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JULY 1995

\$4.50

CAN \$4.95

HEAVY

WFS 36587

**THE ILLUSTRATED
FANTASY MAGAZINE**

RETAILER: DISPLAY UNTIL JULY 17, 1995



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Simon Bisley is Britain's most famous export of recent years. His stylized renderings of big guns and over-exaggerated muscles have taken the world's comic market by storm. Looking like one of his characters (six feet tall with required leather jacket), Simon's main loves are cars and motorcycles.

Influenced by the work of Richard Corben and Frank Frazetta, Simon Bisley practiced his illustration techniques during a stint at art college. His powerful images of ultra-dramatic ultra violence were looked upon there as a waste of time. Moving to London, this grim, engine-grease loving, Heavy Metal fan found jobs doing album cover art which garnered appearances in *Rock Power*. The first time he ever tried a sequential strip was for *2000 A.D.* with the *A.B.C. Warriors* and it just took off. This led to work on the daily newspaper strip *Judge Dredd*. Bisley's no-nonsense attitude made this futuristic Dirty Harry character an instant smash in Great Britain.

Judgment On Gotham, a Judge Dredd crossover with America's popular caped crime fighter Batman, brought Simon Bisley's talent into the spotlight here in the U.S. as well. Capable of creating with great speed (producing six or more finished pages a day) he has amassed an impressive portfolio in just a few years. His work on *Doom Patrol*, *Grendel*, *Judge Dredd*, *Lobo*, *Melting Pot*, *Slaine*, and *Swamp Thing* have guaranteed them best sellers. He is currently collaborating with his *Melting Pot* partners Kevin Eastman and Eric Talbot on a top secret new project due later this year.

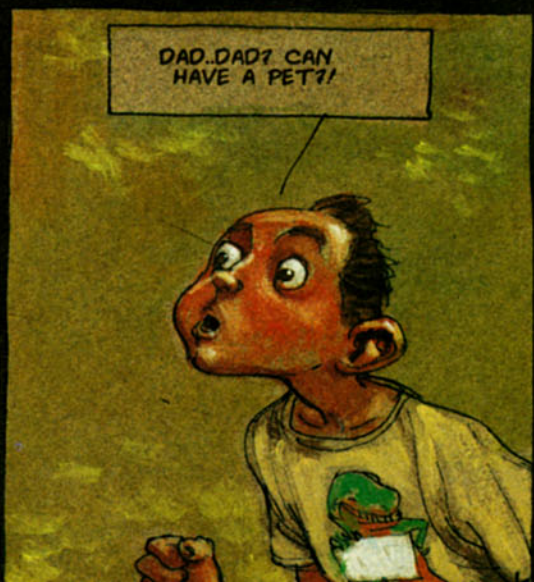








DAILY DINOTRIM



BUT WHAT IS THIS
CRETIN SAYING?

HERE COMES
THE MAN WHO'S
SELLING THEM...



HE'S GOT TO BE A SLOW
ONE...THEY'VE GOTTEN TIRED OF
SELLING RUGS AND RADIOS...LOOK YOU!

NO, DAD. HE'S
NOT SLOW...



UUNNNGGGH!
WHAT'S THAT?!

A PET, DAD...



EEK! OVID DO
SOMETHING!

GO BACK...IMMMM...
MEDI...DIATELY...YOU,
FETUS TO YOUR
MASTER, AND DON'T
PUSH IT, FLORA!



GOOD DAY, FOLKS/
TAKE A DINOSAUR
INTO YOUR LIVES...!



GUARANTEED! GENETICALLY
ENGINEERED! A HUNDRED PERCENT
NATURAL! ECOLOGICALLY SOUND!



IT'S THE PERFECT TIME! THE IDEAL
COMPANION FOR YOUR KIDS! WITHIN A
COUPLE OF MONTHS ALL THE KIDS WILL
HAVE THEIR "DINO". WHY BE THE LAST
AND PAY A HIGHER PRICE?



THE TENONTOSAURUS IS MADE
OF HIPPOPOTAMUS, WITH SOME
CAMEL AND A TOUCH OF A
PIG...AMAZING, NO?

THE TYRANNOSAURUS WAS THE MOST
COMPLICATED- CROCODILE, KILLER WHALE,
CHICKEN, ELEPHANT AND OTHERS FOR
DETAIL. THE STRUTHIOMIMUS, FROM
OSTRICH, GREYHOUND AND TREE FROG.



WE HAVE MANY OTHER MODELS IN OUR CATALOG.
OF COURSE AND IN THE NEXT FEW MONTHS
WE'LL COME OUT WITH SOME NEW ONES.

AT THIS VERY MOMENT WE'RE HAVING AN INCREDIBLE
SALE. AND IF ONE OF THESE INTERESTS YOU, WE
CAN GIVE YOU AN EVEN GREATER DISCOUNT...



DADDY,
PLEASE!
THE
TYRANT!



IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME...YOU'RE GOING TO ASK ME WHY I HAD TO DO THAT. THE GUY WAS NICE ENOUGH TO EXPLAIN EVERYTHING... AND THE CHILDREN CAN SEE THE ILLUSION HE MADE. PLUS THE PRICE WASN'T SO GOOD...



NO! IT'S BECAUSE YOU WERE NEVER A CHILD! BECAUSE YOU NEVER FULFILLED SO MANY OF YOUR DESIRES.



WHEN I WAS A BOY MY PARENTS BOUGHT THEIR CHILDREN A PARAKEET, A CAT OR A DOG... NOT AN ANTEDILUVIAN MONSTER!



IT'S YOU WHO IS THE ANTEDILUVIAN MONSTER! A SHIT...AND SELFISH, INSENSITIVE MAN.



IF THEY WERE SELLING SOMETHING OBVIOUSLY ABSURD LIKE SOME OF THAT HOME DESPAIR TOOLS IT WOULD BE WELL AND FINE...BUT FOR THE CHILDREN...NOTHING!

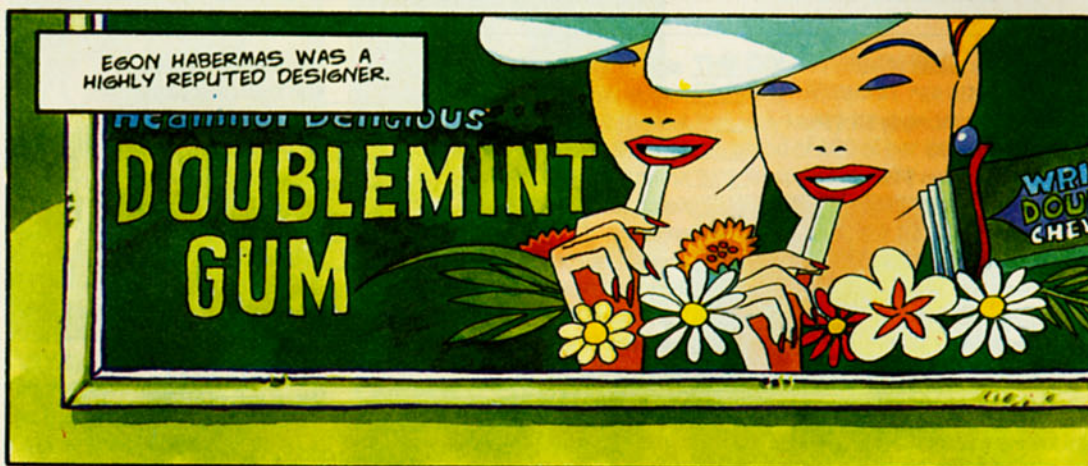


IT'S CALLED HOME REPAIR, YOU STUMP!

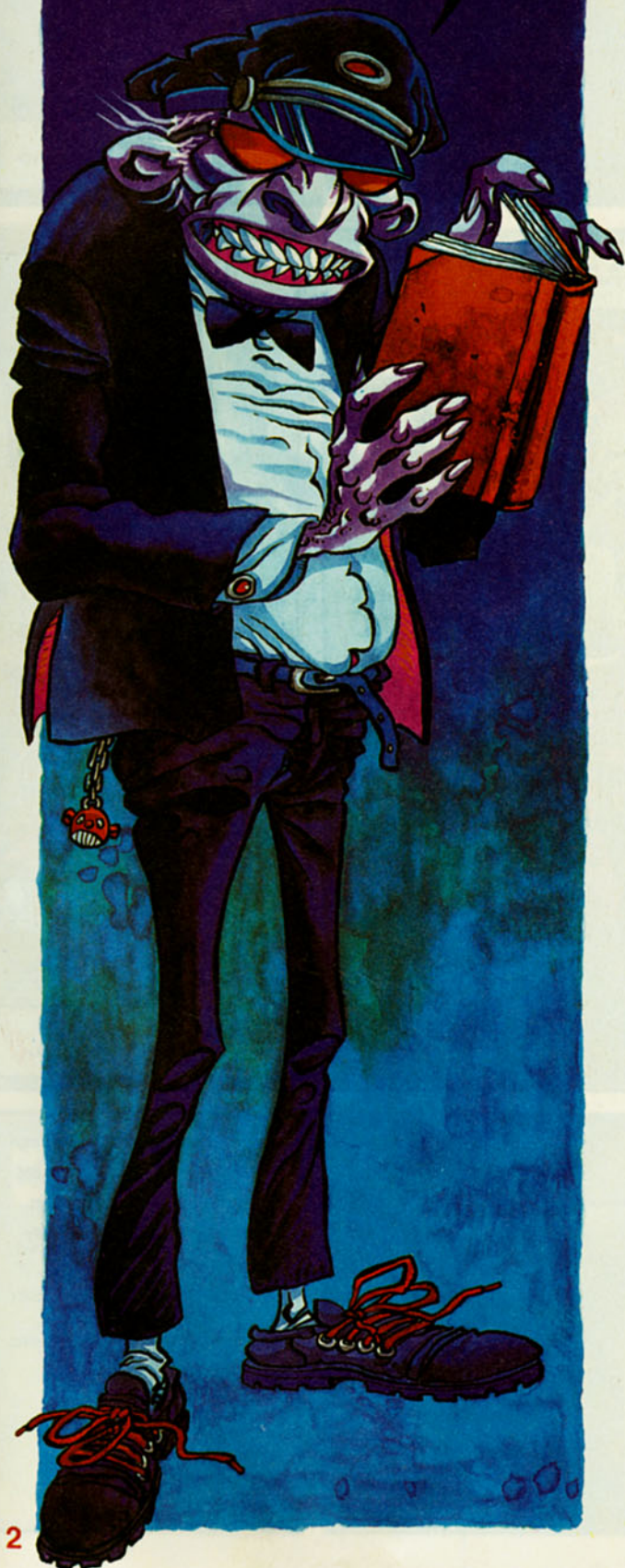


TO IVA, WHO HAD THE UGLY JOB OF WORKING WITHOUT GUIDANCE WHILE I WAS DISCONNECTED FROM THE WORLD. THANKS FOR SO MANY LAUGHS.

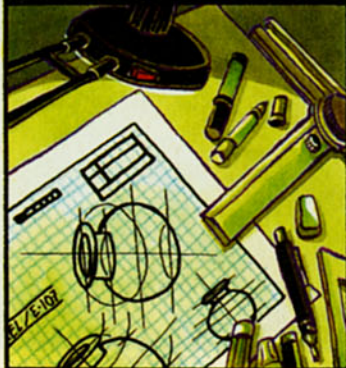
MUSEUM



BEFORE DEFINITELY DISAPPEARING, HE WROTE THIS DIARY IN WHICH HE, HIMSELF, EXPLAINS HIS TERRIBLE OBSESSION, LEAVING IT AT THAT. THIS TIME IT WILL NOT BE MY WORDS WHICH WILL GUIDE THE STORY.



THERE ARE SOME WHO BELIEVE THE WORK OF A DESIGNER IS SOMETHING COMFORTABLE AND RELAXED.



I CAN ASSURE THEM THAT FOR ME, THE DESIGNER OF NEW PACKAGING HAS COME TO BE AN AUTHENTIC OBSESSION.



I BEGAN TO COLLECT BEER CANS, AS DOCUMENTATION. IN SOLITUDE, I CREATED LITTLE TASTING RITUALS.



LATER, I CAME TO TURN TO SOUPS. I VOWED TO TASTE ALL THE VARIETIES TO OBTAIN ALL OF THE PACKAGING.



LITTLE BY LITTLE, MY PILGRIMAGES TO THE SUPERMARKET DEGENERATED INTO A PARANOID SPECIALIZATION.



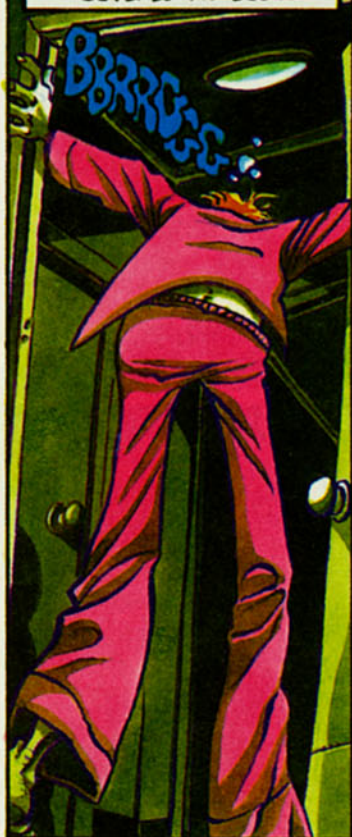
I HAD TO TASTE ALL THE FOOD SO THAT I COULD HAVE ALL THE PACKAGING-BOXES, CANS, BAGS, ETC.

AT THE CLOSE OF A FEW MONTHS OF UNCONTROLLABLE MEALS, THE ORGANISM THAT I AM BEGAN TO WEAKEN. I COULD SEE THAT THIS WAS THE SUM OF THE EMULSIFIERS, ANTIOXIDANTS, AND ARTIFICIAL COLORS THAT I HAD CONSUMED METHODICALLY AND RELENTLESSLY, WHICH COULDN'T HAVE BEEN GOOD FOR A LIVING BEING. I HAD SURPASSED THE NUTRITIONAL TOLERANCE OF THE POOR ORGANISM I AM.



AND ONE NIGHT, AFTER TASTING THE THREE VARIETIES OF NAME-BRAND CANNED MUSSELS...

IT HAPPENED...TERRIBLE RETCHING, NAUSEA AND A VISCIOUS SWEAT THAT COVERED MY BODY.

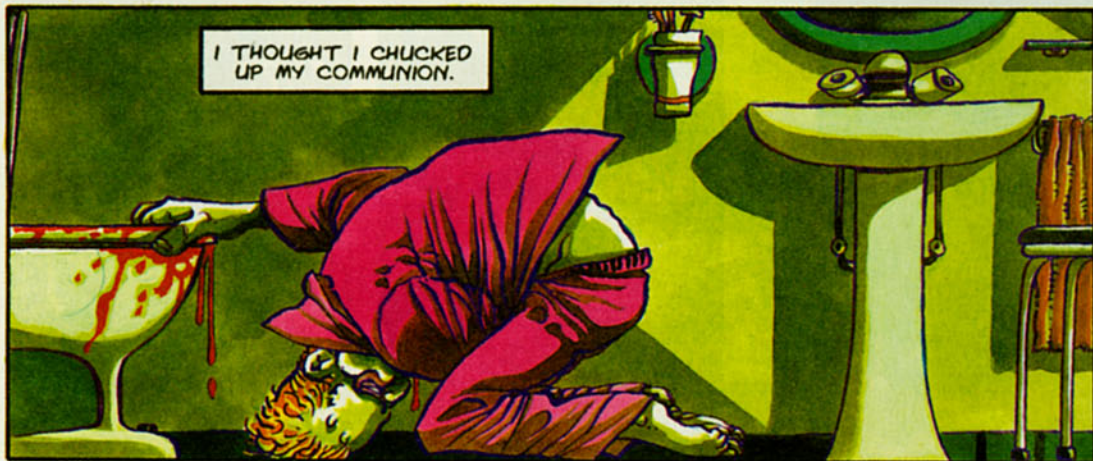


THE TRIP TO THE BATHROOM TOOK A RELIGIOUS EFFORT, WITH EVERYTHING INSIDE STRUGGLING TO ESCAPE.



THEY HAD TO ADMIT ME TO THE HOSPITAL.

I THOUGHT I CHUCKED UP MY COMMUNION.



THE DOCTOR DIAGNOSED ME- CANCER OF ALMOST EVERYTHING. THAT MIXTURE OF PRODUCTS HAD DESTROYED MY INTERNAL ORGANS. I WAS IN OBSERVATION ON AND OFF OVER SEVERAL MONTHS AND, AS I EXHIBITED A SERIES OF NEW SYMPTOMS AND BREAKDOWNS, I MADE A VERY IMPORTANT DECISION- I WOULDN'T RETURN TO COLLECTING FOOD PACKAGING. NOW I WOULD COLLECT MEDICAL PACKAGING.

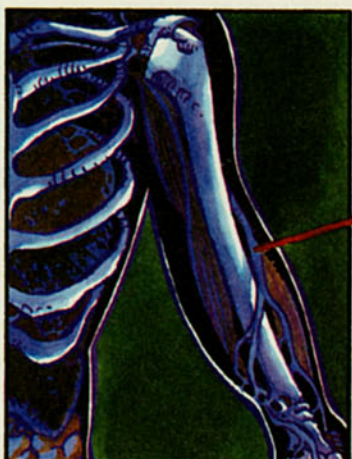
I HAD A SYRUP THAT
PREVENTED MY TEETH
FROM FALLING OUT.



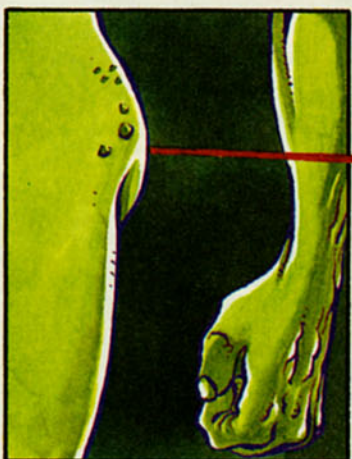
A POMADE FOR THE
BALD PATCHES
THAT BLOOMED.



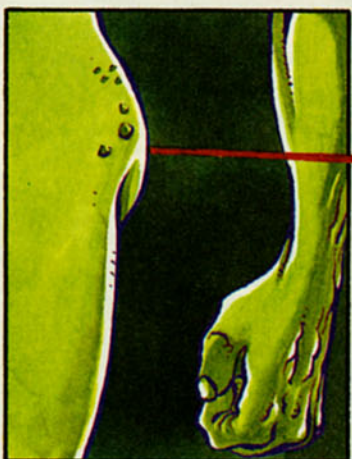
TABLETS FOR THE
TERRIBLE FLATULATION
(UNBEARABLE TO HEAR)



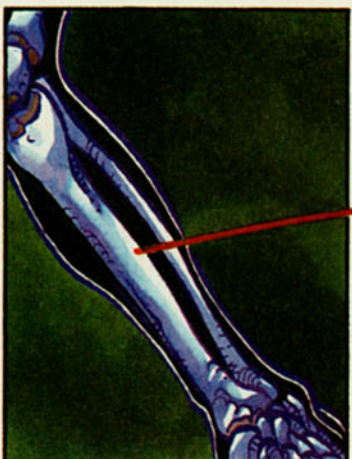
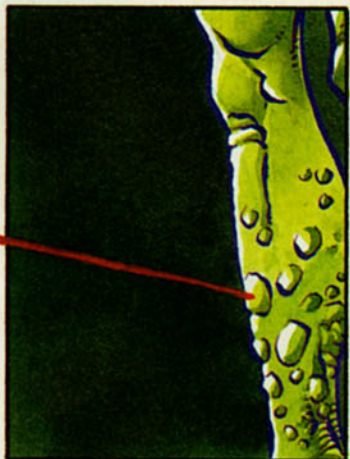
CAPSULES TO FIX THE
ARTERIAL TENSION.



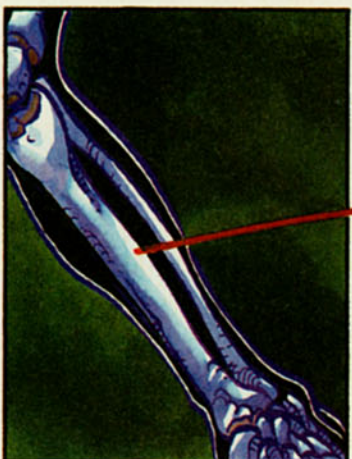
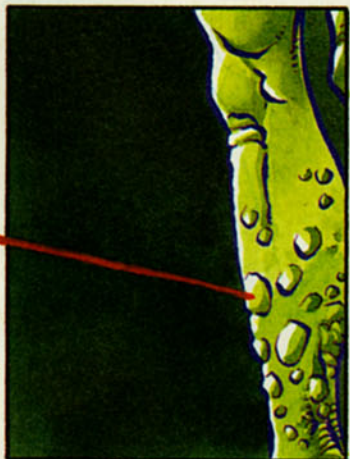
MORE PILLS FOR
TESTICULAR ATROPHY.



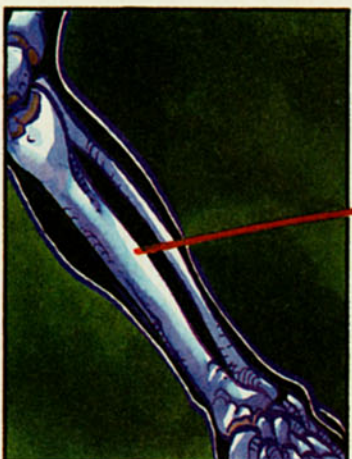
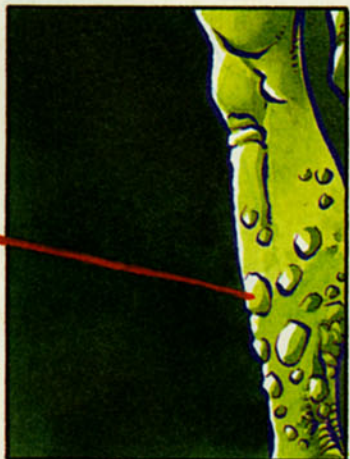
DROPS FOR
HEMORRHOIDS.



A SPRAY FROM THE
PURULENT ECZEMA ON
MY CALVES.



A CREAM FOR JOINT
ACHES.



I CALLED MY LAWYER AND
DRAFTED MY LAST WILL
AND TESTAMENT.

A vibrant, cartoonish illustration with a bright yellow background. At the top, a white rectangular box contains the text "BLA BLA BLA BLA BLA BLA BLA" in a black, hand-drawn font. Below this, large, stylized letters spell out "TIP TAP PING" in blue and red, repeated twice. The scene includes green foliage on the left, a small brown object resembling a camera or microphone on a stand, and a green draped object on the right. The overall style is playful and energetic.

THE LAST PHASE OF MY AGONY, FAR FROM BEING SAD, WAS THE MOST SPECTACULAR.

REMEMBER AT THE END OF '2007-A SPACE ODYSSEY'? WELL, IT WAS SOMETHING LIKE THAT. I FELT FILLED WITH A MYSTICAL FORCE. BOUND LIKE ALWAYS TO MY COLLECTION.

ONE NIGHT MY BODY STOPPED ITS DECAY.

NNGGGG

THEY DID EVERYTHING
POSSIBLE TO SAVE ME.
INCLUDING MOUTH TO
MOUTH-AND LET ME
ASSURE YOU THAT FOR
WHOMEVER IT WAS WHO
KISSED MY MOUTH IT
WAS LIKE KISSING THE
ASS OF A PIG WITH
DIARRHEA-. BUT IT WAS
USELESS. MY OBSESSION
HAD TAKEN CARE OF THE
ULTIMATE DECOMPOSITION
OF MY ENTRAILS. THE
DOCTORS COULD NOT
EVEN CONFIRM THE EXACT
CAUSE OF MY DEATH.

THEY DECIDED TO
PERFORM AN AUTOPSY.
PERHAPS THEY WANTED
TO FIND A NEW
BIOLOGICAL WEAPON.

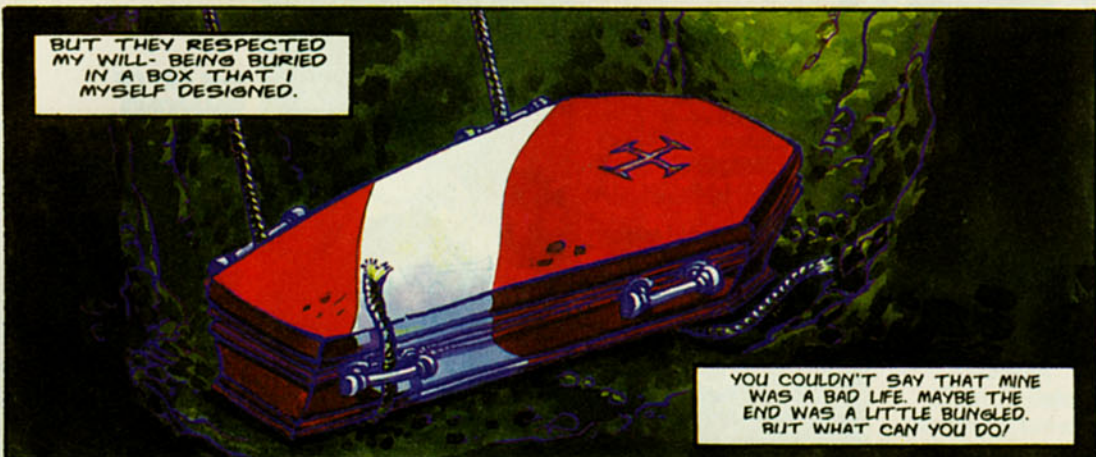


YOU WILL UNDERSTAND
THAT I PREFERRED TO
LEAVE MY BODY AS IT
WAS BEFORE THEY
COMMENCED
"DISMANTLING" IT. I'VE
ALWAYS BEEN VERY
PRIVATE ABOUT THOSE
KINDS OF THINGS.
BEFORE I WENT FOREVER
TO THE BIG BEYOND, I
MET A DISTANT
RELATIVE WHO SAID SHE
WAS A MEDIUM, SINCE I
VOWED TO FINISH MY
DIARY, THOUGH IT WAS
"PARANORMAL
DICTATION."

THE FUNERAL WAS
AUSTERE, OR BETTER
YET, SAD.



BUT THEY RESPECTED
MY WILL- BEING BURIED
IN A BOX THAT I
MYSELF DESIGNED.



YOU COULDN'T SAY THAT MINE
WAS A BAD LIFE. MAYBE THE
END WAS A LITTLE BUNGLED.
BUT WHAT CAN YOU DO?

THAT'S IT. MY BELOVED
VISITORS. OBSESSIONS CAN
DEGENERATE INTO INCURABLE
PATHOLOGIES.

AS THE REFRAIN GOES,
"BETTER IN THE GARBAGE
THAN IN THE GRAVE."

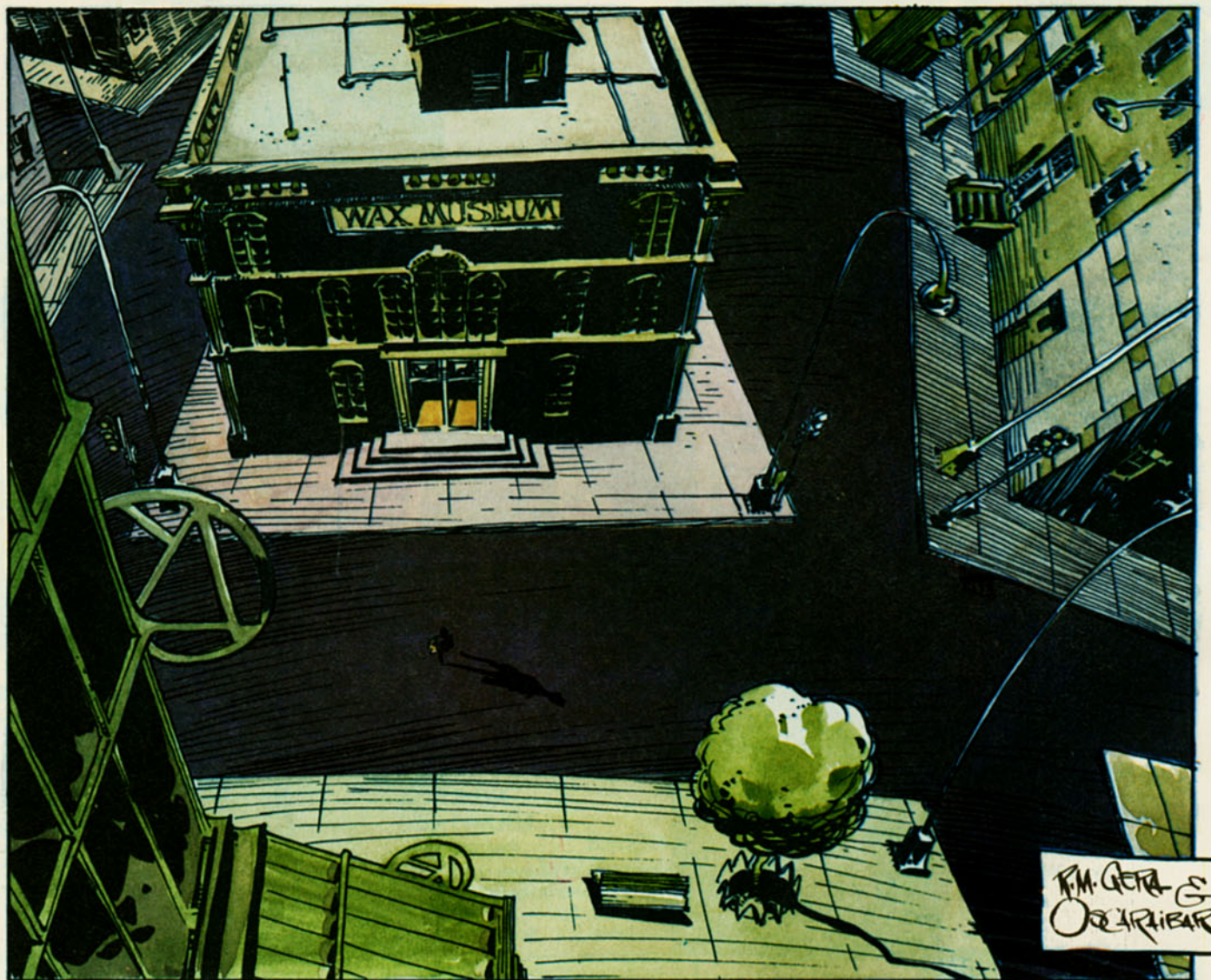


AND IF YOU DECIDE, LIKE A
POOR MR. HABERMAS, TO
COLLECT PACKAGING, DON'T
CONSUME ALL THAT THEY
CONTAIN. THROW THEM OUT!



UNA ASOCIADA DE T. DE FELIZ
OY A STRANGEWORLD PRODUCTIONS

A DAY LIKE ANY OTHER (BEFORE BREAKFAST)









IN A LITTLE
WHILE YOU WILL BECOME
THE MOST FAMOUS
CRIMINOLOGIST IN NEW
YORK...AND ALL BECAUSE
YOU LISTENED TO
STORIES ABOUT GUYS
LIKE ME...

..AND THE DAY HAS COME FOR YOU
TO LISTEN TO ONE MORE. ONE
MORE STORY ABOUT A UNIQUE
MURDER. ABOUT A DIFFERENT KIND
OF MURDER. WELL, THE
MOMENT HAS COME...

...TO LEAVE BEHIND
THOSE ABSURD
ARTICLES THAT
NOWADAYS DO
NOTHING MORE
THAN SCANDALIZE
OLD LADIES...

THE MOMENT OF
UNDERSTANDING
HAS COME.
UNDERSTANDING
THE TRUTH IS AT
HAND...

YOU SEE
THIS HUGE AX? WELL,
WHEN THE
MECHANISM
IS TRIPPED,
IT WILL
SPLIT
YOUR
SKULL .

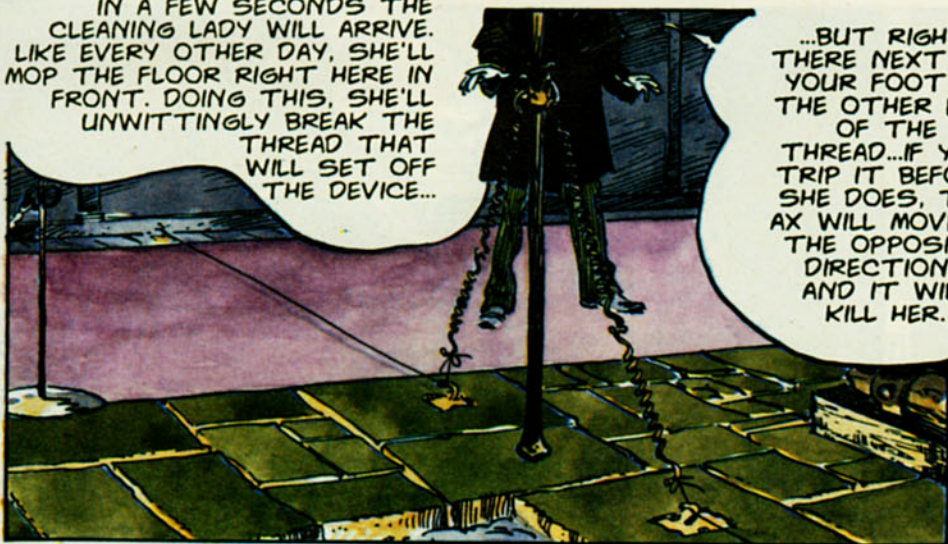
UNLESS...

UNLESS?
UNLESS
WHAT?

R.M. GERRA

5

IN A FEW SECONDS THE
CLEANING LADY WILL ARRIVE.
LIKE EVERY OTHER DAY, SHE'LL
MOP THE FLOOR RIGHT HERE IN
FRONT. DOING THIS, SHE'LL
UNWITTINGLY BREAK THE
THREAD THAT
WILL SET OFF
THE DEVICE...



...BUT RIGHT
THERE NEXT TO
YOUR FOOT IS
THE OTHER END
OF THE
THREAD...IF YOU
TRIP IT BEFORE
SHE DOES, THE
AX WILL MOVE IN
THE OPPOSITE
DIRECTION...
AND IT WILL
KILL HER.



DON'T YOU GET
IT? ...YOU OR HER,
PROFESSOR. YOU
OR HER...







HAVING SPENT HIS LIFE INVESTIGATING INSANE MURDERERS AND CRIMINAL GENIUSES, HE INTENDED TO UNDERSTAND...



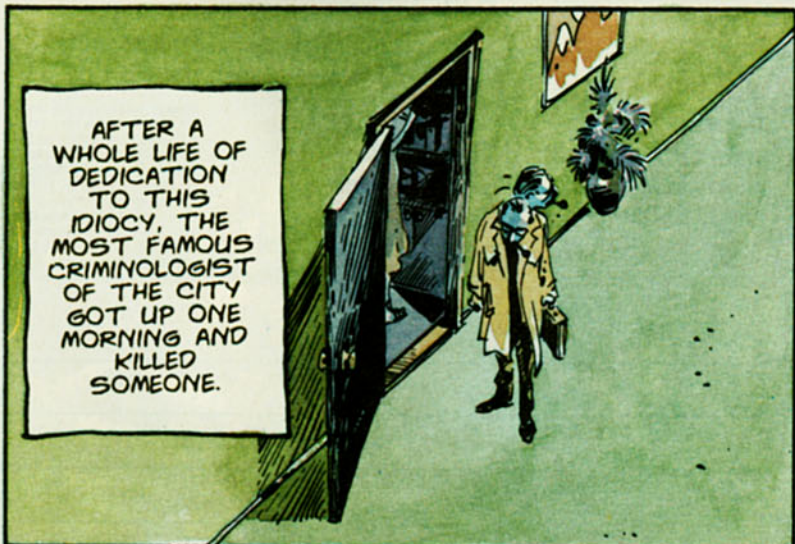
...TO PIN DOWN EVERY KIND OF UNCLASSIFIABLE CATEGORY BY MEANS OF A COMPLICATED AND JARGON-RIDDEN PSYCHOLOGY...



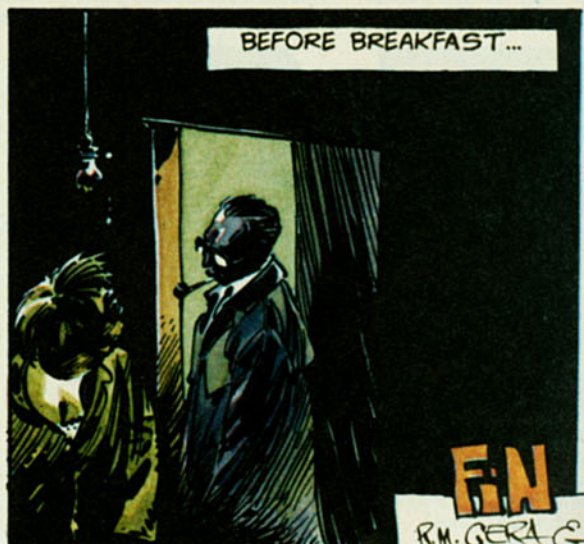
...METICULOUSLY INQUIRING AND DISSECTING ONE CASE AFTER ANOTHER TO ARRIVE AT A CONCLUSION THAT WHEN SOMEONE DIES...



...IT DOESN'T NECESSARILY HAVE TO BE FOR SOMETHING, BY SOMETHING, OR AS A CONSEQUENCE OF SOMETHING... BUT THAT IT CAN BE SIMPLY BECAUSE OF ITSELF...



AFTER A WHOLE LIFE OF DEDICATION TO THIS IDIOCY, THE MOST FAMOUS CRIMINOLOGIST OF THE CITY GOT UP ONE MORNING AND KILLED SOMEONE.



BEFORE BREAKFAST...

FIN

R.M. GERALD
OSCAR HEAT

THE SAGA OF THE META-BARONS: OTHON THE GREAT

The character of the invincible Meta-Baron was first introduced in 1982 in Moebius & Jodorowsky's cult classic graphic novel, *The Incal* (3 volumes, Epic Comics). Moebius explains its genesis, "When Alexandro asked me to visualize this powerful warrior, virtually a super-hero, I unconsciously gave him the same features as my grandfather. When I was a child, I was afraid, and more than a little bit in awe, of my grandfather. He was tall and mysterious, because he knew things which I didn't. I thought he never listened to me the way I'd wanted him to. When I drew the Meta-Baron with a bionic ear, I finally gave shape to my childhood's rebellion."

Astute readers will recognize that the first fourteen pages of this graphic novel are based on a sequence originally featured in *Incal* 2, "That Which

Is Below", Page 21, and later

expanded by Moebius & Jodorowsky as an 8-page story published in the March 1990, issue of *Heavy Metal* and reprinted in *Moebius 1 1/2 - The Early Moebius* (Graphitti Designs).

It is now reinterpreted in a masterful fashion by Juan Gimenez.

Jean-Marc & Randy Lofficier

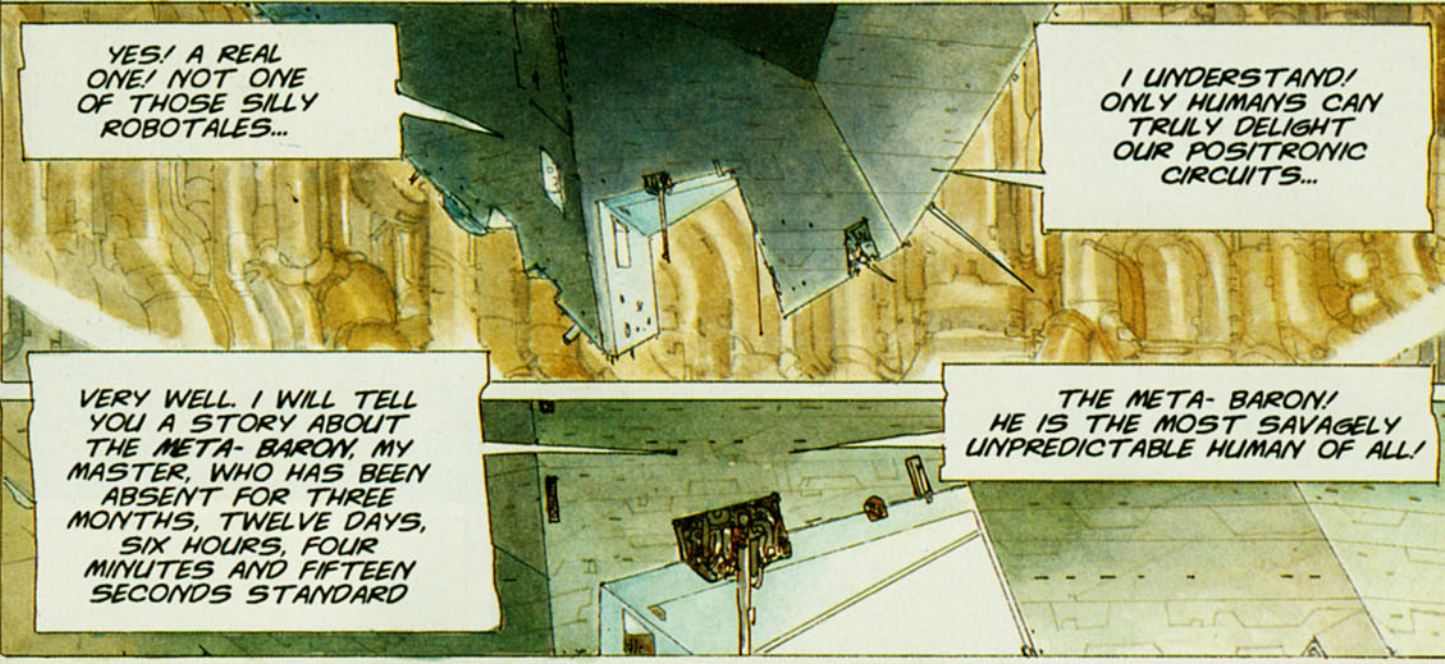


IN THE HEART OF THE
IMPREGNABLE META-BUNKER,
SOMEWHERE IN THE GREAT,
TEAMING BURIED CITY...

TONTO!
PLEASE! TELL
ME A STORY!

ANOTHER
STORY?

OSMENEZ ©

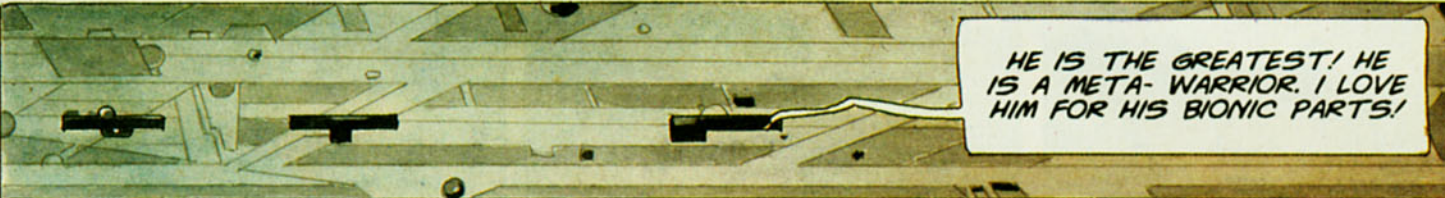


YES! A REAL
ONE! NOT ONE
OF THOSE SILLY
ROBOTALES...

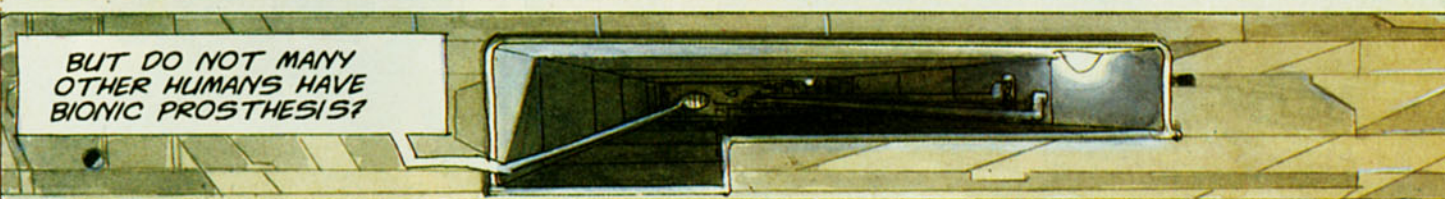
I UNDERSTAND!
ONLY HUMANS CAN
TRULY DELIGHT
OUR POSITRONIC
CIRCUITS...

VERY WELL. I WILL TELL
YOU A STORY ABOUT
THE META-BARON, MY
MASTER, WHO HAS BEEN
ABSENT FOR THREE
MONTHS, TWELVE DAYS,
SIX HOURS, FOUR
MINUTES AND FIFTEEN
SECONDS STANDARD


THE META-BARON!
HE IS THE MOST SAVAGELY
UNPREDICTABLE HUMAN OF ALL!



HE IS THE GREATEST! HE
IS A META-WARRIOR. I LOVE
HIM FOR HIS BIONIC PARTS!



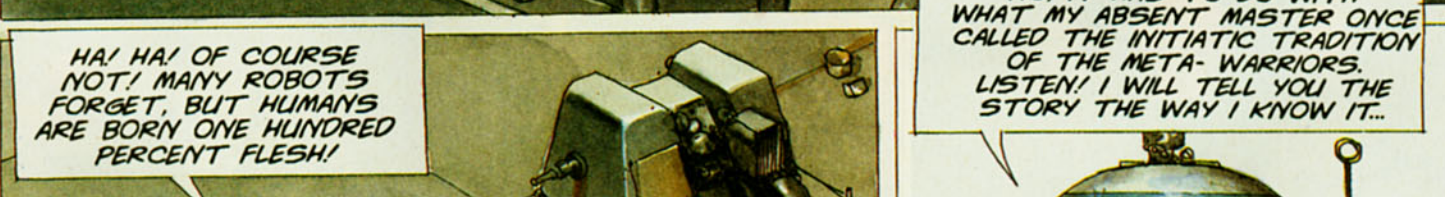
BUT DO NOT MANY
OTHER HUMANS HAVE
BIONIC PROSTHESES?




YES, BUT THEY ARE JUST
REPLACEMENT PARTS. THE
META-BARON HAS A BIONIC EAR
AND BIONIC LOBES IN THE
RIGHT HALF OF HIS BRAIN--AND
TOPAZ CHIPS AS WELL!



TOPAZ CHIPS! HOW
CAN THAT BE? WAS
HE BORN THAT WAY,
TONTOT?

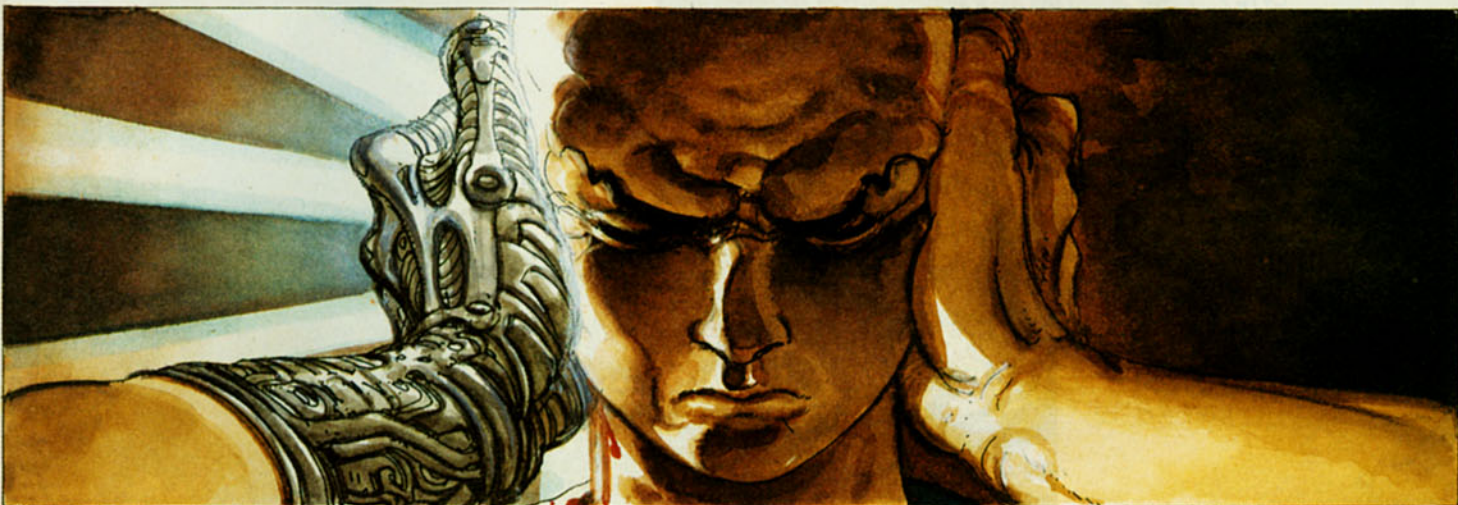


HA! HA! OF COURSE
NOT! MANY ROBOTS
FORGET, BUT HUMANS
ARE BORN ONE HUNDRED
PERCENT FLESH!

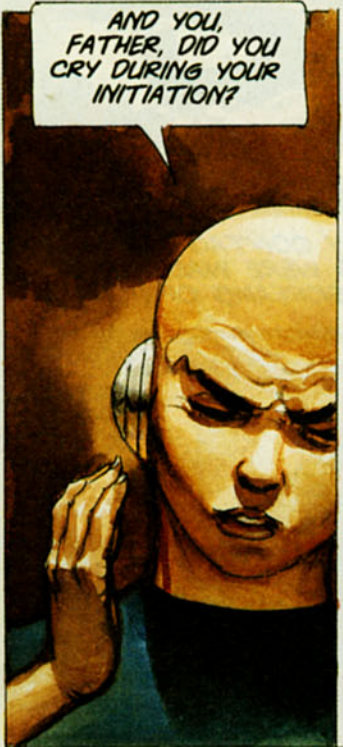


NO, IT HAS TO DO WITH
WHAT MY ABSENT MASTER ONCE
CALLED THE INITIATIC TRADITION
OF THE META-WARRIORS.
LISTEN! I WILL TELL YOU THE
STORY THE WAY I KNOW IT...





YOU DO NOT CRY?

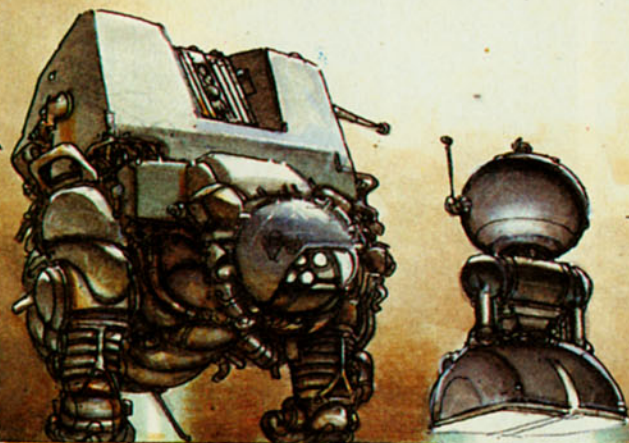


AND YOU, FATHER, DID YOU CRY DURING YOUR INITIATION?



NO. LIKE YOU, I REMAINED IMPASSIBLE...BUT I COULDN'T PREVENT A TEAR FROM ESCAPING!

THIS IS-BIP!-
INCREDIBLE...YOU
MEAN TO TELL ME
THAT THE META-
BARON'S OWN
FATHER DESTROYED
HIS SON'S RIGHT
EAR AND BRAIN



YES! AND HIS
FATHER HAD HIS
LEFT HAND CRUSHED
BY HIS OWN FATHER
BEFORE THAT. SUCH
IS THE TRADITION
OF THE META-
WARRIORS SINCE
THE DAWN OF TIME.

I DO NOT LIKE THIS
STORY, TONTO! I
WONDER IF I WOULD
NOT PREFER A
ROBOTALE AFTER
ALL....

WAIT! THIS IS
ONLY THE
BEGINNING! IT
GETS BETTER!

I HOPE SO! I
ALMOST FUSED
A CIRCUIT!

'IT WAS JUST AFTER THE POST-VANDAL
AFFAIR ON THE WESTERN CONTINENT...

'HE NO LONGER HAD ANY
OPPONENT WORTHY OF HIM...

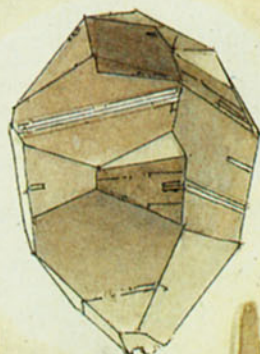
I'M BORED WITH THIS
SLAUGHTER! IT'S
BECOME TOO EASY!



'HIS ONLY CONTACT WITH OTHER
HUMANS WERE WALLS OF AGONY
AND SCREAMS OF HORROR...

THIS TIME, I'M
THROUGH! I'M
RETURNING TO THE
META-BUNKER...

...AND WILL
NEVER LEAVE
IT AGAIN!



"DAYS PAST IN THE SILENT LONELINESS
OF THE IMPREGNABLE META-BUNKER,
WHEN SUDDENLY...

NO, TONTO, I'LL NEVER
HAVE CHILDREN--EVER!

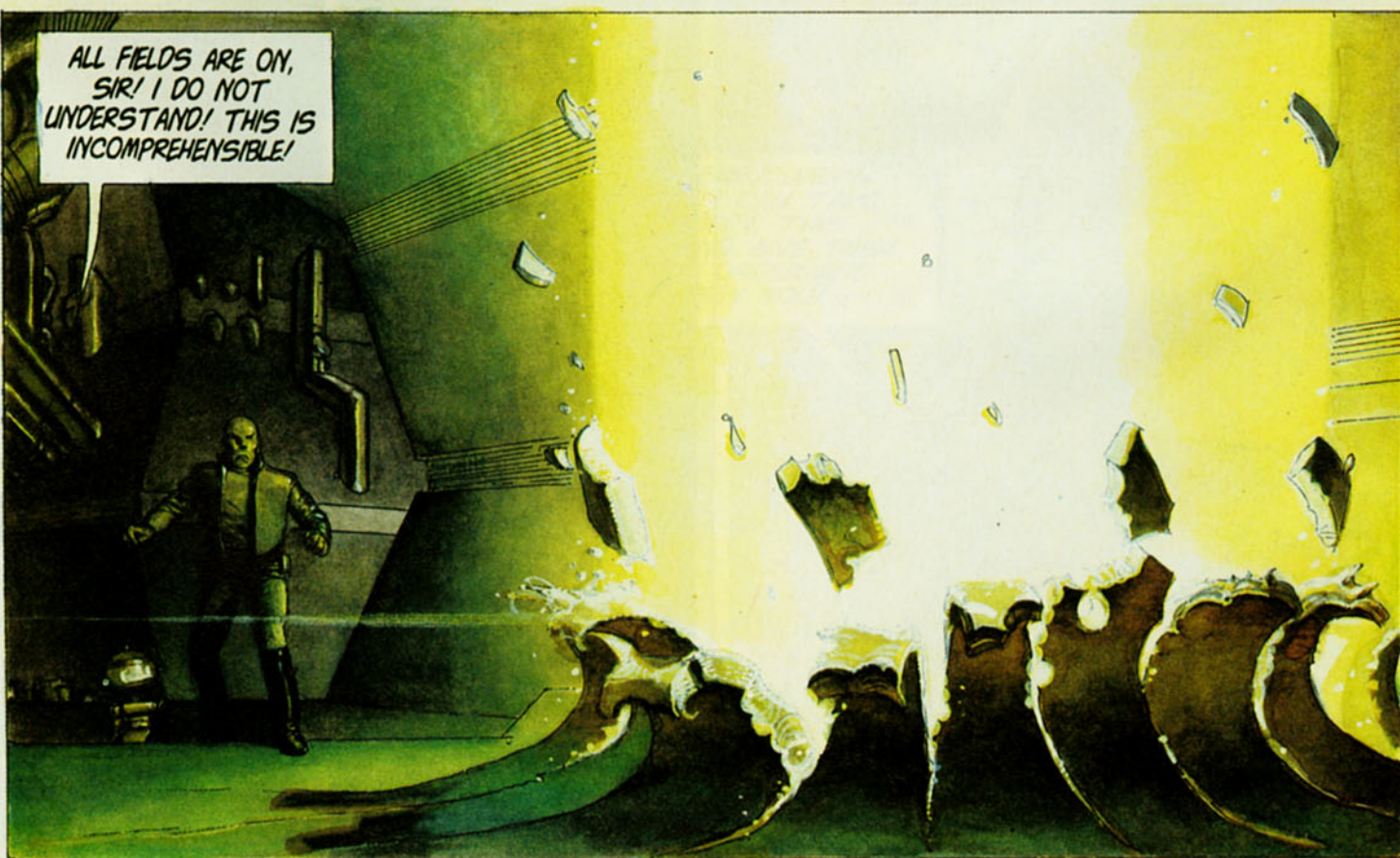
I UNDERSTAND,
SIR! NO MORE CRUEL
INITIATIONS!

WHAT'S
THAT? WHO
GOES THERE?

TONTO!
QUICK! THE
FORCE FIELD!



ALL FIELDS ARE ON,
SIR! I DO NOT
UNDERSTAND! THIS IS
INCOMPREHENSIBLE!

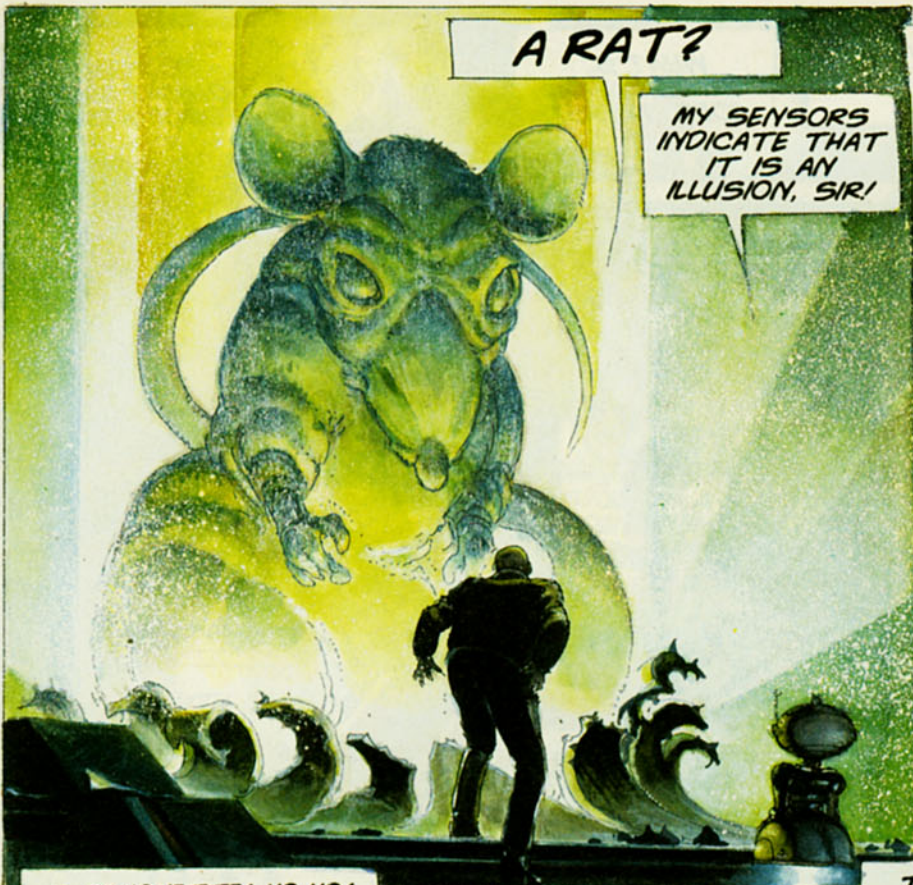


A RAT?

MY SENSORS
INDICATE THAT
IT IS AN
ILLUSION, SIR!

...YET THE
HOLE IN THE
FLOOR
IS REAL!

LOOK! THE IMAGE
VANISHES!



A SILHOUETTE! HO-HO!
SOMEONE HAS MANAGED
TO INFILTRATE THE
META-BUNKER!

TONTO! IS
THIS REAL?

WHO ARE
YOU? ANSWER
ME OR I'LL
SHOOT!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
NO ONE CAN...

YES! MY
SENSORS
INDICATE THE
INTRUDER IS
REAL!



A comic book panel depicting a tense moment. On the left, a dark, armored figure, possibly a robot or a soldier, is shown from the side, holding a handgun pointed towards a woman. The woman, on the right, is wearing a blue, hooded robe and has a concerned expression. In the foreground, a small, mechanical robot with a large, rounded head and a single antenna is visible. Two speech bubbles are present: one from the dark figure saying "YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR!" and another from the woman saying "A HUMAN!". The background is a bright, hazy yellow and blue.

A comic book panel depicting a tense moment. On the left, a dark, armored figure, possibly a robot or a soldier, is shown from the side, holding a handgun pointed towards a woman. The woman, on the right, is wearing a blue robe and has a concerned expression. In the foreground, a small, mechanical robot with a large, rounded head and a single antenna is visible. Two speech bubbles are present: one from the dark figure saying "YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR!" and another from the woman saying "A HUMAN!". The background is a bright, hazy yellow and blue.

*"NEVER HAD I
SEEN SUCH AN
EXPRESSION ON THE
META-BARON'S FACE...*

A WOMAN!

*"NEVER HAD I
SEEN SUCH AN
EXPRESSION ON THE
META-BARON'S FACE...*

A WOMAN!



WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

I AM
AYIMAH!

WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

I AM
AYIMAH!

YES...ANIMAH...
I'VE HEARD YOUR
NAME BEFORE...

STAY HERE! DON'T

YES...ANIMAH...
I'VE HEARD YOUR
NAME BEFORE...

STAY HERE! DON'T

YES...ANIMAH...
I'VE HEARD YOUR
NAME BEFORE...

STAY HERE! DON'T

A close-up, high-contrast illustration of the Hulk's face. He has a stern, intense expression with his eyes looking slightly to the right. His skin is a mottled green and yellow. A speech bubble originates from the right side of his face, containing the text: "SOMEHOW I FEEL LIKE I'VE KNOWN YOU SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME..."

SOMEHOW I FEEL LIKE I'VE KNOWN YOU SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME...

I'M POWERFUL...VERY
POWERFUL! I CAN TAKE
THIS CITY, THIS
PLANET, AND GIVE THEM
TO YOU! ORDER AND
I'LL OBEY YOU!

THEN I'LL ORDER YOU
TO TAKE THIS CHILD
AND BE HIS PROTECTOR
AND HIS TEACHER!

HIS NAME IS SUNMOON AND HIS
HEART IS THAT OF A PERFECT
ANDROGYNE. YOU MUST TEACH HIM
TO BECOME A META-WARRIOR!

YOU ASK ME TO BE HIS--FATHER??

NEVER!

"ORDER AND I'LL OBEY
YOU!" I HAVE DONE SO!

NO!

I CAN'T!

BUT YOU TOLD ME THAT
YOU WERE POWERFUL...

I WANT TO...

?!
SUNMOON

...BUT I
CANNOT

"THE META-BARON WAS UNRECOGNIZABLE! HE, A MERCILESS KILLER, WAS SUDDENLY LIKE A TIMID YOUNG KNIGHT PINING FOR HIS BELOVED PRINCESS..."

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE!

WHY, META-BARON? WHY!

ANIMAH, YOU DON'T REALIZE WHAT YOU'RE ASKING FROM ME...LISTEN AND I'LL TELL YOU! THE DAY OF MY SIXTEENTH BIRTHDAY, MY FATHER ASKED ME TO COME HERE, TO THIS VERY BUNKER, FOR THE FINAL TEST IN MY INITIATION...

MY SON, THIS IS THE ULTIMATE TEST WHICH WILL DECIDE WHETHER OR NOT YOU'RE A META-WARRIOR!

IT IS A SIMPLE TEST...

WE WILL FIGHT. EITHER YOU WILL KILL ME, OR I WILL KILL YOU!

BUT FATHER...

I'LL COUNT TO THREE BEFORE STRIKING THE FIRST BLOW!

ONE...

...TWO...

FATHER!
NO!

...THREE!

"THE BATTLE LASTED
FOR TWO DAYS UNTIL...

"...MY LANCE PIERCED HIS
HEART!"

NOW, ANIMAH, YOU
UNDERSTAND WHY I
CANNOT ACCEPT YOUR
CHARGE! IT WOULD BE
CONDEMNING THIS CHILD
TO DEATH BECAUSE HE
COULD NEVER DEFEAT ME!

YOU ARE WRONG, META-
BARON! HE HAS ALREADY
DEFEATED YOU!

PULL OUT YOUR DAGGER!



TRY TO KILL HIM NOW!
STAB HIM IN THE HEART!

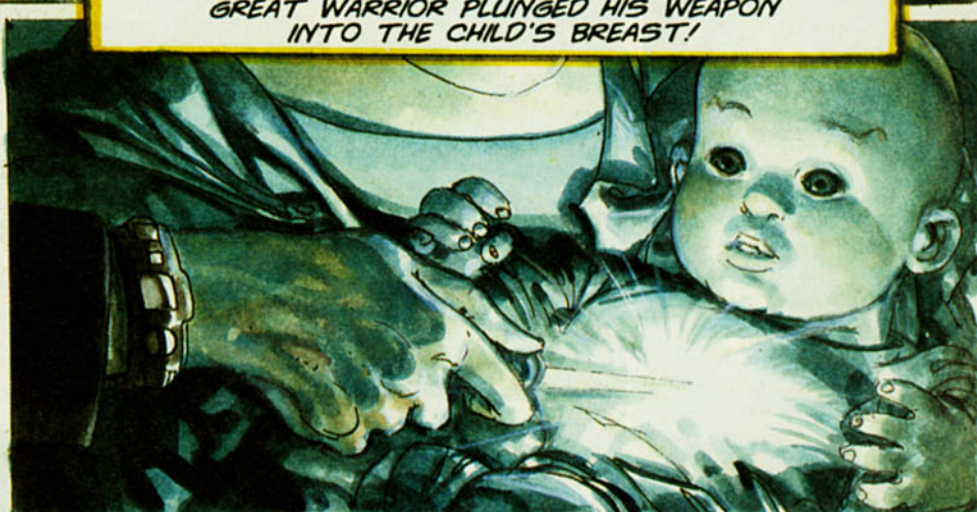


WHY NOT?

DIE THEN!



"WITHOUT THE LEAST HESITATION, THE
GREAT WARRIOR PLUNGED HIS WEAPON
INTO THE CHILD'S BREAST!"



WHAT!?



IT'S...IT'S
INCREDIBLE! HE'S
UNHARMED AND...



...I HEARD
HIM! HE SPOKE
TO ME!



GIVE HIM TO
ME!

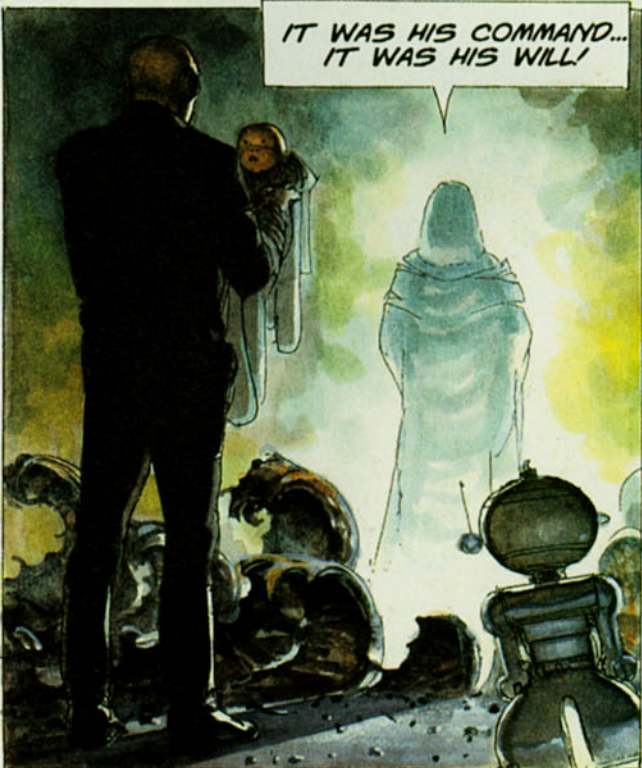


WHAT
DID HE
SAY?

HE SAID-"TAKE ME
AND FEED ME!"



IT WAS HIS COMMAND...
IT WAS HIS WILL!



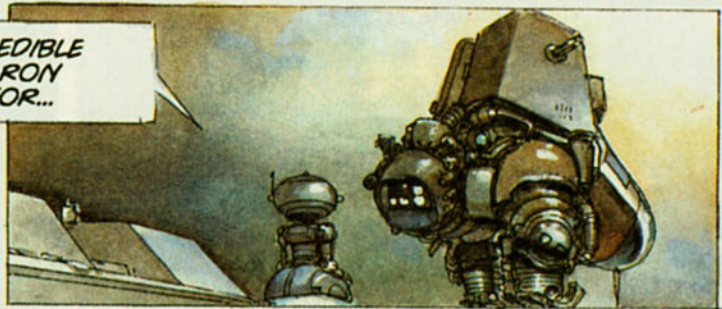
"SUDDENLY, THE FLOOR
SHOOK AND SHE VANISHED
AS MYSTERIOUSLY AS SHE
HAD CAME!"



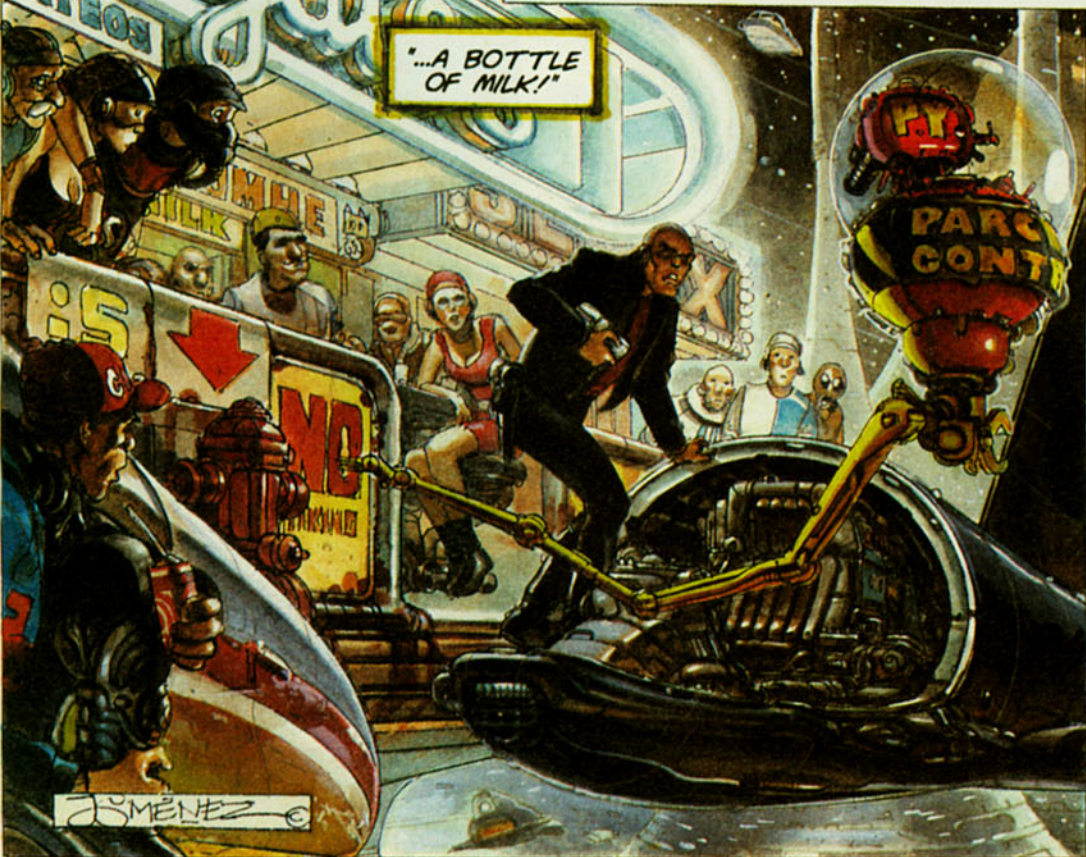
GONE WITHOUT A
TRACE! IT'S A REAL
TECHNO-MYSTERY!

I WAS ONCE A SOWER OF
DEATH. I SHALL BECOME A
GUARDIAN OF LIFE! I WILL AWAIT
YOUR RETURN, ANIMAH, BECAUSE
I KNOW YOU WILL COME BACK!

AND THEN, AN EVEN MORE INCREDIBLE
THING HAPPENED-THE META-BARON
LEFT THE BUNKER TO LOOK FOR...



"...A BOTTLE
OF MILK!"



WHAT A
CRAZY STORY!
I WILL NEVER
UNDERSTAND
HUMANS!

TONTO! PLEASE!
TELL ME ANOTHER
STORY!

LATER!

THE NEXT DAY, AT THE FIRST
LIGHT OF THE ARTIFICIAL DAWN...

WELL! NOW THAT WE HAVE
FINISHED VACUUMING DOWN TO
THE SMALLEST DUST MOLECULE,
WE HAVE TIME FOR ANOTHER
STORY...

OH, GOOD! CAN YOU
TELL ME ANOTHER
TALE OF THE META-
BARON?

AGAIN? YOU ARE FRYING MY
CIRCUITS WITH THE META-
BARON! I HAVE EXHAUSTED
THE SUBJECT!

NO, YOU
HAVE NOT! AT
22:03:15:02,
YOU SPECIFICALLY
MENTIONED "THE
INITIATIC TRADITION OF
THE META-WARRIORS"
IN CONNECTION WITH
THEIR MUTILATIONS...

THE MUTILATIONS...YES! IT IS A
LONG STORY, ONE WHICH STARTED
WITH MY MASTER'S GREAT-GREAT-
GRANDFATHER, AND HAS CONTINUED
EVER SINCE...

PLEASE, TONTO, TELL ME! I
LOVE GENERATIONAL SAGAS.
MY CIRCUITS ARE ALL A
TWITTER!

VERY WELL, LOTHAR! I SHALL
NOW TELL YOU THE FULL
STORY OF THE ORIGINS OF
THE META-BARONS...

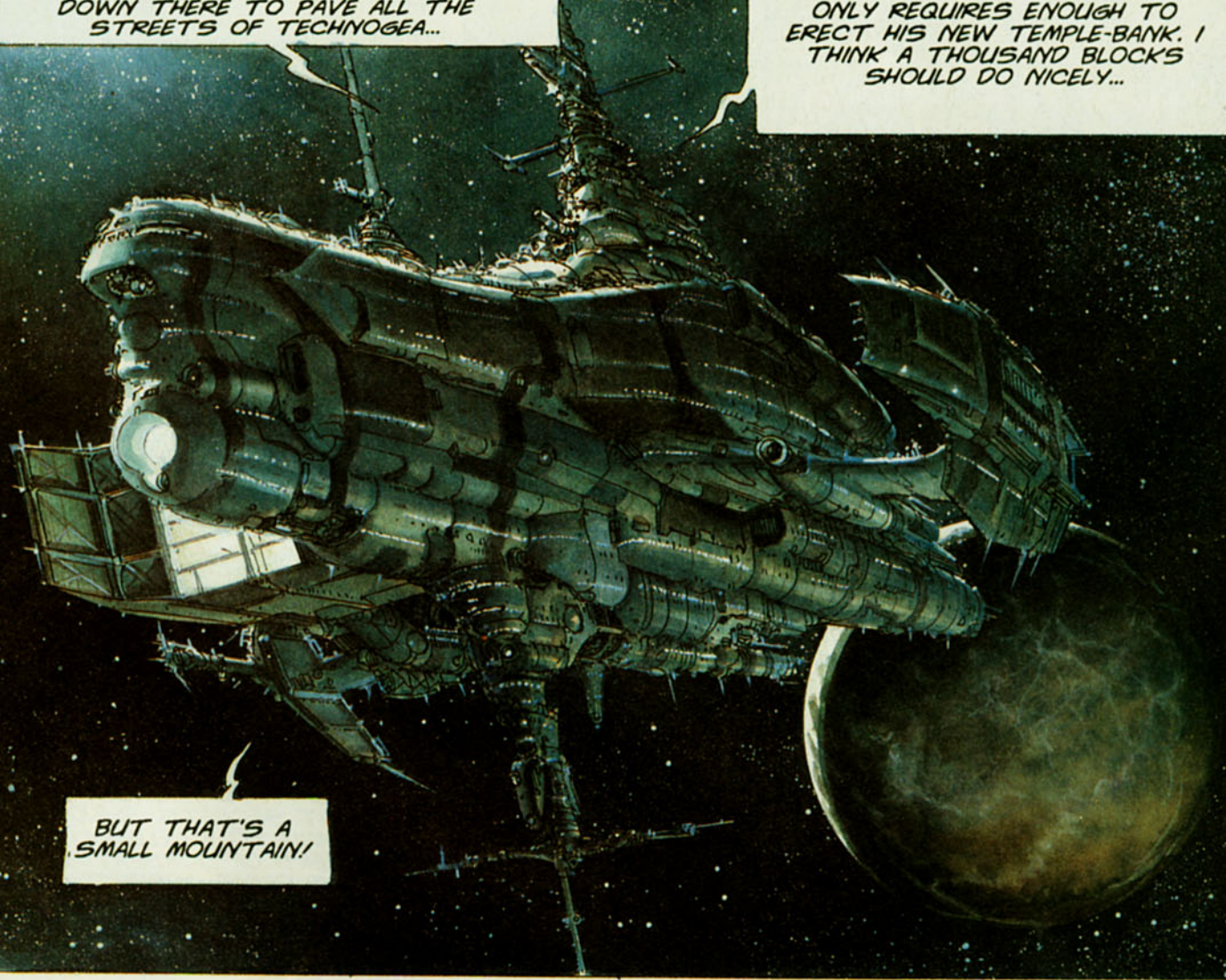
'OTHON VON SALZA, MY MASTER'S GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER, WAS A GALACTIC FREEBOOTER WHO HAD FINALLY SUCCEEDED IN WINNING THE HAND OF THE BEAUTIFUL BUT UNTAMED LADY EDNA, DAUGHTER OF THE BARON BERARD OF CASTAKA, UNDISPUTED RULER OF THE FARAWAY PLANET OF MARMOLEA IN THE PHILORIAN SYSTEM...HOWEVER, EDNA'S AMBIGUOUS FEMINITY HAD ONLY BORN HIM A SON, BARI...



'MARMOLEA WAS A GIGANTIC MARBLE BALL WITH ONLY A SMALL, FERTILE VALLEY, WHICH HOUSED THE FORTRESS OF CASTAKA. IT SURVIVED BY SELLING ITS EXPENSIVE MARBLE TO THE BUILDERS OF THE IMPERIAL PALACES. THUS DID THE MARMOLEANS LIVE A LIFE OF TRANQUIL PEACE AND HAPPINESS, UNTIL THE UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL OF A CARGO SHIP FROM THE BURSAR GUILD...

THIS IS THE PLANET-QUARRY, YOUR HOLINESS. THERE'S ENOUGH MARBLE DOWN THERE TO PAVE ALL THE STREETS OF TECHNOGEA...

OUR MOST HOLY TECHNO-POPE ONLY REQUIRES ENOUGH TO ERECT HIS NEW TEMPLE-BANK. I THINK A THOUSAND BLOCKS SHOULD DO NICELY...




BUT THAT'S A SMALL MOUNTAIN!



INDEED, MY LORD BURSAR. I JUST NOTICED THAT OUR SENSORS DISPLAY NO SIGNS OF TECHNOWAVES. ARE THE NATIVES DEVOID OF ANY ROBOTIC ASSISTANCE?


IF SO HOW WILL THEY BE ABLE TO PROCESS OUR ORDER? WITH PIX AND AXES? BY LOADING THE BLOCKS ON THEIR BARE BACKS?



VERY DROLL, YOUR HOLINESS! BUT NO, THEY USE MANUAL HYPERLASERS TO CUT THE STONE. A TRIFLE OBSOLETE, BUT VERY EFFECTIVE IN THEIR SKILLED HANDS...


MAYBE, BUT THAT STILL DOESN'T EXPLAIN HOW THEY'LL BE ABLE TO LOAD THE BLOCKS INTO OUR SHIP!

AH! THAT REMAINS THEIR SECRET! AFTER THE CUTTING IS DONE, THEY'LL INVITE US INTO THEIR CITADEL FOR A FEAST OF GRILLED LIZARD AND HOMEMADE OUISKY...

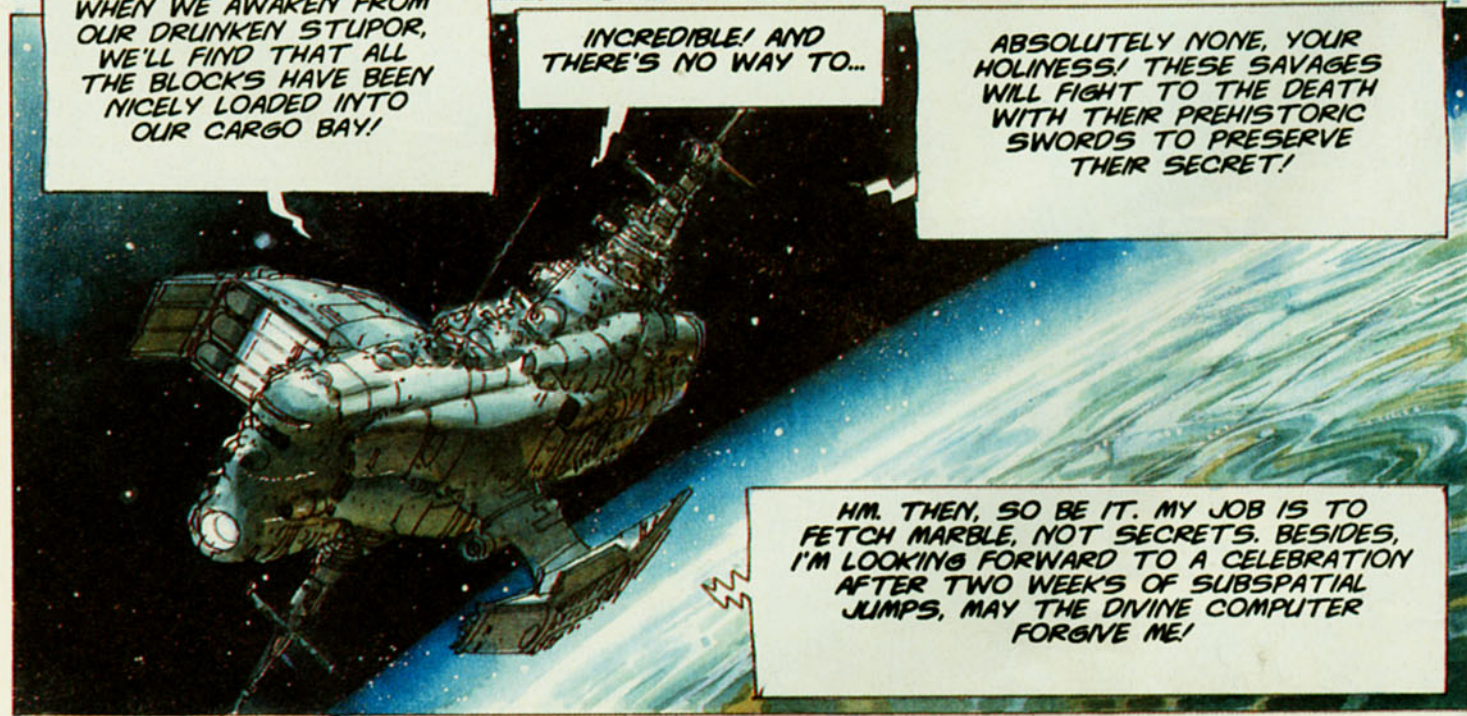


WHEN WE AWAKEN FROM OUR DRUNKEN STUPOR, WE'LL FIND THAT ALL THE BLOCKS HAVE BEEN NICELY LOADED INTO OUR CARGO BAY!

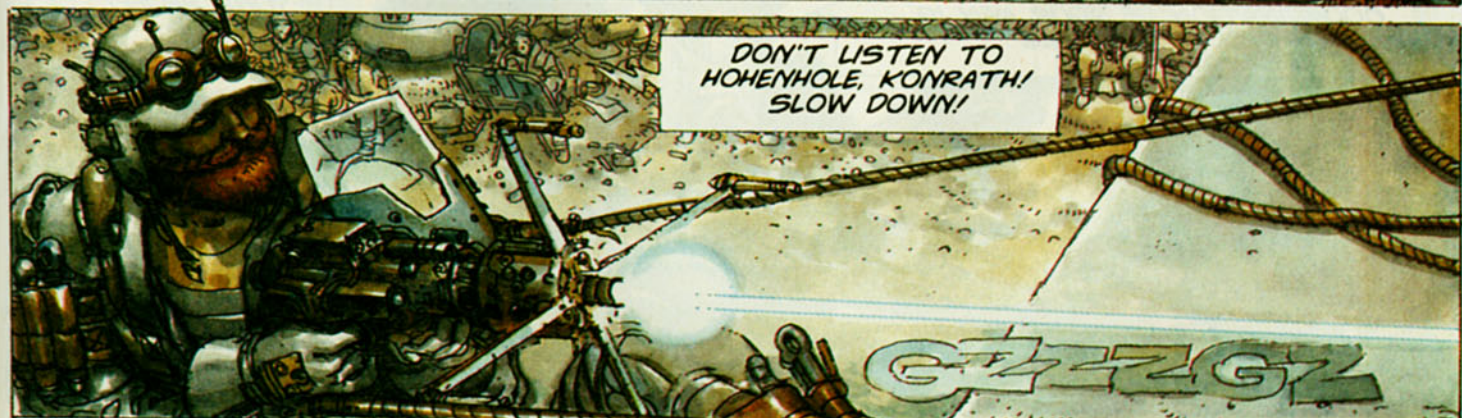
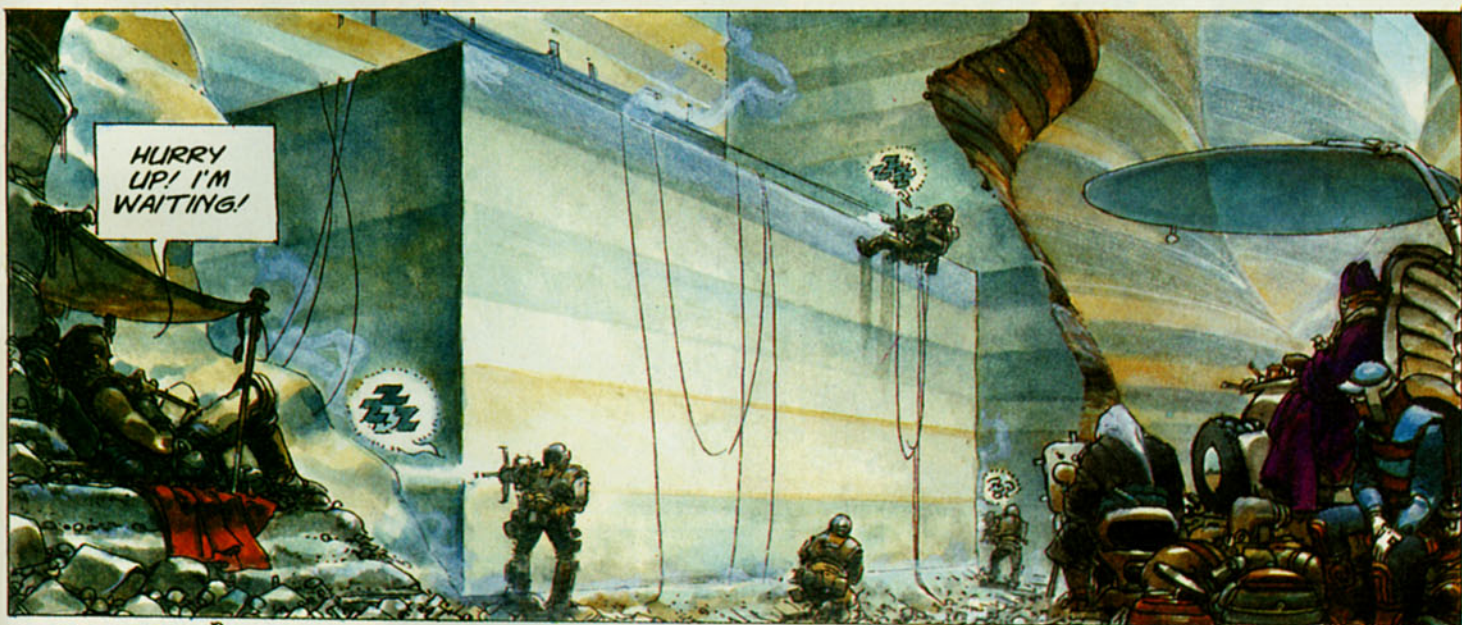
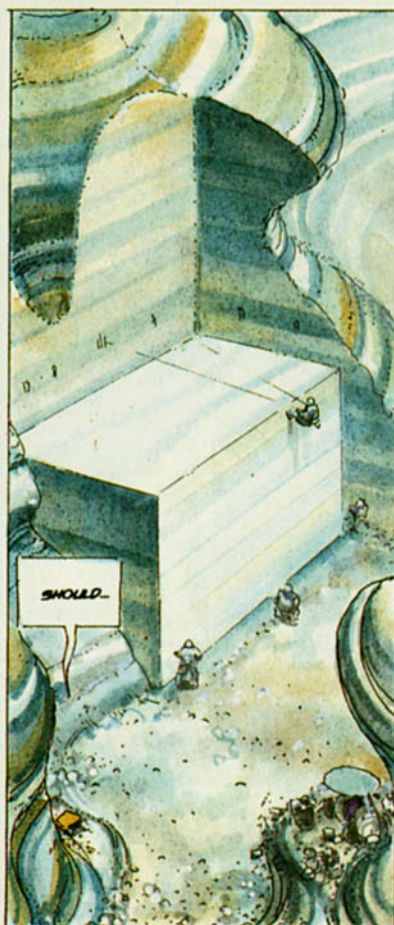
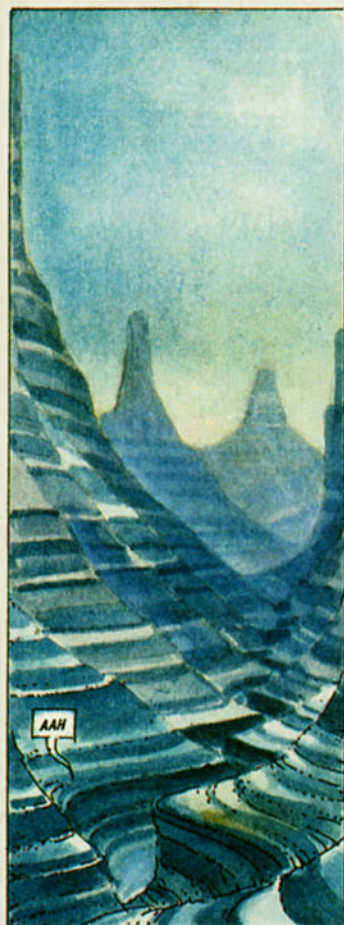
INCREDIBLE! AND THERE'S NO WAY TO...



ABSOLUTELY NONE, YOUR HOLINESS! THESE SAVAGES WILL FIGHT TO THE DEATH WITH THEIR PREHISTORIC SWORDS TO PRESERVE THEIR SECRET!

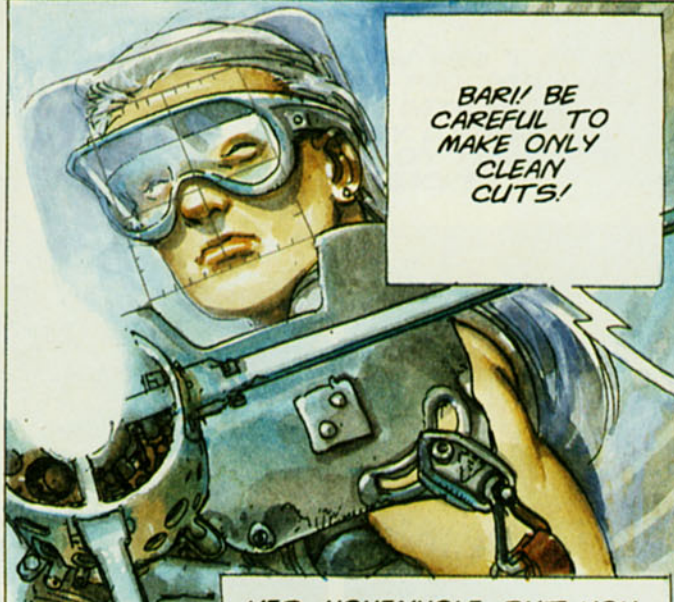


HM. THEN, SO BE IT. MY JOB IS TO FETCH MARBLE, NOT SECRETS. BESIDES, I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO A CELEBRATION AFTER TWO WEEKS OF SUBSPATIAL JUMPS, MAY THE DIVINE COMPUTER FORGIVE ME!







EDNA USE YOUR
USUAL PRECISION!




BARI! BE
CAREFUL TO
MAKE ONLY
CLEAN
CUTS!




NO WORDS OF ADVICE
FOR YOUR BELOVED SON-
IN-LAW, BERARD?




'TIS GOOD WORK
THEY DO, EH, MY
LORD BARON?



YES, HOHENHOLE, BUT YOU
CAN WIPE THAT SMIRK OFF
YOUR FACE AND GET BACK
TO WORK. WE DON'T WANT
TO STILL BE CUTTING
THESE THOUSAND BLOCK'S
A YEAR FROM NOW, DO WE?



THIS IS AMAZING, BARON! A
FIFTEEN BY THIRTY FOOT BLOCK
OF MARBLE CUT IN LESS THAN
AN HOUR! THE TALENT AND
COORDINATION OF YOUR MEN IS
TRULY INCREDIBLE

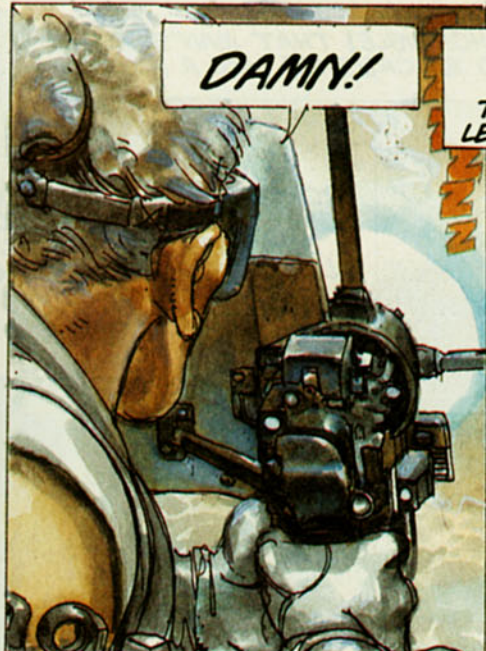


MIRACULOUS
INDEED! THEIR
TEAMWORK IS
BEYOND BELIEF!

WE'RE JUST AN
ORDINARY FAMILY, MY
LORDS, THAT'S ALL!



DAMN!



OTHON! HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I
TOLD YOU WAIT BEFORE CUTTING
THE BASE! IT'S GOING TO TAKE AT
LEAST THREE MORE MINUTES BEFORE...



SORRY, FATHER-IN-LAW,
BUT YOU KNOW HOW I
HATE PROCRASTINATION!
BESIDES, I'M QUITE
CAPABLE OF FIGURING MY
OWN TIMING!

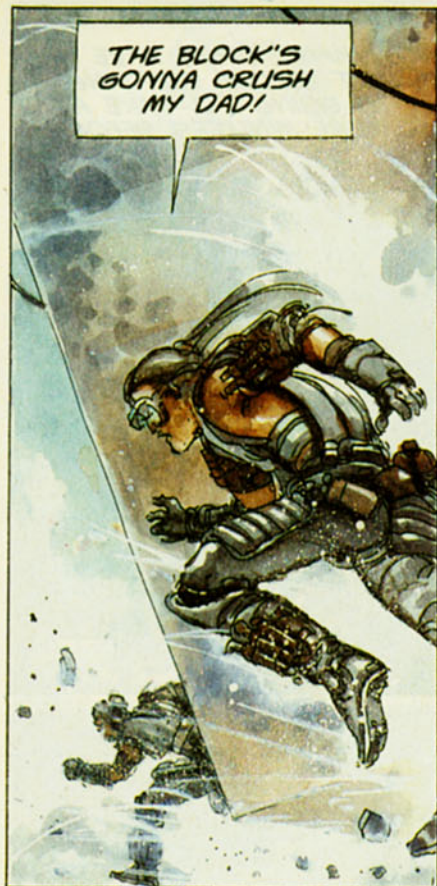


WATCH OUT,
OTHON! RUN!!

THE FOOL! I
WARNED HIM!

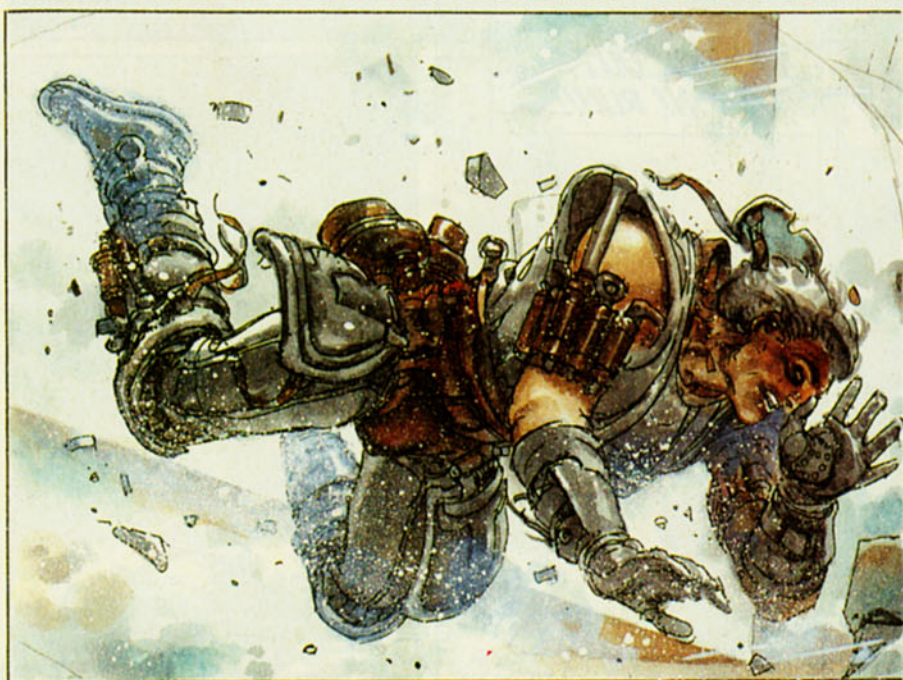
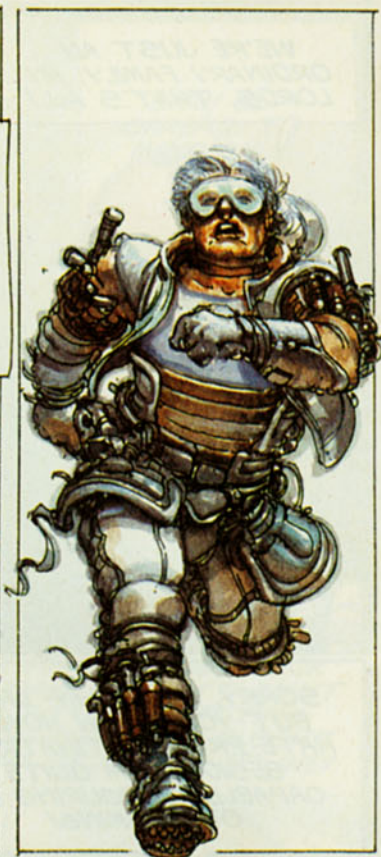
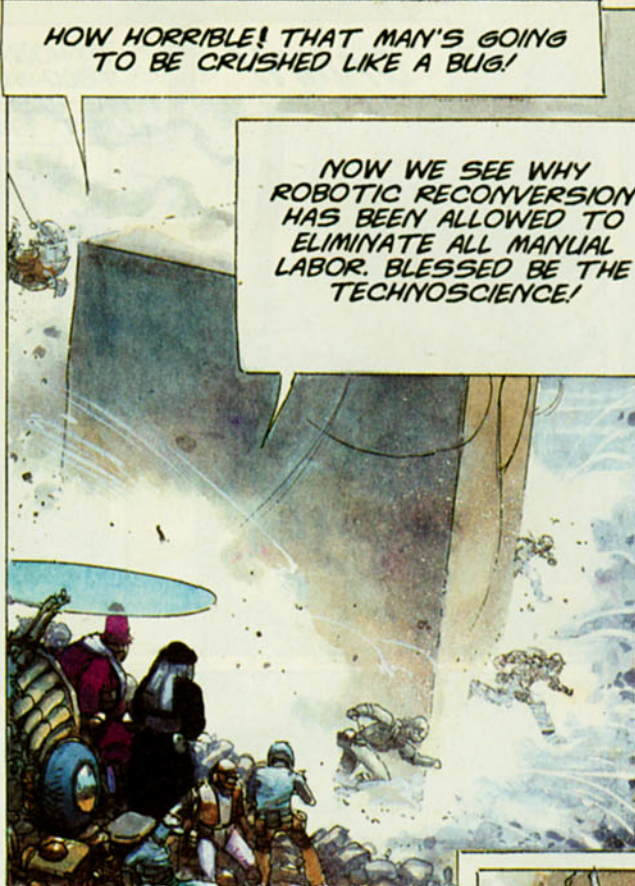


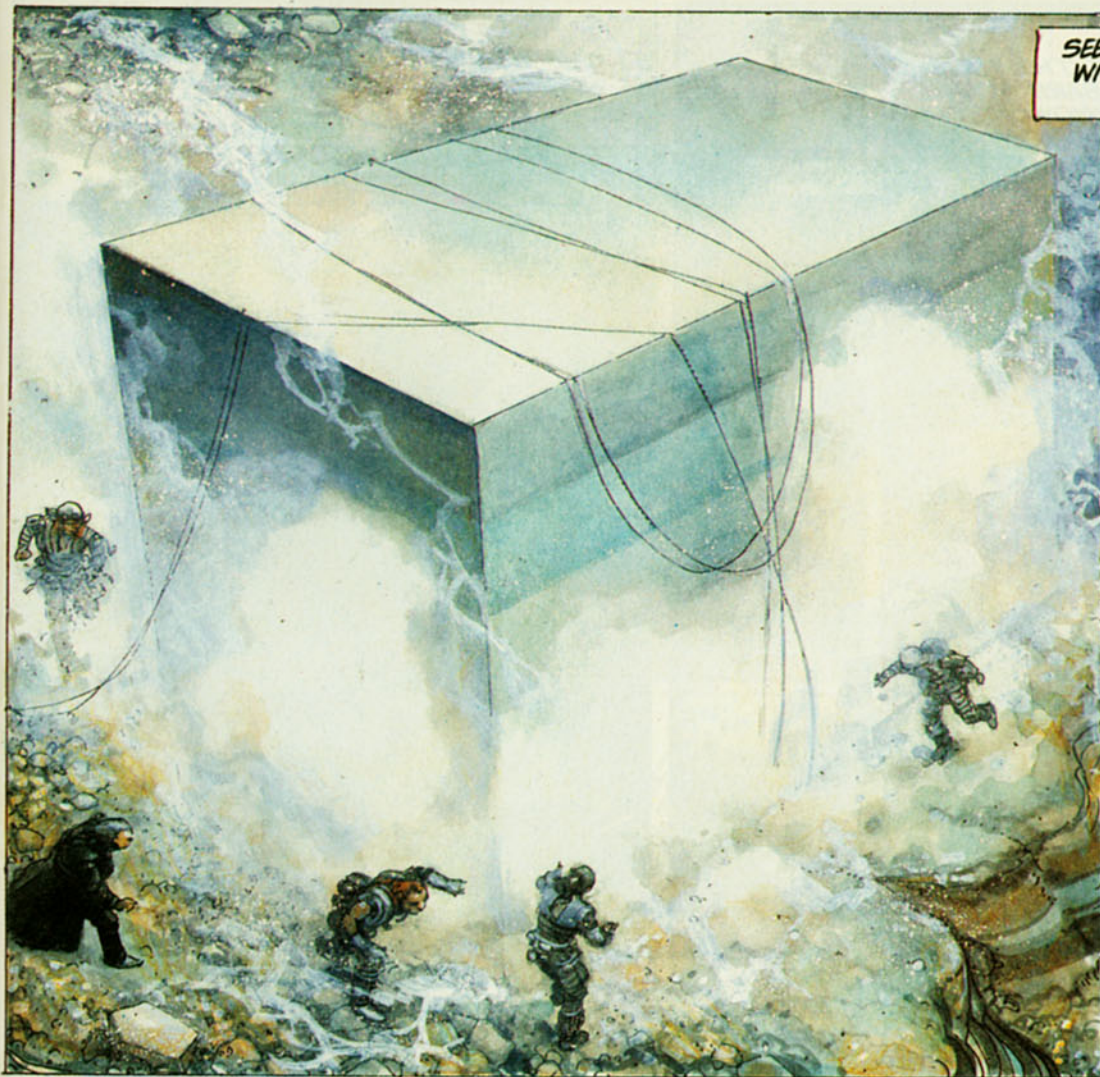
THE BLOCK'S
GONNA CRUSH
MY DAD!



HOW HORRIBLE! THAT MAN'S GOING
TO BE CRUSHED LIKE A BUG!

NOW WE SEE WHY
ROBOTIC RECONVERSION
HAS BEEN ALLOWED TO
ELIMINATE ALL MANUAL
LABOR. BLESSED BE THE
TECHNOSCIENCE!





SEE HOW HELPLESS THEY ARE
WITHOUT THE WONDERS OF
TECHNOSCIENCE!

YES, YOUR
HOLINESS!



DAMN! DAD'S STUCK
IN A CREVICE RIGHT
UNDER THAT BLOCK!

WE'LL HAVE TO CUT
IT APART TO FREE
HIM!

YOU KNOW AS
WELL AS I DO THAT'D
BE USELESS. YOUR
HUSBAND, IF HE'S STILL
ALIVE, WOULD RUN OUT
OF AIR LONG BEFORE WE
COULD GET TO HIM!

WE'VE
GOT TO
SAVE DAD!
LET'S USE
THE HOLY
OIL!

SILENCE,
FOOLISH
BOY! WE
ARE NOT
ALONE!



I'VE RAISED YOU IN THE WAYS OF THE WARRIOR, BARI! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO KNOW NEITHER FEAR NOR COMPASSION! YOUR FATHER'S DEATH IS A SACRIFICE!



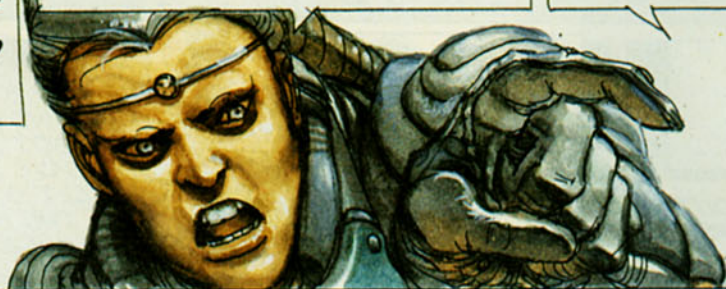
IF WE RESCUE HIM, THE EMPIRE WILL DISCOVER THAT WHICH WE'VE KEPT SECRET FOR GENERATIONS, AND GALACTIC PEACE WILL END OVERNIGHT!



YES, OF COURSE, GRANDFATHER! YOU'RE RIGHT. I'M SORRY. MY FATHER WILL HAVE DIED A HERO!

NO! NEVER!! OTHON WILL LIVE!

LOVE IS BLINDING YOU, DAUGHTER!



AND YOU ARE BLINDED BY YOUR OWN HATRED! YOU NEVER ACCEPTED OTHON BECAUSE HE WAS NOT OF NOBLE BIRTH...

...BUT ACCIDENTS HAPPEN FOR A PURPOSE! BY PRESERVING YOUR VAUNTED SECRET, YOU'VE KEPT PROGRESS AT BAY. MAYBE IT'S TIME FOR THE GALAXY TO BREAK FREE OF ITS ANTI-6 TECHNOLOGY AND ENTER A NEW ERA. WE'RE READY!



WELL SPOKEN, EDNA, BUT
TIME GROWS SCARCE! I
VOTE FOR LIFE!

SO DO IT! TO
HELL WITH THE
SECRET!

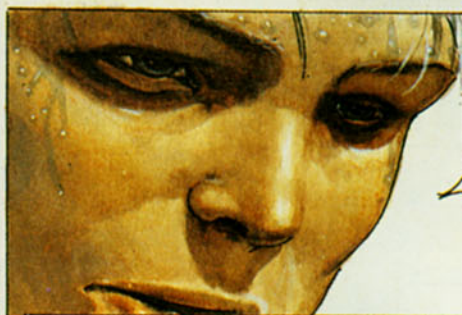


YOU HAVE BEEN
OVERRULED, FATHER!

YOU WILL
REGRET THIS!



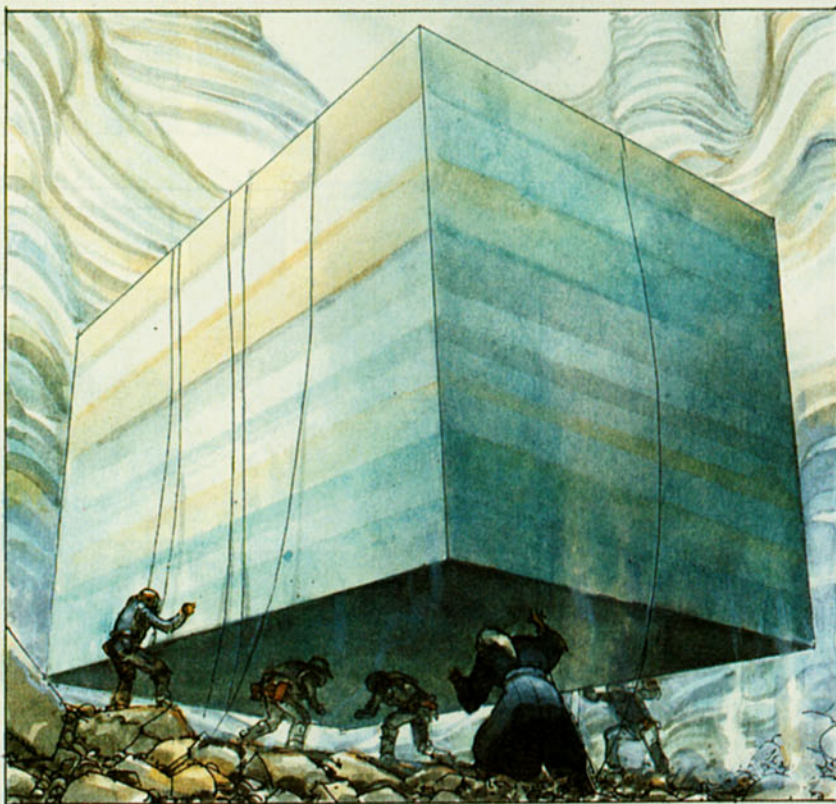
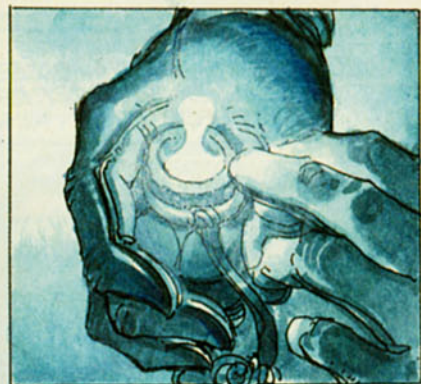
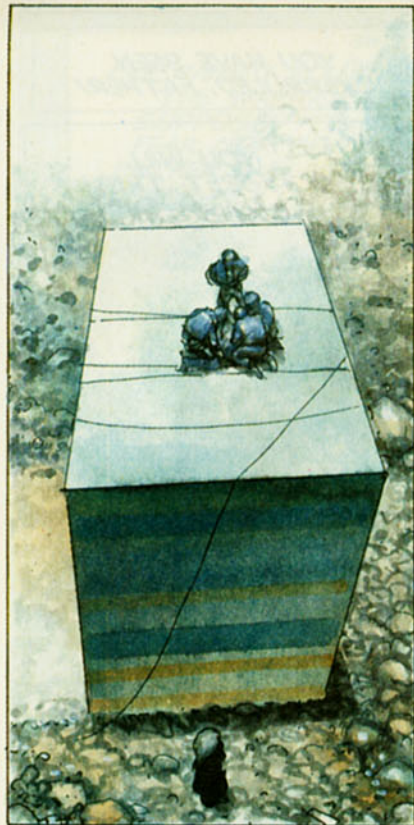
WHAT ARE WE
WAITING FOR?
LET'S RESCUE
DAD!



I'D GIVE A TON OF
LUPIMUM TO FIND OUT
WHAT'S GOING ON...

WHAT CAN THEY
DO? THE MAN
MUST BE HALF-
DEAD ALREADY!







DID YOU SEE IT,
YOUR HOLINESS?

I DID, BURSAR!
IT'S THE GREATEST
DISCOVERY OF THE
CENTURY!



YOU DAMN
FOOLS! WHY
DIDN'T YOU LET
ME DIE? NOW OUR
PEACEFUL
EXISTENCE IS
OVER!



MY SON-IN-LAW AT LAST
PROVES WORTHY OF OUR LINE!

...UNLESS WE KILL ALL
THE OUT WORLDERS TO
PROTECT THE SECRET!



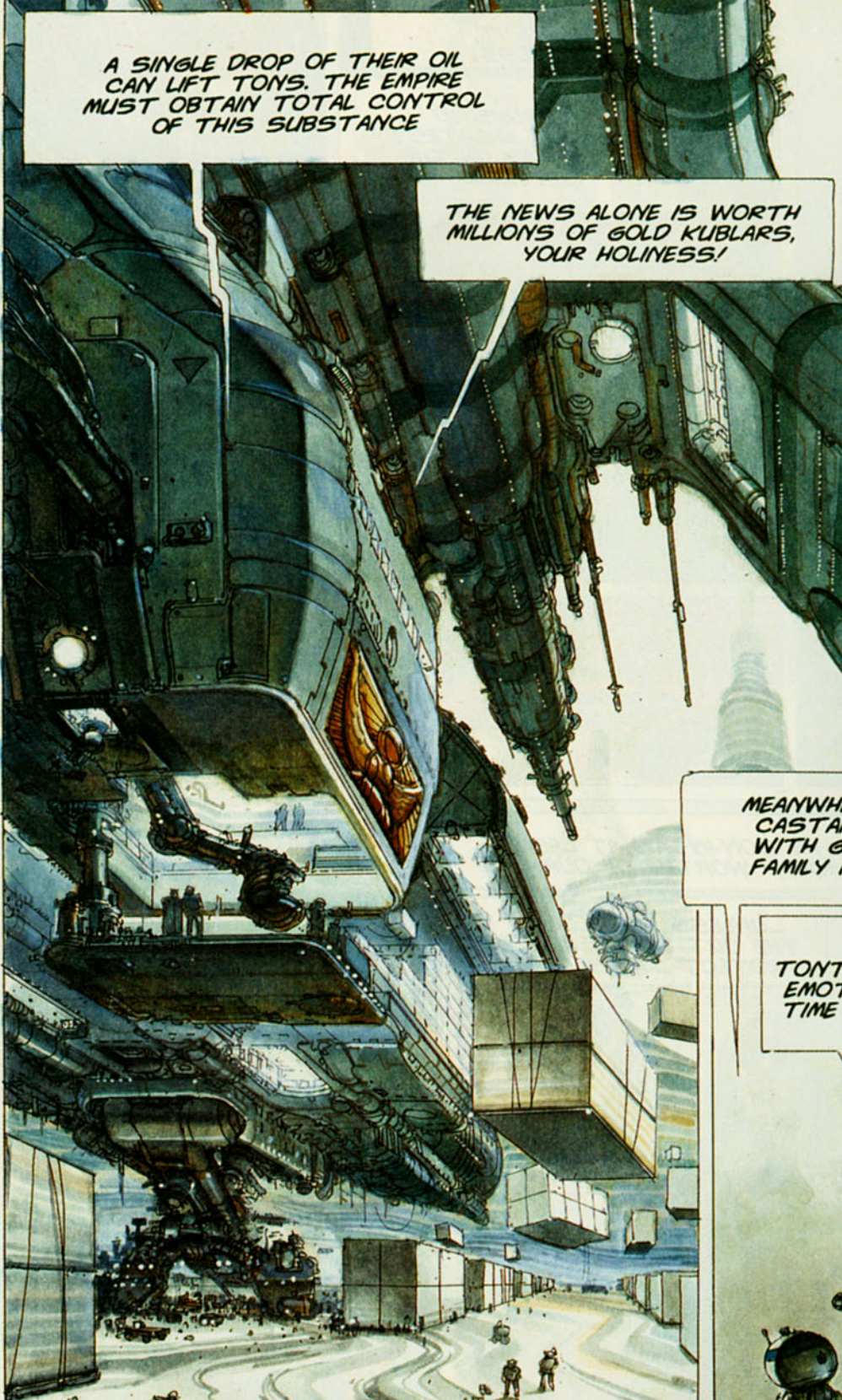
NO! YOU MUST STOP THINKING
LIKE THE PIRATE YOU ONCE
WERE, OTHON! AFTER I DIE,
YOU'LL BE BARON OF CASTAKA
IN MY STEAD, AND THE OATH
OF FEALTY WE SWORE TO THE
EMPIRE CAN'T BE BROKEN!



BUT...

ENOUGH! LET'S GIVE THEM
THEIR MARBLE, THEN WE MUST
PREPARE TO FACE THE COMING
STORMS WITH HONOR!






A SINGLE DROP OF THEIR OIL
CAN LIFT TONS. THE EMPIRE
MUST OBTAIN TOTAL CONTROL
OF THIS SUBSTANCE

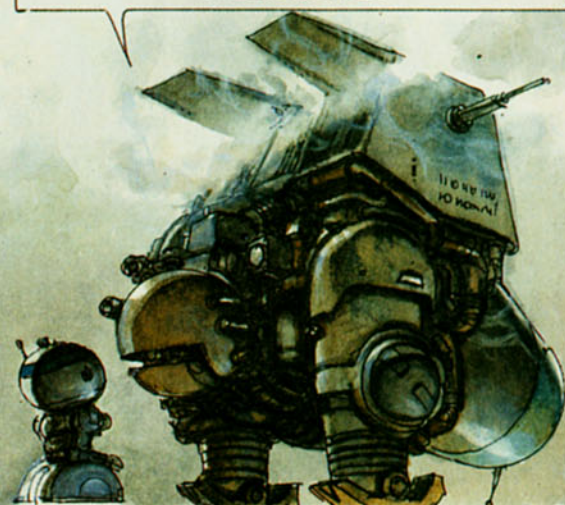
THE NEWS ALONE IS WORTH
MILLIONS OF GOLD KUBLARS,
YOUR HOLINESS!

"THUS, WHEN THE
CARGO SHIP LEFT
MARMOLEA, IT SET
COURSE TOWARDS THE
PLANET OF GOLD, SEAT
OF ALL THE GREAT
POWERS OF THE
GALACTIC EMPIRE...




MEANWHILE, BARON BERARD OF
CASTAKA, HIS HEART FILLED
WITH GLOOM, GATHERED HIS
FAMILY INSIDE HIS CITADEL'S
ARMORY...

WAIT 07:03 SECONDS,
TONTU! I JUST BLEW AN ELECTRO-
EMOTION CHIP AND I MUST ALLOW
TIME FOR MY SYSTEMS TO REPAIR
THEMSELVES!




VERY WELL... AS I SAID,
IN THE GREAT ARMORY...







"...WHERE THE USE OF MODERN WEAPONS WAS PROHIBITED, WHILE ANTIQUE ONES FROM TERRA PRIMA WERE REVERED. AFTER A FEW MINUTES OF MEDITATION...




"...THE BARON ATTACKED OTHON WITH A SHORT DAGGER, HIS WEAPON OF CHOICE...



HE MUST'VE GONE MAD! WATCH OUT, OTHON! HE'S TRYING TO KILL YOU!



GRANDFATHER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



DON'T INTERFERE, BARI! IT WAS BOUND TO HAPPEN! LET THE BEST MAN WIN!





I LET YOU STAB ME IN THE SHOULDER ON PURPOSE. I SUFFERED A FLESH WOUND IN ORDER TO GAIN FINAL VICTORY!

YOU'RE THE BEST STUDENT I EVER HAD, OTHON. YOU'RE BETTER THAN I IN EVERY RESPECT, BUT ONE- YOU ALWAYS BELIEVE YOU CAN WIN WITHOUT SACRIFICE. THE GIFT OF SELF IS UNKNOWN TO YOU. YET, IT IS BY LEARNING HOW TO LOSE THAT ONE EVENTUALLY WINS!

FINALLY
I SEE,
MASTER...

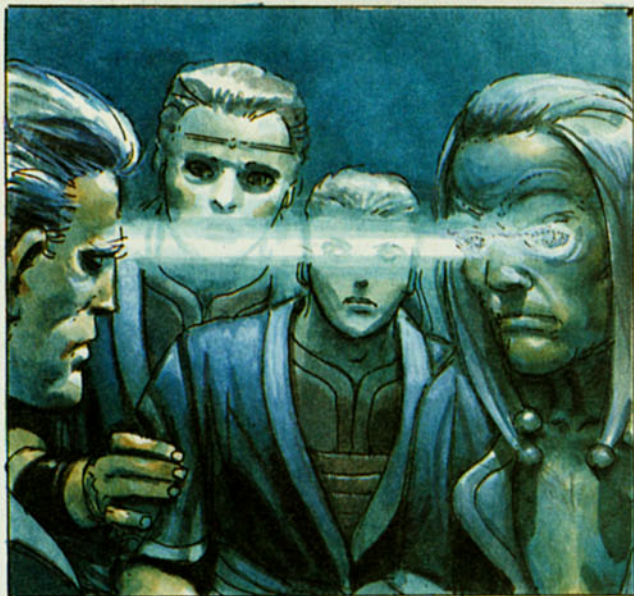
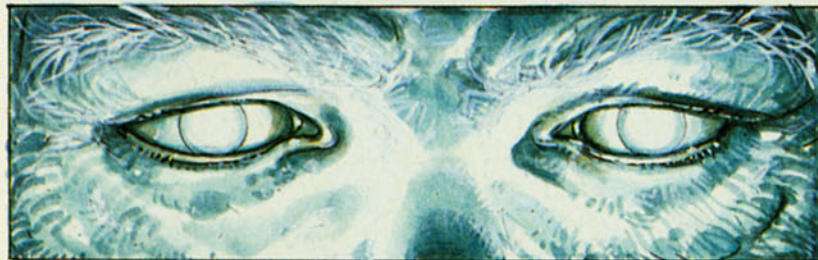
WHEN I SAW YOU EMERGE FROM UNDER THAT BLOCK, ANGRY AT THE THOUGHT THAT WE'D RISKED ALL TO SAVE YOU, I TOO FINALLY SAW THAT MY DAUGHTER HADN'T ERRED WHEN SHE CHOSE YOU TO BE HER MATE. YOU ARE A WORTHY SUCCESSOR...

OTHON VON SALZA,
ARE YOU READY TO
SACRIFICE YOURSELF
AGAIN TO GAIN ALL
MY KNOWLEDGE?

YES, FATHER!

GOOD! DO YOU SEE THE BIRD-SHAPED BIRTHMARK? ALL CASTAKAN LORDS BEAR IT. IT WILL BE YOURS WHEN YOU ASSUME YOUR INHERITANCE!

NOW LOOK DEEPLY INTO MY EYES, AND
LET THE TRANSFER PROCESS BEGIN!



THE MIND TRANSFER
IS NOW COMPLETE!



I'VE BECOME PART OF YOU, OTHON, SO
THAT YOU'LL BE ABLE TO CARRY ON OUR PROUD
TRADITION. IT'S TIME FOR ME TO GO...



NO! FATHER!

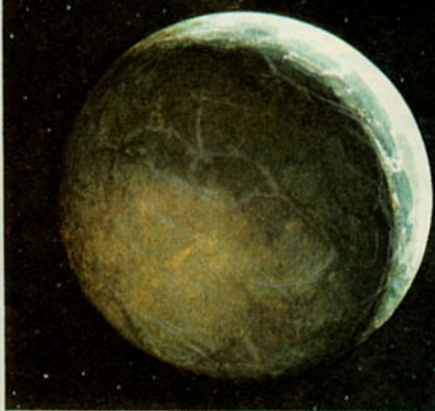
ENOUGH, EDNA!
DON'T LET UNWORTHY
EMOTIONS CLOUD YOUR
WARRIOR SPIRIT!



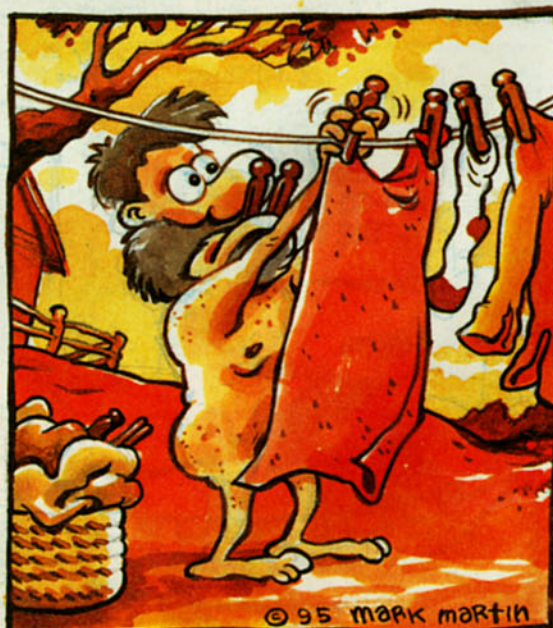
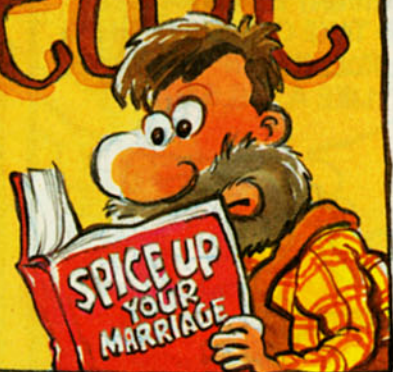
MY LIFE ENDS NOW.
CHARGES THAT I DO
NOT WISH TO SEE
WILL COME. CARRION
FROM THE FOUR
CORNERS OF THE
EMPIRE WILL INVADE
OUR BEAUTIFUL
PLANET TO STEAL
ITS BEAUTIFUL
BLOOD...

...THEY'LL USE OUR
SACRED OIL TO
FURTHER THEIR
CONQUESTS AND
PLUNDERING. I
REFUSE TO BEAR
WITNESS TO THAT!

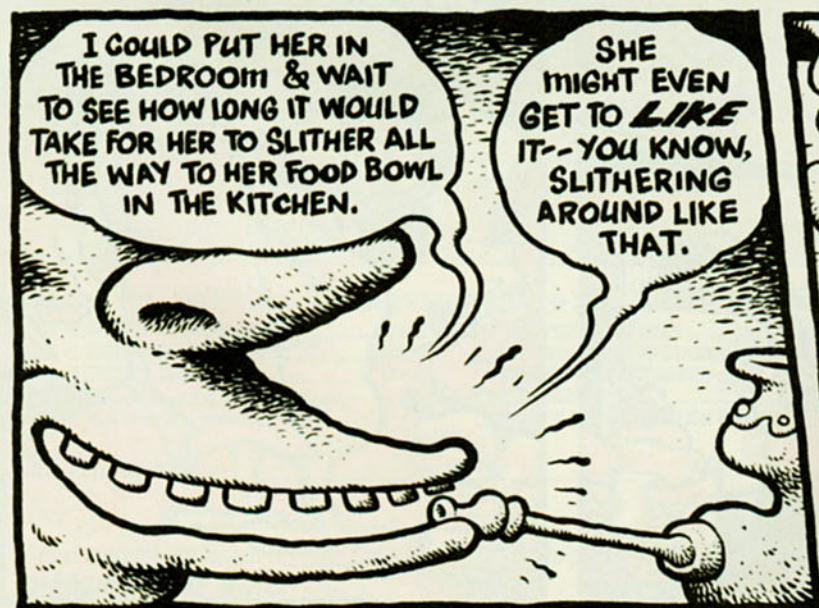
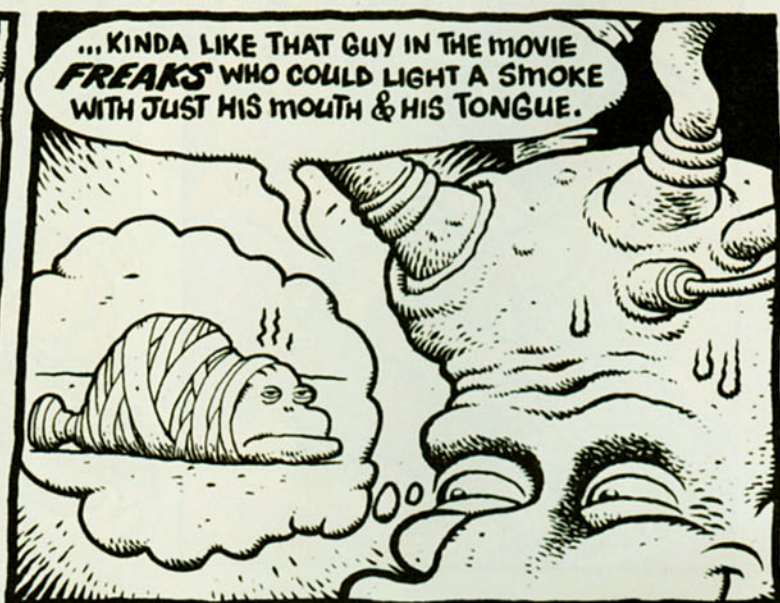
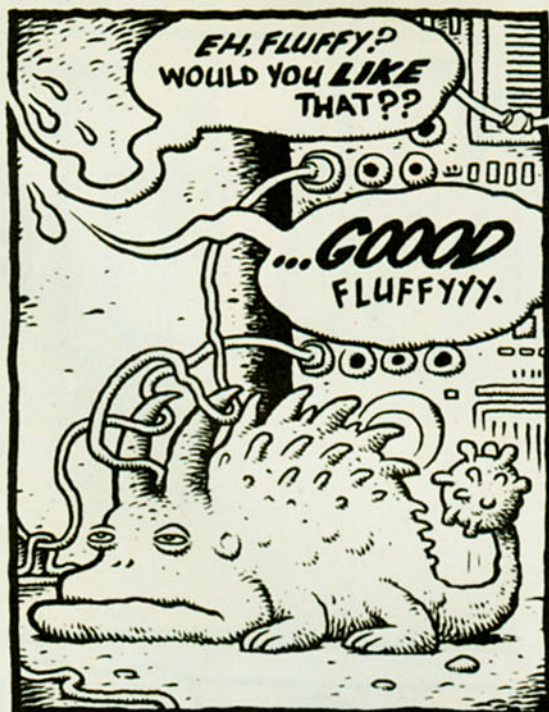
WHEN MY HEART
STOPS BEATING, BURY
MY BODY IN THE GREAT
AZURE OCEAN!



"StripTease"



© 95 MARK MARTIN



Young models posed naked
& mutated by radiation!



SECRET SUPER TEAM

OUR STORY OPENS IN THE WHITE HOUSE, WHERE AN HISTORIC MEETING IS TAKING PLACE...

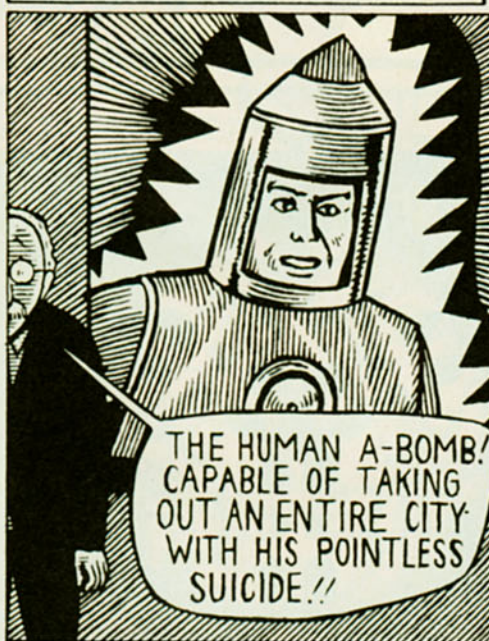
MR. PRESIDENT, I'LL COME STRAIGHT TO THE POINT... I PROPOSE ASSEMBLING A SECRET TEAM OF AMERICA'S MIGHTIEST SUPERHEROES... TO BE USED AT YOUR DISCRETION! LIGHTS, PLEASE



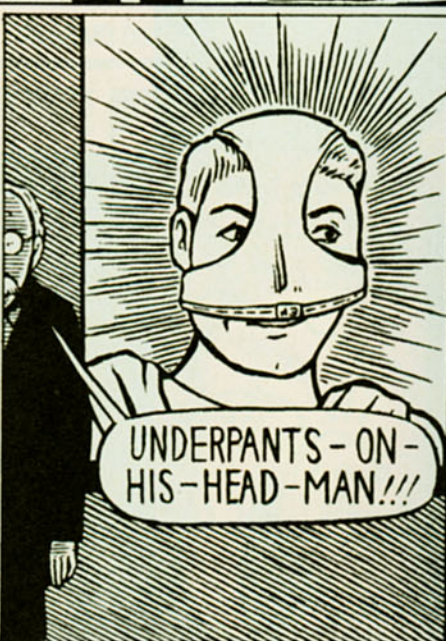
HEADING THE TEAM, THE SILVER CYCLONE!!! HE'S SILVER... AND A CYCLONE... AND STUFF...



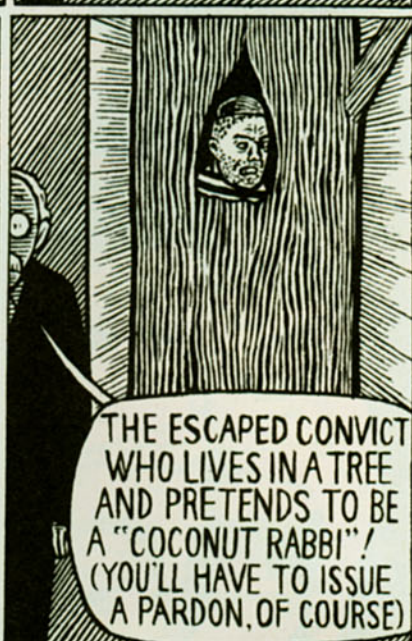
THE HUMAN A-BOMB! CAPABLE OF TAKING OUT AN ENTIRE CITY WITH HIS POINTLESS SUICIDE!!



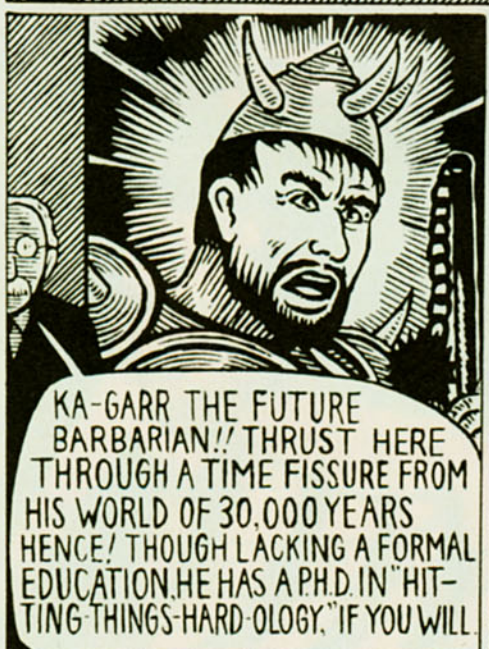
UNDERPANTS - ON - HIS - HEAD - MAN!!!



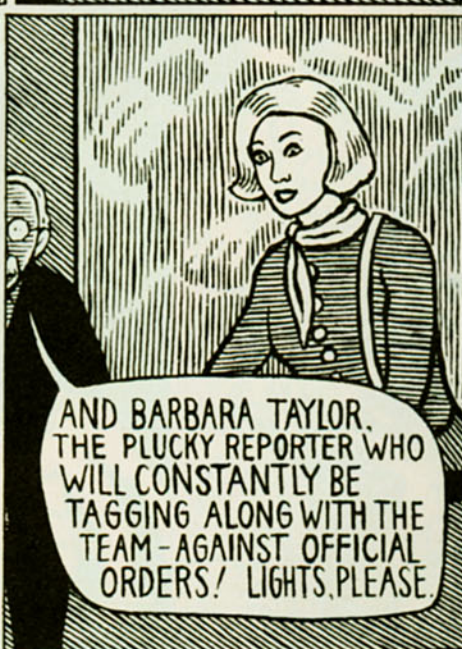
THE ESCAPED CONVICT WHO LIVES IN A TREE AND PRETENDS TO BE A "COCONUT RABBI"! (YOU'LL HAVE TO ISSUE A PARDON, OF COURSE)



KA-GARR THE FUTURE BARBARIAN!! THRUST HERE THROUGH A TIME FISSURE FROM HIS WORLD OF 30,000 YEARS HENCE! THOUGH LACKING A FORMAL EDUCATION, HE HAS A PH.D. IN "HITTING THINGS HARD-OLGY," IF YOU WILL



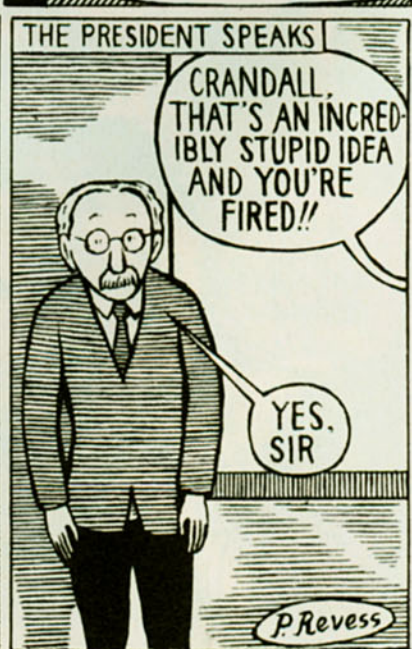
AND BARBARA TAYLOR, THE PLUCKY REPORTER WHO WILL CONSTANTLY BE TAGGING ALONG WITH THE TEAM - AGAINST OFFICIAL ORDERS! LIGHTS, PLEASE



THE PRESIDENT SPEAKS

CRANDALL, THAT'S AN INCREDIBLY STUPID IDEA AND YOU'RE FIRED!!

YES, SIR



P. Revers

Mack White presents Those Little Rascallions

BUDDHA AND HIS BUDDIES

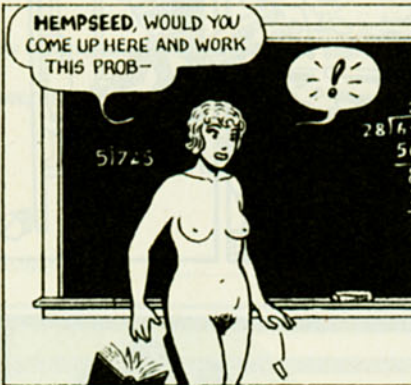
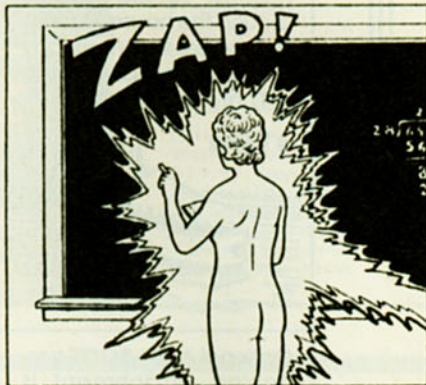


"TEACHER, TEACHER, I DECLARE—I RECKON YOUR UNDERWEAR!"

ONE MORNING IN THE SCHOOLYARD, KRL—THE KID FROM BEYOND—SHOWS OFF HIS LATEST INVENTION...



LATER... NOW, CLASS, TURN TO PAGE 234...



LATER... THAT WAS FUN! WHO CAN WE TRY IT ON NEXT? SAY, FELLERS!



WHAT IS IT, JANUS? I JUST SAW INTO THE FUTURE, AND MISS CRABBS IS GONNA GET FIRED UNLESS WE DO SOMETHING!



GOSH, I FEEL BAD NOW! I OUGHTTA TRASH THIS OLD INVENTION! DON'T TRASH IT YET! I GOT A PLAN!



A LIKELY STORY, MISS CRABBS. I'M AFRAID THIS BOARD HAS NO ALTERNATIVE BUT TO—



ZAP! —FIRE YOU.



JUST AS I SUSPECTED! THOSE LITTLE RASCALLIONS!



PROFESSOR PAP nearly dies from laughter!

BY MICHAEL AUSHINKER ©1992

PROF. PAP EAVESDROPS ON PROF. PLAID'S DATE

OH, FILBERT, I'M SO TIRED OF GOING THROUGH THE MEAT MARKET! I WANT A GUY WHO WILL RESPECT ME FOR WHO I AM! SOMEONE WHO WON'T MISTREAT ME! WHO WILL BE THERE FOR ME, EVEN THE MORNING AFTER! SOMEONE CARING, FUNNY, INTELLIGENT, SENSITIVE! SOMEONE WHO UNDERSTANDS! DO YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?



AH, THE FRUITS OF SUCCESS! ONCE AGAIN, I PROVIDE A RECIPE FOR ROMANCE: A DASH OF CHARM, A SPRINKLE OF WIT, AND JUST A PINCH OF HYPNOSIS!



MUST HAVE!

CARTOONIST PILLOW

When the muse refuses to obey your command, sheer will power is not going to do the trick. Why not surrender to this inflatable pillow? Perhaps a dream will provide the inspiration or answer you seek. Doubles as a Life Preserver.

\$24.99



MIRACLE FOOT MOP

No need to stoop or bend when doing one of the nastiest servile chores around the house. Adjustable velcro strap turns any shoe (or the bare foot itself) into a scrub brush.

\$19.99



Optional AGRI-BOOT gardening attachment is great for yard work.

\$9.99



INSECT PERFUME

Thousands of flying ants yield but a few drops of this unique goo, which has a surprisingly violet odor. Aphrodisiac properties proven.

\$69.99



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X-RATED



SPECS

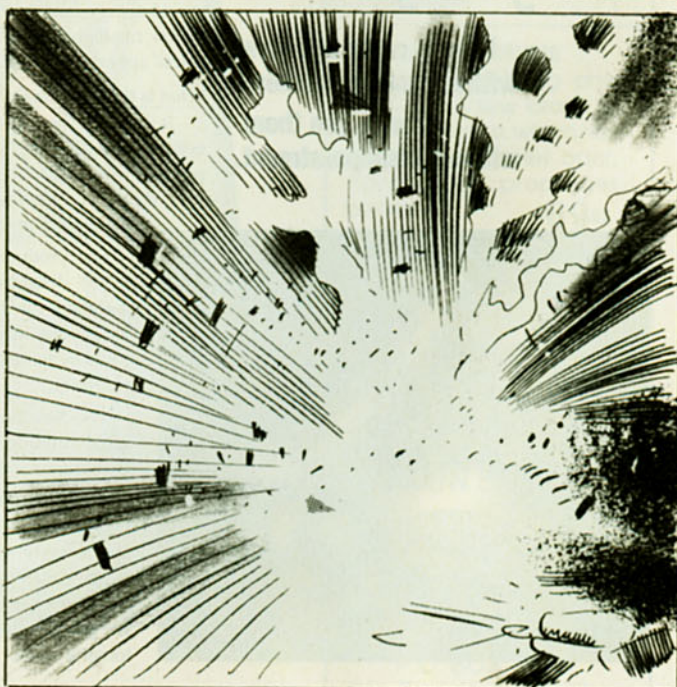
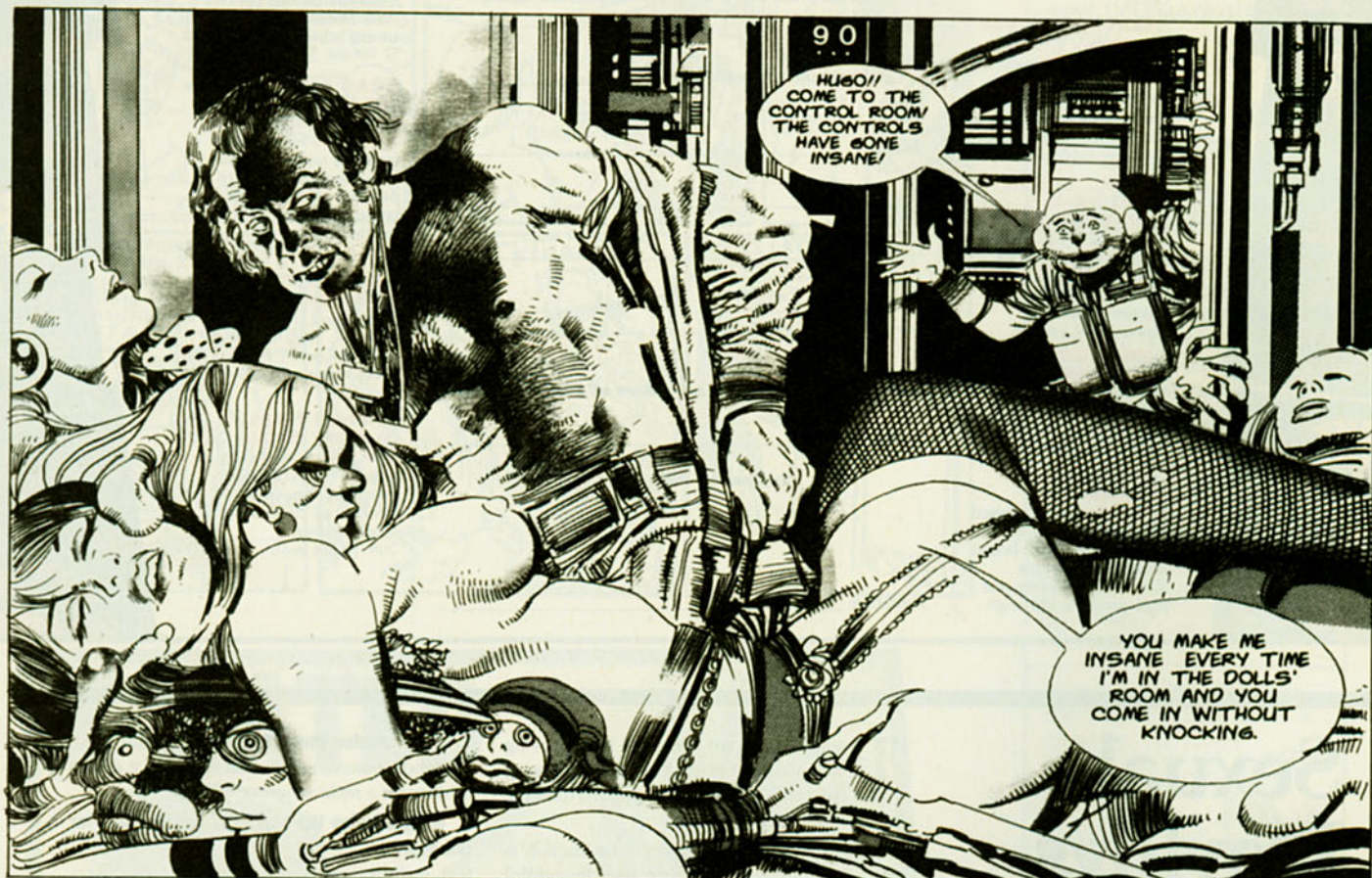
Your hand is your friend.

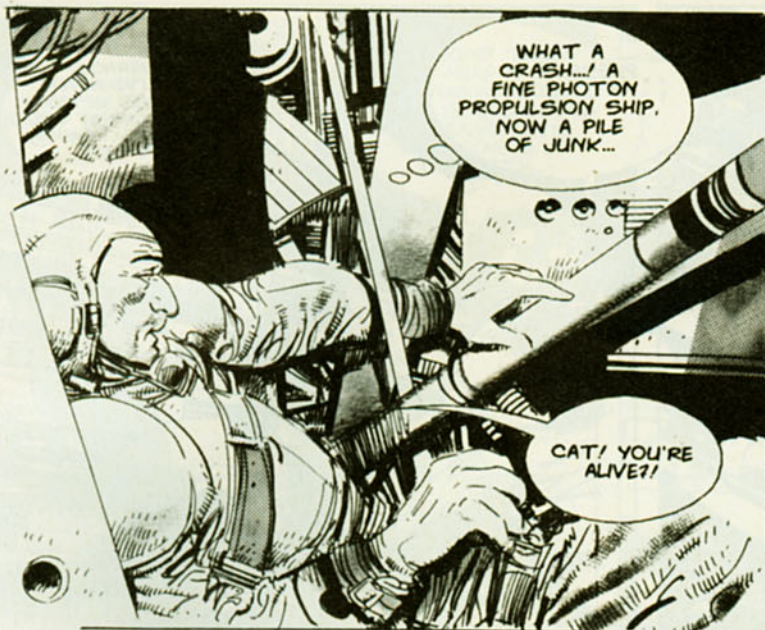
Scientific optical principle really works you up. Imagine—you put on the Specs and hold your hand in front of you. You seem to be able to see naked body flesh underneath. Loads your bone at parties.

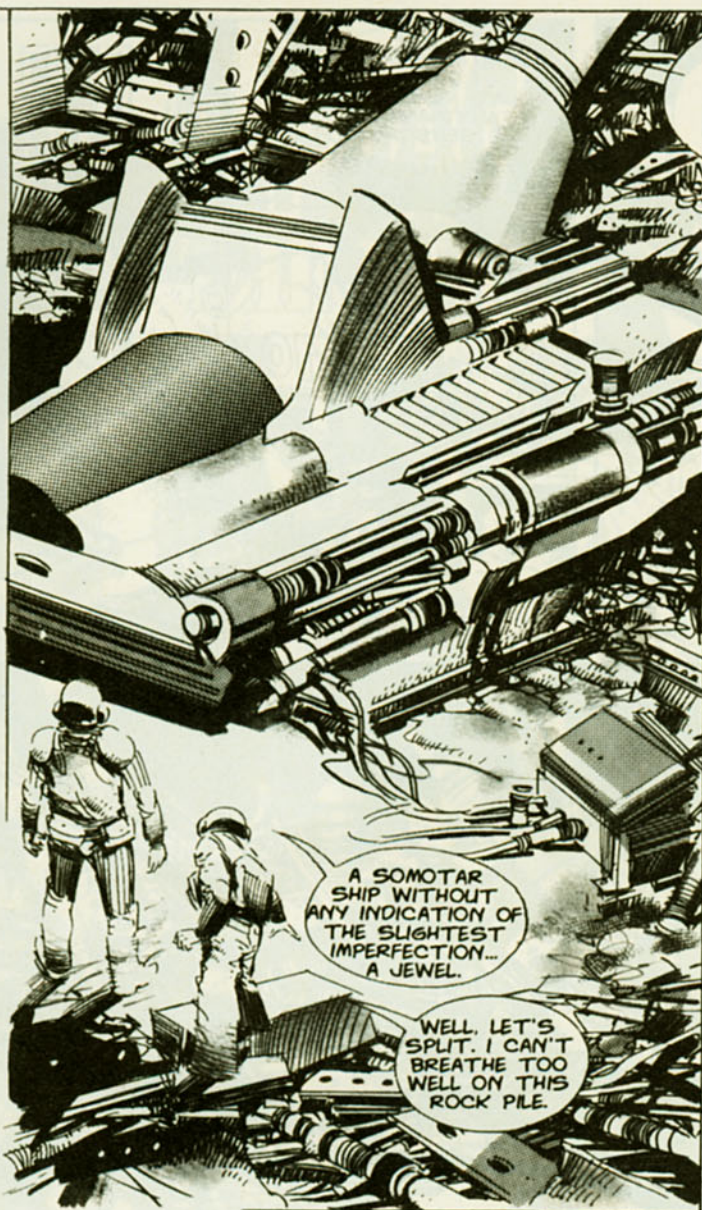
No. FL7

\$1.00

IN A PLACE OF THE MIND ZONE F





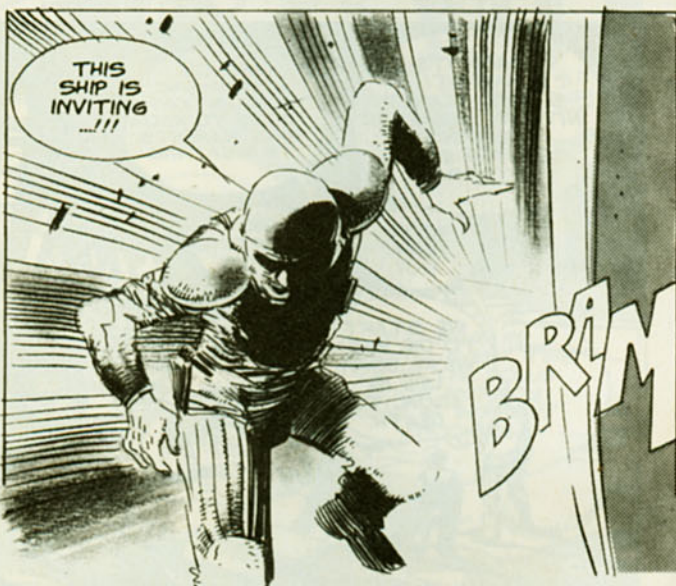


A
PRESENT. A
GIFT FROM
GOD.

A MIRACLE!
YOU'VE NEVER
BELIEVED IN ANY-
THING! WHAT GOD
ARE YOU TALKING
ABOUT?

A SOMOTAR
SHIP WITHOUT
ANY INDICATION OF
THE SLIGHTEST
IMPERFECTION...
A JEWEL.

WELL, LET'S
SPLIT. I CAN'T
BREATHE TOO
WELL ON THIS
ROCK PILE.



THIS
SHIP IS
INVITING
...!!!

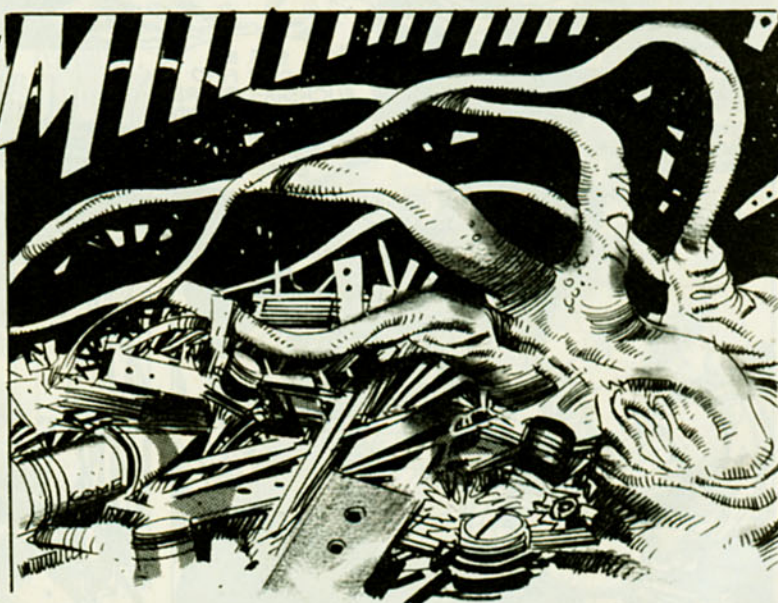
BRIM

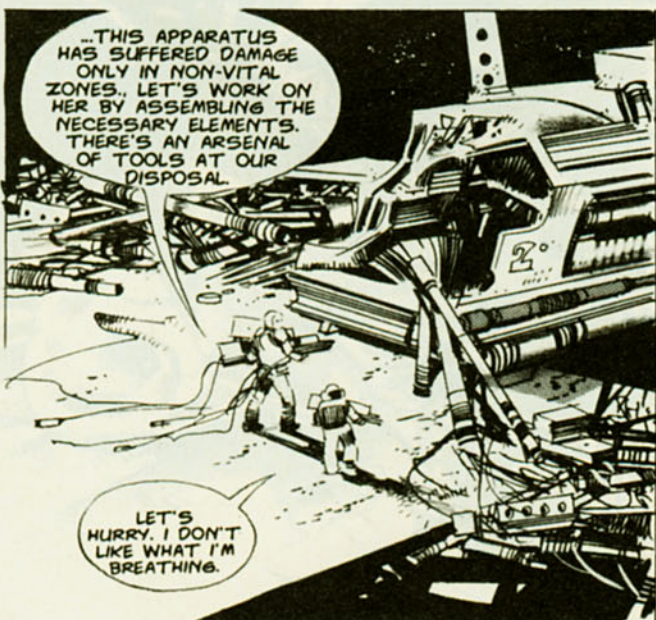
—YES, BUT I
HOLD THE INVITATIONS.
AND WITH THOSE LITTLE
STRIPS, MIGHT I KNOW
WHERE YOU'RE FROM
WITH THOSE PATCHED
UP CLOTHES AND THOSE
LONG SLEEVES? GEEZERS,
YOU'RE SUCH OLD
TIMERS!

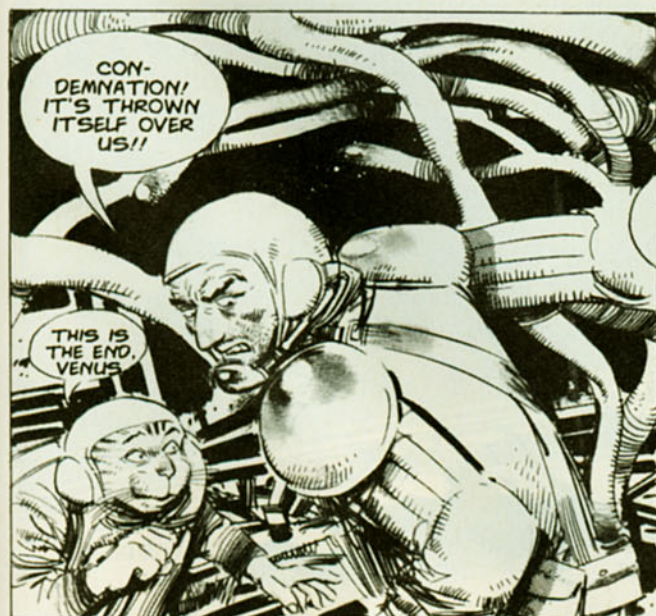
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55

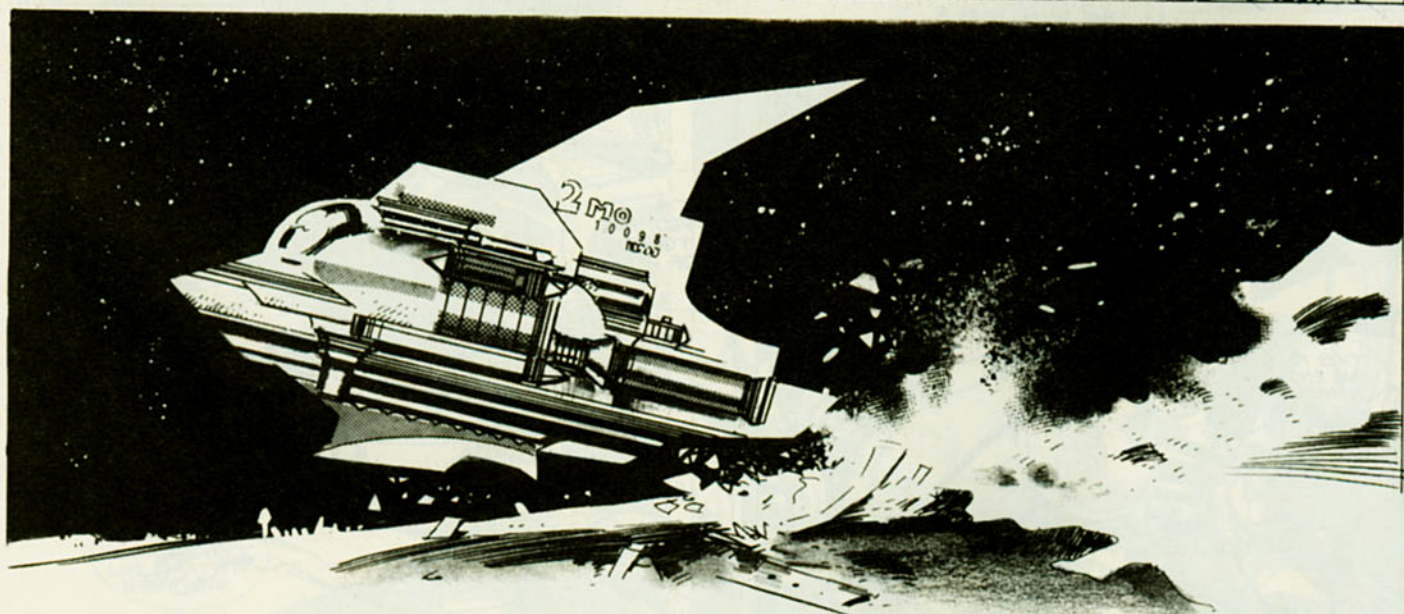
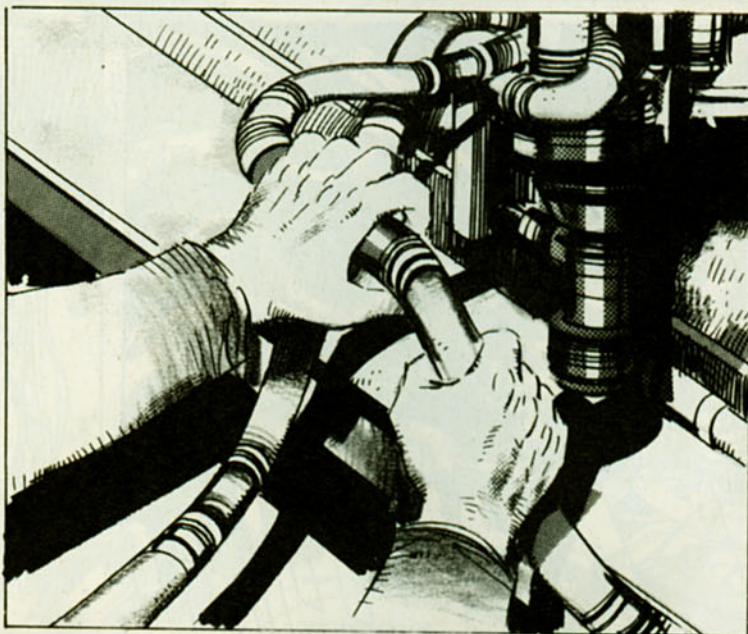
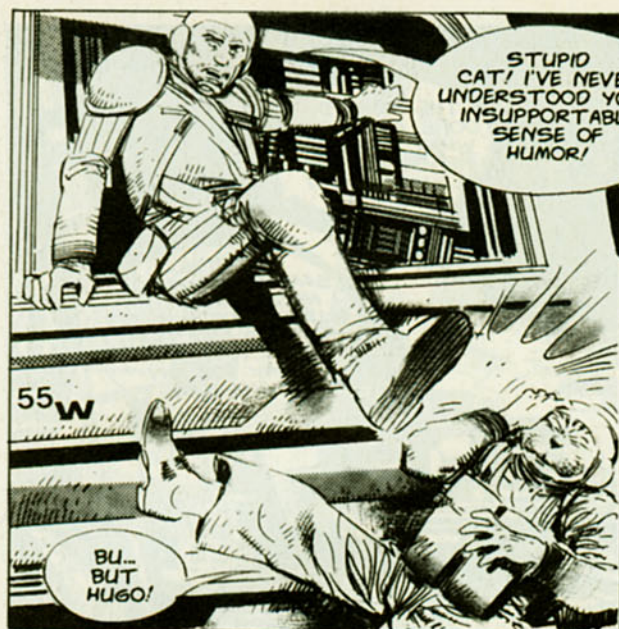
WHAT
LITTLE
CLASS. YOU
SEEM LIKE
PIONEERS.

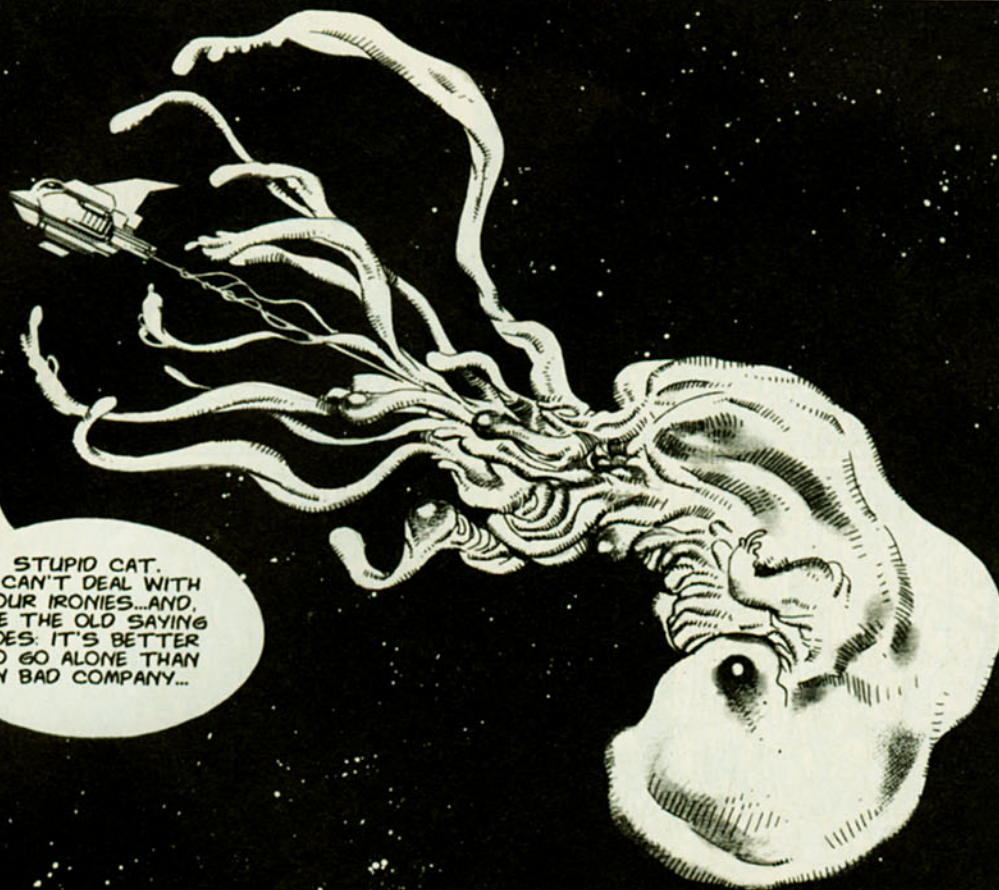
BRIEFLY, THE
SHIP BEFORE YOU
HAS BEEN CONSTRUCTED
OF THE REMAINS OF
OTHER SHIPS THAT HAVE
CRASHED ON THIS MAGNET.
IT'S THE ONLY WAY OUT
OF HERE. OTHERS
MADE IT...



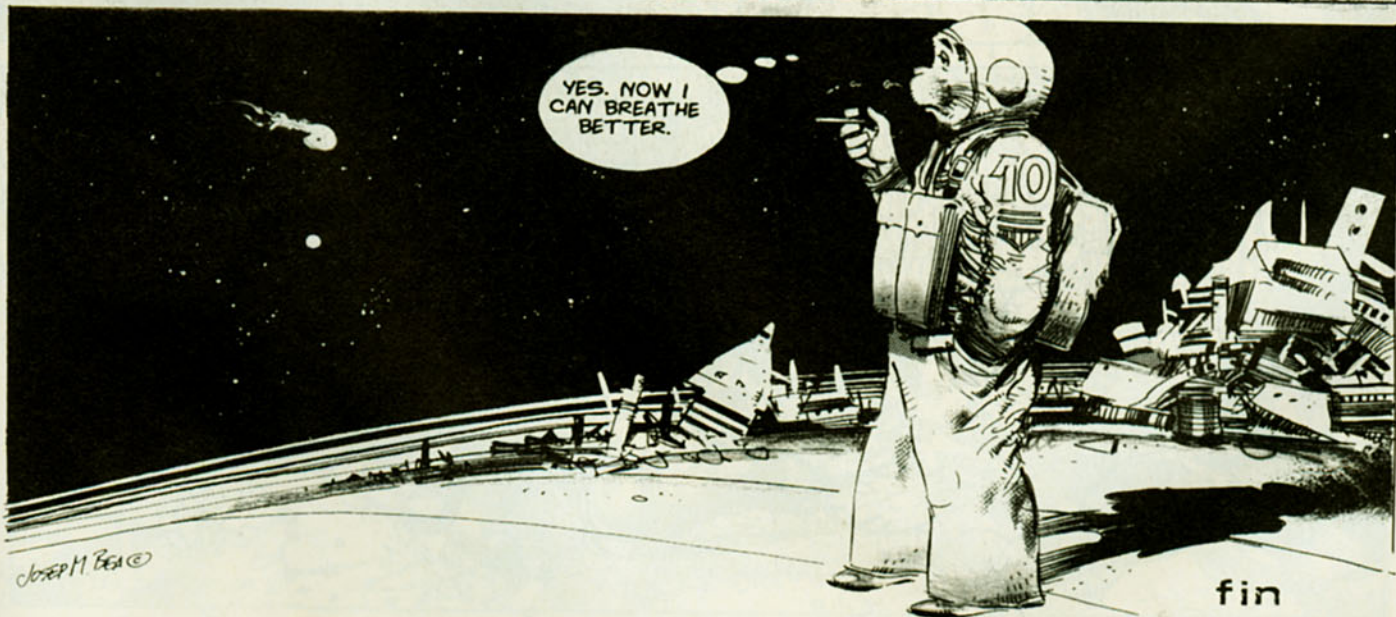








STUPID CAT.
I CAN'T DEAL WITH
YOUR IRONIES...AND,
LIKE THE OLD SAYING
GOES: IT'S BETTER
TO GO ALONE THAN
IN BAD COMPANY...

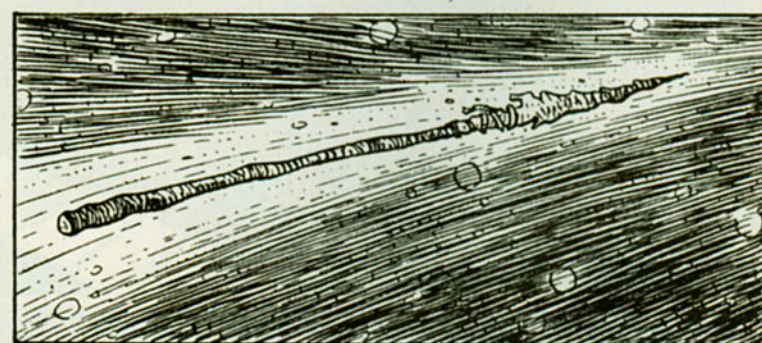
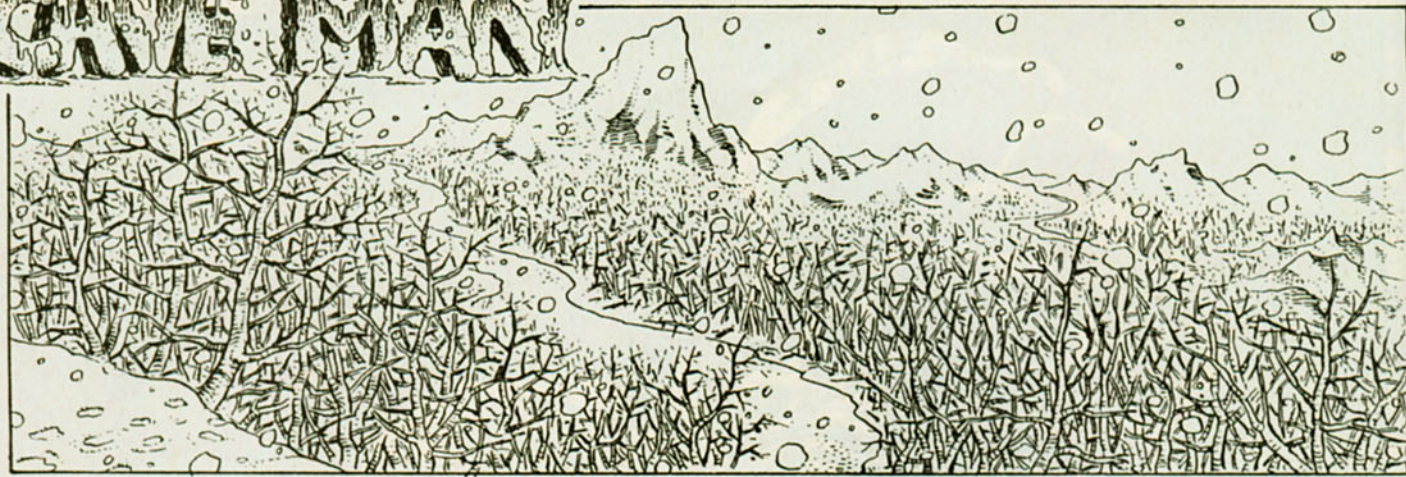


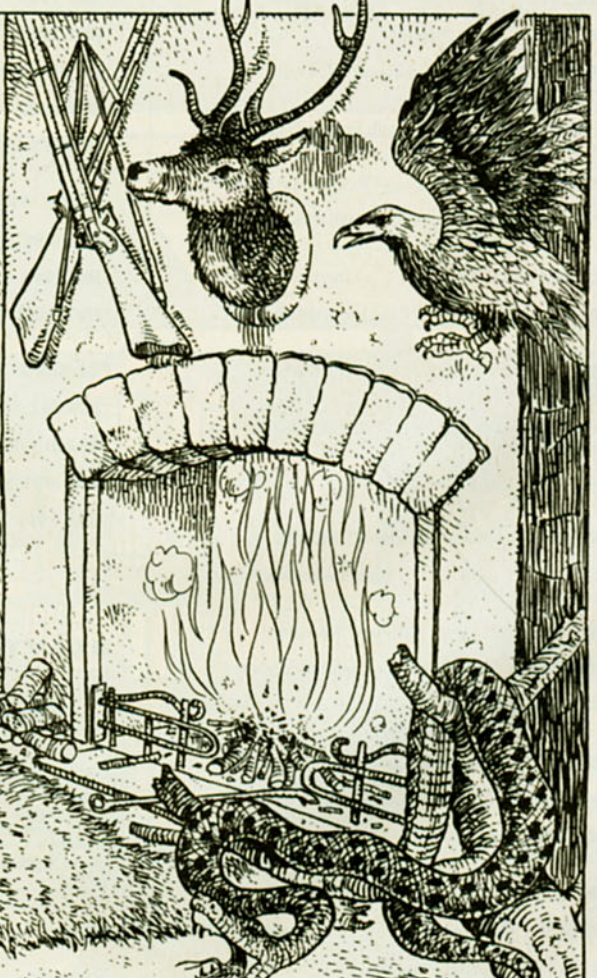
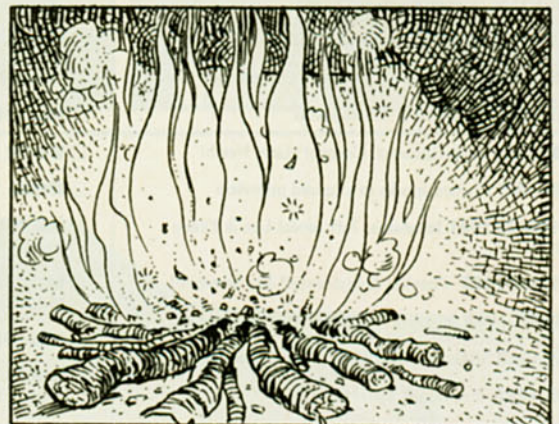
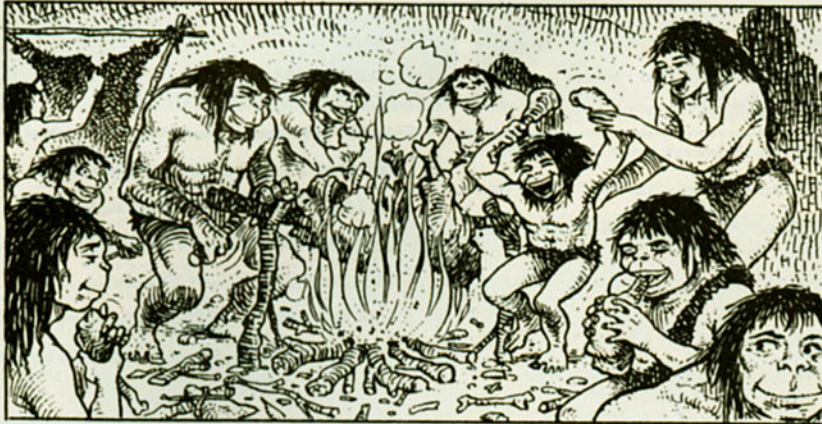
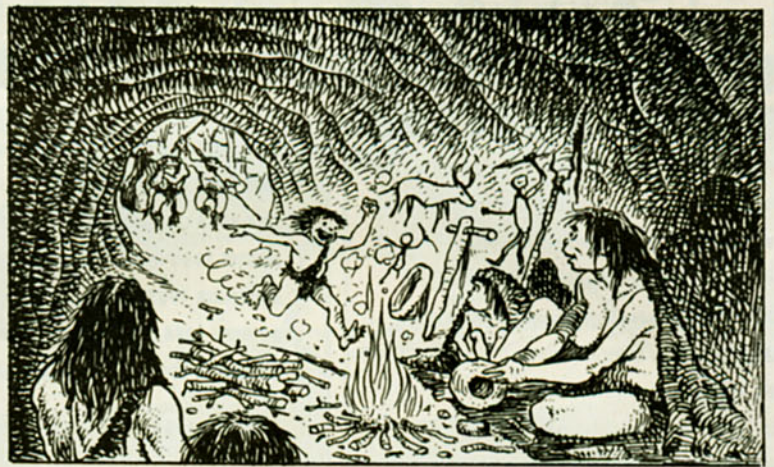
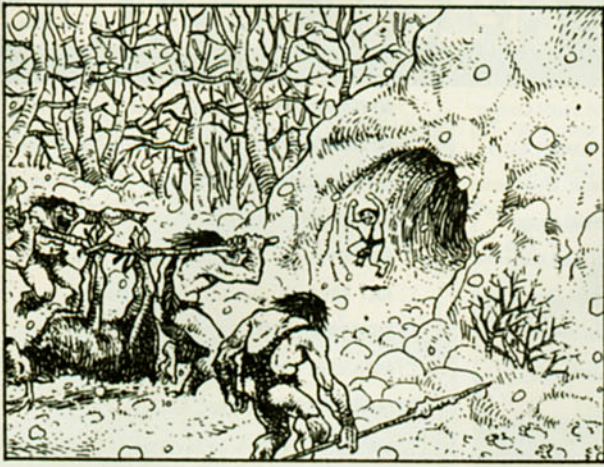
YES. NOW I
CAN BREATHE
BETTER.

fin

JOSEPH M. BEA ©

CAVE MAN





VERSUS BON APPETITE

SOME ONE-
HUNDRED
THIRTY.

HAVE YOU
TALKED ABOUT
THE WINE WITH
MANFRIED?

A 1975
CHATEAU DE
FIEUZAL.

THEN
EVERYTHING'S
READY...PREPARE
THE DINING
ROOM FOR THE
TWO.

TONIGHT I
DON'T WANT
ANYONE
LEAVING
HUNGRY.





YOU'VE DEFINITELY
LOST YOUR SENSES IF
MANFRIED DISCOVERS
YOU HERE...

AND I SUPPOSE
YOU HAVE TO
TRUST ME.

SERIOUSLY, MAN,
I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR
WORK. I'LL STOP BEGGING
FOR FOOD...I'LL START
TOMORROW.

WE'LL SEE
YOU WHEN YOU
STOP...

I KNOW. I KNOW.
IT'S THE LAST
TIME. I GIVE YOU
MY WORD...

HURRY UP AND
EAT. TODAY WE'VE
GOT THE WORK
OF A THOUSAND
DEVILS...

THE
SAME...CHOMP...AS
USUAL...MUNCH?

NEW CLIENTS, EH?
ONE OF THOSE NIGHTS
MANFRIED RUNS ROUND
AND ROUND LIKE A PUPPY
AFTER HIS TAIL...

HE HE
HE

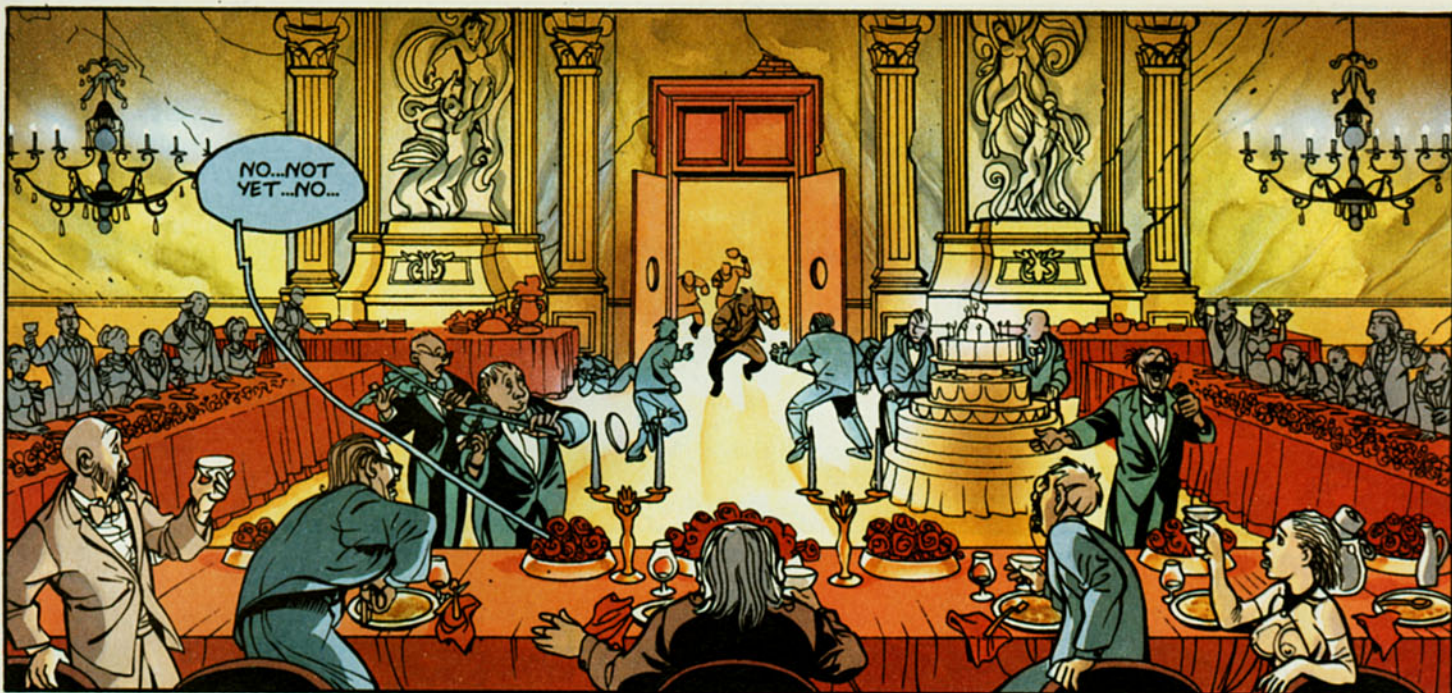
I SEE THAT
YOU INSIST ON
TAKING TOO
MANY RISKS. MY
FRIEND...SEEING
YOURSELF OFF
WON'T BE
ENOUGH...

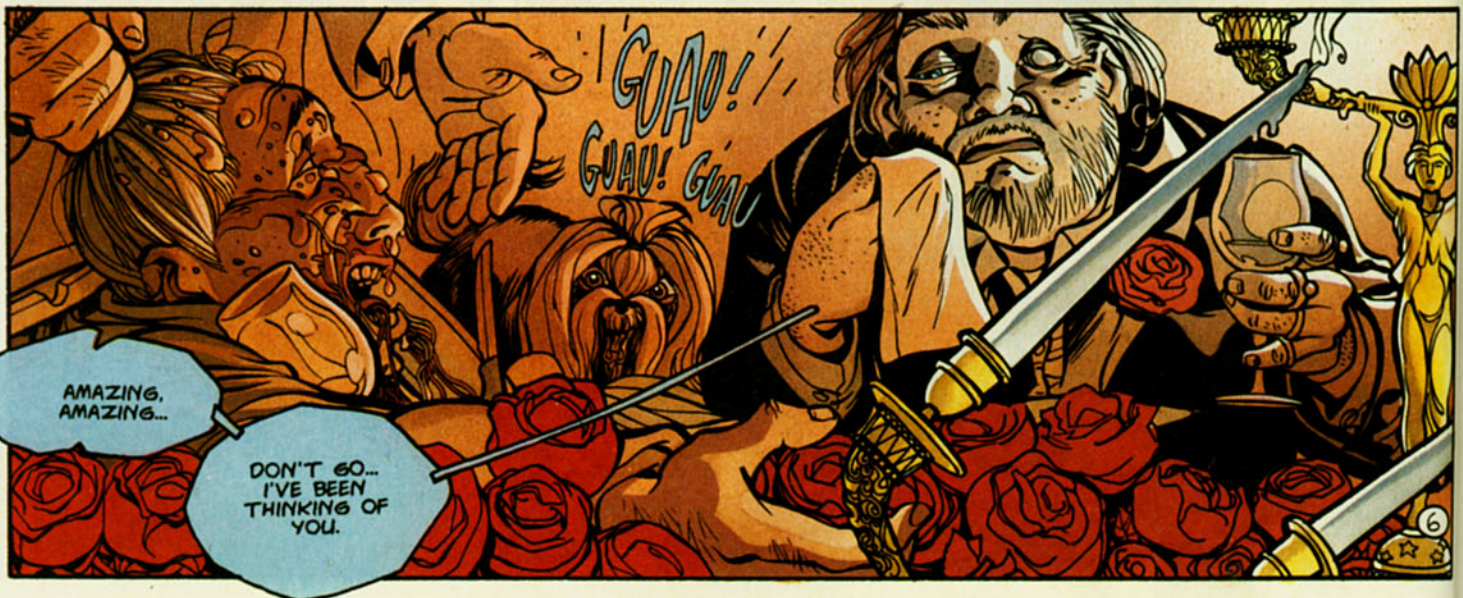
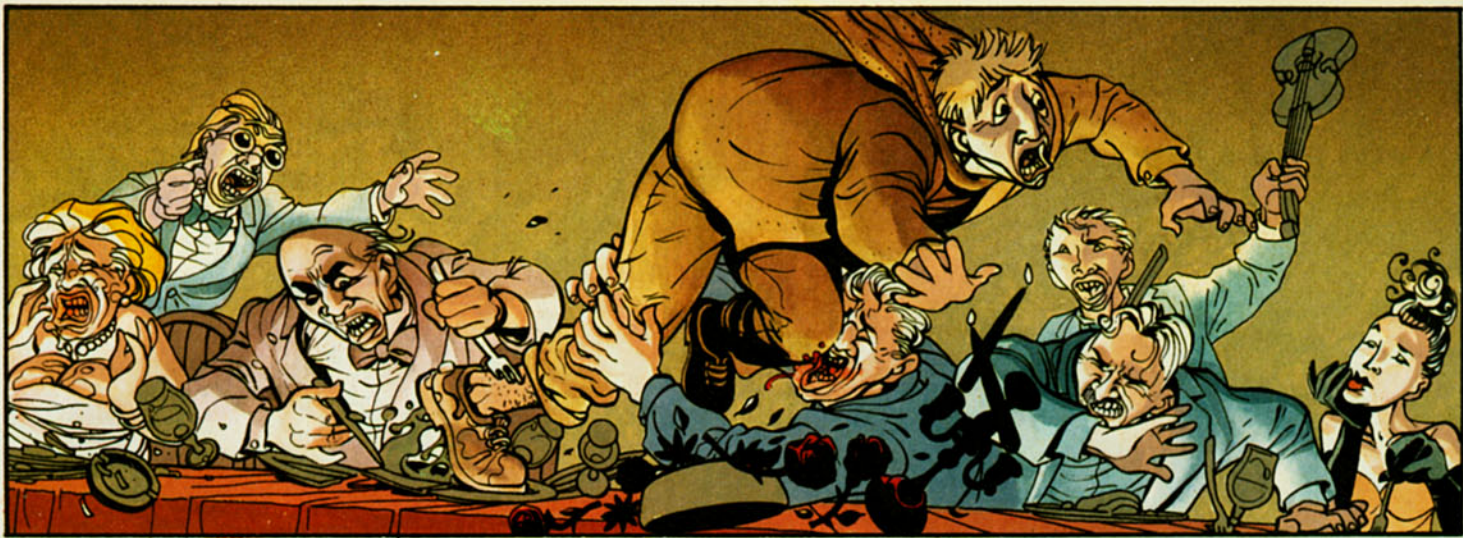
IT'S
A PITY.

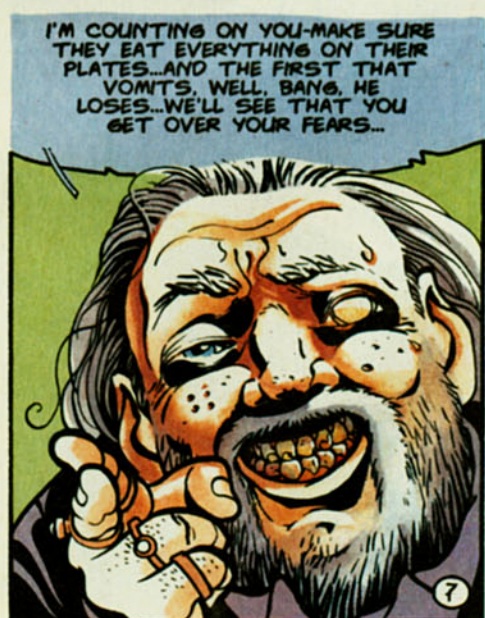
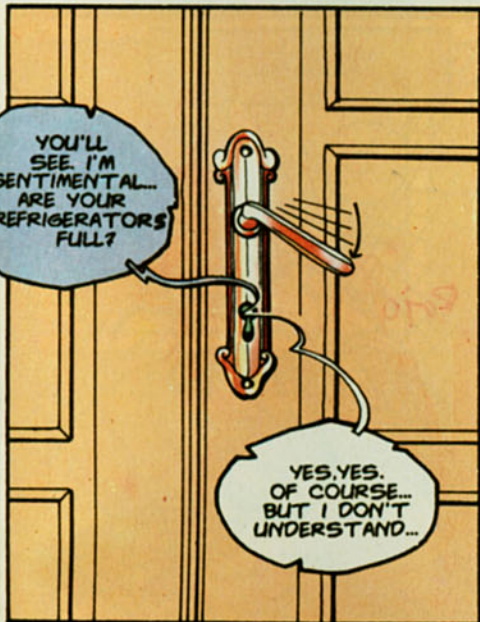
PEFF!!

CR
AAAS









WE SHALL BEGIN WITH A SLIGHTLY
CONVENTIONAL APPETIZER, BUT
DECIDEDLY ABUNDANT.

ABOVE ALL,
ABUNDANT.

A ROAST LOIN IN
A SAUCE OF FINE
HERBS.

GOOSE WITH
CRAWFISH...

WE WILL FOLLOW
THIS WITH LOBSTER.

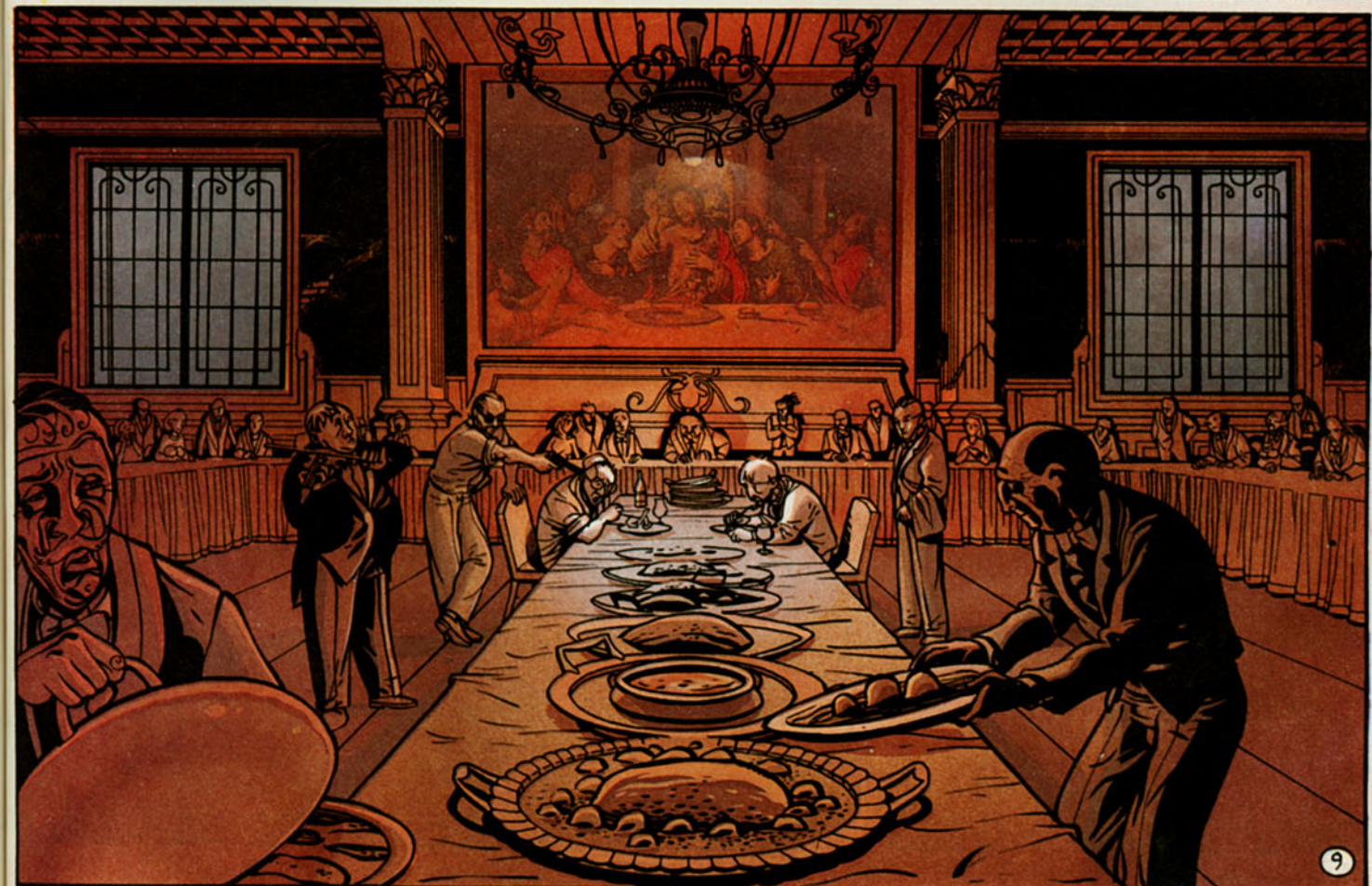
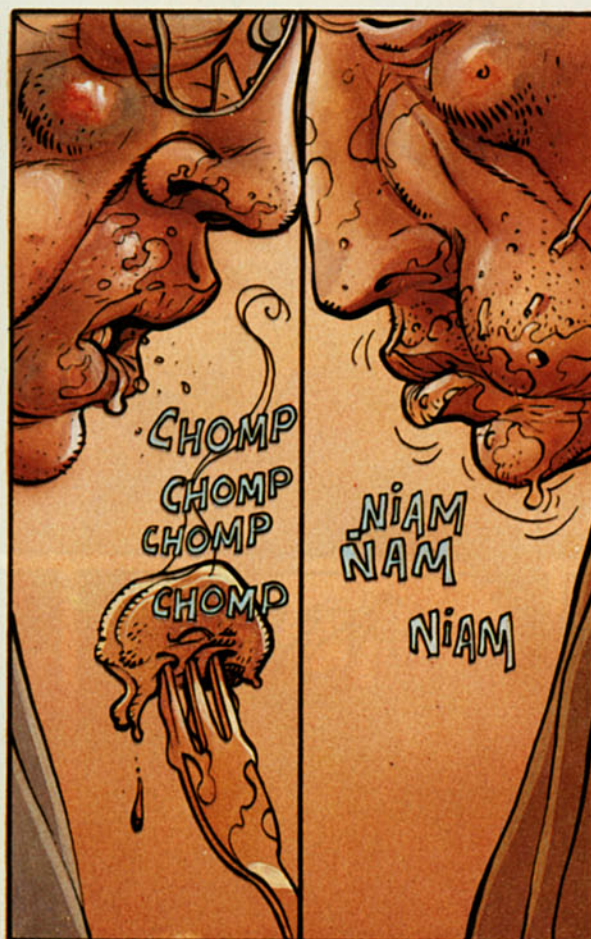
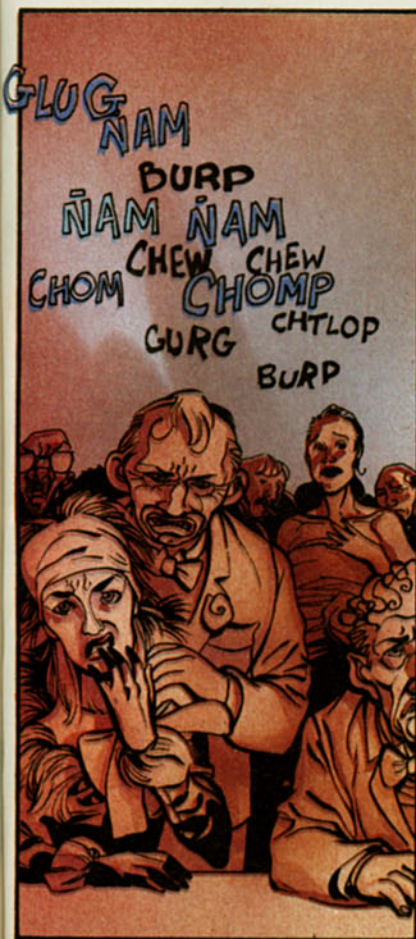
SPAGHETTI PIE...

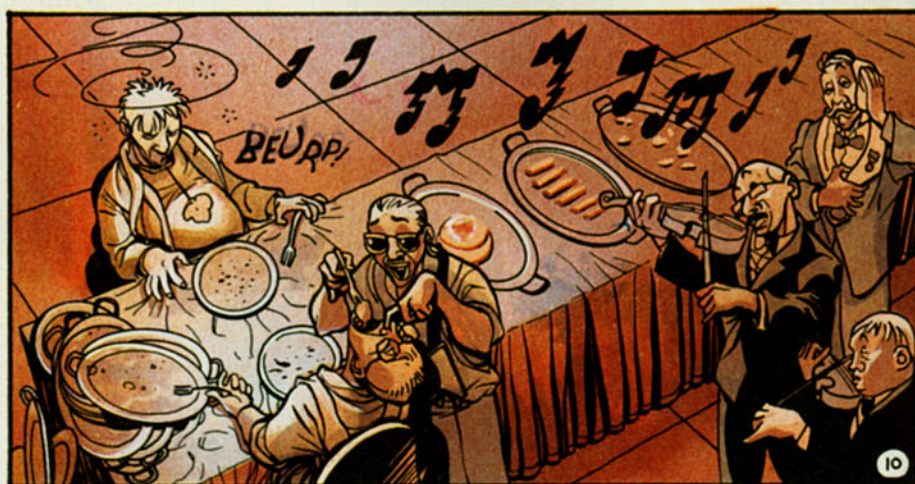
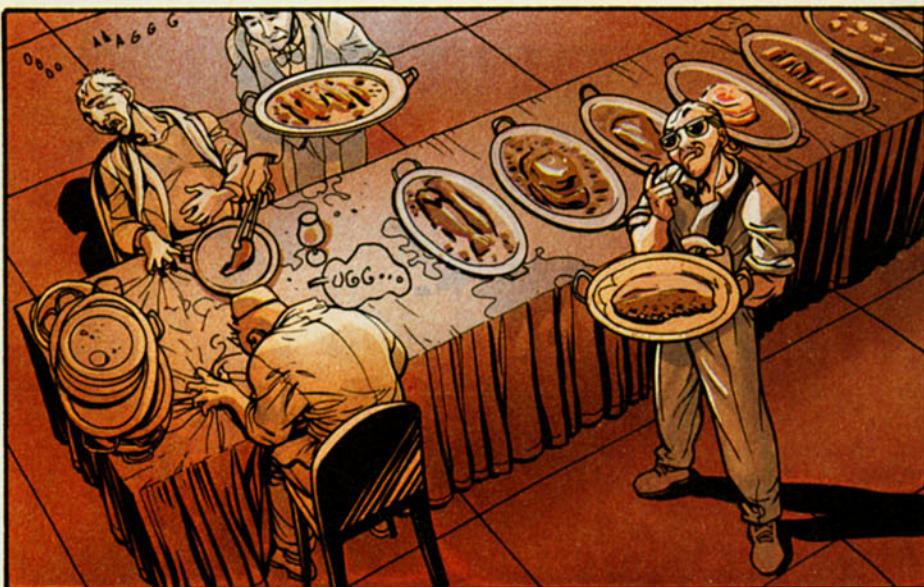
NAM
NAM
NAM
:GLUP:

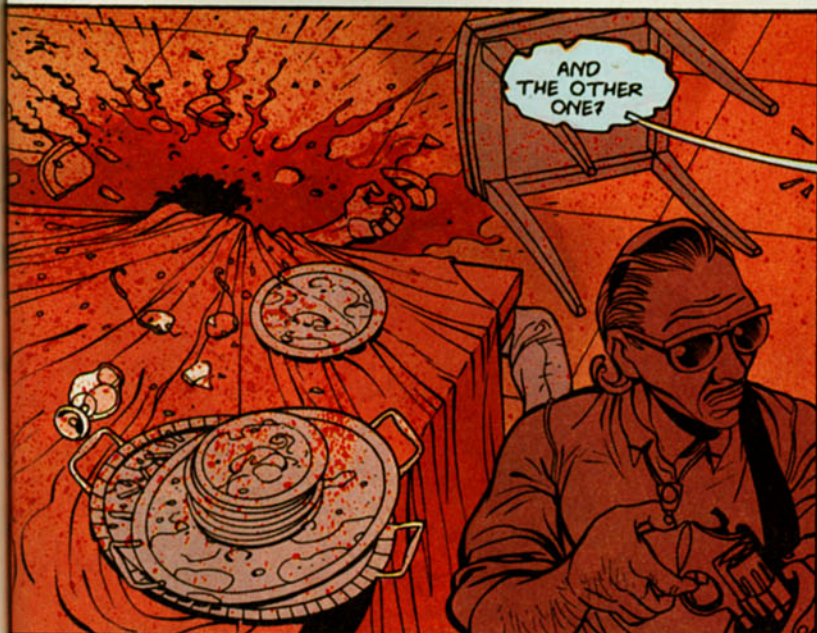
GLUG
GLUG
GLUG GLUG

...SALMON MOUSSE.


...WHICH WILL YIELD
THE TABLE TO...





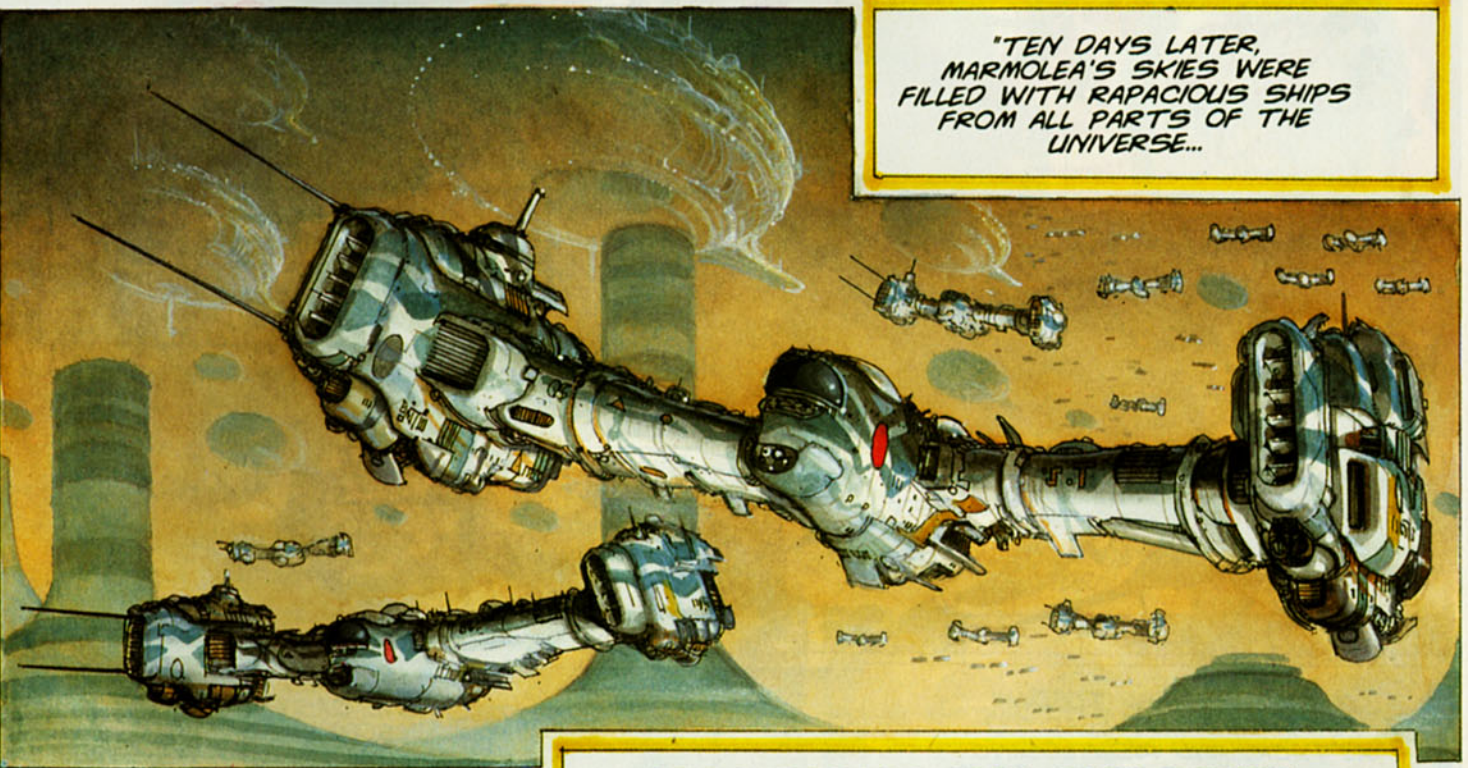






EVERYTHING CAME TO
PASS JUST AS THE
BARON HAD SAID...

OH! I JUST BLEW
ANOTHER CHIP!




"TEN DAYS LATER,
MARMOLEA'S SKIES WERE
FILLED WITH RAPACIOUS SHIPS
FROM ALL PARTS OF THE
UNIVERSE...



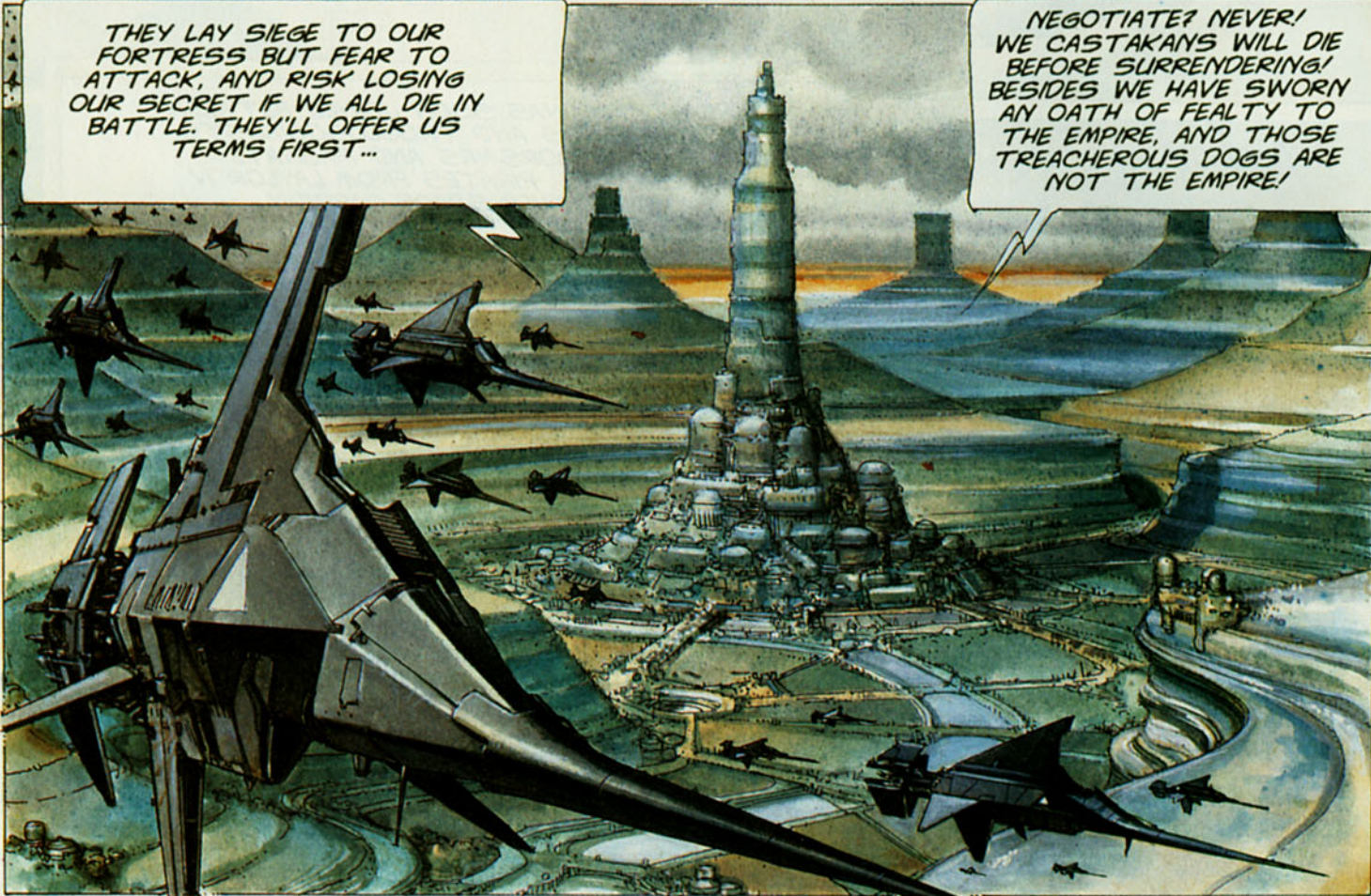
"THE BATTLE WAS SOON JOINED BETWEEN
TECHNOKILLERS AND TROGLOSOCIALISTS,
BURSAR CORSAIRS AND MAGNATE
MERCENARIES, PIRATES FROM LAYLOR IV
AND OTHER SPACE CARRION...



"...BUT ALL WERE EVENTUALLY
CRUSHED BY GIGANTIC IMPERIAL
DREADNOUGHTS...



"...UNTIL THEY, TOO,
WERE UNEXPECTEDLY
BETRAYED BY THE
BLACK ENDGUARD!



THEY LAY SIEGE TO OUR
FORTRESS BUT FEAR TO
ATTACK, AND RISK LOSING
OUR SECRET IF WE ALL DIE IN
BATTLE. THEY'LL OFFER US
TERMS FIRST...

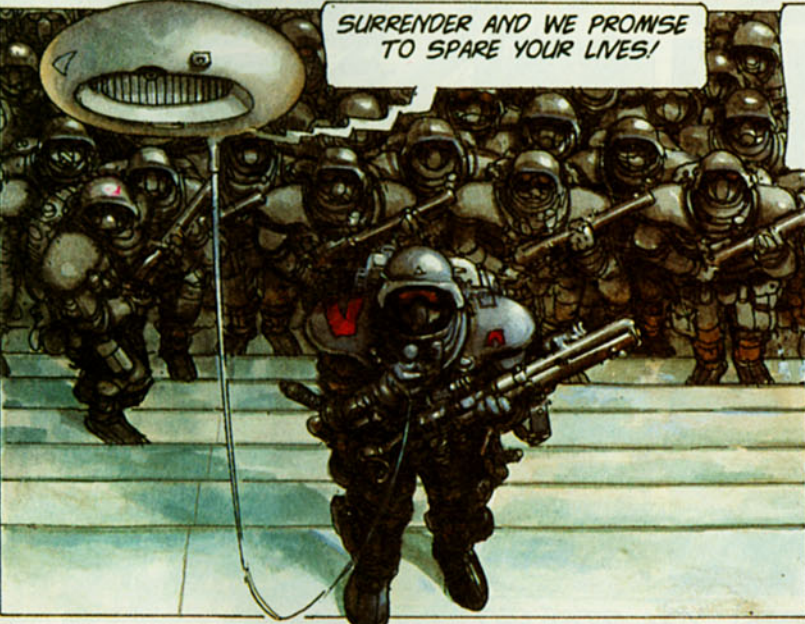
NEGOTIATE? NEVER!
WE CASTAKANS WILL DIE
BEFORE SURRENDERING!
BESIDES WE HAVE SWORN
AN OATH OF FEALTY TO
THE EMPIRE, AND THOSE
TREACHEROUS DOGS ARE
NOT THE EMPIRE!



THE EMPIRE IS
POWERLESS...


THEN, TO HELL WITH IT! THE
ONLY THING THAT MATTERS
IS OUR OATH. HONOR
DEMANDS THAT WE DON'T
BETRAY IT, FOR DOING SO
WOULD BE BETRAYING
OURSELVES! WE WILL FIGHT!

WE'RE BUT 750 WARRIORS
WITH PREHISTORIC WEAPONS,
AGAINST 7500 KILLERS
EQUIPPED WITH NUKES.
THEY'LL CRUSH US...



SURRENDER AND WE PROMISE
TO SPARE YOUR LIVES!

DEATH IS THE WAY OF
THE WARRIOR. I'D RATHER DIE
FIGHTING THEN LIVE WITHOUT
HONOR AFTER BETRAYING OUR
IDEALS!



LET MEN OF VALOR
FOLLOW ME!

STOP HER!

I'M WITH YOU, MOTHER!
I COULDN'T LIVE IF I
HATED MYSELF!

NO ONE STEPS
ACROSS THIS
THRESHOLD!

PLEASE, MY
LADY...

NO ONE CAN STOP A
WARRIOR OF CASTAKA!

OOOH!

YOU, STAY OUT
OF THIS! THIS
IS MY DECISION
AND MINE ALONE!

CRAC

CRAC

AIE!

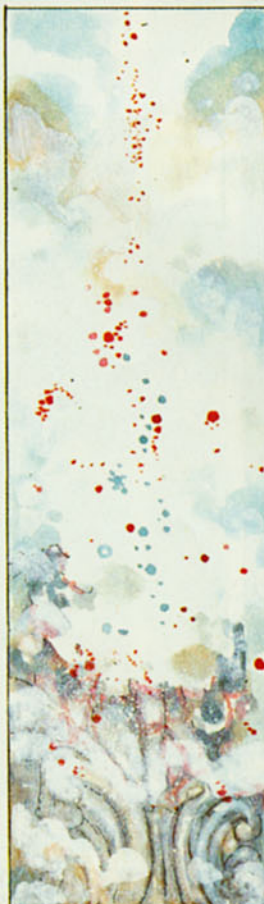
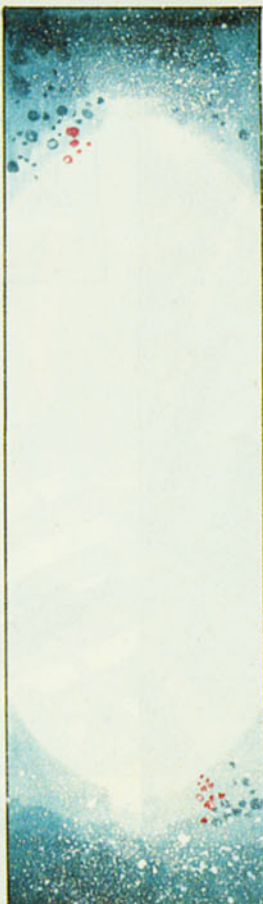
LISTEN ALL!

STOP!

*YOU BLACK ENDOGUARDS WERE
THE IMPERIAL COUPLE'S OWN,
PRIVATE FORCE! HOW COULD
YOU BETRAY YOUR SOLEMN
VOWS LIKE THIS? A WARRIOR
UNFAITHFUL TO HIS LIEGE IS A
MISERABLE COWARD...*

*REDEEM YOUR HONOR!
SURRENDER THE UNWORTHY
GENERALS WHOSE LUST
FOR POWER MADE YOU
STRAY FROM DUTY!*

FIRE!!



DEAD FOR NO CAUSE BUT
HER PRIDE. WHAT A WASTE!



NO FATHER! SHE DIED
FOR HONOR WHILE YOU
COWARDLY BROKE MY
LEG!

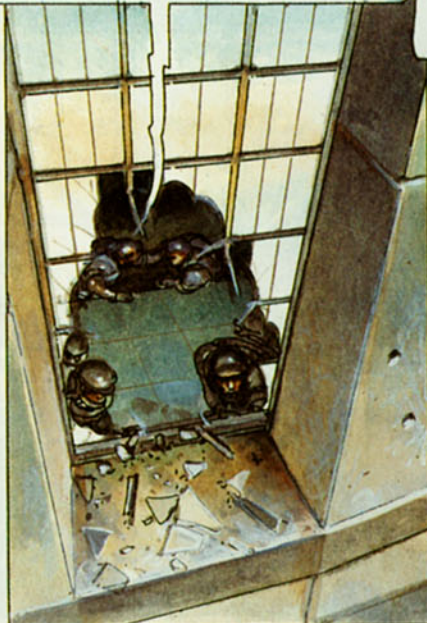
WHO'LL BE BRAVE
ENOUGH TO CARRY ME
TO MY MOTHER'S
REMAINS SO THAT I,
TOO, CAN DIE A HERO?



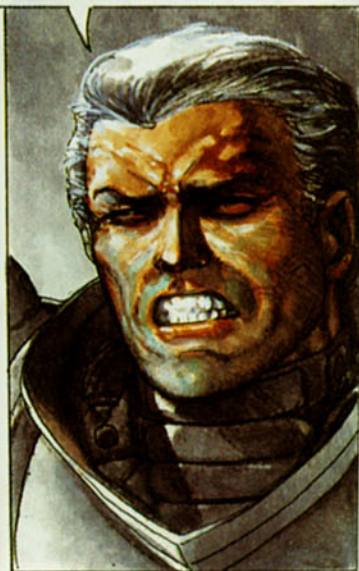
ENOUGH, BARI! I NEED YOU
ALIVE. YOUR FOOLISHNESS COULD
COST US DEARLY!


HONOR DOES NOT LIE IN A
POINTLESS DEATH, BUT IN
VICTORY! RUSE CAN BE AS
HONORABLE AS
GRANDSTANDING!

YOU ARE WITHOUT
HONOR!




THE ENDOGUARD
WEAPONS ARE
POWERFUL, BUT CAN
ONLY BE USED AT A
DISTANCE...







UNLIKE US, THEY
HAVEN'T FOUGHT
HAND-TO-HAND FOR
CENTURIES...




THE OLD BARON ONCE SAID-
'EVEN WHEN OUT-NUMBERED,
ONLY THE WILL TO
DESTROY YOUR ENEMIES TO
THE LAST MAN CAN OPEN
THE PATH OF VICTORY!'




HOHENHOLE, YOU'LL ATTACK
FROM THE NORTH WITH HALF OF
OUR MEN. TRY ENGAGING THEM
AS CLOSELY AS POSSIBLE!



KONRATH, YOU'LL DO THE
SAME FROM THE SOUTH.
USE THE SECRET TUNNELS.
STOP THE ENDOGUARD
FROM SPLITTING...



...AND I WILL
STRIKE STRAIGHT
AT THEIR HEART!



HURL THOSE BLOCKS, MEN! NOT
ONE OF THESE BLACK DOGS MUST
GAIN AN INCH! DUTY MAY BE
HEAVIER THAN STONE, BUT DEATH
IS LIGHTER THAN A FEATHER!

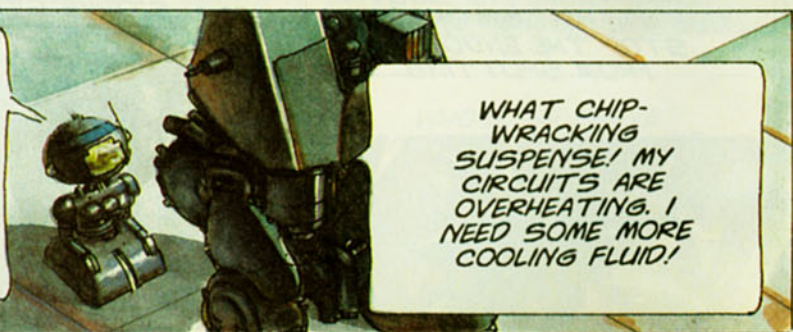
FOLLOW MY LEAD, COMPANIONS!
REMEMBER THAT IN BATTLE
THERE ARE NO RULES BUT THE
WILL TO WIN!



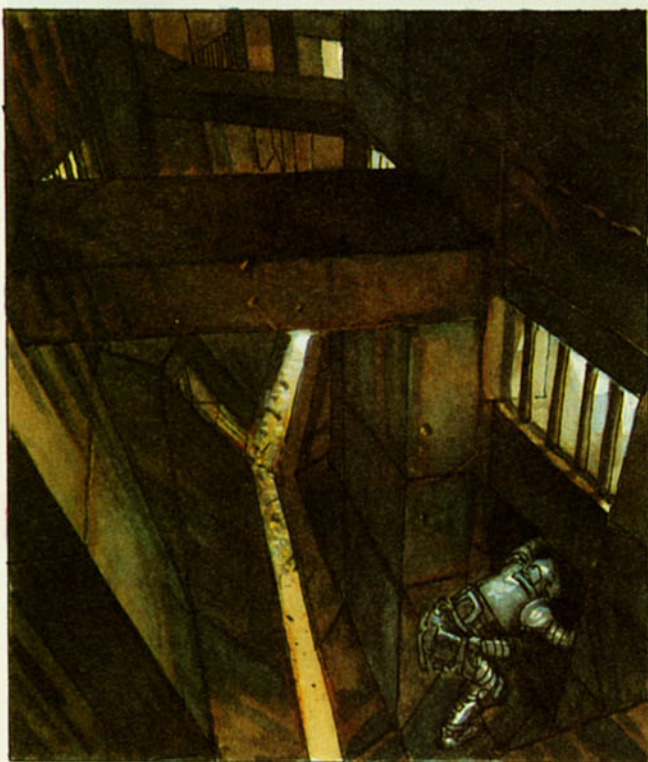
FIGHT! THESE BLACK-
CLAD MONKEYS ARE A LOT LESS
TOUGH THAN THEY LOOK!

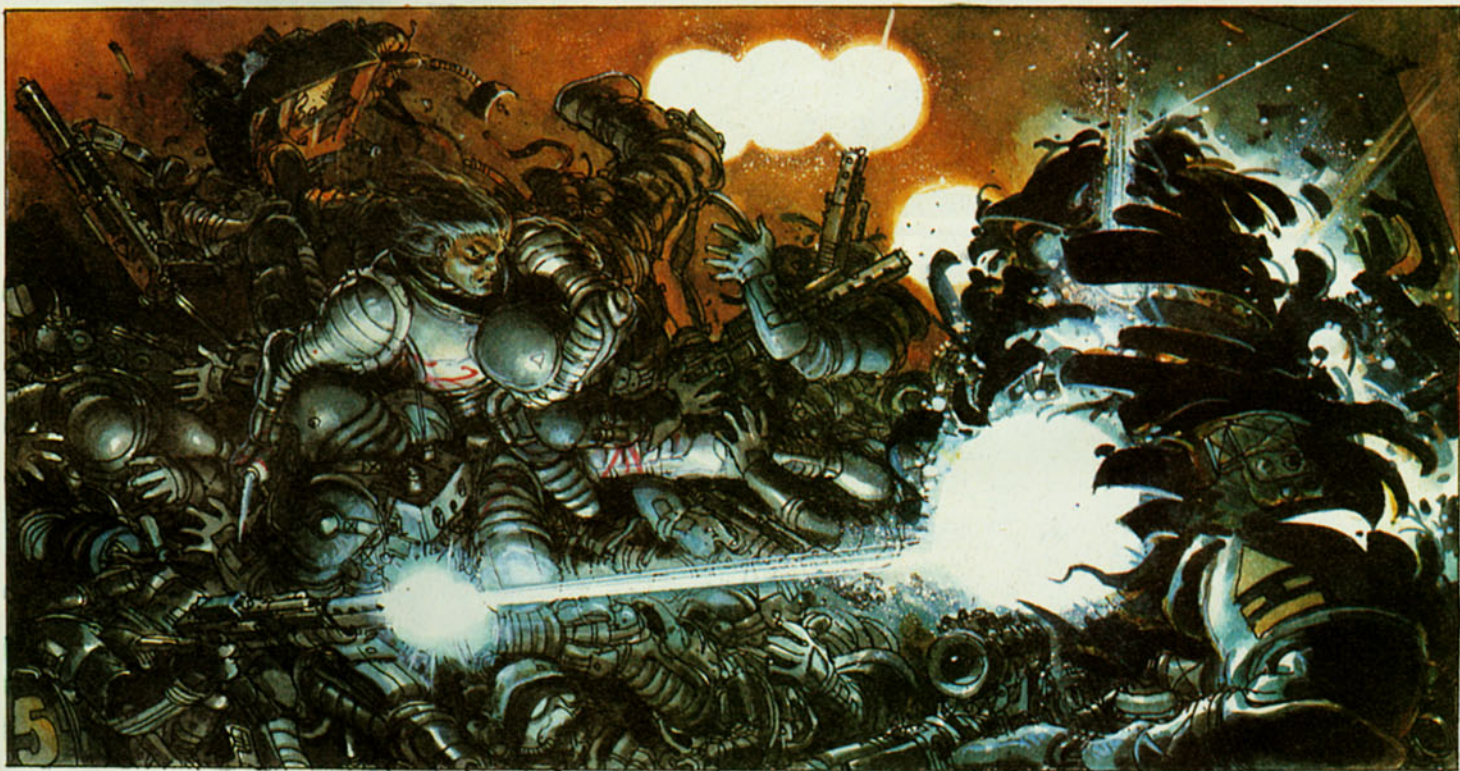


WHILE THE TWINS, KONRATH AND
HOHENHOLE, BARELY CONTAINED
THE ENDOGUARD'S PROGRESS
WITH NEAR-SUICIDAL BRAVERY,
OTHON, ARMED ONLY WITH A SHORT
DAGGER, USED A SECRET TUNNEL
TO GAIN ACCESS TO THE VERY
HEART OF THE ENEMY FORCES...

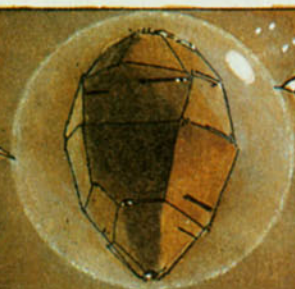


WHAT CHIP-
WRACKING
SUSPENSE! MY
CIRCUITS ARE
OVERHEATING. I
NEED SOME MORE
COOLING FLUID!





...THUS DID OTHON VON SALZA, MY MASTER'S GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER, KILL OVER 1,000 BLACK ENDOGUARDS, USING HIS DAGGER WITH SUPERHUMAN PRECISION TO LOCATE THE WEAKEST POINT OF THEIR ALLEGEDLY INVULNERABLE ARMOR!



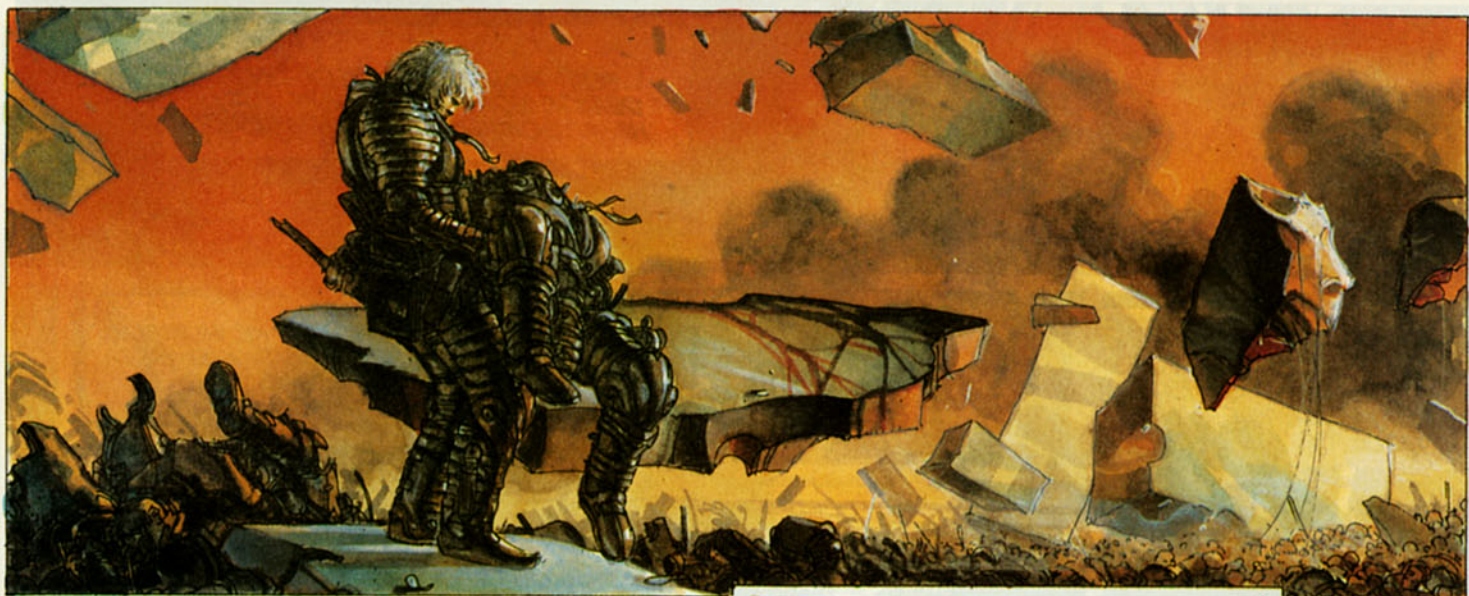
YOU MUST BE SO PROUD OF HIM, TONTO! HAVE SOME MORE COOLING FLUID!

"SO MANY DEAD BODIES COVERED THE VALLEY
THAT IT LOOKED LIKE A SILENT, BLACK SEA..."



"OTHON WALKED NORTH
UNTIL HE CAME ACROSS
THE BODY OF HIS FRIEND,
THE VALOROUS HOHENHOLE..."



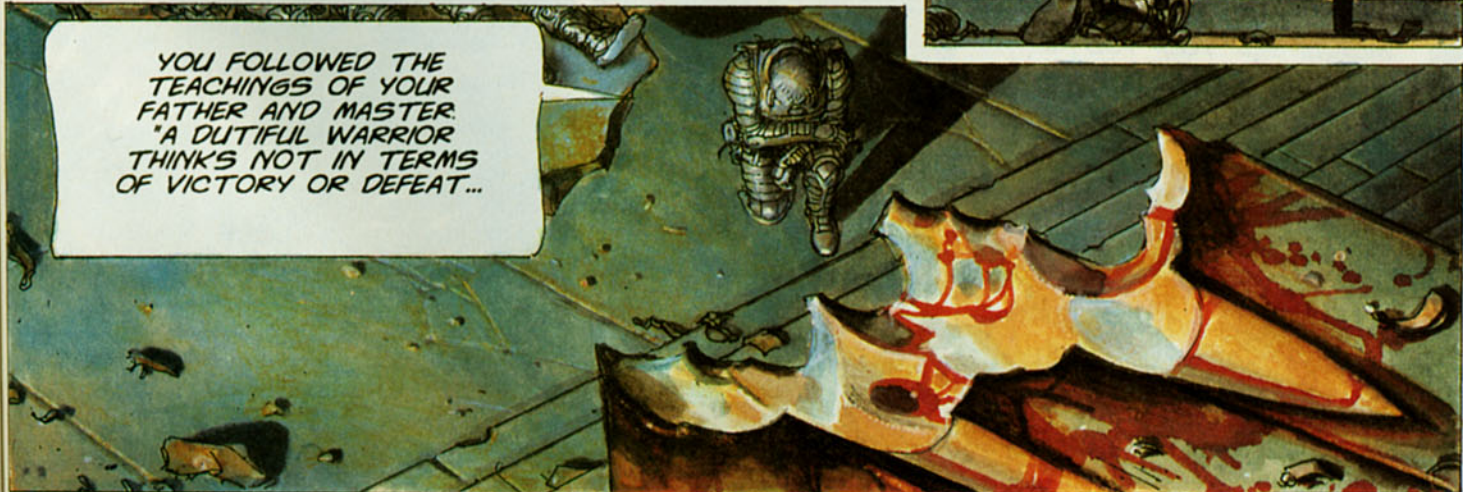


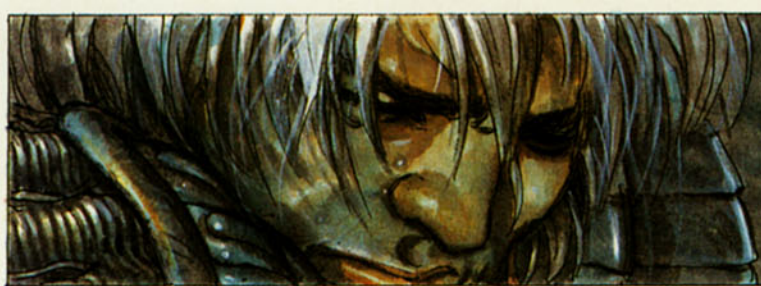
"AFTERWARD, HE WENT SOUTH TO GATHER THE BODY OF HIS OTHER FRIEND, THE LOYAL KONRATH...

"THEN AND ONLY THEN, DID HE PAY A LAST HOMAGE TO HIS WIFE, EDNA, AT THE BASE OF THE COLUMN WHERE HER BODY HAD BEEN VAPORIZED...



YOU FOLLOWED THE TEACHINGS OF YOUR FATHER AND MASTER "A DUTIFUL WARRIOR THINKS NOT IN TERMS OF VICTORY OR DEFEAT..."





"...BUT FIGHT'S BRAVELY UNTO DEATH, FOR ONLY THUS CAN HE ACCOMPLISH HIS DESTINY!"

REST IN PEACE, EDNA!
YOU HAVE JOINED THIS
SILENCE, WHICH IS
AT THE HEART AND
SOUL OF ALL LIFE!

"ONLY THEY, DID HE HUMBL
KNEEL BEFORE BARI, HIS SON,
AND BANDAGE HIS BROKEN
LEGS..."



I'M SORRY, DAD! I
MISJUDGED YOU. YOU'RE
THE NOBLEST OF MEN!



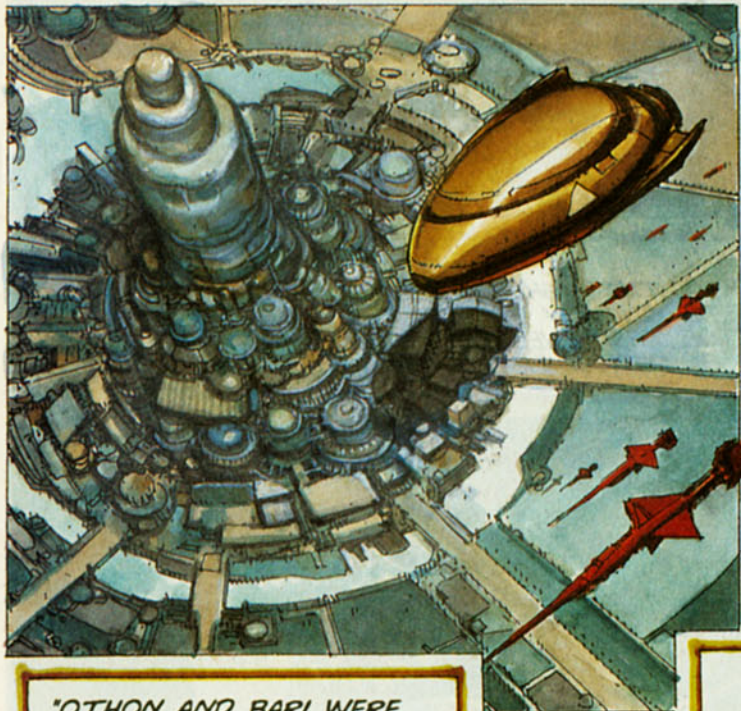


THANK YOU, MY SON, BUT
UNDERSTAND ALSO THAT MY
VICTORY HAS ONLY BOUGHT US
TIME. SOON, THE EMPIRE WILL
COME AND THE OIL OF MARMOLEA
WILL BE PURE NO LONGER...



"INDEED, THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY, THE
SPY NESTS QUICKLY SPREAD THE NEWS OF THE
DEFEAT OF THE RENEGADE ENDOGUARD AT THE
HANDS OF OTHON, NEW BARON OF CASTAKA...

"A WEEK LATER, THE GOLDEN SHIP OF THE IMPERIAL COUPLE, FLANKED BY THE NEWLY-FORMED PURPLE ENDOGUARD, ARRIVED ON MARMOLEA...



"OTHON AND BARI WERE DECORATED FOR THEIR VALOR..."



"THEN, SECRET NEGOTIATIONS BEGAN IN EARNEST..."

YOUR MAJESTIES, MY SON AND I ARE THE ONLY ONES TO KNOW THE SECRET OF THE HOLY OIL, WHICH YOU CALL EPHYHITE. NO TORTURE COULD FORCE IT OUT OF US, AND YOUR MEN COULD EXPLORE THIS PLANET FOR CENTURIES WITHOUT FINDING IT...

WE ALREADY KNOW ALL THIS, BARON. THE EMPIRE NOW AWAITS YOUR TERMS. SPEAK!



WE ARE YOUR MAJESTIES' OBEDIENT
SERVANTS, AND WILL REQUEST
NO MORE THAN THE SMALL ROYALTY
ON EPHYHITE SALES TO WHICH WE
ARE LAWFULLY ENTITLED...

ALSO, I WANT A NEW WORLD FOR
MY SON AND I, UPON WHICH YOU WILL
TRANSPORT AND REBUILD THIS VERY
FORTRESS WHERE WE NOW STAND,
AND ALSO...



AND?

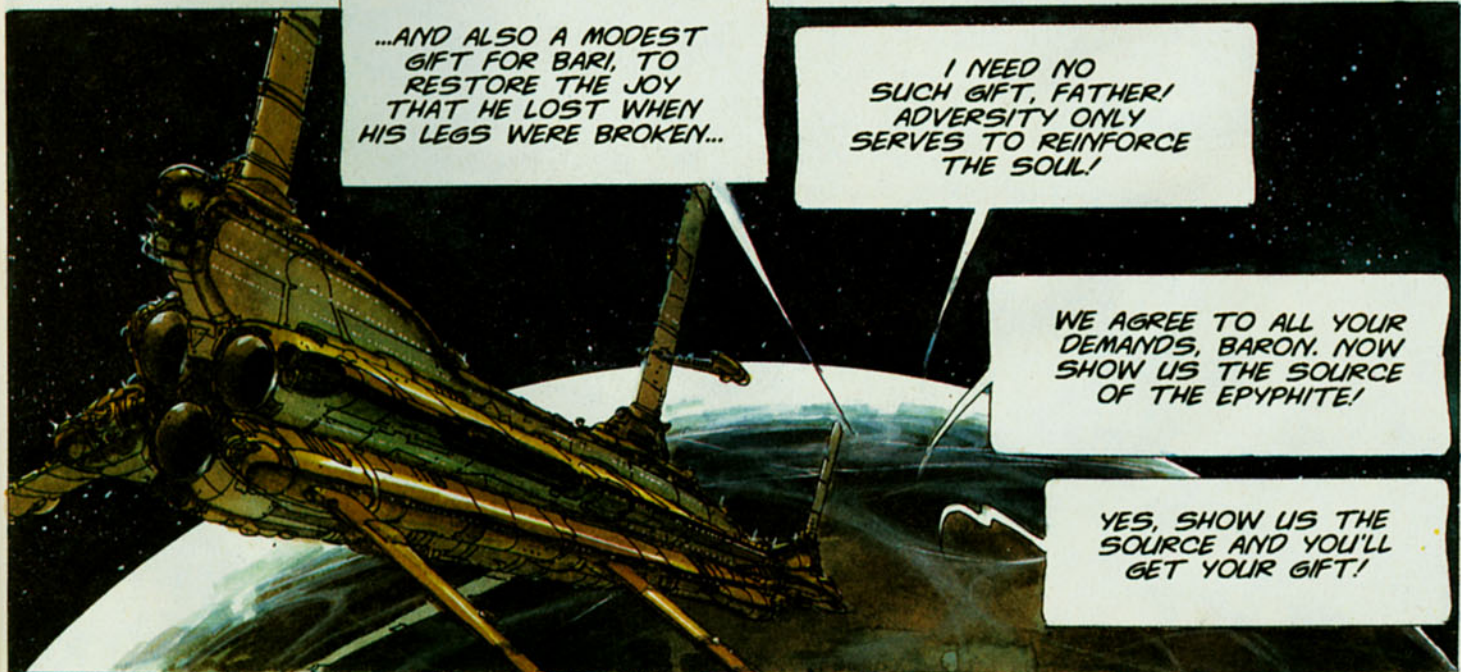
ALSO?

...AND ALSO A MODEST
GIFT FOR BARI, TO
RESTORE THE JOY
THAT HE LOST WHEN
HIS LEGS WERE BROKEN...

I NEED NO
SUCH GIFT, FATHER!
ADVERSITY ONLY
SERVES TO REINFORCE
THE SOUL!

WE AGREE TO ALL YOUR
DEMANDS, BARON. NOW
SHOW US THE SOURCE
OF THE EPHYHITE!

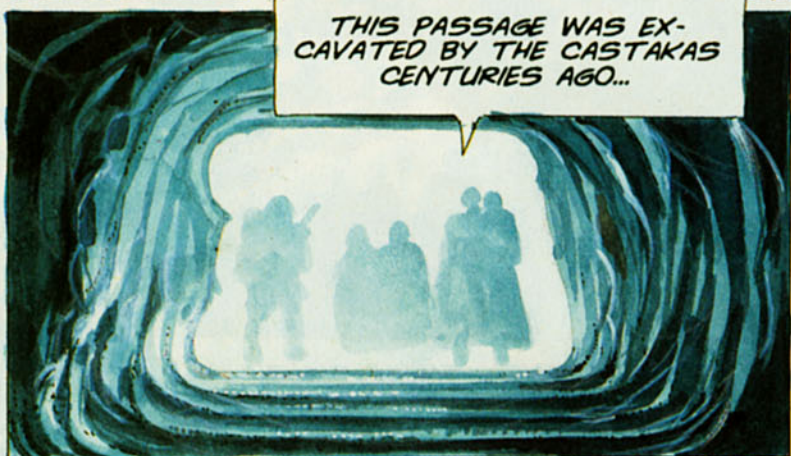
YES, SHOW US THE
SOURCE AND YOU'LL
GET YOUR GIFT!





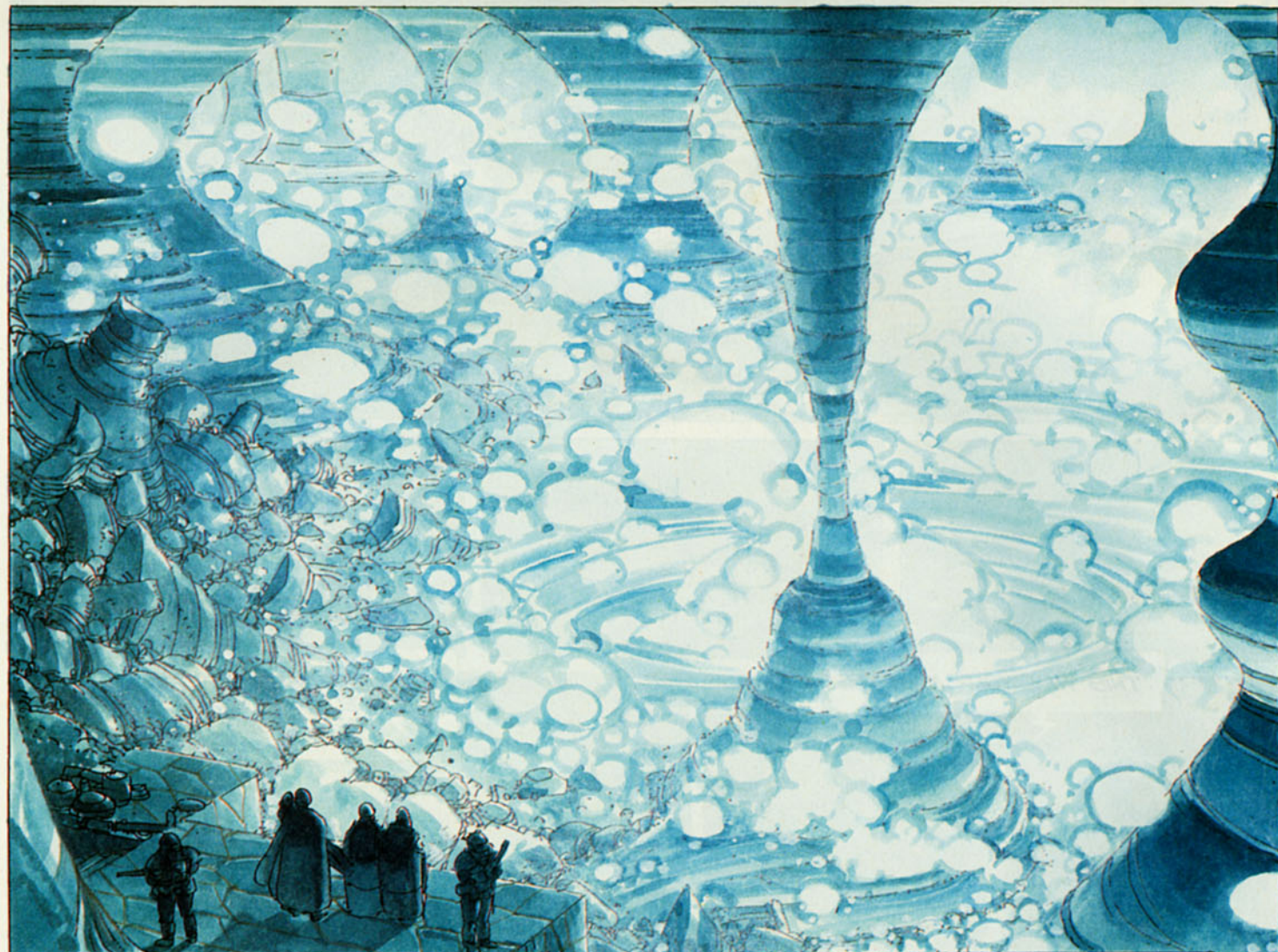


THIS WAY, YOUR MAJESTIES!



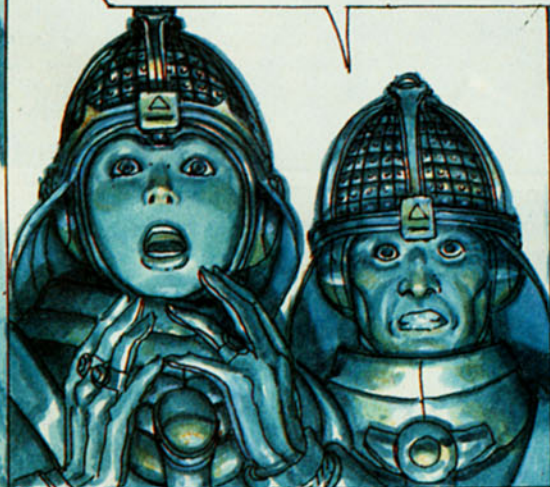
THIS PASSAGE WAS EXCAVATED BY THE CASTAKAS CENTURIES AGO...





WHAT AN INCREDIBLE SIGHT!
SUCH A VAST OCEAN! THE
EMPIRE'S GREATEST TREASURE!

YES, MAGAELLA! THIS NEW
SOURCE OF ENERGY WILL SHAKE
THE VERY HEAVENS AND MAKE
US THE MOST POWERFUL
FORCE IN THE GALAXY!



EPYPHITE IS MARMOLEA'S
SACRED BLOOD. THE CASTAKA
HAVE ALWAYS WORSHIPED IT AND
PRESERVED ITS SECRET!

BUT AS MOTHER SAID,
PROGRESS CAN'T BE
KEPT AT BAY FOREVER.
EPYPHITE WILL CHANGE
THE POLITICAL AND
MILITARY FACE OF THE
EMPIRE, HOPEFULLY FOR
GOOD. SO BE IT!

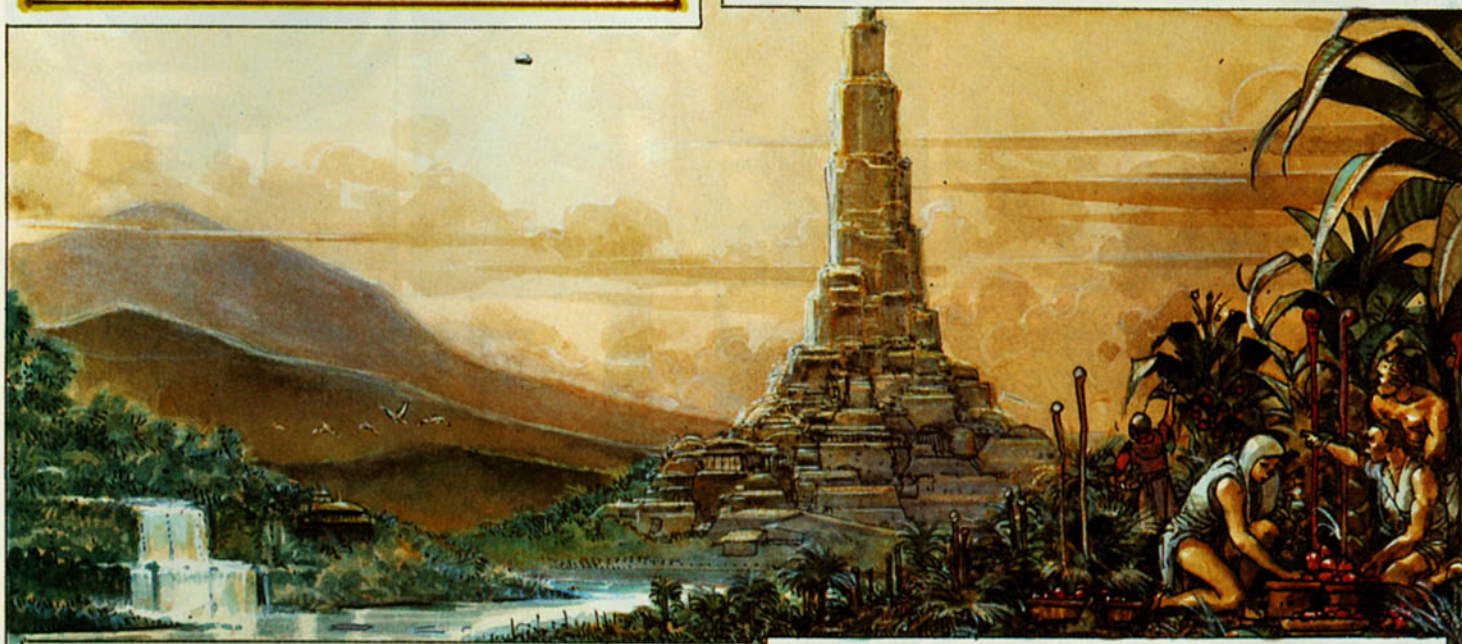


TELL ME, TONTO, DID THEY
TRULY GIVE OTHON EVERYTHING
THAT HE HAD ASKED?

AH, LOTHAR, YOU ARE SO SUSPICIOUS YOU
DOUBT EVEN THE WORD OF THE EMPEROR!
BUT NO, THEY PAID HIM THE AGREED-UPON
ROYALTY ON EPHYPHITE SALES, THEREBY
STARTING THE INCALCULABLE FORTUNE OF
THE META-BARONS...

"I AM GLAD! BUT DID THEY ALSO
GIVE THEM THAT NEW WORLD, UPON
WHICH THEY COULD TRANSPORT
THEIR FORTRESS?"

"YES, LOTHAR! IT WAS DISASSEMBLED
AND REBUILT, STONE BY STONE, ON
THE BEAUTIFUL PLANET OF OK'HAR, IN
THE DIAMONDIA SYSTEM!"

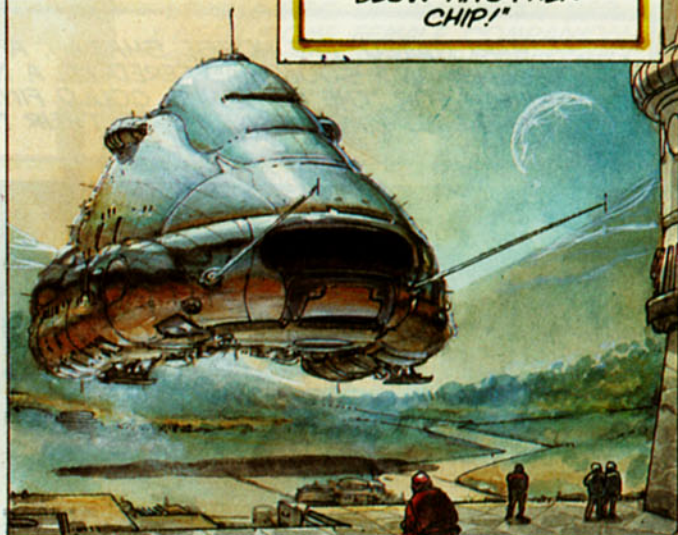


"AND WHAT ABOUT BARI'S GIFT?
DID THEY GIVE IT TO HIM? YOU DID
NOT TELL ME WHAT HAD OTHON ASKED.
SURELY SOMETHING EXTRAORDINARY,
FOR WHAT ELSE COULD RESTORE JOY
TO A CRIPPLED YOUNG WARRIOR?"

"YES, LOTHAR, THE GIFT ARRIVED SOON
AFTER THEY HAD RESETTLED ON OK'HAR,
AND IT WAS TRULY WONDERFUL!"

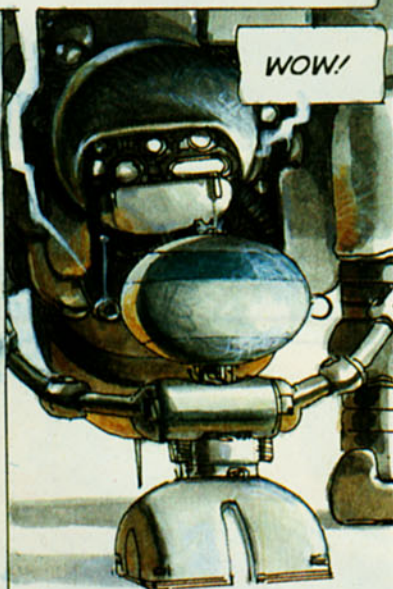
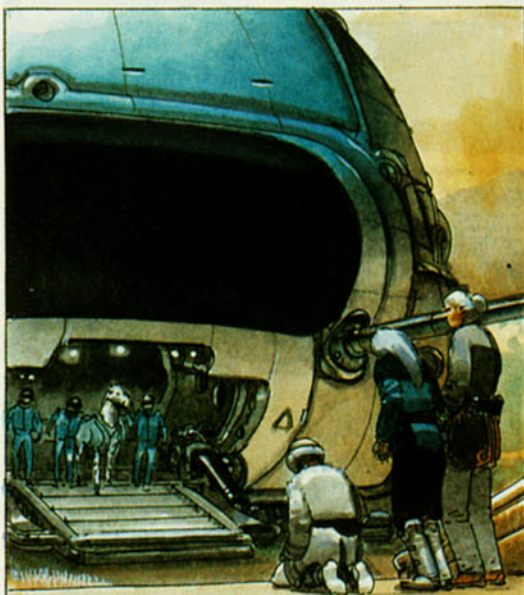


"WHAT WAS IT?
TELL ME BEFORE I
BLOW ANOTHER
CHIP!"



"IT WAS A HORSE, LOTHAR! A LIVING SPECIMEN OF A SPECIES THAT HAD BEEN EXTINCT FOR 20,000 YEARS, BUT WHOSE GENES HAD BEEN PRESERVED DEEP IN THE VAULTS OF THE IMPERIAL LIFE MUSEUM...

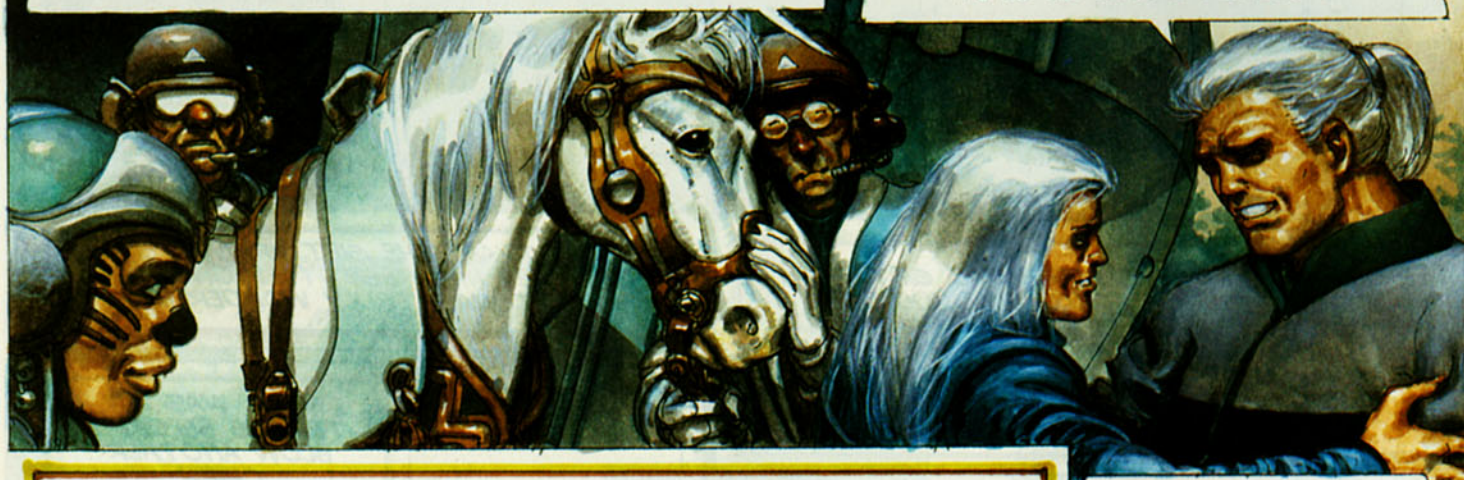
IT WAS WORTH 100 TONS OF PURE GOLD! IT WAS THE LAST EQUUS CABALLUS, RECREATED BY THE YEAR-LONG LABORS OF AN ENTIRE TECHNO GENE CREW!



WOW!

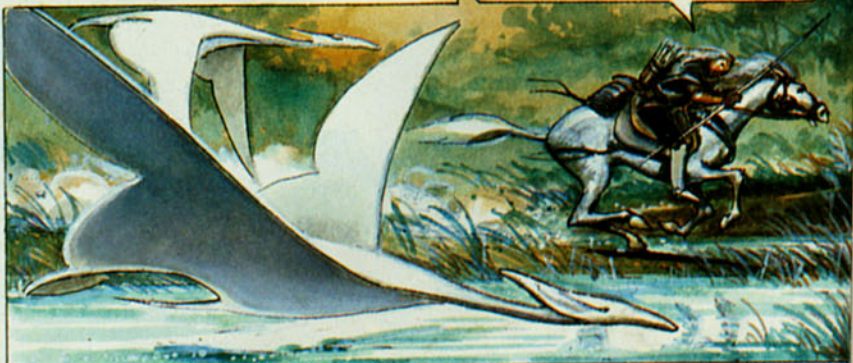
I DON'T HAVE ENOUGH WORDS TO THANK YOU, DAD! THE THOUGHTS OF LEARNING HOW TO RIDE THIS LIVING WONDER IS INDEED ENOUGH TO RESTORE ALL MY TASTE FOR LIFE!

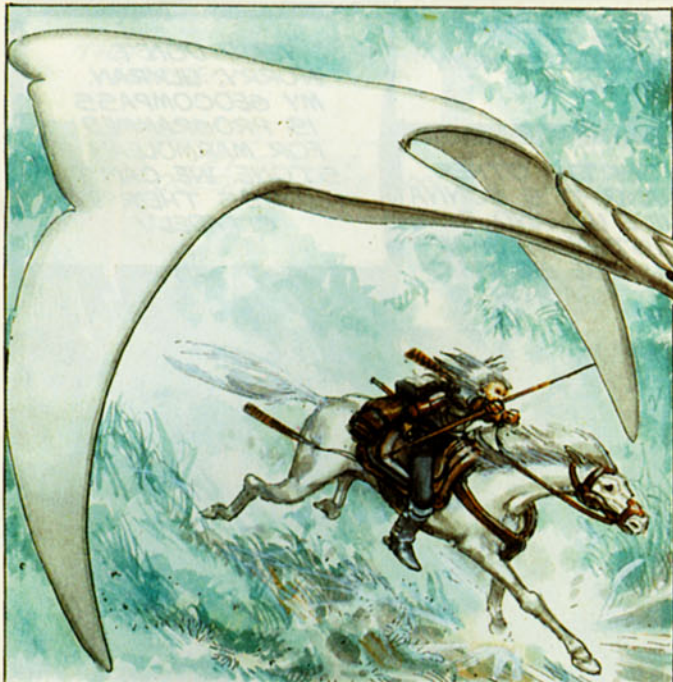
THIS ANIMAL WAS BORN FOR YOU, BARI! GIVE HIM A LUMP OF SUGAR, A NAME, AND HE'LL BE YOURS FOREVER!



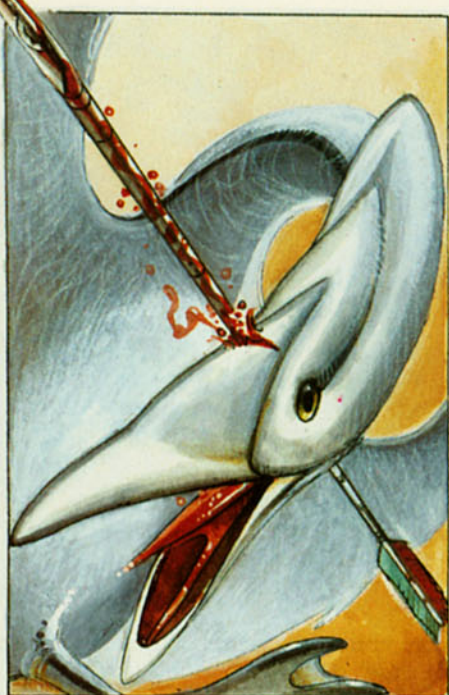
"BARI NAMED THE HORSE SHAZAM, AFTER AN OLD LEGEND, AND SOON MASTERED IT. A NEW LIFE THEN BEGAN FOR THE BOY, WHO COULD FINALLY EXPLORE THE EDEN-LIKE WONDERS OF THEIR NEW WORLD...

RUN, SHAZAM! JUMP OVER ANY OBSTACLES! FLY LIKE THE WIND!





WELL DONE, FRIEND! TONIGHT, WE'LL DINE ON ROASTED KARVIZ, AND YOU'LL ENJOY A DOUBLE RATION OF ALDEBERAAN OATS!



BUT I NEVER SAW HIM HAPPIER!
BLESSED BE THE GREAT
UNSEEN!

SHAZAM HAS DONE
WONDERS TO LIFT THE
BOY'S SPIRITS, ESPECIALLY
AS WINTER APPROACHES
WITH ITS GLOOMY MISTS...



I BEG YOUR FORGIVENESS, MY LORD
BARON, BUT THE YOUNG MASTER DIDN'T
LEAVE ME ANY TIME TO UNDRESS HIM. HE
WAS SO EXHAUSTED THAT HE BARELY
ATE BEFORE COLLAPSING ON HIS BED
AND FALLING RIGHT ASLEEP...



EVEN I, MY GOOD IKU-TA, AM
STARTING TO RESENT THE ICY
LONELINESS OF AN EMPTY BED.
I NEED SOME FEMALE COMPANION-
SHIP. FETCH YOUR DAUGHTERS!





BY THE HORNS OF
BULGOR! THIS DAMN FOG IS GOIN'
TO SLOW US DOWN!

YEAH! DON'T
WORRY, ULKRAN.
MY GEOCOMPASS
IS PROGRAMMED
FOR MARMOLEAN
STONE. WE CAN'T
MISS THEIR
CITADEL'!

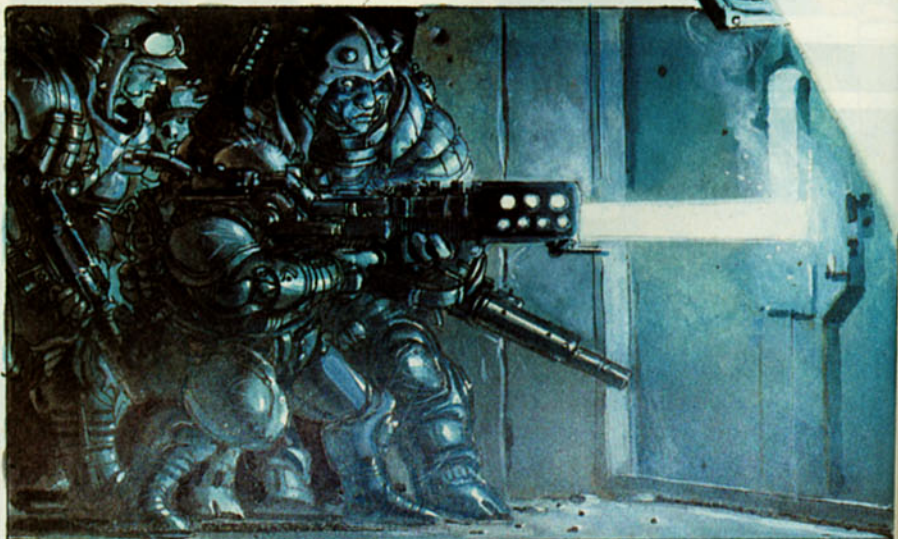
ON THE OTHER
HAND, IT'S GONNA
HIDE US AND MAKE
STEALIN' THAT
HORSE SO MUCH
EASIER!

YOUR GEOCOMPASS WORKED
ALL RIGHT, WULTHOR! HERE'S
THE FORTRESS!

NOW IT'S UP TO YOU
AND YOUR MARBLE
DISINTEGRATOR, TOKKAR!

DON'T FRET! IT NEVER
LET ME DOWN BEFORE!

LET'S GO! A FORTUNE'S
WAITIN'!



THERE'S THE
HORSE!

LET'S HOPE IT
DOESN'T MAKE ANY
NOISE!

I PAID A FORTUNE
TO A RENEGADE
TECHNO FOR THIS VIAL
OF SYNTHETIC MARE
ESSENCE. NOW'S THE
TIME TO TEST IT...

IT WORKED! IT'S
FOLLOWIN' ME LIKE A
DOG...AN' DUMB AS
A DODO...

WE GOTTA GET BACK
TO THE SHOP...DAMN! THE
GEOCOMPASS'S ON THE
FRITZ. AN' THE FOG IS
THICKENIN'!

SO WHAT? WE'VE
GOT ALL NIGHT. THEY'RE
SLEEPIN' LIKE IURGOS
IN THIS PLACE!

TAP TAP

WAKE UP, IKU-TA! I DREAMED THAT
PIRATES WERE STEALING SHAZAM!
TO THE STABLES! QUICKLY!

THE BANDITS TOOK HIM! BUT I'LL GO AFTER THEM AND KILL THEM ALL! THEY CAN'T HAVE GONE FAR IN THAT FOG!



PLEASE, YOUNG MASTER, DON'T GO! YOUR LEGS ARE STILL WEAK! LET'S CALL YOUR FATHER!



NO ONE BUT I WILL GET MY HORSE BACK! EVEN WITHOUT MY LEGS, I CAN STILL DEFEAT THEM. I CARRY THE CERTAINTY OF VICTORY IN MY HEART!



A THOUSAND PARDONS, MY LORD BARON! PIRATES STOLE THE HORSE...THE YOUNG MASTER WENT AFTER THEM...THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO TO STOP HIM...I HUMBLY REQUEST YOUR PERMISSION TO KILL MYSELF...



DON'T BE A FOOL, IKU-TA! READY MY BATTLESUIT!



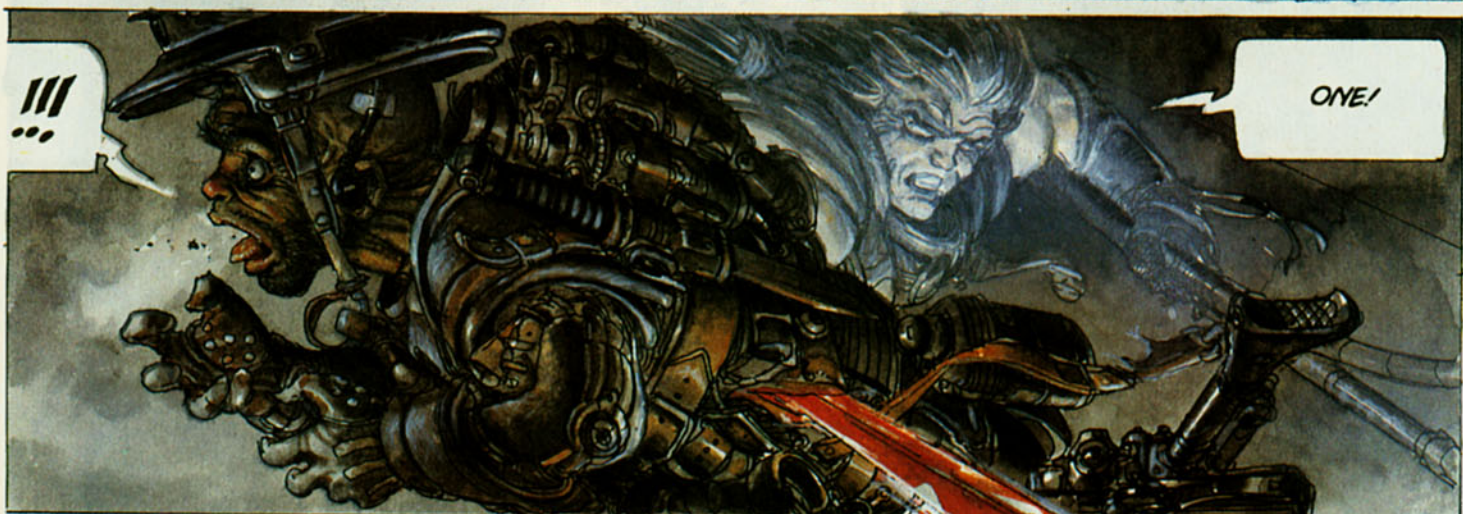
THE TRACKS ARE STILL FRESH... FOUR MEN...EQUIPPED WITH SBR17 ARMOR WITH SPIN CONTROL... THEY'RE LOST IN THE FOG, AND ONLY TEN MINUTES AHEAD OF US!

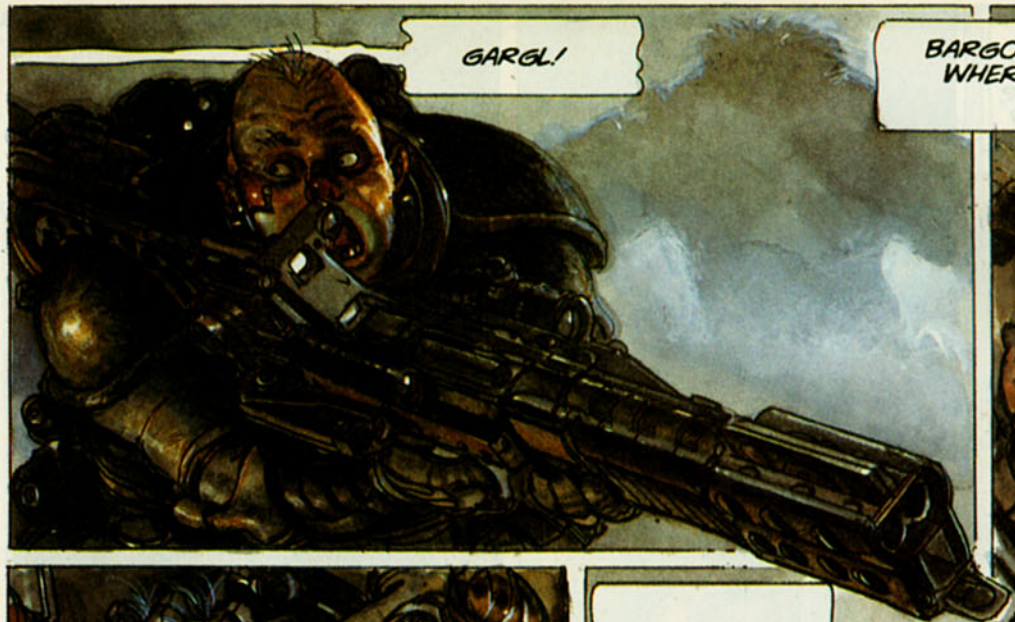


DON'T RAISE THE ALARM, IKU-TA! IN HIS CONDITION, BARI WILL NEVER SUCCEED IN STOPPING THEM, AND I DON'T WANT ANYONE TO KNOW OF MY SON'S FAILURE. I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS MYSELF. THESE THUGS WILL PAY FOR THEIR RECKLESSNESS WITH THEIR LIVES!



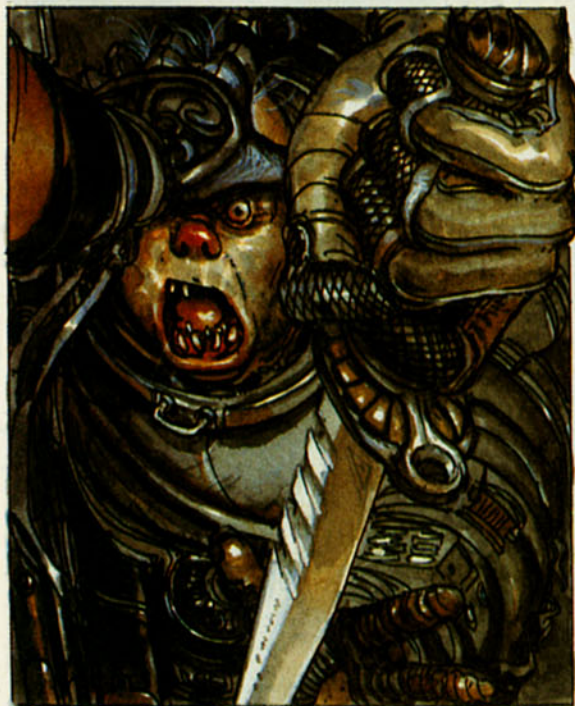
I CAN'T SEE A THING, BUT
NEITHER CAN THEY. HOWEVER,
I'VE GOT THE UPPER HAND
BECAUSE I KNOW THE TERRAIN...



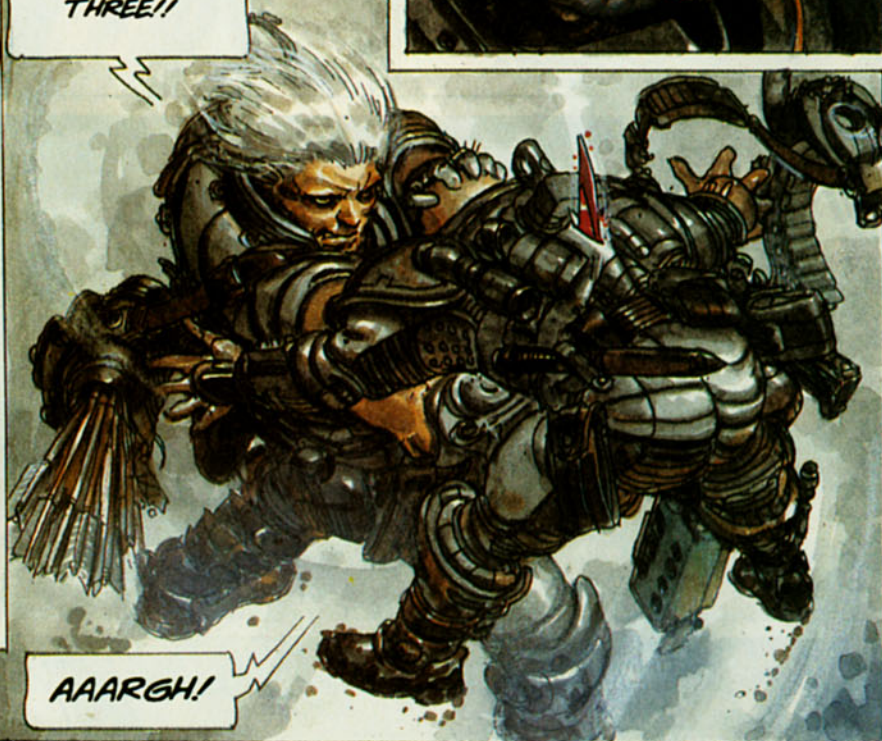


GARGL!

BARGORTH! ULKRAN! WULTHOR!
WHERE ARE YOU? ANSWER ME,
DAMN IT!

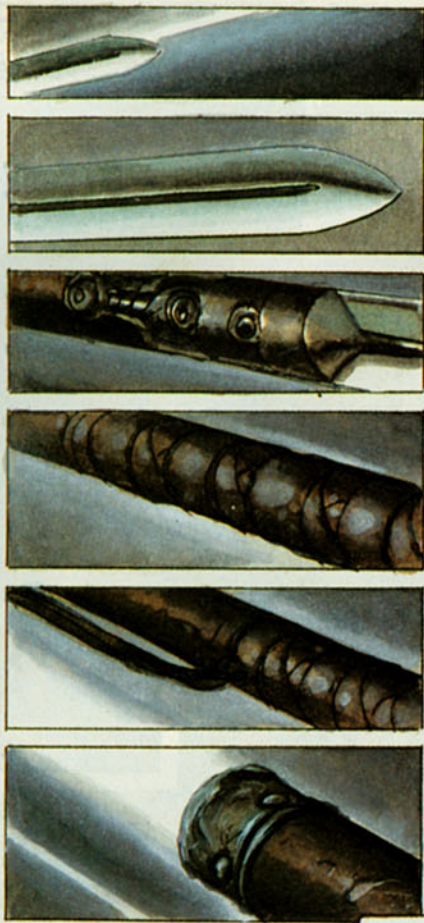


THREE!!



AAARGH!





AND
FOUR!



AAH! D-DAD!
THE...H-HORSE...



BAR!?



BAR!?

...I G-GOT H-HIM
B-BACK...I...WAS...A
T-TRUE...W-WARRIOR...



AAH!

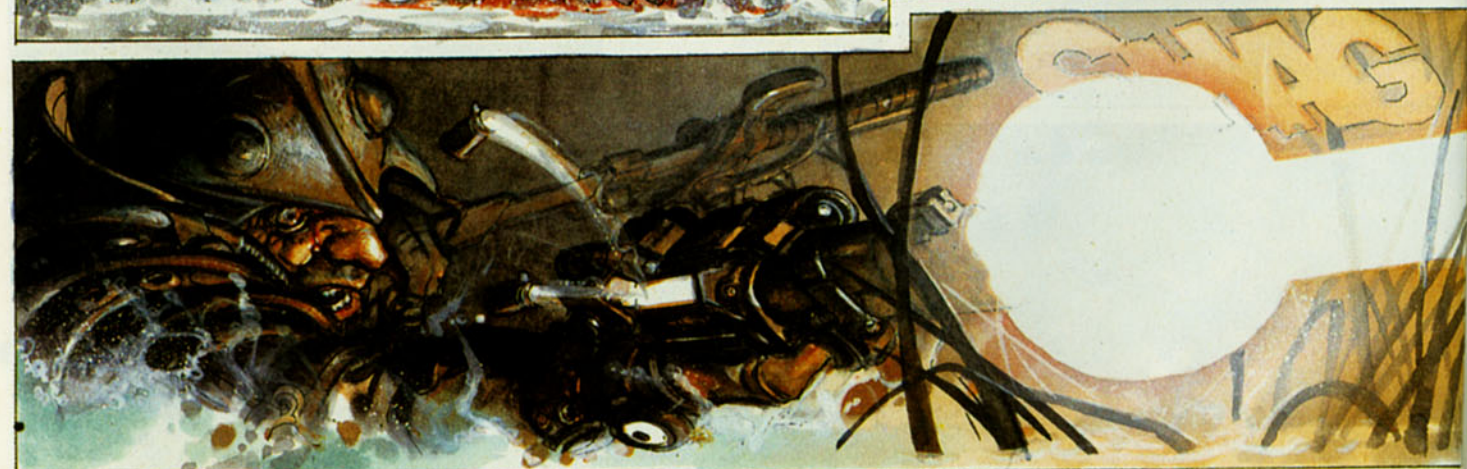
BARI! FORGIVE ME!



FORGIVE ME!



BARI...





"HIS PELVIS BLASTED BY THE PIRATE, THE BARON WAS ONLY ABLE TO RETURN TO THE FORTRESS WITH SHAZAM'S HELP...



"EVEN THOUGH HE OFTEN CAME CLOSE TO DEATH, THE TENDER CARE PROVIDED BY THE FAITHFUL IKU-TA AND HIS TWO DAUGHTERS ENABLED HIM TO EVENTUALLY PULL THROUGH...

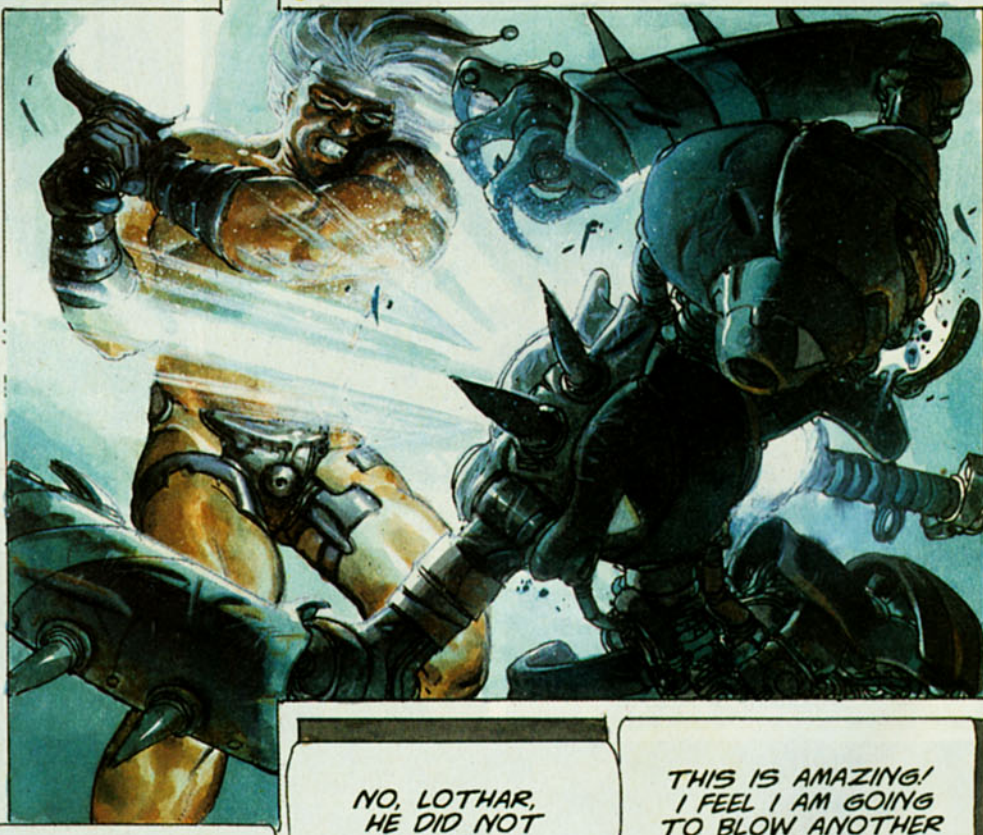
NOOO! IT'S A PIRATE WHOM I KILLED...NOT MY SON...BARI! COME BACK! ANSWER ME! DEATH IS BUT AN ILLUSION! I MUST WAKE UP!

A PRECIOUS BIRD OF SCARLET PLUMAGE FELL TO THE EARTH. IT TURNED INTO A FLOWER THAT WILL GROW AND GROW. BEYOND SPACE, YOUR SON WILL BE A FAMOUS WARRIOR. NOW REST, MY LORD BARON!



"AFTERWARD, OTHON TURNED HIS BACK ON PURE MARTIAL ARTS AND BEGAN INVESTING HIS FORTUNE IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE FIRST META-BARONIC WEAPONS...

"...THEREBY STARTING THE ANCIENT TRADITION OF BIONIC IMPLANTS WITH THE GRAFT OF A PROTO-CYBERNETIC PELVIS..."



WAIT, TONTO!
AM I MISSING
SOMETHING? I
THOUGHT HUMANS
NEEDED GENITAL
ORGANS TO
REPRODUCE...

THEN, WITH BARI
DEAD, HOW COULD
A CRIPPLED OTHON
VOY SALZA
PROCREATE
DESCENDANTS?
DID HE ADOPT
AN ORPHAN?

NO, LOTHAR,
HE DID NOT
ADOPT. HE
PROCREATED A
NEW SON WITH
A WOMAN HE
LOVED. A SON
OF HIS FLESH
AND BLOOD...

THIS IS AMAZING!
I FEEL I AM GOING
TO BLOW ANOTHER
CHIP! YOU MUST
TELL ME HOW HE
MANAGED TO
DO THIS!

THEY DO.
PENIS,
GONADS,
SPERM...

FIRST, WE MUST
PREPARE DINNER,
FOR OUR MASTER
MAY RETURN
SOON. I WILL TELL
YOU THE REST OF
THE STORY
TOMORROW.

OH BLAST!



JODOROWSKY
OSIMENEZ ©

THE END (FOR NOW)