

FEATURING THE GRAPHIC NOVEL: 24 HOUR MAN

JANUARY 2009

HEAVY

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a red hooded cloak with a deep V-neckline and a high slit, stands in a snowy forest. She is surrounded by several large, grey and brown wolves. The background consists of snow-covered trees and a white ground.

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HEAVY METAL

► Murderous Goblin image by J.M.DeSantis.

To find out more about J.M.'s work, check out his web-site at www.jmdesantis.com or e-mail him at jm@dysentris.com

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Hey Guys,

By the time you read this we'll have a new President. Looking forward to that, and although I have made up my own mind some time ago who I'd vote for, I won't share that with you here but have and will be sharing more of those kinds of "political" thoughts with any of the gang hanging out on the message boards between writing this and the election. One of the many reasons I'm bringing it up here, is if you bought this issue off the newsstand you'll notice a slight cover price increase, the first in SEVEN years by the way, which is heart-breaking for us to do—but a sign of the times. Something which we all here hope will get better soon...I'd love to be able to come back to you in a year telling you we're lowering the price.

Okay, let me tell you why this issue is worth the extra cash...

I want to welcome Mr. Kovack back to the front cover. He's getting to be a regular and fan favorite—glad everybody likes his work as much as I do. On the back cover Young Yoon and Director Lee provided a killer front cover quality painting based on the "24 Hour Man" feature story within, but we ran into a scheduling conflict! Sorry guys, but I can promise the fans it will be spotted on the front cover of the collected.

As mentioned above, "24 Hour Man" (part one) was the main story in our July 2001 issue and finally after many years of hard work, the guys have slain dunked the final installment for this issue. If you want to find out why it took so long, wait till you see one of the future Galleries we'll be running in 2009 on "War of the Worlds: Goliath", the animated film that Joe Pearson and Young have been working on for some time now. Exceptionally cool stuff.

The talent in the three Gallery sections in this issue blows me away! Heavy Metal has always been about the art, and when we added the second gallery, the "Artist Studio" the fans went wild, so when we had the chance to do a third as a special guest series/gallery style feature, we took the plunge! Thanks to Matt Lutzicka (Gallery), Gabriel Ippoliti (Artist Studio), as well as Julie, Boris, and Anthony for the "Lured Cards" artists feature!

For our usual fantastic array of short stories, Ricci and Simonacci sent along a twisted tale we couldn't resist entitled, "The Meert", while James Ortega spins a yarn of a different sort with "Somewhere On The East River." Nice job. Our old pal Ferran Xalabarder sent us "The Kiss" and we fell for it, before selecting the final dry by Horacio Walschell and Rafael Kapranian called, "Slaughter Of The Extremists!" (Love that title)

Okay, I'm going to wrap this up by thanking S.C. for his Dossier cover as always, but ALSO want to part by saying, I know this has been a super tough year for our country, and all of us in it...I do hope all of you, your families and loved ones are hanging in there, and like all of us here—here's hoping for "real change" in the next four years.

All the best,

Kim Eastman

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear H.M.,

I just wanted to compliment you on the punch to the brain you call "Fluorescent Black". It gave me the intense mixed job that I usually only receive when reading some William Burroughs or watching a David Lynch Nick. These "mixed media" pages were some of the best I've seen for some time, totally looking forward to part two. Scientist

Dear Scientist,

We were more than thrilled to have Matt, Nathan and Imagi team up to produce FB for us—they are hard at work on part two which will be out some time in 2009, as part of our Summer Special. I can't wait either!

Dear H.M.,

So here I am, thinking my favorite artist really should end up in my favorite magazine at some point in the near future. It's late, but I can't sleep, so I decide to crack open one of the still wrapped Heavy Metals in my backlog (been so busy lately that I haven't had the chance to go through them all yet). I happened to pick, at random, the September 2008 issue, and two pages in, I'm hit with a picture I've never seen before, yet I instantly identify the artist as Armano. To top it all off, I'm listening to some music from Final Fantasy G, my all time favorite game, and the title that introduced me to Armano's work in the first place. Ahnijas

Dear H.M.,

I was really pleased to see Armano coverage in the September 2008 issue. To see the world-renowned and legendary artist featured in Heavy Metal is just a dream come true. Kadath

Dear Ahnijas and Kadath, Looks like we're all on the same page. Heavy Metal has always been all about the art, and we're just lucky enough to have guys like Armano want the coverage in the magazine. We all win!

Dear H.M.,

It seems Heavy Metal Magazine is disappearing from many FX's. As far as I know there is only one place that holds Heavy Metal and that is a really big FX in Baghdad. I heard a rumor that certain people are trying to get rid of them because of the violence and other sexual content. I think it's the same people who are trying to get rid of nude magazines. Pathetic. People who don't fight the war on the front are trying to get rid of things that improve the morale of the soldiers. Personally, I've been ordering back orders up the rear. I think by the end of my deployment I should have the whole collection! I'll probably donate it to a MWR (Morale, Welfare, and Recreation) facility before I go home. Claris

Dear Claris,

Sorry to hear Heavy Metal is so hard to find on FX's, that makes me sad as we love you guys and all that you're doing! I think that is beyond cool you'd consider making a donation like that—give me the address for the MWR, and I'll send a set of my own!

Dear H.M.,

So what do you guys think of the November 2008 issue...seems to be chock full of goodness. From my opinion it's the best issue of Heavy Metal ever, mostly due to the fact that my original story, "Even Devils Have A Heart" actually got published in it. I'm very excited about it and the fact that it is surrounded by such great writers and artists. I feel very lucky and blessed. Xathir

Dear Xathir

That is the ultimate dream come true for all of us artists out there. Hope it inspires others to send more short stories—and look forward to your next submission.

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MATTHEW LAZNICKA

GALLERY







Matthew Iaznicka was born in Racine, Wisconsin on February 28, 1968. From childhood he always found solace in drawing and painting the images inspired by science-fiction, movies and comic books. After high school Matthew attended The Milwaukee Institute for Art & Design, where he received a degree in illustration.

Clients of Matthews have included Edios, Human Head, Telos Publishing, Seattle Sound Magazine, Weekly Reader, Carlton Books, Z-Man Games, Madison Magazine, FHM Magazine, Mercedes Benz and Volvo.



When not illustrating Matthew is with his wife, Sheri and their two children: Ashton and Violet. He enjoys spending time with family, camping, old movies and stop animation.





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THE MAN WHO WAS THE KING

Kirby: the King of the Comics by Mark Evanier is one of the best art books you're likely to see in this or any other year. You don't have to be a huge comics fan to like this book, you just have to be someone with an open mind and an appreciation for some of the most beautiful, imaginative art ever created by a human hand. Evanier's book is at once an affectionate biography of comics' best-known creator, and a coffee table art book. It succeeds in both areas. The reproduction of the color and black and white art just sparkles. If you can't understand how great Jack Kirby is after seeing his work reproduced here, then there's probably no hope for you. Based on the art alone, this would be a terrific book, but former assistant and long-time Kirby friend Evanier's accompanying text is eminently readable, very informative without being overly pedantic. It paints a sympathetic portrait of Kirby, as a man who was a creative genius, but a terrible businessman who was never able to reap the awards his work so obviously deserved. Marvel Comics was indeed the "House That Jack Built," but the entire comic book industry would be a desolate, boring wasteland if you removed every character he ever created or worked on.

Based on the way Kirby was treated by various comics moguls, this book could have been a tragedy: Evanier wisely doesn't belabor a dead horse, but if there is a villain in this book, it's quite obviously Martin Goodman, the odious head of the Marvel Empire, who alienated Kirby through his relentless cheapness and unwillingness to give Kirby health insurance. But fortunately, it has a happy ending of

sorts. After leaving comics for the animation business, Kirby upped his income considerably, finally got health insurance from his employer, and, with the advent of independent comics, was able to put out a whole



raft of his own concepts with no editorial interference. As Evanier notes, Kirby also got respect, spending the last ten years of his life receiving kudos from fans and pros alike and finally being acknowledged for all of his great work, allaying any fears Kirby might have had that his contributions to the comics medium would be forgotten.

I like this book a lot. It was well designed, from the front end papers to the rear end papers. It should be essential reading for any comics fan and deserves a place in art school libraries and the book collections of Kirby fans everywhere. Let me end with a final note to Mark Evanier: As, Buddy, You did right by good old Jack, and knocked this one out of the park! *Kirby: King of the Comics* is available from the Abrams' website, at better bookstores everywhere, or you can get a copy from Bud's Art Books: www.BudsArtBooks.com. As always, tell 'em *Heavy Metal* sent you.

KING OF ALL COLLECTIBLES

In my last column I promised a review of the way cool "Kong's Last Stand" statue from Weta Studios. Unfortunately, between my 75th anniversary articles about King Kong and Doc Savage I ran out of room. So here's my somewhat belated review. To begin with, this statue is big. From wingtip to base, it stands 13" high and is 11" wide. It depicts Kong's counterattack against the relentless assault of the biplane fighters who ultimately shoot him off the top of the Empire State Building in one of the most famous death scenes in all of cinema. And I'm happy to report that the designers and sculptors at Weta Workshop, sculptors David Tremont and Mary MacLachlan, and finisher Bill Hunt, have done a magnificent job of bringing this movie scene to vivid life. Kudos to everybody involved. This sensational statue would be a striking addition to the collection of any movie fan. Just as in a Frazer painting, the artists picked the moment of peak action, where Kong has grabbed the end of the plane's wing and is just about to hurl it off into space to spiral down in a fiery crash. Weta Studios is the arm of Peter Jackson's New Zealand operation that is charged with creating collectibles based on Jackson's films, other classic films, and also produces original collectibles such as the De Groundboer series of Steampunk-style ray guns.

But back to "Kong's Last Stand." To begin with, the level of detail on this statue is magnificent, right down to a tiny pilot and gunner sitting in the cockpit of the doomed plane, and the correct squadron insignia from the movie on the plane's side. The top of the observation tower from the Empire State Building, which Kong is standing on looks just like the real thing, and the whole statue is set on a faux marble-look base with Art Deco detailing on the corners that sets off the statue; it rests on perfectly. The rest of the statue is equally well designed for easy assembly and display. The statue ships in three pieces, all encased in Styrofoam.

The plane, including Kong's paws on the wingtips, is one piece. Metal pins on the ends of the paws slide nicely into the slots in his arms and nest solidly inside. Kong's body is attached to the top of the observation tower and is secured with a metal pin that fits into the top of the tower. I was impressed with just how quick and easy it was to assemble this statue, and how beautiful the end result was.

Judging from this piece and all the other terrific Kong collectibles you can see on the Weta web site, it's obvious that a great deal of talent and care goes into the design and manufacture of any Weta Collectibles product. As a lifelong Kong buff, I have to say that this statue is one of the coolest Kong collectibles I've ever seen. I give it my highest recommendation. If your local comics shop or collectibles store doesn't stock "Kong's Last Stand," you can order it from the Weta website: www.weta.co.nz. It costs \$120.00 U.S. plus shipping. Better hurry though if you want one. It's a limited edition of only 5,000 pieces, and I think that there are only a few left in the U.S. warehouse. Thanks to PR Ace Magnus Hjert of Weta Studios for making sure I got my review copy. As always, when you order, tell 'em *Heavy Metal* sent you.



THE GODFATHER OF MODERN FANTASY ART: J. ALLEN ST. JOHN

Most modern fantasy fans are probably oblivious to J. Allen St. John, even if they're already fans of St. John's most famous disciples, Frank Frazetta and Roy Krenkel. However, Vanguard Productions' new book *Grand Master of Fantasy: The Paintings of J. Allen St. John*, should help to alleviate that woeful ignorance. As this book amply demonstrates, that title is no exaggeration. St. John was indeed the inspiration for several generations of fantasy illustrators and painters, who have gone on to influence the entire fantasy art genre. As EC Comics legend Al Williamson commented in a 1981 interview, St. John's work was, "...great stuff. That hasn't been touched. He's still the greatest Barroughs illustrator." Although I've been a lifelong fan of Frazetta's work, and Roy Krenkel's, too, I was struck by just how much both artists took from St. John, especially in their paintings illustrating the works of Edgar Rice Burroughs from the early 60s. And it wasn't just Frazetta



and Krenkel, either. Practically every pulp illustrator who did fantasy and science fiction work must have been looking at St. John's work at some point or other, which makes it a double shame that his work isn't better known to modern audiences.

Author Stephen Kershak does a great job of profiling St. John, from his earliest years as a student artist in Europe to his last days as a venerable, much beloved painter and art teacher at the Art Institute of Chicago. Writing with commend-

able thoroughness, Kershak covers each period in St. John's life in sufficient detail to give readers a good sense of how St. John lived and worked. Accompanying Kershak's informative text are essays by Frank Frazetta, sci-fi legend Jack Williamson, and Edgar Rice Burroughs' grandson, the late Danton Burroughs.

However, the real treat here for any fantasy art fan is all the gorgeous artwork that fills this book. There are many full color pages of St. John's paintings illustrating Edgar Rice Burroughs and other pulp writers, like Burroughs imitator Otis A. Kline, and a wealth of fine art paintings, drawings, sketches and photos covering the length and breadth of St. John's extraordinary life and career. As is usually the case with any book put out by Vanguard, the reproduction of the color plates is superb, even when reproducing old pulp magazine covers. The artwork here is so vibrant, colorful and well designed that it practically leaps from the page. I certainly hope that this

excellent volume, and Vanguard's earlier book on St. John's black and white illustrations, *Grand Master of Adventure Art: The Drawings of J. Allen St. John*, will serve to spark a Renaissance in the appreciation of this timeless, masterful artist. Anyone who loves fantasy art, who's ever thrilled to the adventures in a Tarzan or Mars or Pellucidar novel by E.R. Burroughs needs to own this book. I think it's one of the best art books to come out in the last 20 years. I give it my highest recommendation. If you can't find it at a bookstore in your area, you can order it in several different editions from Vanguard Productions, including hardback, paperback, and a limited edition that is autographed by Jack Williamson, Danton Burroughs, and Stephen Kershak that also includes an extra portfolio of St. John's work. Visit: www.vanguardproductions.net to check out this book and all the other terrific art and music books Vanguard puts out. As always, tell 'em Heavy Metal sent you.

VAMPIRA: THE MOVIE

If you never saw the *Vampira* show back in the 1950s you probably wonder why anyone would care about a L.A. horror show host who only lasted about one season, from 1954-1955, with a brief revival on another station that didn't

last either. *Vampira: The Movie* chronicles the brief rise and long decline of Maila Nurmi's fame, from becoming an overnight sensation in the mid-50's to someone who retired from show business and was largely forgotten except by punk rockers and horror aficionados. What's really striking about this film is that it illustrates how extensively *Vampira* influenced pop culture, despite the relative paucity of her oeuvre. She never made a lot of money from playing *Vampira*, but she exerted a hell of a lot of influence on American pop culture, basically creating the genre of horror movie TV host and setting the template for the hordes of local horror show hosts that would spring up throughout the 1950's and 60's. One of the reasons why *Vampira*

didn't succeed is that she was too far ahead of her time. She was doing her show before Universal released its library of horror films for nationwide syndication, which led to a horror boom in the late 50's and early 60's that led, among other things, to the creation of James Warren's *Famous Monsters of Filmland*. But as this excellent documentary shows, without *Vampira*, there would have been no Zachary, no Seymour, and certainly no Elvira, Mistress of the Dark.

In addition to long interviews with the late Maila Nurmi herself, the film features interviews with horror actors like Julie Strain and Debbie Rochon, exploitation veterans Sid Haig and Bill Moseley, *Famous Monsters* Ghoul-in-Chief Forrest J. Ackerman, Missfits front man Jerry Only, and modern horror hosts like Cassandra (Elvira) Peterson, Penny Dreadful and Jami

Deadly, all discussing *Vampira*'s pervasive influence. Most of *Vampira*'s two minutes of screen time from Ed Wood's notoriously awful *Plan Nine From Outer Space* are included in the film, but it would have been nice to see more of her screen appearances, like her work in *The Beat Generation* or *Sex Kittens Go To College*. Still, this film should answer just about every question you ever had about *Vampira*, Maila Nurmi, and everything she inspired. Director Kevin Sean Michaels has fashioned the ultimate cult film about one of the cult film world's most fascinating figures. I give this documentary a big thumbs up. It's a fascinating glimpse into the quixotic, decades long making of a cult figure. If you want to know more, visit: www.vampirathemovie.com, and if you're dying to get your hands on a copy, it's featured on Amazon.com.



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Get your swim trunks OFF, and get in the water! Artwork by Pelars, Colomo, Dunstan, Hottelinger, Feather & Larson, and many more! 64pgs full color.



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Art of Kim Barr
One of the great pioneers of realism in comic and fantasy art, this overview of Kim's career is a must for ANY collector! Outstanding work! 48pgs full color.



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Art of Jose del Nido
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Dickens 1

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Carlos Diez



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THE MEAT



STORY: RICCI

ART: SIMONACI



THE BROTH IS
EXCELLENTE TOO,
MAMMAH TASTE IT!

GLUB

I'D EAT IT
ENOUGH TO STUFF
A TROLL'S
STOMACH.

GURGLE

GLUB GLUB

HERE
YOU ARE!

AAAAAH,
AT LAST.

LET ME
ASK YOU SOMETHING,
WHAT KIND OF
MEAT IS IT?

GUSH

CHOMP
GLUB
GLUB

FENNEL MEAT,
SIR, THIS IS THE NAME
I GAVE IT.

CHOMP
CHOMP

I FOUND
THESE CREATURES
IN SOME GAVE
A FEW MILES AWAY.

I USED TO HUNT
THEM BY MYSELF,
BUT AFTER THE
ACCIDENT...

ACCIDENT ???

MAN CANNOT
ALWAYS WIN
AGAINST NATURE...

A FENNEL
DID THIS TO ME.

I'M SORRY,
I DIDN'T NOTICE IT!

SINCE THAT DAY
I'VE NEVER BEEN
IN THOSE CAVE
AGAIN.

SO I HAVE
TO PAY SOMEONE
TO HUNT FOR ME.

MMMMM...
REALLY?

CHOMP!
CHOMP!

AND HOW MUCH
WOULD YOU PAY
FOR ONE OF
THOSE BEASTS?

MORE OR LESS
600 COINS EACH.

GLOM!
WOW!

WHY DID YOU
ASK IT? ARE YOU
INTERESTED IN IT?

SURE! THIS IS HOGS,
THE BEST HUNTER
OF THE SEVEN COUNTRIES!

OK HOG,
I PUT YOU TO THE TEST,
LET'S SEE WHAT
YOU CAN DO!

MMMMM...

I WOULD LIKE
TO ASK YOU
A FAVOR...

CHOMP!

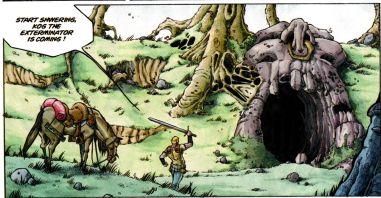
WHAT?

IN THE CAVE
I LOST A LEG AND
A KNIFE THAT IS VERY
IMPORTANT FOR ME...

...I WOULD GIVE YOU
SOME MORE MONEY
IF YOU BROUGHT IT BACK.

THAT'S A DEAL?

YOU CAN
COUNT ON ME!





IT'S REALLY DARK IN HERE,
IT WILL BE BETTER
TO LIGHT A TORCH.



NOTHING !

I'VE BEEN WALKING
FOR HOURS AND
THERE ARE NO FINNEL
IN HERE.



...NO FINNELS,
NO MONEL...

WHAT A
BAD LUCK !



HEY...



THIS IS THE
HOST'S KNIFE
I HAD TO BRING
BACK.

BETTER THAN NOTHING !
MAYBE WHAT THIS I CAN
SAY TO THE INN FOR
A FEW DAYS MORE.



DOOOO!
IT SEEMS THAT
MY AVALANC CHARGER
DID ITS WORK
ANOTHER TIME!

AT LAST
YOU ARE HERE,
I'VE BEEN WAITING
FOR YOU FOR HOURS.

COME ON,
WE ARE LATE,
WE HAVE TO COME
BACK HOME.

WHAT A VERY
PLUMP FINGER
WE HAVE!

YOU KNOW,
I'VE GREAT PROJECTS
FOR YOU.

WHAT ABOUT...
AVALANCH...!

SWEET AND SOUR
KID MEET, IT SOUNDS
GOOD, DOESN'T IT?!

HA HA HA
HA HA HA
HA HA HA

508
18

MEDIA BLASTERS



DOLL HOUSE

Takashi, one of the few male employees at a famous mansion, spends each frustrating day surrounded by beautiful maids. Then he discovers a mysterious dollhouse replica of the mansion, filled with dolls that represent the entire staff. He soon discovers that manipulating the dolls also manipulates their real-life counterparts. Fascinated, he has his way with the female staff, but feels guilty when he toys with one he actually likes. However, before he can deal with his shame, the evil secret of the dollhouse reveals itself.

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Ikki Katsuragi has finally landed her dream job as an anchoorman for the nine o'clock news. However, this pretty reporter with a spotless reputation has a very dark secret. She's addicted to masochism, and she can't stop for even a second when she is caught using a vibrator by the cam-and-holder, she's in real trouble. Under the threat of blackmail, she completely submits to his power.

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THE MAIDEN COLLECTION

This top selling, uncensored and uncensored Kinky video now available in one great collection is The Maiden Collection, a young maid named Foster. Foster discovers that he has to repay his debt by making young girls to serve Dorey's twisted desires. But a maiden named Clark will force Foster to choose between loyalty and love. In Maiden Of Delusion, Foster and Clark are drawn back into the twisted world of sex and power when Dorey's sinister mansion is visited under the cover of a new and even more seductive woman.

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A TIME TO SCREAM

"There was no time here... until you brought it with you." A young man wakes up in an old mansion, isolated among high, snow-capped peaks.

The maids tell him that he was carried here after hitting his head, but he doesn't remember a thing. Since he arrived, the old Grandfather clock has begun to work again. For the first time since anyone can remember. When the clock strikes twelve, the maids are overcome with irresistible desire, and all manner of crimes and bizarre sex acts fill the mansion.

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DO YOU KNOW THE MILKING MAN

When his mother dies and his father remarries, Kaito takes a close to his very new stepmother Sayaka. Mad with lust, Kaito is soon spying on her and sneaking into her bedroom for some covert late-night action. When Kaito tells Sayaka that his father is cheating on her with a younger woman, their occasional flings become a full-fledged affair. Sex, sin and betrayal will turn Kaito's whole household upside down.

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DIRTY BY THE DOZEN

A horny headmaster and his naughty nephews are out to train twelve teachers to be sex slaves. They'll use any scheme in their arsenal to get the hot lady professors to share their carnal knowledge. But even if the women give their bodies over freely, that doesn't mean they'll just take it lying down. The extracurricular activities are mind-boggling in every aspect and coarse of this depraved ad hoc learning.

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"Maki Maki" is slang for "friends with benefits," when two people want sex and friendship without commitment. Jun and Nana are two art students dealing with just such an arrangement. But friends, not lovers, they try to keep things casual. But as their emotional bond grows deeper and secrets are revealed, things get a whole lot more complicated. The ground-breaking critically acclaimed manga series, now available for the first time in English. A magazine-sized deluxe graphic novel, with a glossy cover, full-color pages, and bonus posters.

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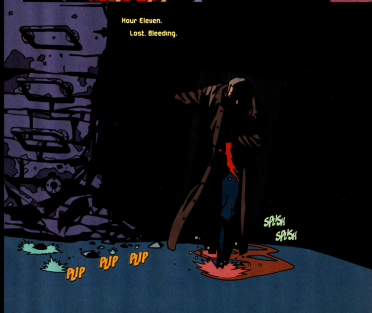
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Hour Eleven.
Lost. Bleeding.





Awakening.
The Ocean. The knife.
The girl/Crystal
reaches out, helpless in
the grip of malevolent evil.
The Harness wrecks his body.
A friend dies.
Another watches over him.
Evil drips blood.
The Sword burns in the night.
The Guide shouts out a warning:
"Seek the Tower!"

24 HOUR MAN

PART 2



Writers: Joe Pearson &
Jeff Conner

Artist: Young Ki Yoon

Colorist: Sungha Hwang

Lettering: Comcraft



PANONY...



HEE,
HEE,
HEE,
HEE



Children's
laughter, but...



...where?



HEE,
HEE,
HEE,
HEE



Nothing.



Almost...

now!

FWOOSH

SWISSSSH

WHSHH

CHUD

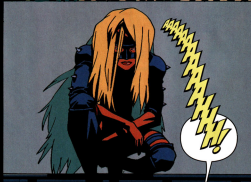
Who?

WHOOOSH

A child?

KORROK!

SPLOOOOSH





OOOH...
AARON...

OOOH...
YESS!



I LOVE YOU
ANGEL...



OH...
OH...
OH!



YESSS...



THINK ABOUT IT ANGEL... THIS TIME TOMORROW WE'LL BE THE KING AND QUEEN OF VENICE!



I DON'T KNOW BABY. THIS IS THE MAYOR! KAROSHI THESE GUYS DON'T FUCK AROUND!



EXACTLY! THEY'VE BEEN SCREWING WITH VENICE EVER SINCE THE FLASHDANCE. THEY'VE TURNED THE CITY INTO THEIR OWN LITTLE POLICE STATE!



NOW THEY'RE SNATCHING PEOPLE OFF THE STREET! WE KNOW WHERE THEY'RE HIDING... WE CAN STOP THEM DEAD!



ARON, IF WE GET IN THEIR WAY, WE'RE THE CHIEF THAT ARE GOING TO WIND UP DEAD!



DON'T WORRY ANGEL. THEY CAN'T TOUCH US. WE'RE GOING TO LIVE FOREVER!



BODY TO BODY--

--SOUL TO SOUL.



GOT IT PEOPLE

CREEEK



TIME TO START THE REVOLUTION





Hour Fourteen

EASY ANGEL.
YOU'VE BEEN OUT
FOR SEVERAL
HOURS.

CRYSTAL. OH ANGEL,
WHAT DID I GET YOU
INTO...

YOU'VE GOT
TO HELP ME!
I'VE GOT TO
FIND--

EL TORO KNOWS
WHERE YOU WANT TO
JOURNEY, BUT HE
WILL NOT TAKE YOU
THERE.

THEY TOOK MY WOMAN.
THEY'RE TAKING PEOPLE
OFF THE STREETS, TURNING
THEM INTO MONSTERS!
THEY'RE--

EL TORO
KNOWS WELL WHAT
THESE EVIL MEN
ARE DOING.

AS YOU
SEE, THEY
HAVE PUT THEIR
MARK ON
ME!

CREEEEEEK



THEY ARE THE SERVANTS OF THE EVIL ONE, EL DIABLO. BUT I CANNOT HELP YOU. EL TORO HAS NO WISH TO RETURN TO THEIR SLAVE PITTS. NO, HIS PLACE IS HERE WITH THESE MUCHACHOS.

THESE EVIL MEN ARE THE SAME ONES THAT CAUSED THE GREAT FIRE—THE FLASHDANCE! THEY SAY THAT IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! MANY CITIES WERE DESTROYED BY THE FIRE MOUNTAINS! EVEN THE QUEEN OF ANGELS WAS STRUCK.



VENICE BEACH WAS SPARED THE WORST. IT IS A CLEAN LAND, NEAR THE OCEAN MOTIFER. THAT IS WHY THE EVIL MEN HAVE COME HERE.



YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO HIDE AWAY DOWN HERE FOREVER.



WHEN THE CITY'S COMPLETELY THEIRS, THEY'LL COME FOR YOU...

WUMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM



Hour Sixteen



YEAH, THIS
IS IT. THIS IS
WHERE I'LL
FIND...



...MY
ANSWERS.



WHA
CON
DIDS

One guard...



The belly of the Beast.
Empty.





WHOOAARRRRAAGH!

RRRIIPPP

UNGH!

Aaron feels his new-found power drain from him, filling the monster's bloated body.



Hour Seventeen

YES, YES,
MOST PUZZLING
INDEED.

BY ALL
RIGHTS HE
SHOULD BE
DEAD MY
GENERAL.

H...HUL...

WELCOME
BACK.

WHAT?
I'VE NEVER
BEEN
HERE.

OH, BUT YOU HAVE
"REPORTERS." WE PICKED
YOU UP WITH YOUR LITTLE
GIRL FRIEND A WEEK
AGO WHEN YOU WERE
SHOOPING
AROUND.

AND WHAT
A TASTY TREAT
SHE WAS!

CRYSTAL! I
KNOW SHE'S ALIVE.
WHERE'D YOU
PUT HER?

SHE'S CLOSER THEN YOU
THINK, AND MUCH MUCH
FARTHER AWAY, BUT IT
DOESN'T REALLY
MATTER FOR—

—IN A FEW HOURS
YOU'LL BE DEAD AND
OLD VENICE ALONG WITH
YOU. AT MIDNIGHT, TONIGHT,
MY GENERAL WILL UNLEASH
HIS ARMY ON THE CITY
AND SEIZE COMPLETE
CONTROL.

THE
PEOPLE WILL...
STOP... YOU...

OH YES, THE "PEOPLE." WELL, IF THEY REFUSE TO ENTER MY GRAVE, NEW WORLD, THEN WE'LL SIMPLY REMOVE THEM. YOU SEE, THERE'S AN ABANDONED NUCLEAR SUBMARINE LYING JUST 3 MILES OFF SHORE AND GUSS'S WHAT'S ON BOARD? AN UNEXPLODED TO MEGATON WARHEAD!

IF THE "PEOPLE" GIVE US ANY TROUBLE, THEN WE'LL SIMPLY "WASH" THEM AWAY AND START OVER, QUICK AND CLEAN.

YES, HOWEVER, HAVE NOT BEEN SO "QUICK AND CLEAN," SHOPPING AROUND HERE WITH YOUR LITTLE FRIENDS, STICKING YOUR NOSE WHERE IT DOESN'T BELONG.

DR. BUTTERFLY INTRODUCED YOU TO THE OMEGA PIT—

—BUT YOU EMERGED UNCHANGED AND WITHOUT ANY SIGN OF MUTATION, USELESS.

AAAAH!

SO I STUCK MY KNIFE INTO YOUR HEART—

HEARK

GRAVITY
IS
DOWN!

—AND PUSHED YOU OFF THE VENICE FIER. IF ANYONE FOUND YOUR BODY IT WOULD LOOK LIKE A SIMPLE CASE OF MURDER.

YOU SEE, QUICK AND CLEAN, EXCEPT YOU DIDN'T DIE. YOU'VE COME BACK TO US, FILLED WITH TREMENDOUS ENERGY AND POWER. OBVIOUSLY THE OMEGA PIT DID AFFECT YOU AFTER ALL. ALTHOUGH IT WAS SUPPOSED TO RENDER YOU OBEDIENT TO US. PERHAPS A SECOND VISIT TO THE PIT WILL DO THE TRICK.



ENOUGH!



STOP HIM NOW!

SHHHHHH



SKRRRAZZ

AUGH!



FNOOSH





HHRRRRRMMMMMMM





FA-KOOOM









With arms wide open.



Recognition.

AARON...?



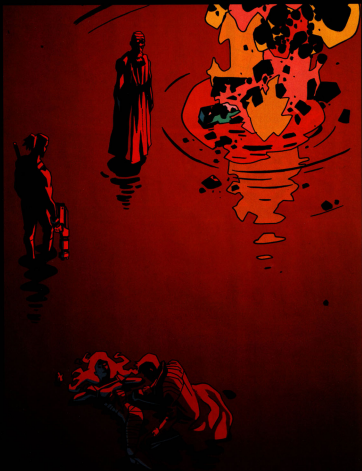
AARON...



IT'S
GONNA BE
OKAY BABY.
I'M HERE. IT'S
GONNA BE
OKAY.

I-I
SORRY—
DIDN'T
KNOW.





Hour 20



IT IS
TIME.

TIME FOR
WINE. OLD MAN
SHE'S DEAD AND
I'M DYING. IT'S
OVER.



NO. THE KING
CAN BRING HER
BACK.

YEAH, THE "KING".
THERE'S NO KING HERE.
OLD MAN. ONLY THE
DEAD AND DYING.



AH, BUT THERE IS.
HE AWAITS YOU
THERE, IN THE
TOWER.

THAT'S
THE HORTON.
IT'S BEEN
ABANDONED FOR
FIFTY YEARS.



THE TOWER
HAD MANY LEVELS
AND REALITIES.
LIKE THE SNAKE.
LIKE VENICE
ITSELF.



"USE
YOUR INNER
EYES. SEE
BEYOND."



THE SNAKE AWAITS
YOU. CLAIM IT.
SAVE THE GIRL.
SAVE THE CITY!

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Somewhere on the East River

by James Ortega

We've only made a key to this back door; only way in other than the river. Wanted to let you have a looksee before we process the place. Just like the report said; big stash of chemical narcotics suspected mixed into the pesticide. Best cop called it in; found a spill on the loading dock. Drove the dogs crazy, then made 'em sick. Whatever's running this operation cleared out in a real hurry before me & the boys arrived with a warrant. Don't know how they got wind we were coming for a peeparound. Cut the lights, too, else these yinks can see in the dark. Looks pretty suspicious to me, and if the chief called you in, these folks must be real kooks.

If you did less assuming and more detecting they might promote you.

Heh, heh, good to see you're still the chamber, Henry. The shipping lots they say those birds get their juice from some place overseas. Contact with those eggheads on the hill. Word on the docks says this is some cooler church of her hount, but I figure you already know all that.

Feel free to fill me in on what I should be looking for.

That's precisely what I shouldn't do: You're viewpoint's limited enough. Keep your deadlights open and don't jump to conclusions. You'll keep from snagging yourself into a corner in cases like this.

I was right then! This is one of them nutting jobs. Goons with guns I understand, but this funny-books bit just puts me off my channel.

Shouldn't you not smoke in here? I mean what if our pals left a gas main open or

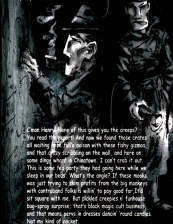
I guess we've found out by now, eh?

Why don't we do less chattering and more snooping.

Jesus Christ on a rubber crutch!

See here's what I'm talking about. Get an eyeful of this stuff, Henry. Devil work. What a fishkettle! This whole joint's a flophouse for lunatics.

The devil has nothing to do with this, Thomas. But the bean-shooter away. It makes me nervous. It's actually math, pretty high math, and some form of cipher. Our friends are no philistines. Do try to see things clinically. A human like this city is an organism with many different cells. Inevitably, some of these cells will sicken or refuse to cooperate. Our job is simply to find where tumors exist and quarantine them as neatly as possible.



C'mon. How many of this gives you the creeps? You read the report. And now we found those crotches all waiting for a full Nelson with these fishy gazons, and that crazy scribbling on the wall, and here on some dingy wharf in Chinatown. I can't crap it out. This is some fest party they had going here while we sleep in our beds. What's the angle? If these mooks was just trying to skim profits from the big monkeys with contraband folks is willin' to pay good for, I'd sit square with me. But pickled creepies in funkhead bug-spray surprise: that's black magic cult business, and that means perps in dresses denick' round candles. Not my kind of racket.

That goes bug-blood? Why, why? What's it doing here?

Arthropod blood, not iron-based like chordates. This one's blue. Copper-based. Hemosyanin I'm guessing. Less efficient than iron for binding oxygen, but very, very useful as a marker for...



"Limulus polyphemus."

"There you go with your Greek again."

It's Latin actually. The Horseshoe crab. Ugly, ancient, inedible, and absolutely fascinating. Not Krebs at all. A kind of antechinus anachronism in its own class. Unchanged since the Devonian, isolated holdouts. Outlived the trilobites, eat through their feet, simple, sturdy, utterly alien.

"I can see the appeal for you."

"There are more things 'twixt heaven and earth, Thomas..." You'd better leave the superstitious nursery stories out of this line of work, Tom. All we do here is connect the dots. Once you lose objectivity, you cloud your capacity to follow the right leads. Keep your head straight and think about what you see."



"Ichor..."

"What?"



"They have one peculiar usefulness to the human species. The medical industry harvests this blue fluid to find and encapsulate bacterial endotoxins in human blood; anyway, this stuff's extremely valuable."

"So why's it smeared on the walls?"



"Maybe it wasn't smeared."

How do you know all this stuff?

I read, Thomas. Visit the local library more often instead of the rumshop.

You're a comedian, Henry. You missed your calling.

Funny we always lost to those living fossils go on with things, indifferent to the bloody march of humanity. Maybe some of our little friends have been up to their little ears in cancer development these billions of years.

So what've we got here, doc? 'Cause this is shaping up like a real screwball opium ride as you lay the pieces on the table.

A big room full of hallucinogenic pesticide with some scribbles and bug-juice on the walls.

That's it? That's your analysis? I can see that for myself!

No, actually you saw much more and not enough. But we're making progress. You're beginning to see things as they are and not as you are. A few minutes ago, you had the devil himself personally roaming here and playing bridge with his chums 'till we showed up with a popgun and a warrant.

These is deviants, doc. They's dist normal. It's hard for me to make sense of what their game is. Gives me the creeps.

Deviants, yes Thomas, just not the types you relate to. But then these deviants are potentially the more interesting ones. And Normal is simply a question of numbers, not the absolute value people pretend it is. One day even you will be a rarity, a cliché from the pulps. Our pals ought's pickle you in a jar, get a jump on the demand for colorful antiques.

You're a riot, Henry! Even when you're giving lip, you're still a riot! I like you more every time. On the level. I know it ain't mutual, but that's natural, I suppose. You make me think. Never met anybody like you. I can't guess you out, just as I can't guess our friends out.

You actually like these types, huh? the freaks, the serial killers, the loons. That's why you do this dirty business. That's why you can't get no decent shrinkwork done too long. And that's how you led us to that Precrusher fruitcake, (what'd you call him?), in '37, the fellow with that scary iron bed in the gaswerks flat by the garment district.

You prefilled him pretty good, doc. Down to the gin-joints from where he lured his victims to sleep off the night and get some warm grub, and what he did with 'em once they got tucked in. Loppin' off their feet or else stretching 'em on that rack like taffy. All we had was the body dump before you wrote that monograph. But you had him down like you'd went to school together. We robbed him in a week.

I read the case file. Very impressive.

You can't get that good without having a feel for it, a taste for these maniacs. Part of you relates a bit, don't it doc?

"Despite society's revealing new obsession with them, the serial killers interest me the least. They're usually the sad product of a misdirected talent. I find the subject rather dull, really. Distasteful. I suspect they'll be the de-facto fallback plot of every other new dime-novel and flick of the future. The natural successors, I suppose, to the popular gangster pulps of today, but much more private, more suited to the personal hells of modern man adrift in a world suddenly flayed open by science, but not soothed by it."

"As dismal as people generally are, I prefer them as complacent, cud-chewing, family-dinner-at-eight sort of criminals. Uninspired but predictable. Following rules, making lines at the market, paying taxes. Boring, nice and boring. It's better that way, believe me."

"(Oh, brudda! Why'd I ask?)"

The mail gets through, the sidewalks get swept, the trains run on time. Order."

"Predators capitalise on that order. They move through society as jackals among sheep."

Opportunists, living by a whole other order that predate the gilded birdcage of modern civility.



They would not exist in a more savage era, their appetites would not clamor so loudly for blood for the surfeit of it in daily life.

Variable loners with refined perversions.

"You're crackers, doc. You hates people, that's what. You're good at what you do, but I don't see why you do it. Plenty of good folks in this world."



"The gods created humanity in a fit of misanthropy."



they would be cornered and butchered by the cruder, organized, and commoner sort of killers who headed clans and tribes since primordial times. The fox torn apart by baboons."

"Hose! You're killin' me! I'm gonna bust a rib just listening to you. You find that gem in a fortune cookie?"

Our talents do not always match our dispositions, Thomas. I consider this work a necessary social hygiene, nothing more. I wish I could hang a shingle somewhere and safely diagnose the mildly anxious bourgeoisie, but someone's got to perform this service. And I'd rather see it done right than leave it in the clumsy hands of bunglers.

Besides, most good, honest folks aren't too keen on seeing a midget on the analyst couch.

...[sneezes] and as far as the freaks go, a few decades ago I would've been dressed in beads and marley and made to pop out of a box on a sideshow stage, where I'm sure a lot of you mugs would prefer me if you didn't find me so handy.

Are you satisfied of my motivations now, Thomas?

So the great hive of which you and I are the honorable and disposable servants may roll onward in its mindless growth and bustle.



"OKAY, Jeez! Sorry I asked. Boy he you got a sore nerve."

"You're not an intellectual, Thomas. Don't pretend to be one. It doesn't suit you."

There's gratified, I'm just trying to figure what turned your crank about these crazies.



That's plenty, Henry.

And a few minutes ago you were telling me to plug my pishele.

Boy can you talk when I pull the cork out!

"What does it matter why I do it? We protect the masses from the predators in their midst. Those exiled from the hive who have learned to prey upon the drug routine, and learned to hide from these like you, who cannot understand them."



"We protect them so they might sleep ignorant and happy in their rising beds, pull their smile beer and watch the match on theelly in the pub, toiling day after day and dreaming their insight coast dreams, believing themselves free."

You know Henry, smoking's bad for you. You really ought a lay off the pipe. You'll get mouth cancer.

Thomas, in twenty years you might realize a mor's lucky if he's found some innocuous way of soothing his nerves. I don't have many bad habits left to me. Besides, I know your little wizes, young man, and you're the one's more likely to shove off early.

Hahahaha
You're a hoat.



"Let's get back to the bucket, Henry. You get the boiler running while I lock up. We'll be back tomorrow to get pictures and you can bring that muck to the lab."



"Swell idea. Get a good night, Thomas. It's gonna be a long week."

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SLAUGHTER OF THE EXTERMINATORS



WRITTEN BY HORATIO WEISFELD
ART WORK BY RAFAEL KAYANAN

"Where is it?" he asked again. The Woman hadn't said anything comprehensible for the past five minutes; just a lot of crying, squeals and grunts. He looked over the printout, took a bite of his sandwich, and increased the voltage again. Drool had started running from between her clenched teeth and collecting at the sides of her mouth. Now a little was dripping from her shaking chin.

The pain was worse than childbirth, worse than when she was a teenage hooker and Eldorado Blue had tortured her with a red-hot wire hanger. She tried to think of something, anything that might hold her together, and through the torment she felt a force at the back of her brain. It gave her hope and held her steady, but she could not understand what it was. Eventually the agony retreated.

The Boss looked down at the last of the printouts. "I guess it wasn't you after all," he said with a slight smirk, and undid her shackles. The woman took a few moments to collect her wits and staggered from the seat. She had seen a dozen others burned to death there. Now she knew she would not be joining them.

"Let's get back to work on that letter," The Boss said casually. She shook a bit, took some deep breaths, and did as she was told. She went back to her desk to finish up the letter to the tax people, which The Boss had interrupted earlier.

Seeing her back at work, The Boss turned in his swivel chair and contemplated his next move. The sound of the woman typing was picking up speed. She was innocent, he was certain of that now. This left only two men on his list, his top exterminators: The Enforcer called Napoleon Red Caine, and the ace collector, Mac 10 Piano.

"What the hell are you talking about?" Napoleon Red screamed at the deskman on the hotel phone. "Who you letting come up here?" It was then that he heard heavy steps on the stairs outside the room. Instantly he surmised that the woman lying on the bed had betrayed him. Red remembered the gun he had left on the table behind him, but he figured that she must have unloaded it while he slept; Simone had always been smart.

The room door flew open and Red saw that Mac Piano was out front, moving with a confidence that assured Red he'd been set up. Mac stopped just inside the doorway and stood there sneering with lion-like pride. Four hired guns stood behind him. He had not even bothered to draw his weapon. "The man wants his money back," Mac said.

"Motherfucker," Red shouted, "It was you who took that stash out of his office, and you know it!" Simone had scampered up from the mattress and flattened herself against the wall



at the far side of the room. Her eyes darted back and forth between the two.

An odd moment of silence developed between the man at the door and the man by the bed. Nothing moved around them. Not the girl. Not the men outside. Napoleon Red and Mac Piana just stared at each other. Since they were boys growing up in the neighborhood, there had always been speculation about who was the hardest; all of their lives there had never been an excuse good enough to find out until now. Both men were shrewd, but Red had always been a little nastier, just a little more ruthless in dealing with the opposition. This had gotten him out of some close calls, and he knew it might just work for him now, if he was lucky. With one

swift motion Red dropped and charged forward, seizing the stool beside the night table and swinging it like a mallet. The girl screamed as the stool cut through the air. Mac ducked left but Red had anticipated he'd go there. The heavy stool smashed straight into Mac's skull, and the big man fell like a hog at slaughter. His startled men instinctively drew back through the doorway. They had the guns, but they were cheap, jittery hired muscle, caught off guard by the sudden attack.

The girl lowered her hands from her eyes to see what was going on. Her mind registered Mac on the floor and Red standing over him. Red's icy face turned toward her and she couldn't look away from his gaze, even

as he crossed the room, raising the stool as he moved toward her.

The blow shattered the girl's face. Blood and teeth speckled across the walls as her body somersaulted through the air and crashed down on its head. Before she had even hit the floor, Red had whirled around and smashed the overhead light with the stool.

The men outside saw the room plunged into darkness. One of them cursed in Spanish and began firing his pistol into the gloom. The others quickly joined in.

Red darted about in the flickers of berserk gunfire and finally came to cringe by the back wall as bullets tore into the cheap plaster all around him. The firing finally stopped, replaced by the

sound of steel hammers clicking on empty chambers, then shaky hands fumbling for fresh clips.

Red heard their desperate voices. Someone wanted to go but someone wanted to stay. "Reload!" "Keep firing!" "Maybe we can still get paid," this guy was imploring the others.

Before the thugs could reach a consensus, Red snaked forward through the darkness and reached under the clothes he'd left in a bureau drawer.

The next man who spoke was brought down by a huge blade that spun out from the dark room and tore into his heart. One of the others shrieked and they all fled.

Red listened to the footsteps fade away. After it was quiet, he sat and watched the empty

doorway for a while. He figured that the deskman, for appearance sake, had probably called the cops. Later, he told himself, there would be plenty of time to sit comfortably in the dark, after his enemies were dead.

Red stood up and stepped over the dead girl and the smashed form of Mac. He yanked his blade from the chest of the body on the hall carpet, wiped the knife on the dead man's face, and climbed out a window onto a fire escape that took him down to the street.

No longer would he have to stay clear of Mac's territory. To celebrate, he decided he would, right then, walk over to Mac's home street, just a few blocks away, and kill a few of Mac's old friends.

But Napoleon Red Caine had forgotten the old days, when Mac 10

Piano had fought robots in the ring and earned the nickname: Iron Jaw.

Back in the hotel, Mac's hand began to twitch, then his blood stained eyes flickered open.

The Boss had grown up with Red and Mac. While they practiced at being tough, he had practiced at political manipulation. While they were learning to use Nines and Uzis, he was discovering Machiavelli. In the end they had, of course, come to work for him. Everybody had. The Boss sat at his desk, dictating the last of his letter to the tax people who had been bothering him. He reached for the remaining bit of sandwich as he thought about how he had always hated writing letters. He hated writing letters even more than he hated the tax people, and he thought about

how he would kill all the tax people if he could just figure out how to get away with it. The phone interrupted his thoughts. It was his private line so he figured it could only be one person: Mac.

He snatched the receiver to his ear. "Well, what happened? Did you get him?" There was silence on the other end. "Well, what the fuck happened?" The Boss shouted into the silence.

"They missed me," said the cold voice at the other end.

"Humph," The Boss muttered, indifferent to hearing Red's voice instead of the one he expected. "So if he didn't get you, I hope you at least got him?" There was another moment of silence and then The Boss spoke again, "I would like this fucking dispute between you two cleared up one way or the other

before any more time is wasted and any more of my money is stolen."

Red didn't answer right away.

The typing in the background was beginning to get on The Boss's nerves. He turned away from the phone and looked over at the woman.

The secretary, feeling his eyes on her, stopped typing and sat dead still, not looking up. The Boss said, "You can take the rest of the day off. Go out and have some fun baby." Then he turned back to the receiver and Red. "So?"

In the ruined hotel room, Mac stopped pulling splinters from his face as he looked at the dead woman sprawled on the floor. He let out a terrible cry and swept her up in his arms. Tears streamed down his cheeks as he





ran his fingers through her hair and felt the jagged wet edges of her smashed skull. He remembered how he'd talked her into helping him, the words he'd spoken, things he'd never thought he'd really meant, "I love you baby. Go to Red. You get him relaxed. You tell him what he wants to hear. You do it for us. We'll get The Boss's money back, and he'll give me a big reward. Then we'll lay low for awhile, maybe the Caribbean or St. Thomas." Now she was dead and Red was still alive.

Red asked The Boss bluntly: "Did you OK the hit? 'Do you think I was the one that took your bread?'"

"I don't care who it was anymore," The Boss replied. "Maybe it was you, maybe it was Mac. Besides my secretary, you two were the only ones who had access to my codes. All that matters is that the sum was not so large as to cripple my organization by its sudden absence and yet, of course, not so small as to escape the notice of myself, my accountants, and some others who got tips. So now, for the purpose of appearance, the money got to come back and somebody got to leave this world in a discernibly high-profile and distasteful manner."

Red listened intently, understanding this was one of those rare instances where someone was telling him the positively straight dope.

"I've always given you boys everything you needed; nobody got any reason to be stealin' from me. There was only one thing I could never give nobody, the title Top Exterminator. That you have to decide between yourselves.

The Boss tugged at his crotch. "The one thing I

can't afford is chaos and disorder. If I got to lose one good man to set it all back straight and narrow, so be it. Both of you knew that, so I figured one of you pulled this heist to set the other up, to justify a hit and become that top dog.

"Mac called me first, told me it was you, told me he'd bring me back what's mine. I gave him the OK. Now you collin' and I now extend the same to you, retroactive, even if you were the one who took the shit to begin with. You have always been the top exterminator in my army, better than Mac, in fact. So I'm glad you're the one who gets to live." The Boss hung up.

Red kept the phone to his ear for a moment, listening to the dead line. His eyes rolled slowly over the deserted street before him as his brain assessed the whole situation. In the end he decided he needed more guns.

Two police cars skidded to a stop in front of the hotel. The Sergeant was screaming over the radio: TAKE NO CHANCES! TAKE NO CHANCES!

They stormed into the hotel lobby. The desk clerk was pointing up the stairs and screaming, "Niggers! Niggers!"

The desk clerk's voice echoed up to the room where Mac was cradling Simone's body. He snapped back to reality as he registered hard steps coming up the hotel stairs. Mac dropped the girl's corpse, and unsheathed the sawed off shotgun from under his coat. He took two deep breaths, tore away the remnants of his bloody shirt and jacket, and charged out of the room, trampling the dead body



of his henchman in the hall. A line of cops was almost at the top of the stairs when Mac stormed overhead, firing down into them as he shrieked: "LET'S ROLL, YOU MOTHERFUCKERS!!"

Most of the cops were blown from the stairs by the ripping blast of dimes and nails. Mac would not let them stop him, he had to find Red and make him pay. He trampled through the rest of the screaming, crawling men, reloading as he went. He charged out the front of the hotel and cut loose on another cop car that was just pulling up. Eventually he fled up the street, leaving bloody footprints and a scattering of crying, maimed and broken figures behind him.

The Junkman stood at the edge of the lot, facing Red through the chain-link fence that bordered his property. A dog growled and barked at the newcomer until The Junkman silenced it with a wave of his hand. Red's clothes were stained with blood, but he appeared calm and ready for business. The Junkman pushed a button and the electric fence began to slide open.

"Something regular or something special?" said The Junkman.

"Very special," Red answered.

The Junkman turned and started back across the yard. Red followed as the fence slid closed behind them.

Mac's bloody shoe prints stopped at the phone booth where he was dialing The Boss's private line.

When The Boss heard Mac's voice on the other end he didn't sound surprised. He simply stated, "You have always been my best Extremator, better than Red. I don't think he knows you are still alive. Find him first." Then The Boss hung up.

The meaning of The Boss's words was not lost on Mac as he stood holding the dead phone: The Boss knew that for the first time, Mac had missed his mark.

It was starting to rain. There was only one thing he could do now. He

thought about where to look for his target.

On a table before Red and The Junkman was a fine selection of the street's most popular firepower. Red's eyes silently went from piece to piece, contemplating how each might serve him. He weighed the concept of how any number of the weapons could work in conjunction with one another, but he could find no calculation that assured certain victory.

The Junkman read the dissatisfaction on Red's face. His calm tone reflected the endless patience for which The Junkman was known.

"What exactly did you come lookin' for?"
"Something REAL."



special."

The Junkman rolled his eyes to the floor before his feet. He drew a long breath, let it out slowly, nodded his head toward Red and started to walk away. Red followed. The Junkman went out a door at the back of the room, through another room filled with weapons, and finally into another small room at the end of the subterranean railroad apartment. Red felt cold. Water was dripping in the darkness and echoing off the walls. The Junkman pulled a string and a naked light bulb flickered on from a wire overhead. On the floor were several suitcases. A black eagle claw, symbol of the

ruthless security services that had been established after terrorist attacks on the nation, was stamped across the front of each.

"Oh shit!" Red muttered.

"Something REAL special," The Junkman replied.

At the edge of the city stood a grouping of cold buildings. A black eagle claw insignia was emblazoned on the flag that hung from each. In the bowels of one building, three uniformed men stood over another man who had been chained to a chair and beaten. Two of the uniformed men held heavy wooden clubs. The

third man's hands were empty. He was The Captain and he did the talking.

"Where are my suitcases?" The man's calm tone did not hide his smoldering impatience.

"I don't know," the prisoner answered. The Captain motioned to the others and they immediately went to work on the prisoner with their clubs. He screamed under the beating and finally fell over, taking the chair to the floor with him. The merciless blows continued, smashing his hands, feet and ankles.

"PLEASE, PLEASE!"

Tears rolled down the prisoner's cheeks.

The Captain motioned for them to stop and he

leaned over the fallen man, edging closer and closer, until his lips were right up at the prisoner's ear. "WHERE ARE THE SUITCASES!" The Captain screamed.

The fallen man cried hysterically. One of the others kicked him in the throat after which he just whined and gasped for air. He could take no more, but part of his addled mind remembered how The Junkman had always been good to him. He did not want his last act to be the betrayal of a friend. His mind raced to think of another name they would believe, and having found it, he could only whisper as one of the men wrote it down

and gave the paper to the Captain.

The Captain put the name in his pocket and nodded to the doctor who had been waiting patiently at the far side of the room.

The doctor uncapped a hypodermic needle and jabbed it into the prisoner's thigh. He screamed and began to shake. His heartbeat doubled, tripled and stopped.

The others watched expressionlessly as the dying man clenched his fists, clinging to an invisible rope of faith.

Charlie, George and Carl had come on board for what they thought would be a simple hit. If they had known that the target, which Mac Piano had described as "an easy mark," was the notorious Napoleon Red Caine, none of them would have taken the job. They had

remained ignorant of the target during the first meeting at Jimmie's Bar And Grill, where they had been hired, ignorant throughout the planning of the hit and ignorant throughout the execution of the job, where they had let an unarmed man escape their guns. So now they were gathered back at Jimmie's.

Charlie took a nervous sip of beer and looked up at the others. "Let's just get the fuck out of town for awhile, huh?" George was even more nervous.

"Would you guys just keep your fucking voices down!" he kept muttering.

Carl was trying to be tough about the whole thing: "We should get paid!"

"Fuck that shit!" George started again, "Charlie's right, let's just get the fuck out!"

None of them had noticed a large figure

enter the barroom from the door that connected to the alley out back.

One by one the other patrons began to leave.

Mac flattened himself in the shadows as a screaming police cruiser shot past. Once satisfied that the cops were out of sight, he swung around the corner and headed up toward Jimmie's Bar. Inside he knew he would find the three bungling shooters he had hired to back him up at the hotel. They were always in that dive. The time he had spent on the job with them represented the only period he could remember seeing them outside of that place. The fucking bums. The first targets on his list were these loose ends.

Mac stopped before the big tinted window in front of Jimmie's and considered his line of attack.

He thought about just going in shooting. The cops were probably after him for the hotel, so he figured he didn't really need to cover his tracks any more. He remembered the strange 9mm and matching clips that The Junkman had recently sold him. "Something real special" was how The Junkman described them. "Something that delivers a mad punch when the same ole thing just won't do."

Mac pulled the gun from the back of his belt. The metal was odd and not quite like anything he'd felt before. A silent command came to his brain and without another thought he pulled forth a clip and shoved it into the weapon. It seemed to vibrate in Mac's hand, then came sudden, horrible pain, as hot metallic tentacles emerged from the handle and bored into Mac's flesh. He doubled



over and screamed. But then, with the connection made, the agony was gone and Mac stood up and shook for a moment, as if casting off a bad dream. A web of bloody metallic tendons now joined the weapon to his wrist and a voice spoke in his brain: "Kill your enemy. Kill your enemy. Kill

them all. Kill them all." The words seemed irresistible to his soul. Suddenly the huge front window of Jimmie's bar shattered and a screaming figure hurtled through the glass and onto Mac. The impact knocked him back across the sidewalk, toward the gutter. The voice in his head screamed with

fury: "KILL! KILL! KILL THE ENEMY!"

Mac unloaded his gun into the figure that lay against him and then he got his foot under its wailing chin. It was Carl, one of the men he had hired to help him at the hotel. Mac pumped a shot through the man's face and his screaming

stopped.

From over the jagged teeth of the bar's smashed window came the sounds of flesh and bone being pounded and pulverized. The dissipating smoke revealed Napoleon Red, covered in a symbiotic chain mail of wires and metallic muscles, holding before





him another of Mac's hired guns. Red smiled as he tightened his steel-claw vice grip and blood spurted from the other's nose and ears. The man let out a sickening gurgle, cut short by the cracking of bone.

Blood splattered down Red's arm as the man's torso fell away to the left while his head dropped off to the right.

Charlie, the last of

the hoods, was cringing, unharmed, at the far side of the room. The terrified man suddenly gathered his nerve and bolted through a door behind the bar.

Red laughed after he heard the door slam. He'd never felt better in his life. The mechanisms of wire and steel that coursed through his body were worth every penny he had paid The Junk-

man, which was good, because that had been every penny he had had.

He stalked out of the bar and looked down at the twitching, smoldering, bullet-riddled body of Carl as it lay on the sidewalk in a widening pool of blood. He looked up and down the street. There was no sound, not even the distant whine of sirens, which he had come to expect from

every day life. Suddenly he was distracted by a noise and he saw a figure pointing something at him from the darkness between two parked cars at the far side of the street. Steel coil reflexes sent him spiraling backward through the air, but Mac's quick-wit bullet changed course in mid-flight and tore away half of Red's face.

Teeth gritted, Mac



stored down the length of his smoldering gun. Red lay on the street before him, moaning, his face a bloody ruin. Mac leaned forward and took careful aim for the finishing shot, but Red's remaining eye suddenly focused and he rolled away with astounding speed as Mac squeezed the trigger. The screaming bullet missed its mark. It tore off a chunk of meat, but did not destroy any of Red's vitals.

Mac got off three more blasts. All missed. Nano-bots were now injecting Red with painkillers and a cocktail of amphetamines, firing his brain like an outboard motor. He staggered behind a streetlight then whirled back around, snarling, to confront Mac's gun.

For a long moment the two faced each other, the silence broken only by growling breathes. Mac snarled, "Boss wants his money back!" Red hissed through bullet smashed teeth, "Now... you... die... motherfucker!" In an instant, Mac was blasting away as Red bounded across the space between them and buried his razor talons in Mac's chest. Mac kept firing. Chunks of flesh and bone flew across the air. They howled together, smoke obscuring the figures in their slam dance of screaming death.

The Boss turned in alarm as he heard someone outside the reinforced door of his inner office. Soon the hinges were being worked loose from the other side.

The door finally fell forward and a gang of uniformed men swarmed into the room. The Boss started to rise but he did not get to stand before an electric dart knocked him back into his chair. The once frightening figure seemed bewildered

and helpless as a multitude of black-gloved hands pulled him up by his hair and collar.

The Captain stood to the side while the others did the work. In his pocket was the paper with The Boss's name on it.

The Boss didn't start to fight until one of the uniformed men came toward him with an opened straight jacket. When they

finally carried him out, he was a bound and gagged bloody mess, desperately kicking at the cruel figures all around him.

The Junkman pressed the switch and the electric gate, which separated him from The Boss's secretary, began to retract. He gave her a passionate kiss. In his arms she felt

the quiet strength that always wiped away the dirty world. She buried her face in his chest and murmured, "I knew I would see you again."

"You're safe now, Yolanda", The Junkman said softly.

They held each other for a long moment, lost in the redemptive powers of human touch. Later, The Junkman

and Yolanda went down into the chambers below The Junkman's buildings.

At a table at the back of his workshop, The Junkman removed a device from under the skin of Yolanda's right arm. This was what had allowed her to beat the lie detector in The Boss's shock chair.

The couple went



back through more dark rooms to the most remote corner of the complex.

The Junkman clicked on a light and pulled a small metal box from a secret place.

The Secretary couldn't hold back tears as she watched The Junkman, on his knees before her, dividing up piles of The Boss' cash.





YOUR TAIL
AND BODY BELONG
TO ME BY RIGHT.

WHAT DO
YOU MEAN?

WE ARE
YOUR SLAVES!

NO, NOT EXACTLY.
ALTHOUGH IT IS
TRUE THAT I CAN
MAKE LOT OF YOU
AS I WISH.

ARMADA IS
RIGHT. IT SOUNDS
LIKE SLAVERY TO
ME.

THAT MIGHT
SURPRISE ME, YOUR
HUMAN KNOWLEDGE
IS VERY LIMITED.

AND WHAT
DO YOU KNOW
ABOUT ME?

YES, WHAT
DO YOU KNOW
ABOUT US?



NO, DADDY. DON'T LET ME
HEARRY WAS THE ONE WHO
COMPROMISED ME TO DRESS
LIKE THIS.

A LOT MORE THAN
YOU BELIEVE.

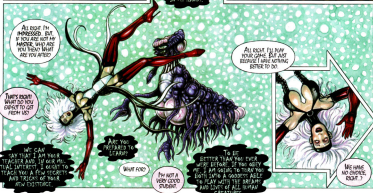


Do You
UNDERSTAND NOW?
YOU ARE LIKE CLAY
IN MY HANDS.



WHO IS
THE BEST
ONE?

DON'T WORRY MAN.
ANY IS THE BEST OVERLEADER IN
THE LEAGUE. SHE NEVER SAYS NO
TO A JAIL FROM THE TEAM.



ALL RIGHT, I'M
IMPRESSED. BUT
IF YOU ARE NOT MY
HANDS, WHO ARE
YOU THEN? WHAT
ARE YOU AFTER?

THEY'RE RIGHT!
WHAT DO YOU
EXPECT TO GET
FROM US?

ARE YOU
PREPARED TO
STAY?

WHAT FOR?

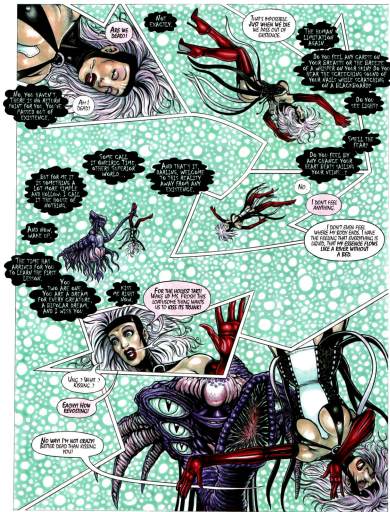
I'M NOT A
VERY GOOD
SUBJECT.

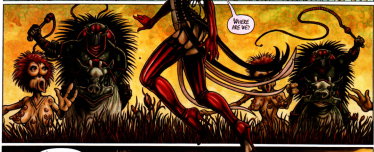
TO BE
BETTER THAN YOU EVER
WERE BEFORE. IF YOU GIVE
ME, I AM GOING TO TURN YOU
BOTH INTO A GODDESS ABLE
TO PLAY WITH THE DREAMS
AND LIVES OF ALL HUMAN
CREATURES.

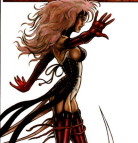
ALL RIGHT, I'LL
PLAY
YOUR GAME. BUT JUST
BECAUSE I HAVE NOTHING
BETTER TO DO.



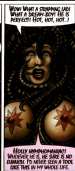
WE HAVE
NO CHOICE,
RIGHT?











WHO ARE YOU, DREAMY BOY?
MY NAME'S FRODOGARD, BUT
MY LOVERS CALL ME
FRODY.

I AM
A GIGER FEMALE.
I AM THE GIGER SE, BUT WHO
I AM IS UNIMPORTANT. MY
OBJECTIVE IN LIFE IS WHAT
REALLY MATTERS.

ALL RIGHT,
TWO MINUTES
ONE IS YOUR
REAL OBJECTIVE,
MY DEAR?

I AM AN
NEEDHUNDER.

Oh
shit!

Oh,
YES, YES, AMY,
DARLING, DON'T BE
RESENTFUL! I WANT
TO FEEL THIS TORN
BETWEEN MY
LEGS!

PLEASE,
DO NOT OFFEND
MY WILLING. ANYHOW,
HE IS SO BEAUTIFUL, SO
WHILE I NEVER HAD
SUCH A PERFECT
ANGEL INSIDE
ME.

NOT BUT DON'T
YOU SEE IT? IT'S A GIGER
LOOK AT HIS REFLECTION
IN THE LEFT POND, THE
BLACK ONE, OVERHEAD,
ON THE WALL.

BUT WHAT ARE YOU
SAYING? DON'T BE GREASY.
I HARDLY LOOKED THERE AND
ALL I SEE IS MY SUBSTANTIAL BODY
READY TO BE POSSESSED BY THAT
ANGELIC BEAST. THE SHOW
I'VE ALWAYS BEEN EAGER
TO WATCH.

NO, YOU ARE
CERTAIN YOU MUST
DEACT, MR. FRODY, PLEASE.
WAKE UP, IT IS SLEEPING,
WAKING, THAT THING
IS CONTROLLING
YOUR MIND!!

No, no

Noooooooooooo!





HOLLY ANY-
MORE? WE
ARE BORED!

WOODOOO!
WHY DID YOU
DO IT, BROWN?

ARE YOU
READY TO KISS
ME NOW?

SURE! WHAT
ELSE CAN WE
DO?

YES, I AM
READY!

OHMM
DELICIOUS!

HOW MANY ANGELS
EXACTLY? CAMERAMAN
THAT ISN'T THE HEAD JUDGE
RETAINED FROM HOLDING
OUT YOUR OWN DREAMS.

VERY WELL
YOU METABOLICALLY
TRANSFORMED ME
INTO AN ANGEL.

IT IS NOT
VERY ANGLICAL,
BUT I CAN TELL
THAT YOU ARE
LEARNING.

THANKS!
WONDER.

WHOSE
IDEA WAS
IT?

PLEASE! WHOSE
DO YOU THINK SUCH
VULGAR THINGS DON'T
SUIT ME.

COME ON, MR. FROM
WHAT'S THE HURRY WITH
NOW? YOU HAVE A SIMPLE
SCENE IN THE JUDGE MAJOR
FULL OF ANGELS IN YOUR
OFFICE.

RETRO COMIC BOOK SOUND EFFECTS T SHIRTS

EXPRESS YOUR RAGE!!



ARG
RED ON BLACK
FITTED TEE



ARG
GREEN ON BLACK
FITTED TEE



ARG
CREME ON BLACK
FITTED TEE



BLAMM!
CREME ON OLIVE
FITTED TEE



BLAMM!
CREME ON BLACK
FITTED TEE



TOXIC
ON BLACK
REGULAR TEE

**MORE STYLES
FOR THE LADIES...**



DEVIL GIRL
SPAGHETTI TOP



ARG CREME ON BLACK
SEXY FITTED TEE



BLAMM!
BLACK ON OLIVE
FITTED TEE



KPOW!!
CREME ON BLACK
REGULAR TEE



ARG CREME ON BLACK
SPAGHETTI TOP



BLAMM! CREME ON BLACK
SPAGHETTI TOP

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BLAMM_CREME ON OLIVE	S_M_L_XL_2XL	\$14.95
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Credit Card# _____ Exp. date _____

Total _____ Signature _____

Email _____ Mailing list ☐ yes ☐ no

COMING IN MARCH

BIOCOSMOSIS

HEAVY METAL

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Statement of Ownership, Management, and Circulation
(Required by 39 U.S.C. 3685)

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I certify that all information furnished on this page is true and complete.

Howard Jurelsky
Vice President

"TRUST YOUR
HEART."



"THE TOWER HAS MANY LEVELS AND REALITIES, LIKE THE SWORD. LIKE VENICE ITSELF. YOU CAN GET LOST AND WANDER FOR AN ETERNITY AND NEVER FIND THE PATH OUT."

"SEE YOUR INNER EYE. SEE BEYOND."



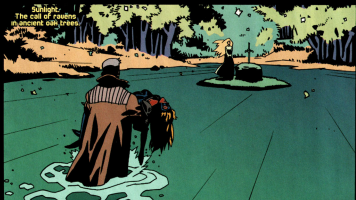
He can
feel the sword.
It calls to him.

into

the



light.



WELCOME
TO AVALON MY
KIND.







The energy lifts Mark into the air,
filling every cell and molecule.



"Healing her."



"Changing Mark
back into—"



"Crystal."



YOU
BROUGHT
ME BACK
AARON.



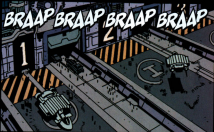
"Body to body...
soul to soul."



Together
they rise
up.



Hour 22



Four against a
thousand.

WE
WIN OR
DIE!

CHAOS!

MUUAHHH!

BA-BOOOM

SKRAASH

CRYSTAL!
ON YOUR LEFT!

BRKA
BRKA
BRKA

WOON

VERREEEEE









Celebration

WE'VE BEATEN THEM.
IT IS A MIRACLE.

ONE
WE MADE
OURSELVES
TOGETHER!



The Forever Genesis



"REMEMBER, THE
SERPENT'S TONGUE
IS ITS MOST DEADLY
WEAPON."

DRN DRN DRN DRN DRN DRN DRN DRN DRN DRN

TIME
TO FINISH
THIS.

HELLO
NEWSPAPER MAN.
GOING TO FIGHT ME
AGAIN? FOOL! MY
MASTERS ARE OLDER
THAN THIS WORLD AND
FAR MORE POWERFUL
THAN THOSE SERVED
BY YOU AND THAT
DODDERING HERB
WIZARD.

YOU THINK THE FLASH DANCE
WAS AN ACCIDENT? WE PLANNED IT.
TO PREPARE THIS WORLD
TO TWIST IT FOR THE MASTER'S
RETURN.



The fight goes on for an eternal hour.
Seesawing back and forth over the city.



Both men evenly
matched in strength.
Both evenly
matched in hatred.

TEDDIE,
LITTLE WANT
FEEL MY
POWER



For Crystal!

NO!

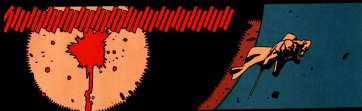
For Venice!

CHOK

RUAAGH!

SEX...

HOW DOES
THAT FEEL, YOU
BASTARD!





"And so castle's
made of sand."



"...fall in the sea..."



"...eventually..."



One mile
off the Venice
shore.



TIC TIC TIC TIC TIC TIC TIC BEEEEEEEEEEEP

A long dormant object of destruction is detonated.



Fusion!



Light bursts upwards from the ocean floor
and a terrible beauty rises up into the sky.



"He's trying to drown
Venice with a
nuclear tidal wave!"



IT'S GOING
TO HIT THE CITY
IN LESS THAN
A MINUTE.
WE
ARE ALL
DEAD...

NO.



BULLURRRRRRRRRRRRR

RRRRMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM

From hate's
heart.

REVEAL
UNTO ME!



RRRMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM



FAAAAAA-AAAAA-



BOOOOM



"Will the wind
ever remember..."

"...the names it has
known in the past..."



"And with this crutch..."

"SO-NAH,
YOU DID IT.
YOU SAVED THE
CITY."

"NO, AARON...
WE DID. AS
THE PROPHECY
FORBID US."



"...its old age, and its wisdom..."

"IT IS YOUR
TIME NOW. BE GOOD
TO YOUR PEOPLE.
YOUR KING BE."



"...it whispers
'No...'"



"...this will be the last..."

"FOR THE
GONDOLIER..."

"And the wind cries Mary."

I KNEW HIM
FOR ONLY A DAY,
BUT I FEEL
LIKE I'VE LOST
MY FATHER.

HE SAVED
MY LIFE FOR
US. FOR OUR
CITY.





I CAN'T DO THIS...
YOU CAN HARRON, I BELIEVE IN YOU. WE ALL DO.



HONOR THAT, YOUNG KING.



PEOPLE OF VENICE, MY PEOPLE. TODAY, MANY GAVE THEIR LIVES SO THAT WE COULD LIVE FREE. SO THAT THIS CITY, OUR CITY COULD LIVE FREE. YOU WANT ME TO BE YOUR LEADER, YOUR KING. I CAN'T DO THIS ALONE.



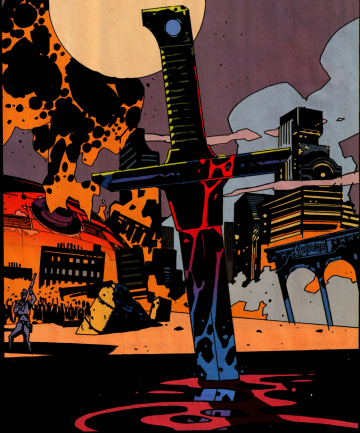
YOU HAVE TO SUPPORT ME. YOU HAVE TO SUPPORT THE CITY. TOGETHER WE CAN DO THIS. TOGETHER WE CAN REBUILD OUR CITY. TOGETHER WE CAN SAFE-GUARD THE SPIRIT OF VENICE.

MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS, I PLEDGE MYSELF TO YOU, TO THE CITY. WILL YOU PLEDGE YOURSELVES TO ME? TO OUR CITY? TO EACH OTHER?

A new people,
a new country is born
from a savage labor.



24 Hours
after it
began.



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GABRIEL IPPOLITI



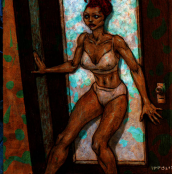
ARTIST STUDIO

Gabriel Ippoliti started his professional career by working as a graphic designer and illustrator for advertising agencies in Rosario City. He later went on to work for textile companies where his job was to create characters that could be identified with their respective companies in t-shirts and ads.

In 1998, Gabriel started to work for La Capital, a newspaper in Rosario where he made caricatures for international and show business areas. In 1999 he won the best illustration award from ADEPA.

In 2001, Ippoliti started working in comics. He won many awards in both illustration and comic categories. In 2005 the French publishing company, Albin Michel published a comic album by Ippoliti. In 2006 they published another one of his books. Today he continues to work in the comic field.









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24 HOUR MAN

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ARTIST: YOUNG KI YOON
COLORIST: SUNGHA HWANG
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