

BISLEY! BURTON & CYB!

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HEAVY METAL

THE ILLUSTRATED FANTASY MAGAZINE



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GALLERY

JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT THE "TURTLES" WERE JUST
FOR KIDS--HEAVY METAL'S MASTER OF DISASTER

S I M O N B I S L E Y

TEARS IT UP "JOHN WOO" STYLE IN:

BODYCOUNT





WHILE VISITING
HIS OLD
BUDDY AND
MELTING POT
CO-CREATOR,
KEVIN EASTMAN,
SIMON BISLEY
DISCOVERED
THE MOVIE
MAGIC OF
DIRECTOR JOHN
WOO. AFTER
VIEWING THE
BLOODY
CLASSICS
THE KILLER,
HARDBOILED,
AND *BULLET IN*
THE HEAD,
SIMON WAS
HOOKED AND
INCORPORATED
MR.WOO'S
INFLUENCE INTO
THEIR NEW
COMIC
BODYCOUNT.



IT'S THE CLASSIC TALE OF
HIT MEN, HIT WOMEN,
CONTRACTS, BETRAYAL,
WORLDWIDE MOB
DISPUTES, PAWNS,
KINGPINS, BABES,
BULLETS, DYNAMITE,
DETECTIVES, FBI, AN
EX-HOCKEY PLAYER, AND
A TURTLE.



THIS FOUR ISSUE COLOR
SERIES IS BEING PUT OUT BY
THOSE TALENTED THUGS AT
IMAGE COMICS AND WILL HIT
STORES IN MARCH 1996.





BODYCOUNT IS
JUST THE START
OF THE
TURTLE/IMAGE
COLLABORATION.
ERIK LARSON,
CREATOR OF THE
BEST-SELLING
SAVAGE DRAGON
COMIC SERIES,
WILL KICK OFF A
WHOLE NEW
SERIES OF
MUTANT NINJA
TURTLES IN JULY.
FOR INFO,
CONTACT
MIRAGE STUDIOS
AT (413)586-7066.



LOOK NO LONGER TO THE STARS

OH, BELZAKAN, GOD OF
THE STARS, THE
HORIZONS AND THE
INFINITE UNIVERSE...

...PROTECT YOUR PEOPLE
FROM THE RAGE OF THE
PENTAGAN AND LEAD THEM
HOME INTO PARADISE FROM
WHICH OUR MENTORS
CAME.

WE WILL ONLY ACCEPT THE
PROPHETS' WORD THAT OUR
LONG-PROMISED RESCUE IS
FORTHCOMING.

BELZAKAN ZARAHUMS
HEAR OUR PRAYERS.



WE MUST HAVE FAITH! OUR CHILDREN WILL KNOW THE PARADISE WHERE MILK AND HONEY FLOW AND SOULS FIND FREEDOM.

THE NIGHT FRIGHTENS ME, LEDEMOOR. INSIDE ME, THERE IS SOMETHING THAT WANTS TO SCREAM.

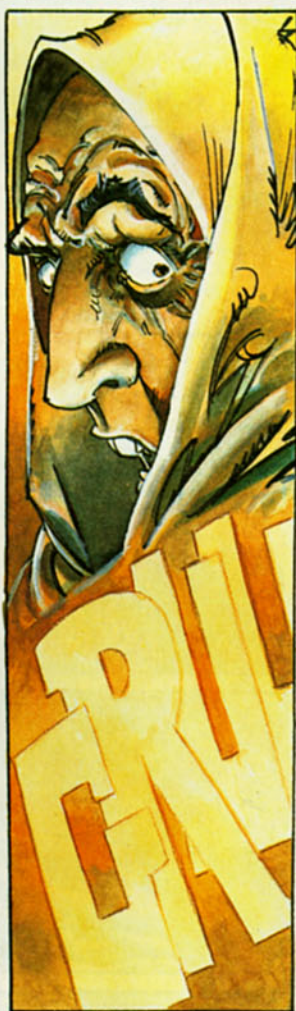


LET ME SEARCH FOR ROOTS AND MUSHROOMS FOR YOU. YOU MUST BE VERY HUNGRY.

BUT BE CAREFUL!



YOU, YAHIMA SLEEP NOW!

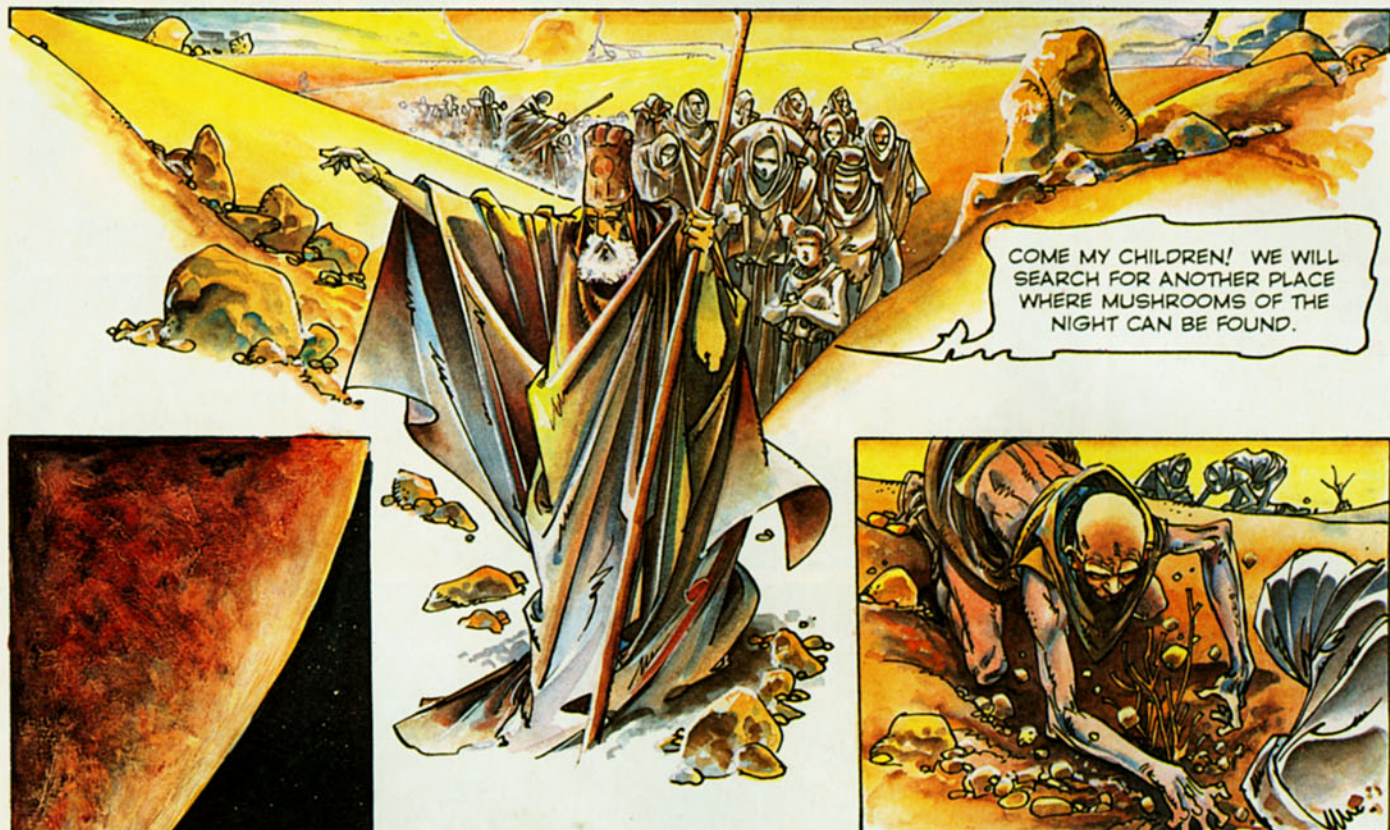


PENTAGAN; THE ALL-DEVOURING HAS COME! LOOK OUT!





WE...WE ESCAPED HIM! OH, SHE IS EXHAUSTED.



COME MY CHILDREN! WE WILL SEARCH FOR ANOTHER PLACE WHERE MUSHROOMS OF THE NIGHT CAN BE FOUND.



THE NIGHT WILL GIVE US NO MORE.



A PATHETIC YIELD...! WE CAN ONLY HOPE THAT BELZAKAN IS PLEASED WITH OUR OFFERING AND HIS PROTECTIVE HAND IS OVER US MISERABLE CREATURES.



OH! GOD OF THE
STARS, HORIZONS AND
INFINITE UNIVERSE...



NO! NOT
YOU!

ALMIGHTY! IT APPEARS
THAT YOU WANT THE
DESTRUCTION OF OUR
PEOPLE...! WE ARE
HELPLESS AGAINST THE
ALL-DEVOURING.

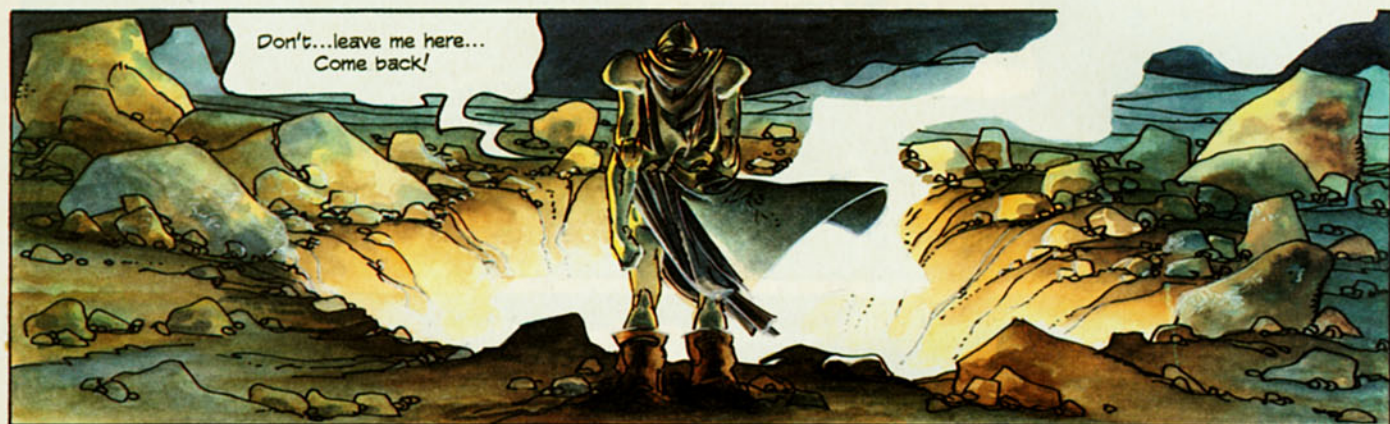


YOU WILL NOT TO
TAKE ME, YOU
MONSTER! YAHIMA!
YAHIMA!



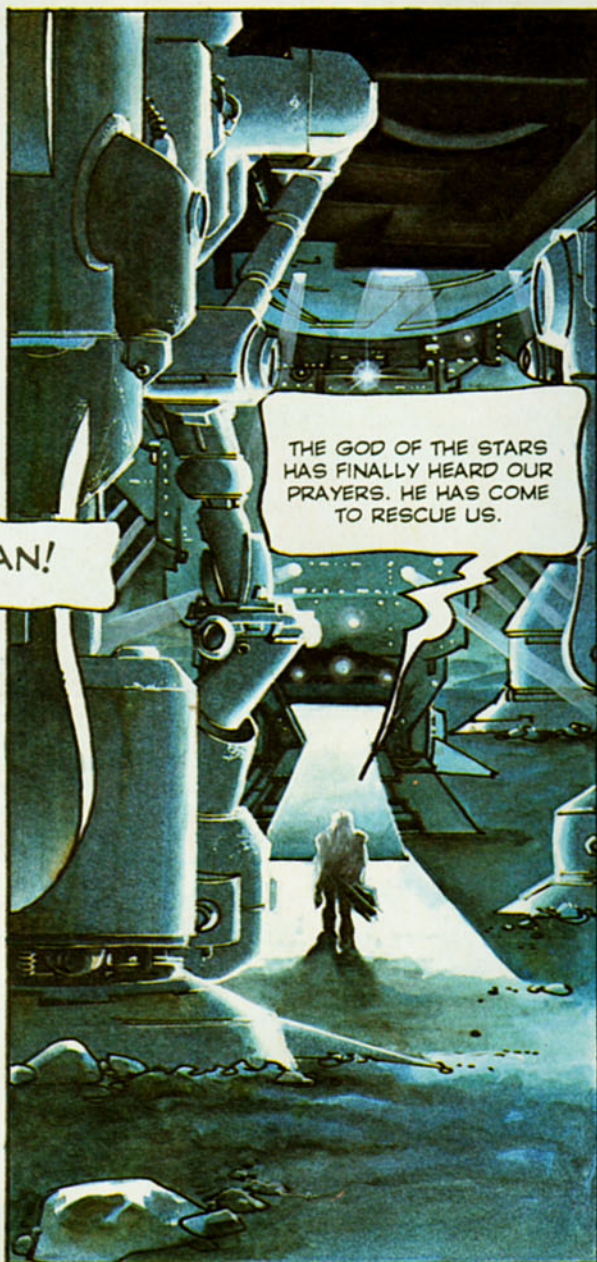
GIVE THEM FREEDOM,
PENTAGAN! I NEED THEM...





Welcome to
Pentagan's paradise,
Yahima...

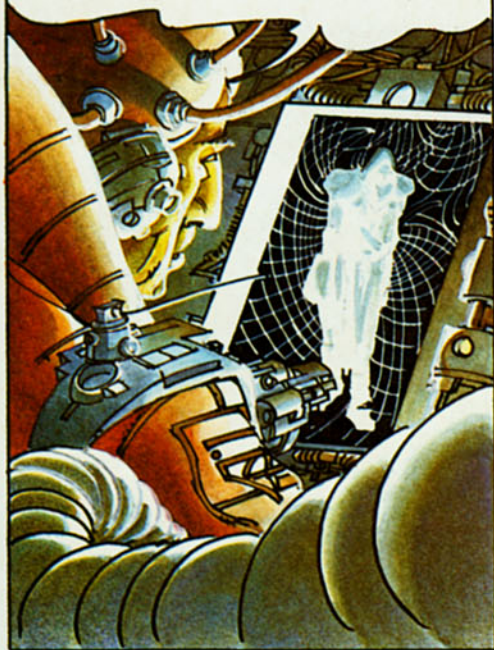




THE NATIVE HAS FREELY ENTERED OUR SHIP. THERE ARE NO SIGNS OF OTHER LIVING THINGS.

PREPARE EVERYTHING FOR TAKE OFF.

WAIT. THINK ABOUT IT. IN KORSAT AND SETHIR, THERE ARE SOME SLAVES MUST STILL BE TAKEN.



...BEFORE WE RETURN TO THE BURNING MINES OF URKOK.

OH, BELZAKAN. GOD OF THE STARS AND THE HORIZONS, YOU HAVE RESCUED THE WRETCHED FROM ALL THIS MISERY!

YOUR FATHER WILL BE HERE WITH US SOON, MY CHILD!

I HAVE THE FEELING BELZAKAN LIVES IN ANOTHER, STRANGE WORLD...AND MUST DEAL WITH HIS OWN PROBLEMS THERE.



FZP101

THE OATH IN AMBER: THE AMOJAR



AND DON'T
FORGET...NO ONE WHO
HAS DARED TO DEFY
US HAS SURVIVED.



A Few Miles Away...

DO WE STILL
HAVE A LONG
WAY TO GO?

PATIENCE, MY
FRIEND! YOUR
EFFORT WILL
NOT BE IN VAIN.

LOOK!
FIRES
FROM
THE
GUARD'S
OUTPOST!

CROM! IT'S JUST
AS YOU
DESCRIBED IT! A
VERTIBLE
FORTRESS!

YOU HAVEN'T
SEEN ANYTHING
YET! WAIT TILL
YOU SEE THE
LABYRINTH!

WHO
GOES
THERE?

WE'RE ON
OUR WAY TO
AMOJAR!

HAVE YOU BEEN
INITIATED? IF YOU
DON'T KNOW THE
WAY, YOU'LL
NEVER FIND YOUR
WAY BACK OUT.


OF COURSE I
HAVE! I KNOW
ALL THAT. I'M
MASTER
AYOUN!

I DIDN'T
RECOGNIZE YOU.
BE WARY! THE
ROAD
CAN BE
DANGEROUS..

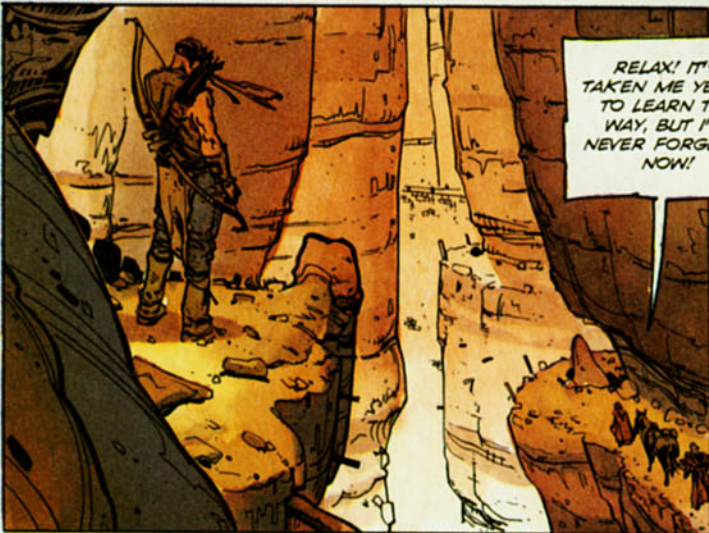
LET THEM
THROUGH!

DON'T FORGET,
WE'RE NOT
ALLOWED TO GET
BACK ON OUR
HORSES...THERE ARE
GUARDS HIDDEN
EVERYWHERE WHO...


I KNOW ALL ABOUT
"THE ARCHERS
WHO ARE NEITHER
ONE-ARMED NOR
BLIND"! YOU'VE
ALREADY TOLD ME
ABOUT THEM!



CROM! ARE YOU SURE THIS IS THE RIGHT WAY?



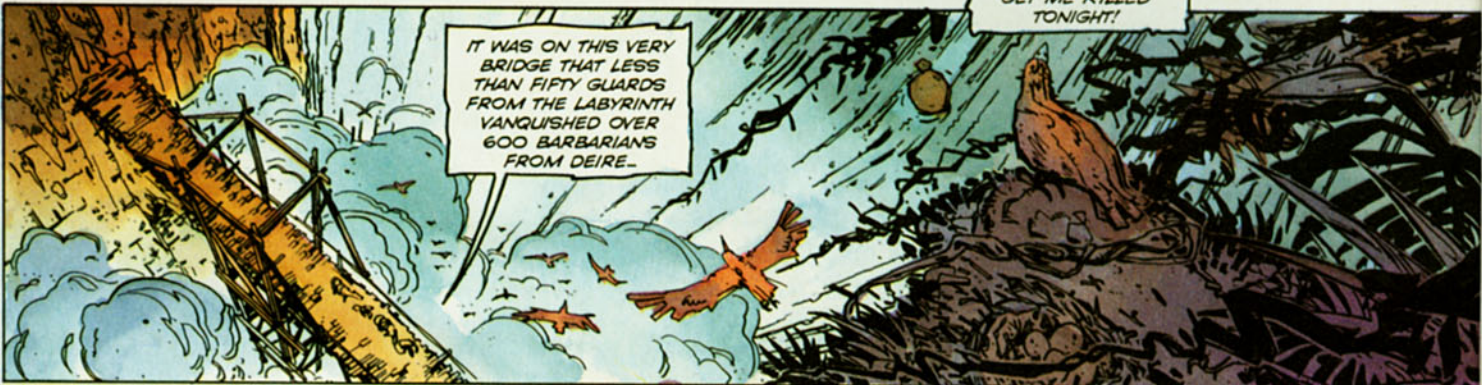
RELAX! IT'S TAKEN ME YEARS TO LEARN THE WAY, BUT I'LL NEVER FORGET IT NOW!




I SHOULD HOPE NOT! I SAVED YOUR LIFE THIS MORNING— YOU'D BETTER NOT GET ME KILLED TONIGHT!




NEED- LESS TO SAY!



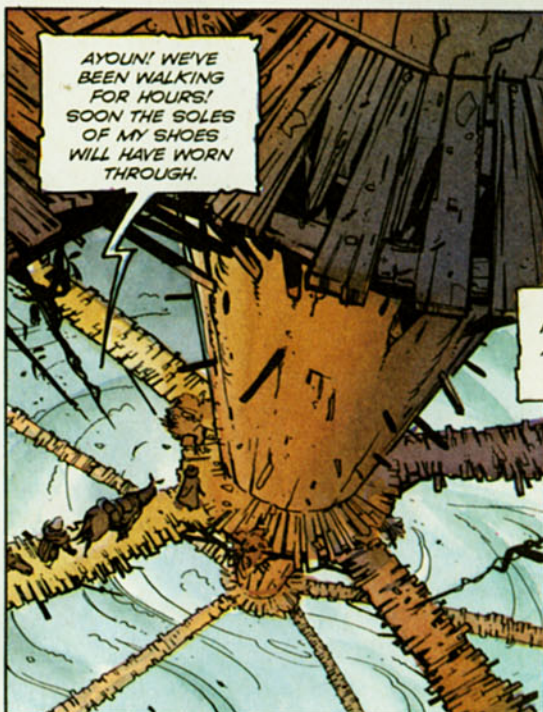
IT WAS ON THIS VERY BRIDGE THAT LESS THAN FIFTY GUARDS FROM THE LABYRINTH VANQUISHED OVER 600 BARBARIANS FROM DEIRE...



IF THEY'RE SO SURE OF THEMSELVES, THEY COULD RELAX THEIR RULES...



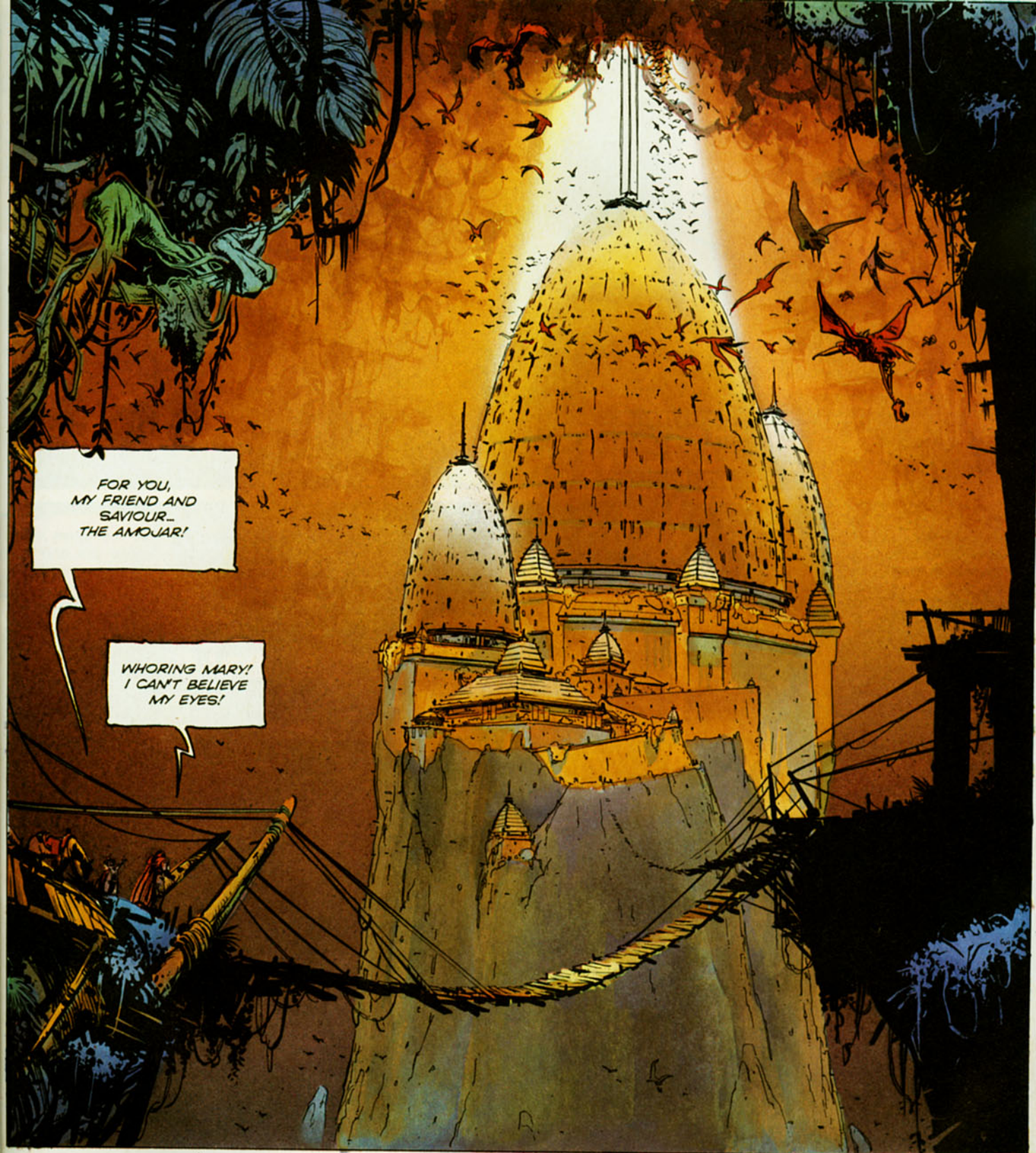
IT'S CRUEL TO FORBID ANY STOPS AND ESPECIALLY NOT TO ALLOW US TO RIDE...



AYOUN! WE'VE BEEN WALKING FOR HOURS! SOON THE SOLES OF MY SHOES WILL HAVE WORN THROUGH.



YOUR REWARD IS NEAR! WE'RE ALMOST AT THE GROTTO!



FOR YOU,
MY FRIEND AND
SAVIOUR...
THE AMOJAR!

WHORING MARY!
I CAN'T BELIEVE
MY EYES!



The Amojar's fame has spread far and wide. It's the world's most grandiose brothel...everyone, from the poorest peasant or sailor to the richest prince, dreams of the women of the Amojar...

LET ME GO!
YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE!

COME OFF IT! DON'T BE DIFFICULT...
EVERYONE KNOWS YOU'VE BEEN RUINED...COME BACK COVERED IN GOLD, OR DON'T EVER RETURN!

THEY'RE JUST LIES!
RUMORS!

HEY, LADY, TELL THEM THEY'VE MADE A MISTAKE!

In a chaotic world, this kingdom of debauchery escapes all laws.

I CAN PAY!
LET ME GO!

But the gates of the Amojar are only open to the very rich...

HEY, LADY, MISS, COME BACK!

SODOMITES!
I'LL TEACH YOU!

HAAAAA!!

YOU DON'T KNOW WHO YOU'RE DEALING WITH...I'LL BE BACK...AND YOU'LL ASK ME ON BENDED KNEE TO FORGIVE YOU!

IT'S PRETTY LIVELY TODAY!

As soon as you cross the threshold, you're intoxicated by a thousand exotic scents...



?!

RIJE!

MASTER
AYOUN! HOW
DELIGHTFUL TO
SEE YOU
AGAIN!



BELIEVE ME
THE PLEASURE
IS MINE!



ALLOW ME TO
INTRODUCE YOU TO MY
GOOD FRIEND
MOUDJERIA. WE HAVE
BEFORE US THE VERY
INCARNATION OF
STRENGTH UNDER THE
TUTELAGE OF A RADIANT
SOUL...

MADAM...



IF A GENEROUS
FATE HAD NOT
MADE ME
ENCOUNTER THIS
NOBLE WARRIOR, MY
TORN FLESH WOULD
HAVE ENDED UP IN
THE ACID STOMACHS
OF A PACK OF
CARNIVORES.

HOW
HORRIBLE! WAS
IT FAR FROM
HERE?

LESS
THAN A DAY'S
RIDE.



YOU WERE
UNESCORTED?

YOU CAN'T IMAGINE! SIX
OF MY MEN WERE
DEVoured BEFORE MY
EYES, THREE OTHERS
RAN AWAY, LEAVING ME -
THE COWARDS - TO BE
TORN APART BY WILD
ANIMALS. IT WAS THEN
THAT MY SAVIOUR
APPEARED, AND WITH A
TORCH IN ONE HAND
AND A SWORD IN THE
OTHER, HE DISPERSED
ONE HUNDRED
MAD HYENAS.



HERE YOU'LL BE
ABLE TO REST. I'LL
LET YOU EXPLAIN
OUR CUSTOMS TO
YOUR SAVIOUR...

I'LL DO THAT! BUT
FIRST, WE'LL
CHANGE...



Before donning the
comfortable costume of the
Amojar, each visitor must
put down his arms...

I FEEL
RIDICULOUS
WITHOUT MY
SWORD!



THEY'RE TWO OF THEM...
PAMPA, WHY DON'T YOU GO BRING OUR CHARMING TWINS...?



I'M EMBA AND THIS IS SENG.



SO...! ISN'T THIS THE PARADISE I DESCRIBED TO YOU?

WHEN YOU SEE WHAT'S WAITING FOR US AT THE BATHS, YOU'LL UNDERSTAND WHY I HAVE SUCH AN AFFECTION FOR SOAPY WATER!



IF THIS IS HELL, DON'T WAIT! SEND ME THERE AT ONCE!



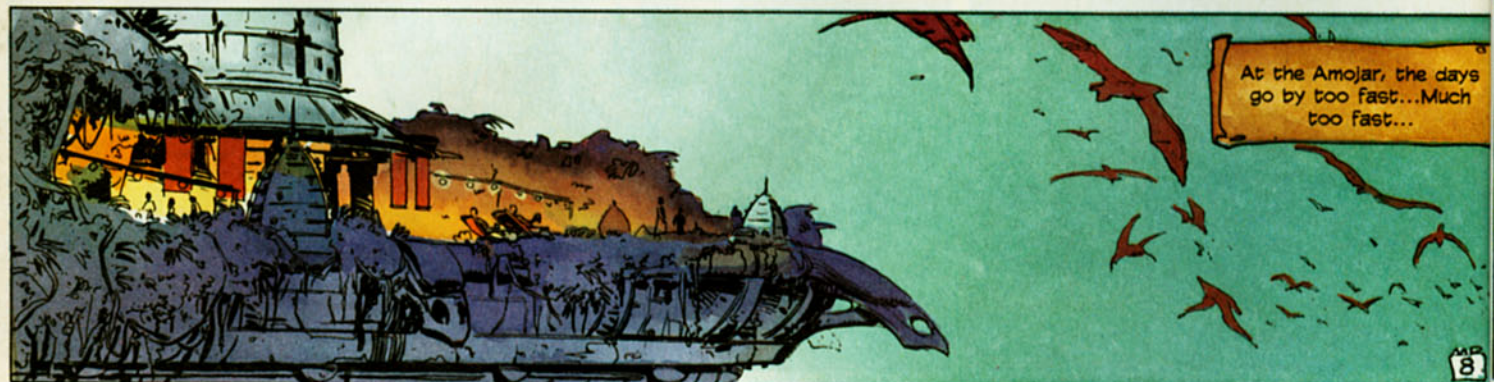
IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME WHEN THEY FIRST GET HERE... THEY'RE SO THEY SLEEP ALL DAY!

I'M NOT COMPLAINING!



ZZZ...

HMM...YEAH, RIGHT AWAY...



At the Amojar, the days go by too fast...Much too fast...

And there are many who plunge into oblivion...until their wealth is wasted or their will annihilated...

THIS IS THE MAIN HALL; THE CENTRAL NAVE!



LOOK AT HIM! HE'S BEEN HERE FOR MONTHS!

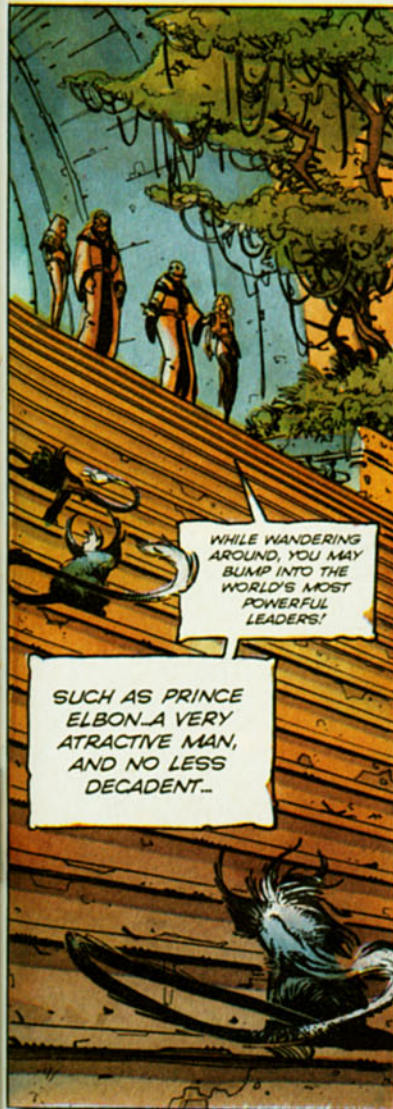


HEY, LOOK! THAT'S A SURPRISE! THE CRUELEST MERCHANT IN THE NORTH...FOLLOW ME!



WHILE WANDERING AROUND, YOU MAY BUMP INTO THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL LEADERS!

SUCH AS PRINCE ELBON...A VERY ATTRACTIVE MAN, AND NO LESS DECADENT...



DEAREST ELIACAR!

MAY I INTRODUCE YOU TO A GOOD FRIEND?



GO ON. GO AND PLAY SOMEWHERE ELSE...





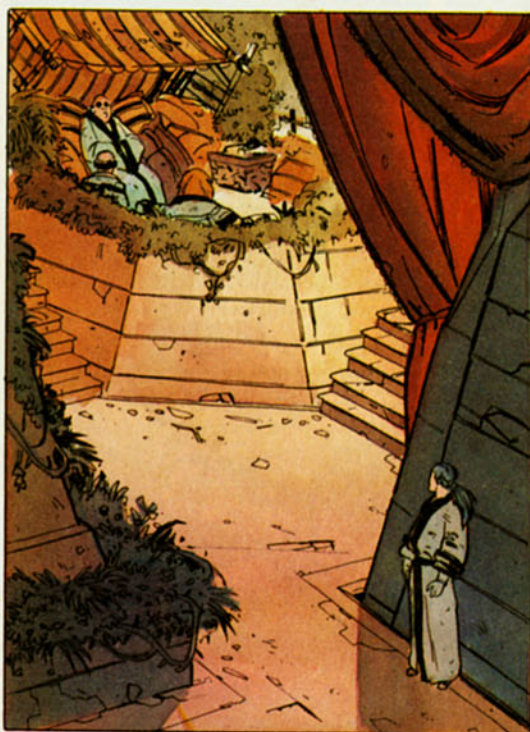
HEY!!
GLUTTON!



!!!OU!



FILTHY
SLOB...



THIS TIME WE'VE
BEEN LUCKY. I
LIKE THOSE
TWO!



HEH! HEH!
SPECIALLY
THE BIG
GUY...



SEVERAL
HUNDRED BAGS OF
GOLD, MAYBE A
THOUSAND...



WE'RE VERY
SORRY, BUT WE
HAVE TO
LEAVE...THAT'S
LIFE...

?

!!



YOU COULD
HAVE
LISTENED A
LITTLE
LONGER!

ENOUGH STORIES!
THESE
PRINCESSES HAVE
MORE INTERESTING
TALES TO TELL!



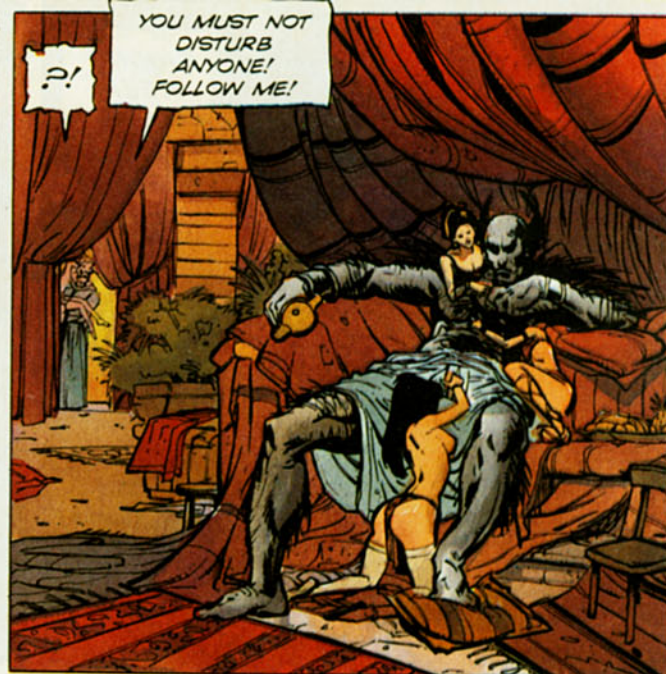
LET'S GO THROUGH HERE!

NO! NOT THERE!



WHY NOT?

OOPS!



?!

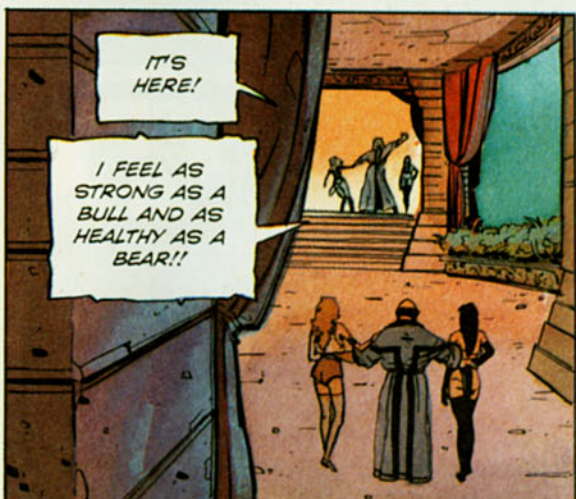
YOU MUST NOT DISTURB ANYONE! FOLLOW ME!



DID YOU SEE WHO THAT WAS?



AKJOUT!... THE MASTER OF WAR OF MEDERDRA. HE SINGLE-HANDEDLY SLAUGHTERED OVER ONE HUNDRED WARRIORS, AND FREED HIS TOWN! AND TO THINK THAT I CAME CLOSE TO DISTURBING AKJOUT! I MUST BE CRAZY!



IT'S HERE!

I FEEL AS STRONG AS A BULL AND AS HEALTHY AS A BEAR!!



MY LITTLE RENA, IN YOUR HANDS, I'M LEARNING TO LOVE LIFE AGAIN!



I HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN THE PLEASURES OF A WELL-DESERVED REST AND YOU MY LITTLE SENG...

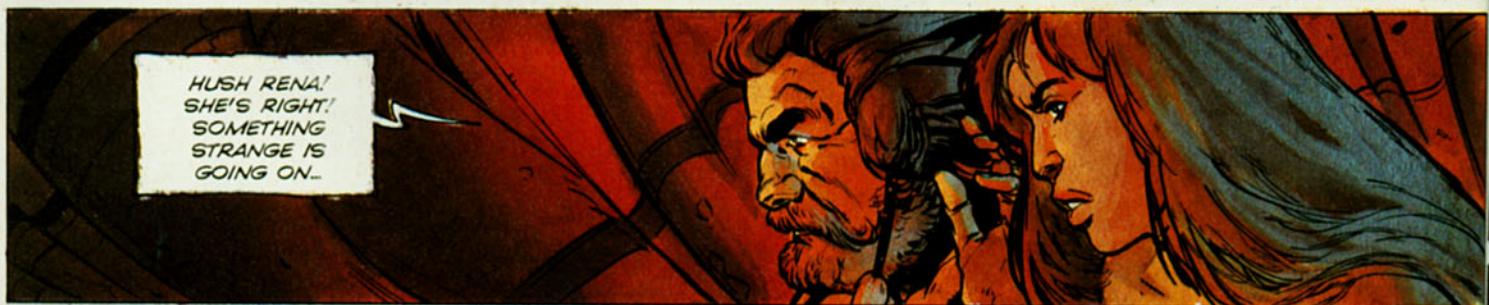
SHHHH!
KEEP
QUIET!



SENGA!
ARE YOU
CRAZY!



HUSH RENA!
SHE'S RIGHT!
SOMETHING
STRANGE IS
GOING ON...



LET ME
LISTEN!



THEY'RE
FIGHTING IN
THE NAVE...



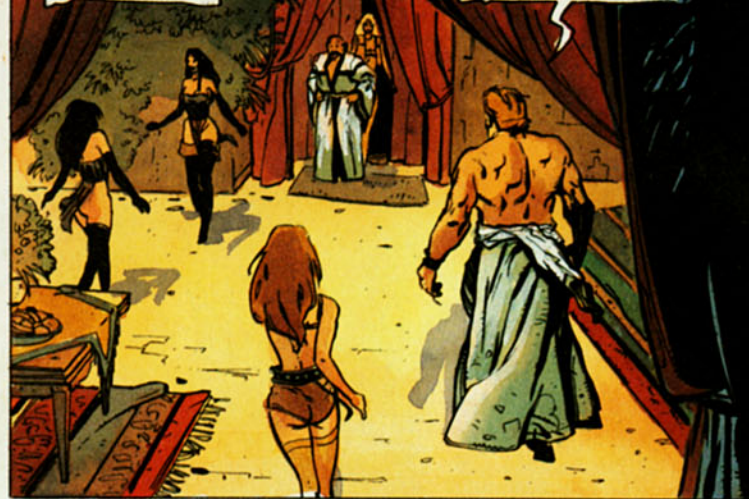
HOW CAN YOU
BE SO SURE? I
CAN'T MAKE
ANYTHING OUT!



EMBA!?



HEY, WHERE ARE YOU RUNNING OFF TO?



I CAN HEAR CLASHING IN THE NAVE. LET'S GO DOWN AND SEE!

NO ONE HAS EVER FOUGHT IN THE AMOJAR!! IT MUST BE A SHOW!



WHO DARES DISTURB MY SLEEP?



WHO?



REINFORCEMENTS SHOULD BE ON THE WAY!

WHO?



?!?



DON'T...



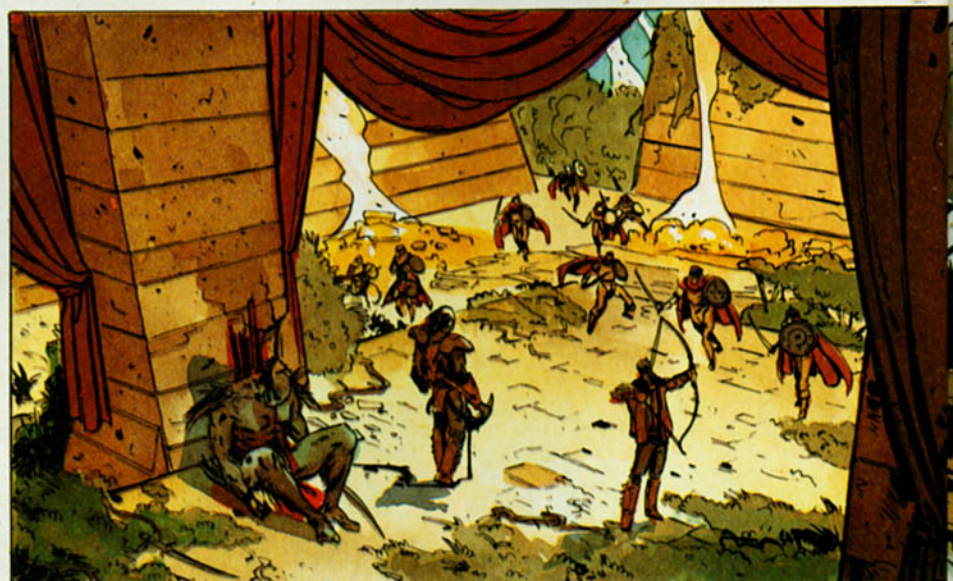
I'LL HAVE
SOME FUN
WITH HIM...



YOU'LL
REGRET
THE DAY YOU
WERE BORN, I
SWEAR BY
MEDERDRA!



AAAAH!





WHAT DID YOU SAY?



UNBELIEVABLE!
THE
WITCHES OF
TICHIT!!

WE MUST
ESCAPE! WE
CAN'T STAY...



...HERE!!

G...



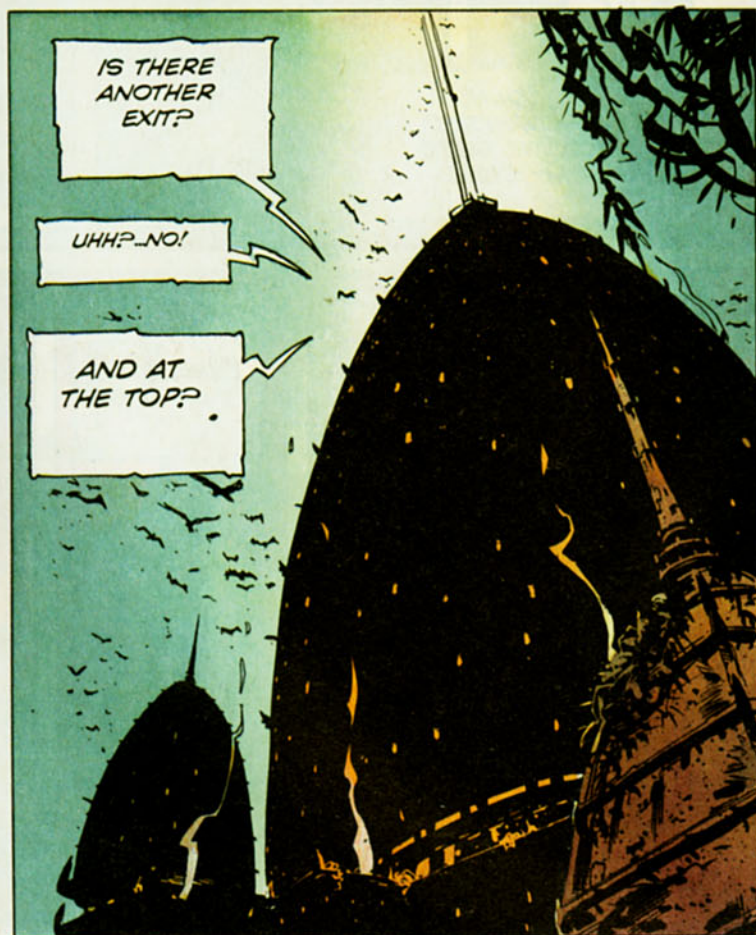
CROM!!



THE GUARDS WON'T
BE ABLE
TO HOLD THEM
BACK!



FLEE!!



IS THERE
ANOTHER
EXIT?

UHH? NO!

AND AT
THE TOP?



OF
COURSE!!
THE SUPPLY
POD..

The guards' fierce determination quickly turns into despair... In spite of their greater numbers the Amojar's guards are overwhelmed by the powers of the Witches of Tichit...



HELP!

AIIE!

AAAH!



COME, NEOPHYTES! COME TASTE MY STEEL!



ENJOY!...



I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE POD...



WHICH STAIRCASE...?

ON THE RIGHT!



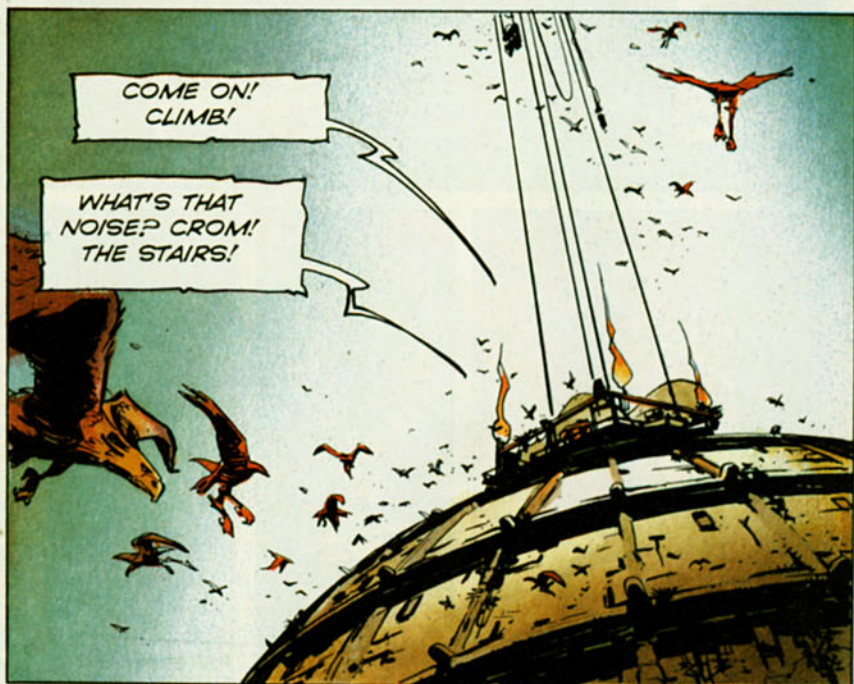
GIVE WAY! MAKE ROOM!



SHIT! I'M EXHAUSTED! I CAN'T GO ON!



Supplies reach the Amojar through a suspended pod linking the upper dome to the high plateaus surrounding the desert...



HAN!

HEY! HE'S
THE DEVIL
HIMSELF!

DON'T
STOP
NOW!

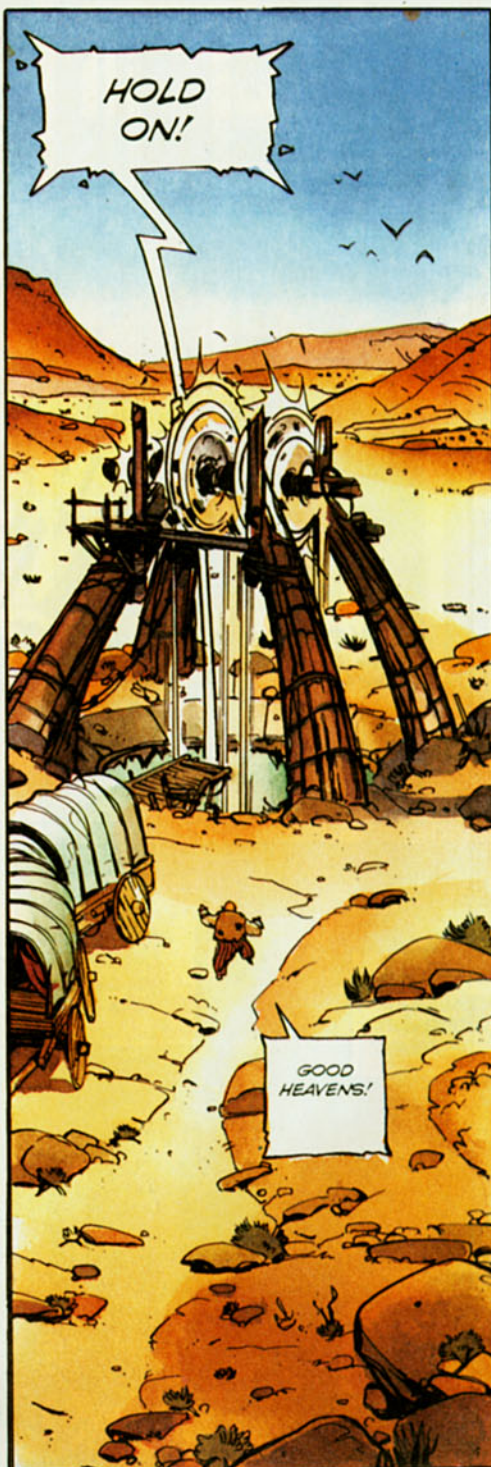
GO GET
MORE
JUGS!
BE
QUICK!

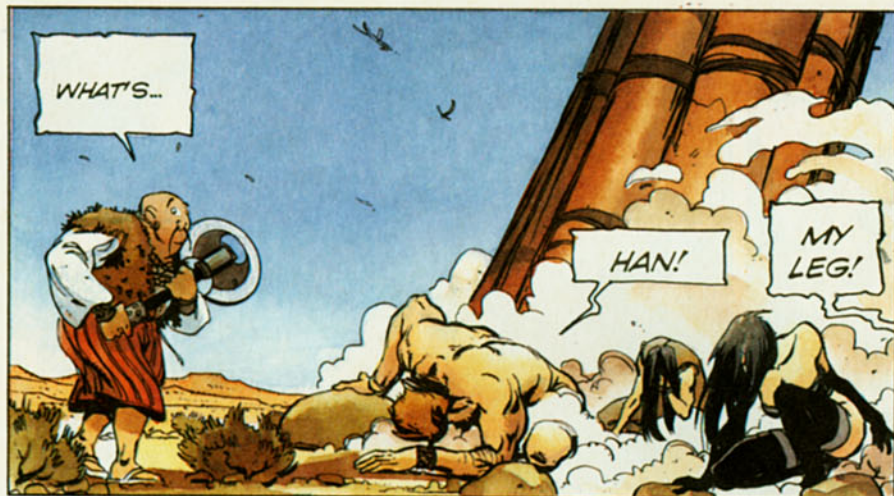
WE CAN'T LEAVE
THE
QUARTERMASTER!
BE BRAVE!

UMPH!
HE'S
HEAVY...

I'M
LOST...

U.

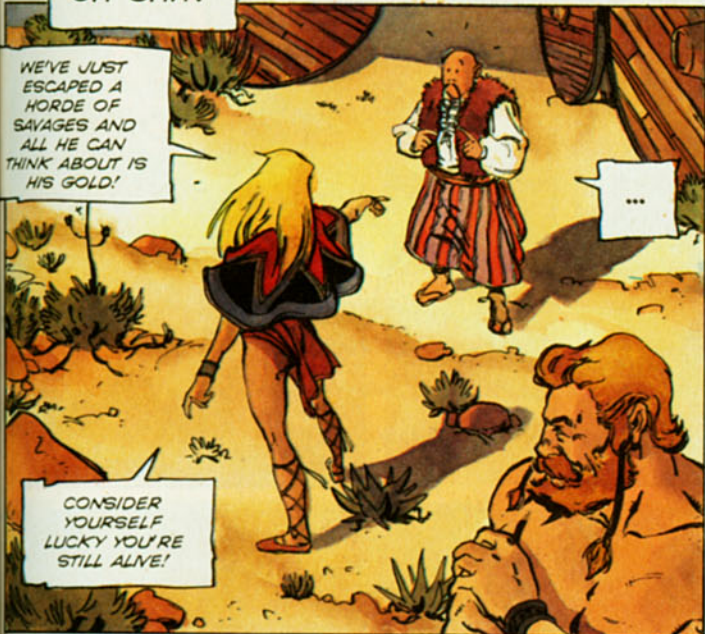






NO ONE'S
GOING
ANYWHERE
TILL I GET
PAID!

OH SHIT!



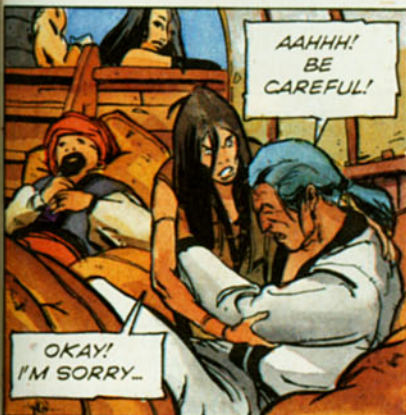
WE'VE JUST
ESCAPED A
HORDE OF
SAVAGES AND
ALL HE CAN
THINK ABOUT IS
HIS GOLD!

CONSIDER
YOURSELF
LUCKY YOU'RE
STILL ALIVE!

...



HE'LL PAY YOU!
WORK IT OUT
LATER!
LET'S GO!



AAHHH!
BE
CAREFUL!

OKAY!
I'M SORRY...



I THINK WE
HANDLED ALL
OF THAT
PRETTY WELL!



WITHOUT THE
POD, IT WILL TAKE
US NEARLY A
WEEK TO GET TO
THE PLATEAU.



And so the wagon
begins its long
journey across the
desert,
heading slowly
toward more clement
skies...



OOOOH. COME
SEE HOW
BEAUTIFUL IT IS!

YOU SHOULD
LOOK WHERE
YOU'RE GOING!
MY WAGON...



OH, COME ON,
TEVRAK-ZEINA!
LET THEM
DREAM!



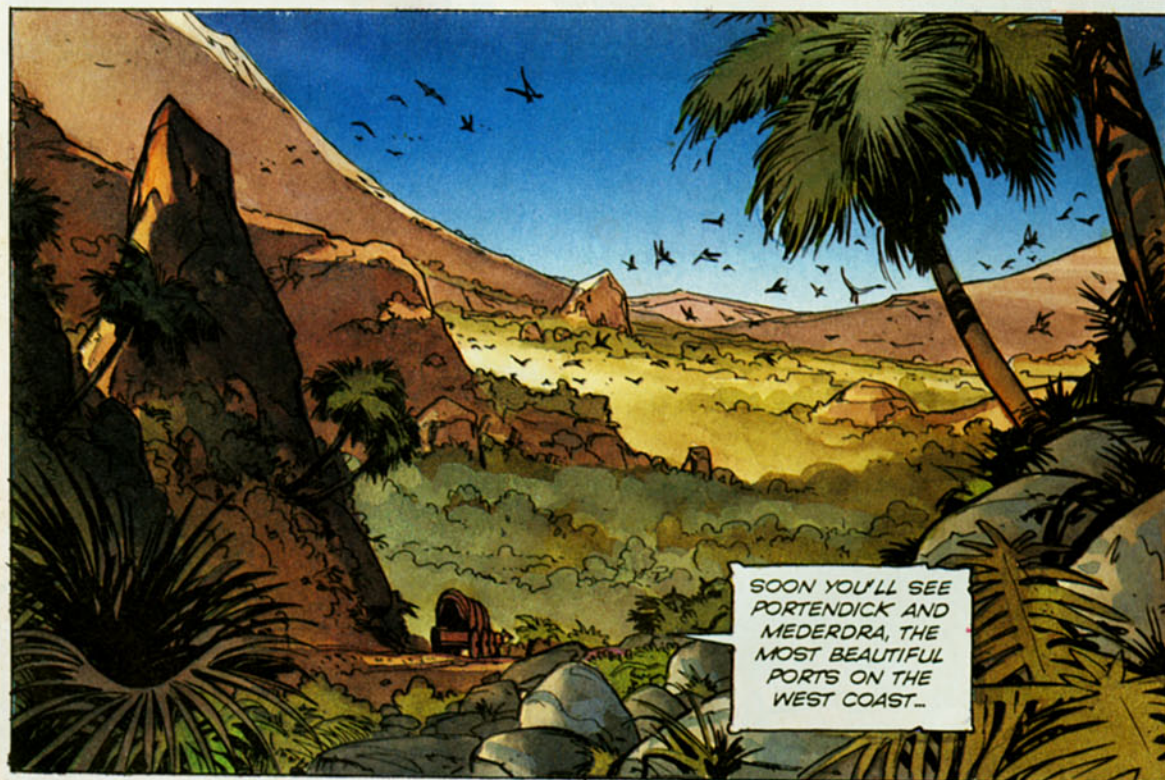
IT'S THE FIRST
TIME THEY'VE
BEEN OUT OF
THE AMOJAR.

FIRST, THEY
TAKE MY
WAGON, NOW
MY
STUFF!

OOOOOH!!



I PROMISE YOU
ALL SORTS OF
NEW
MARVELS...



SOON YOU'LL SEE
PORTENDICK AND
MEDERDRA, THE
MOST BEAUTIFUL
PORTS ON THE
WEST COAST...

BAAAAH!

WHAT
HORRIBLE BIRDS!
DO YOU THINK
THEY'RE
DANGEROUS?





SCAVENGERS!!
MOVE OVER!!
HAND ME THE
REINS!



I HAVE TO
CONFRONT
THEM EVERY
DAY!



THE HORSES
ARE
NERVOUS...
HANG ON...!



WHY ARE
THEY
WAITING TO
ATTACK? IT'S
UNLIKE
THEM!



MAYBE WE
SHOULD TURN
AROUND!



LOOK! BEHIND
US! THEY'RE
MORE OF THEM!

EEEEK!
WE'RE
SURROUNDED!



THIS TIME, WE
HAVE NO
CHOICE.

THERE ARE
SOME WEAPONS
IN THE TRUNK
...COVER THE
REAR!



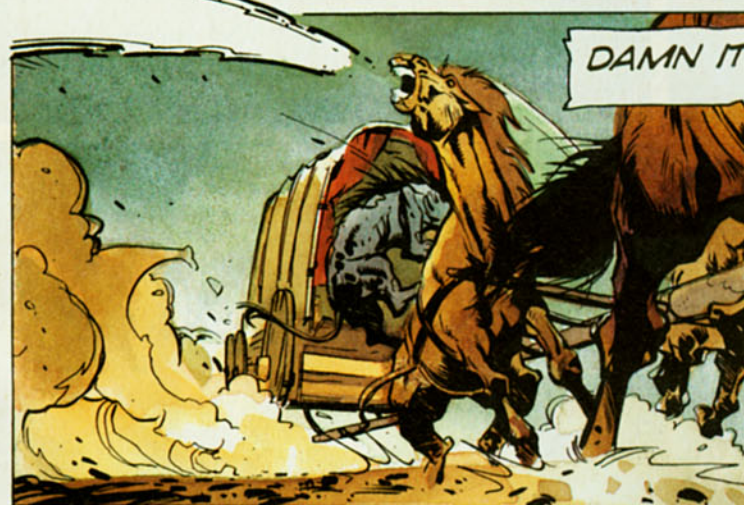
EEEEYEAAA!



AYOO!
AYOOO!
AYOYOOO!



AAAAH!




DAMN IT!


THEY'RE
COMING
FROM
EVERY-
WHERE!



GO BACK
TO HELL!



WE HAVE TO
LOSE THEM!
OYOW!




TOSS OUT
SOME
BALLAST!




THROW AWAY
EVERYTHING
THAT
DOESN'T...
DOESN'T...



MOSQUITO?!




DON'T YOU
HAVE
ANYTHING
BETTER
THAN HAMP?



THEY'RE
FIGHTING ONE
ANOTHER OVER
THE MEAT!
MOSQUITO,
YOU'RE GREAT!
CROM!



HELP!



AAAAAH!



...



!!

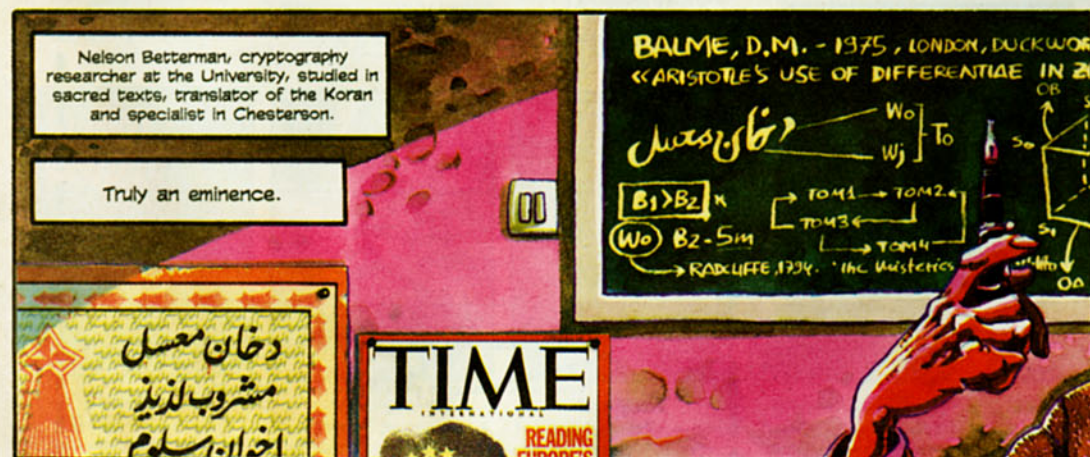
MUSEUM



Nelson Betterman



OTIOSUM VERBUM REDDENT
RATIONEM DE EO IN DIE JUDICII



This tape is the only one that the police found in Mr. Betterman's studio. On it, the actual missing person tells how it happened...



Or, at least a part of it. I'll shut up so that Nelson Betterman himself can tell us what happened.

CLIC

My name is Nelson Betterman. I record this tape in full possession of my faculties, despite the fact that I know the point of...death? I don't know, but in any case, this will be my story, the final and definitive story.



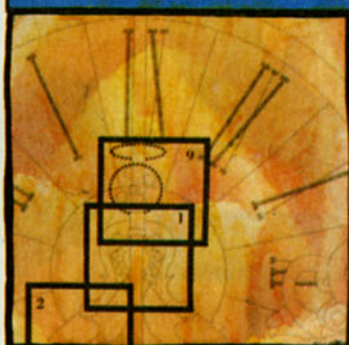
I know that no one will be able to understand my end. It doesn't matter. That which dies with me can't be found in this testament.



The testament of how my passion for collection and my lugubrious soul condemned me.



The testament of deciphering mysteries and hieroglyphs that I saw destroyed by their own solutions.



I had a contact. Someone important...



Mr. Betterman, right?



Don't you want to go to the bathroom?



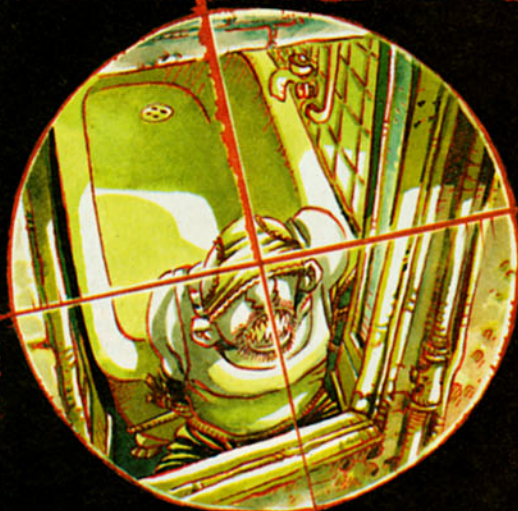
I'll always remember how nervous I was after the first exchange. It was fundamental evidence in a murder case.



A murder on file, an unsolved crime.



There were panties...



Profane musings.

The 13th of September, 1989...

The killer tied up the victim in the bathroom. He covered her head with the panties, left the window open and went up to the roof of the building across the street...From there, he blew out her brains with a rifle through a telescopic lens. Really atrocious. really refined. A really exceptional first piece for my collection of "evidence in unresolved cases."



My pleasure grew in forming hypothetical solutions to each crime. Money opened doors for me.



My contact smiled. He found very curious pieces.

I was consciously building up a macabre collection as a stimulant (Intellectually speaking).



What do you do with what I bring you, Mr. Betterman?



Fantasize, my dear friend, only fantasize.



Back in my studio, it excited me so much that I stopped breathing. What lubrications would this new object permit me?



It was sublime...



Some knitting needles with nicked points.



The 7th of April, 1990.



The police found the body of a programmer in a park. He was killed while jogging. Someone hammered needles into his eyes and then wiggled them in his sockets. He didn't die immediately. The pain was infinite. Without witnesses...a perfect case for my logical games: a perfectly gestural crime.



I collected objects relating to
brutal, gratuitous, excessively
ritualistic murders.

Such as the one on the 12th of February,
1991.

Was I facing a Pop Psycho-Killer? A
Techno-Killer? It
didn't matter. What was
interesting was his tormented and
complex elaboration and how he set
the scene. The victim was tied to the
refrigerator. With an electric mixer,
whose propeller blades he had
sharpened, the murderer did his
desecrating methodically...for almost
13 hours. Later, he cleaned the
"weapon" and put it away, with total
normality...the mixer,
however, didn't belong to the victim.
Was it an occult message from the
murderer? A twisted game of
hermetic emotions?...thrilling.



30th of June, 1991. The case of the "Naziflection". That's what they called him in cruel word play...the murderer, a corpulent individual, possibly of Nazi ideology, tied up a defenseless pensioner. After all sorts of vexations, he got him down on his knees. He placed a hand mirror below the old man's face and forced him to look at his own reflection...then, he shot him in the head from behind.



I've always wondered if this sad and profane Narcissus saw the hole in the mirror before he died...

...or if he imagined the reflection of his forehead exploding.

I don't know lieutenant, there's something terribly obsessive in the choice of these objects, something that connects them.



Are you trying to say that all the murders are the work of just one man? We already dumped that idea...



There's no parallels. A psychopath is always reiterative in his methods, and these crimes are, as we understand them, "exceptional".



He handed over another package, smiled and he left. I noticed a certain disdain in his attitude.





Slides, all with the same images.

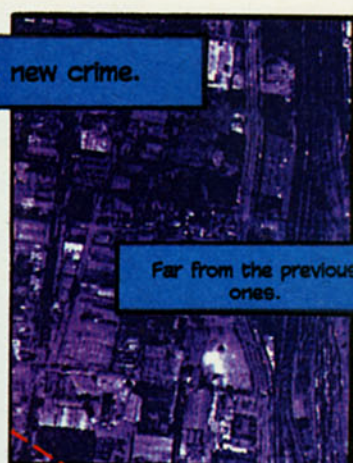


29th of February, 1992.
Another macabre ceremony.

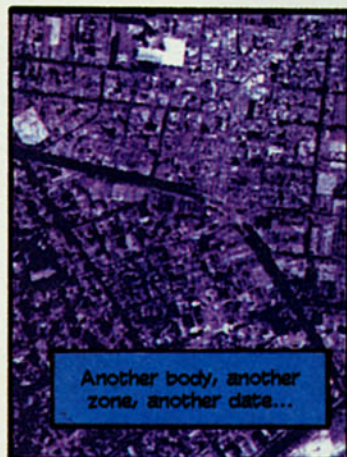
Another body turned into pulp.



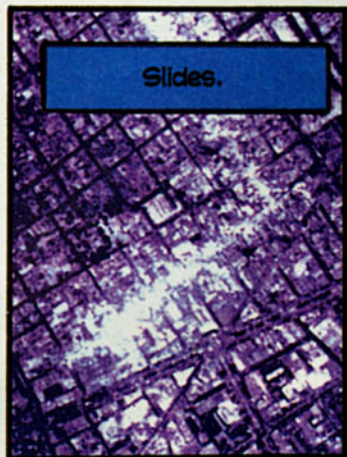
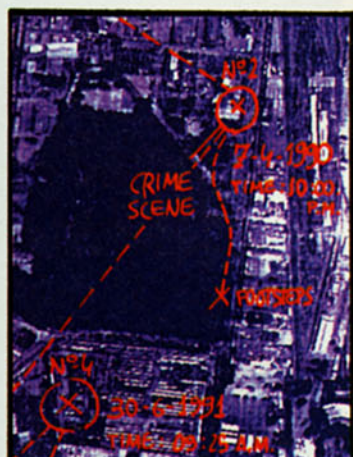
A new crime.



Far from the previous ones.



Another body, another zone, another date...



Slides.



All with the same image.

The murderer tortured the victim, a young girl, with a candle - the sort that smells of incense - and later decapitated her. He took the head and placed it facing the wall. He plugged in the slide projector (the victim's) and loaded a continuous slide wheel (which wasn't the victim's). That's how they found her.



I woke up many times believing that I had attend that very macabre projection.

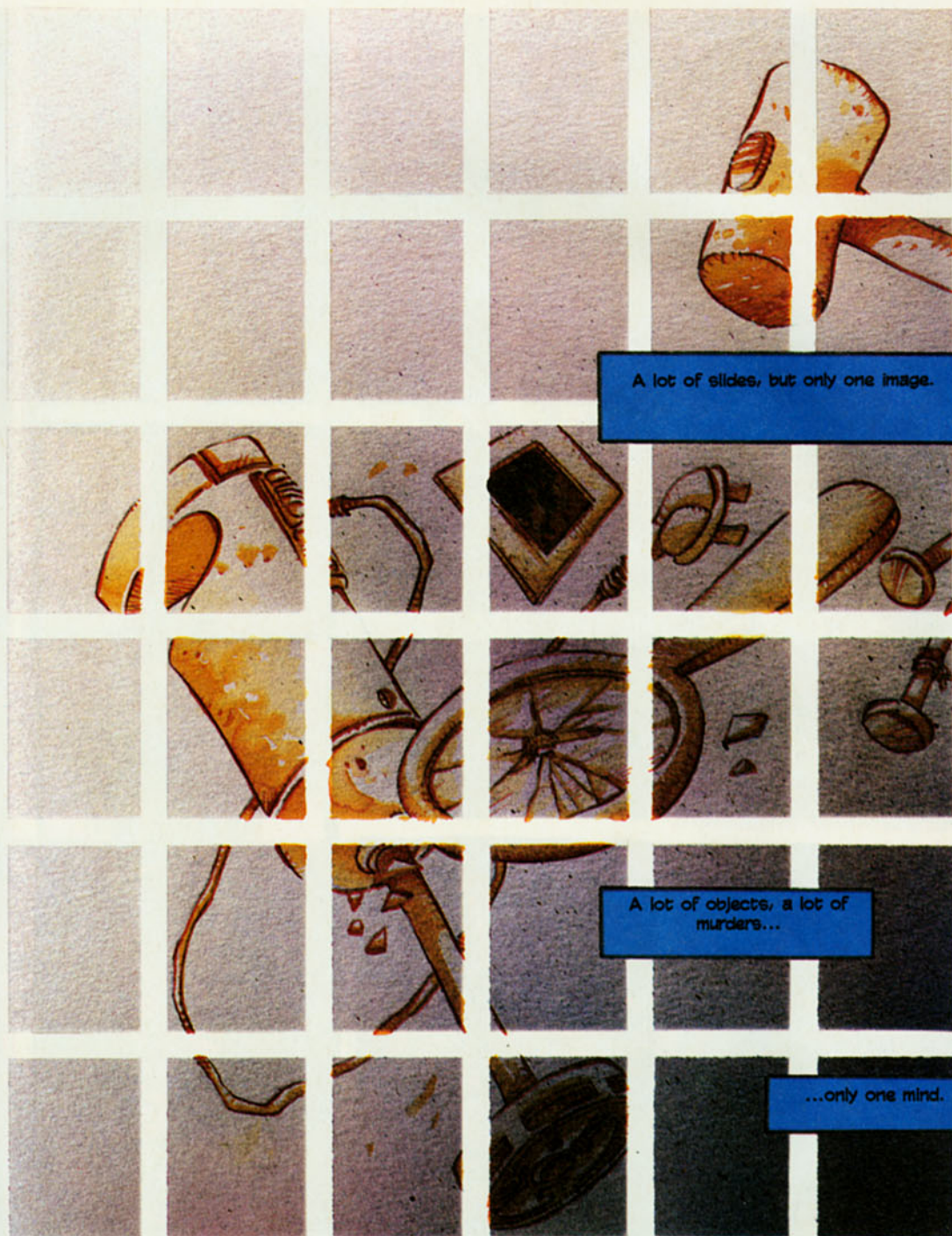


So then I began to understand that the murders were all one person, though his methods were so varied. Each massacre had its own references, its own sources. Each crime was an elaborate and twisted scheme, which in turn referred to the previous and future crimes. In a complete, but perfect chain of feeling.



A single image, Kandinsky; "The Blue Rider."

A clue without interpretation, apparently without continuity.



A lot of slides, but only one image.

A lot of objects, a lot of murders...

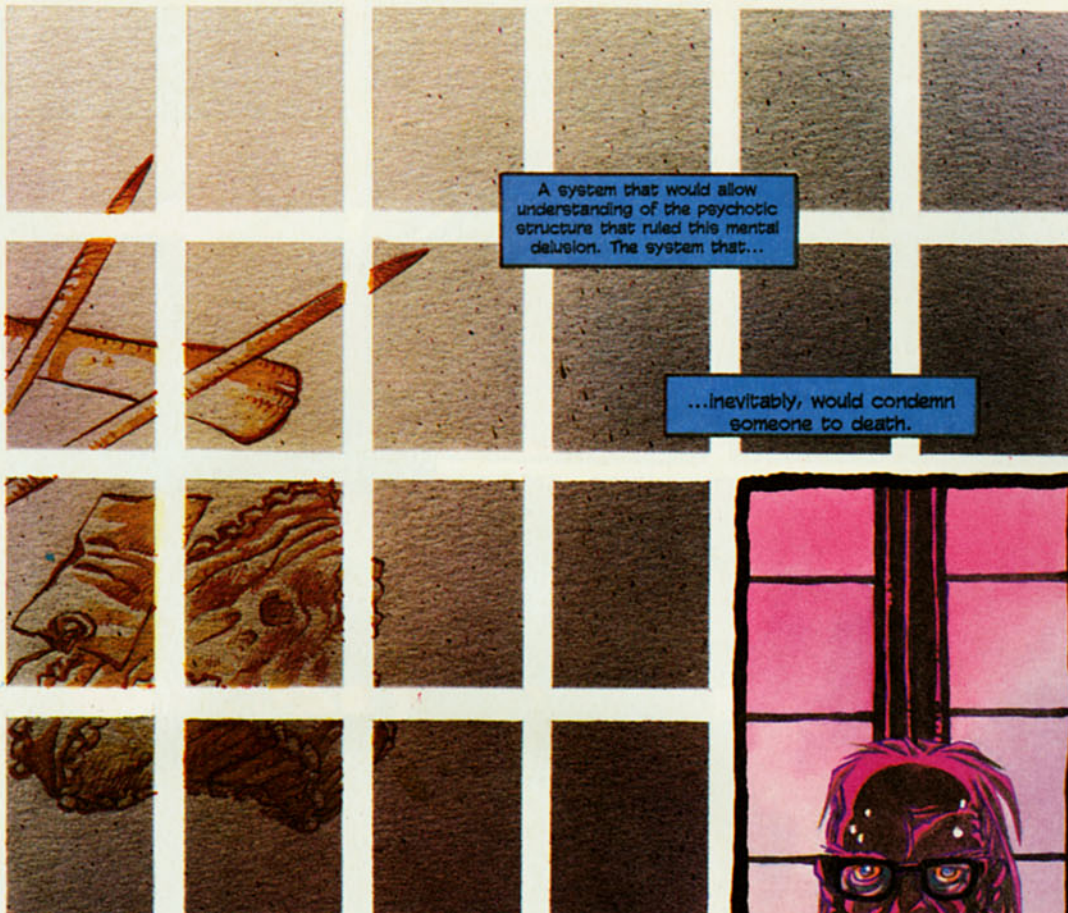
...only one mind.



I reflected day and night before that projection. It held a key, I'm sure.

A key that revealed itself in the form of a system.


The system that would allow the following murder to be fixed beforehand.



A system that would allow
understanding of the psychotic
structure that ruled this mental
delusion. The system that...

...inevitably, would condemn
someone to death.

Finally, today, the 30th of
May, 1992, the key struck
me. I am the next victim. Now
I know it. Because of this I
prefer to record this tape and
resign myself to the implacable
logic inference: only one
murderer exists, I am the new
link in his chain and this
object that I hold while I
tremble and sweat is what
he's coming to find. To throw
off the scent. To establish
future continuity.



I'm waiting. My pipe
has gone out.

The cold tobacco tastes
bad. It doesn't matter.



It's dawning on me.

I now know he will
appear...

...smiling...completing the
terrible equation that his
mind has contrived.



I want to look him in the
eyes.

To feel for a moment the
revelation, his revelation.

Without fear.

Shaking and
sweating...but
without fear.

He comes for me. I believe
it and he comes for me.
Total complicity
...the absolute complicity
of interpretation.

My overwhelming inference
avenged me. I had given it a
feeling.

I made it possible.

I know that no one will find my body.

It's part of the game...

...that doesn't stop.

It never ends...

The conviction of being a
link in an infinite chain,
without feeling...

The Police never found Mr. Betterman. There are
those who believe the tape and those who think
it was all a deception.

A coherent deception carried out to its ultimate
consequences. The intellectual game believed to be
a reality; and this reality destroys those who pay.

Finally, don't try to see more than the
evidence, there will be no true reality that
you wind up paying for.



UNA ALOCUNADA DE F. DE FELIPE 93
© ITS A STRANGEWORLD PRODUCTION

I'M SURE OUR BUSINESS DEAL WILL COME OUT FINE, BURTON...EVEN THOUGH THE COMPUTER DISAGREES.

THERE WON'T BE ANY PROBLEMS. THE PLAN IS PERFECT...AND OUR ADORING DORITA WILL NOT FAIL US.

MATRIMONIAL AGENCY

C. JEFF SEGURA

LOOK AT THAT PLANET...OROLITA!! ...ITS POPULATION IS COMPOSED OF 407 MINERS...ALL OF THEM MALE.

IT'S BEEN FIVE YEARS SINCE ANY OF THEM HAVE SEEN A WOMAN...SMELLED A WOMAN... TOUCHED A WOMAN... FELT A WOMAN...

DON'T CONTINUE...I KNOW WHAT HAPPENS NEXT.

AND WHAT DO WE HAVE IN STORE FOR THEM? WOMEN!

FEMALES OF ALL RACES WITH WHICH TO FORM A HONORABLE UNION...AT THE COST OF 20,000 CREDITS PER HEAD, SO TO SPEAK.

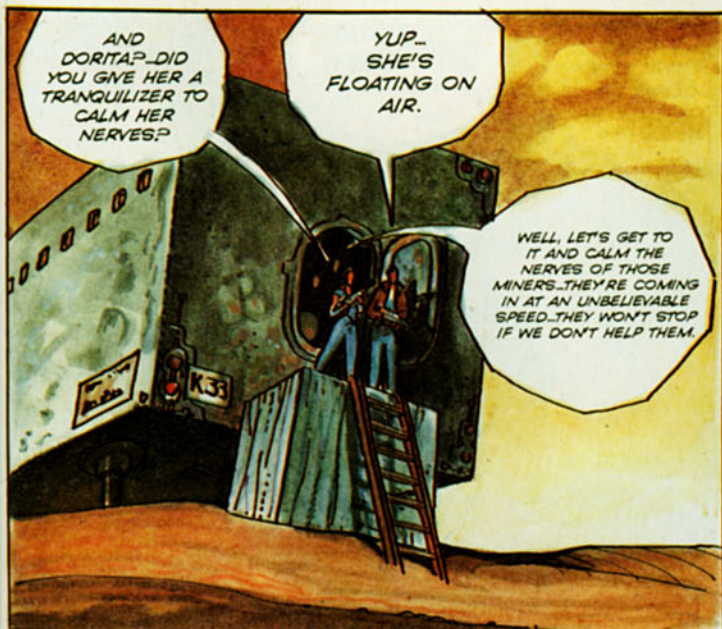
WE'LL SELL ALL OF THEM...ALL OF THEM...AS SOON AS WE PUT OUR MESSAGE OUT ON THE RADIO.

THE BURTON & CYB MATRIMONIAL AGENCY IS HERE...IN TWO HOURS, WE WILL BE LANDING IN THE NORTH ASTRODOME. WE ARE BRINGING THE WOMEN...

FIFTY OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL IN THE UNIVERSE, READY, WILLING, AND ABLE TO PLEASE OVERWORKED MINERS.

IF AT THIS MOMENT...IT HAS BECOME TOO MUCH FOR YOU TO LIVE IN SOLITUDE AND IF YOU HAVE CREDITS TO SPARE...







WE
MUST PROCEED IN
AN ORDERLY FASHION
SO WE DO NOT SCARE THE
LADIES...SO YOU CAN SEE
HOW REFINED THEY ARE...

NOW,
FORM A
SINGLE FILE LINE
AND COME IN ONE
BY ONE.

AND BE
CAREFUL...IF YOU FALL
OUT OF LINE YOU WILL BE
LEFT WITH NO MATE...AND
LIKE CRIMINALS AND
SOCIO-PATHISTS, I'LL BURY
YOU. UNDERSTAND?



YES!

ALRIGHT!

LET'S
GO!

YEAH!



LET THE
FIRST ONE
COME IN.

AND
LET THE NEXT
ONE WAIT.



WHAT
KIND OF A
WOMAN ARE
YOU LOOKING
TO BUY?

EHEM...SHE HAS TO
BE PETITE...
SENSIBLE...SHE HAS TO LIKE
INTERGALACTIC POETRY...
...FLOWERS...BIRDS...

AND...AND
SHE HAS
TO BE
REAL
SWEET.

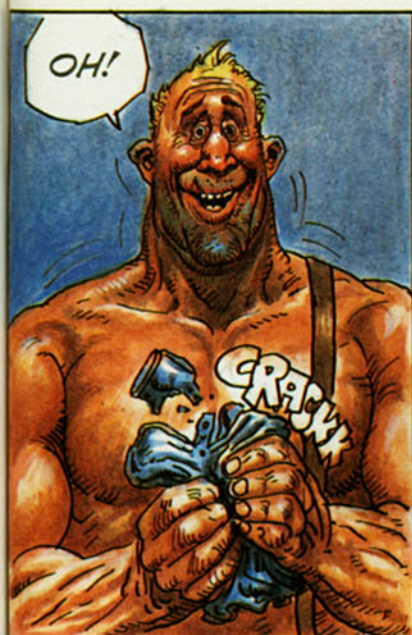


...MODEL
501...YES, I
BELIEVE WE
HAVE THAT IN
STOCK...

MODEL
501...COME
TO THE
GANGPLANK...



SEE
WHY
NORITA IS
BEHAVING
SHY.





DO YOU
HAVE A WOMAN
FOR ME?

GET OUT
OF HERE...
NOT FOR THE
LIKES OF YOU.



BUSINESS IS
BUSINESS,
NEXT!

HOW
MANY ARE
LEFT?

I
FIGURE
ABOUT 20
MORE.

MY
FINGERS ARE
SORE FROM
COUNTING ALL
THE CREDITS.

SIX HOURS LATER...



YES...
I WANT HER TO
BE MY
HEIGHT...DARK
COMPLEXION...
DARK EYES...LONG
HAIR...THAT
SHOULD DO...



HERE
SHE IS...YOUR
PERFECT
WOMAN!

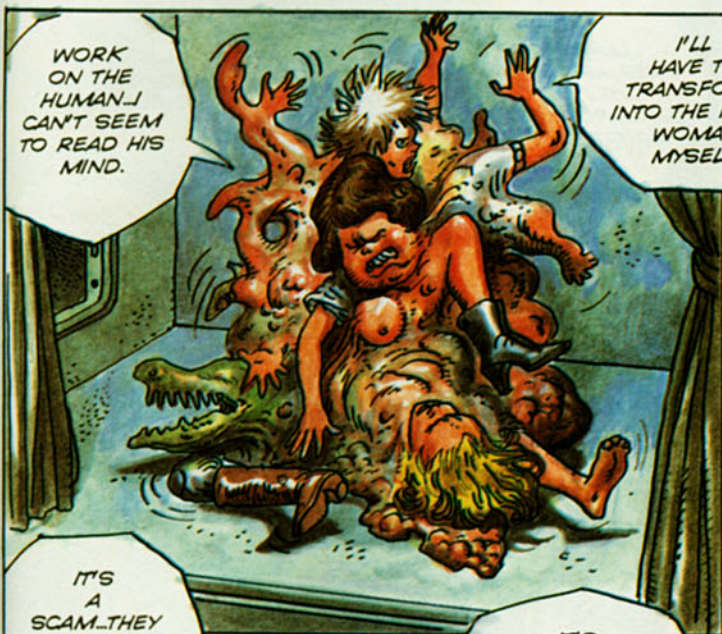
ONE
MOMENT...
MAYBE A
BLONDE,
YES...WITH LONG
LEGS,
SMALLER-
HIPS...

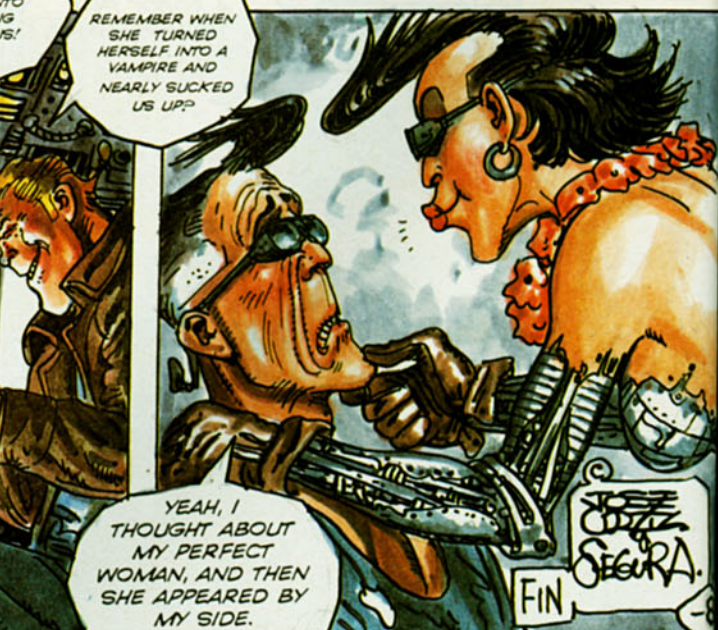
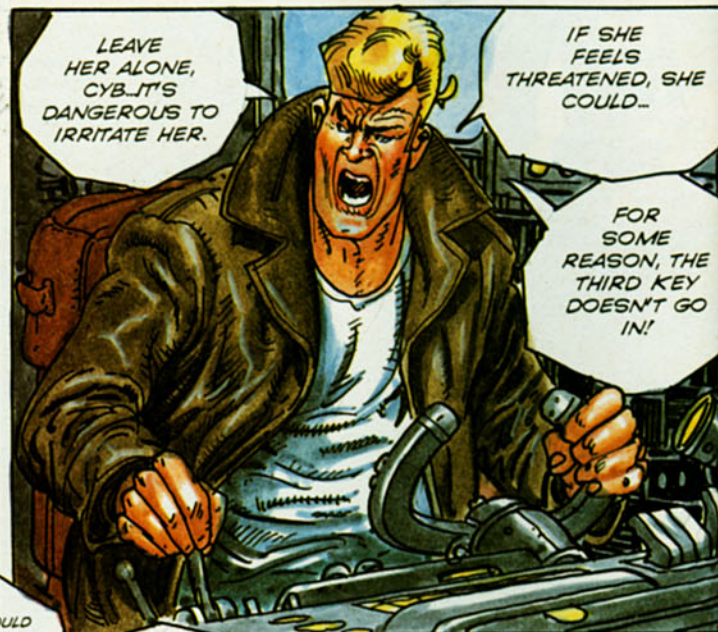
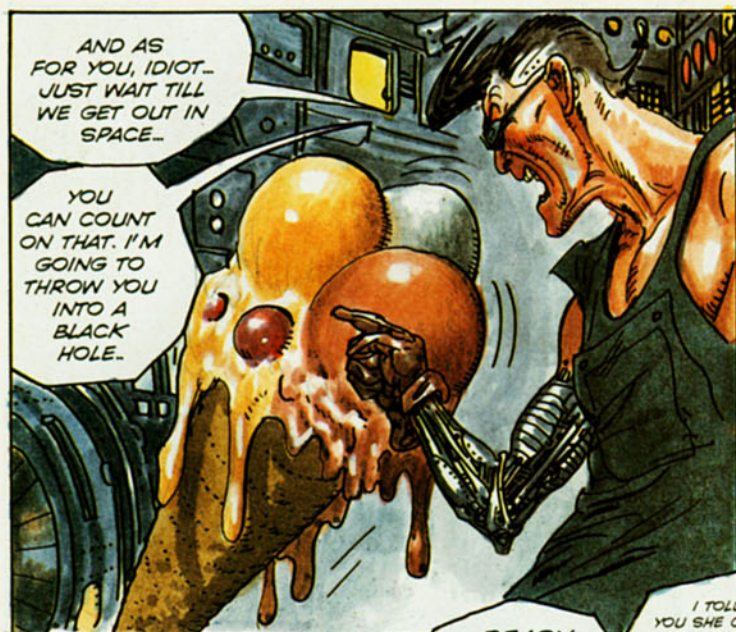
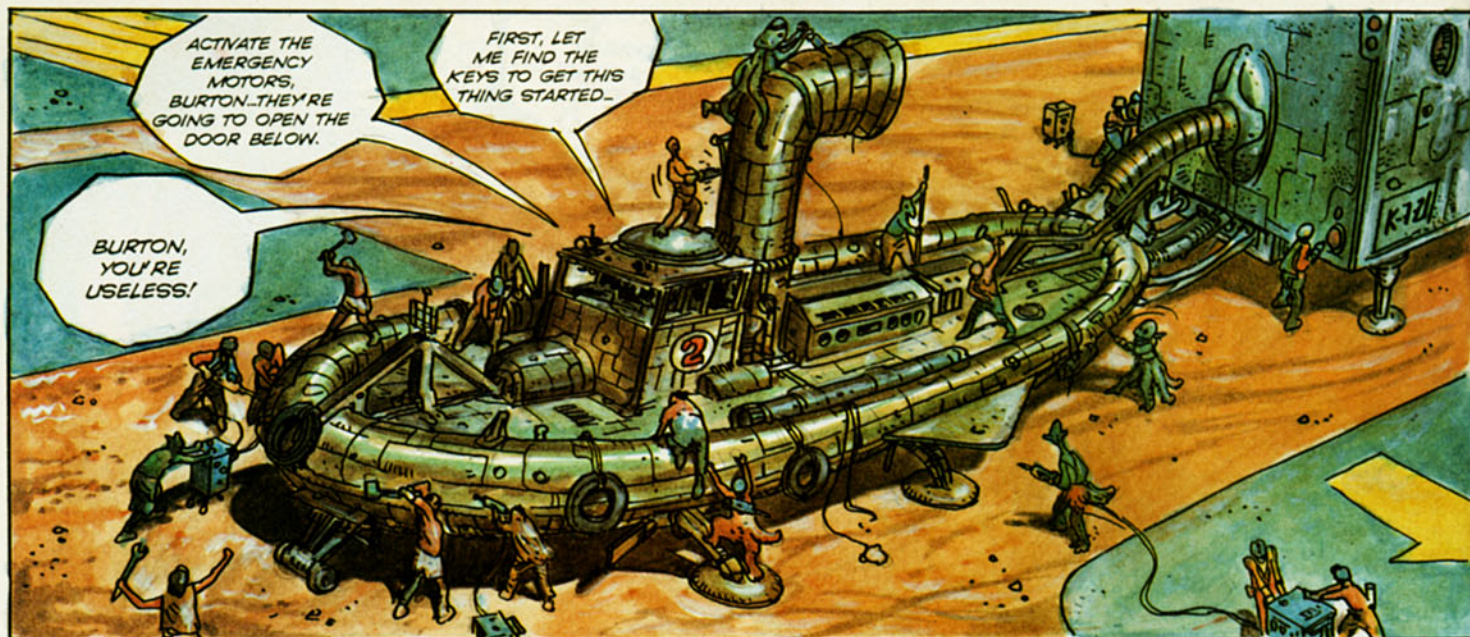


OR
PERHAPS A
BRUNETTE
WHO'S A LITTLE
ON THE CHUNKY SIDE...
A WOMAN OF
ORIENTAL
DESCENT...



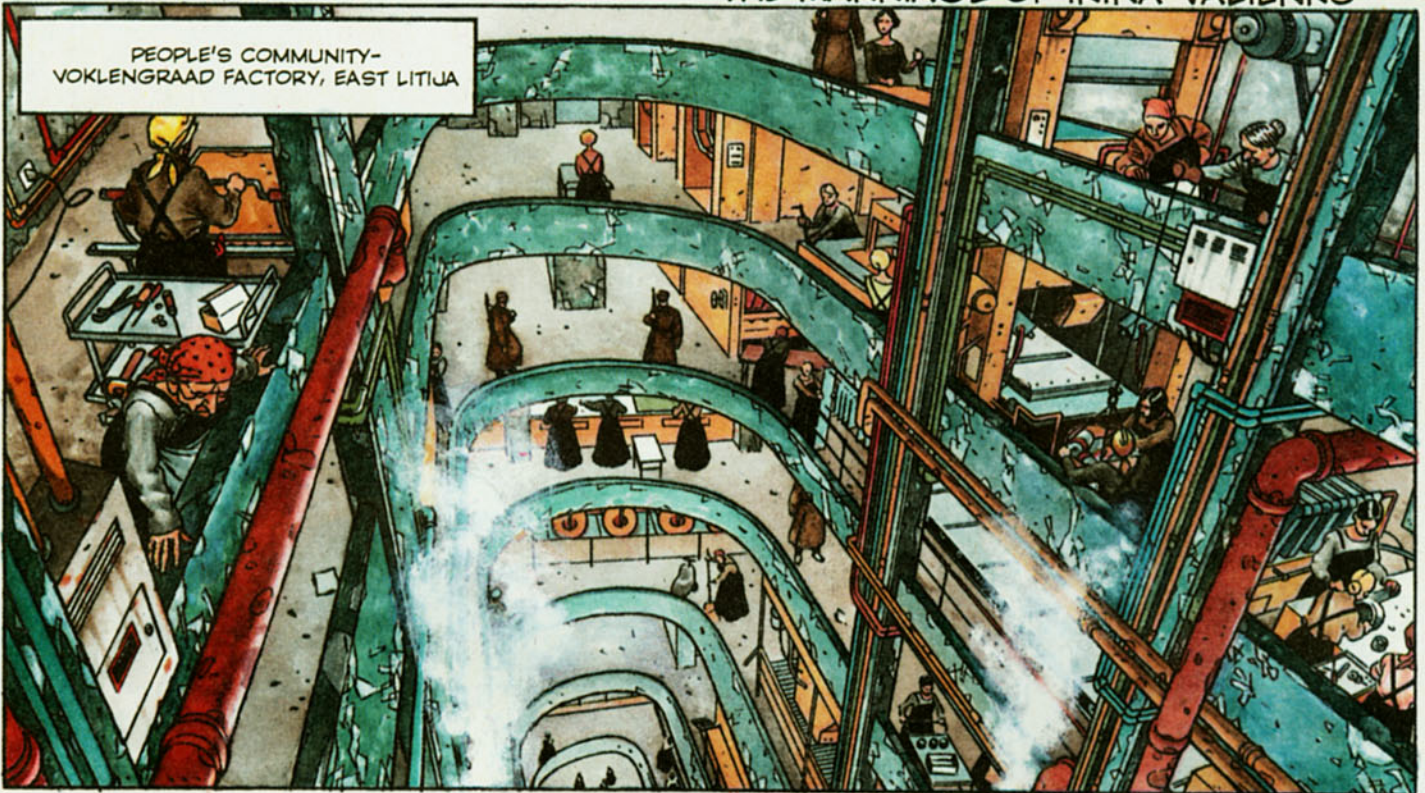
NO,
THAT'S NOT
IT...A BLONDE
WITH A GREAT
BODY...SPORTY...
NATURAL...



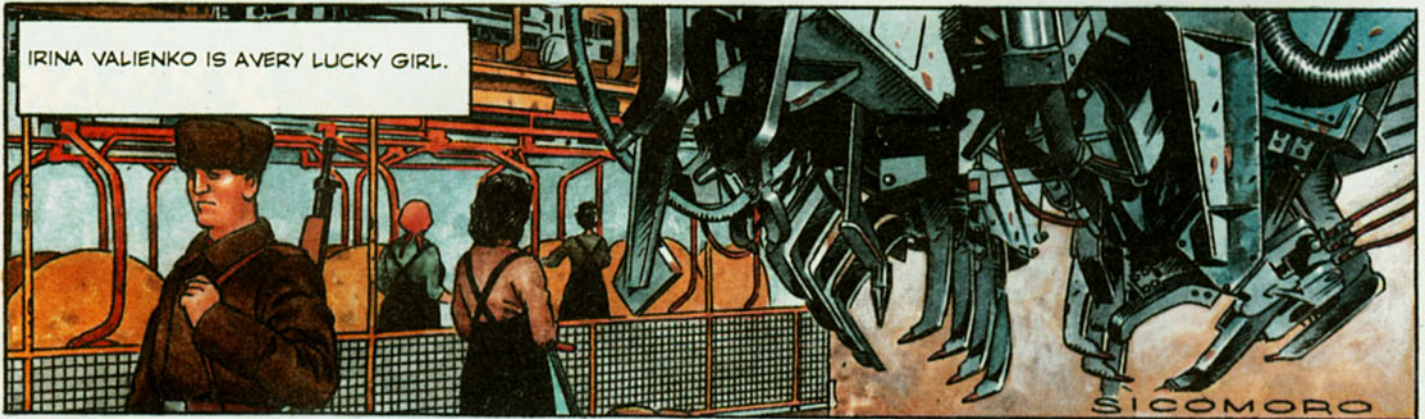


THE MARRIAGE OF IRINA VALIENKO

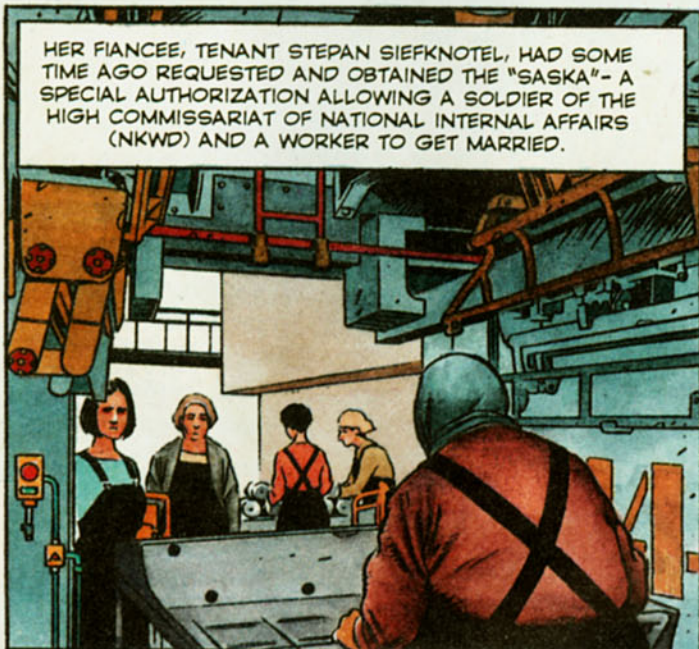
PEOPLE'S COMMUNITY-
VOKLENGRAAD FACTORY, EAST LITUA



IRINA VALIENKO IS A VERY LUCKY GIRL.



HER FIANCEE, TENANT STEPAN SIEFKNOTEL, HAD SOME TIME AGO REQUESTED AND OBTAINED THE "SASKA" - A SPECIAL AUTHORIZATION ALLOWING A SOLDIER OF THE HIGH COMMISSARIAT OF NATIONAL INTERNAL AFFAIRS (NKWD) AND A WORKER TO GET MARRIED.

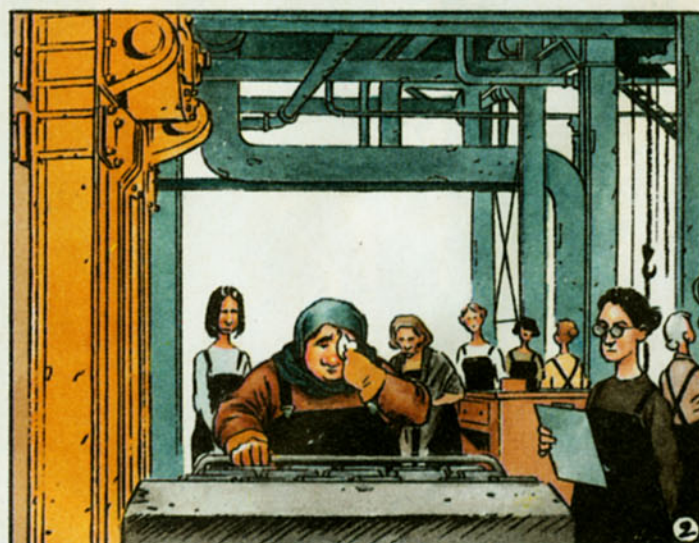


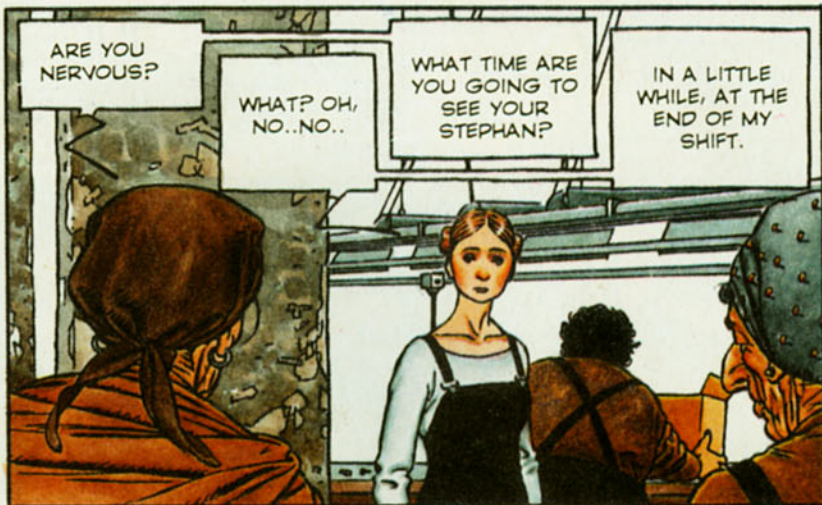
AND THEN?...

THEN WHAT?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN "THEN WHAT?" THE WEDDING DATE HAS BEEN DECIDED?







EVERYTHING O.K.?

YES, I THINK SO...IT'S A NOTE FROM STEPAN. HE WANTS TO SEE ME IN TEN MINUTES, AT EXIT 14. HE SAYS HE HAS SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT TO TELL ME.

SO? ENOUGH WITH THAT GLOOMY FACE!...HIS SUPERIORS MUST HAVE GIVEN HIM THE DATE ON WHICH YOU CAN GET MARRIED...IRINA, I AM SO HAPPY FOR YOU!

WAIT, I HAVE SOMETHING HERE...I'VE BEEN WANTING TO GIVE IT TO YOU- NOW THE MOMENT HAS COME.

WHERE I COME FROM, IT IS THE CUSTOM THAT THE BRIDE WEARS A GARLAND IN HER HAIR.

MAMUSKA...I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU!

AAAH, STOP IT AND HURRY UP OR YOU'LL BE LATE FOR YOUR MAN.

THIS...THIS WAS MINE. I WAS SUPPOSED TO WEAR IT THE DAY OF MY WEDDING...BUT MY VANIA DIED JUST A SHORT TIME BEFORE...BEFORE WE COULD BE TOGETHER.



STEPA!!

IRINA...



WHY THE MESSAGE? WHY DIDN'T YOU COME YOURSELF??

MY LOVE.



LISTEN TO ME, IRINA, I LOVE YOU...WE CAN GET MARRIED EVEN TODAY, BUT WE MUST LEAVE RIGHT AWAY.

LEAVE RIGHT AWAY? WHAT ABOUT MY THINGS?



YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY. I'VE THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING. I HAVE YOUR COAT AND THERE...THERE IS YOUR SUITCASE.



BUT WHY THIS WAY...WITHOUT EVEN SAYING GOOD-BYE TO MY FRIENDS...I CAN'T...

IRINA I BEG YOU...



THEY ALL HAVE BEEN SO GOOD TO ME...

IRINA!

LOOK STEPA, LOOK WHAT "MAMUSKA" GAVE ME...



LISTEN TO ME!! IN THE NAME OF GOD! THE "SASKA" WAS REFUSED THREE MONTHS AGO. IF WE WANT TO GET MARRIED WE DON'T HAVE ANY CHOICE BUT TO FLEE.

YOU WERE SO HAPPY, SO
EXCITED...WHEN I GOT THE
ANSWER...I DIDN'T HAVE THE
COURAGE TO TELL YOU THE
TRUTH. I BEG YOU, FORGIVE
ME, MY LOVE.



WE ONLY HAVE ONE CHANCE:
TODAY, HERE. A FELLOW SOLDIER
WHO WAS IN MY OLD UNIT,
CERDAKOFF, IS THE SENTINEL. I
CONVINCED HIM TO ALLOW US TO
LEAVE.



HE DEMANDED A LOT OF MONEY...
HAD TO GIVE HIM ALL THAT WE
SAVED.



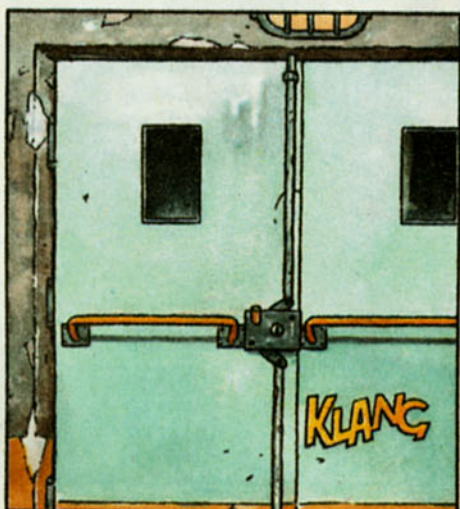
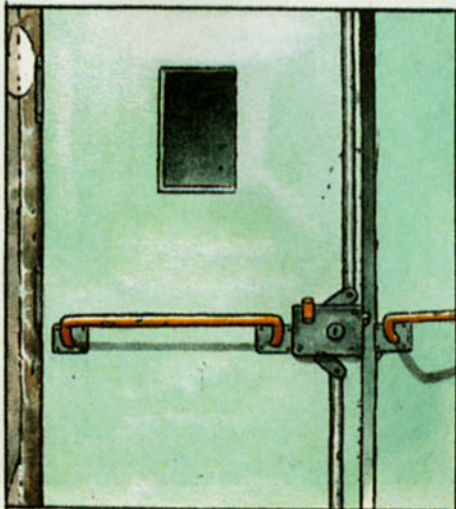
STEPA...KISS ME!



IT'S ALREADY DARK...ARE
YOU READY?



YES!





IT IS THE EXPRESSED
DECISION OF THE
CENTRAL COMMITTEE THAT
REGARDING THIS
INCIDENT THE UTMOST
SECRECY BE
MAINTAINED.



VERY GOOD...THE COMMITTEE
KNOWS HOW TO BE GRATEFUL TO
THOSE WHO SERVE IT FAITHFULLY.
GOOD JOB.



WHO IS SOLDIER
CERDAKOFF?

IT IS ME, SIR.

THANK YOU, SIR!





"MAMUSKA," ARE YOU SLEEPING?



WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I'M SORRY I
SPOKE TO YOU
HARSHLY TODAY!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT MY
CHILD.



"MAMUSKA..."

WHAT IS IT NOW?

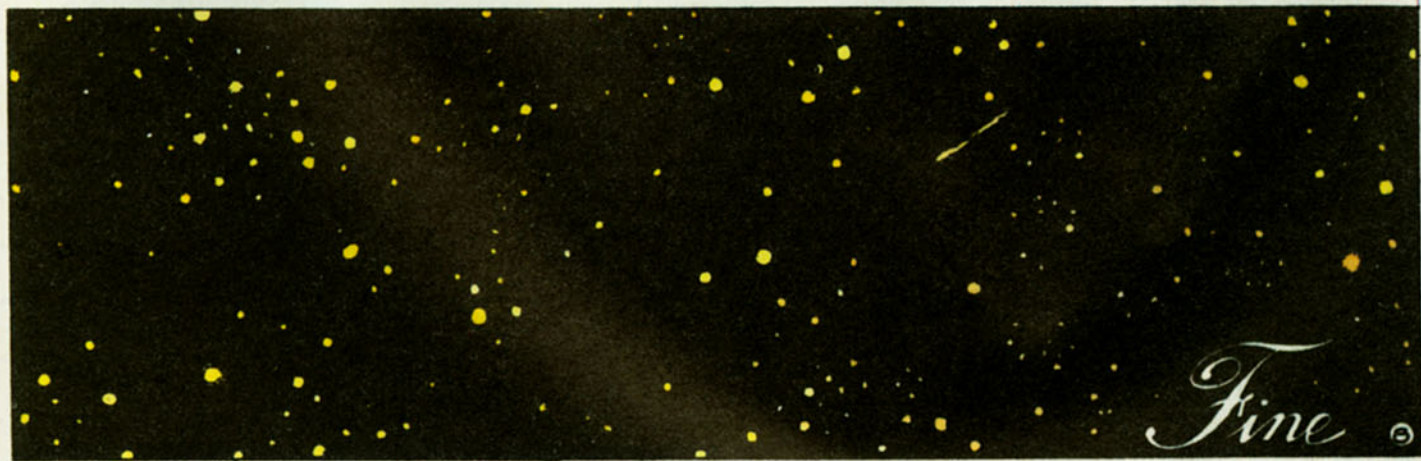


DO YOU THINK IRINA WILL BE HAPPY
WITH HER STEPAN?

I THINK SO, YES.

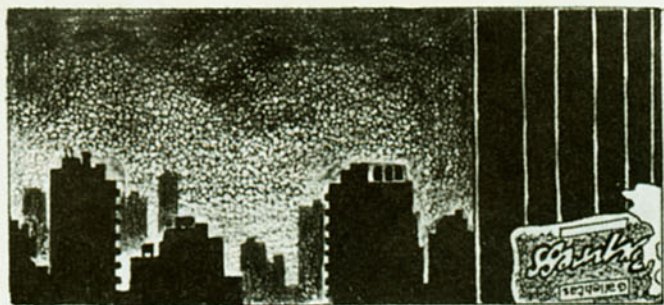


AND YOU...DO YOU THINK
THAT ONE DAY I TOO
WILL FIND SOMEONE
WHO WILL LOVE ME AND
WHO WILL TAKE ME AWAY
FROM HERE?



Fine ©

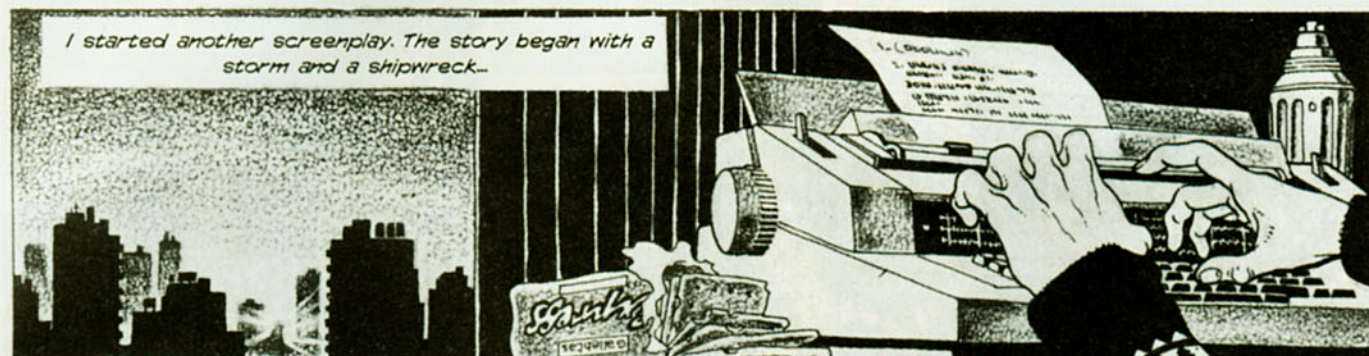
PARK CHARLES: THE CALL



I didn't wake up in such a good mood that morning. I slept badly and I had a vague memory of a horrible recurring dream.



I started another screenplay. The story began with a storm and a shipwreck...



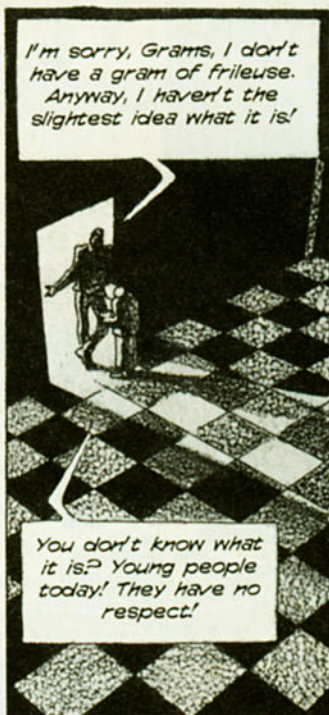
I had almost forgotten that weird window...



Open up, young man! I am your... I am in Apartment H.



Would you be so kind
as to lend me a half
cup of frileuse?



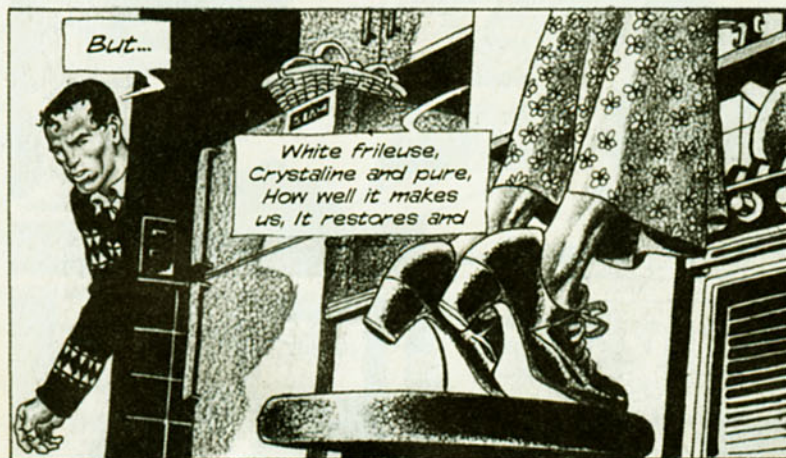
I'm sorry, Grams, I don't
have a gram of frileuse.
Anyway, I haven't the
slightest idea what it is!

You don't know what
it is? Young people
today! They have no
respect!



But
I...

I don't believe you!
Everyone has a little
frileuse in their
kitchen! You just don't
remember, that's all!
Let me see!



But...

White frileuse,
Crystalline and pure,
How well it makes
us, It restores and



Here we are!
And you said you
didn't have any!



Ehhh! It's not mine! I'm
sure the old tenant left
it here! I just moved in!

So then you'll let me take
a really full cup!

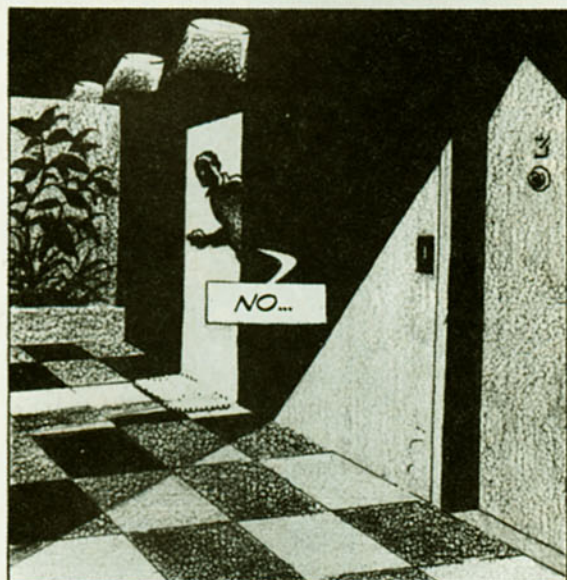


Please, tell me what
it's for, the
frileuse?

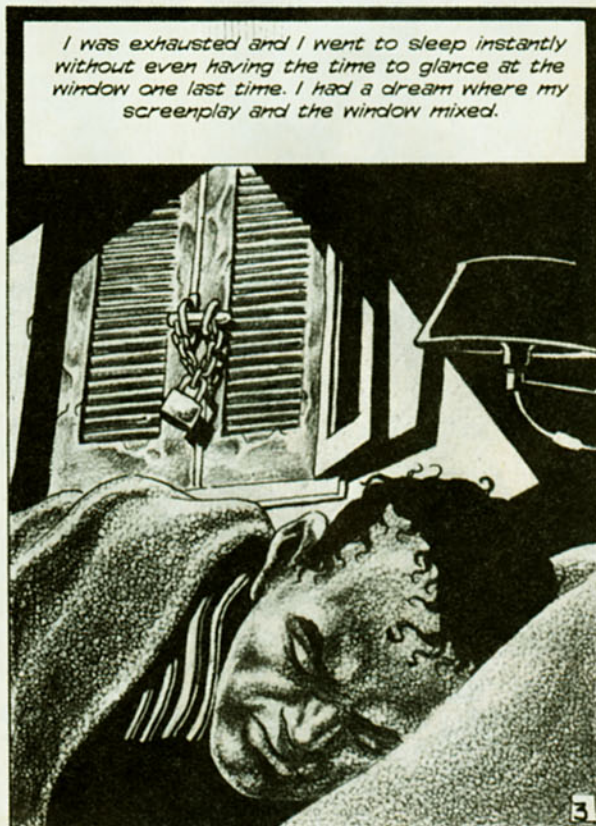
Everyone knows
what it's for, come
on. Frileuse is for...



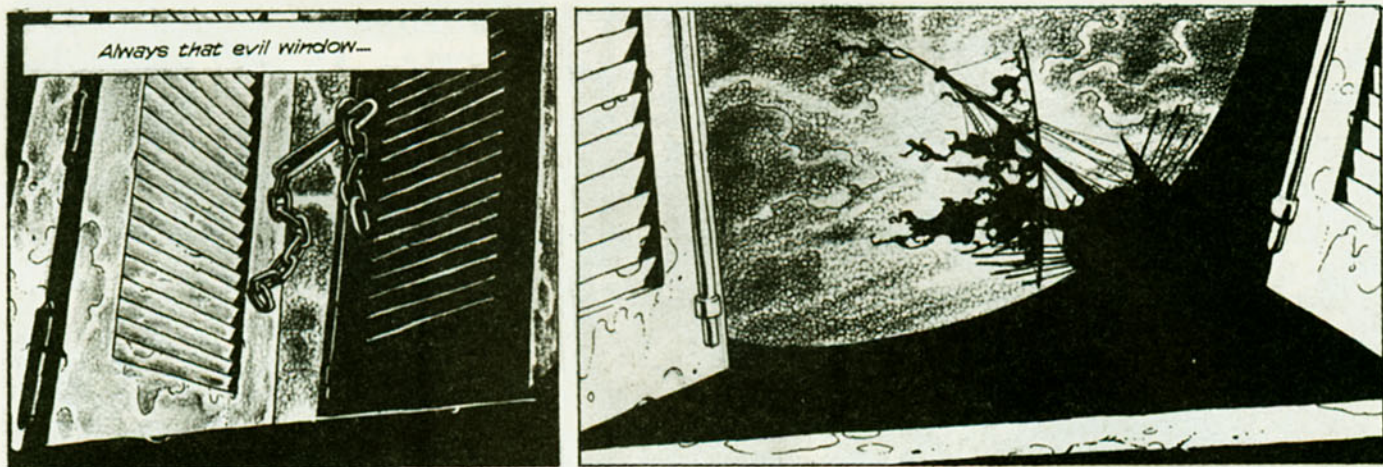
Ah! Congratulations! I see
that the shutters for your
windows are firmly shut!



The old woman disappeared without leaving a trace. As for Apartment H, it suddenly dawned on me - as quickly as I had forgotten - in that building the apartments were numbered, not lettered. I forgot about the incident and went back to work. I knew I'd never get back that cup of frileuse...



Always that evil window—



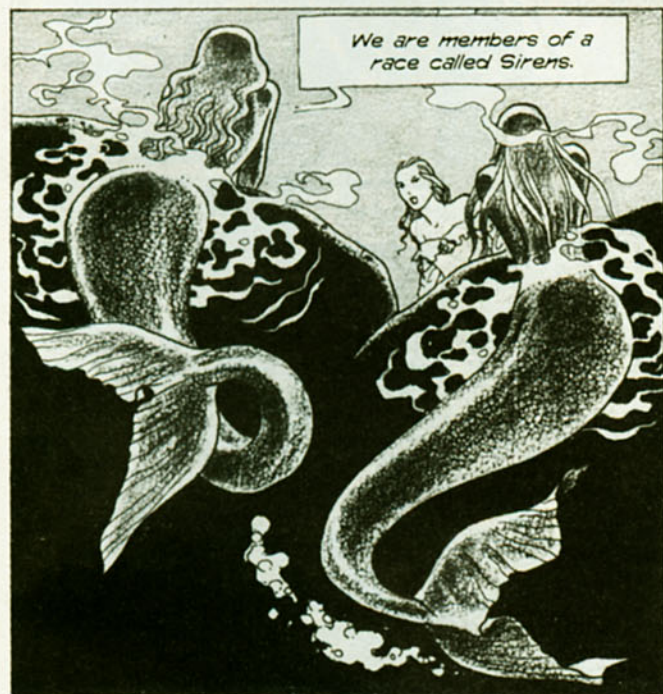


Where am I?

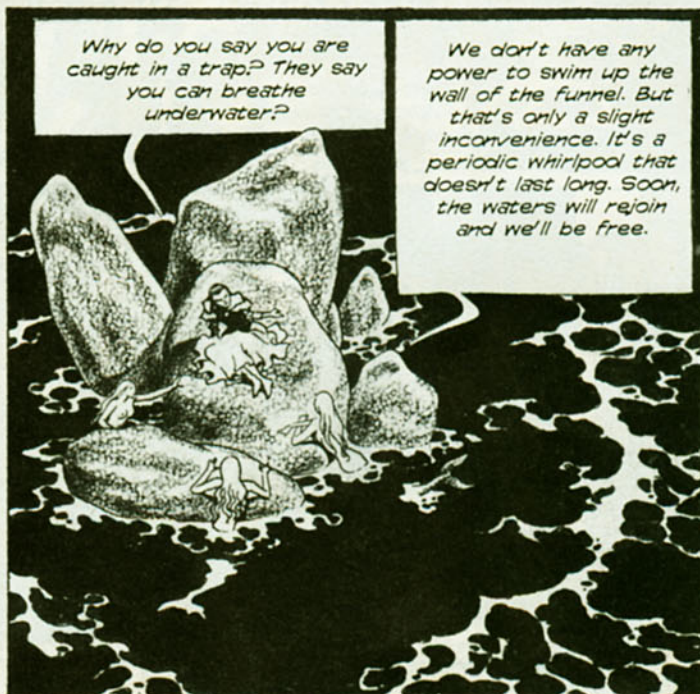


Your ship was wrecked. You are like us, trapped by a whirlpool.

But... you...?



We are members of a race called Sirens.



Why do you say you are caught in a trap? They say you can breathe underwater?

We don't have any power to swim up the wall of the funnel. But that's only a slight inconvenience. It's a periodic whirlpool that doesn't last long. Soon, the waters will rejoin and we'll be free.

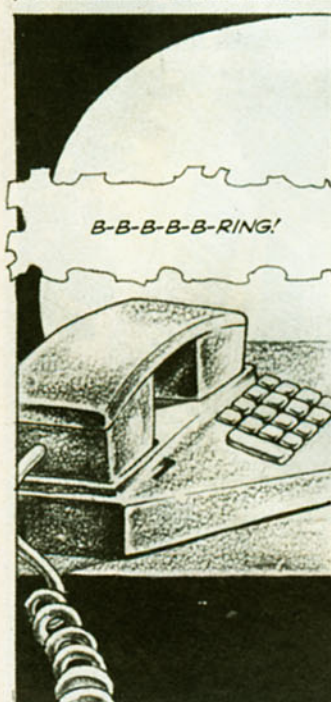


And your freedom will be my death. I can't breathe in water! I'm going to drown!!

Then you only have once chance! The condemned window!



Old merman legends say that this window opens onto a land that's very far away, in another place and time. But you can't open it from this side.

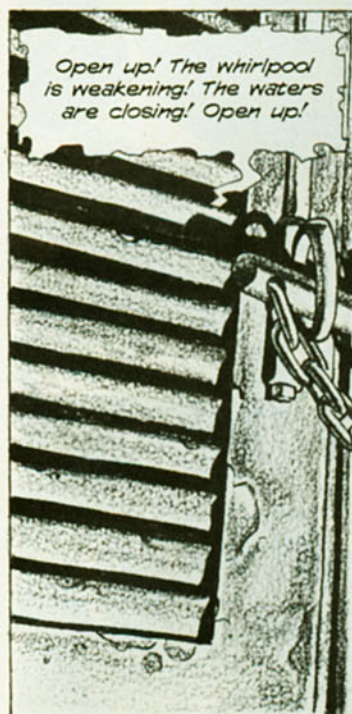




The window! Do you remember? You must not open the window for anything in the world!



I'm going crazy!



Open up! The whirlpool is weakening! The waters are closing! Open up!



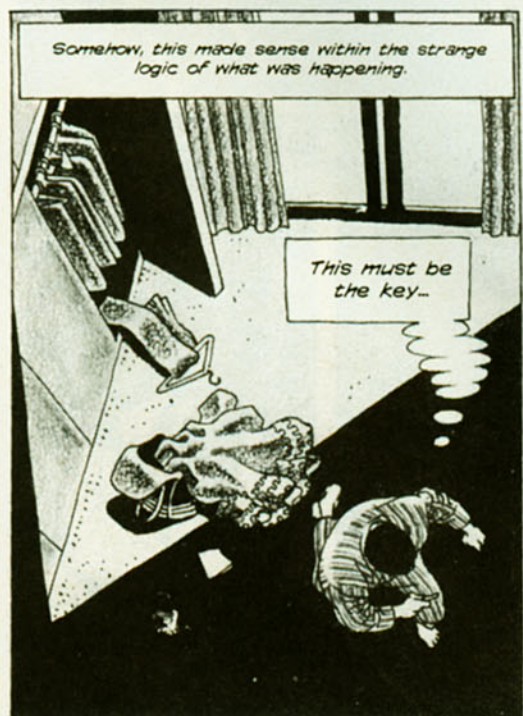
Have pity! Open up!

Impossible! This couldn't be happening... unless...



I was looking for something to force the window open when I saw the bag...

Maybe...



Somehow, this made sense within the strange logic of what was happening.

This must be the key...



Hurry! The waters are falling back!

In a moment... it's open!



Thank Gooooo...

But you are my landlady!



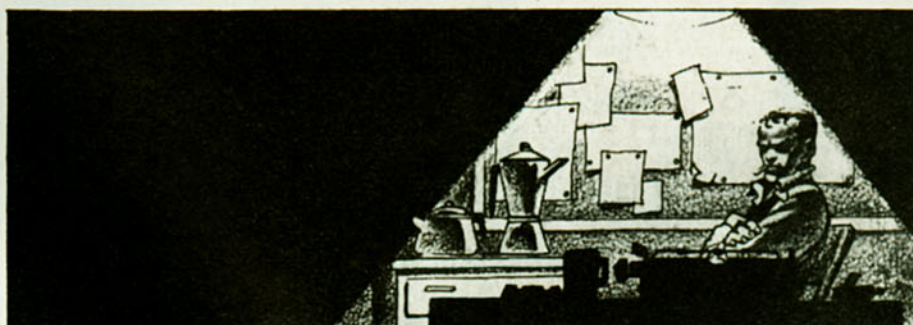


You see? I have given a deposition to the bailiff with my secretary as witness, that the window was no longer locked by chain. As a consequence, the special clause in your contract has not been lived up to and the contract is void. I demand that you leave the building immediately.

And now do you understand, dear readers, from where my obsessive curiosity comes? In Eye-of-the-Needle Park, strange things happen, phenomenon which exist beyond our perception...

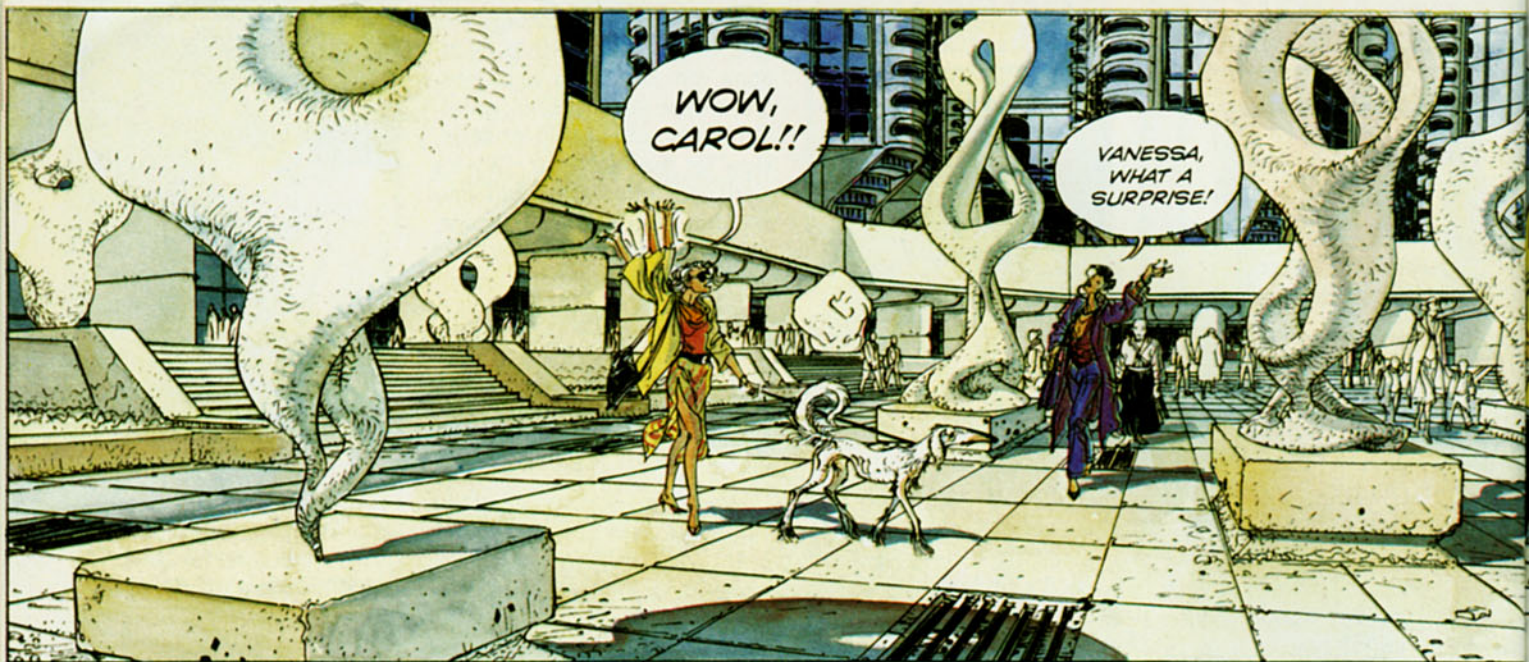


And then I heard for the first and only time the empemeral name of my landlady...



In this mysterious part of the city, I lost in one day a beautiful woman and my apartment (well, a studio) that was fab! Eye-of-the-Needle Park! I swear I'll uncover your secrets! As for my screenplay of shipwrecks and sirens, I burned it that very night...

THE YELLOW BATTERY



WOW,
CAROL!!

VANESSA,
WHAT A
SURPRISE!



SSUPERGREAT
TO SEE YOU! I WAS
JUST THINKING OF
HOW LONG IT'S
BEEN...

FFFFAB!
ME TOO! I'VE
BEEN TELLING
MYSELF I
ABSOLUTELY
MUST CALL
VANESSA!



WOW!
IN ANY CASE,
YOU SEEM LIKE
YOU'RE IN GREAT
SHAPE!

SSUPERGREAT
SHAPE!
YAOOOW!



YOU'RE
INCREDIBLE. SUCH GREAT
SKIN! I TELL MYSELF THAT
IT'S JUST NOT POSSIBLE.
SHE MUST HAVE A SECRET.
WHAT DOES SHE DO?

IT'S
SIMPLE. I'M
COOL. COOL.
WALK ON THE
RIGHT SIDE OF
LIFE! CHA!
CHA! CHA!



YOU'RE
SO FUN, MY DEAR,
I ADORE YOU!

WOW!
CHA! CHA!
CHA!



I
HAVE AN IDEA: LET'S
SPEND THE AFTERNOON
TOGETHER. WE'LL DO A
LITTLE SHOPPING, HAVE A
TEA...

...THEN DO A LITTLE
MORE SHOPPING AND I'LL
BRING YOU ALONG TO MY
RELAXATION CLASS. WHAT
DO YOU SAY?

FANTASTIC!
YOU'RE IDEAS
ARE JUST TOO
MUCH!



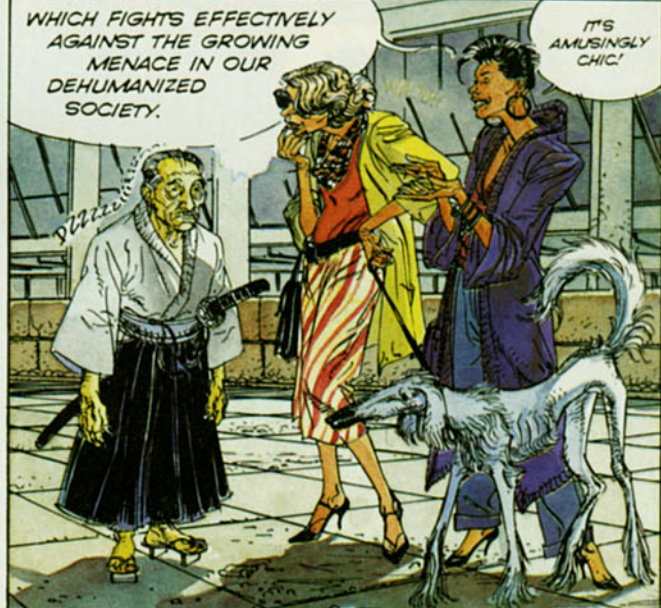
DON'T
TURN AROUND
RIGHT AWAY, BUT I
HAVE THE FEELING THAT
A LITTLE JAPANESE MAN
HAS BEEN SPYING ON
US FOR AN HOUR...

THIS? NO, MY
DEAR. YOU'RE SILLY.
THIS IS MY MOTHER'S
DAY PRESENT...



...THIS IS THE
LATEST THING IN DOMESTIC
ROBOTS MADE BY
MOULINEX, THE SELF
DEFENSE ROBOT...

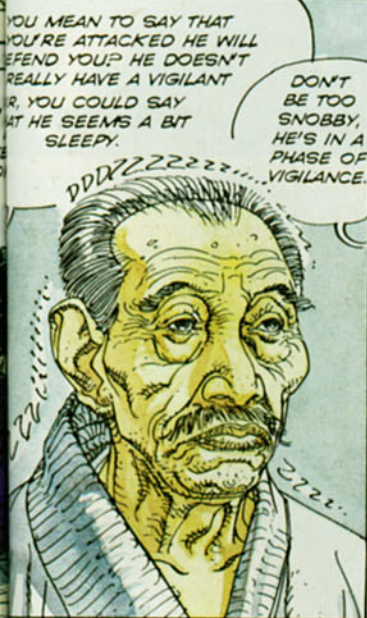
WHICH FIGHTS EFFECTIVELY
AGAINST THE GROWING
MENACE IN OUR
DEHUMANIZED
SOCIETY.



IT'S
AMUSINGLY
CHIC!

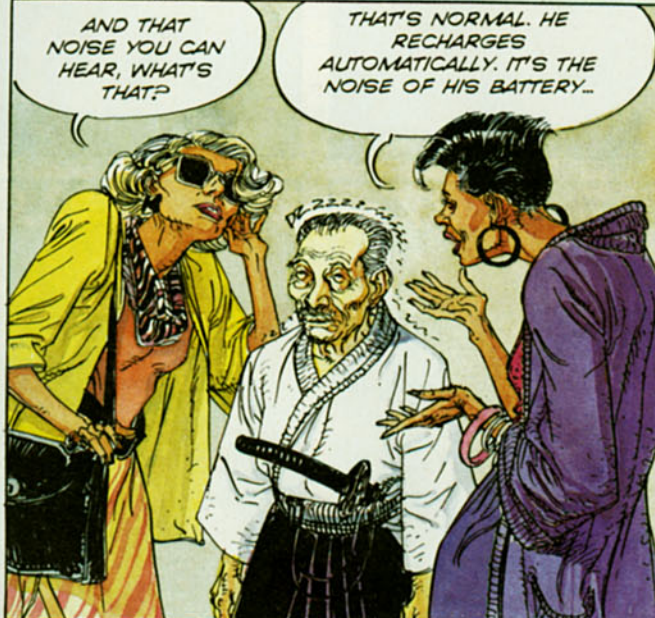
YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT
YOU'RE ATTACKED HE WILL
DEFEND YOU? HE DOESN'T
REALLY HAVE A VIGILANT
OR, YOU COULD SAY
THAT HE SEEMS A BIT
SLEEPY.

DON'T
BE TOO
SNOBBY,
HE'S IN A
PHASE OF
VIGILANCE.



AND THAT
NOISE YOU CAN
HEAR, WHAT'S
THAT?

THAT'S NORMAL. HE
RECHARGES
AUTOMATICALLY. IT'S THE
NOISE OF HIS BATTERY...



...HE IS HOOKED
DIRECTLY TO UNIVERSAL
ENERGY WHICH
PENETRATES THROUGH
HERE AND GETS STORED
IN ACCUMULATORS IN
HIS BELLY, THERE.

INGENUOUS,
NO?



...BETWEEN HIS EYES
THERE'S A MICRODETECTOR
AGGRESSIVITY WHICH GOES
OFF AT THE SMALLEST
SUSPICIOUS GESTURE...

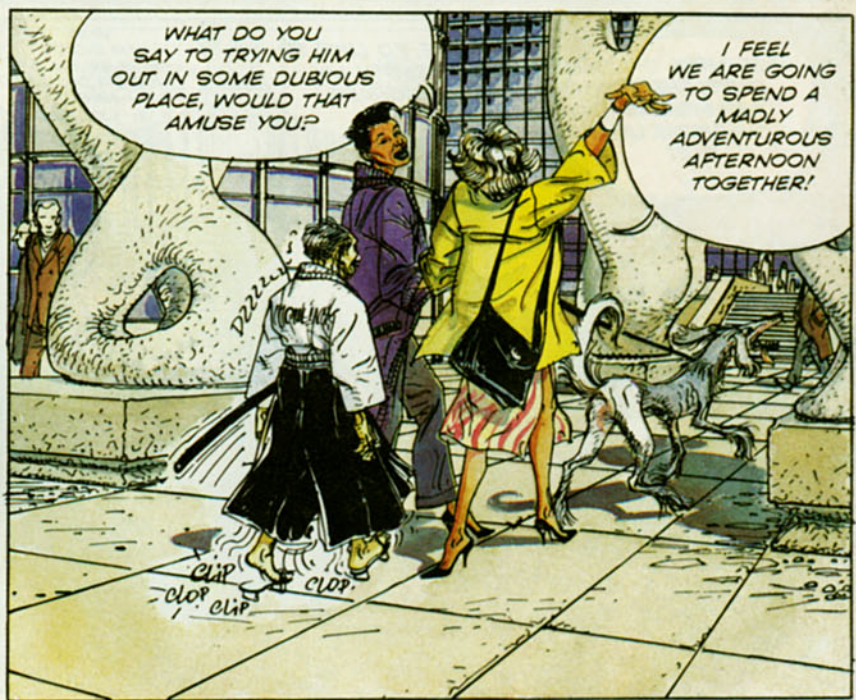
THIS
IS TOO
MUCH!

IT'S
WILDY
MYSTICAL AS
WELL AS A
ROBOT, I MEAN.



WHAT DO YOU
SAY TO TRYING HIM
OUT IN SOME DUBIOUS
PLACE, WOULD THAT
AMUSE YOU?

I FEEL
WE ARE GOING
TO SPEND A
MADLY
ADVENTUROUS
AFTERNOON
TOGETHER!





FAB-
U-
LOUS!!!



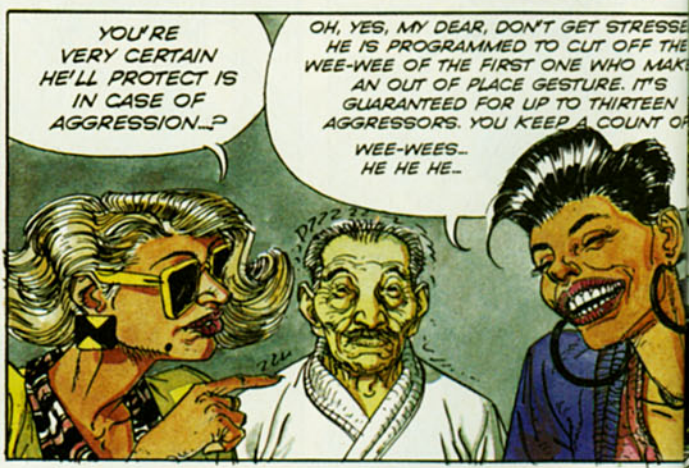
HOW DO YOU
THINK THEY
MANAGE TO GO
SHOPPING
HERE?

OH,
THE PEOPLE
HERE AREN'T
CIVILIZED ENOUGH
TO GO
SHOPPING.



LOOK! SOME
BLACK SHIRTS. THERE'S A
CHANCE. THEY HAVE AN
DELICIOUSLY SAVAGE AIR.

REAL
BLACK
SHIRTS?



YOU'RE
VERY CERTAIN
HE'LL PROTECT IS
IN CASE OF
AGGRESSION?

OH, YES, MY DEAR, DON'T GET STRESSED.
HE IS PROGRAMMED TO CUT OFF THE
WEE-WEE OF THE FIRST ONE WHO MAKES
AN OUT OF PLACE GESTURE. IT'S
GUARANTEED FOR UP TO THIRTEEN
AGGRESSORS. YOU KEEP A COUNT OF
WEE-WEES...
HE HE HE...



HEY,
GUYS, THESE
MAMAS ARE
CHECKING US
OUT!



...ME, I'D LIKE TO
EMPTY MY
GONADS.

WOW,
I'M EXCITED,
THESE BRUTES WITH
THEIR BIG CALLOUSED
HANDS!

YEAH,
ME TOO.

DON'T
BE VULGAR,
USE A LITTLE
POETRY, DAMN
IT.



I'D
SAY THE
GIRLS ARE
LOOKING
FOR US!

SO THE
GIRLS HAVE
COME TO DO
THE NASTY?





...BECAUSE THERE'S ONE MORE SMALL PROBLEM. YOUR ROBOT WENT OFF AS SOON AS WE CAME BACK TO THE APARTMENT...



OH, I SEE, BUT IT'S NOT VERY SERIOUS. ONLY A SMALL IGNITION DELAY BECAUSE OF BAD EQUILIBRIUM BETWEEN THE "YIN" RECEPTOR AND THE "YANG" ACTIVATOR... THERE'S ONLY A SMALL ADJUSTMENT TO BE MADE... BUT I CAN'T DO IT UNTIL TOMORROW MORNING.



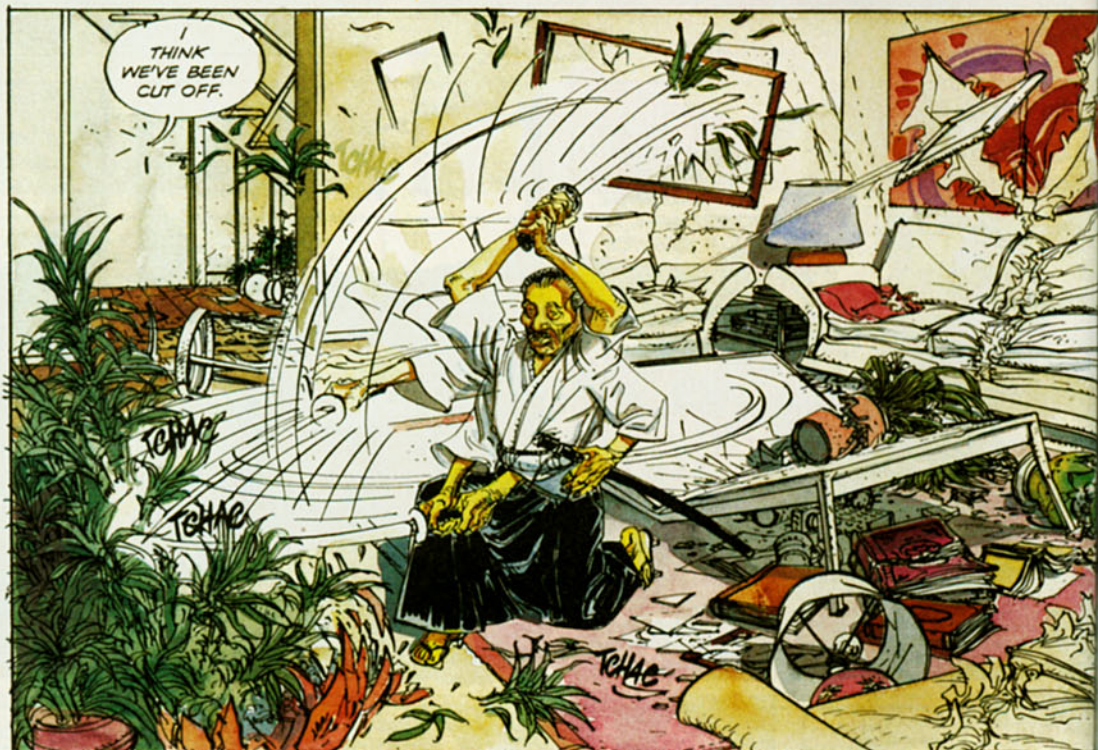
...SINCE THEN WE HAVE HAD TO TAKE REFUGE IN THE BROOM CLOSET...



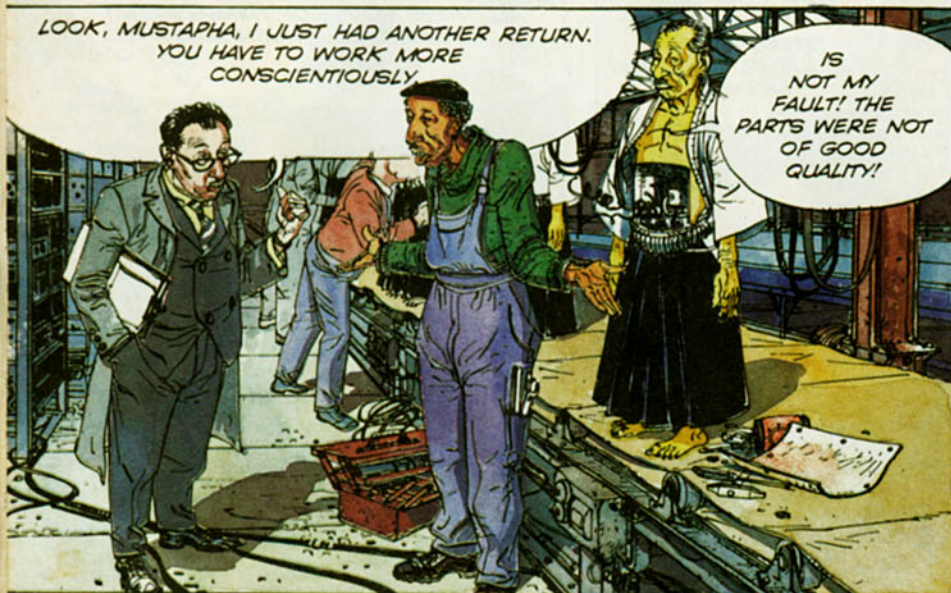
...AND THE KIDS ARE GOING TO COME HOME FROM SCHOOL AND MY WIFE HAS INVITED HIS DIRECTOR TO DINNER...



I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO. GIVE ME YOUR ADDRESS.
HOW CAN WE STAY LIKE THIS?



I THINK WE'VE BEEN CUT OFF.



LOOK, MUSTAPHA, I JUST HAD ANOTHER RETURN. YOU HAVE TO WORK MORE CONSCIENTIOUSLY.

IS NOT MY FAULT! THE PARTS WERE NOT OF GOOD QUALITY!



I'LL SEND YOU BACK TO THE MAILROOM IF YOU ARE!

HAPPILY, I WON'T BE IN THIS TOWN IN TWO WEEKS, ONCE I HAVE SET THE WHOLE PLANET ON FIRE.



AAAAH!



CROM!
THIS IS THE
END!



AAAAAH!



HUM!

HO!..



The wagon rolls on at breakneck speed, and finally stops under several giant trees...




WELL, WE
PULLED OUT OF
THAT ONE
PRETTY WELL!



HE WAS NEVER
MY FRIEND.
MAY HE ROT IN
HELL...


I'M SORRY
ABOUT YOUR
FRIEND. THERE
WAS NO WAY
TO SAVE HIM.



COME ON,
MOSQUITO.
DON'T HIDE
YOUR FEELINGS...



WHAT ARE WE
WAITING FOR?
LET'S GET
GOING!




AN AXLE
HAS TO BE
REPAIRED...


MOUDJERIA!
DON'T EVER CALL
ME MOSQUITO
AGAIN...



SSH...



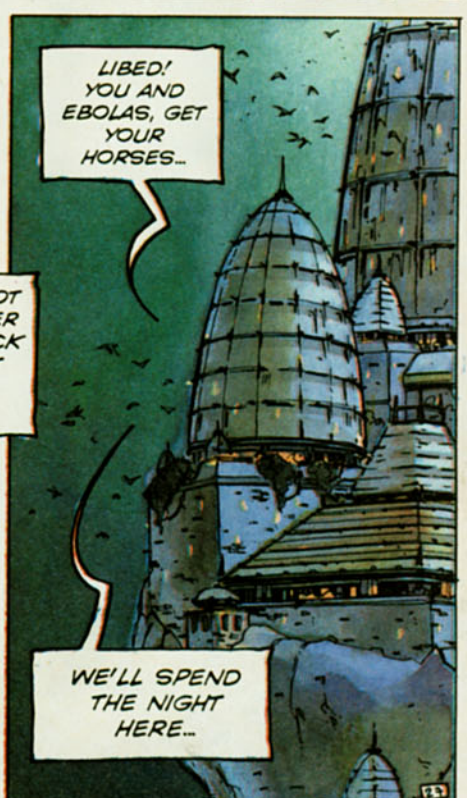
I GET
THE
VIRGINS...



THAT'S THE
LAST OF
THEM!




MY CHARM IS SO
GREAT...THEY
FAINTED THE
MINUTE THEY SAW
ME!



LIBED!
YOU AND
EBOLAS, GET
YOUR
HORSES...



Hiiii!



THAT'S NOT
HER
EITHER...

OUR PREY GOT
AWAY...BUT HER
INSOLENT LUCK
WON'T LAST
MUCH
LONGER...

WE'LL SPEND
THE NIGHT
HERE...

As soon as the wagon was repaired, they headed towards the closest source of water...

BUT...TEVRAK-ZENIA WAS YOUR MASTER'S NAME!

SINCE I'M TAKING OVER HIS WAGON AND HIS POSITION, I'LL TAKE HIS NAME AS WELL...



THAT'S THE WAY WE DO IT...

OKAY, FINE...BUT, MOSQUIER...TEVRAK...IS THIS YOUR IDYLIC CAMPSITE?



NO, BUT WE'LL BE THERE BY TOMORROW.



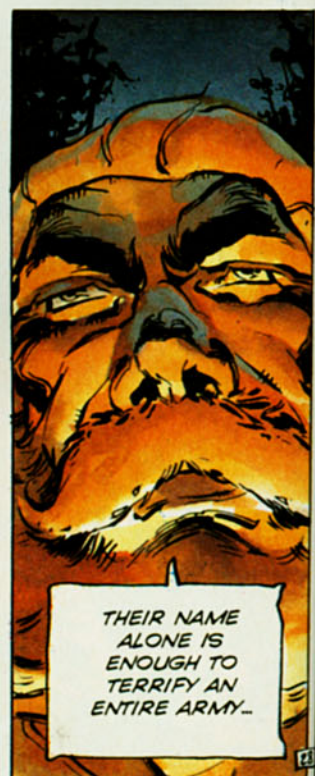
QUARTERMASTER QUADANE IS STILL UNCONSCIOUS... MAYBE YOU HIT HIM TOO HARD...!




MOUDJERIA, WHO WERE THOSE PEOPLE WHO ATTACKED US?



YOU MEAN THE WITCHES OF TICHIT?



THEIR NAME ALONE IS ENOUGH TO TERRIFY AN ENTIRE ARMY...



In the beginning there were eight brothers,
eight valiant sailors who sailed the seven
seas.


They were famous among
fishermen in every port all
over the world...

For these brothers
were expert
harpooners who
chased their prey with
unparalleled cruelty and
efficiency...

Nothing that swam in any ocean could
ever escape them.

But as one whaling season
succeeded another, they began to
long for more excitement...

And as their wealth and
fame increased, so did
their
boredom...




Unable to find an adversary that would be their equal, they set off in search of a mythical whale...

A beast so huge that humanity could not conceive it, and that no one would ever dream of confronting in battle: Tichit, King of the Seas.

After long years of constant searching, the brothers finally found him...it is said the hunt lasted over twenty years...

And although, at times, Tichit was on the verge of winning, the brothers were true sailors, and not easily discouraged by failure.

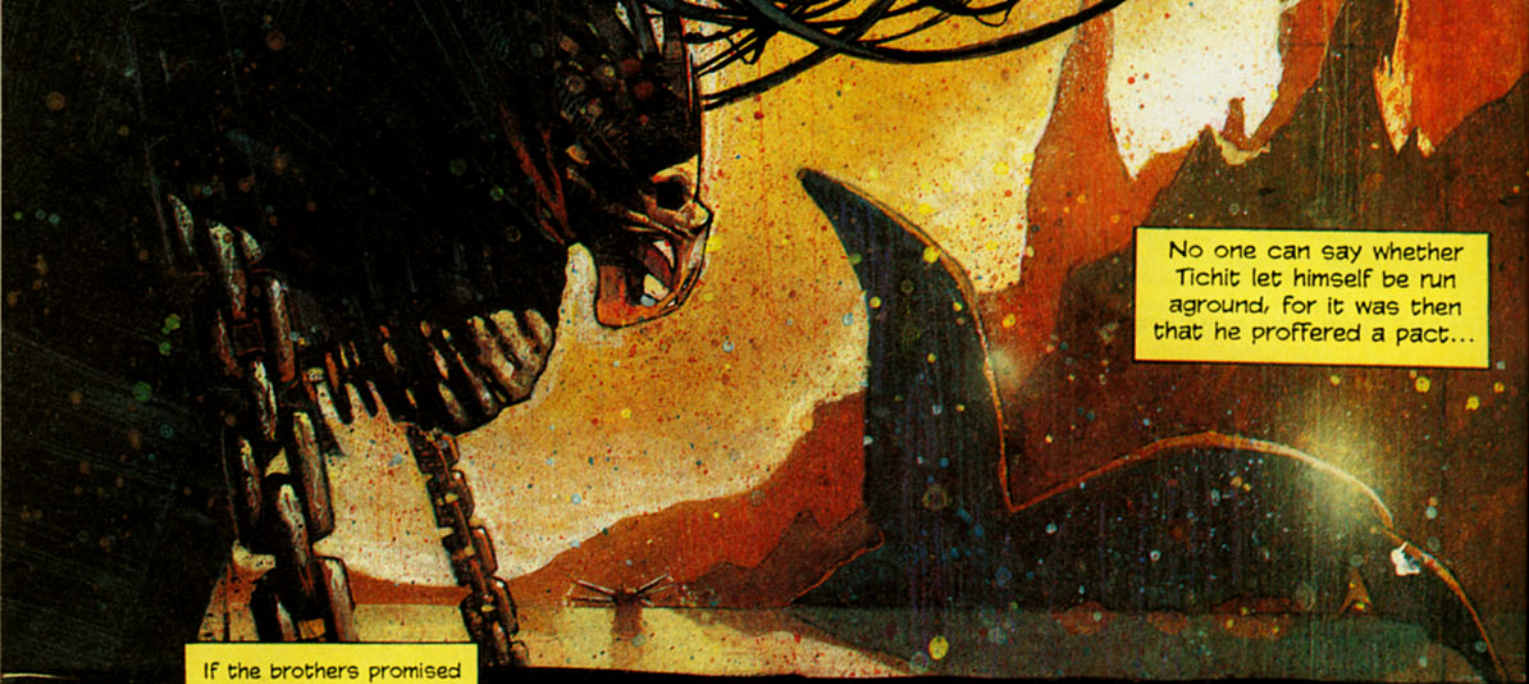


So they repaired their harpoons, made new nets, reinforced the hulls of their boats...and tirelessly set sail to conquer the King of the Seas.



And Tichit was conquered...

The King of the Seas was run aground on a sand bank at the place where the oceans met, in the most turbulent and chaotic of straits.



No one can say whether Tichit let himself be run aground, for it was then that he proffered a pact...

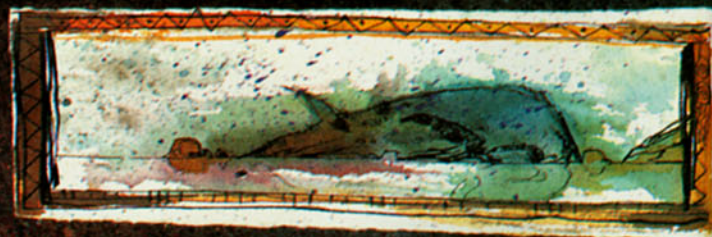
If the brothers promised never to hunt another living animal, Tichit would grant them eternal life...


But if they betrayed the oath, they would be killed instantly.

The brothers accepted the pact. And in Tichit's wide open jaws, they found a magnificent chunk of ambergris.

As the King agonized, all the shells in the world grafted themselves onto his heaving body. In one night, the Isle of Tichit came to be.

Legend has it that to this day, the seas rise and recede to the slow rhythm of Tichit's death rattle.



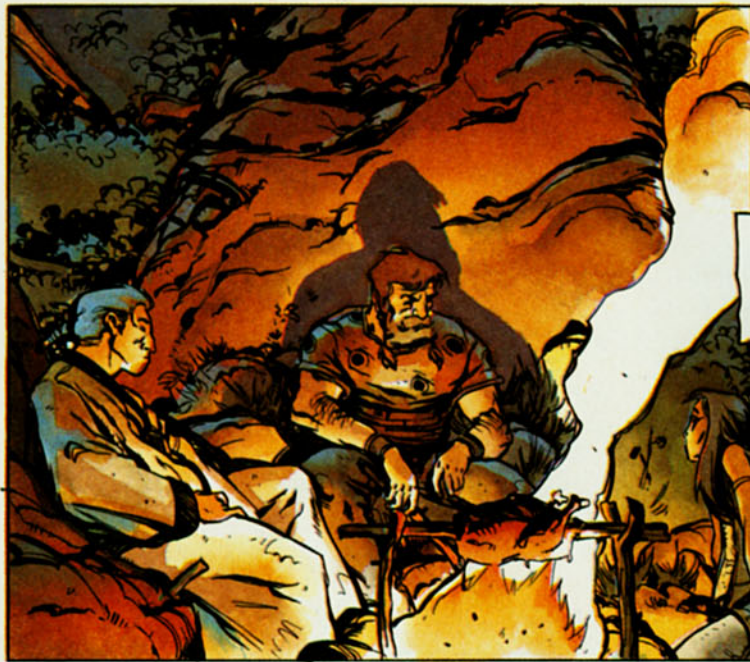


And that's how the legend of the
Witches of Tichit was born. Iturba,
Erat, Drance, Libed, Elbanim, Toban,
Epolas, and Penom, the youngest, all
settled on the island.

In keeping with the oath, the brothers
ceased hunting, but they demanded a heavy
tribute from every ship that sailed
through their
territorial waters.

It is impossible to sail from the western
to eastern seas without sailing past
Tichit. And so, at least once in their
lives, most sailors have had to pay the
Lords of Tichit an exorbitant toll.

Some foolhardy captains tried to get
past without paying, but their masts were
immediately struck by lightning and no
one has ever survived that dared to defy
the Witches of Tichit.



WHAT A FASCINATING TALE! BUT WHY DID THEY ATTACK AMOJAR?

I REALLY DON'T KNOW! THEY NEVER LEAVE THEIR ISLAND!

THEY MUST HAVE HAD A GOOD REASON!

OOOH- YOUR STORY HAS GIVEN ME THE SHIVERS!



OH, MOUD! THANKS TO YOU, WE'RE STILL ALIVE...YOU'RE MARVELOUS!

COME ON...IT'S ALL OVER NOW...THEY'RE FAR AWAY NOW. YOU CAN FORGET ABOUT THEM.



HERE'S SOMEONE WE'VE FORGOTTEN ABOUT ALREADY!



WHAT? OUADANE HAS ESCAPED?

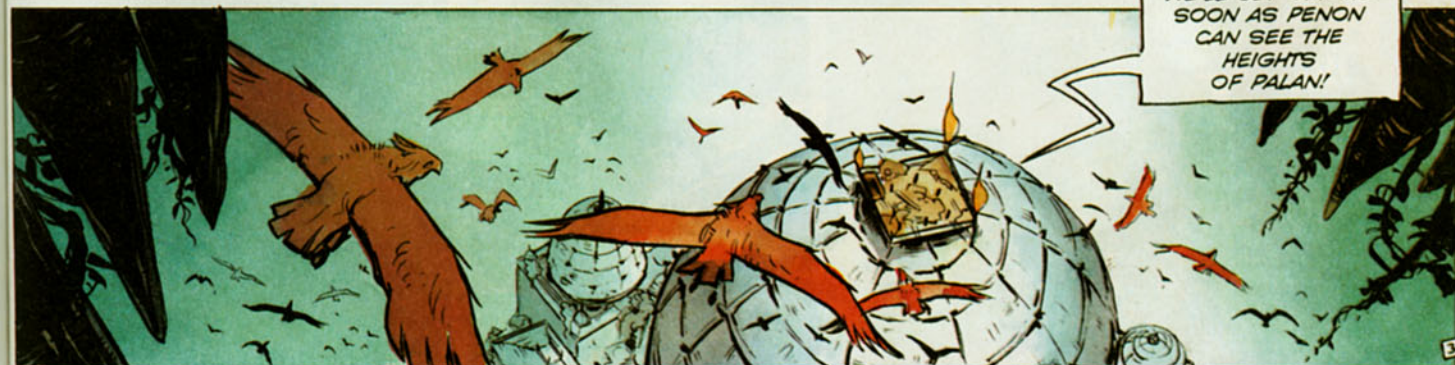
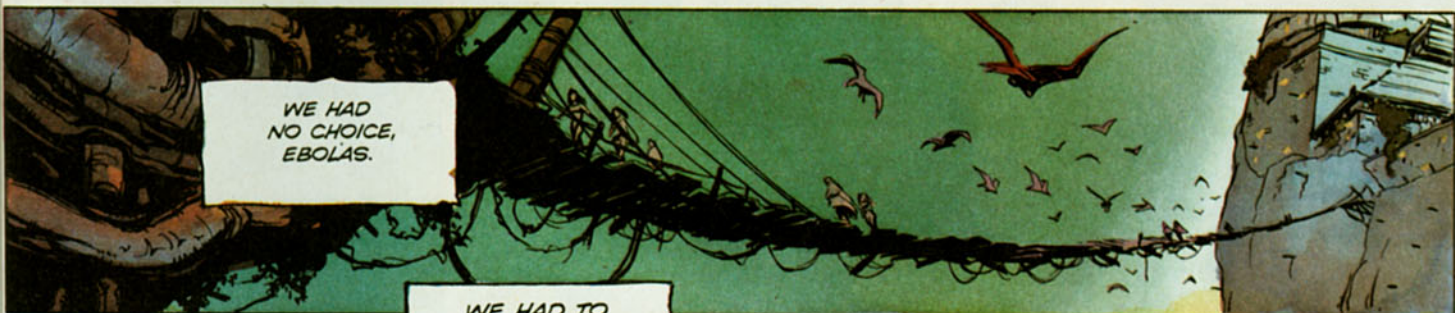
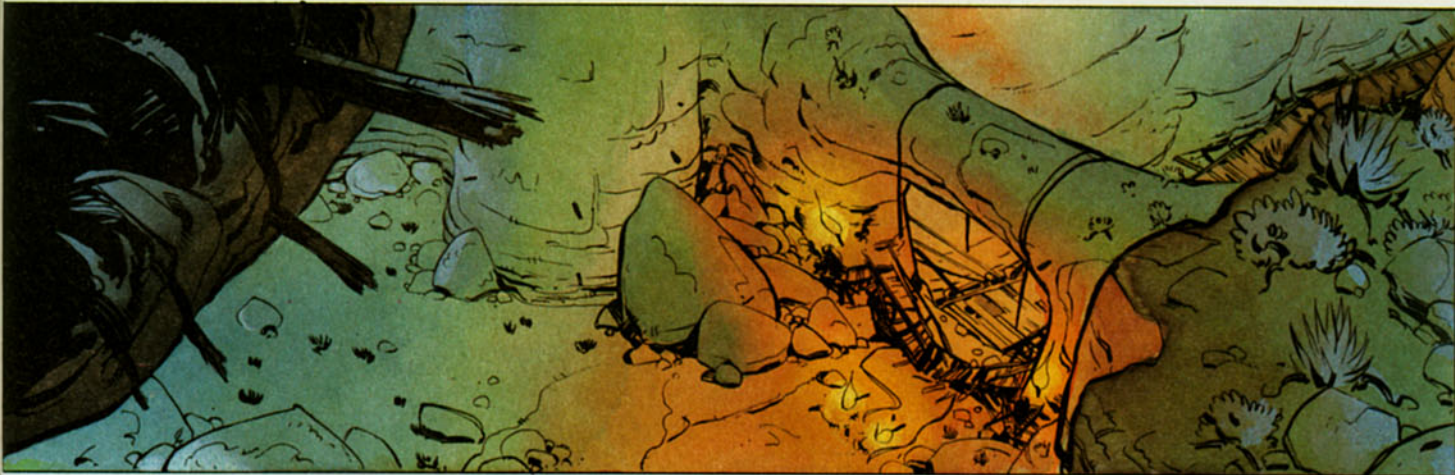
THAT'S ALL THE THANKS WE GET...INGRATEFUL WRETCH!

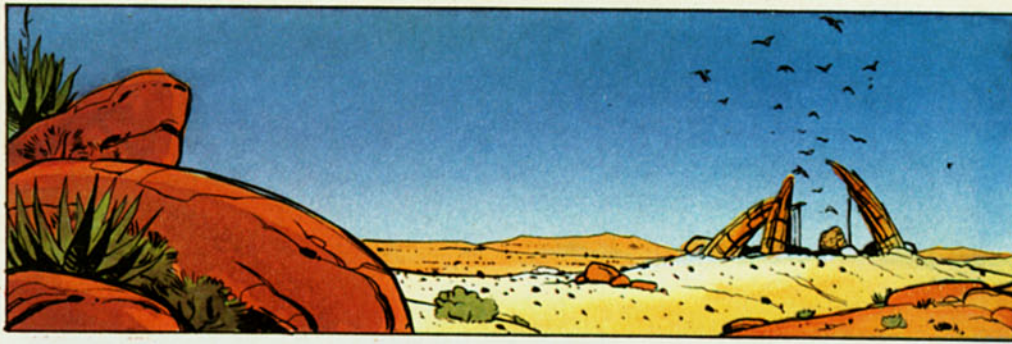
CROM! LADIES, NOW YOU'RE REALLY FREE!



I CAN'T GET OVER IT! WE'VE SURVIVED THE WITCHES OF TICHIT! FEW CAN SHARE OUR BOAST...

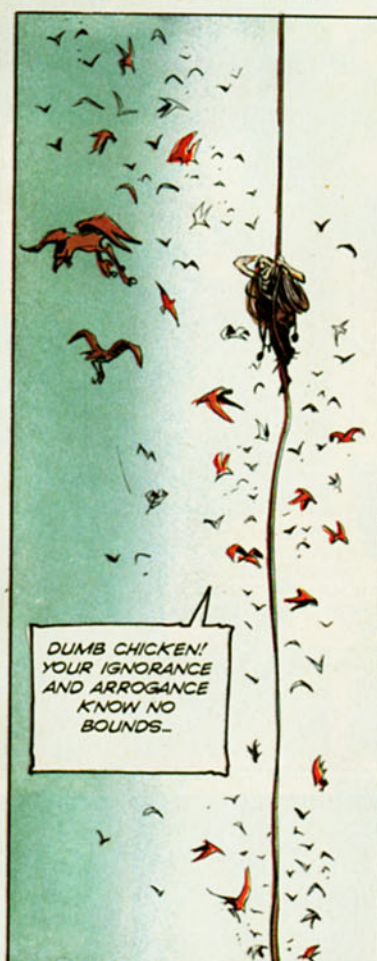
MOUDJERIA, I'M GOING TO SLEEP. CAN YOU STAND WATCH?





LESS THAN 100 YARDS.







A SIX-WHEELED
WAGON DRAWN
BY SIX HORSES.



MUST'VE BEEN
USED FOR A MEAT
DELIVERY...THERE'RE
TRACES OF SALT.



HMM...THERE ARE
NINE OF THEM,
FOUR OF THEM,
WOMEN...



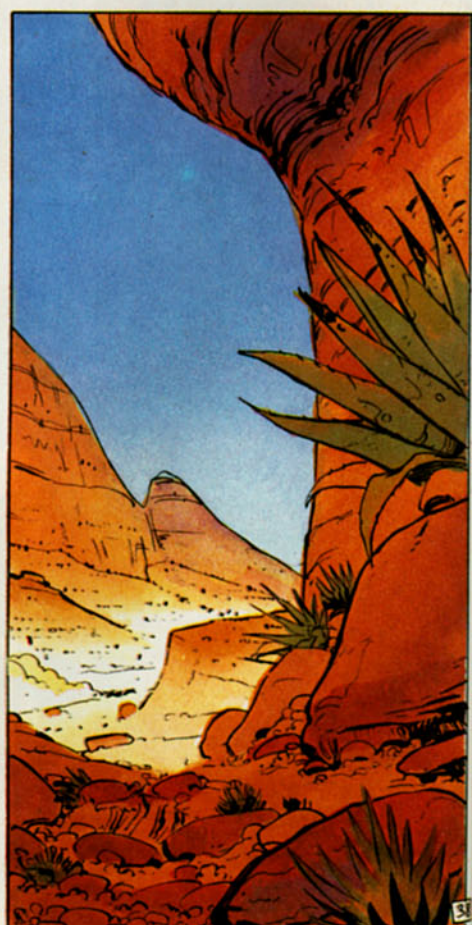
THE WAGON'S
ONLY A DAY
AHEAD OF US.



WE'LL GET
TO IT BY
NIGHTFALL!

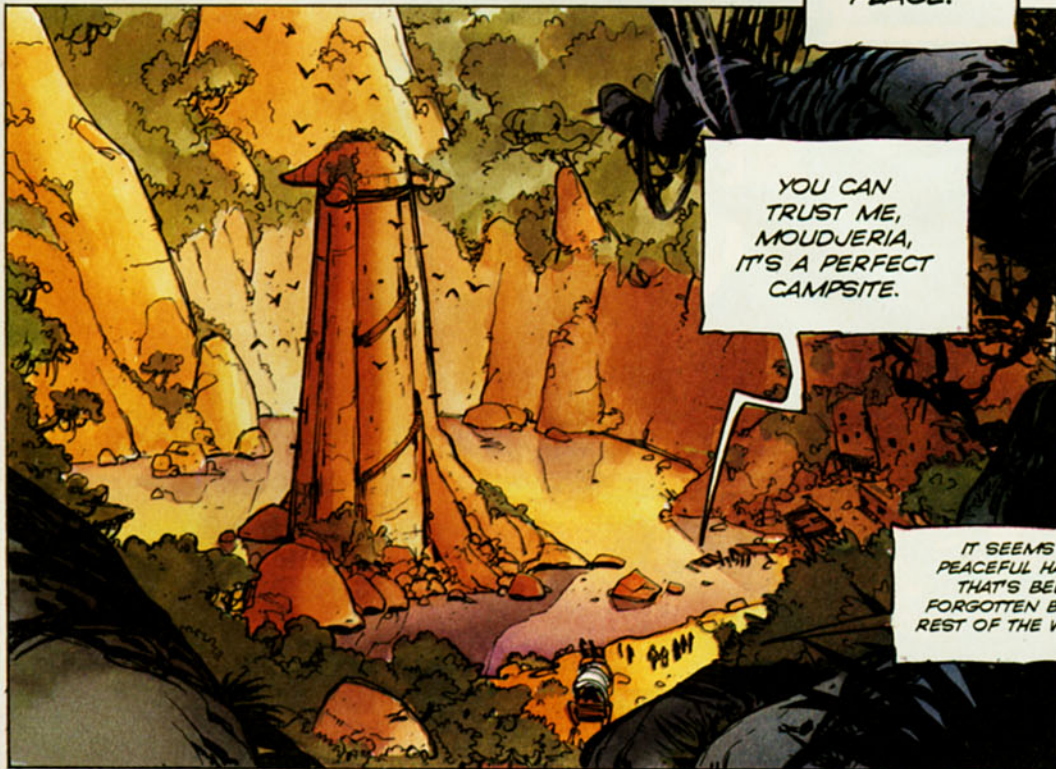


THEIR BLOOD
WILL WASH
AWAY THIS
INSULT!





WHAT A
WEIRD
PLACE!



YOU CAN
TRUST ME,
MOUDJERIA,
IT'S A PERFECT
CAMPSITE.

IT SEEMS A
PEACEFUL HAVEN
THAT'S BEEN
FORGOTTEN BY THE
REST OF THE WORLD.



I'VE NEVER SEEN
ANY PREDATORS
HERE...



LOOK AT HOW
PURE THE
WATER IS!



HMM...MY
LAST BATH
DIDN'T END
VERY WELL!



TO ME, IT LOOKS
LIKE A PERFECT
DEADEND.

AND A
MARVELOUS
MOUSE-TRAP!



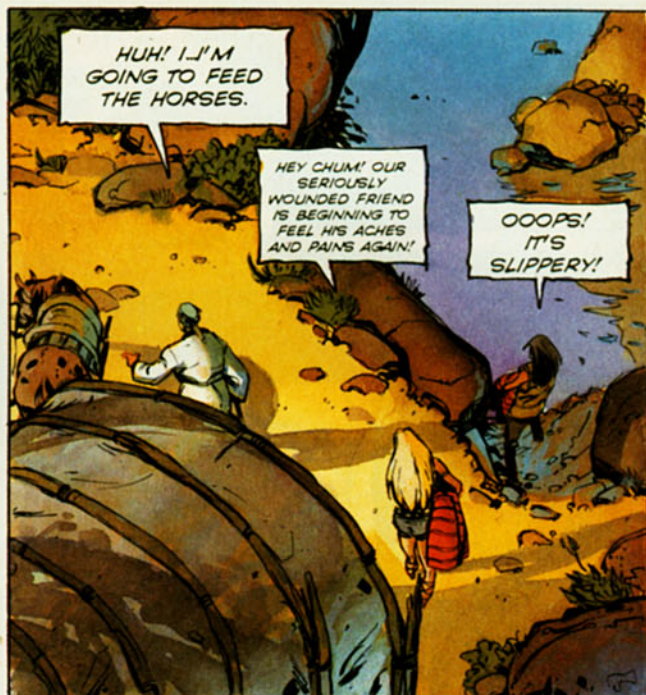
C'MON, YOU
TWINS! THERE'S
NO MORE
DANGER...ENJOY
YOUR NEWFOUND
FREEDOM!

I AGREE WITH
MOUDJ...COME
ALONG, PAMPA. THE
SOONER WE GET
SETTLED...

THE SOONER
WE'LL BE
ABLE TO TAKE
A DIP!



GOOD IDEA!
MR. TREVAK WILL
UNLOAD THE REST!



HUH! I-I'M
GOING TO FEED
THE HORSES.

HEY CHUM! OUR
SERIOUSLY
WOUNDED FRIEND
IS BEGINNING TO
FEEL HIS ACHES
AND PAINS AGAIN!

OOPS!
IT'S
SLIPPERY!



IT LOOKS
PRETTY DEEP. COME,
EMBA, LET'S GO
AROUND THE LAKE...

OOPH...



I'M SURE TERVAK
THE GIANT WILL
HONOR ME WITH A
GUIDED TOUR...ARE
YOU COMING?



STOP!

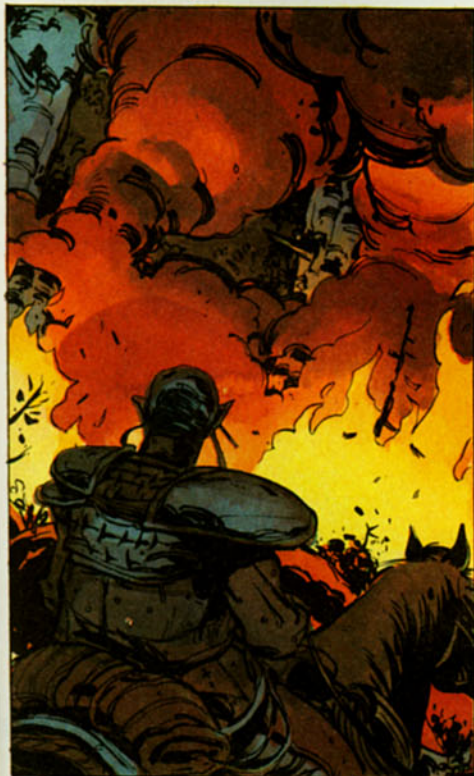


THE WHOLE AREA
IS INVESTED WITH
SCAVENGERS!



THEY'RE
ALREADY ON
OUR SPOOR!
WE'RE
DOWNWIND
FROM
THEM...

WHAT CAN WE DO?
THEY'RE IN LARGE
PACKS. WE'LL HAVE TO
GO AROUND THEM.



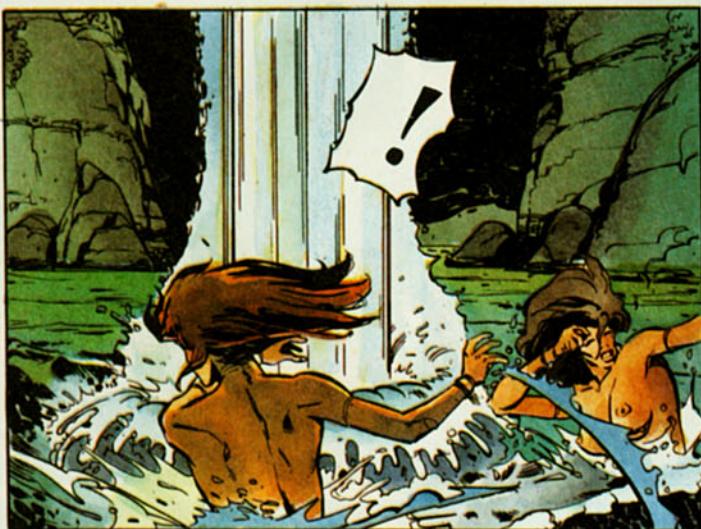


THERE'S A FOREST
FIRE DOWN BELOW!

IT WILL PUT ITSELF
OUT...THE NIGHTS ARE
DAMP IN THESE
PARTS.

HEY YOU, UP
ABOVE! IF YOU
BUMP INTO A MAN
WHO'S WORTHY OF
THE NAME...

TELL HIM THAT
TWO BATHING
BEAUTIES ARE
DYING OF
LONELINESS!



SO MY LOVELY
MERMAIDS...
WHY HAVE YOU
STOPPED SINGING?

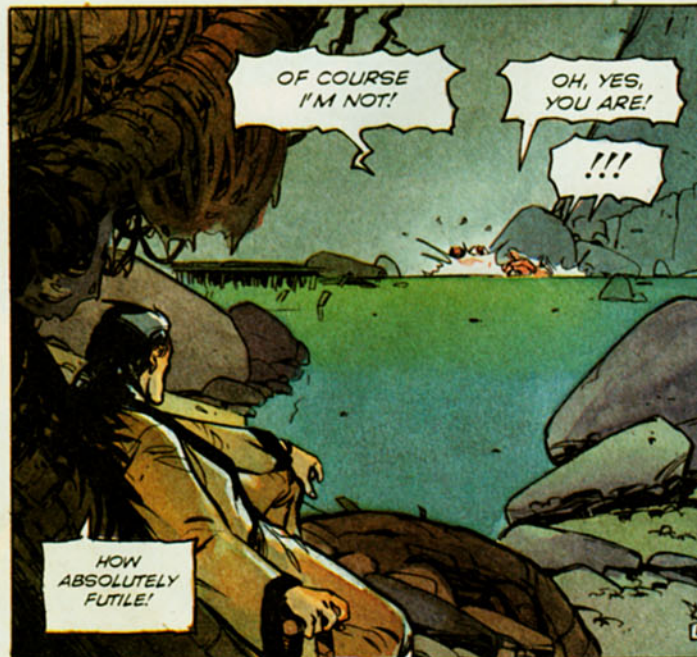


HE'S COMPLETELY
CRAZY! HE MUST'VE
BROKEN EVERY BONE IN
HIS BODY!

IEEE!



SO, TEVRAK-MOSQUITO,
YOU'RE AFRAID OF
WATER?



OF COURSE
I'M NOT!

OH, YES,
YOU ARE!

!!!

HOW
ABSOLUTELY
FUTILE!

WHAT A TEAM! A
CHILDISH BRUTE, A
BOY, AND A COUPLE
OF GIRLS...



WE CAN ALWAYS
ESCAPE THROUGH
HERE!

YOU WORRY TOO
MUCH. WE'VE GOT A
GOOD HEAD START.

?

YEAH, BUT WHEN
IT COMES TO THEM,
I EXPECT THE
WORST...

IT WILL TAKE A WEEK
TO REACH THE HEIGHTS
AND THERE THE HYENAS
WILL GET THEM!

WHAT!

DAMN...! HE WAS
SPYING ON US! I
HOPE HE DIDN'T
OVERHEAR ANYTHING...

FOR HIS SAKE, I HOPE
HE'S BLIND, DEAF AND
DUMB BECAUSE IF HE
ISN'T, HE'LL END UP
THAT WAY!



SO TELL ME,
MOUDJERIA, DID
YOU OFTEN COME
TO THE AMOJAR?



OH, NO! IT WAS THE
FIRST TIME, AND, I FEAR,
THE LAST...



IT'S NOT A PLACE
FOR MERCENARIES
LIKE ME...

I'M AN ETERNAL BUM,
WANDERING FROM ONE
FARM TO ANOTHER AND
FROM CITY TO CITY.



I SELL MY
SERVICES TO
WHOMEVER PAYS THE
MOST, AND NO
QUESTIONS ASKED!



I'VE NEVER
KNOWN
LOVE...



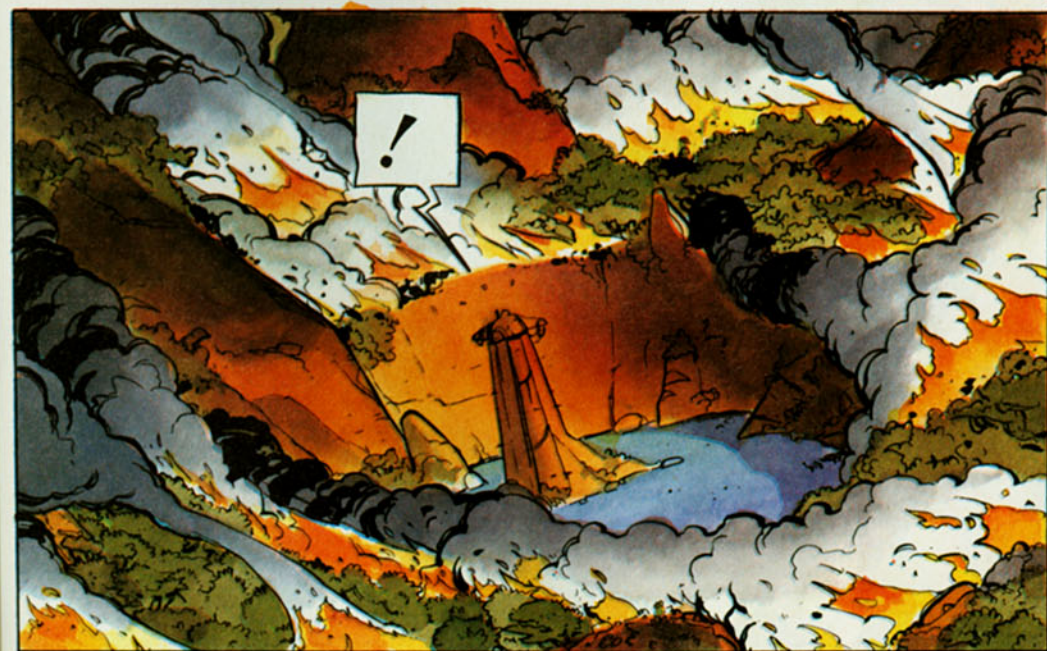
OR
FRIENDSHIP...



I'VE NEVER
HAD A HOME...



I SLEEP
WHEREVER I
HAPPEN TO BE
WHEN NIGHT
FALLS...





OESSINS:
Mathieu Lauffray
SCÉNARIO:
Frédéric Contremarche

THE END