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HEAVY

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FANTASY MAGAZINE

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HORLEY

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What Not To Say During Sex ©Vents D'Ouest
What Position To Take ©Vents D'Ouest



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HEAVY METAL

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◀ **Illustration by Lawrence Northey**
To find out more about Lawrence's work, contact him at robotart@hotmail.com

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

First, a "Moment of Silence"... a friend on the heavymetal.com message board just passed on the news that Guido Crepax passed away earlier this year. He was an artist's artist, and a fan favorite all over Europe and a staple of Heavy Metal Magazine's earlier years. Known best for his adaptations of "The Story of O" and "Justine" to name only a very few, he will be missed.

I know it is fading into late fall, but I think I am still recovering from the 2003 San Diego Comic Con! It was our best year ever, the show was more than packed, and I finally got to meet Alfonso Azpiri in the flesh! He was one of our featured guests, as well as our dear friends Luis Royo, Lorenzo Sperlonga, Stacy E Walker, and everyone's favorite crazy Englishman, Simon Bisley!

I also want to thank Arlene and Andy Sidaris for coming down to sign the new, "Bullets, Bombs, and Babes" book, as well as the fabulous Aria Giovanni, and the lovely Veronika, who came dressed as Taarna! What a great time, hope you can make it next year.

I want to point out right away the work of Lawrence Northey, who is the featured artist of this issue. I met him through the message boards and fell in love with his work. He will be featured in a full gallery in one of our upcoming issues — thanks, Lawrence!

Speaking of "galleries" and "San Diego", I met Carlos Diez at the show and I am thrilled to have a full gallery of his work in this issue. You'll see him on a cover soon as well.

In between kicking ass on his new painted "Lobo" series, Alex Horley found time to get a beautiful painting done for our cover.

Everyone's favorite, "Druuna" is back for another spellbinding tale of "sex and adventure"— poor thing, will she ever find a happy ending? Hope not...

Our first installment of "Demonika" appears in this issue from the twisted mind of Mr. Font, with more to come. I'm pleased to add "Ruskin-The Devouring", "Joe in the Future", and "Sid Buckman" to the line-up of shorts, as well as welcome back Mr. Bocchio to the magazine with "The Prophecy". Nice one.

Last but not least, we can't forget our regulars- Kofoed, Ringgenberg, Walter and Goupil — glad to have you guys with us.

I guess that's it from me for now — if I write anymore the type will be too small for anyone to read.

All the best,

Kim Eastman

Dear H.M.,

I picked up my first Heavy Metal Magazine- May 2002 and I was instantly hooked. I have yet to miss an issue! In the May 2002 issue, "The Fairy and the Gentle Robots" was over-the-top. The only other story I have read in Heavy Metal that turned my imagination in the same way was "Requiem- Resurrection" from the March 2003 issue. It was outstanding and I can hardly wait to read what comes next. These type of stories ensure that Heavy Metal will survive another 25 years!

Thomas

Dear Thomas,

Welcome aboard and thanks for writing! Glad you liked "Requiem". We've got two more installments coming soon so we hope you keep reading the magazine. "Gentle Robots" was one of my favorites as well.

Dear H.M.,

I just picked up the Anniversary issue today and let me say that I am really impressed! I've only been buying Heavy Metal for about 2 years now and I am hooked. The issues seem to get better and better each time. But, there should be more of "Fistful of Blood", and "Druuna". I've been waiting for more on Druuna for a long time and hope there will be some more very soon! I think what hooked me was renting the video, "Heavy Metal 2000". I hope there will be another movie in the near future.

Dear Paul,

I almost ran your letter earlier in the year but knew this issue was coming and had to save it until now. I hope you enjoy the latest installment of Druuna in this issue. Thanks for all of your support and kind words!

Dear H.M.,

I had picked up the January 2003 issue and to my surprise on the contents page was the extraordinary work of James Ryman. His work is both amazing and creative. However, upon further investigation I found there was no other work featured in the issue. As a frequent buyer of the magazine, I was hoping to find out if you had plans to feature any articles or more of James Ryman's work. Thank you for your time and many years of great reading.

J.W.

Dear J.W.,

Thanks for your note about James Ryman. I love his work and got a chance to visit with him at the San Diego Comic Convention a few months back - - great guy and amazing artist! James is working on a cover for us now, and I can't wait to do a full gallery of his work. I hope he'll be working with us for a long time to come.

Dear H.M.,

I've been a fan since 1978 and I'd like to tell you how the 1981 movie helped me get through a recent mid-life milestone. My favorite line is from the "So Beautiful and So Dangerous" segment, when the alien spaceship is approaching the docking bay with the two pilots still stoned out of their minds. "... If there's one thing I know, it's how to drive when I'm stoned. It's like you know your perspective's fucked, so you just gotta let your hands work the controls as if you're straight." Now that big mid-life thing was the first day with my first set of bifocals. My perspective was fucked and I kept walking into the furniture. It took me most of the day to learn how to compensate for that. The upside was that I finally got what that alien dude was talking about. As we say in Canada, live long and prosper, eh?

Petra

Dear Petra,

I gotta tell you I loved your letter - - really wonderful stuff, and had to run it as I know lots of our fans will get a big kick out of it! (Although I bet a number of them also know what it is like to drive when they're stoned!) A big "Howdy" to you and all your pals in Canada.

Dear H.M.,

The ration of good stuff vs. garbage in your May edition was a bit skewed. Do you have to keep publishing stuff by Frezzato? While his art is great, his ability to tell a tale is virtually non-existent. Try as I might, I cannot pick up a storyline in it. Frezzato single-handedly diminishes the quality of the issues he appears in simply because his stuff doesn't make any sense at all. If you get it for free, carry on. If you pay him, it's not money well spent. Also, the Galactic Geographic has kind of outworn its level of interest. It's as though Kofoed went on an acid trip and forgot to come back.

Ed

Dear Ed,

Thanks for your detailed note and thoughtful comments. I do enjoy hearing perspectives for all sides. Frezzato has been a long and at times difficult journey for us, I, like you and many others love his artwork but the sales of the earlier issues sold so poorly we thought of discontinuing it. Then, suddenly it took off - - back issues and the hardcovers started selling through the roof and it has become one of our best selling titles/stories. Yes, I agree the story is difficult to follow at times and I will wait until the final installment (there's only one more to go) to pass judgment. "Galactic" still works for me as one of the magazine's features and we get lots of great mail on it. Thanks for taking the time to write and for hanging with us.

Terraforming Mars: **SUCCESS AFTER 500 YEARS?**

A Federation starship casts its oversized shadow on Lake Olympia inside an equatorial crater in Mars' southern hemisphere. After over five hundred years, despite humanity's best efforts, it is the only permanent lake on the planet.

"Mars is God's dust bowl," writes Terraformer Peter DeFricano. "When you tell Earthers that, they laugh. But Mars Geos count three hundred kinds of dust. Some are even magnetic. There's no machine it can't work its way into. For a mechy, life on Mars means dust control."

Mars is a planet some planetologists believe may be too small to ever hold an atmosphere. Being located in the outer reaches of the solar system, they say, dooms Mars to be constantly freeze drying, losing water and atmosphere.

Terraformers reject this notion and believe technology offers solutions to all these problems. Some in the Federation feel Gee-Pulse space travel makes Mars obsolete, while theologists believe God has sealed Mars' fate.

As always, the truth lies somewhere in between. "We continue because we have faith that we can have two habitable worlds," says DeFricano. "The numbers are with us. It may take centuries and trillions in investments, maybe even a comet or two to help things along, but one day space-farers will be tanking up on water here, not just dropping it off."

We at the Galactic Geographic hope he's right. But only time will tell.

In this image, supplied by MarsCorp Industries, domed desert outposts can be seen from space dotting the arid landscape, connected by the newly constructed TransMars Tubeway. Terraforming experts predict that in another 50 years the tubeway, powered by micro-fusion generators, will be a busy lifeline connecting colonies and outposts all over the planet.

CARLOS Diez

GALLERY

Carlos Diez is one of the most famous artists of pin-ups in Spain. Always in love with mythical Betty Page and Marilyn Monroe drawings, he now resurrects the genre his own way with the girls of his dreams.



Diez was born in Madrid, Spain on October 16, 1966. After finishing his required education, he decided to begin his artistic studies at the University of Fine Arts and the School of Applied Arts but he quit after a year because of his restless creativity and the incapacity of such institutions in dealing with it.





Self-teaching and his skills with the technique of airbrushing helped him to start publishing his first works for record labels and advertising agencies in the late 1980's. During this period he also started teaching illustration and drawing.



His restless spirit for art took him down the road that would drive him toward his favorite inspiration: female curves and fantasy. From this came his well-known pin-ups and erotic portraits of famous women, which have brought him broad popularity because of his incredible realism and above all, because of the way he combines his models' personalities with his own fantasies.



His illustrations can be seen in posters and magazine covers all over the world in such publications as Kiss Comics, El Vibora, Eros Comics, Gigamesh, Dolmen, Heavy Metal, Playboy, Penthouse, GQ and much more.

Carlos Diez is now preparing for the upcoming release of his first illustrated book along with a leading role in the education center he founded.



YOW! Am I Interviewing Bill Griffith Yet?

"Zippy is the best comic strip being drawn in America today."

--Robert Crumb

Bill Griffith's Zippy the Pinhead newspaper strip is undoubtedly the most intellectually subversive mass media product available in America. On the surface, it seems innocent enough, but the muu-muu-clad pinhead's bizarre take on almost everything allows his creator to question virtually all of the assumptions underlying America's fragmented, politically polarized, media-saturated culture. Zippy's one-of-a-kind deracinated viewpoint enables him to commune with giant advertising displays, cheesy diners, dead celebrities, or any other aspect of popular culture that catches his microscopic attention span. Unlike most newspaper strips these days, Zippy doesn't supply a gag a day. On the other hand, it doesn't only deal with the surreal aspects of life in 21st Century America or make pointed social commentary.

It's a totally unique strip. While Zippy and his cynical sidekick Griffy (a caricature of the artist) are the main characters, the Zippy strip is about life in 21st Century America as much as anything else.

Zippy the Pinhead is carried in 200 daily and weekly papers all over the country. However, if your local tabloid doesn't carry Zippy's adventures, don't despair. You can get a daily dose of Zippy (and explore past years of the strip, along with Griffith's other projects, and buy Zippy merchandise, including original strips at: www.zippythepinhead.com.) And if that doesn't provide enough of Zippy's trademark zaniness for you, you can also obtain his collected adventures from Fantagraphics Books: (www.fantagraphics.com). And as always, if you visit any of the web sites mentioned here, tell 'em Heavy Metal sent you. Now, without further ado, here's an interview with the man who implanted "Are We Having Fun Yet?" into America's collective consciousness.

INTERVIEW WITH BILL GRIFFITH

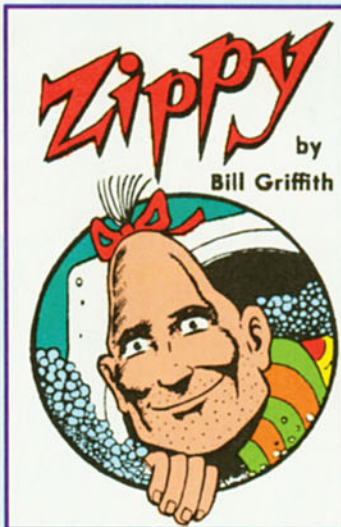
HM: Bill, are you sick of Zippy's trademark catch phrase yet?

GRIFFITH: I'm sick of seeing other cartoon characters say it, but I'm not sick of Zippy saying it.

HM: That leads into my next question. Do you resent the way, "Are We Having Fun Yet?" has been co-opted by the mass media?

GRIFFITH: Well, you know, part of me does, and part of me is flattered and another part of me realizes that I should be nice about it and not complain, but every once in a while it annoys me, like if it's used

really commercially, like an ad for a car, on a billboard... There was an SUV about five years ago, a little mini-SUV...called Brava or something and there was a big "Are We Having Fun Yet?" campaign and ads and billboards, I felt like something I did being used by some giant corporation for profit. It's slightly annoying. And...when I see another cartoon character, like just two days ago somebody sent me a photo of Jim Davis, who does Garfield, holding up an "Are We Having Fun Yet?" Garfield T-shirt, well, another cartoonist should have a little bit of shame about co-opting another cartoonist's catch phrase, but what the hell. I put it in the language, so...You can't own a phrase...I looked it up. (Laughs) You can't do it. You can't trademark a phrase that



could conceivably be spoken by someone unknowing that you were the originator of it...my fans occasionally send me (examples), like last week, the abominable current version of Nancy that still continues, from the old Ernie Bushmiller Nancy and Sluggo, the current version, which is reduced to a kind of cute, greeting-card look, Sluggo said, "Are We Having Fun Yet?" about a week ago...If it was Ernie Bushmiller's Sluggo...I would feel I had achieved the highest levels of acceptance by Ernie Bushmiller, but since he's been dead for thirty years, I'm sure he had nothing to do with it.

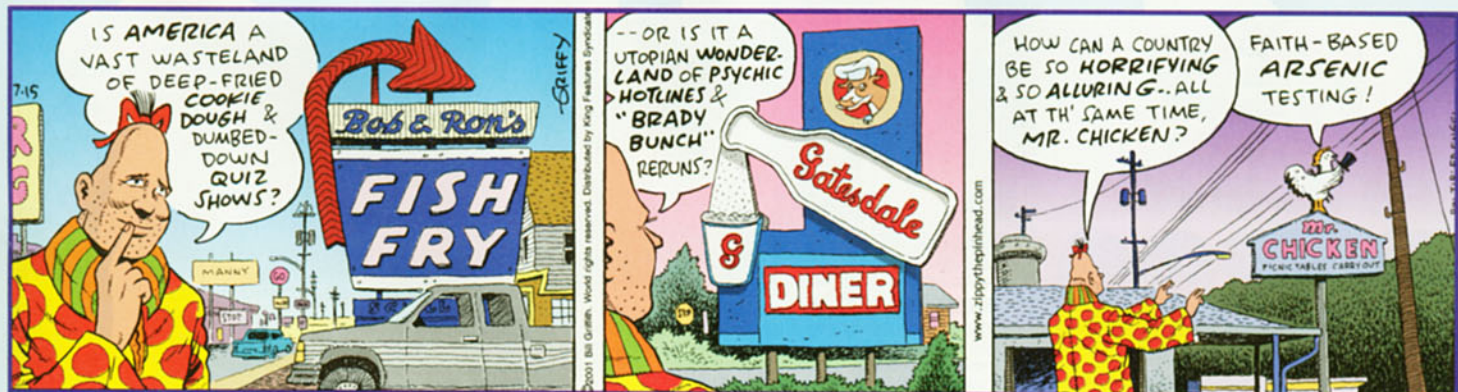
HM: Bill, for our readers who are unfamiliar with Zippy, can you just tell briefly what inspired him?

GRIFFITH: Well, Zippy was sort of percolating in my brain from the first time I saw the movie, *Freaks*, a 1932 Tod Browning film about circus sideshow freaks who live together in a traveling caravan. Most people are familiar with the movie now. But I saw it first in 1963 at art school. I was going to art school in Brooklyn, and it made a big impression on me, but at that time I was convinced that my career was heading towards some version of Vincent Van Gogh or Jackson Pollock or some romantic idea I had of what an artist is...the movie went into my head and kind of sat there like a little ticking time bomb until 1968, when I started doing comics, and then in 1970, when I was doing undergrounds in San Francisco, a fellow cartoonist,

Jim Osborne, was putting together a comic book and he said he'd love for me to do a story and he would like it to be in the vein of my *Young Lust* Comics, which I had started in 1970 and they were a big hit. They were parodies of romance comics... Those were my bread and butter, kept me paying the rent for the early 70's, and so this editor said, "Do some story where it's about a REALLY weird love triangle in the *Young Lust* vein, but weirder," and so I came up with the idea that a so-called normal couple would incorporate a pinhead character into their love tryst. And I called it, "I Fell For a Pinhead, But He Made a Fool Out of Me." And it was intended to be just a one-shot thing. I researched pictures of Schlitzie the Pinhead, who was in the movie *Freaks* and so I used those pictures as the reference. And in the early Zippy strips Zippy looks much closer to what real sideshow pinheads...really looked (like). Over the years he developed more of his own look. But that's how Zippy started and then over the next two years or so Zippy just wouldn't go away. And he took over and became my main character.

HM: Are you surprised at being syndicated by King Features, the home of *Flash Gordon* and *Mandrake the Magician*?

GRIFFITH: Yeah, I'm sort of perpetually in a state of surprise that this happened. You know, it's not something that I actually planned on or sought out. King Features approached me in 1986 after Zippy had been running for one year as a daily in the *San Francisco Examiner*. They asked me if they could take it nationally and try to sell it, and I just made a list of demands that I thought would make them go away and they didn't. They agreed to every one of them, so there it was. That was my introduction to the wonderful world of syndication...King flew me to New York and said they wanted me to meet with the salesmen to give them a little pep talk as they were about to go out and sell Zippy. So my only advice was just to tell them, "It's the weirdest comic



King Features has. And sell it for what it is. Sell it as a weird strip and don't try to pretend it's anything else.' And enough papers bought it to keep it going, so who knew?

HM: Why is Zippy obsessed with pop culture?

GRIFFITH: Well, Zippy is kind of a pop culture filter. He's kind of a vessel, an uncritical vessel receiving wave after wave of pop culture input, and he's kind of my way of absorbing, detoxifying pop culture. I let Zippy embrace all of the things that horrify me in American pop culture. In some cases things that I love, too. Zippy is a nondiscriminating absorber of American, and world pop culture at this point. And it's a way for me to deal with it and talk about it in a satirical and yet open kind of a way. And the Griffy character, of course provides the hard-edged, sarcastic remarks that Zippy would never speak.

HM: How close is Griffy the character to you as a person?

GRIFFITH: Well, I like to imagine that I'm equal parts Zippy and Griffy, but I think in reality I'm probably three-quarters Griffy and one-quarter Zippy, something like that.

HM: What spawned your fascination with giant objects and bizarre roadside attractions?

GRIFFITH: Well, two things. It started very early in Zippy in only one small way, which was in...I'd say about 1975, when I started doing the weekly Zippy strip, I had Zippy visiting and talking to a large dog head mounted on a pole, which is a mascot of a chain of restaurants in San Francisco called Doggie Diner, long since gone. But when I was living there in the 70's, there were a still a couple of outlets. And it just appealed to me as just one more thing Zippy could get involved with. He fell in love with this giant dachshund head that spoke back to him. It was literally just in one or two strips and that was it, but it once again, was something that got planted and then came out more later. But the real trigger for the kind of proliferation of roadside attractions that have populated my strips lately came from my move here to Connecticut. When you live somewhere for twenty-eight years as I did in the Bay Area, you start to tune out your environment. But when you move, At least for me anyway, maybe for a visually-oriented person like myself, you suddenly start

noticing everything in excruciating detail, and I started noticing all the diners, I started noticing all the bowling alleys with giant bowling pins out front and Muffler Men in front of discount stores and there's probably more of it New England than in the West. And certainly more of it where I live than anywhere in San Francisco proper, and it just started to seep into my consciousness. It started with diners, and then it went from there to Muffler Men. There's a Muffler Man within a short distance of where I am here, who I pass on the road whenever I go to a certain town. I just started to get interested and then I started taking pictures and then started doing strips, and then what really brought it into high relief was the field researchers as I like to call them, my team of people who go out and send me pictures, either over the web, or through the mails, of local roadside attractions they think Zippy might be interested in conversing with. So I literally get them almost every day. I get a package of photos or I get digital photos over my web site, and it's an endless supply of material, and I try to resist but I can't. I try to break away, but it won't let me. I've done three strips now, three series of strips in which Griffy is desperately

trying to get Zippy off his roadside kick but it doesn't work...

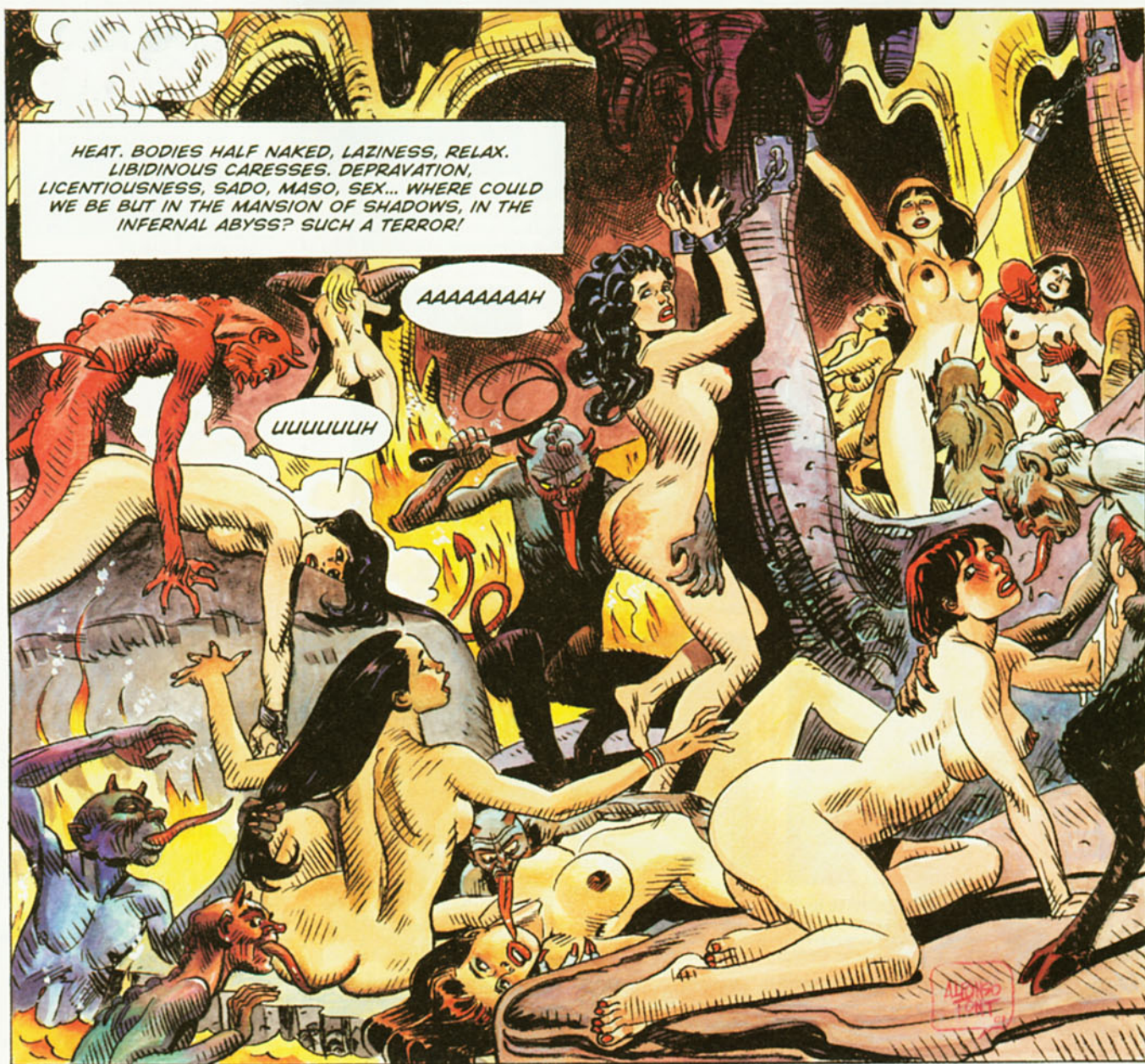
HM: It also seems like a great way to inject an extra layer of surrealism into the strip.

GRIFFITH: Well, actually yes it is surreal. But as with all surrealism, all good surrealism, the kind I like, it's making a point about the real world, and I like to think of what Zippy is doing with the roadside stuff, since they're all real, you know they're all documented real places and real objects, is that he's, instead of escaping into a fantasy world, where he normally lives anyway, inside his head, Zippy has escaped in fact, into the real world. In the same way that maybe some more rational, logical person would have a need to escape into a fantasy world, Zippy has a need to escape the opposite way and that's where he finds all these...Of course when he gets there he doesn't treat it the way normal people would and he starts having imaginary conversations with giant frogs and you know huge hamburgers. So yes, there is definitely a surrealist element in it, which makes it kind of fun to draw.

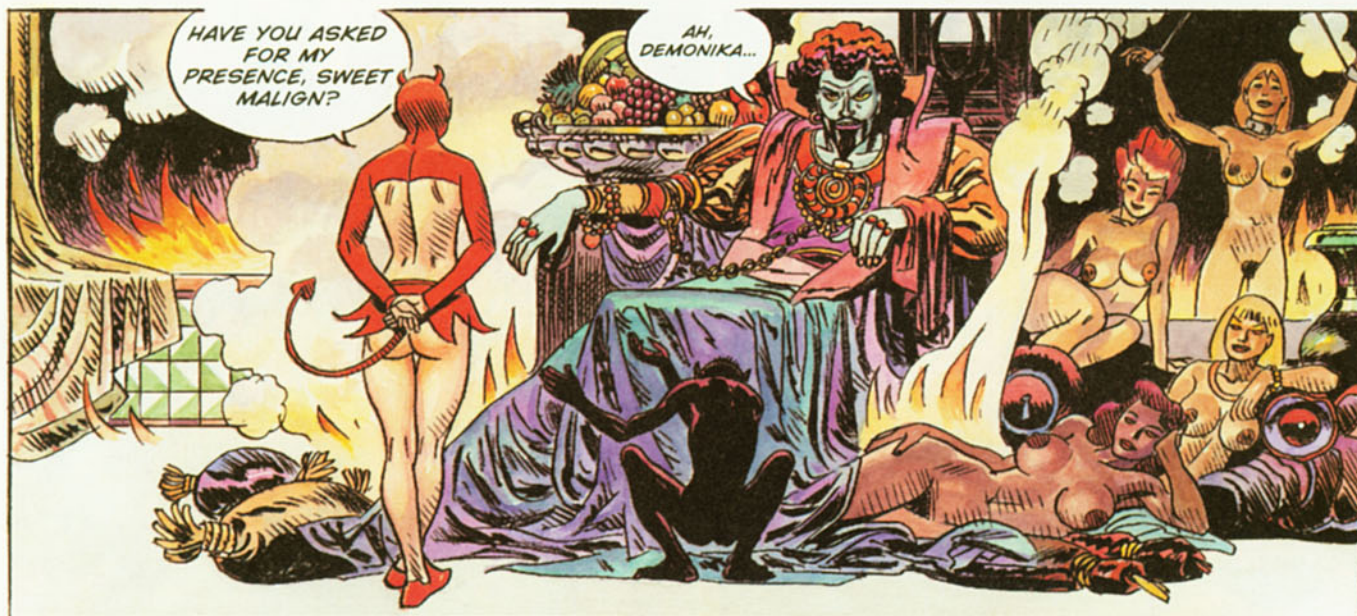
HM: In closing, let me ask you—What do you think Zippy would say about the state of world politics?

GRIFFITH: Well, one of the phrases I used recently to show Zippy being worried about terrorism and what George Bush has been up to, he asked Griffy, 'Have we invaded New Jersey yet?'









DO YOU THINK I LIKE THAT YOU
GIVE PLEASURE TO THE ONES
THAT ARE ALREADY HERE FOR
THEIR SINS? FOR WHAT IS
IT WORTH?



IT'S UP THERE,
AMONGST THE LIVING
PEOPLE, MEN AND
WOMEN, WHERE I NEED
THE SINNERS!!
NOT HERE!!

YOU WILL GO TO
EARTH AND I WANT
YOU TO SEND ME
CLIENTS TO FILL MY
BOILERS!

I WILL, LUCIFER,
MY PRINCE OF
DARKNESS... BUT...



NO BUTS!
DO AS I SAY OR
YOU'LL GO TO
HELL!

WELL, HE IS THE
BOSS AND EARNS
MORE MONEY AND
WE ARE SUPPOSED
TO AGREE WITH
HIM... SOMETIMES
I WONDER WHO
APPOINTED HIM...



MAYBE YOU DIDN'T NOTICE
IT, MY SWEET LORD OF
DARKNESS, BUT FOR SOME
MILLENNIUMS NOW WE ARE
ALREADY IN HELL.

GO TO HELL?!
OH WELL! I KNOW
WHAT I AM
SAYING! OBEY!



I WILL FOLLOW THE
ORDERS BUT BESIDES
HIM, WHO COULD BE
INTERESTED IN WHAT I
MAY DO WITH MEN?...



WHAT NOT TO SAY DURING SEX #2



INSTEAD SAY,
HAVE YOU STARTED YET?



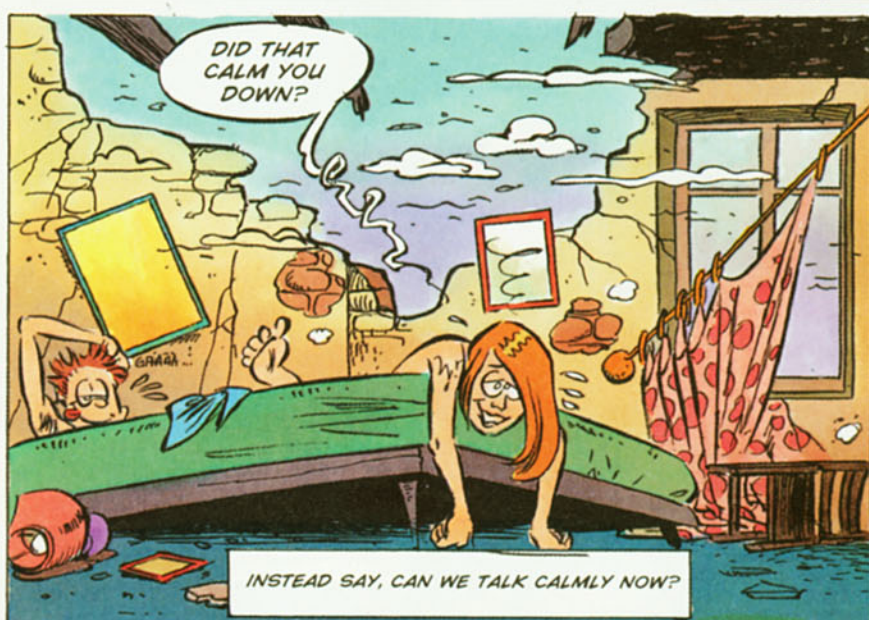
DON'T FORGET THAT HER
NAME IS BRIDGET.



INSTEAD SAY, THE
MORE THERE ARE, THE
MORE YOU COME.



INSTEAD SAY, I HAVE TO BE AT
WORK AT SIX TOMORROW...




INSTEAD SAY, CAN WE TALK CALMLY NOW?



INSTEAD SAY, I'VE HAD BETTER!



INSTEAD SAY, DO YOU HAVE
ANY PEANUTS?



SOME MOON LIGHTED
SHAPES CREEP ALONG THE
SAND.... THE WARM SEA
BREEZE IS DISPELLING
EVERY TRAIL OF THEIR
SMELL....

THE ASSAULTERS SILENTLY
BRING THE HEAVY BURDEN TO
THE FORTRESS WALL....

The Prophecy[©]

ART & STORY BY **CARLO BOCCHIO**

TRANSLATIONS BY MARZIA BORINO & MARIAGRAZIA CINTI

© 2002-2003

A SHAGGY CREATURE NOTICES
THEIR PRESENCE....








THIS SHOULD SORT THEM OUT.... AT LEAST I HOPE...



WHAT'S GOING ON?






WELL, I WAS
JUST SATISFIED WITH
HOLDING YOUR FAMILIES AS
HOSTAGES ... BUT IF YOU LIKE
I CAN SORT YOU OUT TOO!
I WAS JUST LOOKING
FOR SLAVES!

YOU'LL BUILD
A NEW WING OF THE
FORTRESS, TO LINK IT
OUT TO THE BEACH.




MOM ...
DAD HAS
BEEN CAUGHT
TOO?

LOOK, DAD
IS TRYING TO
SET US FREE ...



YOU'LL HAVE
TO BE A BIT PATIENT
... SOONER OR LATER,
WE'LL BE OUT
OF HERE



... THUS
THE STAR-MAN WILL
FREE US FLYING
ON HIS STARSHIP":
THIS IS THE PROPHECY
AND YOU JUST LOOK LIKE
THE MAN IN THE TALE!

WHAT
PROPHECY
ARE YOU TALKIN'
ABOUT? I'M A
SLAVE HERE,
JUST LIKE
YOU!



THE TRUTH
IS ANOTHER
ONE ...
LISTEN TO
ME ...



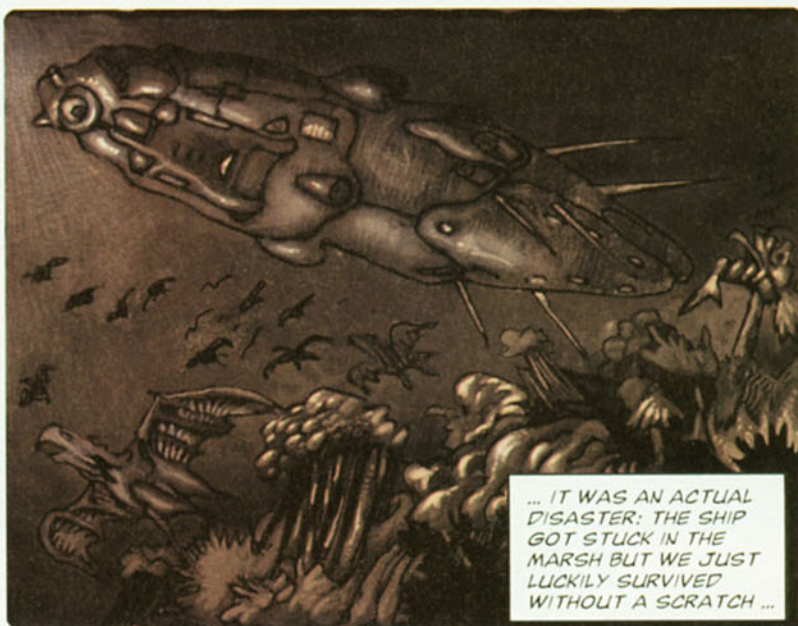
WE WERE LOOKING FOR A PLANET TO SETTLE OUR COLONY WHEN WE SIGHTED YOUR PLANETOID ... THE COMPUTER ANALYSES SHOWED THIS WAS HABITABLE ...



... SO WE DECIDED TO LAND, WE WAITED FOR THE NIGHT NOT TO TROUBLE SOME POSSIBLE WARLIKE NATIVES ...



... BUT THAT NIGHT THE SORCERER WAS IN HIS OBSERVATORY, HE SAW US AND HE SUCCEEDED IN MAKING US LOSING CONTROL OF OUR SHIP BY HIS MAGIC ARTS ...



... IT WAS AN ACTUAL DISASTER: THE SHIP GOT STUCK IN THE MARSH BUT WE JUST LUCKILY SURVIVED WITHOUT A SCRATCH ...



OUR SHIP WAS DAMAGED AND THE TIME MACHINE WORKS HAD TO BE RE-LINKED: A RISKY PROCEDURE WE COULD NOT FACE ...

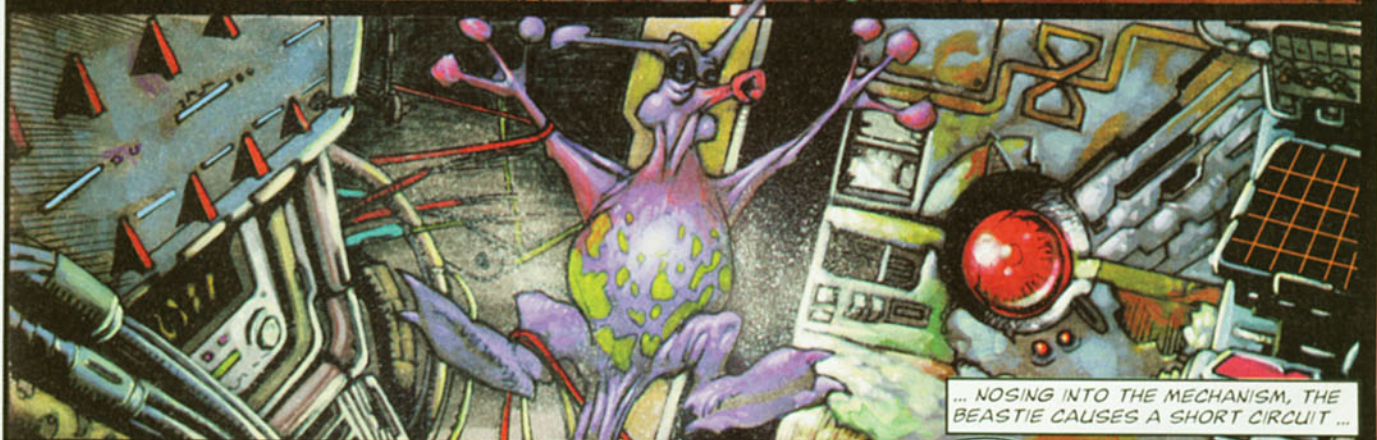


I REGRET TO DISAPPOINT YOU ... BUT AS YOU CAN SEE THE PROPHECY MUST TALK ABOUT SOMEONE ELSE ...

I DON'T KNOW HOW AND WHY, BUT THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THE SCRIPTURES IS FORTHCOMING BY NOW ...



IN THE MEANWHILE A SMALL CREATURE
VENTURES IN A STRANGE STRUCTURE ...



... NOSING INTO THE MECHANISM, THE
BEASTIE CAUSES A SHORT CIRCUIT ...



ENTERING THE ATMOSPHERE
IN 10 SECONDS - BRAKING
ROCKET IGNITION.



YOU
DON'T LOOK
HAPPY TO
GO DOWN
THERE ...

I DON'T
KNOW WHY ...
IT'S ODD ...



IVE GOT
AN UNPLEASANT
SENSE OF FOREBODING....
IT'S BETTER TO ARM
THE LASERS ...





HURRAY! THE SAVIOUR IS COME!



CHLOE, THEY DON'T LOOK LIKE TO BE HOSTILE PEOPLE, BUT I'M GOING DOWN ARMED FOR SAFETY'S SAKE!

KEEP THE TIME DEVICE PLUGGED IN, IF SOMETHING GOES WRONG ...



THE PROPHECY TOLD THE TRUTH! THE GREEN STAR-MAN WILL SAVE US! HURRAY!



YOU MAY GET DOWN, IT REALLY SEEMS THERE'S NO DANGER HERE ... I JUST HOPE THEY DON'T WANT TO COOK US!



... TIME JOURNEY DONE, BACKWARDS SHIFTING AND REACTIVATION DONE - **CLICK.**



NAVIGATORS' MEMORY RECOVERY NOT RESTORED - STAND-BY 'TILL NEXT DESTINATION - **END OF TRANSMISSION.**

WHAT POSITION TO TAKE.

OR, THE KAMA SUTRA IN A FEW EASY STEPS.

WHAT DO YOU FIND IN THE KAMA SUTRA? 529 POSITIONS!

IF YOU TRY ONE PER DAY, THEN YOU'LL BE DOING IT FOR A YEAR AND A HALF!

ONE PER WEEK, THAT MAKES TEN YEARS, AND ONE PER MONTH- 44 YEARS!

THAT'LL KEEP YOU IN SHAPE!

CLASSIC POSITION #1- MISSIONARY POSITION



ADVANTAGE: THE WOMAN GETS TO REST. DISADVANTAGE: THE MAN DOESN'T.

CLASSIC POSITION #2- DOGGY STYLE-



ADVANTAGE: ENDORSED BY THE A.S.P.C.A. DISADVANTAGE: THERE'S A RISK OF SPILLING THE BUCKET.

THE BEST POSITION- THE VAGINAL POSTURE...



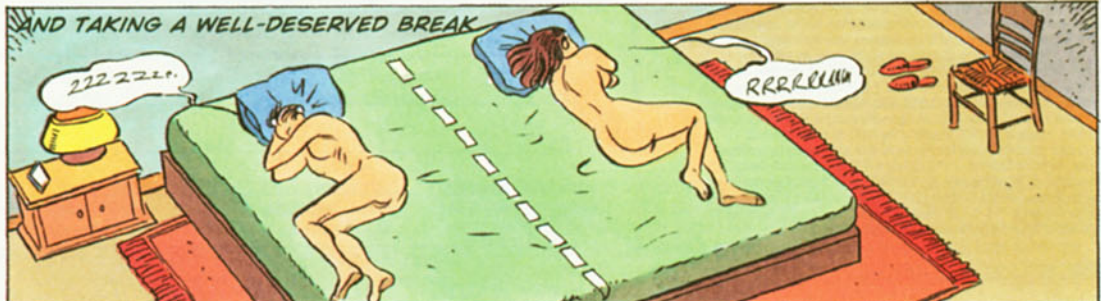
... CONSIDERED A MUST BY THE EXPERTS.

AND AFTER A YEAR AND A HALF (OR 44 YEARS), ONCE YOU'VE TRIED ALL 529 POSITIONS, WHAT THEN? YOU CAN CHOOSE BETWEEN?

MAKING UP YOUR OWN POSITIONS.



AND TAKING A WELL-DESERVED BREAK



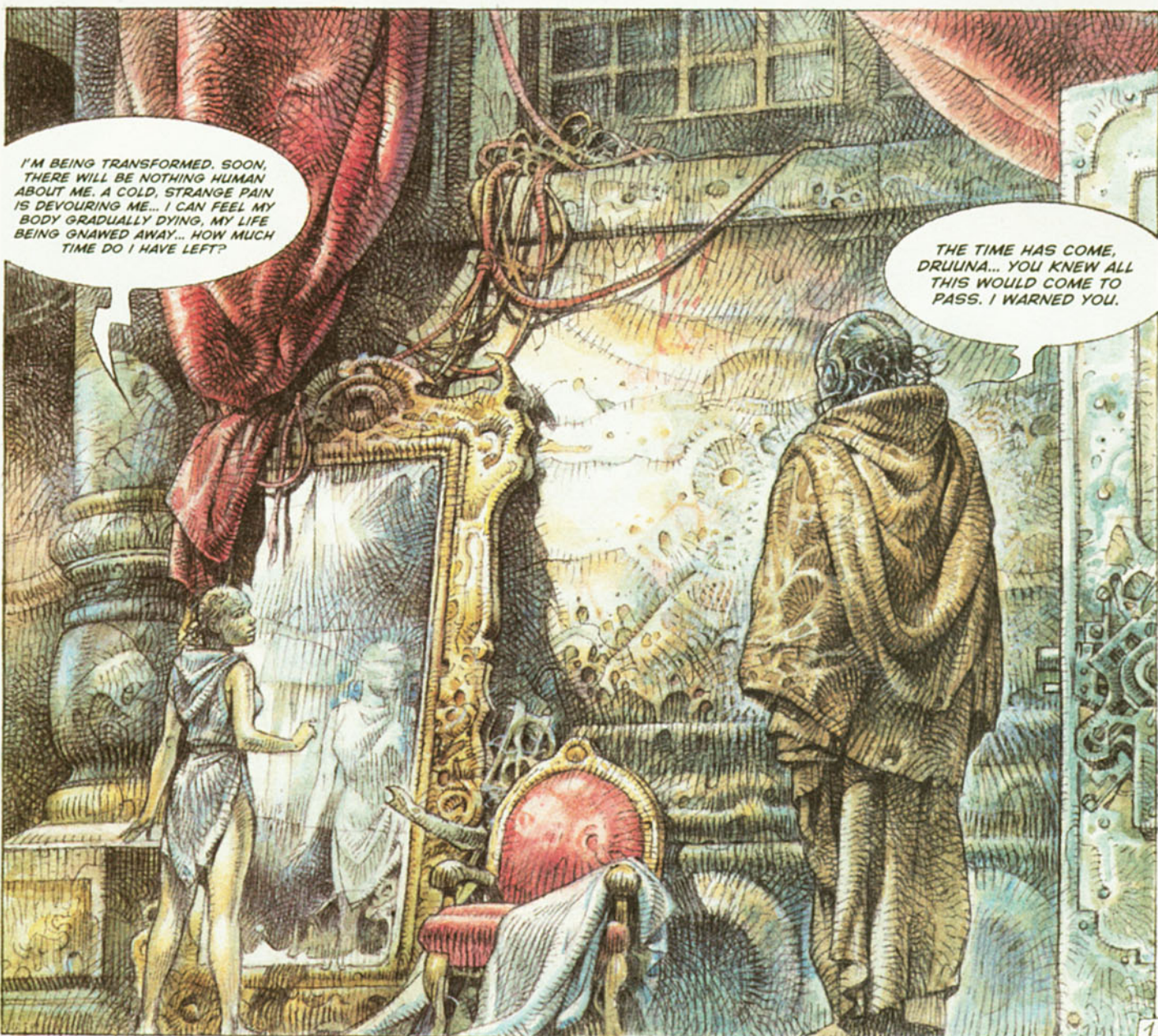
CLONE



LOOK... LOOK AT ME... MOST OF MY HAIR HAS FALLEN OUT... I CAN'T MOVE MY FACIAL MUSCLES... MY EXPRESSION IS FROZEN, DEAD.. HOW HORRIBLE!



I'M BEING TRANSFORMED. SOON, THERE WILL BE NOTHING HUMAN ABOUT ME. A COLD, STRANGE PAIN IS DEVOURING ME... I CAN FEEL MY BODY GRADUALLY DYING, MY LIFE BEING GNAWED AWAY... HOW MUCH TIME DO I HAVE LEFT?



THE TIME HAS COME, DRUUNA... YOU KNEW ALL THIS WOULD COME TO PASS. I WARNED YOU.

YOU'RE JUST A
FAILED PROTOTYPE...
TRY TO UNDERSTAND,
DRUUNA.

YES, I KNOW. BUT I'M SO
TIRED. WHAT'S GOING TO
HAPPEN NOW? AM I DYING? OH
SHASTAR, I FEEL THAT I'M
BEING RAVAGED FROM
INSIDE...

SOME OF YOUR PROCESSORS ARE
IN THEIR TERMINAL PHASE. AS THE
ELECTROGAM-SENSORAL APPARATUS IS
USED UP, IT BEGINS TO PRODUCE NEGATIVE
STIMULI, AS HAD BEEN PREDICTED. THE
TIME HAS COME TO
ELIMINATE THE
ENVELOPE.

COME...

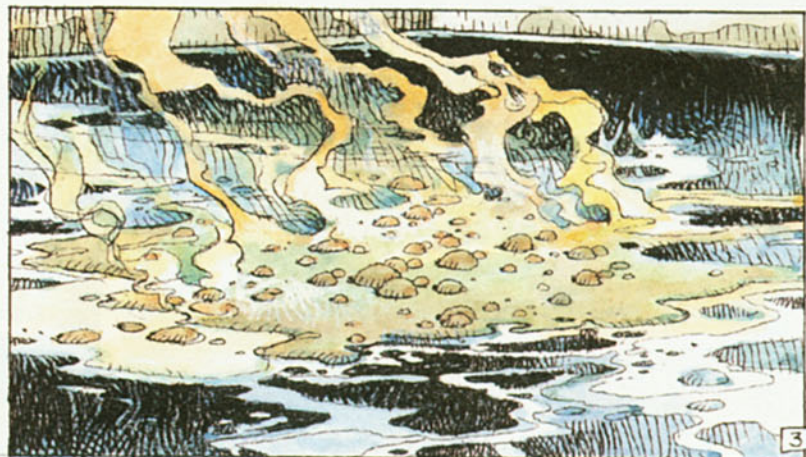
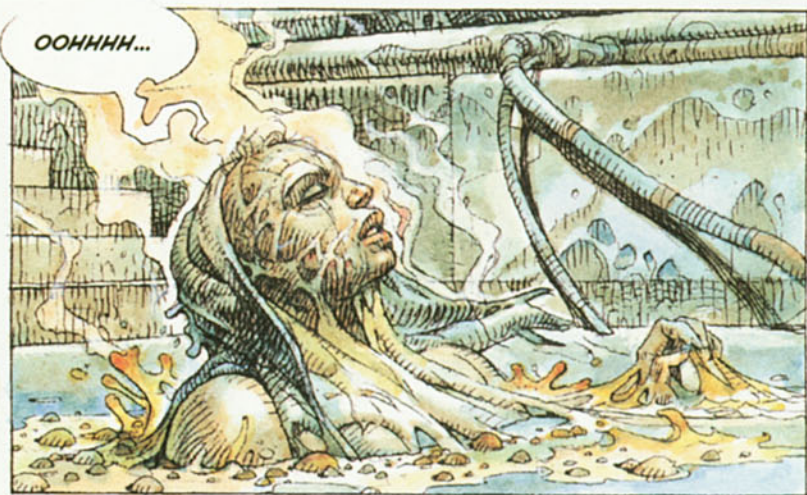
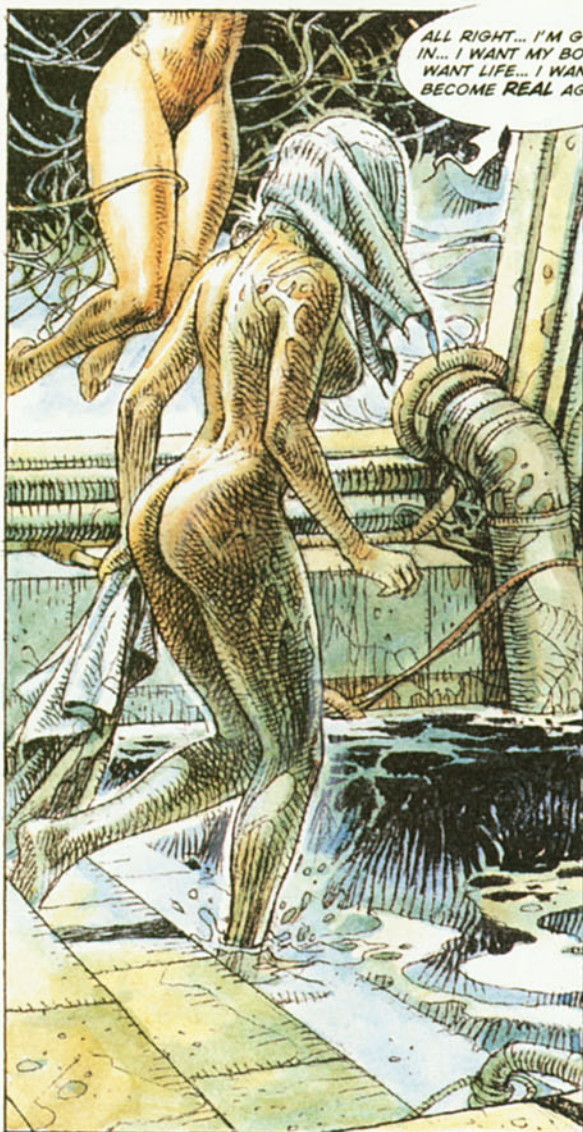
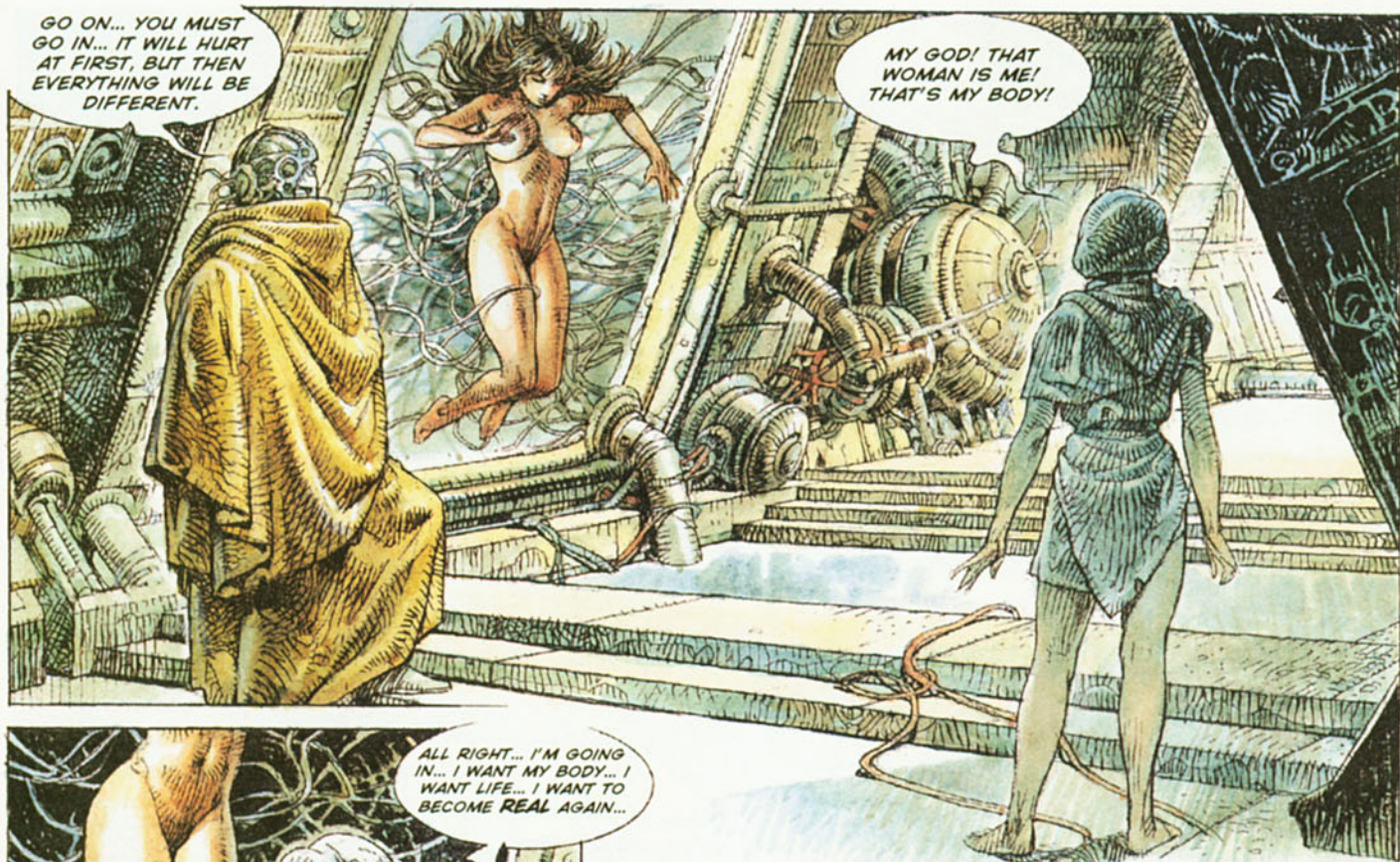
I DON'T WANT TO BE A
PROTOTYPE ANYMORE. I
WANT TO BE MYSELF
AGAIN... ALIVE AND
HUMAN!

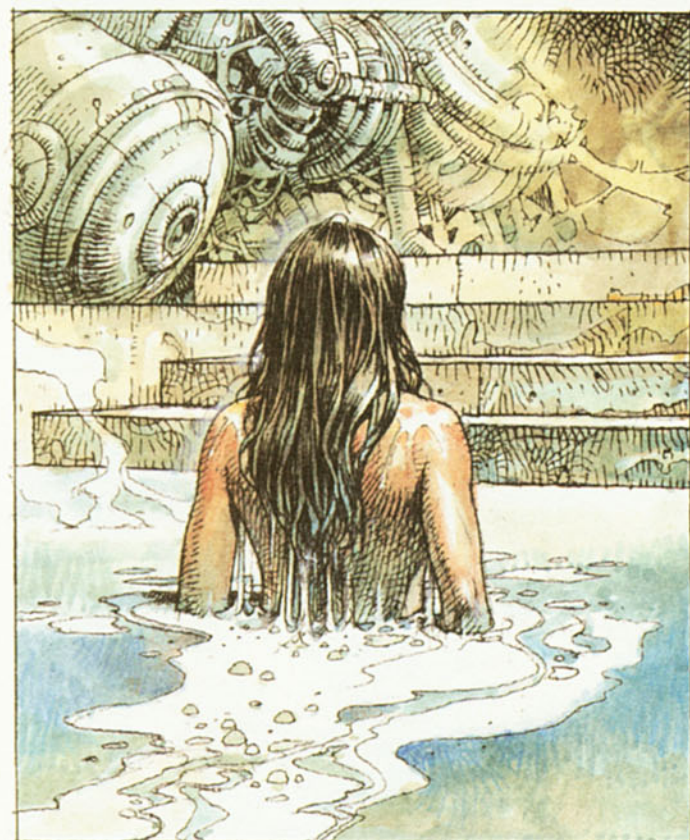
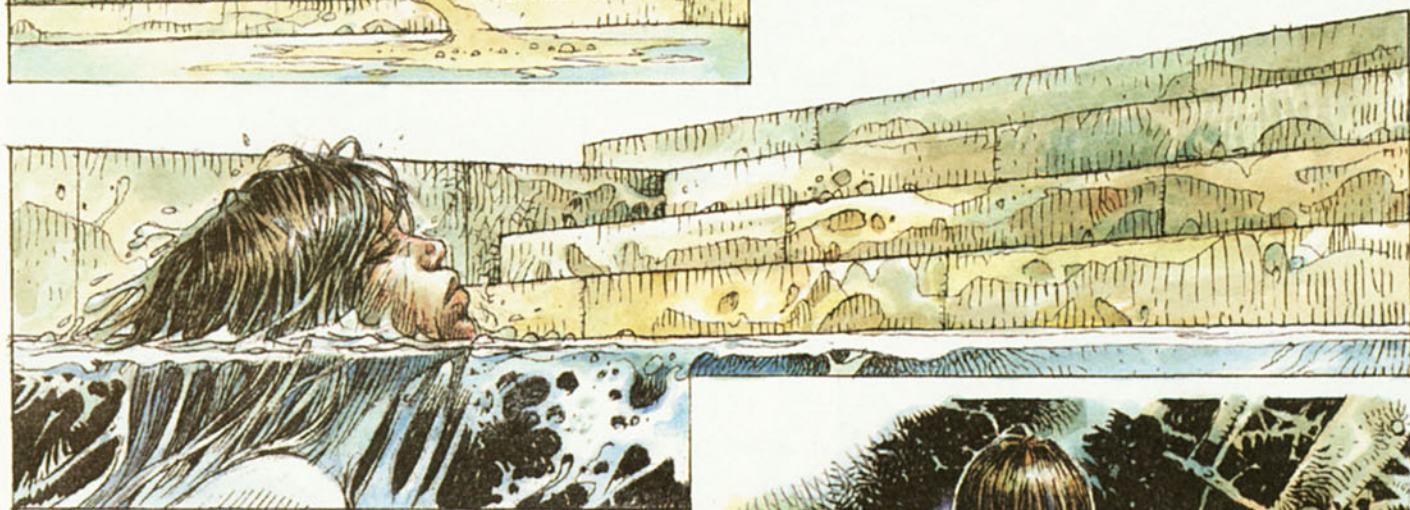
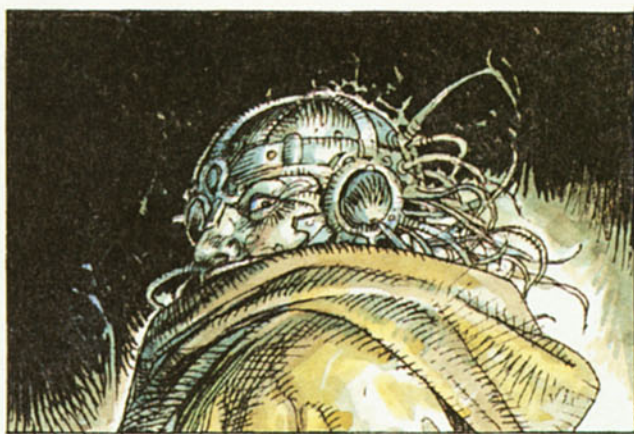
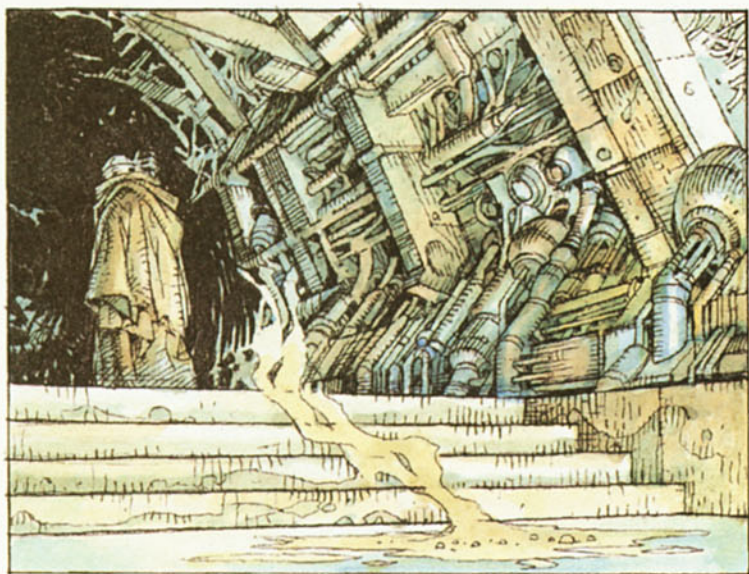
YES... THAT'S
WHAT WE'VE
BEEN TRYING TO
DO... FOR A LONG
TIME.

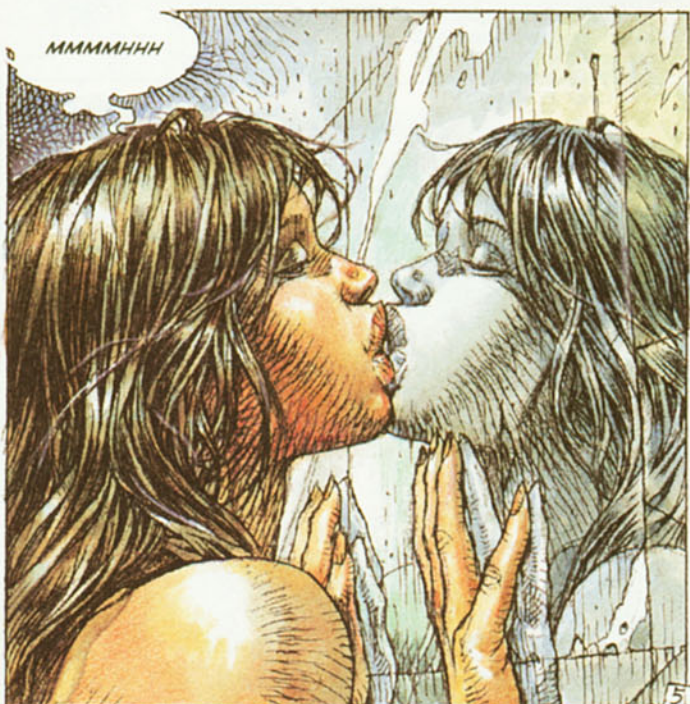
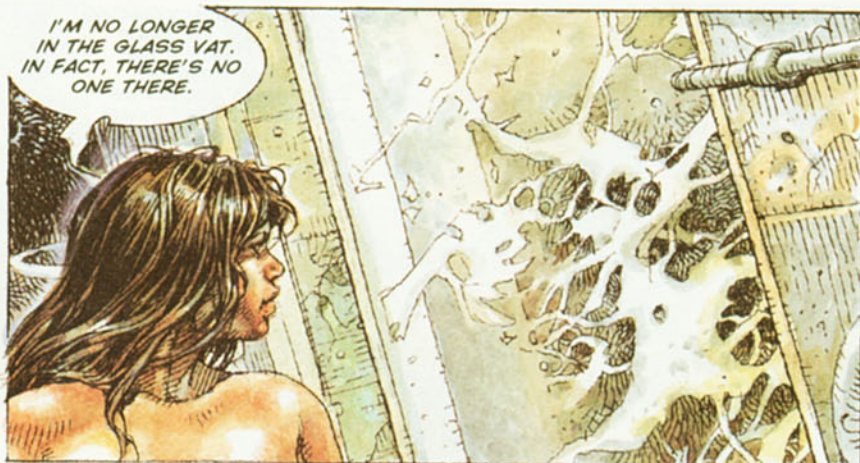
AND YOU, SHASTAR,
WHEN WILL YOU
BECOME HUMAN
AGAIN? WHEN,
SHASTAR?

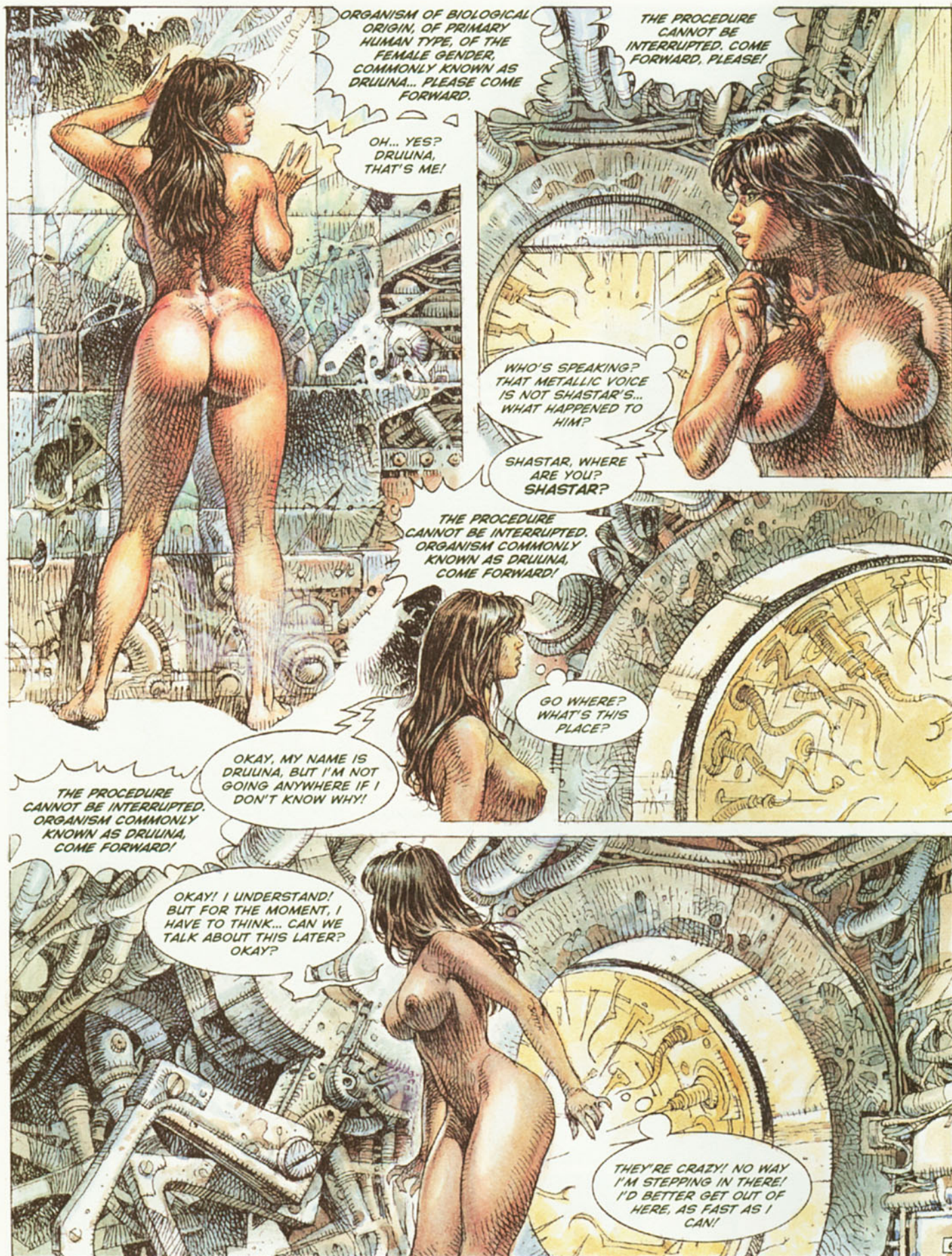
HUMAN? MORE THAN
HUMAN... AND SO WILL YOU,
DRUUNA... TO REPOPULATE
THE PLANET WITH OUR NEW
RACE.

SHASTAR, I... I DON'T
UNDERSTAND. WHAT
DOES THAT MEAN? I
DON'T LIKE WHAT YOU'RE
SAYING...











ORGANISM OF BIOLOGICAL
ORIGIN, THE PROCEDURE
CANNOT BE INTERRUPTED.
THE PROCEDURE CANNOT
BE INTERRUPTED...

OH! WHAT IS
THIS...?

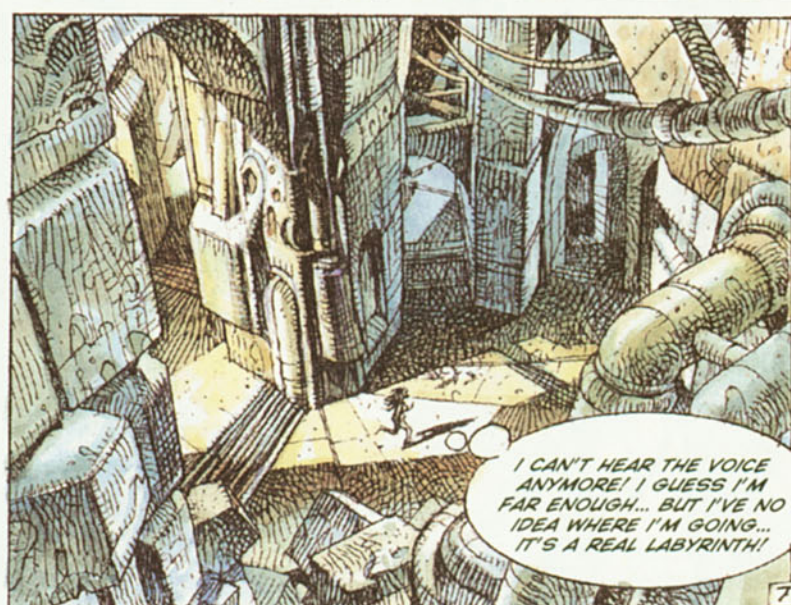
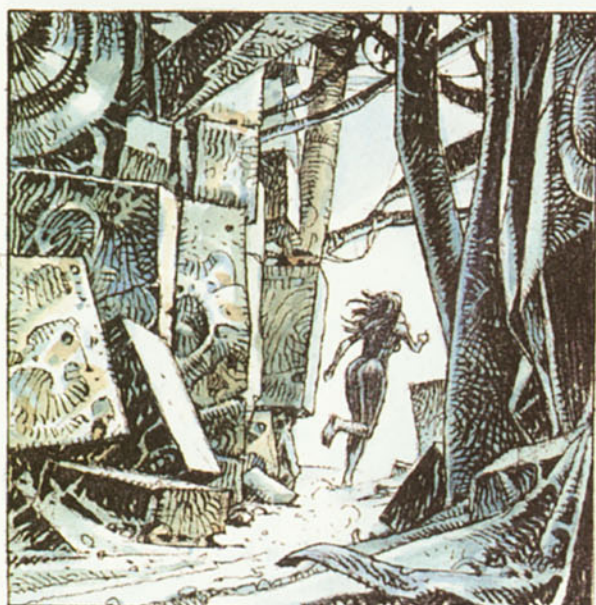


STOP! DIDN'T YOU
HEAR ME? DON'T
TOUCH ME! WHAT DO
YOU WANT? GET YOUR
PAWS OFF ME!

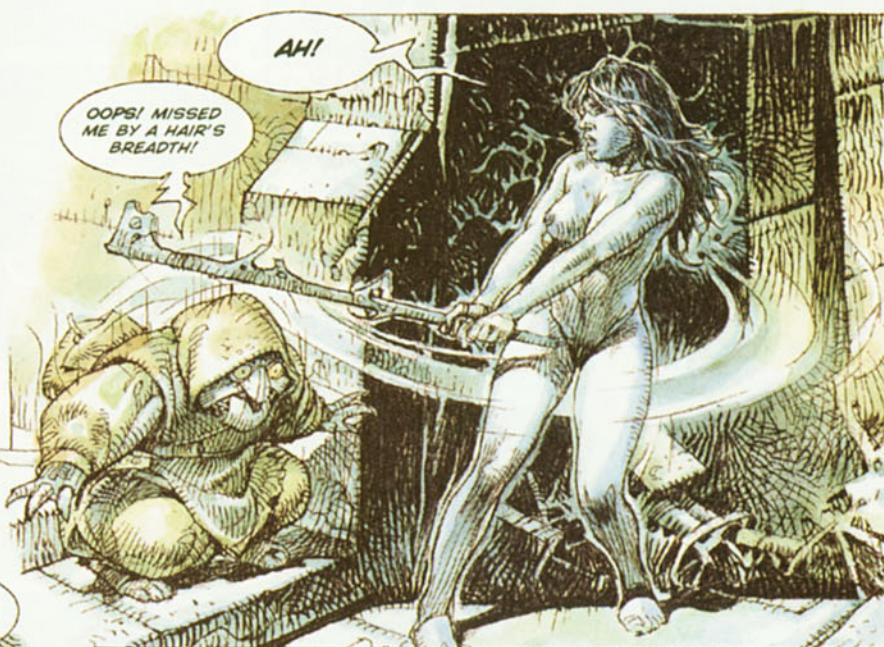


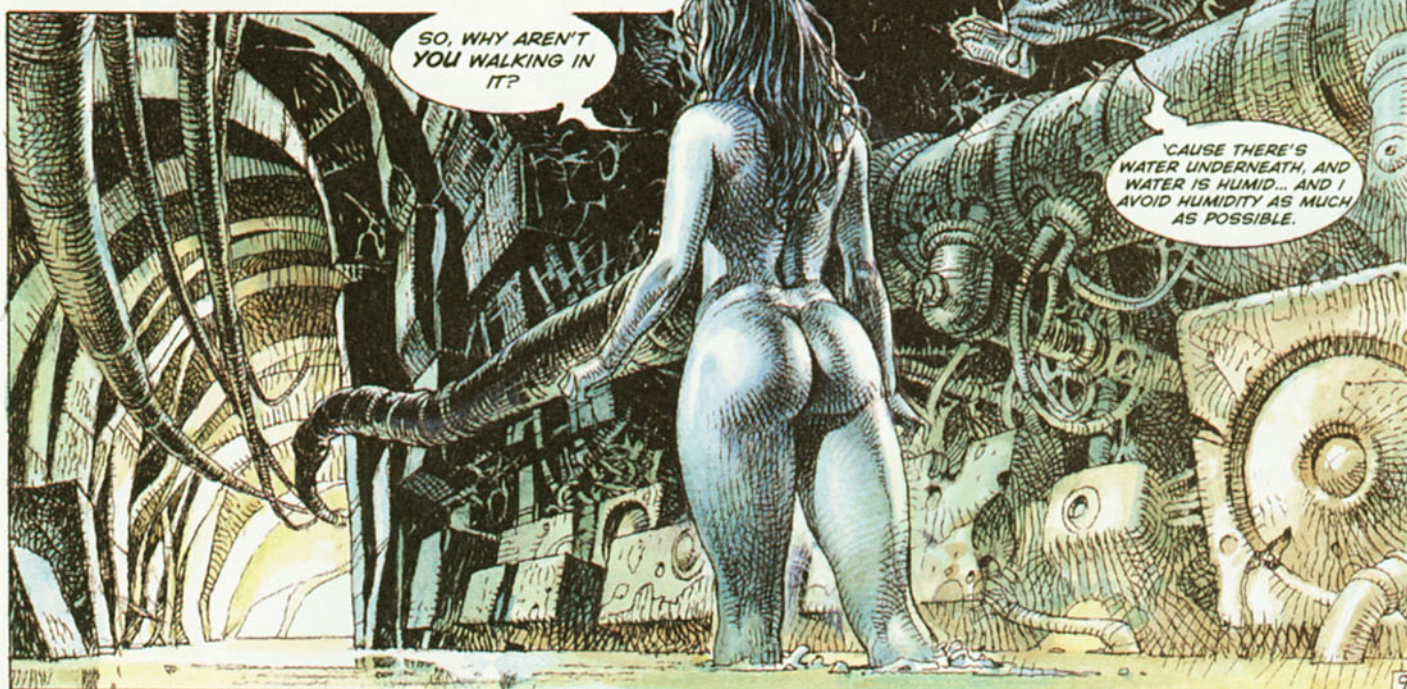
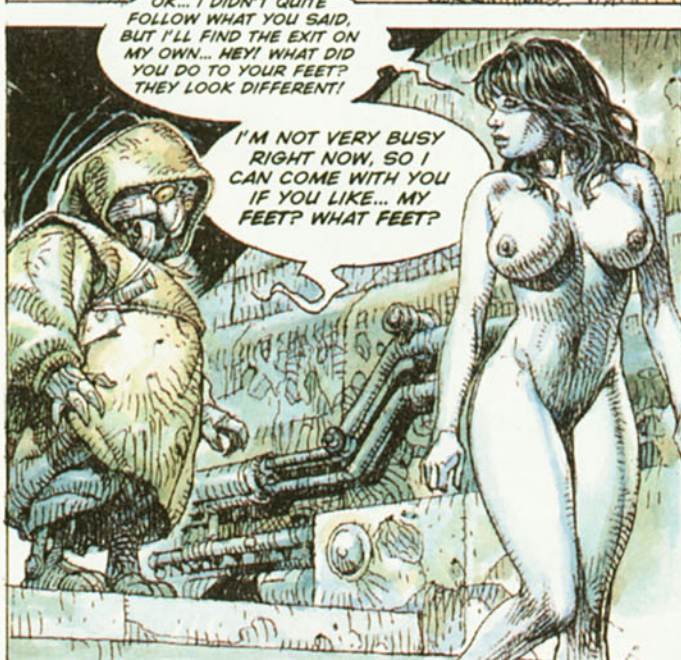
THE PROCEDURE CANNOT
BE INTERRUPTED. THE
PROCEDURE CANNOT BE
INTERRUPTED...

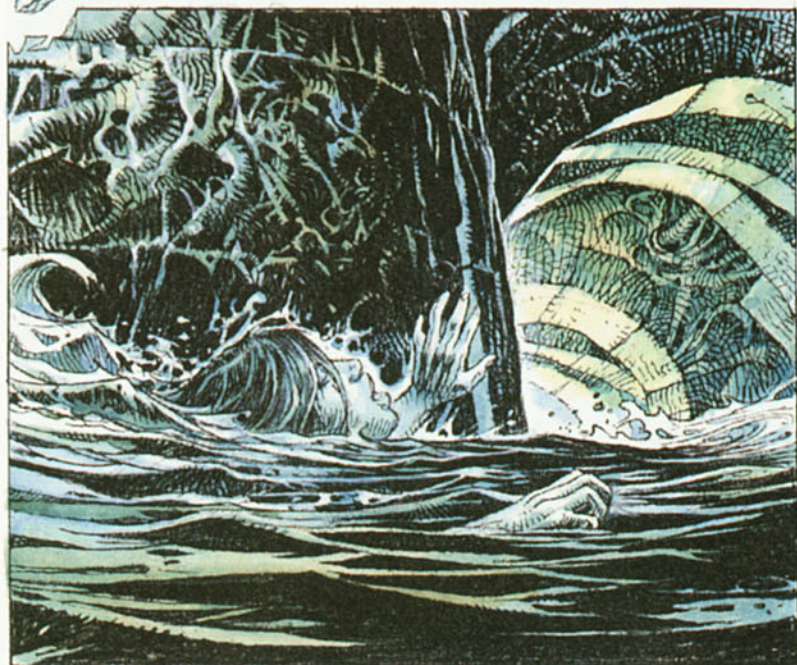
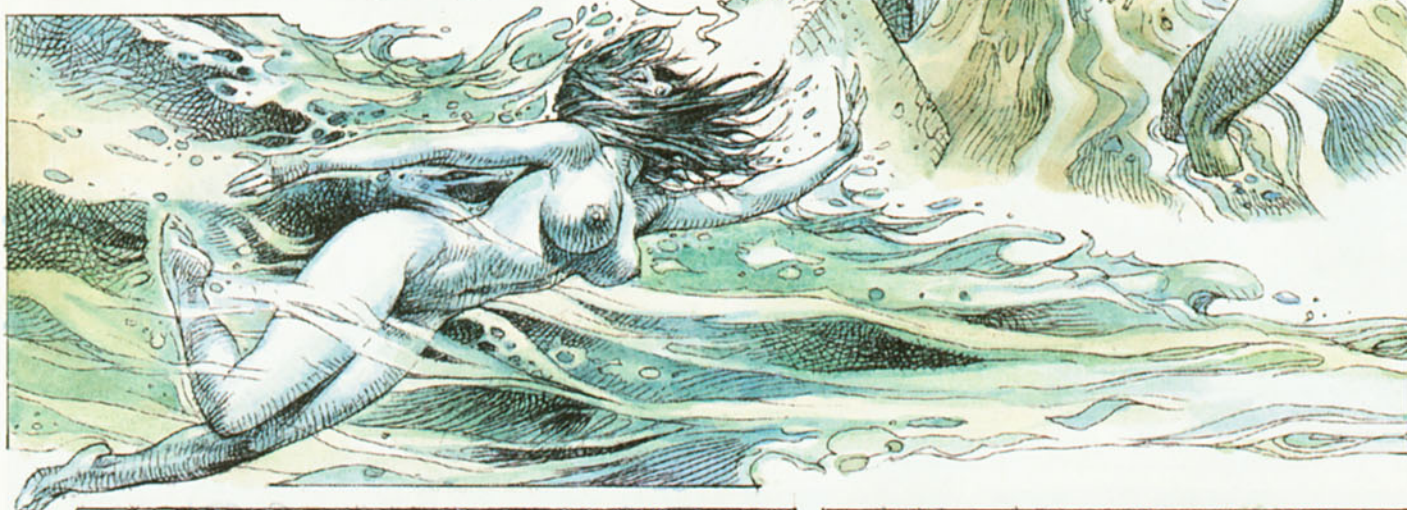
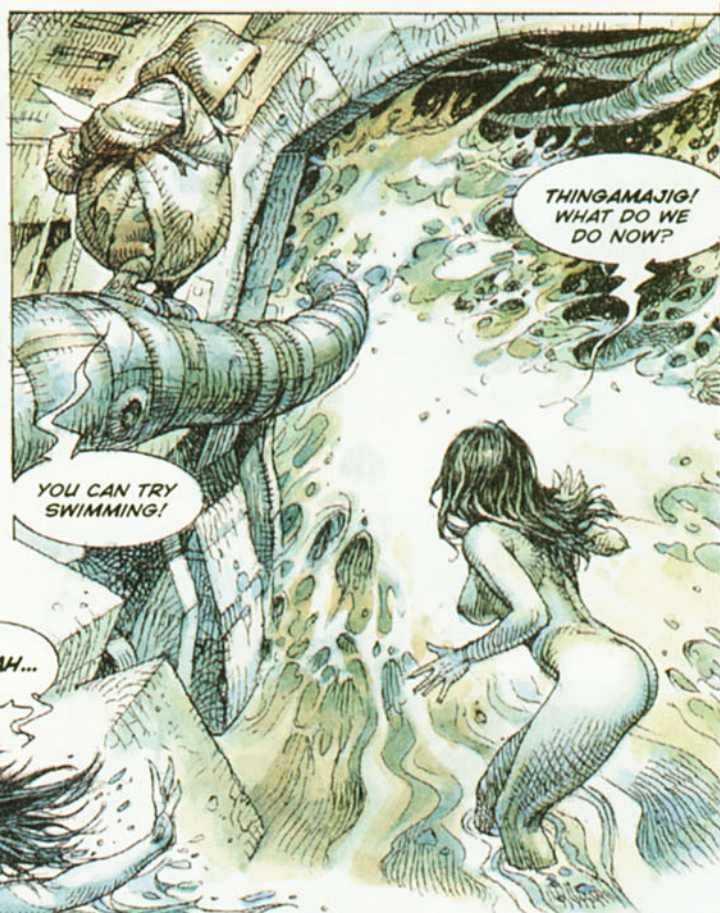
OH, FUCK
OFF!

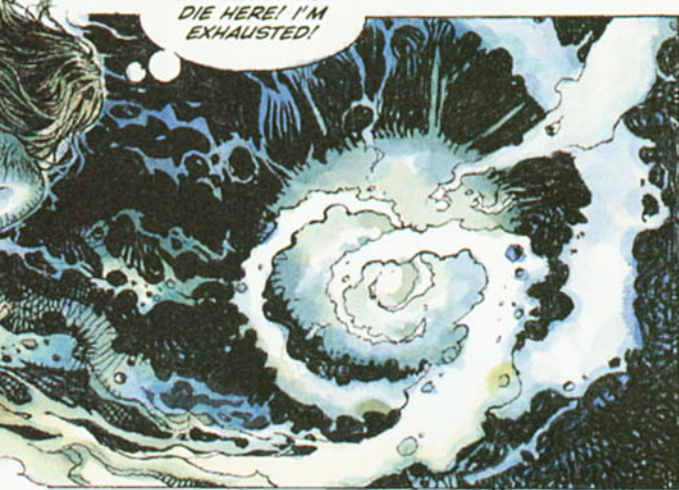
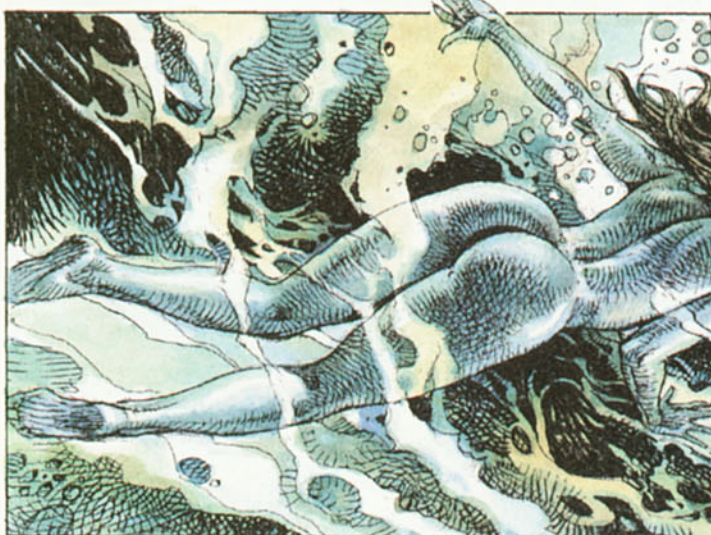
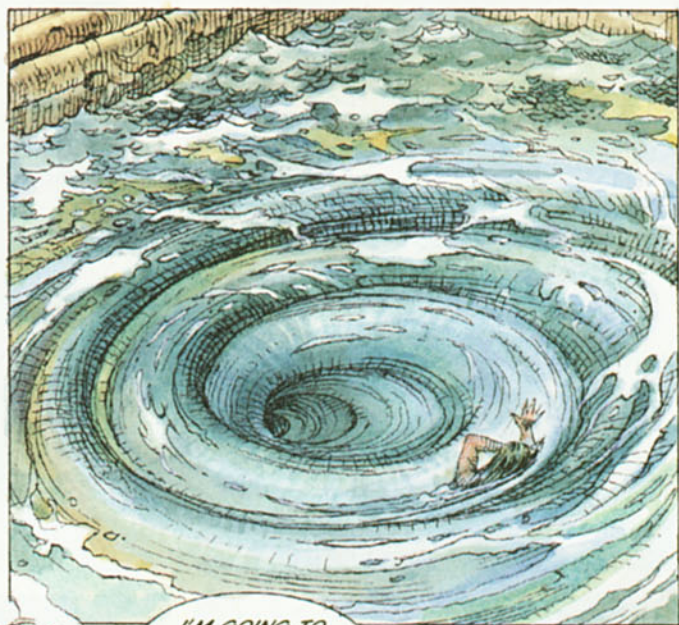
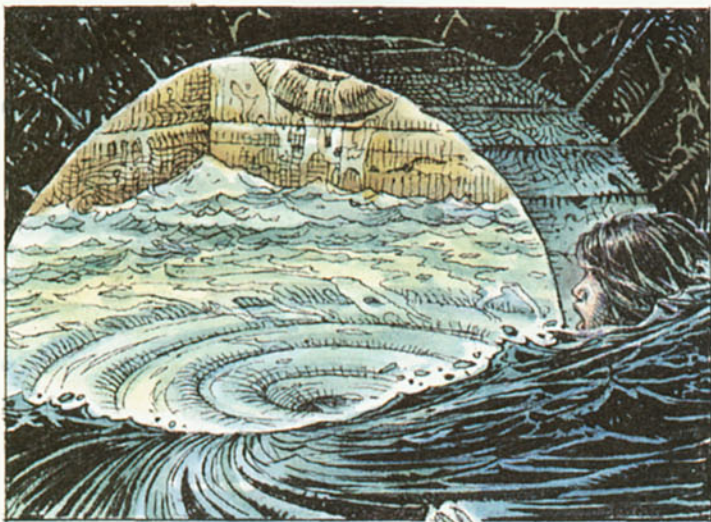


I CAN'T HEAR THE VOICE
ANYMORE! I GUESS I'M
FAR ENOUGH... BUT I'VE NO
IDEA WHERE I'M GOING...
IT'S A REAL LABYRINTH!

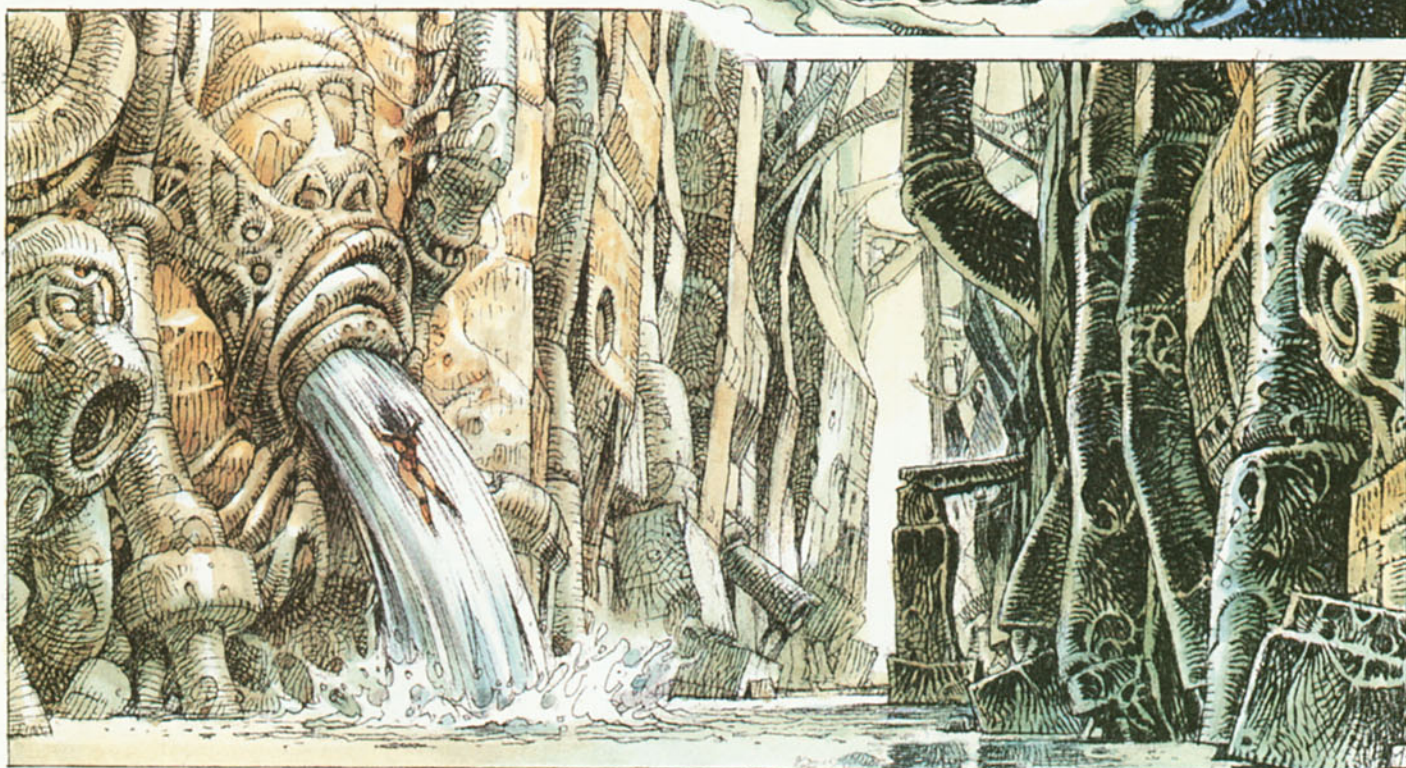


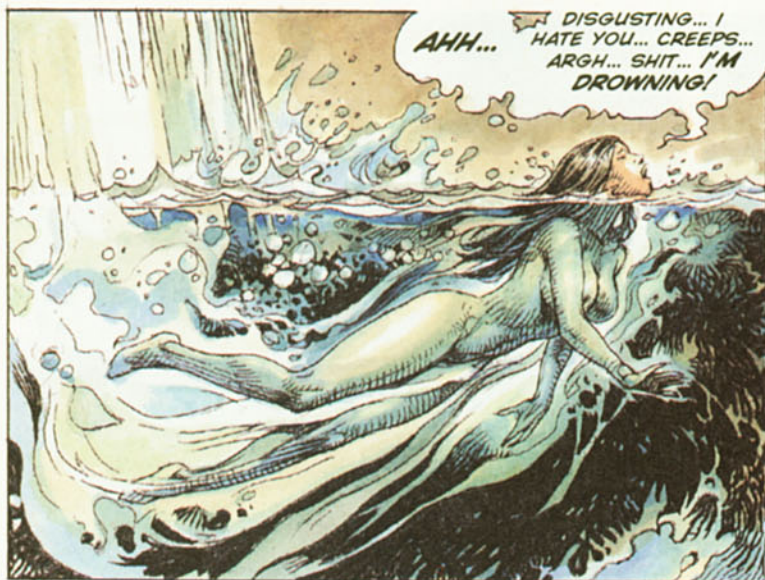






I'M GOING TO
DIE HERE! I'M
EXHAUSTED!





AHH... DISGUSTING... I
HATE YOU... CREEPS...
ARGH... SHIT... I'M
DROWNING!



ARGH... OHF...
HEY, YOU! WHAT ARE YOU
DOING THERE? ARE YOU
GONNA HELP, YOU GOD DAMN
TIN CAN? CAN'T YOU SEE I'M
DROWNING? DO
SOMETHING...



YOU WANT HELP?
YOU JUST
HAVE TO ASK!

I JUST HAVE TO
ASK?! THAT'S WHAT
I'VE BEEN DOING
FOR HOURS, DAMN
SCRAP HEAP!

NO, YOU WEREN'T.
YOU WERE YELLING
"DISGUSTING... I HATE
YOU... CREEPS... ARGH...
SHIT... I'M DROWNING!"
BUT YOU DIDN'T SAY
"HELP!" YOU DIDN'T
SAY IT!



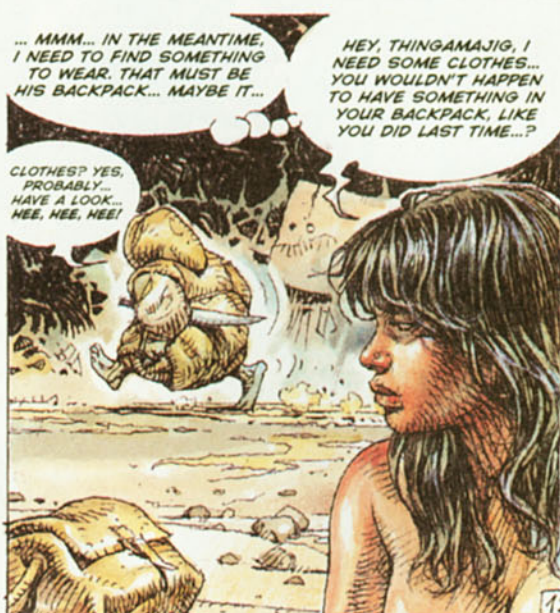
OH, JESUS!
AND WHAT DO
YOU THINK THAT
MEANS?

THAT YOU'RE
ANGRY.

OH, FORGET
IT...



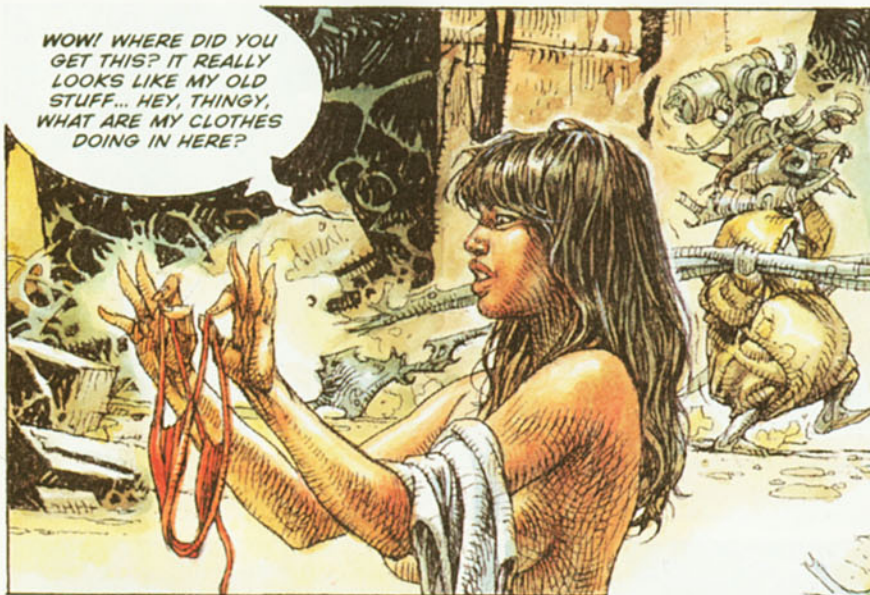
NOW WHAT SHOULD I DO? GET AS
FAR AWAY FROM HERE AS I CAN... GO
TO THAT PLACE ON THE OTHER SIDE
OF THE MOUNTAINS, THE PLACE
SHASTAR TOLD ME ABOUT. IT'S
PROBABLY THE PLACE I KEEP SEEING
IN MY DREAMS. OH, SHASTAR, WHY
AREN'T YOU WITH ME? YOU WOULD
KNOW WHAT TO DO...



... MMM... IN THE MEANTIME,
I NEED TO FIND SOMETHING
TO WEAR. THAT MUST BE
HIS BACKPACK... MAYBE IT...

HEY, THINGAMAJIG, I
NEED SOME CLOTHES...
YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN
TO HAVE SOMETHING IN
YOUR BACKPACK, LIKE
YOU DID LAST TIME...?

CLOTHES? YES,
PROBABLY...
HAVE A LOOK...
HEE, HEE, HEE!

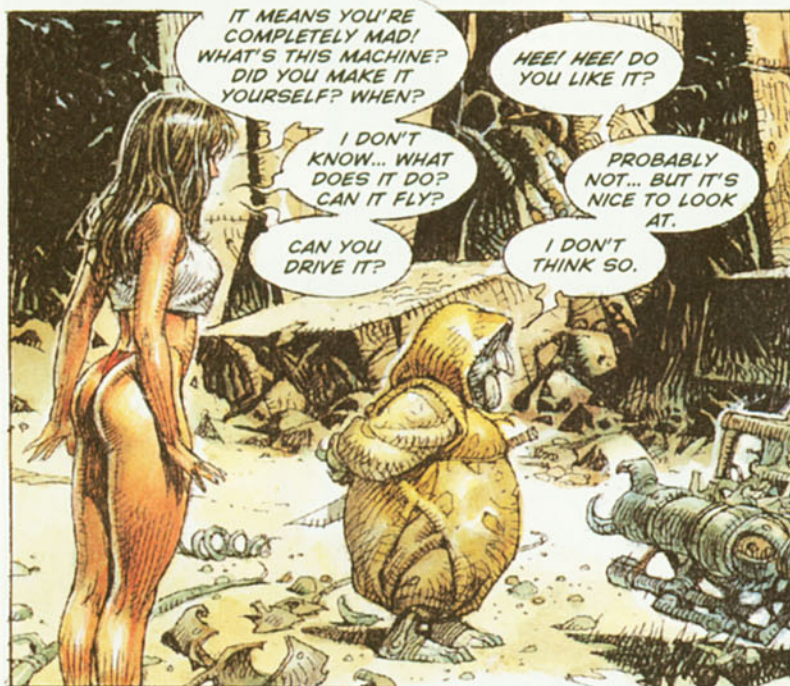


WOW! WHERE DID YOU GET THIS? IT REALLY LOOKS LIKE MY OLD STUFF... HEY, THINGY, WHAT ARE MY CLOTHES DOING IN HERE?



HMM... UH... THAT'S THE QUESTION I KEEP ASKING MYSELF... BUT... UHH... I'M PARTLY HUMAN, SO... WHAT DO YOU HUMANS CALL THIS SORT OF THING? PASSION? FETISHISM? YES, THAT'S IT... THOSE CLOTHES KNOW YOU INTIMATELY, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN...

MMH... I'VE ALWAYS LIKED TO WEAR THINGS LIKE THIS.



IT MEANS YOU'RE COMPLETELY MAD! WHAT'S THIS MACHINE? DID YOU MAKE IT YOURSELF? WHEN?

HEE! HEE! DO YOU LIKE IT?

I DON'T KNOW... WHAT DOES IT DO? CAN IT FLY?

PROBABLY NOT... BUT IT'S NICE TO LOOK AT.

CAN YOU DRIVE IT?

I DON'T THINK SO.



BUT I MUST SAY, I'VE NEVER MET SUCH A DIRTY OLD SCRAP HEAP!

DIRTY? WHAT DOES "DIRTY" MEAN?



HEY, YOU BURNED-OUT LIGHT BULB! YOU'VE WASTED YOUR TIME CONSTRUCTING A MACHINE THAT DOESN'T FLY, CAN'T BE DRIVEN, AND DOESN'T EVEN MOVE!

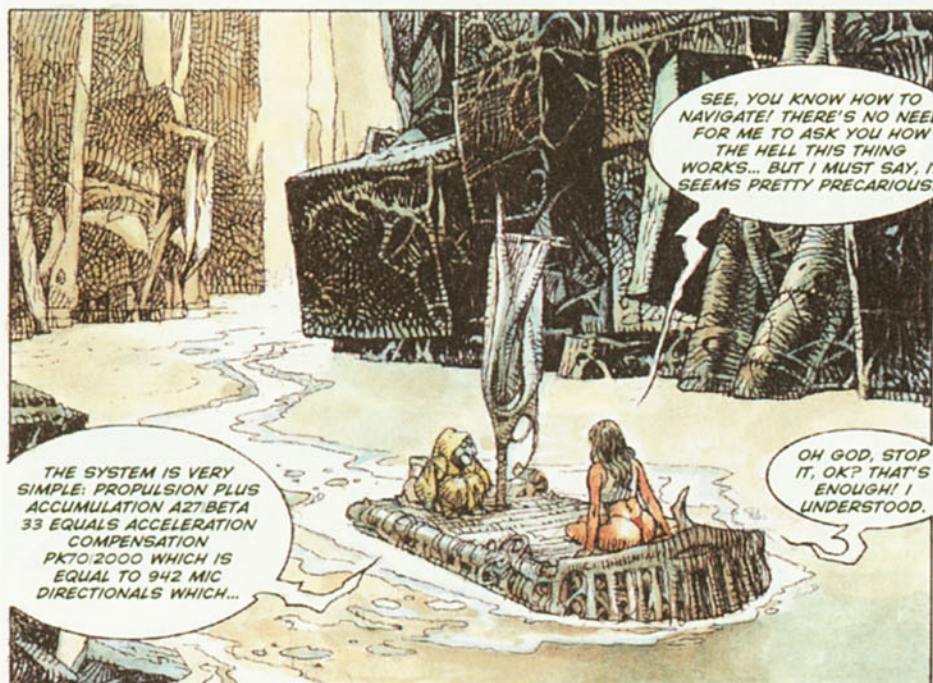
YES, BUT... BUT...

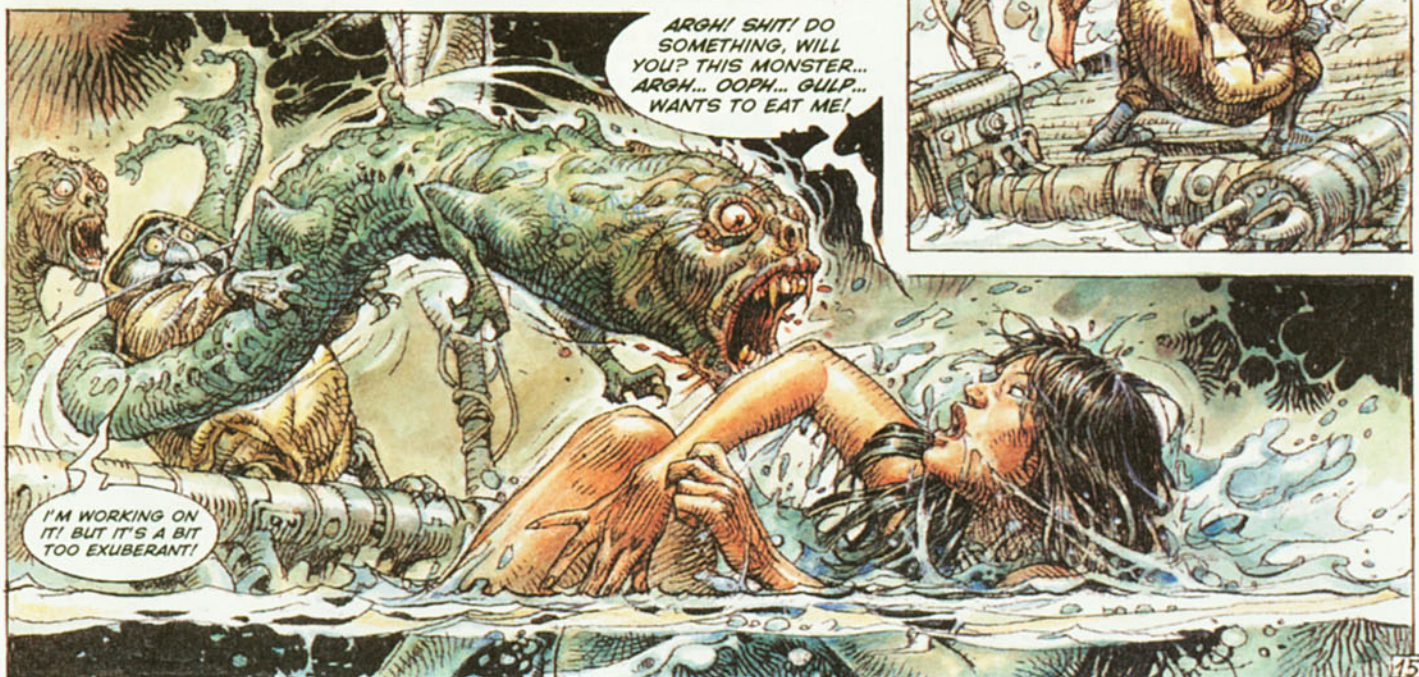
WHAT? BUT WHAT?

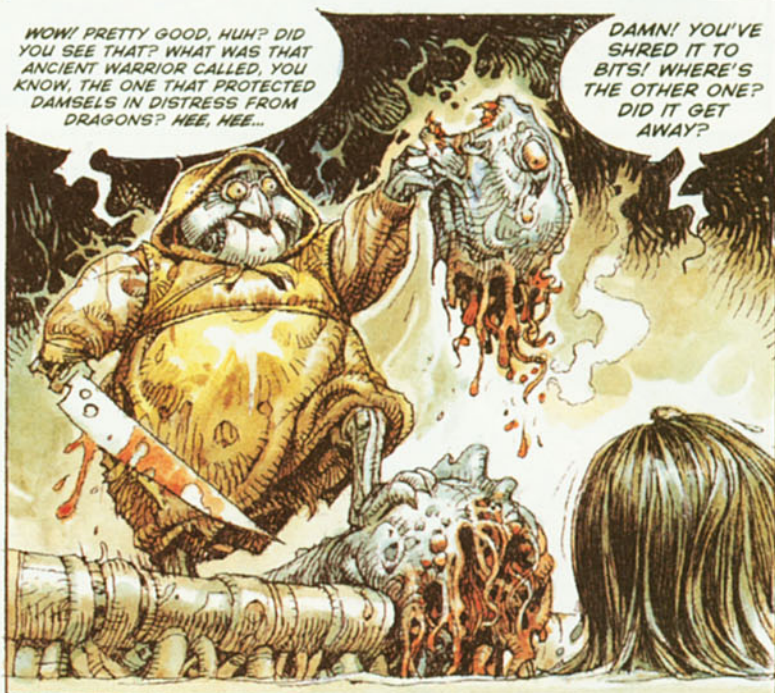
IT FLOATS!

IT FLOATS! THIS THING CAN FLOAT! WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME SOONER?

YOU DIDN'T ASK!









GO FUCK YOURSELF, DIRTY CREATURE!

AND YOU, SCRAP HEAD, INSTEAD OF SPOUTING NONSENSE, MAKE THIS DAMN RAFT MOVE AND GET US OUT OF HERE!



JUST LOOK AT THAT! HOW COULD YOU THINK FOR A SECOND THAT I COULD HAVE SEX WITH SUCH A HIDEOUS MONSTER!

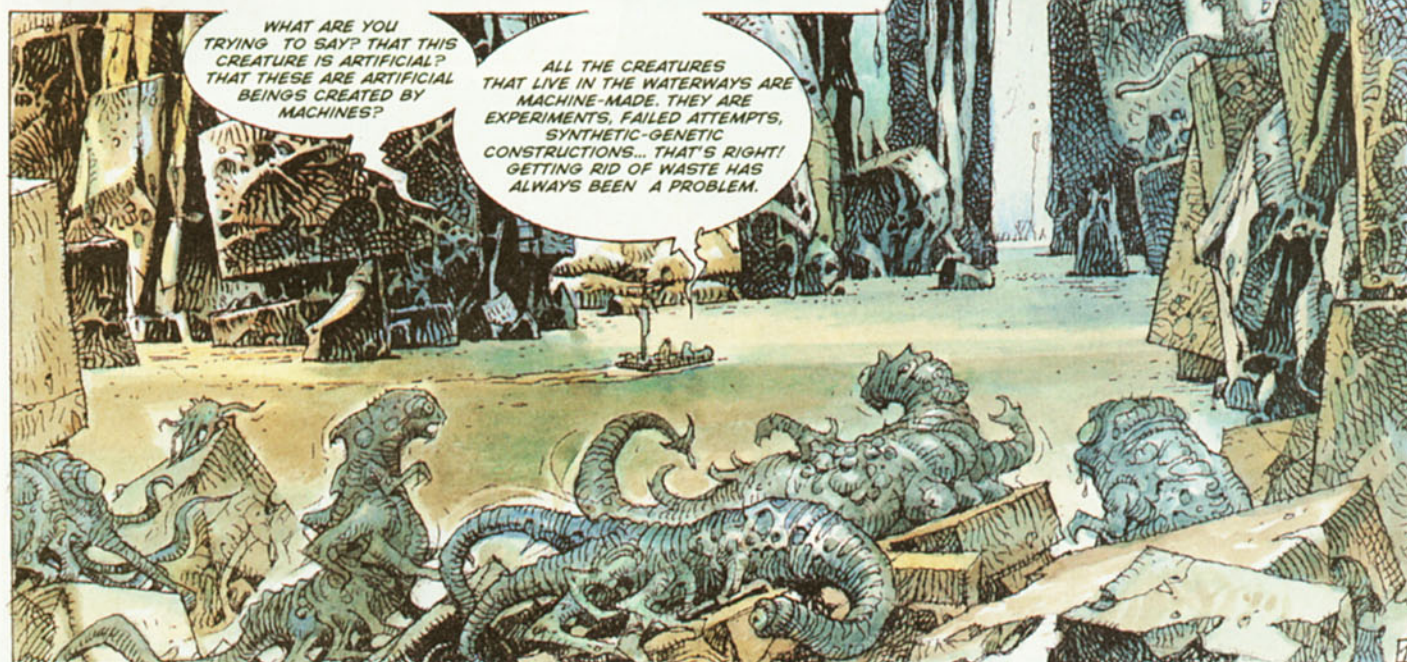
MMM... YES, I DISAPPROVE OF SUCH PROMISCUOUS BEHAVIOR. IT COULD BE A TRAUMATIZING EXPERIENCE WHICH WOULD BE DIFFICULT TO OVERCOME.

TRAUMATIZING? HE WOULD KILL ME!



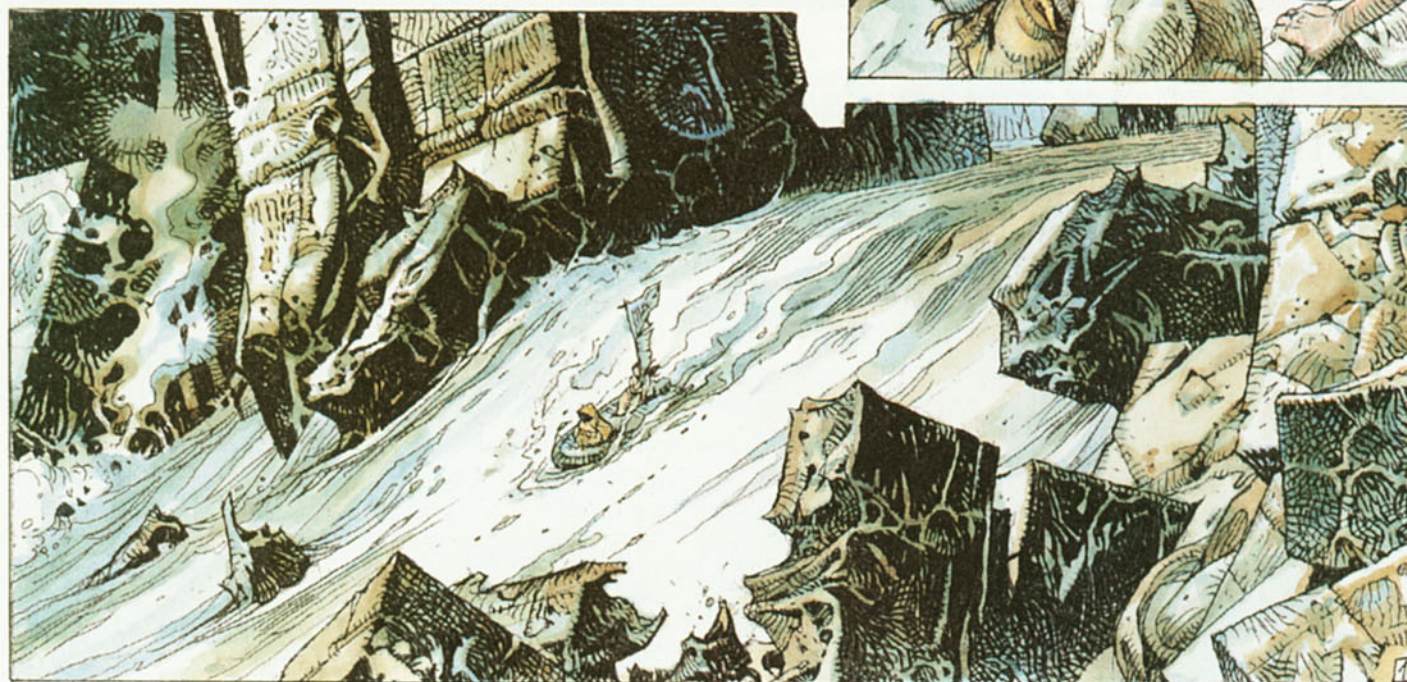
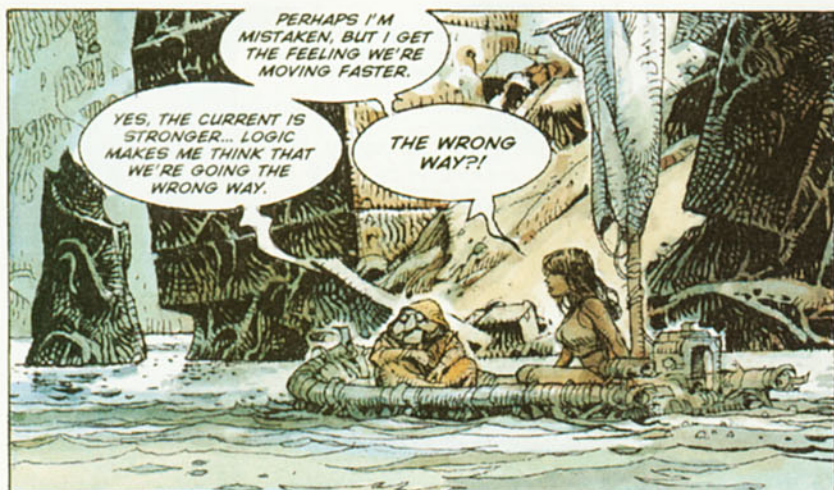
HEY, HELP ME CLEAN THE RAFT AND GET RID OF THE REMAINS OF THIS DISGUSTING ANIMAL... HEY! IT'S NOT EVEN ORGANIC MATTER!

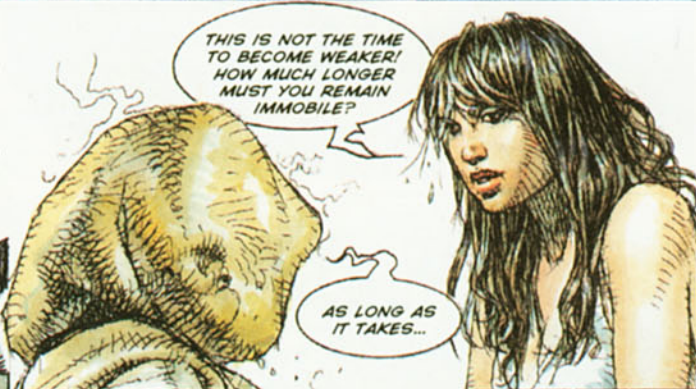
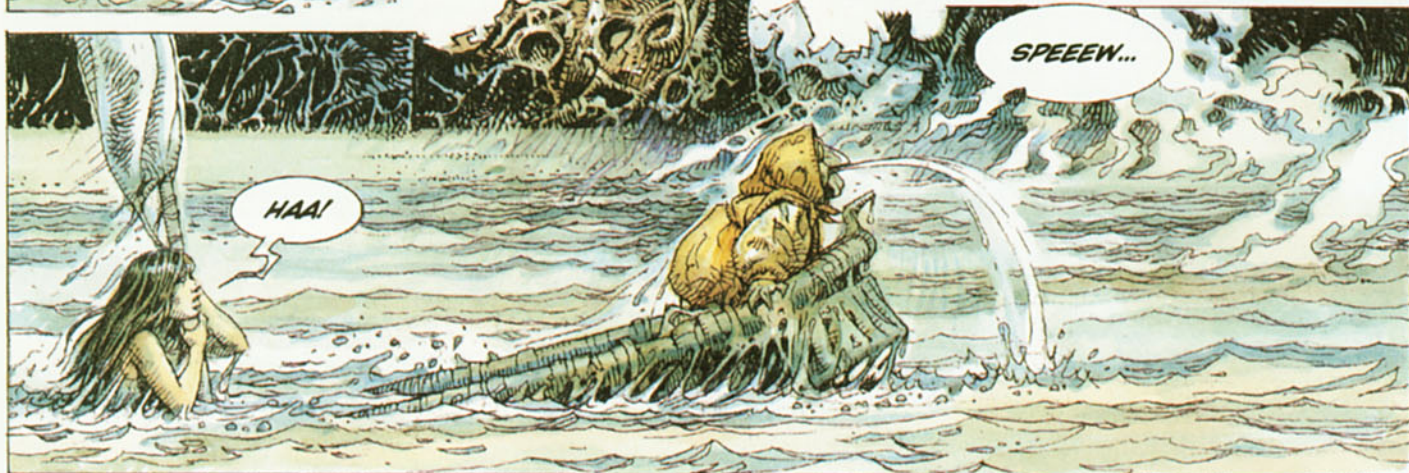
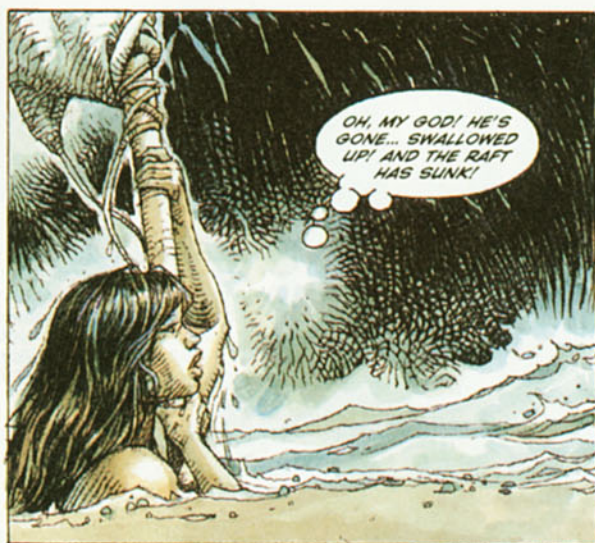
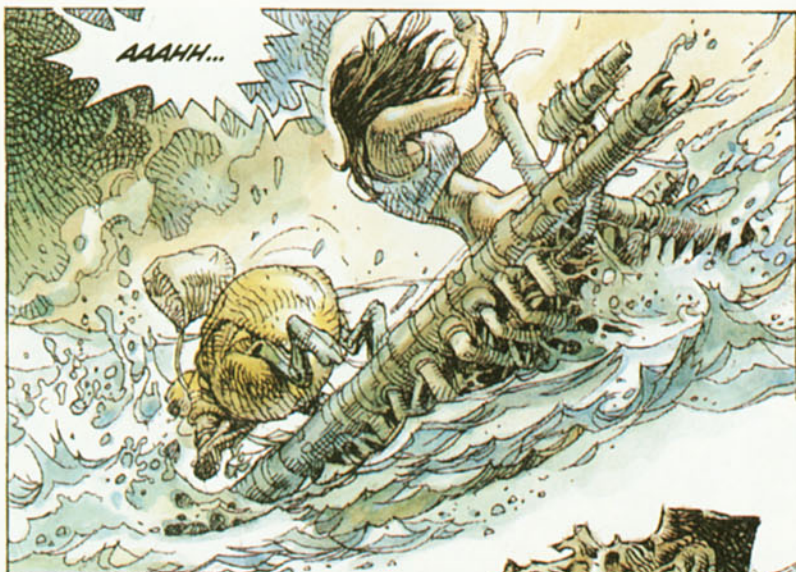
ORGANIC MATTER? NO, MACHINES HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO REPRODUCE ORGANIC MATTER.

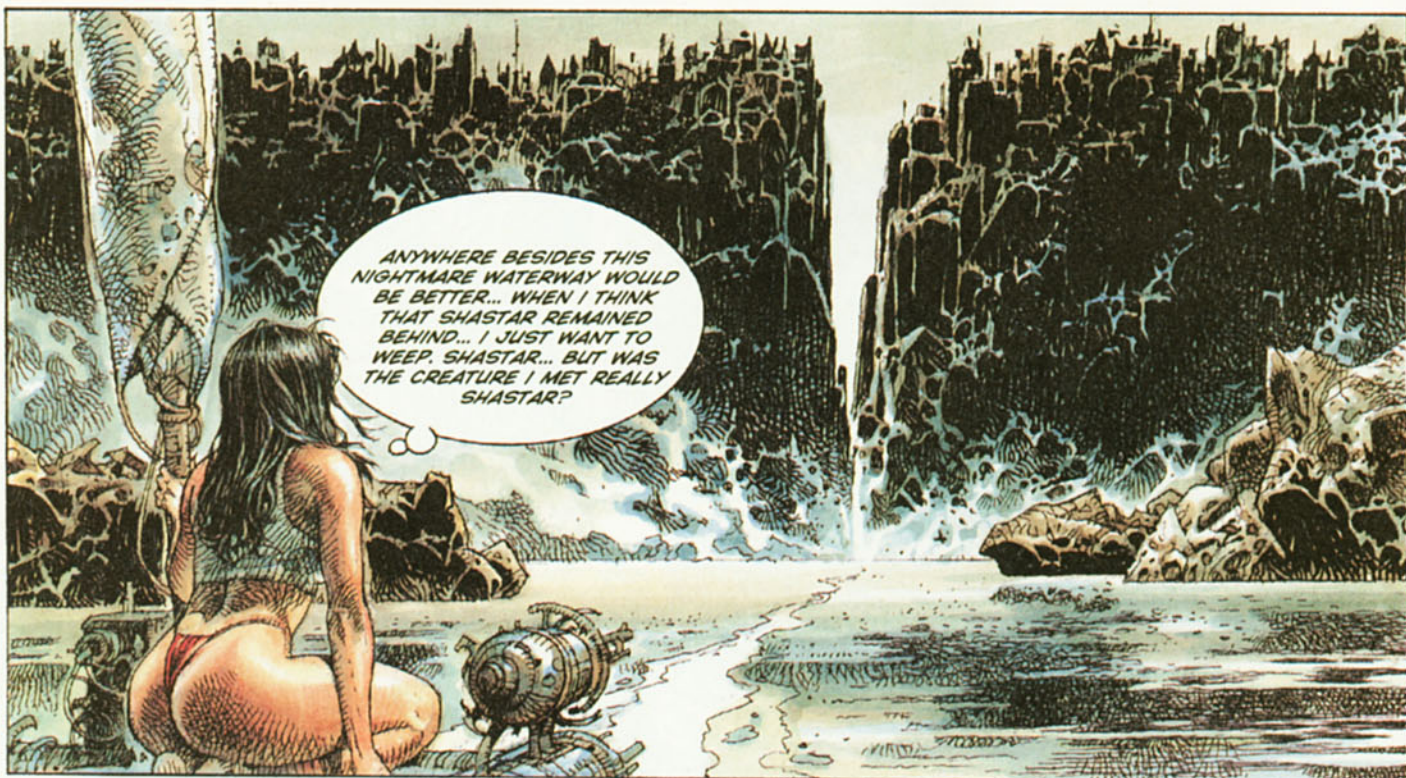


WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY? THAT THIS CREATURE IS ARTIFICIAL? THAT THESE ARE ARTIFICIAL BEINGS CREATED BY MACHINES?

ALL THE CREATURES THAT LIVE IN THE WATERWAYS ARE MACHINE-MADE. THEY ARE EXPERIMENTS, FAILED ATTEMPTS, SYNTHETIC-GENETIC CONSTRUCTIONS... THAT'S RIGHT! GETTING RID OF WASTE HAS ALWAYS BEEN A PROBLEM.







ANYWHERE BESIDES THIS NIGHTMARE WATERWAY WOULD BE BETTER... WHEN I THINK THAT SHASTAR REMAINED BEHIND... I JUST WANT TO WEEP, SHASTAR... BUT WAS THE CREATURE I MET REALLY SHASTAR?



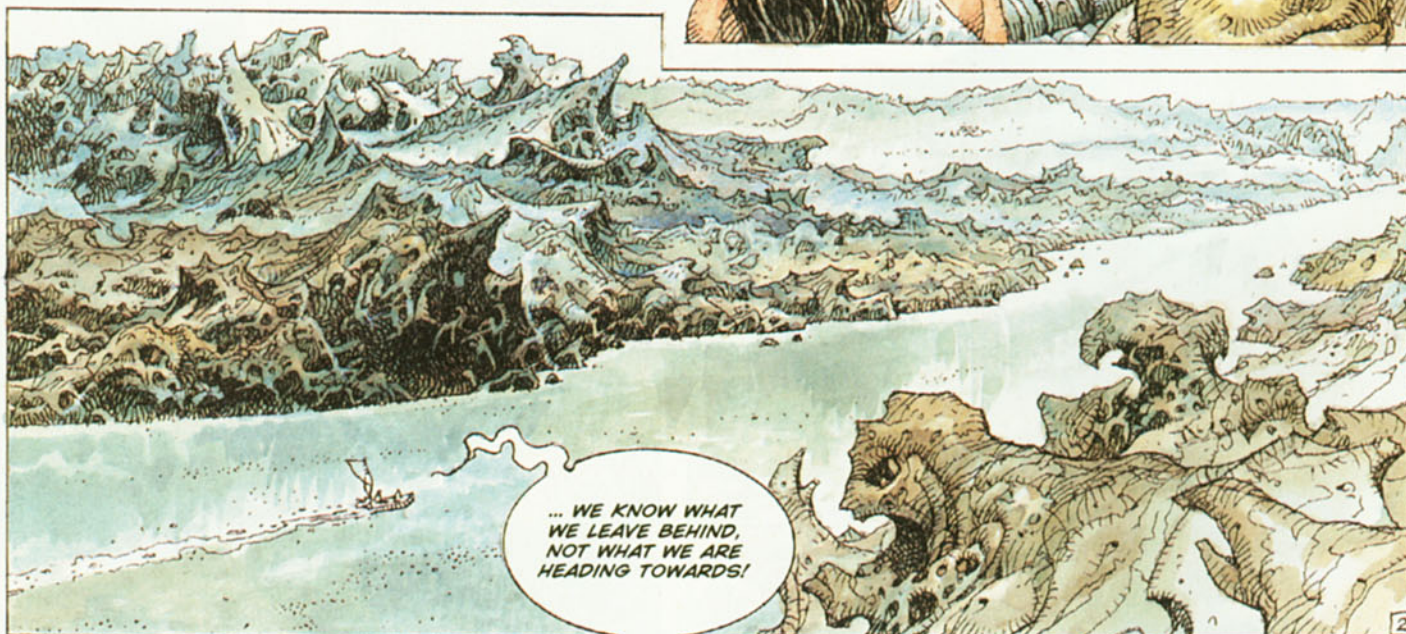
WHO KNOWS? I'M BEING STUPID! SOMETHING IS TRYING TO MAKE ME FORGET... AND YET, IF I HADN'T MANAGED TO ESCAPE, I WOULD BE LIKE HIM: A MECHANICAL BEING, AN ANDROID, A MONSTER... OH MY GOD! JUST THINKING ABOUT ALL THIS GIVES ME GOOSE BUMPS...

WHO SAYS IT WOULD BE BETTER?



WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WOULD YOU RATHER I WAS MADE OF SCRAP METAL AND BOLTS LIKE YOU?

NO... YOU SEE... HMM... IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE. PERFECTION CAN'T BE COPIED. IN ANY CASE, YOUR WISH CANNOT BE REALIZED... I'M TALKING ABOUT WHAT YOU CALL "NIGHTMARES."



... WE KNOW WHAT WE LEAVE BEHIND, NOT WHAT WE ARE HEADING TOWARDS!

BETTER... WORSE... OH GOD I'VE SEEN SO MUCH THAT I CAN NO LONGER DISTINGUISH GOOD AND EVIL... LOVE AND HATRED... VIOLENCE AND TENDERNESS. I'D JUST LIKE SOME PEACE. WHERE ARE THE OTHER HUMAN BEINGS? I MISS THEM... WHETHER THEY'RE GOOD OR EVIL, I MISS THEM SO MUCH I COULD DIE. BUT INSTEAD, THERE ARE MACHINES EVERYWHERE...

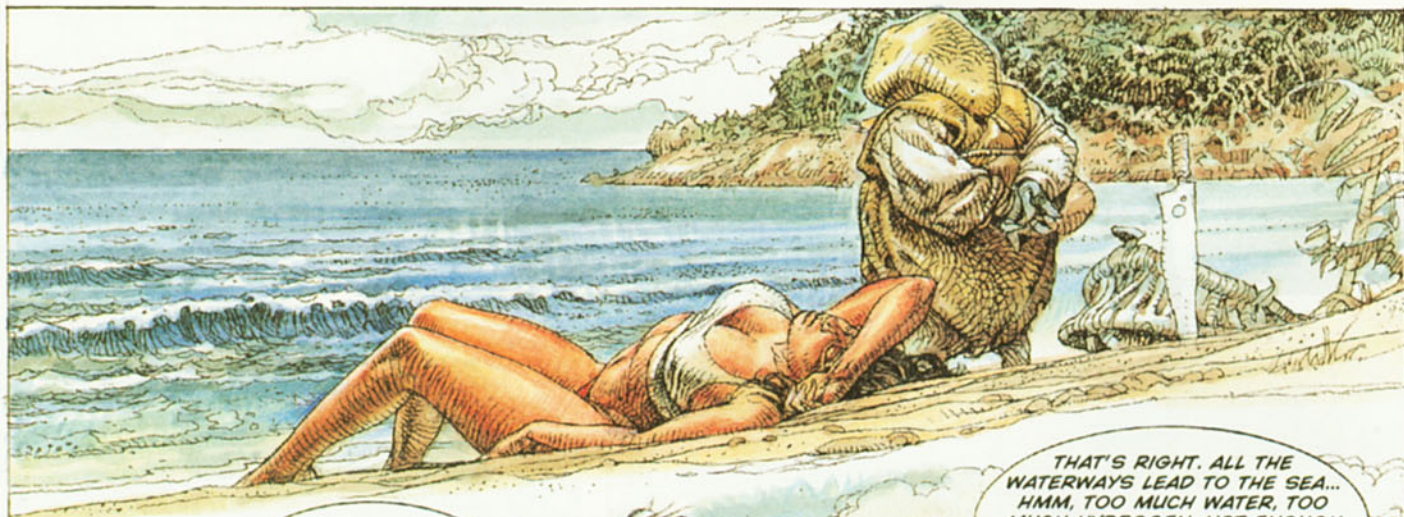
SUCH A DESOLATE, DEAD WORLD... AS IF SOME FRIGHTFUL EVENT HAD DESTROYED LIFE, PETRIFIED MEMORY...

YET, I'M ALIVE... BUT ALONE. STRANGELY ENOUGH, THAT WEIRD, COMICAL MECHANICAL CREATURE GIVES ME SOME HUMAN WARMTH... THOUGH HE'S NOT AWARE OF IT AND I'M NOT VERY NICE TO HIM... I WISH SHASTAR WERE HERE... ONLY HE KNOWS HOW TO CALM ME... I MISS HIS EYES, HIS VOICE, HIS TOUCH... I WOULD LIKE TO CLOSE MY EYES AND SPEND THE REST OF ETERNITY IN HIS ARMS...

YES, CLOSE MY EYES, LIE NEXT TO HIM AND SLEEP...

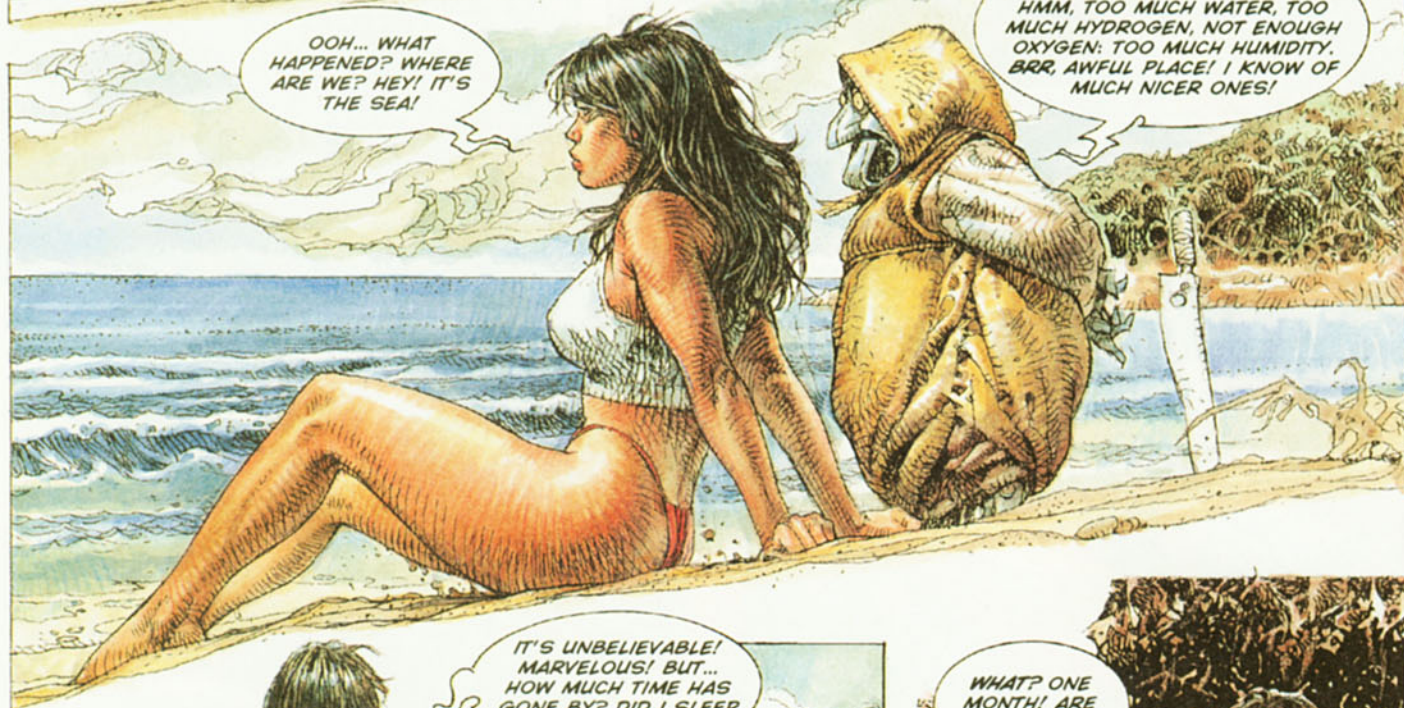
I AM SO TIRED. I WANT TO SLEEP... SLEEP FOR A MONTH...

YOU JUST HAVE TO ASK!



OOH... WHAT
HAPPENED? WHERE
ARE WE? HEY! IT'S
THE SEA!

THAT'S RIGHT. ALL THE
WATERWAYS LEAD TO THE SEA...
HMM, TOO MUCH WATER, TOO
MUCH HYDROGEN, NOT ENOUGH
OXYGEN: TOO MUCH HUMIDITY.
BRR, AWFUL PLACE! I KNOW OF
MUCH NICER ONES!



IT'S UNBELIEVABLE!
MARVELOUS! BUT...
HOW MUCH TIME HAS
GONE BY? DID I SLEEP
FOR A LONG TIME?

ONE
MONTH.



WHAT? ONE
MONTH! ARE
YOU CRAZY?

WELL, 32 DAYS, TO
BE PRECISE... YES, I KNOW,
YOU SAID ONE MONTH,
BUT YOU LOOKED SO
BEAUTIFUL, FAST ASLEEP...
IT SEEMED CRUEL TO
WAKE YOU.





AAH... I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU DID, MY TIN-CAN DWARF... SOONER OR LATER YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE SOME EXPLAINING TO DO. RIGHT NOW, I'M GOING TO DO SOMETHING I'VE BEEN DREAMING OF FOR A LONG TIME... A VERY LONG TIME... YOU CAN LOOK IF YOU LIKE...

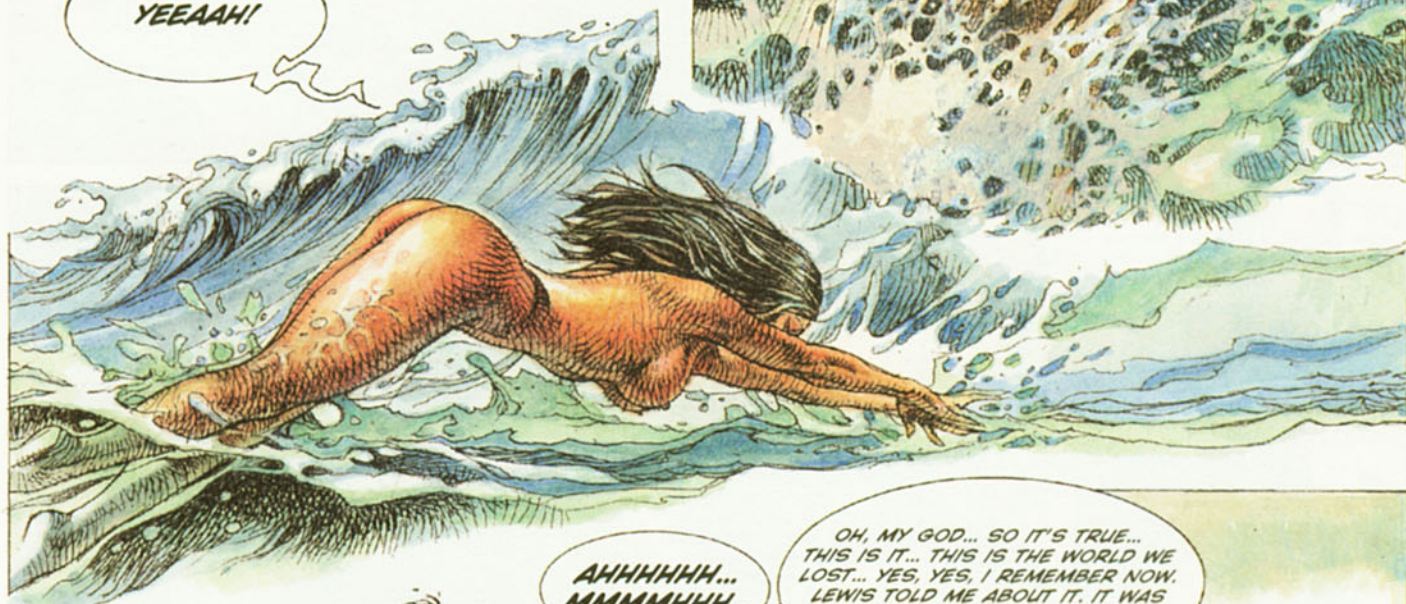
THAT'S WHAT I'M DOING, BUT I DISAPPROVE.

YEEAAH!



WHAT? CAN'T YOU SEE? THIS IS PARADISE! IT'S MARVELOUS, SUBLIME! AND IT'S NOT A DREAM! THIS IS FOR REAL! REAL!

BAH... BUT I HOPE YOU DON'T THINK I'M GOING TO FOLLOW YOU INTO THIS UNHEALTHY, UNCLEAN ELEMENT!



AAAAHHHH...
MMMMHHHH...

OH, MY GOD... SO IT'S TRUE... THIS IS IT... THIS IS THE WORLD WE LOST... YES, YES, I REMEMBER NOW. LEWIS TOLD ME ABOUT IT. IT WAS LEWIS WHO MADE ME DREAM OF A PLACE LIKE THIS...



IT'S STRANGE... THE MEMORY OF THE SEA, OF THE SUN, AND OF LEWIS CAME BACK TO ME SO SHARPLY... IT'S AS IF NO TIME HAD GONE BY, AND YET EVERYTHING SURROUNDING THAT MOMENT IS SHROUDED IN THICK FOG...



MMM... THE FEW MEMORIES THAT I HAVE OF EVENTS, PEOPLE AND PLACES ARE VERY SHARP, ALMOST TOO SHARP. THE PROBLEM IS THAT I CAN'T SEEM TO CONNECT THEM ALL...

WHO KNOWS WHY THIS IS HAPPENING TO ME? MAYBE I'M GOING NUTS! I MUST THINK ABOUT ALL THIS SERIOUSLY... WELL, I'LL THINK ABOUT IT TOMORROW...

NOW... WHERE IS HE?

HEY, THINGAMAJIC! WHERE ARE YOU HIDING?



DO YOU BELIEVE THIS... THE IDIOT JUST DUMPED ME! BUT I CAN SEE HIS TRACKS. IF HE THINKS THAT HE CAN DISAPPEAR LIKE THAT...



HE OWES ME AN EXPLANATION... THE IDIOT MADE ME SLEEP FOR A MONTH! YOU HAVE TO BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY AROUND HIM... OR GOD KNOWS WHAT CAN HAPPEN!

I DON'T LIKE BEING MANIPULATED. SHIT! I'LL FOLLOW HIS TRACKS. THEY GO INTO THE FOREST... THE FOREST? ARE THOSE REAL TREES?





STRANGE LOOKING TREES...
BUT I'VE SEEN THEM
SOMEWHERE BEFORE...
PROBABLY IN BOOKS, LONG
AGO... BUT THEY LOOKED SO
SMALL AND VULNERABLE...
THESE ARE HUGE,
OPPRESSIVE, THREATENING...



THEY HAVE NO LEAVES...
OH, MY GOD! THE SILENCE
IS UNBEARABLE! THERE
ARE NO FOREST NOISES...
OF BIRDS, ANIMALS...
THAT'S WHAT'S MISSING!
THE HUBBUB OF LIFE!



SHIT! WHERE AM I GOING? I MUST
PAY ATTENTION, OR I'LL GET LOST. I
DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I'VE BEEN
WALKING. EVERYTHING SEEMS THE
SAME TO ME HERE. I'M CONFUSED.



WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU, VILE
GNOME? CAN'T YOU SEE WHAT
YOU'VE GOT ME INTO? AND
HERE I AM CHASING AFTER YOU!
I'M EVEN DUMBER THAN YOU!



OH, MY GOD! I HAVE THE TERRIBLE
FEELING THAT I'M LOST IN THE DARK
LABYRINTH OF THIS LIFELESS FOREST...
IT'S AS IF DEEP INSIDE ME THERE WAS
SOMETHING UNKNOWN, AN ICY
EMPTYNESS THAT FREEZES MY
ACTIONS...



AHHH, I MUST
TAKE ACTION!
LEAVE THIS PLACE,
FIND MY WAY...



HEY, WHO'S THAT?
IT LOOKS LIKE A
MAN. SO, I'M NOT
ALONE HERE...



WELL, I'M CERTAINLY
NOT ALONE! HOW MANY OF
THEM ARE THERE? THEY'RE
COMING CLOSER! WHAT THE
HELL DO THEY WANT? SHIT!
THEY AREN'T HUMAN!





HEY THERE! STOP IT! GET BACK! WHAT DO YOU WANT? HEY, WAIT A MINUTE... WE CAN TALK... COME ON, GUYS, BE NICE...

BUT... WHAT?! GET BACK, I SAID! THAT'S RIGHT! I UNDERSTAND, YOU DON'T WANT TO HARM ME. BUT... DON'T TOUCH ME!



THEY SEEM TO WANT TO COMMUNICATE. MAYBE THEY'RE AFRAID... I CAN FEEL THEIR ANXIETY, THEIR SUFFERING...

I DON'T KNOW GUYS. I CAN'T UNDERSTAND. WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME? WHAT CAN I DO?



WAAAOOOOHHH!



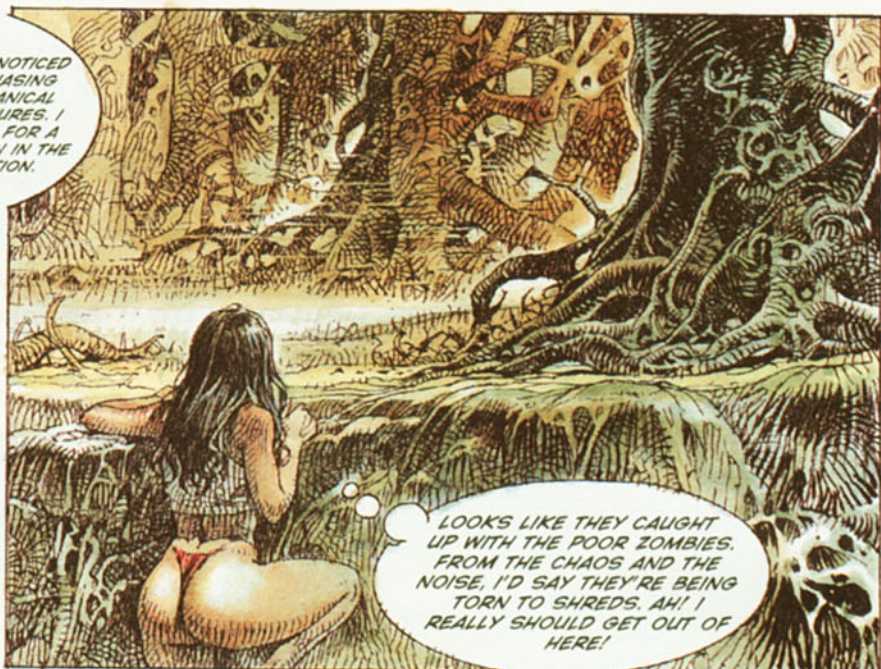
HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON? WHERE ARE YOU GOING? WHY ARE YOU RUNNING AWAY?







I DON'T THINK THEY NOTICED ME... THEY WERE CHASING THOSE SEMI-MECHANICAL ZOMBIE-LIKE CREATURES. I SHOULD HIDE HERE FOR A WHILE AND THEN RUN IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.



LOOKS LIKE THEY CAUGHT UP WITH THE POOR ZOMBIES. FROM THE CHAOS AND THE NOISE, I'D SAY THEY'RE BEING TORN TO SHREDS. AH! I REALLY SHOULD GET OUT OF HERE!

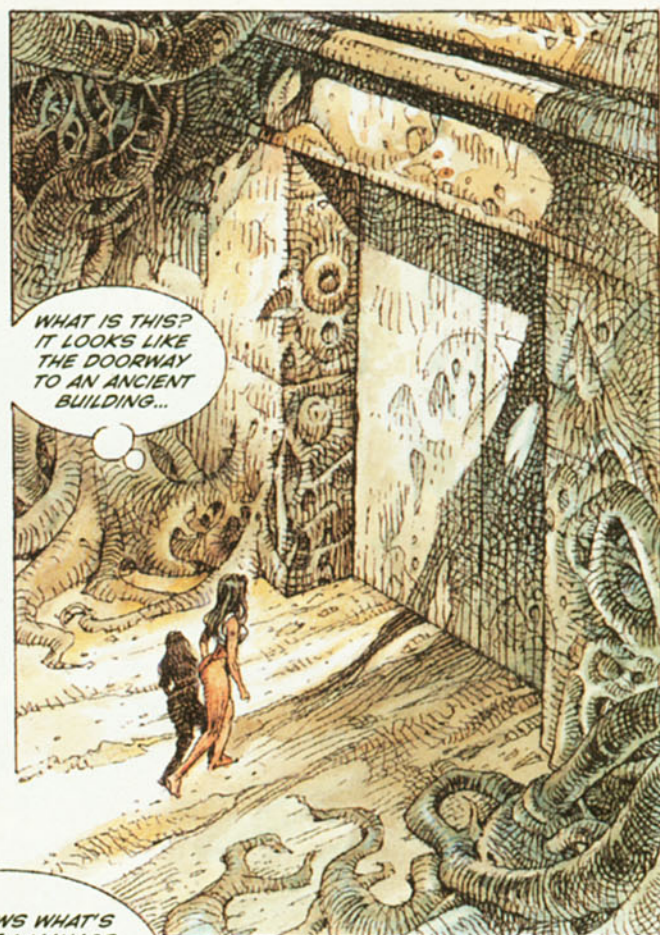


AND FAST, BEFOE THEY COME BACK! I'D BETTER HURRY!

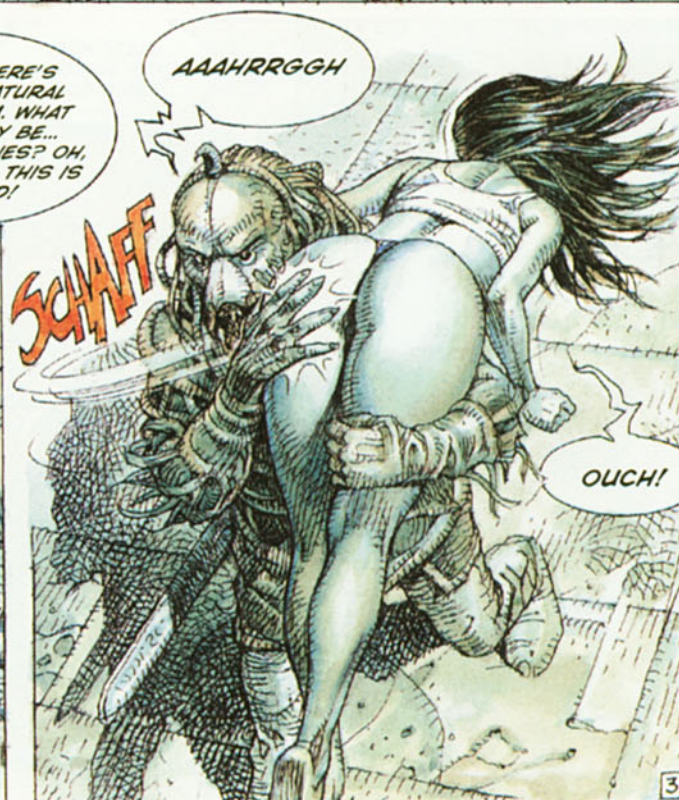
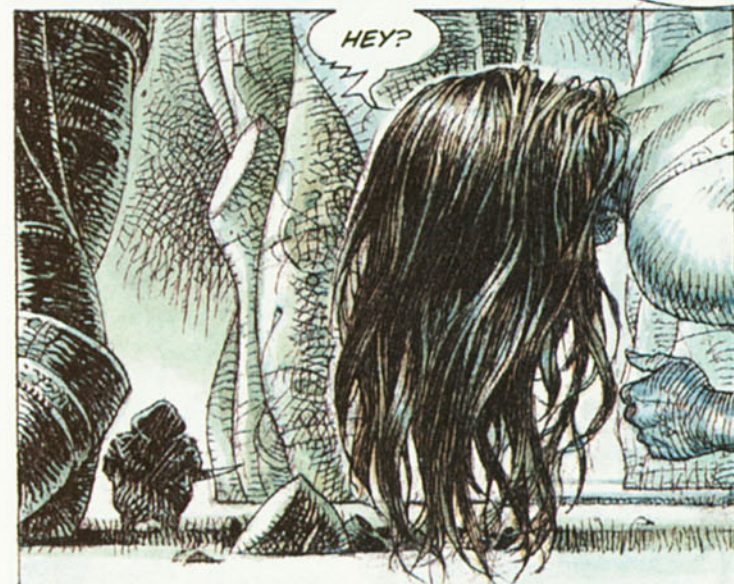
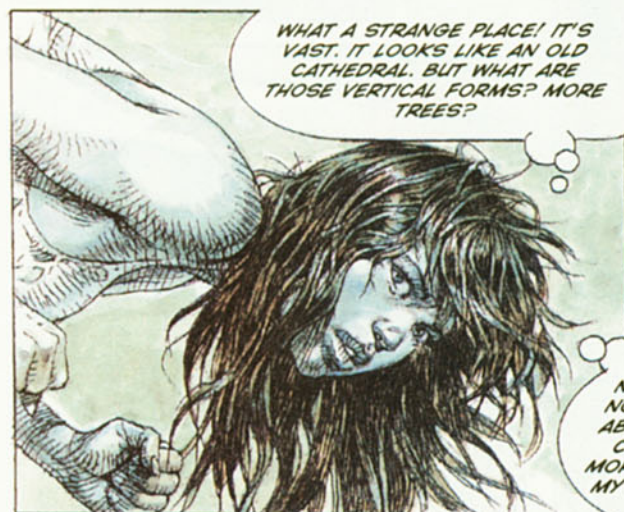


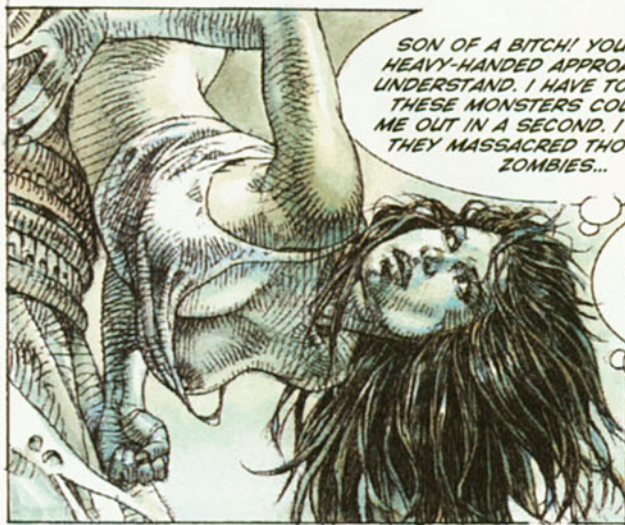
I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'M GOING. THE FOREST IS GETTING THICKER, AND... OH DAMN... THOSE DEVILS ARE ALREADY AT MY HEELS!











SON OF A BITCH! YOU HAVE A HEAVY-HANDED APPROACH. OK, I UNDERSTAND. I HAVE TO BEHAVE... THESE MONSTERS COULD WIPE ME OUT IN A SECOND. I SAW HOW THEY MASSACRED THOSE POOR ZOMBIES...

I THOUGHT I SAW THE VILE DWARF... MAYBE IT WAS A HALLUCINATION!

OOH, I CAN'T STAY IN THIS POSITION ANY LONGER! IT'S TORTURE... MY BRAIN MUST BE GOING SOFT... I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER HOW LONG WE'VE BEEN WALKING. SEVERAL MINUTES, HOURS? WHERE ARE WE GOING? TO HELL?

HEY, TAKE IT EASY!



THE DEVOURING

THIS IS CAGE THORN.
EXECUTED THE 2ND OF
JUNE, 1866 AT THE AGE OF
27. ROBBER, MURDERER,
RAPIST.



MAPLEVILLE, TEXAS.
JULY 5, 1866 AT DAWN.
ONE NIGHT AND ONE DAY
OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION
HAVE JUST GONE
BY, BUT STILL WE DON'T
KNOW IF GOD IS PUNISH-
ING THIS TOWN...



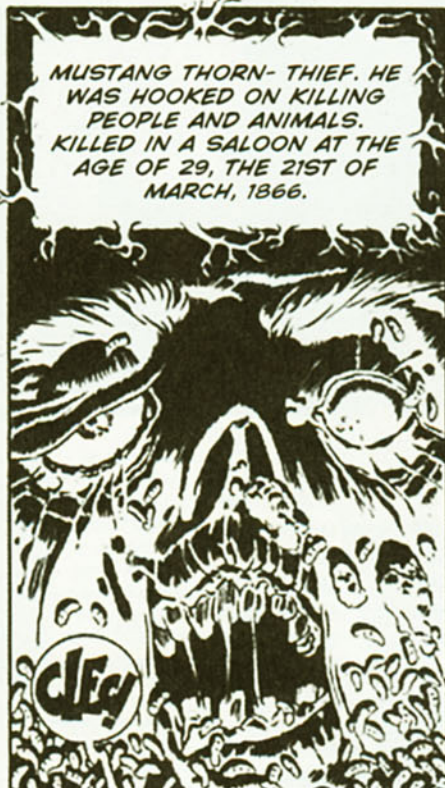
THIS IS RAYNOLD THORN.
ROBBER, SWINDLER.
EXECUTED THE 7TH OF JUNE,
1866. HE WAS ONLY 25.



MUSTANG THORN- THIEF. HE
WAS HOOKED ON KILLING
PEOPLE AND ANIMALS.
KILLED IN A SALOON AT THE
AGE OF 29, THE 21ST OF
MARCH, 1866.



... OR IF IT'S JUST THE
HELL TO BE RAISED
AMONG US. FATHER
RALPH, IN THE NAME OF
GOD, I ASK YOU...



UH?!



BE CAREFUL WITH
YOUR WEAPON,
SHERIFF GATE...

story: Paolo Di ORAZIO

art: Roberto Ricci

WE'RE BACK,
SHERIFF... DO
YOU REMEMBER
US?



IT'S SO DIFFICULT
TO TALK...

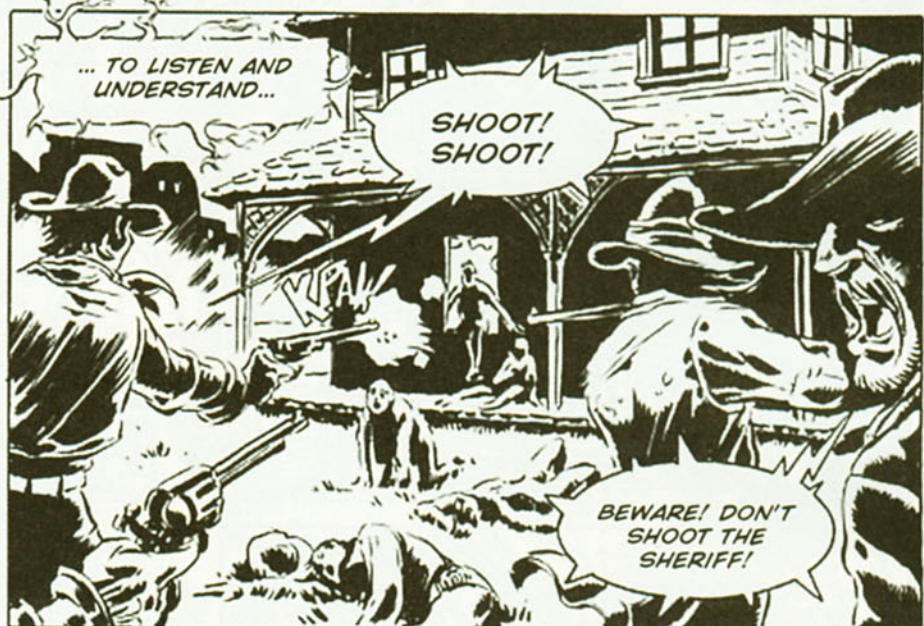


WHA- WHAT DO
YOU WANT
FROM ME?

HERE THEY
ARE!!



... TO LISTEN AND
UNDERSTAND...



SHOOT!
SHOOT!

BEWARE! DON'T
SHOOT THE
SHERIFF!

WHAT ARE YOU
WAITING FOR?
KILL THOSE
DEMONS...



I FEEL NOTHING.
THIS IS JUST
LIKE A DREAM.



GODDAMN, HE
DOESN'T LIE! HE
WON'T GIVE UP!



KEEP ON
SHOOTING!
KEEP ON
SHOOTING!





HE GAVE UP THINK-
ING. I KNOW EVERY-
THING ABOUT HIM.



SO, IT'S TIME TO
DRINK.



THIS WILL BRING
DOWN YOUR
TEMPERATURE,
RUSKIN.

WHAT WOULD I DO
WITHOUT YOU, DEAR
FRIEND OF MINE?

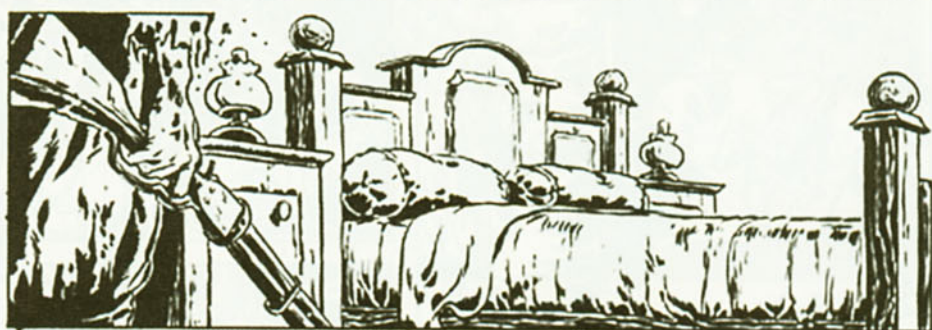
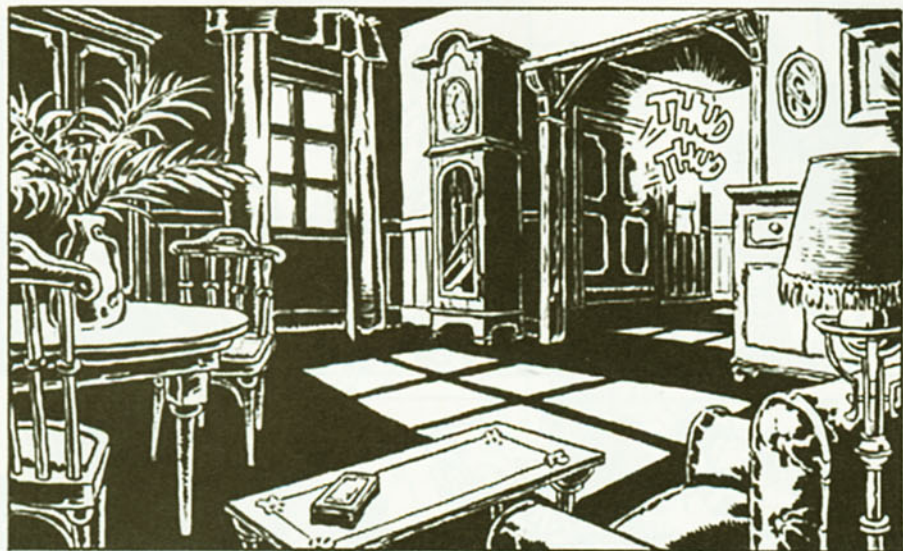


THIS TIME THE FOOD
HAS POISONED ME.
YOU CAN SEE IT...

... THROUGH MY
TORMENT.









WE ARRIVED.
MAYBE WE
SHOULD AWAKE
HER.



MAYBE SHE HAD WALKED
A LOT BEFORE WE
ARRIVED. SHE'S VERY
LUCKY!

HE'S TRYING TO
SPEAK. HE MOVES HIS
MOUTH, HIS TONGUE.

COUGH!

IT'S A
HORRIBLE
SENSATION.



YOU'VE GOT TO
FIGHT, RUSKIN.
DON'T GIVE UP
NOW.



MY BREATH
DROWNS THROUGH
THE BLOOD. BUT
STILL I FEEL I'M NOT
READY.

REBECCA!



STOP,
NOW!



COME HERE.
I'VE BEEN
WAITING FOR
YOU!

VOOAH!

WE MEET
EVERYTIME YOU GO
WHORING,
SHERIFF...

GET YOUR HANDS
OFF MY WIFE AND
DAUGHTER! ISN'T
IT ME THAT YOU
WANT?

YOU HAVE ABANDONED
THEM. YOU WERE
RUNNING AWAY... BUT
LET'S BALANCE OUR
ACCOUNT! I AM A MER-
CENARY, SHERIFF...

JOHN, MY SON... YOU'VE HIDDEN HIM.
ALL THE DEAD THORNS ARE WITH ME
NOW SO JOHN MUST STILL BE ALIVE.
YOU KNOW WHERE HE IS. I'LL MAKE YOU
A TRADE- JOHN IN RETURN FOR YOUR
FAMILY BACK.

DO YOU
AGREE TO
THIS?

I DON'T KNOW A THING
ABOUT JOHN. I'VE ONLY
ARRESTED AND EXECUTED
CAGE... RAYNOLD...

... MUSTANG, AND ME.
THE LAST TIME WE MADE
LOVE, INSTEAD OF PAYING
UP, YOU STRANGLED ME...
YOU EXTERMINATED AN
ENTIRE FAMILY IN ORDER
TO GAIN PRESTIGE.

I HEAR TALKING. I SEE THE
WALLS OF THE HOT CHAMBER. I
SMELL THE FLAVOR OF FLESH...
LIQUID TISSUE...

GIVE JOHN BACK TO
HIS FAMILY. OR
ELSE WE'LL TORTURE
YOUR LOVED
ONES TO DEATH IN
FRONT OF YOU!!

LIFE IS SO
DISGUSTING.

I DON'T KNOW
ANYTHING ABOUT
JOHN THORN!
I SWEAR!!



I'M DEBHER, THE REVEREND. I WAS CALLED HERE BY FATHER RALPH. COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE HE WENT?



UNDERGROUND.



THE THORNS... A GANG OF... CRIMINALS. THEY'RE DESTROYING THIS TOWN...

POOR FATHER RALPH... WE WERE FRIENDS. SEVERAL RELIGIOUS ORDERS ARE UNTIED AGAINST EVIL.

SHERIFF, ARE YOU READY TO LISTEN TO A STORY BEYOND HUMAN REASON?

I KILLED THE THORNS WITH THESE HANDS... AND NOW THEY'RE HERE AGAIN!

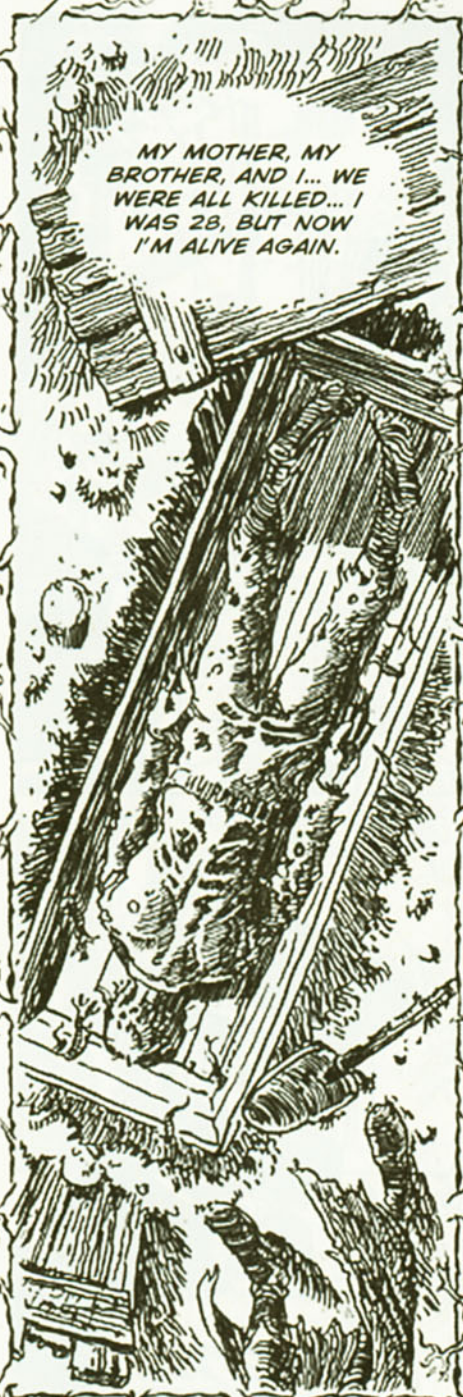
I AM FULLY CONSCIOUS ABOUT EVERYTHING NOW. I'M AWAKE. MY MEMORIES, TOO.



THIS PLAGUE IS CAUSED BY A MAN OF A MONSTROUS NATURE...

HIS NAME IS RUSKIN. AN UNKNOWN CURSE...

... OBLIGES HIM TO FEED ON HUMAN CORPSES!



MY MOTHER, MY BROTHER, AND I... WE WERE ALL KILLED... I WAS 28, BUT NOW I'M ALIVE AGAIN.

I KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT RUSKIN. PROTECTED BY A COMMUNITY, HE HAS BEEN SENT INTO EXILE.

HIS FLESH REGENERATES ITSELF...


HIS DESTINY IS TO HIDE FOREVER SINCE HE'S IMMORTAL.

WE WERE BURIED FACE DOWN. WHO COULD HAVE IMAGINED THAT THIS WOULD HAVE GIVEN US A SUPERNATURAL UNION?



RUSKIN... WE WANT JOHN THORN!!

... SO RUSKIN COULD APPEASE THORN'S ANGER!



RIGHT. BUT FATHER RALPH DIDN'T KNOW WHERE THE MORMONS HAD HIDDEN HIM. SO, SHERIFF, LET'S BRING THE THORNS TO HIM...

RUSKIN IS NOT FAR FROM HERE!!

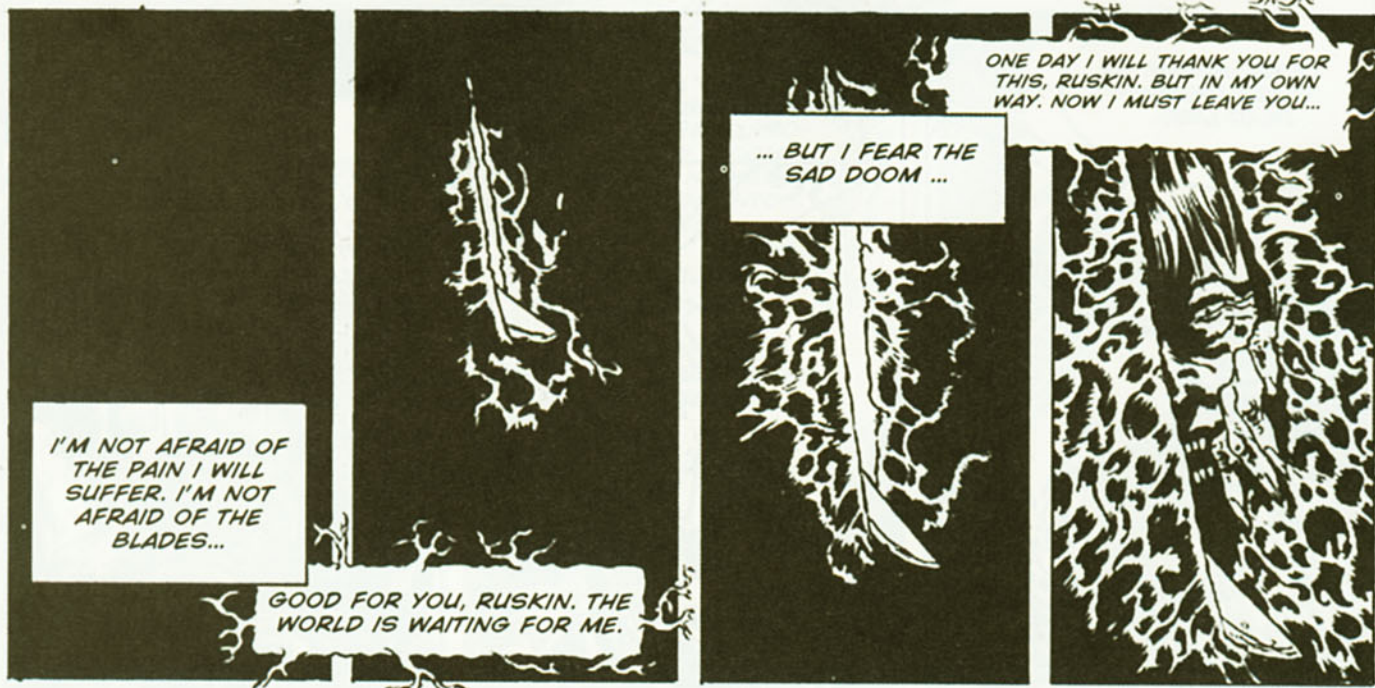
FOOD IS THE
CYCLE OF MY
DEAD LIFE.

THAT'S WHY WE ARE
BACK TO THIS HALF-
LIFE.

BUT THIS TIME THE FLESH
THAT FED ME HAS FOUND
A WAY TO REBUILD ITSELF,
TO START AGAIN... CALL-
ING ALL OF YOU TO
RESURRECTION...

I FEEL I'M BORING
AGAIN. MY FAMILY
WILL HELP GET ME
OUT OF HERE.

REMEMBER, NO
MATTER WHAT YOU
DO TO GET JOHN,
YOU WILL NOT BE
ABLE TO KILL ME!



I'M NOT AFRAID OF THE PAIN I WILL SUFFER. I'M NOT AFRAID OF THE BLADES...

GOOD FOR YOU, RUSKIN. THE WORLD IS WAITING FOR ME.

... BUT I FEAR THE SAD DOOM ...

ONE DAY I WILL THANK YOU FOR THIS, RUSKIN. BUT IN MY OWN WAY. NOW I MUST LEAVE YOU...



THEY'VE RIPPED HIM FROM ME IN A SECOND...



MY WOUNDS ARE DISAPPEARING FAST.

I'M RECOVERING MY STRENGTH.



I KNEW THE VIEW OF JOHN WOULD CONFUSE THEM.



GO BACK TO DEATH!!!

NOW I HEAR
JOHN THORN'S
THOUGHTS NO
MORE.

AN IRONIC FACT,
BUT I HAD NO
CHOICE...

I'LL MISS YOU, OLD INDIAN. I
WILL PRAY FOR ALL THE
DEAD. YOU THORNS GOT
WORTHY BURIALS. GOD CAN
LOOK AT YOUR FACES NOW.

I GAVE JOHN THORN
BACK TO MAPLEVILLE,
THE NEAREST NURSERY
FOR HIM. HOW COULD I
KILL HIM ONCE HE
BECAME A CHILD AGAIN.

WHAT DARK SEED
DID I PLANT FOR THE
FUTURE?

THE ANSWER, AS DISTANT AS
IT CAN BE WILL COME TO ME
SOON. EVEN IF MY DESTINY
WANTS ME TO RUN AWAY, I'M
MOTIONLESS. TIME AND
SPACE MOVE AROUND ME.

UNTIL GOD
CHOOSES DIF-
FERENTLY.

DI ORAZIO-Ricci
2001

I'D WAITED ALL DAY TO GO OUT FOR A SMOKE, THE SMOG JUST WOULDN'T LIFT.

♪ ♪ ♪

LAST WEEK I SCORED THREE BUTTS IN TRADE FOR A BOX OF ROBOT PARTS. NOW I WAS LIPPING MY LAST ONE.

I HAD TO MAKE IT STRETCH... THE TRICK IS TO MAKE THE HEAD BURN SLOW BY ALWAYS WALKING WITH THE WIND AND--

HEY JOE!
JOE!
GOT ANOTHER SMOKE?

SNAP

YEAH.
SURE.
GU-BYE

HEY BUGEYE-UM...HOW'S IT GOIN', MAN?

YOU KNOW YOU OWE ME DUDE, FROM THREE MONTHS AGO, I'M SUFFERIN' SUFFERIN'!

I DON'T CARE IF YOUR LIPS BEEN ON IT.

THANKS JOE, YOU'RE A LIFESAVER.

BUGGY WAS JUSTLY DUE-- BUT NOW I WAS FUCKED. NO CIGARETTES, NO CASH, AND THE TASTE OF THAT BUTT LEFT ME WITH A MAD RUSH FOR PUFFS.

AAGHHH!

THE WORLD HAD TURNED TO SHIT. I STRUGGLED TO FOCUS THROUGH THE FILTH AND NOISE. IT FELT LIKE THE END OF EVERYTHING... THEN A THOUGHT SLAPPED MY BRAIN...

... COULD THIS BE THE DAY?

A DOG HOWLED... I PULLED THE PRECIOUS PRE-WAR CHESTERFIELD FROM THE REFRIGERATED CASE IN MY SOCK AND TOOK A SNIFF. PURE POETRY, THE VINTAGE LEAF HADN'T AGED A BIT IN ALL THESE YEARS. STILL HAD THE OLD STYLE FILTER AND EVERYTHING. I GRASPED A MATCH... BUT SOMETHING FELT SO WRONG...

SO I FORCED MYSELF TO PUT OLD GRANDAD AWAY AND TOOK MY WINTER COAT DOWN TO TRADER DINGS. THE GUY WOULD ONLY GIVE ME ONE BUTT FOR IT AND ALL HE HAD WAS "GENO-MODIFIED" ROLL.

MODIFIED WITH WHAT?!

DUNNO, SMELLS LIKE SAUSAGE.

NAH, THIS ONE'S FOR BETTER TIMES!

AAGHHH!

JOE

IN THE
FUTURE

Story:
WEISFELD/KOCH
Art:
Von EEDEN
Color:
SMITH/FREEMAN

NO WAY I COULD LIGHT UP AT HOME ANYMORE. THE LADY UPSTAIRS HAD GREEN LUNG AND SHE CLAIMED MY SMOKE GAVE HER CONNIPIONS. LAST TIME SHE POURED A JAR OF RADIOACTIVE PHLEGM DOWN THROUGH THE FLOORBOARDS.

BELOW ME WAS A MEAN OLD DRUNK WHO CONSTANTLY BEAT HIS DROID- WHO COULD PUFF THROUGH THAT RACKET?

SO I WENT TO THE CORNER AND LEANED BACK AGAINST MY FAVORITE POST.

DING'S ROLL TASTED MORE LIKE SPAM THAN SAUSAGE. FLUORESCENT ORANGE SMOKE DRIFTED FROM THE TIP. I TRIED NOT TO THINK ABOUT THAT.

I PULLED A SLOW DRAG, JUST MINDING MY OWN BUSINESS, AND THIS GUY STARTED PLASTERIN' HIMSELF ON MY MINDBOX.

HEY MAN, CHECK THIS OUT...

BEEN WORKIN' TOO HARD?

WANNA GET AWAY FROM IT ALL?

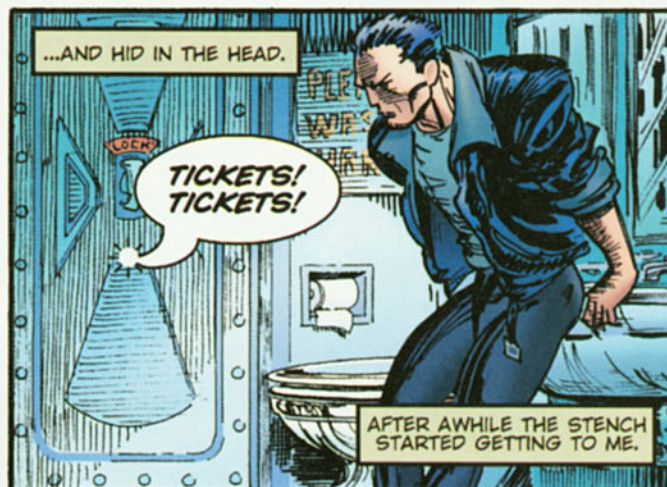
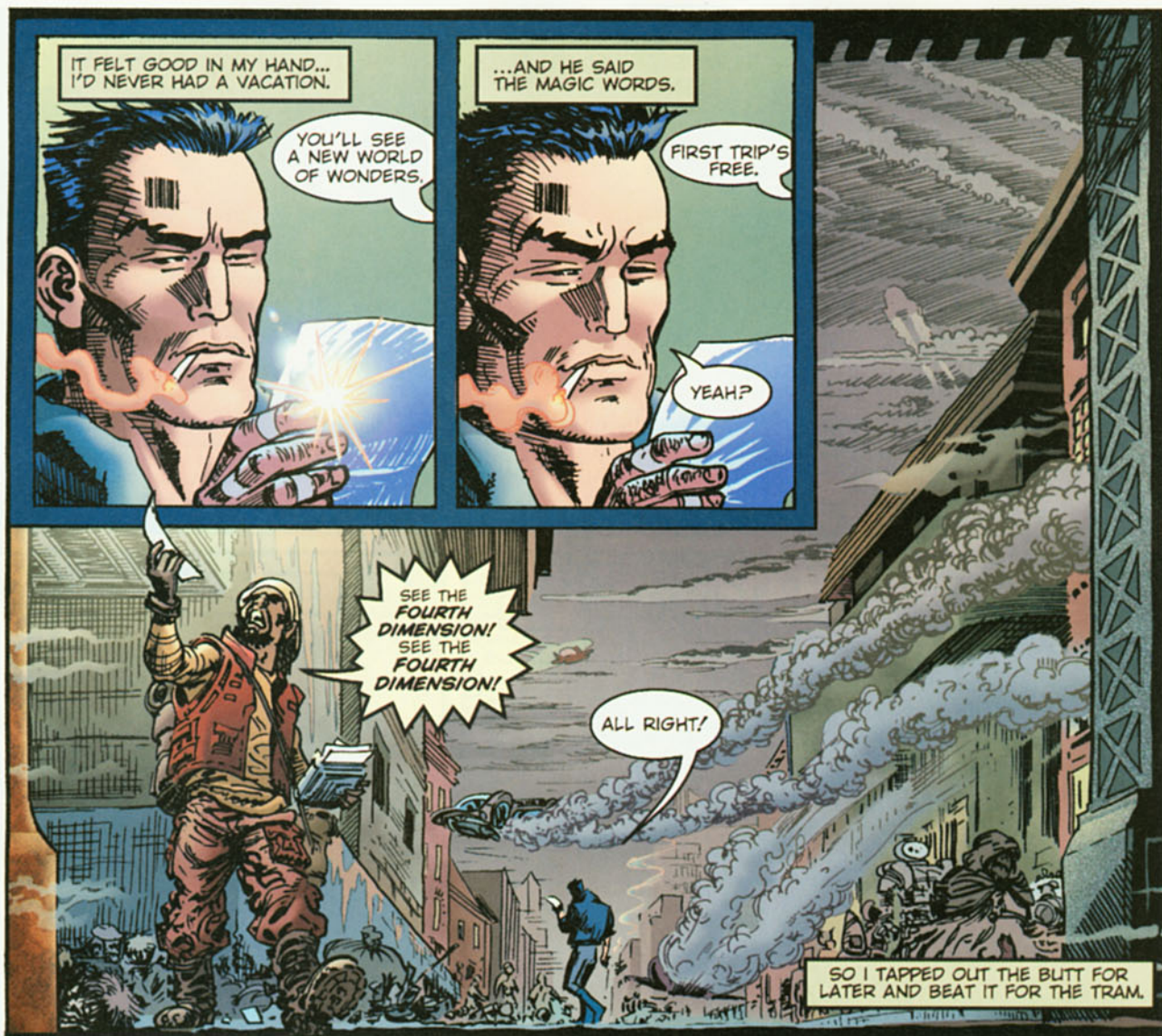
FUCKING GET AWAY FROM ME!



THE BEST TIME EVER MAN, GO CHECK IT OUT AND YOU WON'T EVER WANT TO COME BACK!

OH, YEAH?







THE RIDE TOOK LONGER THAN I EXPECTED SO I CRAWLED OUT OF A VENT AND SAT ON THE ROOF.

AS WE ENTERED THE PORTAL I LIT UP AGAIN, TRYING TO FORGET THE STINK...IT WAS THEN THAT DISASTER STRUCK!



SUCTION FROM THE BREACH TOOK THE BUTT RIGHT OUT'A MY MOUTH.

I'D BEEN WORKING IT SLOW, HOPIN TO MAKE HER LAST, AND NOW THIS!



THE NEXT FEW HOURS WERE KINDA' GRIM.

COCKSUCKER!



BUT WHEN I SAW THE CITY LIGHTS AHEAD I BEGAN TO PERK UP.

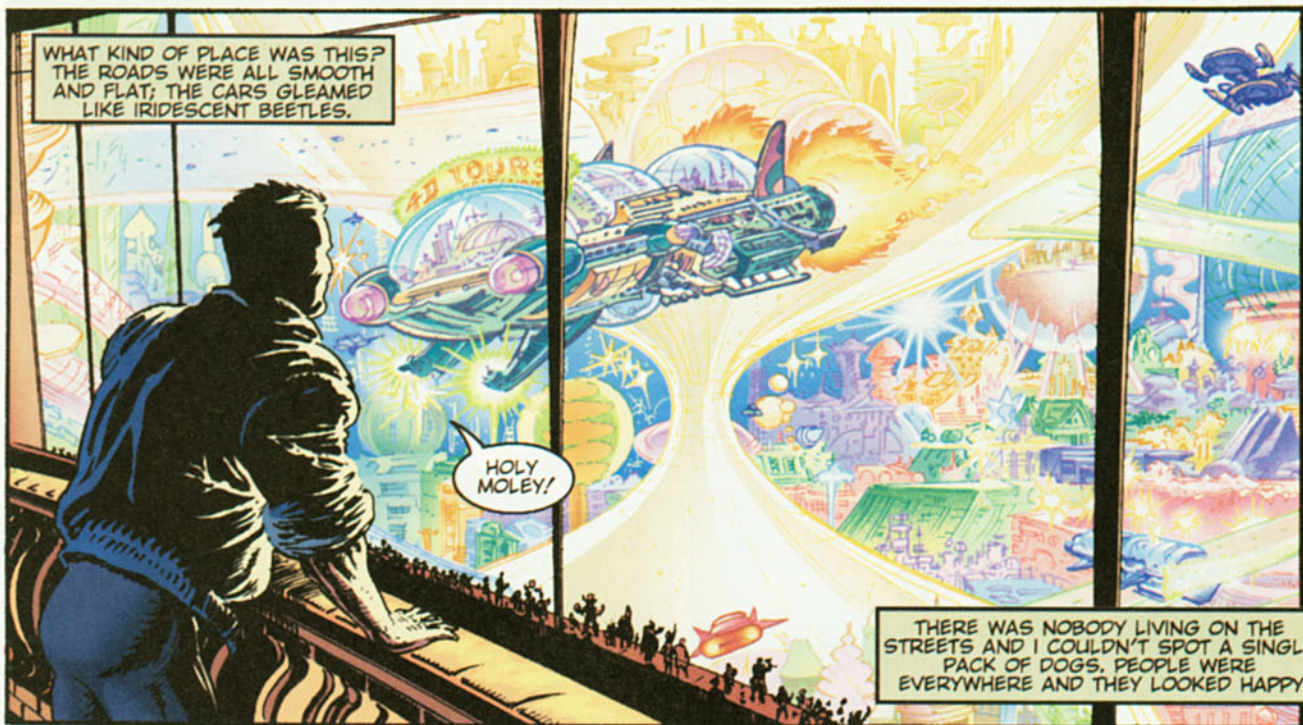
NOW APPROACHING THE METROPOLIS OF---

WOW! WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT!



SUDDENLY I COULDN'T WAIT TO DOCK.

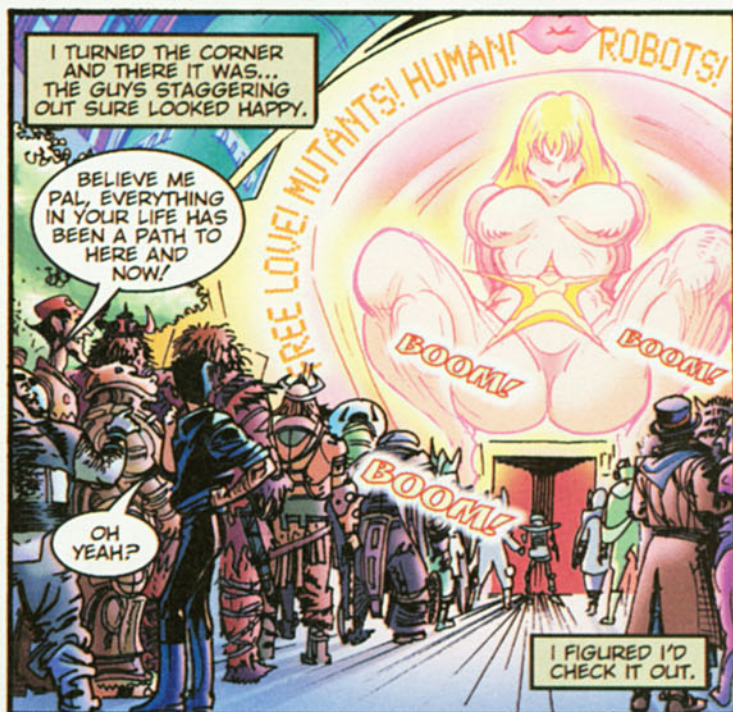
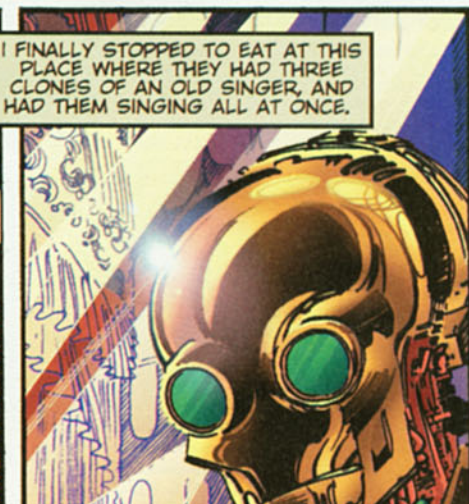
ALL RIGHT!!!



WHAT KIND OF PLACE WAS THIS? THE ROADS WERE ALL SMOOTH AND FLAT; THE CARS GLEAMED LIKE IRIDESCENT BEETLES.

HOLY MOLEY!

THERE WAS NOBODY LIVING ON THE STREETS AND I COULDN'T SPOT A SINGLE PACK OF DOGS. PEOPLE WERE EVERYWHERE AND THEY LOOKED HAPPY.



INSIDE WAS THE MOST AMAZING ACTION, MAN. THEY HAD CLONES OF EVERY "IT" GIRL FROM THE LAST 100 YEARS. SOME I'D SEEN ADVERTISED- BUT OTHERS I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WERE ON THE MARKET.

LEAPIN' LIZARDS!

I DIDN'T SEE BRUISES AND NONE OF EM' HAD SORES.

I TOOK A NUMBER AT THE BAR. IT SEEMED LIKE FOREVER- BUT MY TURN FINALLY CAME.

I'VE HAD MY EYE ON YOU.

LETS TAKE OFF THE JACKET, TOUGH GUY.

IT WAS THE POSTCARD I'VE ALWAYS WANTED.

LOOK, IT'S A HUMAN MAN!

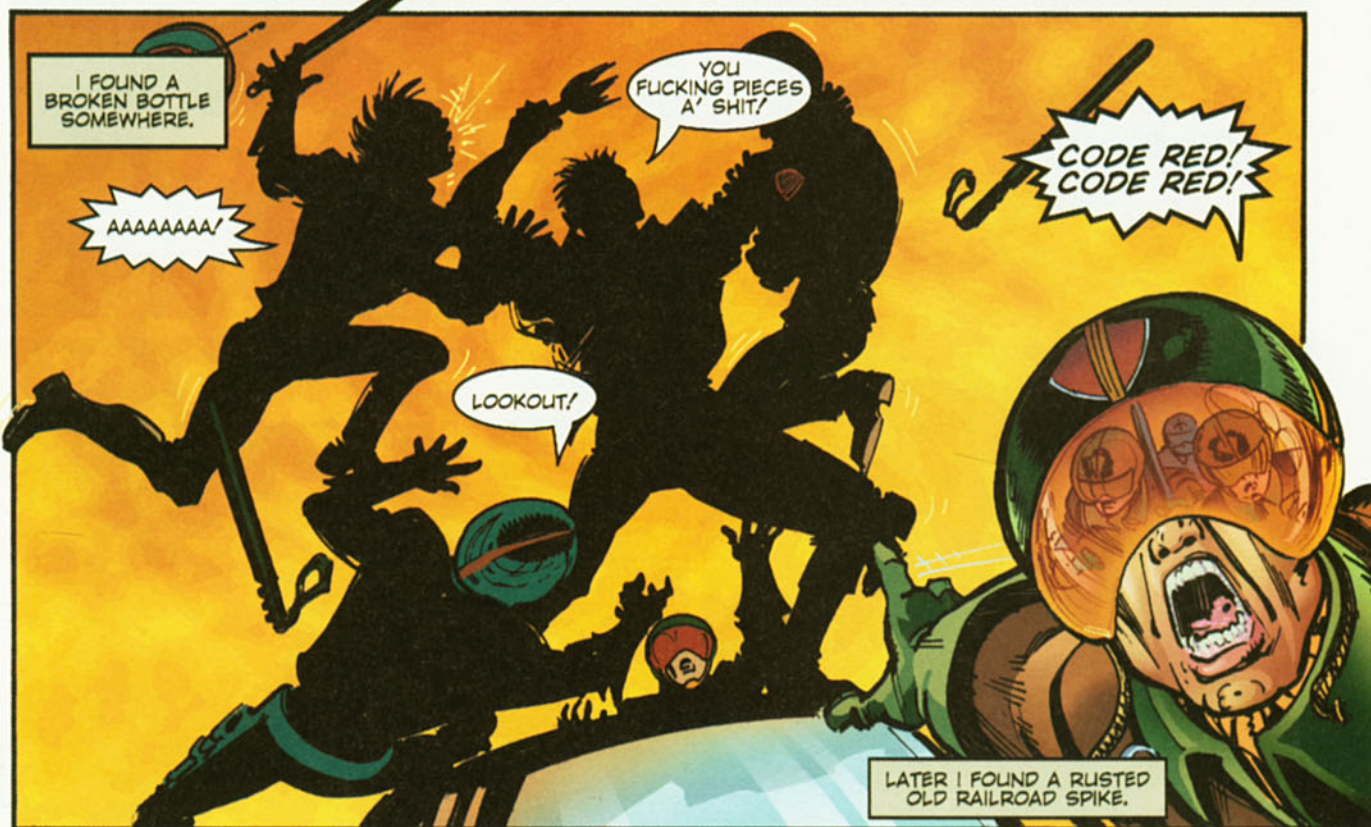
BACK OFF- I SAW HIM FIRST.

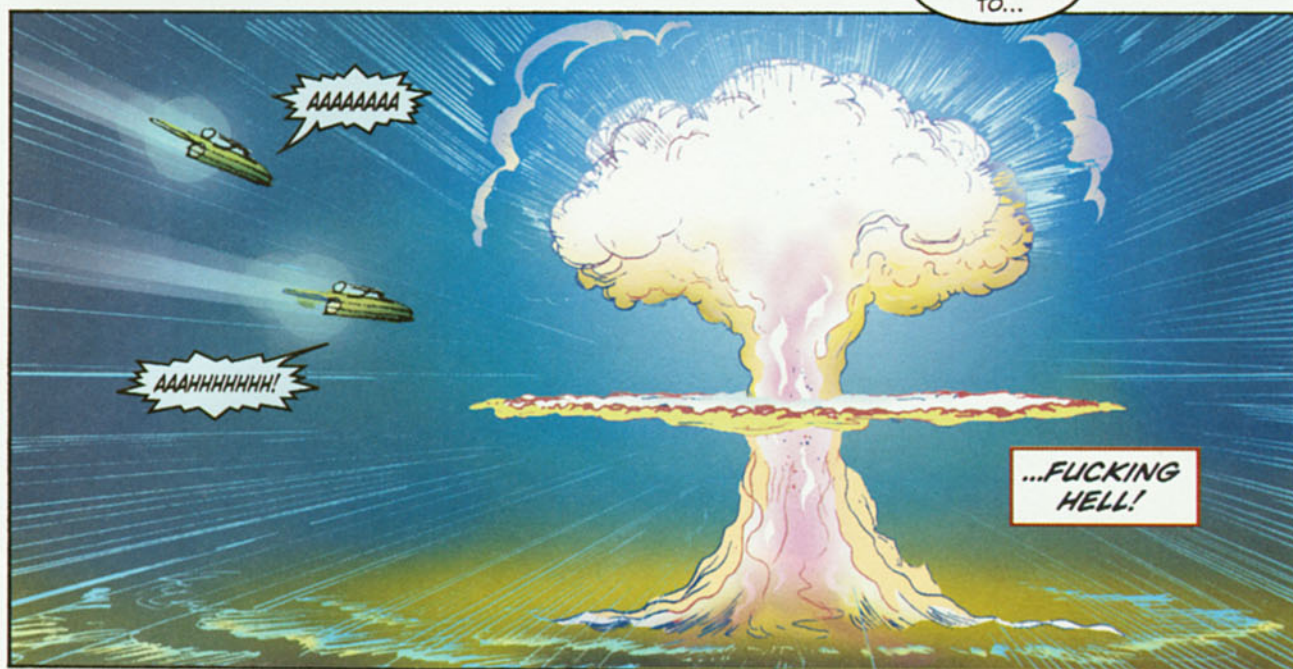
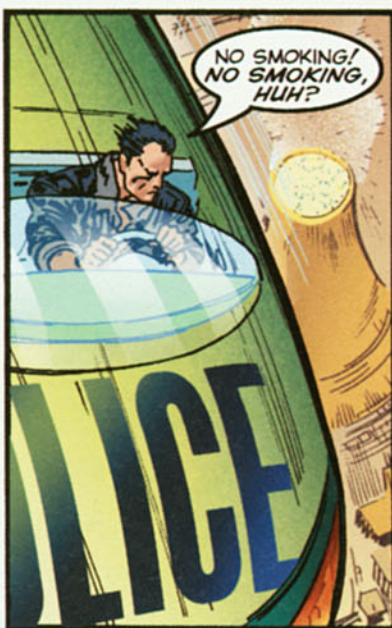
EEEEEEK!

WE'VE GOT A VIRILE HUMAN MALE IN HERE!

QUICK- I-MAIL ALL THE CHICKS WHO'RE LOOKING TO GET BRED.











STUD BUCKMAN
AND THE
LESBIAN RAIDERS OF MARS
Story & Art
by **WILLIAM BOURASSA JR.** Colors
by **MIKE GARCIA**

GOOD
GOD!
JUST LOOK
AT THE *SIZE*
OF IT!



THAT'S THE
DEEPEST CREVASSE
I'VE EVER SEEN!

I'M LUCKY
MY SPACESHIP--

--MYSTERIOUSLY
SHOT DOWN FROM
ORBIT--

--DIDN'T SLIDE
ANY DEEPER, OR
I'D HAVE BEEN LOST
FOREVER!

I MUST'VE
BLACKED OUT
AFTER CRASHING
ON THIS **MARS-
LIKE PLANET...***

***SORRY KIDS, NOT
THE ACTUAL MARS!**



...LEAVING
MY CAPTIVE,
**PRINCESS
BAIKURIUS,**
TO ESCAPE!

IF SHE ISN'T
RETURNED TO HER
ROYAL FIANCÉ--
--VIRTUE
INTACT--
--I'LL NEVER
GET MY
REWARD!

"AND ON THIS
STRANGE WORLD
I CAN'T TAKE
ANY **CHANCES...**"



SAY, THOSE
STRUCTURES LOOK
LIKE THEY'RE FROM
THE EARTHLY ISLE OF
LESBOS!

WHICH CAN
MEAN ONLY
ONE THING--



THE
PRINCESS HAS
BEEN CAPTURED
BY **LESBIAN
RAIDERS!!!**



I'LL
TEACH
THOSE
FIENDS
OF THE
**THIRD
SEX**
TO MESS
WITH...
...HUH?

ZAP!



LEGEND,
STUD!

LADY
WPHALE,
ER OF THIS
PHIC SECT,
DOOM
TO DEATH
HE CLAWS
MIGHTY
AGUA!

LET YOUR
ING THOUGHT
BE THIS:

PRINCESS
IKORIUS WILL
E ONE OF US
HENCEFORTH
'S FOREVER!

DIE
YOU
MINDLESS
BRUTE,
DIE!!!

OH, YOU
NASTY
WOMAN.

YOU
HORRID,
NASTY
WOMAN.

Giminez



HOLY
HETEROSEXUALS!
IT
CANNOT
BE!





MUCH LATER...

WHAT?!

GREAT SCOTT,
I WAS RIGHT!

THE
LEGENDARY
LOST CULT OF
APHRODITE!

NO LEGEND,
STUD!

...TO MESS
WITH...

I, LADY
OMPHALE,
LEADER OF THIS
SAPPHIC SECT,
DOOM
YOU TO DEATH
AT THE CLAWS
OF MIGHTY
AGUA!

LET YOUR
DYING THOUGHT
BE THIS:

PRINCESS
BAIKORIUS WILL
BE ONE OF US
HENCEFORTH
& FOREVER!

I'M SO
CONFLICTED!



LUCKILY I
CHIEFED
THIS BOTTLE
OF COSMO-
LUBE.

JUST A
FEW DROPS
AND...



FREE!

EASY BOY!
I'M NOT GOING
TO HUR--

GROWL!

DIE
YOU
MINDLESS
BRUTE,
DIE!!!



BEHOLD
THE LAST REMNANTS
OF YOUR OLD LIFE
OBLITERATED IN
THE PIT BELOW!

GIVE IN,
CHILD. GIVE
YOURSELF TO
UNHOLY
LOVE!

I'M SO
CONFLICTED!

DISMEMBER!
HUNT!!

REND HIS
TESTICLES
ASSUNDER!

KRAK!
CRUNCH!
FWUMP!

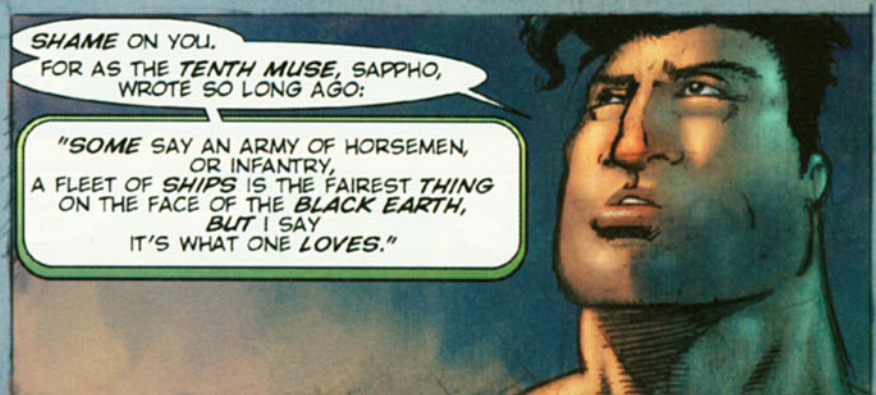


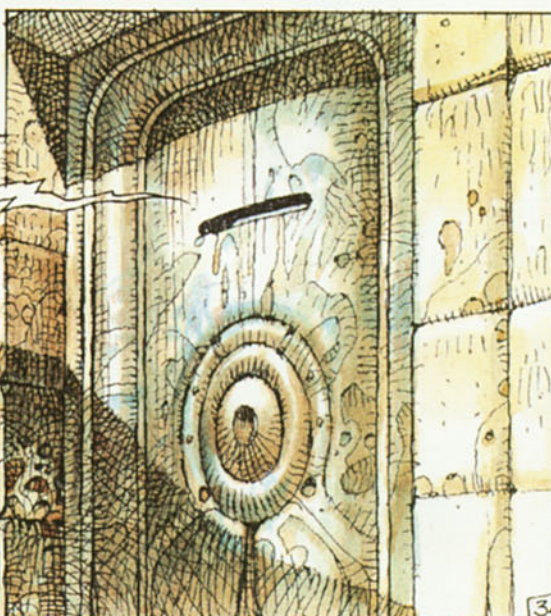
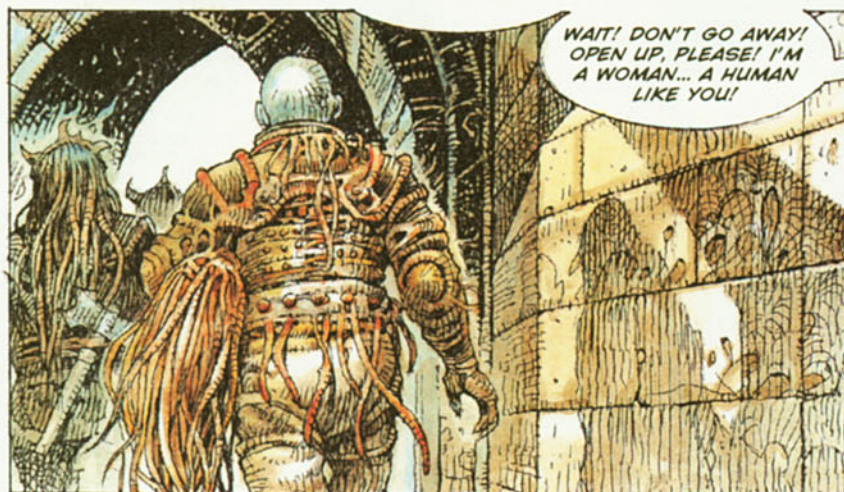
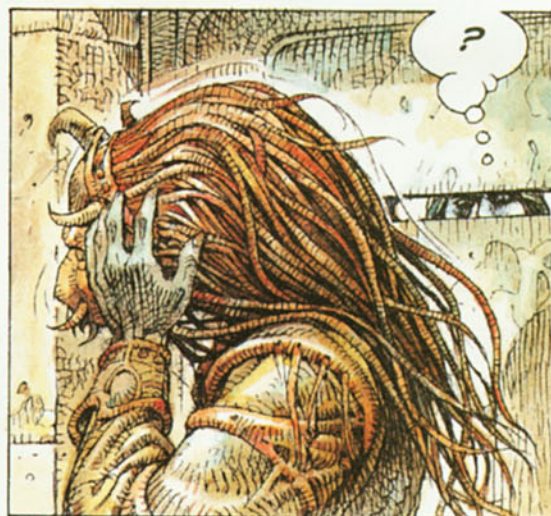
OH, YOU
NASTY
WOMAN.

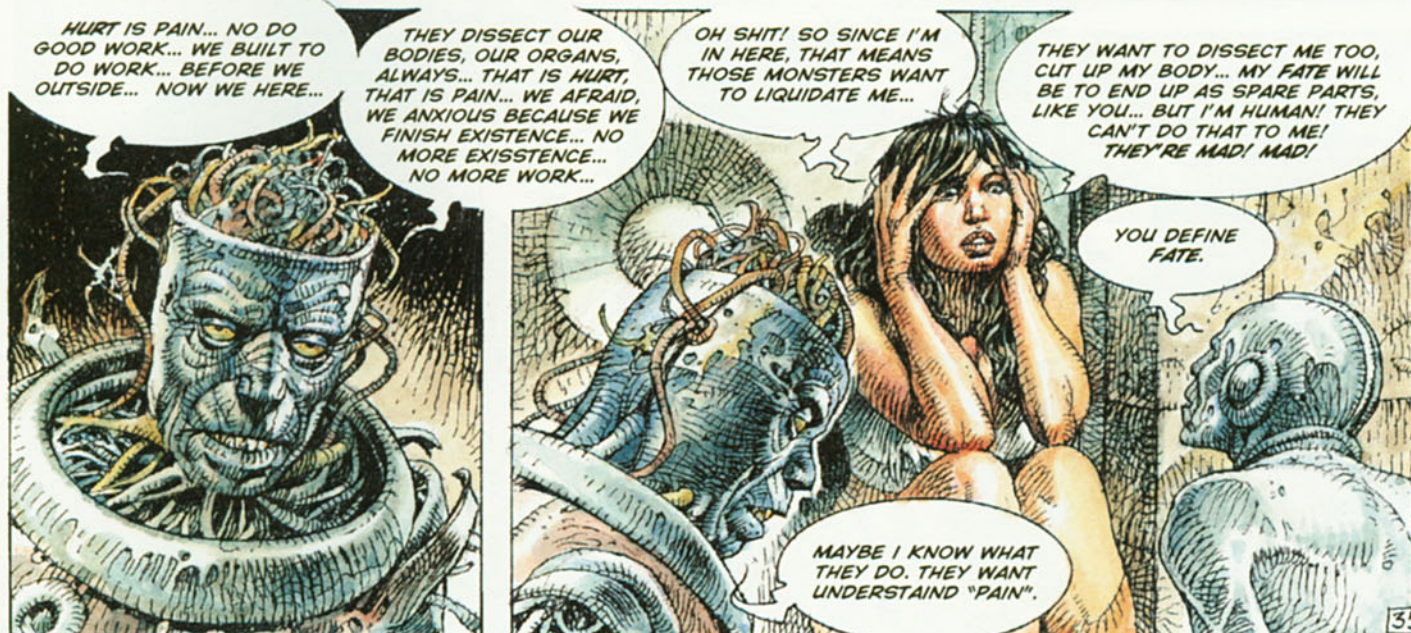
YOU
HORRID,
NASTY
WOMAN.



HOLY
HETEROSEXUALS!
IT
CANNOT
BE!







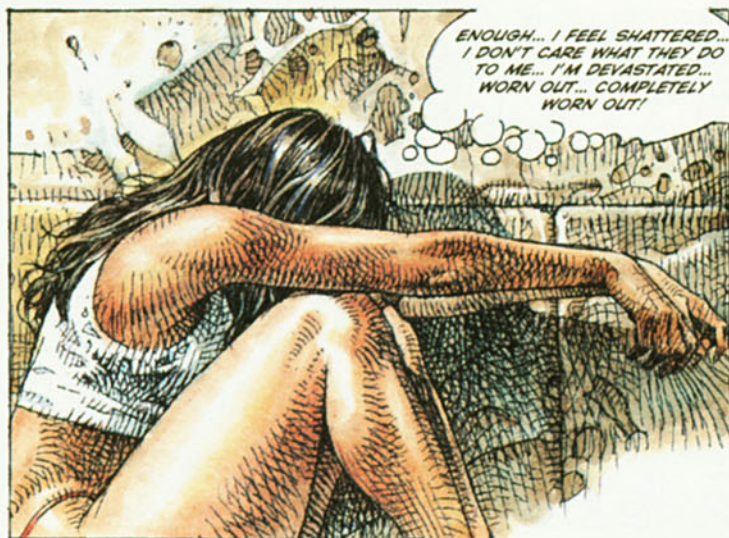


OH, MY GOD. THIS CAN'T BE REAL. IT'S ABSURD... IT'S A NIGHTMARE, A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE...

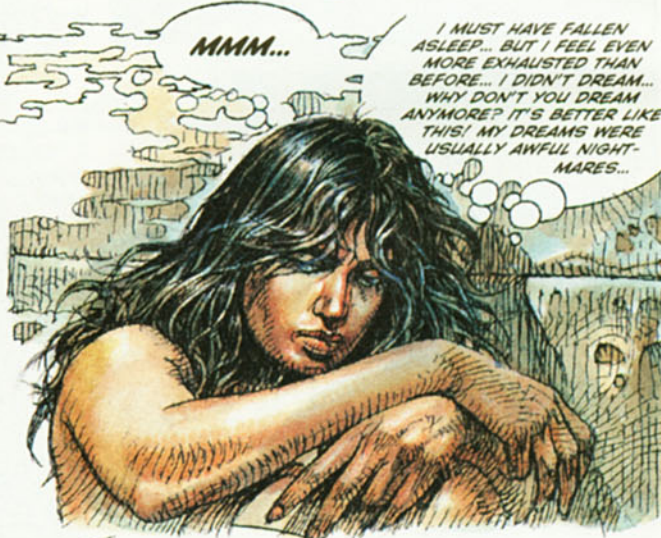
NIGHTMARE... YOU DEFINE NIGHTMARE.



AHH, PAIN! THEY CAN FUCK THEMSELVES WITH THEIR PAIN... I HAVE TO FIND A WAY OUT... FAST! THAT DWARF BETRAYED ME... ABANDONED ME... I HATE HIM. GOD, HOW I HATE HIM... HE CAN GO FUCK HIMSELF, TOO!



ENOUGH... I FEEL SHATTERED... I DON'T CARE WHAT THEY DO TO ME... I'M DEVASTATED... WORN OUT... COMPLETELY WORN OUT!



MMM...

I MUST HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP... BUT I FEEL EVEN MORE EXHAUSTED THAN BEFORE... I DIDN'T DREAM... WHY DON'T YOU DREAM ANYMORE? IT'S BETTER LIKE THIS! MY DREAMS WERE USUALLY AWFUL NIGHTMARES...



IT IS IN THE NATURE OF HUMAN BEINGS TO SEEK FORGETFULNESS IN CONSCIOUS-UNCONSCIOUS ACTIVITY, BY ACTIVATING THE CIRCUITS OF AUTOMATIC MICRO-SUBSONIC, BIO-SENSORY PERCEPTION, COMMONLY KNOWN AS "DREAMS"...

OH?

... AN INTERESTING ARGUMENT TO BE TAKEN INTO CONSIDERATION. BUT IT SHOULD BE ACCEPTED AS GIVEN THAT THE INPUT OF NERVE ENDINGS...



DAMN, VILE, STUPID GNOME! RUSTY SCRAP HEAD! WHERE WERE YOU HIDING? THOSE MONSTERS WANTED TO TURN ME INTO SPARE PARTS! SHIT! AND YOU...

HUH, ME?

AND YOU... YOU'RE HERE... YOU CAME BACK TO ME! I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T LEAVE ME. YOU CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT ME ANYMORE. YOU'RE MY FRIEND, AREN'T YOU? YOU ONLY WANT WHAT IS GOOD FOR ME...

KOFF!

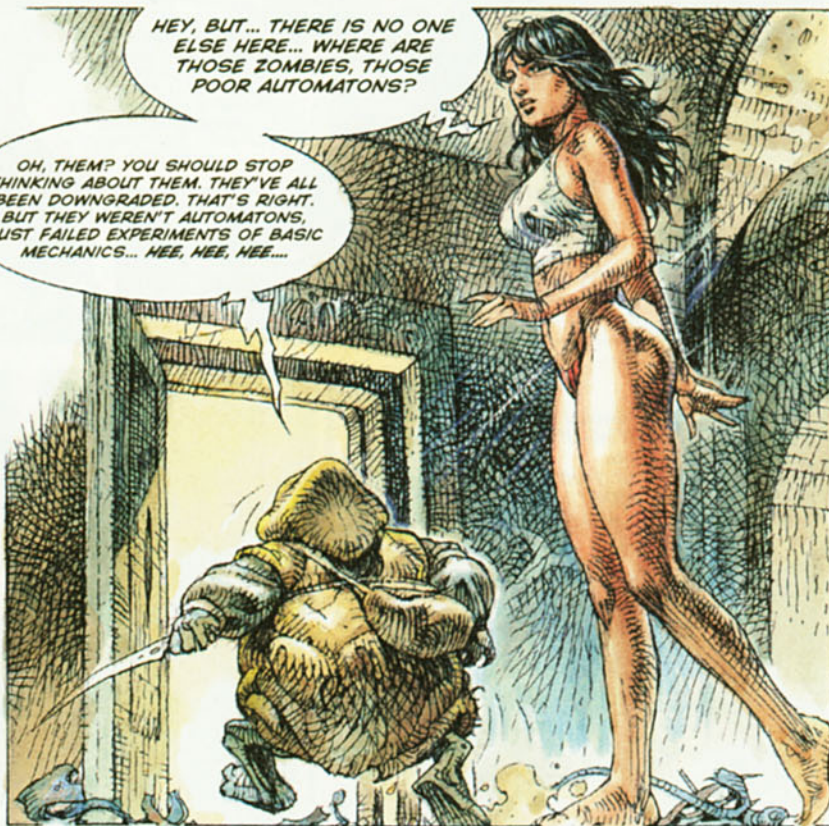


HMM... GOOD?
WHAT IS GOOD?
DEFINE THE
CONCEPT.

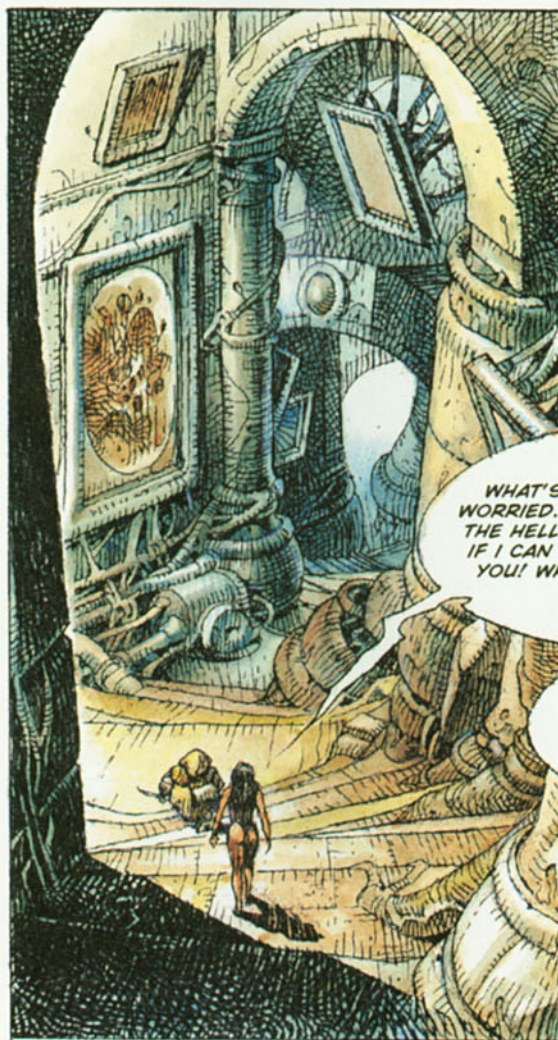


HEY, BUT... THERE IS NO ONE ELSE HERE... WHERE ARE THOSE ZOMBIES, THOSE POOR AUTOMATONS?

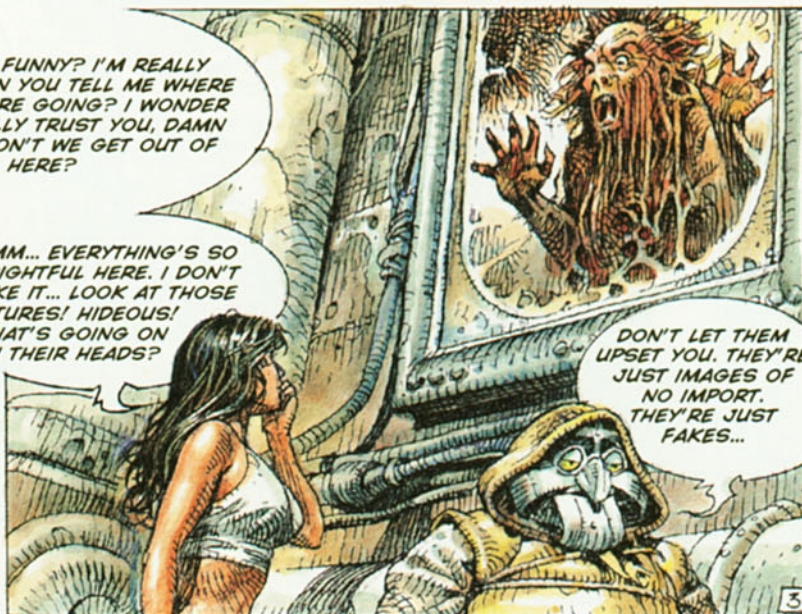
OH, THEM? YOU SHOULD STOP THINKING ABOUT THEM. THEY'VE ALL BEEN DOWNGRADED. THAT'S RIGHT. BUT THEY WEREN'T AUTOMATONS, JUST FAILED EXPERIMENTS OF BASIC MECHANICS... HEE, HEE, HEE...



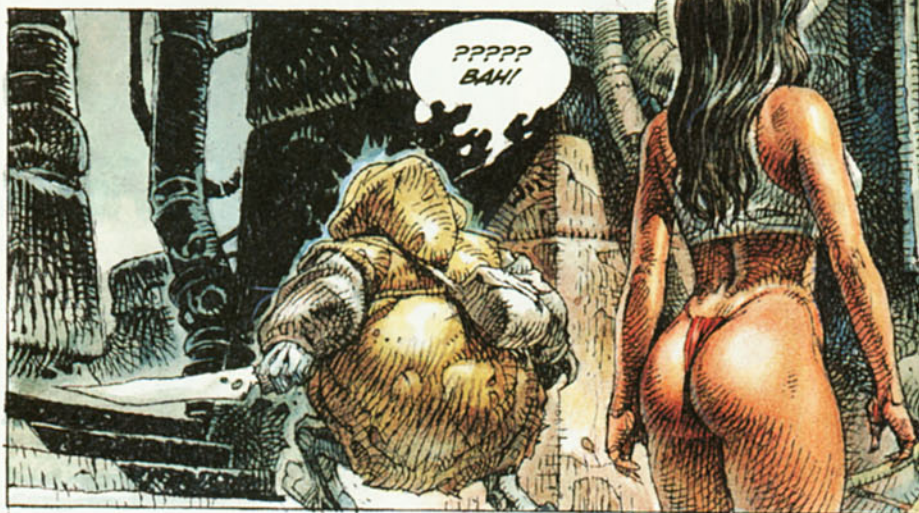
WHAT'S SO FUNNY? I'M REALLY WORRIED... CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE THE HELL WE'RE GOING? I WONDER IF I CAN REALLY TRUST YOU, DAMN YOU! WHY DON'T WE GET OUT OF HERE?



HMM... EVERYTHING'S SO FRIGHTFUL HERE. I DON'T LIKE IT... LOOK AT THOSE PICTURES! HIDEOUS! WHAT'S GOING ON IN THEIR HEADS?



DON'T LET THEM UPSET YOU. THEY'RE JUST IMAGES OF NO IMPORT. THEY'RE JUST FAKES...

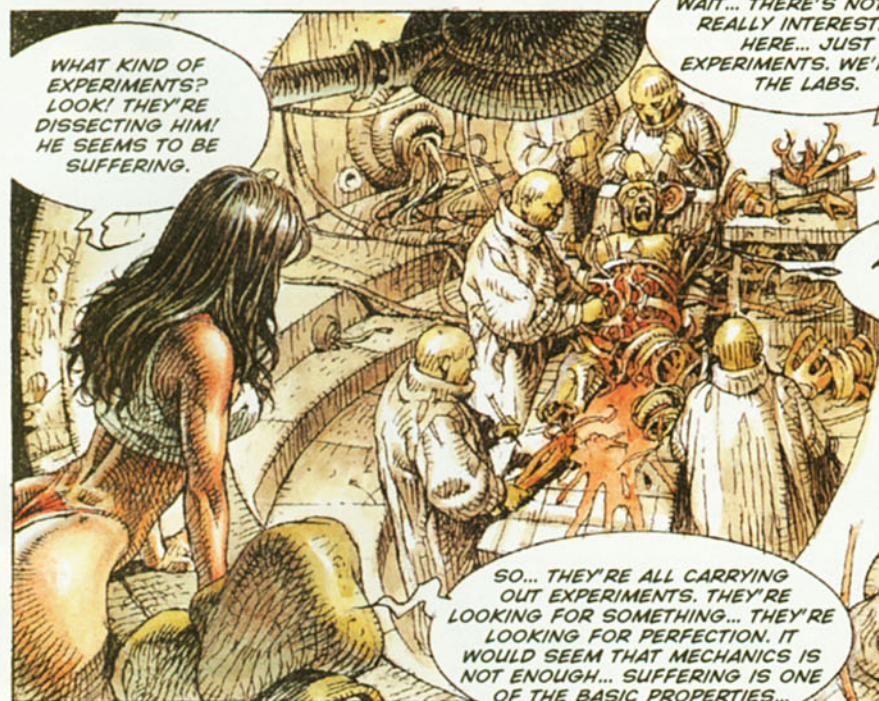




MY GOD,
WHAT WAS
THAT?



WHAT'S GOING
ON? COME, I
WANT TO SEE!



WHAT KIND OF
EXPERIMENTS?
LOOK! THEY'RE
DISSECTING HIM!
HE SEEMS TO BE
SUFFERING.

WAIT... THERE'S NOTHING
REALLY INTERESTING
HERE... JUST
EXPERIMENTS. WE'RE IN
THE LABS.

AHCTH, AHCTH,
AHCTH!

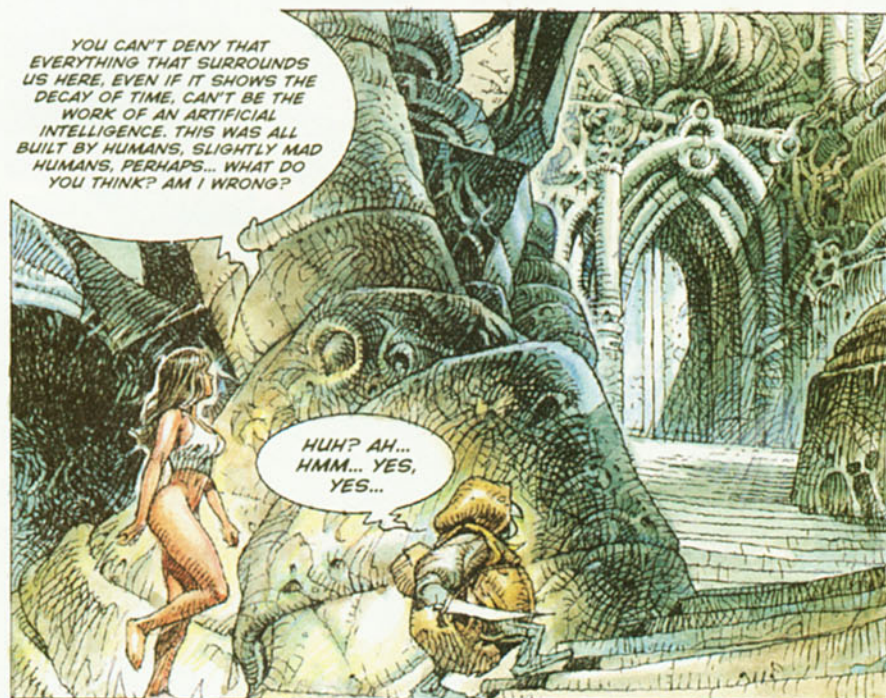


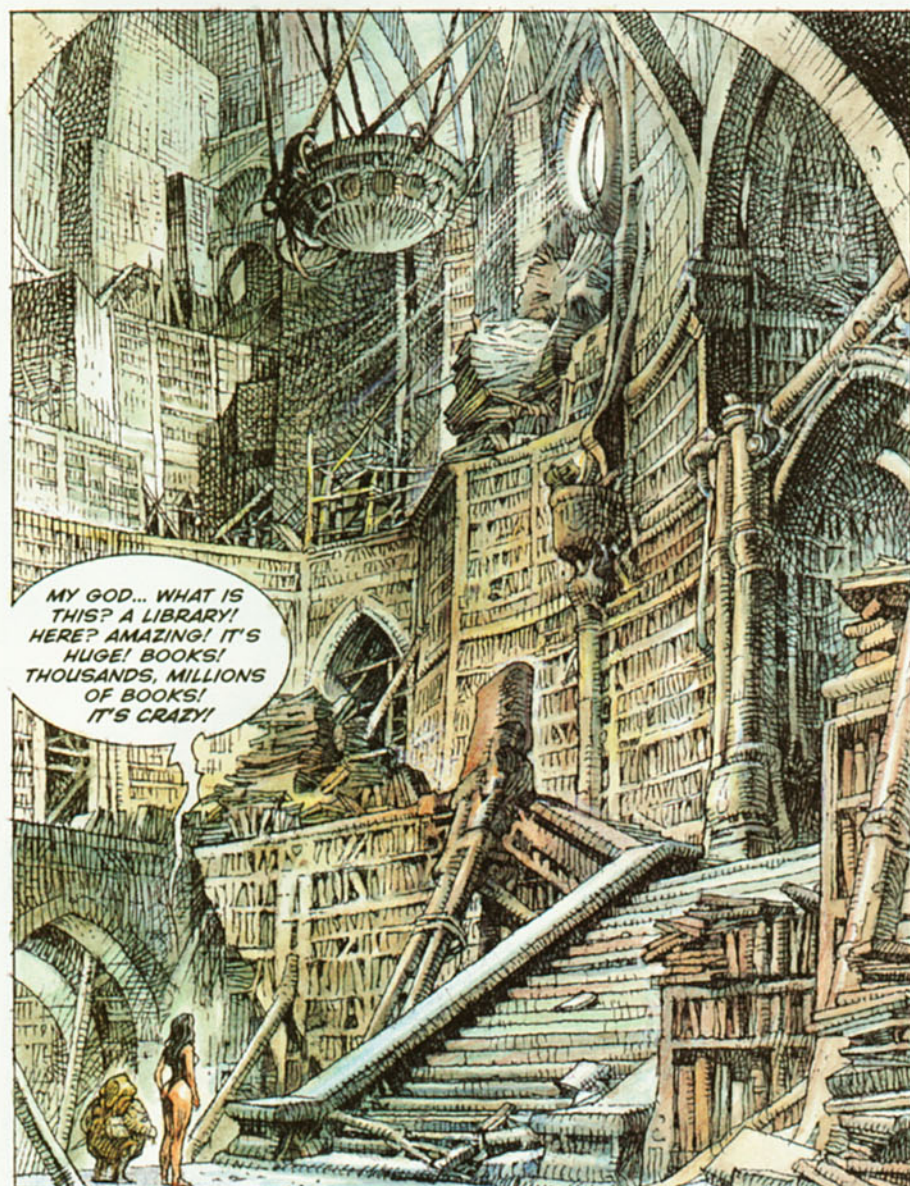
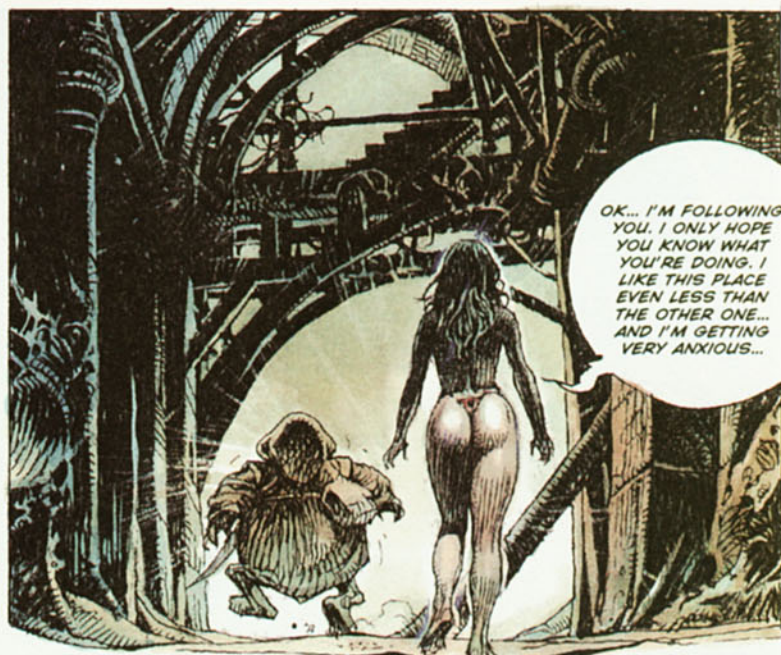
BUT THIS IS HORRIBLE, ABSURD... WHY,
MY GOD... WHY ARE THEY DESTROYING
HIM LIKE THIS...? COULDN'T HE STILL
BE OF SOME USE?

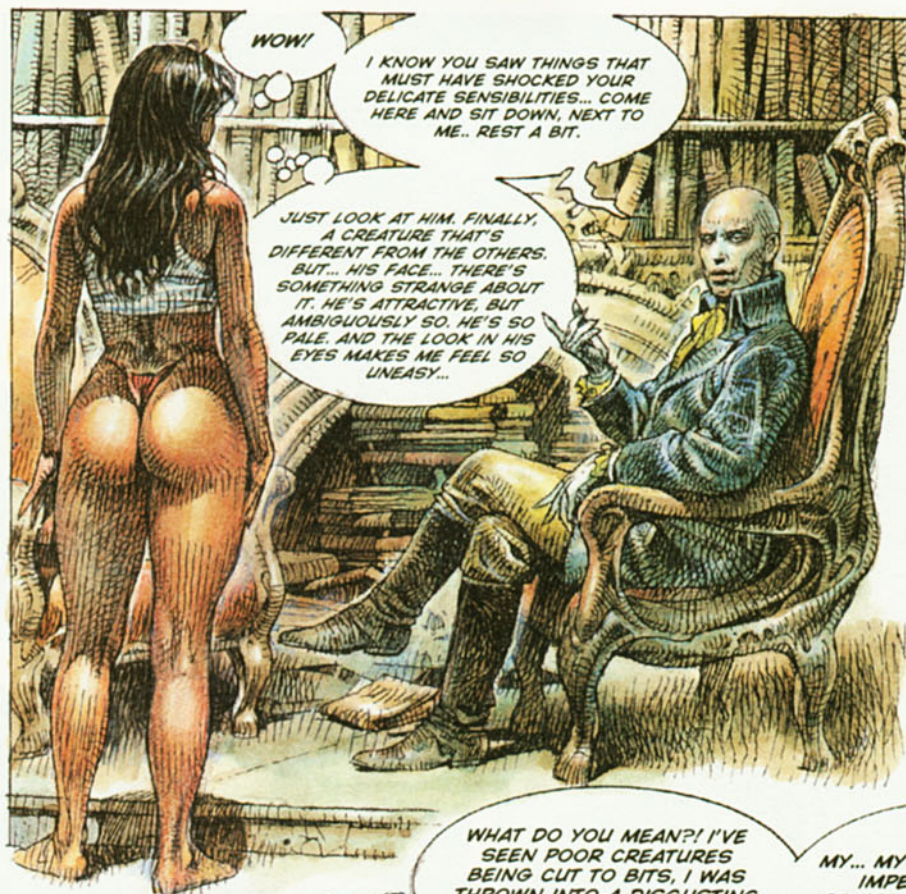
NO. THEY'RE JUST PRODUCTS OF
BASIC MECHANICS, DESIGNED TO
WORK. AN EARLY MODEL.
THERE'S NOTHING THEY CAN DO
HERE... OR WHERE THEY CAME
FROM. THAT'S WHY THEY WERE
ABANDONED. I DIDN'T THINK
THERE WERE SO MANY OF THEM
LEFT.

SO... THEY'RE ALL CARRYING
OUT EXPERIMENTS. THEY'RE
LOOKING FOR SOMETHING... THEY'RE
LOOKING FOR PERFECTION. IT
WOULD SEEM THAT MECHANICS IS
NOT ENOUGH... SUFFERING IS ONE
OF THE BASIC PROPERTIES...

AARGHH...
AAHH...







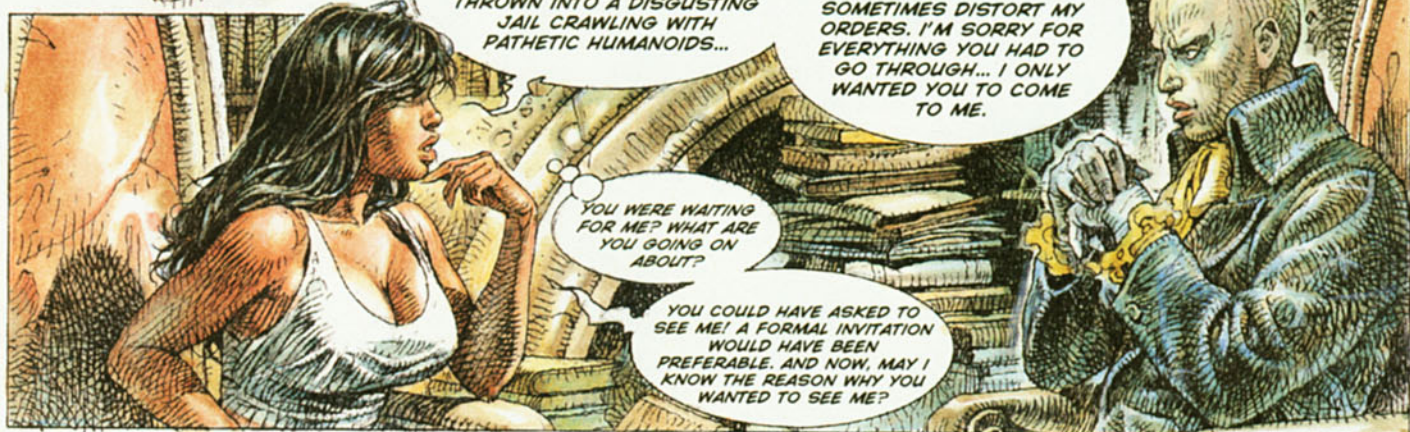
WOW!

I KNOW YOU SAW THINGS THAT MUST HAVE SHOCKED YOUR DELICATE SENSIBILITIES... COME HERE AND SIT DOWN, NEXT TO ME... REST A BIT.

JUST LOOK AT HIM. FINALLY, A CREATURE THAT'S DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHERS. BUT... HIS FACE... THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT IT. HE'S ATTRACTIVE, BUT AMBIGUOUSLY SO. HE'S SO PALE, AND THE LOOK IN HIS EYES MAKES ME FEEL SO UNEASY...



WHY IS HE LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT? HIS EYES ARE SO PIERCING THAT IT WOULD SEEM HE'S TRYING TO READ INTO MY SOUL...



WHAT DO YOU MEAN?! I'VE SEEN POOR CREATURES BEING CUT TO BITS, I WAS THROWN INTO A DISGUSTING JAIL CRAWLING WITH PATHETIC HUMANOID...

MY... MY CREATURES ARE IMPETUOUS. THEY SOMETIMES DISTORT MY ORDERS. I'M SORRY FOR EVERYTHING YOU HAD TO GO THROUGH... I ONLY WANTED YOU TO COME TO ME.

YOU WERE WAITING FOR ME? WHAT ARE YOU GOING ON ABOUT?

YOU COULD HAVE ASKED TO SEE ME! A FORMAL INVITATION WOULD HAVE BEEN PREFERABLE. AND NOW, MAY I KNOW THE REASON WHY YOU WANTED TO SEE ME?



YOU'RE RIGHT. I LOVE TRADITIONS AND I'M FORGETTING ONE OF THE BASIC RULES OF PROPRIETY. I HOPE YOU WILL FIND IT IN YOU TO FORGIVE ME. HERE EVERYTHING IS TRADITIONAL...



TRADITION IS IMPORTANT. THIS PLACE CONTAINS ALL OF THE PAST AND A GOOD PART OF THE FUTURE. TO KNOW HUMANS ONE HAS TO GO INTO THEIR ARCHIVES, INSIDE THEIR BRAINS...

AH! SO THAT'S WHY YOU WON'T LEAVE THOSE POOR CREATURES ALONE!



THEY'RE ONLY SCRAPS OF METAL. THEIR BRAINS ARE ARTIFICIAL, BUT THEY CONTAIN SOMETHING... SOMETHING THAT CAN BE STUDIED, EXAMINED... WE MUST KEEP ON TRYING.



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIS VOICE? IT'S GENTLE AND PERSUASIVE. I LIKE TO LISTEN TO HIM... HIS EYES ARE SO DEEP, BUT THEY SCARE ME.

THEN THERE'S HIS FACE... IT SEEMS TO BE UNDERGOING A TRANSFORMATION... AS IF... I DON'T UNDERSTAND... MAYBE IT'S A HALLUCINATION... I FEEL SLUGGISH, DROWSY... I WANT TO GO TO SLEEP...

BUT THEY SUFFER. THEY REALLY SEEM TO BE SUFFERING...



PAIN... WHAT IS PAIN? IT IS PART OF THE HUMAN CONDITION. ONLY HUMANS REALLY SUFFER. YES, IT'S WHAT MAKES THEM HUMAN. FIRST OF ALL, ON THE OUTSIDE, THEN INSIDE. WHEN PAIN REACHES THE DEEPEST PART OF THEIR BEINGS, THE SOUL, THAT'S WHEN GOOD AND EVIL REVEAL THEMSELVES.



MY EYES... I CAN'T KEEP THEM OPEN. WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME? ARE YOU DOING THIS TO ME?

IT'S ONLY BY EXPERIENCING PAIN THAT ONE CAN UNDERSTAND PLEASURE, WHICH IS THE ULTIMATE GOOD...

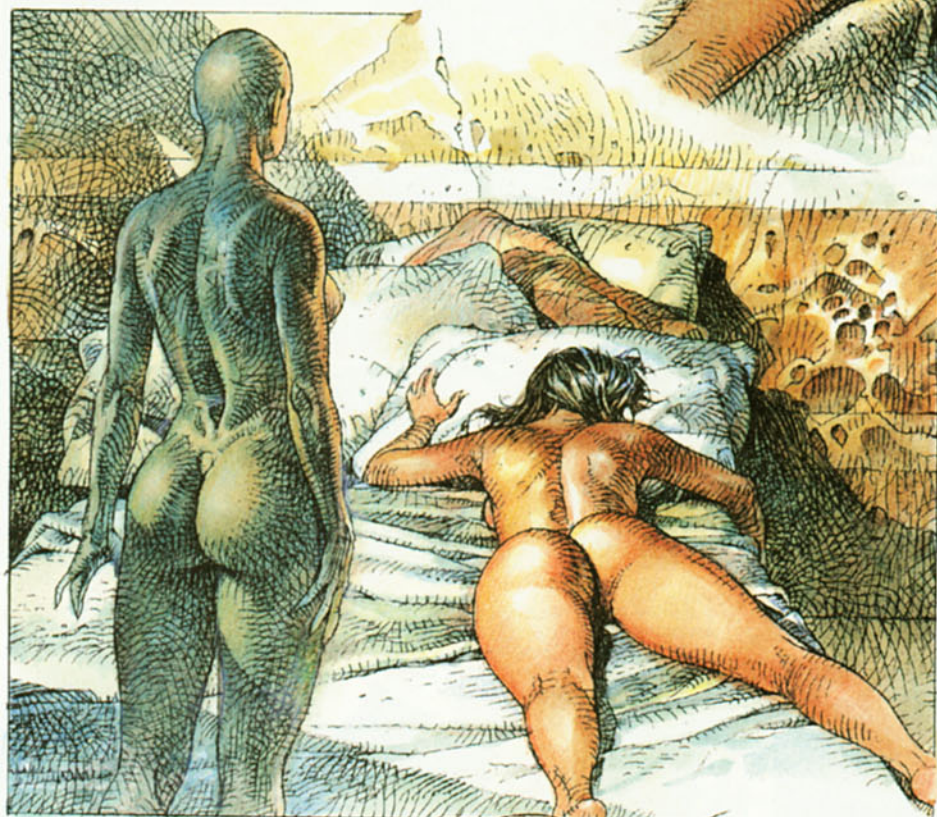


I KNOW WHAT PLEASURE IS. I KNOW WHAT TO DO TO REACH IT. AND TO GO BEYOND IT, BEYOND EVERYTHING THAT CAN BE IMAGINED.

I... I... YOU ARE DOING SOMETHING TO ME... I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU CAN... I KNOW I'M LIVING A VERY INTENSE MOMENT... BUT I KNOW IT'S YOU THAT... OH MY GOD... I'M SO TIRED...



NOW THAT YOU ARE WILLING, I CAN MAKE YOU DREAM...





YOU... YOU ARE
A WOMAN...

YES... I AM WHAT
YOU WANT ME TO
BE... I AM A
WOMAN... DO YOU
LIKE WOMEN?

I DON'T KNOW... YES, I THINK SO... I
LIKE BEING CARESSED, GENTLY
TOUCHED... YOUR HANDS ARE SO
GENTLE, DELICATE... I LIKE WHAT
YOU ARE DOING TO ME...

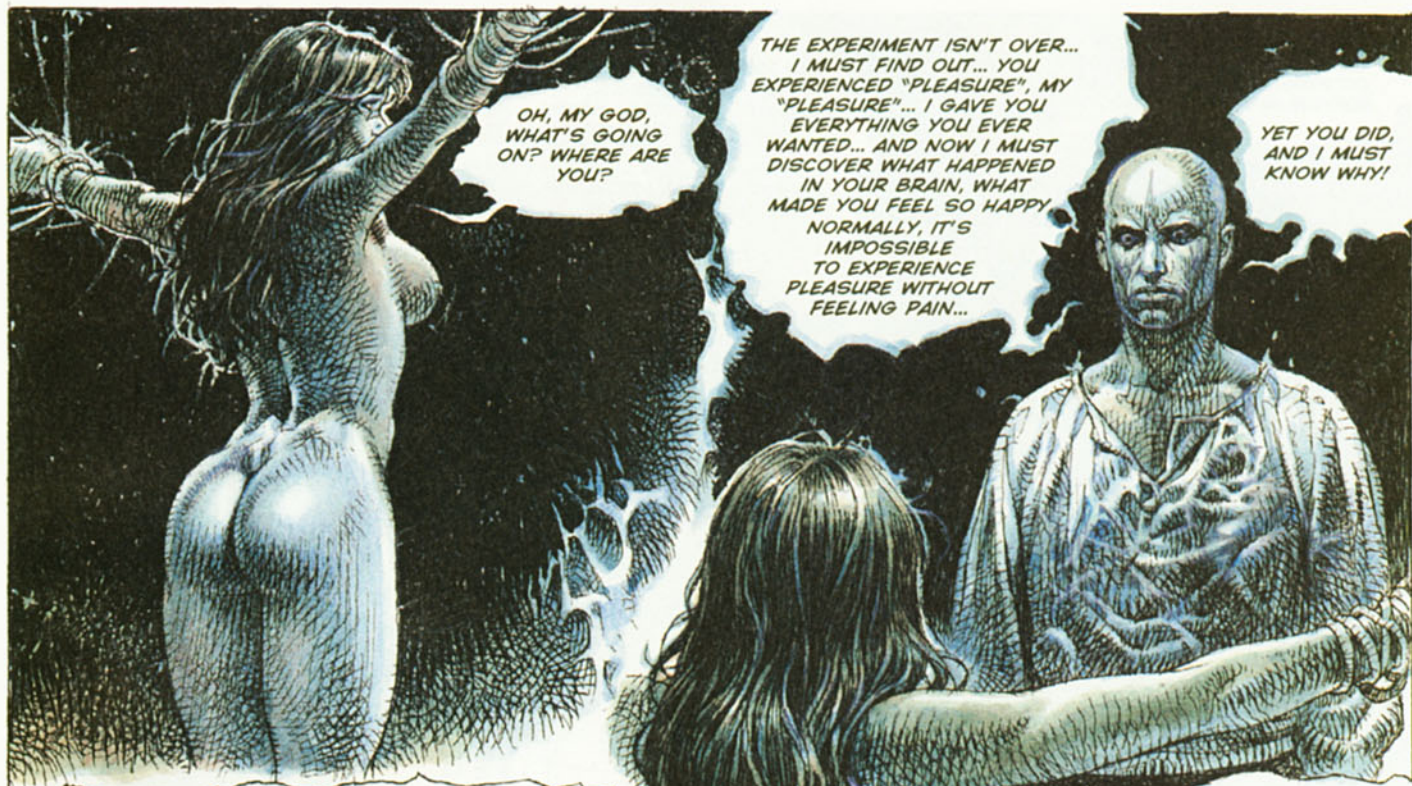
I AM WHAT YOU
WANT ME TO BE...
I AM PLEASURE...

OHhh, YES,
YES... THAT'S
SO GOOD... SO
WONDERFUL...

I ALSO WANT
TO BE
FUCKED...

YES,
TAKE ME LIKE
THAT...
DEEPER...





OH, MY GOD,
WHAT'S GOING
ON? WHERE ARE
YOU?

THE EXPERIMENT ISN'T OVER...
I MUST FIND OUT... YOU
EXPERIENCED "PLEASURE", MY
"PLEASURE"... I GAVE YOU
EVERYTHING YOU EVER
WANTED... AND NOW I MUST
DISCOVER WHAT HAPPENED
IN YOUR BRAIN, WHAT
MADE YOU FEEL SO HAPPY.
NORMALLY, IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE
TO EXPERIENCE
PLEASURE WITHOUT
FEELING PAIN...

YET YOU DID,
AND I MUST
KNOW WHY!



NO, IT'S NOT TRUE! I DIDN'T FEEL A
THING! I'M A SCIENTIST! I STUDY TO
FIND OUT WHAT IS INSIDE HUMANS...
WHAT MAKES THEM DIFFERENT... I
KNOW IT'S ALL IN YOU...

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?
I FELT PLEASURE, SO
WHAT? THAT SHOULD BE
ENOUGH FOR YOU... IT
WAS GREAT 'CAUSE WE
WERE TOGETHER AND
WE BOTH ENJOYED IT!



IN ME?!

DO YOU KNOW HOW I DISCOVERED
THE VITAL SPARK? BY TAKING
APART, BY DISSECTING DOZENS
OF INFERIOR CREATURES... YOU
CAN'T IMAGINE HOW LONG IT
TOOK ME TO FIND OUT THAT THE
ANSWER WAS RIGHT IN FRONT OF
ME... THAT IT WAS INSIDE THEIR
BRAINS, IN A CHAOS OF WIRES.
THAT'S WHERE I FOUND THE
MICROCHIP THAT MADE THEM LIVE.
I FOUND IT, AND NOW I'M GOING
TO FIND OUT WHAT MAKES YOU
SUFFER, WHAT MAKES YOU
HAPPY...



BUT THOSE ANDROIDS CAN'T FEEL
ANYTHING. THEY'RE MACHINES! THEY DON'T
DIE, THEY JUST SWITCH OFF, YOU WON'T
FIND ANYTHING INSIDE ME... PLEASE... I'LL
JUST FEEL PAIN... PAIN, THAT'S ALL.

YOU... GAVE ME PLEASURE,
YOU MADE ME HAPPY. WHY
DO YOU WANT TO MAKE ME
SUFFER NOW? DON'T DO IT!

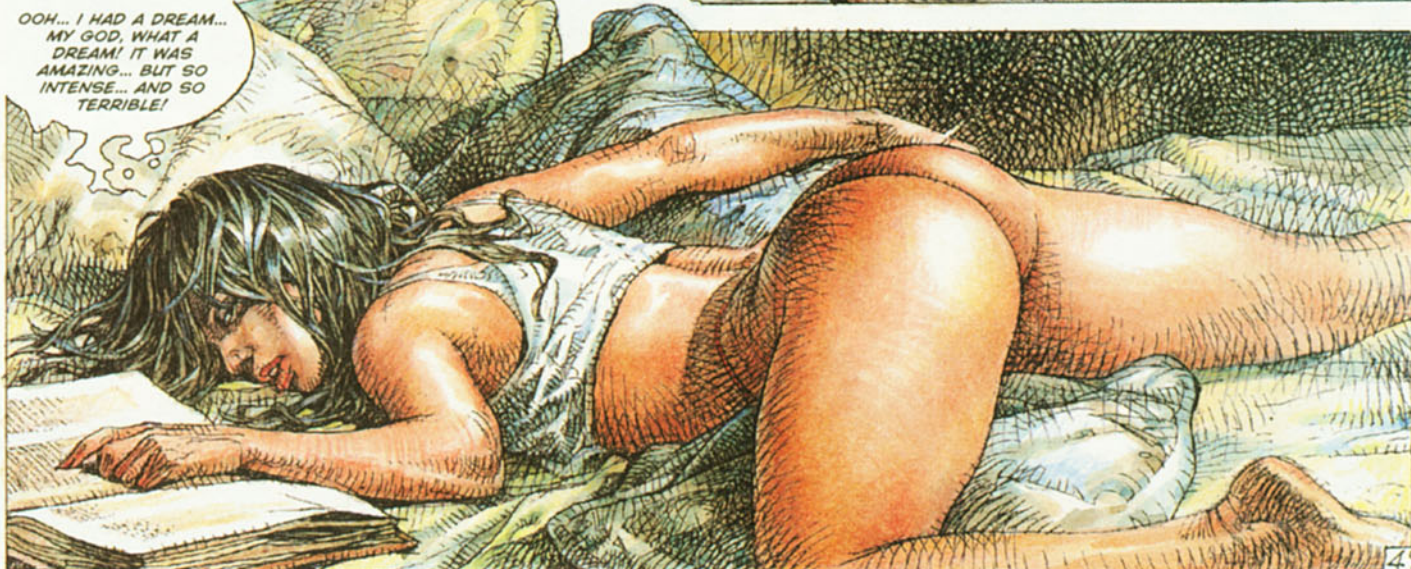
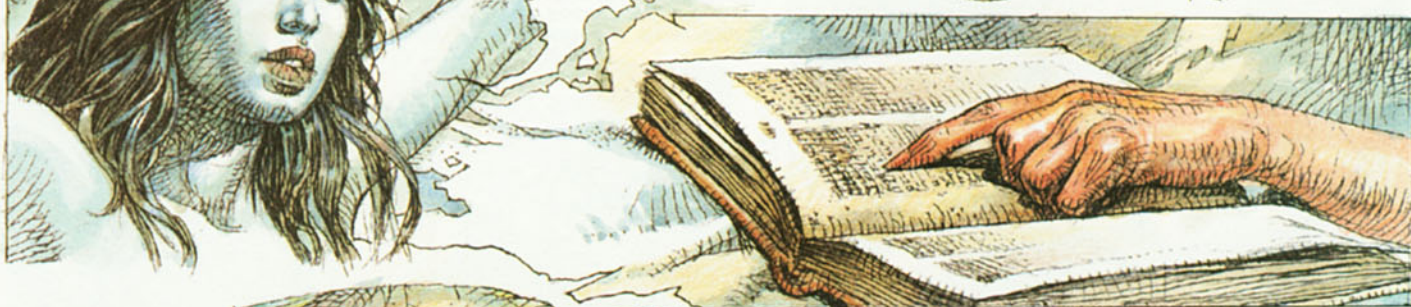
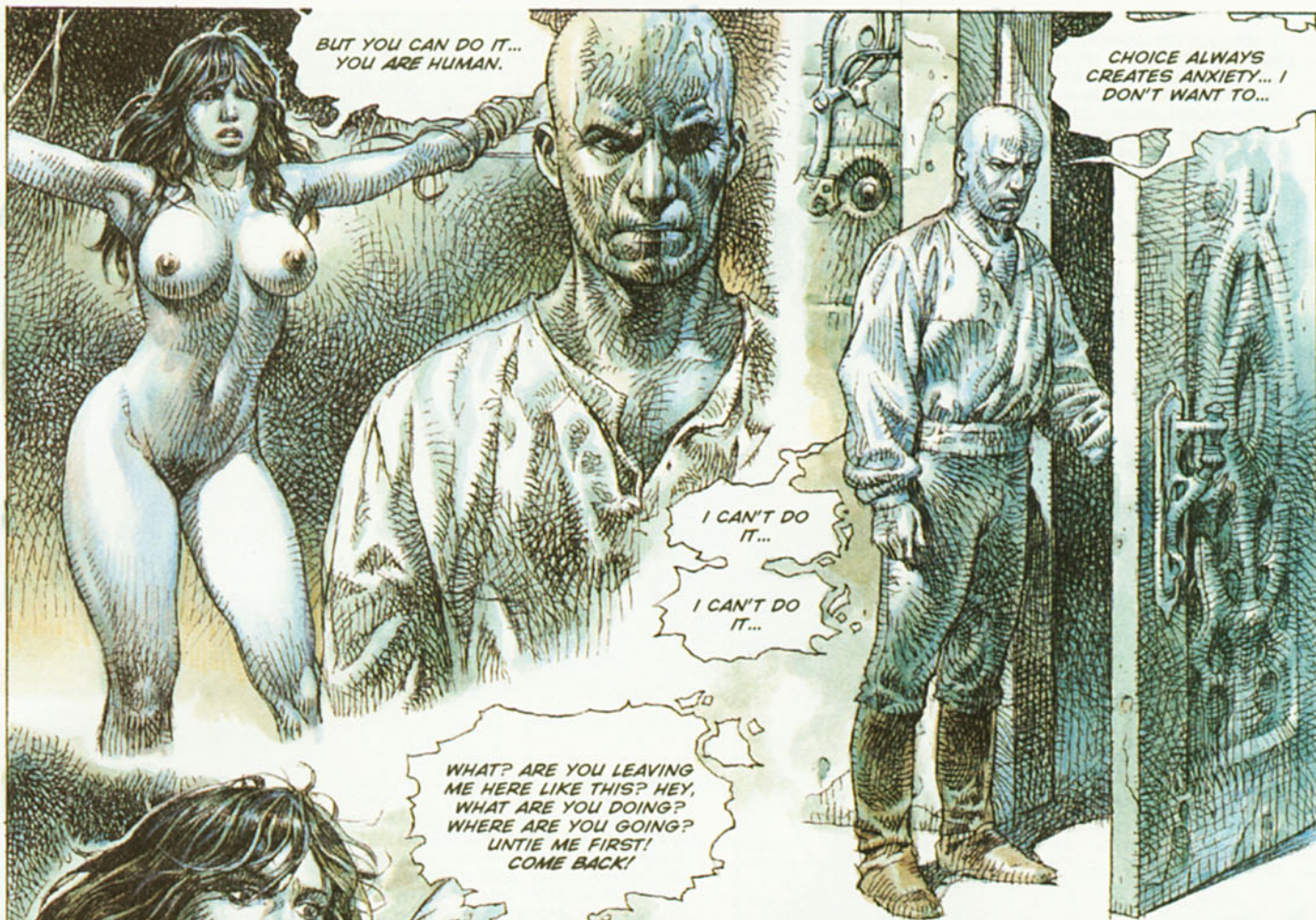
NO, I'M NOT ALLOWED TO
DO THAT. I MUST
UNDERSTAND PAIN, YOUR
THRESHOLD OF PAIN...
PLEASURE DOESN'T EXIST
WITHOUT PAIN... I'M
SEEKING ABSOLUTE GOOD
AND ABSOLUTE EVIL...

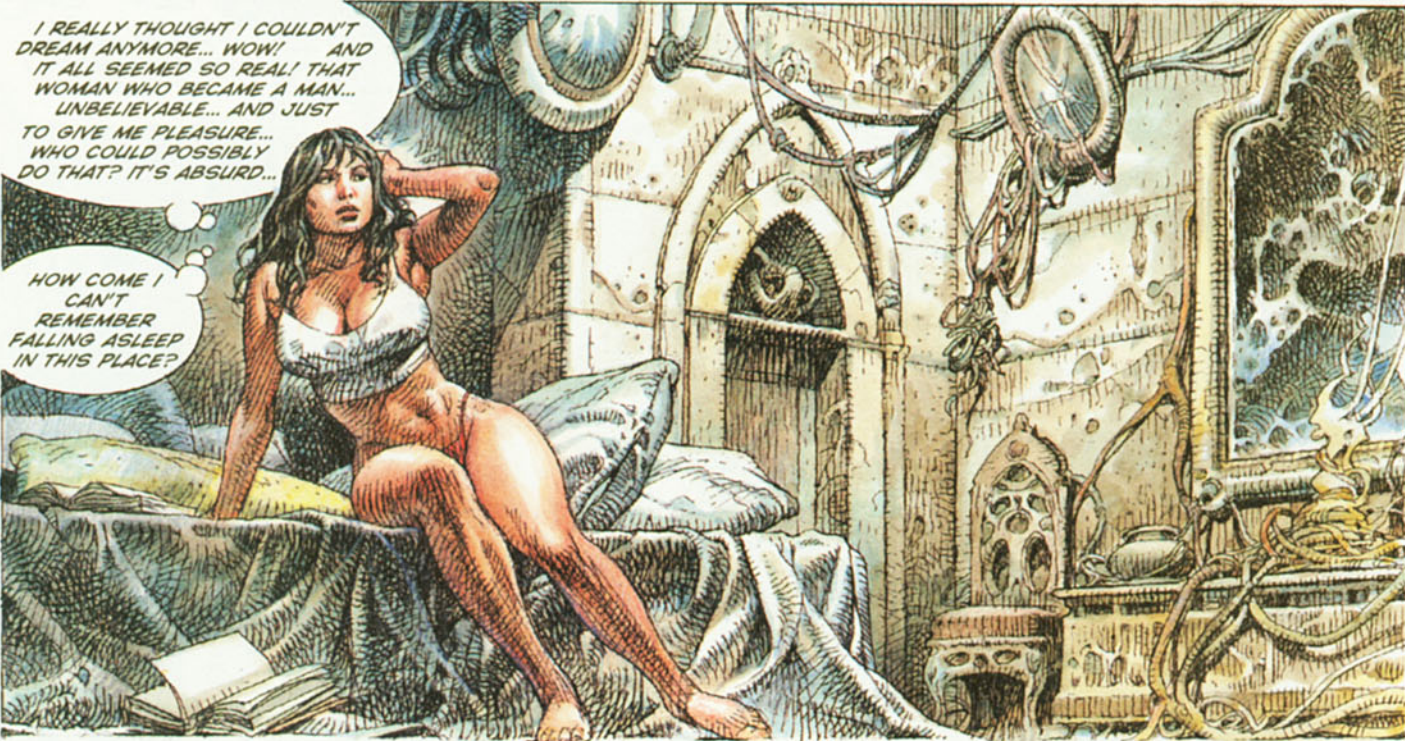
BUT IF YOU DO THAT, YOU'LL
KILL ME, DON'T YOU
UNDERSTAND? YOU WON'T
ONLY BE DESTROYING MY
BODY, BUT LIFE... MY LIFE.
YOU SAY YOU'RE NOT
ALLOWED TO SPARE ME, BUT
WHO OR WHAT WON'T ALLOW
YOU? OH, GOD, I DON'T
WANT TO DIE LIKE THIS!

IF YOU CAN'T
CHOOSE, THEN
YOU'RE NOT
HUMAN.

HUMANS ARE NOT LIKE
MACHINES. HUMANS KNOW THE
DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GOOD
AND EVIL AND THEY HAVE A
CHOICE... YOU CAN CHOOSE...


AAAAHHHHH






I REALLY THOUGHT I COULDN'T DREAM ANYMORE... WOW! AND IT ALL SEEMED SO REAL! THAT WOMAN WHO BECAME A MAN... UNBELIEVABLE... AND JUST TO GIVE ME PLEASURE... WHO COULD POSSIBLY DO THAT? IT'S ABSURD...


HOW COME I CAN'T REMEMBER FALLING ASLEEP IN THIS PLACE?



WHAT'S THIS OPEN BOOK? WHEN I WOKE UP MY FINGERS SEEMED TO POINT TO A PASSAGE... WHO KNOWS WHY...? AH, YES, THERE IT IS... LET'S SEE...



"... OUR WORLD IS DYING, AND SOON WE HUMANS WILL CEASE TO EXIST. OUR SPECIES IS AN ANOMALY IN THE UNIVERSE. WE HAVE THE CAPACITY TO CHOOSE BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL, BETWEEN RIGHT AND WRONG. BUT WHAT IS RIGHT? ALL CHOICE IS A SOURCE OF ANXIETY. IN ORDER NOT TO DIE, WE CHOSE TO FOLLOW OUR FEELINGS. WE WERE RIGHT, BUT WE FAILED!..."



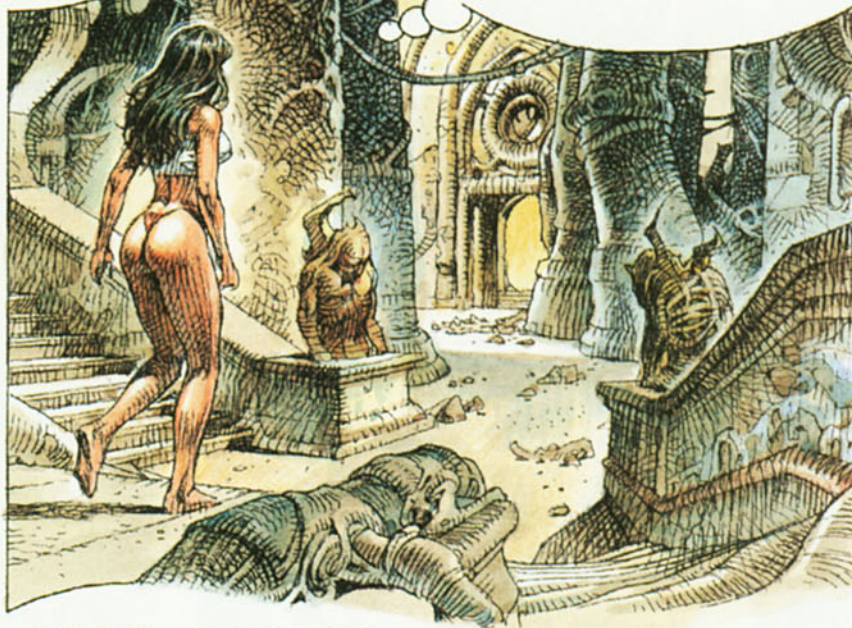
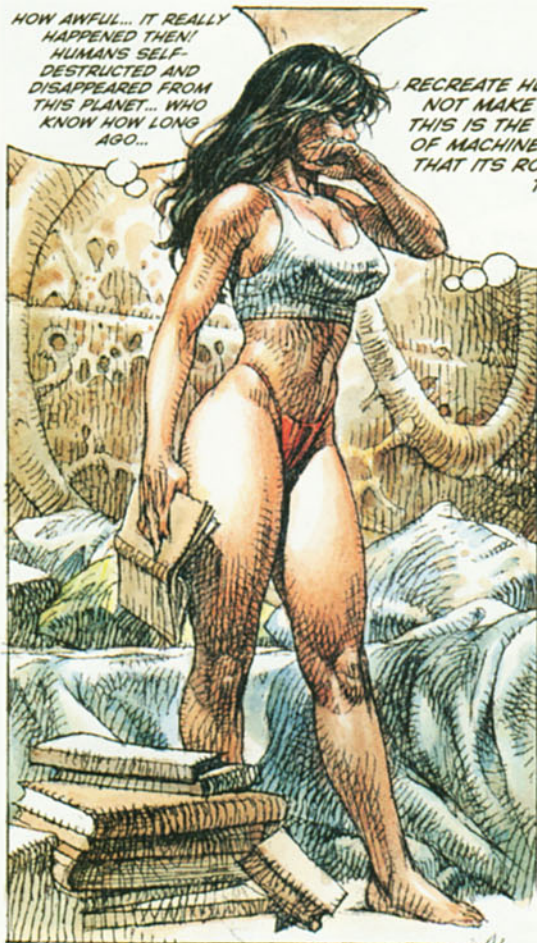
IMAGINE THAT! SOMEONE LEFT THIS BOOK OPEN SO THAT I WOULD READ THIS PASSAGE!

"WE RELEASED THE MONSTER BY ALLOWING IT TO MANIFEST ITSELF IN ALL ITS DESTRUCTIVE HORROR... FEELINGS DO NOT KNOW HOW TO CHOOSE, THEY CANNOT CHOOSE... IF THERE IS SUCH A THING AS THE FUTURE AND IF HUMANS CAN BE RECREATED, MEN AND WOMEN WILL HAVE TO BE FREE OF FEELINGS AND EMOTIONS, SO AS NOT TO MAKE MORE MISTAKES..."

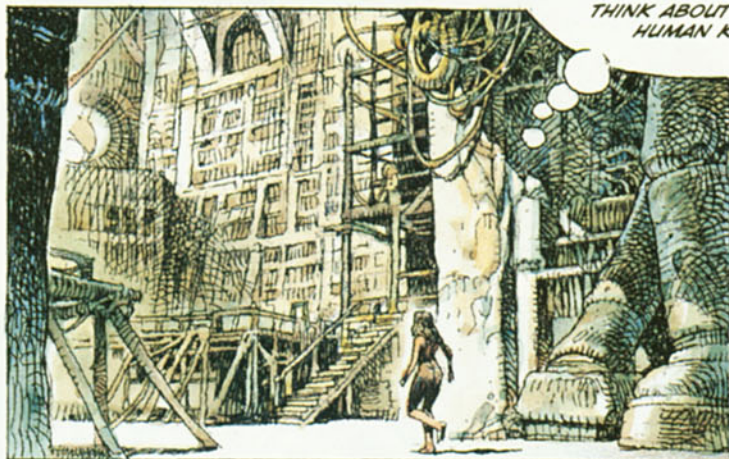
HOW AWFUL... IT REALLY
HAPPENED THEN!
HUMAN'S SELF-
DESTRUCTED AND
DISAPPEARED FROM
THIS PLANET... WHO
KNOW HOW LONG
AGO...

RECREATE HUMANS THAT WILL
NOT MAKE MISTAKES! AH!
THIS IS THE MAD OBSESSION
OF MACHINES, BUT IT SEEMS
THAT ITS ROOTS LIE DEEP IN
TIME...

I MUST SPEAK TO THAT MAN...
MAN?!... THAT STRANGE CREATURE
OWES ME AN EXPLANATION... I MUST
KNOW... BESIDES, I'M NOT ONE
HUNDRED PERCENT SURE THAT I
DREAMT WHAT I SAW IN MY DREAM...
IT WAS BEAUTIFUL. BUT IT GIVES ME
THE CREEPS TO THINK THAT I
SCREWED THAT... THAT...



... HERE'S THE BIG LIBRARY... SUCH
SILENCE! EVERYTHING IS OLD,
ANCIENT, DUSTY... DEAD. AND ALL
THESE BOOKS... IT MAKES YOU
THINK ABOUT THE FUTILITY OF
HUMAN KNOWLEDGE...



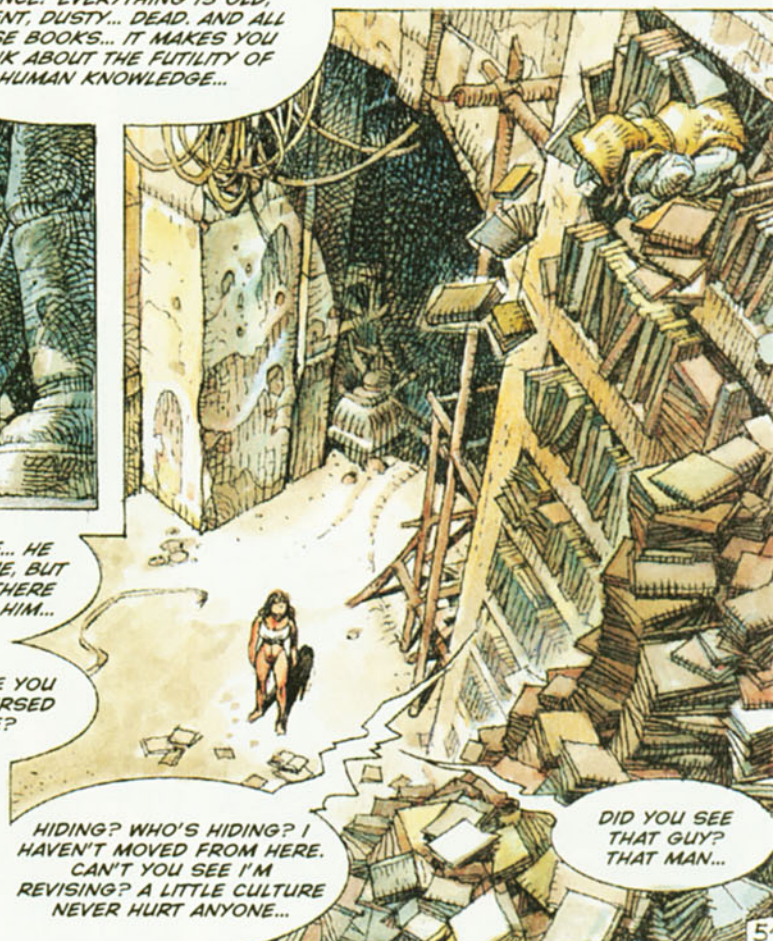
...WHERE CAN I
START
LOOKING?

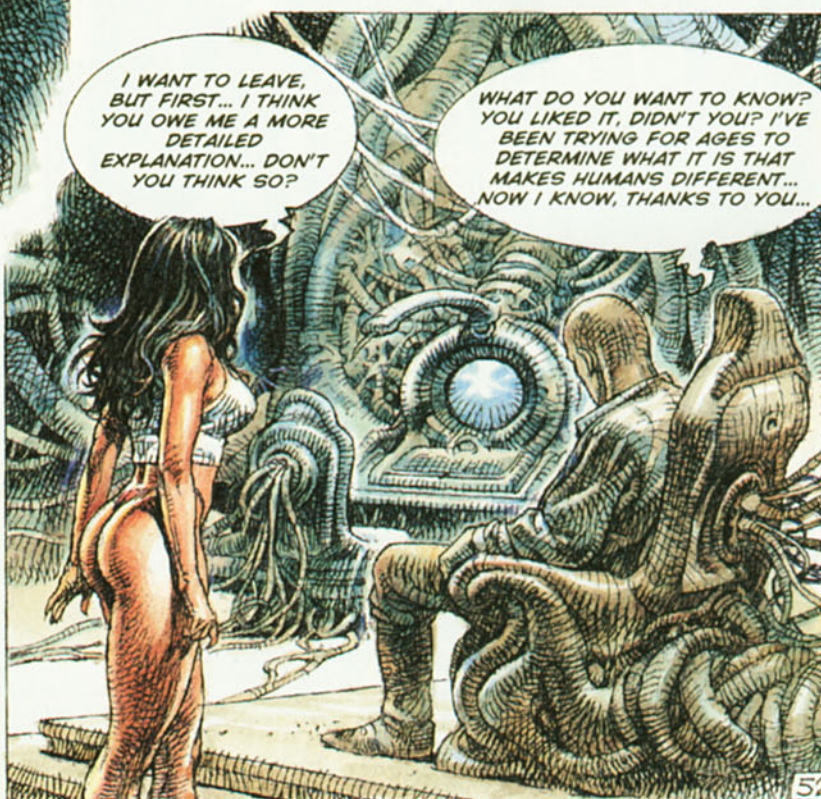
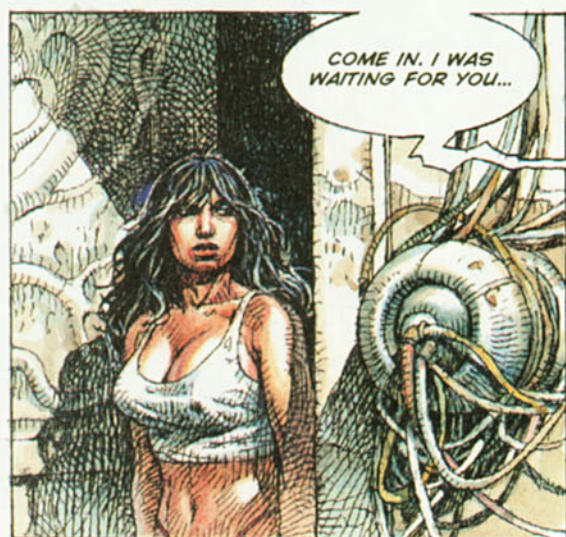
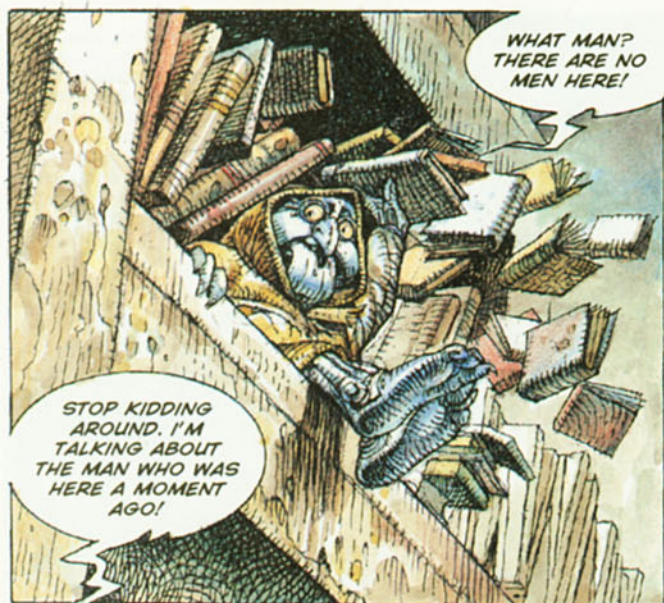
DAMN DWARF... HE
COULD HELP ME, BUT
HE'S NEVER THERE
WHEN I NEED HIM...

WHERE ARE YOU
HIDING, CURSED
GNOME?

HIDING? WHO'S HIDING? I
HAVEN'T MOVED FROM HERE.
CAN'T YOU SEE I'M
REVISING? A LITTLE CULTURE
NEVER HURT ANYONE...

DID YOU SEE
THAT GUY?
THAT MAN...







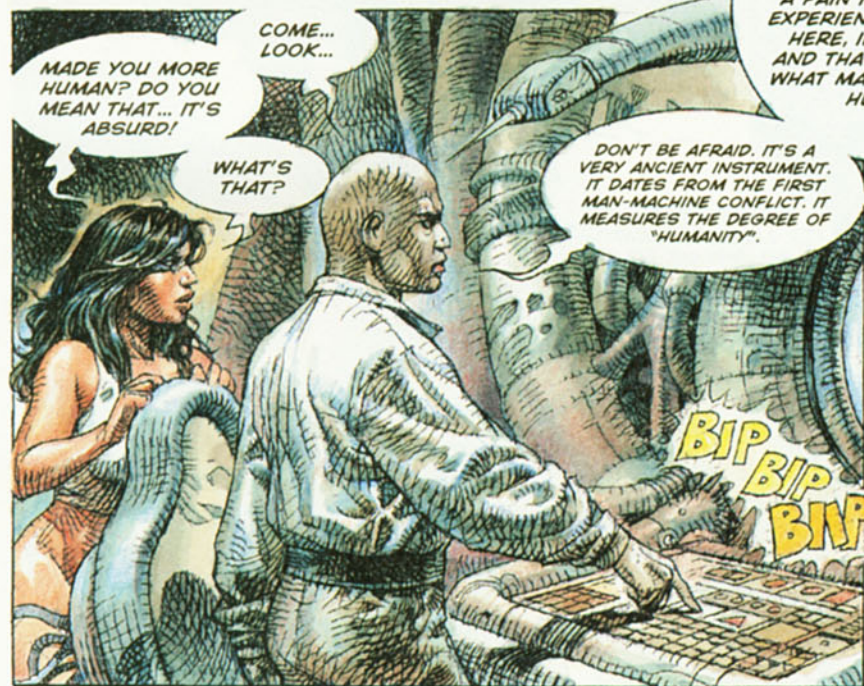
THAT'S ENOUGH! END OF THE GUESSING GAME! HOW IS IT THANKS TO ME? YOU'RE A MACHINE, AN ANDROID, AND I FIGURED THAT OUT ON MY OWN: A HUMAN BEING COULD NOT UNDERGO A SEX CHANGE LIKE THAT. THAT'S COMPLETELY IMPOSSIBLE! SHIT! OK, I ENJOYED IT, BUT WHAT I DON'T UNDERSTAND IS WHAT HAPPENED AFTERWARDS. WHAT DID YOU WANT TO DO TO ME?

WHAT I'VE ALWAYS DONE TO THOSE SCRAP HEAPS...



I WANTED TO OPEN YOUR BRAIN TO FIND OUT WHERE THE DIFFERENCE LIES, BUT I WAS UNABLE TO DO IT BECAUSE YOU MADE ME UNDERSTAND THAT I WOULD KILL YOU IN THE PROCESS... AND I DON'T WANT YOU TO DIE.

YOU MADE ME DISCOVER SOMETHING... SOMETHING TERRIBLE, A PAIN I HAD NEVER EXPERIENCED BEFORE, HERE, IN MY MIND. AND THAT, I THINK, IS WHAT MADE ME MORE HUMAN.



COME... LOOK...

MADE YOU MORE HUMAN? DO YOU MEAN THAT... IT'S ABSURD!

WHAT'S THAT?

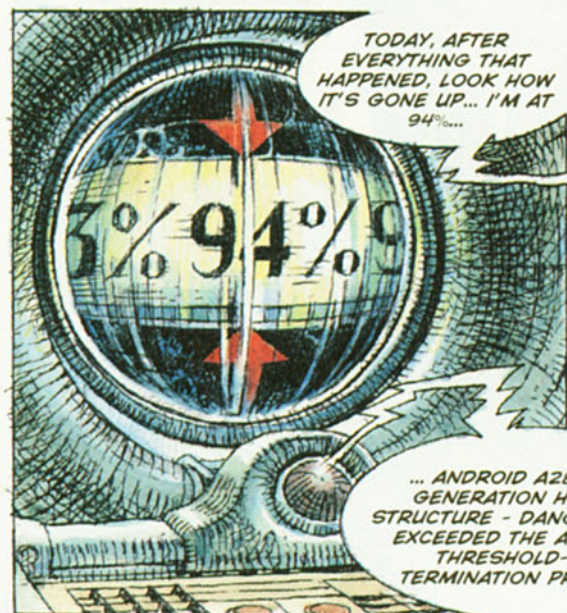
DON'T BE AFRAID. IT'S A VERY ANCIENT INSTRUMENT. IT DATES FROM THE FIRST MAN-MACHINE CONFLICT. IT MEASURES THE DEGREE OF "HUMANITY".

BIP
BIP
BIP



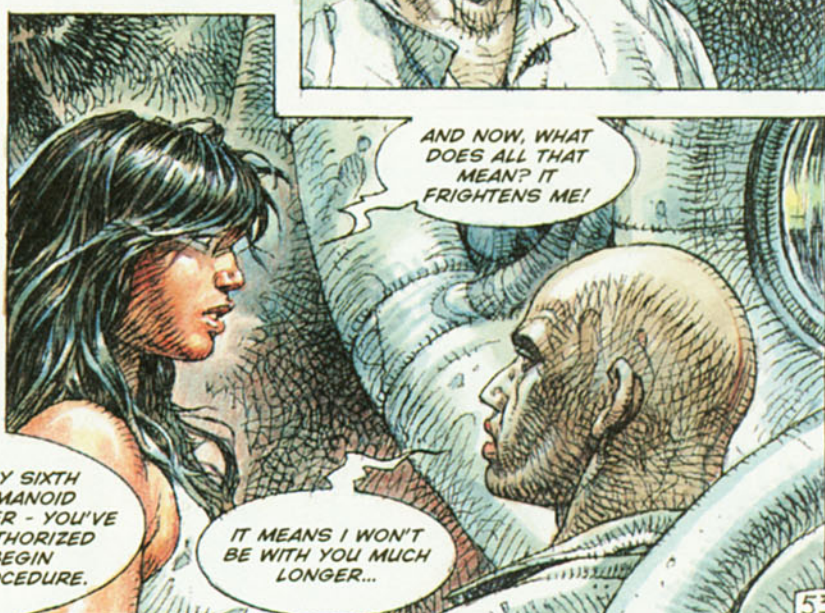
THE DEGREE OF HUMANITY? I NEVER HEARD ANYTHING SO RIDICULOUS!

LISTEN TO ME... LOOK... YESTERDAY I WAS AT 78% AND TODAY...



TODAY, AFTER EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED, LOOK HOW IT'S GONE UP... I'M AT 94%...

... ANDROID A28ZY SIXTH GENERATION HUMANOID STRUCTURE - DANGER - YOU'VE EXCEEDED THE AUTHORIZED THRESHOLD- BEGIN TERMINATION PROCEDURE.



AND NOW, WHAT DOES ALL THAT MEAN? IT FRIGHTENS ME!

IT MEANS I WON'T BE WITH YOU MUCH LONGER...

BUT PERHAPS TOGETHER WE
COULD STILL SUCCEED, WE
COULD CHANGE
TIME... PLEASE
STAY... IF WE'RE
TOGETHER...

TOGETHER? I... I CAN'T... I'M
HUMAN... I MUST HELP HUMANS, I
CAN'T HELP MACHINES TO TURN
INTO MEN... LET ME GO...

WHAT AM I MISSING? I
CAN "FEEL"... JUST LIKE
YOU... I CAN LOVE...
LOVE YOU AND FEEL
YOUR LOVE... DON'T
GO... DON'T LEAVE ME
ALONE...
SOLITUDE FOR
ME HAS BECOME
LIKE DEATH.

PLEASE, STOP... NO...
I CAN'T... I MUST
GO... I WANT TO GO.

WAIT! YOU AND I
ARE THE FUTURE!
THE FUTURE...

OH, MY GOD, NO, STOP... I'M
SORRY, FORGIVE ME, BUT... I DON'T
WANT TO DO WHAT YOU ARE
ASKING ME... IT ISN'T POSSIBLE...
TRY TO UNDERSTAND AND LET ME
LEAVE... THAT'S ENOUGH. BE
BRAVE... GOODBYE.

WOW... IT'S EASY TO GET
LOST HERE... STUPID DWARF,
WHERE THE HELL IS HE?
I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR
HIM FOR MORE THAN AN
HOUR. WELL, GUESS I'LL
HAVE TO LEAVE WITHOUT
HIM.

THE FUTURE! BUT WHAT
FUTURE... WHAT DOES HE
KNOW OF LIFE AND
DEATH...? HE'S A
MACHINE... I HAVE TO
LEAVE THIS NIGHTMARE
BEHIND...



THERE HE IS!
WHAT'S HE UP TO?
HE LOOKS LIKE
HE'S ASLEEP.

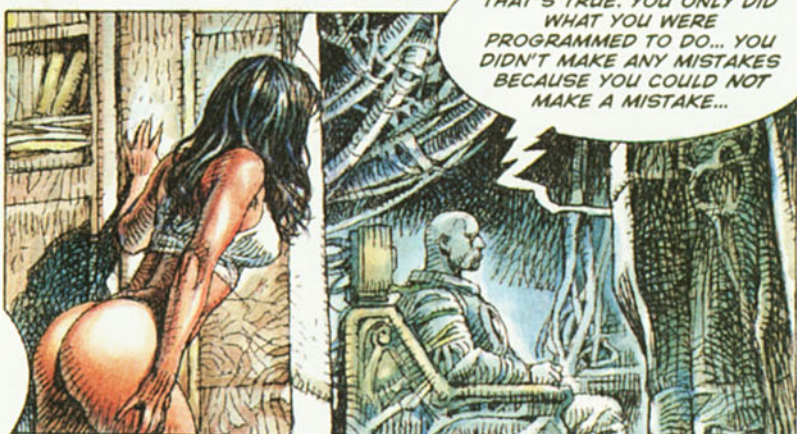


BUT EVERYTHING I DID
WAS SO I COULD GET
CLOSER TO HUMANS...
WHAT WAS MY MISTAKE?

?...



SHIT! WHAT
HAPPENED
HERE?

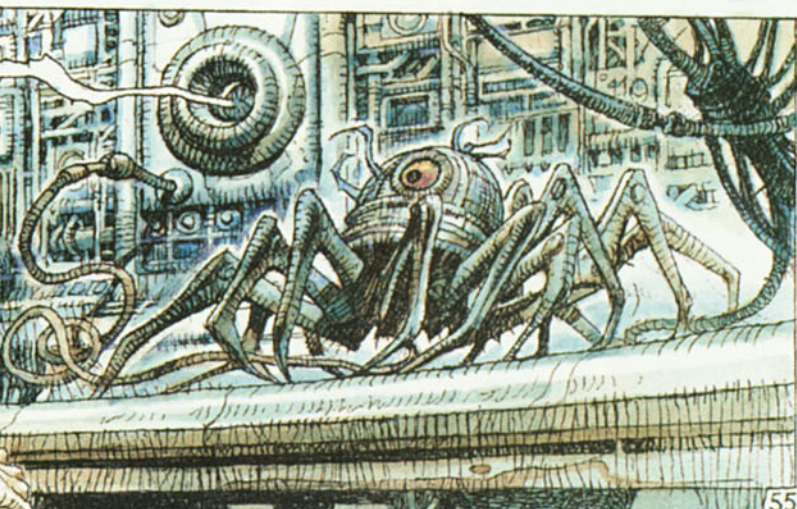



THAT'S TRUE. YOU ONLY DID
WHAT YOU WERE
PROGRAMMED TO DO... YOU
DIDN'T MAKE ANY MISTAKES
BECAUSE YOU COULD NOT
MAKE A MISTAKE...



WHY DO I HAVE
TO DIE?

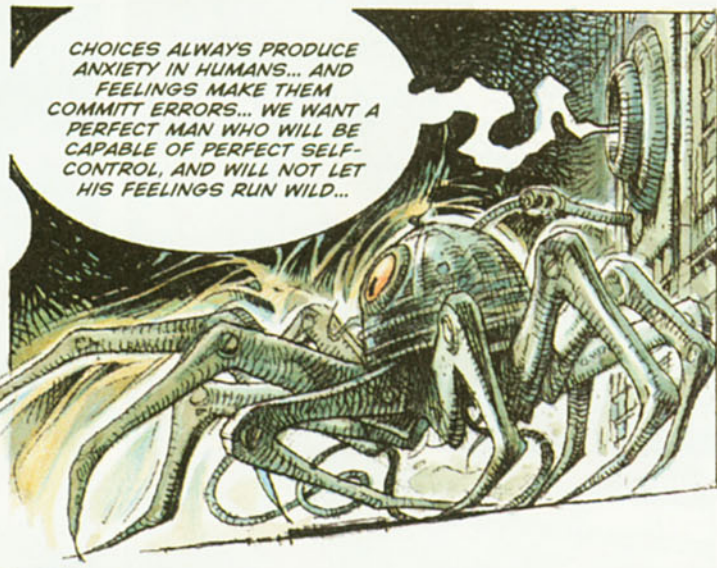
YOU DO NOT HAVE TO DIE
BECAUSE YOU CANNOT DIE.
THE CONCEPTS OF LIFE AND
DEATH DO NOT EXIST FOR
MACHINES. A MACHINE CAN
BE ON OR OFF... YOU'LL BE
SWITCHED OFF, THAT'S ALL...






BUT I KNOW THE
DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN LIFE AND
DEATH...

YOU WEREN'T PROGRAMMED
FOR THAT... WHAT YOU THINK
YOU FEEL IS EXACTLY WHAT
RESULTED IN HUMANITY'S
SELF-DESTRUCTION...



CHOICES ALWAYS PRODUCE
ANXIETY IN HUMANS... AND
FEELINGS MAKE THEM
COMMIT ERRORS... WE WANT A
PERFECT MAN WHO WILL BE
CAPABLE OF PERFECT SELF-
CONTROL, AND WILL NOT LET
HIS FEELINGS RUN WILD...




MAYBE THAT'S THE
DIFFERENCE... YOU DON'T
KNOW HOW TO FEEL, BUT I'M
NOT LIKE YOU... THAT
WOMAN, THAT HUMAN
BEING... SHE MADE ME
UNDERSTAND...



HUMAN BEING... THERE ARE NO
HUMANS LEFT ON THIS PLANET...
IT WOULD BE A MISTAKE TO
TURN THEM LOOSE... AND WE
NEVER MAKE MISTAKES...

MAYBE IT WILL BE A MISTAKE
TO SWITCH ME OFF... I KNOW
I'M A MACHINE... BUT I THINK
LIKE A MAN...

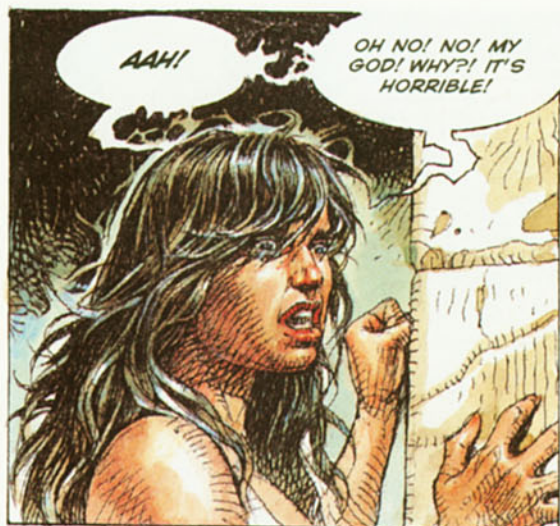


THAT'S WHERE YOU ARE
MISTAKEN. IT'S A MAN
WHO MUST THINK LIKE A
MACHINE, IN ORDER TO
ATTAIN PERFECTION!

OARGH!!



WE NEVER MAKE
MISTAKES...



AAH!

OH NO! NO! MY
GOD! WHY?! IT'S
HORRIBLE!



THAT SPIDER AND
THEN... THOSE
WORDS... IT WAS
TALKING ABOUT
HUMANS... "HUMANS
DON'T EXIST"... OK, I
UNDERSTAND... BUT...
BUT THEN...? OH, MY
GOD... I'M TERRIFIED!



A NAP! YOU RUSTY OLD SCRAP
HEAP! GO TO HELL! YOU KILLED
THAT POOR ANDROID... IN SUCH
A TERRIBLE MANNER... AND YOU
ASK ME IF SOMETHING
HAPPENED!

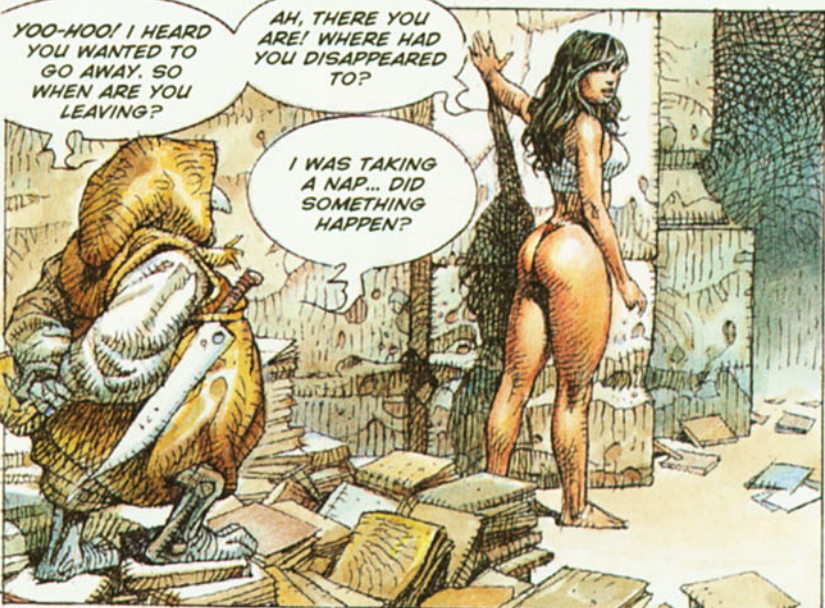
ME? I DON'T
KILL ANDROIDS...
I WASN'T
PROGRAMMED FOR
THAT... MY CHIPS,
MICRO-
CHIPS AND
ELEMENTARY
SUBATOMIC SYSTEMS
WOULDN'T ALLOW
IT...

YES, YOU DID! OR IF
YOU DIDN'T IT WAS THE
HORRID METALLIC
SPIDER THAT LIVES IN
YOUR STOMACH...



WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME? I
FELT SOMETHING... A SHARP
TEARING PAIN AS IF DEEP
INSIDE ME I HAD SHARED THE
DEATH AGONY OF THAT MAN,
THAT ANDROID... HOW IS THAT
POSSIBLE?

I NEVER LIKED
SEEING PEOPLE
DIE... BUT THIS
TIME, THE PAIN
WAS SO INTENSE,
SO DEVASTATING...



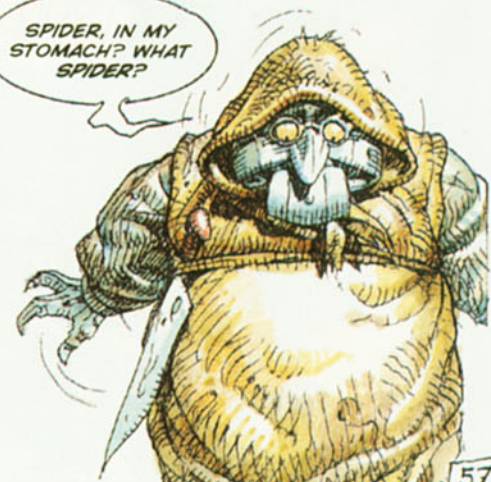
YOO-HOO! I HEARD
YOU WANTED TO
GO AWAY. SO
WHEN ARE YOU
LEAVING?

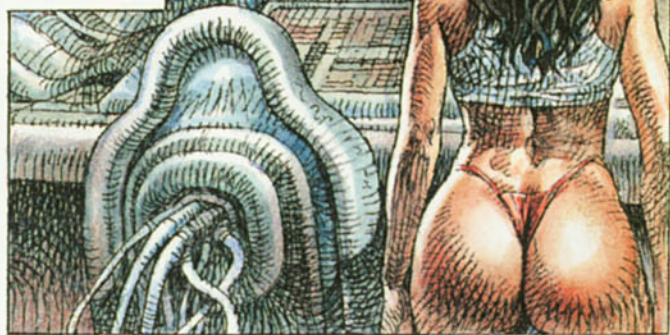
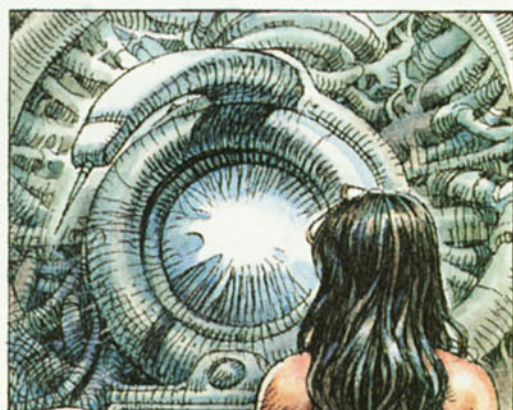
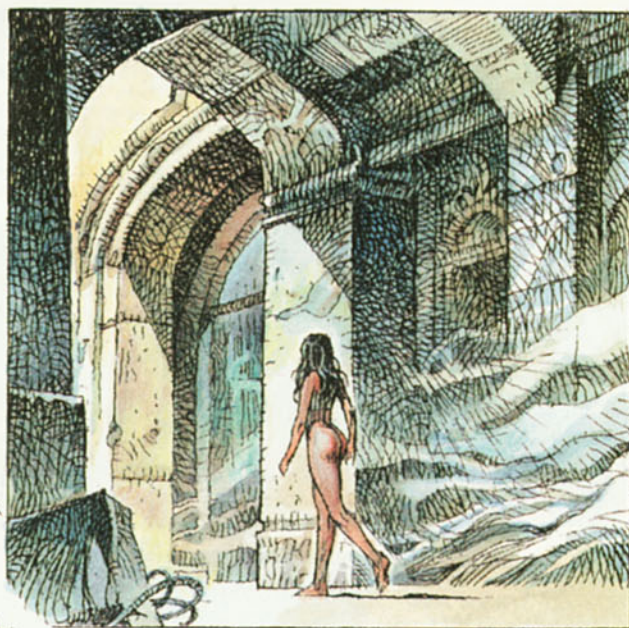
AH, THERE YOU
ARE! WHERE HAD
YOU DISAPPEARED
TO?

I WAS TAKING
A NAP... DID
SOMETHING
HAPPEN?



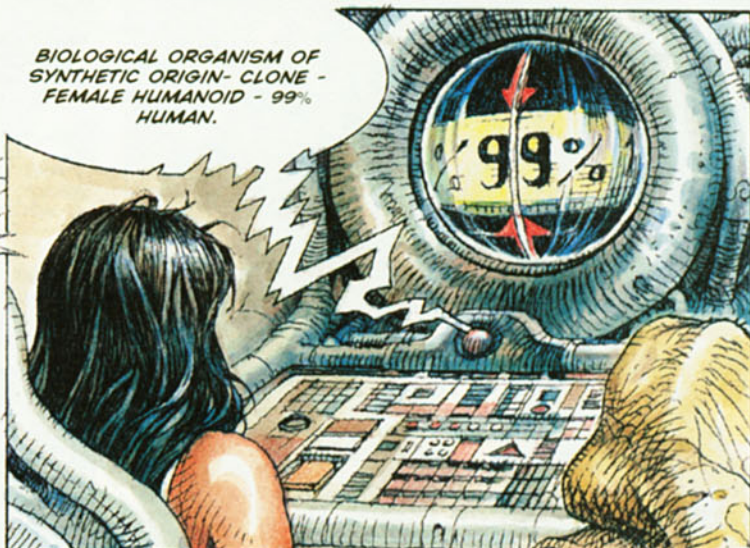
SPIDER, IN MY
STOMACH? WHAT
SPIDER?



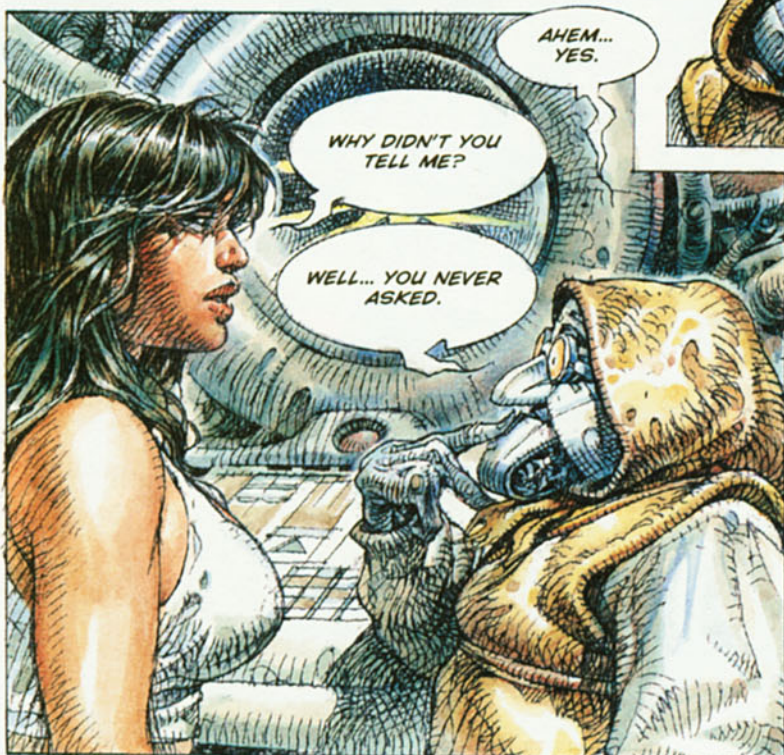




BIOLOGICAL ORGANISM OF
SYNTHETIC ORIGIN- CLONE -
FEMALE HUMANOID - 99%
HUMAN.



YOU... YOU
KNEW THAT?



AHEM...
YES.

WHY DIDN'T YOU
TELL ME?

WELL... YOU NEVER
ASKED.



HEY, SWEETIE...
WHAT'S THE
PROBLEM? I RESOLVE
PROBLEMS, THAT'S
MY SPECIALTY... YOU
JUST HAVE TO ASK.

IT'S NOT TRUE!
YOU'RE WRONG.
YOU'RE ALL
WRONG!

I'M NOT A MACHINE... I KNOW
IT'S NOT TRUE... HOW COULD
YOU POSSIBLY KNOW WHAT A
HUMAN BEING FEELS... THIS IS
MY BODY, I CAN FEEL MY BLOOD
COURSING IN MY VEINS, AND
INSIDE MY SKULL THERE'S A
BRAIN... NO, IT WOULD BE
TOO AWFUL!

AND YOU... YOU NEVER
TOLD ME ANYTHING! AND
NOW... WHAT'S GOING TO
HAPPEN? AM I GOING TO BE
KILLED, OR "SWITCHED
OFF", AS YOU SAY?

AHH, NO... NOT
YOU... BUT IT'S A
COMPLICATED
ISSUE... DO YOU
HAVE FIVE MINUTES?

NO! I HAVE NO TIME TO
SPARE! I MUST GO...
BACK WHERE WE CAME
FROM...

YOU JUST
HAVE TO ASK.

WHO ARE YOU
REALLY? ARE YOU
MY FRIEND?

YOU JUST
HAVE TO ASK.

OK, OK... I'M ASKING
YOU... GIVE A
STRAIGHT ANSWER,
FOR ONCE...

"FRIEND"... THAT'S A DIFFICULT
ONE... WHAT DOES "FRIEND"
MEAN? THE CONCEPT IS TOO
VAGUE... THE DEFINITION IS
AMBIGUOUS... I READ
SOMEWHERE THAT "A FRIEND IS
SOMEONE WHO NEVER ASKS
THE REASON WHY." HAVE I EVER ASKED
YOU "WHY"?

GO FUCK
YOURSELF...

NO, I NEVER ASKED
YOU "WHY"... SO, YES,
I AM YOUR FRIEND...

THAT'S NOT WHAT I
MEANT... YOU KNOW
VERY WELL WHAT I
WANT TO KNOW...

COME, LET'S
GO HOME...

"YOU JUST
HAVE TO ASK?"

YOU JUST
HAVE TO ASK.