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HEAVY METAL: MIND MELT SPECIAL

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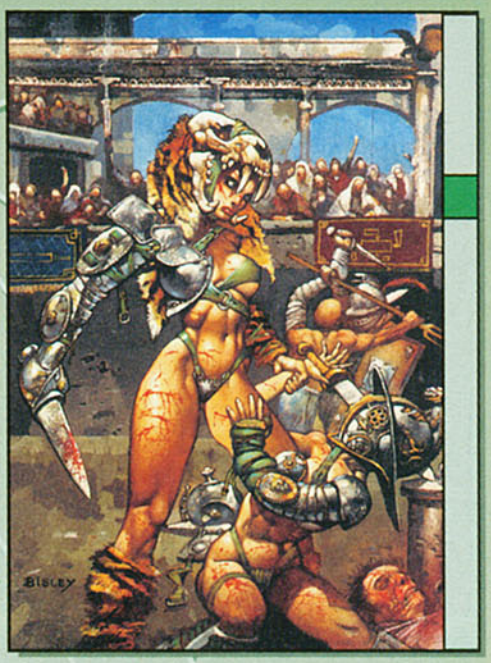

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Tenuta - Story and Art Paolo Di Orazio - screenplay © Saverio Tenuta 2001

A STRANGE BUZZING IN MY HEAD.
...IT'S THEM. THEY NEVER SHUT UP!
IF I'D ADMIT OF BEING SCARED I WOULD CERTAINLY LOSE FACE.
SOMETIMES I THINK OF DOING AWAY WITH MYSELF: A GUNSHOT IN MY MOUTH...
SLEAZY WORDS, THEY PERVERT THEIR VOICES.
T-CLACK
I CAN'T STAND THEIR DAMN CORRUPTION. I'VE GOT TO DO AWAY WITH MYSELF.
I AM TIRED OF BEING IN THE ABYSS.

I CAN SEE ONE OF THEM. BUT THEY ARE EVERYWHERE, HUNDREDS, THOUSANDS OF THEM.
MY HATRED IS JUST LIKE AN ATOMIC BOMB EXPLODING IN MY VEINS.
IN THE CATHEDRAL OF MY MIND THERE ARE ECHOES OF VIOLINS, ORGANS AND CHOIRS FILLED WITH PAIN.
IT'S ALL THIS BUZZING. IT'S THE SOUND OF THEIR DAMNATION. UNBEARABLE.
THE UNDERWORLD IS REFLECTED IN THEIR GLASSY EYES.
I'LL KILL ALL THESE DEMONS ONE BY ONE.
THEIR APPEARANCE WON'T FOOL ME. NO ONE IS INNOCENT...

NO ONE!!

THEY PRETEND TO LOOK FUCKING INNOCENT.

DID YOU REALLY THINK I HAD FORGOTTEN ALL YOUR FAULTS?!
KOOM

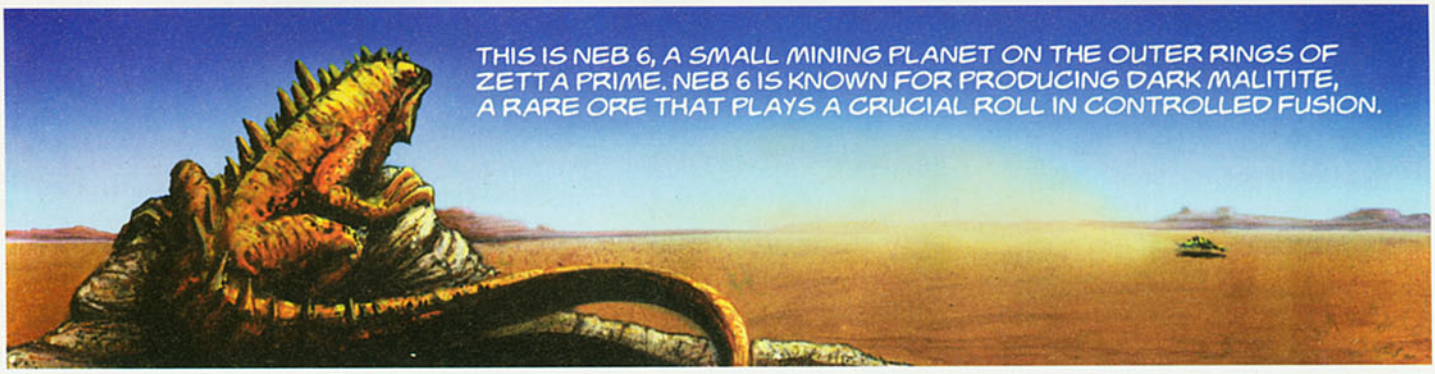
TAKING THEM BY SURPRISE WHILE THEY ARE PROSTITUTING THEMSELVES.
FOOM
THEY ARE SHOUTING SOMETHING BUT I CAN'T WORK OUT WHAT THEY ARE BESEECHING.
YOU DAMN BASTARDS!
FOOM
GRANTING YOUR SALVATION? EVEN GOD DIDN'T...
FOOM
YOU WON'T DECEIVE ME AGAIN!
ROTTEN WITH THEIR FAULTS, THEY TRY TO HIDE BEHIND A FRAGILE APPEARANCE.
IT COULD BE A CRAZY GAME.
THAT'S TOO EASY. IT'S ALMOST RIDICULOUS.

BOOM
AM I AGEING? I WISH I COULD STOP ALL THIS AND REST.
I AM CONSIDERING THAT.
BOOM
IT'S ALL A FOOLISH ROLE GAME.
SOMETHING IS MOVING, OVER THERE.
THE ABYSS IS FRIGHTENING. WHO COULD REFRAIN FROM TAKING A LOOK AT IT, EVEN FOR A WHILE?
I CAN'T HELP FEELING SEDUCED BY THEIR TALENTED IMPROVISATION.

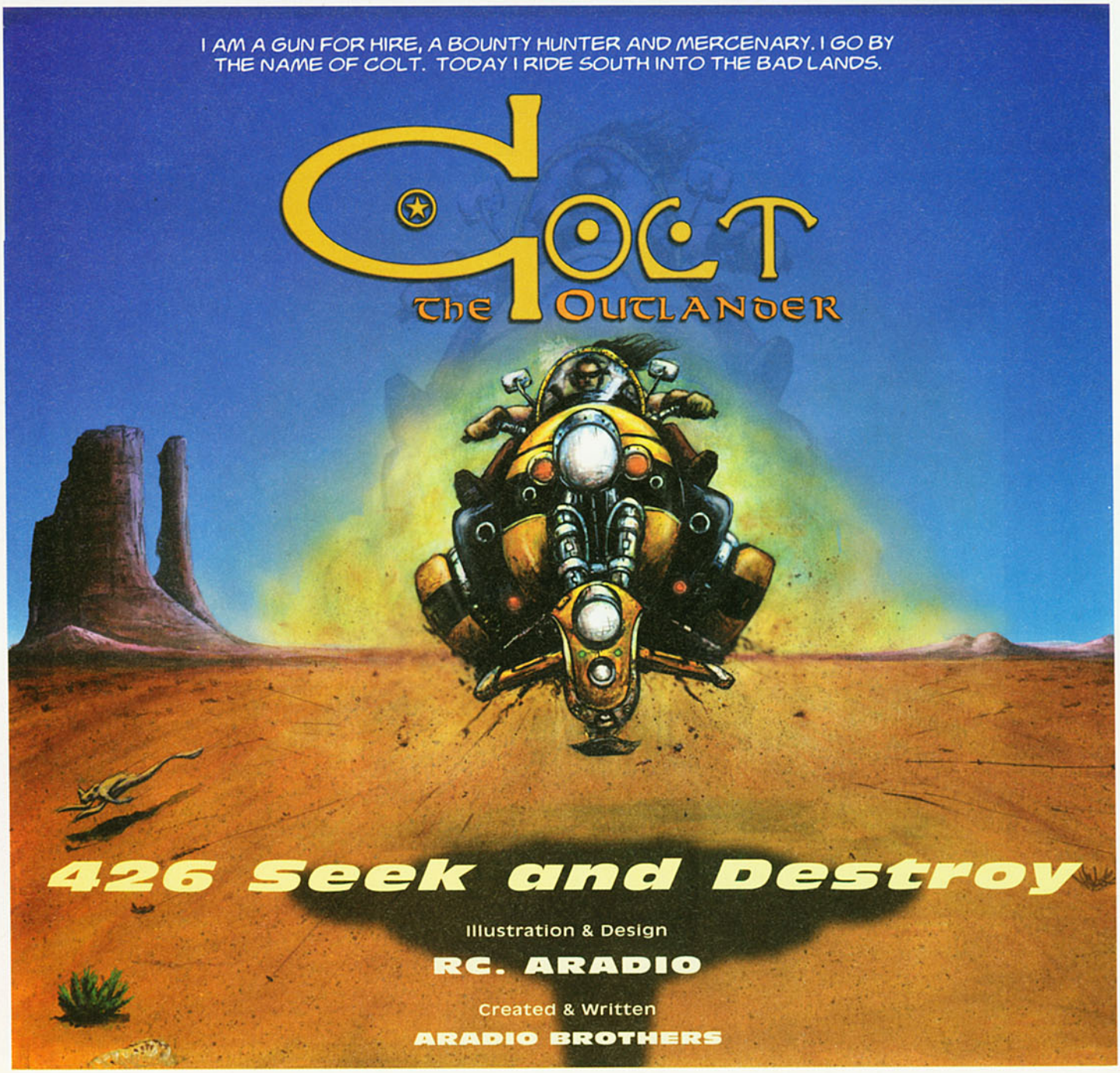
ONLY NOW THE ANSWER LOOKS CLEAR TO ME.
THIS ENDLESS COIL IS WHAT SCARES ME MOST.
I REALIZE ALL THIS WILL NEVER STOP.
BECAUSE THEY ARE THOSE WHO ARE DAMNED!
AND I THE DEVIL!
EVERY BLOODY DAY I TRY TO GET OUT OF IT.
TCLACK
GOD ONLY KNOWS HOW HARD I TRY!!!

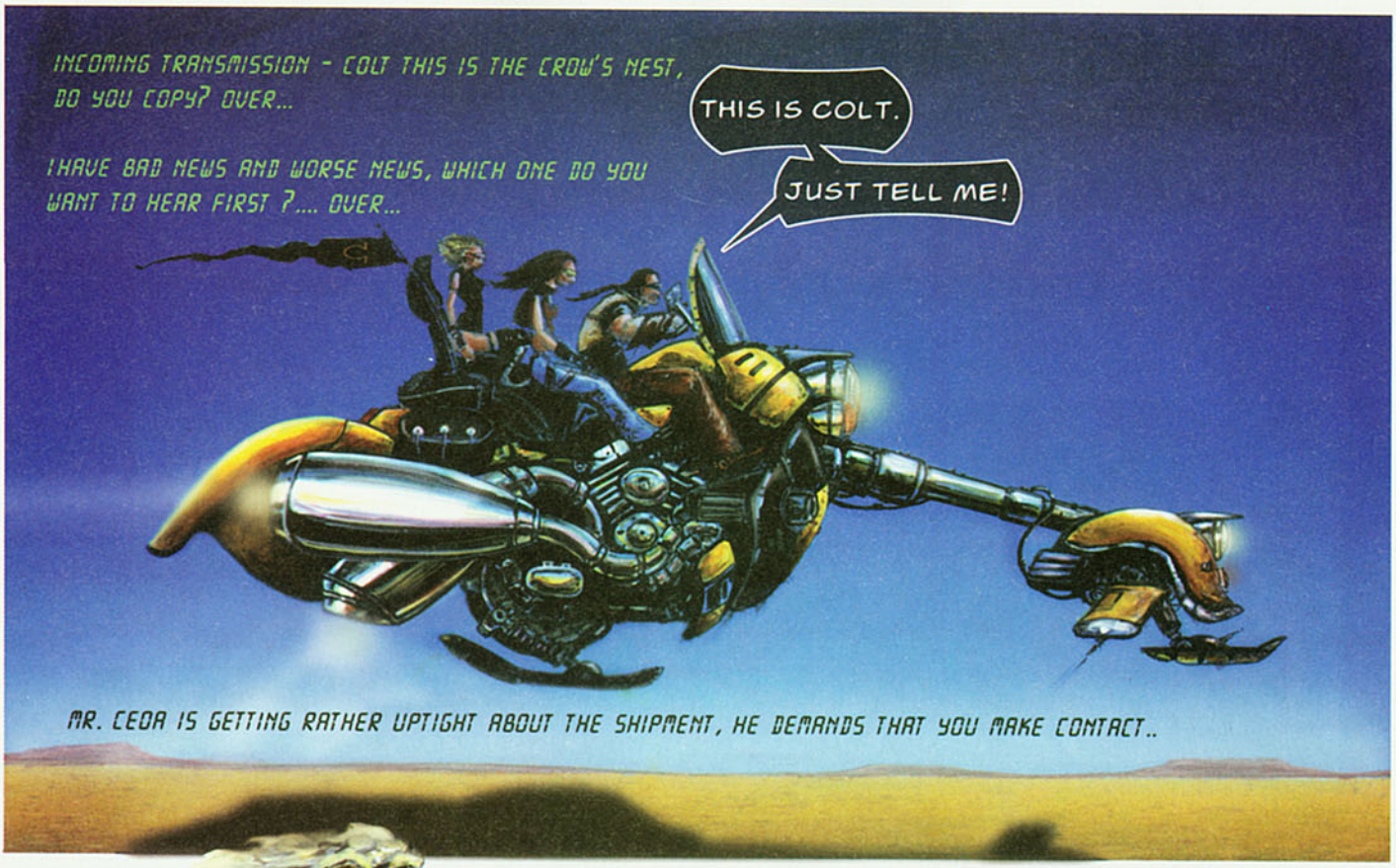
"...and their flesh will tear, their eyes will burn, their teeth will grind and when all is over they will be revived in order to suffer that horrible torture again."

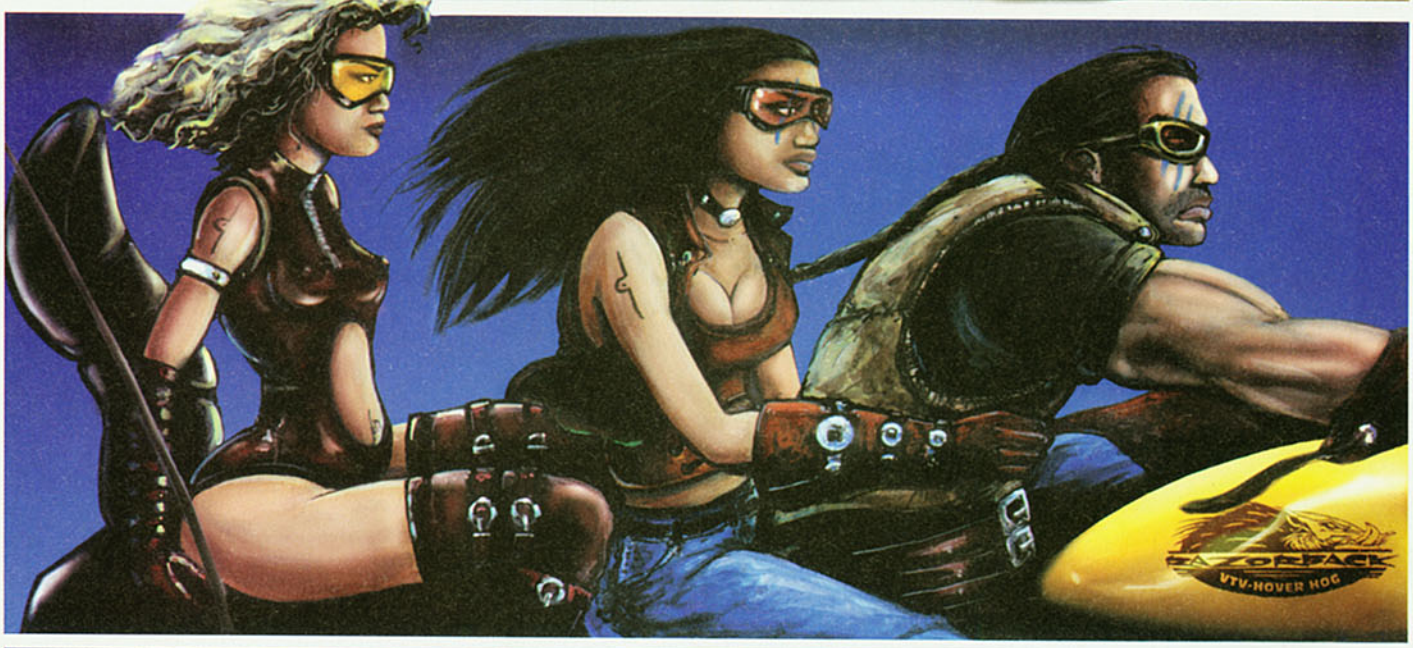
"Tamous III, 2"
(from Hell of the Kalmuck)

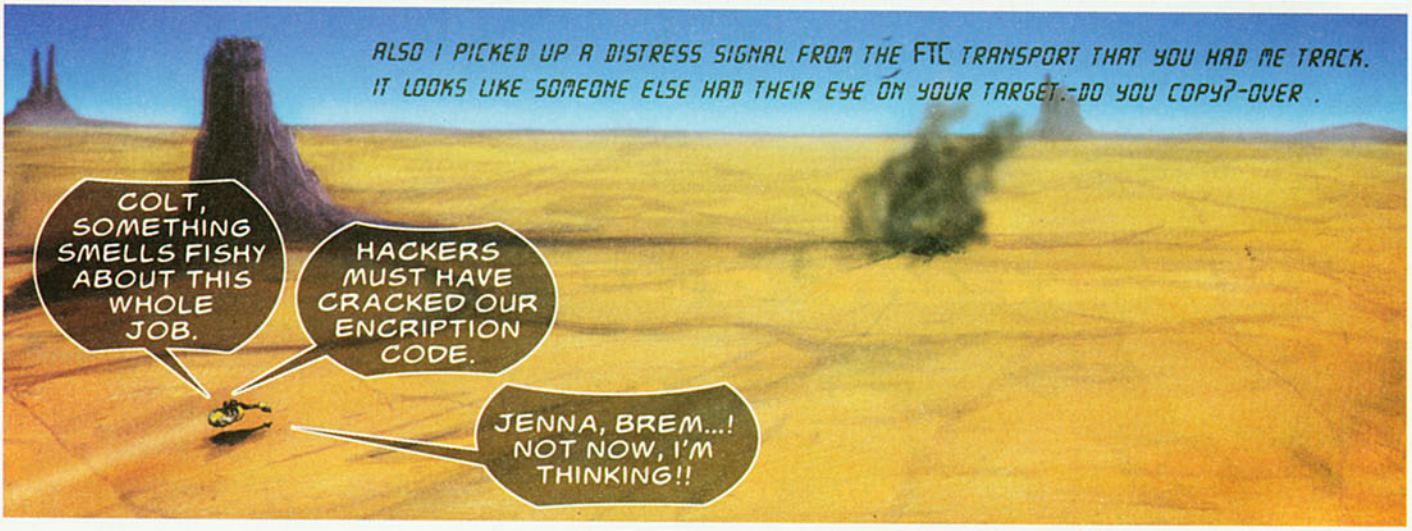

THIS IS NEB 6, A SMALL MINING PLANET ON THE OUTER RINGS OF ZETTA PRIME. NEB 6 IS KNOWN FOR PRODUCING DARK MALITITE, A RARE ORE THAT PLAYS A CRUCIAL ROLL IN CONTROLLED FUSION.

PEOPLE CONTRACT ME TO CARRY OUT A TASK. IT'S USUALLY DIRTY WORK FOR SOME CORPORATE PIECE OF SHIT.

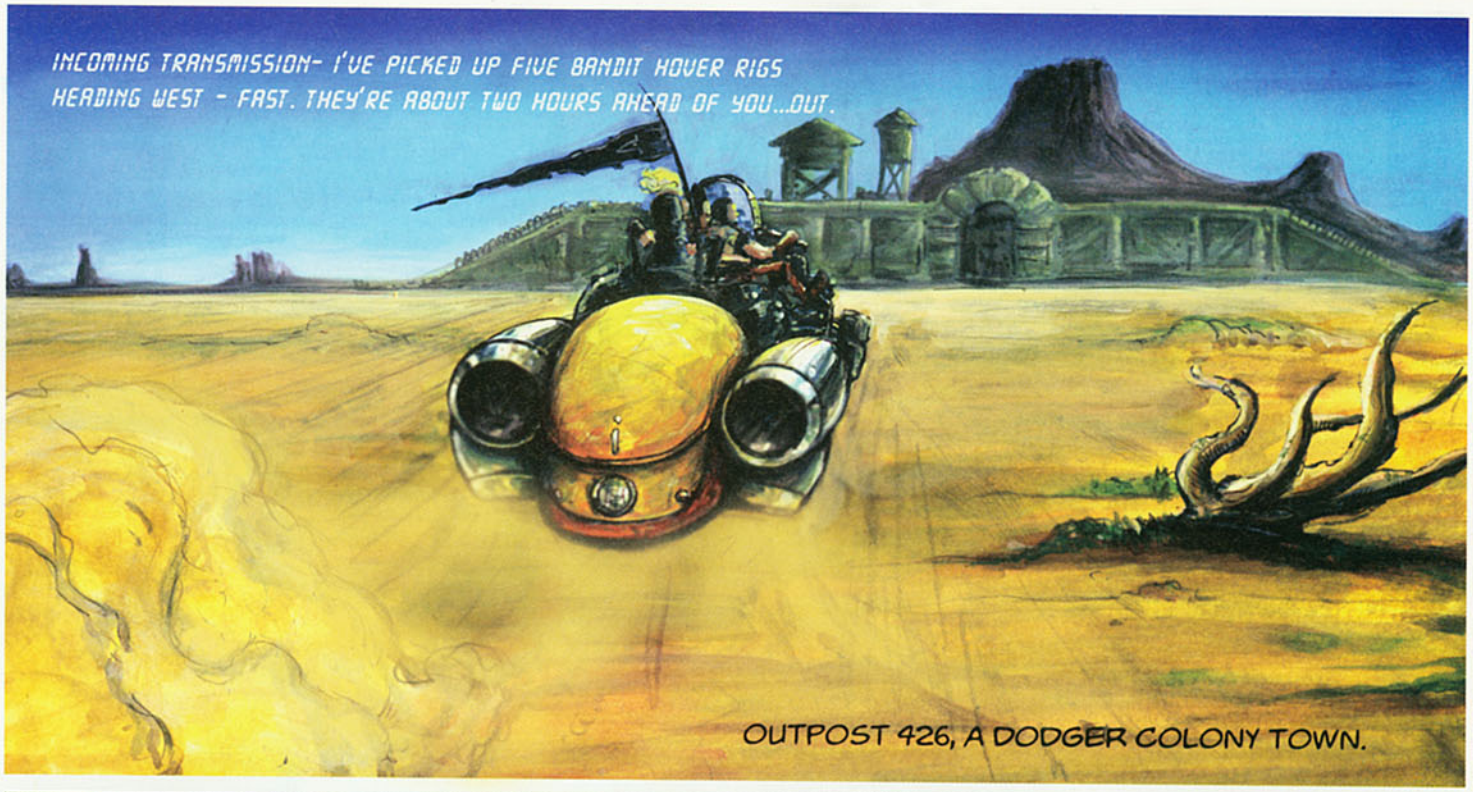

I AM A GUN FOR HIRE, A BOUNTY HUNTER AND MERCENARY. I GO BY THE NAME OF COLT. TODAY I RIDE SOUTH INTO THE BAD LANDS.
COLT
THE OUTLANDER
426 Seek and Destroy
Illustration & Design
RC. ARADIO
Created & Written
ARADIO BROTHERS

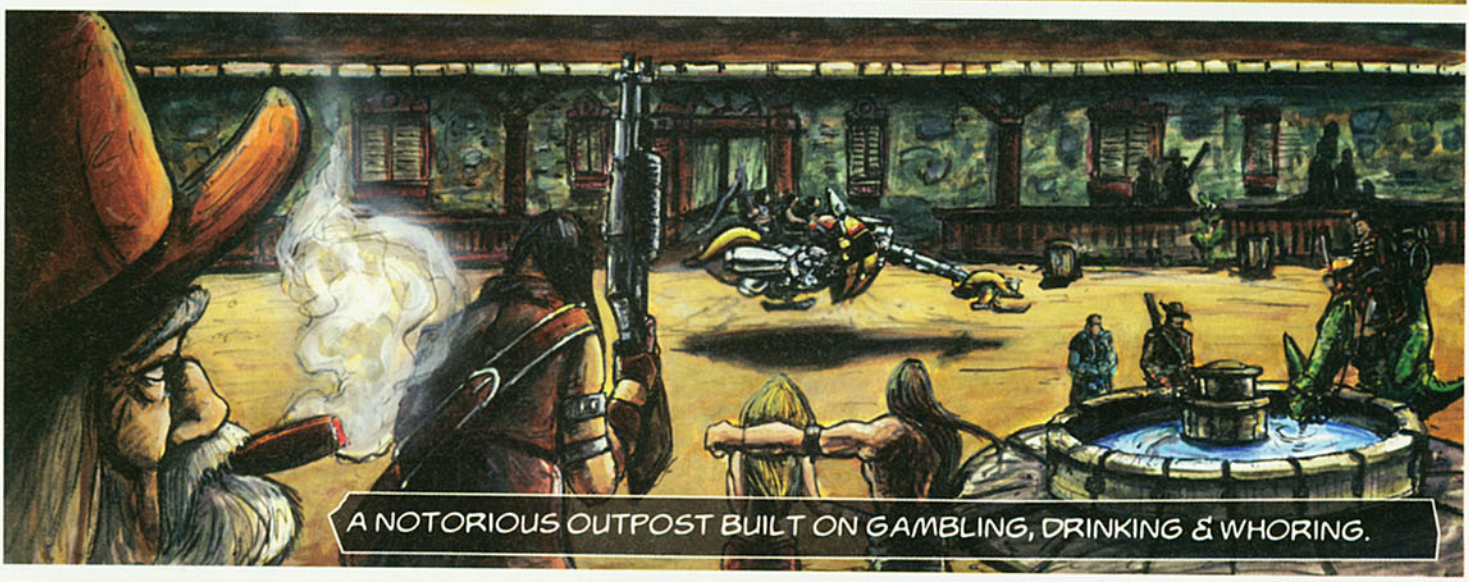

INCOMING TRANSMISSION - COLT THIS IS THE CROW'S NEST, DO YOU COPY? OVER...
I HAVE BAD NEWS AND WORSE NEWS, WHICH ONE DO YOU WANT TO HEAR FIRST ?.... OVER...
THIS IS COLT.
JUST TELL ME!
MR. CEOA IS GETTING RATHER UPTIGHT ABOUT THE SHIPMENT, HE DEMANDS THAT YOU MAKE CONTACT..


RAZORBACK
VTV-HOVER HOG


ALSO I PICKED UP A DISTRESS SIGNAL FROM THE FTC TRANSPORT THAT YOU HAD ME TRACK. IT LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE ELSE HAD THEIR EYE ON YOUR TARGET.-DO YOU COPY?-OVER .
COLT, SOMETHING SMELLS FISHY ABOUT THIS WHOLE JOB.
HACKERS MUST HAVE CRACKED OUR ENCRIPTION CODE.
JENNA, BREM...! NOT NOW, I'M THINKING!!

SCAVIES SOAR ABOVE THE TRIO.
FTC
FREE TRADE CONFEDERACY
THIS IS MY HIT, IN MY TERRITORY, ON MY TIME!
SOMEONE'S GOING DOWN FOR THIS!
THESE SPENT CASINGS MUST BE ARTEION MAKE, RECENTLY FIRED. NOT VERY COMMON AND DEFINITELY OF HIGH CALIBER.
COLT, THE TECH SAFE IS MISSING!
YEAH, WELL I HAVE THE KEY, AND THEY CAN'T DO SHIT WITHOUT IT...GET THE CROW'S NEST ON LINE. LET'S RIDE!


INCOMING TRANSMISSION- I'VE PICKED UP FIVE BANDIT HOVER RIGS HEADING WEST - FAST. THEY'RE ABOUT TWO HOURS AHEAD OF YOU...OUT.
OUTPOST 426, A DODGER COLONY TOWN.


A NOTORIOUS OUTPOST BUILT ON GAMBLING, DRINKING & WHORING.

BANDIT RIGS AT THREE O'CLOCK.
LETS PARK THE RAZORBACK IN THE ALLEY BEHIND THE SALOON.
BLACK EYE SALOON

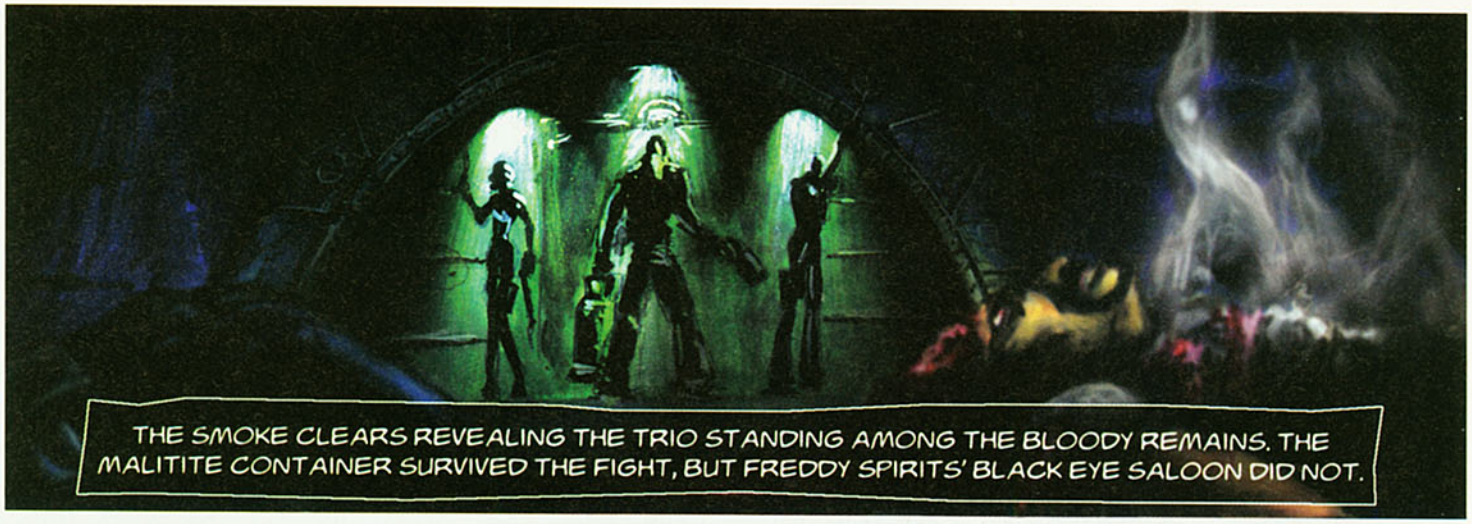
NO ONE FUCKS WITH MY CONTRACTS! NO ONE!!
THIS IS THE DEAL. I WANT US ARMED TO THE TEETH, WE'RE GOING IN FULL BAR, CLOSE RANGE AND TIGHT GROUPING.
BREM, WATCH THE CORNERS AND BALCONIES.
JENNA, YOU GOT CROWD CONTROL. KEEP THEIR ASSES IN THEIR SEATS WHEN THE FUN STARTS.

THE NOISY BAR FELL SILENT. ALL EYES WERE FIXED ON THE TRIO STANDING IN THE DOORWAY. SLOWLY, A FEW OF THE BAR PATRONS MADE THEIR WAY FOR COVER. HANDS CREPT TOWARDS HOLSTERS, BUT A QUICK GLANCE FROM COLT BROUGHT THEM BACK TO THE TABLE.
BLACKTHORN, I SHOULD OF KNOWN IT WAS YOU. HAND OVER THE TECH SAFE NOW AND WE WALK OUT OF HERE - NO ONE HAS TO DIE!

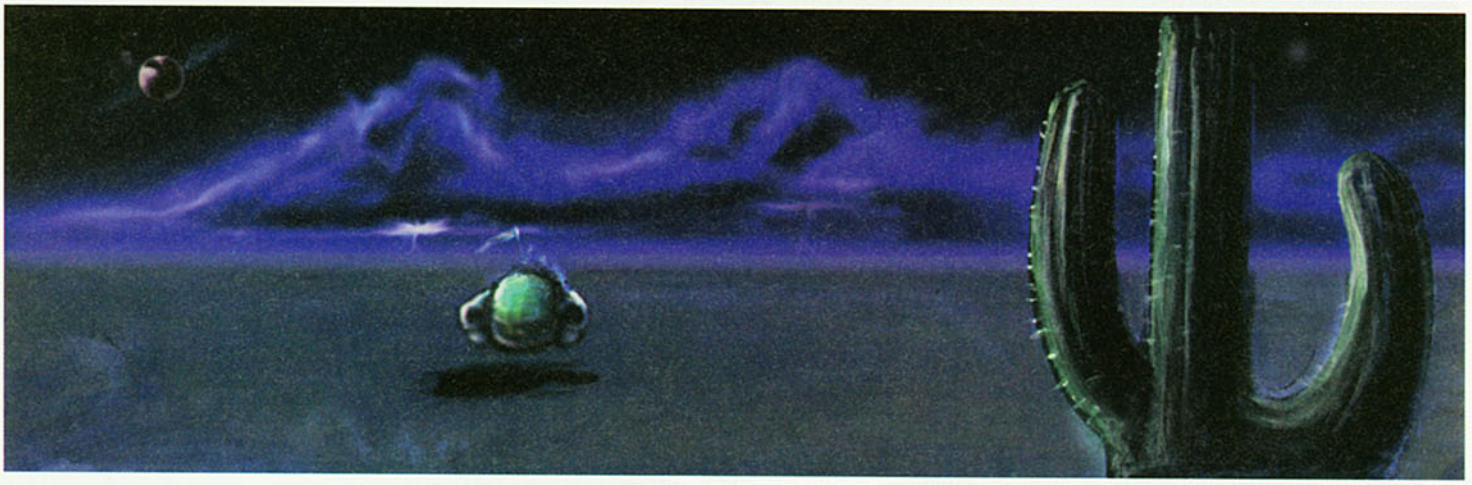
COLT, THE INFAMOUS OUTLANDER, WE FINALLY MEET.
BOSS, YOU DIDN'T TELL ME COLT WAS INVOLVED.
HE'S NOT GOING TO BE FOR LONG, NOW SHUT THE FUCK UP!
I HAVE THE SECURITY KEY CARD AND WITH OUT IT THE MALITITE CAN'T BE ACCESSED, WHICH MEANS YOU'RE LEFT WITH SHIT. DO YOURSELF A FAVOR AND HAND THE TECH SAFE OVER.

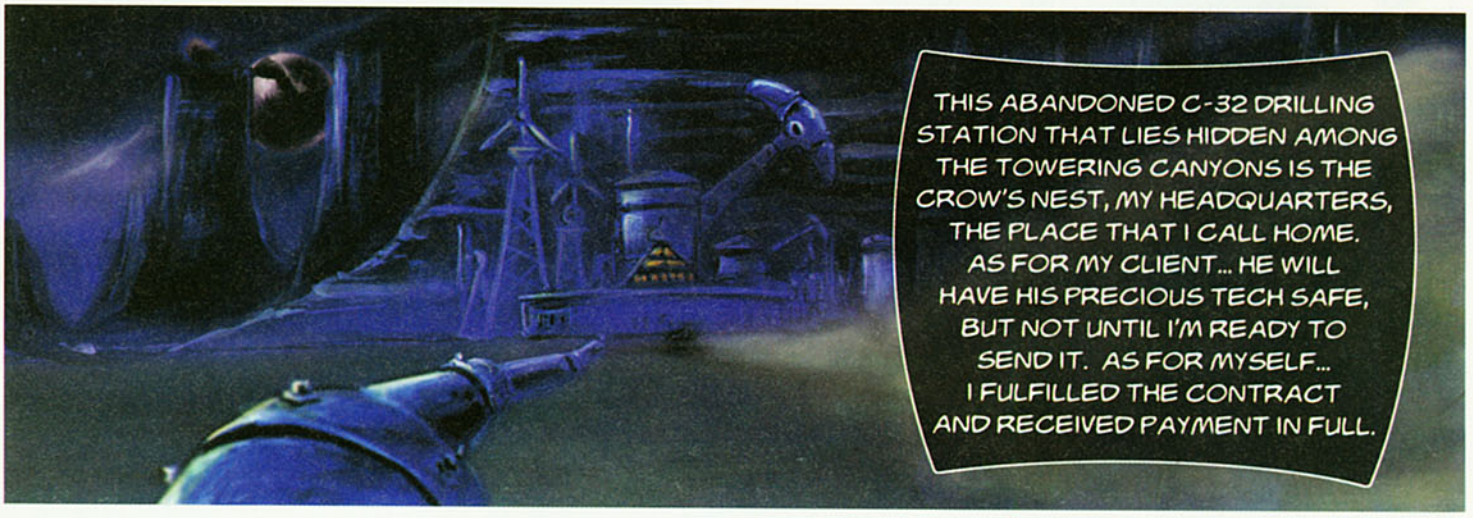
LISTEN I'LL CUT YA A BREAK. I'LL GIVE YOU 'TIL THE COUNT OF THREE TO HAND OVER THAT KEY CARD AND MAYBE I'LL LET YOU AND YOUR SCANKY BITCHES LIVE.
ONE...
TWO...
... THREE!!!!
BLAM
BLAM
RATATAT TAT
RATATAT TAT
#@!?!@?!!
PLAF
PLAF!

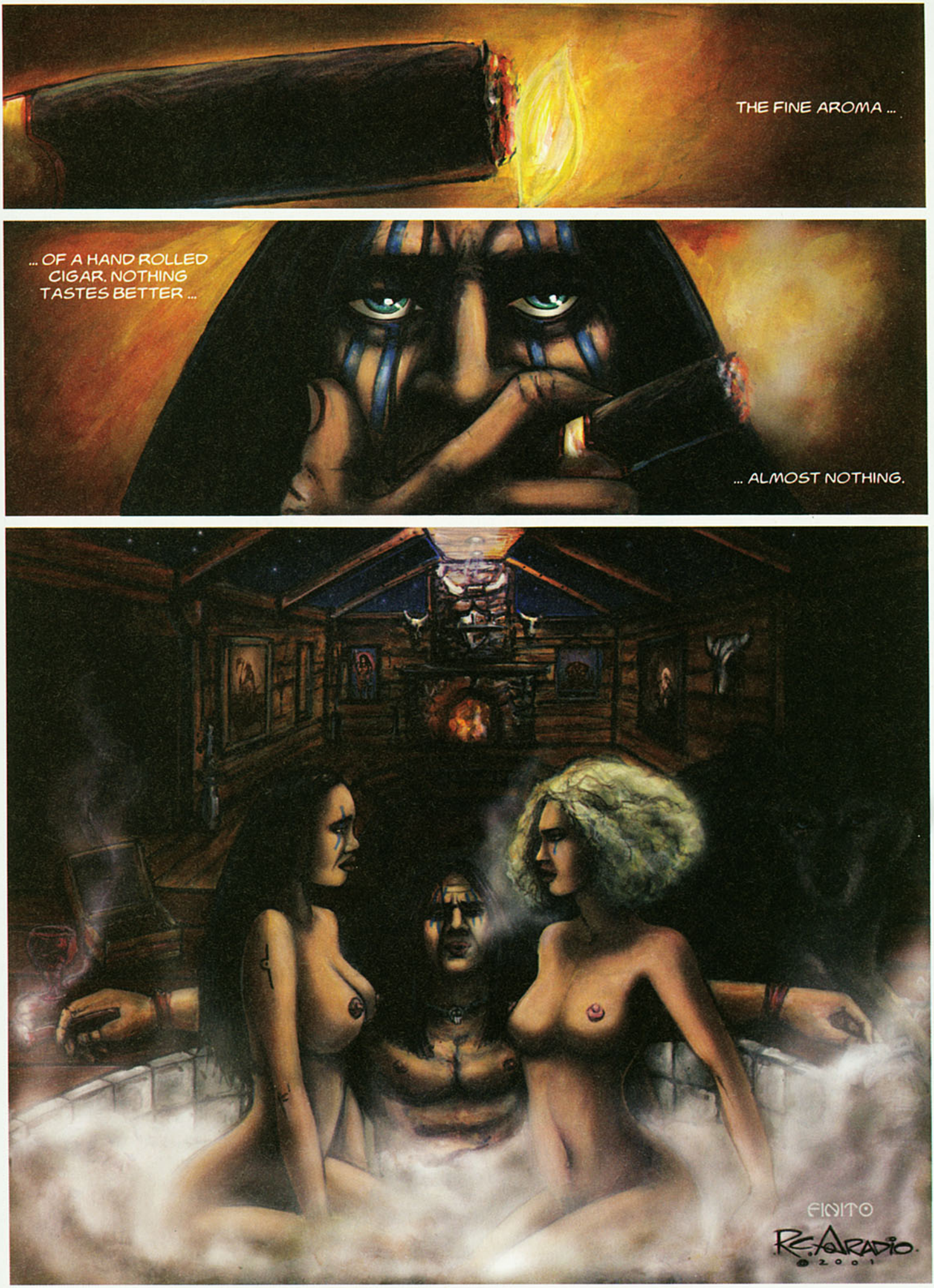
COLT, BEHIND YOU!
EAT THIS, YOU FUCK!!


THE SMOKE CLEARS REVEALING THE TRIO STANDING AMONG THE BLOODY REMAINS. THE MALITITE CONTAINER SURVIVED THE FIGHT, BUT FREDDY SPIRITS' BLACK EYE SALOON DID NOT.

THIS SHOULD COVER THE DAMAGES. BUY YOURSELF A NEW MOP.
MORE LIKE A SHOVEL.




THIS ABANDONED C-32 DRILLING STATION THAT LIES HIDDEN AMONG THE TOWERING CANYONS IS THE CROW'S NEST, MY HEADQUARTERS, THE PLACE THAT I CALL HOME. AS FOR MY CLIENT... HE WILL HAVE HIS PRECIOUS TECH SAFE, BUT NOT UNTIL I'M READY TO SEND IT. AS FOR MYSELF... I FULFILLED THE CONTRACT AND RECEIVED PAYMENT IN FULL.


THE FINE AROMA ...
... OF A HAND ROLLED CIGAR. NOTHING TASTES BETTER ...
... ALMOST NOTHING.
FINITO
R.C. ARADIO
©2001

Mandragora

by ALEX EBEL

Many myths and legends kept alive by tradition have their obscure origin in the Dark Ages, when wizardry and superstition were the supreme mind shackles for the ignorant and the erudite, the noble and plebian.

When the search for an answer to the mysteries of nature was warpedinto absurd deductions accepted through ignorance. But were they all fallacies?

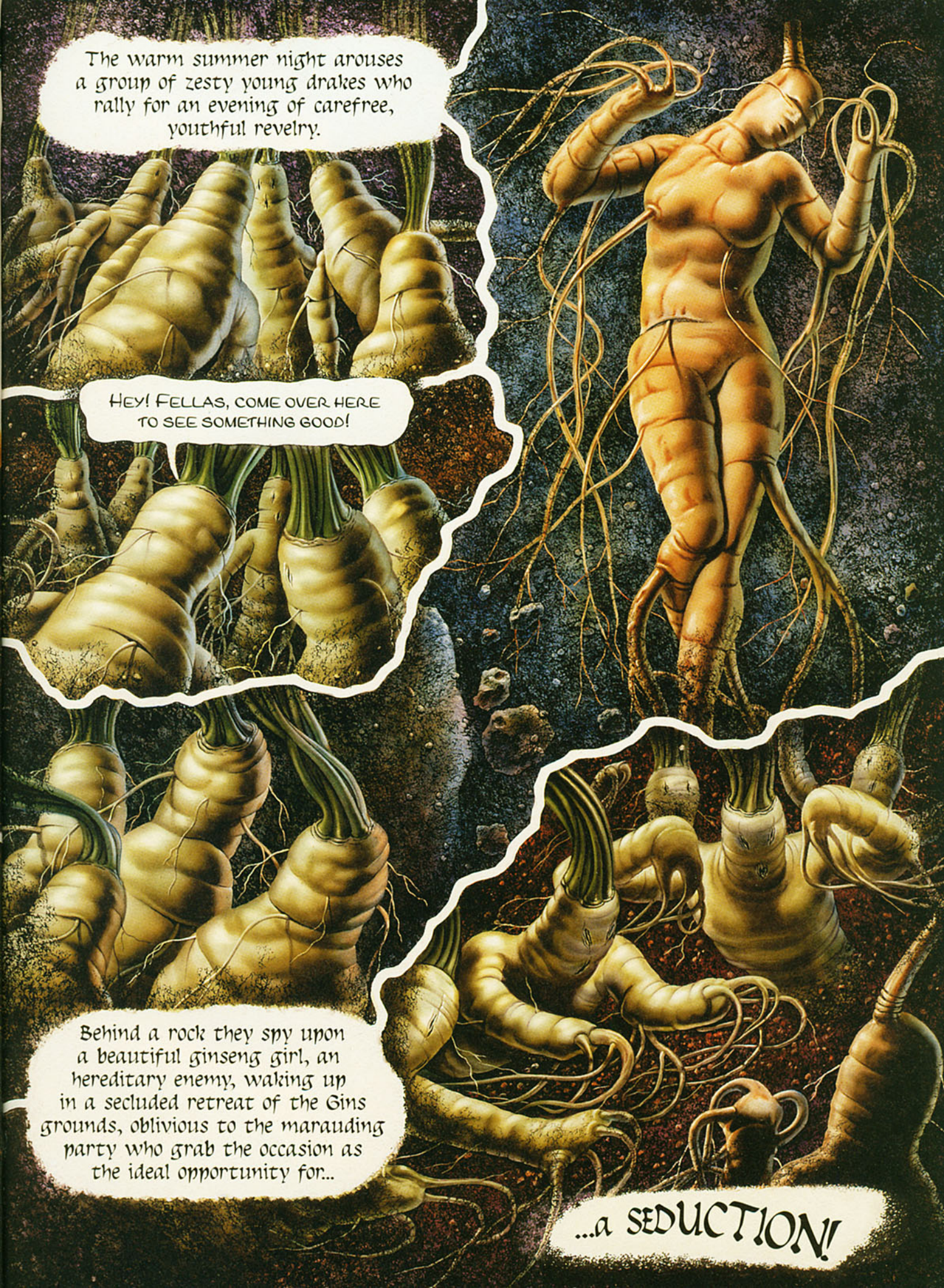
It is uncertain, because if we believe in the powers of a few chosen humans with ESP, they would certainly have sensed that in a placid corner of the woods, under a full moon, an underground drama was about to ensue in the seemingly peaceful thicks of mandrakes and ginsengs.

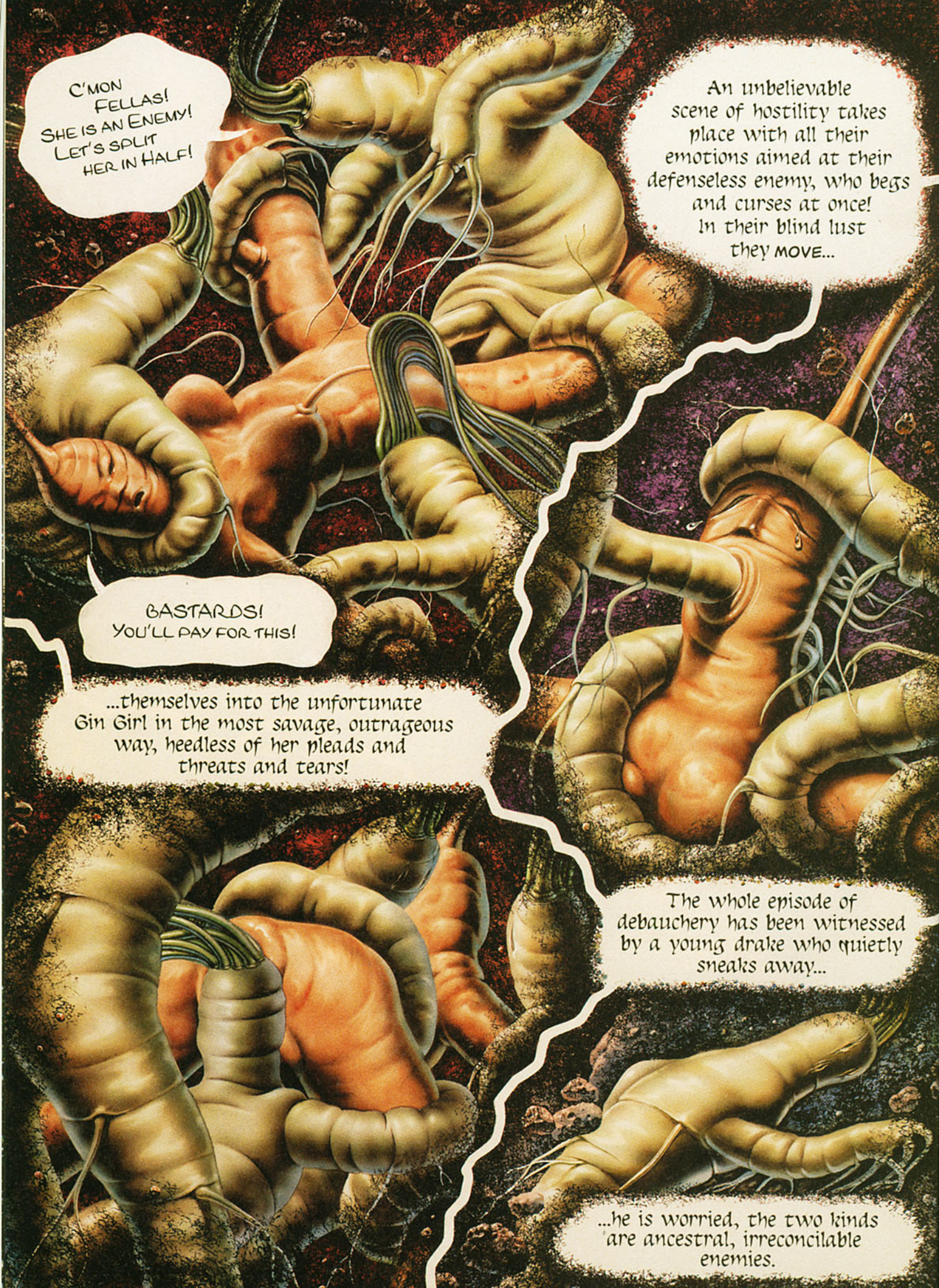
Mandrake and Ginseng! The strange plants that struck awe and fear in the Middle Ages for their uncanny human configuration. Sages praised their magical powers as a panecea and aphrodisiac, but warned of a heavy price:

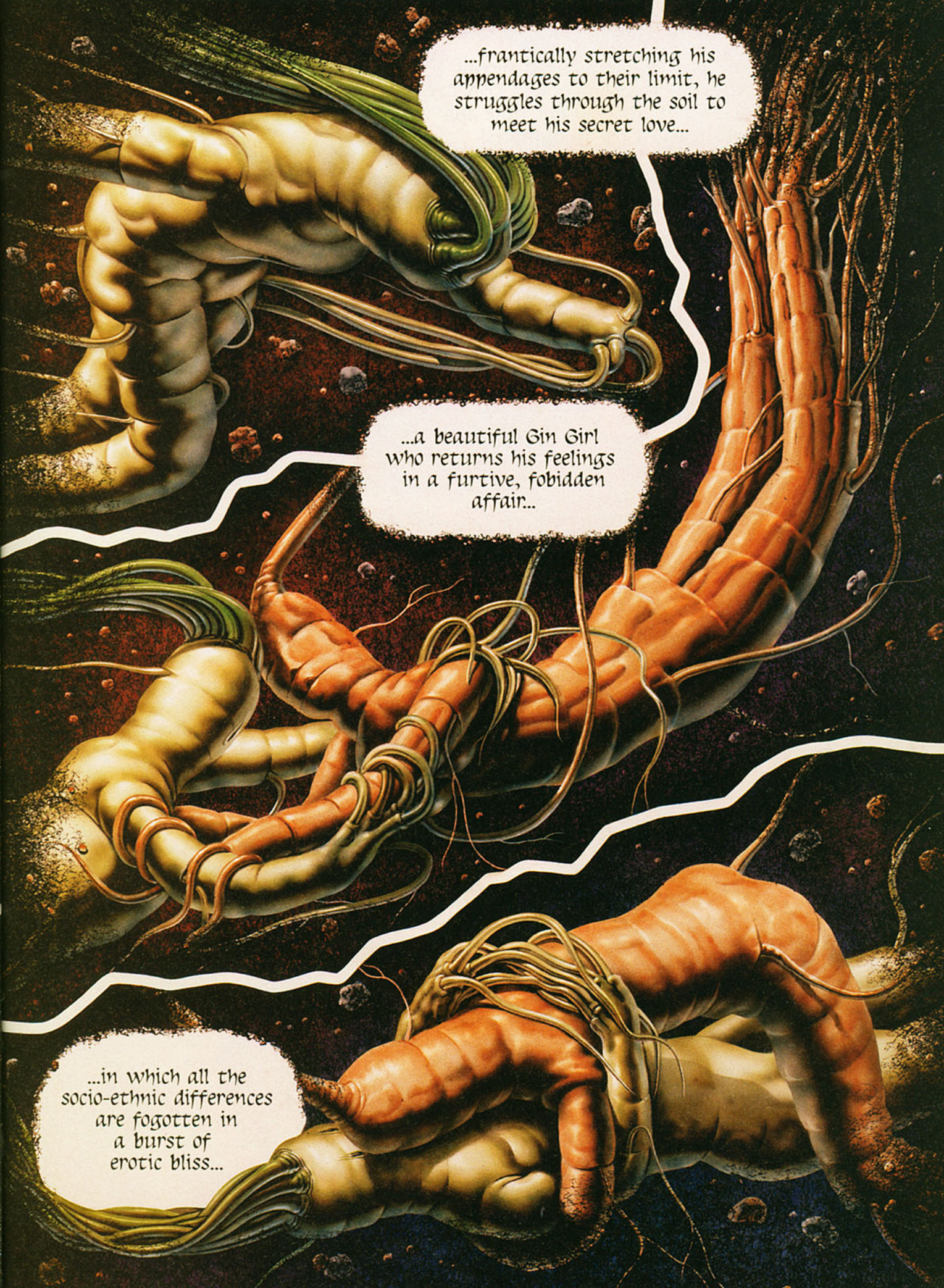
Never to be uprooted by hand!

Such an act would cost one's life! For whoever heard the painful eerie wail of the plant when plucked out, would drop dead!

In the dark of midnight, a man with plugged ears would tie a hungry dog to the plant. A tasty bone would lure the dog away from the Mandrake, which was then pulled out of the ground. The dog was immune to the fatal scream and the man was safe.
Superstition? Myth? Yet, nobody knows the truth. Even the expert botanists and scientists of today ignore that in a moonlit night the incredible plants bestir into restless motion in the soft soil close to the surface...
...Their supple limbs become active with an amazing power to stretch and move through the ground...
...in search of a subterrainian erotic consumation in a burst of libidenous urge to engage in a bizarre parody of the human race in heat.


The warm summer night arouses a group of zesty young drakes who rally for an evening of carefree, youthful revelry.
HEY! FELLAS, COME OVER HERE TO SEE SOMETHING GOOD!
Behind a rock they spy upon a beautiful ginseng girl, an hereditary enemy, waking up in a secluded retreat of the Gins grounds, oblivious to the marauding party who grab the occasion as the ideal opportunity for...
...a SEDUCTION!


C'MON FELLAS! SHE IS AN ENEMY! LET'S SPLIT HER IN HALF!
An unbelievable scene of hostility takes place with all their emotions aimed at their defenseless enemy, who begs and curses at once! In their blind lust they MOVE...
BASTARDS! YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!
...themselves into the unfortunate Gin Girl in the most savage, outrageous way, heedless of her pleads and threats and tears!
The whole episode of debauchery has been witnessed by a young drake who quietly sneaks away...
...he is worried, the two kinds are ancestral, irreconcilable enemies.


...frantically stretching his appendages to their limit, he struggles through the soil to meet his secret love...
...a beautiful Gin Girl who returns his feelings in a furtive, fobidden affair...
...in which all the socio-ethnic differences are fogotten in a burst of erotic bliss...

The rumor of the attack has spread among the Ginsenf creatures and they are out to avenge it in a flare of rage and hatred toward the Mandrakes!
Soon the lovers are discovered and the unleashed fury of the offended explodes in a rampage of murderous violence!

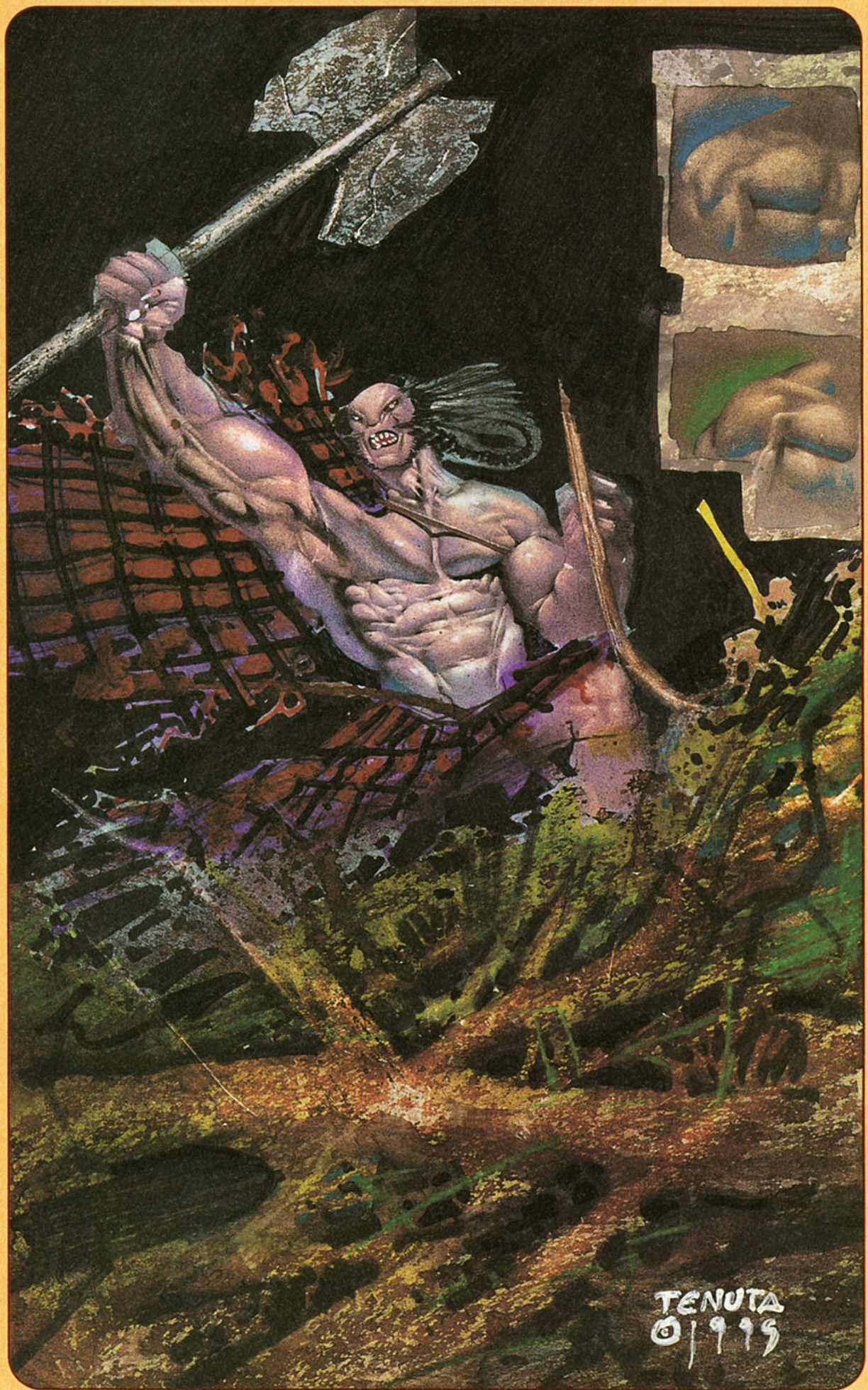
The ensueing lynching is the death sentence of the undergroundian, they are pushed out of the ground at the nights end and exposed to the...
...harsh, merciless sunlight that will dry them out in a shriveling, torturing, horrible death!

Soon, the mutual revenge is complete. The hapless Gin Girl is brutally ejected from the ground by the spiteful Mandrakes!
Some time later, the remnants of the lovers ar just a heap of dry, mummified, burned up fibers under the relentless summer sun's rays!

But, in the following night, under a full moon, a marvelous transfiguration takes place in our invisible, but not less real, twin world that only a few chosen ones have ever seen, the true world of Fairies and Elves. The seared remains are only chrysalises from which ethereal beings emerge in a blissfull, endless embrace.
The End

Cover Gallery

by Saverio Tenuta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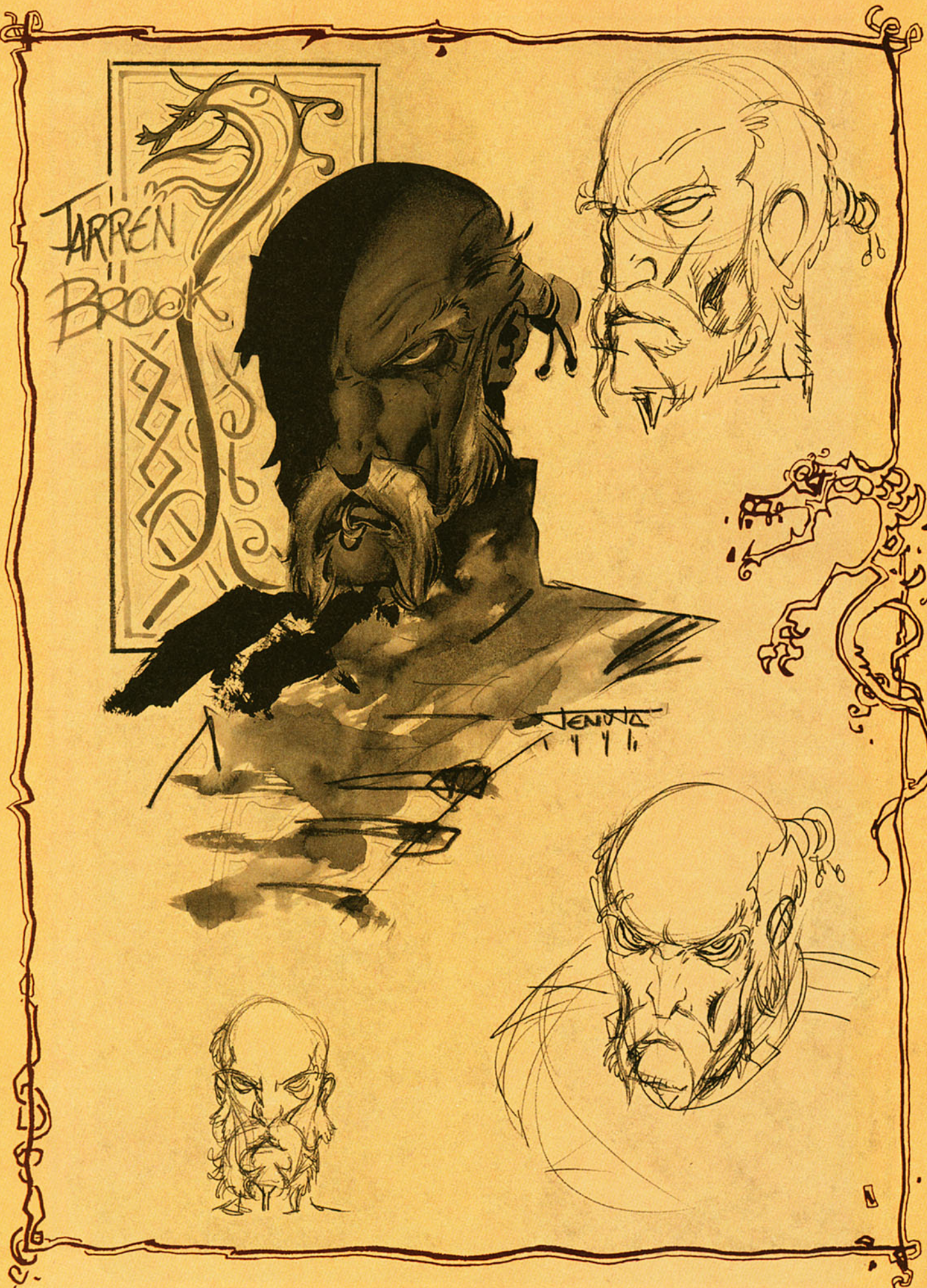
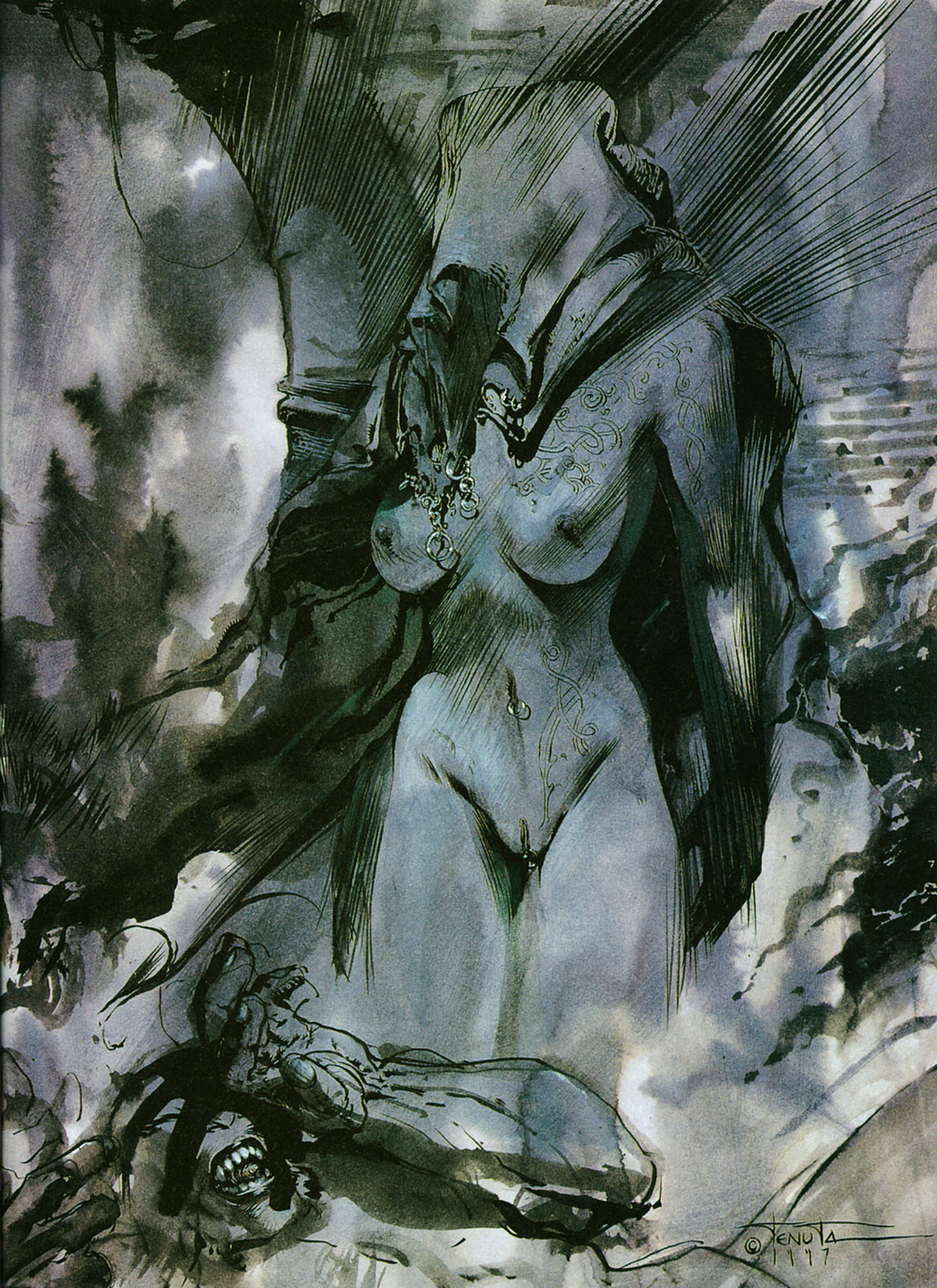
©1995


JARREN
BROOK

MIDIR

TENUTA
'77
©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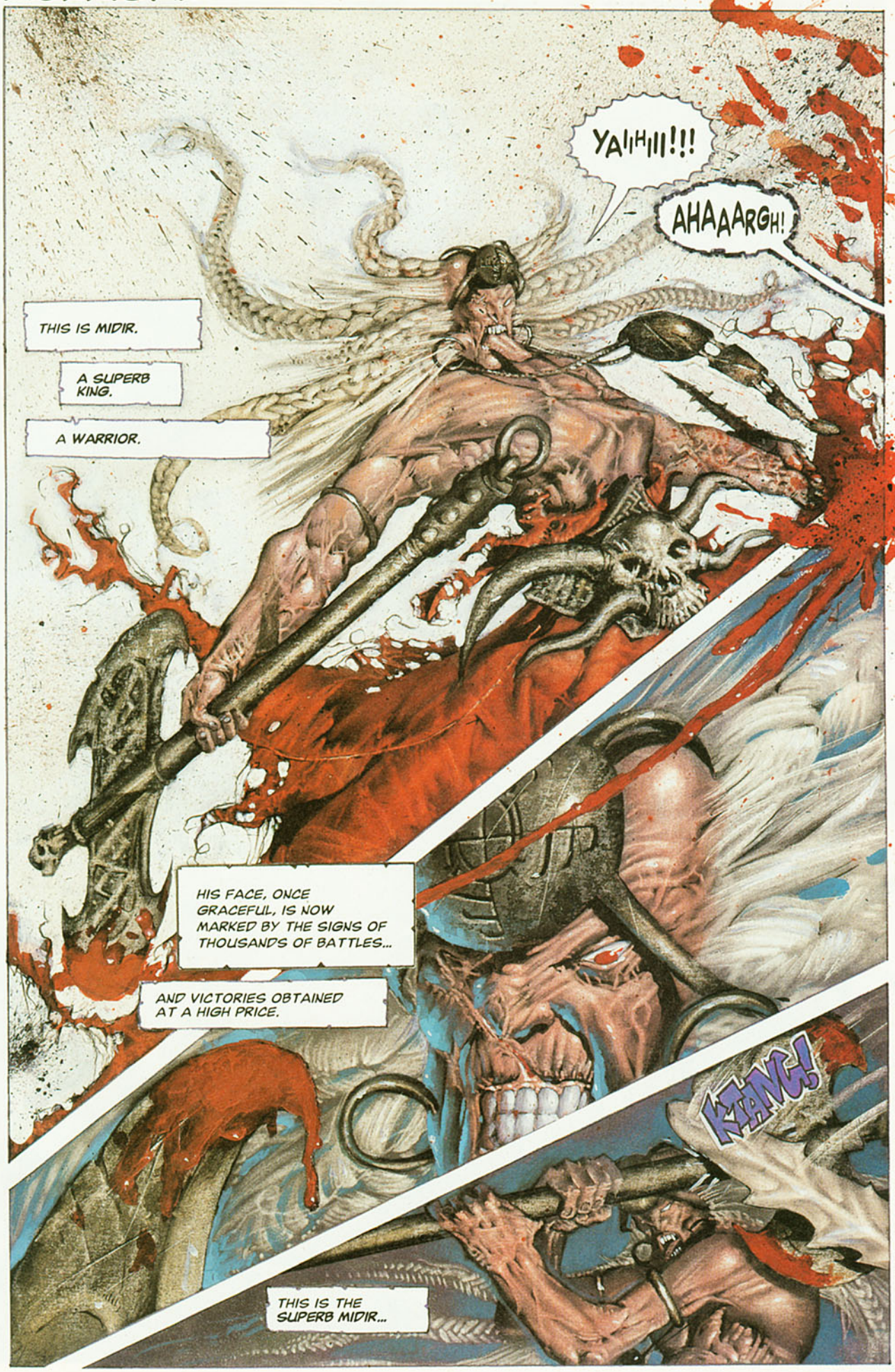

YAIIHIII!!!
AHAAARGH!
THIS IS MIDIR.
A SUPERB KING.
A WARRIOR.
HIS FACE, ONCE GRACEFUL, IS NOW MARKED BY THE SIGNS OF THOUSANDS OF BATTLES...
AND VICTORIES OBTAINED AT A HIGH PRICE.
KLANG!
THIS IS THE SUPERB MIDIR...

DEATH TO ALL OF YOU!
CHUNK
THE MOST ANCIENT KING OF THE PEOPLE OF THE MOUNTAINS...KEEPER OF THE SECRET OF THE IRON...FORMIDABLE KILLER OF THE HORRIBLE FOMORI.
TENUTA ©1995

THE HERO OF CELTIC PEOPLE GOT WOUNDED IN THE BATTLE OF STONEHENGE....
DEATH IS THE LIFETIME COMPANION OF A WARRIOR...
RRRR!
WHUK!
WHEREAS THE OMINOUS VISIONS ARE THE VOICES TALKING TO THOSE WHO CAN LISTEN.
IMAGES OF A CHAOTIC FUTURE WERE TEEMING IN MIDIR'S MIND...
AND IT WAS THEN THAT HE SAW HIS SON.

HE SAW HIM... AS CLEARLY AS ONLY THOSE ABOUT TO DIE CAN SEE...
HE OPENED HIS EYES AND SAW HIM. A MIGHTY WARRIOR...
STRONGER THAN MIDIR HIMSELF HAD EVER BEEN, PULSATING WITH STRENGTH AND FULL OF LIFE.
TENUTA
©1995

MIDIR IS THE FAVOURITE SON OF THE GODS..
YOU WON THE BATTLE, OH MY KING. THE LEATHER OF THE MAGICAL PIG WILL HEAL YOUR WOUNDS.
I HAVE NO TIME TO LET YOU TREAT MY WOUNDS, ETAIN...
BY NOW ALMOST POWERLESS, HE IS READY TO REJOIN THE GREAT MOTHER.
MY LIFE IS ABOUT TO END, WIFE, AND IT IS WRITTEN I AM TO BEGET THE ONE WHO WILL SURVIVE TO EVERYTHING...
IF THIS IS WHAT FATE DEMANDS, OH MY HUSBAND...
BAROOMM!
LET'S FATE TAKE ITS COURSE!

THE SON OF A DEMIGOD AND THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN ...CONCEIVED AT STONEHENGE DURING THE FIRST STORM IN SPRING...
COULD BE IMMORTAL ONLY THANKS TO THE EXTREME SACRIFICE OF MIDIR...
RRRRGH
FROM THE LOINS OF HIS DYING FATHER...
AHHAAA!!
NOW!
AND THE COURAGEOUS ETAIN'S WOMB..
NOW MY BELOVED HUSBAND!
HE UNDERTOOK HIS FIRST JOURNEY FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT, FROM THE VOID TO THE WORLD...
HAN MORRIGAN... HE WHO SURVIVES EVERYTHING.

THAT'S THE STORY OF THE PAINTING, MARIAN...
AND THE ORIGINS OF MY LIFE.
YOU HAVE A FLAIR FOR TELLING STORIES, HAN...
I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU TO BELIEVE ME, MARIAN...
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

THIS IS FRAGARACH "SHE WHO RESPONDS" THE MOST FRIGHTENING SWORD IN THE HISTORY OF MANKIND.
SHE'S MORE ANCIENT THAN EXCALIBUR...
AND MORE LETHAL THAN ANY OTHER WEAPONS EVER FORGED BY MEN...
OR BY GODS!
OK, AND WHAT IS THAT FOR?...TELL ME...
HIT ME.
ARE YOU KIDDING?
HIT ME!

OH MY.....
..WHAT HAVE I....
PLOP!
DONE??
TURN ME ROUND....

PLEASE, DON'T DIE... HAN!
YOU CAN'T DIE...
I WON'T DIE IF YOU DO THE RIGHT THING...
WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO?
TELL ME!
LET'S MAKE LOVE...
WHAT?
YOU UNDERSTOOD PERFECTLY. LET'S MAKE LOVE.
LOVE ME!
AAAH!
YES!
AAHH!
THAT FEELS SO GOOD...

Aegishjalmur
RRRRAAG
SO?
JUST A SCAR, A SMALL STUPID SCAR!
ANOTHER 2 HOURS AND THAT TOO WILL VANISH.
THE PICTURE YOU SAW, WELL I PAINTED IT...
AN IMMORTAL BEING HAS ALL THE TIME TO LEARN ANYTHING, ANY SKILLS...
AS TO THE CHARACTERS PORTRAYED...THEY ARE MY FATHER AND MY MOTHER...
PRE-NATAL MEMORIES, THAT'S THE WAY THEY CALL THEM, DON'T THEY?
PLEASE DON'T ASK ME. I'M SO CONFUSED.
IT'S OBVIOUS
IN THE PAST SOME HAVE LOST THEIR WITS BECAUSE OF THE REVELATION...OF THE TRUTH...
THE TRUTH? A MAN...AN IMMORTAL BEING THAT FEEDS ON SEXUAL ENERGY AND COMES FROM THE CELTIC PREHISTORY...

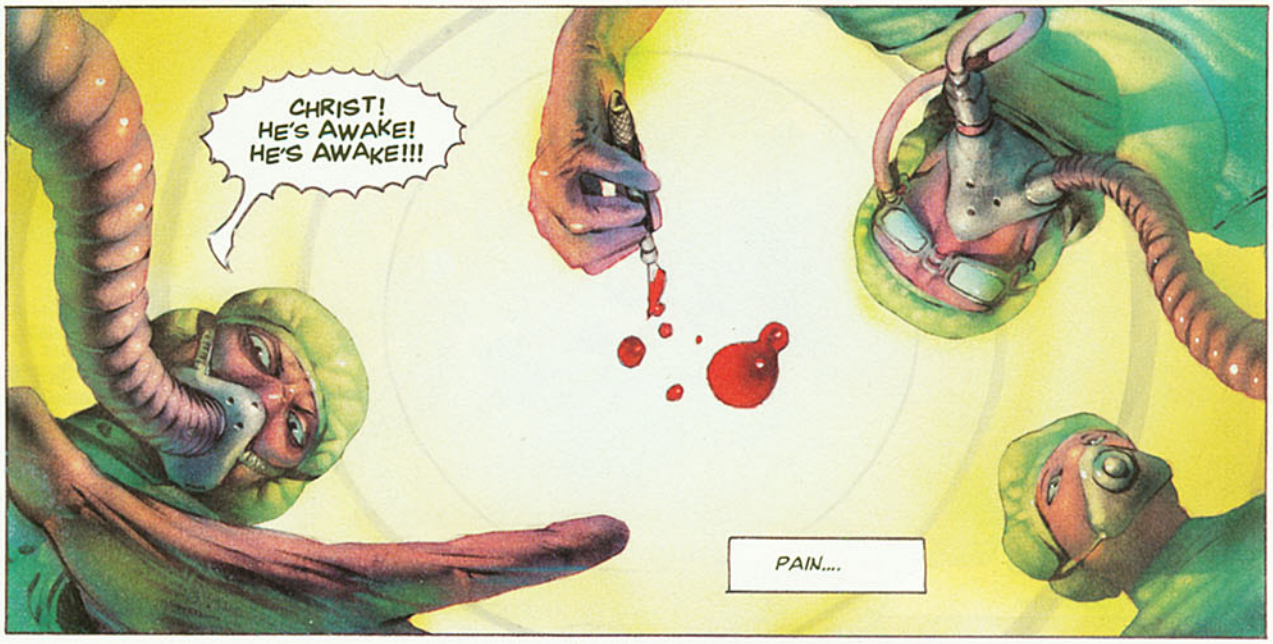
...TO FIND HIMSELF IN THE DUBLIN OF THE YEAR 2077? IS THIS YOUR TRUTH?
NEVER LOSE YOUR INNOCENCE, MY SWEET MARIAN...
NEVER LOSE IT.
©TENUTA '97

HELICOPTERS!
FLAT
FLAT
FLAT
FLAT
FLAT
FLAT
I SEE THEM...
...THAT PROBABLY MEANS TROUBLE.
HOW SO? THE POLICE IS SUPPOSED TO BE THERE TO PROTECT CITIZENS...
AND MAKE THEM SAFE!
YES...
...BUT THEIR PROTECTION IS EXACTLY WHAT I FEAR!
LOOK, THEY ARE GETTING CLOSER...
FLAT
FLAT
FLAT
FLAT
FLAT
FLAT

LOWER THAN THIS AND WE'LL CRASH!
I GOT HIM!
STOF!
STOF!
LIFE IS UNFAIR....
AH!
PTUF
PTUF
MARIAN!
IT ALWAYS DEPRIVES YOU OF WHAT YOU LOVE MOST.
WHY?
AND GIVES YOU NO EXPLANATION.
THERE'S A WOUND IN MY BACK BUT I FEEL NO PAIN. THAT'S ODD...

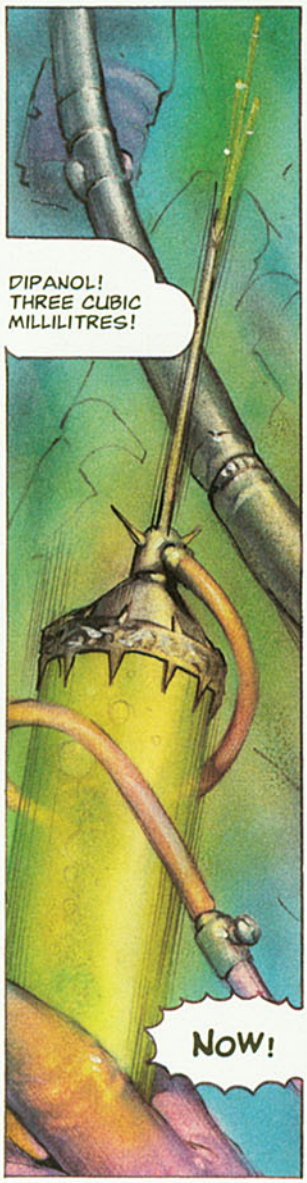
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?
DON'T WORRY...JUST ONE MORE SHOT TO MAKE SURE!
WHY???
STOF
STOF
STOF
RUNK!
GET RID OF HIM! KICK HIM DOWN!
CHRIST!
IF I FALL, YOU WILL FOLLOW ME!
STOF
FLAT
FLAT
FLAT
FLAT

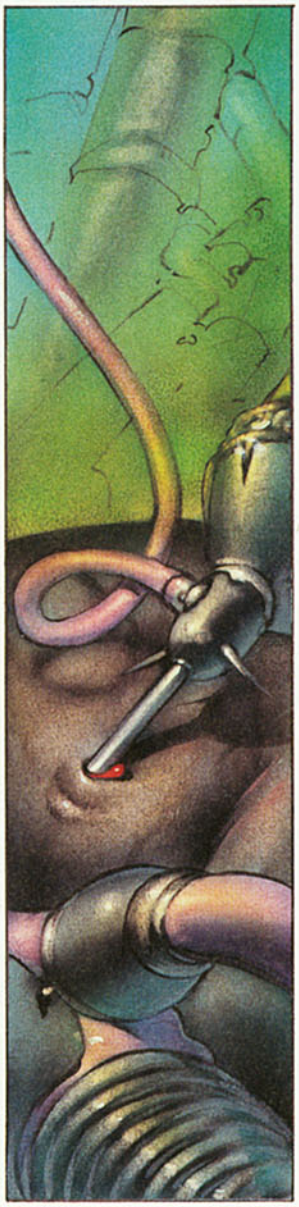
HE'S AWAKE!
HE CAN'T POSSIBLY BE... IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
TAKE A LOOK AT HIS VITAL SIGNS!
HE'S AWAKE!

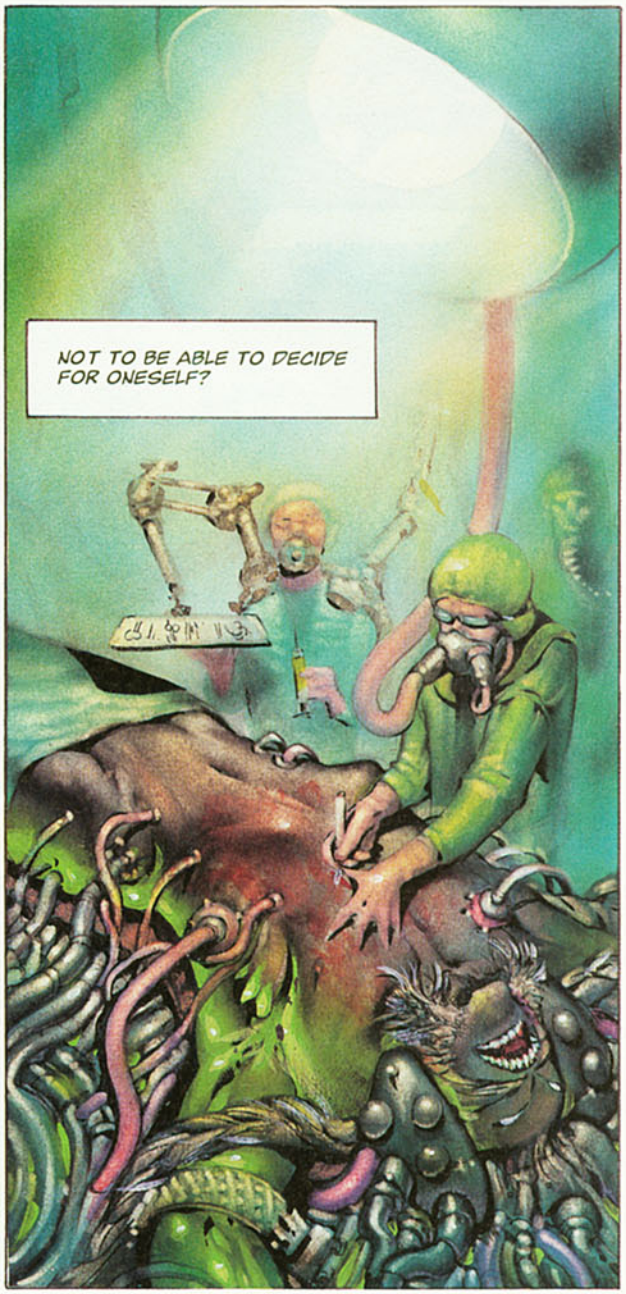


I'D LIKE TO GET UP AND SHOUT... BUT I CAN'T.

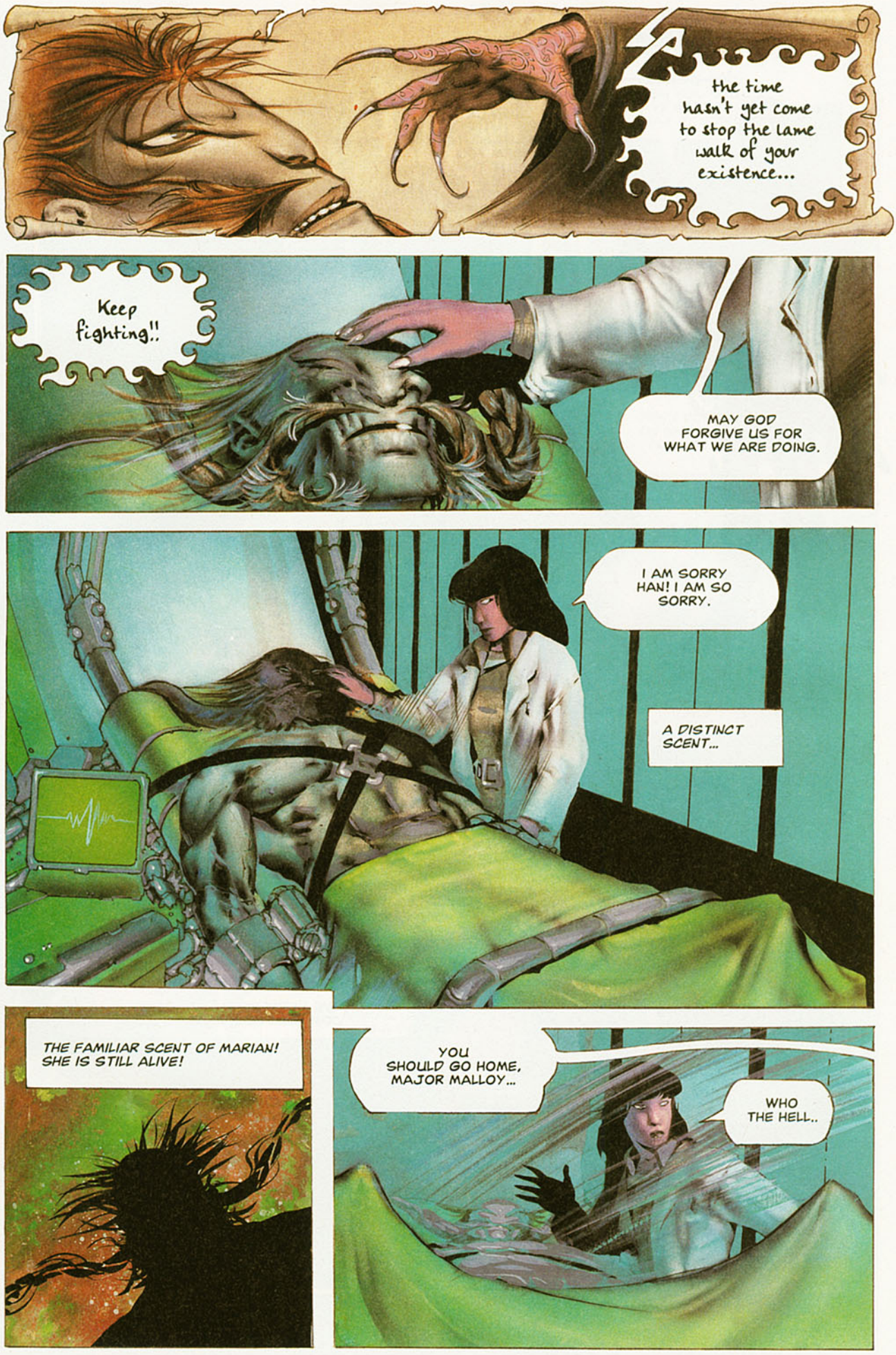
IS THAT HOW IT FEELS TO BE DEAD?

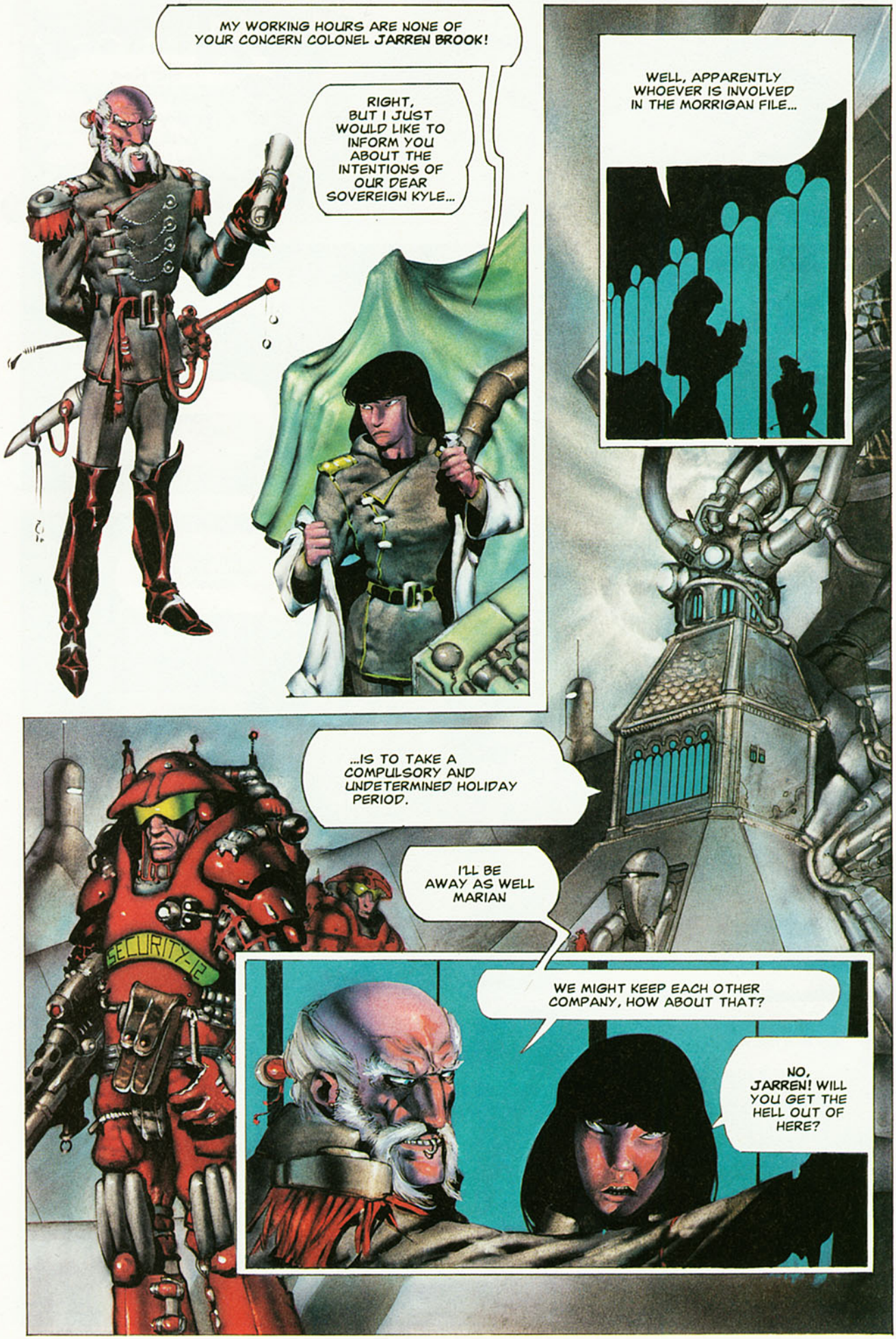




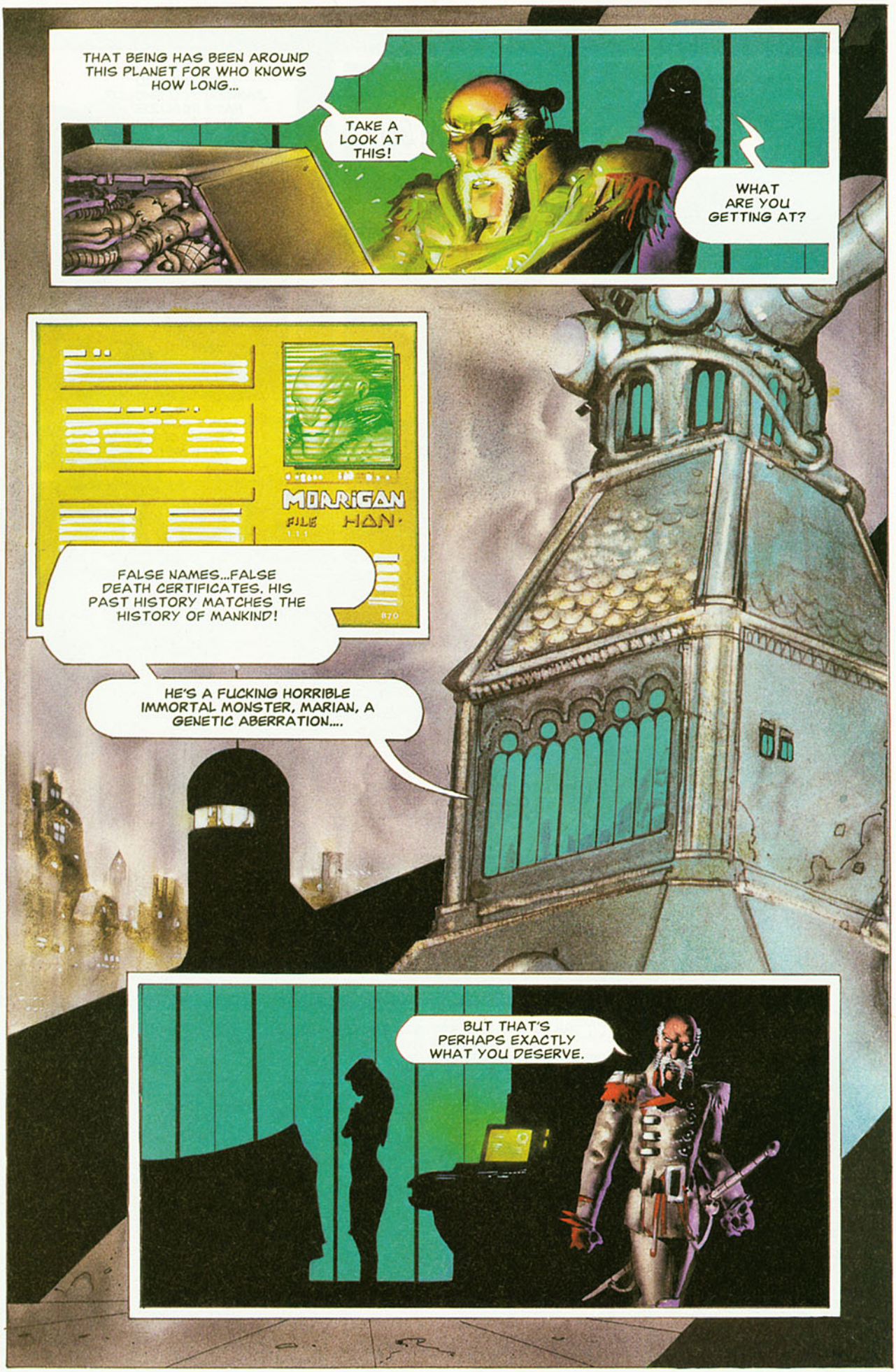


VOICES.. MEANINGLESS WORDS... THEY ALL ARE PUZZLED BY MY BEING STILL AMONG THEM..
VITAL SIGNS?
VERY FEEBLE... WE ARE LOSING HIM!
THE IMPACT ON THE GROUND BROKE HIS VERTEBRAS AND SQUASHED MOST OF HIS ORGANS!
THIS MAN SHOULD HAVE DIED TEN HOURS AGO!
JUST LIKE LONG BEFORE.....
NO! HE'S THE BASTARD SON OF DEATH!
HE'S NOT DEAD! THE DEVIL PROTECTS HIM!
.. WHEN I SAW HER.
BEAUTIFUL, TERRIBLE... AND OBSCURE...
MORRIGAN, THE CELTIC DEATH...
ARE YOU HERE FOR ME?
Keep fighting, my beloved son...

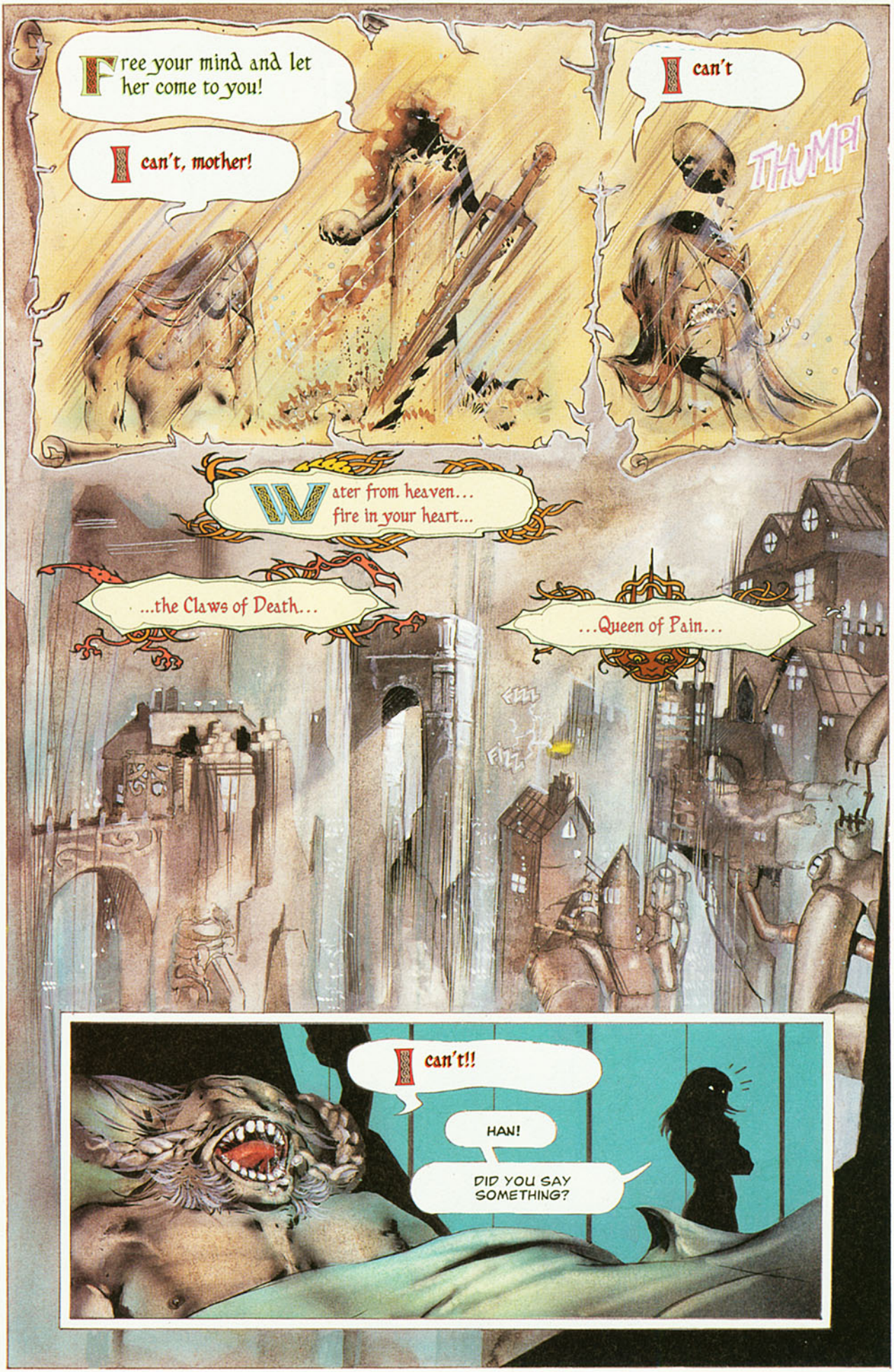

the time hasn't yet come to stop the lame walk of your existence...
Keep fighting!!
MAY GOD FORGIVE US FOR WHAT WE ARE DOING.
I AM SORRY HAN! I AM SO SORRY.
A DISTINCT SCENT...
THE FAMILIAR SCENT OF MARIAN! SHE IS STILL ALIVE!
YOU SHOULD GO HOME, MAJOR MALLOY...
WHO THE HELL..


MY WORKING HOURS ARE NONE OF YOUR CONCERN COLONEL JARREN BROOK!
RIGHT, BUT I JUST WOULD LIKE TO INFORM YOU ABOUT THE INTENTIONS OF OUR DEAR SOVEREIGN KYLE...
WELL, APPARENTLY WHOEVER IS INVOLVED IN THE MORRIGAN FILE...
...IS TO TAKE A COMPULSORY AND UNDETERMINED HOLIDAY PERIOD.
I'LL BE AWAY AS WELL MARIAN
SECURITY-12
WE MIGHT KEEP EACH OTHER COMPANY, HOW ABOUT THAT?
NO, JARREN! WILL YOU GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE?

I LIKE THE WAY YOU ARE
SO HARD TO TAME!
LET ME GO, FUCKING BASTARD!!
LET ME GO!!!
ARG!
THUD
I LOATHE YOU JARREN! YOU SHOULD HAVE REALIZED THAT BY NOW!!
DON'T COME ON INNOCENT WITH ME!
YOU DROVE HIM INTO THE TRAP, SO THAT WE COULD KNOCK HIM OUT WITH THOSE SLEEPING BULLETS!
I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU, BIG MAN...
SECURITY-12
THAT ANIMAL, QUITE UNLIKE YOU, IS A GENTLE AND POETIC CREATURE!
DO YOU KNOW THE MEANING OF THESE WORDS?
DO YOU KNOW IT?
I SIMPLY KNOW YOU HAVE MENTAL PROBLEMS!


THAT BEING HAS BEEN AROUND THIS PLANET FOR WHO KNOWS HOW LONG...
TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!
WHAT ARE YOU GETTING AT?
MORRIGAN
FILE
HAN
FALSE NAMES...FALSE DEATH CERTIFICATES. HIS PAST HISTORY MATCHES THE HISTORY OF MANKIND!
HE'S A FUCKING HORRIBLE IMMORTAL MONSTER, MARIAN, A GENETIC ABERRATION....
BUT THAT'S PERHAPS EXACTLY WHAT YOU DESERVE.

PAIN.
TEARS.
TEARS... THE RAIN OF SOUL.
I KNOW WHAT I HAVE TO DO.
MY MOTHER TAUGHT IT TO ME A LONG TIME AGO.
You don't have to think, son...



CONTINUED ON PAGE 81

What does it mean you can't?
Remember whose son you are!
Remember and summon Fragarach!
FZZ
FZZ
WZZ
Come to me because I am calling you...
...give the warrior...
the best of the weddings...
ARE YOU AWAKE?
ANSWER ME! IN THE NAME OF GOD!
Fragarach...

...FRAGARACH...
...she who answers all!
Yes! Don't stop!
FZZZZ
Water from heaven... fire in your heart...
I am the chosen...

You are the chosen, son of Midir!
May I open my eyes now?
Of course, you may!
Thank you, Mother!

I DON'T FOLLOW YOU...
..ALL I CAN DO IS TO GIVE MYSELF TO YOU...
...AND I'LL DO THAT!
BRZZZ!
TAKE MY ENERGY!
TAKE MY ENERGY!
WHAT A PATHETIC SCENE, ALMOST MOVING!
REVIVE HIM, BEAUTIFUL MARIAN!
PROVIDE YOUR KING WITH ALL THE ANSWERS HE'S LOOKING FOR!
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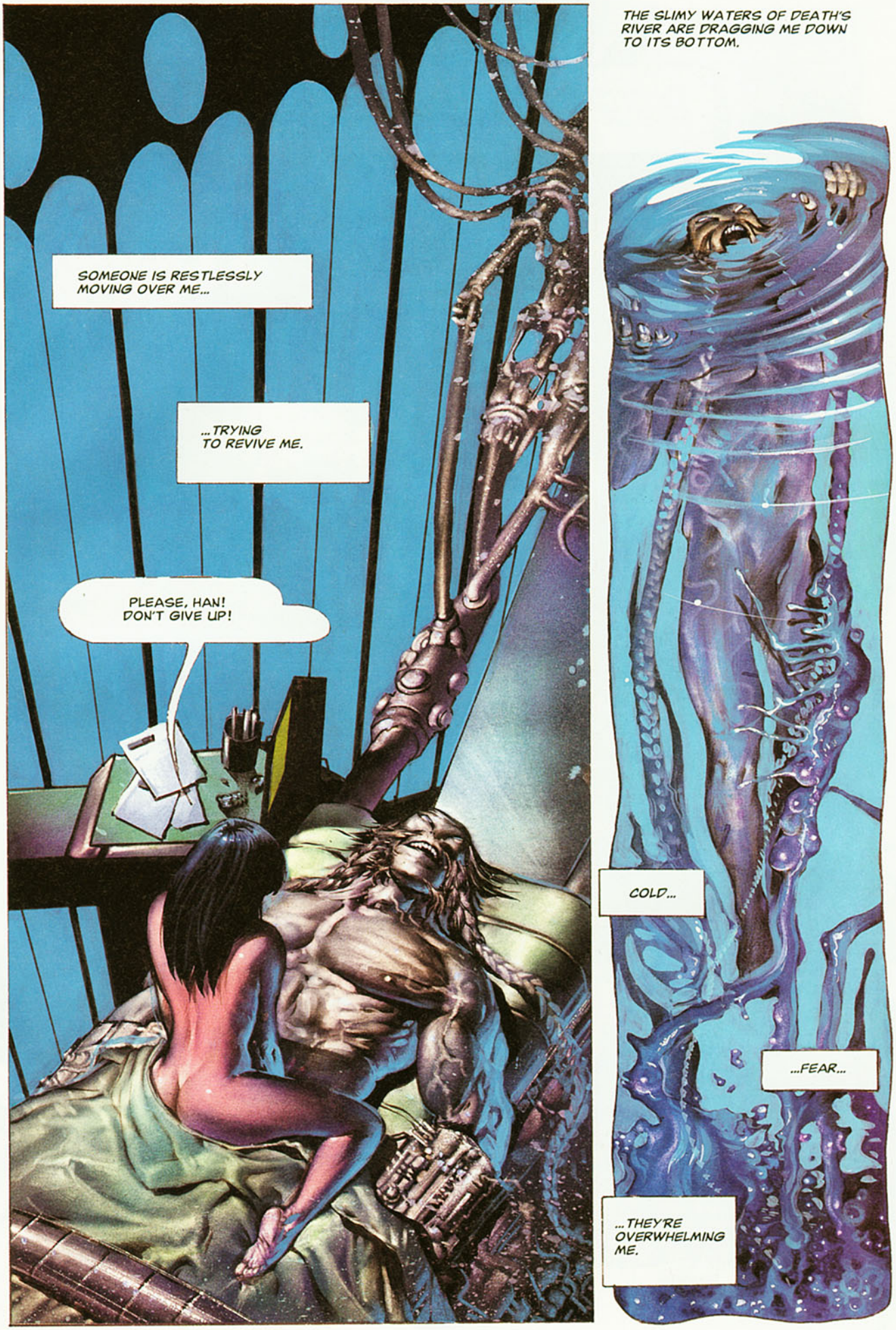
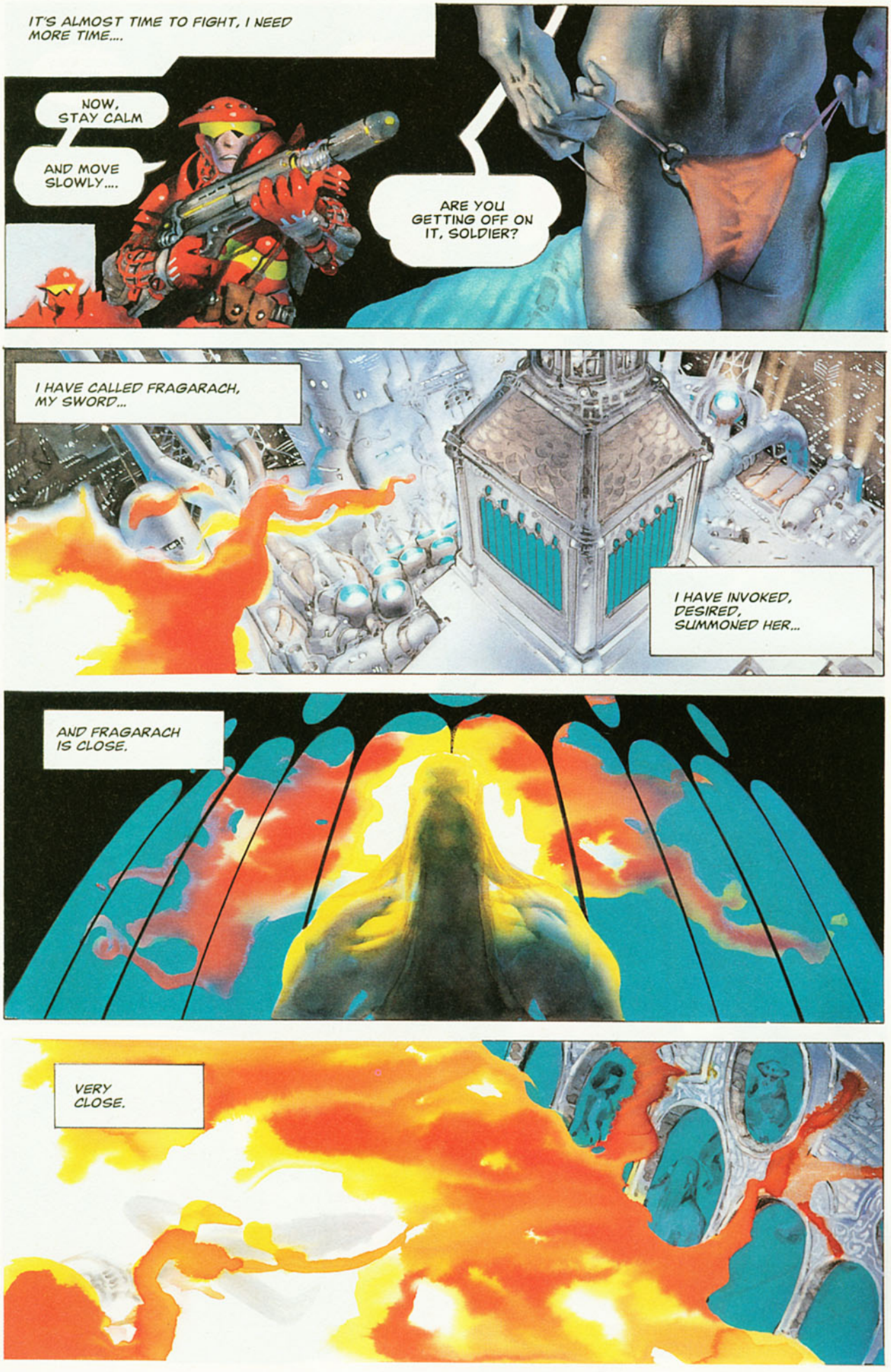

SOMEONE IS RESTLESSLY MOVING OVER ME...
...TRYING TO REVIVE ME.
PLEASE, HAN! DON'T GIVE UP!
THE SLIMY WATERS OF DEATH'S RIVER ARE DRAGGING ME DOWN TO ITS BOTTOM.
COLD...
...FEAR...
...THEY'RE OVERWHELMING ME.

COLD... AND THE FEELING...
...THAT SOMETHING BOTH TERRIBLE AND BEAUTIFUL MAY OCCUR.
SOMETHING FINAL.
SPLOSH!
I MUST BREATHE! I ABSOLUTELY MUST BREATHE!
You silly harmless child!!
...why are you resisting me??
i'm not your enemy!
AHRRGH!! LET GO OF ME!!

LET OF GO ME!!
AAH!
Is this what we have come to?
the son fighting his own mother...
the lightrays betraying their source!
Come with me, my beloved son...
NO! GO AWAY!
PAIN AS PUNISHMENT....
...PAIN AS REWARD...

...PAIN AS THE BIRTH, JUST LIKE COMING BACK FROM DEATH TO LIFE!
HAN!!
AAAKKKK!
RAAAK!
DARLING, YOU ARE ALIVE!
ARE YOU FEELING WELL?
WHERE ARE WE?
IN A HOSPITAL BUT DON'T ASK ME ANYTHING ELSE...
ASK?

I WANT THE TRUTH, AND I WANT IT NOW!
FREEZE!
WHO...
THEIR ARRIVAL IS AN ANSWER TO MANY OF MY QUESTIONS.
LET HER GO, NOW!
EMERGENCY!
RED ALERT, TOP PRIORITY, COMMAND 5!
MY OTHER QUESTIONS ARE TEEMING IN MY MIND AND ARE WAITING....
WHAT DO YOU THINK? CAN I GET DRESSED?


IT'S ALMOST TIME TO FIGHT, I NEED MORE TIME....
NOW, STAY CALM
AND MOVE SLOWLY....
ARE YOU GETTING OFF ON IT, SOLDIER?
I HAVE CALLED FRAGARACH, MY SWORD...
I HAVE INVOKED, DESIRED, SUMMONED HER...
AND FRAGARACH IS CLOSE.
VERY CLOSE.

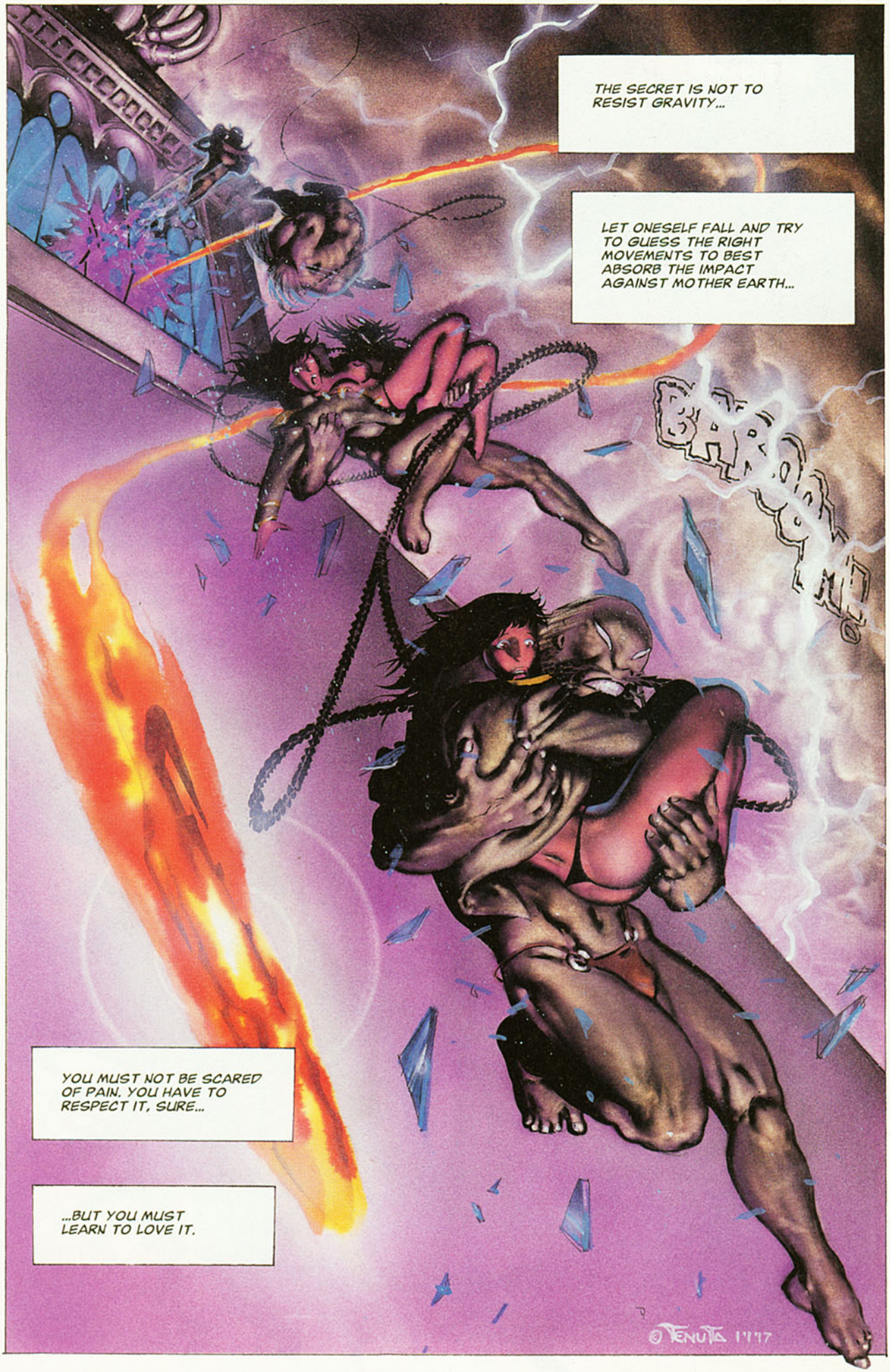
A TERRIFYING STRENGTH, AS PRIMITIVE AND ABSOLUTE AS THE ONE ENGENDERING LIFE...
SHARDS OF GLASS IN MY EYES...
I MUST PROTECT MARIAN!
WHAT THE FUCK IS HAPPENING?
SHOOT! SHOOT!!!
©TENUTA 1991

DEATH PLAYS WITH PEOPLE'S FACES... DEFORMING THEM...
GNAK
DEATH ARMS FEAR AND TURNS IT INTO RAGE...
BASTARD!!!
BRAKKA! BRAKKA!
AND CARESSES MY BACK WITH ITS SHARP CLAWS...
ARRRGH!!
THUD
THU

I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU...
...IF THOSE WERE THE ACES UP YOUR SLEEVE, THINGS ARE GOING TO TAKE A BAD TURN FOR YOU!
AGHK...
NO! IT IS IMPOSSIBLE!
STOP! DON'T DO IT!
IT'S TOO LATE TO STOP MY ARM...
THAT'S THE WAY I AM. I CANNOT CHANGE.
WHY DID YOU KILL HIM? HE WAS HARMLESS!
THAT'S THE WAY I AM...
...AND I DON'T WANT TO CHANGE.
WHUKK!

VOICES... SOUND OF STEPS... COMBAT BOOTS, PLENTY OF WELL-ARMED SOLDIERS.
I WANT A MAN POSTED IN EACH CORRIDOR!
THERE THEY ARE! SHOOT THE MONSTER BUT MIND THE GIRL!
AYE, SIR!
NOTHING PERSONAL, SOLDIER!
VRAAAWWW
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? THEY'LL KILL US!!!
TRUST ME..
BRAKKA
BRAKKA
BRAKKA
BLOW!

IT'S RAINING!
WATER FROM HEAVEN, FIRE IN THE HEART...
POOM
POOM
POOM
FRAGARACH IS RUNNING WITH ME, SHE KNOWS WHAT'S ON MY MIND.
I CAN'T FLY, I COULDN'T LEARN THAT IN MILLIONS' LIVES...
NOOO!!
...BUT I KNOW HOW TO FALL. I'M WAY EXPERIENCED ABOUT IT.

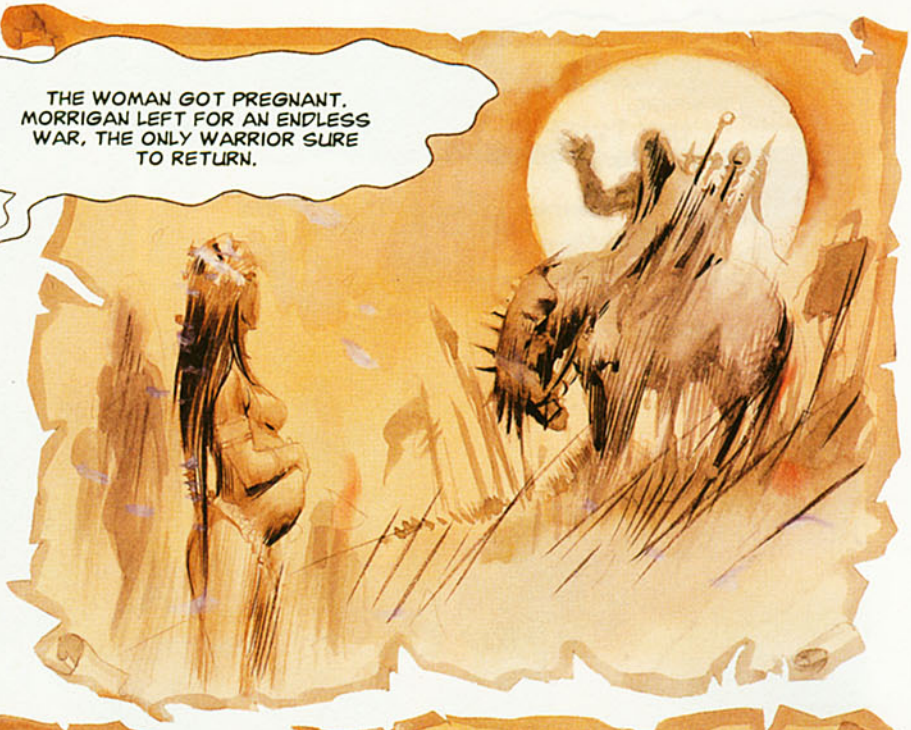

THE SECRET IS NOT TO RESIST GRAVITY...
LET ONESELF FALL AND TRY TO GUESS THE RIGHT MOVEMENTS TO BEST ABSORB THE IMPACT AGAINST MOTHER EARTH...
YOU MUST NOT BE SCARED OF PAIN. YOU HAVE TO RESPECT IT, SURE...
...BUT YOU MUST LEARN TO LOVE IT.
© TENUTA 1997

BOTH KNEES' LIGAMENTS GIVE IN.
KKK-
-
RACK
I'LL WORRY ABOUT'EM LATER ON...
...OR MAYBE NOT AT ALL.
DID YOU SEE, SIR? IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!!
NO! IT'S NOT IMPOSSIBLE.
IT'S ONLY HARD TO BELIEVE.
FZZZ
CRACKLE
RUMBLE
VERY HARD TO BELIEVE...

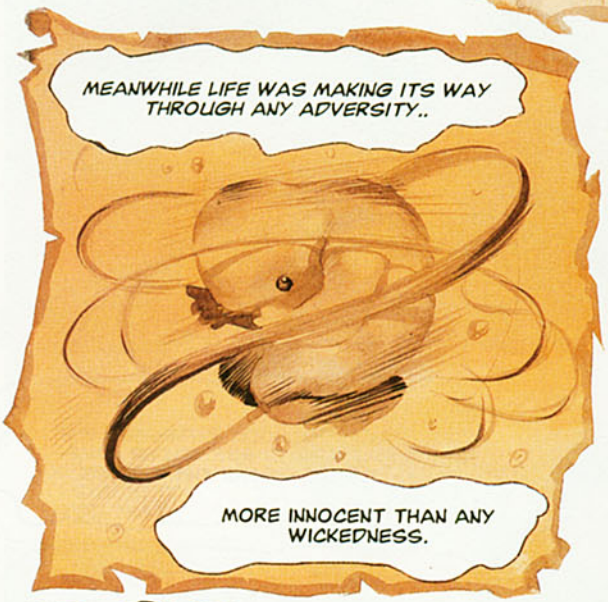
YOUR STORY SEEMS IMPLAUSIBLE, BROOK...
MY MAJESTY, I SWEAR TO YOU THAT...
DON'T YOU DARE TO INTERRUPT ME!!!
FORGIVE ME, MY MAJESTY.
I AM NOT USUALLY STUNNED BY THE UNEXPLAINABLE. NEITHER I FEAR THE UNKNOWN! NOW PAY ATTENTION, SOLDIER...
I WANT TO TELL YOU A STORY...
AN ANCIENT TALE CONCERNING STRONGLY-OPPOSED LOVE, PASSION, VIOLENCE AND BLOOD...

EVER SINCE HE WAS BORN, MORRIGAN HAS ALWAYS BEEN A WARRIOR..
FIGHTING, KILLING, LOOTING ARE THE THINGS HE DOES BEST.
BUT EVEN HE ONCE SURRENDERED TO THAT GREAT LIE CALLED LOVE.
TENUTA ©1777
FIRES IN THE CAMP BURNED BRIGHT ...
...AS THE HEARTS OF AN IMMORTAL WARRIOR AND HIS BEAUTIFUL WOMAN BURNED BRIGHT AS WELL.
ONLY THE MOON WITNESSED THE PASSIONATE BUT TENDER LOVE-MAKING OF THE TWO LOVERS.
AND THE MOON BLESSED THAT ACT OF GIVING BIRTH TO A NEW LIFE.

THE WOMAN GOT PREGNANT. MORRIGAN LEFT FOR AN ENDLESS WAR, THE ONLY WARRIOR SURE TO RETURN.

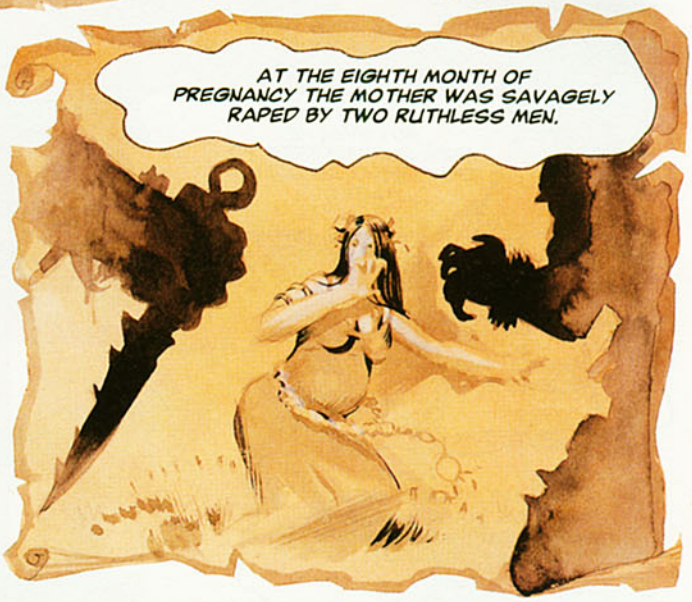


MEANWHILE LIFE WAS MAKING ITS WAY THROUGH ANY ADVERSITY..



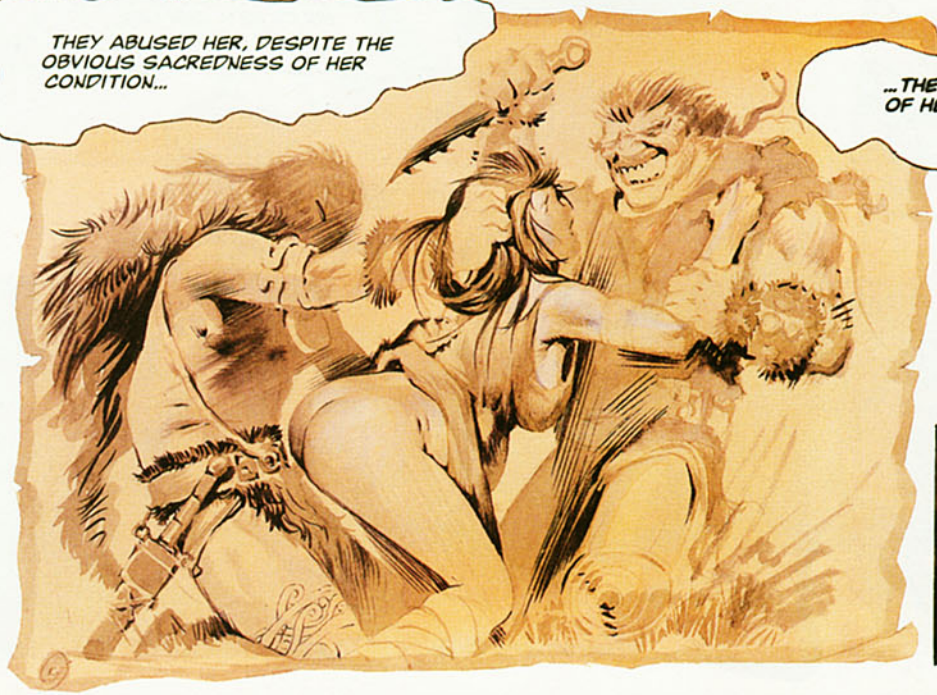
MORE INNOCENT THAN ANY WICKEDNESS.

AT THE EIGHTH MONTH OF PREGNANCY THE MOTHER WAS SAVAGELY RAPED BY TWO RUTHLESS MEN.

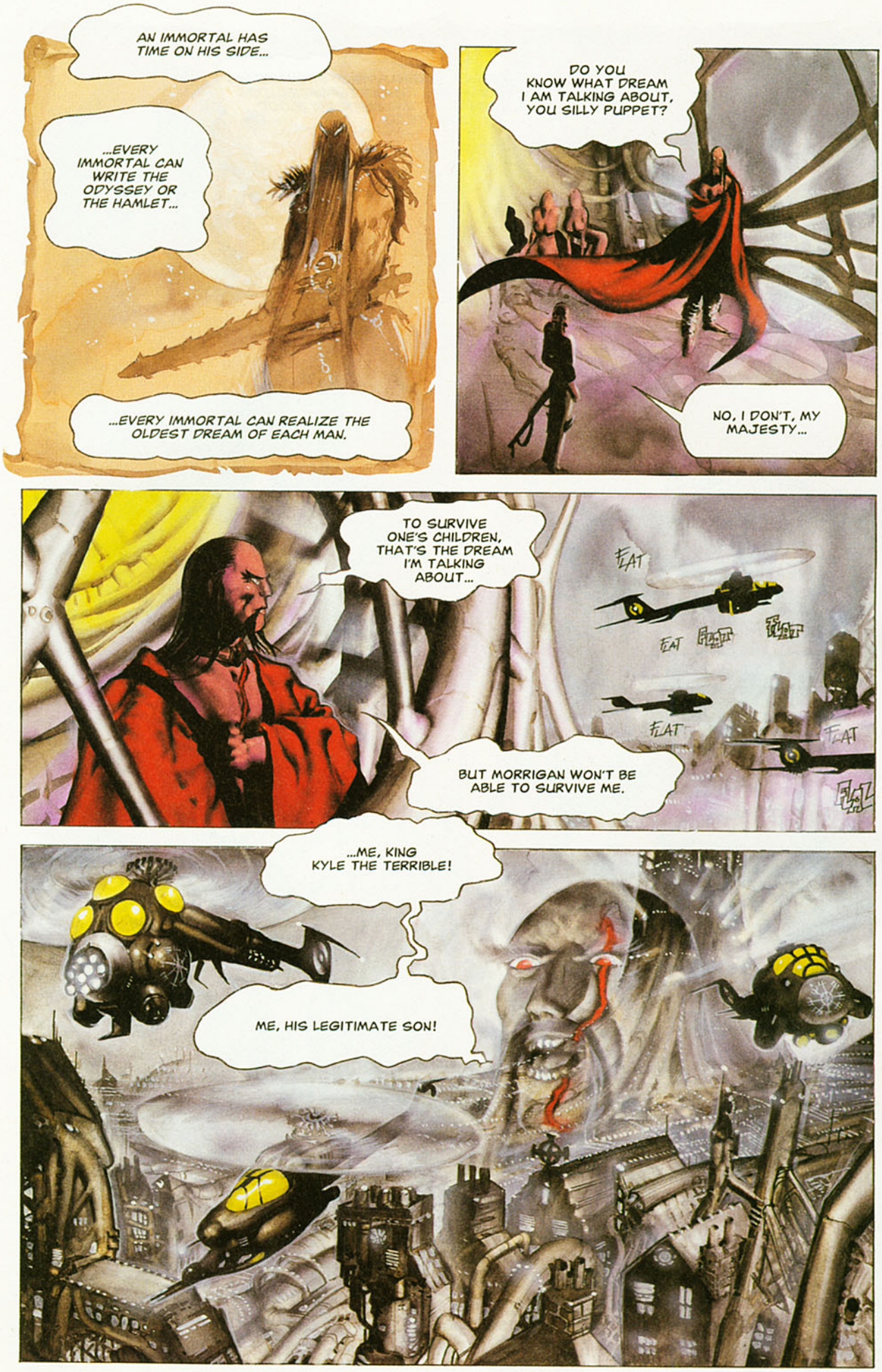


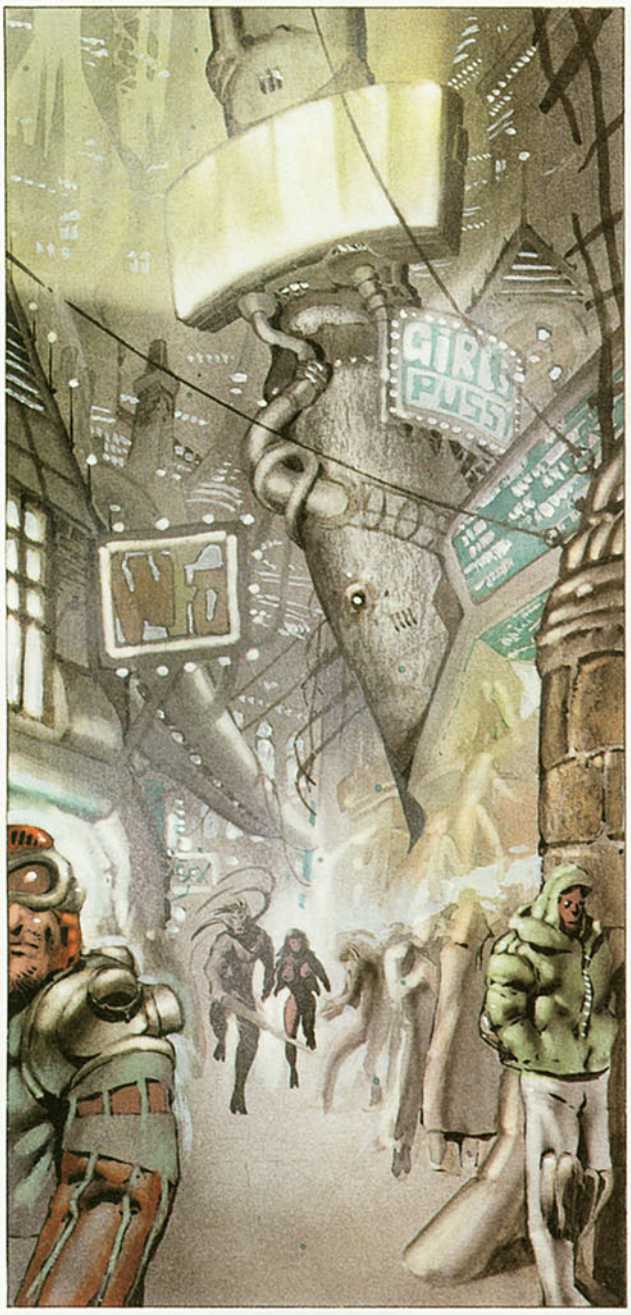
THEY ABUSED HER, DESPITE THE OBVIOUS SACREDNESS OF HER CONDITION...

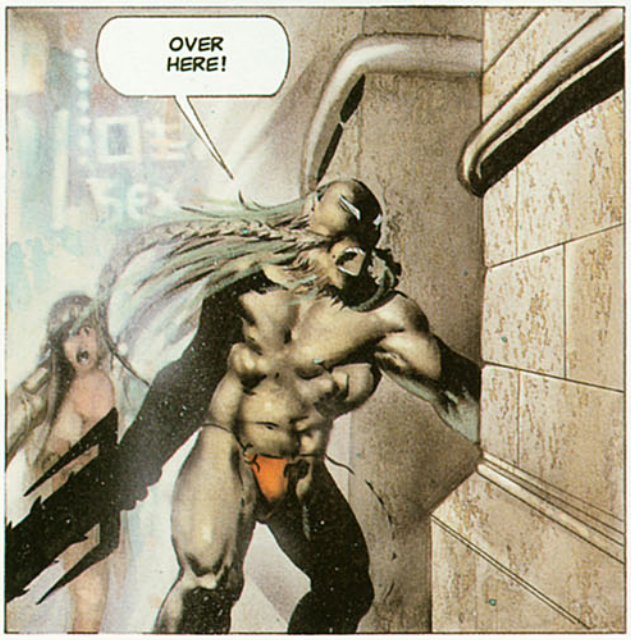
...THEY DEBASED THE TEMPLE OF HER FLESH AND DRAGGED IT IN THE MUD.



HIS FATHER DROWNED HIS OWN RESPONSIBILITIES IN OTHERS' BLOOD.
BUT LIFE HAD ERECTED ITS INVINCIBLE BARRIERS. THE BABY SAW THE LIGHT, ALTHOUGH HORRIBLY DISFIGURED...
...AND HIS MOTHER BROUGHT HIM UP WITHOUT LOVE, AS SHE WOULD HAVE DONE WITH A PIG...
...OR WITH ANY ANIMALS BOUND TO BE SLAUGHTERED.
HE DIDN'T COME BACK, MORRIGAN. HE NEVER CAME BACK AGAIN...


AN IMMORTAL HAS TIME ON HIS SIDE...
...EVERY IMMORTAL CAN WRITE THE ODYSSEY OR THE HAMLET...
...EVERY IMMORTAL CAN REALIZE THE OLDEST DREAM OF EACH MAN.
DO YOU KNOW WHAT DREAM I AM TALKING ABOUT, YOU SILLY PUPPET?
NO, I DON'T, MY MAJESTY...
TO SURVIVE ONE'S CHILDREN, THAT'S THE DREAM I'M TALKING ABOUT...
FLAT
BUT MORRIGAN WON'T BE ABLE TO SURVIVE ME.
...ME, KING KYLE THE TERRIBLE!
ME, HIS LEGITIMATE SON!


GIRLS
PUSSY

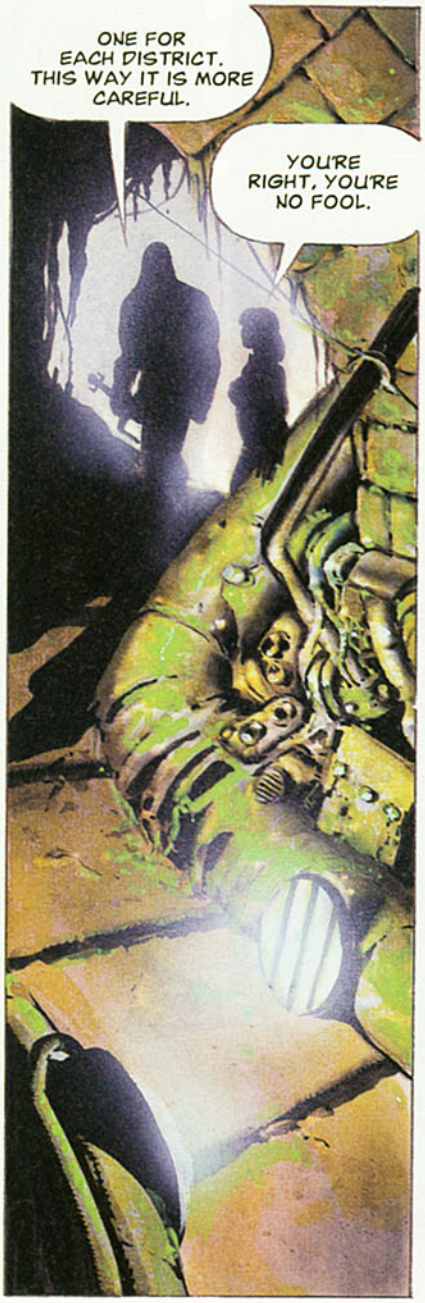

OVER HERE!

HELICOPTERS!
THEY'RE HERE TO GET US, BUT THEY'LL FAIL!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY?
MAYBE I AM CRAZY, THAT'S TRUE...
...BUT I AM TOO EXPERIENCED TO BE STUPID!

AAAH!

WHERE ARE WE?
IT'S ONE OF MY HIDEOUTS.
ONE OF YOUR HIDEOUTS?
HOW MANY OF THEM DO YOU HAVE?


ONE FOR EACH DISTRICT. THIS WAY IT IS MORE CAREFUL.
YOU'RE RIGHT, YOU'RE NO FOOL.

IT'S COLD. IT'S SO HUMID IN HERE!
NO WONDER, WE ARE RIGHT UNDER THE LIFFEY RIVER....

DO YOU SEE THIS HATCH? IF I OPEN IT, THIS TUNNEL WILL GET FLOODED AND WE WILL GET SWEPT AWAY BY THE RIVER STREAM....
SO WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
JUST SPEEDING UP OUR WALK TOWARDS FREEDOM!
TLACK
NO!
YES!
I HAVE ALWAYS LOVED WATER.
PURIFYING ELEMENT...
...PRIMORDIAL FORCE
RROUMBLE!!
SOURCE OF LIFE.

WE ARE OUT AT LAST, BUT THIS DOESN'T MEAN WE ARE SAFE.

MARIAN MIGHT HAVE AN EMBOLUS. I MUST ACT QUICKLY.

MY LUNGS HAVE THEIR LIMITS TOO, AND I FEEL I AM ABOUT TO REACH'EM.

MY SURVIVAL INSTINCT TELLS ME TO KEEP ALL THE AIR FOR ME, BUT I JUST PAY IT NO HEED.

ONCE AGAIN, THE MIRACLE OF LIFE REPEATS ITSELF IN FRONT OF MY EYES.
THE SURFACE IS VERY CLOSE, WE WILL MAKE IT.
DUBLIN'S BAY WELCOME US WITH A SMELLY EMBRACE.
I SUMMON MY SWORD AND ASK HER TO SHOW ME THE WAY.
FRAGARACH!!!
MARIAN IS ALIVE AND WILL COME AROUND IN A WHILE.
I DON'T KNOW WHETHER WE'LL SUCCEED, BUT THE FUN PART IS IN TRYING.

WELL DONE, MY FAITHFUL SWORD!

OOH...
WELCOME BACK AMONG THE LIVING.

BRRROOM!
LESS PHILOSOPHY AND MORE CONCRETENESS, PLEASE!
AS YOU WISH. WE ARE ON MY SHIP AND A STORM IS BREWING UP.

WHERE ARE WE? WHERE ARE WE GOING?
GOOD QUESTIONS, MARIAN...
...I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR THE ANSWERS ALL ALONG, BUT I HAVE NEVER FOUND EVEN THE SLIGHTEST CLUE!

WE CAN CHOOSE HOW TO DIE, AND THAT'S THE ONLY THING THAT CAN COMFORT US!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
WHEN YOU WERE IN HOSPITAL, THEY PLACED A RADIO-TRANSMITTER IN YOUR BODY TO SIGNAL YOUR POSITION TO KING KYLE'S TROOPS!
HAN, THEY SEE YOU AS A MOVING TARGET AND SOONER OR LATER THEY'LL HAVE YOU IN THEIR CROSS-HAIR!
FLAT
FLAT
FLAT
FLAT
FLAT
LOOK!
BASTARDS!
GOT IT! THE MONSTER'S ON THE SHIP!
FLIP-FLIP

CHRIST! IT'S OVER, CAN'T YOU SEE?
NOT AT ALL...
...IT'S JUST BEGUN!
FLAT
FLAT
FLAT
THIS SHIP, THAT BELONGED TO ME FOR CENTURIES, WAS THE MAGICAL WOOD OF MANAMAN, SON OF LIR
DO YOU KNOW WHAT'S THE MAIN FEATURE OF THIS AGILE HULL?
DON'T TELL ME, LET ME GUESS...
IT WILL BECOME FAMOUS AS THE SHIP THAT PROVIDED THE WOOD FOR OUR COFFINS!!!
WRONG...
THE BOAT OF MANAMAN READS THE THOUGHTS OF ITS HELMSMAN...
...AND CAN TAKE HIM WHEREVER HE WISHES TO GO...

...AND THERE IS JUST ONE PLACE IN THE WORLD WHERE WE SHOULD GO.
AHAAAaa!
THERE IS JUST ONE PLACE WHERE MEN AND GODS CAN SIT AND TALK....
TLACK!
AND NO ONE CAN PREVENT US FROM GETTING THERE, TO THE DAY OF RECKONING!
OH CHRIST! WHAT THE HELL...!

AHAAA!!!
KABOOM!
OUR DESTINY WILL COME TO ITS END AT STONEHENGE!
KRAK

HERE WE ARE! LOOK RIGHT UNDER US, MARIAN...
I CAN SEE IT.
UNTIL TODAY STONEHENGE HAD BEEN A POSTCARD FOR TOURISTS, A MEANINGLESS PLACE PRINTED ON T-SHIRTS....
BUT SINCE I MET YOU I'VE LEARNED TO LOOK AT THE WORLD IN ANOTHER PERSPECTIVE!
TODAY YOUR EYES WILL WITNESS UTTERLY UNKNOWN EVENTS!

I HOPE YOUR MIND WILL BE STRONG ENOUGH TO COPE WITH WHAT WILL HAPPEN!
DON'T WORRY, YOU'VE ALREADY PUT ME TO THE TEST!
GET READY THEN...BECAUSE AFTER THIS YOU WON'T BE THE SAME PERSON ANYMORE.
NONE OF US WILL BE THE SAME AND MAYBE THAT'LL ALSO HOLD TRUE FOR THOSE WHO UNDESERVEDLY WALK ON THE HOLY IRISH GROUND!
STAND ASIDE, MARIAN...
IT IS NOW YOUR TURN FRAGARACH... YOU THAT CAN ANSWER ALL!
CALL!!!
WHUK!

CALL FRAGARACH!

CALL!

IT IS RISING, FROM THE DARKNESS TO THE LIGHT...

MIDIR THE SUPERB... HE WHO CAUSED ME THIS ETERNAL MADNESS THAT I CAN'T CALL LIFE ANYMORE!
AT LAST YOU HAVE ARRIVED, MY SON.

....HAS THE TIME OF THE BATTLE BETWEEN FATHERS AND SONS FINALLY COME?
WE WILL NOT FIGHT, FATHER...

I REQUESTED THIS MEETING TO ASK FOR YOUR HELP. WE HAVE TO DEFEAT KING KYLE AND ELIMINATE ALL EVIL THAT HE REPRESENTS AND INCARNATES...
KYLE IS THE THIRD SIDE OF THE TRIANGLE, THE THIRD POWER AT STAKE.
I CAN'T BELIEVE MY OWN EYES!
KYLE IS MY NEPHEW...
...YOUR SON!
A ZOMBIE, A BLOODY SPEAKING ZOMBIE...
AN ERROR BELONGING TO YOUR YOUTH AS AN IMMORTAL. AN ERROR YOU COULDN'T AVOID, BECAUSE IT WAS ALREADY WRITTEN IN THE BOOK OF RUNES.
THE PRESENCE OF THAT WOMAN WAS WRITTEN AND INDICATED AS WELL!
MARIAN? SHE HASN'T GOT ANYTHING TO DO WITH ALL THIS, FATHER...SHE'S SIMPLY A MORTAL!
I KNOW THAT. BUT THE FATE OF GODS HAS ALREADY BEEN ENTRUSTED IN THE HANDS OF MEN OTHER TIMES!

FLAT
FLAT
FLAT
YOU MAY BE RIGHT FATHER... AND WE'LL FIND THAT OUT SOON.
FLAT
FLAT
KYLE IS HERE, I CAN SENSE HIS UNNERVING AND VENOMOUS PRESENCE!
HERE IS MY FAMILY IN FULL FORCE!
DO YOU WANT ME TO FLY LOWER, SIR?
NEVER MIND, SOLDIER...
MY SOVEREIGN!!
IT DOESN'T MATTER!

F-TOOO
!M!
OK, GENTLEMEN ...NOW WE ARE ALL TOGETHER...
...LET'S OPEN THE DANCE!
ANYTIME!
WAIT! HANG ON A MOMENT!
MY MIND HAS ACCEPTED YOUR PRESENCE, YOUR EXISTENCE...
...BUT IT CAN'T ACCEPT THE REASON WHY A FATHER AND HIS SON HAVE TO FIGHT. I ASK YOU...
...WHY?
WHY???

THAT MAN ...MY FATHER... CONDEMNED ME TO LIVE FOREVER! I'VE GROWN UP AS AN OUTCAST, AS A BASTARD OF THE WORST KIND AND, ON TOP OF IT, I'VE FOUND OUT THAT I WOULD SURVIVE ALL THE PEOPLE I HAD LOVED AND THAT HAD SHOWN ME COMPASSION!

WHY DID YOU ABANDON ME, YOU WORM? EVEN IF MY MOTHER DIED UTTERING YOUR NAME!
ALTHOUGH I'VE SLEPT WITH THOUSANDS OF WOMEN...I BELIEVE I REMEMBER YOUR MOTHER WELL

THE WAR WRENCHED ME FROM HER...

...AND THE RESPONSIBILITIES DUE TO THE PEACE SO PAINFULLY OBTAINED, PREVENTED ME FROM RETURNING...

...FROM COMING HOME!
TOO MANY LIVES, TOO MANY MEN DEPENDED ON ME. ONLY MY PRESENCE COULD KEEP THEM UNITED.
SHUT UP! I DON'T BELIEVE YOU!!!
HAN! WATCH OUT!!!

ARE YOU SURPRISED, KYLE?
NO, I AM NOT...
...I JUST FEEL SLIGHTLY DISGUSTED! NEVER BEFORE HAD I KILLED AN UNDEAD!
A FATHER SACRIFICING HIS LIFE TO SAFE HIS SON'S....HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF ANYTHING MORE NOBLE THAN THAT?
MIDIR!
IS THIS WHAT YOU THINK? I SWEAR THAT YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING YET!
KHUK!
KHUK!
KYLE, I AM WARNING YOU! THIS TIME YOU'VE REALLY CROSSED THE LINE!
KWACK!
I FEND OFF KYLE'S FIRST BLOW...

...BUT I CAN'T DO ANYTHING AGAINST THE SECOND BLADE!
AAHRR!!
IS IT OVER ALREADY, MORRIGAN? I EXPECTED SOMETHING FROM SUCH A WARRIOR AS YOU!
FATHER! HAS OUR TIME FINALLY COME?
YOU ARE RIGHT, MY SON...
THE TIME HAS COME FOR DEATH TO CLAIM BACK WHAT HAS ALWAYS BEEN HERS. BEHOLD!
BEHOLD THE SHIP OF THE ETERNALLY IMPENDING APPROACH!
NO! I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS IS TRUE! I CAN'T!

Were you waiting for me?
On the other hand...
...how could a family get-together ever be complete without mother?

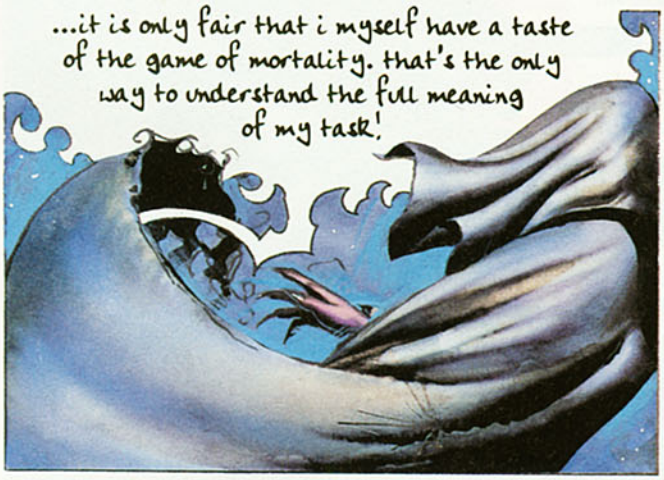
IT IS TIME TO GO, MY SON
I KNEW THIS MOMENT WOULD COME SOONER OR LATER...
AND I HOPED THAT I WOULD BE READY, MORE PREPARED THAN MERE MORTALS, TO FACE THIS LAST, ULTIMATE CALL!
...BUT I AM AFRAID...
AFRAID? I DON'T KNOW THE MEANING OF THIS WORD!
IF THIS IS DEATH, I, KING KYLE, WILL BE REMEMBERED AS THE MAN WHO KILLED HER!!!
you pathetic, small, harmless man...

...son of time and solitude...
WHAT'S HAPPENING...
...fragile envelope, simulacrum full of dust...
...TO ME??
Nothing more than dust!
AGH!!
IT'S BEEN HORRIBLE!
NO, MARIAN. IT'S BEEN JUST AN ACCELERATED NATURAL PROCESS. DEATH HAS NO MORAL, SHE CAN'T BE UNFAIR.

DEATH IS NOT UNFAIR, IS IT? YET SHE'S TAKING YOU AWAY FROM ME! NOW THAT WITHOUT KYLE WE COULD HAVE LED A NORMAL LIFE!
A NORMAL LIFE?
MAYBE YOU ARE FORGETTING WHO I AM, MARIAN...
...DON'T YOU SEE WHAT KIND OF MONSTER, WHAT A GENETIC DISGRACE, WHAT A GROTESQUE CARICATURE OF A MAN I AM?
DID YOU FORGET?
NO, HAN...TO ME YOU ARE A MAN...THE MAN I LOVE...
I WON'T FORGET YOU!
Who am I to separate.....
....what love has united so strongly?
IN THE PAST YOU DID IT BILLIONS OF TIMES. IT'S YOUR TASK.
you are right, my son... but marian's role is not that of a simple pawn!
AH!

The Runes of Destiny wrote for her a far more important role!

After spending such a long time to remind men of their limits...


...it is only fair that i myself have a taste of the game of mortality. that's the only way to understand the full meaning of my task!

FROM NOW ON, AND FOR GOOD, MARIAN WILL BE DEATH AND DEATH WILL BE JUST A WOMAN!
Why me?

BECAUSE NOW I WILL BE ABLE TO CARRY INSIDE OF ME THE IMMORTAL SON THAT MORRIGAN HAD GIVEN YOU.

THIS WAY ANOTHER IMMORTAL CREATURE WILL BE ABLE TO WALK ON THE SWEET GROUND OF IRELAND!
YOU WILL ALWAYS REMAIN WITH YOUR MAN....FOREVER.
Forever...
YES, FOREVER.
GOODBYE!
MARIAN!
WHAT'S HAPPENED? WHERE IS KING KYLE?
HOW ABOUT YOU? HOW ARE YOU?
TOO MANY QUESTIONS, JARREN...
...AND I AM SURE YOU WOULDN'T LIKE ALL MY ANSWERS!
The End