

"HORD"! "HOMBRE"!

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GALLERY

THE SILENT



GALLERY



THE SILENT

CITY

Erez Yakin

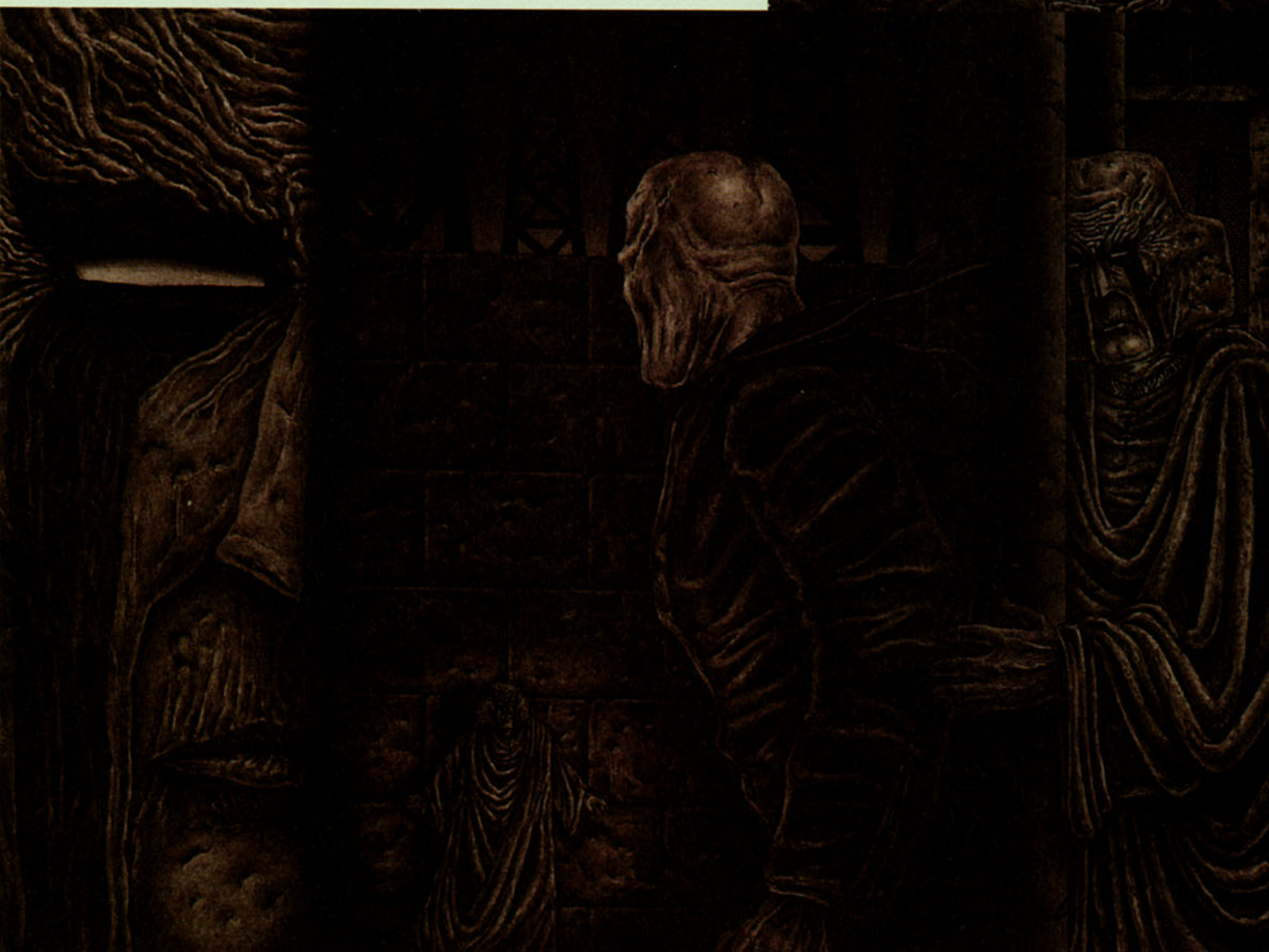
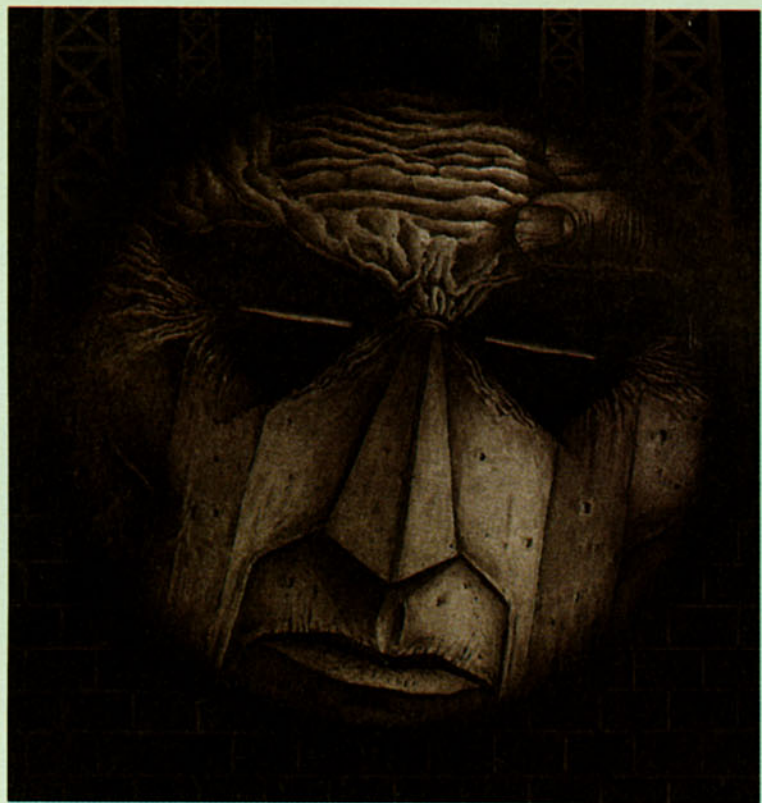


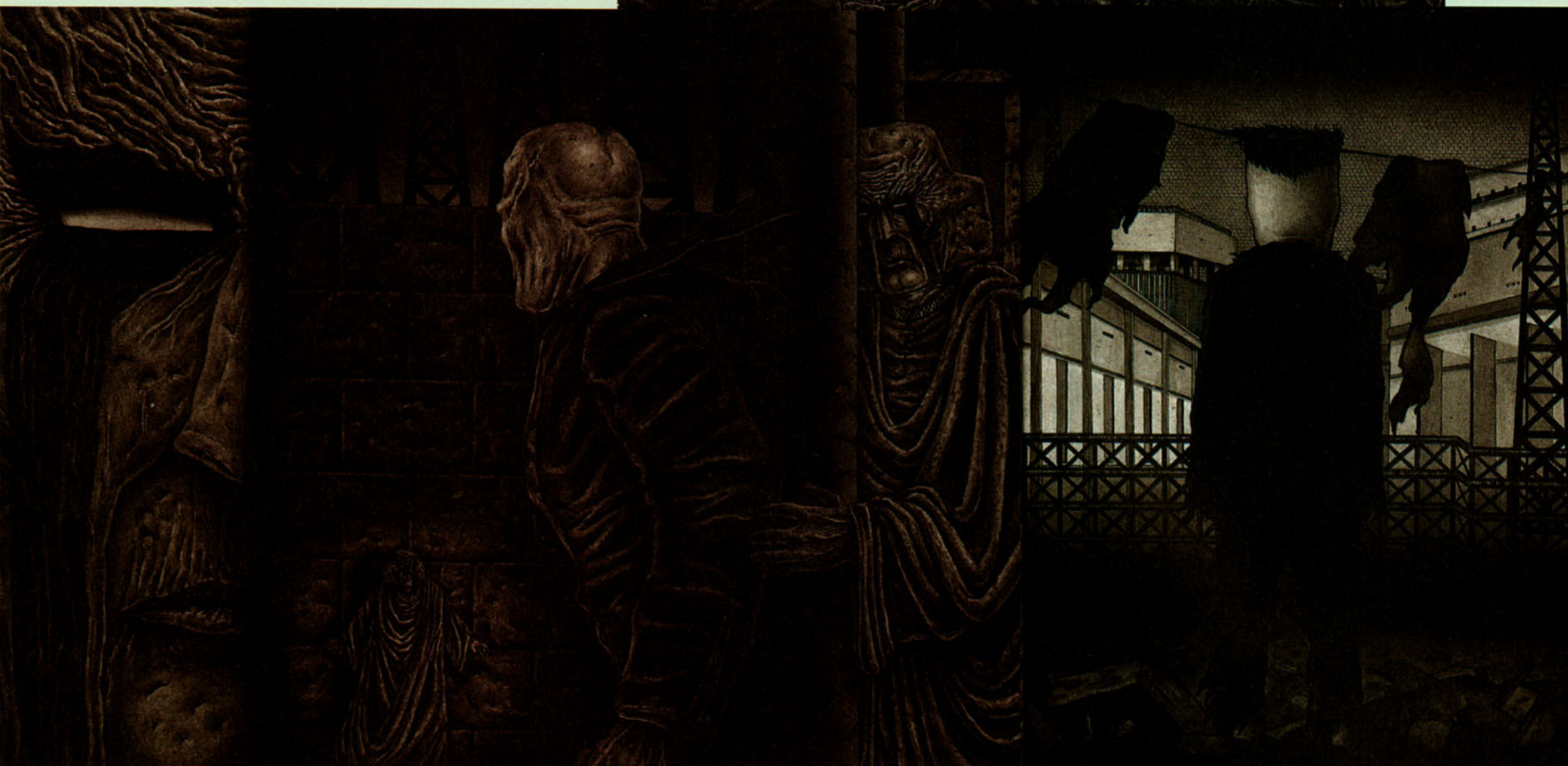
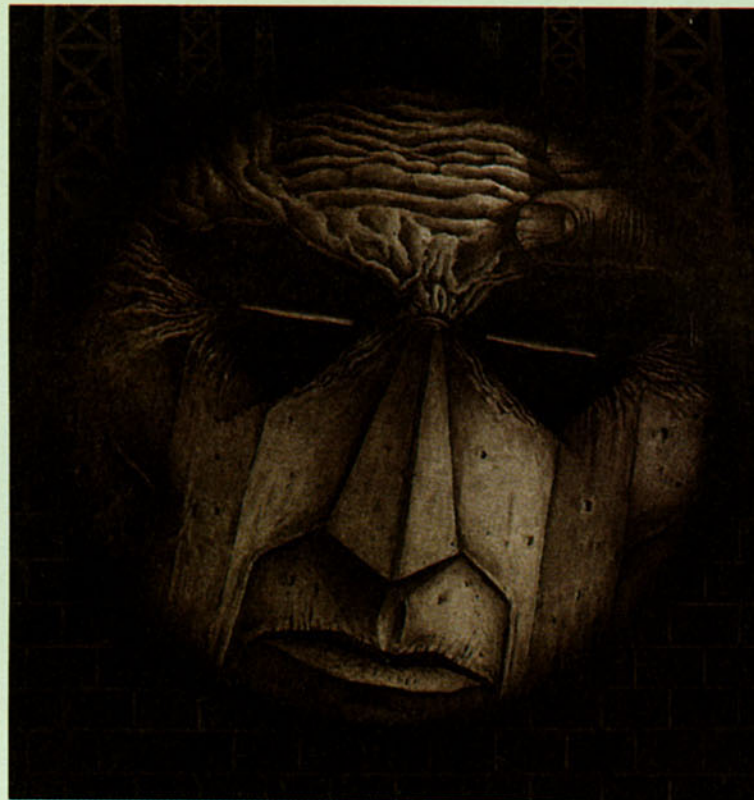


CITY

Erez Yakin







EREZ YAKIN

The Silent City is a forty-five page wordless graphic novel. The story is an allegory for the human mind, with characters representing the id and superego. It was inspired mostly by the classic film *Metropolis* and the woodcuts of Lynd Ward.

"My concept was to tell a story only through the use of images," says the 24-year-old artist. "One of my main goals was to create a pacing using cinematic continuity and cutting; in a sense, make it readable."

The Silent City is an exploration of the feelings we try to suppress but which eventually manifest themselves somehow, someday.

Erez completed the art for this project when he was eighteen. His next work is titled *Dark Hours* and is also silent.

The Silent City is forthcoming from Kitchen Sink Press.

©1994 Erez Yakin



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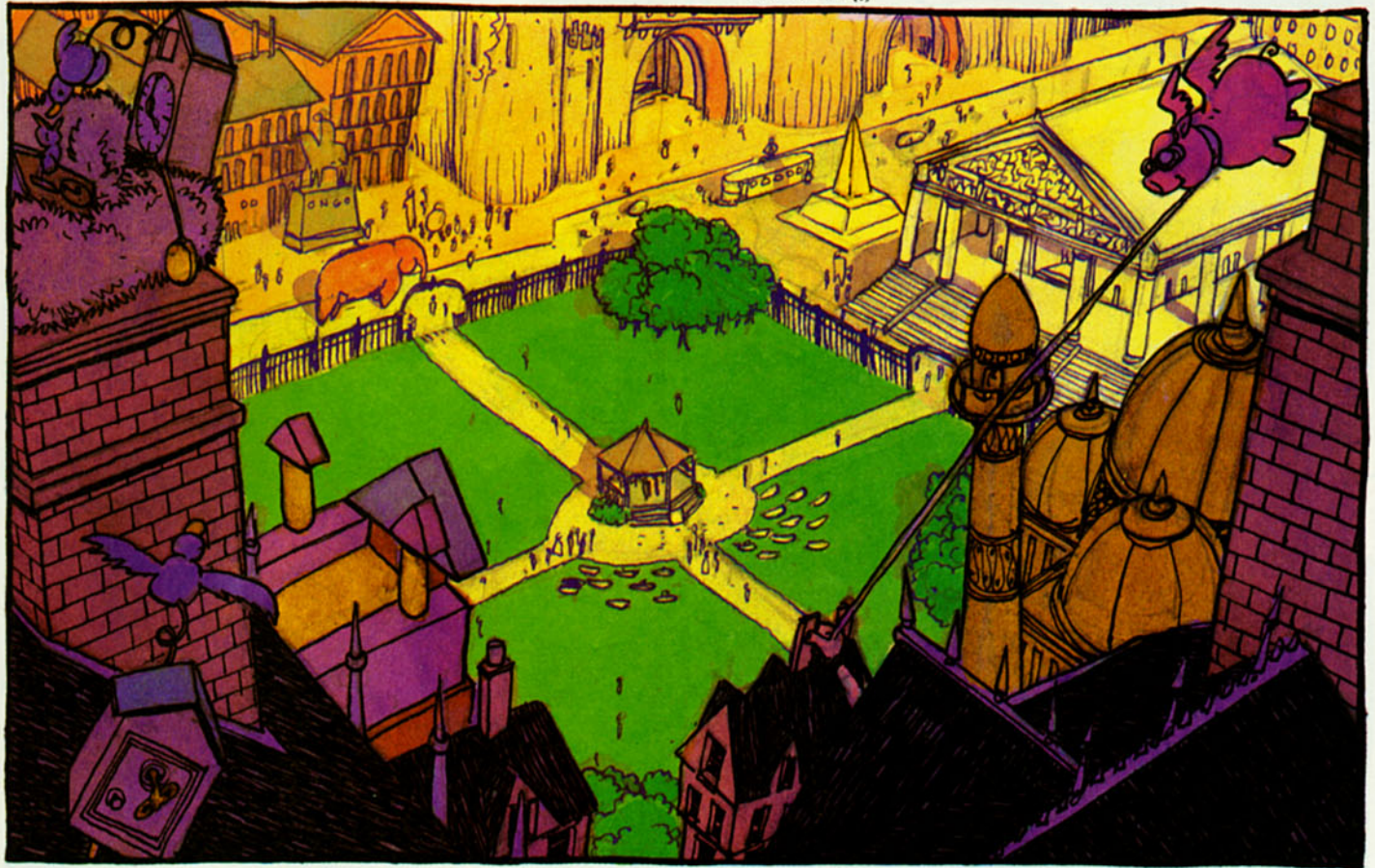
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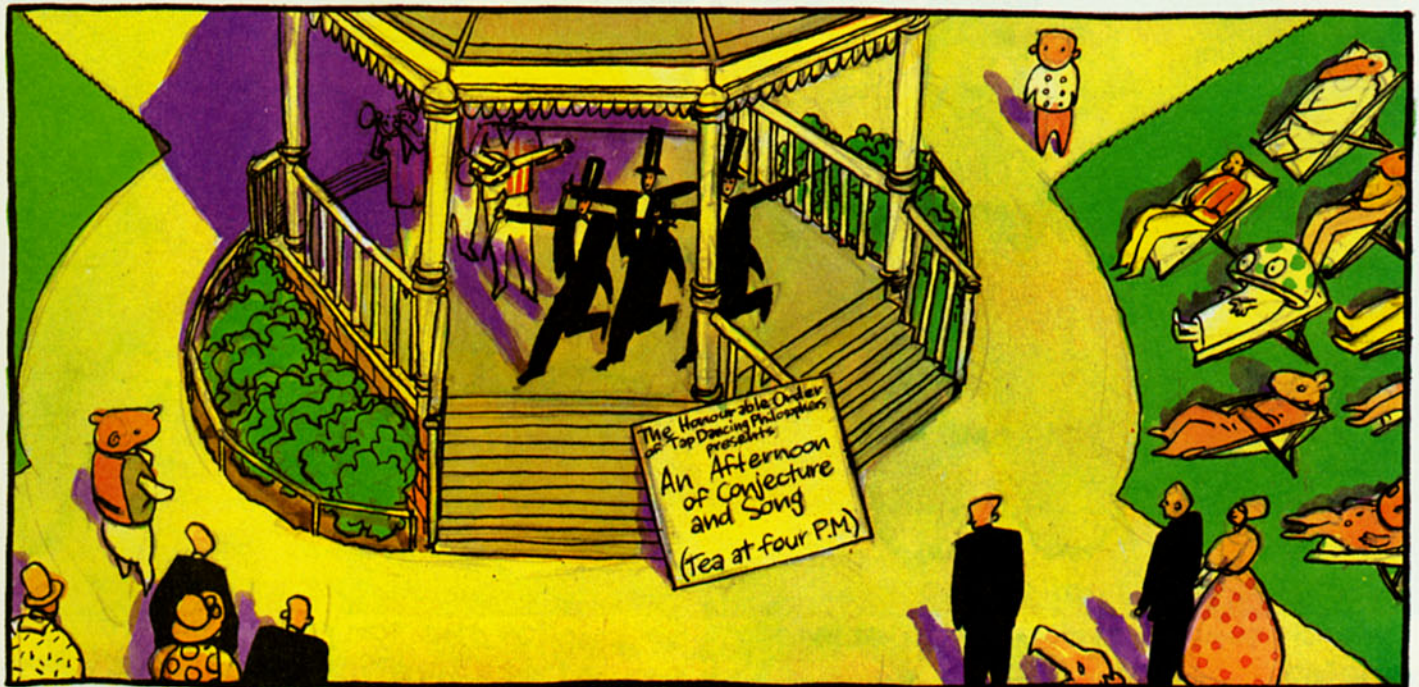
KINGDOM of the WICKED



Between the Here- and -Now and the Hereafter...

Between the pen and the page...

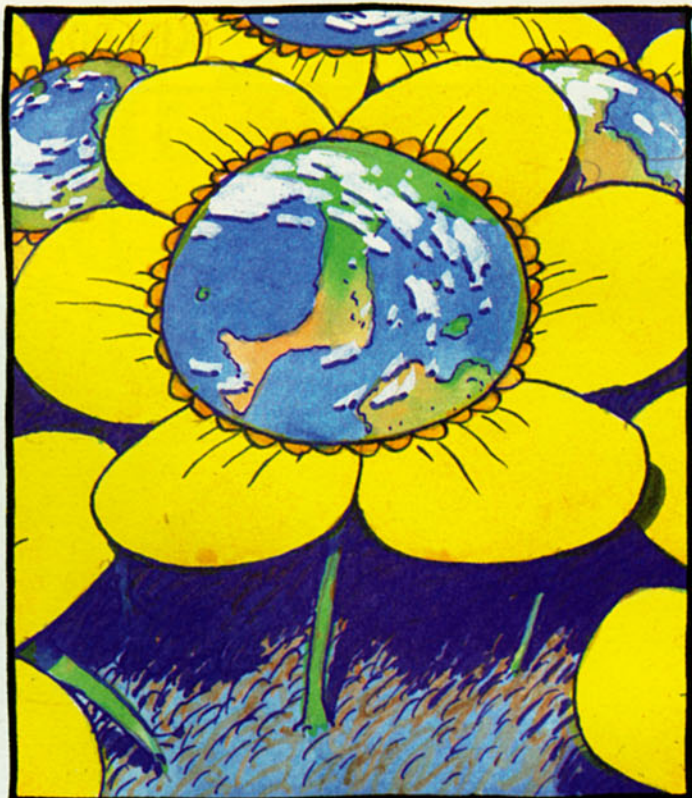
There is Castrovalva, city of the twelve shires,
where wonders are as free as air and
impossibilities fall like spring rain.



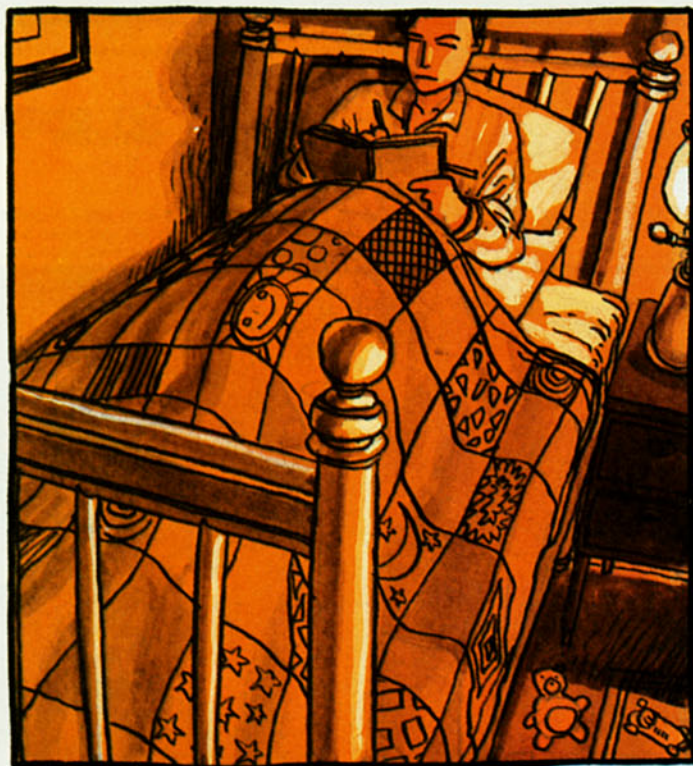
On Sunday afternoons The Honourable Order of Tap-Dancing Philosophers would hoof in heated debate as to the nature of their world.



Opinion deviated wildly. One school of thought proposed it was laid by a marvellous celestial chicken.



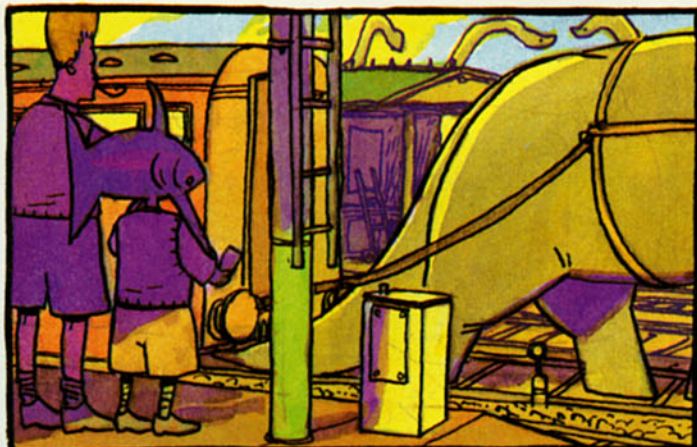
Another, that it grew from seeds in a humus of belly-button fluff and forballs.



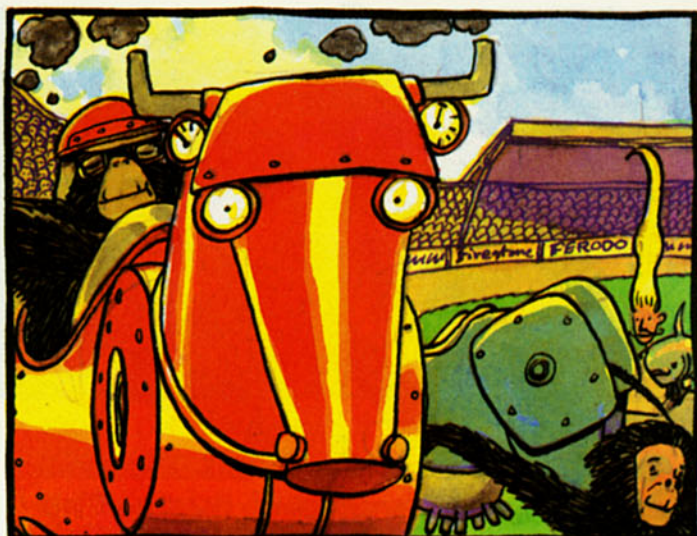
A radical third contended it solely existed in the mind of a small child who'd simply thought them into being.



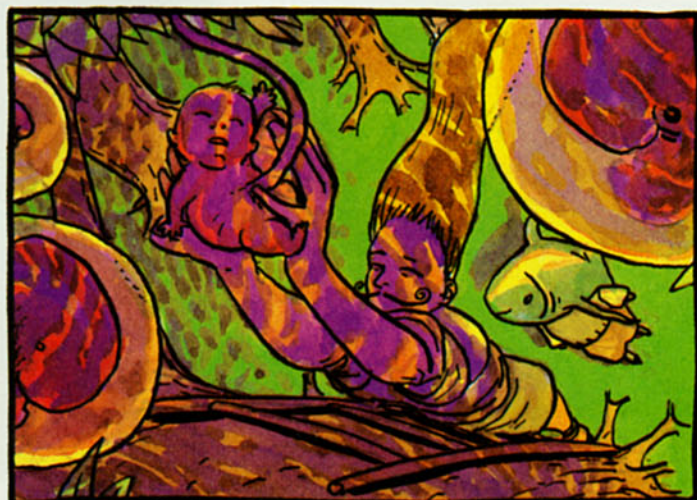
But to Wavy Davy Dali and Tiny Tom Fish Head this meant little. So long as the sun shone and it snowed at Christmas they were happy.



During those endless, balmy summer days there was always something to do.
They could go Dinosaur spotting...



Watch the chimps race their clock-work cows.



Or sometimes earn pocket money by helping harvest babies from the family trees.



Best of all they would pack up their penknives, balls of string, sandwiches and bottles of pop and go exploring.



It was on one such expedition they met The Boy.

"Hello," said The Boy, "I'm a monster."



Tiny Tom wasn't convinced. "You can't be," he exclaimed. "Monsters are ugly and vile and live in The Land Under The Bed! You're just a boy."



"Ah yes," he grinned, "but you see I'm ugly and vile on the inside."



"What's it like," enquired Davy, "being a monster?"

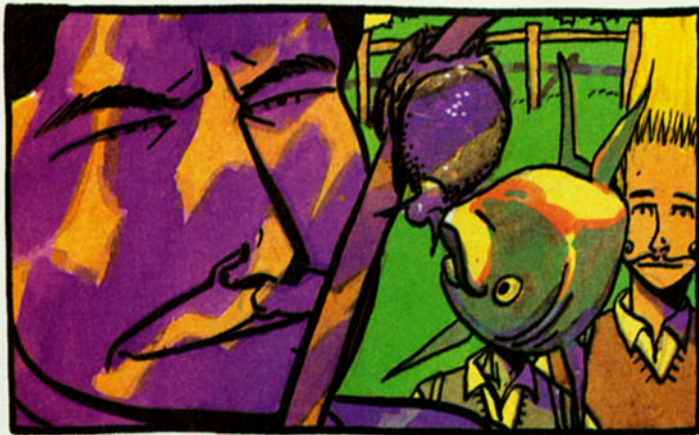
"Oh it's great fun" he replied, "if you're clever and quick you can do whatever you like! No-one can stop you!"



"Aren't monsters supposed to be bad?" asked Tiny Tom.



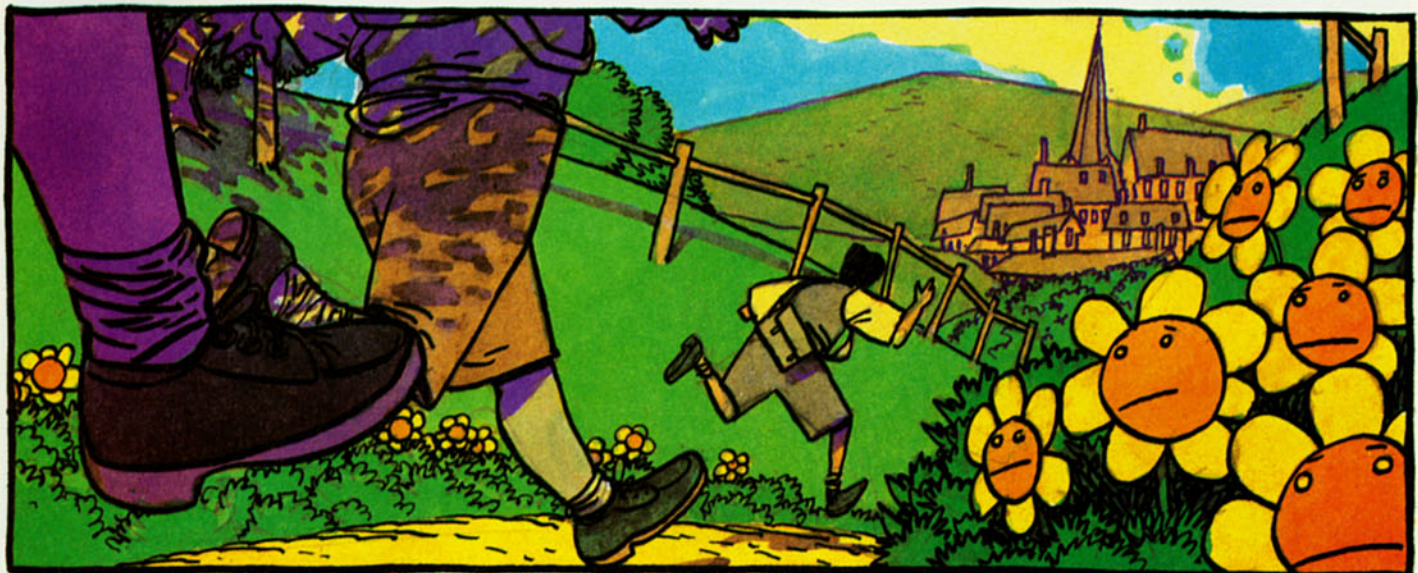
"There have to be monsters!" enthused The Boy, "people expect them. They're the other side of the coin, night after day, the dark face of a stone against the earth."



"It's like a see-saw," he trilled, "You need people on both ends to make it work. Only it's such a laugh being a monster, if everyone knew they'd all want to be one!"



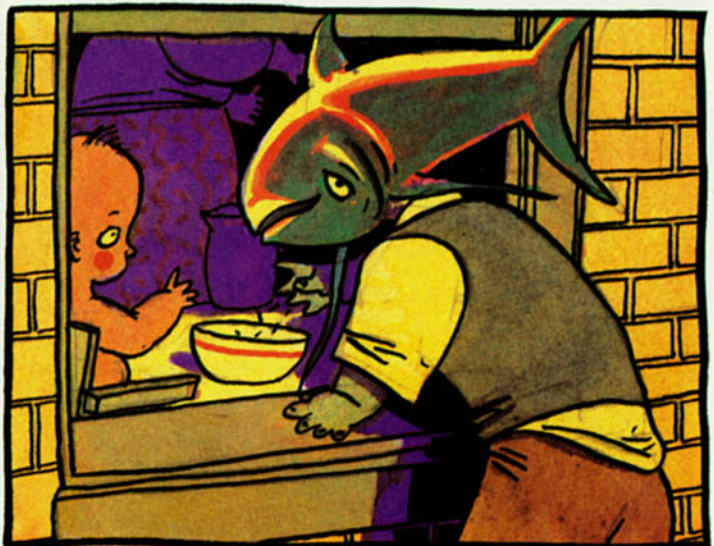
"Could we be one?" chorused the friends. "Well ..." mused The Boy, "perhaps, but it's a very responsible job, you must do everything I say."



"We will!" replied the eager pair and with that they raced off to start their work.



When they came to a village The Boy gave them each some things from his satchel.



There were needles for a baby's porridge...



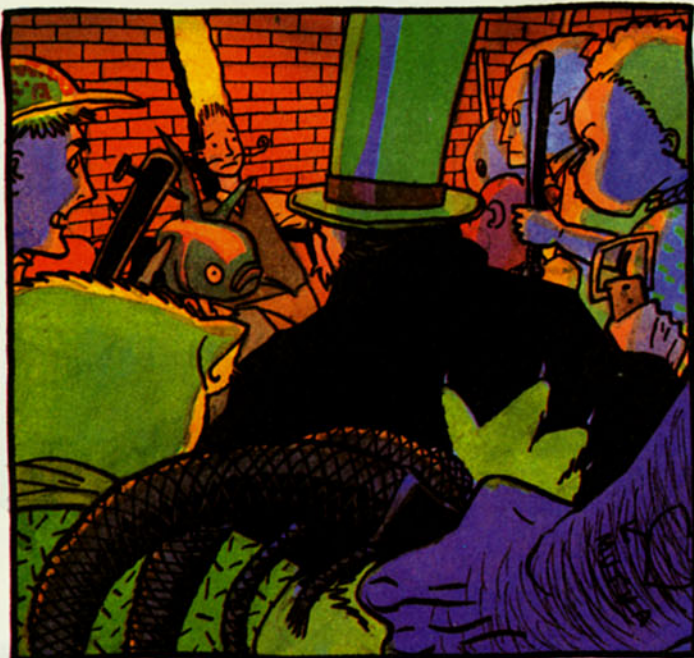
Acid for the morning milk... ... and razor blades for the greengrocers wares.



They had such fun. They blinded horses, boiled puppies and turned cats into fiery streaks.



The air was filled with screams and screeches, yells and yowls. There was never such a din before in all the world.



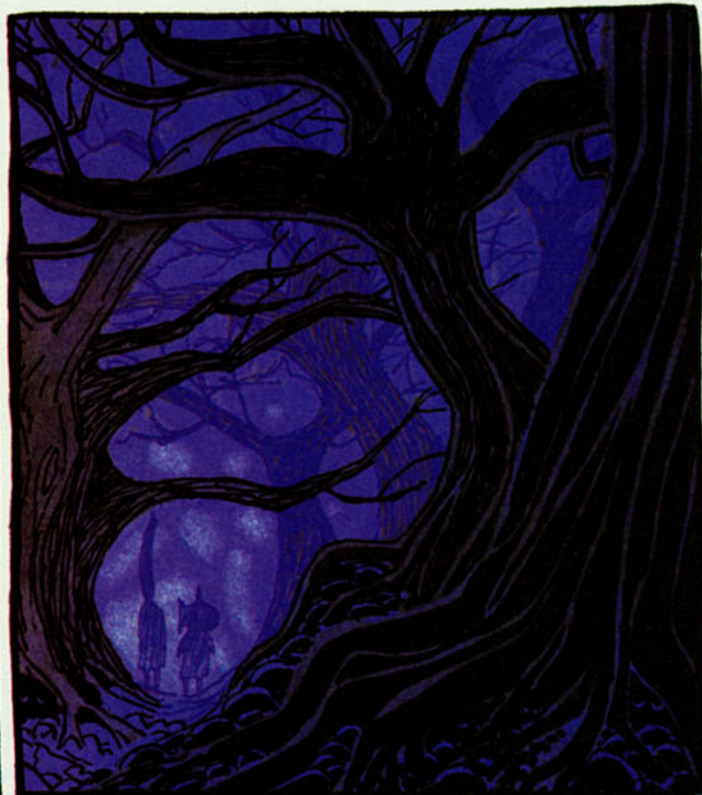
But an angry band knotted and grew.
They found the boys and put them
on the spot.
When they saw what they'd done,
being a monster didn't seem fun
anymore. The Boy was nowhere to be
found.



When they tried explaining no-one
believed them, calling them monsters
and liars.
The frightened friends ran away as
fast as they could.



They couldn't go home as somehow
even there everyone knew what
they'd done.



Hungry and scared, they hid in the
deep woods around The Land
Under The Bed where no-one would
dare look for them.



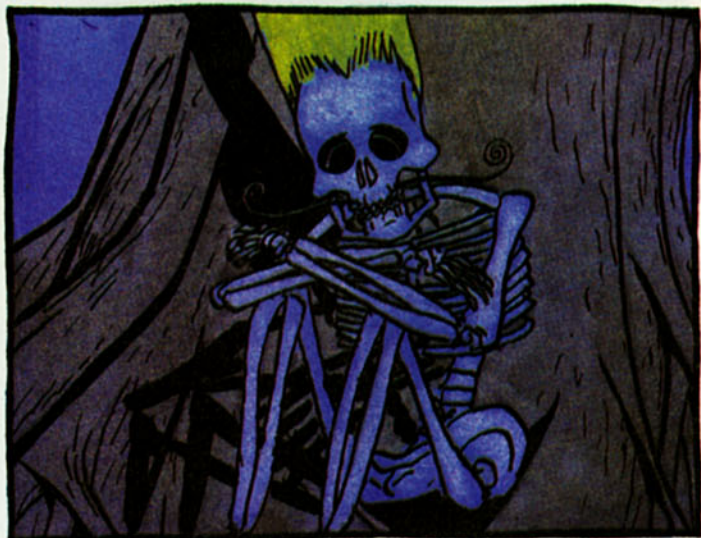
Wavy Davy felt so hungry his stomach hurt. So Tiny Tom Fish Head plucked up his courage and went looking for food for his friend.



But the things in the deep woods found him and he made a dinner for them all.



Wavy Davy Dali, starving and alone sat calling for his friend... and calling.



He called so long he pined away to nothing.

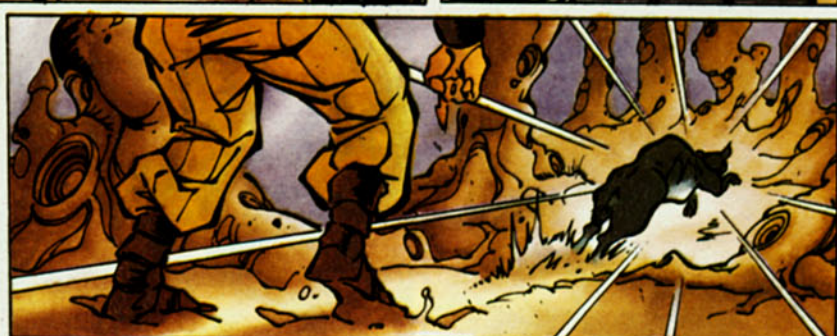


"I told you I was a monster" said The Boy.

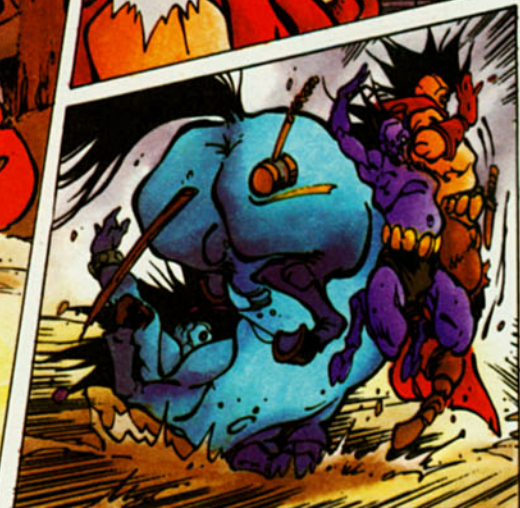
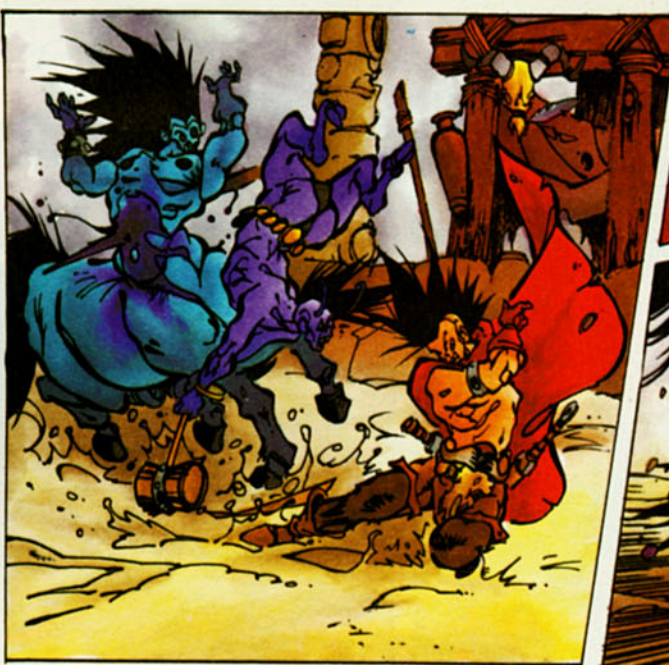
D'End!

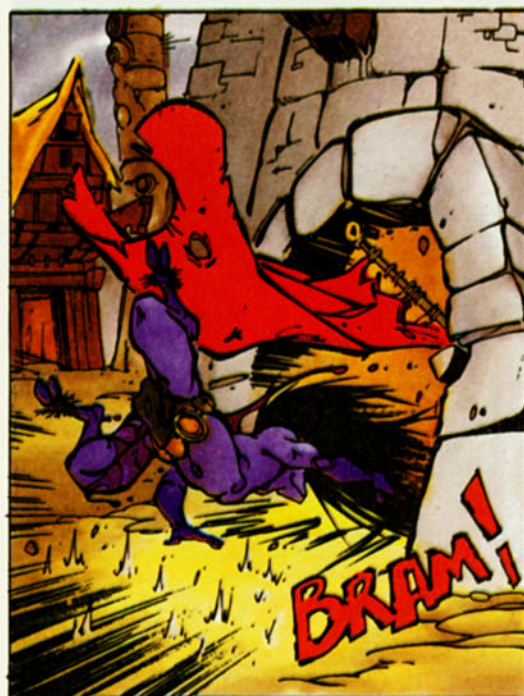
HORD...JULY 2073.

HORD









THE
COMPRADORE
KNOWS THAT YOU
HAVE BEEN BORN!
IT WON'T BE EASY
TO ESCAPE
HIM NOW!



"ROLE-PLAYING GAME ENTHUSIASTS,
LOVERS OF ADVENTURE, JOYSTICK
WIZARDS, HORD IS A MUST
FOR YOU!

"THE FIRST EVER, PSYCHIC,
INTERACTIVE GAME, HORD
WILL TAKE YOU INTO A VAST,
VIRTUAL BARBARIC WORLD
WITH LITERALLY THOUSANDS
OF FANTASTIC CHARACTERS
TO FIGHT OR BEFRIEND!

"TOTALLY REVOLUTIONARY IN
ITS CONCEPT, COMPLETELY
OVERPOWERING IN ITS REALISM,
HORD TAKES YOU TO THE VERY
HEART OF THE ACTION...

"WITH A PLAYER-FRIENDLY INTERFACE
(DECLARED PERFECTLY HARMLESS BY
THE COMMISSION OF SAFETY FOR
TOYS AND GAMES) THE HORD CONSOLE
IS THE BEST WAY TO GET AWAY
FROM THE STRESS OF EVERYDAY
LIFE...TOTAL, RAPID RELAXATION
GUARANTEED OR MONEY BACK!

"AND DON'T FORGET,
HORD IS BROUGHT
TO YOU BY THE
FOLKS AT PSY
GAME CORP."

FROM AN
ADVERTISEMENT OF
HORD. JULY 2069.

NEW YORK. 2074.

I HOPE YOU
DIDN'T WAKE ME
UP FOR NOTHING,
BERCOWITZ!

I
WOULDN'T
DREAM OF IT,
COMPRADORE!

IF YOU'D COME
THIS WAY, SIR...

A GUIDED
TOUR OF MY CORRIDOR
OF CONSOLES AT 3:15
A.M. ...YOU'LL HAVE TO
DO BETTER THAN
THAT!

PATIENCE,
COMPRADORE...
IT'S KEENAN
AND HIS SON,
THEY'VE FINALLY
SURFACED.

YOU'VE BEEN TRACKING
THEM FOR A YEAR AND NOW
THEY SHOW UP, JUST LIKE
THAT? BUT WHAT HAPPENED
TO OUR PSY-HIRELINGS?

FOR THE MOMENT,
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO
DETERMINE EXACTLY WHAT
HAPPENED IN HORD...HERE, THEIR
BRAINS ALL IMPLoded ONE
AFTER ANOTHER...AND WE
THINK THAT THE CHILD
IS RESPONSIBLE!

THESE MEN
HAD LOCALIZED THEM
IN DARIAN, A GATEWAY
TOWN ON THE GAME. WHEN
THEY TRIED TO APPREHEND
THEM, THIS IS WHAT
HAPPENED...

THAT
STILL DOESN'T
EXPLAIN THE
REASON BEHIND
THIS
CARNAGE!

I WAS COMING TO THAT,
COMPRADORE...ONE OF OUR
ENVOYS, WHO WENT THERE
AFTER THE "INCIDENT"
REPORTS THAT DARIAN
NOW LOOKS LIKE
HIROSHIMA!

WHICH BRINGS US TO
BELIEVE THAT HUNDREDS OF
BASE PLAYERS HAVE SUFFERED THE
SAME CONSEQUENCES AS THESE
MEN!...DO YOU REALIZE WHAT
I'M TRYING TO SAY?

I HOPE YOU'RE
NOT TRYING TO TELL
ME THAT THE CHILD
HAS THE POWER TO KILL
ACROSS CONSOLES,
BECAUSE THAT WOULD
BE A DISASTER.



I'M NOT TRYING TO TELL YOU ANYTHING, BUT JUST TAKE A GOOD LOOK AROUND YOU.



YOU'RE GETTING ON MY NERVES, BERCOWITZ! THIS CHILD ISN'T CONTROLLED BY THE PROGRAM NOR BY A PLAYER...HORD IS HIS UNIVERSE AND IF HIS POWERS ARE THIS GREAT, HE SHALL SOON BE ITS MASTER...

DID YOU GET KEENAN, AT LEAST?

WE HAVE FINALLY LOCATED WHERE HE IS PLAYING. OUR MEN ARE ON IT... HE IS OURS!

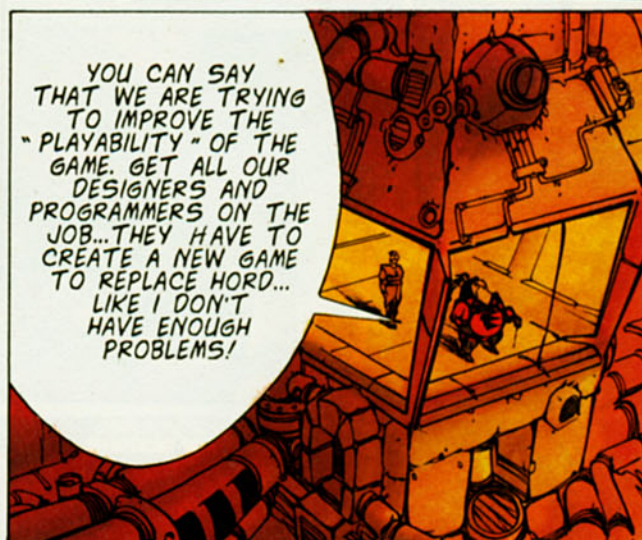


WELL, FOR THE MOMENT, HORD MUST CARRY ON... THERE'S TOO MUCH CASH RIDING ON THIS DEAL...

EVERYTHING MUST BE DONE TO SQUELCH THE COMPLAINTS FROM THE PARENTS OF THE PLAYERS WHO WERE KILLED...AND MUZZLE THE PRESS... IF BRIBES DON'T WORK, IMPROVISE!



NOTHING SHOULD LEAK OUT...IF THE DANGER THAT THE CHILD REPRESENTS IS CONFIRMED, WE'LL HAVE TO WITHDRAW HORD FROM THE MARKET!



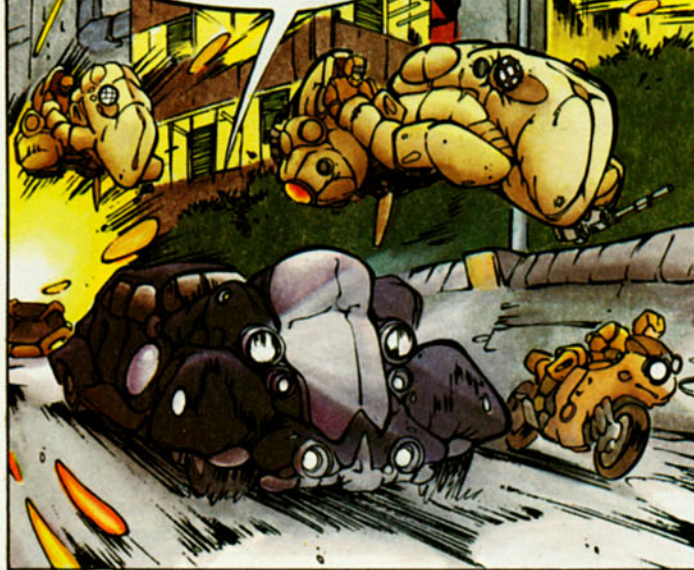
YOU CAN SAY THAT WE ARE TRYING TO IMPROVE THE "PLAYABILITY" OF THE GAME. GET ALL OUR DESIGNERS AND PROGRAMMERS ON THE JOB...THEY HAVE TO CREATE A NEW GAME TO REPLACE HORD... LIKE I DON'T HAVE ENOUGH PROBLEMS!



GIVE THEM SIX MONTHS...NOT A MINUTE MORE!

HORD WAS WITHDRAWN 17 YEARS AGO...

I'VE BEEN
PAYING YOU TO SIT ON
YOUR FAT BUTT FOR 17 YEARS,
COMMANDER MATHAOSER!
IT'S ABOUT TIME FOR YOU TO
SHOW ME WHAT YOU'VE
DONE TO EARN THAT
PAYCHECK.

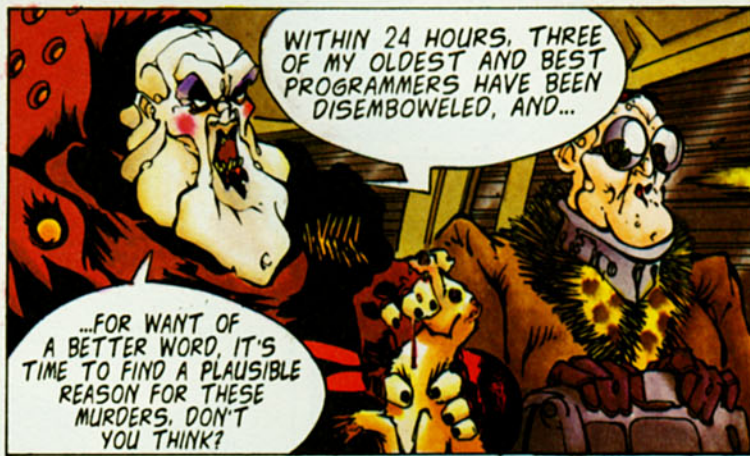


MY CONSORTIUM
IS THE MOST POWERFUL
ON THIS PLANET SO IT
SEEMED INCONCEIVABLE
THAT ANYONE COULD
DIRECTLY ATTACK IT...
UNTIL YESTERDAY!



WITHIN 24 HOURS, THREE
OF MY OLDEST AND BEST
PROGRAMMERS HAVE BEEN
DISEMBOWELED, AND...

...FOR WANT OF
A BETTER WORD, IT'S
TIME TO FIND A PLAUSIBLE
REASON FOR THESE
MURDERS. DON'T
YOU THINK?



WATCH YOURSELF
MATHAOSER, WITH
THE FILE I HAVE ON
YOU, YOU COULD
VERY QUICKLY
FIND YOURSELF IN
ONE OF THE PENAL
COLONIES ON
MARS...

SPIDER TO PITBULL,
SPIDER TO PITBULL...
UNAUTHORIZED PERSONNEL
ENTERING SECTOR...



...SO BE A
GOOD BOY AND
FIND ME A
CULPRIT!

ALL MY...
YOUR MEN ARE ON RED
ALERT AND I HAVE...HEY!
WHY HAVE WE STOPPED?



WE HAVE
A PROBLEM
SIR...SYPHILYTES
BLOCKING OUR
PATH!

THE ROUTE
WAS ROPED OFF!...GIVE
ME THE ESCORT!



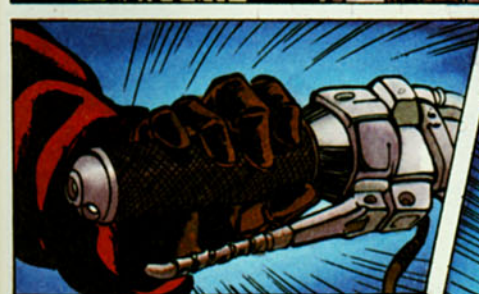


MATHAOSER
HERE! GET RID OF
THESE GUYS. WE DON'T
HAVE ANY TIME TO
LOSE!!

CONSIDER
IT DONE,
SIR!



THIS STREET
IS CLOSED TO
THE PUBLIC...CLEAR
OFF OR WE'LL
USE FORCE!



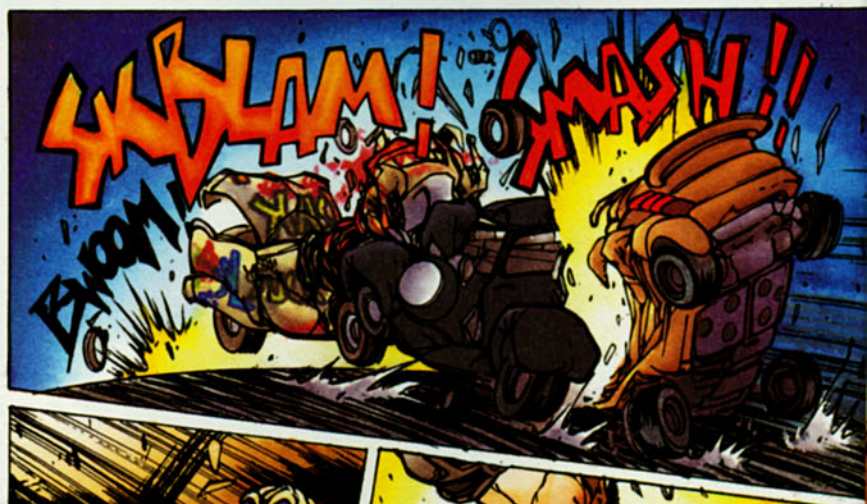
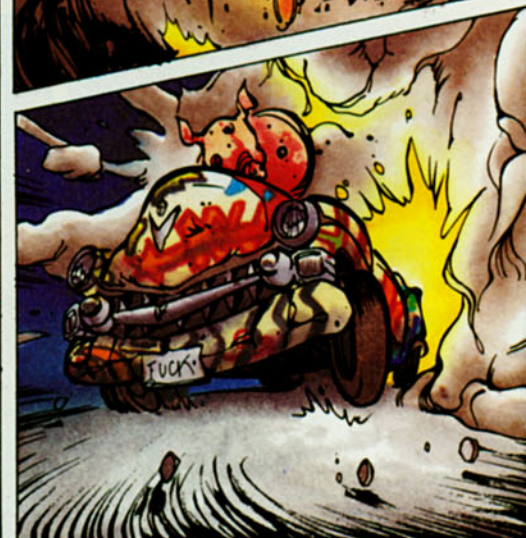
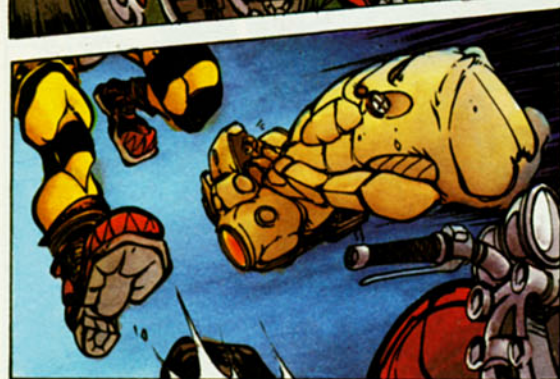
WHA...?
WHAT'RE
THEY UP
TO?

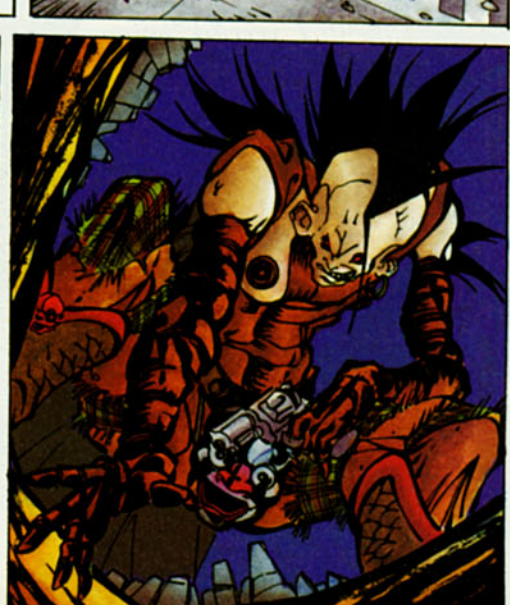
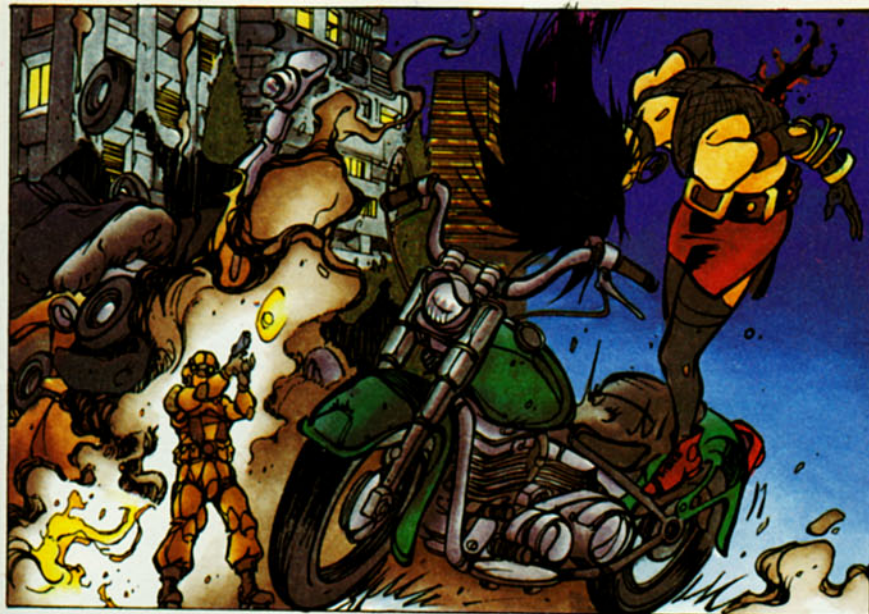
THEY'RE
NUTS!



THE FUCKS
ARE SHOOTING
AT US!

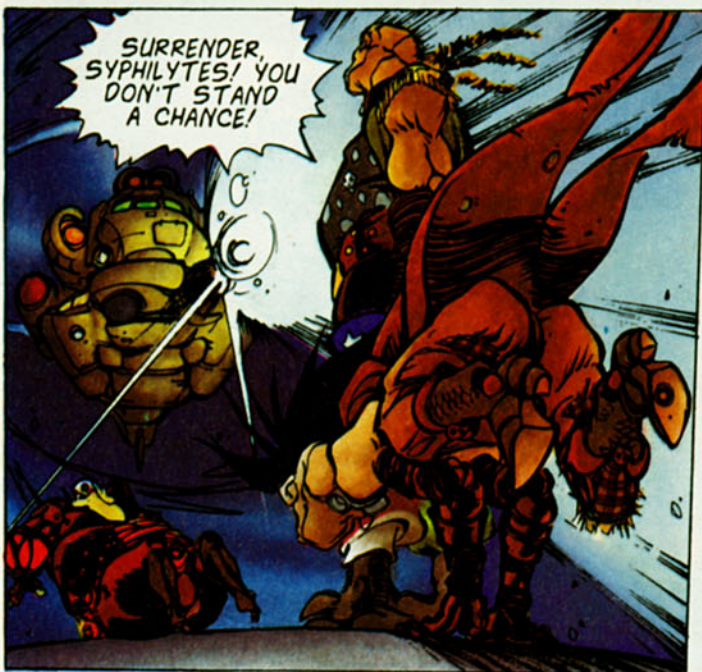
REVERSE!...
NOW!!







LET ME GO,
YOUNG MAN! YOU'RE
TAKING A HUGE
RISK BY...



SURRENDER,
SYPHILYTES! YOU
DON'T STAND
A CHANCE!



THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!...
THEY JUST
DISAPPEARED!



ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT,
COMPRADORE?
THEY DIDN'T
HURT YOU?

STOP
FEELING ME UP,
BERCOWITZ...I
CAN GET UP
BY MYSELF!

WHADAYA MEAN
DISAPPEARED?!

CAN'T
FIGURE IT
OUT!

APPARENTLY
THERE WERE ONLY
SIX OF THEM!!

AND THEY
BLEW AWAY TEN
OF US?!

COMPRADORE,
COMMANDER MATHAOSER
REQUESTS YOUR
PRESENCE...HE SAYS
IT'S IMPORTANT!



WE WERE HIT BY
THE DEVIL HIMSELF!...HE'S
CONSCIOUS, BUT HE
HAS A SLIGHT PROBLEM
WITH HIS LEGS!

IF WE WANT HIM TO TALK, WE'LL HAVE TO PRY HIM OUT OF THERE FIRST!...HE MUST HAVE PASSED OUT!

WAIT A MINUTE! LOOK! HE'S GLOWING!



SHOOT ONLY AT MY COMMAND!...IT'S STRANGE, MATHAOSER... HE SEEMS TO FEEL NO PAIN!



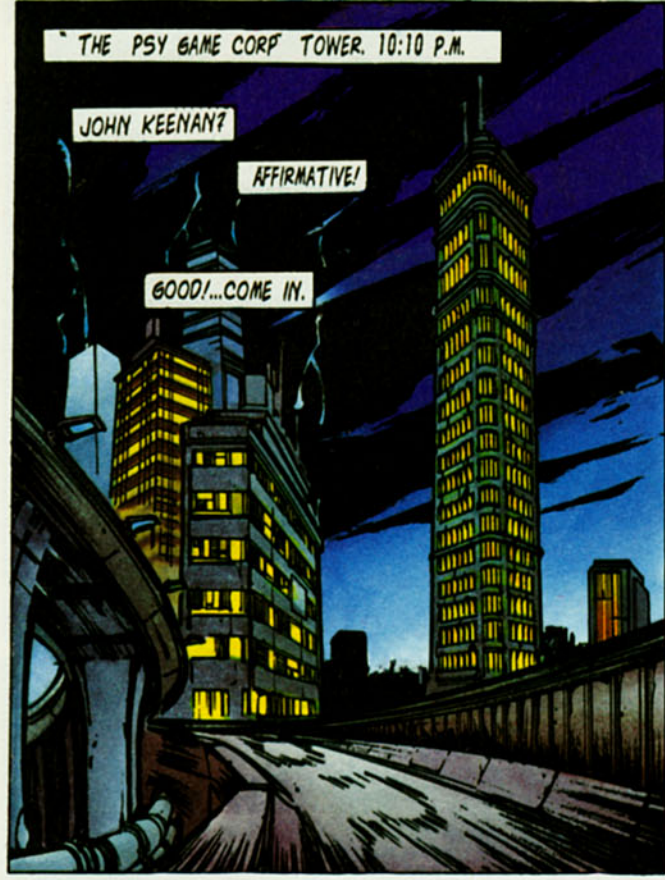
THIS HAS DEFINITELY BEEN A DAY FOR SURPRISES...IN AN INSTANT, THE WOLF BECOMES A LAMB ...FASCINATING! GET HIM TO HEADQUARTERS!

AS FOR YOU, MATHAOSER, YOU'VE PROVEN YOURSELF COMPLETELY INCOMPETENT WHEN IT COMES TO PROTECTING ME! I LIKE YOU FINE BUT...BE CAREFUL YOU REALIZE THE RISK YOU'RE TAKING!?



...AT LEAST I HOPE YOU DO ...ENOUGH SAID...BERCOWITZ, I'M IMPATIENT TO HEAR WHAT OUR NEW FRIEND HAS TO TELL US!





THE PSY GAME CORP TOWER. 10:10 P.M.

JOHN KEENAN?

AFFIRMATIVE!

GOOD!...COME IN.



JOHN!
MAY I CALL YOU
JOHN? OH, IT'S
BEEN A LONG TIME
...FIFTEEN YEARS,
AT LEAST!



YOU HAVEN'T
CHANGED A BIT! SIT
DOWN...I HAVE A STORY
TO TELL YOU AND I
THINK YOU'RE GOING
TO BE VERY
INTERESTED!



WHO IS THIS KEENAN,
COMPRADORE?
I'D LIKE TO
UNDERSTAND...

SHUT UP
AND LISTEN!
THE ANSWERS
WILL COME IN
THEIR OWN
TIME!



LET ME INTRODUCE
YOU TO ALEX. ALEX IS
OUR FRIEND...AREN'T YOU
ALEX?...AND HE'S GOING
TO TELL US WHAT
HE KNOWS...

BULLSHIT!...
I'M IN PAIN...I'M
REALLY FUCKED!
AND I'VE TOLD
YOU FIVE
TIMES...



SO MAKE
IT SIX! AND
FAST! JOHN'S THE
IMPATIENT TYPE...AND
WE'RE THE ONLY ONES
WHO CAN STOP YOUR
PAIN...SO BE A
GOOD BOY!



...IT WAS THREE
DAYS AGO, I WAS
WITH THE GUYS. WE
WERE LOOKING FOR
A WAREHOUSE TO
SQUAT, ON THE
WEST SIDE...

THE ONE WE
BROKE INTO
WAS FULL OF
OLD GAME
CONSOLES...
MOMO SAID
THAT IT WAS
A GAME THAT
HAD BEEN
BANNED...HORD,
I THINK IT WAS...
HE MANAGED
TO GET ONE
OF THEM
TO WORK...



WE PUT ON THE HEADSETS
AND, IN A FLASH, THE GAME
CREATED OUR CHARACTERS,
THE ONES OUR IMAGINATION
HAD INVENTED!



AND SO IT BEGAN!



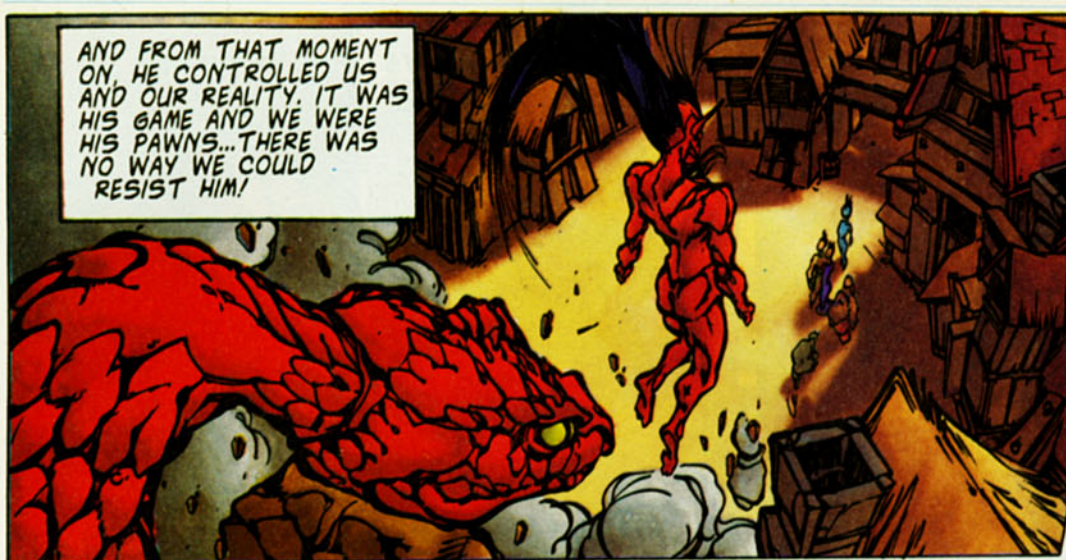
I HAD SCREWED
AROUND WITH
THIS SORT OF
GAME BEFORE BUT
IT HAD NEVER
SEEMED SO REAL!



THEN, HE
APPEARED!



AND FROM THAT MOMENT ON, HE CONTROLLED US AND OUR REALITY. IT WAS HIS GAME AND WE WERE HIS PAWNS...THERE WAS NO WAY WE COULD RESIST HIM!



HE MADE US TORTURE AND SHRED THE PROGRAMMERS...WE COULD NOT STOP HIM!



IT WAS HIM!
HIM!



DO YOU GET MY DRIFT, JOHN. OR DO I HAVE TO SPELL IT OUT...YOUR SON IS ALIVE, KEENAN!



YOU CAN BE PROUD OF YOURSELF...YOU HAVE SPAWNED A MONSTER...A DEGENERATE CREATURE...



LIES! YOU INVENTED THIS STORY TO MAKE ME SUFFER! SHUT UP!

THERE ARE TOO MANY THINGS THAT I DON'T KNOW, SO I HAVEN'T UNDERSTOOD A GOD-DAMNED THING!...I'D REALLY LIKE YOU TO EXPLAIN, COMPRADORE!



SEORA

WE SPENT THREE MONTHS ON THE COAST, FISHING WITH CARTRIDGES OF GUNPOWDER, SALTING A LOAD OF FISH AND OCTOPUS THAT MADE UP OUR ONLY TREASURE.

HOMBRE

KING OF THE DOGS

WINTER WAS APPROACHING AND THE BEST PLACE TO ESCAPE THE COLD AND THE ALMOST UNBEARABLE SOLITUDE WAS MY CITY...OR WHATEVER REMAINED OF IT.

A CITY THAT HAD CHANGED FOR THE BETTER SINCE MY LAST VISIT...THE PEOPLE WERE FATTER AND I'D ALREADY COUNTED THIRTEEN SHOPS WHERE THEY SOLD EVERYTHING FROM LEATHER CLOTHES TO LIQUOR DISTILLED FROM POTATOES...

LET'S GO, UNCLE. COME ON UP...A GOOD SCREW WILL MAKE YOU FORGET THE COLD.

AND THEY HAD BROTHELS... SOME OF THE WOMEN WEREN'T BAD AT ALL... A SURE SIGN THAT WE WERE "CIVILIZING" OURSELVES.



I HAD MISLED MYSELF...THE CITY WAS STILL A SHIT HOLE, WHERE YOUR LIFE WASN'T WORTH A THING...THE SAME AS EVERYONE ELSE'S.



WORTH-
LESS COWARDS
...IS THAT HOW YOU
REALLY WANT
TO LIVE?

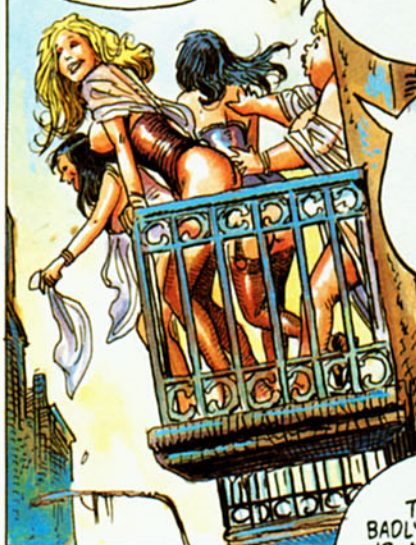


LET'S GO...LET ME
SEE YOU BASTARDS
...WHAT DO YOU HOPE
FOR BY TAKING
THE CART?



LEAVE
YOUR RAT-HOLES
AND LOOK AT MY
GIRLS...

THE FAT ONE WAS RIGHT
...APPARENTLY THE PARTY
HAD ENDED...WHOEVER IT
WAS, THEY DIDN'T WANT TO
STEAL OUR CARGO, ONLY TO
DISTRACT THEMSELVES A
LITTLE BY LEAVING A COUPLE
OF MEN STONE COLD.



I GUESS
THE MADMAN
GOT TIRED OF
KILLING FOR
TODAY.



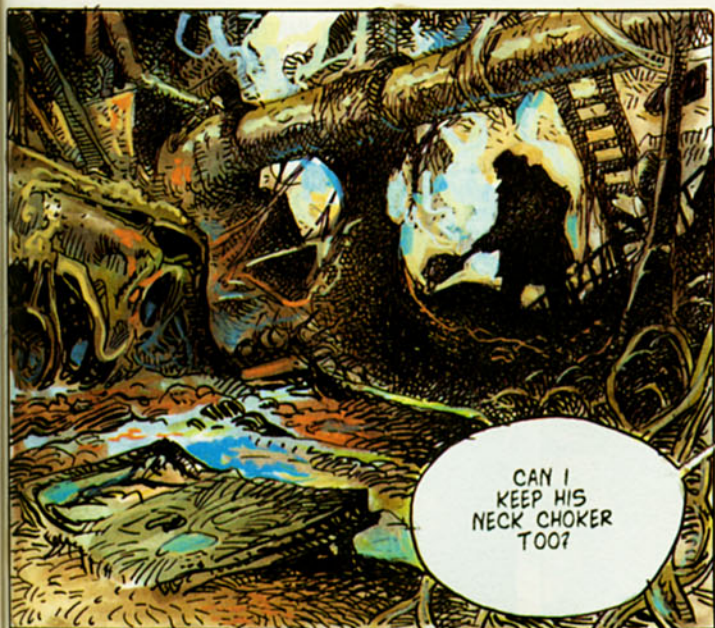
DON'T
TAKE THIS
BADLY...THIS CART
IS MINE...AND I'LL
KILL ANYONE WHO
LAYS A HAND
ON IT.



I HAVE A SHOVEL
AND I NEED TO
WARM UP...I'LL HELP
YOU BURY HIM IF
YOU GIVE ME HIS
BOOTS.

OR IS
BURYING A
COMPLETELY GOOD
PAIR OF BOOTS
NOT GOING TO
BOTHER
YOU?





CAN I
KEEP HIS
NECK CHOKER
TOO?



WHAT ARE
YOU ASKING?



FORGET IT
...DIMAS SAID
THAT IT BROUGHT
HIM GOOD
LUCK...

...THAT
WILL ROT
WITH HIM
AND KEEP HIM
COMPANY.



GOOD-BYE, MY
FRIEND...AT LEAST
YOU WON'T HAVE
TO EAT RATS
OR DOGS
ANYMORE.

THAT'S FOR
SURE...THE LAST
RAT IN THE CITY
WAS EATEN BY
MY MOTHER...

AND
AMONG THE
DOGS...THEY
ALREADY HAVE
A KING.



I THINK
YOU NEED
A PARTNER...
FIRST, FOR
PULLING THE
CART.

SECONDLY,
FOR
GUARDING
THESE
STINKING
FISH WHILE
YOU SLEEP.

I KNOW AT
LEAST A
THOUSAND MEN
THAT WOULD
KILL YOU JUST
FOR A BITE.



GO AWAY...

I CAN
LOOK AFTER MY
OWN SKIN...AND I
HAVE STRENGTH
LEFT IN ME TO
PULL THIS...
DAMN...

I WAS
IMMEDIATELY
SORRY I'D
BEEN SO TOUGH
...ESPECIALLY
AFTER I HEARD
MY SPINE CRACK
WITHOUT EVEN
MANAGING TO
MOVE THE DAMN
CART AN INCH.



ELVIS TURNED OUT TO BE A GOOD PARTNER AND A BETTER BUSINESSMAN...IN FIVE DAYS WE HAD TURNED OVER ALMOST THE WHOLE SHIPMENT OF FISH AT A GOOD PROFIT...WHILE I DEDICATED MYSELF TO GETTING "HANDSOME" AND SEARCHING FOR SOME GLASSES TO FIX MY NEARSIGHTED EYES AND TRYING TO GET MYSELF SOME DENTURES.

MAKE UP YOUR MIND, WHITEY... FOR TWELVE FISH I'LL GIVE YOU THE GLASSES AND FALSE TEETH.

ONLY BECAUSE YOU NEED THEM PRETTY BADLY.

SHUT YOUR MOUTH...THESE ARE NO GOOD FOR ME... SEE YOU AROUND, WOOLLY.



LOOK LIVELY, OLD MAN...WE HAVE TO CLOSE A DEAL.

THE KID ONLY HAD ONE DEFECT...HE WAS TOO FAMILIAR WITH ME...

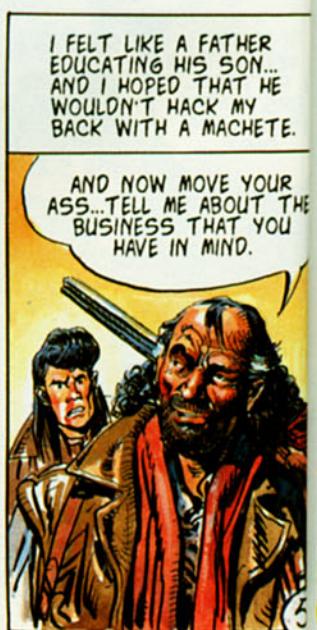


I'M GOING TO SLICE YOU...



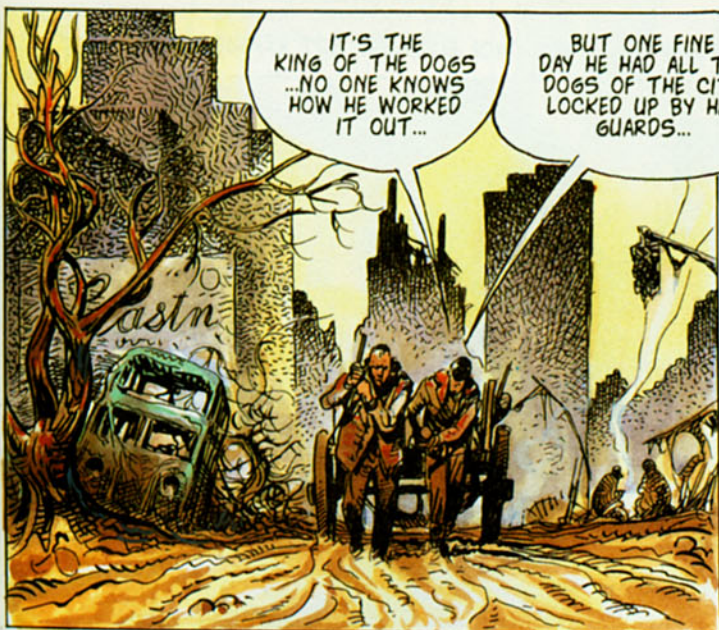
THE TONGUE... IF YOU COME TO FORGET MY NAME AGAIN... HOMBRE...

WE OLD MEN ARE TOUCHY LIKE THAT.



I FELT LIKE A FATHER EDUCATING HIS SON... AND I HOPED THAT HE WOULDN'T HACK MY BACK WITH A MACHETE.

AND NOW MOVE YOUR ASS...TELL ME ABOUT THE BUSINESS THAT YOU HAVE IN MIND.



IT'S THE KING OF THE DOGS
...NO ONE KNOWS
HOW HE WORKED
IT OUT...

BUT ONE FINE
DAY HE HAD ALL THE
DOGS OF THE CITY
LOCKED UP BY HIS
GUARDS...

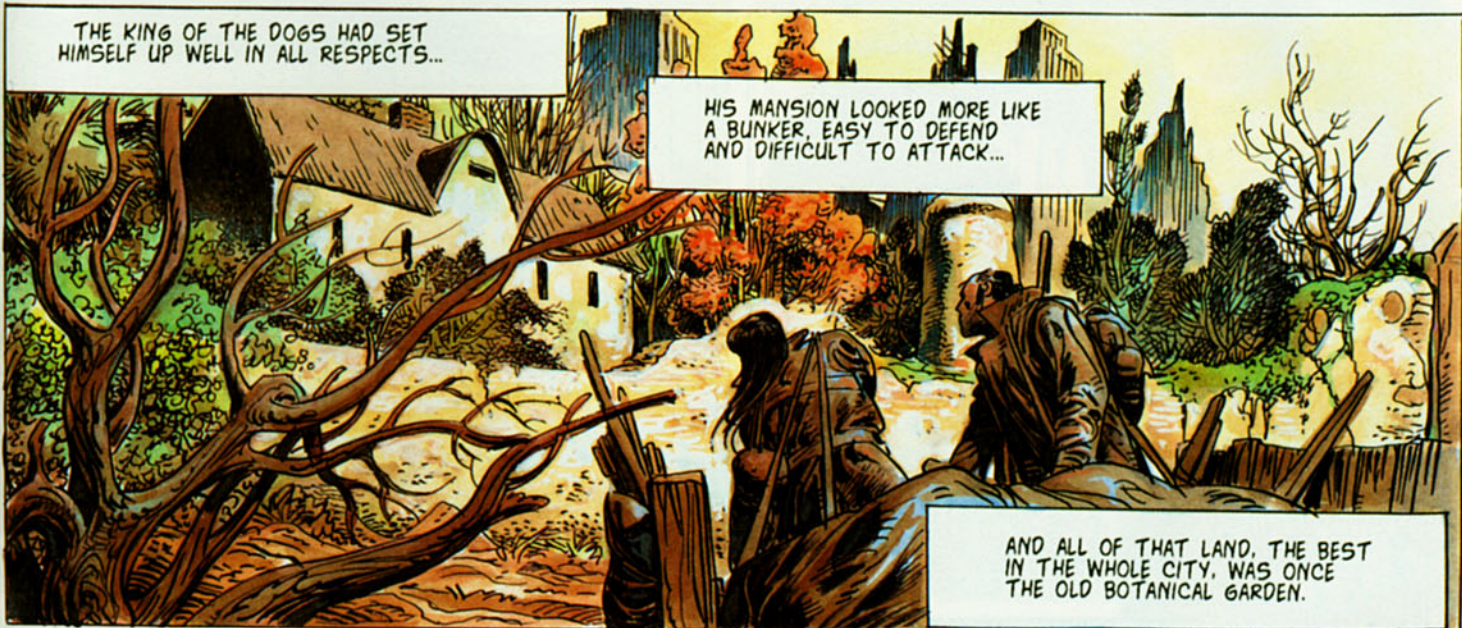


AND BECAUSE
OF THAT HE CAN SELL
THEIR MEAT ALMOST
EXCLUSIVELY...

A
CLEVER GUY...

MORE
LIKE BAD
BLOOD...HIS THUGS
HAVE GOTTEN RID
OF ALL HIS
COMPETITION.

THE KING OF THE DOGS HAD SET
HIMSELF UP WELL IN ALL RESPECTS...



HIS MANSION LOOKED MORE LIKE
A BUNKER, EASY TO DEFEND
AND DIFFICULT TO ATTACK...

AND ALL OF THAT LAND, THE BEST
IN THE WHOLE CITY, WAS ONCE
THE OLD BOTANICAL GARDEN.



I'M NOT
STUPID...I ALREADY
KNOW THAT THE
KING IS WAITING
FOR YOU.

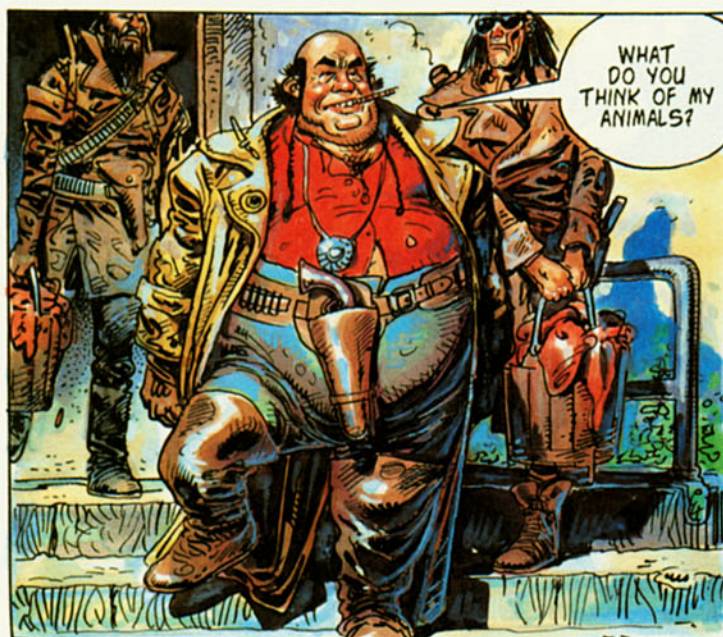
NOW
YOU OPEN
THE DOOR.



FOR ONCE ELVIS HAD NOT EXAGGERATED.



IF I HAD HAD TO COUNT THE DOGS IN THOSE CAGES, EITHER MY TONGUE WOULD HAVE DRIED UP OR I WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO COUNT THAT HIGH.



WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY ANIMALS?



THEY'RE SPLENDID...EVEN THOUGH I'D PREFER THEM TO BE COWS...

ME TOO...BUT I STILL CAN'T WORK MIRACLES.

WELL... LET'S SEE YOUR MERCHANDISE.





YOU'LL
LOVE THIS MODEL...



IT'S AN
M-16...MY
PREFERENCE WHEN
SETTING OUT
TO HUNT.



DIMAS' CHOKER. IT'S DIMAS' CHOKER.



LOAD TWO
RIFLES...I BELIEVE
WE'RE GOING TO
NEED THEM.



I SWEAR THAT I KNOW HOW TO STICK YOU WITH THIS KNIFE SO THAT YOU'LL SCREAM FOR ETERNITY BEFORE IT KILLS YOU...

I SWEAR TO YOU THAT'S WHAT I'M DYING TO DO.



AND I ALSO SWEAR TO YOU THAT I'LL GIVE YOU A FINAL CHANCE...

IF YOU TELL ME HOW YOU CAME TO POSSESS THE HOOP AROUND YOUR NECK.



THE DOGS... WE FEED THEM WITH MEAT...

WE KILL PEOPLE... AND TAKE THEIR BODIES OUT OF THEIR GRAVES...

WE KILL SOME SO THAT OTHERS CAN LIVE...



YOUR "PHILOSOPHY" HAS ME CONVINCED... YOU'RE A TRUE SAINT.



LET'S GO SEE IF SIMON HAS FINISHED... THE DOGS ARE GETTING HUNGRY AGAIN.



HOW MANY MEN DO YOU FIGURE ARE IN THE HOUSE?

THOSE THAT YOU SAW WITH THE KING... THE REST ARE IN THE CITY SELLING MEAT.



DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT FOOD... I HAVE AN UPSET STOMACH.



10





BUG HUNT

DAWN... A FAT, JAUNDICED
SUN BARELY PENETRATES
THE THICK SMEAR OF
BILIOUS POLLUTION.

HOWEVER, THERE ARE SOME
PLACES WHERE THE SUN
NEVER SHINES.

WELCOME
TO THE ASSHOLE
OF THE WORLD,
LYNCH.

DON'T
KNOCK IT,
THIS PLACE IS
BETTER'N MY
APARTMENT.

REMIND
ME NEVER TO
PAY YOI A HOUSE
CALL.

LYNCH!
DUBOIS! CUT
THE CRAP, LADIES.
AN' GOSSIP IN YOUR
OWN TIME. TYLER,
WHAT'S THE
SCORE?

ZILCH.
THE LIGHTS
ARE ON BUT NO-
ONE'S HOME.

"IF ANYONE WAS HERE,
THEY SURE AS HELL
AIN'T NOW."



OKAY, THE PLACE IS CLEAN. PROCEED TO PHASE TWO.

HOLD YOUR WATER, BOSS. I'M GETTIN' A PAINT SIGNAL'S WEIRD BUT THERE'S A DEFINATE READING.

TIK TIK TIK TIK



THAT WAY, TWELVE O'CLOCK, DEAD AHEAD.

OKAY, MOVE UP



REMEMBER, THERE COULD BE CIVVIES DOWN HERE. YOU'RE ON CONDITION ORANGE--WEAPONS HOLD UNTIL YOU'VE GOT A POSITIVE I.D. ON YOUR TARGET.

TIK TIK TIK TIK



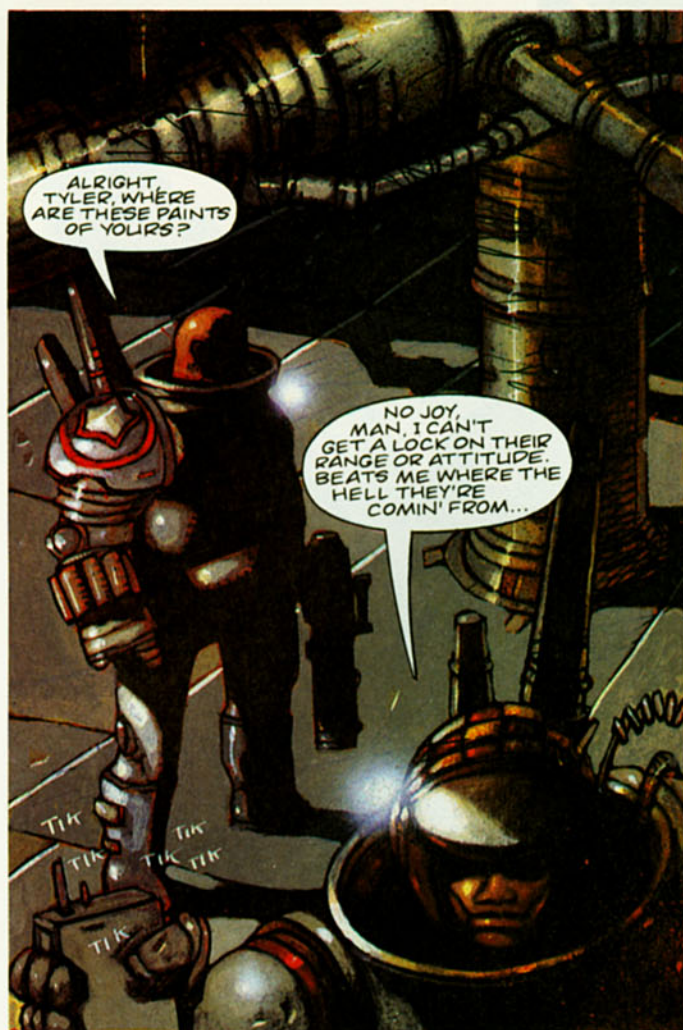
OKAY, TIGHTEN THOSE SPHINCTERS, BOYS-- WE'RE IN BANDIT COUNTRY, RANGE INDETERMINATE.

TIK TIK TIK TIK



WHAT DA HELL IS DIS?

YOU TELL ME, MAN, I ONLY WORK HERE...



ALRIGHT TYLER, WHERE ARE THESE PAINTS OF YOURS?

NO JOY, MAN, I CAN'T GET A LOCK ON THEIR RANGE OR ATTITUDE. BEATS ME WHERE THE HELL THEY'RE COMIN' FROM...



HEY, GET A LOAD O' THESE!



WHAT D'YOL THINK THEY ARE?

ALIVE.



SPLORTCH

NYAAHHHH!



GEDDIT OFFGEDDIY OFF!

HOLD STILL, GODDAMMIT!



KA! BRAKKA!

YOU
OKAY? YOU'RE
BLEEDING.

S'NOTHIN...
A SCRATCH. ARMOUR
TOOK MOST OF IT. I'M
FINE... FINE...

LOCK
AN' LOAD
GENTLE-
MEN...

KER-CHAK

KER-CHAK

Ker-

KER-

...IT'S
TIME TO
EARN YOUR
KEEP.





NOW
THAT'S MORE
LIKE IT..

...NOTHIN'
BETTER'N A WET
BODY AT YER FEET
AN' A HOT WEAPON
IN YOUR HAND..

ANYONE
GOT A
LIGHT?



HEY,
GUYS, C'MERE!
SOMETHIN'S
GOIN' ON!

BLIP!



"HOLY SHIT! LOOK
AT THE SIZE O'
THOSE THINGS!"

BLUP! BLUP

BLUP



OH MAN!
IF THESE'RE
THE ADULTS THEN
WE JUST WASTED
THEIR KIDS!

BAD
NEWS...

KKSSSS



PULL
BACK! PULL
BACK TO THE
SERVICE
SHAFT!

BRAKA





CHRIST,
IT MUST HAVE
BEEN THE BITE
OF THAT...
THING...

FROM
INFECTION TO
MUTATION IN
MINUTES.

NO WONDER
WE COULDN'T FIND
ANY CIVVIES--THEY ALL
SLIPPED THEIR SKINS AN'
WENT PLAYIN' CREATURE
FROM THE BLACK
LAGOON!



BUT
THE LITTLE
ONES, WHERE
DO THEY
FIT IN?

MAYBE
THE OTHERS
BRED AN' THEY
WERE THE RESULT
...HOW THE HELL
SHOULD I
KNOW?



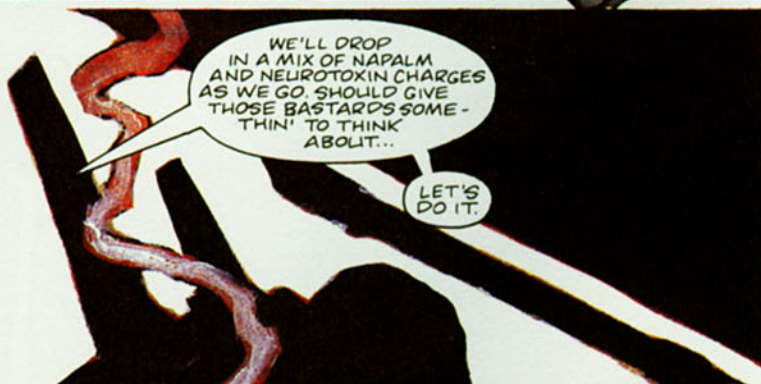
MARIE
D'YOU
COPY?

LOUD
AND PROUD,
DOYLE.

THE MISSION'S
TURNED TO SHIT.
WE'RE ABORTING. PREP
THE WAGON FOR HEAVY
ORDNANCE OFFLOAD ON MY
MARK, CONDITION RED
--FULL WEAPONS
RELEASE.



UNDER-
STOOD.
OUT.



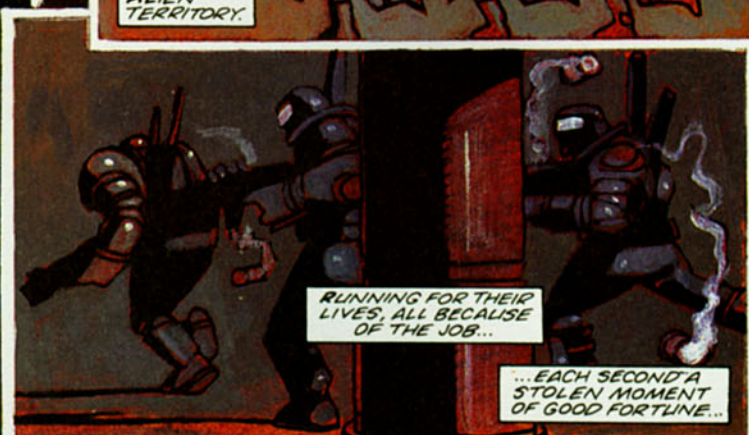
WE'LL DROP
IN A MIX OF NAPALM
AND NEUROTOXIN CHARGES
AS WE GO. SHOULD GIVE
THOSE BASTARDS SOME-
THIN' TO THINK
ABOUT...

LET'S
DO IT.



UNKNOWN
TERRITORY.

ALIEN
TERRITORY.

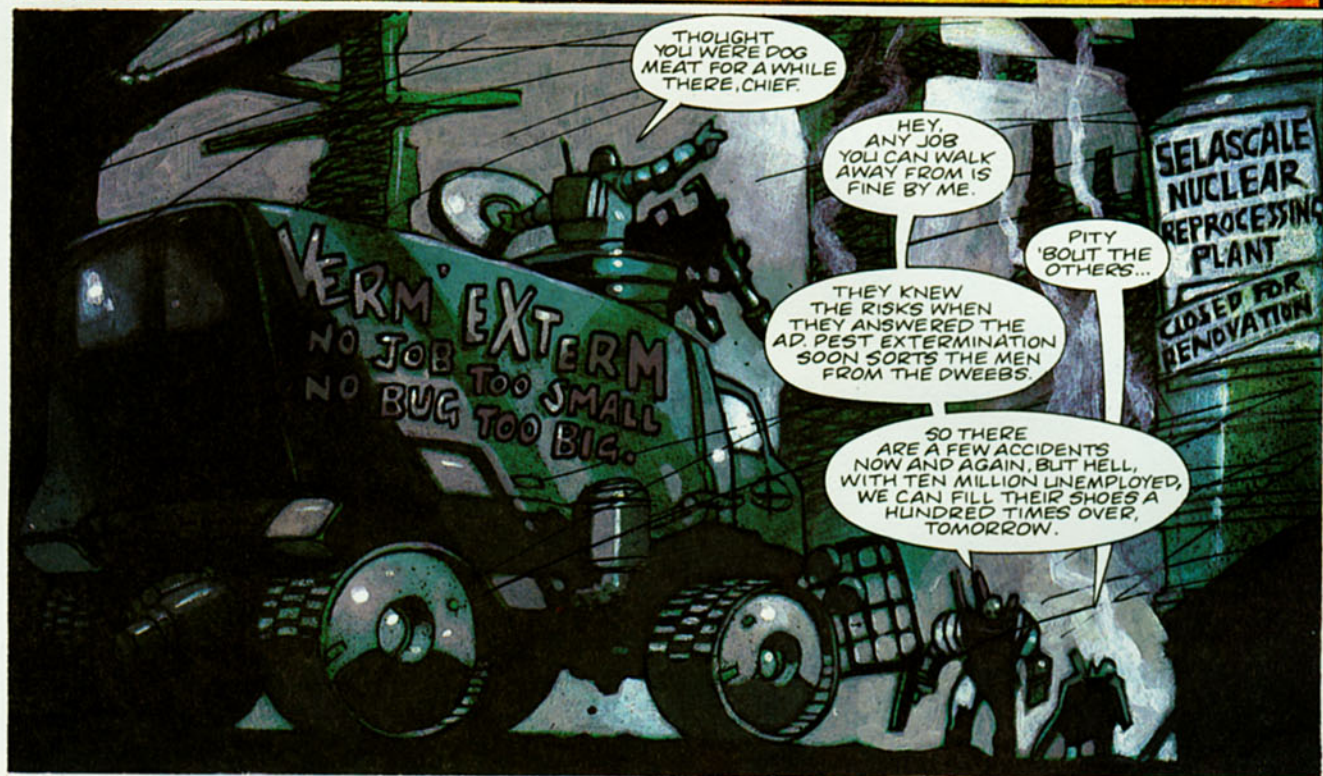


RUNNING FOR THEIR
LIVES, ALL BECAUSE
OF THE JOB...

...EACH SECOND A
STOLEN MOMENT
OF GOOD FORTUNE...



KA-BOOOOMMMM!!



THOUGHT YOU WERE DOG MEAT FOR A WHILE THERE, CHIEF.

HEY, ANY JOB YOU CAN WALK AWAY FROM IS FINE BY ME.

PITY 'BOUT THE OTHERS...

THEY KNEW THE RISKS WHEN THEY ANSWERED THE AD. PEST EXTERMINATION SOON SORTS THE MEN FROM THE DWEBS.

SO THERE ARE A FEW ACCIDENTS NOW AND AGAIN, BUT HELL, WITH TEN MILLION UNEMPLOYED, WE CAN FILL THEIR SHOES A HUNDRED TIMES OVER, TOMORROW.



"THE WAY I SEE IT IS, I'M TEACHIN' EM A TRADE, SOMETHIN' TO BE PROUD OF, AN' KEEP THE NO-GOOD, BACK-SLIDIN' SONS-OF-BITCHES OFF THE STREETS.



"AN' IT MUST BE WORKIN'..."



"... LEASTWAYS, NOBODY'S EVER COME BACK AN' COMPLAINED."

THE END.

STRIPTease

Featuring Carl LaFong, Detective for Hire,
and his unborn parasite twin brother, Laloo!
This Episode: "Luck of the Irish!"



It had been a lousy case. By the time I tracked down Mrs. Lungmonsters' husband, he'd already spent all her dough. When she drunkenly offered to pay me in "trade", I was happier than a cop with a lead nightstick. It isn't often a mug with a parasite twin brother gets lucky...

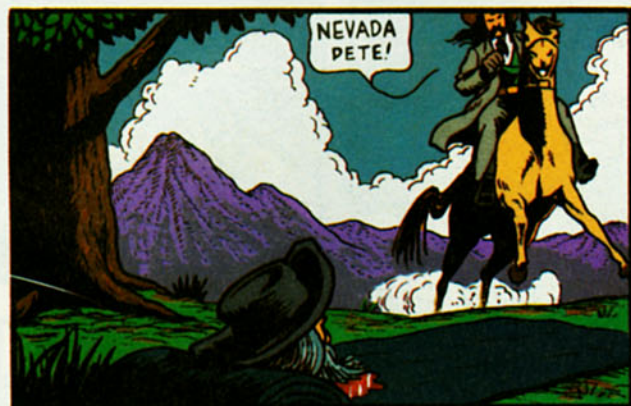




Colors by Carla White

The Mystery of the Missing Body

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1. It is the Show's off-season, and Weird Bill Hiccough, Bison Bill's friend and star performer, has returned to the frontier. It is a lovely day, the sun is brilliant, the—but what's this?! A severed head?! "Nevada Pete!" exclaims Weird Bill, recognizing the head as belonging to an old friend.



2. Suddenly the head speaks: "Weird Bill! Am I glad to see you! Some durn' side-windin' varmint stole muh' body! I just woke up and it was gone! Took muh' horse too, dag-nabbit!" Weird Bill: "It is a wonder you are still alive!" Nevada Pete: "Well, you know me—I always was a hard one to kill!"



3. Resolving to help his friend recover his body and horse, Weird Bill uses his Third Eye to determine their whereabouts. "Hm," says the Psychic Scout, "it appears that the thief has not gone far. If we hurry, we can catch him!" So saying, he picks up Nevada Pete and they gallop away.



4. After several hours of hard riding, they overtake the thief. Nevada Pete: "Whut is that?!" Weird Bill: "A type of parasite, most likely from Alpha Centauri. They decapitate their victims, then steal the body." Suddenly the creature turns and speaks to them in a strange tongue.



5. Nevada Pete: "Whut in tarnation did he say?" Weird Bill: "I don't know, but I don't like it. Sounded like Alpha Centauri cuss-words to me. I believe I shall wash his mouth out with lead!" And, so saying, he draws his pistol. Nevada Pete hollers, "Careful, Bill! Don't hit muh' body!"



6. But with three eyes at his disposal Weird Bill's aim is true, and the alien falls to the ground, dead. Weird Bill places Nevada Pete's head back on his body, saying, "Now you just hold your head in place till we can find a doctor to sew you up." Nevada Pete: "Much obliged to you, Weird Bill!"

TRUE
DETECTIVE
HALLUCINATIONS



S. CUNNINGHAM'S

IN THE DARK

© 1994

I'VE BEEN ON THE PARANORMAL BEAT FOR A WHILE. LOUSY HOURS AND ROTTEN PAY. PLUS-YOU HAVE TO HANG OUT WITH OTHER MEN IN BLACK

INVESTIGATOR
MEN IN BLACK

OH SURE, IT SEEMED COOL AT FIRST: STUDYING BIGFOOT...ALIENS...GHOSTS...

BUT, HOW MANY BLURRY PHOTOS CAN YOU LOOK AT?

THE SAME WIDE OPEN FACES ON ALL THE WITNESSES-LIKE THEY'VE SEEN GOD.

I TAKE NOTES...START A NEW FILE.

IT WAS 50FT. ROUND, WITH RED FLASHING LIGHTS!

BE PRECISE!

SAY CHEESE!

FLASH BLUE — 4 FT. TALL, WITH BLACK, ALMOND-SHAPED EYES.

BIG AND HAIRY, WITH A PUMPKIN' HEAD.

SPEAK UP!

THE REPORTS ARE ALL DIFFERENT...THE REPORTS ARE ALL THE SAME.

AND THEN THE STRANGE VISIONS BEGIN.

COME WITH US.

GET A LIFE!

AFTER A FEW DRINKS IT ALL STARTS TO SEEM LIKE A JOKE.

EXPERIENCED CRIMINALS & DETECTIVES PLAY GAMES OF CAT AND MOUSE IN: HIDEOUTS AND STAKEOUTS

P. Revers



I AIN'T NO ESCAPED CONVICT, LITTLE LADY... I'M DA COCONUT RABBI WHAT LIVES IN DIS TREE



HA! FROM UP HERE ON THE MOON I CAN SEE THE ENTIRE SURFACE OF THE EARTH. I'LL SOON CATCH THAT GUY



DAT'S RIGHT KID, I'M A BEAVER... DA LUMBERJACK OF DE ANIMAL KINGDOM



WHOOOOOOO! I'M A SCARY GHOST-NOT AN ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY ON STAKEOUT AT ALL. BOOOOOOOO!



"NO, I AIN'T SEEN NO ESCAPED CONVICTS ROUND HERE. JUST OTHER HILLBILLIES LIKE MYSELF." "YES, I'M A HILLBILLY AS WELL."



MISS JONES. TAKE A MEMO: EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY, START HIRING MORE HILLBILLIES, BEAVERS, AND COCONUT RABBIS.

KALL HIM A KULTURAL THROWBACK ~ KALL HIM
INTOLLERIBLY INTOLLERINT ~ KALL HIM
GRATEWITOUSLY GROTESK ~ KALL HIM
OBSESSIVATIONAL IN HIS PEERSOOTS ~
JUST DON'T KALL HIM LATE FOR DINNER ~!

MOE LESTER IZ TH'
NAME ~ AN' IN-KAR-
SERATION IZ MAH
GAME! YESSIR!

MOE LESTER

KONSTABEL MOE LESTER IZ
EN ROUTE BACK HOAM FRUMMA
MANDATORY SENSITIVITY-AWARE-
NISS SEMMINAR, WHEN, SWITCHING ON
THA RADIO, HE HEARZ: "GULP! THAT SHURE
DON'T SOUND LIKE
TOMMY DORSERY!"

WHY, THAT'Z JIST HORRORIBUL!
NOT ONLY IZ THIZ SAINGER
~ AN' I YEWZ TH' TERM ADVISEDLY ~
MAKIN' A RACKIT LIKE A TOMKAT IN
A KWIZZINART, HEEZ ALL-SO A-
HOLLERIN' ABOUT WHUPPIN' UP ON
WIMMEN, AN' A-KALLIN' 'EM ALL
SORTZ OF DEE-ROGGATORICKAL
NAMES ~ BOY HOWDY ~!

AZZIF IN ANSWER TEW MOE'S
IDLE KWERRY:

"~ AN' BY REKWEST, THAT WUZ
'PUNTCH TH HO'ZE IN TH'
NOZE' BY MAH MAYNE MAYUN
FLAT U. LANCE ~ TH' HOTTIST
NEW RAP OTTIST SINTZ POST-
DEF AN' KRACKED ICE!"



~ AH'LL BETCHA THAT MEANZ
TH' FELLER'Z GOT 'IM A RAP
SHEET THAT WON'T KWIT ~
AN' KONZA-KWINTUALLY BEE-
LONGZ ON MAH TEN MOE'S
WANTID LISZT ~!



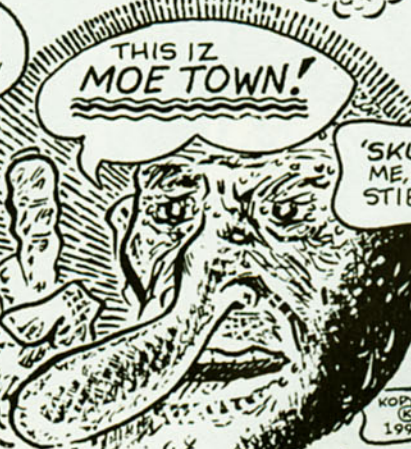
NO SOONER HAS THA DETERMINATED
SLOOTH REECHED HIZ ABODE,
THAN:



RANGING THA KONTINENTUAL YEW
ESS AY FRUM KOAST TEW
KOAST IN SURTCH UV HIZ REE-
LOOZIVE KWARRY, MOE FINELY
EFFEKTUATES HIZ KAPCHER
ATTA KROWDED KONSERT PA-
VILLIUM IN DEETROIT!



WHUDDER YEW TAWKIN' 'BOUT, YEW OL'
NO-KOUNT HONKERY MOKUS-FOKUS
MOE LESTER ~?!? YEW'RE 'WAY
OUTTA YER JOORISDICTION
~ AN' BASIDES, THIS AIN'T
YO' TOWN!

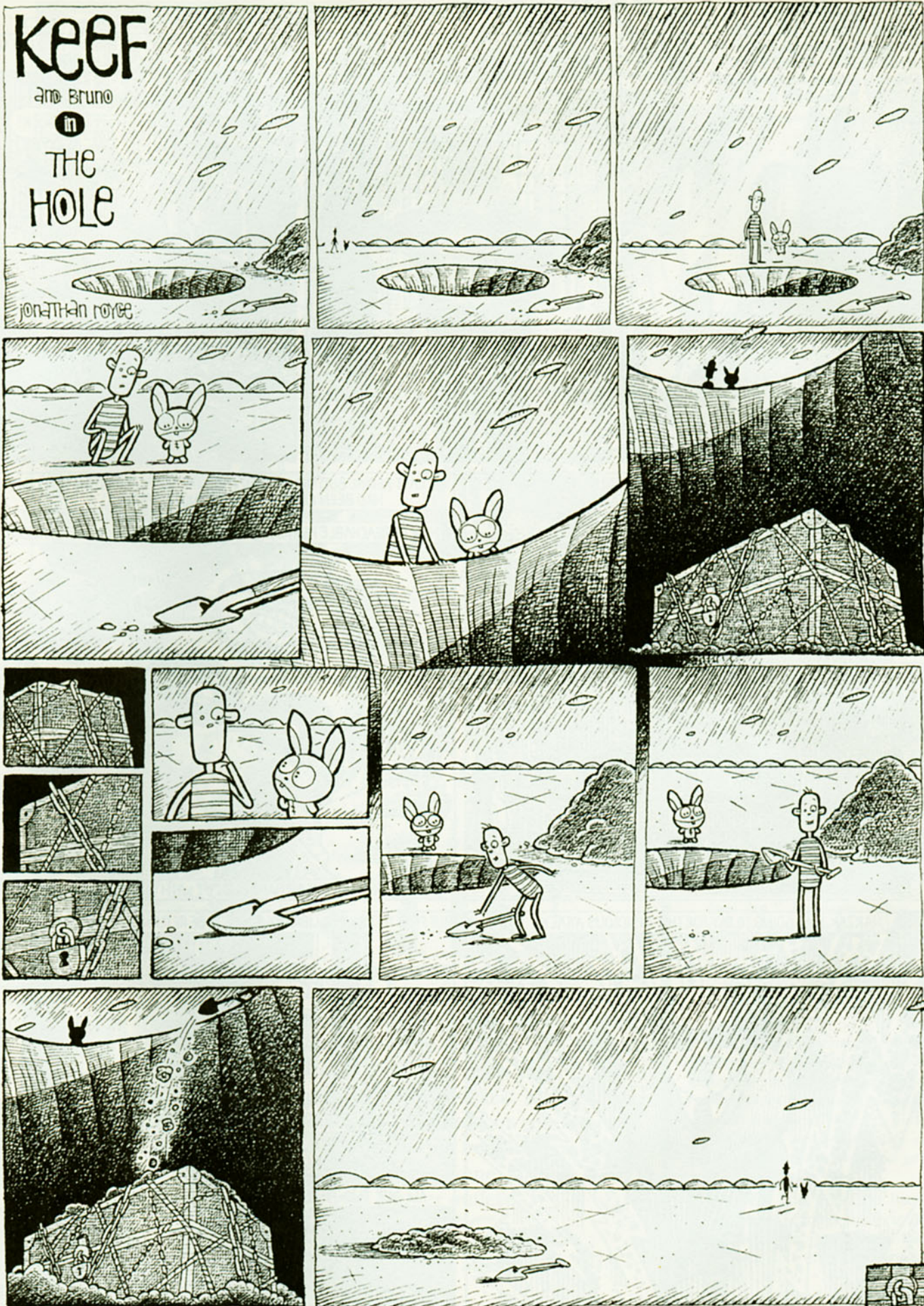


SKRIPT: DENNIS SPIES ORT: M.H. PRICE & N.T. ROSSITER

KEEF

and Bruno
in
THE HOLE

Jonathan Royce



© Jonathan Royce 1994



THE ADVENTURES OF BOY SECRET

BY AIDAN POTE AND IAN CARNEY

BOY SECRET RETURNED TO FIND THAT HIS SECRET HEADQUARTERS HAD BEEN INFILTRATED BY THE EVIL ONE KNOWN AS **NARZAK THE EVIL ONE**.



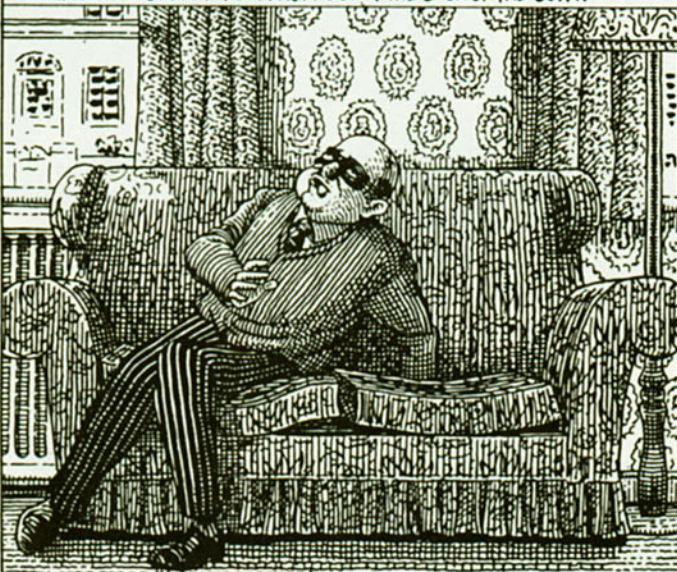
INSIDE HE DISCOVERED A LIFETIME SUBSCRIPTION TO THE FINNISH LANGUAGE 'PLAIN TRUTH' HAD BEEN ORDERED IN HIS NAME!



AND ALL THE STATIONS ON HIS T.V. HAD BEEN RETURNED TO THE VOODOO CHANNEL.

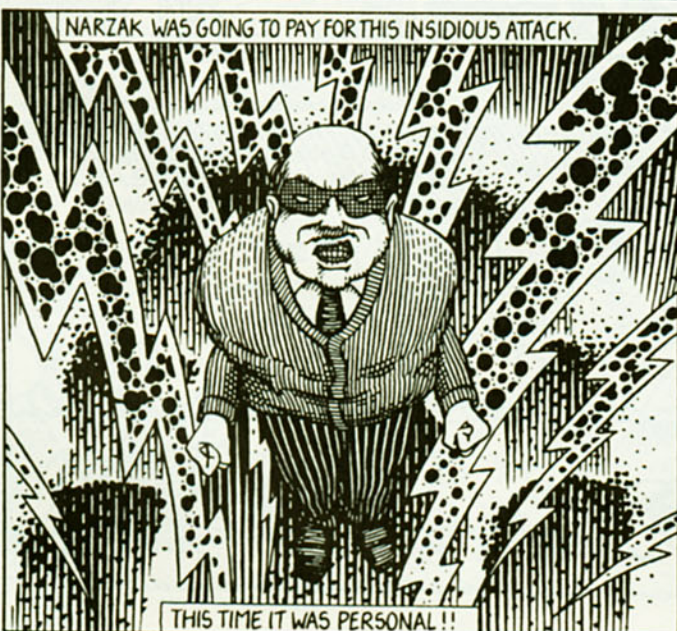
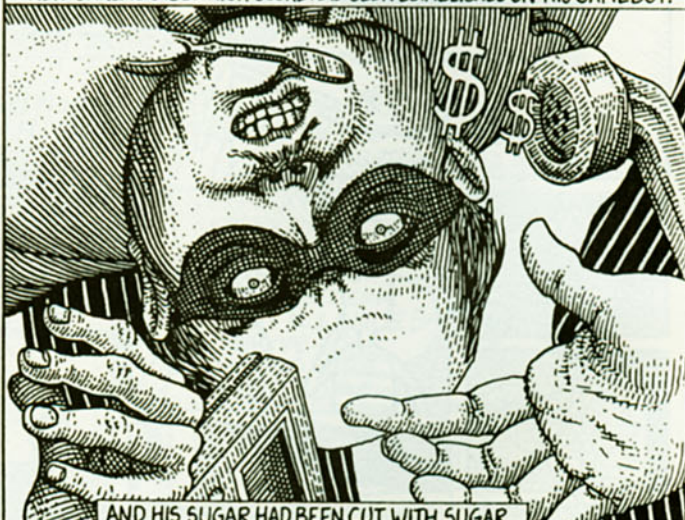


THAT'S NOT ALL! THE BOY SECRET EMERGENCY SLUSH FUND OF LOOSE CHANGE HAD BEEN TAKEN FROM DOWN THE BACK OF THE SOFA.

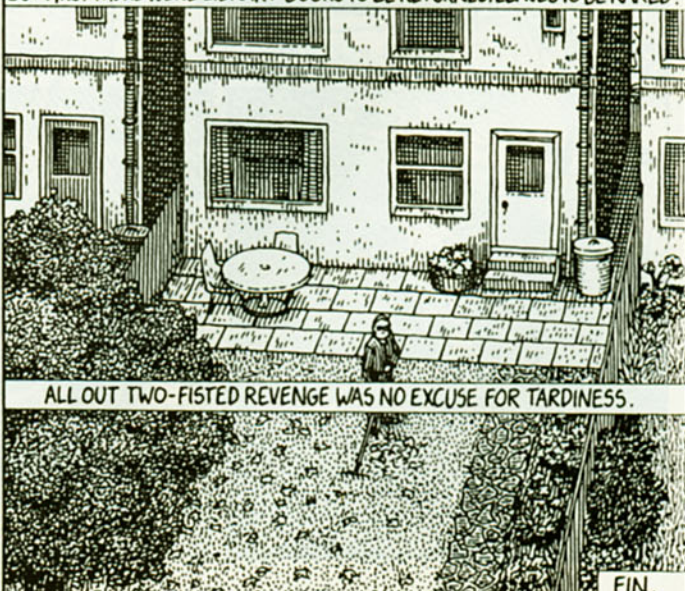


THE LAST REDIAL BUTTON SHOWED THAT THE 'AMY JOHNSON HOTLINE' HAD BEEN CALLED (\$42 A MINUTE OFF PEAK).

A NEW UNREACHABLE HIGH SCORE HAD BEEN ESTABLISHED ON HIS GAME BOY.



BUT FIRST THERE WERE LIBRARY BOOKS TO BE RETURNED. LEAVES TO BE RAKED!



FIN.

PROFESSOR PAP

IN BED WITH THE DEAN'S WIFE

BY MICHAEL AUSHENKER ©92

DEEP WITHIN PROFESSOR PAP'S QUARTERS, A PHONE CALL OBSTRUSSIVELY PUNCTUATES AN OTHERWISE GLOWING AFTERNOON...



THAT COULD ONLY BE MY WET BLANKET HUSBAND/OL' "COITUS INTERRUPTUS" WHO ELSE COULD RUIN SUCH A PERFECT MOMENT??



HELLO! THIS IS PROFESSOR CAULIFLOWER PAP...



...WITH AMAZING RESULTS!

HARD-BOILED HEALTH CARE? ASK DOCTOR DETECTIVE!



Dear Dr. D: I am a 53-year-old housewife with a real mystery. As I've gotten older, I've noticed my legs gets stiff and achy at night—especially if it's been real cold or rainy. I hope these clues are enough to go on.

**Hurtin' in Hillside
Hillside, Ill.**

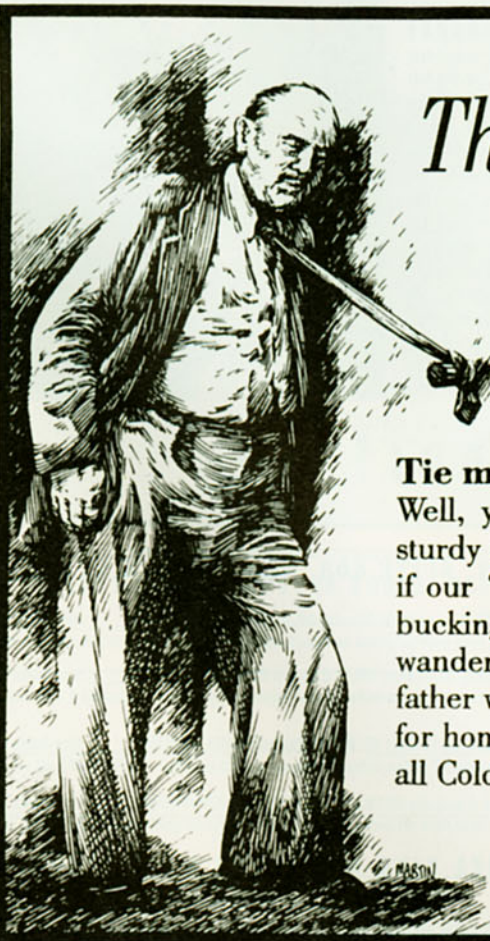
Dear Hurtin': Years ago I had contacts in nearby Chicago, so I thought I'd look up an old pal there, "Legs" McQuire: one of the Windy City's sleaziest bookies. My addiction to playing the ponies helped put his 12 adopted Vietnamese kids through college.

I remember like yesterday, talking to Legs in that waterfront watering hole, the Wet Rat. I was behind in my payments and begging him not to hurt me. Legs was complaining about his legs, saying, "I'd break your fuckin' legs if mine weren't so sore." I guess, over time, I came to actually love and trust the old bastard. "He'd know what to do about a bum leg," I thought. When I tried to look him up though, I discovered Legs was dead. Took a slug from a .45 that blew a hole in his chest the size of a baby's head. The killer was never found.

I'll always remember his raspy voice threatening me—it had the sound of fire and smoke in it. As for the whiny housewife from Bumfuck, just be glad you're not dead-dead with a big hole in your chest. And get a heating pad!

Dear Dr. D: I think I've been murdered. I can see my torso in the bedroom, but I'm in the kitchen. Lots of blood. Hard to write...hurry!

Dazed and Confused
(cont. on p. 36, section C)



That's what we call a TIE!

Tie me kangaroo down, sport?
Well, you could with a fashionable, sturdy tie from our new fall line. And if our "Iron Will" ties can restrain a bucking kangaroo, rest assured your wandering husband or senile grandfather will earn a healthy new respect for home sweet home. On sale now at all Cold Shower outlets.

Cold Shower
TIES... JUST TIES

THANKS, MR. NUYS



"I TOLD THEM THAT I'D COME FOR GENERAL QUINTANA, BUT THAT NIGHT, IN THE HOTEL, THE GIRL APPEARED..."



"I THOUGHT SHE CAME WITH THE ROOM, PART OF THE SERVICE..."

HI...



"I ASSURED THEM THAT THE GIRL WAS NOTHING SPECIAL..."



"AFTER WE HAD A FEW DRINKS, SOMETHING INSIDE ME MUST HAVE SNAPPED BECAUSE..."

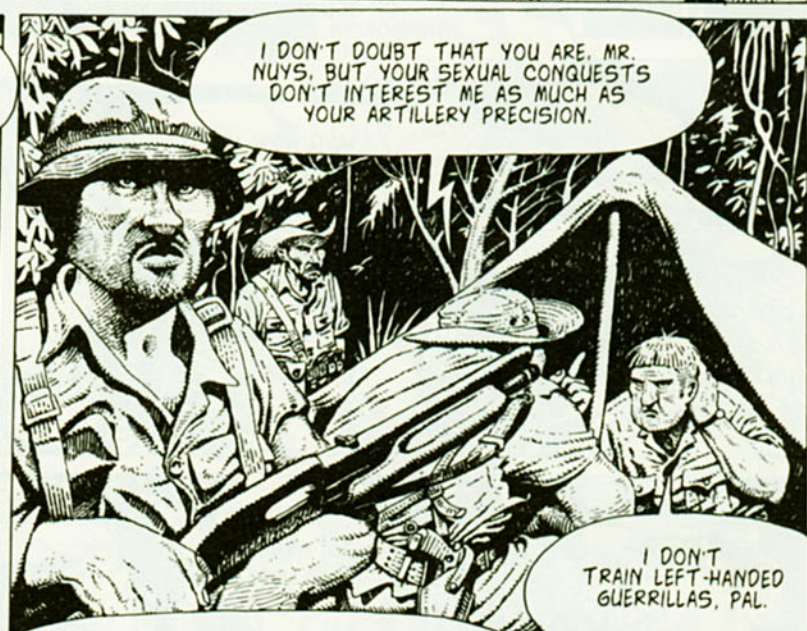


ARE YOU AWAKE,
MR. NUYS? GREAT! DON'T LOOK
FOR YOUR GUN: WE'VE
GOT IT...



WE KNOW
THAT YOU'RE THE
BEST, MR. NUYS...

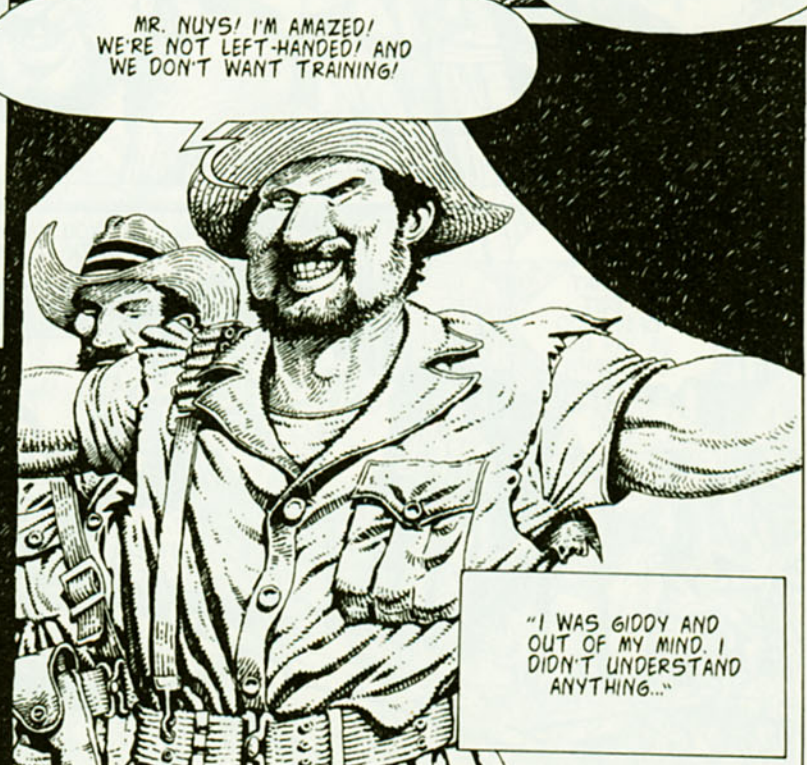
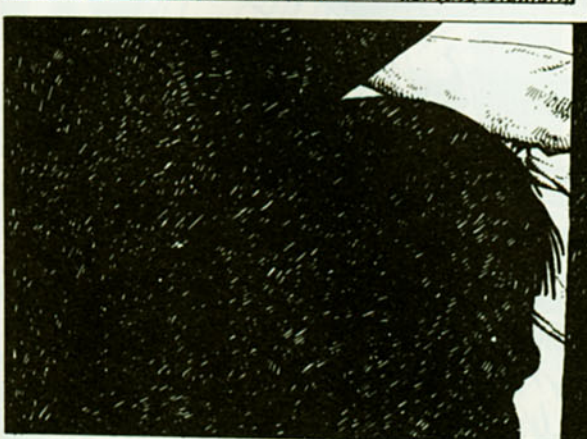
I KNOW I'M
THE BEST! JUST
GO ASK YOUR
MATI HARI!



I DON'T DOUBT THAT YOU ARE, MR.
NUYS, BUT YOUR SEXUAL CONQUESTS
DON'T INTEREST ME AS MUCH AS
YOUR ARTILLERY PRECISION.

I DON'T
TRAIN LEFT-HANDED
GUERRILLAS, PAL.

MR. NUYS! I'M AMAZED!
WE'RE NOT LEFT-HANDED! AND
WE DON'T WANT TRAINING!



"I WAS GIDDY AND
OUT OF MY MIND. I
DIDN'T UNDERSTAND
ANYTHING..."



WAIT A SECOND.
TELL ME THREE THINGS:
WHO ARE YOU GUYS? WHERE
ARE WE? AND WHAT
DO YOU WANT?

OF COURSE, MR. NUYS. WE'RE IN THE
NEIGHBORING COUNTRY OF THE PEOPLE'S JUNTA.
WE'RE A TYPE OF 'CONTRA', OKAY?



AND NOW YOU'LL
GET THE ANSWER
TO YOUR THIRD
QUESTION.

B...
BU...
BUT...



THERE. WHAT
DOES THAT
LOOK LIKE?



WHAT
MUSEUM DID
YOU DIG THAT
FOSSIL OUT
OF?

DO YOU KNOW HOW TO
WORK IT, MR. NUYS?

"IT WAS, IN TRUTH, A FOSSIL. A PUTEAUX 75 MM,
MODEL 1897."

WE'VE FOUND
A WAY TO ELIMINATE
THE RULING JUNTA. ONLY ONE
WAY: ON TUESDAYS AT TEN IN
THE MORNING THEY MEET
IN THE OLD SUMMER
PALACE...

"THE NEXT DAY WE WENT
TO SCOUT THE TERRAIN..."

WE'RE
ALMOST THERE,
MR. NUYS.

IT'S THE SECOND WINDOW FROM THE
LEFT, MR. NUYS. IF WE HIT IT, WE'LL HAVE BLOWN
AWAY THE JUNTA...

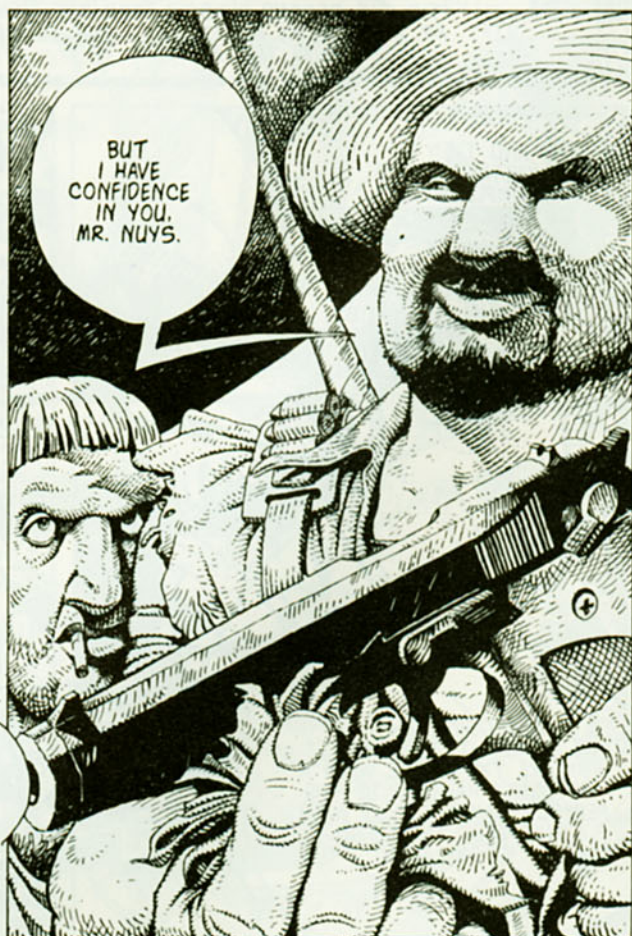
"AND THEN I
KNEW HE WAS A
COMPLETE IDIOT..."

SUPPOSING THAT
WE DO HIT IT. THEN WHAT?
WE TAKE THE PALACE WITH A
BAYONET? HA! IT'LL BE THE
PERFECT GAME TO PLAY WITH
THIS RELIC FROM THE
STONE AGE.

"BUT, OK...I SAID YES.
AFTER ALL, I MADE A
LIVING FROM MY WORK..."

THAT'S
OUR PROBLEM,
MR. NUYS. WE NEED
YOU TO WORK
YOUR MAGIC.

OF
COURSE. IF
YOU PAY ME
WHAT IT'S
WORTH...



"THREE DAYS LATER WE MARCHED OFF, WITH THE CANNON AND EVERYTHING..."

PUSH HARD, BOYS!



"I STILL DON'T KNOW HOW WE WERE ABLE TO MOVE THAT HEAP ACROSS SUCH ROUGH TERRAIN..."

"BUT, LITTLE BY LITTLE, WE ADVANCED..."



"I DIDN'T NOTICE ANYTHING THAT WOULD HAVE MADE ME UNEASY; EVERYTHING WAS NORMAL..."

MORE ROPE OVER HERE!

WATCH IT, YOU MORON! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE CARRYING? BANANAS?

I'M GOING TO TEACH YOU SOME MANNERS, YOU FASCIST PIG!

HALT!





MR. NUYS IS ONE OF US, YOU IDIOT!

WHAT DID HE CALL ME? A FASCIST!

DON'T MAKE A BIG DEAL OUT OF IT. WE'RE ALL NERVOUS AND EXHAUSTED. GO AND HAVE A REST WITH PILAR...



TAKE HIM TO THE RIVER, PILAR. THERE'S NOTHING AS SOOTHING AS THE SOUND OF RUNNING WATER...



LET'S GO. COME WITH ME, BLONDIE...

"IF I HAD KNOWN...BUT I WAS CONCENTRATING ON MY WORK..."



"AT THAT MOMENT, ALL I WAS THINKING ABOUT WAS GETTING RID OF THE ENEMY JUNTA..."



ADMIT IT, NUYS. YOU HAVEN'T HAD ANYTHING THAT GOOD IN YOUR WHOLE FUCKING LIFE...

"TO MAKE A LONG STORY SHORT, TWO DAYS LATER, THE '75 WAS IN PLACE FACING THE TARGET."

OK, MR. NUYS.
LET'S SEE IF YOU LIVE UP
TO YOUR REPUTATION...

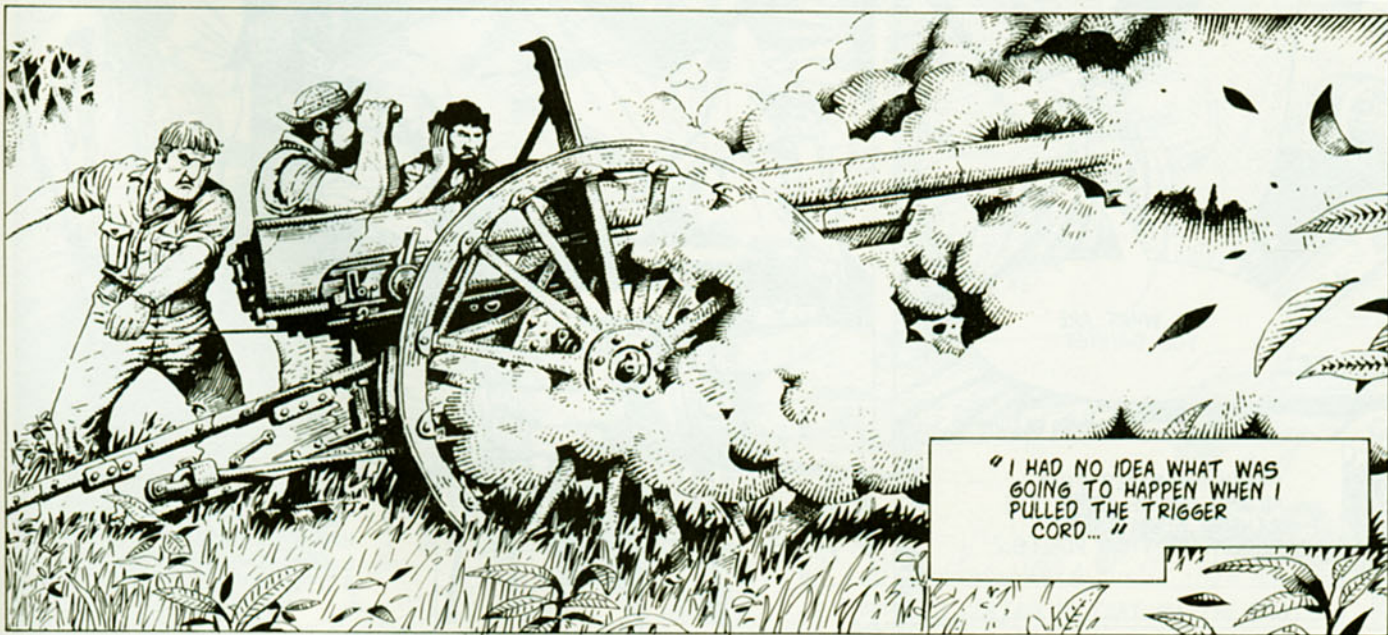
"I PUT ALL OF MY
EXPERIENCE BEHIND THAT
SHELL..."

ELEVEN
O'CLOCK:
THEY'RE ALL
TOGETHER...

STAY STILL
COMMANDER. DON'T
WORRY. THEY'RE NOT
GOING ANYWHERE.

"I HAD SEEN TO EVERYTHING,
BUT EVEN SO, IT WOULD BE THE
MOST DIFFICULT JOB OF MY LIFE..."

READY!



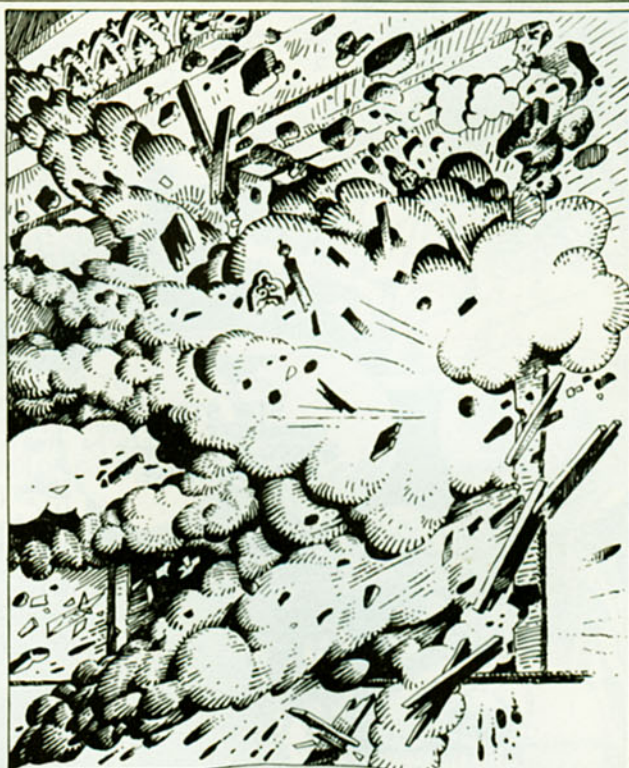
"I HAD NO IDEA WHAT WAS
GOING TO HAPPEN WHEN I
PULLED THE TRIGGER
CORD..."

"THERE ARE SATISFACTIONS ONLY KNOWN TO ARTISTS, AND THIS, IF YOU WILL, WAS A WORK OF ART."



NERVOUS?

WHY? IT'S
A PERFECT
SHOT...



WHAT'S UP,
HUH? DIDN'T I SAY IT
WAS A PERFECT
SHO...

CONGRATULATIONS,
MR. NUYS! AND...LONG
LIVE THE POPULAR
REVOLUTION!

WH...WHAT ARE
YOU SAYING?

"THEN I REALIZED THAT
HE AND I WERE ALONE. THE
OTHERS WERE ALREADY,
SURELY, AT THEIR POSTS..."



YOU'VE JUST
FINISHED OFF GENERAL
QUINTANA. WE ARE NEITHER
IN THE JUNTA'S COUNTRY,
NOR ARE WE "CONTRAS".
YOU'VE DONE AN EXCELLENT
JOB. GOOD-BYE,
MR. NUYS.

"LIKE AN IDIOT, I
HAD BEEN USED. IF
I, GEORGE NUYS, WAS
A USEFUL IDIOT..."

NO! YOU PROMISED THAT
I COULD KILL THE MERCENARY
PIG, COMMANDER!

WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
HERE, GIRL? GET
BACK TO YOUR
POST!

"WHO UNDERSTANDS WOMEN? FOR
ALL MY MISGIVINGS, I STILL WASN'T
GENTLE WITH HER...ALTHOUGH, WITH
THE MAN STILL CONSCIOUS..."

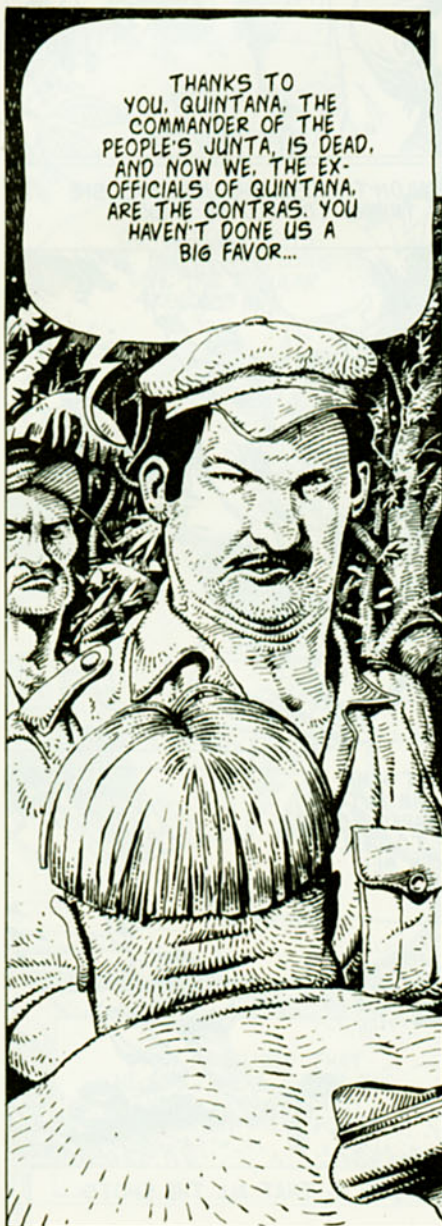
"YES, I'D BEEN TAKEN FOR AN IDIOT, BUT
I WASN'T THAT BIG OF AN IDIOT. NOT
TO JUMP ON THE OPPORTUNITY PIG
HAD GIVEN ME, I DID IT INSTINCTUALLY..."

"...I COULDN'T FINISH THE JOB. WAS SHE
REALLY TRYING TO HOLD ME BACK?"

PIG! I
CAN STILL FEEL
YOUR DISGUSTING HANDS,
YOU DIRTY KILLER
FOR HIRE.

SHOOT HIM!
SHOOT HIM, BITCH!
IF HE ESCAPES YOU'LL
HAVE TO DEAL
WITH ME!

"WHAT IS CERTAIN IS THAT ALL THE SHOTS
MISSED."



THANKS TO YOU, QUINTANA, THE COMMANDER OF THE PEOPLE'S JUNTA, IS DEAD. AND NOW WE, THE EX-OFFICIALS OF QUINTANA, ARE THE CONTRAS. YOU HAVEN'T DONE US A BIG FAVOR...



"I WAS SAVED FROM BEING INJURED BY A BRANCH WHICH BROKE MY FALL."



"FOR TWO DAYS I WAS WALKING IN CIRCLES. LUCKILY, I RAN INTO YOU..."



I'LL HAVE TO KILL YOU, NUYS. I'M NOT CONVINCED BY YOUR STORY OF BEING DUPED OR BY THAT CRAP ABOUT THE GIRL. HOW MUCH DID THEY PAY YOU?

WHAT? I SAID I DIDN'T GET ANYTHING?

SO, THEY PROPOSED A PAYING JOB, INTERESTING.



THE THING IS THIS: SINCE WE HAVE SOME HEAVY MORTARS, AND WE KNOW THAT THE JUNTA...

"AS I ALREADY SAID BEFORE, I LIVE BY MY WORK..."

© THE END

WHEN YOU
CONSIDER THAT
ALL THIS BEGAN
AS A VULGAR
LOVE STORY...
PATHETIC!

PARTICULARLY
SINCE MY
CONSORTIUM
LOST BILLIONS
BECAUSE OF IT!
BILLIONS!

...SEVENTEEN
YEARS AGO, KEENAN
FELL IN LOVE, BUT
HE WAS IMPOTENT!
SO HE DECIDED TO
USE MY GAME
TO BECOME A
FATHER...

HE HACKED
THE PROGRAM
AND MANAGED TO
IMPREGNATE THE
CHARACTER IN THE
GAME WHO WAS HIS
WIFE...BUT THE CHILD
REPRESENTED AN
IMMENSE DANGER
FOR US...

HE COULDN'T HAVE
BEEN CONTROLLED BY
THE PLAYER NOR BY THE
PROGRAM. HE WOULD'VE BEEN
INDEPENDENT AND HORD
HIS UNIVERSE...WHEN MY PSY-
HIRELINGS ARRIVED ON THE
SCENE, HIS WIFE HAD
JUST GIVEN BIRTH.

...KEENAN ESCAPED WITH THE INFANT. A
YEAR LATER THE CHILD WAS RESPONSIBLE
FOR A MASSACRE WHICH ALSO OCCURRED
IN THE REAL WORLD...KEENAN WAS ARRESTED...
TODAY, SIXTEEN YEARS LATER, HE IS STILL OUR
PRISONER...THANKS TO A HUSH-UP
OPERATION WITHIN THE CORPORATION, A
CHANGE OF LOCATION AND LOTS OF MONEY,
THE WHOLE STORY HAS REMAINED SECRET.

I WAS CERTAIN
THAT ALL THE CONSOLES
HAD BEEN DESTROYED!
ANYWAY, THOSE THAT
WEREN'T, WILL HELP US
TRACK HIM DOWN IN
HIS WORLD...

I...!
DON'T BELIEVE
THIS! YOU HAVE
CREATED A
CARICATURE
OF THE ANTI-
CHRIST!

YOU'RE SO
CUTE WHEN YOU
GET MAD, MATHAOSER!
FIND ME ALEX'S BUNCH
...AND DON'T TAKE
ANY PRISONERS!

NOW, GET
OUT!...I'M BUSY!
TELL BERCOWITZ
TO COME IN, I
HAVE A SMALL
JOB FOR
HIM.

HOW DID IT GO, BERCOWITZ?

WHAT
GOOD AM I
GONNA BE
TO YOU ...I
CAN'T EVEN
WALK!

NO PROBLEM, COMPRADORE...

WE FEEL
THAT THE CHILD
DOESN'T HAVE TOTAL
CONTROL OF YOUR
FRIENDS ... HE HAS TO
RELY ON THEIR
PASTS.

THE DIRECTOR OF THE CENTER
BELIEVED IN ALL OUR PROPOSITIONS
...SAYS A LOT FOR THE REPUTATION
OF HIS ESTABLISHMENT...

SO, IF YOU
HELP US TO FIND
THEM, YOU'RE GOING
TO BE FINE...IF YOU
REFUSE, CONSIDER
YOURSELF ALREADY
DEAD! MAKE UP
YOUR MIND!

YOU KNOW
THEM WELL, THE
WAY THEY THINK,
THEIR HABITS, THEIR
HANGOUTS ...JUST
WHAT WE
NEED!

HE WAS PROUD TO ENTRUST
HIS BOARDERS OVER TO ME.
BUT, IF I MAY BE PERMITTED
TO ASK, WHY...

THE
PHYSICALLY
HANDICAPPED?!

THE CHILD
WON'T BE ABLE TO
USE THEM...LIKE ALEX,
THEY WILL BE USELESS
TO HIM IN THIS WORLD.
THEY'LL CREATE A
PERFECT DIVERSION!
COME ON, WE
MUST HURRY!

WHAT
ABOUT
KEENAN?

KEENAN? HE
WILL BE THE
MASTER STROKE
OF MY GAME...
YOU'LL UNDER-
STAND
LATER.

WELL,
WELL! DEAR
FRIENDS,
WELCOME!

OUR COMPANY,
THE PSY GAME
CORP. ALWAYS
HAPPY TO
REACH OUT TO
AID THE PHYSICALLY
CHALLENGED, TODAY,
IS OFFERING YOU A
UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY,
A CHANCE IN A
LIFETIME...DID YOU
EVER IMAGINE BEING
ABLE TO TEST
OUR MYTHICAL
GAME, HORD?!



TO EVOLVE IN ITS
HYPER-REALISTIC UNIVERSE,
TO EXPERIENCE ADVENTURE
AGAINST ITS GRANDIOSE
BACKDROP...BUT I DIGRESS,
AND YOU MUST BE IMPATIENT
TO BEGIN THE GAME...

SO, HERE IS THE
QUEST THAT OUR SCRIPT
WRITERS HAVE CONCOCTED
FOR YOU. AS IN EVERY GOOD
STORY, WE MUST HAVE A
TYRANT. HE WHOM YOU HAVE
TO VANQUISH REIGNS AS
MASTER OF HORD. IN
PERPETUAL CHAOS. YOUR TASK
IS TO ELIMINATE HIM. THIS
MIGHT SEEM SIMPLE
TO YOU, BUT...

EXCUSE
ME...SIR!...



YES,
MY
CHILD?

I WAS FORCED
TO COME HERE. I
DON'T REALLY LIKE
YOUR GAMES.
THEY'RE AN INSULT
TO THE
IMAGINATION.
A MEANS OF
PRESSURE...



JUST ENOUGH TO
LOBOTOMIZE THE PEOPLE
WHO ARE EXPLOITED.
SO DON'T PLAY THE
HUMANITARIAN WITH ME...
MY STRUGGLE IS THE
LEAST OF YOUR PRE-
OCCUPATIONS. PLEASE
LET ME GO!...



NOW LET ME
SEE...ER...YES,
SURE...BUT IT IS
IMPORTANT THAT
YOU STAY UNITED.
BESIDES WE DON'T
HAVE THE TIME!



BASTARDS!
YOU THINK I
DON'T KNOW WHY
YOU'RE SENDING
THEM INTO
HORD?!

I WON'T LET
THEM KILL HIM! YOU
HAVEN'T WON THE
GAME YET! YOUR
PRISONS WON'T
HOLD ME
FOREVER!



MY SON
IS ALIVE!
ALIVE! AND
SO SHALL HE
REMAIN!





FREEEE!

...AND SHE DIDN'T WANT TO PLAY! THE GAME MADE HER A SUPERHUMAN. A GREAT FORCE OF NATURE. I HAD NO IDEA THAT OUR DESTINIES WOULD BE THUS ENTANGLED.

SYLVANDER!
THE GUY WITH
THE GLASSES
SAID WE
SHOULD STAY
TOGETHER!

BREAK HIS KNEES
AND THIGHS..
SAVE THE
ANKLES FOR
LATER!

MY
LEGS!!

THEN
I PASSED
OUT...

THE CITY SEWERS. 0:45 A.M.

HOLD ON,
ALEX...



I THOUGHT WE
AGREED...YOU SHOW
US WHERE YOUR GANG
MIGHT BE HELD UP
AND WE TRY TO
STOP THEM.

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND IT
...WE SLEPT IN THE
SEWERS AND WE
THREW OUT ALL
THE BUMS!



THESE AREN'T BUMS, THEY'RE
INDIANS, HUNDREDS OF THEM...ALL
STONED. SEEMS TO ME LIKE THE
UNDERWORLD IS UNDER NEW
MANAGEMENT!

PERHAPS,
BUT THE
SYPHYLITES THAT
HUNG OUT HERE
HAVE TO BE
SOMEWHERE?!



IS
SLEEPYBYES,
GIRLIE...FIRE
MAKE
TIRED!



ME NOT HURT
HER, OOOOOHHHH
NOOO...



ME JUST
TOUCH AAALLL
OOOVERR
DE BODY...



AND ALSO ME
STUFF HER
LITTLE BO...
UNGH!





THE COMPRADORE'S
PRIVATE GAME ROOM
PSY GAME CORP
H.Q. 00:50 A.M.

IT'S AMAZING
THAT I WAS TERRIFIED
OF HIM FOR SUCH A
LONG TIME...AND THAT
I ONLY REALIZED HOW
VULNERABLE HE
REALLY WAS WHEN
HE ATTACKED
ME!...



WHEN WE
HAVE FINALLY
ELIMINATED HIM, WE
CAN DUMP ALL THESE
STUPID GAMES THAT
DON'T SELL AND
GO FOR THE BIG
ONE!...



...PUT AN
END TO THE
FINANCIAL RUIN
THAT PSY GAME
CORP HAS BEEN
SUFFERING FROM,
AND REOPEN
HORD!!



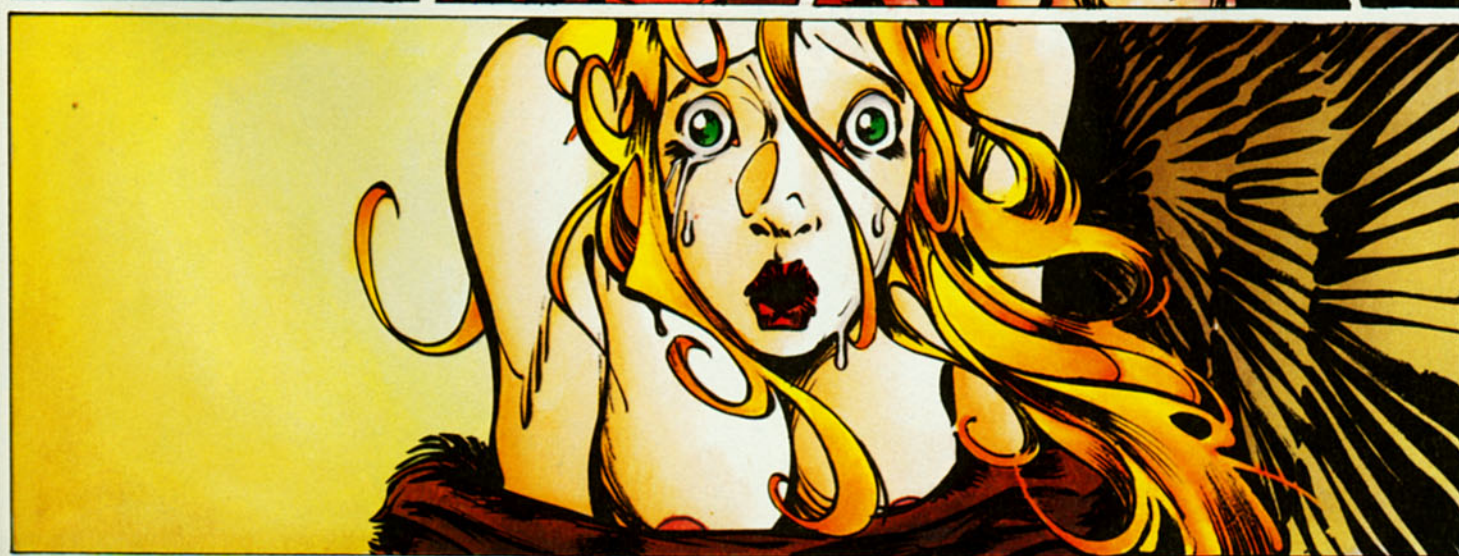
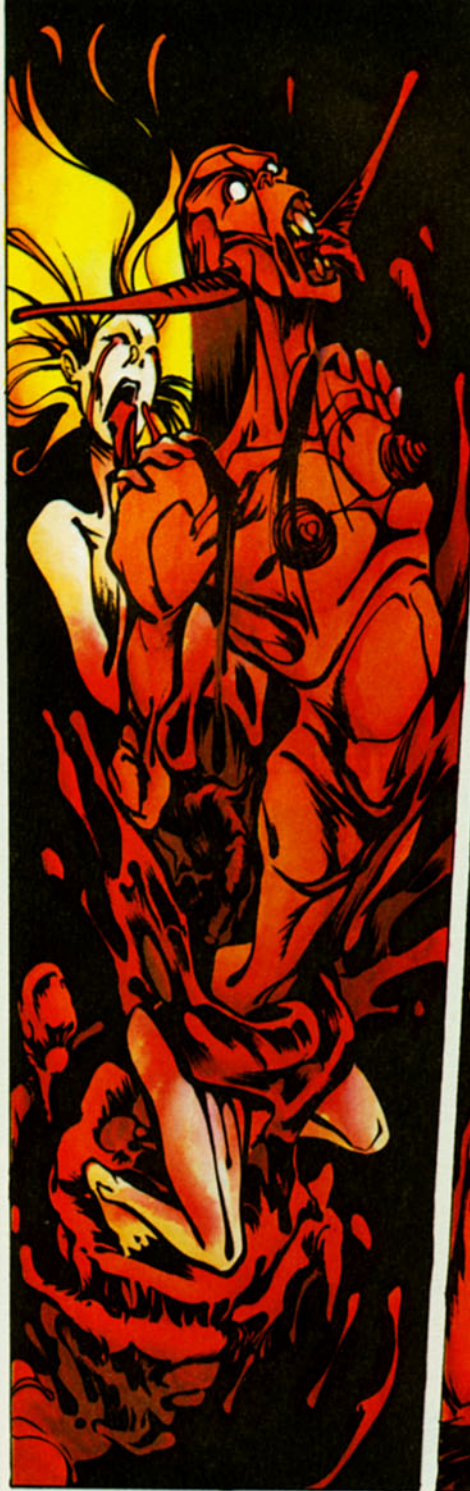
ER...COULD
YOU EXCUSE
ME A MOMENT,
COMPRADORE, I
HAVE TO TAKE
CARE OF
SOMETHING
URGENT...



GO AHEAD...
I'M STARTING
A NEW GAME.











ANYHOW, THERE'S SOMETHING THAT I DON'T QUITE UNDERSTAND...WITH ALL THEIR STRENGTH, WHY HAVEN'T THEY ATTACKED THE PSY GAME CORP TOWER? I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT THEY'RE SCARED...THEY MUST BE WAITING FOR SOMETHING, BUT WHAT...?



THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT THIS TIME, ALEX. THEY'VE BEEN THROUGH YOUR GAME ROOM AND THEY'VE LEFT IT IN A REAL MESS!




MY NAME IS SYLVANDER, NOT KOKYANG WUUT! AND YOU REALLY FRIGHTENED ME!...ALL THIS SEEMS SO REAL...I CAN CONTROL EVERY MUSCLE IN MY BODY. I CAN STAND UP. I CAN WALK! IT HAD GONE TO MY HEAD, BUT I'M ALL RIGHT NOW!



ALL THIS IS JUST AN ILLUSION AND I REFUSE TO BELIEVE IN IT! IT COULD BECOME WORSE THAN A DRUG. MY LIFE ISN'T HERE. NO...! YOUR GAME DOESN'T INTEREST ME.




IF SYLVANDER LISTEN, SYLVANDER UNDERSTAND THAT HORD NOT A GAME, SINCE LONG TIME!...




MY NAME, TOTANKA!
I, SHAMAN OF TRIBE
THAT WELCOME YOU.
HERE SYLVANDER, YOU
NAME BE KOKYANG WUUTI,
SHE BE MISTRESS OF
ALL ELEMENTS AND
PROTECTRESS OF
MY PEOPLE...

STOP YOUR
BABBLING!...I JUST
WANT TO FIND
A WAY TO GET
OUT OF HERE...


AFTER YOU
LEAVE, HIS GUARDS
ATTACK YOUR GROUP.
PSY GAME CORP
SEND YOU HERE TO
NEUTRALIZE HIM...THE
COMPRADORE NOT
FORESEE YOUR
POWER...WE, WE
WAIT FOR YOU...
KOKYANG
WUUTI...




IN YOUR COMING,
BRAVES SEE THE FULFILLMENT
OF PROPHECY. SYLVANDER,
VERY INTELLIGENT...HORD
GIFT HER WITH IMMEASURABLE
POWER. TOTANKA INITIATE
YOU TO USE POWERS
THAT VIBRATE IN YOU...IN
KOKYANG WUUTI. TOGETHER
WE REACH MASAU, GOD
OF WAR AND
DEATH...



FOR MANY
MOONS, WE INDIANS
USE HORD TO REGAIN
SACRED LANDS, STOLEN
BY THE WHITE MAN!
PEYOTE, MAGIC MUSHROOM,
PERMIT OUR SPIRITS
TO COME HERE AND
STOP MASAU FROM
CONTROLLING US
IN REALITY...



THROUGH
LAZINESS, MASAU
ACCEPT US ON HIS
TERRITORY. BUT NOT
LONG AGO, HE SEND
HIS WARRIORS AGAINST
US. UNION OF ALL
REDSKINS IS FINALLY
OPERATIONAL...EACH
BRAVE KILLED HERE,
DIES IN REALITY OF
CEREBRAL HEMORRHAGE.
BUT WE NOT
GIVE IN!



NEVER WE
GO BACK TO
THIS CIVILIZATION
THAT DEGRADES!
RATHER WE DIE
THAN LOSE OUR
FREEDOM
AGAIN!



SYLVANDER
MUST
UNDERSTAND
...ALL DEPEND
ON HER
DECISION...THEIR
DESTINY IS IN
THE HANDS OF
KOKYANG WUUTI.
THEY TRUST
HER!



I...I DON'T KNOW
...I CAN ONLY
BELIEVE YOU,
BUT...WHY ME?
WHAT CAN I
POSSIBLY DO?



YOUR HEART
IS PURE, KOKYANG
WUUTI...LET IT
GUIDE YOU!



BROTHERS, KOKYANG
WUUTI WILL LEAD US
IN COMBAT!
WE SHALL RISE
AGAIN!



COME ON, ALEX! YO,
HOMEBY! YA GONNA
SHOW ME YA GOT
BALLS?! YOUR BABE,
I'LL PLAY HER 'GAINST
FIRST BLOOD! COME
ON, BOY!

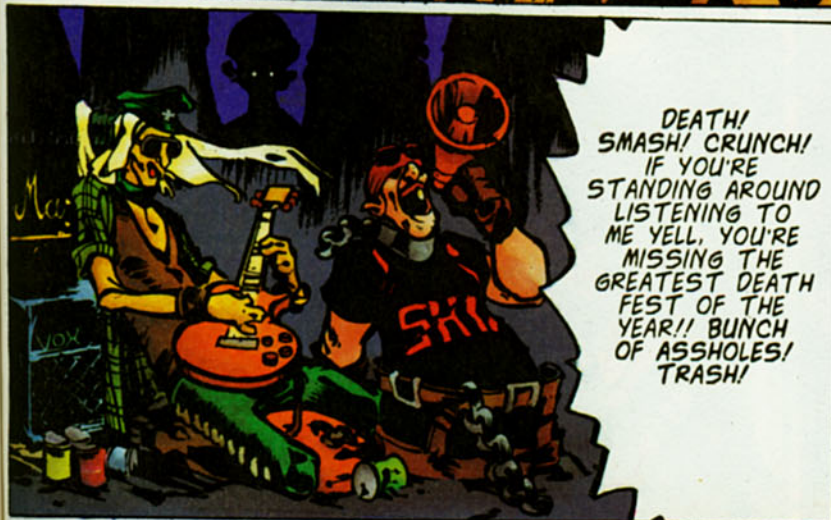
THE CO. OF THE QUE

DEATH



THIS IS NO
TIME TO WAX
NOSTALGIC,
ALEX!

IN ANY CASE, WE
DIDN'T MISS THEM BY
MUCH...WE'RE WASTING
OUR TIME HERE!
LET'S GO!





NO SOONER
HAD WE
LANDED THAN
MY COMPANIONS
WERE
IMPRISONED
...I ALONE WAS
LET FREE!



AND THEN I SAW HIM.
I RECOGNIZED HIM AT
ONCE, BUT I REFUSED
TO BELIEVE IT...

TSK!...TSK!...YOU
THINK I CAN'T DO
ANYTHING TO YOU,
THAT I'M JUST
PART OF THE
FURNITURE?!



AHH! I'VE GOT
YOU! YOU SEE? YOU
DON'T KNOW ME AT ALL!
YOU'RE LIKE THE OTHERS...
YOU RUN AND RUN,
THINKING YOU CAN ESCAPE,
BUT THE TRAP IS PERFECT!



THE EPITOME
OF CRUELTY...JUST
WHEN YOU THINK
THAT YOU'VE FINALLY
GOT AWAY, IT BLOWS
UP IN YOUR FACE...ALL
THIS WAS PRO-
GRAMMED A LONG
TIME AGO!



...REFUSED TO
ADMIT THE TRUTH
...REFUSED TO
ADMIT THAT THE
COMPRADORE
WAS RIGHT...



...I WANTED TO DENY
THE TERRIBLE TRUTH
TO THE VERY END...

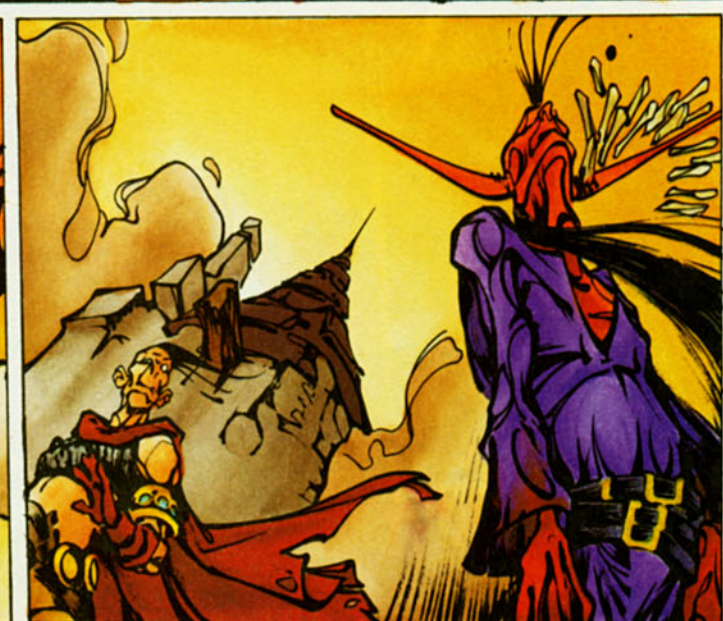
SEVENTEEN
YEARS OF
WAITING!...AN
ETERNITY! ALL THE
EFFORTS, ALL THOSE
SECRETS...YEARS OF
HUMILIATION WILL
SOON BE AVENGED...
WHA...?!



...MY SON
HAD BECOME
A MERCILESS
MURDERER!









YOU!!
GET THESE
CADAVERS OUT OF
THE COURTYARD!...AND
MAKE SURE THAT MY
FATHER IS TREATED
WITH THE RESPECT
THAT IS HIS DUE! HE
IS A FREE MAN,
BUT I NEVER WANT
TO SEE HIM, YOU
UNDERSTAND?! YOUR
LIFE DEPENDS
ON IT...

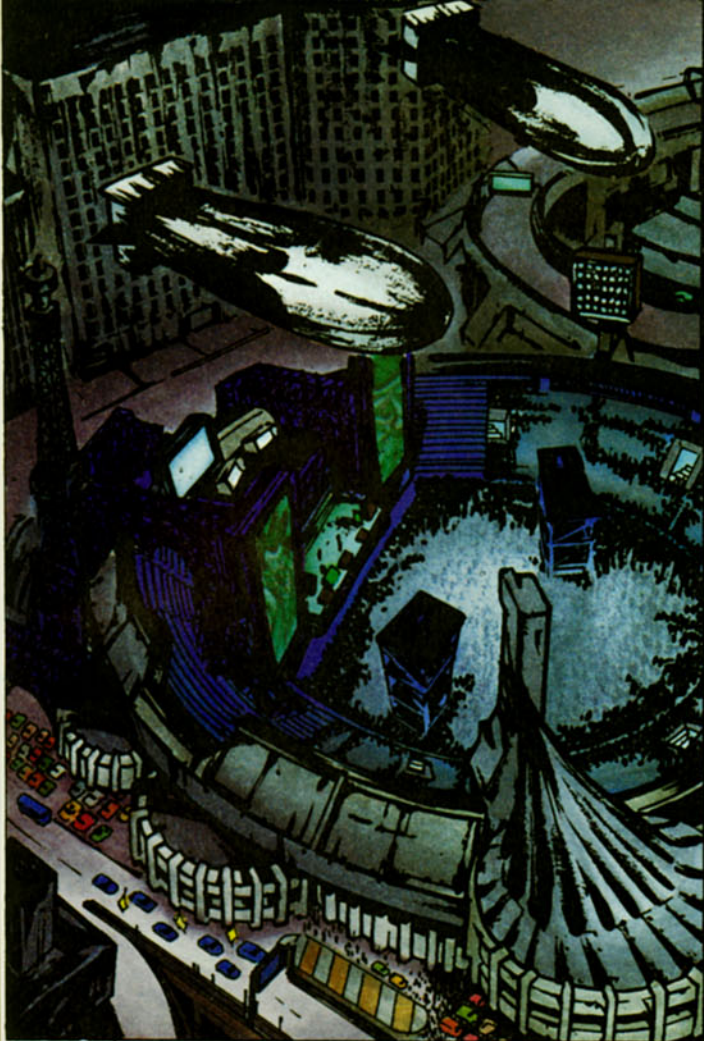


MY SON...A
PSYCHOPATH!!



PERFECT





THE CHILD HAS
IT ALL WORKED
OUT REALLY WELL,
WE'LL NEVER
FIND THEM IN
THIS HELL!

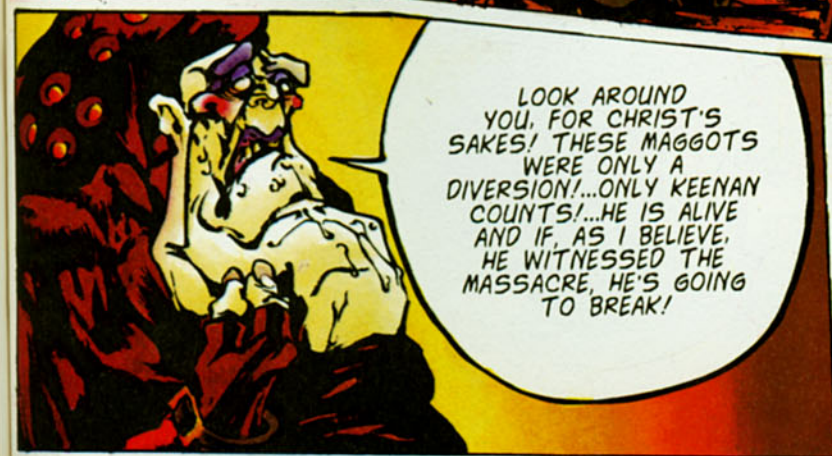


PERFECT...IT WAS
PERFECT...EVERY-
THING WAS GOING
EXACTLY AS
PLANNED!



...I...DON'T
UNDERSTAND,
COMPRADORE...
THEY'RE ALL...
DEAD!

BERCOWITZ...
BERCOWITZ...I
REALLY WONDER
ABOUT YOU
SOMETIMES...HOW
CAN YOU BE SO
NAIVE?!



LOOK AROUND
YOU, FOR CHRIST'S
SAKES! THESE MAGGOTS
WERE ONLY A
DIVERSION!...ONLY KEENAN
COUNTS!...HE IS ALIVE
AND IF, AS I BELIEVE,
HE WITNESSED THE
MASSACRE, HE'S GOING
TO BREAK!



THAT MAN
IS TOO DECENT
...WITHOUT EVEN
KNOWING IT, HE HAS
JUST BECOME OUR
GREATEST ALLY
AGAINST HIS
OWN SON!!

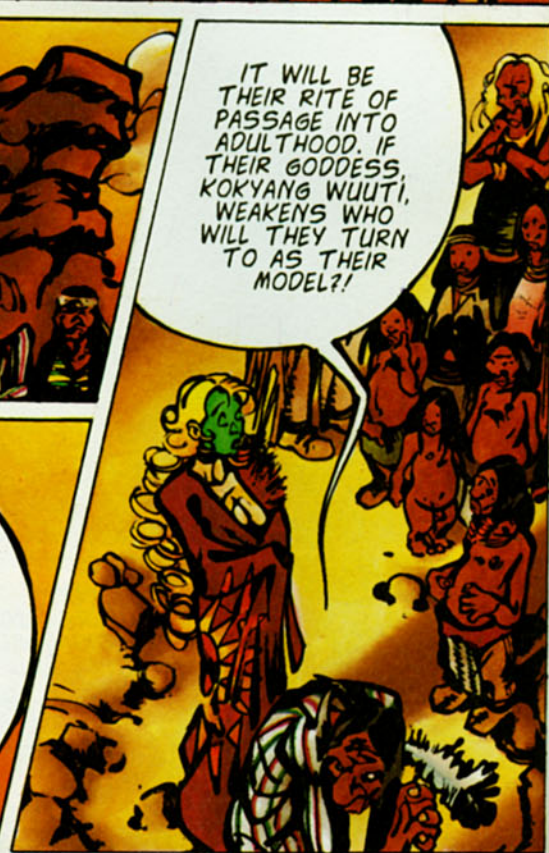
VERY WELL...I
AGREE TO HELP YOU.
BUT I REALLY DON'T
SEE WHY I HAVE
TO GO THROUGH
THIS GRUESOME
RITUAL...



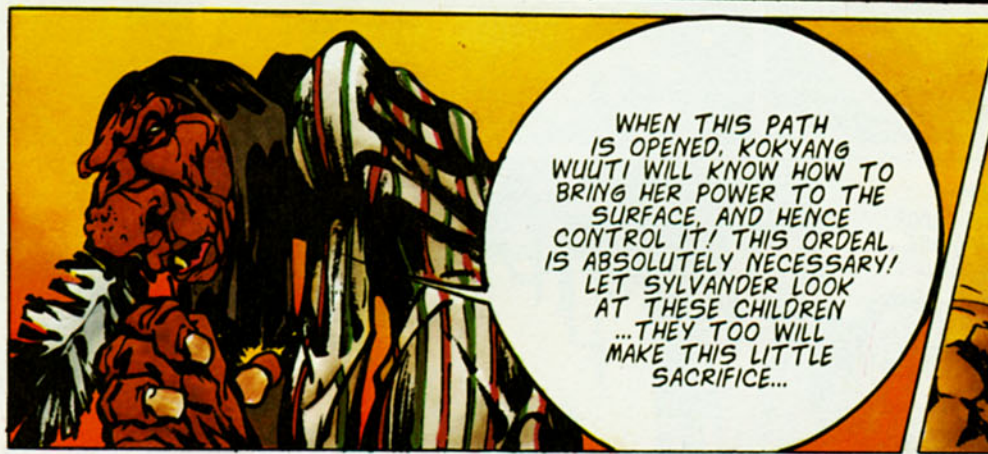
WHAT FRIGHTENS
SYLVANDER? THE PAIN?!
IT'S ONLY THROUGH
PAIN THAT SYLVANDER
WILL DISCOVER THE
SECRET PATH THAT
LEADS TO THE
POWERS THAT
BURN WITHIN
HER!



IT WILL BE
THEIR RITE OF
PASSAGE INTO
ADULTHOOD. IF
THEIR GODDESS,
KOKYANG WUUTI,
WEAKENS WHO
WILL THEY TURN
TO AS THEIR
MODEL?!



WHEN THIS PATH
IS OPENED, KOKYANG
WUUTI WILL KNOW HOW TO
BRING HER POWER TO THE
SURFACE, AND HENCE
CONTROL IT! THIS ORDEAL
IS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY!
LET SYLVANDER LOOK
AT THESE CHILDREN
...THEY TOO WILL
MAKE THIS LITTLE
SACRIFICE...





SQUAD NUMBER
ONE TO SURVEILLANCE
ZEPPELIN, RECEIVING
YOU LOUD AND CLEAR,
GO AHEAD...ROGER!
COMMANDER, A MESSAGE
FOR YOU FROM THE
ZEPPELIN...



WE HAVE
LOCALIZED YOUR
FOUR SYPHILYTES...
IDENTITIES
CONFIRMED! ABOUT
200 YARDS
NORTH-NORTHEAST
FROM YOU...
OVER!




PERFECT! ALL
UNITS CLOSE IN! AND
DON'T ANYONE TRY
ANYTHING TILL I
GET THERE!!...OUT OF
THE WAY! COMING
THROUGH!!







THREE DAYS
...YOU'VE BEEN
WATCHING ME
LIKE A HAWK FOR
THREE DAYS...AND
STILL NO NEWS
OF MY SON!!




I HAVE TO
SEE HIM...MUST
TALK WITH HIM! WHEN
WILL YOU DECIDE TO
TAKE ME TO HIM?!
EVERY SECOND
COUNTS...



ME, CAN'T DO...I
WANT DO ALL YOU WANT
DO, BUT NO TAKE YOU TO
HIM!! THAT FORBIDDEN!
OR HE KILL ME!! HE
NOT WANT...IT BE WAR...
HE MAKE READY...WILL BE
MANY DEAD!!
LOTS!!




I KNOW ALL
THAT...THAT'S EXACTLY
WHY I MUST SPEAK
WITH HIM! THERE'S
NOTHING TO BE GAINED
FROM SUCH CRUEL
VENGEANCE, ANYWAY,
THESE POOR CHILDREN
HAVE NOTHING TO DO
WITH IT!



A...HHH...
HO...
HMMM!

AH!

NO...
NO...



IF HE HAS
BECOME LIKE
THIS, IT IS
ENTIRELY MY
FAULT...I COULD
NOT BE WITH HIM,
TO RAISE HIM! I
ABANDONED HIM! I
AM THE GUILTY
ONE...I HAVE TO
MAKE AMENDS!...
DON'T YOU
UNDERSTAND?!



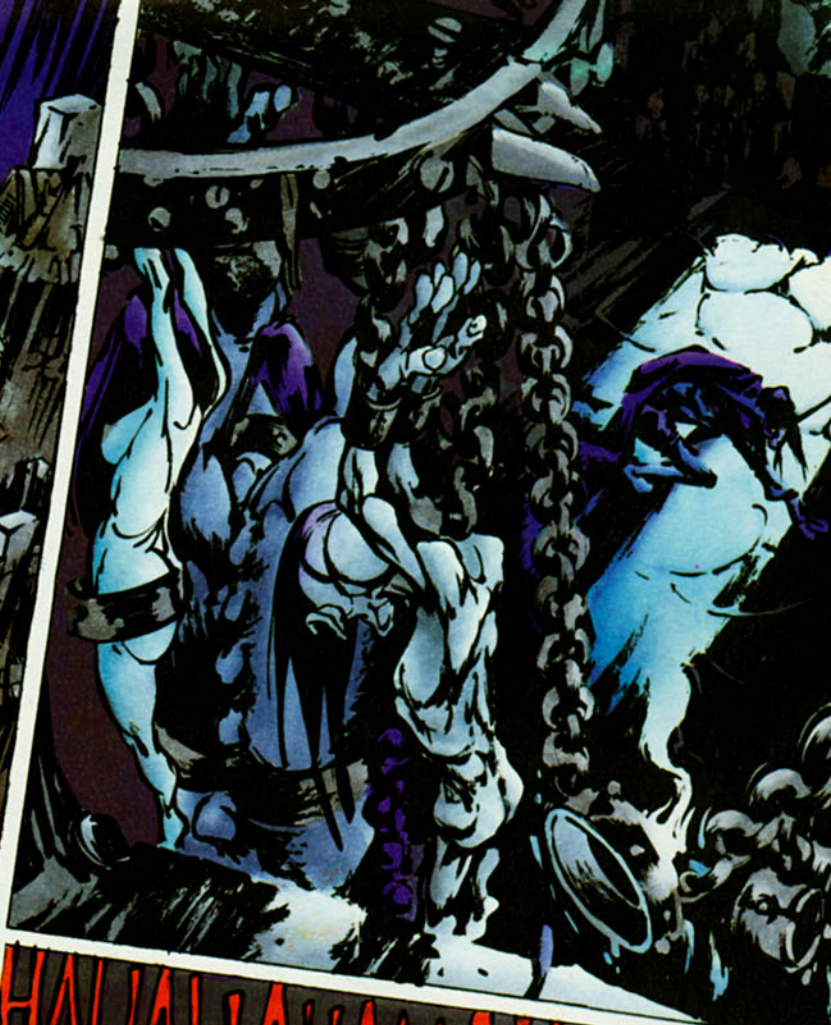
...YOU'RE MUCH TOO STUPID FOR THAT...YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON! AND YOU KNOW SOMETHING? I ENVY YOU! EVERYTHING COULD BE SO EASY! SO PATHETICALLY SIMPLE!











THE EARTH
AND THE SKY
ARE SCREAMING
THAT THE BATTLE
HAS BEGUN! LET
US PRAY TO THE
GREAT SPIRIT
TO BRING US
VICTORY!



THE END