

**MAGIKA #2: THE FIERY VERSES!**

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# HEAVY

THE ADULT ILLUSTRATED  
FANTASY MAGAZINE

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## PUBLISHER'S NOTE

OY! What a crazy exciting time it has been since I last wrote you all, with a million cool and interesting things going on! Unfortunately I can't spill it all to you right now, but I can tell you after six months of work, Heavy Metal has signed a new movie deal—a live action one! More details in my next Publisher's note, I promise.

Between now and then, if you want more up to the minute information, or at least on a weekly basis, click over to the web-site, [heavymetal.com](http://heavymetal.com) and check out "What's On My Brain!" If you haven't seen it yet, it's a weekly update from yours truly talking about all things "Kevin" and "Heavy Metal", complete with photos! "What's On My Brain" has been getting great feedback from the fans, and heating up the message boards with lots of great banter. While you're there, check out the other nine [heavymetal.com](http://heavymetal.com) channels we update weekly—"2 Drunk Idiots" and "Bizz and Buzz Scout'n Tang" seem to be among the most popular.

Speaking of the message boards, I want to apologize to the forum fans and contributors for not getting up there to respond to the letters as much as I'd like to for the past month or so—between the traveling and related Hollywood adventures I've just been swamped. I promise to get it back on track shortly.

For this issue, fans have been asking for it for more than a year and here it is—"Magika" is back as our featured graphic novel and it's a killer installment.

My buddy, Lorenzo Sperlonga found the time to finish this month's beautiful cover, while under intense deadline to complete his design work on Julie Strain's next book, "Nightmare on Pin-Up Street". His latest cover is also the inspiration for a special edition sculpture you'll see for sale in our next issue.

What could I say about our short stories and regular features I haven't said before? I hand picked them and as always, I'm thrilled to have the chance to present them to you. Most all of them are by our all star regular creative crews and I look forward to your thoughts on their latest efforts.

Okay, once again I find myself running to the bottom of my page for this issue. So, I'm off into the wild blue yonder!

Talk to you soon,



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear H.M.,

Would it be possible to get a picture with Kevin Eastman and Julie Strain at the Wizard con in L.A.? Is Simon Bisley coming to the convention?

Also, I must say that I feel H.M. deserves more coverage in the comic media field. I have been reading for years and have found no other magazine comparable to H.M. In fact, H.M., is how I got a buddy of mine into the comic entertainment field. All of you—the writers, contributors and everyone else who puts the magazine together are doing a great job. You all deserve a little more credit.

The Fallenteer

Dear The Fallenteer,

Thanks for your note. Of course you can get a picture with me! Thanks for asking! Sorry but Julie has a schedule conflict as does Simon. I'm hoping we'll get both of them down to San Diego this year.

I know what you mean about the press coverage. We're pretty much the only magazine of this type out there, featuring this kind of artwork. But most of the comic media out there chooses to look the other way. We'll have to work on that more this year.

Dear H.M.,

I saw American Splendor on DVD and thought it was a great movie and thought it was done in such a cool way. Harvey Pekar's life isn't the usual "bio-flick" which was what I liked about it, so when are we going to see a movie about your life (and don't tell me your life isn't interesting).

Caleb

Dear Caleb,

I loved that movie! I just picked up the DVD, having missed it in theaters and really thought the folks that put it together did an excellent job. I've met Harvey on a number of occasions and he is one of comic's originals—a true character!

I don't think you'll see any movies on my life any time soon but thanks for asking.

Other folks looking in at my little corner of the world have said it seems wild and outrageous but to me it feels as basic and normal as the next guy, with most of all the same daily life issues. I know I've been more than blessed in many ways, so I know it's a bit nutty to call it "normal" since most people wouldn't think it is but I guess it's just "my normal" so I don't notice it as much.

Dear H.M.,

With the furor going on about Janet Jackson's right breast being barely exposed on the Superbowl half-time show, (I think this country has to grow up fast) I'm surprised no one noticed that the breast ornament looked like something Simon "There's No Such Thing As Last Call" Bisley cooked up. I hope you'll talk about it in the May issue. Until then...

Roy

Dear Roy,

I couldn't agree more! First, I think it is outrageous that people are flipping out over Janet's breast the way they have. It's insane! This country really needs to get out of the "Dark Ages" and catch up with the rest of the world. In Europe you can see full frontal nudity on daytime television. Whatever—I thought it was great, and yes it did look like a design Biz would cook up. Thanks for writing!

Dear H.M.,

Go to <http://www.hellsite.com> for the first live-action glimpse of Mike Mignola's demon-cop. Ron Perlman rules in the role!

Rob

Dear Rob,

Yes! Yes! Yes! Everyone must go to this site and check out the trailer—but even more importantly, go see the movie the day it comes out! Congratulations to Mike for a great idea and the great creative team that pulled off the film. Director, "Del Torro" rocks!!!

Check out our web-site at  
[www.heavymetal.com](http://www.heavymetal.com)



# VALLEY OF THE MAWS

"If there is a sensual center to the Universe, this must be it!" observes R. Miller, Chief of Operations with the Galactic Geographic's research team which is now studying the outlands of the Tsailerol home world in the Constellation *Plaedes*.

"Seldom have our biologists seen a group of creatures so involved in the act of procreation," he adds, pointing to the twining necks of the orgiastic MAWS; animals that remind visiting human colonists of birds or dinosaurs. But the birdlike appearance of the MAWS (named for their mating call) is only skin deep. Physiologically they are not even similar to Earth's avians. Their lack of feathers is but one obvious difference. Rather than laying eggs to breed, the MAWS join in pairs and twist their long necks around each other. They remain like this for weeks while their bodies merge into an immobile creature scientists call the "cocoon" stage. When they hatch four young MAWS will have repaced the original two.





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# FELIX VEGA

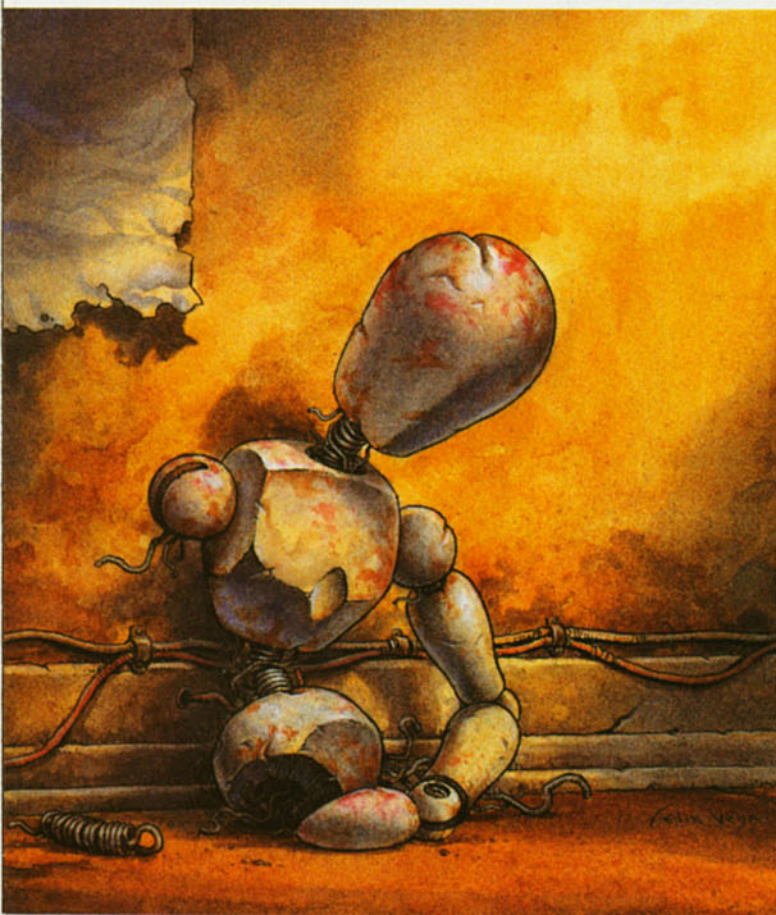
## *Gallery*



**Felix Vega was born in Santiago de Chile in 1971. His first works appeared in Chilean, Argentinean and Japanese publications; at the same time he studied art and worked for audiovisual producers, animation studios and advertising agencies.**











Between 1994 and 2002 he made a series of short stories, with scripts by Enrique Abuli, for the Spanish edition of Playboy. Some of these stories form part of the "Playboy comics", "Trios", and "Femmes Fatales".





**In 1996 he published the first part of his four-part work "Juan Buscamares"- "Water". This would later be published in France, Spain, Holland, Germany, Italy, Brazil and the USA in the pages of Heavy Metal Magazine. "Water" was followed by "Air", "Earth" and "Fire", which completes the series of the saga. He also made a short film based on the fantastic universe of "Juan Buscamares".**

**Vega has contributed to French, Italian and Spanish magazines. He has exhibited in Japan, Spain, Andorra and Chile. His work as an illustrator has won him prizes both in Chile and Spain.**

**He currently lives in Barcelona.**



**Mike Mignola's  
Demonic Hellboy Leaps Onto  
the Silver Screen**  
By S.C. Ringgenberg

Hellboy creator Mike Mignola has built an enviable reputation as one of comics' most distinctive visual innovators with a graphically powerful Toth-esque style that's instantly recognizable. He's done sterling work as a penciler, inker, and writer for most of the major comic book companies, but is best known for his original creation, Hellboy. Mignola's dark, kick-ass occult adventure strip stars an irascible red-skinned demon with a big stone hand who was brought into our world decades ago by Nazis and now battles the forces of darkness, though he may turn out to be the Beast of Apocalypse.

Nevertheless, Hellboy has been one of Dark Horse Comics' most popular creator-owned characters since his debut in 1994's *Seed of*

*Destruction* miniseries. So it's no surprise to anyone (except perhaps Mignola himself) that Hellboy, like Dark Horse characters such as The Mask and Bob Burden's Mystery Men, is making the transition to film. *Hellboy's* film debut, helmed by horror specialist Guillermo (Mimic, Cronos, Blade II) Del Toro holds the promise of being one of the best, and most faithful comic book films ever. It stars Ron Perlman as Hellboy. Perlman, the former star of TV's *Beauty and the Beast* series, and a busy character actor in such films as *Alien Resurrection*, *Blade II*, *Quest for Fire*, and *The Name of the Rose*, has always specialized in offbeat characters, usually in heavy make-up, so he seemed like an ideal choice to play Mignola's demonic warrior. Judging from his comments during this exclusive *Heavy Metal* interview, Mike Mignola thinks so, too. In fact, Mignola couldn't be happier with his star, his director, and his studio. It's a rare experience for a comics cre-

ator; usually they're given short shrift by the studios adapting their characters to the film.

**HM:** How long has the Hellboy movie taken to come to fruition?

**MIGNOLA:** They've probably been talking about a movie for seven years, and Del Toro has been involved as director for at least five years, I think it might be close to six years he's been trying to get this film made. So, a long damn time.

**RINGGENBERG:** Is the production company that's making it now the first one that approached you?

**MIGNOLA:** No. Mike Richardson of Dark Horse Entertainment has also produced several films. *The Mask* was a Dark Horse film and a few others...But Dark Horse publisher Mike Richardson came to me early on in the run of *Hellboy* and said we would like to position (Hellboy)...at Universal, put it into development, and nothing happened. And nothing happened for a long time until Del Toro heard...that somebody was trying to get a *Hellboy* movie off the ground. He had fallen in love with *Hellboy* and said, 'I'm the only director to make this movie. You've got to let me make this movie.' And the rest is...the rest is a lot of scraping and clawing on his part to get the movie made.

**RINGGENBERG:** Were you a fan of Del Toro's earlier films?

**MIGNOLA:** Yeah. I think when Del Toro was first mentioned to me he had only done *Cronos* and *Mimic*. And I had seen *Cronos*, which I really liked, and I had just seen *Mimic*, which I loved. So...first off, I thought the movie would never be made. But somebody says, you know, 'Del Toro wants to make it.' I said, 'He'd be great. It'll never happen, but boy, I'd sure like to meet him.' And we hit it off immediately, and we agreed about almost everything that he wanted to change. I was very happy and actually when we first spoke, I think one of the first things I said to him was, 'Listen, change anything. Do whatever. I've done this thing my way. If you want to make Guillermo Del Toro's *Hellboy*. Go nuts. You know

what you're doing. I'd rather see an interesting film by you, than an uninteresting version of my comic.' And as it turns out, he really wanted to stick as faithfully to the comic as he felt he could. So I certainly lucked out with him.

**RINGGENBERG:** Does the movie script include any of the elements that you had in any of your story arcs?

**MIGNOLA:** Yeah. I mean the first miniseries, *Seed of Destruction*, was structured very much like a comic book film. It opened with the origin of the character and then you flash ahead 50 years to an apparently unrelated incident that turns out it ties in with the character's origin, so the arc was there for a movie. And while Guillermo changed a lot of the details, the arc is the same. And it basically does the same thing with the character that I did with the character as far as the evolution of the character. Guillermo just played up the relationships between the supporting characters, the character who plays Hellboy's sort of father figure/mentor. That father-son relationship is really played up. Stuff that I hinted at in one panel, he made things like that giant chunks of the movie. He gave that movie a lot more heart than the comic book had.

**RINGGENBERG:** That's saying quite a lot.

**MIGNOLA:** Yeah. It's really great to have. I mean, there were so many places in the screenplay where I said, 'Wow! I wish I'd thought of that.' So that was nice.

**RINGGENBERG:** You don't often hear that when people are discussing adaptations of their work.

**MIGNOLA:** Well, I think Guillermo is such a fan of the material, and again I had come up with this other idea of how to do this film that was radically different from the comic. And immediately he said, 'No, I want to do your version of Hellboy. We are going to have to change this, this, or this just to make it more so an audience can relate to it.' But no, he really liked what I had done and wanted to put that as much as possible on the screen.





**RINGGENBERG:** Was Ron Perlman the first choice to play Hellboy?

**MIGNOLA:** Yeah, he was. He was kind of the only choice. Again, I never thought the movie would be made, so I never spent any time thinking about who should play what, and then a friend of mine said, 'You know who should play Hellboy? Ron Perlman.' And as soon as he mentioned Ron, I just couldn't imagine anyone else in the part. Now I knew Guillermo had worked with Ron on *Cronos*, so...when Guillermo and I met, again, one of the very first things we said was: who should play Hellboy? And I think we were both kind of eyeing each other, like he knew who should play Hellboy, I knew who should play Hellboy and I think we both said it at the same time. We were both thinking of Ron. And over the years...different studios had different ideas about who should play the characters, but (when) push comes to shove, I don't think Guillermo would have made the movie without Ron.

**RINGGENBERG:** So, how does he look in costume?

**MIGNOLA:** Oh, it was amazing. It looked so much like my character...I was working in L.A. on preproduction and hung out with Ron two or three times and you sit with Ron and listen to Ron talk and he sounds like Hellboy and his mannerisms are very much like the Hellboy I always had in my mind. I always thought there would be this amazing moment on the set when Ron walked out of the trailer in makeup, and when it happened, when he finally walked out in makeup, I was like, 'Oh, hi, how you doin'?' It was like so normal because he just seemed so much like Hellboy. It was very strange because there were days when Ron wasn't working, not a lot of them. I didn't often see Ron out of makeup, but when Ron would walk out onto the set without his makeup on, I would kind of go, 'Oooh, Ron Perlman is here.' And yet I'd been hanging out with him the whole day the day before. But when he was Hellboy you know, that was normal. But when he was Ron Perlman, it was like, 'Holy crap—Ron Perlman! I'm a big fan.'

**RINGGENBERG:** The movie

was adapted from your source material, but what did you actually do on the film?

**MIGNOLA:** I did a little bit of everything. I had worked with Guillermo on *Blade II*, in preproduction as kind of a warm-up to doing *Hellboy*. I think Guillermo wanted me working on *Blade II* to see if he and I would be able to work together creatively, so it was kind of like a tryout for me. And it worked. We didn't kill each other. And so he brought me in on *Hellboy* very much the same way. From Day One of preproduction in L.A. I was there doing design stuff. It was very weird to be designing my characters from Del Toro's specifications... 'Well, we're going to change Hellboy's big stone hand a little bit. I've got this idea, I've got that idea.' So on one hand, he wanted it to be me, but he wanted it to be me doing Hellboy a little different. Like if you had to put markings on Hellboy's stone hand, if you had to give him some kind of tattoo or engraving on his arm, what would you do? So, it was a very fascinating process. I mean there were three main guys in preproduction, one guy doing mostly the creature stuff, one guy doing mostly the mechanical stuff, and then I was kind of doing my takes on sets and some of the character designs and some of the costume designs, a little bit of everything. I was like the guy without a specialty, so I just kind of flowed all over. But even the stuff that I wasn't involved in designing, like the creatures and you know, the mechanical stuff, I was usually in the room or in the next room, so I was always in a position to be commenting on everybody else's stuff.

**RINGGENBERG:** Did you have any input on the script?

**MIGNOLA:**...I did. Guillermo had been sending me drafts of this script for probably three or four years. And I read the first couple and then the changes were so minor that I would kind of skim through them. I didn't pay that much attention, and then right before we were going into preproduction, Guillermo and I met up at a film festival in upstate New York. So, on the train up there I thought, I better read the latest draft of this screenplay, and it had changed quite a bit over the years.

And I remember that I really liked it, but I didn't like the ending. So, I was like, Oh, Crap! I have to see this guy tomorrow and I don't like the ending of the movie. And when we finally sat down and talked about it, he said: 'Okay. What shall we do?' And in twenty minutes, we had a new ending that was a hundred times better. And that was the way most of the script stuff went. If there was something I didn't like, I would say 90% of the time, it was gone, or at least we struck some kind of compromise between my way of thinking and his way of thinking. Again, he knows a lot more about making movies, and about pacing and about this and about that, so I recognized that it's a completely different art form than comics, so I'm very happy to defer to him, but at the same time, he really wanted me to be happy with what he was doing.

**RINGGENBERG:** You just sound so positive about this. So many I've talked to who went to Hollywood just have horror stories.

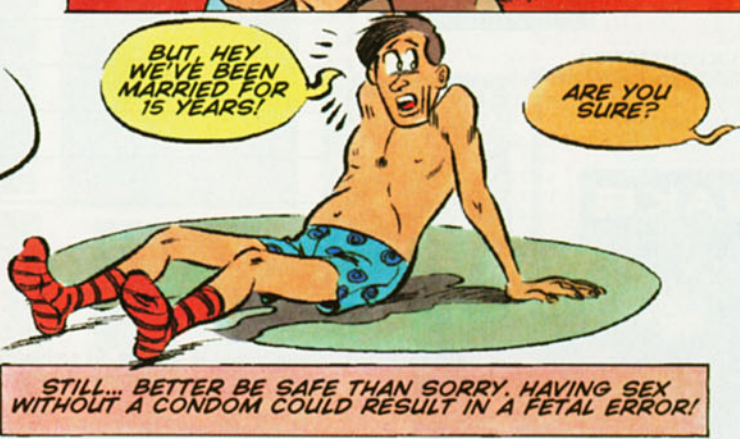
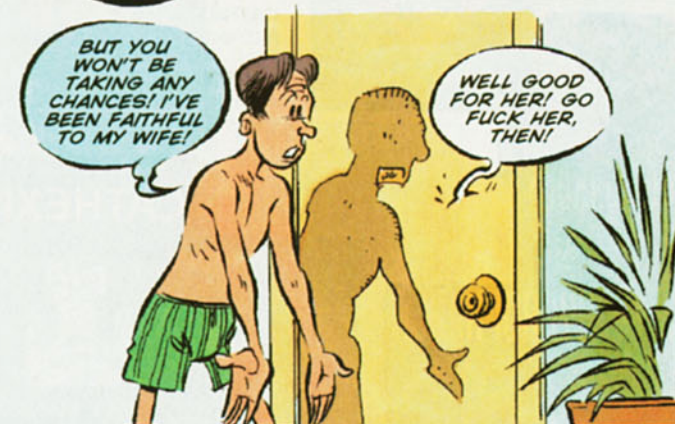
**MIGNOLA:**...I do have some horror stories...But the creative end of it, working with Del Toro and the other designers; it's been a pleasure. And I've always been in a position when I did this picture with Disney, and when I did *Hellboy* and I did *Blade II*, even with *Hellboy*, it's somebody else's movie. It's the studio's movie, it's Del Toro's movie. I'm there working on their movie. I'm not there trying to get my movie made...I think that would be very difficult. Unless it's your money, it's always going to be somebody else's movie...I won the lottery on *Hellboy* having a director that's so sympathetic and having a studio that's so supportive of what Del Toro wants to do. And Revolution's just been great. I mean some of the stories Del Toro tells about meetings with other studios: 'Does he have to be red?' '...Could he just turn into Hellboy when he's angry?' And you just kind of go—wow! We really lucked out!





**SHOULD  
YOU USE A  
CONDOM?**

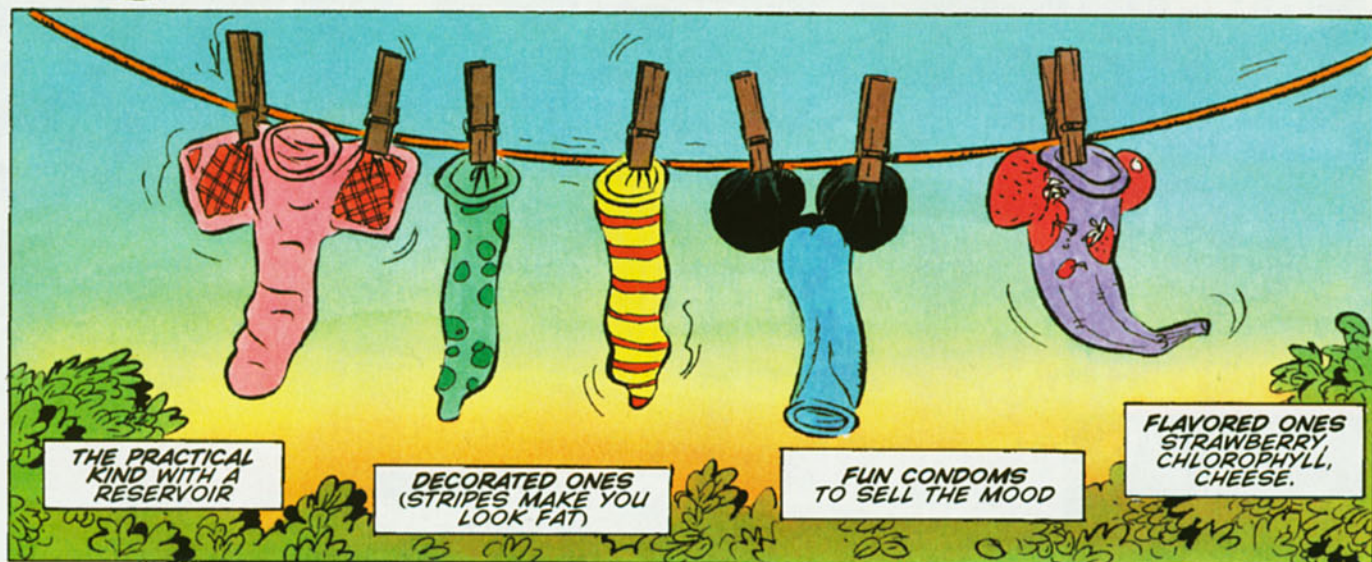
**SOME PEOPLE WOULD HAVE YOU BELIEVE  
THAT CONDOMS ARE NOT INDISPENSABLE.**



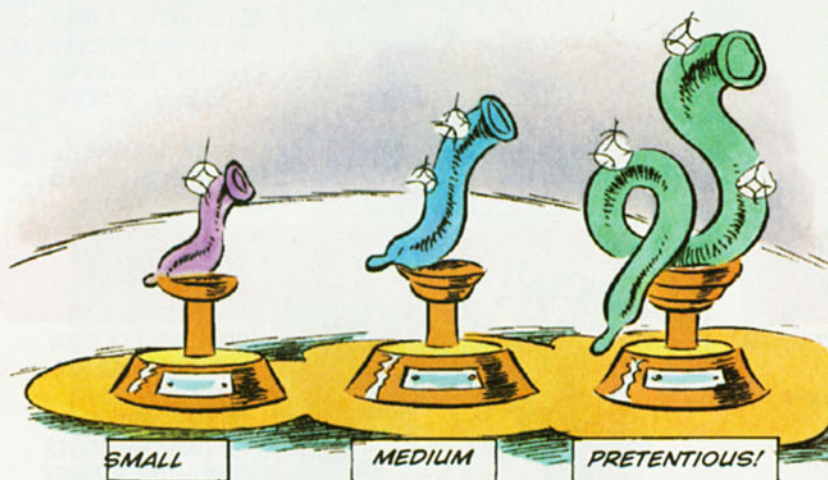


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CHOOSE A  
CONDOM...**

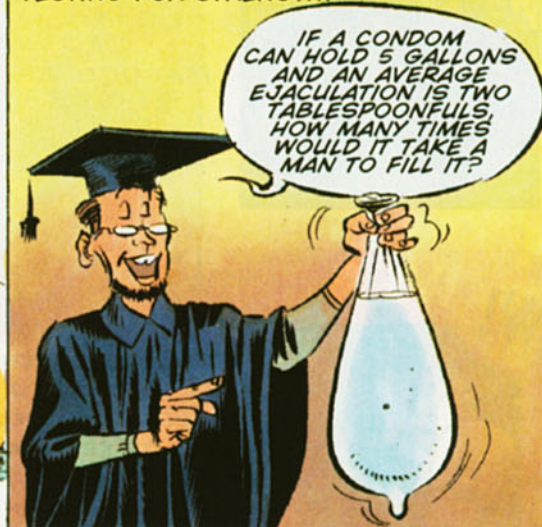
... SO THAT IT MATCHES YOUR SOCKS AND TIE?



CHOOSING THE RIGHT SIZE. THERE'S A WIDE CHOICE:



TESTING FOR STRENGTH.



HOW MANY SHOULD YOU PURCHASE?



WHAT DO 365  
USED CONDOMS  
HAVE IN  
COMMON WITH  
AN OLD TIRE?

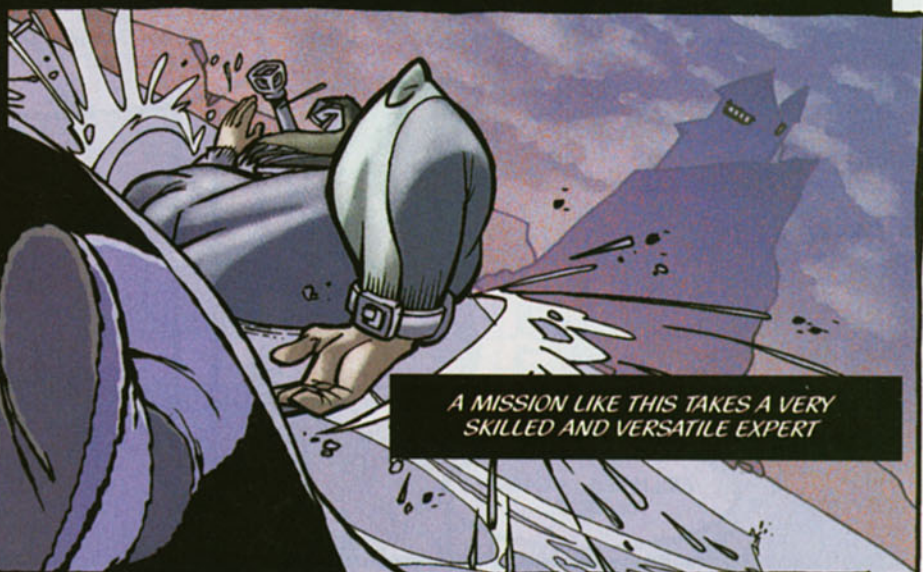
IT WAS A  
GOOD YEAR!



# TONY DANGER

Joseba Basalo & Iñaki G. Holgado

## WET MISSION



A MISSION LIKE THIS TAKES A VERY SKILLED AND VERSATILE EXPERT

AN EXPERT TO FACE  
DIRECTLY ANY INCIDENT



BUT THE WORST IS  
YET TO COME !



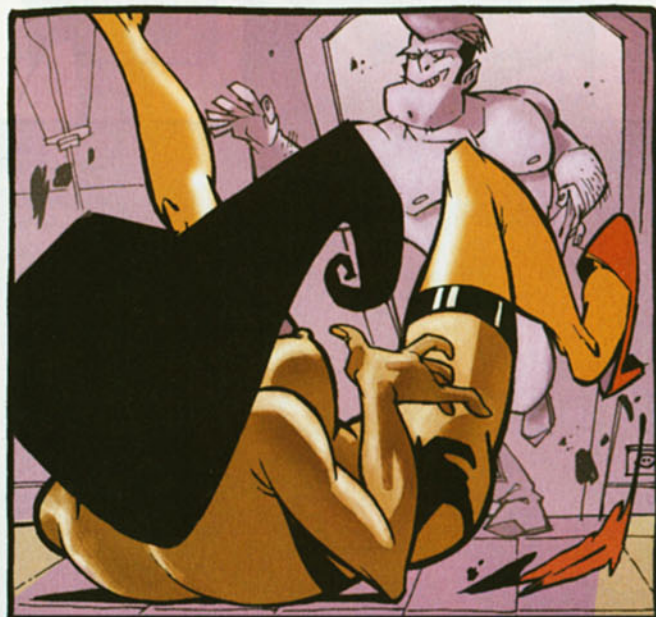
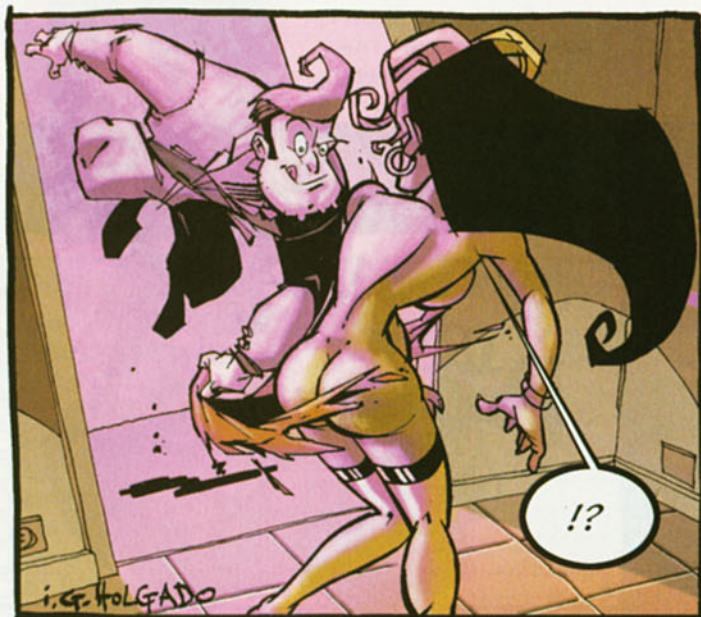
BEING A SECRET AGENT REQUIRES KNOWLEDGE  
AND TRAINING VERY FEW CAN ACHIEVE.  
SUCH AS...







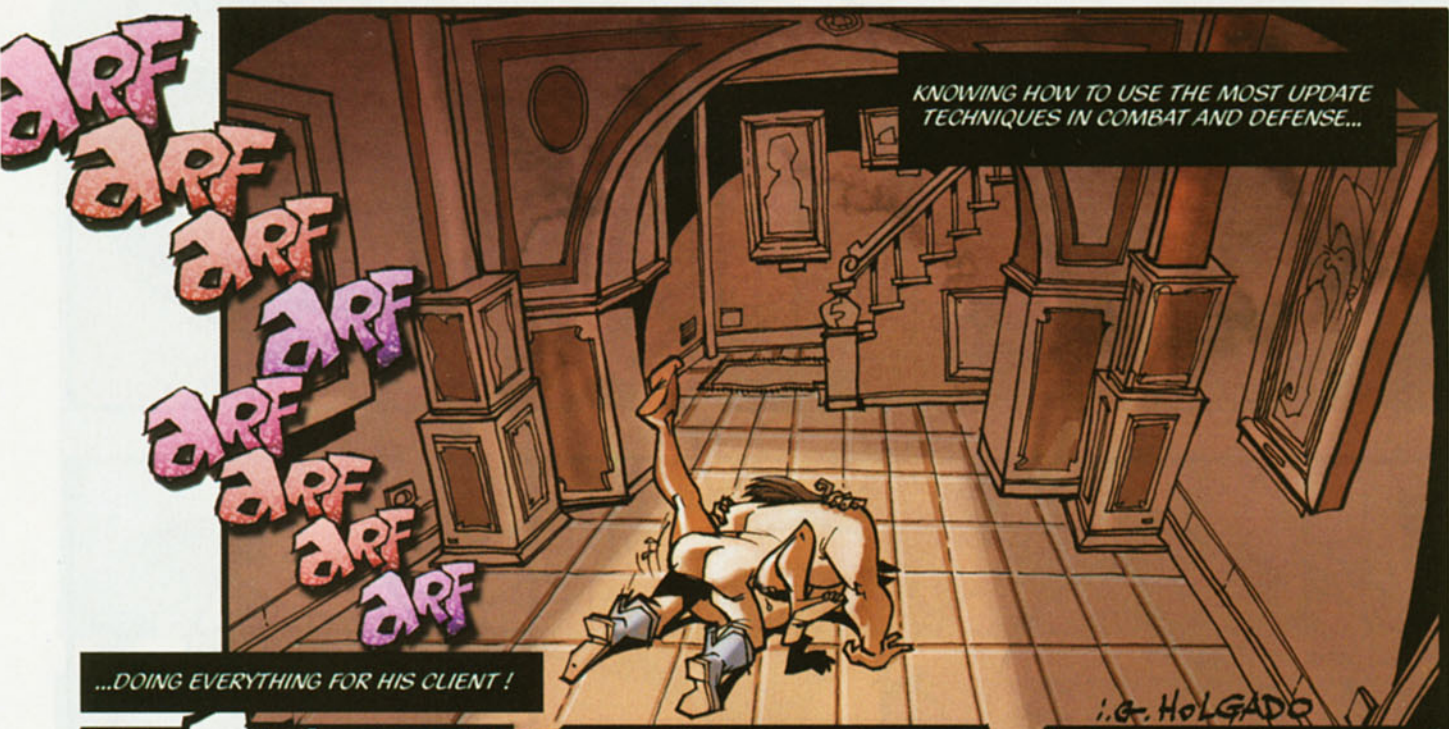
SUCCESS OR FAILURE IN A MISSION  
DEPENDS ON AN AGENT'S  
COMPLETE DEDICATION...







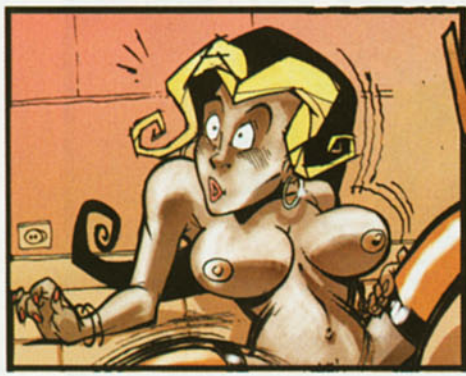




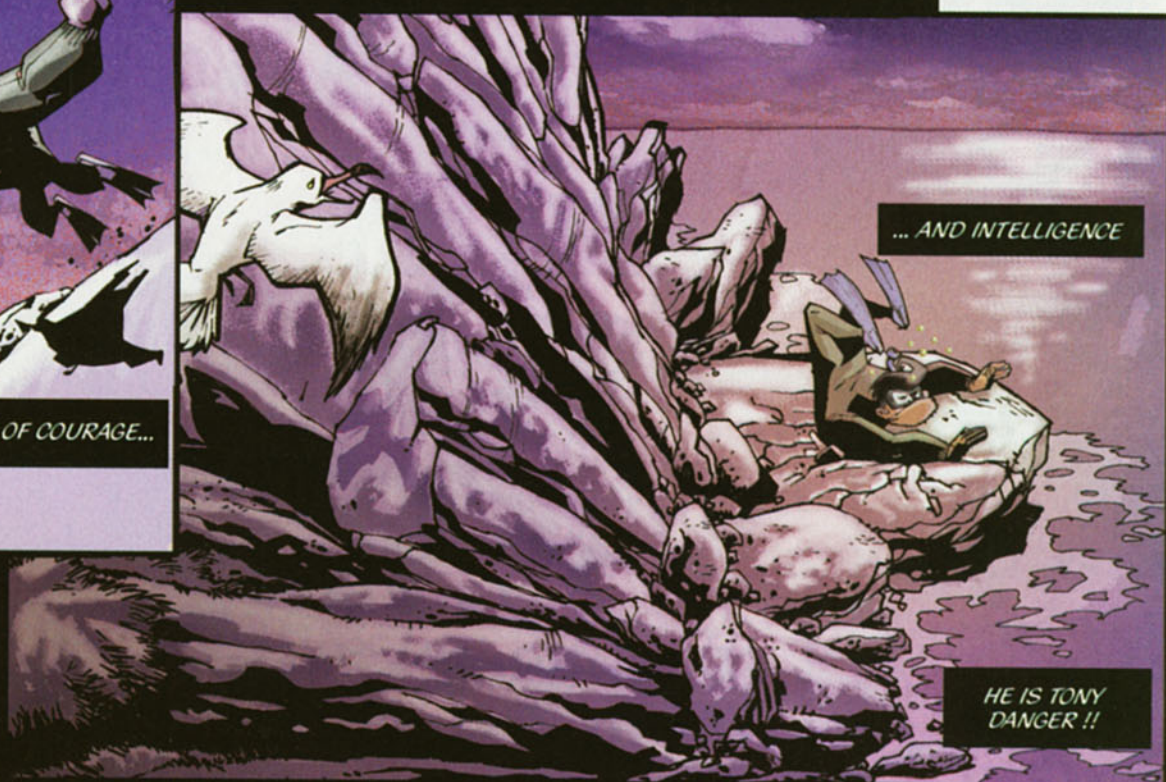
...DOING EVERYTHING FOR HIS CLIENT !



USING THE MOST SOPHISTICATED DEVICES...

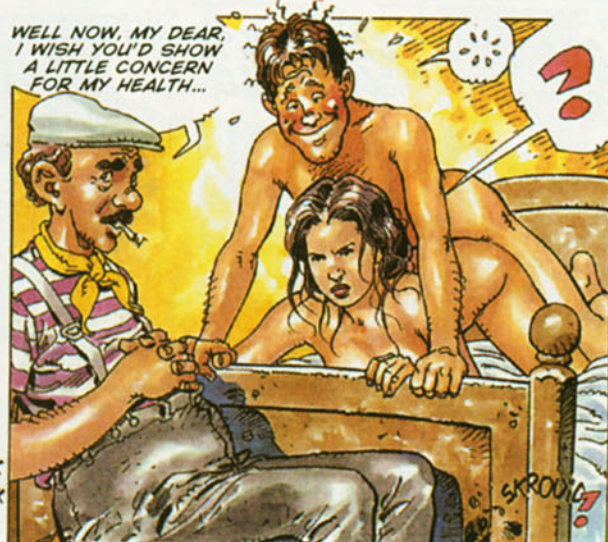






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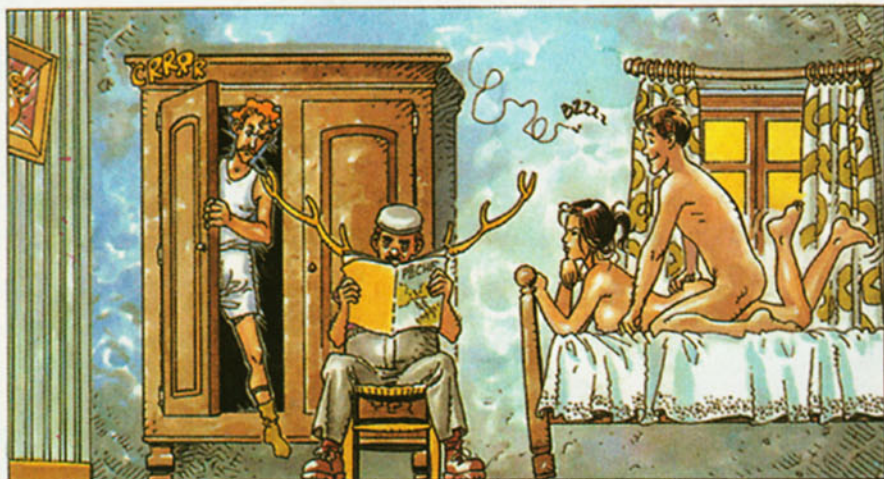
## THE CUCKOLD BY MOUNIER

SINCE SHE DOESN'T LIKE BEING ON HER OWN WHEN I'M OFF IN THE COUNTRYSIDE FISHING, MY WIFE HAS FOUND HOW NOT TO BE ALONE BY TAKING TO BED EVERY MAN THAT IS WILLING. (AGAIN)

I'M A CUCKOLD, I'VE GOT HORNS LIKE A STAG! SHE DOESN'T CARE HOW THIS LEAVES ME FEELING AND SHE NEVER ASKS ME TO PARTY AND SHAG SO I'M NEVER AROUND WHEN SHE FLIES TO THE CEILING! (AGAIN)

SO THE WAY THINGS ARE ALL GOING NOW CAN'T POSSIBLY BE VERY GOOD FOR MY HEART SHE JUST IGNORES EVERY SINGLE MARRIAGE VOW. IF ONLY SHE'D THINK OF ME! THAT'D BE A START! (AGAIN)





OH! MY DEAR BARON!! THANK YOU FOR HIDING IN THE CLOSET FOR SUCH A LONG TIME!



THIS GUY SEEMS TO BE STUCK IN HIS CHAIR TILL KINGDOM COME!

PFF!



WHAT DO WE CARE ABOUT YOUR FISH! BUT THE FACT IS YOU'VE SPOILED YOUR GAME!

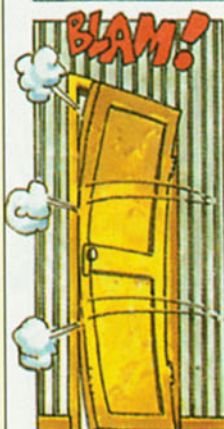
HO HO?



SCHMACK

MY DEAR!

SEE YOU SOON, SWEETHEART! THE RIVER IS FULL OF FISH, IT SEEMS. SO WE'LL SOON HAVE A CHANCE TO MEET AGAIN.



BRAVO!  
CLAP CLAP

I WON'T SAY GOODBYE TO YOU, SIR... SINCE YOU WEREN'T CIVIL ENOUGH TO SAY HELLO TO ME!



WHAT ABOUT THAT ONE? HE'S TAKING HIS TIME. I EXPECT HE'S FISHING FOR AN INVITATION TO MY DINNER TABLE!



RIGHT?



GOUZ!  
GOUZ!

LOTS OF GUYS COME AND DRINK FROM MY GLASS, LOTS OF GUYS COME AND PLAY IN MY BED, THEY COME AND HAVE FUN WITH MY BOUNTIFUL LASS, TO MY HOUSE THEY COME TO DRINK AND BE FED. (AGAIN)

WHEN I GET HOME TIRED AFTER FISHING ALL DAY, THEY'RE ALWAYS PRANCING ABOUT IN THE RAW. IF I ADVISE THEM TO WEAR A FIG LEAF, THEY SAY, 'NO, IT'S BETTER THIS WAY, IT'S NOT AGAINST THE LAW! (AGAIN)

THEY COULD AT LEAST REMAIN CIVIL AND POLITE! THEY COULD ASK ABOUT THE STATE OF MY HEALTH, THEY COULD POLITELY INQUIRE IF THE FISH DEIGNED TO BITE, THEY COULD SIMPLY TIPTOE OUT SHOWING SOME STEALTH! (AGAIN)

ALL I ASK FOR THIS POOR CUCKOLD HUSBAND IS A BIT OF KINDNESS. THAT'S NOT ASKING TOO MUCH! USUALLY, THE CUCKOLD IS SPOILED, NOT SHUNNED 'CAUSE YOU KNOW, WE'RE ALL KIND OF RELATED AND SUCH! (AGAIN)



AND THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED!



USUALLY, THE CUCKOLD IS SPOILED, NOT SHUNNED 'CAUSE YOU KNOW, WE'RE ALL KIND OF RELATED AND SUCH!

AT DINNERTIME, MY DETESTED RIVALS HAVE THE GALL TO JEALOUSLY EYE THAT JOINT ON MY PLATE!



A CUCKOLD I MAY BE, NOT THEIR HOST- THAT I'D HATE!



CLAP CLAP CLAP  
YESSS HOORAY!

Bis!

AT DINNERTIME, MY DETESTED RIVALS HAVE THE GALL TO JEALOUSLY EYE THE JOINT ON MY PLATE! THEY'D TAKE MY PLACE AT THE TABLE, ONE AND ALL A CUCKOLD I MAY BE, BUT NOT THEIR HOST- THAT I'D HATE! (AGAIN)

"SHARING YOUR BETTER HALF"- WHAT'S THAT ALL ABOUT? DOES IT MEAN SHARING YOUR FOOD AND YOUR DRINK? IT LOOKS TO ME I MAY HAVE TO THROW THESE GUYS OUT, I'LL FEEL LUCKY IF THEY DON'T STEAL THE FISH IN THE SINK! (AGAIN)

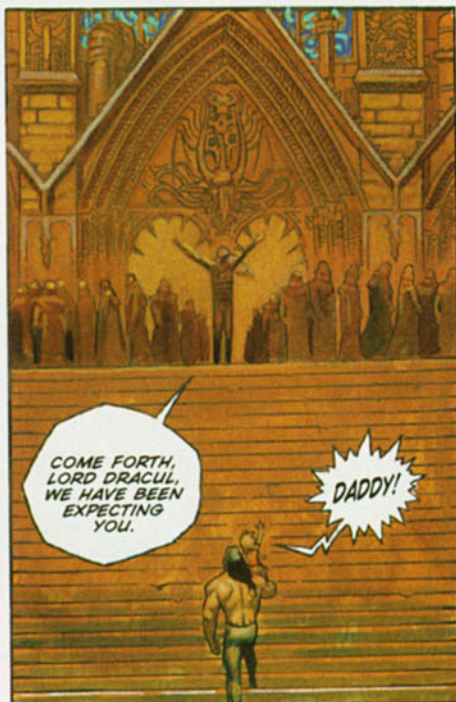
AND I HOPE WHEN THEY GO OFF IN A HUFF THOSE IDIOTS DON'T SING OUT IN VOICES SO RUDDY, "THE STATIONMASTER'S A CUCKOLD!" OR SUCHLIKE STUFF... 'CAUSE THE STATIONMASTER'S MY BEST BUDDY!



# MAGIKA: THE FIERY VERSES







COME FORTH,  
LORD DRACUL,  
WE HAVE BEEN  
EXPECTING  
YOU.

DADDY!



HERE YOU WILL  
FIND THE  
ANSWERS TO ALL  
THE QUESTIONS  
YOU HAVE BEEN  
ASKING...

... AND EVEN TO  
THOSE THAT YOU  
NEVER THOUGHT  
OF!



MY CHILDREN,  
KNEEL BEFORE  
YOUR NEW  
SOVEREIGN!



LONG LIVE  
DRACUL!

LISTEN TO THEM!  
THEY ALREADY  
LOVE YOU!

LONG LIVE OUR  
SOVEREIGN!



I'VE LOST COUNT  
OF THE NUMBER OF  
TIMES I'VE TOLD  
THEM YOUR STORY,  
VLAD TEPES...



AND THOUGH  
IT'S A SAD  
TALE, IT'S  
BECOME A  
LEGEND  
AMONGST US!

THEN I'D LIKE  
TO HEAR IT  
TOO!



NO! WE WANT  
TO HEAR IT  
FROM YOU WHO  
HAVE LIVED IT!





THOSE THAT HAVE HELD YOU PRISONER FOR ALMOST SIX CENTURIES HAVE WIPED OUT ALL YOUR MEMORIES.

THE BARRIERS THAT THEY PUT UP ARE THE PRODUCT OF ANCIENT MAGICAL SPELLS THAT CAME TO THEM FROM THE DEPTHS OF TIME.

THESE SPELLS ARE SO POWERFUL THAT ANY TIME THEY COULD DESTROY THE VERY WORLD THAT THEY BROUGHT INTO EXISTENCE.

... WHILE OUR SPELLS HAVE BEEN GROWING LIKE A GATHERING STORM...

AND I SHALL DESTROY THOSE BARRIERS ONE BY ONE!



BUT THANKS TO YOU, THEIR MAGIC HAS BEEN REDUCED TO A FLICKERING FLAME IN THE TEMPEST...

LET YOURSELF GO, FRIEND.

LET THE WAVES OF THE PAST KNOCK DOWN THE WALLS OF FORGETFULNESS

NO.

NO!

YES... LET IT BE SO!

MY BIRTH... THE BEGINNING OF MY TORMENT. MY MOTHER BREATHED HER LAST AT THE VERY MOMENT THE INFANT THAT I WAS CAME OUT OF HER STILL-WARM ENTRAILS.

THE BITING COLD OF THE ENDLESS WINTER IN THE ICY PROVINCE OF VLACHIA...



HARLEM, NEW YORK.  
THE CORNER OF 125TH  
STREET AND LENNOX.  
9:00 PM...

Club Bed  
1499  
call now!

MY GOD...







IF YOU WANT A COLD BEER, DON'T LOOK FOR IT IN THE REFRIGERATOR...

... NOT A PRETTY SIGHT!



ANY IDEA WHAT HAPPENED, BOSS?

YEAH... WE NOW KNOW WHAT'S BEEN SCATTERED ALL OVER THE APARTMENT... THEY'RE THE REMAINS OF THE SONS OF THE APOCALYPSE, THE LACKEYS OF THAT MADMAN NEW JESUS.



A BLOODY MASSACRE! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT... YOU'D THINK THEY'D BEEN BLOWN APART BY LIGHTNING.

REMINDS ME OF AN EPISODE OF THE X-FILES...



AND YOUR PARTNER, SERGEANT GALLAGHER, HAS SIMPLY DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR.

SHE'S BEEN KIDNAPPED.



WHAT MAKES YOU SAY THAT?

JUST A HUNCH, BOSS.

MALE INTUITION.



WHAT ABOUT FRITZ... HAVE YOU FOUND HIM?

FRITZ? WHO'S HE? ONE OF HER BUDDIES?



THE CAT! JUSTINE OWNED A CAT!

WHAT THE FUCK DO WE CARE ABOUT A CAT? IT MUST'VE BOLTED, THAT'S ALL.

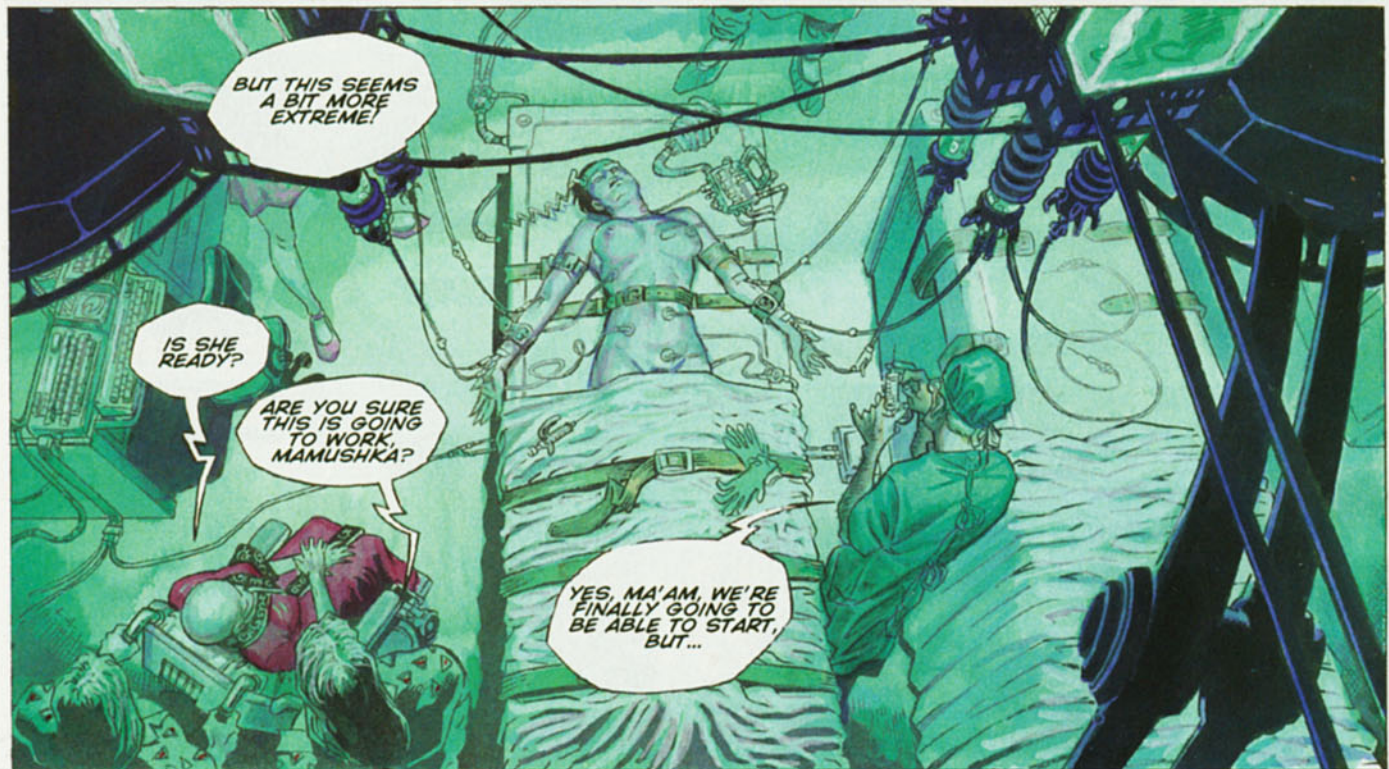


OKAY, I'LL GO AND BRING EVERYONE UP TO SPEED.

YEAH! AND I WANT A REPORT ON MY DESK BY TOMORROW MORNING.

HEY YOU! READING A MAGAZINE SIDEWAYS CAN RUIN YOUR EYES!









I MUST WARN YOU ONCE AGAIN, MA'AM, THAT YOUR BLOOD GROUPS ARE NOT COMPATIBLE AND THAT A TOTAL TRANSFUSION WILL PROVE FATAL...

STOP WHINING. WE'VE ALREADY DISCUSSED THE PROBLEM. SO NOW GET ON WITH IT, DOCTOR!

YOU HEARD HER, DOC! GO HOOK UP YOUR DAMN MACHINE!



GULP...

AND MY ADVICE TO YOU WOULD BE DON'T FUCK IT UP...

... 'CAUSE IF YOU DO, NOT ONLY WILL ALL THE FAMILY LAWYERS GET YOUR ASS, BUT I'LL HAVE GREAT FUN EXTRACTING YOUR BONES WITH YOUR OWN INSTRUMENTS.

DAVID, JONATHAN... STOP HARASSING THE GOOD DOCTOR. YOU'LL MAKE HIM NERVOUS AND HIS HANDS HAVE TO BE STEADY.

BY THE GRACE OF GOD...



COME ON, DOC, HAVE FAITH IN YOURSELF!



ARRGH



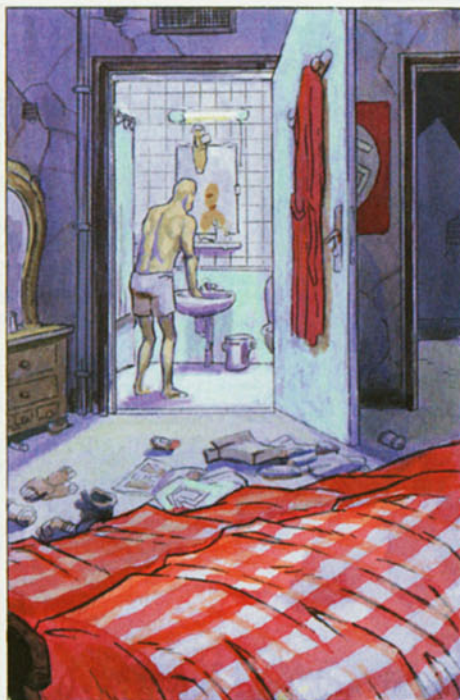
HAAN!



WHAT WAS...?

MAMUSHKA?!





SHIT! THAT'S ALL  
WE NEEDED!  
FASCIST MUSIC!

?



WHAT ARE YOU  
GOING ON ABOUT,  
SWEETHEART?  
IT'S SIX IN THE  
MORNING! YOU  
COULD LET ME  
SLEEP A BIT,  
SEEM' AS WE  
GOT TO BED  
SO LATE...



IT WASN'T EASY  
DOIN' IT RIGHT  
UNDER THE  
PORTRAIT OF  
THAT CRAZY...  
YOU'RE GOIN'  
TOO FAR!



LISTEN TO ME  
GOOD, YOU LITTLE  
FAGGOT. PICK UP YOUR  
GEAR, TAKE THE CASH I  
LEFT ON THE TABLE, GET  
THE HELL OUTTA MY BED  
WITHOUT SAYING  
ANOTHER WORD, OR I'LL  
BLOW YOUR FUCKIN'  
HEAD OFF! DO YOU  
UNDERSTAND?

HEY,  
COOL IT!



MILES  
SPEAKING!

BYE BYE,  
DEARIE!

SERGEANT  
STRAWINSKI,  
WE'VE  
FOUND  
THE  
PERP.

WE'RE WAITING  
FOR YOU AT THE  
PRECINCT,  
LIEUTENANT.




POW POW  
HAG!

HEY! WHAT  
WERE THOSE  
SHOTS?


NOTHING!  
JUST A  
SMART-ASS  
PIECE OF  
MEAT!!





I REMEMBER WELL... IT WAS MY SIXTEENTH BIRTHDAY. MY FATHER WAS ASSASSINATED UNDER MY VERY EYES... HE WAS BETRAYED BY HIS SON UNHAM, WHO HAD JOINED THE OTTOMAN ARMY.


NO!...



NOW HAVE I CURSED THE NAME OF UNHAM. UNHAM THE RENEGADE PARRICIDE, UNHAM THE BASTARD... UNHAM THE TURK!

YOU ARE NO LONGER MY BROTHER! I WILL KILL YOU, UNHAM! I WILL KILL YOU!

FROM THAT TIME ON, MY DESTINY BECAME CLEAR: REVENGE! EVERY SINGLE NIGHT I DREAMT OF MY FATHER'S DEATH THROES!




AND SO BEGAN MY EXILE. I SPENT TEN YEARS FLEEING FROM THE ASSASSINS WHO WERE AT MY HEELS. MY JOURNEY TOOK ME TO FRANCE WHERE I ENCOUNTERED GILLES DE RAIS, A WARLORD WHO WAS ENGAGED IN A MERCILESS BATTLE AGAINST THE ENGLISH...

HE TAUGHT ME EVERYTHING ABOUT THE ART OF WAR. I CUT MY TEETH FIGHTING IN HORRENDOUS BATTLES BY HIS SIDE. JOAN OF ARC, THE VIRGIN, FIRED BY HER DIVINE MISSION, WAS OUR INSPIRATION AND OUR MUSE. I KILLED AND KILLED AGAIN. EACH ONE OF MY VICTIMS TOOK ON THE TRAITS OF MY HATED BROTHER.

DEATH, HATRED AND LOVE BLENDED IN A BLOODY DANCE MACABRE.





I REMEMBER... LOVE... IT IS SUCH AN INTENSE FEELING THAT IT IS PAINFUL. ERZSEBET BATHORY CAME FROM A NOBLE HUNGARIAN FAMILY. SHE WAS FORCED TO LEAVE HER COUNTRY WHEN SHE WAS ACCUSED OF BEING A WITCH. LIKE ME, SHE HAD FOUND REFUGE IN THE SINISTER CASTLE OF CHAMPTOCE. SHE WAS LINKED TO LORD DE RAIS BY A MYSTERIOUS FORCE, THE MAGIKA.

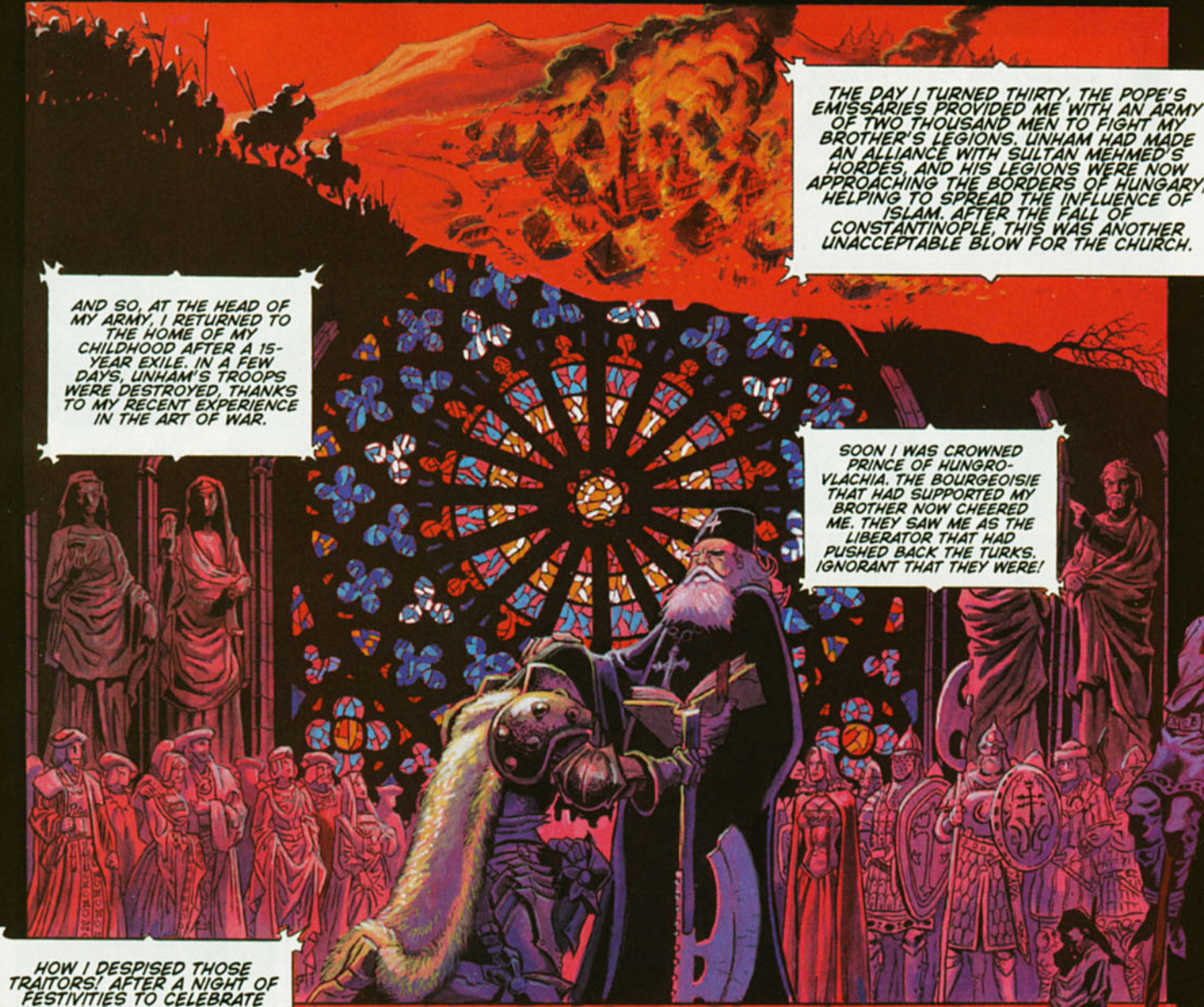
LIGHT AND DARK. DURING THE DAYTIME, SHE WAS GENTLE AND KIND, BUT AT NIGHT SHE BECAME A TORTURER. WHILE OUR HOST LOOKED ON COMPLACENTLY, SHE TOOK PART IN FORBIDDEN CEREMONIES WITH HER OLD ONE-EYED NURSE, AN EVIL DWARF AND HER SINISTER VALET.

OUR BLOODY DESTINIES HAD BEEN UNITED, FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE. LIGHT AND DARK. I LOVED ERZSEBET AS MUCH AS I HATED MY BROTHER...

LIKE A PURPLE ROSE, SHE BROUGHT PLEASURE AND SUFFERING. SHE TOOK ME INTO AN INFINITE MAELSTROM OF FORBIDDEN JOYS, CONSTANTLY PUSHING BACK THE LIMITS OF PERVERSION. WE WERE GUILTY OF ACTS THAT CANNOT BE EXPRESSED IN HUMAN LANGUAGE, AND I LOVED EVERY MINUTE OF IT...

SHE TAUGHT ME ANOTHER LANGUAGE, WITH UNKNOWN, FORBIDDEN SOUNDS, WHICH WERE LIKE A CHANT, A LITANY OF ANGUISH. THE MAGIKA: SOURCE OF CHAOS. THE PENANCE AND THE PAIN OF THE BLOODY VERSES.





THE DAY I TURNED THIRTY, THE POPE'S EMISSARIES PROVIDED ME WITH AN ARMY OF TWO THOUSAND MEN TO FIGHT MY BROTHER'S LEGIONS. UNHAM HAD MADE AN ALLIANCE WITH SULTAN MEHMED'S HORDES, AND HIS LEGIONS WERE NOW APPROACHING THE BORDERS OF HUNGARY, HELPING TO SPREAD THE INFLUENCE OF ISLAM. AFTER THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE, THIS WAS ANOTHER UNACCEPTABLE BLOW FOR THE CHURCH.

AND SO, AT THE HEAD OF MY ARMY, I RETURNED TO THE HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD AFTER A 15-YEAR EXILE. IN A FEW DAYS, UNHAM'S TROOPS WERE DESTROYED, THANKS TO MY RECENT EXPERIENCE IN THE ART OF WAR.

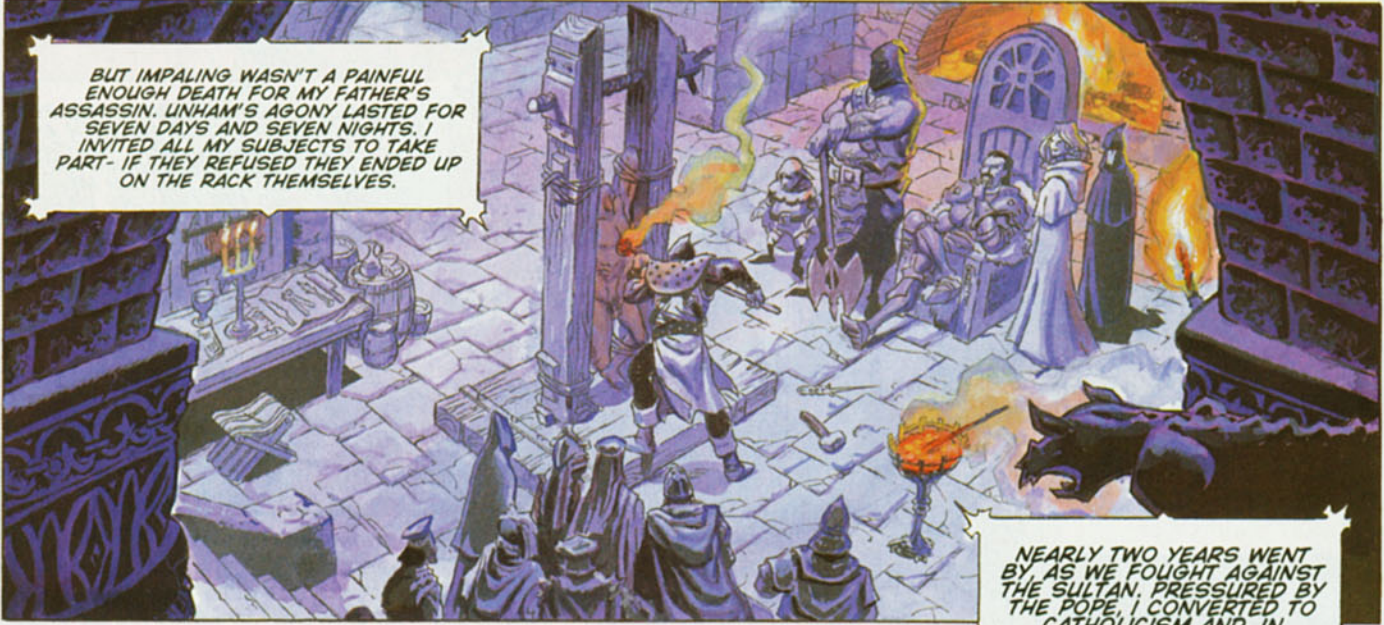
SOON I WAS CROWNED PRINCE OF HUNGRO-VLACHIA, THE BOURGEOISIE THAT HAD SUPPORTED MY BROTHER NOW CHEERED ME. THEY SAW ME AS THE LIBERATOR THAT HAD PUSHED BACK THE TURKS. IGNORANT THAT THEY WERE!

HOW I DESPISED THOSE TRAITORS! AFTER A NIGHT OF FESTIVITIES TO CELEBRATE MY VICTORY, I HAD THEM ALL IMPALED IN THE VERY SQUARE WHERE THEY HAD VENERATED ME!

FROM THEN ON, MY SUBJECTS GAVE ME THE NICKNAME VLAD TEPES... VLAD THE IMPALER!


I LIKED IT... IT INSPIRED FEAR.






BUT IMPALING WASN'T A PAINFUL ENOUGH DEATH FOR MY FATHER'S ASSASSIN. UNHAM'S AGONY LASTED FOR SEVEN DAYS AND SEVEN NIGHTS. I INVITED ALL MY SUBJECTS TO TAKE PART- IF THEY REFUSED THEY ENDED UP ON THE RACK THEMSELVES.


NEARLY TWO YEARS WENT BY, AS WE FOUGHT AGAINST THE SULTAN. PRESSURED BY THE POPE, I CONVERTED TO CATHOLICISM AND, IN RETURN, HE AGREED TO SEND TROOPS TO FIGHT THE OTTOMAN ARMY.




ERZSEBET GAVE ME TWO CHILDREN, THE DELICATE VLADIMIR AND THE BEAUTIFUL MINHEA. I CHERISHED THEM ABOVE ALL ELSE, AND I WOULD HAVE DAMNED MY SOUL FOR THEM.



I HAD AN IMPREGNABLE CITADEL BUILT. TWICE, THE TURKS TRIED TO ASSAULT IT AND WERE DEFEATED. AND THEN ONE DAY EVERYTHING FELL APART...



I AM FATHER JASON... I DEMAND AN AUDIENCE WITH THE SOVEREIGN VLAD DRACUL!



WHAT DOES ROME WANT FROM ME? HAVEN'T I GIVEN IT ENTIRE SATISFACTION SO FAR?

MUCH MORE THAN WE EXPECTED, LORD DRACUL. BUT I HAVE SOME HIGHLY IMPORTANT INFORMATION TO GIVE YOU...



I INVITED THE PRIEST TO MY TABLE. I REFUSED TO DEAL WITH STATE BUSINESS ON AN EMPTY STOMACH.

SO, MAN OF GOD, TO WHAT DO I OWE THE PLEASURE OF THIS SOLEMN VISIT?

I'M SURE YOU HAVEN'T COME ALL THE WAY HERE TO INFORM ME OF ROME'S LATEST GOSSIP...

ERZSEBET HAD WARNED ME. THIS MAN WAS A MESSENGER OF GRIM TIDINGS.

AS A CHALLENGE, I DECIDED TO HEAR HIM OUT.

IF ONLY I HAD LISTENED!







I SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT THE CITADEL THAT NIGHT.

THE PRIEST HAD DISOBEYED ME.

ROME HAD ORDERED HIM TO TAKE ERZSEBET WITH HIM, SO SHE COULD BE JUDGED.

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF MY ABSENCE, HE CAREFULLY PLANNED TO KIDNAP HER...

I SHOULD HAVE REALIZED IT...

I IMPORE YOU, BALATHAM, EMPRESS OF THE FLIES AND MISTRESS OF BLACK MAGIKA!

GIVE MY LOVED ONE THE POWER...

... TO SURVIVE YET ANOTHER BATTLE!

LOOK! HERE'S PROOF! SEIZE HER!

PATHETIC WORM!

I WANT HER ALIVE!

YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A PAWN!

DON'T DO THAT, MY LADY! I BEG OF YOU!

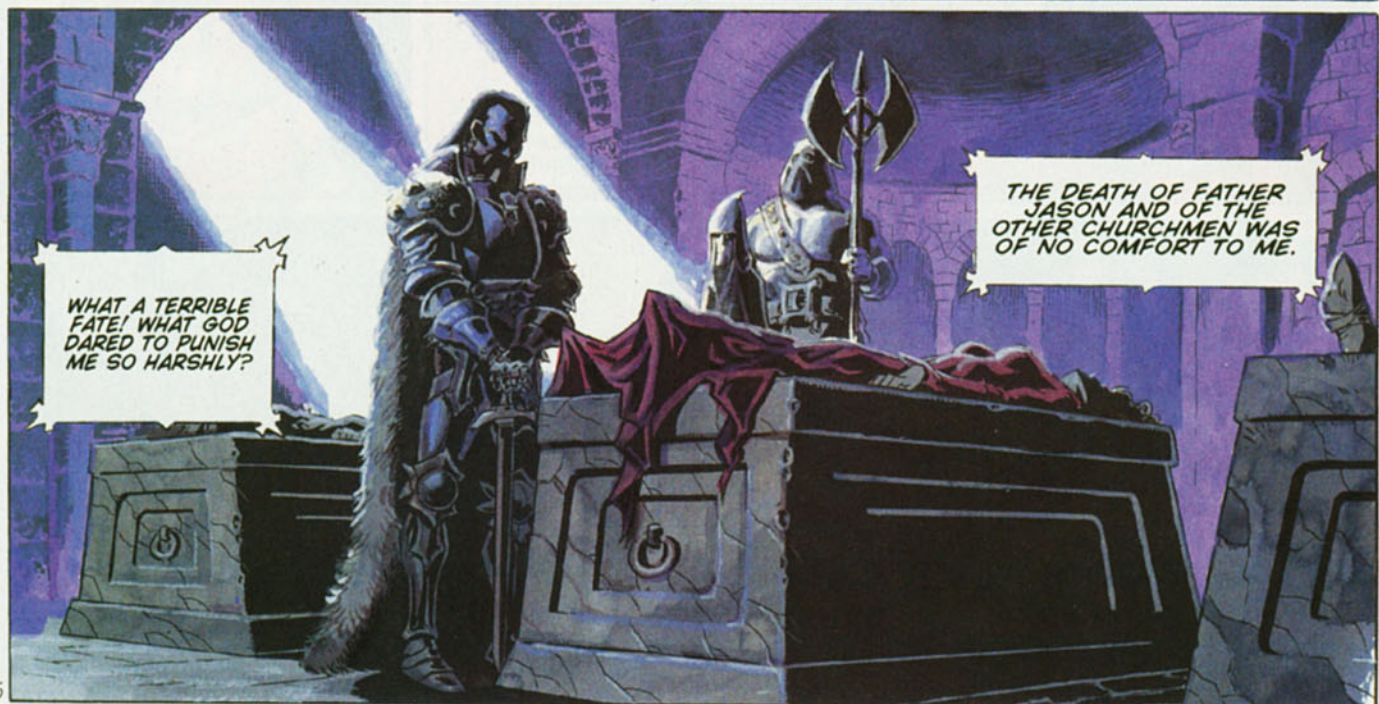
IT HAS BEEN WRITTEN! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

YOU'RE BUT A PLAY-THING OF MY GOD! HA! HA! HA! HA!





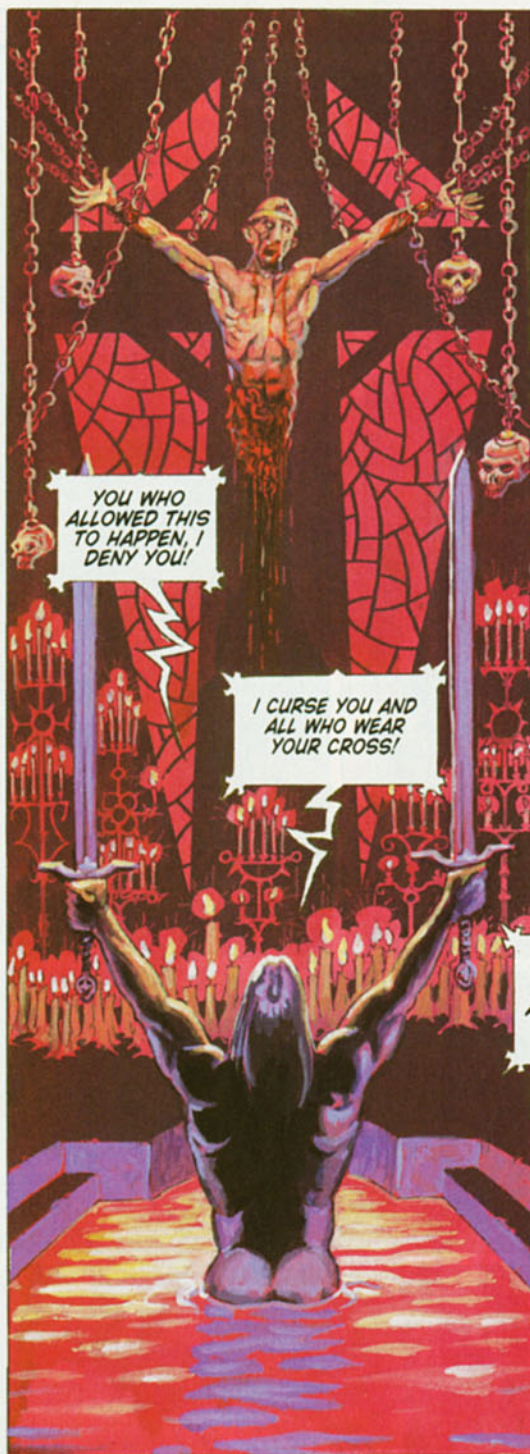
AT THE END OF THE FIRST DAY OF BATTLE, I BROUGHT BACK A TROPHY FOR ERZSEBET...



WHAT A TERRIBLE FATE! WHAT GOD DARED TO PUNISH ME SO HARSHLY?

THE DEATH OF FATHER JASON AND OF THE OTHER CHURCHMEN WAS OF NO COMFORT TO ME.





YOU WHO  
ALLOWED THIS  
TO HAPPEN, I  
DENY YOU!

I CURSE YOU AND  
ALL WHO WEAR  
YOUR CROSS!

ARE YOU THE DEVIL  
COME TO GET ME  
AND PUNISH ME FOR  
MY ACTIONS?



YOU HAVE  
FINALLY  
UNDERSTOOD,  
VLAD THE  
IMPALER.

WHAT?



APPROACH! I'M  
WAITING!



NO, NOT THE DEVIL.  
DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE  
ME, MY LOVE?

MY GOD HAS  
SENT ME SO THAT  
YOU CAN BECOME  
ONE OF HIS  
APOSTLES.

IF YOU DO  
BATTLE IN HIS NAME,  
PERHAPS HE WILL  
LET ME REMAIN WITH  
YOU FOR ALL  
ETERNITY...

ERZSEBET?



BECOME THE  
PALADIN OF THE  
BLACK MAGIKA,  
MY LOVE...

EXTEND THE  
POWER OF THE  
NIGHT... AND WE  
WILL BE AGAIN  
UNITED!



FOR SUCH WAS  
MY DESTINY.

WHAT DO YOU  
WANT FROM ME,  
CURSED GOD?!  
ORDER AND I  
SHALL OBEY!

MY PATH WAS STREWN  
WITH TORMENTS, AS MY  
NEW MASTER HAD  
WILLED IT.

HOW MANY  
MORE DEATHS  
MUST THERE BE  
TO SATISFY  
YOU?

SEND ME  
A SIGN!

IN THIRTEEN YEARS, I  
TOOK MORE LIVES  
THAN ANY KNOWN  
CATAclySM. I LEFT  
MORE DEATHS IN MY  
WAKE THAN THE  
PLAGUE THAT HAD  
WIPED OUT MUCH OF  
SILESIA AND BOHEMIA  
OVER A CENTURY AGO.

BUT THERE WAS NEVER  
ENOUGH KILLING,  
DESPITE MY PRAYERS...  
EXHAUSTED, I TOOK  
REFUGE IN MY LAIR,  
AFTER EXECUTING THE  
LAST OF MY FAITHFUL  
FOLLOWERS...

YOUR ERROR IS  
GREAT, VLAD  
TEPES!

YOU MADE  
THE WRONG  
CHOICE, LORD  
DRACUL...

COME!

VLAD DRACUL!

THUS  
ENDS  
YOUR LIFE  
ON EARTH.

YOU SHOULD NEVER  
HAVE EMBRACED THE  
BLACK MAGIKA...

YOU'LL  
HAVE ALL  
ETERNITY  
TO  
REPENT!

... THE  
LABYRINTH  
AWAITS ITS  
DUE!

AND WAITED  
FOR THE PEACE  
OF DEATH,  
WHICH NEVER  
CAME.







BUT THEY'VE  
ALREADY PAID FOR  
THAT! I KILLED  
THEM ALL!

NOT ALL OF THEM,  
LORD TEPEŠ... ONE  
OF THE SEVEN KEYS  
ESCAPED YOUR  
FURY!

YOUR  
STORY IS SO  
SAD...



... THAT IT  
ALMOST MAKES  
ME WANT  
TO SHED A  
TEAR!



HOW DARE YOU  
MOCK ME, YOU WHO  
HAVE THE SAME  
NAME AS THE GOD  
WHO BETRAYED  
ME?!

CALM DOWN, MY  
FRIEND... I'M IN  
NO WAY RELATED  
TO THAT GOD!



I PICKED THAT  
NAME AS A  
JOKE TO  
ATTRACT IDIOTS  
TO JOIN MY  
ORDER!



WHAT SORT OF  
DEVIL ARE YOU,  
THEN?



I'M NO DEVIL!

I'M JUST THE  
MESSENGER  
YOU WERE  
EXPECTING!



YOU HAVE  
DESERVED YOUR  
PLACE AMONG  
US, DEAR  
DRACUL.





IS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT, DEAR?

YES, WOMAN.

MOTHER!



I THOUGHT I HEARD THE SOUNDS OF GREAT VIOLENCE...



NOTHING SERIOUS, I HOPE...



ERZSEBET?!

AS PROMISED, IN EXCHANGE FOR YOUR ALLEGIANCE...



... SHE'S ALL YOURS. WE KEEP OUR WORD!

VLAD! MY LOVE!



GIVE HIM A GOOD TIME, WOMAN!



YOUR HUSBAND HAS BEEN ASLEEP FOR 600 YEARS!



TEAM 3 TO COMMAND!

HAVE FOUND PERP...

BUT THERE'S A PROBLEM!

REQUESTING BACKUP!



COORDINATES SECTOR SOUTH ON POINT B12!

FAST!





COMMAND HERE!  
REPEAT POSITION,  
TEAM 3. REQUEST  
PRECISE DETAILS.

LIEUTENANT MILES,  
THERE ARE  
THOUSANDS OF  
THEM BELOW!

HEY! WAIT!  
THERE'S...  
DAMN...

SHOOT 'EM!  
THEY'RE  
GONNA...

TEAM 3,  
REPLY OR I'LL  
KICK YOUR  
ASS!

WHO?  
WHAT ARE  
YOU TALKING  
ABOUT?  
WHO'S  
"THEM"?

ARGHHH...  
BZZZ...



SHIT! TEAM 3!  
COMMAND  
HERE!  
COME IN!



SHIT!  
SHIT! AND  
SHIT  
AGAIN!



LIEUTENANT, WE'VE LOCATED THEM... THERE'S A  
PLACE THE SEWAGE WORKERS CALL THE  
SIPHON. IT'S WHERE ALL THE SHIT POURS INTO  
THE HUDSON.

THE SIPHON  
HASN'T BEEN IN  
USE SINCE THE  
'20S. IT'S BEEN  
ABANDONED.



ALL RIGHT... IF  
IT'S WAR THEY  
WANT...

... THEY'LL GET IT!

THE SHIT'S GONNA  
HIT THE FAN!

SECTION  
"FUCK-ALL"  
ATTACK!





GOOD GOD, JONAH,  
YOU'RE EVEN CRAZIER THAN  
ME! WHY DID YOU SHOOT  
THE DOC?

I DUNNO... YOU'RE  
THE ONE THAT SAID,  
"IF SOMETHING  
HAPPENS TO MOM..."



LOOK AT WHAT  
YOU'VE DONE! IT'S A  
BLOODY MESS! HOW  
WE GONNA FIND HER  
NOW? DID YOU THINK  
OF THAT?

I'M REAL SORRY, DAVID. I  
THOUGHT I WAS DOIN' THE  
RIGHT THING... HEY! I HAVE  
AN IDEA! THE BITCH COP  
WILL BE ABLE TO TELL  
US...



THE BITCH COP?  
SHE'S OUT OF IT.  
SHE'S GOT NO  
BLOOD IN HER!

OH GOD!

HEY, NURSE!  
STOP WHINING  
AND WAKE HER  
UP! AND BE  
QUICK ABOUT  
IT!



IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!  
SHE'S IN A COMA...  
I'M NOT A DOCTOR.  
I...

THAT'S IT.  
YOU'RE MAKIN'  
ME MAD AGAIN!



YOU DEAF OR  
SOMETHIN'? DO YA  
WANT ME TA CLEAN  
YOUR EARS WITH A  
WAD OF LEAD? I  
SAID WAKE HER  
UP!

LET HER  
BE.



C'MON,  
JONAH. LET'S  
GET OUTTA  
HERE.

HMM...

THANK  
YOU...



BESIDES, IT'S NOT  
LIKE MOM WAS  
DEAD. SHE JUST  
EVAPORATED...

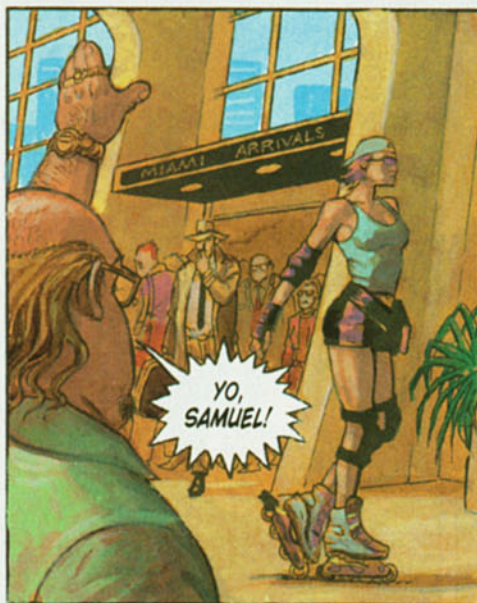
THAT'S  
BETTER THAN  
DEAD,  
RIGHT?

SNIFF!

GUESS  
SO.

OH MY  
GOD...









I CAN FEEL THE  
POWER IN ME...

I'M ALIVE  
AGAIN!

WHAT WAS  
WRITTEN WAS  
TRUE...



THE MAGIKA  
GOT RID OF  
THE ILLNESS  
THAT WAS  
EATING ME.  
THIS IS THE  
DAY OF MY  
SECOND BIRTH.

FOR THIS I DRANK  
THE BLOOD OF  
THE GODS. I  
COMMITTED THE  
ULTIMATE  
SACRILEGE.



BUT WHAT DOES  
IT MATTER? I  
DARE ANYONE  
TO HOLD IT  
AGAINST ME!

LADY  
ZORLOWSKI.

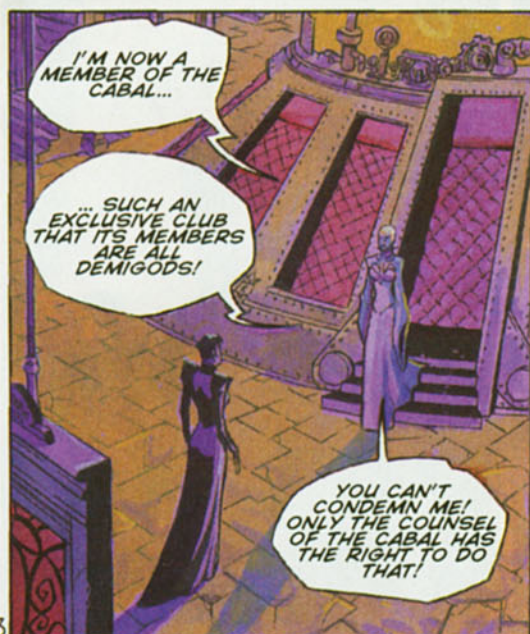
ARE YOU  
AWARE OF THE  
CONSEQUENCES  
OF YOUR  
ACTIONS?



WHEN YOU DRAINED  
THE MAGIKA FROM  
SISTER JUSTINE,  
YOU DAMNED  
YOURSELF  
FOREVER!

STOP! I KNOW  
WHO YOU ARE. YOU  
ARE ONE OF THE  
MAGIKA'S SEVEN  
SISTERS. I'VE READ  
THE FORBIDDEN  
BOOKS.

THE MAGIKA  
COURSES  
THROUGH MY  
VEINS...



I'M NOW A  
MEMBER OF THE  
CABAL...

... SUCH AN  
EXCLUSIVE CLUB  
THAT ITS MEMBERS  
ARE ALL  
DEMIGODS!

YOU CAN'T  
CONDEMN ME!  
ONLY THE COUNSEL  
OF THE CABAL HAS  
THE RIGHT TO DO  
THAT!



YOU'RE RIGHT, BUT  
WHEN THE SEVEN  
SISTERS ARE  
REUNITED, YOU WILL  
BE JUDGED...

... AND DON'T  
EXPECT ANY SHOW OF  
MERCY.



YOUR THREATS  
DON'T SCARE ME...

... BECAUSE RIGHT  
NOW YOU NEED MY  
HELP TO SAVE THE  
WORLD WHICH IS  
UNDER YOUR  
GUARDIANSHIP.

SO LET'S MAKE A  
PACT, AND COME  
HERE AND KISS  
YOUR NEW SISTER,  
AS CUSTOM  
REQUIRES.



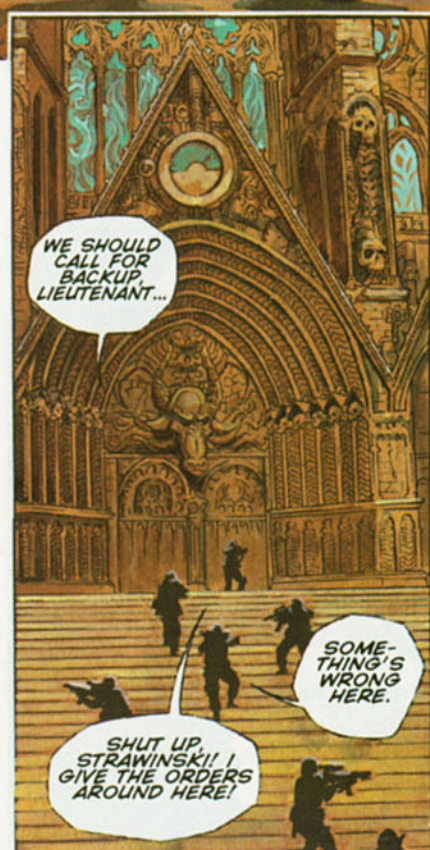


HOLY SHIT!



SPREAD OUT!  
TAKE COVER!

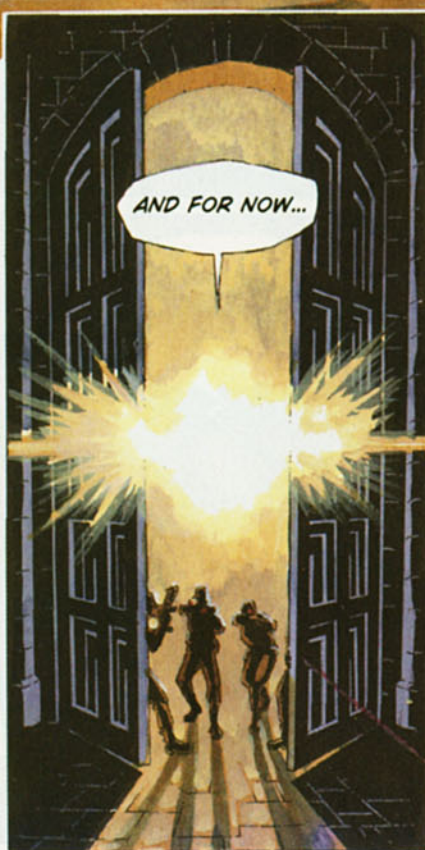
THOSE S.O.B.'S  
CAN'T BE FAR!



WE SHOULD  
CALL FOR  
BACKUP,  
LIEUTENANT...

SOME-  
THING'S  
WRONG  
HERE.

SHUT UP,  
STRAWINSKI!! I  
GIVE THE ORDERS  
AROUND HERE!

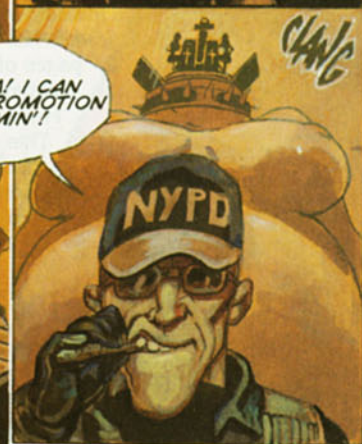
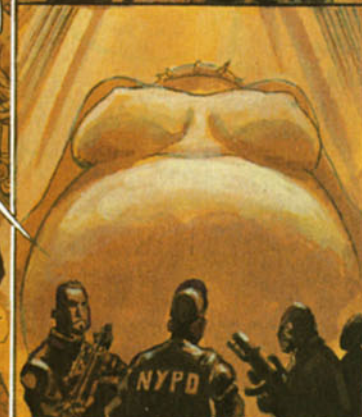


AND FOR NOW...



... WE CARRY ON  
AND... OH SHIT!





CONTINUED ON PAGE 108

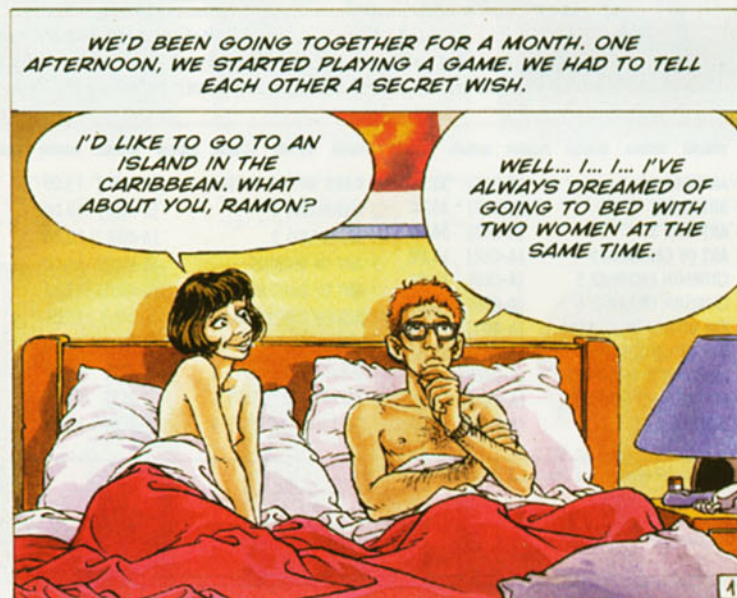
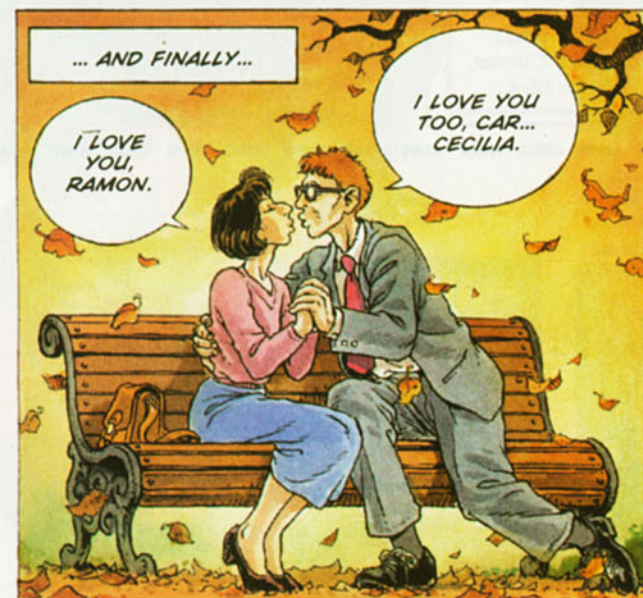


# THE GOOD, THE UGLY AND THE BAD

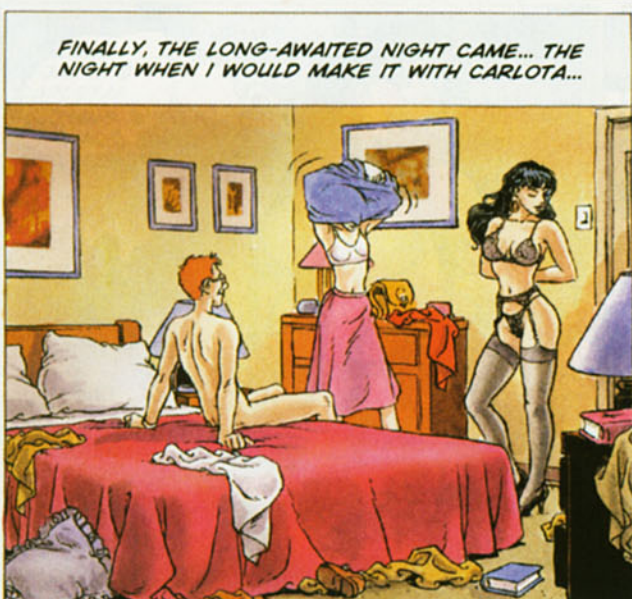
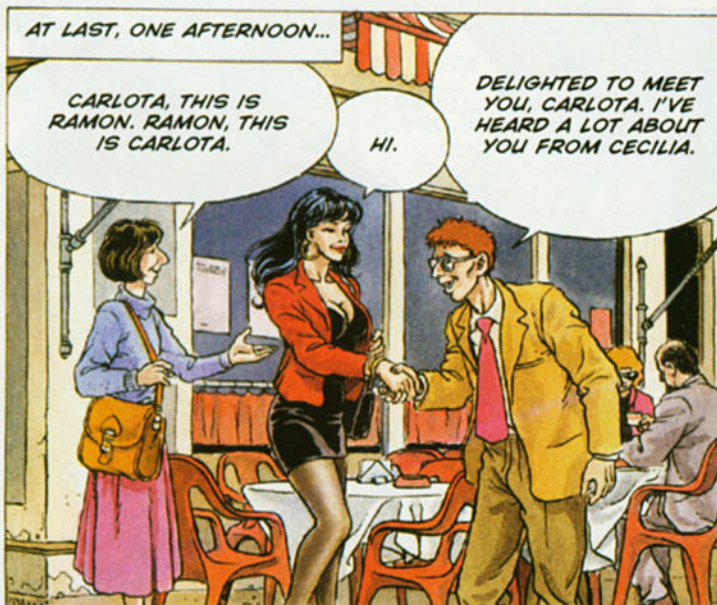
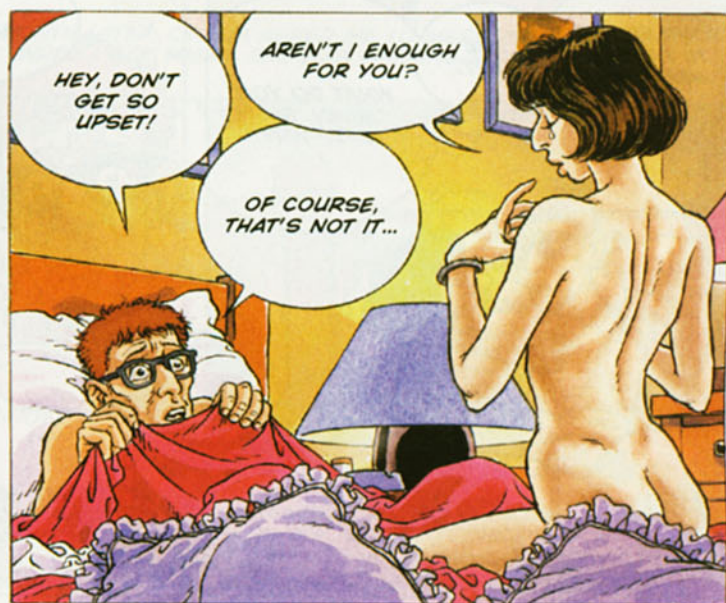
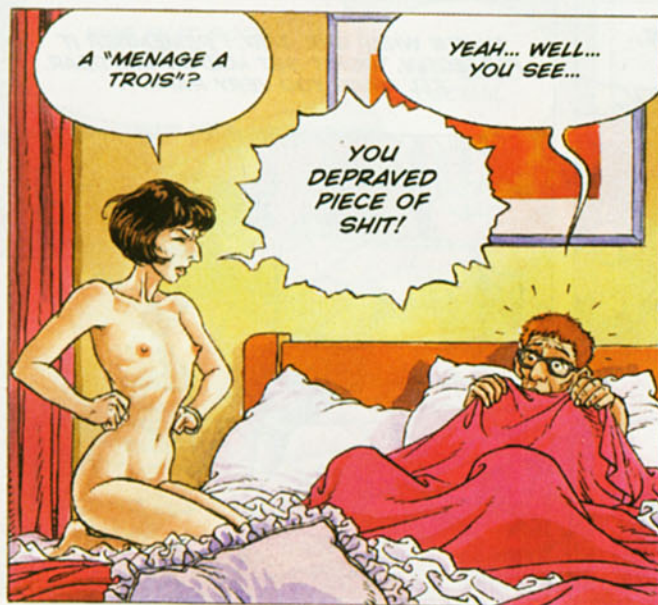


CARLOTA'S BEST FRIEND WAS CECILIA. SHE WAS REAL UGLY AND SCRAWNY. THEY HUNG OUT TOGETHER A LOT AND THEY WERE ALWAYS LAUGHING AND GIGGLING.

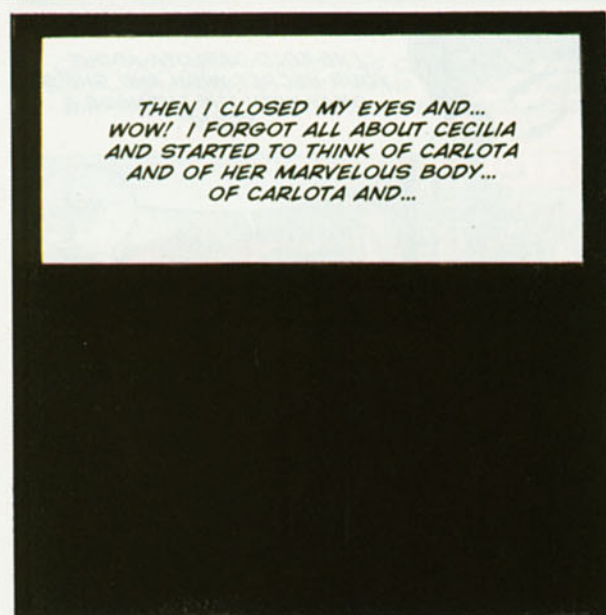
I FIGURED THAT CECILIA WAS THE WAY TO GET TO CARLOTA. CECILIA HAD ONE THING IN HER FAVOR: SHE WAS ACCESSIBLE. I WORKED ON HER. FIRST, I GOT HER TO TRUST ME, AND THEN I WON HER OVER...



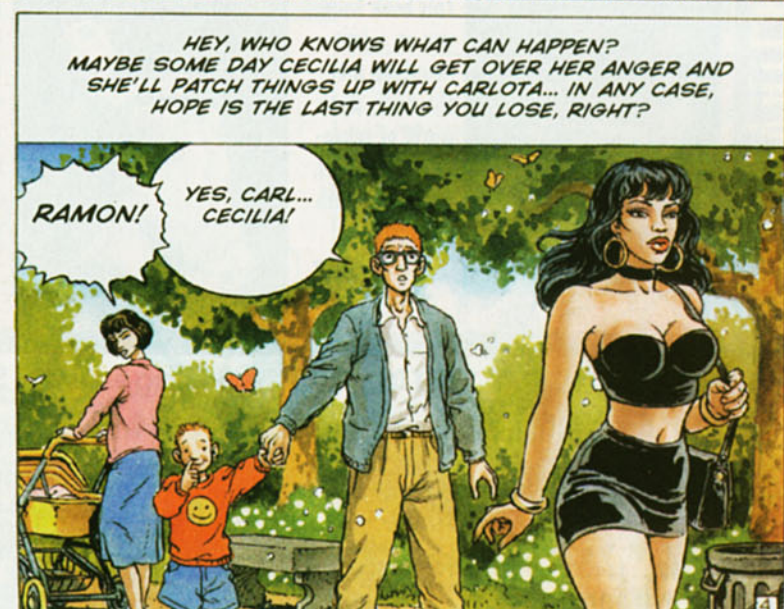
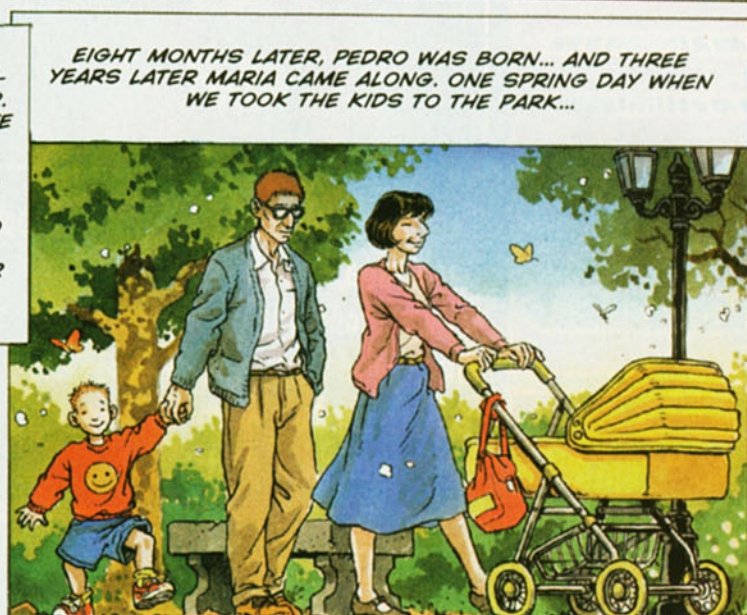
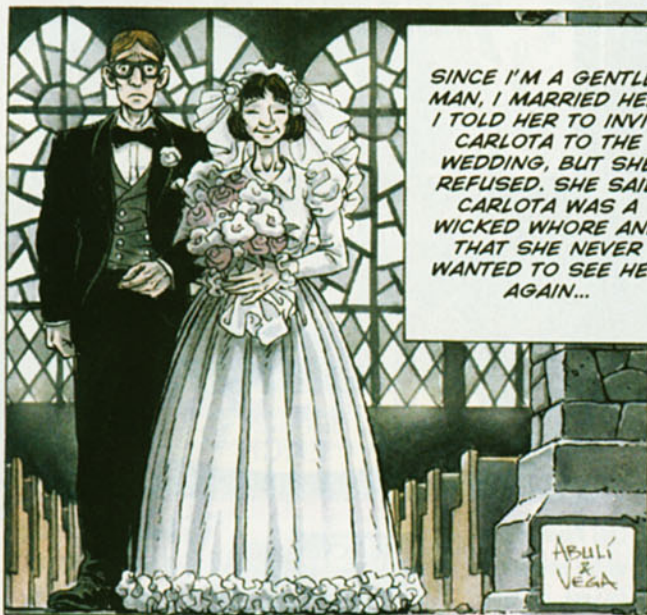
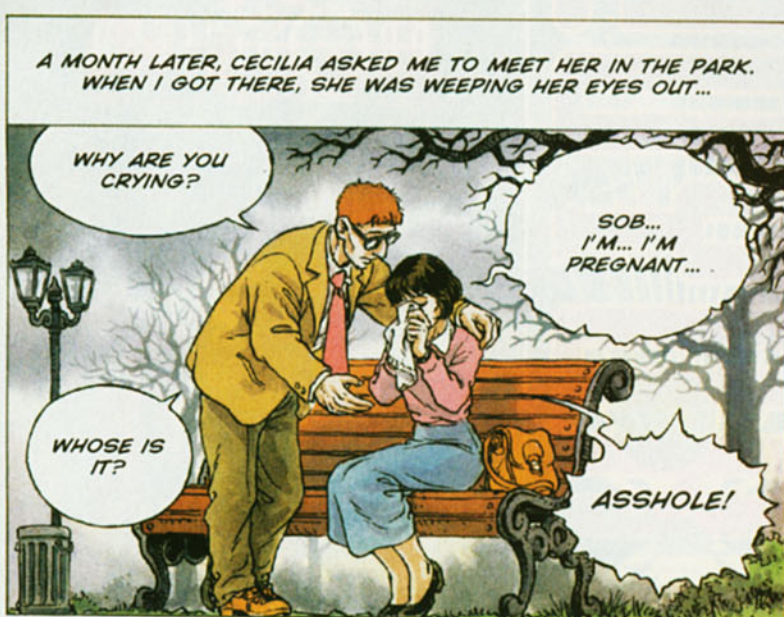














***"WE HAVE BEEN PATROLLING IN OUR JJ'S (JUMBO JEEPS) AND PROTECTING THE WORKERS FROM SAVAGE TRIBES. IT WAS ONE OF THE WORST JOBS IN THAT PART OF THE UNIVERSE."***

BUT ALSO THE ONLY REAL  
OCCUPATION FOR CASE-  
HARDENED AND STERN GUYS  
LIKE ME...

CLIBERIUS: A SAVAGE  
PLANET WITH 14 SUNS.  
A BIG ROCK OF EVERY-  
THING AND NOTHING AT  
THE VERY END OF THE  
GALAXY. A GIANT  
CELESTIAL BODY WITH  
BILLIONS OF MILES OF  
UNCHARTED SPACE.

A MOON  
SIZE OF THE  
EARTH.

*CLIBERIUS*

ON THAT SHITTY PLANET EARTH, COLONY'S BEEN TRYING TO BUILD ITS FIRST BASE FOR THE EMIGRANTS' PLUTONIUM DIGGERS. "THERE WE'VE LABORED FOR A PENNY JUST TO STAY ALIVE." AN EPITAPH ON A TOMBSTONE OF A COMMUNITY CRYPT.

THIS PARTICULAR MORNING EVERYTHING'S GONE WRONG... IF I HAD KNOWN HOW IT WOULD TURN OUT I WOULD HAVE NEVER EVER GOTTEN OUT OF MY SLEEPING BAG IN THE FIRST PLACE.

THIS ONE'S REALLY BORING...  
HAS HE ANY IDEA WHATSOEVER  
WHAT TIME IT IS?

200 MILES  
FURTHER...

**DAMN...**

*KRRR...*

PATROL  
JUMBO J-17  
OVER... CALL  
ING PATROL  
JUMBO  
J-17...



PATROL JUMBO  
J-17 OVER...  
IDIOTS...  
ANSWER...

DAMN!!! THOSE  
TWO JERKS  
ARE ASLEEP  
AGAIN!!!

AN HOUR LATER

YAWN...

AN HOUR LATER

YAWN...

GRAT!  
GRAT!

AN HOUR LATER

BAM!  
BAM!

HEY!!!  
BUDDY,  
WAKE UP!

COME ON KID!  
QUIT LYING ON  
THAT BED. IT'S  
YOUR TURN TO  
MAKE COFFEE...

NO...?  
WHAT IS IT?

MY BUDDY... HE'S BEEN HERE FOR ONLY THREE  
DAYS NOW... HE'S A STUDENT OF A.U.C.H.  
(ALIEN UNIVERSITY OF CULTURE AND HISTORY).  
HIS FATHER OWNS ALMOST HALF OF THE  
GALAXY AND HAS SENT HIS DEAR SON TO THIS  
PLANET TO GET SOME GUTS.

???

OUCH...  
OUCH...

I'M NOT FEELING VERY  
WELL... I THINK I'M ILL...

HE... HE... HE... THERE'S NO  
MOMMY DEAR TO GET YOU  
BREAKFAST IN BED... FURTHER  
MORE, THERE ISN'T GOING TO BE  
ANY BREAKFAST AT ALL TODAY...



I'M SICK...

AND IT'S SEVERE AS WELL...

DO YOU HEAR A BUZZING SOUND IN YOUR EARS OR HAVE A SORE THROAT? IS YOUR NOSE ON FIRE, DO YOUR EYES STING? DO YOU FEEL DIZZY...

YOUR BACK'S KILLING YOU AND YOU ARE PARALYZED WAIST DOWN...

YEAH... YEAH... WAIST UP TOO. I CAN'T FEEL IT AT ALL...

BESIDES, I HAVE PAIN IN MY LIVER, GALLBLADDER, CARVUS NERVES, PLEXUS, LOBUS, AND LIGAMENTS



HMM... HMM... WHAT DO YOU KNOW?... THE THING YOU HAVE IS IN YOUR STOMACH... BUT IT'S NOTHING REALLY SERIOUS. JUST AN ORDINARY SKANTHRAK IN ITS FIRST STAGE...

SKAN... AN... AN...



YEAH, YEAH! THE ONE AND ONLY!



SKANTHRAK-AAA-AAA...

BAM

MEANWHILE 90 MILES FURTHER...

... AND ON YOUR LEFT YOU MAY OBSERVE A BEAUTIFUL CLAPIRASIDA, BUILT IN THE THIRD CENTURY DURING THE SECOND RULE OF THE EMPEROR TOBBIT XII.



HERBERT, KEEP ROLLING. KEEP ROLLING...

I'M ROLLING I'M ROLLING...



WOW, NO WAY! A TOBBITIAN CLAPIRASIDA... CLAPIRASIDA? WELL??? WHERE IS IT??? I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING... TO HELL WITH THESE BINOCULARS...

BUT OF COURSE YOU CAN'T SEE IT... THE SAND HAS COVERED IT 300 YEARS AGO... BUT YOU CAN USE YOUR IMAGINATION.

AND YOU ON YOUR RIGHT...

WE KNOW! WE KNOW! COVERED BY THE SAND!!!

... SO HOW DOES IT SEEM TO YOU?...



HMMM... YOUR EYEBALLS ARE NOT SQUARE YET...

I'M SUPRISED YOU HAVE ALL THOSE SYMPTOMS... BUT I BET YOU'LL BE BETTER ONCE YOU GET SOME MORNING EXERCISE... A COUPLE OF HUNDRED PUSH UPS AND YOU'LL BE AS GOOD AS NEW...

AAAAA... BUT I CAN'T GO ON... CALL THE SANITARY SQUAD... I WANT TO GO TO A HOSPITAL... HOME CARE... ASK FOR A CHOPPER... CALL MY DADDY... I'M... I'M DYING!!!







HEY, BIGGY. YOU AREN'T GOING TO LEAVE ME... LIKE THIS??

WELL, YOU KNOW I WON'T. THAT'S AS MUCH AS I CAN DO FOR YOU NOW...



W... WHY ARE YOU DIGGING UP THAT H... HOLE IN THE GROUND?

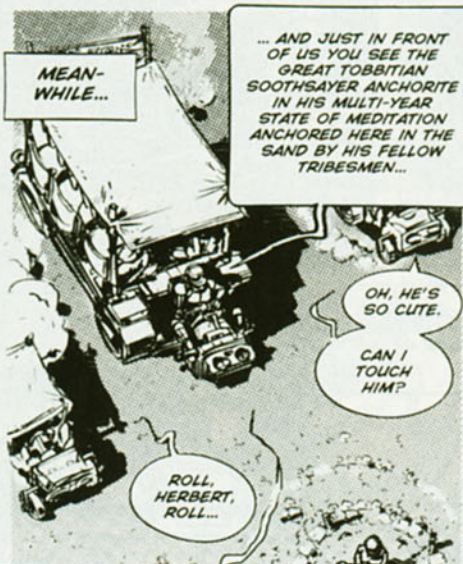


BECAUSE ALL 14 CLIBERIAN SUNS ARE COMING OUT SOON AND I HATE DIGGING IN THE HEAT...



BUT... THAT HOLE... YOU'RE NOT DIGGING THAT ONE FOR ME??

BIGGY?



MEAN-  
WHILE...

... AND JUST IN FRONT OF US YOU SEE THE GREAT TOBBITIAN SOOTHSAYER ANCHORITE IN HIS MULTI-YEAR STATE OF MEDITATION ANCHORED HERE IN THE SAND BY HIS FELLOW TRIBESMEN...

OH, HE'S SO CUTE.

CAN I TOUCH HIM?

ROLL, HERBERT, ROLL...

... HE SERVES HIS PEOPLE AS AN OASIS MARKER. THREE HUNDRED FEET BELOW HIM IS A WATER SPRING FROM WHICH HE SUCKS UP THE WATER BY HIS LOWER LIMBS THROUGH THE SAND HE SITS ON... APART FROM THAT HE DOESN'T WATCH TV NOR READS THE MORNING PAPERS... ALSO HE DOESN'T LIKE BEING PHOTOGRAPHED BY TOURISTS. IT MESSES HIM UP...

... OTHERWISE HE SPENDS THE WHOLE DAY STONED AND FULL OF WATER. IF YOU ARE THIRSTY YOU CAN DRINK HIM BUT BE SURE TO PUT HIM BACK IN HIS PLACE... AND BE CAREFUL FOR SOOTHSAYER ANCHORITE IS SOMEWHAT OF A TRIBE TABOO THUS HIS DISPLACEMENT BEFORE WAKING RESULTS IN GREAT UNFORTUNE. DIMENSIONS: 15" X 12" WEIGHT: 1360 AGE: 887 YEARS...



I THINK I'LL TAKE HIM. I LIKE ANTIQUITIES...



NO WAY! WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK OF ME? DON'T YOU SEE THAT I'M CULTIVATING THE DUNES?

I'M PLAYING ARCHEOLOGY... ACTUALLY, I'M LOOKING FOR DINOSAUR EGG FOSSILS.



BUT MISTER KLEP-TO-SAN, HE'S ALIVE! IT IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN TO TAKE NATIVES ALONG WITH YOU...

COME ON! DON'T YOU SEE HE'S ALL STIFFENED... I'LL TAKE HIM AS A SOUVENIR.

FOR MY GARDEN... HE'LL MAKE AN EXCELLENT ELF...



BIGGY, YOU'RE SCARING ME... YOU KNOW I HAVE A WEAK HEART.

YOU WON'T NEED IT ANY MORE... AND SHUT UP ALREADY OTHERWISE YOU'LL END UP IN THIS PIT RIGHT NOW, DEAD OR NOT...

BEP!!!  
BEEP!!!

AH, THAT PAIN IN THE ASS AGAIN!

NOW WHAT?

WE'RE WAITING KID, WAITING...

WAITING FOR WHOM?

JUMBO J IT HERE... WE HEAR YOU... NO, WE WEREN'T ABLE TO HEAR YOU THIS MORNING DUE TO A MAGNETIC STORM... OK... I'VE GOT THAT... A CARAVAN OF SKARAGGOSSES IS 120 MILES SOUTH... FINE... USUAL PROCEDURE... SHORT AND EFFICIENT...

FOR YOU...

FOR ME? YOU THINK I'M GOING TO... RIGHT NOW??

NO WAY... YOU'RE GOING TO LIVE VERY, VERY LONG... HUM... AS LONG AS IT TAKES ME TO SMOKE A WHOLE JOINT...

COME TO THINK OF IT I SHOULD NEVER HAVE STARTED SMOKING IT IN THE FIRST PLACE...

TRUE THAT IT'S ALMOST OVER. UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU I'M AFRAID...

COME ON NOW!! YOU'VE STALLED LONG ENOUGH... IT'S LIKE YOU'RE DOING IT ON PURPOSE...

A MINUTE OR TWO MORE OR LESS WON'T MATTER TO YOU ANYWAY... YOU DON'T GIVE A DAMN THAT I'M GOING TO BE LATE WITH MY MISSION AND HAVE MY SALARY CUT...

... A MINUTE LATER

AND THE NEXT TIME DON'T FEIGN... AND SINCE YOUR ALMIGHTY DADDY SENT YOU TO THIS LOUSY PLANET TO STRENGTHEN UP, THERE'S NO CHEAP WAY FOR YOU TO HIDE YOUR SORRY ASS IN SAFETY... GOT THAT?!

G... GOT IT...

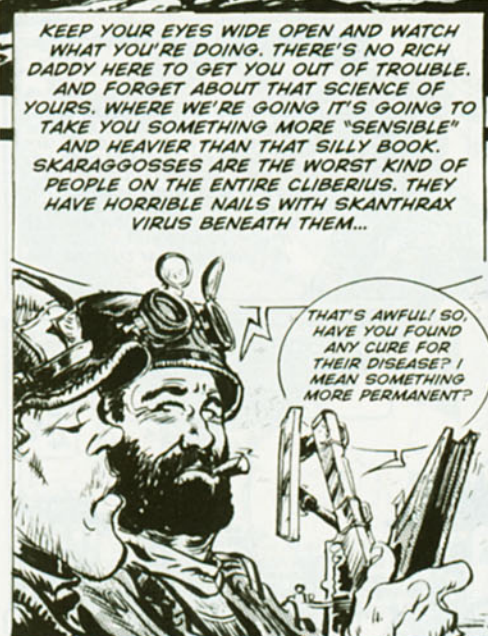
WE, BOYS FROM CLIBERIUS ARE REALLY ROUGH... THE NEW GUYS GET THAT TOO LATE... MY EX-PARTNER FEIGNED JUST LIKE YOU... HE PRETENDED TO BE DEAD AND "ROSE HIMSELF TO LIFE" BY THE TIME I BURIED MORE THAN A HALF OF HIM... SO IT WAS EASIER FOR ME TO FINISH BURYING HIM THAN TO DIG HIM OUT.

AND NOW OUR DEAR TOURISTS, HERE ARE THE GENUINE HABITANTS OF THIS PLANET... WE ASK YOU NOT TO SWEAR IN FRONT OF THEM BECAUSE THEY ARE VERY EDUCATED AND CULTURAL PEOPLE...

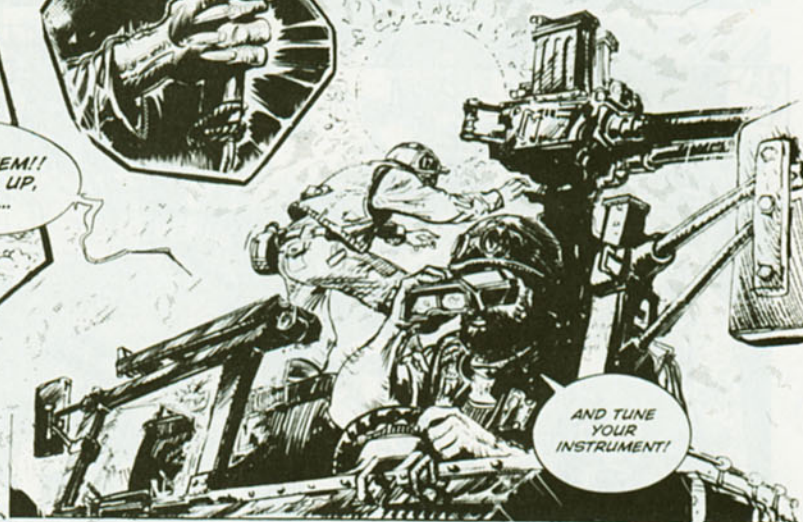
THEY ARE WILLING TO TRADE BUT THEY WON'T TAKE MONEY OR YOUR NON-VALID CHECKS... ONLY ACTUAL TRADE OF GOODS IS ACCEPTABLE.

AAAA!!!  
NOOO!!!  
BIGGY!!!  
HELP!!!





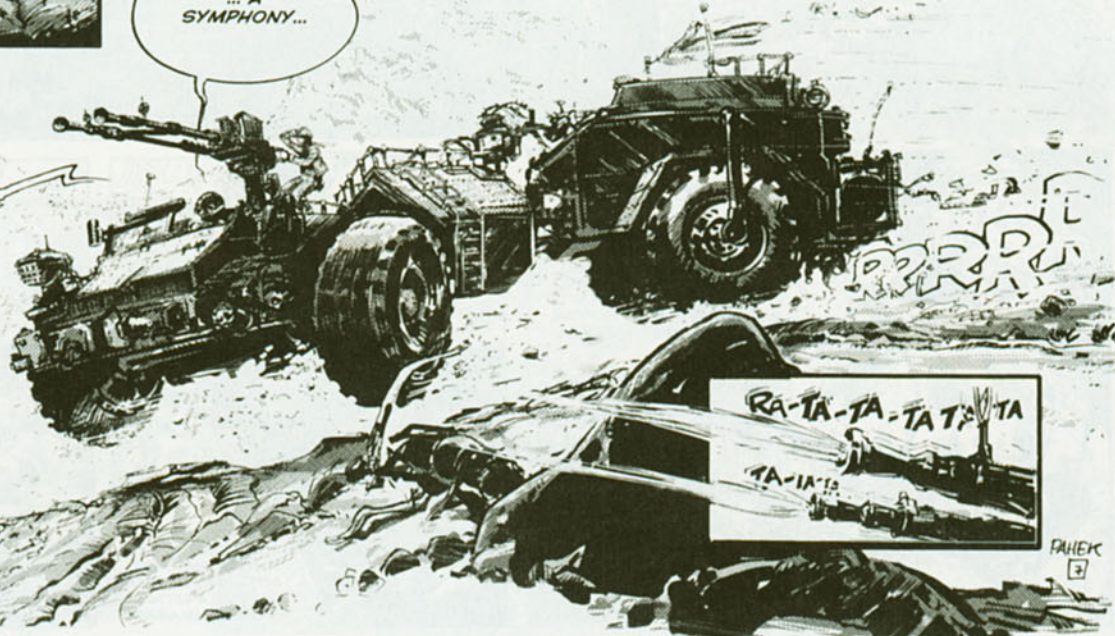




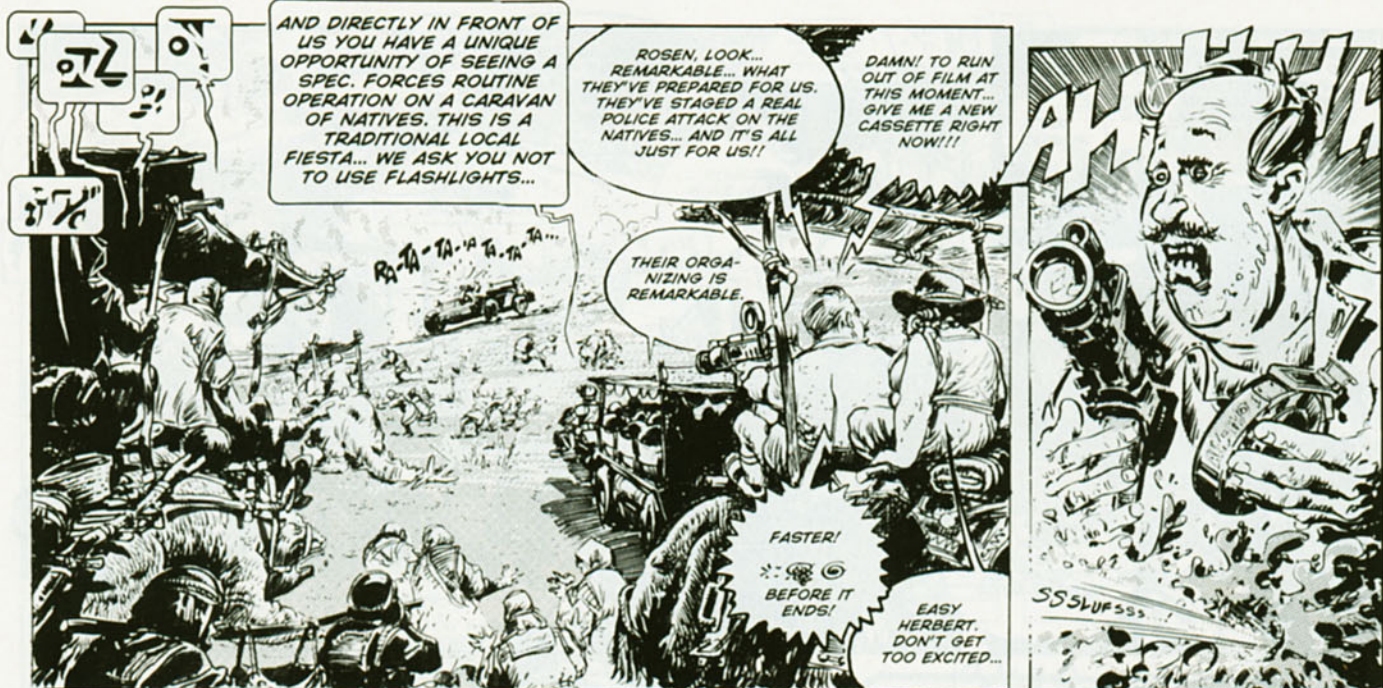
WE'RE ABOUT TO PLAY...

... A SYMPHONY...

A SYMPHONY FOR SKARAGGOSSES!







AND DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF US YOU HAVE A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY OF SEEING A SPEC. FORCES ROUTINE OPERATION ON A CARAVAN OF NATIVES. THIS IS A TRADITIONAL LOCAL FIESTA... WE ASK YOU NOT TO USE FLASHLIGHTS...

ROSEN, LOOK... REMARKABLE... WHAT THEY'VE PREPARED FOR US. THEY'VE STAGED A REAL POLICE ATTACK ON THE NATIVES... AND IT'S ALL JUST FOR US!!

DAMN! TO RUN OUT OF FILM AT THIS MOMENT... GIVE ME A NEW CASSETTE RIGHT NOW!!!

THEIR ORGANIZING IS REMARKABLE.

FASTER!  
BEFORE IT ENDS!

EASY HERBERT. DON'T GET TOO EXCITED...



KID, AIM AT THE TARGETS, DON'T SKIP ANYBODY OR THEY'LL SCATTER...

SHIT! THEY'RE NOT THE SAME HEIGHT. YOU TRICKED ME! IT'S MUCH HARDER THAN GUAKE!



HERBERT, HERBERT... TS... TS... TS... IF YOU CONTINUE UNNERVING YOURSELF, YOU'LL UPSET YOUR ULCER AND THEN YOU'LL SUFFER AND SUFFER...

DAMN! DRIVE STRAIGHT! NOW OF ALL TIMES, YOU HAVE TO MAKE A JOINT...

STOP BULLSHITTING KID. AND STOP WORRYING FOR NOTHING... WORRYING IS A LETHAL DISEASE IN HERE...

AREU... AREU...

AND DON'T "AREU" ME NOW... THE DOCTORS TOLD YOU VERY NICELY ABOUT THAT ULCER OF YOURS...

AREU! AREU!

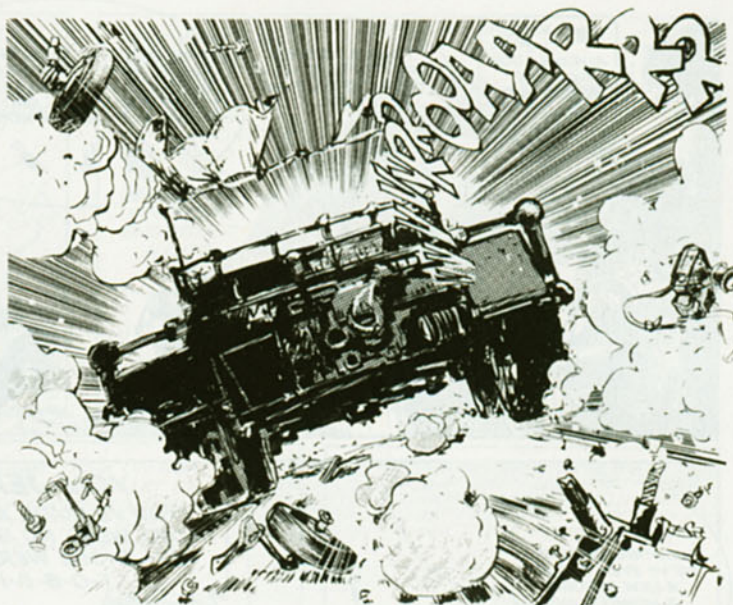
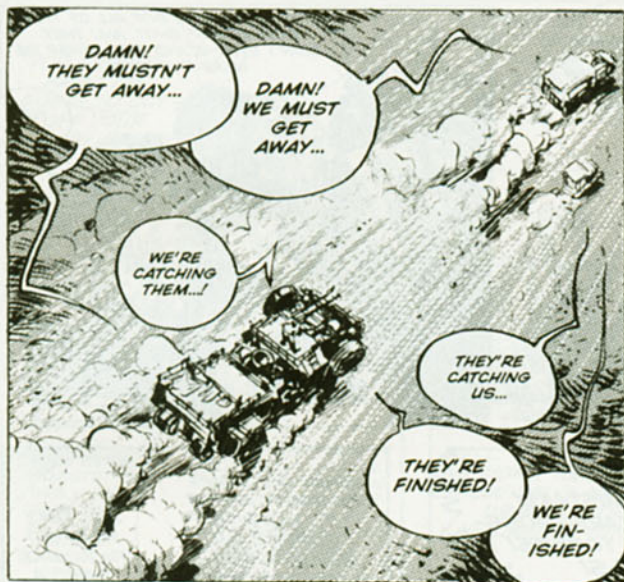








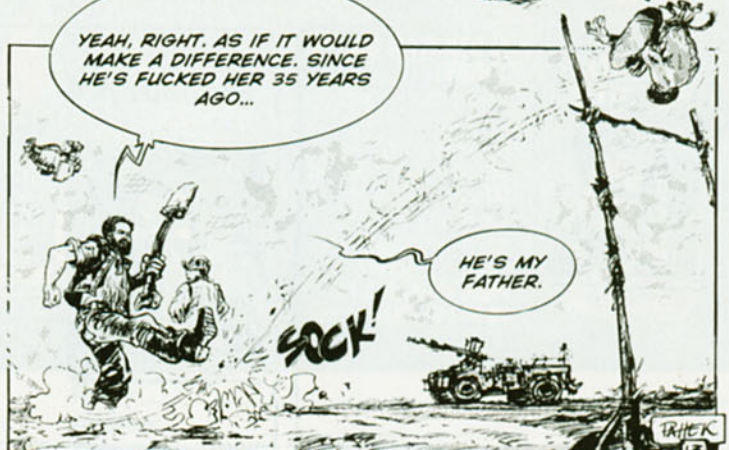








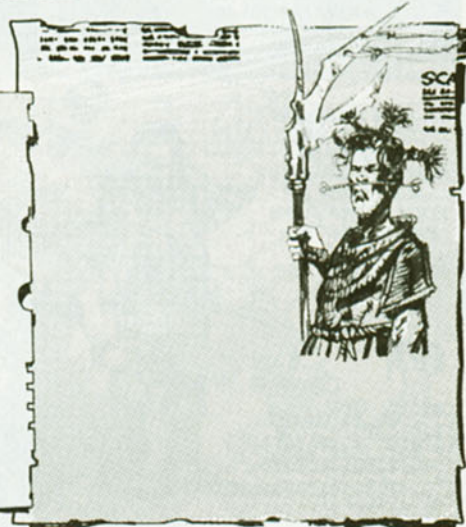
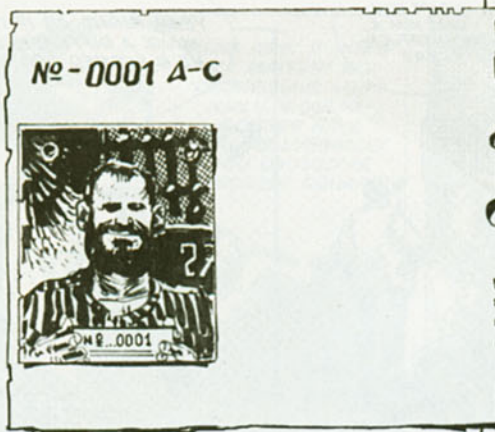




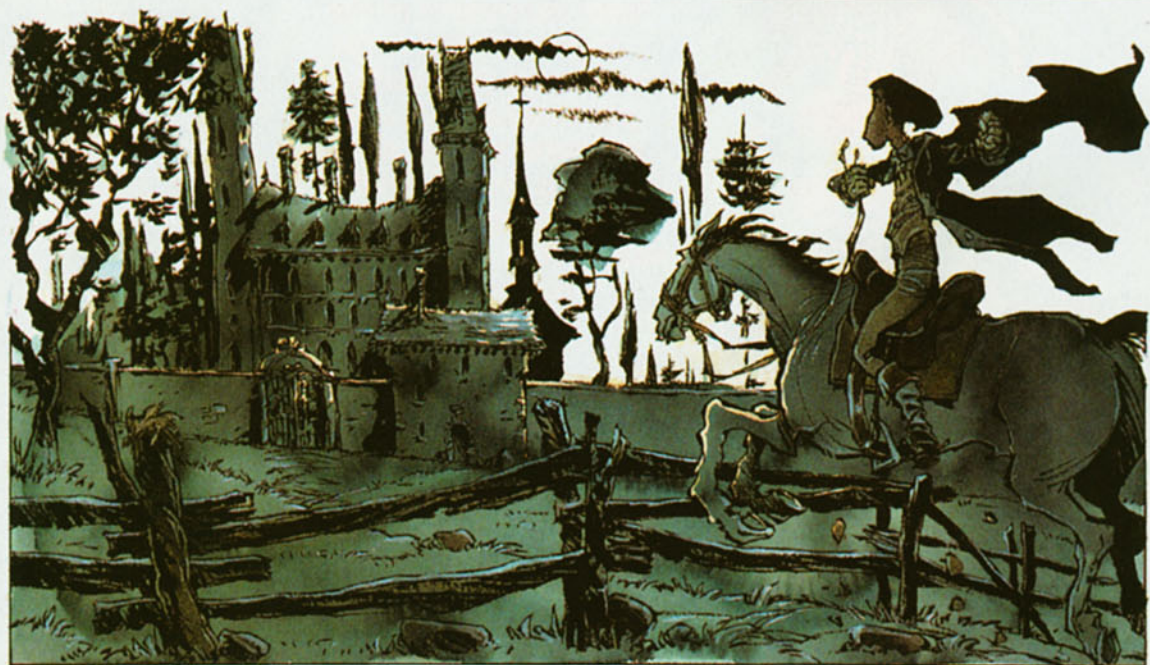




THIS IS JUST ONE OF MANY STORIES OF THE PIONEER AGE DURING THE INHABITATION OF CLIBERIUS. A STORY ABOUT SMALL AND INSIGNIFICANT PEOPLE WRITING THE FIRST PAGES OF CLIBERIAN HISTORY...







**THE NON-PROPOSAL  
BY TIBURCE OGER**

MY DEAR, LET'S NOT PLACE  
UNDER CUPID'S SWEET FACE  
HIS VERY OWN DARTS.  
LOVERS THAT DID TRY  
MANY TEARS DID CRY  
AND PAID WITH THEIR HEARTS





CHORUS

I REQUEST THE HONOR  
OF NOT ASKING FOR YOUR  
HAND. SO LET'S NOT SIGN  
OUR NAMES ON THE DOTTED LINE.

LET'S JUST BE AS FREE AS A BIRD!  
LET'S ONLY GIVE EACH OTHER OUR WORD.  
PRISONERS WE'LL BE FOR AS LONG AS WE WISH  
TO HELL WITH MISTRESSES THAT THEIR HEARTS DO TIE  
TO POTS AND PANS OR A PIE DISH!

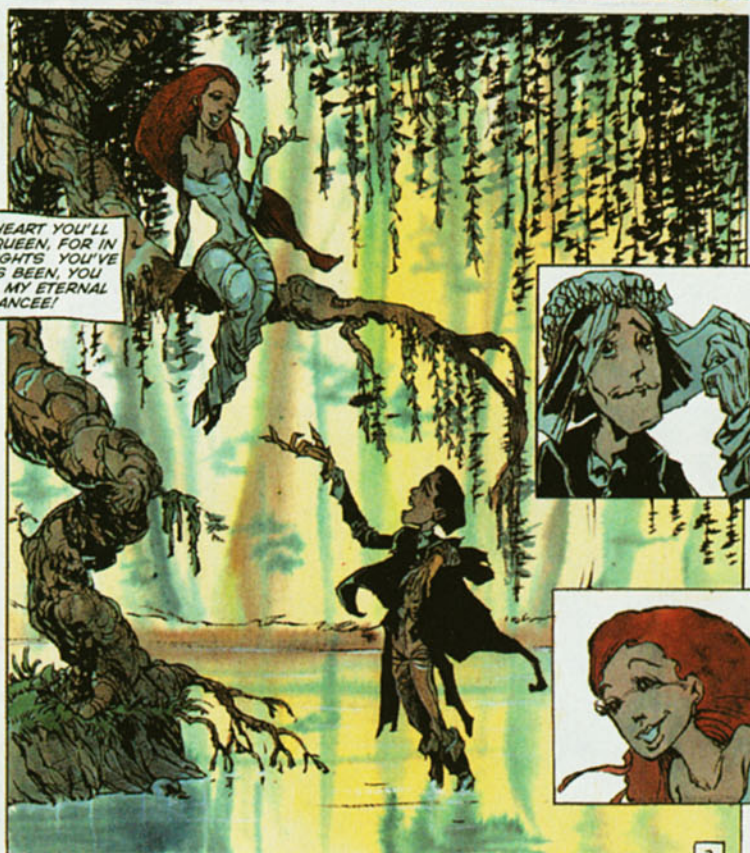




IT'S NOT A  
MAID I NEED,  
HOUSEWORK IS  
NOT MY CREED.  
DRUDGERY WILL  
NOT HOLD SWAY!



OF MY HEART YOU'LL  
BE THE QUEEN, FOR IN  
MY THOUGHTS YOU'VE  
ALWAYS BEEN, YOU  
WILL BE MY ETERNAL  
FIANCEE!

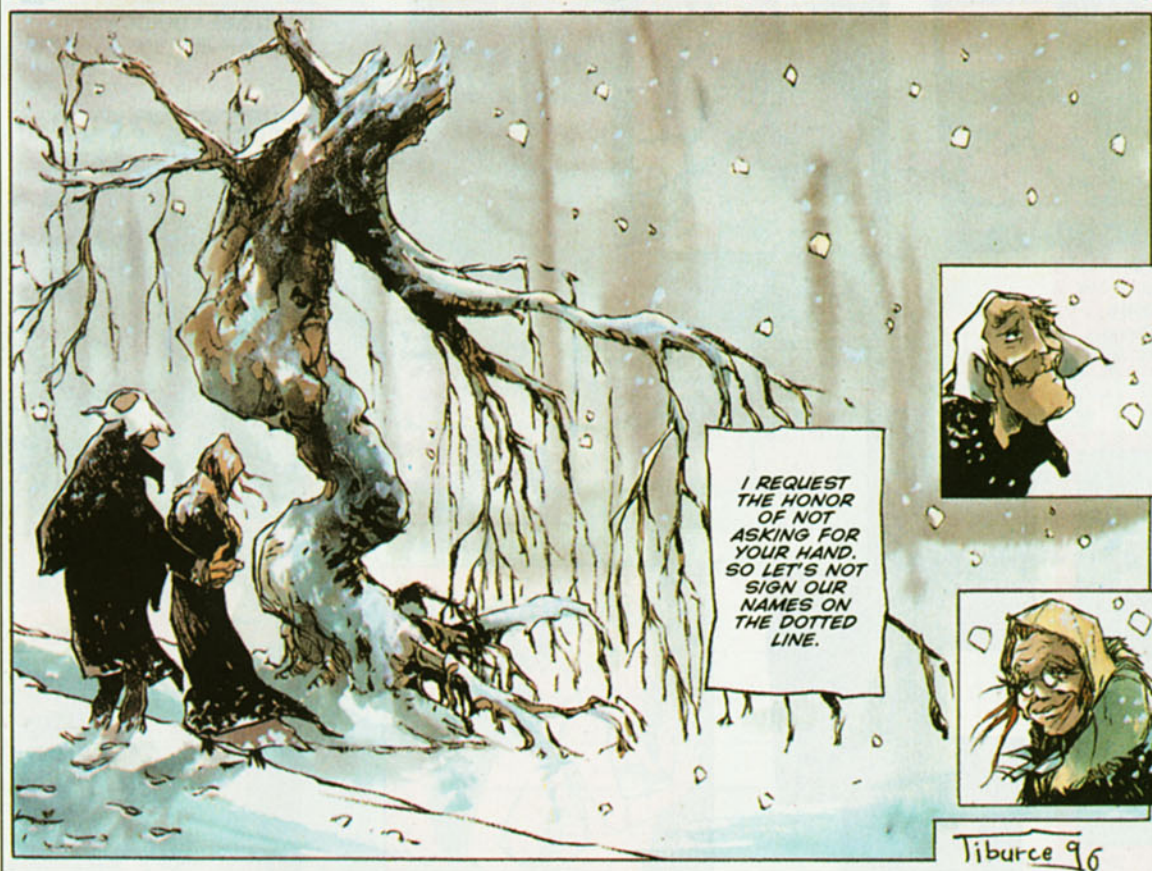
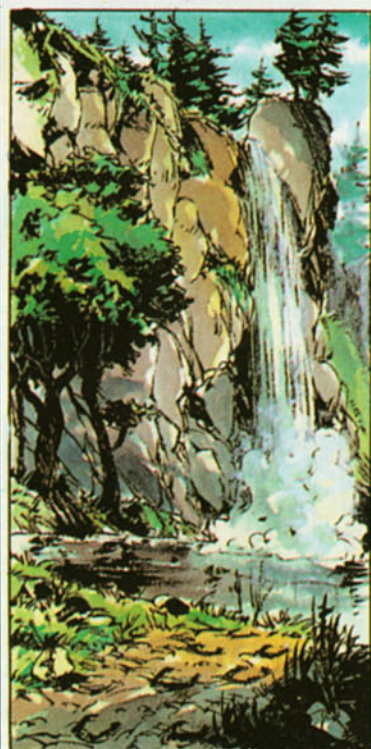


3

AS VENUS AGES  
SHE OFTEN GETS INTO RAGES  
WHEN FACED WITH THE DAILY GRIND.  
NO WAY AM I GONNA SPOIL  
OUR LOVE WITH BORING TOIL  
FOR TRUE LOVE IS A GREAT FIND.

AS HAS BEEN SHOWN BY HISTORY  
YOU QUICKLY RUIN LOVE'S MYSTERY  
BY REVEALING SECRETS IN EACH LITTLE NOOK.  
LOVE LETTERS EASILY FADE  
WHEN BETWEEN THE PAGES THEY'RE LAID  
OF A BORING OLD COOKERY BOOK.





I REQUEST  
THE HONOR  
OF NOT  
ASKING FOR  
YOUR HAND,  
SO LET'S NOT  
SIGN OUR  
NAMES ON  
THE DOTTED  
LINE.



Tiburce 96

IT MAY SEEM PRETTY CLEVER  
TO PUT FORBIDDEN FRUIT AWAY FOREVER,  
TO STICK IT AT THE BOTTOM OF A JAM JAR,  
BUT THE DELICIOUS NATURAL FLAVOR  
WILL WANE AND WAVER  
ONCE IT'S COOKED AND SENT AFAR.

IT'S NOT A MAID I NEED  
HOUSEWORK IS NOT MY CREED.  
DRUDGERY WILL NOT HOLD SWAY!  
OF MY HEART YOU'LL BE THE QUEEN,  
FOR IN MY THOUGHTS YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN,  
YOU WILL BE MY ETERNAL FIANCEE!



# THE MINSTREL

by Giorgio Pontrelli



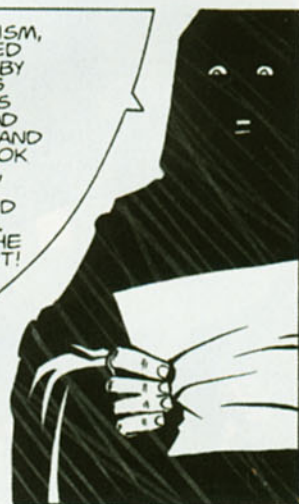








DELTA ORGANISM,  
HAVING FAILED  
PROBATION BY  
DREAMING  
AS WELL AS  
HAVING READ  
THE POETIC AND  
PROSAIC BOOK  
IN PUBLIC,  
YOU ARE  
SENTENCED  
TO DEATH.  
EXECUTE THE  
JUDGEMENT!









A SWEET AND  
EMACIATED DAY.

MY DREAMING  
SOUL CARESSES THE  
ALBINO COLT'S WHITE  
HINDQUARTERS.

THE WIND KISSES MY  
SKIN... A SOFT RUSTLING  
OF WINGS, NEAR THE  
QUIET POOL.

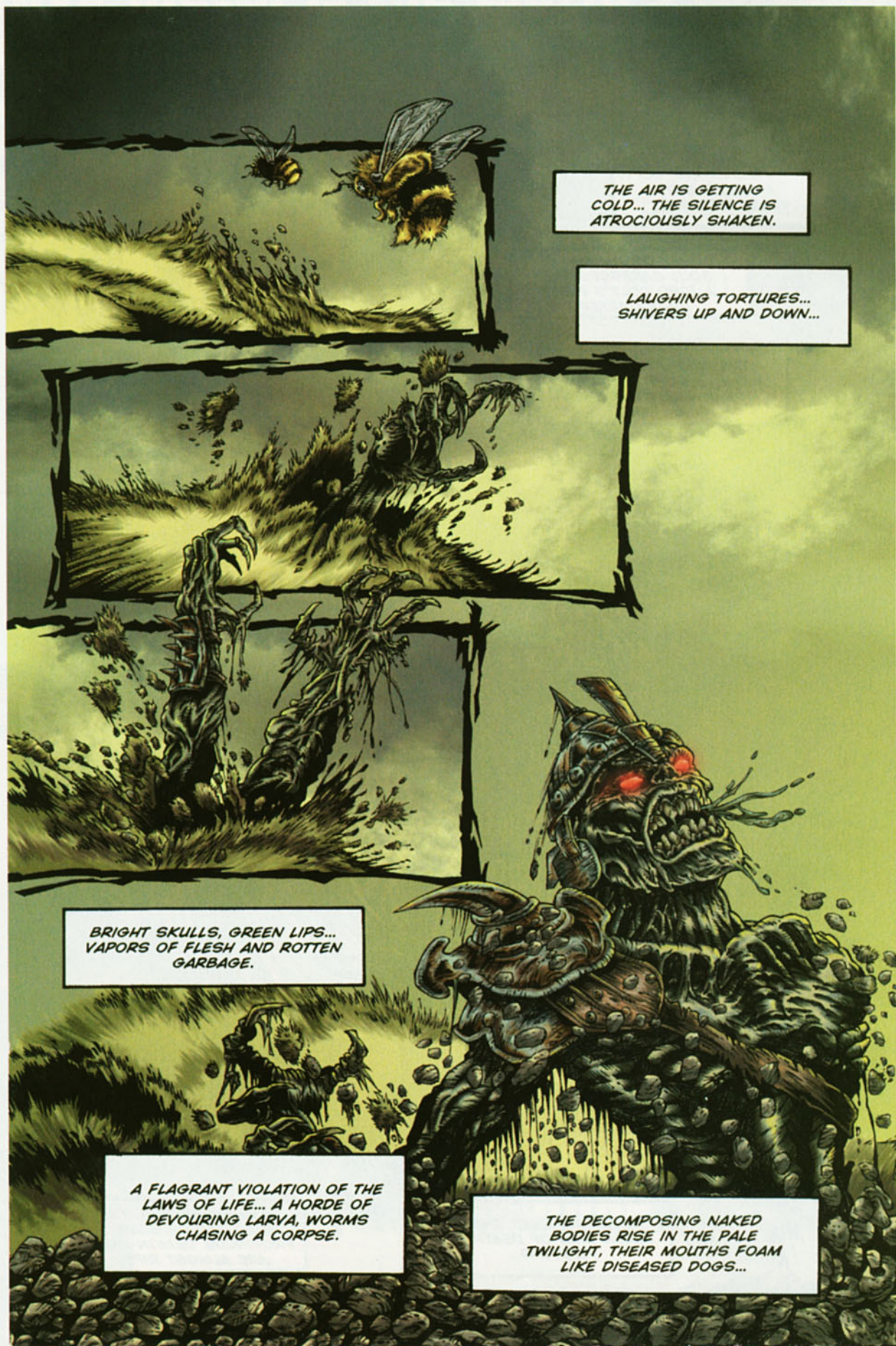
EVEN SWEETNESS CAN  
BE DEADLY.

OVER MY HEAD, THE  
BLACK BIRD OF DEATH IS  
FLAPPING...

... AND MEANWHILE, THE  
SCHEMES OF SOME  
PROVINCIAL DEMON-GOD  
ARE ALMOST RIPE.

MIKE  
RATERA + MAX





THE AIR IS GETTING  
COLD... THE SILENCE IS  
ATROCIOUSLY SHAKEN.

LAUGHING TORTURES...  
SHIVERS UP AND DOWN...

BRIGHT SKULLS, GREEN LIPS...  
VAPORS OF FLESH AND ROTTEN  
GARBAGE.

A FLAGRANT VIOLATION OF THE  
LAWS OF LIFE... A HORDE OF  
DEVOURING LARVA, WORMS  
CHASING A CORPSE.

THE DECOMPOSING NAKED  
BODIES RISE IN THE PALE  
TWILIGHT, THEIR MOUTHS FOAM  
LIKE DISEASED DOGS...



# WITCHFINDER

## THE BEGINNING



... SURROUNDING US.

MY HORSE'S LEGS ARE  
SHAKING LIKE LEAVES  
BLOWN BY THE WIND.



HYENA, OLD CRAZINESS, SINISTER  
DEMONS... AMORPHOUS THINGS.



THE POOR, CRIPPLED STEED  
IS WHINNYING, TRYING TO  
GET UP AGAIN...

... SPILLING ITS BOWELS.

THE SLIMY LEECHES RUN  
OVER ITS BODY.

I FEEL A COLD SWEAT DOWN  
MY SPINE WHEN I WITNESS  
THE DESTRUCTION AWAITING  
FOR ME.







THE HORROR LASTS FOR A  
MINUTE, OR ELSE FOR SEVERAL  
MONTHS.

I MUST FORGET THE BLOOD, THE  
MONSTROUS BLEEDING ON  
WHICH THE ABOMINATIONS ARE  
ROLLING ABOUT.

I CAN'T USE MY BLADE, FORGET TWICE  
IN THE HELLISH FLAMES WHERE THE  
KHROSHA MOUNTS ARE BORN.

I WILL USE THE  
POWER...

... TO SING THE SONG OF  
RAGE.



THEIR MINDS ARE EMPTY.

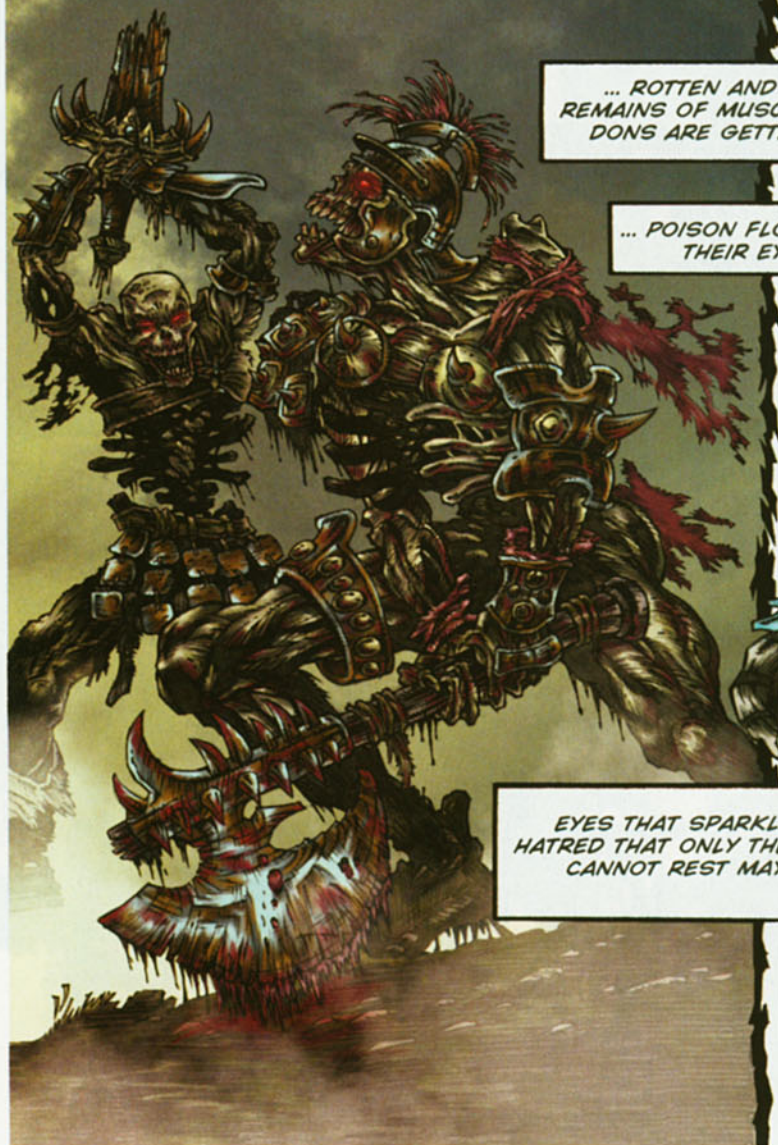


THEIR BODIES DON'T KEEP ANY  
MEMORIES, ONLY OLD HABITS.

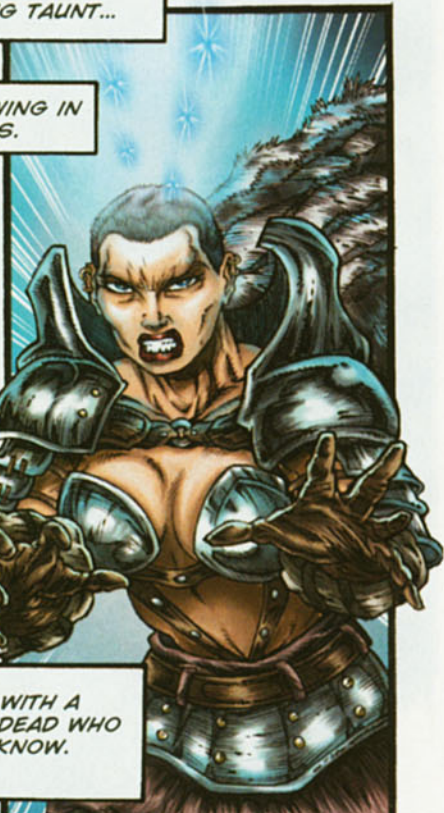


GAUNTED ARMS HOLDING AGAIN  
BRONZE WEAPONS COVERED  
WITH GREENISH MOSS...

... ROTTEN AND WRINKLED  
REMAINS OF MUSCLES AND TEN-  
DONS ARE GETTING TAUNT...




... POISON FLOWING IN  
THEIR EYES.



EYES THAT SPARKLE WITH A  
HATRED THAT ONLY THE DEAD WHO  
CANNOT REST MAY KNOW.

THE LAST ACID DROP OF DREAD  
LEAVES MY BODY.





THERE IS NO POSSIBLE RELIEF  
FOR SUCH HATRED BUT THE  
PEACE OF FINAL DESTRUCTION.

LET THE DANCE OF DEATH BEGIN.  
THE ECSTASY OF ANNIHILATION.

SCARLET AND BLACK WOUNDS  
EXPLODE IN THEIR PUPPET BODIES...  
A CRUSH OF SMASHED BONES  
AMONG REDDISH FLASHES.

THERE IS NO MERCY  
AMONG THE DEAD.





THEIR BODIES PRESENT A  
LOATHSOME MIX OF INFLICTED  
PUNISHMENTS...

... THEIR LIMBS AND ORGANS  
ARE STREWN AT RANDOM.

FOR YOU, LORD OF THE  
ABYSS AND DESTROYER  
OF THE EARTH!

ONE AFTER THE OTHER,  
THE ABOMINATIONS DISAPPEAR  
WITHOUT A NOISE.

I DON'T FEEL ANY PLEASURE AT  
THIS DESTRUCTION. THIS IS A...  
HONORLESS SLAUGHTER.






THE DEAD  
DE ME.

EVEN HELL HAS ITS  
OWN LAWS.

WHAT DARK ALCHEMY GAVE THEIR  
LIFE BACK TO THE WARRIOR  
CORPSES SLAUGHTERED IN A  
FORGOTTEN BATTLEFIELD?





SITTING ON A THRONE OF FILTH AND  
PUS... MY FEET ARE SINKING IN A  
SPONGY CARPET OF COLD FLESH, A  
SWAMP OF STINKING BONES.


THE STENCH OF THE DEAD  
BURNS INSIDE ME.

EVEN THE DARK GODDESS OF THE  
DEATH, WHOSE HUNGER FOR CARRION  
HAS BEEN SATIATED TODAY, KNOWS  
THAT THERE ARE SOME THINGS THAT  
SHOULD ALWAYS REMAIN ASLEEP.

EVEN HELL HAS ITS  
OWN LAWS.

WHAT DARK ALCHEMY GAVE THEIR  
LIFE BACK TO THE WARRIOR  
CORPSES SLAUGHTERED IN A  
FORGOTTEN BATTLEFIELD?





ALL THE QUESTIONS SEEM EASY  
IF YOU KNOW THE ANSWERS.

THE MARCH THROUGH THE BLOODY  
EARTH OF THE REGION LEAVES A TRAIL  
OF WITCHCRAFT THAT EVEN A CHILD  
COULD NOTICE.

THE SMELL OF DEATH  
GUIDES ME.

I HAVE LOST MY STEED, AND  
HORSES ARE SCARCE IN THE  
LANDS OF THE BORDER KINGDOM.

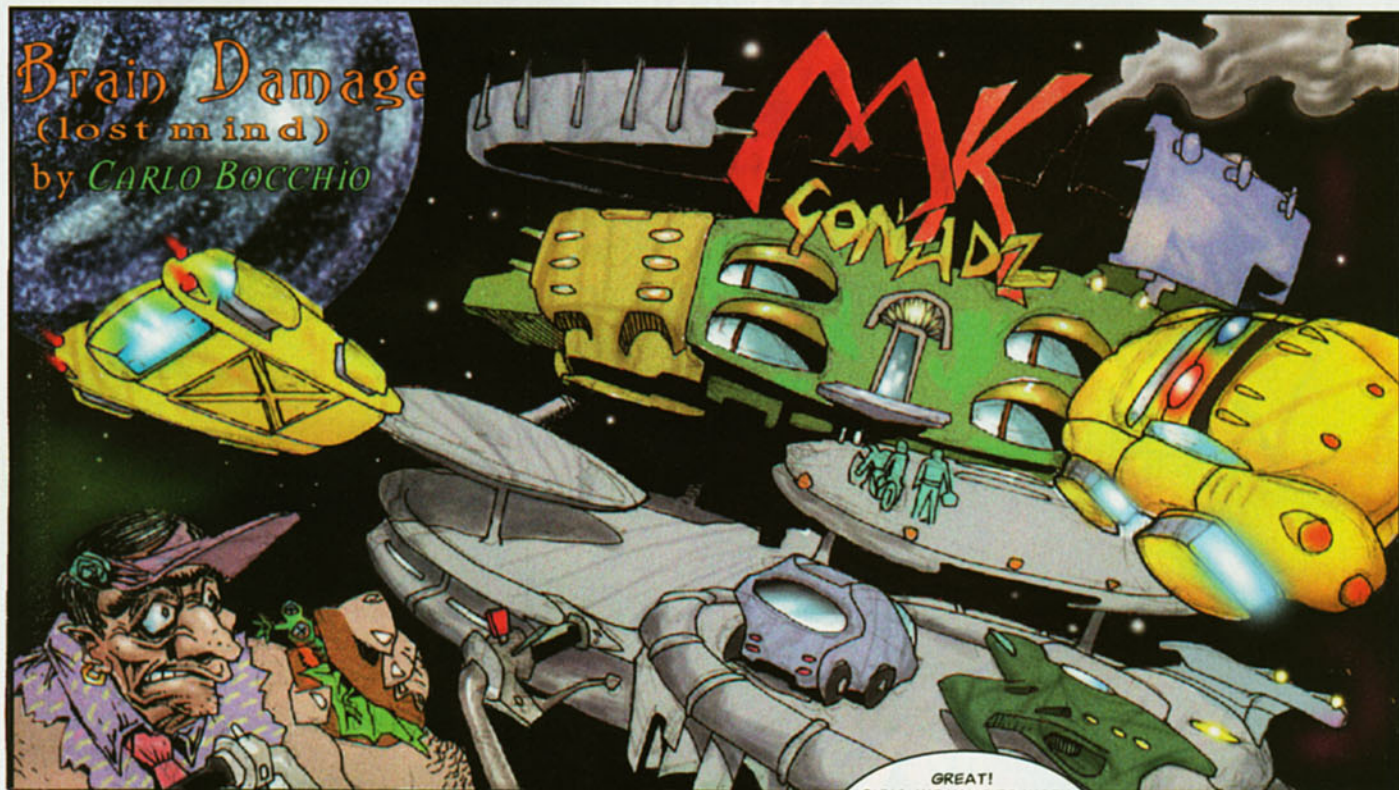
SO, EVEN WALKING HALF AS  
FAST AS A HORSE, IT TOOK ME  
THREE DAYS TO REACH ASRAI,  
THE CAPITAL.

FOR THE SIXTY GODS! I,  
EMBETH WILL FIGHT THE  
DARK ENEMY ONCE AGAIN!

THE END



# Brain Damage (lost mind) by CARLO BOCCHIO

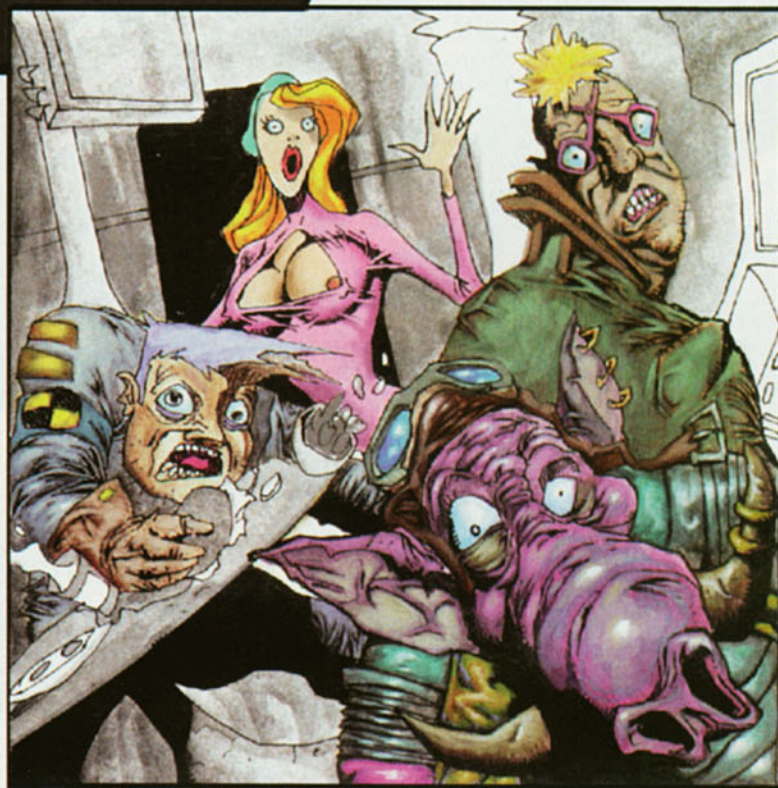


GREAT!  
GUYS, WE HAVE TO WORK  
WITH THOSE FANATIC  
ASSHOLES OF THE A.B.S. !  
YOU CAN GIVE NEWS OF THE  
BOMB TO THE FOLKS ... THEY'LL  
RUN AWAY LIKE CRAZY  
CHICKENS!

I BEG YOU NOT TO  
ACT THE HEROES! JUST  
CALL THE EXPLOSIVE  
ORDNANCE DISPOSAL UNIT!  
MEANWHILE CLEAR OFF, THE  
ANTI-BOMB SECTION IS  
ALREADY ON THE ALERT!



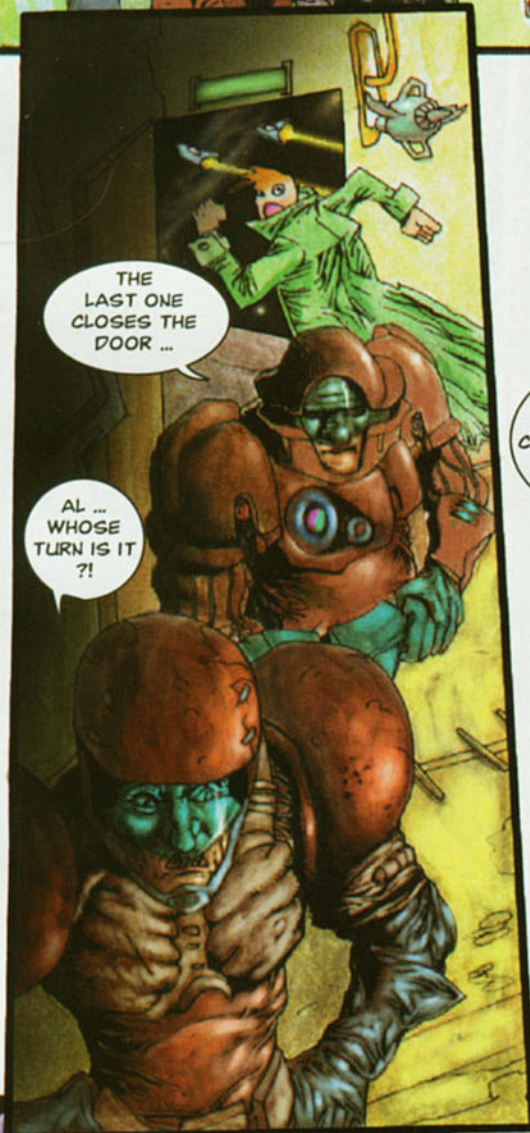
STILL THERE?  
IF YOU DON'T  
HURRY I'LL KICK  
YOUR ASS OUT OF  
HERE!!!!







COMB THIS  
CESSPIT ...



THE  
LAST ONE  
CLOSES THE  
DOOR ...

AL ...  
WHOSE  
TURN IS IT  
?!



THE FIRST  
WHO STRIPS THE  
EASTER EGG DOWN  
GOT A MONTH LEAVE  
AND A MEDAL  
FOR VALOR.

GOOD  
LORD!  
HE THINKS HE  
CAN STIR US UP  
WITH SUCH  
A BULLSHIT!

A FEW MINUTES LATER ...



IN THE  
BOG,  
SIR!



SO WHAT?  
WHERE IS  
IT?







WHO ARE  
THESE FELLOWS!?  
A SERGEANT AND TWO  
PRIVATE'S ? HUM!  
GO TO UNWRAP SNACKS, FOOLS,  
THERE'S A JOB TO  
DO HERE!!!

WE HAVE  
TO DEFUSE A  
BOMB HERE,  
DON'T YOU?  
DON'T JUST STAND  
THERE! WHERE'S THE  
COMFIT?





GREAT! THEY  
SENT THE BEST  
AGENTS AROUND FOR A  
FUCKING TOY IN  
A FAST-FOOD!

IT SO  
HAPPENS THAT  
THIS LIZARD  
IS JUST # 2.

GRUNT!

AND  
SO OK  
FOR THE  
LIZARD : CHAT  
LESS AND WORK  
MORE!



MEA  
CULPA!!!

HAW!  
HAW!

GRUNT!











HEM ... IT  
LOOKS LIKE MY  
WIFE THIS WAY!



FUCK!  
AN OLD-STYLE  
ATOMIC!  
COLORED-  
WIRE STUFF!



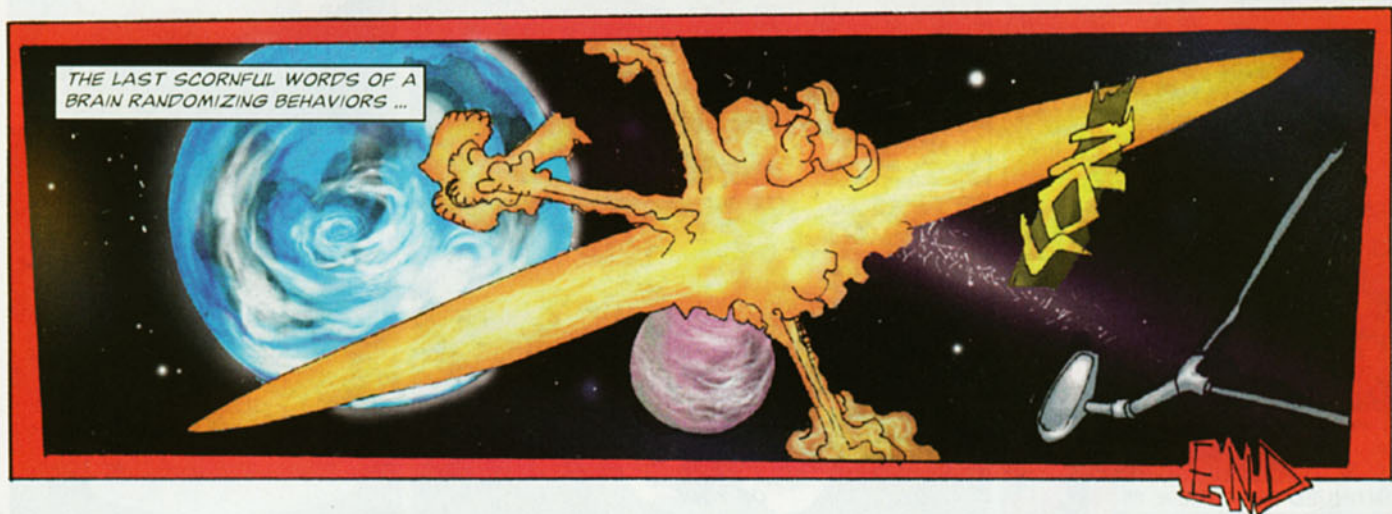
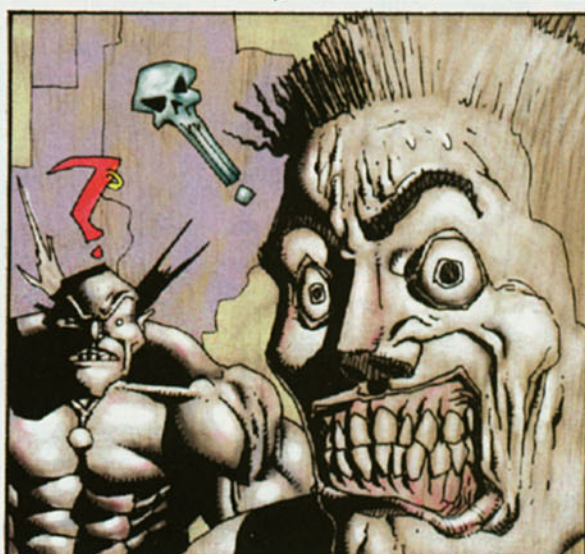
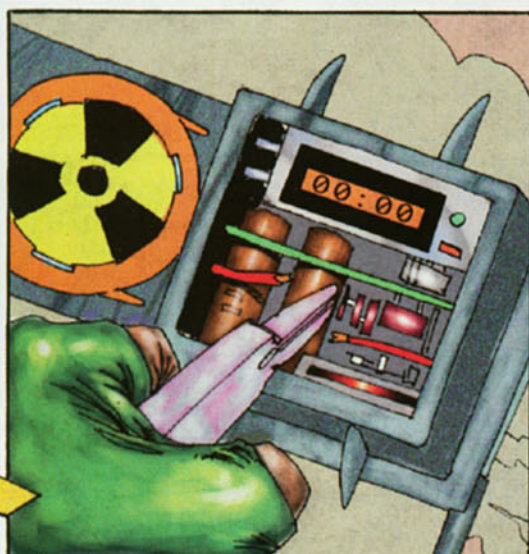
WOW!  
BURMAN FRIED  
PORK!



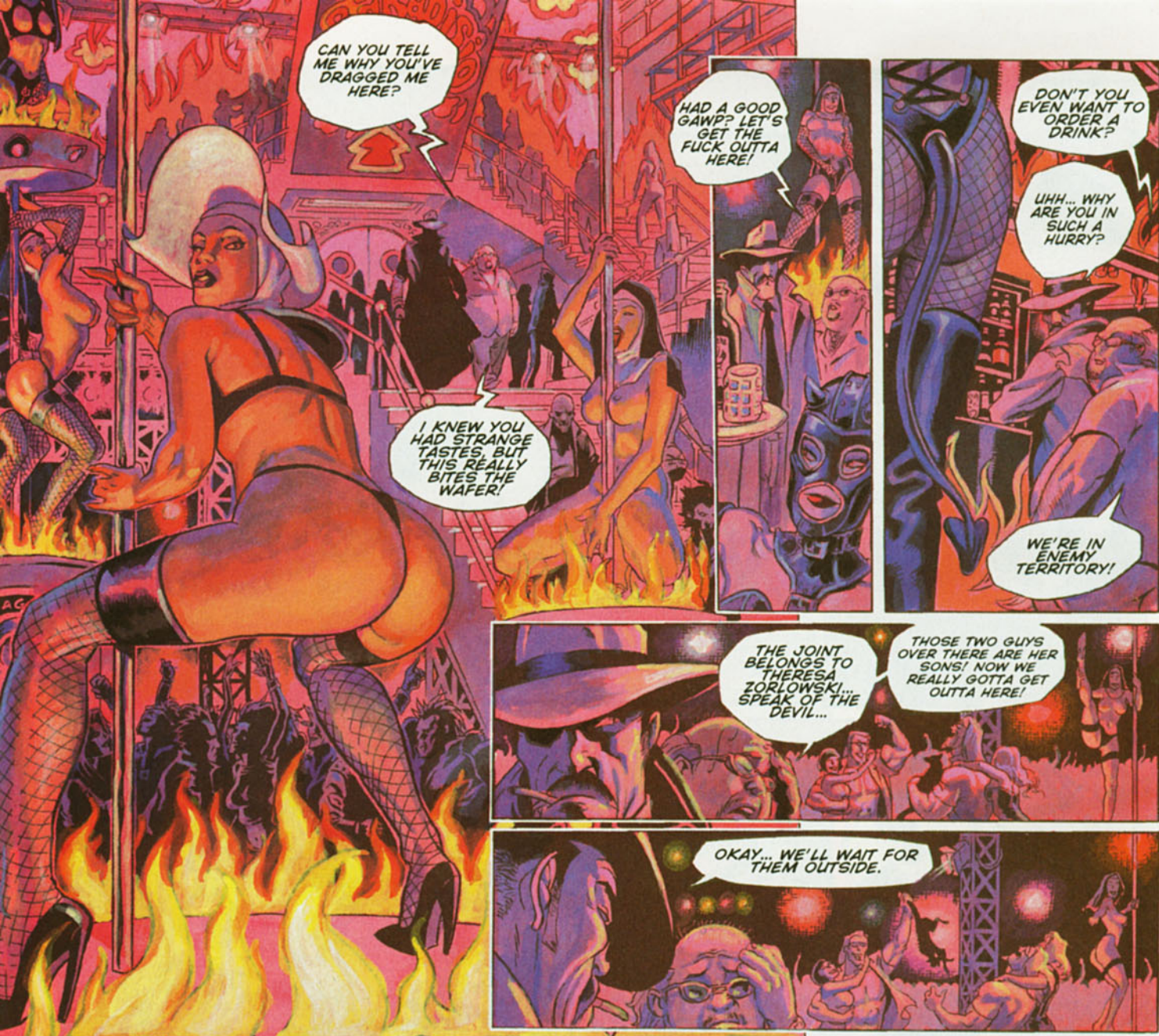
AND NOW  
BOG IT'S  
YOUR TURN!!











CAN YOU TELL ME WHY YOU'VE DRAGGED ME HERE?

HAD A GOOD GAWP? LET'S GET THE FUCK OUTTA HERE!

DON'T YOU EVEN WANT TO ORDER A DRINK?

UHH... WHY ARE YOU IN SUCH A HURRY?

WE'RE IN ENEMY TERRITORY!

I KNEW YOU HAD STRANGE TASTES, BUT THIS REALLY BITES THE WAFER!

THE JOINT BELONGS TO THERESA ZORLOWSKI!... SPEAK OF THE DEVIL...

THOSE TWO GUYS OVER THERE ARE HER SONS! NOW WE REALLY GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE!

OKAY... WE'LL WAIT FOR THEM OUTSIDE.



WHAT KIND OF CRAP ARE YOU STIRRING UP, SAM?



DIDN'T I TELL YOU? MY PARTNER IS JUSTINE, THE DAUGHTER OF YOUR FORMER PARTNER OF THE N.Y.P.D.

JUSTINE GALLAGHER? THE DAUGHTER OF... SHIT! YOU'RE CRAZY! YOU CAN'T BE...



IT'S OKAY, SHE DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT. IT'S MY WAY OF...

...REDEEMING MYSELF.

YOU'RE CRAZY, SAMUEL! WE'RE GONNA BE IN THE CRAP BECAUSE OF YOU!



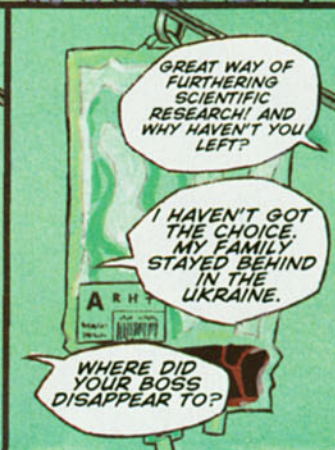
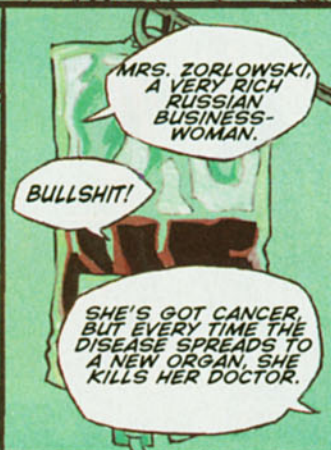
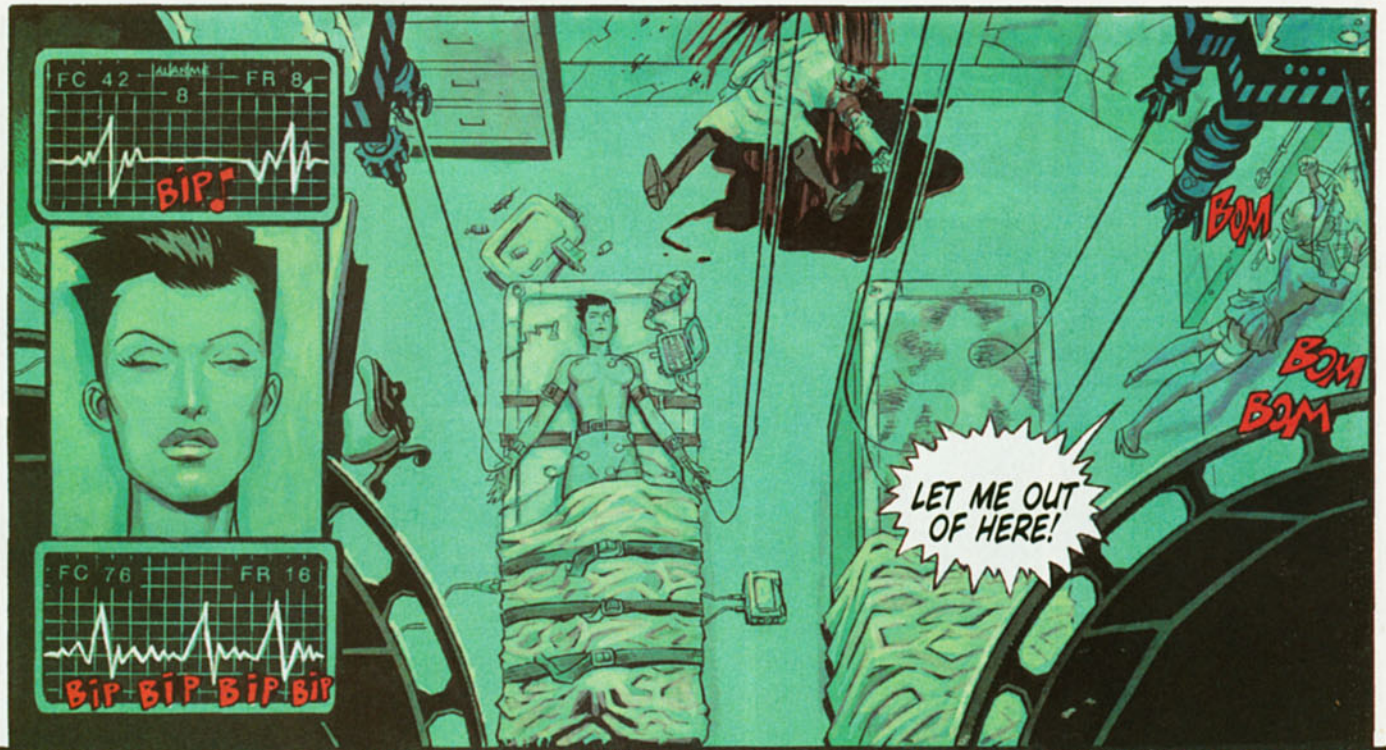
FACT REMAINS, SHE'S BEEN KIDNAPPED, AND THE EVIDENCE SEEMS TO POINT TO THOSE TWO GOONS...

I THINK I JUST RAN INTO A BIT OF LUCK.

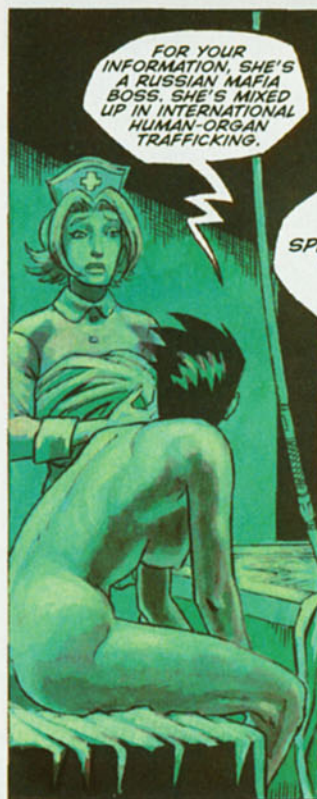
YOU'RE WRONG THERE! YOU'RE UP TO YOUR NECK IN POOP!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55









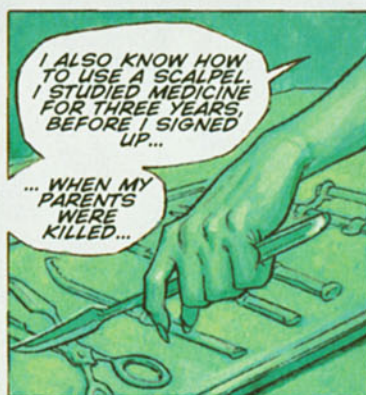
FOR YOUR INFORMATION, SHE'S A RUSSIAN MAFIA BOSS. SHE'S MIXED UP IN INTERNATIONAL HUMAN-ORGAN TRAFFICKING.



YES, I KNEW THAT. HER SON'S WILL COME BACK AND THEY'LL KILL US BOTH IF WE DON'T GET OUT OF HERE. THEY'RE ALL CRAZY!

DON'T WORRY. LOCKS ARE MY SPECIALTY, BUT DON'T GET THE WRONG IDEA...

... I'M A COP!



I ALSO KNOW HOW TO USE A SCALPEL. I STUDIED MEDICINE FOR THREE YEARS, BEFORE I SIGNED UP...

... WHEN MY PARENTS WERE KILLED...

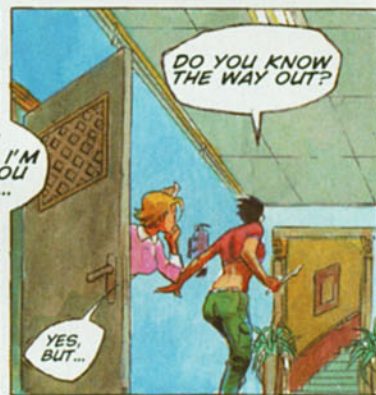


... AFTER THEIR CAR EXPLODED!



I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M TELLING YOU ALL THIS...

LET'S GO!



DO YOU KNOW THE WAY OUT?

YES, BUT...

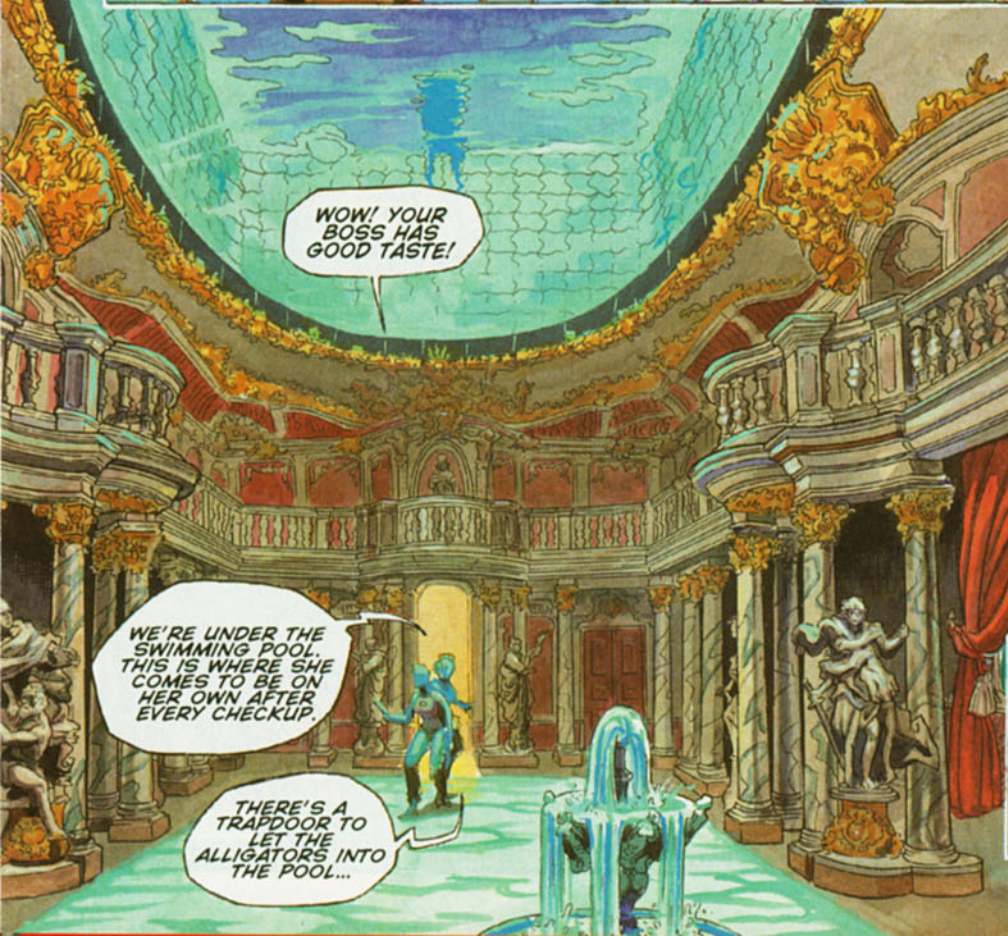


... THERE'S ONLY ONE EXIT...

... AND IT'S GUARDED BY A DOZEN GOONS AND SEVERAL VIDEO SURVEILLANCE UNITS!



WELCOME TO PARADISE!



WOW! YOUR BOSS HAS GOOD TASTE!



... WHICH I BET SHE OPENS WHEN SHE INVITES HER DOCTORS FOR A FINAL MIDNIGHT SWIM! CLASS ACT!

WE'RE UNDER THE SWIMMING POOL. THIS IS WHERE SHE COMES TO BE ON HER OWN AFTER EVERY CHECKUP.

THERE'S A TRAPDOOR TO LET THE ALLIGATORS INTO THE POOL...



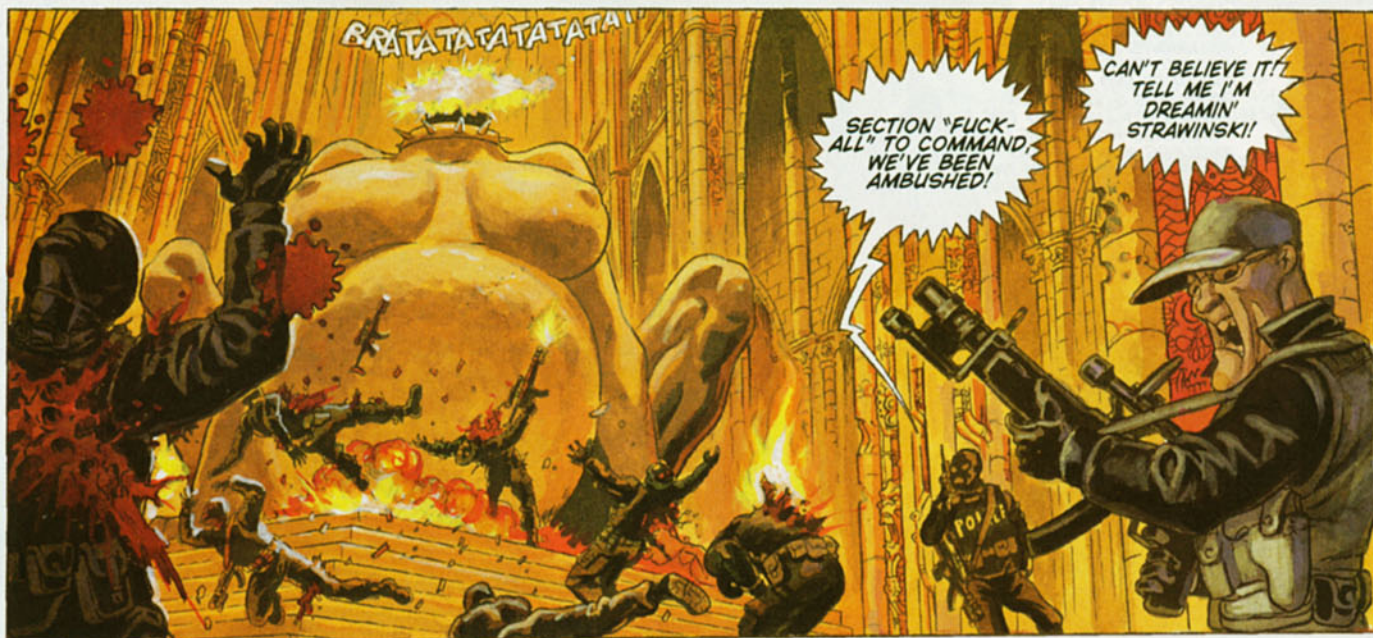
YOU JUST MADE IT, GIRLS!



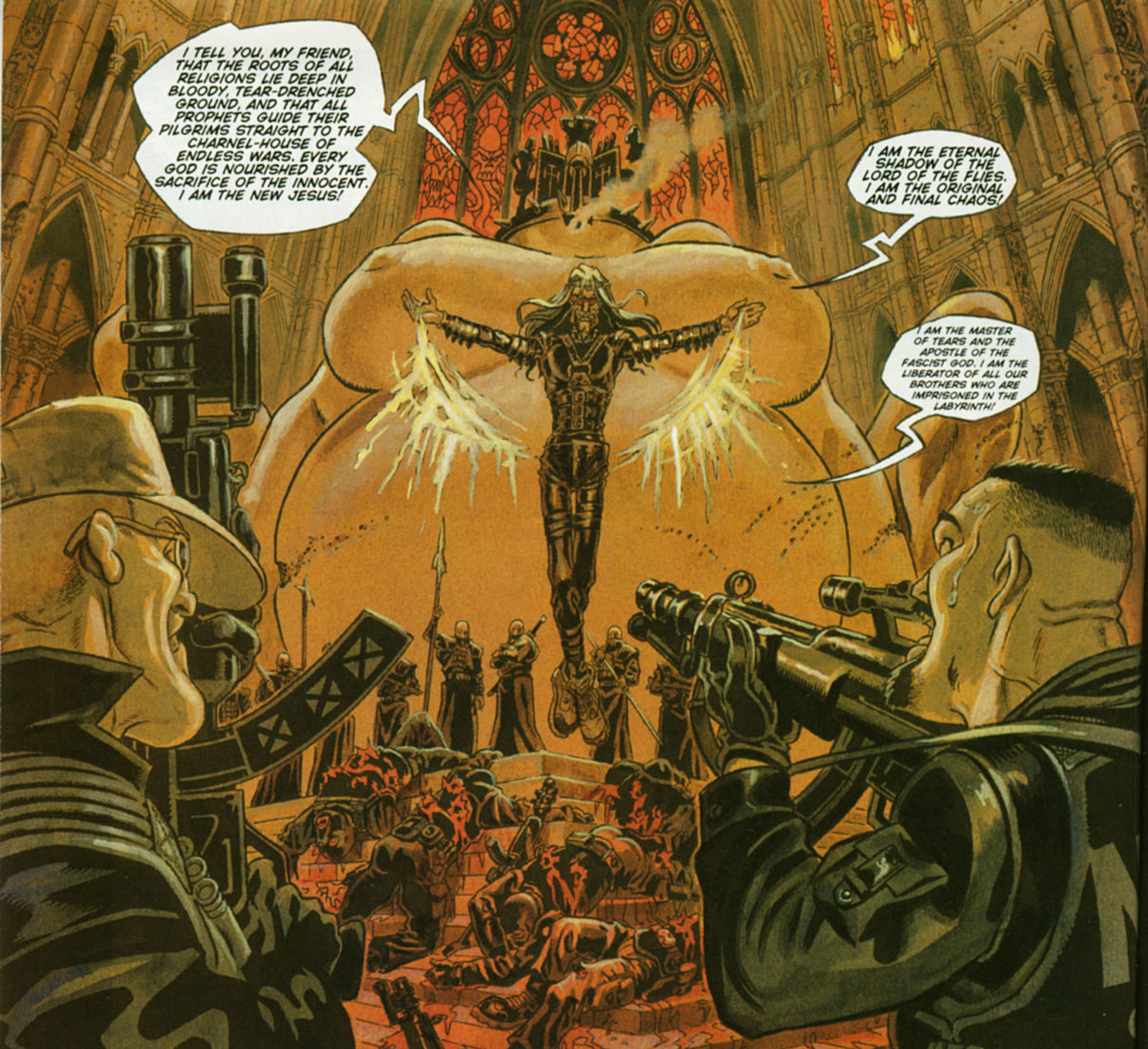
IT'S TIME TO FEED THE ANIMALS!

SHOULD'VE KNOWN...










I TELL YOU, MY FRIEND,  
THAT THE ROOTS OF ALL  
RELIGIONS LIE DEEP IN  
BLOODY, TEAR-DRENCHED  
GROUND, AND THAT ALL  
PROPHETS GUIDE THEIR  
PILGRIMS STRAIGHT TO THE  
CHARNEL-HOUSE OF  
ENDLESS WARS. EVERY  
GOD IS NOURISHED BY THE  
SACRIFICE OF THE INNOCENT.  
I AM THE NEW JESUS!


I AM THE ETERNAL  
SHADOW OF THE  
LORD OF THE FLIES.  
I AM THE ORIGINAL  
AND FINAL CHAOS!

I AM THE MASTER  
OF TEARS AND THE  
APOSTLE OF THE  
FASCIST GOD. I AM THE  
LIBERATOR OF ALL OUR  
BROTHERS WHO ARE  
IMPRISONED IN THE  
LABYRINTH!




I AM THE  
PAST AND  
FUTURE OF  
EVERYTHING.

DON'T MOVE,  
SCUMBAG!



LIEUTENANT  
MILES?



I KNOW YOU ARE WORTHY OF  
JOINING US BECAUSE YOU HAVE,  
UNKNOWINGLY, ALREADY  
EMBRACED ALL-POWERFUL  
BALATHAN. LISTEN THEN...



NEARLY TWENTY YEARS  
AGO, YOU TOOK THE FIRST  
STEP.

THE VETERANS CALLED  
YOU GREENHORN.  
YOU HAD TO PROVE  
YOURSELF!

YOU WERE PROUD YOU'D  
BEEN PICKED. PROUD  
YOU'D SHAKEN REAGAN'S  
HAND. THE MISSION WAS  
STRAIGHTFORWARD: FIND  
A P.O.W. CAMP OF  
AMERICANS WHO HAD  
BEEN REPORTED MISSING  
IN VIETNAM.

REMEM-  
BER  
THAT.

HEAT, MOSQUITOES,  
FEVER AND DYSENTERY  
WERE YOUR CONSTANT  
COMPANIONS ON YOUR  
JOURNEY UP THE  
MEKONG. BUT YOU  
FOUND NO EVIDENCE OF  
ANY CAMPS.

ALL YOU FOUND WAS  
A SMALL VILLAGE  
INHABITED BY  
SURPRISED, PEACEFUL  
PEASANTS.  
REMEMBER, MILES.  
THEY WELCOMED YOU.  
FOR THEM, THE WAR  
WAS OVER.

THEY WERE  
SMILING,  
THE SMILE  
OF THE VC.

SO YOU  
PROVED  
YOURSELF.

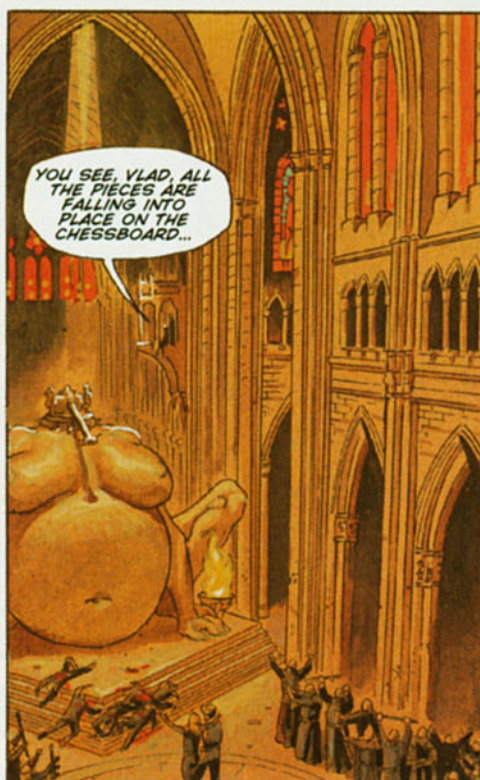
NO ONE WOULD  
EVER CALL YOU A  
GREENHORN  
AGAIN.

THEY INITIATED YOU. YOU  
LEARNED THE CUSTOMS  
OF THE BRAVE... OF THE  
WARRIORS... OF THE  
CONQUERORS!

AND YOU  
LIKED IT.

BUT THAT WAS ONLY  
THE BEGINNING  
OF YOUR DAMNATION!









... TAKING ADVANTAGE OF A BLACKOUT THROUGHOUT NEW YORK CITY, RIOTERS HAVE SET FIRE TO ENTIRE NEIGHBORHOODS.

A CURFEW WAS DECLARED AND TROOPS HAVE BEEN CALLED IN TO HELP THE POLICE FORCES.



MADNESS SEEMS TO HAVE SWEEPED OVER THE CITY, MAKING THE L.A. RIOTS LOOK LIKE A PICNIC.

THE FOLLOWERS OF NEW JESUS, THE CRAZED LEADER OF THE CULT OF THE SONS OF THE APOCALYPSE, ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR INSTIGATING THE RIOTS WHICH HAVE REACHED CIVIL-WAR PROPORTIONS.



CITY AUTHORITIES FEAR MORE UNREST NEXT WEEK DURING THE TOTAL ECLIPSE. NEW YORK IS NOT THE ONLY CITY TO HAVE BEEN THE SCENE OF RIOTS.

IN A FEW MINUTES, PRESIDENT G. BLOCH, JR. WILL MAKE A LONG-AWAITED SPEECH, LIVE ON THIS CHANNEL. BUT FIRST, A WORD FROM OUR SPONSORS...



TODAY'S MAIN HEADLINES...

ALL-NIGHT RIOTING IN NEW YORK CITY. AND NOW... PRESIDENT BLOCH, LIVE...






PRESIDENT BLOCH, COULD YOU PLEASE TELL US HOW YOU VIEW THE SITUATION?



IT'S SERIOUS BUT NOT CATASTROPHIC.

BUT AS A PRE-CAUTIONARY MEASURE, WE'VE DECIDED TO DECLARE A STATE OF EMERGENCY.

PRESIDENT BLOCH, ACCORDING TO SOME OF OUR SOURCES, THE ARMY IS OUTFLANKED IN BROOKLYN, AND LONG ISLAND FELL TO THE RIOTERS A FEW HOURS AGO.



IT IS EVEN RUMORED THAT SOME MEMBERS OF THE ARMED FORCES HAVE JOINED NEW JESUS. CAN YOU CONFIRM THIS?

I THOUGHT WE HAD AGREED NOT TO BRING THIS UP!

OUR VIEWERS HAVE THE RIGHT TO KNOW...





WHAT ARE YOU UP TO? IS THIS ALL YOU CARE ABOUT, SENSATIONALISM, SCOOPS?

BUT PRESIDENT BLOCH!



IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT, I'LL GIVE YOU A SCOOP!

HERE!

I'LL MAKE YOUR RATINGS GO UP, IDIOT!



BLAM  
BLAM

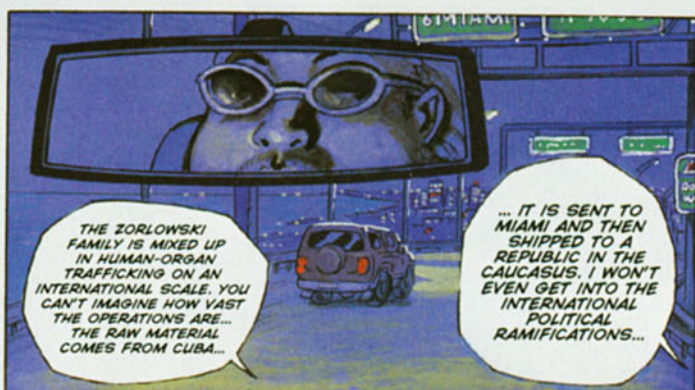
MANY YEARS HAVE GONE BY SINCE MY BIRTH, YEARS OF WAR, BLOOD AND SUFFERING. IS THAT YOUR UNAVOWED GOAL, MY GOD?

THE WORLD IS ON THE BRINK OF THE PRECIPICE, BUT IT DOESN'T KNOW IT YET...

PLEASE EXCUSE US FOR THIS INTERRUPTION. OUR PROGRAMS WILL RESUME SHORTLY.

I PROMISED TO SERVE YOU, UNNAMABLE GOD, BUT HOW MANY MORE RUINS AND CHARNEL-HOUSES ARE NEEDED TO APPEASE YOU?!





THE ZORLOWSKI FAMILY IS MIXED UP IN HUMAN-ORGAN TRAFFICKING ON AN INTERNATIONAL SCALE. YOU CAN'T IMAGINE HOW VAST THE OPERATIONS ARE... THE RAW MATERIAL COMES FROM CUBA...

... IT IS SENT TO MIAMI AND THEN SHIPPED TO A REPUBLIC IN THE CAUCASUS. I WON'T EVEN GET INTO THE INTERNATIONAL POLITICAL RAMIFICATIONS...



THOSE GUYS ARE BIG FISH. IT'S BEYOND US. SO NOW THAT I'VE GIVEN YOU THE LOWDOWN, WE'RE GONNA MAKE A U-TURN AND HEAD STRAIGHT TO A WHORE HOUSE...

ARE YOU PACKING A PIECE?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN "A PIECE"?



HEY!

BINGO! JUST LIKE IN THE GOOD OLE DAYS. UNDER THE REAR SEAT. WOW! YOU ALWAYS LIKED BIG GUNS.

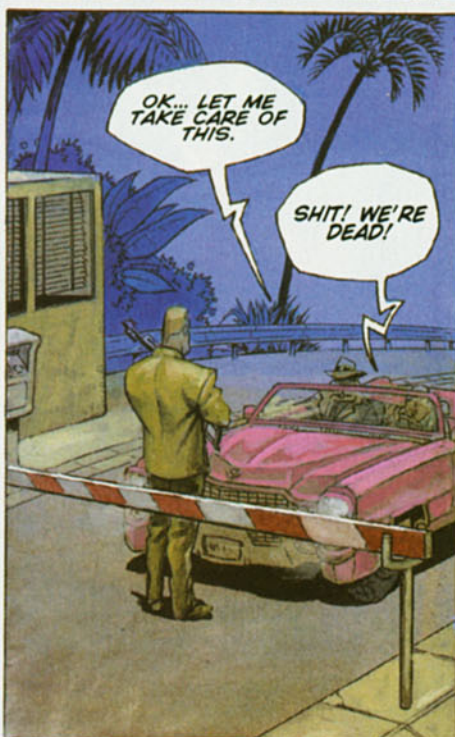


YOU'RE SICK! OH SHIT! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE PLANNING, BUT...

SHUT UP! NOW THAT I'VE GOT THE ROD, YOU GOT NO CHOICE! SO STEP ON IT!



DON'T FORGET WE OWE JUSTINE A FAVOR.



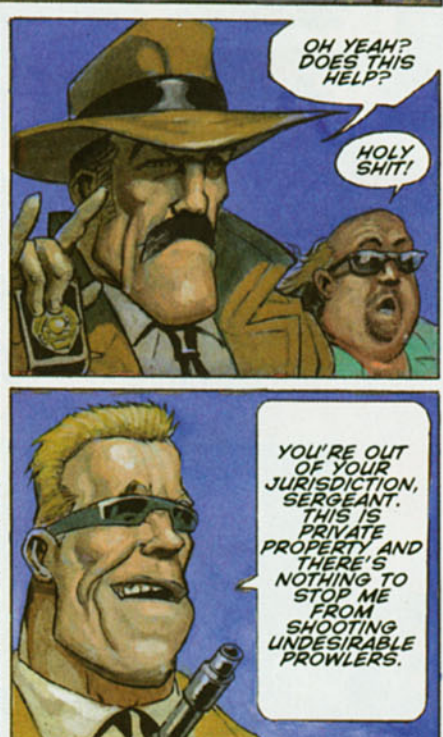
OK... LET ME TAKE CARE OF THIS.

SHIT! WE'RE DEAD!



HI THERE! YOUR BOSS IS EXPECTING US.

SORRY SIRS, BUT MRS. ZORLOWSKI IS ON A BUSINESS TRIP. I CAN'T LET YOU THROUGH.

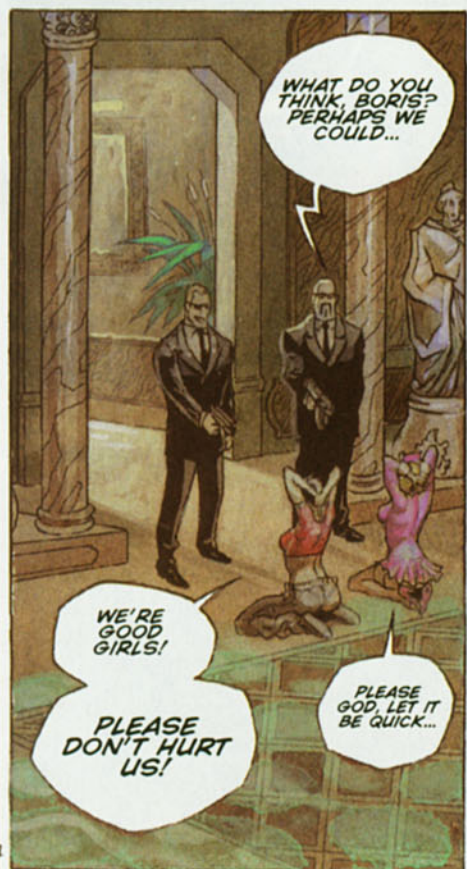


OH YEAH? DOES THIS HELP?

HOLY SHIT!

YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR JURISDICTION, SERGEANT. THIS IS PRIVATE PROPERTY AND THERE'S NOTHING TO STOP ME FROM SHOOTING UNDESIRABLE PROWLERS.

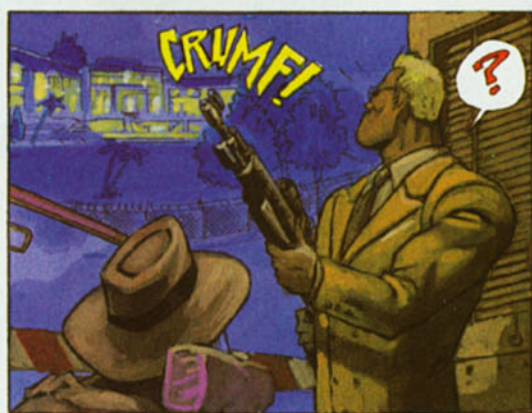
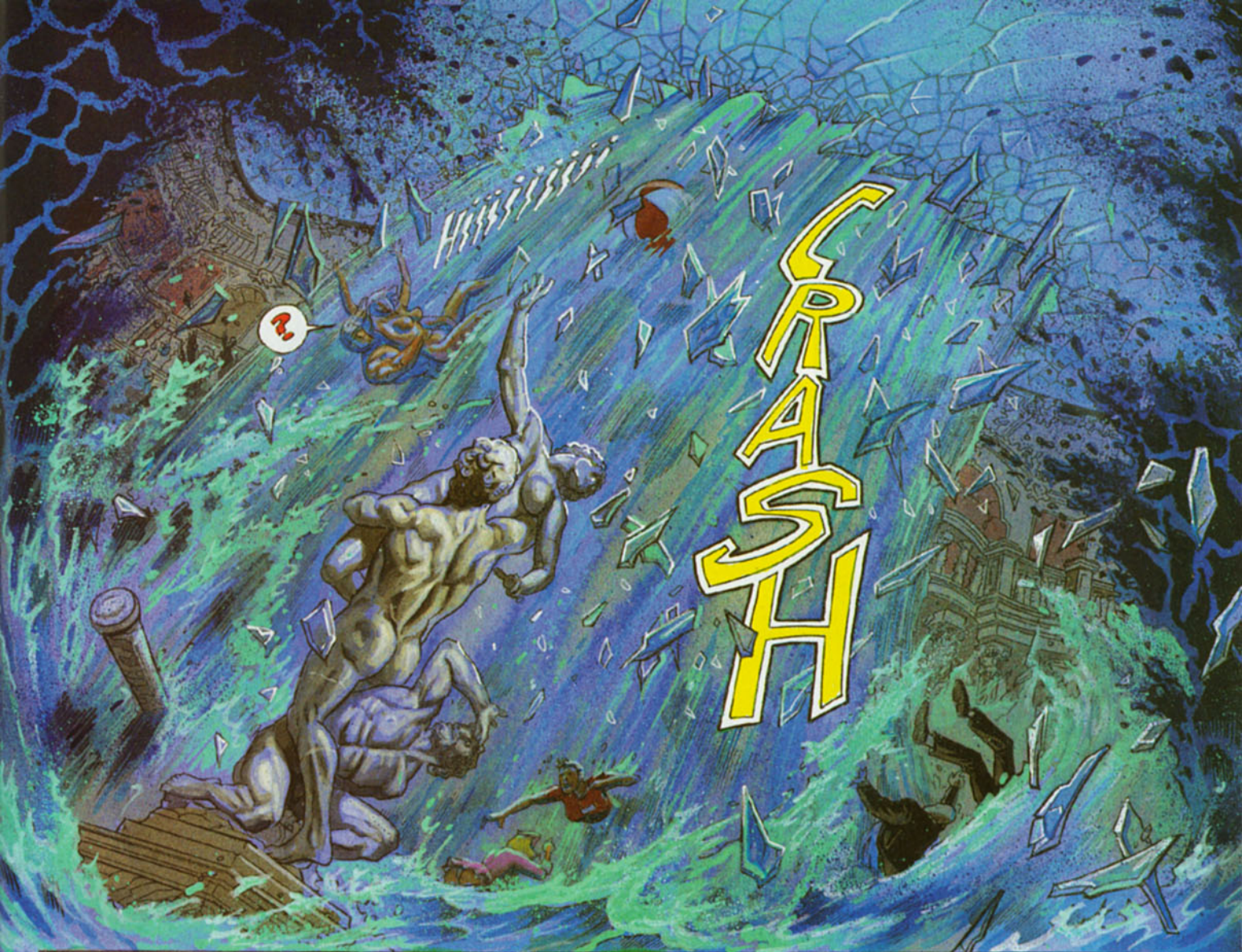
















A comic book panel depicting a chaotic scene inside a large, modern building that has been flooded. The water is a vibrant blue, and the air is filled with bubbles. In the foreground, a man in a white tank top and blue jeans is being held from behind by a woman in a red dress and high heels. They both have expressions of shock and panic. To their right, a large alligator is partially submerged in the water, its head and front legs visible. In the background, the building's interior is visible, with various structural elements and a red and white striped beach ball floating in the water. Two speech bubbles are present: one from the man saying "WE'RE GONNA DROWN!" and another from the woman saying "DON'T WORRY! THE ALLIGATORS WILL GET US FIRST!". In the bottom right corner, a man's face is partially visible, looking up with a concerned expression. The page number "40" is in the bottom right corner.

**WE'RE GONNA  
DROWN!**

**DON'T WORRY!  
THE ALLIGATORS  
WILL GET US  
FIRST!**













VROOOOM





KRAKOW!



WHACK THE BITCH!



POW! POW! POW!



HI, KID. YOU'RE ALWAYS IN A PICKLE, AREN'T YOU?

I SEE YOU HAVEN'T LOST YOUR TASTE FOR GHERKINS!



I ADORE YOU, SAM. I'M SO HAPPY TO SEE YOU!

HEY, DON'T GET TOO EXCITED... AND DON'T FORGET TO THANK UNCLE JACKY!

JUST LOOK AT MY CAR! WHAT AM I GONNA TELL THE INSURANCE?



DON'T WORRY. I WON'T FORGET!

YEAH! I HOPE YOU'RE GONNA THANK ME! JUST LOOK AT THIS SHIT!



HEY, WHAT'S GOT INTO YOU?

I'VE BEEN AVOIDING FLORIDA FOR THE PAST FIVE YEARS, 'CAUSE I'M AFRAID OF BUMPING INTO YOU, JACKY.





I SWEAR ON THE TORAH I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT! DO SOMETHING, SAM!

SHUT UP AND LISTEN!



I KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT YOUR PATHETIC LIFE. MY FATHER REFUSED TO BE ON THE TAKE AND THAT MADE YOU SHIT YOUR PANTS 'CAUSE YOU WERE AFRAID HE WOULD GRASS YOU OUT!

A BOMB UNDER HIS HOOD! THEY WERE BLOWN TO BITS, JACKY!



THEY HAD TO SCOOP THE REMAINS OF MY MOM AND DAD INTO THE SAME CASKET, BECAUSE THEY COULDN'T SEPARATE THEM!

CALM DOWN, JUSTINE!

I REMEMBER YOUR FLASHY SUIT ON THE DAY OF THE FUNERAL!



BUT WHAT YOU DIDN'T KNOW IS THAT DAD LEFT NOTES, IRREFUTABLE PROOF, JACKY!



STOP IT, JUSTINE!

STAY OUT OF THIS, SAM!



LISTEN! IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE! I CAN'T LET YOU MAKE SUCH A STUPID MISTAKE!

WHOSE SIDE ARE YOU ON, PARTNER?



PFFF... TOUCHING SCENE! CONGRATULATIONS!

A REAL SHAKESPEAREAN DRAMA!






I CAME IN  
PEACE,  
CONVINCED BY  
LADY SAORA'S  
ARGUMENTS...

I WAS EVEN  
PREPARED TO  
FREE YOU AND  
ACCEPT YOU AS  
A BLOOD  
SISTER,  
JUSTINE  
GALLAGHER.


WE COULD HAVE  
FOUGHT SIDE  
BY SIDE. HOW  
IRONIC!



MY GOD, IT'S NOT POSSIBLE!

LEAVE GOD  
OUT OF  
THIS!


HE'S GOT  
NOTHING TO  
DO WITH  
THIS!



BUT WHAT I  
SEE HERE  
FILLS ME WITH  
INFINITE  
SORROW.




I HAD NEVER  
CRIED  
BEFORE...



BUT IF IT'S TIME FOR  
REVENGE...



... MINE  
WILL BE...



... BRUTAL!



**FEATURED IN THIS ISSUE:**  
**MAGIKA #2: THE FIERY VERSES**

**PLUS SHORT STORIES BY:**

- **ABULI & VEGA**
- **GOUPIL & WALTER**
- **PAHEK**

Art from "Juan Buscamares"  
by Felix Vega

*Felix Vega*