

Illustrated Fantasy & Sci-Fi From The World's Greatest Artists & Writers

# FRANK FRAZETTA FANTASY ILLUSTRATED™

**1**  
ST  
ISSUE

*Featuring*  
**RICHARD CORBEN**  
**TONY DANIEL**  
**ALEX HORLEY**  
**JOE JUSKO**  
**ELIO LEONE**  
**JOE LINSNER**  
**DAVID MACK**  
**WENDY PINI**  
**WILLIAM STOUT**

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SPECIAL EDITION  
SPRING 1998 • ISSUE 1

*Frazetta*



Dear Reader,

I guess the first question is, "So what have I been doing the past couple of years?" The answer to that is quite simple, enjoying precious time with my family. I hope that you enjoy this magazine, many hours have been spent getting it to this stage. What a joy it is to see the work of so many talented artists all featured in one publication. There are few opportunities for those in our artistic community to combine their creative talents and produce something worthwhile...that is the intention of Frank Frazetta Fantasy Illustrated.

Turn the pages and you will find stories from some of the most exciting and creative artists working today. Thank you to all of my fans and fellow artists that have sent cards and letters offering their support.

To inspire a new generation of artists is an honor and a privilege which I welcome and relish.

*Frazetta*



#### A Letter From The Publishers

Well here we are.....after a year of planning and production Frank Frazetta Fantasy Illustrated is a finished magazine. Many thanks to the people who got us to this point, especially the artists and writers who are featured in this very special premiere issue. Thank you also to the media who promoted this release and created public awareness of our project. Most importantly, thank you to the living legend himself, Frank Frazetta, for being the inspiration and soul of this magazine. Frank Frazetta's illustrious career has spanned five decades. His paintings have influenced an entire generation of artists many of whom are featured in this very magazine.

We hope that you enjoy reading Frank Frazetta Fantasy Illustrated as much as we enjoy producing it. It is our intention to provide you, the reader, with art and stories from the best artists and writers in the world in each and every issue. Don't miss our fabulous second issue on sale in May featuring more of your favorite creators. The production schedule will be quarterly this year and will change to bi-monthly in 1999 giving you even more of an opportunity to see the greatest storytelling in the world.

Thank you for purchasing this issue and making it all possible. For without an audience, what is a story? So, sit back, relax and prepare yourself to be thrilled, shocked, saddened and amused.....

Frank Frazetta Fantasy Illustrated #1 is about to begin.

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## FRANK FRAZETTA FANTASY ILLUSTRATED

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# SHADOWS IN THE MIST 1 WEB OF FEAR

PHANTASMS SHUDDER IN THE WAVES OF BOILING AIR. A SEARING GUST OF DEMONIC HEAT WASHES OVER THE LONELY FIGURE STRUGGLING ACROSS THE VAST ARID PLATEAU. MASSIVE **SHUGUG** TREADS ENDLESSLY FOLLOWING FAINT TRACKS IN THE SAND, GROWING FAINTER BY THE MOMENT FROM THE CONSTANT WIND. BUT BY NOW THE DESTINATION IS APPARENT: THAT SHIMMERING GHOST MEN SHUNNED **POC SIKJO**.



SHUGUG HAD ALWAYS WANTED TO BECOME A SAILOR, BUT NO SHIPS CAPTAIN WOULD ALLOW HIM ABOARD THEIR CRAFT. MOST SUPERSTITIOUS FOLK FEARED HIS STRANGE COLORING. **MASTER HONCH** HAD ACCEPTED THE BIZARRE CREATURE INTO THE RANKS OF HIS SECURITY GUARDS THINKING SHUGUG'S APPEARANCE WOULD KEEP MOST **TROUBLE MAKERS** AWAY.

© 1997 RICHARD CORBEN



OH FAIR **HOOHA**, MY HEART BEATS FAST WHENEVER YOU ARE NEAR.

IN MASTER HONCH'S HOUSE THE BRUTISH GUARD BECAME HOPELESSLY IN LOVE WITH **MASTER HONCH'S** DAUGHTER **HOOHA**. CONFESSION OF THIS WOULD HAVE MEANT INSTANT EXECUTION. THE VOLUPTUOUS **HOOHA** HARDLY NOTICED HIS EXISTENCE. HER INFATUATION WAS FOR THE NOBLE **CAPTAIN LOIN**.

OKAY, YOU UGLY BRUTE, KEEP AN EYE ON THINGS, BUT DON'T **SCARE** HOOHA.

TEE HEE! I THINK WE NEED MORE **HANDSOME** GUARDS AND FEWER **UGLY** ONES.

OOOH, SHE HAS A NICE BODY, BUT I HAVE ALL THE **HOT FLESH** I CAN HANDLE.







WHO  
OTHER  
GIRL?

THAT'S **HAHOO**, THE  
PRINCESS' NEW COMPANION  
FROM THE TOWN. KEEP AN  
EYE ON THINGS PRIVATE TWO  
TONE, BUT DON'T GET TOO  
CLOSE.

YES, PRINCESS **HOOHA** GAVE  
HER THE **NEW NAME**. VERY  
**FUNNY**.



OH, I **LOVE** BOYS TOO.  
BUT I THINK THEY  
SHOULD ALL BE MY  
**SLAVES**.

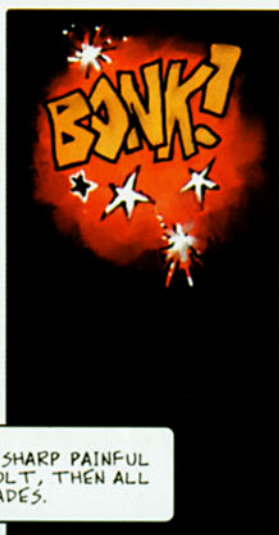
TEE HEE!  
(GIGGLE)

SEE, THE GUARD?  
LET'S HAVE SOME  
**FUN**.



LOVELY HOOHA, IF  
ONLY I COULD TELL  
YOU OF THE  
**DEPTHS** AND  
**INTENSITY** OF MY  
UNDYING LOVE AND  
PASSION.

HELLO PRIVATE  
"PAINT"! YOUR SKIN  
IS CERTAINLY STRANGE.  
IS IT ALL THAT WAY?  
TAKE OFF YOUR  
HELMET. I WANT TO  
SEE YOUR **HEAD**.  
THAT'S AN **ORDER**!



A SHARP PAINFUL  
JOLT, THEN ALL  
FADES.



**DAMN** YOUR SPLOTCHY HIDE! YOUR  
STUPID NEGLIGENCE HAS ALLOWED  
THE **KIDNAPPING** OF MY LITTLE  
GIRL. IF I WEREN'T IN SUCH A HURRY  
TO FOLLOW **CAPTAIN LOIN** IN HIS  
FAITHFUL PURSUIT OF THE FIENDS,  
I WOULD PERSONALLY MAKE YOUR  
END **EXCRUCIATINGLY PAINFUL**!




ON SECOND  
THOUGHT BUJO,  
WITHHOLD THE  
**SPORT** FOR MY  
RETURN.

YES, MASTER. THE  
TOOLS ARE READY NOW.  
WE CAN OBTAIN A GOOD  
SUPPLY OF **FLESH**  
**TERMITES** WITHIN A  
FORTNIGHT.



STOP HIM!  
**DAMN!**





A BLAST OF FETID  
HOT WIND JERKS  
SHUGUG FROM HIS  
REVERIE.

**GAH!** THE STENCH OF  
COUNTLESS UNBURIED  
SACRIFICES. YET STRANGE,  
THE CULT OF ARACNIA WAS  
HUNTED TO OBLIVION HUNDREDS  
OF YEARS AGO. -EH? A GLINT  
OF METAL?



**THERE** MOGI.  
A LONE  
TRACKER.

BUT MAX SAID  
THE FIX WAS IN.  
**NO** FOLLOWERS.

MAYBE THIS ONE'S  
JUST LOST. HAND  
ME THAT FIFTY  
AUTOCHOP.




WHERE?

HE WAS JUST  
THERE. A **BIG**  
DUDE.



THE SUN'S  
**BAKED** YOUR  
HEAD.

I TELL YOU - **WAIT**  
- BACK FURTHER. A  
GANG OF ABOUT TEN-  
ARMED. LOOKS LIKE  
TROUBLE.-



-AND ME AND THIS SHOOTIN'  
IRON'S READY TO DISH IT OUT.  
BET I CAN TAKE 'EM OUT IN  
THREE BURSTS, MAXIMUM.













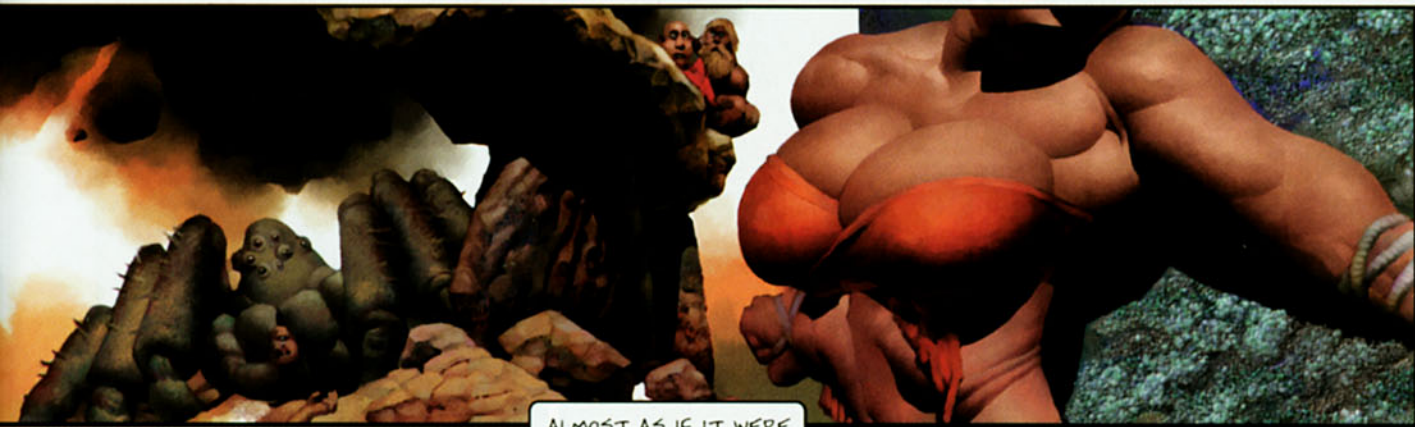




AN IMPOSSIBLY MASSIVE HEAD EMERGES FROM THE SOFT SAND. IT SEEMS TO SMILE LURIDLY AT THE PETRIFIED HUMANS.















TONS OF MASSIVE STONE HELD THEIR PRECARIOUS STRUCTURE FOR AN EON OF SAND BLASTED EROSION. -JUST WAITING FOR A SLIGHT BUMP-

DON'T KILL ME!

BUMP!



AAAH!



SPLORCH!

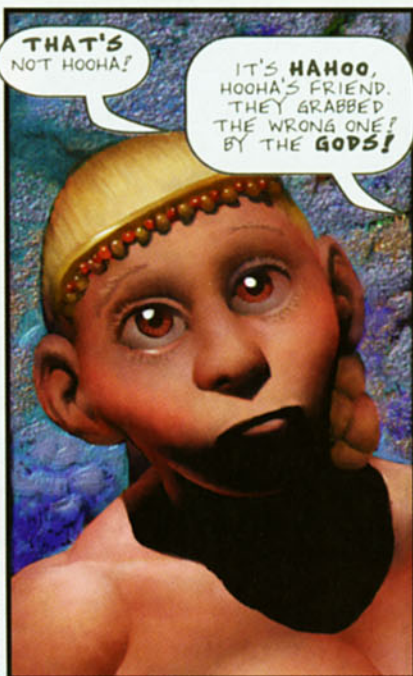


SHUGUG, YOU DID IT. IT'S DEAD. YOU SAVED ME AND HOOHA.



THAT STUFF I SAID EARLIER - WELL-

WHAT?



THAT'S NOT HOOHA?

IT'S HAHOO, HOOHA'S FRIEND. THEY GRABBED THE WRONG ONE? BY THE GODS!



WHERE HOOHA?

THE MISTY SHADOWS OF EVENING CLOSE SLOWLY AROUND THE PERPLEXED TRIO AS THEY WONDER IF THIS IS THE END OR IF DESTINY HAS FURTHER ENTANGLEMENTS FOR THEM TO UNRAVEL.



IT'S NOT  
GONE--  
MY LOVE--  
YOU ARE  
STILL MY  
LOVER--

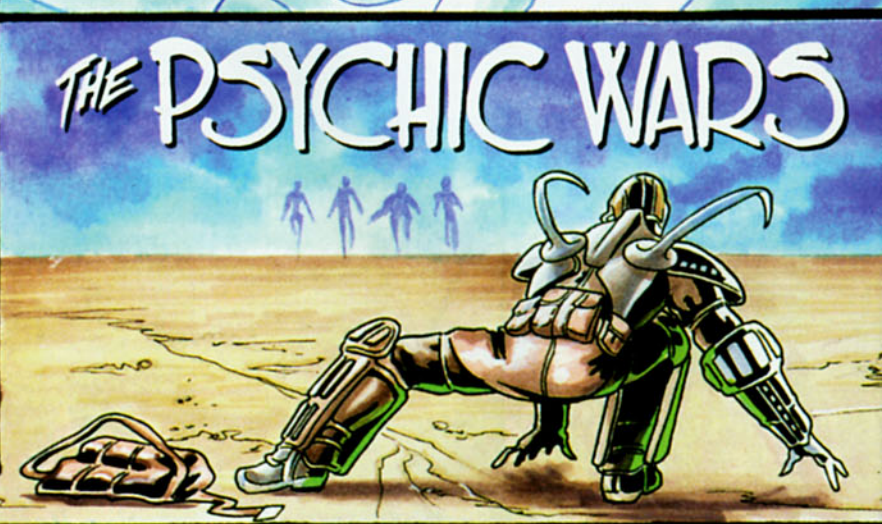
-YES-

YES

I CAN  
FEEL  
IT--

I  
CAN...

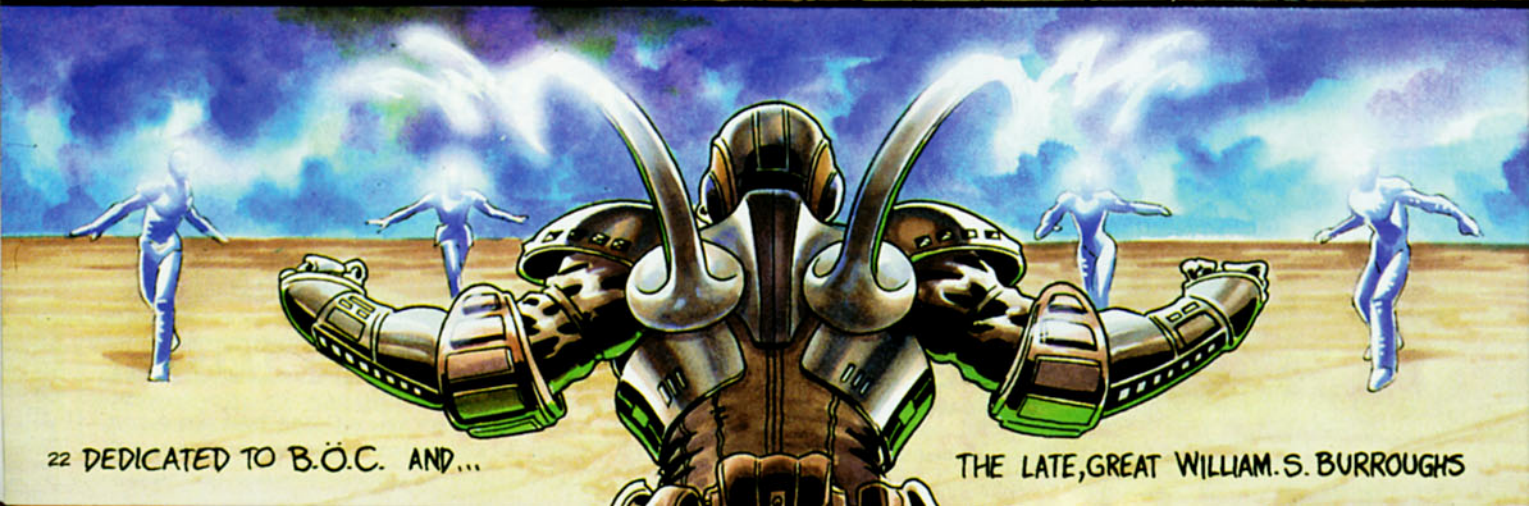
BUT  
WAIT--



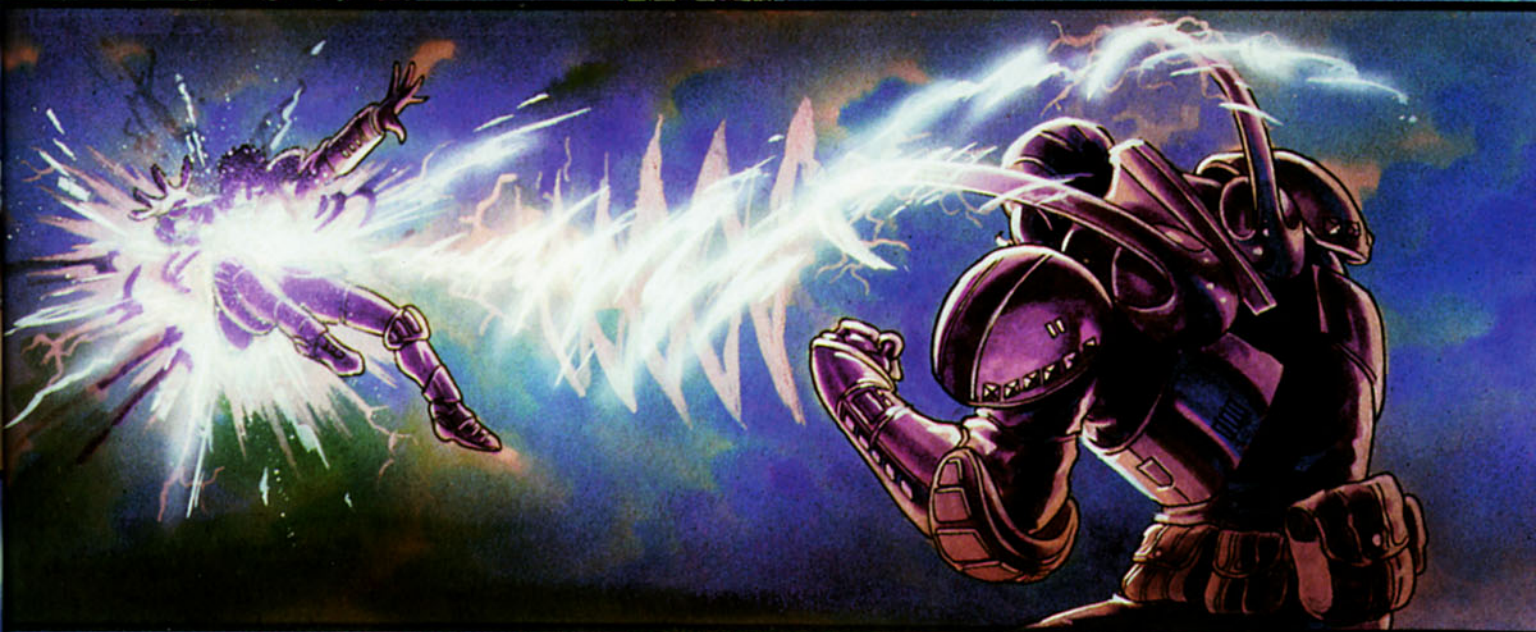
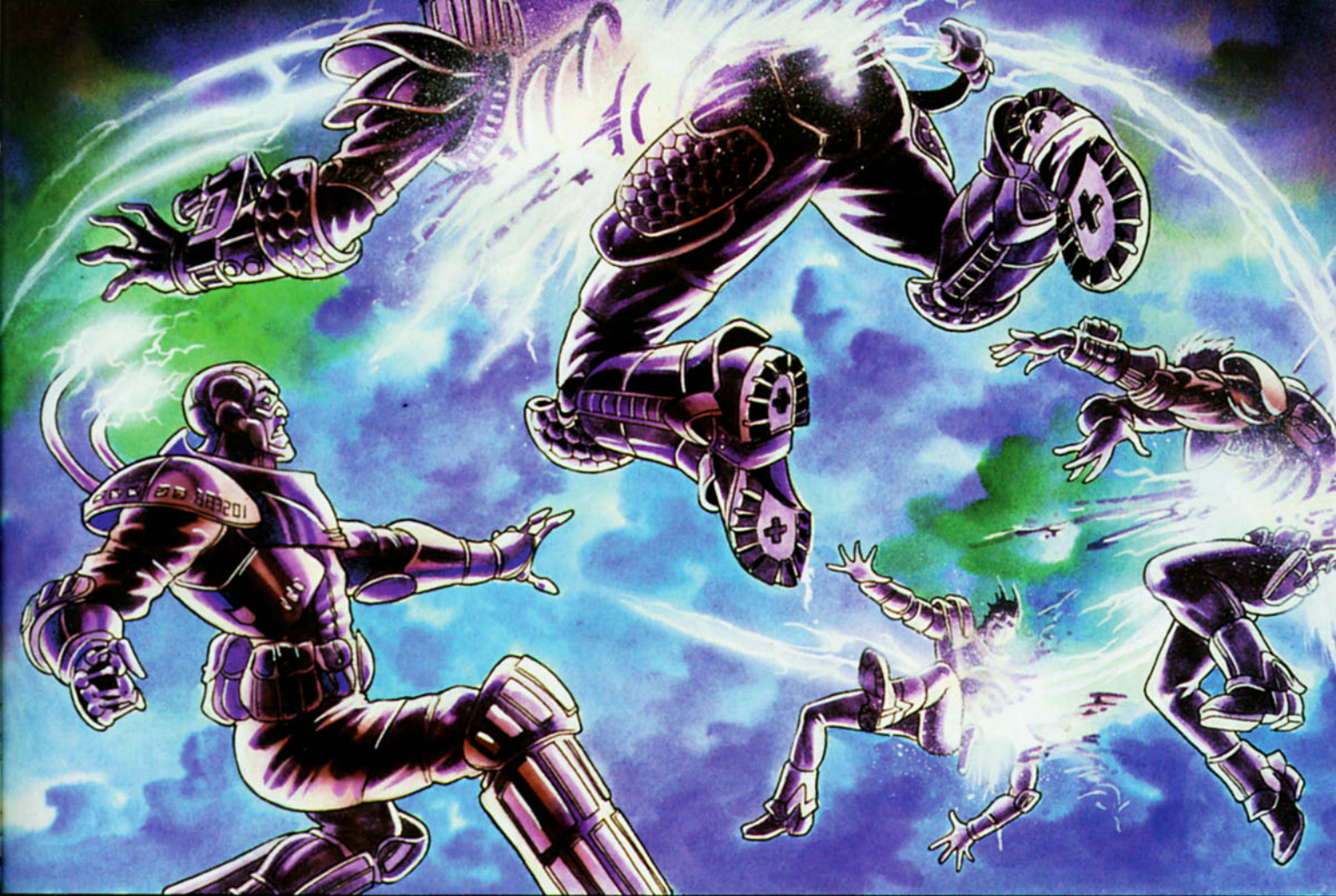
# THE PSYCHIC WARS

STORY &  
PENCILS  
JOSEPH  
MICHAEL  
LINSNER  
FINISHED ART  
KEVIN J.  
TAYLOR

©1998 JML







WHERE IS HE?





THESE ARE  
PAWNS—

THEY'RE JUST  
TRYING TO BLOW  
ME TO PIECES—




WHERE'S THE  
KNIGHT?

THE ONE  
WHO'S GONNA  
PSYCH ME OUT  
AND BLOW  
MY MIND—

CRIPPLING  
IS EASY—

THESE DAYS ANY MORON  
CAN STRAP ON A  
PSI-ENHANCER  
AND BLOW HIS ENEMIES'  
EYES OUT—  
BUT IT TAKES  
SOMEONE WITH A GIFT,  
SOMEONE WITH  
REAL IMAGINATION  
TO GET INSIDE YOUR  
HEAD AND MAKE  
YOU CRY AT THE  
MEMORY OF  
CONVERSATIONS  
YOU'VE NEVER HAD—  
AND AFTER THAT,  
ONCE HE'S GOT  
YOUR GUARD DOWN—  
—BLAMMO—

TELE-DESTRUCTUS—



I WILL BE THE PERFECT  
SOLDIER—

BEING MAIMED  
DOESN'T SCARE ME—  
AT THIS POINT ANYTHING  
THAT I WANT TO KEEP  
IS TUCKED AWAY SAFELY  
INSIDE— TOO DEEP  
FOR ANYONE  
TO TOUCH—





WHO  
ARE  
YOU?

AAARRH!!  
THERE  
HE IS!!!

WHO ARE YOU NEXT TO  
THE ALMIGHTY FRAZ?

I...

I...

I AM MYSELF!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND. HOW CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT? -- YOU ARE KIDDING, RIGHT?

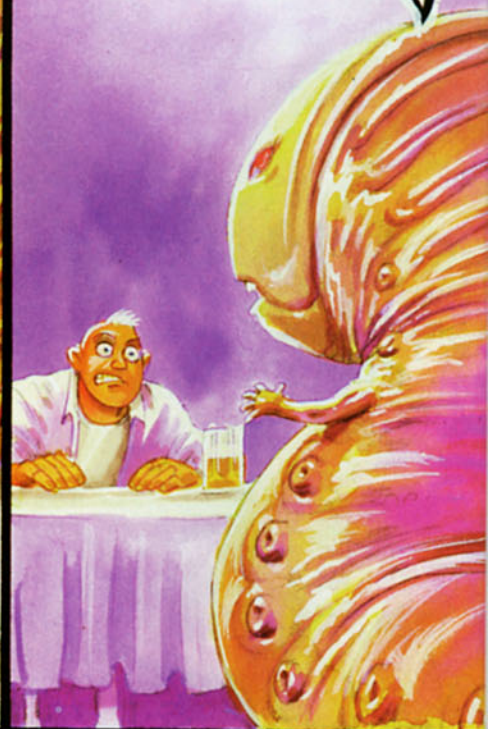
I'M TOTALLY SERIOUS...



YOU SIMPLY VIEW REALITY ONE WAY AND I ANOTHER. I SEE IT AS LOOSE AND FLOWING, AND YOU SEE IT AS TIGHTLY WRAPPED AND DEFINITE...



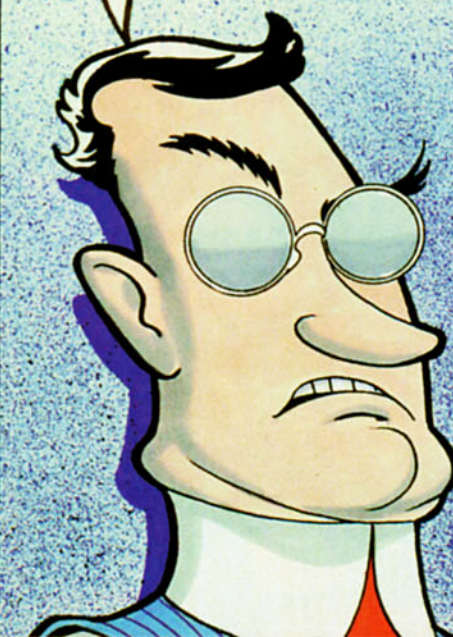
I WILL ADMIT, YOU ARE WRAPPED TIGHTER THAN I AM.



THE ... AH ... SEXUAL CONTENT HERE IS TOO STRONG. YOU'LL HAVE TO TONE IT DOWN.



IF YOUR WORK WAS OF A GOOD OLD FASHIONED, HONEST TO GOD, MAN TO MAN, VIOLENT NATURE -- THEN WE'D HAVE NO PROBLEM WITH IT.



BUT THIS 'SEX' BUSINESS HAS GOT TO GO.





ENOUGH--

I CAN'T  
FEEL IT--

I HATE  
TO SAY  
THIS  
BUT...

IT'S  
GONE.

IT'S TIME  
TO GROW  
UP.

IT'S  
OVER--

I'M  
TIRED OF  
LIVING A LIE.  
I HAVEN'T FELT  
ANYTHING IN  
MONTHS.

MY DESIRE  
TO BE A FOOL  
FOR YOU IS  
GONE.

IN  
FACT...

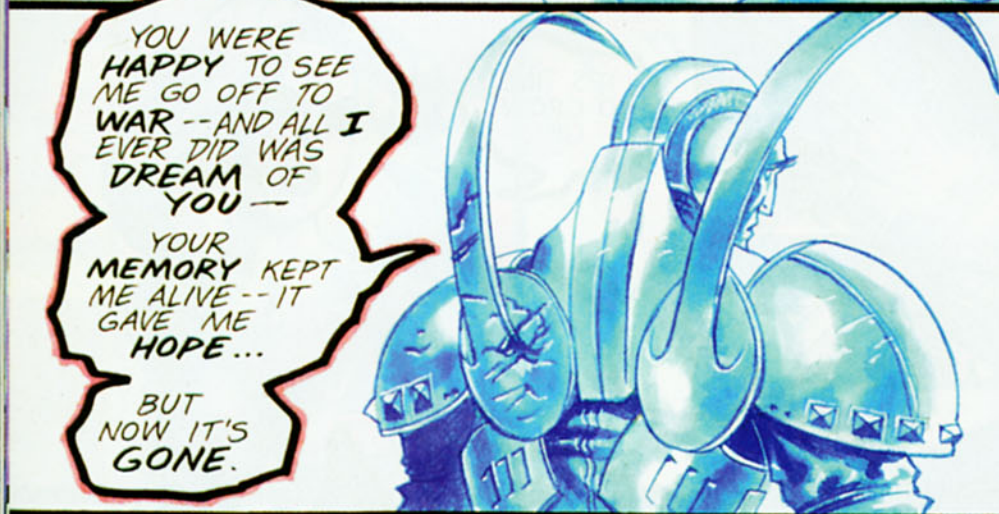
I NEVER  
LOVED  
YOU.

NO






YOU  
NEVER  
LOVED  
ME.



YOU WERE  
HAPPY TO SEE  
ME GO OFF TO  
WAR -- AND ALL I  
EVER DID WAS  
DREAM OF  
YOU --

YOUR  
MEMORY KEPT  
ME ALIVE -- IT  
GAVE ME  
HOPE...

BUT  
NOW IT'S  
GONE.



NOW  
I CAN SEE  
YOU FOR WHAT  
YOU ARE.



NO  
MORE  
ILLUSIONS--



GOODBYE  
CYNTHIA--





CYNTHIA-- HE GOT TO CYNTHIA,  
MY DREAM GIRL FROM BACK HOME...

I USUALLY KEEP MY  
HEAD FULL OF  
NONSENSE  
SCENARIOS  
TO PROTECT  
MY INNER  
WORLD.  
I SHOULD'VE  
KNOWN HE  
WAS GOOD WHEN  
HE THREW MY  
FAVORITE ARTIST  
AT ME...

I CAN'T BELIEVE HE TURNED  
CYNTHIA AGAINST ME.  
I'LL NEVER FEEL SAFE  
THINKING ABOUT HER AGAIN.  
THIS REALLY IS GOODBYE—  
I SWEAR, I LOSE A LITTLE BIT MORE  
EACH TIME OUT. MY HANDS. MY EYES.  
THIS TIME ... MY LOVER.



SOMEDAY I'LL BE THE PERFECT SOLDIER — BECAUSE SOMEDAY...



I'LL HAVE NOTHING LEFT TO LOSE —

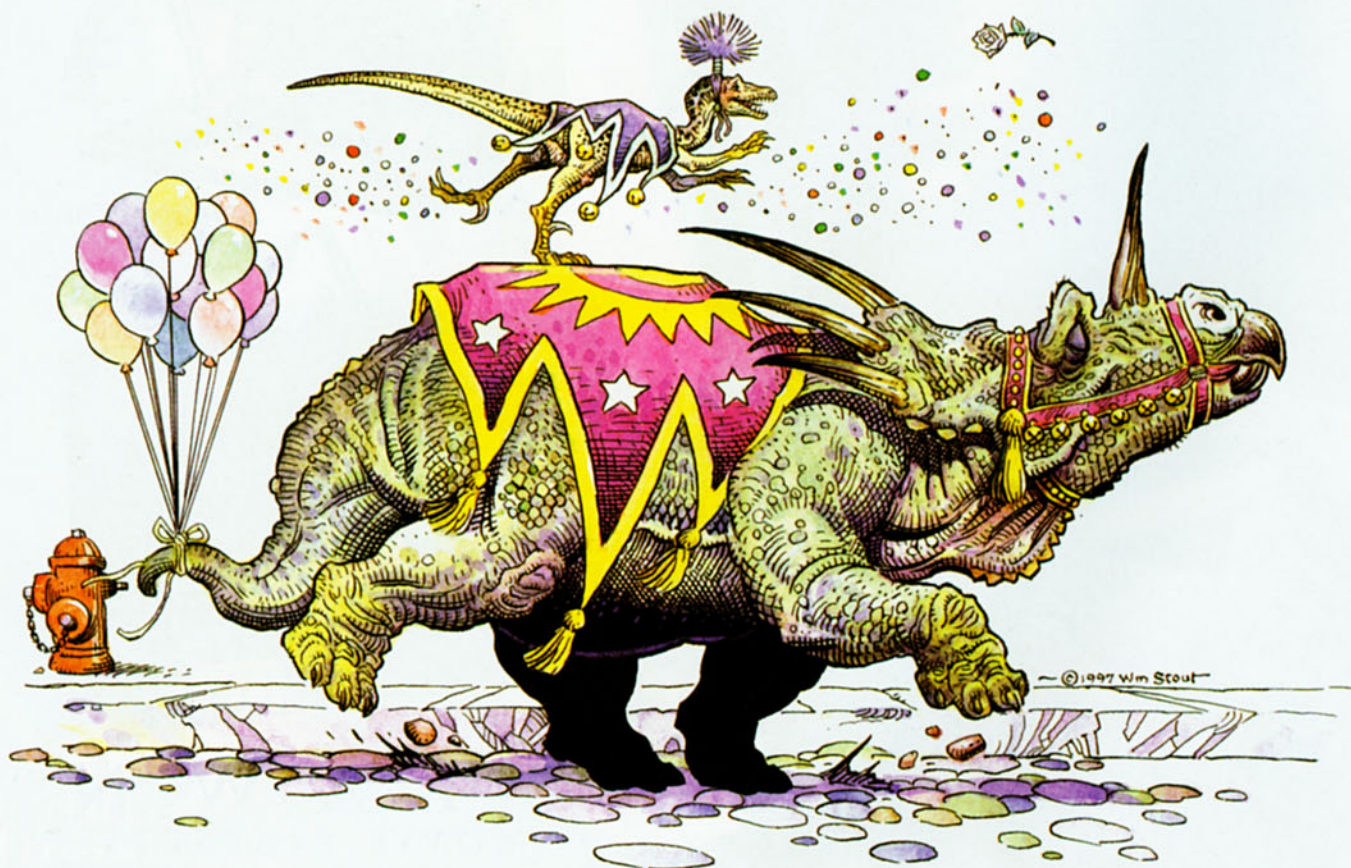




# THE DINOSAUR PARADE

Last night I was awoken  
To sleep's dark silence broken  
My dreams scattered to the night  
Tripping by tiptoe  
I slipped to my window  
And spied the most marvelous sight  
Of dinosaurs dancing  
And reptiles prancing  
Last night in the Dinosaur Parade.

From slumber they tumbled  
Ground under them rumbled  
They lumbered and fumbled  
For a place in the Dinosaur Parade.





As I sat I saw and listened  
Lizard skin in moonlight glistened  
Creatures ancient, weird and wizened  
Slinked into the Dinosaur Parade.

Plodding painted circus wagons  
Drawn by Earth's primeval dragons  
Dragged and pushed in slow progression  
Bumping some from the procession.  
Steps tripped into graceful stumble  
As more jumped to join the giant jumble  
Clumsy prancers found fancy feet  
Saurians bounced to the building beat.

Staggered spins; swirled spiraled leaps  
As reptiles reeled away their sleep  
Scores of creatures now in motion  
Freed from bonds of stone and ocean.

Duckbilled dandies danced as leaders  
Curved crests bobbing, throbbing meters  
Wrangling rolling rhythm beaters  
To the drums of the Dinosaur Parade.  
Pirouettes from Triceratops  
Performed as a sly pair of hops  
Establishing tone, style and pace  
Displaying elephantine grace  
A knowing smile crept 'cross her face  
Causing my heart and soul to race  
Last night in the Dinosaur Parade.

Monster max Tyrannosaurus  
Never could begin to bore us  
The gaping yawn of great big jaws  
Long dagger teeth and stronger claws  
First class unsurpassed worldbeater  
Royal supreme chief meat eater  
Naturally selected leader  
King of the Dinosaur Parade.

Brontosaurus blundered bold  
Stately howdah trimmed in gold  
Lumbered down the darkened street  
Ground thundered under great gray feet.

Pteranodons trilled tremeloed tunes  
Swooping, they zoomed past hot air balloons  
Harmonies crooned to choirs below  
Squeaks squealed high as ballads boomed low.

Heavenly lemon-lime lollipops  
Were peddled by Pentaceratops  
Bipedal Archaeopteryx  
Presented eye-popping optic tricks.

Stegosaurus, his plates erect,  
Designed for shade and to protect,  
Waddled forth with outstretched neck;  
A tail spike wake described its trek.  
The acrobat was a renegade Raptor  
He showed us how to elude a captor  
Bouncing hither and yon, this way and that  
A free style high flying clawed acrobat.

Creatures streamed on down the highway  
Rhamphorynchus swarmed the skyway  
Iguanodons sporting thumb spikes  
Tramped on timeworn local turnpikes  
Right where Main Street rounds the bend  
Thumped an armor plated friend  
Plodding plump ankylosaur  
Sporting club and spikes galore.

Corn dogs uncovered by carnivores  
Caused a hundred hungry dino-roars.  
Fat feeding frenzied dinosaurs  
Left trails of candied apple cores  
Cotton candy by the clawfull  
Caramel popcorn by the jawfull  
Fizzy soda filled each maw full  
Sweet, delicious, rich and awful  
That feast in the Dinosaur Parade.

A selection fine and classic  
From Triassic to Jurassic  
A collection of Cretaceous  
Both outrageous and bodacious.  
Of dinosaurs dancing  
And reptiles prancing  
Last night in the Dinosaur Parade.

As a new dawn's sun ascended  
The great pageant gently ended  
The saurians ceased their creeping  
Stopped their laughing, stayed their leaping  
Then lo, the final giant stepped  
Like some great tortoise crawled, then crept  
But, then, at one last moment---leapt!  
Within memories to be kept  
Of that night in the Dinosaur Parade.

Sinking back into my pillow  
Banners softly ceased their billow  
I slept from the dreams of ages  
Of old animals in stages  
Slipped free once from ancient cages  
I vowed to create these pages  
To bring back the Dinosaur Parade.



# I'M SEDIMENTAL OVER YOU

On this old dust an ocean danced;  
Sea mud consumed our long romance.  
Our lives lost to land primeval,  
Deaths disjoined by Earth's upheaval.  
Though loam and clay replaced our bones  
And our hearts' space filled up with  
stones,  
We lie at last entwined alone  
As I'm sedimental over you.

Lost in a strata, sphere's dark night;  
Like two schists passing in the night.  
I've missed you for a million years,  
A billion times, a trillion tears.  
Cast astray in time's mortared space,  
While we await some distant race.  
You shifted up between slate seams;  
I felt your kiss within my dreams.

But now so close, we almost touch;  
I want to be with you so much.  
I sifted down through drifted sand  
To touch upon your upturned hand.

A rain of years, raging weather  
Brought us both at last together.  
Now side by side, a rock romance,  
Tossed by time; embraced by chance.

The mountains rose, the oceans fell;  
I never wavered from your spell.  
Eons passed 'fore eyes had seen us  
And pried your form from layers 'tween  
us.  
They cracked and carved away your case  
To gaze upon your quarried face,  
Your quintessential frame of grace;  
I'm still sedimental over you.

Stripping binds of sandstone boulders,  
Exposed to light enwoven shoulders.  
Hammers, picks; chisels chipped us free.  
Shipped distantly from time's dead sea,  
Assembled none too carefully.  
I'm part of you and you of me,  
Together for eternity;  
Always sedimental over you.







# I HATE MAMMALS

Of all of the beasts  
I like mammals least  
They're ugly and hairy  
Their faces are scary  
They're small, tough and mean  
Smell bad; they're unclean  
They bear their kids live  
How do they survive?  
They suckle their young  
They make smelly dung  
I Hate Mammals!

Use a comb; Go back home; Make 'em roam;  
Get 'em outa here!

Keep those long nasal friskers  
Referred to as whiskers  
And their short furry legs  
Away from my eggs.  
They breed just like flies  
Too many of these guys  
They hop, skip and thump  
And make my heart jump  
Their noise is too loud  
For things so endowed  
I Hate Mammals!

They're the pits with their tits;  
Gives me fits  
Get 'em outa here!

They devour strange food  
They're coarse and they're rude  
Their bad attitude  
Gives me a foul mood.

Moving in; taking over  
Named "Spot", "Prince" and "Rover"  
Their poop's in our clover  
They've slunk like delinquents  
Through the Mesozoic sequence  
They're up to no good  
Not in our neighborhood!  
I Hate Mammals!

They're the worst; What a curse!  
We're the first  
Get 'em outa here!

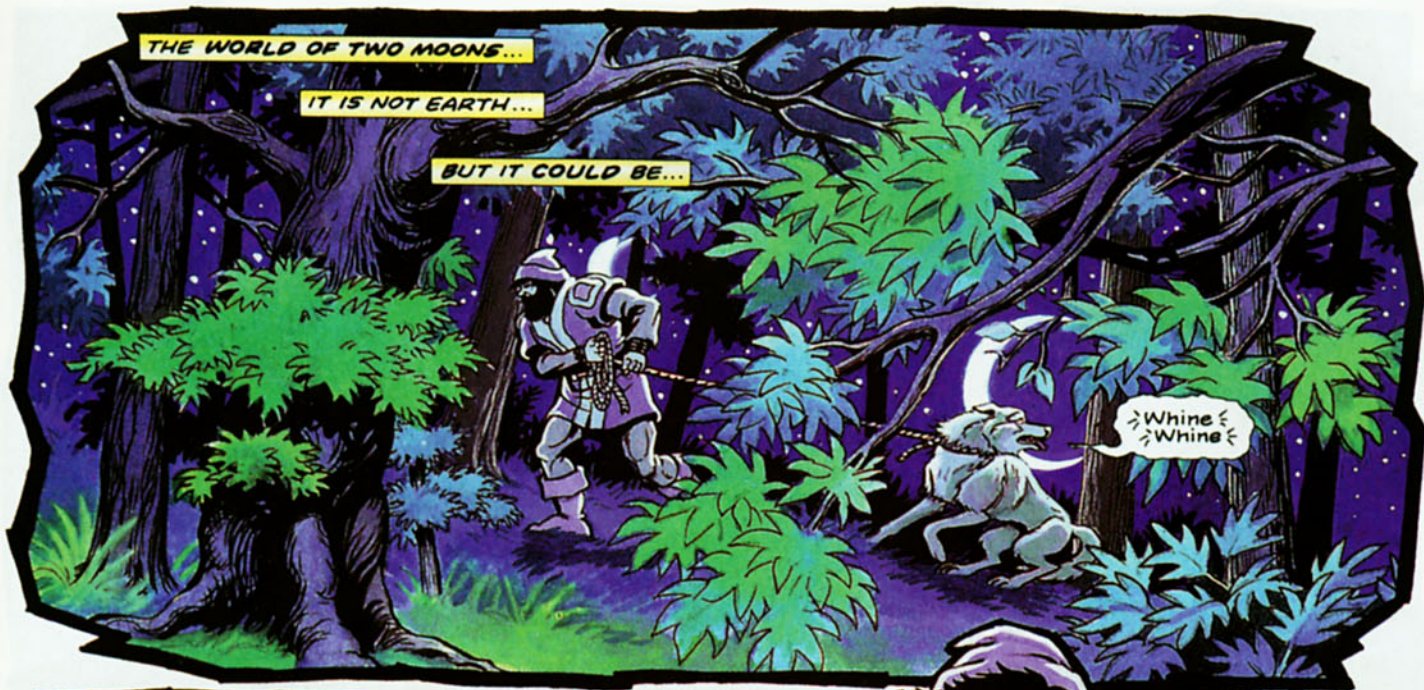
----Before it's too late!



THE WORLD OF TWO MOONS...

IT IS NOT EARTH...

BUT IT COULD BE...



>Whine<  
>Whine<



SHUT  
UP!!

>Whimper<  
>Whi-i-ne<



TRAITOR  
CUR!

>Choke<  
>Pant pant<

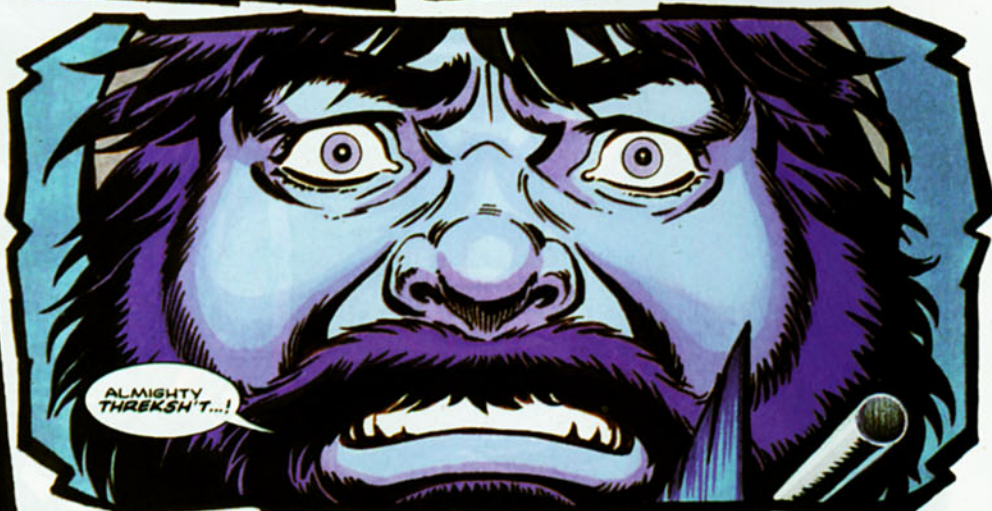


NOT  
CLEAN AND  
QUICK, WITH  
MY BLADE!  
OH, NO...



...NOT  
FOR THE  
LIKES OF  
YOU!







# "THE JURY"

STORY, SCRIPT AND ART BY: WENDY PINI  
LETTERING BY: CHUCK MALY

THE--THE  
HIDDEN  
ONES!!

THE OLD  
TALES ARE  
TRUE!

GRRR-RRR...

GRRROWLL...

RRRRRR...

ELFQUEST CREATED BY WENDY AND RICHARD PINI  
ELFQUEST ©1997 WARP GRAPHICS INC.  
--ALL RIGHTS RESERVED







"THEY WERE BOTH **STRONG** FROM THE START. LIKE TO TEAR THE HOUSE UP IF WE'D LET 'EM!"



"MY BOY LOVED THAT DOG!"

"SO DID I! HE WAS PART OF THE FAMILY..."



"...OUR PROTECTOR..."

"...MY HUNTING COMPANION."



"FOR A YEAR AND SOME IT WAS GOOD LIKE THAT."

"THEN... TONIGHT... JUST NOW..."



"...A CARELESS MOMENT... THE WIFE AND I ABOUT TO TURN IN... LOOKIN' AWAY."









"I'LL NEVER KNOW...!"



"NEVER..."



"THE SCREAMS... HIGH...  
HORRIBLE..."

"BUT THEN...THE QUIET!"

"I SAW... BEFORE  
SHE DID!"

"THAT AWFUL,  
DEAD QUIET!"

OH, HOLY  
THREKSHT!

OH...! OH...!

OH... MY... ..DEAR... ..GOD!

~pant pant~

mmh  
mmh  
mmh

MONSTER!!

TAKE  
HIM  
AWAY!

KILL  
HIM!!

KILL  
HIM!!















HIGH UP THIS RUGGED MOUNTAIN SIDESIDE, WHERE THE LONG WHISPERED-OF "HIDDEN ONES" DWELL IN THE TOTAL FREEDOM THEY HOLD SACRED...

...NO CREATURE HAS EVER BEEN LED, BOUND, BY A ROPE.

HIGH UP THIS RUGGED MOUNTAIN SIDE, WHERE THE LONG WHISPERED-OF "HIDDEN ONES" DWELL IN THE TOTAL FREEDOM THEY HOLD SACRED...

...NO CREATURE HAS EVER BEEN LED, BOUND, BY A ROPE.

AND NO ONE, BEAST OR HUMAN,  
HAS EVER DARED ENTER THE ELFIN  
WOLFRIDERS' SECRET FOREST HAVEN...

...UNINVITED.

CHIEF CUTTER GIVES  
THE COMMAND... A  
SILENT, MENTAL CALL...

**REDLANCE!**  
**OPEN UP!**

AND NO ONE, BEAST OR HUMAN,  
HAS EVER DARED ENTER THE ELFIN  
WOLFRIDERS' SECRET FOREST HAVEN...

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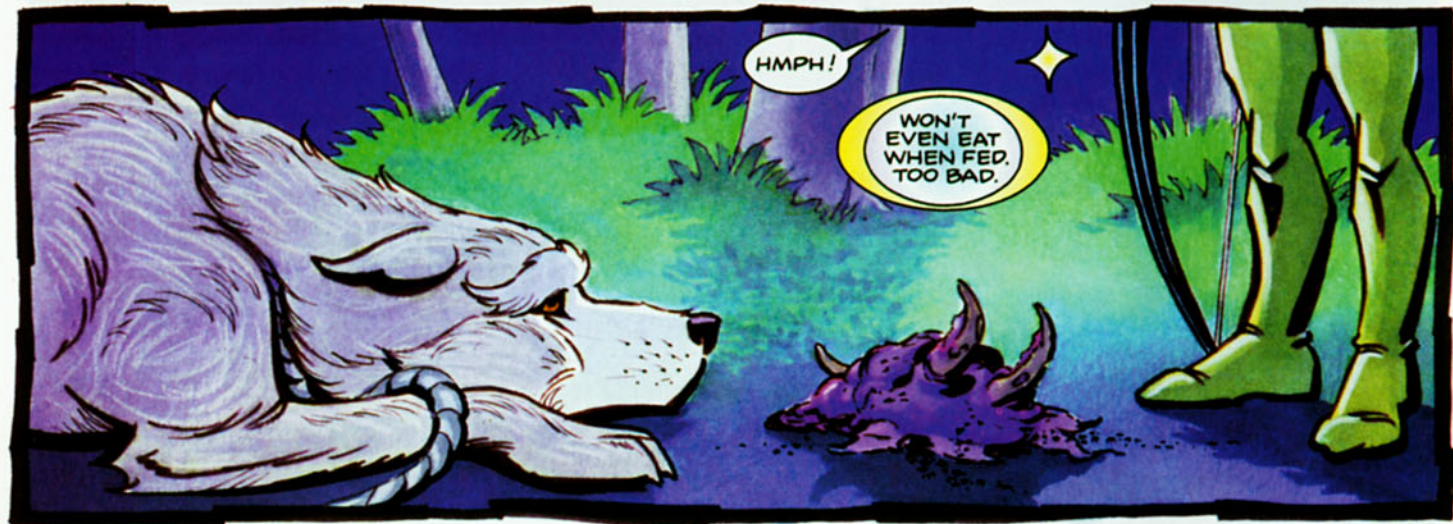
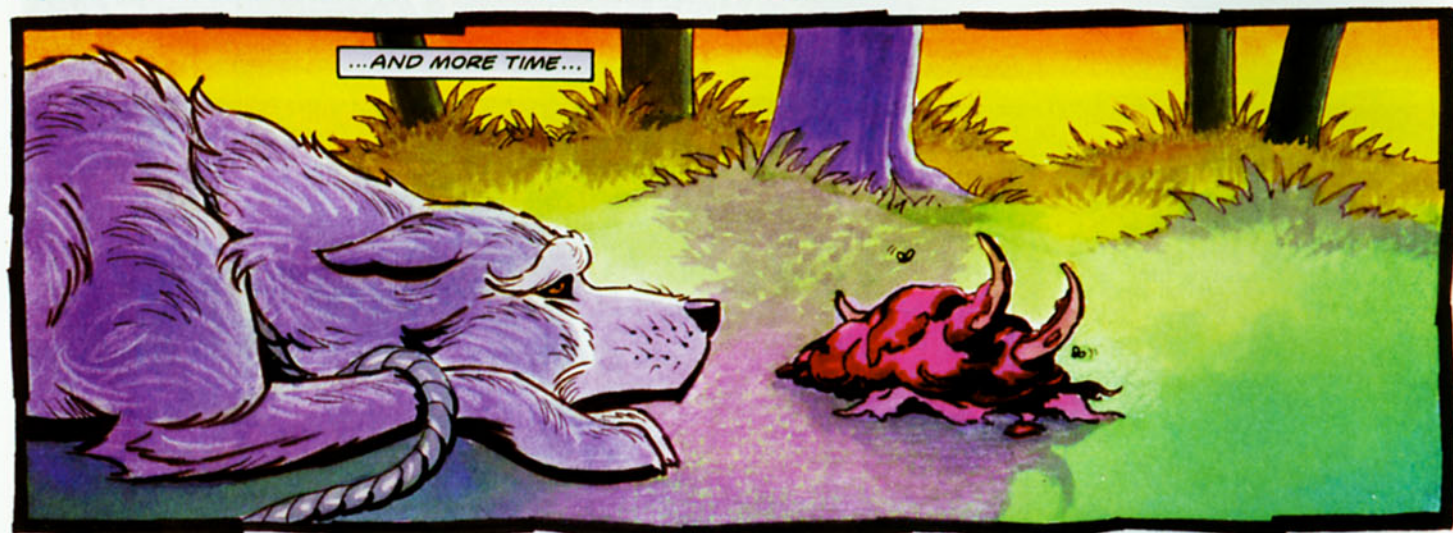
CHIEF CUTTER GIVES  
THE COMMAND... A  
SILENT, MENTAL CALL...

REDLANCE!  
OPEN UP!



















# HELLRIDERS

BY JOE JUSKO

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

THEY COULD NOT  
HAVE PASSED THIS  
WAY, PRIESTESS!

WE MUST  
TURN BACK!







YES, PERHAPS  
YOU'RE... WAIT!  
WHAT'S THIS?



GASOLINE!  
THEY'RE LEAKING  
FUEL!



SEARCH THE  
AREA!

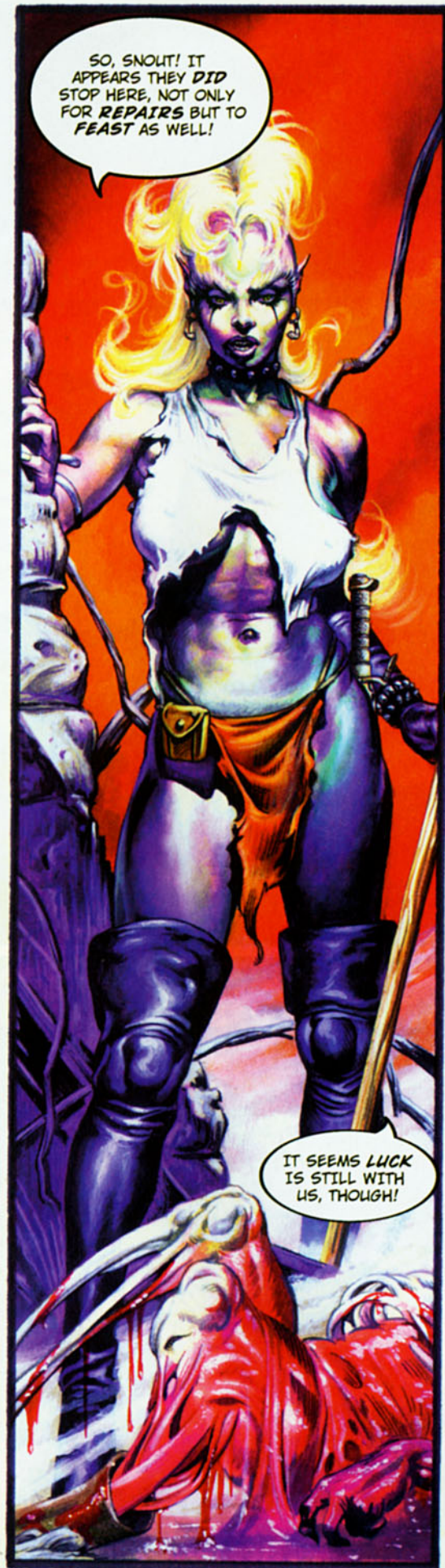
THEY MAY *STILL*  
BE THERE, HIDDEN  
FROM VIEW!



PRIESTESS  
PAIGYN!

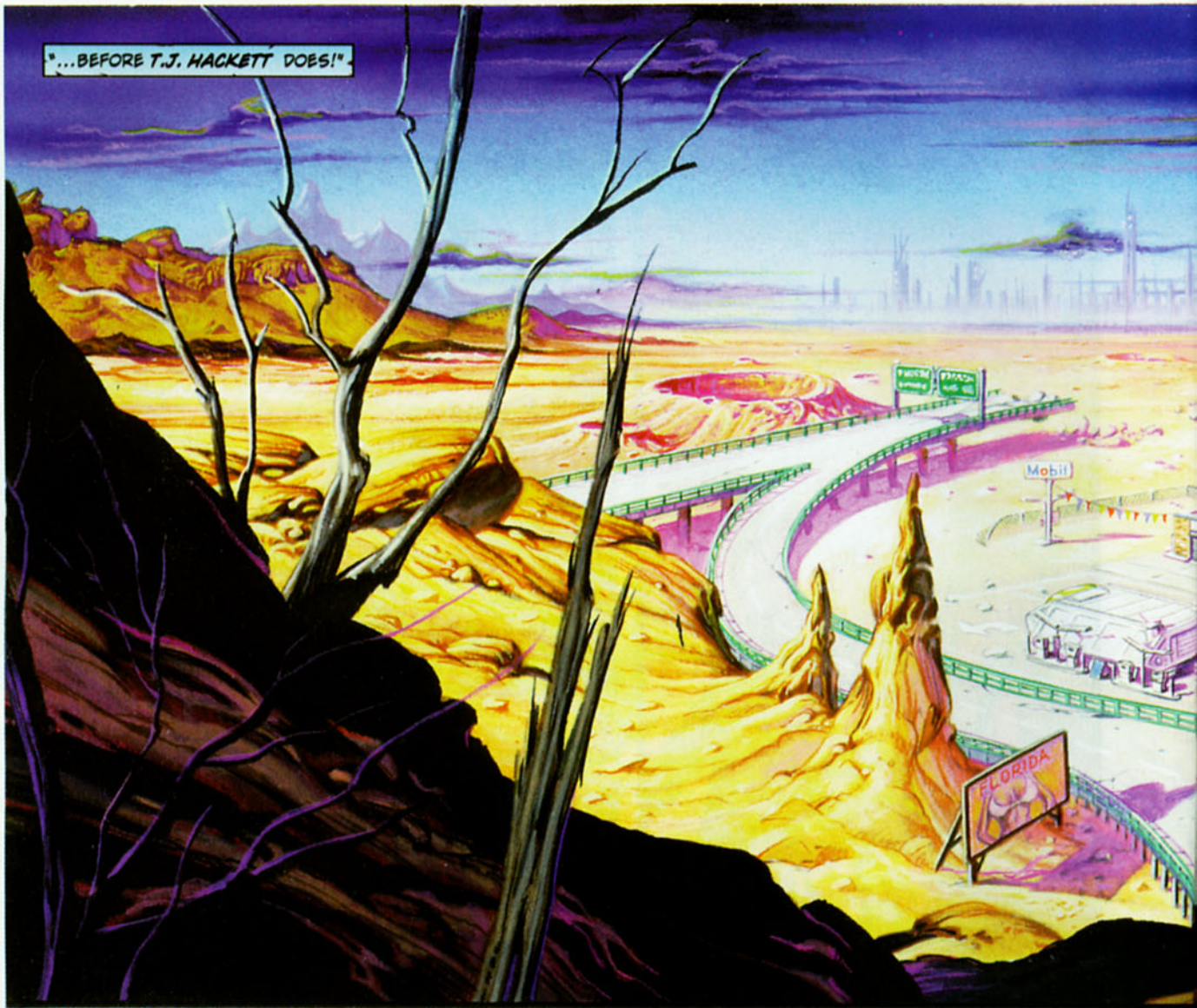
OVER HERE!  
COME QUICK!







"...BEFORE T.J. HACKETT DOES!"



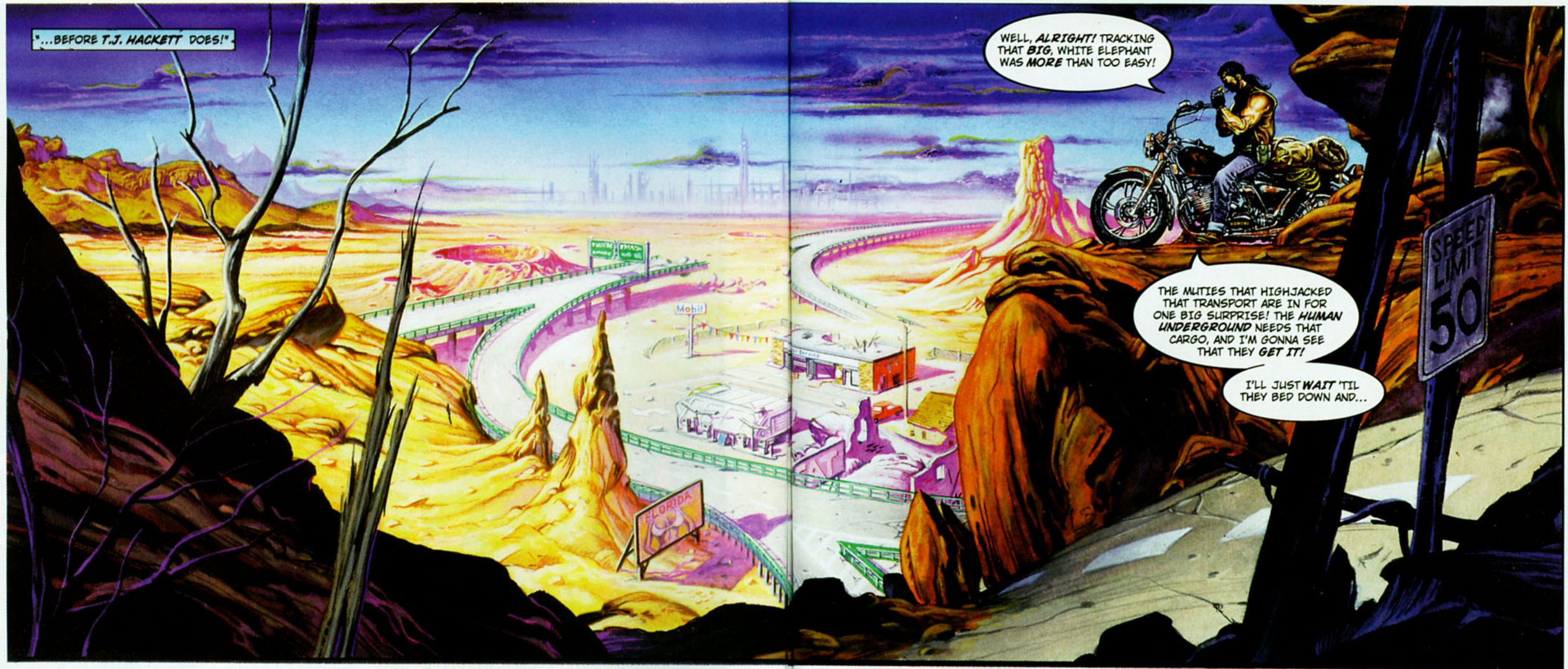
WAITAMINIT!  
WHAT'S GOING ON?



"DAMN! THEY'RE NOT WAITING! LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE  
JERRY-RIGGING SOME KIND OF FUEL LINE"







"...BEFORE T.J. HACKETT DOES!"

WELL, ALRIGHT! TRACKING THAT BIG, WHITE ELEPHANT WAS MORE THAN TOO EASY!

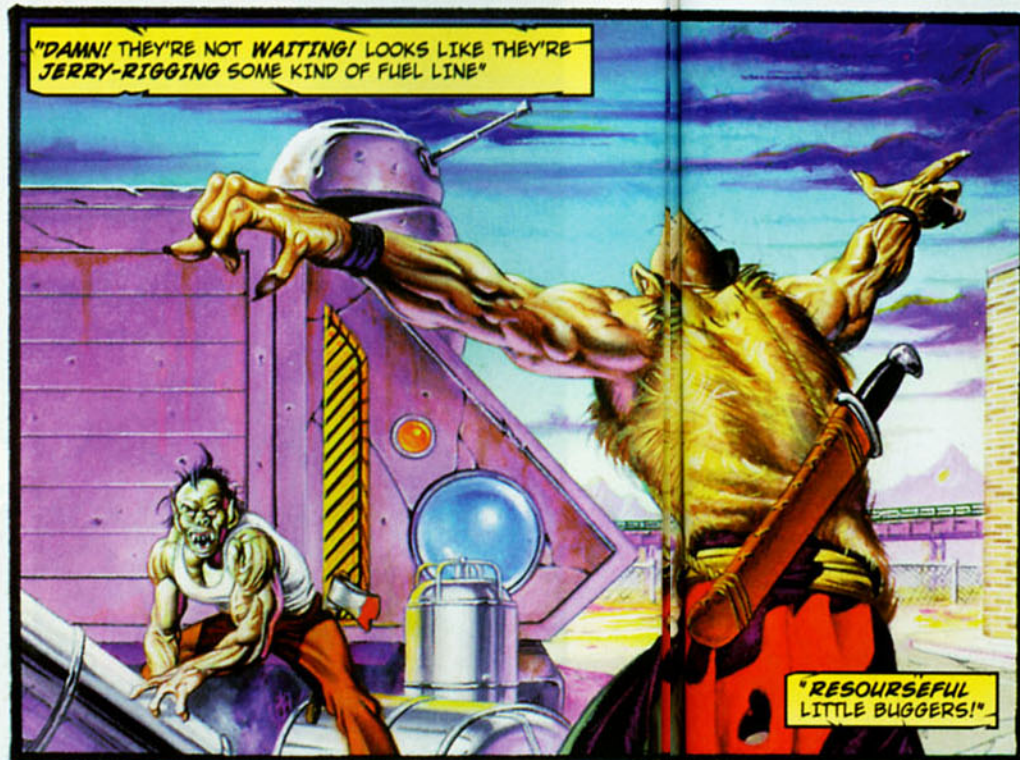
THE MUTIES THAT HIGHJACKED THAT TRANSPORT ARE IN FOR ONE BIG SURPRISE! THE HUMAN UNDERGROUND NEEDS THAT CARGO, AND I'M GONNA SEE THAT THEY GET IT!

I'LL JUST WAIT 'TIL THEY BED DOWN AND...

SPEED LIMIT 50



WAITAMINIT!  
WHAT'S GOING ON?



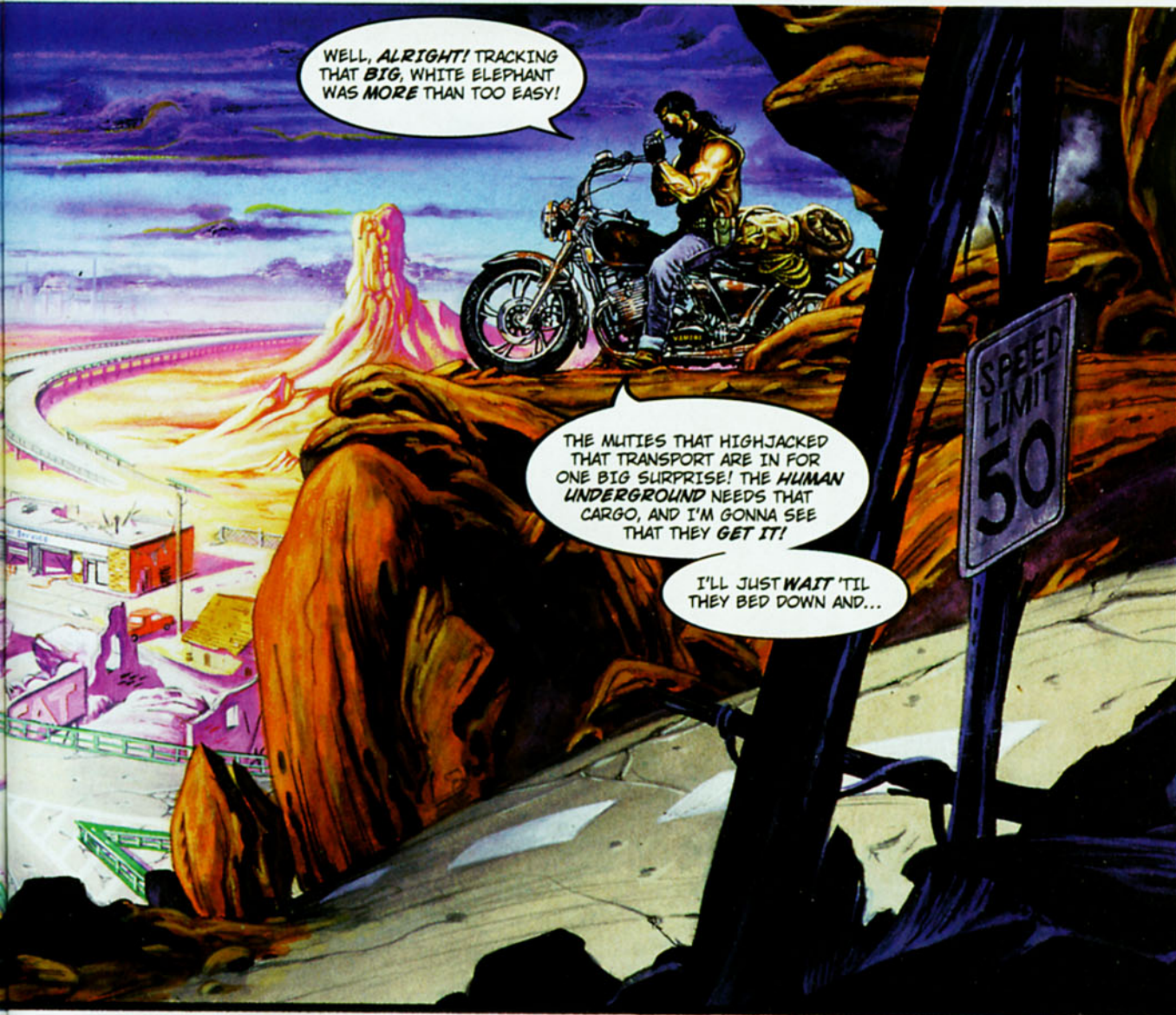
"DAMN! THEY'RE NOT WAITING! LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE JERRY-RIGGING SOME KIND OF FUEL LINE"

"RESOURCEFUL LITTLE BUGGERS!"



IT'S ALMOST A SHAME TO HAVE TO KEEP KILLING THEM!





WELL, ALRIGHT! TRACKING THAT **BIG**, WHITE ELEPHANT WAS MORE THAN TOO EASY!

THE MUTIES THAT HIGHJACKED THAT TRANSPORT ARE IN FOR ONE BIG SURPRISE! THE **HUMAN UNDERGROUND** NEEDS THAT CARGO, AND I'M GONNA SEE THAT THEY **GET IT!**

I'LL JUST WAIT 'TIL THEY BED DOWN AND...



"RESOURCEFUL LITTLE BUGGERS!"



IT'S ALMOST A SHAME TO HAVE TO KEEP KILLING THEM!



T.J. HACKETT IS A GRISLED VETERAN OF THE POST-CONFLAGRATION MUTANT WAR!



THERE IS NOT MUCH THAT HE HAS NOT SEEN, OR HE HIMSELF DONE SINCE JOINING THIS CAMPAIGN.



NOTHING, HOWEVER COULD HAVE PREPARED HIM FOR THIS!



CHARNEL HOUSE DOES NOT BEGIN TO DESCRIBE THE SIGHT BEFORE HIM!



WAVES OF NAUSEA CASCADE OVER HIM! IT IS ALL HE CAN DO TO KEEP FROM WRETCHING AT THE STENCH OF ROTTED MEAT AND DECAYING FLESH!

HORROR AND REVULSION QUICKLY TURN TO BURNING HATRED AND UNBRIDLED FURY!

A BLOODLUST WELLS WITHIN HIM...




AND A VENGEANCE FOR ALL HUMANITY BECOMES HIS ONLY DESIRE!





GOD! THE STENCH IS  
MAKING MY EYES TEAR!  
I CAN'T SEE SH..

WHAK!



WELL, WELL! A BIG HUNK  
OF USDA PRIME BEEF!

"IS HE DEAD?"

"I DON'T... WAIT!"

"HE'S COMING TO!"

"GOOD"

"I'VE FOUND HUMANS TO  
BE A LOT LIKE LOBSTER..."



...THEY ALWAYS TASTE  
BETTER WHEN YOU COOK  
THEM ALIVE!





...THEY ALWAYS TASTE  
BETTER WHEN YOU COOK  
THEM ALIVE!



TO BE CONTINUED





TO BE CONTINUED



# Little Things?

BY TONY DANIEL AND  
BAHAREH HARANDI

INKS: HOWARD M. SHUM  
COLORS: BLUE EARTH PRESS

9:00PM ROANOKE, VIRGINIA.

TIME FOR ANOTHER NIGHTMARE.

MAN, TOMMY JONES GETS  
TO STAY UP ALL NIGHT! HE  
GETS TO WATCH RERUNS  
AND MTV AND STUFF. WISH  
I WAS OVER THERE.

BUT NOOOO, I GOTTA GO  
TO BED ALL EARLY. NO  
RERUNS, NO MTV. NO NOTHING.

'CEPT THE FREAKIN'  
MONSTERS.

SHUFFLE  
SHUFFLE  
SHUFFLE

-GROAN-HERE COMES  
GRAMPS, JUST LIKE  
CLOCKWORK. DOESN'T  
HE EVER FORGET TO  
CHECK ON ME?

PEE WEE! I DON'T SEE  
YOU IN BED! IF I DON'T  
SEE YOU IN BED, I CAN'T  
TUCK YOU IN...

AW GRAMPS, I DON'T  
FEEL LIKE IT. I CAN'T  
NEVER GET TO SLEEP  
BEFORE MIDNIGHT  
ANYMORE ANYHOW!

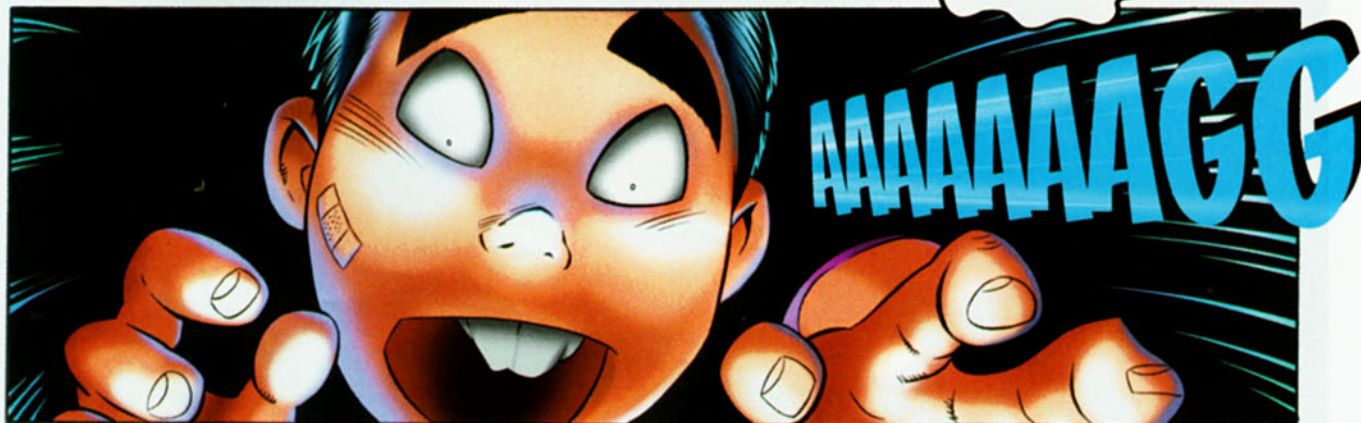
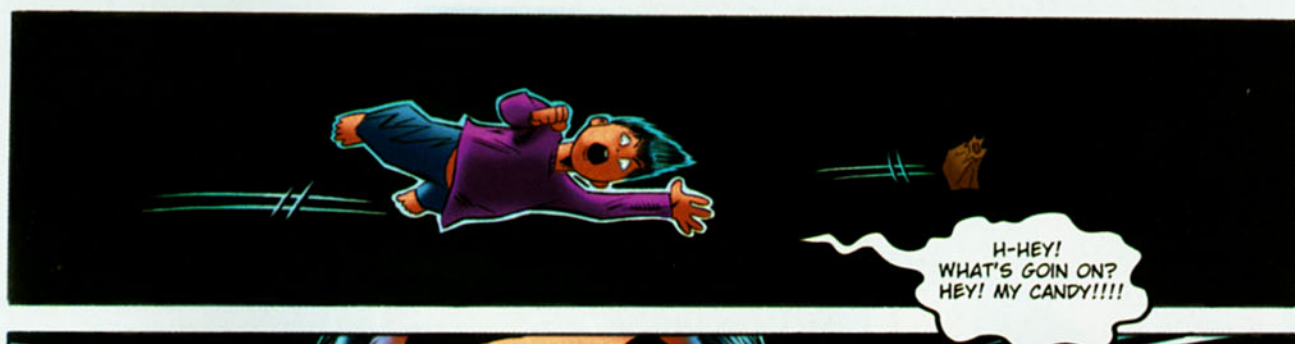
I KNEW LETTING YOU PLAY  
THOSE GOSH-DARNED VIDEO  
GAMES BEFORE BED WOULD  
KEEP YOU FROM SLEEPING!

NAH, GRAMPS. TOON RAIDER  
PUTS ME TO SLEEP. IT'S THESE  
MONSTERS. EVERY TIME I GO  
TO BED, THEY KEEP SINGING  
AND STUFF.

PEE WEE! YOU HAVEN'T  
BEEN EATING CANDY IN  
BED, HAVE YOU??!!

MONSTERS, EH? SINGING?  
HMM...LET'S HAVE A LOOK-SEE.  
NOPE, NO MONSTERS HERE!  
WAIT A MINUTE...













AW MAN,  
WHAT AM I ON?  
A GIANT FLYING  
LILYPAD?

I CAN NEVER  
GET A BREAK!



I DUNNO  
WHERE THIS  
FREAKIN' LILYPAD  
IS HEADED, AND  
I DON'T WANNA  
KNOW!!



WHAT IS THIS,  
ATTACK OF THE  
KILLER LILYPADS?



blubbblubbblubbblub

GREAT  
NOW I'M STUCK.  
AT LEAST I GOT  
MY CANDY BACK!

TEEHEEHEE...  
ISN'T HE THE  
CUTEST LITTLE  
THING?

AWRIGHT!  
THAT'S IT!  
WHOEVER YOU  
ARE, COME OUT  
AND FIGHT LIKE  
A MAN!



I DUNNO WHO OR WHAT YOU GUYS ARE, BUT I WANNA GO HOME, AND I WANNA GO HOME NOW!

THIS OUTGHTA BE GOOD.

YAAAAWWWN. QUIT THE DRAMA, KID.

SOOOOO... YOU WANT US TO GET YOU HOME, HUH? WHY SHOULD WE DO THAT? WHAT HAVE YOU EVER DONE FOR US?

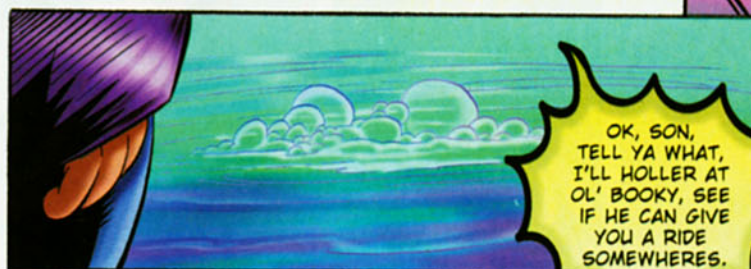
AND YOU BETTER MAKE IT GOOD, 'CUZ I'M IN THE MOOD FOR SOME CRUNCHINGS AND MUNCHINGS!!

UH, CUZ I'M A GOOD KID?

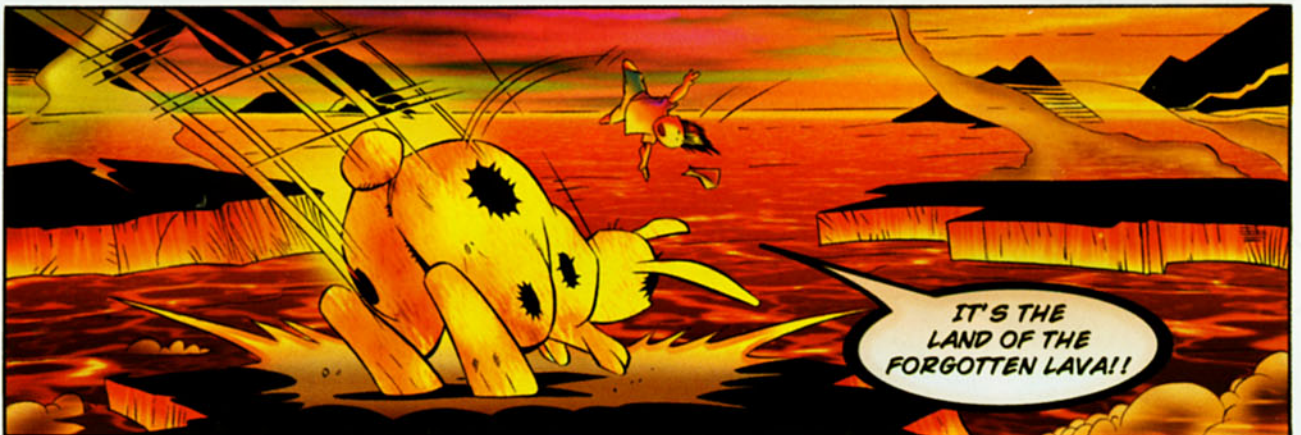
CANDY?! WHAT DO I WANT WITH CANDY WHEN I GOTTS ALL THESE YUMMY FLIES AND SPIDERS AND THINGS!?

CUZ I CAN GIVE YOU CANDY?











HEY, WATCH IT, BOZO!  
THIS IS RIDII-CALESS!

SORRY, PEE WEE,  
I CAN'T STICK AROUND!  
I GOTTA GO NOW!

HOLY  
SWEET  
JESUS!

HUH?

YOU DUMB RABBIT!  
WAIT TIL I GET HOME!  
I'M GONNA TEAR UP  
EVERY ONE OF MY  
SISTER'S STUFFED  
BUNNIES!

MY PRAYERS  
HAVE FINALLY  
BEEN ANSWERED!

AFTER ALL THESE  
YEARS OF WAITING --  
I FINALLY GET TO  
EAT MORE CANDY!

FRENCH FRIED  
KID AND DESERT  
TO BOOT!

AAAAAAGGGGGHHHHH!

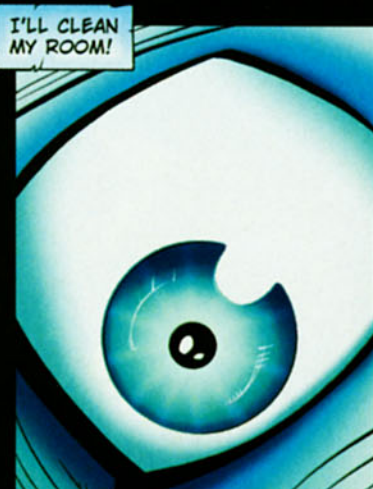
PLEASE DON'T  
EAT ME, MISTER,  
PLEASE PLEASE

I-I'LL BE  
GOOD--I SWEAR!



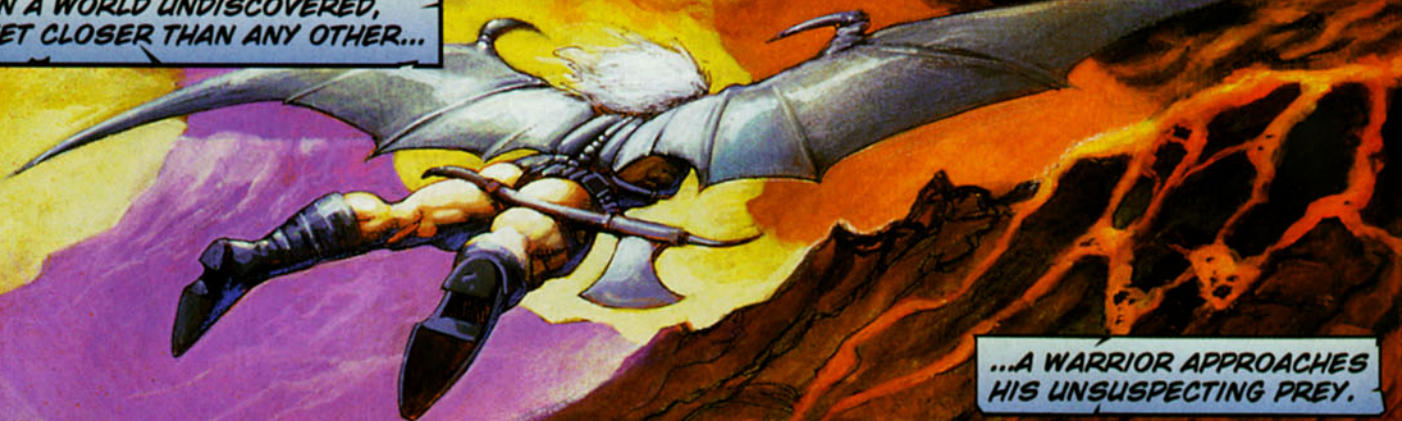








IN A WORLD UNDISCOVERED,  
YET CLOSER THAN ANY OTHER...



...A WARRIOR APPROACHES  
HIS UNSUSPECTING PREY.



SENSES HEIGHTENED...



HIS PULSE QUICKENED  
FROM THE FLIGHT.

# INFERNUS TERRA

STORY: ELIO LEONE ART: ALEX HORLEY

HE EYES HIS NEXT CONQUEST.











FEELING THE AIR RUSH UNDER HIM, HE TURNS BACK TO CAMP.



WHERE HIS LORD, Y'BOR, AWAITS....



I KNEW YOU WERE GOOD FOR SOMETHING.




DID YOU FIND THEIR CAMP?

I'VE LOCATED OUR NEXT VICTIMS, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE ASKING.

YOU MAY BE THE LORD'S FAVORITE BUTCHER BUT I FIND YOUR METHODS REPULSIVE.

YOUR OPINION OF ME IS NOT SHARED BY YOUR SISTER. SHE FINDS MY METHODS ENTIRELY STIMULATING.





AHHH....CYRUS,  
MY VICIOUS DISCIPLE.

IT SEEMS MY  
LORD STILL FINDS  
TIME TO ENJOY  
LIFE'S PLEASURES.

THE LOCATION OF  
OUR NEXT SLAUGHTER.

BUT OF COURSE,  
WITHOUT PLEASURE,  
LIFE IS NOTHING. NOW,  
WHAT DID YOU FIND?

LETS KILL THEM  
ALL, SHALL WE?

AND CYRUS, INSTRUCT  
THE GUARDS TO GIVE  
ME PRIVACY, I'LL BE  
BUSY FOR A WHILE.



THE SKY AND EARTH FILL WITH  
THE ATTACKING MARAUDERS...



THE EARTH SHAKES  
AND THE PREY QUIVERS...

WE'RE TRAPPED!  
THERE'S TOO MANY  
OF THEM...I DON'T  
WANT TO DIE.



WE MAY **DIE** TODAY.  
BUT NOT WITHOUT FIRST  
SENDING A FEW OF THESE  
BASTARDS TO HELL!



HELL? ISN'T THIS HELL?  
DEATH IS IN THE AIR.





THE SLAUGHTER  
BEGINS...

HORLEY '91





THE SLAUGHTER  
BEGINS...

HORLEY '91



CONTINUED  
NEXT ISSUE!



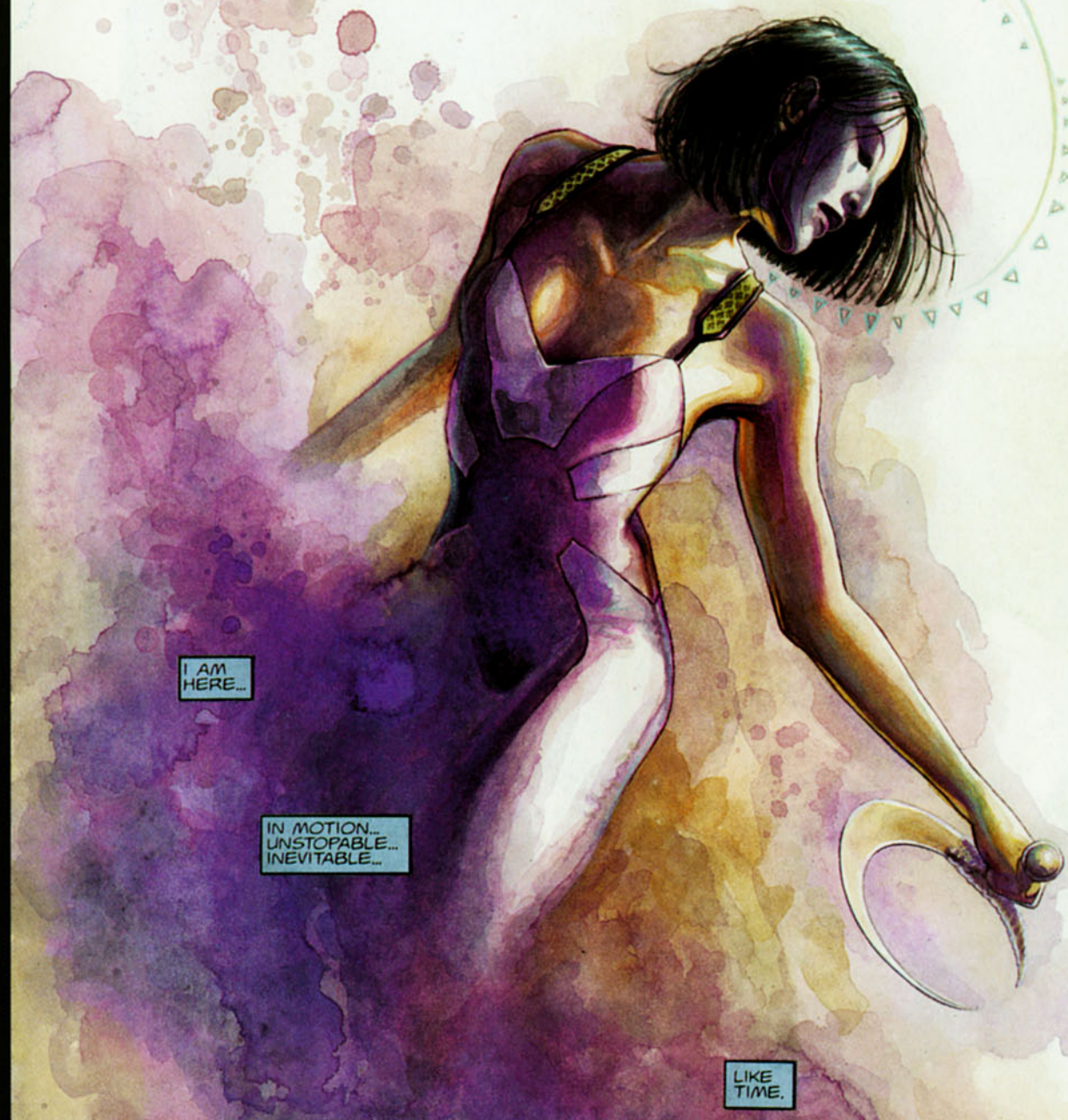


CONTINUED  
NEXT ISSUE!



# K A B U K I

歌舞伎



M A C K





AS SEEN

I AM  
HERE...

UNMOVING...  
FROZEN...  
A FELON OF  
NEWTON'S LAW...



ON



TV



AN OBJECT  
AT REST.



バスの視線も  
もうコワくない!

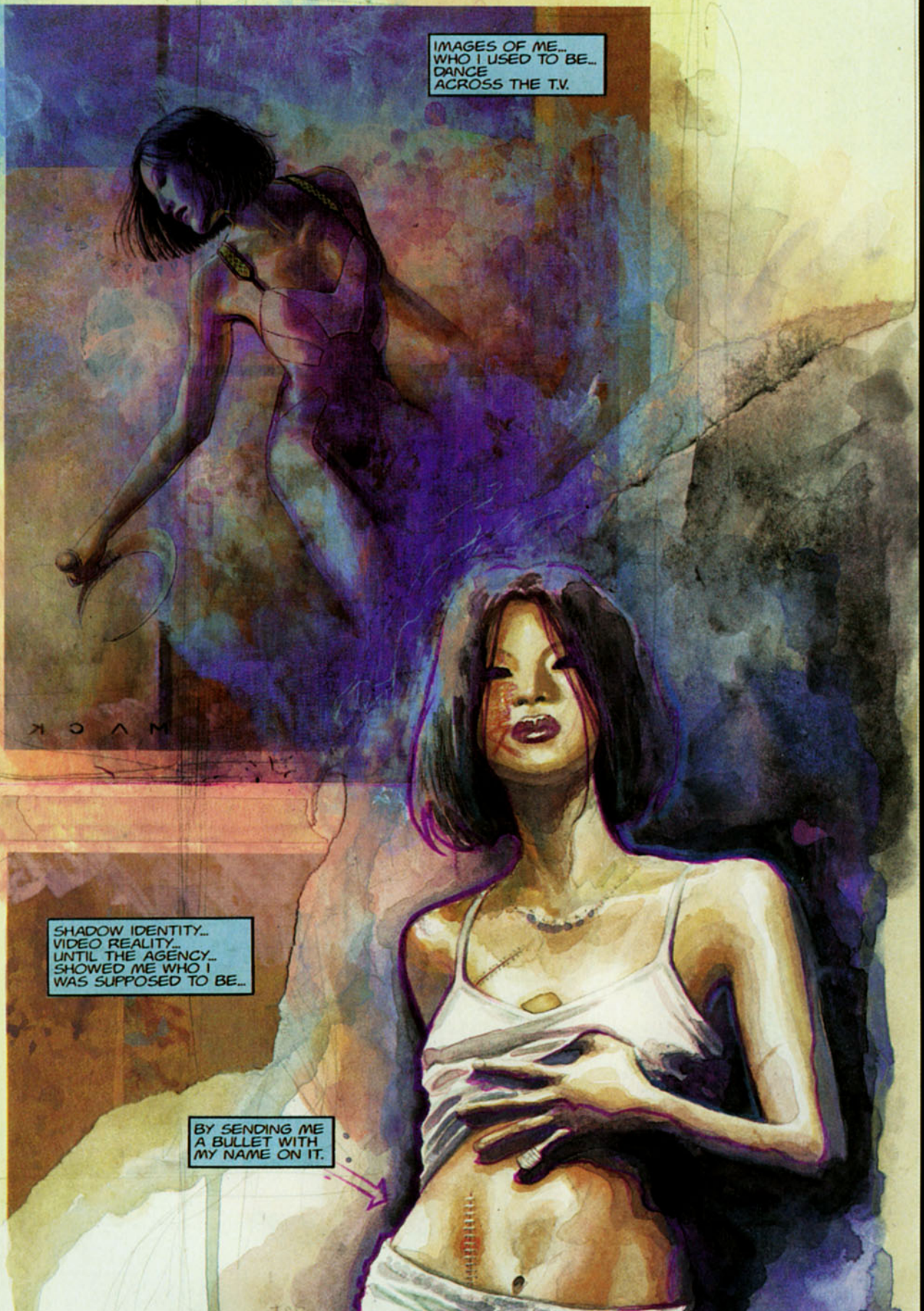


CHECK!

劇場

THE TELEVISION  
REMAINS IN MOTION.  
COMOTION. AGENTS  
OF THE NOH.





IMAGES OF ME...  
WHO I USED TO BE...  
DANCE  
ACROSS THE T.V.

SHADOW IDENTITY...  
VIDEO REALITY...  
UNTIL THE AGENCY...  
SHOWED ME WHO I  
WAS SUPPOSED TO BE...

BY SENDING ME  
A BULLET WITH  
MY NAME ON IT.



ALL THE KINGS HORSES... AND ALL THE KINGS MEN...

THE FLAG

MY HACO CIRCLE

IF YOU COULD SEE WHAT THESE HANDS HAVE DONE...

AND

TURNING

FREE THINGS FROM A DIFFERENT POINT OF VIEW

REAL ESTATE

G 188

MY NAME

HEART

LUNG

FINGER

TOUCH

SHIP SHIP

STITCH

STITCH

STAPLE

THEY REMOVED

GUN SHOT, CLEAN THROUGH

CUT CLIP

SCISSOR

FORK

KNIFE

OF SHREDDED 1 FT. SMALL IN TEXTURE

SILVERWARE REMINDING OF SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS

THE EMPEROR'S SURGEONS...

PUT ME TOGETHER AGAIN.

ALL THE KINGS HORSES... AND ALL THE KINGS MEN...

IF YOU COULD SEE WHAT THOSE HANDS HAVE DONE...

THE FLAG

MY HACO CIRCLE

I'M SMART! MOTOR SKILLS, DIFFERENT SECTION, BAD MEMORIES, PROBLEM SOLVING

FREE THINGS FROM A DIFFERENT POINT OF VIEW

REAL ESTATE

MY NAME

HEART

LUNG

LIVER

STOMACH

SPINE

FINGER

TOE

SHIP SHIP

STITCH STITCH STAPLE

THEY REMOVED

GUN SHOT, CLEAN THROUGH

CUT CUT

SHIP SHIP

OF SHREDDED 1 FT. SMALL IN TESTE

SILVERWARE REMINDING OF SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS

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SHIP SHIP

FORK

OF SHREDDED 1 FT. SMALL IN TESTE

THE EMPEROR'S SURGEONS...

PUT ME TOGETHER AGAIN.

SILVERWARE REMINDING OF SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS

I REMEMBER WHEN I WAS YOUNG, I WAS A MESSY TABLE SETTING, IT WAS SCARY, THE

ALL THE KINGS HORSES... AND ALL THE KINGS MEN...

IF YOU COULD SEE WHAT THESE HANDS HAVE DONE...

THE FLAG

MY HACO CIRCLE

I'M SMART! MOTOR SKILLS, DIFFERENT SECTION, BAD MEMORIES, PROBLEM SOLVING

FREE THINGS FROM A DIFFERENT POINT OF VIEW

REAL ESTATE

MY NAME

HEART

LUNG

FINGER

SHIP SHIP

STITCH STITCH STAPLE

THEY REMOVED

GUN SHOT, CLEAN THROUGH

CUT CUT

SHIP SHIP

OF SHREDDED 1 FT. SMALL IN TESTE

SILVERWARE REMINDING OF SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS

THE EMPEROR'S SURGEONS...

PUT ME TOGETHER AGAIN.

ALL THE KINGS HORSES... AND ALL THE KINGS MEN...

IF YOU COULD SEE WHAT THESE HANDS HAVE DONE...

THE FLAG

MY HACO CIRCLE

I'M SMART! MOTOR SKILLS, DIFFERENT SECTION, BAD MEMORIES, PROBLEM SOLVING

FREE THINGS FROM A DIFFERENT POINT OF VIEW

REAL ESTATE

MY NAME

HEART

LUNG

LIVER

STOMACH

SPINE

FINGER

TOE

SHIP SHIP

STITCH STITCH STAPLE

THEY REMOVED

GUN SHOT, CLEAN THROUGH

CUT CUT

SHIP SHIP

OF SHREDDED 1 FT. SMALL IN TESTE

SILVERWARE REMINDING OF SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS

THE EMPEROR'S SURGEONS...

PUT ME TOGETHER AGAIN.

ALL THE KINGS HORSES... AND ALL THE KINGS MEN...

IF YOU COULD SEE WHAT THESE HANDS HAVE DONE...

THE FLAG

MY HACO CIRCLE

I'M SMART! MOTOR SKILLS, DIFFERENT SECTION, BAD MEMORIES, PROBLEM SOLVING

FREE THINGS FROM A DIFFERENT POINT OF VIEW

REAL ESTATE

MY NAME

HEART

LUNG

LIVER

STOMACH

SPINE

FINGER

TOE

SHIP SHIP

STITCH STITCH STAPLE

THEY REMOVED

GUN SHOT, CLEAN THROUGH

CUT CUT

SHIP SHIP

OF SHREDDED 1 FT. SMALL IN TESTE

SILVERWARE REMINDING OF SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS

THE EMPEROR'S SURGEONS...

PUT ME TOGETHER AGAIN.

[illegible]

ALL THE KINGS HORSES... AND ALL THE KINGS MEN...

IF YOU COULD SEE WHAT THOSE HANDS HAVE DONE...

THE FLAG

MY HACO CIRCLE

I'M SMART! MOTOR SKILLS, DIFFERENT SECTION, BAD MEMORIES, PROBLEM SOLVING

FREE THINGS FROM A DIFFERENT POINT OF VIEW

REAL ESTATE

MY NAME

HEART

LUNG

SPICE

FINGER

BONE

SHIP SHIP

STITCH STITCH STAPLE

THEY REMOVED

GUN SHOT, CLEAN THROUGH

CUT CUT

SHARP

OF SHREDDED 1 FT. SMALL IN TESTE

SILVERWARE REMINDING OF SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS

THE EMPEROR'S SURGEONS...

PUT ME TOGETHER AGAIN.

ALL THE KINGS HORSES...  
AND ALL THE KINGS MEN...

IF YOU  
COULD SEE  
WHAT THESE  
HANDS  
HAVE DONE.

REMEMBER WHEN I WAS LITTLE,  
IT WAS SCARY!

SILVERWARE FENINDING &  
SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS

PUT ME  
TOGETHER  
AGAIN.

THE EMPEROR'S  
SURGEONS...

THE FLAG  
MY HAD  
CIRCLE

I'M SMART!  
MOTOR SKILLS.  
DIFFERENT SECTION  
BAD MEMORIES  
PROBLEM SOLVING

FREE THINGS  
FROM A DIFFERENT  
POINT OF VIEW

REAL ESTATE

GUNSHOT, CLEAN THROUGH

CUT CUT

SHIP SHIP

STITCH STITCH STAPLE THEY REMOVED

OF SHREDDED  
1 FT. SMALL IN SIZE

ALL THE KINGS HORSES... AND ALL THE KINGS MEN...

IF YOU COULD SEE WHAT THOSE HANDS HAVE DONE...

THE FLAG

MY HACO CIRCLE

I'M SMART! MOTOR SKILLS, DIFFERENT SECTION, BAD MEMORIES, PROBLEM SOLVING

FREE THINGS FROM A DIFFERENT POINT OF VIEW

REAL ESTATE

MY NAME

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CUT CUT

SHARP

OF SHREDDED 1 FT. SMALL IN TESTE

SILVERWARE REMINDING OF SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS

THE EMPEROR'S SURGEONS...

PUT ME TOGETHER AGAIN.



I WOKE UP TO FIND  
MYSELF IN THE PLACE  
THAT BAD AGENTS GO  
WHEN THEY DIE.

IT'S CALLED  
CONTROL  
CORPS.

Y  
L  
I  
L  
R  
K  
ICE KABUKI  
G I K  
I I  
T S V K I K O  
I O  
D O S C A R A B G  
C M D O V E  
C O N T R O L G E N E R A L M  
D S K M F  
R E E O O  
M O T H E R  
A I H T  
N N E W  
Q U E S T I O N S R M O T H E R  
W H M  
E M O T H E R  
R M O T H E R  
M A S K S M O T H E R  
O H  
S T D I E D  
C H M R S T M  
F A C E O S C A R  
R R M O T H E R S C A R S  
S H A R K  
E C S  
S R A C S

A PLACE THAT  
COLLECTS  
DEFECTIVE  
OPPERATIVES.

THEY PICK MY BRAIN.  
THEY WIND ME UP.  
THEY FIND OUT WHAT  
MAKES ME TICK.





TICK, TOCK.  
TURN BACK  
THE CLOCK.  
THE DOC...

創造の二月

勝承夫  
岩田光壺畫

雪の連山を背景にして  
凛然と咲く白梅は美しい  
人間の氣持が通しい時は  
玉掃すものだ

の世の不遇な謀略が滅びて  
新しい世紀が生れつゝある事を！

とて、三 無類とした日本の春であらう

私達に於けるこの春こそ

MAKES  
ME TALK.

その二月を今私達は心に抱く

嚴肅なたゝかひよ  
我が上にあれ

私達は創造するものの感激を今こそ深く  
心に感じる

轟々と連山を響かせて  
遠く去る編隊の戦闘機

ABOUT MY  
MOTHER.

**江戸時代**



R  
E  
H  
I  
M  
@



SHE MAKES  
ME TALK ABOUT  
MY SCARS.

POURING BLOOD IN THE  
POURING RAIN. ☆  
ATHOUSAND HELLS  
IN THE FORM OF PAIN  
ONE SINGLE BULLET  
WITH MY NAME



FACE CRACKED.  
TIME FROZEN.  
I MISS MY MASK  
TERRIBLY.

I HAVE NO FACE,  
I AM RIGHT ONLY  
TWICE A DAY.

BUT I CAN  
ONLY COUNT  
TO NINE.



# 私の顔を返せ

FRUIT ME. THIS IS NECESSARY. THIS... IS... NECESSARY. PRETTY COLORS. MOTHER. FOR GIVE ME.  
I HAD ANOTHER DREAM OF YOU. THANKS FOR NOT LABELING ME. EVERYONE ELSE HAS.  
IT IS WRITTEN ALL OVER MY FACE. ERASE. CEASE. DECEASE.

DIA GNOSE.  
MOROSE. DOCTORS LIKE TO CLINIFY.

I AM BECOME WORDS ON PAPER. A FILE. A PROGRAM. I AM LABELED. AGAIN.

THERE ARE MANY NAMES FOR  
WHAT I AM.

CLASSIFICATIONS

DISAPPEARS.

ORDERS

DISOBEY.

HELL TO PAY.



STUDY ME. SAMPLE ME.  
YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT ME.



NINE MINUTES  
I WAS DEAD.

MOTHER, WHEN  
YOU FIRST  
CAME TO ME...

NOW YOU VISIT  
ONLY IN MY DREAMS.  
NINE MONTHS I WAS  
IN YOUR WOMB.

YOU DIED  
WHEN I  
WAS BORN.

CAN WE NOT BOTH  
INHABIT THE SAME  
PHYSICAL WORLD  
AT ONCE?



POUNCE BLIND IN THE  
PEAKING HALL  
ARMOUR AND NEED  
IN THE FORM OF FAIR  
ONE EIGHT BUILT  
WITH MY NAME

I AM A SHELL  
OF MY  
FORMER SELF.

MY HEART  
IS MADE  
OF SPARE  
PARTS.

I HAVE A DRAGON  
ON MY BACK  
IN THE SHAPE OF  
A QUESTION MARK.

私の顔を返せ

MY SICKLE IS THE SHAPE  
OF AN AINU FARM TOOL.  
A CRESCENT MOON.  
MY MOTHER'S NAMESAKE.

NOW I SEE  
THAT  
IT TOO, IS A  
QUESTION MARK.

THERE  
ARE NO  
ANSWERS.





WHEN I CLOSE  
MY EYES,  
I SEE THE SUN.



TURN BACK TIME.  
UNWIND. FIELDS  
OF GOLD. A  
CARRION BIRD.



TAKES ME TO  
THE PAST. FAST.  
UNMASKED  
ENTRANCED.







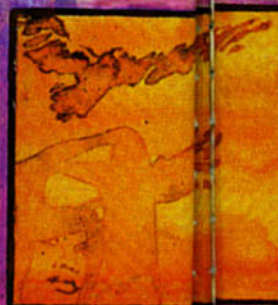
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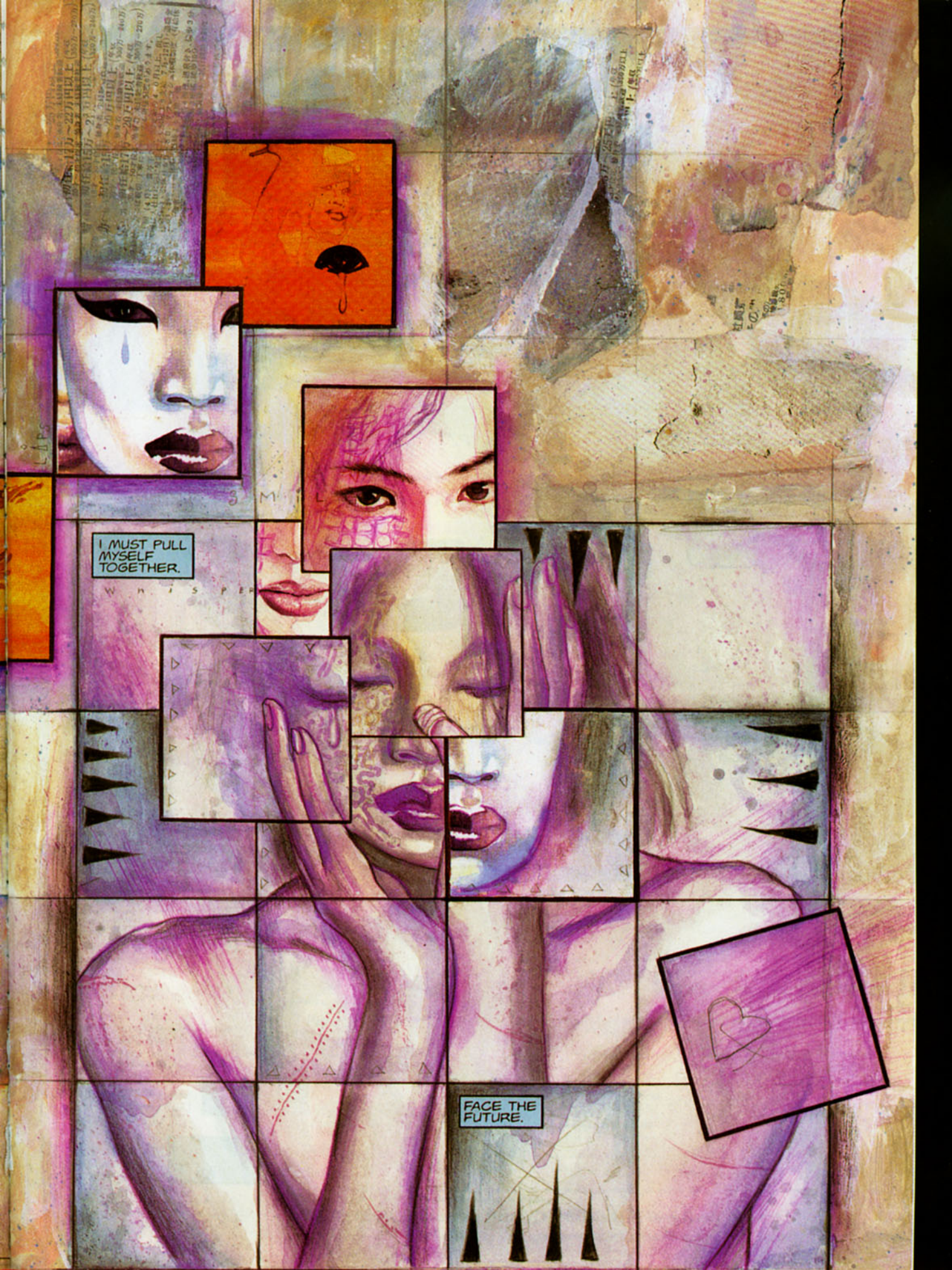


I MUST PULL  
MYSELF  
TOGETHER.



FACE THE  
FUTURE.





I MUST PULL  
MYSELF  
TOGETHER.

FACE THE  
FUTURE.





I KNOW WHO I AM.  
IT'S WRITTEN ALL  
OVER MY FACE.

KABUKI.

FACE  
FROZEN.

I AM RIGHT  
TWICE A DAY.

BUT I CAN  
ONLY COUNT  
TO NINE.