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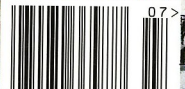
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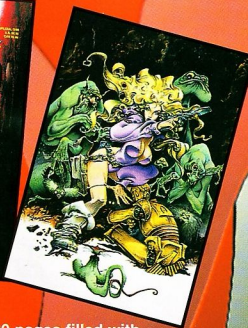
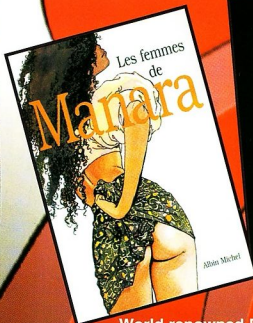
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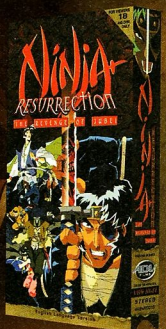
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# HEAVY METAL

I'm willing to bet that as you reached for this issue of Heavy Metal you thought to yourself, "Hey, I wonder what's up with that F.A.K.K.2 movie?" Well, darn it all if this isn't your lucky day!

The last "visual" film update I passed on to you was the 23 background images from the Cinegroupe artists. Of course, if you have "net" access you would have seen around 100 new animation images that we add on the first of each month -- so, if you don't have a computer, go to a friend that does and check it out!

This time I want to chat you up about the **soundtrack** -- we have signed a major deal with "Restless Records" which is part of the new Regency Entertainment company! (Known for such cool films as L.A. Confidential, Once Upon A Time In America, and Legends Of The Fall to name only a few!) These guys are going to help us put together one of the most killer soundtracks of the year, for sure!

So, what I'm asking from you all -- and I've always gotten a killer response before -- is this. It's your final chance to make your recommendations of who and what you want to hear in the movie -- So, don't delay -- write today!

With that said, let's look at what we have lined up for you this issue! I want to welcome Broeck Steadman back as this month's cover artist, and Jim Warren to the gallery. Jim has done work for us in the past, and a feature on him is way overdue!

The two most exciting pieces for me in this outing are a start of a new series by Juan Gimenez and the third installment of the five part "Frezza" masterpiece. This guy's art just blows me away! (Way to go, Max!)

We, as usual, have a killer installment of short features. So, dig in my friends, and I'll catch you next time!

Best,

*Kin Eastman*

Website: [www.Heavy-metal.net](http://www.Heavy-metal.net)

## DIALOGUE

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear H.M.,  
I recently got a subscription to Heavy Metal for my roommate. We were anxiously awaiting the latest mag when to our surprise we got the "Thump'n Guts" issue no.1. There was no explanation or anything so we are left wondering if this is a supplement to the subscription or did something get screwed up and we got a subscription to this comic instead? FYI: "Thump'n Guts" was just terrible. The artwork was mediocre and the plot was a bunch of buzzom females needs to bleed and gore fighting a villain who makes He-Man look realistic isn't going to sell many comics. And where did the corpse on the chopper come into the story?

Thomas

Dear Thomas,  
Tom, thanks for your note, and what a cool thing to do for your pal -- getting him a subscription to H.M. Now that's a good friend! Anyway -- The "Thump'n Guts" was sent to you and any other new subscribers for a limited time as a thanks for coming on board -- and I feel terrible that you disliked it so! It was done as a kick in the pants/wake up call to the collector market who was buying "some of the 7 million copies" of Death of Superman, actually thinking it would be worth money someday. Simon and I did "Thump'n Guts" with three different covers, three different endings, six different trading cards, etc. etc. to try and make a rare collectible as we limited the printed copies to 100,000. Regardless, before we had a chance to prove our point, the market realized that one of seven million copies of anything would never really be worth more than the paper it was printed on, and this trend ceased to exist, bringing the comic market as a whole, where it is now. So, despite your personal thoughts on what you think of the story, which I for one respect that you are a "reader" not a "collector", the next time Simon and I try an adventure of this type, we will be more thoughtful. Thanks for your criticism.

Dear H.M.,  
I just wanted to tell you that the art from your magazine has made me a little more enthusiastic about drawing all kinds of art. Through I can never be as good as your artists, I am inspired to continue my drawings.

Chavez

Dear Chavez,  
Thanks for your note and I hear you loud and clear. Although I occasionally slip in a drawing of mine into the magazine, I know I'll never be as good as the artists/writers I publish in it. It is however, a great inspiration for me to work harder on my craft and, although I'm always going to be more critical on myself than others, who knows -- maybe someday, I'll be good enough...

Dear H.M.,  
I'm so excited to see H.M. is still in existence and with a web site. This web site is very detailed and almost like holding the magazine and flipping thru the pages. I began reading in 1978 when I worked for a H.M. distributor. Today, getting a chance to look at the covers from 1978 issues is really fantastic! The first magazines were the best!!

Elizabeth

Dear Elizabeth,  
Thanks and welcome back! So glad you found us on the web. The internet has been an amazing "outreach" for us, and it is wonderful that we are finding many of our original fans through it! We've grown to roughly 50,000 hits a day, and climbing weekly. I'm glad that you liked what you saw and I have to say come back often! In addition to our weekly and monthly updates and new features, at the end of April we'll start a graphic novels section on the site, so even if you can't find the magazine on the newstand...you can see all new original and exclusive stories at heavy-metal.net. So don't be shy to check us out when you find a moment.

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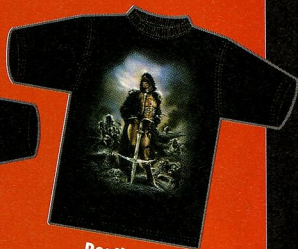
**Motorcycle Girl**



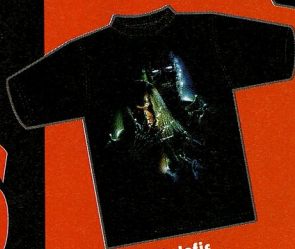
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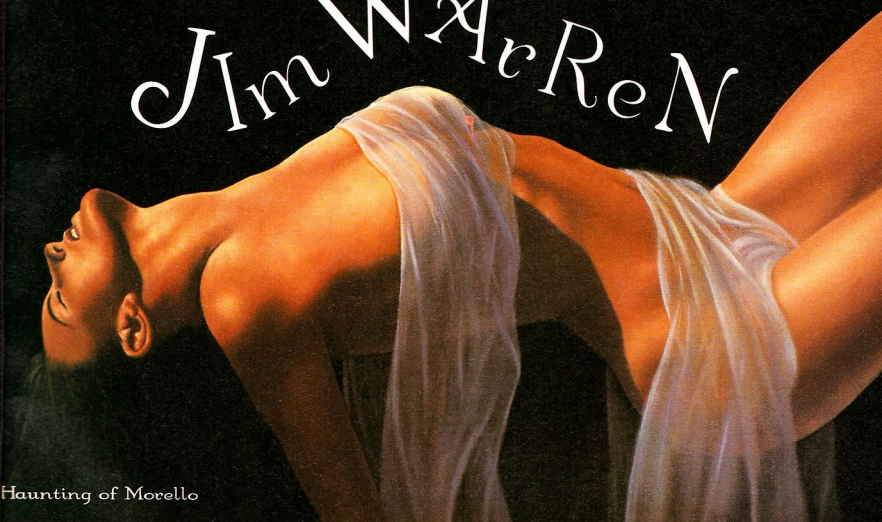


# GALLeRy

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## Jim WarReN

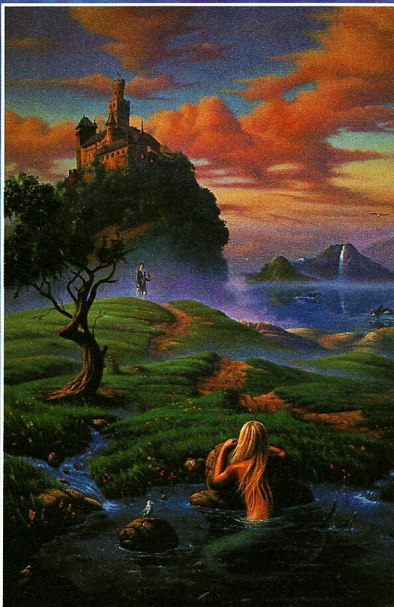
Haunting of Morello



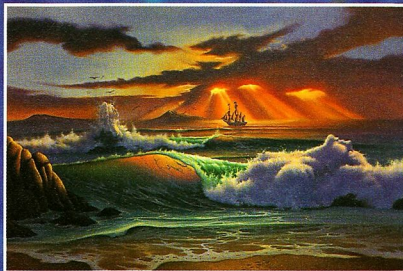
For thirty years, Jim Warren has been painting his way into the collective consciousness of people all over the world. Self-taught, he developed his own style of surrealistic fantasy and has been compared to Salvador Dali, Norman Rockwell and many other fine artists.

This is an excerpt taken from The Art of  
Jim Warren - Introduction by Wyland .

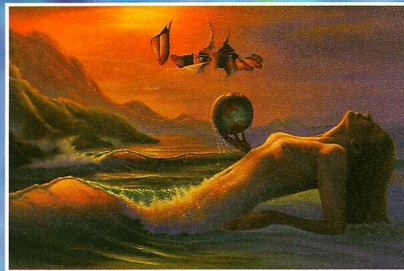




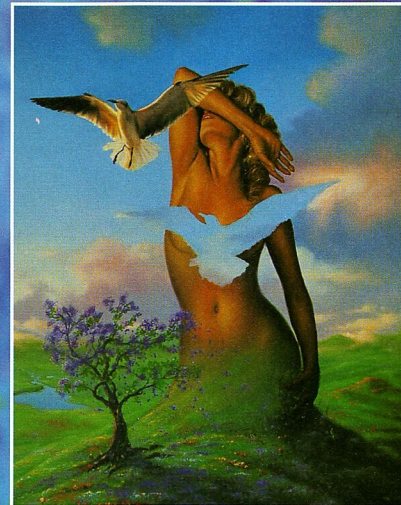
Fanta-sea



Dream Girl



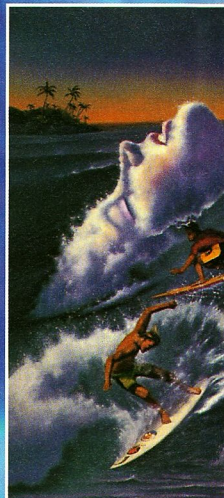
Fly Away



Pele (Hawaiian Goddess) Rising

At Wyland Galleries, where his art is featured, he receives more attention than all other artists combined. Each of his amazing paintings means something totally different to every viewer. He never duplicates himself.

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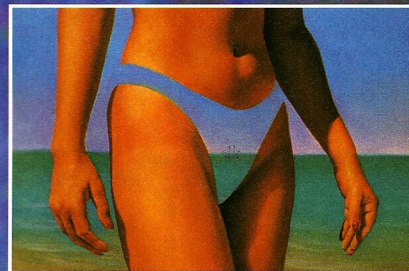
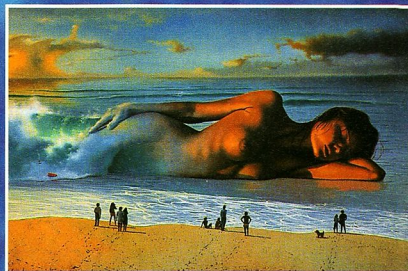


Ride the Wild Surf




Mirage

Girl With the Sea Thru Bikini







Jim is now  
bringing his  
amazing art to  
us in a coffee  
book. It is  
entitled "The  
Art of Jim  
Warren," and  
features all the  
genres that he  
has painted in:  
surrealism,  
illustration,  
portraits, etc.

**Behind the Scenes**

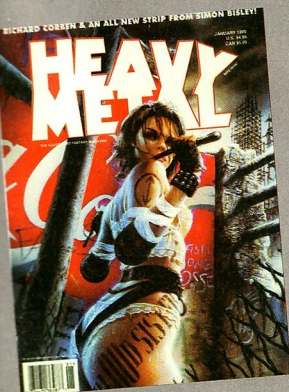
For more information on  
Jim Warren: [WWW.JimWarren.com](http://WWW.JimWarren.com)

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# Meeting of Civilizations 8

## Life in the WO Wetlands

One of the great WO pyramidal space arks rises in the distance, providing a background to this *DataStrator* painting made by Karl Kofoed, one of the Federation's human colonists assigned to the exploration of the WO planet. The area shown here is typical of the WO's populated wetlands.

This is the domain of the Worker WO; our name for the creatures responsible for the maintenance of the industrial and farm infrastructure of the WO world. We saw many types of these creatures. Some of them were shown making sheet metal in the "Industrial Zone" segment earlier in the *Galactic Geographic's Meeting of Civilizations* series. Because of their multi-legged and exo-skeletal bodies, human colonists compared them to Earth's insects.

Here we see a worker standing with a human emissary from the visiting Federation group near a structure that looks like a cross between a tramway and a tree house. The structure is a segment of a complex conduit that channels energy across the surface of the planet. The structures also provide homes for creatures who maintain the conduit and keep it functioning. They are built on tall pedestals to keep them high above the wetlands which are flooded every year during the area's rainy season.

During that season—the equivalent of Earth's summer—the row of seemingly dead trees (seen at right and in the distance) are in full foliage and produce a black nut-like fruit that feeds the workers. The nuts are harvested, then processed into a material that resembles a sticky black tar. The worker's food is not ingested by mouth, but is placed in a pouch in the creature's midsection where it is digested. The concept of eating was foreign to all the WO, since they have no apparatus like a mouth. Perhaps this is why they exhibited great curiosity about the Human, Tsailorol and Noron eating habits and often gathered at colonial encampments at meal time just to watch us eat.

What they think of our habits remains a mystery since we have not yet established a language that allows direct communication between the Federation Members and the WO. Our technicians have, however, received and interpreted a vast library of visual data, recorded since the WO civilization was discovered.

CONTINUED

GALACTIC GEOGRAPHIC BY KARL KOFOED



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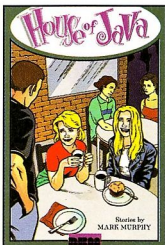
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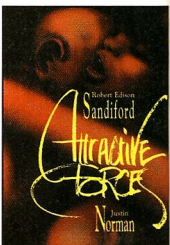
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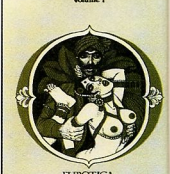
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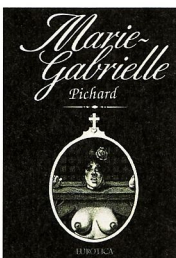
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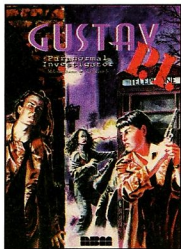
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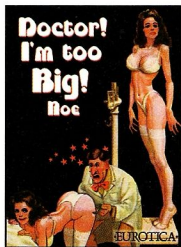
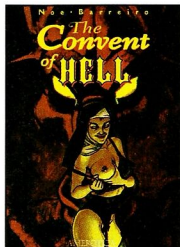


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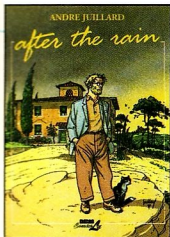
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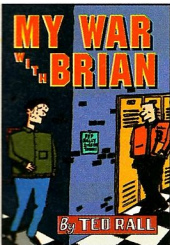
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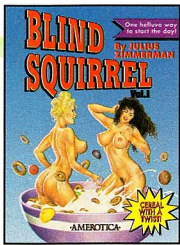
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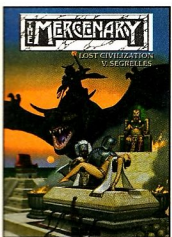
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100 Merrick Rd. Suite 400  
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For the books marked\*, I certify I am over 21:

Shipping: add \$3 1st item,  
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## Apollo 11: Thirty Years After

**HERE MEN FROM THE  
PLANET EARTH  
FIRST SET FOOT  
UPON THE MOON  
JULY 1969, A.D.  
WE CAME IN PEACE  
FOR ALL MANKIND**

*—from the plaque left on lunar  
module Eagle, Apollo 11*

For anyone born after July 20, 1969, it's probably hard to understand the enormous excitement caused by the first moon landing. But on that fateful day, over a billion people, more than a quarter of Earth's population, watched with breathless awe as Mission Commander Neil Armstrong put his foot on the moon at 10:56 P.M. Eastern daylight time. He was joined 19 minutes later by Lunar Module Pilot Buzz Aldrin. This was one of the defining moments of the 20th century. Then-President Richard Nixon expressed it best in a phone call to Armstrong and Aldrin as they stood on the moon when he said: "For one priceless moment in the whole history of man, all the people on this Earth are truly one." In fact, so many people were glued to their television sets in the U.S., that even crime came to a virtual standstill.

As he stepped off the lunar module's footpad, Neil Armstrong, known in the astronaut corps as a man of few words, made one of the most famous statements in human history: "That's one small step for a man. One giant leap for mankind." Armstrong's words have been quoted endlessly and parodied almost as often, even by Pete Conrad, the quick-witted commander of Apollo 12, as he became the third man to walk on the moon: "Man, that may have been a small one for Neil, but that's a large one for me."

These days, with the former Soviet Union, an almost powerless, economically battered giant, it's fashionable to classify the Space Race of the 50's, 60's and 70's as the paranoid delusion of an earlier era. But it's important to look at it in the context of the times. The early 60's was the height of the Cold War. The Berlin Wall went up in 1961, and in '62, the world came as close as it ever did to nuclear war between the U.S. and the USSR during the Cuban Missile Crisis. The Space Race was real enough, it was essentially an outgrowth of the desperate competition by the U.S. and the USSR to achieve booster superiority, that is, to be the first nation to achieve a truly practical intercontinental ballistic missile for delivering thermonuclear warheads halfway around the world.

Only a few weeks after Russian cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin's became, on April 12, 1961, the first human in space, John F. Kennedy, America's brash young president made an historic speech to Congress. "...I believe that this nation should commit itself to achieving the goal, before this decade is out, of landing a man on the moon and returning him safely to Earth. No single space project in this period will be more exciting, or more impressive to mankind, or more important for the long-range exploration of space; and none will be so difficult or expensive to accomplish. In a very real sense, it will not be one man going to the moon... it will be an entire nation. For all of us must work to put him there."

At the time it was a bold challenge; the U.S. hadn't even put a man in orbit yet. You have to admire Kennedy's absolutechutzpah to challenge the Russians to a contest in an arena where they were winning hands down.

Just as you have to admire the raw courage of Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin, the men who made

good on Kennedy's challenge. The lunar module, the unwieldy mechanical spider they would land in, weighed over 13 tons. Yet, so concerned were the designers with the lightness of LM's the ascent stage, the capsule designed to return the astronauts to the command module, that the walls of the LM's pressurized cabin were as thin as a beer can. A small child armed with a screwdriver could have punched through them. In Earth gravity, this fragile vessel would have collapsed under its own weight. Even more mind-boggling today, is the thought that these men went to the moon in vehicles that held less computing power in their on-board computers than a low-end laptop now contains.

And for the 21 hours and 36 minutes his crewmates were on the moon, command module pilot Michael Collins had his own challenges to face, for he was the loneliest man in the solar system. Every time command module Columbia passed behind the moon, Collins was totally alone, out of radio contact with Earth for 47 minutes. Armstrong, Aldrin, and Collins had faith in the power of American technology, but they knew that everything had to function perfectly, or they were dead.

Ultimately, the entire Apollo program eventually wound up costing 40 billion dollars. And what did we get for our money? Over the duration of the Apollo program's 7 moon flights, 12 men walked or drove lunar rovers on the moon's surface, collecting a total of 834 pounds of lunar rocks and soil, and spending a grand total of 299 hours, 44 minutes there. Since it was the first moon mission, Apollo 11 had a relatively modest EVA schedule. Armstrong and Aldrin's moonwalk lasted only 2 hours and 36 minutes. During that time, they collected 46 pounds of rock and soil samples, deployed several scientific experiments, planted a U.S. flag, and left behind mementos commemorating the U.S. and Soviet astronauts who had died in the service of their respective space programs. They also brought back striking color photos of the surface of Earth's satellite. "Magnificent desolation," was how Aldrin characterized it. While Armstrong

described the lunar surface as possessing, "a stark beauty all its own...like much of the high desert of the United States. It's different, but it's very pretty out here."

It also fostered a transitory but beautiful sense of human solidarity, as Buzz Aldrin remarked at the time, "...this has been far more than three men on a voyage to the moon, more still than the efforts of a government and industry team, more even than the efforts of one nation. We feel that this stands as a symbol of the insatiable curiosity of all mankind to explore the unknown."

Being the first to land on the Moon made Armstrong, Aldrin, and Collins instant celebrities. During the world tour they embarked on following their return, adoring crowds mobbed them wherever they went. But, ironically, after the initial furor died away, television viewership dropped with each successive Apollo mission. Part of the problem was that NASA's competence made these extraordinary feats seem almost routine. As they progressed, the Apollo missions got longer, more elaborate, with color video live from the Moon, and thrilling jaunts across the lunar surface in three successive Lunar Rovers, but the number of viewers continued to decline.

After the heroic effort of the Apollo program was concluded with Apollo 17 (the last three Apollo missions were scrubbed by budget cuts), NASA seemed to lack direction. Even the historic Apollo-Soyuz linkup in 1975, and Skylab, America's first space station (active from 1973-74) seemed more like ingenious ways to use up leftover Apollo components than any kind of coherent master plan for exploring the cosmos.

But one irrefutable fact remains; twelve people have walked on the lunar surface, including Astronaut/Space Artist Alan Bean, and Astrogeologist Harrison 'Jack' Schmidt, both of whom have increased our knowledge of the Moon in subtly different ways.

Yet, in many people's minds the question endures, that with all the problems left to solve on Earth why go to space at all? In answer, many astronauts, scientists, and



politicians have pointed out the benefits to be derived from space travel: new technologies developed at a faster pace, the fabrication of materials and drugs that can't even be manufactured in normal Earth gravity, as well as the tantalizing possibility of humans residing permanently in near-Earth orbit, or on the Moon, or Mars.

One of the most cogent rationales for going back to the Moon and resuming the exploration of deep space comes from Buzz Aldrin himself, as stated in *Men From Earth* (1989), his second memoir of his historic flight.

"By the middle of the next century, world population will have grown to the so-called 'equilibrium' level of between eight and 10 billion. Meeting the energy needs of this population using conventional technology will quickly exhaust our fossil fuel reserves and permanently poison the environment through the greenhouse effect, ozone layer depletion, desertification, and ocean pollution. But if this swollen population does not receive enough energy to modernize, a widespread social upheaval will probably rip apart human civilization. Energy consumption is at the heart of our dilemma. But there is virtually limitless solar energy available just a few hundred miles above Earth's surface. Cis-lunar space is eternally radiant with sunlight.

Unfortunately, constructing the immense solar power satellites necessary to convert this sunlight to microwaves and beam it down to Earth to meet the planet's energy needs is an enormously expensive challenge, primarily because of Earth-based launch costs -- if we rely on construction materials from Earth. But as I stated in an editorial on the fifteenth anniversary of our lunar landing: 'The Solar System's most desirable space station already has six flags on it. Let's use it.' It's called the moon.

"Converting large areas of the moon's flat seas into a solar power station might seem like a pipe dream. But we should remember that America's technical experts laughed at Werner von Braun in 1945 when he projected landing a man on the moon. We know from the rocks the Apollo astronauts returned to Earth that the lunar seas have a mineral composition suitable for the construction of solar collectors.

"Another exciting energy resource on the moon is receiving considerable attention in both the West and the Soviet Union. Lunar samples have revealed an ample supply of the isotope helium-3 (He-3), which is very rare on Earth, but has been deposited on the lunar surface over billions of years by the solar wind. It is now estimated that at least a million tons of He-3 are readily recoverable from the regolith formations where lunar

power stations would be practical. This He-3 offers a key to safe, practical nuclear fusion energy on Earth. Unlike the deuterium fusion reactors now being developed, nuclear fusion reactors would be almost completely devoid of radioactivity, and the reactor vessel would not be bombarded with destructive neutrons.

"It is estimated that a single ton of He-3 delivered to Earth would be worth at least \$1 billion. And much of Earth's future energy needs could be met by burning only 200 tons of He-3 a year in environmentally benign fusion reactors. From this point of view, the concept of a well-organized, large-scale return to the moon to exploit its resources becomes quite compelling."

In short, the reason why humanity must venture back to the moon, and then continue exploring deep space is simple: our survival depends on it.

If you're one of those people who's inclined to think that continuing the space program is nothing but a pork barrel project for the aerospace industry, and a complete waste of the taxpayers' money, think about this. After the Apollo/Soyuz mission in 1975, the United States no longer possessed the capability to reach the moon, because there were no more Saturn V boosters being built. Without the Saturn V or some

similar massive launch vehicle, it isn't possible to break out of the deep gravity well surrounding Earth to reach the moon. America had the moon in its grasp for three years, then threw away the capability to go back again. Although our space shuttles are far more advanced than the Apollo fleet, their capabilities are more limited. A space shuttle, for all its modern computers and other high-tech gadgetry, can only achieve low Earth orbit. It's like a flying truck that can only take payloads a few hundred miles out. Right now, in 1999, only the Russians are flying boosters powerful enough to reach the moon.

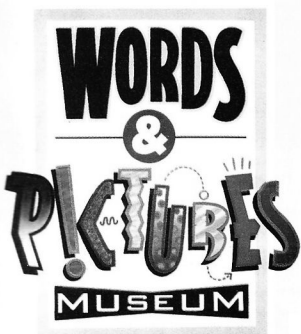
If this argument makes sense to you, then do something about it. Learn more about NASA's space program, and the various private ventures for exploiting the High Frontier, such as Buzz Aldrin's Semi-Cycler concept, or Pete Conrad's SST/Delta Clipper space vehicle. Since you're reading a science fiction magazine like *Heavy Metal*, it probably does. So if you have the vision to see the benefits to future generations, contact your state representatives and senators and let them know that the budget for America's space programs should be increased, not cut. The future is in all of our hands, if we just have the will and the vision to pursue it. Some day, we may all be going to the stars.

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## Now Showing at Words & Pictures Museum Northampton, Mass New Selections from the Archives

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# STAR FRAZER

## animals



### Bluto The Hippo

The spirit of John Belushi from Animal House is ready to party. Costumed in an eye catching toga and wreath. When you squeeze him, he says:

- My advice to you is to start drinking heavily
- Toga, Toga!
- Food Fight
- Burp

"My advice to you is to start drinking heavily."



With this menage a trois, you don't know whether you're gonna get head, give tail or just get hammered.

"Drop them pants!"



### Porker Pig

This little piggy, dressed in his Sunday finest overalls, comes from the backwoods, and is ready to teach you a thing or two about country hospitality. When you squeeze him, he says:

- Drop them pants
- Pantes too
- Squeal like a pig
- Souleeee!



"Me sucky sucky."

### Mc-So-Horny Beaver

Finally, a beaver that's available to serve your needs whenever your heart desires. Costumed in a tasteful minidress and pearls. When you squeeze her she says:

- Me So Horny, Me So Horny
- Me love you long time
- Me sucky, sucky

Send to: **HEAVY METAL, Dept. 799**  
100 Merrick Road, Suite 400, East Building, Rockville Centre, NY 11570

- Bluto The Hippo
- Porker Pig
- Mc-So-Horny Beaver

**\$14.95 per animal**

Name

Address

City  State  Zip

I have enclosed \$  Total

Charge to my MC/Visa #  Exp. Date

Signature

\$3.00 S&H IN US / \$4.00 CANADA & FOREIGN

New York residents please add 8.25% sales tax. Must be 18 years old to order.





... THE PROGRAM'S TITLE BEGINS TO APPEAR ON THE MONITOR...  
OR AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT I THINK IS HAPPENING.

WOW!! AMAZING  
GRAPHICS!! BUT...

© MENEZ

# CHOOSE YOUR GAME...



THEY'RE COMING OUT OF  
THE MONITOR. FOR REAL!!

SHIT! THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE! THESE ARE THE MOST  
AWESOME GRAPHICS I'VE EVER SEEN IN MY LIFE!  
TRULY EXTRAORDINARY!

I'M SURE YOU CAN IMAGINE MY SURPRISE --  
NOT TO MENTION TERROR--WHEN THE IMAGE  
REACHES OUT AND TOUCHES ME...



... BUT... WHAT'S  
HAPPENING...?



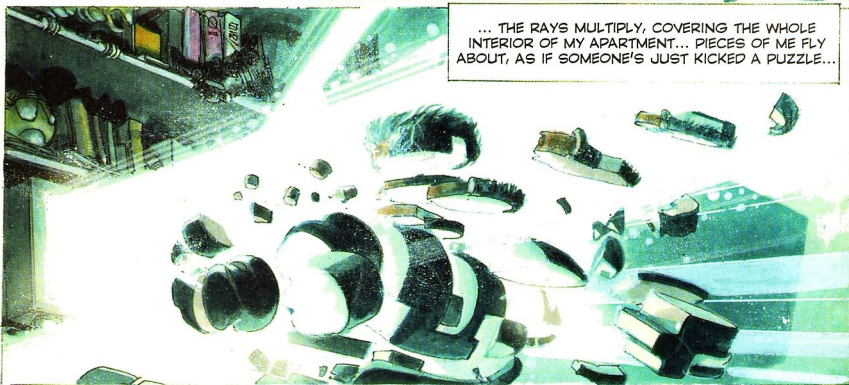
HALF OF ME WANTS TO RUN SCREAMING INTO THE STREET AS I'M IMMERSSED IN THE PROGRAM, BUT I AM ALMOST PARALYZED BY THE INTRIGUE OF IT ALL... THE PROJECTION FROM MY DISPLAY PIERCES ME, AND SHATTERS MY BODY LIKE A PIECE OF GLASS...

HHA

AA!!



... THE RAYS MULTIPLY, COVERING THE WHOLE INTERIOR OF MY APARTMENT... PIECES OF ME FLY ABOUT, AS IF SOMEONE'S JUST KICKED A PUZZLE...



I BEGIN TO WONDER IF IT'S BECAUSE I FORGOT TO EAT DINNER-- MAYBE I'M HALLUCINATING WITH HUNGER... MEANWHILE, THE PIECES OF MY BODY REGROUP. BUT I'M NO LONGER SITTING IN MY APARTMENT... STRANGELY, THE MUSIC OF THE PROGRAM IS MUCH CLEARER... MULTI-CHANNEL 128 BITS... AT THE VERY LEAST... I AM SURE.



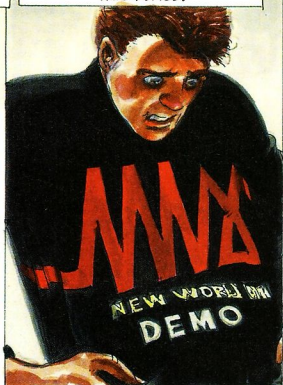


... THE UBIQUITOUS "TECHNO" MUSIC  
FAILS TO RELAX ME...

MY APARTMENT... MY HOUSE!!  
EVERYTHING'S DISAPPEARED.  
MY GOD... WHAT IS  
HAPPENING TO ME?!



MY CLOTHES ALSO! WHAT IS  
THIS PLACE?

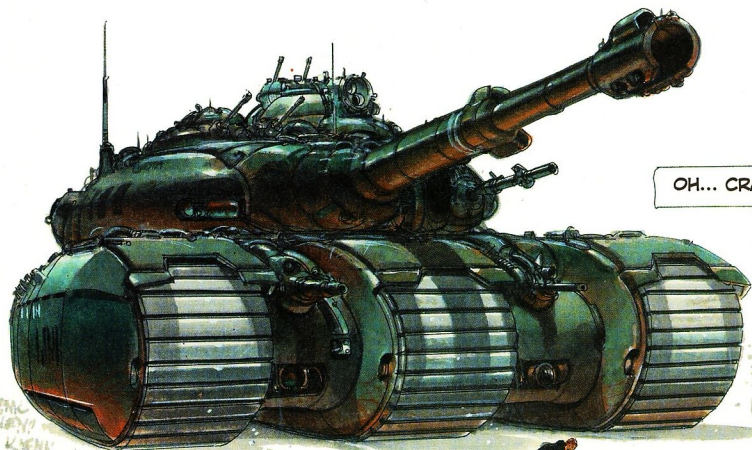
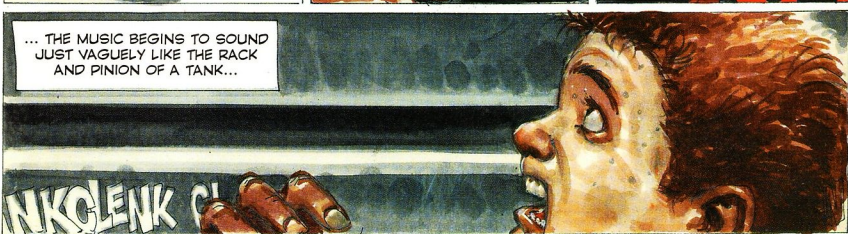


... MORE CHANGES...

AN ENORMOUS CLOCK WITH  
A SCREEN!!



... THE MUSIC BEGINS TO SOUND  
JUST VAGUELY LIKE THE RACK  
AND PINION OF A TANK...



OH... CRAP.

SUFFICE TO SAY, AT THIS POINT OF THE SAGA, I'M AT THE POINT OF FAINTING FROM TERROR...

NOOOO!!

... BUT I QUICKLY REGAIN MY COMPOSURE. "FIRST THINGS FIRST" I SAY TO MYSELF... AND I REACH OUT TO SEE IF THE MACHINE BEFORE ME IS MERELY AN ILLUSION...

I SUPPOSE IT'S REAL... IF NOT, THEN IT'S A DAMN REALISTIC ILLUSION!

... AT THAT MOMENT I REALIZED THAT I'VE WET MY PANTS...

... IT SEEMS JUST TOO BIZARRE TO BE TRUE. THERE I AM, STANDING IN A HOLOGRAPHIC LANDSCAPE, AND I'VE PISSED ALL OVER MYSELF. WHICH IS NOTHING, REALLY, COMPARED TO WHAT HAPPENS NEXT...

WELCOME TO THE DEMONSTRATION OF NEW WORLD GAMES... FELLOW TRAVELLER!

... IT SEEMS I CAN ALSO INTERACT WITH THE PROGRAM...

WOULD YOU LIKE TO DRIVE THIS SUPER TANK? IT'S INDESTRUCTIBLE.

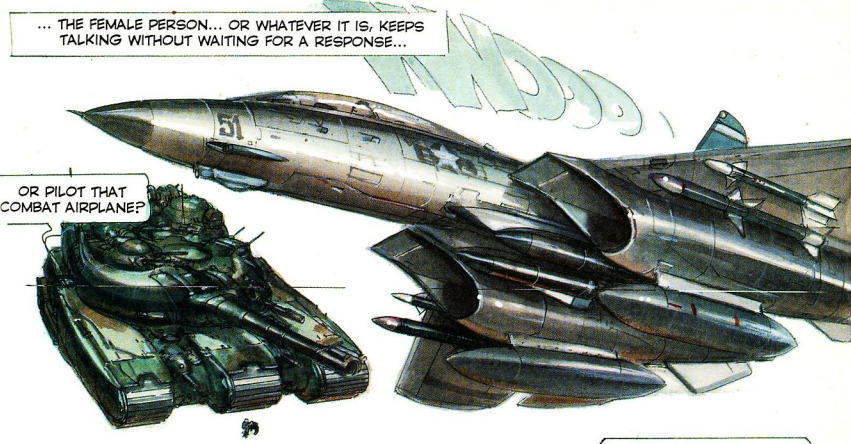
... ME... NO... REALLY...!

HAAA!!



... THE FEMALE PERSON... OR WHATEVER IT IS, KEEPS  
TALKING WITHOUT WAITING FOR A RESPONSE...

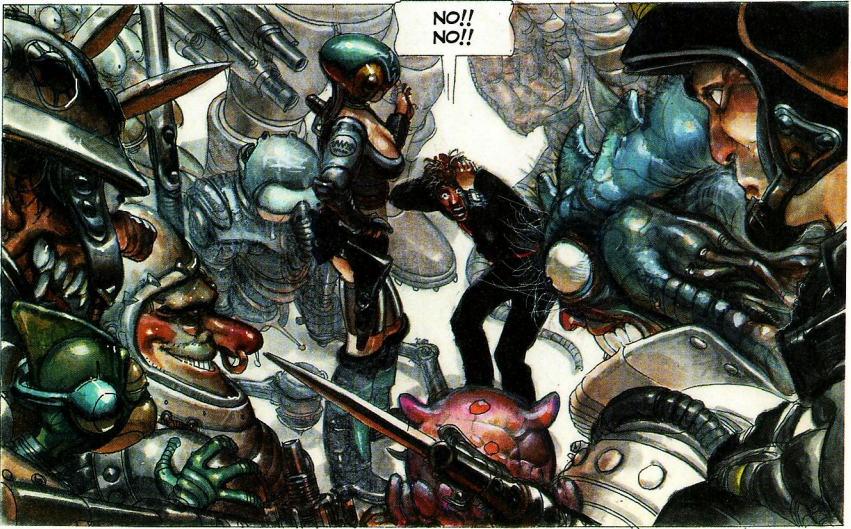
OR PILOT THAT  
COMBAT AIRPLANE?



... OR FIGHT THEM  
ALL... OR HAVE THEM  
AS ALLIES?



NO!!  
NO!!





... A STRANGE AND TERRIFYING UNIVERSE BEGINS TO APPEAR IN FRONT OF MY EYES... MILLIONS OF WEIRD ALIEN PEOPLE, AND WORLDS THAT CAN HARDLY BE IMAGINED...



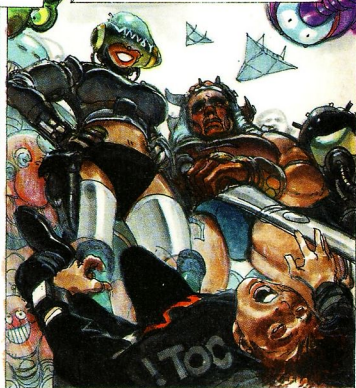
... THIS SURPASSES ALL HUMAN REASON. MY CEREBELLUM DECIDES THAT DISCRETION IS THE BETTER PART OF VALOR AND OPTS TO RENDER ME SENSELESS INSTEAD.



... IT BRINGS FORTH A SCREAM OF SHOCK. THE SOUND OF THIS CAUSES A SWIRL OF CLOUDS TO APPEAR.



... BUT THE WORST SHOCK OF ALL COMES WHEN I HIT THE FLOOR IN A DEAD FAINT...





AS THE SAYING GOES, I HAVE NO IDEA HOW LONG I'VE BEEN OUT. A BRIEF PUNCH TO THE MIDRIF RETURNS ME TO CONSCIOUSNESS, FOR THE TIME BEING I AM ALIVE, BUT WITH THE SAME TERROR AS BEFORE...



IT SEEMS PRETTY CLEAR THAT I'VE ACCIDENTALLY FALLEN OFF MY CHAIR OR SOMETHING... BUT THERE FROM THE MONITOR, THE VOICE CONTINUES...



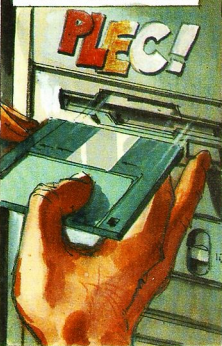
IT'S THE GIRL FROM THE HALLUCINATION. SHE'S INSIDE THE PROGRAM. ON SCREEN IS A MENU WITH A LIST OF SEVEN GAMES...



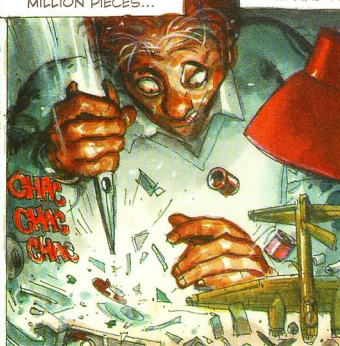
I HAVE NOW SUFFICIENTLY (AND QUITE VIOLENTLY) DISCONNECTED ALL THAT IS DISCONNECTABLE...



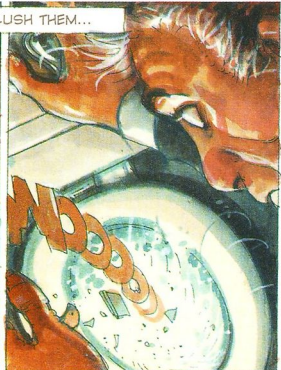
I REMOVE THE OPTIC DISK...



... I CRUNCH IT INTO A MILLION PIECES...



... AND FLUSH THEM...





MY SISTER IS UNCARING...

... YOU JERK! IF YOU WERE  
HERE, I'D SPIT IN YOUR  
STUPID FACE...

MONA! MONA! LIS-  
TEN TO ME! IT WAS  
THE COMPUTER---

LISTEN TO ME MONA!  
WILL YOU LISTEN?

I'LL CALL YOU  
LATER. MY BROTH-  
ER'S BEING A JERK  
TOO... SEE YOU  
LATER... AND, YES,  
I'LL CALL YOU...



DO YOU EVEN CARE WHAT  
IS IMPORTANT TO ME?  
WHY CAN'T YOU JUST  
LEAVE ME IN PEACE?

LISTEN!...  
PLEASE!

MONA!



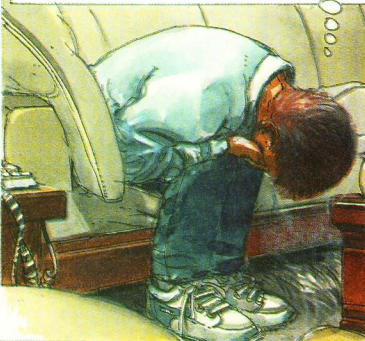
OF COURSE! THAT'S  
IT-- I'LL CALL YOU!



DAMN! NOT AT HOME, SHE  
WENT TO TAKE HER BROTH-  
ERS TO THE MOVIES. SO,  
WHAT DO I DO NOW? I'D  
BETTER CALM DOWN...



BUT THERE'S NO WAY TO UNDERSTAND IT...  
I DON'T THINK ANYBODY CAN! MY PARENTS  
MIGHT HAVE BEEN RIGHT AFTER ALL...



... MAYBE I SPEND SO MUCH  
TIME PLAYING VIDEO GAMES,  
MAYBE THEY'RE KILLING MY  
BRAIN CELLS.

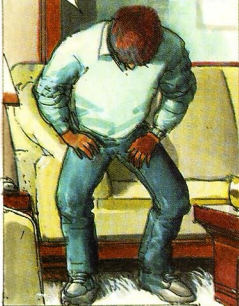


WAIT A MINUTE!  
I DREAMT IT! THAT'S  
IT! I WAS SLEEPING  
AND I DREAMT IT ALL!





THAT'S CRAZY... NO DREAM COULD BE THAT DESPERATE... AND MY PANTS ARE STILL WET!



I MUST TAKE A SHOWER...

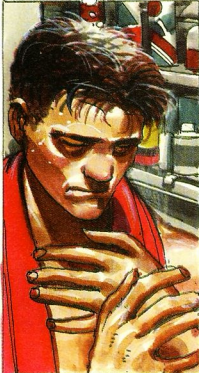


FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS, MY SISTER MONA HAD SAID SOMETHING THAT'S ACTUALLY BENEFITTED ME. HER FAMILIAR NASAL DRONE HAS BROUGHT ME SAFELY BACK TO THIS WORLD...

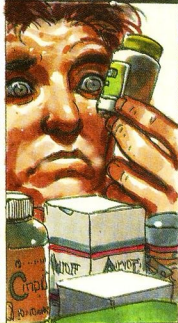
THANKS, MONA...



I'M STILL TREMBLING, I HAVE TO RELAX.



PERHAPS MY MOTHER'S INSOMNIA PILLS WILL HELP...

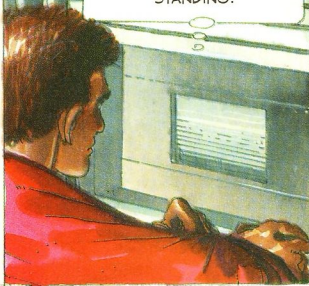


... I SHOULD BE OKAY IF I TAKE HALF A PILL...



FROM THE BATHROOM WINDOW I CAN SEE INTO HER APARTMENT.

SHE STILL HASN'T RETURNED YET. I'M SURE THAT WHEN I TALK TO HER, IT WILL CLEAR UP A LOT OF THIS MISUNDERSTANDING.



MY SCHOOL BOOKS ARE WHERE I LEFT THEM...



IT'S NOT A BAD IDEA TO REVIEW MONDAY'S LESSON WHILE I WAIT.



BUT I CAN'T CONCENTRATE... I BEGIN TO RELIVE THE EPISODE THAT BEGAN HOURS AGO WITH THE PHONE CALL.



SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13TH. 9:35 PM

SORRY, I'M LATE...



OF COURSE, NO ONE REALLY CARED TO LISTEN TO WHAT I HAD TO SAY...

ONE OF THESE DAYS I'M GOING TO TAKE AWAY THAT COMPUTER AND ALL THE OTHER JUNK THAT YOU COLLECT IN YOUR APARTMENT AND THROW IT OUT THE WINDOW.



MY RESPONSE WAS MUFFLED BY THE VOICE OF THE ANCHOR PERSON FROM THE TELEVISION NEWS...

AND NOW... TO RECAP THE MAJOR EVENTS OF THE DAY.



MY MOTHER CONTINUED RELENTLESSLY...

YOU'LL GO BLIND STARING AT THAT SCREEN ALL DAY.



I ALREADY KNEW THE ARGUMENT, I TUNED MY MOTHER OUT AND TRIED TO CATCH AN OLIVE WITH MY FORK.

IF YOU'D JUST PUT MORE EFFORT INTO SCHOOL...



RIGHT AT THE MOMENT I WAS MAKING MY SECOND ATTEMPT TO CATCH THE OLIVE, THE PHONE RANG.

I WANT TO SEE YOUR HISTORY NOTES...

REPORTING FROM...

IT'S FOR ME!









ALL THE CALLS IN THIS HOUSE SEEM TO BE FOR MONA.



IT'S INCREDIBLE, I DON'T HEAR ANYTHING.



WHAT DID YOU SAY? YOU WANT TO SPEAK TO HIM? WE'LL, UH... BYE!



TODAY MONA WAS IN A GOOD MOOD AND ACTUALLY LET ME USE THE PHONE.




FITO, IT'S FOR YOU. IT'S, UH... IT'S OUR NEIGHBOR.




IT WAS CLARA, A CLASSMATE OF MINE. MOREOVER, SHE'S A FANATIC OVER COMPUTERS. EVERYBODY THINKS SHE'S MY GIRLFRIEND... SO I DON'T DENY IT.



ONE MINUTE! I'M GOING TO THE OTHER PHONE.



I LEFT QUICKLY FROM THE DANGER ZONE, WHILE MY DAD CONTINUED HIS LECTURE ON THE EVILS OF COMPUTERS...




DON'T FORGET TO DO YOUR SCHOOL WORK... YOU HEAR ME?



...OTHERS...



I WENT TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SAME BUILDING, WHERE CLARA LIVES.



HERE I AM, TALK TO ME...

SORRY TO BOTHER YOU AT THIS HOUR,  
WE'RE JUST ABOUT TO EAT ALSO, BUT I  
WANT YOU TO SEE THIS, CONNECT YOUR  
MODEM...

OKAY, I'LL DO  
IT RIGHT AWAY.

I CAN'T. I HAD A  
FIGHT WITH MY  
PARENTS. YOU  
KNOW, BECAUSE  
OF MY GRADES...

GOT IT, WE'LL TALK  
LATER. LET ME  
KNOW WHAT YOU  
THINK OF THE  
GAMES. SEE YA  
LATER...

AFTER DINNER I'M TAKING MY  
BROTHERS TO A CONTEST FOR  
KIDS ON TV 10. WANT TO COME?

I CHECKED FOR A FLOPPY DISK  
THAT I COULD DOWNLOAD THE  
FILE TO...

I HAVE ONE  
FREE HERE.

EVERYTHING IS  
READY.

I'LL JUST GRAB A  
QUICK BITE TO EAT  
BEFORE I USE IT...

THE AFTERNOON PASSED WITHOUT ANY MAJOR  
HEADACHES. MY PARENTS, LIKE ALMOST EVERY  
OTHER SATURDAY, WENT TO MY GRANDMOTHER'S  
HOUSE. AS THEY LEFT, THEY MADE SURE TO  
SNIPE AT ME A FEW TIMES...

WE'D BE HAPPY  
IF YOU'D BE  
HOME WHEN WE  
GET BACK.

AND IT WOULD BE BEST FOR  
YOU TO START STUDYING.

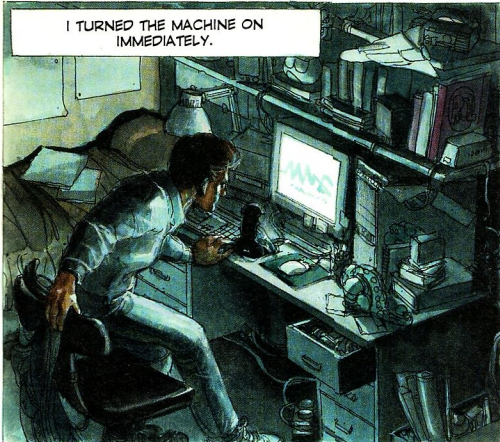
MONA GOT ON THE PHONE  
IMMEDIATELY.

YES? WITH TERESA  
PLEASE, IT'S MONA.

... IT'S A PERFECT  
MOMENT TO HIT THE  
COMPUTER HARD  
WITHOUT ANYBODY  
BOthering ME.



I TURNED THE MACHINE ON  
IMMEDIATELY.



OKAY, LET'S SEE WHAT'S  
SO EXTRAORDINARY ABOUT  
THIS THING.



THE UPLOADED FILE DIDN'T SEEM  
TO BE DOING MUCH AT ALL...



MINUTES PASSED AND NOTHING HAPPENED...



IT WAS FRUSTRATING...  
THE COMPUTER JUST  
SEEMED TO BE FROZEN...  
THINKING...



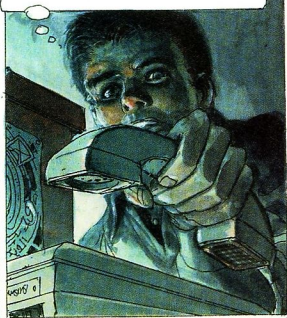
I FIGURED MAYBE IT HAD A  
BUG IN IT... I TRIED TO  
TURN THE MACHINE ON  
AGAIN.



MEANWHILE, I WAS THINKING ABOUT  
UPGRADING SOME OF THE COMPONENTS  
IN THE MACHINE, MORE MEGABYTES,  
MORE HARDWARE, MORE...

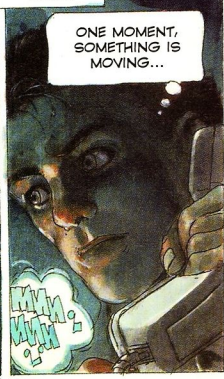



MAYBE CLARA DIDN'T LEAVE  
YET AND SHE CAN GIVE ME A  
SHORT CUT INTO THESE  
PROGRAMS.



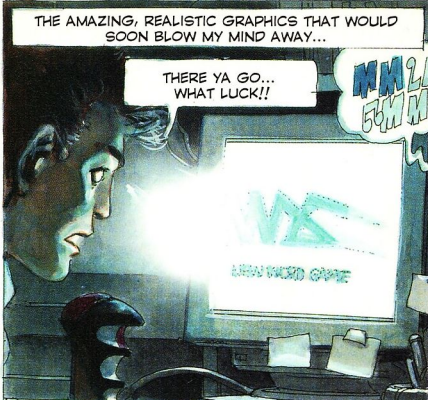
BUT...

ONE MOMENT,  
SOMETHING IS  
MOVING...





THAT WAS WHEN THE PROGRAM STARTED...



THE AMAZING, REALISTIC GRAPHICS THAT WOULD SOON BLOW MY MIND AWAY...

THERE YA GO...  
WHAT LUCK!!



IN THE PRESENT, NOW, THE SLEEPING PILL OVERWHELMS ME BEFORE I CAN REMEMBER ANY MORE.



I DIDN'T HEAR MY PARENTS RETURN, AND NOT EVEN THE IMMENSE HAPPINESS OF MY MOTHER WHEN SHE FINDS ME WITH A BOOK IN MY HANDS.



I CAN'T EVEN CALL CLARA. I CAN'T LET HER SUSPECT THAT MY CARELESSNESS COULD VIRTUALLY COST HER LIFE.



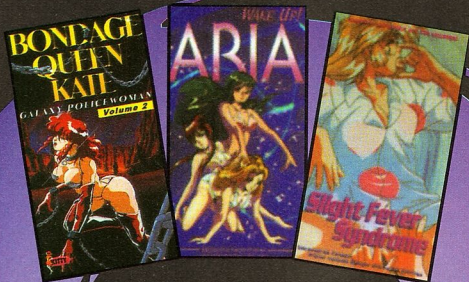
MOREOVER, I DON'T SEE THE LIGHTS. LIGHTS LIKE THOSE THAT CAME OUT OF MY MONITOR, BUT THIS TIME PASSING THE CURTAINS OF THE WINDOW FROM THE FRONT.



I HAVE TERRIBLE NIGHTMARES. IN THEM I SEE CLARA DIE AT THE HANDS OF A MONSTER, A MONSTER THAT HAS MY FACE.



# MEDIA *blasters*

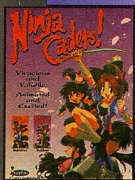


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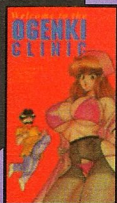
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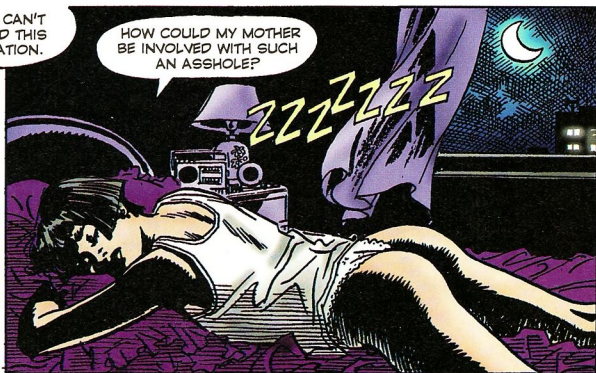
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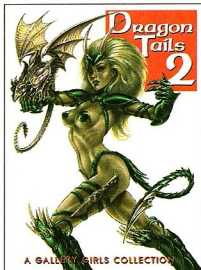
# THE NIGHTMARE





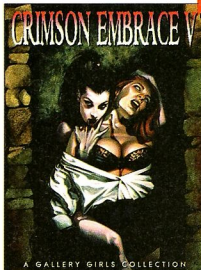


# DAYDREAMS & NIGHTMARES



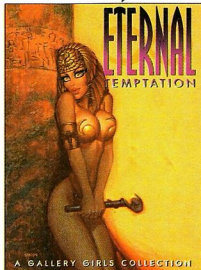
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A second, all new **GALLERY GIRLS** book of warrior women and their dragons. Art by Fastner & Larson, Mike Hoffman & others. Cover art by Joseph Linsner.



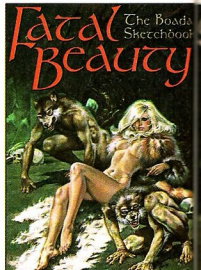
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Our most popular **GALLERY GIRLS** series! Dangerous and delight female vampires as seen by Byrd, Giorello and others. Cover art by Greg Loudon.



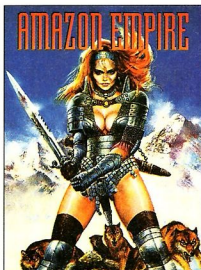
## ETERNAL TEMPTATION

Ancient Egypt is the inspiration for this all-new **GALLERY GIRLS** book with art by Giorello, Hoffman, Booda and Byrd. Cover art by Joe Chiodo.



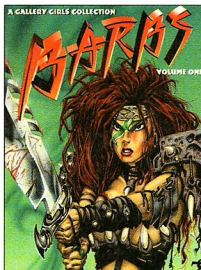
## FATAL BEAUTY

Booda is one of the most prolific and talented European fantasy artists working today. This gallery of his best will prove that without a doubt!



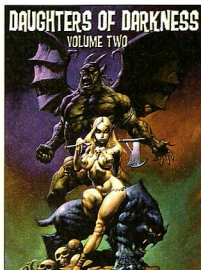
## AMAZON EMPIRE

Weaker sex? Wishful thinking! This **GALLERY GIRLS** collection features artwork by Sanjulian, Watts, Marin, Maroto, and many more! Cover by Gallego.



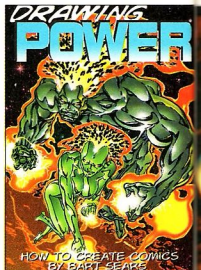
## BARBS

They're so cute when they're being bad! A **GALLERY GIRLS** book illustrated by Joe Jusko, Blas Gallego, Bob Rhiatt and others. Cover art by Dark One.



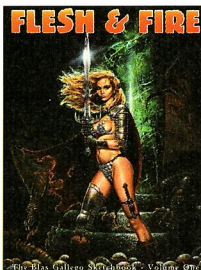
## DAUGHTERS OF DARKNESS 2

To rule on Earth, these women have sold their souls to the Devil! A **GALLERY GIRLS** book featuring Byrd, Gallego, Sanjulian & others. Cover by Horley.



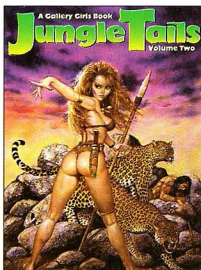
## DRAWING POWER

An all-new step-by-step tutorial series by comic art master Bart Sears, which gives both the beginner and professional outstanding insight.



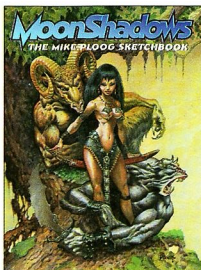
## FLESH & FIRE 1

The first collection of Europe's top fantasy illustrator, this overview of Blas Gallego's work focuses on his love of the female form! Spicy stuff!



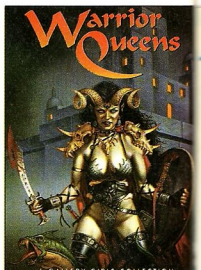
## JUNGLE TAILS 2

Large-breasted women in tiny loin-clothes! Sounds like a good idea to us! **GALLERY GIRLS** fun with Byrd, Hoffman, Roca & others. Cover by Blas Gallego.



## MOONSHADOWS

Mike Ploog is the epitome of the artist's artist. The man can do it all, from comics to film, and this sketchbook of his talents shows you how.

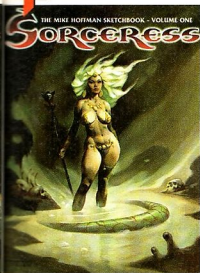


## WARRIOR QUEENS

Deadly and ruthless, these female furies take no prisoners on the battlefield or the bedroom! Another **GALLERY GIRLS** book. Cover art by Clyde Caldwell.

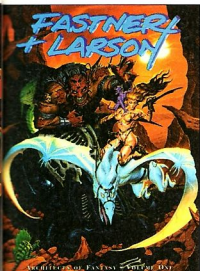


# & FANTASIES MADE FLESH



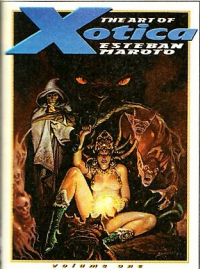
## SORCERESS

Mike Hoffman's lush retro-style and obvious obsession with the female form will make this collection a must-have in anyone's library!



## FASTNER & LARSON

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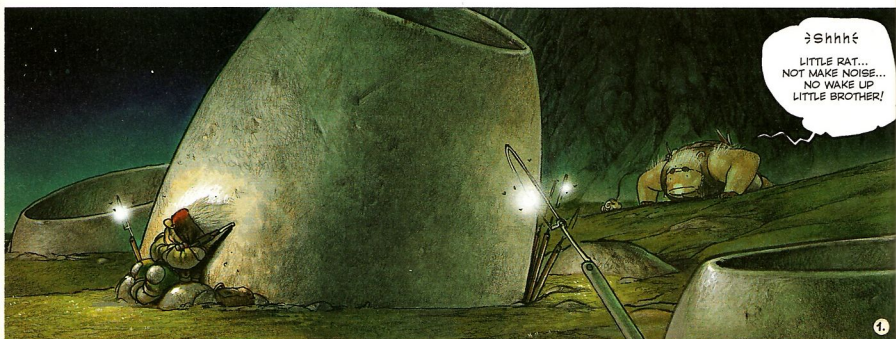
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...AND WHEN YOU WOKE UP, YOU WERE A PRISONER OF THE DWARVES!...

BUT DID YOU FIND THE MAP SHOWING THE WAY TO THE TOWER IN THE READER ROBOT'S MEMORY?



NO! NOT A TRACE OF THE GODDAMNED TOWER!

HOW COULD THE CIVILIZATION OF AN ENTIRE PLANET DISAPPEAR SO SUDDENLY? THE MIND BOGGLES!

DO YOU THINK ANY OF THE MASTERS OF THE MASER WHO SET OUT ON THE "GREAT QUEST" EVER REALLY MADE IT...?



IT MAKES YOU WONDER IF THE TOWER ACTUALLY EXISTS...



I SEE NO OTHER SOLUTION! I FEEL AS IF I'M FALLING DOWN A BOTTOMLESS PIT...



JUST WHEN EVERYTHING SEEMED TO BE GOING SO SMOOTHLY...

...AND IT'S ALL BECAUSE OF THAT JERK...



HUHP!  
WHO'S A  
JERK?

YOU ARE,  
YOU **MORON!**

GO FU...

...TOMORROW  
THEY WILL RAID  
AND PILLAGE THE  
MASER VILLAGE!  
**BECAUSE OF  
YOU!!!**

EASY TO SAY...

...BUT WE'LL  
NEED HELP FROM  
THE HEAVENS.

**STUMP!**

CALM  
DOWN! WE  
JUST HAVE TO  
DO SOMETHING  
BEFORE THEY FIND  
OUR VILLAGE...

LONG-  
LEGS... MY  
FRIEND...

IF THE GIANT  
IS WITH THE SEWER  
RAT... THE  
GIANT IS **MY**  
FRIEND.

SO NOW,  
WHAT DO WE  
DO?

**SMACK**





C'MON GRANNY!  
STOP SULKING... YOU'VE  
ALREADY DEMOLISHED  
THE TERRACE!...

YEAH, BUT  
THAT HELPED US TO  
CAPTURE THE  
INTRUDER...



WE'VE GOT  
ONE PLANE LEFT.

NOW WE JUST  
HAVE TO FIND THEIR  
VILLAGE...



TAKE  
THEIR WEAPONS  
AND CONQUER  
THE TOWER...

I DON'T  
THINK THEY'RE  
GONNA HELP US,  
SOMEHOW.

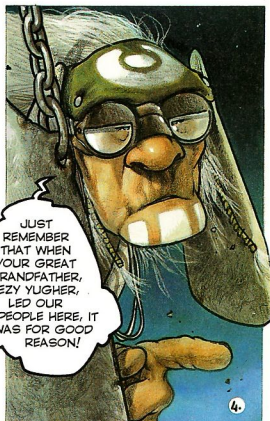


WE'LL DO  
WITHOUT...

BESIDES,  
THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW  
WHERE THE TOWER IS,  
AND WE DO!



THE TOWER...  
THE TOWER... I'VE  
HAD IT WITH THE TOWER!  
WE'RE FINE RIGHT HERE...



JUST  
REMEMBER  
THAT WHEN  
YOUR GREAT  
GRANDFATHER,  
FEZY YUGHER,  
LED OUR  
PEOPLE HERE, IT  
WAS FOR GOOD  
REASON!



FIND, DUMB DUMB,  
FIND IT! PLANE!  
PLANE!

HE'S A  
COMPLETE  
IDIOT, THIS ONE! HE  
DOESN'T UNDERSTAND  
A WORD I'M  
SAYING!

I GET THE  
FEELING THAT WE'RE  
GOING ROUND  
IN CIRCLES!

RELAX!  
REMEMBER  
OUR PACT: I  
FIND A PLANE,  
AND YOU TAKE  
ME FAR FROM  
THIS AWFUL  
PLACE...

grrrrr  
HMM... THESE  
LITTLE BLUE BALLS  
ARE PRETTY  
GOOD.

IT'S  
A STILL  
PICTURE FROM  
THE PAST...

IT'S  
SUPPOSED  
TO CAPTURE  
AN IMAGE OF  
SOMETHING  
YOU WANT TO  
REMEMBER.

PLA-AANE!

FINALLY!

HUH?

OH,  
LOOK!  
A PHOTO!

I CAN'T  
BELIEVE  
IT!

PLA-AA-NE!

WHAT IS IT?

HEY! DON'T JUST  
STAND THERE LIKE  
DUMMIES! WE FOUND  
SOMETHING!  
COME ON!

PL-ANE!



Ka-

BRAVO, DUMB DUMB!  
YOU'RE JUST GREAT!  
NOW, HOLD UP THE  
TRAPDOOR.

CHÜNK!  
PL-ANE!

THAT'S RIGHT,  
DUMB DUMB!  
BUT I DON'T  
THINK YOU WILL  
BE COMING  
WITH US.

WHAT IS THIS  
PLACE?

LOOKS LIKE  
A HANGAR...

MY  
OWL!

THEY'VE  
TAMPERED  
WITH IT!...

DON'T  
LOOK LIKE  
IT!

I THINK  
THEY'VE  
PREPARED IT  
FOR COMBAT!

HEY, DUMB DUMB!  
GO WATCH OUT FOR  
YOUR LITTLE BROTHERS!  
DON'T LET THEM GET  
NEAR US!

SOP IS IT  
WORKING?

IT  
WORKS!  
BUT HOW  
DO WE GET  
IT OUT OF  
HERE?

BUT  
P!

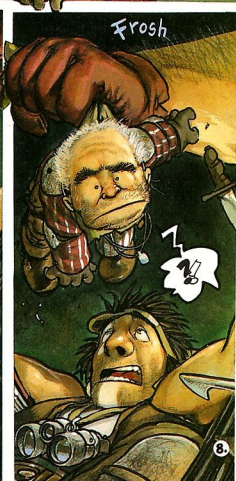
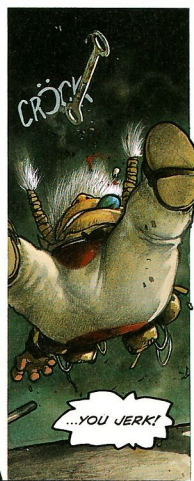
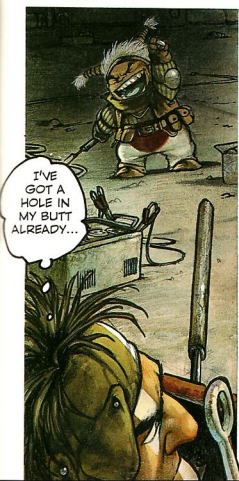
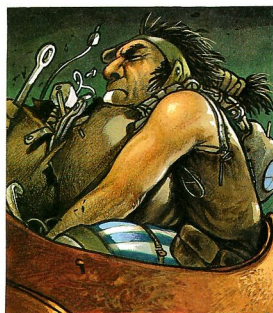
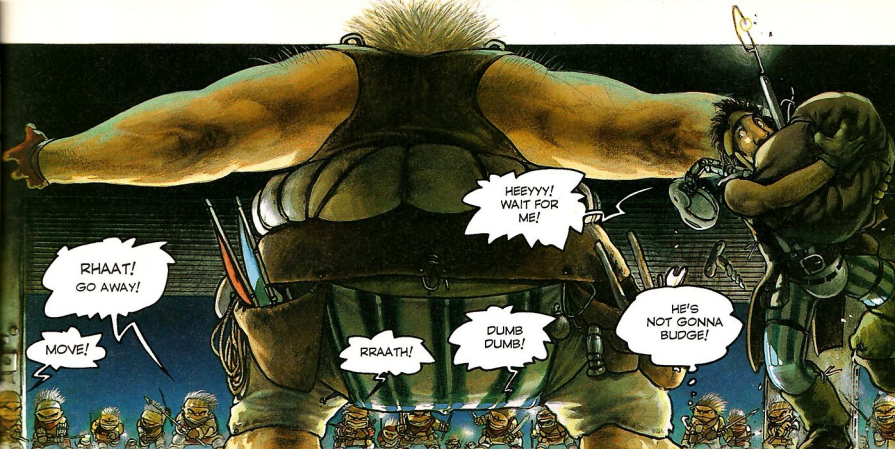
CIRO!!!

WE'LL  
HAVE TO PUSH  
IT OUT OF  
HERE...





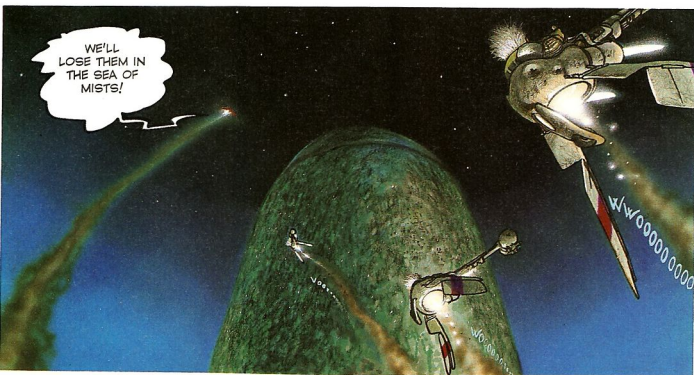








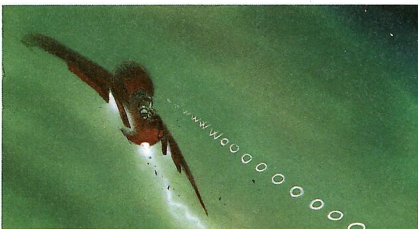






DUMB  
DUMB...

...WE'VE GOTTA  
HAVE A CHAT, YOU  
AND I!



THEY'RE ON  
OUR TAILS! FLY  
DOWN LOW! THOSE  
CONTRAPTIONS AREN'T  
VERY MANEUVERABLE  
AT LOW ALTITUDES!

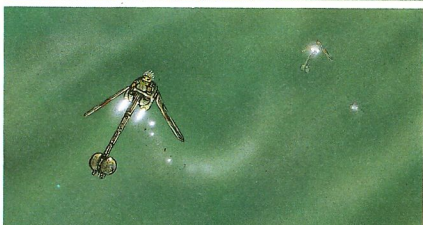


I WILL  
ERRRHADICATE  
YOU!...



THE MIST  
SEEMS TO BE  
A LOT LESS  
DENSE  
HERE.

SPRRHPPH



WHAT  
A STENCH!

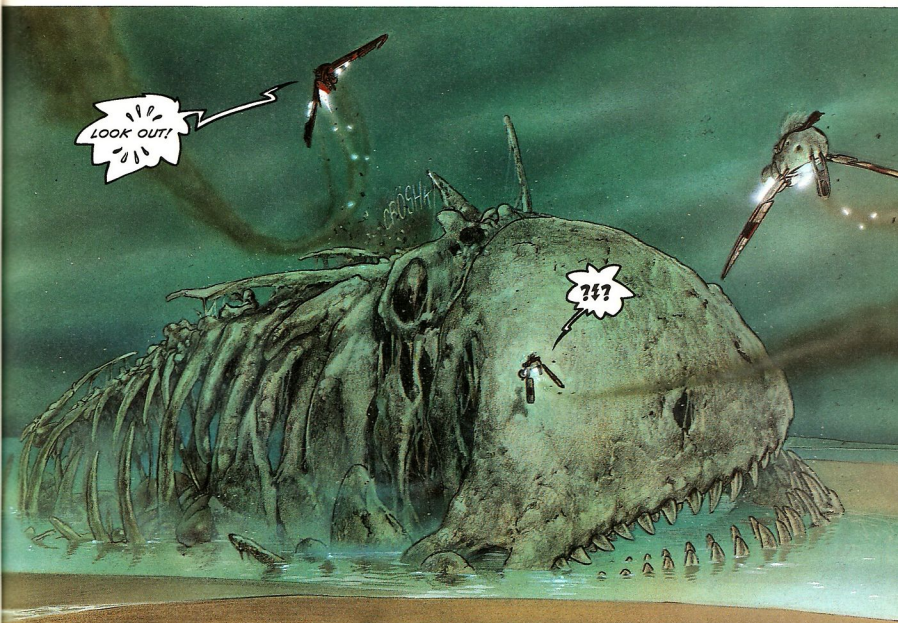
WHAT  
IS...?

OH  
NO!



SPIDERRR-  
FLIES?!...





LOOK OUT!

???



ANOTHER YOK  
THAT SEEMS TO HAVE  
COMMITTED SUICIDE! HE  
MUST HAVE RUN HIMSELF  
AGROUND AT EBB TIDE!



WHAT DO  
WE DO WITH  
THOSE TWO  
CRAZIES?

I TOLD YOU  
TO KEEP YOUR  
HEAD DOWN!

IF I GO ANY LOWER, WE'RE GONNA NEED A SUBMARINE!



PLOUF

PLOUF

YOU WANT THE JOYSTICK? I'VE GOT MY FOOT TO THE FLOOR! THOSE MORONS FIDDLED WITH THE ENGINE!!!



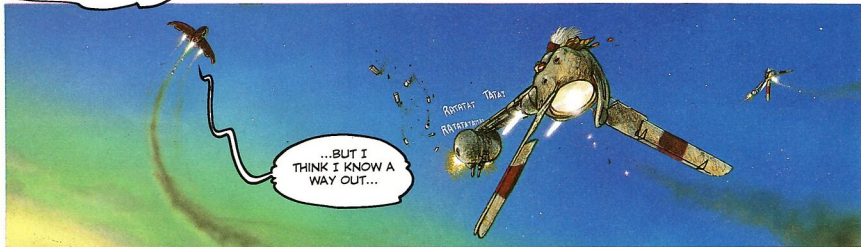
THEY'VE PULLED OUT THEIR BIG GUNS!... GO FASTER!!

T-ZING



T-ZING

T-ZEEENNG



...BUT I THINK I KNOW A WAY OUT...

POW! POW! POW!

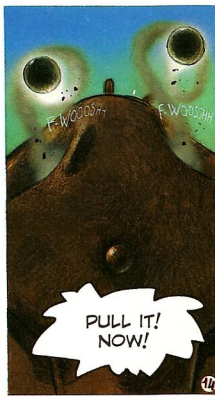
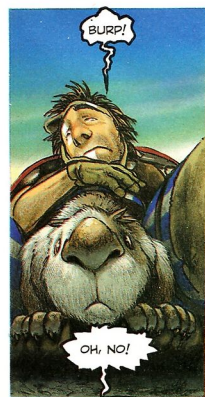
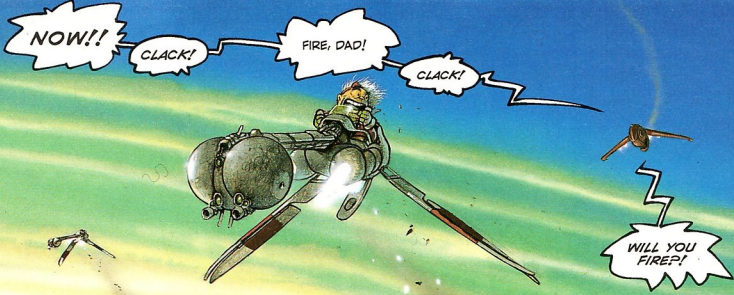
POW! POW! POW!



...ZERT, STANDBY TO SPRAY THE LEAD... AND, FANGO, RELEASE THE TORPEDOS AS SOON AS WE'RE BEHIND THEM! ...HANG ON!

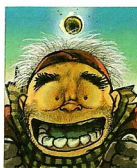
HIC!







TOO CLOSE!





THAT TAKES CARE OF  
THAT! BUT NOW WHAT,  
ZERIT? WHAT DO  
YOU SUGGEST?

WHAT  
DO YOU WANT ME  
TO SAY?

EVERYWHERE  
WE GO WE SEEM  
TO HIT A BRICK  
WALL...

...PLUS  
WE HAVE TO  
DEAL WITH THIS BUNCH  
OF CRAZIES...

YOU TALK TOO MUCH,  
DAD. WE'RE RUNNING OUT  
OF FUEL. I'M GOING TO TRY  
TO MAKE IT DOWN TO THE  
SEA TO FILL UP...

WHAT'S THAT,  
DOWN THERE?

GUESS!

WHERE DID HE COME,  
FROM?

AH,  
HHAAAR!  
I WILL  
CRRUSHHH  
THEM!

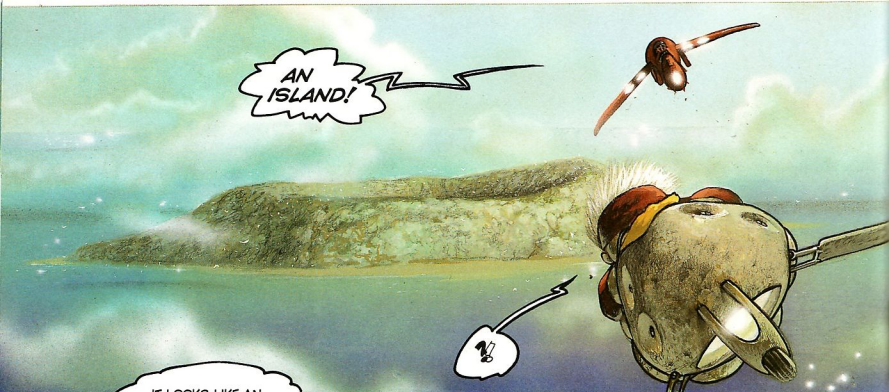
WHOP

ACCELERATE!

HRRHAAAT!!!

NO WAY! I  
SAID WE'RE OUT  
OF FUEL!

HEY!  
LOOK! DOWN  
THERE!...



AN ISLAND!

IT LOOKS LIKE AN  
EXTINCT VOLCANO.



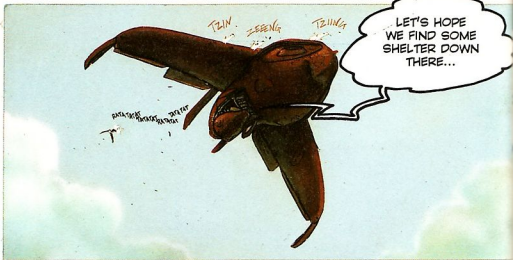
I MUST  
ADD IT TO MY  
MAP AT ONCE!



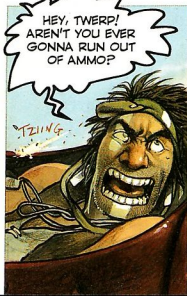
GO DOWN INTO  
THE CRATER!



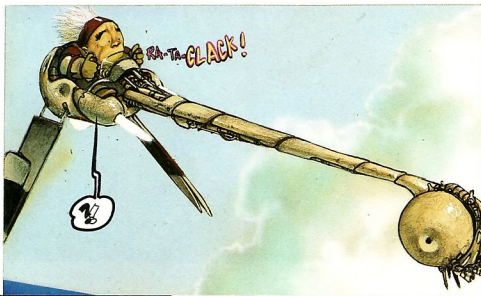
NOT MUCH  
ELSE I CAN DO,  
WISE GUY!



LET'S HOPE  
WE FIND SOME  
SHELTER DOWN  
THERE...



HEY, TWERP!  
AREN'T YOU EVER  
GONNA RUN OUT  
OF AMMO?



RA-TA-CLACK!



!






WE'RE IN  
LUCK! HE'S OUT OF  
CARTRIDGES!



YEAH,  
BUT HE  
CAN STILL  
FOLLOW  
US!



AND DO WHAT?  
SCREAM INSULTS  
AT YOU?

SON  
OF A YOK!



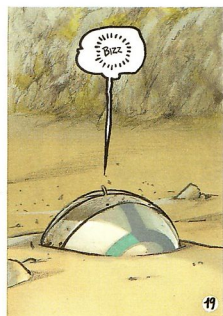
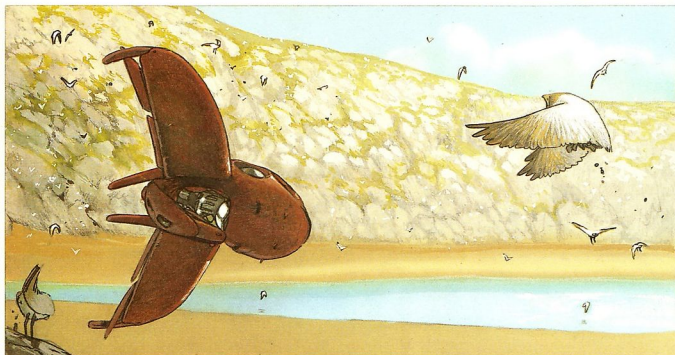
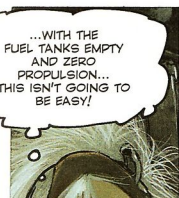
IT MIGHT BE  
ASKING TOO  
MUCH, BUT HE  
COULD RUN OUT  
OF FUEL TOO!  
MAYBE...



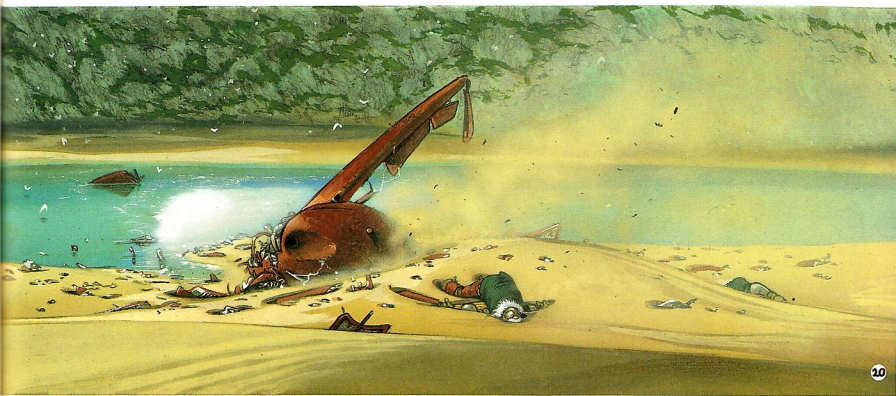
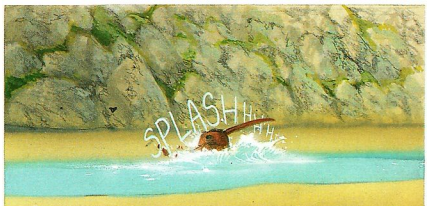
IT  
WORKED!  
YOU'RE  
REAL  
AIR OF  
FOXES,  
YOU  
WO!

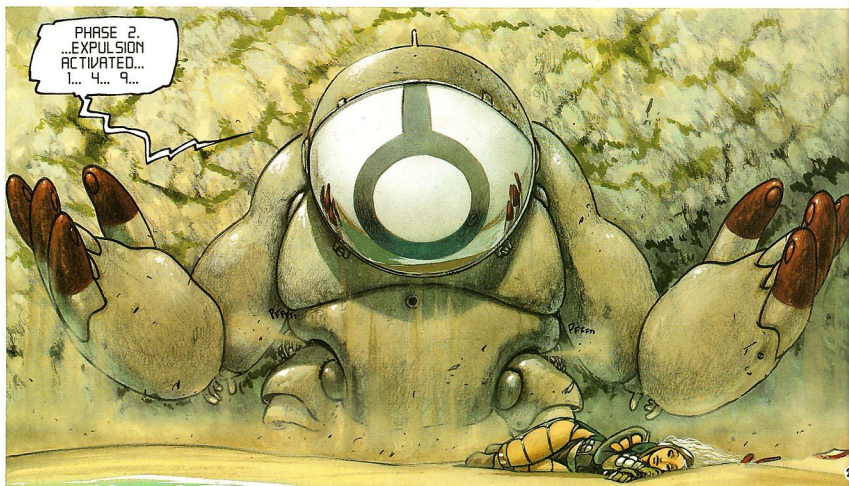
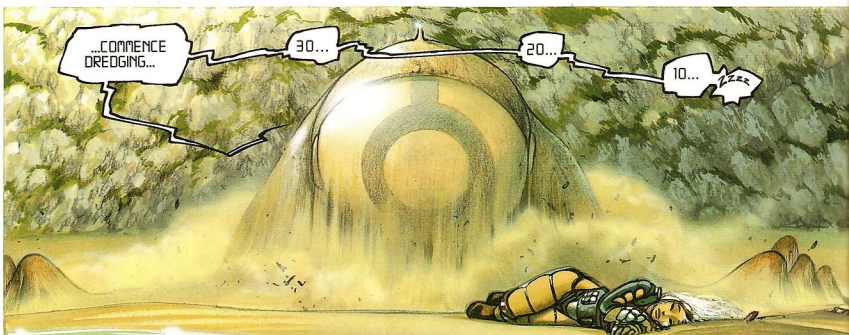
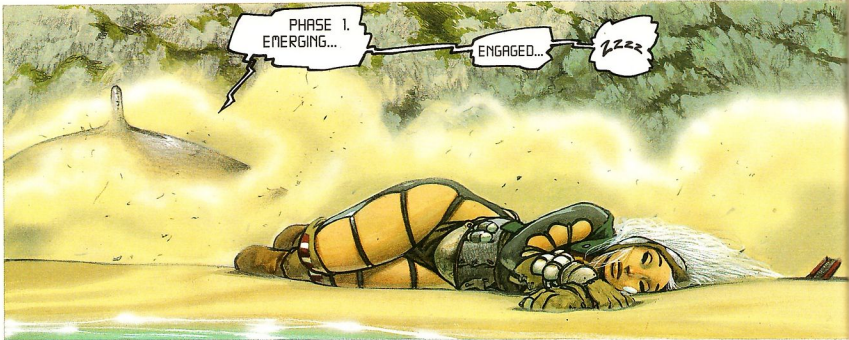
DO YOU  
REALLY THINK IT  
WAS US?



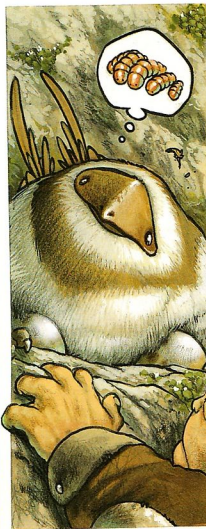
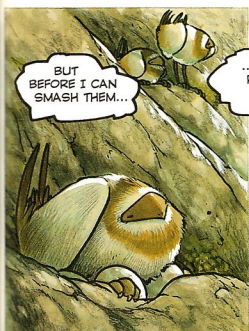




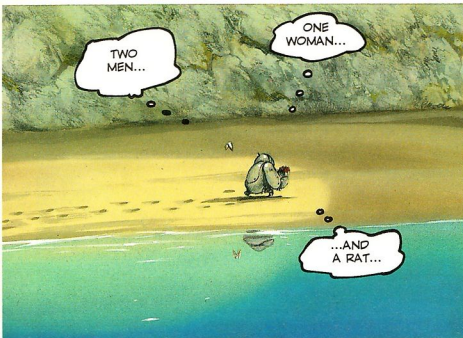




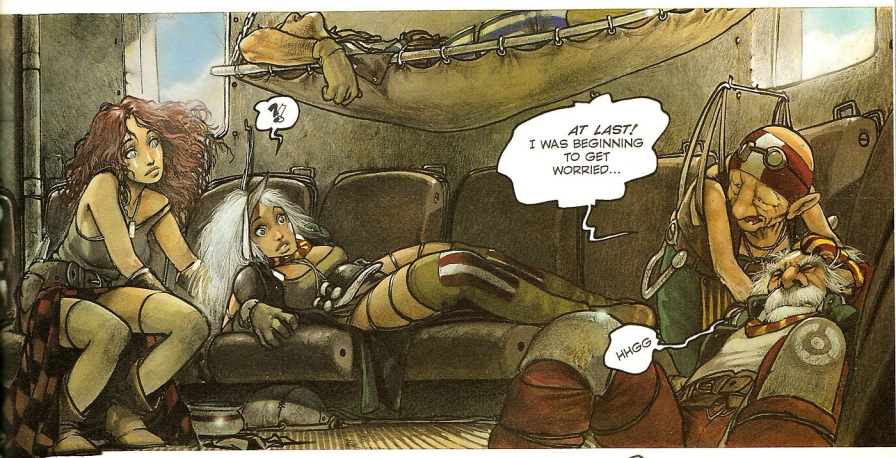
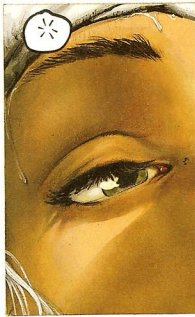
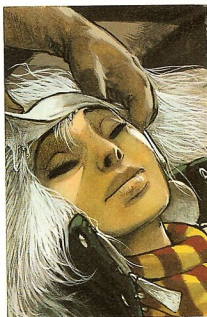




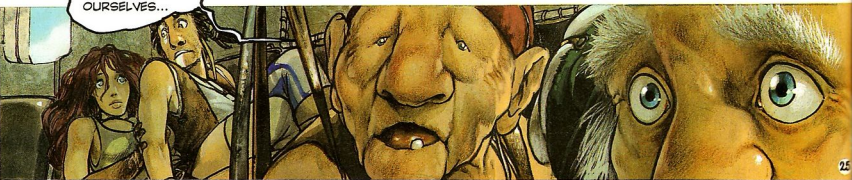
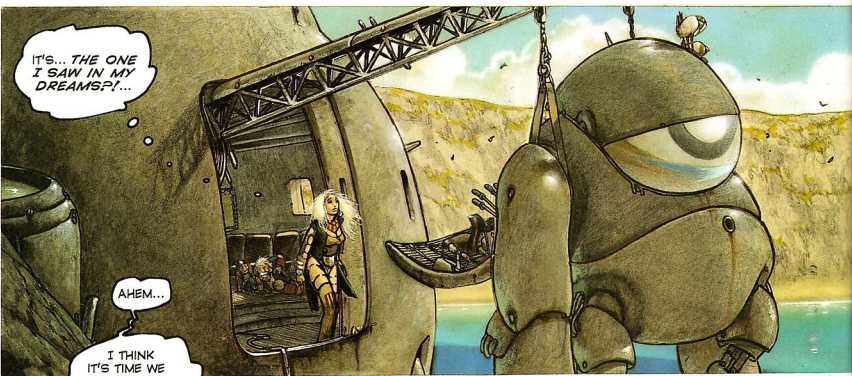














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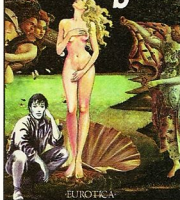
Signature

Card expiration date (Mo/Yr)

Daytime phone #

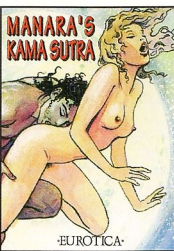
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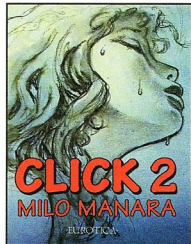
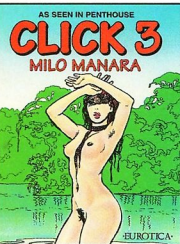
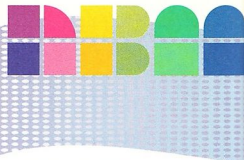
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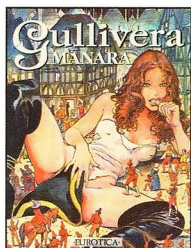
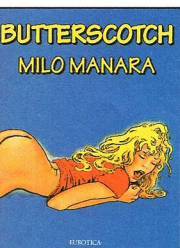
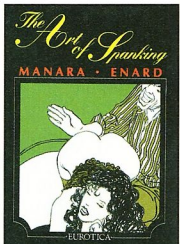


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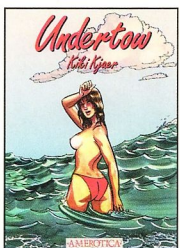
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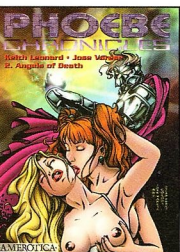
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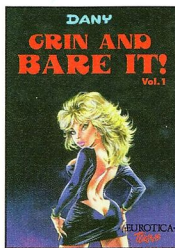


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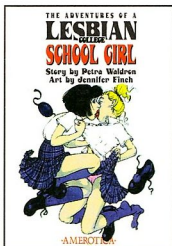
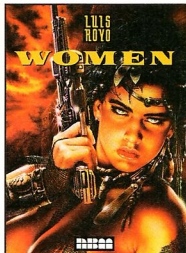
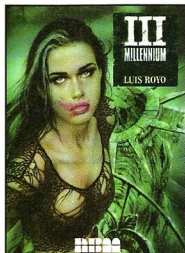
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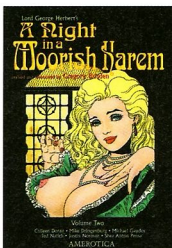
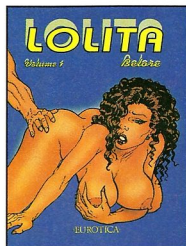


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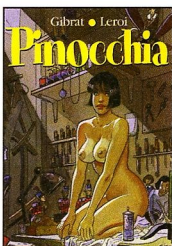
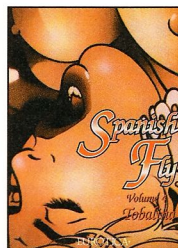
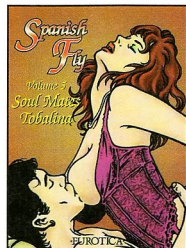
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# MARINA



© Ruben  
I. Molina



THAT'S  
ENOUGH FOR  
TODAY...  
RAISE THE  
NETS!







LIKE A FEATHER  
IN THE WIND...  
THERE'S SOME-  
THING ABOUT  
THAT SONG...

AH, WHO  
CARES!...

DARLING,  
COME AND  
SEE THE GIFT  
THAT JUST  
ARRIVED.

IT'S FROM YOUR FRIEND,  
SKINK. HE TRANSPORTED IT  
IN A TANK TRUCK AND  
THREW IT IN THE POOL. THE  
TRUCK RUINED THE LAWN.

NO! YES?... O.K.  
ARE WE GOING  
TO SEE  
IT?

HAPPY BIRTHDAY,  
VICTOR!

BEST WISHES,  
VICTOR!

THANK YOU,  
THANK YOU,  
MY FRIENDS!

... WITH MY  
BOAT, IN FULL  
STORM AND  
WHEN...

AH,  
VICTOR!

WHAT DID YOU  
BRING ME,  
SKINK?  
A TRUCK?

SOMETHING EVEN  
BETTER... YOU'LL  
SEE. LOOK! LOOK  
IN THE SWIMMING  
POOL!



AH, YOU'RE  
GIVING ME  
MARY? MANY  
THANKS!

NO! THAT IDIOT  
GIRL SPOILED  
MY SURPRISE.

GET OUT OF  
THE WATER,  
IDIOT!

I DON'T FEEL  
LIKE IT!

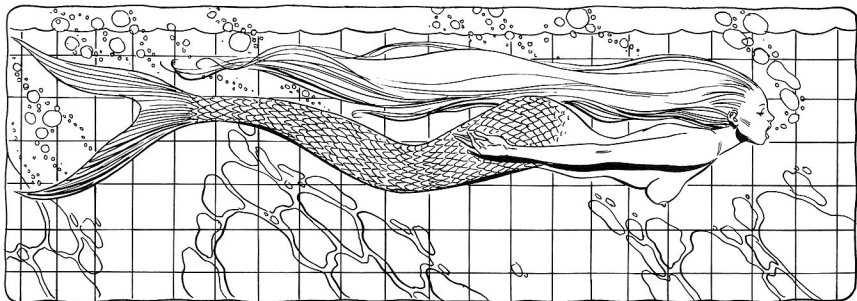
SHE'S REALLY PRETTY,  
SKINK! SHE GIVES  
ME CERTAIN IDEAS...

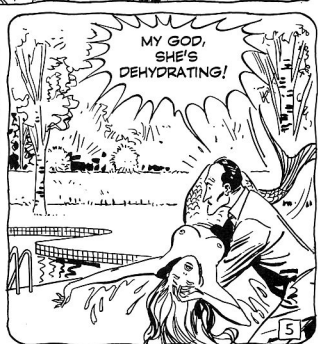
COME OUT  
NOW OR  
ELSE...

I'LL PULL YOU  
UP, WOMAN. DO  
YOU ALWAYS  
HAVE TO BE THE  
CENTER OF  
ATTENTION?!

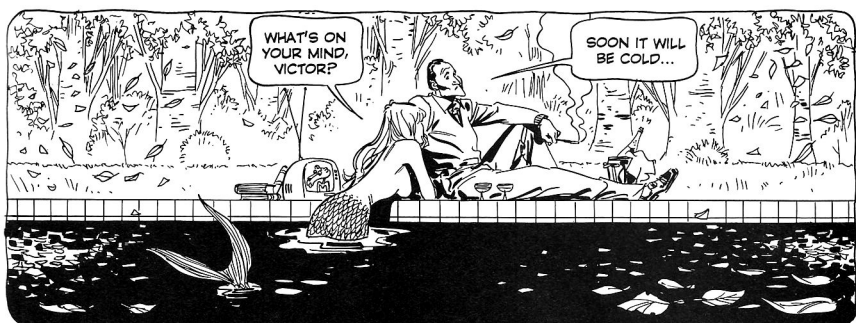
OUCH!  
YOU'RE  
HURTING ME.

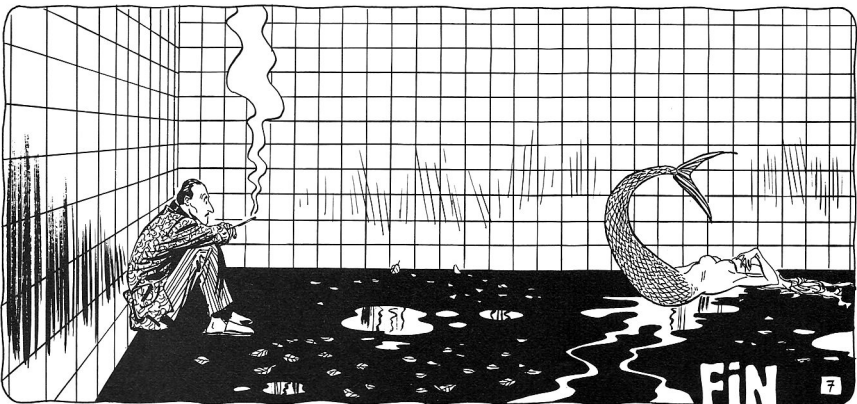
COME ON...  
WALK!  
LET'S GO  
HOME!













# YOU WANT YOUR NOVELS GRAPHIC?

## HERE'S NINE NASTY NEW ONES!



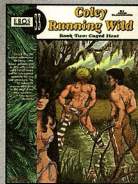
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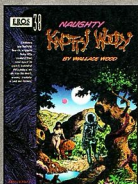
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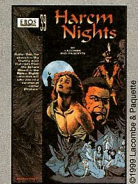
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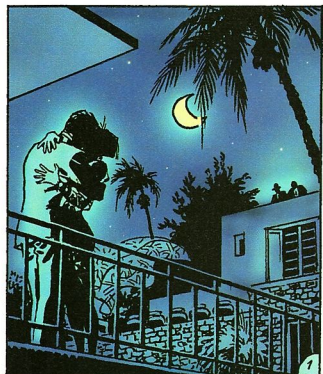
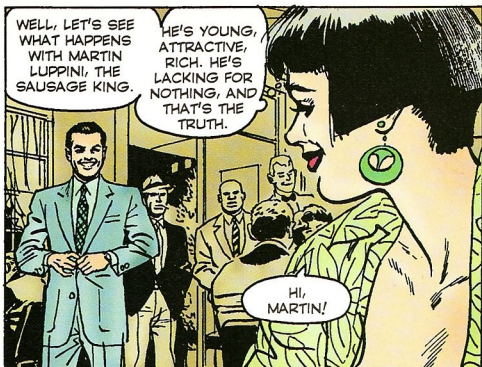
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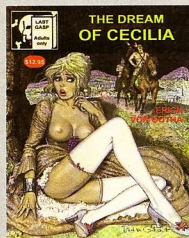
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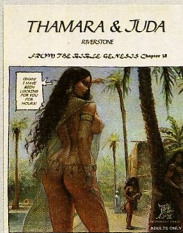




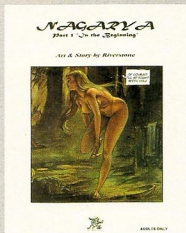
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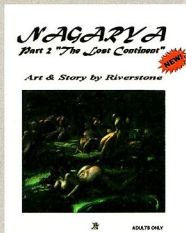
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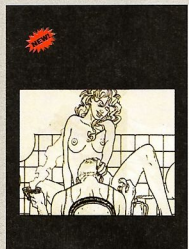
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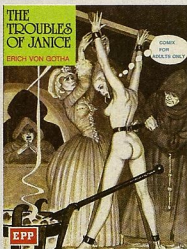
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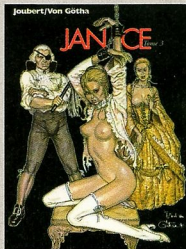
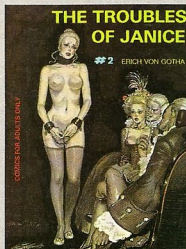
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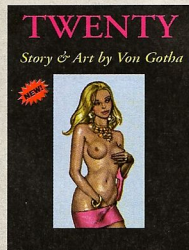
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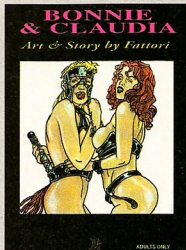
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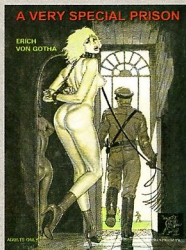
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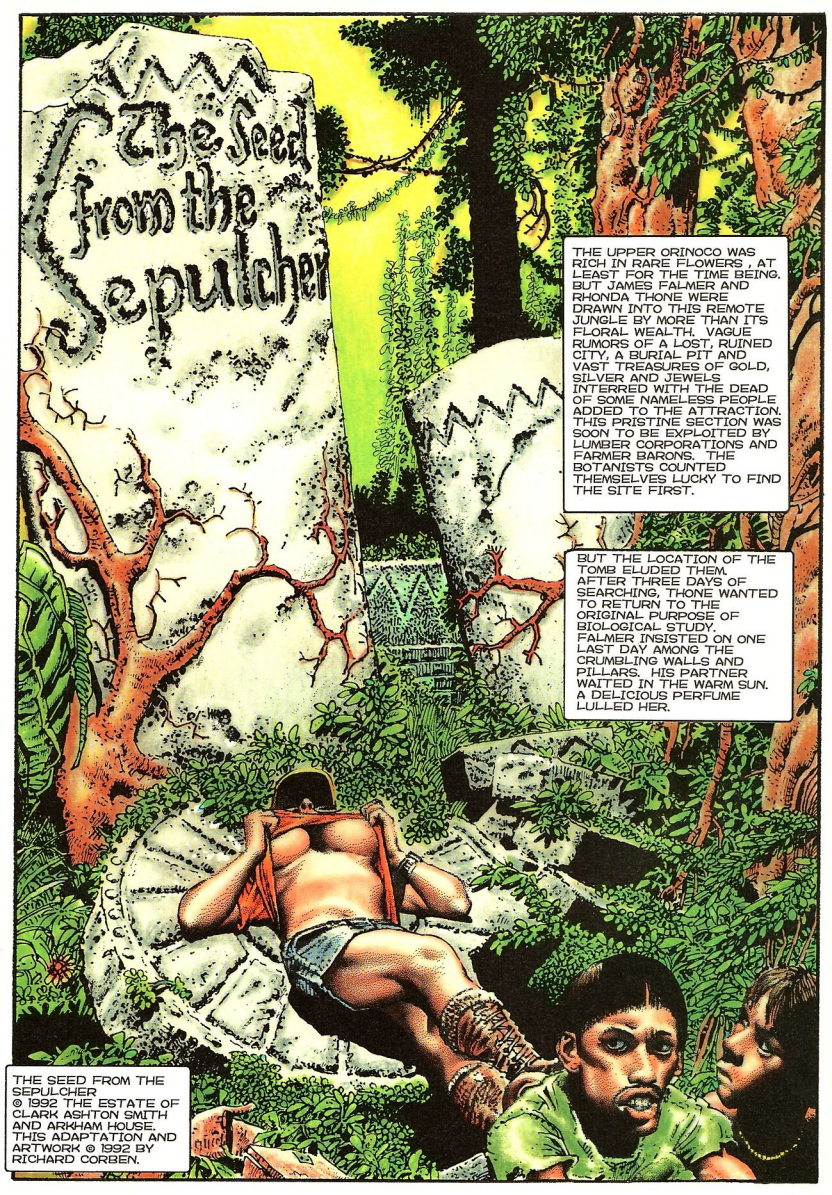
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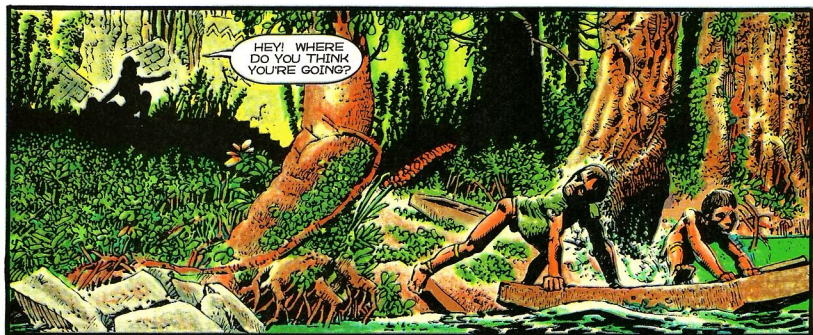
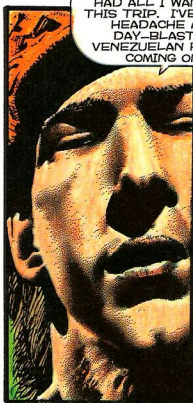
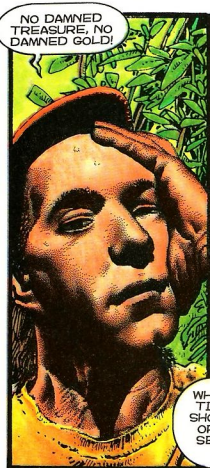
# The Seed from the Sepulcher

THE UPPER ORINOCO WAS RICH IN RARE FLOWERS, AT LEAST FOR THE TIME BEING. BUT JAMES FALMER AND RHONDA THONE WERE DRAWN INTO THIS REMOTE JUNGLE BY MORE THAN ITS FLORAL WEALTH. VAGUE RUMORS OF A LOST, RUINED CITY, A BURIAL PIT AND VAST TREASURES OF GOLD, SILVER AND JEWELS INTERFERED WITH THE DEAD OF SOME NAMELESS PEOPLE ADDED TO THE ATTRACTION. THIS PRISTINE SECTION WAS SOON TO BE EXPLOITED BY LUMBER CORPORATIONS AND FARMER BARONS. THE BOTANISTS COUNTED THEMSELVES LUCKY TO FIND THE SITE FIRST.

BUT THE LOCATION OF THE TOMB ELUDED THEM. AFTER THREE DAYS OF SEARCHING, THONE WANTED TO RETURN TO THE ORIGINAL PURPOSE OF BIOLOGICAL STUDY. FALMER INSISTED ON ONE LAST DAY AMONG THE CRUMBLING WALLS AND PILLARS. HIS PARTNER WAITED IN THE WARM SUN. A DELICIOUS PERFUME LULLED HER.

THE SEED FROM THE SEPULCHER  
© 1992 THE ESTATE OF CLARK ASHTON SMITH AND ARKHAM HOUSE.  
THIS ADAPTATION AND ARTWORK © 1992 BY RICHARD CORBEN.

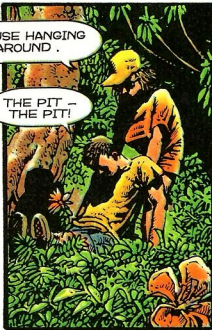








THE BASTARDS  
HAVE TAKEN A  
BOAT AND HALF  
OUR GEAR.



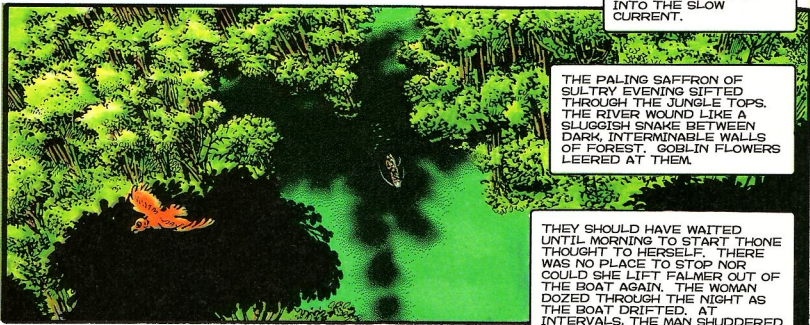
NO USE HANGING  
AROUND .

THE PIT -  
THE PIT!



UNGH!

WITH GREAT EFFORT,  
THONE LOADED FALMER  
INTO THE REMAINING  
BOAT WITH PROVISIONS  
AND THE ORCHID ROOTS  
SHE'D COLLECTED. SHE  
WAS BARELY STRONG  
ENOUGH TO PUSH OFF  
INTO THE SLOW  
CURRENT.



THE PALING SAFFRON OF  
SULTRY EVENING SIFTED  
THROUGH THE JUNGLE TOPS.  
THE RIVER WOUND LIKE A  
SLUGGISH SNAKE BETWEEN  
DARK, INTERMINABLE WALLS  
OF FOREST. GOBLIN FLOWERS  
LEERED AT THEM.

THEY SHOULD HAVE WAITED  
UNTIL MORNING TO START THONE  
THOUGHT TO HERSELF. THERE  
WAS NO PLACE TO STOP NOR  
COULD SHE LIFT FALMER OUT OF  
THE BOAT AGAIN. THE WOMAN  
DOZED THROUGH THE NIGHT AS  
THE BOAT DRIFTED. AT  
INTERVALS, THE MAN SHUDDERED  
AND MOANED THICKLY. BEFORE  
DAWN, THONE RESUMED ROWING.



AS THE DAY'S HEAT  
GREW MORE  
OPPRESSIVE -



AAAIGH...AAAIGH  
H...AAAIGH.  
THE PAIN, THE  
PAIN, IT'S  
SPLITTING MY  
SKULL.



AWGH...AW  
GH...AWGH.



STOP THAT  
SHRIEKING,  
DAMN IT!



I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT THE HELL'S  
WRONG WITH YOU,  
BUT A SHOT OF  
MORPHINE MIGHT  
HELP.





UUNH...

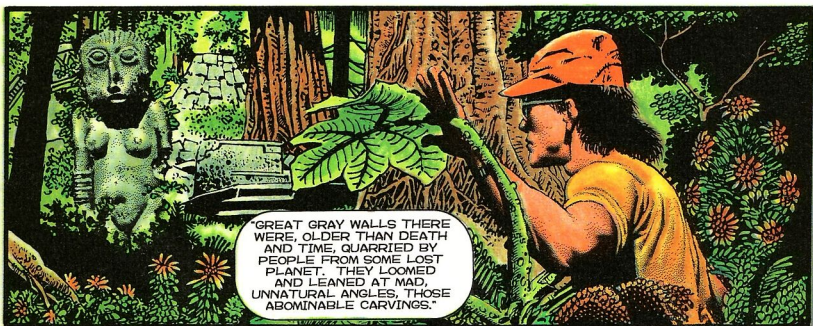
STOP THAT  
SHAKING. THIS  
SHOULD CALM  
YOU DOWN.



OH THONE, MY HEAD IS  
CLEARING. THANKS.  
THAT'S BETTER. I  
CAN TELL YOU NOW.



THAT INFERNAL THING  
IN THE PIT, IN THE  
DEEP SEPULCHER! I  
WOULDN'T GO BACK  
THERE FOR ANY  
AMOUNT OF GOLD!



"GREAT GRAY WALLS THERE  
WERE, OLDER THAN DEATH  
AND TIME, QUARRIED BY  
PEOPLE FROM SOME LOST  
PLANET. THEY LOOMED  
AND LEANED AT MAD,  
UNNATURAL ANGLES, THOSE  
ABOMINABLE CARVINGS."

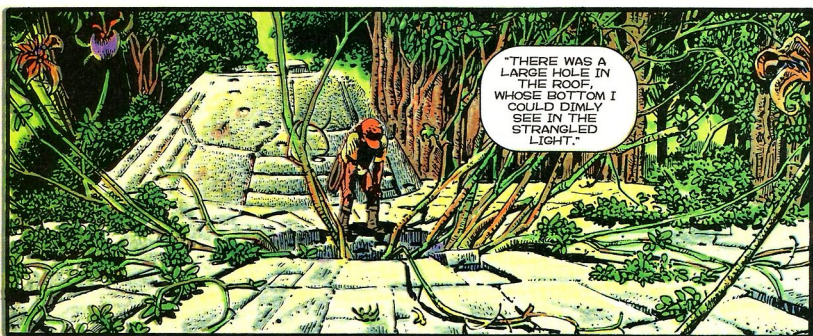


"THEN I SAW  
THAT HIDEOUS  
STRUCTURE."



"A MONSTROUS  
SHAPE OF STONE."





"THERE WAS A LARGE HOLE IN THE ROOF, WHOSE BOTTOM I COULD DIMLY SEE IN THE STRANGLED LIGHT."



"ON THE FLOOR SOMETHING UNSPEAKABLY BRITTLE AND FRIABLE CRUNCHED UNDER MY FEET."



"HUMAN SKELETONS LAY TUMBLED EVERYWHERE."

"I COULDN'T FIND ANYTHING OF VALUE, NOT A BRACELET, NOT EVEN A RING."

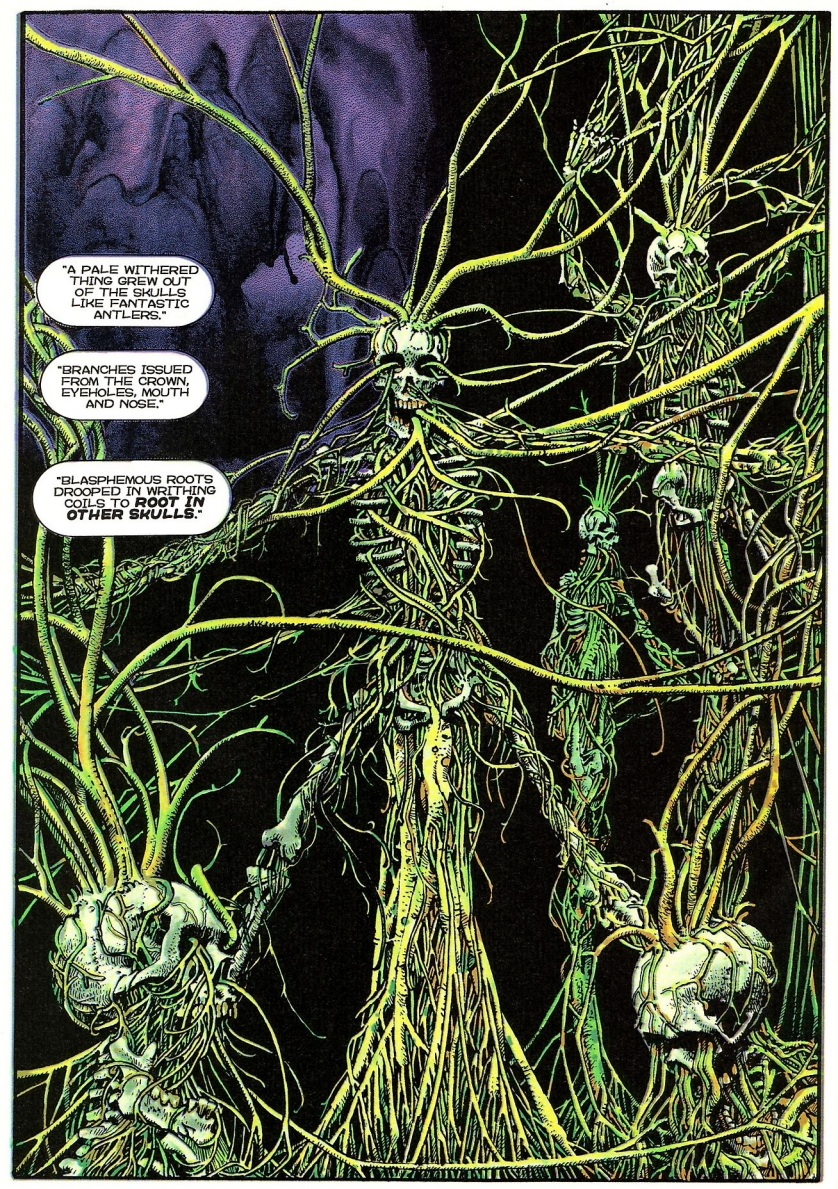


"WHEN I MOVED TO LEAVE, I NOTICED THE REAL HORROR."



"A SORT OF WHITE LATTICE WORK PARTLY FORMED OF HUMAN BONES."





"A PALE WITHERED  
THING GREW OUT  
OF THE SKULLS  
LIKE FANTASTIC  
ANTLERS."

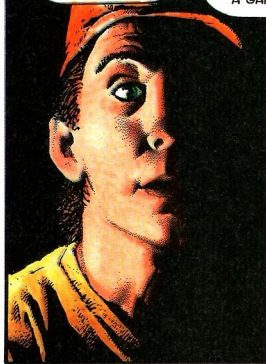
"BRANCHES ISSUED  
FROM THE CROWN,  
EYEHOLES, MOUTH  
AND NOSE."

"BLASPHEMOUS ROOTS  
DROOPED, IN WRITHING  
COILS, TO **ROOT IN**  
**OTHER SKULLS.**"

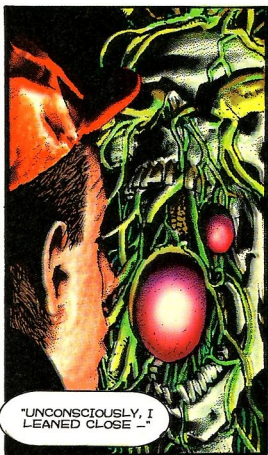


"THAT  
ABHORRENT  
INEXPLICABLE  
MINGLING OF  
HUMAN AND PLANT  
NAUSEATED...AND  
FASCINATED ME."

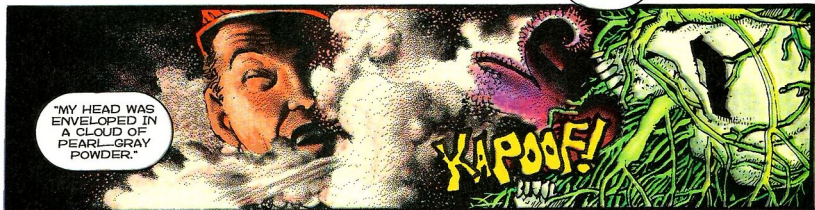
"A BULBOUS POD  
PROTRUDED FROM  
A GAPING JAW."



"UNCONSCIOUSLY, I  
LEANED CLOSE --"

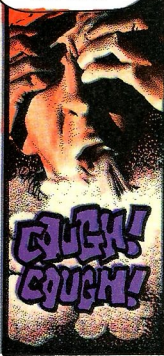


"-- TOO  
CLOSE!"

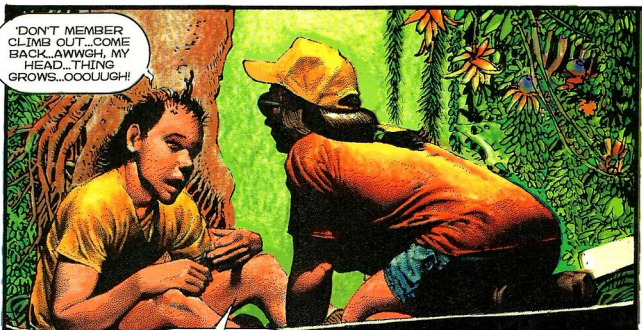


"MY HEAD WAS  
ENVELOPED IN A  
CLOUD OF  
PEARL-GRAY  
POWDER."

"THE STUFF GOT  
INTO MY NOSE  
AND EYES."

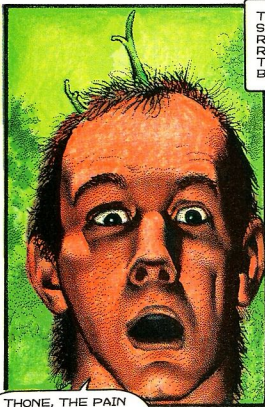


"DON'T MEMBER  
CLIMB OUT...COME  
BACK...AWWGH, MY  
HEAD...THING  
GROWS...OOOUGH!"

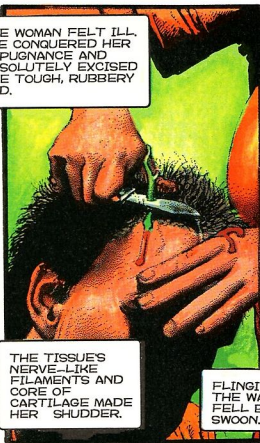


SETTLE DOWN,  
SOME FEVER MADE  
YOU IMAGINE IT.

WITH A SENSE OF  
UNREALITY, THONE  
STARED AT  
FALMER'S HEAD.

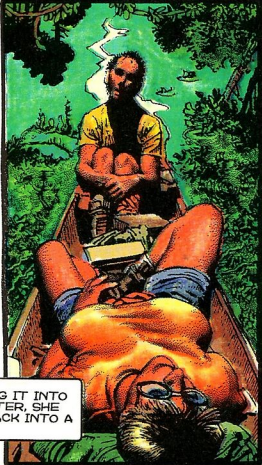


THE WOMAN FELT ILL. SHE CONQUERED HER REPUGNANCE AND RESOLUTELY EXCISED THE TOUGH, RUBBERY BUD.



THE TISSUE'S NERVE-LIKE FILAMENTS AND CORE OF CARTILAGE MADE HER SHUDDER.

FLINGING IT INTO THE WATER, SHE FELL BACK INTO A SWOON.



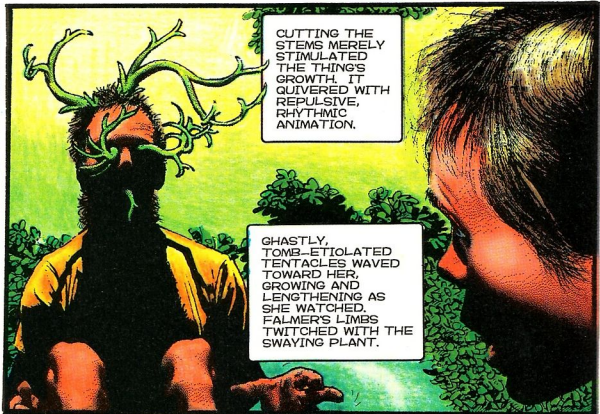
THONE, THE PAIN RETURNS...OWWH... HELP. PLEASE HELP.



SHE LAY STILL FOR SOME HOURS. SHE AWOKE IN THE YELLOW GLARE OF A NEW DAWN. BLOOD POUNDED IN HER HEAD. NOT BLOOD, SOMETHING -

THUMP...THUMP...THUMP...  
THUMP -

NO  
FALMER!



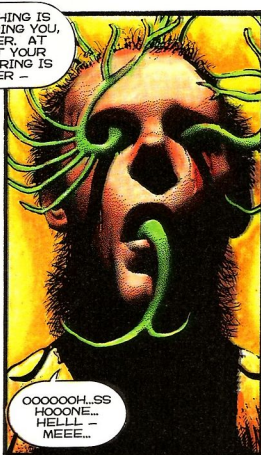
CUTTING THE STEMS MERELY STIMULATED THE THING'S GROWTH. IT QUIVERED WITH REPULSIVE, RHYTHMIC ANIMATION.

GHASTLY, TOMB-ETIOLATED TENTACLES WAVED TOWARD HER, GROWING AND LENGTHENING AS SHE WATCHED. FALMER'S LIMBS TWITCHED WITH THE SWAYING PLANT.

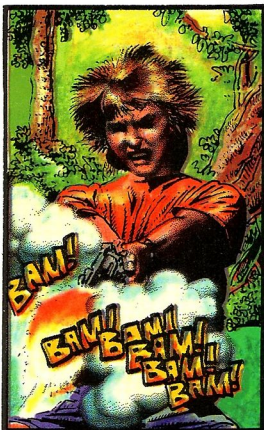




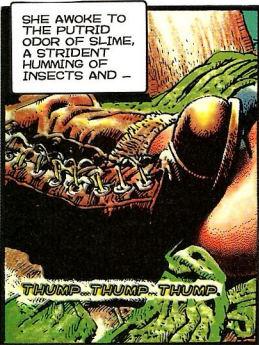
THE THING IS  
DEVOURING YOU,  
PALMER. AT  
LEAST YOUR  
SUFFERING IS  
OVER -



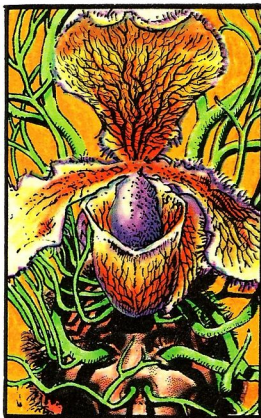
OOOOOOH...SS  
HOOONE...  
HELL...  
MEEE...



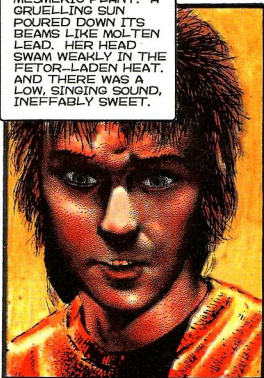
FEVER, NAUSEA AND  
REVULSION WORSE THAN  
THE LOATHLINESS OF  
DEATH OVERPOWERED  
THE WOMAN AND SHE  
COLLAPSED SOBBING.  
THE BOAT DRIFTED IN  
SHORELESS OBLIVION.




SHE AWOK TO  
THE PUTRID  
ODOR OF SLIME,  
A STRIDENT  
HUMMING OF  
INSECTS AND -



SHE SAT FACING THE  
MESMERIC PLANT. A  
GRUELING SUN  
POURED DOWN ITS  
BEAMS LIKE MOLTEN  
LEAD. HER HEAD  
SWAY WEAKLY IN THE  
FETOR-LEADEN HEAT.  
AND THERE WAS A  
LOW, SINGING SOUND,  
INEFFABLY SWEET.







THE SINGING GREW LOUDER AND THE SWAYING ASSUMED AN INDESCRIBABLY SEDUCTIVE TEMPO. IT WAS THE ALLUREMENT OF VOLUPTUOUS INCUBI.

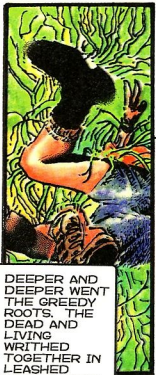
ITS ROPY FEELERS TOSSED UNEASILY IN THE AIR SEARCHING FOR SUPPORT — OR NEW PROVIDER.



SOME CATALEPTIC SPELL, HELD HER HELPLESS. THE ROOTLETS MOVED LIKE DELVING FINGERS AND STRUCK IN WITH AGONIZING, NEEDLE SHARP TIPS.



THERE WAS A GOLD AND CARMINE FLASH OF A BUTTERFLY AS THE ROOTS PIERCED HER PUPILS.



DEEPER AND DEEPER WENT THE GREEDY ROOTS. THE DEAD AND LIVING WRITHED TOGETHER IN LEASHED CONVULSIONS.



THE THING CONQUERED AND THROUGH THE STILL STIFLING AFTERNOON, A SECOND FLOWER BEGAN TO UNFOLD.



# THE MUMMIES FROM TRENCH 202

Nothing can kill your motivation like a barren, desert land... an eternity of dust and dry, searing air... Well, that's how Egypt was... That's where we happened to be in the autumn of 2294...

Private Firtzig Journal  
"My Fourth World War"

Z. PAHEK

C'mon, you lazy lot... I need a volunteer to go up to the observation tower! A sharp eye, a touch of brains and someone hard on his ears...

Who, me?

Kiss my ass...

Let's draw a straw...

There's pigeon shit in my cleaning lens solution...

Up there? Oh, no! I'm afraid of heights...

I'm sick. I've contracted a bad case of cowarditis.

Tell me about it!!

Mmph... There's not much to be seen these days... The British nuns who used to bathe in the river left a month ago.

Can we do it after lunch? I'd hate to be killed on an empty stomach...

Even the river ran dry due to boredom.

C'mon, you loafers! Who's going up there? The lucky one gets a steel shield and three rolls of toilet paper... Go on, go on... No pushing through...

Beat it, Lieutenant! We're not interested...

You're in the wrong trench, pal...

Err... What's the fee...?

Aaahh... If only those nuns... That would be worth it...

I need additional motivation.

TRENCH 202

THE BRAVE POST

BADGE OR DEATH

DEATH MUST COME OFTEN

POSTHUMOUS BADGE

SEE TRENCH 202 AND DIE

Yeah, Firtzig... The nuns...

I'LL GIVE YOU NUNS!  
YOU MUST PROVOKE  
THE ENEMY INTO  
WASTING THEIR AMMO!  
OURS IS ALMOST  
GONE!!



Sergeant Zucker, he was a real charmer... He could wake up a grizzly bear in hibernation...

As ever, it was me and Geretsky who got it...

Firtzig, you shithead... Grab the binoculars and the shield and get up there!! I want to hear: RRR-RR-TA-TA-TA-TA... And some RRRRR...! And lots of

BANG BANG!  
All coming from the enemy side...

Yes, Sir!  
RRR TA-TA-TA BANG...! I got it...



Damn slackers! They're on their asses the minute I turn my back--

Hey -- the last lucky guy to wear this got turned into Swiss cheese... This is some high quality steel, no doubt about that...

That's all that's left?

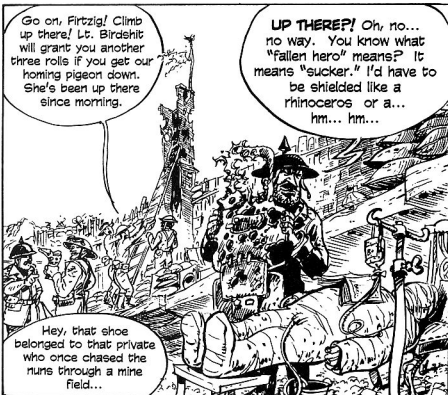
Nooo... There's a shoe as well... Only 17 holes in it. I'll give you a discount, it'll only cost you \$10.00



Go on, Firtzig! Climb up there! Lt. Birdshit will grant you another three rolls if you get our homing pigeon down. She's been up there since morning.

UP THERE?! Oh, no... no way. You know what "fallen hero" means? It means "sucker." I'd have to be shielded like a rhinoceros or a... hm... hm...

Hey, that shoe belonged to that private who once chased the nuns through a mine field...



10 seconds later...

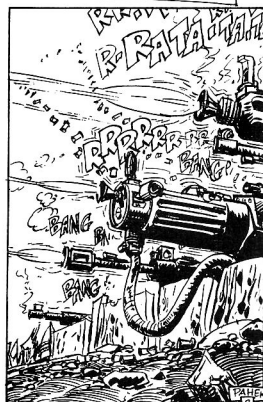
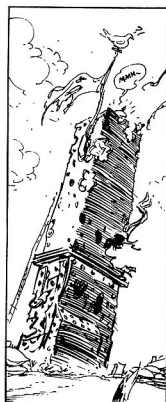
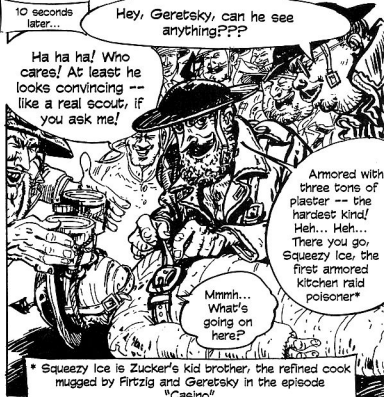
Hey, Geretsky, can he see anything???

Ha ha ha! Who cares! At least he looks convincing -- like a real scout, if you ask me!

Armored with three tons of plaster -- the hardest kind! Heh... Heh... There you go, Squeazy Ice, the first armored kitchen raid poisoner\*

Mmmh... What's going on here?

\* Squeazy Ice is Zucker's kid brother, the refined cook mugged by Firtzig and Geretsky in the episode "Casino"





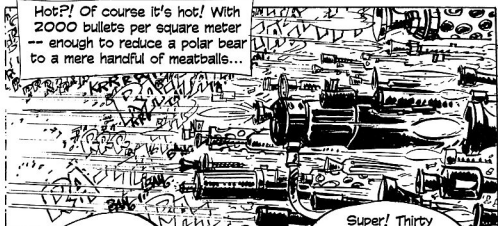


Someone is knocking... Is that you, bro? What's going on here?

Phew...! IT'S HOT! Someone turned the heat on...

Yahoo! Guys!! It works!!

Hot?! Of course it's hot! With 2000 bullets per square meter -- enough to reduce a polar bear to a mere handful of meatballs...



Super! Thirty seconds more... The sergeant will be thrilled.

Shit!

It's the alert signal...

Alarm! Zucker's coming!!

Damn cans! Why do they leave them in the middle of the road??



Ha... Ha... The boys are busy... They're not that bad after all... I'll go and commend them... We've never had such firing before...

It's so... hot...

What is he saying?

I don't know... He's mumbling something...

Ask him if he saw the runs...?

Great!!! Just hold him like that... They've wasted a week's ammo at least...!

Shoot! Shoot, Ivo Jimbo!!! This photo will be famous...

Oh... Shit...! Shit...! That pigeon shit on my lenses...!

WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON HERE? STOP GRINNING, YOU DIRTY SCUMBAGS!! WHO WAS UP THERE??! HUHP??

I CAN FEEL THAT YOU MEN ARE UP TO SOMETHING!! I CAN FEEL IT! I CAN FEEL...

Phew... Phew...

Phew...

It was a day like any other... This week's malice no.237 contrived for sergeant Zucker and his younger brother...

But it provided little diversion... It was still us - the poor grunts - who bore all the hardship...

Damn! They built a warehouse in the middle of our lawn. I won't survive this...

Me neither... Those asshole officers don't know how much effort it takes to water every little plant here...



... Especially when rains would come... Radioactive rains. For weeks without end... Our six pack tents would look like aquariums... And our feet would freeze into ice cubes...

Hey, guys... I hear we're getting new tents. Waterproof ones...

They're crazy... We need boats...

Boats, what boats? We need Noah's Ark...

Not even that would help. Noah himself would drown here!!! Even gills are of no use... Oohhhh!!

Get out of those tents, you lazy farts! This is war, not a camping course for old grannies!

You ask me, Noah had it easy. He didn't have Zucker on his back all the time...



And after the rain, the mudslides...

Shit! Our plants are ruined...



Firtzig, you lazy son of a bitch -- it's your turn to go on guard!

Plops!

Oh, no... Not again...



Stop pestering us, you mustached jerk! This is a medical ward, the guard squad is over there...



So, this is where you hide, Firtzig, you indolent shit. Get to the front of the line!



Plop!

Mmmph... It's me, Geretsky, sergeant! Firtzig is over there...

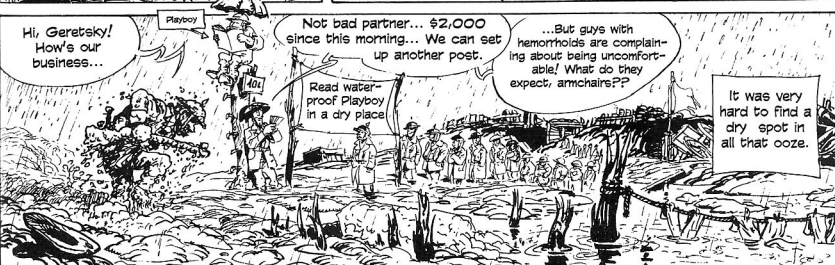
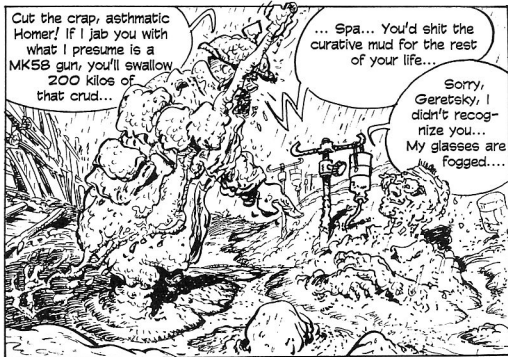


Don't lie to me, Firtzig, you dirty, rotten bastard! I'd recognize your stench anywhere...

Grab that gun and get to the guard post! YOU HEAR ME??







Me and Geretsky were happy enough... We were in the middle of going through our business books when...

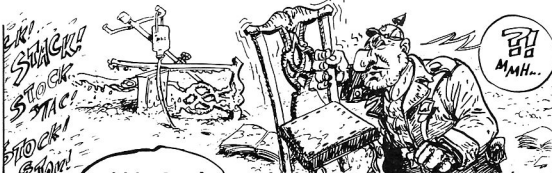


... In fact, 30 meters...



A mountain of logs! That explains why there's not a single tree in all of Egypt. They're all here! Wait till the Egyptian ecologists hear about this!

There's not a tree stump nor a piece of solid land in sight... Hm... Hm...



MMH...



AAARGHH! M... MY BROTHER! I KNEW IT!!!

Oops...

Oops!

W... Who's there?



My... my poor brother is used like a tree stump?!! To chop a beech tree...?!!! WELLP!! Answer me, worm...!

No, s... sir... Not a beech tree... No way, s... sir... This is... pine tree, sir...



Shit!

Shit!

Shit!

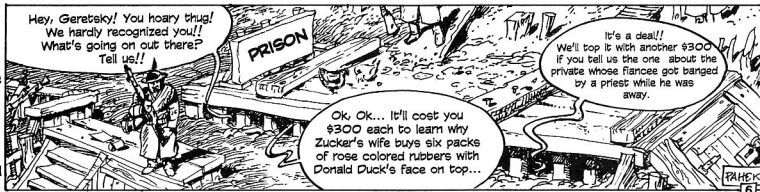
Guard! Hot thermal processing with wooden logs for the witty blockhead! Add to that ten days of deluxe accommodations at Decompose and Foul Hotel!

Right away sergeant! That'll make Joe Mole happy. Our warden just loves meeting new faces... Ho! Ho!

I knew that Geretsky would manage in the suit. He earned two college degrees there: MA in business and political science...

Hey, Geretsky! You hoary thug! We hardly recognized you!! What's going on out there? Tell us!!

PRISON



Ok, Ok... It'll cost you \$300 each to learn why Zucker's wife buys six packs of rose colored rubbers with Donald Duck's face on top...

It's a deal!! We'll top it with another \$300 if you tell us the one about the private whose fiancée got barged by a priest while he was away.



3 a.m.

Heh! Heh!  
That was a good  
idea! Worth its  
weight in gold,  
eh??

Ho! Ho!  
Water  
container!!  
The only dry  
place in our  
unit!!

The right  
place for our  
little garden.  
They won't  
find us here...

Huh! Huh! A good  
one...! This will  
make us another  
\$300!!

Heh... Heh... We can  
take care of our precious  
little plants in peace while  
everyone else  
is asleep!

We'll have  
our own private  
plantation. I'm a  
business genius,  
right, Firtzig?

Sniff...

My thumb's  
quivering... I  
feel trouble  
ahead... I'm afraid  
that Zucker might  
spoil everything.

Hey, man,  
stop  
radiating  
bad vibes.  
That's bad  
for our  
plants! They  
are so  
sensitive,  
you  
know...

Fuck!  
I can feel  
that mus-  
tached vul-  
ture puffing  
at my  
neck... That  
tyrant has a  
nose for  
trouble...  
Every  
time we...



YOU HOLLOW HEADED  
PISS WEEDS! YOU'VE BEEN  
WASTING YOUR TIME AGAIN IN  
HERE, GROWING THESE IDIOTIC,  
FOUL SMELLING PLANTS!! GET  
DOWN INSTANTLY FOR GENERAL  
CASTRATIS' INSPECTION!!!

Shit!

I told you!  
That's his  
style...

PAHCK  
7

General Castratis, the man of strict discipline and the man who invented the officer rod, has picked the wrong moment to show up...



Mhhh... The fortification looks fine but the crew seems a bit disenchanting...

They just got up, sir... They're not fully awake yet.



... And they smell, sergeant Zucker... they stink!! Do something about it unless you want your balls drying out on that rod...

T... They smell... P  
Ah... We still haven't received the aftershave, sir... It's been a week now, sir... We expect air drop tomorrow... Heh... Heh...



Everything will be fine. They'll smell like violets soon...

Do your best... For your own good, sergeant.

... And so it was... In the morning we all smelled like violets...



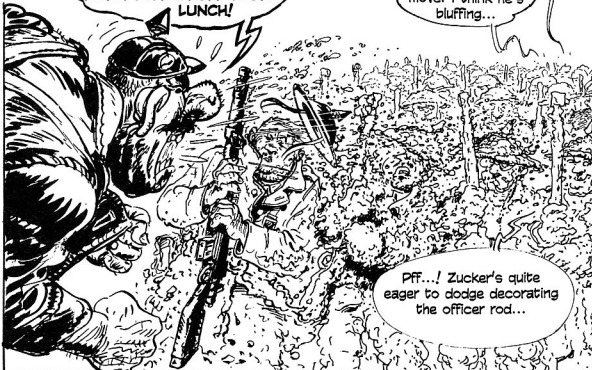
... Or your wife will be deprived of your services.



FIRTZIG AND GERETSKY!! YOU BASTARDS! LOOK AT YOU!!! YOU'RE THE WORST! I WANT YOU TO LOOK LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE HERE OR YOU'LL BE CHAINED AND WON'T EVEN SMELL YOUR LUNCH!

Shit... How did he recognize us?

Quiet, Geretsky... Don't move. I think he's bluffing...



Pff...! Zucker's quite eager to dodge decorating the officer rod...

... But he wasn't bluffing... He knew how to bluff in the same way as Geretsky knew how to deal cards straight...

Damn, Geretsky... I can't do it. I can't concentrate... Those up there are munching so loud...



Hey, man... Stop spreading bad vibes. At least we enjoy fresh air... And avoid enemy shells...

FAHER 68





Phewy... The mud is every-where... If I only knew what's in my chow...

Don't talk like that about our canteen, this place is a model of cleanliness...

Of course it's clean...! All the mud's in my food...

Ho... Ho... Lucky guys, they have a special meal today...

Ha... Ha... I envy them... A double bit of mud!!



Guys! The beans are great today. Must be due to the offensive tomorrow!

Oops... Sorry...

It's tomorrow, pal; tomorrow. Not today.



Hey, what's that crack-ing up there? What if it falls all over us?

Relax, buddy. It's the blind rhinoceros farting again...



Jesus!! These aren't just any gases!! This is genuine SARIN!

Fatso, you could do well in the Japanese subway, poisoning the passengers!

Yeah!! Look, I found a bone!! It's not only mud! Who wants to break the wishbone with me?



PHOOOY!!!

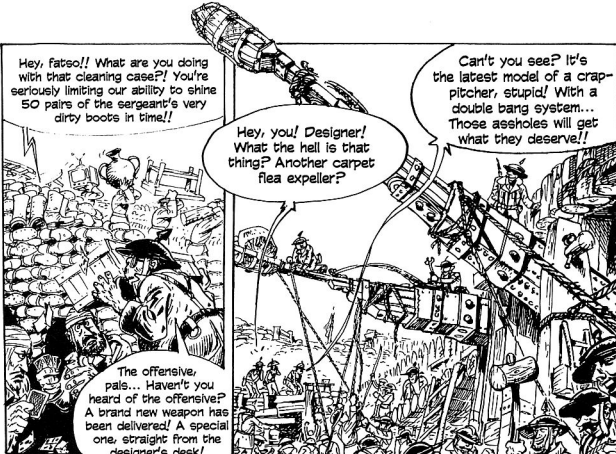


Don't wanna...? Fine... I'll break it myself... Wish for something nice...



ARGH...!

DAMN...



Hey, fateso!! What are you doing with that cleaning case? You're seriously limiting our ability to shine 50 pairs of the sergeant's very dirty boots in time!!

Hey, you! Designer! What the hell is that thing? Another carpet flea expeller?

Can't you see? It's the latest model of a crap-pitcher, stupid! With a double bang system... Those assholes will get what they deserve!!

The offensive, pals... Haven't you heard of the offensive? A brand new weapon has been delivered! A special one, straight from the designer's desk!



**OFFENSIVE**

What have you there?

Spare adorned helmets... For the annual parade...

Good! Load them!!!



And that?

Old boots. Ten pairs of them! Load them all!! It'll spare us shining them...

Bravo, Firtzig! Let's show those bastards that we have more dirty boots than they do!!!

Get on it, you schmucks!

... We have old books...

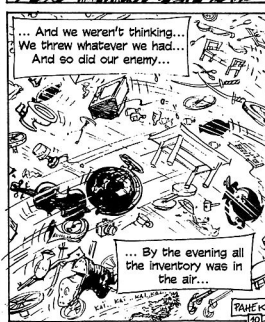
... the Marx ones are the best.

That'll kill them for sure!!



Sergeant Zucker!! Shall we throw in Mein Kampf and Art of Zen Buddhism?? We were thinking that maybe...

**DON'T YOU THINK, CHARGE IT ALL!!! I HATE THE GUTS OF SOLDIERS WHO THINK!**



... And we weren't thinking... We threw whatever we had... And so did our enemy...

... By the evening all the inventory was in the air...



Zucker's rocking chair for evening relaxation...

Great! Toss it in!!

What was that?  
Manifest of the Romanian feminist movement! Fire! This will definitely do away with them!

Heh... Heh... That was it! We won't hear from them again!

Sure thing, Geretsky. That's powerful literature...



Boneal! Thousands of wheeled boneals by Fuckosaki! They're nuts!

And they were cunning, too... Even more than Geretsky himself... The minute we would start eating...

Wow!! Beans with beef. My favorite dish...

It would start...



Here we go again!! This is against the Geneva Convention! Where do they find all those old boots...

Those scum! They know exactly when we have beans with beef.



Jesus! I'll be damned!

You saw it well, Geretsky! The scumbags have built an observation deck aboard that raft. They can see us fine from there and direct their fire to our kitchen.

Shitty bastards! Not even all Zucker's muddy boots nor the entire general's library can help us now...

Yeah... We need something fiery to...



Hey, Geretsky, you asshole... Are you asleep? I was thinking about this crap.

OUCH!

My ribs... Go to sleep... All these boots are the left ones... We can't make a dime with them... They screwed us all right, those...

Hey, I'm serious... I have an ingenious plan for tomorrow... We can do away with those asses and their observation deck...

For good!!  
Eh???

Here's \$300 that sergeant Zucker will stop your plan before it's even started...

# PLAN



Mmph.

There's no more ammo... We threw everything... even their Borsais.

Quick! Charge the crap pitcher spring!! Special penetrating ammo is on the way!!

Straight from the designer's desk to the enemy's heads...!



That's right, Firtzig! Get them! Aim at the observation deck!!



Here you are, you stinking scumbags. I only wish I could see your repulsive faces when this missile hits you!



Jesus!! Firtzig, Geretsky!! You turned nuts with all those hits you received to your heads... That's Squeazy Ice, poor sergeant's brother... Zucker will skin us alive when he finds out...

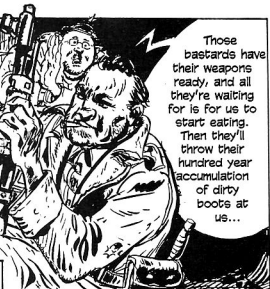
He won't find out! We'll tell him that he was lost in a flood, that he was eaten by locusts, stolen by the enemy...

What are you waiting for? Start turning that jack!! The good sergeant could bump in any minute.

What a shitty morning... Where is everybody... Where is my morning rocking chair... Where is my brother??



They've been quiet, though... Jesus! I wish we had our breakfast; I'm starving... My guts are dancing the Aztec two-step...



Those bastards have their weapons ready, and all they're waiting for is for us to start eating. Then they'll throw their hundred year accumulation of dirty boots at us...

Fits him perfectly! As if it was built for the Zucker family!!



You're a genius, Firtzig!! Heh... heh... heh... They're gonna love this...

I'm sure they will! Ho! Ho! A genuine demolisher! A five ton one! They'll see that we have some solid guys here...



Here's something else to remember us by.

Squeazy, pal! Here's the opportunity to earn your decoration.

Mmh... What's going on here?

\*Little Boy- Nickname given to the first atomic bomb dropped in the second World War.

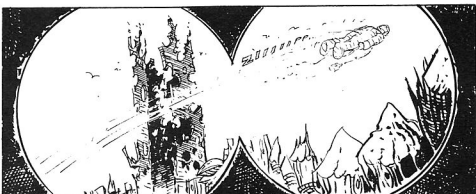
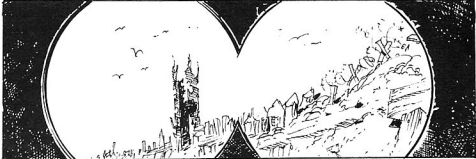


AAH!! He's gone!!  
Gone!! My poor, little  
brother is gone... And  
so are those  
two...

Firtzig,  
Geretsky!  
They're up to  
something  
again!

Damn!! I can't  
take care of  
everything...

Why is it so  
quiet...?  
Something bad is  
going on... They  
thought of some-  
thing nasty...



AAAAH!!

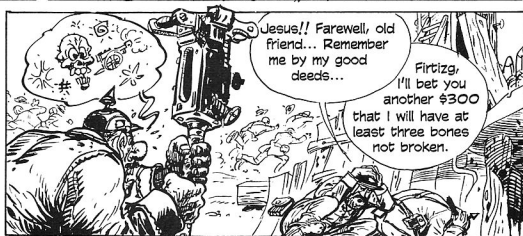
W... W... What in  
God's name...??? I...  
I... It's my brother...

Yahooo!!  
Bull's eye!!

Yeaahh!!!  
Right in the  
middle! That  
showed 'em!!

HEY!! Geretsky,  
hold it! You owe  
me \$300!  
Sergeant Zucker  
didn't stop my  
plan!

Oops!



Jesus!! Farewell, old  
friend... Remember  
me by my good  
deeds...

Firtzig,  
I'll bet you  
another \$300  
that I will have at  
least three bones  
not broken.

YOU MISERABLE BAG-  
TARDS!! YOU HURLED MY  
KID BROTHER AT THE  
ENEMY, SAKE!!  
FOR GOD'S  
DROP  
DEAD!!

DROP...  
DRO...  
DR...  
D...

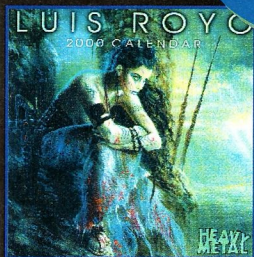




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- ☐ **SEPTEMBER 1996** Manara! "Raul Fulgurex"!
- ☐ **NOVEMBER 1996** Royo cover! Frezzato! "Burton & Cyb"!
- ☐ **JANUARY 1997** "Storm"! F.A.K.K.'s Gallery!
- ☐ **MARCH 1997** Frezzato's "The Second Moon"! Azpiri!
- ☐ **MAY 1997** "Teddy Bear III" Olivia cover! Schultheiss!
- ☐ **JULY 1997** "Gullivera" by Manara! Ranx returns!
- ☐ **SEPTEMBER 1997** Druuna returns in "Aphrodisia"!
- ☐ **NOVEMBER 1997** Gypsy: Siberian Fires! (uncensored version for Canadian readers)
- ☐ **JANUARY 1998** Bettie Page Interview! Bilal! Caza!
- ☐ **MARCH 1998** Black Deker: Yellow Moon! Bisle cover!
- ☐ **MAY 1998** Death By Betrayal! Segura & Ortiz!
- ☐ **JULY 1998** Bisle cover! Manara novel! Azpiri! Pahek!
- ☐ **SEPTEMBER 1998** Lorna novel by Azpiri! Royo cover!
- ☐ **NOVEMBER 1998** Dayak 3 by Adamov! Rizzo! O'Gro!
- ☐ **JANUARY 1999** Richard Corben! Simon Coldwater by Simon Bisle! Sha-The Shadow One! Royo cover!
- ☐ **MARCH 1999** Storm returns! Manara! Caza! Corben!

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☐ 1986 ☐ 1990 ☐ 1994 ☐ 1997  
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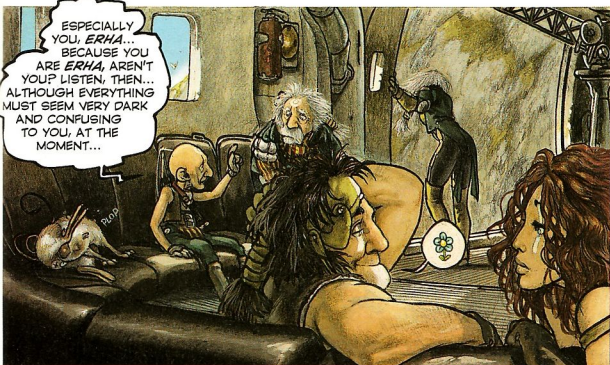
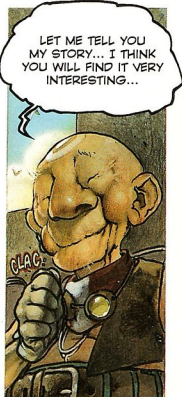
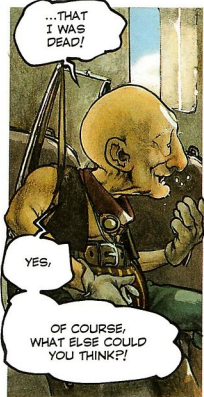
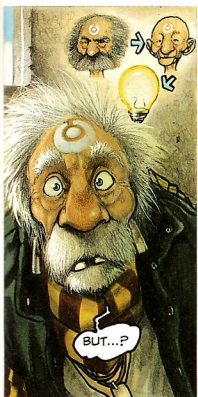
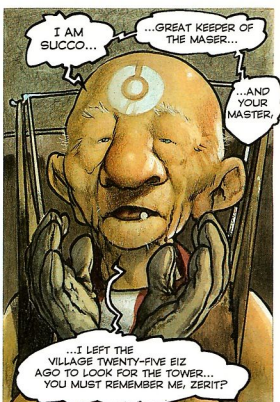
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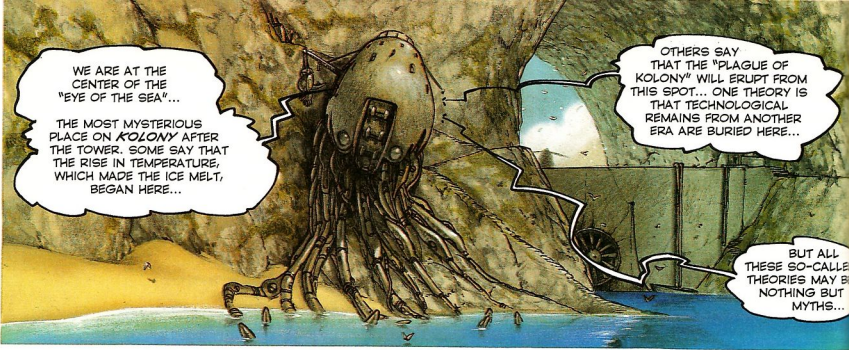
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WE ARE AT THE  
CENTER OF THE  
"EYE OF THE SEA"...

THE MOST MYSTERIOUS  
PLACE ON KOLONIA AFTER  
THE TOWER. SOME SAY THAT  
THE RISE IN TEMPERATURE,  
WHICH MADE THE ICE MELT,  
BEGAN HERE...

OTHERS SAY  
THAT THE "PLAGUE OF  
KOLONIA" WILL ERUPT FROM  
THIS SPOT... ONE THEORY IS  
THAT TECHNOLOGICAL  
REMAINS FROM ANOTHER  
ERA ARE BURIED HERE...


BUT ALL  
THESE SO-CALLED  
THEORIES MAY BE  
NOTHING BUT  
MYTHS...



I LEFT THE MASER  
VILLAGE IN SEARCH OF THE  
TOWER... YOU REMEMBER  
THAT, DON'T YOU, ZERIT? BUT  
I GOT LOST AND ENDED UP  
HERE. I HAD TAKEN THE  
"MOZZO" BECAUSE  
I DIDN'T KNOW HOW  
TO PILOT AN  
OWL...

...BUT THAT  
WAS AN ERROR  
OF TRAGIC  
CONSEQUENCES!

AS WAS  
LEAVING ALONE TO AVOID  
UNNECESSARY LOSSES...  
I SHOULD HAVE TAKEN BRALDO  
WITH ME. HE COULD HAVE REPAIRED  
THE STABILIZERS WHEN THEY  
BROKE DOWN.



I HAVE NO IDEA  
HOW I SURVIVED THE  
CRASH. WHAT MATTERS IS  
THAT WHEN I REGAINED  
CONSCIOUSNESS, I WAS IN  
A NICE WARM BED...



MY SAVIOR'S  
NAME WAS YANO SAYA.  
HE LIVED HERE WITH HIS  
WIFE AND FIVE-EIZ-OLD  
DAUGHTER.

HE HAD BEEN PART OF  
A GROUP OF SCIENTISTS WHO  
HAD BEEN SENT HERE TO ANALYZE  
THE MINERALS IN THE CRATER.  
THEY TOOK CARE OF ME WHILE  
I RECOVERED FROM  
MY INJURIES.



BUT  
THE MOZZO HAD  
BEEN DAMAGED...

...AND I NEEDED TO  
COMMUNICATE MY POSITION  
TO OBTAIN HELP... YANO  
VOLUNTEERED TO GO TO THE  
MASER VILLAGE IN THE ONLY  
"NAVICULE" THAT HAD SURVIVED  
THE DISASTER...

I WAS TO STAY HERE  
WITH HIS WIFE, TZYNN, AND  
HIS DAUGHTER... ERHA...  
AND AWAIT HIS RETURN...

...BUT DURING THE NIGHT,  
UNKNOWN TO ANYONE, THE  
YOUNG ERHA STOWED AWAY  
ON THE NAVICULE.

IT WAS TERRIBLE  
FOR HER MOTHER  
WHO WAS EXPECTING  
ANOTHER CHILD  
AT THE TIME.


A YOUNG GIRL  
ARRIVED AT THE VILLAGE  
IN A STATE OF COMPLETE  
SHOCK. SHE WAS HUGGING THE  
BODY OF THE MAN WHO HAD  
SACRIFICED HIMSELF TO  
SAVE HER LIFE.

BUT  
NO HELP ARRIVED AND, FINALLY,  
I HAD TO RESIGN MYSELF TO MY FATE...  
I'VE SPENT THE LAST TWENTY-FIVE EIZ  
FEELING GUILTY FOR WHAT I HAD  
BROUGHT ABOUT.

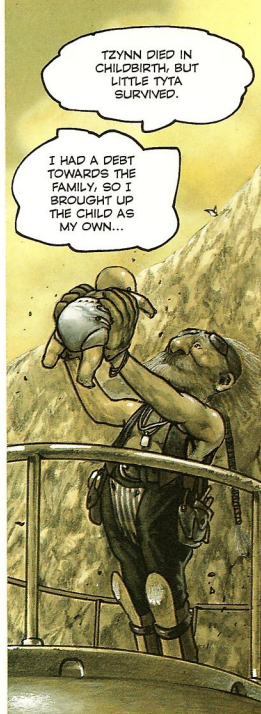
THE GOURDS WERE EMPTY...  
HE HAD NOT TAKEN ENOUGH  
PROVISIONS FOR TWO. HE HAD DIED  
OF THIRST! THE LITTLE GIRL WAS  
UNABLE TO TELL US WHERE THEY  
HAD COME FROM... AND I'VE  
LOOKED AFTER YOU SINCE  
THAT DAY, ERHA.

I TOLD YOU ALL  
THIS WHEN YOU TURNED  
19 EIZ, YOU REMEMBER?  
BUT YOU JUST CARRIED  
ON CALLING  
ME "DAD"...





WHEN YOU WERE  
OUTSIDE AND SAW  
YOUR FATHER'S  
SURVIVAL SUIT,  
THE PAST SUDDENLY  
CAME FLOODING  
BACK TO YOU.

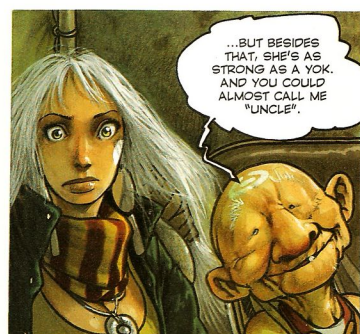


TZYNN DIED IN  
CHILDBIRTH, BUT  
LITTLE TYTA  
SURVIVED.


I HAD A DEST  
TOWARDS THE  
FAMILY, SO I  
BROUGHT UP  
THE CHILD AS  
MY OWN...



TYTA DOESN'T SPEAK.  
SHE NEVER HAS...



...BUT BESIDES  
THAT, SHE'S AS  
STRONG AS A YOK.  
AND YOU COULD  
ALMOST CALL ME  
"UNCLE".



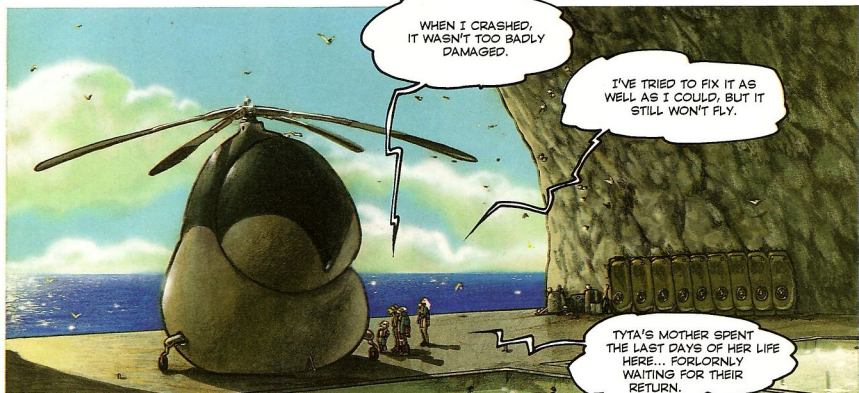
AND NOW I CAN  
REPLY TO ANY QUESTIONS  
THAT YOU MIGHT HAVE...  
BUT BEFORE THAT I  
MUST SHOW YOU  
THE VATS...

...AND SOMETHING ELSE  
THAT IS BOUND TO ASTOUND  
YOU... BESIDES, THERE'S A  
REASON FOR ALL OF YOU  
BEING HERE!





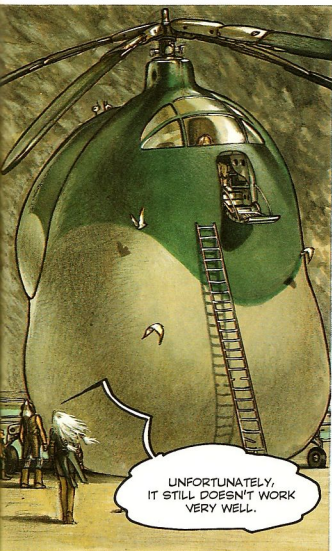
NOT BAD,  
HUH?



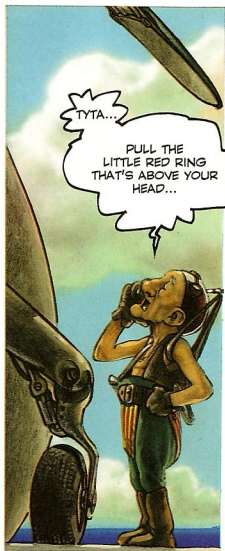
WHEN I CRASHED,  
IT WASN'T TOO BADLY  
DAMAGED.

I'VE TRIED TO FIX IT AS  
WELL AS I COULD, BUT IT  
STILL WON'T FLY.

TYTA'S MOTHER SPENT  
THE LAST DAYS OF HER LIFE  
HERE... FORLORNLY  
WAITING FOR THEIR  
RETURN.

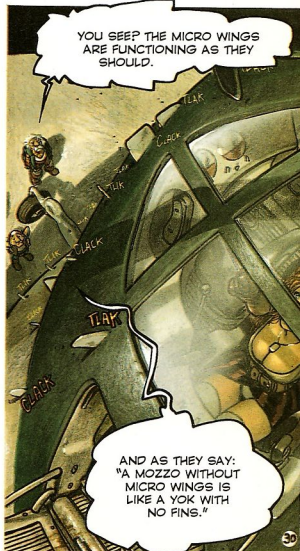


UNFORTUNATELY,  
IT STILL DOESN'T WORK  
VERY WELL.



TYTA...

PULL THE  
LITTLE RED RING  
THAT'S ABOVE YOUR  
HEAD...



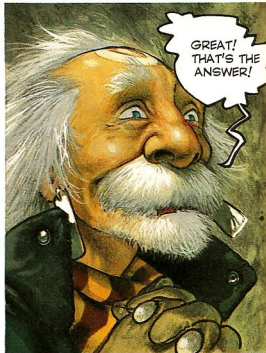
YOU SEE? THE MICRO WINGS  
ARE FUNCTIONING AS THEY  
SHOULD.

AND AS THEY SAY:  
"A MOZZO WITHOUT  
MICRO WINGS IS  
LIKE A YOK WITH  
NO FINS."

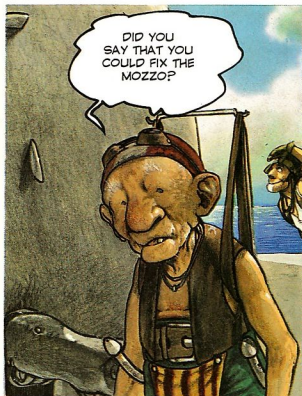




BUT, DAD... MAYBE IT COULD WORK! WE NEED TO ADAPT THE "MICRO-WING COMPENSATOR" FROM THE OWL AND TRANSFER IT TO THE MOZZO!



GREAT! THAT'S THE ANSWER!



DID YOU SAY THAT YOU COULD FIX THE MOZZO?



...CANDY FROM A BABY!

YES,

IN THEORY ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE...

JUST CONSIDER IT DONE!



AND THAT MEANS THAT WE CAN MAKE IT TO THE TOWER IN TIME!



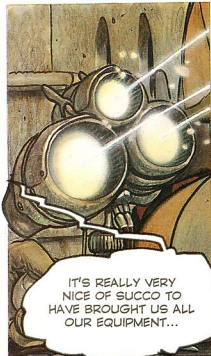
IF WE KNEW WHERE IT WAS!

WHY DON'T YOU GET SOME REST? I'LL TAKE CARE OF TRANSFERRING THE COMPONENTS.

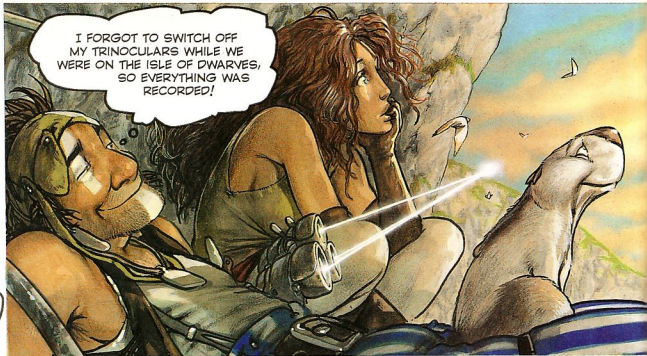




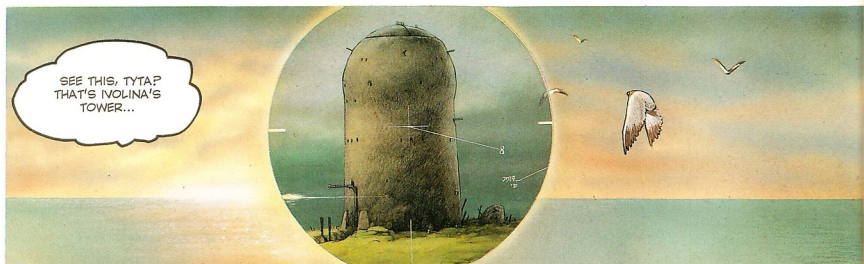




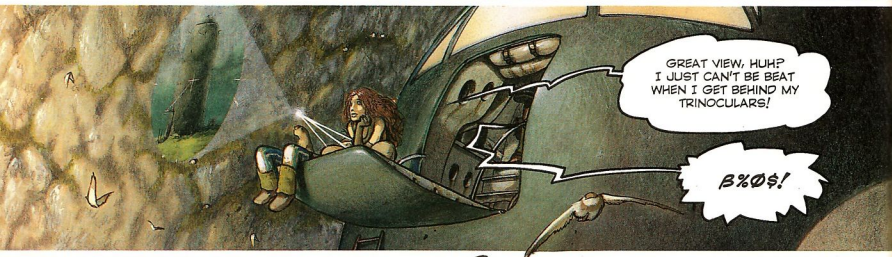
IT'S REALLY VERY  
NICE OF SUCCO TO  
HAVE BROUGHT US ALL  
OUR EQUIPMENT...



I FORGOT TO SWITCH OFF  
MY TRINOCULARS WHILE WE  
WERE ON THE ISLE OF DWARVES,  
SO EVERYTHING WAS  
RECORDED!



SEE THIS, TYTAP?  
THAT'S IVOLINA'S  
TOWER...



GREAT VIEW, HUM?  
I JUST CAN'T BE BEAT  
WHEN I GET BEHIND MY  
TRINOCULARS!

**B%0\$!**



PLOP

PLOP

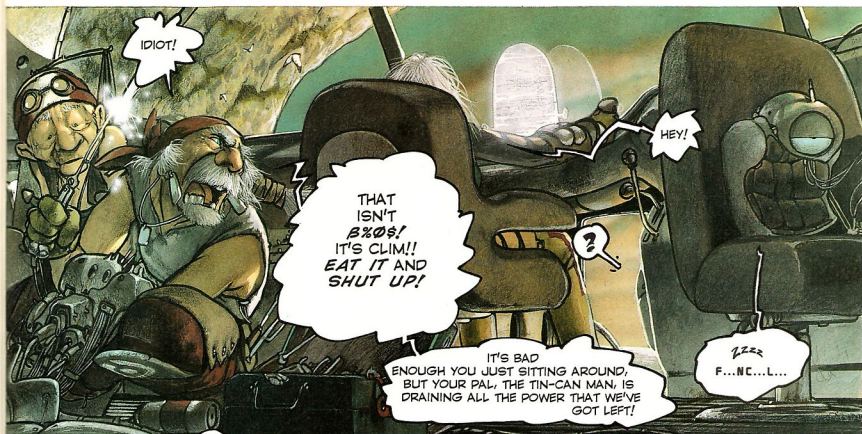


ZERIT,  
PLEASE STOP  
SAYING  
**B%0\$!**  
EVERY TIME  
YOU SAY  
**B%0\$!**,  
THE RAT  
BLOWS ONE  
OF HIS  
BALLS OF  
**B%0\$!**  
AT ME!

STOP...

**B%0\$!**





IDIOT!

HEY!

THAT ISN'T  
B%0\$!  
IT'S CLIM!!  
EAT IT AND  
SHUT UP!

IT'S BAD  
ENOUGH YOU JUST SITTING AROUND,  
BUT YOUR PAL, THE TIN-CAN MAN, IS  
DRAINING ALL THE POWER THAT WE'VE  
GOT LEFT!

ZZZZ  
F...N...L...



WHAT'S THE  
MATTER,  
ERHAP?

THERE'S  
SOME...

WHAT IS  
THAT?

LET'S  
SEE!

I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND...  
THE COMPUTER  
SEEMS TO BE  
ANALYZING DATA  
THAT IT'S RECEIVING  
FROM SOMEWHERE  
OUTSIDE.



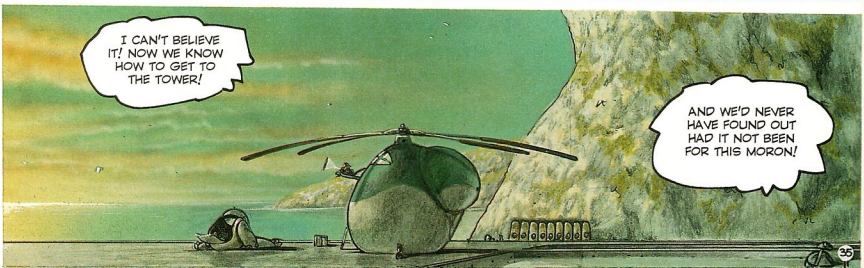
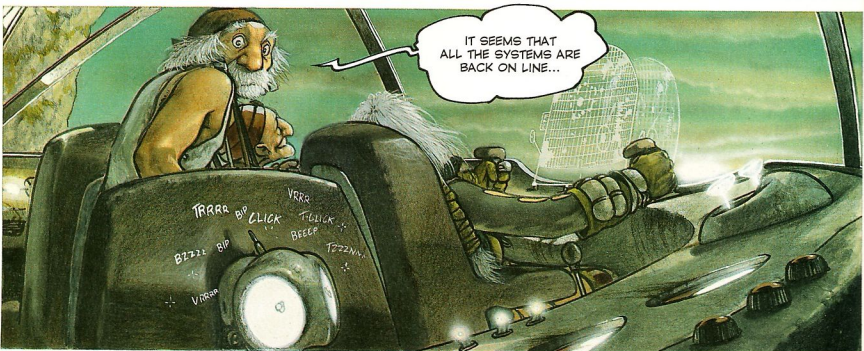
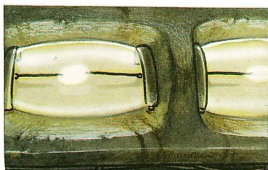
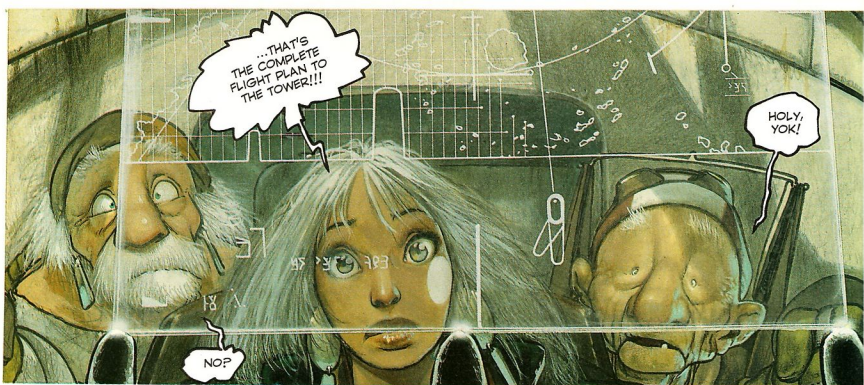
FANGO'S  
TRINOCULARS!

LOOK,  
TYTA... THIS  
BIT WAS  
RECORDED  
DURING OUR  
TAKEOFF...

...IT'S GIVING  
US THE COORDINATES.  
...THE COMPUTER IS IN THE  
PROCESS OF DECIPHERING  
THE RECORDING!

HOW  
COULD THAT  
BEP B...!  
BUTP  
THAT'S...







BUT...  
JUST HOW  
MUCH CLIM  
DID YOU  
SWALLOW?

TOO  
MUCH...

*B L E A R G H N N N*

*BIZZ*

YOU'LL BE  
DIZZY FOR  
A WHILE  
...

WHAT'S  
ERHA DOING WITH  
THE SURVIVAL  
SUIT?

SHE'S  
CONNECTING  
THE PUMP TO FILL UP  
THE MOZZO'S FUEL TANKS  
FROM THE VATS...

SHUT UP!  
HE'S THE ONE  
WHO TOLD ME  
TO SWALLOW  
THEM!

FOR ALL THE GOOD HE'S  
DOING US, YOU SHOULD  
HAVE SWALLOWED THE  
DAMN RAT!

*BIZZ*  
PULL YOURSELF  
TOGETHER  
FANGOI! LOOK,  
I FEEL BETTER  
ALREADY!

IT'S NICE  
TO HAVE  
THE OLD  
CIRO BACK  
WITH US!

WHAT ARE  
THESE FISH?

THESE AREN'T  
FISH... THEY'RE  
"EPHEMERAL  
CREATURES"...

...LIKE INSECT  
LARVAE... OR  
NIGHTFLIES... THEY HAVE NO  
MOUTHS, AND CANNOT EAT  
DURING THEIR SHORT  
LIFE SPANS....

...THESE VATS PROVIDED  
AN ENDLESS FOOD SUPPLY  
FOR THE MANY KOLONIALS  
WHO USED TO LIVE HERE.

TYTA MAKES  
A DELICIOUS DISH  
WITH THEM.



THIS GROTTO WAS DUG OUT TO PROVIDE A PASSAGEWAY BETWEEN THE CRATER AND THE SEA. THE METALLIC OCTOPUS WITH LONG TENTACLES THAT YOU SAW OUTSIDE, IS THE "SEARCHER"...

LINKED UP WITH THE SURVIVAL SUIT, IT WAS USED TO DREDGE UP MATERIAL THAT HAD SUNK TO THE BOTTOM OF THE CRATER.

THE WATER FROM THE SEA FLOWS INTO THE LAKE THROUGH A SERIES OF NATURAL TUNNELS...

...SO THE LEVEL OF THE LAKE CHANGES WITH THE TIDES...



BUT... ZERIT! YOU'RE NOT LISTENING TO ME!...

AND YOU HAVEN'T EVEN EATEN...

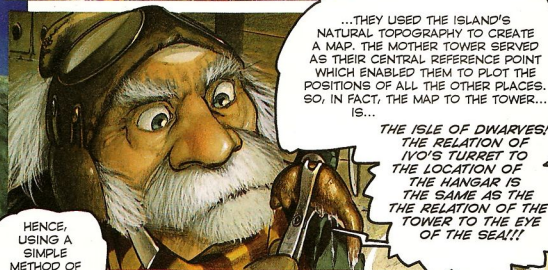


ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I WAS THINKING OF FEZY YUGHER! HE WAS A GENIUS! I JUST REALIZED THAT.



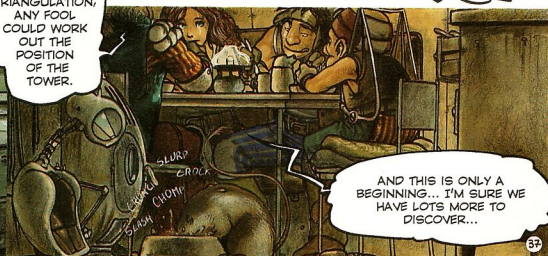
LEGEND HAS IT THAT DURING THE WAR, THE DWARVES, LED BY YUGHER, TRIED UNSUCCESSFULLY TO TAKE THE TOWER, SO THEY HAD TO RETREAT TO THE ISLE OF THE MOTHER TOWER AND THERE...



...THEY USED THE ISLAND'S NATURAL TOPOGRAPHY TO CREATE A MAP. THE MOTHER TOWER SERVED AS THEIR CENTRAL REFERENCE POINT WHICH ENABLED THEM TO PLOT THE POSITIONS OF ALL THE OTHER PLACES. SO, IN FACT, THE MAP TO THE TOWER... IS...

**THE ISLE OF DWARVES!  
THE RELATION OF  
IVO'S TURRET TO  
THE LOCATION OF  
THE HANGAR IS  
THE SAME AS THE  
RELATION OF THE  
TOWER TO THE EYE  
OF THE SEA!!**

HENCE, USING A SIMPLE METHOD OF TRIANGULATION, ANY FOOL COULD WORK OUT THE POSITION OF THE TOWER.



AND THIS IS ONLY A BEGINNING... I'M SURE WE HAVE LOTS MORE TO DISCOVER...





SO, THAT'S WHY I'VE TOLD ME THAT SHE KNEW THE EXACT POSITION OF THE TOWER.

OKAY! BUT WHY MAKE IT SO COMPLICATED...



WHEN A SIMPLE, CODED MAP WOULD HAVE SUFFICED...?

COME HERE, YOU RAT!

NO I'VE ANALYZED ALL THE DATA...

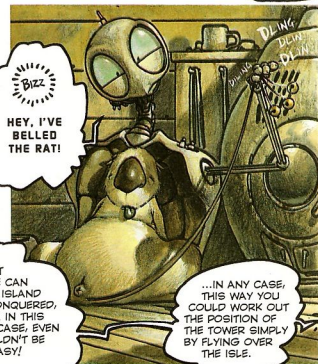


...THE PROBLEM IS THAT THE TOWER IS IN MOTION...

AND THAT'S WHY WE'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO FIND IT.



BESIDES, A MAP CAN BE STOLEN AND CODES CAN BE CRACKED...



HEY, I'VE BELLED THE RAT!

BUT NO ONE CAN STEAL AN ISLAND IT CAN BE CONQUERED, ALTHOUGH IN THIS PARTICULAR CASE, EVEN THAT WOULDN'T BE TOO EASY!

...IN ANY CASE, THIS WAY YOU COULD WORK OUT THE POSITION OF THE TOWER SIMPLY BY FLYING OVER THE ISLE.



THE DWARVES DID HAVE THEIR DRAGONFLIES, BUT AFTER THE WAR...

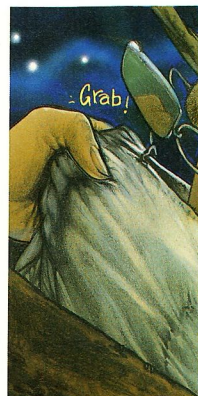
...THERE WEREN'T TOO MANY LEFT.

AND EVEN IF THEY HAD FLOWN OVER IT, WHO WOULD POSSIBLY HAVE IMAGINED THAT THE ISLE ITSELF...

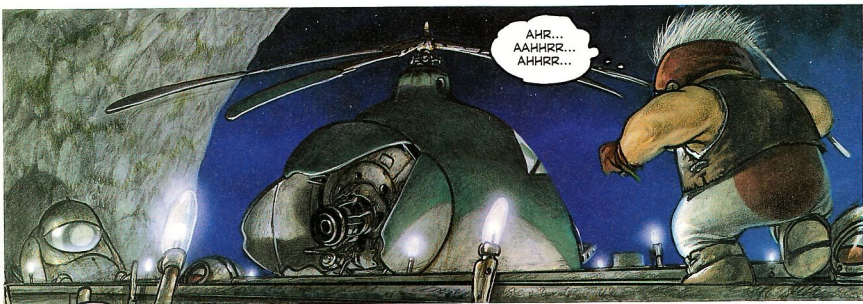
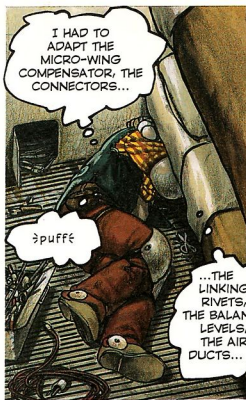
...COULD BE THE MAP



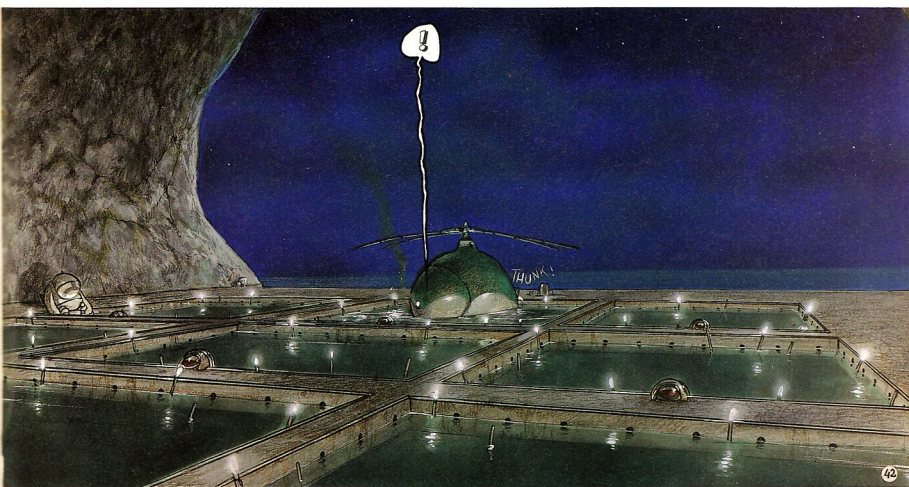




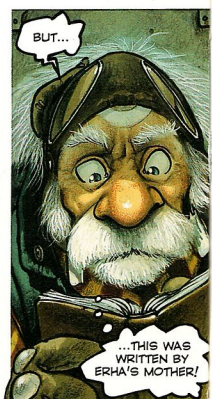
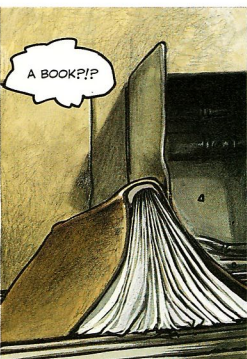
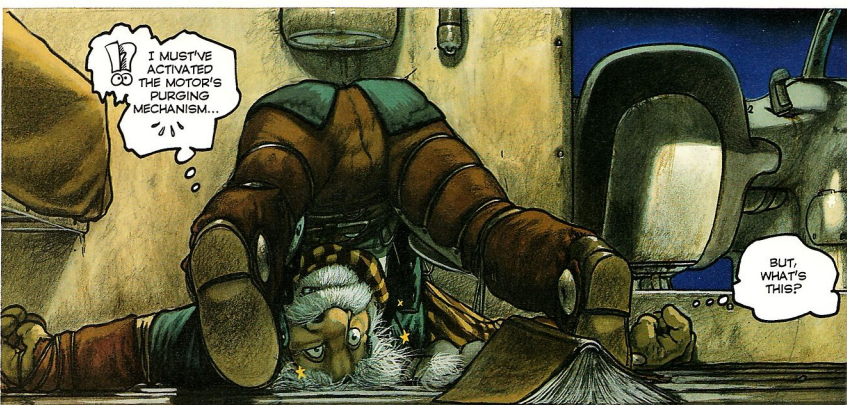

















"My name is  
Tzynn Saya..."

"...And I am  
dying slowly..."

"...Yet, in my solitude,  
I hope against hope that  
my beloved husband and sweet  
child will return soon. I write  
these last words for those of  
you who will come after me."

"...Do not follow the false glow  
of the second moon..."

"...For it is  
deceptive and..."

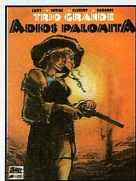
"Will lead you to despair..."

"...Do not believe that you  
can act of your own free  
will. And always remember..."

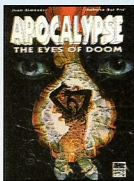
"That which might seem  
to be the brightest light,  
will lead to the darkest  
of nights..."

END OF THE SECOND ERA.

# HEAVY METAL MERCHANDISE



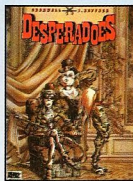
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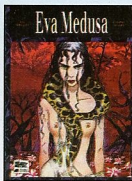
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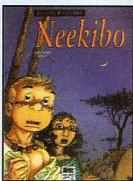
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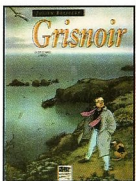
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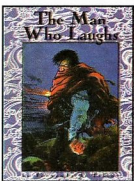
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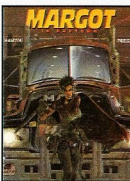
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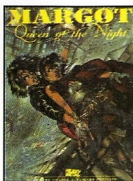
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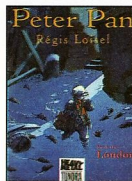
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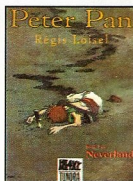
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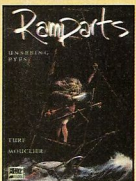
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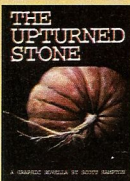
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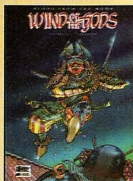
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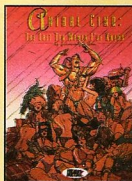
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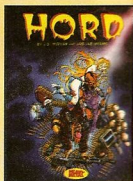
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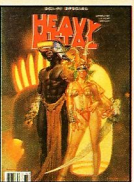
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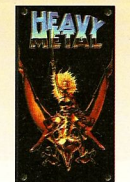
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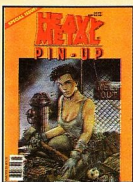
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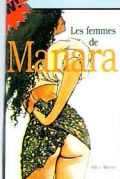


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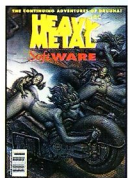
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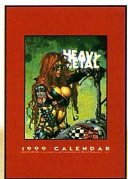
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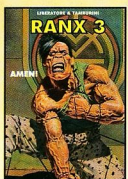
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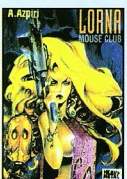
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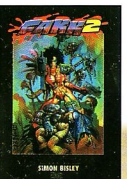
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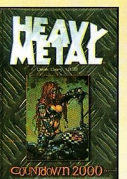
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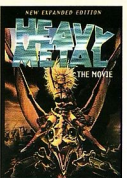
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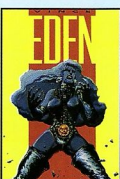
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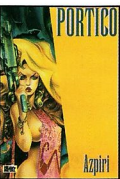
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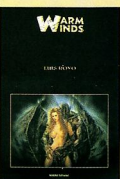
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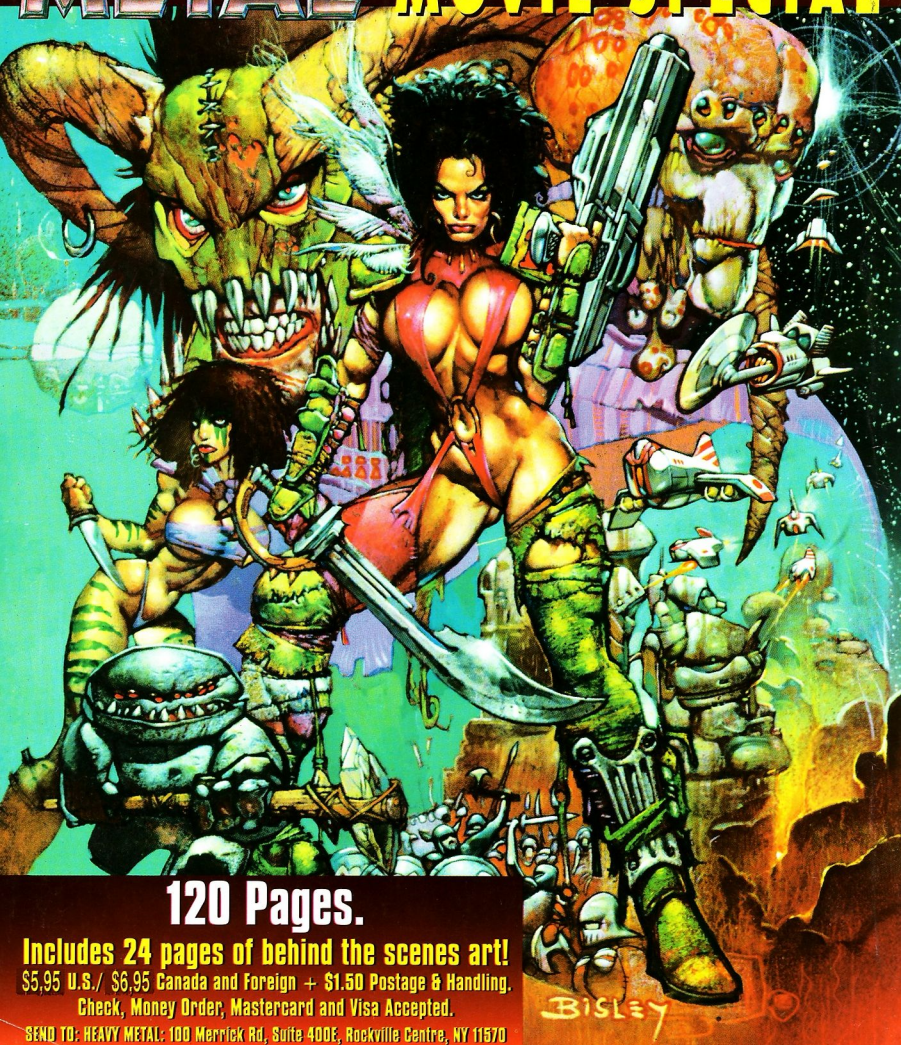
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