

JEAN-MARC & RANDY LOFFICIER AND GIL FORMOSA IN THE GRAPHIC NOVEL, ROBUR-FROM THE MOON TO EARTH

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# the Pugilist

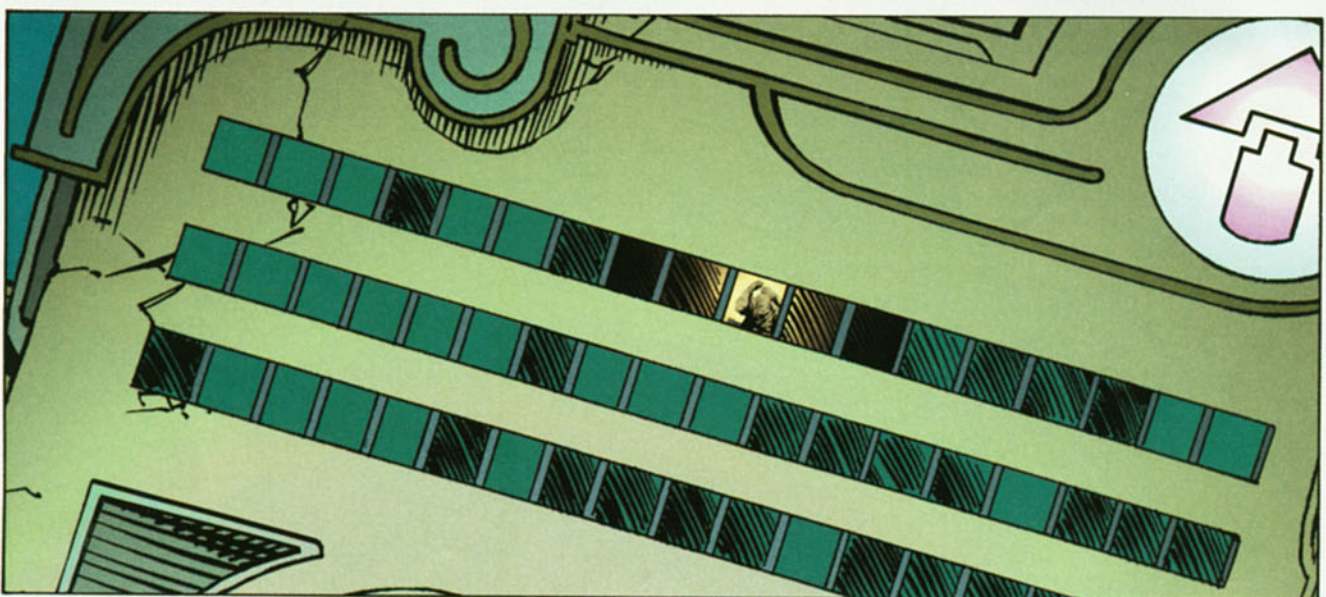
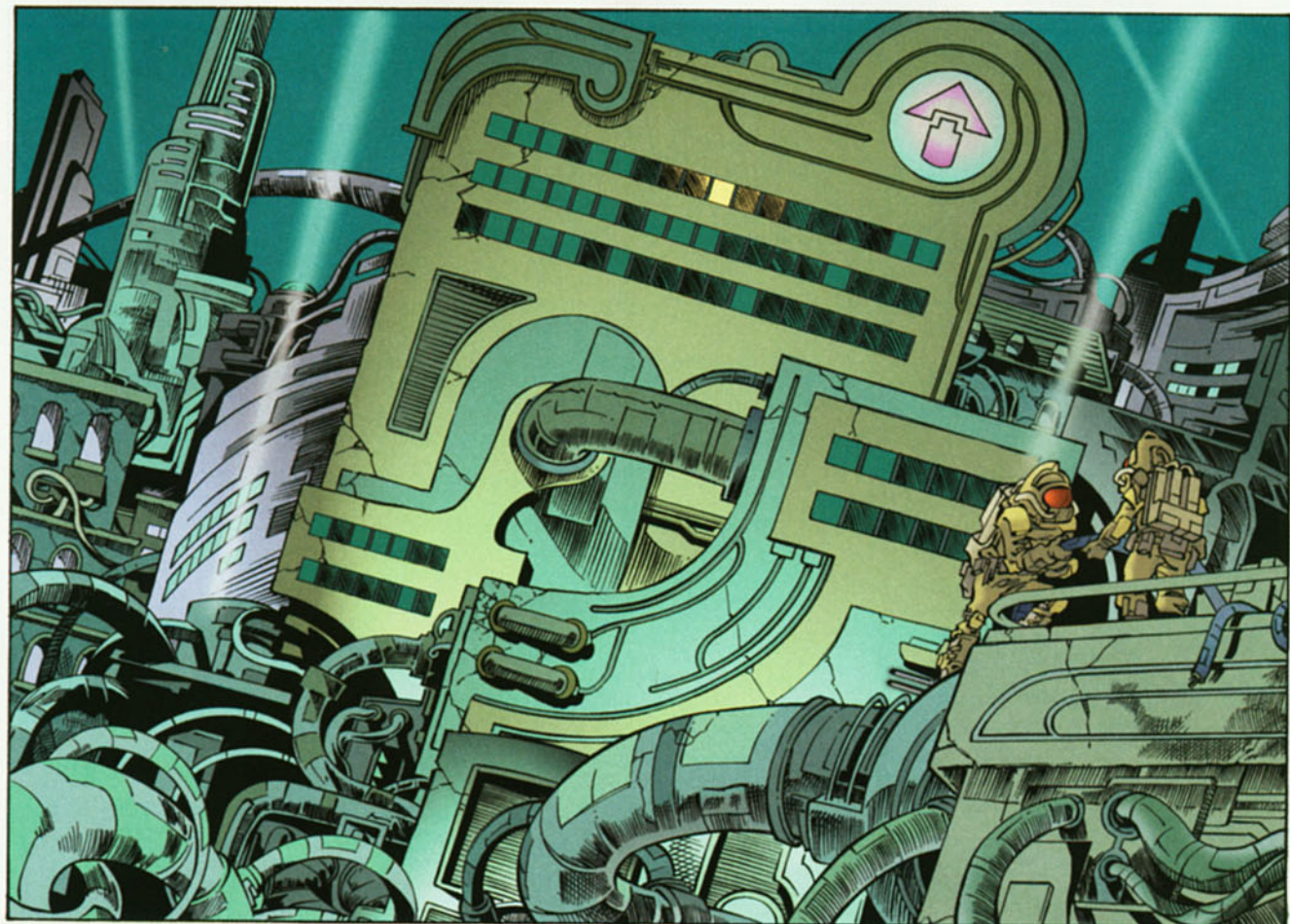
CREATED • WRITTEN • DRAWN  
BY  
GREG-MICHAEL FOLLENDER

INKS BY • RICK J. BRYANT

DIGITAL COLORS BY  
FOLLENDER • BRYANT











YOU'D BETTER BE SURE!

MY SERVICES DIDN'T COME CHEAP...  
I'D HATE TO THINK THAT YOU WASTED  
ALL THOSE CREDITS FOR NOTHING.

OH, I'M QUITE SURE.  
MY EMPLOYER WAS  
VERY SPECIFIC.



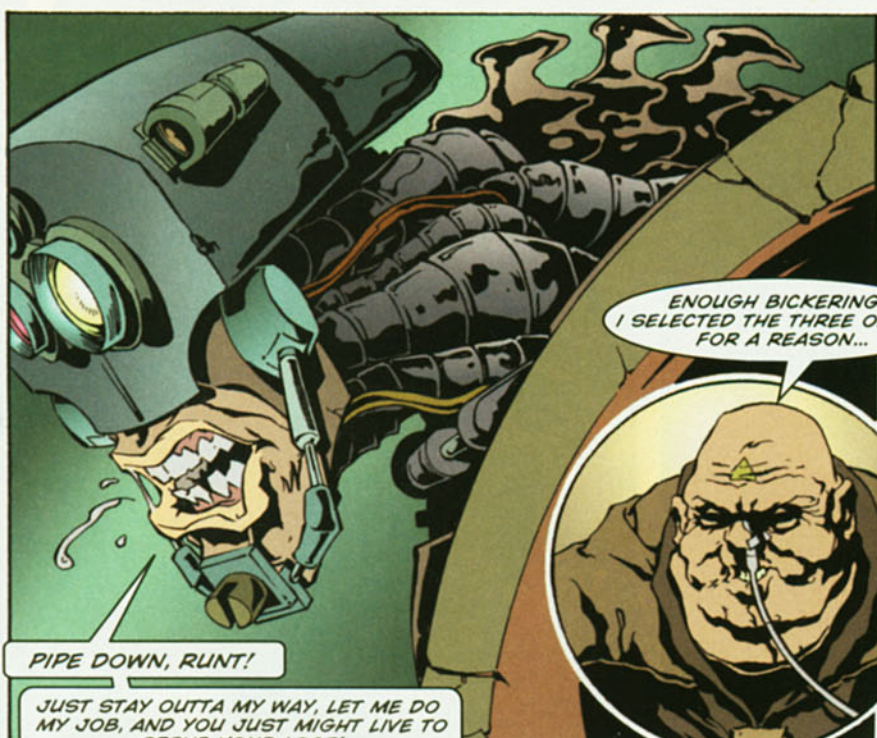
IS THAT SO-

THINK, MAN...  
SURELY HE WOULDN'T HAVE BOTHERED  
TO SPEND WHAT MUST HAVE BEEN A SMALL FORTUNE  
TO HIRE ALL THREE OF US IF HE WASN'T  
ABSOLUTELY SURE.



OY!

I DON' NEED  
YA TWO TA TAKE THA'  
AULD CUNT!



ENOUGH BICKERING...  
I SELECTED THE THREE OF YOU  
FOR A REASON...

PIPE DOWN, RUNT!

JUST STAY OUTTA MY WAY, LET ME DO  
MY JOB, AND YOU JUST MIGHT LIVE TO  
SPEND YOUR LOOT!







WELL, AFTER DEVOTING MOST OF MY ADULT LIFE TO THIS CALLING, A COLLEAGUE AND I DECIDED THAT WE HAD NOT BEEN ADEQUATELY COMPENSATED FOR OUR MANY YEARS OF LOYAL SERVICE.

WE BEGAN TO DOCTOR THE BOOKS, INCONSPICUOUSLY SIPHONING OFF MINISCULE AMOUNTS...

HARDLY A FRACTION OF A PERCENT...

BUT WE GOT GREEDY AND CARELESS. ALL IT TOOK WAS ONE TINY OVERSIGHT.

LAST WEEK, MY FRIEND AND CO-CONSPIRATOR DISAPPEARED MYSTERIOUSLY.

YESTERDAY MORNING, MY SUPERVISOR NOTIFIED ME...

IF I VALUED MY LIFE...

I WORK... WORKED... FOR THE SPIRAL PARK BRANCH OF THE CRONOS INSTITUTE. I HEADED UP A SMALL PHALANX OF AUDITORS THAT WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR CORPORATE ACCOUNTS.

I SHOULD COLLECT EVERY CREDIT I HAD EMBEZZLED AND PUT IT IN A SUITCASE. HE THEN INFORMED ME THAT HE WOULD SEND THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN HE COULD HIRE TO COLLECT THE FUNDS IN 48 HOURS.

AS AN ADDED INCENTIVE, THE COLLECTOR WAS TO BE REWARDED WITH HALF OF THE TOTAL CREDITS RECOVERED...

I WAS ASSURED THAT HE WOULD BE QUITE...

INSISTENT!

SO... WHY HIRE US? YE'VE GO' YER SUITCASE... JES' HAND IT OVER AN'

IDIOT!

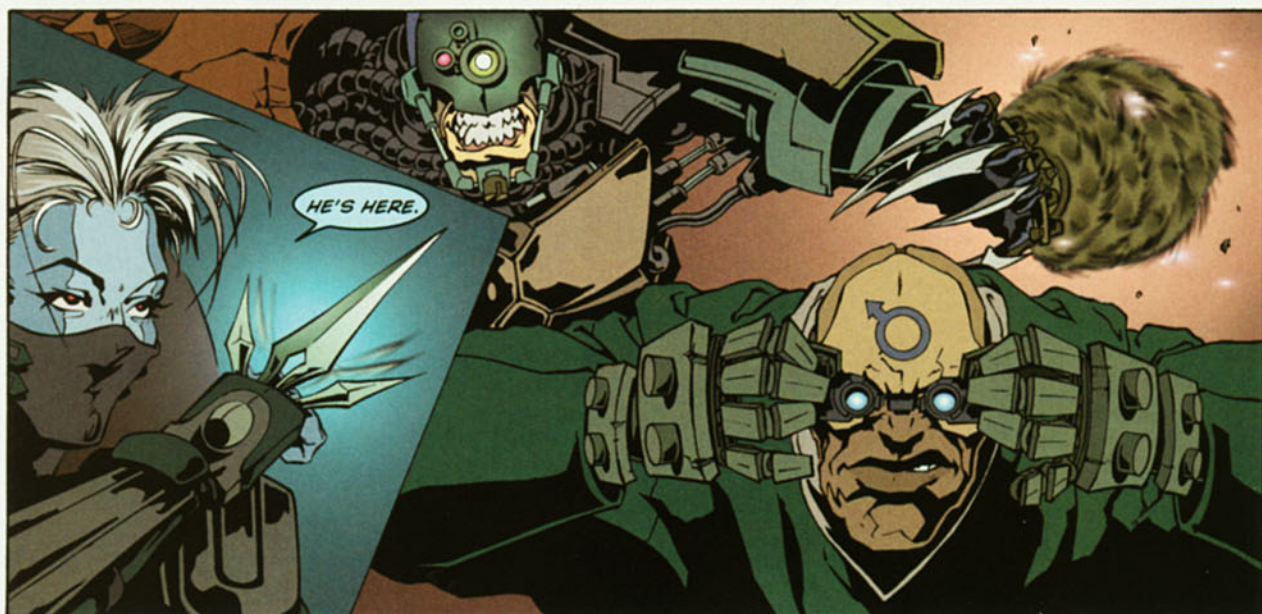
I SUPPOSE YOU THINK THAT MY CO-CONSPIRATOR IS LIVING IT UP SOMEWHERE IN RADIAL HEIGHTS, EH?

SO YOU FIGURED THE OLD MAN'S BEEN TOLD TO "OFF" YOU ONCE HE'S GOT THE CASE

BRIGHT BOY. I USED A LARGE PORTION OF THOSE PROCURED CREDITS TO HIRE THE THREE OF YOU...

AN INSURANCE POLICY OF SORTS.









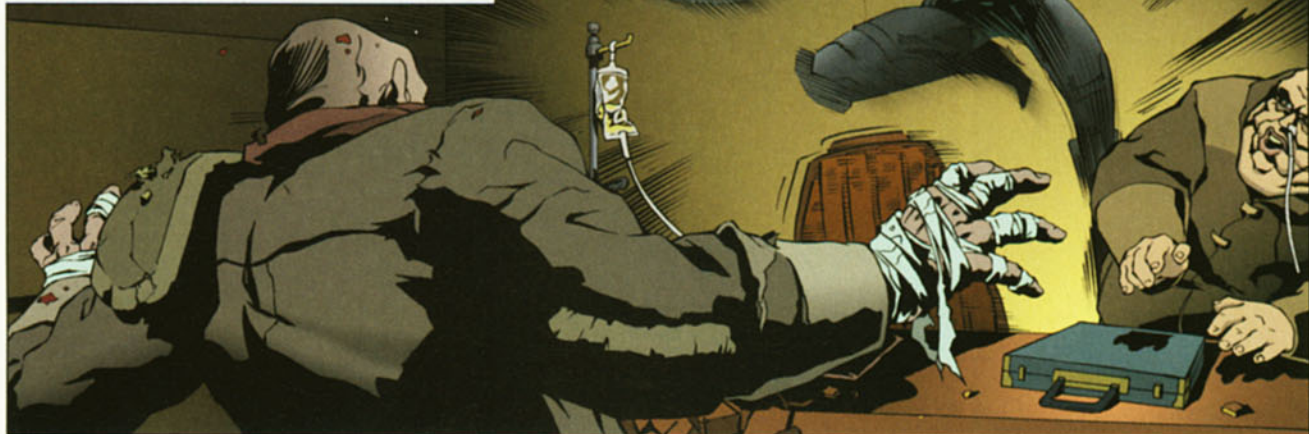




















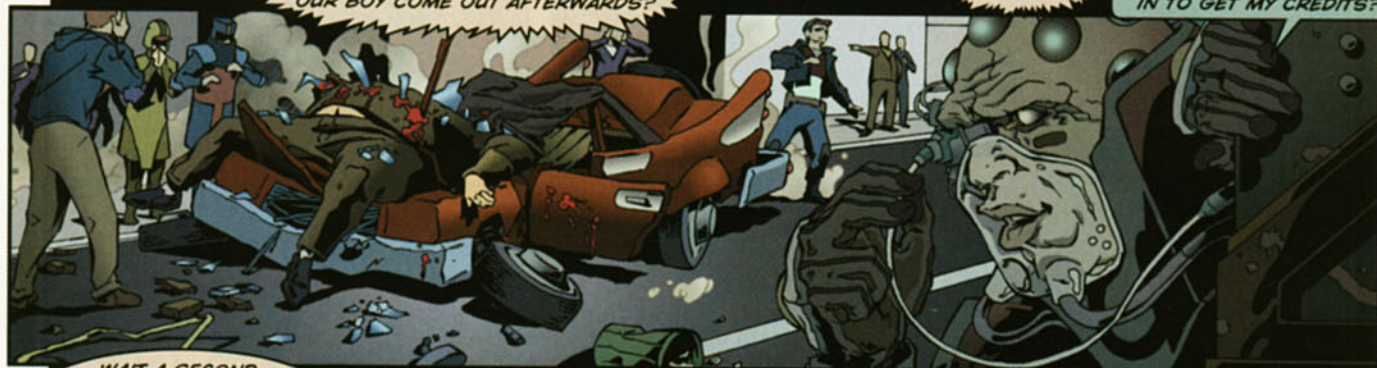
SO THE FAT FUCK HITS A CORNICE  
ON THE WAY DOWN AND—

SURE. HE CAME OUT THE FRONT, JUST LIKE YOU SAID HE WOULD.  
HOPPED IN A CAB... HE'LL BE AT YOUR OFFICE ANY SECOND NOW..

YEAH, YEAH... BUT DID YOU SEE  
OUR BOY COME OUT AFTERWARDS?

EXCELLENT!

SO THAT'S IT.. CAN I COME  
IN TO GET MY CREDITS?



WAIT A SECOND...  
WAS OUR MAN CARRYING  
ANYTHING ON THE  
WAY OUT?

... YEAH.  
HE HAD AN OPEN SUITCASE  
IN ONE HAND.



WHAT??

IT WAS OPEN?? COULD YOU  
SEE ANYTHING INSIDE IT?

ERR...  
NOT MUCH, REALLY.  
I JUST CAUGHT A GLIMPSE  
OF IT BEFORE HE TOSSED  
IT INTO THE CAB...

-IT LOOKED EMPTY.



# ROBUR - FROM THE MOON TO EARTH

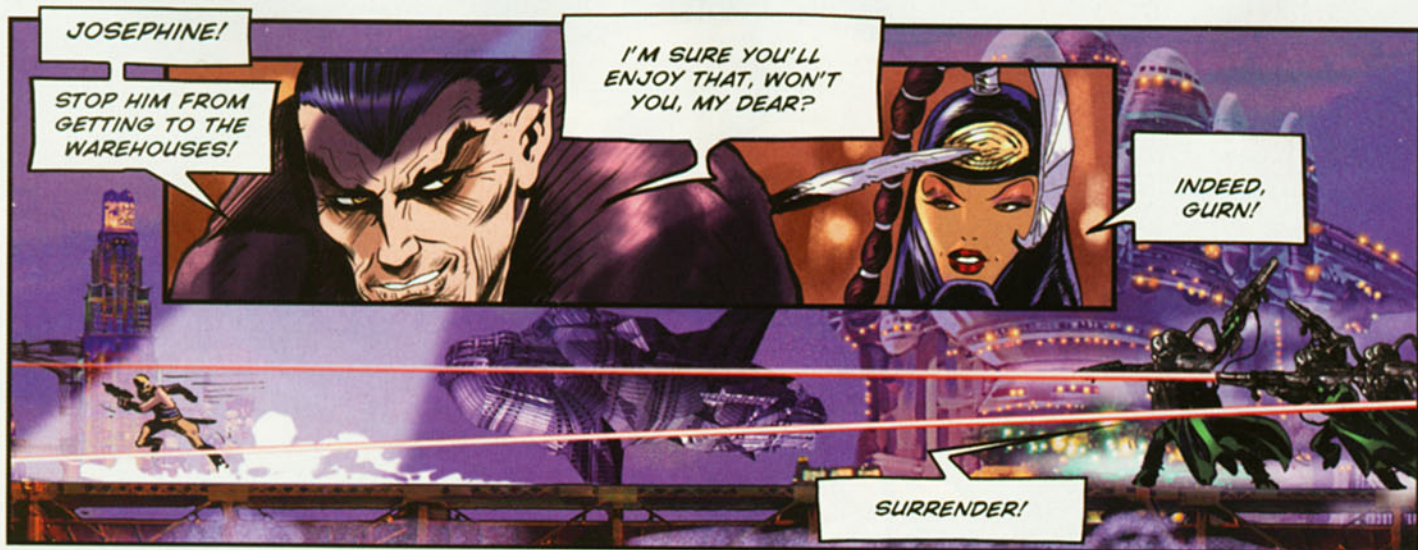
NEW YORK, 1931.  
FIFTEEN YEARS AFTER  
THE SELENITES INVADIED  
EARTH.

THERE  
HE  
IS!!!

WE HAVE HIM COR-  
NERED IN THIS  
DISTRICT, SIR!

EXCELLENT, LIEUTENANT!  
THIS TIME, HE MUST NOT BE  
ALLOWED TO ESCAPE!







WHY SO SURPRISED, ROBUR?

DON'T YOU REMEMBER? I SWORE I WOULD PAY YOU BACK FOR BERLIN...

I'VE ALWAYS FOUND OUR ENCOUNTERS STIMULATING, MISS BALSAMO...

SCHAWK!

ARRRGG!

WNEEEET

SPLASH

... HOWEVER, THIS TIME I DON'T HAVE THE LUXURY...





WILDWOOD CEMETERY, LONG ISLAND, A  
FEW DAYS LATER...

WE ARE GATHERED HERE NOT  
TO MOURN...

... BUT TO CELEBRATE  
THE LIFE OF A TRUE  
HERO, WHO DIED AS  
HE LIVED, FIGHTING  
BRAVELY FOR LIBER-  
TY...

ROBUR WOULD NOT WANT HIS COMPANIONS AND COMRADES IN ARMS...

KENT BALLARD...

LARRY O'KEEFE...

JOHN BLENKI-  
RON...

... HIS FRIENDS AND ASSO-  
CIATES...

GAYLE ARDAN...

AND JOSEPH BARBICA-  
NE...

... ALL FOR WHOM HE FOUGHT SO VALIANTLY...

... TO GRIEVE UNNE-  
CESSARILY, NOR CRY  
LASTING TEARS.

SO, THOSE OF YOU WHO FEEL SO MOVED,  
PLEASE SHARE YOUR REMEMBRANCES OF  
HIM, SO THAT THE HEALING CAN BEGIN.





I'LL GO FIRST...


I FIRST MET ROBUR IN LONDON. I HAD BEEN RECRUITED INTO THE RESISTANCE BY ANTEKIRT...

WHEN THE BLACK GUARDS CAME LAST MONTH, YOU KNOW WE ALL FOUGHT TO THE LAST MAN, AND I THOUGHT I WOULD DIE THERE TOO...



KENT!  
COME  
WITH ME!


THERE'S NOTHING  
MORE WE CAN DO  
HERE FOR NOW!



WE RUSHED TO OUR SECRET HANGAR BENEATH THE THAMES  
AND TOOK OFF THROUGH THE FLAMING SKIES OF LONDON.




THE SELENITES SPOTTED US RIGHT AWAY.



MY TRILOBYTE 337  
CAN OULTRUN AND  
OUT MANEUVER ANY  
SELENITE SHIP  
THAT'S EVER BEEN  
BUILT!





THE SELENITES ARE  
STILL ON OUR TAIL,  
ROBUR...

NO NEED TO  
TELL ME  
TWICE, KENT...

ANTEKIRTT  
DEAD,  
KAVOR PRISONER,  
LONDON  
LOST...

... BUT THERE'S  
STILL  
ONE HOPE  
LEFT!

WHICH  
ONE?

NEW  
YORK!

GURN WILL HAVE TO  
TAKE KAVOR TO NEW  
YORK BEFORE  
DEPORTING HIM TO  
THE MOON...

... AND HE HAS  
NO IDEA WHAT'S  
IN STORE FOR  
HIM THERE!



AND AS YOU CAN  
SEE, WE DID MAKE IT  
TO NEW YORK.  
EXCEPT ROBUR  
UNDERESTIMATED  
GURN'S CUNNING...

I FEEL RESPON-  
SIBLE FOR  
WHAT'S HAPPE-  
NED!

IT'S NOT  
YOUR FAULT,  
MY DEAR.

THE AMERICAN CONSORTIUM  
THAT I PRESIDE OVER IS  
FORCED TO PROVIDE THESE  
DAMNED SELENITES THE  
MINERALS THEY NEED...

I TRIED TO PROTECT GAYLE, BUT  
I SUPPOSE IT WAS INEVITABLE  
THAT ONE DAY THAT AWFUL  
GURN WOULD NOTICE HER...

WHEN HE INVITED  
YOU TO THEIR DAM-  
NED CITADEL, I  
DIDN'T WANT YOU TO  
GO!

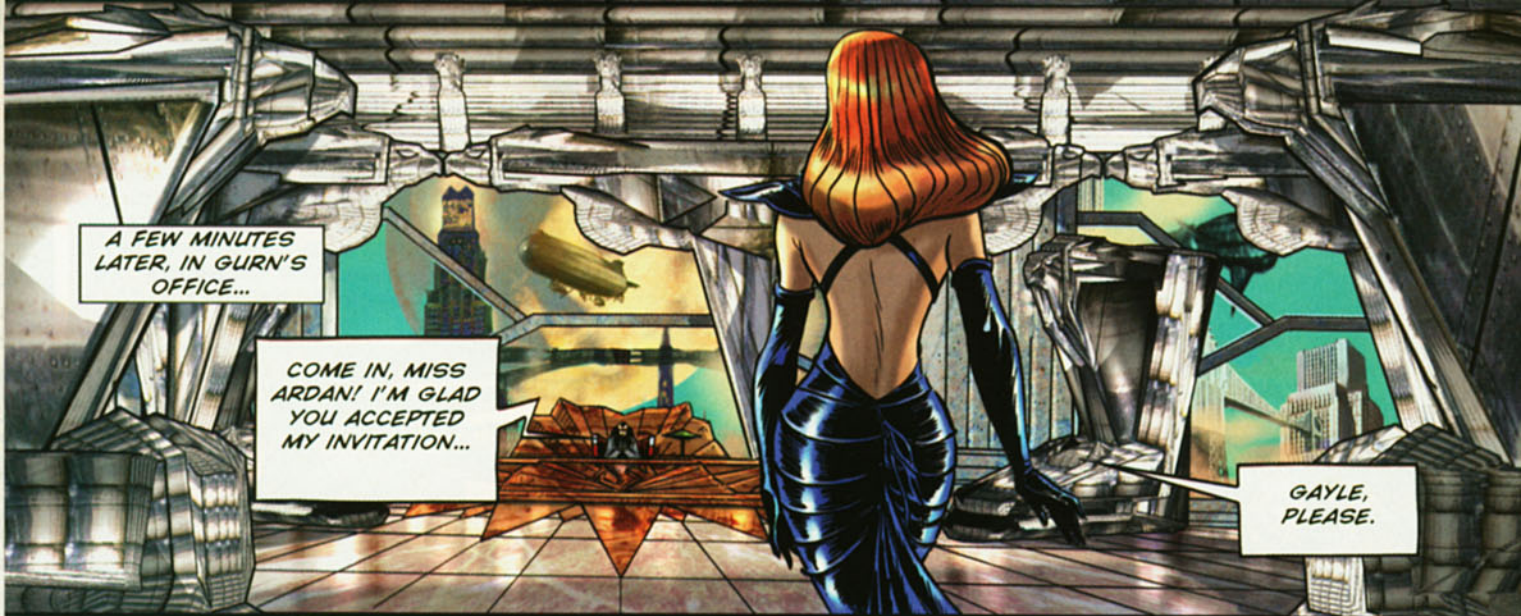
UNCLE B, YOU CAN'T  
BLAME YOURSELF FOR  
THAT!

I WENT BECAUSE I  
THOUGHT I COULD  
GET INFORMATION  
THAT WOULD BE  
USEFUL FOR THE  
RESISTANCE...

MISS  
ARDAN.

DR.  
KRAMM.





A FEW MINUTES  
LATER, IN GURN'S  
OFFICE...

COME IN, MISS  
ARDAN! I'M GLAD  
YOU ACCEPTED  
MY INVITATION...

GAYLE,  
PLEASE.

I'VE BEEN DREAMING ABOUT MEE-  
TING THE FAMOUS LEADER OF THE  
BLACK GUARD!



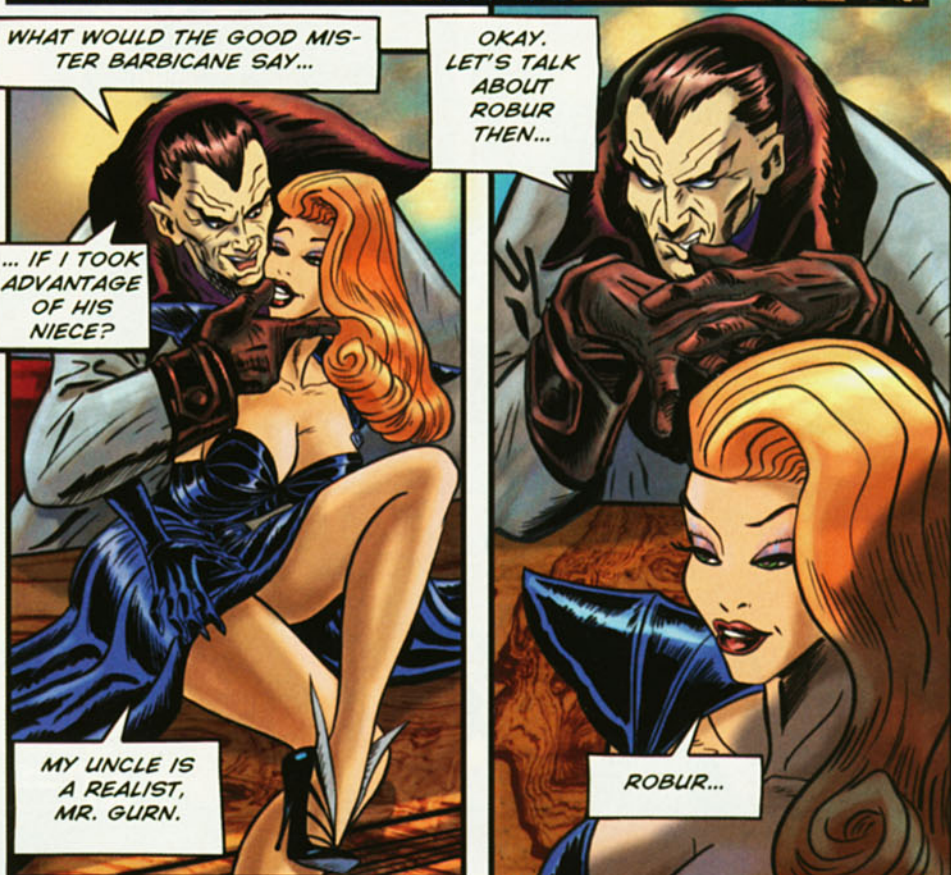
YOU FLAT-  
TER ME!



I WANT TO BE  
HONEST WITH  
YOU, GAYLE...

REALLY?

THAT'S NOT  
NECESSARY...



WHAT WOULD THE GOOD MIS-  
TER BARBICANE SAY...

OKAY.  
LET'S TALK  
ABOUT  
ROBUR  
THEN...

... IF I TOOK  
ADVANTAGE  
OF HIS  
NIECE?

MY UNCLE IS  
A REALIST,  
MR. GURN.

ROBUR...





SURELY, YOU'VE HEARD OF HIM?

I KNOW WHAT EVERYBODY KNOWS. HE'S GIVING YOUR ALIEN OVERLORDS A GREAT DEAL OF TROUBLE, ISN'T HE?

WE MAY HAVE HAD SOME DIFFICULTIES IN THE PAST...

... BUT WE'VE JUST CRUSHED THE RESISTANCE IN LONDON...



THE CAPITAL OF THAT ONCE-PROUD EMPIRE IS NOTHING MORE THAN SMOLDERING RUINS...

AND PROFESSOR KAVOR WILL SOON FIND HIMSELF BACK ON THE MOON.



CASE CLOSED.



IS HE PRISONER HERE, IN THE CITADEL?

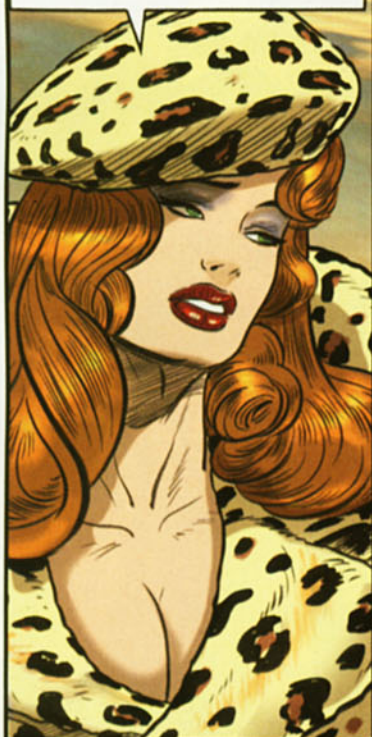


INDEED. AT THE VERY TOP.



I THOUGHT I WAS SO CLEVER,  
PUMPING HIM FOR DETAILS...

INSTEAD, IT WAS GURN  
WHO WAS USING ME. I FEEL  
LIKE SUCH A NAIVE FOOL.



GAYLE'S INFORMATION  
WAS JUST  
WHAT WE'D BEEN  
WAITING FOR!



THE TERRACE OF THE HIDALGO  
CLUB-- A MEETING PLACE OF  
ADVENTURERS AND ONE OF THE  
HIDEOUTS OF THE RESISTANCE...

WE JUST  
FOUND OUT  
WHERE THE  
PROFESSOR  
IS BEING  
KEPT!



THAT'S  
TERRIFIC  
O'KEEFE!

WAIT A MINUTE,  
BLENKIRON!

LARRY, HOW  
DID YOU  
FIND OUT?

IT SEEMS TOO EASY.  
GURN IS SMARTER THAN  
THAT. THIS SOUNDS TOO  
MUCH LIKE THE WAY HE  
OUTSMARTED ANTEKIRT  
IN LONDON.




AGENT 5 JUST  
SENT A CODED  
MESSAGE.

WE NEED TIME  
TO THINK  
ABOUT IT...









ROBUR WAS  
RIGHT TO BE  
CONCERNED.

LESS THAN AN  
HOUR LATER THE  
BLACK GUARDS  
HAD US SUR-  
ROUNDED...




AND ROBUR  
WASN'T SO LUCKY  
EITHER.

LARRY AND I HAD  
ALREADY LEFT  
THROUGH THE  
SECRET PASSAGE,  
BUT THEY GOT  
LT. JONES...



FOR THIS MAN  
WHO HAD ALREA-  
DY LIVED MANY  
LIVES, PERHAPS  
DEATH WAS BUT A  
DOOR TO ONE  
MORE...



THANK YOU, REVEREND  
PYM...

HIS DEATH WAS SUCH A TRA-  
GEDY. IF ONLY I HAD... SIGH.

I DID MY  
BEST, MISS  
ARDAN...

ROBUR

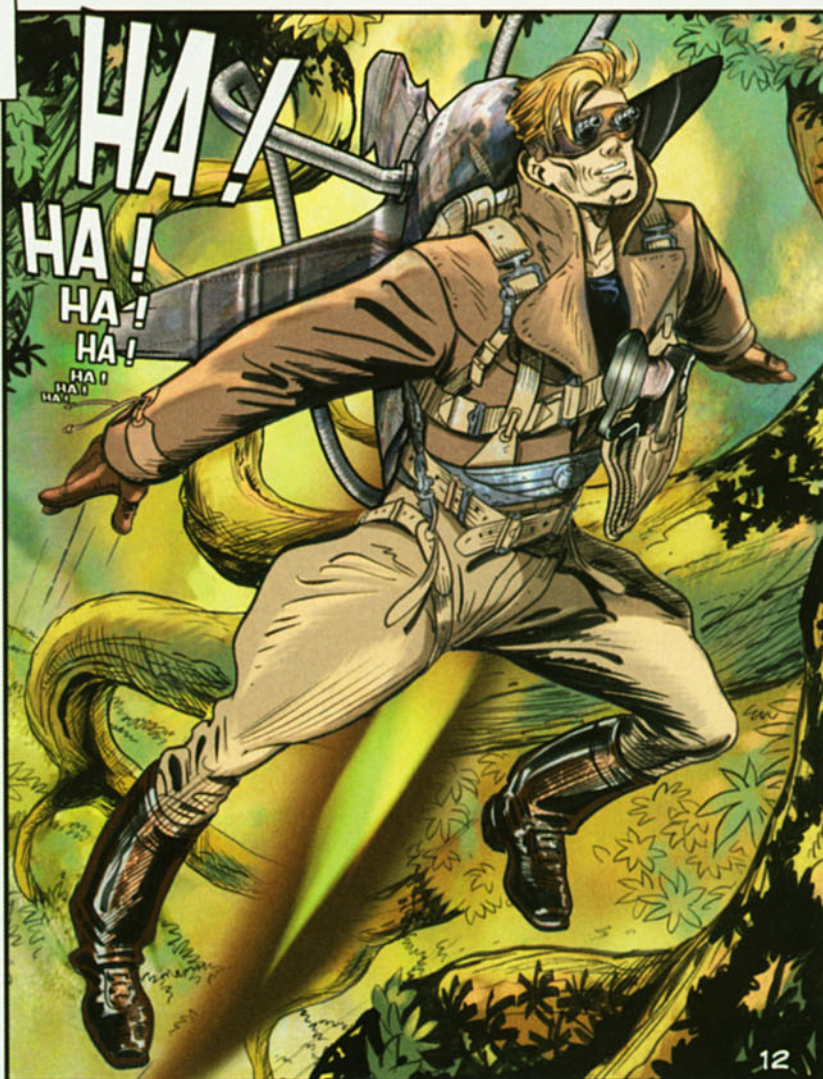
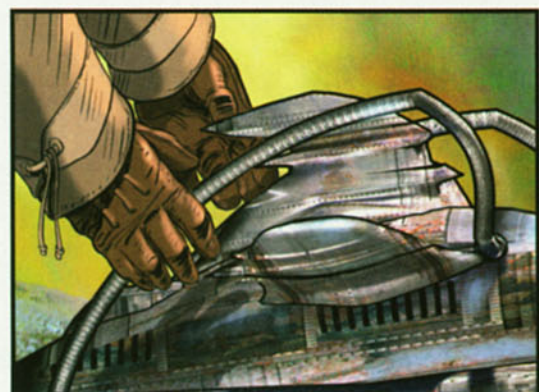




... BUT EULOGIES ARE NOT  
MY STRONG SUIT!



AND NOW  
TO BEGIN!



HA!  
HA!  
HA!  
HA!  
HA!



A WEEK LATER, AT A PARTY GIVEN BY INDUSTRIALIST BARBICANE...

JUST THE OPPOSITE! IT'S THE PERFECT TIME! YOU'RE THE HEAD OF THE CONSORTIUM, AND THE SELENITES NEED MORE LUNARIUM THAN YOU'RE GIVING THEM...

ALL I SAID WAS, IS THIS THE APPROPRIATE TIME? ROBUR IS DEAD, THE RESISTANCE IS A SHAMBLES...

GURN WON'T TRY ANYTHING TONIGHT. IT'S TOO RISKY...

CHANGE THE SUBJECT! OUR GUESTS ARE ARRIVING!



HERR DOKTOR CORNELIS KRAMM OF BERLIN AND, ER... A BLACK GUARD.

MISS ARDAN, MR. BARBICANE, GUTEN ABEND!

DR. KRAMM...

PRINCE DAKKAR OF THE SULTANATE OF SEPOY.

I AM HONORED.

JOHN BLENKIRON, CHAIRMAN OF AMERICAN STEEL.

JOHN? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

YOU WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO COME...

I HAD TO SEE YOU. GURN HAS RECAPTURED THE SILVER DISK!

OH NO...



THE SILVER DISK...  
I WONDER WHAT  
INFORMATION IS  
ENCRYPTED ON IT...



KAVOR STOLE IT ON THE MOON  
AND GAVE IT TO ANTEKIRTT...



MY MASTERS WERE SO EAGER TO GET IT BACK THAT THEY  
HAD ME DESTROY LONDON... BUT IT WAS TOO LATE...

ROBUR GOT TO IT FIRST... FORTUNATELY, I GOT IT  
BACK WHEN WE FOUND YOU IN HIS LAIR...

YOU KNOW WHO I  
AM, MR. DAUNT. DO  
YOU REALLY NEED A  
DEMONSTRATION?



NO... IT'S...  
NOT NECES-  
SARY...

STILL... IT'S THE  
LEAST I CAN  
DO...  
HA! HA! HA!

NOW, WE'RE  
EXPECTED AT  
MISS ARDAN'S  
PARTY...

IS IT WISE TO TAKE  
THE DISK WITH YOU?

YOU CAN'T CATCH FISH IF  
YOU DON'T USE TASTY BAIT,  
MY DEAR JOSEPHINE...

... AND WHAT  
JUICIER  
MORSEL  
THAN THE  
SILVER  
DISK?



NOOOO!!!





MINUTES LATER, GURN'S SHIP FLIES TOWARDS BARBICANE TOWERS...



MISS ARDAN.

HOW KIND OF YOU TO INVITE US!

I WOULDN'T HAVE IT ANY OTHER WAY, MR. GURN.

MISS. BALSAMO.

WILL YOU HONOR ME WITH THIS DANCE, MISS ARDAN?

WITH PLEASURE, MR. GURN.

WHAT A DELIGHTFUL DANCER YOU ARE, MY DEAR GAYLE.

THANK YOU, MR. GURN. YOU'RE NO SLOUCH YOURSELF.



WITH PLEASURE, MR. GURN.

WHAT A DELIGHTFUL DANCER YOU ARE, MY DEAR GAYLE.







WILL YOU GRANT ME THE PLEASURE OF WALTZING WITH ME, MISS ARDAN?



YOUR THOUGHTS ARE ELSEWHERE, NO?



PLEASE EXCUSE ME, BUT I NEED TO TALK TO MR. BLENKIRON...



JOHN! I HAVE IT! GET THIS TO KENT RIGHT AWAY!



I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT!







HERR BLENKIRON,  
YOU'RE LEAVING  
US ALREADY?



DR. KRAMM!

I BELIEVE YOU  
HAVE THE SILVER  
DISK!

RETURN  
IT TO ME!



WE NEED THE LUNARIUM  
YOUR CONSORTIUM PRO-  
DUCES...



YOU  
WOULDN'T  
DARE!



TRY ME!

KILL  
HIM!

NOOOO!



SO HAND  
ME THE  
DISK!

YOU WIN THIS TIME,  
KRAMM! BUT  
YOU'LL PAY FOR  
THIS!

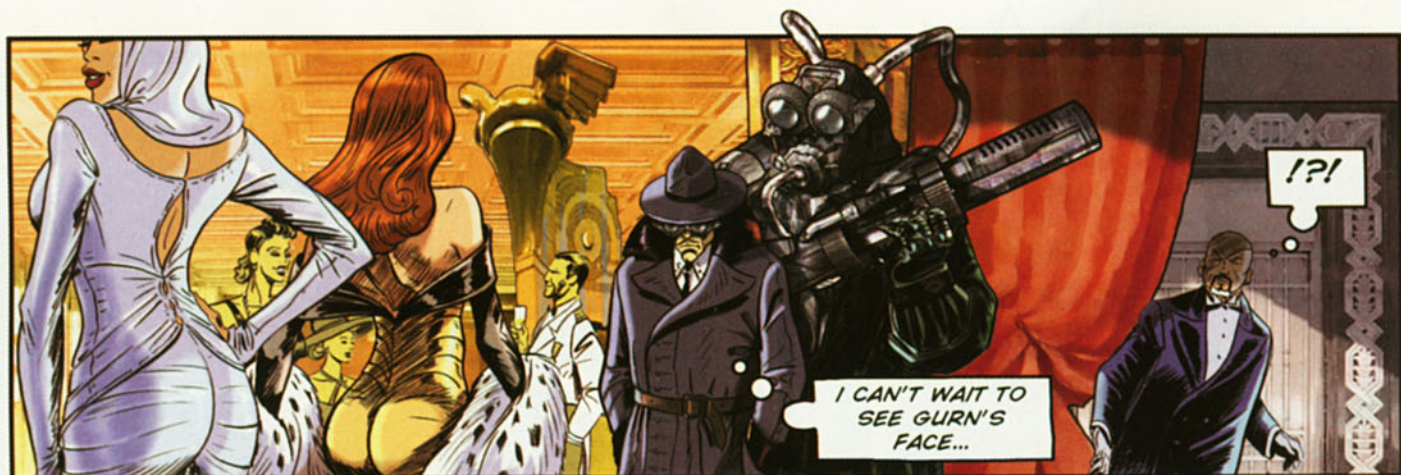
I'M NOT WOR-  
RIED! ROBUR IS  
DEAD!

... BUT YOU ARE NOT IRRE-  
PLACABLE, HERR BLENKI-  
RON...



HA! HA!  
HA! HA!  
HA! HA!









WITH THAT SILVER DOLLAR? I DON'T THINK SO.



WHAT?!

A... SILVER... DOLLAR?!



MY APOLOGIES, MISS ARDAN... OVERZEALOUS SUBORDINATES... WILL BE REPRIMANDED...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND ANY OF THIS.



DON'T COMPLAIN. IT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE.

BUT WHERE IS THE REAL SILVER DISK?

MAYBE SOMEONE STOLE IT FROM YOU...



... BEFORE YOU HANDED IT TO MR. BLENKIRON...

PRINCE DAKKAR?



ROBUR !?

YOU WALTZ BEAUTIFULLY, BUT YOU ARE TOO EASILY DISTRACTED, MISS ARDAN...

BUT WE THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD?



SORRY, BUT I HAD TO LURE GURN INTO A FALSE SENSE OF SECURITY TO RECOVER THIS!

NOW THAT WE HAVE THE SILVER DISK, THE SECRETS OF THE SELENITES ARE OURS!



"IN 1911, PROFESSOR KAVOR REALIZED HIS DREAM OF BEING THE FIRST MAN ON THE MOON, CLAIMING IT FOR HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY, QUEEN VICTORIA..."



... THIS AMAZING ACHIEVEMENT CAME A MERE THIRTY-SIX YEARS AFTER YOUR GRANDFATHERS, PRESIDENT BARBICANE AND MICHEL ARDAN, FIRST ORBITED IT IN A CANNONBALL.

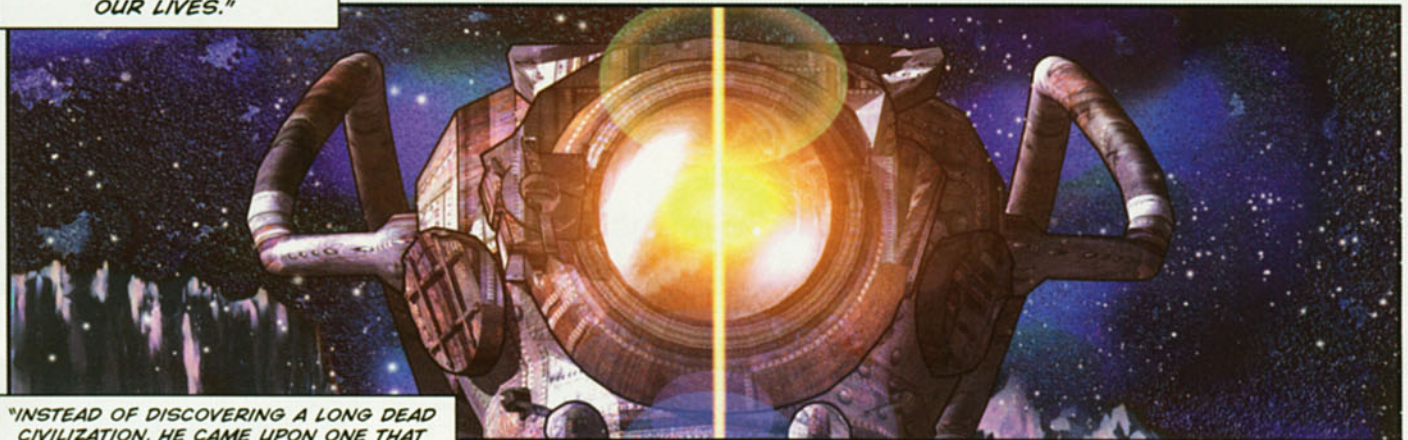
WHAT FEW PEOPLE KNOW IS WHAT HAPPENED TO KAVOR AFTER HIS FATEFUL LANDING...





"YOUR GRANDFATHERS HAD REPORTED SEEING STRANGE RUINS IN THE TYKHO CRATER. THAT BECAME KAVOR'S FIRST DESTINATION."

"A DECISION THAT WOULD  
EVENTUALLY CHANGE ALL  
OUR LIVES."



"INSTEAD OF DISCOVERING A LONG DEAD  
CIVILIZATION, HE CAME UPON ONE THAT  
WAS DANGEROUSLY ALIVE..."

"AND WHAT A CIVILIZATION IT  
WAS! SO ALIEN THAT IT ALMOST  
DEFIES OUR UNDERSTANDING!"

"AN INTELLIGENCE SEEMINGLY COMPOSED  
OF TINY BITS OF METAL THAT COULD COME  
TOGETHER IN ANY SHAPE IT CHOSE..."



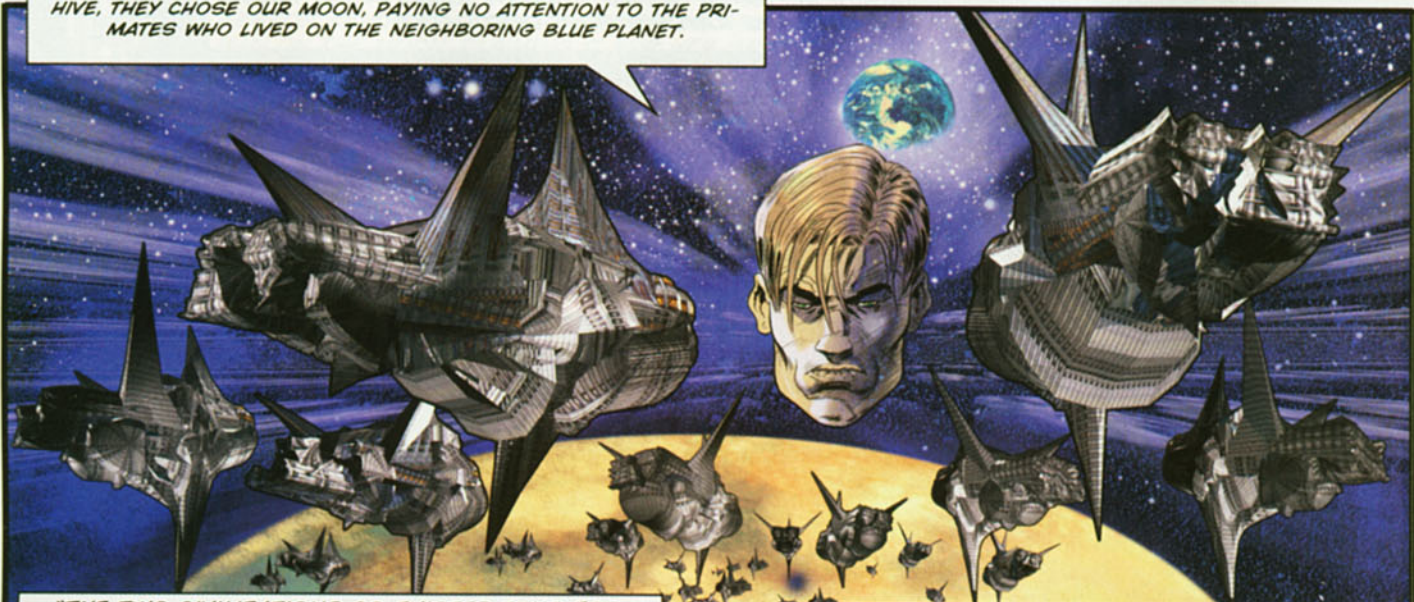
"... COME TOGETHER, ANIMATED BY A  
GROUP MIND THAT CONTROLLED ITS  
MOVEMENT AND THOUGHT."



"THESE ARE WHAT WE'VE COME  
TO KNOW AS THE SELENITES!"



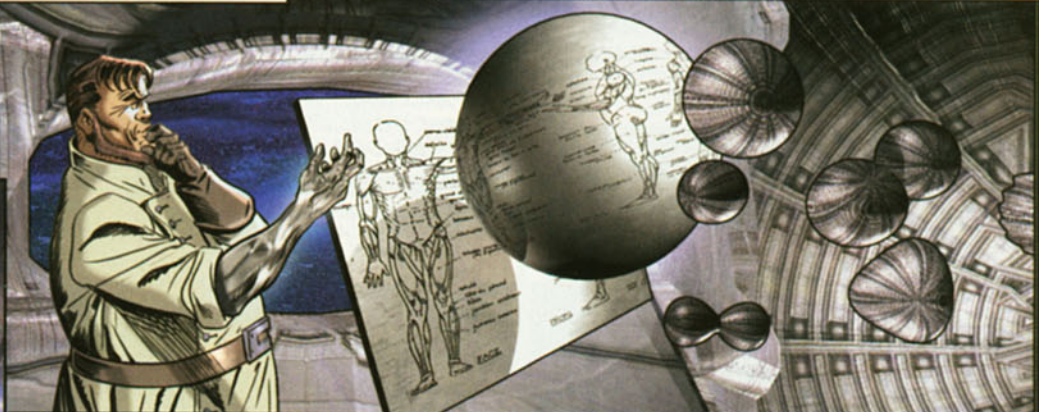
LIKE A SWARM LOOKING FOR AN OUT-OF-THE-WAY TREE TO BUILD A HIVE, THEY CHOSE OUR MOON, PAYING NO ATTENTION TO THE PRIMATES WHO LIVED ON THE NEIGHBORING BLUE PLANET.



"THE TWO CIVILIZATIONS CO-EXISTED THUS FOR MILLENNIA, UNTIL MAN DECIDED TO REACH FOR THE STARS."

"AS KAVOR LEARNED MORE ABOUT THE SELENITES, THEY IN TURN LEARNED MORE ABOUT US..."

"THE HUMAN FORM WAS A CHALLENGE..."



"... FAR GREATER THAN ANY THEY HAD PREVIOUSLY ATTEMPTED." "IT TOOK THEM YEARS, BUT FINALLY THEY SUCCEEDED..." "...AND SELENE WAS BORN!"





"BY THEN, MORE THAN TEN YEARS HAD PASSED. KAVOR HIMSELF HAD NOT BEEN LEFT UNSCATHED BY HIS EXPOSURE TO THE SELENITES. HE UNDERSTOOD MUCH OF THEIR AMAZING SCIENCE..."

"UNTIL THAT FATEFUL JUNE DAY IN 1914 WHEN AN ASSASSIN'S BULLET TOOK THE LIFE OF ARCHDUKE FERDINAND, PLUNGING THE WORLD INTO HIDEOUS WAR."

"THE SELENITES LOOKED UPON THE BRUTALITY OF HUMANS DESTROYING EACH OTHER BY THE THOUSANDS WITH THE HORROR AND INCOMPREHENSION OF A RACE BASED ON GROUP COOPERATION."

"IN THEIR HORROR, THEY COULD NO LONGER COHABIT WITH US. THUS THEY DECIDED TO LEAVE OUR SOLAR SYSTEM. BUT IN ORDER TO DO SO, THEY NEEDED MINERAL RESOURCES THAT ONLY EARTH COULD PROVIDE."



"IT BECAME NECESSARY TO CONQUER US, OR FAILING THAT, TO EXTERMINATE US AS THE VERMIN WE OBVIOUSLY WERE."

"THE BLACK GUARDS, THE TOOL OF THEIR CONQUEST, WERE CREATED OUT OF THE SELENITES, VERY SUBSTANCE..."



"KAVOR TRIED TO CONVINCE THEM NOT TO INVADE, BUT FAILED."

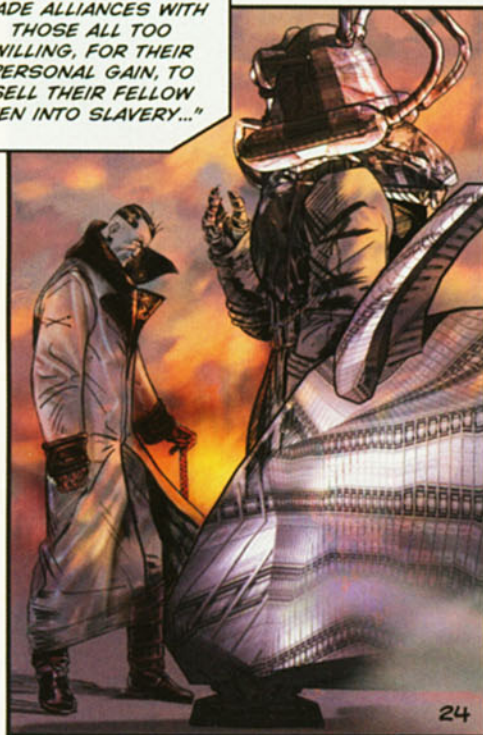


"IN 1916, AS THE WAR HAD REACHED ITS BLOODIEST POINT, EARTH'S ASTRONOMERS REACTED IN ASTONISHMENT..."



"THE MOON WAS MOVING CLOSER TO EARTH!"

"THE BLACK GUARDS MADE ALLIANCES WITH THOSE ALL TOO WILLING, FOR THEIR PERSONAL GAIN, TO SELL THEIR FELLOW MEN INTO SLAVERY..."



"VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS, EARTHQUAKES AND TIDAL WAVES TORE AT THE FRAGILE SURFACE OF THE WORLD. THE POLAR ICE MELTED AND HUNDREDS OF MEN WERE DROWNED..."



"SWARMS OF SELENITE SHIPS TOOK OVER WHAT REMAINED OF OUR ORGANIZED CIVILIZATION..."

"THE WAR BETWEEN MEN WAS OVER. THE INVASION OF EARTH HAD BEGUN."

"AN ORGANIZED RESISTANCE EMERGED, BUT TO LITTLE EFFECT, UNTIL I BEGAN RECEIVING RADIO MESSAGES FROM THE MOON ITSELF!"



HELLO! THIS IS KAVOR SPEAKING FROM THE MOON!

ROBUR HERE! I HEAR YOU, PROFESSOR!

IS ANYONE RECEIVING ME?



"THANKS TO KAVOR'S CLANDESTINE HELP, WE BEGAN TO MOUNT AN EFFECTIVE DEFENSE, BUT LAST YEAR, WE DECIDED IT WAS FINALLY TIME FOR HIM TO RETURN TO EARTH..."

THEY'RE STARTING TO SUSPECT ME, BUT I HAD TO TAKE THE RISK, ROBUR...

LOSING YOU IS A GREATER RISK FOR US, PROF. YOU'VE GOT TO COME BACK!

VERY WELL, MY FRIEND!

I'VE ARCHIVED AS MUCH OF THEIR SCIENCE AS I COULD UNDERSTAND ON THIS DISK.

WITH IT, WE CAN LAUNCH-- PROJECT GABRIEL.

THE SILVER DISK! SO THAT'S WHAT IT IS!

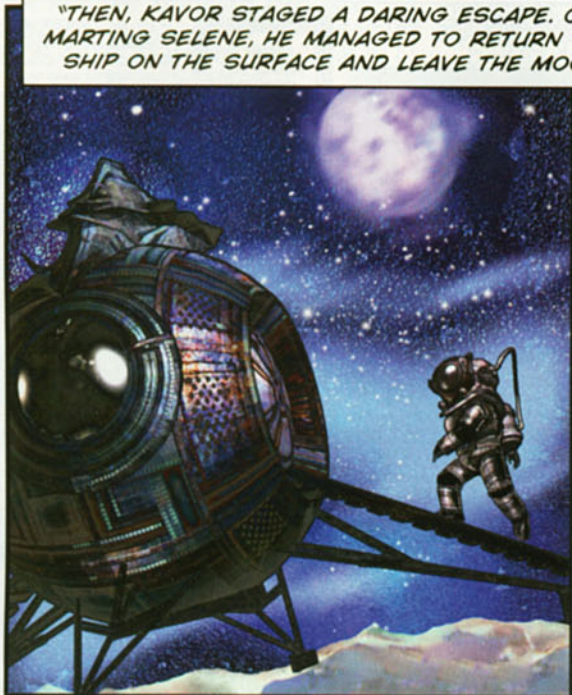
PROJECT GABRIEL? WHAT IS IT?

SORRY, BUT I CAN'T TELL YOU. ONLY THE COUNCIL KNOWS.

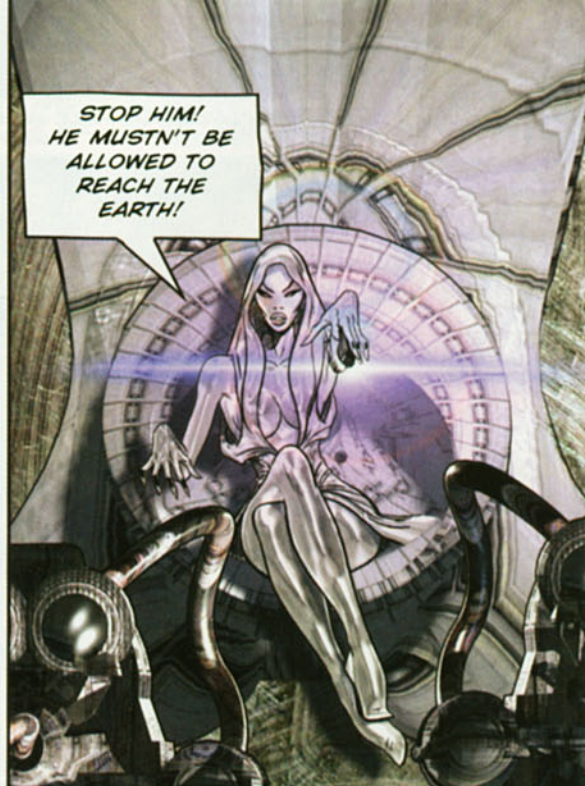
THE COUNCIL OF THE RESISTANCE... HMM... PLEASE CONTINUE...



"THEN, KAVOR STAGED A DARING ESCAPE. OUTSMARTING SELENE, HE MANAGED TO RETURN TO HIS SHIP ON THE SURFACE AND LEAVE THE MOON..."



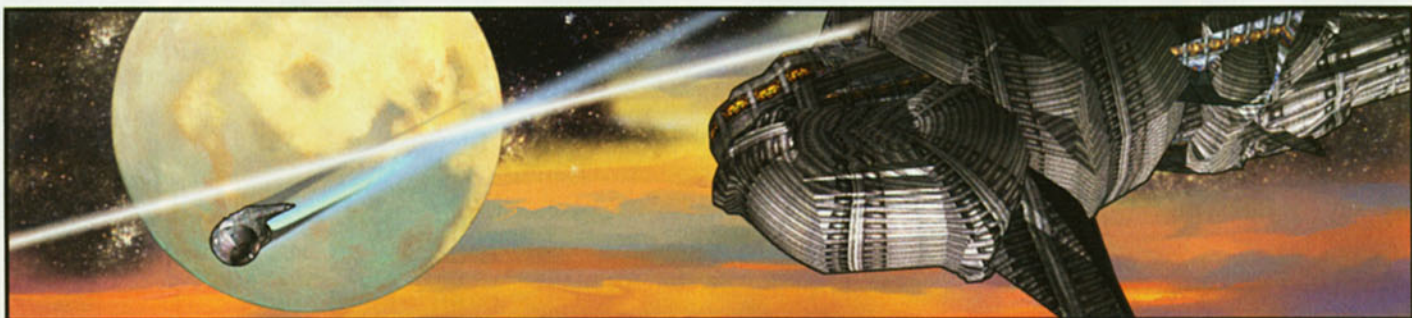
STOP HIM!  
HE MUSTN'T BE  
ALLOWED TO  
REACH THE  
EARTH!



WILL I EVER  
SEE MY HOME  
WORLD AGAIN?







YOU KNOW THE  
REST...

I TOOK KAVOR TO  
LONDON AND, WITH  
THE HELP OF OUR  
LATE FRIEND ANTE-  
KIRTT...

BUT GURN FOUND US AND  
RECAPTURED THE PROFESSOR. I  
HAD TO FEIGN MY DEATH TO  
TRAP GURN.

I'M ENTRUSTING YOU  
WITH THE DISK,  
GAYLE. YOU KNOW  
WHAT TO DO WITH IT.

YOU CAN COUNT ON  
ME, ROBUR. YOU  
KNOW WHAT I'M  
CAPABLE OF.



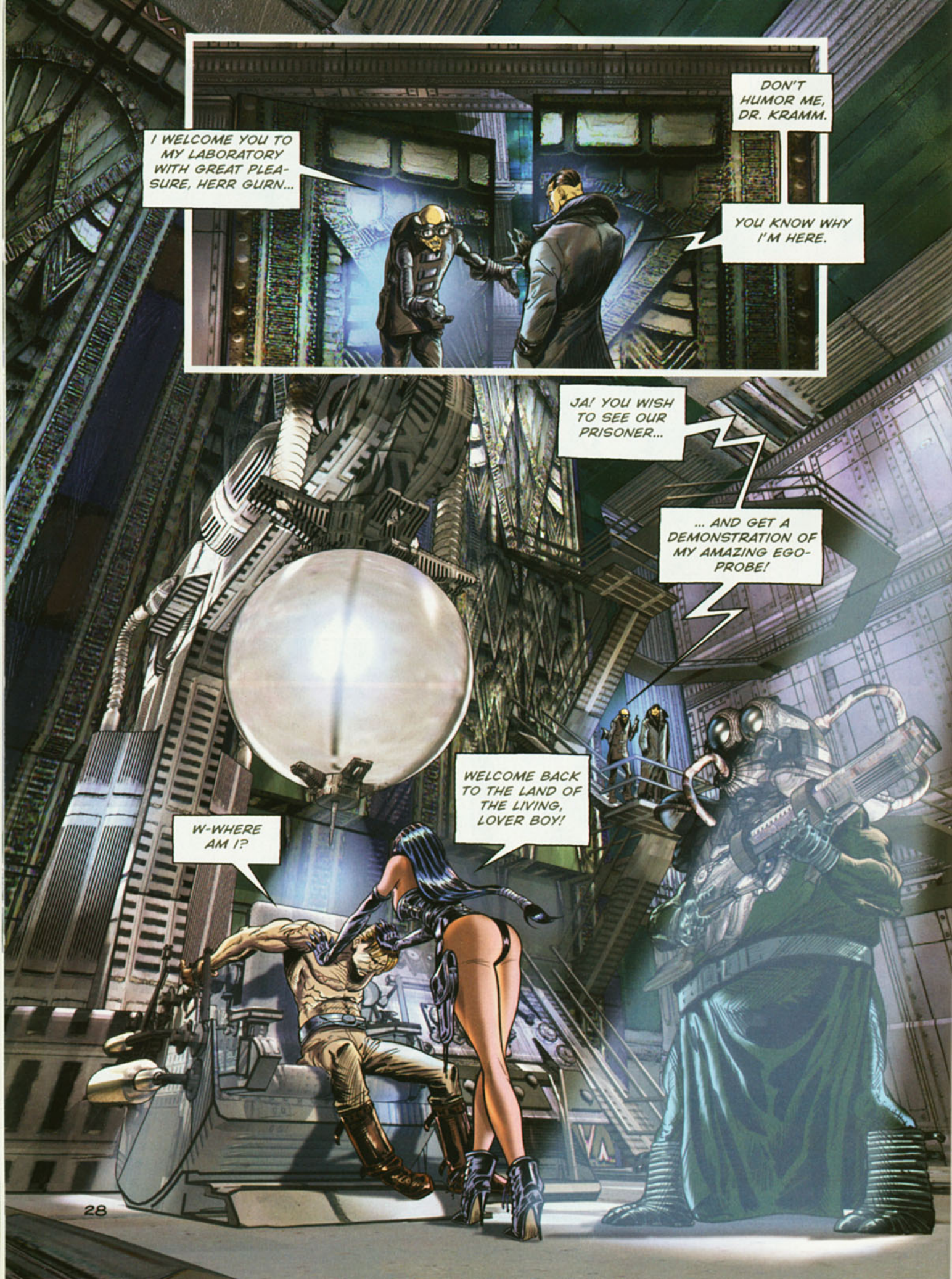
... WE BEGAN WORK ON  
PROJECT GABRIEL.



AS FOR ME, I NEED TO WALK STRAIGHT INTO THE  
LION'S DEN AND FREE KAVOR. BECAUSE WITHOUT  
HIM, PROJECT GABRIEL IS DOOMED TO FAIL!







I WELCOME YOU TO  
MY LABORATORY  
WITH GREAT PLEA-  
SURE, HERR GURN...

DON'T  
HUMOR ME,  
DR. KRAMM.

YOU KNOW WHY  
I'M HERE.

JAI! YOU WISH  
TO SEE OUR  
PRISONER...

... AND GET A  
DEMONSTRATION OF  
MY AMAZING EGO-  
PROBE!

W-WHERE  
AM I?

WELCOME BACK  
TO THE LAND OF  
THE LIVING,  
LOVER BOY!





YOUR  
PROBE?

THAT AUS-  
TRIAN DOC-  
TOR YOU  
HAD ME  
DEPORT TO  
THE  
MOON...

... WOULD  
NOT AGREE, I  
THINK...

HMPH.



TELL ME IF I GET IN  
THE WAY, DOCTOR.  
IT'S HARD TO  
RESIST A MAN...

... WHEN HE'S ALL  
TIED UP WITH NO  
PLACE TO GO!

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR  
TIME, JOSEPHINE! YOU  
TOO, KRAMM. NEITHER YOU  
NOR YOUR MACHINE WILL  
GET ANYTHING OUT OF ME.

TOUGH WORDS FOR A  
MAN IN YOUR POSI-  
TION, ROBUR!

I'LL ADMIT YOU  
HAD ME FOOLED  
WHEN YOU  
FAKED YOUR  
OWN DEATH...



AND I STILL DON'T  
QUITE KNOW HOW YOU  
GOT THE SILVER DISK  
OUT OF MY GRASP...

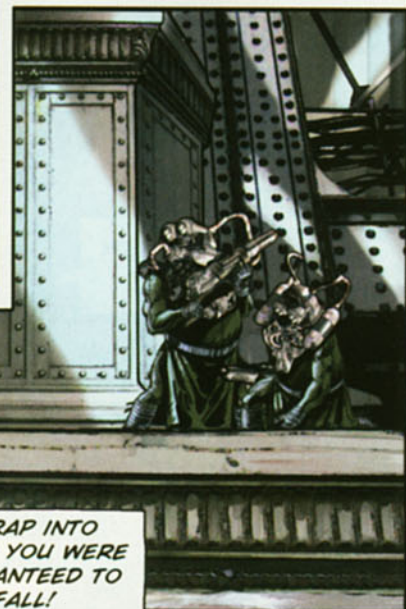
BUT I KNEW THAT AS LONG AS I HELD  
KAVOR, SOONER OR LATER, IF YOU  
WEREN'T REALLY DEAD, YOU'D COME TO  
ME...

YOU AND I ARE REAL-  
LY ALIKE IN MANY  
WAYS...

WE STRIKE LIKE PHANTOMS...  
NEVER WHEN AND WHERE  
OUR FOES EXPECT US...

TO OUTSMART YOU,  
I JUST HAD TO IMA-  
GINE WHAT I WOULD  
HAVE DONE HAD  
OUR POSITIONS  
BEEN REVERSED...



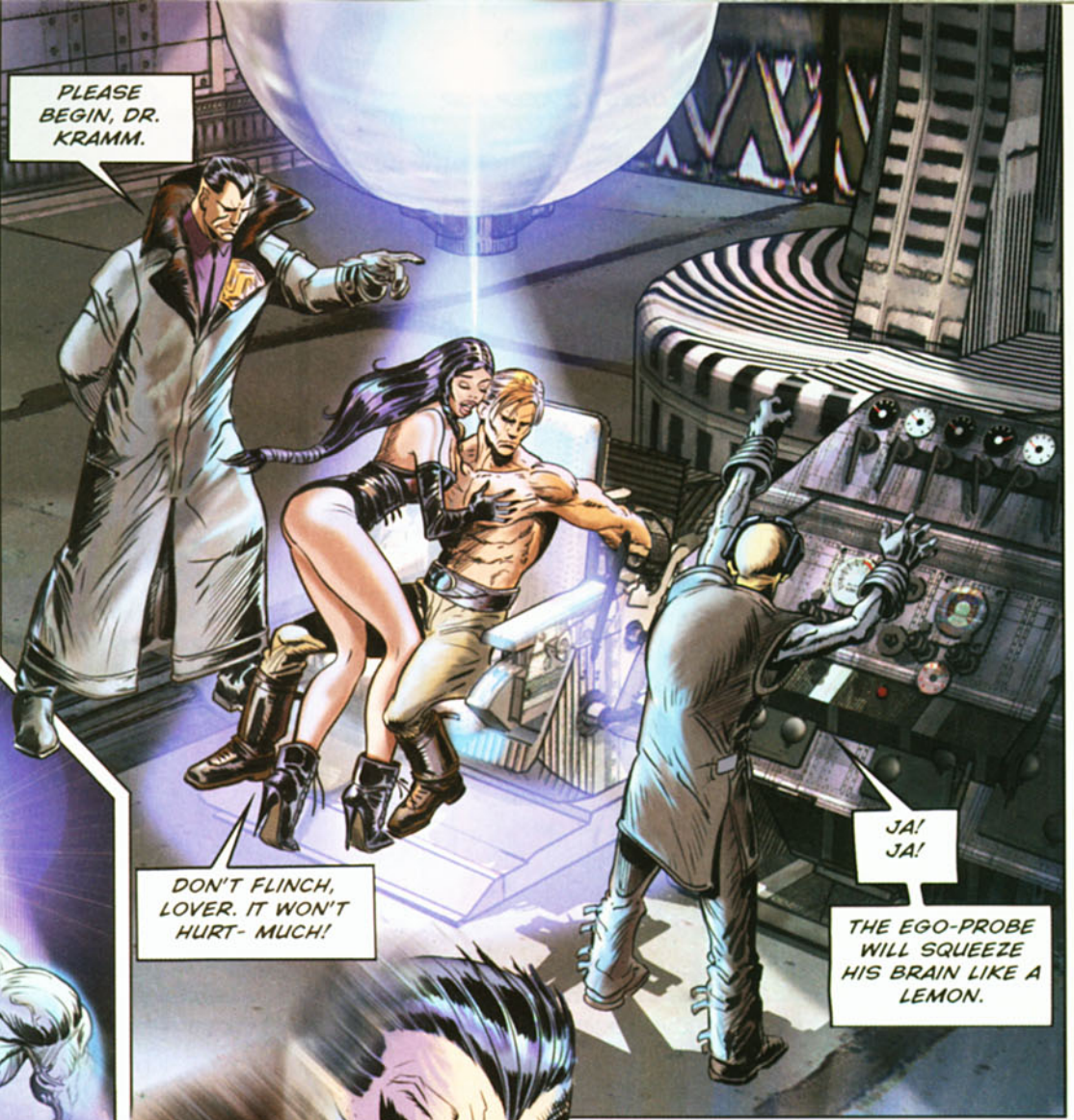






CHECK-MATE, ROBUR.

GO TO HELL, GURN!



PLEASE BEGIN, DR. KRAMM.

DON'T FLINCH, LOVER. IT WON'T HURT- MUCH!

JA!  
JA!

THE EGO-PROBE  
WILL SQUEEZE  
HIS BRAIN LIKE A  
LEMON.

AH-HA!  
I KNEW IT!

TAKE A SQUAD  
AND ARRESST  
THE WHOLE  
LOT OF THEM!

THE MERRY  
BAND OF  
CONSPIRATORS  
IS EXPOSED AT  
LAST!

JOSEPHINE!

YES  
GURN?

BUT DO NOT  
HARM MISS  
ARDAN...





THERE ARE CERTAIN JOBS ONE LIKES TO KEEP FOR ONESELF!

HA! HA! HA!

THE SELE-NITES! GRAB YOUR- ARGH!!

I HAVE TO GET AWAY AND PUT THE SECOND PART OF ROBUR'S PLAN IN ACTION.



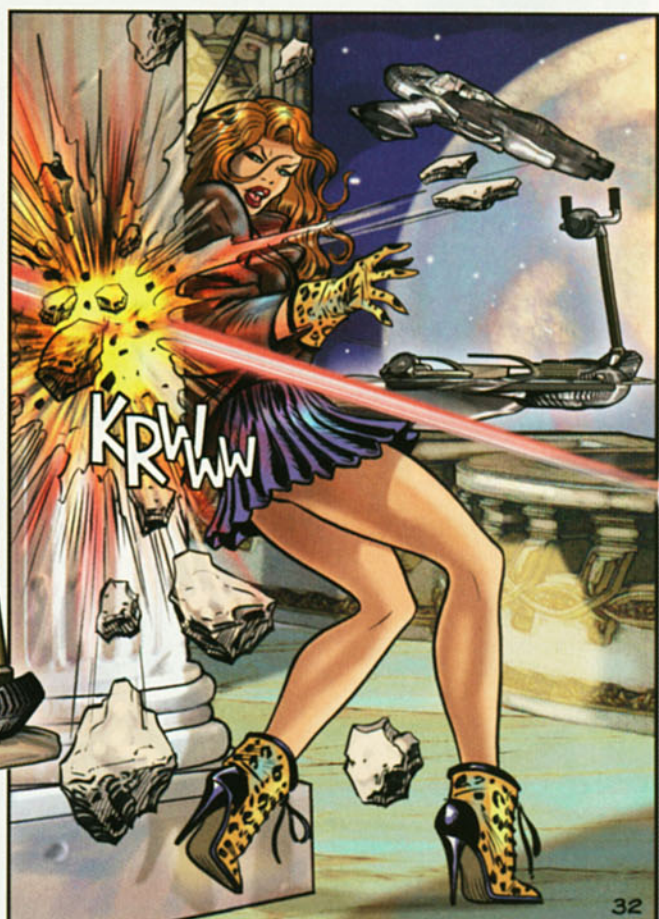
GAYLE ARDAN! FIND HER!



EVERYTHING DEPENDS ON ME!

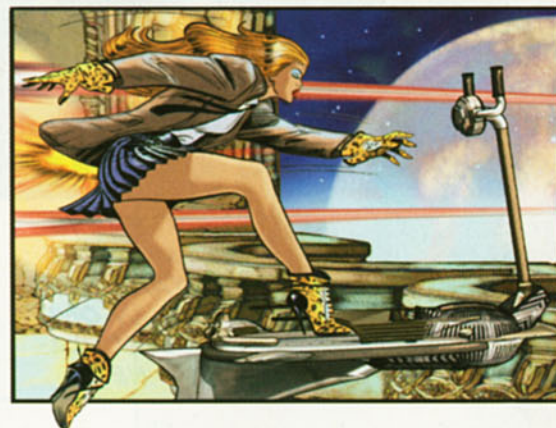


SO FAR, SO GOOD! I CAN USE THE AERO-DYNE TO--



KRWWW






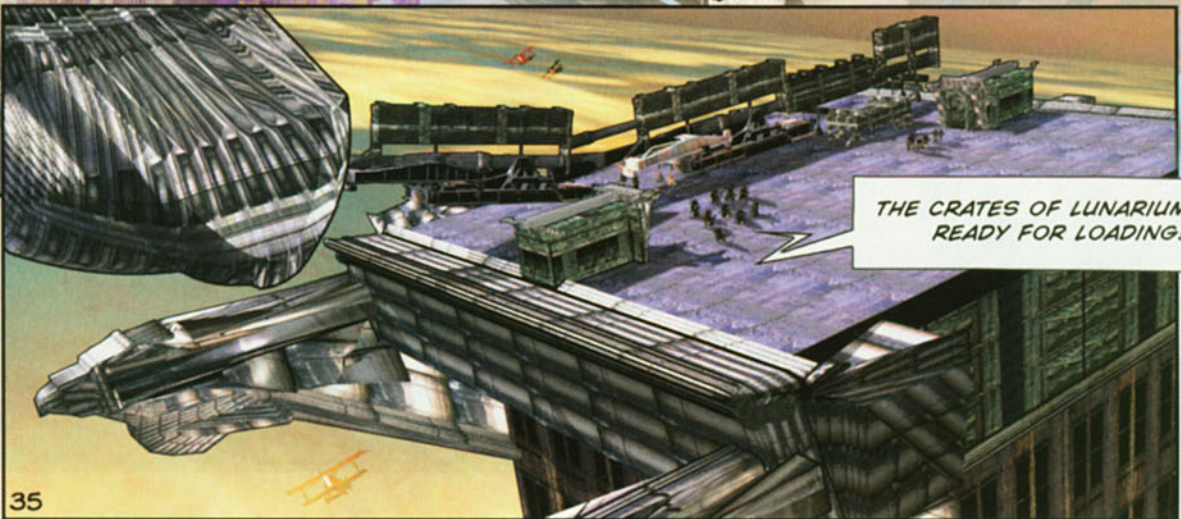








THE NEXT DAY, AT THE TOP  
OF GURN'S CITADEL...



THE CRATES OF LUNARIUM ARE  
READY FOR LOADING!





THERE'S STILL  
TIME, ROBUR...

IF YOU TELL ME  
YOUR SECRET, I  
CAN LET YOU  
ESCAPE...



SORRY, COUNTESS,  
BUT YOU CHOSE  
YOUR SIDE... IN  
BERLIN...

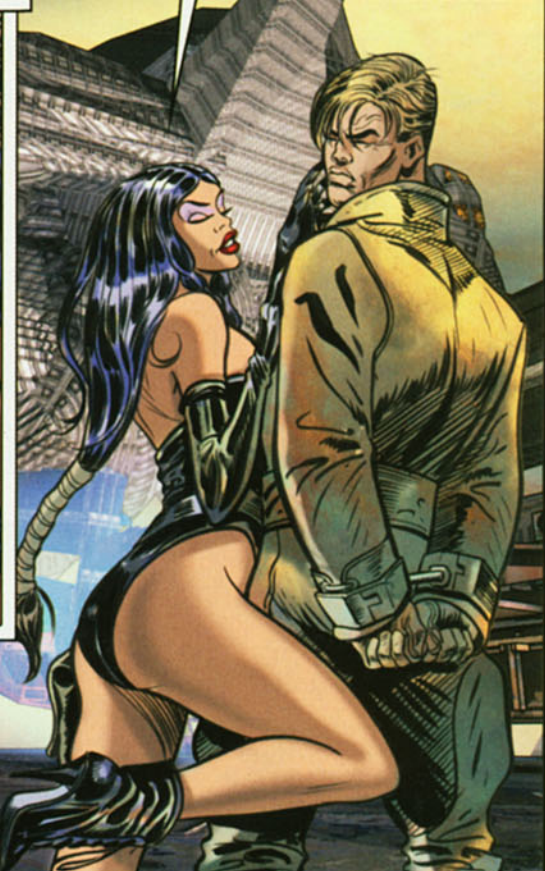
BESIDES, I'M NOT  
STUPID... YOU'RE  
DOING GURN'S DIRTY  
WORK, RIGHT?

SO WHAT? WE WORK  
WITH SELENITES BUT  
ONLY BECAUSE THEY'RE  
MORE POWERFUL...

TELL ME WHAT IT IS AND EVERYTHING  
COULD CHANGE. YOU COULD JOIN US  
AND...



BUT YOU, YOU  
KNOW SOME-  
THING THAT  
FRIGHTENED  
SELENE. DON'T  
DENY IT. I WAS  
THERE.



















EVERYTHING WENT ACCORDING TO PLAN?

LARRY!

NO PROBLEM! GAYLE PLAYED HER PART PERFECTLY!

"ONCE UNDERWATER, SHE USED THE PORTABLE BREATHING APPARATUS WE'D GIVEN HER..."

"... AND FOUND THE IKARUS RIGHT WHERE WE'D HIDDEN IT."

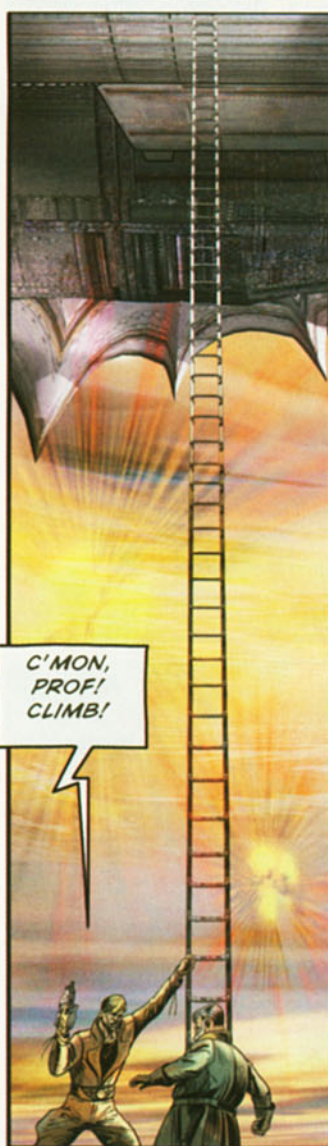


ABOARD, SHE GAVE THE SILVER DISK TO SEATON WHO HASN'T STOPPED WORKING ON THE GENERATORS SINCE THEN...

BUT THEY KILLED BARBICANE...

DAMN!













EVERYONE TO BATTLE STATIONS!

I'LL TAKE THE CONTROLS, KENT!

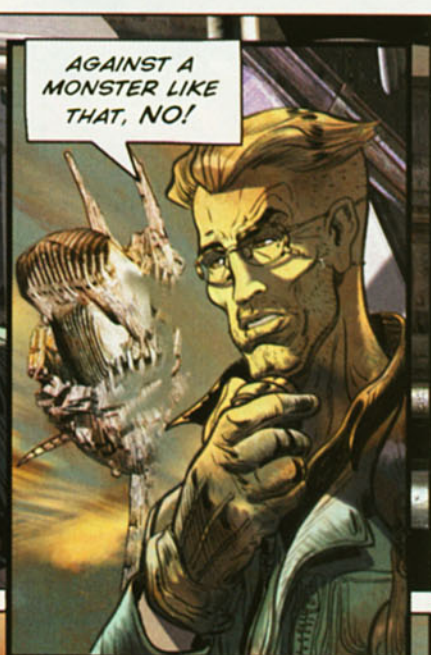


SEATON!  
ARE THE GENERATORS READY?



PURRING LIKE KITTENS, ROBUR. YOU WANT TO USE THE VRIL?

DO YOU SEE ANY OTHER WAY?



AGAINST A MONSTER LIKE THAT, NO!

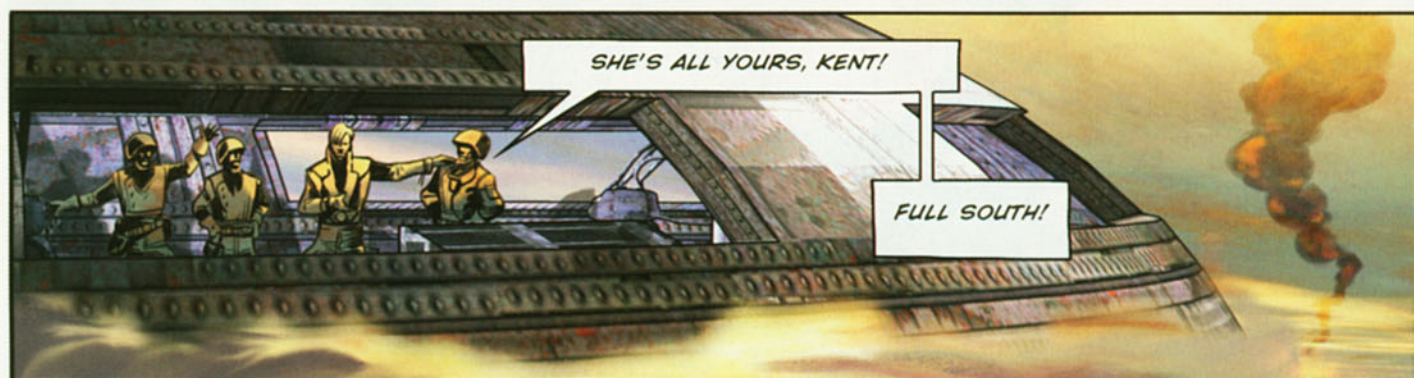


THEN LET'S GO!

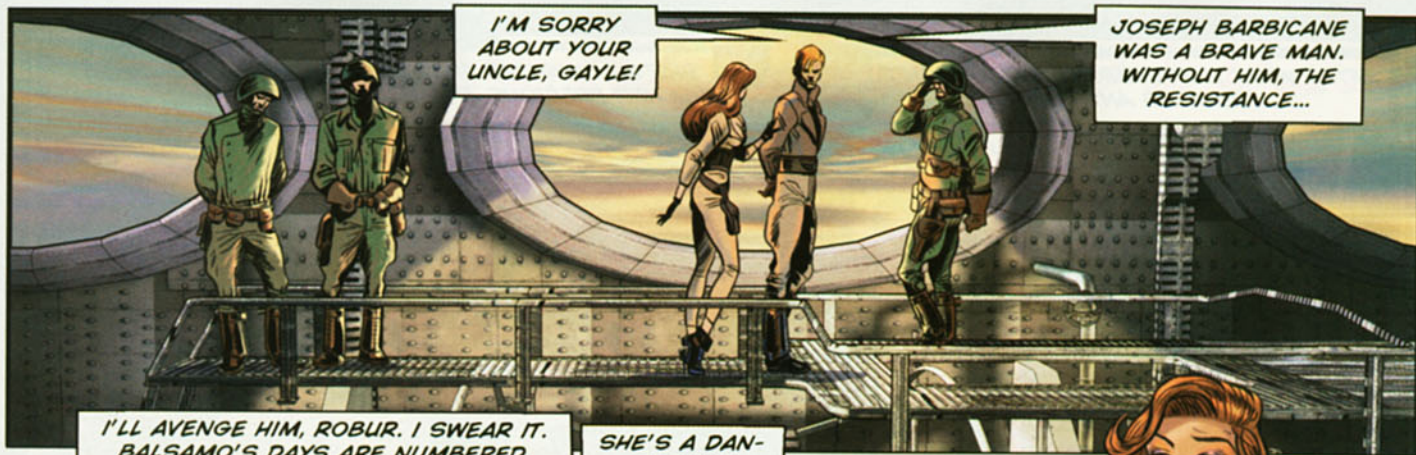


PREPARE THE VRIL GUN!









I'M SORRY ABOUT YOUR UNCLE, GAYLE!

JOSEPH BARBICANE WAS A BRAVE MAN. WITHOUT HIM, THE RESISTANCE...

I'LL AVENGE HIM, ROBUR. I SWEAR IT. BALSAMO'S DAYS ARE NUMBERED.

SHE'S A DANGEROUS WOMAN...

SO AM I, ROBUR!

I DON'T WANT TO LOSE... THE NEWEST MEMBER OF MY CREW!



IS THAT ALL I AM TO YOU?



MEANWHILE, IN GURN'S BEDROOM IN NEW YORK...

OUR SELENITE MASTERS ARE MOST UNHAPPY.



THEY SENT KRAMM TO BERLIN TO GET DOC ZYLLBER...

WHAT DO I CARE?



AFTER WHAT HAPPENED, SELENE DOESN'T TRUST US ANYMORE...

SHE'S CONVINCED THAT ONLY HER PRECIOUS ARYAN...

ALL I WANT IS TO GET EVEN WITH...

... THAT BAS-TARD ROBUR!

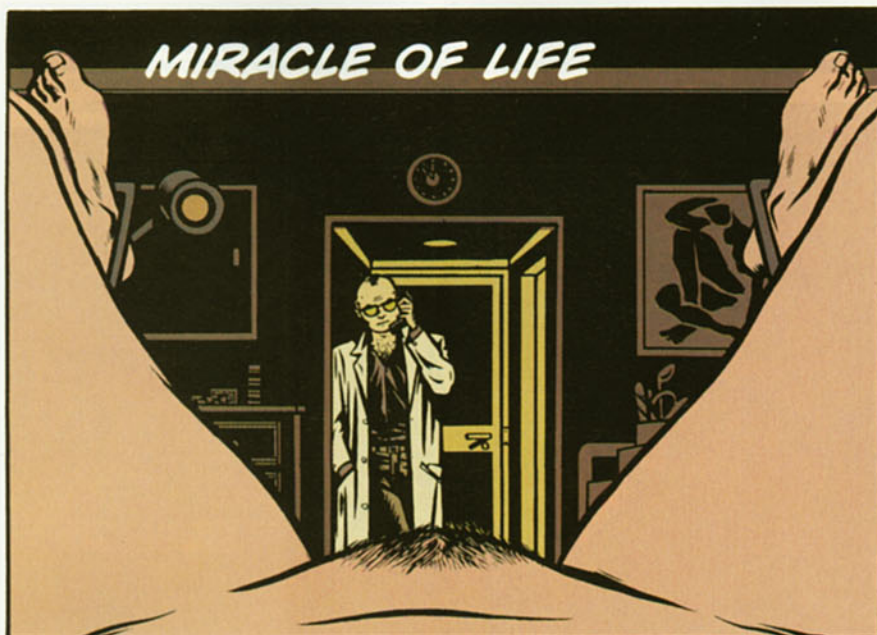
... IS POWERFUL ENOUGH TO DESTROY ROBUR!

L'officien  
Formosa

ROBUR



# MIRACLE OF LIFE



JUST A LITTLE WHILE AGO, I WAS WITH MARIE GENERO AT THE CAFETERIA. I LOOKED AT HER AND WONDERED WHY I EVER LET HER INTO MY LIFE AND TOOK HER UNDER MY WING.

I LOVE THIS FLASHING HAT!

DO YOU?



WE HAD NOTHING IN COMMON... I WAS ALMOST 10 YEARS OLDER THAN HER... SO, WHAT WAS IT? WAS IT MY REPRESSED MATERNAL INSTINCT TRYING TO EXPRESS ITSELF? NO! ANYTHING BUT THAT!

YES!



AND WHAT WAS SHE LOOKING FOR? A GURU?... AS SOON AS I OPENED MY MOUTH, SHE LOOKED AT ME LIKE I WAS DISPENSING ENLIGHTENMENT.

YOU MEAN IT?

I SWEAR.



IT'S SO PATHETIC, I WANT TO LAUGH IN HER FACE.

I'M TENSE. IT MUST BE BECAUSE I'M TRYING SO HARD TO MAKE THE DOCTOR THINK I'M RELAXED.



AND THE WAY SHE ACTS SO LIBERATED... LIKE WE COULD BE EQUALS EVEN THOUGH SHE'S NEVER EVEN FUCKED BEFORE. I MEAN, IT'S A BIG DIFFERENCE, ISN'T IT?

I MEAN, SHE'S JUST FUNDAMENTALLY NOT THERE YET.



BACK THERE IN THE LOCKER ROOM, I WANTED TO MAKE IT CLEAR. I LET HER WATCH ME CHANGE. I WANTED HER TO SEE ME NAKED AND I WANTED IT TO MAKE HER FEEL INADEQUATE.



I THINK IT BOTHERED HER. BUT WHEN I WAS DONE GETTING DRESSED, SHE STARTED LAUGHING BECAUSE OUR CLOTHES WERE ALMOST EXACTLY THE SAME. WE LOOKED LIKE SISTERS.



I WAS SO MAD.



RIGHT NOW MARIE IS NEXT DOOR IN THE WAITING ROOM. SHE WANTS TO GET A PRESCRIPTION FOR THE PILL BECAUSE SHE'S AFRAID HER FAMILY DOCTOR WILL TELL HER PARENTS.



ACTUALLY, I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT SHE WANTS FROM ME. SHE WANTS ME TO HOLD HER HAND WHEN THE GUY JUMPS ON HER. A SEXUAL CHAPERONE. IT'S UNDERSTANDABLE, AFTER ALL. AHA! THE ARTIST ARRIVES. NOW, HIS FIRST WORDS SHOULD BE, "SO, IS EVERYTHING OKAY? ANYTHING TO REPORT?"



SOON, HE'LL ASK ME TO COUGH AND I'LL CLOSE MY EYES. I CAN SEE MYSELF WITH DENIS LAST NIGHT. WHY AM I THINKING ABOUT THAT?



I DIDN'T WANT TO FUCK BUT I DIDN'T DARE TELL HIM. I'VE NEVER SAID NO TO HIM BEFORE AND I WAS AFRAID HE'D TAKE IT BADLY.



I STARTED TO SUCK HIM. SLOWLY. THEN HE PUT SOMETHING IN MY MOUTH AND I STARTED WITH THAT, SUCKED IT UNTIL IT MELTED.



WE ENDED UP ON THE BED. I GRABBED THE HEADBOARD AND I HELD ONTO IT HARDER AND HARDER. I THOUGHT I'D BREAK IT WITH MY HANDS.



THAT STUPID PILLOW... MARIE GAVE IT TO ME. I CHANGED POSITIONS SO I WOULDN'T HAVE TO LOOK AT IT.



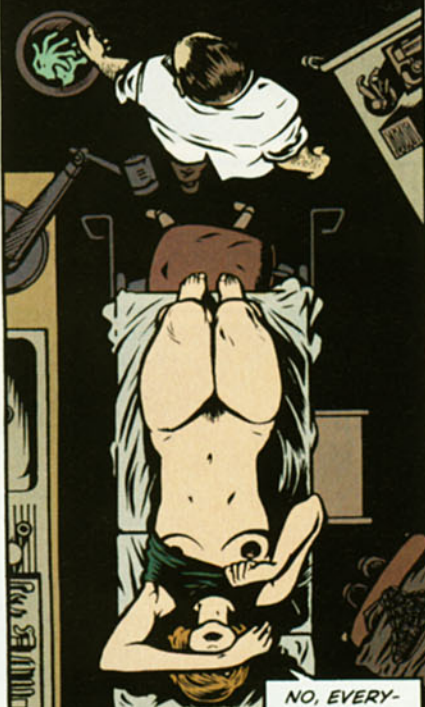
BUT IT DIDN'T WORK. DENIS COULD TELL THAT NEITHER OF US WAS GOING TO MAKE HIM HARD AND THAT MADE HIM MAD. HE DUG HIS THUMBS INTO MY BREASTS.





WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME, DAMN IT?... FUCKING IS THE LAST THING A NORMAL GIRL SHOULD HAVE ON HER MIND WHEN SHE'S AT THE GYNECOLOGIST, RIGHT?... AND THAT LITTLE STRIPTEASE OF MARIE'S... IT WAS RIDICULOUS! I MUST BE SICK.

IS SOMETHING WRONG?



NO, EVERYTHING IS FINE.

I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM ERIC FOR TWO WEEKS. MAYBE THAT'S MY PROBLEM. I HAD SOME TRIP WITH THAT JERK.



ANYWAY, WHAT IS TRUE IS THAT THE WOMEN ARE TOUGHER. THEY KNOW EXACTLY HOW MUCH PAIN YOU CAN TAKE.

I DIDN'T HURT YOU, DID I?



YES.

WHEN I COME HERE I ALWAYS THINK OF HIS THEORY ABOUT GYNECOLOGISTS.... THE MEN ARE SEXUAL OBSESSIVES AND THE WOMEN ARE FEMINIST LESBOS.

WHAT'S MAKING YOU SMILE?

NOTHING



ARE YOU PLANNING ON BABIES?...

YES, BABY FLIES.

EXCUSE ME?

NOTHING, I WAS KIDDING.



AN ARMY OF BABY FLIES TO ATTACK MARIE, THE BIG BABY... THE DOCTOR TAKES MY BLOOD PRESSURE. I GET DRESSED.



I PAY HIM AND HE GIVES ME THE ENVELOPE FOR THE LAB. I SHOULD REMIND HIM THAT ALL THAT'S INSIDE IS A VAGINAL SMEAR. THAT WOULD WIPE THAT USED CAR SALESMAN SMILE OFF HIS FACE.



GOODBYE, DOCTOR.

I GO OUT TO THE WAITING ROOM. MARIE ISN'T THERE ANYMORE AND THERE'S ANOTHER GIRL SITTING IN HER PLACE. LIKE SOMEONE HAD COME IN AND CHANGED THE CHANNEL.





I LOOK FOR THE SECRETARY AND FIND HER IN THE MEDICAL OFFICE PARKING LOT.

YOUR FRIEND LEFT SUDDENLY AND SHE FORGOT HER HAT. HERE, I TRIED TO CATCH UP WITH HER BUT THE CAR THAT PICKED HER UP DROVE AWAY.



FROM HER DESCRIPTION IT SOUNDS LIKE DENIS' CAR. I TELL HER NOT TO WORRY. I APOLOGIZE TO HER FOR MARIE AND I START THE CAR.

SHE'S STARTING TO PISS ME OFF!

THE HAT STARTS FLASHING.



THE CAFETERIA'S FEMALE EMPLOYEES ARE SUPPOSED TO WEAR THESE SANTA HATS AROUND THE HOLIDAYS. WHEN I UNPACKED THEM THIS MORNING THE GIRLS WERE GOING CRAZY.



I WATCHED THEM FROM THE BAR. THEY LOOKED LIKE CHICKENS FIGHTING OVER EARTHWORMS. FLORENCE WAS THE WORST OF ALL. SHE'S ONE OF THE OLDEST GIRLS WHO WORKS THERE. SHE ALWAYS TAKES THIS KIND OF THING VERY SERIOUSLY. SHE GOT THE OTHERS JUST AS HYSTERICAL AS SHE WAS.



FLORENCE USED TO BE ALL RIGHT... BUT SINCE THE BABIES- THEY'RE TWINS- SHE'S TURNED INTO AN OLD LADY. SHE DRESSES BADLY NOW, NOTHING SEXY AT ALL AND THE KIDS ARE THE ONLY THING SHE'S INTERESTED IN.



AND TOBACCO IS PUBLIC ENEMY #1.

ONE DAY SHE BROUGHT THEM TO WORK AND THEY WOULDN'T STOP CRYING. THEY WERE DRESSED EXACTLY ALIKE AND THEY HAD THOSE SNOTTY FACES... THEY WERE TERRIFYING... BUT FLORENCE WAS IN HEAVEN.



NOW SHE'S TELLING US ABOUT HER GYM CLASSES WHERE SHE GETS THE STRENGTH BACK IN HER PERINEUM ALONG WITH THE OTHER "MOMMIES". TO HEAR HER TELL IT, IT'S WONDERFUL. WHY DON'T I BELIEVE HER?



THE BEST I CAN IMAGINE IS THAT IT'S LIKE A TUPPERWARE PARTY WHERE EVERYONE'S TALKING ABOUT INCONTINENCE... I STOP THE CAR. I FEEL LIKE CRYING.



I MISS ERIC.



WHEN I OPEN MY EYES AGAIN, A QUARTER OF AN HOUR HAS GONE BY. I'M LATE. IN THE REARVIEW MIRROR, A RED SPOT RUSHES TOWARD THE CITY CENTER. DENIS' CAR.



I CUT ACROSS SEVERAL PARKING LOTS AND THEN I SWERVE RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM. HE PRACTICALLY CRASHES INTO ME.



SAL? ARE YOU CRAZY? JESUS!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH HER?... MAKING UP FOR LAST NIGHT? MARIE, GET OUT!



SHE'S THE ONE WHO CALLED ME. SHE FLIPPED OUT BACK THERE. WE WERE COMING TO GET YOU.

WE JUST WENT FOR A DRINK, I SWEAR TO GOD.



WHAT DOES THAT MEAN? YOU THINK YOU COULD'VE BEEN DOING SOMETHING ELSE?... WHO THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, MARIE? YOU'RE A LITTLE VIRGIN AND MY BOYFRIEND ISN'T GOING TO HELP YOU OUT, GOT IT?...



I WAS SIX INCHES AWAY FROM HER WHEN I SAID THAT. NOW SHE LOOKS LIKE I HIT HER. A CAR PULLS UP, IT'S FLORENCE. HER SHIFT IS OVER.



SHE ASKS ME IF I HAD AN ACCIDENT, IF THAT'S WHY I'M LATE. I TELL HER NO AND SHE SAYS I'M GONNA CATCH HELL FROM THE CHEF, AND WHO'S THAT? YOUR LITTLE SISTER?...

NO, MY LITTLE DOG.



IN A MINUTE FLORENCE WILL BE GONE. IN AN HOUR SHE'LL BE NURSING HER TWINS. I LOOK AT THE STARS FLASHING ON THE EDGE OF HER HAT. IN A MONTH THE YEAR WILL BE OVER.





# ULTIMATE PARANOIA- GHOSTTOWN GANGSTERS







MAYBE YOU CAN HELP US... WE'RE TRYING TO GET IN TOUCH WITH MRS. AMINATA SARI... DOES THE NAME RING A BELL?



DON'T BE AFRAID... WE WON'T HURT YOU. DO YOU UNDERSTAND? JUST LET US KNOW IF...



YOU WAIT HERE.



GO GET GRANDMA, CHELE...

... AND HURRY. I'LL WATCH THE GRINGOS.

GRAND-MA!

GRAND-MA!



HELLO...

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, HAN SOLO. I'LL HANDLE THIS NOW. GO USE THE FORCE TO CLEAN UP YOUR ROOM.

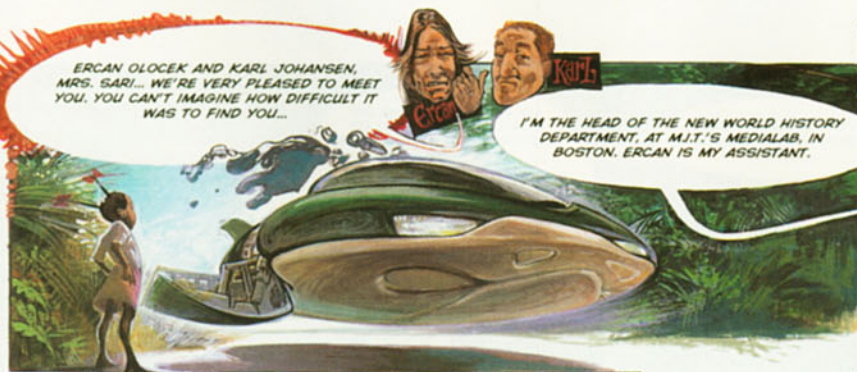
PLEASE EXCUSE US FOR INTRUDING ON YOU, MA'AM...

MA'AM...

ARE YOU AMINATA SARI?

SPEAKING! BUT I'M SURPRISED. I'M NOT USED TO RECEIVING VISITS ANYMORE, YUNO... ESPECIALLY FROM STRANGERS. SO... TO WHAT DO I OWE THIS HONOR?





ERCAN OLOCEK AND KARL JOHANSEN, MRS. SARI... WE'RE VERY PLEASED TO MEET YOU. YOU CAN'T IMAGINE HOW DIFFICULT IT WAS TO FIND YOU...

I'M THE HEAD OF THE NEW WORLD HISTORY DEPARTMENT, AT M.I.T.'S MEDIALAB, IN BOSTON. ERCAN IS MY ASSISTANT.



ARE YOU TRYING TO FRIGHTEN ME? I THOUGHT THE U.S. WAS UNDER QUARANTINE. THEY LET YOU OUT?

YOU MUST BE VERY IMPORTANT.



WE'RE ACTING UNDER THE HIGHLY LEGAL AUSPICES OF THE PROJECT KNOWN AS "HONORABLE ATONEMENT". YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR, MRS. SARI.

THESE ARE OUR CREDENTIALS. WE SHOULD LIKE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT A HIGHLY SENSITIVE ISSUE, MRS. SARI.

WE'RE ARCHAEOLOGISTS. WE'RE WORKING ON THE PROJECT FOR THE INTERNATIONAL REHABILITATION OF OUR COUNTRY, CONCERNING THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF AMSTERDAM 49 AND THE SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE OF GHOSTTOWN.

I BELIEVE YOU KNEW RATKO JUNGIC WELL...



OH, SO THAT'S IT! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO BLAME ME FOR? GO HOME!

THE THIN COATING OF GOLD VARNISH ON YOUR CIVILIZATION HAS CHIPPED OFF, AND I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT.

I DON'T SEE WHY YOU'RE INTERESTED IN ME. I'M AN OLD WOMAN...

YUNO...

I CAME TO THIS REMOTE PLACE...

... IN SEARCH OF PEACE. I HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE...

... AND NO EXPLANATIONS TO GIVE BABYLON. GO NOW...



... AND LET THE DEAD REST IN PEACE. THIS IS MY ONLY WISH.



I'M SORRY BUT I MUST INSIST, MRS. SARI, AT THIS POINT IN OUR INVESTIGATION, YOU'RE THE ONLY PERSON WHO CAN HELP US. WE CAN'T GIVE UP NOW.

WE CAN'T IMPOSE ANYTHING ON YOU, BUT I PROMISE YOU THAT YOU WILL NOT BE TROUBLED OR DISTURBED BY ANYONE. WE'RE HISTORIANS - NOT JUDGES OR COPS...

OUR TASK IS TO FIND OUT EXACTLY WHAT ROLE THE UNITED STATES PLAYED IN THIS DISASTROUS AFFAIR...

... AND WE BELIEVE THAT YOU HAVE PROOF OF RATKO JUNGIC'S INNOCENCE.



GIVE ME SOME TIME TO THINK ABOUT IT.





FUCKIN' HEAT! AND THE  
OLD WOMAN'S NOT EASY...



IT'S NOT OVER YET.  
BUT SO LONG AS SHE  
DOESN'T...



HEY, YOU! JUST A MINUTE!



BRING THAT BACK  
RIGHT AWAY!



SHIT! WHAT'S  
THIS HORROR?

BE  
CAREFUL,  
ERCAN!



DO YOU THINK HE HAS  
SOMETHING AGAINST US?  
WALK BACK SLOWLY  
TOWARD THE HOUSE. I'VE  
GOT TO FIND SOMEONE  
WHO... SHIT!

AND DON'T...

... MAKE ANY ABRUPT  
MOVEMENTS...



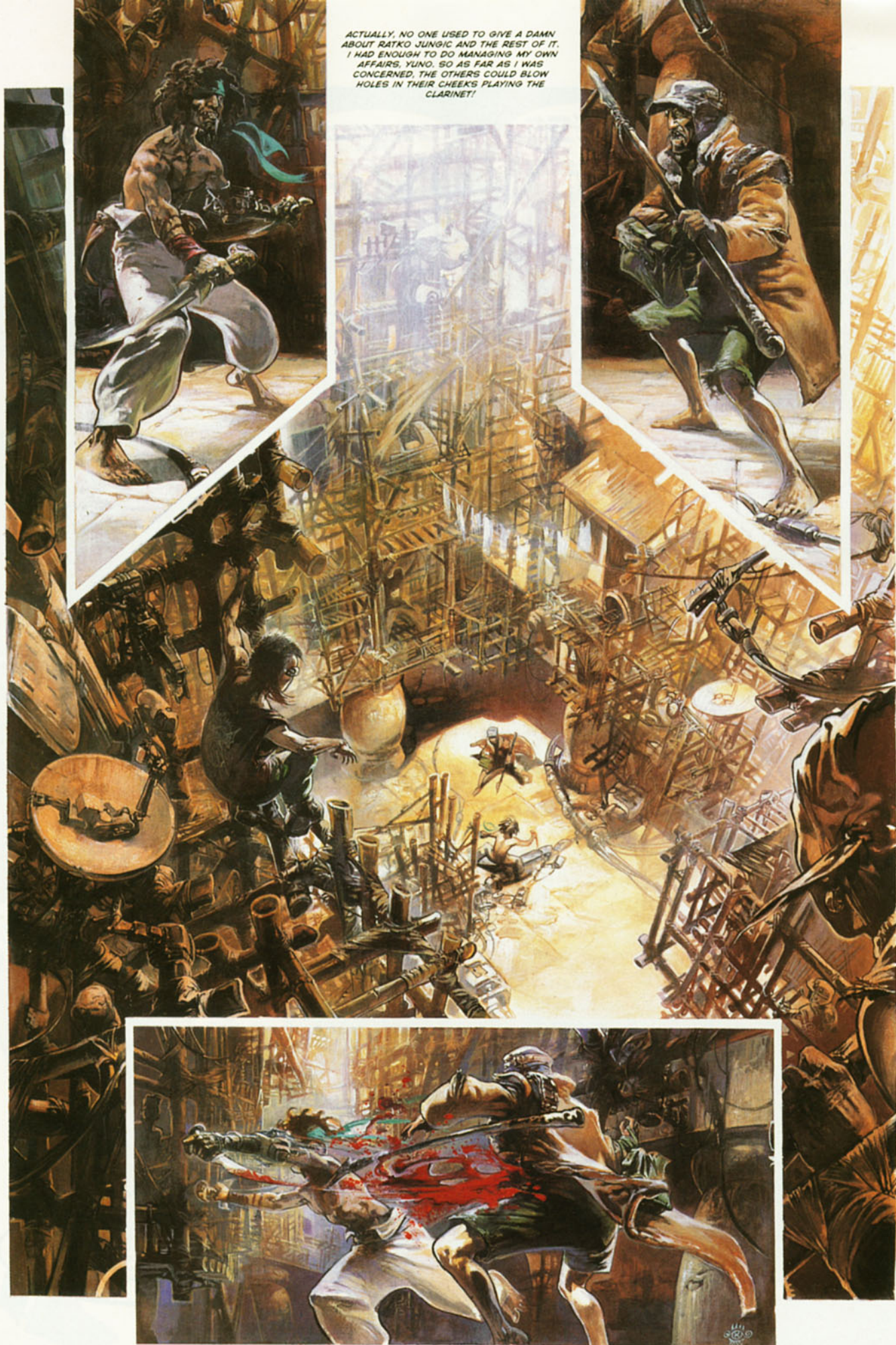
JIMMY! WHAT ARE YOU UP  
TO NOW? I'VE TOLD YOU A  
THOUSAND TIMES NOT TO PLAY  
WITH THAT! YOU'RE GOING TO  
BREAK IT...







ACTUALLY, NO ONE USED TO GIVE A DAMN  
ABOUT RATKO JUNGIC AND THE REST OF IT.  
I HAD ENOUGH TO DO MANAGING MY OWN  
AFFAIRS, YUNO. SO AS FAR AS I WAS  
CONCERNED, THE OTHERS COULD BLOW  
HOLES IN THEIR CHEEKS PLAYING THE  
CLARINET!







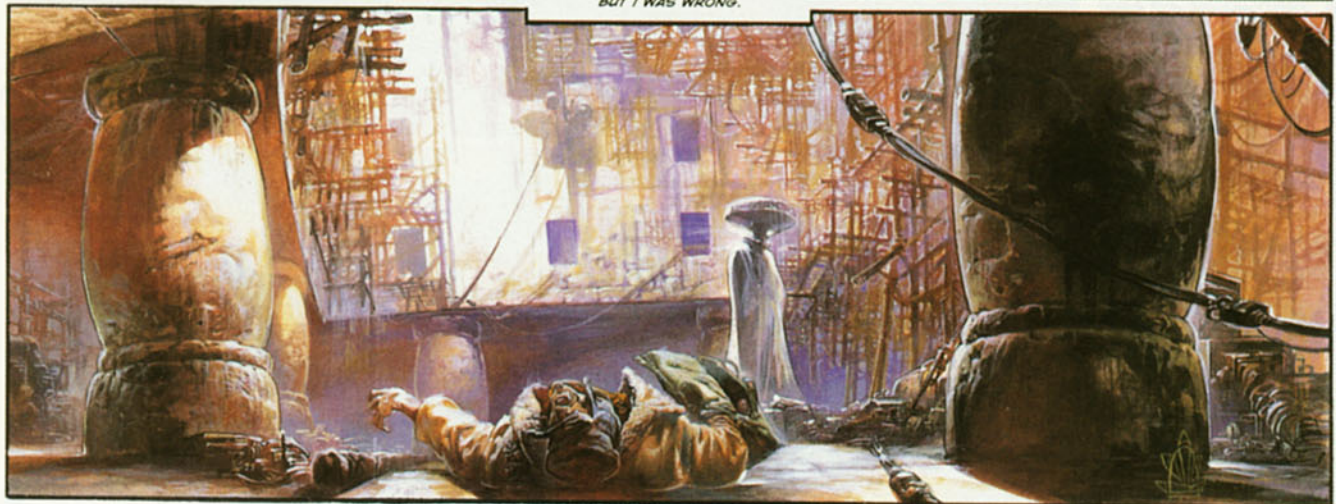
... I WAS PREPARED TO MAKE COUNTLESS SACRIFICES SO LONG AS I WAS LEFT IN PEACE, YUNO. HAVING LEARNED TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE SYSTEM THAT GOVERNED US, I HAD NO INTENTION OF REVEALING ITS BRUTALITY.



THE DAY IT ALL BEGAN, I DIDN'T THINK THERE WERE ANY BELIEFS IN THE WORLD THAT WERE WORTH DYING FOR.



BUT I WAS WRONG.



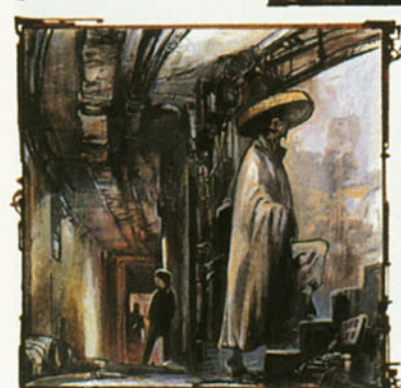




EVEN AS A CHILD HIDING UNDER MY BED, I COULD HEAR ASSASSINS SHARPENING THEIR KNIVES. MY MOTHER USED TO COMFORT ME...

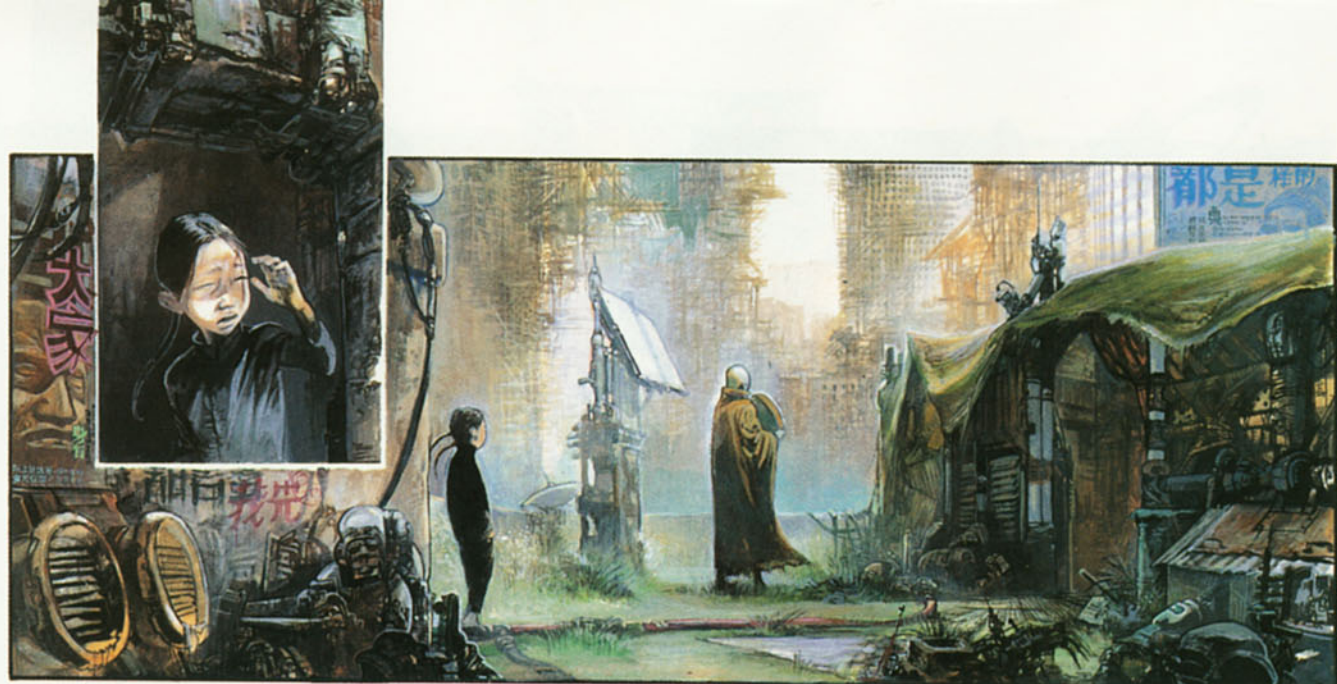


... BY SINGING SOFTLY IN THE DARK, HER SONG WAS ABOUT A KIND FATHER, A PRETTY MOTHER, AND A DOG THAT DIDN'T BITE THE HAND THAT FED IT...

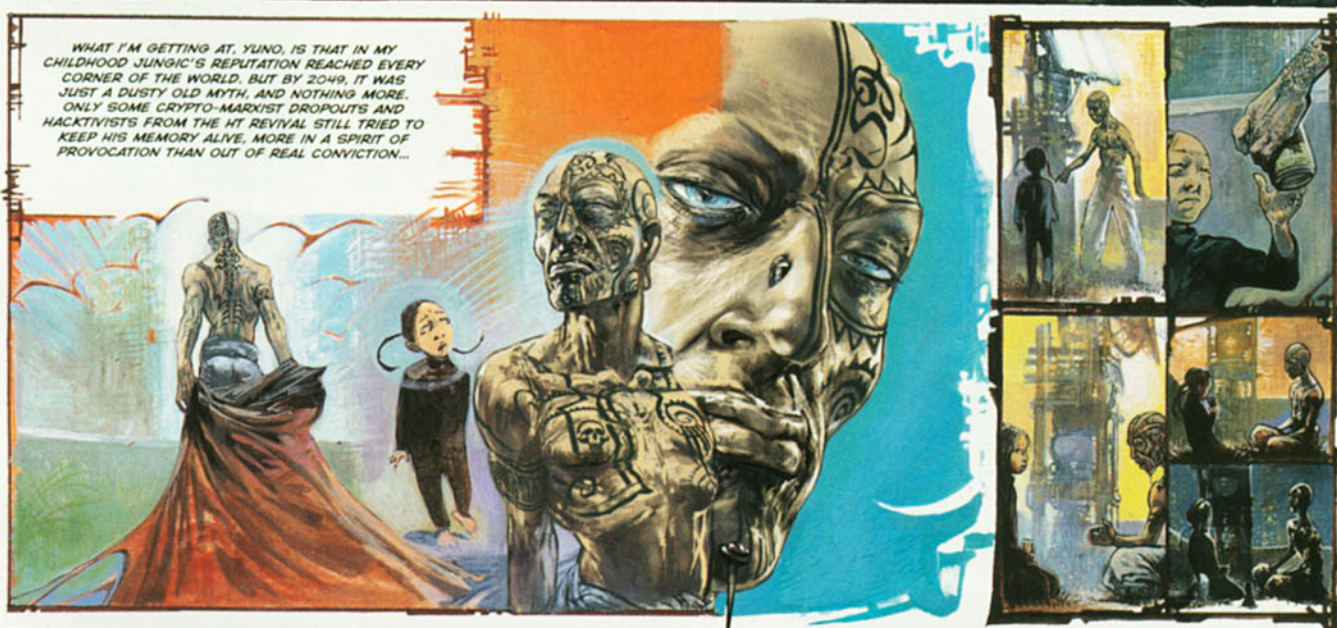


... THE SONG HAD A STRANGE MELODY WITH JARRING SOUNDS THAT SERVED AS A CONSTANT REMINDER THAT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO LIVE IN PEACE WITH YOUR EYES WIDE OPEN.





WHAT I'M GETTING AT, YUNO, IS THAT IN MY CHILDHOOD JUNGIE'S REPUTATION REACHED EVERY CORNER OF THE WORLD. BUT BY 2049, IT WAS JUST A DUSTY OLD MYTH, AND NOTHING MORE. ONLY SOME CRYPTO-MARKIST DROPOUTS AND HACKTIVISTS FROM THE HT REVIVAL STILL TRIED TO KEEP HIS MEMORY ALIVE, MORE IN A SPIRIT OF PROVOCATION THAN OUT OF REAL CONVICTION...

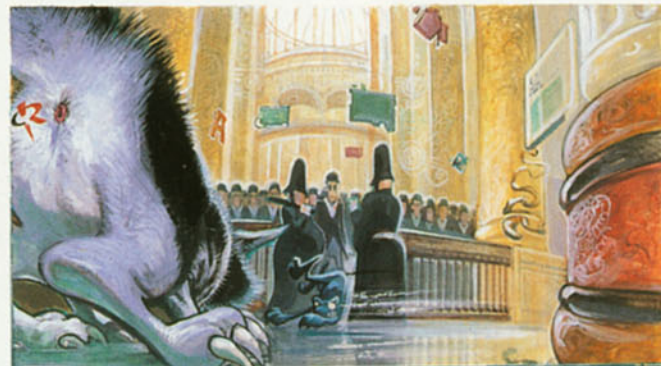
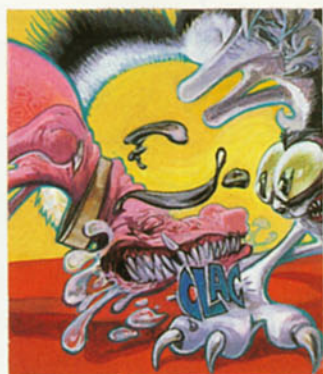


OF COURSE, AT THE INSTITUTE WE ALL KNEW HOW MUCH WE OWED HIM. THAT WAS PART OF OUR TRAINING... BUT NO ONE EVER TALKED ABOUT HIM, YUNO...

THERE HAD BEEN MANY CRAZY LEGENDS AND RUMORS ABOUT HIS DISAPPEARANCE, BUT TWENTY YEARS LATER, HE WAS DEAD IN MOST OF OUR MEMORIES.

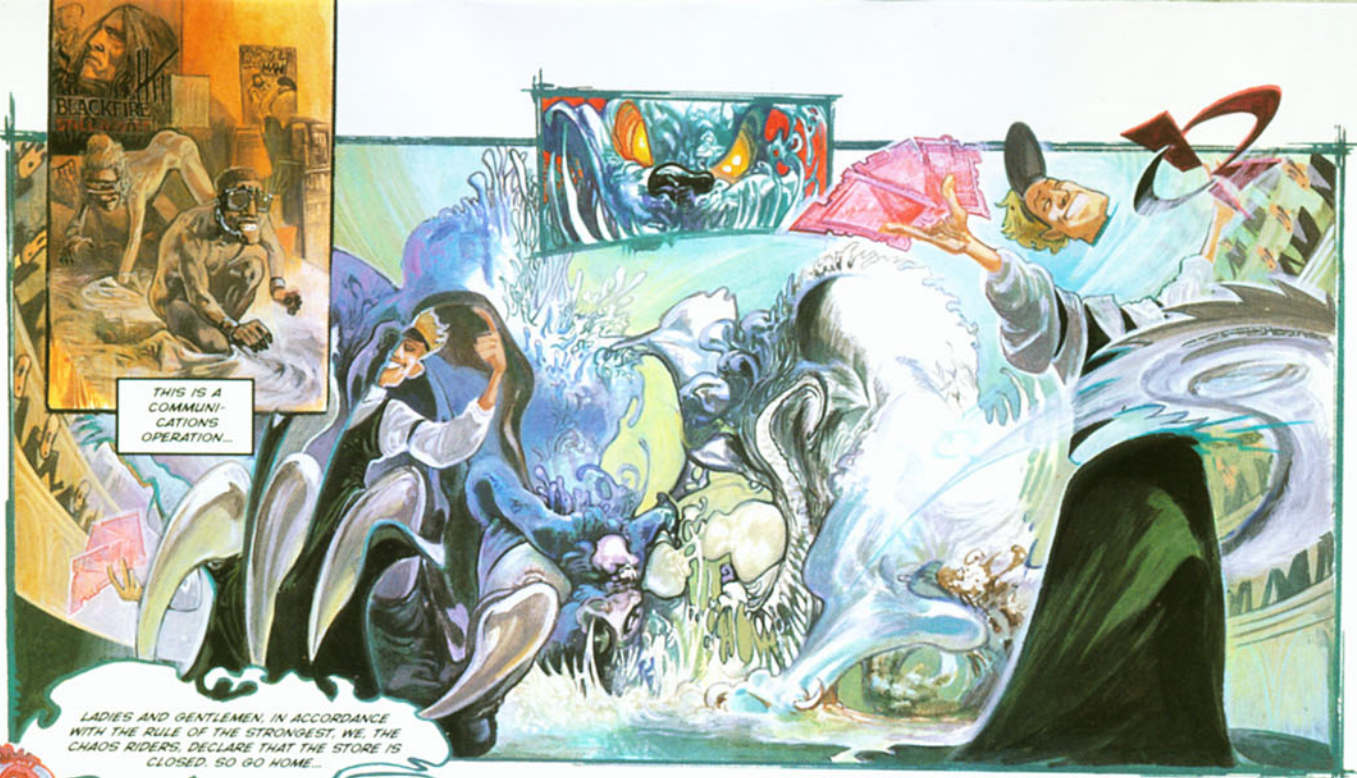
DEAD.





HE HAD LEFT BEHIND HIM A MINOR UNIVERSAL MIRACLE THAT HAD MADE THE INTERNET OBSOLETE AND ALTERED THE SOCIAL CUSTOMS OF PART OF THE INHABITANTS OF OUR PLANET. GHOSTTOWN, CAPITAL OF THE NEW TERRITORIES, MIRAGE OF THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY.





THIS IS A COMMUNICATIONS OPERATION...

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE RULE OF THE STRONGEST, WE, THE CHAOS RIDERS, DECLARE THAT THE STORE IS CLOSED. SO GO HOME...

THE SALES ARE OVER. THERE'S NOTHING LEFT TO BUY OR SELL. YOU ARE REQUESTED TO START WALKING CALMLY TOWARD THE EXIT.

THERE'S A PROBLEM, SIR!

A TERRORIST INTRUSION IN THE BRITISH COLONIES. IN THE GLOBAL VALUE LOCATION. IT LOOKS SERIOUS, SIR!

I THOUGHT I'D TOLD YOU TO STOP YELLING INTO THE MICROPHONES, ALVAREZ. YOU'RE A PAIN IN THE ASS!

EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT THIS SEEMS URGENT. IT'S HELL IN THERE! THE SAFETY SYSTEM IS BLOCKED AND CHERRY RED DOESN'T REACT, NEITHER IN AUTOMATIC NOR MANUAL MODE...



FINE, ALVAREZ. DO IT... AND STOP FREAKING OUT. IT'S A REAL DRAG.

... THE GIANT DISCOUNT AT THE SLAVE MARKET WILL CLOSE ONCE MORE ON A JOYFUL NOTE... OUR THANKS TO ALL THE BROKERS FROM AROUND THE WORLD FOR THEIR EXCELLENT CONTRIBUTIONS.

FUCKIN' HELL!

TO SHOW OUR APPRECIATION, WE GRANT THEM A WELL DESERVED EARLY RETIREMENT PENSION. THE LEGIONS OF EXPLOITED SPECTERS HAVE SPewed OUT THEIR RANCOR, VOMITING THEIR NUMERICAL RESENTMENT INTO THE FACE OF THE SYSTEM. IN THEIR REDEMPTIVE QUEST FOR GRATUITOUS DESTRUCTION...

... AFTER HIS CLASSES AT THE INSTITUTE, JUNGIC ENJOYED COMPLICATING THINGS. YUNO... HIS DREAM WAS TO TURN GHOSTTOWN INTO AN IDEAL MEETING GROUND FOR HUMANS IN THEIR QUEST FOR IDENTITY. HE WANTED TO MAKE GHOSTTOWN A REAL LABORATORY FOR SOCIAL CHANGE ON A PLANETARY SCALE, AS WELL AS A SPRINGBOARD FOR A GLOBAL CIVILIZATION...





... THROW YOUR PROCESSORS INTO THE DUMPSTER! WE DON'T EXIST, WE ARE NOTHING, AND YET WE ARE HERE... WE ARE THE COLUMNS OF NUMBERS ON YOUR SCREENS, WE ARE THE FULL BELLIES OF YOUR CHILDREN, WE ARE THE REASON FOR YOUR SUCCESS, AND WE WILL BE THE ARTISANS OF YOUR RUIN... SEE YA!



WE'RE LEAVING YOU THE CAT, THE DOG AND OUR STOCK OPTIONS FOR THE REST OF THE WEEK. WE'RE TAKING A FEW DAYS OFF WORK...



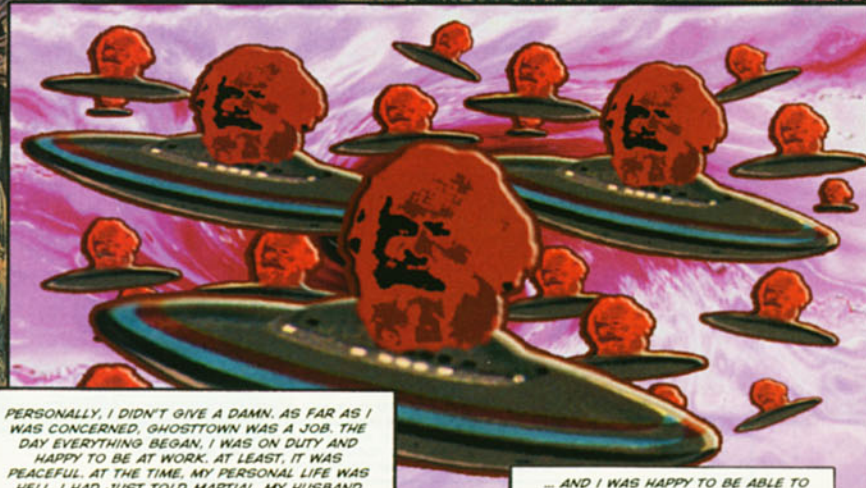
THIS IS GREAT! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!

YOU MEAN, IT'S SCARY! A MOUNTAIN OF PROBLEMS IS GONNA FALL ON OUR HEADS. ALL SYSTEMS ARE DOWN... I WONDER WH...



?

MY GOD!



PERSONALLY, I DIDN'T GIVE A DAMN. AS FAR AS I WAS CONCERNED, GHOSTTOWN WAS A JOB. THE DAY EVERYTHING BEGAN, I WAS ON DUTY AND HAPPY TO BE AT WORK. AT LEAST, IT WAS PEACEFUL. AT THE TIME, MY PERSONAL LIFE WAS HELL. I HAD JUST TOLD MARTIAL, MY HUSBAND THAT I HAD DECIDED TO LEAVE HIM...

... AND I WAS HAPPY TO BE ABLE TO THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE.





AAARGHHH!  
GET RID OF THIS DAMN THING! AND  
FIND WHOEVER IS RESPONSIBLE FOR  
THIS GROTESQUE FARCE!

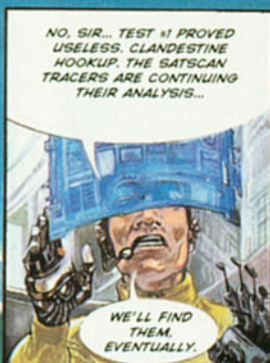


THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE, SIR.  
THE SYSTEM IS DOWN, WE  
DON'T HAVE THE...

MAINTENANCE IS CONFIGURING  
THE INTERNAL NETWORK ON A  
NON-INFECTED MODULE... IT WILL  
TAKE A FEW MINUTES... THE  
MATRIX HAS NOT BEEN  
AFFECTED...

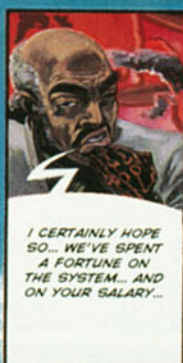


GODDAMN  
IT!



NO, SIR... TEST #1 PROVED  
USELESS. CLANDESTINE  
HOOKUP. THE SATSCAN  
TRACERS ARE CONTINUING  
THEIR ANALYSIS...

WE'LL FIND  
THEM,  
EVENTUALLY.



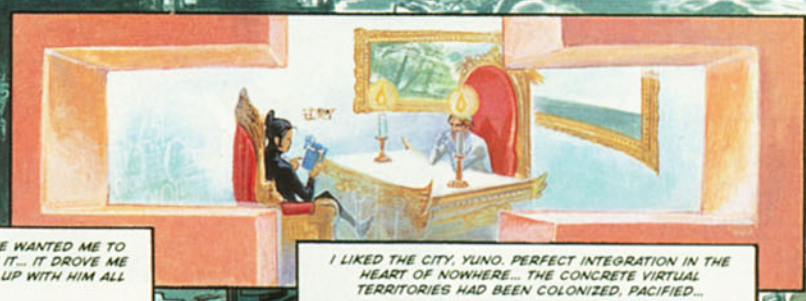
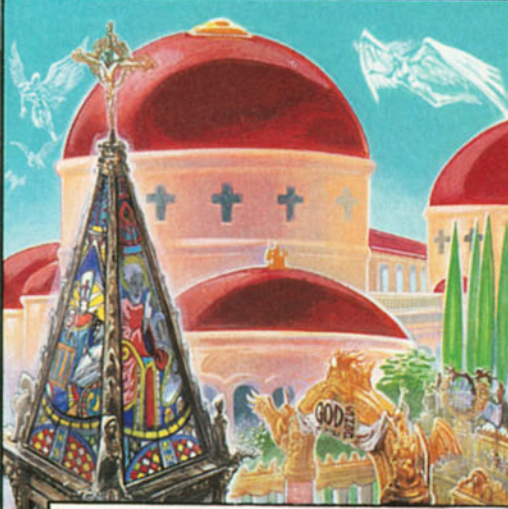
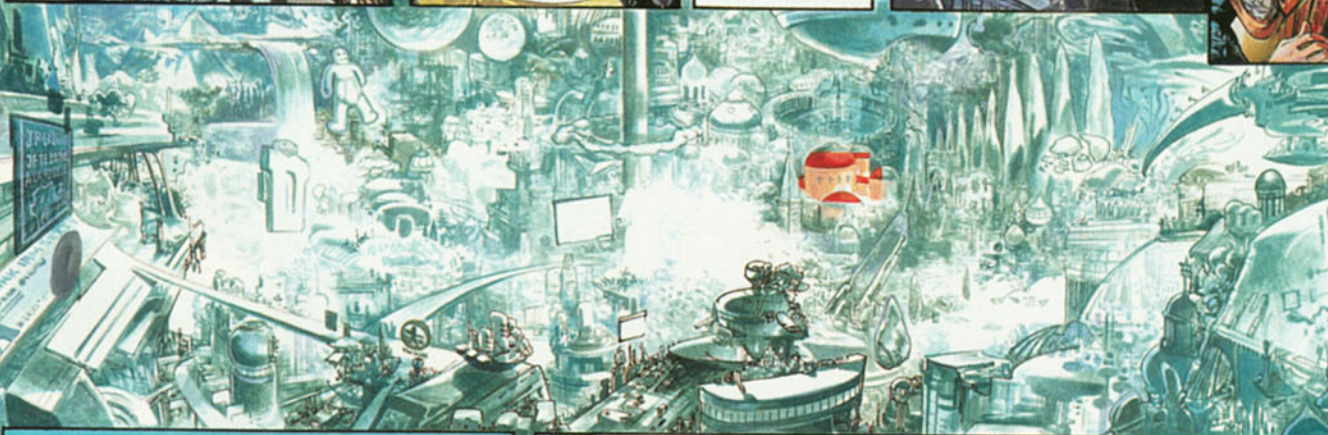
I CERTAINLY HOPE  
SO... WE'VE SPENT  
A FORTUNE ON  
THE SYSTEM... AND  
ON YOUR SALARY...



YOU'RE ASLEEP, WATCHMEN!  
ALVAREZ, I WANT TO SEE SOME  
IMAGES ON THIS FUCKIN'  
MONITOR! GORDINI, I WANT A  
REPORT!



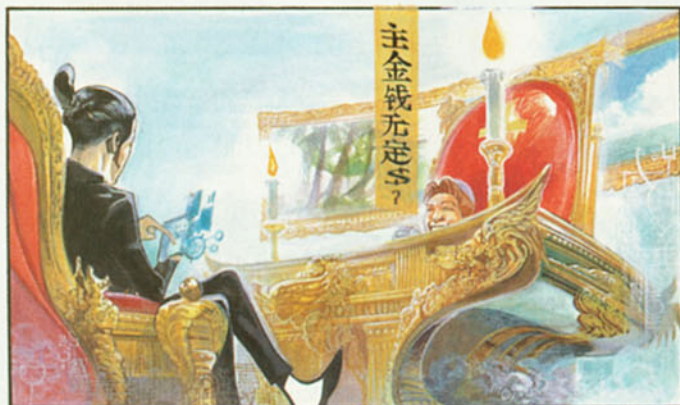
RIGHT  
AWAY,  
SIR...



... IMAGINE, HE THOUGHT MY BREASTS WERE TOO SMALL! HE WANTED ME TO  
GET SOME IMPLANTS. THE IDIOT WOULDN'T SHUT UP ABOUT IT... IT DROVE ME  
NUTS. I PREFERRED GOING TO WORK THAN HAVING TO PUT UP WITH HIM ALL  
DAY LONG...

I LIKED THE CITY, YUNO. PERFECT INTEGRATION IN THE  
HEART OF NOWHERE... THE CONCRETE VIRTUAL  
TERRITORIES HAD BEEN COLONIZED, PACIFIED...

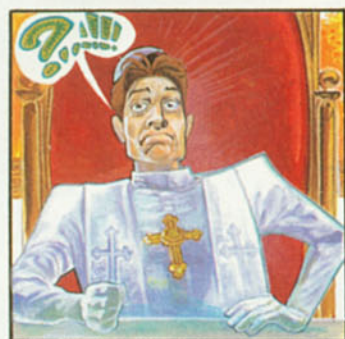




主金錢无定?



你不费劳力收不到颗粒



WHO ARE YOU?  
WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING HERE?

YO, DON...



BE COOL,  
DON...



I'M THE NEW WEBMASTER.  
I'VE COME TO CLEAN UP...



I GOT LOTS OF BROTHERS IN THE  
SHIT, SERRANO. LIKE I KNOW  
YOU'RE A GOOD HOMBRE, I COME  
KNOCKIN' ON YOUR DOOR.  
CHRISTIAN CHARITY, BROTHER DON...



IF THIS IS A JOKE, I DON'T  
THINK IT'S FUNNY. IF YOU'RE  
SERIOUS, I SHOULD WARN YOU  
THAT YOU DON'T KNOW WHO I  
AM...



IF I WAS YOU, I'D NOT BET A BUCK  
ON THAT, MR. TREASURER... I COULD  
GO ON FOR HOURS ABOUT YOUR  
PARALLEL ACTIVITIES... ABOUT SAN  
PIERO INVEST, THE UNDERHAND  
DOINGS OF OPUS DEI, THE  
COLLECTIVE-RAPE CAMPS, THE  
BLACK PENITENTS OF SASMARA,  
MONEY LAUNDERING AND THE  
WATERING-DOWN OF VINTAGE  
WINES. BUT I GOT OTHER THINGS IN  
MIND FOR YOU...

I DON'T KNOW WHO  
YOU ARE, OR WHAT  
YOU WANT, BUT THAT'S  
ENOUGH! YOU ARE IN  
GOD'S  
HOUSE HERE  
AND...



YOU CAN SHOVE  
YOUR MORALITY  
CRAP, SERRANO.  
YOU EMPTIED  
THE STORE  
AGES AGO.



YOU VATICAN GUYS LIKE TO  
FLASH THE BUCK...



... AND THAT DON'T GO DOWN WELL  
WITH THE UNDERDOG, DON. YOU BOTH  
SURF THE SAME WAY...



... YOU'RE GONNA HAVE  
TO EXPLAIN TO THEM  
HOW YOU GOT BUSTED...

... SOMETIMES SOME SMART ASSES TRIED TO  
PROVOKE US, BUT THAT WAS PART OF THE  
GAME. WITHOUT THEM, LIFE WOULD HAVE  
BECOME BORING. USUALLY WE BURNED THE  
YOUNG HOODS' GEAR... WE JUST MADE SURE  
THAT HONEST CITIZENS COULD SLEEP IN PEACE.  
BESIDES, THEY PAID US ENOUGH FOR THAT...





THIS SHOULD BE  
A PIECE OF CAKE,  
COCO... THEY'RE  
BLIND!



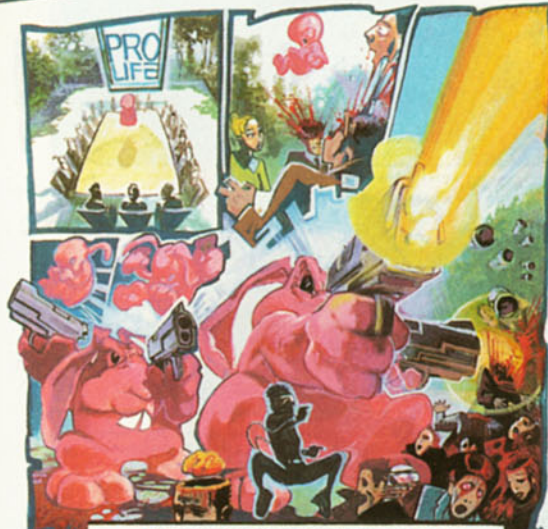
IT'S EASY TO BLIND  
THOSE WHO DO NOT  
WISH TO SEE.  
LET'S GO!



I DONE MY SPRING CLEANING,  
ERRAVO. YOUR FIREWALLS ARE  
CRAP. YOUR CLIENTS' ACCOUNTS  
HAVE BEEN MAXED TO ZERO...



THEIR LOOT,  
DISPERSED BY OUR  
INTELLIGENCE AGENTS  
INTO THOUSANDS OF  
OFFSHORE ACCOUNTS,  
WILL NO LONGER  
FINANCE YOUR WARS,  
PADRE. INVISIBLE  
TRANSACTIONS,  
CODED TRANSFERS.



EVEN THE TOP DOGS OF THE OPEN ZONES  
RESPECTED US, YUNO. NEVER IS THERE ANY  
VIOLENCE...



AAAAH!

SO  
THERE!

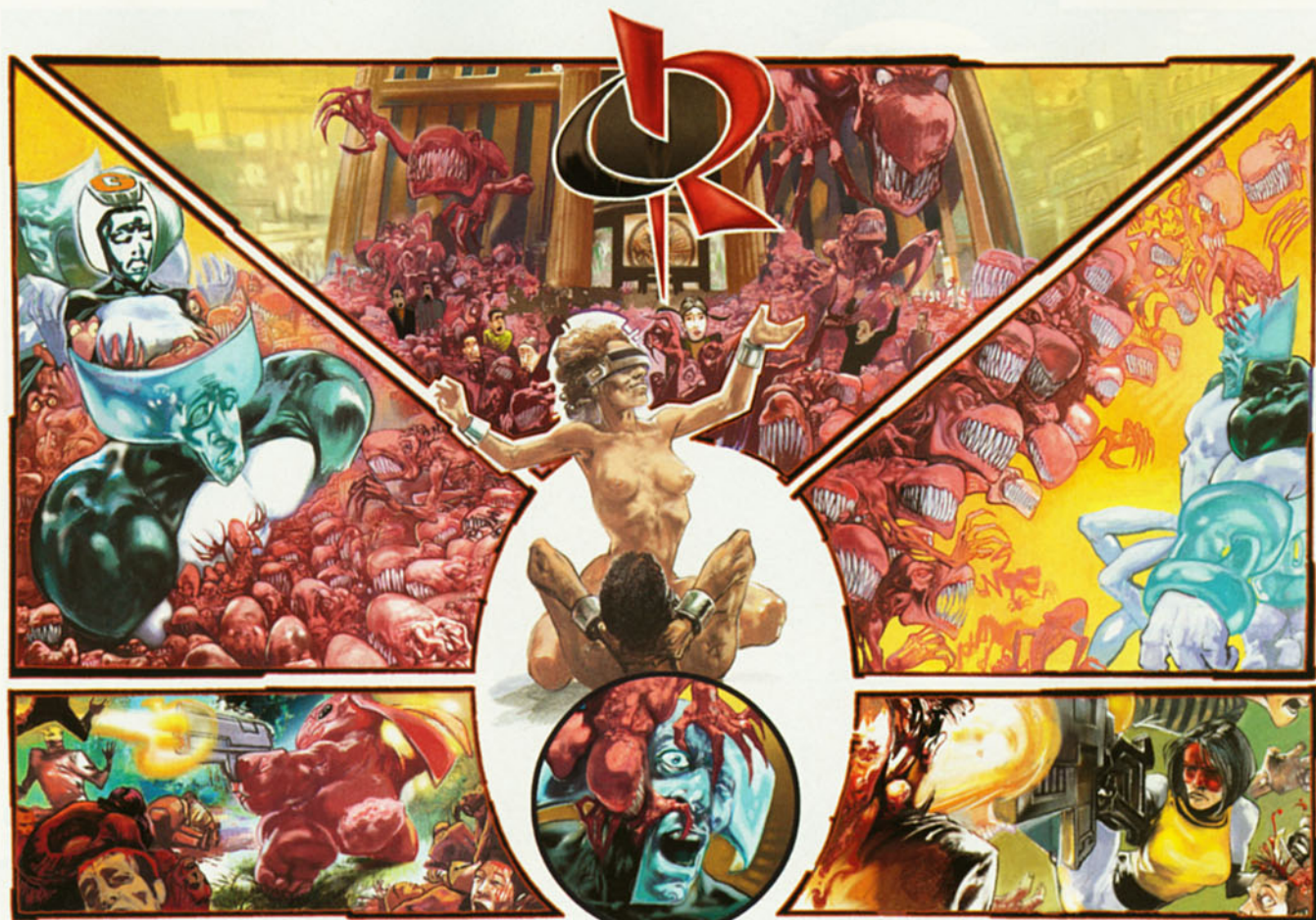
WE HAVE NEW ALERTS,  
SIR. SECURITY IS AT  
LEVEL 3, INDICATING A  
MASSIVE INTRUSION.

OH SHIT!  
ALL THE WAY  
TO THE VATICAN.  
THE POPE'S  
GONNA SOIL  
HIMSELF.



... NEVER ANY BLOODSHED. WE GUARANTEED THE  
CITIZENS OF THE WORLD THAT PEACE WOULD REIGN  
IN GHOSTTOWN.





EXCUSE ME, SIR,  
YOUR VISITOR IS  
HERE...

GET RID OF HIM, DORIS.  
CAN'T YOU SEE I'M BUSY?

BUT, SIR...

... AND CHECK IF  
DAVID SAVIC CAN  
SEE ME.

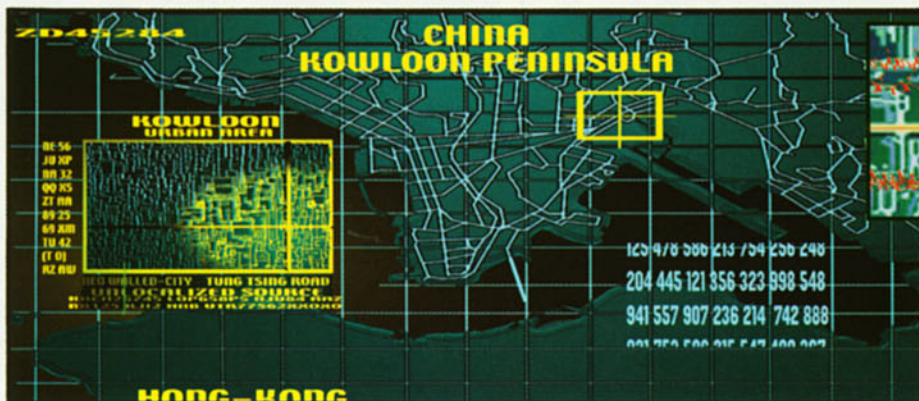
SIR!  
SIR!

THANKS, DJEREVNYA!  
SO?

DID WE GET  
SOMETHING?

IT'S STRANGE,  
SIR, THERE'S  
ONLY ONE  
SIGNAL... LOOK.

CHINA? THE COMPUTER'S GONE  
MAD! THEY CAN'T BE CHINESE!  
THEY'RE SPEAKING FRENCH!



I REMEMBER THAT DAY VERY WELL, YUNO...  
WE WERE ALL VERY EXCITED, ESPECIALLY  
JONES. HE WASN'T USED TO BEING  
SCREWED LIKE THAT... EVEN THOSE  
DEGENERATE TEXAN HACKERS DIDN'T  
WREAK AS MUCH HAVOC DURING THEIR  
REVENGE EXPEDITIONS.



WORLD  
WATCHER

WHAT  
CRAP!

YOU GOT  
STYLE,  
GORGIO!

THE PILOTS  
ARE ALL  
FRYING!

SHIT! RELEASE THE  
SENSOR-ACTIVATORS,  
GIRLS! THIS THING IS  
TOO VIOLENT!

THERE'S NOTHING  
WE CAN DO! WE'RE  
ALL GOING TO DIE...

NO, SIR... NOT ONE  
OF THE NEW  
GENERATION OF  
PILOTS CAN  
SURVIVE THESE  
CREATURES. THE  
CLEANING AGENTS  
HAVE BEEN WIPED  
OUT AND THE ANTI-  
VIRUSES  
DESTROYED. THE  
MEN ARE  
PANICKING, SIR.  
WHAT ARE YOUR  
ORDERS?

THE PROLIFERATION OF FOREIGN AGENTS MADE OUR TASK IMPOSSIBLE. IT WASN'T A QUESTION OF SKILL, YUNO, BUT SIMPLY OF TECHNOLOGY. THE INSTITUTE'S COMPUTERS WERE OBSOLETE, COMPARED TO THOSE OF THE TERRORISTS. AND YET EVERYONE REMAINED CALM, CONSIDERING THE WHOLE THING TO BE A BAD JOKE. THE RANKS OF THE UNTOUCHABLES—THE HACKTIVISTS OF THE CLOSED ZONES—KEPT GROWING, BUT WE ALWAYS MANAGED TO STOP THEIR HACKTIONS. THE INSTITUTE'S ENGINEERS WERE REAL PROS, AND THE NEW VIRUSES' LIFE SPAN WAS SHORT...

SO GIRLS,  
FEELING A BIT  
LESS SMUG?

YEAH,  
SHUT UP,  
JOE!

OH SHUT  
UP, JOE!

SHITTY  
JOB!

... I TOLD YOU THESE  
THINGS WERE  
DANGEROUS. DID YOU  
SEE JORGE'S FACE?

AT LEAST HE  
DOES  
SOMETHING.





BUT THE CHAOS RIDERS STARTED MASSACRING EVERYONE... THE TEAM'S MORALE WAS AT AN ALL-TIME LOW, YUNO... IN MY SHORT CAREER I HAD NEVER SEEN SUCH DESPAIR.



IN FEBRUARY 2044 YOU WERE RECRUITED INTO THE CITY'S POLICE FORCE AND YOU RAPIDLY ROSE IN THE RANKS. MAY I ASK YOU WHY YOU JOINED...



... AND HOW YOU MANAGED TO SUCCEED SO RAPIDLY IN SUCH AN ELITE FORCE? YOU WERE VERY PRETTY...



DROP IT, FATSO...



... THERE'S NO NEED TO BE POLITE, KID... I DON'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT HIS RESPECT, YUNO... I WAS THE BEST AND NO ONE KNEW THE CITY AS WELL AS I DID. BESIDES, JONGE LIKED ME... BUT I NEVER SLEPT WITH HIM. AS FOR MY MOTIVES, LET'S CALL THEM CLASSIFIED, BUT DON'T FORGET THAT THE INSTITUTE OFFERED A BULWARK AGAINST POVERTY...



JUNGIC HAD ALWAYS REFUSED TO CREATE THIS POLICE FORCE... HE HATED AUTHORITY...



AH... IDEALISM. JUNGIC'S VALUES DISAPPEARED WITH HIM. THE CITY'S CULTURAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL DIMENSIONS WITHERED WITH THE PASSING OF TIME. THE CITY BECAME A GIANT SUPERMARKET AND MONEY BROUGHT CRIME IN ITS WAKE...

DURING JUNGIC'S TIME PUBLIC AREAS HAD REQUIRED NO POLICING. THEY WERE NOW PRIVATIZED...



UNTIL THE RECENT AFFAIR, WE HAD BEEN LOOKING FOR THE CHAOS RIDERS IN VAIN ALL OVER EUROPE...



... AND WE PROVIDED AN EFFICIENT POLICE SERVICE. LIEUTENANT AMINATA SARI, REGISTRATION #SW135 B.I.D., DISTRICT SECURITY FOR RELIGIOUS AFFAIRS, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE HEAD WATCHERS' INSTITUTE...



IT WOULD HAVE BEEN EASIER TO FIND GOD IN A CHURCH... JUNGIC WAS SMART, YUNO...





THOSE GUYS WERE LIKE BLASTS OF WIND. THEY SURFED A COMPLEX SYSTEM, LEAVING NO TRACE. THE INTELLIGENT AGENTS THAT DROVE THEIR PILOTS ALONG GHOSTTOWN'S VISUAL INTERFACE DELETED ALL THE MESSAGES INSCRIBED ALONG THEIR PATH IN THE CITY'S RAM MATRIX, DIVERTING THE ACTIVE FLUX AND USING IT FOR THEIR OWN APPLICATIONS. THEY TOOK CONTROL OF THE SYSTEM IN A FLASH.

WHAT THE...  
OH DAMN!

THIS WILL KILL YOU, COCO... WE BURNED  
THE BAK FILES. DAMN ORGANIC SHIT! WE  
MUST HURRY! THEY'RE GONNA FIND US.

I DON'T PLAN TO HIDE  
IN A HOLE.

I'M NO  
RABBIT.

I HOPE OUR  
FRIENDS ARE  
SURVIVING WITH  
HONOR...

... NO PHYSICAL  
ATTACKS AGAINST  
REPRESENTATIVES OF  
AUTHORITY ALLOWED.

YOU'RE LIABLE TO A  
PRISON SENTENCE.  
PLEASE HAND OVER  
YOUR CONNECTION  
VISA.

BUT DON'T THINK YOU'RE SAFE  
IF YOU LIVE IN A WASTE ZONE.  
WE'LL GET YOU IN THE END.  
SMART ALECKS LIKE YOU  
DON'T LIVE LONG...

IF YOU LIVE IN AN OPEN ZONE, YOU'RE  
REQUESTED TO REPORT TO YOUR LOCAL  
POLICE BUREAU WITH A FEW PERSONAL  
EFFECTS, WITHIN THE HOUR...

SAVE YOUR SALIVA, BRO. YOU  
DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE  
SAYING. WE'VE SURROUNDED  
THE BLOCK, SO YOU'RE  
TRAPPED. TO KEEP US BUSY,  
WE'RE GONNA FIDDLE WITH  
YOUR NEURONS. BEFORE THE  
MOBILE BRIGADES GET HERE  
AND ARREST YOU.

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! HE  
RESISTED ALL OF IT!

GO FUCK YOURSELF, BASTARD.  
I'M GONNA...

WELL, WELL, AREN'T YOU  
CUTE? SORRY, SISTER, BUT  
CHAOS RIDERS NEVER BOW DOWN  
TO POLICE VIOLENCE... YOUR  
OBSESSION WITH SAFETY IS  
COUNTERED BY THE CONCRETE  
EXPRESSION OF MY FREEDOM OF  
ACTION AND OF MY PRIDE IN BEING  
A SHIT-STIRRER FROM WAY BACK.  
GO JIGGLE THE JOYSTICKS ON  
YOUR GAMESTATIONS... YOU HAVE  
NO POWER OVER ME...

OKAY, YOU BUNCH OF BOZOS, I'M WAITING...  
THERE'S MORE BALLS ON A CASTRATED BULL  
THAN ON THIS LEGION OF RAMCOPS.

WAAH WASH THE WASHMEN!

THIS WILL BE ON YOUR  
CONSCIENCE...

I DON'T THINK WE HAVE THE SAME DEFINITION  
OF "CONSCIENCE", SISTER. SO SPARE ME  
YOUR NICKEL-AND-DIME MORALS.  
WOMEN HAD ACID THROWN IN THEIR FACES  
FOR THE SICK PLEASURE OF THIS BASTARD  
THAT YOU'VE DECIDED TO DEFEND. I'M JUST  
SORRY THAT I LET HIM LIVE, YUNO...



LOOK, SIR,  
THEY'RE  
DISAPPEARING!



I'LL BE OUT FOR FIVE MINUTES. I'M GIVING  
YOU TEN MINUTES TO GET THE AVAILABLE  
TERMS FROM ASIA 3 ON THE INTERNAL  
TRANSCOM. DO WHATEVER YOU CAN TO FIND  
THAT SON OF A BITCH.



YOU CAN  
COUNT ON  
ME.



GREAT. NOW IT'S UP  
TO US, AND!



THOSE GUYS ENTERED GHOSTTOWN'S  
MATRIX, WHICH WAS SUPPOSED TO BE  
IMPREGNABLE. MASSIVE QUANTITIES  
OF INFORMATION. THE LARGEST DATA  
STORAGE FACILITY ON THE PLANET.

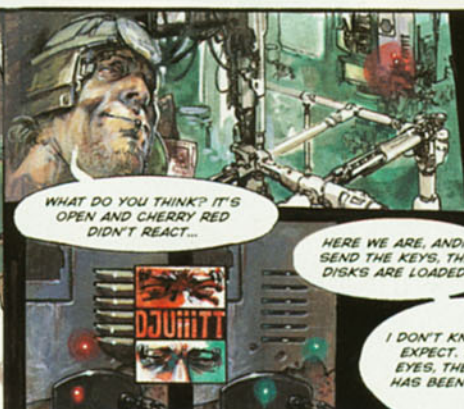


DON'T WORRY.  
THEY CAN'T SEE  
US.

OUR TRUST WAS LIKE HIS  
IMMUNE SYSTEM: TOTALLY BLIND.







WHAT DO YOU THINK? IT'S  
OPEN AND CHERRY RED  
DIDN'T REACT...

HERE WE ARE, AND!  
SEND THE KEYS, THE  
DISK'S ARE LOADED.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO  
EXPECT. SHUT YOUR  
EYES, THE SEQUENCE  
HAS BEEN LAUNCHED...



THAT GUY WAS A  
PROGRAMMING GENIUS.  
THEY REALLY CLEANED US  
OUT... THE CRISIS WAS  
ABOUT TO REACH THE  
HIGHER ECHELONS...





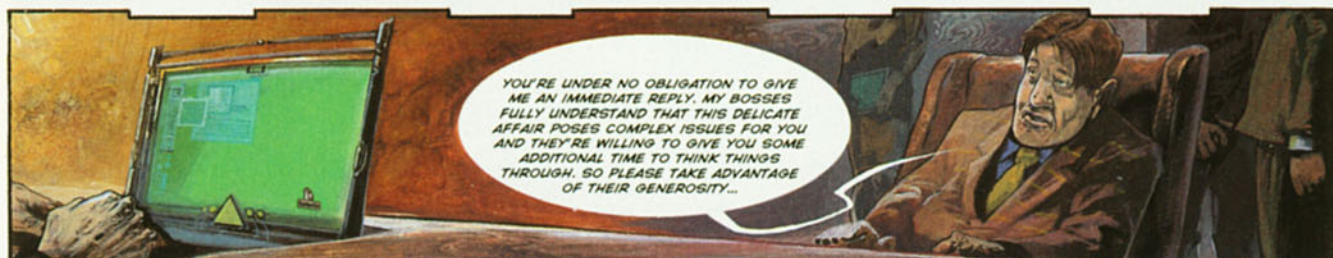
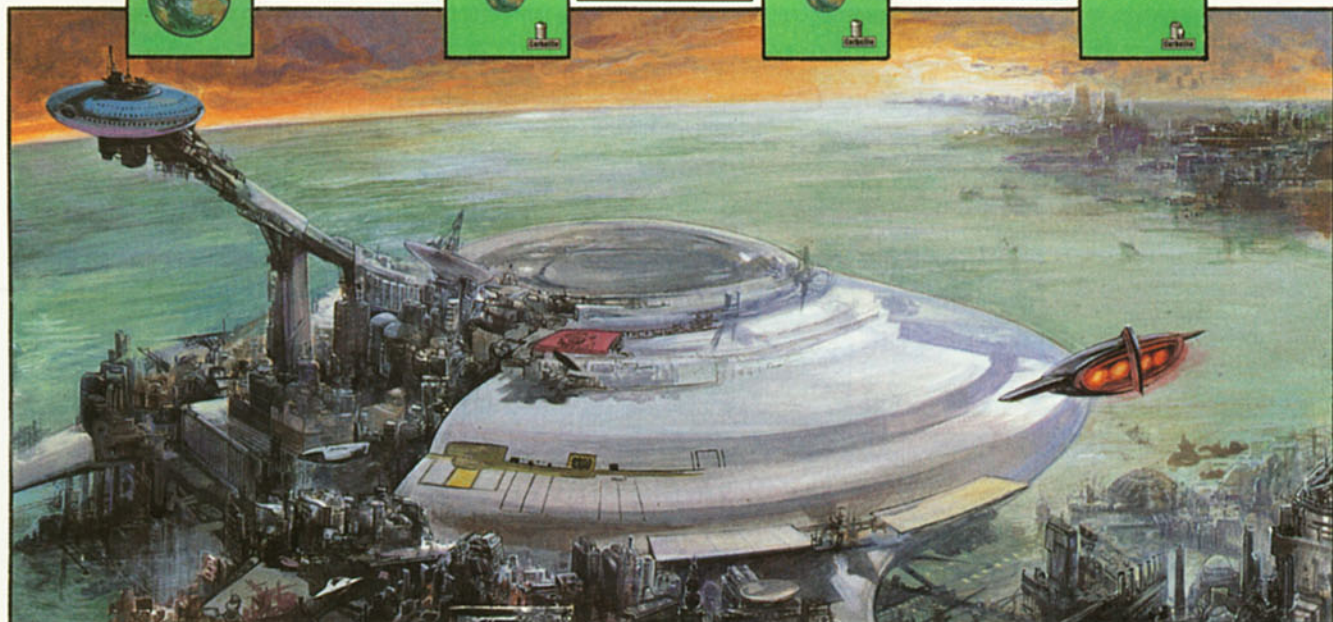
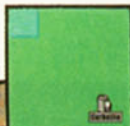
DAVID SAVIC HAD A  
HARD TIME, YUNO,  
AS MAYOR OF...



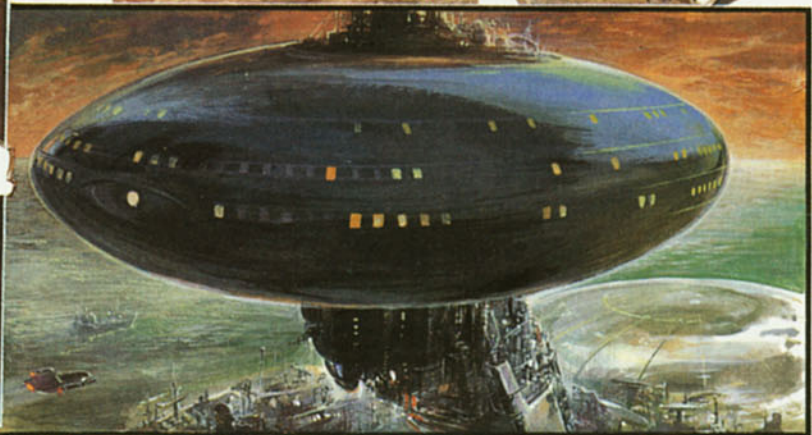
... GHOSTTOWN AND  
HEAD OF WORLD  
WATCHERS'...



... INSTITUTE.  
MAJOR TASKS...

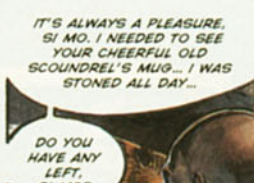
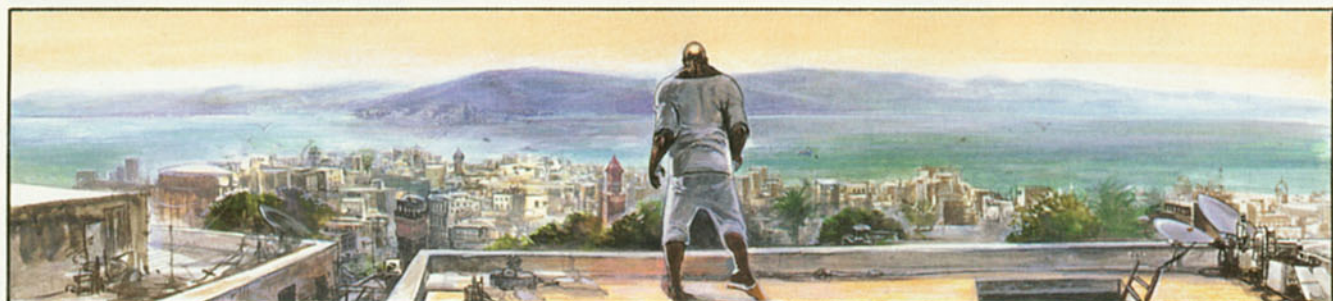






THE CONSTANT EVOLUTION OF THE NUMERICAL BIOSPHERE CREATED SERIOUS PROBLEMS FOR THE MEN WHO HAD THE DIFFICULT JOB OF HANDLING ITS DEVELOPMENT. THE WWI MANAGED THE EUROPEAN FUNDS FOR THE TREATMENT AND SURVEILLANCE OF INTERNATIONAL INFORMATION WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF AN ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE FORMERLY CONCEIVED BY JUNGIC AND REFORMATTED BY THE INSTITUTE'S ENGINEERS. FOLLOWING A SCANDALOUS FAILURE OF THE A.I. IN THE LATE 2020'S, THE PROBLEM, YUNO, WAS THAT ALL THOSE GUYS PLACED TOO MUCH TRUST IN MACHINES... AND FALLING DOWN, EVEN ON VIRTUAL CONCRETE, CAN BE VERY PAINFUL...





THE CHAOS RIDERS HAD FOLLOWED EVERY DETAIL OF JUNGIC'S PLAN. ONCE THE DIVERSION OPERATION WAS COMPLETED, EVERYONE WENT BACK TO THEIR OWN AFFAIRS, WITHOUT CREATING PROBLEMS OR GETTING INTO TROUBLE.







I CAN READ  
YOU LIKE AN  
OPEN BOOK,  
BROTHER...



WHO CAN I SELL  
IT TO? IT'S  
EXPENSIVE  
STUFF.

YOU  
KNOW I'LL  
GIVE YOU A  
SPECIAL  
PRICE, MY  
FRIEND. I  
TOOK IT  
THINKING  
OF YOU...



CUT THE BULLSHIT, SI MO!

I'M NOT GOING TO TRY THIS!  
THE GUYS WHO TAKE THIS AT  
THE DOORS OF PERCEPTION  
LABORATORY IN OAXACA ARE  
UNDER MEDICAL SUPERVISION.  
WHEN THEY TAKE THESE  
CONSCIOUSNESS-ALTERING  
HXS, WEIRD THINGS HAPPEN TO  
THEM. 48 HOURS AFTER THEIR  
TRIP IS OVER THEY'RE STILL  
CRYING OUT FOR MOMMY...  
I'M TOO OLD FOR THIS, MAN.  
JUST GIVE ME SOME RUN-OF-  
THE-MILL SHIT...



SORRY, CHAVO, BUT I'M  
ALL OUT. THE OLD GUYS  
IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD  
WERE HAVING A PARTY  
AND THEY CLEANED ME.



MUSTAPHA WILL BE ROUND IN  
A WEEK, INCH'ALLAH! IN THE  
MEANTIME, YOU'LL HAVE TO  
SURVIVE ON YOUR OWN  
STASH.



WHAT?!

ARE YOU  
JOKING, MO?  
WHAT STASH?!



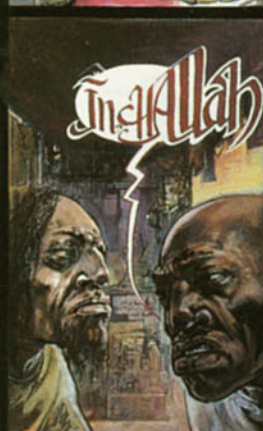
DON'T TELL ME YOU  
ALREADY WIPED OUT THE  
50 GRAMS FROM LAST  
WEEK?! THAT WAS TOP  
QUALITY STUFF! WHAT'S  
WITH YOU, CHAVO?



STOP BUSTING MY  
BALLS, SI MOHAMMAD,  
AND PLEASE FIND ME  
SOMETHING TO  
SMOKE!



CHAVO, MY FRIEND, YOU  
WENT THROUGH MY  
STOCK FASTER THAN A  
BUS-LOAD OF HIPPIE  
TOURISTS. I DON'T CRAP  
OUT THE SHIT, YOU KNOW.  
YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO  
WAIT AND BE PATIENT.



Inch'Allah



SHITTY DAY...  
GET ME A DOUBLE  
WHISKEY, PLEASE.

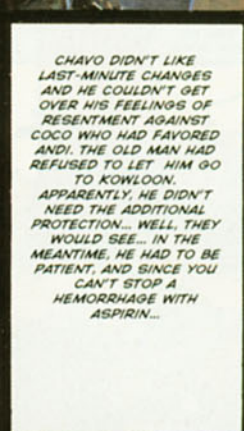


NO ALCOHOL, CHAVO, IT'S  
RAMADAM. BUT IF YOU WANT,  
I'VE GOT SOME HOME-  
BREWED RASPBERRY WINE AT  
1000 DIRHAMS A QUART. IT  
WAS SAM'S MOTHER-IN-LAW  
THAT...

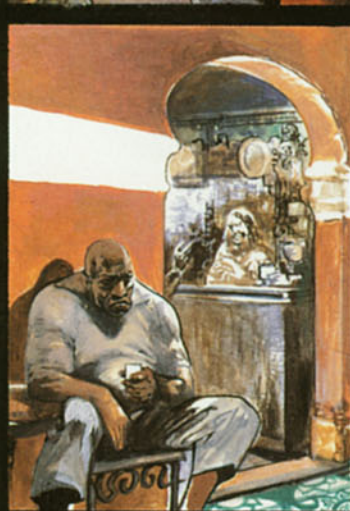


FORGET IT, SI MO...

I'LL JUST HAVE A  
STRONG CUP OF  
TEA.



CHAVO DIDN'T LIKE  
LAST-MINUTE CHANGES  
AND HE COULDN'T GET  
OVER HIS FEELINGS OF  
RESENTMENT AGAINST  
COCO WHO HAD FAVORED  
AND! THE OLD MAN HAD  
REFUSED TO LET HIM GO  
TO KOWLOON.  
APPARENTLY, HE DIDN'T  
NEED THE ADDITIONAL  
PROTECTION... WELL, THEY  
WOULD SEE... IN THE  
MEANTIME, HE HAD TO BE  
PATIENT, AND SINCE YOU  
CAN'T STOP A  
HEMORRHAGE WITH  
ASPIRIN...



GIMME THE  
HXS...



WELL, YEAH...

... I'M ON DUTY.

I CAN'T.

NO.

NOT TONIGHT.

LISTEN...

IT'S NOT FOR FUN, YOU... WHAT?

HEY!

DON'T TAKE IT LIKE THAT. IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE...

YOU'RE RIGHT...

WHAT?!

YOU'VE GOT SOME NERVE!

YEAH...

YEAH, SURE... SEE YA.

... OH SHIT.

... SAVIC WAS USED TO MAKING DECISIONS. YUNO, THAT'S WHAT HE WAS PAID TO DO, BUT HE RUINED HIS HEALTH IN THE PROCESS. THE NEURO-PROCESSORS THE COUNCIL IMPLANTED IN HIS HEAD DESTROYED HIS BRAIN. NO ONE KNEW THAT AT THE TIME. NOT EVEN HIM...

KOWLOON... DOESN'T SOUND LIKE CHINESE. ARE YOU SURE YOU DIDN'T MAKE A MISTAKE, JONES?

NOT ACCORDING TO THE SATSCAN AND OTHER HYMS, SIR. A SPECIAL TEAM HAS BEEN SENT IN, BUT WE HAVE FEW HOPES... THE SIGNAL TRAVELS THROUGH A CHINESE SAT THAT WAS PIRATED 15 YEARS AGO AND IS LOCATED IN A DENSELY POPULATED URBAN AREA. THERE ARE LOTS OF PARASITES IN ALL THE NETWORKS, AND CONNECTIONS ARE OFTEN INTERRUPTED. PERFECT HIDING PLACE... WHICH INCREASES MY SUSPICIONS...

I'M CONVINCED THAT'S WHERE THE SOURCE IS.

WHERE DID THOSE BASTARDS COME FROM? IF THEY COMMERCIALIZE THEIR PROCESS, WE CAN PREDICT THAT THERE WILL BE OUTRIGHT CHAOS... RECALL CAMPANA'S TECHNICAL UNIT.

AND PUT IT IN CHARGE OF PATROLLING KOWLOON.

I'LL MAKE SURE TIAN SHI GIVES THEM A PASS FOR THE CANTON REGION. I'M CALLING A COUNCIL MEETING. ANY PERSONAL OPINIONS ON THE QUESTION, JONES?

MANIPULATION, SIR. IT'S HARD TO IMAGINE THAT SUCH HIGHLY DEVELOPED TECHNOLOGY IS IN THE SERVICE OF SUCH UNSOPHISTICATED, SIMPLISTIC TERRORISM. WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, SIR, I'M SURE THOSE GUYS ARE TRYING TO RIDICULE US. WE HAVE TO BE PREPARED FOR THE WORST POSSIBLE SCENARIO, IF WE DON'T FIND THEM. THEIR CAPACITIES ARE LIMITLESS...

THE CITY IS THEIRS.

HAS THE CENTRAL MEMORY BEEN AFFECTED?

THE CHECKPOINT HASN'T SIGNALLED ANYTHING... AND THE A.I. HASN'T REACTED...

ACCESS DENIED

WE SHOULD GO CHECK...

AND SO HE CONTINUED DOING WHAT HE WAS PAID FOR... MAKING DECISIONS. HE DIDN'T KNOW WHY, BUT HE HAD AN OVERWHELMING DESIRE TO BLOW HIS BRAINS OUT. THE STRENGTH OF HIS INHIB CONDITIONS WAS DRIVING HIM CRAZY. HE THOUGHT HE COULD STILL DISTINGUISH THE PART OF HIMSELF THAT COULD DO THAT FOR HIM, BUT HE DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO GET AT IT. IN ANY CASE, THE COUNCIL WAS AGAINST IT...

?

SHE'S NOT GETTING ANY BETTER...

WHO ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

SO... CHERRY RED, STILL COUNTING ON IT TO PROTECT US?

IT'S DEAD, AS YOU SAW A MOMENT AGO. IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO DO ANYTHING. THE TECHNICIANS HAVE GIVEN UP. THE FIRST A.I. IN HISTORY TO BECOME AUTISTIC. YET THE ORIGINAL SYSTEM THAT MANAGES THE CITY CONTINUES TO FUNCTION INDEPENDENTLY...

I'M SURE THAT SOMETHING FUCKED UP IN THE CLOSING PROCESS, SIR. TOO TIGHTLY SHUT. THE COUNCIL'S PURGES TEND TO BE BRUTAL. IT WOULDN'T HAVE SURVIVED HUMAN INTERFERENCE, AFTER 25 YEARS OF USE.

WHO KNOWS? I HATE THESE HITCHES. WE'RE TAKING CRAZY RISKS. I CAN'T WAIT FOR THE NEW SYSTEM TO START FUNCTIONING SO WE CAN SEND CHERRY RED INTO RETIREMENT IN THE MEDIALAB MUSEUM... I HOPE ITS SUCCESSOR WILL BE LESS REBELLIOUS...





... which will take us from the tech-nopolis of Atlatica II to the disadvantaged areas along the frontier province of Gibraltar for the game show "The Wheel of Fortune". This week's guests are...



... following "The Road to Crime", we have a shocking report, by Gregor Gonzo, on Nijni Novgorod's ante-chambers of death. And don't forget Channel KC's free site, CKC730-GT001. All our programs on...



... numerous problems have been reported as a result of mistakes made in genetic coding. It's scandalous that unscrupulous companies can carry out dangerous experiments that risk harming the trade in synthetic children...



... viruses left behind by the terrorists. We advise all viewers to temporarily disconnect. You can order the new anti-virus Man.X49.0.2 from our Ghosttown offices at...



... Coming up next is the 23rd episode of our major series, "The Problem with Women", co-produced by TimeLost. And you'll sell your favorite stars, including the gorgeous Eros Salomon in "Remembrance of Things Past" on...



... a channel that will bring you powerful emotions and passion... Play with the great Marcel Proust, hee, hee, on our site, SEEP, 24 hours a day and win thousands of great gifts...



Ah! So you'll never be like everyone else!

HAHAHA HEEHEEHEE HOHOHO!  
HOHOHO HEEHEEHEE HAHAHA!



Ah! If only I could change... make what's inside this skull reasonable.

HAHAHA HEEHEEHEE HOHOHO!  
HOHOHO HEEHEEHEE HAHAHA!



You can if you want to.

HAHAHA HEEHEEHEE HOHOHO!  
HOHOHO HEEHEEHEE HAHAHA!



HAHAH...



Simon!  
Not again! Get out of my movie!  
You're not in it! I'm gonna tell Mom!

But...  
You're the one  
that...



Take that!

HAHAHA HEEHEEHEE HOHOHO!

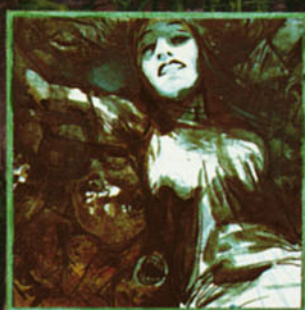
















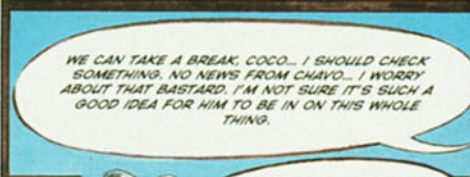
ACTUALLY, FAR FROM SIMPLIFYING OUR LIVES, THE MACHINES JUST RAISED THE GENERAL LEVEL OF COMPLEXITY. ALTHOUGH THEY ACCOMPLISHED ALL OR MOST OF THE TASKS THEY WERE ASKED TO DO, THE NEW FORMS OF MUTANT THOUGHT PRODUCED BY THE A.I. SOMEHOW SEEMED TO ESCAPE THE RULES THAT GOVERNED THESE MENTAL PROCESSES. AND JUNGIC WAS NO EXCEPTION...



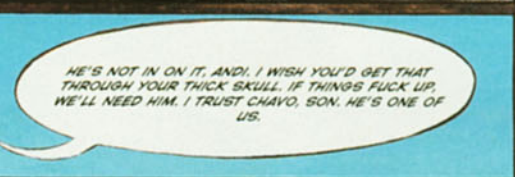
COCO? I JUST GOT A MESSAGE FROM MIMO. EVERYTHING'S OKAY. THE GALS HAVE GONE COLD TURKEY. BELETTE SAYS HI...



IF THEY STAY OFF THE STUFF, THE COPS WILL BE IN FOR A BAD SURPRISE... I'M DYING OF HEAT, ANDI. IT'S HELL WEARING THIS HELMET.



WE CAN TAKE A BREAK, COCO... I SHOULD CHECK SOMETHING. NO NEWS FROM CHAVO... I WORRY ABOUT THAT BASTARD. I'M NOT SURE IT'S SUCH A GOOD IDEA FOR HIM TO BE IN ON THIS WHOLE THING.



HE'S NOT IN ON IT, ANDI. I WISH YOU'D GET THAT THROUGH YOUR THICK SKULL. IF THINGS FUCK UP, WE'LL NEED HIM. I TRUST CHAVO, SON. HE'S ONE OF US.



YEAH, SO IS DAVID SAVIC... THE COUNCIL IS GONNA SEND US ITS MEN!



HELLO, ANYTHING TO REPORT?



NO, SIR! EVERYTHING'S A-OK!

THE DOOR SHOWS NO SIGN OF FORCED ENTRY.



EXCUSE ME, JONES, BUT I'D RATHER MAKE SURE. LET ME THROUGH, PLEASE.



QUAAQUH! WHAT THE... OH SHIT... WHAT A NIGHTMARE! WAKE ME UP!

HOLY MATRIX! THE DATA BANK'S SEEM TO HAVE ALL DISAPPEARED. IT'S IMP...



LET'S HOPE THIS SHIT IS JUST AN OPTICAL ILLUSION!

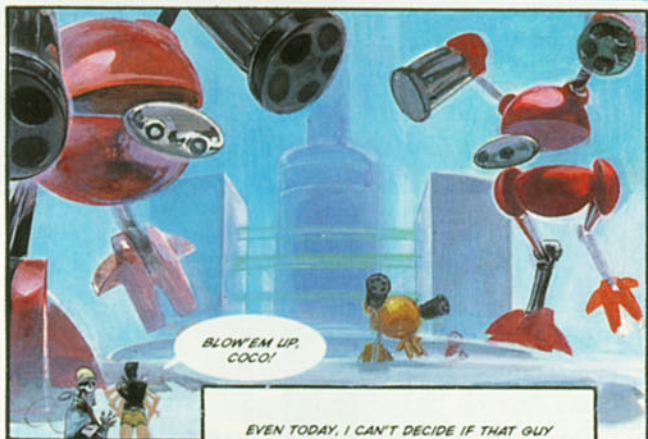
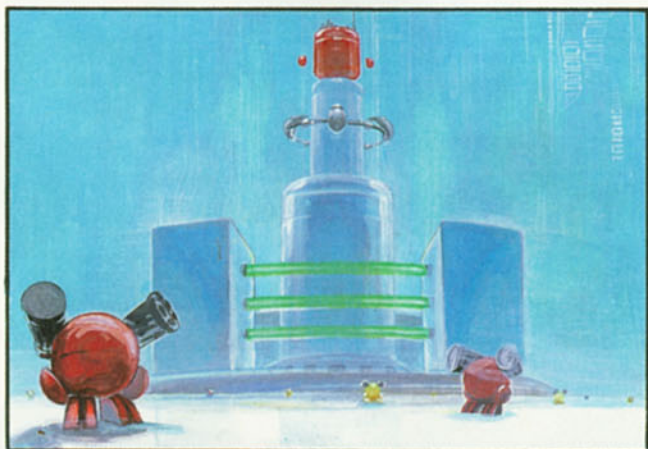


THE WIND IS FIERCE, SIR!



I'M GONNA FAALL!





EVEN TODAY, I CAN'T DECIDE IF THAT GUY WAS A GENIUS OR A MORON... PROBABLY A BIT OF BOTH.

WHEN HIS FATHER COMMITTED SUICIDE IN 1973, RATKO JUNGIC WAS A SICKLY, DEPRESSED, PARANOID CHILD WITH A STRANGE MEDICATION-INDUCED RICTUS.

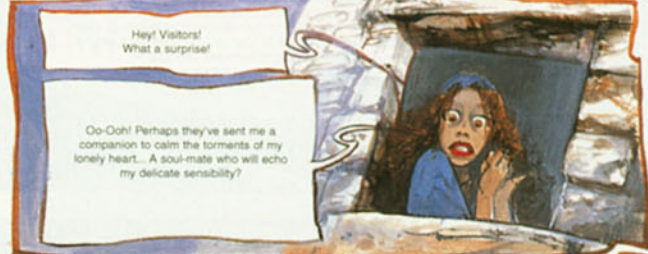
HE BLOSSOMED LATE, IN COLLEGE, UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF LSD, WHICH SEEMS TO HAVE LOOSENED SOMETHING IN HIM. HE WAS A BRILLIANT STUDENT IN THE SUBJECTS THAT INTERESTED HIM, AND HE OBTAINED DEGREES IN SEVERAL DISCIPLINES.

HIS ADVANCED RESEARCH (OFTEN UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF POWERFUL PSYCHOTROPIC DRUGS) INTO THE GRAMMAR OF ADAPTIVE SYSTEMS LED HIM AND SOME OF HIS FRIENDS TO THE BRINK OF NERVOUS COLLAPSE...

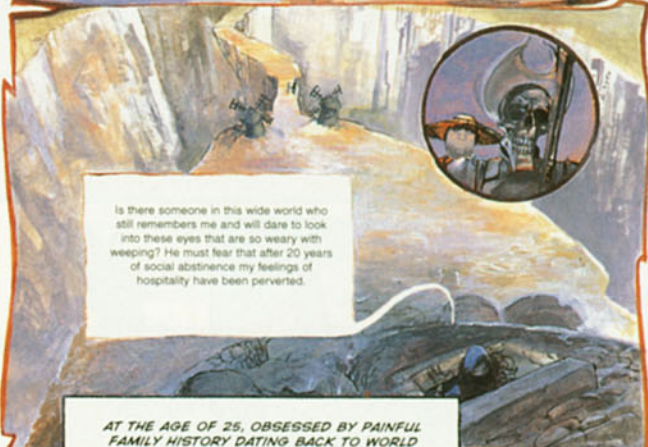


Hey! Visitors!  
What a surprise!

Oo-Ooh! Perhaps they've sent me a companion to calm the torments of my lonely heart... A soul-mate who will echo my delicate sensibility?



Is there someone in this wide world who still remembers me and will dare to look into these eyes that are so weary with weeping? He must fear that after 20 years of social abstinence my feelings of hospitality have been perverted.



AT THE AGE OF 25, OBSESSED BY PAINFUL FAMILY HISTORY DATING BACK TO WORLD WAR II, HE BECAME AN ACTIVIST OF AN OLD-FASHIONED, PURIST TYPE.

JUNGIC DEVELOPED THE OUTLINE OF A PROJECT THAT WOULD RESULT IN THE CREATION OF GHOSTTOWN, OF THE WORLD WATCHERS' INSTITUTE, AND OF CHERRY RED, HIS A.I., WHICH WOULD ONE DAY BE CAPABLE, AT LEAST THEORETICALLY, OF REACHING HIS LEVEL OF AUTONOMOUS SUPRA-OBJECTIVE CONSCIOUSNESS AND EVENTUALLY OF REPLACING HIM.

THE REALIZATION OF THE PROJECT HAD BEEN FREQUENTLY QUESTIONED BUT THIS HAD NO EFFECT ON JUNGIC THE VISIONARY WHO FINALLY BROUGHT IT TO FRUITION.

WITHOUT THE SUCCESS OF GHOSTTOWN, YUNO, JUNGIC WOULD NEVER HAVE REACHED HIS ENDS.

THE CITY'S DEVELOPMENT COINCIDED WITH THE EXPANSION OF WORLDWIDE NETWORKS AND WITH THE TRANSMISSION OF INFORMATION. CHERRY RED MANAGED THIS ENVIRONMENT, COLLATING THE GALAXY OF DATA IN A COHERENT MANNER...



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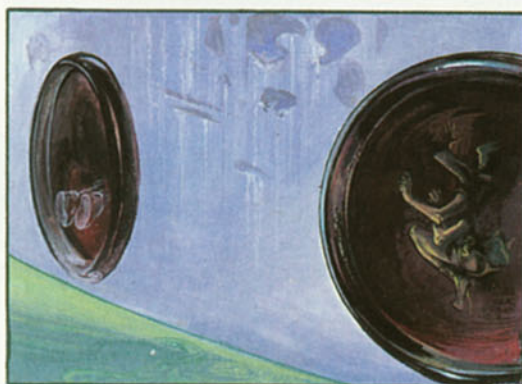
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THE OFFICIAL VERSION IS THAT THE MACHINE WENT HAYWIRE FOLLOWING A SERIES OF MALICIOUS PROGRAMMING ERRORS, ATTRIBUTED TO JUNGIC FOR POLITICAL REASONS. I LATER LEARNED THAT THERE HAD BEEN A PATHETIC ATTEMPT AT A COVER-UP TO HIDE A PROBLEMATIC REALITY. JUNGIC WAS A FUGITIVE AND WENT INTO HIDING. HE HAD EXPERT HELP. FROM JAKARTA TO KOWLOON HE WAS CAPABLE OF FINDING THE SUPPORT NEEDED FOR HIS SURVIVAL. HE ULTIMATELY DISAPPEARED FROM THE VISIBLE WORLD, MAKING USE OF THE OLD NETWORK OF SYMPATHIZERS, FROM THE ANTHROPOMORPHOGENESIS-PRACTICING SEWER WORKERS OF JAKARTA TO THE CAVE-DWELLERS OF KOWLOON...





THE U.N. ADMINISTRATION TOOK OVER THE INSTITUTE AND GHOSTTOWN, AND JUNGIC GAVE WALLACE DAVID SAVID FULL POWERS TO HANDLE THE CRISIS...

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I OFFICIALLY DECLARE THAT THIS EXTRAORDINARY SESSION OF THE SECURITY COUNCIL HAS BEGUN, AND I WISH TO CALL TO YOUR ATTENTION THAT THE SITUATION IS HIGHLY SERIOUS...

... WALLACE DAVID SAVID, WHO IS HERE BESIDE ME AND WHOM YOU ALL KNOW, WILL EXPLAIN THE IMPLICATIONS TO US ALL IN DETAIL. WALLACE...

... CAN'T TRUST THAT PRETENTIOUS DICK-HEAD. MY DOG MAKES ME FEEL MORE SECURE... AND HE DOESN'T EVEN SNORT COCAINE...

... DON SCULIANO AND CATANZARO'S CAPOS OWE HIM. I THINK YOU SHOULD TONE DOWN YOUR REMARKS. WE MUST TRY TO KEEP SOME HARMONY, SIGNORE SERRANO...

EXCUSE ME, HONORABLE SHAREHOLDER, BUT I THINK THE SECURITY OF OUR NETWORKS SHOULD BE STRENGTHENED. IF OUR FRIENDS FROM NDRAGHETTA DISAGREE...

... TELL THEM TO COME DOWN TO GHOSTTOWN AND VISIT THE SITE WHERE THE VATICAN BANK STOOD. IT'S BEEN DEVASTATED. OUR CLIENTS HAVE EVERY RIGHT TO BE UPSET.

WE'LL VOTE LATER TO ALLOCATE ADDITIONAL FUNDS FOR SECURITY, DON SERRANO. OUR COMPANY IS WELL INSURED. SO DON'T WORRY TOO MUCH... FIRST OF ALL, WE MUST FIND A PERMANENT SOLUTION TO THE ISSUE OF THE CHAOS RIDERS.

SIGNORE SERRANO, IT SEEMS UNFAIR TO ATTACK MASSIMO. HE HAS PROVED HIS WORTH. WE KNOW HOW MUCH...

WELCOME, HONORABLE WHITE-PAPER-FAN, WE WERE WAITING FOR YOU...

I AM LATE. PLEASE EXCUSE ME, VENERABLE #32. I HAD TO FIND A NEW PILOT...

... IN ORDER TO TAKE MY PLACE AMONG YOU, MY EQUIPMENT HAS BEEN BADLY DAMAGED...

THE DRAGON'S SHADOW IS SPREADING OVER THE WORLD, BUT ITS TECHNOLOGICAL POWER IS POOR. MASTER FONG. OUR ROMAN FUNDS HAVE DISAPPEARED AND I DOUBT IF WE'LL EVER GET THEM BACK. LOCAL MANAGEMENT IS BAD. WE NEED CASH, NOW.

EVERYTHING HAS ALREADY BEEN TAKEN CARE OF. YOU WILL BE GIVEN THE DETAILS AS SOON AS THE EQUIPMENT HAS BEEN REPAIRED. PREPARE YOUR REPORT. THE DIRECTORS WILL HEAR WHAT YOU HAVE TO SAY AFTER THEY'VE LISTENED TO THE ITALIANS...

DAVID SAVID, THE U.N. SPOKESPERSON, HAD HAD MANY RUN-INS WITH JUNGIC IN THE PAST. THE TWO OF THEM HAD BEEN DIRECTLY OPPOSED IN A POWER STRUGGLE FOR CONTROL OF THE INSTITUTE'S SOURCES OF INFORMATION. SINCE THIS WOULD FINALLY PERMIT THEM TO COMPETE WITH THE AMERICANS.

IT WOULD SEEM THAT AFTER HACKING MANY IMPORTANT PRIVATE SITES, THE PIRATES ENTERED THE MATRIX, SUCCESSFULLY ISOLATING THEMSELVES IN THE SAFETY OF ITS CENTER.

IT SEEMS LOGICAL TO BELIEVE THAT THEY NOW HAVE ACCESS TO ALL THE DATA. AND THAT NOTHING CAN STOP THEM FROM TRYING TO VIOLATE THE A.I. PROFESSOR COLONNA IS HERE TO ANSWER YOUR TECHNICAL QUESTIONS.



ONCE THE U.N. HAD TAKEN OVER THE INSTITUTE AND THE CITY, THE INTERNATIONAL FINANCIAL ARISTOCRACY FELT PROTECTED. THE U.N. WAS ONE OF THE SYSTEM'S SOLID PILLARS. YUNO, EVERYONE THERE KNEW THE MEANING OF BUSINESS AND THE NEED FOR PROSPERITY.

... AN ENEMY HAS BEEN LOCALIZED IN 14K, IN THE CENTER OF ONE OF THE STRONGHOLDS OF THE NEW WALLED CITY, ON THE KOWLOON PENINSULA. IN OUR HONORABLE COMPANY'S NAME, I ASK THE POWERFUL TRINITY TO ENSURE THAT OUR INTERESTS WILL NEVER BE THREATENED AGAIN...

... SOON WE WILL RECEIVE THE GLOBAL REPORT ON PLANETARY CONNECTIONS, WHICH WILL BE THOROUGHLY EXAMINED BY OUR EXPERTS.

THIS MAY TAKE A WHILE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, BUT THE RESULTS WILL BE WORTH IT...

WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF THOSE GUYS PARALYZE THE SYSTEM? THE CITY IS AT STAKE.

COULDN'T WE SEND A TEAM INTO THE BELL TOWER TO ESTABLISH A DIRECT LINK WITH THE MATRIX?

THE LAB IS EXAMINING WAYS OF ACCESSING THE SYSTEM, BUT TO OPEN THE AIRLOCK, WE'LL NEED HELP...

... FROM CHERRY RED. THAT'S THE FIRST PROBLEM WE'LL HAVE TO RESOLVE. THE SUBMARINE ENGINEERS ARE ALREADY WORKING ON IT.

WE MUST BE PREPARED FOR THE WORST-CASE SCENARIO. WE'RE LOCKED OUT BY OUR OWN SECURITY SYSTEM. A CLEAN-UP TEAM...

I'M COUNTING ON YOUR DISCRETION.

WE MUST AVOID ANY RISK OF PANIC. SO LONG AS PEOPLE CAN LEAD THEIR NORMAL LIVES, ENTERING AND LEAVING GHOSTTOWN WITHOUT ANY DIFFICULTY...

WE SHOULD VOTE ON THE POSSIBILITY OF TESTING THE NEW EXPERIMENTAL MATERIAL THAT WILL BE SUPPLIED TO US ON SIMPLE DEMAND BY GENETIC MILIFARM...

... WILL TRY TO CROSS THE BARRIER PUT UP BY THE PIRATES JUST BEYOND THE AIRLOCK THAT LEADS INTO THE SYSTEM.

... OUR PUBLIC FACADE WILL SHOW THAT NOTHING IS AMISS.

... WE DO NOT WISH TO INSULT OR REPROACH ANYONE. OUR GOAL IS TO RESOLVE THE PROBLEM AT HAND...

... THE HONORABLE COMPANY AGREES TO FINANCE THE OVERALL OPERATION, SINCE WE BELIEVE THAT THE PRESENT SITUATION CONCERNS US ALL. WE WILL GIVE OUR LOGISTIC SUPPORT TO 14K, AS AND WHEN REQUIRED...

THEY WERE UNAWARE THAT THEY WERE SITTING ON A KEG OF DYNAMITE WITH A LIT FUSE. THEY ALL DESCENDED ON GHOSTTOWN, WITHOUT IMAGINING FOR A SECOND THAT THIS NEW FINANCIAL BOON COULD TURN INTO A TERRIBLE TRAP...





THEY SLEPT LIKE BABIES, YUNO... NOTHING AND NO ONE BLOCKED THEIR PATH. THEY WERE POWERFUL MEN AND MACHINES OBEYED THEM, SERVING THEIR MASTERS' INTERESTS... THOSE THAT DIDN'T WERE DESTROYED.

DAMN YOU, OTIS!

... YOU EVEN HAD TO PAY TO PARK IN THE GARAGE ENTRANCES. PROFITS WERE SLIM...

SHUT UP, OTIS! I CAN'T SLEEP!





JUNGIC WAS LOOKING FOR  
A TOOL IN HIS MACHINES  
THAT WOULD ENABLE HIM  
TO BLOW EVERYTHING UP...  
A CATALYTIC FORCE  
CAPABLE OF ALTERING  
EVERYONE'S EXISTENCE BY  
CREATING NEW AREAS OF  
EXISTENTIAL  
SUBLIMATION...



GOOD MORNING, SIR!  
WELCOME TO OUR FACILITY.  
MY NAME IS PENELOPE, AND  
I'M HERE TO HELP YOU.  
MISTER...  
MISTER...  
MISTER...



IDENTIFICATION  
IMPOSSIBLE. YOU ARE  
REQUESTED TO UPDATE  
YOUR REGULATION CNI  
MODULE...  
  
IMMIGRATION AGENTS WILL  
BE WAITING FOR YOU IN 12  
MINUTES. AT GATE 7. YOU  
WILL BE TEMPORARILY  
CONSIDERED AS...



BUT IN THE CHAOS, ROLES  
WERE REVERSED.  
  
WHO CONTROLLED WHOM?  
DID HUMANS CONTROL  
MACHINES, OR VICE  
VERSA?



GOOD MORNING, SIR.  
WELCOME TO OUR FACILITY.  
MY NAME IS PENELOPE, AND  
I'M HERE TO HELP YOU, MR...  
BROOKS.  
  
NICE DAY, ISN'T IT? WHAT  
CAN I DO FOR YOU?



A ONE-WAY TICKET TO  
KOWLOON ON FLIGHT  
2708? CERTAINLY,  
MR. BROOKS. NICE TIME  
OF THE YEAR TO VISIT  
CHINA.



PASSPORT CONTROL  
OKAY. ACCESS TO  
BOARDING DELIVERED.  
TOURIST VISA VALID FOR  
30 DAYS. YOU WILL LAND  
AT 4 A.M. LOCAL TIME. AT  
KAI TAK SECONDARY  
TERMINAL.



THAT WILL BE 437 EUROS.  
MR. BROOKS. DO YOU WISH  
TO RENT A VEHICLE, WITH  
OUR WITHOUT...  
  
DE-REGULATION PROCEDURE  
BEGUN. PLEASE WAIT,  
MR. BROOKS.



YOUR ACCOUNT SHOWS A  
DEFICIT, MR. BROOKS. YOU  
MUST PAY THE  
SUPPLEMENTARY AMOUNT  
OF 34 EUROS IN INTEREST  
ON YOUR AUTOMATIC  
CREDIT, PLUS 3.67 AND  
3.68 IN TAXES.



THE COMPANY WISHES  
YOU A PLEASANT STAY  
IN KOWLOON.  
POPULATION 14 MILLION.  
GUANGDONG PROVINCE,  
PEOPLE'S REP...





ARE YOU THERE,  
COCO?

THESE  
TUNNELS ARE  
CREEPY...  
THERE  
SEEMS TO BE  
NO END TO  
THEM.

WE'VE BEEN IN HERE  
FOR AGES. I'M  
GETTING  
CLAUSTROPHOBIC.

THAT'S NORMAL, ANDI. WE'RE  
ADVANCING VERY SLOWLY. THE  
CORRIDORS ARE PROTECTED BY A  
SECURITY SYSTEM. IT TAKES THE  
DECODER A WHILE TO SCRAMBLE THEIR  
FREQUENCIES. IT COMPOSES AND  
DECOMPOSES OUR EVERY MOVEMENT.  
BE PATIENT! WE'RE ALMOST THERE.

I KNOW THIS SOUNDS  
DUMB, BUT I GET THE  
FEELING WE'RE NOT  
ALONE...

IT'S THE FIRST TIME I  
GET THIS FEELING WITH  
A PILOT... WILL YOU  
COVER ME,  
MAJORAMA?

I cannot access your position, Master. I lost you 3  
minutes and 18 seconds ago, at ASJ002005443.  
Recorded an incoherent, unidentified nebulous  
form in the same position, at the same time.  
Format and language unknown. Impossible to  
copy. Controllers okay. Over to you...

ANDI!

COCO?!

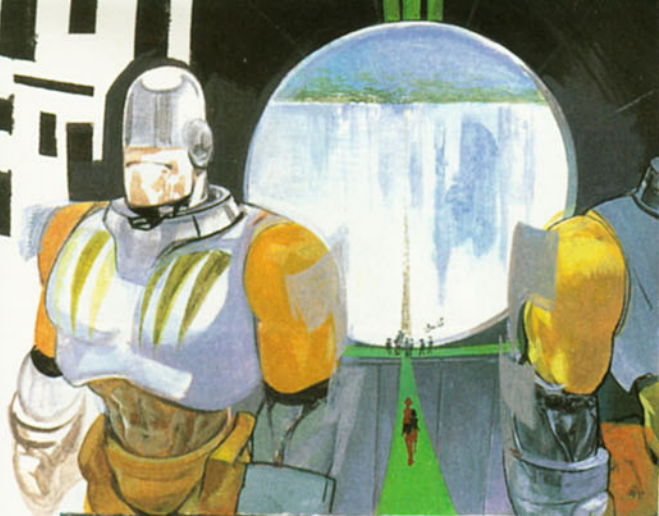
SOMETHING HAS  
JUST GONE  
THROUGH ME! SOME  
FUCKIN' THING THAT HAS  
DESTROYED MY  
CONNECTION MODULE.  
I DON'T HAVE ANY  
POWER... DON'T MOVE  
ANDI.

I'LL GO SEE  
WHAT'S GOIN'  
ON...

OKAY.

BECAUSE JUNGIC HAD CREATED CHERRY RED, HIS A.I., HE COULDN'T HELP  
FEELING A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF PATERNAL AFFECTION FOR IT. HE WISHED HE  
HADN'T STAYED AWAY FOR SO LONG... AND HE HAD GREAT HOPES FOR THEIR  
REUNION. YUNO. HE COULDN'T WAIT TO HUG IT AND HOLD IT IN HIS ARMS.





... SHOULD WORK...?!



YOU'RE  
ALMOST  
THERE,  
GUYS.



SCHUSTER,  
STABILIZE YOUR  
MOVEMENTS...  
THAT...



WHO CAN  
TELL ME WHAT  
THOSE  
CHICKS ARE  
UP TO?



LAB MICE...  
SIR,  
COUNCIL...

DETECT-  
IVES.

WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING  
THERE,  
SARI?



I THOUGHT  
I'D ASKED  
YOU TO...

SORRY,  
SIR,  
BUT...

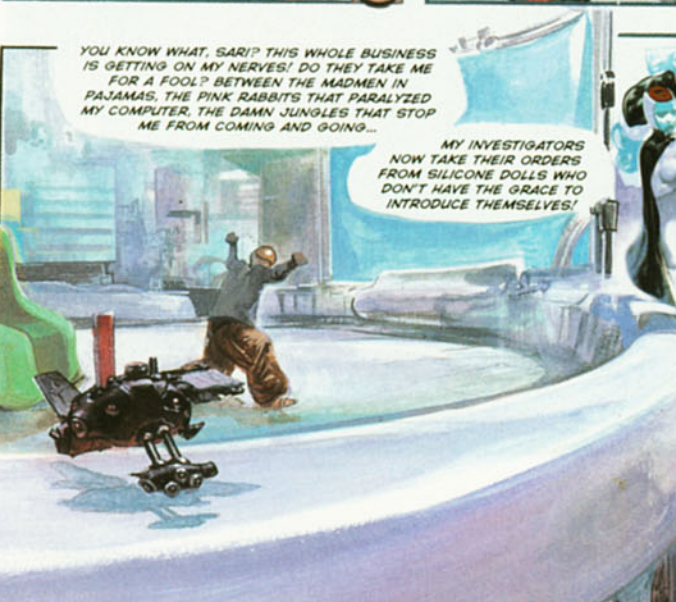
... THESE LADIES  
TOOK ME OFF THE  
CASE. COUNCIL'S  
DECISION.



WHAT?! BUT THE  
COUNCIL IS STILL  
IN SESSION! DAVID  
SAVIC IS STILL  
THERE.



IF YOU SAY SO,  
SIR, BUT I'M  
SURE OF THIS.  
THESE BITCHES  
ARE FULLY  
ACCREDITED...



YOU KNOW WHAT, SARI? THIS WHOLE BUSINESS  
IS GETTING ON MY NERVES! DO THEY TAKE ME  
FOR A FOOL? BETWEEN THE MADMEN IN  
PAJAMAS, THE PINK RABBITS THAT PARALYZED  
MY COMPUTER, THE DAMN JUNGLES THAT STOP  
ME FROM COMING AND GOING...

MY INVESTIGATORS  
NOW TAKE THEIR ORDERS  
FROM SILICONE DOLLS WHO  
DON'T HAVE THE GRACE TO  
INTRODUCE THEMSELVES!



ALL WE NEED NOW IS MONTANA  
JONES AND THE BENGAL GHOST!  
IF I WERE IN CHARGE OF THIS  
BROTHEL... HEY YOU, DO  
SOMETHING, WILL YOU? AND  
CROSS THE F-ING BRIDGE!

INDIANA, SIR.



INDIANA JONES,  
SIR, NOT  
MONTANA.

WHAT?

CAN I TRY TO  
CROSS THE  
BRIDGE?

HE HOPED THAT LEAVING-SUN WOULD DELAY THE  
ADVANCE OF THE INSTITUTE'S TROOPS AND GIVE HIM  
ENOUGH TIME TO WAKE UP SLEEPING BEAUTY.  
LEAVING-SUN'S ENVIRONMENT WAS GENERATED BY AN  
EXTREMELY POWERFUL MOTOR THAT REQUIRED  
ACCELERATION CARDS THAT THE RAMCOPS HAD NOT  
YET BEEN SUPPLIED WITH...





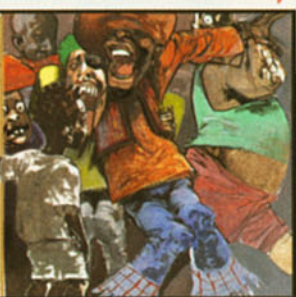


RATKO JUNGIC'S FRIENDS WERE COMPLETELY DEVOTED TO HIS CAUSE AND, IN TURN, HE TRUSTED THEM BLINDLY. MANY OF THEM WOULD HAVE GIVEN THEIR LIVES FOR HIM, NOT OUT OF FANATICISM, YUINO, BUT RATHER OUT OF A FEELING OF FATALISM. EVERYONE KNEW WHAT THEY HAD TO DO, AND WHY. THE CHAOS RIDERS CARRIED OUT THEIR TASKS WITH GREAT DETERMINATION. JUNGIC KNEW HE COULD COUNT ON THEM. THEY FELT ENTHUSIASTIC THAT SOON THEY WOULD BE ABLE TO EXPRESS THEMSELVES AND EXIST THROUGH ACTION...



... AND EVEN IF THAT IDIOT CHAVO HAD PASSED HIS SELL-BY DATE, HE WAS STILL ONE OF RATKO'S TOP MEN. ALTHOUGH CHAVO HAD BURNT UP MORE NEURONS THAN HE POSSESSED DURING THE TWENTIES' FAD FOR MOLECULAR TRIPS STIMULATED BY PSYCHOACTIVE SUBSTANCES, HIS IMPLANTS WERE STILL IN GOOD SHAPE, AND HE REMAINED A TOP EXPERT IN NETWORK SYSTEMS. WHEN PROBLEMS AROSE, IT WAS CHAVO THAT JUNGIC TURNED TO.





I'M SORRY, BUT I THINK WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO INTERRUPT OUR CONVERSATION...

