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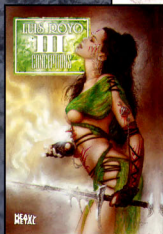
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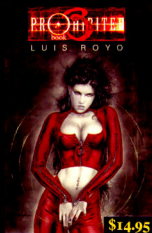
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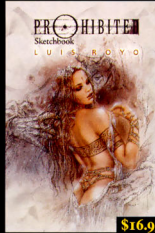
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publisher &
editor in chief... KEVIN EASTMAN

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pre-press... UNITED COLOR, INC.

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manager... PAT HAYWARD

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polyglot... FERSHD BHARUCHA

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EDITORIAL INFORMATION: Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. Return postage must accompany submissions, otherwise return of artwork is not guaranteed.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Published bi-monthly by Metal Mammoth, Inc., 100 N. Village Avenue, Suite 12, Rockville Centre, NY 11570. \$19.95 paid annual subscription, \$31.95 paid two year subscription, and \$42.95 paid three year subscription in territorial U.S. Add \$13.00 per year for Canada, add \$18.00 per year for other foreign countries. Periodicals paid at Plattsburgh, NY and additional mailing offices.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscriber, please send change of address to Subscription Department, Heavy Metal Magazine, 100 N. Village Avenue, Suite 12, Rockville Centre, NY 11570 or e-mail change to heavymetal1@rcn.com. Allow 4 to 6 weeks for change. POSTMASTER: Please send change of address to Subscription Department, Heavy Metal Magazine, 100 N. Village Avenue, Suite 12, Rockville Centre, NY 11570.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Hey All,

Hope you're all having a great 2006 so far—once again it seems too be moving way to fast! I mean, geez guys, it's nearly time for July's San Diego Comic Con again! "Jane, get me off this crazy thing!"

Just kidding, actually it's been a pretty exciting New Year for all of us here at Heavy Metal—we had a blast at the new NYC Comic Show where we hosted the AMAZING Luis Royo at our booth, and for the first time in the Big Apple no less. I love New York, not so much in February (burr), but still love it!

We've been spending a ton of time working on the "Fistful of Blood" film—storyboards, locations, budgets, effects, casting, and will be on set shooting not long after you read this. We're building out a whole new section of the website to show you the latest action from the film's progress, including an on-location webcam! Stay tuned for more details.

I totally dig all the issues this year, but am especially excited about this one as it includes the next installment of "Requiem!" This is clearly one of the biggest fan favorites since "Druuna" and we're glad to be the only ones to bring it to you! Way to go Pat and Olivier!

Thanks to Mr Kovack for sending us such a killer cover, and Davide Furno for the amazing gallery. Our new artist section, "Artist's Studio" (the second gallery we've added to each issue), features David Palumbo in this issue. It has been such a hit, so we've added a "HM's Classic Gallery" channel to the website. Check it out.

As always we've pulled together a killer selection of shorts for your bathroom reading moments (heh), starting with the second to last installment of Art Suydam's "Mudwogs!" Sorry to see it end, but we'll be pulling out a hard cover collection with additional stories later this year (I hope). Riff and Abuli bring us a sweet new "Glam & Comet" installment, and Steven MmMoom shows off his skills with "Warriors Way".

I think we've got two of the longest titles every in HM history with Autheman's "Revelation—Uncle Paul's Wonderful Glasses" and "The Adventures of Arther McKnife: Pyramid of Rock 'n' Roll" by Antonazzo, Marinetti, and Ventre! Great job guys!

Rounding out the shorts, Mezzo and Pirus are back with "The First Time" (cool) and I finally got St. Laurent and Berghout back in with another "Imph" yarn. Cool Beans.

Aright kids, the ol' clock just clicked past 4:15 am in the morning and I'm going to need to wrap it up so I have time to catch 40 winks, get up and walk my pal Scout before my first meeting of the day. (She gets awful testy if she doesn't get her morning walk)

Can't say goodbye without tipping my hat to Mr Kofoed and Mr Ringenberg for their always wonderful contributions to each and every issue, "Thanks Guys," and with that I'm heading for dreamland!

Take care and I'll be back here chatting you up before you know it!

Best,


LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear H.M.,

Well, it's been a year now and I'm still waiting! I haven't heard anything about "Requiem #4". I've been waiting eagerly for a whole year to see the next one but haven't any info as to what issue it will be in. I'm just looking for some info to satisfy me!

Finnly

Dear Finnly,

Your timing couldn't be better! I got your post a few days ago and here I am wrapping up the May 06 issue, which features "Requiem #4" Cool beans!

Dear H.M.,

My brother is doing his basic training now in Montreal and he was on a weekend the other day and stopped by a French comic shop. He called me and said he saw this 5 part series that looked like some of the stuff in my Heavy Metal Magazines, all hardcover. So, he picked them up for me. It was the "Requiem" series. I can't wait until they get here!

RevGore

Dear RevGore,

Speaking of "Requiem"—I just loved this note I got a little while back, and I can't wait to get installment #5 scheduled for an issue. Not only is it one of my favorite new series, it has really connected with the fans!

Dear H.M.,

Cover to cover... the March 2006 issue was a great issue. This could have almost been a tribute to old school Heavy Metal. I'm digging the look into Mr. Royo's sequential work, it takes me back to the sort of surreal Heavy Metal stories from the late 70's/early 80's. "Lorna" and Azpiri... what can I say that hasn't been said before? Then we have Arthur Suydam's, "Mudwogs" which always pleases the senses. To my surprise you toss Mr. Manara into the mix. Damn... this is too much! I'm becoming a big fan of Nate Van Dyke's eye-candy. He has a distinct and pleasing style. Damian Johnston appears to have been bitten by the Serpieri bug and there's nothing wrong with that! Add in some sweet galleries and extra features and we have one of the best issues of 2006... so far.

AP

Dear AP,

Thanks AP! I really liked that issue as well—looking forward to your thoughts on the "Spring Special" and of course this issue!

Dear H.M.,

Does anybody know if Heavy Metal will accept scripts unaccompanied by art work through their submission process? If scripts could be pre-approved for publishing, it would be much easier to get them drawn up and then resubmitted as a complete package. Any feedback on this would be appreciated.

Paul B

Dear Paul,

Because of our staff size and intense schedule we don't have the time to look just at scripts and find an artist to draw them—but when there is an artist or writer/artist team we've worked with a bunch of times they'll send us a script first to let us know what they have in mind. But at the end of the day it is the completion of the finished work that I base my decision to publish or pass.

Dear H.M.,

I came across some Heavy Metal stuff being made and sold by C&D Visionary. They are: air fresheners, buttons, postcards, shot glasses, incense, magnets, patches, stickers and lighters. You can check it out all here www.canddvisionary.com I guess it's officially licensed, but I haven't heard anything from Heavy Metal about it.

Lostboy

Dear Lostboy,

Great find—and "Yes" this is a new licensee of Heavy Metal. They've got some really fun stuff out with more to come—I've been told they can be found in chains like "Tower" and "Hot Topic", and look forward to hearing from any fans that have seen them out there! (In the meantime, check out C&D's site for what's available!)

Dear H.M.,

Does anyone know if the story, "Magika" will be finished in an upcoming issue?

Teewed

Dear Teewed,

I currently have the third installment scheduled for January 07 (which ships November 06). Funny, I wasn't 100% sure about this series when I started it, which is why I took so long to get the second one in—but since that came out I've gotten a bunch of mail. I'll work on getting the fourth issue in late 07. Cool beans.



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For over a century tachyon broadcasts were restricted to Federal use. Now, thanks to hyper-compression links and the invention of IVM cams (see inset) virtual windows to other worlds is now accessible to everyone on the WorldNet.

The link, now available only in major Earth cities, is slated to join the hypernet as an embedded subharmonic signal.



"This is a first in telecommunication," insists Galactic Geographic Media Program Director, Charles Parker. "The signal is the largest and most compact ever. It can penetrate planets, even stars."

The technology of teleportation is still only on draw-slates, but Parker's enthusiasm is widely shared.

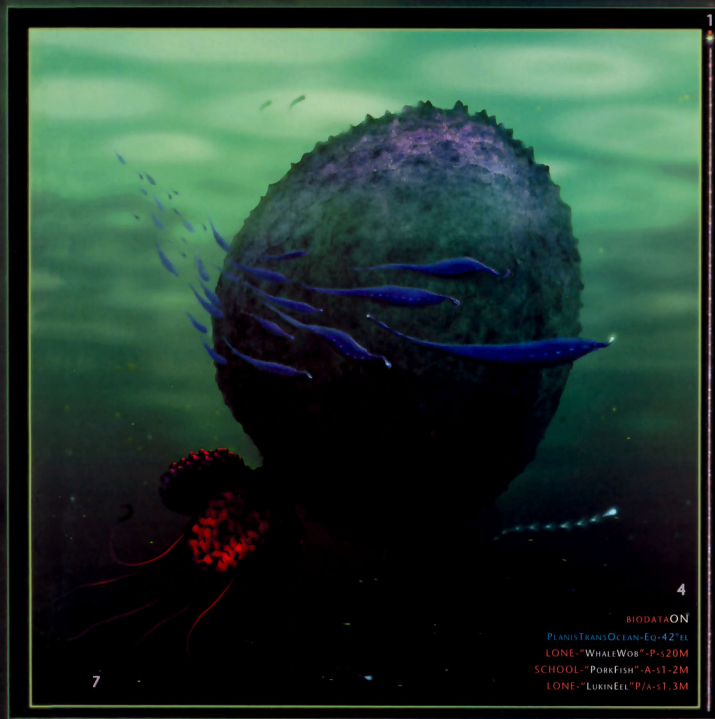
Readers will be able to judge for themselves as they witness the thousands of scenes from 17 worlds currently planned. Each one will have its own multi-band link, allowing the viewer to choose from 50 viewing stations (windows with sensors made of stable isographic receptors).

"The possibilities are endless," Parker is quick to add. "It boggles the mind." Readers may share their reactions and comments by visiting the world web site listed on these pages.



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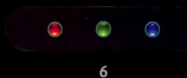
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DAVIDE FURNÒ GALLERY

Davide Furno was born in Turin, Italy on July 16, 1975.

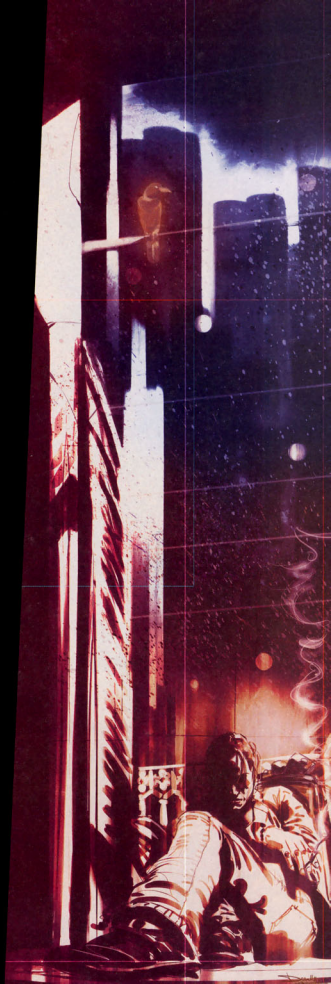
He started his career as a cartoonist for local newspapers such as "Il corriere di Moncalieri" and "Il corriere di Torino". Davide then went on to work as a freelance illustrator for "La Dock Italia" in commercial art. Before long, Davide became employed by BGS LEOBURNETT, one of the biggest Italian advertising agencies for which he created all kinds of illustrations. Their collaboration lasted many years.







Today, Davide is a partner in a society of illustrators and cartoonists. He is on the committee for the Olympic Winter Games in Turin, 2006. Davide also created a self ending cartoon story for the magazine, "Strane Storie", edited by Vittorio Pavesio Productions. He is currently busy promoting the cartoon that will soon be published.





Davide can be contacted by
e-mail at: davide.furno@libero.it
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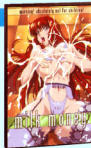


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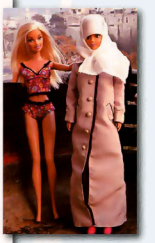
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A TALE OF TWO BARBIES



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Normally, I shy away from anything resembling political commentary in this column. Nor do I discuss fine art for the most part unless it touches on some aspect of popular culture that's relevant to our readers. I mean, c'mon, this is *Heavy Metal* for crying out loud! I should be writing about sword-wielding chicks with humongous yaylars wearing stainless steel bras, who battle monsters, vampires, and aliens, or writing about comic book artists and shit that blows up real good, and other issues of interest to our audience of horny teens. Goths, comic book fans, and aging Baby Boomers who remember HM from the good days of Meibius, Corben, Saydam (Hey, Saydam's still around! Whaddya know about that?), Bilal and Drullett, but I digress.

Anyway, I'm only touching on world politics in a peripheral way because I recently found on the Internet "Suicide Bomber Barbie," a way-cool fine art project that I thought not only had a lot to say about the state of the world early in the 21st Century, but was, indeed, funny as hell in a darkly humorous way. Perfect for all you metalheads reading this, I thought.

"Suicide Bomber Barbie" is a product of artist Simon Tyszkowski's bizarre and strangely perceptive imagination. Tyszkowski, a European conceptual artist who, although he

has created artworks using such varied media as fabric, automobiles, smoke machines, neon video, Super 8 movies, personal letters, and assemblages of objects, has done nothing else exactly like "Suicide Bomber Barbie." For example, one of Tyszkowski's most striking pieces is a sculpture executed with 12 grams of cocaine that encourages viewers to use a steel stencil to spell out the words, "Absolute Hypocrisy" in cocaine, in obvious mockery of the widely circulated Absolut Vodka slogan. Among other things, Tyszkowski's work is often about lampooning the omnipresent mindlessness of corporate culture, and I gotta say, I'm down with that. Would it be so much to ask for popular culture that actually served the needs of real people rather than just servicing the corporate bottom line? His melding of a classic child's toy with the current paranoid, savagely violent geopolitical zeitgeist has produced an amazingly potent piece of art/commentary/satire that transcends his contemptuous mockery of both Western corporate culture, Islam despair, and the hypocrisy of contemporary social mores. Like much of Tyszkowski's work, his take on Barbie slaps you in the face and dares you to think about what that slap meant.

For example, one of his artworks is a montage of photos of Germany's infamous Bader-Meinhof gang, a

subal of young, middle-class communists who spread terror and murder throughout Germany during the 1970s. These stark head-on black and white portraits face the viewer to confront the surprisingly bland and normal-looking face of evil.

Given the ugly sublimation of the Islamic suicide bomber phenomenon, to say nothing of the smothering pervasiveness of American corporate culture, Tyszkowski's "Suicide Bomber Barbie" is a particularly pointed piece of Guerrilla Theater that has as much to say about American values as about the current mindset of Radical Islam. It's also very funny. Yet, "Suicide Bomber Barbie" is clearly much, much more than just a sick joke at the expense of a much-loved children's toy or the seemingly hopeless plight of the Palestinian people. What Tyszkowski mordantly funny and artfully crafted sculpture does, as Tyszkowski's own website: www.culture.net notes, "Suicide Bomber Barbie" conflates Western commodification with Palestinian desperation. Religious and capitalist dogmas struggle within Barbie's idealized form, in an artwork of potent incongruity. It is a work whose political stridency is tempered by a well-placed humor.

"Tyszkowski's work might be described as being in the tradition of the long lost art of agitprop. Capitalism defecates and shit out Tyszkowski says, 'not through direct confrontation, but through commodification. It sells back at a profit the signs, styles and symbols of revolution.' By his appropriation of a consumer icon, the artist creates an emphatic subversion of this process, the artist seeking to help create the conditions of political change. A recent interview with a nine-year-old Palestinian girl had her saying she had wanted to be a doctor, but could now no longer study or sleep at night, and now only wanted to be a martyr. Tyszkowski says of her that, 'She has effectively bought the notion of suicide bombing as a lifestyle choice — it has become aspirational, an off the shelf peer led option: Suicide Bomber Barbie draws attention to certain kinds of moral, emotional, and political equivalence, which, uncomfortably exist within the nationalistic and political systems that contain them. That these systems are dysfunctional goes without saying. Suicide Bomber Barbie

is wracked with tragic contradiction. It is presented in an unlimited hand made edition, and is priced at £750, the proceeds of the sale going to Amnesty International.' So, there you have it. If you can't live without your own copy of Suicide Bomber Barbie, you can purchase one from Tyszkowski's web site.

As a counterpoint to Tyszkowski's appropriation of Barbie as a piece of anti-capitalist, anti-consumerist agitprop, it's worth noting that in the Middle East at least, plain old off-the-shelf Barbie has become the Ugly American of the 21st Century. So many Middle Eastern little girls, and especially their conservative Muslim parents, have rejected Barbie's long shanks and pneumatic chest and eagerly embraced a two-year-old Islamic doll named Fulla, that Fulla is a full-fledged marketed phenomenon in the Arab world. To date, Fulla's Syrian creators, New Boy Toys, has sold an impressive 1.3 million dolls at \$20 a whack. Clearly, the little girls of the Muslim world were yearning for a toy that more closely embodied traditional Muslim values with her white hijab headscarf and ankle-length coat, worn over her own modest, yet fashionable and expensive glad rags. While basically very similar to Barbie under her demure costume (the two dolls are even manufactured at the same of the same plants in China), Fulla is clearly a rejection of the flashy, immodest, and in-your-face Western values currently dominating world culture. While Fulla can be purchased with several companion dolls, including blonde and red haired best friends, as well as all manner of clothing (no bikinis, though, due to that pesky Muslim modesty) and other accessories, including furniture, an "optional prayer mat" and a head to toe black abaya cloak, there is no sign of a boyfriend doll, ala Ken. However inside the Middle East there is a joke that the Fulla toy line may yet include "angry Arab brother" dolls. No word yet, however, as to when future versions of Fulla will be released.

Fulla will be released as a suicide vest, or an AK-47. Stay tuned for further developments on the international doll front. Okay, now you can go back to ogling the sexy cartoon broads in the rest of this mag. But don't forget to read my reviews in the rest of Dossier, metalhead! ■

THE JOYS OF THE FLASH REVISITED

Billing itself as "The Graphic Novel Specialists," the Checker Publishing Group is rapidly proving to be an indispensable resource for fans of vintage comic strips and classic comic book stories of the Silver and Bronze Age. For me at least, the crown jewel among Checker's many reprint volumes is its series reprinting the complete run of Alex Raymond's masterful *Flash Gordon*, far and away the greatest of all science fiction comic strips, and a continuing influence on the very best comic artists of the 20th and 21st Centuries. Raymond's *Flash* has been reprinted before in a variety of different formats, in both color and black and white, including a pair of excellent volumes from Nostalgia Press in the early 70s that were shot from original syndicate proofs saved from the trash by uber collector and *Flash* fan Al Williamson. Back in the early 90s Kitchen Sink Press reprinted Raymond's run on the strip in a series of full-color volumes that were shot from full-color Sunday strips.

Kitchen Sink's exquisite series reprinted every *Flash* page that Raymond drew as well as a handful by his successor, famed illustrator Austin Briggs, who carried on *Flash Gordon* from Raymond's departure in 1944 until comic book artist Mac Raboy took over the strip in 1948. Raymond abandoned *Flash* to serve in the Marines in the South Pacific for several years during World War II, but when he left the Marine Corps in 1946, Raymond did not return to his most famous creation. Instead, he went on create yet another classic newspaper strip, the daily *Rip Kirby*, about a two-fisted intellectual sleuth who used both brains and brawn to solve seemingly insoluble cases. Raymond wrote and drew *Rip Kirby* from 1946 until his untimely death in 1956, and I for one hope that Checker will take on reprinting *Rip Kirby* as well, since the entire run of this strip has never been reprinted in the U.S.

While the Kitchen Sink volumes, designed and art-directed by the versatile and talented Peter Poplaski, will probably stand as the definitive editions of Raymond's sci-fi strip, the Checker reprints are in themselves quite good and are most welcome. Since Kitchen Sink Press went out of business in the early 90s, the KSP *Flash* books have become increasingly scarce and hard to find, often commanding high prices from book dealers or on eBay. To be honest, the reproduction and printing on the Checker *Flash* reprints is about a notch below the Kitchen Sink books, but they still boast vibrant colors, clear reproduction and a 9 x 12" size that makes for easy reading. At \$19.95 for an 80-page book, they are also a bargain. The Checker reprints are up to volume 3, which takes *Flash* into the late 1930s, when Raymond was beginning to abandon his earlier dry brush style for the delirious romantic realism that made the strip a legend.



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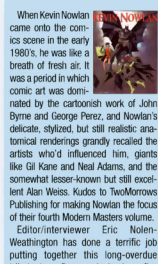
If you're a science fiction fan and you've never seen Alex Raymond's original Sunday pages, you must understand that this strip is the real deal, the grandest stage

opera of them all—jam-packed with intrigue, hairbread escapes, monsters, rocket ships, rogue planets, mad scientists, tyrannical dictators and gorgeous women. Although it's fair to say that the dialog clunks a bit to modern audiences, and the "Yellow Peril" aspect of Emperor Ming and his armies of evil minions is more than a little dated, Raymond's peerless draftsmanship and gift for depicting the human figure render those minor quibbles irrelevant.

The Checker *Flash* reprints provide page after page of gorgeous sci-fi imagery and are essential for anyone who truly loves comics. I give this series a big thumbs up, accompanied by my fervent hopes that Checker will reprint not only *Rip Kirby* but also *Jungle Jim* (which ran as the "topper strip" for *Flash Gordon* for as long as Raymond drew both strips). I wish Checker pubs well with their ongoing series of reprints. Future Dossier columns will include reviews of their mind-bending Winsor McCay series, *Steve Canyon* by Milton Caniff, and whatever other goodies they want to give me review copies of. Trust me, it's all good.

If you can't find the Checker *Flash* reprints in your town (then your local comics shop and bookstores are lame), fear not: you can obtain them directly from the Checker Pubs web site: www.checkerpub.com. If you order now, many of their titles will be sent out with free shipping! Of course, as always, let me know what you think. You can always order a copy in your area, you can always order online directly from TwoMorrows web site: www.two-morrows.com. As always, let me know what you think.

KEVIN NOWLAN: AN ARTIST WHO KICKS ASS



When Kevin Nowlan came onto the comics scene in the early 1980's, he was like a breath of fresh air. It was a period in which comic art was dominated by the cartoonish work of John Byrne and George Perez, and Nowlan's delicate, stylized, but still realistic anatomical renderings grappled the artists who'd influenced him, giants like Gil Kane and Neal Adams, and the somewhat lesser-known but still excellent Alan Weiss. Kudos to TwoMorrows Publishing for making Nowlan the focus of their fourth Modern Masters volume.

Editor/illustrator Eric Nolen-Weathington has done a terrific job putting together this long-overdue tribute to a fine comic book craftsman. As this 120-page volume amply demonstrates, the Eisner Award-winning Nowlan truly is the "artist's artist." This influential draftsman can literally do it all from penciling, inking and coloring to painting, animation and film design. Nowlan's skill set includes everything writing scripts. It's no wonder he's developed such a fervent following over the years. This Nowlan/fellow-nostalgia/nerdster like can draw superheroes, monsters, aliens, children, human strips, science fiction, fantasy, and one of his specialties, one that I know you metalheads will appreciate, is beautiful women. Kevin Nowlan draws some of the most beautiful, sexy, graceful cartoon women I've ever laid eyes on. Modern Masters Volume Four: Kevin Nowlan is filled with page after page of the most gorgeous eye-candy any comics fan could ever wish for, including a nifty gallery of color work. I particularly like a Nowlan piece showing the Frankenstein monster tenderly cradling Vladimira in his arms. In addition to all the artistic goodness on display here, the book is chock full of insightful interviews with Nowlan in which he discusses the dizzying variety of assignments he's tackled as a cover artist, illustrator, comic book penciler and even inking other people like artistic heroes Gil Kane and Neal Adams.

Many layouts and sketches included here also give real insight into the creative processes of one of contemporary comics' best artists. I love this book, and give it a high recommendation. If you're a Nowlan fan, or if you just like beautiful art, don't miss *Modern Masters Volume Four: Kevin Nowlan*. It's readily available for \$14.95 at comics shops all over the country, but if you can't find a copy in your area, you can always order online directly from TwoMorrows web site: www.two-morrows.com. As always, let me know what you think.

CREATE YOUR OWN PERSONAL ART GALLERY OF FANTASY, PIN-UPS, & EROTICA

Art of Clyde Caldwell



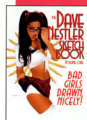
Best known for his portraits of women, sultry and powerful, supple yet steely, these are female figures who are as alluring as they are awesome! 128 pgs Full color.

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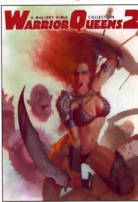
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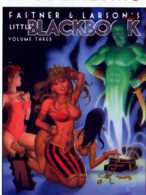


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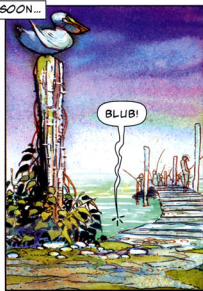
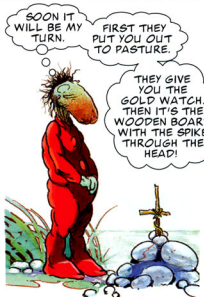
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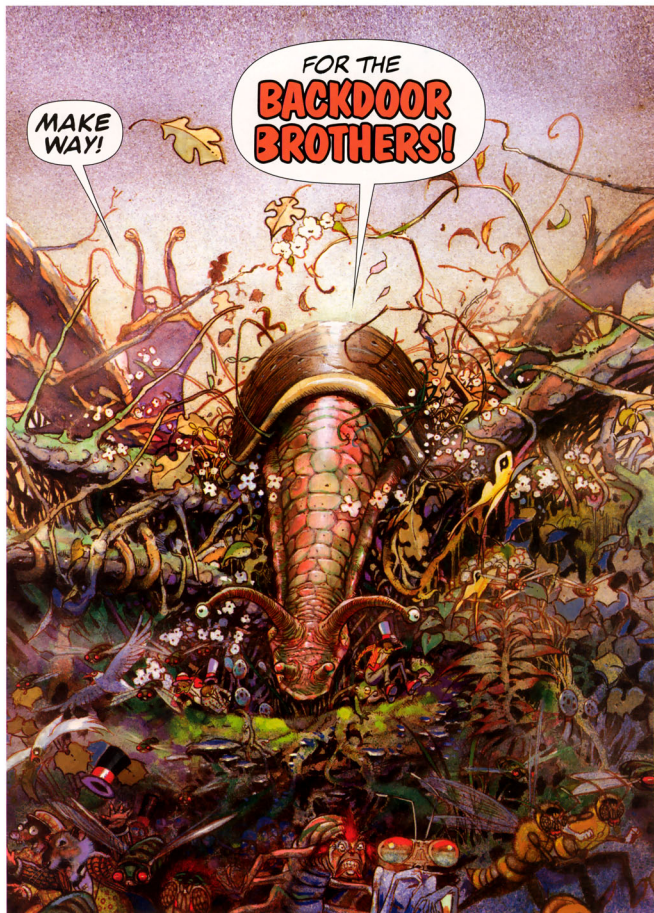
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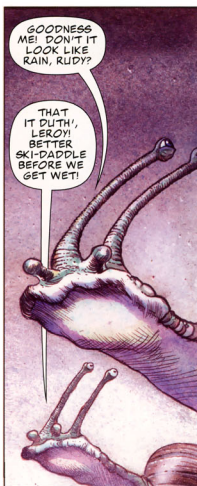
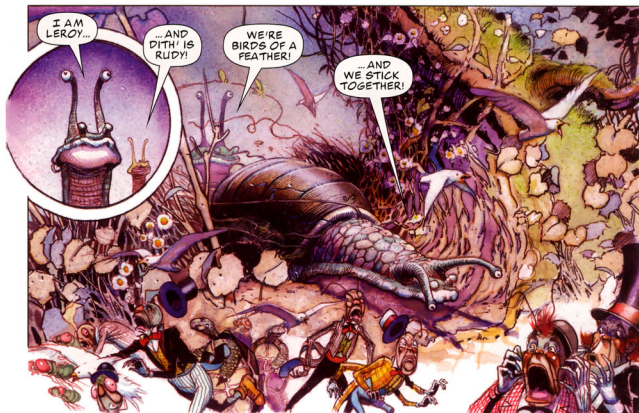
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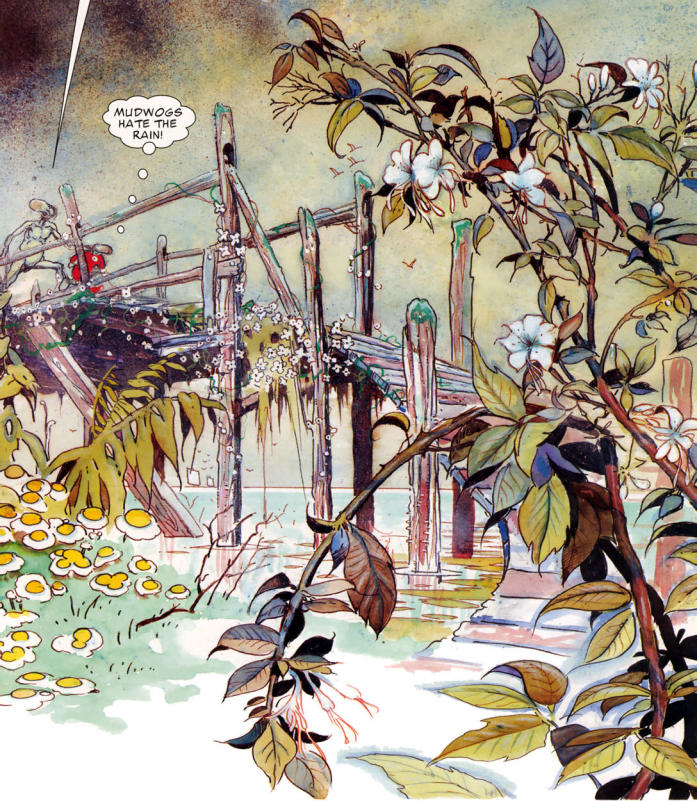


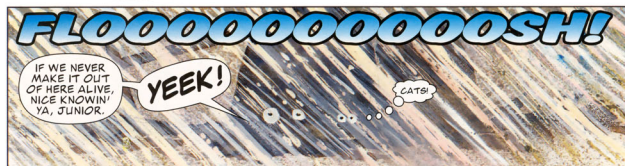
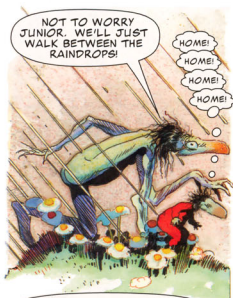


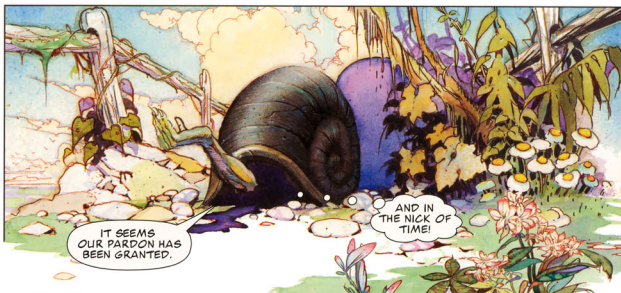
**ACK!
RAINDROPS!**

HEAD FOR
THE HILLS,
JUNIOR!...THERE'S
A STORM...

MUDWOGS
HATE THE
RAIN!







IT SEEMS
OUR PARDON HAS
BEEN GRANTED.

AND IN
THE NICK OF
TIME!

OKAY! EVERYBODY
OUT AND ...

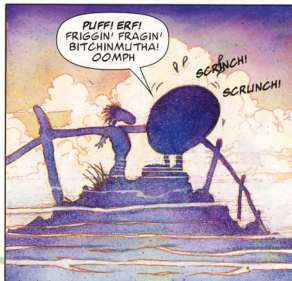
LUMPH!

AF!

ACK!

HEY! THIS
THING...SEEMS TO
BE STUCK!

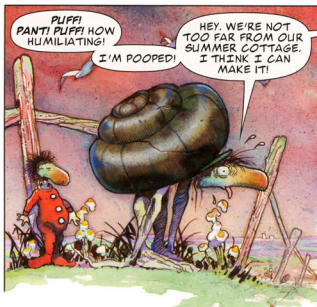
?!
OO



PUFF! ERF!
FRIGGIN' FRAGIN'
BITCHINMUTHA!
OOMPH

PP SCRUNCH!

SCRUNCH!



PUFF!
PANT! PUFF! HOW
HUMILIATING!

I'M POOPED!

HEY, WE'RE NOT
TOO FAR FROM OUR
SUMMER COTTAGE.
I THINK I CAN
MAKE IT!



I'VE GOT
TOOLS THERE.

~SNICKER!~
~SNICKER!~

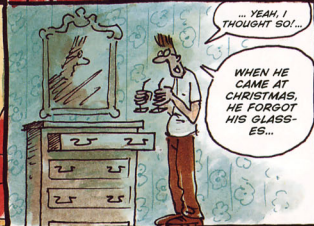
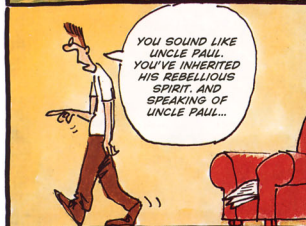
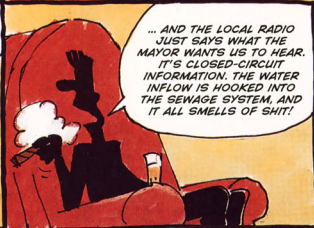
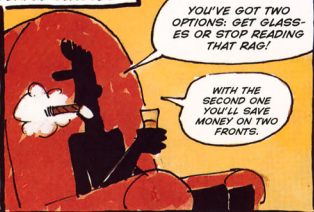
...ONE WORD
AND YOU GET
NO DESERT FOR
A YEAR!

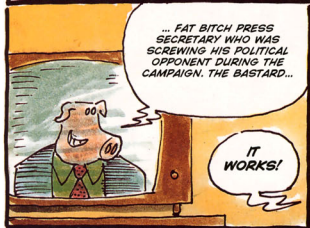
WORM CROSSING
THE ROAD

FOR INFORMATION ON THE ART OF ARTHUR SLYDAM, VISIT WWW.EVAINKPUBLISHING.COM

TO BE CONTINUED...

"UNCLE PAUL'S WONDERFUL GLASSES"





GLAM & COMET

RIFF-ABULI™

NEXT !

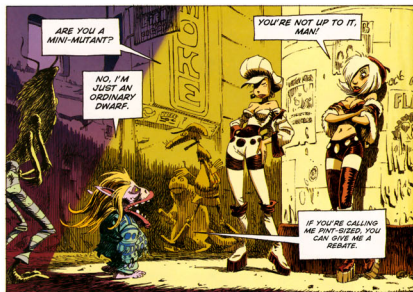
WELL, WE KNOW IT'S HUGE, WHAT WITH ITS RINGS AND SATELLITES, BUT WHAT ELSE DO WE REALLY KNOW ABOUT SATURN? NOT MUCH, EVEN AFTER READING THE ILLUSTRATED GUIDEBOOK: "EVERYTHING YOU EVER WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SATURN BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK", SO WE'RE STILL WONDERING, WHERE'S THE ACTION ON THIS FUCKING PLANET?

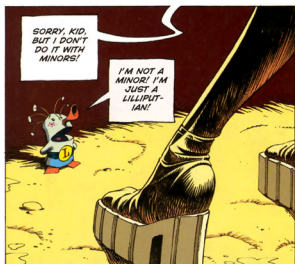
RIGHT NOW, THE ACTION IS ON BROTHER STREET, IN THE RED-LIGHT DISTRICT, MIMASVILLE.

HERE, A WHORE IS NEGOTIATING WITH A SORT OF DUCK.

AND OVER THERE, OUR HEROINES, GLAM AND COMET, WHO WERE JUDGED THE MINUTE THEY ARRIVED FOR A VACATION ON SATURN, SHOW THAT THEY'LL DO ANYTHING TO PICK UP SOME CASH, SO THEY CAN GET BACK TO THEIR BELOVED HOME PLANET, EARTH.

"ANYTHING" IS A BIT OF AN EXAGGERATION, BECAUSE THEY'VE BEEN ACTING PRETTY PICKY FOR QUITE A WHILE!!!





SORRY, KID,
BUT I DON'T
DO IT WITH
MINORS!

I'M NOT A
MINOR! I'M
JUST A
LILLIPUT-
IAN!



SO WHAT DO YOU
WANT ME TO DO?
GO FIND YOURSELF
ANOTHER
LILLIPUTIAN!



YOU'RE A SIGHT FOR
SORE EYES!



YOU THINK I'M
CUTE?

YOU MAKE ME
DROOL!!!

YOU, ON THE
OTHER HAND,
ARE PRETTY
HIDEOUS! NEXT!



ARE YOU AN
EXTRATERRESTRIAL,
CUTIE?

YUP, ALL
THREE!



WHADDYA
MEAN??

I'M CUTE, I'M
TERRESTRIAL, AND
YOU I CHARGE
EXTRA!



SO SHOULD WE
DO IT DOGGY
STYLE?

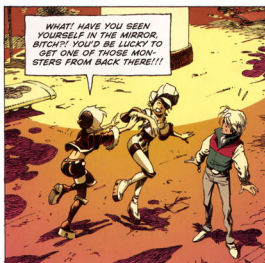
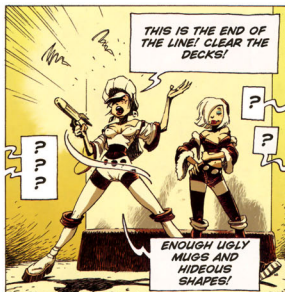
I DON'T SEE WHY WE
SHOULD DO IT
TOGETHER SINCE YOU
DO IT QUITE WELL ON
YOUR OWN, DROOPY!

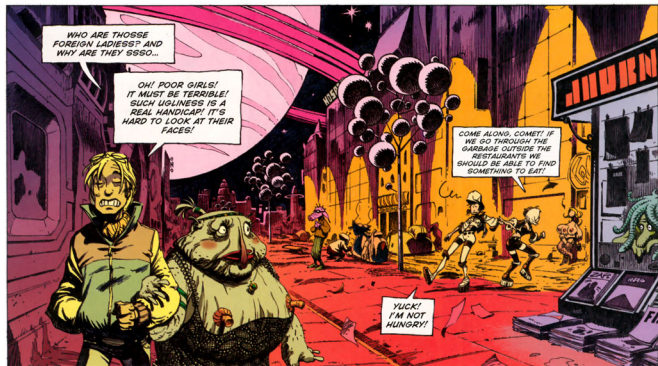


EXCUSE ME,
GENTLE LADIES!

?

?





Requiem



SCENE:
PAT MILLS

DESIGN:
OLIVIER LÉGROIT

TRANSLATION:
JACQUES COLLIN

LETTERING:
ANNE DRANO



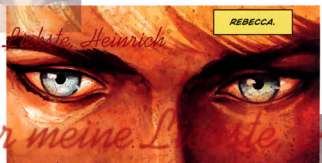
KULBRIGHT
CONCENTRATION
CAMP, 1944.



HEINRICH...



HEINRICH...



REBECCA.

Für meine Liebe, Heinrich

Für meine Liebe

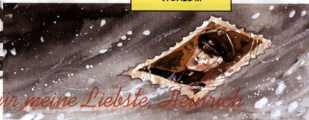
Für meine Liebe, Heinrich



WHEN I THINK OF
YOU, HEINRICH, I
FORGET THE PAIN.



I PRAY WE MEET
AGAIN IN A BETTER
WORLD...



Für meine Liebste, Heinrich



YOU JEWISH WITCH!
YOU SEDUCED A SON
OF THE FATHERLAND!

YOU USED YOUR
CABBALISTIC MAGIC
ON HIM!



NO!



BANG!



Für meine Liebste Heinrich

Für

Heinrich

Für

Heinrich

Für

Für

Heinrich

Für meine Liebste Hein

Für meine Liebste Heinrich

Für meine Liebste

Für meine

Für meine Liebste

Für meine



Für meine Liebste Heinrich

HE LET YOU DIE IN THAT
CAMP! ACTIVATE
TORQUEMADA!

I CAN'T.
I LOVED
HEINRICH ONCE.



MAYBE I STILL
DO.



YOU CAN LOVE A...
VAMPIRE? HE PUT A
SPELL ON YOU.

PERHAPS WE
PUT A SPELL
ON EACH
OTHER.

WHEN I WAS IN
THE CAMP, IT
WAS LIKE HE
WAS THERE
WITH ME.

ONLY THE
COMMANDANT
WAS THERE.

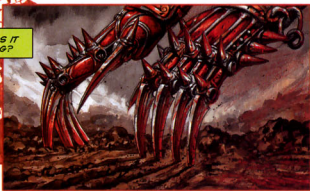
THE MAN WHO
REINCARNATED AS HIS
FELLOW VAMPIRE.

YES, THE MAN I
MUST EXPIRE...
SO I CAN LEAVE
RESURRECTION.

BUT HEINRICH
IS DIFFERENT...



WHAT'S IT
DOING?



BECAUSE YOU WON'T
GIVE THE ORDER TO
KILL. IT'S CONFUSED.

SO IT'S GOING
TO BURY HIM...



AND DIG HIM UP TO
EAT LATER.



HE'S DEAD AND
BURIED. FORGET
HIM.

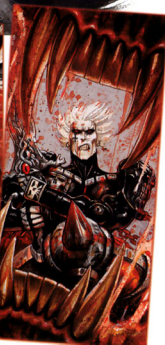
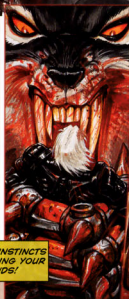
NO! I CAN'T! WE
SWORE TO LOVE
EACH OTHER FOR
ALL ETERNITY!



COME,
SWORD! TO
ME!



IT'S FIGHTING
BACK!



IT'S SURVIVAL INSTINCTS
ARE OVER-RIDING YOUR
COMMANDS!



SNURFLE!

RRRAARGH!

IMPALER!

TEPESS

HOOWWWULL!

AAAH

GRRAARGH!



BACK FOR MORE, EHP?

THESE METAL STAKES ARE FORGED INTO THE DEEPEST FURNACE PIT...

THEY BURN IN PROPORTION TO THE EVIL OF THEIR TARGET.

TEPESS



THEY'RE GOING TO BURN IN YOU FOR A LONG TIME!



GRAAOOL!



MURRRHFORRAAOOL!

TEPESS

IT'S GONE CRAZY WITH THE PAIN!



LOOKS LIKE IT'S UP TO ME

YOU WON'T FINISH ME SO EASILY, VAMPIRE.



THE GREAT PYRAMID OF THE
ARCHAEOLOGISTS, THANAEDS.

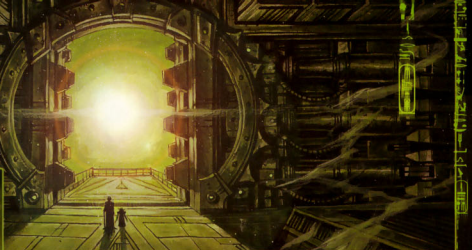
I WILL ANNOUNCE
YOU TO THE ARCH
HIEROPHANT.



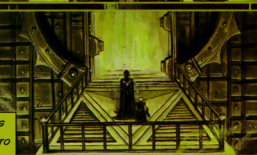
I AM ASTONISHED YOU HAVE
THE EFFRONTERY TO SHOW
YOUR FACE HERE, BLACK
SABBAT!

FOLLOWING THE
HUMILIATION OF MY HIGH
PRIEST AT THE HANDS OF
THE COUNT.

BEFORE HE EXPIRED, HE WAS
ABLE TO DESCRIBE HOW
DRACULA NAILED HIS MASK TO
HIS FACE!

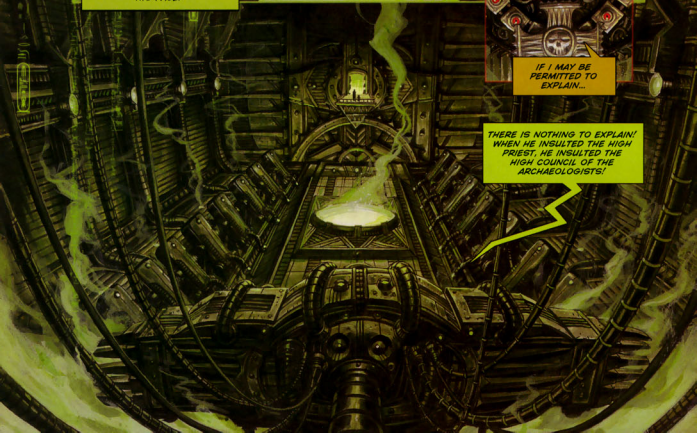


HIS EXCELLENCY, BLACK
SABBAT THE DRACULA,
CHANCELLOR OF THE
BLOOD BANK OF DRACONIA.



IF I MAY BE
PERMITTED TO
EXPLAIN...

THERE IS NOTHING TO EXPLAIN!
WHEN HE INSULTED THE HIGH
PRIEST, HE INSULTED THE
HIGH COUNCIL OF THE
ARCHAEOLOGISTS!



IS DRACULA SUFFERING FROM A BRAIN TUMOR? IF SO, I AM IDEALLY QUALIFIED TO CARRY OUT SURGERY TO REMOVE IT.

PREFERABLY WITHOUT ANAESTHETIC!

YOU MISUNDERSTAND ME, ARCH HIEROPHANT, I...

NO EXCUSES! IT'S A BIG MISTAKE TO CHALLENGE ME. I HAVE WEAPONS FROM THE ENTIRE SPAN OF EARTH'S HISTORY AT MY DISPOSAL.

AND A VERY BAD ATTITUDE.

I HATE TO INTERRUPT YOU, SIR, BUT...

THEN DON'T! DOES HE KNOW WHAT I AM CAPABLE OF?

I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT MY REPUTATION ON EARTH ALONE WOULD HAVE GIVEN PAUSE FOR THOUGHT!

WE ARE ALL AWARE OF YOUR BRILLIANT PAST AS A RESEARCH SCIENTIST, SIR...

GOOD. AND YOU REALIZE THIS IS THE PERFECT TIME FOR A REVOLT?

JUST THREE WEEKS BEFORE THE CHANGE-OVER, WHICH IS ALREADY CAUSING GREAT UNREST.

UNLESS THE COUNT OBTAINS MORE BLACK OPIUM HE CAN NO LONGER RELY ON EVEN HIS MOST LOYAL KNIGHTS.

I AGREE, ARCH HIEROPHANT. THAT'S WHY I AM PLOTTING TO OVERTHROW HIM.



EVEN IF MANY DID NOT APPRECIATE THE NECESSITY TO DISSECT LIVING HUMAN BEINGS.



AND WHY I'M HERE - TO ENSURE YOUR SUPPORT FOR THE COUP.



EXCELLENT! SO WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO BEFORE?

NOW, CONSIDER HOW DRACONIA IS SURROUNDED BY HOSTILE LANDS... IN THE WEST, ZOMMIA, TERRA VOODOO AND OTHER DISUNITED STATES OF THE ATLANTIC.

IN THE NORTH, PANDEMONIUM, LEMURIA AND DYSTOPIA. IN THE SOUTH, MARES AND TARTARIUS.

WHILE TO THE EAST IS OUR REALM OF THANATOS AND THE MADDENING OF KABALA AND CYCLOPIA.

DRACULA HAS MADE ENEMIES IN EVERY ONE OF THESE LANDS. THEY WILL ALL SUPPORT REGIME CHANGE...

THERE'S ALSO THE SKY PIRATES TO CONSIDER. MITRA HAS PROMISED AN AERIAL ASSAULT ON THE CAPITAL.

AND I HAVE LEARNT DRACULA IS TRYING TO GET EMERGENCY SUPPLIES OF BLACK OPIUM FROM ATLANTIS. MITRA HAS PROMISED TO INTERCEPT THE SUPPLY TRAIN.

I SHALL CAUSE A RUN ON THE LITRE. THE PROSPECT OF A BLOOD SHORTAGE, AS WELL AS OPIUM, SHOULD LEAD TO RIOTS IN THE STREETS.

AND ONCE DRACULA IS OVERTHROWN, HE WILL BE REPLACED BY LORD CRYPTOS WEARING A GOVERNMENT OF NATIONAL UNITY...

YES, CRYPTOS IS THE PERFECT FIGURE HEAD.

I GREW DOWN WITH HIM YOU KNOW?

OF COURSE THE POOR FELLOW'S NOW AFFECTED BY JUVENILE DELINQUENCY. WHILE HE'S BEEN FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO MAINTAIN MY SANITY.

ER, YES, ARCH HIEROPHANT.

AND WHEN DRACULA HAS EXPIRED, I WANT HIS FELT.

IT'S AS GOOD AS PLAYED, ARCH HIEROPHANT.

THAT REMINDS ME. I SHOULD DRESS FOR DINNER...

MARMOUSETS!



MAY WE SUGGEST
SOMEONE YOUNG AND
HEROIC TONIGHT, SIR?

CERTAINLY.

I WAS "MOTHER"
LAST NIGHT. NOT
SURE THE FLOPPY
BITS SUITED ME.

HMM... HAND-
SOME FELLOW.
HE'LL DO.

NOW HURRY UP
AND DRAIN THIS
TANK.

NO!

YOU DON'T UNDER-
STAND. IT IS A GREAT
HONOR FOR THE ARCH
HIEROPHANT TO WEAR
YOUR SKIN.

AAAAAGH!

IT SHOULD
COMFORT YOU IN
YOUR FINAL
MOMENTS.

YOU SEE,
SABBAT...

... WEARING A FRESH
HUMAN SKIN IS THE
ONLY WAY I CAN GET
OUT OF THIS BLASTED
TANK FOR A FEW HOURS.

YOU MAY FIND HE'S A
LITTLE LOOSE AROUND THE
SHOULDERS AND WE'LL
NEED TO TUCK HIM IN AT
THE BACK.

BUT OTHERWISE HE
SHOULD BE A GOOD FIT.

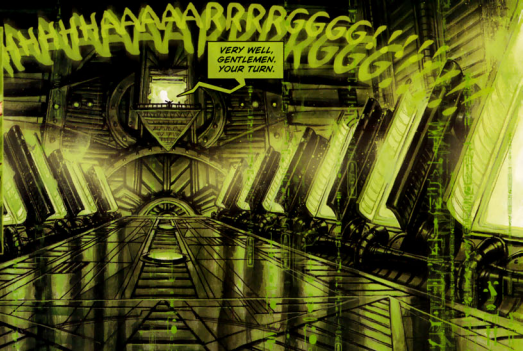
MAKES FOR VARIETY, I SUPPOSE.
DIFFERENT SKIN EVERY NIGHT.
LONG AS WE KEEP GETTING LIVE
HUMANS THROUGH THE HELL
GATE.

I ASSUME YOU WILL BE JOIN-
ING MYSELF AND MY FELLOW
HIEROPHANTS?

I WOULDN'T MISS IT
FOR THE WORLD...



GOOD. GOOD.
YES. NOT A BAD
FIT...



VERY WELL,
GENTLEMEN.
YOUR TURN.



DRAIN MY TANK!

AAAAHHHH!



LET US PLAY!



YOU KNOW
SOMETHING, ARCH
HIEROPHANT? I HOPE
YOU WON'T MIND MY
MENTIONING THIS?

HH HAAAA!!!

NNOOO!!!

GGGG!!!

NO, NO, GO ON.
SPEAK YOUR MIND.



WELL- I WORRY
ABOUT YOU
SOMETIMES.



I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN,
SABBAT.

I WORRY ABOUT
MYSELF SOMETIMES!

I SEE NOW WHY PEOPLE
SAY YOU MAKE THEIR
SKIN CRAWL.

HA, HA! VERY GOOD!
YOU MUST TELL ME
MORE OF WHAT THEY
SAY OVER DINNER.

I DON'T GET
OUT MUCH, YOU
KNOW.

YOU SUR-
PRISE ME.

I THINK YOU'LL LIKE
TONIGHT'S MENU,
SABBAT.

IT'S CENTAURS' BRAINS IN
ARSENIC AND BABY TROLLS FRIED
ALIVE, WITH SCALPS OF COWBOYS.

FRESH KRAKEN,
STEWED HAG OF SOR-
CERER AND ROAST LEG
OF ZOMBIE.

AND THE WINE AND CHEESE FROM
GHOSIS ARE EXCEPTIONALLY FOUL.
YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW WHAT
THEY'RE MADE FROM.

IT SMELLS SUITABLY
ABOMINABLE.

WELL, GENTLEMEN.
ARE WE ALL
ASSEMBLED?

YESSSS, ARCH
HIEROPHANT.

THEN, AFTER DINNER,
YOU MUST SHOW ME
AROUND THE PYRAMID.

DID YOU KNOW I WAS
AN EGYPTIAN PRIEST IN
AN EARTH INCARNAL-
TION? XXXI DYNASTY.

REALLY?

WELL, YOU'LL BE
INTERESTED TO
KNOW HOW WE
DRAW OUR ANTI-
GRAVITY POWER.

FROM THE CAPSTONE OF
EARTH'S GREAT PYRAMID. INTER-
DIMENSIONAL MECHANICS. TWENTY-
NINTH CENTURY TECHNOLOGY.

NOW, GENTLEMEN! I GIVE
YOU A TOAST!

TO THE DESTRU-
CTION OF DRACULA!

TO THE DESTRUCTION OF
DRACULA!





YOU VAMPIRE
FILTH!

YOU ENDED UP IN
THE RIGHT PLACE!

YOUR KIND NEVER
CHANGE...

ONCE A KILLER,
ALWAYS A
KILLER!

I BET RESURRECTION IS
TEEMING
WITH YOUR
VICTIMS LOOKING
FOR YOU!

YOU FILTHY
BLOOD-
SUCKER!

THE PATH OF DARK-
NESS IS AN HONOR-
ABLE ONE! I'M PROUD
TO BE A KNIGHT OF
THE NOSPERATU!

AAAAHHH!

AND I'M TIRED OF
YOUR INSULTS, LAMIA!

NO!

FINISH HIM AND YOU'LL
HAVE TO FINISH ME,
TOO.

YOU KNOW
THAT'S IMPOSSI-
BLE.

BUT YOU
MUST,
REQUIEM.

YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND,
OTTO! IT'S
REBECCA!

I'VE FOUND
HER!

YES.

SHE'S A LAMIA LEADER, AN ENEMY
OF DRAGONIA. DO YOUR DUTY.

PTT!

I CAN'T.

THEN I WILL.

YOU'LL THANK
ME FOR THIS
LATER, HEINRICH.



STOP!

YOU FOOL!
DO YOU KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
DOING?



IT IS A CAPITAL OFFENSE
TO ASSAULT A SUPERIOR
OFFICER AND DISOBEY HIS
ORDERS IN BATTLE!



IT WAS "OBEYING ORDERS"
THAT CAUSED US TO END UP
IN THIS NIGHTMARE WORLD!



DON'T INCLUDE ME IN
YOUR UNHYGENIC GUILT!



I LOVE IT
HERE!



AND I'M PROUD
OF WHAT I DID
ON EARTH!

I'M A VAMPIRE!
IT'S WHAT I'M
MEANT TO DO!

WAIT!

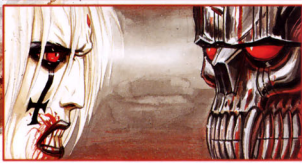
SORRY TO
INTERRUPT THE
PARTY.



ORDERS FROM
COUNT DRACULA. THE
LAMIA LEADERS ARE
TO BE TAKEN BACK
TO NECROPOLIS.



TO BE SACRIFICED AT
THE VICTORY BALL.





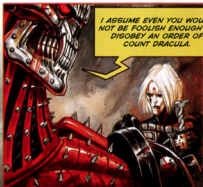
I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I SEEM TO HAVE A SOFT SPOT FOR YOU, HEINRICH. AND I'M PROBABLY GOING TO REGRET THIS...

BUT UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, I SHALL OVERLOOK YOUR DISOBEDIENCE.

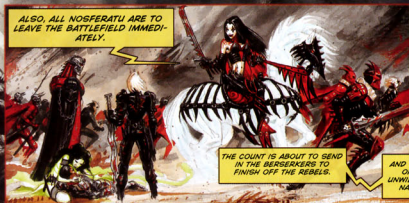


THE RESULT WILL BE THE SAME IN ANY CASE.

AND HER BLOOD WILL TASTE ALL THE SWEETER FOR THE DELAY.



I ASSUME EVEN YOU WOULD NOT BE FOOLISH ENOUGH TO DISOBEY AN ORDER OF COUNT DRACULA.



ALSO, ALL NOSFERATU ARE TO LEAVE THE BATTLEFIELD IMMEDIATELY.

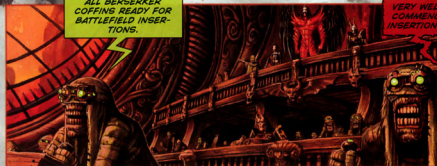
THE COUNT IS ABOUT TO SEND IN THE BERSERKERS TO FINISH OFF THE REBELS.



AND THEY ARE UNABLE-OR, MORE LIKELY, UNWILLING TO DISCRIMINATE BETWEEN US.



"AND WILL DESTROY THEM BOTH".



ALL BERSERKER COFFINS READY FOR BATTLEFIELD INSERTIONS.

VERY WELL. COMMENCE INSERTIONS...





THE NOSFERATU
ARE ALLESTING THE
BATTLEFIELD!

WE'VE
WON!

AYE!
VICTORY IS
OURS!



THEY WERE NO
MATCH FOR
KARMIC
KNIGHTS!

WELL DONE
OLD MAN!

WITHOUT THE BLACK
CRUIN TO CONTROL
HIS VAMPIRES
BRAMBLER IS DONE!



LEMURIA
IS FREE!

WHAT?



WHAT ARE
THEY?



STEADY, MEN!
WHATEVER IS
INSIDE, WE CAN
DEAL WITH IT!



OH,
NO...

BERSERKERS!



HHRRRAARRRRH!

MOISTEN YOUR
DRY SWORDS
WITH BLOOD!

EXECUTE
ANYTHING
THAT MOVES!



DRUUNA

HOT, HARDBOUND and DELIVERED...UNCENSORED VERSIONS!

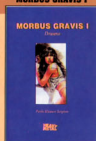
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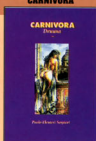
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DOG ON A BONE STUDIOS PRESENTS

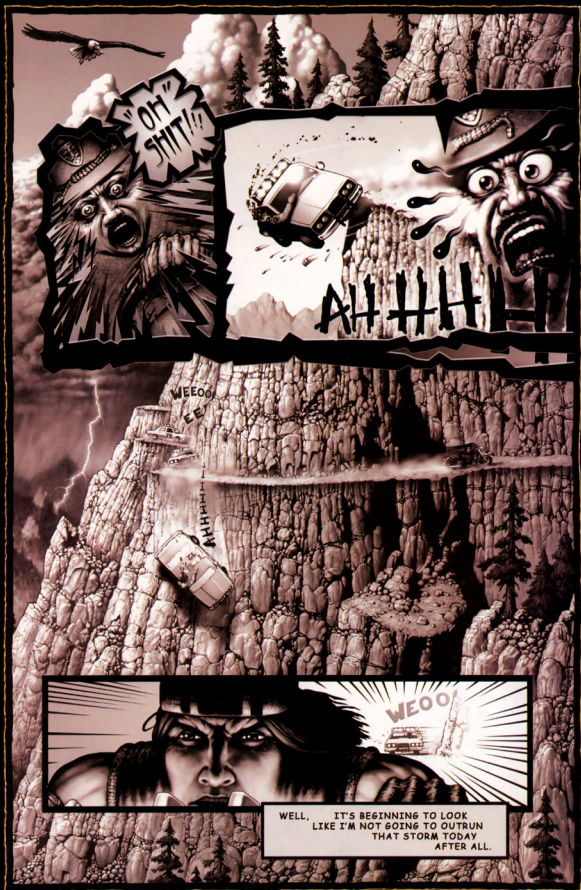
THE WARRIORS WAY



SOMETIMES, YOU'VE JUST GOT TO
PUT YOURSELF TO THE TEST.

BUT-





WELL, IT'S BEGINNING TO LOOK
LIKE I'M NOT GOING TO OUTRUN
THAT STORM TODAY
AFTER ALL.

HELL.

JUST THIS MORNIN' I WAS RIDIN' HIGH AN DRY. A ROLLIN' AN A FREE
WHEELIN' AHEAD OF THAT DARK SOUTH WIND. JUST MOVIN' ON DOWN THE
LONELY MILES ECHOIN' THAT DISTANT THUNDER WITH THE FIRE RHYTHMS HEARTBEAT
OF MY RIDE. HAD PUT MY TIME IN LOADIN' A MONTHS WORTH OF FREIGHT
AT THE TRUCK DOCKS FOR GAS MONEY, AN SOME POCKET CASH.
BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T EARN IT, IT AIN'T YOURS.
IF THE OPEN ROAD TEACHES YOU ANYTHING, IT TEACHES YOU THAT.



THEN I FELT THE WIND CHANGE, TIME TO MOVE ALONG.

TIME TO HIT THE ROAD AGAIN.



SEE WHAT THE FATE'S HAVE WAITIN'...

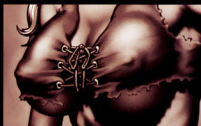
DOWN AROUND THE BEND.





NO DOUBT ABOUT IT,
SHE'S A KILLER
THIS ONE.

BUT...



WHAT A WAY TO GO!

STILL, I GET THIS
PICTURE, PACT
MENTALITY, SO...



I'LL JUST
DROP SOME PAPER
AND BE ON MY



WHAT YA THINK
YOUR LOOKIN' AT,
ASSHOLE!!

SO MUCH FOR
THE EASY WAY

FUCK YOU





P-PLEASE....
E E-ENOUGH I..

YOU'RE NO
FIGHTER.
YOU'RE HARDLY
WORTH THE EXCE

BAH!!

CHUK-CHAK

SHIT!

Thas My Son!!
you some bitch!
got damn biker
trash - I'll shows ya!

yes'em
I'll shows
ya-
ALL
RIGHT!

DAMN!!
HE'S GONA DO IT!





A nearing police cars siren shatters the moment

WEEEE
DAMN!

SOMEONE'S ON
A PHONE.

SHIT.

THAT'S ABOUT
IT THEN.

TIME TO
TAKE THIS
SHOW ON THE
ROAD.

HIGH SPEED
AND HARD EARTH!

I THINK
YOU SHOULD KNOW
THAT THE SHERIFF
OF THIS COUNTY IS
THE OLDER BROTHER OF
THE GUY YOU JUST BEAT
UP, AND THE ELDEST SON
OF THE OLD MAN WHO'S
BRAINS YOU JUST BLEW
TO HELL.

IF YOU DARE

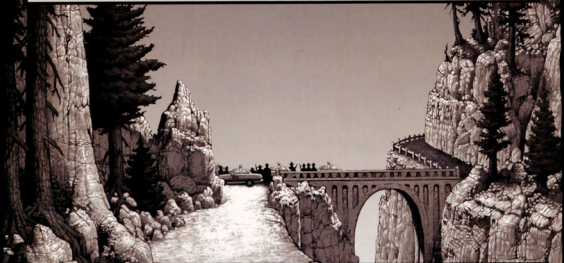
AN I'LL SEE YOU, IN THE NEXT LIFE DARLIN'!

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.. WARRIOR.

WHICH BRINGS ME BACK TO WHERE I STARTED..



SO I CAN CLOSE THE CIRCLE AT THE ROAD BLOCK JUST AHEAD.



THUS, HE GUNS THE THROTTLE TO 120, KICKS THE GEARBOX INTO NEUTRAL AND THROWS HIS ARMS OPEN WIDE LIKE WINGS OF FREEDOM CAST AGAINST A DARKENING SKY. YET ALL HIS MIND CAN SEEM TO CLING TO AS THE BULLETS OF WITLESS RETRIBUTION TEAR A BINDING CONTRACT WITH DEATH THROUGH HIS FLESH IS-

"HOW DID SHE KNOW MY NAME?"



THEN HE FLYS!

ONE LAST, LARGE, BREATH OF LIFE..

THEN..

HE DIES.

THE CHASE IS OVER,
THE RACE IS RUN.

A LIFETIME FINISHED.

DONE.

THE ONE EYED GODS KNOWING LAUGH.
A FINAL QUESTION ASKED - 'WHAT'S THE POINT?'

Damn Man,
Sonny's dead
man.

HEY!?

Where did
VALKYRIE
go to anyway?

FUCK! WHATEVER!
BUT IF I EVER SEE
THAT FUCKIN' GOD
DAMNED BIKER..
I'M GONA..
I'M GONA..

THE POINT IS - YOU EITHER GET IT, OR YOU DON'T.

WHAT DID SHE SAY? AH, YES, THESE AREN'T SNOWFLAKES, THEY'RE SHEEP... THAT'S WHAT BEA HAD SAID 'CAUSE THE SNOW WAS COMING DOWN SO THICK. I REMEMBER IT WAS THE FIRST DAY OF THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS. AFTER CLASS, ALL OF US- BEA, CORALIE AND ME- HAD GONE TO THE COFFEE SHOP AT THE MALL, JUST FOR FUN, 'CAUSE THE PLACE IS REALLY SO AWFUL!



NOTHING EVER CHANGES HERE. YOU'D THINK WE WERE IN EAST GERMANY IN 1975.

IT'S SO AWFUL. IT'S COOL. HEY, GUESS WHO I'M SLEEPING WITH THIS WEEKEND? HE'S BLONDE AND CUTE.

ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER?



PHILIP.

SALLY, THE WAITRESS THAT I KNOW, WASN'T WORKING THAT NIGHT. TOO BAD, I WOULD HAVE LIKED TO INTRODUCE HER TO THEM TO FREAK THEM OUT... SHE'S A REAL WEIRDO.

WHAT ARE WE HAVING?



THE FIRST TIME

BITCH! AND HE EVEN HAS AN APARTMENT AND A CAR. YOU MIGHT SAID A WORD, MARIE... WHO ARE YOU THINKING ABOUT?

NO ONE.



CORALIE LOOKED AT ME AND SWALLOWED HER PILL WITHOUT WATER. TOTAL EXHIBITIONIST. SHE SAW IT BOTHERED ME AND SHE RUBBED IT IN.

SHE'S THINKING OF HER TV EVENINGS.



I DIDN'T WANT TO GIVE HER THE PLEASURE OF PUTTING ME DOWN, SO I FOUGHT BACK.

SO LONG AS I'M A VIRGIN I'M NOT SLEEPING WITH ANYONE, RIGHT... OH LOOK, HERE COMES THE UGLY WAITRESS.



IF THEY'D MET HER, THEY WOULD'VE IMAGINED STRANGE THINGS ABOUT ME... A MYSTERIOUS, SECRET LIFE...

NOTHING FOR ME, BAMBI, I'M OFF! THIS PLACE STINKS!



WE CALLED HER BAMBI 'CAUSE OF HER RED HAIR.

BEA AND CORALIE DIDN'T MEET UP WITH ME AT THE BUS STOP FOR ANOTHER 15 MINUTES. THEY WERE LAUGHING AND BELLOWING "BAMBI! BAMBI!"

SHIT, IT'S FREEZING! TWO BUSES DROVE BY. WHERE THE FUCK WERE YOU?



THEY'D BOUGHT A BOTTLE OF RUM AND SOME COKE AND THEY'D MIXED THEM TOGETHER. WE DRANK ON THE BUS. I FELT SAD.



THAT'S WHEN BEA SAID IT. CORALIE WAS IN SPLITS, LAUGHING, IMAGING AN AVALANCHE OF SHEEP. SHE WAS A BIT WASTED. THE BUS SLOWED DOWN. WE COULD SEE FLAMES IN THE DISTANCE AND AT FIRST WE THOUGHT THERE'D BEEN AN ACCIDENT. BUT IT WAS JUST A BILLBOARD ON FIRE. THE SNOW MADE EVERYTHING LOOK MAGICAL.



I GOT OFF AT MY STOP AND WATCHED THE BUS DISAPPEAR, WHILE BEA AND CORALIE STOOD AT THE BACK OF THE BUS MAKING OBSCENE GESTURES AT ME.



I PULLED OUT MY CELL PHONE AND RANG CORALIE.



THAT'S ALL I SAID.

I REMEMBER THAT THE CLOSER I GOT TO HOME, THE LESS I FELT LIKE GETTING THERE. I EVEN WENT PAST THE HOUSE WITH THE VAGUE INTENTION OF CARRYING ON WALKING TILL I DIED OF COLD.



A CHRISTMAS TREE LAY IN FRONT OF THE DOOR... OBVIOUSLY THROWN OUT OF THE HOUSE.



I COULD HEAR MY PARENTS ARGUING ABOUT IT, IN THE LIVING ROOM, ABOUT THE SIZE, THE PRICE... STUPID STUFF.

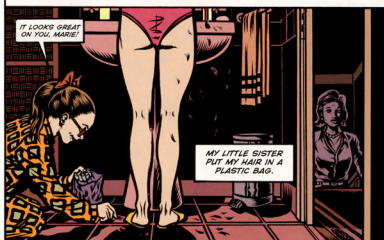


MY CELL PHONE RANG. I THOUGHT IT WAS CORALIE, BUT IT WAS MY MOTHER. WHERE WAS I AT THIS LATE HOUR?



TOUCHE!

BUT YOU NEVER HAVE THE LAST WORD WITH MY MOTHER. AT DINNER, SHE BLATHERED ON ABOUT MY EDUCATION, MY CHOICE OF SUBJECTS, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH... HOW THERE'S NO FUTURE IN PSYCHOLOGY. WHEN SHE GETS GOING, SHE'S RELENTLESS. AFTER DINNER, I WENT UPSTAIRS TO THE BATHROOM AND CHOPPED OFF ALL MY HAIR. I'D TALKED ABOUT IT BEFORE BUT I DID IT TO GET BACK AT HER.



BEA SAYS MY ROOM IS BABYISH. WHEN SHE SEES MY FURRY TOYS SHE SAYS, "WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO GET RID OF THOSE STUPID THINGS?"



I DIDN'T ENJOY MY MOTHER'S DISAPPROVAL FOR LONG. I WAS SORRY FOR MY BEHAVIOR. IF I COULD, I WOULD'VE GLUED MY HAIR BACK ON.



A JOKE, COMING FROM MY FATHER... HIS SPEECH WAS FULL OF UNCOMFORTABLE SILENCES THAT HE TRIED TO FILL BY RUBBING HIS FOOT.



IT'S FROM THE BULLETIN BOARD AT THE SUPERMARKET. A FRIEND WHO'S LOOKING TO DO ODD JOBS. THE FRIEND OF A FRIEND. ACTUALLY, SALLY, DON'T YOU REMEMBER HER? SHE SPENT THE NIGHT HERE ONCE...



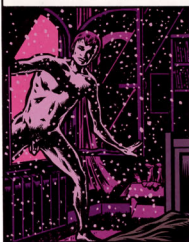
HE TOOK THE CARD, HE GOT UP AND AS HE LEFT HE ASKED ME WHAT I WANTED FOR CHRISTMAS.



I SWALLOWED MY PILL IN THE DARK, IN CASE MY MOTHER CAME IN. I CAN NEVER SWALLOW IT WITHOUT WORRYING... UNLIKE CORALIE.



I CAN ALWAYS HEAR A VOICE SAYING, "IT WILL HAPPEN SOON, BUT NOT YET, NOT TONIGHT!" SINCE I'VE BEEN TAKING THE PILL, I'VE STOPPED MASTURBATING. I CLOSED MY EYES.



EARLIER AT THE CAFETERIA, I'D ALREADY BEEN THINKING OF ERIC, BECAUSE OF THE CARD. HE WALKED INTO MY ROOM NOW AND WE ENDED UP MAKING LOVE ON A BEACH.



I HEARD A NOISE OUTSIDE. I GOT UP. IT WAS MY FATHER, HE WAS DRAGGING THE CHRISTMAS TREE BACK INTO THE HOUSE. I DON'T KNOW WHY BUT FOR SOME REASON - THE SNOW, HIS SLOW MOVEMENTS - HE SEEMED TERRIBLY VULNERABLE.



I SLEPT REALLY BADLY.

FINALLY, WE FINISHED DECORATING THE TREE. IF ONLY MY MOTHER REALIZED HOW MUCH I HATE DOING THIS EVERY YEAR. BUT NO, SHE THINKS I BELIEVE IN ALL THIS CIRCUS AND TREATS ME LIKE THE DUMB TEN-YEAR OLD KID I ONCE WAS. SHE REFUSES TO SEE THAT I'VE CHANGED... THAT I'VE GOT SEXUAL DESIRES AND THAT MY BREASTS HAVE GROWN.



THAT'S FANTASTIC, BABY. I'M GOING INTO TOWN WITH LISA. I'LL BE GONE ALL AFTERNOON.

WE FOUND SOMEONE TO SHOVEL THE SNOW. WHEN HE'S DONE, PLEASE PAY HIM. THE MONEY IS IN THE KITCHEN.



OK, FINE.

ALTHOUGH MY HEART WAS RACING, I MANAGED TO HIDE MY EXCITEMENT. ERIC KLEIN WOULD BE HERE SOON! I WATCHED MY MOTHER AND LISA WALK AWAY AND I WAVED BACK AT LISA.



GOOD RIDDANCE!

I SWITCH ON THE TV, BUT EVERY THREE SECONDS I LOOK OUTSIDE TO SEE IF ERIC IS THERE. ON THE LOCAL NEWS THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT THE BILLBOARD THAT BURNED DOWN. IT WAS DOUSED WITH GAS AND THEN LIT WITH A FLAMING ARROW. CRAZY!



THERE HE IS!

AS SOON AS I SET EYES ON HIM I BEGIN FANTASIZING. I CAN'T STOP MYSELF. I WISH THE GROUND WOULD SWALLOW ME UP. IDIOT! DO SOMETHING!



NO, I'LL WAIT TILL HE'S DONE.

I SPEND TWO HOURS AGONIZING. I CAN HEAR THE SHOVEL BEGINNING TO SCRAPE THE GROUND. I'LL COUNT TO FIVE, AND THEN I'LL WAVE AT HIM FROM THE WINDOW... YEAH, BUT THEN WHAT?



I'M HEARING KIDS' SLIPPERS.

SUDDENLY, I PANIC AND HIDE. I CAN THINK OF A THOUSAND REASONS WHY I SHOULDN'T OPEN THE DOOR AND LET THE BASTARD COME INSIDE. HE THINKS HE CAN SCREW EVERY CHICK, WELL HE WON'T HAVE ME!



HE RINGS THE DOORBELL... SEVERAL TIMES. YOU CAN STICK THE MONEY UP YOUR ASS! WHEN HE STOPS RINGING, I FEEL A GREAT SENSE OF RELIEF... WHICH DOESN'T LAST. THE BITTERNESS THAT FOLLOWS IS EVEN WORSE.



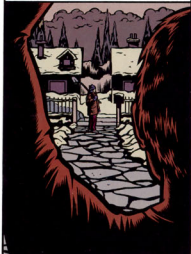
I GET UP AND RUN TO THE KITCHEN. I TAKE A GULP OF WHISKY... AND THEN ANOTHER GULP... AND THEN ANOTHER!



I RUN THROUGH THE CORRIDOR, THINKING OF BEA AND CORALIE AND SALLY. THINKING OF THOSE BITCHES AND THEIR SNIDE REMARKS. I OPEN THE FRONT DOOR!



HE'S AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PATH. HE LOOKS AT ME. I WAVE HIS MONEY, LIKE AN IDIOT, BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER.



NOTHING MATTERS. THE WHISKEY'S WORKING REAL FAST. IT'S STILL BURNING IN MY THROAT, BUT IT'S ALREADY REACHED MY HEAD.



IF YOU'LL JOIN ME.

GREAT TREE! WE DIDN'T PUT ONE UP AT HOME. DID YOU DO IT?



YEAH... DID YOU EVER LOOK AT YOUR REFLECTION IN THE ORNAMENTS WHEN YOU WERE A KID?

NO.

WE LAUGH, WE SMILE STUPIDLY AT OUR DEFORMED REFLECTIONS WHICH COME TOGETHER IN A BIG RED BALL.



COOL! DO YOU WANT TO SMOKE?

OK, BUT IN MY ROOM.

WE SMOKED AND WE KISSED AND NOW
I LET HIM DO WHAT HE WANTS. MY
HEAD'S SPINNING... I FEEL LIKE I'M IN A
VOID. HE UNDRESSES ME.



MY HEART HAS NEVER BEAT SO FAST.
BOOM! BOOM!



HE STRIPS ME NAKED.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! MY HEART IS
BEATING SO HARD IT HURTS. HIS LIPS
MOVE OVER IT.



DON'T BE
AFRAID.

I'M NOT AFRAID. I WANT HIM. I CLOSE
MY EYES.



HE COMES INSIDE ME. A MOVEMENT
BEGINS AND I GRAB ON TO HIM. THE
ALCOHOL AND THE JOINTS WE SMOKED
MAKE ME FEEL IT'S SNOWING UNDER
MY EYELIDS. I CAN SEE THE BILLBOARD
BURNING.



I'M ON THE POSTER. I HEAR MYSELF
ASKING ERIC IF HE SHOT THE BURNING
ARROW.



NO, I'M THE LORD OF THE FLIES.

I CAN'T GET ENOUGH AIR. THE FLAMES
ENGULF MY FACE. IT'S GREAT. INTENSE.

AND NOW, NOTHING, EXCEPT FOR SOME
IRRITATING SPARKS. WHAT TIME IS IT?
HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN SLEEPING? I
FEEL THAT SOMEONE IS SITTING ON
THE EDGE OF THE BED.



I KNOW IT'S MY MOTHER.

I OPEN MY EYES AND SHE LEANS
TOWARDS ME. "ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? IS
MY BABY SICK?" I HOLLER AT HER NOT
TO TOUCH ME.



A DEEP SADNESS COMES OVER ME. I
FEEL DIRTY, AND I CURL UP TIGHT.



LEAVE ME ALONE.
I DON'T WANT TO
SEE YOU.

MY HAND PRESSES
DOWN HARD BE-
TWEEN MY THIGHS.

THE NEXT DAY, I MEET UP WITH SALLY AND DENIS. I'M NOT PREPARED TO TELL THEM THAT I'VE HAD SEX, ESPECIALLY NOT WITH SALLY'S EX. BUT I'M AFRAID THEY'LL GUESS. I'M AFRAID IT'S WRITTEN ON MY FOREHEAD, LIKE SOME SUBTLE SCREWING STIGMATA. BUT THE ONLY THING THEY NOTICE IS MY "CUTE" HAIRCUT. THAT REASSURES ME... BUT NOT FOR LONG... NOT TILL ERIC'S SURPRISE VISIT.



NEITHER OF US EXPECTED TO MEET AGAIN LIKE THIS, UNDER SALLY'S SHARP EYE. WE KISS WITHOUT WARMTH. WE'RE EMBARRASSED. ONE OF US HAS TO GO.



THE WEAKER ONE. I'M MAD AT THE WHOLE WORLD, AND THE WHOLE WORLD IS SALLY. SHE'S LIKE MY MOTHER... SHE'S ALWAYS THERE, DAMN HER! I'M SURE SHE'S STILL SCREWING ERIC... DENIS IS JUST FOR THE DOPE.



I TAKE MY TIME IN THE JOHN. HE MUST BE WORRIED ABOUT ME... HE'LL COME AND SHE'LL SEE. I'M BLEEDING. I WATCH THE RED DROPS AS THEY HIT THE WATER.



EVERYTHING'S FINE. NOTHING'S CHANGED. AN ORDINARY FACE WITH A PIXIE HAIRCUT.



HE DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE WHEN I LEFT. NOW I'M STANDING IN FRONT OF MY HOUSE. IT'S FREEZING COLD. THE CLEAN FLAGSTONE'S MAKE ME THINK OF ERIC.



YESTERDAY'S ERIC. I GO UPSTAIRS TO MY BEDROOM. I STAND THERE FOR A LONG TIME, STARING AT MY UNMADE BED.



FINALLY, I SIT DOWN ON THE EDGE OF THE BED AND I PULL THE SHEETS TOWARD ME. I BREATHE IN DEEPLY AND SOON MY HEART BEGINS TO RACE.



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Doktor Thunder



Ee-Beezer



Pitchu



The Old Evo

I THINK YOU SHOULD
KNOW THE SECRET INSIDE
THE MOEBIUS PYRAMID.

SO
WHAT?

OF
COURSE,
I KNOW...

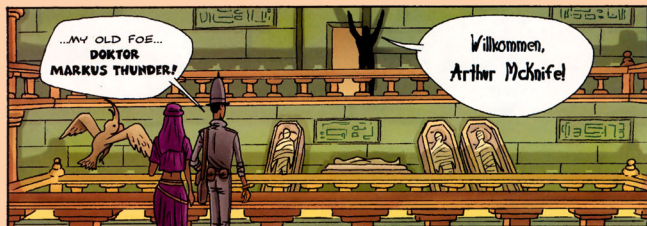
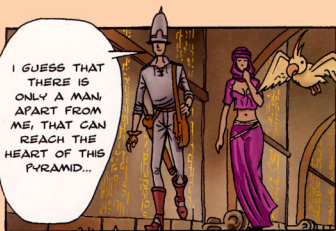
WELL, FOR ABOUT 4,000
YEARS THIS PYRAMID HAS
BEEN CLOSED, BUT LAST NIGHT
SOMEONE HAS OPENED IT.

I THINK
YOU SHOULD
KNOW WHAT
THIS
COULD
MEAN.

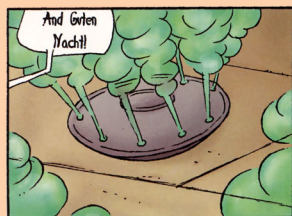
YES, I KNOW. THESE
STEPS GO INSIDE,
SO...

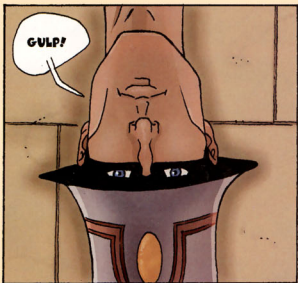
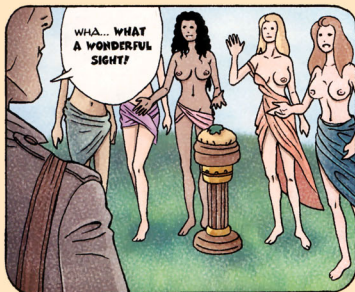
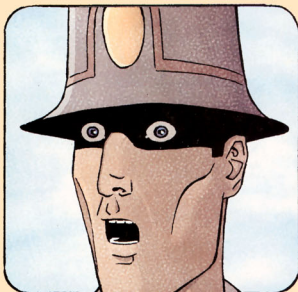


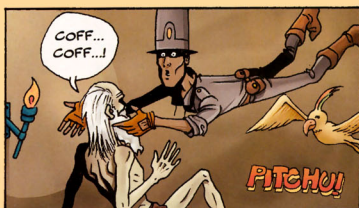


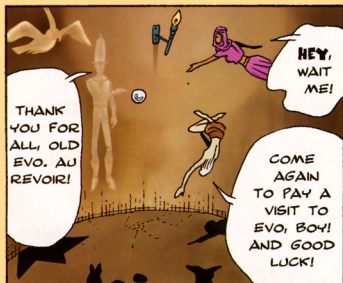
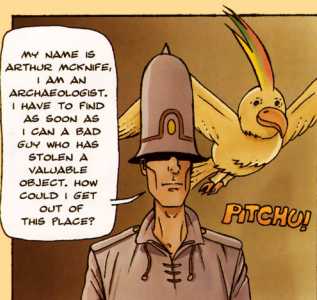


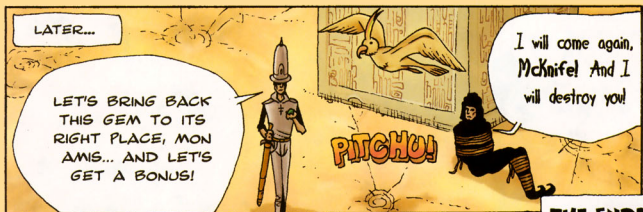
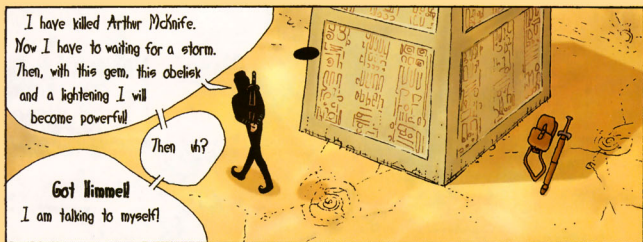
Willkommen,
Arthur Mchnefel!



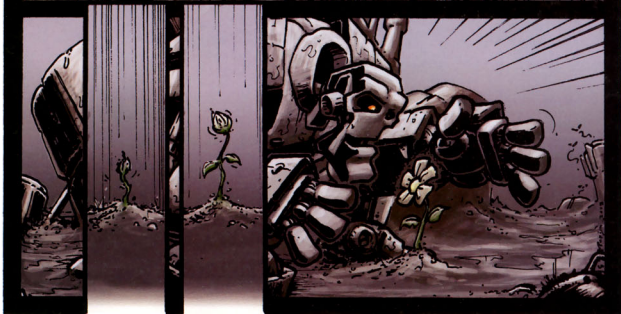
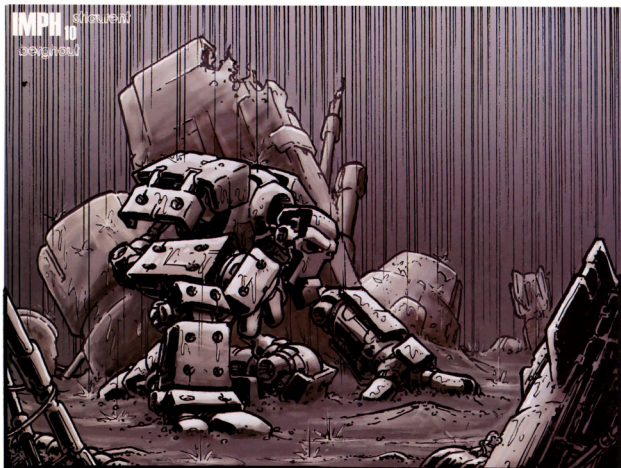


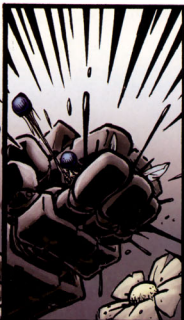


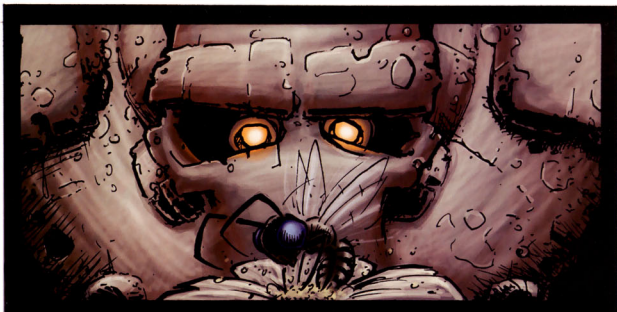




THE END!







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IT ALWAYS
INSPIRES ME
WATCHING THE
BERBERKERS!

THEIR APPROACH TO
WAR IS REFRESHINGLY
FREE FROM THE COM-
PLEX MOTIVATION...

... AND INTERNAL
ANGST THAT'S DE
RIGUEUR WITH SO
MANY WARRIORS
THESE DAYS.

THEY'RE JUST
SIMPLE, HONEST
KILLING MACHINES.

TOTALLY LACKING
IN MARTIAL ARTS
TECHNIQUE, COM-
BAT STYLE...

OR ANY
REFINEMENT
WHATSOEVER.

THE WEREWOLVES!
THEY'RE OUR ONLY
HOPE!

GRRRROOAAARRLL!

I ALWAYS FEEL
"STYLISH" CAN BE
RATHER TEDIOUS
AND EFFETE...

AND DISTRACTS
FROM THE "CORE"
YOUR SPECTACLE OF
SHAMELESS VIOLENCE.

YOU ARE ABOUT
TO DIE, NERO!
HAHA.

IT WAS ALWAYS A PROBLEM!
AND IN THE ARCHAIC DAYS
GLADIATORS WITH THEIR
"FRESH" NOTIONS
OF HONOR AND "WE WHO ARE
ABOUT TO DIE, SALUTE YOU..."

"PLUCKER
UP!"

THERE'S A SIMPLE VIOLENCE
ABOUT THESE FELLOWS THAT
MAKES ME EQUINE WITH
PLEASURE.

THEY FOLLOW JUST
ONE RULE: IF IT HAS
A PULSE - BASH IT'S
BRASS OUT!

OH, MY
BERBERKERS!
MY BIG
STRONG
BERBERKERS!

I WOULD JUST
APOOR ONE OF
YOU GOING
BERBERK ON
ME!

SBROTCH!



EXCUSE ME- I'M SO EXCITED BY THIS, I NEED TO GO AND ABUSE MYSELF! WELL, I WOULD, IF THURIM HADN'T CUT OFF MY RIGHT ARM.



I SHALL FIND A SLAVE TO ASSIST ME! UNLESS, OF COURSE, YOU'D CARE TO, HIGH PRIEST...?



NO THANK YOU, SIR. MY DUTIES KEEP ME HERE ON THE BRIDGE.

THEN PERHAPS ONE OF THOSE MUSCLE-BOUND BERSERKERS?

I ALWAYS OFFERED MY GLADIATORS A NIGHT OF UNBRIDLED LUST WITH THEIR EMPEROR IF THEY DEFEATED THE LIONS...

ALTHOUGH, CURIOUSLY, NONE OF THEM CLAIMED IT.



IN FACT, I RECALL THE RELIEVED EXPRESSIONS ON THEIR FACES WHEN THEY WERE BEING EATEN ALIVE.

I THINK A BERSERKER MIGHT BE A LITTLE EXCESSIVE, EVEN FOR YOUR TASTES, NERO.



PERHAPS, BUT I CAN ALWAYS DREAM.

AND IN THE MEANTIME, HIGH PRIEST, REMEMBER...

MY CASTING COUCH IS ALWAYS SPRINGY!



I'LL CERTAINLY REMEMBER THAT, SHOULD I EVER SEEK PERSONAL ADVANCEMENT.



IT IS DONE. THE LAMIA THREAT IS NO MORE.



BLOW UP THE BERSERKERS. HAVE THE REBEL CRUSHERS BROUGHT ABOARD.

AND PREPARE TO RETURN TO NECROPOLIS.

THEY DID A FINE JOB. NOW SAD IT IS TO SEE THEM EXPIRE WHEN THEIR DYNAMITE COLLARS ARE ACTIVATED.

BUT NECESSARY. THE ONLY WAY TO BRING THEIR KILLING SPREE TO AN END.

OUR VICTORY IS COMPLETE. DRACULA HAS ORDERED THE ELIMINATION OF THE BERSERKERS.



HUHHH...



AH, SEAN... I
SEE YOU'RE
RECOVERING.

I'M HAPPY TO
SEE YOU
AGAIN.



CLAUDIAP!

YOU REMEMBER
ME? I'M SO
FLATTERED!

KEEP AWAY
FROM ME,
EVIL BITCH!



SO YOU RECALL THE
FUN TIMES WE HAD
TOGETHER ON EARTH?

IT WAS NECESSARY
WHEN WE DISCOVERED
YOU WERE A
GOVERNMENT AGENT.



AND YOU HAD
KILLED OUR
GATEKEEPER,
LORD MORTIS.

WHEN I FOUND OUT
HIS ANTIQUE SHOP
CONTAINED A GATEWAY
TO HELL.

I RECALL TRYING TO STOP
YOUR FILTHY CRIMES AND
YOUR MURDERING ME.

I WAS ABOUT TO
EXPOSE YOUR SATANIC
CIRCLE AND THEIR ACTS
OF HUMAN SACRIFICE...

AND I'VE
LEARNED SO
MUCH SINCE
THEN...



TO BE CONTINUED...



AH, YOUR TAXI
HAS ARRIVED.
SEE YOU
LATER, LOVER.

THE PRISON LAUNCH
WILL TAKE THEM TO
THE S.S. SATANIC.





SCHELL,
FRAULEIN!

IT WOULD NOT
BE ADVISABLE
TO KEEP
COUNT DRACU-
LA WAITING!

NO! NOT
THIS TIME!

I'LL FIND A WAY
TO FREE YOU,
REBECCA! I SWEAR
IT!




THE TURBULENCE IS INCREASING! I'VE NEVER SEEN THE WINDS OF FATE BLOW SO FIERCELY!

MY DEAR MORTIS, THIS IS NOTHING! WAIT UNTIL YOU'VE BEEN DEAD AS LONG AS I HAVE!

BUT LOOK, MY LORD! THE DEMONS OF THE LIMBOS ARE MANIFESTING! WAITING FOR THE HIGH TIDE TO ATTACK NECROPOLIS!

YES, YES, I'VE SEEN IT ALL BEFORE. IT'S ALL VERY NORMAL, ALL VERY PREDICTABLE.

DON'T GET TOO EXCITED ABOUT IT, MORTIS. THE BONE WALLS OF NECROPOLIS WILL PROTECT US.



I PRAY YOU ARE RIGHT, MY LORD. THOSE BEINGS ARE EVEN MORE MONSTROUS THAN CHARNEL.

AND THAT'S HOW IT SHOULD BE. DISRUPTION WOULDN'T BE MUCH FUN WITHOUT THEM, WOULD IT?



YOU SOUND A LITTLE JADED, MY LORD?

AND SO WILL YOU BE, WHEN YOU'RE AS YOUNG AS I AM.

AND PERHAPS I'M JUST A LITTLE... BITTER AS WELL.

THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE RETURNED TO NECROPOLIS SINCE DRACULA 'REQUESTED' MY RESIGNATION AS HEAD OF THE SECRET POLICE.

INDEED, NO ONE KNEW WHO MY AGENTS WERE OR WHEN THEY WOULD STRIKE! EVERY MY HEADQUARTERS WAS A CLOSELY GUARDED SECRET!

BUT SUCH SECRECY WAS VITAL, YOU UNDERSTAND? IN CASE AN ENEMY READ MY MIND AND ATTACKED MY BASE!



BUT DRACULA DIDN'T UNDERSTAND THIS, YOU SEE? HE SAID I WAS GOING JUVENILE! LOSING MY FACULTIES!



YOU, MY LORD? OH, SURELY NOT!



ER... YES...

AH YES, I'VE HEARD YOUR SECRET POLICE WERE A FORCE TO BE RECKONED WITH.

IN FACT IT WAS SO SECRET, EVEN I DIDN'T KNOW WHERE IT WAS!

I LOVE IT WHEN YOU FLATTER ME, MORTIS.



WELCOME TO
NECROPOLIS,
MY LORDS.

I APOLOGIZE FOR DIVERTING
YOUR SHIP HERE, RATHER THAN
PERMITTING YOU TO LAND IN
THE TOWER.

BUT, AS YOU CAN APPRECIATE,
THIS CLOSE TO THE CHANGE-OVER,
SECURITY IS EXTREMELY TIGHT.

OF COURSE, OFFICER.
YOU CAN'T RISK ILLEGAL
DEMONS GETTING INTO
THE CITY.

QUITE SO. SO ALL
PASSENGERS AND THEIR
LUGGAGE MUST PASS
THROUGH A DEMON
DETECTOR.

IT WILL IDENTIFY ANY
PASSENGER WHO IS
POSSESSED...

OR WHOSE LUGGAGE CONTAINS
DEMONIC PARASITES, ENTITIES
FROM THE LIMBOS, OR OTHER
ILLEGAL CREATURES.

SUCH CREATURES
WILL BE IMMEDIATE-
LY DESTROYED.

PLEASE REMOVE YOUR TALISMANS, AMULETS AND
RINGS; SWITCH OFF YOUR MAGIC WAND, AND PLACE
THEM ALL IN THE CONTAINER.

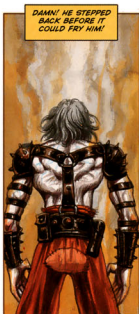
WHAT ABOUT NAIL
CLIPPINGS, CURSES AND
VOODOO DOLLS?

BEST TO PUT THEM
IN AS WELL, SIR.

THANK YOU, SIR, NOW IF YOU'D
JUST LIKE TO FOLLOW THIS
OTHER GENTLEMAN.

ARE YOU SURE
THE DETECTOR IS
SAFE?

IF YOU HAVE NOTHING
TO HIDE, SIR...





EEEEHHHH!

SORRY ABOUT THAT, GENTLEMEN, BUT I'M AFRAID IT IS TO BE EXPECTED AT THIS TIME.

I QUITE UNDERSTAND, OFFICER. AND DON'T CONCERN YOURSELF, WE FOUND IT MOST ENTERTAINING.

YOU'RE CLEAN, MY LORD.

HOW DISAPPOINTING!

AND SO IS LORD MORTIS. THAT JUST LEAVES YOUR BAGGAGE TO BE CHECKED.

THERE'S JUST THE USUAL STUFF, OFFICER. THE RELIC COLLECTION OF LORD MORTIS PLUS MY TOYS. NOTHING TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT.



REALLY? WHAT'S IT LOOK LIKE?



HORRIBLE!



LORD CRYPTOS! SOME SORT OF CREATURE IN ONE OF YOUR TOYS!




TSK! THESE DEMONS GET IN EVERYWHERE. YOU'D BETTER DESTROY IT.



VERY GOOD, MY LORD!



DON'T LOOK SO SAD, MY FRIEND. WE CELEBRATE OUR VICTORY TONIGHT.



HOW CAN I CELEBRATE WHEN REBECCA IS A PRISONER ON THAT SHIP?

AND YET I KNOW I MUST ACCEPT HER FATE.

TO TRY AND RESCUE HER FROM DRACULA WOULD BE MADNESS.



I'M RELIEVED TO HEAR IT.


BUT WHAT GUARANTEE WILL YOU GIVE ME THAT YOU MEAN WHAT YOU SAY?

THE SAME GUARANTEE YOU WOULD GIVE ME, OTTO.




MY WORD AS A VAMPIRE KNIGHT.

VERY WELL. THEN PUT HER OUT OF YOUR MIND AND LET'S ENJOY THE FESTIVITIES.



REMEMBER THE REASON WE RESURRECTED WAS TO PARTY AS WE NEVER COULD ON EARTH.



YOU REALLY BELIEVE THAT'S WHY WE CAME BACK?

MY DEAR FELLOW, I KEEP TELLING YOU...



DEATH IS ONE LONG PARTY!



AT LEAST DRACULA
WON'T RECOGNIZE
ME AS THURIM.

AND THANK HADES
REBECCA IS NOT
AMONG THOSE
VICTIMS.

COME... LET'S
JOIN THE
DECADANCE.

IT'S A MAGICAL
DANCE TO PRO-
TECT US FROM
THE COSMIC HIGH
TIDE.

ON THE MAGI-
CAL PRINCIPLE:
"AS ABOVE, SO
BELOW..."

OUR MASKS SYM-
BOLIZE THE WAYS
WE TRY TO FORGET
WHO WE ONCE
WERE...

BUT AT THE END OF THE
DANCE, THE WINDS OF
FATE SWEEP AWAY THE
MASKS AND EVERYONE
SEES WHO WE ARE.

... THROUGH THE DIS-
TRACTIIONS OF WAR,
TORTURE, PARTIES AND
BLACK OPIUM.

AS ABOVE,
SO BELOW...

ALL THAT IS
OVER, UNDER
SHALL SHOW.



SIGNS OF A DIS-
TURBANCE IN THE
LIMBOS.

DRAGON
ATTACK!

READY TO
ACTIVATE SHIELD.

PROCEED, AND PRIME
THE IMPALERS, COUNT
DRACULA'S FAVORITE
WEAPON.

SHALL I
ADVISE HIM,
SIR?

HE'S PARTYING.
THIS ISN'T IMPOR-
TANT ENOUGH TO
DISTURB HIM.

WHAT IS IT, MY LORD?
YOU SEEM STRANGELY
DISTURBED...

THERE IS... SOME-
ONE... HERE WHO IS
NOT RIGHT, NERO. I
CAN SENSE IT.

SOMEONE WHO
BETRAYED ME...
WHO WAS ONCE A
GREAT THREAT TO
ME...

BUT WHO HAS NOT BEEN A
THREAT TO YOU? THROUGH THE
CENTURIES YOU HAVE HAD SO
MANY ENEMIES!

AFTER ALL, WE'RE VAM-
PIRES, AND WE SIMPLY
ADORE TREACHERY!

WHY DON'T I MINGLE AND SEE IF I CAN FIND THE SOURCE OF YOUR UNEASE?

YOU KNOW HOW I LIKE TO...

MINGLE.

SURE? MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF THIS DANCE?

FOR SUCH A BEAUTY AS YOU? I'M HONORED.

AS ABOVE SO... BELOW... ALL THAT IS OVER UNDER SHALL SHOW.

OH, I DO HOPE NOT...

OR YOU ARE GOING TO BE TERRIBLY DISAPPOINTED.

I LIKE YOUR MASK, REQUIEM. VERY FETTERING.

THEY WENT BY MY FAULT, I HAD TO FIGHT CHARNEL!

OH, SO A DEMON IS MORE INTERESTANT THAN ME?

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A PARTNER, SIR, I AM AVAILABLE.

WHAT? I DON'T!

GOOD GRIEF! I HOPE THAT'S NOT A CASE OF ME ABOVE, SO BELOW!

I CAN'T... I... I...

I CLUTER FROM AN APPOINTED MILESTAGE.

KEEP AWAY FROM ME, YOU LOVING!

DO YOU LIKE MY HAIR? YOU SEE HOW MY LITTLE FRIENDS HAVE MADE A NEST IN IT.

SAUCY BOY! WHY DON'T YOU COME TO MY BOUNCING AND FIND OUT!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SO DO I.

WE HAVE SOMETHING IN COMMON ALREADY.

AS ABOVE, SO BELOW.

HAH! YOU REJECT ME NOW, BUT WHEN I AM A NOBLE TEENAGER, SIR, YOU WILL BE IN YOUR DUTY.

CLAUDIA! YOU... YOU RECOGNIZE ME?

OF COURSE, I'M A WOMAN, IT WAS EASY TO TELL IT WAS YOU, REQUIEM...

MAYBE I CAN LURE CLAUDIA TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE DRACULA ALSO RECOGNIZES ME!

WHY DON'T WE RETIRE AND CONTINUE WHAT WE BEGAN AT THE DANCE HALL?

SORRY, REQUIEM MISSED YOUR CHANCE.

ALL THAT IS OVER UNDER SHALL BEHOLD!

THAT YAMP COMING CLAUDIA? SHE'S SOMETHING FAMILAR ABOUT IT.

IT'S COMING BACK TO ME, SIR, NOT TRUTH.

IT'S MY OLD ENEMY NERO!

I WANT REVENGE FOR YOUR ANKLE THUMB ON GUARD!

AND THEN... I'LL BE BACK TO DO THAT.

I'D TOLD HIM I HATED HIS EYES PLAYING AND HE CHALLENGED ME TO A DUEL.



I DEMAND...

SATISFACTION!

COME SIR... LET US
FEINT AND PARRY
AND...

THRUST!

UNSCHEATHE
YOUR
WEAPON!

I REALLY DON'T
HAVE TIME FOR
THIS.

BUT IF YOU
REALLY WANT TO

TAKE ON A
TEUTONIC
KNIGHT...

SO BE IT!

HAD ENOUGH? OR DO
YOU WANT TO LOSE THE
OTHER ARM AS WELL?


WHEN I SAID I'D GIVE
MY RIGHT ARM FOR A
NIGHT WITH YOU,
THURIM, I DIDN'T
EXPECT YOU TO TAKE
ME QUITE SO LITER-
ALLY.

SOON AFTER I WAS
FOUND GUILTY OF
ATTEMPTED REGICIDE...
BUT BEFORE DRACULA
HAD ME TORN APART
BY WILD HORSES, HE
GAVE ME TO NERO FOR
A NIGHT OF TORTURE.

NOW YOU'VE TAKEN
MY ARM, I'LL GET
MY NIGHT WITH YOU.

IF NERO RECOG-
NIZES I WAS THURIM,
I'M DONE FOR.

BUT I THINK I
KNOW A WAY
OUT OF THIS...



HERE THEY COME. SPIT
FIRES. LIGHT FIGHTER
DRAGONS.

THEY WON'T
OUTLIVE THE
DEMONICALLY
GUIDED IMPALERS.

DRACULA WILL
HAVE SOME
FIREWORKS FOR
HIS PARTY.

YOU HAVE SUITABLY
CHASTISED ME, MY
LADY. WILL YOU NOW
FORGIVE ME PAST
ERRORS?

I'VE TOLD YOU, YOU NO
LONGER INTEREST ME.

ESPECIALLY
WHEN MY
FAVORITE VIC-
TIM IS IN THE
DUNGEON
BELOW.

AH, NOW I HAVE A
PROPOSITION
REGARDING HIM
THAT MAY INTEREST
YOU.

A PROPOSITION...? YOU
INTRIGUE ME, SIR.

LET ME WHISPER IN
YOUR EAR.

WHY, REQUIEM,
YOU'RE A DREAD-
FUL FELLOW!

THAT IS A
TRULY WICKED
PLAN!

I THOUGHT IT
WOULD APPEAL TO
YOU, MY LADY.

BUT I SHOULD
WARN YOU...

DON'T DISAPPOINT
ME THIS TIME.

AHA... I'M PLEASED
TO SEE YOU'RE FINALLY
GETTING INTO THE SPIR-
IT OF THINGS, NEINRICH!

WITH SUCH DELIGHTFUL
COMPANY, HOW COULD I
NOT?

SIR! I SEE THE
DRAGONS OF
THE LIMBOS ARE
ATTACKING.

I AM NEW TO RESURRECTION
AND UNSCHOOLER IN ITS
STRANGE WAYS... WILL YOU
EXPLAIN THE MEANING OF
THIS PHENOMENON?

OH, VERY
WELL...

THEY LOOK SO HORRI-
BLE! WILL YOU PRO-
TECT ME, SIR?

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY.
MAYBE THIS SHIP IS SUFFICIENT-
LY EQUIPPED TO DEAL WITH THEM,
AND SUCH ATTACKS ARE QUITE
COMMON AS WE APPROACH
THE CHANGE-OVER.

THEY ARE OF REPTILIAN ORIGIN,
BUT HAVE BEEN DEMONICALLY
ENHANCED WITH NEGATIVE EMO-
TIONS, BY THEIR MASTERS, THE
GODS OF THE LIMBOS.

OH, SIR, YOU
EXPLAIN IT ALL SO
BEAUTIFULLY.
DO CONTINUE.

THE GODS OF THE LIMBOS ARE
THE MANY ANGED ONES. MUL-
TIPLE DIMENSION BEINGS
IMPOSSIBLE TO SEE IN A MERE
THREE DIMENSIONS, AND THEIR
ENEMIES ARE THE MASTERS OF
INFINITY, WHOM WE WORSHIP.

THE TWO SIDES ARE
LOCKED IN AN ETERNAL
COMBAT FOR REASONS
WHICH WE BARELY COM-
PREHEND.

BUT THE DRAG-
ONS, SIR, ARE YOU
SURE THEY ARE
NOT A SERIOUS
THREAT?

SEE NOW THEY FLY VAINLY
AROUND THE PSYCHIC
SHIELDS PROTECTING OUR
SHIPS, MAYBE IT IS QUITE
IMPOSSIBLE FOR THEM TO
BREAK THEM THROUGH.

THERE'S THE
JAILER.

ALL RIGHT-
LEAVE THE
TALKING TO
ME.

THIS WAY!

GRAMAGRRH!

WHAT WAS
THAT?

TORGUEMADA AND
SOME OF THE OTHER
WEREWOLVES.

THEY'RE AFTER
THE CENTAURS
IN THE NEXT
DUNGEON!

ORACULA HAD
THEM CAPTURED
FOR HIS VICTORY
PARADE!

NO! BEFORE YOU SAY
A WORD, MISS, I KNOW
WHAT YOU WANT AND
THE ANSWER IS NO!

IT'S MORE
THAN MY
JOB'S WORTH!

AND DON'T THINK I'LL BE
THE FIRST VAMPIRES WHO'VE
BEEN DOWN HERE TRYING TO
GET AT THE VICTIMS.

THE MAIDENS MUST
BE HANDED OVER TO
THE SISTERS OF
BLOOD WITHOUT A
PUNCTURE MARK!

WHY EVEN MR. NERO WAS HERE, ASKING
IF HE COULD HAVE A LITTLE "PEEK" AT
THEM BEFORE THEY TOOK THE VEIL.

YES, WE UNDERSTAND.
ACTUALLY, WE ONLY
CAME DOWN HERE TO
HAVE A PIPE OF BLACK
OPIUM FROM THE
OTHER VAMPIRES.

SEEING AS
IT'S IN SUCH
SHORT SUP-
PLY.

WOULD YOU
CARE TO JOIN
US?

OR WOULD
THAT BE MORE
THAN YOUR
JOB'S WORTH?

DON'T MIND IF I DO...
AS I WAS SAYING, MR.
NERO OFFERED ME A
BRIBE IF I'D UNLOCK
THE DUNGEON...

REALLY?
WHAT SORT
OF
BRIBE?...
HAA, HAA, HAA!

WELL, HE SAID HE'D... HE'D... OH,
DEAR! HEAD'S GOING ALL FUNNY...

WHERE
WAS I...?

NERO... THE
BRIBE...

AH, YES... NERO...!
WELL, IT WAS NO
HARDSHIP TURNING
DOWN HIS BRIBE,
I CAN TELL YOU!

AH, YES... THIS
IS THE ONE.

WHAT
FUN!

I'LL GET HIS
KEYS.

SBAM!

... ..

CAN YOU
SEE THEM?

OVER
HERE!

OH, YES,
YOU'RE RIGHT,
HEINRICH... SHE
IS A LITTLE
POPPET.

SHE COULD EVEN BE
CHOSEN AS A BRIDE OF
DRACULA HIMSELF.

I'M SURE MY FRIEND
ELIZABETH WOULD ALSO
LOVE TO SINK HER TEETH
INTO YOU.

BUT I'M GOING TO
HAVE YOU ALL TO
MYSELF, MY PRETTY
MAID WHO'S NEVER
BEEN MILKED!

HEINRICH...? WHAT'S
GOING ON? WHAT
DOES SHE WANT?

NO!

OH, YES, SEAN, I'M GOING
TO MAKE YOU WATCH AS
I... ENJOY THE GREAT
LOVE OF YOUR LIFE...

THE GIRL OF
YOUR DREAMS
WHO YOU WILL
NEVER HAVE!

YOU MON-
STERS!

AS
ABOVE...

SO...

...

...

...
BELOW!

NO!
NOOOO!

WHAT BEAUTIFUL EXPLOSIONS!

A MAGNIFICENT FIREWORK DISPLAY!

NICE BLUE ONE...

THE IMPALERES ARE DOING AN EXCELLENT JOB DETONATING THE NOXIOUS GASES INSIDE THE DRAGONS!

IT'S ALTHOUGH OUR NEW ARMOR PROBABLY WOULD PROBABLY PROTECT US AGAINST BELIEVED PHOTON FORTUITIES OF A BURNING DEATH BEAM.

OH, SURELY HE WOULDN'T WANT TO DISAGREE WITH YOU, COUNT.

HE WOULD BE WILLING TO NEGOTIATE AFTER ALL, THE LAST THING I WANT IS TO BE SUBDUED BY VIOLENCE AND VIBES.

RELAX, REBECCA. WHEN MY TEETH PROBE YOUR VEINS, YOU WILL FEEL A DELICIOUS TINGLE RUN THROUGH THEM. I PROMISE YOU.

THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY...

EXCELLENT, AND NOW, LADY CLAUDIA, WHEN YOU KNOWLY TAKE OFF YOUR DRESS!

NOT THERE, REGUIEM. THIS IS NOT THE PLACE FOR YOUR SWORDSMANSHIP.

I SAID... TAKE OFF YOUR DRESS OR I'LL DRIVE A STAKE THROUGH YOUR BLACK HEART!

DON'T PLAY GAMES WITH ME, REGUIEM. YOU'RE DEALING WITH THE BIG LEAGUE NOW. I'VE BEEN DOING THIS FOR MANY INCARNATIONS.

AND WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I HAVE NOT?

AND KEEP YOUR HANDS AWAY FROM YOUR FACE.

SO WHAT IS YOUR VIEW, MAM MUST? PLEASE FEEL FREE TO SPEAK YOUR MIND.

I'LL FEEL NOTHING FROM YOU!

AT FIRST!

YOU CAN PAY YOUR RESPECTS TO ME LATER.

KNOWING YOU, I SUSPECT IT'S BACK-EDGED.

YOU HAVE DISAPPOINTED ME AGAIN, REGUIEM.

REBECCA, PUT ON HER DRESS AND MARK WHILE I CHAIN HER UP.

I HOPE THIS HURT TOO THIN FOR YOU, MY LADY!

NORMALLY I'D ENJOY THIS, BUT NOT UNDER THESE CIRCUMSTANCES.

WHAT ABOUT DEAN AND THE OTHERS? WE MUST FREE THEM, TOO! WE COULD TAKE OVER THE SHIP!

NO, VISIT YOU, REBECCA.

SO ON, REBECCA. YOU CAN'T RUN FROM THE GAMES TO SAVE YOURSELF.

BUT I CAN'T LEAVE YOU HERE!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME.

OF COURSE, AND DIPPED IN POISON.

IT IS A MISTAKE TO DISOBEY LADY CLAUDIA DEMONIA.

I'M STILL A VAMPIRE. I CANNOT BETRAY MY OWN KIND.

YOU MUST GO!

I'VE A BETTER WAY OF GETTING OUT OF HERE.

YOU SEE... IF I EXPIRE CLAUDIA NOW, MY TIME ON RESURRECTION IS OVER, AND I'M GONE.

CORRECT, CLAUDIA, MY DEAR?



IN THAT CASE, WE'LL LEAVE YOU TWO TO GET BETTER ACQUAINTED!



AU REVOIR, CLAUDIA...



UP HERE! WE'LL STEAL A GRIM REAPER AND GET OFF THIS SHIP!



YES! START A NEW LIFE FAR AWAY FROM DRACONIA.

OTTO! SO THERE YOU ARE, YOU NAUGHTY BOY!



WHY ARE YOU RUNNING AWAY FROM ME? WHY DO YOU TEASE ME SO?

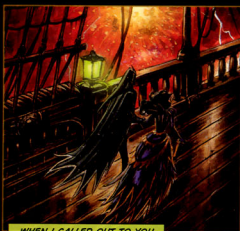
BECAUSE YOU ARE A LOATHSOME HAG.

WHAT?? THAT'S NOT CLAUDIA!



OTTO...? YOU SEEM UPSET...

WHAT'S WRONG?



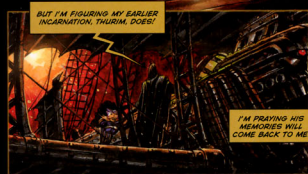
WHEN I CALLED OUT TO YOU ACROSS ETERNITY, I KNEW WE'D BE UNITED AGAIN.

I KNEW YOU WOULD NEVER FAIL ME.



BECAUSE YOU MEAN EVERYTHING TO ME, REBECCA.







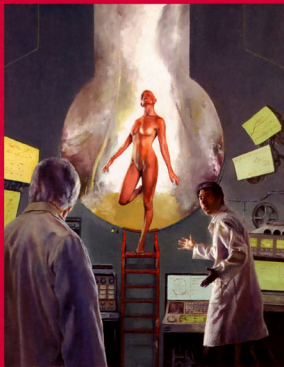
DAMN! GET ME
A PLANE...

I'M GOING
AFTER THEM!

DRAGON
ATTACK!

MILLS-LEDROIT
2003

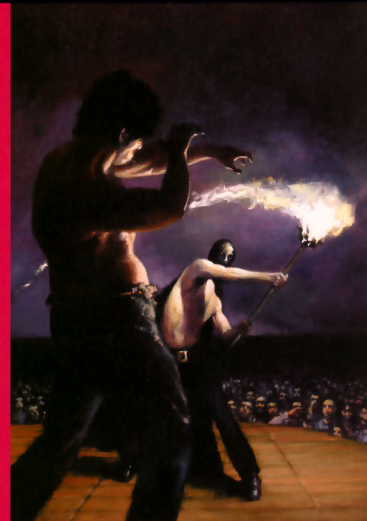
THE END...



DAVID PALUMBO

As far back as he can remember, David Palumbo wanted to be an artist. As a young child, he enjoyed reading comic books that his father gave to him and watching hours and hours of science fiction movies. Not surprisingly, the subject matter of his drawings was mainly monsters, robots, superheroes, and spaceships. His mother and step father, both being fantasy artists themselves (Julie Bell and Boris Vallejo), were very encouraging and supportive for David to develop his skill in drawing and allowed him to start taking life drawing classes as early as twelve years old.

For several years this was the focus of his artistic study, until graduating high school and moving to Philadelphia to study traditional painting technique at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Art. Though the Academy emphasized classical style and subject matter, David retained his interest in illustration and began applying himself to both fields. These years of training were augmented by private studies with his parents, as well as occasional sessions with Burt Silverman.



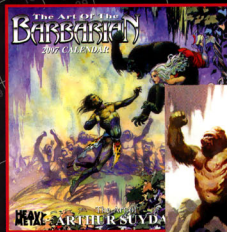
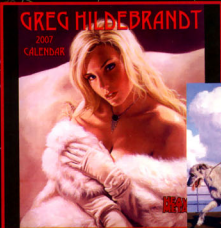
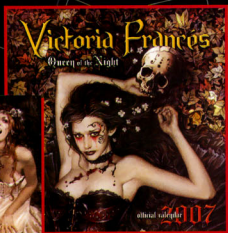
Upon leaving the Academy, David focused on his fine art and portraiture for a time. He was already showing with a Philadelphia gallery (where he continues to show work) and doing the occasional illustration whenever a job would turn up. When not preparing for a gallery show, he persisted in illustrating fantasy and science fiction scenes and refining his portfolio, steadily building towards a career in freelance illustration. Since this time, he has provided artwork for album covers, film posters, magazine covers, and collectable card games, with clients such as Acclaim Entertainment and Upper Deck.



DAVID PALUMBO



“Being able to make a living through painting is really all I could ever hope for,” says David, “and at this point I can’t imagine doing anything else. If those paintings happen to include monsters, robots, superheroes, and spaceships, so much the better.”



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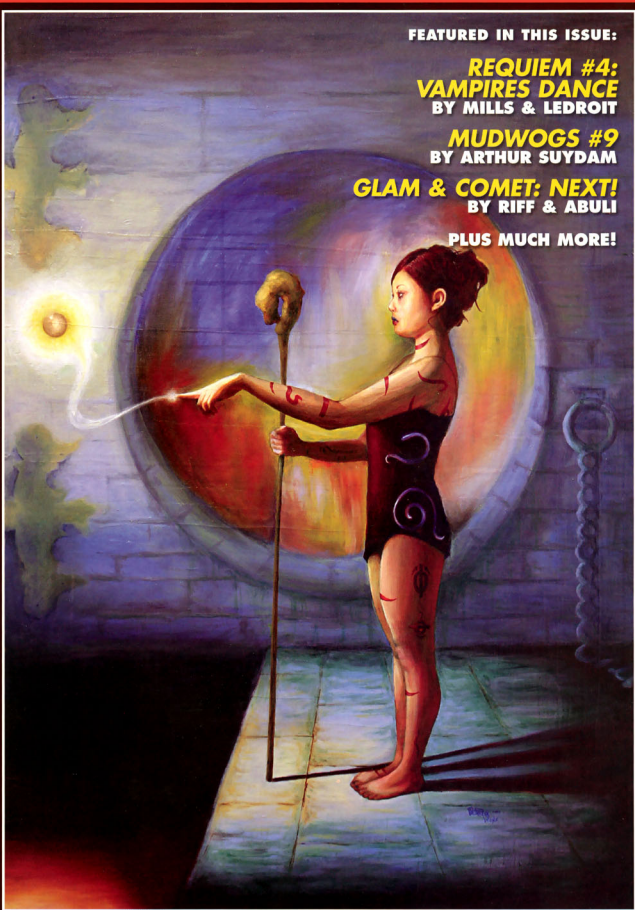
FEATURED IN THIS ISSUE:

**REQUIEM #4:
VAMPIRES DANCE**
BY MILLS & LEDROIT

MUDWOGS #9
BY ARTHUR SUYDAM

GLAM & COMET: NEXT!
BY RIFF & ABULI

PLUS MUCH MORE!



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