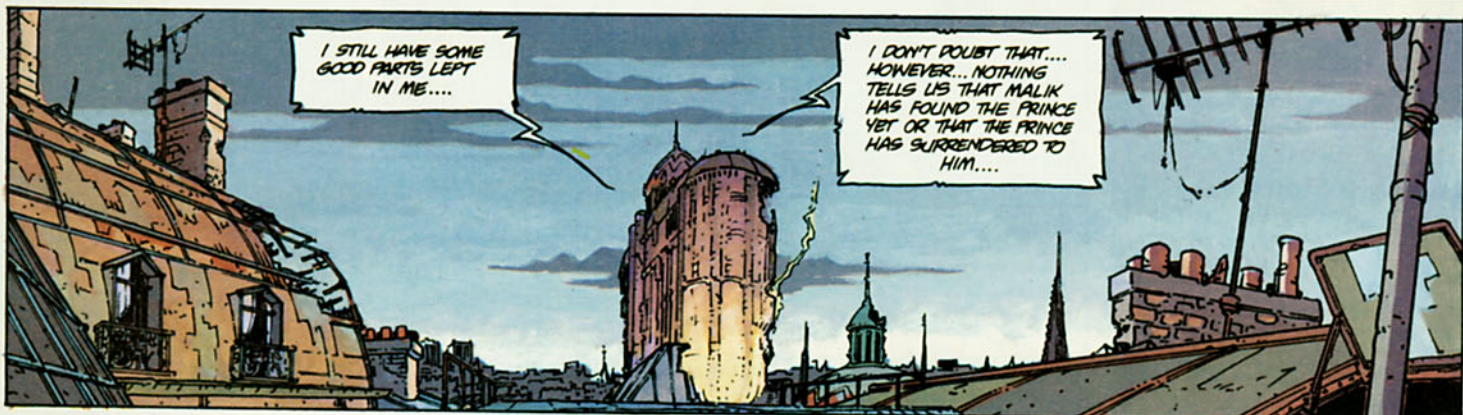
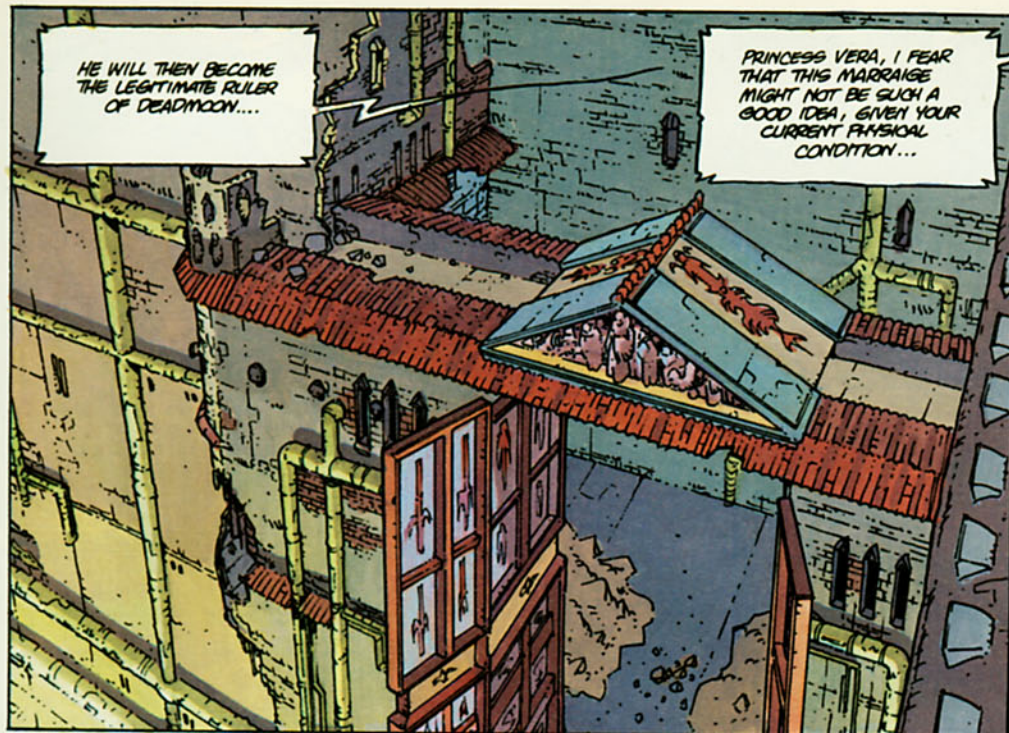
YOU'RE DELUDING YOUR-  
SELF, PRINCESS. DUKE  
MALIK HAS NEVER GIVEN  
SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.

WE WILL MAKE HIM A  
TEMPTING OFFER. THE DUKE  
LOVES POWER. POWER HAS  
NO REASON TO EXIST IF  
THERE ARE NO PEOPLE TO  
EXERCISE IT AGAINST....



I WILL EXPEDITE ALL THE  
FORMALITIES OF MY  
DIVORCE FROM THAT SILLY  
JEROME, AND I WILL ASK  
MALIK TO MARRY ME...







WE'VE JUST PASSED  
MONTELIMAR, SIR.

I KNOW  
THAT, IDIOT!

THIS MAP, WHICH COMES TO  
US FROM A HIGHLY EVOLVED  
PAST, TELLS ME WHAT TO  
EXPECT ON OUR ROUTE....IT  
ALSO TELLS ME OUR EXACT  
LOCATION OF THE FUEL DE-  
POSITS IN THE TERRITORY  
WE'RE ABOUT TO ENTER....

YOU SEE, MY DEAR KALI,  
THIS DESOLATE ABOMINA-  
TION IN WHICH WE LIVE  
OFFERS A FEW PRIVILEGES  
TO US SURVIVORS NONE-  
THELESS: NO MORE TOLLS,  
NO MORE LINES, NO  
MORE RECEIPTS!

DOES ANYONE  
REALLY KNOW WHAT  
HAPPENED?

MAYBE A  
CHEMICAL  
WAR, OR  
MAYBE A  
NUCLEAR WAR...  
OR ANOTHER  
KIND OF WAR...

THE END RESULT OF A LONG PROCESS OF  
DEVOLUTION, THE ORIGIN OF WHICH GOES  
BACK TO THE BEGINNING OF TIME...

BARNABAS WAS THE  
ONLY PERSON THAT  
KNEW OUR HISTORY. BUT  
BARNABAS HAS DIED,  
TAKING HIS KNOWLEDGE  
WITH HIM...

ALL I WANT TO KNOW IS  
WHAT'S INSIDE THESE VIALS...

THE MIRACULOUS COMPOUND  
THAT STOPS THESE CELLS  
FROM SELF-DESTRUCTING.  
THE ELIXIR OF YOUTH!





THE CONTENTS OF THESE TWO VIALS MUST BE MIXED, BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH OF EACH IS NECESSARY.



A MISTAKE IN THE DOSAGE, EVEN A SMALL ONE, MEANS DEATH!

HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT?



I HAVE TRIED IT ON SOME OF THE CREW...

... I NEED THE TWO WHO ARE LEFT TO HELP GUIDE OUR TRAIN...



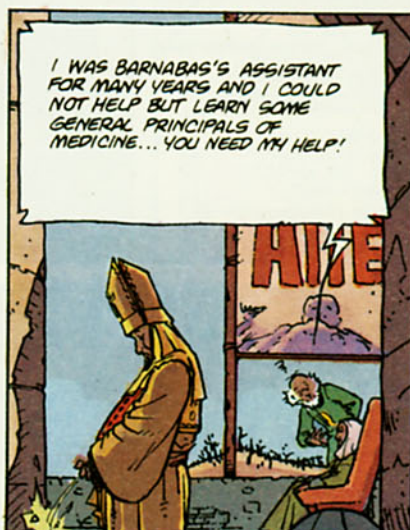
I ALSO NEED SOME NEW VOLUNTEERS...

WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME THAT WAY, DUKE?



WAS I LOOKING AT YOU?

PLEASE REMEMBER THAT I MAY STILL BE USEFUL TO YOU...



I WAS BARNABAS'S ASSISTANT FOR MANY YEARS AND I COULD NOT HELP BUT LEARN SOME GENERAL PRINCIPALS OF MEDICINE... YOU NEED MY HELP!

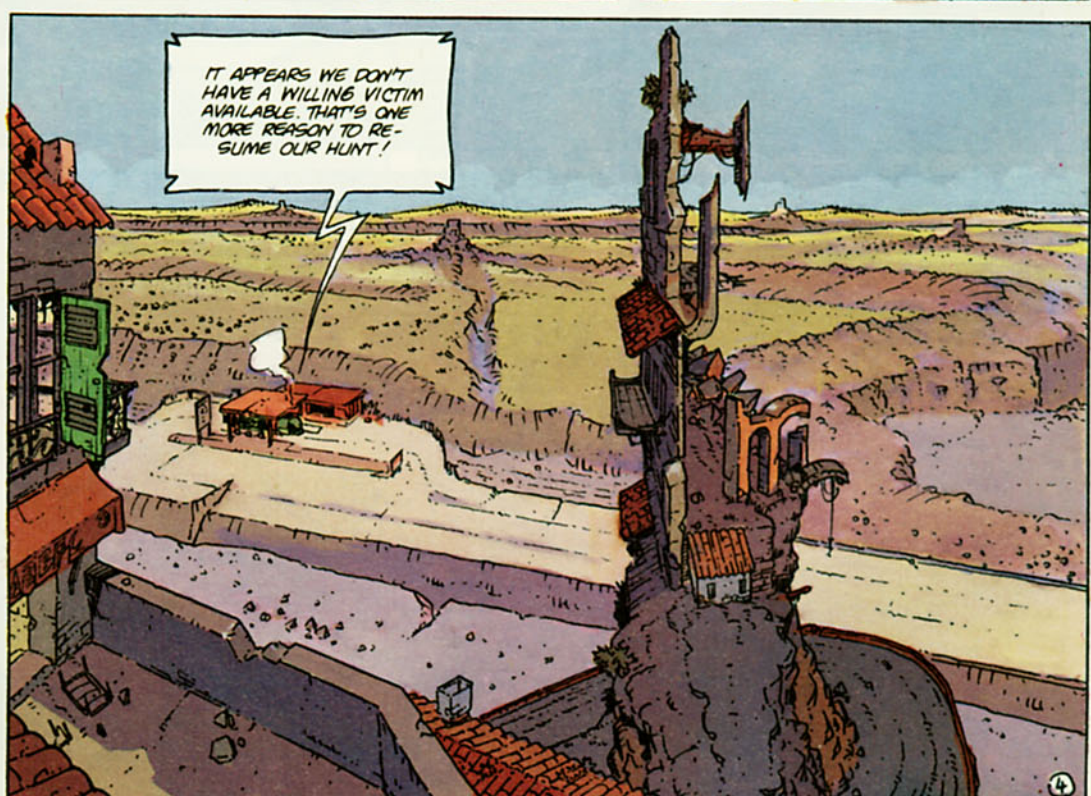


THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE ARCHDEACON, HOWEVER, WOULD NOT AFFECT YOU AS MUCH, SINCE YOU DO NOT HAVE MUCH FAITH IN RELIGION....

YOU FORGET ONE THING, TURNUMBUS, BASIL AMUSES ME.

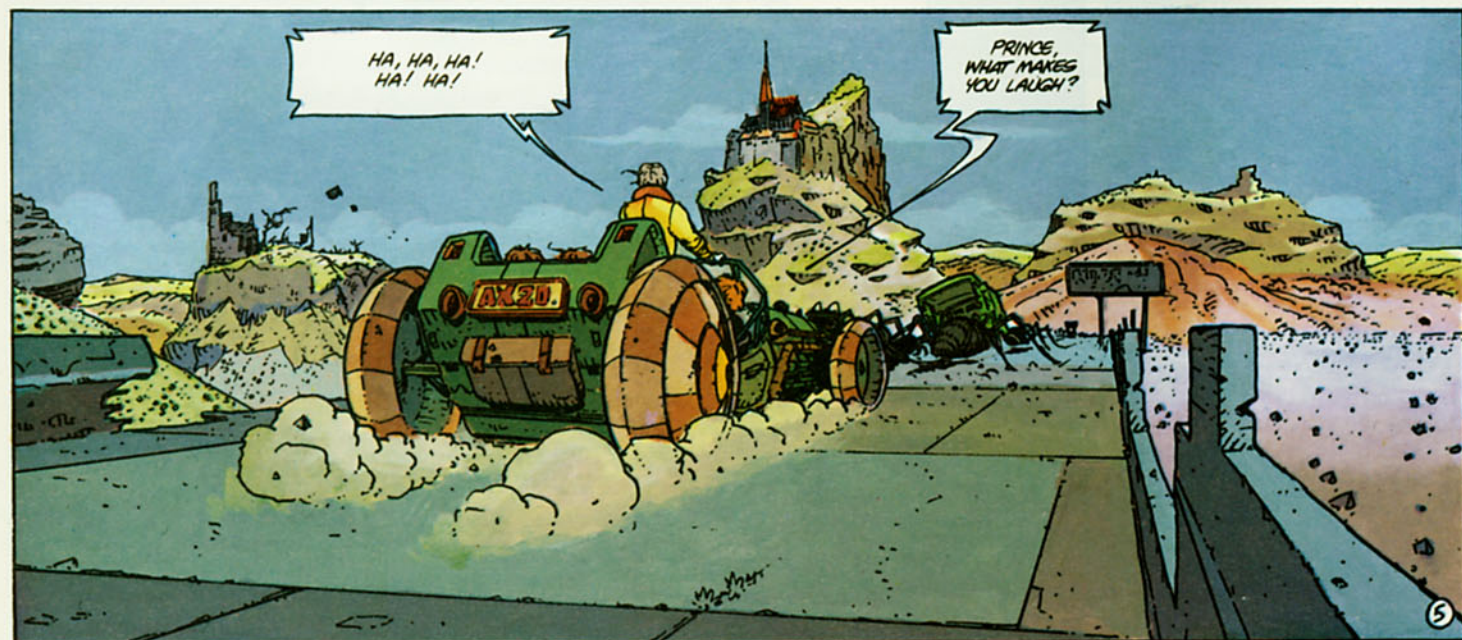


I WILL ONLY DESTROY HIM IF I REALLY HAVE TO...



IT APPEARS WE DON'T HAVE A WILLING VICTIM AVAILABLE. THAT'S ONE MORE REASON TO RESUME OUR HUNT!







I'M NOT REALLY LAUGHING. I'M JUST TRYING TO IMAGINE WHAT MALIK IS FEELING NOW-- I'M SURE HE THINKS HE WILL FIND ME SHORTLY...



IT'S A BITTERSWEET MIXTURE OF PLEASURE AND DISTRESS, SINCE DEEP DOWN HE KNOWS THAT IN THE END THIS WILL ALL HAVE BEEN IN VAIN...

THEN YOU MUST BE EQUALLY DISTRESSED, PRINCE JEROME.



THE DUKE HAS STOLEN YOUR PRECIOUS ELIXIR, AND EVEN IF YOU EVER GET IT BACK, YOU WILL NOT BE ABLE TO BENEFIT FROM IT ANYMORE...

YOUR BROTHER, BARNABAS, WAS THE ONLY ONE TO KNOW...



YOU'RE RIGHT.... I FEEL I AM GROWING OLD, JUST LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE. I WILL START LOOKING LIKE MY DEAR COUSIN VERY SOON, AND MAYBE WORSE, LIKE POOR VERA...



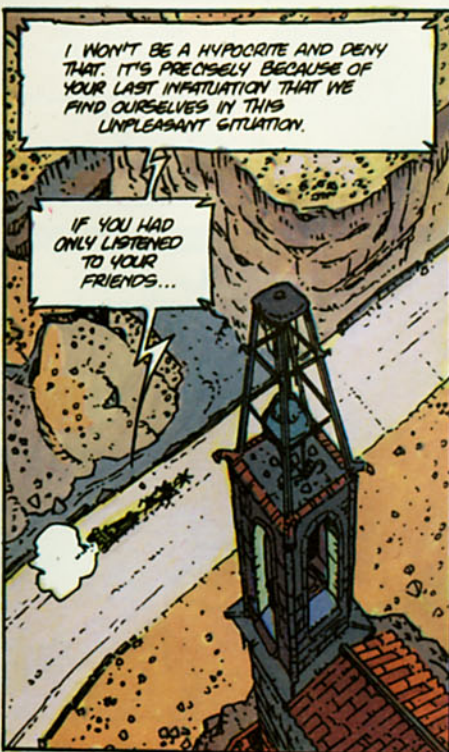
BUT WHAT THE HECK! THAT'S JUST LIFE! NO ONE MUST FEEL SORRY FOR ME!

I HAVE CERTAINLY TAKEN FULL ADVANTAGE OF MY YOUTH!



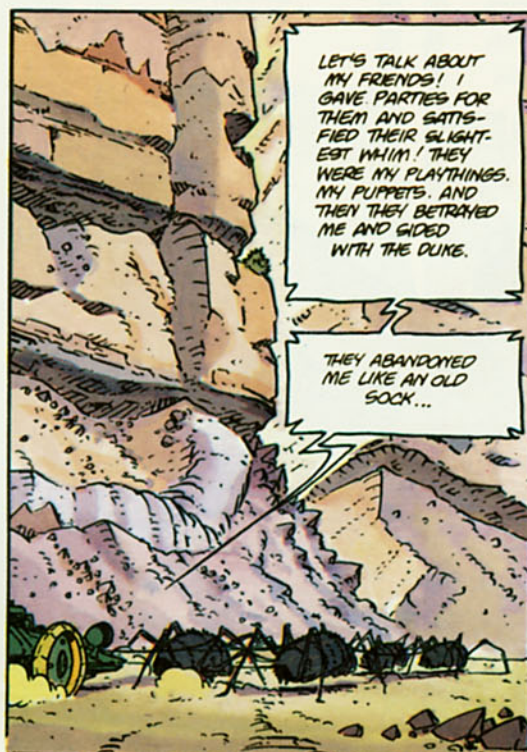
I WON'T BE A HYPOCRITE AND DENY THAT. IT'S PRECISELY BECAUSE OF YOUR LAST INFATUATION THAT WE FIND OURSELVES IN THIS UNPLEASANT SITUATION.

IF YOU HAD ONLY LISTENED TO YOUR FRIENDS...

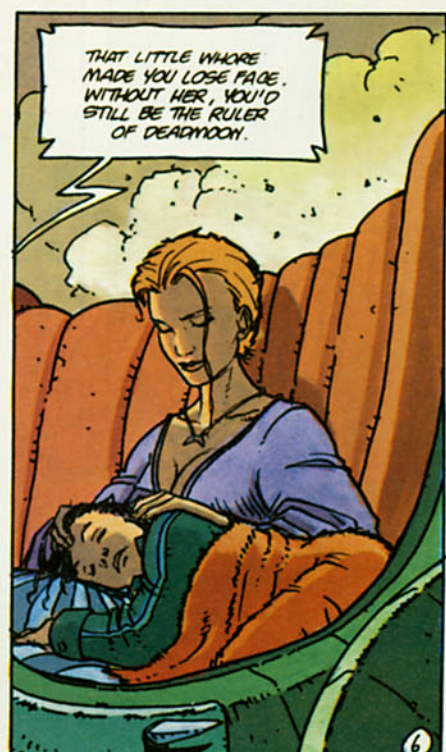


LET'S TALK ABOUT MY FRIENDS! I GAVE PARTIES FOR THEM AND SATISFIED THEIR SLIGHTEST WHIM! THEY WERE MY PLAYTHINGS, MY PUPPETS, AND THEN THEY BETRAYED ME AND SIDED WITH THE DUKE.

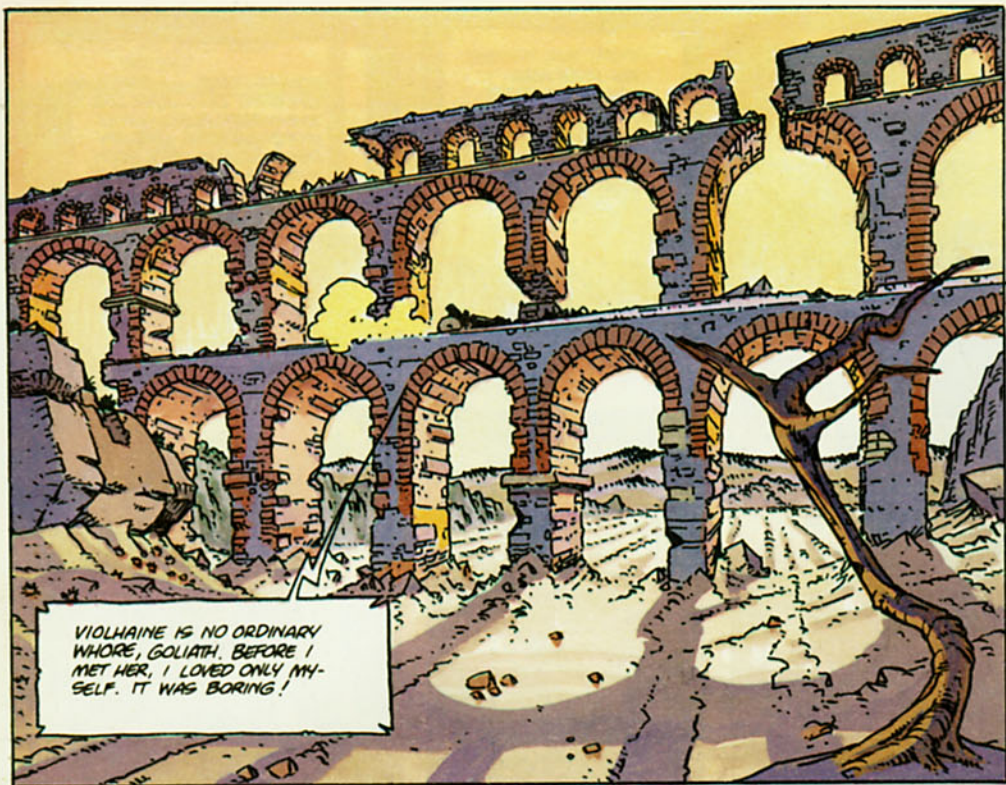
THEY ABANDONED ME LIKE AN OLD SOCK...



THAT LITTLE WHORE MADE YOU LOSE FACE. WITHOUT HER, YOU'D STILL BE THE RULER OF DEADMOON.







VIOUHANE IS NO ORDINARY WHORE, GOLIATH. BEFORE I MET HER, I LOVED ONLY MYSELF. IT WAS BORING!



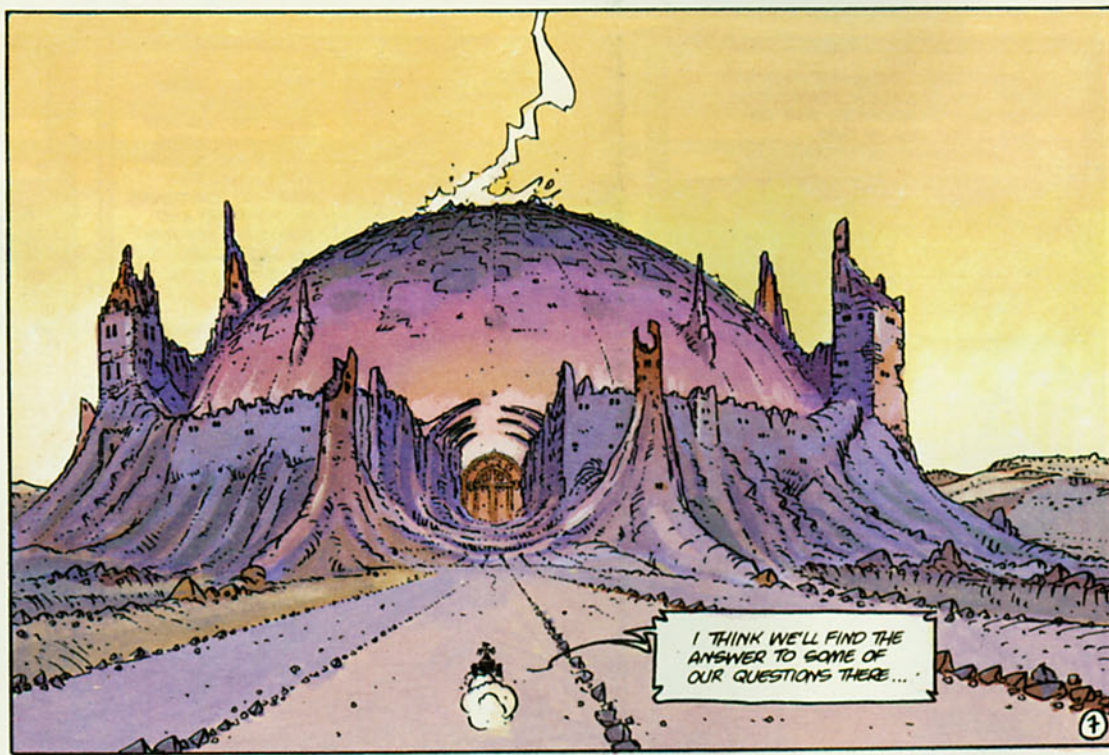
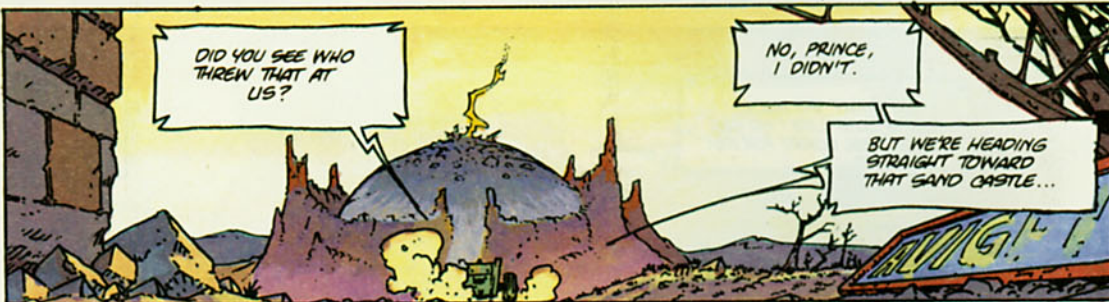
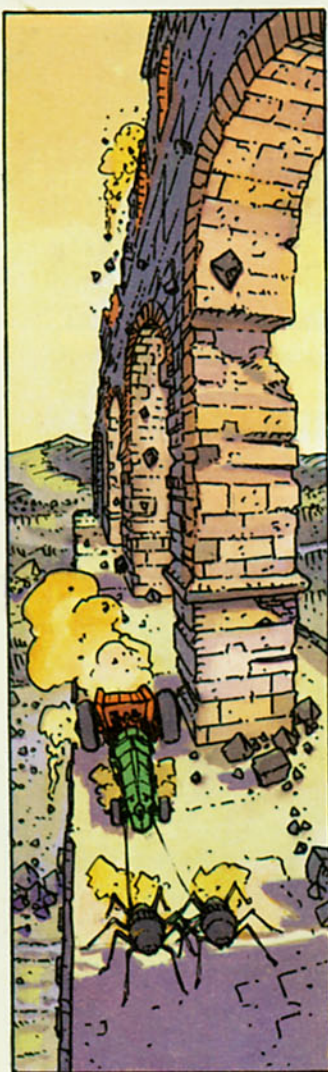
LET HIM WHO HAS NOT LOVED ONCE HONESTLY IN HIS LIFE THROW THE FIRST...



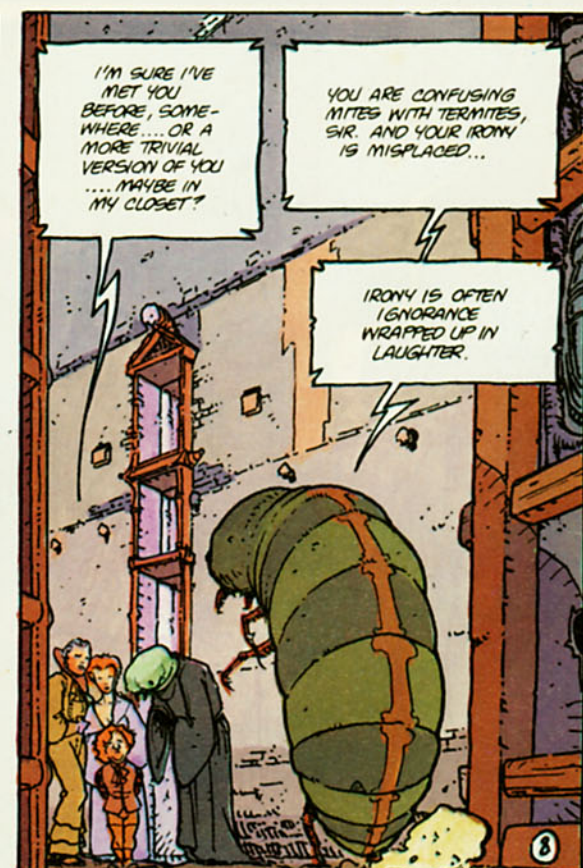
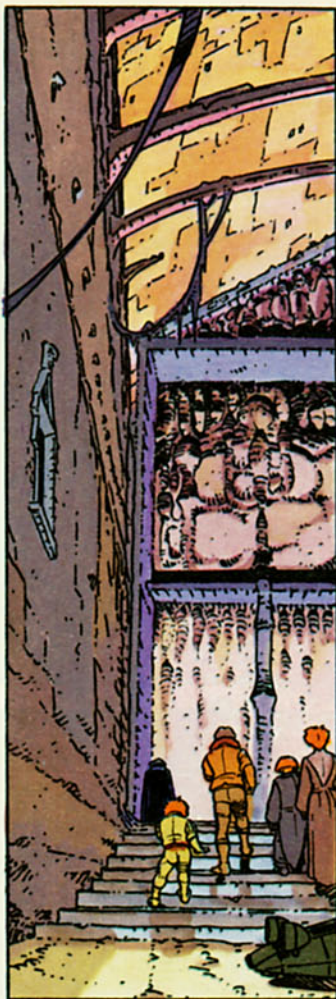
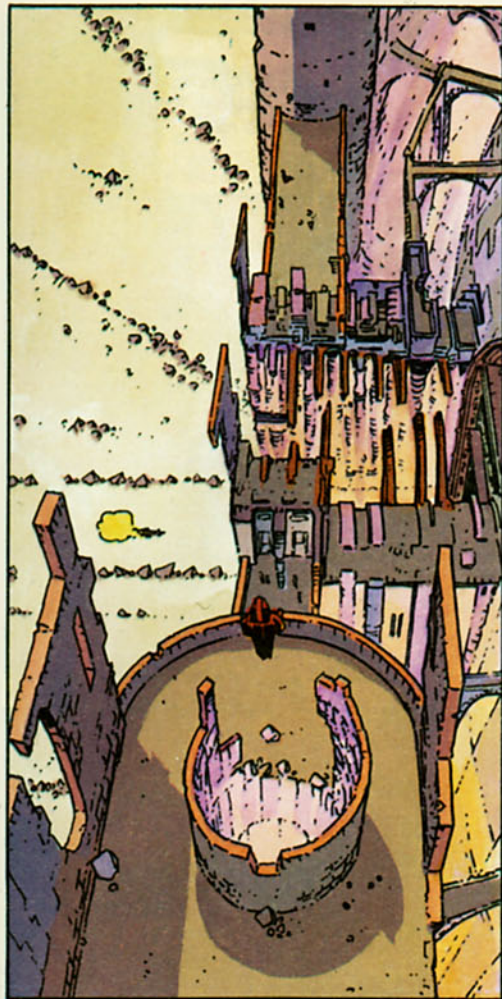
DID YOU SEE WHO THREW THAT AT US?

NO, PRINCE, I DIDN'T.

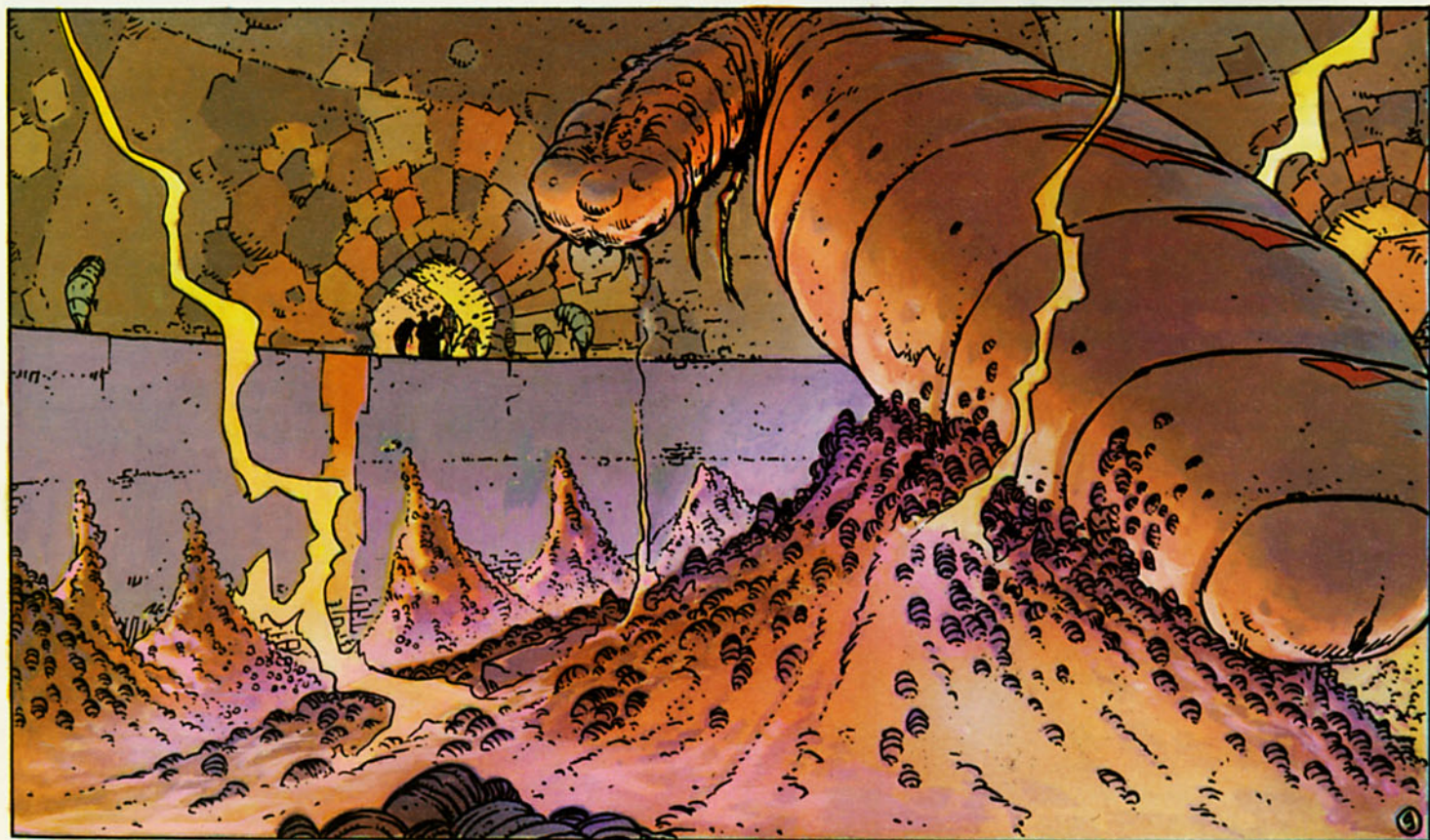
BUT WE'RE HEADING STRAIGHT TOWARD THAT SAND CASTLE...







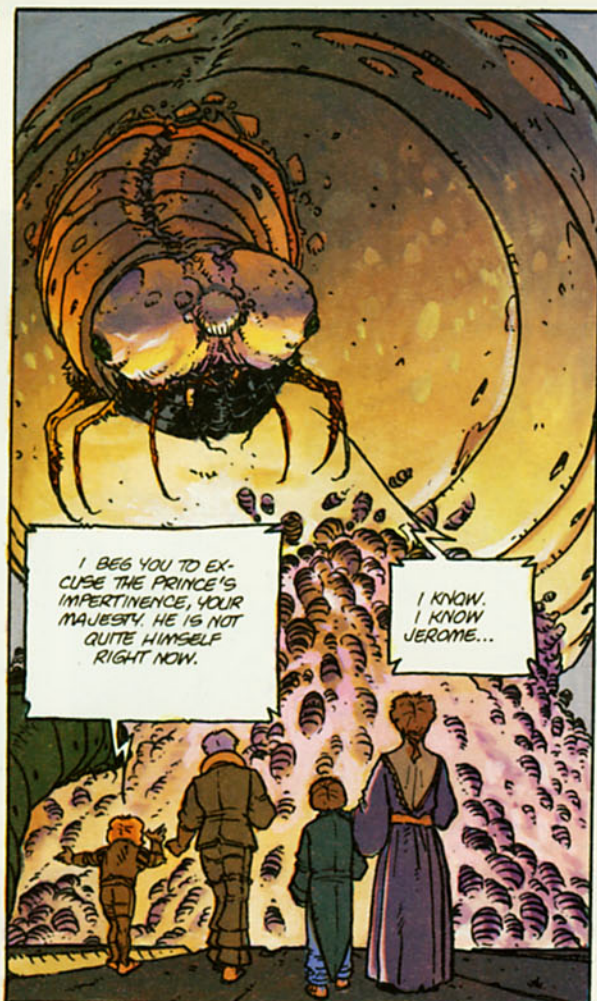








I AM EXTREMELY HONORED, YOUR MAJESTY, AND SOMEWHAT ASHAMED TO PRESENT MYSELF WITH SUCH A SMALL ENTOURAGE. I HAVE HAD A REVERSAL OF FORTUNE...



I BEG YOU TO EXCUSE THE PRINCE'S IMPERTINENCE, YOUR MAJESTY. HE IS NOT QUITE HIMSELF RIGHT NOW.

I KNOW. I KNOW JEROME...



YOU KNOW JEROME?

YES, GOLIATH. QUITE INTIMATELY.



WHO TOLD YOU MY NAME?

I WILL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING TO YOU. I KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU--YOUR PAST AND YOUR PRESENT....

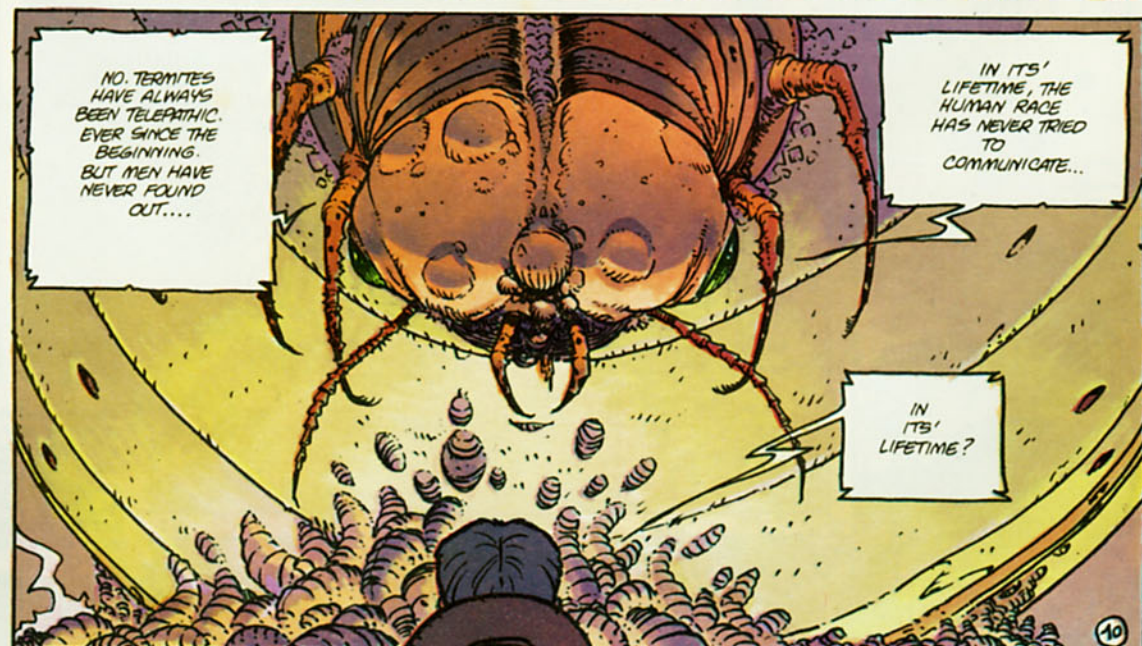


...ALL THE MEMORIES ENGRAVED IN YOUR MIND...



ALL YOUR THOUGHTS, FROM THE MOST INSIGNIFICANT ONES TO THE DEEPEST ONES...IT JUST SO HAPPENS THAT WE TERMITES ARE TELEPATHIC....

IS THIS A SIDE OF YOUR MUTATION AFTER THE ATOMIC BOMB EXPLODED, OR WHATEVER BOMB THAT WAS?



NO. TERMITES HAVE ALWAYS BEEN TELEPATHIC. EVER SINCE THE BEGINNING. BUT MEN HAVE NEVER FOUND OUT....

IN ITS' LIFETIME, THE HUMAN RACE HAS NEVER TRIED TO COMMUNICATE...

IN ITS' LIFETIME?

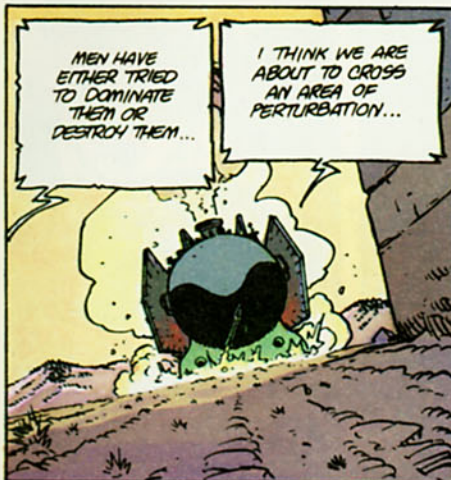


YES, JEROME. YOUR SPECIES IS BECOMING EXTINCT. IT IS A NECESSARY EVIL: MEN HAVE NEVER TRIED TO COMMUNICATE WITH OTHER ANIMAL SPECIES...

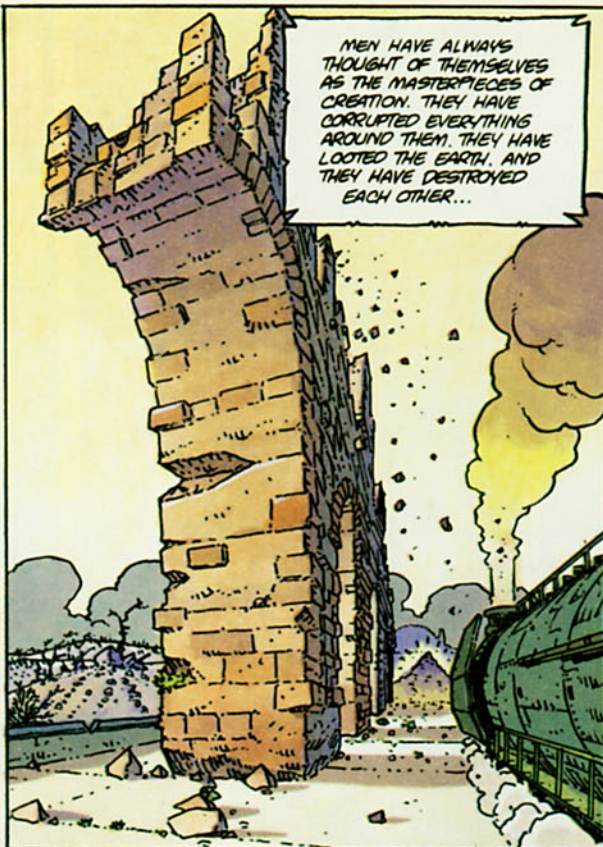


MEN HAVE EITHER TRIED TO DOMINATE THEM OR DESTROY THEM...

I THINK WE ARE ABOUT TO CROSS AN AREA OF PERTURBATION...



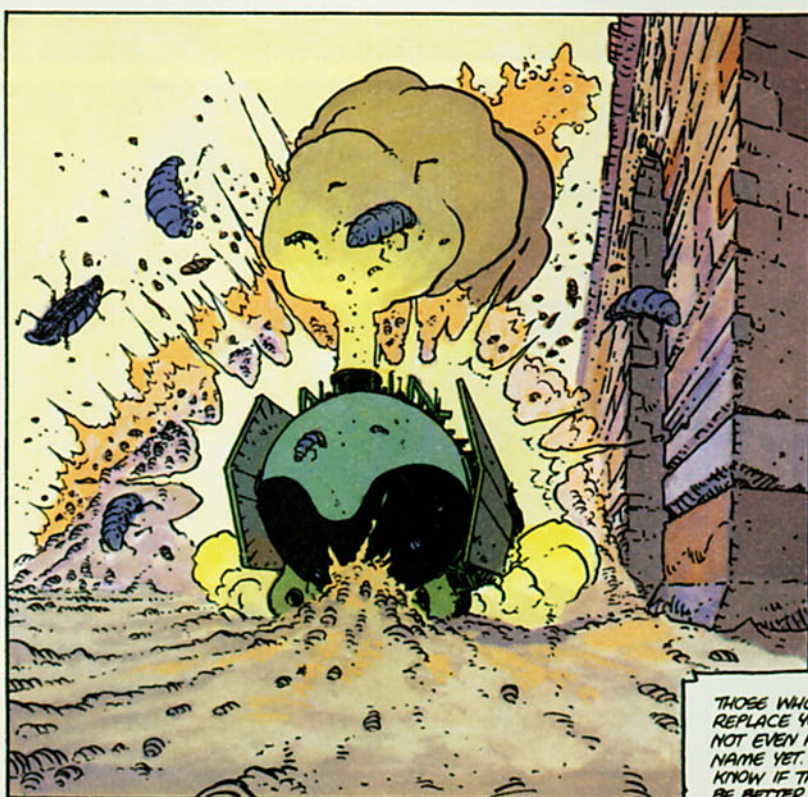
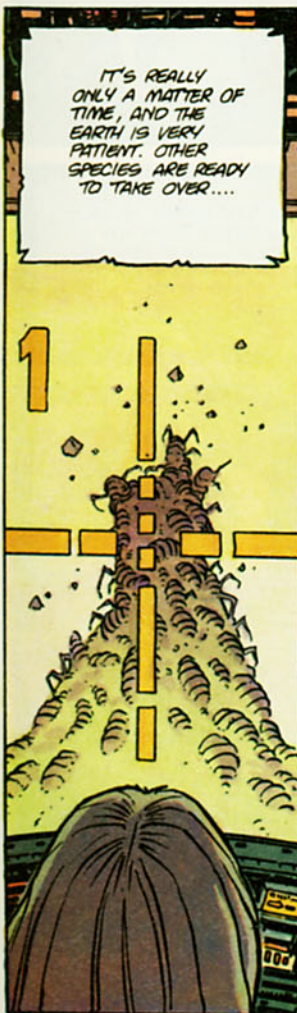
MEN HAVE ALWAYS THOUGHT OF THEMSELVES AS THE MASTERPIECES OF CREATION. THEY HAVE CORRUPTED EVERYTHING AROUND THEM. THEY HAVE LOOTED THE EARTH, AND THEY HAVE DESTROYED EACH OTHER...



THE LAST SURVIVORS ARE THE MOST DANGEROUS, BUT THEY ARE TOO CONDEMNED TO DISAPPEAR-- THEIR ANGER AND OBSTINACY WON'T HELP THEM SURVIVE.



IT'S REALLY ONLY A MATTER OF TIME, AND THE EARTH IS VERY PATIENT. OTHER SPECIES ARE READY TO TAKE OVER....



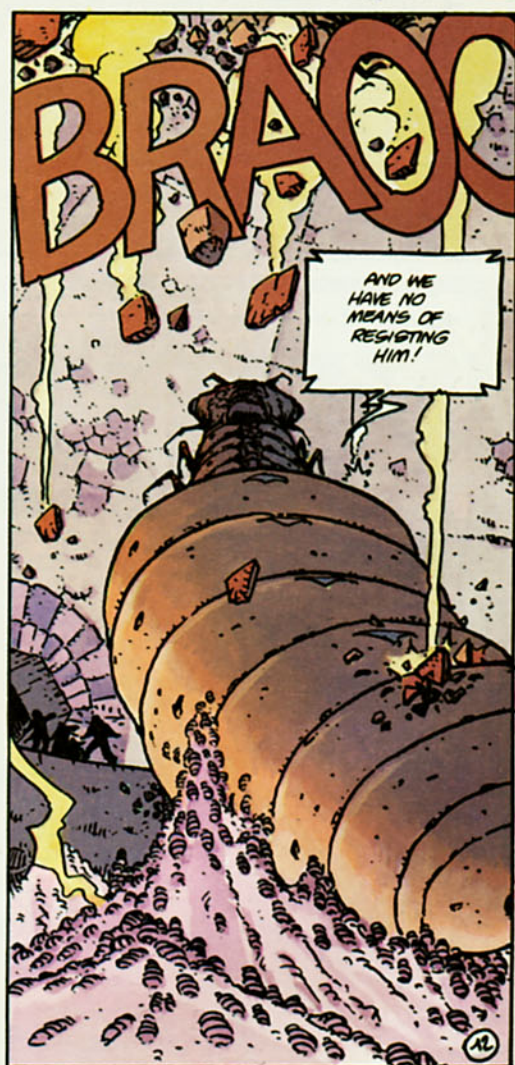
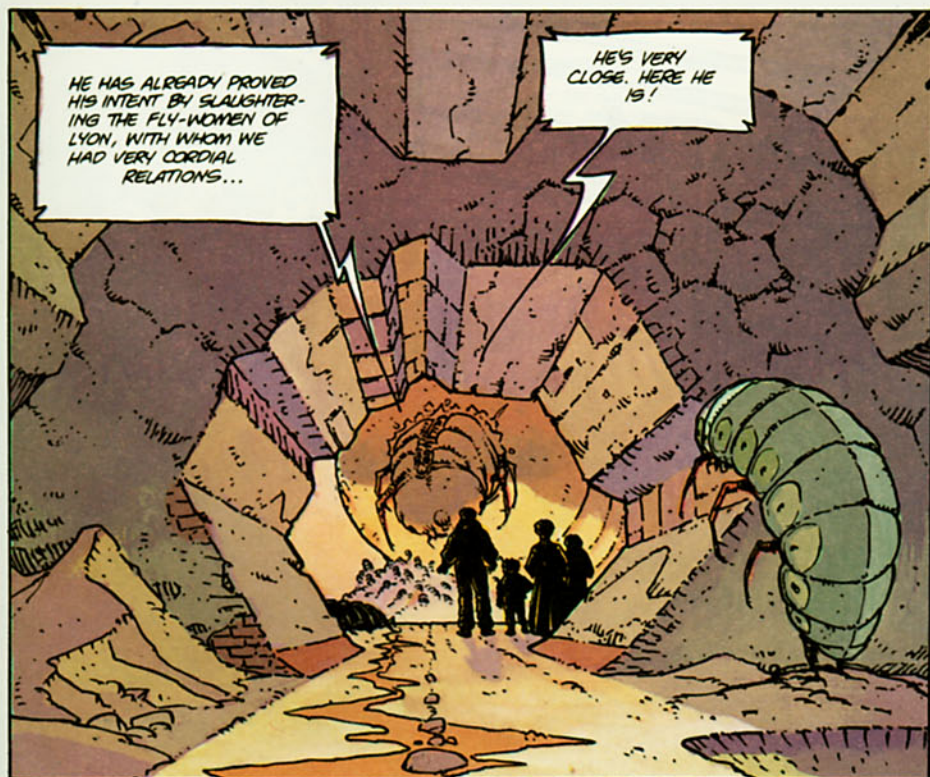
YOU, I PRESUME?

NO, JEROME. NO MATTER HOW MUCH WE'VE CHANGED, WE REMAIN TERMITES AND OUR WISH IS TO KEEP OUR PLACE AMONG ALL OF EARTH'S CREATURES.

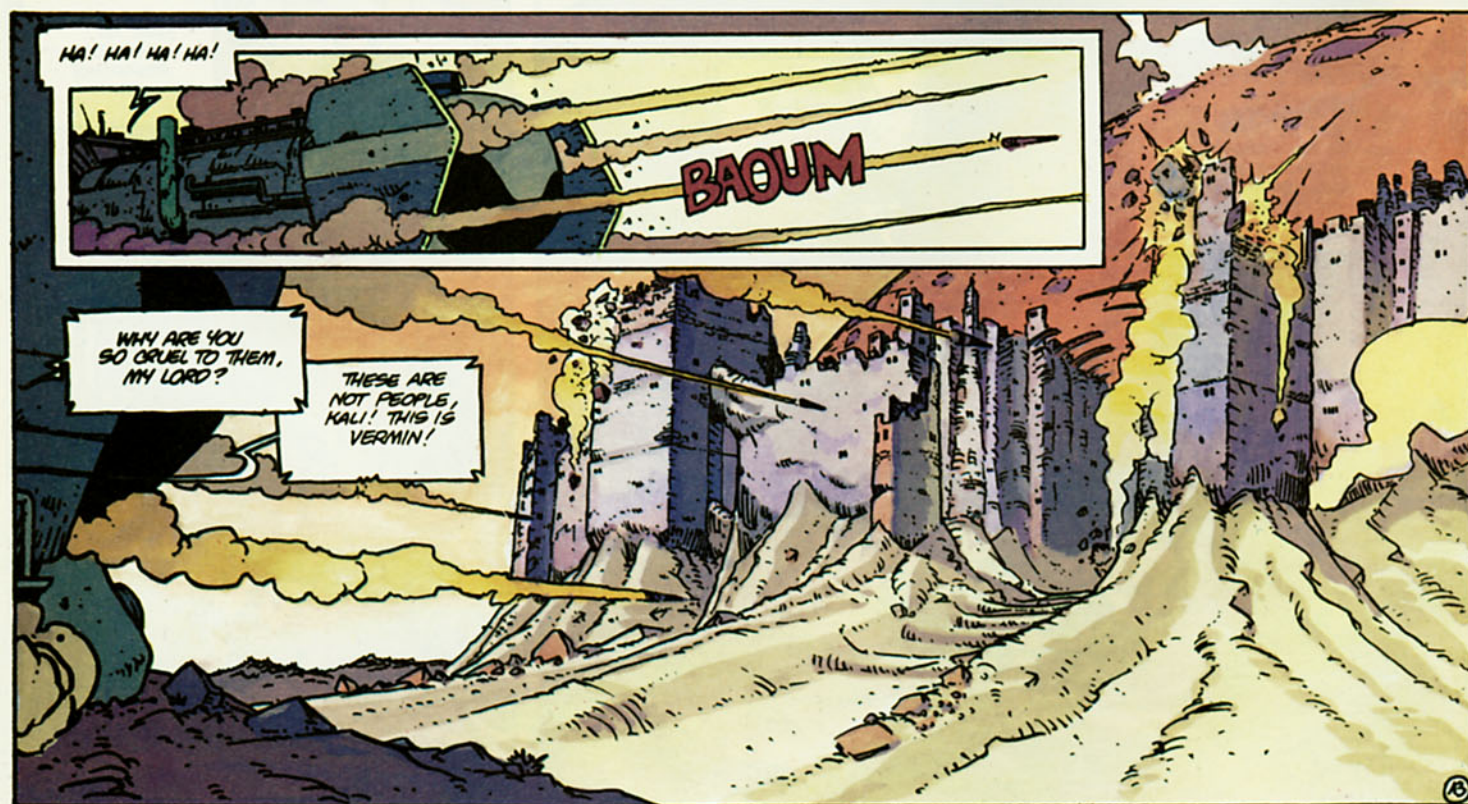
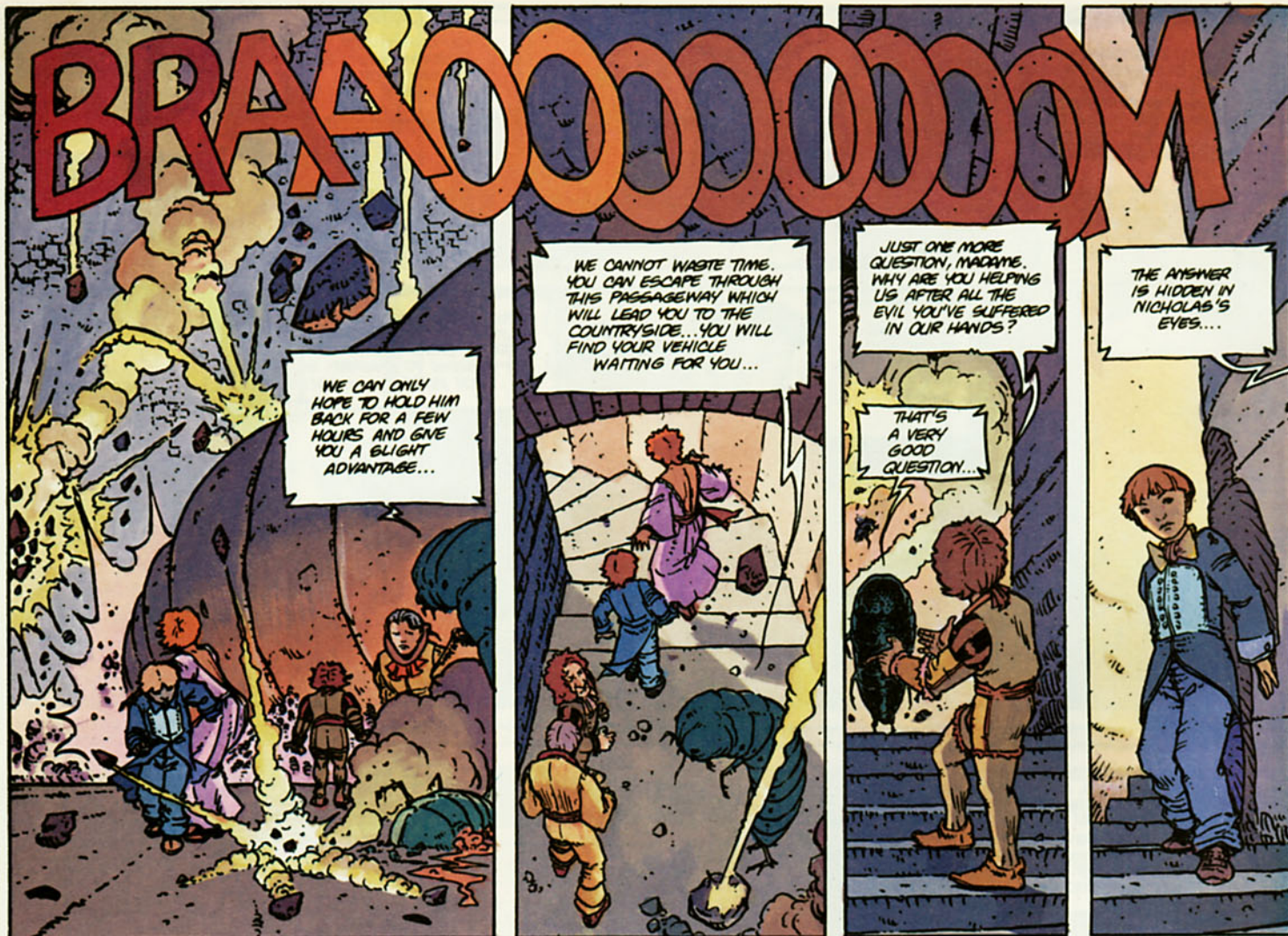


THOSE WHO WILL REPLACE YOU DO NOT EVEN HAVE A NAME YET. I DON'T KNOW IF THEY'LL BE BETTER OR WORSE RULERS THAN YOU WERE...













THEY'RE  
TAKING A  
LOT OF  
HEAT UP  
THERE!

THOSE TERMITES  
WEREN'T SO BAD  
AFTER ALL.

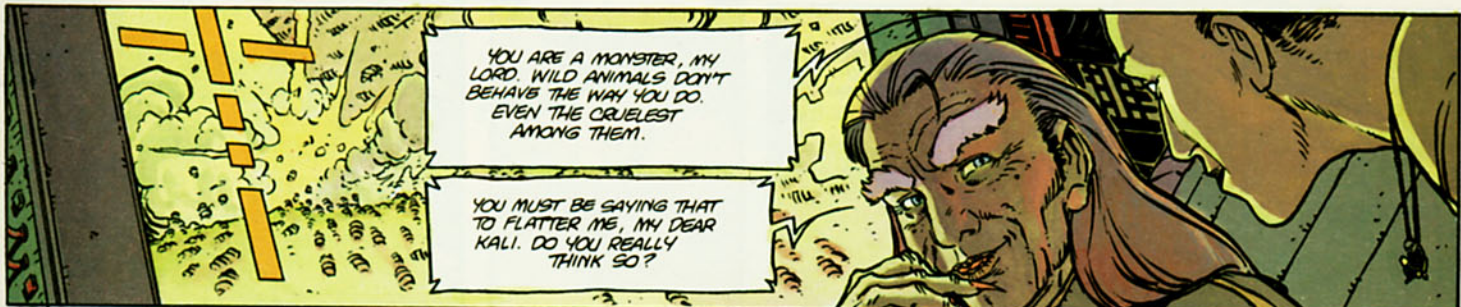


IF I WERE  
YOU, JEROME OF  
DEADMOON, I WOULD  
FEEL ASHAMED OF  
HAVING TREATED THEM  
WITH SUCH  
CONTEMPT...



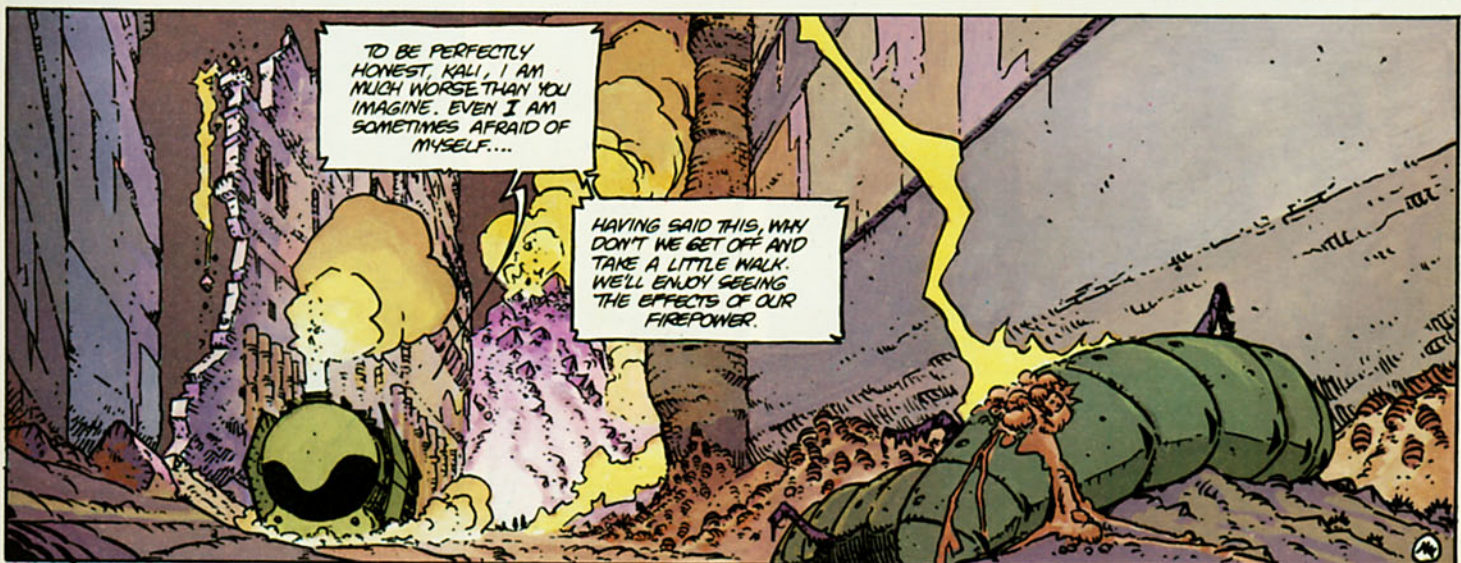
YOU ARE RIGHT,  
GOLIATH. I WILL  
LIGHT A CANDLE TO  
THEM IF WE EVER  
GET OUT OF HERE...

A JOB  
WELL  
DONE!



YOU ARE A MONSTER, MY  
LORD. WILD ANIMALS DON'T  
BEHAVE THE WAY YOU DO.  
EVEN THE CRUELEST  
AMONG THEM.

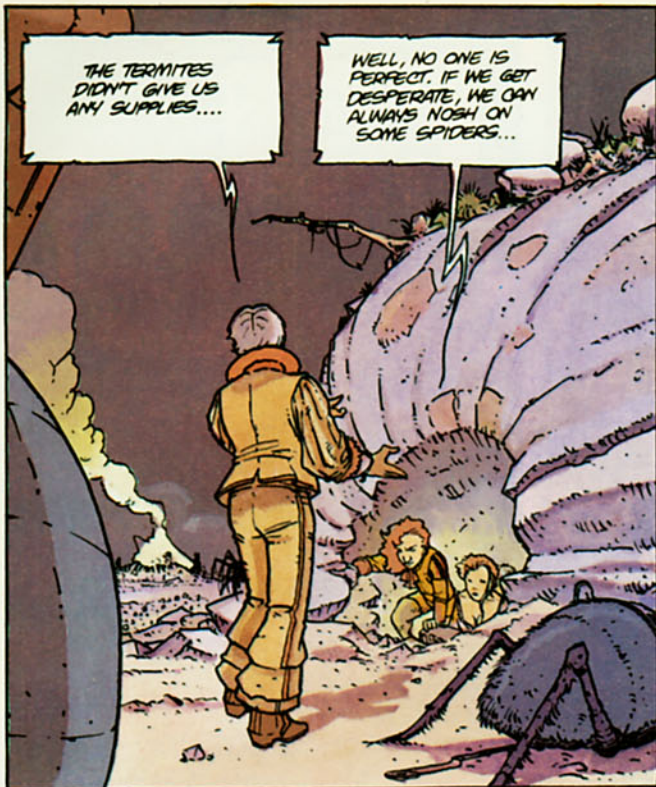
YOU MUST BE SAYING THAT  
TO FLATTER ME, MY DEAR  
KALI. DO YOU REALLY  
THINK SO?



TO BE PERFECTLY  
HONEST, KALI, I AM  
MUCH WORSE THAN YOU  
IMAGINE. EVEN I AM  
SOMETIMES AFRAID OF  
MYSELF...

HAVING SAID THIS, WHY  
DON'T WE GET OFF AND  
TAKE A LITTLE WALK.  
WE'LL ENJOY SEEING  
THE EFFECTS OF OUR  
FIREPOWER.



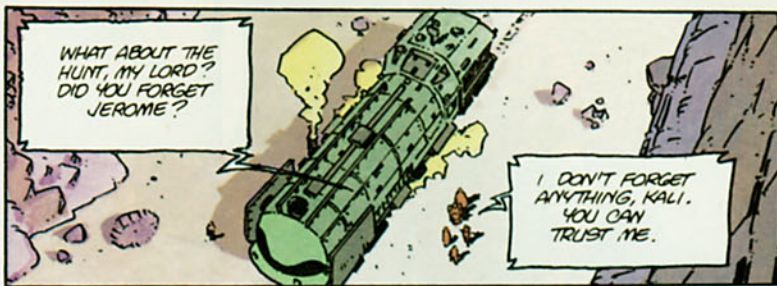


THE TERMITES DIDN'T GIVE US ANY SUPPLIES....

WELL, NO ONE IS PERFECT. IF WE GET DESPERATE, WE CAN ALWAYS NOSH ON SOME SPIDERS...

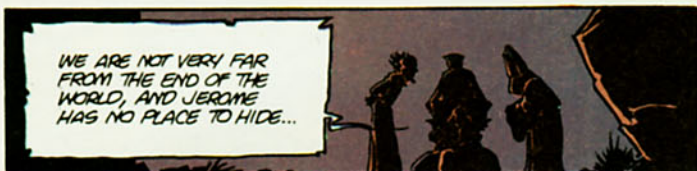


WHAT I WORRY ABOUT IS WATER....

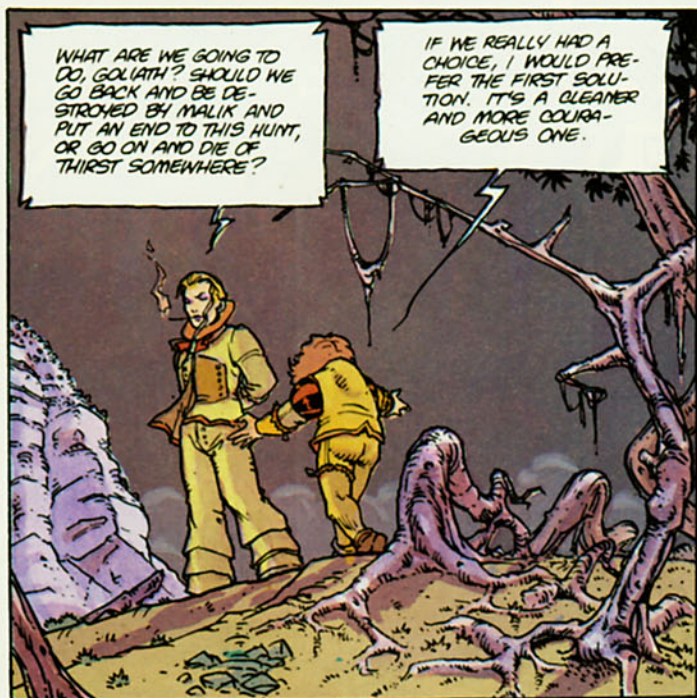


WHAT ABOUT THE HUNT, MY LORD? DID YOU FORGET JEROME?

I DON'T FORGET ANYTHING, KALI. YOU CAN TRUST ME.



WE ARE NOT VERY FAR FROM THE END OF THE WORLD, AND JEROME HAS NO PLACE TO HIDE...



WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, GOLIATH? SHOULD WE GO BACK AND BE DESTROYED BY MALIK AND PUT AN END TO THIS HUNT, OR GO ON AND DIE OF THIRST SOMEWHERE?

IF WE REALLY HAD A CHOICE, I WOULD PREFER THE FIRST SOLUTION. IT'S A CLEANER AND MORE COURAGEOUS ONE.



THERE IS A THIRD ALTERNATIVE, SIRE, AND THAT IS TO GET RID OF OUR DEAD WEIGHT...



THOUGH HE HAS BEAUTIFUL EYES, NICHOLAS IS NOTHING MORE THAN A VEGETABLE. WHEN HE'S NOT SLEEPING, HE'S DAYDREAMING. AND VIOLHAINE HASN'T SAID A WORD ALL DAY...

IT MUST BE BECAUSE SHE HAS NOTHING MORE TO SAY TO ME.

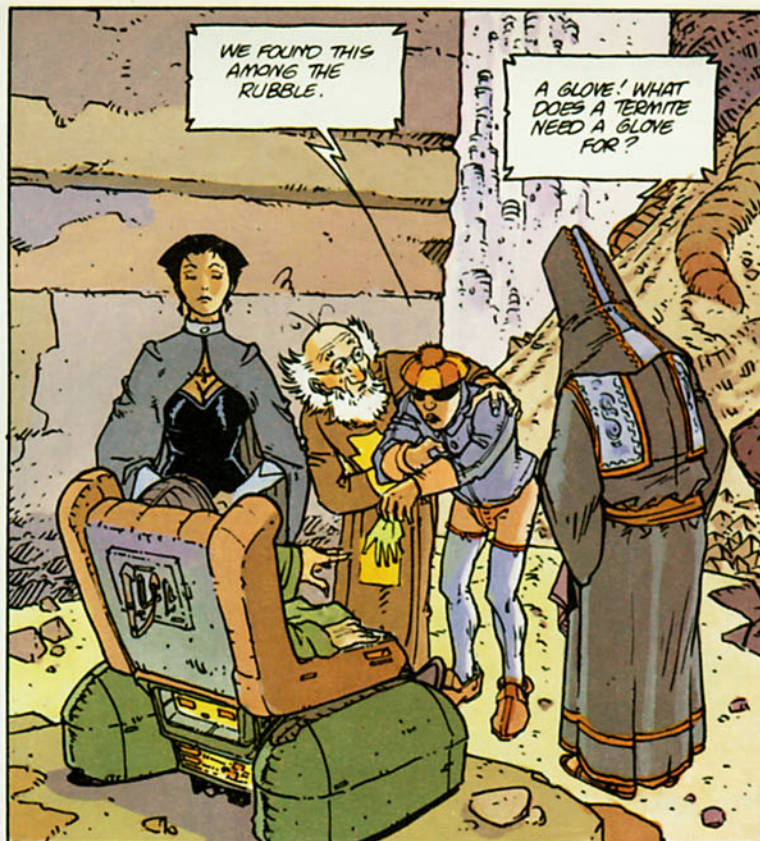


WHO KNOWS, GOLIATH, WHAT COURAGE REALLY IS?





ALL THE MORE REASON, SIRE, TO SEPARATE OURSELVES FROM HER. IF IT WERE JUST US TWO, I KNOW WE COULD SURVIVE IN THIS WORLD WITHOUT PITY.

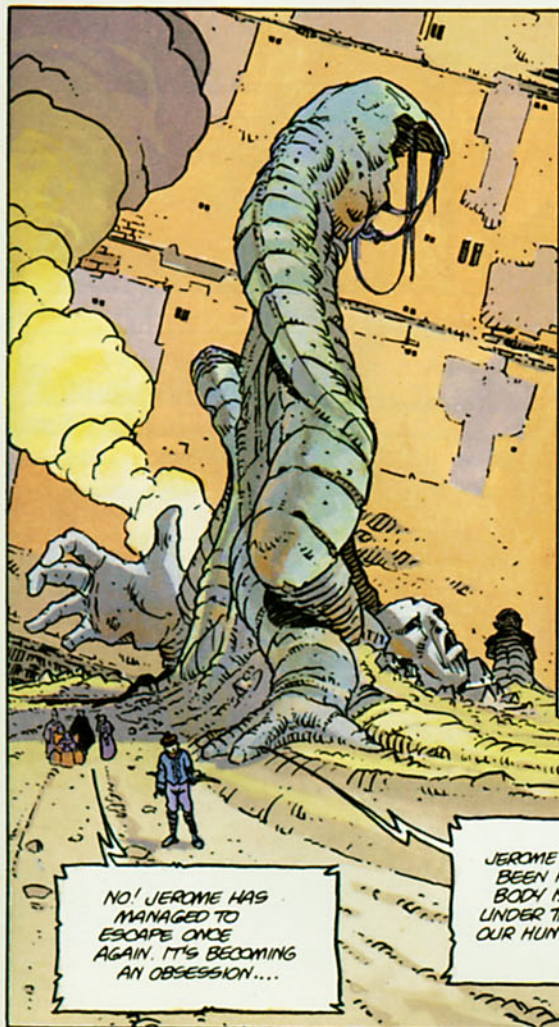


WE FOUND THIS AMONG THE RUBBLE.

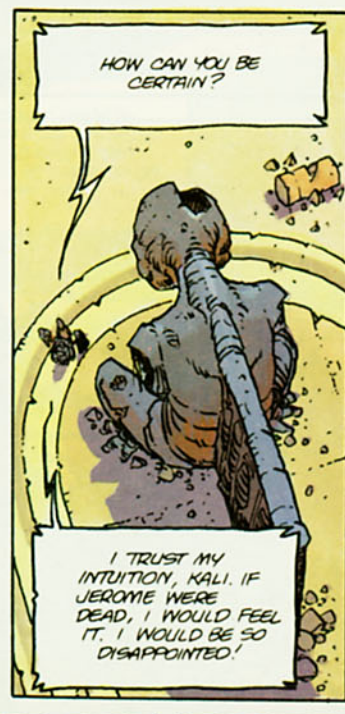
A GLOVE! WHAT DOES A TERMITE NEED A GLOVE FOR?



I SEE ONLY ONE POSSIBLE EXPLANATION, MY LORD: THIS GLOVE BELONGED TO PRINCE JEROME OR SOMEONE IN HIS GROUP.



NO! JEROME HAS MANAGED TO ESCAPE ONCE AGAIN. IT'S BECOMING AN OBSESSION....



HOW CAN YOU BE CERTAIN?

I TRUST MY INTUITION, KALI. IF JEROME WERE DEAD, I WOULD FEEL IT. I WOULD BE SO DISAPPOINTED!

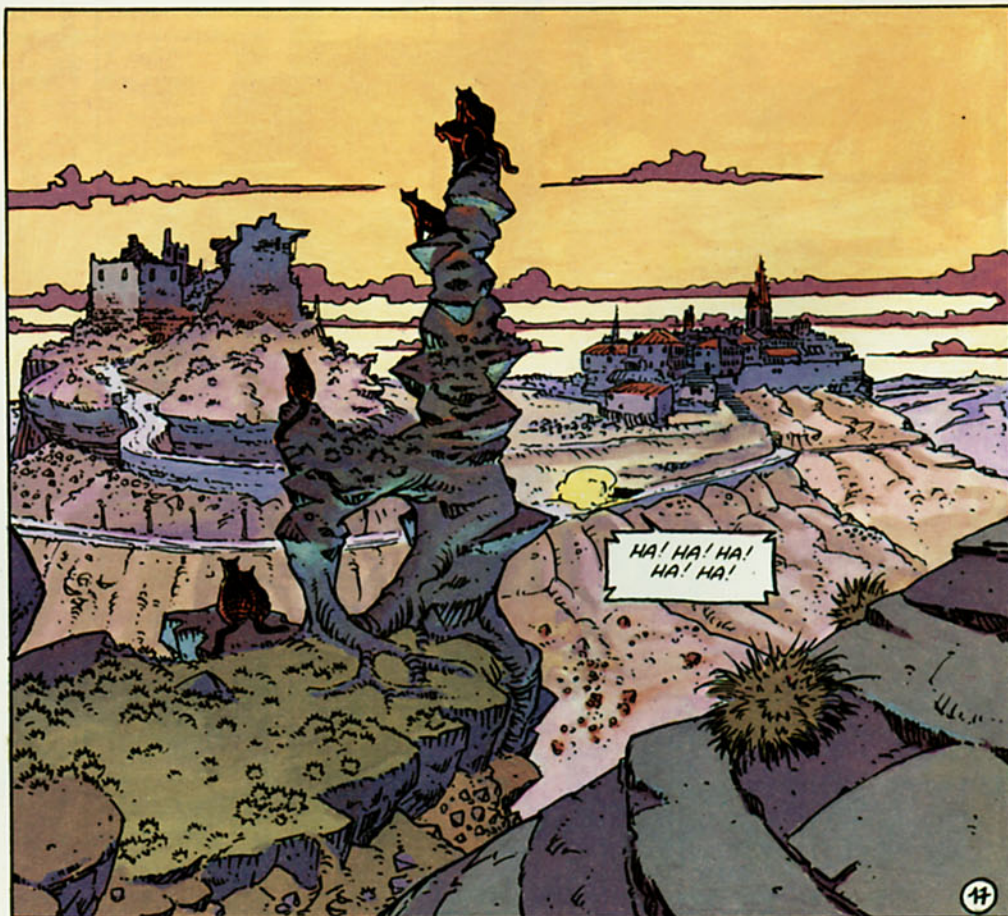
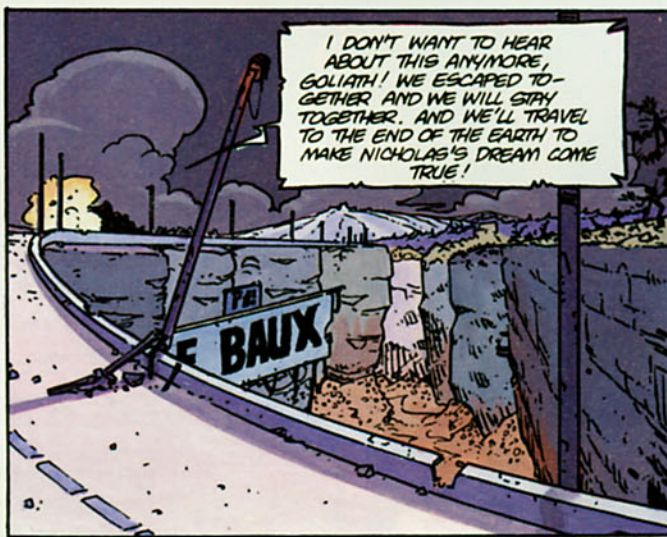


DISAPPOINTED, MY LORD?

YES. NOT TO HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO TORTURE HIM, SLOWLY, DELICATELY, AS ONLY I KNOW HOW...

JEROME MUST HAVE BEEN HERE. HIS BODY IS BURIED UNDER THE RUINS... OUR HUNT IS OVER!



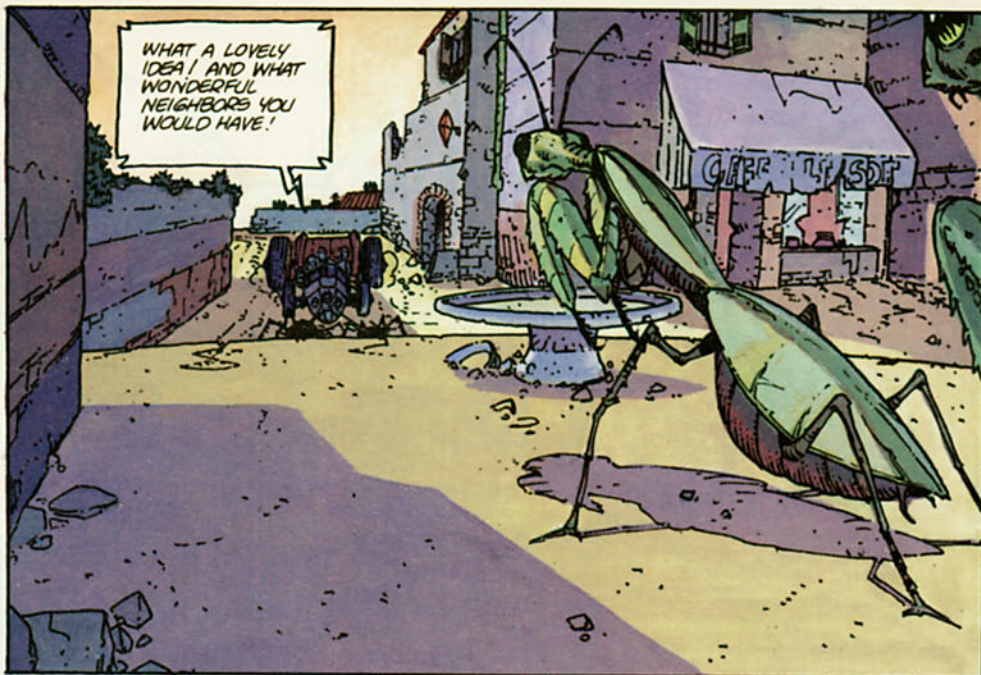






WHAT A PICTURESQUE SPOT!

YOU'RE RIGHT! I'D LIKE TO BUY A PIECE OF LAND HERE FOR MY RETIREMENT!

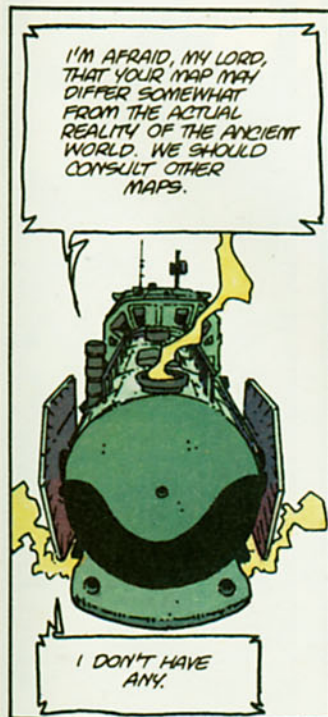


WHAT A LOVELY IDEA! AND WHAT WONDERFUL NEIGHBORS YOU WOULD HAVE!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND! THE UNIVERSE SHOULD END RIGHT HERE. IT SAYS SO ON MY MAP!

IT MUST BE A MISTAKE.



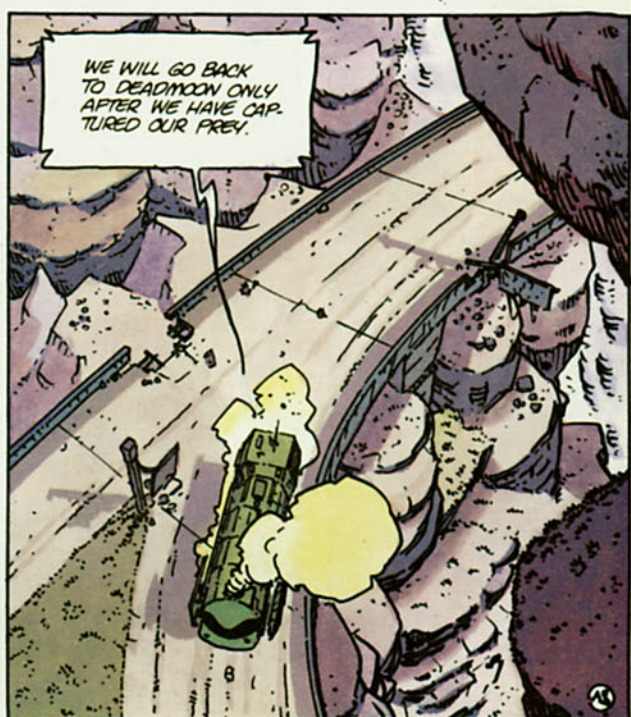
I'M AFRAID, MY LORD, THAT YOUR MAP MAY DIFFER SOMEWHAT FROM THE ACTUAL REALITY OF THE ANCIENT WORLD. WE SHOULD CONSULT OTHER MAPS.

I DON'T HAVE ANY.



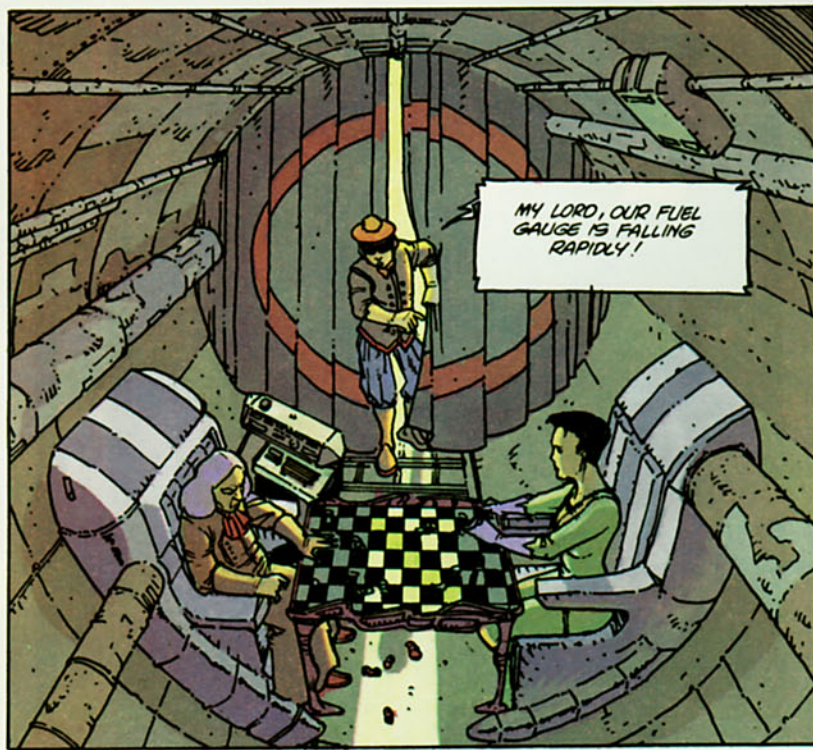
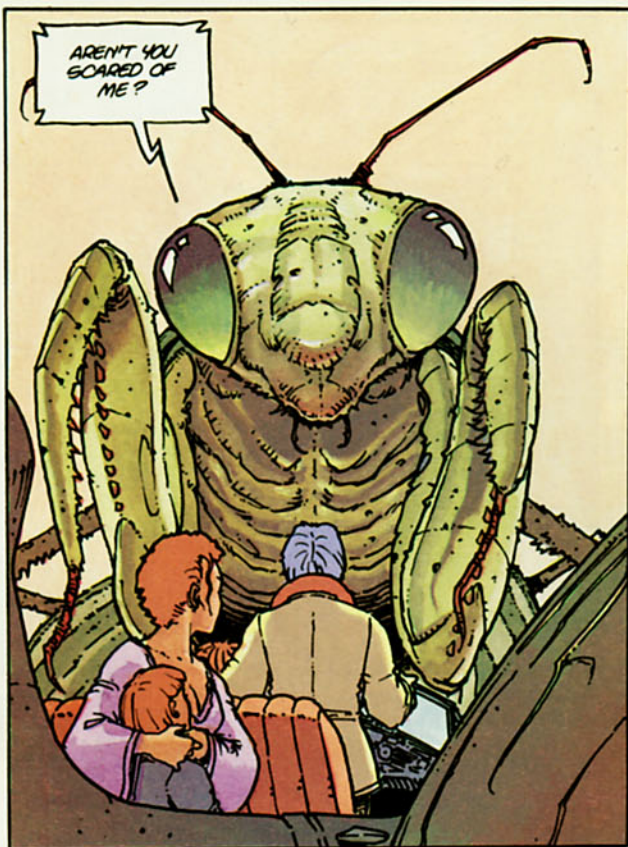
FROM THIS POINT ON WE ENTER THE UNKNOWN... ALWAYS FULL OF DANGER! IT'D BE MORE PRUDENT TO TURN BACK...

BAH! WE HAVE A FULL TANK OF GAS AND QUITE A FEW SUPPLIES....

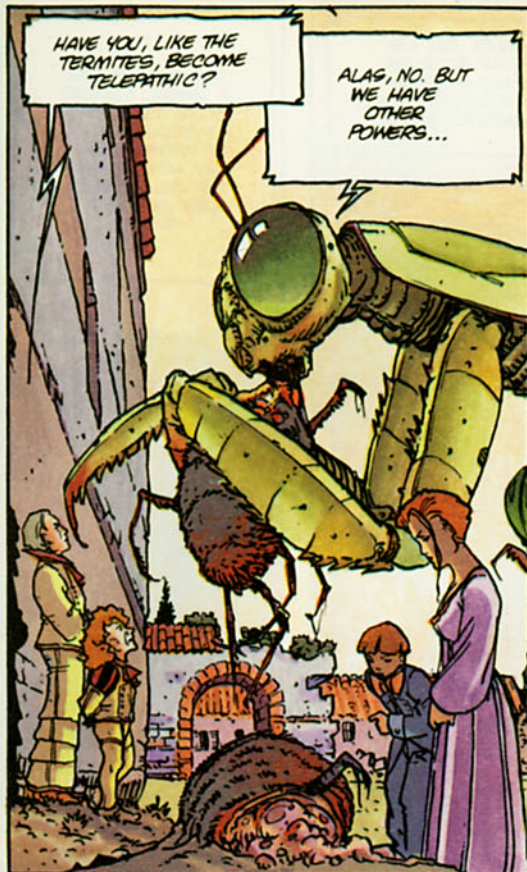


WE WILL GO BACK TO DEADMOON ONLY AFTER WE HAVE CAPTURED OUR PREY.







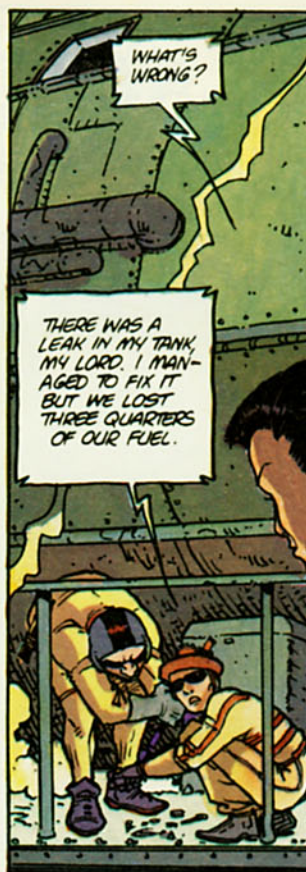


HAVE YOU, LIKE THE  
TERMITES, BECOME  
TELEPATHIC?

ALAS, NO. BUT  
WE HAVE  
OTHER  
POWERS...



WE ARE  
CLAIRVOYANT.  
AND OUR  
GIFT HELPS  
US  
SURVIVE...



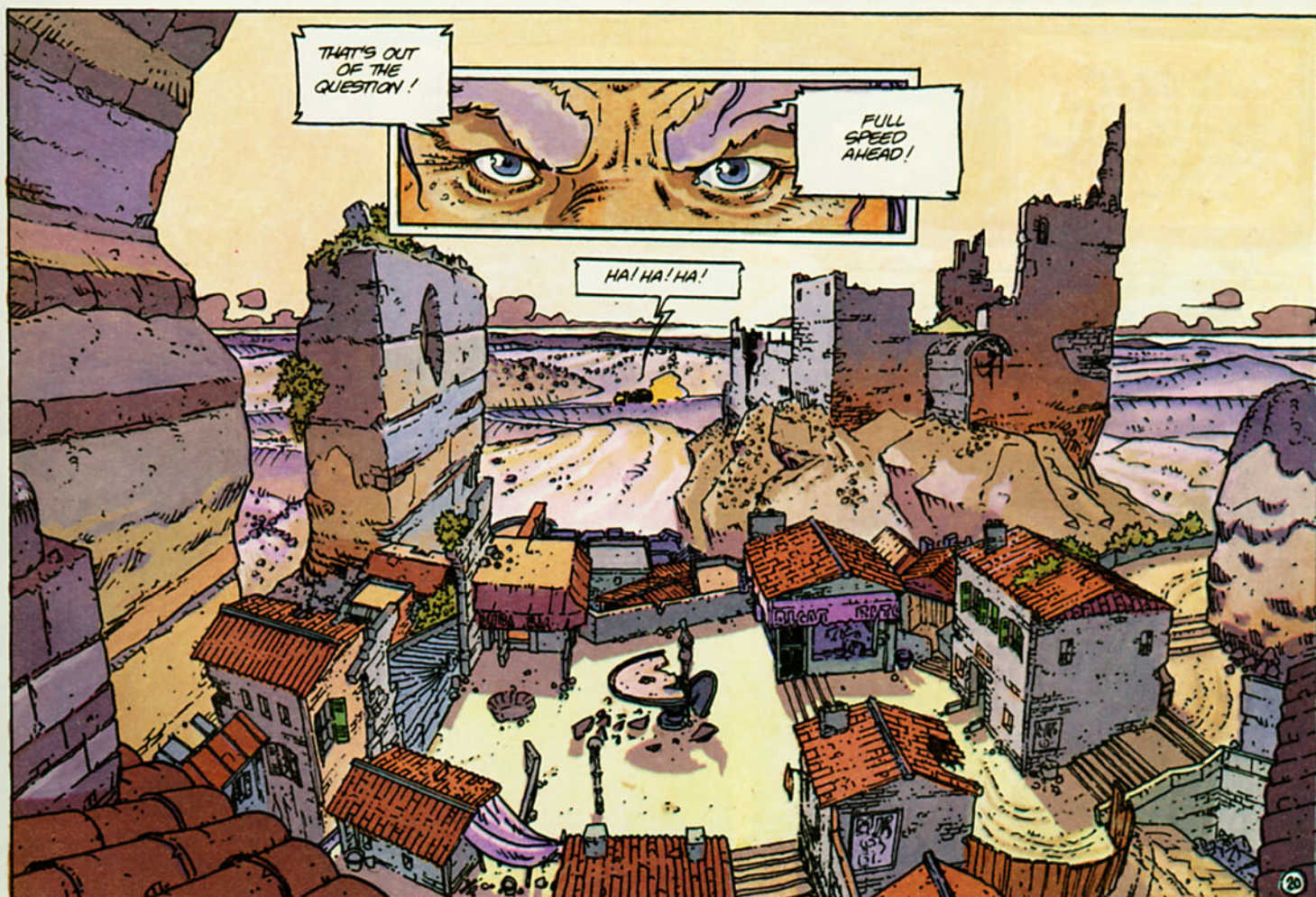
WHAT'S  
WRONG?

THERE WAS A  
LEAK IN MY TANK,  
MY LORD. I MAN-  
AGED TO FIX IT  
BUT WE LOST  
THREE QUARTERS  
OF OUR FUEL.



WE MAY HAVE  
ENOUGH FUEL TO  
REACH THE LAST GAS  
STATION WE PASSED  
ON OUR WAY HERE....

WE DON'T HAVE  
A CHOICE, MY  
LORD. WE  
HAVE TO GIVE  
UP THE HUNT!



THAT'S OUT  
OF THE  
QUESTION!

FULL  
SPEED  
AHEAD!

HA! HA! HA!



WE WON'T EAT YOU BE-  
CAUSE WE ADMIRE YOUR  
LITTLE BOY, NICHOLAS....



HE SEEMS TO BE HOVER-  
ING BETWEEN TWO WORLDS.  
IT'S ALMOST AS IF HIS  
FEET ARE NOT TOUCHING  
THE GROUND. HE APPEARS TO  
HAVE NO SHADOW, OR  
RATHER, HIS SHADOW IS  
MADE OF LIGHT...



HIS SMILES FILL US  
WITH FEAR BECAUSE  
WE SENSE IN HIM IN-  
HUMAN STRENGTH....HE  
IS INDESTRUCTIBLE!



HIS HEAD IS LIKE  
A SHELL, CLOSED  
IN ON ITSELF, YET  
GENEROUS WITH  
ITS TREASURES.  
ONE HAS TO HAVE  
THE COURAGE TO  
LOOK INTO HIS  
EYES....



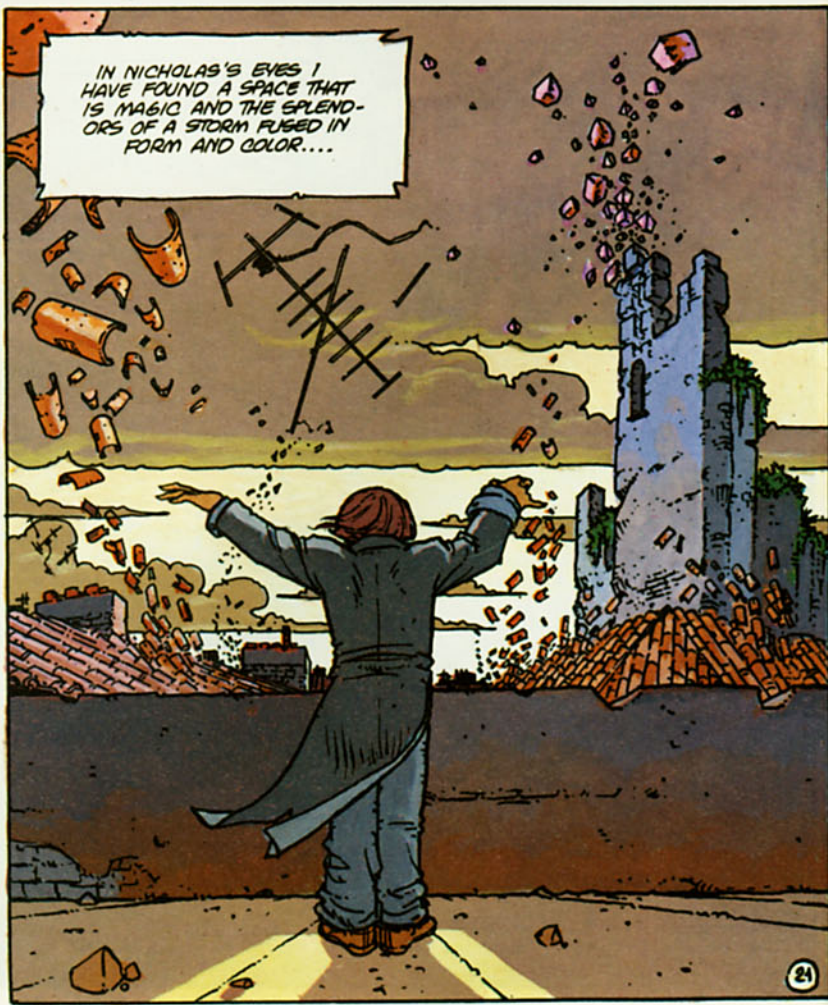
IN NICHOLAS'S EYES I  
CAN SEE FRIGATES  
DANCING IN THE WAVES,  
THEIR MASTS, AS MAS-  
SIVE AS TREES, BENDING  
UNDER THE PRESSURE  
OF THEIR WIND-  
FILLED SAILS....



I SEE THEIR BOWS PIERCING  
THE FOAMING SPACE IN FRONT  
OF THEM. THEIR SAILORS ARE  
HALF-ORAZED BY LIQUID FIRE,  
THEIR HEART DEVoured BY  
WANDERLUST....



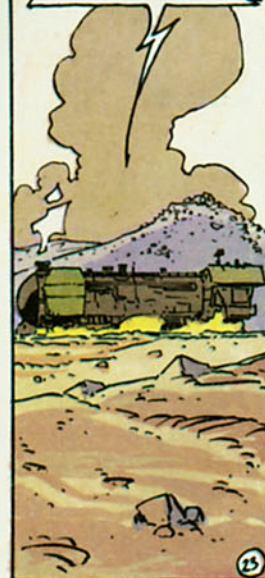
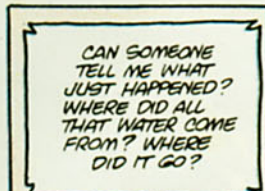
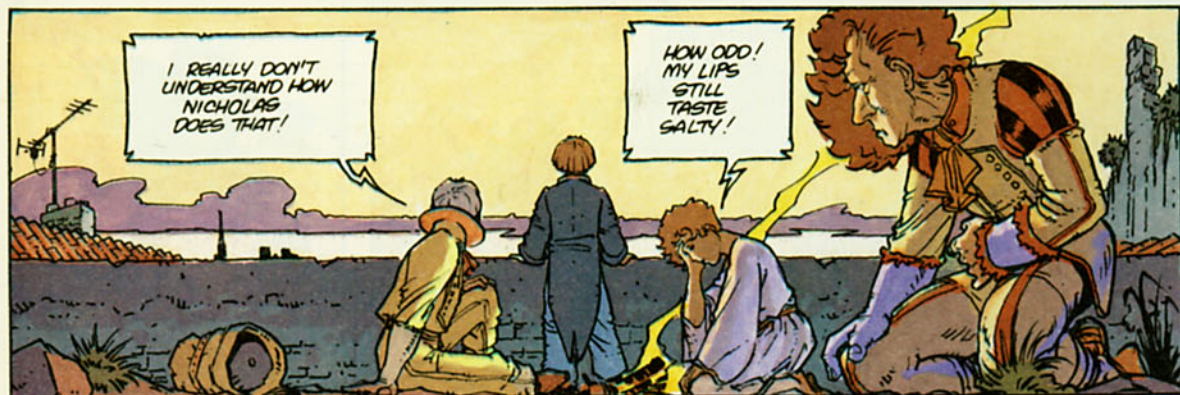
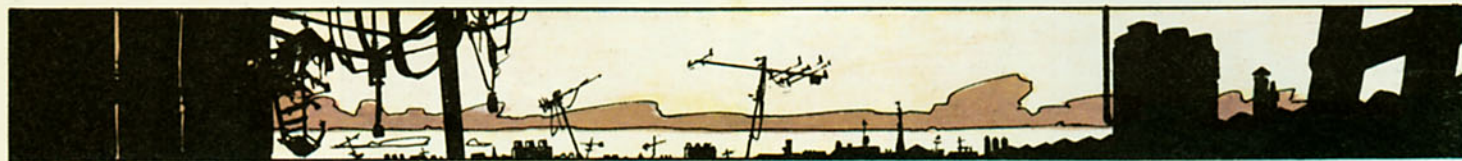
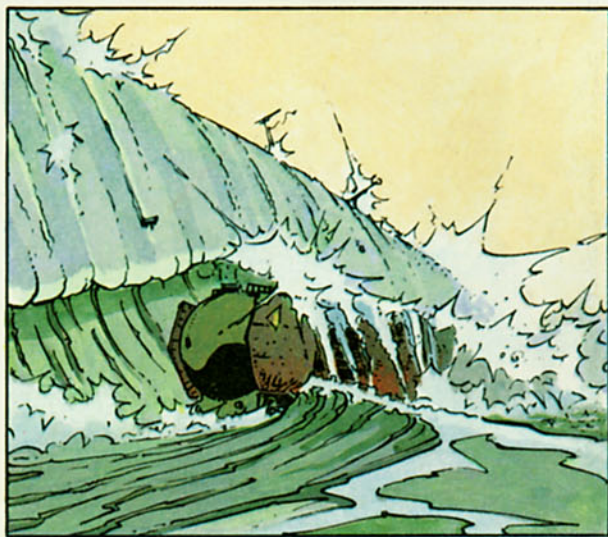
IN NICHOLAS'S EYES I  
HAVE FOUND A SPACE THAT  
IS MAGIC AND THE SPLEND-  
ORS OF A STORM FUSED IN  
FORM AND COLOR....













I THINK IT WAS  
AN ILLUSION, MY LORD,  
A CHIMERA....

THIS CHIMERA  
REMINDS ME OF  
SOMETHING....

DO YOU REMEMBER, MY  
LORD. NOT SO LONG AGO,  
VIOUHAIN'S YOUNGER  
BROTHER FELL INTO SOME  
SORT OF MYSTICAL TRANCE  
AND THE RESULT WAS A  
SIMILAR  
PHENOMENON....

WHICH CLEARLY MEANS  
THAT MY COUSIN  
JEROME AND HIS  
FRIENDS ARE HERE,  
WITHIN ARM'S REACH....

IT'S VERY KIND OF  
YOU TO SHARE YOUR  
LEPTOVERS WITH US!  
THIS MAY NOT BE  
AS GOOD AS THE  
LOBSTERS IN NICHOLAS'S OCEAN, BUT  
AS THE OLD SAYING  
GOES: 'WASTE NOT  
WANT NOT.'

IS THAT  
HOW THE  
SAYING  
GOES?

ISN'T IT RATHER:  
'HAVE NOT,  
WASTE NOT'?

OH, DON'T  
QUIBBLE WITH ME,  
PRINCE. AND  
ANYWAY, WE  
HAVE NOTHING....

POC!

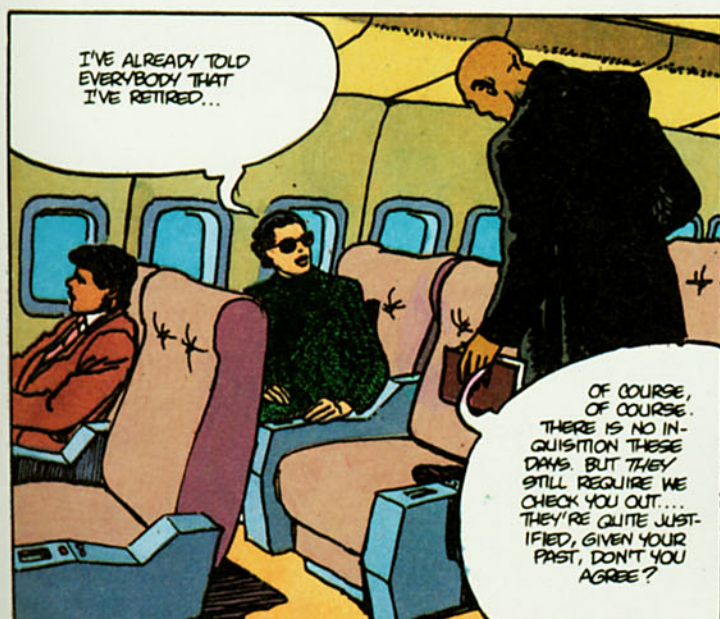
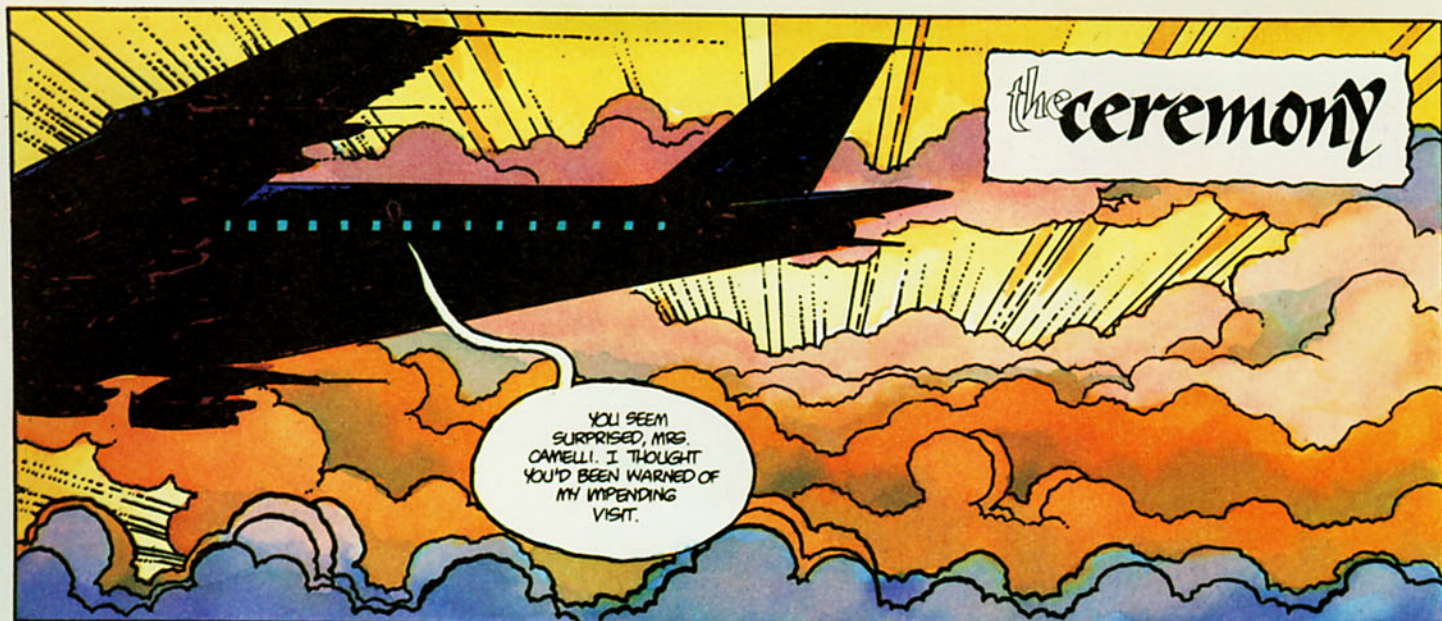
SHIT!  
WHAT'S  
GOING ON?

CRAC!

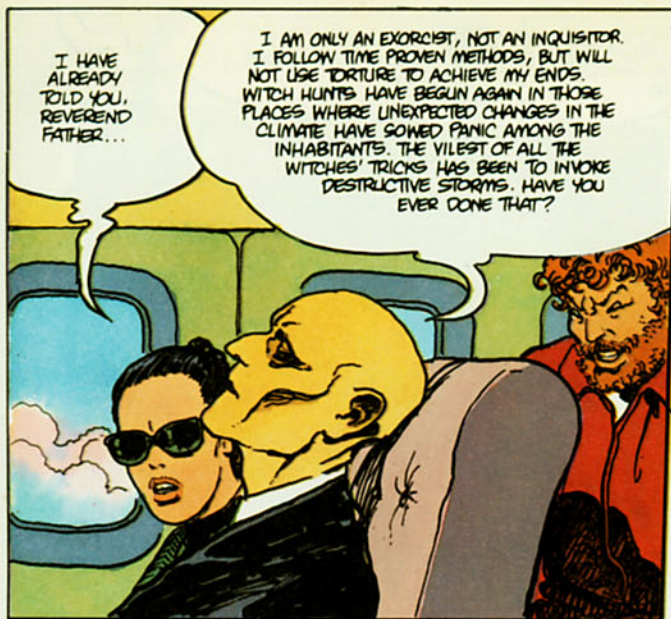
????!???

CONTINUED ON PAGE 86









I HAVE  
ALREADY  
TOLD YOU,  
REVEREND  
FATHER...

I AM ONLY AN EXORCIST, NOT AN INQUISITOR.  
I FOLLOW TIME PROVEN METHODS, BUT WILL  
NOT USE TORTURE TO ACHIEVE MY ENDS.  
WITCH HUNTS HAVE BEGUN AGAIN IN THOSE  
PLACES WHERE UNEXPECTED CHANGES IN THE  
CLIMATE HAVE SOURED PANIC AMONG THE  
INHABITANTS. THE VILEST OF ALL THE  
WITCHES' TRICKS HAS BEEN TO INVOKE  
DESTRUCTIVE STORMS. HAVE YOU  
EVER DONE THAT?



HEAVENS! WHAT  
A DELIGHTFUL AND  
RARE  
CONVERSATION!



WHAT DOES  
THIS ROUTINE  
CHECK CONSIST OF  
EXACTLY? CAN  
YOU TELL ME?

HAVE YOU EVER  
PARTICIPATED IN  
THIS, hmmm, RITUAL  
CEREMONY? TELL  
ME THE TRUTH!



*osculum obscœnum \**

\* the obscene kiss



NO! I HAVE  
NEVER KISSED THE  
DEVIL'S ARSE, IF  
THAT'S WHAT YOU  
WANT TO KNOW!

DO NOT HES-  
TATE TO TELL  
ME YOUR SLIGHT-  
EST THOUGHT!  
I'M ON YOUR  
SIDE.



AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, ALL I HAVE TO DO  
IS LISTEN TO WHAT YOU HAVE TO SAY AND, USING  
THE APPROPRIATE INSTRUMENTS, MAKE SURE THAT  
YOU DO NOT HAVE THE DEVIL'S MARK ON YOUR  
BODY. I WOULD LIKE TO AVOID THE TEST BY  
"IMMERSION"... EVEN THOUGH "THEY" STILL  
THINK IT IS A NECESSARY ONE.



SHIT! THIS IS  
AMAZING! WITH  
A LITTLE LUCK I  
CAN SET UP A FABU-  
LOUS "CANDID  
CAMERA!" I'LL  
START WORKING  
ON IT RIGHT  
AWAY!



THE IMMERSION TEST IS THE ONLY FOOLPROOF WAY TO IDENTIFY A WITCH. ON THE OTHER HAND, IT IS ALSO THE MOST HUMILIATING, SINCE IT HAS TO TAKE PLACE IN PUBLIC.

PLEASE DON'T INSIST, REVEREND. I WILL NOT DO IT!

YOU SEE? IT IS NOT APPROPRIATE TO A LADY, ESPECIALLY DURING SUCH A COLD WINTER AS THIS ONE.

YES, DO EXACTLY AS I SAY! COME, WAKE UP!

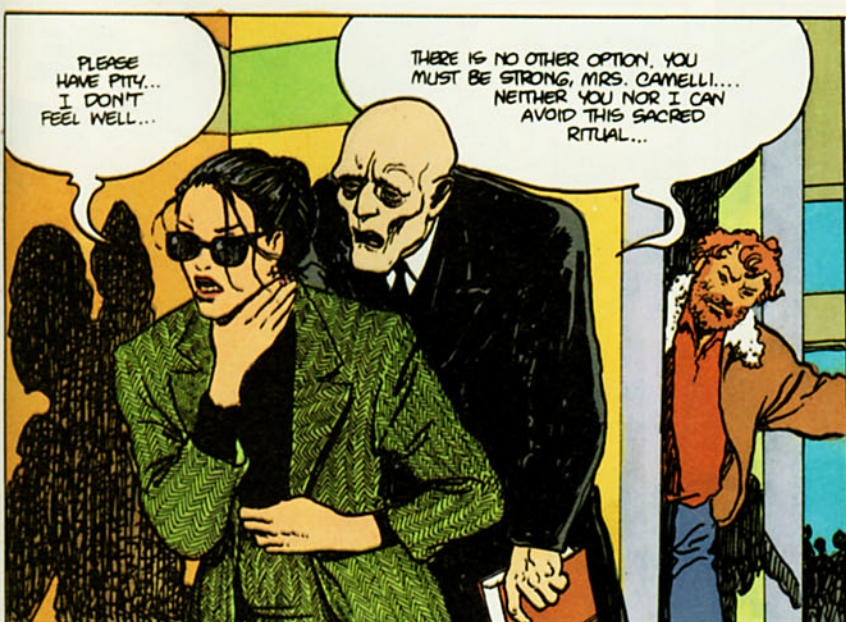
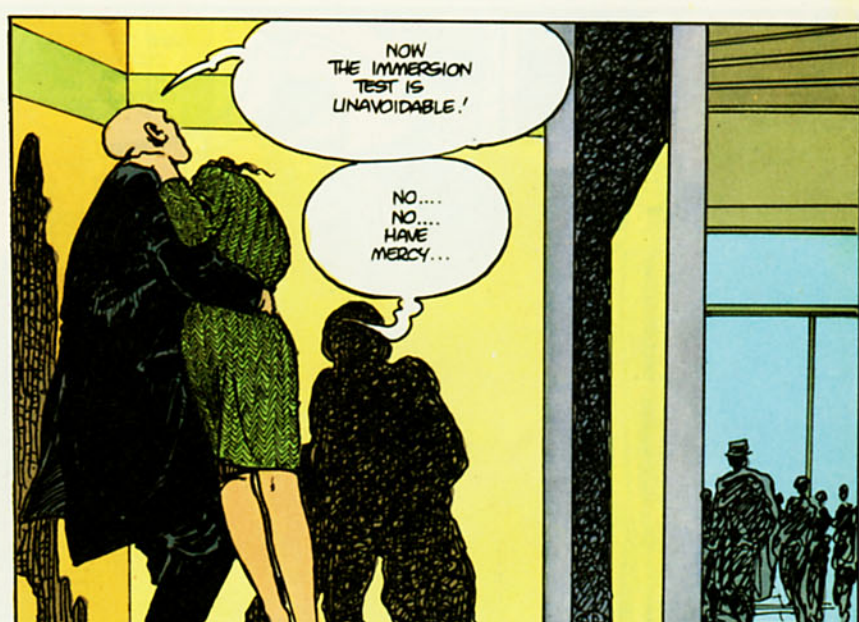
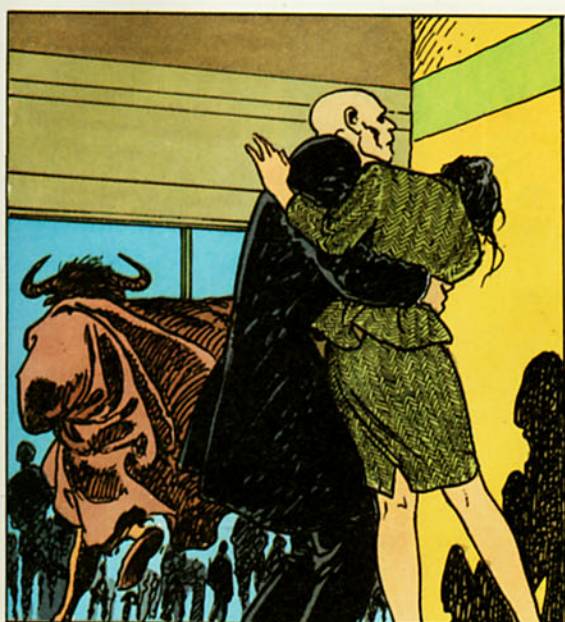
I HOPE SHE UNDERSTOOD ME!

I DON'T THINK THE IMMERSION TEST WILL BE NECESSARY AFTER ALL.... I WILL ANSWER FOR IT.

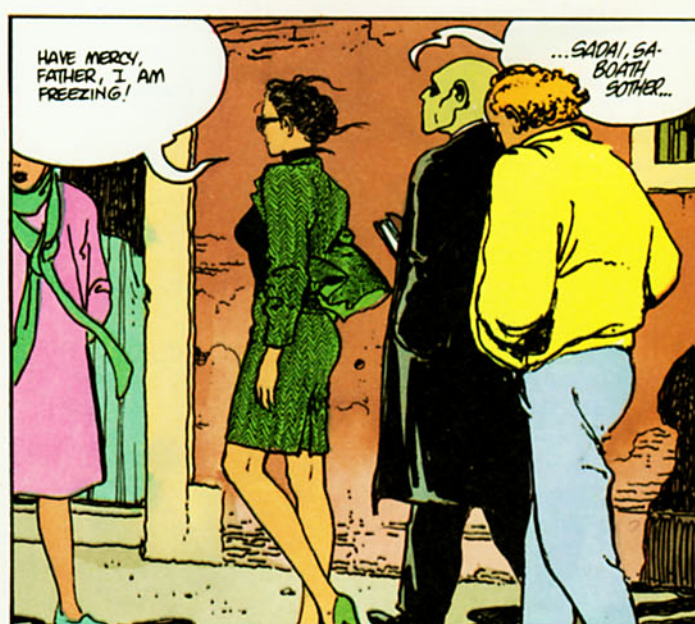
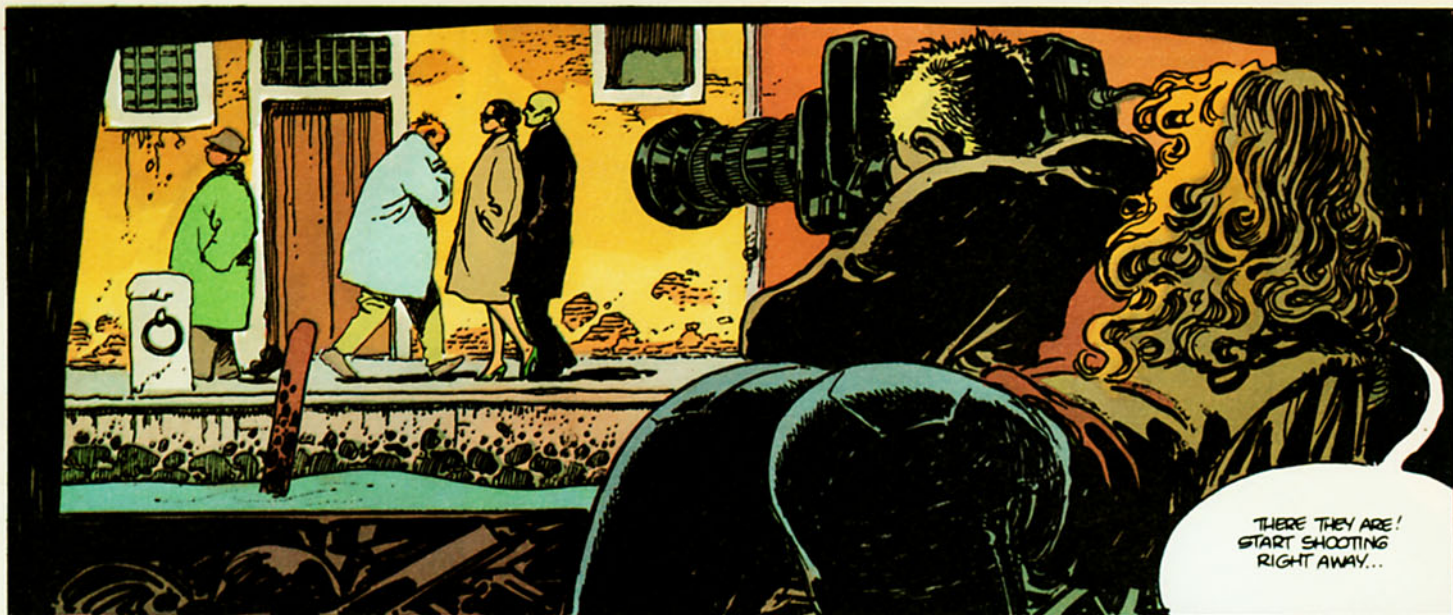
FIRST OF ALL, PLEASE SIGN THIS DECLARATION OF INNOCENCE, MRS. CAMELLI. THEN WE CAN PROCEED TO THE HOTEL FOR THE TEST.

MARTA CAMELLI! DO YOU RECOGNIZE ME?





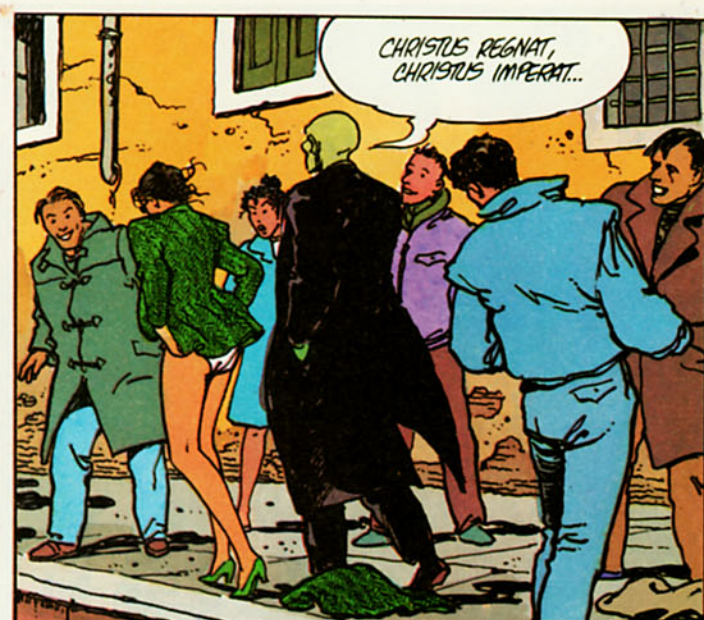
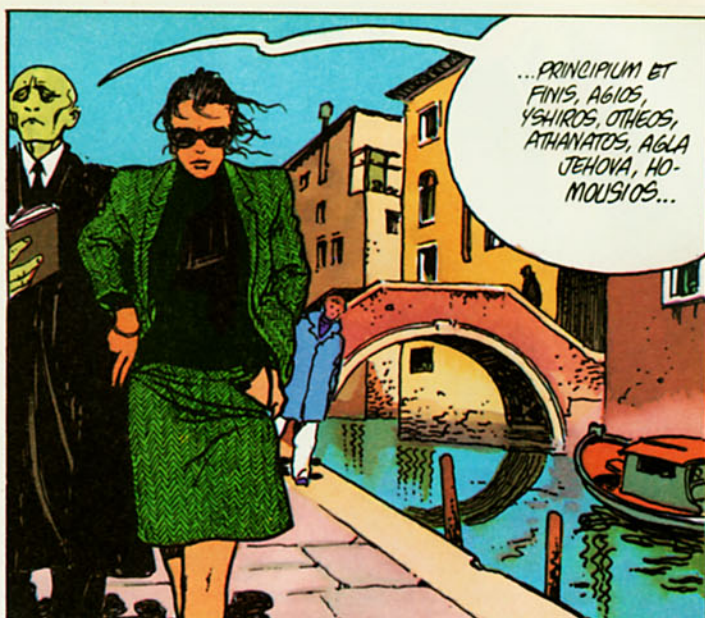




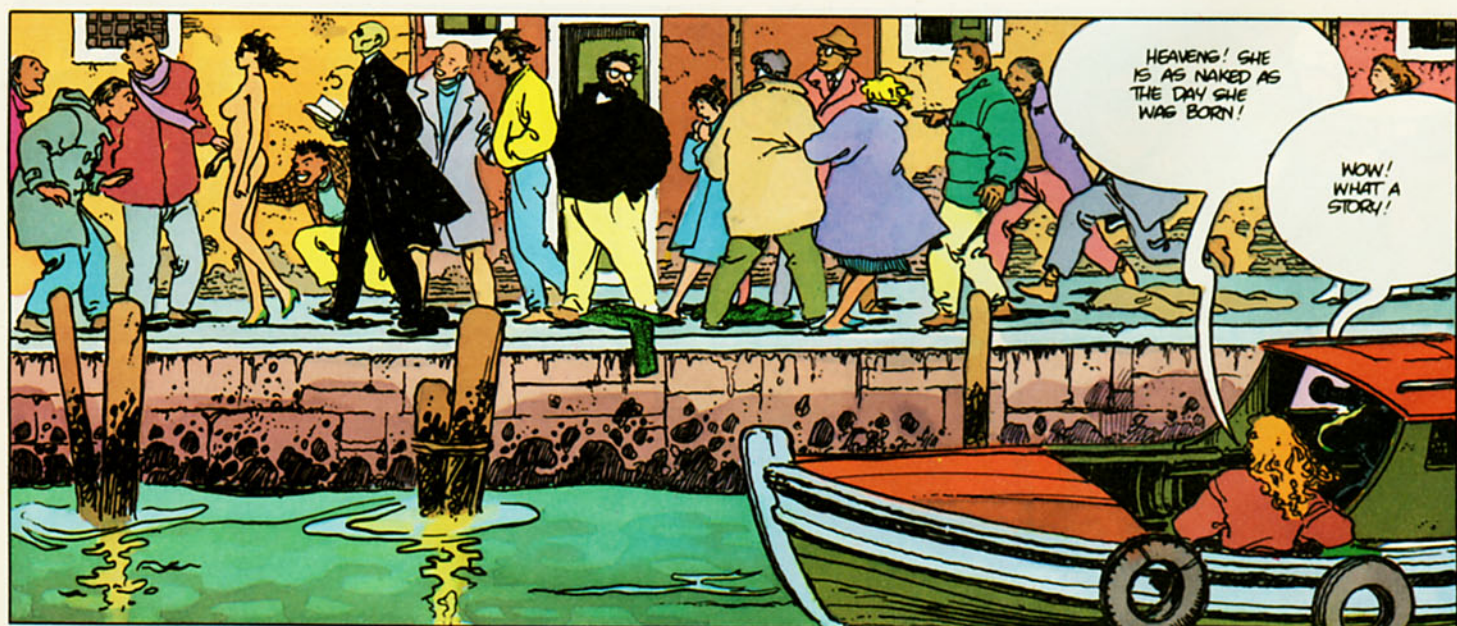
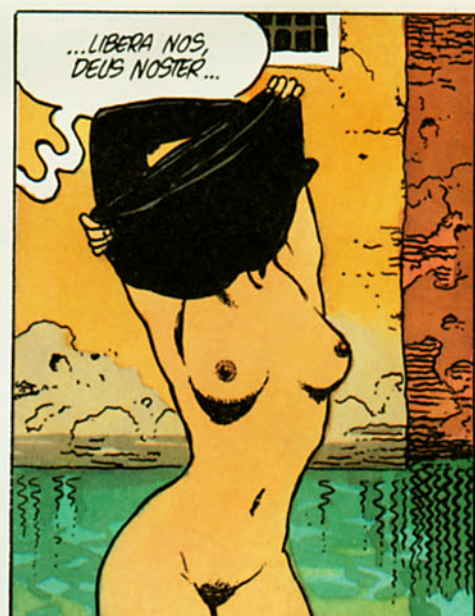
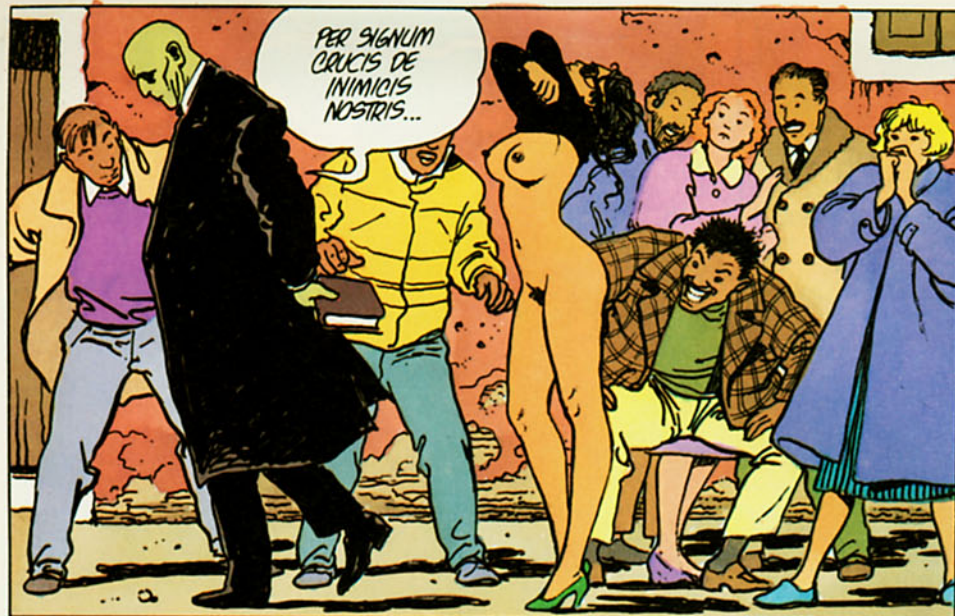




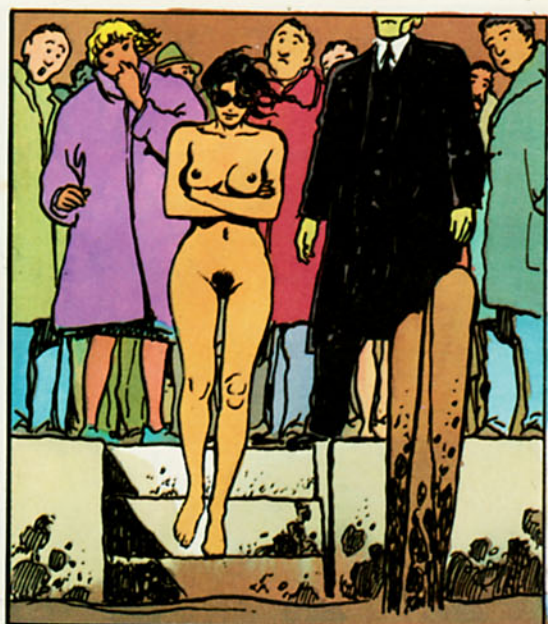
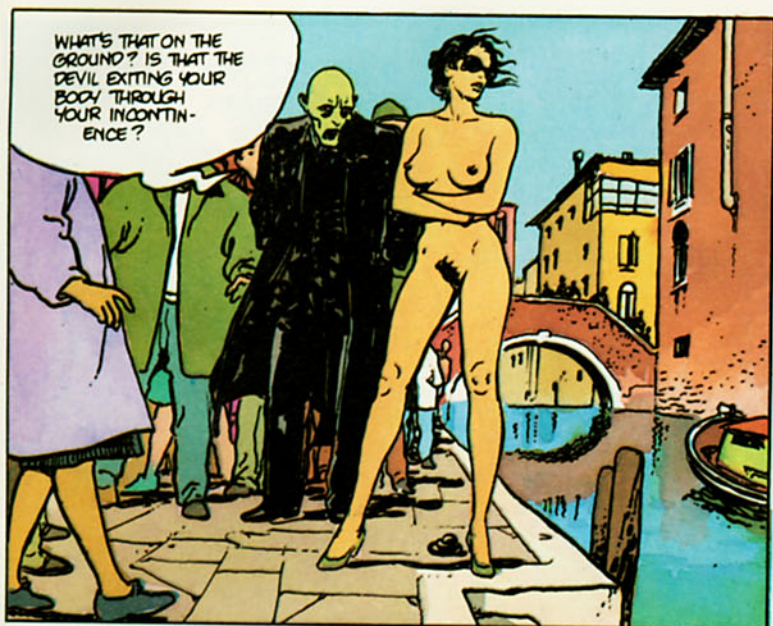
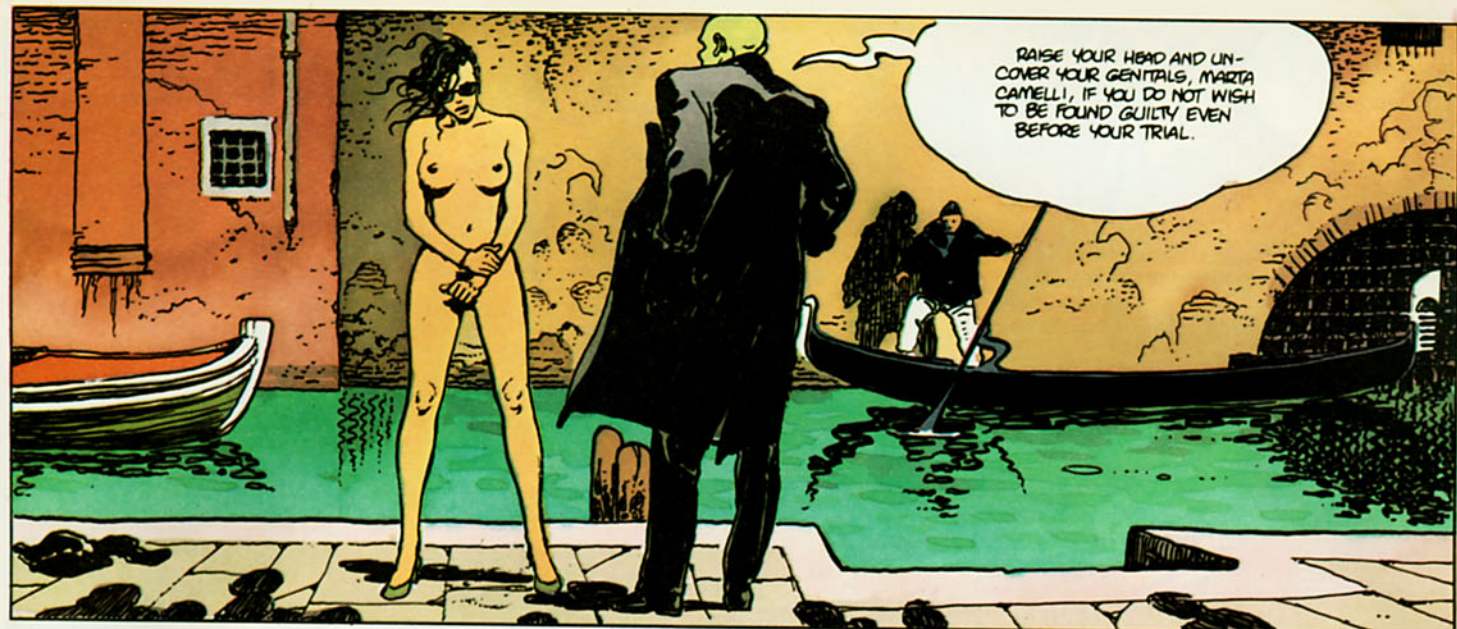
\* INVOCATIONS AND PRAYERS TO GOD IN HEBREW, GREEK AND LATIN...



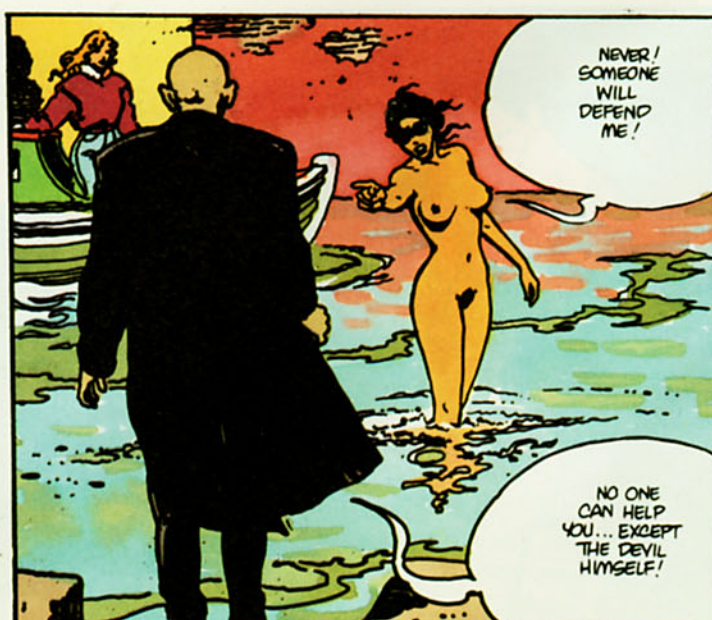
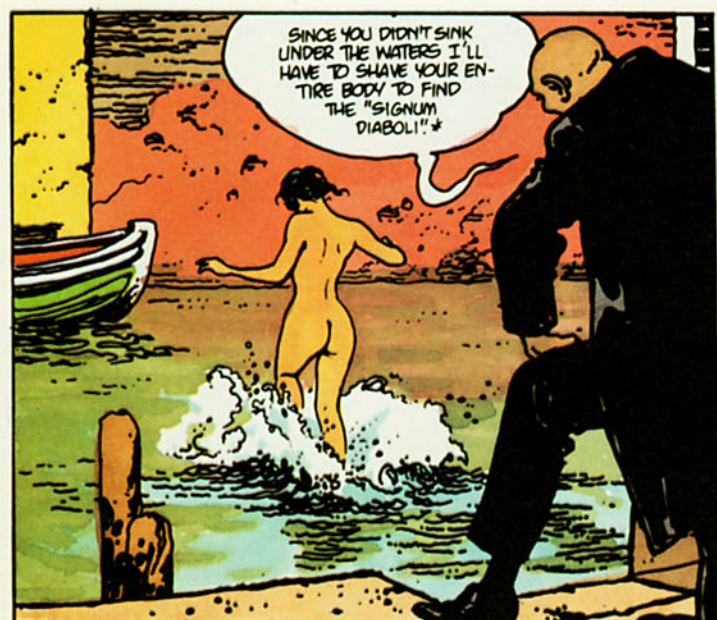
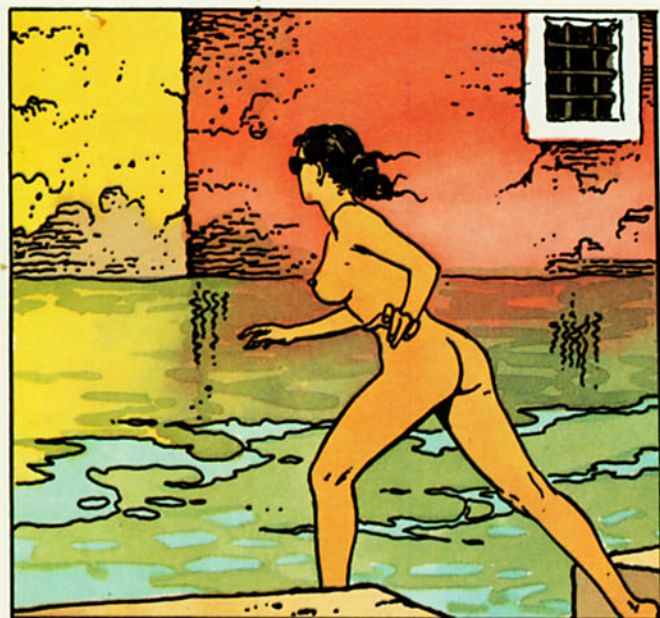
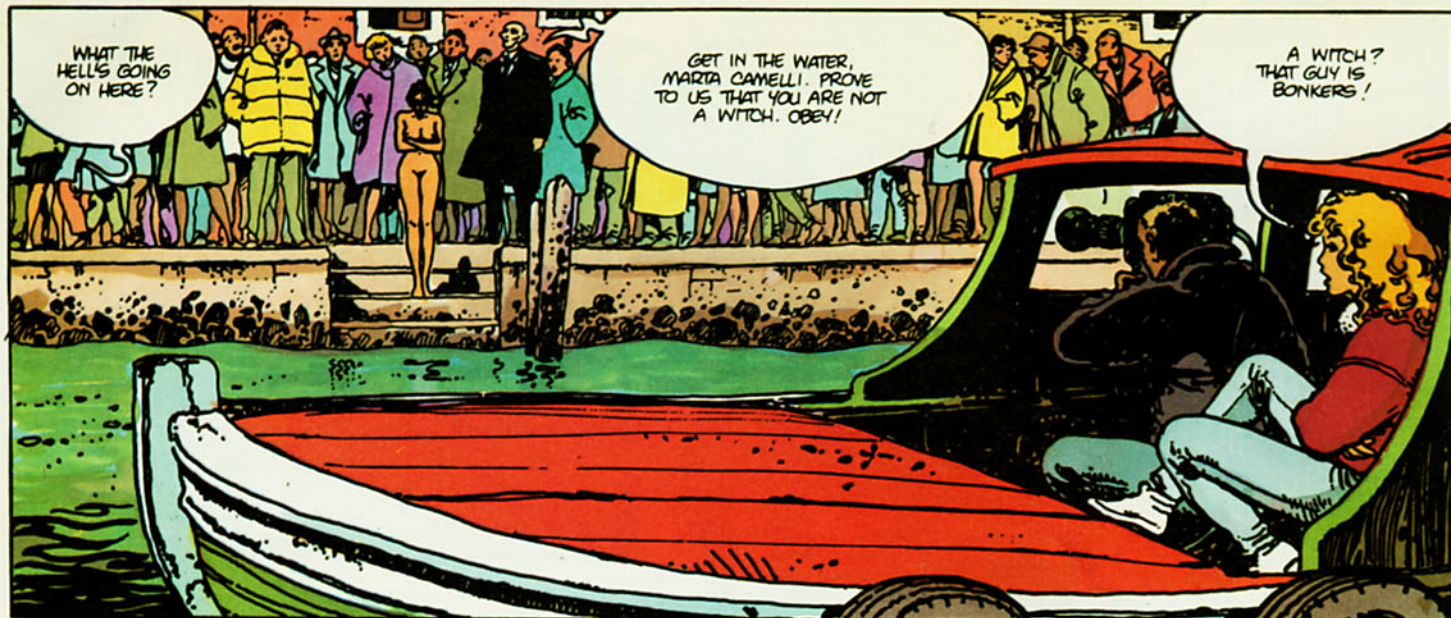










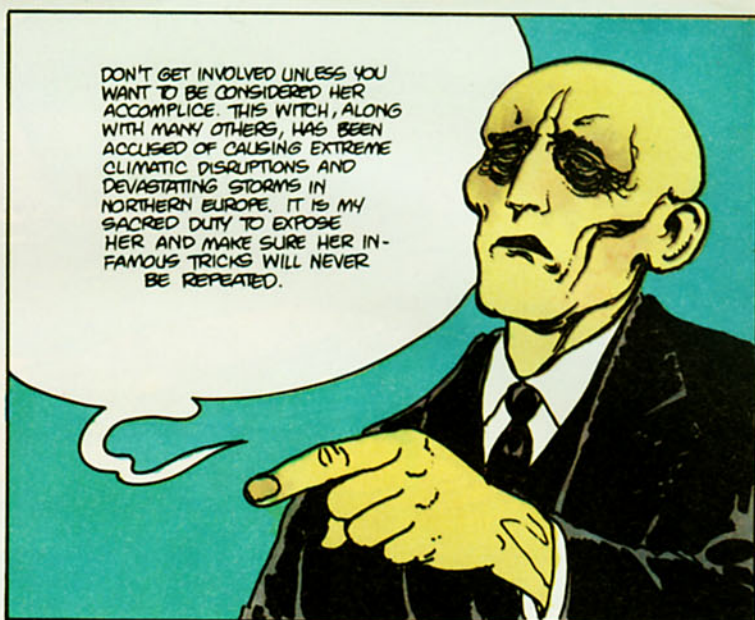


\* THE DEVIL'S MARK

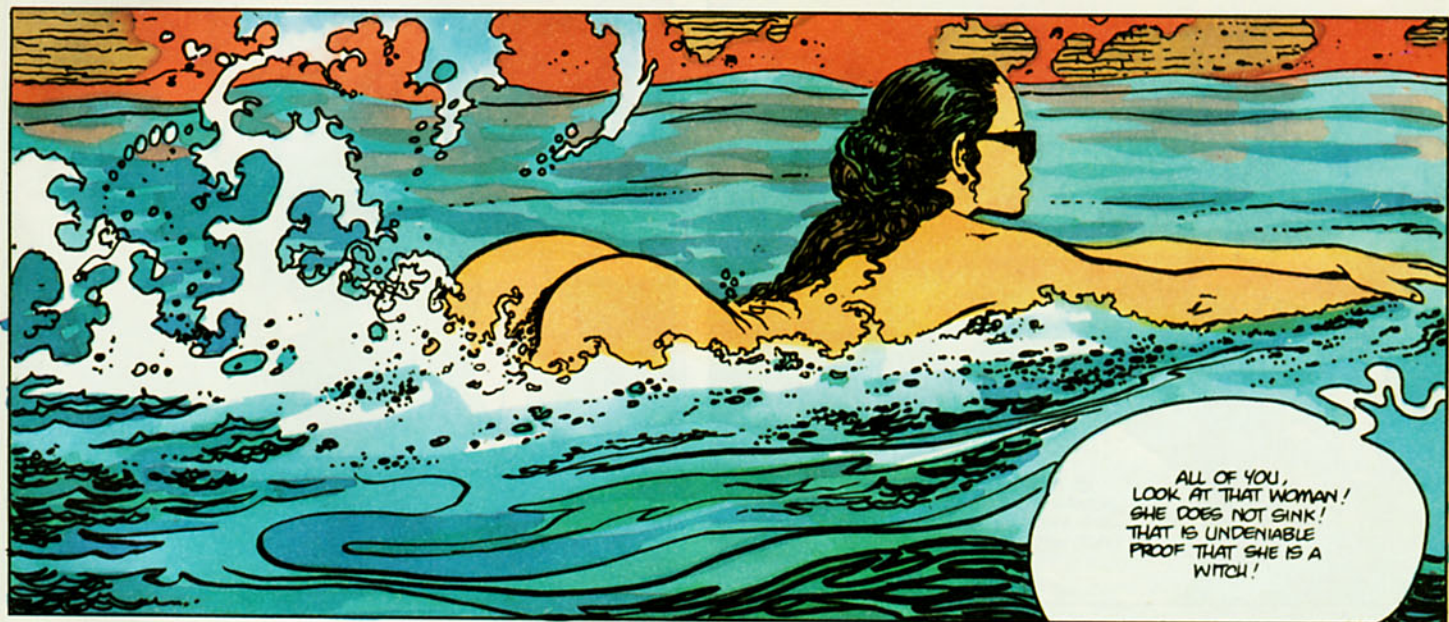




ENOUGH! THIS MAY BE A CARNIVAL JOKE IN BAD TASTE, BUT THIS WOMAN WILL COME DOWN WITH PNEUMONIA SOON AND FURTHERMORE, THE WATER IN THE CANALS IN VENICE IS NO PLACE TO SWIM IN. HELP HER GET OUT AND GET DRESSED RIGHT AWAY!



DON'T GET INVOLVED UNLESS YOU WANT TO BE CONSIDERED HER ACCOMPLICE. THIS WITCH, ALONG WITH MANY OTHERS, HAS BEEN ACCUSED OF CAUSING EXTREME CLIMATIC DISRUPTIONS AND DEVASTATING STORMS IN NORTHERN EUROPE. IT IS MY SACRED DUTY TO EXPOSE HER AND MAKE SURE HER INFAMOUS TRICKS WILL NEVER BE REPEATED.

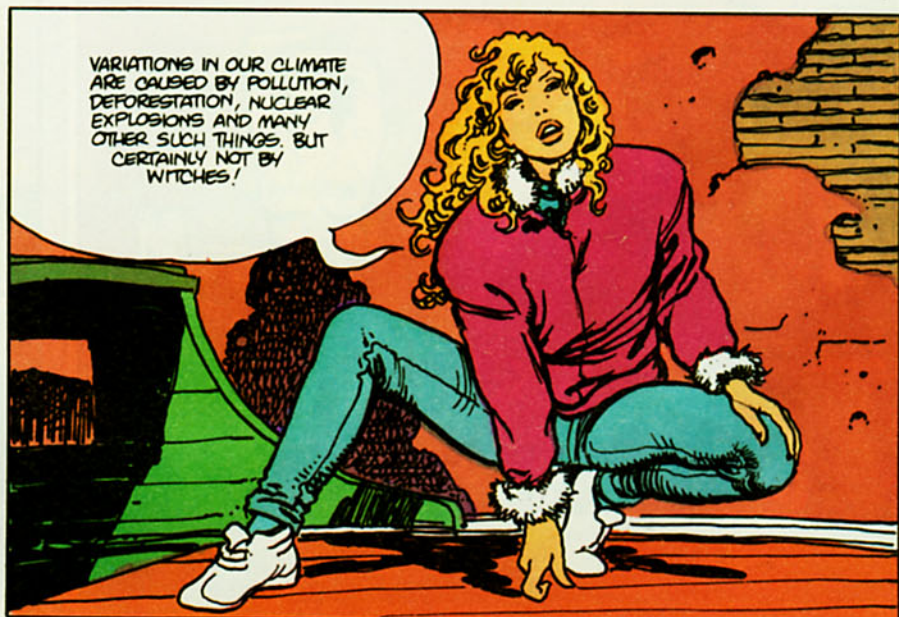


ALL OF YOU, LOOK AT THAT WOMAN! SHE DOES NOT SINK! THAT IS UNDENIABLE PROOF THAT SHE IS A WITCH!



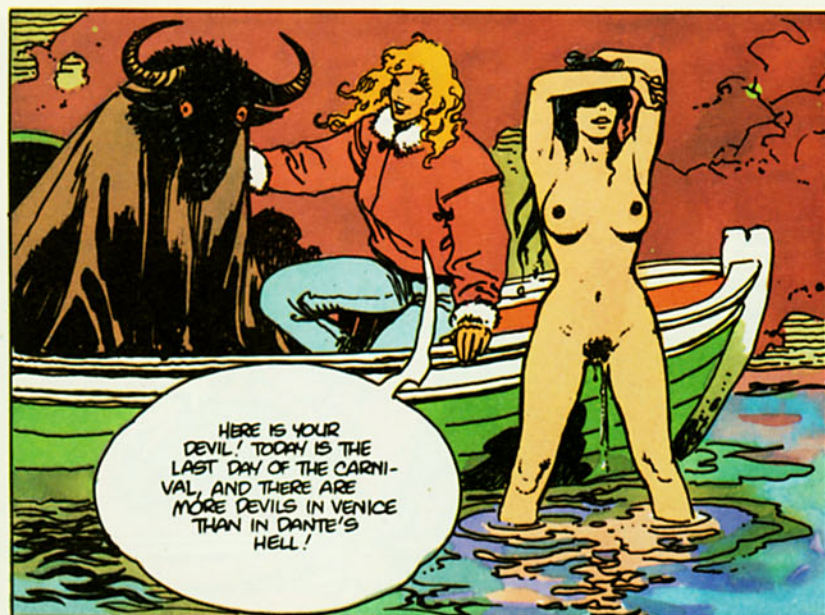
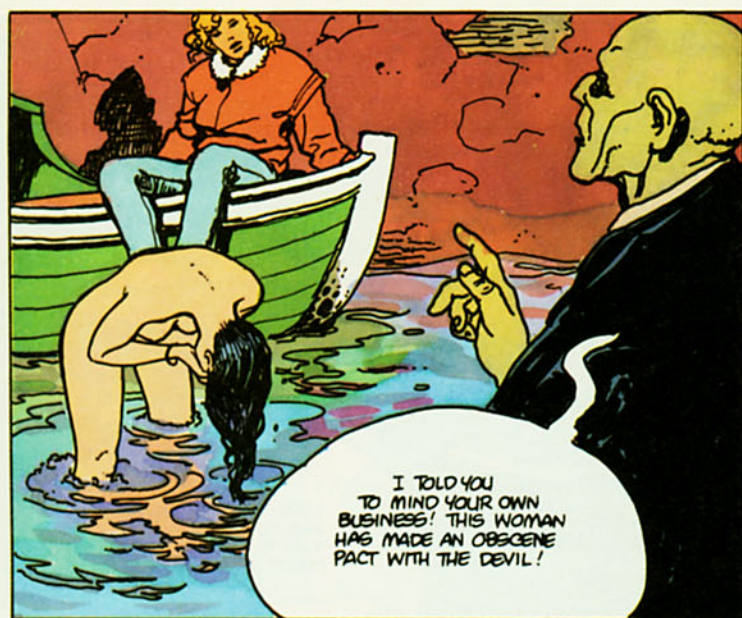
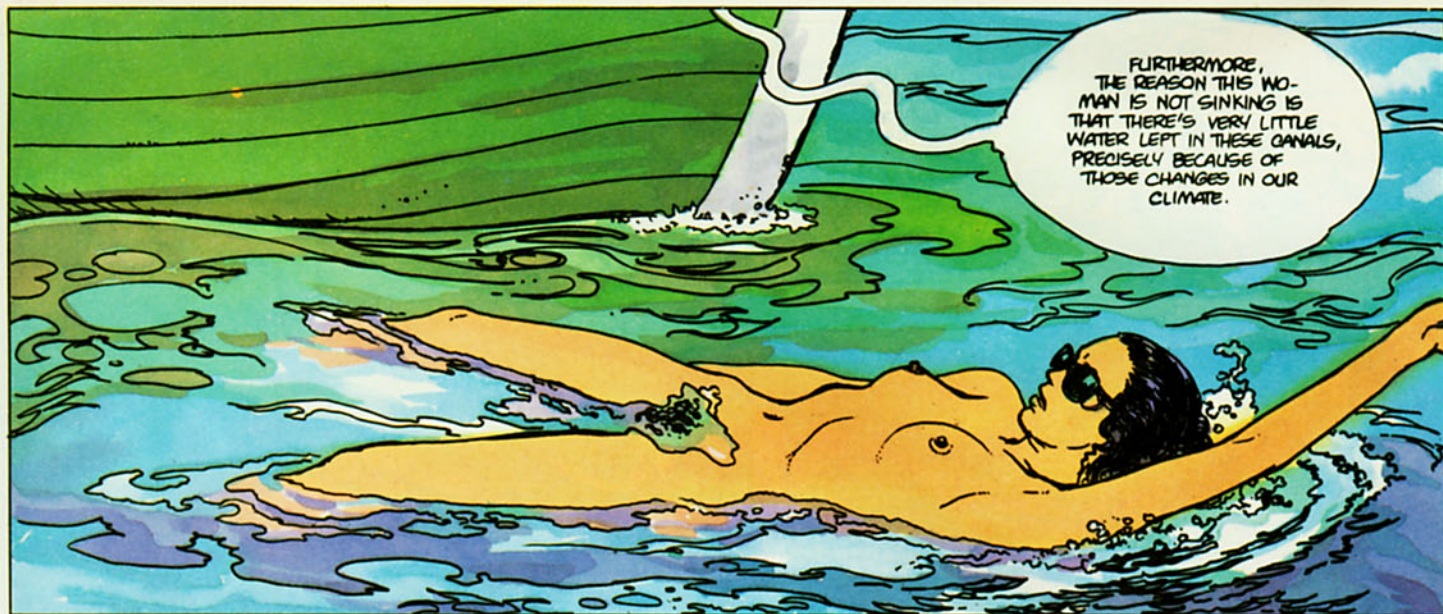
WELL, I AGREE THAT THE CLIMATE HAS BEEN UNSTABLE RECENTLY... BUT WHETHER OR NOT TO ATTRIBUTE THAT TO WITCHES... I DON'T KNOW...

COME ON, THAT'S IT. GET THAT WOMAN DRESSED AND CALL THE POLICE. THIS IS SHAMEFUL!

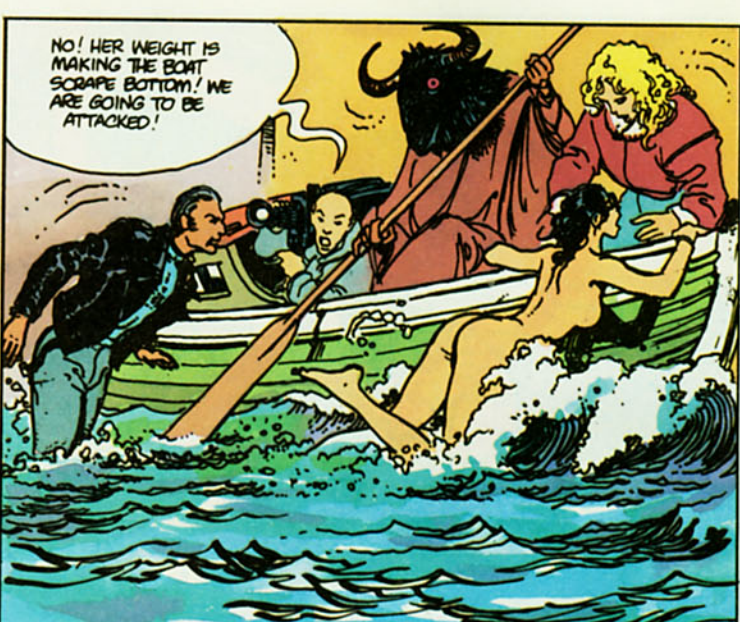


VARIATIONS IN OUR CLIMATE ARE CAUSED BY POLLUTION, DEFORESTATION, NUCLEAR EXPLOSIONS AND MANY OTHER SUCH THINGS. BUT CERTAINLY NOT BY WITCHES!

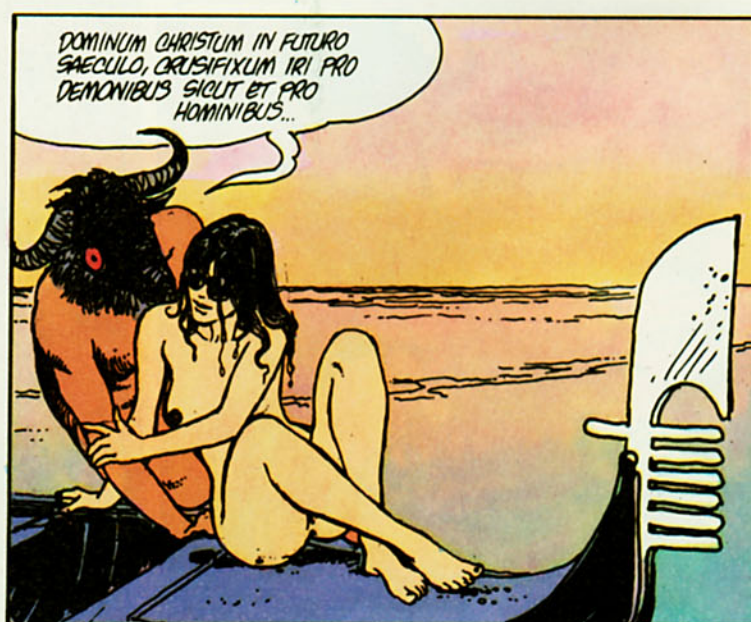
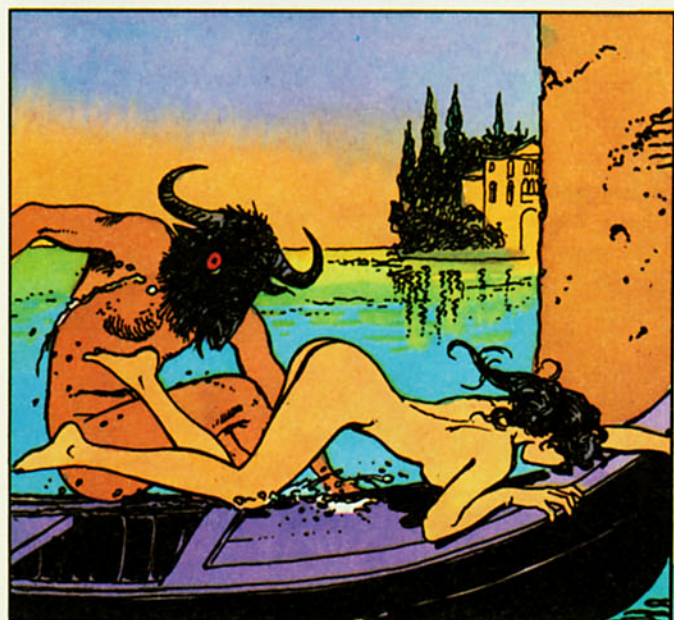
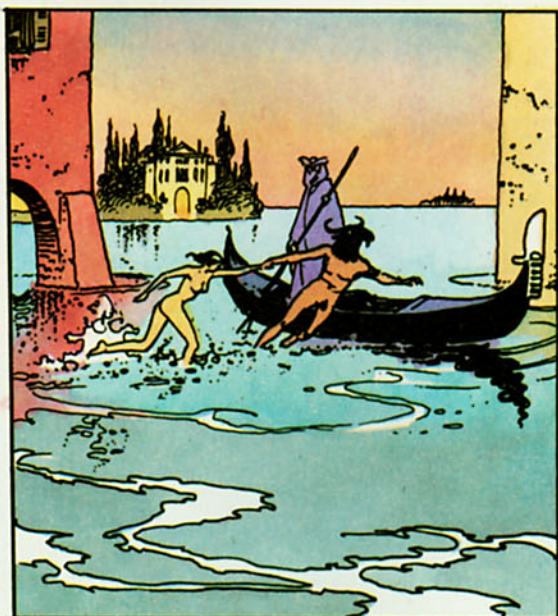
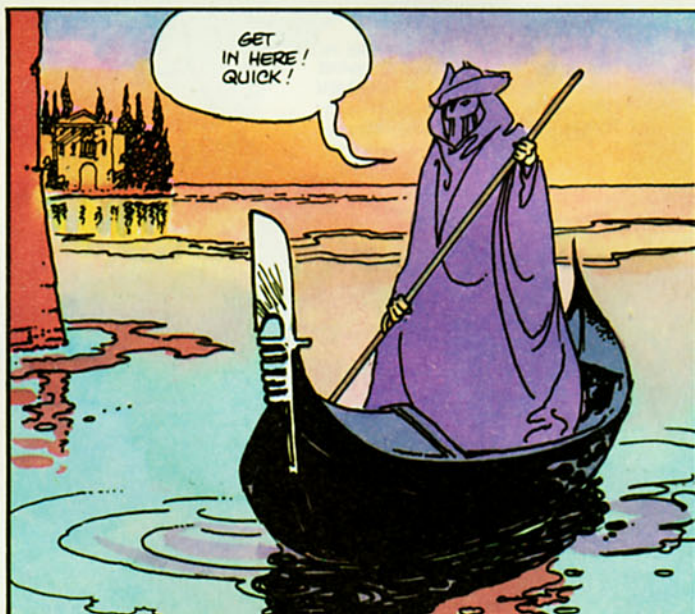




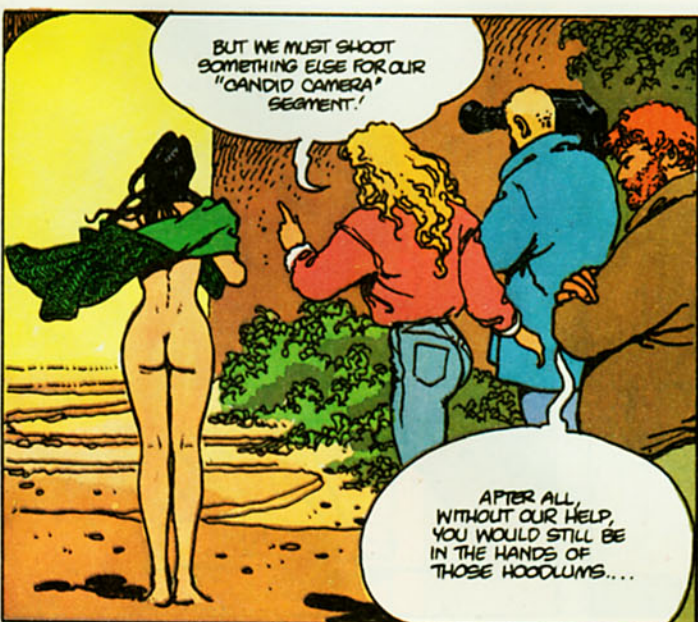
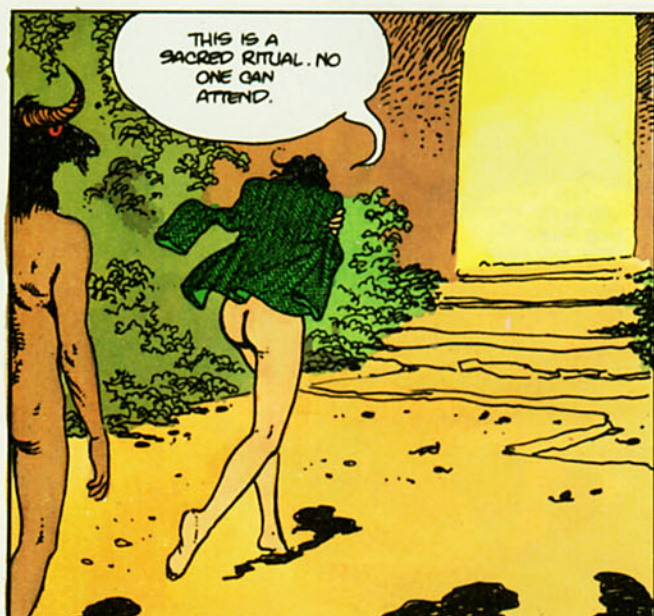
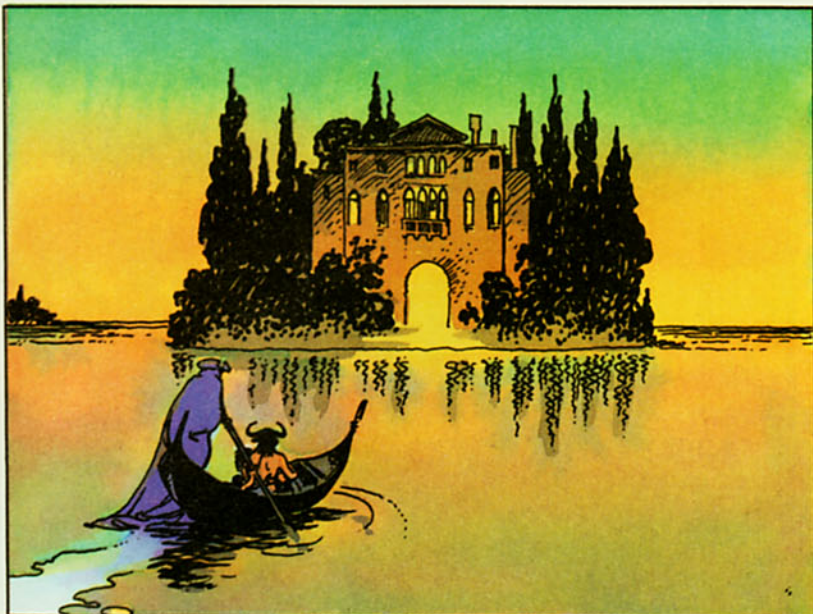














THAT EXORCIST WAS RIGHT. I AM A WITCH. BUT WITCHES DON'T ALWAYS BRING ABOUT EVIL. WE HAVE COME TOGETHER HERE ON THIS ISLAND TO INVOKE THE RAIN WE ARE ALL YEARNING FOR. THE RAIN WILL FIGHT WITH THE JACKASS AND EACH WILL TRY TO MAKE THE OTHER SHOOT HIS SEMEN. THE ONE WHO MANAGES NOT TO WASTE HIS SEMEN WILL GIVE IT TO US AND WE WILL TRANSFORM IT INTO RAIN OR STORM, DEPENDING ON WHO IS THE WINNER.

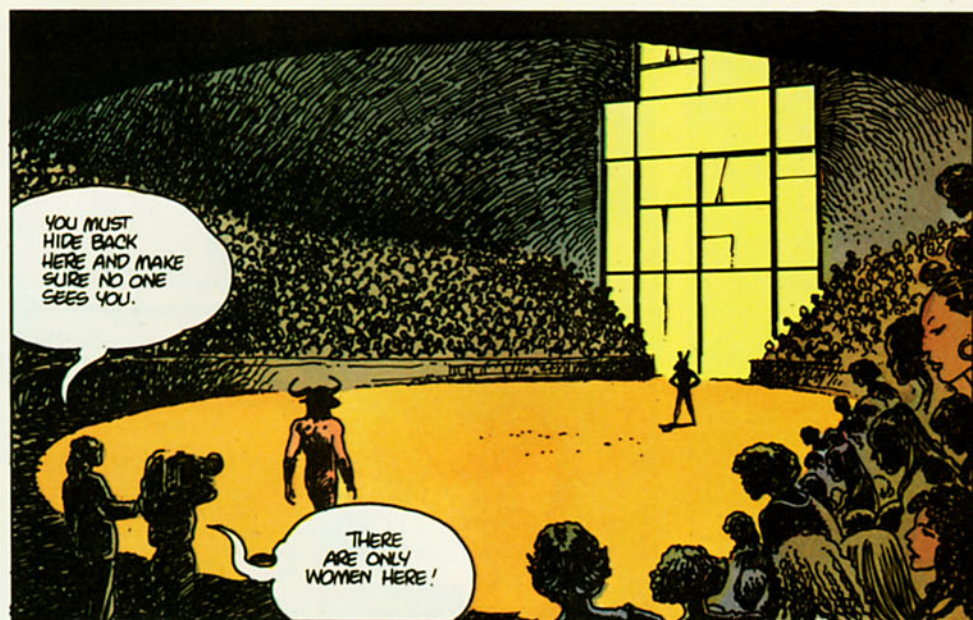
I THOUGHT THAT GUY WAS CRAZY, BUT I SEE THAT YOU ARE EVEN MORE SO!

IF HONEY DOES A GOOD JOB, WE'LL BE ABLE TO FOLLOW THE ENTIRE EVENT ON THIS MONITOR.



YOU MUST HIDE BACK HERE AND MAKE SURE NO ONE SEES YOU.

THERE ARE ONLY WOMEN HERE!



NOT ALL ARE WOMEN!

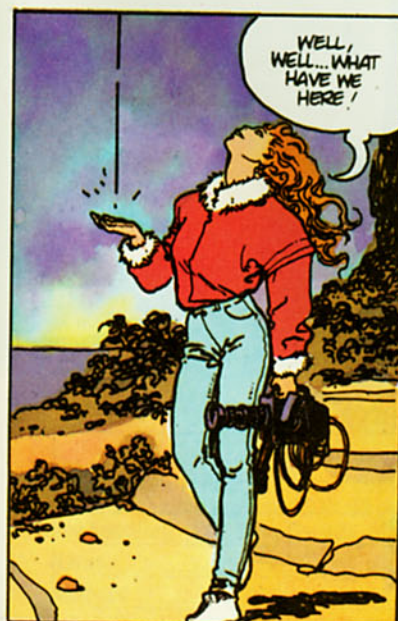
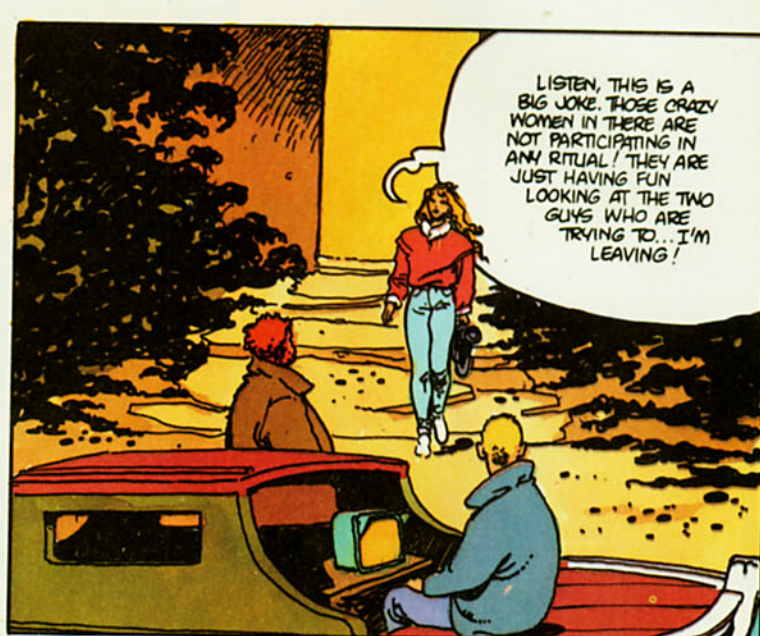
AH! THERE'S THE JACK-ASS!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT'S GOING ON BUT LET'S SEE WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN....









I ASSURE YOU THAT THE EVIDENCE YOU WILL FIND HERE MAY CHANGE THE COURSE OF HISTORY, SOLDIER! WE MUST DESTROY IT!



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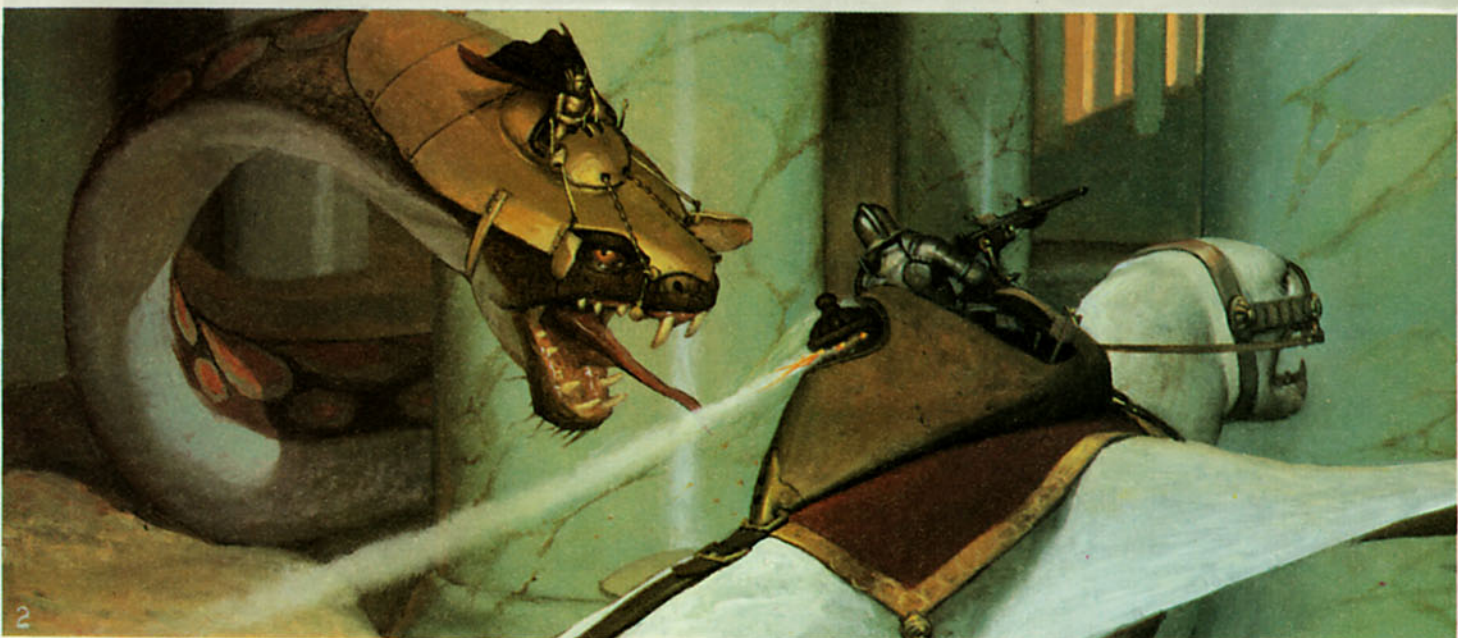


"THE TEMPLE EMERGES FROM THE WATERS ONCE EVERY THOUSAND YEARS. IT IS PROTECTED BY A GUARD WHOSE WEAPONS ARE MORE EVOLVED THAN OURS AND THEREFORE IS ALMOST INVINCIBLE. OUR EXPLOSIVE MISSILE, HOWEVER, IS TECHNOLOGICALLY TWO CENTURIES AHEAD OF ITS TIME, SO WE HAVE SOME HOPE!"

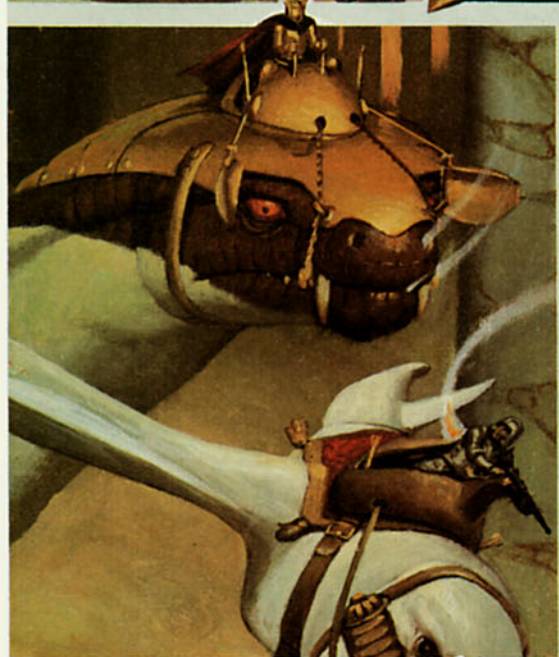
"THIS IS A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY AND WE MUST TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT. THE GOLDEN WARRIOR MAY BE IMMORTAL, BUT IF YOU FOLLOW YOUR INSTRUCTIONS CAREFULLY, YOU WON'T HAVE ANY PROBLEMS."



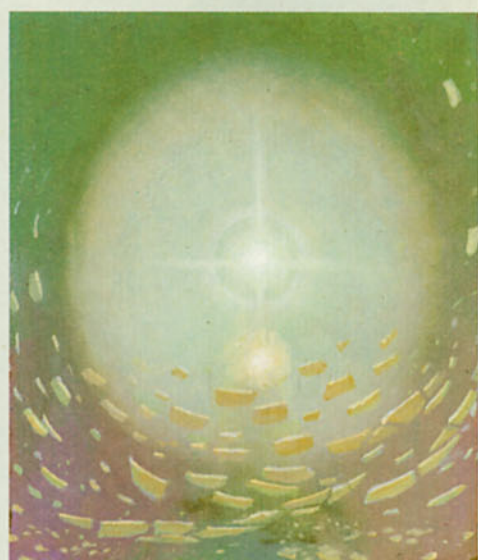
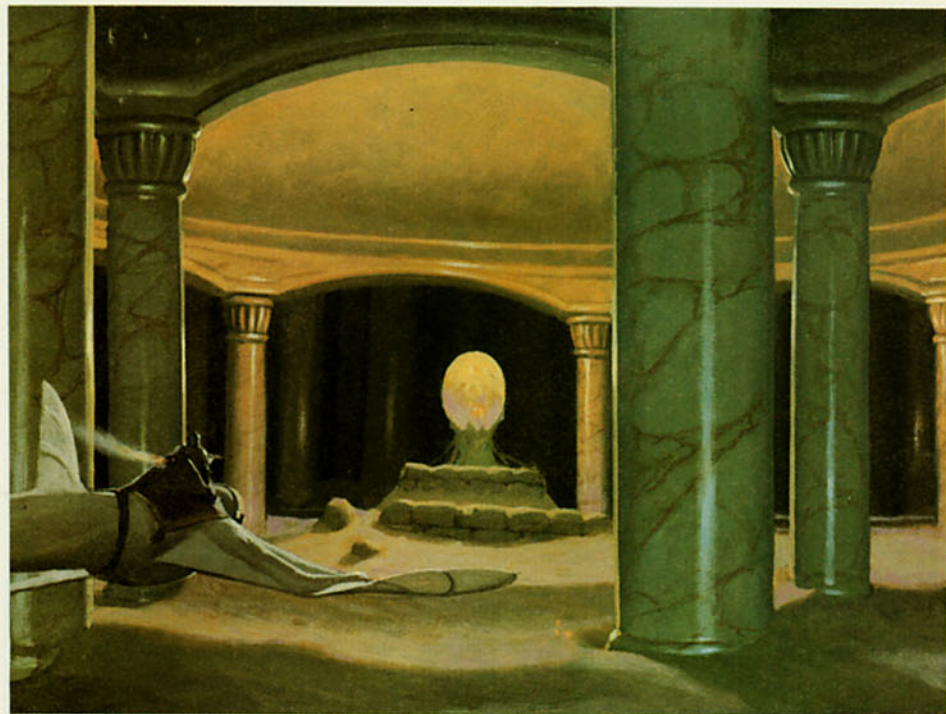


















"YOU WILL FIND A  
FISSURE AND INTO  
THAT YOU MUST IN-  
SERT YOUR SWORD..."



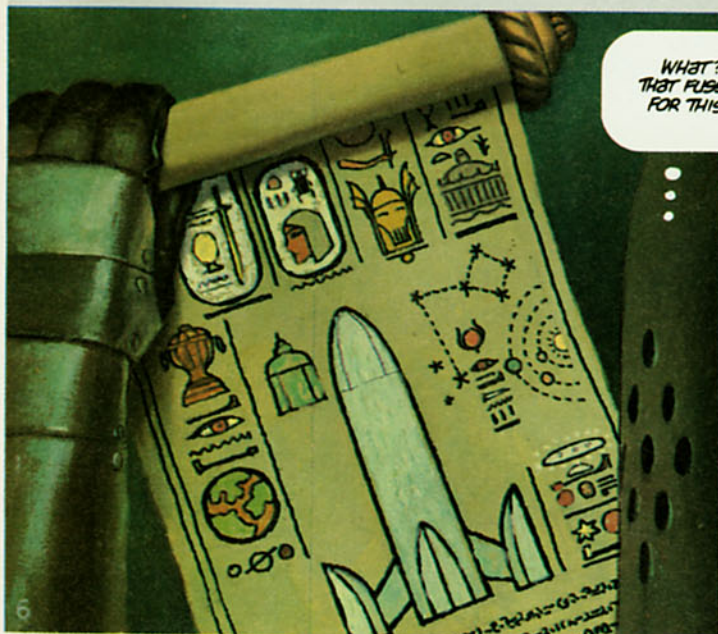
"ONCE INSIDE YOU WILL  
FIND A CHALICE. THE EVIDENCE  
IS INSIDE IT. YOU MUST DE-  
STROY IT IMMEDIATELY AND  
FLEE.... THE TEMPLE WILL  
BEGIN SINKING AGAIN IN A  
VERY SHORT TIME...."



I CAN'T WAIT TO  
SEE WHAT THIS  
"EVIDENCE"  
MAY BE...



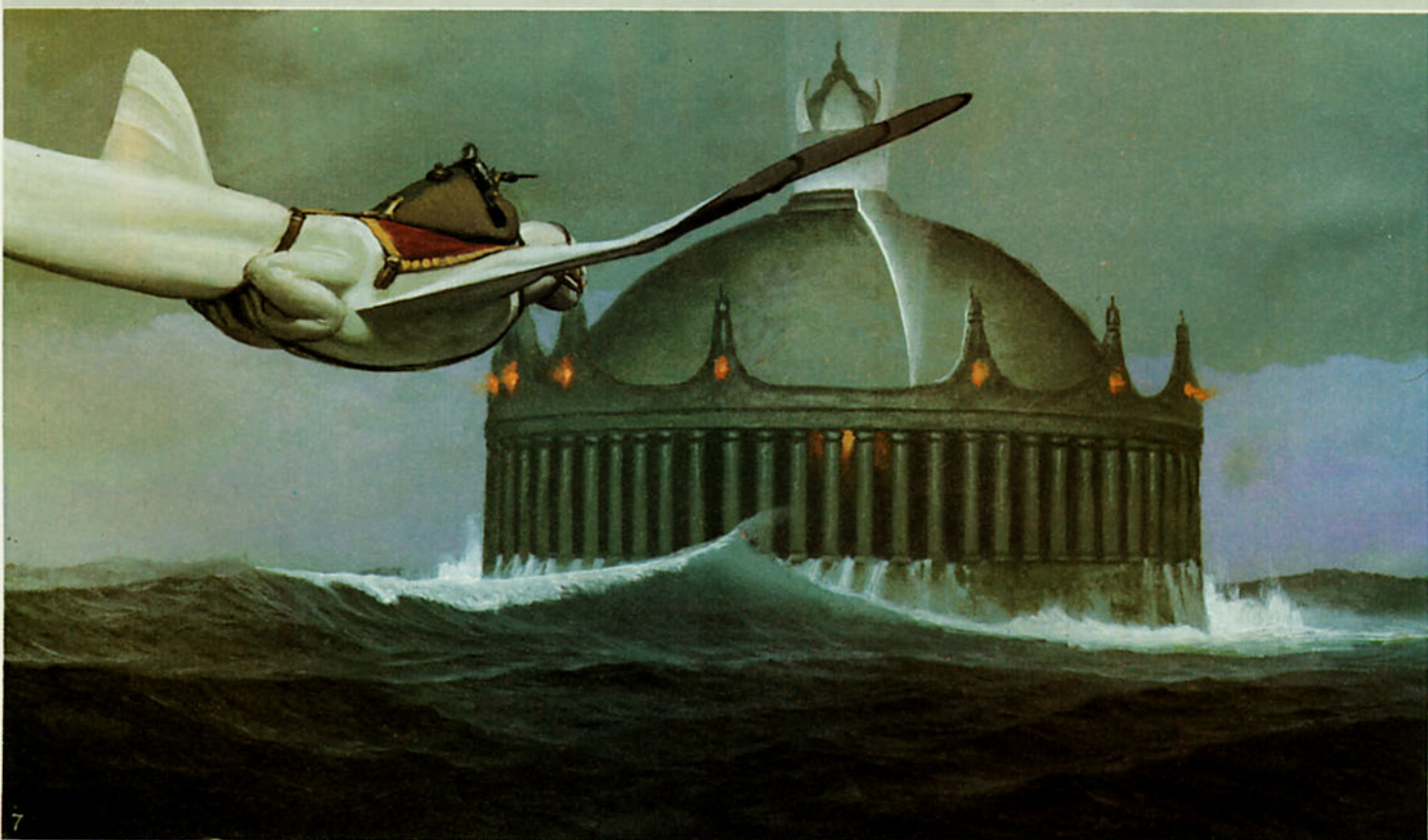
WHAT? ALL  
THAT RUSS JUST  
FOR THIS?



... "WE WILL HAVE DE-  
STROYED THE LAST  
SHARD OF EVIDENCE OF  
THE PRESENCE OF  
EXTRATERRESTRIALS  
ON OUR PLANET."

EPilogue: THE STORY HAS TAKEN UP THE SIX PAGES ALLOTTED  
TO IT. THE MERCENARY SOLDIER HAS GONE BACK TO HIS HIMA-  
LAYAN PEAK... BUT, THANKFULLY, YOUR EDITOR WOULD LIKE YOU TO  
KNOW THE END OF THIS TALE....







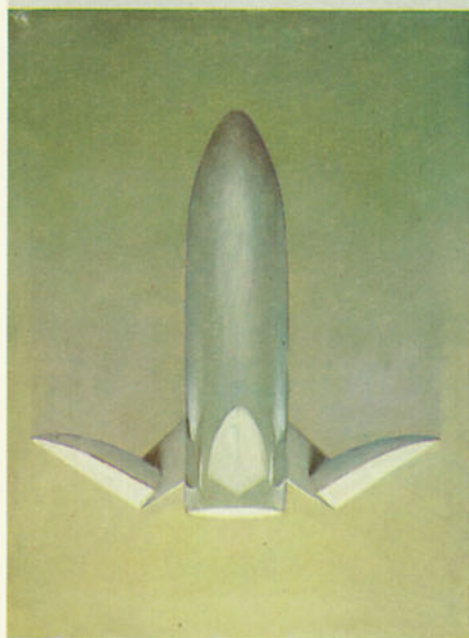
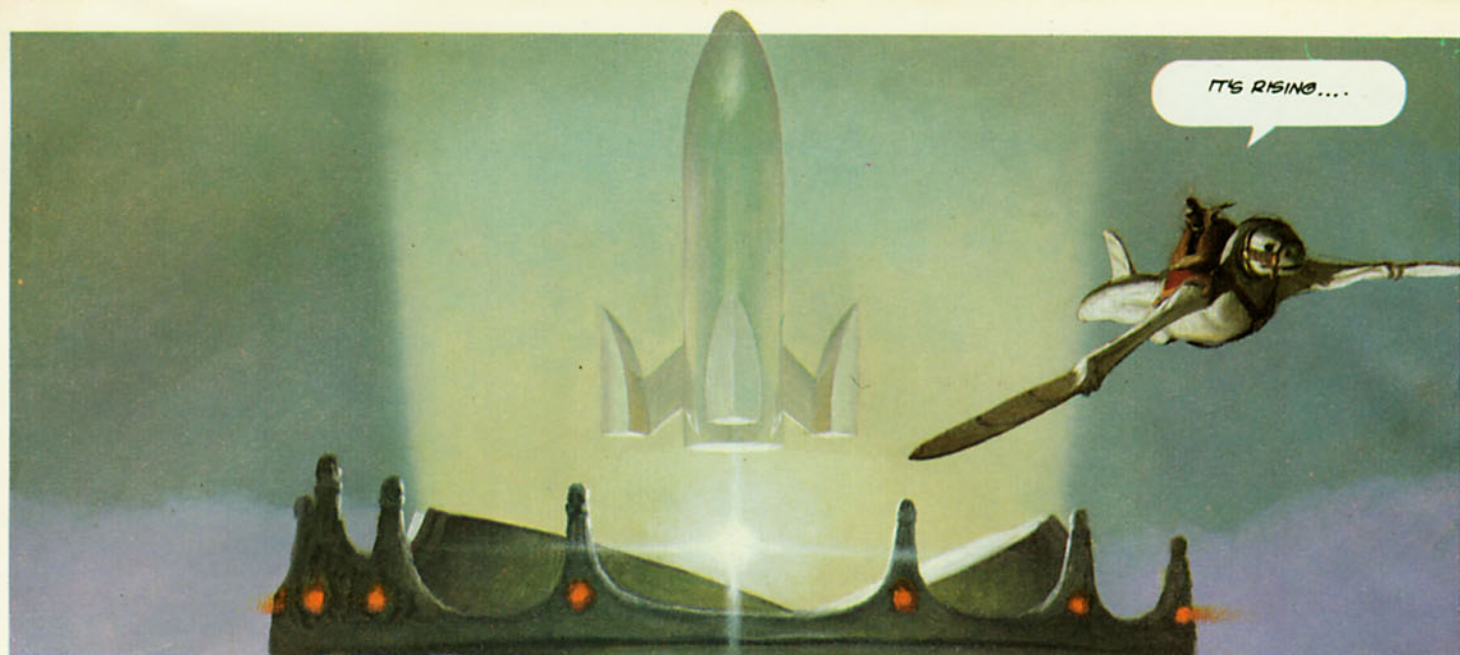


THOSE RAYS OF LIGHT...  
JUST LIKE IN THE PIC-  
TURE I DESTROYED!



SO MUCH FOR THE LAMA'S  
PREDICTIONS AND HIS MONK'S  
ABILITY TO DECIPHER AN-  
CIENT TEXTS! THEY HAVEN'T  
A CLUE AS TO WHAT THEY  
ARE DOING. AND WHAT  
SHOULD I DO NOW?









THE MERCENARY SOLDIER MUST HAVE SET OFF THE MECHANISM THAT PRODUCED THE MISSILE LAUNCH. ALAS, THE SPACESHIP DEPARTED EMPTY AND WE WILL NEVER KNOW WHO OR WHAT IT WAS WAITING FOR.... MAYBE THE MONKS ON THE HIMALAYAN PEAK KNOW MORE THAN THEY LET ON.... MAYBE OUR HERO KNOWS MORE THAN THEY DO.... OR MAYBE OUR HERO WAS USED BY FORCES UNKNOWN TO US FOR A PURPOSE THAT WE WILL NEVER DISCOVER....





# ALIEN METAPHOR





THE SUN BURNS HALLOWEEN  
ORANGE OVER THE MYTHICAL  
CITY OF SALFORD AND JUST  
FOR A MOMENT, ALL THE  
TRAFFIC LIGHTS TURN GREEN.

THE STREETS ARE LINED WITH DISCARDED CARNIVAL FLOATS, AND  
CAR ALARMS SHRIEK LIKE EXOTIC BIRDS IN HEAT.



LIFE IS STATIC AND IT SURE FEELS FINE FOR ...











IT'S THE I-SCREAM VAN!!



HELLO RANDY ... KIDS.

HELLO, MISTER KIMIC. WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TODAY?



WE'VE GOT SIMILIES AND METAPHORS. PATHOS AND INTENT. PHONETICS AND NASALISED DIPHTHONGS...

...BUT I'M AFRAID THE ANTONYMS ARE OFF.



I THINK I'LL HAVE...

HEY WE WERE HERE FIRST, CANCER BREATH!

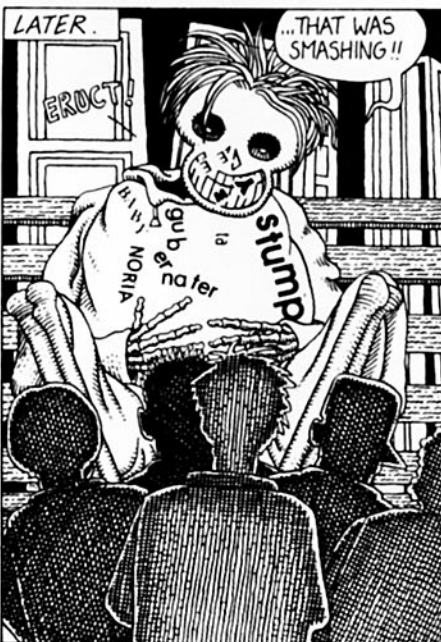


YES, BUT YOU'RE ORPHANS. YOU'VE GOT NO MONEY.



I'LL HAVE A MIXED METAPHOR WITH A FLAKE IN IT !!!

CHILL.



...THAT WAS SMASHING!!

ERECT!



YOU DONT SUPPOSE, MISTER SKELETON, YOU COULD SPARE A FEW PENNIES FOR SOME HUNGRY ORPHANS?



SHOULD I OR SHOULDN'T I?







RANDY MEETS HIS PAL .... FAMED BLUES MUSICIAN, **JOLLY ROGER!!**

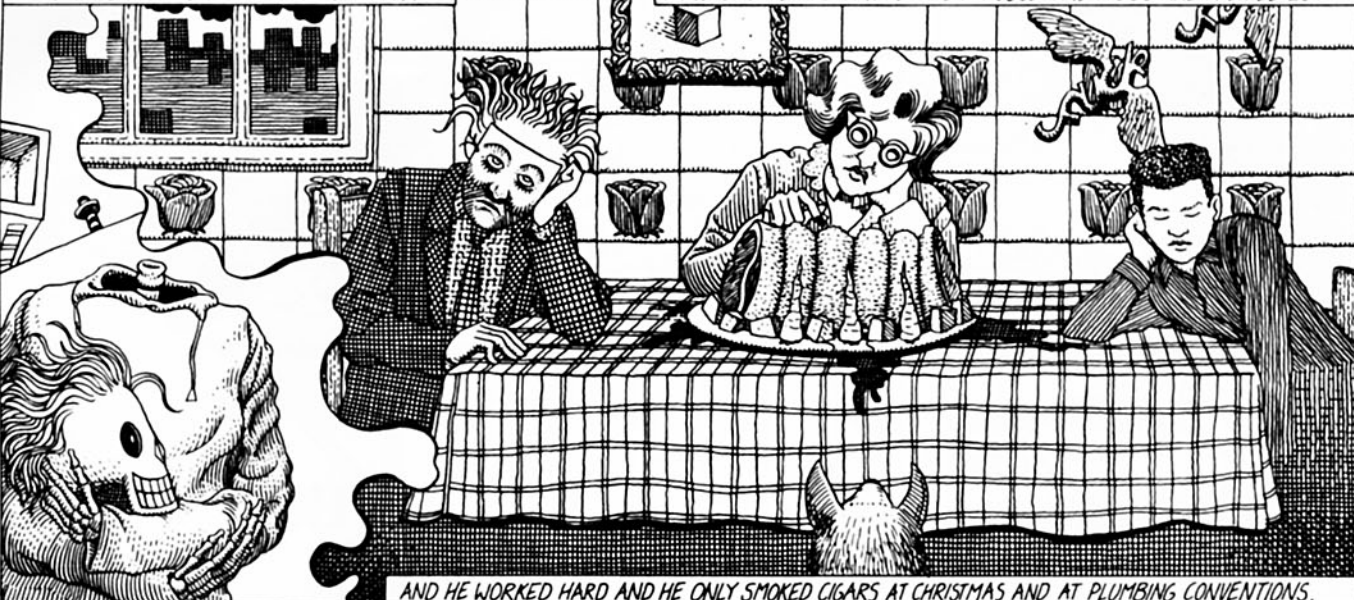


COMMUNICATING THROUGH STREET THEATRE, ROGER TELLS OF HIS RECENT TOUR OF EASTERN EUROPE.

RANDY USES HIS JESUS COMPASS TO FIND DIRECTION.



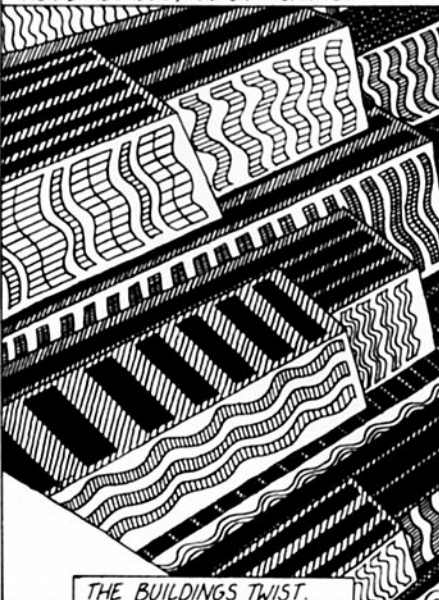
HE REMEMBERS A DREAM HE ONCE HAD...



... WHERE HE HAD A WIFE AND A HOUSE AND A DOG AND A LITTLE BOY

AND HE WORKED HARD AND HE ONLY SMOKED CIGARS AT CHRISTMAS AND AT PLUMBING CONVENTIONS.

AS HE RECALLS, THE CITY SHIFTS.



THE BUILDINGS TWIST.



AND SUNLIGHT DANCES FROM THE WINDOWS.

DREAMS ARE DREAMS BUT NOTHING COMPARES TO THE BEAUTY OF CLEAN LIGHT ON DIRTY GLASS.



SNIF



RANDY HITCHES A RIDE FROM SOME PASSING SEAGULLS.



DROPPING HIM OFF THREE MILES NORTH OF THE AQUARIUMS.

THANKS FOR THE LIFT CHAPS!!!

... BY THE WAY DO BIRDS WISH THEY HAD FINGERS?

NO! BUT WE WANT TO BE ABLE TO FLY FACING UPWARDS!



SOMETHING CATCHES RANDY'S EYE.

WHAT'S THIS??



IT'S A BOUND PADLOCK...

WITHOUT ITS KEY!!!

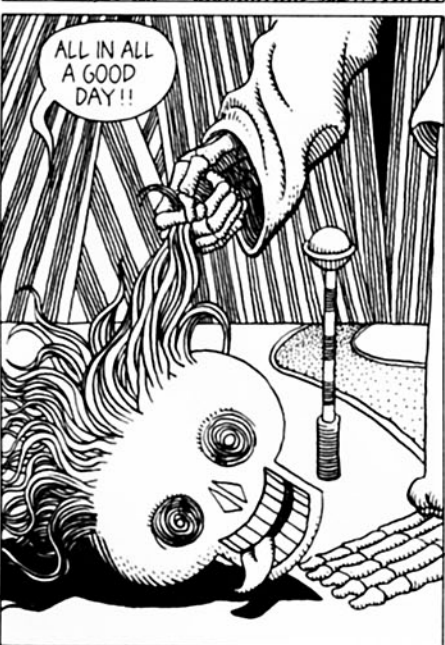


OH JOY, OH JOY, OH JOY!! WHAT A VALUABLE ADDITION TO MY COLLECTION!

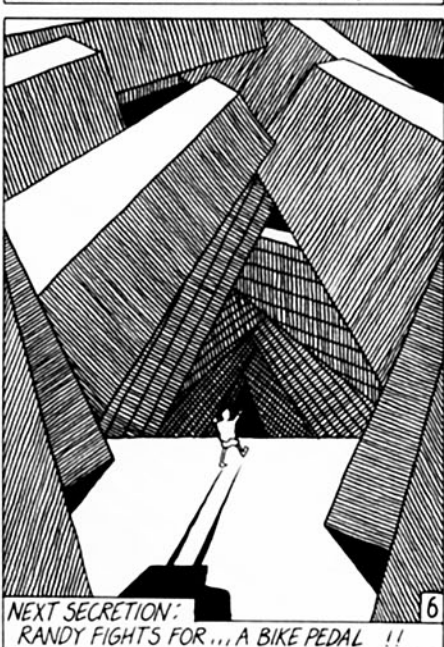


\* RANDY COLLECTS ITEMS OF HYPERKITSCH.

ALL IN ALL A GOOD DAY!!



NOW I WONDER IF I MANAGED TO ARRANGE THAT SURPRISE PARTY FOR MYSELF?

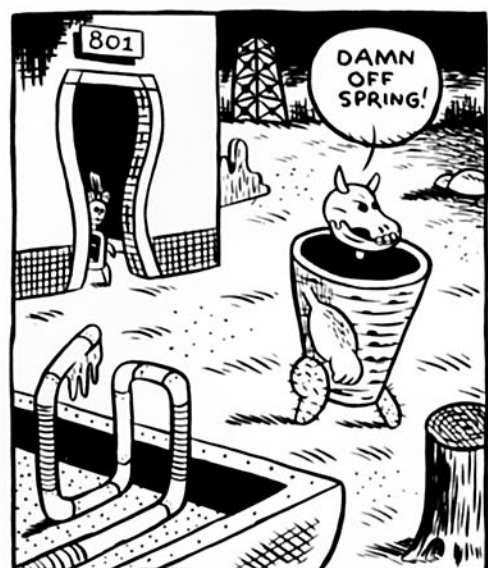
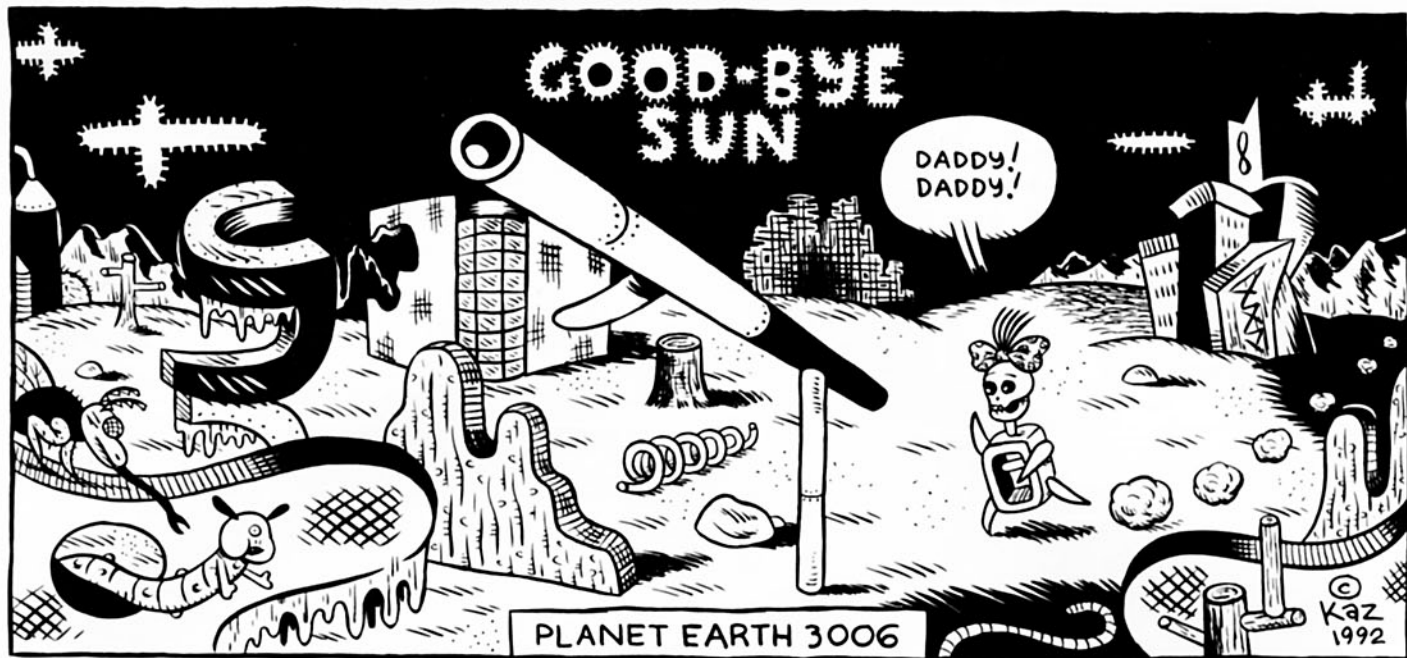


NEXT SECRETION: RANDY FIGHTS FOR... A BIKE PEDAL !!

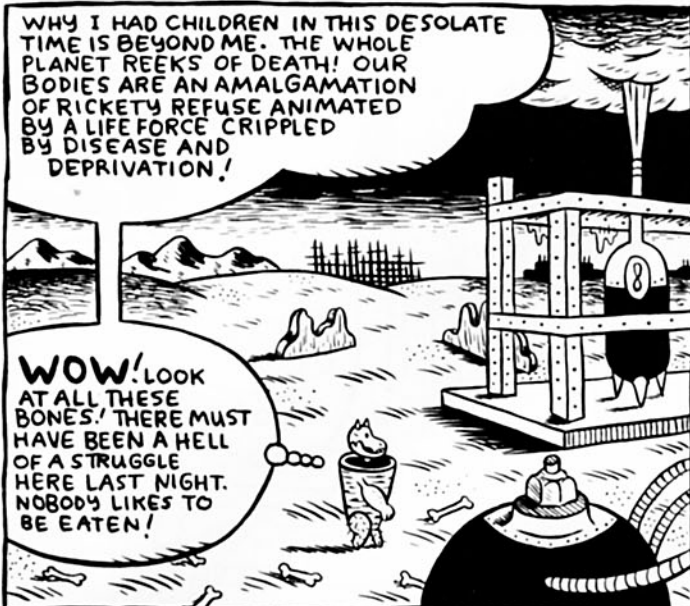




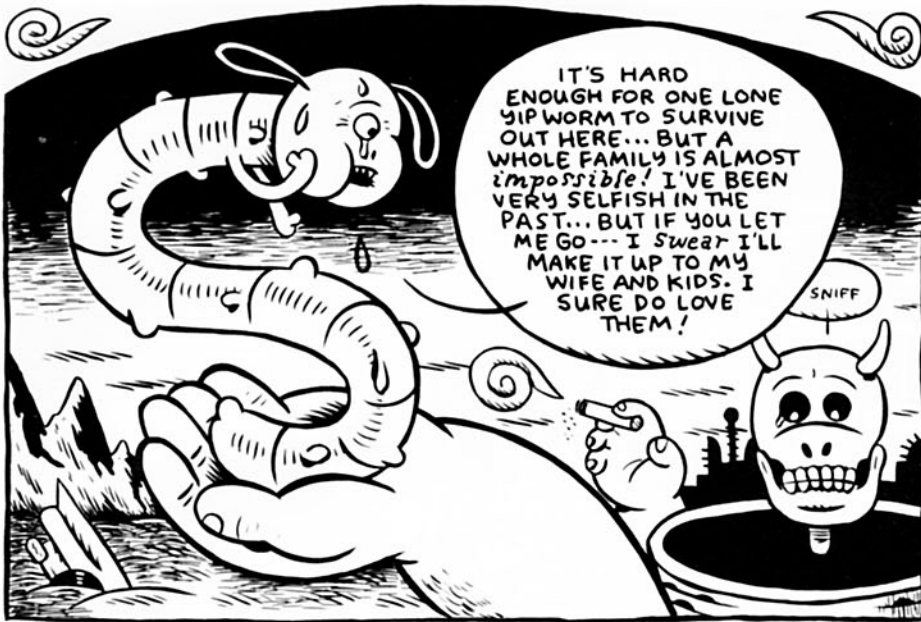














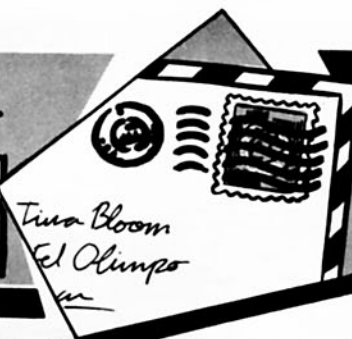
A BIT LATER





# TINA BLOOM

F. INFANTE.

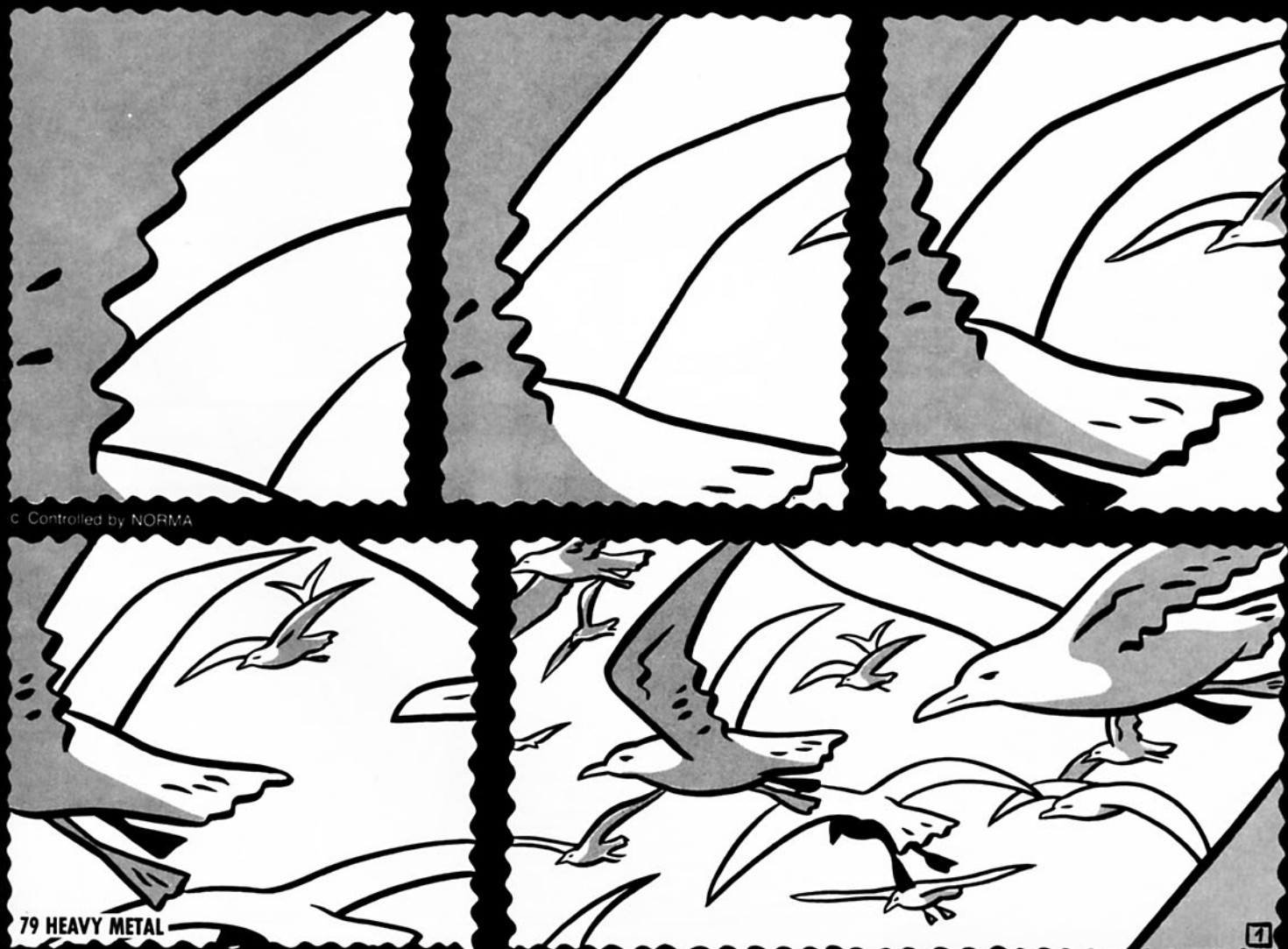


# HURRICANE

PARA SILVIA.

YELLOW  
ALERT!

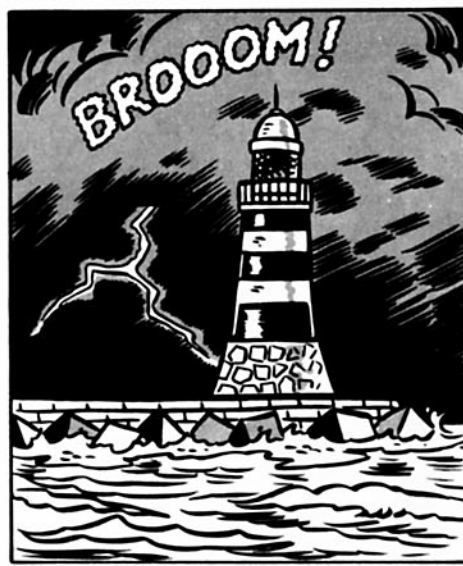
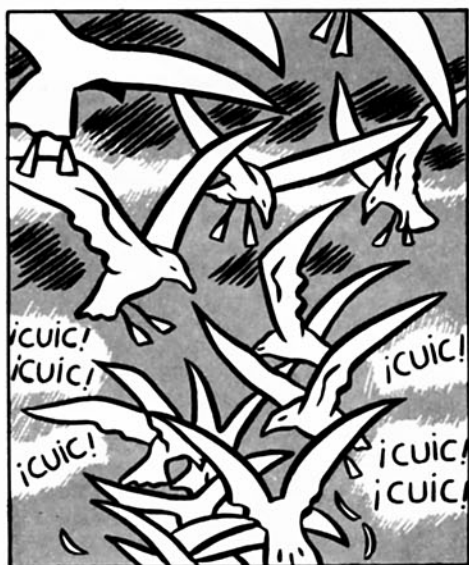
DARLING AXEL:  
SOMETHING REALLY  
EXTRAORDINARY  
HAPPENED  
YESTERDAY. I WAS  
REARRANGING  
SOME FURNITURE  
AND I FOUND A  
STACK OF YOUR  
LETTERS. I FELT  
CURIOUS AND  
STARTED READING  
THEM AND THE  
MEMORY OF THAT  
SUMMER SWEEP  
ME LIKE A  
HURRICANE....



© Controlled by NORMA



AN IMPULSE I COULDN'T RESIST MADE ME TAKE A TRAIN BACK TO THAT CITY. I WAS BEWILDERED, CONFUSED.... LIKE A CRIMINAL GOING BACK TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME.





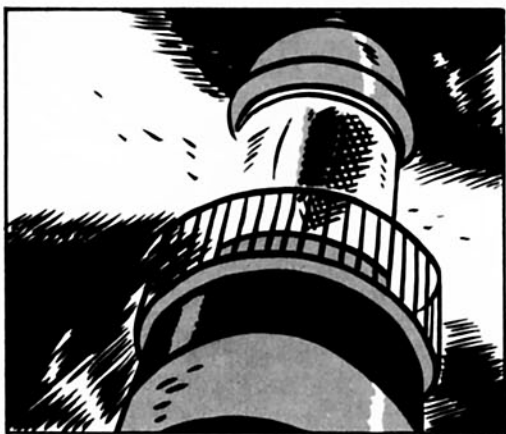
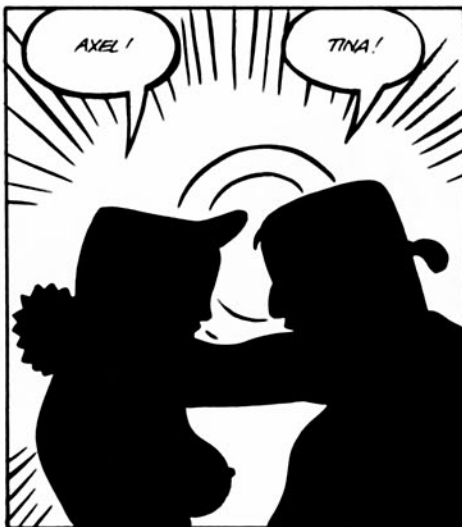
ORANGE  
ALERT!

I WENT BACK  
TO ALL THE  
PLACES WE'D  
BEEN TOGETHER,  
BUT I DIDN'T  
SEE YOU. THE  
ENTIRE CITY  
WAS FULL OF  
YOUR SMELL, IT'S  
DOORWAYS STILL  
WATCHED OVER  
OUR PASSIONATE  
EMBRACES, BUT  
YOU WEREN'T  
THERE....





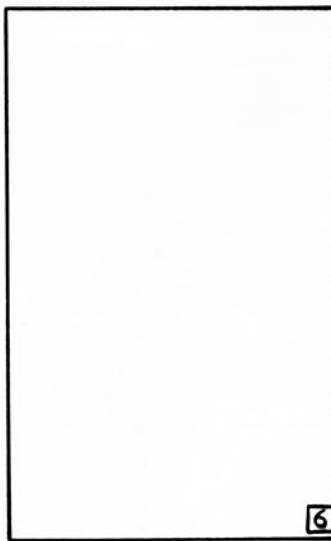
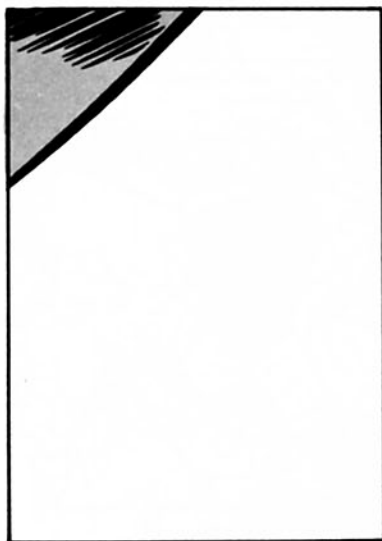
RED ALERT!





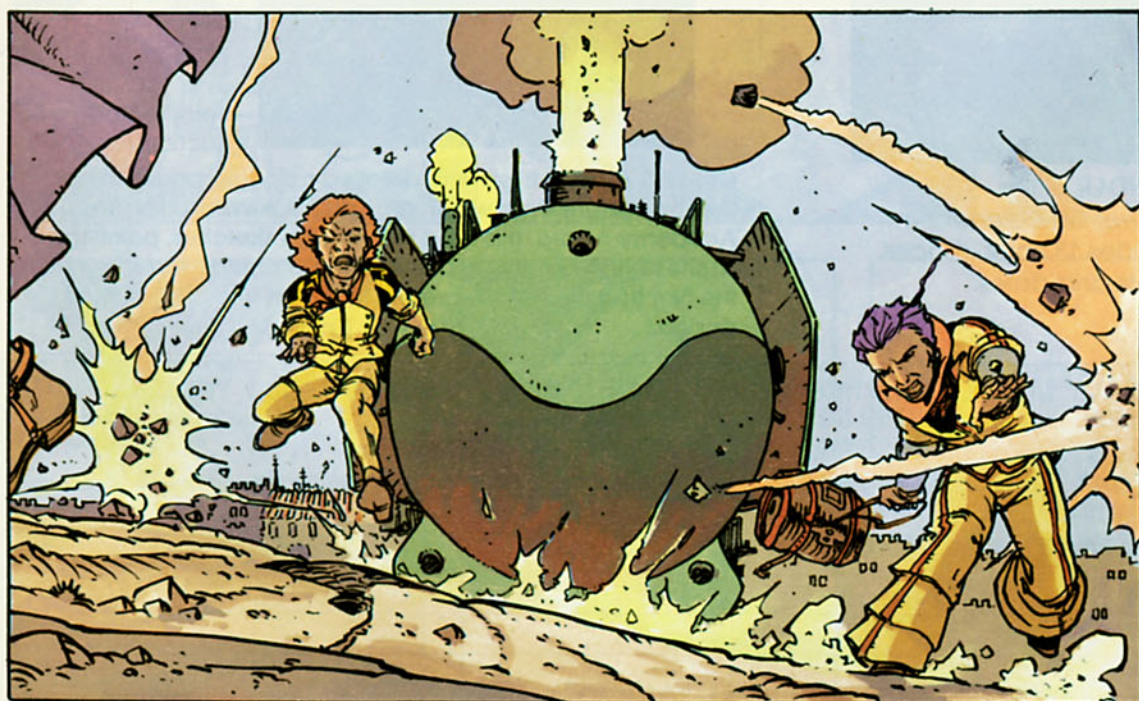
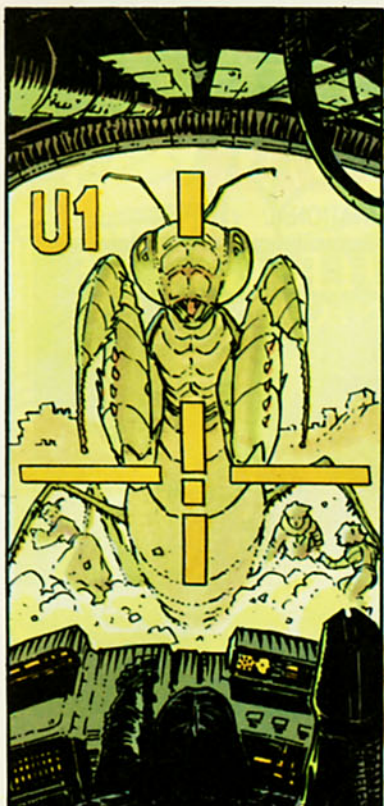






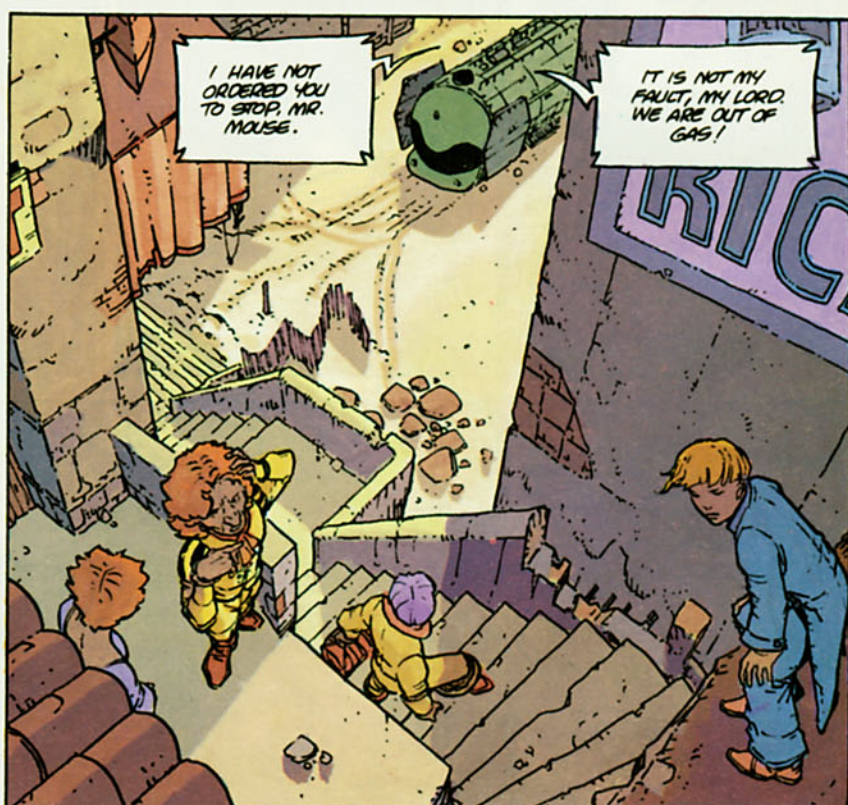
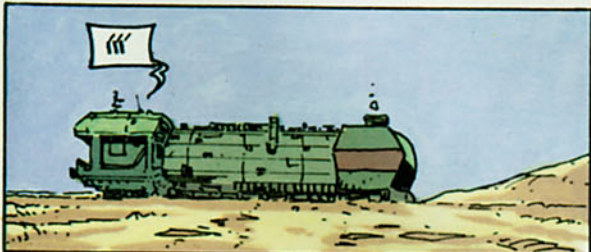
AXEL, DARLING.  
I KNOW NOW  
THAT I HAVE  
LOST YOU FOR-  
EVER. I'M NOT  
EVEN SURE THAT  
OUR SUMMER  
TOGETHER EVER  
EXISTED. THIS  
CITY IS NOW  
THE SADDEST  
PLACE ON EARTH.



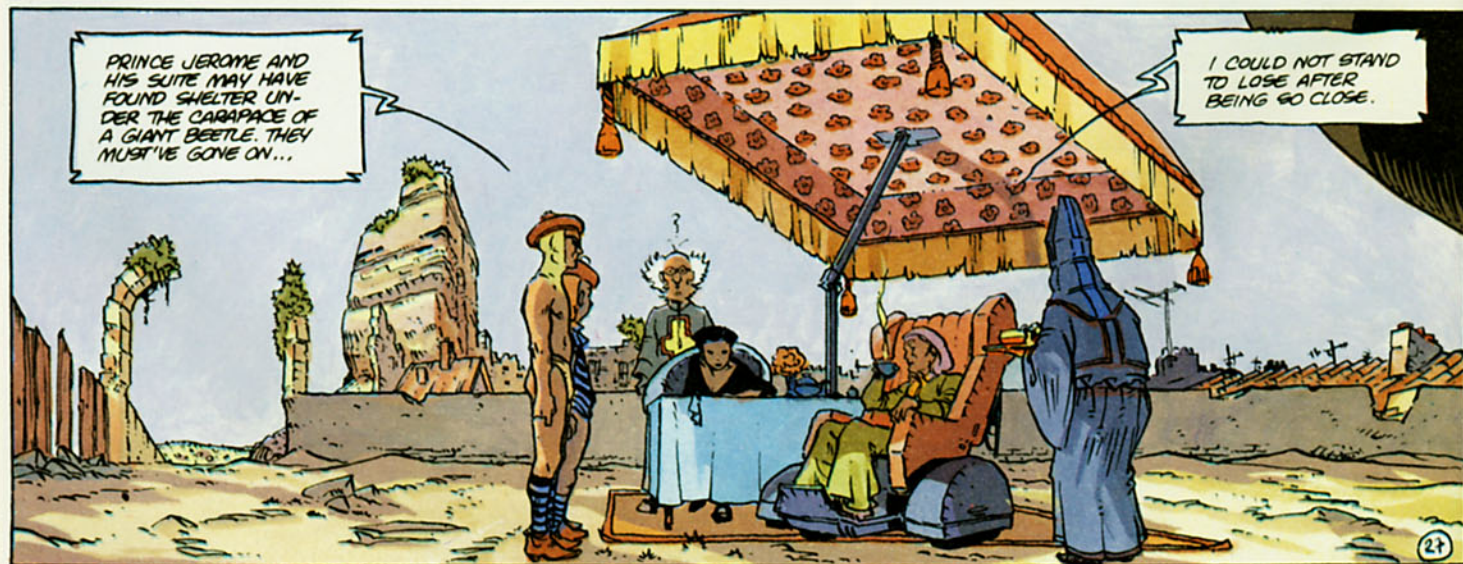
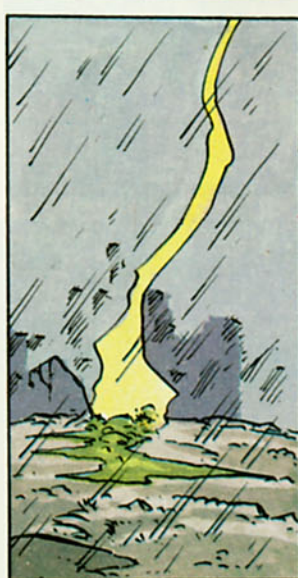
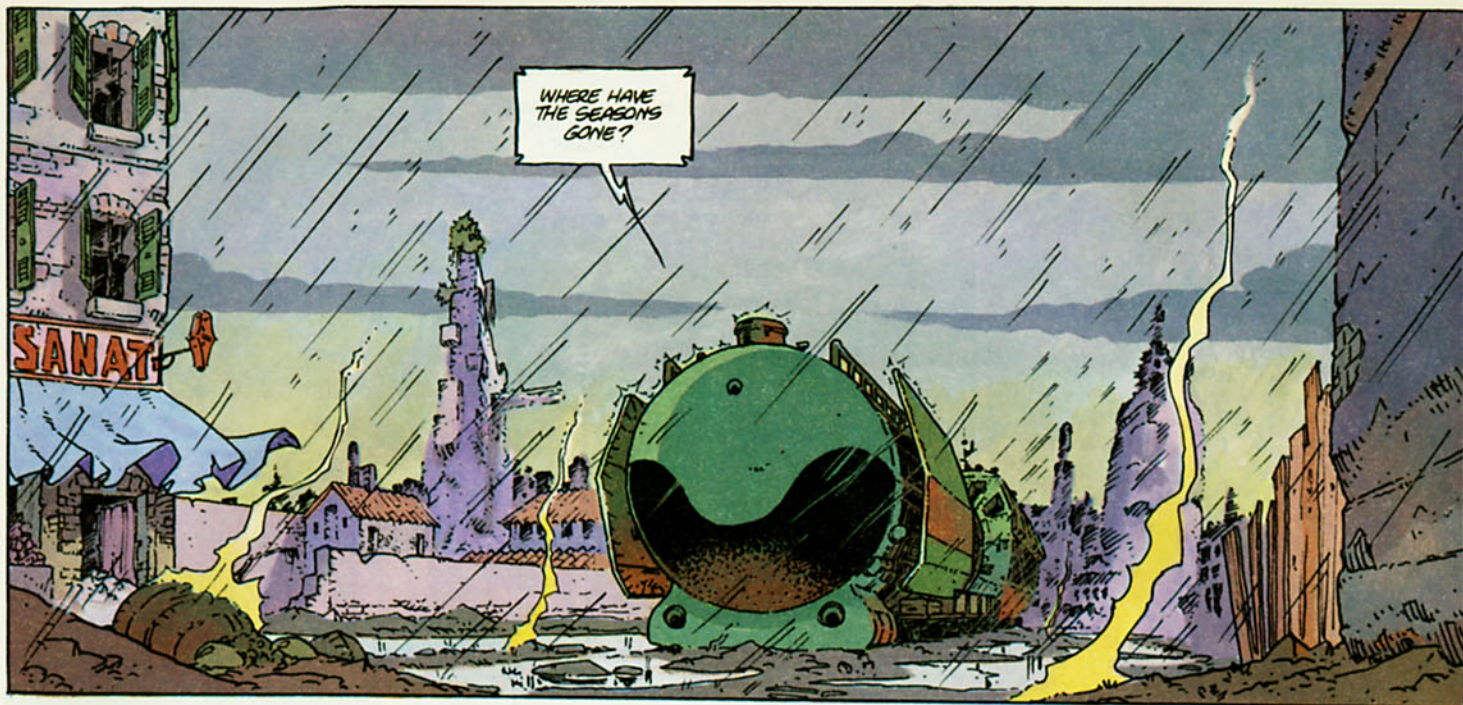


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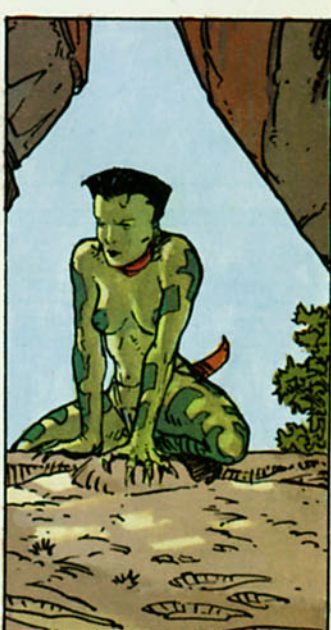
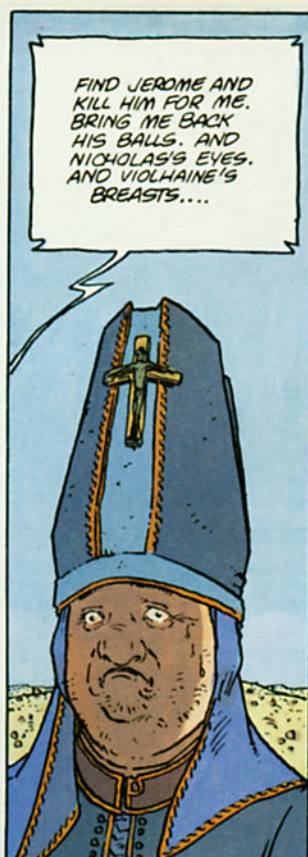
















I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY THAT YOU DON'T ALREADY KNOW.

WHY DON'T YOU TALK TO ME ANYMORE?

I KNEW IT! YOU HAVE CHANGED, VIOLHAINE! YOU HAVE CHANGED SO MUCH THAT I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE WHAT I SEE!



YOU'RE RIGHT, JEROME. I HAVE DECIDED TO FIGHT. I WANT TO GET RID OF ALL THE "DEAD WEIGHT"...



EVERYONE HAS A DIFFERENT DEFINITION OF "DEAD WEIGHT"...

I'M SORRY...



I THINK I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN.... YOU HAVE USED ME TO SATISFY YOUR PETTY AMBITION. THE RATS ALWAYS DESERT A SINKING SHIP.... AM I RIGHT?



YOU DON'T REALLY THINK YOU CAN FIGHT MY COUSIN WITH YOUR NAILS AND YOUR PRETTY WHITE TEETH?

MALIK DOES NOT SCARE ME. HE'S ALSO JUST PLAYING. AND HE IS BOUND TO LOSE, IN THE END...



WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I WANT TO SEE NICHOLAG'S DREAM COME TRUE....









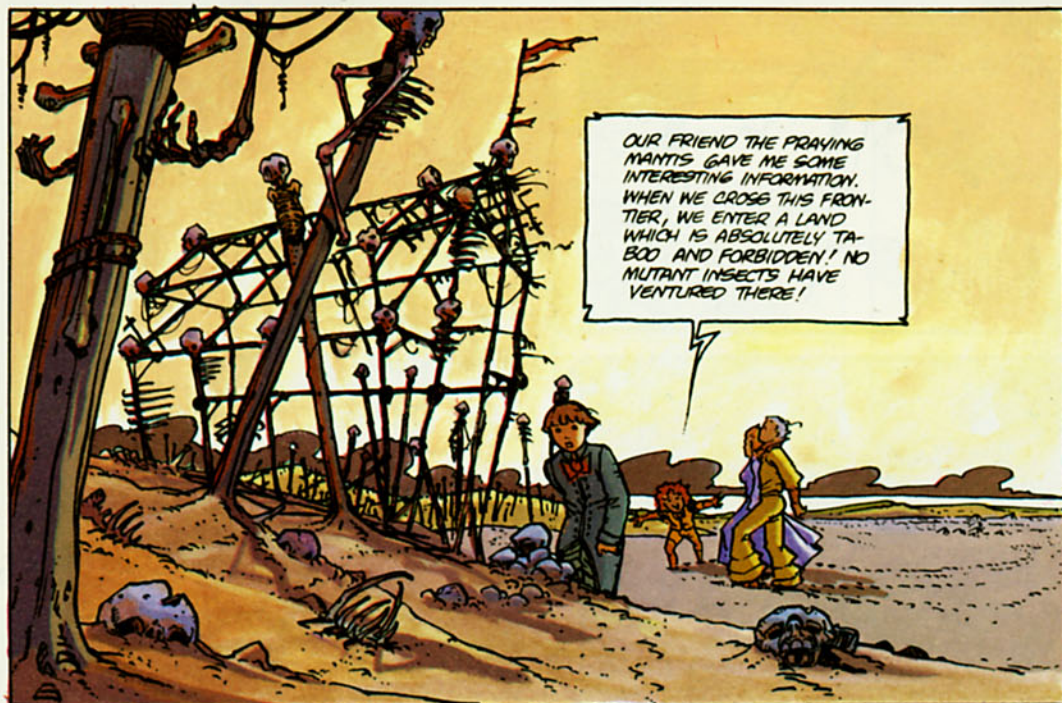


THERE IS STILL ONE SMALL DETAIL WE'VE NEGLECTED TO REPORT, MY LORD. OUR REFRIGERATORS WERE POWERED BY OUR BATTERIES, WHICH ARE NOW DEAD. OUR FOOD'S BAD...



WE COULD TRY EATING YOUR FISH....

IF YOU'RE TRYING TO MAKE A JOKE, IT ISN'T FUNNY!



OUR FRIEND THE PRAYING MANTIS GAVE ME SOME INTERESTING INFORMATION. WHEN WE CROSS THIS FRONTIER, WE ENTER A LAND WHICH IS ABSOLUTELY TABOO AND FORBIDDEN! NO MUTANT INSECTS HAVE VENTURED THERE!



LISTEN TO ME, GOLIATH. I HAVE GIVEN THIS A LOT OF THOUGHT. I'M OLD AND TIRED, AND I WOULDN'T WANT TO BECOME A DEAD WEIGHT TO YOU. I'M GOING TO STAY HERE....

GREAT! I'LL STAY HERE WITH YOU. WE'LL WAIT FOR YOUR COUSIN AND WE'LL HAVE A GOOD LAUGH TOGETHER!



NO, GOLIATH. THIS IS NO LAUGHING MATTER.



I THINK THE QUEEN OF THE TERMITES WAS RIGHT: WE ARE THE LAST SURVIVORS OF AN ANCIENT RACE. WE HAVE PROVED OUR INCOMPETENCE ON ALL FRONTS....



WITH A GREAT DEAL OF SPIRIT, I MAY ADD, ALTHOUGH THAT'S OUR ONLY EXCUSE!

JUST LISTEN TO ME, PLEASE. MALIK'S ARMORED TRAIN STOPPED SUDDENLY, WHEN HE WAS ABOUT TO OVERCOME US. IT MUST'VE BROKEN DOWN--SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG.... BUT I DON'T THINK MALIK HAS GIVEN UP THE RACE, HE'S STILL HUNTING FOR US....



IF I WERE HIM, I WOULD HAVE ORDERED KALI TO FIND US AND FINISH US OFF. I'M READY TO BET THAT'S WHAT HE DID. KALI IS AFTER US....











EVEN AS I PROLONGED MY  
LIFE, I FAILED TO SHORTEN  
THAT ETERNITY OF TIME AFTER  
DEATH. AND EVEN THOUGH I  
WILL FIGHT TO KEEP ON  
LIVING, THE TIME OF MY  
DEATH WILL COME

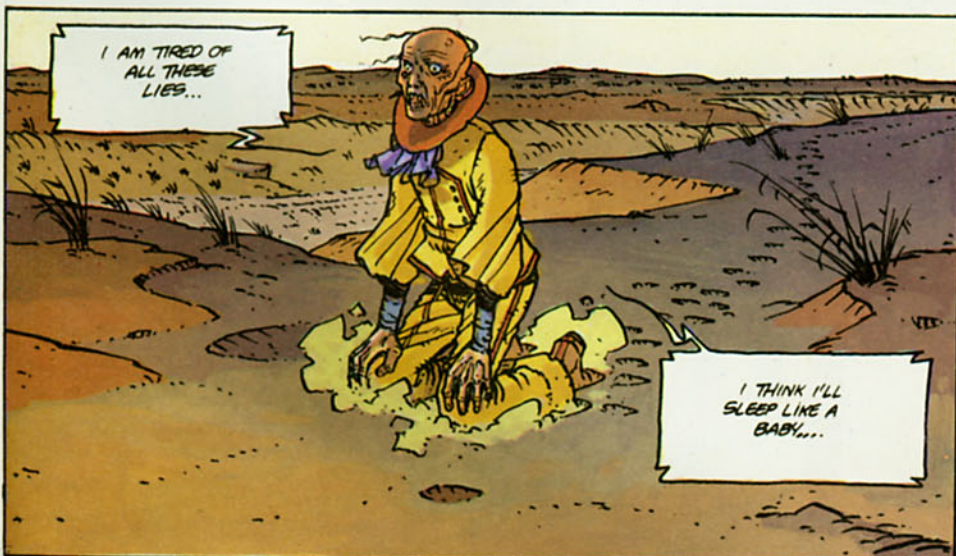


I DON'T WANT  
ANYMORE CHAMPAGNE  
...JUST SOME WA-  
TER... JUST A LITTLE  
WATER... PLEASE...

NOW I AM ALL ALONE. I  
HAVE A SLIGHT HEADACHE.  
I PROBABLY DRANK TOO  
MUCH CHAMPAGNE YESTER-  
DAY AND SMOKED TOO  
MANY CIGARETTES. I'LL  
FEEL BETTER SOON. EVERY-  
THING WILL BE BACK THE  
WAY IT WAS...



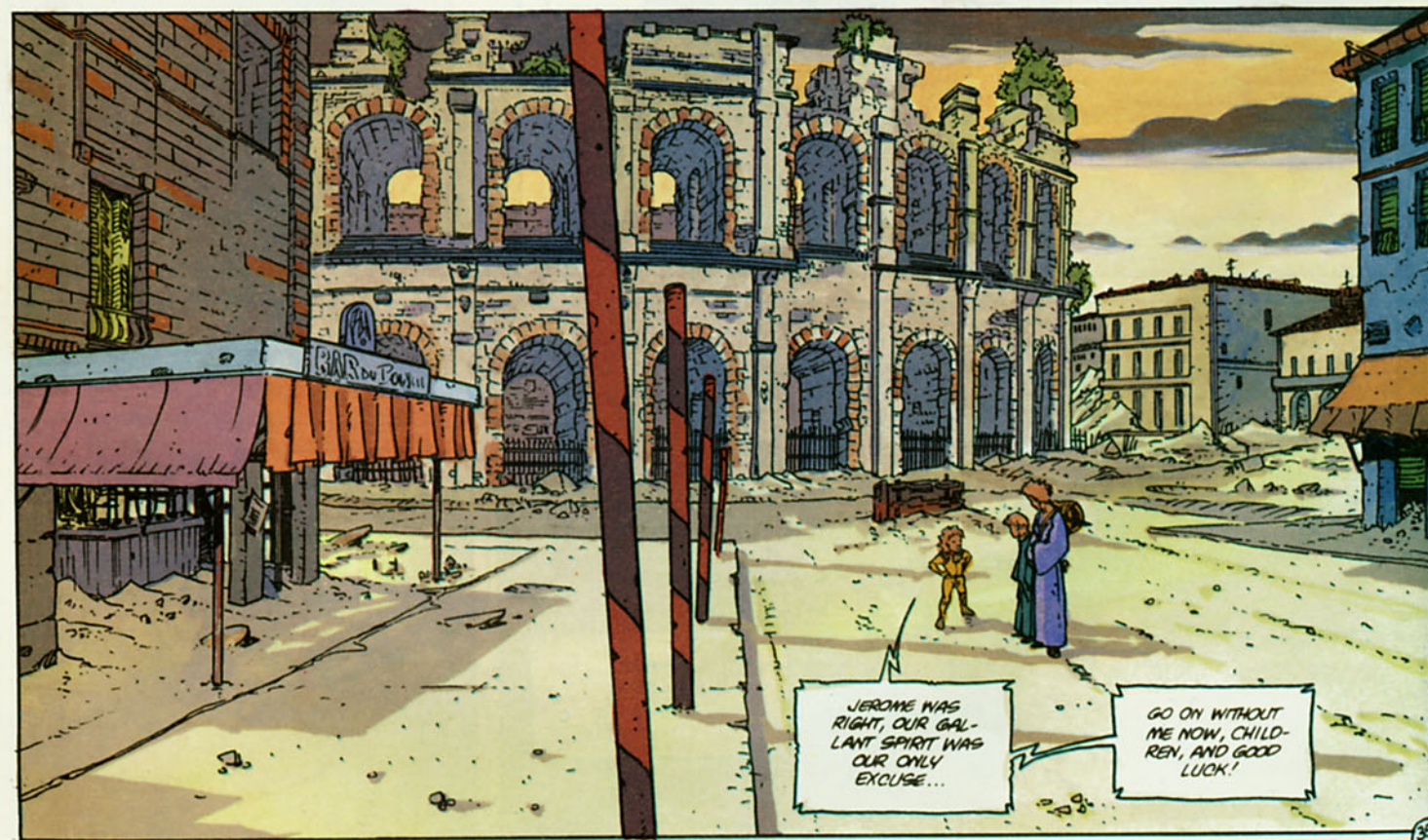
I AM TIRED OF  
ALL THESE  
LIES...



I THINK I'LL  
SLEEP LIKE A  
BABY...









KALI ISN'T  
BACK YET!  
DUKE, DO YOU  
THINK SHE  
HAS BETRAYED  
US?



KALI IS A MACHINE,  
AND MACHINES DON'T  
KNOW WHAT  
BETRAYAL IS...

MACHINES ARE  
HAPPY TO DO AS THEY  
ARE TOLD. THEY EITHER  
WORK, OR THEY GO TO  
THE RUBBISH HEAP.

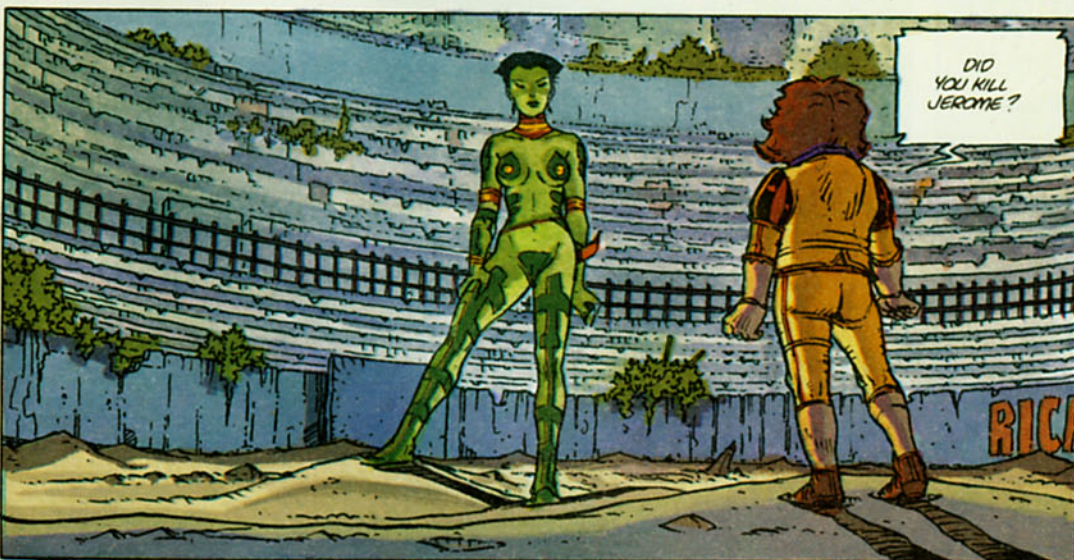


I WAS WAITING  
FOR YOU, KALI.

WE HAD TO MEET  
SOONER OR LATER.



DID  
YOU KILL  
JEROME?



NO, GOLIATH. I DIDN'T  
HAVE TO BOTHER. TIME  
DID IT FOR ME. ONE  
CANNOT CHEAT TIME WITH  
IMPLINITY.





I WILL NOT USE MY CLAWS,  
GOLIATH, NOR MY STEEL  
TEETH. THIS WILL BE A  
FIGHT BETWEEN EQUALS.



I AM INFINITELY FLAT-  
TERED BY YOUR KINDNESS  
AND I WILL DO EVERY-  
THING IN MY POWER TO  
MAKE SURE WE STAY ON  
EQUAL FOOTING...

...BUT BEFORE  
WE ENGAGE IN OUR  
TUGGLE, I FEEL THAT  
I HAVE TO TELL YOU  
THAT I CANNOT LET  
YOU PURSUE VIOLETAINE  
AND NICHOLAS,  
WHOSE DREAMS GO  
FAR BEYOND OURS....



YOU AND I KNOW WHAT WE ARE  
CAPABLE OF. WE ARE THE WAR-  
RIORS OF AN ANCIENT RACE.  
WE HAVE PROVED OURSELVES  
AND HAVE REACHED OUR  
FINAL CHALLENGE....



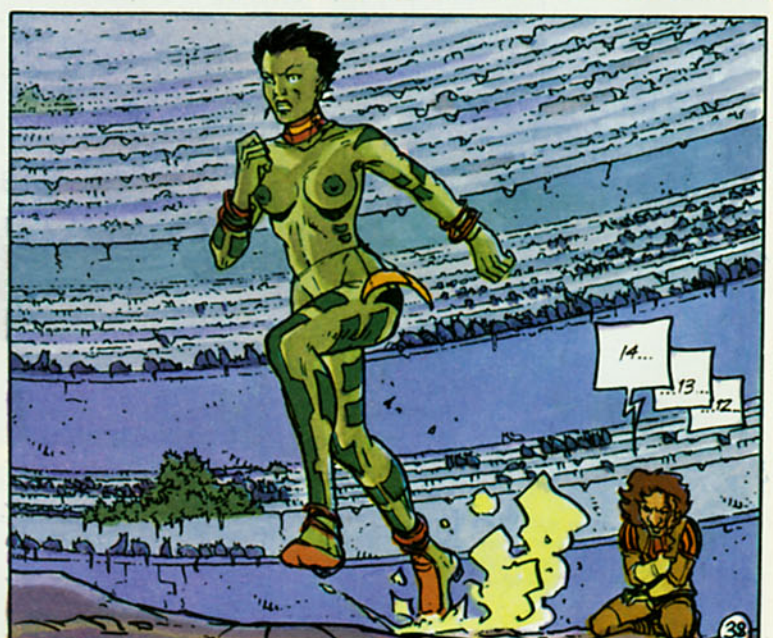
WHATEVER THE RESULT  
OF THIS FIGHT, WE HAVE GIVEN  
OTHER PEOPLE A CHANCE. YOU  
MUST DIE, KALI, ONE WAY  
OR ANOTHER. DO YOU UNDER-  
STAND?



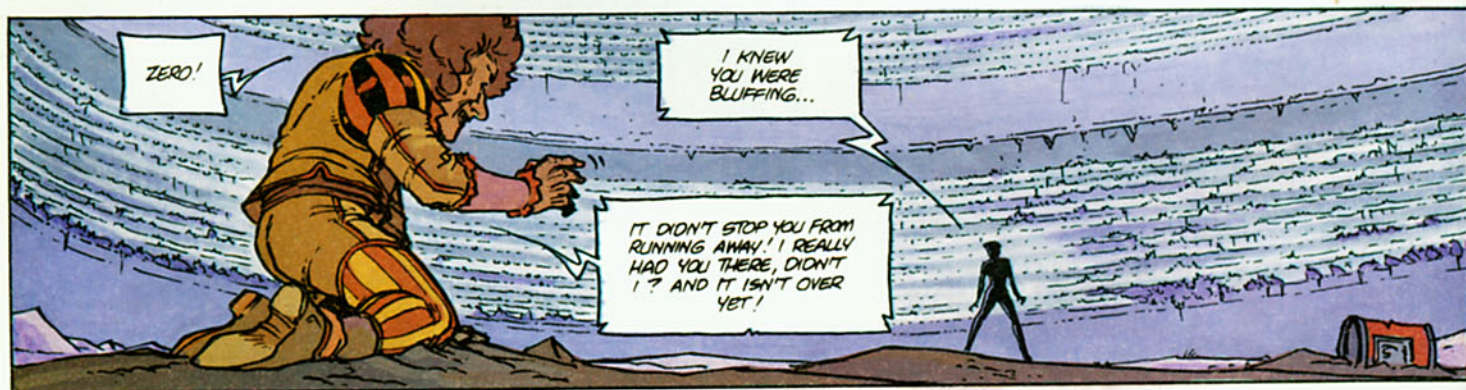
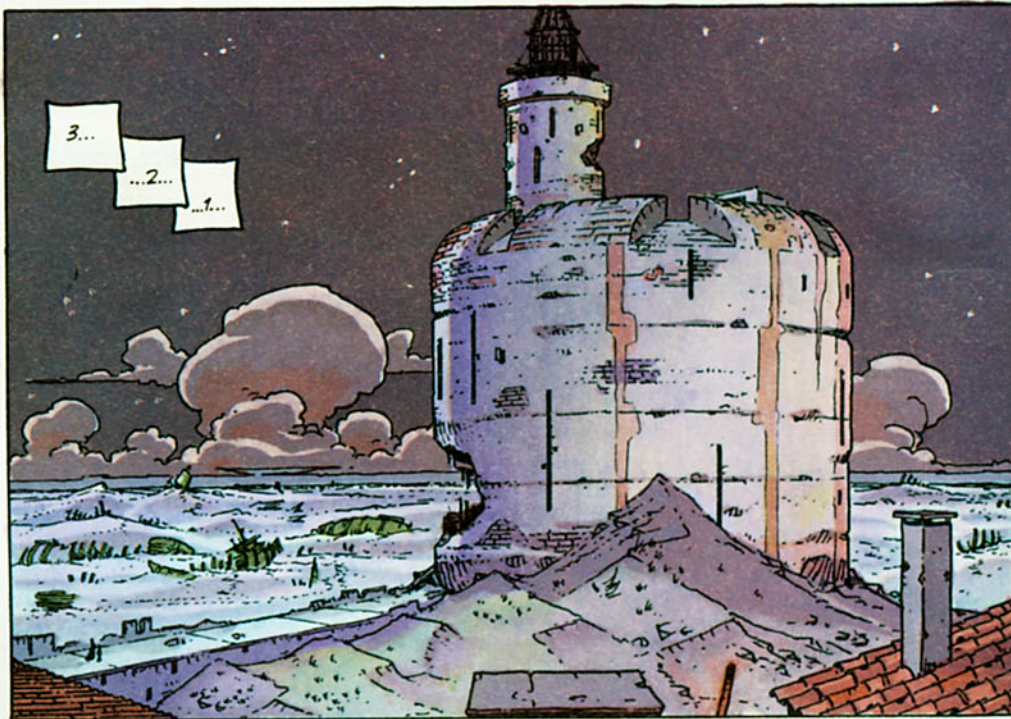
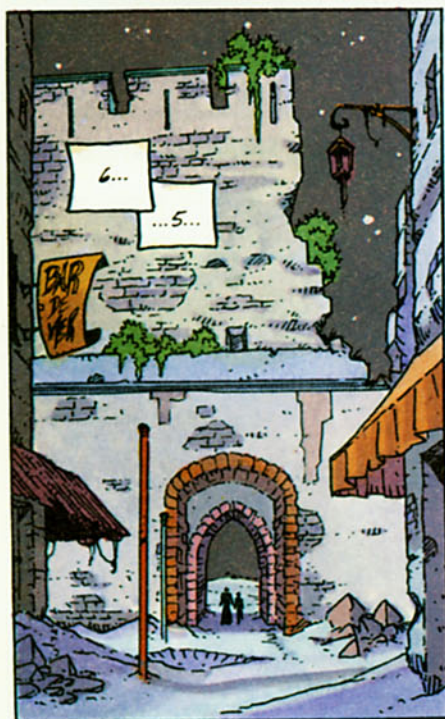
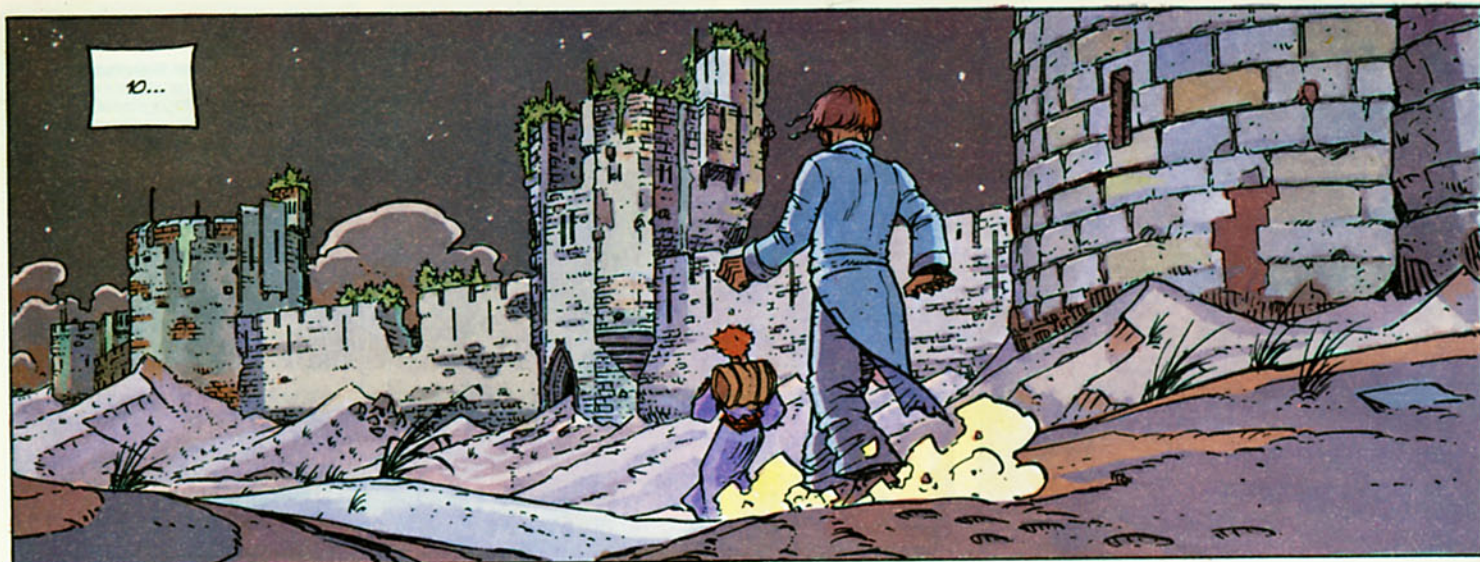
YOU TALK  
TOO MUCH,  
GOLIATH!







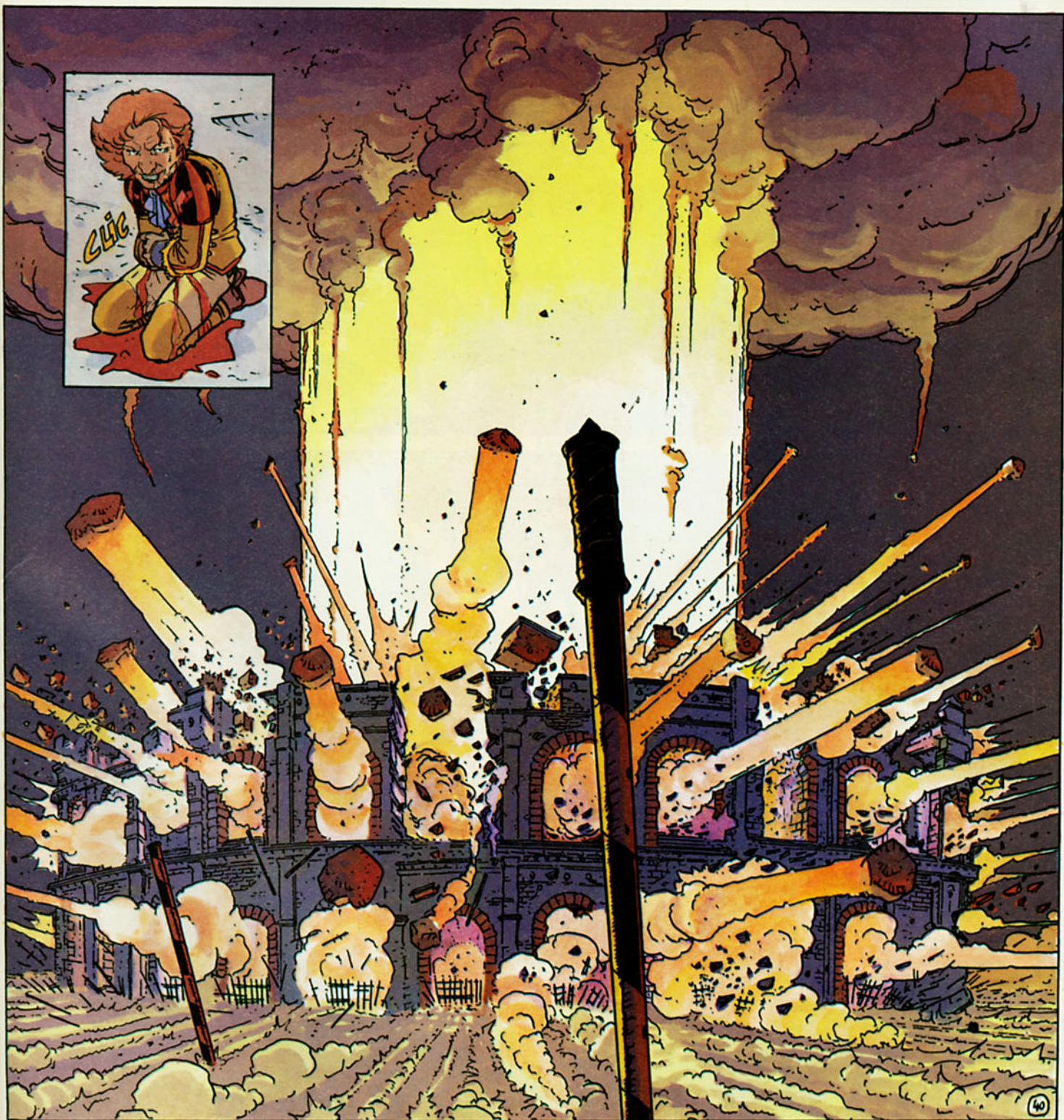






WHY ARE YOU DOING  
THIS GOLIATH?  
WHY?

I EXPLAINED  
EVERYTHING TO YOU  
VERY CAREFULLY BEFORE,  
MY DARLING, BUT YOU  
DIDN'T EVEN TRY TO  
UNDERSTAND!

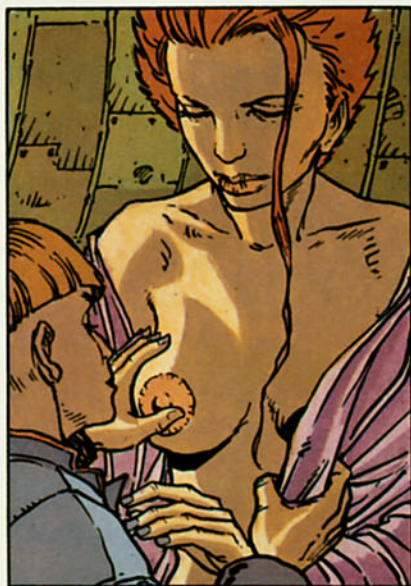




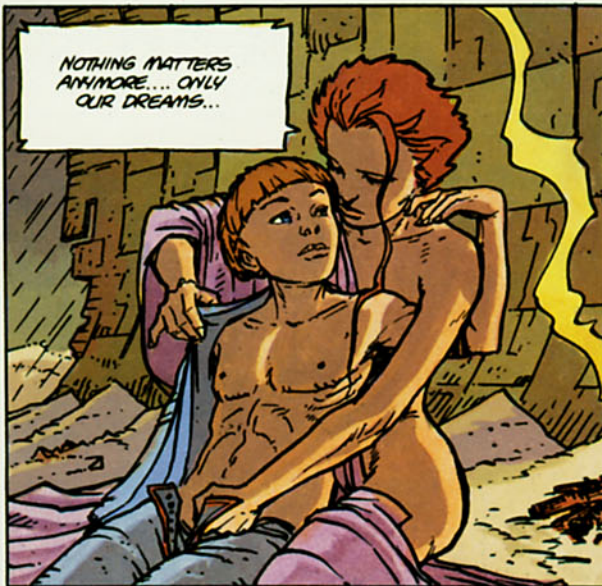


PAPA USED TO SAY  
IT WAS WRONG...  
WE ARE BROTHER  
AND SISTER...

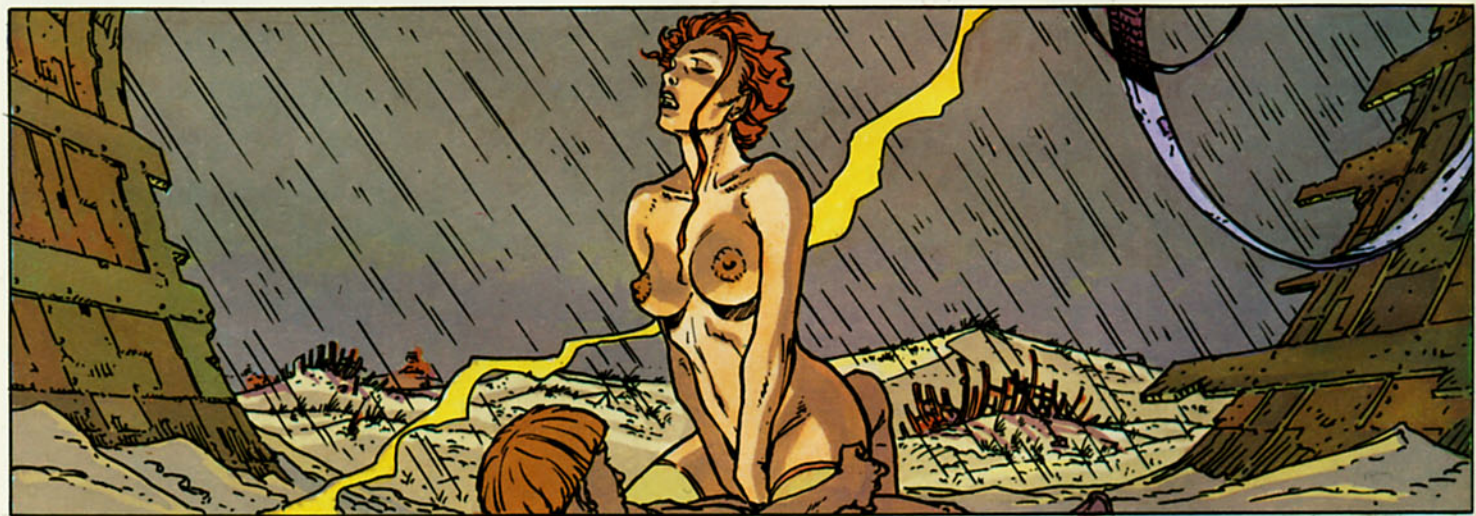
IT DOESN'T MATTER  
ANYMORE... YOU ARE  
OF AGE.



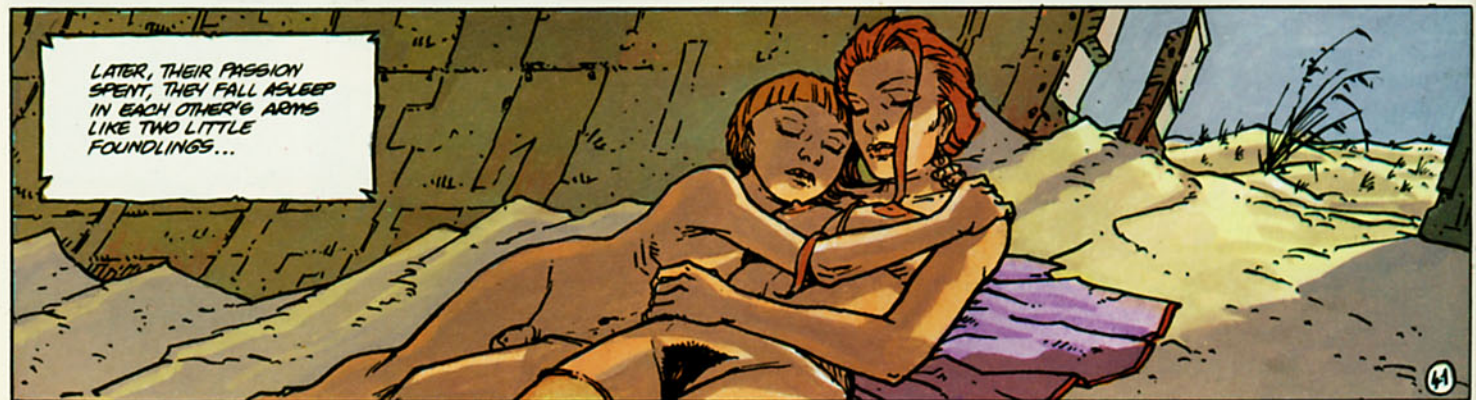
NOTHING MATTERS  
ANYMORE... ONLY  
OUR DREAMS...



THIS  
IS MY  
DREAM...



LATER, THEIR PASSION  
SPENT, THEY FALL ASLEEP  
IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS  
LIKE TWO LITTLE  
FOUNDINGS...







WHEN WE  
FINISH THE  
SAILOR, THERE  
WOON'T BE  
ANYONE LEFT  
TO EAT!

NO ONE,  
TURNIMBUS? WHAT  
ABOUT THE THREE  
OF US?



WE WILL LEAVE THIS  
UP TO CHANCE.  
SCIENCE WILL TAKE  
HEADS, AND  
RELIGION TAILS.

AND YOU,  
DUKE?



I WILL  
CHOOSE THE  
MOST TENDER  
MORSEL.



WE'RE ALMOST THERE.  
I'M SURE THE SEA IS  
RIGHT BEHIND THIS  
HILL. JUST A  
LITTLE MORE....

VIOLEHANE,  
I'M  
THIRSTY!!



I KNOW....



ARE  
YOU ALL  
RIGHT?

NOT REALLY... I DON'T  
HAVE ANY STRENGTH  
LEFT. I CAN'T GO ON,  
PLEASE DON'T INSIST...



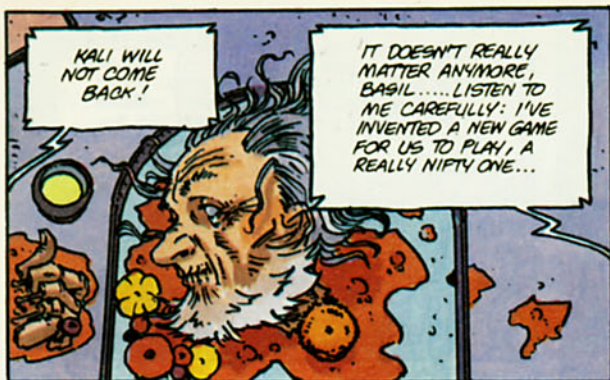
I BEG YOUR PARDON  
.... MY DREAM DOES  
NOT EXIST AFTER  
ALL....

I DON'T WANT TO  
DREAM ANYMORE  
.... I JUST WANT  
TO SLEEP...



IS RELIGION LUCKIER  
THAN SCIENCE? IS  
THERE A LESSON TO  
BE LEARNED FROM  
THIS? WHAT DO YOU  
THINK, BASIL?



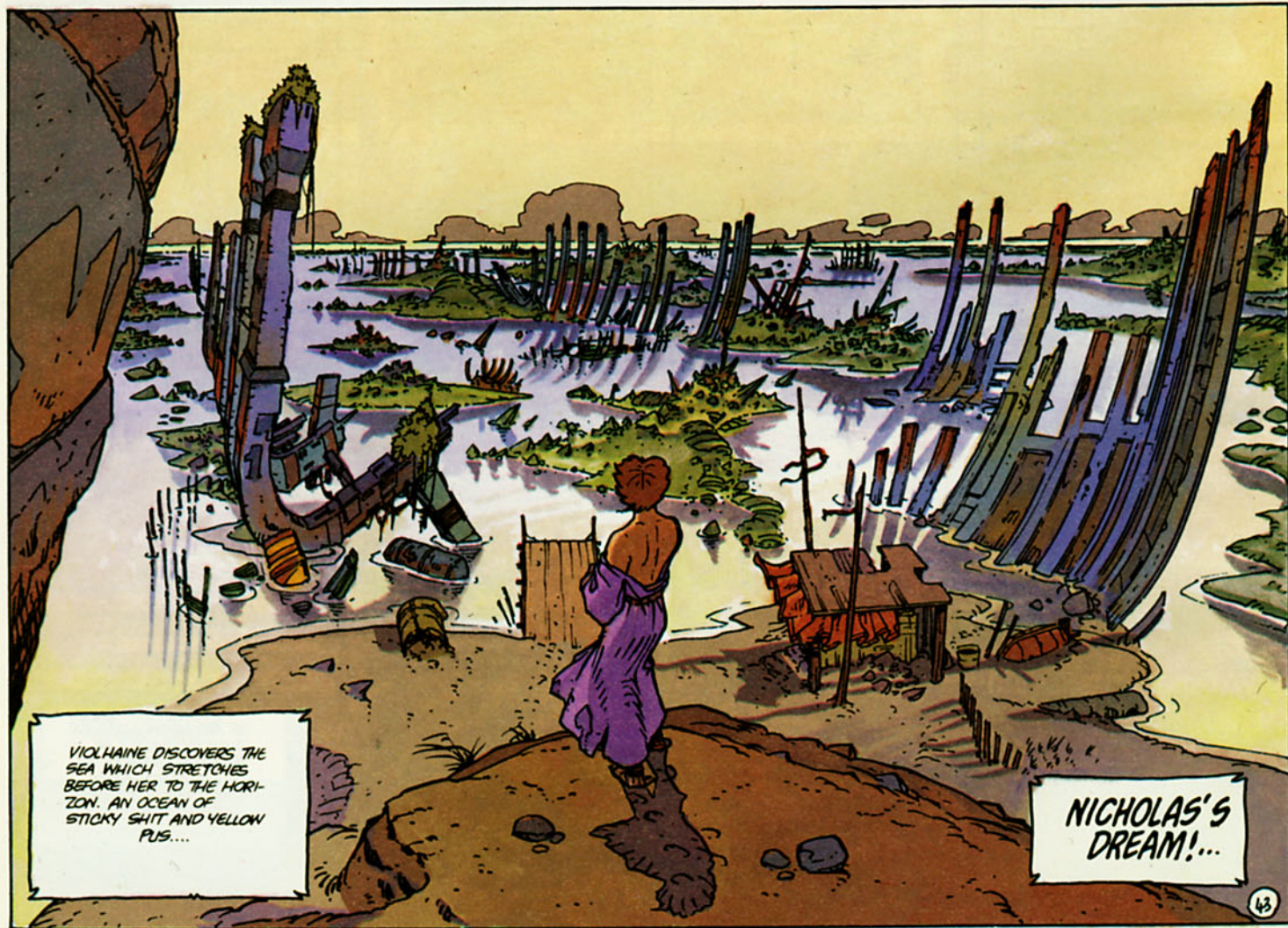


IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER ANYMORE, BASIL.....LISTEN TO ME CAREFULLY: I'VE INVENTED A NEW GAME FOR US TO PLAY, A REALLY NIFTY ONE...



PICK, PICK AND TEAR!

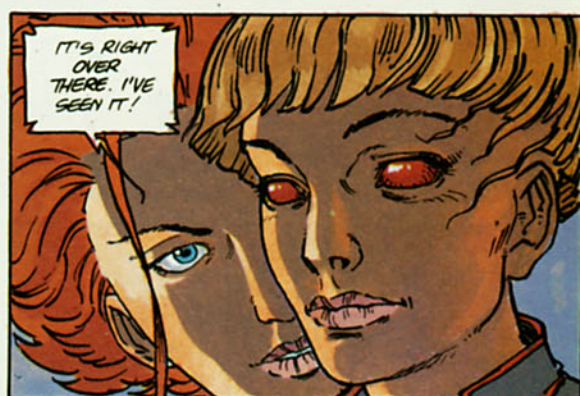
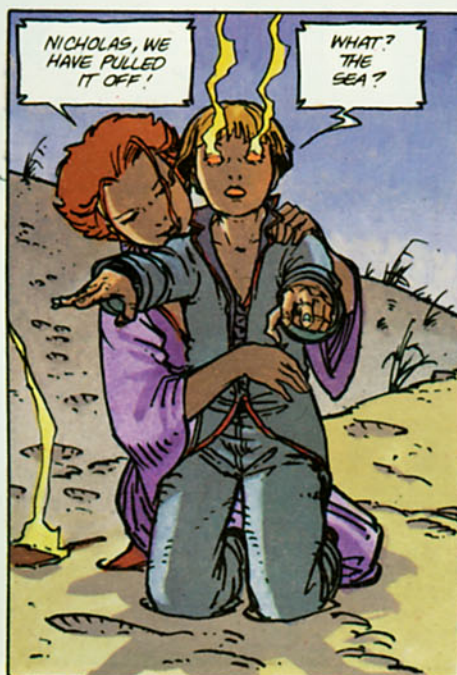
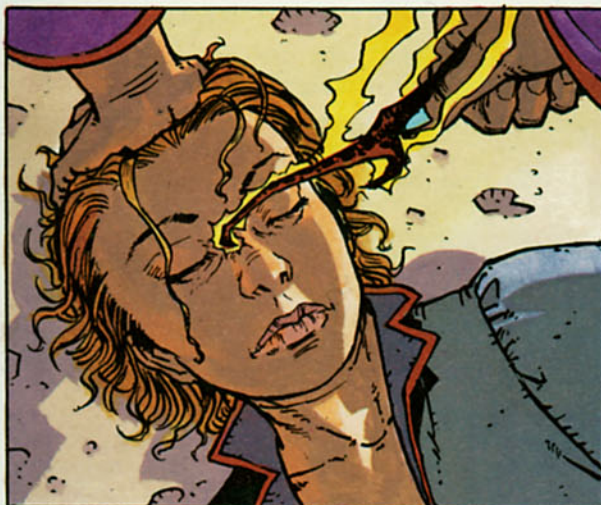
???



VIOUHANE DISCOVERS THE SEA WHICH STRETCHES BEFORE HER TO THE HORIZON. AN OCEAN OF STICKY SHIT AND YELLOW PUS....

NICHOLAS'S DREAM!...





NICHOLAS CRIES IN PAIN AND SURPRISE. HE IS SUFFERING GREATLY AND VIOLHAINE TRIES TO CONSOLE HIM; SHE ROCKS HIM LIKE A BABY, MURMURING GENTLE WORDS IN HIS EAR...

NICHOLAS, WE HAVE PULLED IT OFF!

WHAT? THE SEA?

IT'S RIGHT OVER THERE. I'VE SEEN IT!

NICHOLAS CAN NO LONGER SEE BUT HE FEELS VIOLHAINE'S HAND. AND NICHOLAS SMILES AS SHE TAKES HIM TOWARD THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CHIMERA HE'S EVER IMAGINED...



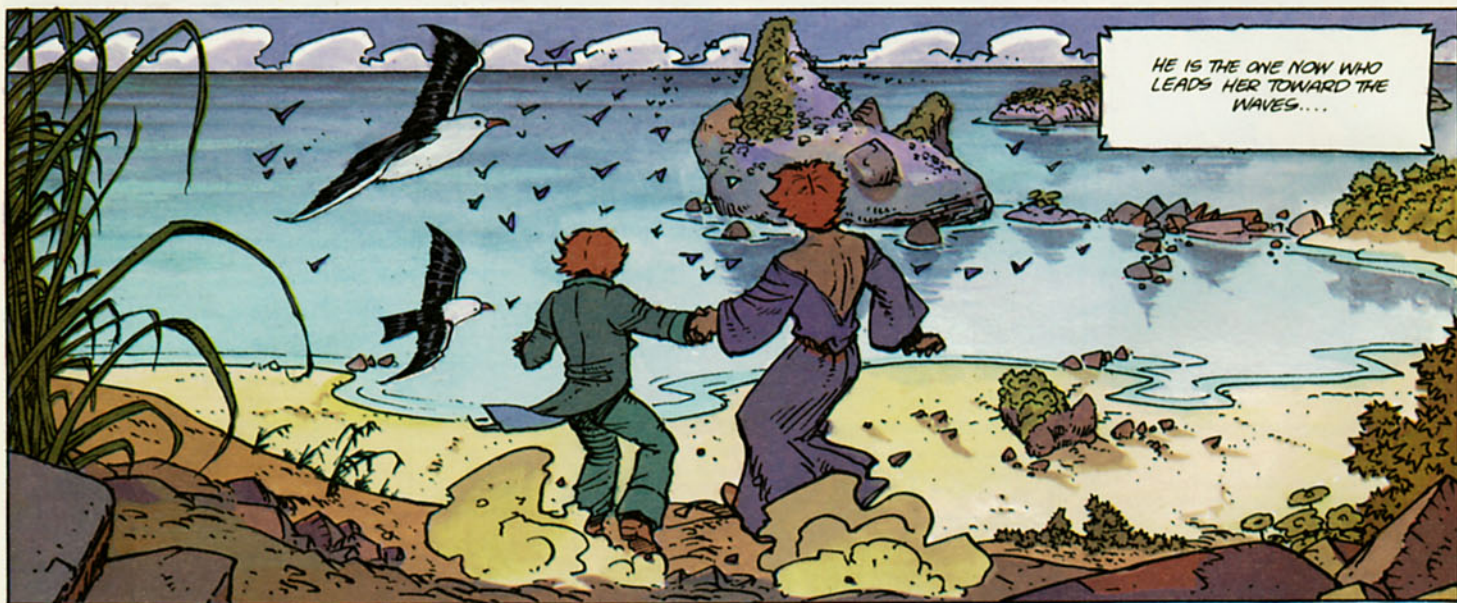
NICHOLAS IS BLIND BUT HE DOES NOT NEED HIS EYES TO IMAGINE THE SANDY PEBBLE BEACH AND, JUST A LITTLE FURTHER, THE BLUE SEA, WITH A FEW WHITE CAPS AND SILVERY FISH APPEARING HERE AND THERE...



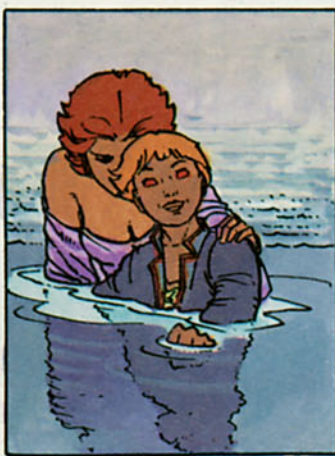
NICHOLAS SQUEEZES VIOLHAINE'S HAND TIGHTLY TO COMMUNICATE TO HER HIS RENEWED STRENGTH AND HIS JOY...



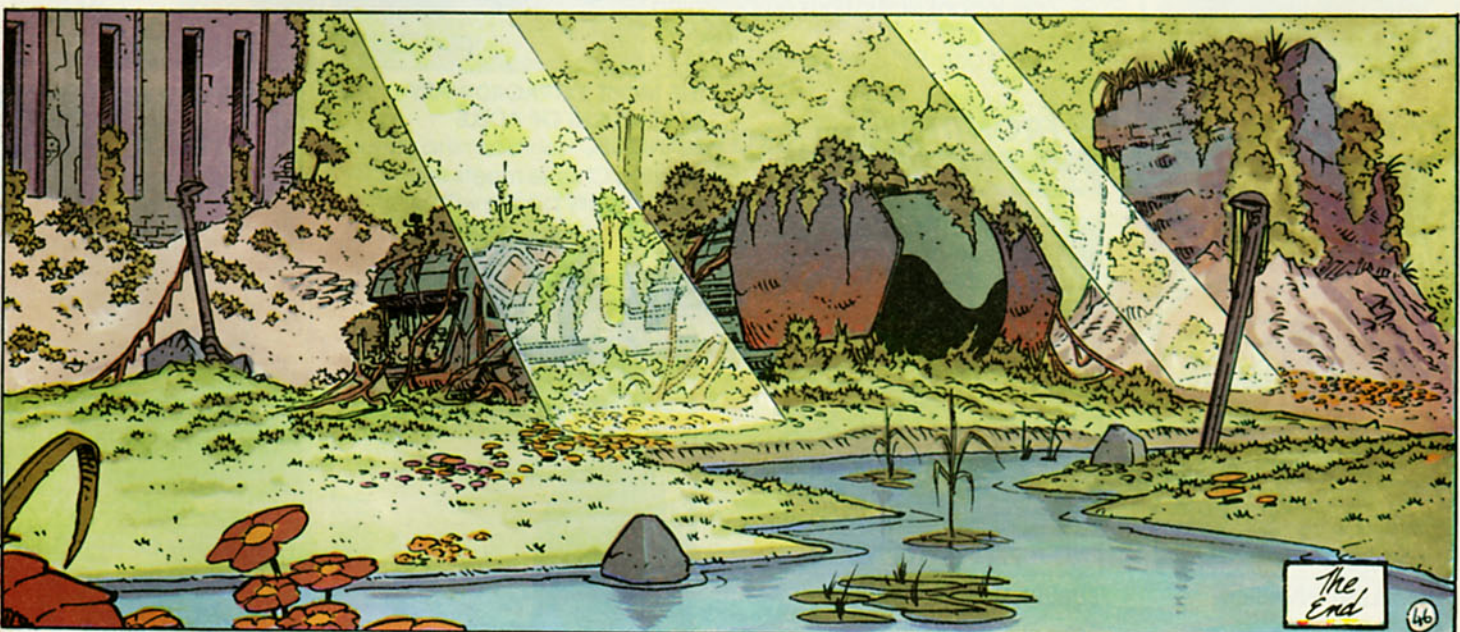
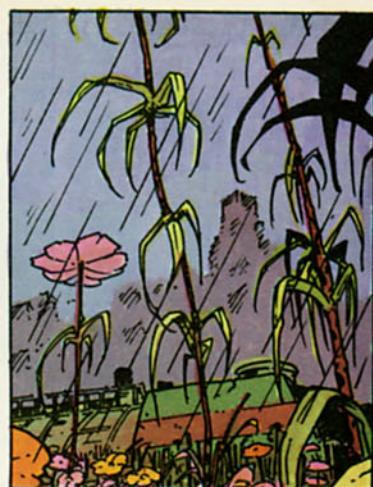
HE IS THE ONE NOW WHO LEADS HER TOWARD THE WAVES....



AGAINST ALL ODDS...








TEXTE: COTHAS. DESSINS ET COULEURS: ADRIAN. LETTRAGE: TIBET.





HUMANITY IS AT WAR WITH NATURE. ALL ITS RESOURCES ARE BEING STRIPPED RUTHLESSLY AWAY. THE ONLY FACTOR OF ANY IMPORTANCE IS IMMEDIATE GAIN. BUT DEEP IN A NEARLY INACCESSIBLE JUNGLE, NATURE IS FIGHTING BACK. WHEN THE STRUGGLE IS OVER, THE ONLY THINGS LEFT ARE...

# THE MOUNDS

HERE, THE HEAT AND OPPRESSIVE HUMIDITY NEVER LET UP. EVEN THE SKIMPIEST GARMENTS CLING TO SWEATY FLESH. VERA MIGHT GO NAKED LIKE THE NATIVES IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE NASTY BUGS. HUNDREDS OF VARIETIES COULD BE COUNTED IN A FEW SQUARE YARDS.

NOW SHE DRAGS HERSELF INTO AN ESPECIALLY REMOTE SECTOR TO JOIN HER HUSBAND. UPDATING THE LOGGING COMPANY'S MAPS FOR MAXIMUM HARVEST COORDINATION WAS NO PICNIC.

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HERB HAD TALKED A COUPLE INDIANS INTO SHOWING HIM A FORBIDDEN SACRED SPOT. HE WAS GOOD AT TALKING PEOPLE INTO THINGS. HE HAD TALKED HER INTO COMING INTO THIS HELL HOLE HADN'T HE?



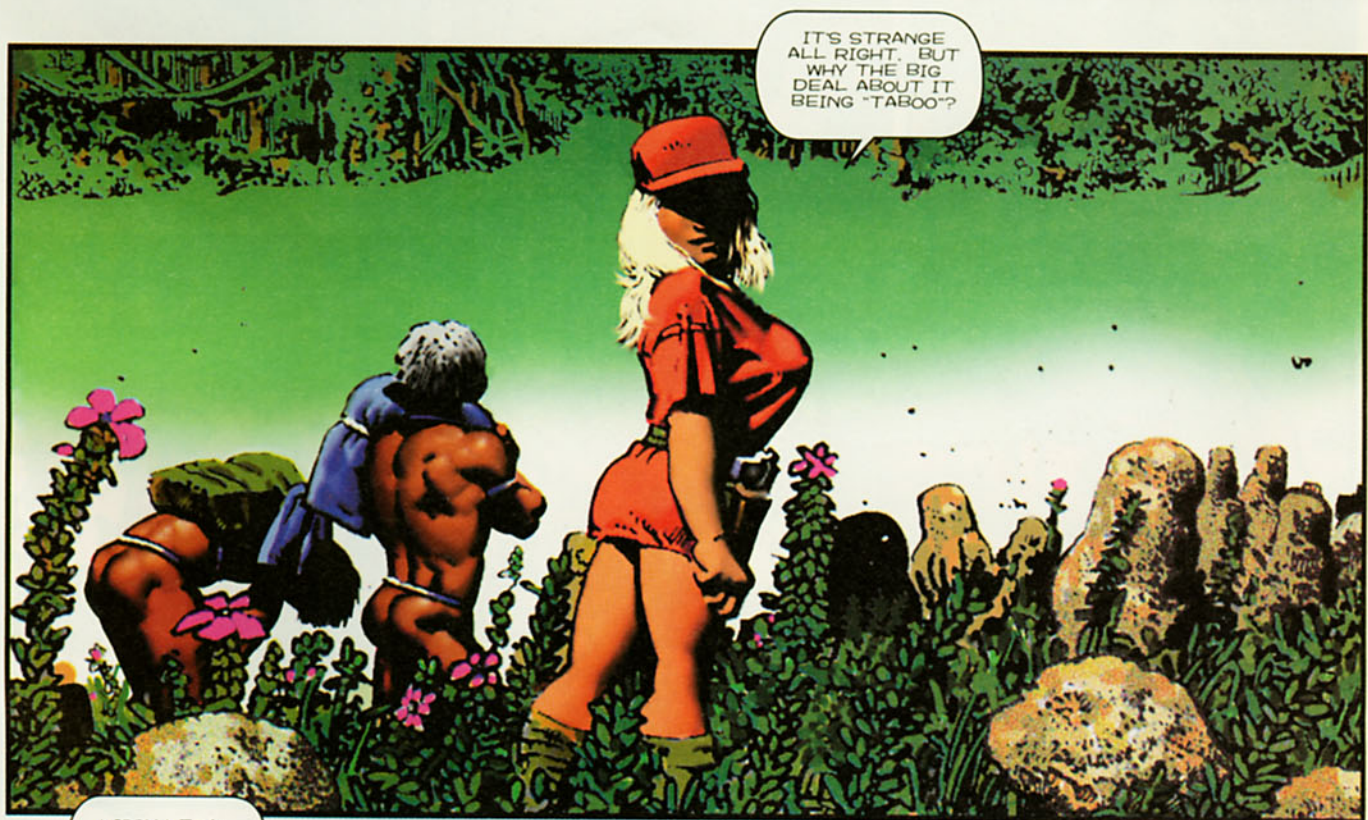
OUCH!

SMACK!



A DAMNED DINOSAUR!





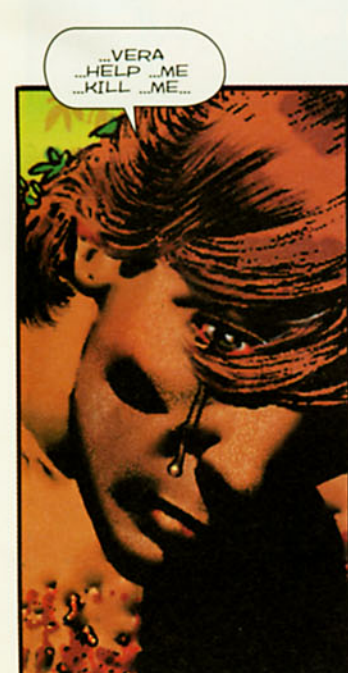
















THOSE THINGS ARE  
BURROWING THROUGH YOU,  
HERB. DOES IT HURT? THEY  
COME UP OUT OF THE  
GROUND TO EAT YOU AND LAY  
THEIR EGGS IN YOU.

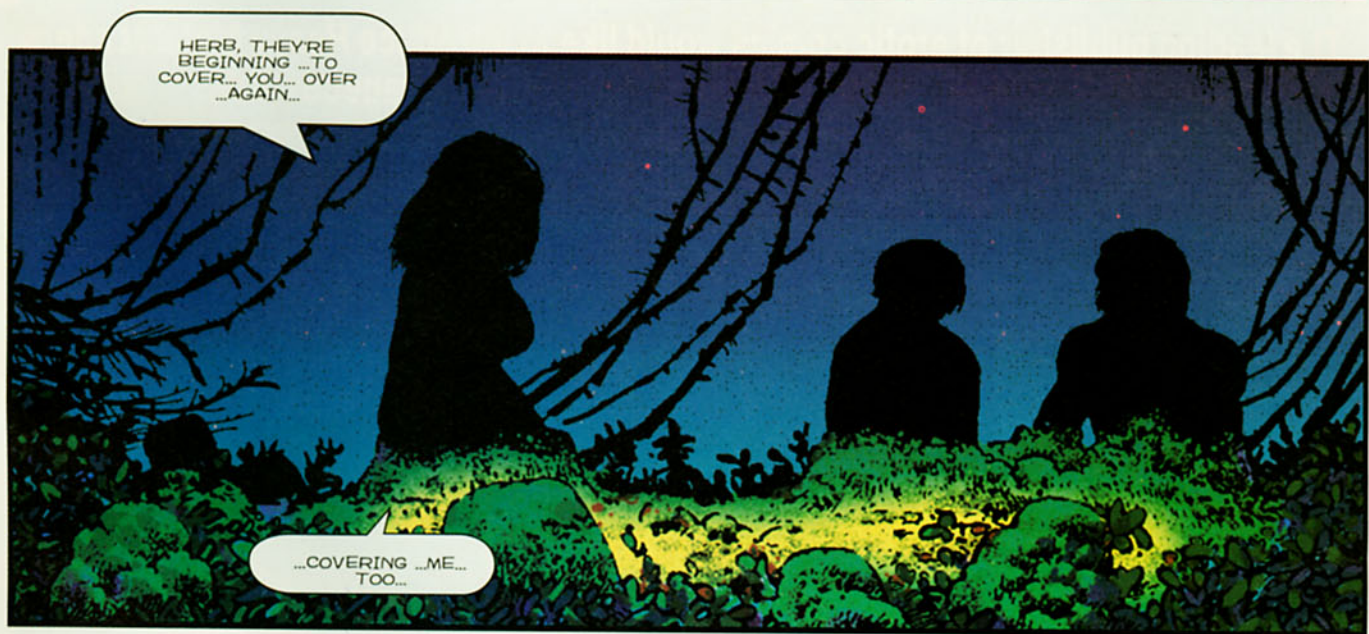
BUT WHAT MAKES  
YOU SO TIRED YOU  
CAN'T RUN AWAY?



I DON'T THINK I'LL  
SHOOT YOU, HERB. I  
THINK THE  
SITUATION IS WELL  
IN HAND.



MAYBE I'LL JUST SIT  
HERE AND WATCH FOR  
A WHILE...AND...REST...



HERB, THEY'RE  
BEGINNING ...TO  
COVER... YOU... OVER  
...AGAIN...

...COVERING ...ME...  
TOO...



...I ...WANT ...TO  
...SCREAM...

THE END