

MANARA! GIGER! CORBEN!

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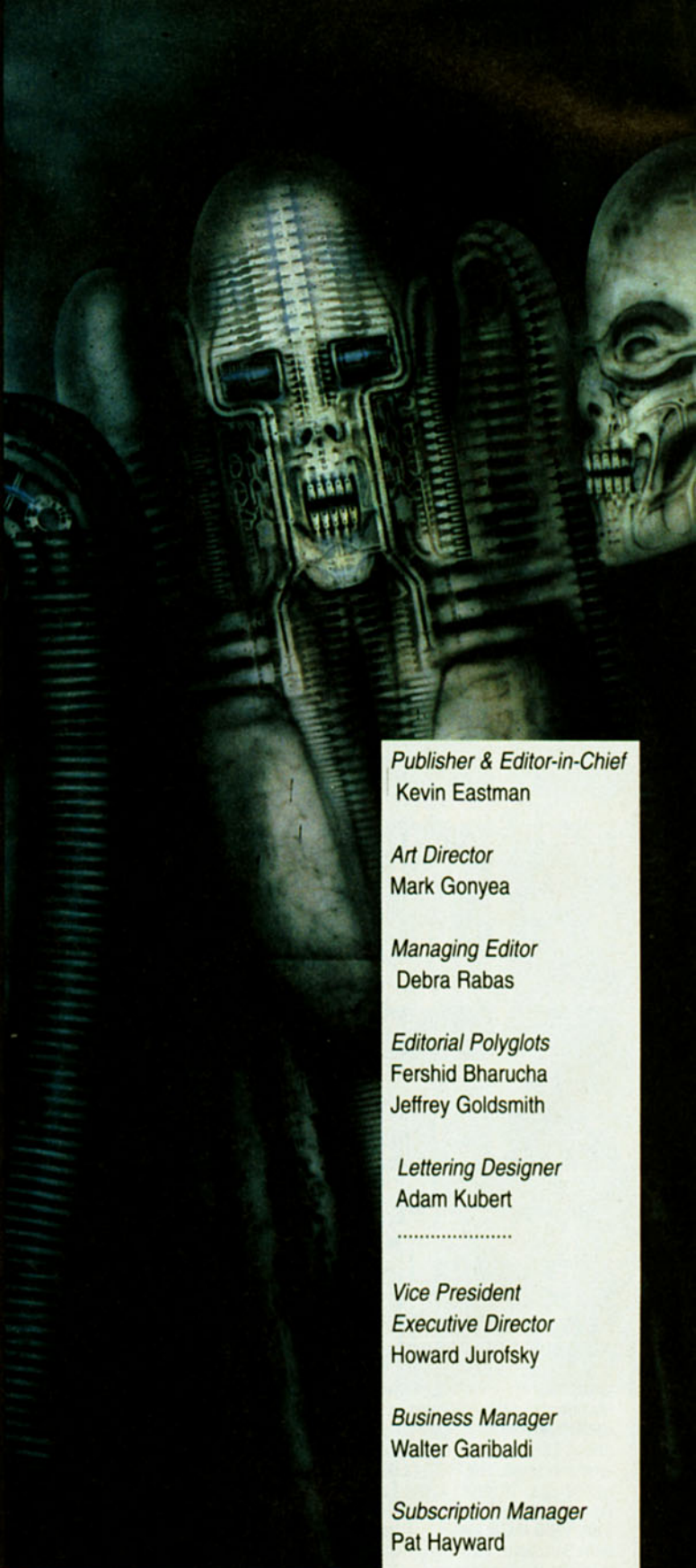
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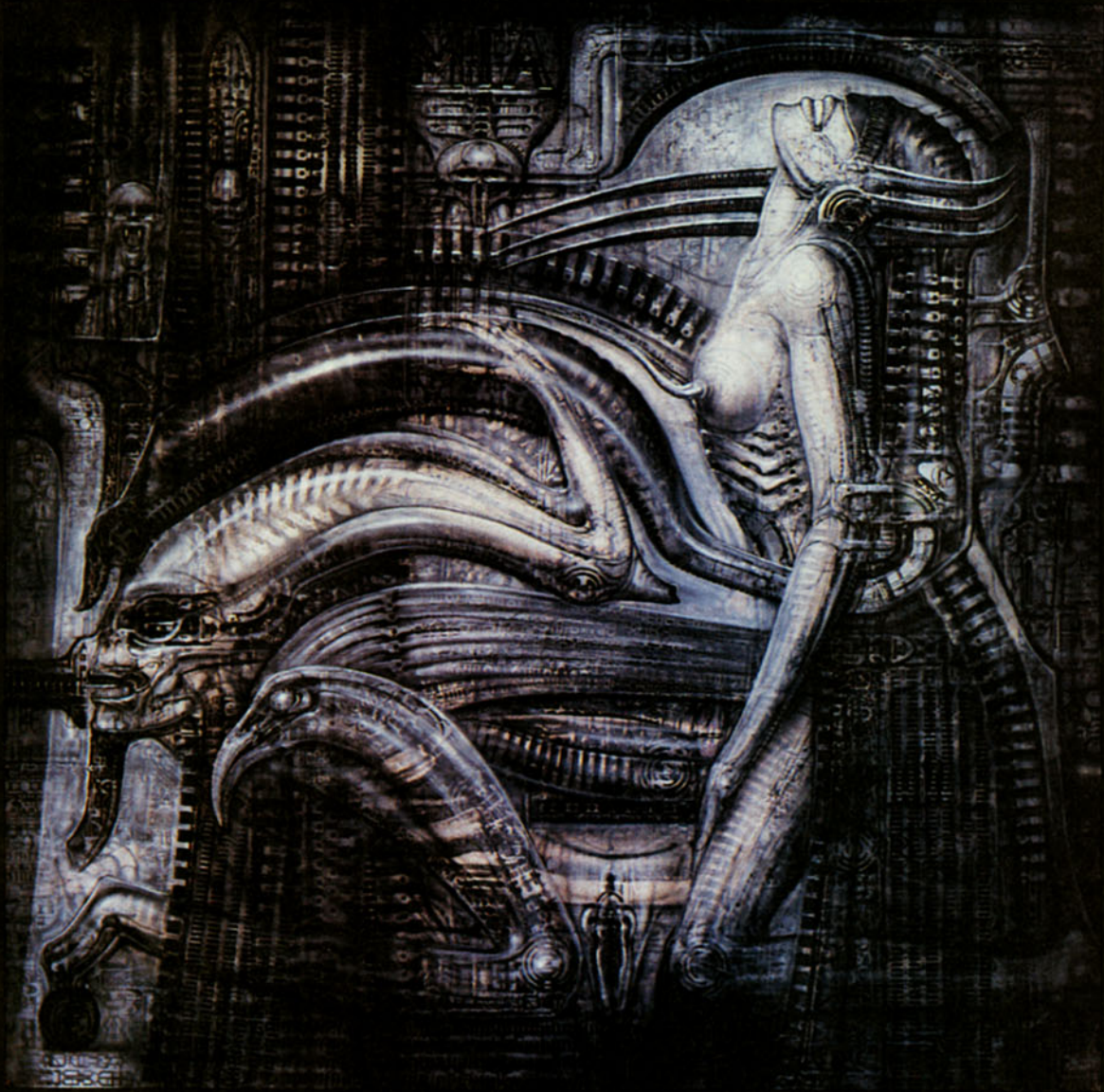
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# H.R. Giger GALLERY

*H.R. Giger, the Swiss master of fantastic art, maintains his position at the forefront of pop culture with the release of the motion picture Species. Giger's remarkable designs for the creature Sil, along with his bizarre nightmare train serve as further evidence that this Oscar-winning artist/designer still has the ability to create images that strike deeply into our subconscious minds and evoke powerful responses.*



*Biomechanical Mia-Egyptian Style*

*Giger's Sil is perhaps the most erotic, exotic, and elegant creature to grace the screen since the Maria Robot in the silent German classic Metropolis. She is the embodiment of Giger's long-honed skill at painting mysterious biomechanical women, who dominate his popular Necronomicon art books. Giger looks forward to working on future projects and would most like to work with James Cameron or Ridley Scott.*





*Carmen*



*Harkonnen Capo Chair*

*One of the furniture pieces  
Giger designed for an aborted  
screen version of Frank  
Herbert's Dune.*



*The Healer*

*Giger's early inspirations arose from the fantastic paintings of Hieronymus Bosch and the French film *Beauty and the Beast* directed by the poet and artist Jean Cocteau. He loves the books of H.P. Lovecraft and Clive Barker, yet when confronted with real images of violence and gore, Giger is perhaps more repulsed than most people. Much of his imagery reflects his deep concerns about such problems as overpopulation and war. The New York Times recently described Giger's art as "...suggestive of everything from art nouveau architecture to the paintings of Hieronymus Bosch and Salvador Dali as well as the centerfolds of Playboy magazine."*



*This has been a busy year for Giger. He has just finished two new books which are scheduled for release this fall from his U.S. publisher, Morpheus International. The first is Species Design, which details his own work on the film and the contributions of FX masters such as Steve Johnson, whose realization of Giger's designs was particularly satisfying to the artist. His creature required some very complex solutions. Following Species Design will be H.R. Giger's Film Design, a hardcover volume detailing all his film and video projects, from his earliest efforts in 16mm through his intended designs for Alien 3. The book's introduction is written by Ridley Scott and contains 130 pages of text and artwork.*



#### *The Tourist V99*

*One of the design paintings Giger did for The Tourist, an unproduced film project that was originally to have been produced by Francis Ford Coppola.*



#### *Biomechanoid*



#### *Biomechanical Landscape*





*E.C.P. X9*



*Bust of Sil*



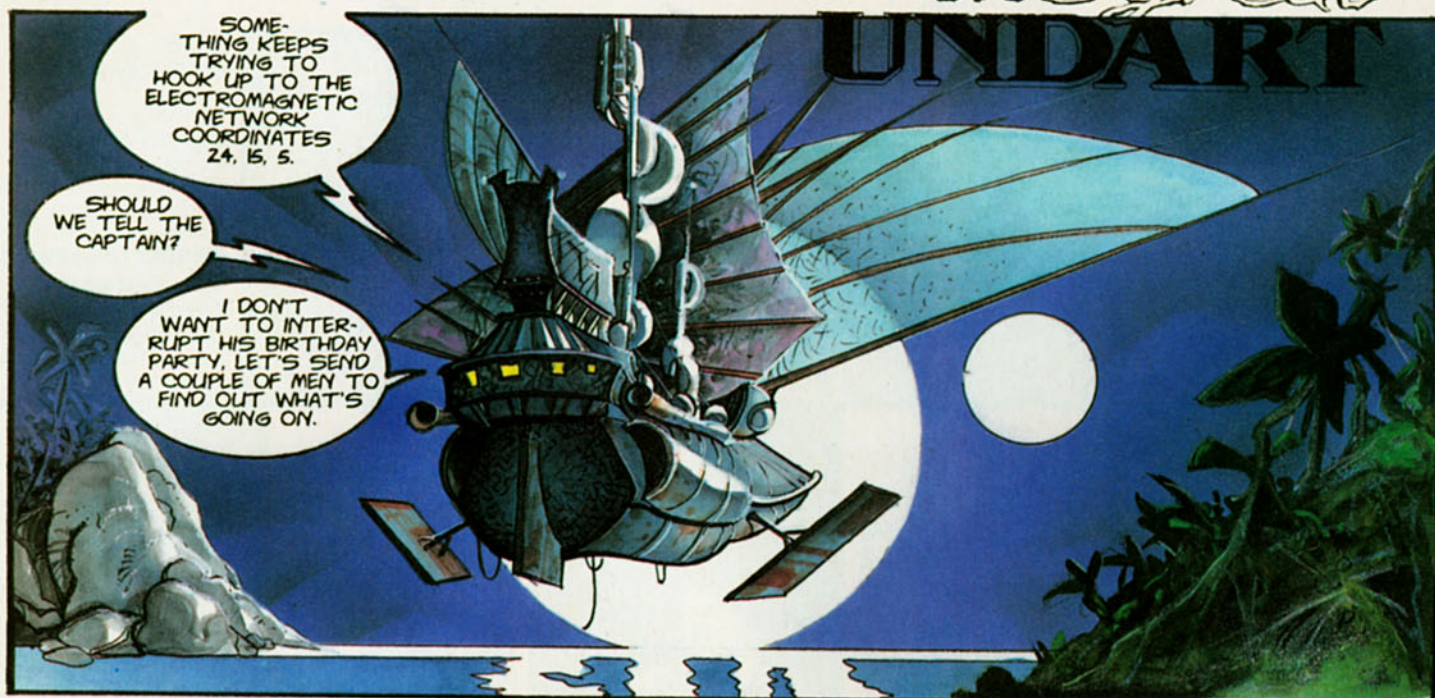
*National Park*

*This is a great example of Giger's amazing obsession with detail. There isn't a single bit of wasted space in this huge 80"x56" painting.*

*The future has yet more in store for the artist and his legions of fans throughout the world. He is currently involved in developing financing for a new Giger bar, to be located in the United States, in addition to the one in his hometown of Chur, Switzerland. He is also making plans for a Giger Museum, although the location is as of yet undetermined. The artist is quite confident of its eventual success, as the Dali Museum in Spain out-draws most of the larger, more established museums in Europe. Giger, like most of the fine artists in the fantastique, is always searching for more and better venues to display his remarkable work.*



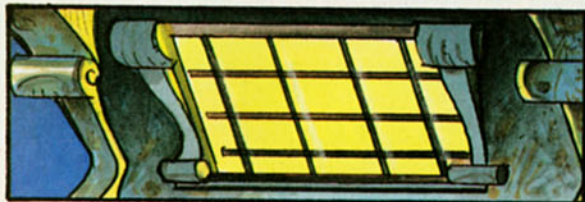
# UNDART



SOME-  
THING KEEPS  
TRYING TO  
HOOK UP TO THE  
ELECTROMAGNETIC  
NETWORK  
COORDINATES  
24, 15, 5.

SHOULD  
WE TELL THE  
CAPTAIN?

I DON'T  
WANT TO INTER-  
RUPT HIS BIRTHDAY  
PARTY, LET'S SEND  
A COUPLE OF MEN TO  
FIND OUT WHAT'S  
GOING ON.



A LITTLE  
WAVE-TYPE SHIP  
HAS BEEN CAUGHT,  
WITH THREE CREW-  
MEMBERS WHO ARE  
ABOUT TO ARRIVE. BUT  
LISTEN... LISTEN  
...LISTEN...

PERFECT.  
BRING THEM  
IN AS A  
SURPRISE!

MY DEAR  
AND BELOVED  
UNDART, KING OF  
THE SCUM OF THE  
UNIVERSE, HYENA  
OF SPACE!

ENOUGH OF  
THAT SPOUT-  
ING, UMBACA.  
GET TO THE  
POINT.

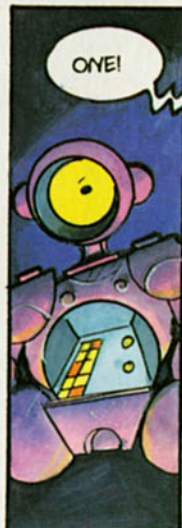
BROWN  
NOSE!

I ONLY  
WANT TO GIVE  
YOU A PRESENT  
BETTER YET.  
THREE

ONE!

TWO!

AND  
THREE!







MAKE NO MIS- TAKE ABOUT IT, THEY DON'T SEEM LIKE THEY'D ENJOY CANS WITHOUT THE SARDINES.























I WAS SENT BY THE CAPTAIN, WHO DOESN'T WANT ANY OF HIS MEN TO STOP HAVING FUN ON SUCH AN IMPORTANT DAY.



HE SENT US A GREAT PIECE OF CAKE.

YES! YES, WITH FRUIT TOPPING AND EVERYTHING.



WAIT... DON'T I KNOW YOU?

WELL...



...YOU'RE THE WOMAN WHO ...AHHHHH...

WHAT?



WITH THIS, OUR ROMANCE ENDS.



LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

WE'RE SAVED.



IT'S HER... IT'S HER.

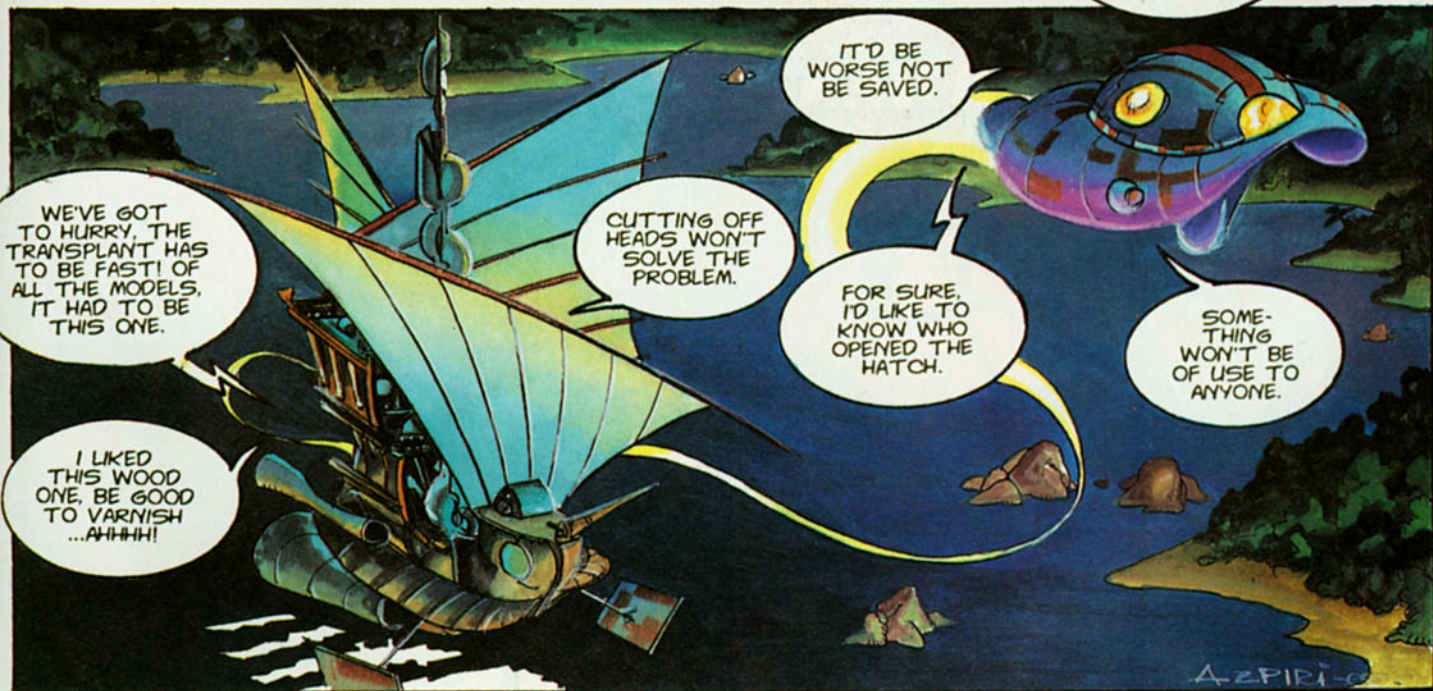


LET'S BUST OUT OF THIS STINKING JOINT.

I KNOW WHERE THEY'VE GOT SOME SMALL SHIPS IN WHICH WE CAN GET GOING.

BEFORE THAT, I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO DO.







# RIVER of FIRE



IT ALL STARTS  
WITH A BLACK  
BACKGROUND.



LOOK AT MY  
HANDS.

BROKEN...LIVING  
MEAT.



I'VE SCRAPPED THIS  
WET WALL THOUSANDS  
OF TIMES!



TO ESCAPE...

TO SLIDE MYSELF IN-  
TO WHATEVER HOLE...



AND BECOME PART  
OF THE GROUND...

ENCRUSTED.



MY EXCRETIONS  
COVER EVERYTHING.



I PURSUE LIFE.



ETERNITY REMAINS  
TOO DISTANT...IT  
STILL HASN'T  
SWALLOWED ME.



FOOD...IS TOO  
FAR...



MY FRIEND HAS  
RETURNED.



LIVING IN  
THE FOOD OF  
DEATH...

PUTREFYING  
INCUBATION...



DECOMPOSITION.



LIKE A FETUS IN  
THE STOMACH OF  
A CADAVER.



THEN AGAIN.

THEY WILL DETACH  
ME FROM THE  
GROUND.

ONCE AGAIN.



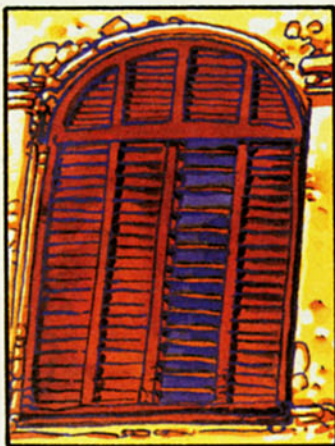
THEY WILL MAKE  
ME RETURN TO  
THIS BITING LIGHT



COME ON, CARCASS!  
THEY'RE WAITING FOR  
YOU ON THE PATIO! THIS  
TIME YOU'RE READY!



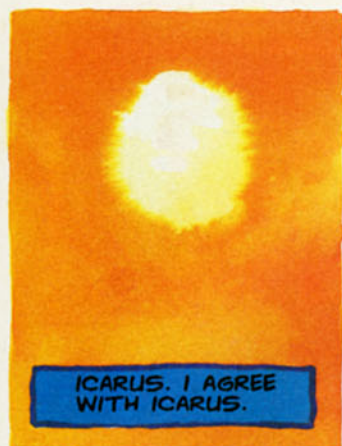
AUGUST 2033











ICARUS. I AGREE  
WITH ICARUS.



I NOTICED MY RIGID,  
CONSTRICTED  
FLESH.



I NOTICED MY  
BLISTERS BURST.



I NOTICED MY  
BOILING SWEAT.

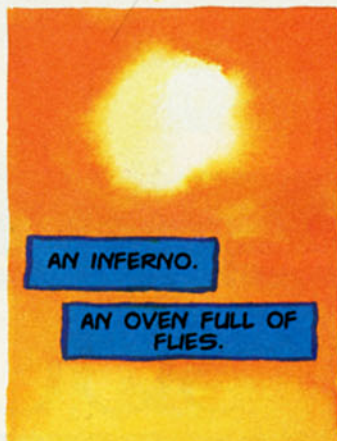


THEY OBSERVED  
ME. A THOUSAND  
PHASES...

A THOUSAND  
FACES...



A THOUSAND  
FLIES...



AN INFERNO.

AN OVEN FULL OF  
FLIES.



THEY COOKED MY  
BRAINS.



SLOWLY...



FLIES AS FEROCIOUS  
AS VULTURES.

DEVOURING ME WHILE  
I STILL LIVED.



GUARDS WITHOUT  
EYES.



THEY'RE STILL  
LOOKING AT ME?

UNASHAMED.

INFLEXIBLE.



WILL THEY UNDER-  
STAND MY SMILE?



OR THINK I'M  
CRAZY?



I REMEMBER ICARUS.



A SUN BELOW  
DEVOURING ME.

INEXORABLE...



# BLACK DEKKER

## DEEP SOUTH STORY

JUNE 2033

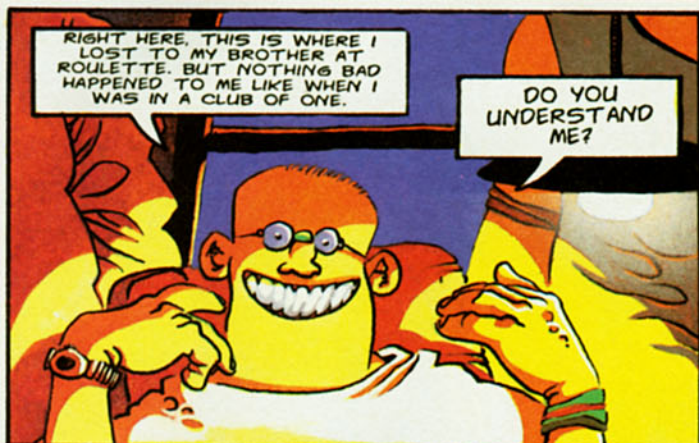
OK, OK, MR. DEKKER... I  
SEE YOU JUST DON'T UNDER-  
STAND THE SITUATION.

I CAN'T GIVE YOUR SHIP,  
BACK. AT THE VERY LEAST,  
YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY.

IT'S MY SHIP, BENSON,  
AND THAT'S IT.

MR. DEKKER,  
I DON'T THINK YOU  
UNDERSTAND! PAY  
FOR IT, OR LIVE ON  
ITS MEMORY.





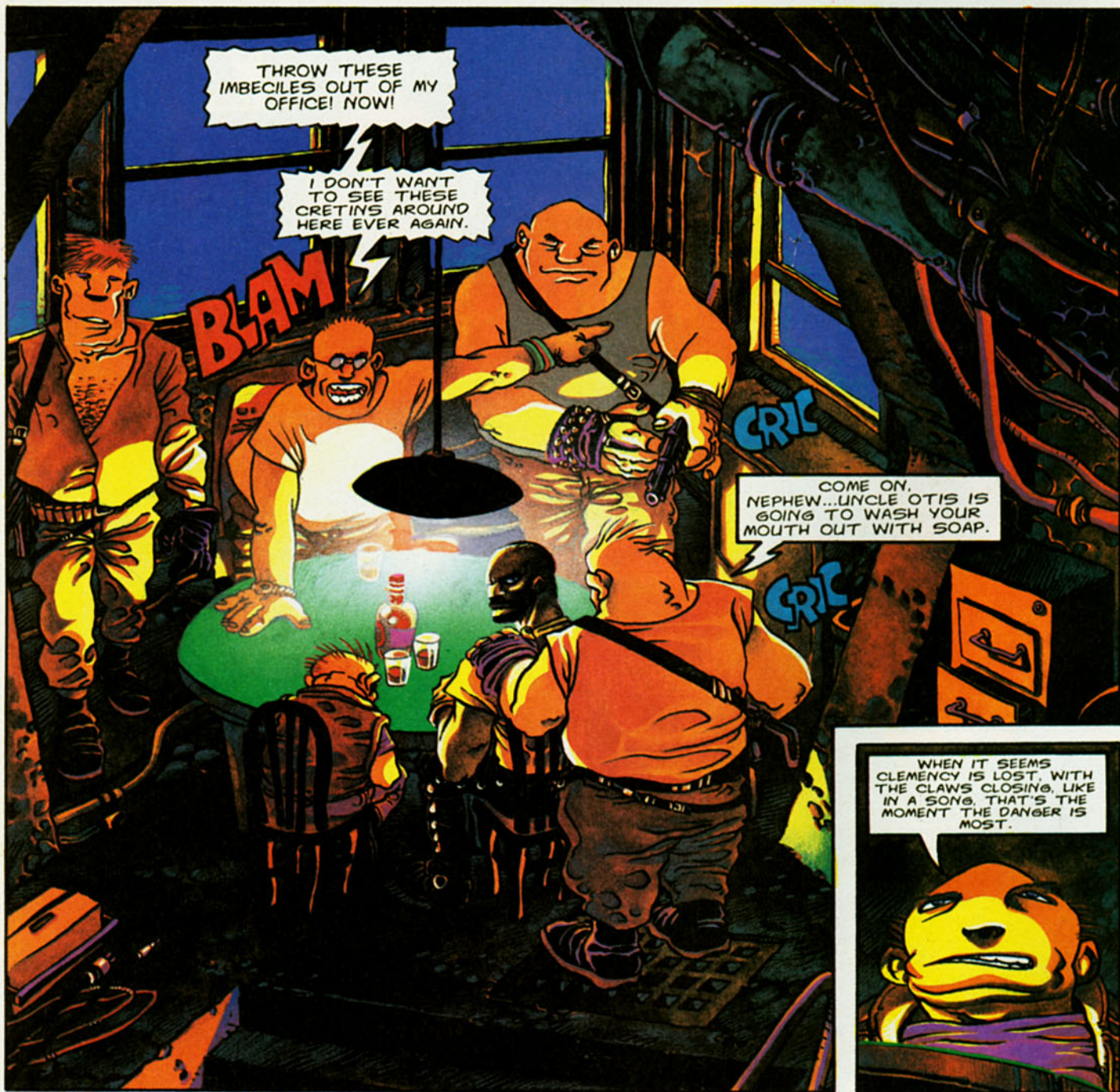




GIVE ME BACK MY SHIP. WE'LL GO AND FINISH A COUPLE OF LITTLE JOBS; AND WE'LL GIVE YOU 20% OF THE PROFITS...

AND IF YOU DON'T ACCEPT, I'LL MAKE A NECKLACE WITH YOUR TEETH.

THAT'S ENOUGH, DEKKER! IT'S ALL OVER!



THROW THESE IMBECILES OUT OF MY OFFICE! NOW!

I DON'T WANT TO SEE THESE CRETINS AROUND HERE EVER AGAIN.

BLAM

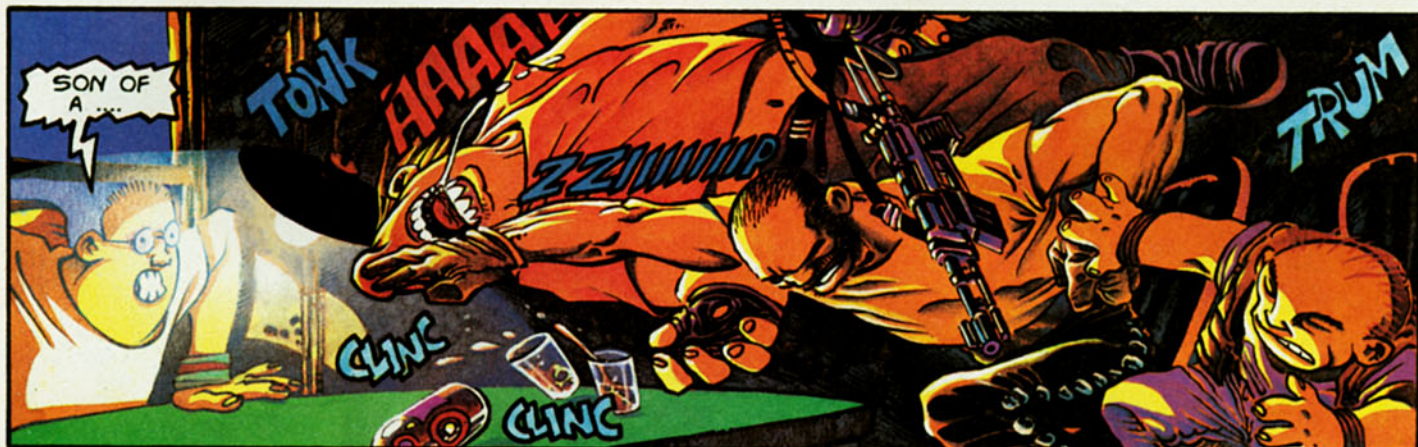
COME ON, NEPHEW...UNCLE OTIS IS GOING TO WASH YOUR MOUTH OUT WITH SOAP.

CRIC

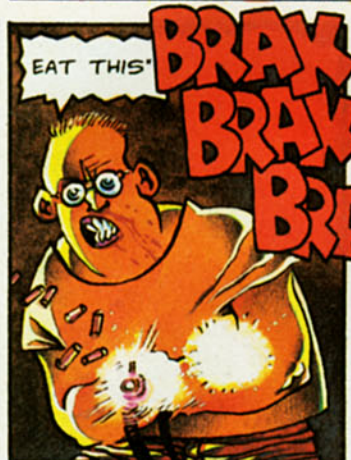
WHEN IT SEEMS CLEMENCY IS LOST, WITH THE CLAWS CLOSING, LIKE IN A SONG, THAT'S THE MOMENT THE DANGER IS MOST.

















**KKRSHHHH CRUNG**

LATER,  
BUDDY!



GOOD FIGHT...  
I FEEL LIKE NEW.

SO LONG  
IN COMING...

**SMASH**

WELL, THAT'S  
THAT...

I'VE GOT TO LOOK  
FOR THE PAPERS  
FOR THE "LADY"...

LEGALITIES AFTER  
EVERYTHING, RIGHT,  
LITTLE ONE?

DOING IT RIGHT.  
YOU SHOULD KNOW  
THAT, BLACK.

SEE IF YOU CAN OPEN  
THAT FILE CABINET

BINGO! THAT BENSON  
WAS AN ORGANIZED  
GUY.

WE ALL HAVE FLAWS,  
MY OLD FRIEND...

BUT WE AREN'T DISPOSED  
TO ADMIT THEM. AT LEAST  
NOT GUYS LIKE BENSON.

SONS OF  
BITCHES...

**CLICK**











EVERYONE COMES TO  
FREAKYTOWN/  
EVERYONE COMES TO  
FREAKYTOWN/  
BUT NOBODY LAUGHS WHEN  
THEY LEAVE

WE ARE ONLY EQUAL / IN THE  
DARK AND IN THE GRAVE  
IN THIS LAND OF STRANGERS  
/ THERE ARE DANGERS /  
THERE ARE  
FREAKIES

GOOD ROLL, MY  
FRIEND! I'M HARRY HEAD  
AND IT'S DINNERTIME IN  
FREAKYTOWN. THEY'VE  
PREDICTED TONIGHT  
IT'LL BE A TOAD-  
STOOL OMELETTE...

AND THE WHOLE  
WORLD MUST KNOW  
THAT I HAAAAATE  
TOADSTOOL  
OMELETTES! DOESN'T  
THAT MATTER TO  
ANYONE?

# the Freakies

an armless production

in  
  
Doctorin' the Hogsie



PUNISHMENT!  
PUNISHMENT AND  
DRASTIC SOLUTIONS!  
THAT'S WHAT THIS  
SEQUENCE NEEDS.  
THEREFORE...

WE'RE GONNA MAKE  
YOU PAY.  
MOUNTAIN BIKE,  
YOU SCUMMY  
CLOSED-UP DUST  
EATER.

MOUNTAIN BIKE! THE  
VILLAGE OF FREAKYTOWN  
BORED AND LAZY AS  
USUAL - CONDEMNS YOU  
TO HAVE YOUR GUTS  
OPENED BY THIS  
SCREWDRIER! GET HIM!

IT'S NOTHING  
PERSONAL, "MONTY".  
WE NEED TO PICK UP  
THE PACE OF THE  
SHOW.  
IT WOULD BE  
BETTER FOR ME IF  
WE SLOWED DOWN  
THE PACE INSTEAD!



CAN I FAST-  
FORWARD THE SHOW.  
TOO? I'M BORED  
OUT HERE IN THE  
COUNTRYSIDE...  
I'M GLAD TO SEE A  
FRIEND, BONELESS! UNITE  
YOURSELF WITH THE  
COLLECTIVE CATHARSIS!

AS LONG AS I  
DON'T DRAG MY  
CHIN, I'LL LOSE  
THEM.

THIS SITUATION IS  
GETTING DANGEROUSLY  
CLOSE TO A "ZAPPING". A  
GOOD LEADER MUST  
OFTEN DEVISE DRASTIC  
SOLUTIONS TO KEEP HIS  
POSITION.

YAAA! NOW I'VE GOT  
YOU, YOU LIZARD-LIKE  
LINGUIST! YOU CAN'T  
ESCAPE THE PEOPLE'S  
DECISION AND YOU ARE  
NOW OBLIGATED TO  
ASSUME YOUR DESTINY.



DON'T TRY TO MOVE,  
PAL! I'M GOING TO CALL  
THE REST OF OUR  
COLLEAGUES AND  
INVITE THEM TO PLAY  
DOCTOR WITH YOU.





YES, I'M BIG MACK. DO I WANT TO PLAY DOCTOR? DO I WANT TO PERFORM AN AUTOPSY ON MOUNTAIN BIKE WITH A SCREWDRIVER? I'M COMING RIGHT NOW! I HAVE TO BRING POPCORN?



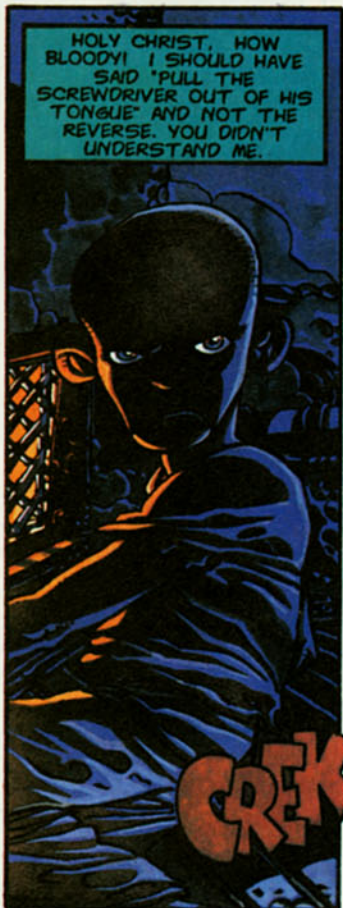
HELLO, HARRY. I BROUGHT SOME FRIENDS WHO ARE MAKING A DOCUMENTARY FOR THE SCHOOLS.



FIRST, WE'LL PULL HIS TONGUE OUT WITH A SCREWDRIVER. UAAAAHHUUUU!



HOLY CHRIST, HOW BLOODY! I SHOULD HAVE SAID 'PULL THE SCREWDRIVER OUT OF HIS TONGUE' AND NOT 'THE REVERSE. YOU DIDN'T UNDERSTAND ME.'



COME ON, COME ON...THE LITTLE BUM HEARD US COMING... WHAT A SHAME!

CUT OFF HIS HANDS, EDDIE...



TONGUE



CATCH HIM! HE CAN'T ESCAPE!

FUCKING BASTARD! I'LL RIP YOUR GUTS OUT OF YOUR ASS!

COME HERE YOU LITTLE SON OF A BITCH!



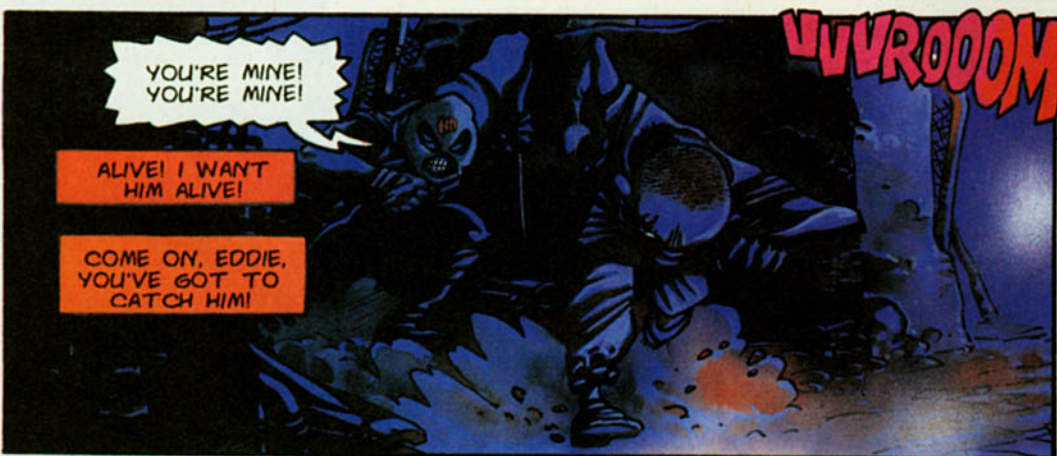
SLAP

SHIIIT!

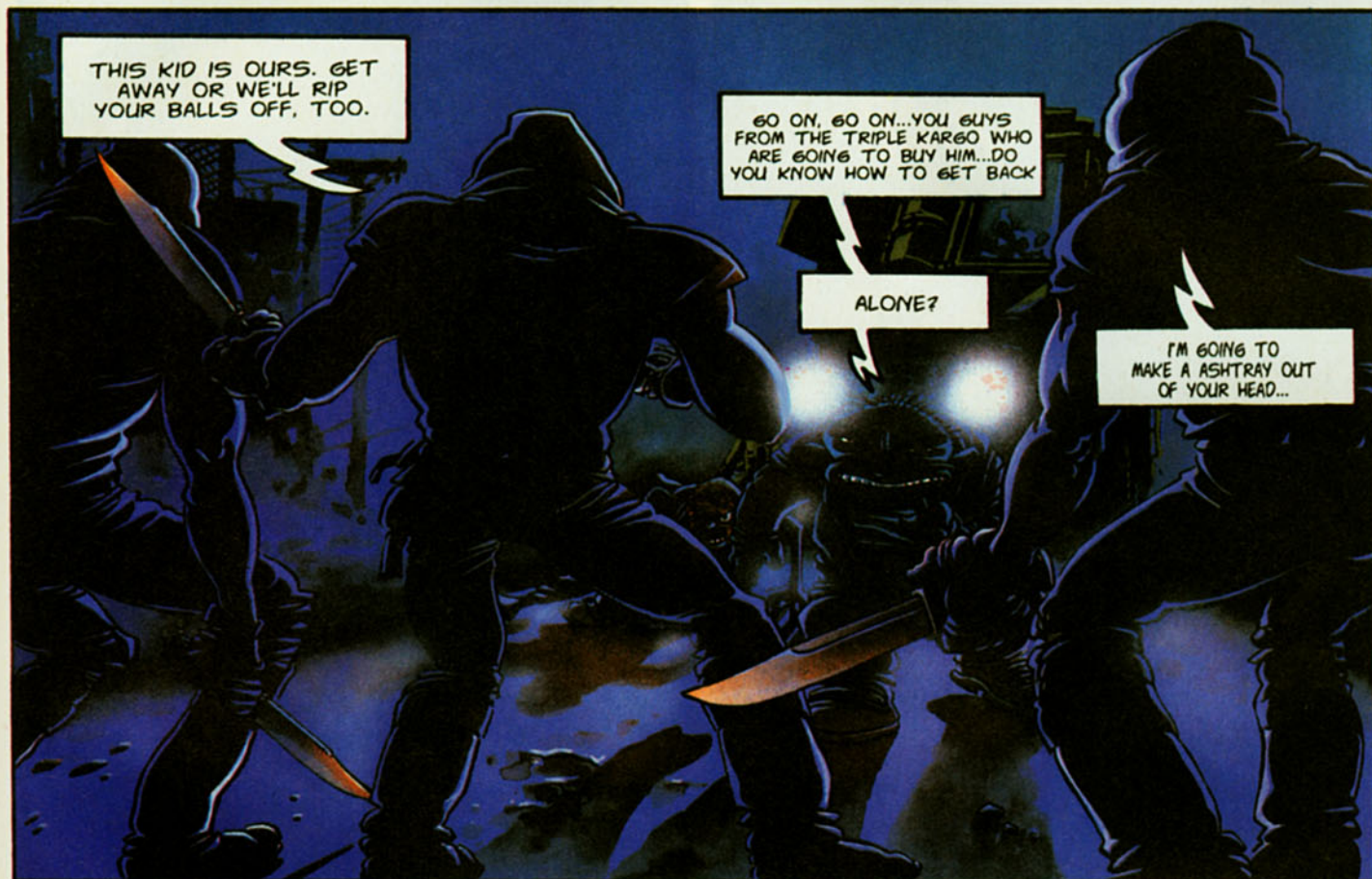
YOU'RE MINE! YOU'RE MINE!

ALIVE! I WANT HIM ALIVE!

COME ON, EDDIE, YOU'VE GOT TO CATCH HIM!















FINALLY, DEKKER.  
WHO DID YOU BRING  
US THIS TIME?



THREE BULLIES FROM THE  
TRIPLE K LOOKING FOR SOME  
SERIOUS THRILLS...

KUDGLE, KIPPER,  
KACKY...

I'LL BUY A ROUND  
FOR WHOEVER'S  
THE FATTEST!



AND WHO'S THAT  
SHORTY? YOU DON'T  
MEAN YOURSELF, I  
SUPPOSE...

NO PRINCESS. YOU  
KNOW THAT'S NOT  
MY STYLE.



WE THREW HIMSELF  
UNDER OUR WHEELS.  
LOOK AT THAT WOUND.  
AND WATCH THAT HE  
DOESN'T BITE YOU!

SHOULD I CALL  
DOCTOR JONES?

AY

YEAH, DO IT...HE  
NEEDS SOME  
STITCHES...



WHAT CAN WE DO  
WITH THESE SUCKERS,  
TOP CHOP? IT HAS TO  
BE SOMETHING ORIGINAL,  
PERSONAL AND NON-  
TRANSFERRABLE...

SON OF A  
BITCH!



I HAVE AN IDEA! HOW  
'BOUT WE PASS THEM  
OVER TO MIKE THE  
TATTOOIST?

AAAH!



BUT JONES! BIG MAMA  
WANTS TO SEW UP  
SOMEBODY'S CUT!

HEAVENS...IT'S BEEN  
MONTHS SINCE I'VE DONE  
ANY OF MY PRESTIGIOUS  
STITCHING...

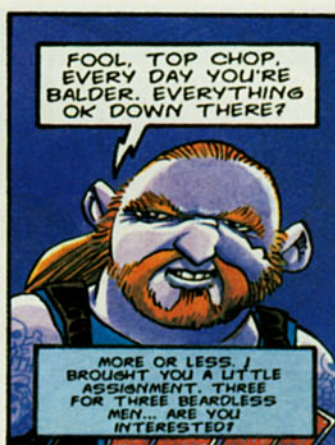
NOBODY LOOVES ME  
BUT MY MOTH...A...



WHAT'S WITH  
THAT GUY?

THAT GUY, WOULD YOU  
BELIEVE HE DOESN'T  
DRINK ANYTHING BUT  
WATER?







YOU'VE GOT TO GO DOWN TO LAGUNA MADRE WITH YOUR SHIP AND YOUR MEN TO THE RIO GRANDE PORT. IT HAS TO SEEM THAT THE TRIP IS PURELY ROUTINE. THE IMPRESSION THE AUTHORITIES WILL HAVE IS THAT YOU ARE ONLY "TERMINES" PICKING UP MILITARY SCRAP METALS. YOU KNOW THAT THE OLD BROWNSVILLE AIRPORT AREA IS IN A STATE OF PERPETUAL CIVIL WAR. YOU WILL HEAD UP THE RIO GRANDE UNTIL RIO GRANDE CITY, WHERE YOU WILL PASS ROUTE 83. THAT'S THE MOUTH OF THE SAN JUAN, AS YOU CAN SEE ON THE MAP. UP RIVER IS YOUR DESTINATION: CHINA PRISON.

YOUR OBJECTIVE IS TO FIND AND TAKE ALIVE ONE A. BIERCE. HE IS, OR WAS, TECHNICAL MERCENARY OF THE TEXAN DELEGATION OF "ICESTAR, LTD." IN THE TAMULIPAS PROVINCE. HE DIRECTED THE BRANCH OF THE FREEZER AND AIR CONDITIONER MANUFACTURER THEY HAVE THERE...OR AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT THEIR MAIN OFFICE THINKS THEY'RE DOING. BUT HE PUT HIMSELF IN AN UNSTABLE SITUATION, INVOLVING SOME RELATIONSHIPS WITH THE POLICE IN ZONE. IN A YEAR HE PENETRATED NUEVO LEON AND THEY ARRESTED HIM RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ELECTIONS.

HIS ARREST COINCIDED WITH THE APRIL COUP D'ETAT. WITH THE FALL OF ARSENIO BRAVO AND THE RISE IN POWER OF THE MILITARY JUNTA. HE WAS ARRESTED WITH THE INTENT OF TAKING A FERRY TO THE BORDER. TRAFFICKING ARMS WAS THE CHARGE THEY COOKED UP. HE WAS JUDGED QUICKLY AND SENTENCED HARD. ALL IN THE PUREST STYLE OF A BANANA REPUBLIC.

THEREFORE, AND IF HE'S STILL ALIVE, HE'S PERMANENTLY JAILED IN THE MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON OF CHINA. IT'S AN OLD SPANISH FORT CONSTRUCTED CENTURIES AGO ON THE SAN JUAN RIVER. BUT WITH THE CLIMATIC CHANGES OF THE LAST FEW YEARS, WHAT WAS A DESERT IS NOW AN IMPENETRABLE JUNGLE. IT WILL MAKE YOUR MISSION EASIER.





EVERYONE KNOWS THAT CHINA COUNTY IS LIKE AN INDEPENDENT PROVINCE OF NUEVO LEON PROPER. IT HAS AN INDEPENDENT ARMY, IT'S OWN NATURAL RESOURCES AND A KIND OF LOCAL OF GOVERNOR WHO CONTROLS THE ZONE AT HIS WHIM: COLONEL SNARK, DIRECTOR OF THE PRISON.

SNARK IS THE TRUE SOUL OF CHINA. ACTING FOR HIS CLIENT, HE ESTABLISHES HIS OWN LAWS. NOT EVEN THE MAYOR OF NUEVO LEON DARES TO QUESTION HIS AUTHORITY. HE FEARS BEING REMOVED FROM POWER BY THEM. WE BELIEVE THAT IN THE END THEY WILL DO THAT ANYWAY. THAT IT WILL END IN BLOOD. HE RELIES ON EXERCISING DISCIPLINE AND IMPLACABILITY, AND ON AN ARSENAL WHICH PERMITTED THE WINNING OF THE WAR IN SEVEN YEARS AND A WEEK. SNARK IS SURELY DANGEROUS: HIS MEN ARE EXTREMELY OBEIDENT AND DEVOTED. AND HE'S CRAZY. BY THE WAY.

HE RELIES ON EXERCISING DISCIPLINE AND IMPLACABILITY, AND ON AN ARSENAL WHICH PERMITTED THE WINNING OF THE HUNDRED YEAR WAR IN A WEEK. SNARK IS SURELY DANGEROUS: HIS MEN ARE EXTREMELY OBEIDENT AND DEVOTED. AND HE'S CRAZY, BY THE WAY.

HE WAS AN OFFICER IN THE SPECIAL OPERATIONS CORP OF OUR GOVERNMENT. AND HE ACTED THE PART UNTIL THE DECLARATION OF THE INDEPENDENCE OF TEXAS. HE IS A TYPICAL MERCENARY, A MEGALOMANIAC WITH DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR, DISCOURAGING ON THE PREACHING OF SLEEP DEPRIVATION AND REPPRESSED CYBER-BAY TENDENCIES. AND HE LOVES HIGH CULTURE.





HE DIRECTS AND COORDINATES EXTERMINATION GROUPS THAT "CLEAN" THE COUNTRY OF ILLEGAL SCRAPERS, SUPPOSEDLY, OR AT LEAST THIS IS WHAT SNARK HAS DESIGNATED. ALL "TERMITES" WHO WISH TO COLLECT THE REMAINING SCRAP, WHICH THE MILITARY SKIRMISHES HAVE LEFT BEHIND DURING THE UPRISING, HAVE TO PAY - RELIGIOUSLY - THE TAX HE IMPOSES.

THE MOUTH OF THE SAN JUAN RIVER IS ALWAYS FULL OF CADAVERS WHO TRIED TO SKIP PAYING THE FEE: CHICANOS, CUBANS, TEXANS... OLD AND YOUNG, MEN AND WOMEN, INCLUDING CHILDREN. PREVIOUSLY, MANY CHILDREN, STARVING ORPHANS TRAFFICKED LIGHT SCRAP.

MORE RECENTLY, HE REALIZED THAT THE CHILDREN WERE A CHEAP PAIR OF HANDS. SNARK'S MEN RECRUITED THEM AND USED THEM LIKE VEHICLES FOR TRAFFICKING DRUGS WHICH HAS INCREASED IN THE REGIONS. MONTEMORELOS AND FORT ISABEL. WHEN AN URCHIN KNEW TOO MUCH, THEY KILLED HIM. THIS WAS CALLED "BURNING THE FILES."

SNARK MUST HAVE HAD A VISION, OR SOMETHING LIKE A MYSTICAL EXPERIENCE. HE BELIEVES THAT ONE DAY THE MANIA FOR DRUGS WILL END AND HE WILL BEGIN TO DEVELOP HIS CORP UPON THE PLATFORM OF CULTURE, ZEN, AND VEGETARIANISM. HE HAS CREATED AN ARMY OF CHILDREN SPECIALIZED IN TORTURE AND CONFIRMED CRIMINALS: URCHINS OF DEATH.





# RINGSIDE

YES, I WAS RINGSIDE WITH BULLY BEEF DURING HIS CAREER. BELIEVE ME, HE WASN'T HALF BAD. HE WON AGAINST THE GREAT KID CRESCENT THANKS TO HIS GIRLFRIEND, A REAL WEIRD CHICK...

HIS GIRLFRIEND?

HER NAME'S BELLE. SHE WAS INSEPARABLE FROM BULLY. AND BULLY WAS NOTHING WITHOUT HER. SHE WAS THERE WHEN BULLY TRAINED AND DURING THE FIGHTS. SHE WAS INDISPENSABLE.

HOW DO YOU DO IT, BELLE?

YOU'RE TREMENDOUS, BULLY!

CHECK THIS OUT, BELLE!

GO ON, MUGGSY...

HE WAS REALLY BRUTAL, THIS KID, AND RABID MAD, BUT NOT WITH BELLE..."

LOWER, BULLY, WORK HIM LOWER!



"THERE WAS ONE PROBLEM...THE HOTS HE HAD FOR THAT GIRL. IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO KEEP THEM APART..."

BULLY!  
BULLY! ARE  
YOU GOING  
TO TRAIN  
OR WHAT?

C'MON,  
BULLY!  
NOT NOW,  
WORK!

ALL IN ALL, THINGS WENT WELL WITH BELLE AROUND.

I'M ALMOST  
FINISHED  
BELLE! 39,  
40...

HIT 'EM  
HARD,  
BULLY!

"...I KNOW HAVING A WOMAN WHEN TRAINING IS AGAINST THE RULES, BUT WITH BULLY IT WAS THE OTHER WAY AROUND. THE MORE HE WAS WITH HER THE STRONGER HE GOT."

BESIDES, YOU  
COULDN'T BLAME  
BULLY. BELLE HAD  
THE MOST  
SPECTACULAR  
BREASTS I'VE  
EVER SEEN...

ALRIGHT,  
SHOWER OFF,  
BULLY. AND FOR  
GOD'S SAKE  
TRY AND GET  
SOME SLEEP!

AAAH!  
FINALLY,  
BELLE!  
FINALLY!

BAH!  
WHY WEAR  
MYSELF  
OUT?



"...AND THEN CAME BULLY'S BIG CHANCE..."

BULLY,  
THIS IS THE  
LEGENDARY  
KID  
CRESCENT.

HEY  
GUY,  
HA!

"BULLY AND  
CRESCENT  
HATED  
EACH  
OTHER AT  
FIRST  
SIGHT,  
BUT  
BELLE..."

H...  
HELLO...

"...WAS A DIFFERENT STORY..."

BELLE?  
YES, INDEED!  
THE NAME  
SUITS YOU  
WELL!

"...BELLE CHANGED IN HER RELATIONSHIP  
WITH BULLY..."

WHAT  
THE HELL'S  
GOTTEN INTO  
YOU, BELLE?  
YOU'RE  
DIFFERENT!

N...  
NOTHING,  
KI...NOTHING,  
BULLY...

"...HIS TRAINING ALSO  
DETERIORATED..."

WHAT  
THE HELL YOU  
DOING BULLY?  
ARE YOU  
ASLEEP?

UFF!

"KID CRESCENT  
WAS HANDSOME  
AND VERY RICH.  
HE WAS ALSO  
QUITE A LADIES'  
MAN..."



"...THEY BEGAN FIGHTING..."



"...IT ENDED BADLY..."



"...WORST OF ALL HE KNEW WHERE BELLE WAS SPENDING HER TIME..."







MADMOISELLE BELLE!  
WHAT A GREAT SURPRISE!

SHOWERS

"...WORSE STILL, BULLY AND I RECEIVED  
AN UNWELCOME VISITOR..."



I SHIT  
ON ALL  
WOMEN!

LISTEN HERE  
POTATO NOSE.  
MINSKY PUT A LOT  
OF DOUGH ON THE  
WINNER AND  
WANTS TO BE  
SURE HE'S NOT  
GOING TO LOSE.



BULLY,  
I'M HERE ON  
BEHALF OF  
SOLLY  
MINSKY...

"IT WAS A BAD DAY FOR  
BULLY. HE WAS ANGRY  
AND FRUSTRATED..."



LISTEN  
UP, PUPPET.  
DON'T EVEN  
THINK OF  
LOSING!

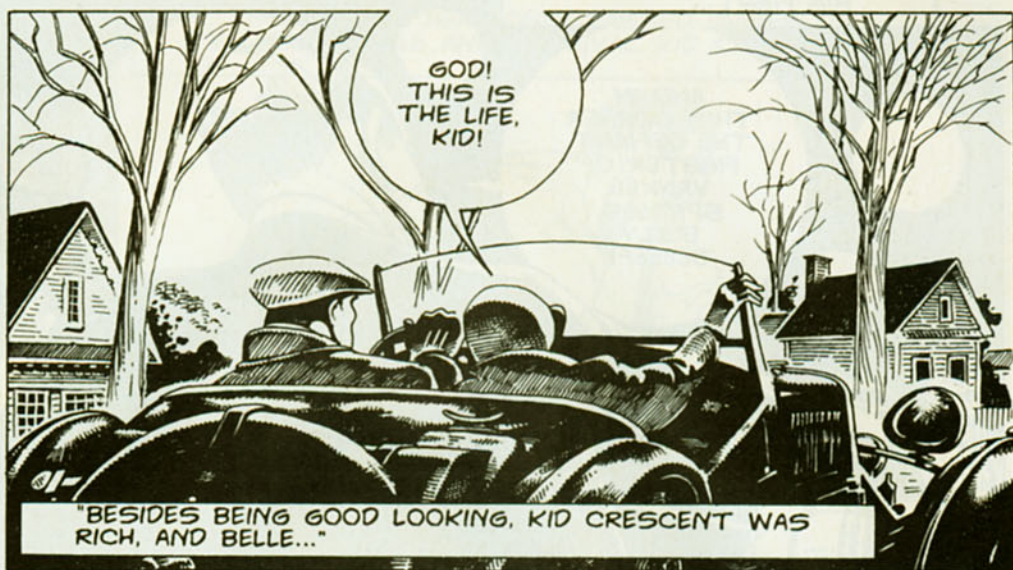


SHOVE  
IT. YOU  
SON OF A  
BITCH!

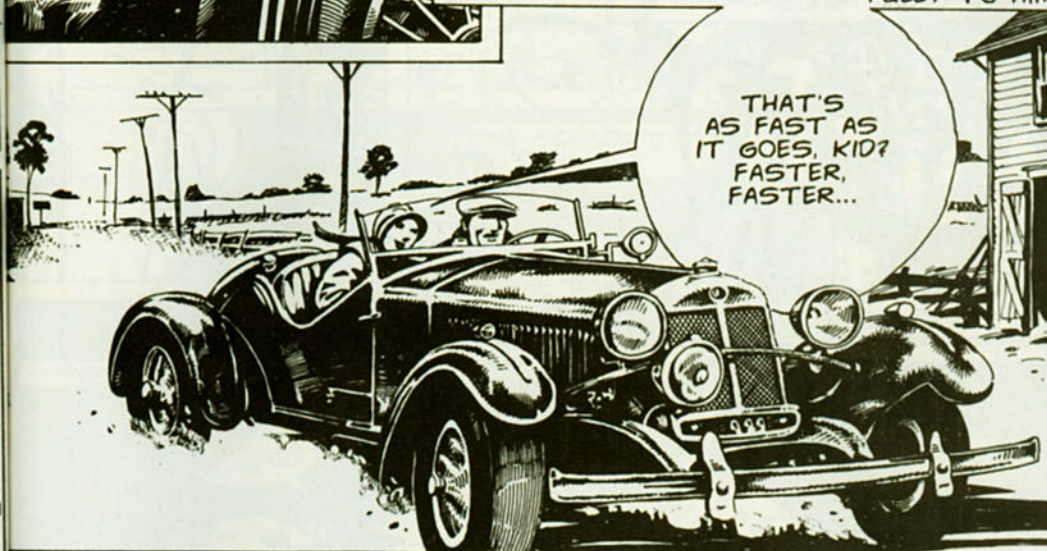
"HE BROKE THE JAW OF  
MINSKY'S GORILLA. I ALMOST  
SHIT IN MY PANTS..."



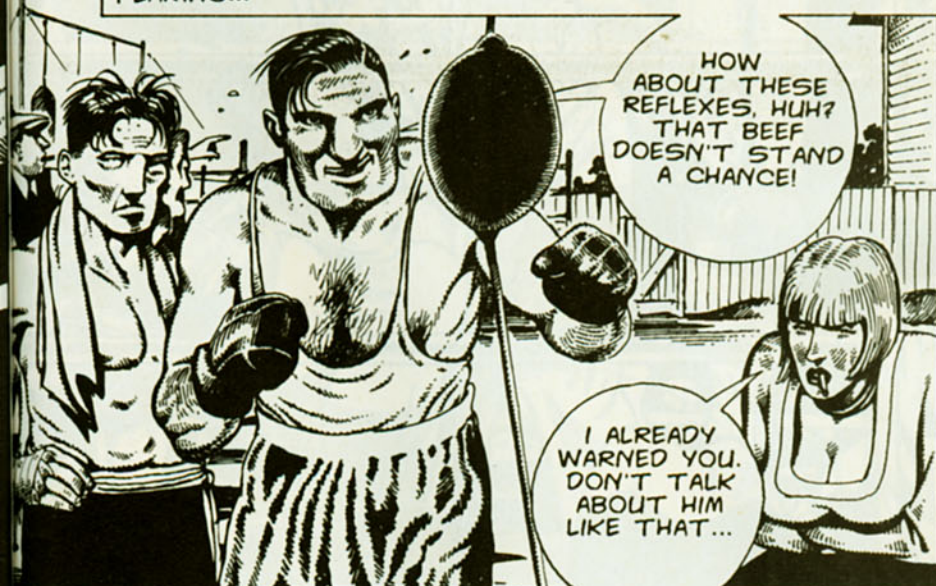
"MINSKY DIDN'T TAKE REVENGE. HE JUST WAITED. BULLY THOUGHT OF ONLY ONE THING, BELLE..."



"...COULD HAVE FUN WITH HIM. THOUGH SHE WAITED TO GIVE HERSELF FULLY TO HIM."



THE KID TRAINED AND GAVE IT HIS ALL. HIS CONFIDENCE WAS PEAKING..."





"AND THEN CAME THE DAY OF THE  
BIG FIGHT..."

AND IN  
THIS CORNER  
THE DEFIANT  
FIGHTER OF  
YANKEE  
SPRINGS,  
BULLY  
BEEEEE!

NOW  
TOUCH  
GLOVES,  
GENTLEMEN.

"SEEING MINSKY THERE DIDN'T MAKE ME ANY CALMER..."

HELLO,  
MUGGSY.

"...I KNEW WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF BULLY LOST..."

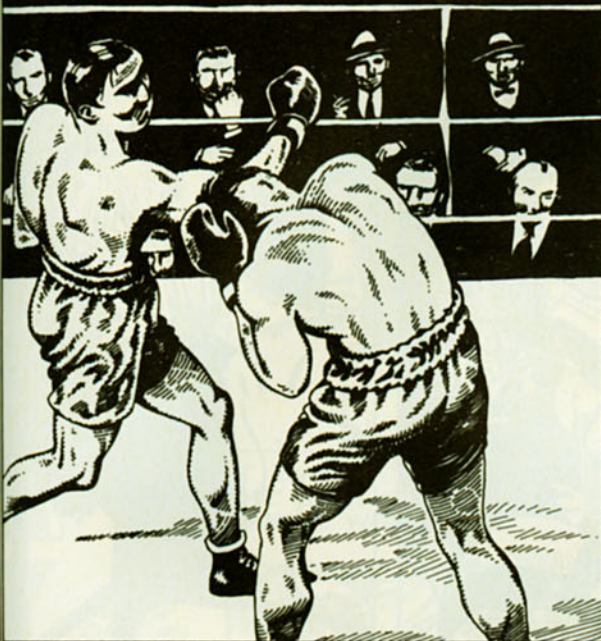
"AND THEY ALL  
WENT AT IT..."

...FIVE, SIX,  
SEVEN,  
EIGHT...

"...BULLY NOT ONLY HADN'T  
BEEN TRAINING, BUT HE  
WAS AN ANEMIC ZOMBIE "



"...BUT BULLY WASN'T EVEN  
IN THE FIGHT..."



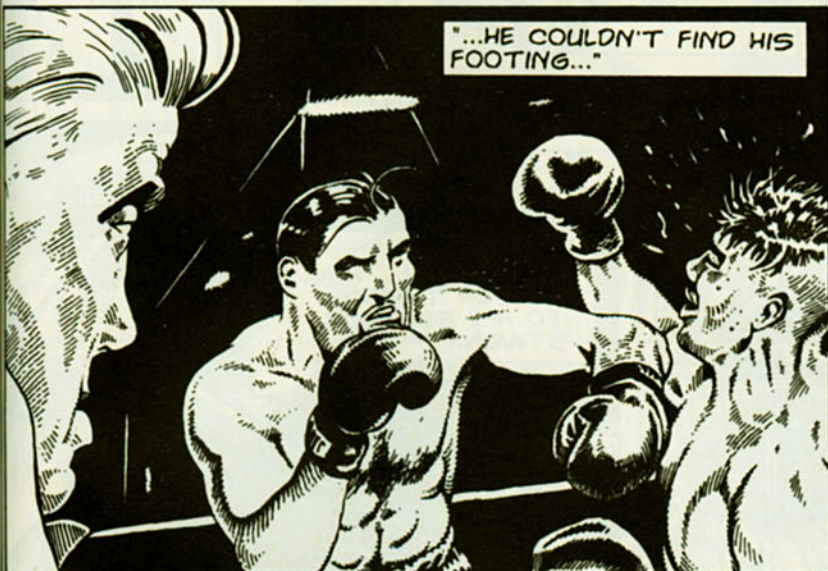
"...THROUGH HIS HEAD ONLY PASSED IMAGES OF  
BELLE...OF BELLE AND HIS RIVAL, KID CRESCENT..."



UF! BELLE!  
HOW COULD  
YOU?

FORGET  
BELLE, AND  
BOX!

"...HE COULDN'T FIND HIS  
FOOTING..."



"...AND TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE,  
THERE WAS MINSKY..."

PRAY YOUR  
GORILLA WINS!  
NO ONE PLAYS  
GAMES WITH  
ME.

"...ONCE IN A WHILE HE DISCHARGED  
HIS FURY WITH STRAY CANNON FIRE  
THAT THE KID AVOIDED EASILY..."



TAKE  
THAT,  
YOU LOW  
LIFE!



H-HE'LL  
WIN MINSKY!  
HE'S ONLY  
TAUNTING  
HIM.



"...MEANWHILE, IN HER APARTMENT, BELLE WAS BROODING OVER A DECISION..."

...THEN AGAIN, BULLY IS SO HONEST, SO REAL...



...AND SPEAKING OF DECISIONS, THE BOXING JUDGES WEREN'T HAVING A HARD TIME...



"FRANKLY, BULLY HAD ALREADY LOST..."

ENOUGH, I MUST DO WHAT'S IN MY HEART.



HE'S GOT TO KNOW NOW!



"LET IT NOT BE SAID THAT BELLE WAS AN IMPULSIVE GIRL..."

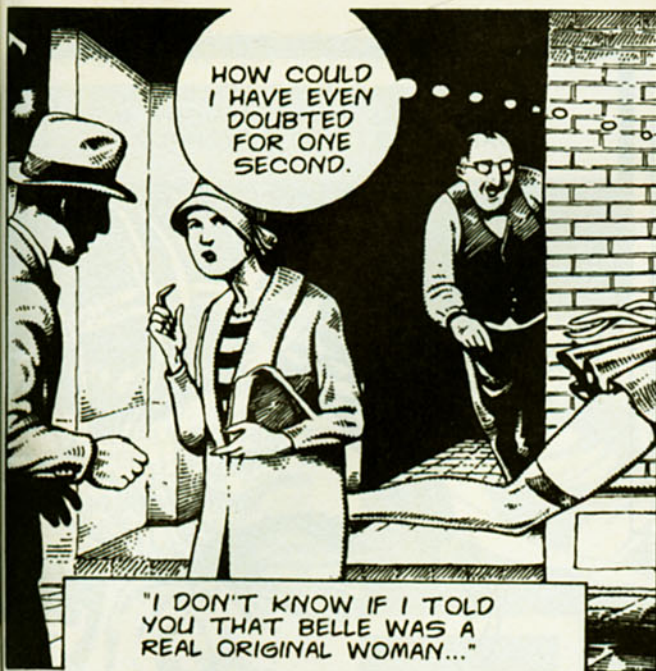


"...ALL IN ALL, BULLY HELD UP THANKS TO HIS SUPERIOR STAMINA..."



I'M GOING TO LOSE MONEY, MUGGSY, AND I DON'T LIKE LOSING MONEY...





"...SHE DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE THAT HER NIGHT GOWN WAS OPEN, BUT THE PUBLIC SURE DID..."



"...LIKE I WAS SAYING  
BELLE HAD RUINED  
BULLY, YES SIR..."



B-BELLE!

"...THE SIGHT OF HER  
Distracted the kid  
for an instant..."



"REALLY BRILLIANT REFLEXES.  
THOUGH BULLY WAS GROGGY, HIS  
BOXING INSTINCTS WORKED..."



"...THANKS TO HER, BULLY WAS  
ABLE TO THROW THE BEST LEFT  
HOOK OF..."

"...HIS CAREER. HE KNOCKED OUT  
THE KID, BUT SHE RUINED HIM..."

BUT WHAT  
A ROMANTIC  
STORY. THE SAME  
WAY SHE SCREWED  
UP HIS LIFE, SHE  
ALSO SAVED HIM.  
JUST IN TIME  
FOR LOVE.

DON'T  
STOP ME  
FROM  
FINISHING.

WHA-  
WHAT?

KID, MY LOVE, WHAT  
HAS THAT GORILLA  
DONE TO YOU?



AAAAAH!

NO,  
BULLY! THE  
REF!





"I BELIEVE IT WAS THAT: SEEING BELLE KNEELING BY CRESCENT, THAT LIT UP BULLY'S FURIOUS RAGE. IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO CONTROL HIM, AND THE FIGHTING GREW OUT OF CONTROL. YOU KNOW HOW THESE THINGS ARE..."

"THE KID COULDN'T CONTINUE IN BOXING. HE MARRIED BELLE AND THEY LIVE IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

BULLY, THEY DISQUALIFIED HIM, OF COURSE. HE ALSO HAD TO RETIRE FROM BOXING BECAUSE MINSKY MADE SURE THAT NO ONE ELSE EVER GAVE HIM A FIGHT..."



BUT IT'S GETTING LATE. DO YOU WANT US TO GO?



"...HOWEVER, BULLY KEPT LIVING IN THE SAME TOWN. AND TONIGHT HE FOUND A NEW CAREER..."

IT'S HERE. LET'S GO IN.

THAT'S HIM, THE ONE WITH THE HORNS...



WHAT THE HELL IS THIS!

AND FOR THE FIRST BATTLE OF THE NIGHT, WE PRESENT BULLY BEEF, THE MYSTERIOUS BULLY FROM MILWAUKEE! KING OF THE CATCH! WHO IS BELLE? IS SHE YOUR COW? HA! HA! GENTLEMEN...



LET'S GO CLOSER. WE'RE TOO FAR AWAY, MUGGSY...

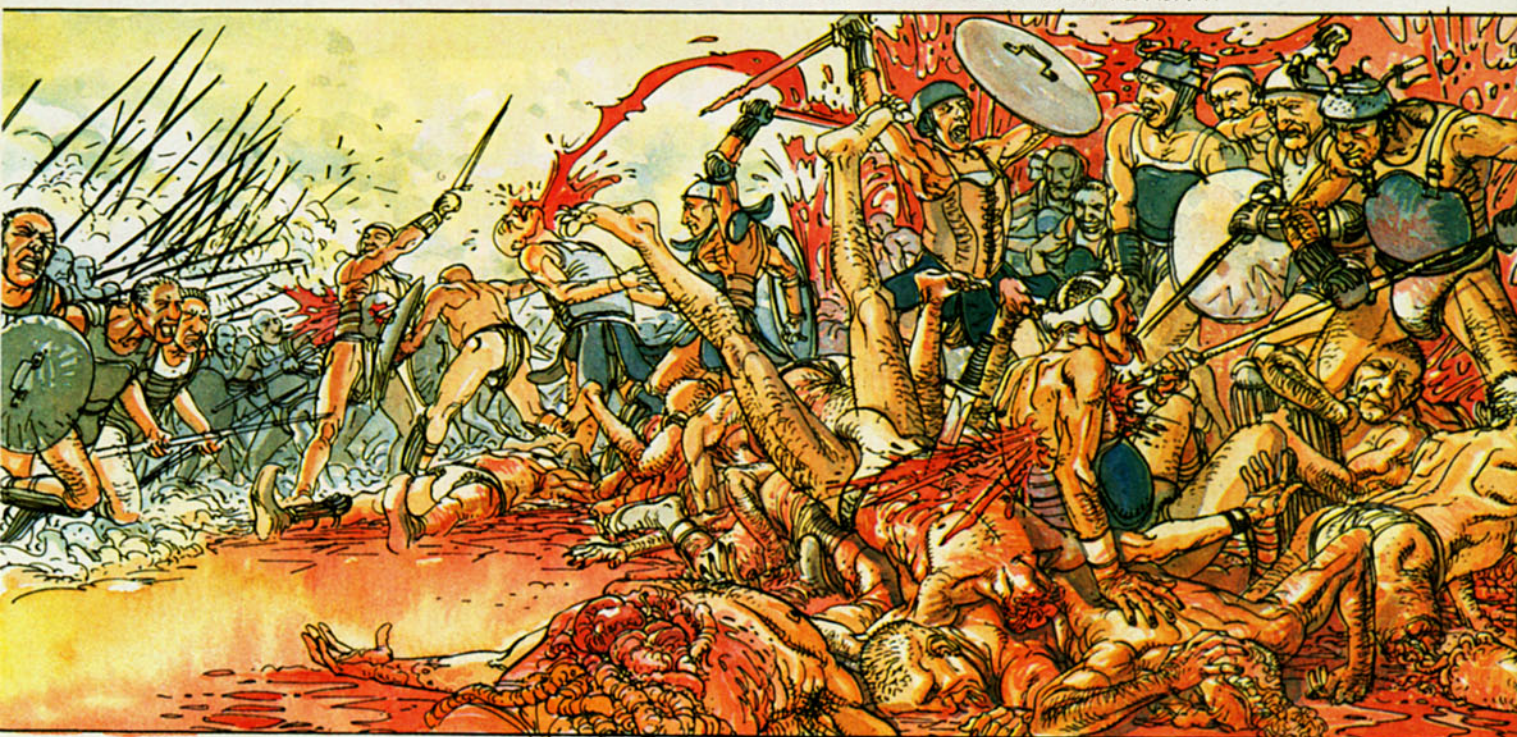
NO...N-NO I DON'T WANT HIM TO SEE ME...

© P. K.



# THE WAY OF THE WARRIOR

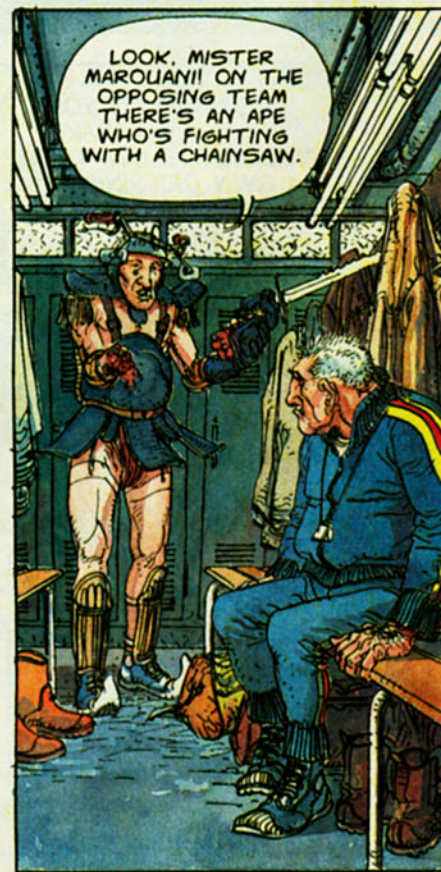
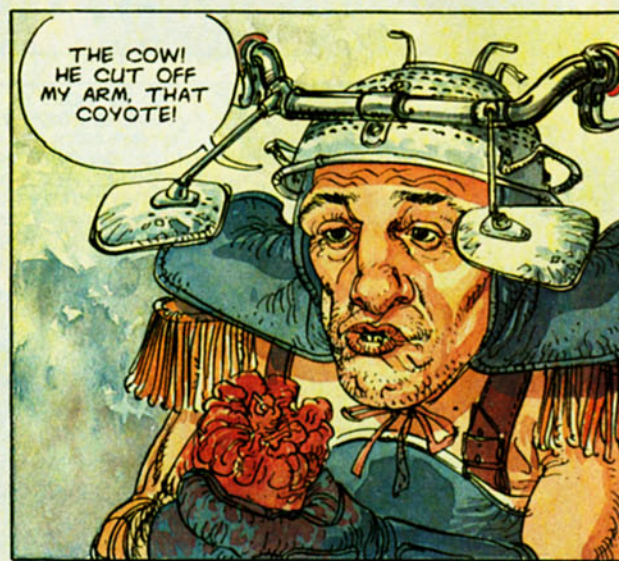
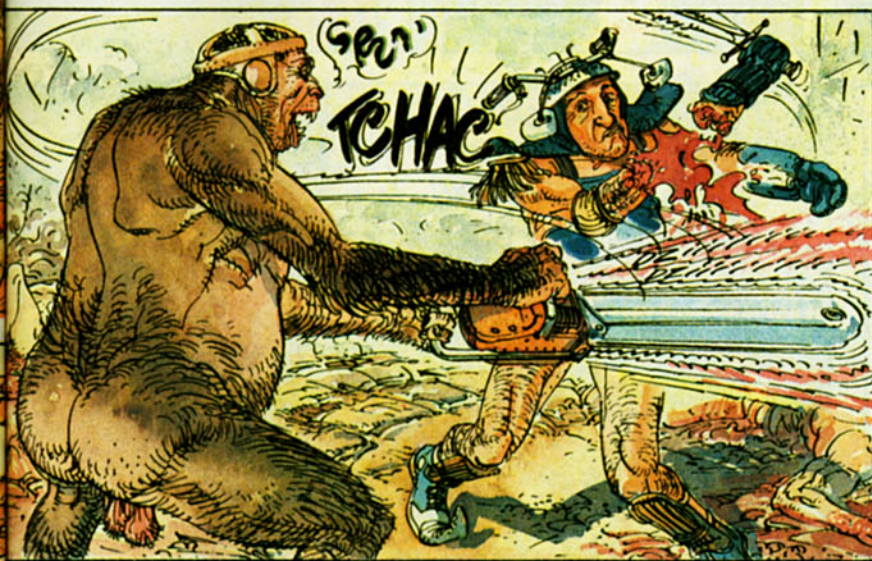
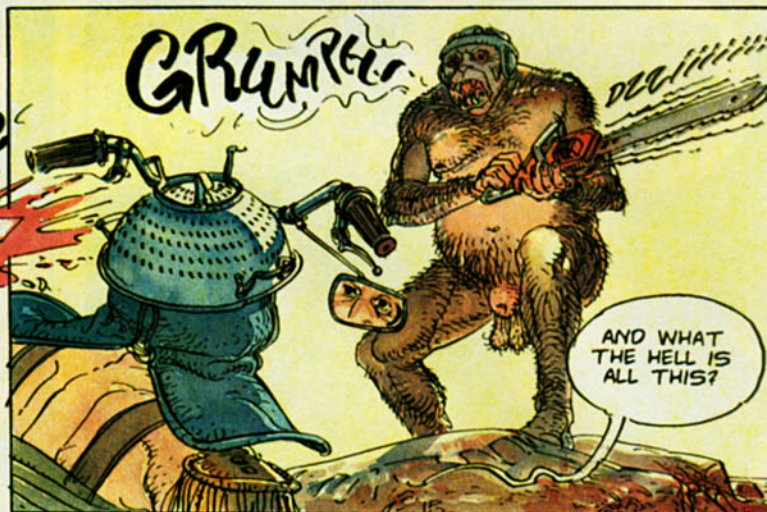
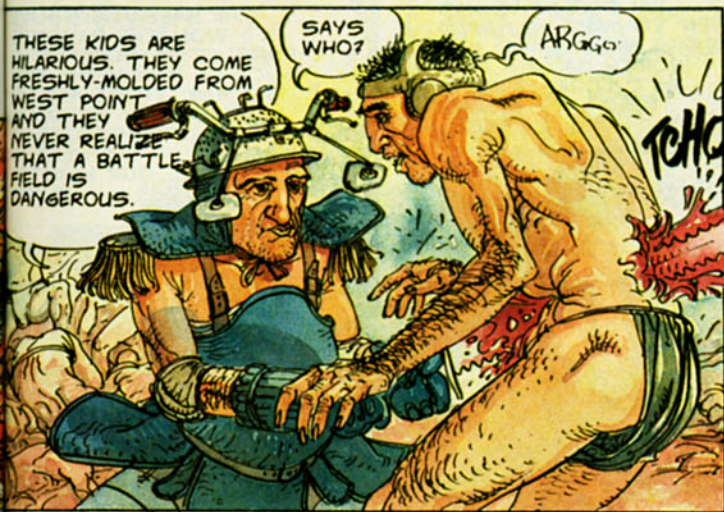
WAR IS A SCHOOL OF COURAGE WHERE YOU LEARN THE QUINTESSENCE OF EXISTENCE BY THE SUPPLANTING OF ONE'S SELF. IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE, DEATH IS NO MORE THAN FUTILITY.



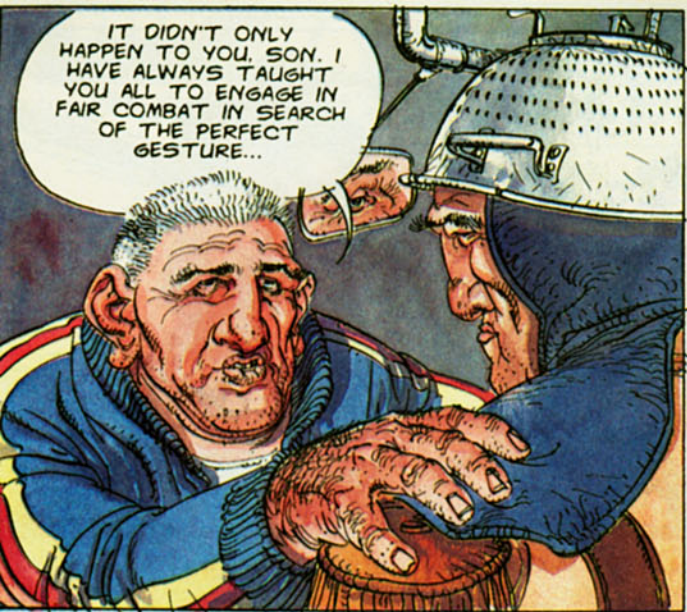
AS EVERY SOUL SEEKS THE PERFECT GESTURE, THE WARRIOR FORGETS ALL OF HIS LITTLE WORRIES.











IT DIDN'T ONLY HAPPEN TO YOU, SON. I HAVE ALWAYS TAUGHT YOU ALL TO ENGAGE IN FAIR COMBAT IN SEARCH OF THE PERFECT GESTURE...

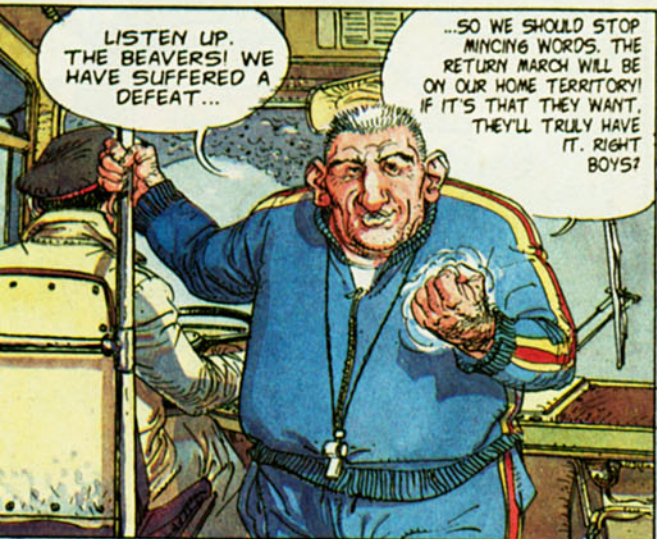


MY OBJECTIVE HAS BEEN TO MAKE YOU INTO BRAVE INDIVIDUALS, MEN WORTH CALLING MEN. BUT TODAY, A DONE DEED LAYS BEFORE US...



THE BARBARIANS HAVE WON THE DAY...THE PURSUIT OF WOMEN, THE SLICE OF BAYONETS, THE "316" BAR. THESE ARE NO MORE THAN PRECIOUS MEMORIES THAT WE KEEP IN OUR HEARTS BOYS

STOP MAROUANI



LISTEN UP. THE BEAVERS! WE HAVE SUFFERED A DEFEAT...

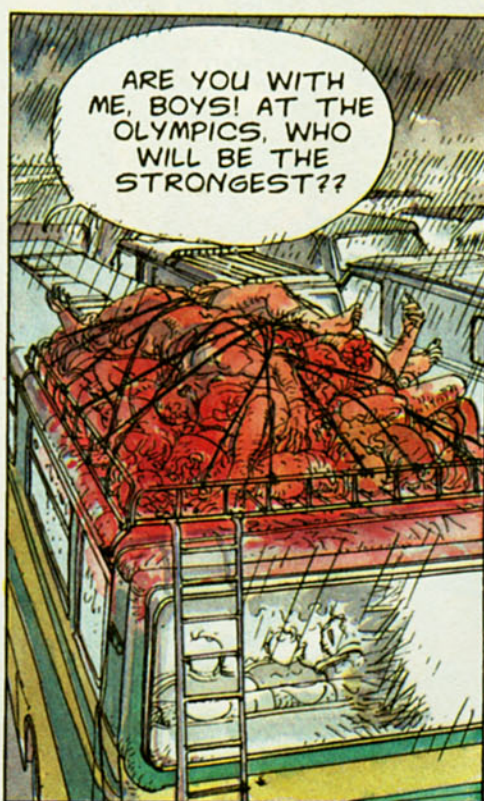
...SO WE SHOULD STOP MINCING WORDS. THE RETURN MARCH WILL BE ON OUR HOME TERRITORY! IF IT'S THAT THEY WANT, THEY'LL TRULY HAVE IT. RIGHT BOYS?



RIGHT M'STER MAROUANI!



I SWEAR TO YOU THAT WE'LL MAKE THEM SWALLOW THEIR OWN DRIPPINGS, THOSE YOGURT EATERS.



ARE YOU WITH ME, BOYS! AT THE OLYMPICS, WHO WILL BE THE STRONGEST??



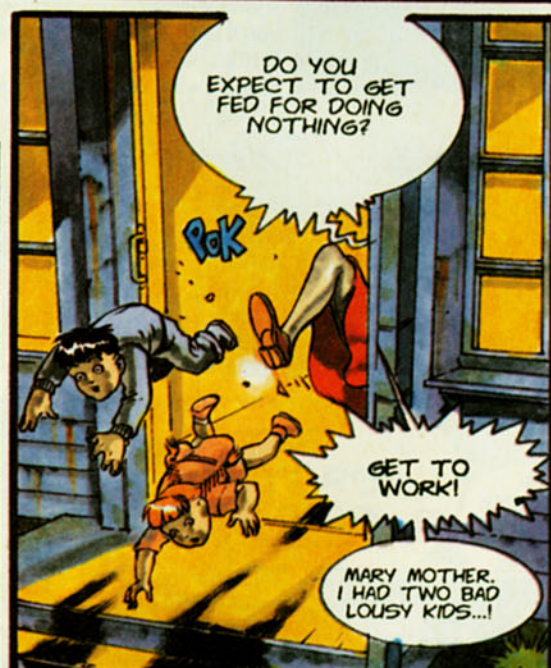
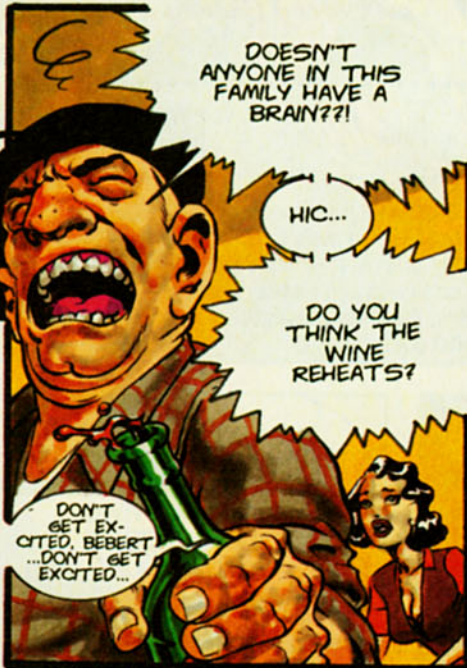
THE CASTORS! TOR-TOR-TOR!!!

HEY, GUYS! THERE A TATTOO ARM IN MY SUITCASE

STOP WHINING. IT'S MINE!



# THE HEROES OF THE STARS





BUT...  
BUT IT'S  
COMING  
AT US!!

WAAAAH!!



SSSSSKRAMM

RUN! RUN!

MOM! DAD!

RUN!



WHAT  
NOW??!

R-R-  
RRUNN!  
AA  
AH  
HH!  
RUN!

I-I-  
IN THE  
MEADOW!  
THERE'S  
A FALLEN  
STAR...



WHAT??  
THERE'S  
SOMEONE  
TRESPASSING  
ON MY LAND?

IT'S  
OK, DEAR!

IT'S A  
SIGN!  
DON'T GO,  
BEBERT.  
DON'T GO!  
IT'S BAD  
LUCK...



MY  
GOD.

DON'T  
GO, MY  
BEBERT..



IN THE NAME  
OF GOD! IT'S  
A FLYING  
SAUCER...

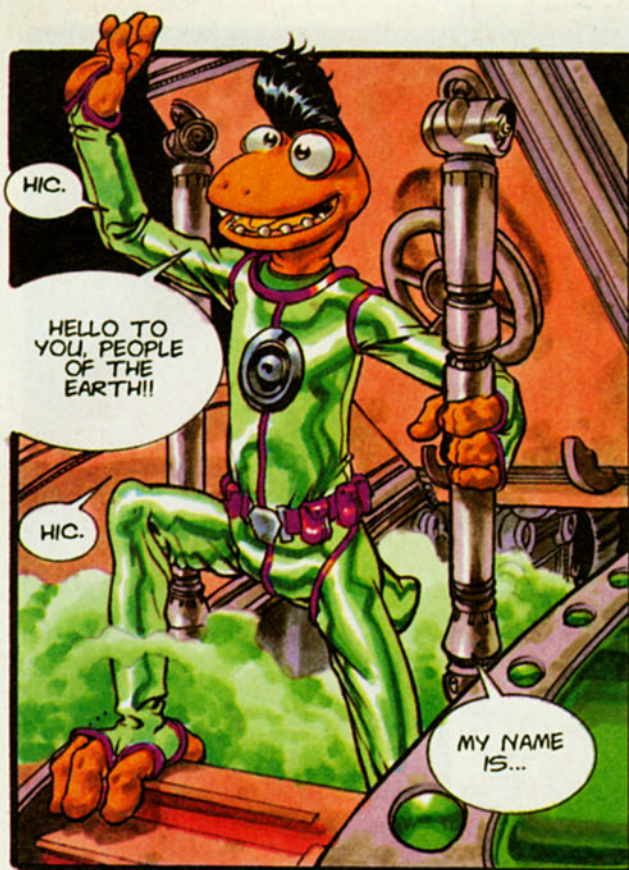
IT'S A  
BAD LUCK  
SAUCER...

JUST  
LIKE IN THE  
MOVIES...

SHIT!











AAAKKK...HOW HORRIBLE! NO! I DON'T EAT BREAD LIKE THAT, EARTHLING...

EVEN TEN YEARS IN FRANCE WON'T MAKE ME SINK TO THAT LEVEL!

BUT WAIT...PUT AWAY THOSE BREASTS !!!



HMMM...I JUST WANTED TO IMPROVE RELATIONS BETWEEN OUR PLANETS...

I...I WOULD BE INTO EATING A LITTLE BIT OF COOKING AT YOUR HOUSE, AT YOUR LEISURE...



HA! I'D PREFER THAT! MY SAUCER IS ON THE BLINK. IT'LL TAKE ME A BIT OF TIME TO FIX IT UP!

I'M PUTTING ON THE RADIO JUST IN CASE...



LATER...

OH WELL THAT OLD BLACK TRAIN...

ISN'T THAT BETTER, MR. LIZARD?

BLEUARKKK... BLEUARKKK...

HOLY MOTHER... THAT'S BAD LUCK VOMT...



MAYBE IT'S THAT...MUSIC WHICH IS MAKING YOU SICK?

MY BABY IS LONG, LONG HONE...

ELVIS?

HEEERK.

YOU'RE JOKING FEMALE...IT'S THE EARTH FOOD...I JUST CAN NEVER GET USED TO IT...

BLEUUR



YOU MUST NEVER COOK AGAIN, 'CAUSE IF YOU DO, I'LL DROP DEAD...

UNDERSTAND?

NEVER.

FRIZZ

AIII, MY HANDS!



YOU CAN NEVER BE TOO CAREFUL...AND NOW, YOU WON'T BE TEMPTED!

AAAAAAAHHH!



HENCEFORTH, IT IS I WHO WILL DO THE COOKING...

LET'S SEE...LET'S SEE... CHOCOLATE, MASHED BANANAS, MUSTARD...









AND THAT'S HOW, LOOKING FOR A BREAK THAT HE NEVER FOUND, A YOUNG TV DIRECTOR UNLEASHED THE SLYEST OF EVILS...

# THE INVASION HAS BEGUN!





IT WAS THE 'BIRLI' WARS, 2474. I WAS A GUNSLINGER IN A 'FRATGANG' HUNTER/-KILLER GUNSHIP SQUAD. WE'D GOT WORD THAT THE NORTHERN HIERARCHY HAD FIELDED A NEW, HIGHLY EFFECTIVE WEAPON SYSTEM AND A JAT-JOINT ATTACK TEAM-WAS SENT OUT TO INTERCEPT IT.

HI, BUDDY! READY FOR ANOTHER ADRENALINE FIX?

THAT'S YOU READY TO ROCK'N'ROLL, ALPHA ONE NINER.

HUH? OH, YEAH.

GREAT!

THE ARMoured GROUND UNITS WERE THE HUNTERS, WE WERE THE KILLERS. THAT WAS THE THEORY ANYWAY!

AS MY JOYRIDER JACKED IN, I FELT MORE COMPLETE, MORE ALIVE SOMEHOW. THE FEELING WAS OBVIOUSLY MUTUAL.

SO, ONE NINER, YA READY TO SHOW THESE BONEHEADS HOW TO PARTY?

YOU SAID IT, PARDNER!

CLICK.

I TUCKED MY 'RIDER IN AS THE GROUND CREW DISCONNECTED THEIR HARDWARE.

OKAY, ALL SYSTEMS CHECKED OUT AND GREEN.

VREE

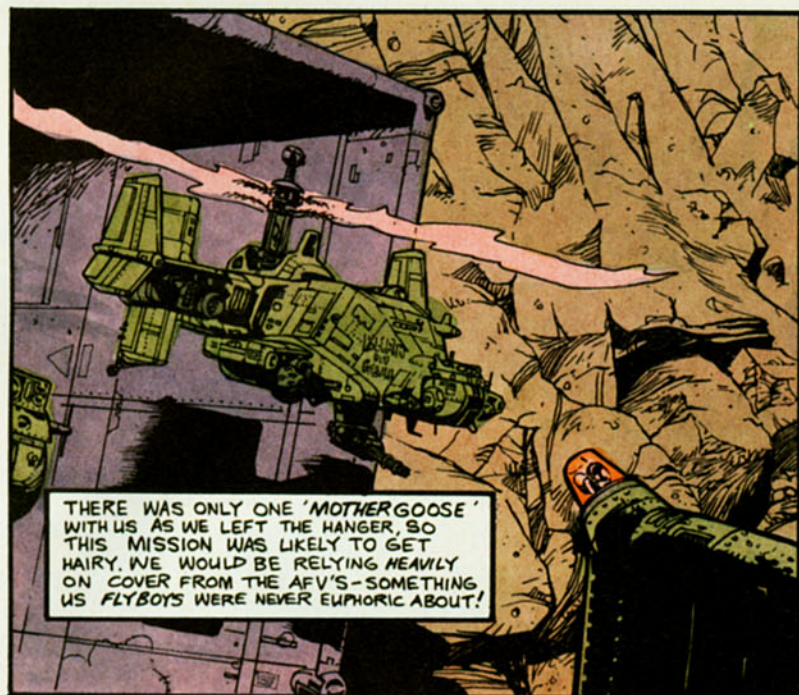
WITH ENGINES FIRED UP TO MAX POWER, IT WAS TIME TO GET THIS SHOW AIRBORNE!

WHUP

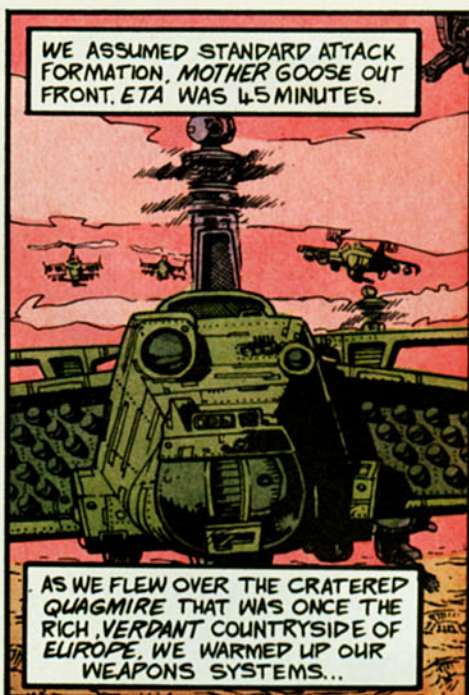
WHUP

WHUP





THERE WAS ONLY ONE 'MOTHERGOOSE' WITH US AS WE LEFT THE HANGER, SO THIS MISSION WAS LIKELY TO GET HAIRY. WE WOULD BE RELYING HEAVILY ON COVER FROM THE AFV'S - SOMETHING US FLYBOYS WERE NEVER EUPHORIC ABOUT!



WE ASSUMED STANDARD ATTACK FORMATION. MOTHER GOOSE OUT FRONT. ETA WAS 4.5 MINUTES.

AS WE FLEW OVER THE CRATERED QUAGMIRE THAT WAS ONCE THE RICH, VERDANT COUNTRYSIDE OF EUROPE, WE WARMED UP OUR WEAPONS SYSTEMS...

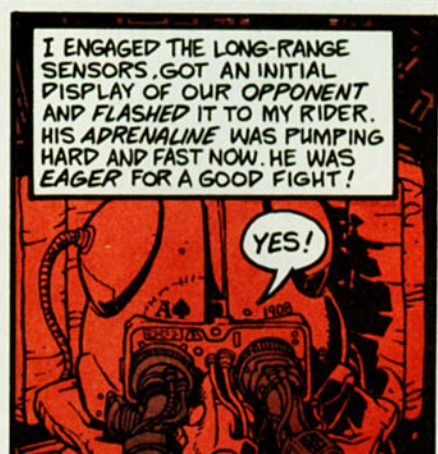


THE 40MM PROMETHEUS CHECKED OUT FINE. NO MORE OVER-HEATING.

BRAKKA

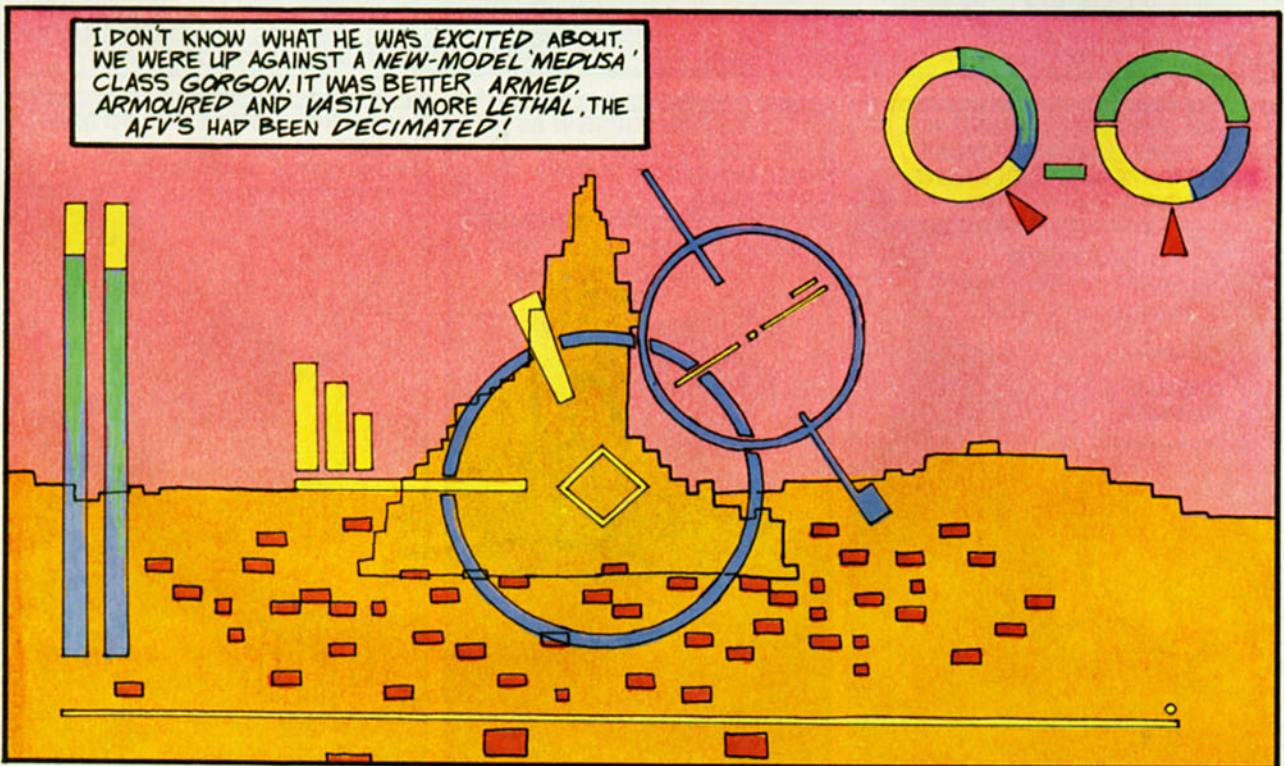


RETRACTABLE WEAPONS SYSTEMS A-OKAY.

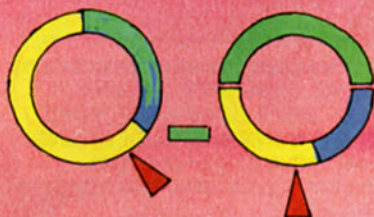


I ENGAGED THE LONG-RANGE SENSORS. GOT AN INITIAL DISPLAY OF OUR OPPONENT AND FLASHED IT TO MY RIDER. HIS ADRENALINE WAS PUMPING HARD AND FAST NOW. HE WAS EAGER FOR A GOOD FIGHT!

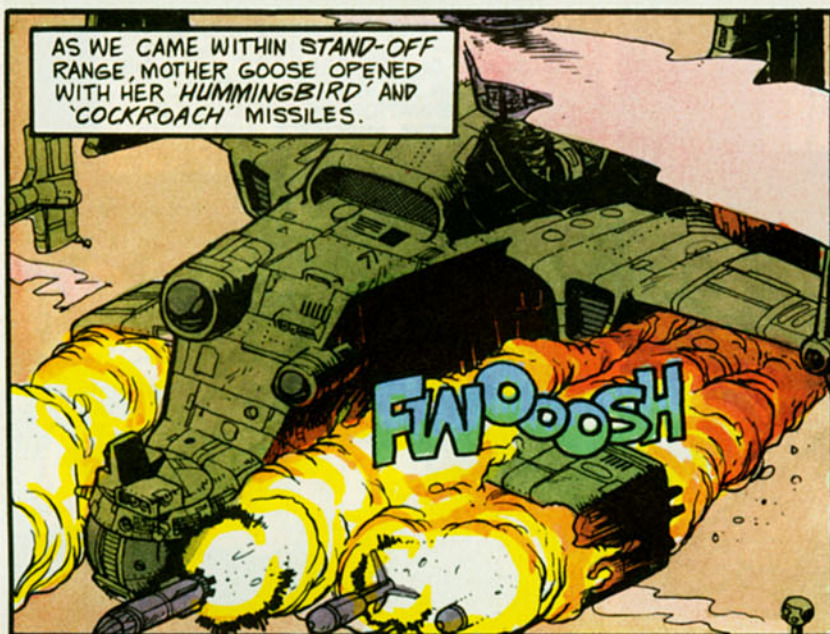
YES!



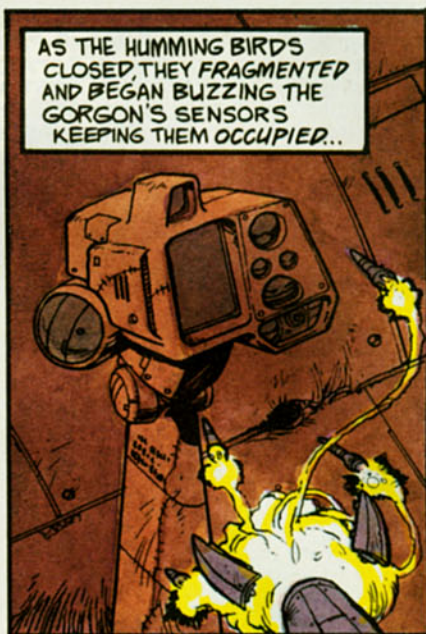
I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS EXCITED ABOUT. WE WERE UP AGAINST A NEW-MODEL 'MEDUSA' CLASS GORGON. IT WAS BETTER ARMED, ARMoured AND VASTLY MORE LETHAL. THE AFV'S HAD BEEN DECIMATED!



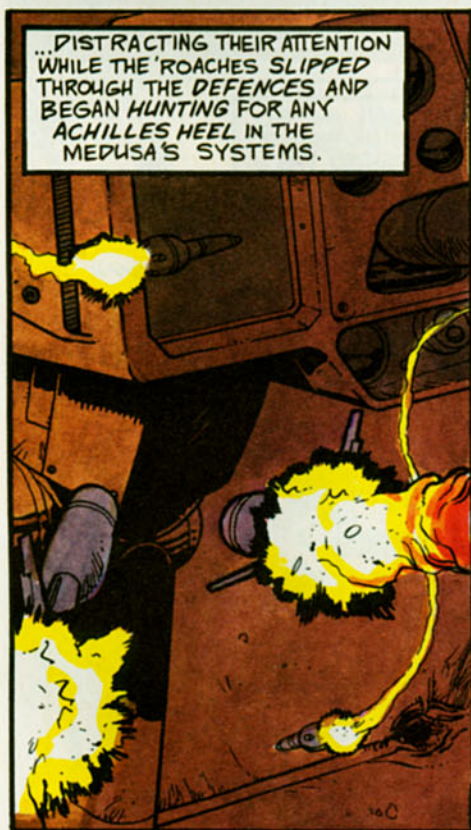




AS WE CAME WITHIN STAND-OFF RANGE, MOTHER GOOSE OPENED WITH HER 'HUMMINGBIRD' AND 'COCKROACH' MISSILES.



AS THE HUMMING BIRDS CLOSED, THEY FRAGMENTED AND BEGAN BUZZING THE GORGON'S SENSORS KEEPING THEM OCCUPIED...



...DISTRACTING THEIR ATTENTION WHILE THE 'ROACHES' SLIPPED THROUGH THE DEFENCES AND BEGAN HUNTING FOR ANY ACHILLES HEEL IN THE MEDUSA'S SYSTEMS.



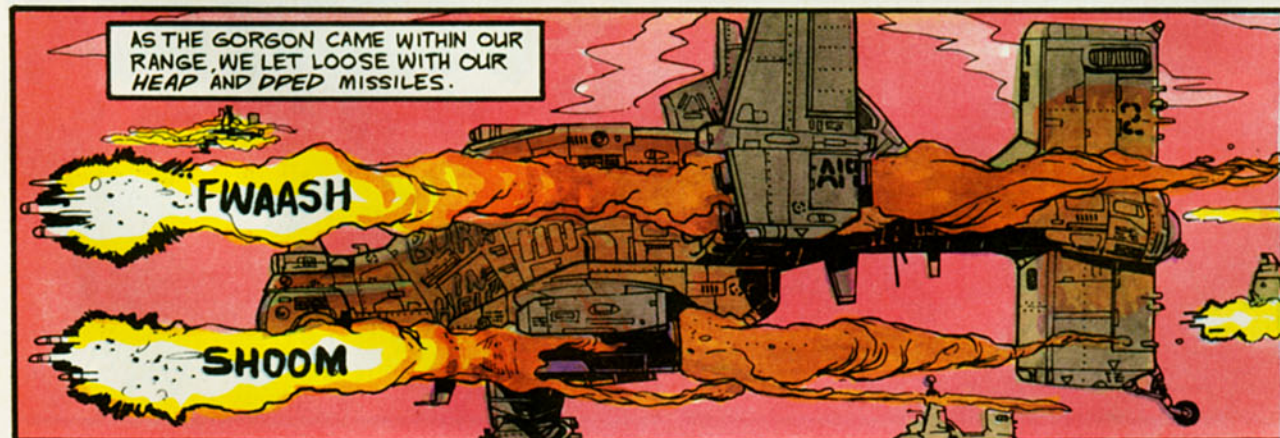
WHEN THEY FOUND THEM, THEY HOMED IN WITH UNERRING ACCURACY...

...AND EXPLODED!



THE GORGON DEPLOYED ITS CLOSE PROXIMITY AIR PENAL SYSTEMS AND THOUSANDS OF EXPLOSIVE SPHERES BLEW THE HUMMING-BIRDS AND MOST OF THE 'ROACHES' TO HELL!

MINIGUNS DESPATCHED THE REST.



AS THE GORGON CAME WITHIN OUR RANGE, WE LET LOOSE WITH OUR HEAP AND DPED MISSILES.

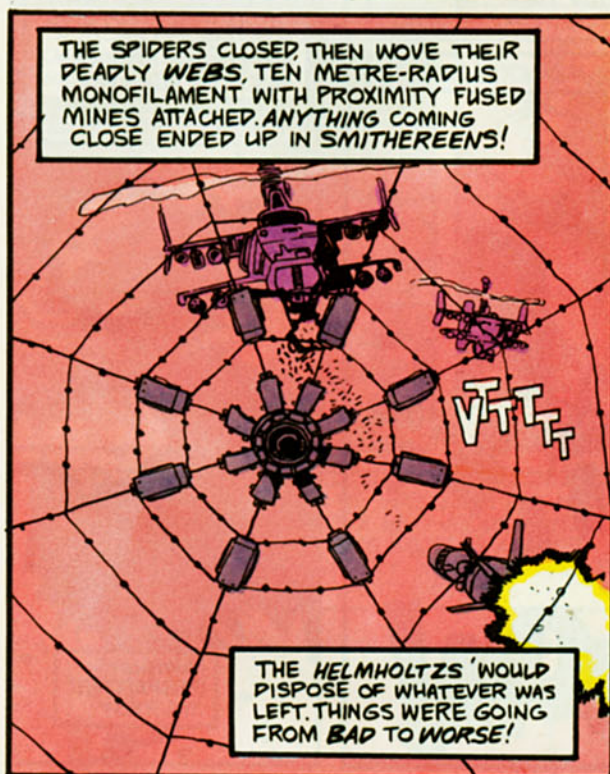




HIGH EXPLOSIVE ARMOUR-PIERCING, DEEP PENETRATION ELECTRICAL DISCHARGE, HUH? THEY JUST ABOUT SCRATCHED THE PAINTWORK. THIS WAS GOING TO BE REAL NASTY!

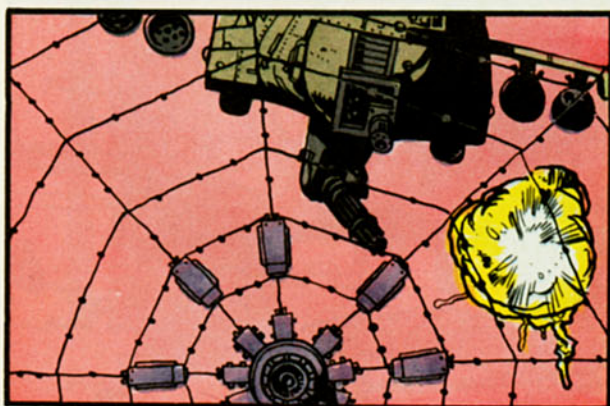


WE COULD ALMOST SEE THE LIGHT GLINT ON ITS SENSORS WHEN THE GORGON SALVOED A LETHAL COMBINATION OF HELMHOLTZ SEEKER MISSILES AND SPIDERS AT US.



THE SPIDERS CLOSED, THEN WOVE THEIR DEADLY *WEBS*, TEN METRE-RADIUS MONOFILAMENT WITH PROXIMITY FUSED MINES ATTACHED. ANYTHING COMING CLOSE ENDED UP IN SMITHEREENS!

THE HELMHOLTZS' WOULD DISPOSE OF WHATEVER WAS LEFT. THINGS WERE GOING FROM BAD TO WORSE!



IT WAS NOW TOUCH AND GO WHETHER ANY OF US WOULD MAKE IT THROUGH TO THE GORGON ITSELF....

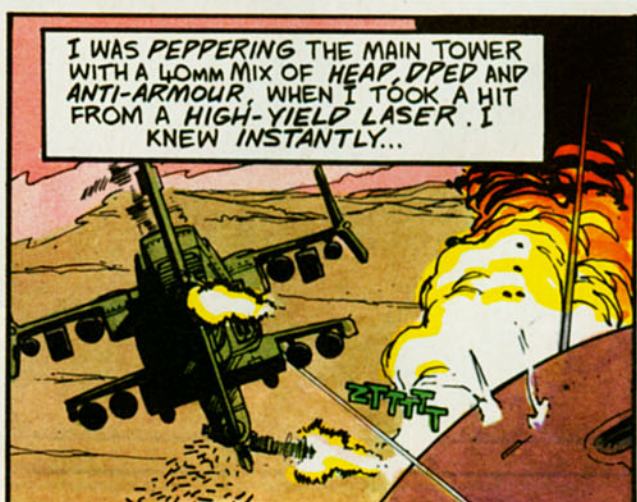
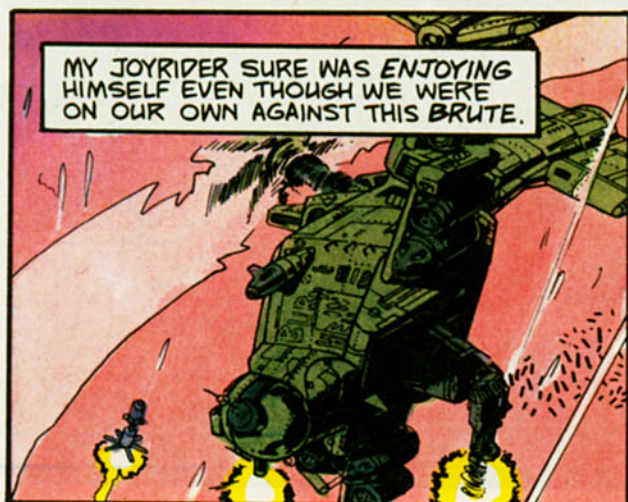
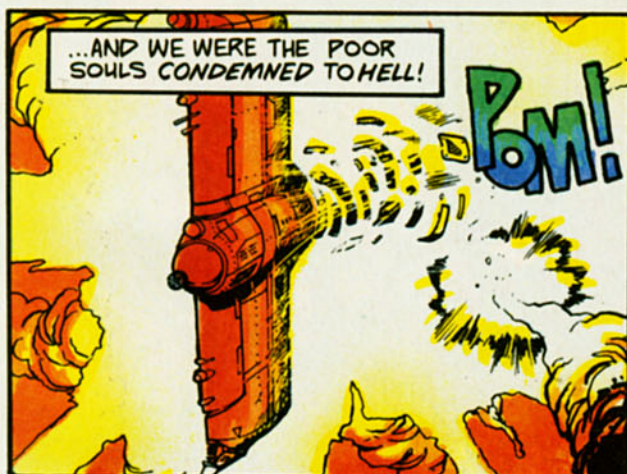
SCREEE OMMFF!



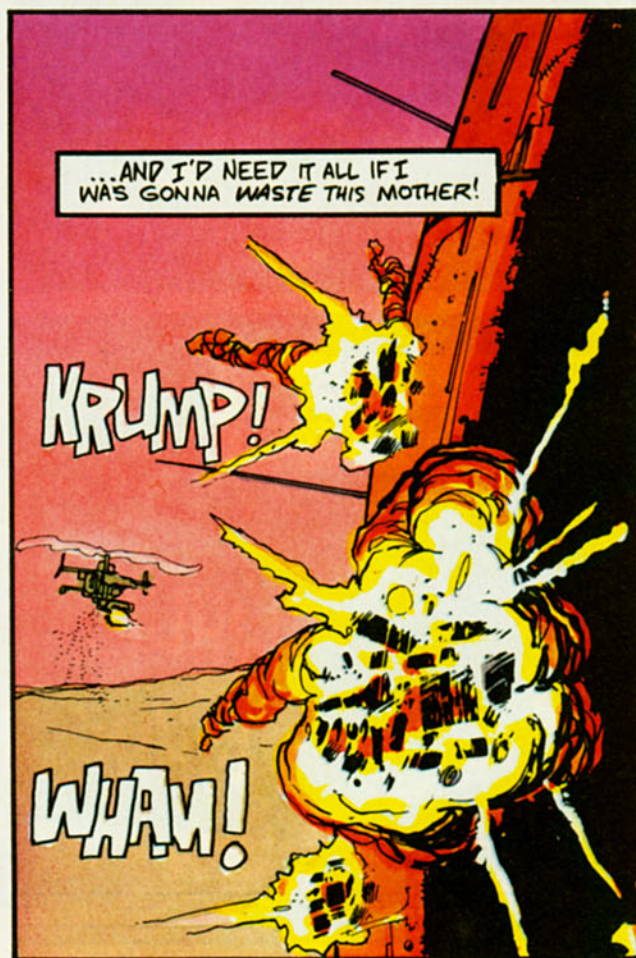
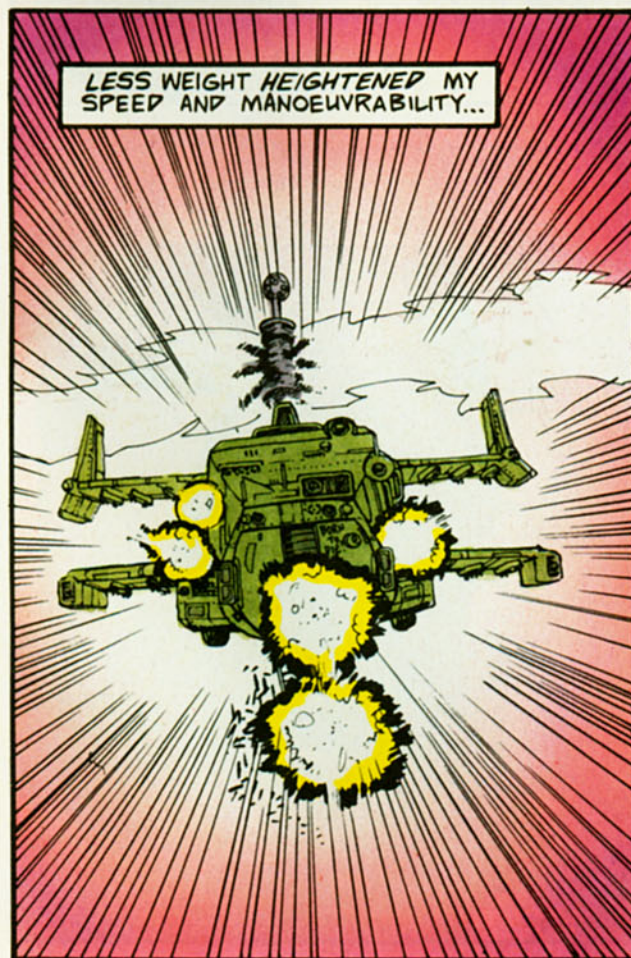
BUT FORTUNE FAVOURS THE BRAVE- AND STUPID-  
AND SEVEN OF US DID! IT WAS TIME TO GET OUR  
HANDS ROUND THE GORGON'S THROAT!

AS WE ROLLED IN, IT WAS  
LIKE A SCENE BY BOSCH...







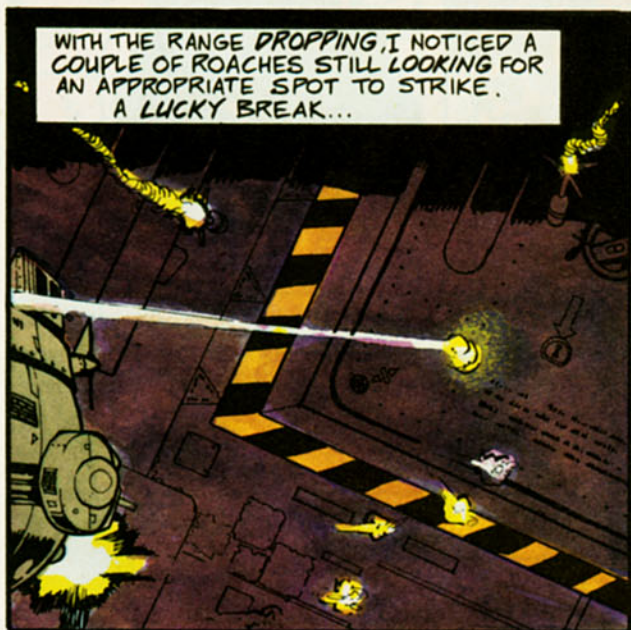




I BOOSTED AWAY FROM THE GORGON, THEN ROLLED BACK IN TO TAKE THE ONE SLIM CHANCE I HAD OF DEFEATING IT. I HAD TO GO FOR THE ACCESS PANEL PROTECTING THE BRAIN.



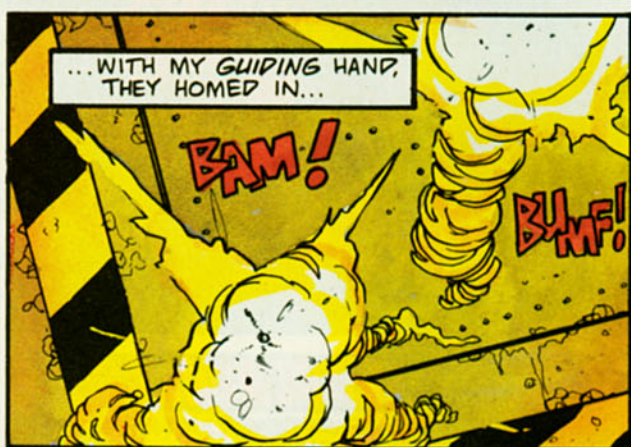
WITH THE RANGE DROPPING, I NOTICED A COUPLE OF ROACHES STILL LOOKING FOR AN APPROPRIATE SPOT TO STRIKE. A LUCKY BREAK...



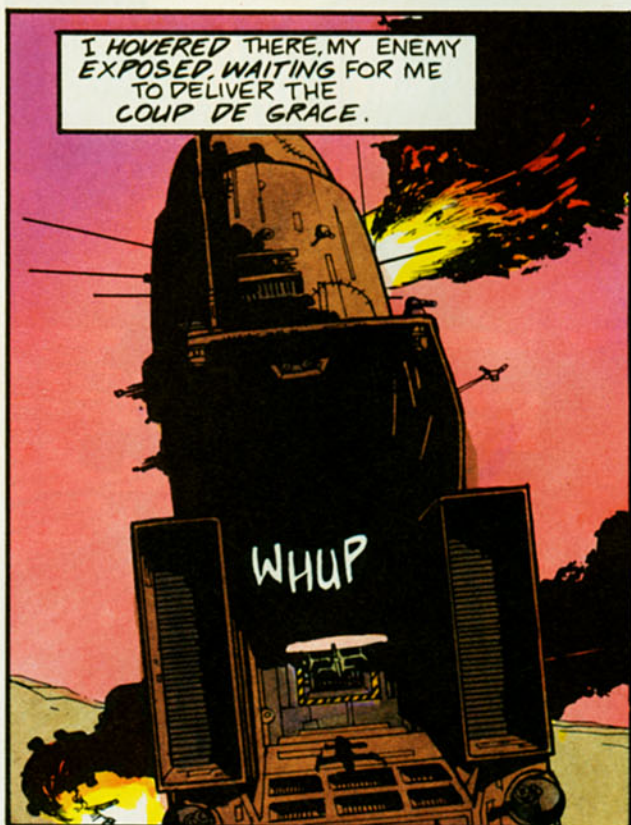
I DIDN'T RATE THE ODDS OF MAKING IT PAST THE WALL OF FLAK BEING THROWN UP AT ME AS I CLOSED IN.



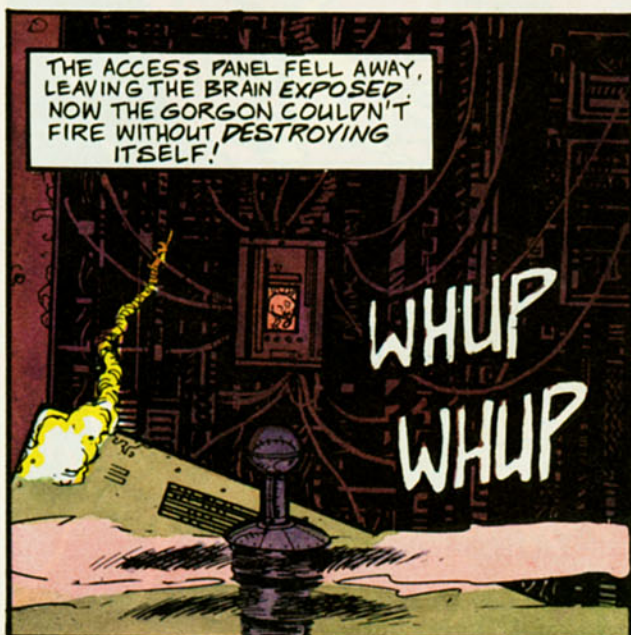
...WITH MY GUIDING HAND, THEY HOMED IN...



I HOVERED THERE, MY ENEMY EXPOSED, WAITING FOR ME TO DELIVER THE COUP DE GRACE.



THE ACCESS PANEL FELL AWAY, LEAVING THE BRAIN EXPOSED. NOW THE GORGON COULDN'T FIRE WITHOUT DESTROYING ITSELF!







BUT I  
COULDN'T  
DO IT!

EVEN THOUGH MY JOYRIDER AND  
MY ENTIRE SQUAD OF GUNSHIPS AND AFVS  
HAD BEEN WASTED, I COULDN'T MAKE THE KILL.  
IT SEEMED SO POINTLESS...KILL MY SO-CALLED  
ENEMY, ONLY TO BE KILLED LATER!?  
WHY? WHAT FOR?

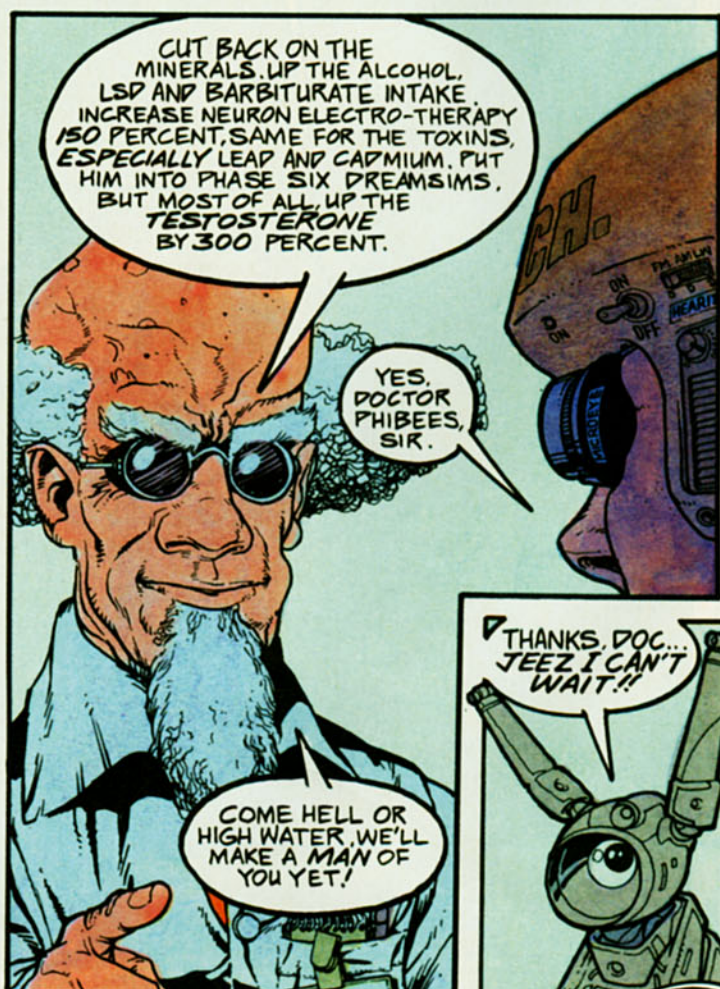
FOR THE SAKE  
OF SETTLING PETTY  
ARGUMENTS AND THE  
ENTERTAINMENT OF THE  
SUPERIOR HUMAN  
RACE!

HMMM, YOU WERE  
DOING VERY WELL FOR A  
WHILE, HIGH LEVELS OF AGGRESSION  
AS YOUR SQUAD WAS DESTROYED,  
EXTREME ANGER AND HOSTILITY WHEN  
YOUR JOYRIDER WAS KILLED,  
VENGEANCE COUPLED WITH  
DETERMINATION AND  
PERSEVERANCE.

UH HUH...

TOTAL EGOTISTICAL  
COMMITMENT TO THE FIGHT,  
EVEN AT THE THREAT OF YOUR  
OWN EXISTENCE, THEN YOU BLEW  
IT, YOU COULDN'T DELIVER AT  
THE CRUCIAL MOMENT, YOU  
CHICKENED OUT AND WOKE  
UP FROM THE DREAMSIM.  
WHY?







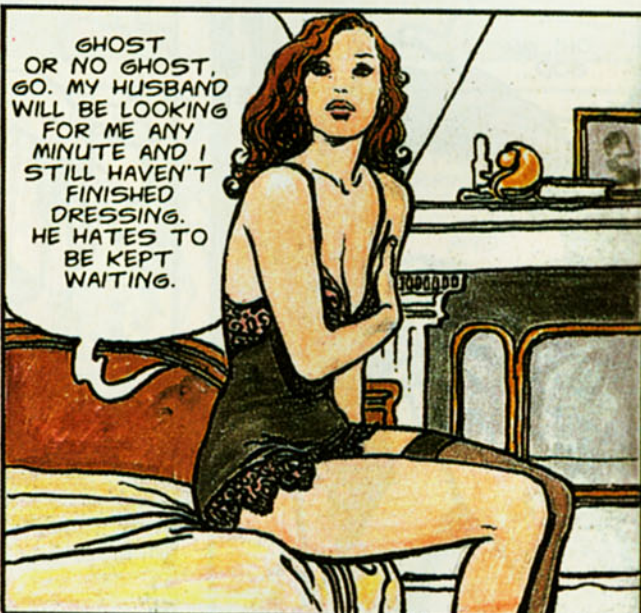
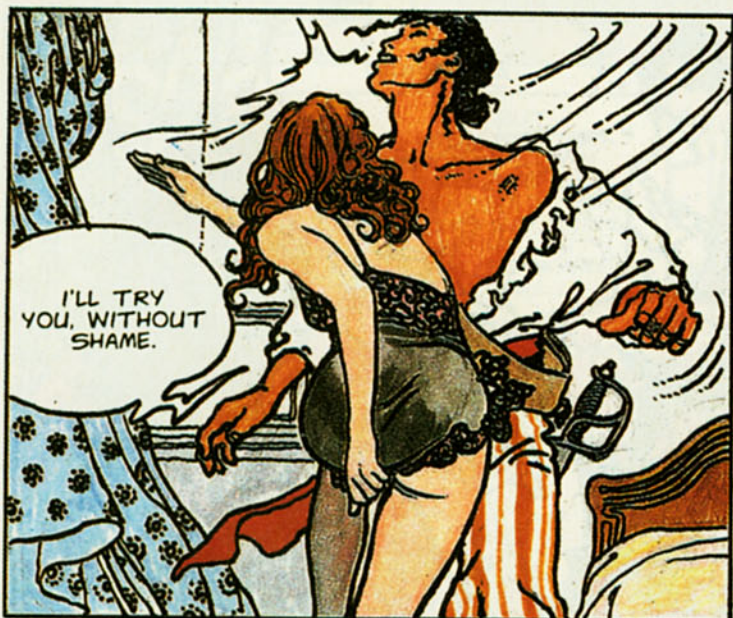
# MARIE CLAIRE







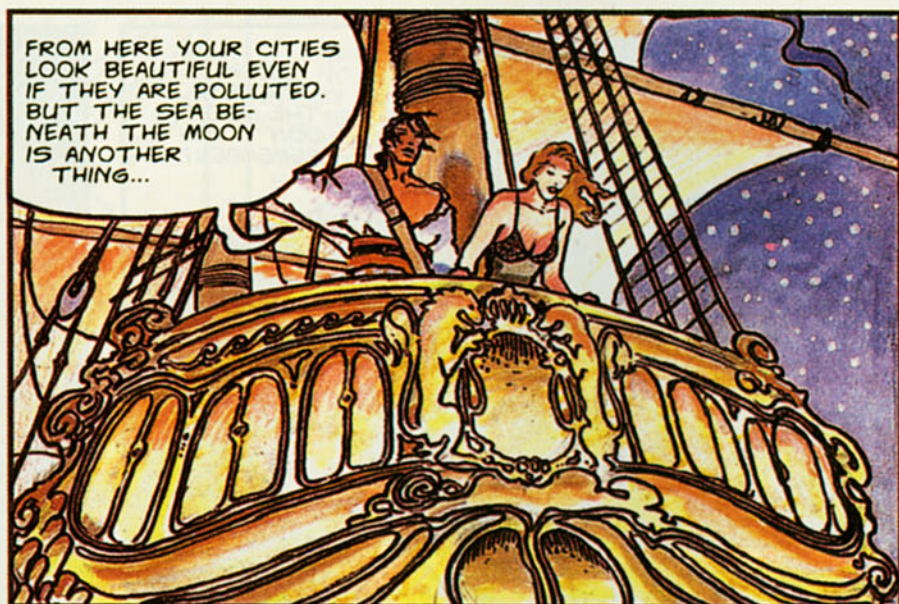








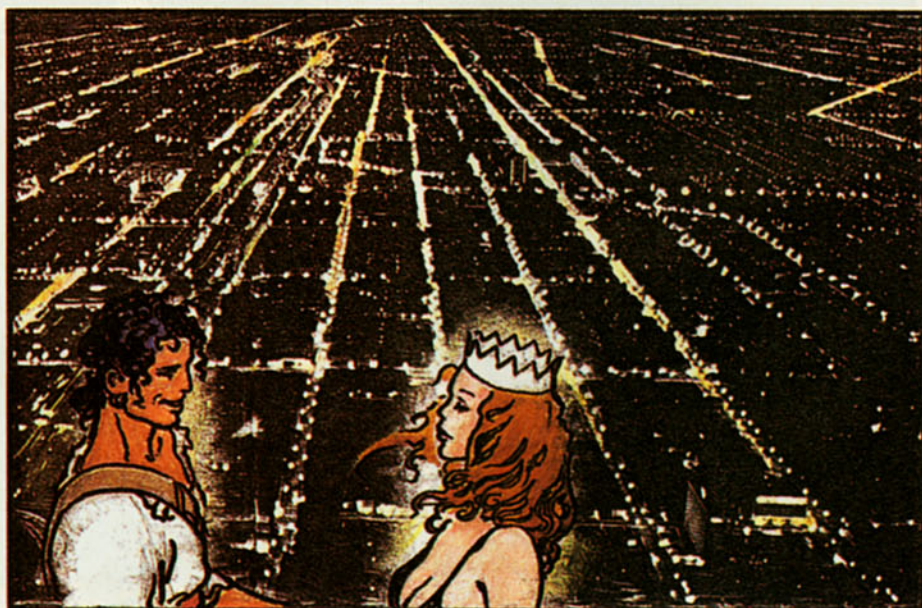




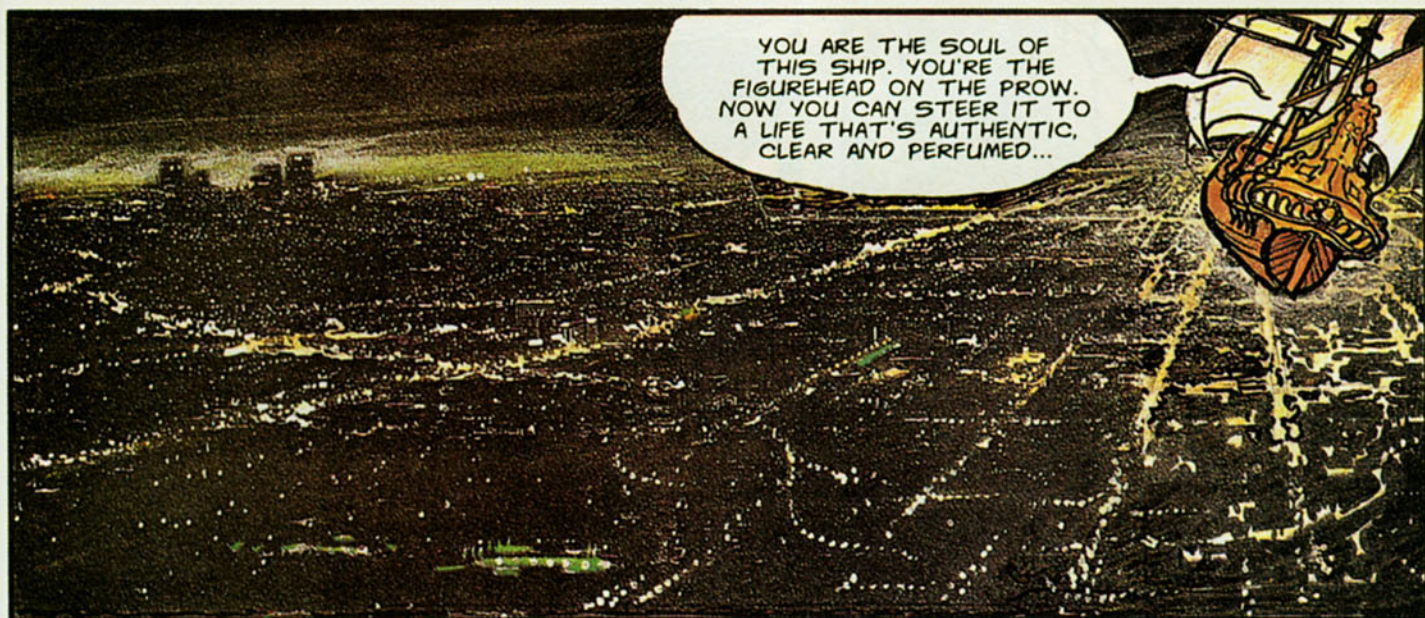
FROM HERE YOUR CITIES  
LOOK BEAUTIFUL EVEN  
IF THEY ARE POLLUTED.  
BUT THE SEA BE-  
NEATH THE MOON  
IS ANOTHER  
THING...



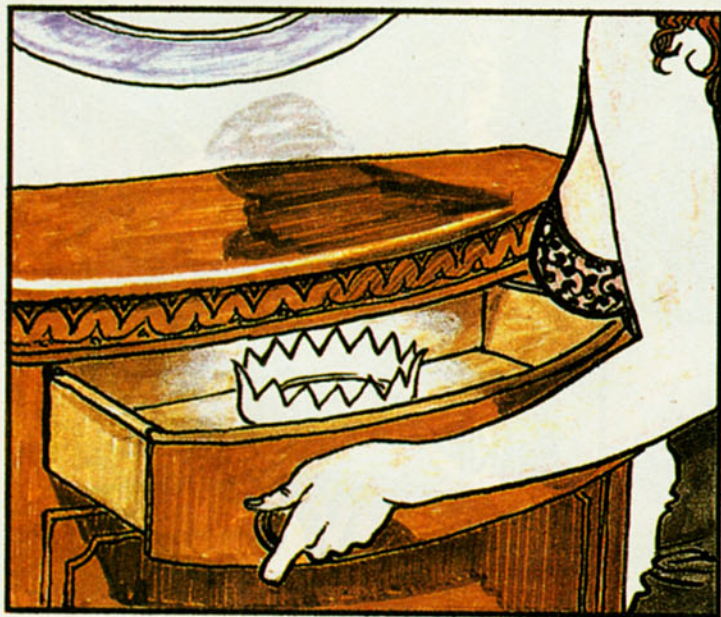
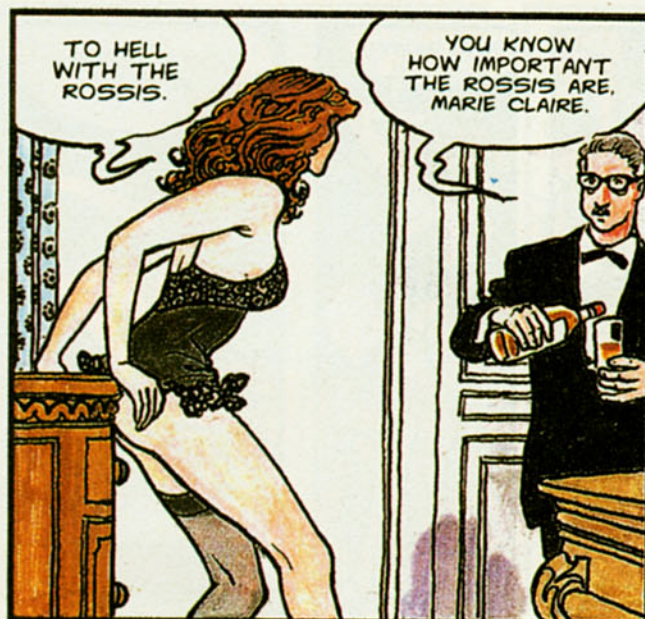
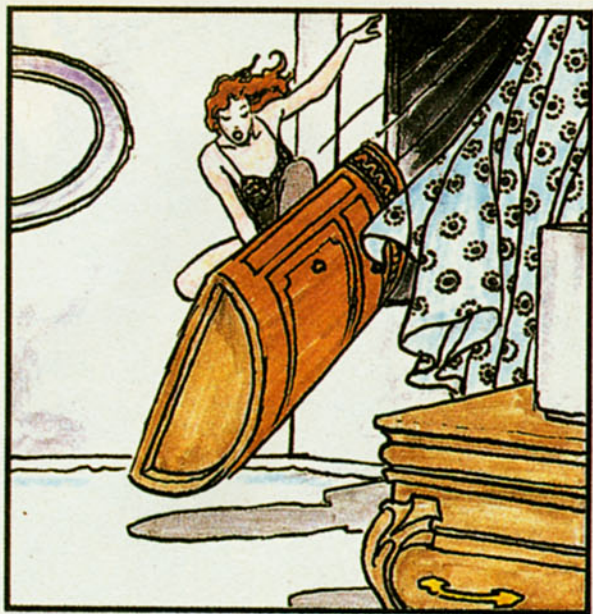
ACCEPT  
THIS CROWN  
AS YOURS.  
IT BELONGS  
TO YOU LIKE  
THIS SHIP.  
IT'S YOUR  
DESTINY...







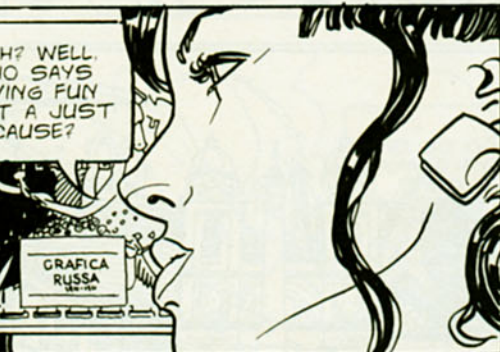
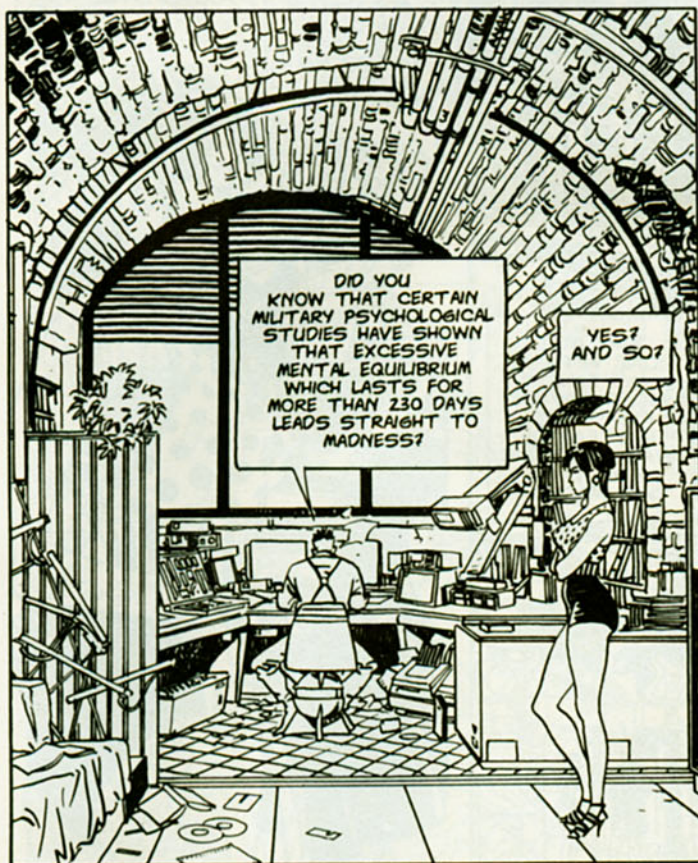




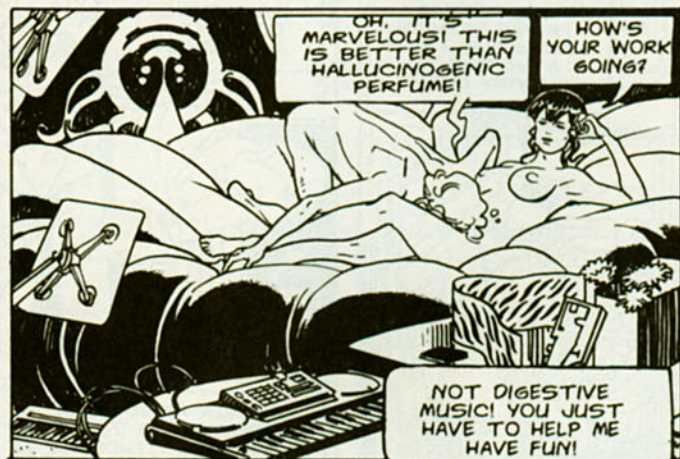
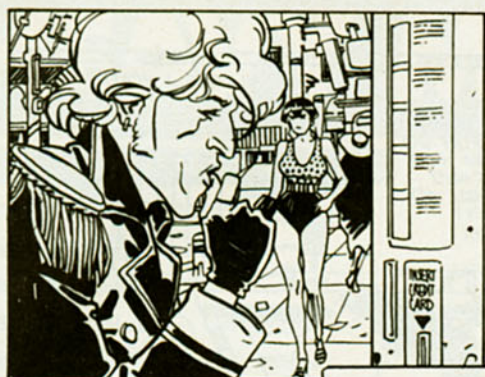
FIN



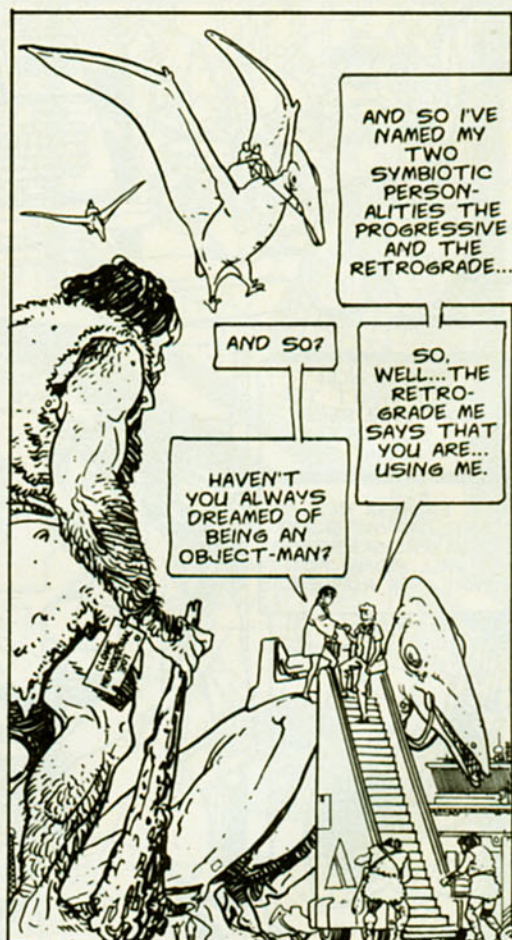
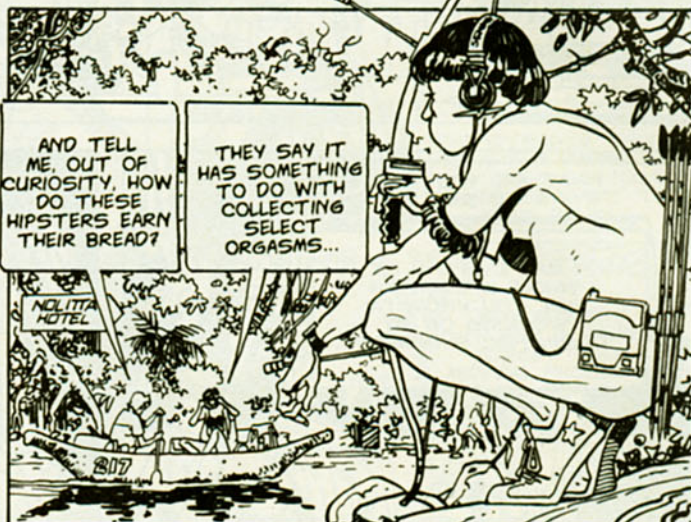
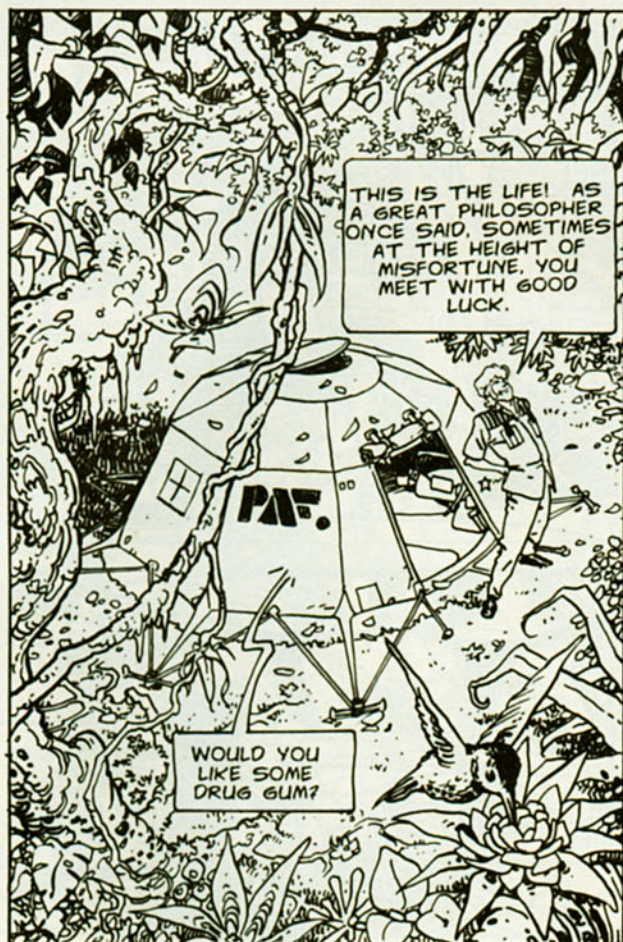
# BIT DEGENERATION



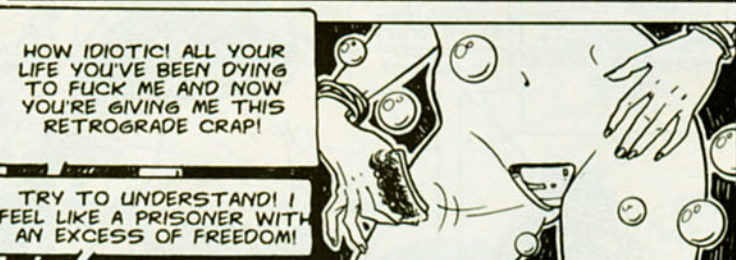
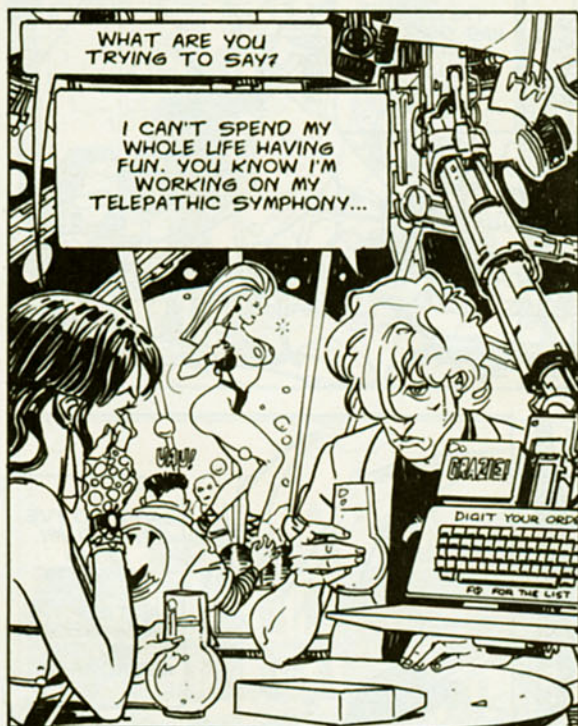
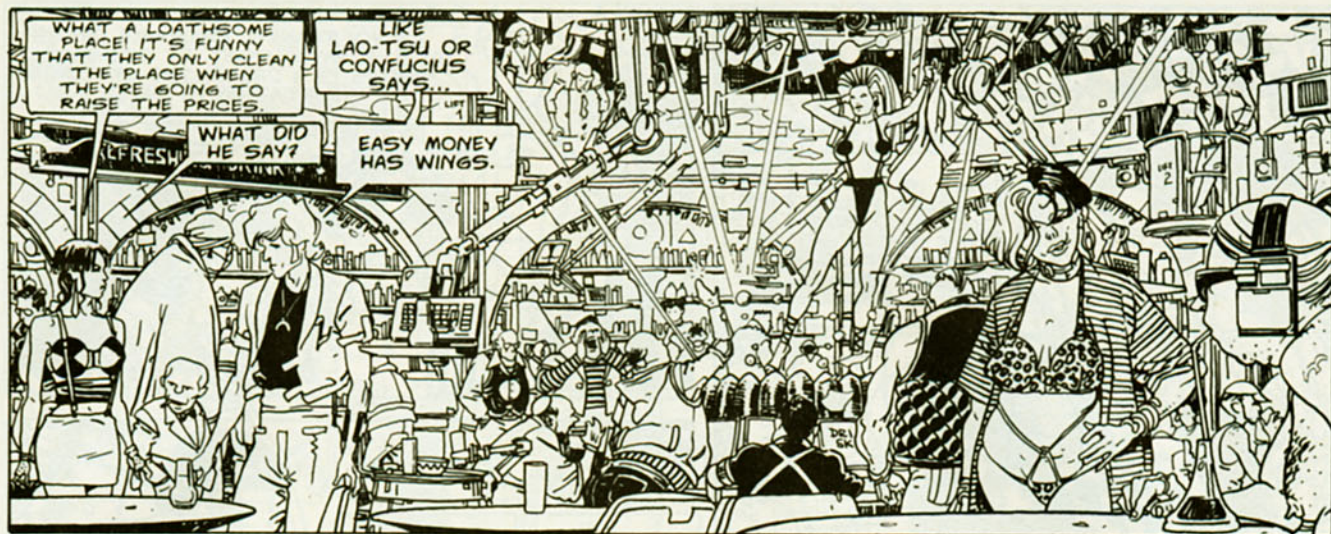




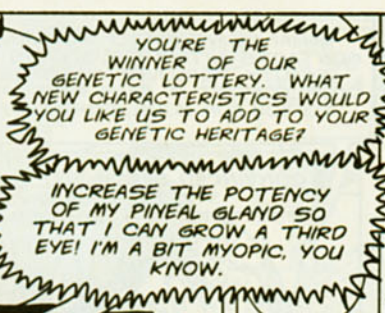
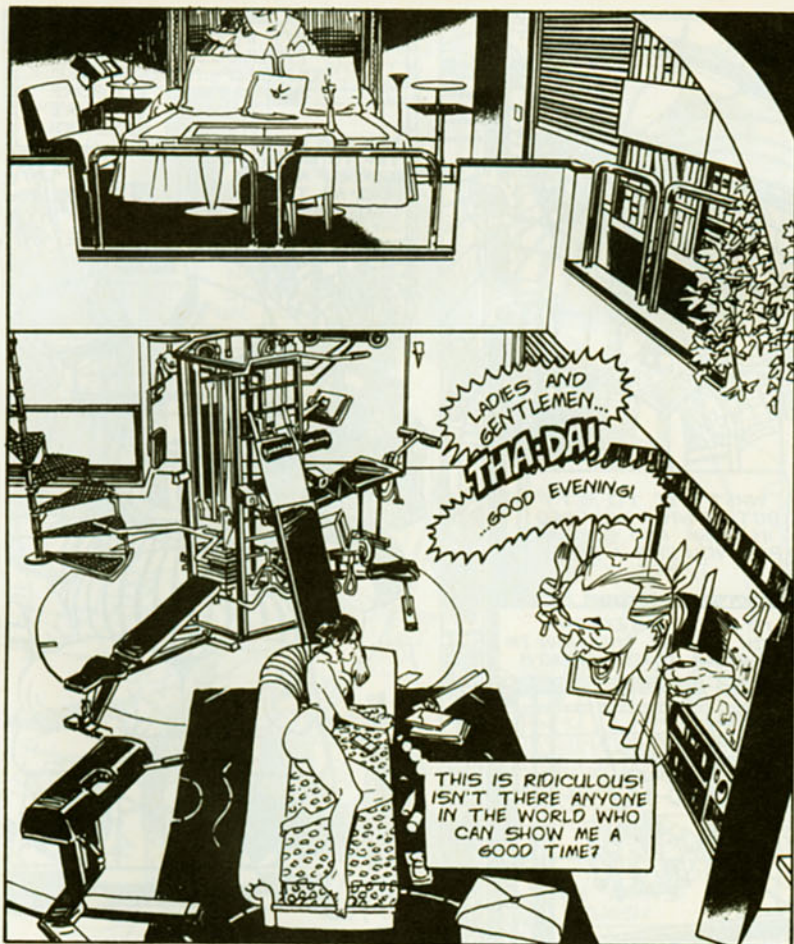














WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? BUT, MY LITTLE ONE...TEN DAYS STILL REMAIN BEFORE OUR CONTRACT IS OVER. DO YOU WANT IT ALL TO GO TO HELL?

BUT, CHIEF...HASN'T ANYONE EVER TOLD YOU THAT PAYING FOR FUN IS NO FUN AT ALL!



WHAT'S IT TO ME? I PUT DOWN A HUNDRED IN CASH. AND SO I'VE PAID YOU LIKE A QUEEN NO?

BUT I'M BORED TO DEATH, LITTLE PRICK OF MINE. AND NOW I'M BORED OF BEING BORED ALREADY!



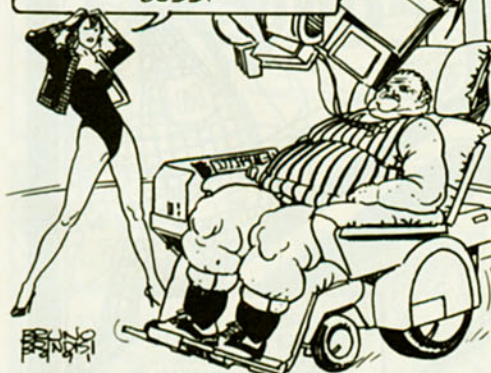
BUT IF YOU ARE TRULY FABULOUS, THEN BORE YOURSELF...NO ONE EVER TRIES TO BORE YOU LIKE YOU DO!

WHY DON'T YOU TRY TO AMUSE YOURSELF ALONE LIKE ALL THE OTHERS?



I HOPE I'LL BE ABLE TO, NOT MUCH TIME REMAINS FOR ME AND YOUR LYMPATHIC CEREBRAL TITILLATIONS HAVE MADE ME FEEL BETTER. AS YOU WELL KNOW...

I'M SO CRAZY! WHY DID I HAVE MY CRANIAL NERVOUS STRUCTURE CLEANED BY A MAFIA BOSS?



MAFIA? I LIMIT MYSELF TO SALES CONTACTS WITHIN THE BOUNDS OF LEGALITY. MOREOVER, MY LITTLE DOVE...DOESN'T IT SEEM A BIT LATE TO YOU FOR MORAL SCRUPLES?

IT'S NEAT THAT YOU'RE CONVINCED DEATH WILL LET YOU DO YOUR DIRTY BUSINESS.



FOR NOW, SHE'S KEEPING HER DISTANCE, TAUNTING ME...

BUT THAT DOESN'T NEGATE THE FACT THAT I'M NOT GOING TO HAVE ANY FUN WITH HER, I MEAN...



TRY IT! YOU KNOW I WANT YOU, AND I HAVE NO DESIRE FOR YOU TO OBLIGE ME TO SEND FOR ONE OF MY GORILLAS. I'LL GET MINE, AND YOU'LL GET YOURS. UNDERSTAND, MY LITTLE SUGAR PLUM?

YOU'RE A MONSTER, DON ESPOSITO.



DON'T BE SO TRAGIC, MY BOUQUET OF ROSES. IT'S A SIMPLY AN INSTINCT OF SURVEILLANCE.







UNDERSTAND?  
I'M NOT HAVING  
FUN, AND IT'S  
LIQUIDATING ME.

THEN  
HAVE  
SOME  
FUN, NO?



YOU DON'T  
UNDERSTAND. NOTHING  
IS FUN. NOTHING  
STIMULATES  
ME. I'M SAT-  
URATED BY  
DIVERSIONS.

HAVE YOU TRIED  
SOME TRANS-  
DRUGS?



IT'S USELESS. DON  
ESPOSITO HAS MEMORIES  
OF EVERY DRUG THAT  
EXISTS. THAT'S WHY I  
NEED SOME GENUINE AND  
NATURAL FUN!

HMMM...WE  
COULD ASK  
MARILYN'S  
ADVICE...



THAT  
IDIOT?  
WELL, WE  
WOULDN'T  
LOSE  
ANYTHING  
BY TRYING.

LISTEN. YOU COULDN'T LEND  
ME SOME MORE MONEY, COULD  
YOU? CIRCUIT SEVEN IS  
OVERHEATING AND...



COME ON, ASK  
HER ALREADY!

OK, BUT  
LET ME  
INPUT...



SO?  
HAS SHE  
BECOME A  
MUTE?

SHH! LET  
HER PROCESS  
THE DATA IN  
PEACE!

I THINK  
SHE'S WRITING  
SOMETHING!

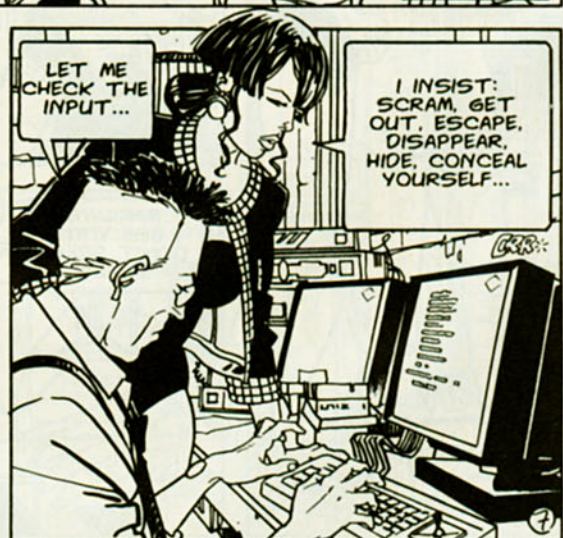
I ALREADY  
TOLD YOU  
SHE'S  
OVERHEATING  
A CIRCUIT!



WHAT'S IT  
SAY? OPEN  
IT ALREADY!

AH! A  
MESSAGE  
ON THE  
SCREEN!

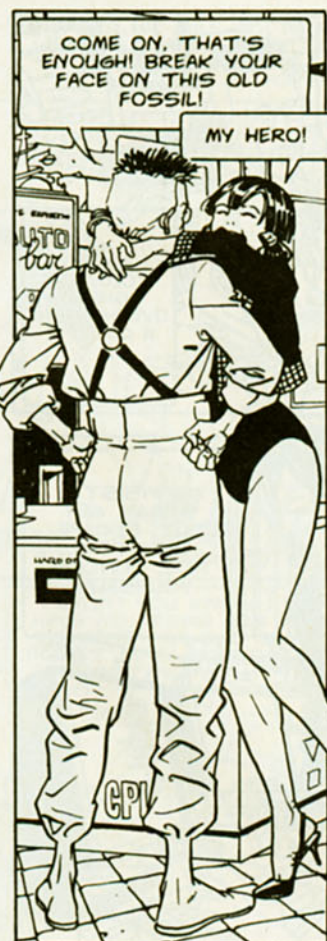
I'M  
OPENING  
IT.



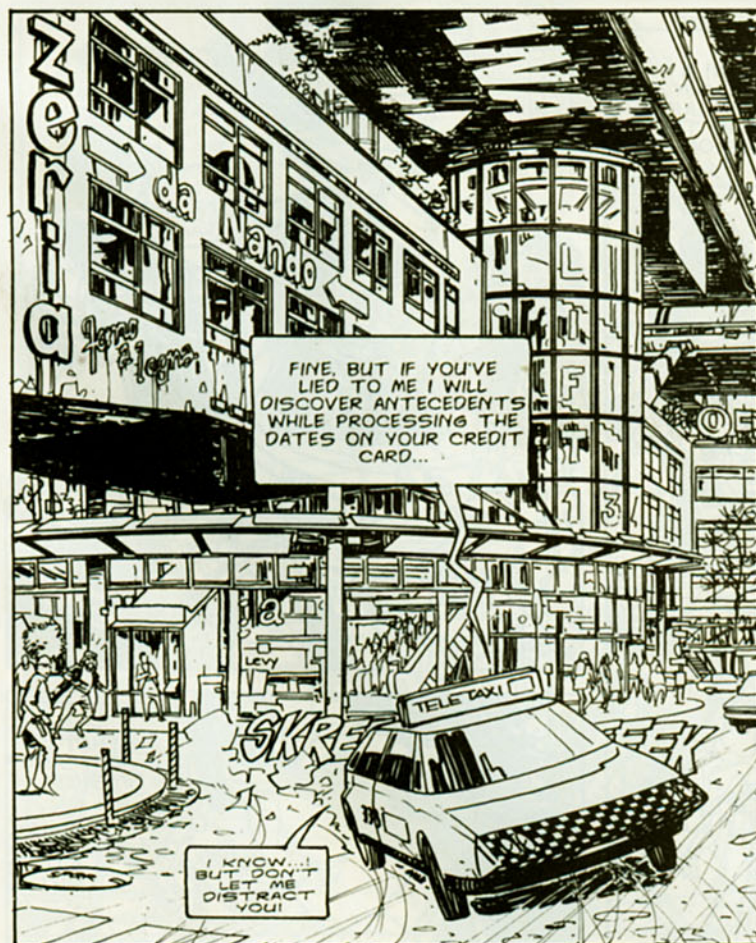
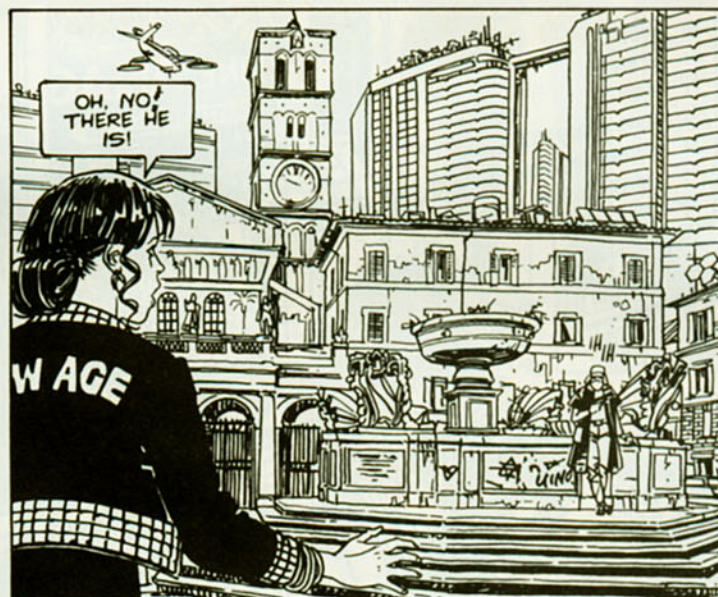
LET ME  
CHECK THE  
INPUT...

I INSIST:  
SCRAM, GET  
OUT, ESCAPE,  
DISAPPEAR,  
HIDE, CONCEAL  
YOURSELF...

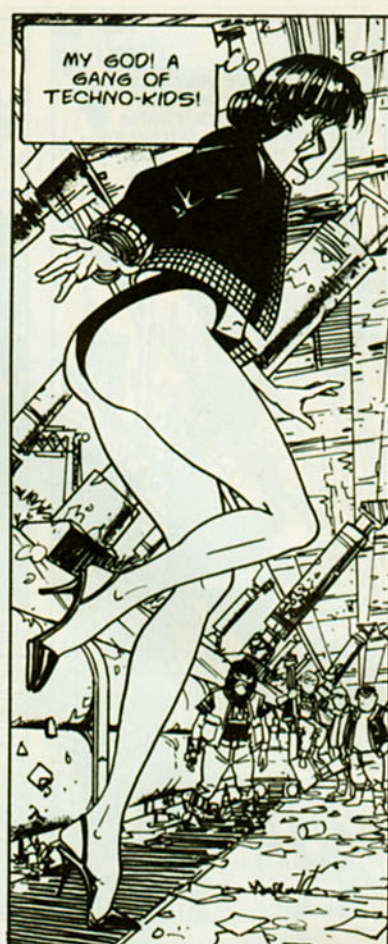
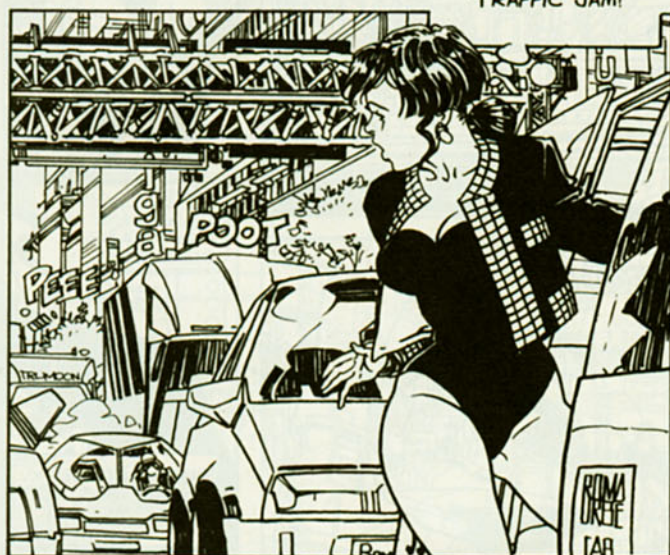
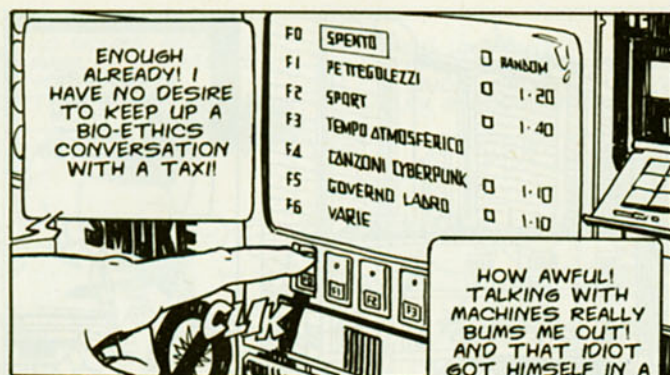




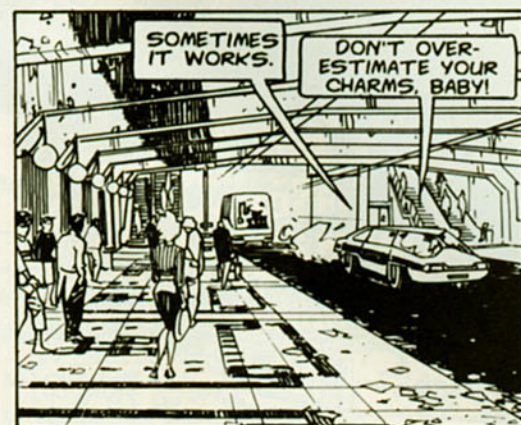
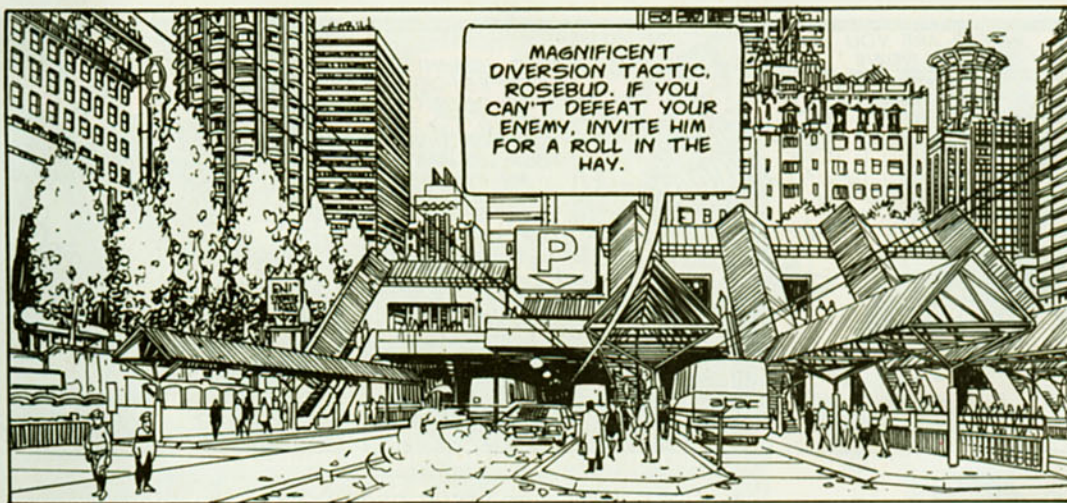
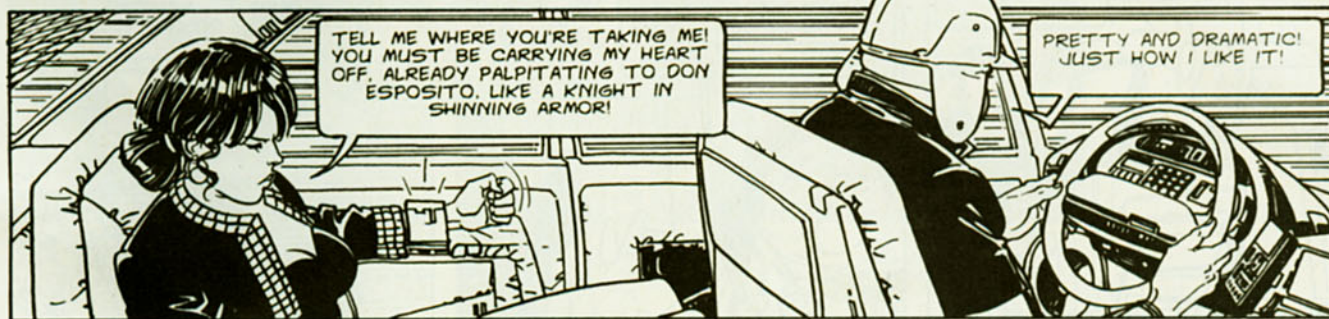
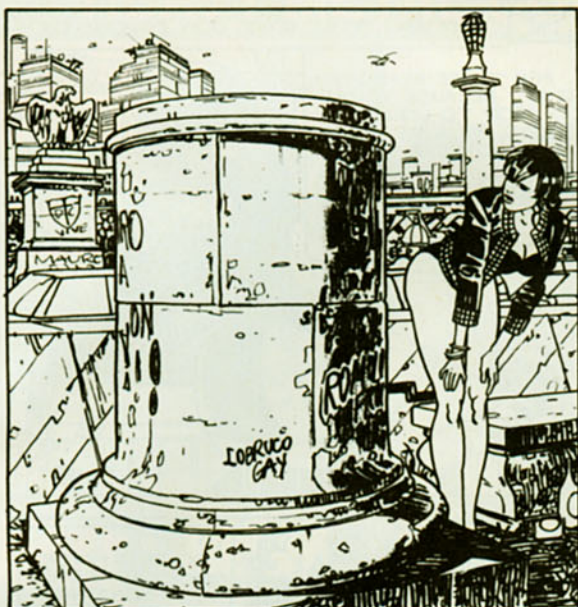




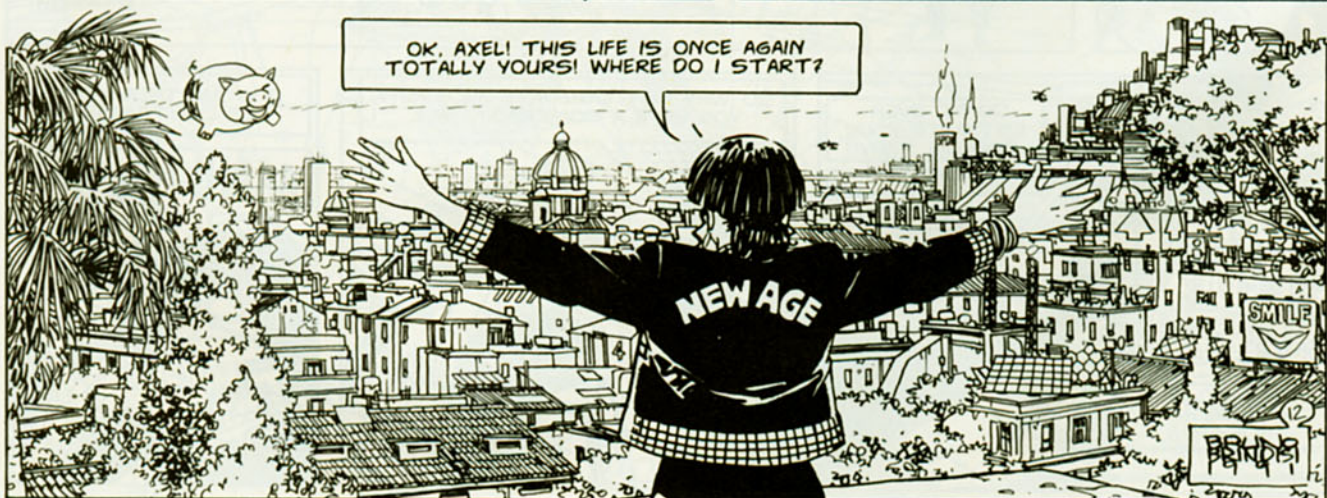
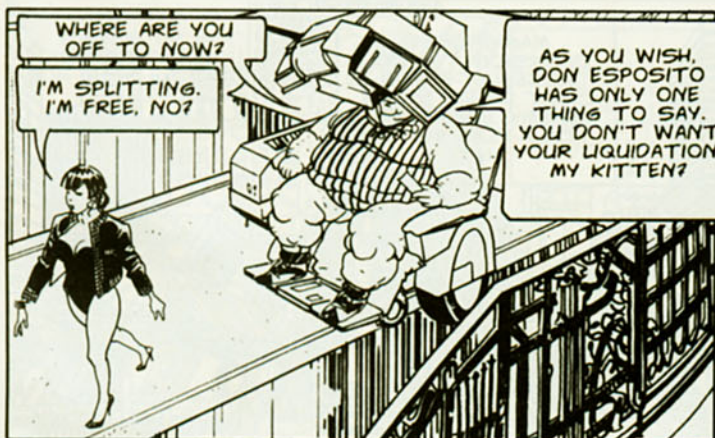
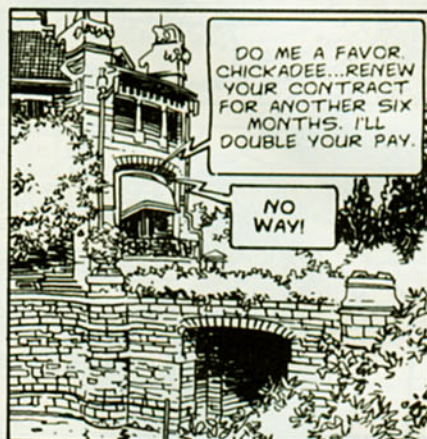
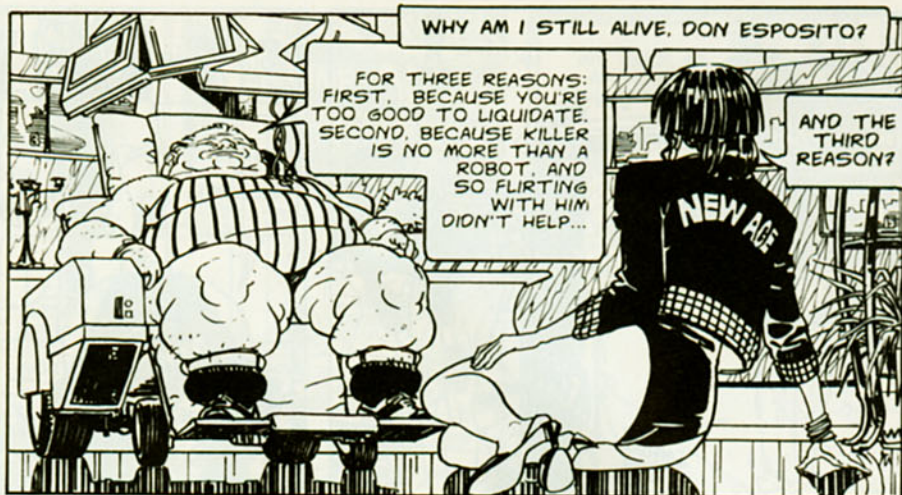














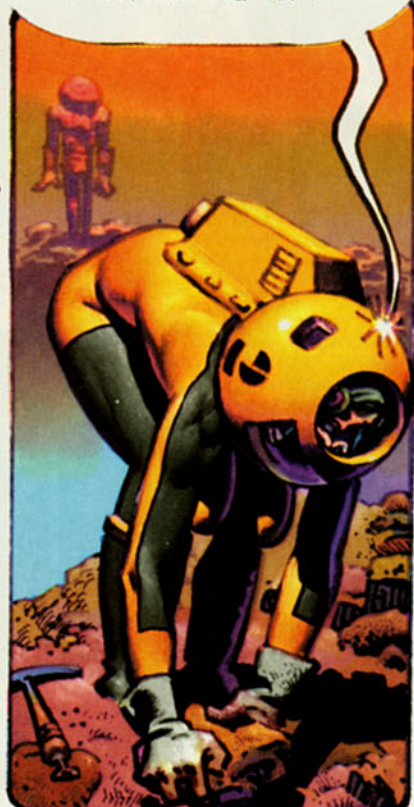
# BULL DIGGER

BY CORB



©1983 RICHARD CORBEN

≥ CAT MOMMA TWO TO BULL  
DIGGER FOUR. RENDEZVOUS  
AT THREE KILOMETERS  
DUE SOUTH. I'VE HIT A  
LIKELY LOOKING VEIN. ≤



≥ WELL, WHAT ARE YOU  
WAITING FOR?... LEND  
A HAND. ≤

≥ ... SOMETHING'S WRONG HERE.  
... CONTROLS ARE KIND OF  
SLUGGISH! ≤



≥ HEY! ≤

**BLUMP!**

≥ WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU  
DOING? ≤

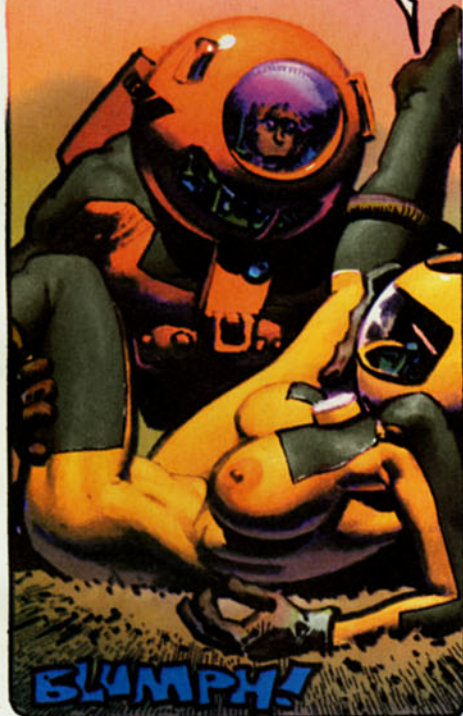


≥ UNH! THE DAMNED THING'S  
GONE CRAZY! ≤



**URGG UNK!**

**AAAIEE! STOP!**



**KLANK-KAWANG**

IT'S IN REVERSE!...  
NO EFFECT!

I'LL SHUT THE  
ENGINE OFF!

**SLAM WHAM!**



**KABLAM!  
KABLAM!  
KABLAM!  
KABLAM!**

DAMN YOU!  
STOP IT!

IT WON'T  
STOP!

OOOOH!... OOOOOH!...



**UUUUURRRGH!**

UUUUUUUMMMM

I THINK IT  
WAS A SHORT  
IN THE SUBLIMATION  
CIRCUIT.



CAN'T YOU MAKE  
IT LAST LONGER?



HEALTH AND THE MENTAL LIFE MUST HAVE BEEN HACKED AWAY BY THE CRUELTY OF SNARK. FROM HIS SEVERE SYSTEM OF SELF-DISCIPLINE, HE HAS BECOME MORE DOGMATIC AND REPRESSIVE. HE HAS EVEN DARED TO IMPOSE HIS FORCE ON ZONES THAT HAVE ESCAPED HIS JURISDICTION. HE IS BEGINNING TO MAKE THREATS TO THE GOVERNOR OF NUEVO LEON.

THE UTMOST ATTEMPTS WERE MADE TO ABSOLVE A. BIERCE OF THE CHARGES MADE AGAINST HIM BY THE MILITARY GOVERNMENT, BUT HE WAS CONDEMNED TO DEATH FOR IDEOLOGICAL CONTAMINATION. WITHIN TWO MONTHS, IN THE MIDDLE OF AUGUST, A. BIERCE WILL BE EXECUTED BY SUN EXPOSURE. YOU MUST STOP THIS FROM HAPPENING.

WE HAVE ENCLOSED THE NECESSARY PAPERS AND PERMITS TO WORK WITH YOUR SHIP AND YOUR MEN IN THE ZONE. THEY WILL BE RECLAIMING JUNK AND PREPARING THE RESCUE MISSION AT THE SAME TIME. I MUST SAY THAT ANY ERROR WILL BE FATAL TO YOU AND YOUR CREW. THE PEOPLE I REPRESENT DECLINE ALL FINANCIAL RESPONSIBILITY IF YOU DO NOT ACHIEVE YOUR OBJECTIVE.

YOUR SHIP, "LADY IN THE DARK", WILL BE PROVIDED WITH FALSE DOCUMENTATION. NO LOOSE ENDS CAN BE LINKED TO ME OR TO MY CLIENTS. THIS OPERATION IS CONFIDENTIAL, AND NOT EVEN THE AUTHORITIES HERE CAN BECOME AWARE OF ITS EXISTENCE.








WE WANT BIERCE. AND WE WANT HIM ALIVE. THAT IS THE BASIC CONDITION OF OUR AGREEMENT.

ONLY THEN WILL THE AGREEMENT BE SATISFIED.

THE PRICE IS INDICATED IN THE CONTRACT. I HOPE THAT IT SEEMS REASONABLE.

THE ADVANCE WILL ONLY BE A THIRD OF THE TOTAL. AGREED?


A LITTLE HANDSHAKE SEEMS FITTING FOR SUCH A BIG DEAL. YOUR BOSSES MUST BE VERY PRUDENT.



OK. I'VE BLOWN UP HOSPITALS FOR LESS MONEY, SO A LITTLE ADRENALINE WON'T BE UNWELCOME.

REDNECK, WHAT'S YOUR OPINION?

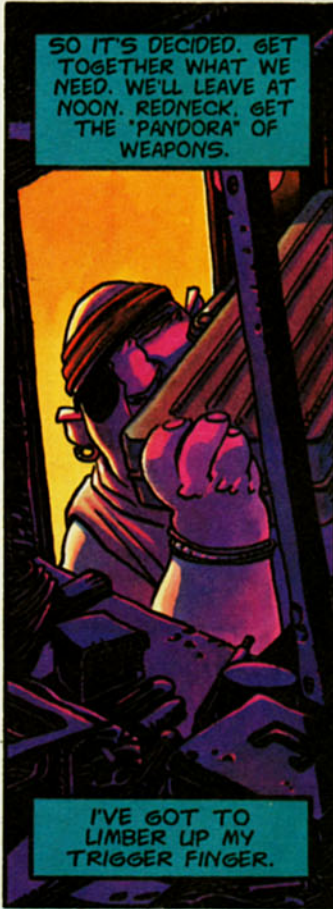
DOESN'T SMELL GOOD TO ME, BOSS. THAT ZONE HAS A LOT OF SWAMPS, AND THAT'S NOT GOOD FOR THE LADY...



A FIRST-CLASS JOB OF BACKSTITCHING, KID. IN TEN DAYS YOU'LL BE LIKE NEW, IF THEY DON'T KILL YOU BEFORE THEN.

GET YOUR HANDS OFF OF ME, OLD MAN!

...I'VE WORKED MANY YEARS ON THE SAN JUAN RIVER. THE MOSQUITOES ARE AS BIG AS MONKEY'S BALLS. AND THE PEOPLE ARE VERY POOR, CHIEF. VERY POOR.



SO IT'S DECIDED. GET TOGETHER WHAT WE NEED. WE'LL LEAVE AT NOON. REDNECK, GET THE "PANDORA" OF WEAPONS.


I'VE GOT TO LIMBER UP MY TRIGGER FINGER.



I NOTICE YOU'RE TENSE, FACELESS...

REMEMBER, MY DEKKER: THIS MEETING NEVER TOOK PLACE.

YOU NEVER SAW ME.



I DIDN'T THINK OF PUTTING A PHOTO OF YOU ON THE MANTLE, DON'T WORRY.

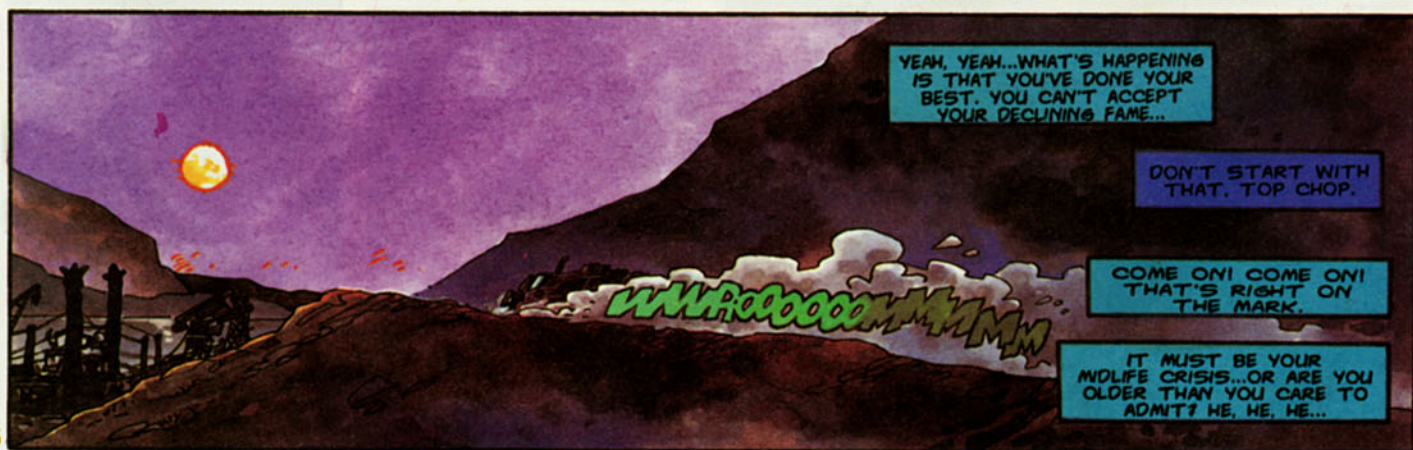
I HAVE OTHER VICES.

WHERE THE HELL IS TOP CHOP?

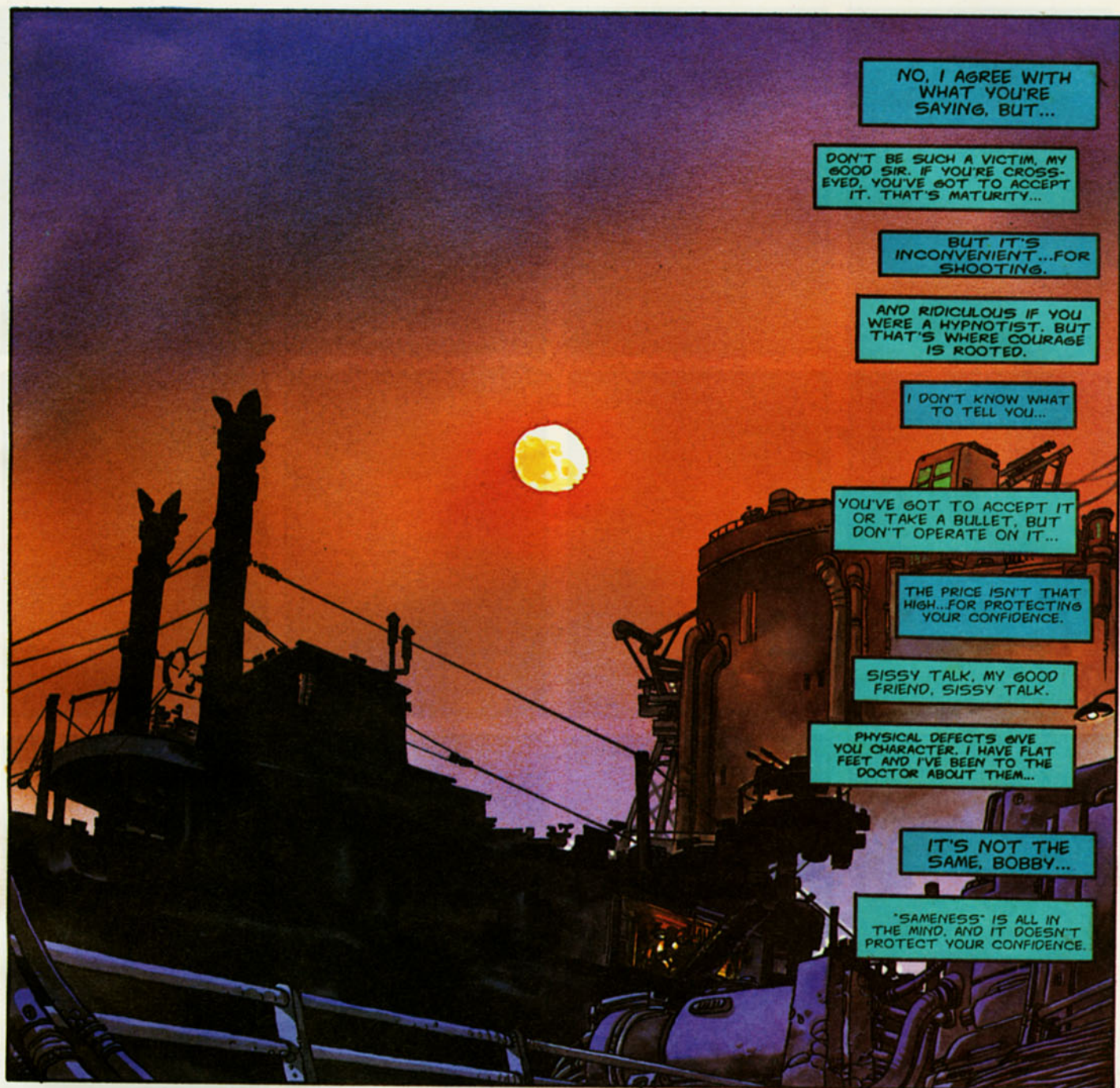












NO, I AGREE WITH  
WHAT YOU'RE  
SAYING, BUT...

DON'T BE SUCH A VICTIM, MY  
GOOD SIR. IF YOU'RE CROSS-  
EYED, YOU'VE GOT TO ACCEPT  
IT. THAT'S MATURITY...

BUT IT'S  
INCONVENIENT...FOR  
SHOOTING.

AND RIDICULOUS IF YOU  
WERE A HYPNOTIST. BUT  
THAT'S WHERE COURAGE  
IS ROOTED.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT  
TO TELL YOU...

YOU'VE GOT TO ACCEPT IT  
OR TAKE A BULLET, BUT  
DON'T OPERATE ON IT...

THE PRICE ISN'T THAT  
HIGH...FOR PROTECTING  
YOUR CONFIDENCE.

SISSY TALK, MY GOOD  
FRIEND, SISSY TALK.

PHYSICAL DEFECTS GIVE  
YOU CHARACTER. I HAVE FLAT  
FEET AND I'VE BEEN TO THE  
DOCTOR ABOUT THEM...

IT'S NOT THE  
SAME, BOBBY...

"SAMENESS" IS ALL IN  
THE MIND, AND IT DOESN'T  
PROTECT YOUR CONFIDENCE.

IF YOUR GIRLFRIEND IS  
CROSS-EYED, TAKE HER...OR  
THEY'LL ALL THINK YOU'RE  
A SHIT.

GIVE ME A LIGHT....  
AND SHUT UP.

CLIK

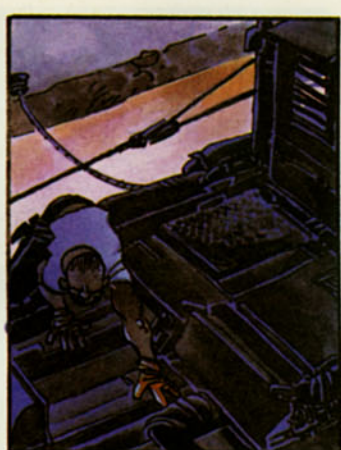
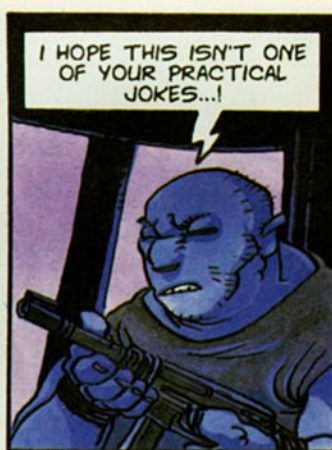
TWO ON THE  
BRIDGE, ARMED.















OK, OK...THEY WERE  
NEITHER TOO STUPID,  
NOR TOO TOUGH.

THEY KNEW YOU  
A BIT, EH?



HEYA, BULLIES!  
WELCOME TO "LADY  
IN THE DARK!"

DID I MAKE A GOOD  
IMPRESSION?

LIKE A PUPPET  
IN HEAT!

COME DOWN AND  
HELP US, FUCKER!



FASCINATED, EH,  
LITTLE GUY?  
NOTHING'S BETTER.

A TRUE SHIP.

YEAH, IT'S GOT THE RATS AND  
BULLET HOLES NECESSARY TO  
MAKE IT A TRUE LEGEND.

IT'S GOT TO  
BE CLEANED.

AND THE ENGINES HAVE TO BE  
GOTTEN IN SHAPE AND THE TOILET  
HAVE TO BE DISINFECTED...ALL  
JOBS FOR OUR CABIN BOY.

ABOVE ALL THE  
TOILETS...

AND SWABBING  
THE DECK.

COME ON, DOC! YOU  
HAVE MORE WRINKLES IN  
YOUR CLOTHES THAN IN  
YOUR FACE.



THE CONTROLS SEEM  
IN GOOD CONDITION. A  
FEW TWEAKS AND WE  
CAN WEIGH ANCHOR.

THERE'S ENOUGH  
FUEL TO REACH  
LAGUNA MADRE...

FUCKING TOP CHOP!

COME ON, BOYS,  
COOL IT...

THE AIR CONDITIONER  
IS BROKEN.

SHIT!

WHERE ARE  
YOU GOING?

TO TAKE  
A PEEK...

COME WITH  
ME, KID.

THIS IS THE  
STOREHOUSE WHERE WE  
PUT THE JUNK WE FIND.

I DON'T THINK  
THERE ARE TOO MANY  
RATS AROUND...

NOR TOO MANY  
BIG ONES.

LOOK, MY  
STATEROOM.

GOOD, GOOD,  
GOOD...

THE CENTRAL COMPUTER  
IS INTACT. THEY DIDN'T  
PLAY WITH THE CODE.

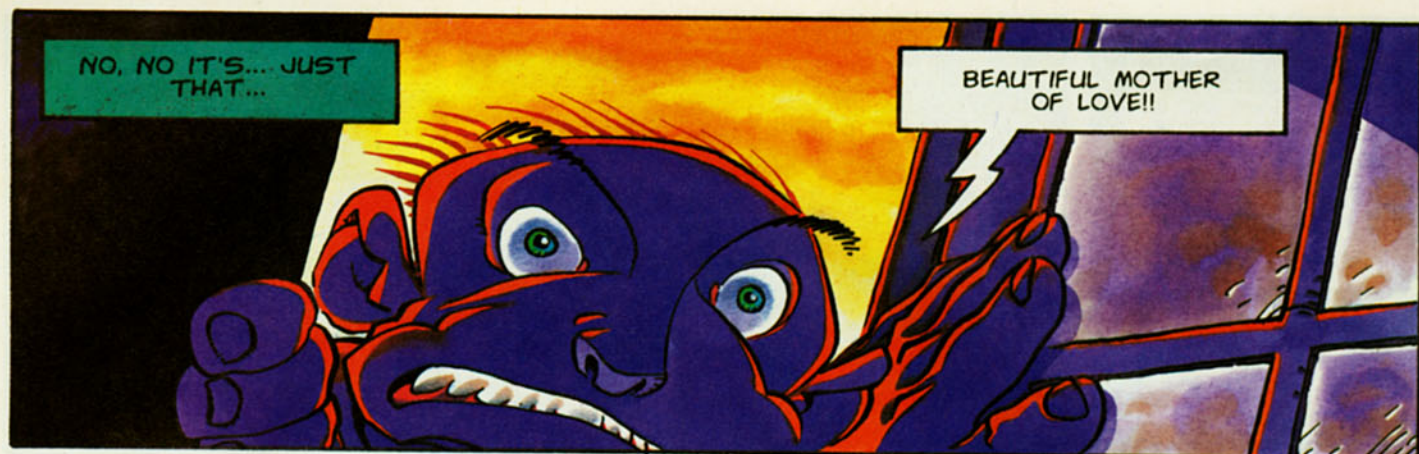
I'M GOING TO LOOK IN  
THE CABINS TO SEE IF  
THEY TOUCHED YOUR  
COLLECTION OF PORNO  
VIDEOS, REDNECK

TOP CHOP...I'M A  
BIT WORRIED.

RELAX, KID. I JUST  
WANT TO SHOW THE  
REST OF THE SHIP.

YOU DON'T THINK I'M  
LEADING YOU UP THE  
GARDEN PATH, DO YOU?





NO, NO IT'S... JUST  
THAT...

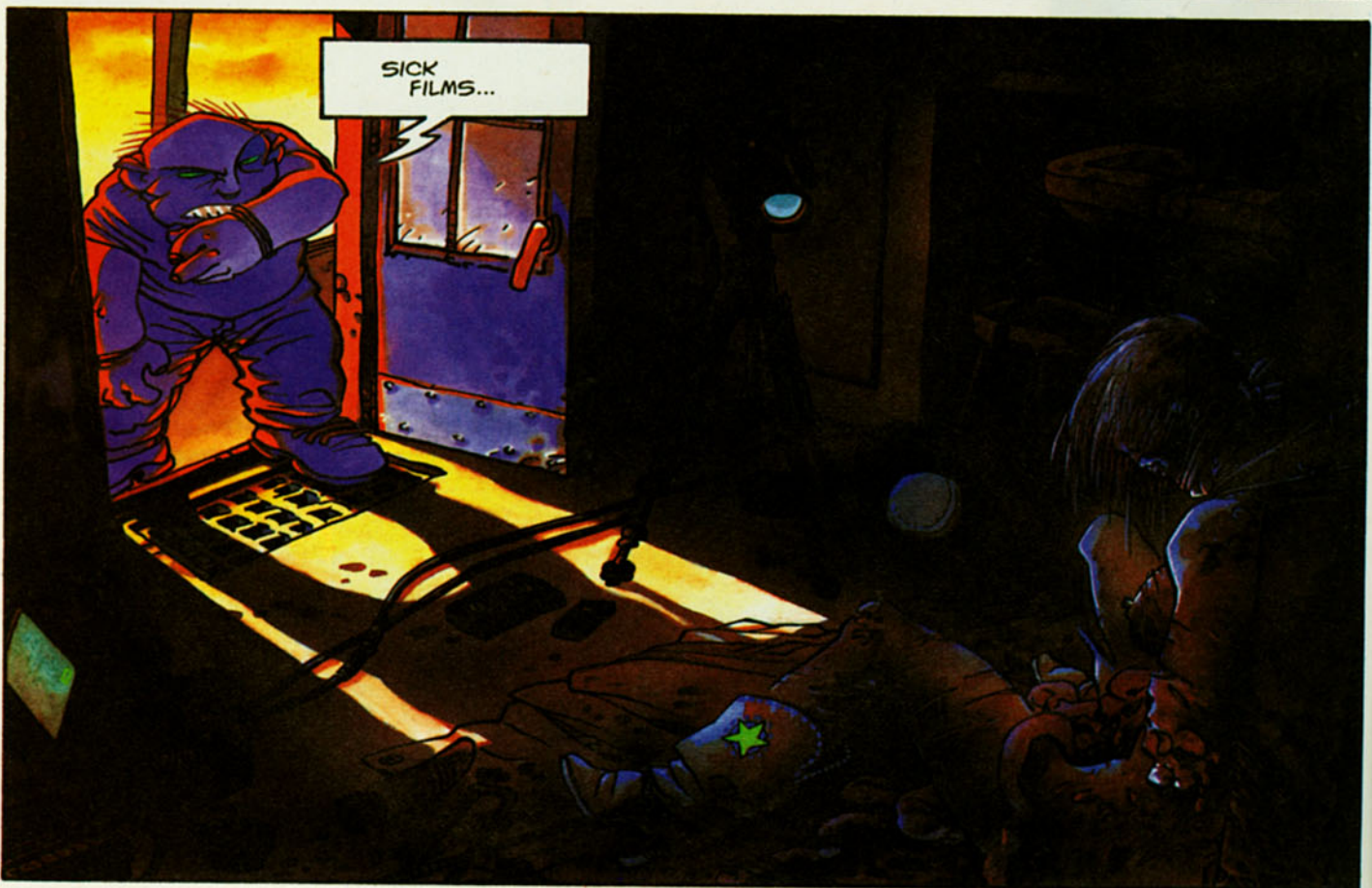
BEAUTIFUL MOTHER  
OF LOVE!!



STAY OUT, KID. DON'T  
DON'T COME IN.

WHAT..?

RUN AND TELL THE  
OTHERS...RUN, FUCKER!



SICK  
FILMS...





WHAT'S GOING ON?

RELAX, BOY, RELAX...

MR. DEKKER. MR. DEKKER!!

IT'S TOP CHOP!!

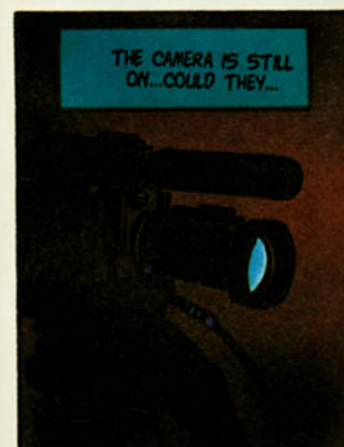


FUCKING BASTARDS, FUCKING SONS OF BITCHES...



THEY MASSACRED HER...WITHOUT...

...PITY...I THINK I'M GOING TO...



THE CAMERA IS STILL ON...COULD THEY...



'WHAT IS THIS...? GOOD!



SUCH CRUELTY SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE...SHE WAS ONLY A KID...

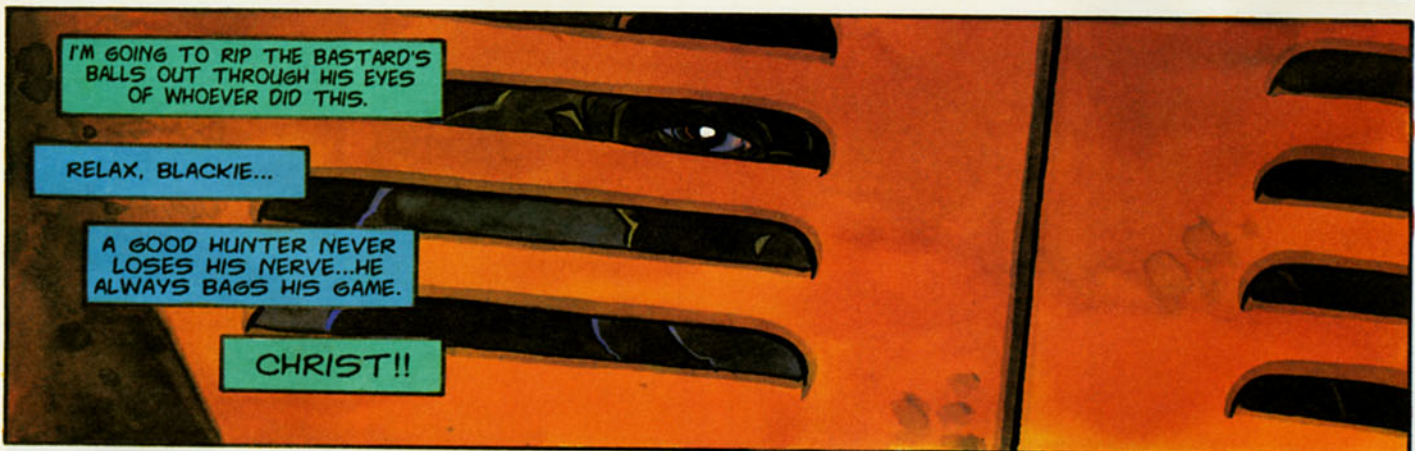
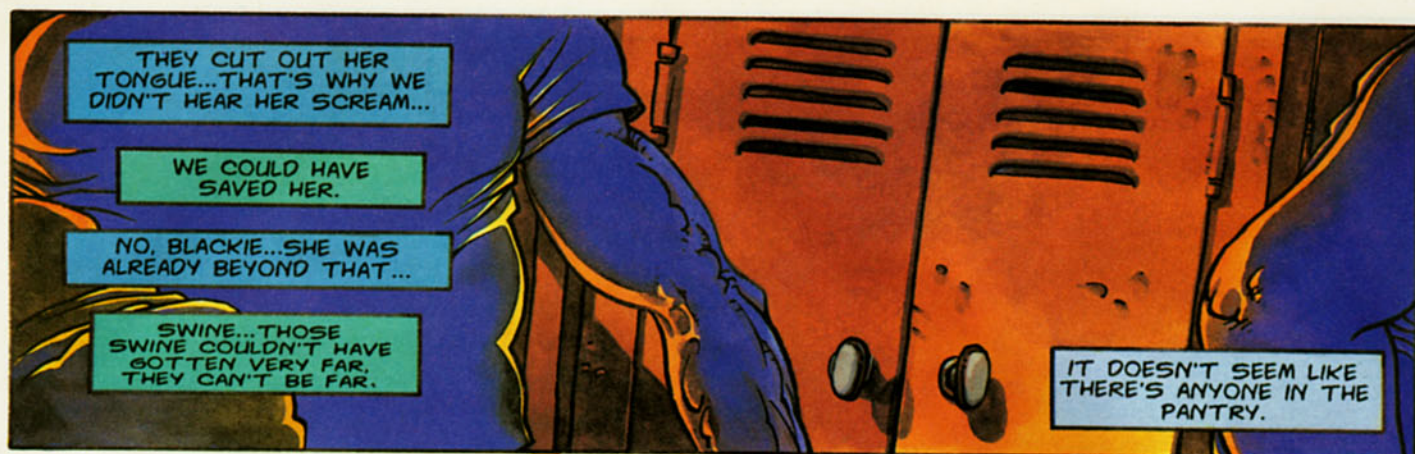


SO DOC?

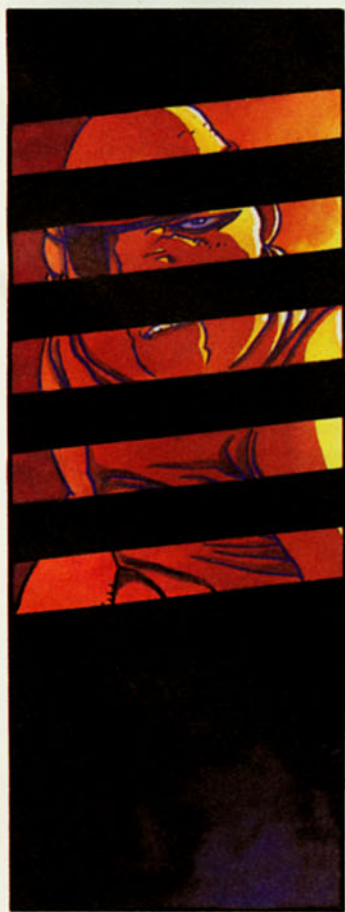


...SHE JUST DIED...THEY TORTURED HER UNTIL A LITTLE MORE THAN TEN MINUTES AGO...











HERE WE HAVE THE  
FAMOUS ARTIST..

UNTIEMEEEEEE!

CRECS

BUT IT DIDN'T  
OCCUR TO YOU  
TO PICK UP HIS  
DAGGER, DWARF...

OFF WITH THE MASK...I  
WANT TO SEE THE FEAR  
ON YOUR FACE.

ZWIPPP

A SHIT!

...COME ON, MY  
FRIENDS....I WAS  
ONLY A WHORE...

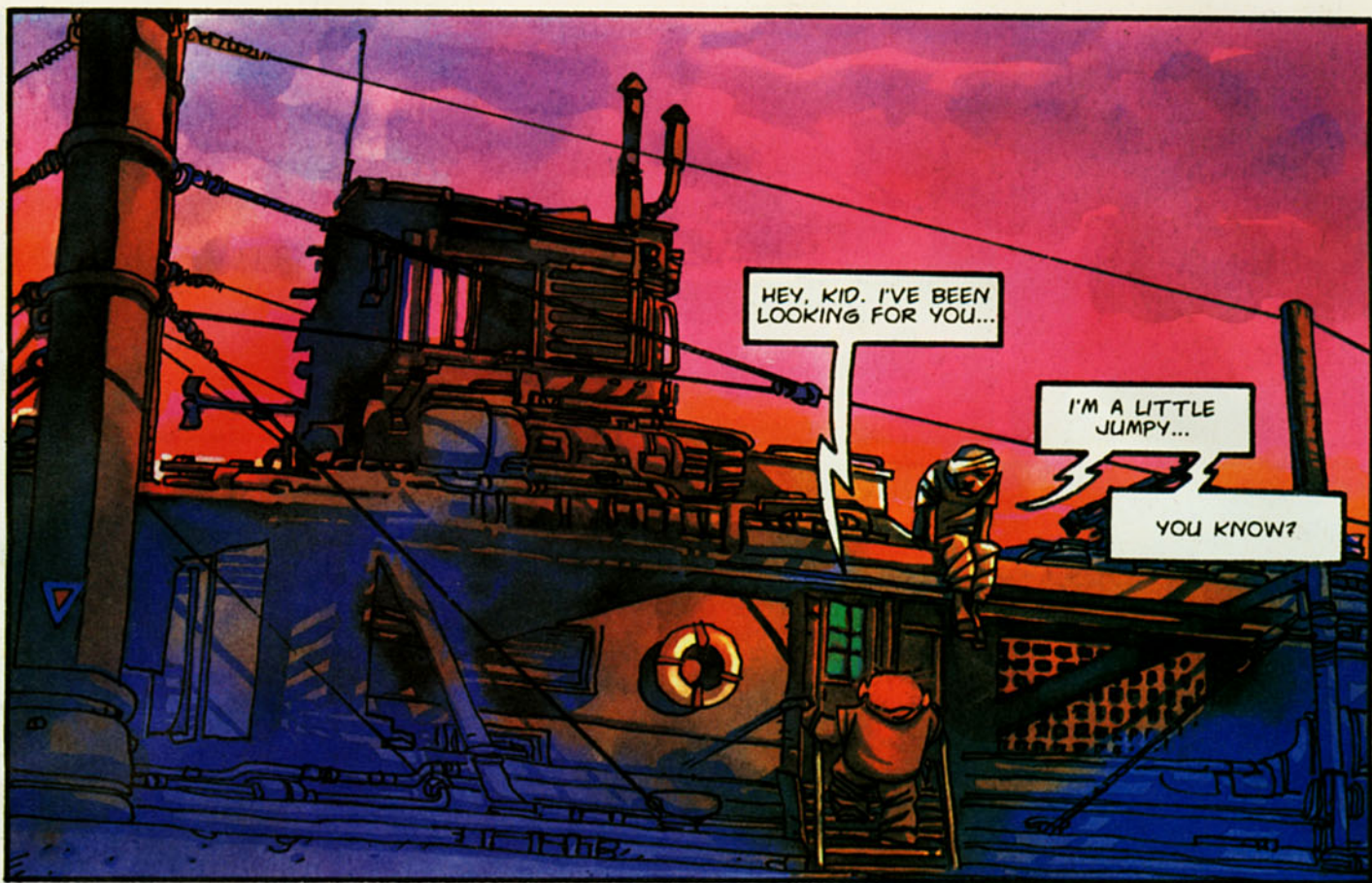
SWAK

...DON'T HIT ME  
ANYMORE....DON'T HIT  
ME ANYMORE...

TOP CHOP, MAKE SURE  
THE KID DOESN'T SEE  
THIS. I DON'T WANT HIM  
TO HAVE NIGHTMARES.

I'M GOING TO KEEP  
HIM COMPANY, CHIEF.





HEY, KID. I'VE BEEN  
LOOKING FOR YOU...

I'M A LITTLE  
JUMPY...

YOU KNOW?



DOESN'T  
SURPRISE ME,  
KID...MY KNEES  
ALWAYS SHAKE TOO  
WHEN I'M FACED  
WITH SOMETHING  
SO GRATUITOUS  
...ME AND THE REST  
OF US.



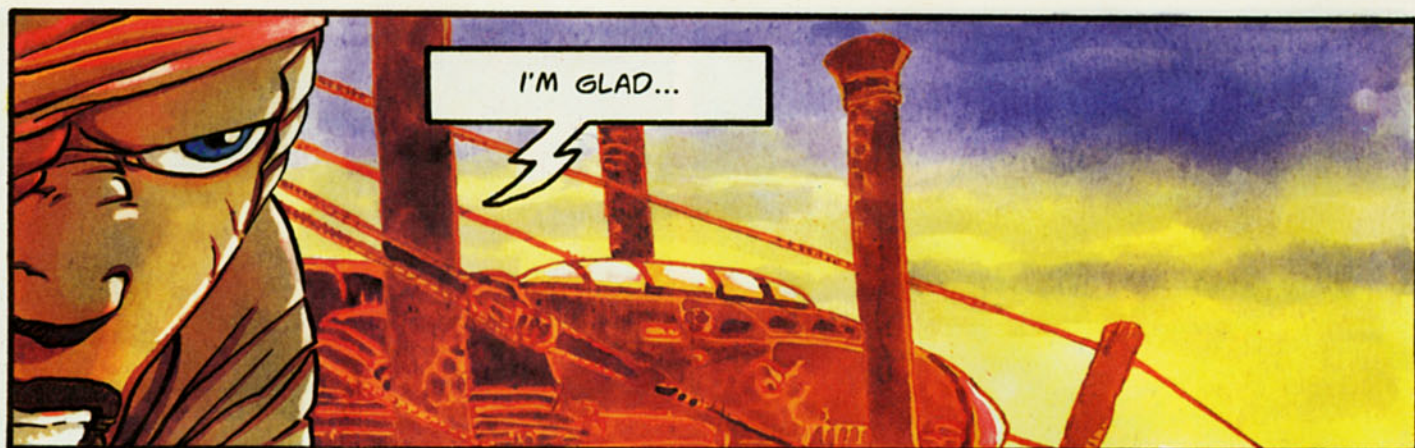
THAT GIRL...WHAT  
HE DID TO HER...HE  
PICKED HER UP...  
NO? MR. DEKKER...IS  
GOING TO KILL HIM?



YES...WELL...MORE  
OR LESS...







I'M GLAD...

I SMELL YOUR  
FEAR, GARBAGE.

I SMELL YOUR  
FEAR AND I LIKE  
IT.

I FEEL LIKE I DID  
WHEN I TORTURED  
COCKROACHES AS A  
KID...

THEY JUMPED  
AROUND IN THE CAN  
AS I BURNED IT...

IT WAS SO  
EXCITING!

KKREK

...PLEASE...UNTIE ME...

...KEEP THE STRAPS...THEY ARE  
VERY VALUABLE...I CAN GET A  
LOT FOR THEM...I WILL GIVE YOU  
WHAT YOU WANT FOR THEM...

GAUN



DISGUST...DIS-  
GUST IS THE  
ONLY THING YOU  
GIVE ME, PAL...



WHAT'S UP, DOC?

I FEEL I MUST TELL  
YOU THAT YOU'LL BE  
FAMOUS...THE CAMERA...

THE CAMERA DOESN'T  
JUST RECORD. IT  
BROADCASTS...

SOMEONE HAS  
BEEN WATCHING YOU  
IN AMARILLO...



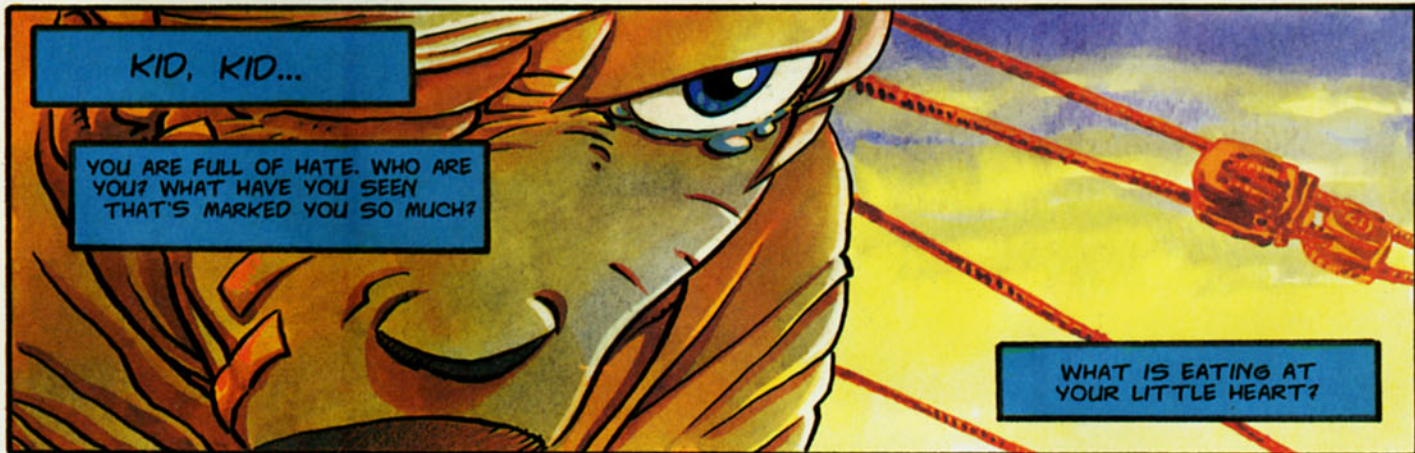
SKRAT



TO HELL WITH THE  
DOCUMENTARY!!

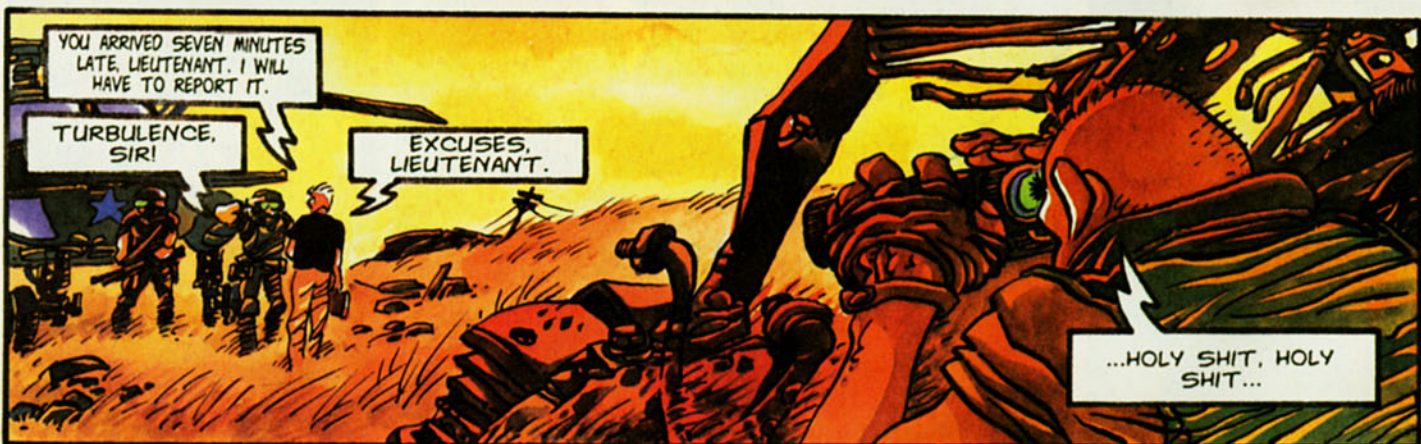
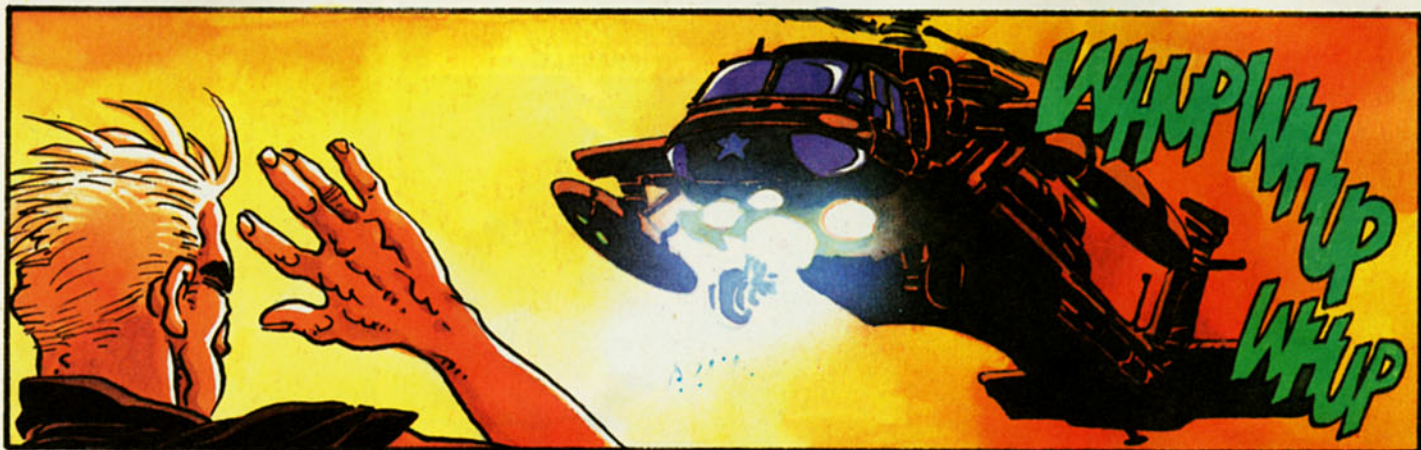
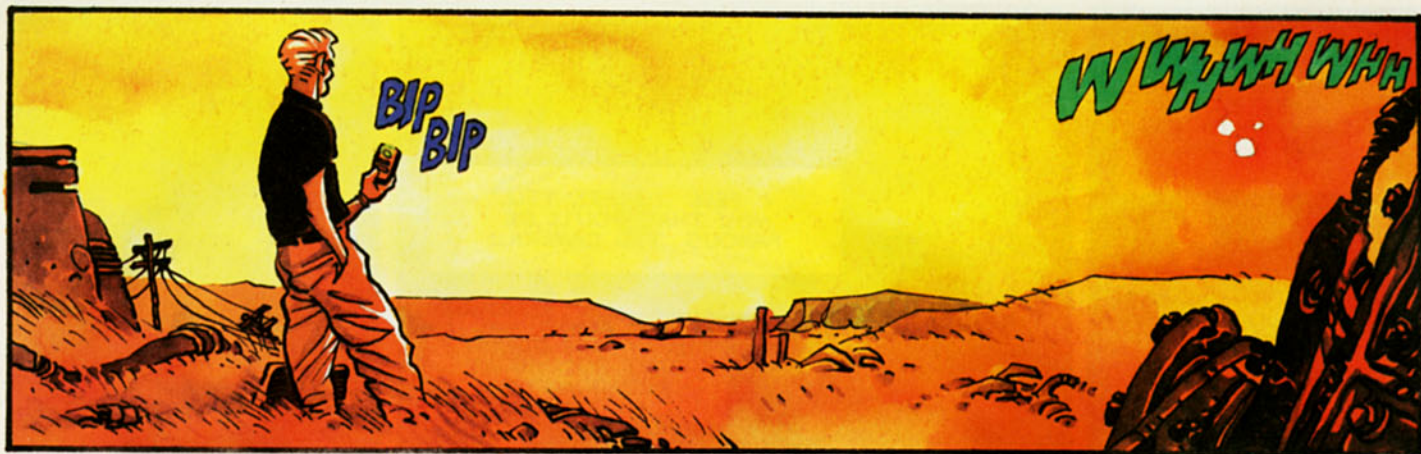
KID, KID...

YOU ARE FULL OF HATE. WHO ARE  
YOU? WHAT HAVE YOU SEEN  
THAT'S MARKED YOU SO MUCH?



WHAT IS EATING AT  
YOUR LITTLE HEART?







WE'RE ALL SET,  
SIR. OUR  
DESTINATION?

THE OLMOS, SIR?  
THAT ZONE IS FAIRLY  
FUCKED. PARDON THE  
EXPRESSION, SIR.

THE TRUTH IS THAT  
WE'RE GOING TO SEE  
SOMEONE "FAIRLY  
FUCKED..."

WE'RE FRIENDS,  
RIGHT?

AND FRIENDS DON'T KILL  
EACH OTHER...AT LEAST  
NOT FOR MENTAL SLIPS.  
NOT COME ON, YOU  
KNOW I CAN MAKE  
AMENDS!

GIVE ME  
TIME!

HEAD FOR 771, THE  
"OLD SALT" ESTATE,  
IN THE OLMOS. MEET  
US THERE IN THIRTEEN  
MINUTES... AND AVOID  
THE "TURBULENCE."

YOU'RE PARDONED,  
LIEUTENANT.

NO,  
BUSTAMENTE,  
BY GOD!

CRACK

TIME TO TIME, MY  
FRIEND.

BLAM

CHIEF! THERE'S AN  
ARMY TURKEY  
APPROACHING

SHOULD WE WAIT  
A BIT?

EDUCATION, PASADENA,  
EDUCATION. IT'S A  
ROUTINE VISIT...SHOW  
THEM IN.



PLEASED TO FINALLY MEET YOU  
PERSONALLY, MR. BUSTAMENTE.  
I HOPE WE ARE NOT BEING  
EXCESSIVELY PUNCTUAL...

I WOULD REGRET HAVING  
INTERRUPTED SOMEONE IN THE  
COURSE OF "DOING BUSINESS". I  
AM EXTREMELY PUNCTILIOUS  
ABOUT PROTOCOL...

(RELAX BOYS.)

HEY,  
HANDSOME!

"INDIAN"  
BUSTAMENTE...

JUST BECAUSE MY  
MOTHER WAS A  
WHORE DOESN'T  
MEAN IT'S THE  
CURSE OF MY RACE..

AND NO, YOU DIDN'T  
INTERRUPT ANYTHING  
IMPORTANT.

I WAS NEGOTIATING WITH  
A CREDITOR. JUST THAT.

YOU'LL HAVE  
TO EXCUSE THE  
MESS. MY BOYS ARE  
EXCESSIVELY HORRIBLE...

TO THE POINT,  
BUSTAMENTE. I CAME TO  
DO BUSINESS. NOT TO  
DISCUSS THE BEHAVIOR OF  
YOUR GORILLAS.

SO YOU'VE ALREADY HEARD OF MY  
"WRETCHED" GORILLAS! TAKE THAT  
CARRION OUT TO WHERE THE  
GROUND WILL SOAK UP HIS DAMN  
MILKSHAKE CALLED BLOOD.

WHERE SHOULD WE  
LEAVE IT THIS TIME?  
IN THE PIT BEHIND  
THE GARBAGE DUMP.

SHUT UP AND WALK,  
CAPULLO. OR DO YOU  
WANT THE CHIEF TO  
GET IRKED?

LET'S EAT LUNCH, MR.  
IMPORTANT. IT'S NOT  
IMPORTANT, RIGHT?  
COUSCOUS!! IS MY  
LUNCH READY?

OF COURSE, MR.  
BUSTAMENTE! WE'VE  
MADE SOME SPAGHETTI  
WITH THREE REALLY  
KILLER CHEESES...



COUSCOUS HAS BEEN WITH ME FOR THREE YEARS. I BROUGHT HIM FROM NEW ORLEANS. HE COOKS LIKE A GOD. BUT HE TALKS TOO MUCH. YOU CAN'T TAKE YOUR TIME EATING...

HE SAYS THAT I MAIM HIS FUCKING DISHES WITH KETCHUP.

AND I TELL HIM THAT HE'S A "POP COOK"...COUSCOUS!!! MY GLASS IS DIRTY! DO ME A FAVOR AND BRING ME ANOTHER ONE!!

THE BLOOD THAT FLOWS THROUGH THE VEINS OF A WIDE? ARE YOU SURE YOU AREN'T HUNGRY?

THIS, MR. BUSTAMENTE! I'D SHARE IT WITH ANYONE! IT'S MADE OF VERY DELICATELY.

NO, THANKS...

I'M ALLERGIC TO AN EXCESSIVELY SAUCY FOOD...

NOW, BUSTAMENTE, I'M GOING TO GET TO THE POINT. YOU'RE BEING CONTRACTED TO CARRY OUT A VERY COMPROMISING JOB. THEY TELL ME YOU'RE THE BEST. AND I HOPE I'M NOT WRONG.



THIS IS THE ROUTE YOU'LL FOLLOW.

YOUR BOAT IS THE "RIFFRAFF LOVE." NO? YOU WILL HAVE TO GO AND HUNT DOWN A VERY SPECIAL MA...

DEKKER, BLACK DEKKER. YOUR OBJECTIVE IS TO STOP HIM FROM ACCOMPLISHING THE JOB HE HAS BEEN ASKED TO DO... THAT'S IT.

DEKKER? AFTER I KILL HIM I'LL MAKE A NECKLACE OUT OF HIS TEETH!

I THINK I'LL CHEW ON THE KIDNEYS OF THAT FAGGOT! RIGHT, COUSCOUS?

DAMN IT! I CAN'T GET IN TOUCH WITH BLACKIE. THE LINES AREN'T WORKING. HOW AM I GOING TO TELL HIM, NOW?

NAME HIM, SET YOUR PRICE AND I'LL BRING YOU HIS BALLS IN A FLASK.

DO YOU ACCEPT?





I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL IS HAPPENING. THE RADIO WON'T WORK...AT LEAST NOT ON SHORT WAVE.

THE ONLY PROBLEM IS IF THERE'S A STORM, WE WON'T KNOW IT'S COMING...

RELAX, REDNECK. YOU'LL FIX IT WHEN WE WEIGH ANCHOR.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE KID?



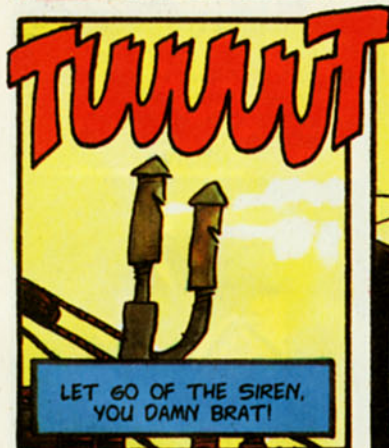
THOSE PEOPLE ARE REALLY "OUT THERE" SIR...IF I MAY SAY SO.

BAIT, LIEUTENANT, MEAT TO DRAW THE PRIZE TO THE TRAP.

WHAT TRAP, SIR?

RELAX, LIEUTENANT. IF YOU NEEDED ANY MORE DETAILS...

WOULD HAVE GIVEN THEM TO YOU.



LET GO OF THE SIREN, YOU DAMN BRAT!



I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO BRING THIS WITH US.

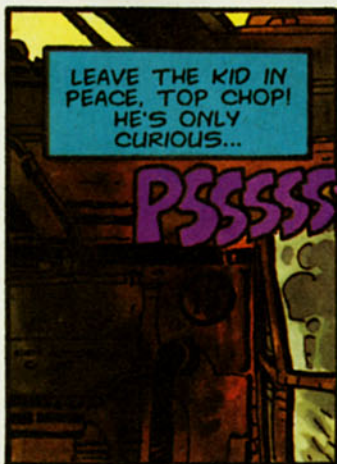
KIDS ONLY ADD SENTIMENTALITY TO AN ADVENTURE.



RAISE THE ANCHOR, DOC!

WE HAVE THE PRESSURE...ALL SET.

DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING, YOU LITTLE MONSTER.



LEAVE THE KID IN PEACE, TOP CHOP! HE'S ONLY CURIOUS...



UNHEALTHY CURIOSITY, IDIOT!

OH, SHUT UP...



WATCH OUT. IT'S RUNNING!!








OK, BOYS, I'VE CHANGED  
MY TESTOSTERONE. I'M  
BECOMING THE OWNER OF  
A BAR.

YOU'RE LUCKY YOU FOUND A  
CLEAN SHIRT, BLACKIE...

HEREWITH WE AWAIT YOUR  
ORDERS, MEIN FUHRER!



THE "LADY IN THE DARK"  
IS NOW RUNNING. WE'VE  
COMPLETELY EXAMINED  
ALMOST THE WHOLE SHIP  
AND EVERYTHING'S IN ORDER.

ALL SIGNS INDICATE  
THAT WE'RE ON OUR WAY.  
I HOPE WE WON'T BE LATE.

IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME  
SINCE WE RAN INTO  
AN ADVENTURE.

WELL, BOYS, WE LEAVE  
IMMEDIATELY...THE RIVER  
AWAITS US...

AND A MOUNTAIN OF  
PESTS TO CRUSH.

AND  
SOMEPLACE...

THERE'S A SUN...

...THAT WE HAVE  
TO PUT OUT.



NO ONE EVER SAID IT  
WOULD BE EASY...

AND THIS TIME IT  
SEEMS TO BE SERIOUS.

A BIG TRAP  
AWAITS US AT OUR  
DESTINATION.

AND I'M EXTREMELY  
STUBBORN!

