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HEAVY

THE MATURE ILLUSTRATED
FANTASY MAGAZINE



RETAILER: DISPLAY UNTIL JUNE 25, 2001



BORIS

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Where the hell has this year gone? I mean this is crazy- I feel like last week people were running around all stressed out about Y2K, and like suddenly we're halfway through 2001! I seemed to have misplaced a year and a half and even had to get up and go through the dozen or so issues in that time to make sure I wasn't having a "Twilight Zone" moment...

Actually, it was kinda fun going through all those back issues- I don't get to do it that often and there was some pretty cool stuff in there.

Speaking of "pretty cool stuff in there"- I've been speaking to Howard, Deb, and Pat all week as they've been going through the office, packing stuff up for our big twenty block move, and they've been finding all kinds of cool stuff while boxing-up five years of junk.

I had originally hoped to be back there with them, boxing, taping, lugging, loading, and then driving, unloading, relugging, untaping, and... well you know, but just before my flight I sprained my, um... lower shoulder and... um, my leg started doing that wobbling thing... my eyes,... ah, don't even get

me started on my eyes! Anyway, I hate it when that happens... but the least I could do is give you all the new address:

Heavy Metal Magazine (duh)
100 N. Village Avenue
Suite 12
Rockville Centre, NY 11570
(Phone/Fax stays the same)

So this issue is pretty cool (I know, I know I always say that- - but it is!) My good pal, and a great animator, Joe Pearson has pulled together a crack team of other fellow animation designers, artists, and writers to do part one of a "Heavy Metal Style Slam Dunk" called "24 Hour Man"! Cheers Joe, Young, Jeff, and crew, first class.

I also want to welcome back one of my all time favorite regulars, Saverio Tenuta to this issue and forewarn you that we are dedicating a whole issue to this dude this Fall! Much coolness.

In addition to thanking the other "stars" that have allowed me to include them within, I wanted to retouch on a bit I mentioned in a recent issue where I asked for your thoughts on my desire

to expand the "Magazine-like sections" (articles and stuff)... We received a few letters, but wanted to prod you all for more.

Write to me on that, kids, and I want you to add any thoughts you have on us thinking about going monthly again...

Lastly, looking forward to seeing you all "who dare" to come to San Diego at the Con, and wanted to mention that so far we've got Luis Royo, Alex Horley, Lorenzo Sperlonga, and Julie Strain (Saturday only) signing this year.

Simon Bisley is still on the fence about coming due to his workload, and I've decided to take up smoking again and just hang around the front entrance puff'n butts and yelling "Bob Burden is a God" at people.

Hang tough and we'll talk to you soon.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear H.M.,

When reading the "Publisher's Note", I noticed that you are interested in "more traditional magazine-like sections". A few ideas crossed my mind. First, how about something like HOME PAGES and show us the spaces your artists and writers create in (I remember how cool I thought CREAM magazine's Cars of the Stars section was). Second, how about having the staff review new music and movies or tell us about tried and true favorites... Perhaps you could reprint some vintage covers and interviews... maybe even new interviews. And you should have a toy give away every month. Anyway, these just popped up. I hope I have not wasted your time and I look forward to every issue. Also, just how does one get a signed photo of Julie as Joan of Arc? Truly incredible...

Rock on,
Dave

Dear Dave,

Hey Dave, thanks for your note. It's always great to hear from you. Thanks for all of your support over the years. Great ideas here, and I'll work on your photo request...

Dear H.M.,

Fuckin' love the mag!!! But... the Dossier has got to go, it takes up precious art space and story time. Been reading since I was a kid, which is when I discovered Druuna. Since then it's been a love affair! One question: when you subscribe, are the magazines the uncensored version? I am Canadian, so that might make a difference.

P.S. Please put more Druuna in the magazine, maybe make it a common occurrence. HEAVY METAL ROCKS!

Jungpunk

Dear Jungpunk,

Thanks for your thoughts, if we did add more "Dossier-like" stuff to the magazine we'd be adding pages, not taking away art pages - - does that help? As far as 99% of the censoring, we have to do it by request of many of our major distributors... and will do whatever it takes to get the issue to you guys. As for Druuna, your timing is perfect - - the last issue (May 2001) has an all new Druuna adventure...

Dear H.M.,

I think that it is a mistake to add new articles to the magazine. More words, less graphics. More words, less emotion and art? NO. I've been reading HM since 1977 and it's my number one magazine. I'm a loyal fan but I don't like articles like Galactic Geographic or Meredith Bogard's article, and even the Dossier is sometimes boring. I'd like you to add more great stories. What happened to Moebius? Jodorowsky? Yes, I like the new artists but what about the "great ones". Simon Bisley is a great artist but the last story of his was very confusing and made no sense. What about the saga of Slaine (a great work)? The works of Tolkien and Heavy Metal are the only two things that let me fly through this world. By the way you never talk about this great writer. Why?

Enrique

Dear Enrique,

Enrique dude - - thanks for your note. Thanks for your comments on this subject - - solid thoughts. I just wanted to point out we ran a wicked cool Tolkien-ish style story called "A Bit of Madness" in our Fantasy Special last Fall. Check it out, you'll love it.

GALLERY

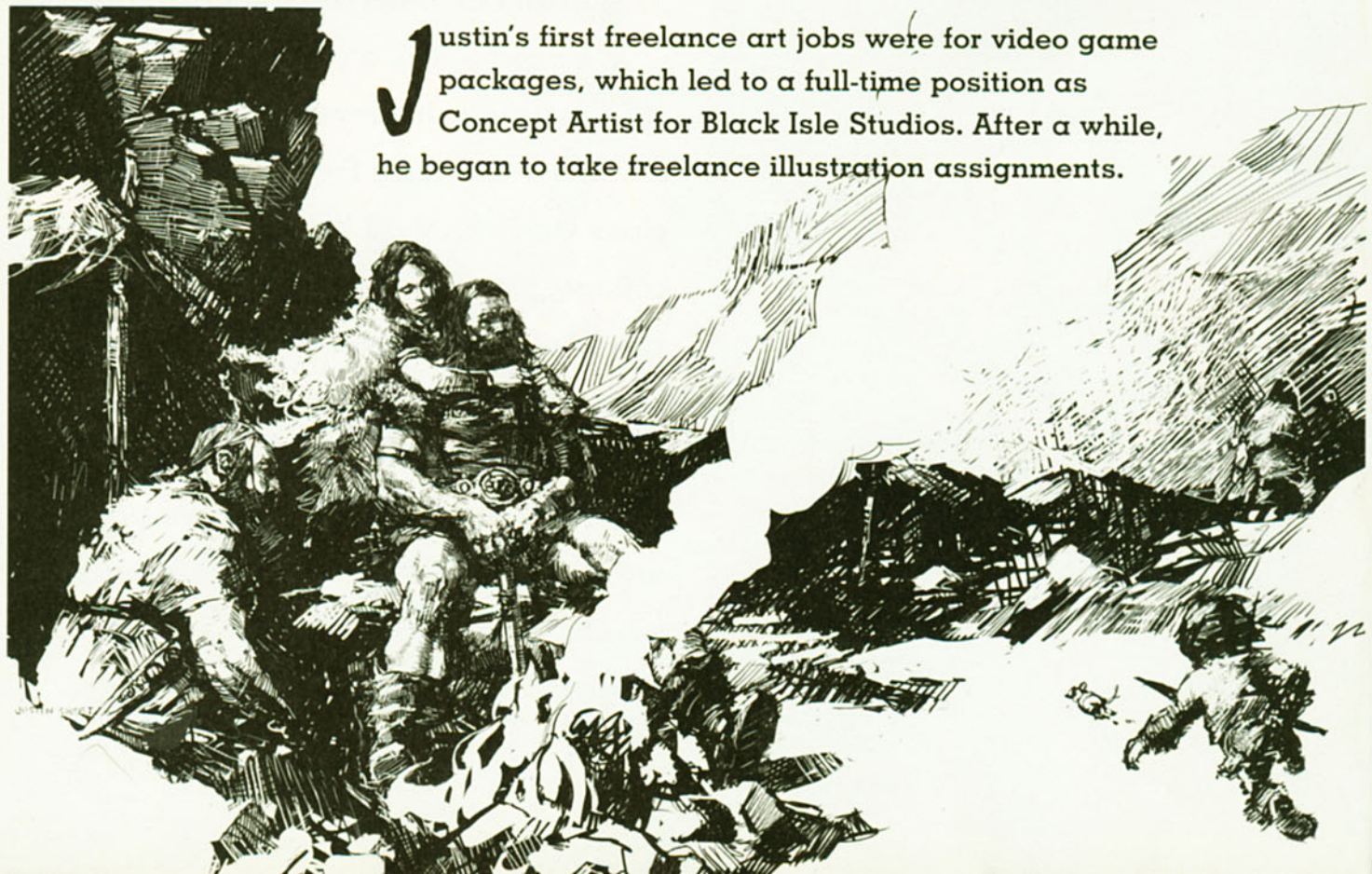
JUSTIN SWEET



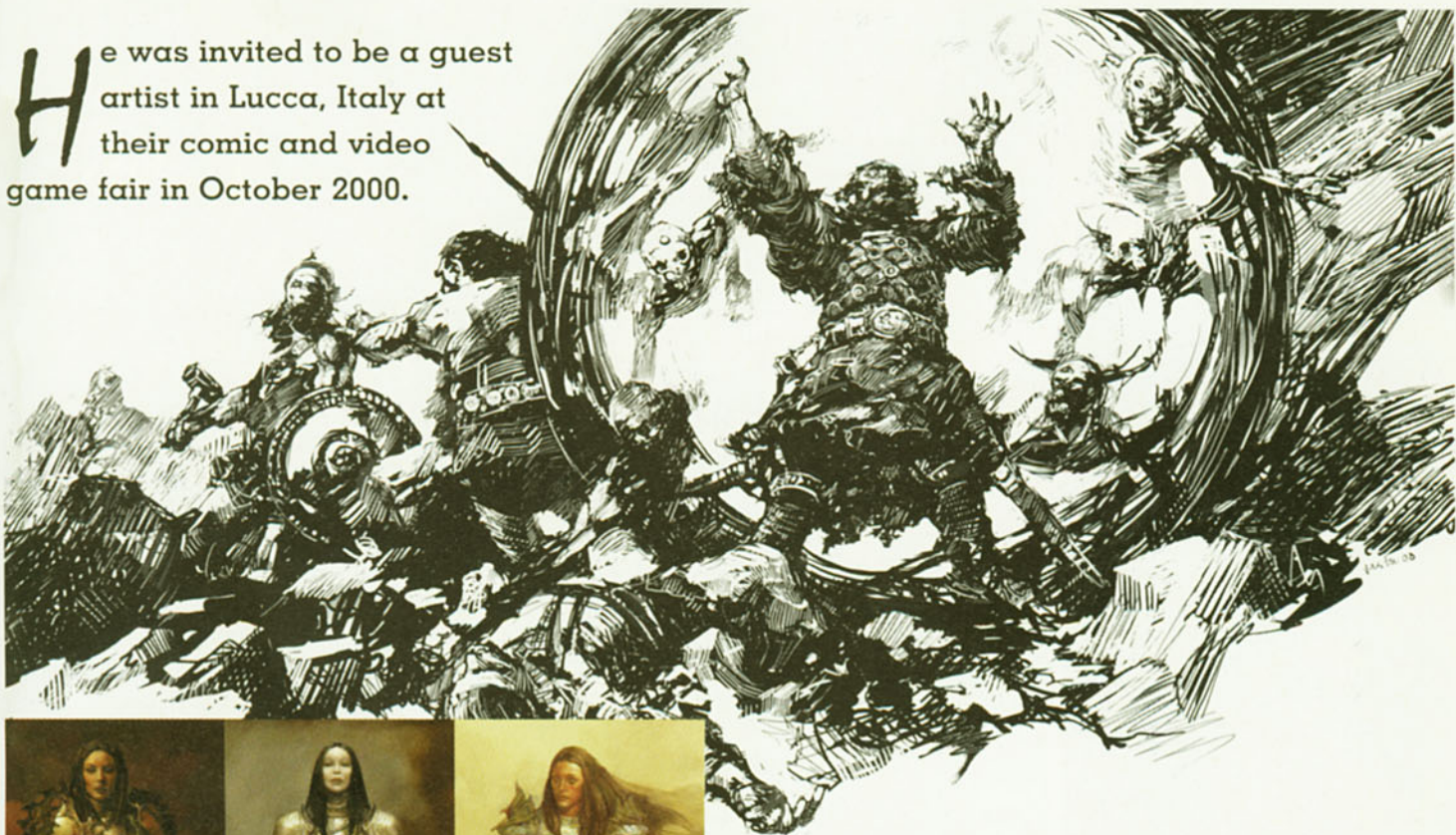
Justin has been drawing pictures since he was a young child. Deciding to pursue his love of pictures further, he took a "Drawing From The Master's" class with Marshall Vandruff at a local college. It was there that he became aware of the importance of draftsmanship, and how it applies to creating pictures. Justin furthered his art education at Cal State Fullerton with a known portrait artist, Don Lagerberg. Some of the artists who have influenced him are N.C. Wyeth, Howard Pyle, Frank Frazetta, and John Singer Sargent.



Justin's first freelance art jobs were for video game packages, which led to a full-time position as Concept Artist for Black Isle Studios. After a while, he began to take freelance illustration assignments.



He was invited to be a guest artist in Lucca, Italy at their comic and video game fair in October 2000.



Along with giving live demonstrations of his digital and oil painting techniques, some 40 pieces of his art were publicly displayed.





Justin is currently dividing his time

between production art for video games and illustration. He lives in southern California with his wife Julie and their three children.

You can visit Justin at: www.justinsweet.com

DOSSIER

DOSSIER IS WRITTEN BY S.C. Ringgenberg
REACHABLE AT RINGGENBERG@ATT.NET

Funny Business: An Interview with Will Elder

Will Elder, to put it mildly, is a card. As a wacky kid growing up in Brooklyn, Elder was legendary for the practical jokes he pulled, some of which were later worked into scripts for EC horror comics. Elder began working at EC in 1950, collaborating with his friend John Severin to produce first-rate war stories for *Two-Fisted Tales*, and *Frontline Combat*. But, when he started doing humor strips, Will Elder really came into his own. Working with his friend and colleague Harvey Kurtzman, Elder played a key role in defining America's sense of humor in the second half of the Twentieth Century.

One of the original artists for *Mad* the comic book (and its sister title, EC's *Panic*), Elder also worked on the early issues of *Mad* magazine, and the bizarre, gag-crammed style he perfected was, in large measure, responsible for *Mad*'s success. Following his and Kurtzman's precipitous departure from *Mad*, Elder went on to contribute to the humor magazines *Trump*, *Humbug*, and *Help* before landing at *Playboy*, where Elder and Kurtzman did "Little Annie Fanny" for almost thirty years.

"Annie," if you've never cracked a copy of *Playboy*, is the most gorgeous, lavishly produced comic strip ever published. Elder painstakingly painted every panel in watercolor washes, continuing his *Mad* style of packing every panel with sight gags, celebrity caricatures, and wild bits of background business to produce a genuine masterpiece. Dark Horse books recently released the first in a two-volume set that will reprint all of the Elder/Kurtzman Annie strips. Elder is retired now, but kindly consented to talk to *Heavy Metal* about what's funny, what's not, and the perils of painting while eating Eggs Benedict...

HM: Will, you've spent most of your adult life making other people laugh.

ELDER: Yeah, because I've been pretty much cast aside as a nonentity, so to speak. I never caught any attention...When I was quite young, I would pull a lot of practical jokes. I liked to hurt people, but not to cripple them. I didn't want to make invalids out of them, but I was full of mischief, as most kids are. And in order to get atten-



tion, I became a practical joker, and someone said, 'You know, some of your practical jokes are very funny. They should be written down somewhere.'



And what he meant by that was that I could get a job in a magazine, like a comic book, and display all my fun, fun I've been having for years, shared with any reader who wishes to read that. And before you know it, all that energy went into a comic book instead of knocking myself out for no reason at all.

HM: What makes you laugh?

ELDER: Surprises. Surprises about things that I'm very familiar with. Because when you tell a gag or a joke or a practical joke to a Chinaman in China, he won't laugh. His culture calls for another kind of humor. So, humor is where you find a home for it, and people who understand what you're saying, are familiar with the ways and means of how you're living. Otherwise, it's not funny. So, it's relative to your environment.

HM: What's the essence to your approach to making something funny on a page?

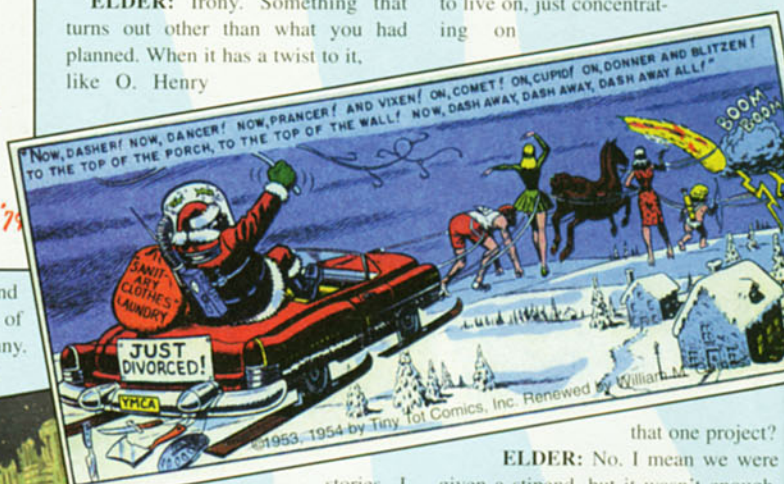
ELDER: Irony. Something that turns out other than what you had planned. When it has a twist to it, like O. Henry

And we'd all be eating in there, dropping this stuff all over the drawings. And sometimes I would have to erase the Eggs Benedict from the drawings. It was chaos.

HM: Who was up there that time? Was it just you and Harvey Kurtzman?

ELDER: (Al) Jaffee, Arnold Roth, Jack Davis, I'm not too sure about Davis, (Frank) Frazetta, Russ Heath, I believe so. I may just be off on one or two, but there was about eight or nine of us up there. It was a madhouse, but it was fun.

HM: When you and Harvey were doing Annie, were you making enough to live on, just concentrating on



stories. I

thought those were very funny. And they were meaningful.

One of the highlights of Elder's career was the time he and Harvey Kurtzman and a crew of zanies camped out in a suite at the famous Algonquin Hotel in New York City, living on room service at Playboy's expense while they cranked out a very late 'Little Annie Fanny' strip for an upcoming issue.

ELDER: We sat there and had Eggs Benedict for breakfast, Eggs Benedict for lunch, Eggs Benedict for supper because we had to fill up. We don't have it too often at home.

that one project?

ELDER: No. I mean we were given a stipend, but it wasn't enough. Because the time that we put in didn't work out too well for us financially. But anyway, we felt that someday it would. I mean, like anything, if it has value, it'll find its way. And apparently it has. I went to this comic convention in San Diego, and they all knew about it, they all knew exactly what questions to ask and, they even knew the answers. It was really an ego trip for us, and gratifying, deeply gratifying...And if you compare it to *Mad* magazine, well *Mad* was a comic book.

HM: Did you have any regrets about leaving *Mad*?

ELDER: Yes, I do in a way because there was a bunch of people there that I enjoyed working with. It was healthy (artistic) competition, which only made you a better cartoonist.

HM: Is there some dream project you wanted to do but never got around to?

ELDER: Yes, I would like to be a



portrait painter, and a painter in general. In fact I have some paintings and when I would get serious, at quiet moments in my life, and lately there have been quite a few of them, I like to paint. I've picked up every trick of the trade in what I've been doing with Annie.

HM: At EC, you collaborated many times with John Severin. What did you like about working with John?

ELDER: Severin? Wonderful! I mean, he was penciling in his rather rough penciling, but it was enough for me to go by, and he introduced me into the business to work in my strange way, and catch up with John and work with him. And together we worked well. Without each other, we kind of struggled along because John didn't ink as well as I did, and I didn't draw as well as John did. So, the combination worked out well for both of us. He became a terrific artist. And I learned an awful lot from him.

HM: Will, one thing that wasn't evident in a lot of your early work was how good you are drawing sexy girls.

ELDER: Whenever (people) interview me, I tell them: Annie Fanny is what I wanted to be when I was a kid. I wanted to be a woman. If I was going to be a woman, I wanted to be an exceptional woman...Annie is my dream. It's me.

HM: Are there any aspects of Annie's personality that are you?

ELDER: I don't think so. Maybe her innocence in some areas, but I wasn't that innocent. Her business of getting into trouble, finding herself in a pickle somewhere. Perhaps that, but otherwise, I can't see anything at all that's related.

HM: Are there any favorite actresses that you enjoy drawing?

ELDER: Well, Marilyn Monroe. There's no one like her in my estimation. No one will ever be like her. And of course, Brigitte Bardot. That's who Annie is fashioned after, Brigitte Bardot and Marilyn Monroe.

HM: Will, aside from Annie, do you have a favorite project that you really enjoyed? Do you have fond memories of 'Goodman Beaver' or anything else?

ELDER: Oh, I loved 'Goodman Beaver.' I think that was the funniest stuff we ever wrote or drew...because we were given more freedom, believe it or not, than on Annie. Annie had to stick to a regimen of ideas which were kind of sophisticated and yet, on the sensuous side.

HM: Is there anything you'd like to say in closing about your art career?

ELDER: I appreciate people who remember what I've done...I do like to talk to fans, and I like to write to them once in a while or draw a cartoon...I enjoy it because it's nice knowing that someone out there enjoys it as well.

A Brief (and Very Silly) Interview with Eric Idle

Like all of his colleagues in the Monty Python troupe, Eric Idle is a man of many parts: novelist, screenwriter, tunesmith, character actor, leading man, and musical comedy performer. Nevertheless, in kind with his fellow Pythons, the greatest measure of his fame rests with his work with the fabled comedy team on the four-year run of Monty Python's Flying Circus on the BBC, and in the films that the Pythons subsequently filmed: (*Now For Something Completely Different*, *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*, *Monty Python's Life of Brian*, *Monty Python's The Meaning of Life*, etc.) Idle has also been a popular supporting star in films like *King Ralph*, *National Lampoon's European Vacation*, Terry Gilliam's *The Adventures of Baron Munchausen*, and in 1975 starred in the "Rutland Weekend Television" series, and the cult pseudodocumentary, "The Rutles," (1978) an hilarious send-up of the Beatles. In addition to composing such classic Python tunes as "The Galaxy Song," "Eric the Half a Bee," and "Always Look on the Bright Side of Life," Idle has also composed the theme music for the TV series *One Foot in the Grave*, and others.

During the year 2000, Idle went on tour with "Eric Idle Exploits Monty Python (A Rather Stupid Evening of Skits and Songs)", a musical review featuring Idle's songs and a variety of old Python sketches. I caught up with Idle following his performance at the University of Arizona in spring of last year. The brief interview he granted was unusual in several respects: it was one of the only interviews I've ever done on videotape, and Idle, quick-witted jokester that he is, refused to give me a straight answer to most of my questions. It would have been a frustrating experience had I not been laughing so hard.

HM: Hi, I'm Steve Ringgenberg. This is for Heavy Metal magazine.

IDLE: All right, Steve. This is not a magazine. This is television.

HM: I know. We're going to shoot the videotape. It's going to air on public access here, and I'm going to use the transcript.

IDLE: Okay, okay, keep rolling and tell me who you are. (CAMERAMAN PAT MADEA, FROM OFF-CAMERA): Do the mike.

IDLE: Do the mike thing. Roll it.

HM: I'm here at Centennial Hall right after Eric Idle's...

IDLE: He's lying.

HM: ... fabulous performance.

IDLE: No, it's wrong. It's bad. It was very bad. (Idle uses his water bottle like a microphone.) Here, talk into this one. This is public access.

HM: Yes, it's public access. It's got to have crappy sound.

IDLE: Yes.

HM: Okay, Eric, why are you choosing to do a musical review right at this time?

IDLE: I don't know. It's a good idea. I should stop it right away, shouldn't I? What should I be doing here, reading Heavy Metal?

HM: Possibly. Possibly.

IDLE: Okay. I'll do that instead then. You talked me into it. I'll stop the whole thing.

HM: Is your tour...

IDLE: Can I go now?

HM: A couple of more questions.

IDLE: Go to the second one first.

HM: Is your tour based on the premise that musicians get laid more than comedians?

IDLE: God, I hope not. Jesus, what will they do? I hardly get to sleep as it is.

HM: Did you write a lot of new material for this show?

IDLE: Some new material for the show because people prefer the old material, and then that's where the laughs are, you see? That was a serious answer, wasn't it? I'm sorry. I deny it all.

HM: How many new songs did you write?

IDLE: I don't know. Maybe about four, five. Something like that.

HM: What's the worst reaction you've ever gotten to your material?

IDLE: Just then. But, thank you.

HM: This'll be the last...

IDLE: Two questions. We're already at the fifth already.

HM: Last one, I promise. This is one I know every Python fan will want to know. Is there going to be another Python film, and when?

IDLE: No. Tomorrow.

HM: Could you be a little more obtuse?

IDLE: I can't. It's my nature.

HM: Okay, well, here we are...

IDLE: I'm going to bed.

HM: ...obtusely rolling around the Milky Way galaxy on one of the arms on the sort of spiral...yeah, spiral arm...

IDLE: Is it the Sagittarius or the Aquarian arm? You don't know.

HM: I don't know.

IDLE: You don't know. It's one or the other, isn't it? Who knows? Okay, he's giving you that sign. (Makes the 'Cut' gesture across his throat.)

HM: Thank you, Eric. Good night.

IDLE: Thank you. Good night.





FOUND IN SPACE

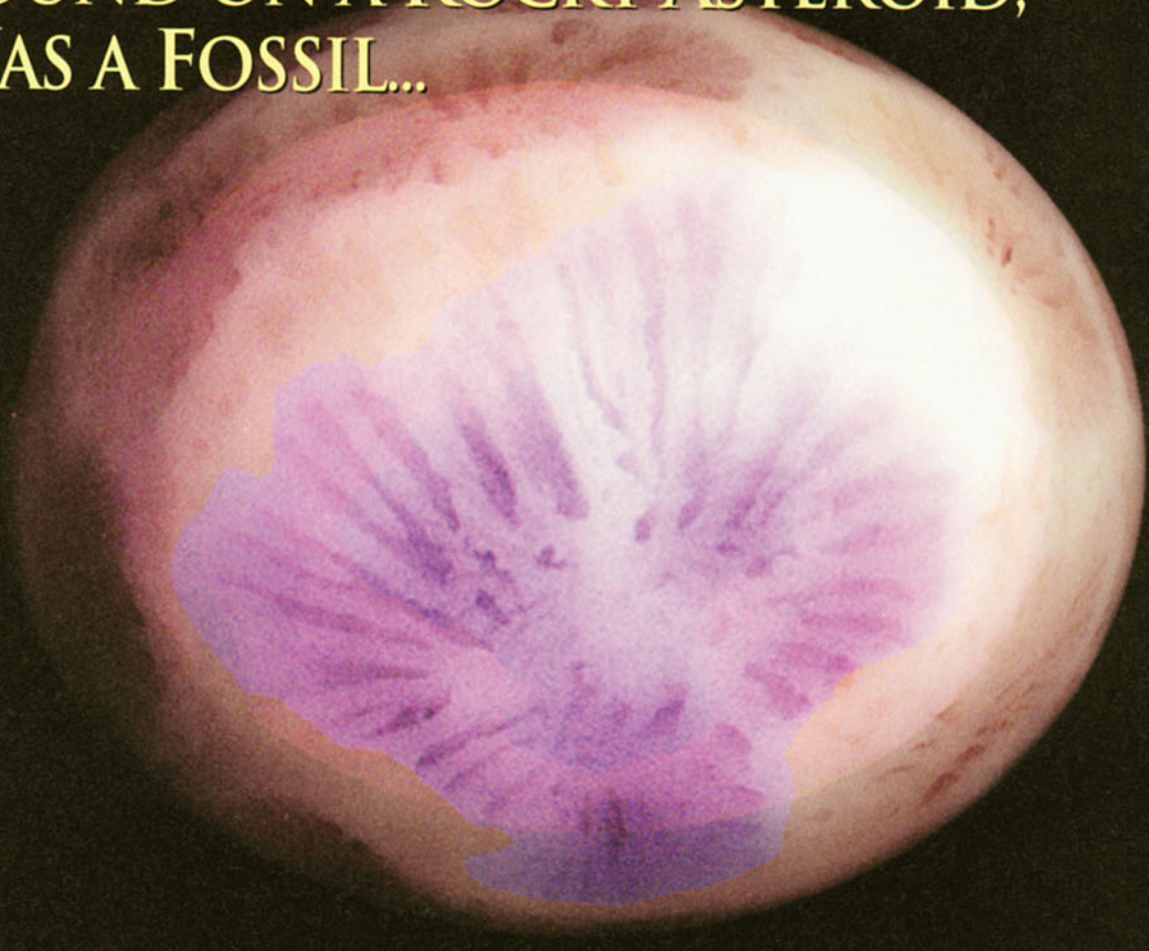
ARTIFACTS AND CURIOS FROM THE UNKNOWN

Items of curiosity and wonder are showcased at a new exhibit in the great dome of the Myhr Zoological Gardens, Earth. On these pages are samples from the exhibit and from the Galactic Geographic archives.

 GALACTIC GEOGRAPHIC – BY KARL KOFOED

Above: The BlueStone (54 X 73 X 38 m) — Found 3053 orbiting a moon in the Planis system.
Origin unknown. Age unknown. Inscription: undecipherable.

SCIENTISTS THOUGHT THIS OBJECT, FOUND ON A ROCKY ASTEROID, WAS A FOSSIL...



11 cm

In the Myhr Zoological Garden's Hall of the Nova Stone a new museum exhibits mysterious objects and lifeforms that were...

FOUND^{IN} SPACE

Article by Galactic Geographer Karl Kofoed

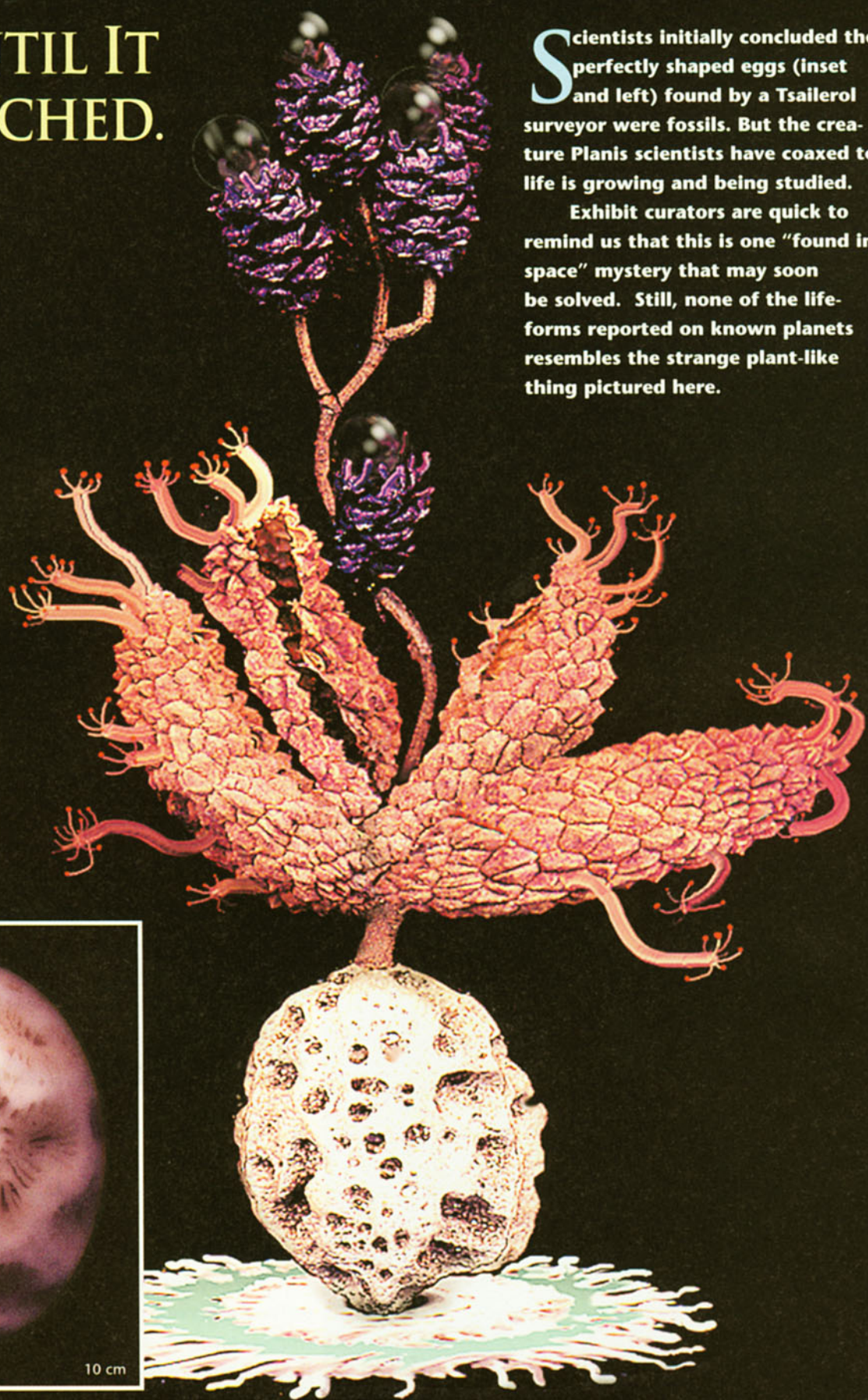
Organic or mineral? These egg-like objects were thought to be fossils when they were given to the Federation's Planis labs for evaluation. The finder, a curious Tsailerol surveyor, said he'd seen many of them littering the surface of an asteroid he was surveying for use as a Tsai starship. He collected two and placed them in a quarantined locker (above).

The organic nature of the specimen was revealed when it was exposed to heat and water. Since then it has grown in crystalline fashion, resembling a plant. Its twin, the second 'egg' (inset), has shown no signs of life.

...UNTIL IT HATCHED.

Scientists initially concluded the perfectly shaped eggs (inset and left) found by a Tsailorol surveyor were fossils. But the creature Planis scientists have coaxed to life is growing and being studied.

Exhibit curators are quick to remind us that this is one "found in space" mystery that may soon be solved. Still, none of the life-forms reported on known planets resembles the strange plant-like thing pictured here.



10 cm

H 1.60 m

PRATO PLANT... THE FIRST "COSMIC WEED?"

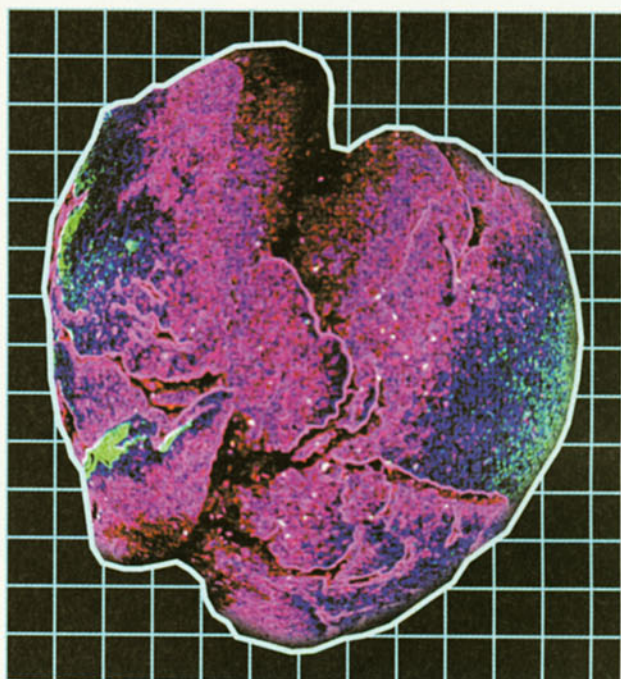


18 x 53 cm

Asteroids in many star systems have been the source of fascinating treasures and strange discoveries. One such oddity is the *Prato Plant*, discovered by, and named after, astronomer Paul Prato while he was working with a Tsailerol crew to establish a communications link between their starships and our own FTL and SL cruisers.

The mysterious plant-like blossom grew from the colorful microscopic object shown below almost as soon as it came in contact with water vapor, oxygen, and nitrogen gas. The false color image was made by an automatic sorting camera aboard the mining ship *Brancuzzi*.

Preliminary tests of the organism have found no evidence of toxicity. Nor is it in any way related to Earth plants.



5.3 mm

While scientists were determining whether the Prato Plant is friend or foe, six mining groups in the Orion Sector have reported finding them on asteroids in ever increasing numbers.

Says discoverer Paul Prato; "It's possible we've found our first space weed. But it's hard to dismantle an asteroid when it turns out to be somebody's home, even if it's only home to a weed."

A LIVING TIME CAPSULE... WAITING FOR WATER.



12 cm



43 cm

Dubbed "Noron Snail" for want of a better term, the creature swimming in a swamp of its own making is a mystery to all. For now it is another example of life found where it should not be—by members of an aquatic Noron colony (right) mining a water pocket on an asteroid in a planetary debris field near Antares 77J1. The shape of the egg case (insert-top left) alarmed Noron scientists who isolated the specimen and brought it to the attention of the Galactic Geographic members in the area. While under examination it hatched and, when given water, began organizing a protective water-filled bubble where it continues to thrive.

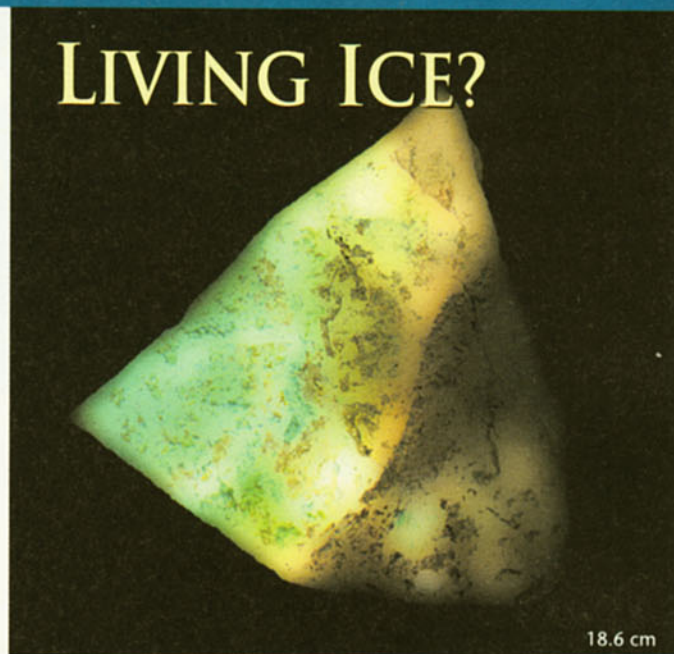


2.9 km

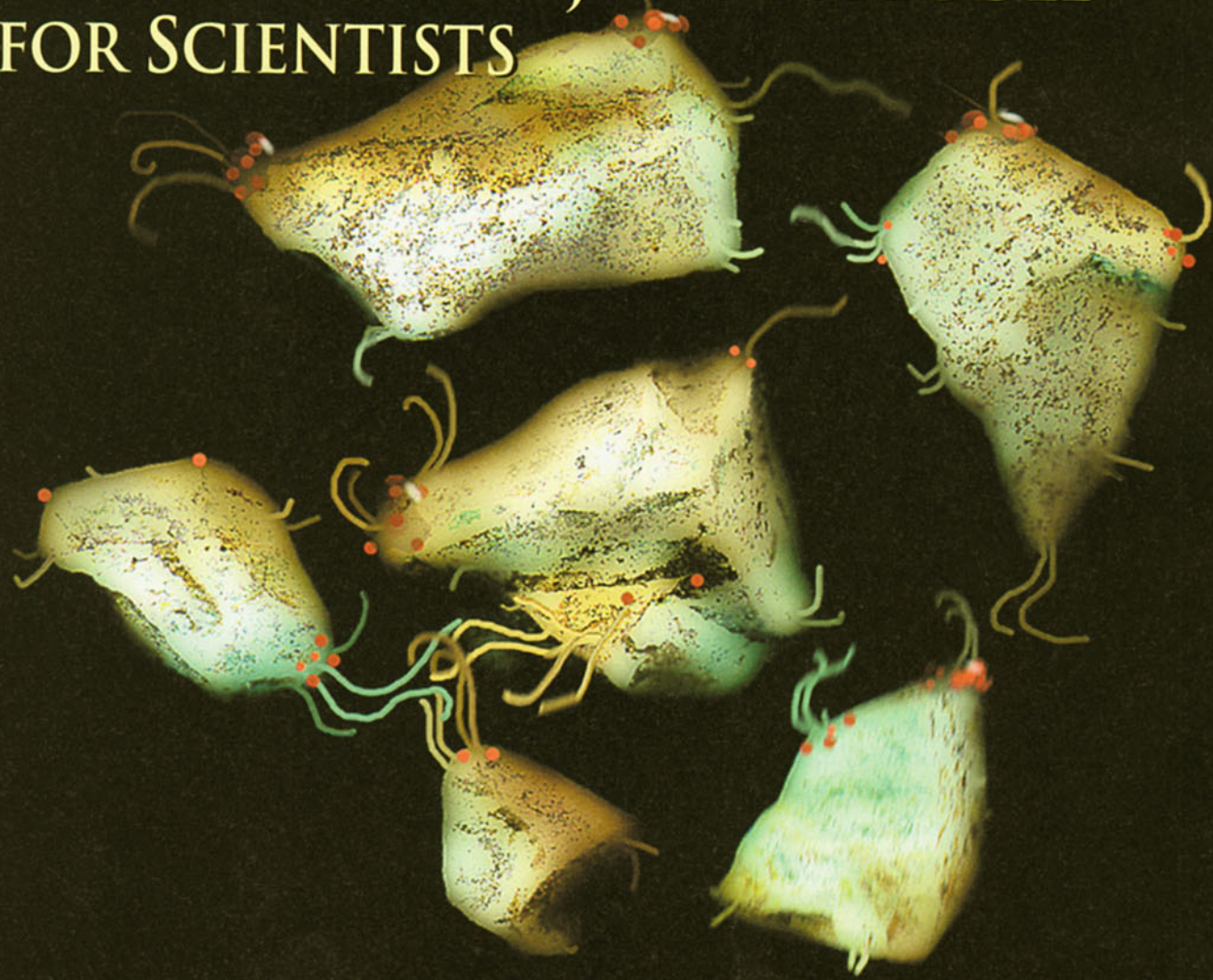
Among the strangest objects found in space are the "Wormiform Objects" —translucent mottled green chips of methane/water ice that, when heated, crack apart and grow. It is assumed that they represent a kind of unknown lifeform but exhibit no signs of normal mitosis or cellular division. Scientists are so far at a loss to explain the bizarre behavior represented here. At right is a typical chunk of the Wormiform Ice as it is typically found. Several pieces have turned up in the Piscian region of Solar Space.

The image below shows the swirling transformation that occurred when the chip of green ice was heated to the melting point of water. The object broke into several smaller chips which then grew features resembling roots. The object was refrozen and taken to the Myhr Zoological Gardens for examination and further study.

LIVING ICE?



"WORMIFORM OBJECTS" A RIDDLE FOR SCIENTISTS



DANGEROUS FIND MAY NOT BE CONTAINED



23.1 cm X 24.4 cm X 21.15 cm



Above, The Tsai vessel *Rv'TvW'*, credited with recovering the mystery object shown here.

15 cm X 14.4 cm X 15.13 cm



Tsailerol survey ships (top right) have salvaged oddities of many kinds. Some have been brought to the attention of resident human colonists, hoping our knowledge might help explain them. The Tsailerol cruiser *Rv'TvW'* is a typical Tsai vessel, hewn from a hollowed asteroid. They are credited with recovering the specimen shown above. Following salvage protocol, they carefully quarantined the specimen in a block of extremely dense polyceramic glass. Immediately the specimen was transported to a Galactic Geographic research vessel for isolation and classification.

There, while still sealed within its isolation casing, the specimen underwent a transformation which remains a mystery. Before the eyes of amazed xenobiological researchers, what appeared to be a

living entity sent out tendrils, apparently to test its environment.

The monoblock was immediately sealed inside a stasis chamber where three separate shells, two at absolute zero and one of hot plasma, guarantee the specimen cannot escape.

Shown as a comparison (below right) is a specimen of an unknown flower-like organism found twenty years ago on an asteroid in the Tsai system and sealed in the same material. While measurably still alive, it cannot escape its confines.

Scientists are observing the still active specimen (which is currently growing at the rate of 1 mm per week) in hopes of learning more about this new, and perhaps dangerous, form of life.

FOUND IN SPACE

THE NOVA STONE



Above, the Nova Stone as it was found floating in space.

Below, representation showing enhanced graphics and size

No discussion of objects found in space would be complete without mention of the most famous of them all. Scientists may be forever scratching their heads over this mystery that has become the symbol of the Federation of Planets' search for sentient life. "Some think of the Nova Stone as an image of immortality," says T. Groves Taylor, president of the largest zoological environs in the universe, the Myhr Zoological Gardens. "We may never know what it is."

Scientists retrieved the six meter long column in an area of space near the remnants of the Crab Nebula supernova of 3074. It was detected during a routine survey by the FTL starship *Houston*.

"We were looking for metals near the Crab," says Karl Kofoed, chief cartographer aboard the ship, "but we never expected to find thirty tons of nickel-iron in one place."

Most puzzling are the mysterious markings found on its surface. Of arti-

cial origin and representing some kind of writing, the Nova Stone may be the remnant of a civilization that was destroyed by the supernova explosion.

If this is so, the stone is the only evidence of that civilization. Seven survey missions of the area have revealed nothing.

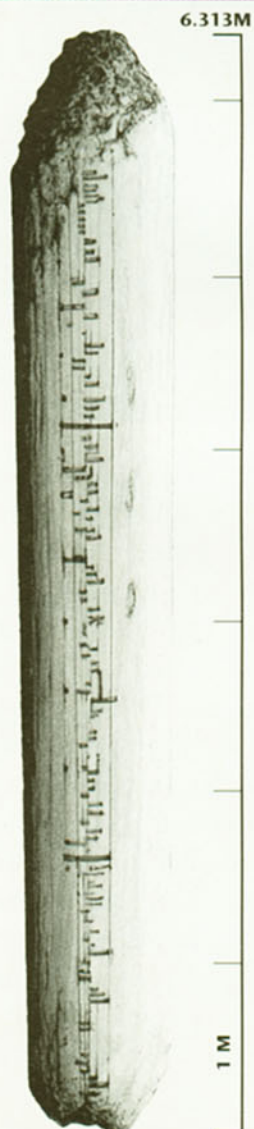
We are left to speculate as to the significance of the relic. How did it survive? Was it an important work of art, or literature? Or was it a last message from a doomed world?

We don't know the stone's original length because both ends are broken in a similar fashion.

The Nova Stone is not made of stone. It is 94% nickel-iron. How it survived the supernova explosion, when we were unable to find even a fragment of a planet, is perhaps the greatest mystery of all. This relic of a lost civilization will reside permanently as a centerpiece at the Myhr Gardens.



Karl Kofoed is Chief Cartographer with the Galactic Geographic aboard the Federation starship *Houston*.



GRANADILHA

The crimes of the body



SANINHO GULPED DOWN WHATEVER WAS LEFT OF HIS BEER AND HASTILY LEFT THE BAR. IF ROSA'S UNCLE FOUND HIM THERE, ANYTHING COULD HAPPEN.

JUST AS WELL JOE- THE FLUTE PLAYER HAD WARNED HIM, IF NOT, GOD ONLY KNOWS...



AH, DON'T RUN AWAY SANINHO, PLEASE, I GET SO TIRED...



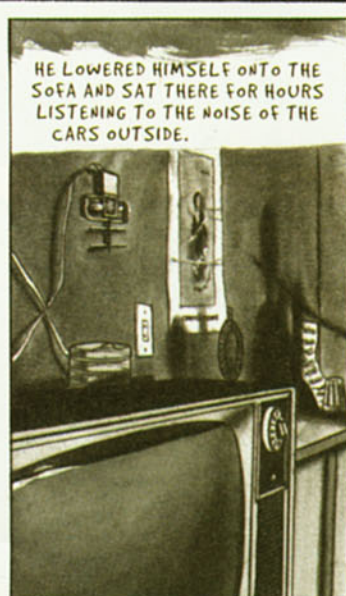
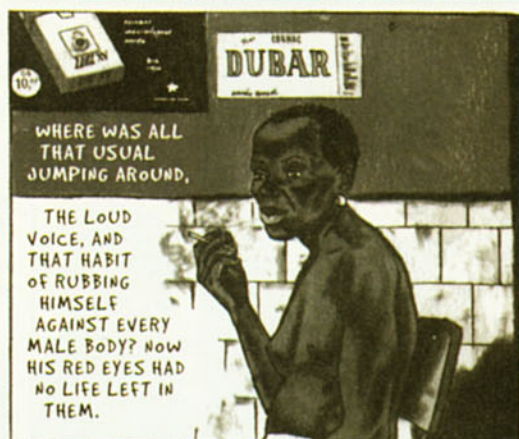
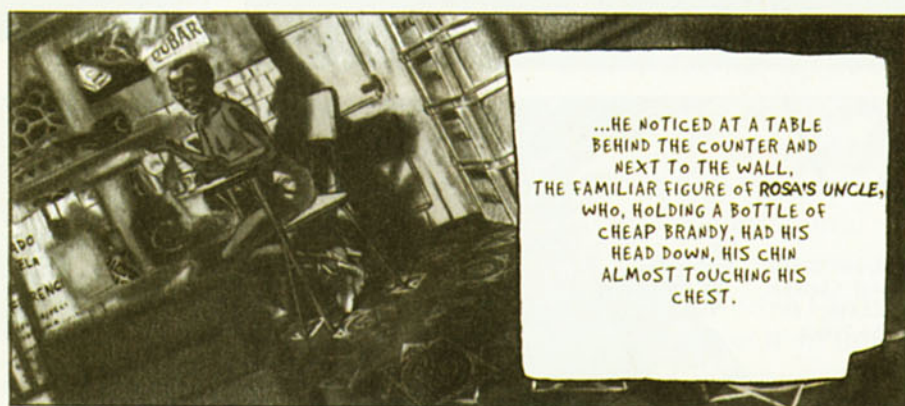
SANINHO, RUNNING AWAY, SMILES AND LOOKS BACK OVER HIS SHOULDER, BEFORE HE NOTICES THE BUS COMING TOWARDS HIM...



SANINHO DIDN'T MAKE IT... HE DIED ON THE WAY TO THE HOSPITAL... ROSA'S UNCLE, IN DESPAIR AND FULL OF GUILT, DISAPPEARED FOR EXACTLY TWO MONTHS... ONE AFTERNOON, JOE THE FLUTE PLAYER HAVING FINISHED WRITING ONE OF HIS SONGS, WENT OUT TO BUY A PACK OF CIGARETTES; HE LIVED IN A DERELICT COUNCIL FLAT OPPOSITE THE BAR.



AT THE COUNTER HE ASKED FOR A PACK OF GALAXY.



NEXT MORNING, AT A BAR IN AMÉRICO RANGEL STREET, WHERE THE TOWN'S TAXI-DRIVERS ALWAYS GATHER TOGETHER FOR A DRINK...

...THEN, I ONLY FELT LIKE I'D HIT SOMETHIN', A FUNNY NOISE LIKE THIS, BLAM! BLAM! THE GUY WENT OVER THE HOOD, LIKE 'GAINST THE METAL; BLAM! BLAM! HIS HEAD 'GAINST THE METAL; BLAM! BLAM! SO, I LOOK OUT, PEOPLE ARE RUNNIN' IN NO TIME A CROWD IS STANDIN' THERE LIKE...

AND DIDN'T THEY SHOUT AND SWEAR AT YOU?

YEAH... THEY SHOUTED ALL RIGHT... THERE'S THIS BLOKE RUNNIN' AND SCREAMIN': "HE KILLED ROSA'S UNCLE!" HE KILLED ROSA'S UNCLE!" SO, WHAT TO DO? I...HUM... LOCKED INTO FIRST, LIKE, AND OFF I GO! JUST KEPT GOIN', GOT HOME IT WAS FOUR IN THE BLEEDIN' MORNIN'! LEFT THE CAR THERE, INNIT?, AND OUT I WENT, CAME STRAIGHT HERE...

FUCKIN' HELL! ROSA'S UNCLE, EH? YOU'RE FUCKED UP ALL RIGHT MATE! YOU NEVER GONNA GET ANOTHER PASSENGER IN THAT TAXI!

GO AND FUCK YOURSELF, WILL YOU? YOU JUST STOP MESSIN' ME AROUND, MAN, THE MAN THROWS HIMSELF IN FRONT OF THE FUCKIN' CAR, ME JUST THERE TRYIN' TO EARN MY LIVIN'...

EASY MAN, NO POINT IN GETTIN' ALL WORKED UP 'BOUT IT! THEY'RE ALL THE SAME, THESE SONS OF A BITCH THROW THEIRSELVES IN FRONT OF OUR CAR, COULDN'T CARE WHAT...

THAT'S IT, THAT'S WHY I SAY: THE MOTHER FUCKERS SHOULD GO TO FUCKIN' HELL.

THE END

GRANADILHA

The crimes of the body

★★★

Marcello Gai
1995

★★★

Granadilha or cacaveiro - a type of macaw used to make flutes.

SAMINHO'S HOUSE.

JOE - THE FLUTE PLAYER'S FLAT.

ROSA'S UNCLE'S HOUSE, ALL IS VERY QUIET.

MADUREIRA, A SUBURB SERVED BY THE RAILWAY CENTRAL TO BRASIL.



RUN! **FLASTAAR** ...
RUN AS FAR AS YOU CAN ...

... OR THEY WILL GET YOU.



THEY NEVER GET TIRED...

THEY'VE BEEN CHASING
YOU FOR HOURS.

BUT YOU'RE EXHAUSTED,
FLASTAAR...



... TIRED AND
ENTRAPPED!



THEY ARE GONNA
GET YOU RIGHT NOW!

IF YOU WANNA SURVIVE
YOU'VE GOT TO JUMP.

Light



SURVIVING THE JUMP
IS THE FOLLOWING
PROBLEM.



SURPRISE!



YOU CAN FLY!

FLASTAAR,
THE FLYER!

YOU ARE FAR MORE
THAN RESOURCEFUL
THAN YOU MAY EVER
THINK




YOU ARE FLYING OVER
YOUR TORTURERS TAKING
THE PISS OUT OF THEM...



SMILING OUT OF
PRIDE IS A LUXURY
YOU CAN FINALLY
AFFORD NOW...



... BUT SOMEONE
IN DANGER DRAWS
YOUR ATTENTION.



A WOMAN, REMINISCENT OF
YOU... BUT WEAKER THAN YOU.
YOU CAN SAVE HER.



YOU'RE LEFT DUMBFOUNDED
BY YOUR OWN STRENGTH.



FLASTAAR
THE SLAYER!

THE WOMAN IS GRATEFUL TO
YOU FOR YOUR COURAGE...

YOU FEEL SOMETHING
GROWING INSIDE YOU,
SOMETHING YOU WERE
NOT EVEN AWARE OF.



YOU KISS HER.



SHE'S MELTING
IN YOUR ARMS.



FLASTAAR,
THE SPOTLESS HERO!





HER NAME IS **VIREX** AND
SHE CLAIMS SHE KNOWS
ANOTHER WORLD...

A WORLD WHERE THERE'S ALWAYS
LIGHT AND NO **MONSTERS** EXIST.

SHE ALSO TELLS YOU ABOUT A
TEMPLE, A TEMPLE WHERE
IT'S POSSIBLE TO GET FROM
ONE WORLD TO ANOTHER BY
ASKING THE **GODS** FOR HELP.

YOU ASK HER WHERE
THE TEMPLE IS... AND
SHE REVEALS THE PLACE
TO YOU SIGHING OUT OF
PLEASURE.

FLASTAAR,
THE SEDUCER!

LATER THE WIND SPREADS
THE SMELL OF THOSE MONSTERS
IN THE VICINITY...



VIREX HAS NO
WINGS TO FLY
AND SHE WOULD
NEVER GET TO
THE TEMPLE
BEFORE THE
ARRIVAL OF THE
CREATURES.



YOU DECIDE TO
LEAVE ON YOUR
OWN!




FLASTAAR,
THE STRATEGUS!

VIREX WILL
UNDERSTAND
YOUR BEHAVIOR.



VIREX WILL NEVER KNOW
WHAT HAPPENED.





YOUR WINGS ARE BRINGING YOU
CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE
LAND OF THE MONSTERS.




THEN YOU
SEE IT...



THE TEMPLE OF LIGHT!!

THE PLACE DEMANDED BY THE ANCIENT GODS
TO ENABLE THE CREATURES, DESERVING SUCH
HONOUR, TO GO FROM ONE WORLD TO ANOTHER!



YOU WALK IN AWE ON THE
TOP OF THE TEMPLE.

DEEP INSIDE FROM YOUR
HEART COMES A PRAYER
THAT SLOWLY APPROACHES
YOUR LIPS.



FLASTAAR, *THE REDEEMED!*

FLASTAAR, *THE BELIEVER!*

FLASTAAR, *THE WORSHIPPER!*

FOR A WHILE
NOTHING SEEMS
TO OCCUR, AND
YOU FEEL YOUR
FAITH DIE INSIDE
YOU...



THEN THE GLOOMY
VEIL OF SKY IS TORN
APART BY A RAY OF
LIGHT.



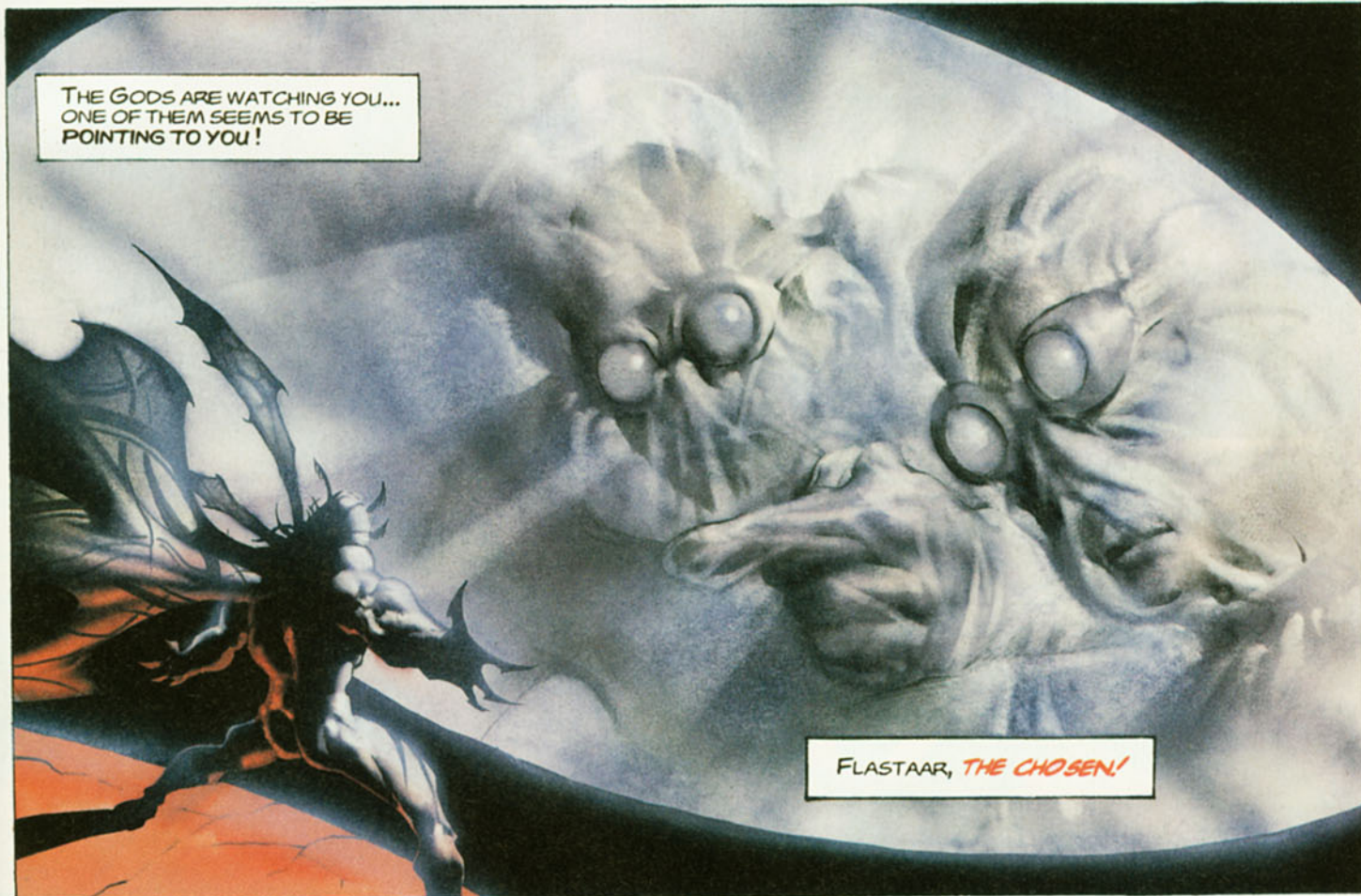
THAT BRIGHTNESS
MAKES YOU BLIND AND
YOU ARE SCARED OF IT.



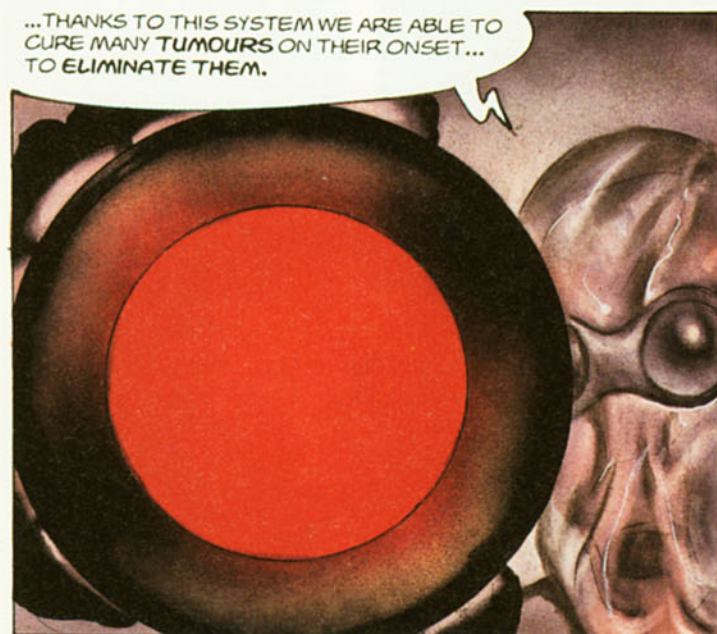
THEN YOUR EYES
ADAPT THEMSELVES
TO THAT LIGHT AND
YOU CAN SEE THEM
AT LAST.



THE GODS ARE WATCHING YOU...
ONE OF THEM SEEMS TO BE
POINTING TO YOU!



FLASTAAR, *THE CHOSEN!*





FOLLOW
THE LIGHT!



FLY!



I'M COMING!



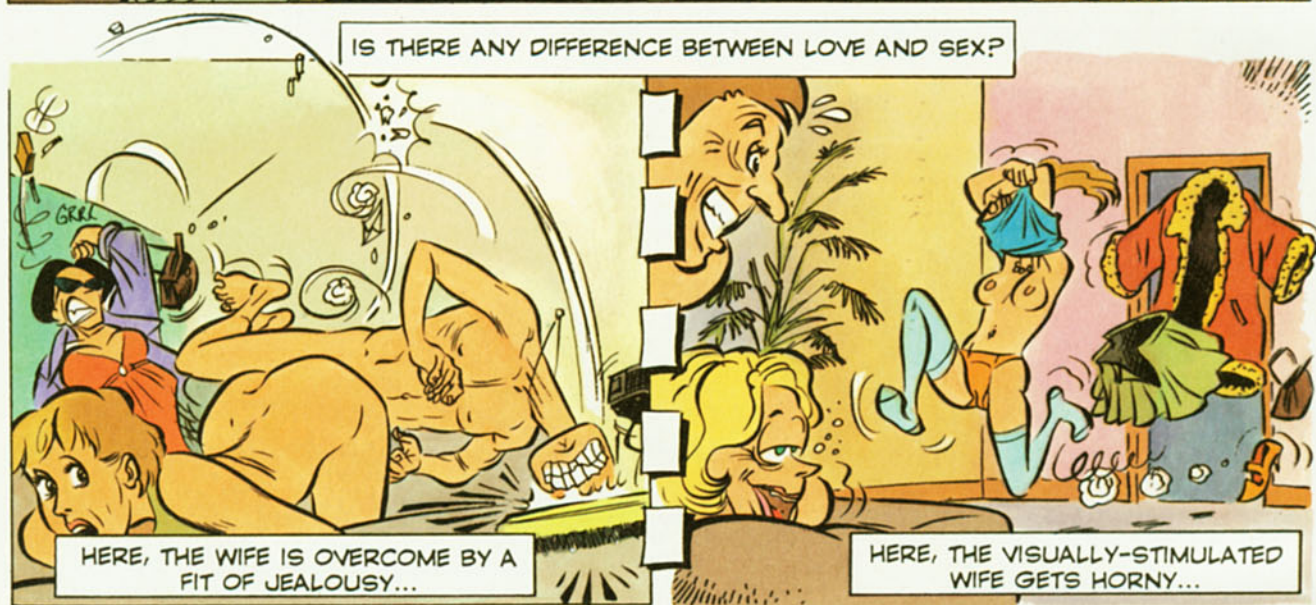
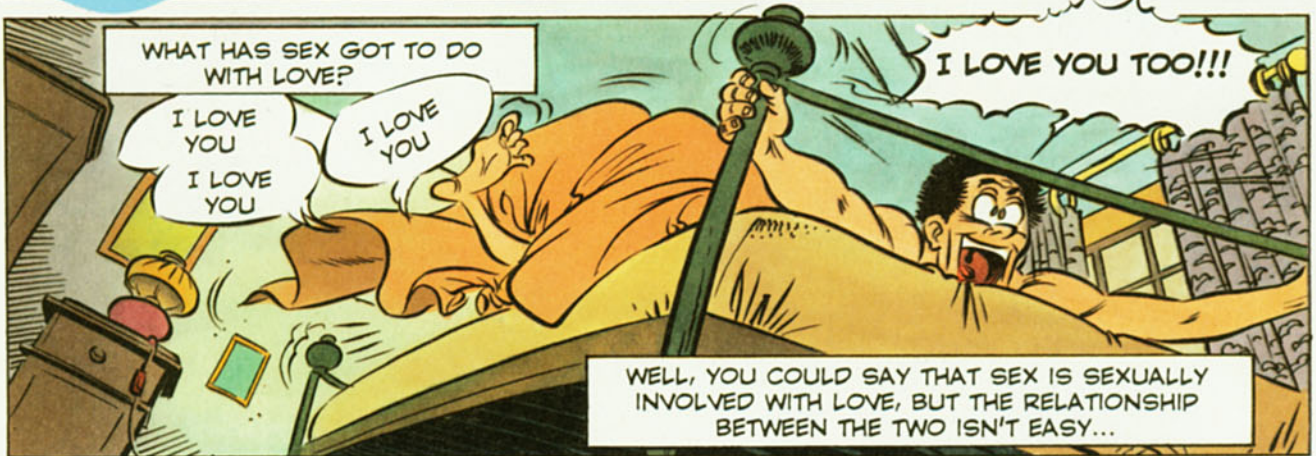
FLY!!



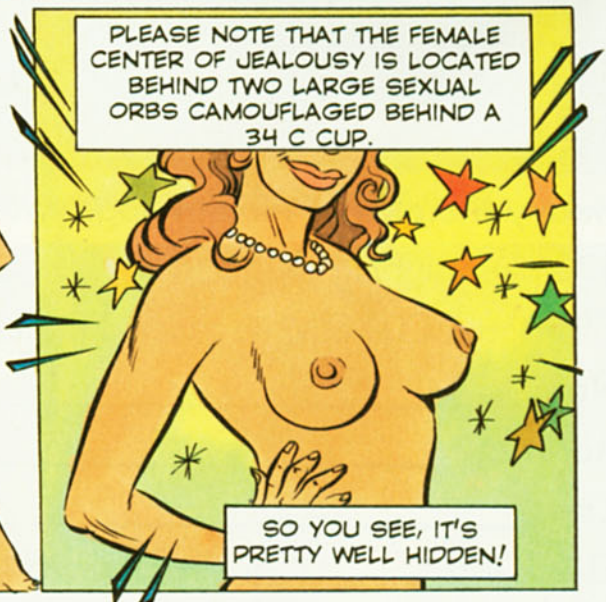
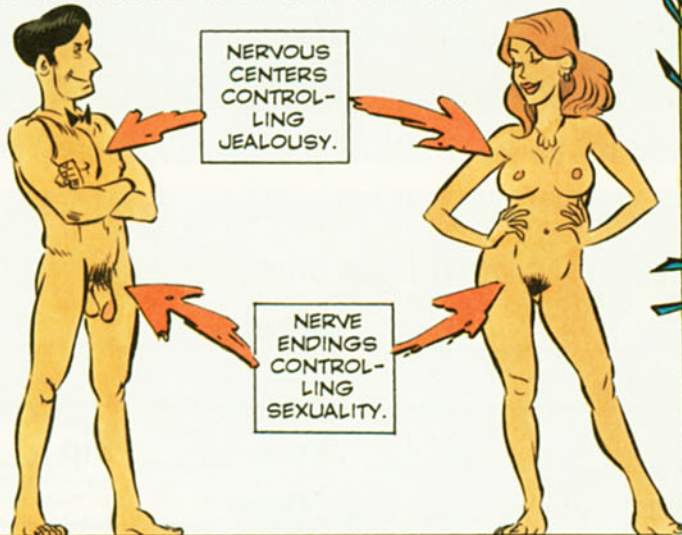
FLASTAAR
THE FOOL...



NOT EVERYONE SEES THINGS IN
THE SAME WAY...

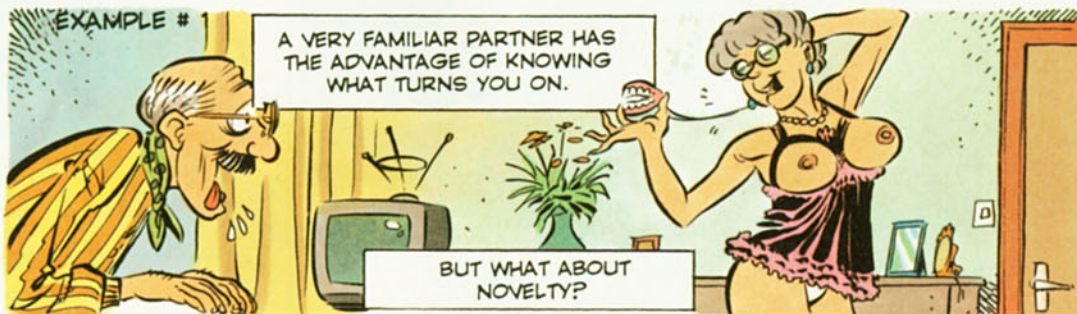


THE DIFFERENCE DEPENDS ON
CERTAIN PHYSIOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.



PARTNER BLUES

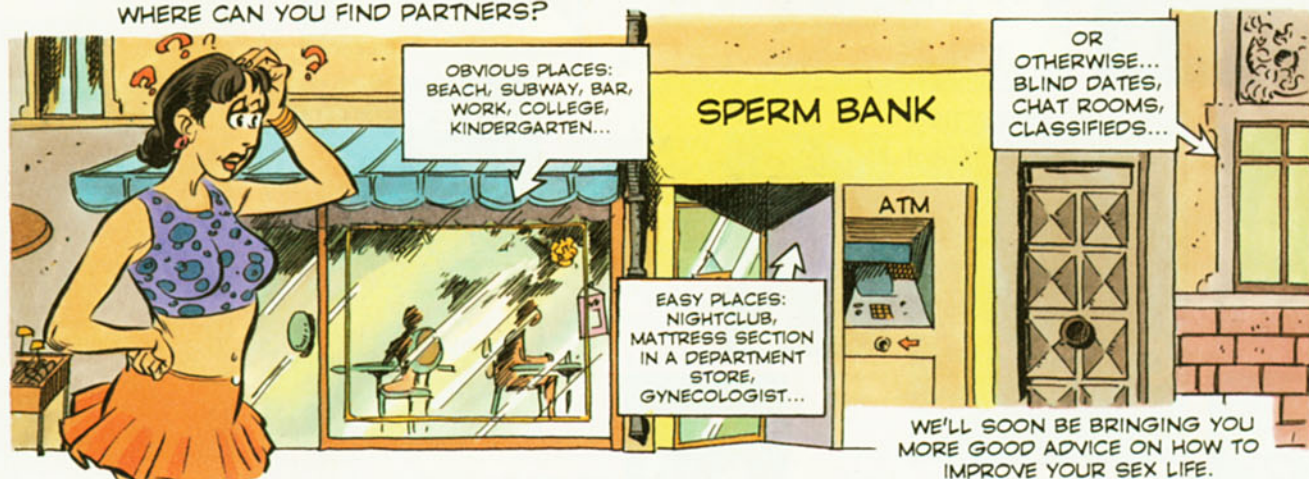
UNLESS YOU'RE INTO SOLITARY PLEASURES, SEXUALITY REQUIRES (AT LEAST) ONE PARTNER. BUT HOW DO YOU PICK ONE?



THE TWO MAIN CATEGORIES OF NEW PARTNERS...



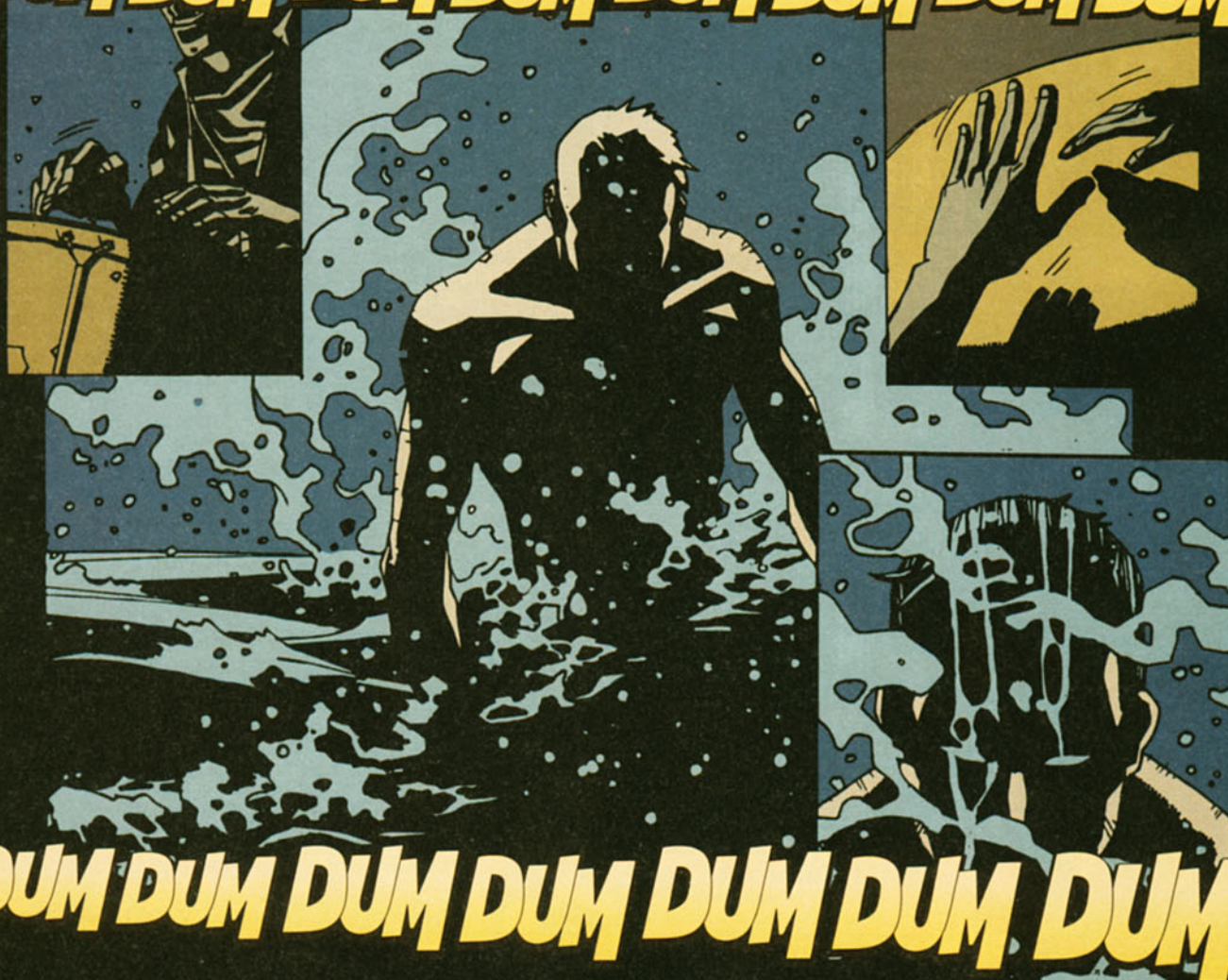
WHERE CAN YOU FIND PARTNERS?



For three days and nights the Man has drifted in the glowing water of the bay.
Heavy metal's and runoff pollutants have mixed with something inside the Man.
Something NEW.

Now it is time for the Man to emerge.

DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM



DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM

Venice Beach, 2033. Midsummer Night. Five minutes before midnight.

JOE PEARSON

Creator/
Writer

JEFF CONNER

Writer

COMICRAFT

Letters

DAVID KANG

Colors

YOUNG GI 400N

Creator/
Artist

CHUCK PATTON

Layout pp1-18

BRADLY RADER

Layout pp19-32

YOUNG KIM

Colors



**DUM DUM
DUM DUM
DUM DUM
DUM DU**

24 Hour Man



DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM

"BOARDWALK!
BOARDWALK!"

UNGGH...

MY TURN!
MY TURN!

FUCKING
CREEP!

YEAH!
CLEAN AND
MEAN!

BABY!

GUUNCH

WASH

PARTEEE!

SOON...

RRRRRR

ME AND
YOU AND A
DOG NAMED
BLUE...



DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM



**DUM DUM
DUM DUM**

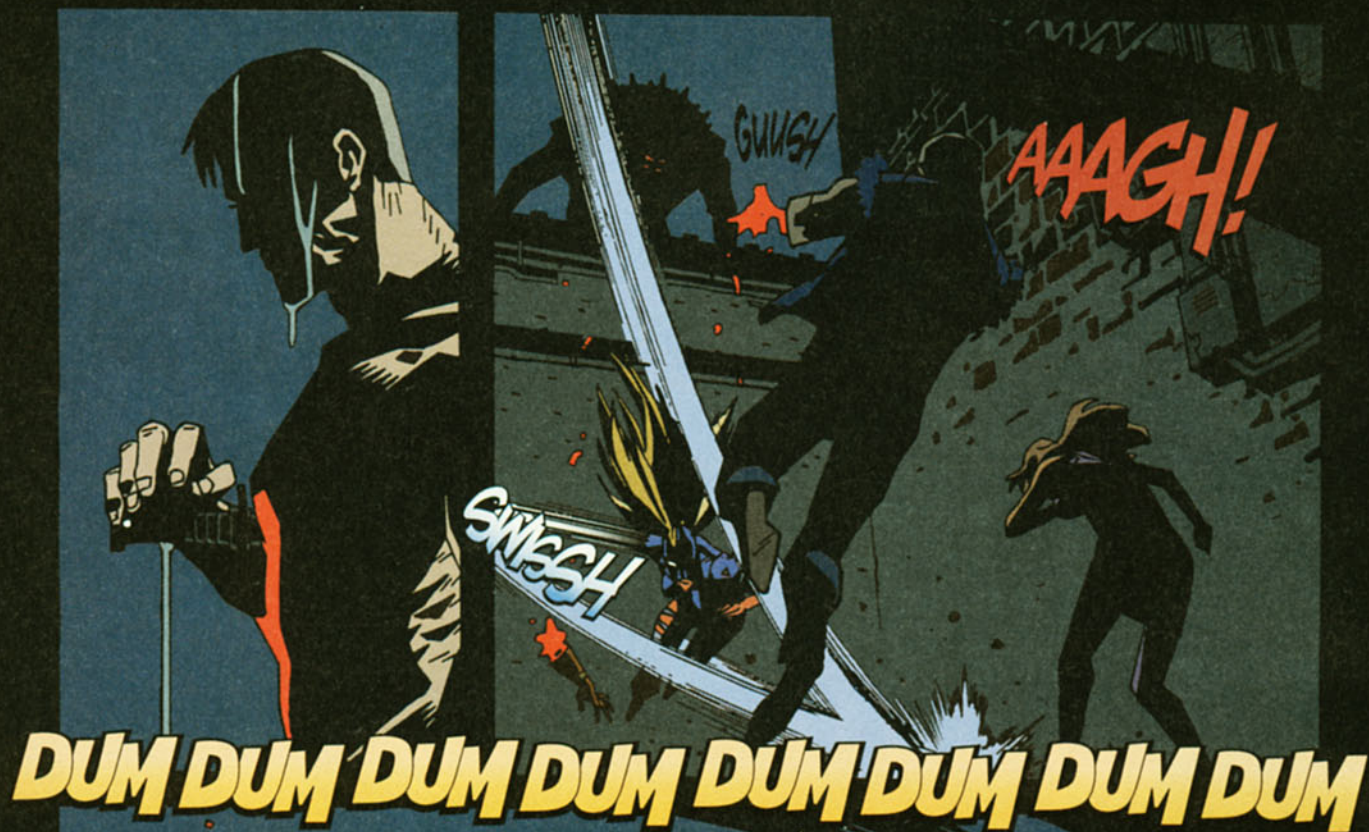
TCCHH

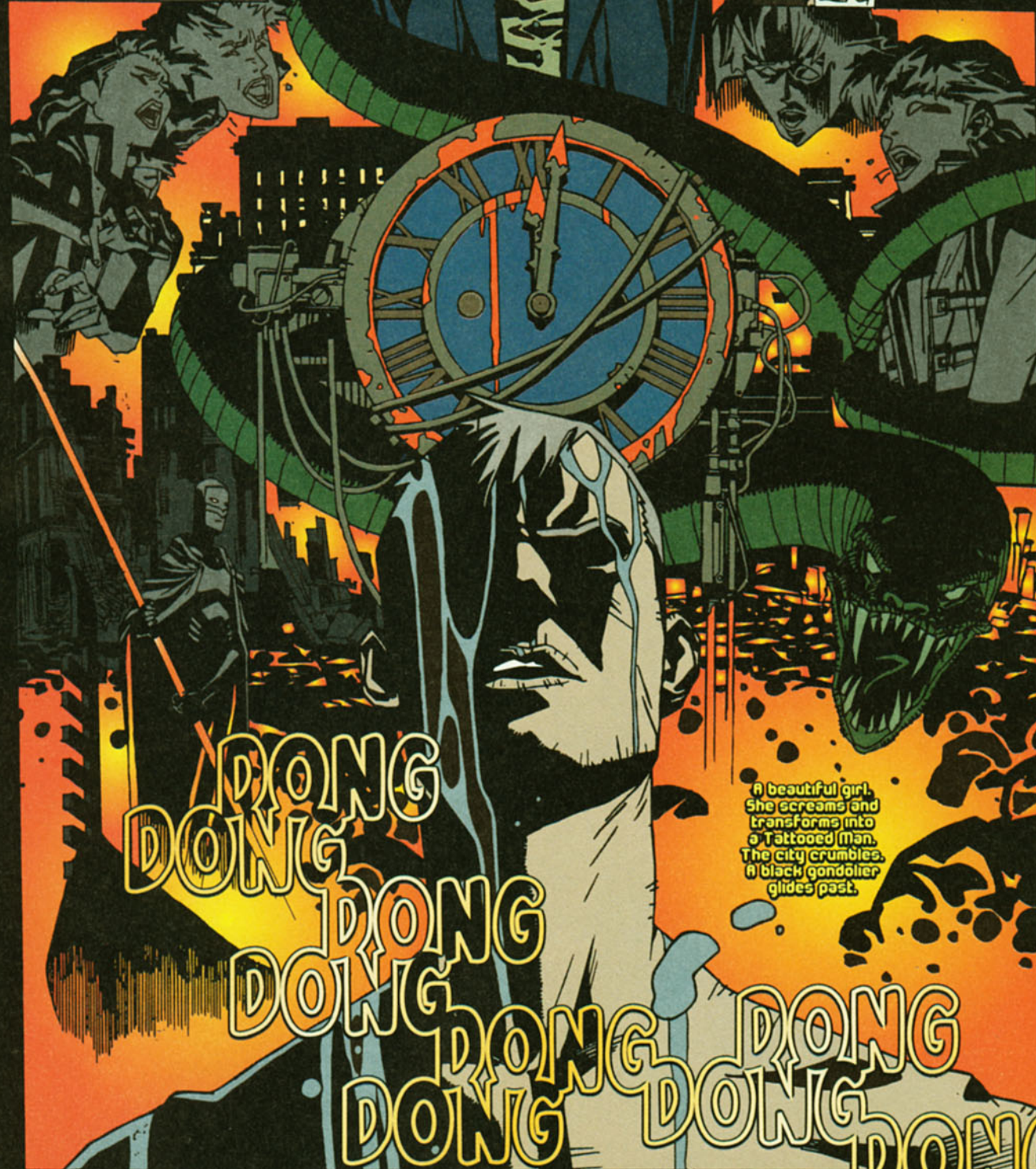
DUM DUM

DUM DUM

DUM DUM







**A beautiful girl.
She screams and
transforms into
a Tattooed Man.
The city crumbles.
A black gondolier
glides past.**

1G DONG DONG DONG

HOUR ONE

Silently they bandage his wounds.

Silently they raise him to his feet.



Silently they dress him.



WHO..
WHO AM I?

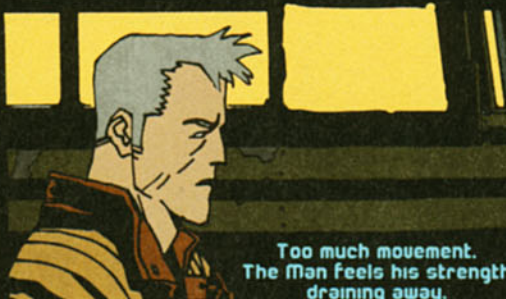


Silently they point him to his destiny.





Too many people.



Too much movement.
The Man feels his strength
draining away.



Contact! Sudden sensation.

HEY!



A surge of energy.

SON OF
A... WHAT'D
YOU...



The man feels
stronger.
How...



NO NAME
MAN.

WHO?

Quiet in the storm.

NO
NAME MAN.
I THINK YOU
ARE SEEKING
ANSWERS.

WHO
AM I?

YOU ARE
A MAN, I THINK.
A NO NAME MAN.
OR MAYBE YOU
ARE A YOUNG
KNIGHT, ON A QUEST.

A KNIGHT...
YEAH... THANKS FOR
NOTHING.

SEEK THE
TOWER.

Gone...

DONG

TOWER BAR

TOWER BAR
SMOKE

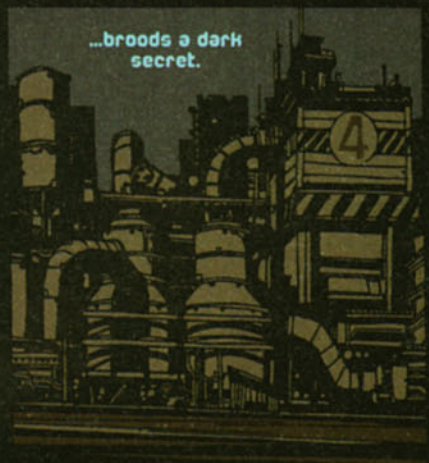
CASINO

A bar and
maybe
something
else?

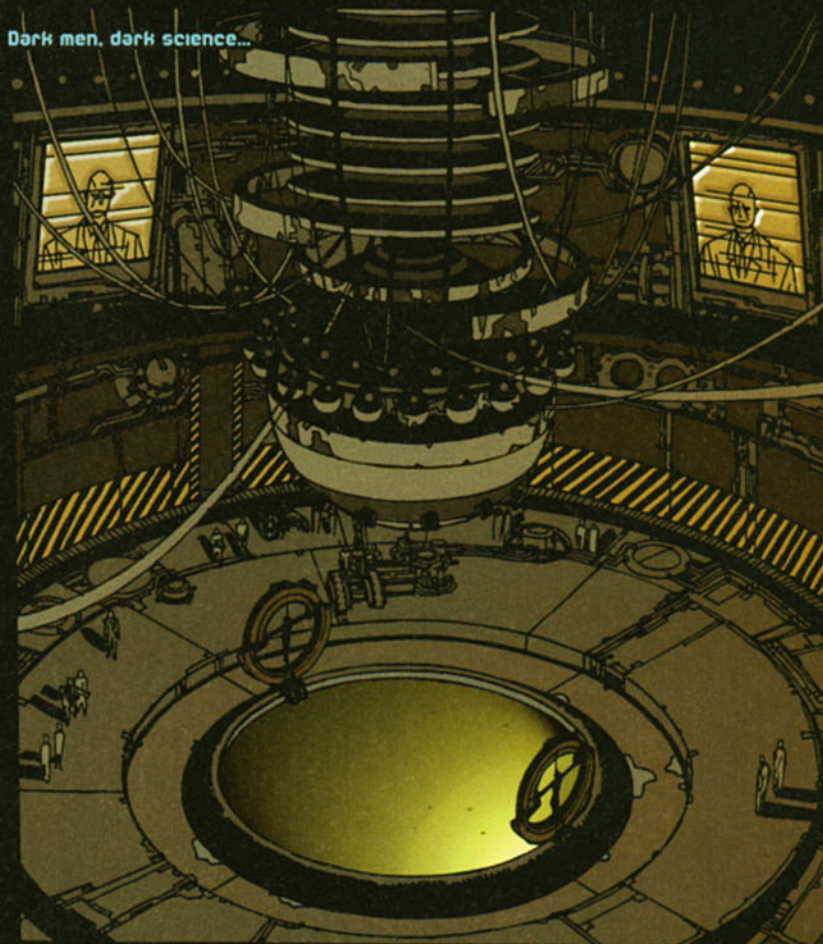


Hour Two

Deep within the heart of the city's industrial core...



...broods a dark secret.



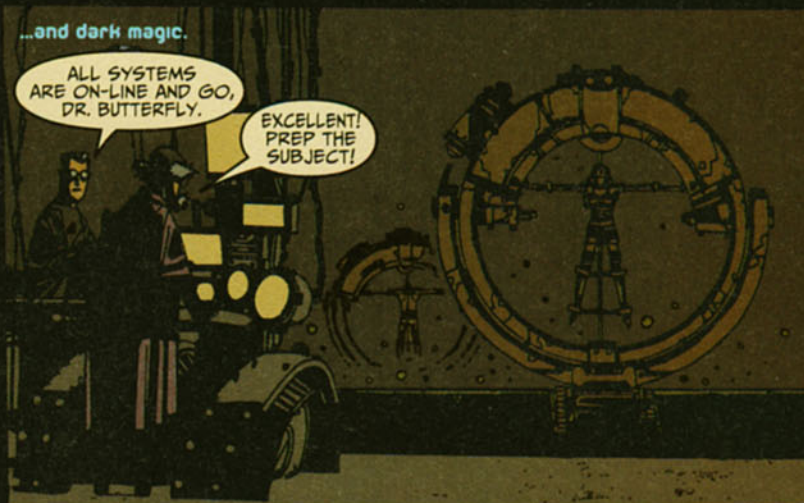
Dark men, dark science...

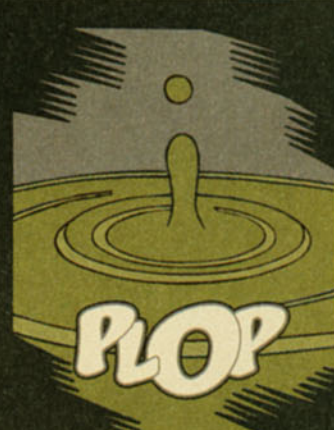
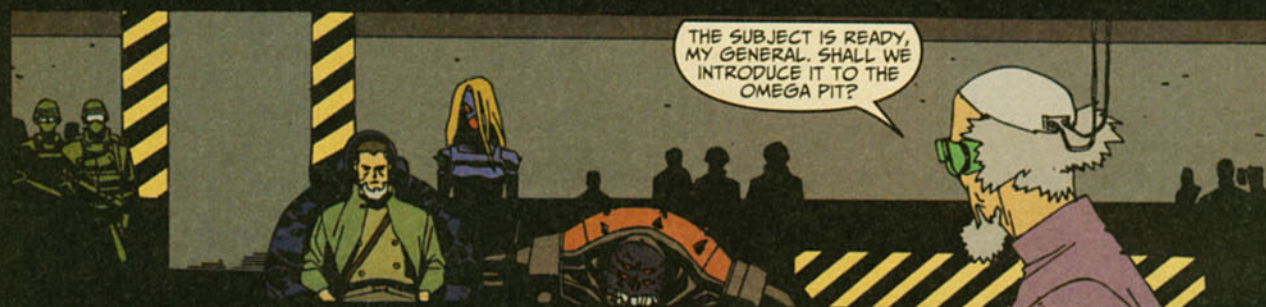


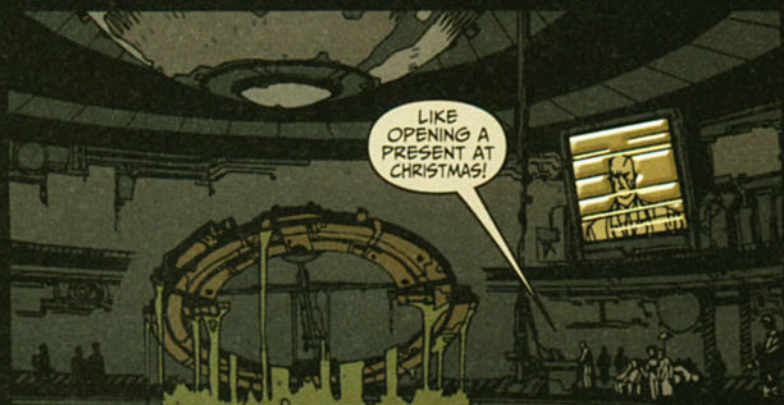
...and dark magic.

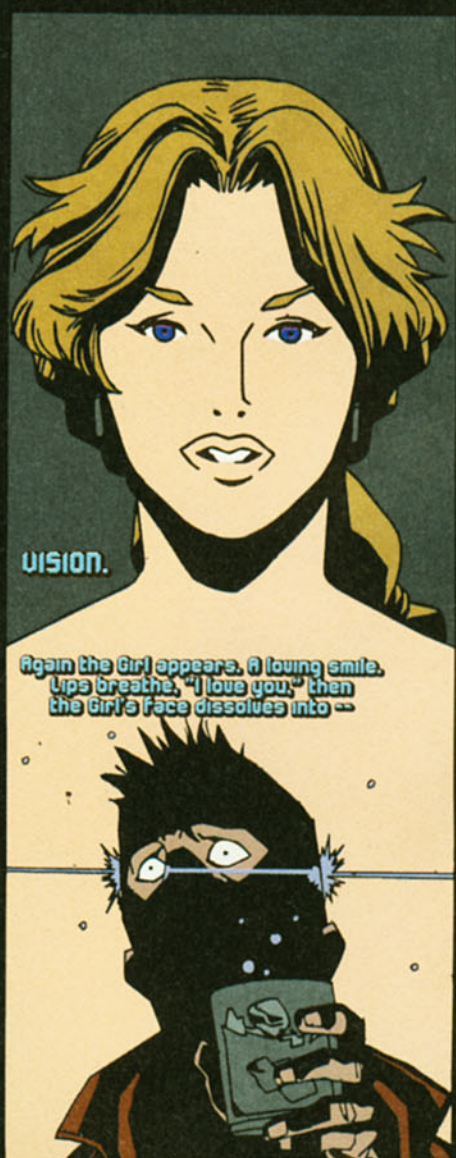
ALL SYSTEMS ARE ON-LINE AND GO, DR. BUTTERFLY.

EXCELLENT! PREP THE SUBJECT!











-- another. Eyes wide in surprise.



Through her eyes the Man sees --

BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA



WHOOOSSSH

SCWICH



KKKKKKKKKKKKKK



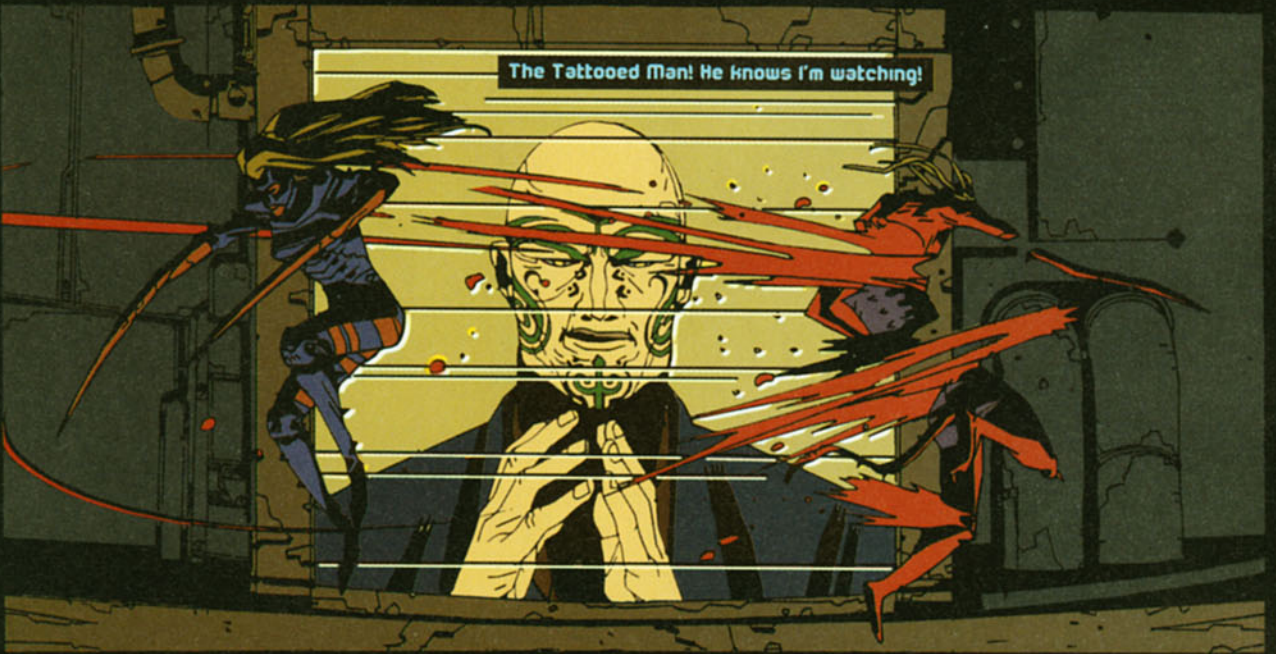
SSWOOOOP



SHUK

SSWOOOSSH

The Tattooed Man! He knows I'm watching!



Attacked.



no.



no!





HOOR THREE

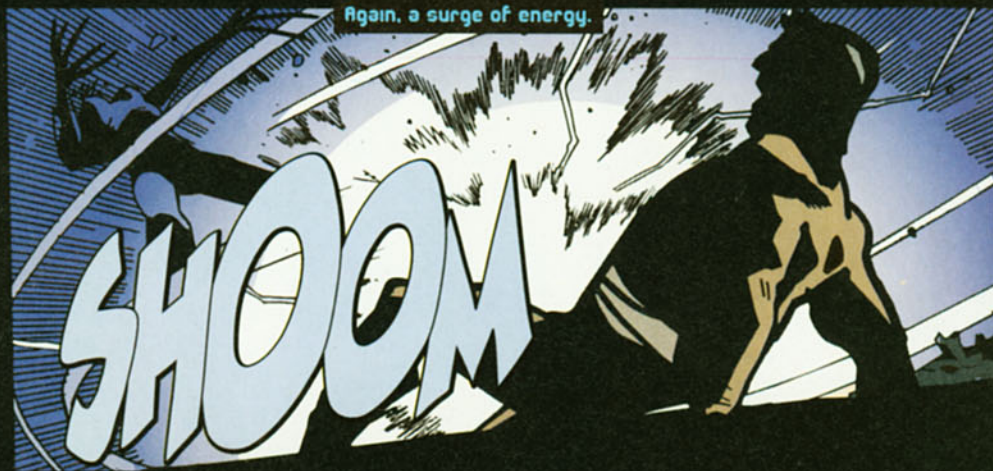
A place of business. The smell of disinfectants almost masking the sweat.

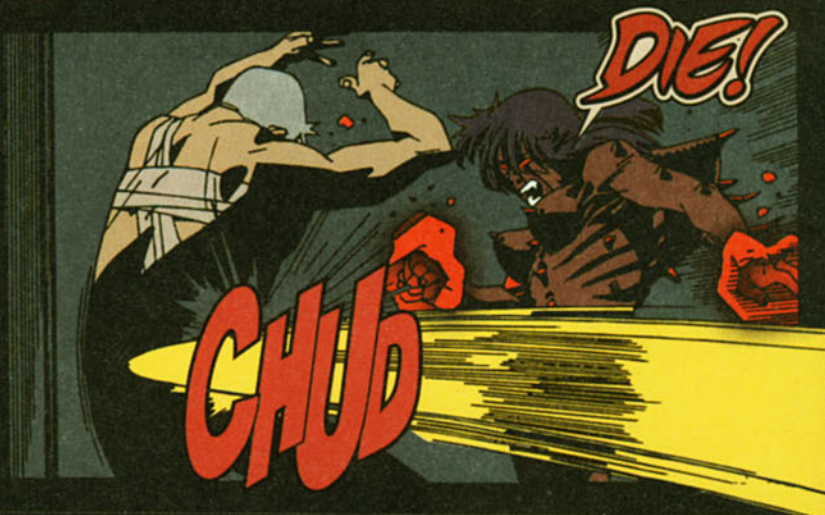
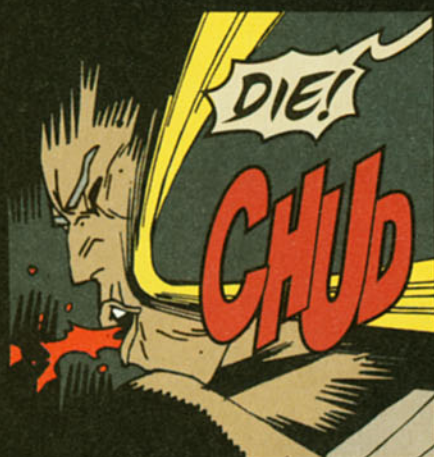
WHO...?

RELAX.

LET ME
TAKE CARE
OF YOU.

Her lips burn my skin.









--YAAHH!

GUUNCH

KREEESH

UUUH!



WHAT AM I?

DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM



BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP





I DON'T KNOW.
HAVEN'T SEEN YOU OR
HER FOR FOUR DAYS.
NOT SINCE THEY
CAME AT US.

LISTEN,
THEY'RE DOING
A SWEEP! WE'VE
GOT TO GET
OU--

CRACK
GUUNCH!

AARON,
WHAT DID
THEY DO TO
YOU?

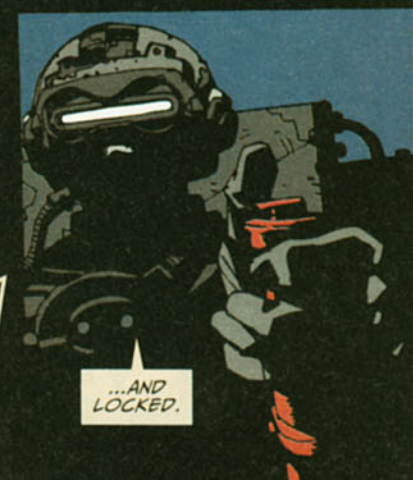
...GRIFF...

ATTENTION! THIS
IS THE POLICE! PUT
YOUR HANDS ABOVE
YOUR HEAD AND KNEEL
ON THE GROUND!

FUCK YOU!
PIGS!

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA





... CONTINUED ON PAGE 108

FISTFUL OF BLOOD

LET'S
SEE HERE--AH
YES, BEHIND THE
BAR!

NOW I
KNOW ITS BEEN
A WHILE SINCE I'VE
SEEN A NAKED WOMAN--
AND FOR SURE I'VE
NEVER SEEN A
NAKED ONE THAT
LOOKS LIKE
YOU...

...I'M JUST
TRYING TO BE A
GENTLEMAN...

...HERE...

CLICK

..."LOST
AND FOUND"...
SHIT!

EASY NOW--
LOOK-OLD JUNK--
IT'S JUST--

HEY--
MY OLD
WATCH!

THE REST
IS YOURS FOR
THE TAKING!

FAWUMP



WHEW BOY,
MISSY--I'D SAY
YOU'RE PROOF THERE
IS A GOD!



I'LL BET
YOU'RE FROM FRANCE
OR SOMETHING...AND
ANOTHER THING, THE WAY
YOU ESCAPED THE
VON BISMARK
CLAN...



...YOU MUST...
BE PRETTY HANDY
...WITH THOSE!





PRETTY
HANDY
INDEED!

HMMM

HOTTER THAN
A WITCH'S ARMPIT
OUT TODAY!

SUCKS,
ESPECIALLY
HERE.



YOU
KNOW, THIS
USED TO BE
A GREAT
PLACE--

--BEFORE
"THEY" CAME
TO TOWN...



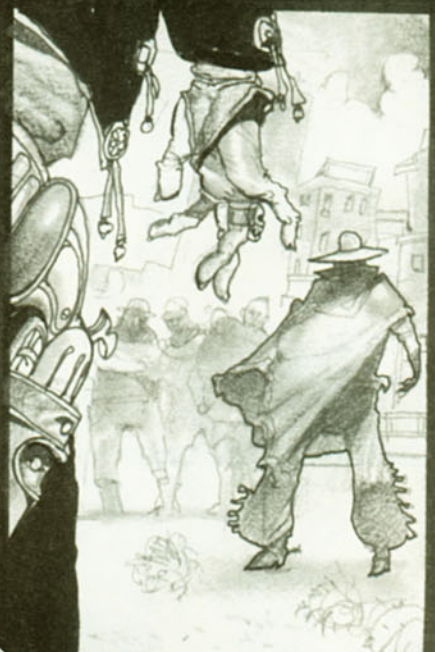
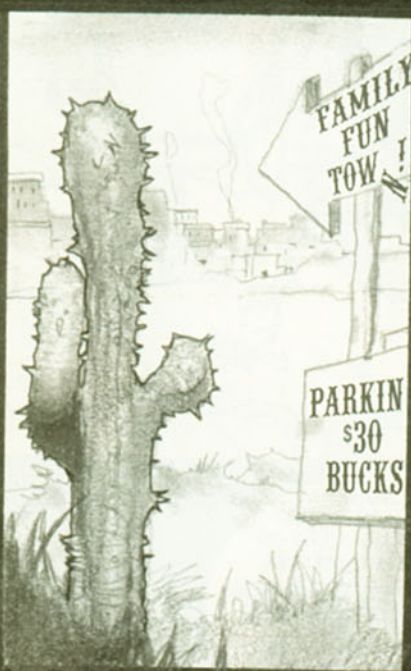
I LIVED
HERE ALL
MY LIFE...
...THEY USED
TO FILM HERE
BACK IN THE
DAY--

--A TELEVISION
SERIES CALLED

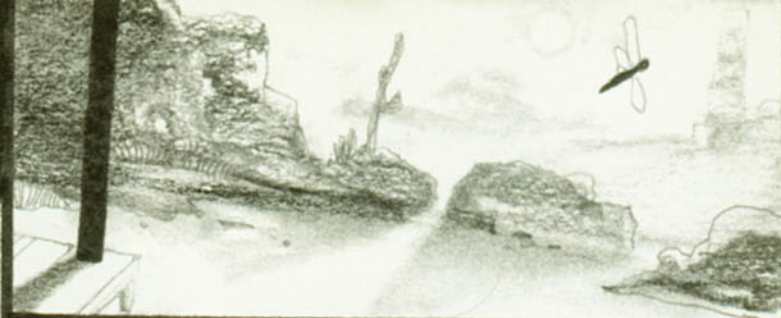
**SHANGHAI
SHERIFF**



THAT WAS
COOL, BUT HOLLYWOOD
REALLY PUT THIS TOWN ON
THE MAP WHEN THEY MADE
"FISTFUL OF BLOOD"
HERE WITH THAT ROCK-N-ROLL
SINGER GUY--GEEZ
THAT WAS A
FILM!



I'LL
BE RIGHT
BACK.





THERE,
THERE, GIRLY--
WE COME IN
PEACE.




SURPRISED
TO SEE ME? YEAH,
SOME OF US DON'T
DIE SO EASILY.

LET'S
MAKE A
DEAL.



I WANT
TO HIRE
YOU.



YOU SEE--
WE USED TO RUN
THIS TOWN ALL BY OUR
LONESOME AND ALL
USED TO BE
PEACEFUL AND
PROFITABLE...

...THEN
THE McDONALD
CLAN SHOWED UP--
AND SCREWED THE
WHOLE THING
UP!

WALTZING
IN HERE, TAKING
OVER HALF OUR TOWN
AND HALF OUR
PROFITS!

WELL--
I'VE HAD
ENOUGH--I WANT
THEM DEAD SO BAD
I CAN **TASTE**
IT!

WITH
A RINGER
LIKE YOU ON OUR
SIDE--WE'RE SURE
TO KICK ASS!



JUST
NAME YOUR
PRICE.
HEH!

TO BE CONTINUED

KYBOR'S RAIN

PAHEK ©

DO YOU BELIEVE IN KYBOR'S RAIN? NO? IT'S BECAUSE YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN "KYBOR'S BOOK OF DESTINY"...

A LONG TIME AGO THE DESTINY OF OUR PLANET WAS WRITTEN IN KYBOR. AND THE RAIN KEPT IT A REALITY...

... IT ALWAYS WANDERED ABOVE THE LIFE OF ALL BEINGS. MAKING SURE THAT DESTINY'S WAYS WERE THE "KYBOR'S WAYS"...



THAT GREEN BASTARD IS STILL OVER THERE...

HE KILLED FIVE OF US. WE CAN'T THROW HIM OUTTA THE BUNKER. EVEN IF WE DID, HE CAN SURVIVE FIFTEEN DAYS WITHOUT FOOD... THAT BLOOD THIRSTY BEAST...

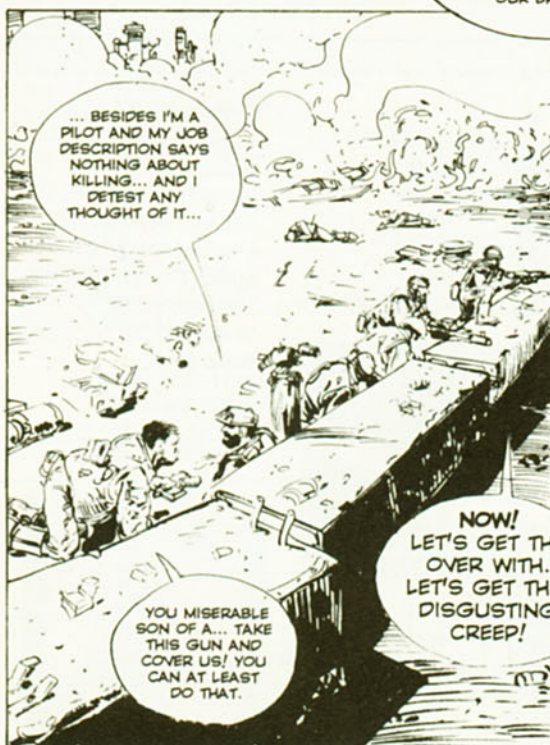
BUT WE CAN'T WAIT. THE FLAMES WILL DESTROY ANYTHING VALUABLE LEFT HERE!



OK BOYS. HE'S ALONE, AND THERE'S SIX OF US. LET'S CHARGE. HE CAN ONLY HIT ONE OF US.

IT'S OUR HEADS THAT'S AT STAKE, ORVIE... IT'S THE HONOR OF THE EARTH'S CONFEDERACY AND THE PRESTIGE OF MANKIND IN THIS PART OF THE GALAXY WE'RE DEALING WITH HERE. AND THAT SKIRIONIAN HAS ALREADY KILLED FIVE OF OUR BROTHERS.

LISTEN, FATSO... I DON'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT THE EARTH'S CONFEDERACY... OR ABOUT ALL MANKIND, FOR THAT MATTER... I DIDN'T START THIS WAR... AND I HAVE NOTHING AGAINST THAT SKIRIONIAN... AND THOSE FIVE FOOLS WERE NO BROTHERS OF MINE...



... BESIDES I'M A PILOT AND MY JOB DESCRIPTION SAYS NOTHING ABOUT KILLING... AND I DETEST ANY THOUGHT OF IT...

YOU MISERABLE SON OF A... TAKE THIS GUN AND COVER US! YOU CAN AT LEAST DO THAT.

NOW! LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH. LET'S GET THIS DISGUSTING CREEP!



POCH!!

BWAM! BWAM! BWAM!

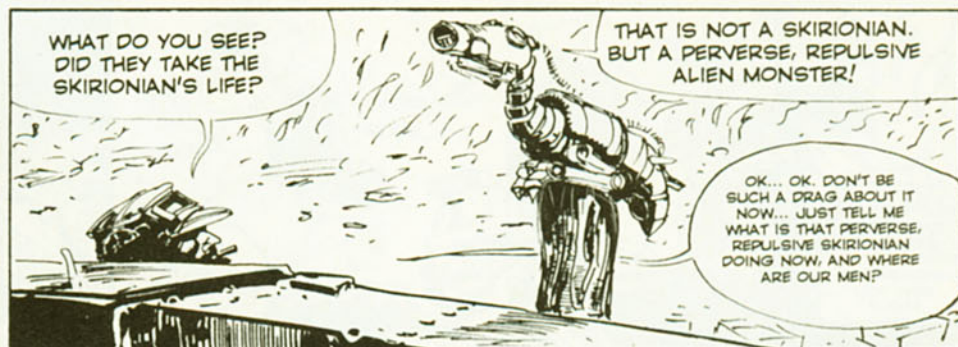
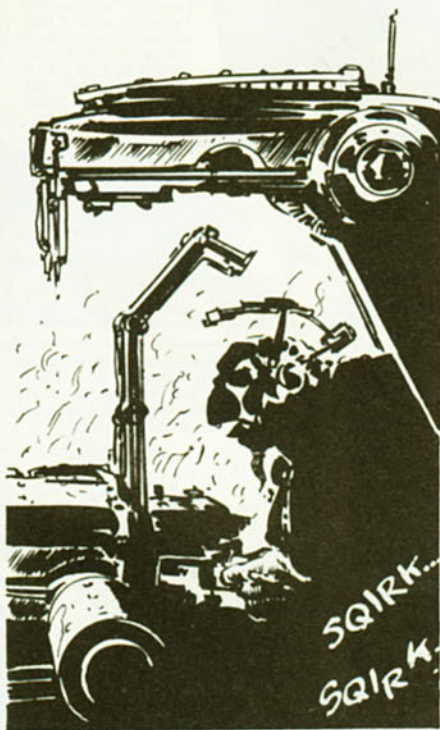


BWAM! BWAM!



YOU ARE A DESERTER ORVIE...

YEAH... I'M A DESERTER.



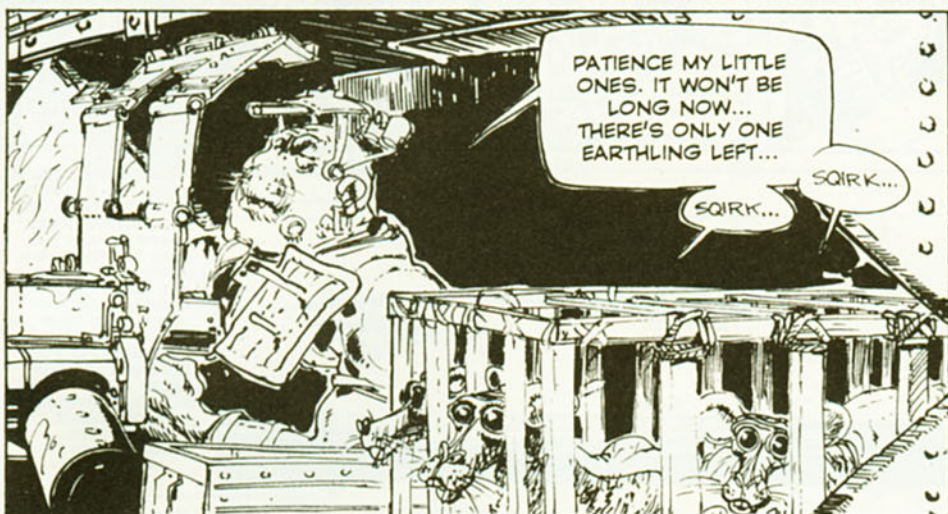
WHAT DO YOU SEE?
DID THEY TAKE THE
SKIRIONIAN'S LIFE?

THAT IS NOT A SKIRIONIAN.
BUT A PERVERSE, REPULSIVE
ALIEN MONSTER!

OK... OK. DON'T BE
SUCH A DRAG ABOUT IT
NOW... JUST TELL ME
WHAT IS THAT PERVERSE,
REPULSIVE SKIRIONIAN
DOING NOW, AND WHERE
ARE OUR MEN?

THE SKIRIONIAN IS STILL OUT THERE...
AND OUR MEN ARE... DEAD! ALL OF THEM!

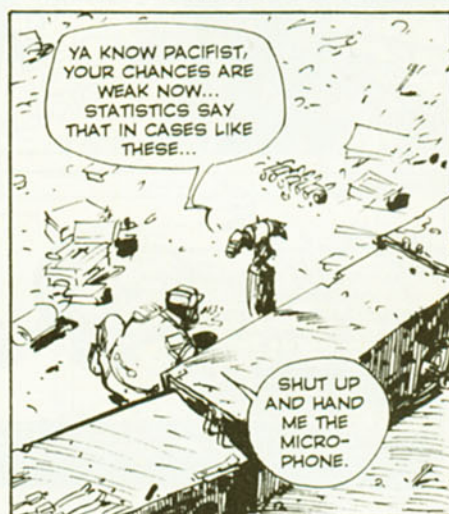
THIS SUCKS! I KNEW THIS MESS WOULD
GET TO BE COMPLICATED.
SKIRIONIANS OBVIOUSLY DON'T FOLLOW
THE EARTH'S MILITARY DOCTRINES...



PATIENCE MY LITTLE
ONES. IT WON'T BE
LONG NOW...
THERE'S ONLY ONE
EARTHLING LEFT...

SQIRK...

SQIRK...



YA KNOW PACIFIST,
YOUR CHANCES ARE
WEAK NOW...
STATISTICS SAY
THAT IN CASES LIKE
THESE...

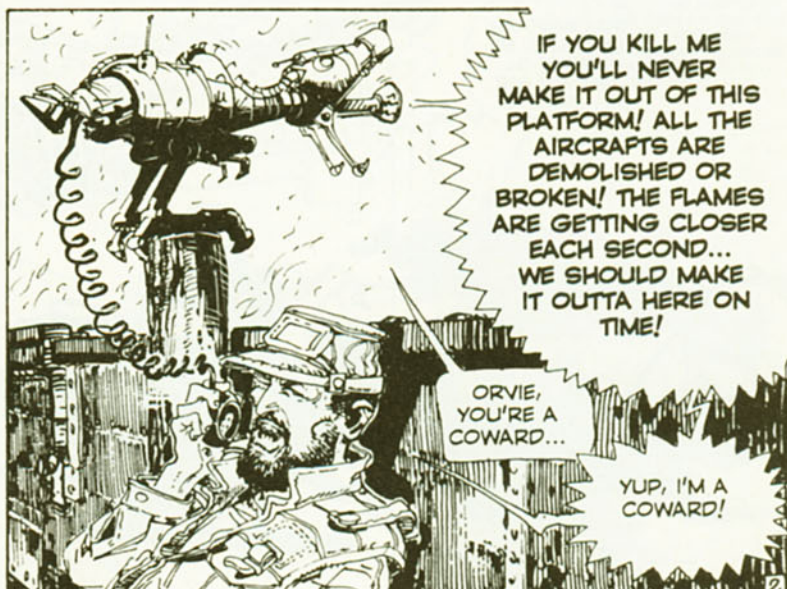
SHUT UP
AND HAND
ME THE
MICRO-
PHONE.



HEY SKIRIONIAN!
YA HEAR ME?
I WANNA MAKE
A DEAL!

SQIRK...

SQIRK...



IF YOU KILL ME
YOU'LL NEVER
MAKE IT OUT OF THIS
PLATFORM! ALL THE
AIRCRAFTS ARE
DEMOLISHED OR
BROKEN! THE FLAMES
ARE GETTING CLOSER
EACH SECOND...
WE SHOULD MAKE
IT OUTTA HERE ON
TIME!

ORVIE,
YOU'RE A
COWARD...

YUP, I'M A
COWARD!



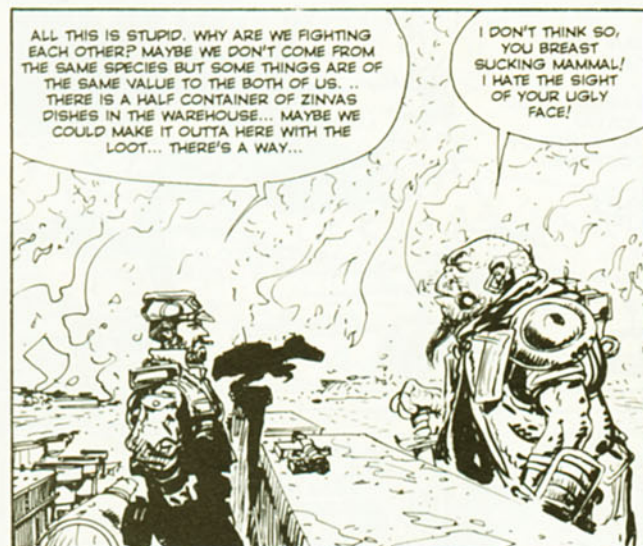
HERE IT COMES, THAT... THAT REPULSIVE BEAST! GET HIM NOW! GET HIM NOW, YOU FOOL!!

NO! I GAVE MY WORD.



HERE I AM, EARTHLING. I AM NOT A COWARD. I COULD MAKE IT FOR 30 DAYS AND NIGHTS WITHOUT FOOD AND WATER BUT MY LITTLE ONES COULDN'T. SO TALK! I WANNA HEAR THAT PROPOSITION OF YOURS!

SQIRK SQIRK



ALL THIS IS STUPID. WHY ARE WE FIGHTING EACH OTHER? MAYBE WE DON'T COME FROM THE SAME SPECIES BUT SOME THINGS ARE OF THE SAME VALUE TO THE BOTH OF US. ... THERE IS A HALF CONTAINER OF ZINVAS DISHES IN THE WAREHOUSE... MAYBE WE COULD MAKE IT OUTTA HERE WITH THE LOOT... THERE'S A WAY...

I DON'T THINK SO, YOU BREAST SUCKING MAMMAL! I HATE THE SIGHT OF YOUR UGLY FACE!

YOU HAVE NO CHOICE, SKIRIONIAN! 'CAUSE OF YOUR LITTLE ONES... LISTEN. I CAN REPAIR THREE AIRCRAFTS, YOU KNOW THE WAY TO THE SKARAS GATE. SO YOU LEAD THE WAY AND I'LL PROVIDE THE TRANSPORTATION! WE SPLIT THE LOOT FIFTY, FIFTY. WHAT D'YA SAY?

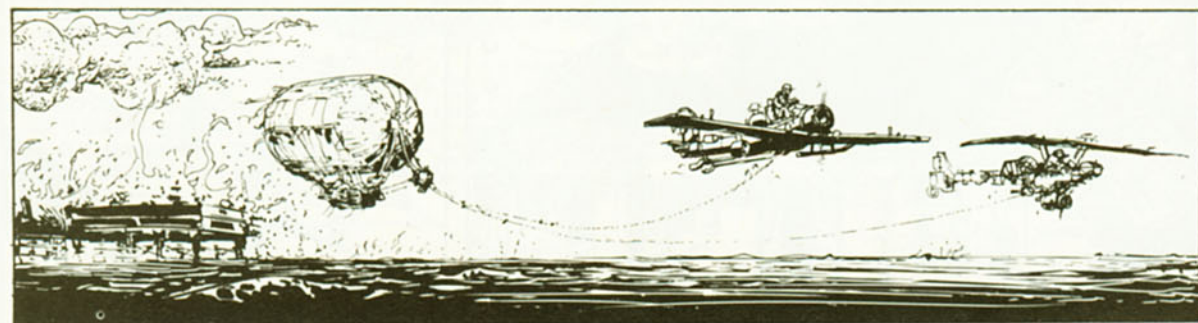


SQIRK SQIRK!



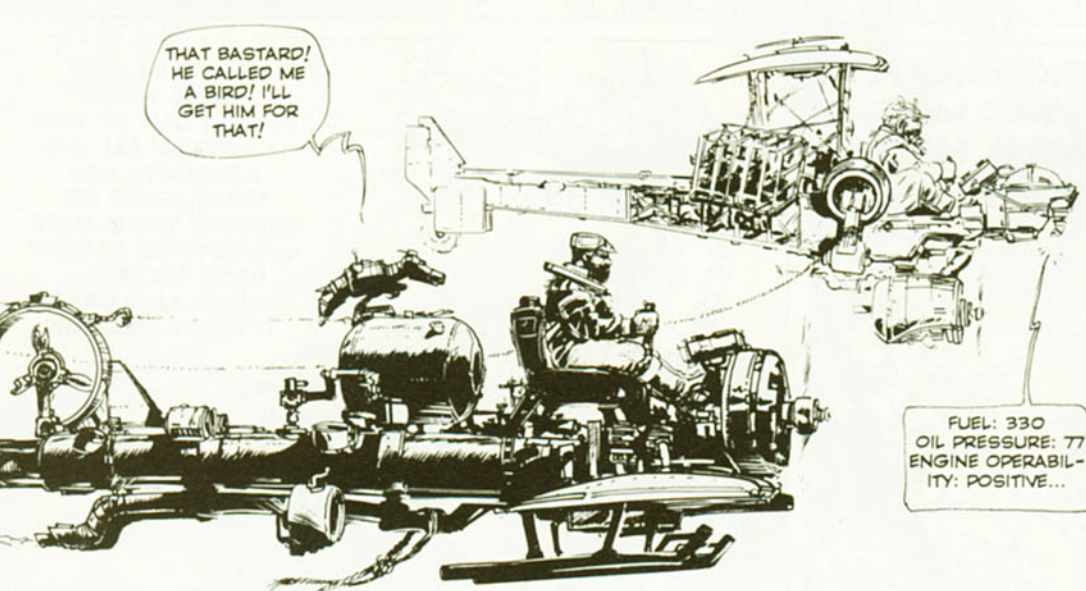
HAVE IT YOUR WAY, WORM. WHEN WE PASS THE GATE OF SKARAS, I DON'T WANNA SEE THE SIGHT OF YOU NOR THAT UGLY BIRD OF YOURS. BUT, TILL THEN WATCH OUT! DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT SLEEPING. THE FIRST CHANCE I GET, I'LL STAB YOU IN THE BACK...

I'LL TRY NOT TO GIVE YOU THE PLEASURE...



THIS TIME IT WAS WRITTEN FOR FLAMES TO FINISH EVERYTHING OFF, BUT SOMETHING HAD HAPPENED, AND THE CHAIN OF EVENTS WAS UNEXPECTEDLY BROKEN. THREE SMALL AIRCRAFTS NARROWLY ESCAPED THE FLAMED TOMB.

... AND THUS FAR AWAY, GLIMPSES OF HEAVY LOADED CLOUDS WERE GATHERING LIKE VAST THREATENING AVALANCHES... THE CLOUDS OF KYBOR'S RAIN!



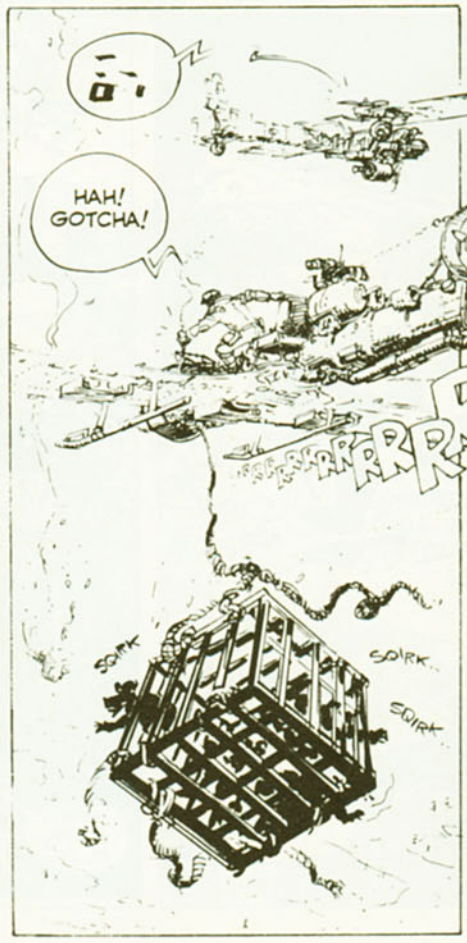
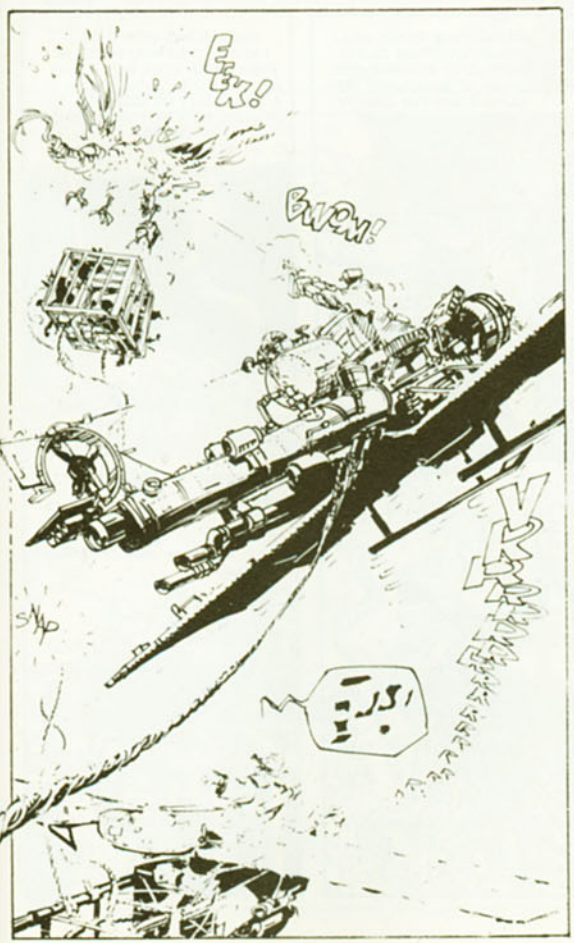
THAT BASTARD! HE CALLED ME A BIRD! I'LL GET HIM FOR THAT!

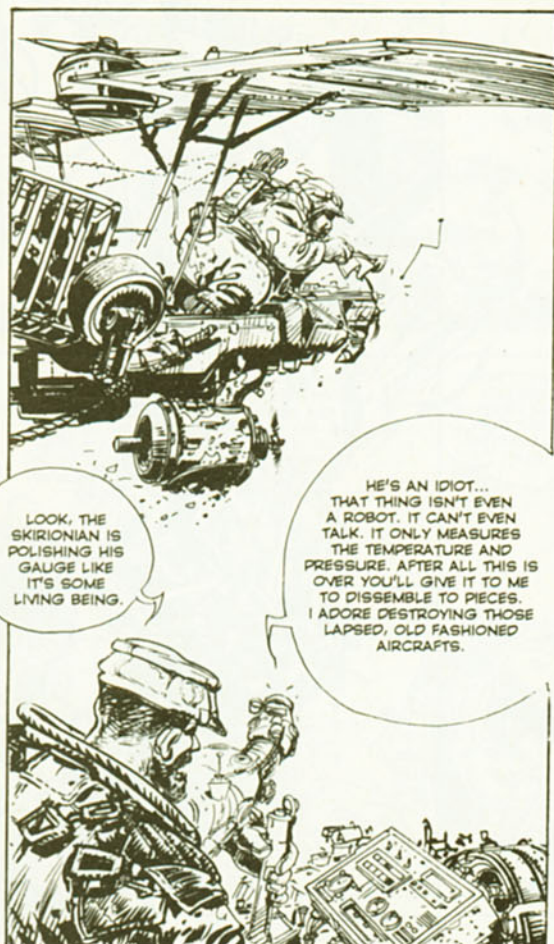
FUEL: 330
OIL PRESSURE: 77
ENGINE OPERABILITY: POSITIVE...



LISTEN MAMMAL, DIRECT YOUR AIRCRAFT TO THE LEFT!! WE OUGHT TO CROSS OVER THOSE MOUNTAIN PEAKS. IT'LL BE COLD AND VERY DANGEROUS...

PAHEK 3





LOOK, THE SKIRIONIAN IS POLISHING HIS GAUGE LIKE IT'S SOME LIVING BEING.

HE'S AN IDIOT... THAT THING ISN'T EVEN A ROBOT. IT CAN'T EVEN TALK. IT ONLY MEASURES THE TEMPERATURE AND PRESSURE. AFTER ALL THIS IS OVER YOU'LL GIVE IT TO ME TO DISSEMBLE TO PIECES. I ADORE DESTROYING THOSE LAPSED, OLD FASHIONED AIRCRAFTS.



I COULD KILL HIM NOW... HE WOULDN'T EVEN KNOW WHAT HIT HIM...



ORVIE! THAT REPULSIVE CREATURE IS UP TO SOMETHING... HE'S FALLING BACK ON PURPOSE... HE'S GONNA SHOOT!!...

NO HE WON'T!... HE'LL GET OVER IT VERY SOON... HEH... HEH... HE KNOWS THAT IF THE AIRCRAFT MALFUNCTIONS, HE'LL BE COMPLETELY HELPLESS... PLUS, I DON'T THINK HE'S SUCH A MEAN CASE AFTER ALL...



I'M GONNA CUT HIS THROAT. NOBODY DOES A FAVOR FOR A SKIRIONIAN... NOBODY SAVES SKIRIONIAN YOUNGSTERS AND LIVES TO TELL THE STORY... NOBODY GETS AWAY WITH IT... NOBODY! THE HOLY SCRIPTURE SAYS SO!!!

SQUIRK!
EK...
EK...

OH, MY LITTLE ONES!!!



SQUIRK!
KII...
KI...



DAMN! THIS THING WILL GRAB AWAY THE CAGE! DON'T JUST STAND THERE, DAMN IT! GASOLINE! WE MUST BURN THE CREEPY SON OF A BITCH!!!

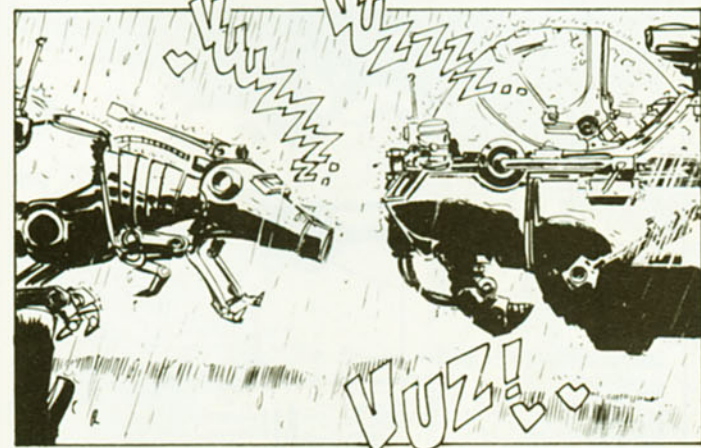
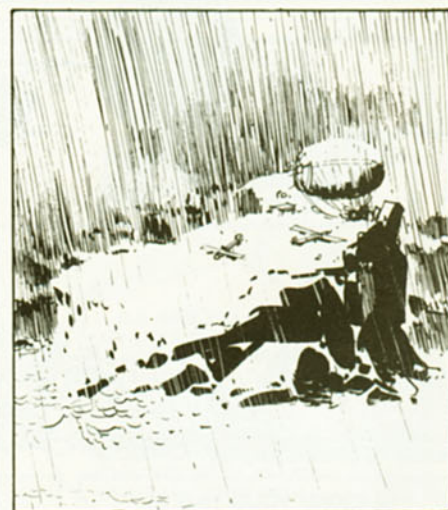
SQUIRK...
SQUIRK...
EK...EK...

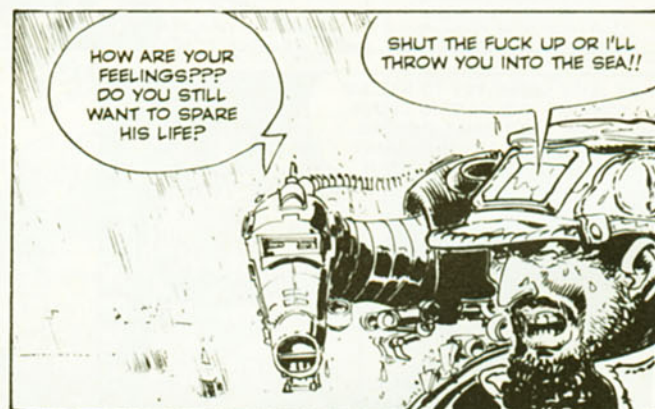
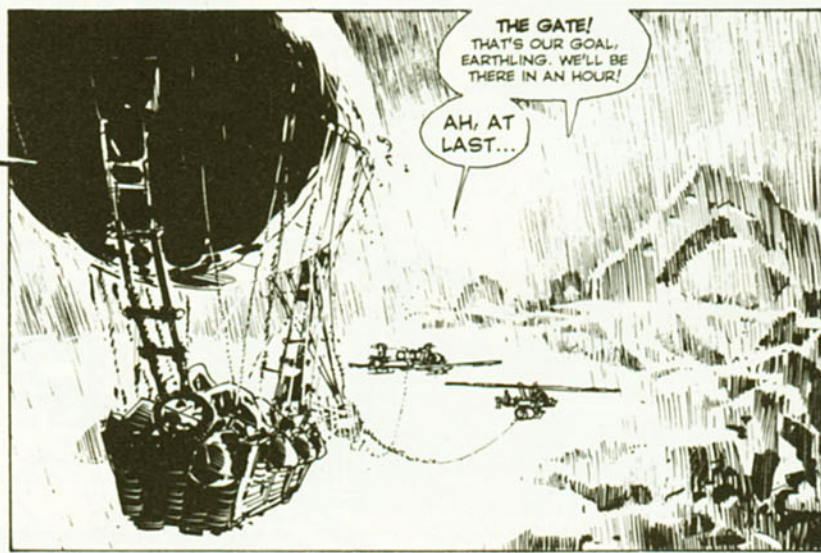
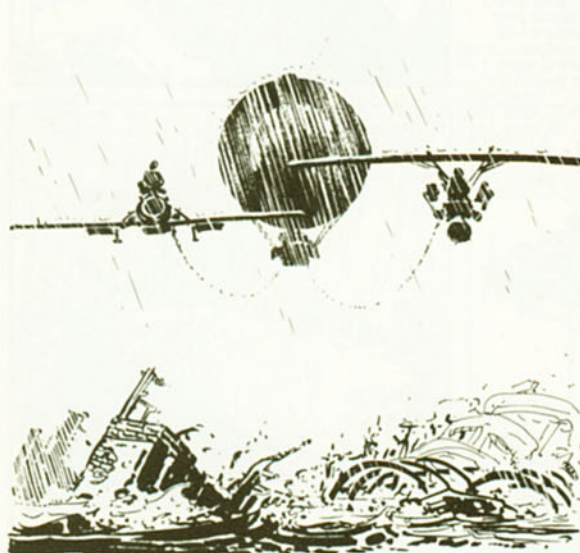
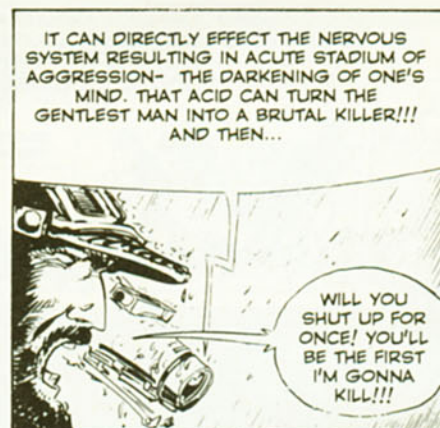
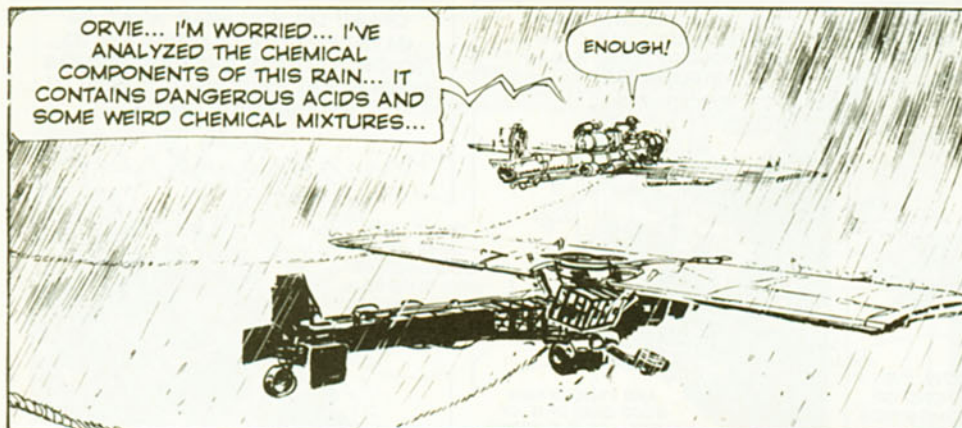


GRUMBLING WON'T DO... I KNOW THAT YOU HATE ME EVEN MORE NOW. BUT I JUST HAD TO DO IT... YOU KNOW, IF A MAN CAN'T BE MERCIFUL TO OTHERS, HE'S NOT WORTHY OF LIVING.

GRNGH
GRNG...

PAHEK





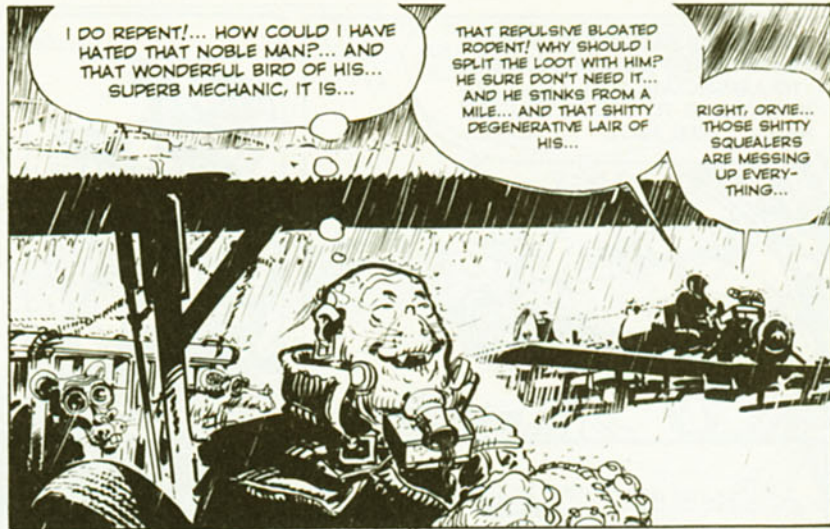


SOMETHING STRANGE IS HAPPENING... THIS RAIN... IT REALLY FEELS GOOD... AND THE DAY IS BRIGHTER... BEAUTIFUL DAY, A REAL SKIRIONIAN ONE... AND THE EARTHLING? I REALLY WOULD LIKE TO SEE HIS FACE NOW... GNAH!... I WAS SO CRUEL TO THAT MAN... UNJUST...

DAMN WEATHER! THIS RAIN BITES MY SKIN! AND THAT FAT BASTARD IS WELL PROTECTED OF COURSE...

IF HE HADN'T DETAINED ME WITH HIS LITTLE ONES, I WOULD'VE BEEN ENJOYIN' A WARM BED AT THE GATE ALREADY!

SQIRK...
SQIRK...



I DO REPENT!... HOW COULD I HAVE HATED THAT NOBLE MAN?... AND THAT WONDERFUL BIRD OF HIS... SUPERB MECHANIC, IT IS...

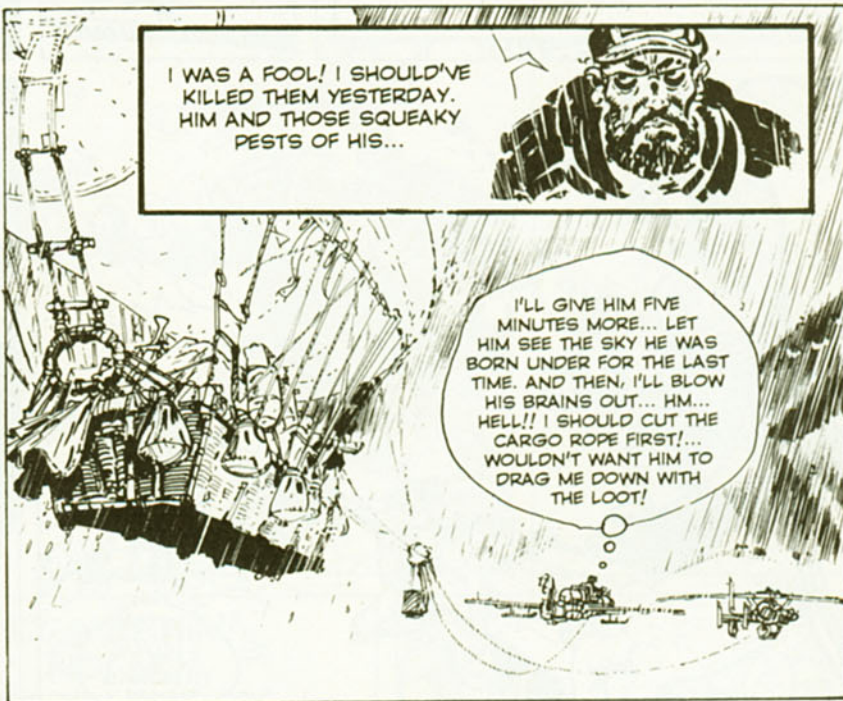
THAT REPULSIVE BLOATED RODENT! WHY SHOULD I SPLIT THE LOOT WITH HIM? HE SURE DON'T NEED IT... AND HE STINKS FROM A MILE... AND THAT SHITTY DEGENERATE LAIR OF HIS...

RIGHT, ORVIE... THOSE SHITTY SQUEALERS ARE MESSING UP EVERYTHING...



IT'S STUPID TO SPLIT THE LOOT IF YOU CAN KEEP IT ALL FOR YOURSELF... BESIDES, IF I DON'T KILL HIM, HE'LL KILL ME...

I'LL SPARE HIS LIFE. I'LL CUT THE ROPE TO THE BALLOON. I'LL JUST GO AND LEAVE HIM WITH MY SHARE OF THE LOOT... I WANT TO REPAY THAT WONDERFUL BEING WITH SUCH A GREAT HEART... HE RESCUED MY LITTLE ONES TWICE, RISKING HIS OWN LIFE SELFLESSLY...



I WAS A FOOL! I SHOULD'VE KILLED THEM YESTERDAY. HIM AND THOSE SQUEAKY PESTS OF HIS...

I'LL GIVE HIM FIVE MINUTES MORE... LET HIM SEE THE SKY HE WAS BORN UNDER FOR THE LAST TIME. AND THEN, I'LL BLOW HIS BRAINS OUT... HM... HELL!! I SHOULD CUT THE CARGO ROPE FIRST!... WOULDN'T WANT HIM TO DRAG ME DOWN WITH THE LOOT!



HIS HAND IS GETTING CLOSER TO THE KNIFE... HE MUST HAVE BEEN THINKIN' ABOUT THE SAME THING TOO... CREEPY, GREEDY BASTARD! SO BE IT! LET HIM CHOOSE THE MOMENT OF HIS OWN DEATH!



I'LL BE THE FIRST TO OFFER THE HAND OF TRUCE. HE'LL SEE THAT SKIRIONIANS CAN BE LIKE HUMANS...



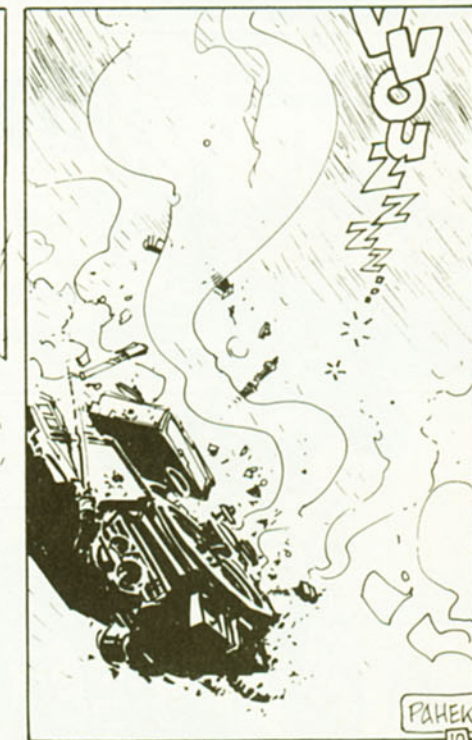
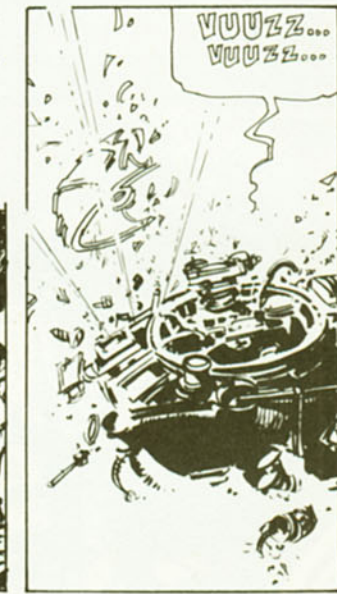
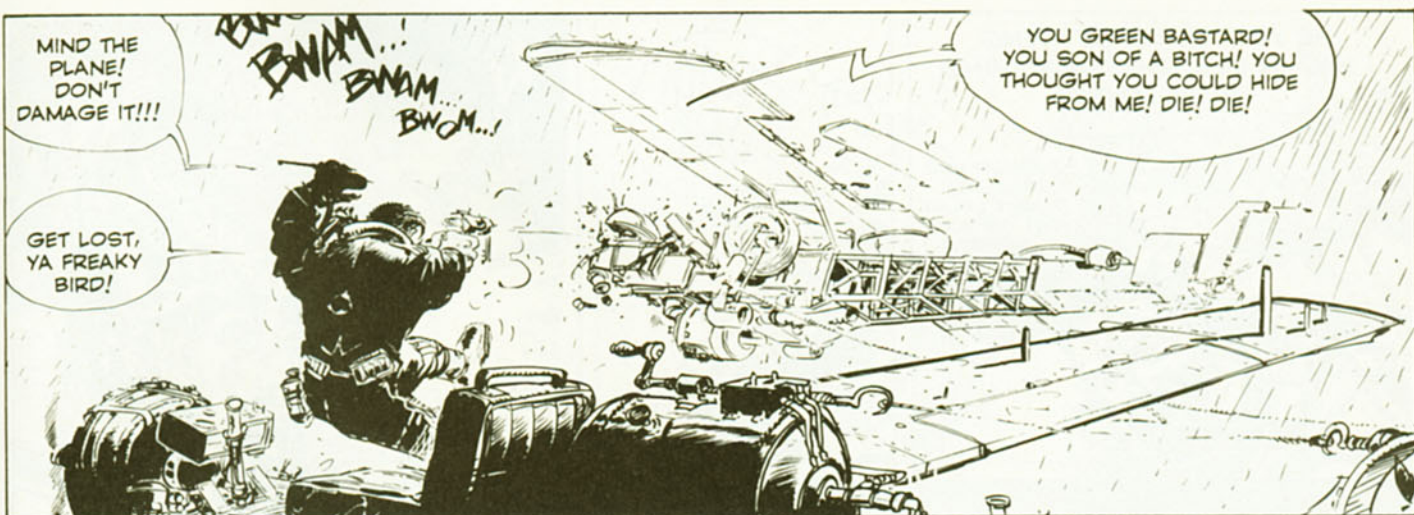
HA! I WAS WAITING FOR YOU! DIE, YOU BASTARD!!!

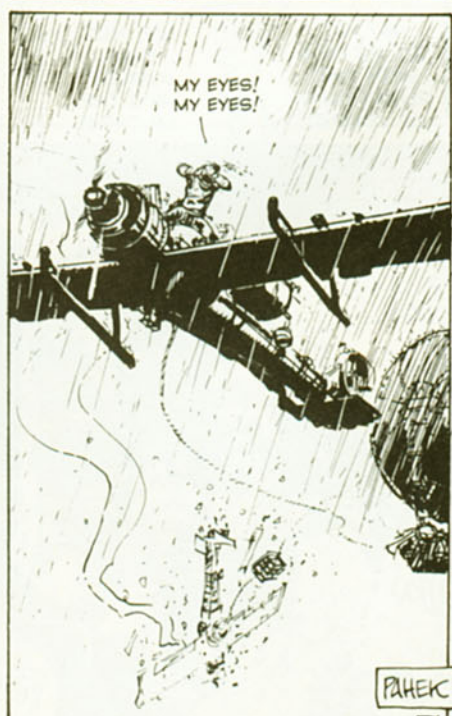
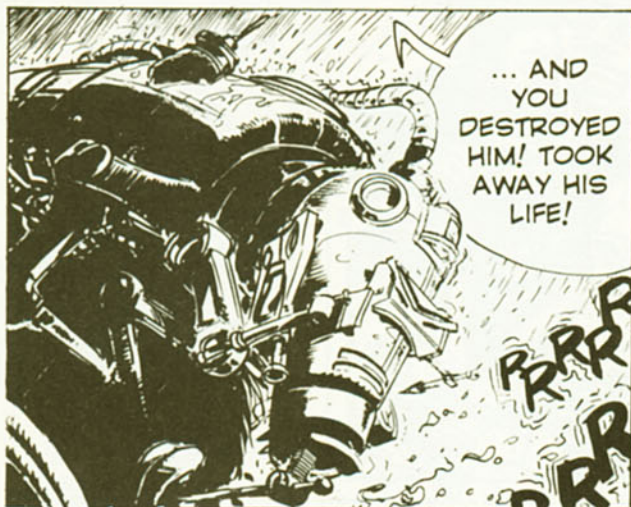
DAMN... IT'S STUCK!

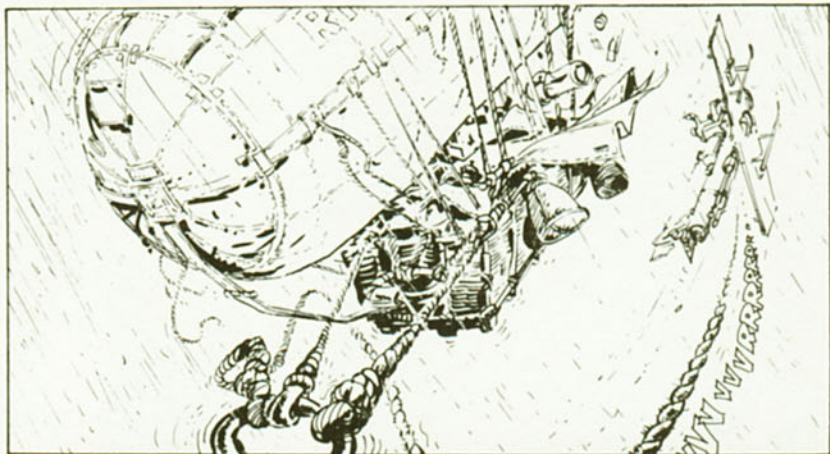
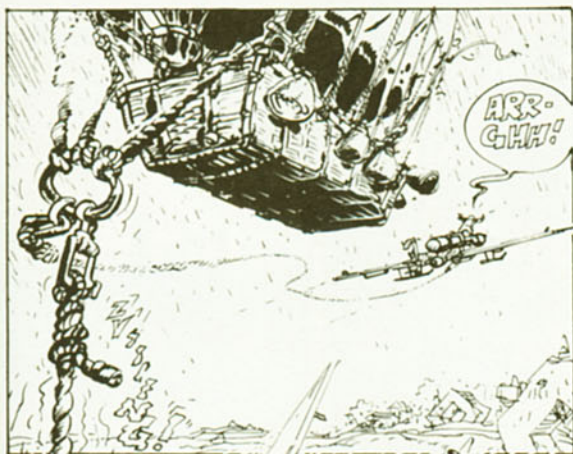
IT CAN'T FIRE, OF COURSE... WATER DOESN'T APPEAL TO ANY AMMO...

FAHEK





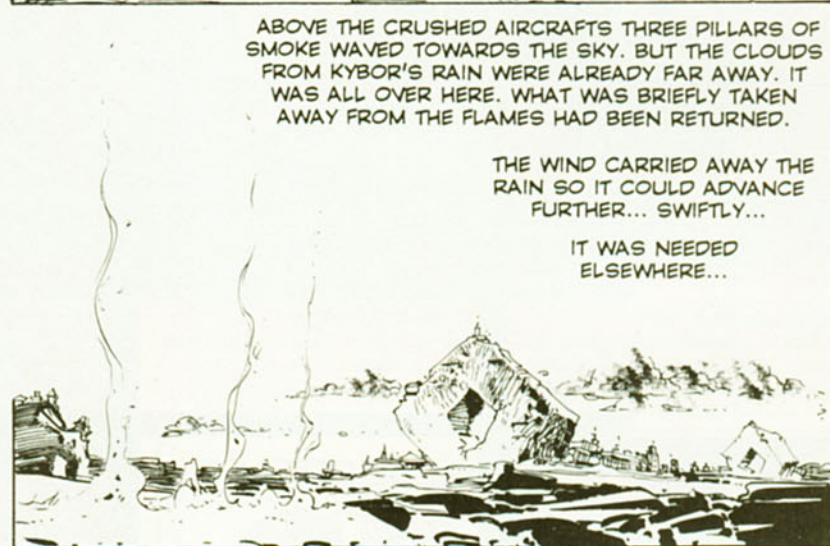


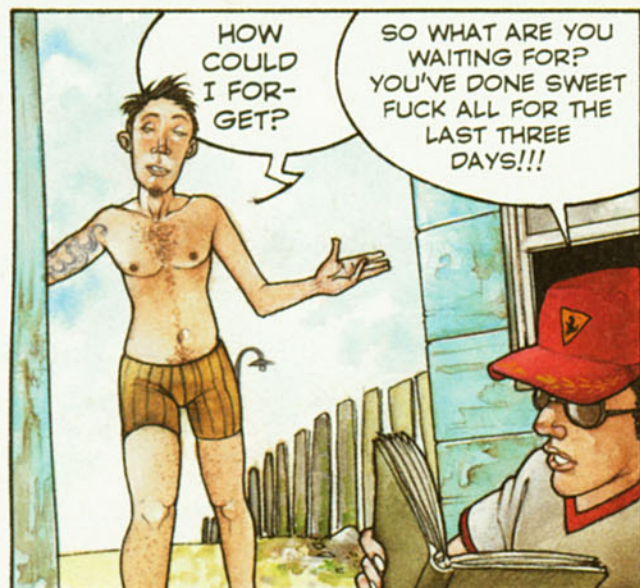
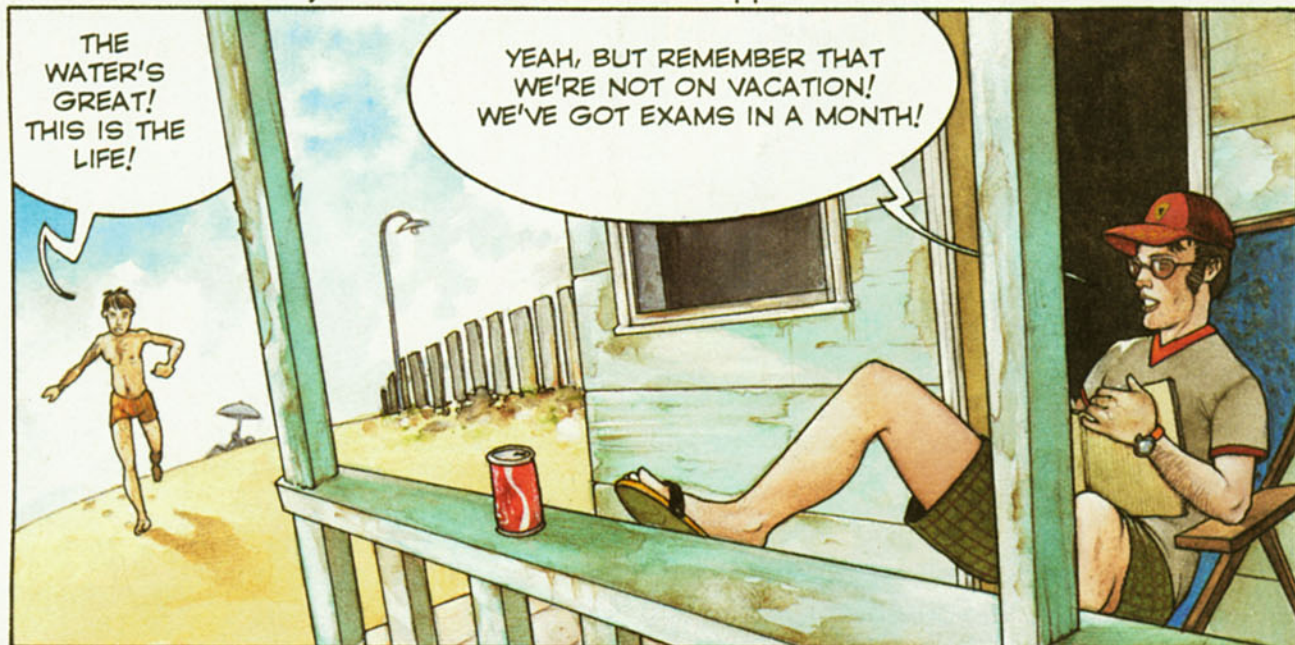


ABOVE THE CRUSHED AIRCRAFTS THREE PILLARS OF SMOKE WAVED TOWARDS THE SKY. BUT THE CLOUDS FROM KYBOR'S RAIN WERE ALREADY FAR AWAY. IT WAS ALL OVER HERE. WHAT WAS BRIEFLY TAKEN AWAY FROM THE FLAMES HAD BEEN RETURNED.

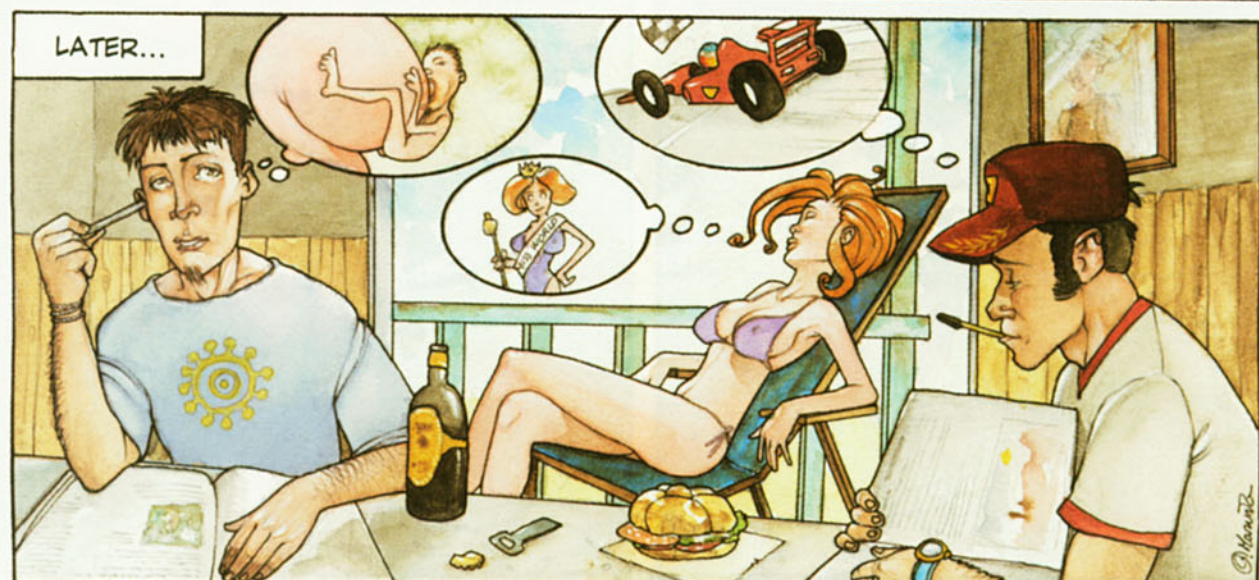
THE WIND CARRIED AWAY THE RAIN SO IT COULD ADVANCE FURTHER... SWIFTLY...

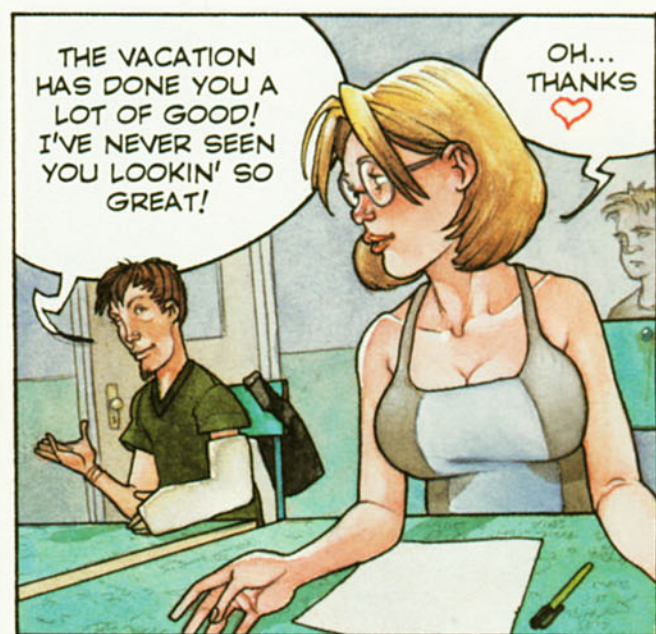
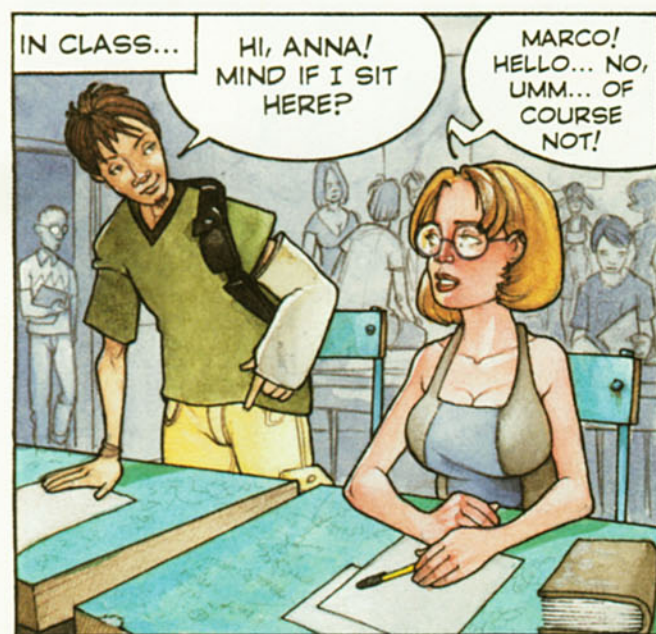
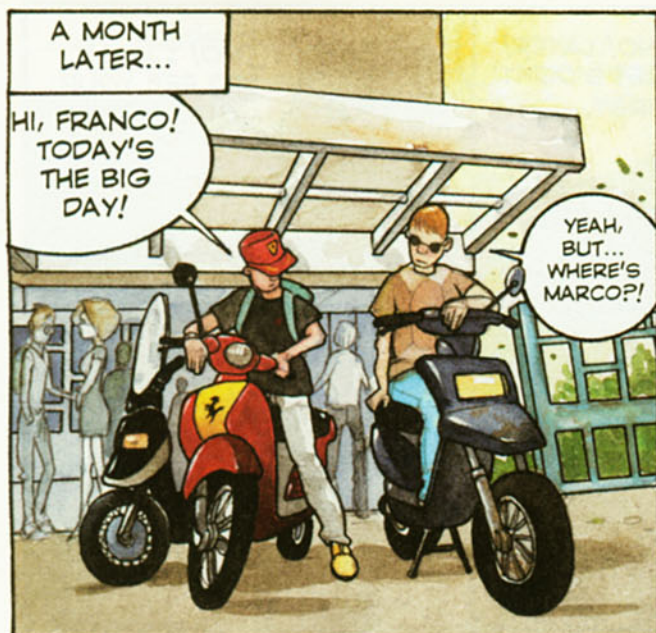
IT WAS NEEDED ELSEWHERE...













...DO ME NOW!

WAIT, FIRST
LET ME SEE
YOUR TITS!



NO! LATER!
LET'S DO IT
FIRST...

NO! I WANT
TO SEE YOUR
TITS NOW!



HEY... THEY'RE
PADDED!

?!



SIGH!

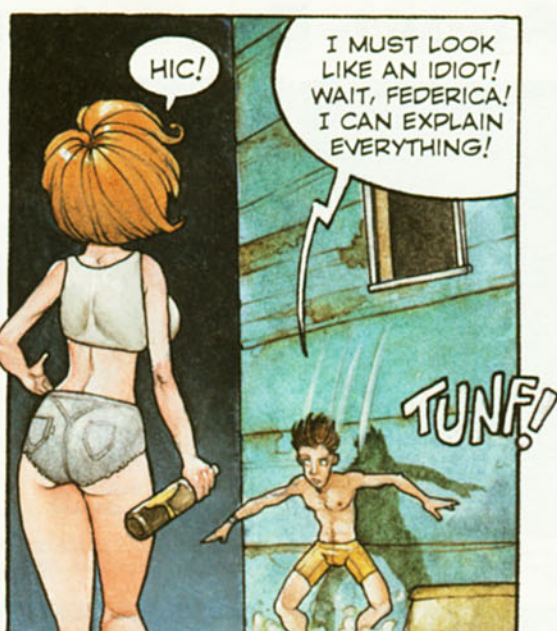


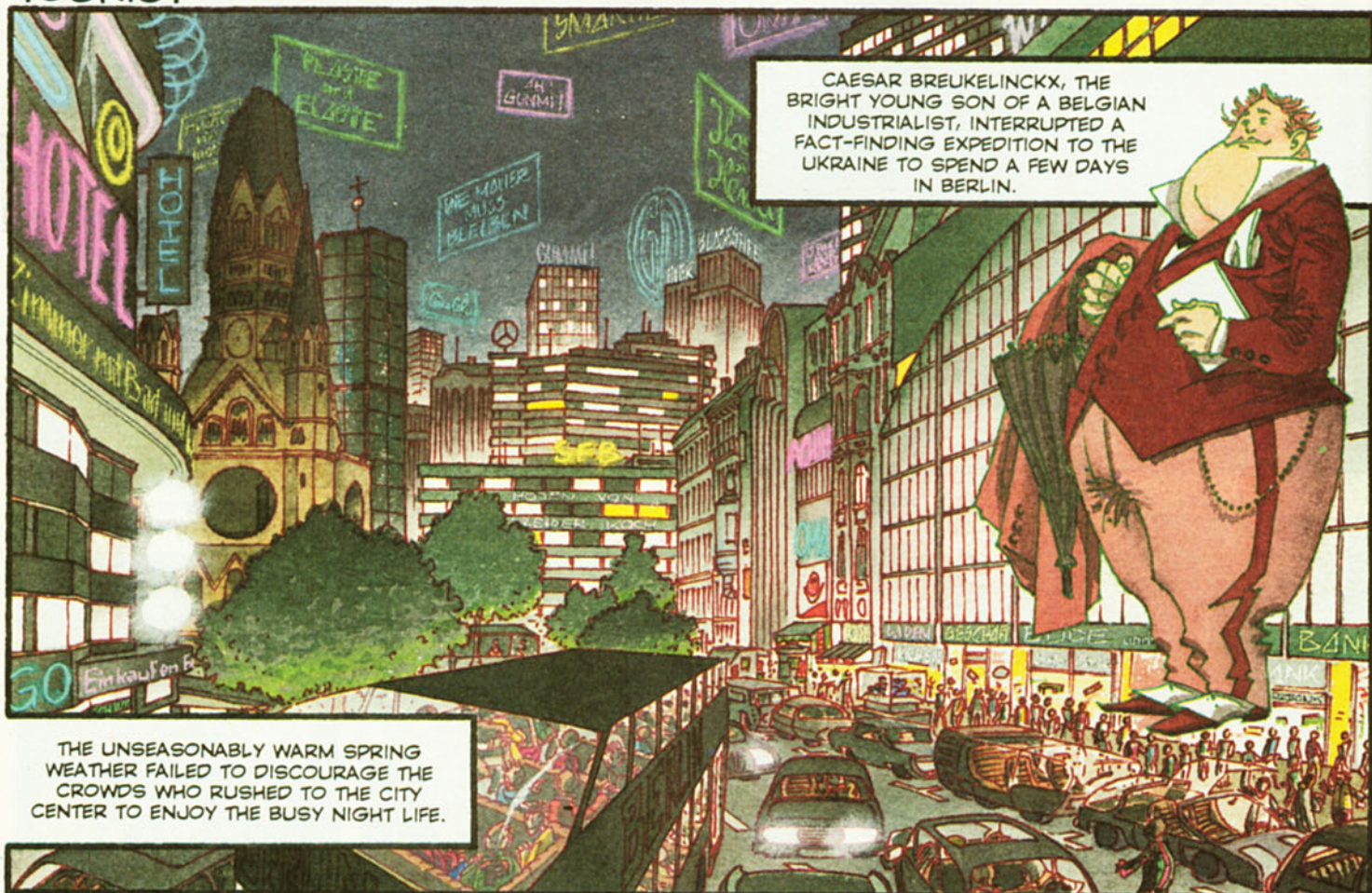
A FEW WEEKS
LATER...

SO, HOW
WAS THE
WATER?

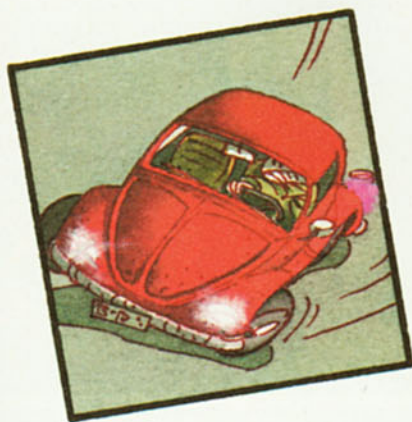
SHE'S GONE
TO A PARTY.
SHE'LL BE
BACK SOON!

GREAT!
I'M GOING
TO TAKE A
SHOWER...
WHERE'S YOUR
SISTER?

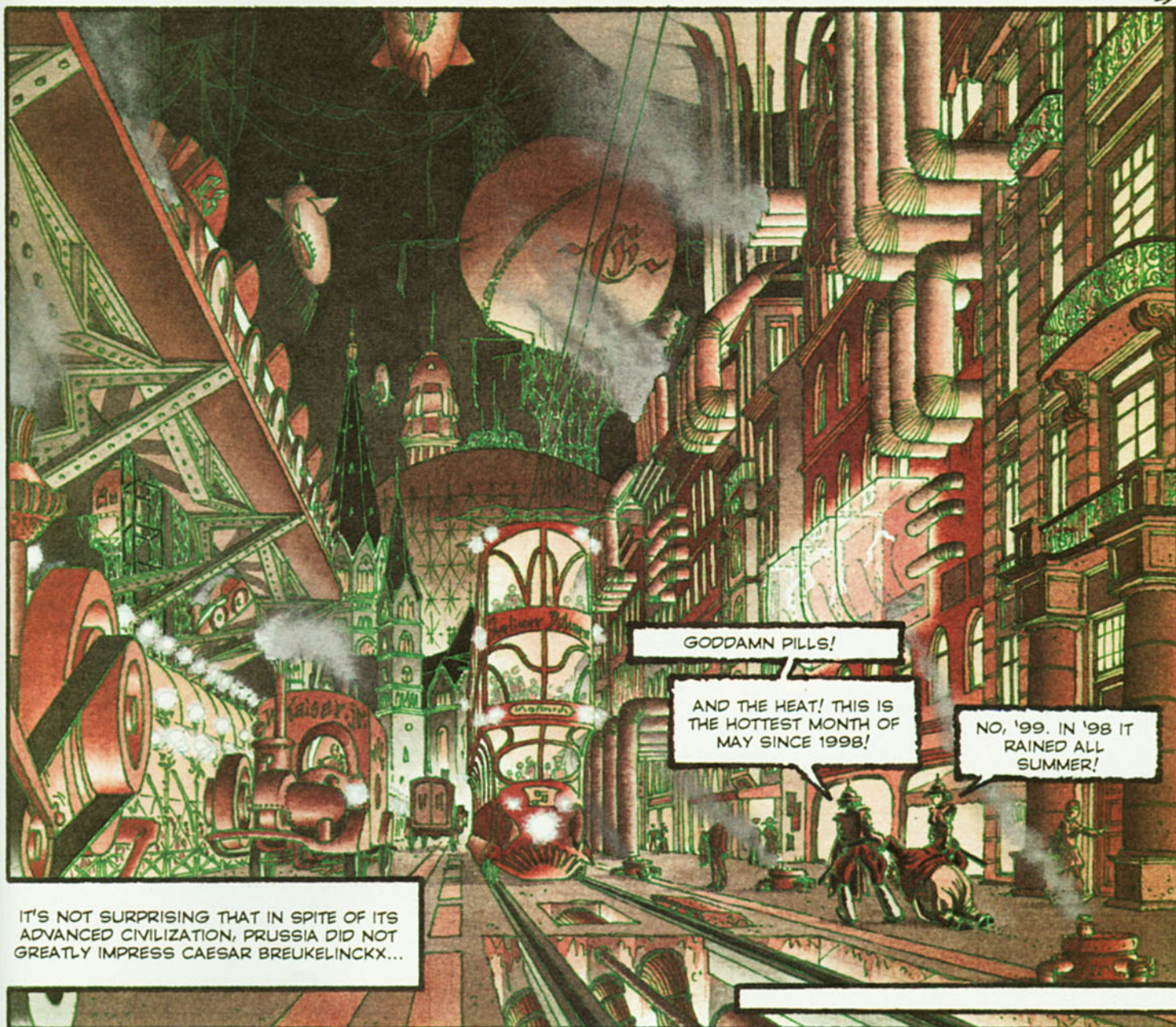




GIVE ME FIVE BUCKS!









VISION.

Bound to the Doctor's harness.
Terrible pain. A grinning face.
A flashing knife. Ice cutting
his heart.

DONG
DONG
DONG
DONG

RAAUGH!

DONG

UNGHH...

YOU!

HOUR FIVE



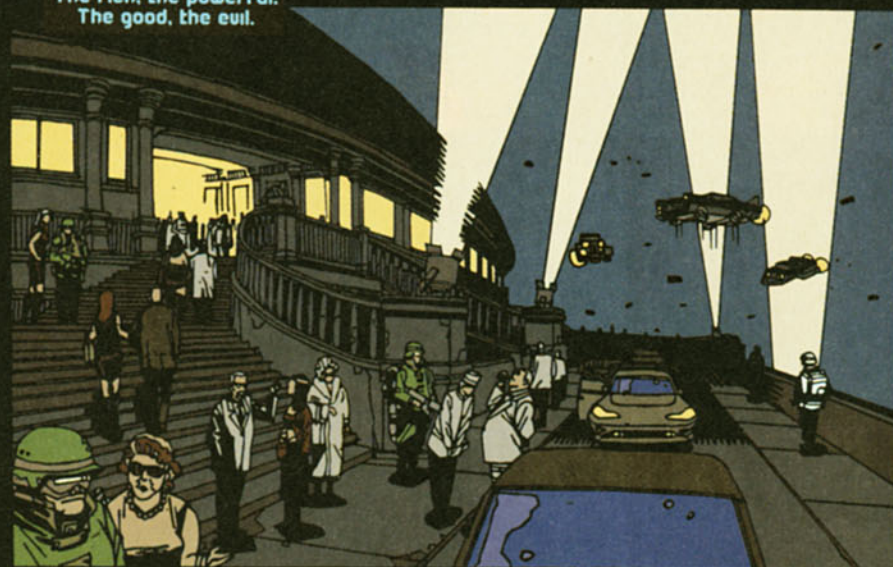
City Hall.



The celebrants arrive.



The rich, the powerful.
The good, the evil.



And one other.



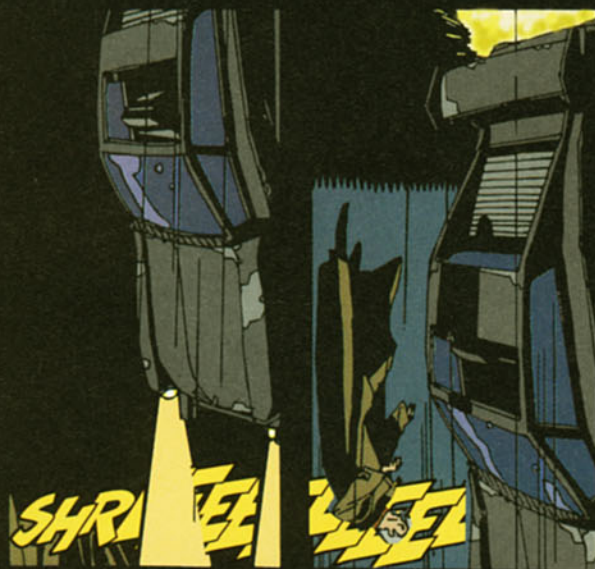
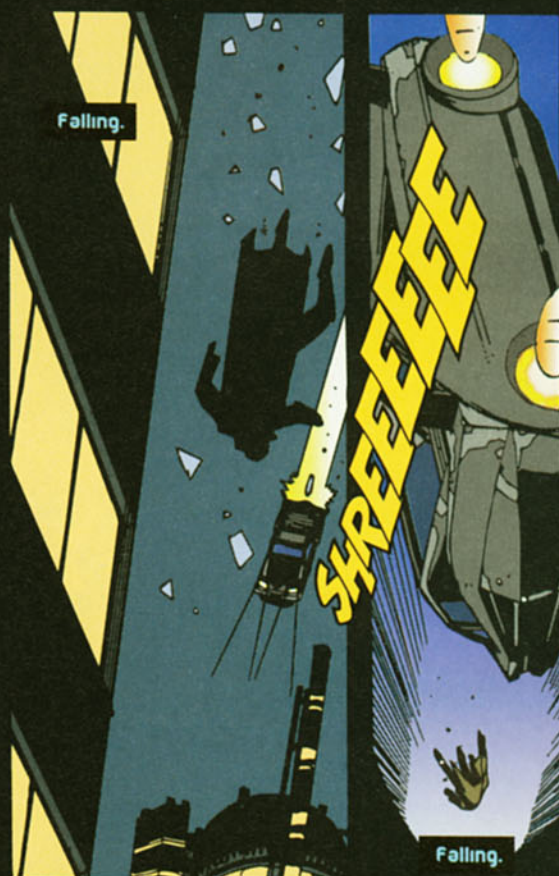


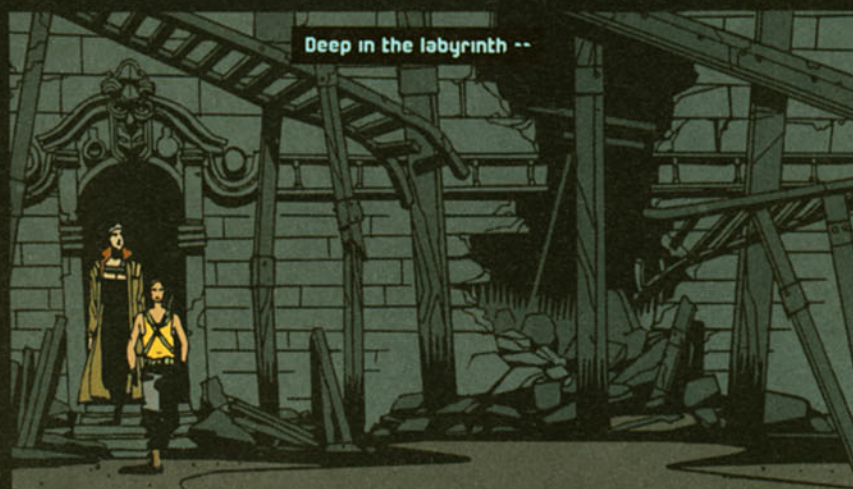
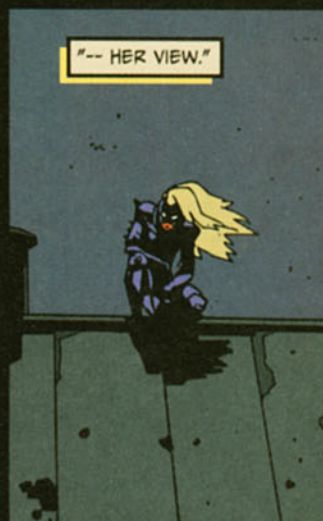
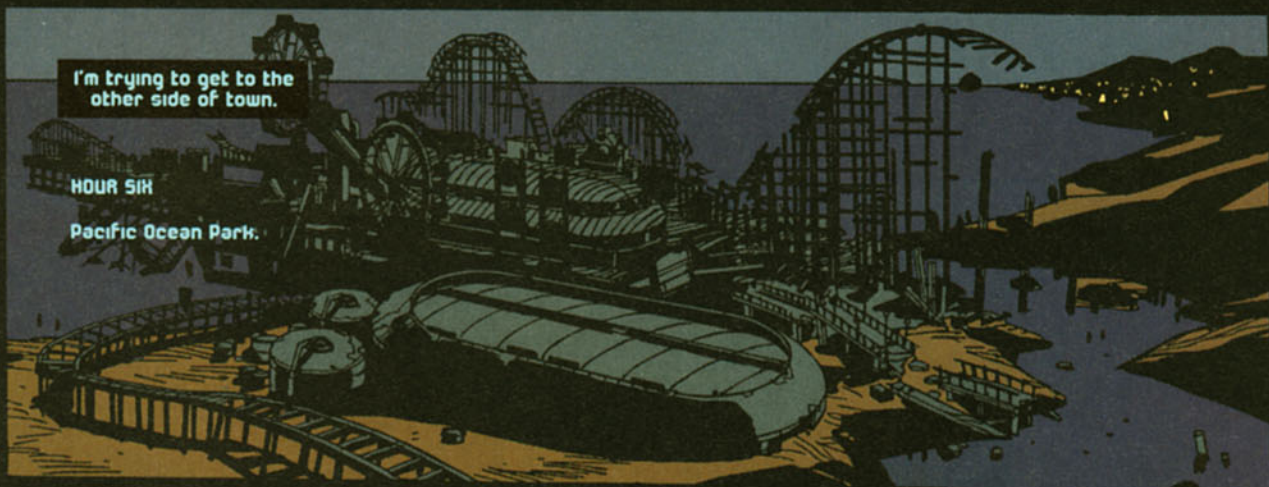




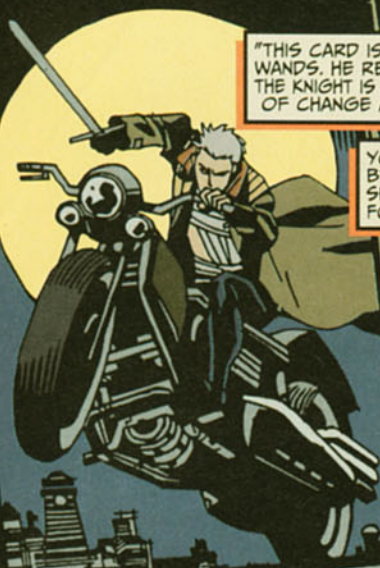












"THIS CARD IS THE KNIGHT OF WANDS. HE REPRESENTS YOU. THE KNIGHT IS AN AVATAR, A MAN OF CHANGE AND CONFLICT."

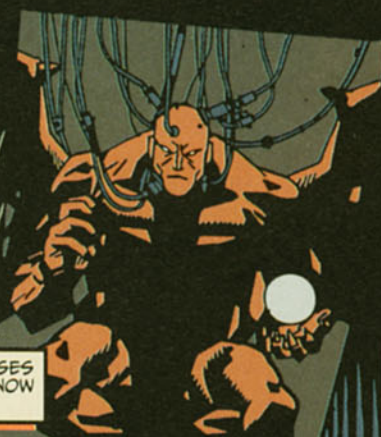
YOU ARE COVERED BY THE MOON CARD. SECRET FOES. HIDDEN FORCES. VERY STRONG.

"THE DEVIL CROSSES YOU. I THINK YOU KNOW THIS MAN. HEH."

KNIGHT OF WANDS



THE EMPEROR



THE DEVIL

"THE ACE OF SWORDS IS BENEATH YOU. IT IS THE KING'S SWORD. THE PENDRAGON'S. IT IS RADIATING GREAT POWER. THE POWER IS GROWING, TOUCHING EVERYTHING."



ACE OF SWORDS

"BEHIND YOU IS THE FOOL. HE TELLS YOU THAT YOU HAVE TWO CHOICES."



THE FOOL



THE MOON

KNIGHT OF WANDS



THE TOWER

"THIS IS THE EMPEROR. HE IS THE KING MAN. THE SWORD IS HIS."



"THIS IS WHAT YOU FEAR. THE EIGHT OF SWORDS. YES, THE RAZOR GIRL, AND MAYBE... SOMETHING MORE."



"BEHOLD THE TOWER."

"I'VE SEEN IT. IN MY... VISIONS."

"YES. ALWAYS THE TOWER. THE FUTURE TURNS THERE."

ACE



THE TOWER



THE EMPEROR



"THE FIVE OF PENTACLES IS THE PEOPLE. BABYLON WEIGHS THEM DOWN. THEY ARE IN GREAT DANGER."

"THIS IS YOUR HOPE. THE MAGICIAN. NOW, HEH, WHO DO YOU THINK THIS MAN MIGHT BE."

"THE LAST CARD YOUNG KNIGHT. THE WORLD. YOUR REWARD, IF YOU TAKE UP THE SWORD."

"...CRYSTAL."

"YES, THE GIRL, AND MORE. ALL OF US. THE PEOPLE. THE CITY."



"YOU ASK WHY IS OLD JO-NAH TALKING ABOUT KNIGHTS AND KINGS, SWORDS AND TOWERS, EH?"



"YOU ARE THE KNIGHT MY FRIEND."



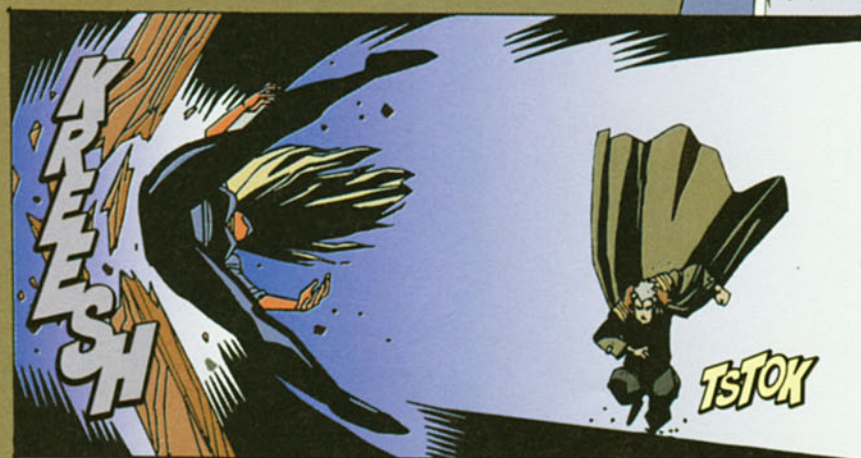
"AS YOU ARE THE KING."

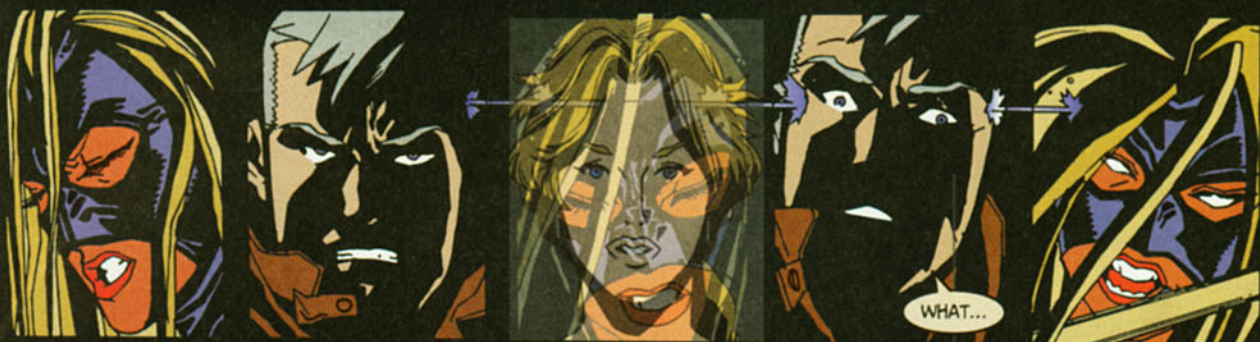
"YOU MUST FIND THE TOWER."

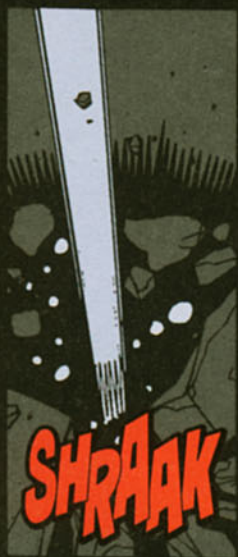
"AND CLAIM THE SWORD."











"CLAIM THE SWORD.
IT WAS MADE FOR YOU
LONG AGO. USE IT
TO DEFEAT THE ENEMY
AND SAVE THE CITY."

The sword radiates terrible power.
And purpose. Aaron feels it calling
to him. He wants it. He is incomplete
without it. But the power is IMMENSE...



GASP!
IT'S... TOO MUCH!

GO NOW!
I'LL HOLD THEM!

NO!
I'M NOT
LEAVING
YOU!

THERE
ARE TOO MANY.
WITHOUT THE
SWORD WE ARE
DOOMED!

REMEMBER
ME, NO NAME
MAN.

SCHRIIK



WA-
CHOOM
SKRICH
BA-BAM



BOOM

BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA

KRUNCH



SPLISH

SPLISH

SPLISH

