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# HEAVY

THE MATURE ILLUSTRATED  
FANTASY MAGAZINE



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03 >



TIM & GREG  
HILDEBRANDT

# THE BEASTIE BY CAZA

ONE DAY, WHILE  
DIGGING A WELL,  
THE MAN WHO LIVED  
ON THE MOUNTAIN  
ACCIDENTALLY AWAK-  
ENED THE BEASTIE...

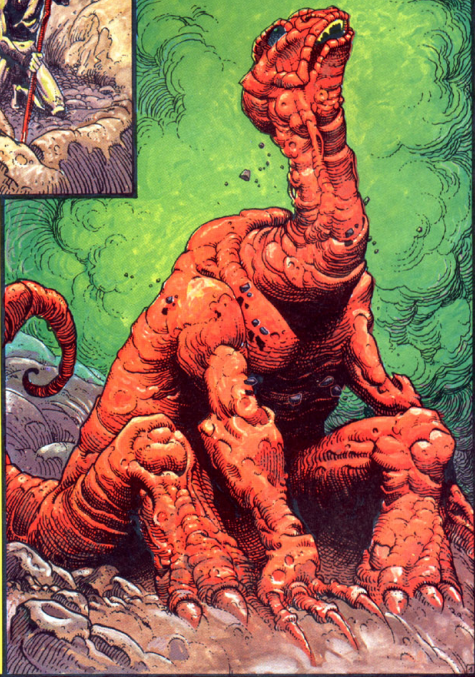
...THAT HAD  
BEEN SLEEPING  
FOR CENTURIES  
IN THE CENTER  
OF THE EARTH.

...AND SUDDE-  
NLY THE BEASTIE  
WAS...

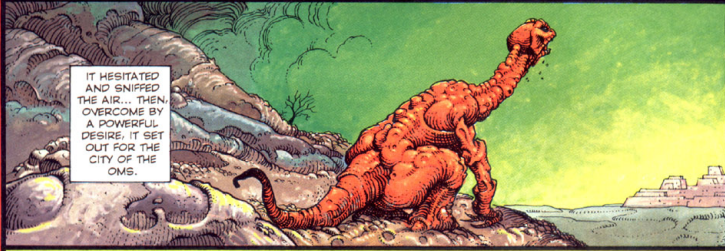
...FREED!



BLINDED BY THE BRILLIANCE OF THE LIGHT ON  
THE EARTH'S SURFACE, THE BEASTIE BEGAN  
WAILING LIKE A BABY, AS IT SOUGHT FOR A  
HALF-FORGOTTEN CRY WITHIN ITS OWN THROAT...







IT HESITATED  
AND SNIFFED  
THE AIR... THEN,  
OVERCOME BY  
A POWERFUL  
DESIRE, IT SET  
OUT FOR THE  
CITY OF THE  
OMS.

WHEN IT FOUND THE OMS, THE BEASTIE REDISCOVERED ITS PRIMAL SCREAM. IT HOWLED AND CRIED, AND THEN WAS AT PEACE.

AS IT ENTERED THE CITY OF THE OMS,  
THE BEASTIE CRIED OUT WITH DESIRE.

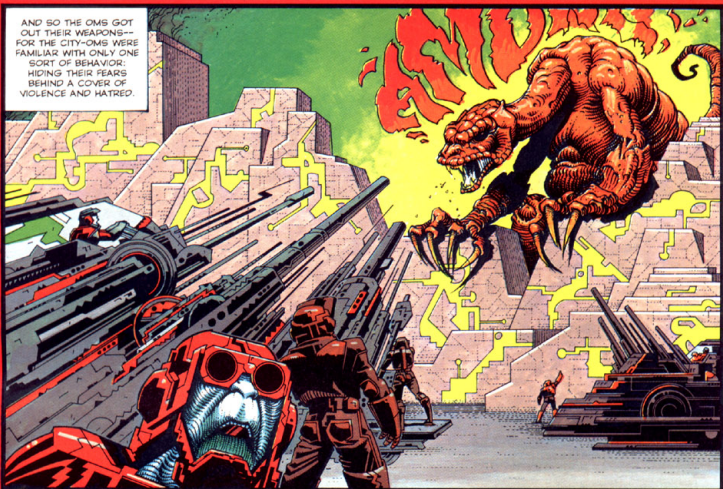
ITS CRY WAS  
ONE WORD:  
"AMOUR!"

BUT THE  
BEASTIE'S CRIES  
WERE TOO  
LOUD AND ITS  
DEMANDS WERE  
TOO VAST, AND  
THE OMS  
COULD NOT  
UNDERSTAND  
THEM. ALL THEY  
COULD HEAR  
WAS A LOUD  
ROAR, FOR ALL  
THEY COULD  
UNDERSTAND  
WAS FEAR.

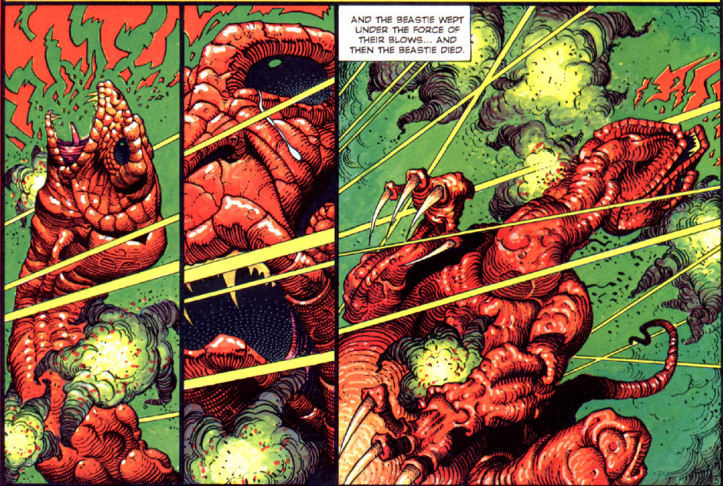
"WHEN MONSTERS SEE  
A CREATURE THAT IS  
UNLIKE THEMSELVES,  
THEY FEEL THAT THEY'VE  
SEEN A MONSTER!"



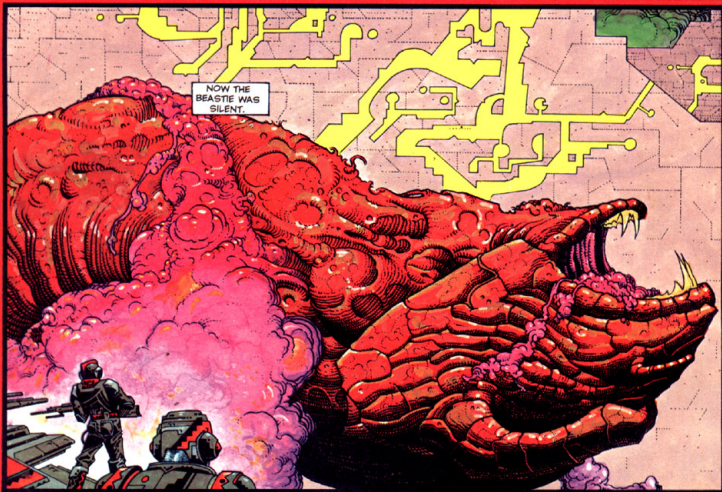
AND SO THE OMS GOT  
OUT THEIR WEAPONS--  
FOR THE CITY-OMS WERE  
FAMILIAR WITH ONLY ONE  
SORT OF BEHAVIOR:  
HIDING THEIR FEARS  
BEHIND A COVER OF  
VIOLENCE AND HATRED.



AND THE BEASTIE WEPT  
UNDER THE FORCE OF  
THEIR BLOWS... AND  
THEN THE BEASTIE DIED.



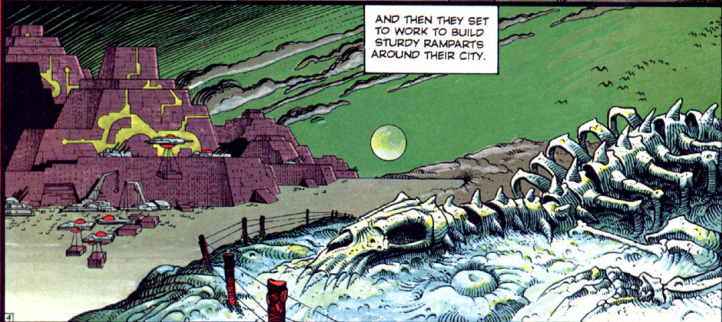




NOW THE  
BEASTIE WAS  
SILENT.



FREED OF THEIR FEARS, THE  
VICTORIOUS OMS LAUGHED AND  
CONGRATULATED THEMSELVES.



AND THEN THEY SET  
TO WORK TO BUILD  
STURDY RAMPARTS  
AROUND THEIR CITY.

A woman is shown digging a deep, narrow tunnel into a dark, rocky mountain. She is using a long, thin tool, possibly a spade or a pickaxe, to dig. The tunnel is illuminated by a small light source, and the walls of the tunnel are rough and uneven. The woman is wearing a simple, dark dress and has long, dark hair. She is looking down at the ground as she digs.

FAR AWAY, IN THE MOUNTAIN WHERE THE MAN HAD DUG A WELL, IN THE VERY SPOT WHERE THE BEASTIE HAD SLEPT, A WOMAN WAS HERDING HER FLOCK. BECAUSE HER GOATS WERE THIRSTY, SHE PICKED UP THE SPADE AND BEGAN TO DIG DEEPER.

A woman is standing in a dark, rocky cave. She is holding a long, red staff or spear. She is looking down at a large, yellow, egg-shaped object on the ground. The cave is filled with dark, jagged rocks and the lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and deep shadows.

AND THERE, IN THE HEART OF THE EARTH, SHE FOUND THE AMOUR-EGG.

A close-up of a woman's face. She has long, dark hair and is looking directly at the viewer with a serious expression. She is holding a large, yellow, egg-shaped object in front of her face. The egg is glowing with a bright yellow light. Her hands are visible, holding the egg from the sides. She is wearing a simple, dark dress.

THE AMOUR-EGG OF THE BEASTIE WHO HAD SLEPT FOR SO LONG IN THE EARTH'S HEART... THE BEAST WHO CRIED "AMOUR."

A woman is lying on the ground in a dark, rocky cave. She is wearing a simple, dark dress and has long, dark hair. She is looking up at the ceiling of the cave. The ground is covered in dark, jagged rocks. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and deep shadows.

EVER SINCE THAT DAY, SHE'S BEEN BROODING.

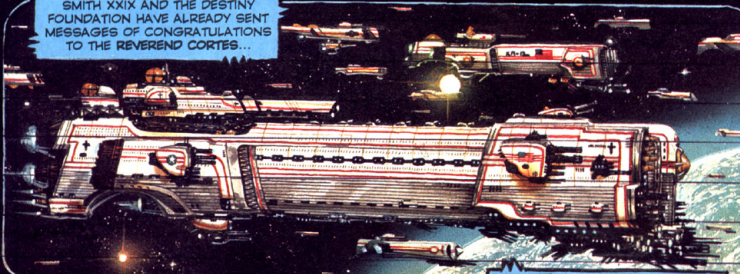


# STAR QUEST

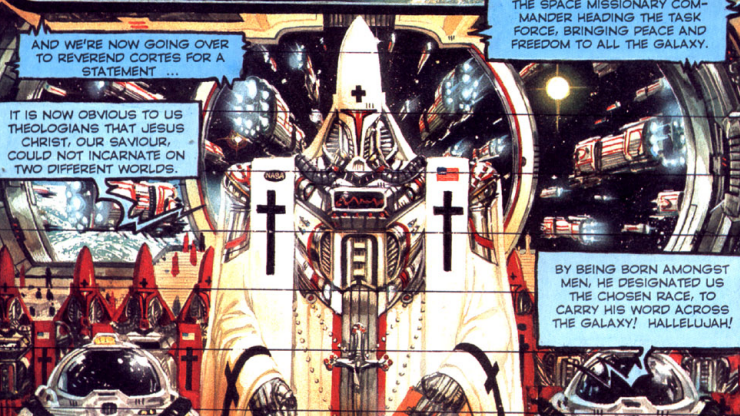
A detailed illustration of a vast fleet of Star Quest exploration ships. The central focus is a large, ornate ship with a prominent American flag and the words 'WE MEETIN' and 'NASA' on its front. It is surrounded by hundreds of smaller, similar ships, all flying in formation over a view of Earth from space. The ships are highly detailed with various antennas, sensors, and weapons. The background is a deep black space filled with stars and distant galaxies.

THIS IS THE STAR QUEST, LIVE! AFTER A SERIES OF QUANTUM JUMPS, THE EXPLORATION FLEET HAS REACHED AND PLANTED THE FLAG OF EARTH ON A PLANET INHABITED BY ANOTHER INTELLIGENT SPECIES...!

YES... ON THIS MOMENTOUS DAY, WE HAVE CONQUERED THE ULTIMATE FRONTIER AND CAN SAY AT LAST: "WE ARE NOT ALONE!" WE HAVE MADE...  
FIRST CONTACT!



THE NEW U.S. PRESIDENT, JOHN SMITH XXIX AND THE DESTINY FOUNDATION HAVE ALREADY SENT MESSAGES OF CONGRATULATIONS TO THE REVEREND CORTES...



AND WE'RE NOW GOING OVER TO REVEREND CORTES FOR A STATEMENT ...

IT IS NOW OBVIOUS TO US THEOLOGIANS THAT JESUS CHRIST, OUR SAVIOUR, COULD NOT INCARNATE ON TWO DIFFERENT WORLDS.

THE SPACE MISSIONARY COMMANDER HEADING THE TASK FORCE, BRINGING PEACE AND FREEDOM TO ALL THE GALAXY.

BY BEING BORN AMONGST MEN, HE DESIGNATED US THE CHOSEN RACE, TO CARRY HIS WORD ACROSS THE GALAXY! HALLELUJAH!

YES, BROTHERS, WE HAVE THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE SACRED QUEST, TO REDEEM- WITH THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST OUR SAVIOUR...

... THIS GALAXY DESTINED BY ITS SINS TO ETERNAL DAMNATION! AMEN!



ON THE SURFACE, THE FREEDOM  
FORCES ARE ALREADY  
DISTRIBUTING HOPE...

AND HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT  
YOUR PART IN THIS QUEST,  
SOLDIER?

I'M JUST HAPPY TO BRING  
CIVILIZATION TO THESE  
CREATURES... CAN YOU  
BELIEVE THEY'VE NEVER  
HEARD OF CHEWING GUM  
OR TELEVISION?

HOPEFULLY, WE CAN  
SHOW THEM A BETTER  
WAY OF LIFE...

A HOPE I'M SURE  
WE ALL SHARE...  
AS WE RETURN YOU  
NOW TO THE NEW  
EDEN STUDIOS, EARTH.

THANK  
YOU,  
BUD...

HOME NEWS... AND  
WE'VE JUST HEARD THAT  
MAX DUFRENE, HEAD OF  
THE FOOD CONGLOMER-  
ATE HAS BEEN ASSASSI-  
NATED....

"BIG MAX" IS THE SECOND  
MEMBER OF THE DESTINY  
FOUNDATION TO BE  
MURDERED IN TWENTY  
FOUR HOURS. AS YET, NO  
TERRORIST GROUP HAS  
CLAIMED RESPONSIBILITY.

AND NOW... I THINK  
WE CAN GO BACK...  
TO TONIGHT'S BIG  
GAME... YES?  
YES, WE CAN...

THE DWARF BALL FINAL  
BETWEEN THE YANKEE  
ANGELS FROM  
NEW EDEN AND THE  
NEUROMANCERS FROM  
OTTAWA... THE SCORE:  
TIED AT TWO.



WOW! WHAT A BRILLIANT  
INTERCEPTION! THE CROWD  
IS DELIRIOUS, HERE AT  
YANKEE STADIUM!

JUST LISTEN TO THE ANGEL  
SUPPORTERS CHANTING, "KILL!  
KILL!"... AND THEIR RIVALS  
ROARING BACK, "BASTARDS!"

YES! THE ANGELS ARE GIVING  
US A FIRST CLASS SHOW  
TONIGHT... THE CANADIANS ARE  
GONNA GET BLOWN!

## CHAPTER 3 BLOOD AND GAMES

LOOK AT THAT, GREY! ALL HIS  
TEETH ARE KNOCKED OUT...  
HIS MOUTH IS OPENING AND  
CLOSING LIKE A FISH... AND  
THERE'S SO MUCH GRAVY!

PARDON...?

YOU KNOW- BLOOD!  
IT'S POURING OUT  
OF HIM!



I'M JUST DRINKING IT ALL IN!  
AND HE'S THE NEUROMANCER'S  
CAPTAIN AS WELL! EXCELLENT!

I FIND YOUR ENJOYMENT OF  
DWARFBALL DISTASTEFUL, OFFALFE.  
I SHOULD REMIND YOU THE GAME'S  
FUNCTION IS TO KEEP THE MASSES  
ENTERTAINED...

NOT TO INDULGE IN  
ANIMAL PASSIONS  
OURSELVES.

COME OFF IT,  
REVEREND...

YOU GET AN EQUAL KICK OUT  
OF WATCHING YOUR SINNERS  
FRY IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR ON  
PRIME TIME TELEVISION!

THANK  
YOU.

I CAN ASSURE YOU  
I TAKE NO PERSONAL  
PLEASURE IN MY WORK...

... JUST A QUIET SATISFACTION  
THAT THOSE WHO SURRENDERED  
TO THEIR BEAST-LIKE URGES  
HAVE BEEN "CLEANSED"...

THE SAME SATISFACTION I  
FEEL NOW THAT WE HAVE  
COMMENCED CLEANSING  
OTHER PLANETS.

WHATEVER GETS YOU  
THROUGH THE NIGHT, GREY.  
THIS IS WHAT HITS THE SPOT  
FOR ME...

LOOK AT THAT  
LITTLE FELLA GO!

AND THE CANADIAN  
COUNTER-ATTACK HAS  
BROKEN ON THE YANKEE  
DEFENSE!

THEY'VE LOST THE  
DWARFBALL!

THE DWARFBALL HAS LIT  
HIS RETROJETS...



PERHAPS, OFFALLE, IF YOU  
SPENT MORE TIME ATTENDING  
TO YOUR DUTIES, OUR  
COLLEAGUES WOULD NOT  
HAVE DIED...

HE'S TRYING TO MAKE IT TO  
THE NEUTRAL ZONE!



AT THE HANDS OF AN  
ENTITY FROM ANOTHER  
DIMENSION...

BUT HERE COMES CARLSON,  
THE CENTRAL SMASHER...  
HE'S SPEEDING TOWARDS HIM!



... WHO THEN ELUDED  
CAPTURE OR EXECUTION BY  
YOUR POLICE OFFICERS.

HE'S GONNA SHOOT...  
YES...?



I TRUST YOU WILL  
HAVE MORE SUCCESS  
PROTECTING OUR  
PRESIDENT WHEN HE BEGINS  
HIS OFFICIAL VISIT  
TOMORROW...?

GOAL! MAGNIFICENT  
ACTION FROM NEW EDEN'S  
TOP GLADIATOR!  
WHAT A NIGHT!



DON'T CONCERN YOURSELF  
ON THAT ACCOUNT...  
JOHN SMITH XXIX WILL BE  
WEARING AN AMOUR SUIT,  
AT ALL TIMES...

THE REFEREE JUST  
SIGNALLED FOR A TIME-OUT:  
A NEW DWARFBALL IS  
NEEDED!



I'M RELIEVED TO HEAR IT...  
AFTER ALL, HE IS ONLY  
THE 29TH CLONE OF THE  
ORIGINAL PRESIDENT...

THE PREVIOUS 28 HAVING MET  
VIOLENT DEATHS YOU WERE ALSO  
UNABLE TO PREVENT.



THEY'RE ALL PUPPETS.  
EXPENDABLE.

WE'RE THE ONLY  
ONES THAT MATTER.

WHICH BRINGS US TO  
THE SUBJECT OF THIS  
MEETING,  
GENTLEMEN...

IF YOU WILL TAKE  
YOUR PLACES...

WE... SHALL...  
BEGIN...

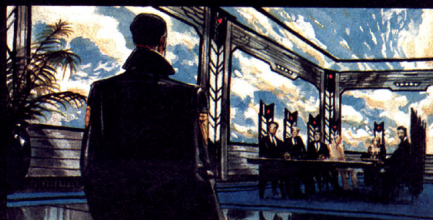
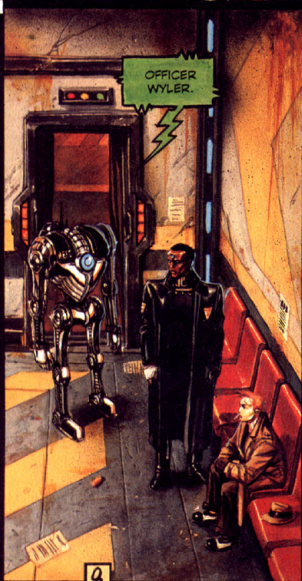
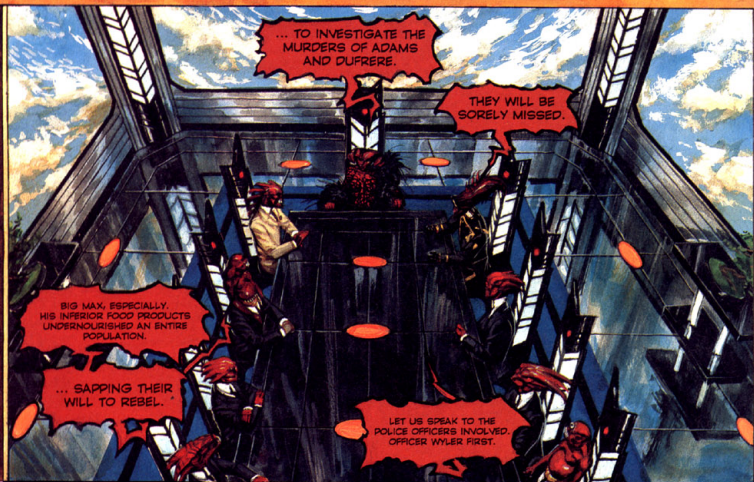
MADAME  
MESSONNE...  
ARE YOU ALL  
RIGHT...?

A... A WOMEN'S HEALTH  
PROBLEM, REVEREND.  
THE PRICE I MUST PAY FOR  
INCARNATING IN THIS  
OFFENSIVE FEMALE BODY...

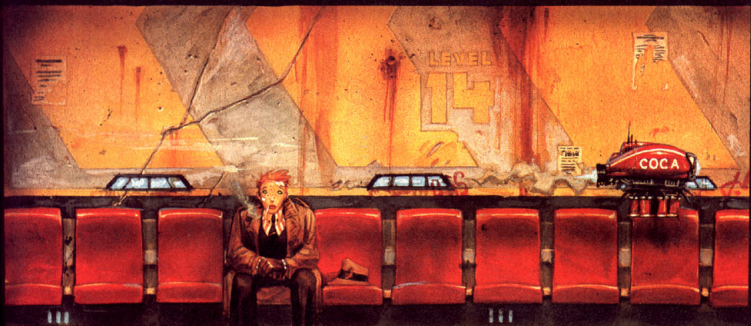
BUT IT IS A NECESSARY  
DISGUISE...

... IN ORDER TO CARRY  
OUT OUR WORK.

AND NOW... TO  
BUSINESS, GENTLEMEN...







IF A SPIRIT FROM THE PAST  
MAKES CONTACT, THEIR MESSAGE  
IS OFTEN FRAGMENTARY...  
CONFUSING... OR REPETITIVE...

MOMMY... DADDY... BABY...  
MOMMY... DADDY... BABY...  
MOMMY... DADDY... BABY...

FOR IT IS THE  
EMOTIONS...  
THE PAIN...  
THAT CROSSES TIME...

I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND...

BUT SOMETIMES, IF THE  
HURT IS SO BAD, THEN  
EVEN TIME IS NO  
LONGER A BARRIER...

WHEN THEY BURN A WITCH,  
DUFFY... THEY BURN HER  
FAMILY AS WELL...

MY MOTHER...  
MY FATHER...

MY BABY...

IT... IT WAS TOO SMALL  
TO BE TIED TO THE  
STAKE... THE BASTARDS  
THREW IT ON THE FLAMES

OH, MY  
GOD.



BUT WHAT DOES THIS  
HAVE TO DO WITH ME...?

WHO ARE  
YOU?

WHO ARE...

DUFFY...  
DUFFY...

THEY'RE  
READY FOR  
YOU NOW.

ENTER.

WE HAVE LISTENED  
TO YOUR ACCOUNT,  
INSPECTOR DUFFY...  
AND OFFICER WYLER'S...  
WHICH CONFIRMS YOURS  
IN EVERY DETAIL...

NEVERTHELESS, DESPITE  
BEING ARMED WITH ALL  
THE RESOURCES OF THE  
N.E.P.D., YOU ALLOWED THIS  
ENTITY... THIS UNCLEAN  
HELL-HAG TO ESCAPE.

I'M AFRAID OUR  
WEAPONS HAD NO  
EFFECT ON IT, SIR.

I RECOMMEND THAT SHE IS RELIEVED OF HER DUTIES FORTHWITH... PENDING FURTHER INVESTIGATION AND POSSIBLE CRIMINAL PROCEEDINGS...

DECISIONS REGARDING MY OFFICERS ARE A MATTER FOR ME ALONE, GREY.

NOT WHEN IT IMPERILS THE LIVES OF THE REST OF US.

YOU ARE OVERLOOKING HER IMPRESSIVE RECORD. SHE IS ONE OF MY BEST DETECTIVES.



SHE COULDN'T SAVE BIG MAX, DESPITE HIS ARMORED CAR.

THAT IS A CHANCE I'M PREPARED TO TAKE, REVEREND GREY...

I FEEL WE SHOULD SHOW LENIENCY.

AND MADAME MESSONNE IS MORE EXPOSED AT THE OPERA.

LIEUTENANT DUFFY... HAVING CONSIDERED THE EVIDENCE, WE ARE PREPARED TO GIVE YOU ANOTHER CHANCE TO BRING THIS INVESTIGATION TO A SUCCESSFUL CONCLUSION...

THANK YOU, MA'AM.

YES, MA'AM.

I HAVE EVERY CONFIDENCE IN YOU, MY DEAR...

AND I TRUST YOU WILL REMEMBER THAT...







DUFFY AND WYLER  
REQUISITION AN OLD,  
UNMARKED TANK...

AND MAKE THEIR WAY  
TOWARDS VENISE B. IN  
THE DOWNTOWN AREA...

SO WE'RE OFF  
THE HOOK.

FOR  
NOW...

... BUT WE MUST  
GET TO THE BOTTOM  
OF THESE WEIRD  
VISIONS.

COME ON UP  
TO MY APART-  
MENT.

SORRY ABOUT  
THE NEIGH-  
BORHOOD.

DON'T BE.  
MINE'S WORSE.

HERE THE KIDS  
JUST IMITATE THE  
DWARFBALL  
STARS... GOBBLE  
ACID... AND STEAL  
ROBOTS...

IN MINE, THEY'VE  
MOVED ON FROM  
CHAINSAWS TO  
SUB-MACHINE  
GUNS!

I'VE NEVER DONE ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE... I'VE ALWAYS BLOCKED OUT ANY WEIRD FEELINGS...

IT'S EASIER THAN YOU THINK...

YOU SIMPLY BREATHE INTO WHATEVER YOU'RE FEELING... TO MAKE A CONNECTION...

I'M FEELING PRETTY IRRITABLE RIGHT NOW. MY PERIOD'S COMING... OH NO

I LEFT THE WINDOW OPEN...

LET ME JUST GET RID OF IT.

TWO PROGRAMS NOT TO BE MISSED... SATURDAY NIGHT'S REDEMPTION SHOW... FEATURING THE RECENTLY ARRESTED DEVOTEES OF SULFURA, THE QUEEN OF CYBER-PORN...

GET OUT...!  
GO ON-  
GET OUT!

AS THE SEARCH FOR THE ARCH SINNER CONTINUES, HER EVIL DISCIPLES WILL FACE THE JUSTICE OF YOU, THE AUDIENCE BACK HOME.

AND, TOMORROW NIGHT, MADAM MESSONNE GIVES A LIVE PERFORMANCE OF "SERAPHIM" BEFORE PRESIDENT JOHN SMITH XXIX...

DAMN PARASITES!  
SORRY ABOUT THAT.

SHOO!  
SCAT!

OKAY... NOW JUST LIE DOWN... AND BREATHE FROM YOUR STOMACH... FOCUS ON THE IRRITATION. SO IT ACTS AS A LINK...





ANY-  
THING...?

NOTH-  
ING...



WAIT A  
MINUTE...  
SOMETHING'S  
HAPPENING...!

OH, GOD!  
SO MUCH  
RAGE...! SO  
MUCH PAIN...!



A SPEC-  
TRE!?

WHO ARE  
YOU?

I AM LARA... A WITCH...  
THEY CUT OFF MY  
BREASTS... BURNT  
ME... AND MY FAMILY...



I DIED  
CURSING  
THOSE  
RESPON-  
SIBLE...  
THE  
DUKE...  
THE  
MONK...

AND  
DOMINIQUE-  
MY BEST  
FRIEND  
WHO  
BETRAYED  
ME.



THAT BITCH!  
BITCH!  
BITCH!

SHE IS GOING  
TO SUFFER  
THE MOST!



HEY-  
YOU OKAY?

ER... YEAH...  
I THINK SO...

WOW! THAT WAS  
HEAVY...



SHE POS-  
SESSED YOU  
THERE,  
FOR A MOMENT.

YEAH... BUT WHAT'S  
IT MEAN?

WHATEVER HAPPENED  
TO THAT POOR GIRL,  
IT WAS CENTURIES  
AGO!



YOUR IDEA OF TIME  
IS RIDICULOUS.  
THERE IS NO PAST  
OR PRESENT.

WE LIVE JUST  
ONE LIFE.



YOU?

LARA REACHED OUT  
ACROSS TIME TO  
SPEAK TO YOU.  
DON'T DENY HER  
NOW.



LET'S TAKE HER!



YOUR EFFORTS  
ARE POINTLESS...

I AM SHA- THE  
SHADOW ONE...



SHIT!

YOU'VE BEEN A DOR-  
MOUSE, CURLED UP  
YOUR NEST, SAFE FROM  
THE REAL WORLD.

NOW IT'S TIME TO  
WAKE UP, MY DEAR,  
AND FACE ETERNITY.





I WAS SUMMONED  
BY LARA TO AVENGE  
HER DEATH...

AND NO MORTAL  
MAY STOP ME...

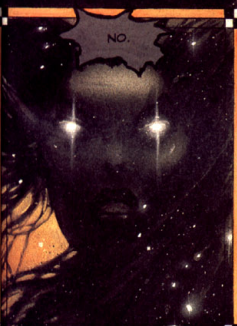
I HAVE THREE  
LIVES TO TAKE...  
FOR LARA'S MOTH-  
ER... FATHER...  
AND BABY...

SO THREE CIRCLES  
MAY BECOME PART  
OF THE GREAT  
CIRCLE AGAIN...

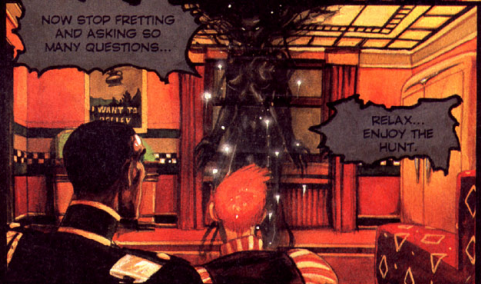
THREE LIVES...  
ADAMS... DUFRERE...  
AND ANOTHER MEMBER  
OF THE DESTINY  
FOUNDATION...P



AND THEN IT'S  
OVER...P  
FINISHED...P



NO.



NOW STOP FRETTER  
AND ASKING SO  
MANY QUESTIONS...

RELAX...  
ENJOY THE  
HUNT.



LAUGH AT THE POETRY  
OF REVENGE.  
LAUGH AT THEIR  
TERROR AND FEAR  
OF PAIN. LAUGH AT  
THE JOKE OF IT ALL.  
THE JOY OF LIFE.  
THE JAWS OF DEATH.

UNTIL THAT COLD  
MOMENT WHEN THE  
LAUGHTER HAS TO STOP.

NEW EDEN'S HIGH SOCIETY  
HURRIED TO THE NEPTUNUNS  
BUILDING. NOBODY WOULD HAVE  
MISSED MADAM MESSONNE IN  
HER MOST FAMOUS OPERA,  
SERAPHIM.

THE GUEST OF HONOR WAS  
NONE OTHER THAN PRESIDENT  
JOHN SMITH XXIX. THE FIRE  
28 JOHN SMITHS HAVING  
VARIOUS FORMS OF VIOLEN  
DEATH, THE NEPD HAD  
DISPATCHED ITS ELITE UNITS

GOOD. TAKE FIVE  
MEN AND COVER  
THE NORTH  
ENTRANCE.

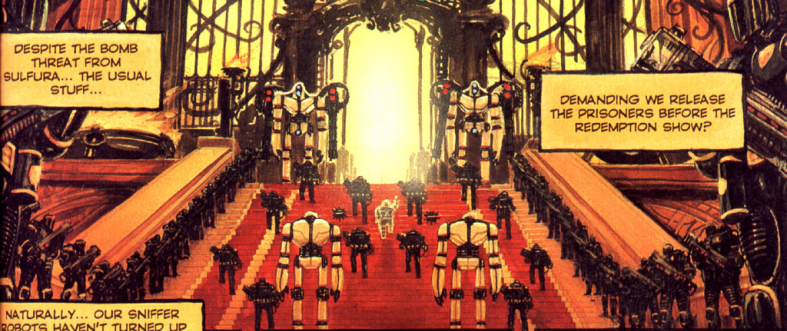
OKAY... ALL UNITS  
ARE IN POSITION...

IF THIS... SHE MAKES  
A MOVE ON MADAM  
MESSONNE, WE'VE  
GOT HER.

WHAT ABOUT  
THE PRESI-  
DENT?

I DON'T THINK ANY-  
THING WILL GET NEAR  
THE PRESIDENT!





DESPITE THE BOMB  
THREAT FROM  
SULFURA... THE USUAL  
STUFF...

DEMANDING WE RELEASE  
THE PRISONERS BEFORE THE  
REDEMPTION SHOW?

NATURALLY... OUR SNIFFER  
ROBOTS HAVEN'T TURNED UP  
ANYTHING. THE OPERA HOUSE  
IS CLEAN...

BUT WE'D BETTER HAVE  
ONE MORE LOOK  
AROUND INSIDE...



MAYBE...

AND WHAT'S THAT  
SUPPOSED TO MEAN,  
WYLER?



STOP TRYING TO  
CONTROL EVERYTHING,  
DUFFY...

YOU HEARD WHAT SHA  
SAID... SOMEHOW WE'RE  
INVOLVED IN A GAME OF  
FATE THAT'S BEYOND  
OUR CONTROL.



SOMETIMES...  
ALL YOU CAN DO IS  
LET GO... LET EVENTS  
TAKE THEIR COURSE.



THE WORLD'S A  
STAGE AND WE'RE  
JUST ACTORS ON  
IT...

OKAY... OKAY...  
I KNOW I'M A  
CONTROL FREAK...

DON'T TAKE IT ALL TOO  
SERIOUSLY... REMEMBER  
SHAKESPEARE'S ADVICE...

AND I'VE GOT  
TO ADMIT... THE  
SCENERY IS CREAK-  
ING RIGHT NOW...

BUT IT'S STILL MY  
STAGE. MY ROLE.  
MY JOB.

THIS JOB IS ALL  
I'VE GOT.

MAYBE IT'S ALL  
I AM.

AND IF I LET GO  
OF IT...

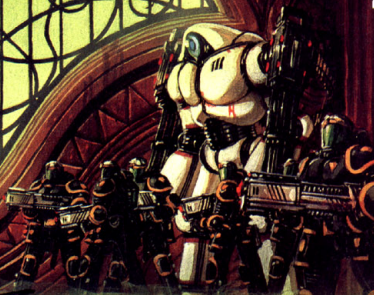
THERE'S NOTHING  
LEFT FOR ME...

... BUT SCREAM-  
ING MADNESS.





MEANWHILE, AT THE  
NORTH ENTRANCE...



I COULD PASS  
UNSEEN AMONGST  
THEM...



A SIMPLE SPELL WOULD  
SUFFICE... A MIST OF  
INVINCIBILITY...



BUT I WANT HER TO  
KNOW I'M COMING  
FOR HER...



SO SHE CAN FEEL  
THE ANTICIPATION OF  
PAIN... THE TERROR  
THAT SHE ONCE  
INFLECTED...



...SO BALANCE  
MAY BE  
RESTORED.



AND... I PREFER  
THIS WAY...

IT'S TOTALLY  
UNNECESSARY...

PURE  
INDULGENCE...

COMPLETELY  
GRATUITOUS...

AND IT FEELS...





STAGE  
ENTRANCE

... SO  
GOOD

WHEN WE ARE BORN, WE CRY THAT WE COME  
TO THIS GREAT STAGE OF FOOLS.

SHAKESPEARE, KING LEAR

23

CONTINUED ON PAGE 105



LET US WELCOME THE  
FIRST AND THE LAST. THE  
HONORED ONE AND THE  
SCORNFUL ONE.

## CHAPTER 4 INFERNO

THE WHORE AND THE HOLY  
ONE. THE WIFE AND THE  
VIRGIN. THE FRUITFUL AND  
THE BARREN ONE.

THE MOTHER OF MY FATHER,  
THE SISTER OF MY  
HUSBAND.

THE IDEA WHOSE  
REMEMBRANCE IS FREQUENT,  
THE WORD WHOSE  
APPEARANCE IS MULTIPLE.

SHE IS KNOWLEDGE, SHE IS  
IGNORANCE, SHE IS SHAME,  
SHE IS BOLDNESS.

MADAME  
MESSONNE...

WHAT IS IT, LIEU-  
TENANT?  
I'M ABOUT TO GO ON.

I'M AFRAID  
NOT.

WHY?

WE HAVE A...  
SECURITY  
PROBLEM.

FOUR OF MY MEN ARE DEAD...  
WE BELIEVE THE ASSASSIN IS IN  
THE OPERA HOUSE.





NO!

A close-up of Madame Messonne, a woman with large, ornate, owl-like ears and a dark, feathered headdress. She has a shocked expression with wide eyes and an open mouth. She is wearing a dark, corset-like dress with intricate patterns.



SO YOU UNDERSTAND  
WE MUST CANCEL THIS  
PERFORMANCE... FOR  
YOUR OWN SAFETY...

A man in a dark suit and hat is speaking to Madame Messonne. She is sitting on a large, ornate chair, looking back at him with a defiant expression. The room has red curtains and a large, ornate fireplace.

NO!  
GET AWAY  
FROM ME...!

SHE IS SHAMELESS...  
AND ASHAMED...



MADAME MESSONNE...  
IF YOU GO OUT THERE,  
YOU COULD BE KILLED!

The man in the hat is standing and looking at Madame Messonne, who is sitting on the ornate chair. He has a concerned expression. The room is the same as in the previous panels.



SHE IS STRENGTH...  
SHE IS FEAR...

Madame Messonne is standing, looking towards the viewer. She is wearing the same dark, feathered headdress and corset-like dress. The background is a red curtain.

DO YOU FIND THIS  
AMUSING? HAVEN'T YOU  
DONE ENOUGH...? HOW  
MUCH LONGER ARE YOU  
GOING TO TORTURE ME?



SHE IS...  
DIVINE PERFECTION!

A large crowd of people in ornate, theatrical costumes are gathered in a grand hall. They are all looking towards the center of the hall, where a large, ornate chandelier hangs from the ceiling. The hall has high ceilings and large windows.



GIVE HEED TO ME!  
I AM THE ONE WHO IS  
DISGRACED AND THE  
GREAT ONE!

I AM SHE WHO DOES  
NOT KEEP FESTIVAL,  
AND I AM SHE WHOSE  
FESTIVALS ARE MANY!



WHAT WAS ALL THAT  
ABOUT? WHY WAS  
SHE AFRAID OF ME?



I AM THE ONE WHOSE  
IMAGE IS GREAT IN  
EGYPT...



YOU SING OF THE GODDESS,  
MADAM, BUT IT'S A MOCK-  
ERY... AS YOU MOCKED HER  
WHEN YOU BETRAYED LARA.





I AM THE ONE WHO  
HAS BEEN HATED  
EVERYWHERE, AND WHO  
HAS BEEN LOVED  
EVERYWHERE.

I AM THE ONE WHOM  
THEY CALL LIFE AND  
YOU HAVE CALLED...



DEAAAAATH!



OVER THERE!  
BEHIND THAT  
PILLAR... SHA!



KILL!!!



BZZZ  
BZZZ  
BZZZ

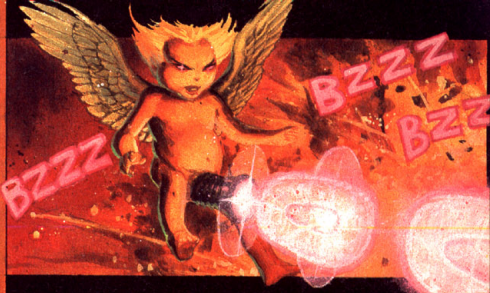
KABOO

LOOK OUT!!!  
THERE!

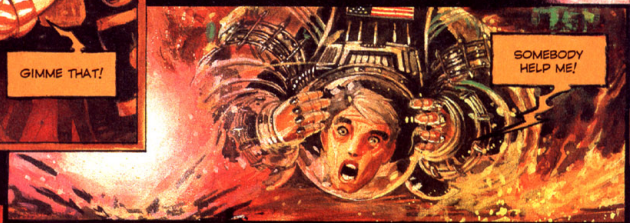
THE SERAPHIM!  
HE'S AFTER THE  
PRESIDENT!

WHERE THE  
HELL ARE HIS  
CYBERGUARDS?

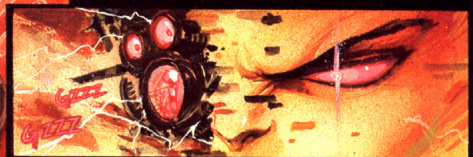
GIMME THAT!



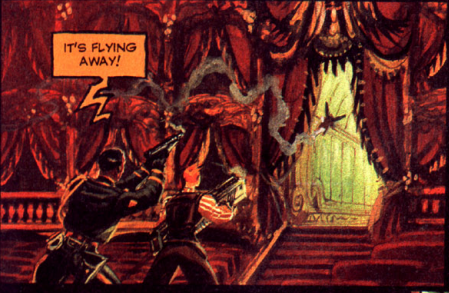
SOMEBODY  
HELP ME!



STAY DOWN,  
MR. PRESIDENT!







IT'S FLYING AWAY!



ATTENTION DUFFY!



WE COULDN'T RISK A HIGH EXPLOSION IN THERE...



BUT NOW...!

KAL-TOW



OH, SHIT!

WHAT IS IT?

PROPERTY OF THE  
NEPO... TYPICAL!  
BLOODY TYPICAL...!

OUR OWN SIDE SENT IN A  
ROBOT TO KILL THE PRES-  
IDENT... SO THEY CAN BLAME  
IT ON SULFURA OR ONE OF  
THE OTHER TERRORIST  
GROUPS... AND JUSTIFY  
MARTIAL LAW...

WHY DID WE  
TAKE THIS JOB,  
DUFFY?



I DON'T KNOW...  
BUT LET'S FINISH  
IT...

...LET'S FIND  
SHA.





DID YOU  
COME TO KILL  
ME?



THAT WOULD BE  
DOING ME A FAVOR,  
WOULDN'T IT?



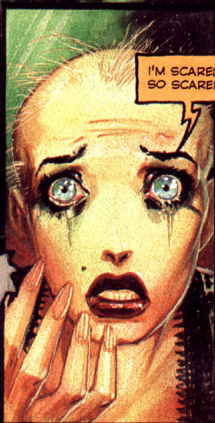
I'M AFRAID  
SO.

THE HOSPITAL  
CONFIRMED IT... A  
DOUBLE MASTECTOMY.  
I HAVE TO GO IN  
TOMORROW... AND  
EVEN THEN... THE  
CHANCES AREN'T  
GOOD...



I'M  
SORRY.

I'M SCARED...  
SO SCARED...



SO WAS SHE...  
WHEN THEY CUT OFF  
HER BREASTS...

SHE WAS ONLY  
SIXTEEN...



SHE DOESN'T KNOW  
YET THAT I WAS  
DOMINIQUE...P



I COULD SEE IT  
IN HER FACE...

SHE HAS NO IDEA  
WHAT'S REALLY  
GOING ON...

BUT SHE'S START-  
ING TO REALIZE...  
I'M BREAKING IT TO  
HER AS GENTLY AS  
I CAN.



I HOPED THAT,  
BY SAVING HER FROM  
DISMISSAL... OR  
WORSE... BY AN ACT  
OF MERCY...

SHE MIGHT FOR-  
GIVE ME...P SHE  
MIGHT LIFT HER  
CURSE...P



I'M SORRY...  
WITCHES NEVER  
FORGIVE.

WE ALWAYS MEAN  
WHAT WE SAY.

NO.



BUT NEVER THEIR BEST  
FRIENDS. NEVER  
WITHIN THE CIRCLE.

THAT'S WHY THE  
WORST PUNISHMENT  
WAS RESERVED  
FOR YOU...

BUT WITCHES  
ARE ALSO  
MEANT TO  
BETRAY!



MUTILATION.

REFLECT ON IT, AS YOU  
FACE A SLOW... LINGER-  
ING... PAINFUL DEATH...







A DEATH FROM WHICH SHE  
CANNOT ESCAPE... THE  
DEMON WITHIN HER IS  
TRAPPED IN THE FLESH...



YET I FEEL PITY  
FOR HER AS A  
WOMAN...

BUT HOW LITTLE  
SHE UNDERSTANDS  
THE BODY SHE  
INHABITS...



NO WOMAN TRULY  
FORGIVES...



WE STORE OUR PAIN  
AWAY, DEEP IN OUR  
MEMORY... IN OUR  
HEARTS...



UNTIL THE  
OPPORTUNITY  
ARISES FOR  
VENGEANCE...



WE WANT BLOOD FROM  
THOSE WE HAVE LOVED  
BUT WHO HURT US.



WE HAVE A HIDDEN  
DESIRE TO INFLICT  
PAIN...

THAT COMES  
FROM THE GREAT  
MOTHER HERSELF



IT IS OUR SECRET AND  
MOST HOLY RITE...



LIEUTENANT...  
IT'S SHA...  
SHE'S HEADING FOR  
THE ROOF!

SHE IS ON THE  
ROOF. DON'T LET  
HER ESCAPE.  
SHOOT TO KILL.

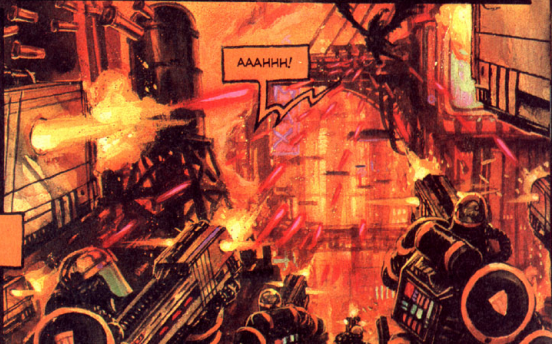


AAAAHHH!

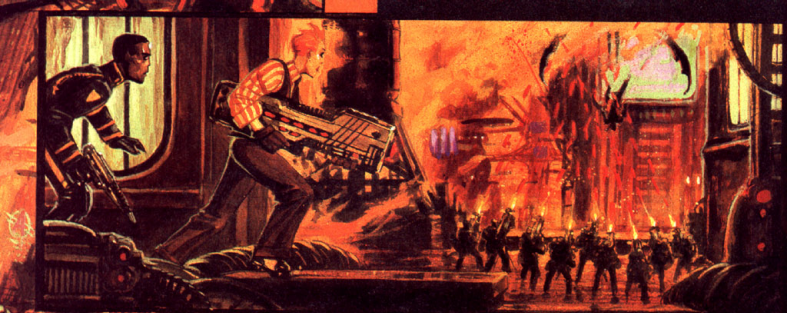


NOOO!  
HAVE  
MERCY!

AAAAHHH!

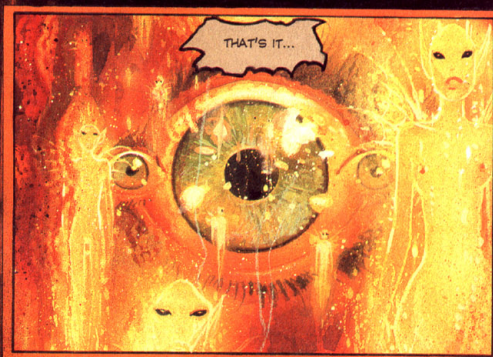








NOW, DUFFY... AS YOUR WEAPONS  
LIGHT THE SKY... THINK BACK TO THE  
LAST TIME YOU SAW SUCH LIGHTS...



THAT'S IT...

AS THE GUARDS  
ESCORT YOU ALONG  
THE RIVER BANK... YOUR  
ELEMENTAL FRIENDS SOAR  
OVERHEAD...

YOU TALK TO THEM  
EVERY DAY... THEY'VE  
COME TO ESCORT YOU  
INTO THE OTHER WORLD.



THEN... AS YOU  
PASS A BEND IN  
THE RIVER...  
YOU SEE IT...



THE STAKE!





NO! IT'S TOO HORRIBLE!  
IT'S TOO HORRIBLE!



IT'S WHAT  
HAPPENED.

WHY ARE YOU  
DOING THIS TO MEP?  
IT'S NOT REAL!  
IT'S A DELUSION!



IT'S WHY YOU CHOSE  
TO COME BACK AS A  
LAW OFFICER...  
BECAUSE OF  
SUFFERING SUCH  
INJUSTICE.



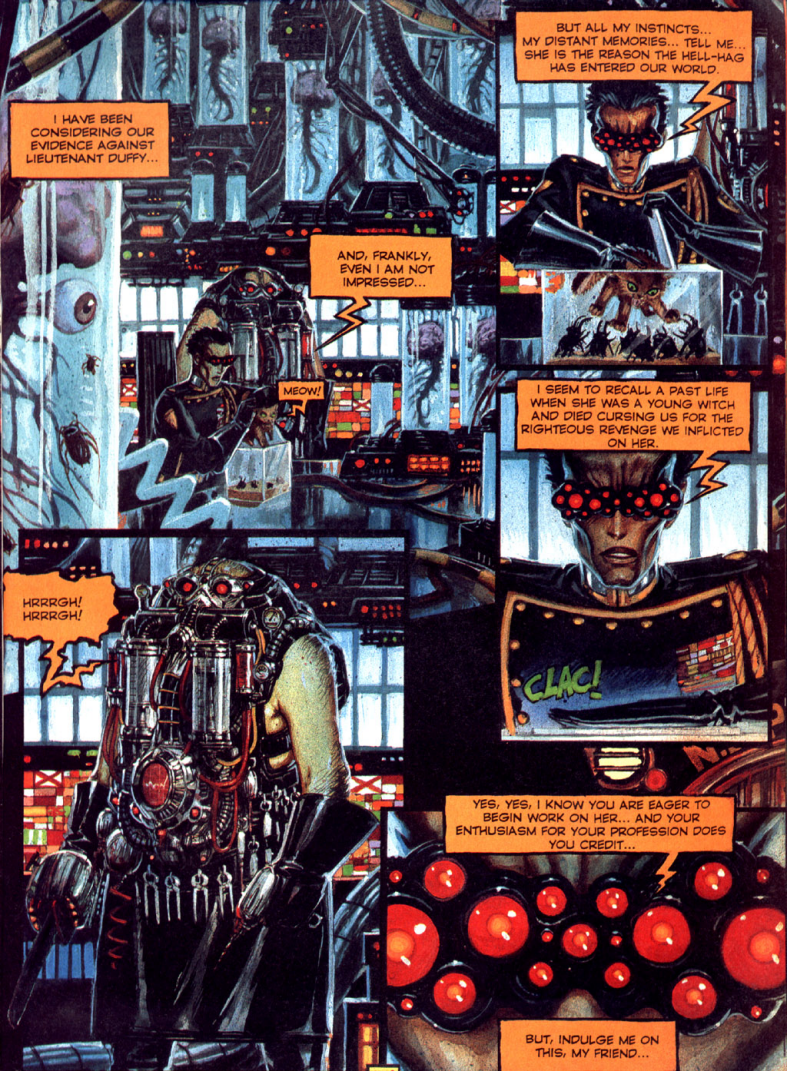
WE ONLY HAVE ONE  
LIFE, DUFFY...  
WHICH FLOWS LIKE  
A RIVER THROUGH  
ETERNITY...

LARA:

EACH NEW BODY  
WE TAKE IS SIMPLY  
A NEW DIRECTION  
FOR US...

THAT WASN'T MY  
LIFE! SHE'S NOT ME!  
SHE'S NOT ME!

ANOTHER BEND  
IN THE RIVER...



I HAVE BEEN  
CONSIDERING OUR  
EVIDENCE AGAINST  
LIEUTENANT DUFFY...

AND, FRANKLY,  
EVEN I AM NOT  
IMPRESSED...

MEOW!

HRRRGH!  
HRRRGH!

BUT ALL MY INSTINCTS...  
MY DISTANT MEMORIES... TELL ME...  
SHE IS THE REASON THE HELL-HAG  
HAS ENTERED OUR WORLD.

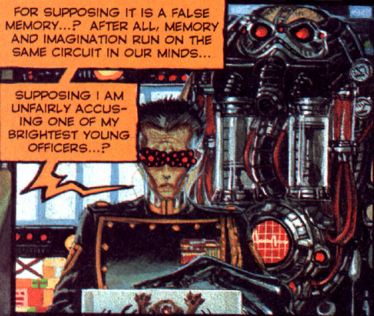
I SEEM TO RECALL A PAST LIFE  
WHEN SHE WAS A YOUNG WITCH  
AND DIED CURSING US FOR THE  
RIGHTEOUS REVENGE WE INFLICTED  
ON HER.

CLAC!

YES, YES, I KNOW YOU ARE EAGER TO  
BEGIN WORK ON HER... AND YOUR  
ENTHUSIASM FOR YOUR PROFESSION DOES  
YOU CREDIT...

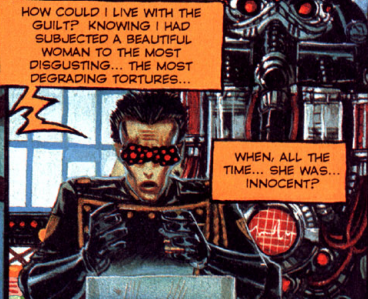
BUT, INDULGE ME ON  
THIS, MY FRIEND...





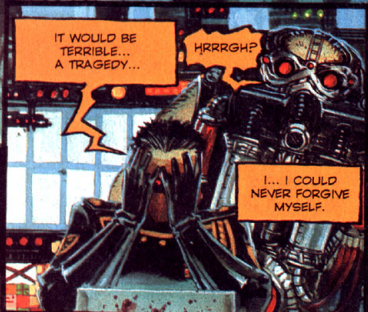
FOR SUPPOSED IT IS A FALSE  
MEMORY...? AFTER ALL, MEMORY  
AND IMAGINATION RUN ON THE  
SAME CIRCUIT IN OUR MINDS...

SUPPOSING I AM  
UNFAIRLY ACCUS-  
ING ONE OF MY  
BRIGHTEST YOUNG  
OFFICERS...?



HOW COULD I LIVE WITH THE  
GUILT? KNOWING I HAD  
SUBJECTED A BEAUTIFUL  
WOMAN TO THE MOST  
DISGUSTING... THE MOST  
DEGRADING TORTURES...

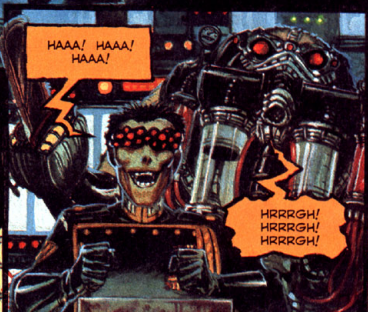
WHEN, ALL THE  
TIME... SHE WAS...  
INNOCENT?



IT WOULD BE  
TERRIBLE...  
A TRAGEDY...

HRRRGH?

I... I COULD  
NEVER FORGIVE  
MYSELF.



HAAA! HAAA!  
HAAA!

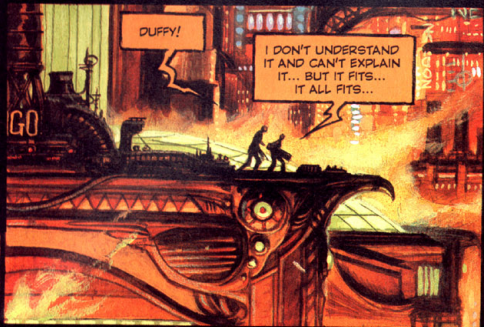
HRRRGH!  
HRRRGH!  
HRRRGH!



THIS IS POLICE CHIEF  
OFFALLE TO SPECIAL  
STRIKE SQUAD...



ARREST  
LIEUTENANT DUFFY!



DUFFY!

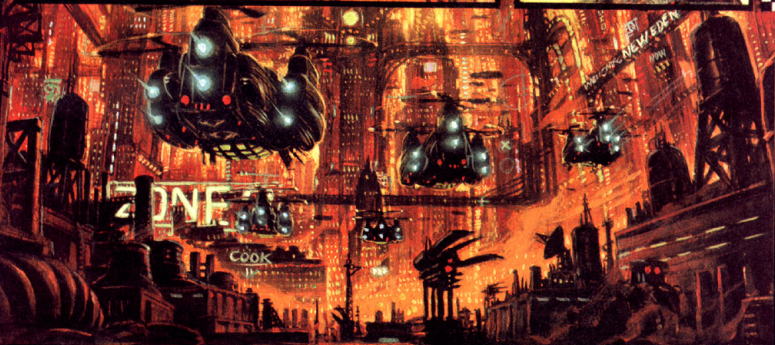
I DON'T UNDERSTAND  
IT AND CAN'T EXPLAIN  
IT... BUT IT FITS...  
IT ALL FITS...



AT LEAST YOU  
KNOW NOW...

YOU  
KNEW?

I GUESSED...



IT'S TRIGGERING LOTS OF STUFF  
FROM THE PAST... I NEED TO  
SORT IT OUT... I'M SIXTEEN...  
AND THEY BURNT ME...  
AFTER THEY... AFTER THEY...

OH, GOD...



BASTARDS!



BASTARDS...!  
BASTARDS...

IT'S OKAY... IT'S  
OKAY, DUFFY...  
IT'S OVER...

YOU'RE SAFE  
NOW... YOU'RE  
SAFE NOW...



YOU AGAIN...

WHY...?  
WHY ARE YOU  
DOING THIS?

... LIKE THE WAY THEY  
SLOW ROASTED US.

DO YOU LIKE THE WAY  
I'M SLOW ROASTING  
MESSONNE, DUFFY...?  
LETTING HER DIE JUST  
A LITTLE BIT AT A  
TIME...

THE BITCH IS DYING  
OF CANCER, YOU  
KNOW? THEY'RE GOING  
TO CUT HER UP, JUST  
LIKE THEY CUT US UP.

I DON'T WANT ANY  
PART OF YOUR SICK  
VENGEANCE... WHAT  
YOU'RE DOING TO  
MESSONNE IS JUST  
AS BAD.

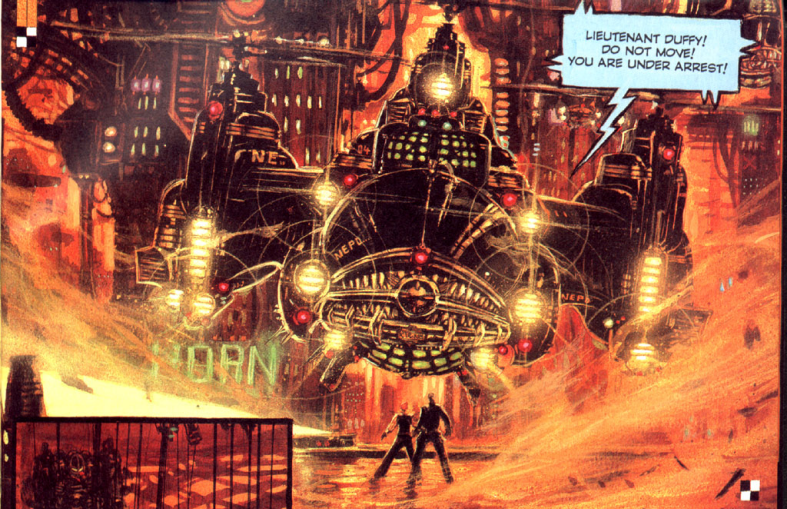
I CERTAINLY  
HOPE SO! STOP  
SHOWING ANY PITY  
FOR THE FAT COW.  
SHE DESERVES HER  
PAIN.

NO- NOT A COW.  
THE COW IS A  
SYMBOL OF THE  
GODDESS I LOVE.

SHE'S STILL A  
WOMAN... FAC-  
ING CRUEL  
SURGERY.

YES! HA, HA, HA!  
OH, DUFFY, YOU  
DON'T KNOW  
HOW MUCH I  
ENJOYED  
SAVORING HER  
MISERY BEHIND  
YOUR COMPAS-  
SIONATE MASK!

GET OUT OF  
MY HEAD!  
GET OUT!  
YOU'RE EVIL!



LIEUTENANT DUFFY!  
DO NOT MOVE!  
YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!



I NEVER BACKED  
DOWN... EVEN AS THEY  
BURNT ME. I SPAT ON  
THEM... AND THEIR  
SYMBOL OF POWER...

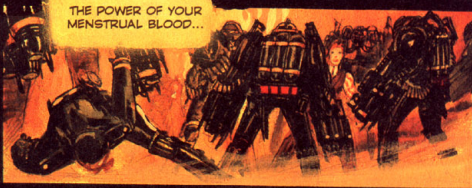




YOU HAVE THE POWER OF A  
WITCH WITHIN YOUR BODY...  
USE IT TO FIGHT!



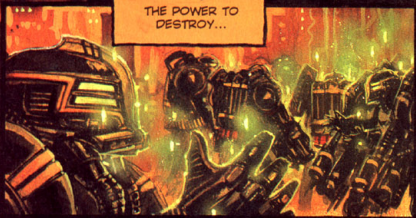
THE POWER OF YOUR  
MENSTRUAL BLOOD...



HSSSSSS!  
I HAVE THE  
POWER!



THE POWER TO  
DESTROY...



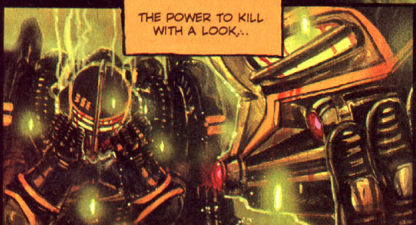
THE POWER OF THE  
EVIL EYE...



DUFFY...?

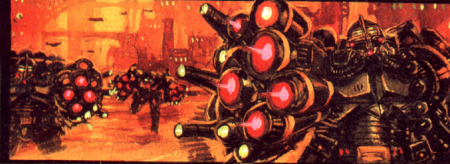


THE POWER TO KILL  
WITH A LOOK...





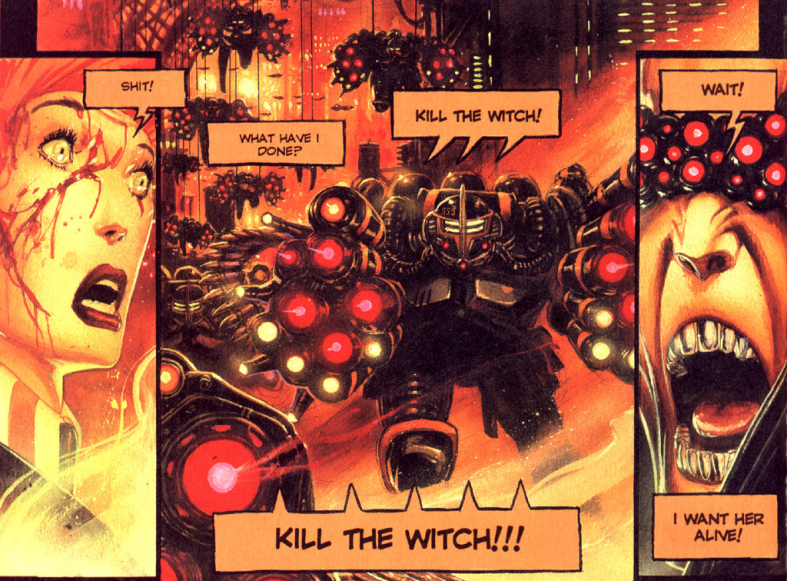
YOU FUCKING  
WEIRDO!



KILL THE BITCH!!!







SHIT!

WHAT HAVE I  
DONE?

KILL THE WITCH!

WAIT!

KILL THE WITCH!!!

I WANT HER  
ALIVE!

AT EASE, MEN...  
AT EASE...

... YOU HAVE  
BEEN BUSY!

WELL, WELL,  
WELL... WHAT A  
LOT OF GRAVY...!

SO... LARA... IT  
MUST BE... FIVE  
HUNDRED YEARS  
SINCE WE LAST  
MET....P



WHY DON'T WE PICK  
UP WHERE WE LEFT  
OFF?

46.

MY PRESENT PERSONALITY IS THE RESULT  
OF MY LOST PERSONALITIES. WE WOULD  
UNDERSTAND MANY THINGS IF WE KNEW  
OUR REAL GENEALOGY.

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT



I WAS FEELING GOOD FOR THE FIRST TIME  
SINCE THE DISASTER SURROUNDING  
CLARA'S VIDEO-GAME DISK...

LET'S PLAY  
"LABERINTO" AGAIN!

OKAY!

...IT WAS PROBABLY BECAUSE I WAS HAPPY TO BE  
SHARING THE BIZARRE EXPERIENCE OF ENTERING THE  
WORLD OF THE REAL GAME WITH RAF.

WAIT WHILE I ENTER OUR NAMES...  
LET'S PLAY A TEAM MATCH!

READY!

MONDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1:30 P.M.

# CHOOSE YOUR GAME

THIS TIME AROUND, RAF KNEW  
WHAT TO EXPECT... I FELT LIKE AN  
OLD HAND... BUT I WAS STILL  
SCARED SHITLESS!

FOR SOME INEX-  
PLICABLE REASON,  
LORENZO WASN'T  
IN THE GAME!

THEN A BLINDING LIGHT FLOODED THE ROOM,  
AND THE MUSIC BECAME MORE THREATENING.



THE FAMILIAR OPENING SCREEN OF "LABERINTO" APPEARED... WHILE OUR MUSCULAR ALTER EGOS DODGED THE FIRST TRAP.

WE COULD PUMP IRON FOR YEARS AND WE STILL WOULDN'T GET MUSCLES LIKE THESE!

WHAT'S UP, FITO? DO YOU WANT TO CARRY ON?

I WAS JUST ADMIRING THE CHANGES PRODUCED IN OUR BODIES WHEN WE ENTERED THE GAME.

YEAH, EACH PLAYER IS ASSIMILATED INTO THE GAME WITH THE APPROPRIATE CHARACTERISTICS OF EACH PSEUDO-UNIVERSE.

LET'S KEEP GOING... I'M DYING TO SEE WHAT'S UP AHEAD!

BUT WE MUST BE CAREFUL! BEHIND THIS DOOR LIES A DEATHTRAP!

FROM THEN ON, THE LABYRINTH IS UNKNOWN TO US...





STAY CLOSE TO THE WALL. IT SEEMS SAFER!

I'LL FOLLOW YOU.



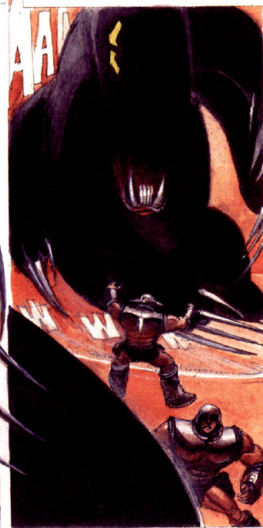
CHOOSING A SAFE PASSAGE WASN'T EASY.

BE CAREFUL! WATCH OUT BEHIND YOU!

AND LOOK WHAT'S BEHIND YOU!!

THANKS TO RAF'S QUICK REFLEXES HE SAVED HIS DIGITAL LIFE.

FIGHTING THE MONSTERS WASN'T EASY...



BUT MY BRAND-NEW ATHLETIC BODY GAVE ME SELF-CONFIDENCE...



LET ME GIVE YOU A HAND, RAF!

TOO MUCH SELF-CONFIDENCE...



THE CLAW HIT ME HEAD ON. I DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TIME TO CRY OUT...



...THERE WASN'T EVEN ANY TIME TO BE SCARED, ALTHOUGH IT WAS THE FIRST TIME I DIED... AND IT WOULDN'T BE THE LAST.



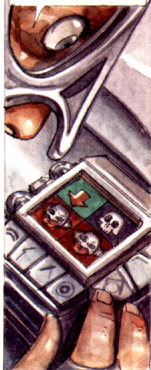
MY VIRTUAL-GAME BODY DISINTEGRATED...



...AND THEN QUICKLY REGENERATED INTO THE SECOND OF THE THREE LIVES THAT THE GAME ALLOWED ME. I RE-EMERGED INSIDE A COCOON-LIKE BUBBLE.



LET'S SEE... IT MUST BE THIS BUTTON... YEAH... I'VE GOT TWO LIVES LEFT... LET'S GO!!



FILO!! DAMN IT! I WON'T BE ABLE TO HOLD OUT FOR MUCH LONGER!



I ENTERED THE GAME AGAIN AT THE SPOT WHERE  
I HAD BEEN KILLED EARLIER.



MY DAGGER GLINTED AS I PULLED IT  
OUT OF ITS SCABBARD. THE MONSTERS  
IGNORED ME... THEY WERE TOO BUSY  
WITH RAF...



I JUMPED ONTO ONE OF THE MONSTERS' SHOULDERS AND PLUNGED  
MY LUDICROUSLY SMALL DAGGER INTO ITS ONE FATAL SPOT...



THE MONSTER DISINTEGRATED, GIVING ME TEN THOU-  
SAND POINTS AND A NEW MORE POWERFUL WEAPON...

...A GREAT TRIPLE-ACTION  
HYPER BLASTER.



REALIZING IT WAS IN DANGER,  
THE MONSTER SPUN AROUND...

RAF'S PIERCING CRY SAVED MY LIFE,  
BUT HE LOST HIS RIGHT ARM.

HAAA!!!

WATCH  
OUT, FITO!  
FIRE!

I SCORED TEN THOUSAND POINTS... AND RAF DROPPED DEAD...



...BUT HIS SECOND REINCARNATION SOON  
EMERGED INSIDE A COCOON-LIKE BUBBLE.

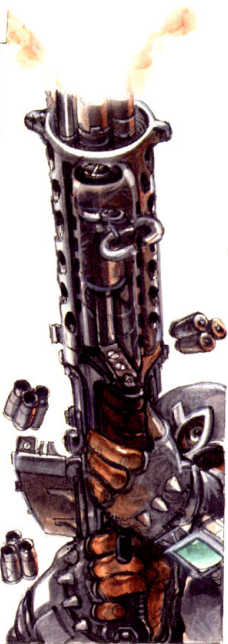


MY ARM! I'VE GOT  
A NEW ARM!!

I'VE HAD ENOUGH FOR  
TODAY, FITO! I'M GETTING  
OUT OF THE GAME.



WAIT A MINUTE!





LET ME GET INSIDE THE BUBBLE FIRST. I DON'T WANT TO BUMP INTO ANOTHER MONSTER BEFORE WE QUIT THE GAME.

LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THE LOG OF PREVIOUS SCORES.

YOU'RE RIGHT.

IF YOUR FRIEND CLARA PLAYED THIS GAME, SHE MAY HAVE ENTERED HER NAME NEXT TO HER SCORE. THAT'S PROBABLY THE BEST CLUE WE'VE GOT.

THE SCORES SHOULD BE HERE IN THE ESCAPE-CLOCK'S MEMORY...

IF CLARA WENT INTO A COMA AFTER LOSING ALL OF HER LIVES IN A GAME...

...WE HAVE TO FIND OUT WHAT GAME SHE WAS PLAYING IN ORDER TO HELP HER...

SO YOU AGREE WITH THE THEORY THAT HER COMATOSE STATE IS SOMEHOW RELATED TO A BIZARRE PHENOMENON IN THIS AMAZING VIRTUAL-REALITY GAME?

AFTER WHAT I'VE JUST BEEN THROUGH, I'M ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN! HEY! LOOK! HERE'S CLARA'S SCORE!

THESE PROGRAMS IMITATE BIOLOGICAL REALITY SO WELL THAT IT'S CONCEIVABLE THAT A PLAYER COULD SIMULATE HIS OR HER GAME-DEATH BY ENTERING A COMA.

WOW! SHE GOT AS FAR AS THE SIXTEENTH LEVEL. WHEN SHE SAVED HER GAME SHE STILL HAD TWO LIVES LEFT!

NOW THAT WE HAVE SOMETHING TO GO ON, WE HAVE TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO BRING HER BACK TO LIFE.

IT'S INCREDIBLE! TAKE A  
LOOK AT MY ARM!



AND IT'S NOT JUST MY ARM. ONLY A  
MINUTE AGO I WAS BLEEDING TO  
DEATH... AND SO WERE YOU... YOU WERE  
BEING CLAWED TO PIECES... AND HERE  
WE ARE, COMPLETELY REGENERATED AND  
IN PERFECT SHAPE!



IT SHOULD BE  
POSSIBLE TO SEARCH  
IN THE SOFTWARE FOR  
A WAY OF EDITING OUT  
THE GAME-DEATH.



...IN OTHER WORDS, WE SHOULD  
BE ABLE TO HACK INTO THE  
PROGRAM AND ADD THE OPTION  
OF INFINITE LIVES, RIGHT?

THAT'S RIGHT.

BUT FIRST WE HAVE TO KNOW  
FOR SURE IN WHICH GAME SHE  
LOST HER THIRD GAME-LIFE.

AT LEAST WE KNOW THAT IT  
WASN'T WHILE SHE PLAYED  
"LABERINTO."

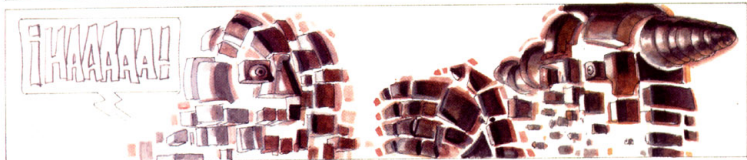
WE'LL HAVE TO GO INTO ALL THE  
GAMES AND PLAY THEM FOR A BIT,  
WITHOUT TAKING TOO MANY CHANCES,  
UNTIL WE HIT ON THE RIGHT ONE.

LET'S GET OUT NOW.

OKAY.







WHY ARE YOU  
SCREAMING? IS  
SOMETHING WRONG?

YOU'RE ASKING IF SOMETHING'S  
WRONG?! YOU GOT USED TO VIRTUAL  
REALITY VERY QUICKLY! I'M ABOUT TO  
HAVE A HEART ATTACK BECAUSE OF ALL  
THIS AND YOU'RE WONDERING IF  
SOMETHING'S WRONG!

WE'VE COME OUT OF ANOTHER  
DIMENSION WHERE WE DIED AND  
WERE RESUSCITATED, WE'VE  
JUST BEEN FIGHTING WITH  
HORRENDOUS MONSTERS AND  
YOU HAVE THE GALL TO ASK ME IF  
SOMETHING'S WRONG!! THAT'S  
WHY I'M SCREAMING! DON'T YOU  
THINK THAT'S ENOUGH?!



I'M ALSO SCREAMING MY LUNGS OUT  
BECAUSE I'VE GOT TO TRY OUT ALL  
THESE HORRIBLE GAMES IN ORDER TO  
WRITE REVIEWS FOR THE MAGAZINE!!



CRACK!

OKAY, OKAY,  
I GET IT!



AND I DON'T FEEL LIKE IT!  
AFTER EVERYTHING WE'VE  
EXPERIENCED TODAY, HOW  
CAN I STILL HAVE THE  
PATIENCE TO VIEW BORING  
GAMES WITH REPETITIVE  
SCREENS!! IT WILL BE HELL!

IF YOU LIKE, I CAN  
GIVE YOU A HAND,  
TO TRY AND MAKE  
UP FOR THE TIME  
I'VE MADE YOU  
WASTE.



YOU'D DO THAT?

SURE!  
WHY NOT?  
I HAVE TO GO  
NOW... BUT I  
CAN COME  
BACK THIS  
AFTERNOON.

OKAY. ONCE WE'RE DONE  
WITH THE REVIEWS WE CAN  
CONCENTRATE FULLY ON  
CLARA'S DISK.

THAT AFTERNOON, BETWEEN THE TWO  
OF US, WE WENT THROUGH ALL THE  
GAMES OF THE MONTH. RAF TRIED  
THEM OUT AND I WROTE THE REVIEWS.

BUT BY THE TIME WE FINISHED, IT  
WAS VERY LATE AND WE WERE BOTH  
TIRED, SO WE DECIDED TO LEAVE  
CLARA'S DISK FOR ANOTHER DAY.

I WAS SO TIRED THAT I  
DIDN'T EVEN STUDY FOR MY  
HISTORY TEST OR ANYTHING  
ELSE.

ALTHOUGH MY MOTHER DIDN'T  
STOP ME FROM SWITCHING ON  
THE COMPUTER, I DIDN'T EVEN  
PLAY A GAME OF TETRIS.

DON'T YOU WANT  
ANY DINNER?

I'LL GRAB A BITE.

I WENT TO BED ASKING MYSELF WHO HAD TRANSFORMED THE NORMAL, ORDINARY  
LOOKING OPTICAL DISK INTO SUCH A HORRENDOUS MONSTROSITY.

I HAD NIGHTMARES OF A LABYRINTH  
AND OF RAF'S MISSING ARM.

J. MENEZES



# Diary of a Young Girl, Revisited

Story and Art by Philip Xavier  
Written by Kevin Tucker  
Lettered by Vincent Sneed

13 Tenmonth, Landing Year 9

Finally, it's my birthday!

I was so excited that I ran downstairs without even noticing Kesha wasn't in her bed.

Mama had made my favorite breakfast! She asked me what it felt like to be the newest teenager on the whole planet.

Daddy said it would be tough to have two, since they couldn't even keep track of the first one.

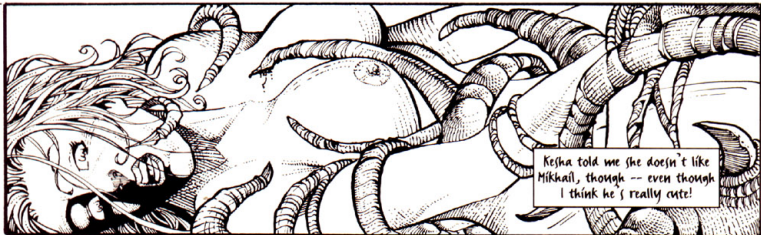
He's always saying stuff like that.

That was when I realized Kesha was gone, so I asked where she was.

Daddy said "who knows!"  
in that tone he uses.



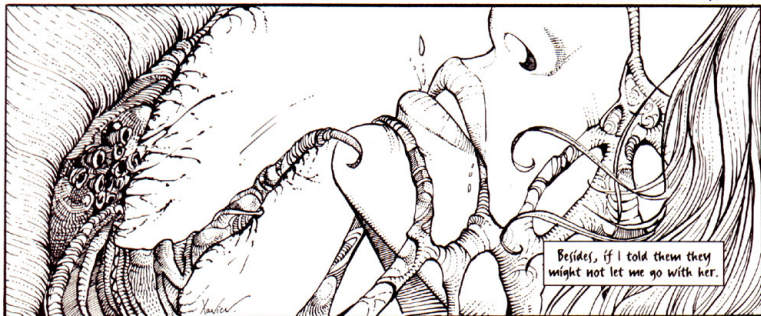
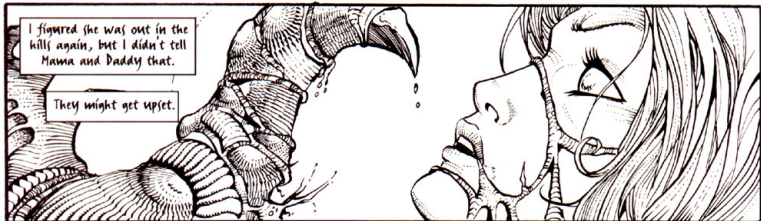
Mama thought she might  
have gone out with Mikhail.



Kesha told me she doesn't like  
Mikhail, though -- even though  
I think he's really cute!

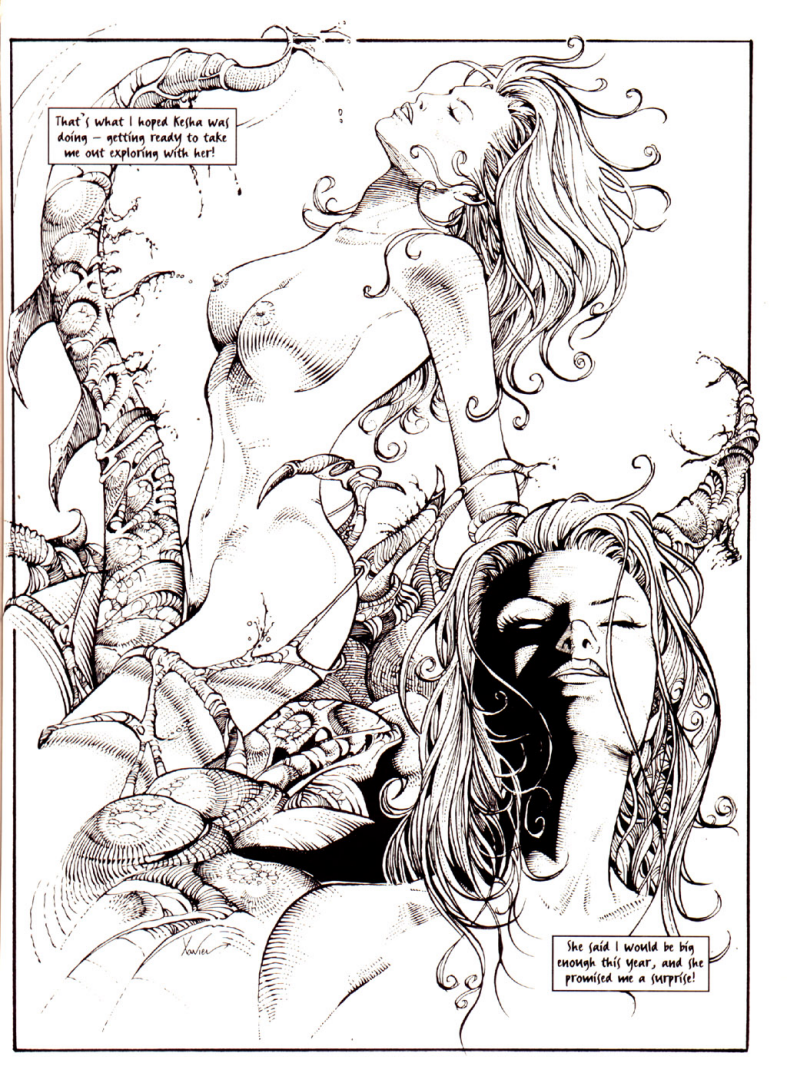
I figured she was out in the  
hills again, but I didn't tell  
Mama and Daddy that.

They might get upset.



Besides, if I told them they  
might not let me go with her.





That's what I hoped Kesha was doing — getting ready to take me out exploring with her!

She said I would be big enough this year, and she promised me a surprise!

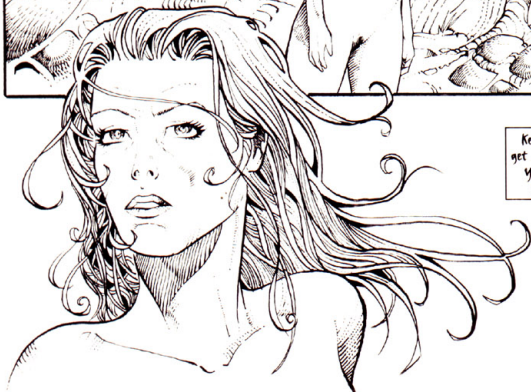


The Explorers say we shouldn't go too far outside the Settlement, because we still don't know what could be out there.



That sounds silly, because we've been here for almost 10 years and haven't seen anything but rocks and twisty little plants.

And I know lots of the big kids go out in the hills.



Kesha told me that when you get out of sight of the Settlement you feel like you're the only person in the whole world.



That sounds kind of scary to me, but she says it's not.

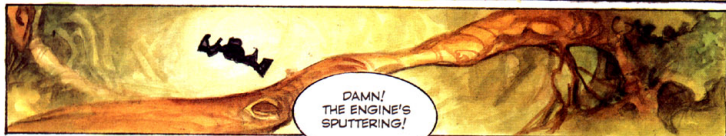
She better be on her way back now, or else she'll miss my party.

I can already almost taste the cake!

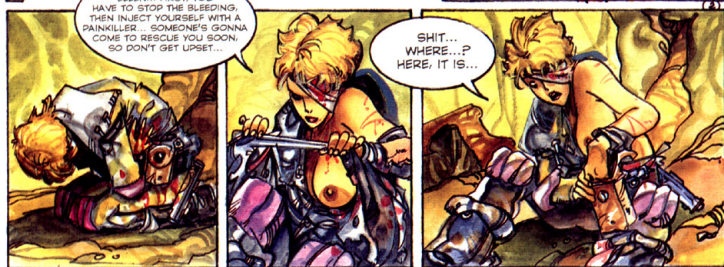
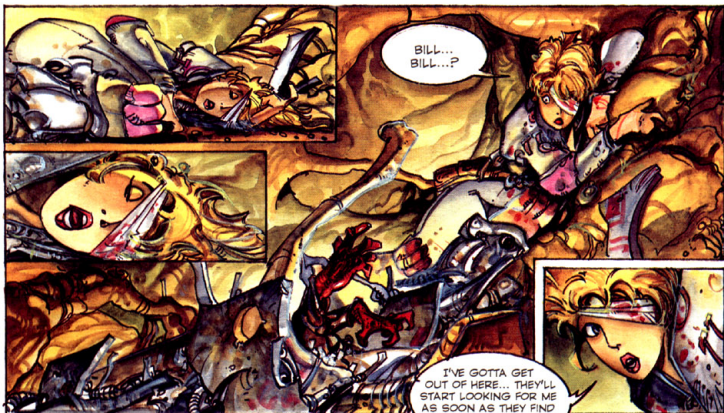
I'm sure Kesha will make it. She's never let me down.

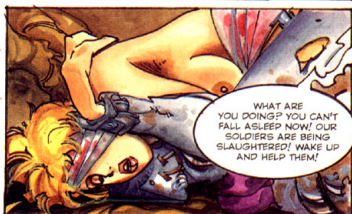
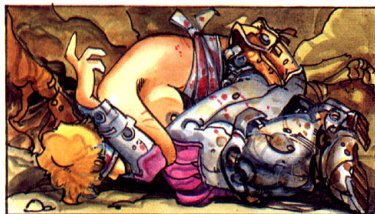
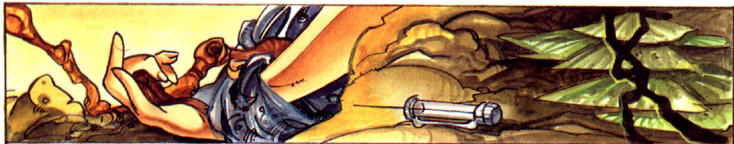
I can't wait!

end

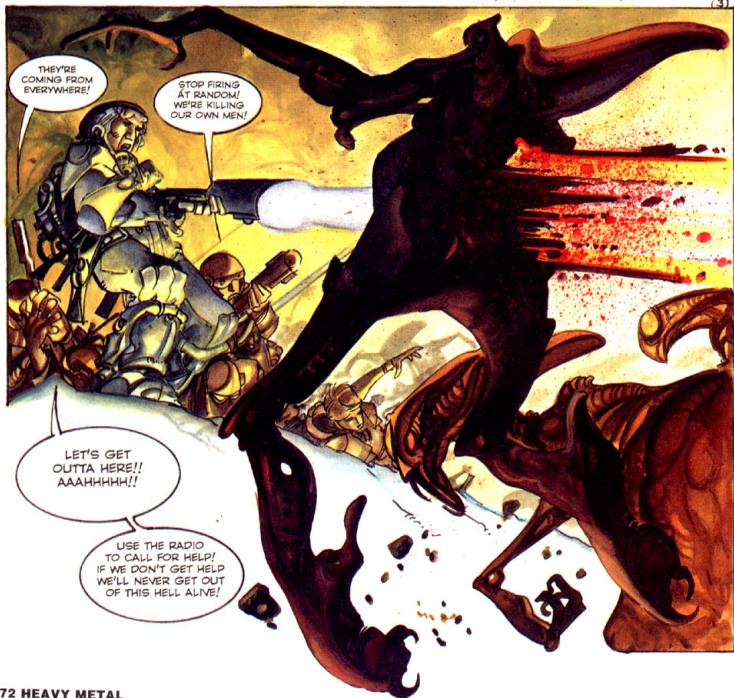








WHAT ARE YOU DOING? YOU CAN'T FALL ASLEEP NOW! OUR SOLDIERS ARE BEING SLAUGHTERED! WAKE UP AND HELP THEM!



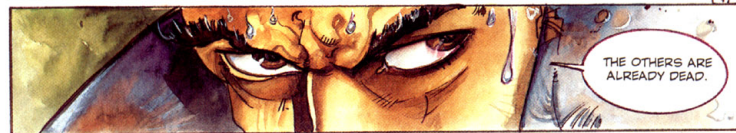
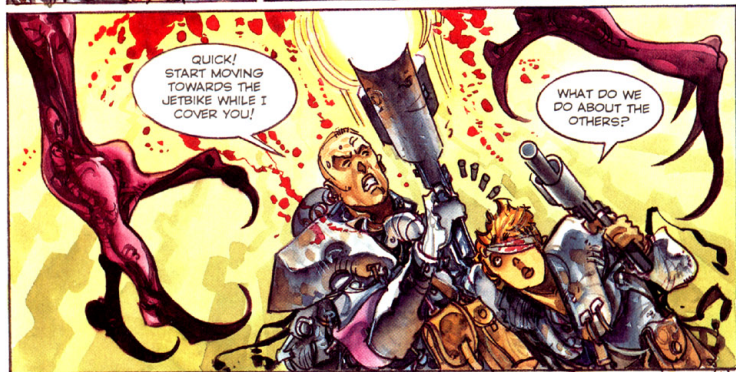
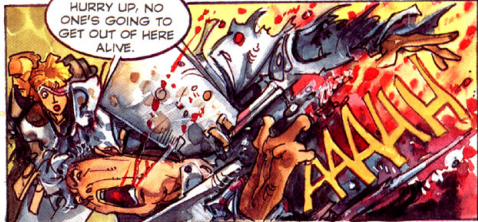
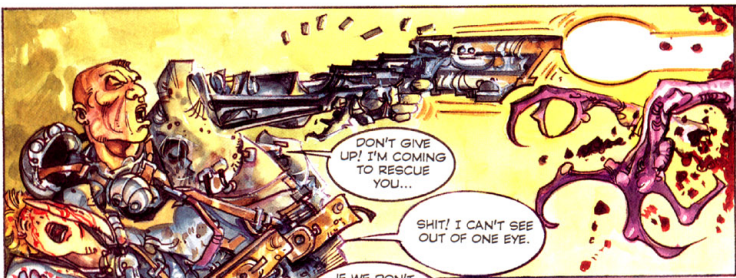
THEY'RE COMING FROM EVERYWHERE!

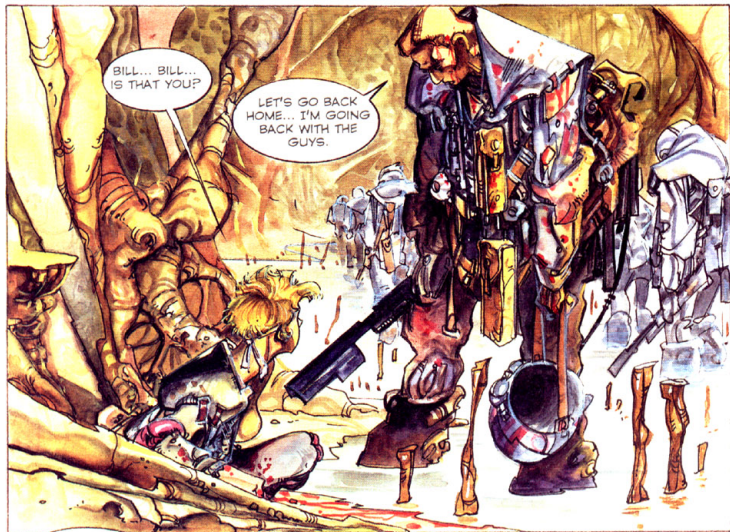
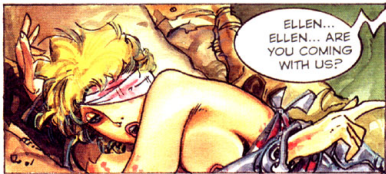
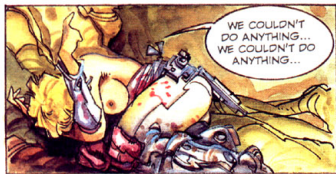
STOP FIRING AT RANDOM! WE'RE KILLING OUR OWN MEN!

LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!!  
AAAAHHHHH!!

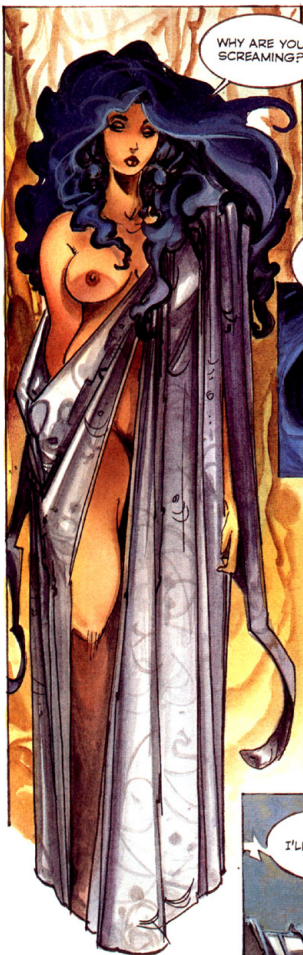
USE THE RADIO TO CALL FOR HELP! IF WE DON'T GET HELP WE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THIS HELL ALIVE!











WHY ARE YOU  
SCREAMING?



I'M REAL.

YOU'RE A  
HALLUCINATION!  
GO AWAY AND LEAVE  
ME ALONE!



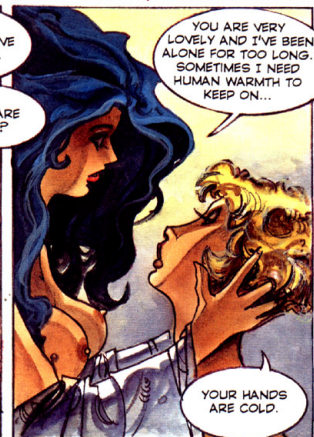
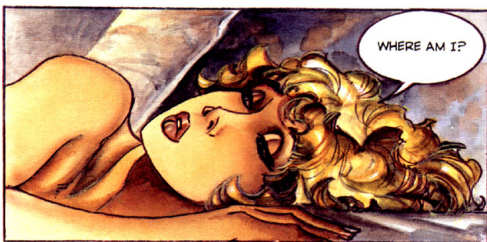
I WAS DRAWN HERE  
BY THE PIN OF BATTLE  
AND I FOUND YOU.  
I CAN HEAL YOUR WOUNDS  
AND RELIEVE PAIN AND  
DESPAIR.



LEAVE ME...  
AAHH... THE PAIN  
HAS COME BACK.



I'LL HELP YOU.







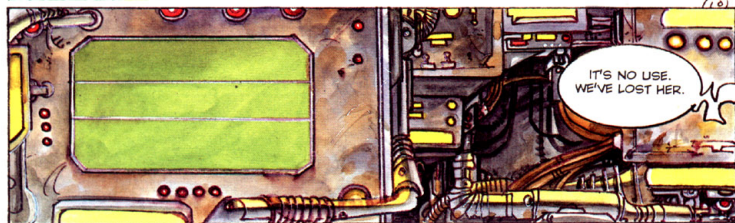
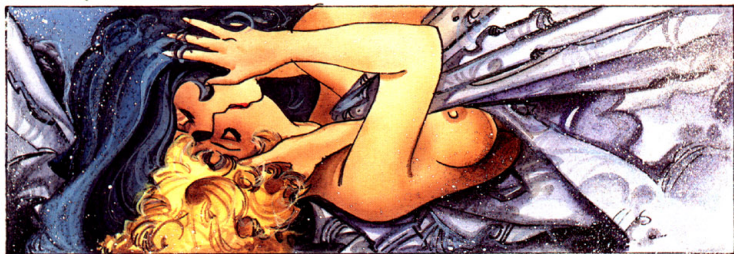
STOP TREMBLING.  
YOU SHOULDN'T  
BE AFRAID OF ME.

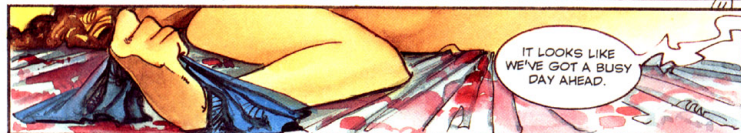
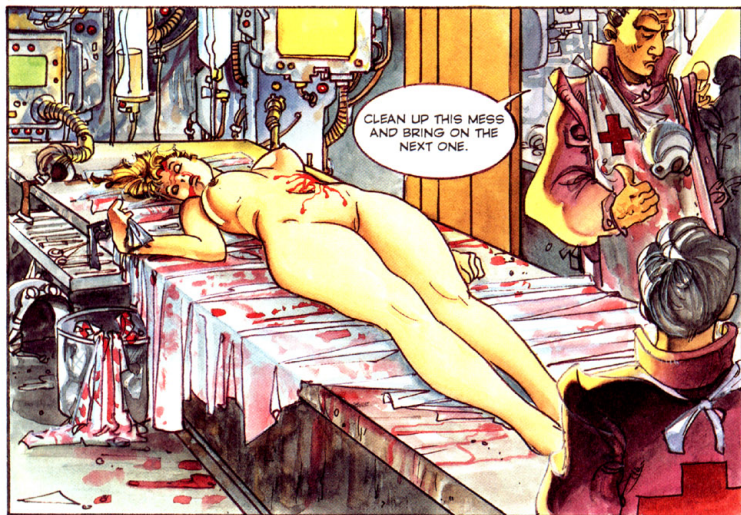
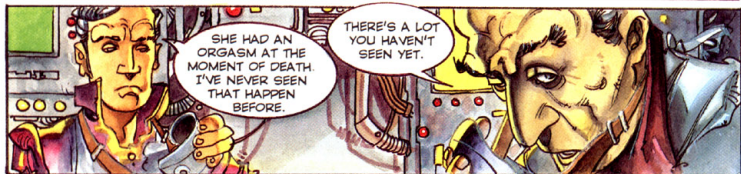
I'M NOT AFRAID.  
I FEEL PROTECTED  
WHEN YOU HOLD ME  
IN YOUR ARMS.

I KNOW.









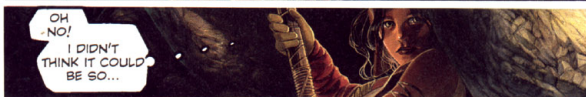


# THE LAST DRAGON



IT MUST  
BE AROUND  
HERE...

WHA...P!



OH  
-NO!  
I DIDN'T  
THINK IT COULD  
BE SO...

THIS  
MUST  
BE...

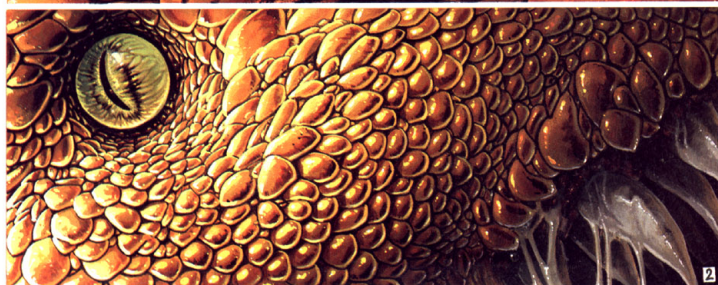
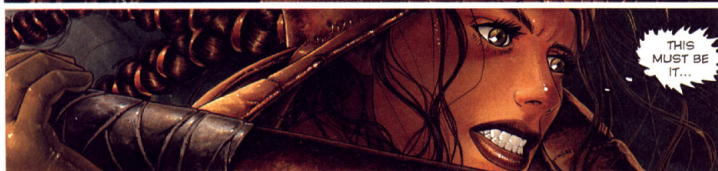
... THE  
RIGHT  
PLACE.



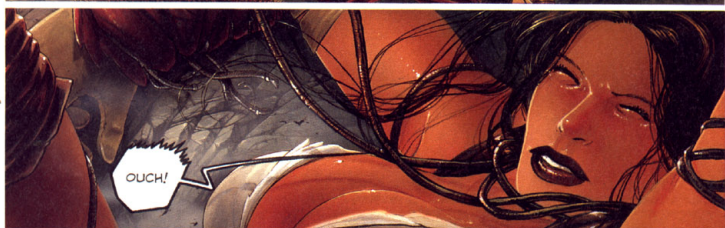
...  
HUGE!

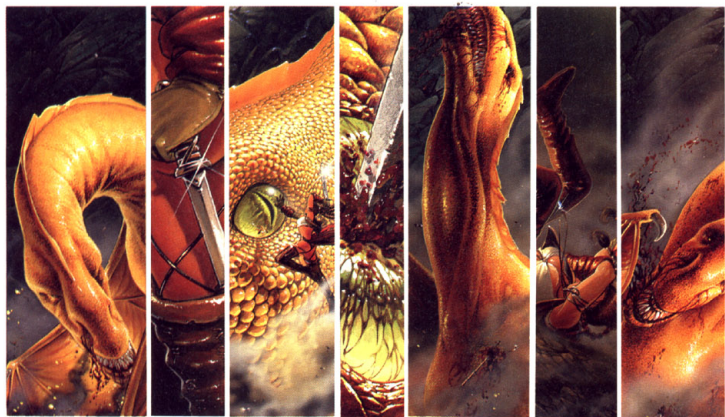
I'LL  
HAVE TO  
BE...  
... VERY  
CAREFUL!























I'M IN BIG  
TROUBLE  
NOW!

KHHAAA

THE END

Cimiza Di Felice 1998 8



## THE CRETACEOUS





WE HAVE CARRIED OUT ALL SORTS OF ANALYSIS, SAMPLING VARIOUS SPECIMENS OF EACH SPECIES, BUT THE RESULT IS ALWAYS THE SAME... NOT ONLY WILL THEY NEVER EVOLVE INTO AN INTELLIGENT BREED, BUT THE MAJORITY OF THEM ARE ALSO DESTINED TO BE EXTINCT.



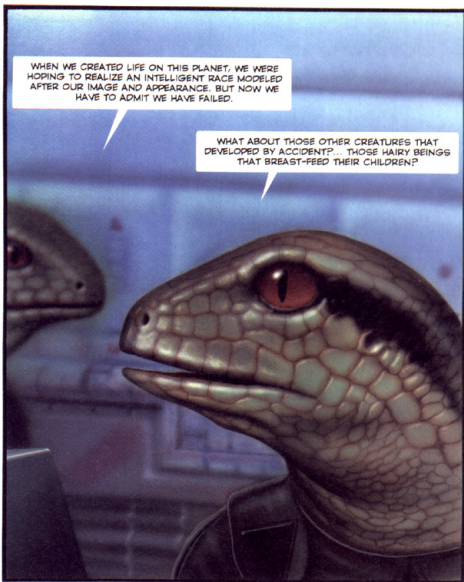
A MINOR ERROR IN PROGRAMMING ENVIRONMENTAL FACTORS...

YES, AND SO MANY OF THEM GREW ENORMOUS.

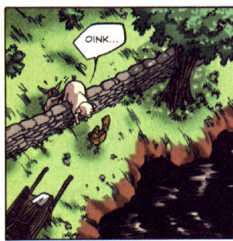
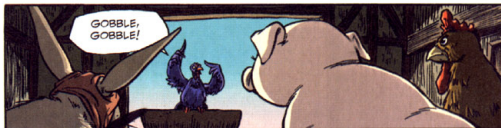
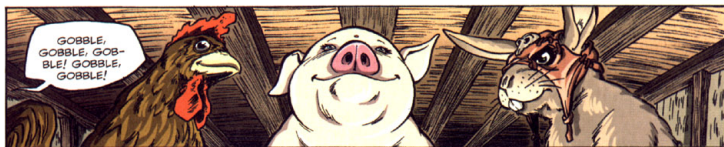


BUT EVEN THOSE OF OUR SIZE HAVE NO CHANCE... DUE TO THE LOW MOLECULAR DENSITY OF THEIR BRAINS.

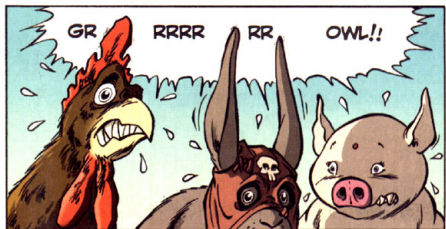
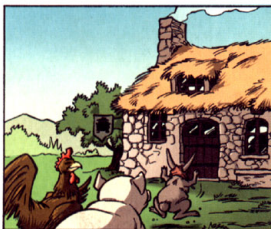
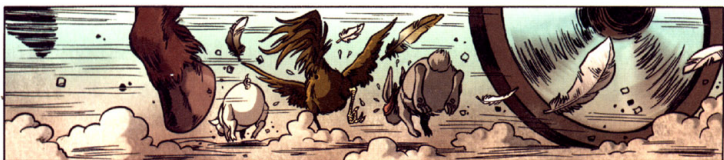
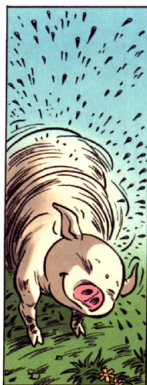
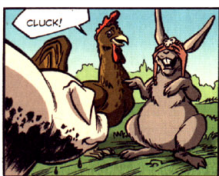
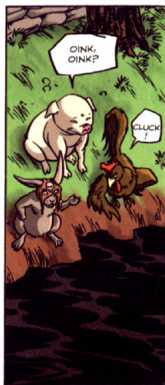


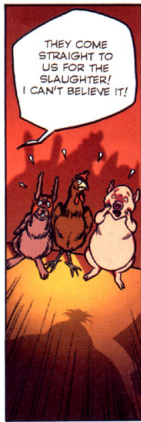
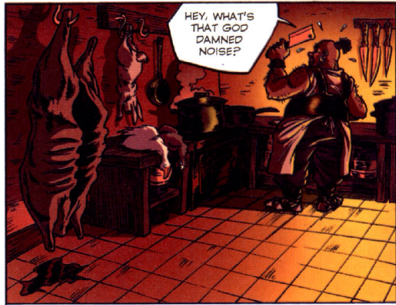
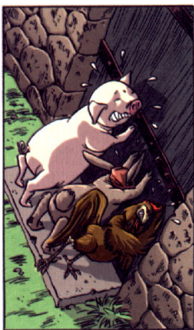


WE DON'T NEED ANIMAL HEROES!













IN THE QUIET, BLACK WAVE  
WHERE THE STARS DREAM,  
WHITE OPHELIA FLOATS LIKE A  
GREAT LILAC.

# DÉCADENCE

• J. COROMINAS •

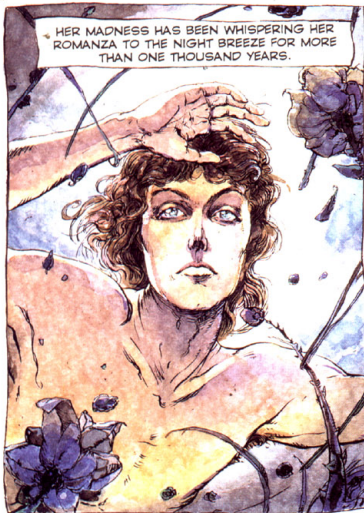
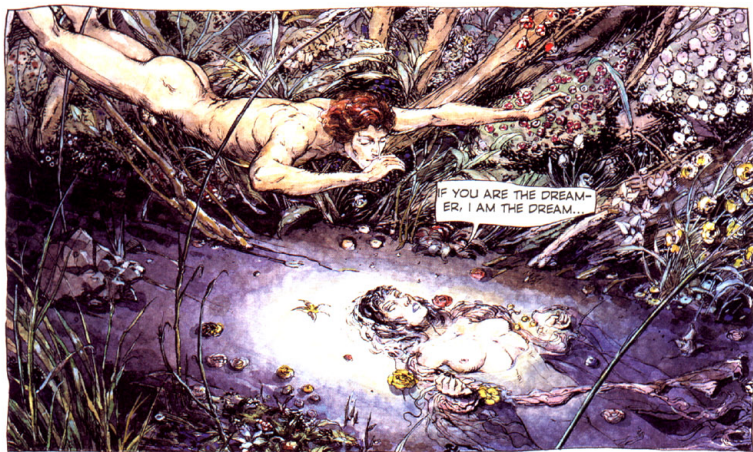
• JAVIER •



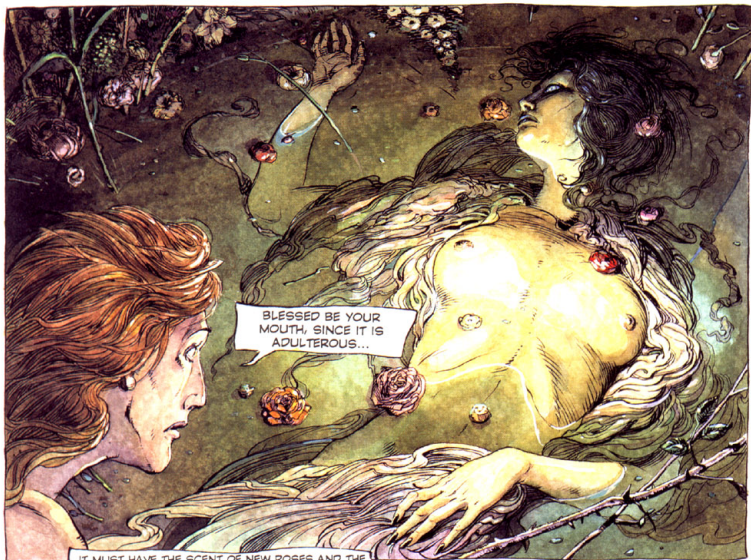
SHE FLOWS SLOWLY, LYING ON  
HER WIDE SAIL... FAR AWAY,  
IN THE REMOTE WOODS,  
HORNS CAN BE HEARD.



SAD OPHELIA HAS BEEN FLOAT-  
ING FOR A WHOLE MILLENNIUM,  
PASSING BY THE LONG, BLACK  
RIVER LIKE A WHITE GHOST.

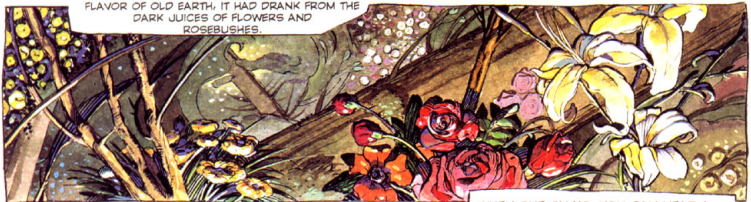






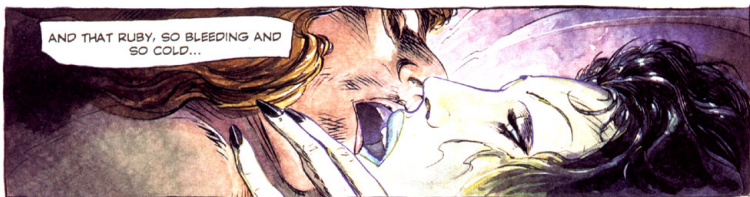
BLESSED BE YOUR MOUTH, SINCE IT IS ADULTEROUS...

IT MUST HAVE THE SCENT OF NEW ROSES AND THE FLAVOR OF OLD EARTH, IT HAD DRANK FROM THE DARK JUICES OF FLOWERS AND ROSEBUSHES.



WHEN SHE TALKS, YOU CAN HEAR A PERFIDIOUS NOISE OF ROSES.











WE WILL HAVE BEDS FILLED  
WITH SOFT PERFUMES.

WE WILL HAVE DEEP DIVANS  
AS TOMBS, AND THE RACKS  
WILL BE FILLED WITH  
STRANGE FLOWERS.

BLOSSOMING FOR US  
IN THE MOST BEAUTIFUL  
SKIES.

