

SHADOWSLAYER!!

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HEAVY METAL

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HEAVY METAL

DIALOGUE

This is one great issue! First, we'll blast-off with our old friends, Burton & Cyb, and let their zany antics fuel us straight on to another bizzare world created by the great Spanish artist Azpiri. From there, we come back down to earth and go below for a bewitching tale of the occult from Mills, Skinner, and Larnoy. The artwork is exquisite and I hope you find the story as brilliantly composed as I do.

We also preview a new fantasy photo book due out this March from HEAVY METAL in the *Gallery*. Once again, we have managed to team some of the most beautiful women in Hollywood, the soon-to-be-sensation, *Sex Symbol Dynasty*, with the equally beautiful and enormously talented pin-up artist Olivia.

On the film front, the theatrical re-release of the first HEAVY METAL movie has been moved slightly forward to mid-March 1996, so that the animated classic will coincide with MTV's Spring Break events (and in all the right hot spots). Look for all the up-to-the-minute information, dates, places, times, and contests, in the spring special, HEAVY METAL: ONE STEP BEYOND, due out this spring, which will feature the original strips that the classic film was based upon.

Talk to you then!

King Eastman

GALLERY

Sex Symbol Dry



nasty



"...and then..." as the story goes, "God created woman." From a man's perspective, I sometimes wonder who was first and who was second.

In the upcoming HEAVY METAL book, *The Sex Symbol Dynasty*: Rhonda Shear (from USA's *Up All Night* and *Spaceballs*) Monique Gabrielle (of *Bachelor Party* and *Amazon Woman on the Moon*), and Julie Strain (star of *Dark Secrets* and *Victim of Desire*)...



...Linnea Quigley (the official "Scream Queen" and best known for her role in *Return of the Living Dead*) and Dian Parkinson (*The Price is Right* and *Playboy*) have combined their talents and beauty in this classic presentation.

Add to that a couple of stunning visions on canvas by Olivia DeBerardinis and you've got a classic book that no true fan of "pin-up" can ignore.









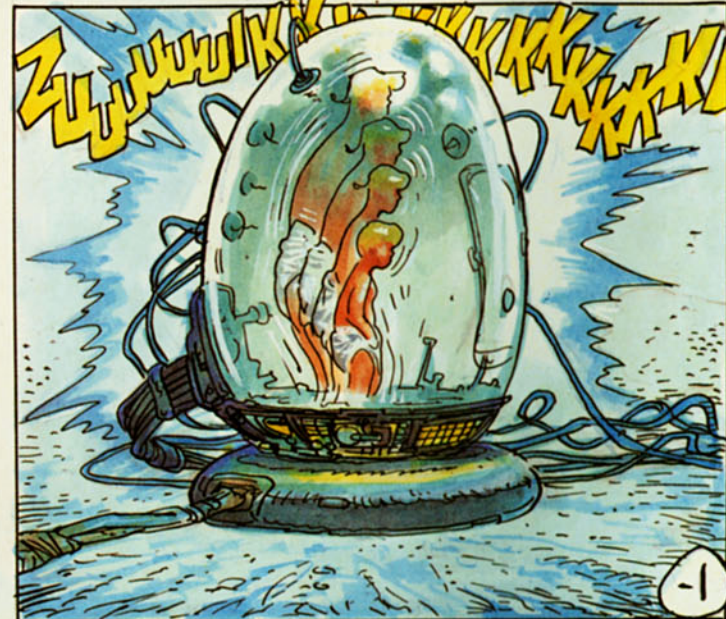
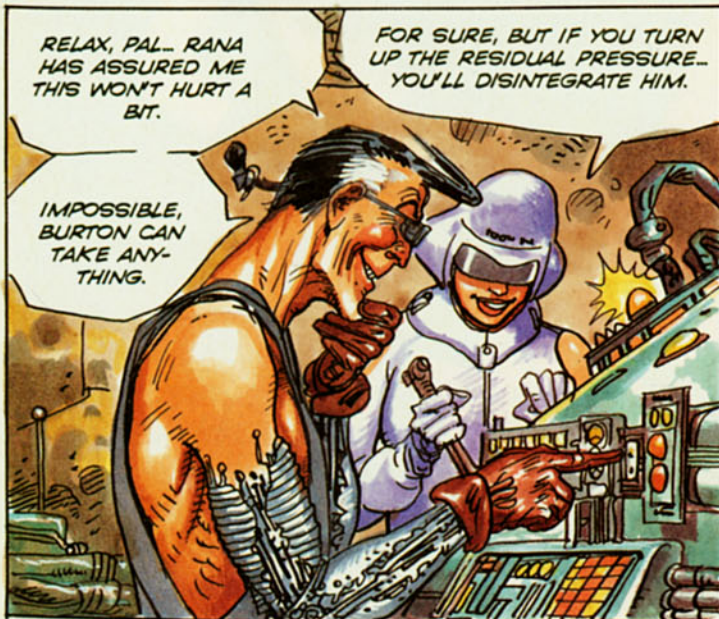
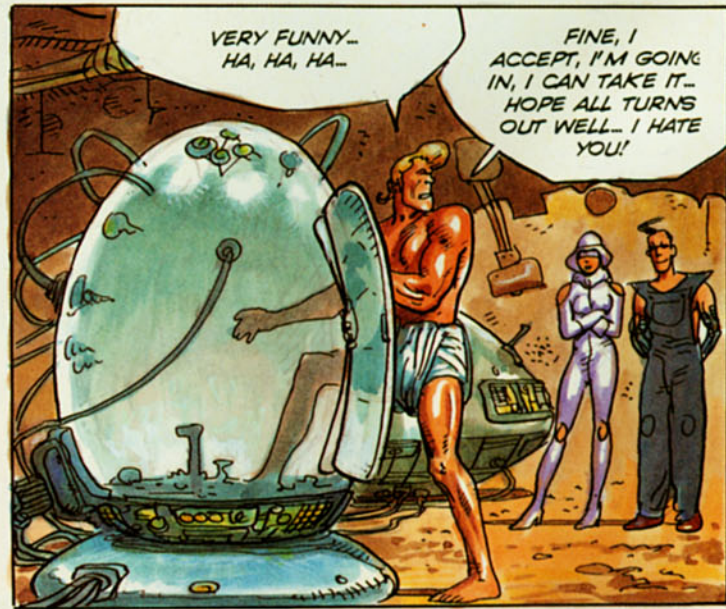
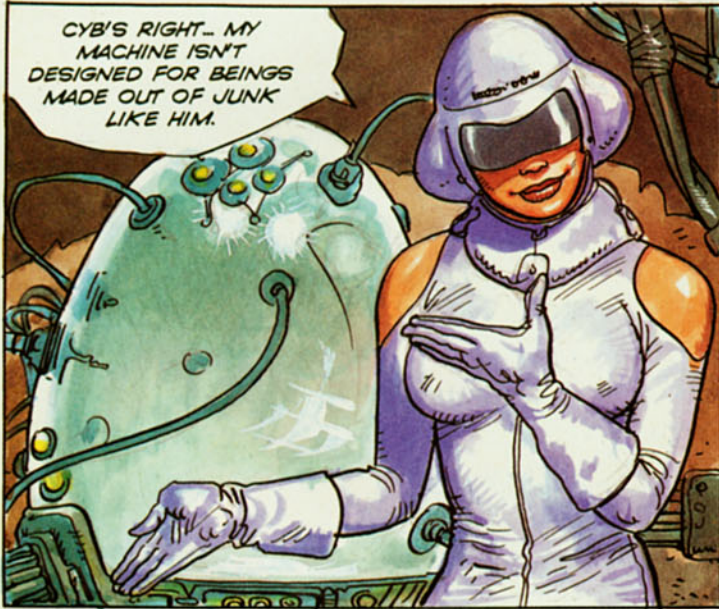
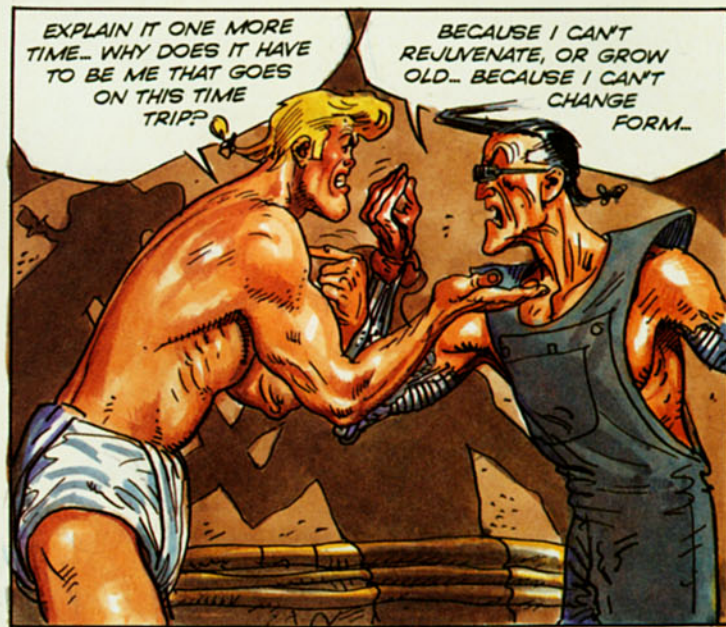
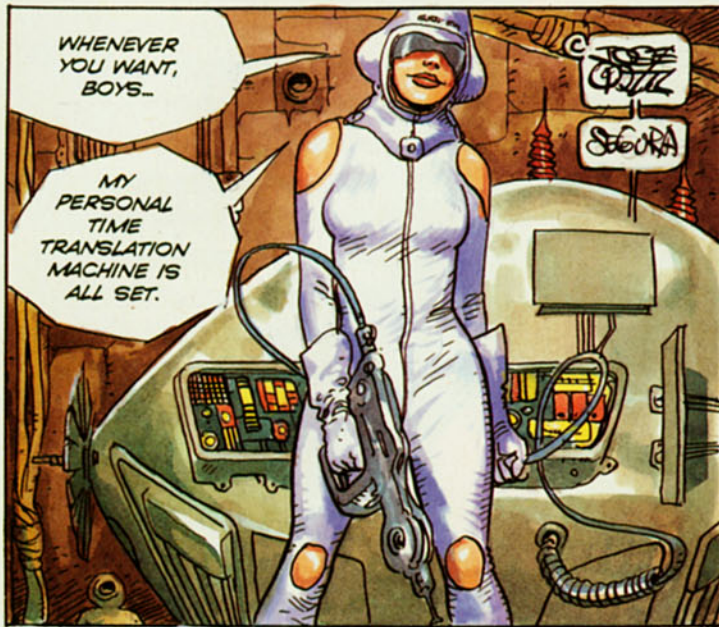
The Sex Symbol Dynasty, a 96 page hardcover book, is jam-packed with revealing full-color photos, biographies, film histories, and Olivia's paintings. It will hit stores this spring along with a Hollywood premiere, a barrage of signings, talk shows, billboards, and tabloid television.

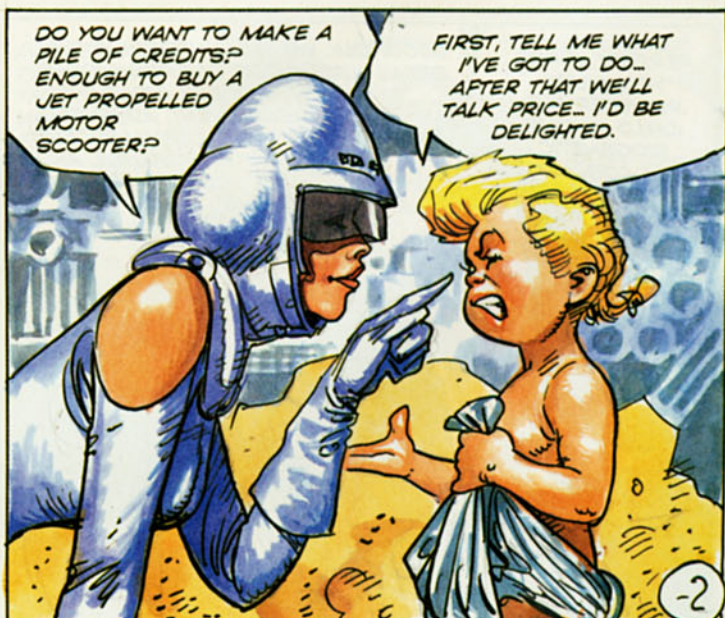
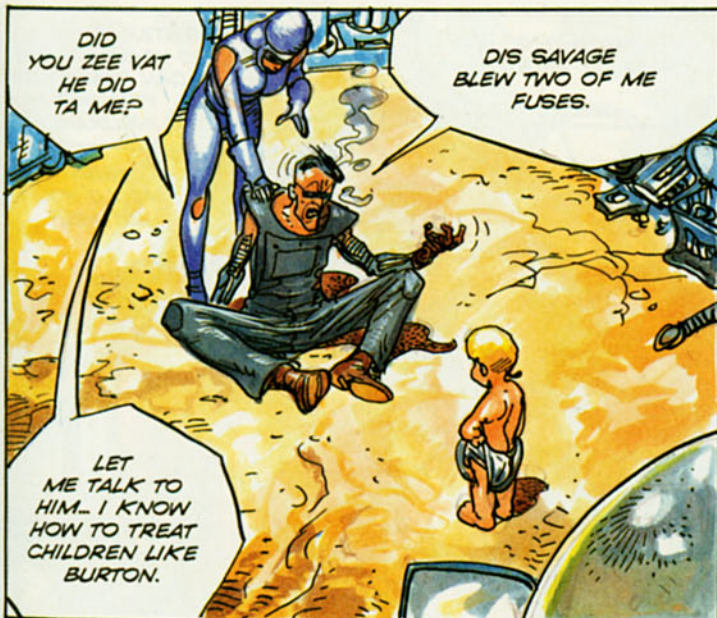
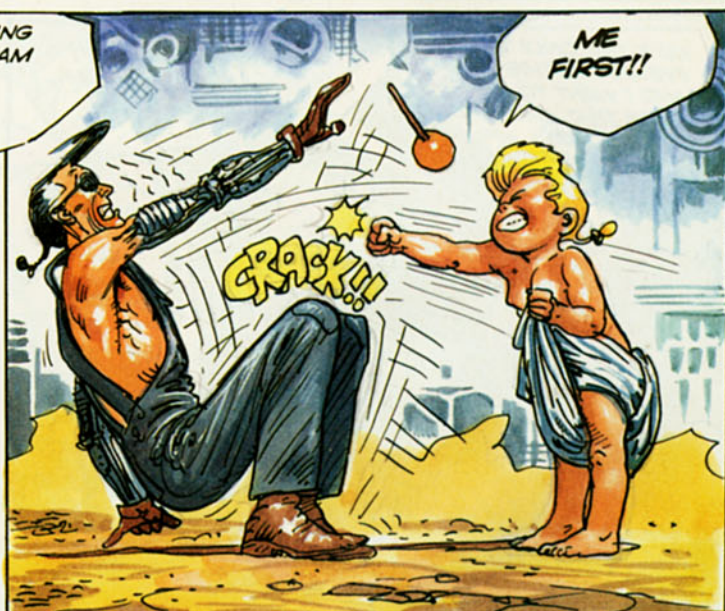
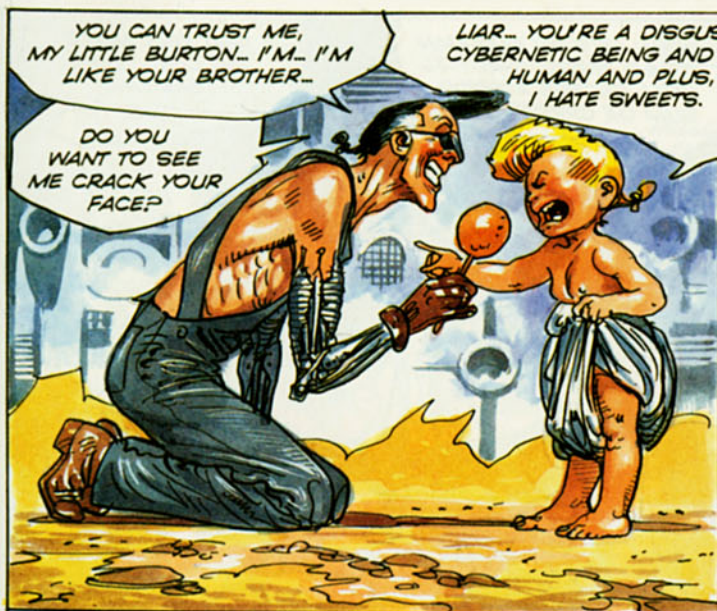
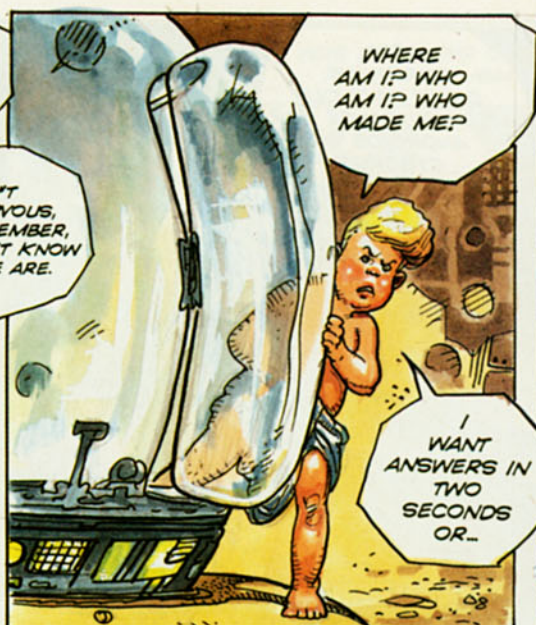
Glamour is back!



Be the first on your block to get a copy! Why fight the lines in the store? Turn to page 26 for ordering details.

Burton & Cyb: Space Social Security

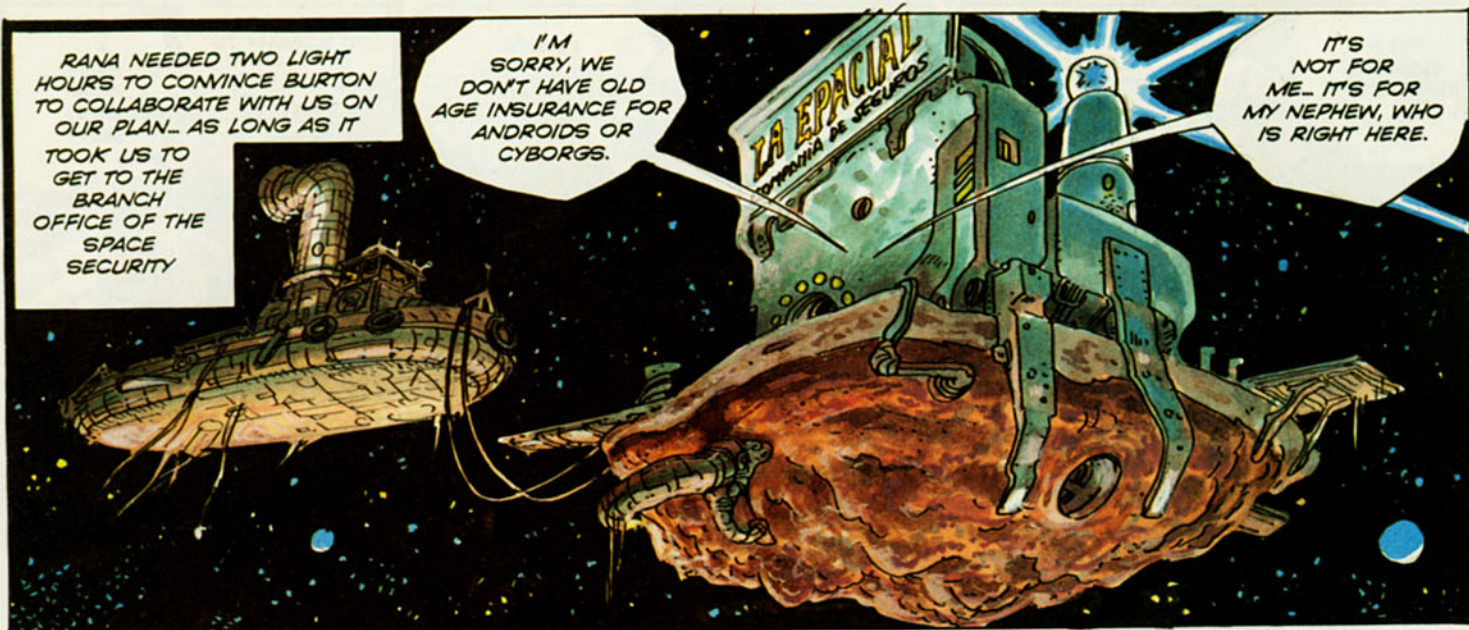




RANA NEEDED TWO LIGHT HOURS TO CONVINCE BURTON TO COLLABORATE WITH US ON OUR PLAN... AS LONG AS IT TOOK US TO GET TO THE BRANCH OFFICE OF THE SPACE SECURITY

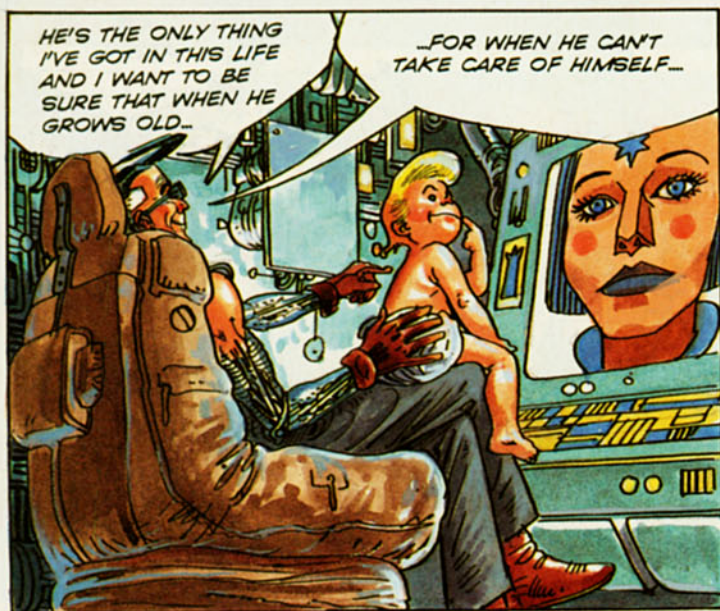
I'M SORRY, WE DON'T HAVE OLD AGE INSURANCE FOR ANDROIDS OR CYBORGS.

IT'S NOT FOR ME... IT'S FOR MY NEPHEW, WHO IS RIGHT HERE.



HE'S THE ONLY THING I'VE GOT IN THIS LIFE AND I WANT TO BE SURE THAT WHEN HE GROWS OLD...

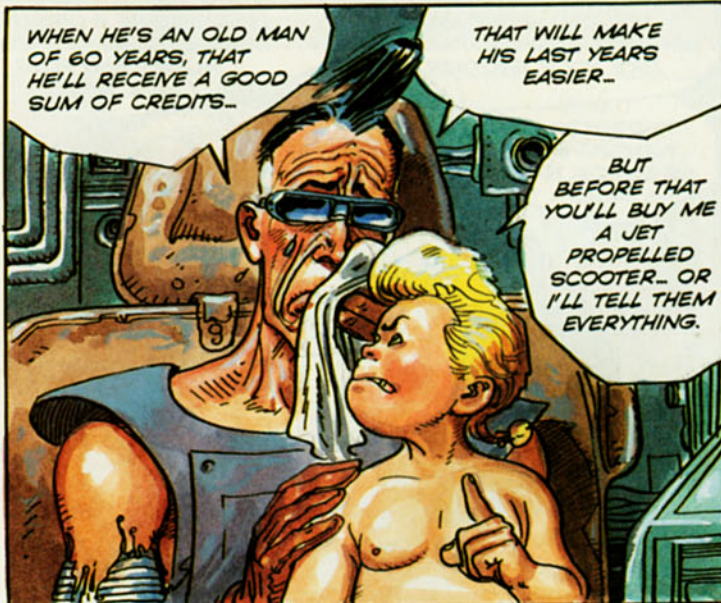
...FOR WHEN HE CAN'T TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF...



WHEN HE'S AN OLD MAN OF 60 YEARS, THAT HE'LL RECEIVE A GOOD SUM OF CREDITS...

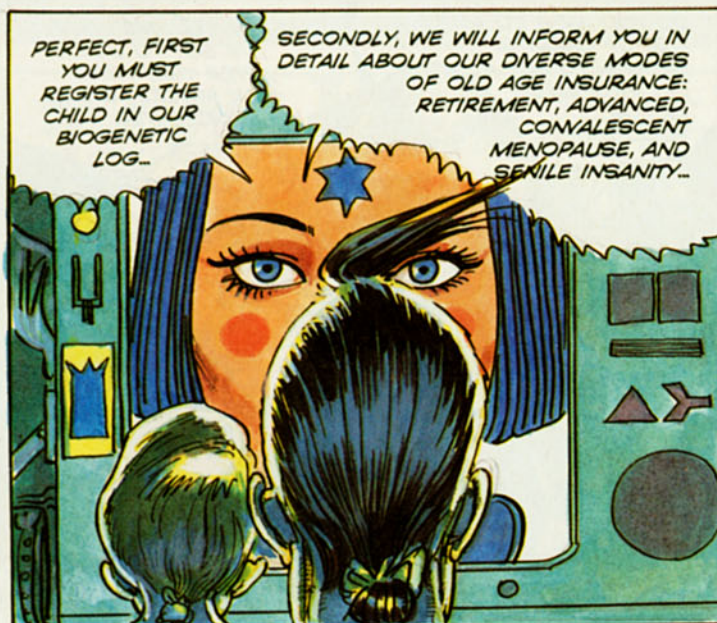
THAT WILL MAKE HIS LAST YEARS EASIER...

BUT BEFORE THAT YOU'LL BUY ME A JET PROPELLED SCOOTER... OR I'LL TELL THEM EVERYTHING.



PERFECT, FIRST YOU MUST REGISTER THE CHILD IN OUR BIOGENETIC LOG...

SECONDLY, WE WILL INFORM YOU IN DETAIL ABOUT OUR DIVERSE MODES OF OLD AGE INSURANCE: RETIREMENT, ADVANCED, CONVALESCENT MENOPAUSE, AND SEXILE INSANITY...

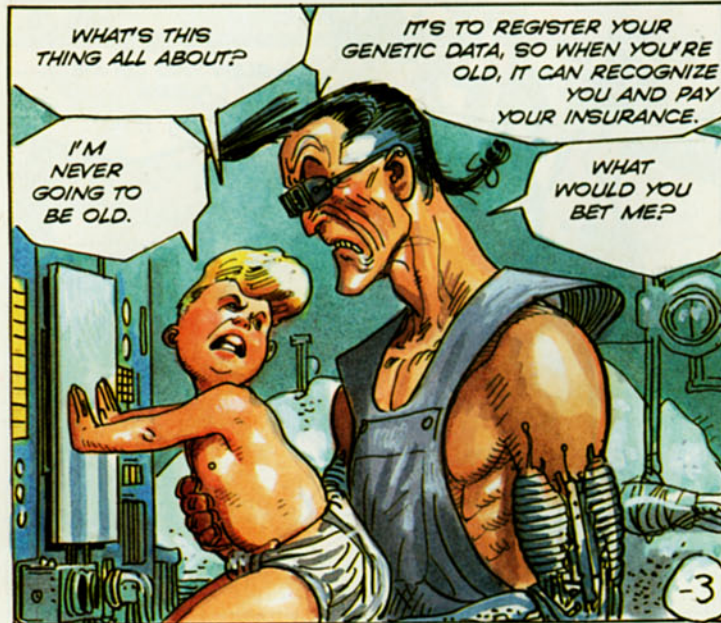


WHAT'S THIS THING ALL ABOUT?

IT'S TO REGISTER YOUR GENETIC DATA, SO WHEN YOU'RE OLD, IT CAN RECOGNIZE YOU AND PAY YOUR INSURANCE.

I'M NEVER GOING TO BE OLD.

WHAT WOULD YOU BET ME?



AFTER INSURING LITTLE BURTON FOR 20 MILLION SPACE CREDITS THAT HE'D COLLECT WHEN HE'D BE 70 YEARS OLD, WE WENT BACK TO BASE, REPRESSING MY DESIRES TO STRANGLE HIM.

STOP PLAYING WITH THE HYPERSPACE ACCELERATOR OR I'LL CUT OFF YOUR HANDS.

IT'S OK, UNCLE CYB. I'M ABOUT TO DISCONNECT YOUR CEREBRAL SENSORS.

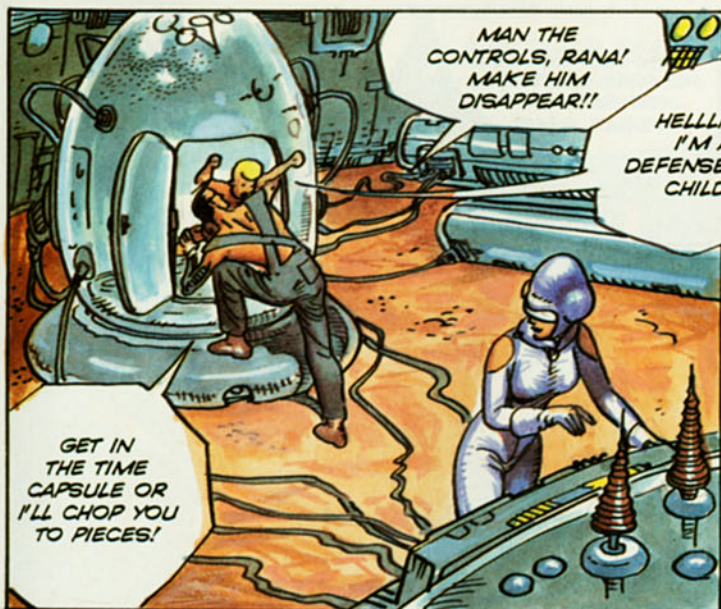
KILLER! GET THAT SCREWDRIVER AWAY FROM ME!



I WAS DREAMING OF THE MOMENT WHEN WE WOULD FINALLY GET HIM BACK IN THE TIME CAPSULE.

OK... I'VE DONE MY PART. NOW PAY ME WHAT YOU OWE ME AND TAKE ME BACK TO MY HOUSE.

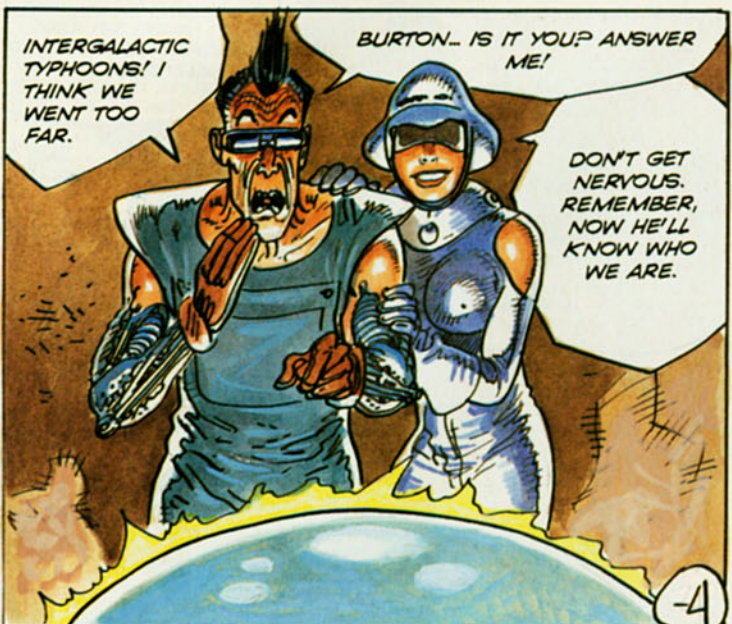
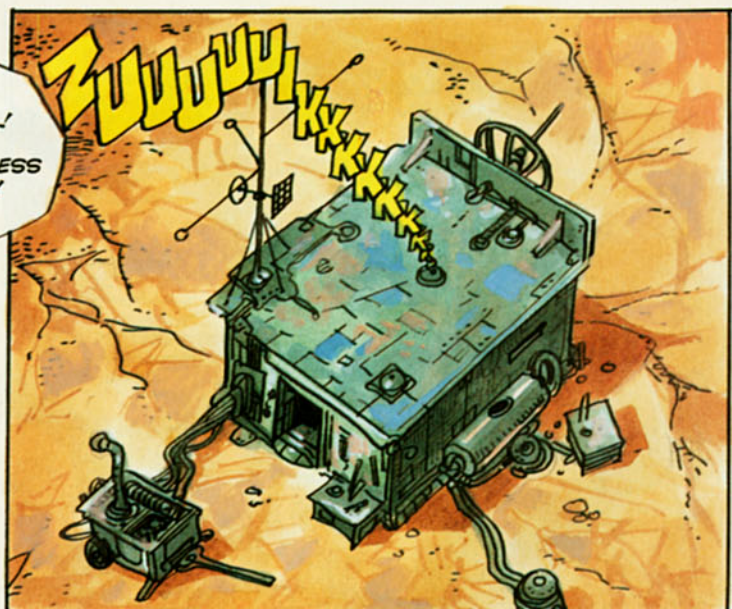
WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT, CYB. CALM DOWN, UNCLE!



MAN THE CONTROLS, RANA! MAKE HIM DISAPPEAR!!

HELLLP!! I'M A DEFENSELESS CHILD!!

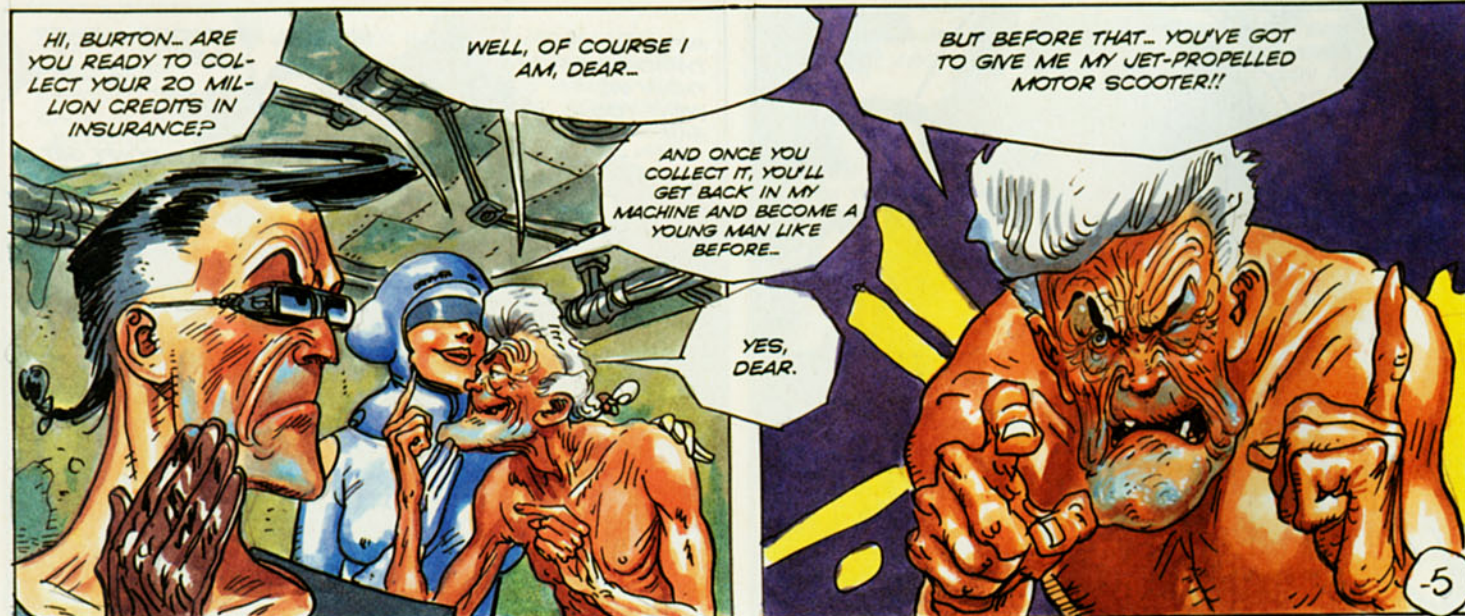
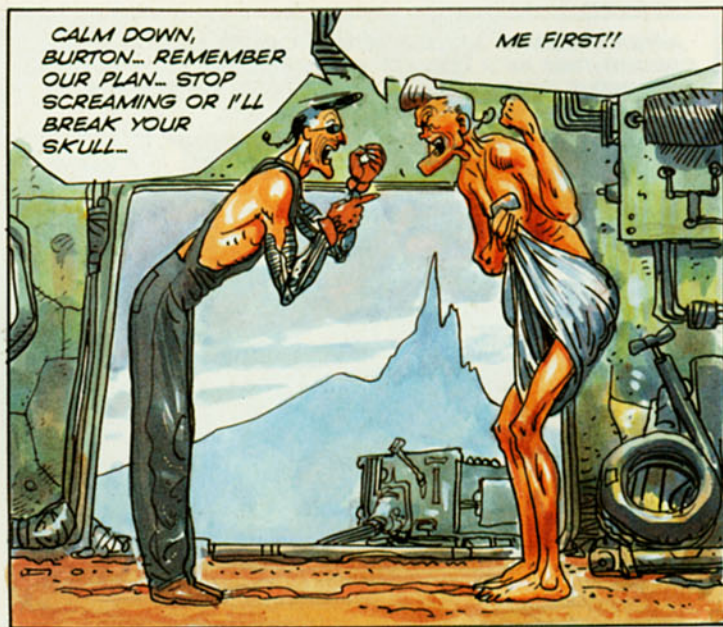
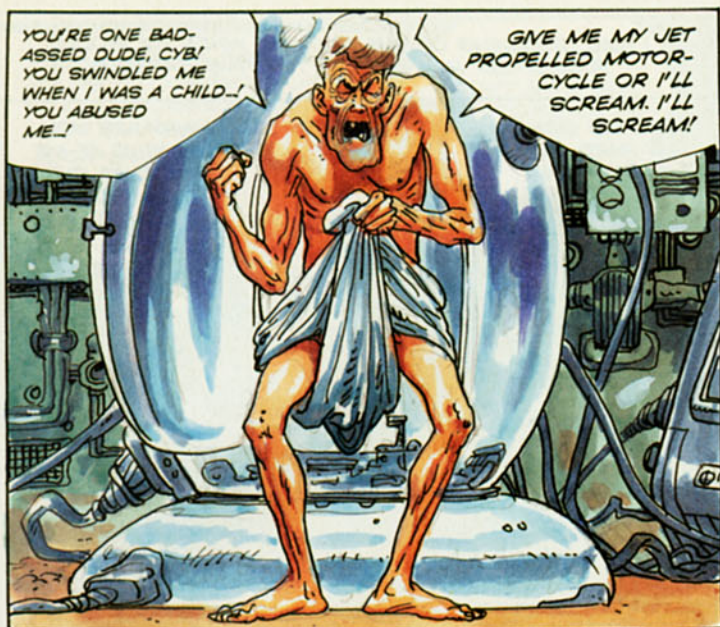
GET IN THE TIME CAPSULE OR I'LL CHOP YOU TO PIECES!



INTERGALACTIC TYPHOONS! I THINK WE WENT TOO FAR.

BURTON... IS IT YOU? ANSWER ME!

DON'T GET NERVOUS. REMEMBER, NOW HE'LL KNOW WHO WE ARE.



ONCE RANA CONVINCED BURTON, WE VISITED THE CLOSEST AGENCY OF THE INSURANCE COMPANY.

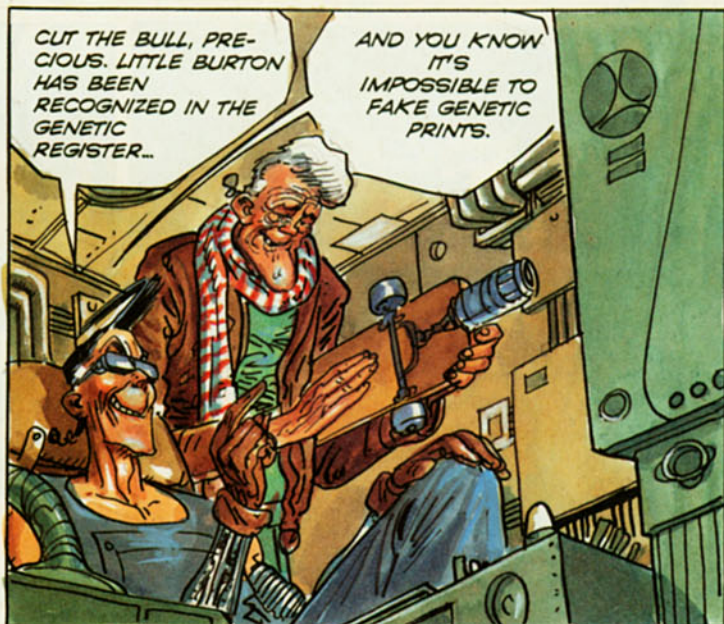
BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE... THIS POLICY HAS ONLY BEEN IN EFFECT FOR THREE LIGHT DAYS...

AND NO ONE AGES 64 YEARS IN SUCH A SHORT PERIOD...



CUT THE BULL, PRECIOUS. LITTLE BURTON HAS BEEN RECOGNIZED IN THE GENETIC REGISTER...

AND YOU KNOW IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO FAKE GENETIC PRINTS.



LITTLE BURTON IS 120 YEARS OLD, SO PAY US THOSE 20 MILLION CREDITS YOU OWE US, OR...

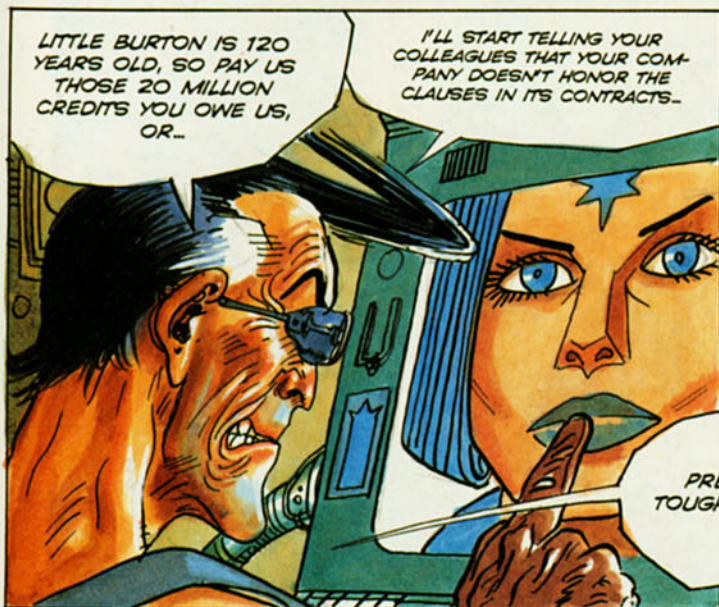
I'LL START TELLING YOUR COLLEAGUES THAT YOUR COMPANY DOESN'T HONOR THE CLAUSES IN ITS CONTRACTS...

I BETTER TAKE THOSE 20 MILLION. THEY MUST WEIGH A LOT TO AN OLD MAN.

THEY PAID US THE INSURANCE TO AVOID A SCANDAL, BUT THERE WAS A PROBLEM... BURTON HAD GONE MAD.

I DON'T TRUST YOU... YOU'RE A SWINDLER. I REMEMBER HOW YOU TREATED ME WHEN I WAS A CHILD.

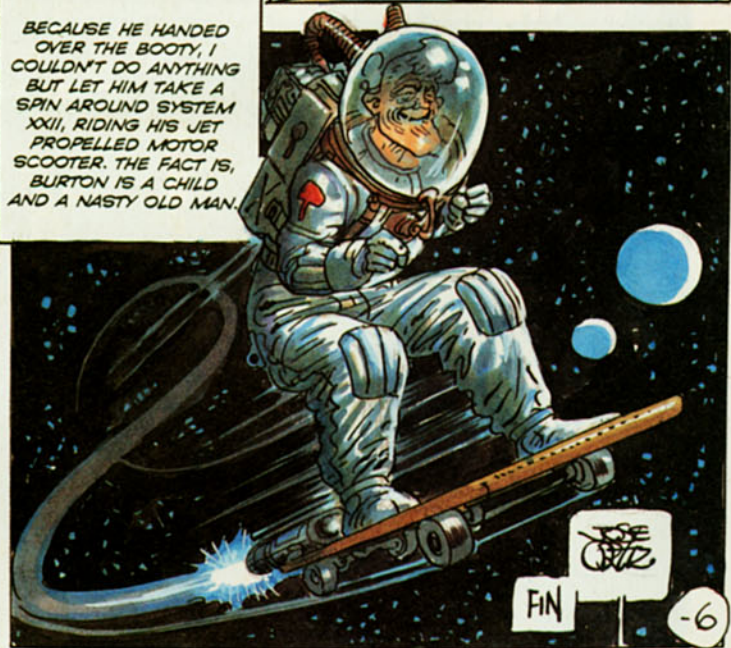
PRETTY TOUGH, NO?



YOU OLD FOOL, I WANT TO GET BACK TO BASE, SO LET ME GET YOU IN THE TIME CAPSULE AND TURN YOU BACK INTO MY FRIEND, BURTON.

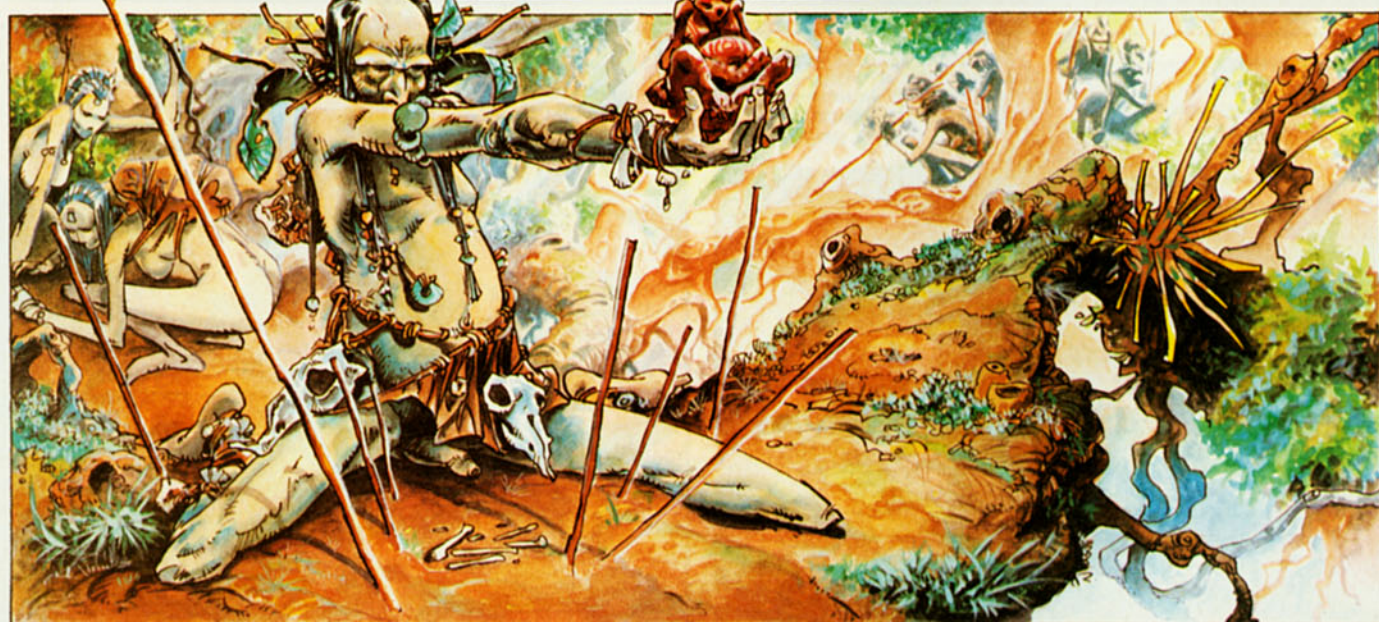
THAT'LL BE FINE... BUT FIRST I WANT TO INDULGE A WHIM...

BECAUSE HE HANDED OVER THE BOOTY, I COULDN'T DO ANYTHING BUT LET HIM TAKE A SPIN AROUND SYSTEM XXII, RIDING HIS JET PROPELLED MOTOR SCOOTER. THE FACT IS, BURTON IS A CHILD AND A NASTY OLD MAN.



FIN

-6





S T R A T U M

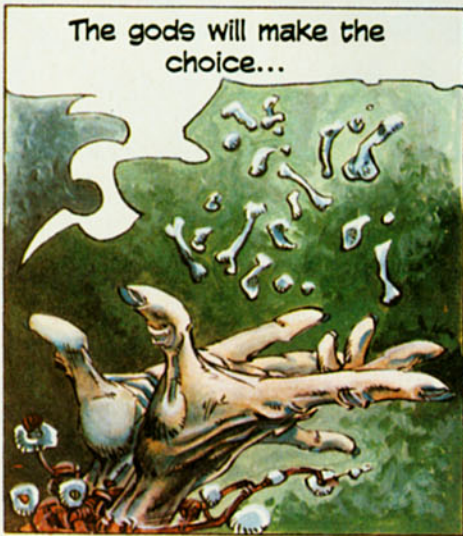


Our village will not find peace until we have the idol within our grasp...



Three will be elected; they will bring protection and significance to our lives.

The gods will make the choice...





What would happen if they fell away from the prohibited line...

We would return?

We will not return until we find the idol, wherever it is.

I'm not scared! I'll go if necessary, but until that time, we will not return to the high zone.



We've arrived!



Who are these insane people? Did you think to bury them in the **BLACK ZONE** where only the shrubs and the shadows make themselves eternal?



What do you know, hermit?

In the beginning, life forms stopped behind this line, and in here (or there) only the inferior races live.

Your place is here and this is where you should stay!



I don't understand your words; this solitude you've enveloped yourself in has made you mad...

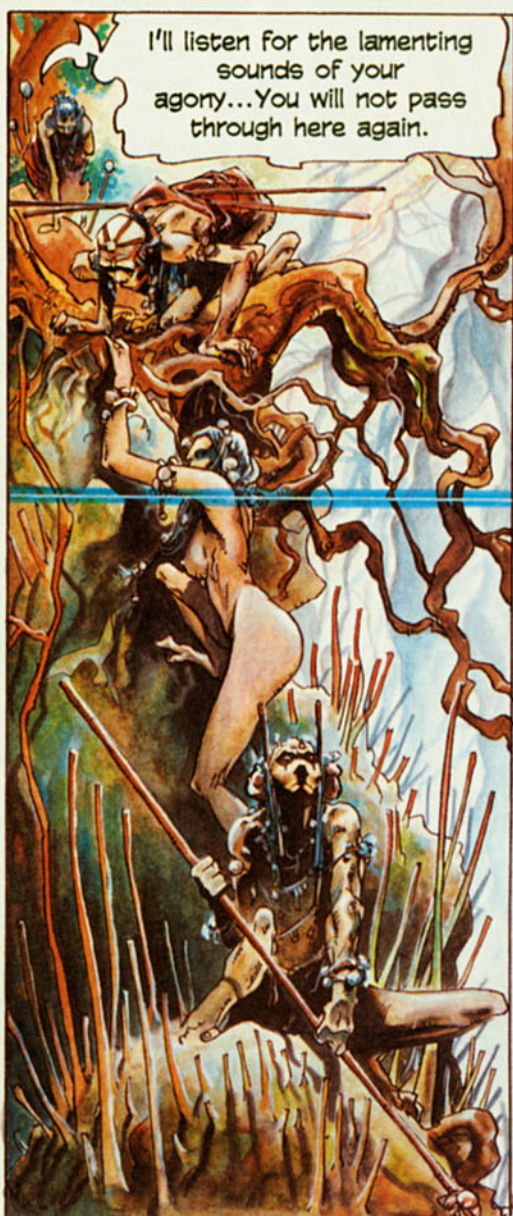


At least leave the woman with me; I will serve you for nothing more, that is, if you return.

Leave your superstitions with your old limbs and leave the woman in peace, she belongs with us.



I'll listen for the lamenting sounds of your agony...You will not pass through here again.



What's happening with the sun? The sun has been up for a while and I can't feel it's warmth...

Look!

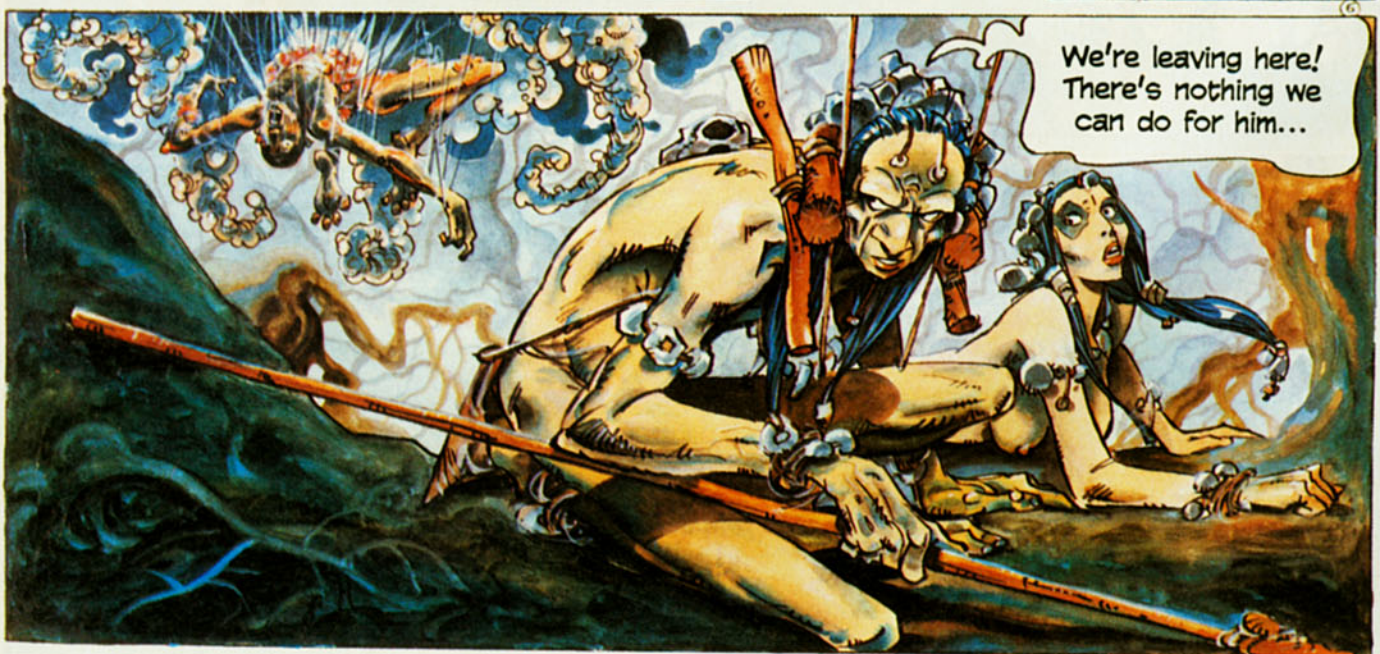


We must return! This place is evil, everything here is dead. We will never find it....



That's horrible! What could have done something like that?









The woman is
dead, too!

We lost the idol to
the realms of the
ETERNAL SHADOWS.
We must go find it or
the gods will be
offended.




They will be the ones
that tell us. These will
not return to our
people...



Until they bring back
anew the idol that the
gods from the high zone
have given to us.





I THINK WE'RE PROPERTY. I
SHOULD SAY WE BELONG TO
SOMETHING.

MELANIKUS!

SHADOWSLAYER:

THE MASK OF
MELANIKUS

AN UNKNOWNABLE, ALIEN ENTITY
THAT GLIDES OVER THE EARTH
LIKE A VAST, BLACK,
BROODING, CARRION CROW.

A SUPER EVIL THING THAT SPITS DOWN ITS
INFLUENCE, SPREADING PAIN AND MISERY
AMONGST US... THEN SUCKS IT UP TO NOURISH
ITS BLACK SOUL.

A PRINCE OF BLACK BODIES THAT IS
EXPLOITING US FOR ENDS WE CAN ONLY
GUESS AT.

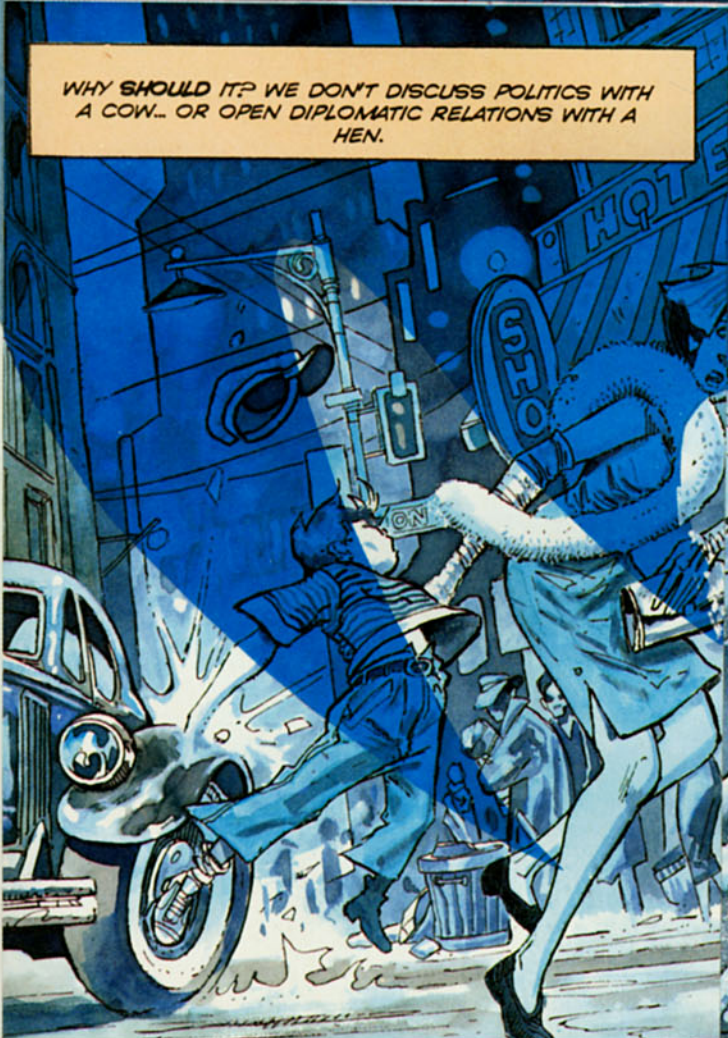
WHY DOESN'T IT COMMUNICATE WITH US?
WHY DOESN'T IT TELL US WHY IT
INVESTIGATES MURDER AND MAYHEM..?



WHY IT ENCOURAGES
CRUELTY AND
PERVERSION..?



WHY SHOULD IT? WE DON'T DISCUSS POLITICS WITH
A COW.. OR OPEN DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS WITH A
HEN.



FOR THEY ARE THINGS THAT WE OWN. THEY
EXIST TO BE HARVESTED..



AS WE, TOO, EXIST TO BE HARVESTED..

WHEN YOU'RE SPAT ON BY
MELANIKUS, YOUR FUTURE IS
TARNISHED.



YOU BECOME HIS UNWITTING
AGENT.



YOU BEAR HIS SHADOW.



L.M.S. '73.

I'M A SHADOWSLAYER.



I SEE THE FUTURE.



I SEE THE PROBABILITY
LINES SHOOTING
MARVELOUSLY OUT ON HIS
AGENTS.



IF THIS MAN LIVES...



HE WILL LEAD OUR NATION
IN ALLIANCE WITH THE
COMING ABOMINATION.

IF HE LIVES...



WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU
WANT?



YOU ARE
GUILTY. YOU
MUST DIE.



YOU'RE MAD! WH-WHATEVER
YOU THINK I'VE DONE, I
HAVEN'T.

I KNOW... BUT YOU'RE
GOING TO DO IT...

NO! I'M
INNOCENT!

NO ONE IS
INNOCENT.

NO ONE.

L.M.S. 93.

EXCEPT ME.



THIS IS HOW I
SPEND MY NIGHTS:
DOG BARKS, CATS
MEOW AND I HUNT
SHADOWS.

DON'T
QUESTION ME.
QUESTION THE
COSMOS.

I COULD BE MAD —
IF I AM, THE WORLD'S
IN TROUBLE.

AND IF I'M
NOT, THE
WORLD'S IN
TROUBLE.

SHE'S TOO TRUSTING...
I SEE THAT SHE WILL
INHERIT A FORTUNE...

MARRY A MAN WHO WILL USE
HER MONEY TO ESTABLISH AN
ARMAMENTS INDUSTRY.

FOOD FOR MELANIKUS.

I'LL TEACH HER TO BE
LESS TRUSTING.

EXCUSE ME... HAVEN'T I SEEN
YOU AT THE SARATOGA CLUB?

THE ONE ON LENNOX AVENUE,
NEAR THE COTTON CLUB?

YOU LIKE
JAZZ?

WHO DOESN'T? HAVE YOU
SEEN WILBERT DE PARIS?

AS WE TALK, I TAKE
MONEY OUT OF HER
HANDBAG.

RIGHT UNDER HER NOSE.

SURE. HE'S
REALLY
PEPPY.

WHAT... WHAT THE HELL DO YOU
THINK YOU'RE DOING?

I'M STRONG - YOU'RE WEAK
...I'M TAKING YOUR MONEY.

DON'T BE
STUPID - ISN'T
IT OBVIOUS?

HEY, MISTER-!

THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH
THIS MAN'S SHADOW...

...HE'S JUST IN MY WAY.

LATER, I SEE A DOCTOR
RUNNING FOR A CAB.



IT'S A PITY FOR HIM
THAT'S NOT ALL I SEE.

I MUST STOP HIS MISSION OF
MERCY.



SORRY, DOCTOR - I HATE DOING
THIS, BUT...

YOU FOOL! I'M A
DOCTOR - ONE OF
MY PATIENTS IS
CRITICALLY ILL.



HE WON'T SAVE HIS PATIENT...

OUT OF MY
WAY!



BUT NEITHER WILL HE CONTRACT
TYPHUS...



...AND SPREAD IT ALL
OVER THE CITY.



I CAN'T SAVE HIS
SENSIBILITIES.



I'M TOO BUSY...



...SAVING THE WORLD.



TOO BUSY WATCHING FOR
MELANIKUS' NEXT MOVE...



HE CONSTANTLY EXPERIMENTS
WITH THE HUMAN RACE...
INTRODUCING FRESH STIMULI...



URANT



...OR CATALYSTS THAT
WILL PRODUCE A
VIOLENT REACTION.

AND ALL THIS TO GET A
BETTER YIELD FROM THE
HARVEST...



...OUR MISERY.

MY REPUTATION AS AN EXPERT IN
THE BIZARRE LED THE POLICE TO
CALL ME IN ON THIS BAFFLING
CASE...

THE GIRL IS THROUGH HERE,
PROFESSOR NORN... SHE CAN
BARELY SPEAK AND SEEMS
NEVER TO HAVE WORN CLOTHES.


SHE'S BEEN SITTING THERE
FOR HOURS WITHOUT MOVING
A MUSCLE.

WATCH
THIS...


I JUST WANT TO TRY
A LITTLE TEST.

INTERESTING...
SHE HAS NO
FEAR.

KLIC!

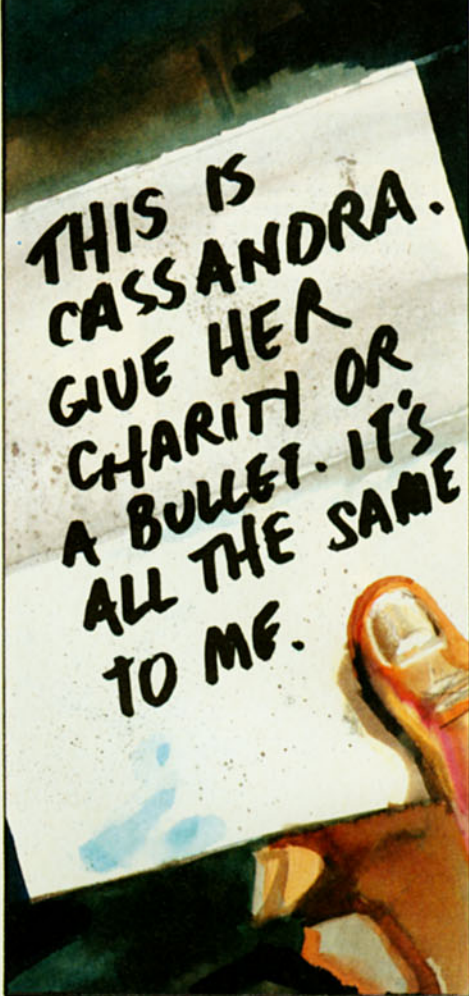


IT'S OBVIOUS SHE HASN'T
EVER SEEN FIRE, EITHER.




NOW YOU CAN SEE
WHY WE CALLED
YOU.


WE FOUND A
NOTE
AROUND HER
NECK.




THIS IS
CASSANDRA.
GIVE HER
CHARITY OR
A BULLET. IT'S
ALL THE SAME
TO ME.




H'MM... CASSANDRA... THE
DAUGHTER OF THE GODS...
MELANIKUS HAS A SENSE OF
HUMOR...



FOR SHE BEARS HIS
MARK...



TROUBLE YOURSELF NO MORE, OFFICER. I
SHALL TAKE HER INTO MY CUSTODY.



GEE - THAT'S BIG OF YOU,
PROFESSOR. I'LL FIND SOME
CLOTHES FOR HER...

BUT THERE ARE NO PROBABILITY
LINES EMERGING FROM HER...

AND I CAN'T
SEE HER
FUTURE.

UNUSUAL.

NO MATTER. SHE IS STILL A
CREATURE OF MELANIKUS AND
MUST DIE.

COME ALONG, MY DEAR...

THANK YOU, SIR.

SHE'S AN EXQUISITE, INNOCENT
CHILD. I MUST KILL HER
QUICKLY TO SAVE MYSELF
FROM PAIN.

THIS ALLEY-WAY SHOULD DO...
IN THESE DARK DAYS, ONE
MORE WAIF AND STRAY
MURDERED IN THIS CITY WILL
RAISE NO QUESTIONS.

CLOSE YOUR EYES,
CASSANDRA. THIS WON'T
TAKE LONG.

YES, SIR.

IRONIC THAT SHE SHOULD DIE BY A BLADE
THAT I BROUGHT FROM GENESIS — THE
WORLD OF MELANIKUS.



A SHADOW BEAST,
ATTACKING ME!



ALTHOUGH IT'S A
CREATURE FROM
ANOTHER DIMENSION.



IT BECOMES SOLID WHEN IT'S
ATTACKING.

...AND PARTICULARLY WHEN
IT'S BITING.



I NEED MORE INFORMATION
ABOUT CASSANDRA.

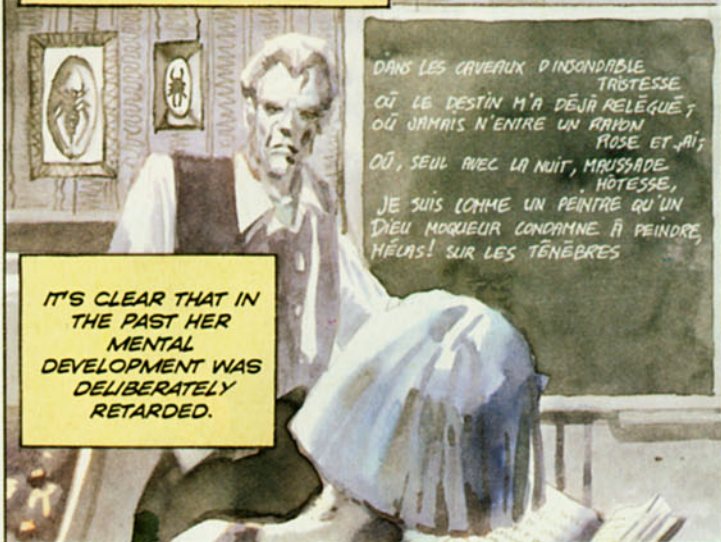
I'LL TEACH HER TO SPEAK
SO I CAN INTERROGATE
HER...



THEN I'LL KILL HER.



IN JUST SIX WEEKS, SHE HAS LEARNED TO SPEAK,
READ AND WRITE AS FLUENTLY AS ANY GIRL OF HER
AGE.



IT'S CLEAR THAT IN
THE PAST HER
MENTAL
DEVELOPMENT WAS
DELIBERATELY
RETARDED.

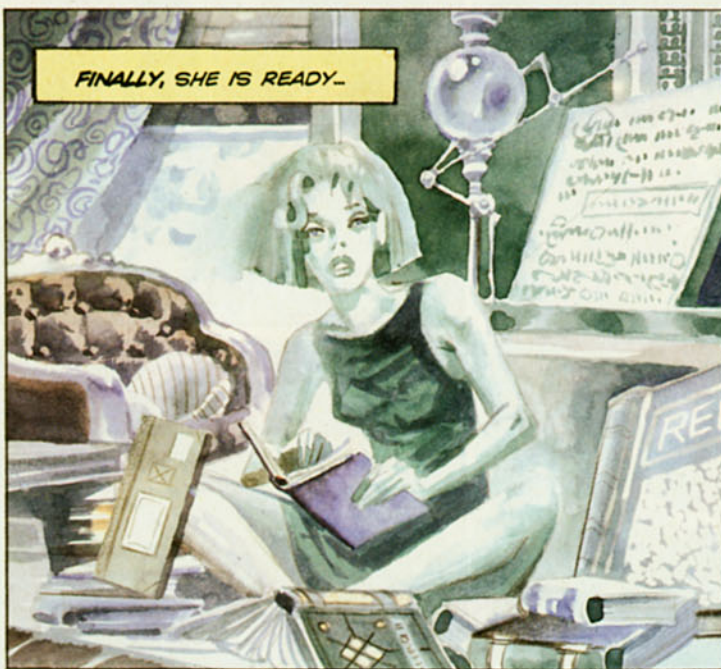
DANS LES CAVEAUX D'INDOMPTABLE
TRISTESSE
OÙ LE DESTIN M'A DÉJÀ RELEGUÉ,
OÙ J'AMAIS N'ENTRÉ UN RAYON
ROSE ET-AI;
OÙ, SEUL AVEC LA NUIT, MAUSSADE,
HOTESSE,
JE SUIS COMME UN PEINTRE QU'UN
DIEU MOQUEUR CONGAMNE À PEINDRE,
HÉLAS! SUR LES TÉNÉBRES

SHE RECOUNTS HOW
ALL OF HER LIFE HAD
BEEN SPENT IN A
CELL SIX FEET LONG
BY FOUR FEET WIDE.
THERE WAS NO
WINDOW...

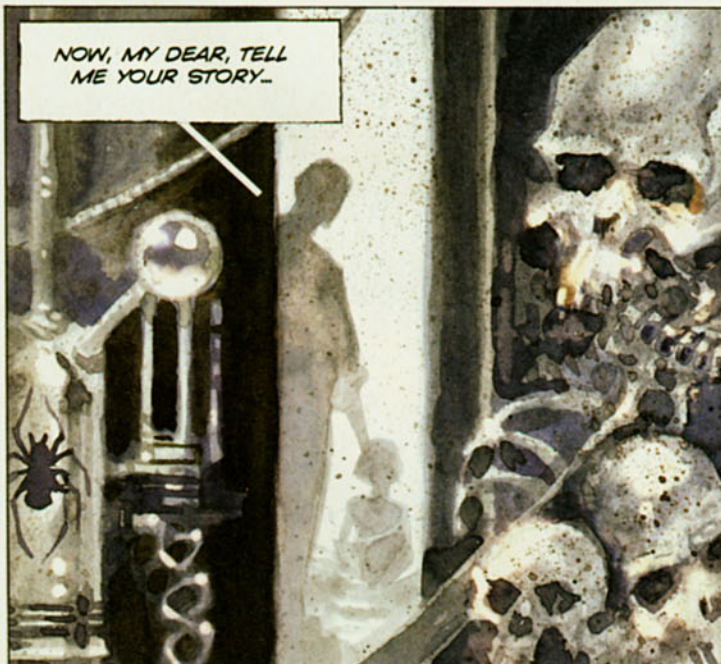
NO LIGHT NOR SOUND
EVER PENETRATED
FROM WITHOUT.

YET THE CELL WAS
ALWAYS OF AN EVEN
TEMPERATURE AND WAS
DIMLY LIT BY AN UNSEEN
SOURCE.

FINALLY, SHE IS READY...



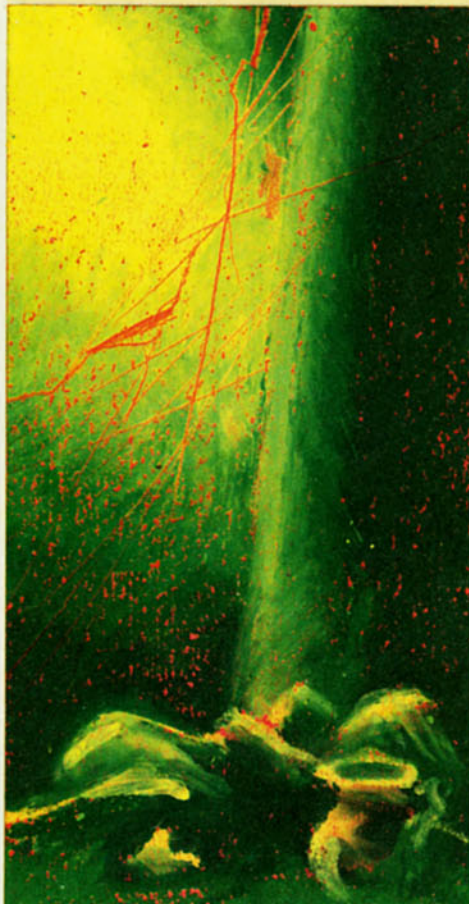
NOW, MY DEAR, TELL
ME YOUR STORY...



BREAD AND WATER WERE ALWAYS
BESIDE HER WHEN SHE WOKE UP.



SOMETIMES THE WATER TASTED
STRANGE AND MADE HER
SLEEP.



WHEN SHE AWOKE, SHE FOUND
SHE HAD BEEN WASHED AND
TIDIED AND HER HAIR HAD BEEN
CUT.



THIS UNVARIED ROUTINE MEANT
THAT SHE NEVER SET EYES ON
ANOTHER HUMAN BEING...



KNOWING NOTHING ELSE, SHE
WAS NEITHER HAPPY NOR
UNHAPPY, NOR EVEN LONELY.



TOWARDS THE END OF HER
IMPRISONMENT, A MAN IN BLACK
ENTERED...



HE TAUGHT HER A FEW SIMPLE
PHRASES...

DON'T KNOW...
YES, SIR.

"DON'T KNOW"...
"YES, SIR."

THEN SHE SLIPPED INTO
UNCONSCIOUSNESS...


WHEN SHE WOKE UP, SHE FOUND HERSELF IN
CENTRAL PARK...

IT IS A
TOUCHING
STORY.

IT IS HARD FOR
ME TO THINK
OF THIS GIRL AS
AN ENEMY...

IN FACT, I THINK OF HER IN A
COMPLETELY DIFFERENT WAY...


BUT I REFUSE TO
TAKE ADVANTAGE OF
HER INNOCENCE...



SHOW ME EXACTLY
WHERE YOU WOKE UP,
CASSIE.



BRINGING IN THE
SHEAVES, BRINGING IN
THE SHEAVES, PUT
YOUR TRUST IN JESUS.




I WAS OVER
THERE,
PROFESSOR.



OH, NO!



WHAT IS IT,
CASSIE?



"THE MAN IN BLACK!"





L.M.S. 94





HOW DID
YOU DO
THAT?




I DON'T
KNOW. I'VE
NEVER
DONE IT
BEFORE.




BUT I'VE
NEVER BEEN
FRIGHTENED
BEFORE.







THE REASON SHE CAN
DO IT, IS BECAUSE SHE
DOESN'T KNOW SHE
CAN'T.



I CAN'T DO IT
BECAUSE I KNOW
I CAN'T.



I IDENTIFY WITH HER SO
CLOSELY... AND WHAT SHE
WENT THROUGH...



FOR I, TOO, WAS A
PRISONER IN MY
CHILDHOOD.



THAT'S HOW THIS ALL
BEGAN...

L.M.S. 94



MY FATHER
USED TO
BEAT ME TILL
I BLED...

IN REVENGE, I
WOULD BLEED
ALL OVER THE
FURNITURE
AND CARPETS.

HE'D LOCK ME IN THE
ATTIC... LEAVING ME FOR
DAYS IN TOTAL
DARKNESS.

JUST LIKE
CASSANDRA...

BUT, AFTER A WHILE, I REALIZED I WASN'T ALONE
IN MY MISERY.

THERE WAS A...
PRESENCE.

SOMETIMES IN THE
DARK, I COULD
ALMOST SEE IT...

AND THEN I DID SEE IT...

MELANIKUS!



AND I REALIZED IT
WAS ENJOYING MY
PAIN.



AS MY CURIOSITY
INCREASED, THE PAIN
WENT.

AND WHEN THE PAIN
WENT...

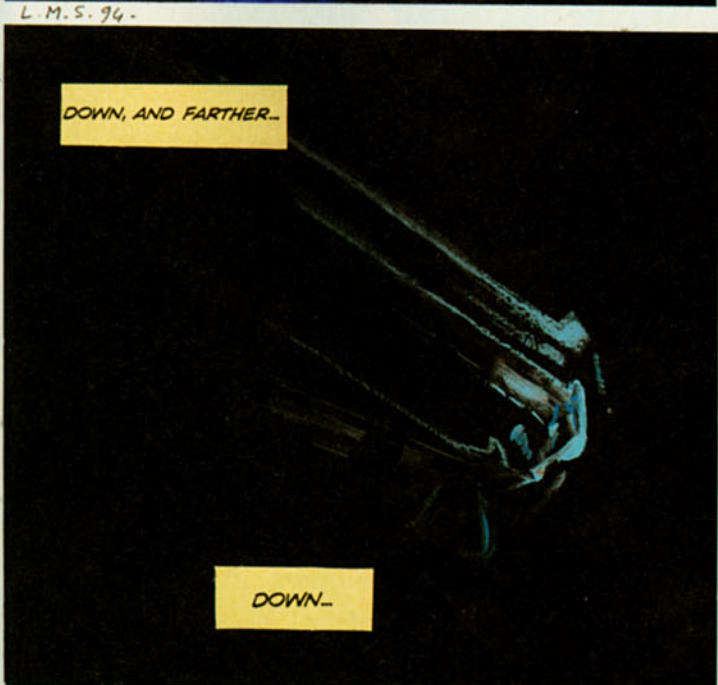
THE CREATURE
SLIPPED AWAY.



THEN ONE DAY, I
FOLLOWED IT.



THROUGH THE
SHADOWS...



DOWN, AND FARTHER...

DOWN...



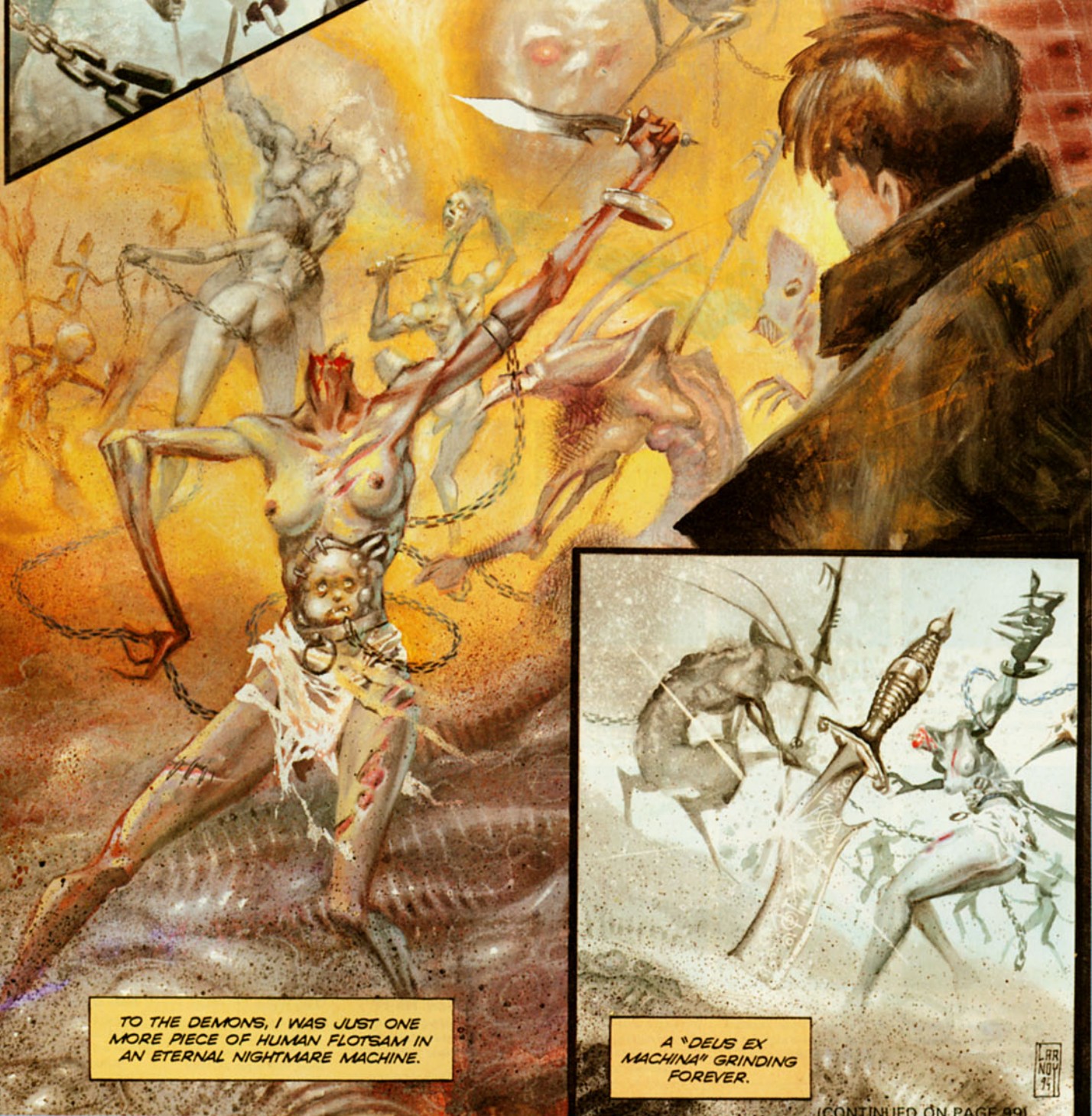
INTO THE
WORLD I
NAMED...



..GENESIS.



GENESIS WAS SO VAST AND IMPERSONAL, THAT A SINGLE, WANDERING HUMAN WASN'T NOTICED.



TO THE DEMONS, I WAS JUST ONE MORE PIECE OF HUMAN FLOTSAM IN AN ETERNAL NIGHTMARE MACHINE.

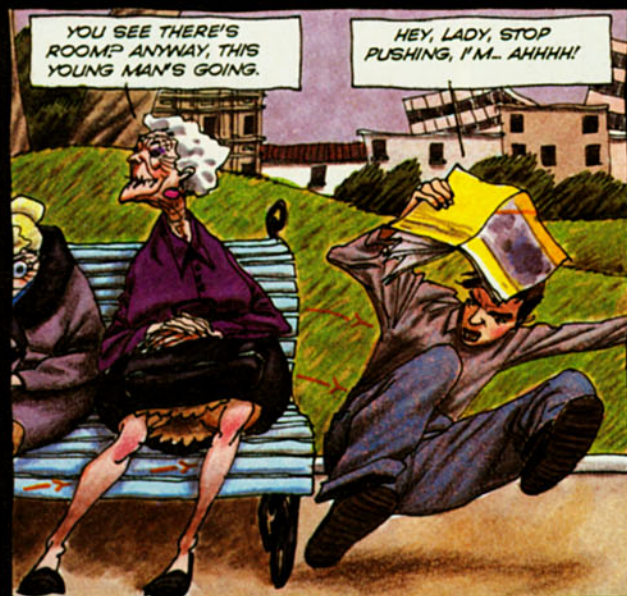
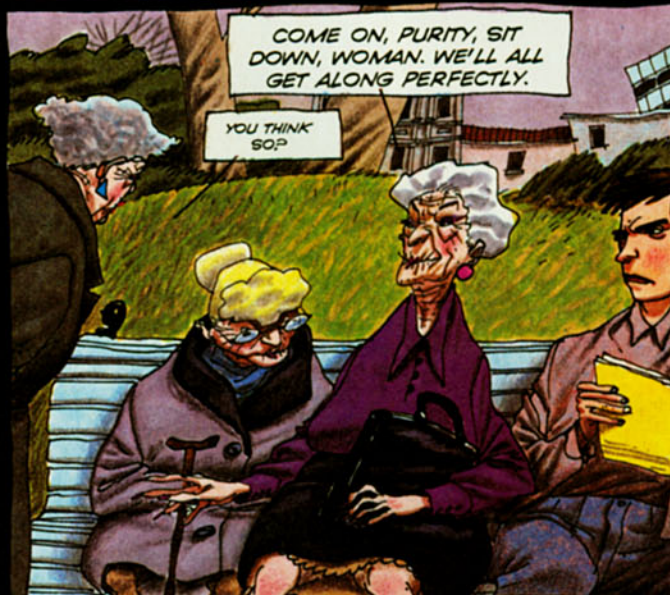
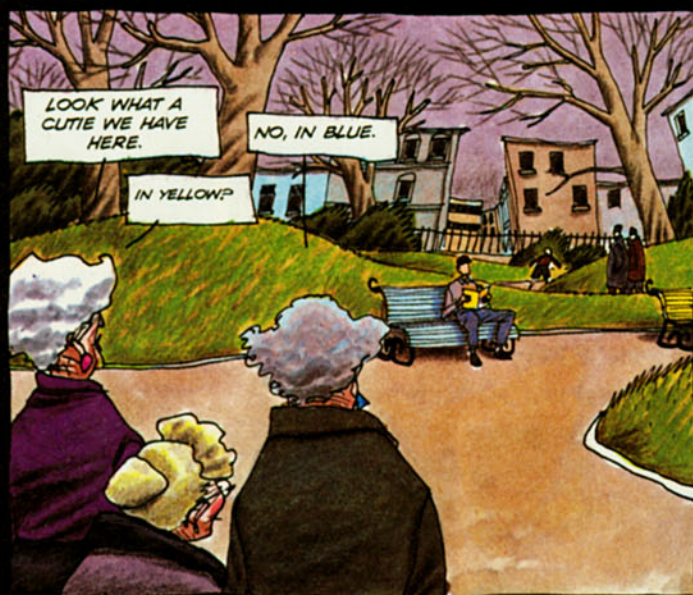
A "DEUS EX MACHINA" GRINDING FOREVER.

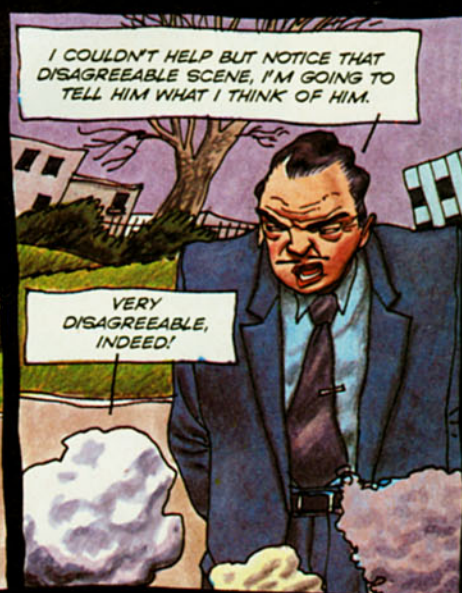
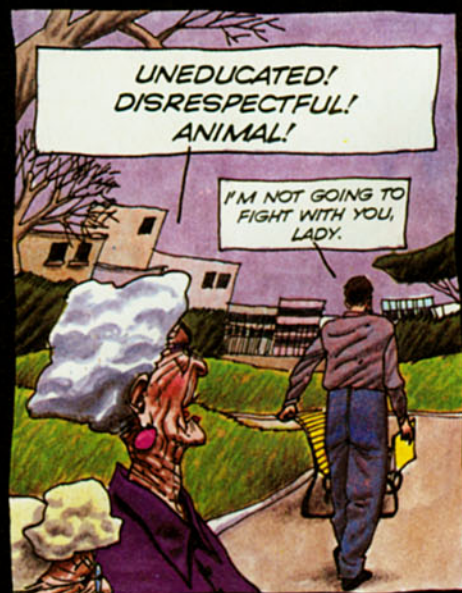
LAR
NOV
95

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 99)

NO RESPECT FOR NOTHING

MIGLEIBXO RADO '86





SAVAGE! BE MORE CAREFUL! IT'S A MIRACLE YOU DIDN'T KILL US! YOU'RE A DANGER, WORSE THAN A PLAGUE! A MONSTER!

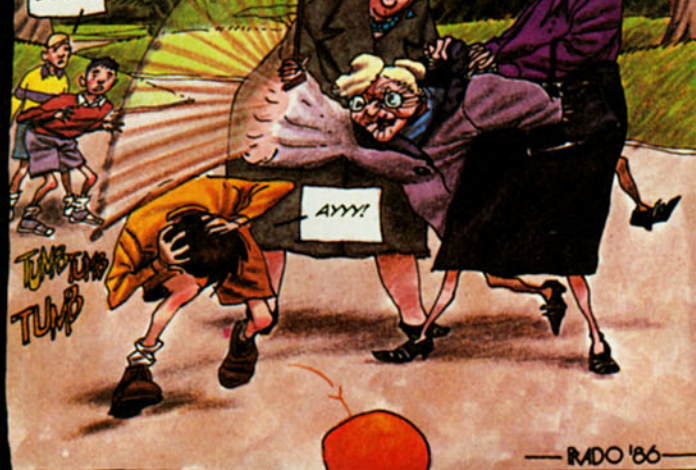
THEY SHOULDN'T LET SUCH HORDES OF VANDALS INTO THE PARK.



HOOLOGAN, DELINQUENT! MAKE A MESS IN YOUR OWN HOUSE!

CAREFUL OR HE MIGHT HURT YOU...

LOOK!



RMO '86

THE COW, LOOK WHAT SHE DID!

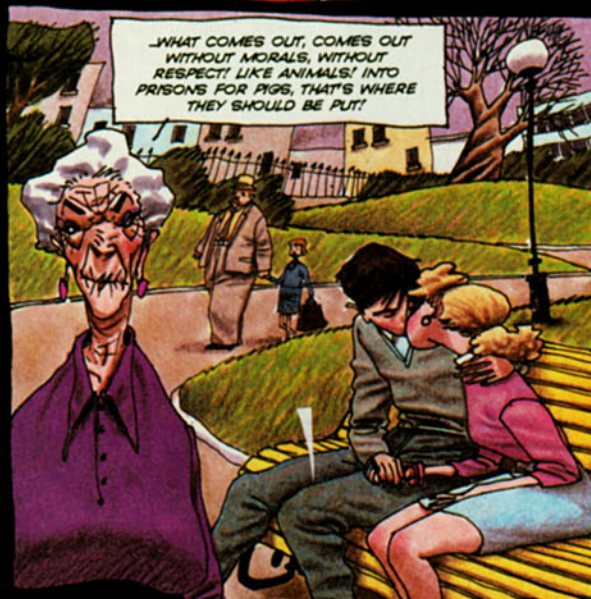
THE ONES WHO SHOULD ALSO BE GIVING THEM A THRASHING IS THEIR MOTHERS. I'M SURE THAT THEY SPOIL THEIR KIDS...

COME ON, MAN, GET UP.

AYYY!



WHAT COMES OUT, COMES OUT WITHOUT MORALS, WITHOUT RESPECT! LIKE ANIMALS! INTO PRISONS FOR PIGS, THAT'S WHERE THEY SHOULD BE PUT!



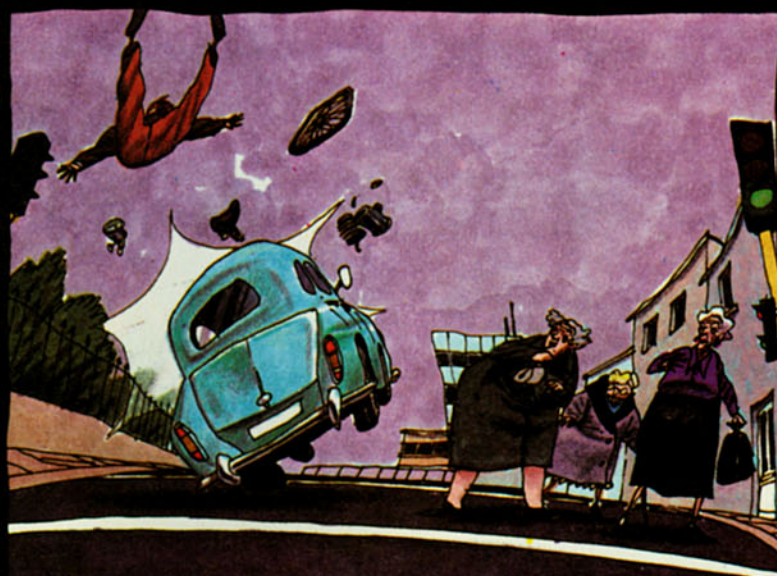
WE'VE GOT TO GET GOING OR WE WON'T MAKE IT TO THE MOVIES, SO LET'S CROSS...

THE ONE IN RED...



COME ON! NOW THIS TIME THE MOTORCYCLE WILL STOP!





WHEN IN PARIS

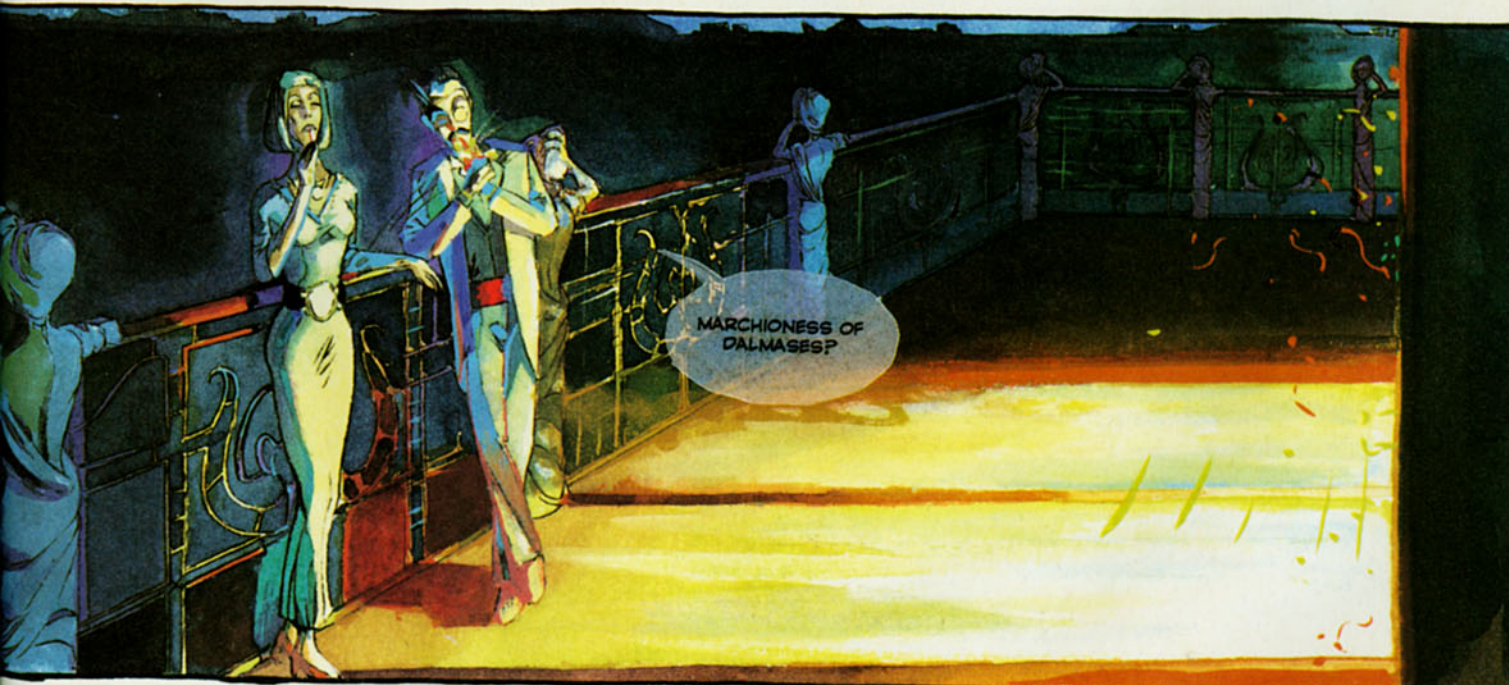
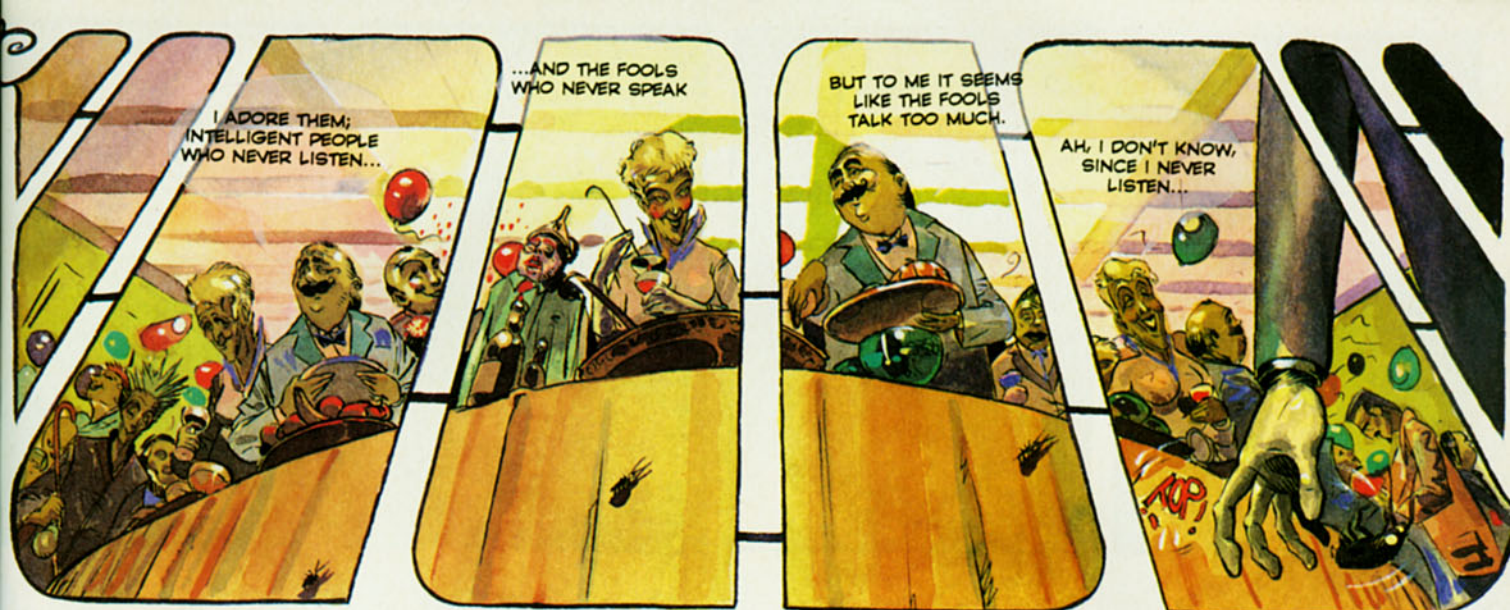


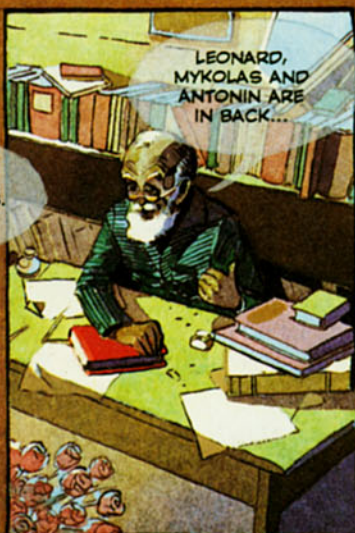
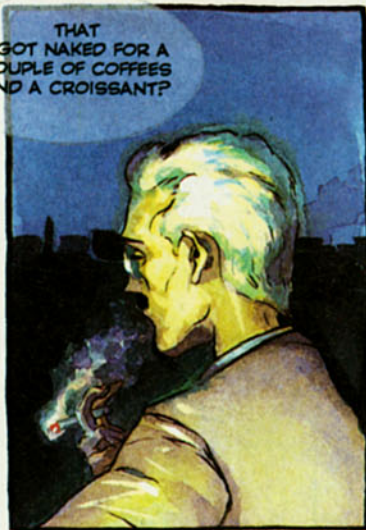
THE AIR WAS SWEET WITH
FAKE AND WAXY SMILES
THAT NIGHT.

I HAD SPENT A COUPLE OF
HOURS HIDING MY NAUSEA
BEHIND A FRIENDLY GRIN
WHEN I SAW BABETTE.

IT HAD BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE
WE MET AND SAW EACH OTHER
IN CAFE VAVIN AND IN THE BACK
ROOM OF THE NIGUET
BOOKSTORE...

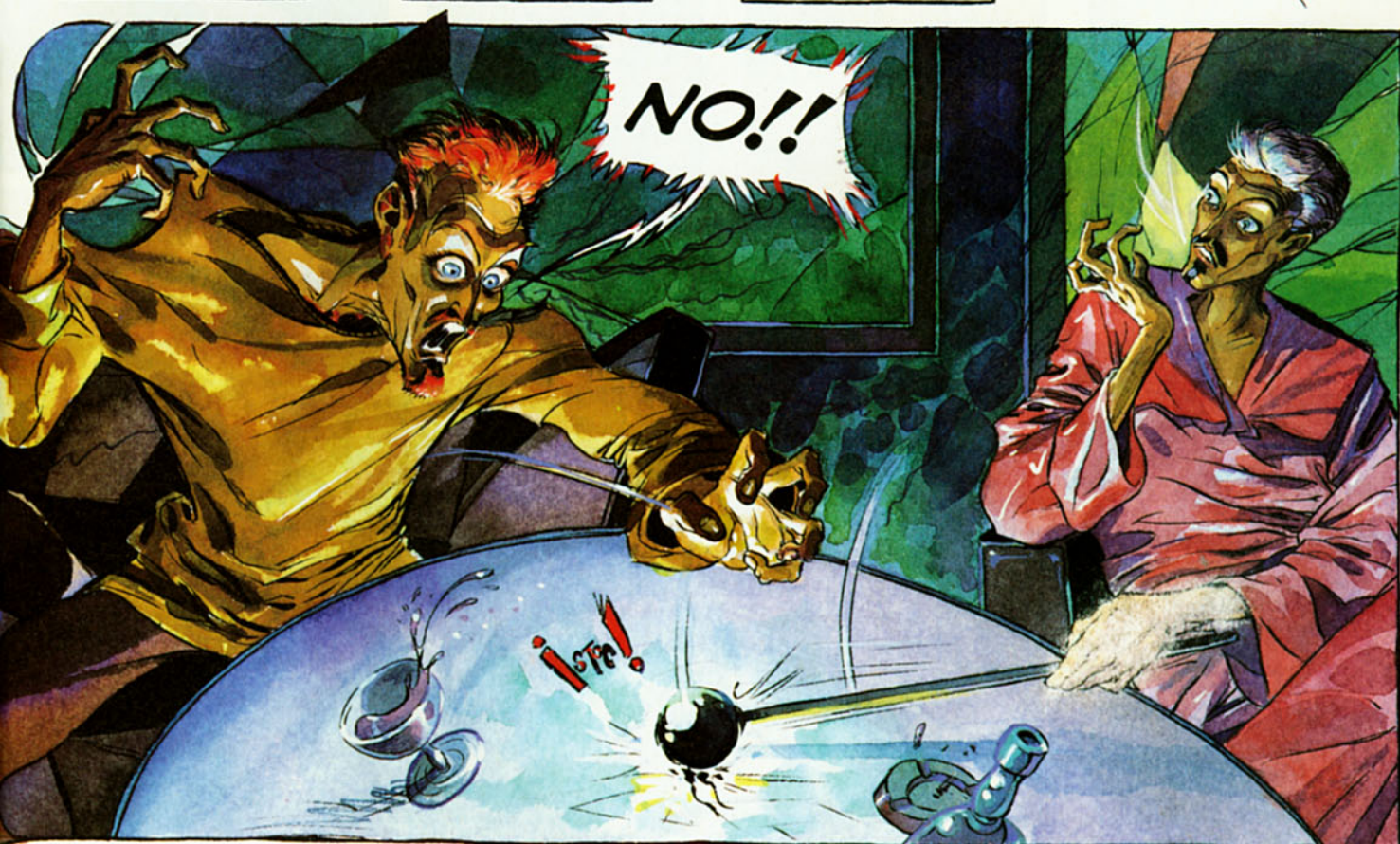
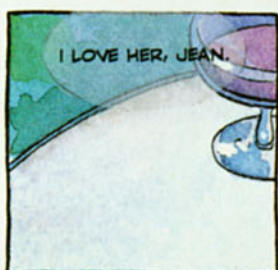
...BUT THAT WAS THEN, AND NOW WHEN
WE PRETENDED TO BE INTRODUCED TO
EACH OTHER, I HAD AN UNCOMFORTABLE
FEELING LIKE POWDER
ON MY SKIN AND A FINE FILM
ENVELOPED EVERYTHING.

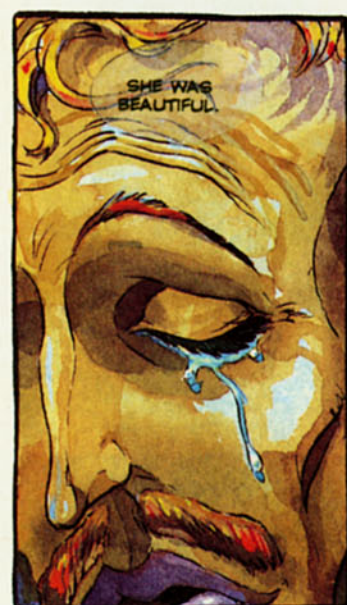






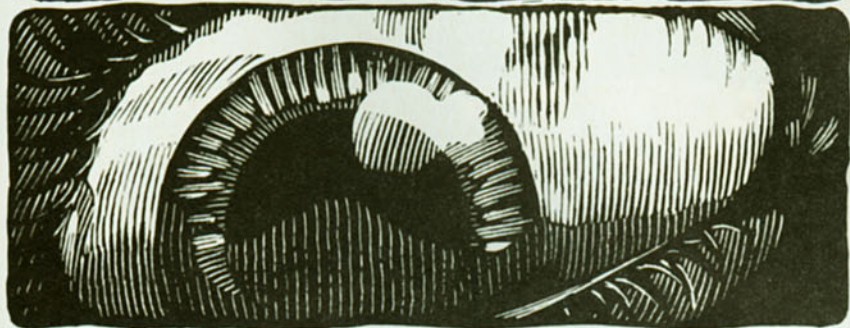
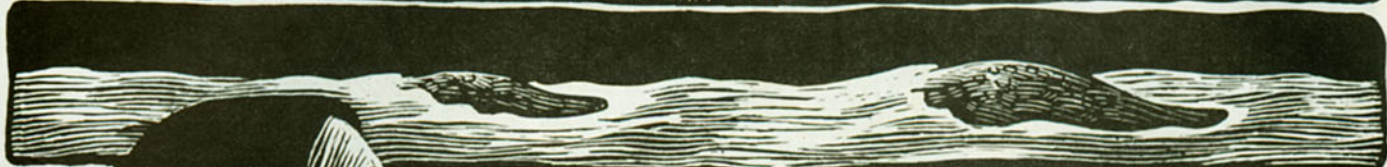


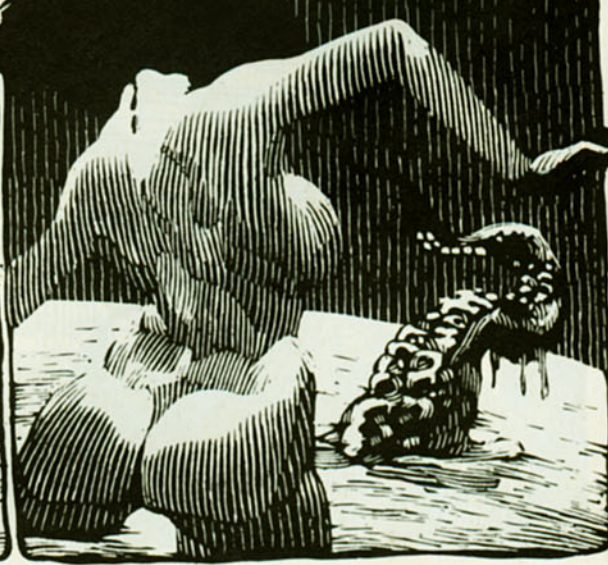
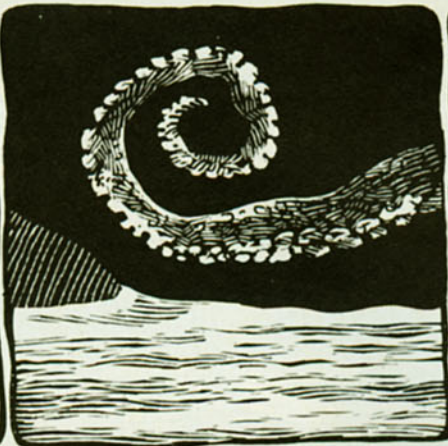
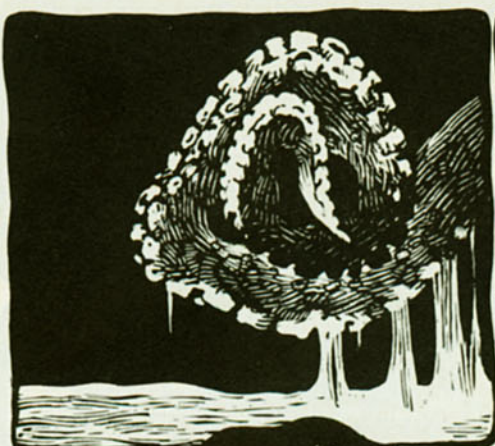




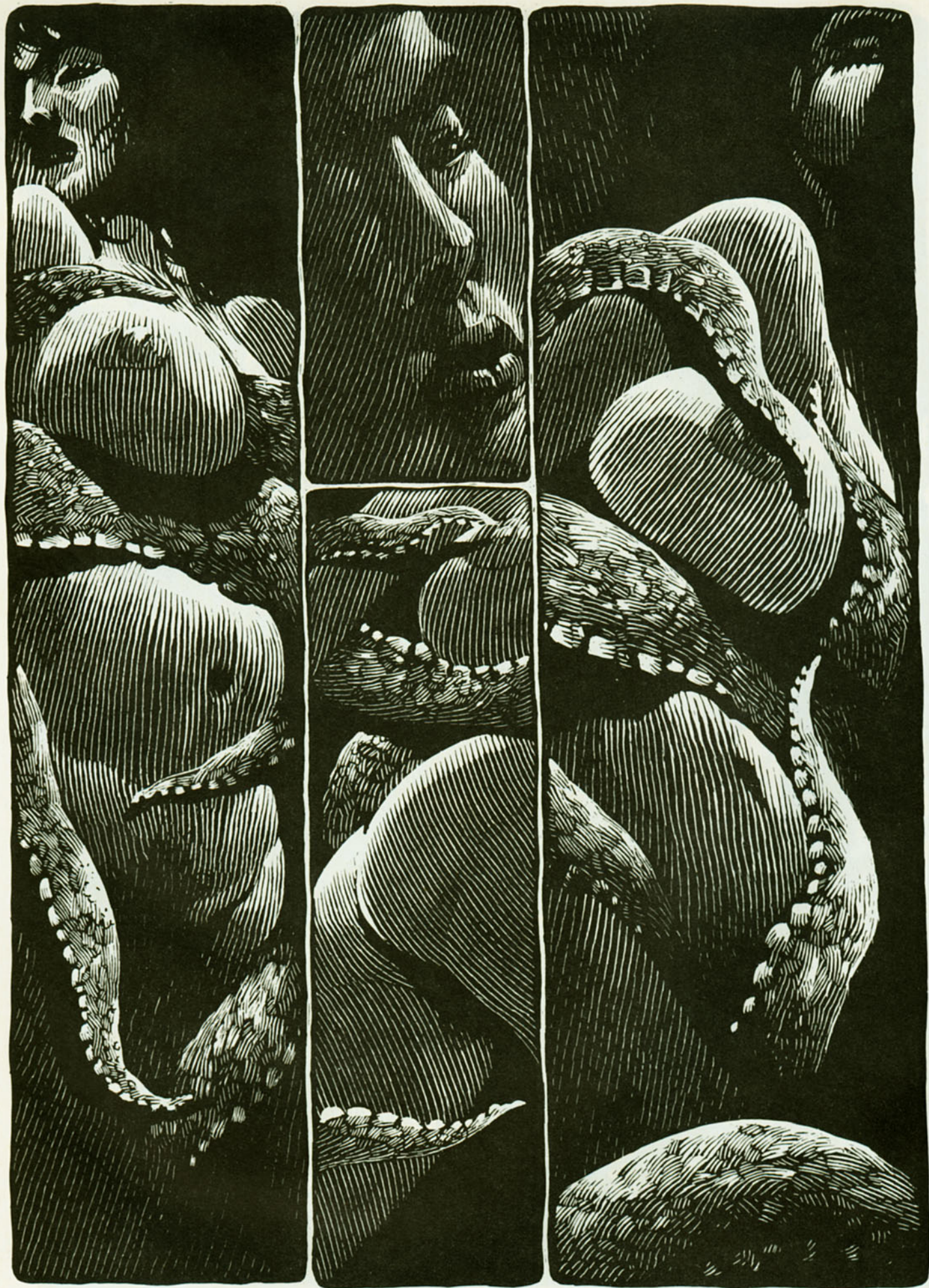


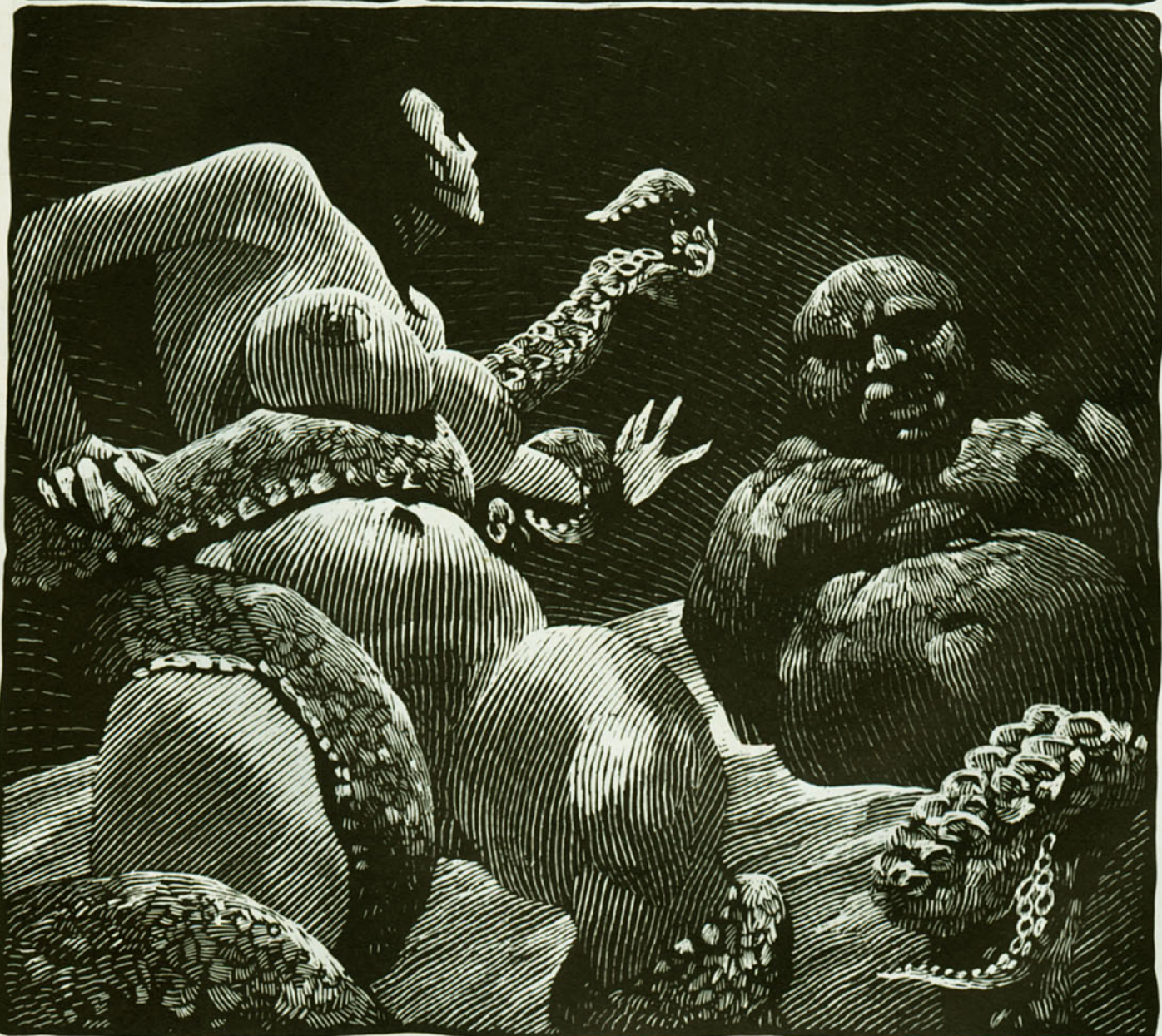


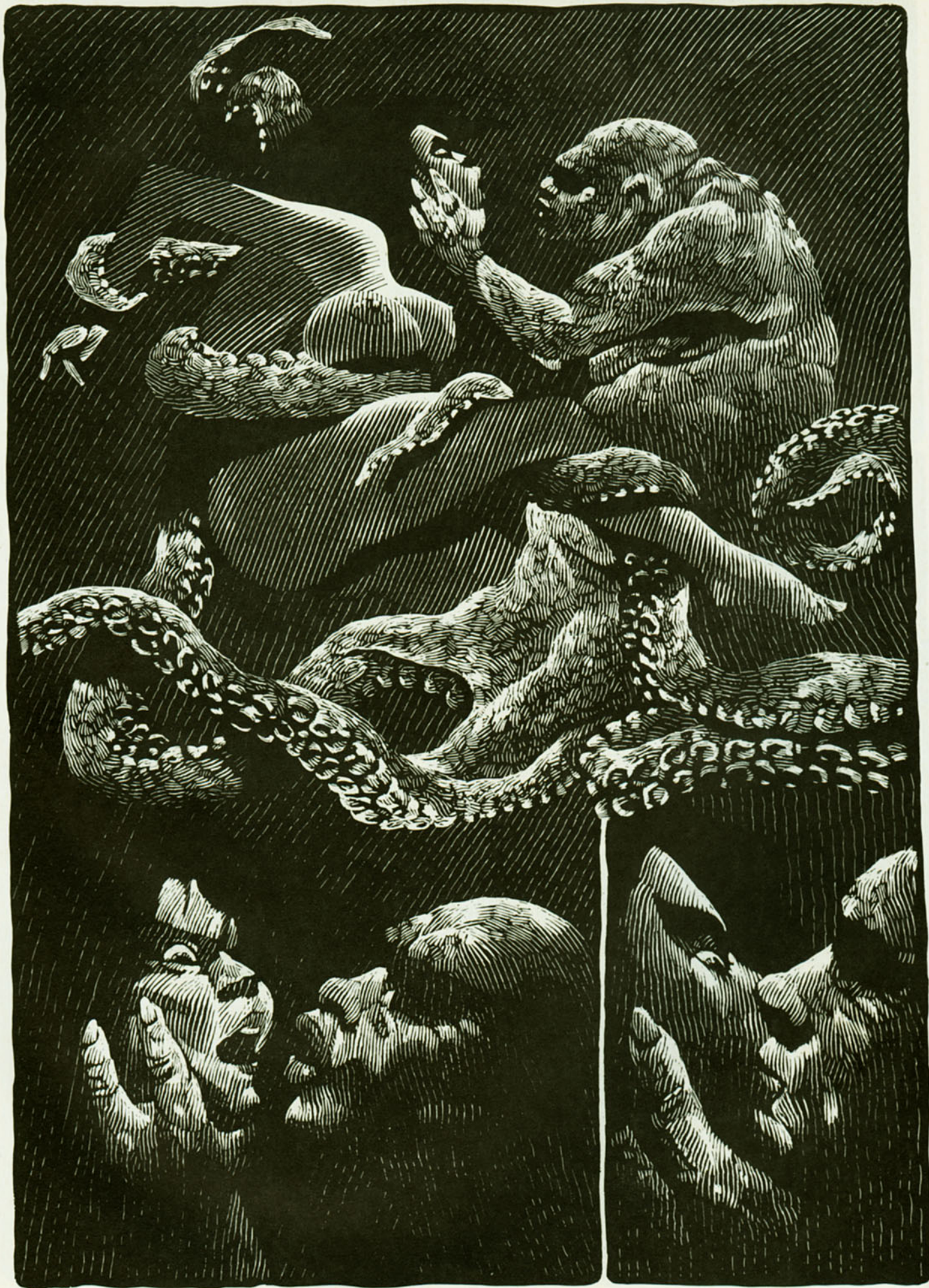


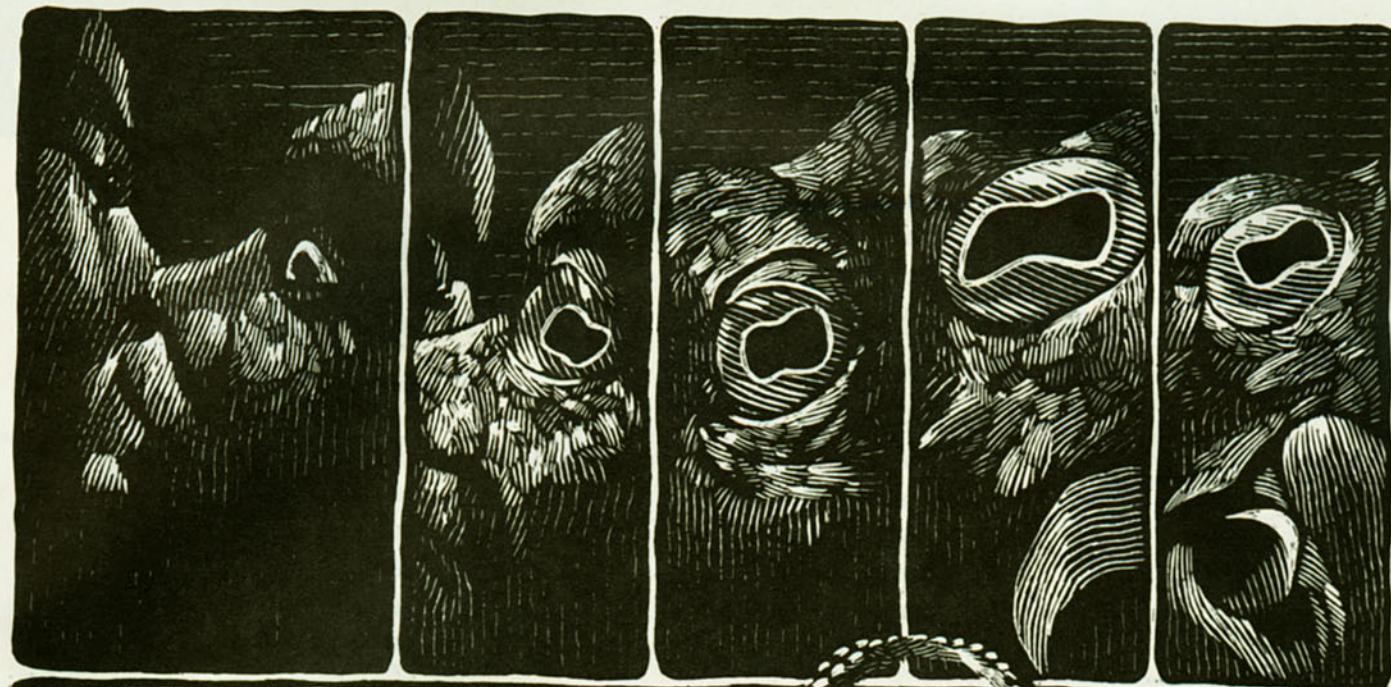










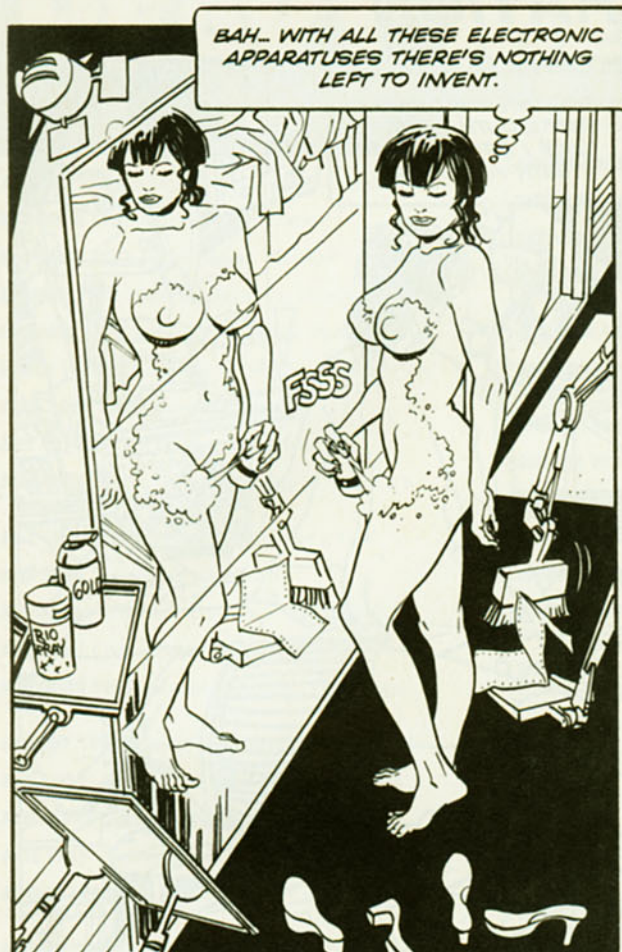


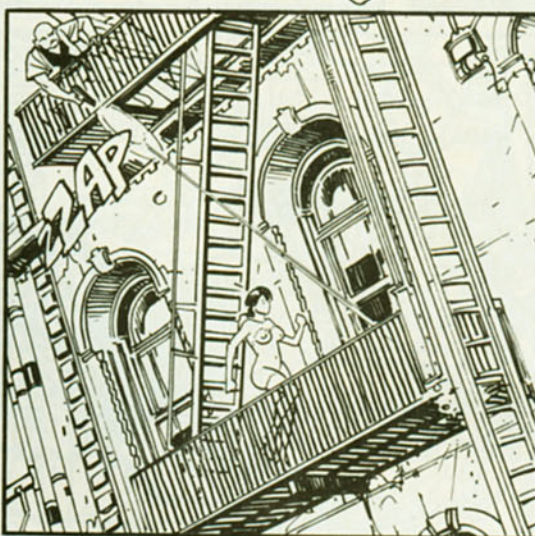
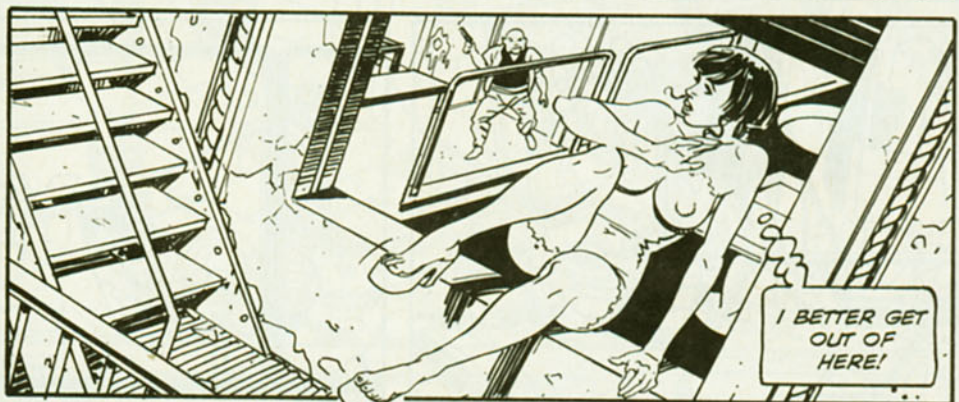
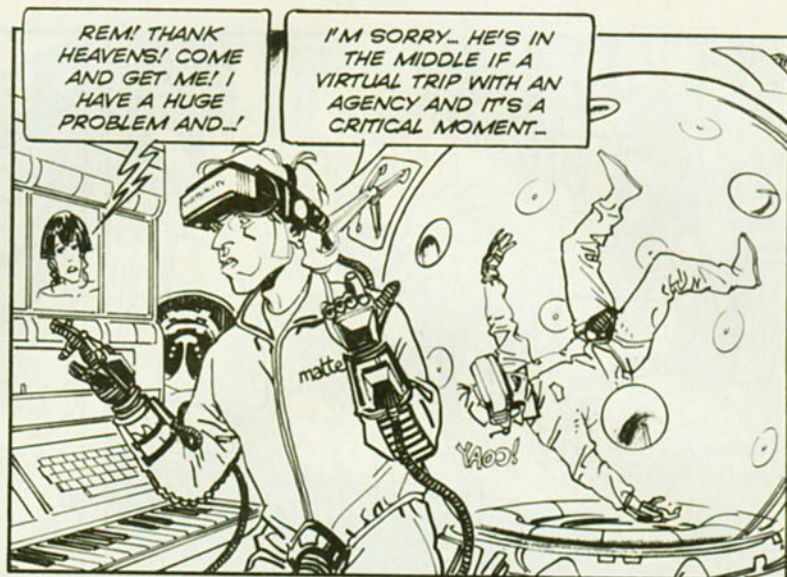
what a
dream!!

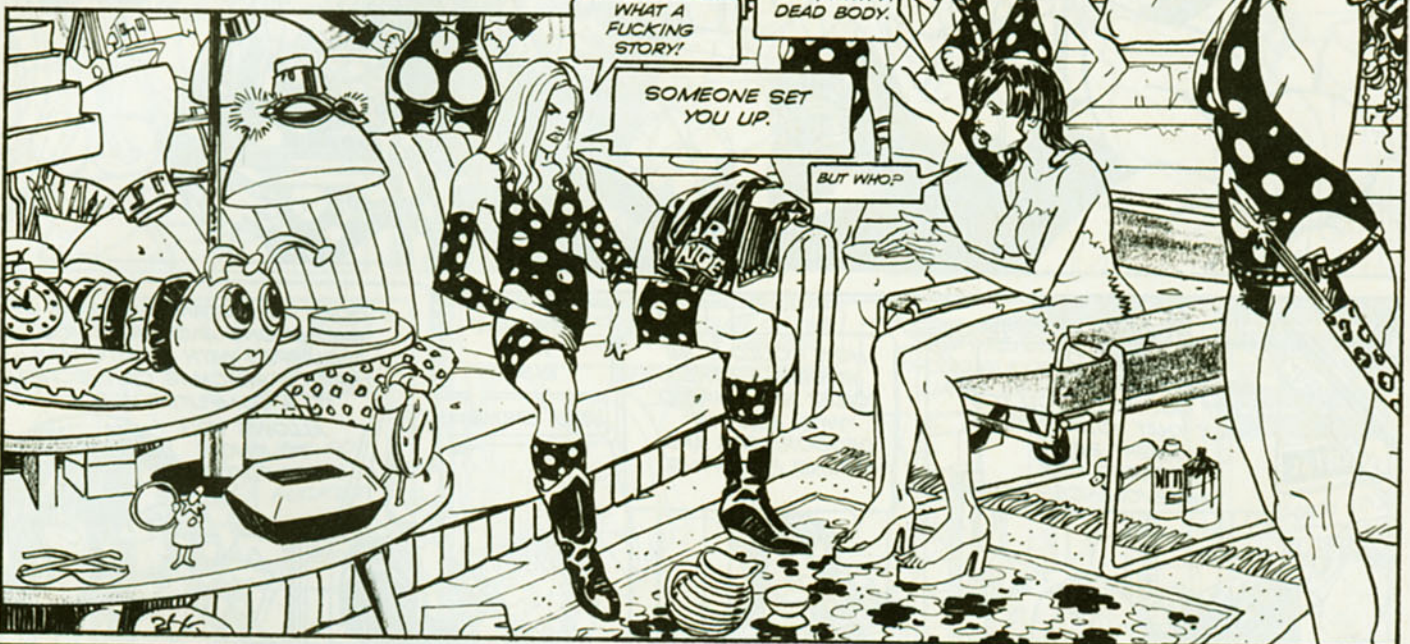
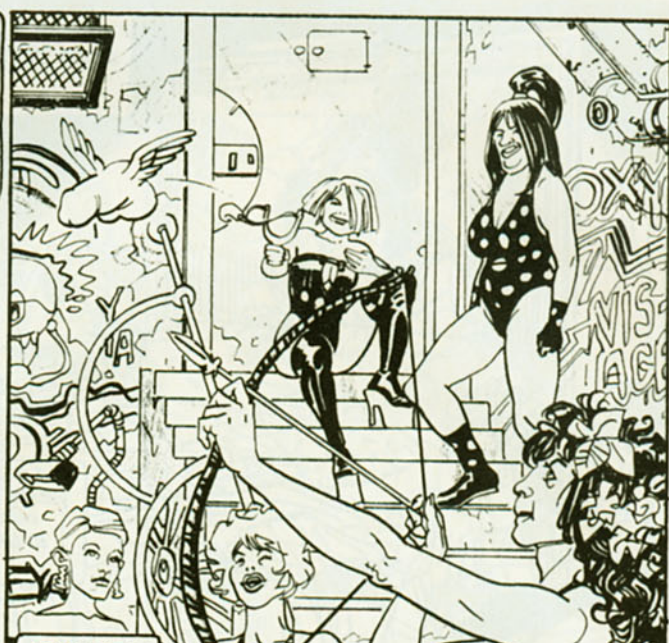
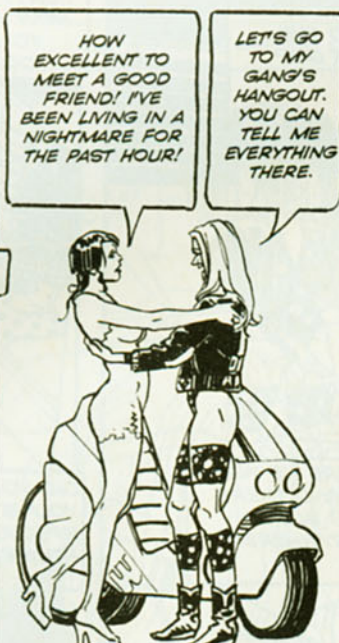


BIT DEGENERATION











WHERE DID THE COLD CUTS GO?

I'M SURE HE WAS HERE AND THERE WAS BLOOD EVERYWHERE!

OK, I BELIEVE YOU. NOW WE ONLY NEED TO KNOW WHO TOOK THE BODY.

NO DOUBT THERE SOMEONE'S FUCKING WITH ME!

DID YOU KNOW YOU'VE GOT A REALLY SPECIAL HOUSE?

I WON IT A MONTH AGO IN AN APARTMENT LOTTERY.



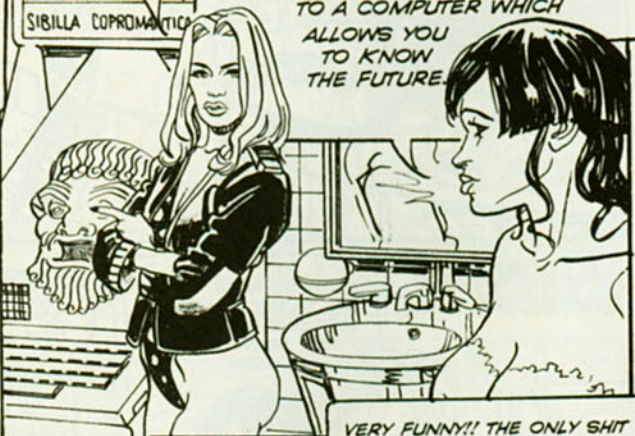
A LOTTERY OF APARTMENTS, HUH? IT DIDN'T OCCUR TO YOU TO THINK THAT YOUR PRIZE MIGHT BE PREPARED FOR MALEVOLENCE?

HOW COULD IT BE POSSIBLE? THE TOILET IS EQUIPPED WITH BUILT-IN DEODORIZERS AND SOUND PROOFING.

YES... AND WHAT ELSE?

SIBILLA COPROMATICA

IT DOES AN INSTANT ANALYSIS OF EXCRETIONS AND URINE. IT'S EQUIPPED WITH A CLITORAL VIBRATOR WHICH IS CONNECTED TO A COMPUTER WHICH ALLOWS YOU TO KNOW THE FUTURE.

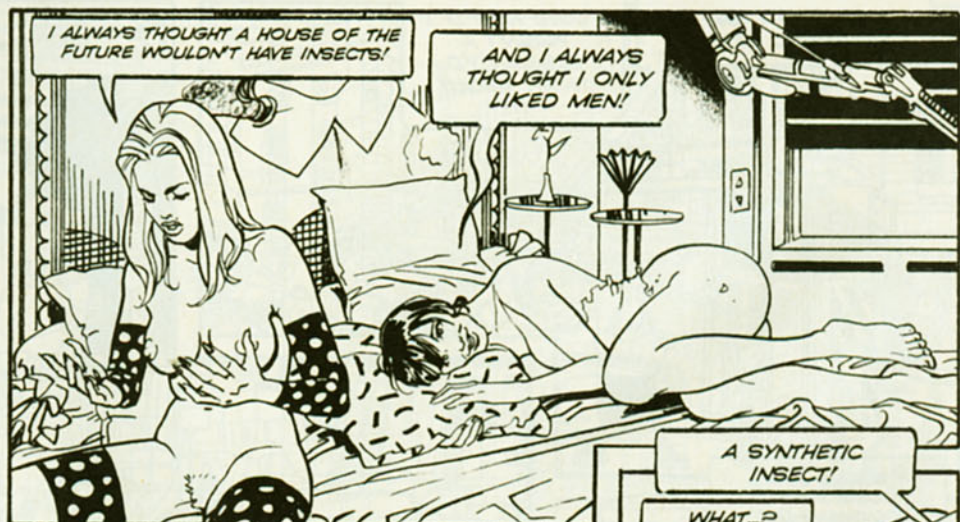
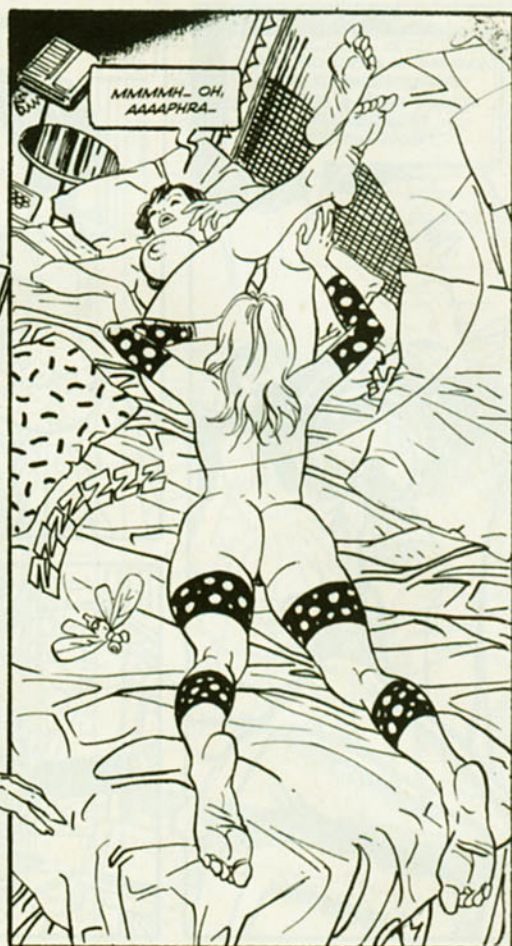


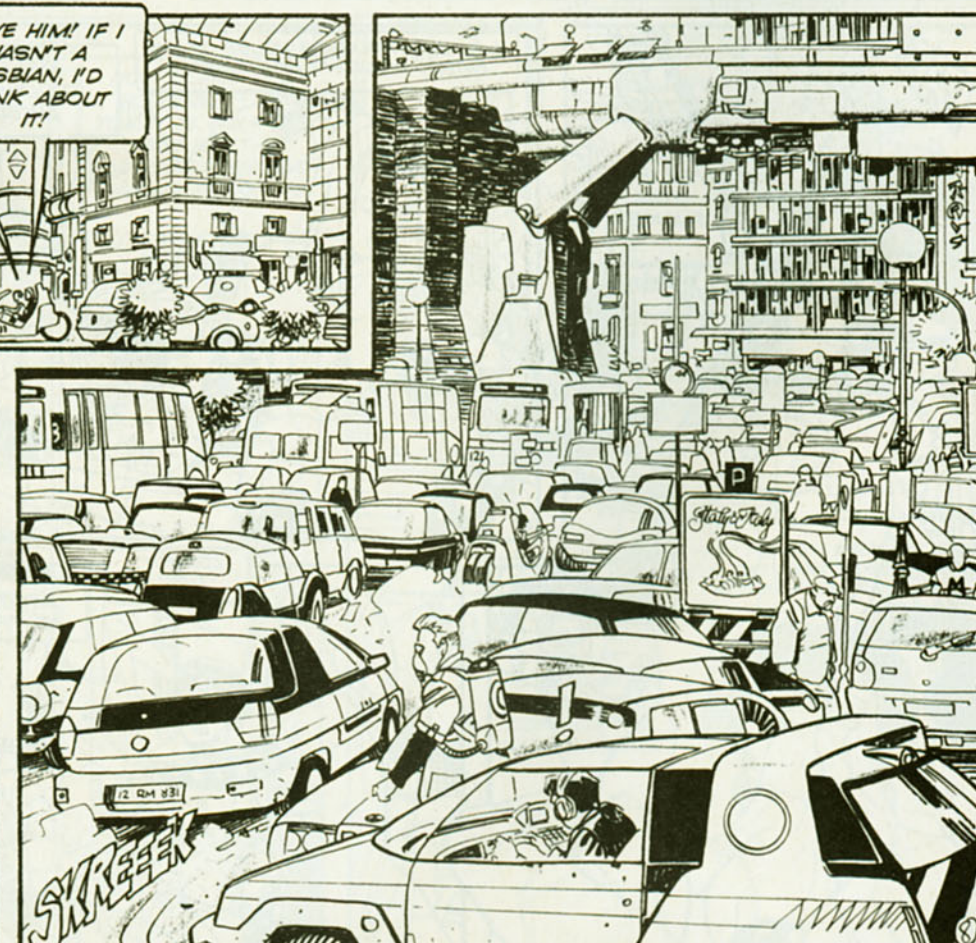
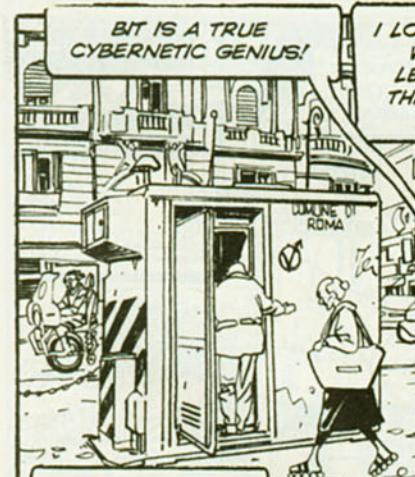
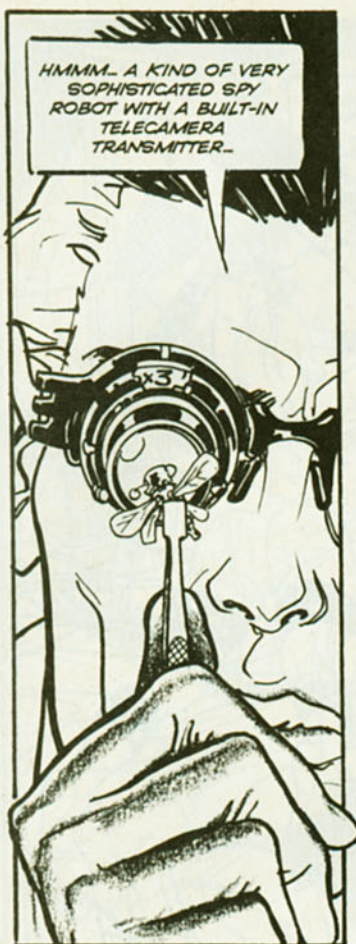
VERY FUNNY!! THE ONLY SHIT I'VE GOT HERE IS ME! WHERE IS THIS FUCKING BODY?

FANTASTIC! AND BE SURE TO SAVE YOUR CRAP IN PLASTIC BAGS WITH A HARD-COPY OF THE CALCULATIONS!

WHO WANTS ME DEAD?



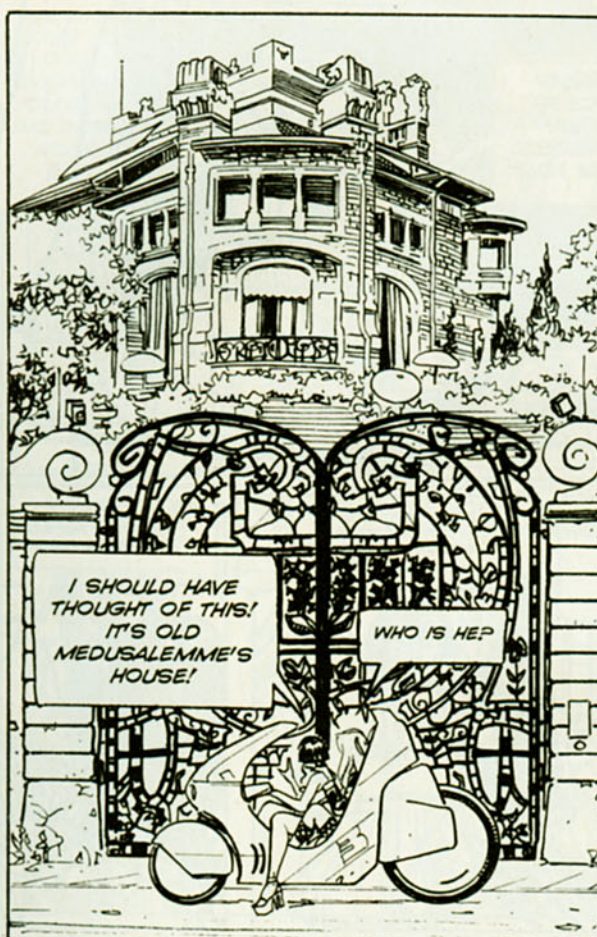






WE
MUST'VE
LOST THE
BASTARD!

I... I
KNOW THIS
PLACE!



I SHOULD HAVE
THOUGHT OF THIS!
IT'S OLD
MEDUSALEMME'S
HOUSE!

WHO IS HEP



HE'S THE OLD RINGLEADER
OF THE MAFIA, MORE WELL
KNOWN AS THE "BIG KID."

AND HOW DO YOU
KNOW HIM?



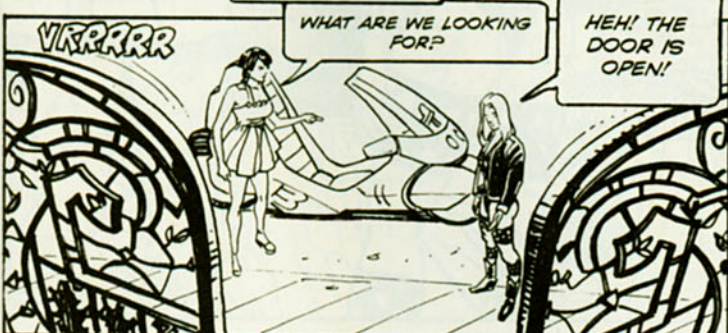
A WHILE
BACK I
SPILLED MY
BRAIN...

SPILLED
YOUR
BRAIN?



EMPATHY. HE PUT A
PLATE ON MY SKULL
THAT ALLOWED HIM TO
CHECK OUT ALL OF MY
SENSATIONS. HE LIVED
IN ANOTHER WORLD
THANKS TO ME.

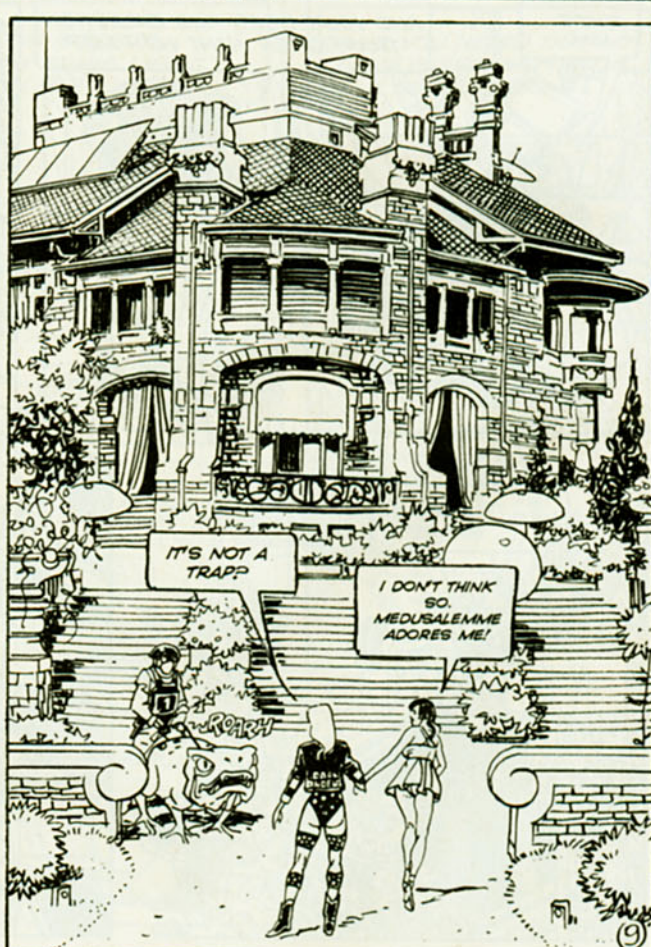
IT'S VERY
POSSIBLE HE
HAD A GREAT
TIME ON YOUR
SHOULDERS.



VRRRRR

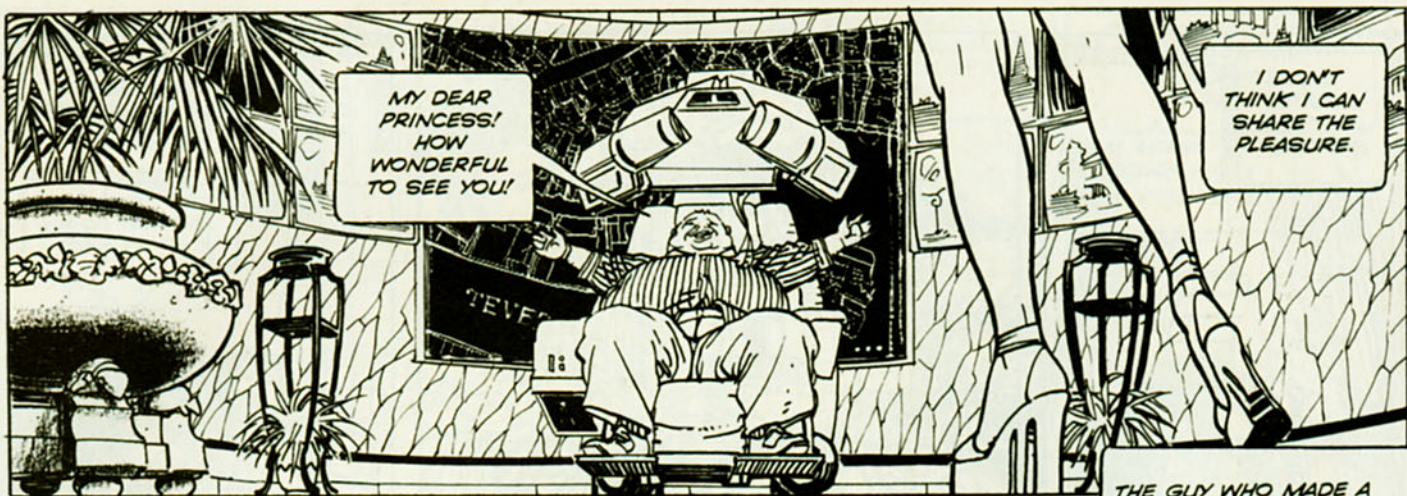
WHAT ARE WE LOOKING
FOR?

HEH! THE
DOOR IS
OPEN!



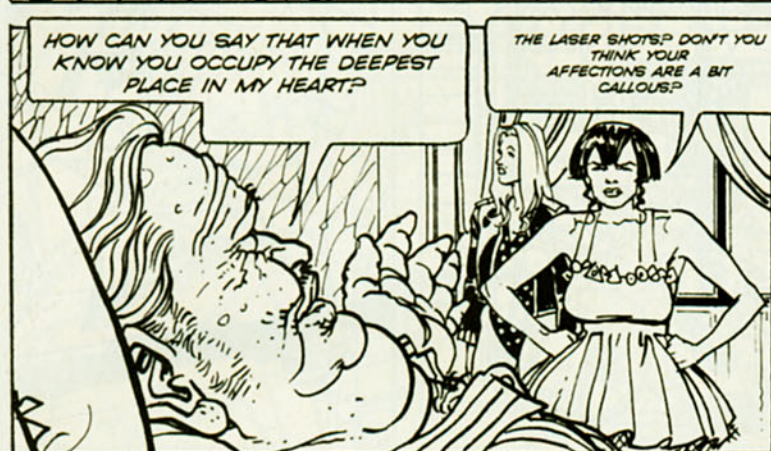
IT'S NOT A
TRAPP

I DON'T THINK
SO.
MEDUSALEMME
ADORES ME!



MY DEAR PRINCESS! HOW WONDERFUL TO SEE YOU!

I DON'T THINK I CAN SHARE THE PLEASURE.



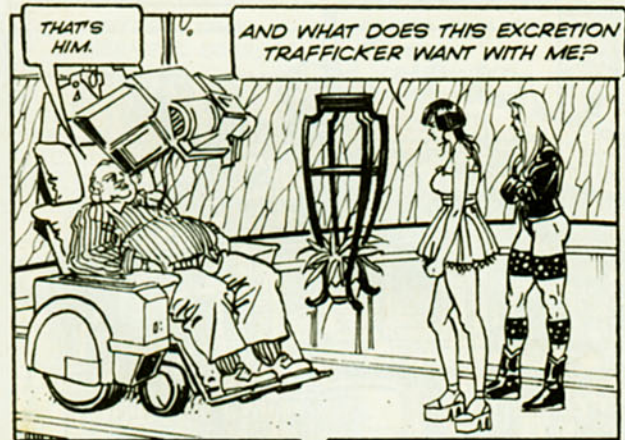
HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT WHEN YOU KNOW YOU OCCUPY THE DEEPEST PLACE IN MY HEART?

THE LASER SHOTS? DON'T YOU THINK YOUR AFFECTIONS ARE A BIT CALLOUS?



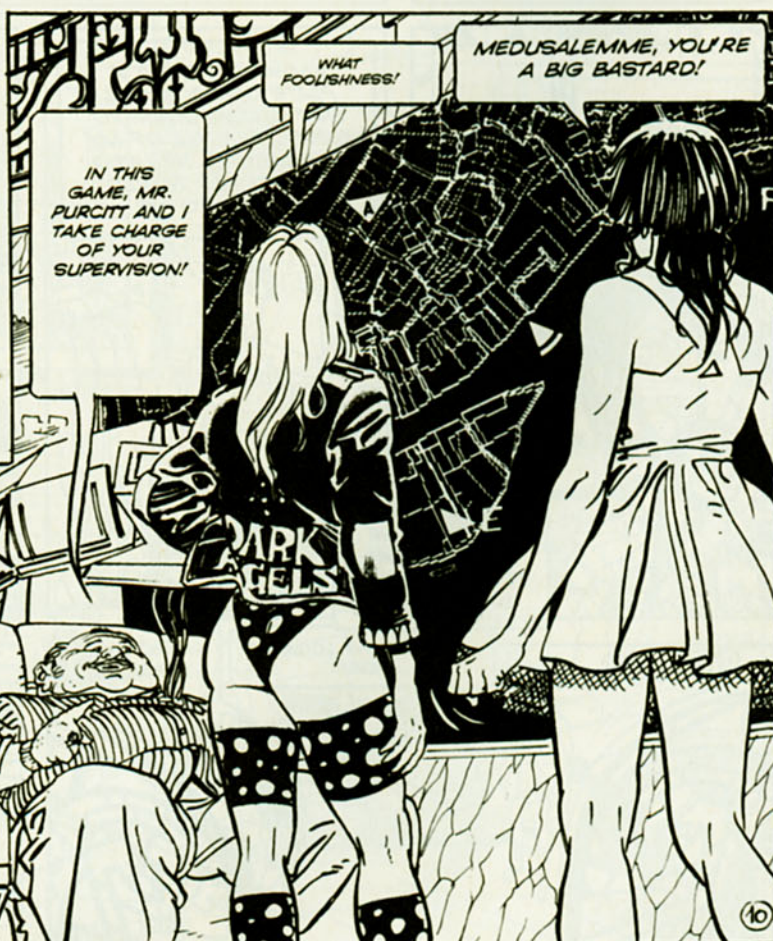
I DID NOTHING BUT WATCH. THAT WAS THE WORK OF BORIS PURCITT.

THE GUY WHO MADE A MILLION BY IMPORTING AND EXPORTING THE SHIT OF THE BATS HE RAISED?



THAT'S HIM.

AND WHAT DOES THIS EXCRETION TRAFFICKER WANT WITH ME?



WHAT FOOLISHNESS!

MEDUSALEMME, YOU'RE A BIG BASTARD!

IN THIS GAME, MR. PURCITT AND I TAKE CHARGE OF YOUR SUPERVISION!



TO PLAY A GAME.

WHAT GAME?

I'LL KILL YOU, YOU FAT SLOBBERING PUTREFACTION! PLAYING WITH MY LIFE...!

ALL RIGHT! START VOMITING UP EVERYTHING YOU'RE HIDING IN YOUR ROTTING BRAIN!

IN SUM, YOUR APARTMENT FORMED PART OF A GAME WHICH CORRESPONDED WITH YOUR PRIZE...

SEEMS TO ME THAT THE LOTTERY WAS A SET UP!

AND WHAT DOES THE SHIT TRAFFICKER SEE IN ALL OF THIS?

AND WHAT ABOUT THE BODY? WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?

THERE WASN'T A BODY... IT WAS A ROBOT. AND IT LIVENED UP THE GAME. IT PUT A ROCKET IN AXEL'S ASS...

MY LITTLE DOVE! YOU'RE KILLING ME!

BUT DID IT OCCUR TO YOU THAT YOUR VICTIM WAS PUT IN DANGER BY YOUR PLAYERS!

VERY GOOD, DON EXPOSITO, NOW I WANT MY SHARE. I WANT COMPENSATION FOR THAT SHITTY APARTMENT!

NO. I WON! PURCITT BET THAT SHE'D LOSE HER SKIN OR BE SCARED TO DEATH!

HAVE YOU HEARD THAT MY GANG PERFORMS VIRTUAL CIRCUMCISIONS

OH, GOD!

ON ALL THE MACHOS THEY CAPTURE?

NEVER GO BACK THERE AGAIN, MY GAZELLE!

FINE!

I'D LIKE TO PAY BACK THIS FUCKER, PURCITT!

MY DARK ANGELS WILL BE HAPPY TO LEND US A HAND, AXEL.



YOU SEE THE HUNT WE'VE ORGANIZED?

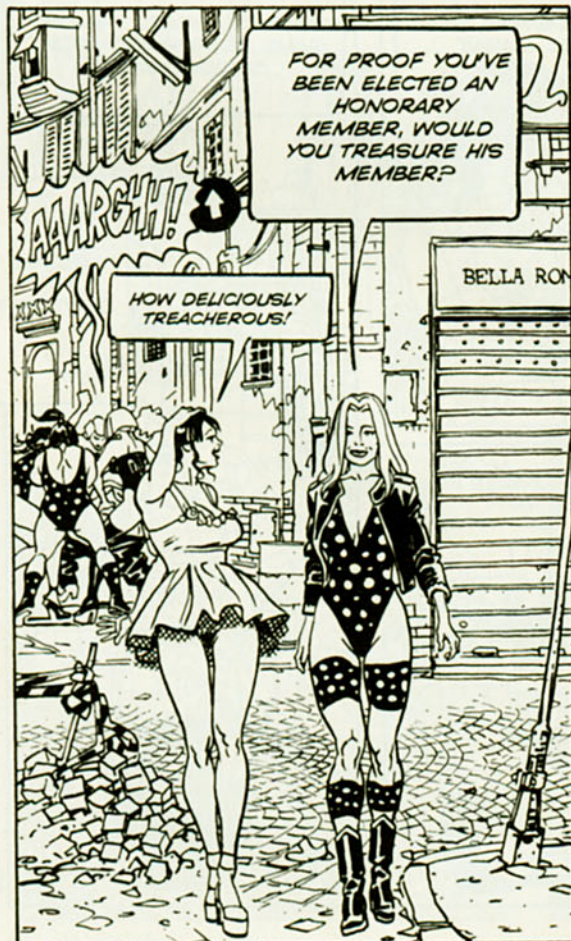
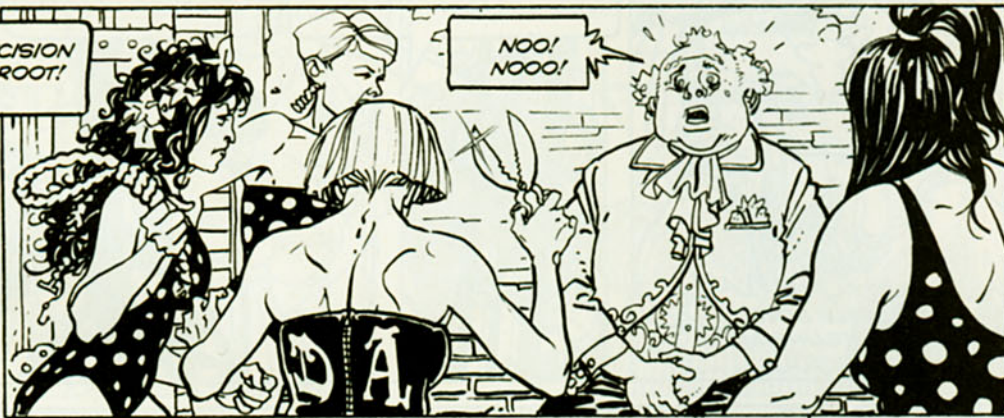
BUT WHAT'S THE TROPHY GOING TO BE?



CIRCUMCISION TO THE ROOT!

NOO!

NOOO!



FOR PROOF YOU'VE BEEN ELECTED AN HONORARY MEMBER, WOULD YOU TREASURE HIS MEMBER?

HOW DELICIOUSLY TREACHEROUS!

BELLA RON



WOULD YOU BE INTERESTED IN COMING BACK TO MY HANGOUT TO SEE MY COLLECTION OF PENISES?

WHY NOT? IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE ANYONE PROPOSED SOMETHING INDECENT!

The *Hidden* Face of Reincarnation

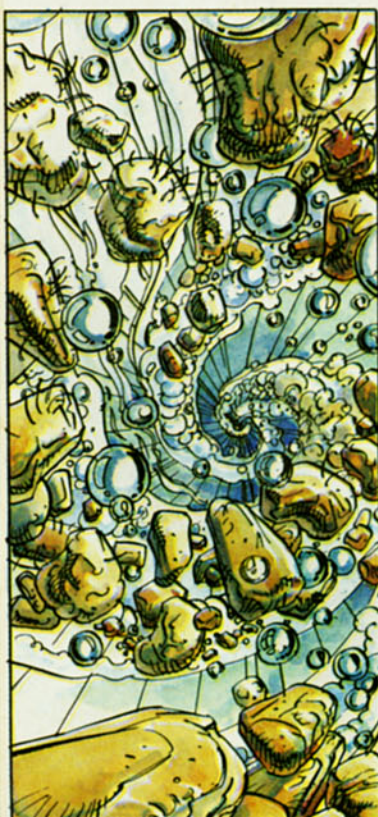
Existence is a vast laundromat...

...life is like the drumming of washing machines spinning without end, where human souls, like particles of dirt, dissolve in a fantastic whirlpool and are redeposited on other clothing.



This metaphor might seem very daring. A number of polemicists, who object that today there are enough detergents to halt all redepositing, have compromised the theory of reincarnation! Fine... yes, ok!... it is obvious that we have not taken this objection into account.

The treacherous game of destiny integrates itself with errant souls in the most extravagant form and subjects them to the most preposterous encounters...





Ahem...
hello.

Hello.

You
may.

Will
you permit
me to engage
you in
conversation?
This is my first
time here.



...allow
me to introduce
myself: Alexander the
Great.

You
mean, Alexander
the Great, the
Macedonian? The
Emperor?!

Me,
I'm Madame
Bovary, Emma
Bovary.

Exactly,
the conqueror!
And you?



Call me Emma,
Alexander.

Non?!!!
You are Emma Bovary!
The little romantic bourgeois
lady? Well then, I have been
waiting for this,
unconditionally, I have read
all of your books.

You
flatter me.

I
assure you that I am
one of your oldest
admirers; a groupie;
ahh, Emma Bovary...



Ha,
ha, ha, look at
those two there. Ha ha.
Alexander the Great! He'll
say anything to pick up
chicks!

In
that case, my
name is George
Killian, ha, ha
ha!

Don't
listen to
him, Alex.

WHAT!
I AM
ALEXANDER
THE GREAT!
AND I CAN
PROVE IT!



I'm not going to let
this ridiculous historian walk
all over me! I could very easily
punch him in the gas meter, call
me a kind of valve drainer.

Oh,
come on, I
was just
joking.

There
are limits to
humor, mister.

What
a temper you
have, Alex.



I got carried away, I got
carried away, excuse me, Emma. I
shouldn't get myself into such
states, but it overpowers me!

You
are passionate,
Alexander.

I
have a
hot-blooded
temper.

I
have a
hot-blooded
temper.



ALL THE SAME! I HAVE
STRUGGLED AGAINST
THE PERSIANS, OCCUPIED
EGYPT, CONQUERED THE
ACHEMENIDE KINGDOM,
UNIFIED THE EMPIRE!
THAT LIST OF CREDITS
SHOULD ILICIT SOME
RESPECT BUT NO!
INSTEAD I HAVE TO BLOW
UP AT THE
HUFFING AND PUFFING
OF IDIOTS!

Well,
there's a lot
they can praise
you for, having
done all you have
done!



As if it weren't already distressing enough to get bottoms on you for the longest time...

I totally agree with you there, sometimes, but other times...

...it's not always a pleasure!

Oh, yes!



We were made for each other, Emma. I felt it right away.

Me too, Alexander.

I appreciate your fabric pattern a lot.

You're just saying that to be nice.

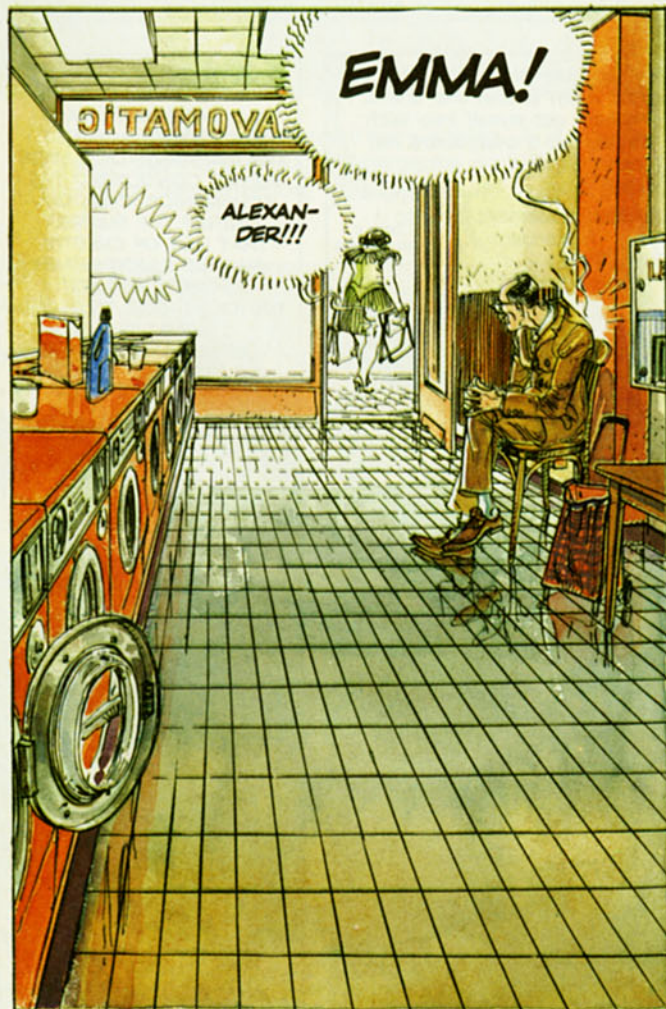
Not at all, I'm being sincere.



I would love to tell you so many things... for example, these simple words: I love you, Emma, I've always loved you.

I love you too, Alexander.

It's marvelous.



EMMA!

ALEXANDER!!!



Women are all the same! NOTHING BUT TEASES!

We examine now another case where reincarnation has not produced such happiness.

riste débutant
he culturiste
mé et musclé
mpoigner la vie à
Solides référen-
mandées - P.R.
Courbevoie.

J.F. syr
J.H. Bel
rieu Roq
doul
8320

Free love couple, young, modern, 35/40 years seek couple loving new experiences, with a taste for spicy evenings. Pleasure, big sparks assured. Leave your address or telephone at (212) 555-8462.

ées - P.R.
cherche
firmé et
5/30ans
Pas sé-
bstenir.

eh oui!)
cherche
ns style
Pas sé-
stenir.

J.H. cher
lie, gentill
tueuse, se
soumise,
cuisinière
chien, chat
fidèle pour
ter à jeux
avec amis.
dré-de-Cubz
P.R. 72035.





Hi!
heh...heh...heh
Marcel Guillomard... I'm
the one who answered your
classified about a
scintillating evening...
heh...heh



As
you can
see, we were
expecting
you...

You're
on your own!
Where's your
wife?!

Wait,
wait,
heh...heh... I
gotta explain,
heh...heh...



I hope you don't
think that you're gonna
get something from my wife
for nothin'! Who do you
think we are!?

Listen to me! My
wife passed away four
years ago, but a
couple of months after she
died, look what I found while
I was cleaning up the
house!... Sonia, my wife,
heh...heh...



She got reincarnated into this
lovely little insect. Of course, I
recognized her straight away...
After living with her for 15 years,
it was obvious to me,
heh...heh...
Of course, just like you, I was a
little surprised at first... I had
to adapt. But you'll see, Sonia's
still has all that, erotomaniac
fantasy, heh...heh...



STOOOH...
SSTOHH...
STOP MARCEL,
YOU'RE KILLING
MEEE...

Sorry,
didn't
mean to...

You're
a real
demon!



AAHHHHHH...
RAHHHHHHH...YEAH,
THAT'S IT...A LITTLE
TO THE RIGHT GO
ON!

How
d'ya
figure!

Heh...heh
...heh! I told
you Sonia
was an
expert.



Waaaahh! What
the heck did your
wife do to my
husband?!!

That's the
only draw-
back...she
belongs to a
special breed
of praying
mantis...



... And they tend to eat up
their mates after they make
love.

Sonia, bad
girl! You promised! If
you go on doing that,
I'll have to leave you at
home when I go to
these little parties!!

RRRRRR

THIS WAS
MELANIKUS'
NERVE
CENTER...

HIS
PLAYGROUND
OF MISERY...

ONE DAY,
EARTH, TOO,
WOULD BE
LIKE THIS.

I KNEW
INSTINCTIVELY THAT
ALL PAIN CAME
FROM HERE...

THIS WAS THE
SOURCE OF MY
FATHER'S
BRUTALITY...

45-5-17

IN MY CHILDISH MIND, ALL I
HAD TO DO...



WAS STOP
MELANIKUS AND
HIS INFERNAL
MECHANICS...



THE ONLY WAY
TO CHASE
AWAY THE
SHADOWS THAT
PURSUED ME...

WAS TO
BECOME...

AND MY
FATHER
WOULD STOP
BEATING ME.

THE
SHADOWSLAYER.





CASSIE, I KNOW
THE PLACE YOU
COME FROM...

I CALL IT -
GENESIS.

WHAT'S IT LIKE?

Knok
Knok



IT'S...

Knok!
Knok!



MY NAME IS THE REVEREND
WHEELER.

I'D LIKE TO SEE
PROFESSOR NORN.

PLEASE WAIT
HERE.



WHAT DO YOU
WANT?

I HAVE A DOCUMENT
OF GUARDIANSHIP
SIGNED BY THE CITY
BOARD OF ORPHANS
GIVING CASSANDRA
INTO MY CARE.



FOR WHAT
REASON?

I SAW
WHAT
HAPPENED
IN THE
PARK.



CLEARLY YOU ARE A DEVILISH
INFLUENCE ON THIS
UNBLEMISHED CHILD OF GOD.



I HAVE MADE
INQUIRIES ABOUT
CASSANDRA. SHE IS
OF UNIQUE PURITY
AND INNOCENCE...

...KEPT AWAY FROM
CARNAL INFLUENCES
DURING THE FORMATIVE
YEARS OF HER LIFE.

REMAIN SEATED,
MY CHILD.



ONLY A MAN OF THE
CLOTH, SUCH AS MYSELF,
CAN ENSURE SHE
REMAINS UNSULLIED.




DON'T BE
FRIGHTENED,
CHILD...

I'M HERE TO
SAVE YOU.

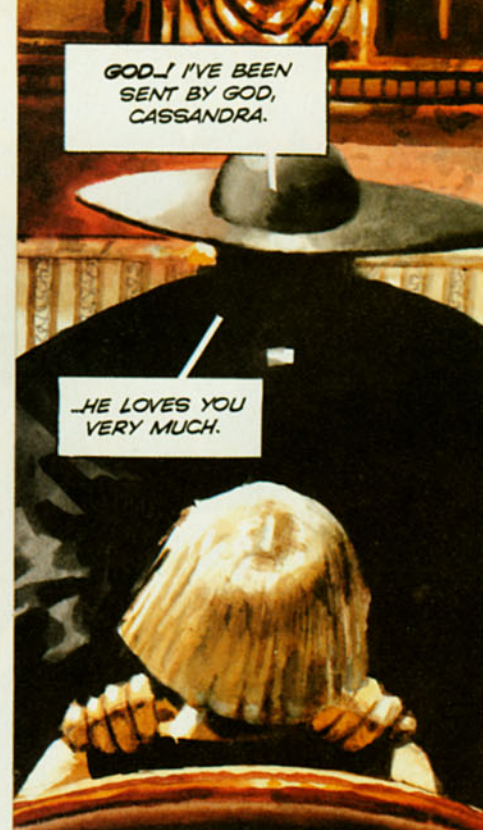


DON'T LISTEN TO
HIM, CASSIE! HE
BEARS THE
SHADOW OF
MELANIKUS! HE'S
IN LEAGUE WITH
THE DARK ALIEN.

HEY, MURPHY! THIS GUY'S
SOME KIND OF NUT!



YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! SHE'S THE KEY TO A COSMIC CONSPIRACY!



GOD! I'VE BEEN SENT BY GOD, CASSANDRA.


...HE LOVES YOU VERY MUCH.

THE SUBJECT OF A DEMONIC EXPERIMENT!

...THIS SO-CALLED REVEREND HAS BEEN SENT BY...



WHO IS GOD?



HE IS THE MOST LOVING OF FATHERS... AND HE WANTS YOU TO COME WITH ME.

WHAT DO YOU SAY, CASSANDRA?



...AND I AM HIS SERVANT.

MY FATHER HAS SERVANTS? HE MUST BE VERY RICH.

HIS RICHES ARE BOUNDLESS, CASSANDRA.

CASSIE? PLEASE?



HE IS YOUR FATHER.

I HAVE A FATHER?

YES - HE IS THE FATHER OF US ALL.



I'M SORRY,
PROFESSOR. I
MUST GO AND
MEET MY
FATHER.



BUT I HAVE
TO RESPECT
CASSIE'S
FREE WILL...

I CAN'T FORCE
MY SALVATION
UPON HER.



THAT'S
WHAT THE
SERVANTS
OF
MELANIKUS
DO...



POOR CHILD... LITTLE
DOES SHE KNOW
THAT THE GOD THAT
PRIESTS LIKE
WHEELER WORSHIP
IS THE SICK DEMON
MELANIKUS...
DRUNK WITH THE
PAIN OF MANKIND.



BUT I
AM
HERE
TO
MAKE
SURE
THAT...

THEY
CROSSED
C.P.
NORN...

HIS
SERVANTS
RUE THE
DAY THAT...

I EASE MY PAIN IN MY
WORK...

EVEN ON THE
SPORTS FIELD,
THE DEMONS
ARE WAITING...

FOR THE
UNWITTING
AGENTS OF
MELANIKUS
ARE EVERY-
WHERE...

BRAD JACKSON — SCIENCE
MAJOR AND
COLLEGE BASEBALL STAR...

EITHER THAT
OR I AM
TOTALLY
INSANE.

THE ALL-
AMERICAN
BOY...

UPSTANDING,
DECENT, FROM ONE
OF THE BEST
FAMILIES IN THE
STATE.

UNFORTUNATELY, BRAD'S
FUTURE LOOKS BAD
FOR THE REST OF
MANKIND...

HARDWORKING
AND HONEST —
THE FUTURE
LOOKS GOOD
FOR BRAD...

WHICH IS WHY I
MUST KILL HIM!

FOR I SEE
THE
'PROBABILITY
LINES'
CONVERGING
OVER HIS
HEAD...

L.M.S. 74

BY CONCENTRATING
ON THEM HIS
FUTURE BECOMES
CLEAR ENOUGH...

HE WILL BECOME A MICROBIOLOGIST
AND DEVELOP A STRAIN OF SUPER
FUNGUS, EDIBLE AND INCREDIBLY FAST-
GROWING IN ALMOST ANY CLIMATE...

THE PERFECT
SOLUTION TO THE
PROBLEM OF THE
WORLD'S
STARVING
MILLIONS.

UNFORTUNATELY, LIKE
MANY GENIUSES, HE'S
INTENSELY STUPID...
PERFECT FOR
MELANIKUS...

HE'LL RECEIVE THE
NOBEL PRIZE FOR
HIS GREAT WORK.

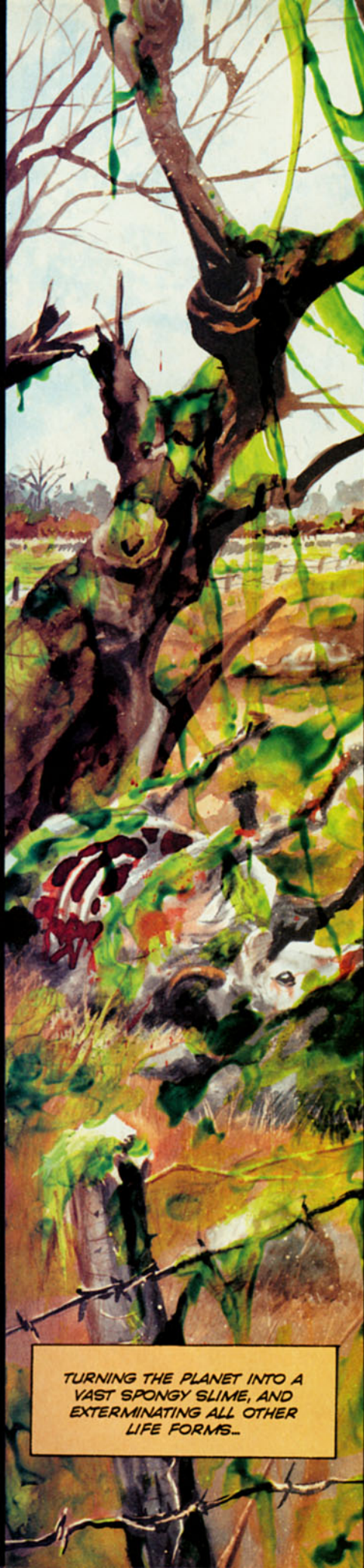
IT WOULD NEVER OCCUR TO
HIM HOW HIS FUNGUS WOULD
BEHAVE... IF IT WERE
INTRODUCED INTO RIVERS,
SEAS AND FARMLANDS...

NOBEL PRIZE
TO BRAD JACKSON

BRAD JACKSON - THE PERFECT



WITHIN FIFTEEN YEARS, THE FUNGUS WOULD INVADE THE WORLD'S OCEANS AND LAND SURFACES...



TURNING THE PLANET INTO A VAST SPONGY SLIME, AND EXTERMINATING ALL OTHER LIFE FORMS...



INCLUDING MANKIND!



I GO BACK TO
BRAD'S APARTMENT TO
WAIT FOR HIM...



I HATE HAVING TO
EXTINGUISH SUCH A
BRIGHT AND YOUTHFUL
FLAME...


BUT I MUST DO WHAT I MUST
DO TO SAVE THE WORLD...



KRR... KRR... R... KLICK!



BRAD,
HONEY! I
STOLE A
BOTTLE OF MY
FATHER'S
CHAMPAGNE,
SO TONIGHT
WE CAN -



WHO THE
FUCK ARE
YOU?



THIS IS A
REGRETTABLE
COMPLICATION...

I SHOULD KILL HER,
TOO, BUT I CAN'T
BRING MYSELF TO
DO IT.



DOLORES!
I'M
BACK!



DOLORES...?



AH! YOU'RE IN THERE,
YOU SEXY MOLL!



OK, BABY...
HERE COMES
BRAD!



I LIKE YOU
HOT,
WET 'N' READY..!

L.M.S. 94.



NO! THE RISK IS
TOO GREAT...
WORKING WITH A
COLLEAGUE, HE
COULD STILL
SPAWN THE
DESTRUCTIVE
FUNGUS.

I HAVE NO
CHOICE. HIS
GENIUS MUST BE
EXTINGUISHED
FOREVER.

SHOK! SHOK! SHOK! ...

I FEEL NO
REGRET... THE
BOY HAD TO
DIE...

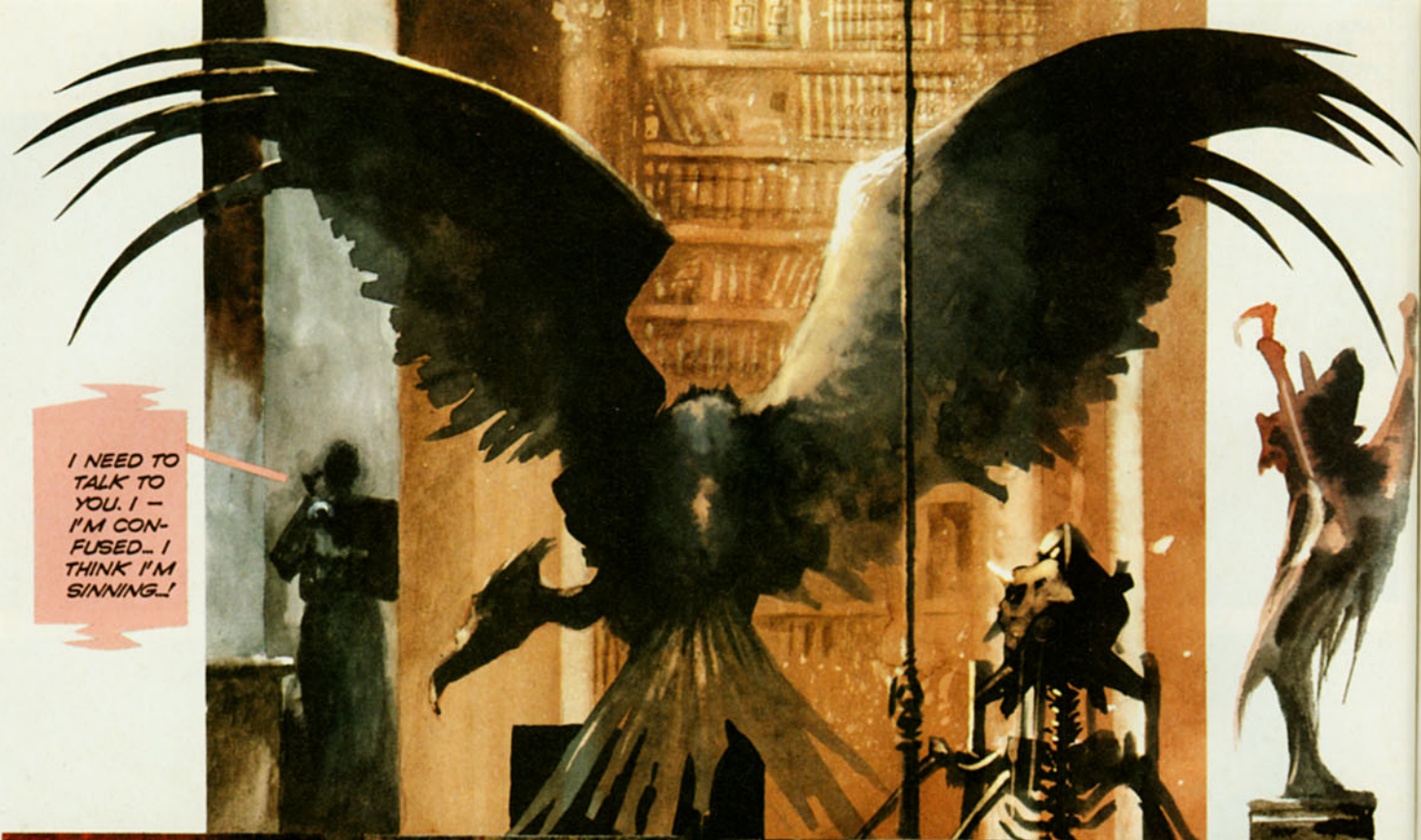
BUT KNOWING
THAT DOESN'T
STOP ME
SHAKING.

ABERTO

PROFESSOR
NORN...

CASSIE?!

DR
DRIING



CASSANDRA! PUT
DOWN THAT
PHONE... HOW
MANY TIMES HAVE
I... CLICK!

WHEELER!!

WHEELER!

CRACK!



PROFESSOR NORN...
IS THAT YOU?!



COVER
YOURSELF UP,
CHILD... HAVE YOU
NO SHAME?



SHE MUST KNOW THE FLESH
IN ORDER TO REJECT IT. I'M
TEACHING HER WHICH SINS TO
AVOID!

—GET OUT OF MY HOUSE! AS A
SERVANT OF CASSIE'S FATHER, I
COMMAND YOU TO —



SMASH



PROFESSOR... DO YOU WISH TO
TEACH ME THE SINS OF THE
FLESH LIKE THE REVEREND?

...WHAT DO YOU
WANT ME TO DO?



I WANT YOU TO
WEAR THIS AND
COME WITH ME.



I'M SO
CONFUSED...

I WAITED FOR GOD, MY
FATHER, TO ARRIVE... BUT
HE NEVER DID.



WHEELER
KEPT TELLING
ME HE WAS
ALREADY

ME... MELANIKUS!



LORD MELANIKUS
— PLEASE
UNDERSTAND!

OH, HE'S HERE ALL
RIGHT...

BUT I DON'T THINK
WHEELER'S GOD IS
VERY HAPPY WITH
HIM...

LORD! YOU ARE
HERE! I DON'T
MEAN TO
SUMMON YOU...

I AM YOUR
FAITHFUL
SERVANT... I
DID MY BEST
TO KEEP HER
AWAY FROM
HIM...

GIVE ME
ANOTHER
CHANCE!



LORD?!



UUUH! THE PAIN! TH -
THANK YOU, LORD!





*I DIE FOR MY
MASTER MELANIKUS!*

AIEEEEE!



ARE YOU OK? DID HE
HURT YOU VERY MUCH?

CAN WE NOT TALK
ABOUT IT? I WISH TO
FORGET IT AS SOON
AS I CAN.



YES, YES... BUT, CASSIE... WHY
DIDN'T YOU USE YOUR **POWERS**
TO DEFEND YOURSELF?

WELL, AFTER HE DID IT
TO ME THE FIRST TIME,
I DISCOVERED I'D LOST
MY POWER.



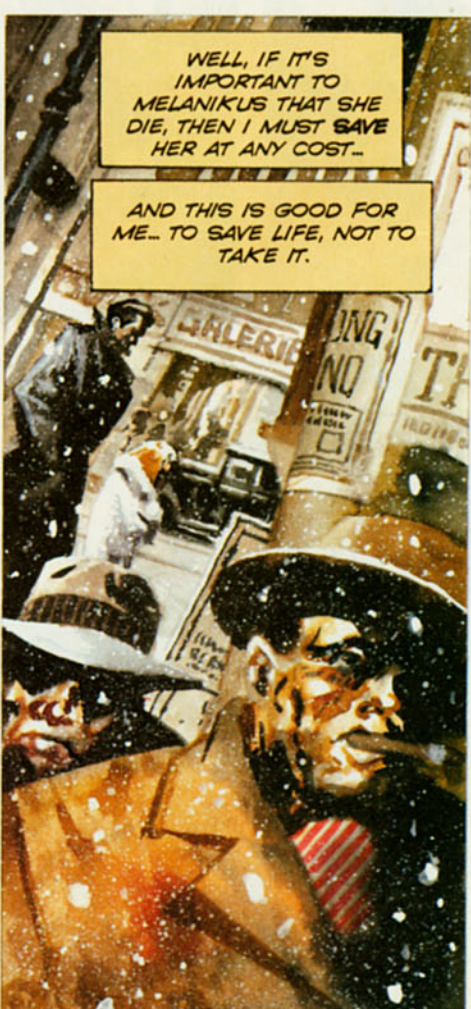
I'M LIKE EVERY-
ONE ELSE NOW,
PROFESSOR.

NO, CASSIE... YOU'LL
NEVER BE LIKE
ANYONE ELSE.



MELANIKUS INTENDED WHEELER
TO KILL HER INSTANTLY. BUT HE
WASTED TIME SEDUCING HER.

I MUST BE ON MY GUARD...
WHATEVER MELANIKUS'
PURPOSE FOR HER, IT'S OVER
AND HE WANTS HER DEAD.



WELL, IF IT'S
IMPORTANT TO
MELANIKUS THAT SHE
DIE, THEN I MUST **SAVE**
HER AT ANY COST...

AND THIS IS GOOD FOR
ME... TO SAVE LIFE, NOT TO
TAKE IT.



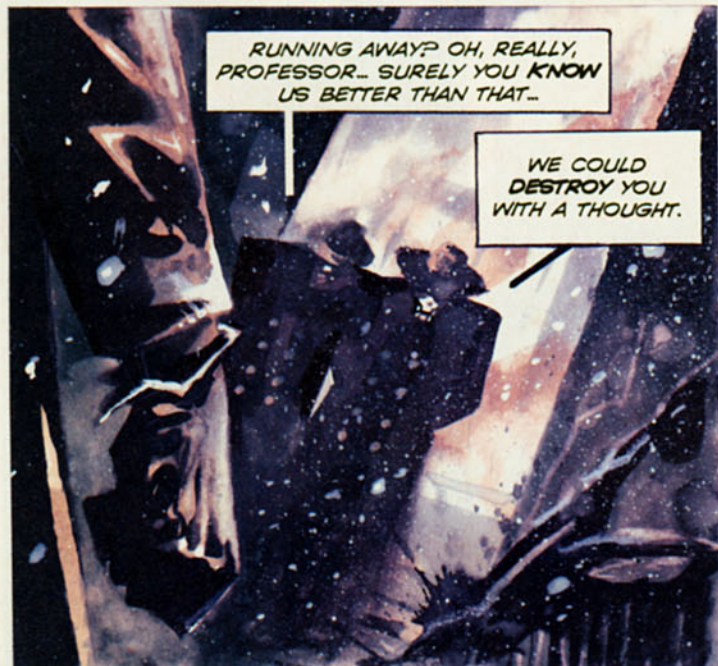
THE
MEN IN
BLACK!



RUN!

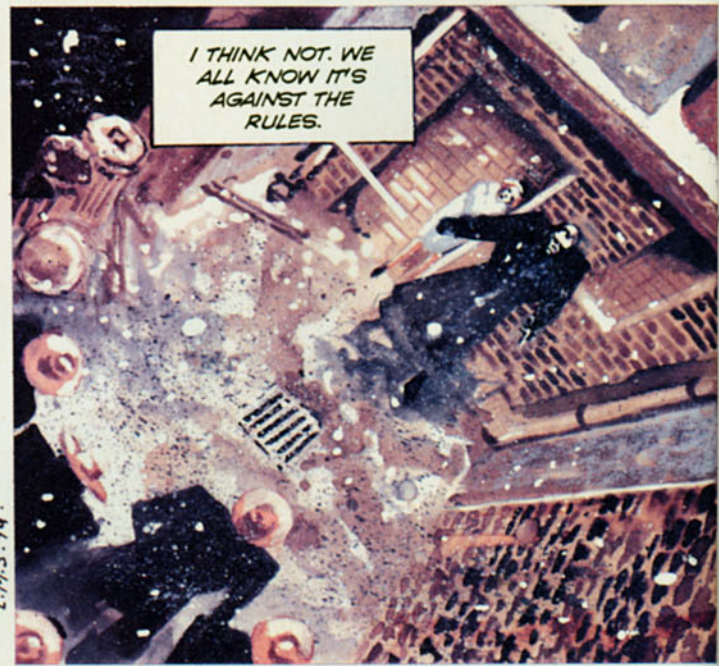


DOWN HERE, CASSIE... IF WE CAN
DOUBLE BACK ON
OURSELVES, PERHAPS WE CAN -



RUNNING AWAY? OH, REALLY,
PROFESSOR... SURELY YOU KNOW
US BETTER THAN THAT...

WE COULD
DESTROY YOU
WITH A THOUGHT.



I THINK NOT. WE
ALL KNOW IT'S
AGAINST THE
RULES.

NO, IT'S YOU WHO'VE BROKEN
THE RULES, PROFESSOR...

YOU ARE ALLOWED TO
PERFORM YOUR MYSTICAL
FUNCTION, SLAYING THE
UNWITTING SERVANTS OF
THE MASTER.

BUT THE GIRL
IS SPECIAL...



SHE IS THE PERSONAL
PROPERTY OF
MELANIKUS!

STAND BACK! THIS KNIFE
COMES FROM GENESIS...
AND I KNOW HOW TO USE IT
EFFECTIVELY AGAINST YOU...



CONGRATULATIONS,
PAWN...

YOU WERE MEANT
TO DO THAT...

YOU'VE JUST
OPENED THE
PORTAL TO...



GENESIS!

...AND THIS TIME,
PROFESSOR... YOU ARE
EXPECTED!

