



# BALLADE

MEBIUS  
77

"FROM A GOLDEN  
PLAIN AMIDST SILK  
RIBBONS, GRAY GAUZE,  
GREEN VELVETS, AND THE  
CRYSTAL DISKS WHICH BLACKEN  
LIKE BRONZE IN THE SUN" --  
GIDDYUP KOLOKO!  
LET'S GO!  
YUK! YUK!

"I SEE THE  
FOXGLOVE OPEN ON  
A CARPET FILIGREED  
WITH SILVER EYES AND  
TRESSES..."

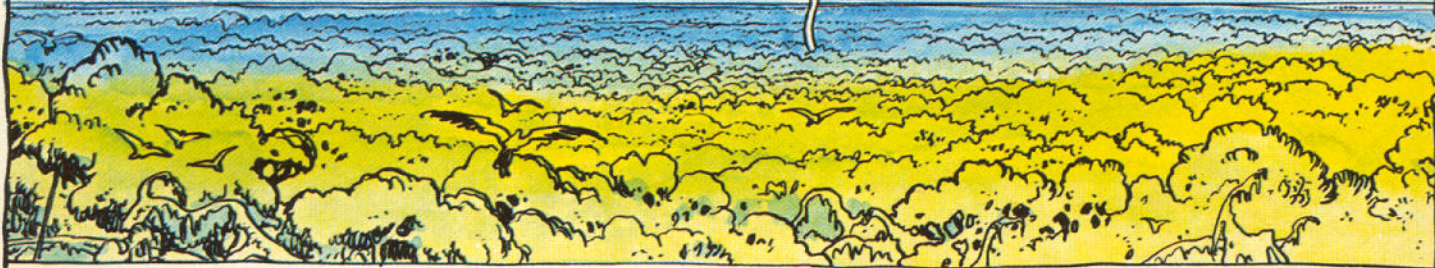
AAH...

WHAT A  
WONDERFUL  
DAY!

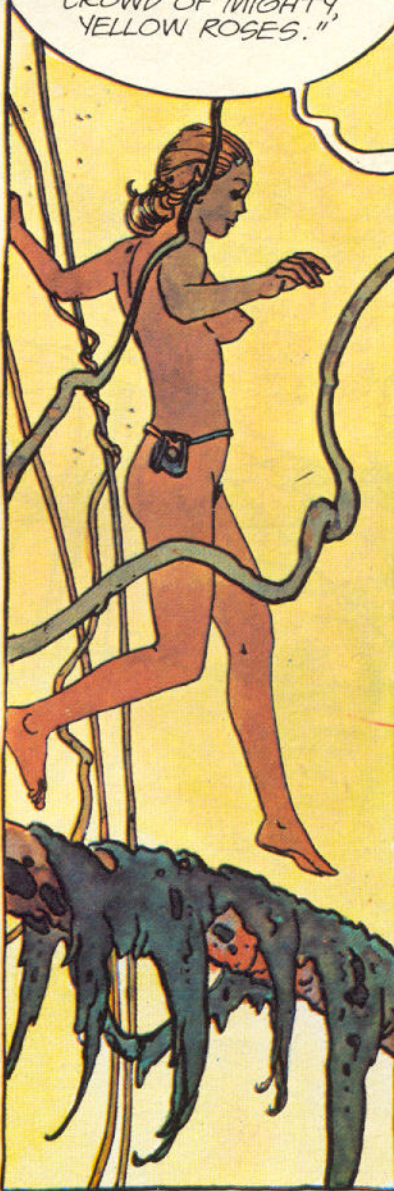




"PIECES OF GOLD,  
YELLOW, STREWN ON AGATE,  
MAHOGANY PILLARS SUPPORTING AN  
EMERALD DOME, BOUQUETS OF WHITE SATIN  
AND SLENDER WANDS OF RUBIES CLUSTER..."



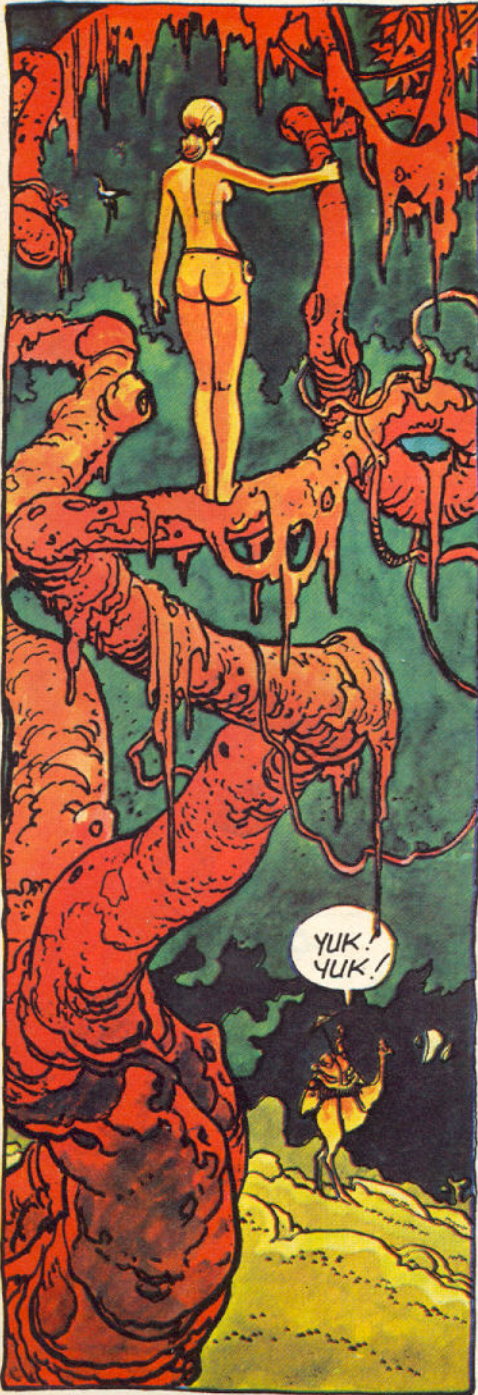
"AS IF A GOD WITH  
VAST BLUE EYES, IN  
THE FORMS OF SNOW,  
SEA, AND SKY HAD  
SUMMONED TO HIS  
MARBLE TERRACES A  
CROWD OF MIGHTY,  
YELLOW ROSES."



JUST LOOK AT THIS LITTLE  
MOUNTAIN FELLOW, THIS YOUNG  
RASCAL OFF ALL ALONE ON  
AN ADVENTURE, CROSSING  
MY BIO-FOREST WHILE  
QUOTING  
RIMBAUD!



YUK!  
YUK!

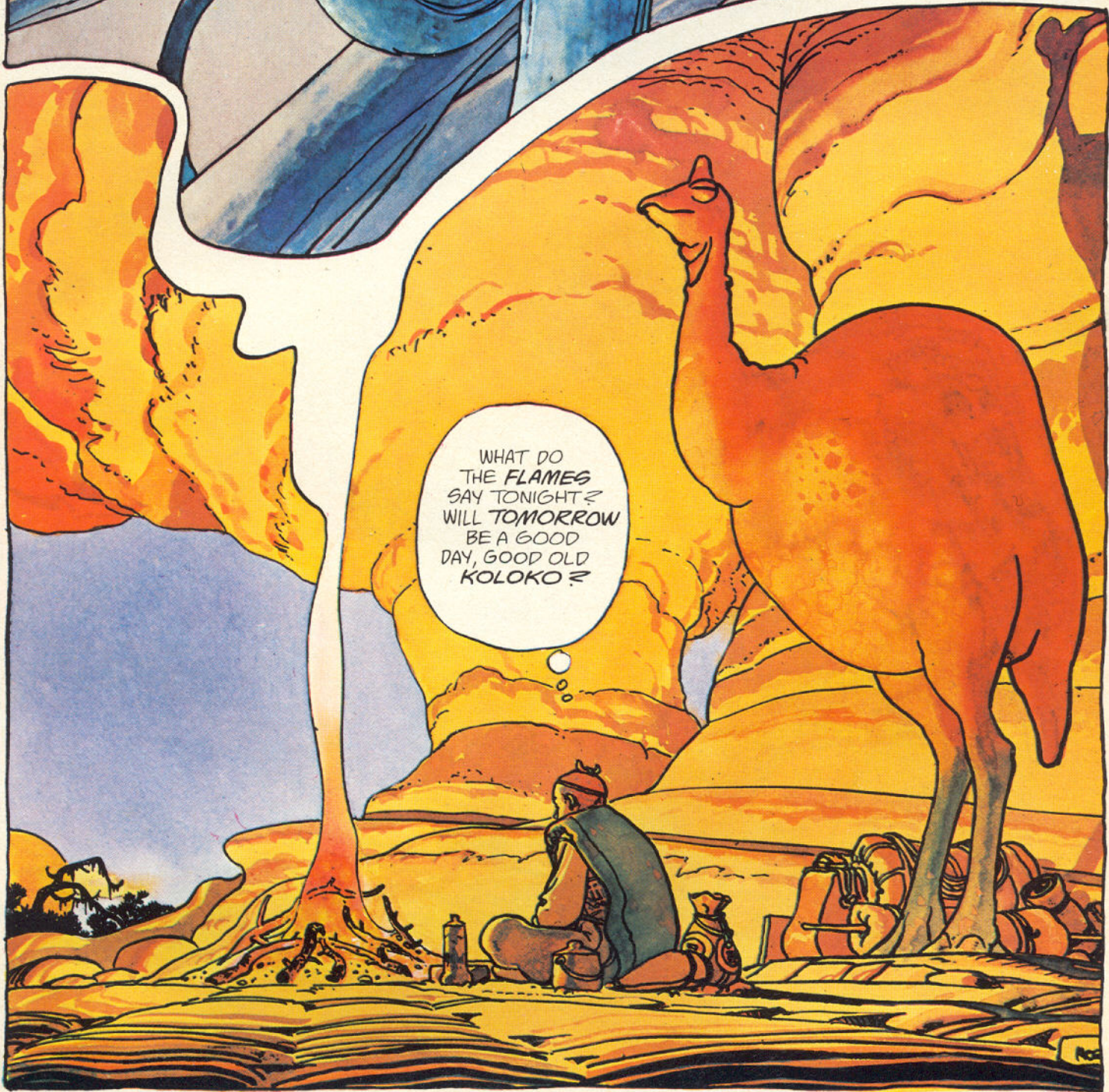




SOON,  
NIGHT  
FALLS...



WHAT DO  
THE **FLAMES**  
SAY TONIGHT?  
WILL **TOMORROW**  
BE A GOOD  
DAY, GOOD OLD  
**KOLOKO**?

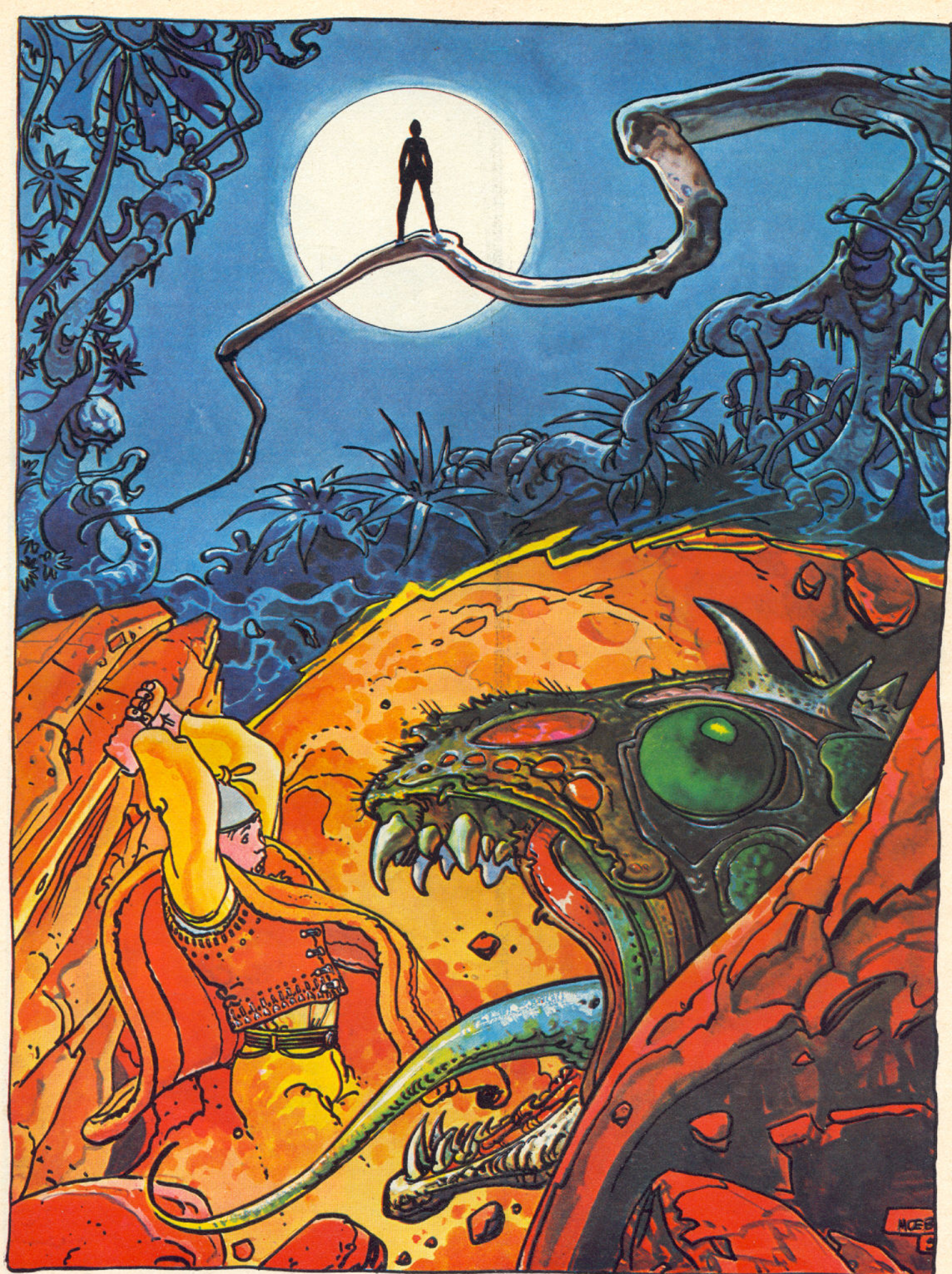





SUDDENLY: A HORRIBLE PIEDSHELL SCORPION!

UUUMMM!  
ANOTHER ONE  
OF THOSE  
STUPID  
MONSTERS!









THE FAWN DANCES,  
TRACING IN THE AIR  
THE SECRET AND  
MAGICAL GESTURES  
WHICH HAVE ALWAYS  
PACIFIED THE  
PIEDSHELL.

THIS GIRL IS BUT  
TWENTY YEARS  
OF AGE. SHE IS  
EXPERT AT RUNNING  
ALONG MOSSY  
BOUGHS. SHE  
EATS THE FRUITS  
WHICH GROW HERE  
FREELY IN  
PROFUSION.

AND ALL WHO DWELL  
IN THE BIO-FOREST  
KNOW HER  
LANGUAGE.





GOOD EVENING,  
LITTLE FELLOW FROM  
THE HIGHLANDS... IT  
WAS YOUR FIRE THAT  
ATTRACTED THE PIEDSHELL  
HERE... THEY HAVE THE  
BRAINS OF  
BUTTERFLIES...

AND IT'S ME  
THAT HE WANTED AS  
PLUNDER!... YUK...  
WHAT WOULD YOU SAY  
TO A NICE HOT CUP  
OF BANG,  
LITTLE FAWN?



DON'T LAUGH, LOONA...  
UP IN THE HILLS, THE WHOLE  
BEAR-FLY TRIBE LAUGHED AT ME  
JUST THAT WAY WHEN I TOLD THEM  
I WAS GOING AROUND THE WORLD,  
THROUGH THE BIO-FOREST, ACROSS  
THE SAVANNAH, TO THE OCEAN SHORE...  
COME, LOONA!...

STOP LAUGHING AND THINK OF THE  
WONDERS OF THE WORLD...

I'VE HEARD OF GIANT SHIPS THAT  
FLOAT AND FLY... I'VE HEARD OF  
CITIES, LOONA, HUMAN CITIES!



YOU FELLOWS  
FROM THE MOUNTAINTOPS,  
RIDING YOUR BIG BIRDS,  
WITH ALL YOUR CLOTHES AND  
HATS, AND SHOES ON YOUR FEET,  
YOU NO LONGER KNOW WHERE  
GOD IS...

WHY SHOULD I GO ANYWHERE  
WITH A HOPELESS IDIOT  
LIKE YOU...



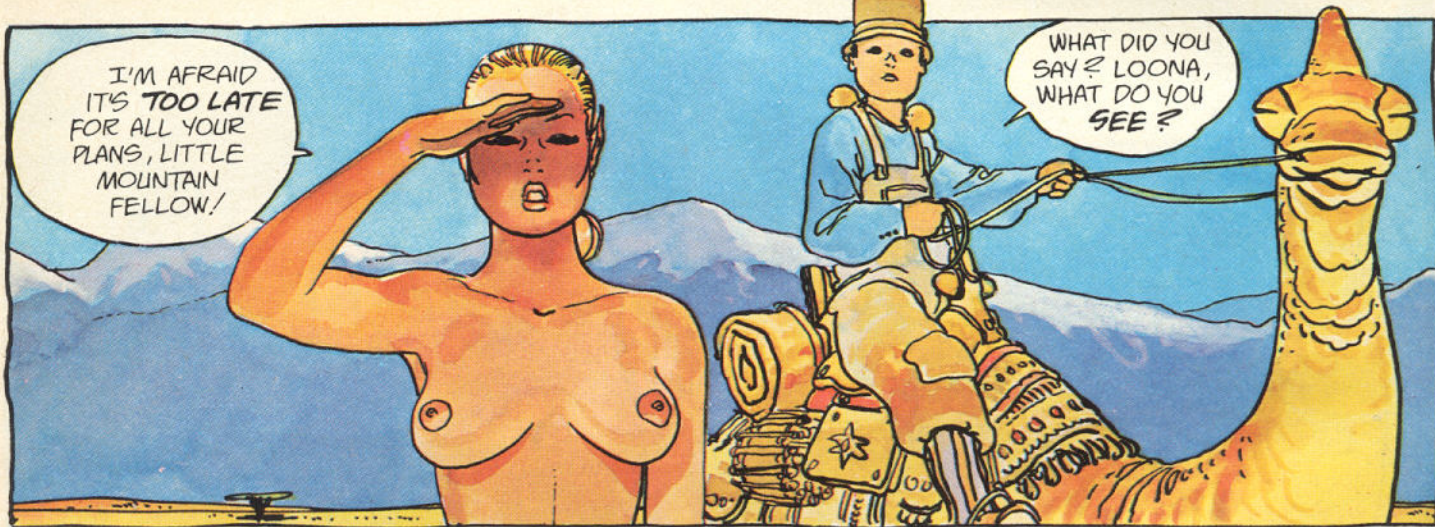
YOU WERE  
RIGHT TO COME  
WITH ME, LOONA...  
LOOK HOW **BEAUTIFUL**  
THE SAVANNAH IS...

IT'S OVER  
THERE THAT YOU FIND  
THE BIG HORSTRICHES LIKE  
KOLOKO... WE MUST CATCH  
ONE FOR YOU TO **RIDE**...



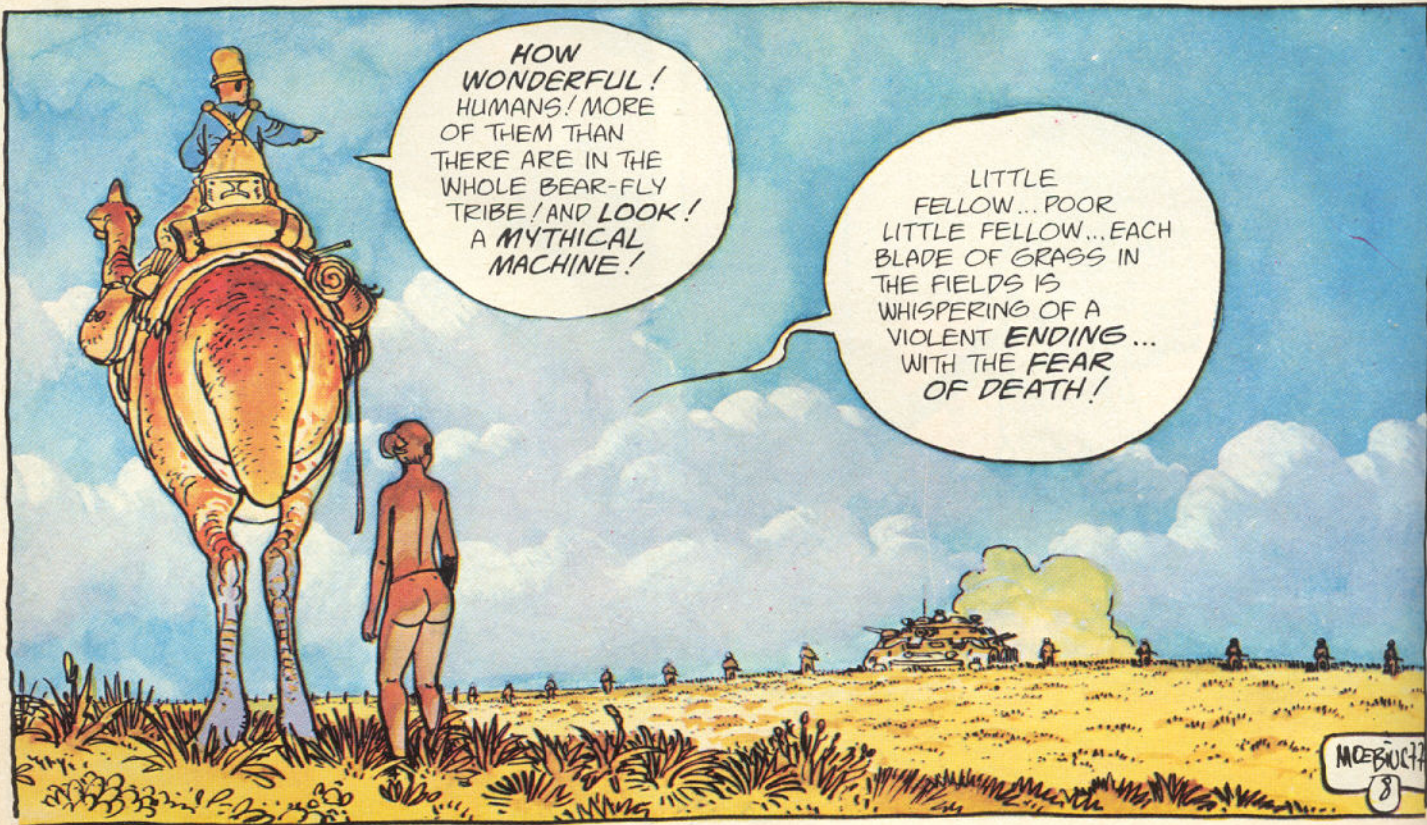
I'M AFRAID  
IT'S **TOO LATE**  
FOR ALL YOUR  
PLANS, LITTLE  
MOUNTAIN  
FELLOW!

WHAT DID YOU  
SAY? LOONA,  
WHAT DO YOU  
**SEE**?

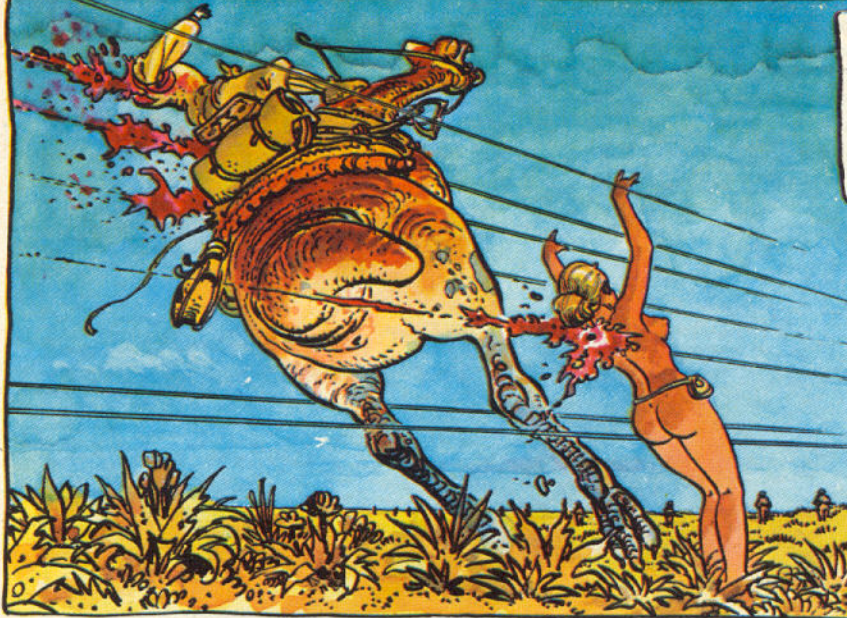


**HOW  
WONDERFUL!**  
HUMANS! MORE  
OF THEM THAN  
THERE ARE IN THE  
WHOLE BEAR-FLY  
TRIBE! AND LOOK!  
A **MYTHICAL  
MACHINE!**

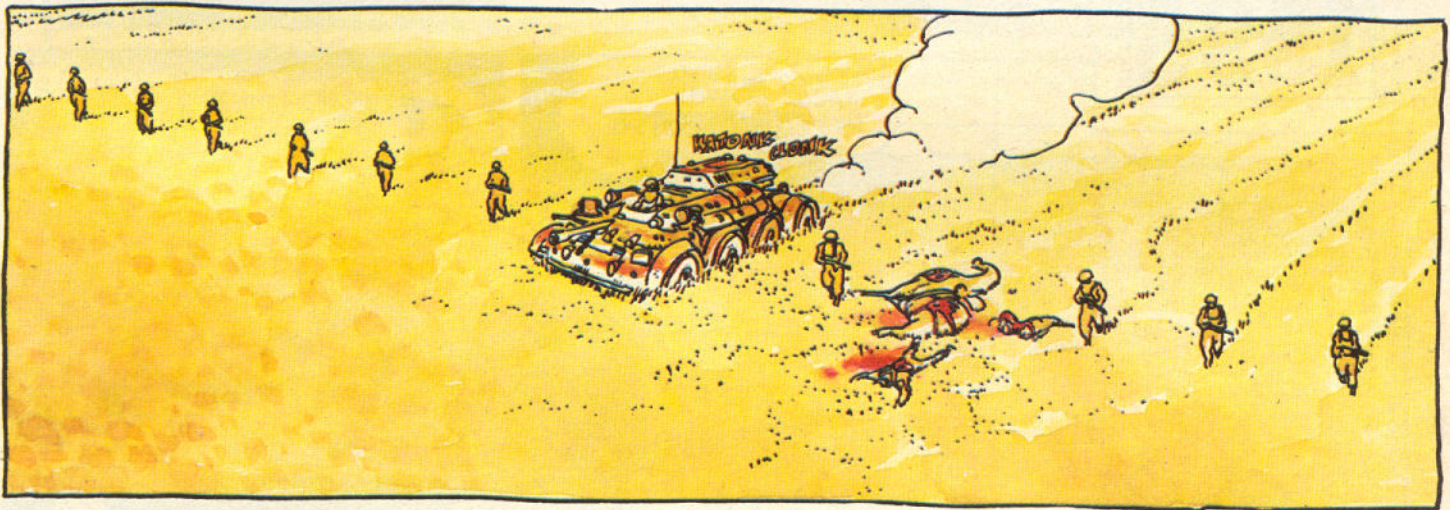
LITTLE  
FELLOW... POOR  
LITTLE FELLOW... EACH  
BLADE OF GRASS IN  
THE FIELDS IS  
WHISPERING OF A  
VIOLENT **ENDING**...  
WITH THE **FEAR  
OF DEATH!**





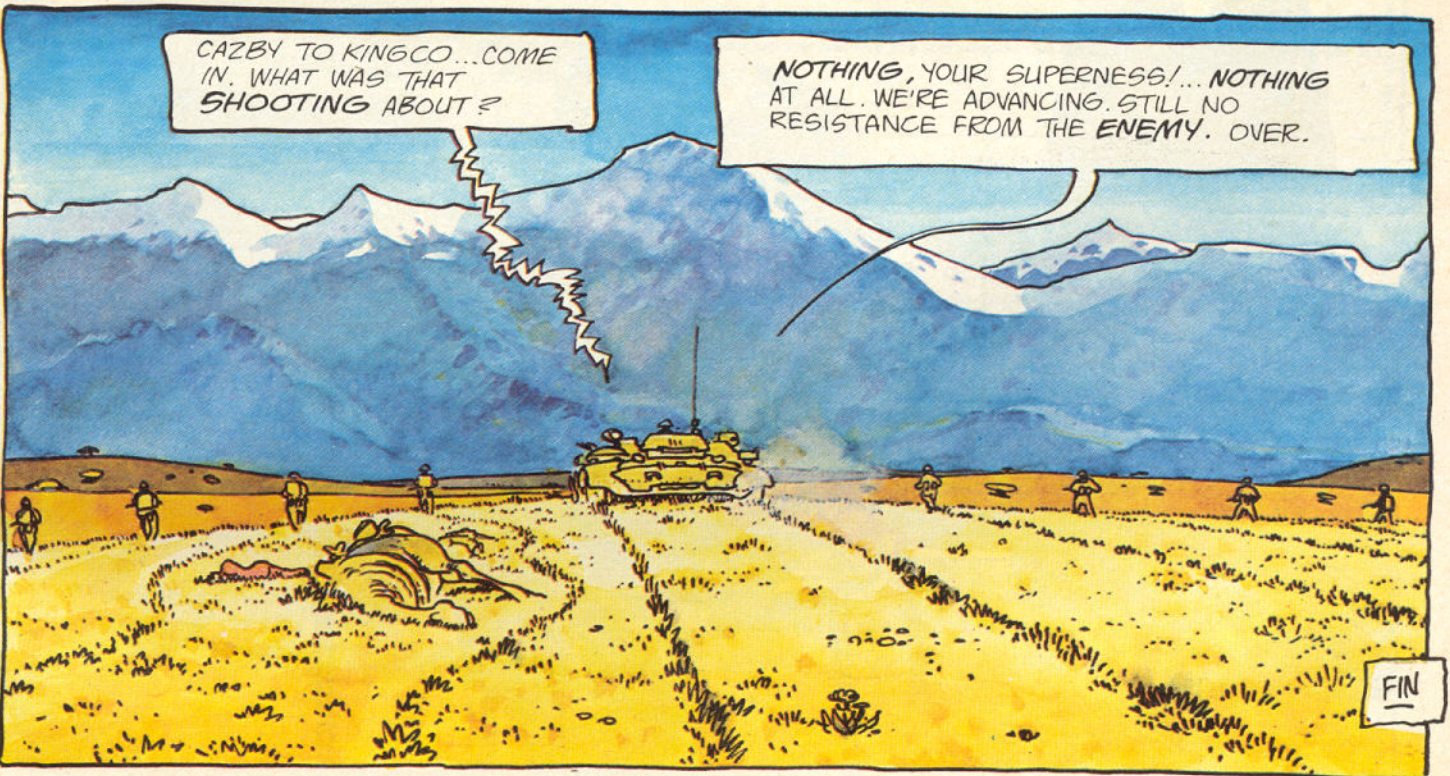
A man and a woman are riding a large, orange, scaly dinosaur. The man is in the driver's seat, and the woman is sitting behind him. They are being shot at by soldiers in the distance. The dinosaur is being hit by several bullets, and the woman is also being hit. The scene is set in a dry, yellow landscape with some green plants in the foreground. In the background, there are hills and a blue sky with clouds. The soldiers are wearing green uniforms and are holding rifles. The dinosaur is running towards the right. The woman is holding onto the man. The man is looking back over his shoulder. The dinosaur is being hit by several bullets, and the woman is also being hit. The scene is set in a dry, yellow landscape with some green plants in the foreground. In the background, there are hills and a blue sky with clouds. The soldiers are wearing green uniforms and are holding rifles. The dinosaur is running towards the right. The woman is holding onto the man. The man is looking back over his shoulder.

THE TRAVELERS, BOY, GIRL, AND BIRD, ARE CUT DOWN BY A VOLLEY OF CLASS "KLEER TAK 59" BULLETS, EXTREMELY EFFECTIVE AT THIS RANGE.



CAZBY TO KINGCO...COME IN. WHAT WAS THAT SHOOTING ABOUT?

NOTHING, YOUR SUPERNESS!...NOTHING AT ALL. WE'RE ADVANCING. STILL NO RESISTANCE FROM THE ENEMY. OVER.



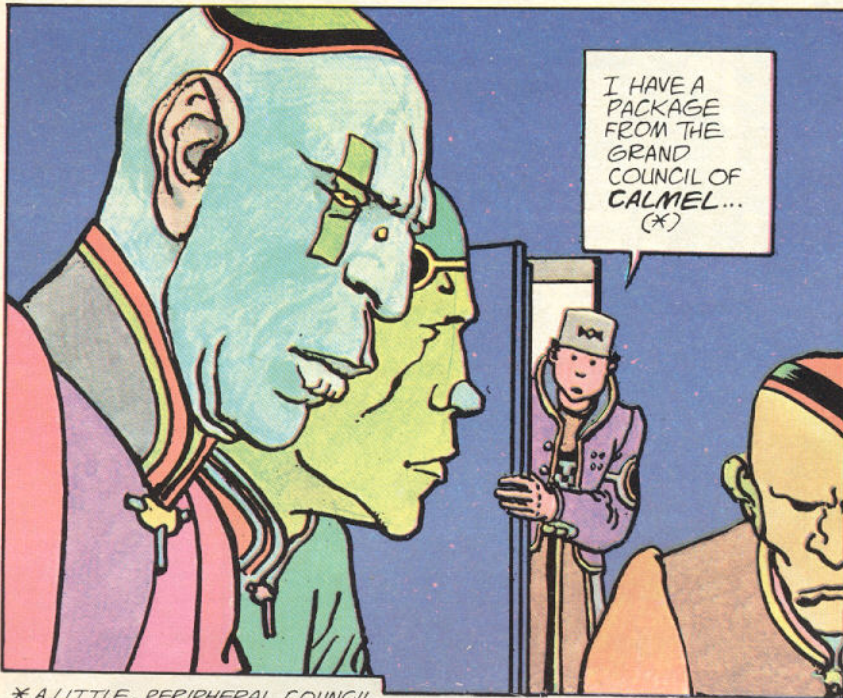
FIN



# BLACK THURSDAY

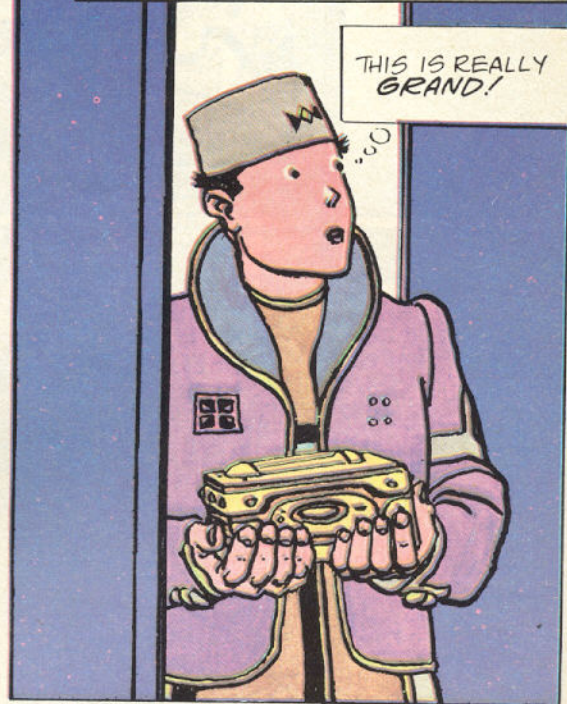
By MOEBIUS of the INSTITUTE

**D**URING THAT PERIOD, JERMAN CLOZER WAS ONLY A LITTLE ERRAND BOY, DOING WHATEVER CAME HIS WAY.



\* A LITTLE, PERIPHERAL COUNCIL

**A**T THAT TIME IN HIS LIFE, HE WAS EASILY INTIMIDATED BY THE GODS.



**T**HE GAME WAS UNDERWAY.

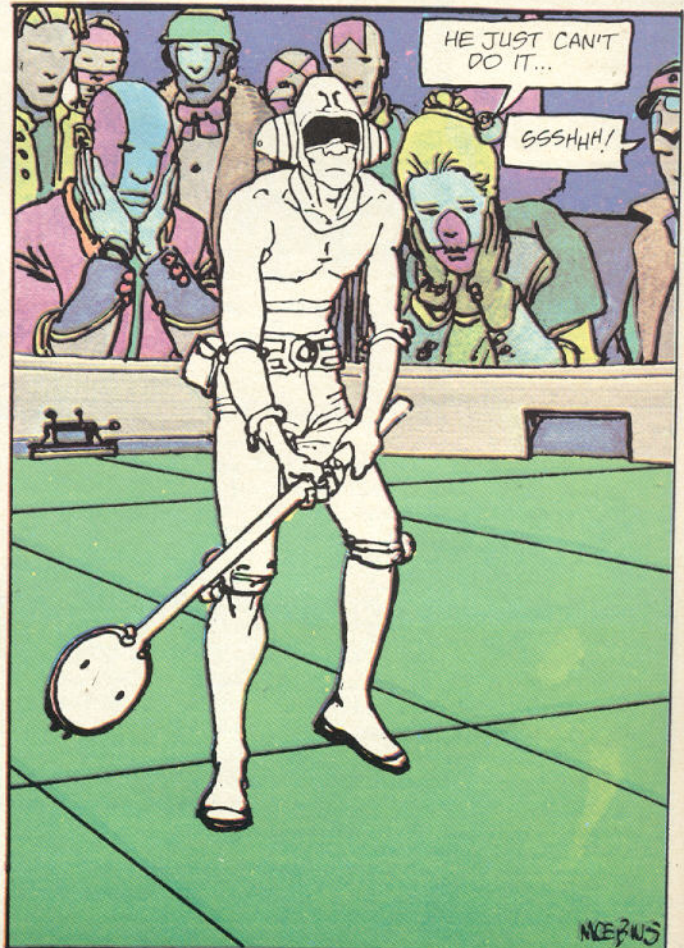
**E**VERYONE HELD HIS BREATH.

GIVE IT HERE!



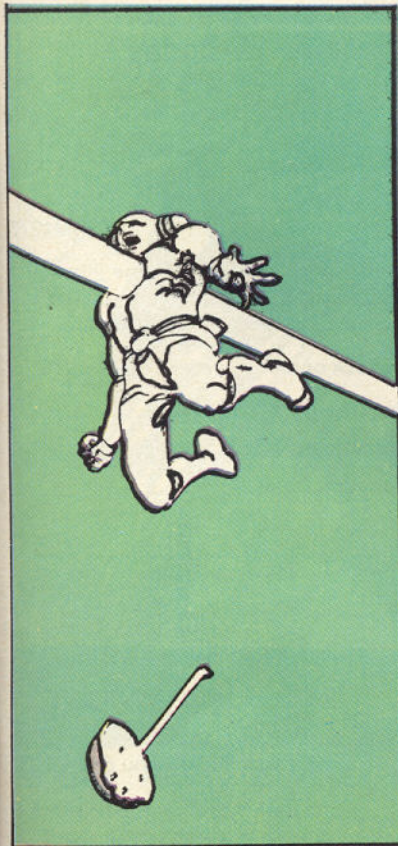
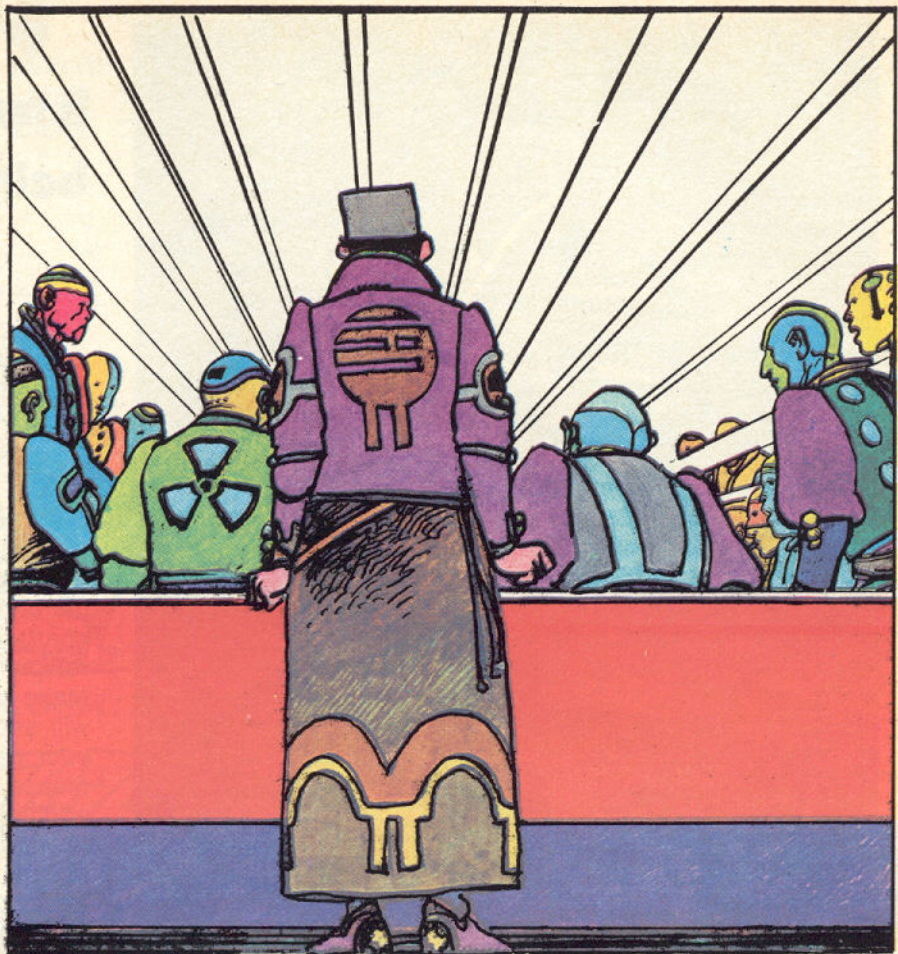
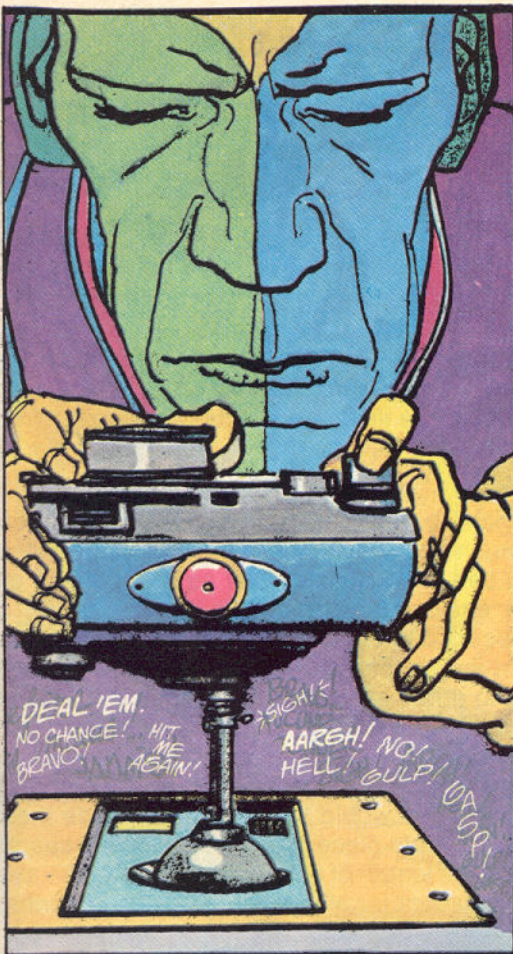
HE JUST CAN'T DO IT...

SSSHHH!



MOEBIUS





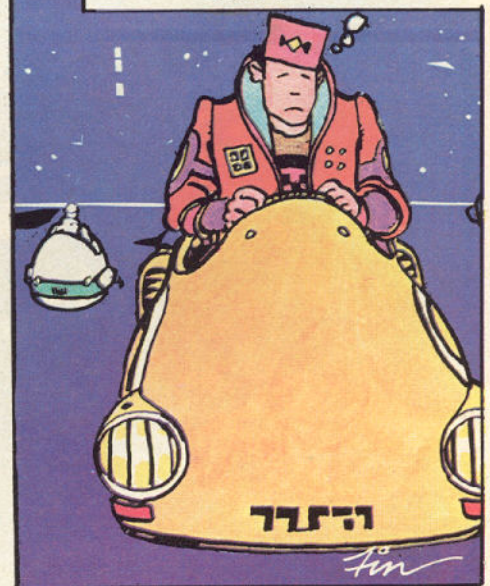
**S**UDDENLY, A BOLT OF LIGHT  
PIERCED THE UNFORTU-  
NATE CHAMPION QUITE  
THROUGH--AND HE DIED...

THAT'S  
DISGUSTING!  
BAARFFF!



**L**ATER THAT MONTH, WHILE RIDING  
A VEHICLE, **JERMAN CLOZER**  
MADE THE MOST IMPORTANT  
DECISION OF HIS LIFE.

THE GAME OF THE GODS  
IS REALLY **TOO** CRUEL! I'M  
GOING TO PIT EVERYTHING I  
HAVE AGAINST IT, SO IT'LL  
STOP!



**T**HIS DECISION HAD ABSOLUTELY  
NO EFFECT ON THE **GAME** OF  
THE GODS, WHICH GOES ON  
FOREVER.



IN THE ENTIRE GALAXY, THERE IS NO GAME MORE EXCITING THAN THE HUNTING OF THE LIPPON OF BARASCALPOE.

## A TALE OF CHRISTMAS

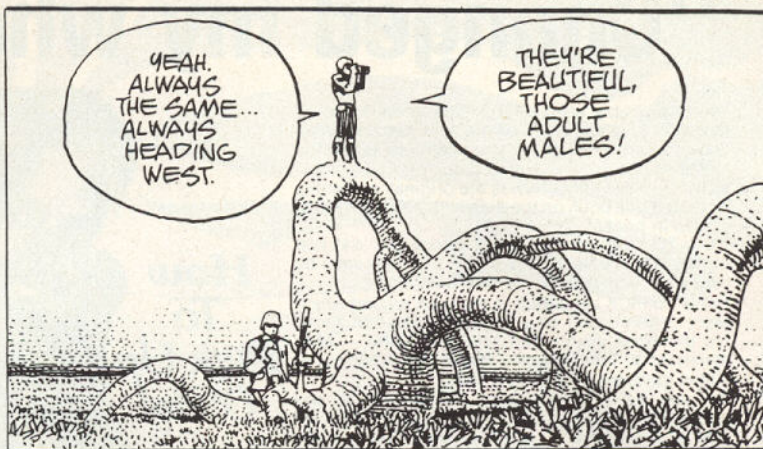
BY MOEBIUS

SO...DO  
YOU SEE  
THEM?



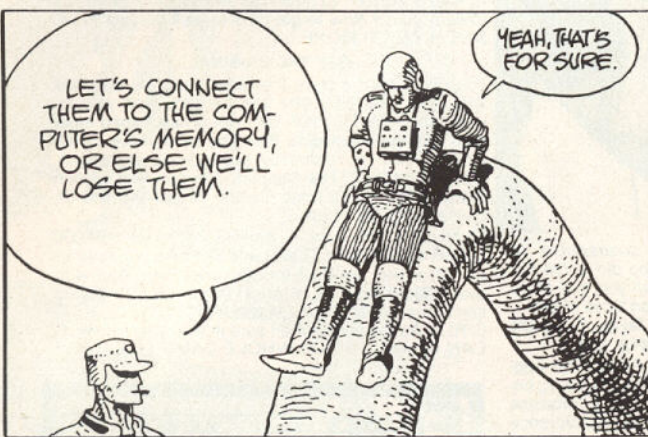
YEAH,  
ALWAYS  
THE SAME...  
ALWAYS  
HEADING  
WEST.

THEY'RE  
BEAUTIFUL,  
THOSE  
ADULT  
MALES!

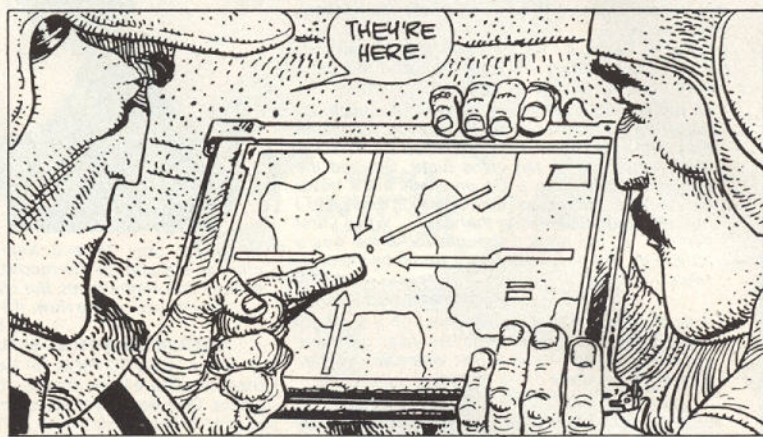


LET'S CONNECT  
THEM TO THE COM-  
PUTER'S MEMORY,  
OR ELSE WE'LL  
LOSE THEM.

YEAH, THAT'S  
FOR SURE.

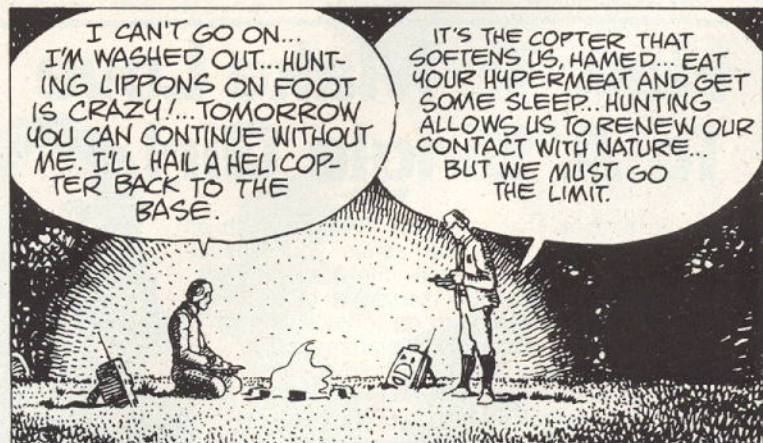


THEY'RE  
HERE.



I CAN'T GO ON...  
I'M WASHED OUT...HUNT-  
ING LIPPONS ON FOOT  
IS CRAZY!...TOMORROW  
YOU CAN CONTINUE WITHOUT  
ME. I'LL HAIL A HELICOPT-  
ER BACK TO THE  
BASE.

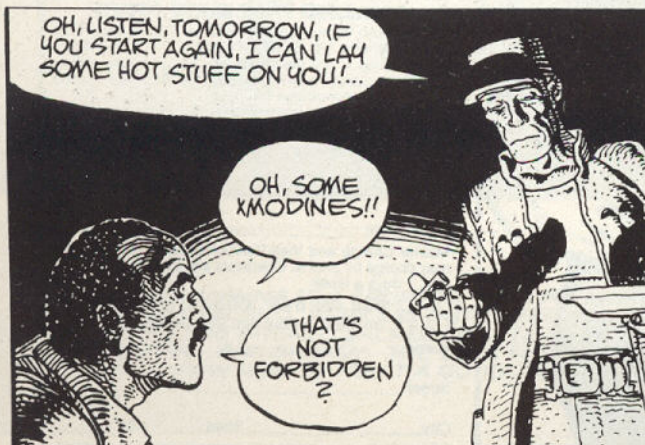
IT'S THE COPTER THAT  
SOFTENS US, HAMED... EAT  
YOUR HYPERMEAT AND GET  
SOME SLEEP... HUNTING  
ALLOWS US TO RENEW OUR  
CONTACT WITH NATURE...  
BUT WE MUST GO  
THE LIMIT.



OH, LISTEN, TOMORROW, IF  
YOU START AGAIN, I CAN LAY  
SOME HOT STUFF ON YOU!...

OH, SOME  
XMODINES!!

THAT'S  
NOT  
FORBIDDEN  
?



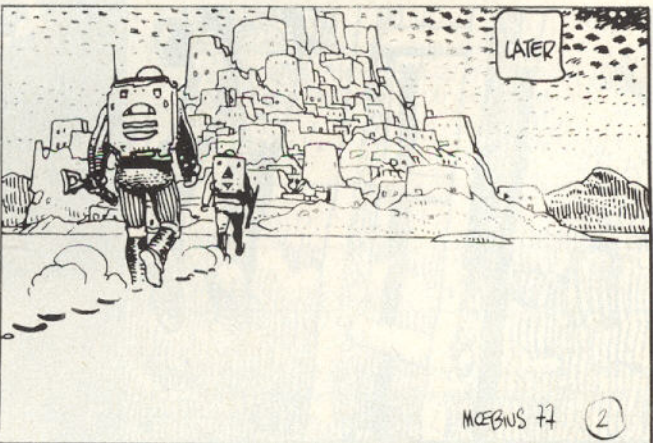
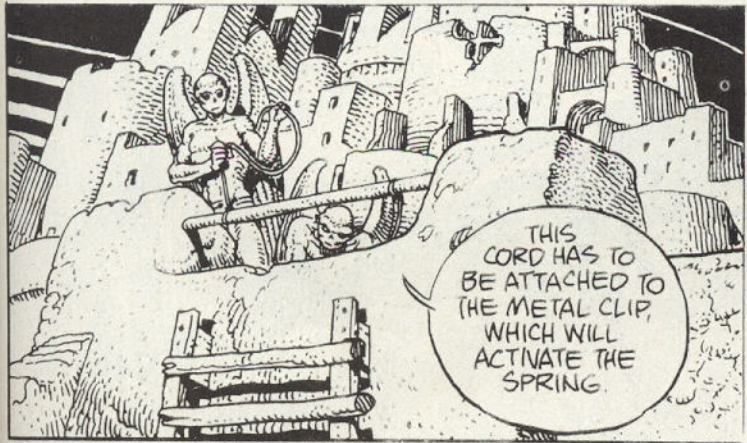
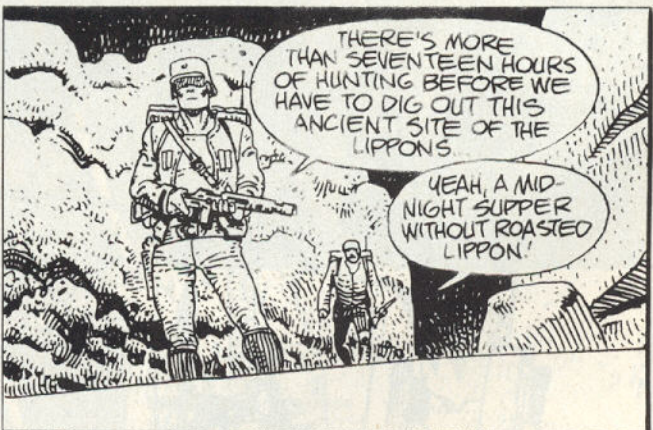
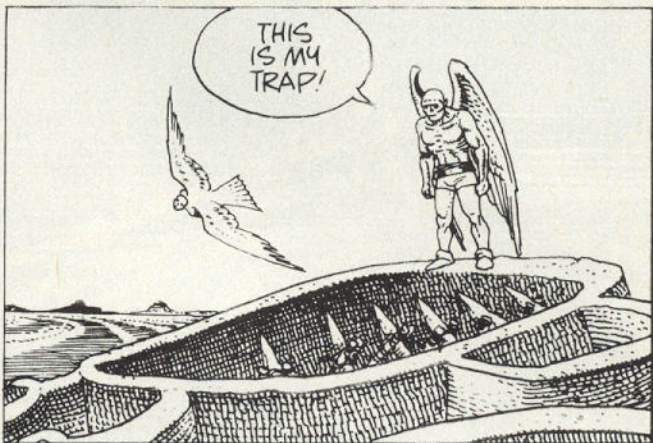
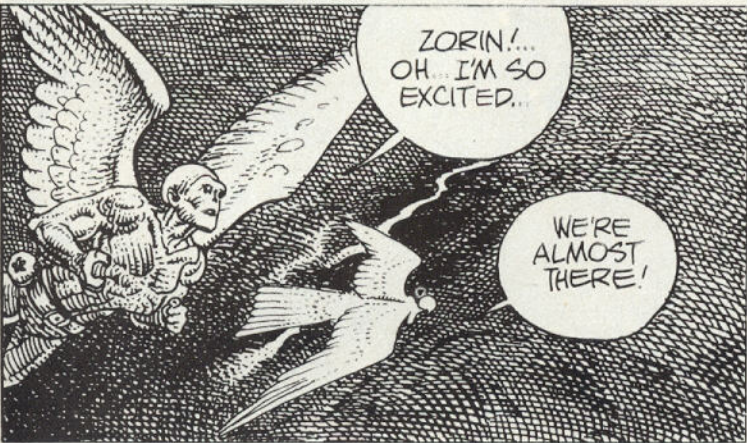
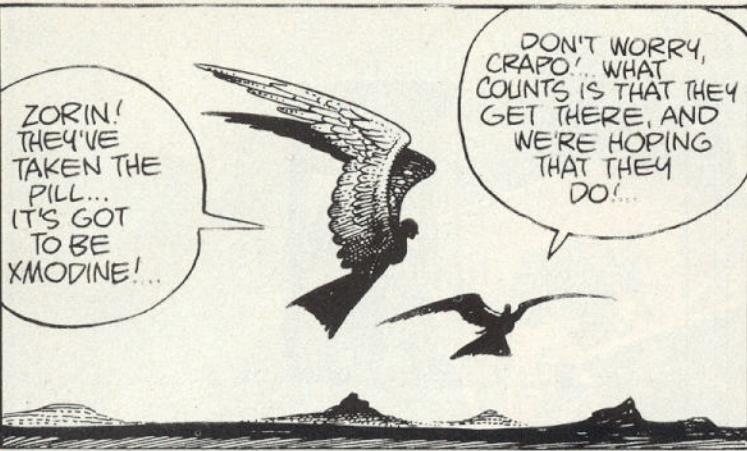
WHAT DO  
YOU THINK?  
THERE'S NO HUNT  
WITHOUT A RIFLE,  
NO HUNTER WITHOUT  
XMODINE.



MOEBIUS 77

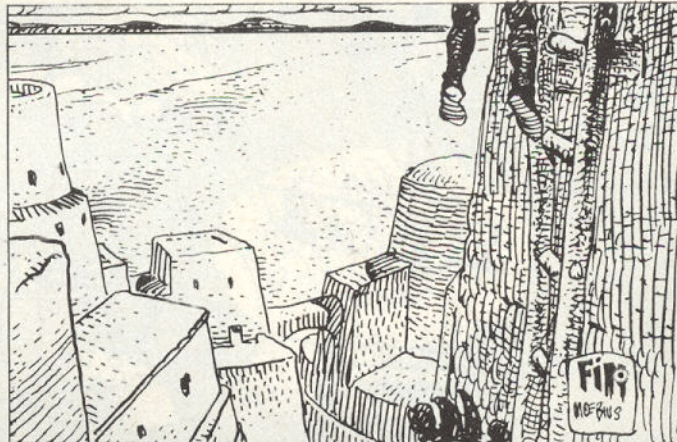
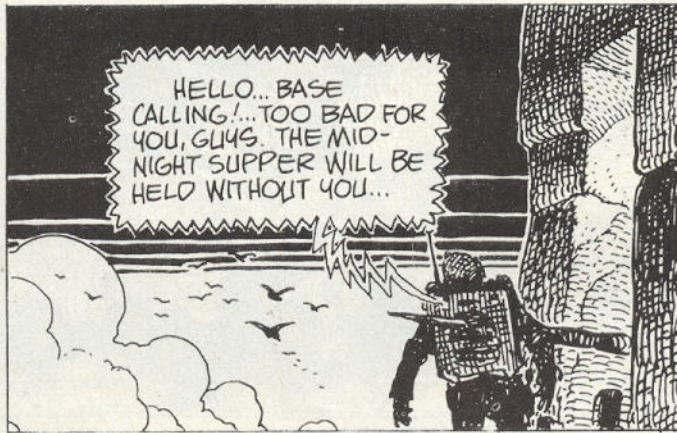
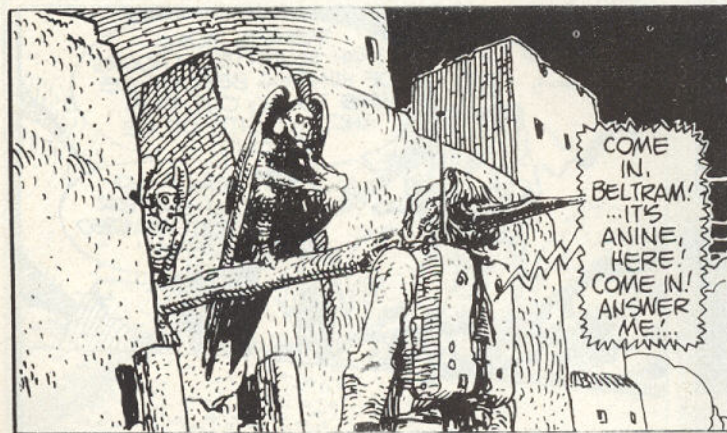
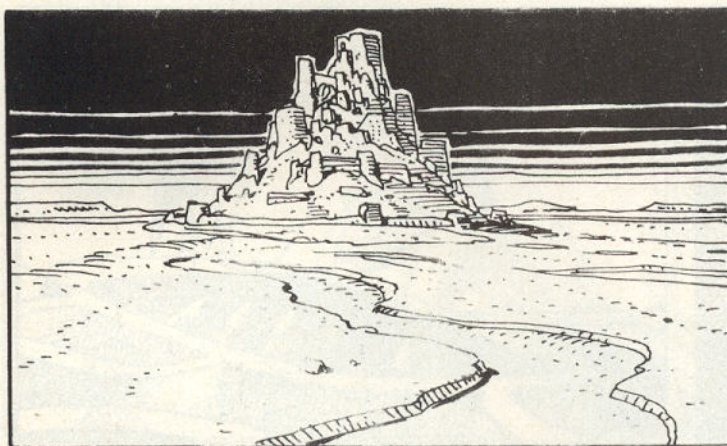
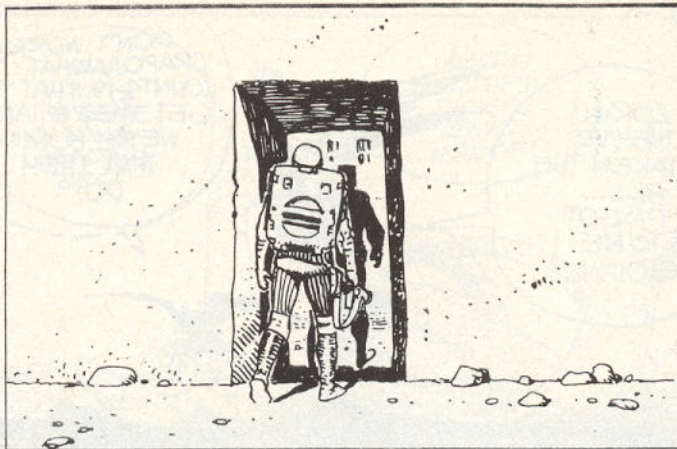
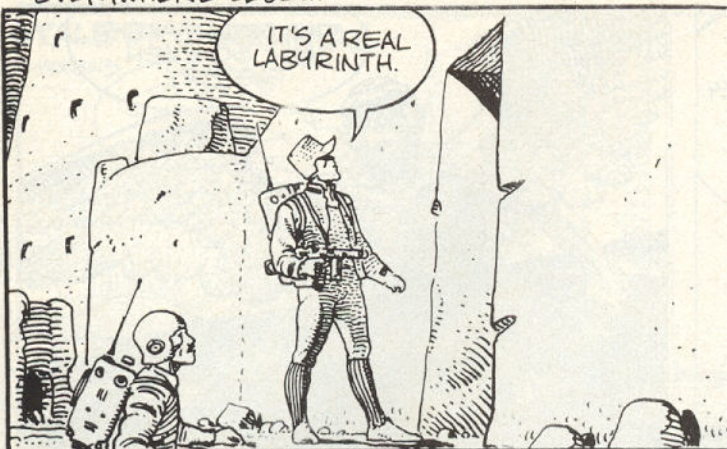


THESE FORTUNATE HUNTERS MUST STILL PAY THROUGH THE NOSE TO LOOK FOR THE STRANGE WINGED CREATURE.





UNTIL THE DAY WHEN EVERYTHING CHANGES BECAUSE THINGS CHANGE ON BARASCALPOE AS THEY DO EVERYWHERE ELSE...





# THE EMERALD LAKE

by Moebius

BRAZIL, EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. ADVENTURERS OF ALL RACES TRAVELED ALONG THE COUNTRYSIDE IN SEARCH OF FABULOUS BUT OFTEN IMAGINARY RICHES.



THE BAND OF FERNAO DIAZ POES IS PARTICULARLY FAMOUS IN SÃO PAULO.







I HAVE VERY LITTLE TO REPORT TO YOU. THE EXPEDITION WAS A FAILURE! WE WERE ABLE TO BRING BACK ONLY A FEW SMALL ANIMAL PELTS! BUT WE WILL BE OFF AGAIN SOON, AND THIS TIME WE WILL FIND THE LAKE OF EMERALDS OF WHICH THE INDIAN LEGEND SPEAKS! YOU WILL ALL BE RICH! THE HEALTHIEST OF YOU WILL LEAVE WITH US, AND THE RICHEST WILL SUPPLY US WITH PROVISIONS AND MONEY.



WHO WANTS TO GO WITH US?

ME!

ME!

I DO!

BE COURAGEOUS, FERNAO!



COME! SWEAR YOUR ALLEGIANCE TO OUR BAND!

BUT THIS TIME, THE MULES WILL FOLD UNDER THE WEIGHT OF GOLD, INSTEAD OF SICKNESS!

THE FOLLOWING DAY...



THANK YOU FOR TRUSTING ME, MERCHANT. THE GOLD ECUS WILL BE PUT TO GOOD USE. YOU WILL NOT BE SORRY.

AND ME TOO, FERNAO. I TRUST YOU. I HAVE BROUGHT THESE PIGS FOR YOU AND YOUR MEN FOR WHEN YOUR BELLIES CAN NO LONGER STAND THE TUGGING OF HUNGER.

GOOD LUCK.

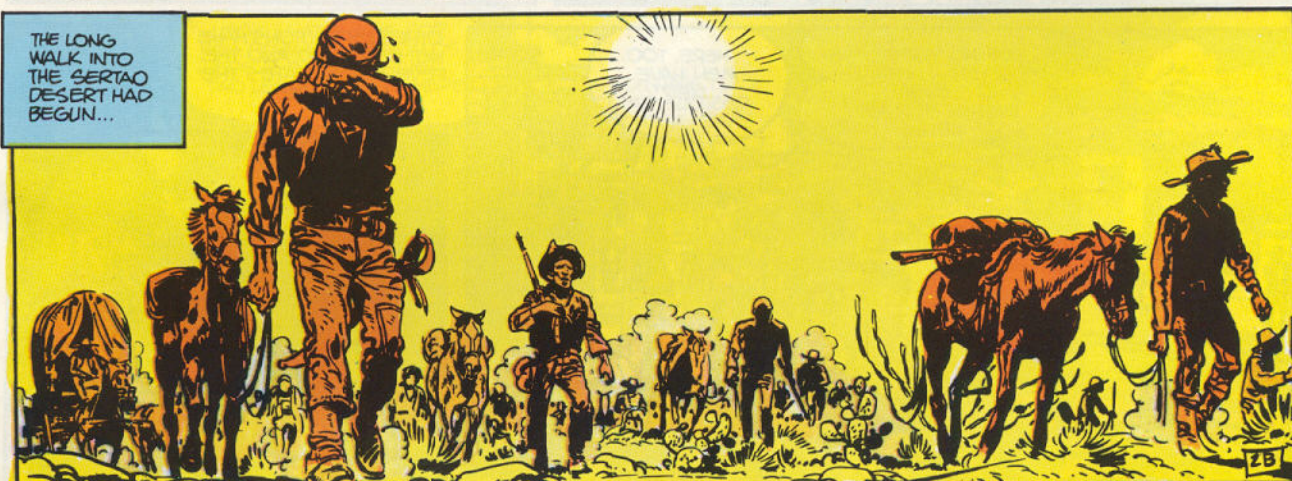
NOT MUCH LATER...



GOOD-BYE, MY FRIENDS! WE SHALL FIND THE ENCHANTED LAKE...


...OR WE SHALL NEVER RETURN!

THE LONG WALK INTO THE SERTAO DESERT HAD BEGUN...






A FEW HOURS LATER...




MY FRIENDS!  
LET'S CAMP HERE!  
WE'LL PLANT CORN AND  
BEANS, AND IT WILL BE  
FROM HERE THAT WE  
LAUNCH OUR EXPEDITION!  
YOU WILL LEAVE TO-  
MORROW TO GO UP TO  
THE RIO DECE TO LOOK  
FOR THE EMERALDS!




I SHALL ALSO GO,  
FERNÃO! I DIDN'T  
COME ALL THIS  
WAY TO SOW THE  
LAND!

YOU WILL  
STAY, ALONG  
WITH THE  
OTHERS!

NO!




I DEFEY YOU,  
FERNÃO! WE'RE  
TIRED OF YOUR  
ORDERS!




DEFEND  
YOURSELF,  
FERNÃO, IF  
YOU CAN.

YOU DARE  
TO THREATEN  
YOUR  
LEADER!

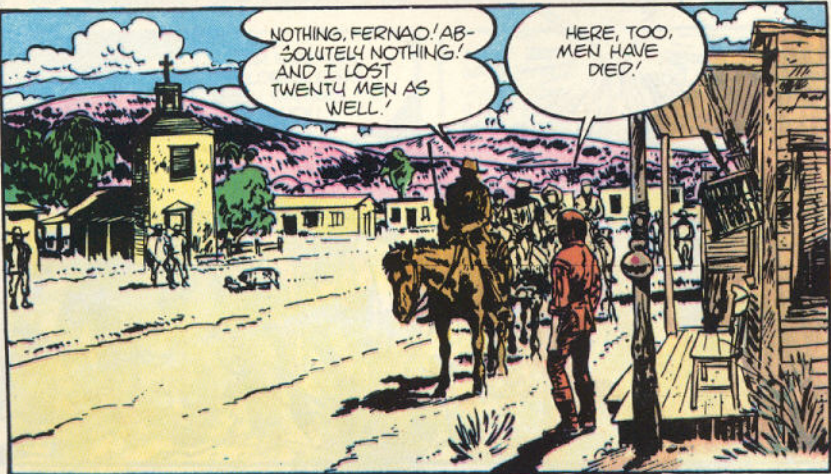


SO, THE DESERT, FATIGUE,  
AND FRUSTRATION ARE NO  
LONGER ENOUGH FOR YOU?  
YOU ALSO NEED VIOLENCE!



WE SHALL STAY HERE  
AND BE FARMERS, IF  
NEED BE. AND YOU WILL  
OBEY ME!


IN THE DAYS THAT FOL-  
LOWED, FERNÃO AND HIS  
MEN EITHER WORKED  
THE LAND OR WENT OFF  
TO FIND THE TREASURE.



NOTHING, FERNÃO! AB-  
SOLUTELY NOTHING!  
AND I LOST  
TWENTY MEN AS  
WELL!

HERE, TOO,  
MEN HAVE  
DIED!

OTHER EXPEDITIONS HAVE  
NOT RETURNED, AND THE  
FEVER DEBILITATES THE  
SURVIVORS.



WE  
LEFT SÃO  
PAULO THREE  
YEARS AGO! SO  
MANY LIVES  
SACRIFICED IN  
VAIN! BUT WE  
MUST GO  
ON!



AND, THAT VERY EVENING...



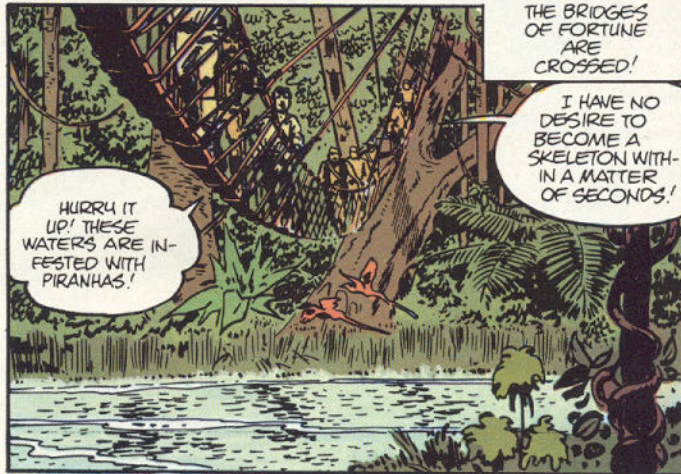
THE FOREST!  
THE AMAZON!  
IT'S OUR LAST  
CHANCE! THE  
LAKE MUST  
BE THERE!

AND NOT A WEEK  
LATER, THE TIRING  
MARCH BEGAN  
AGAIN.



BRRR. I LIKED THE SERTAO  
BETTER. AT LEAST ONE COULD  
SEE CLEARLY. THE DESERT  
HEAT WAS A PLEASURE, COM-  
PARED TO THIS FROST!

I KNOW! IT'S  
FRIGHTENING  
HERE! I SHOULD  
KNOW- I WAS  
BORN HERE!



HURRY  
IT UP! THESE  
WATERS ARE IN-  
FESTED WITH  
PIRANHAS!

THE BRIDGES  
OF FORTUNE  
ARE  
CROSSED!

I HAVE NO  
DESIRE TO  
BECOME A  
SKELETON WITH-  
IN A MATTER  
OF SECONDS!



THE BRIDGE!  
IT'S ABOUT  
TO GIVE  
WAY!

QUICKLY!  
I'M AFRAID  
IT'S TOO  
LATE FOR THE  
ANIMALS!



LOOK, THE  
PIRANHAS! THOSE  
FILTHY BEASTS  
ARE GOING  
TO DEVOUR  
EVERY-  
THING!



IS THIS  
ALL THAT  
IS LEFT  
OF OUR  
TROOP?

WE WILL  
LIVE OFF  
THE LAND!  
THERE SHOULD  
BE PLENTY OF  
FRUIT TO PICK  
AND ANIMALS TO  
HUNT! LET'S  
MOVE FORWARD  
TO THE  
LAKE!



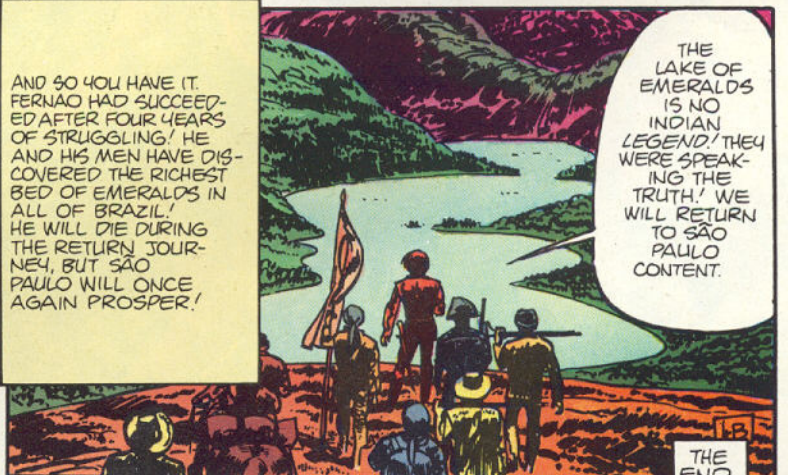
TIRED AND READY  
TO GIVE UP, THE  
TROOP MOVES ON-  
WARD THROUGH  
THE SWAMP!

UNTIL ONE  
DAY, WHEN...



LOOK WHAT I HAVE FOR  
YOU, FERNAO! EMERALDS!  
THERE IS A BED OF THEM  
TWO LEAGUES FROM HERE!

AND SO YOU HAVE IT.  
FERNAO HAD SUCCEED-  
ED AFTER FOUR YEARS  
OF STRUGGLING! HE  
AND HIS MEN HAVE DIS-  
COVERED THE RICHEST  
BED OF EMERALDS IN  
ALL OF BRAZIL!  
HE WILL DIE DURING  
THE RETURN JOUR-  
NEY, BUT SÃO  
PAULO WILL ONCE  
AGAIN PROSPER!



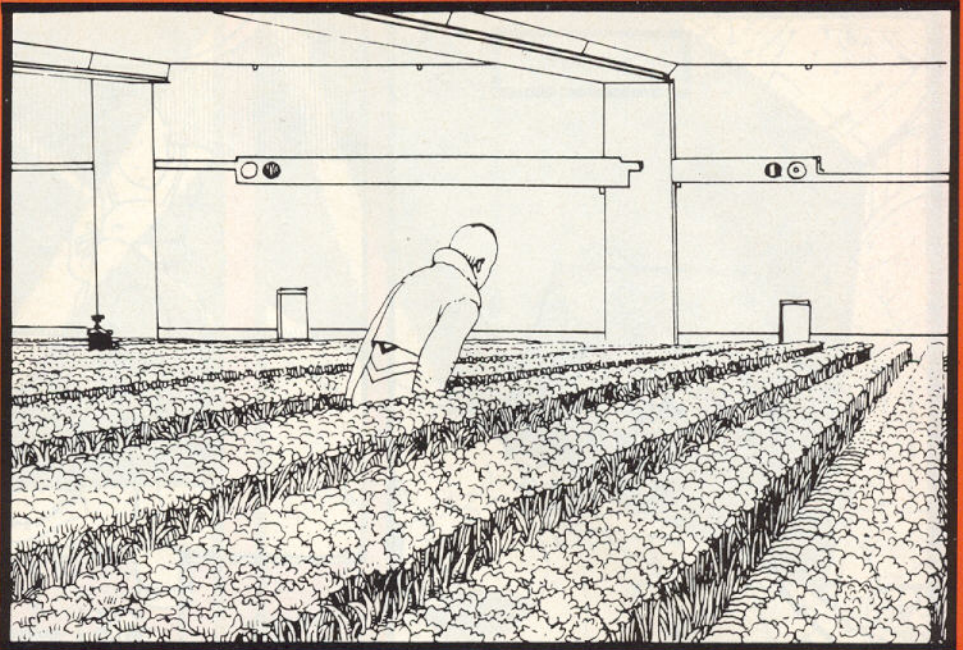
THE  
LAKE OF  
EMERALDS  
IS NO  
INDIAN  
LEGEND! THEY  
WERE SPEAK-  
ING THE  
TRUTH! WE  
WILL RETURN  
TO SÃO  
PAULO  
CONTENT.

THE  
END

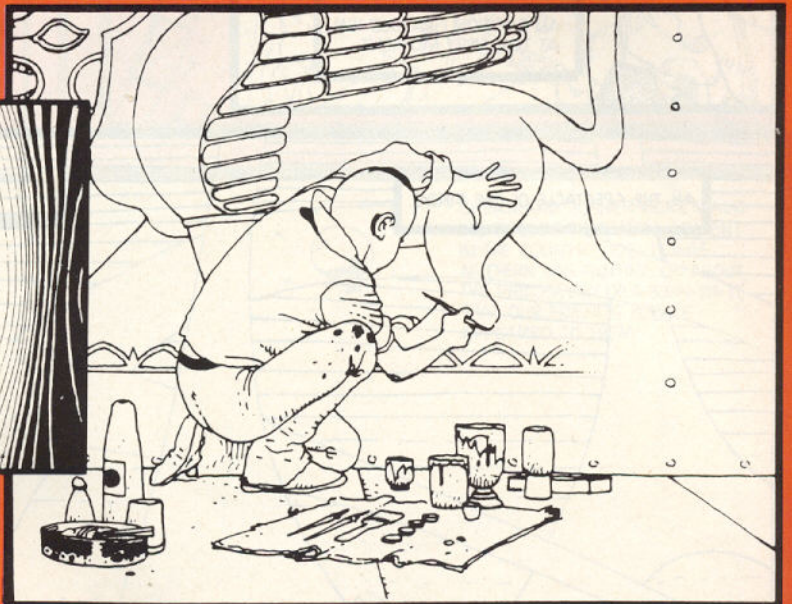
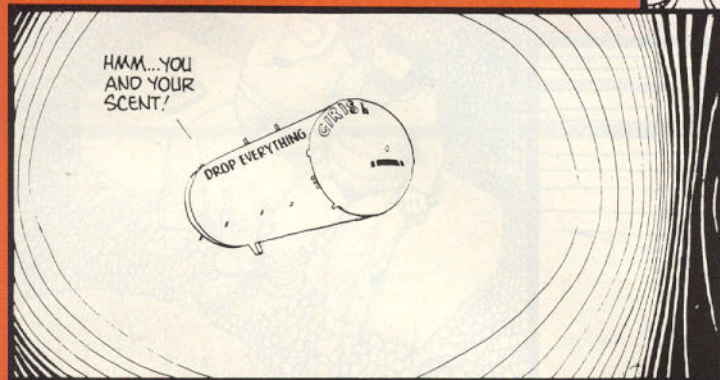


# THE TWINKLE IN FILDEGAR'S EYE by Moebius

IN THE EMPTINESS OF THE GALAXY,  
FILDEGAR'S SPACESHIP WAS MOVING AT  
ONE MILLION TIMES THE SPEED OF LIGHT.

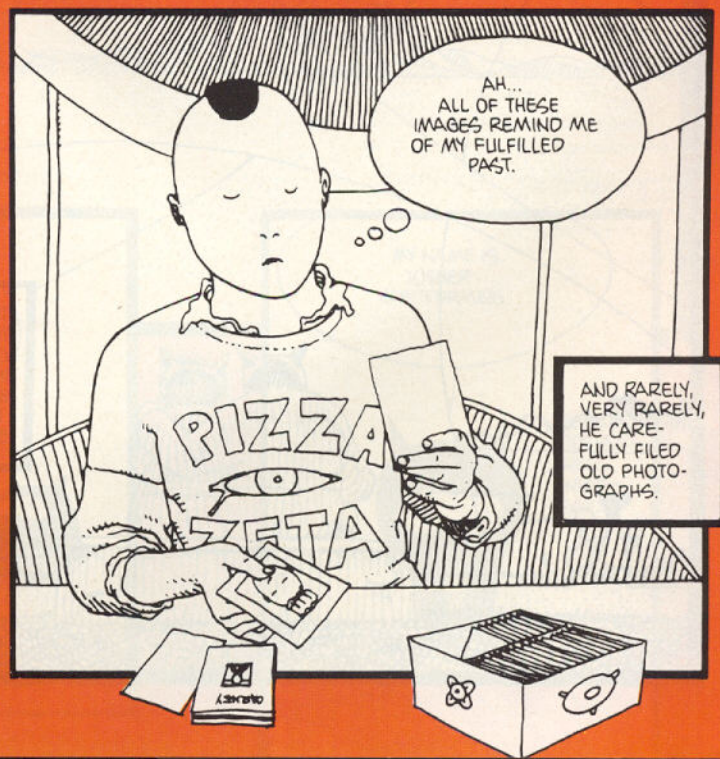
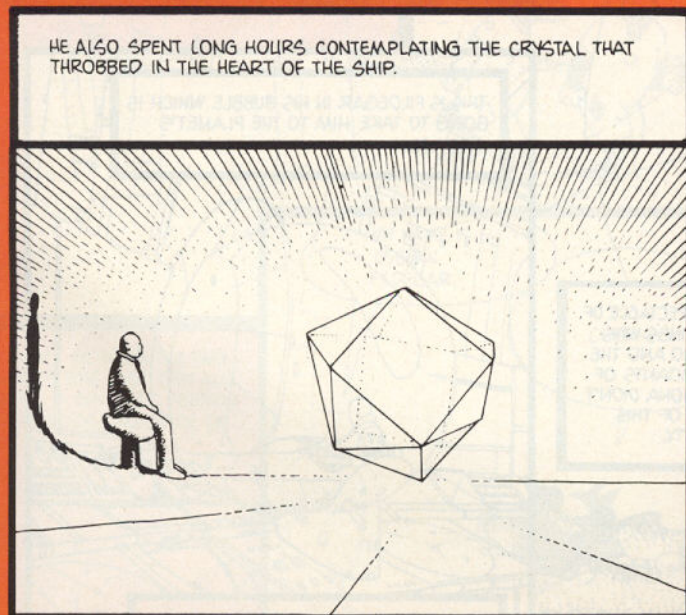


LOST IN THE DENSITY OF HYPERSPACE, FILDEGAR SPENT MOST OF HIS  
TIME IN THE HYDROPONIC GREENHOUSE, SMACK-DAB IN THE MIDDLE  
OF A LOT OF FLOWERS.



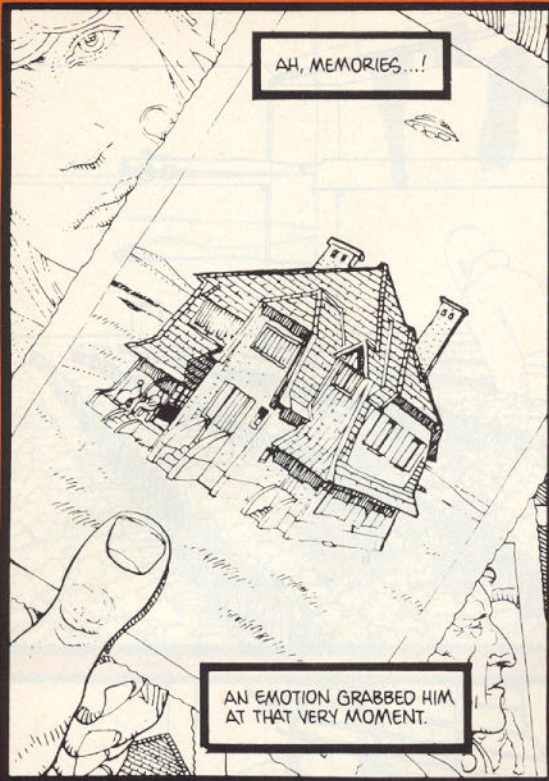
PAINTING INTERMINABLE FRESCOS ON THE INTERMINABLE CORRIDOR  
WALLS OF THE DROP EVERYTHING WAS ANOTHER ONE OF HIS FAVOR-  
ITE PASTIMES.

HE ALSO SPENT LONG HOURS CONTEMPLATING THE CRYSTAL THAT  
THROBBED IN THE HEART OF THE SHIP.



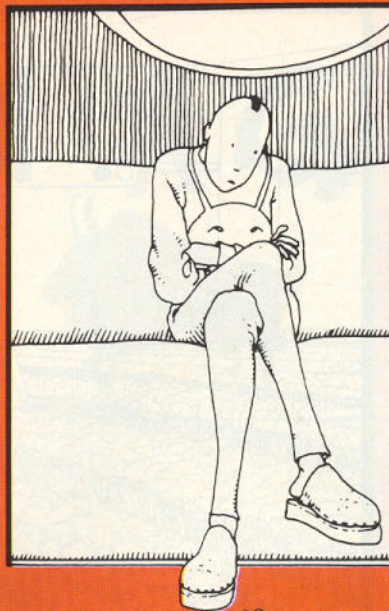
AND RARELY,  
VERY RARELY,  
HE CARE-  
FULLY FILED  
OLD PHOTO-  
GRAPHS.





AH, MEMORIES...!

AN EMOTION GRABBED HIM AT THAT VERY MOMENT.



OFTEN ENOUGH, HE WAS SIMPLY BORED.



FINALLY, THE DROP EVERYTHING EMERGED INTO AN UNKNOWN GALAXY, NEAR A PLANET THOUGHT TO BE INTERESTING BY THE CRYSTAL.



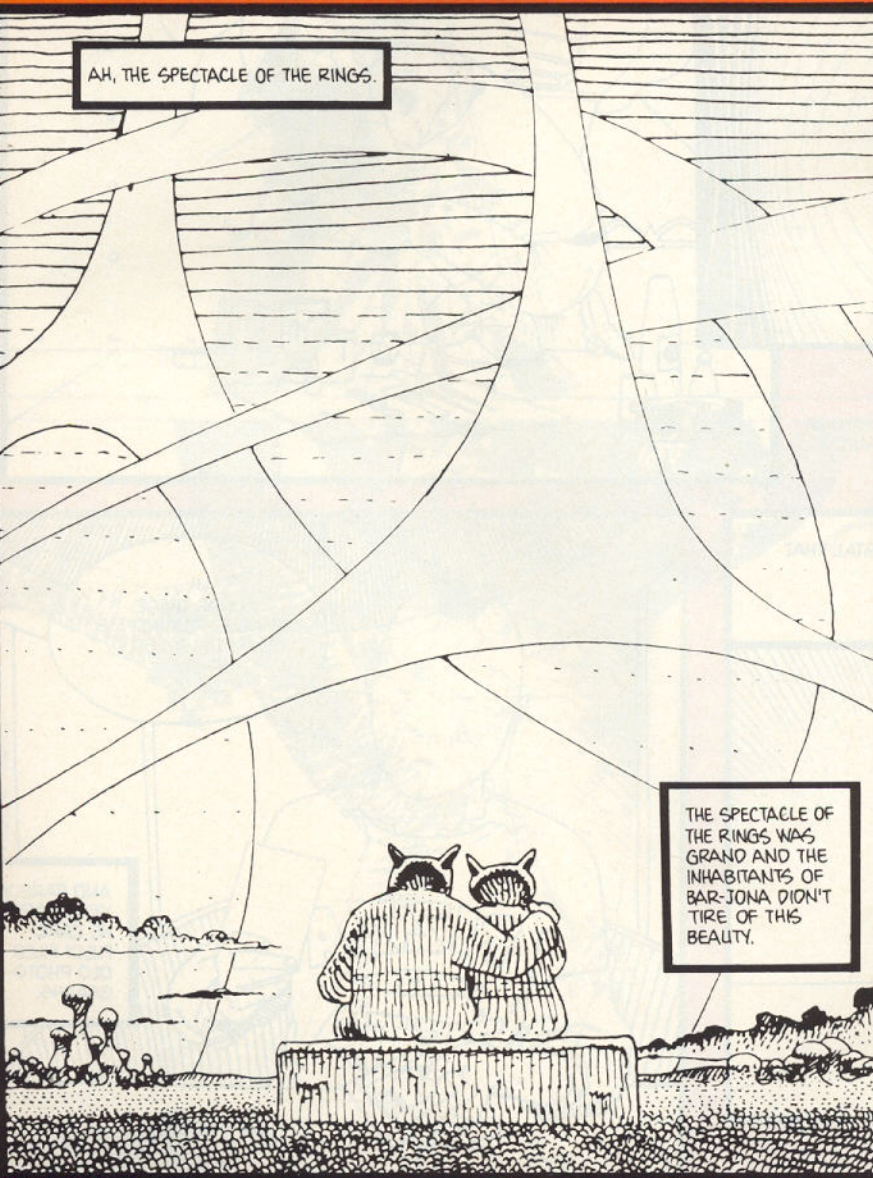
THE CRYSTAL REVOLVED GRACEFULLY IN THE CENTER OF AN INEXTRICABLE ENERGY NETWORK.



LOOK AT THE BEAUTIFUL DORY.

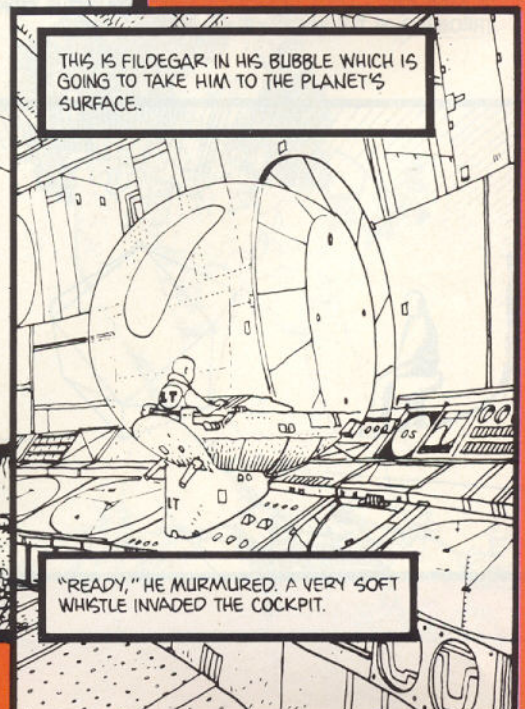
HERE HE COMES!

THE TRAGOS WERE SWEET AND CONTEMPLATIVE.



AH, THE SPECTACLE OF THE RINGS.

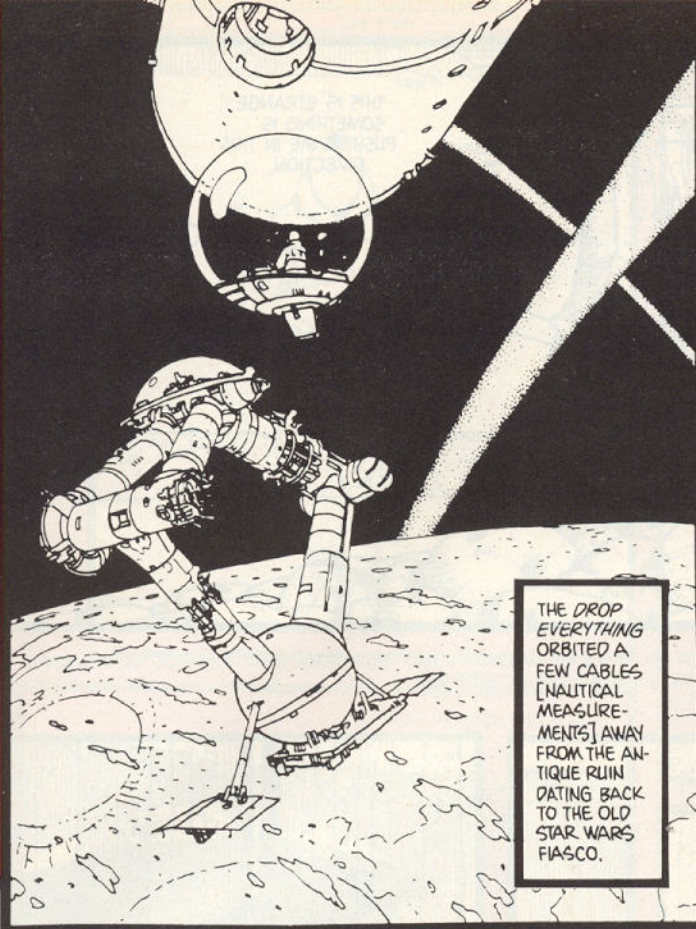
THE SPECTACLE OF THE RINGS WAS GRAND AND THE INHABITANTS OF BAR-JONA DIDN'T TIRE OF THIS BEAUTY.



THIS IS FILDEGAR IN HIS BUBBLE WHICH IS GOING TO TAKE HIM TO THE PLANET'S SURFACE.

"READY," HE MURMURED. A VERY SOFT WHISTLE INVADDED THE COCKPIT.

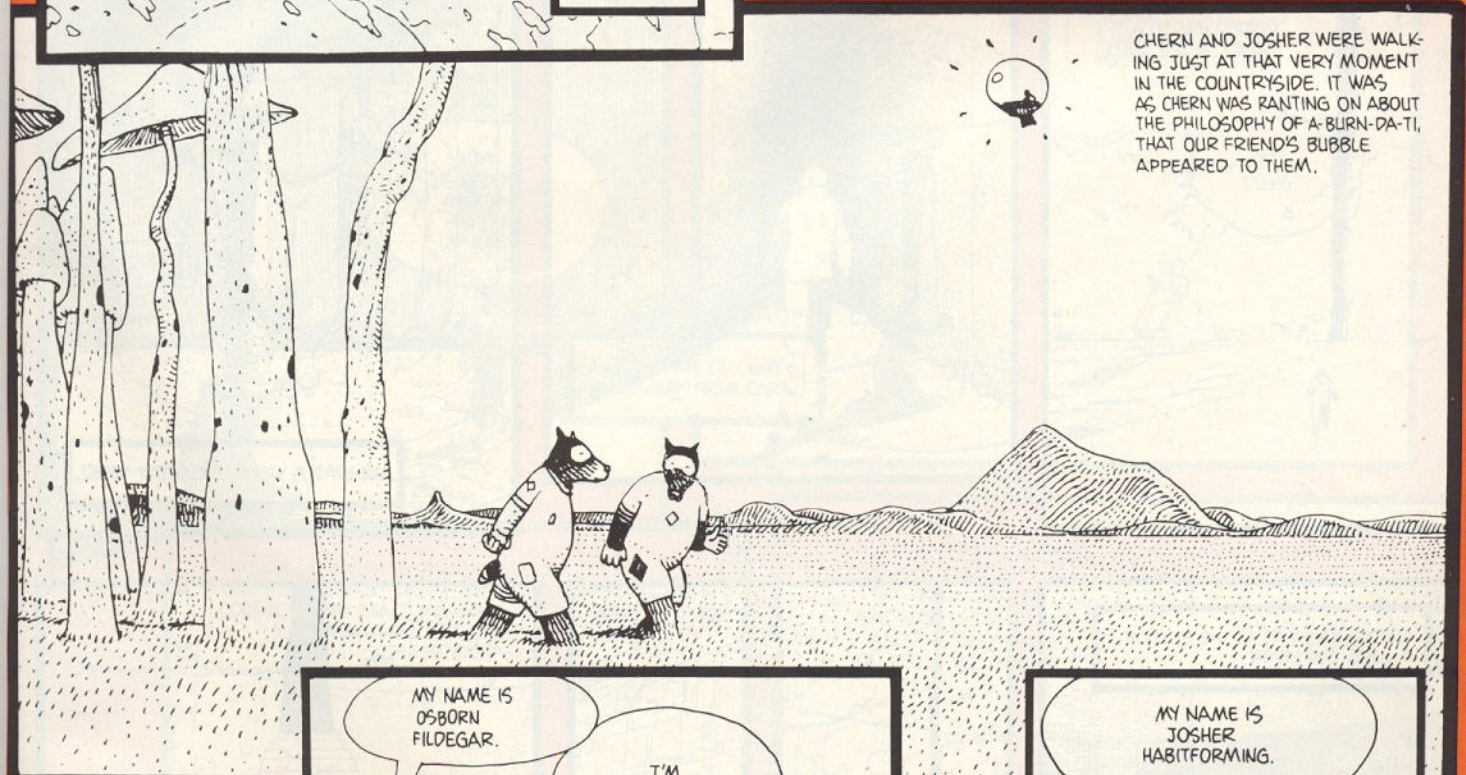




THE DROP  
EVERYTHING  
ORBITED A  
FEW CABLES  
[NAUTICAL  
MEASURE-  
MENTS] AWAY  
FROM THE AN-  
TIQUE RUIN  
DATING BACK  
TO THE OLD  
STAR WARS  
FIASCO.



A GRAND, BUT  
VAGUELY MENACING  
MELANCHOLY EMAN-  
ATED FROM THE IM-  
MENSE METALLIC  
STRUCTURE.



CHURN AND JOSHER WERE WALK-  
ING JUST AT THAT VERY MOMENT  
IN THE COUNTRYSIDE. IT WAS  
AS CHURN WAS RANTING ON ABOUT  
THE PHILOSOPHY OF A-BURN-DA-TI,  
THAT OUR FRIEND'S BUBBLE  
APPEARED TO THEM.

MY NAME IS  
OSBORN  
FILDEGAR.

I'M  
CHURN.

CONTACT BETWEEN THE TWO  
SPECIES WAS EASY. THEY ALL  
SPOKE A GALACTIC HEBREW  
WITH ALMOST NO TRACE OF  
ACCENT.



MY NAME IS  
JOSHER  
HABITFORMING.

CHURN  
WAS THE  
BOLDEST.

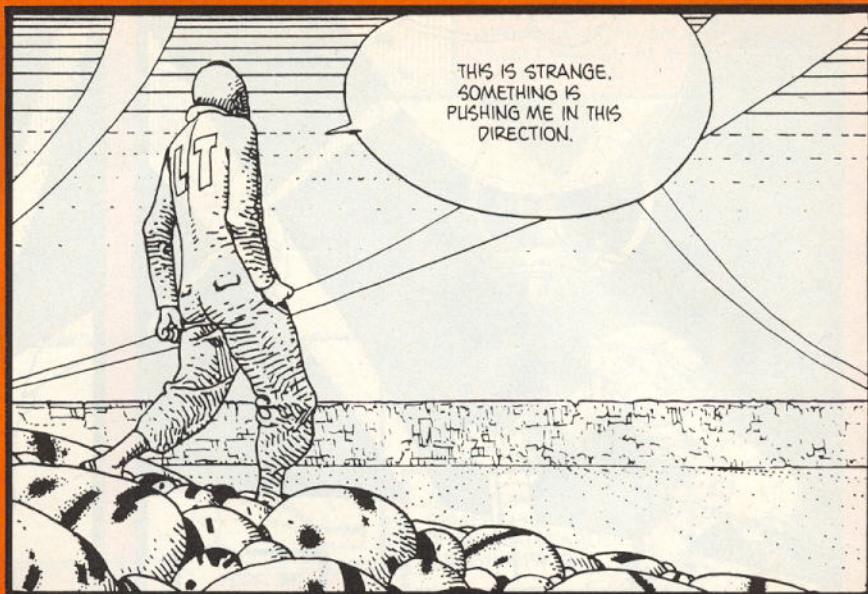


AS FOR  
JOSHER-  
WELL,  
'NUFF  
SAID.



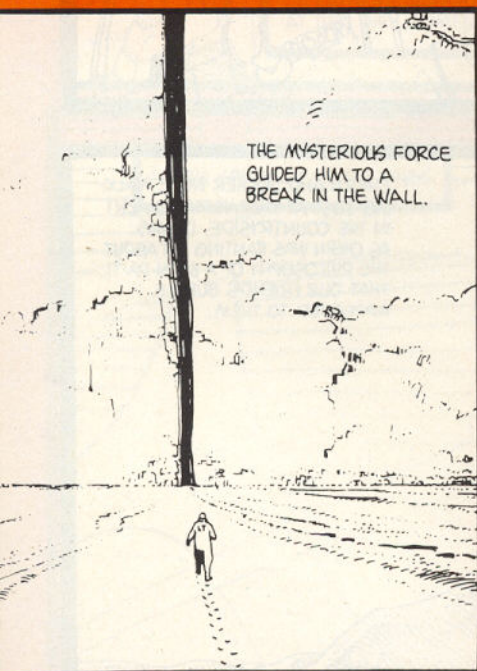


THEY ALL WENT TO  
WATCH A MAG-  
NIFICENT MAGNET-  
IC STORM.

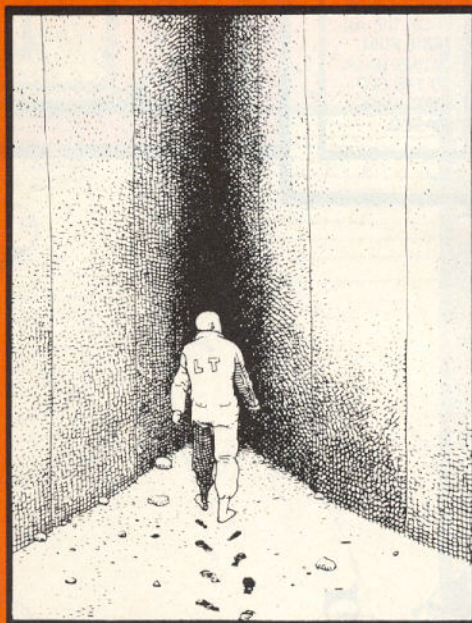


THIS IS STRANGE.  
SOMETHING IS  
PUSHING ME IN THIS  
DIRECTION.

THEY SEPARATED, BY NO CHOICE OF THEIR OWN, AND THE HUMAN WENT TOWARDS AN IMMENSE CLIFF WHICH SEEMED TO BLOCK THE ENTIRE HORIZON.



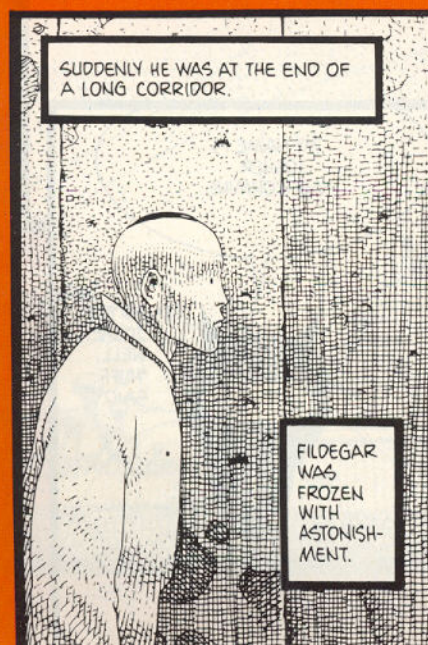
THE MYSTERIOUS FORCE  
GUIDED HIM TO A  
BREAK IN THE WALL.



ODDLY ENOUGH, FILDEGAR FELT NO FEAR.

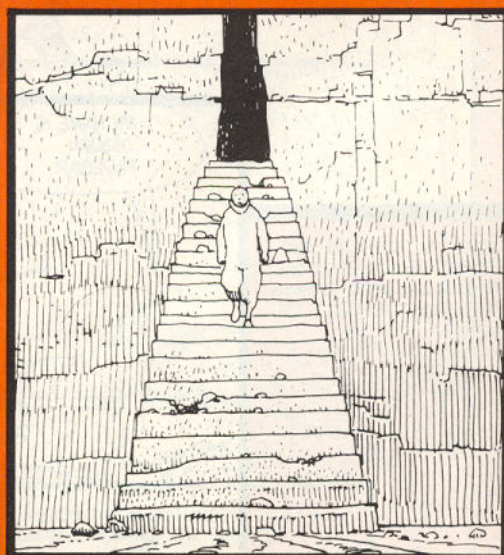
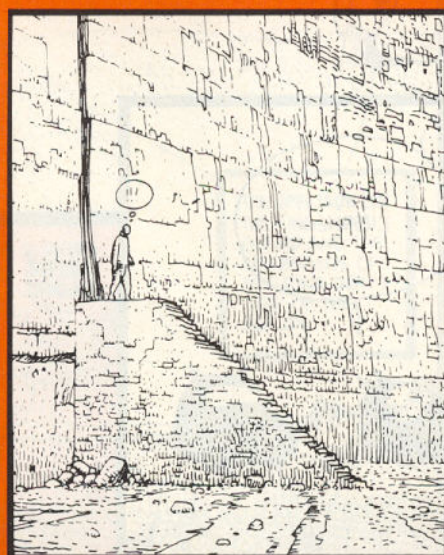


THE WALLS WERE AGREEABLY TEPID.

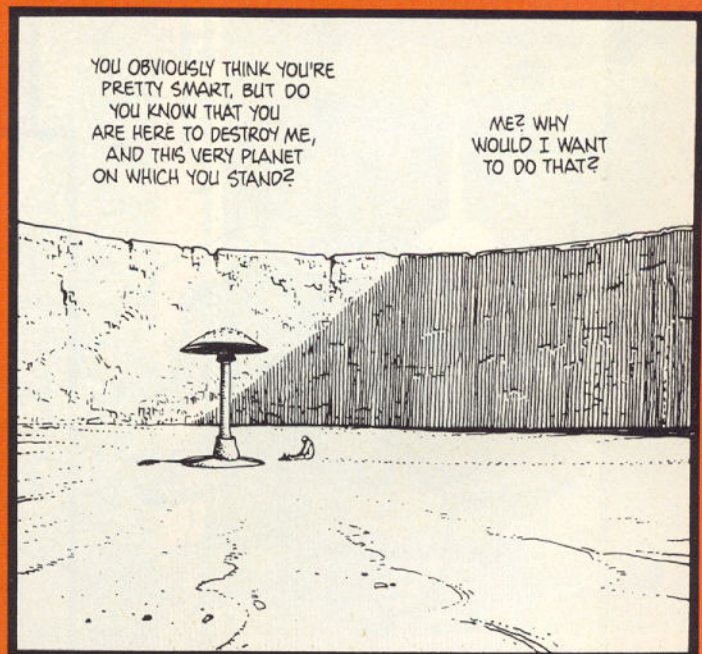
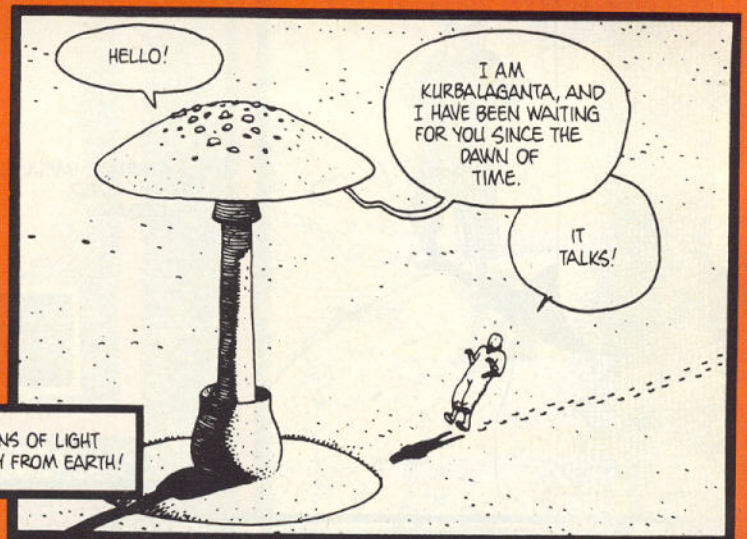
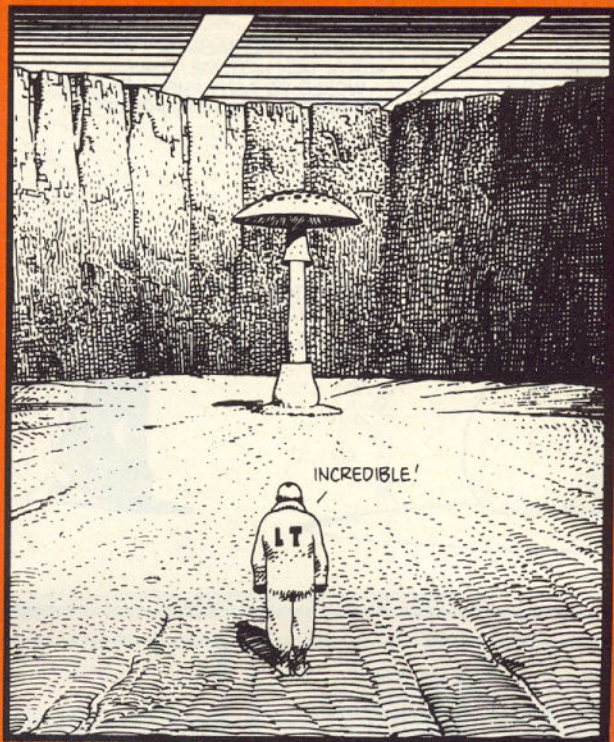


SUDDENLY HE WAS AT THE END OF  
A LONG CORRIDOR.

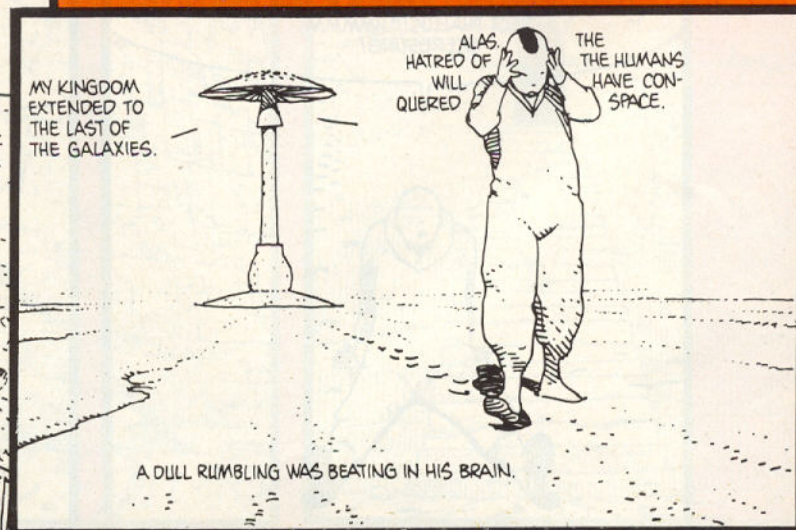
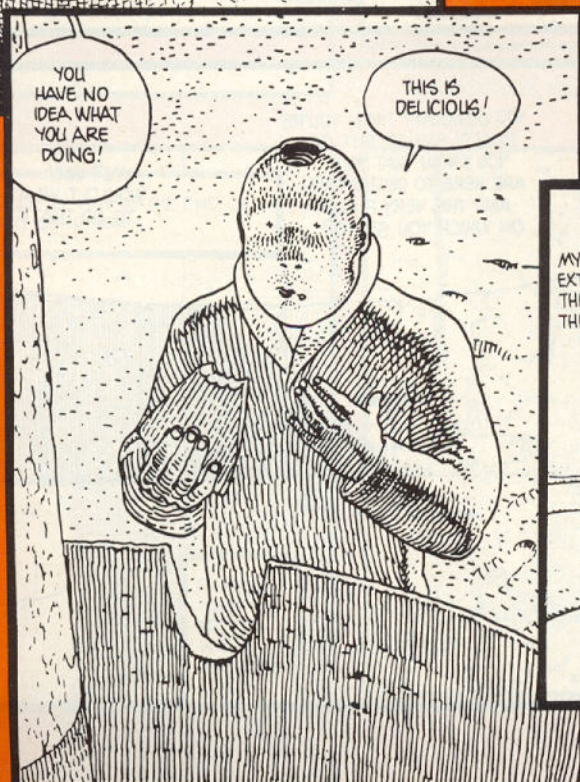
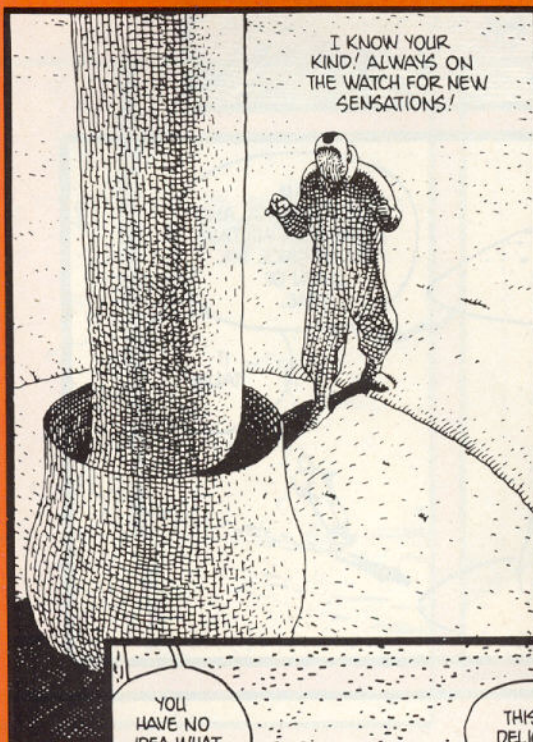
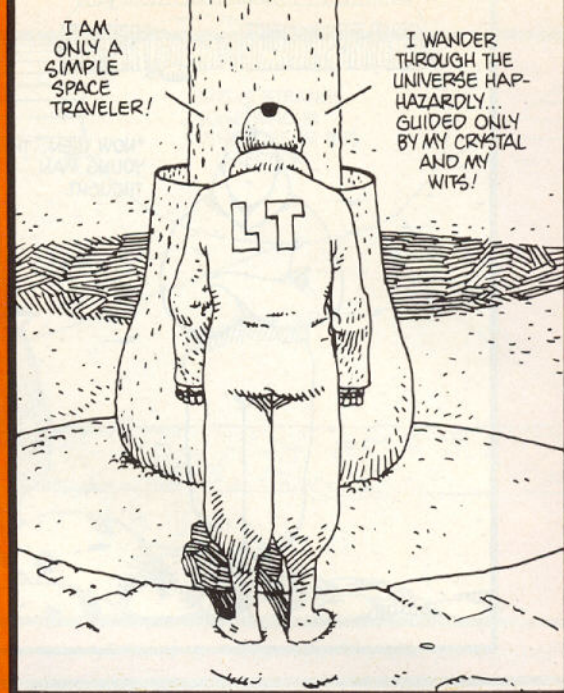
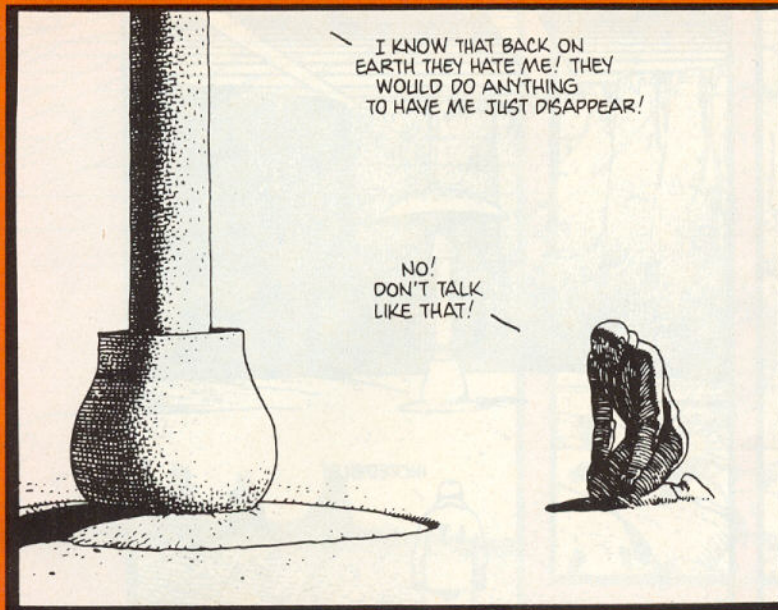
FILDEGAR  
WAS  
FROZEN  
WITH  
ASTONISH-  
MENT.



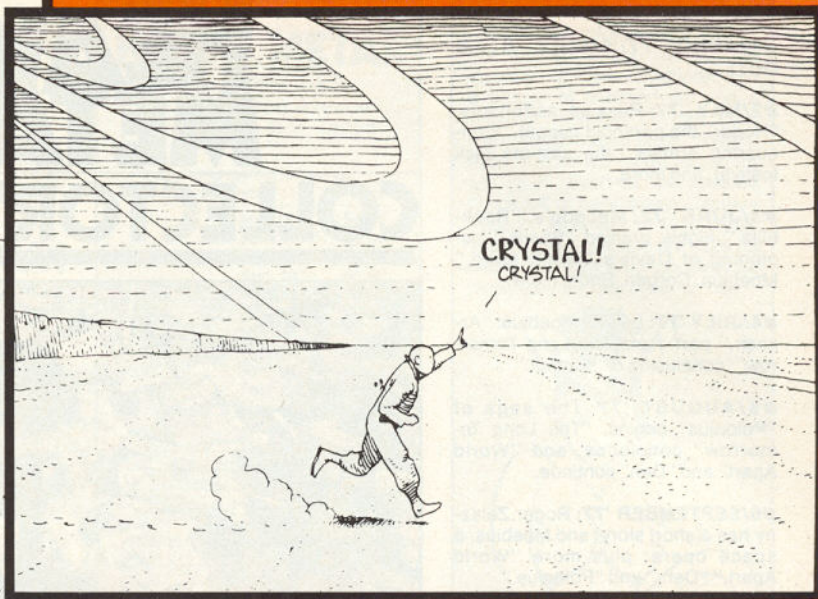




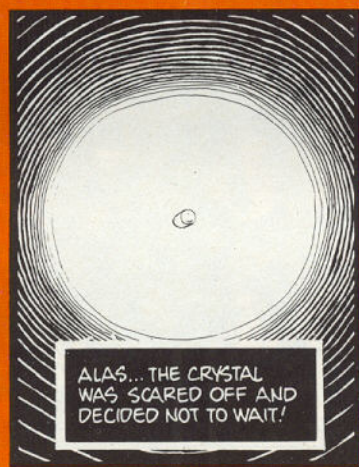




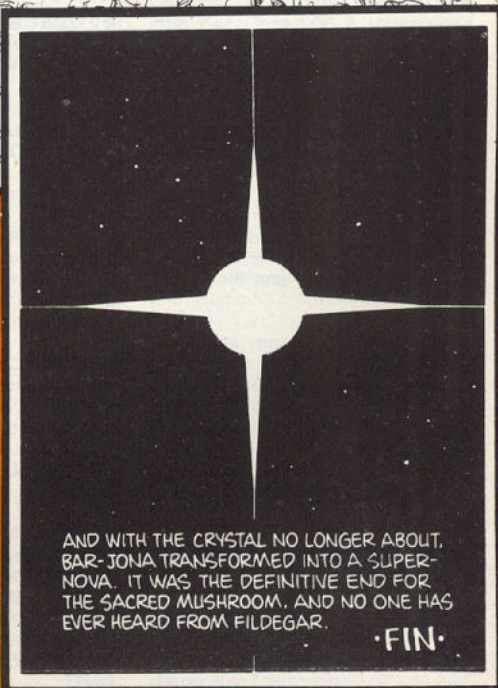




FILDEGAR RAN... HE HAD EVERYTHING ON HIS SPACECRAFT TO CURE HIM OF THE FIRE WHICH WAS DEVOURING HIM!



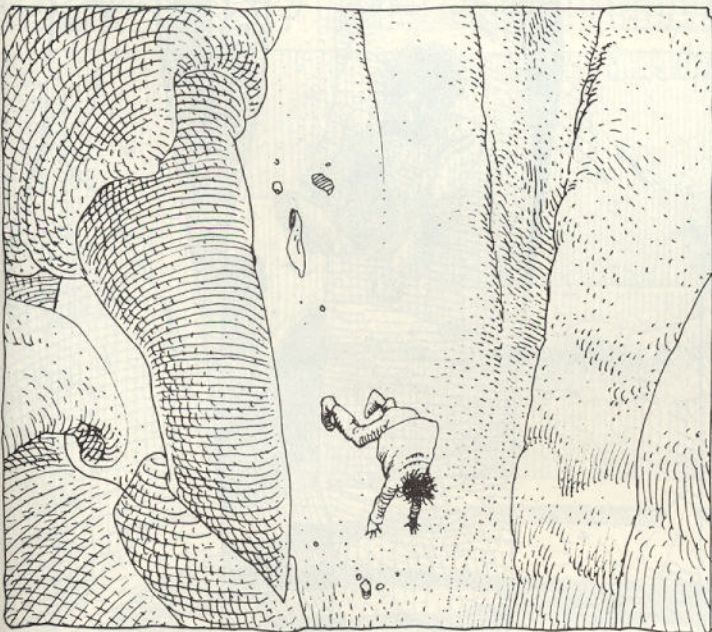
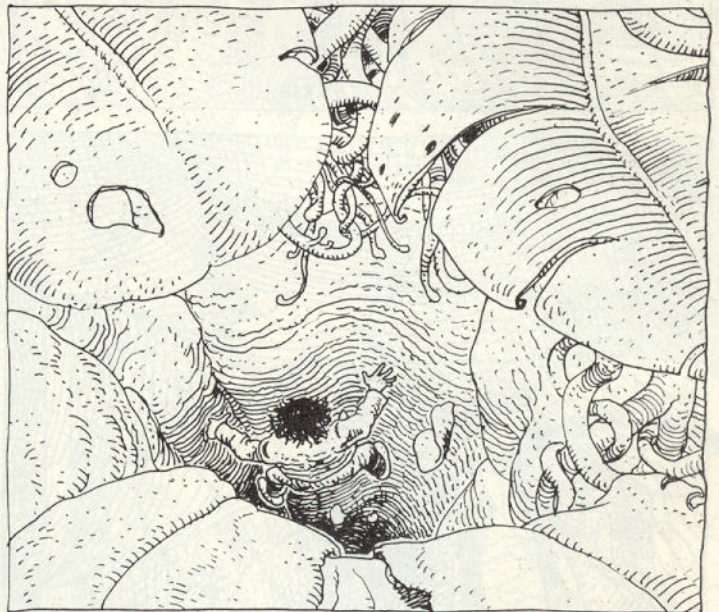
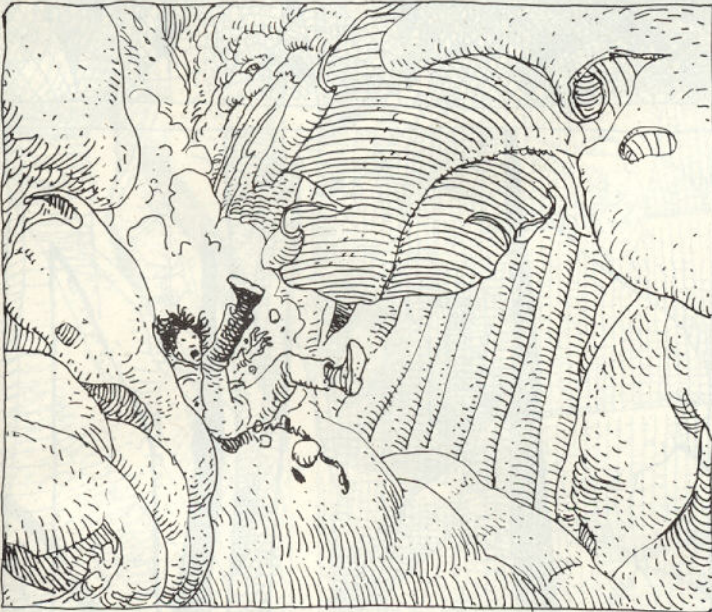
ALAS... THE CRYSTAL WAS SCARED OFF AND DECIDED NOT TO WAIT!



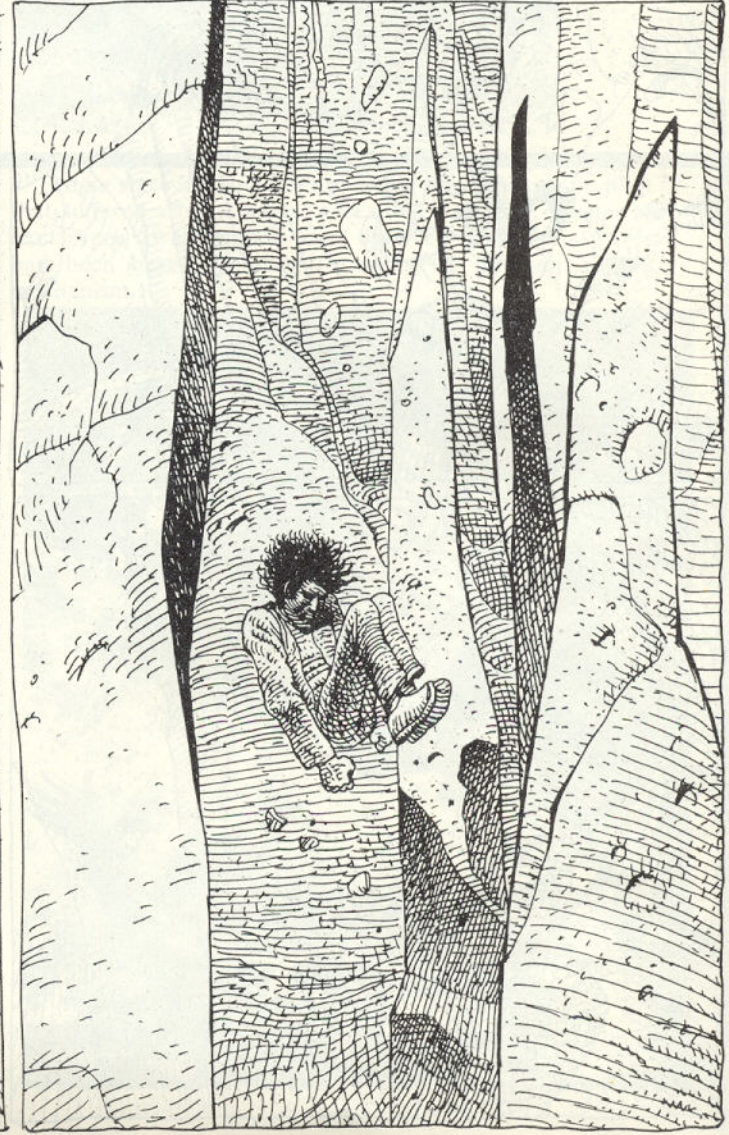
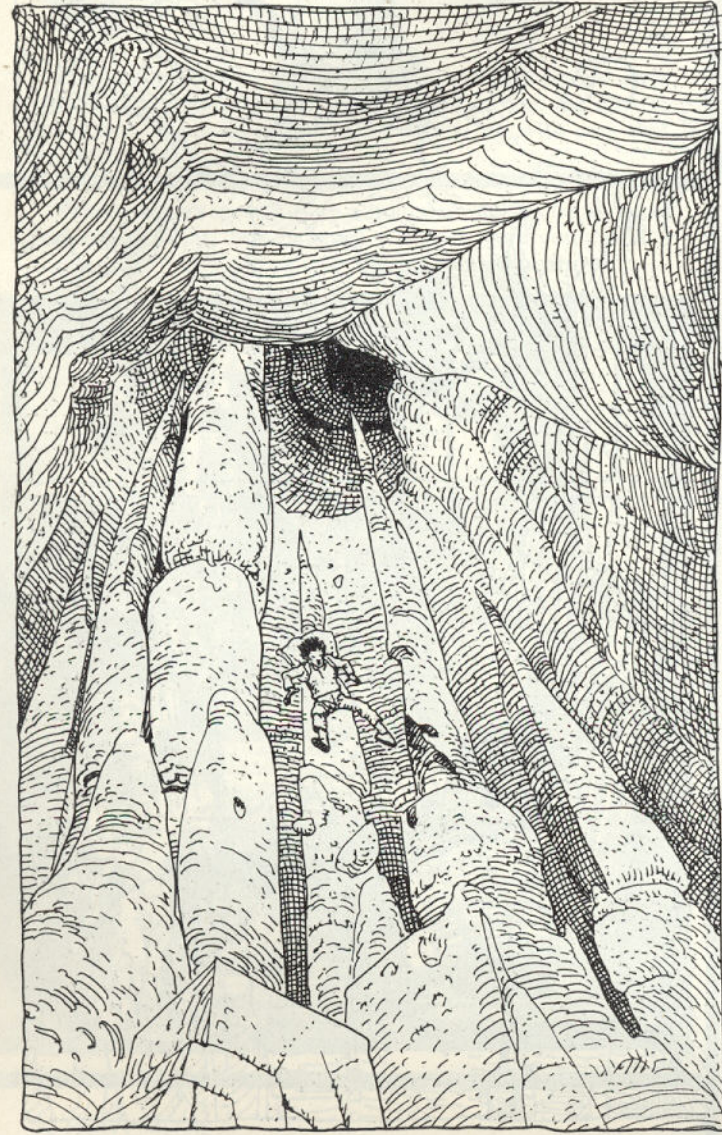
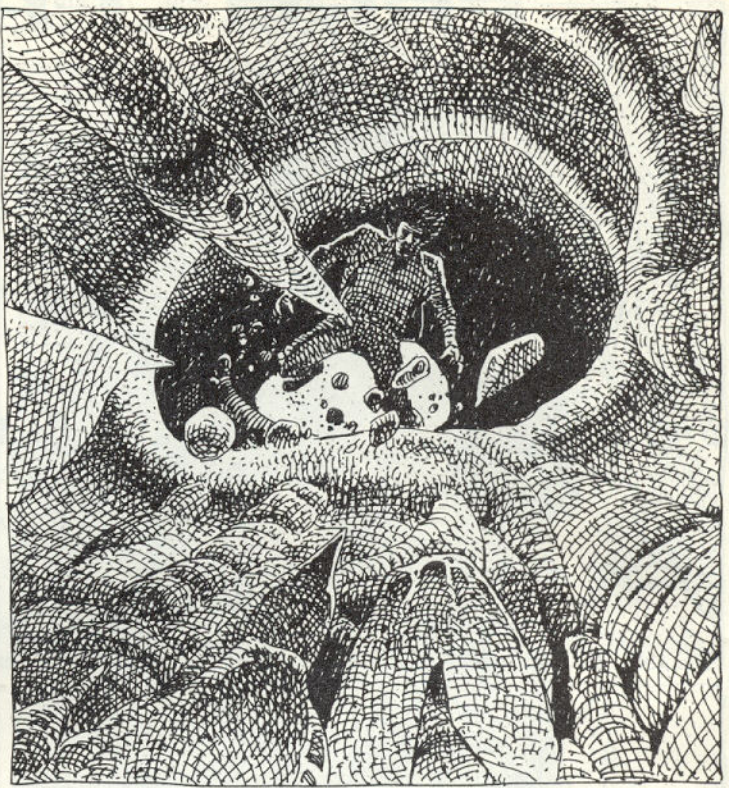
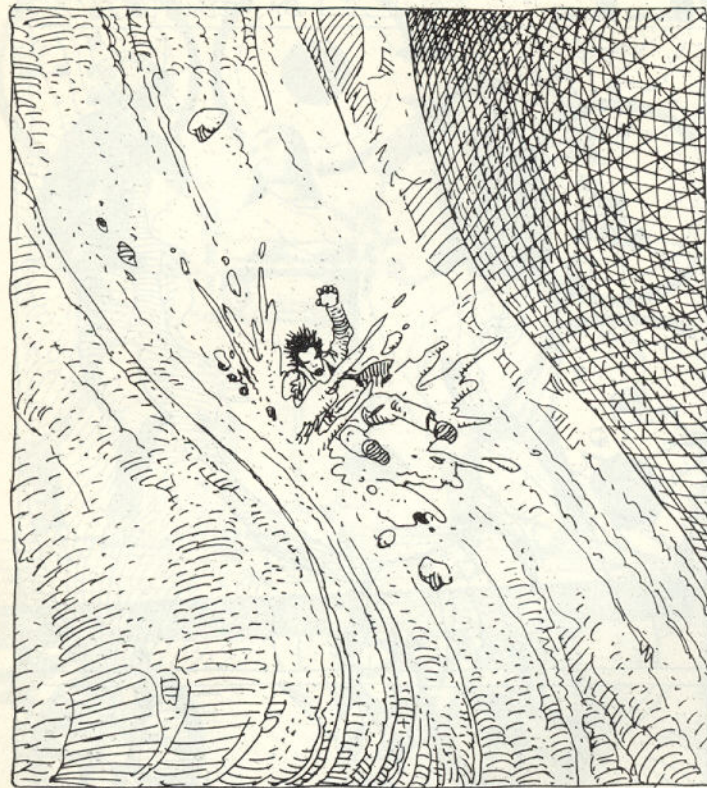
AND WITH THE CRYSTAL NO LONGER ABOUT, BAR-JONA TRANSFORMED INTO A SUPER-NOVA. IT WAS THE DEFINITIVE END FOR THE SACRED MUSHROOM, AND NO ONE HAS EVER HEARD FROM FILDEGAR.

·FIN·

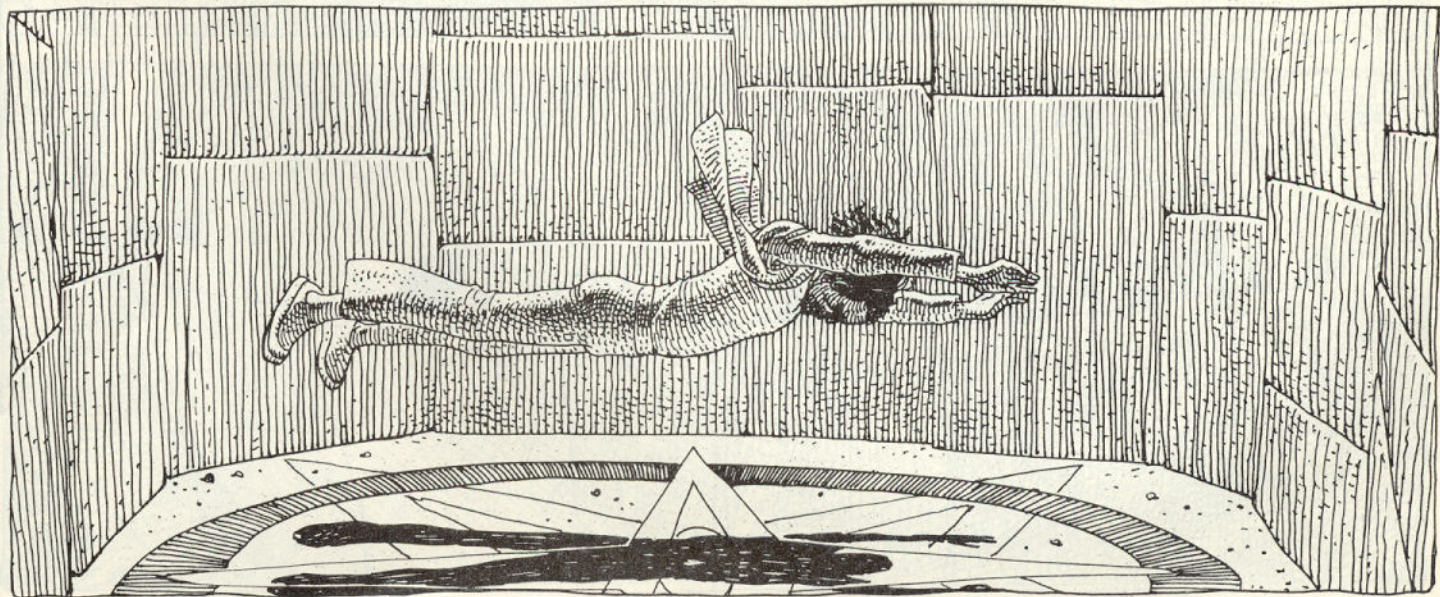
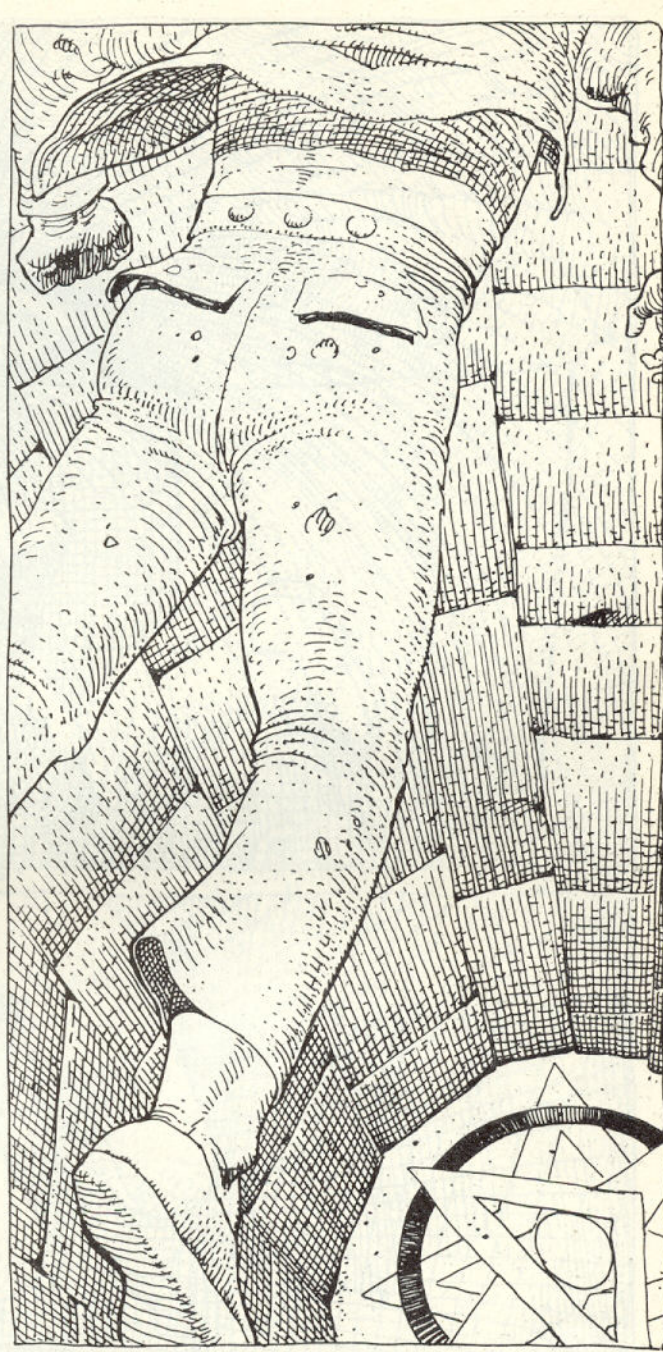
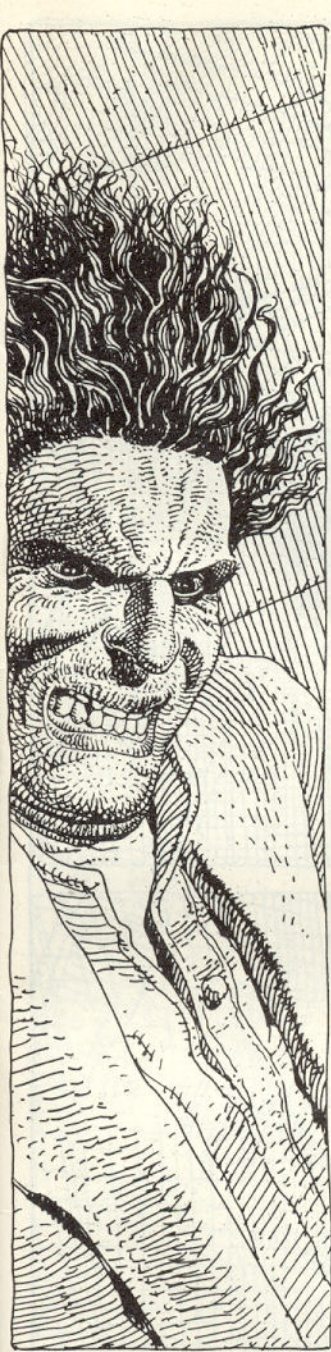




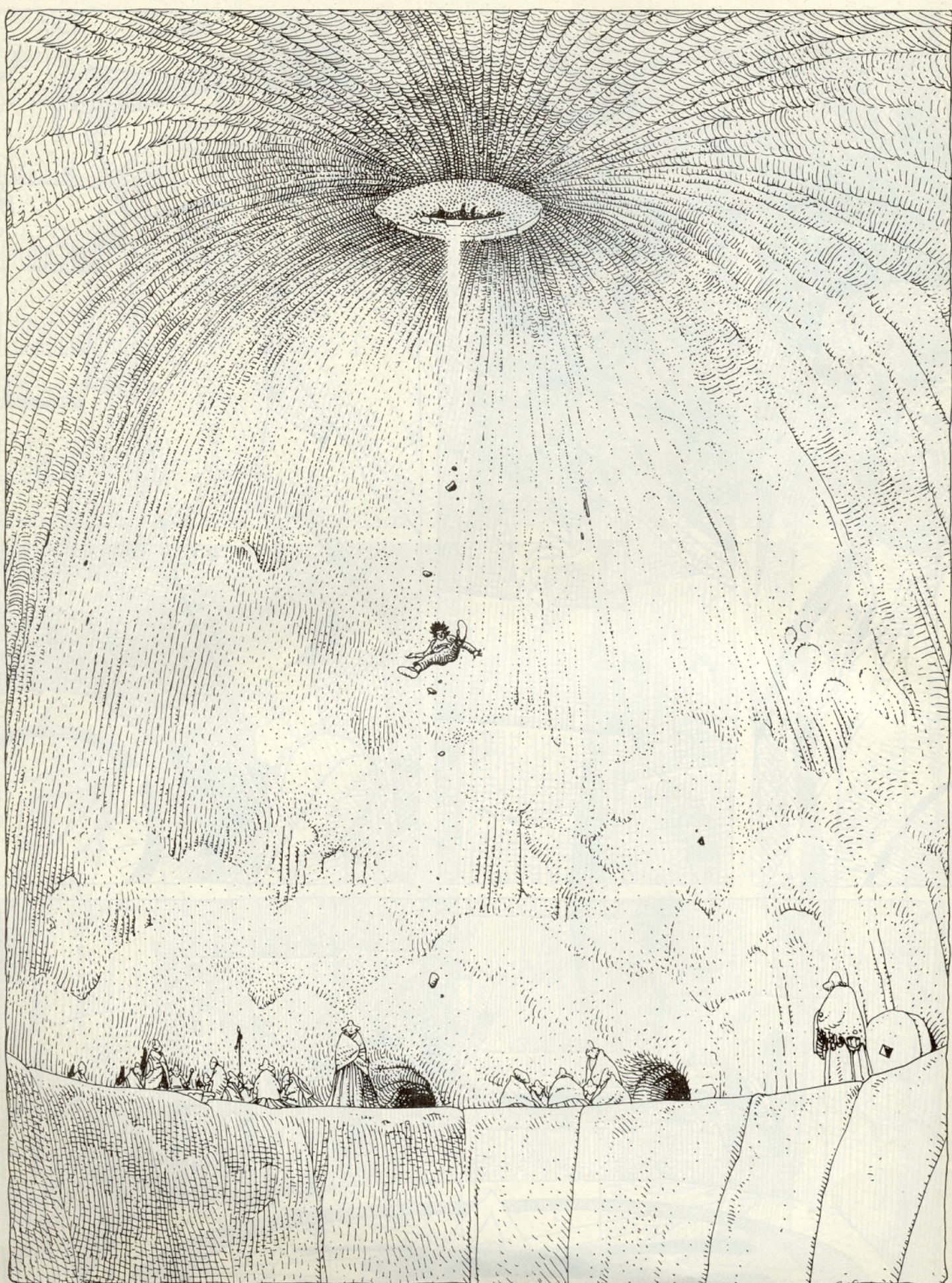




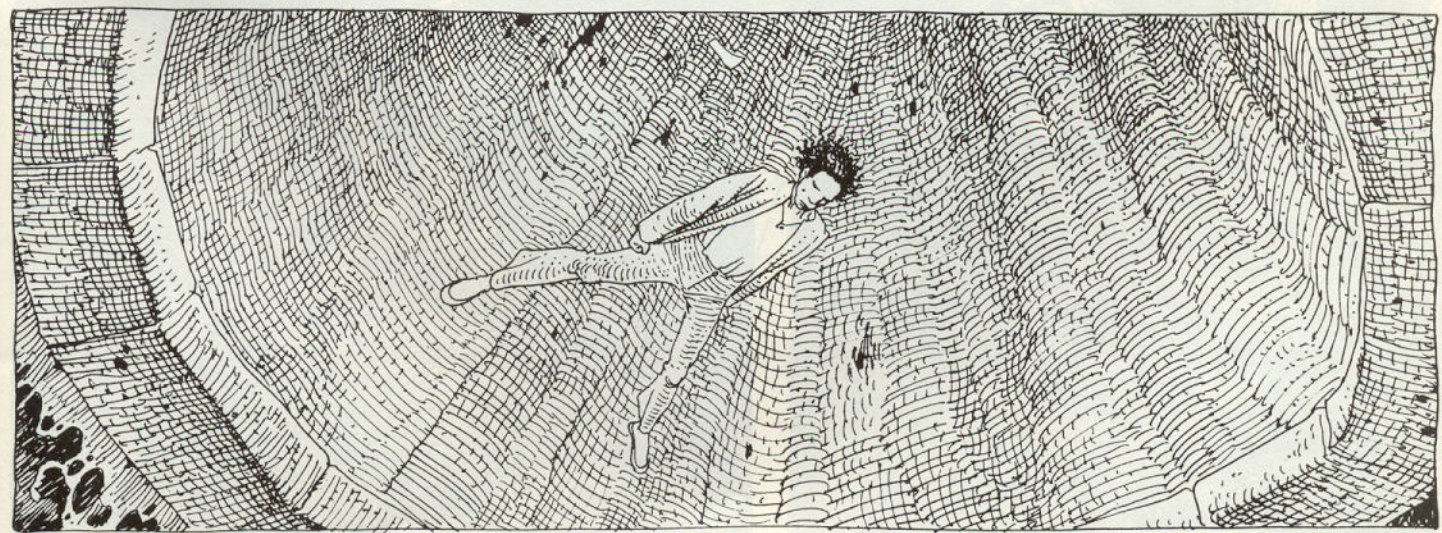
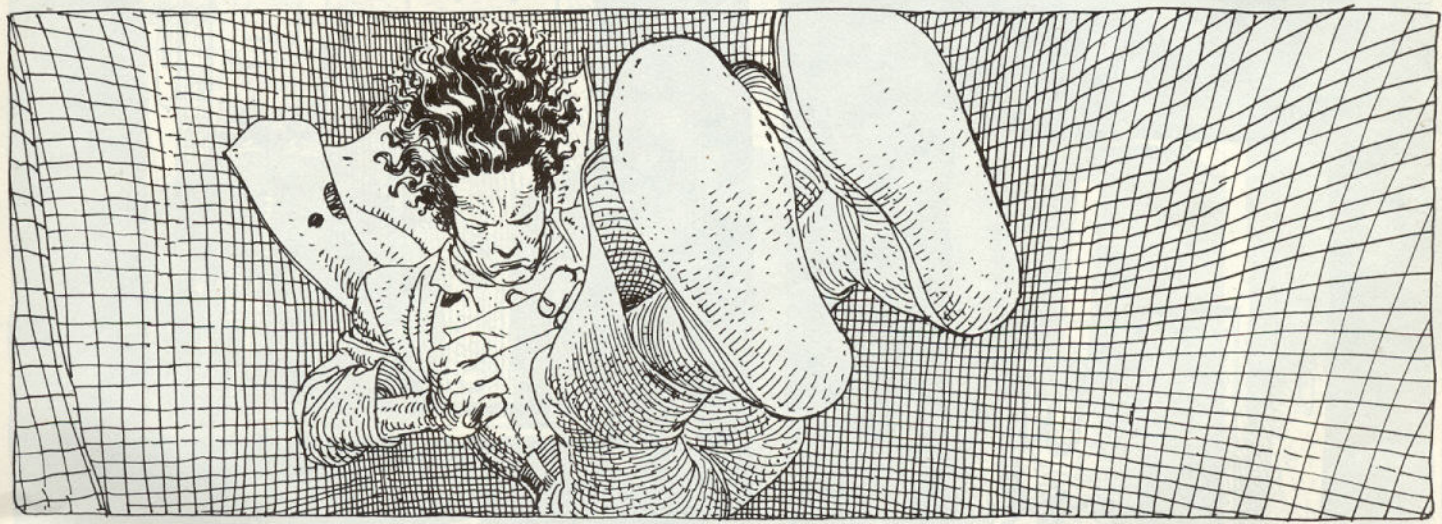
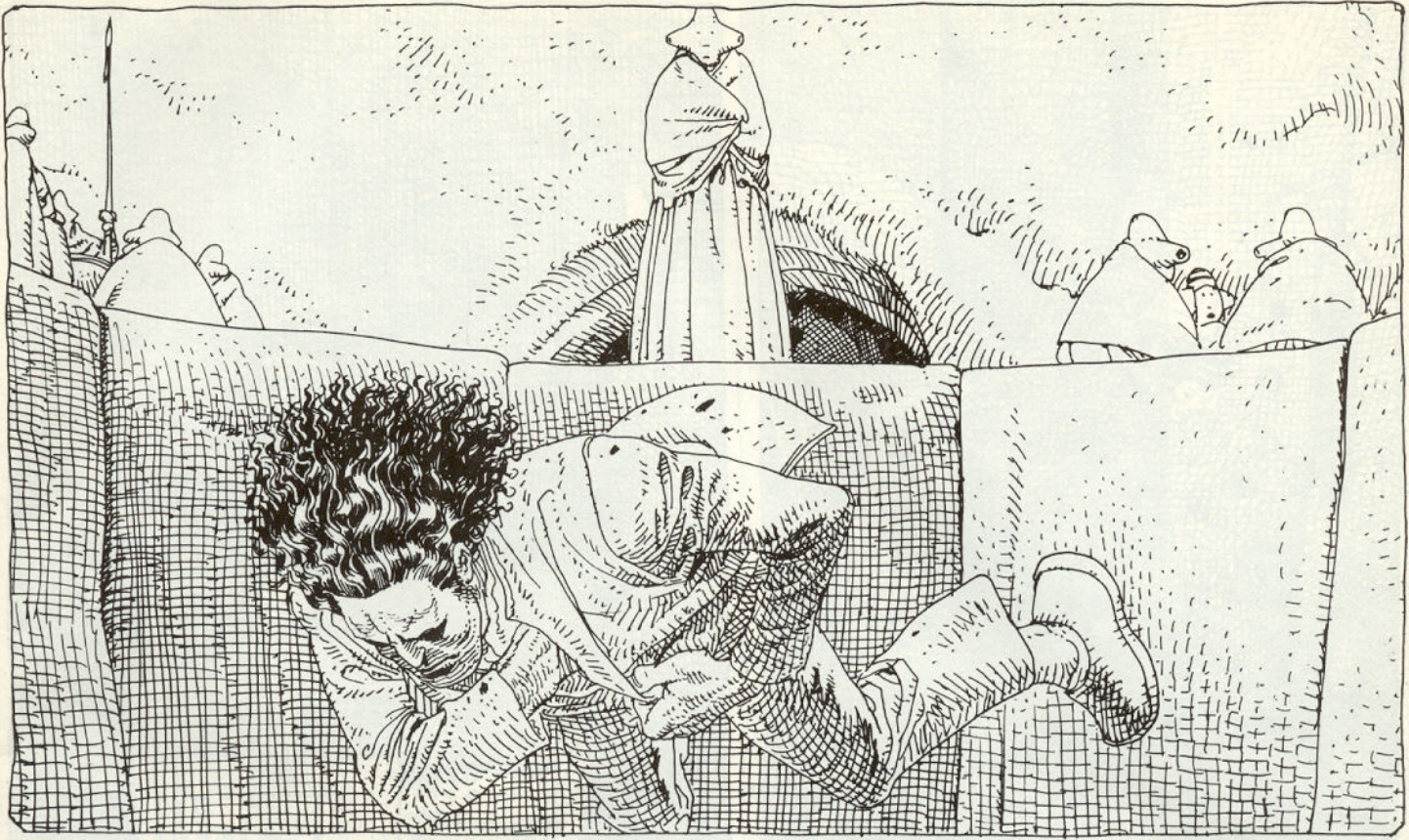




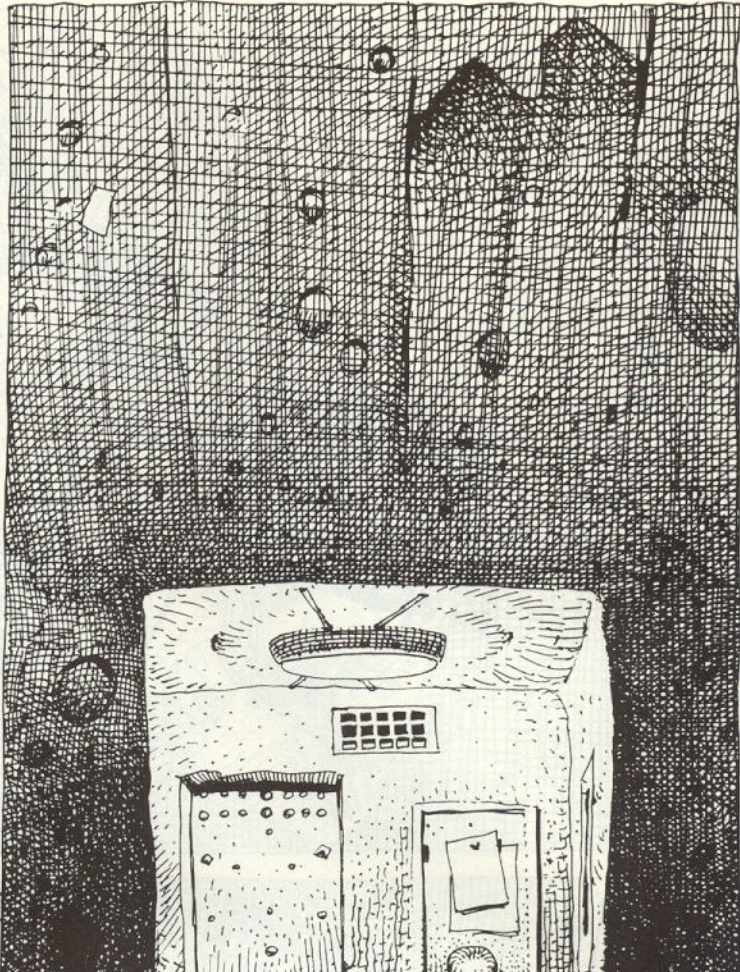
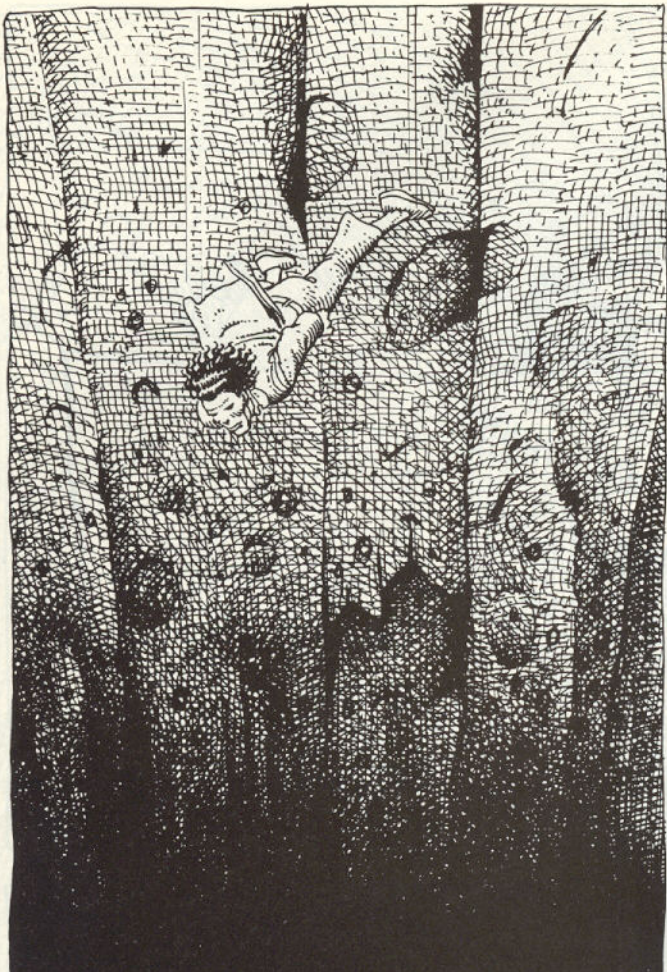




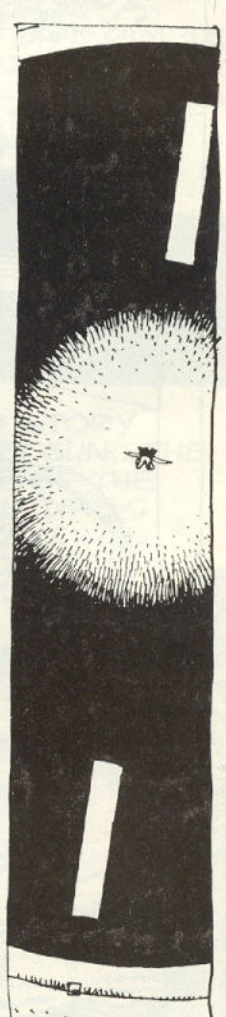
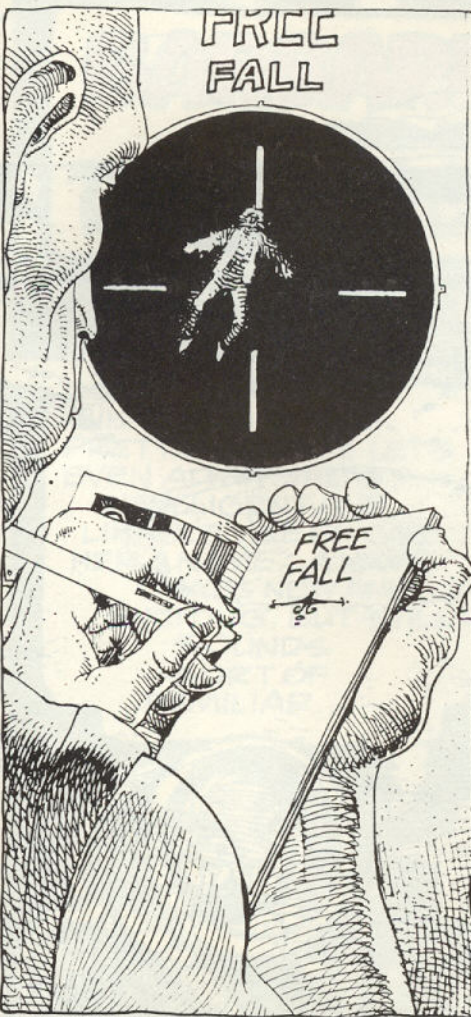
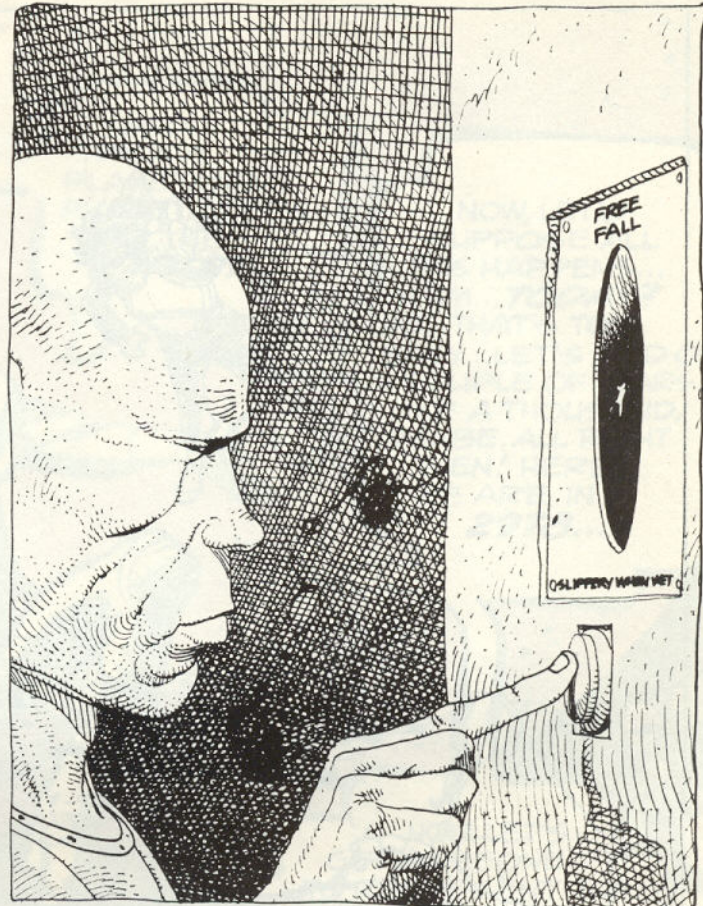
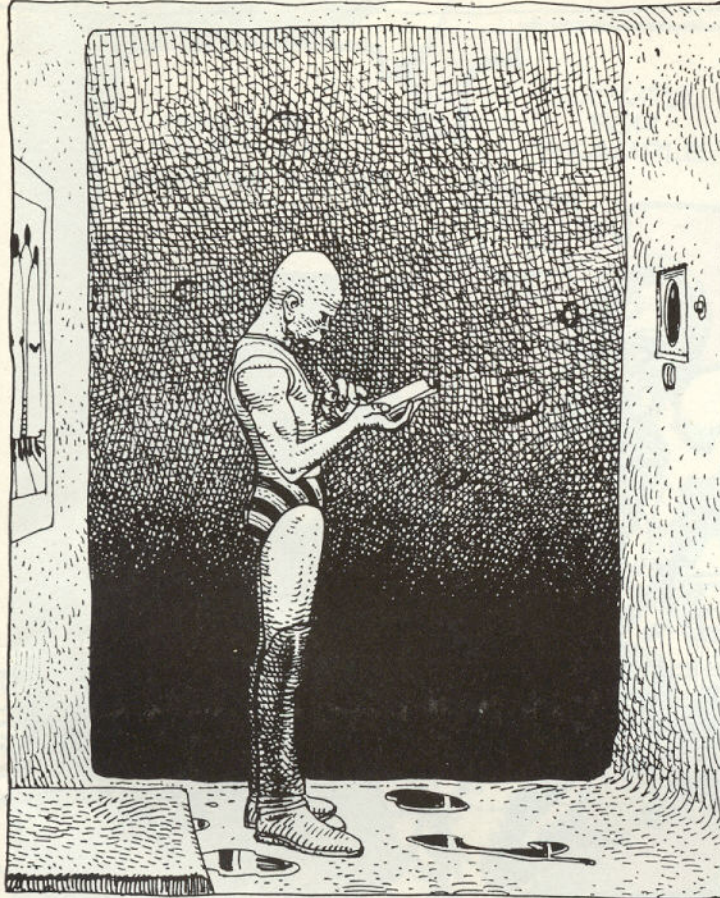




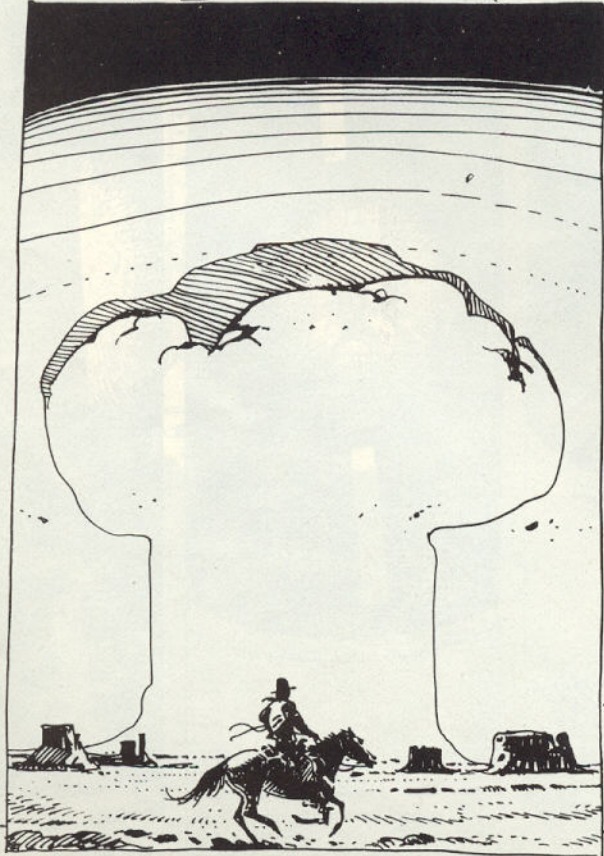
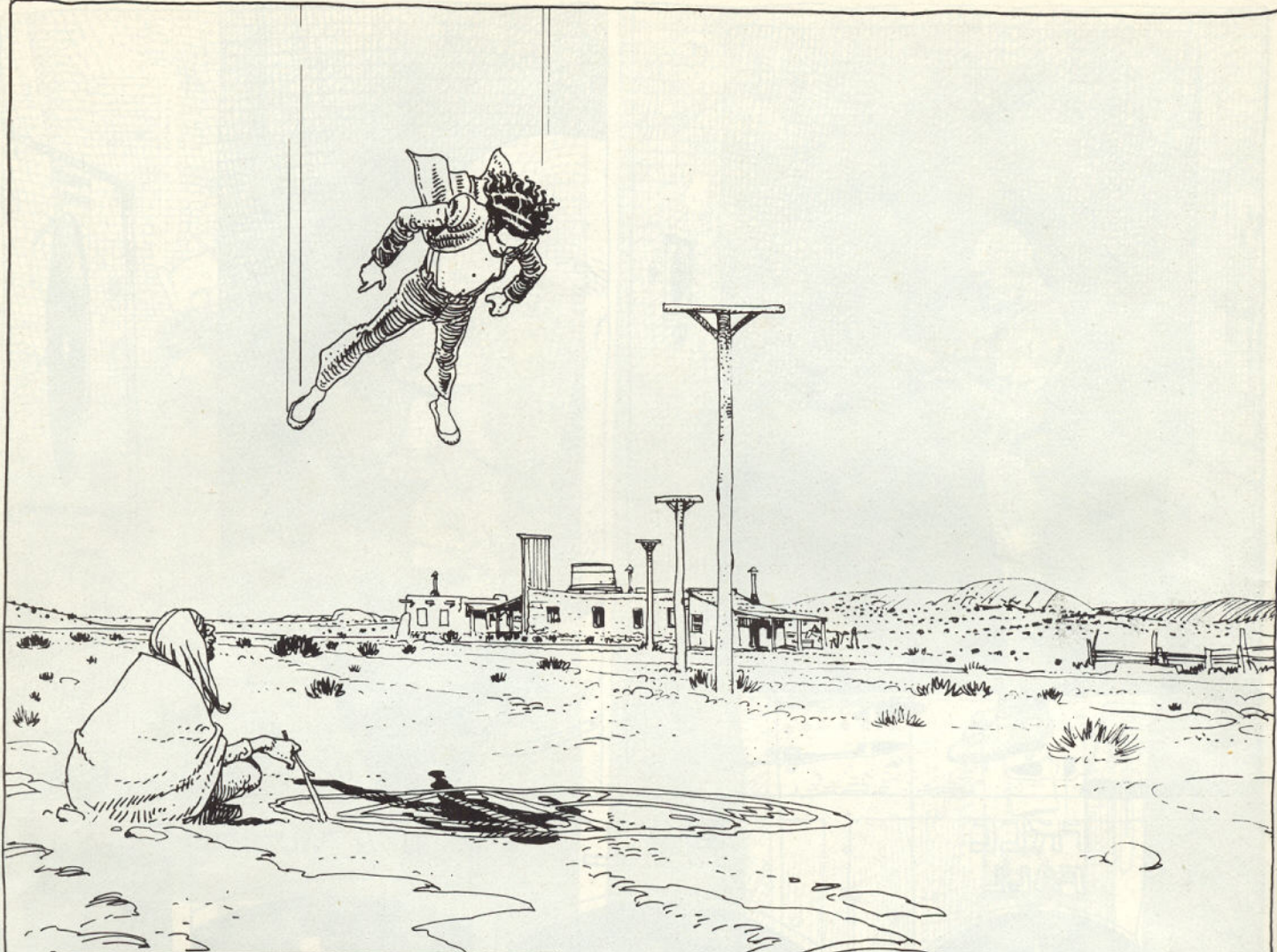




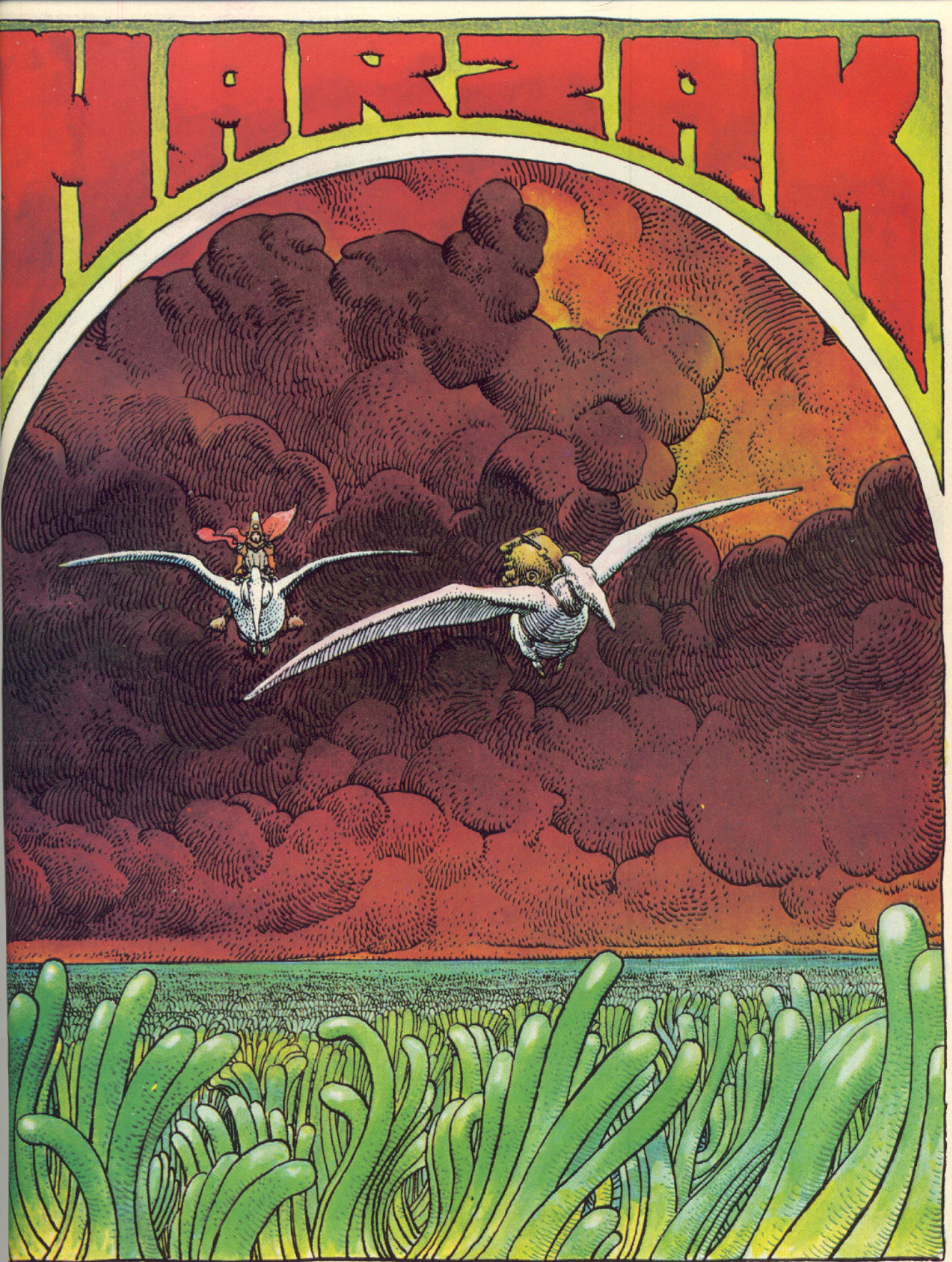




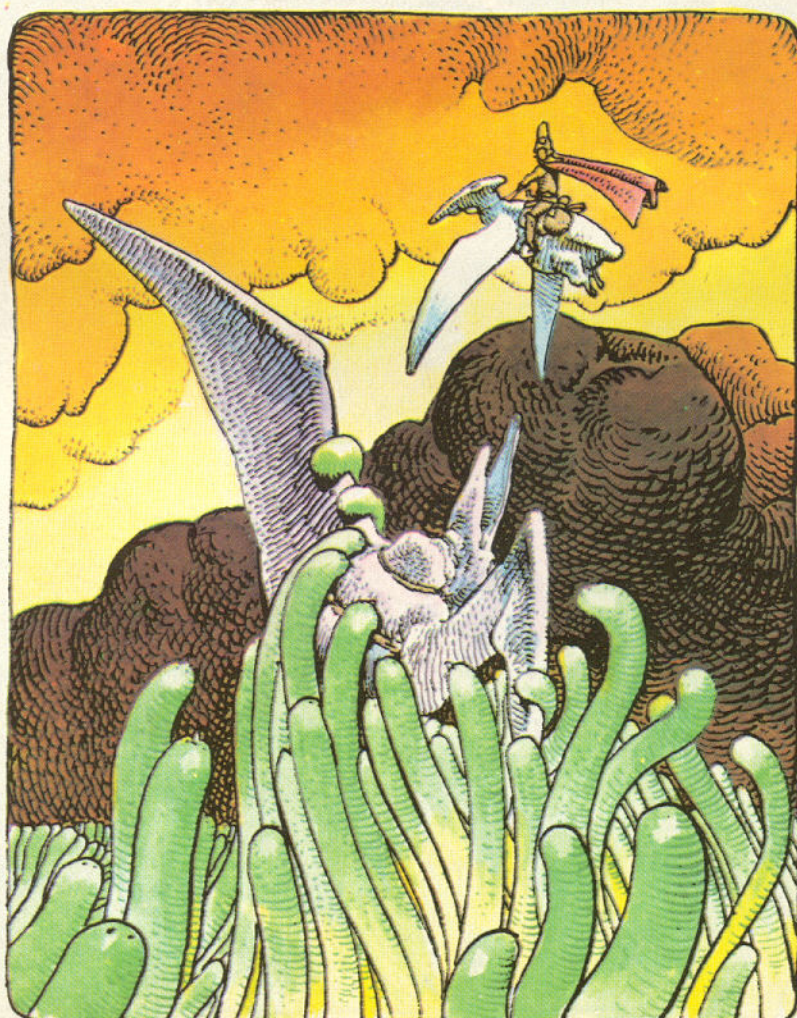
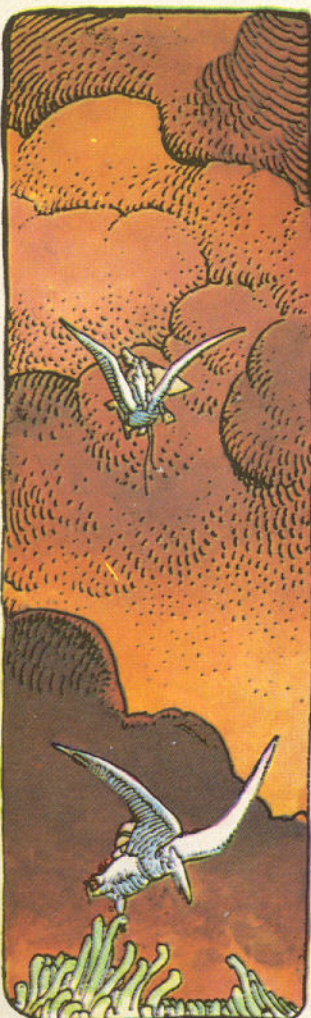
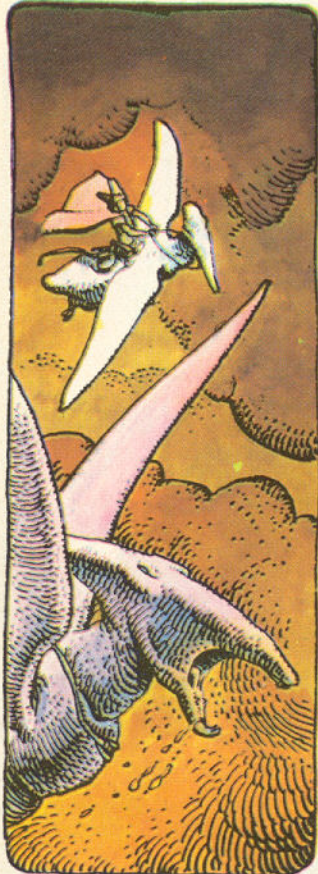




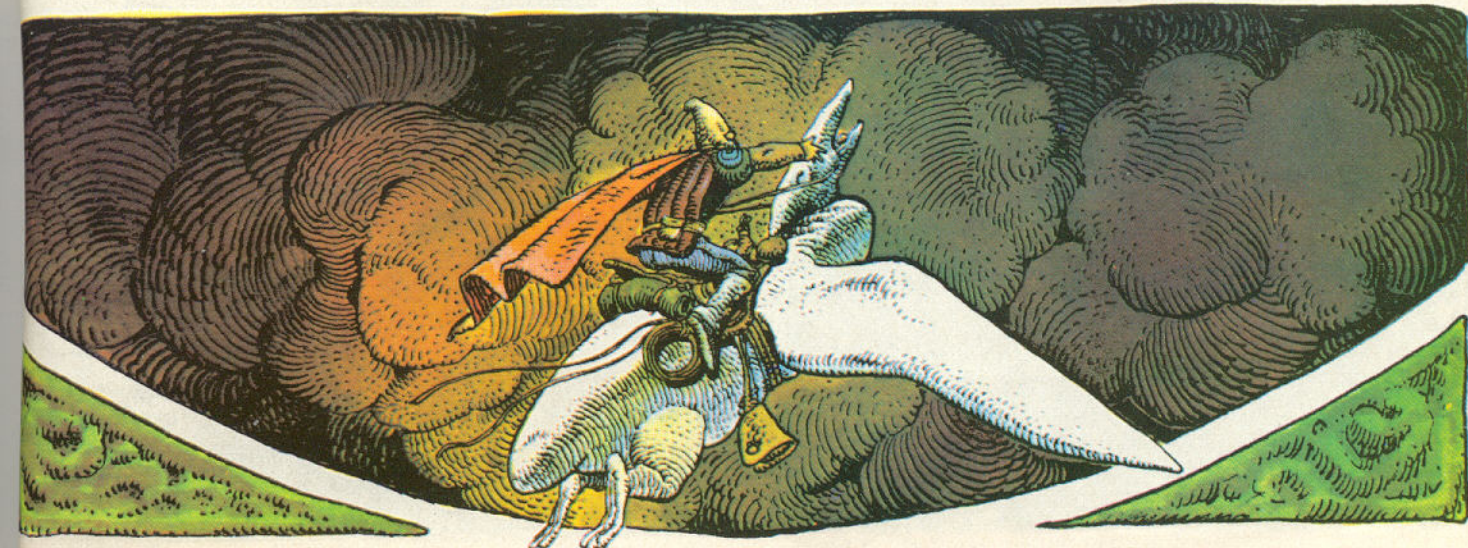
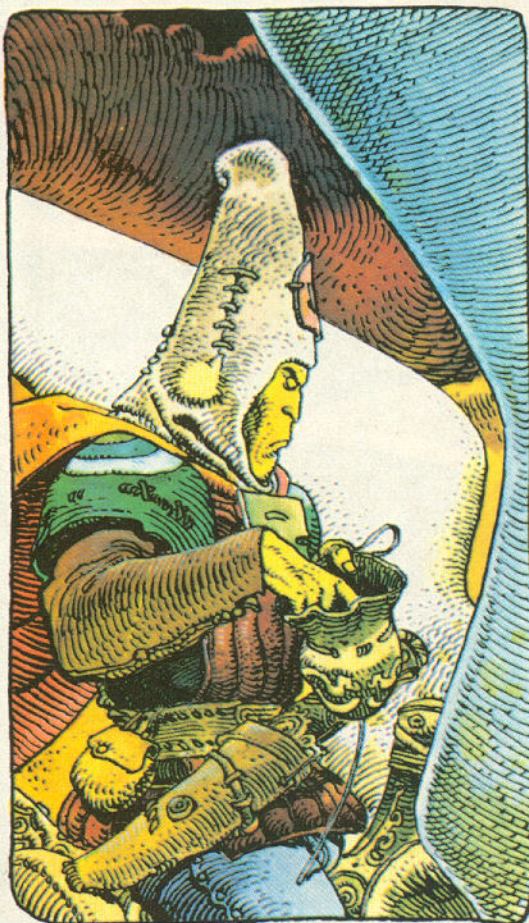
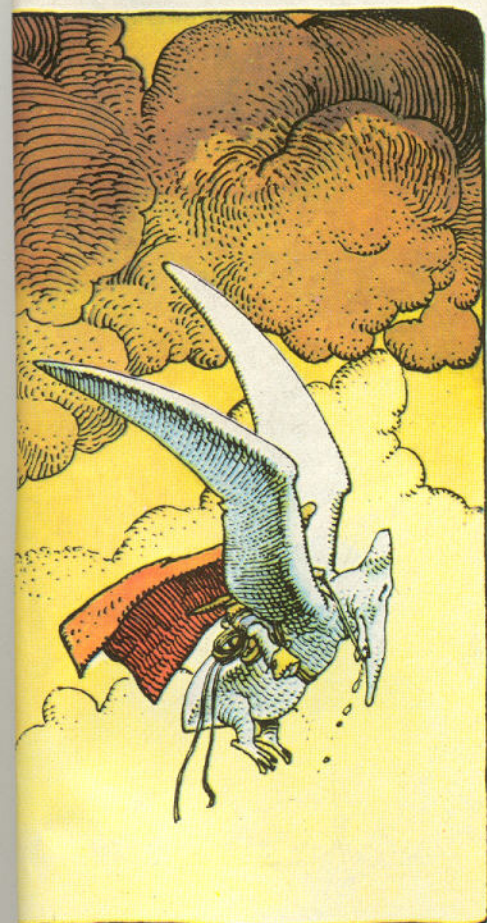
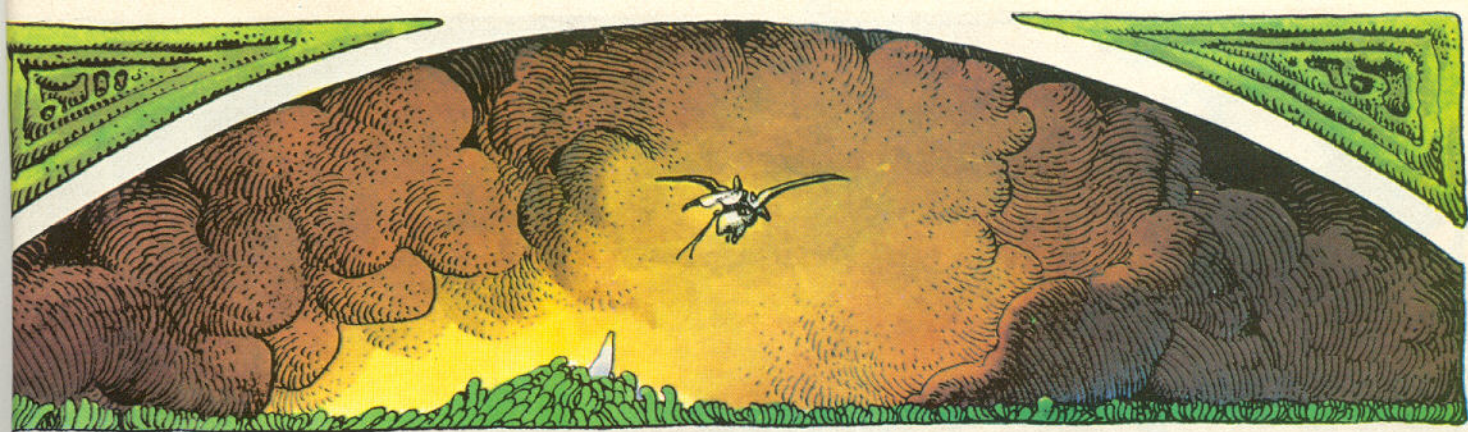




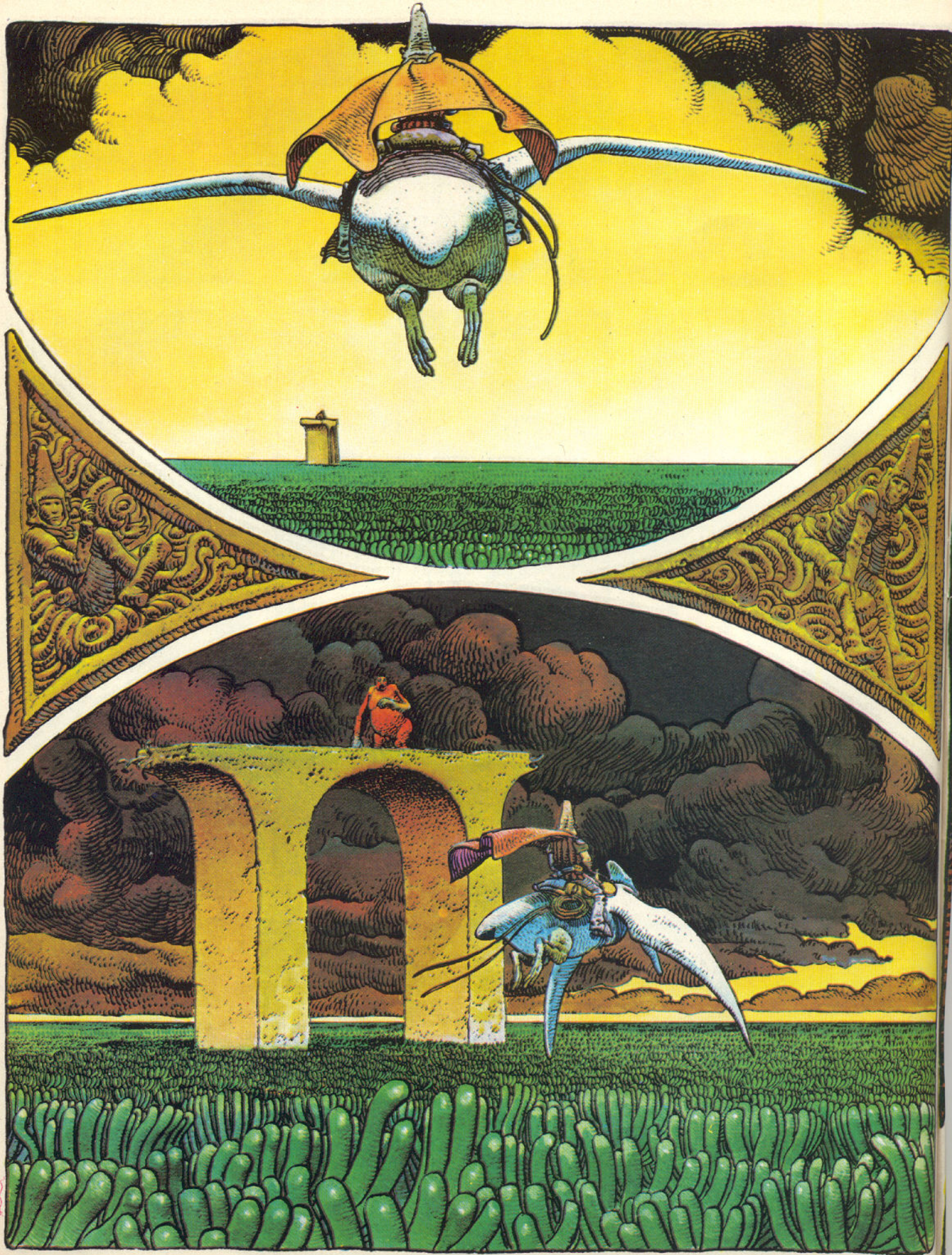




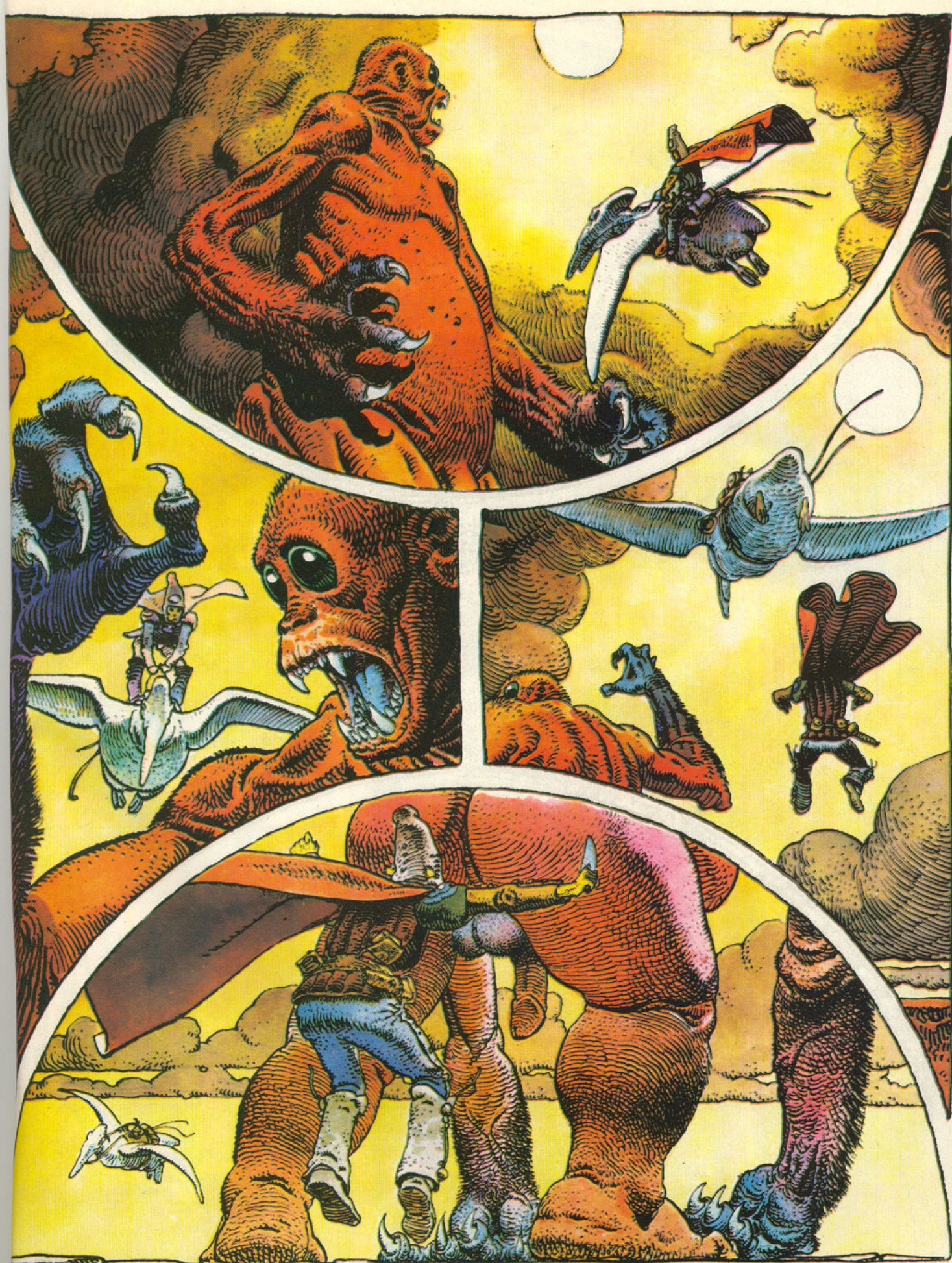




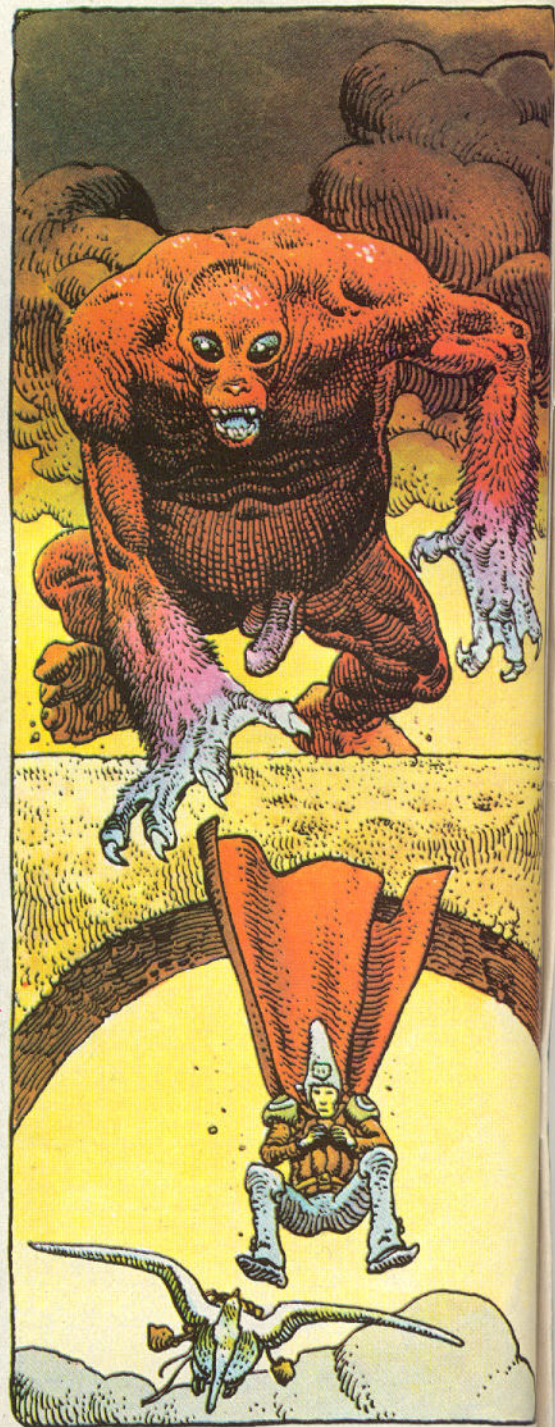
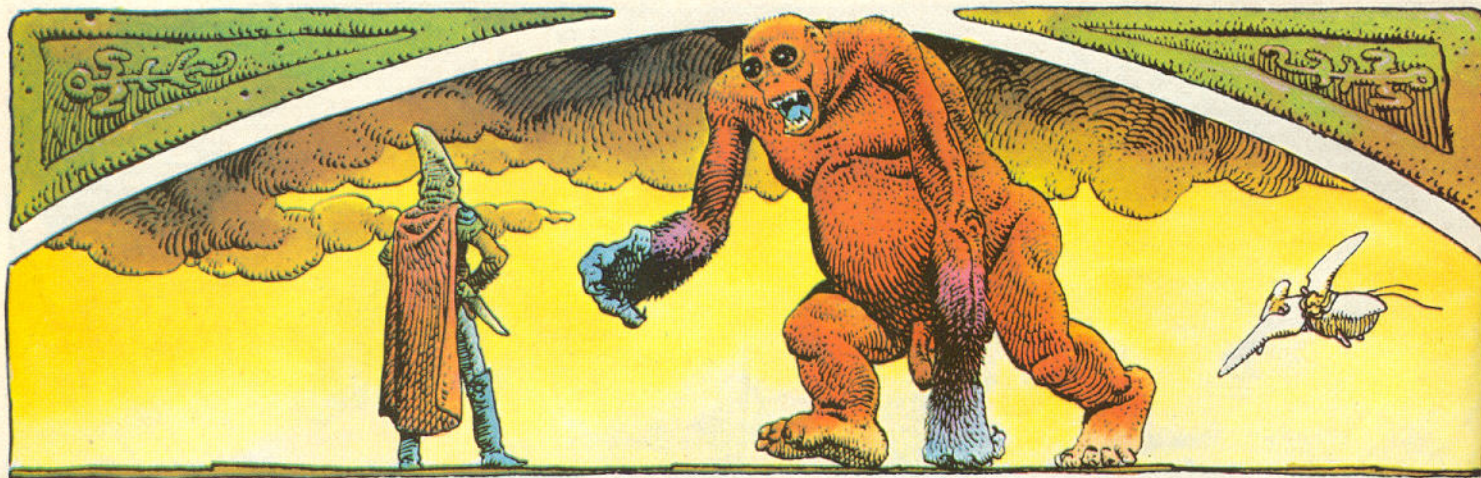




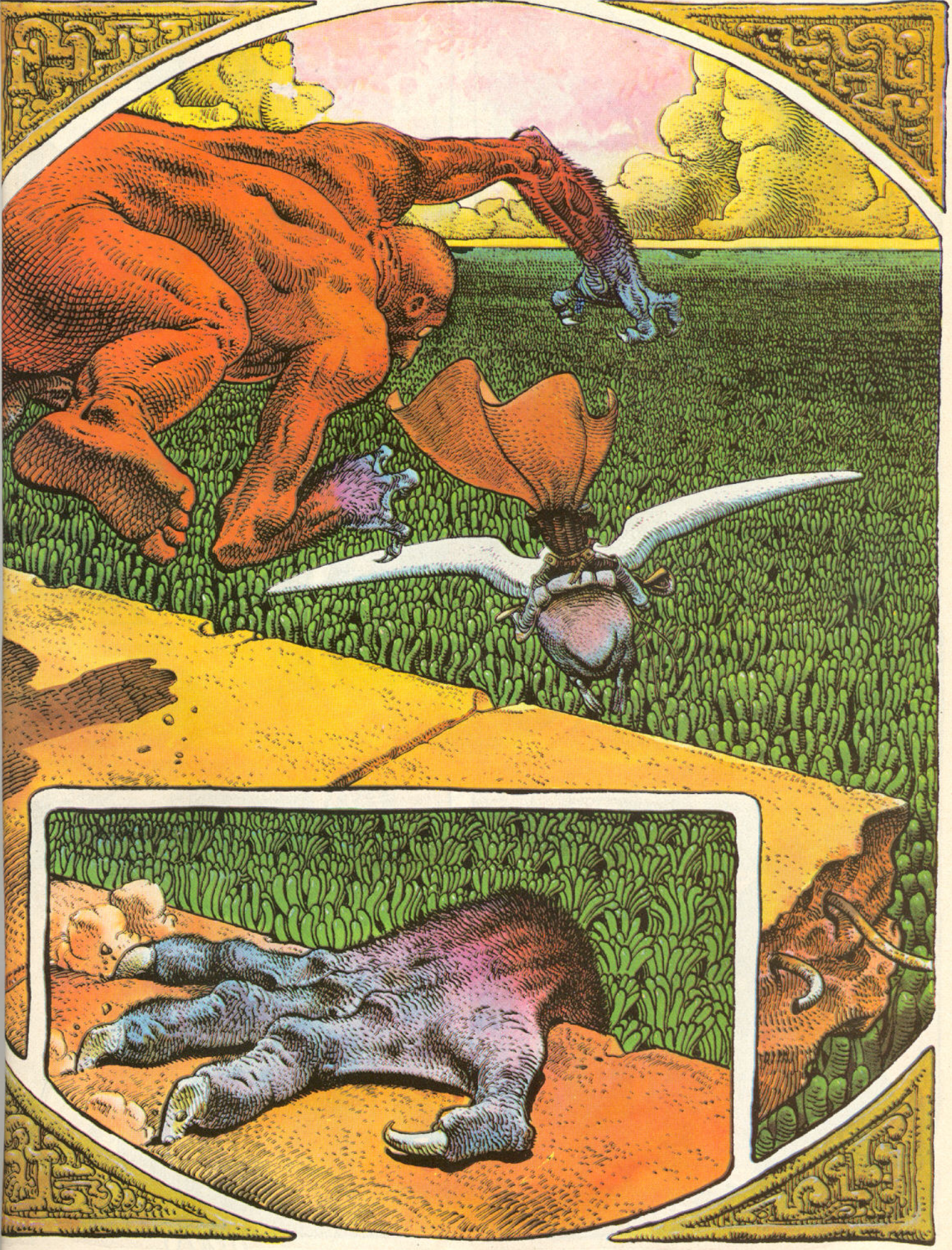




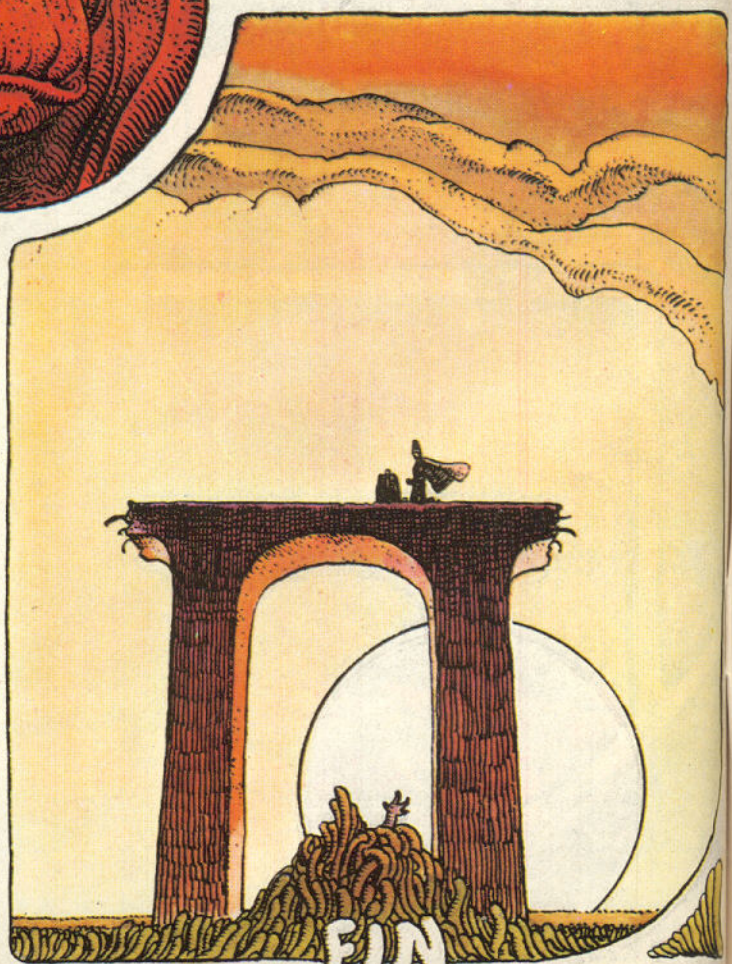
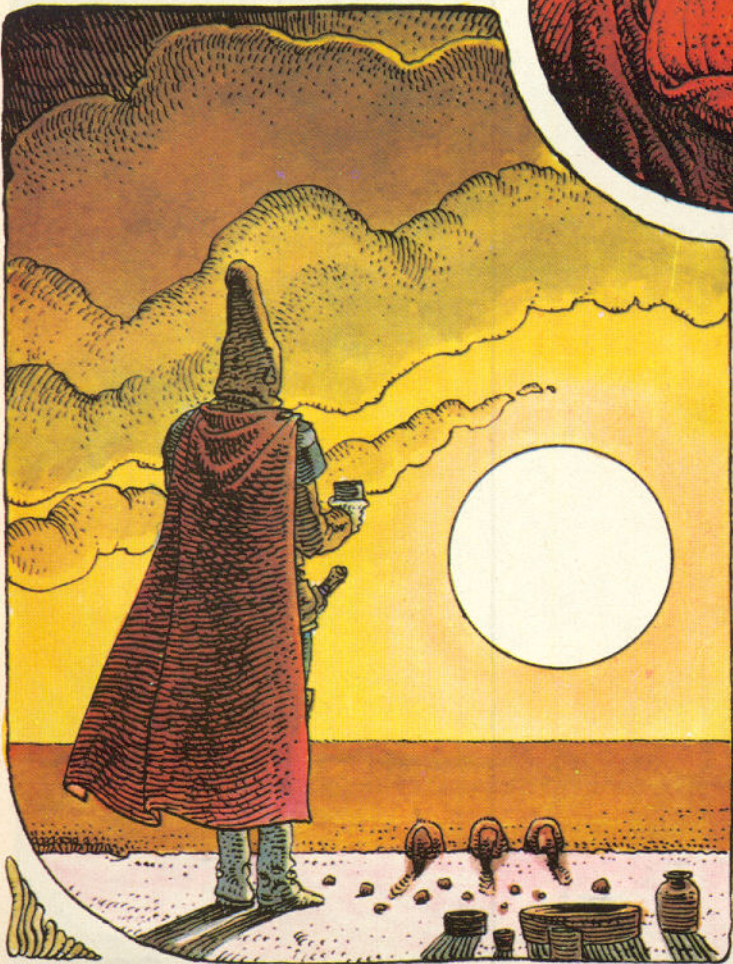
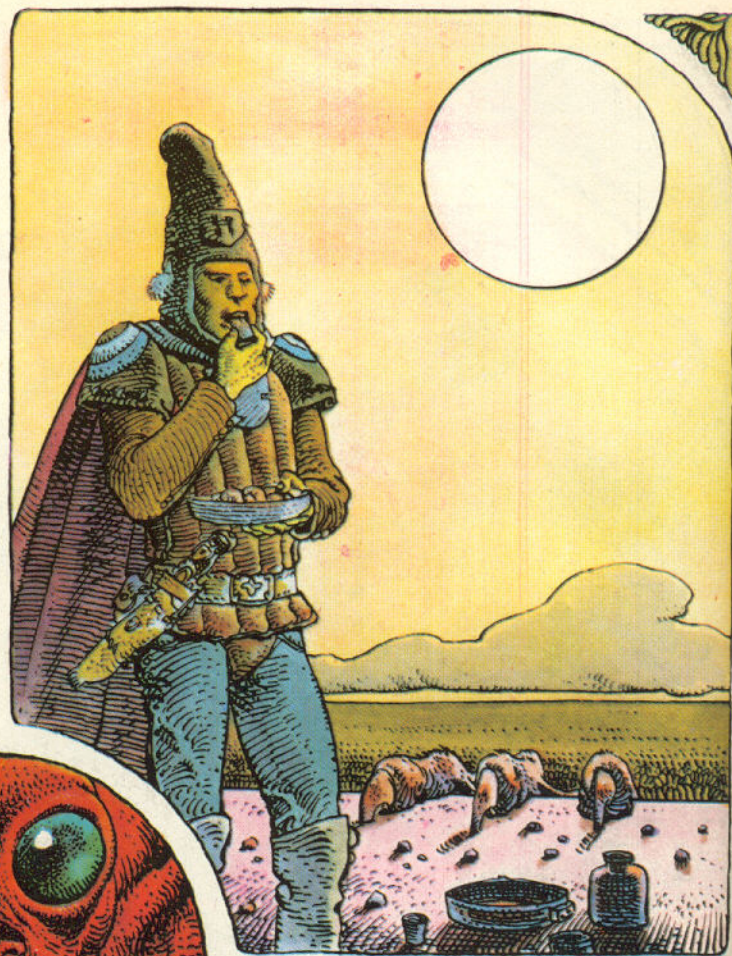
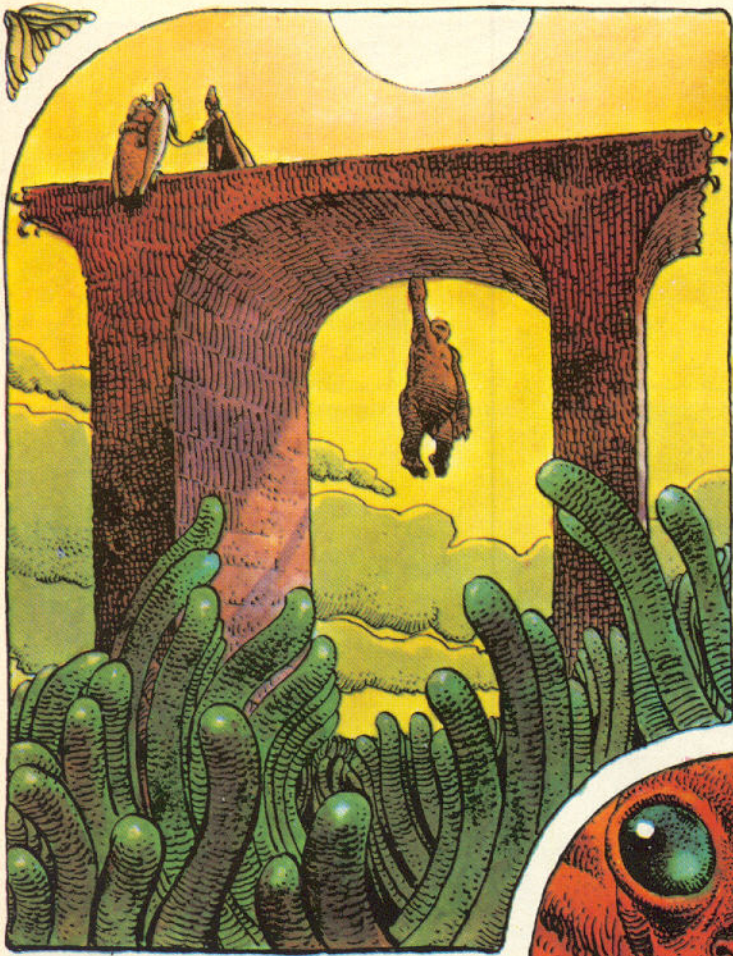












FIN



EPISODE NO. 1

# THE THOUSANDTH CONTRACT

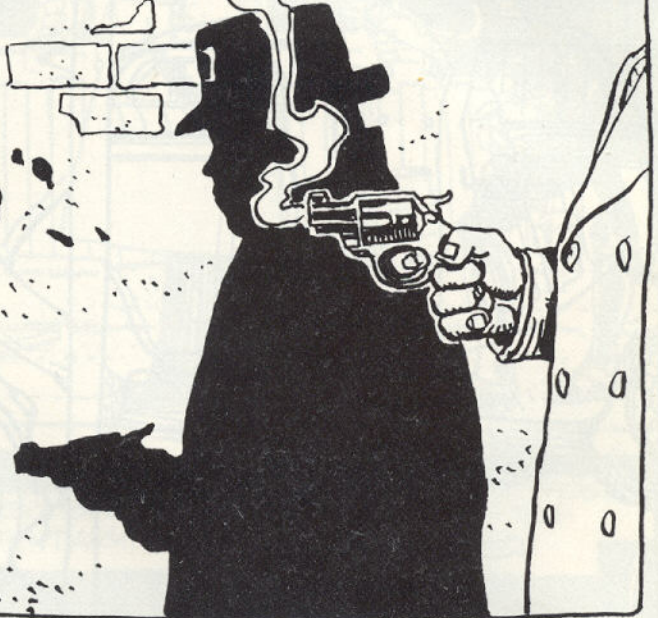
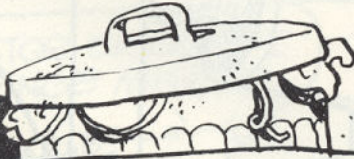
BY  
MOEBIUS

# HITMAN

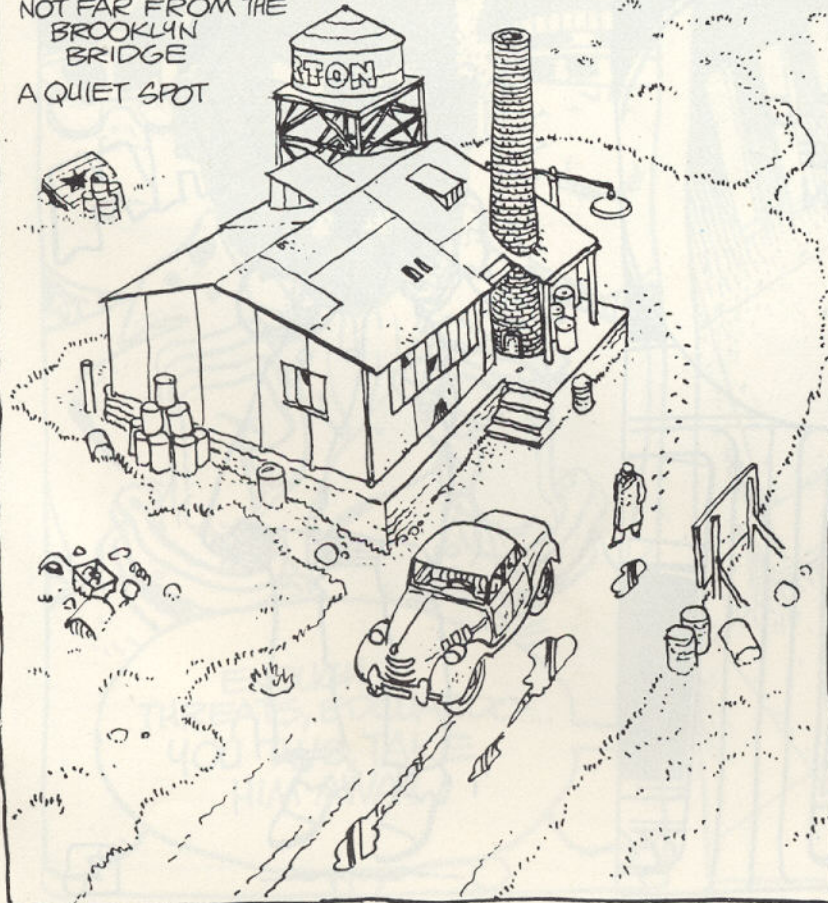
STARRING

THE KILLER ..... EDOUARDO HAMMER  
GARY COOPER..... DIMITRI DODD  
INSPECTOR BRIGGS ... PHILO VANCE  
THE VICTIM .... DAVID FISHER

ARGH...



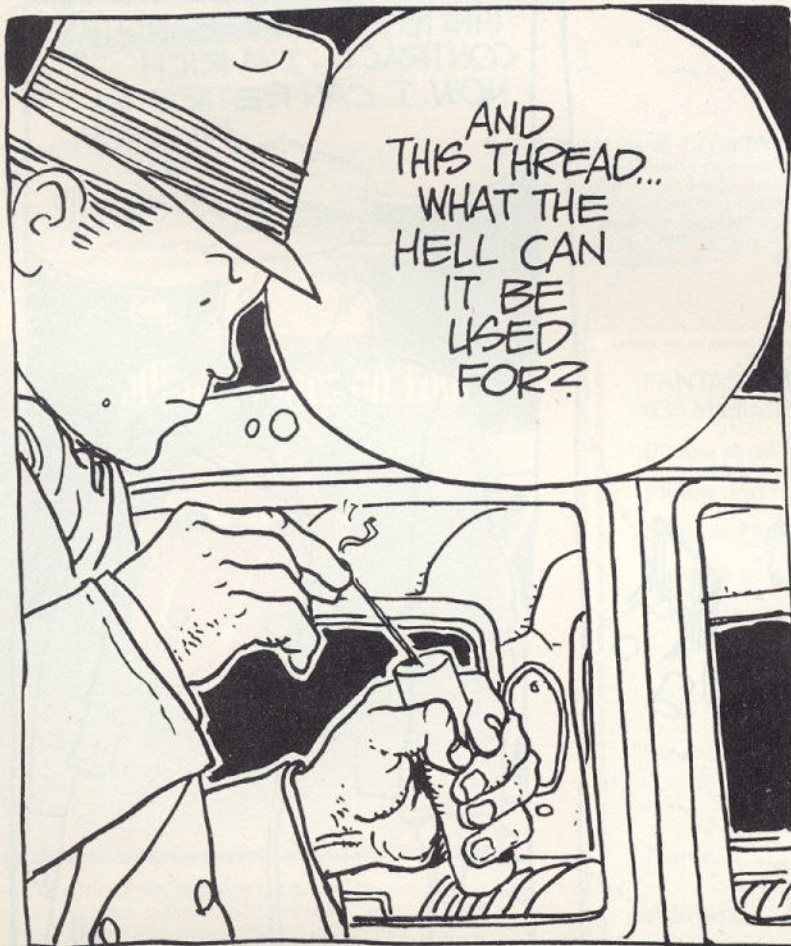
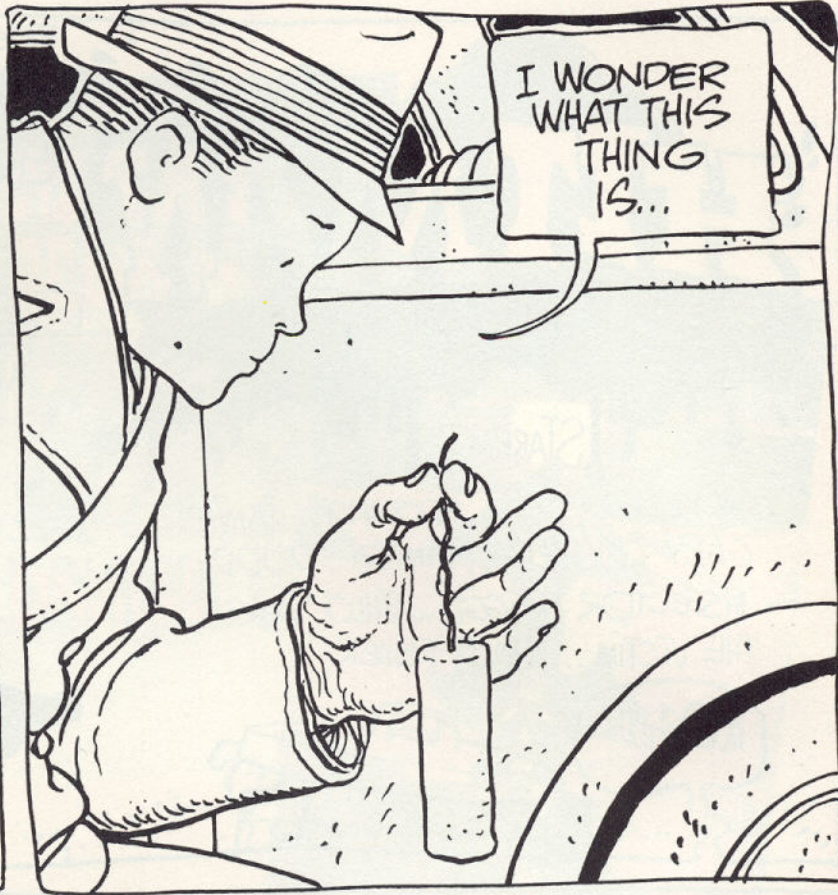
THE LITTLE POLISH BUGGH WHIP FACTORY:  
"NORTON ABBEY"  
NOT FAR FROM THE  
BROOKLYN  
BRIDGE  
A QUIET SPOT



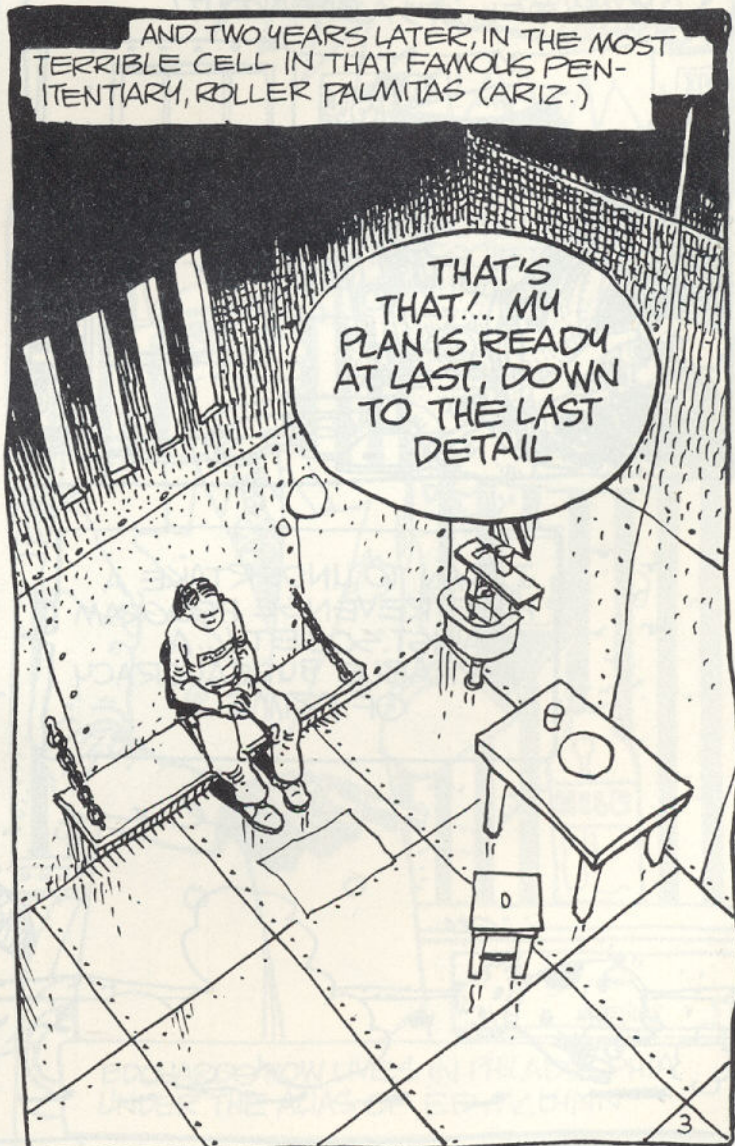
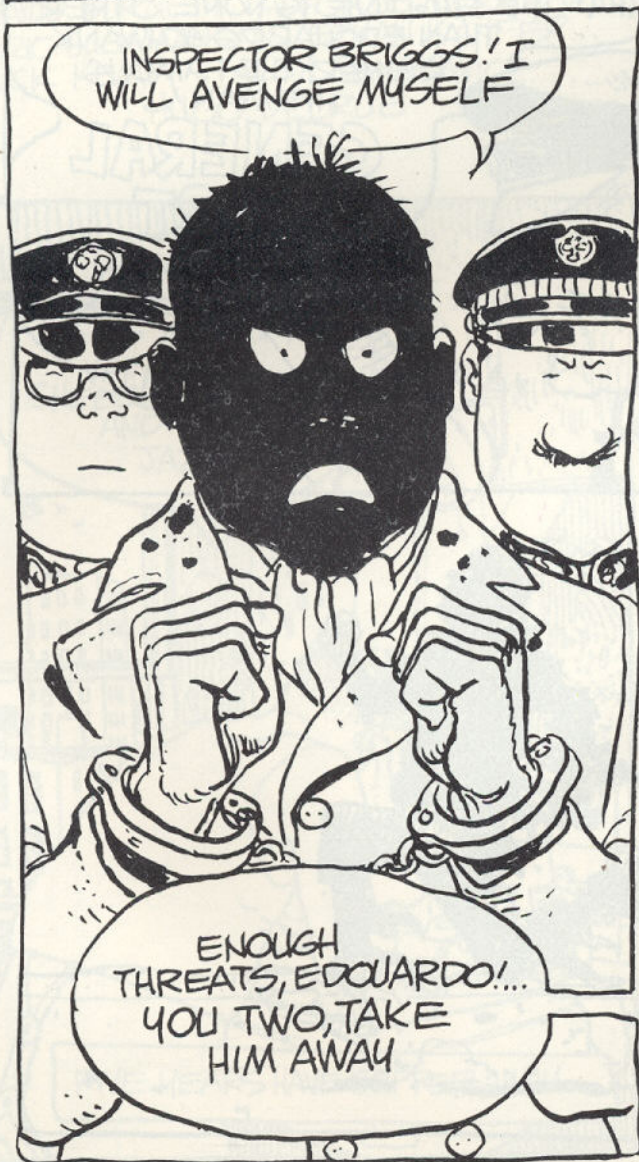
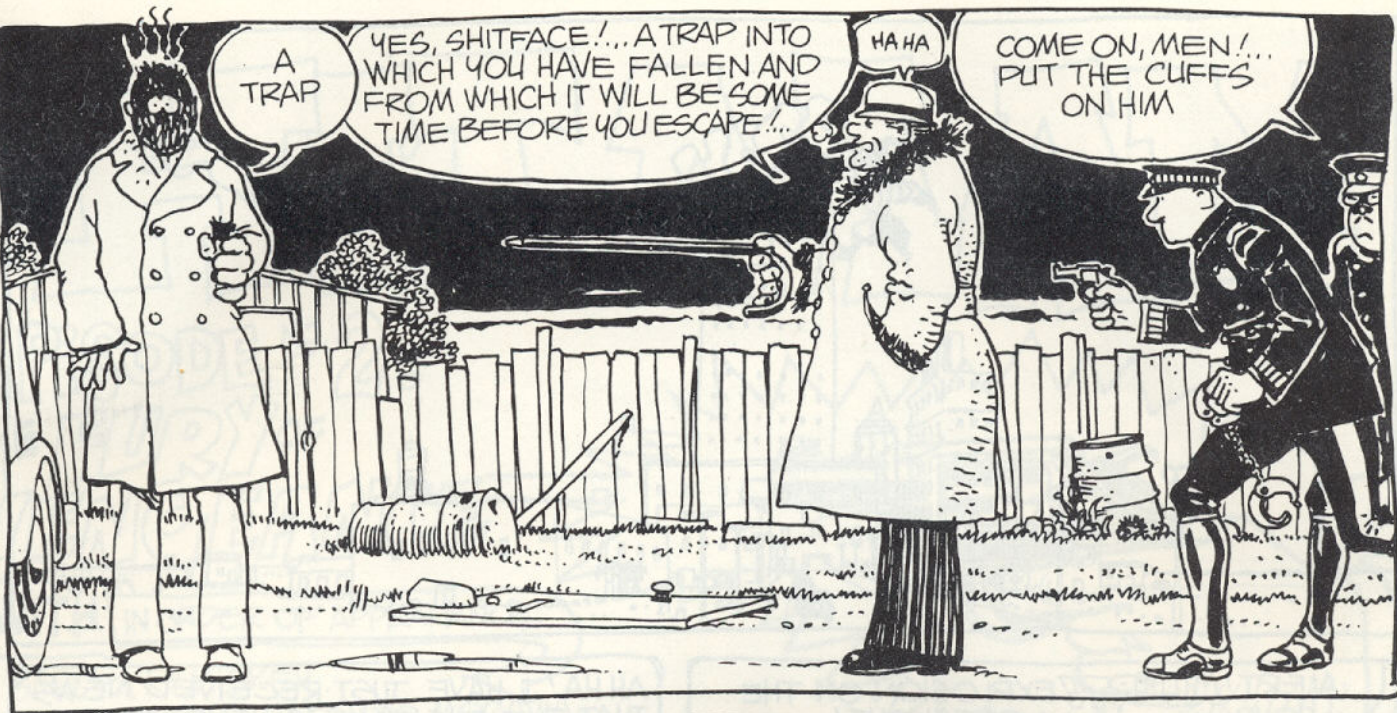
THIS IS IT... MY THOUSANDTH  
CONTRACT... I'M RICH  
NOW. I CAN RETIRE TO  
MY FARM  
IN  
MARYLAND



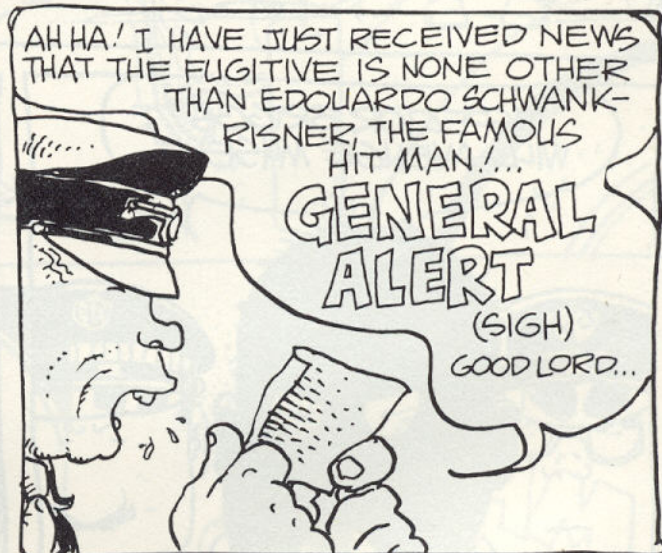












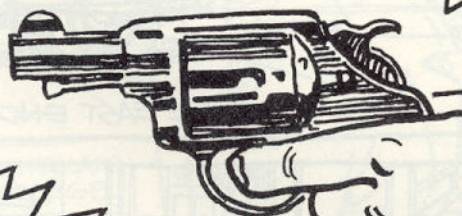


# HITMAN

## EPISODE <sup>NO.</sup> 2: THE FURY OF VENGEANCE

WITH IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE:

SANDRA RAMISKEY...  
DAVID BURNETT... ALFONZO MORAVIA...  
ERIC SLOAMANSON... ETHAN KANFER...  
NICK KEMPF... ALEX SANGOWICZ...  
HUGO DELRUE

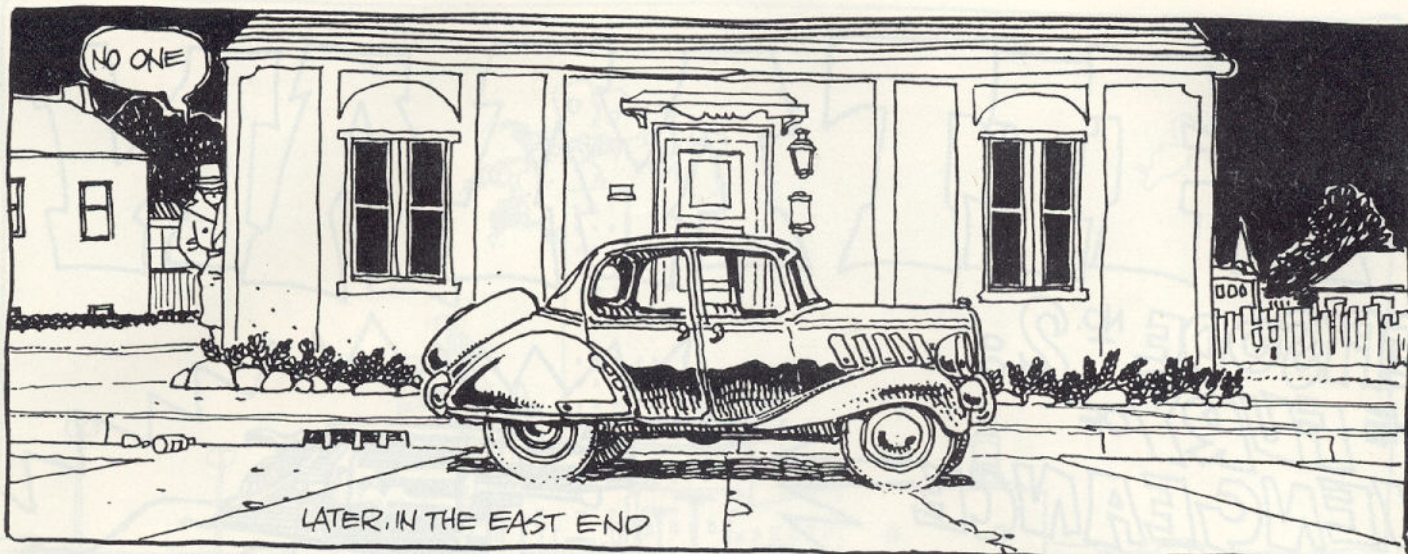


FIVE YEARS HAVE SLIPPED AWAY...

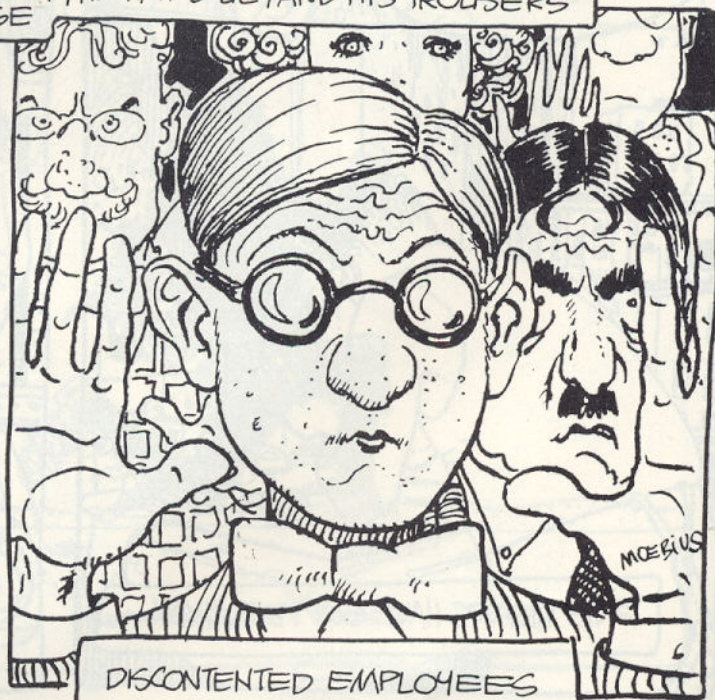


EDUARDO NOW LIVES IN PHILADELPHIA  
UNDER THE ALIAS OF ED MCLYNN

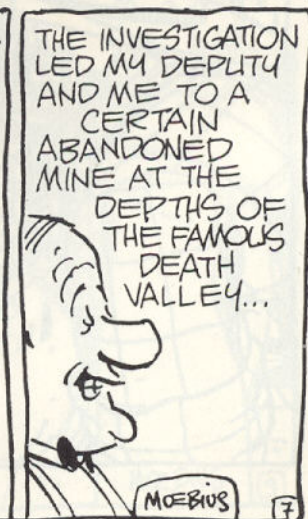
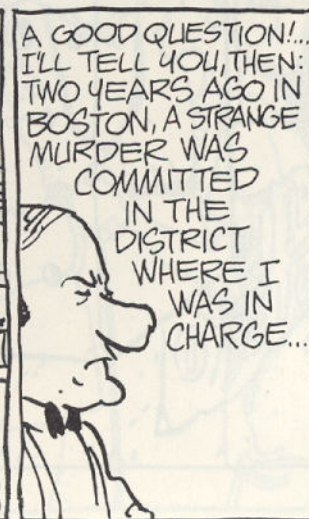
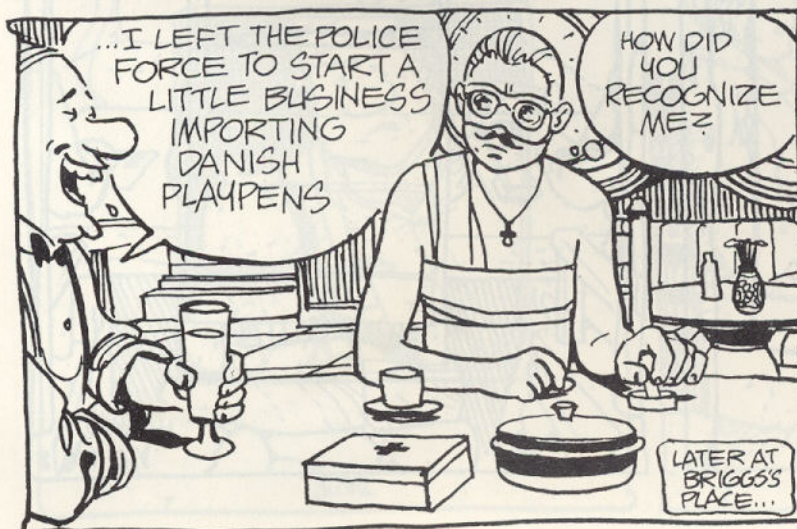
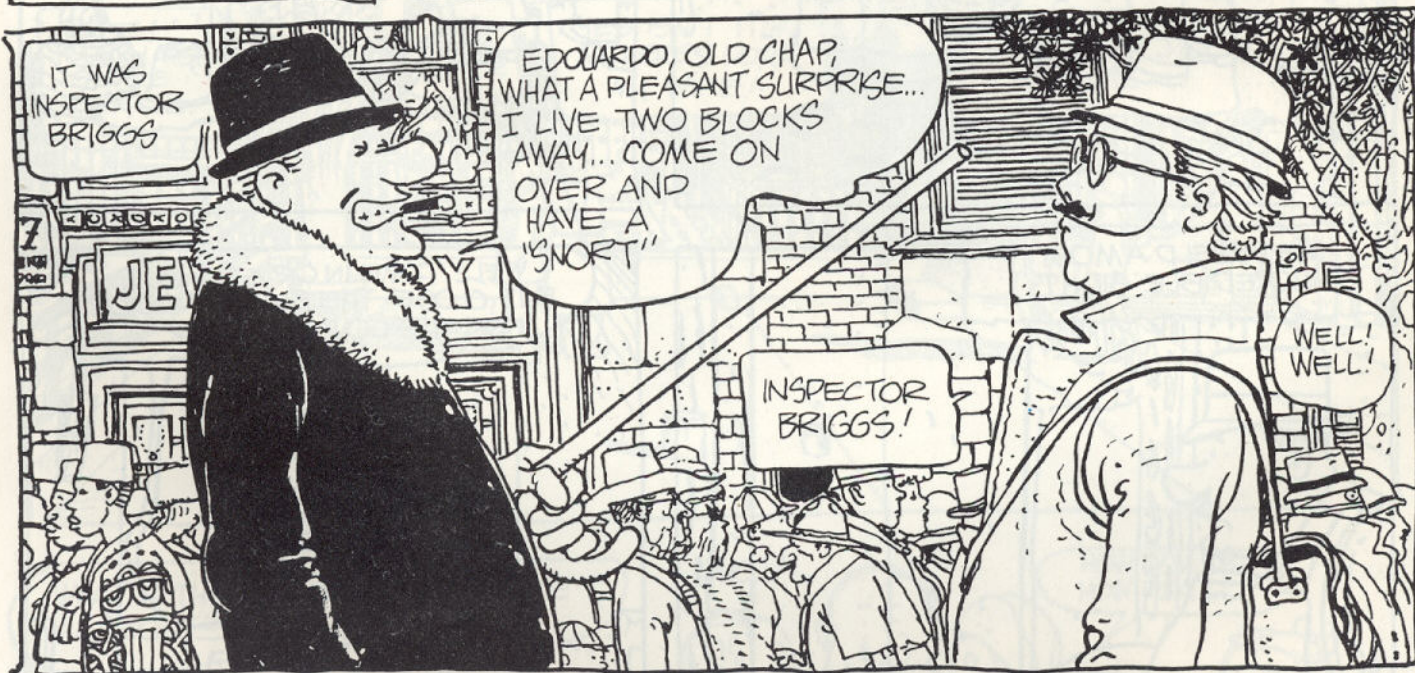




THE ANTI-HERO OF THIS STORY SEIZES THE MOMENT AND FURTIVELY ENTERS THE LUX-  
URIOUS FIRST BANK OF MONTANA... HE THINKS HE WILL NOT BE RECOGNIZED,  
THANKS TO HIS MASK... HIS RAINCOAT IS GREEN, HIS HAT BLUE, AND HIS TROUSERS  
BEIGE









UMM...  
HUM  
KOFF HAK

A STRANGE IDOL, PROBABLY OF LATIN-AMERICAN ORIGIN, BLOCKED THE MAIN CORRIDOR... WE WERE AWARE THAT WE WERE CONFRONTED BY A MYSTERY...

THE ASSASSIN'S TRACKS SEEM TO STOP HERE

I SAY... THIS IDOL...

...THEN, IN A FLASH OF INTUITION, MORTON FELL UPON THE DEVICE THAT OPENED THE SECRET DOOR

BRAVO!

SCREEEAAAKKK

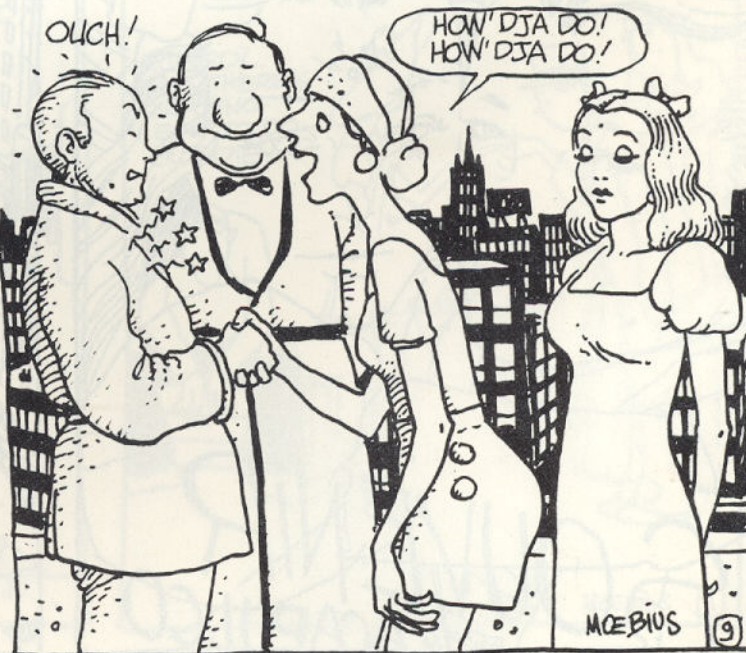
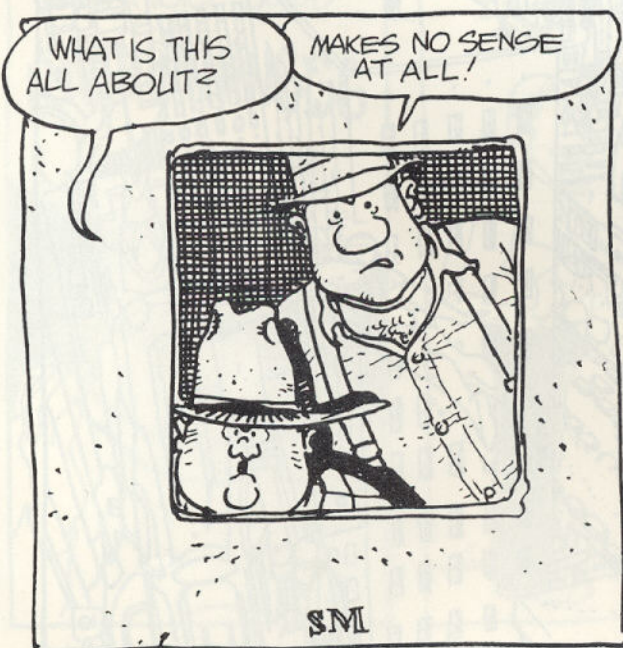
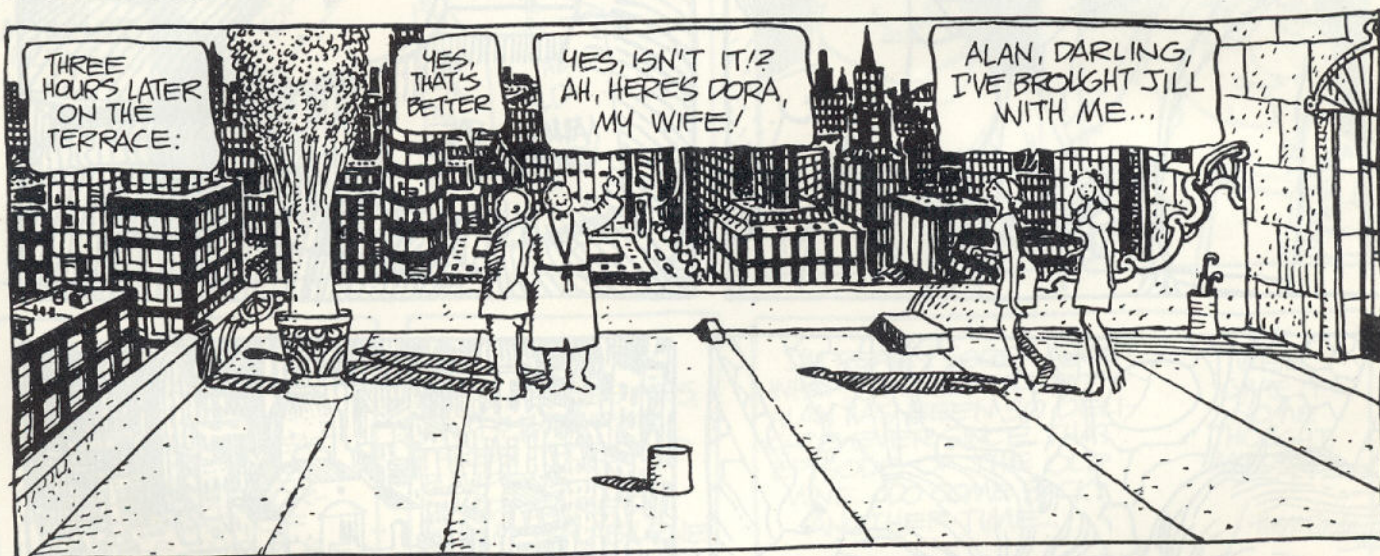
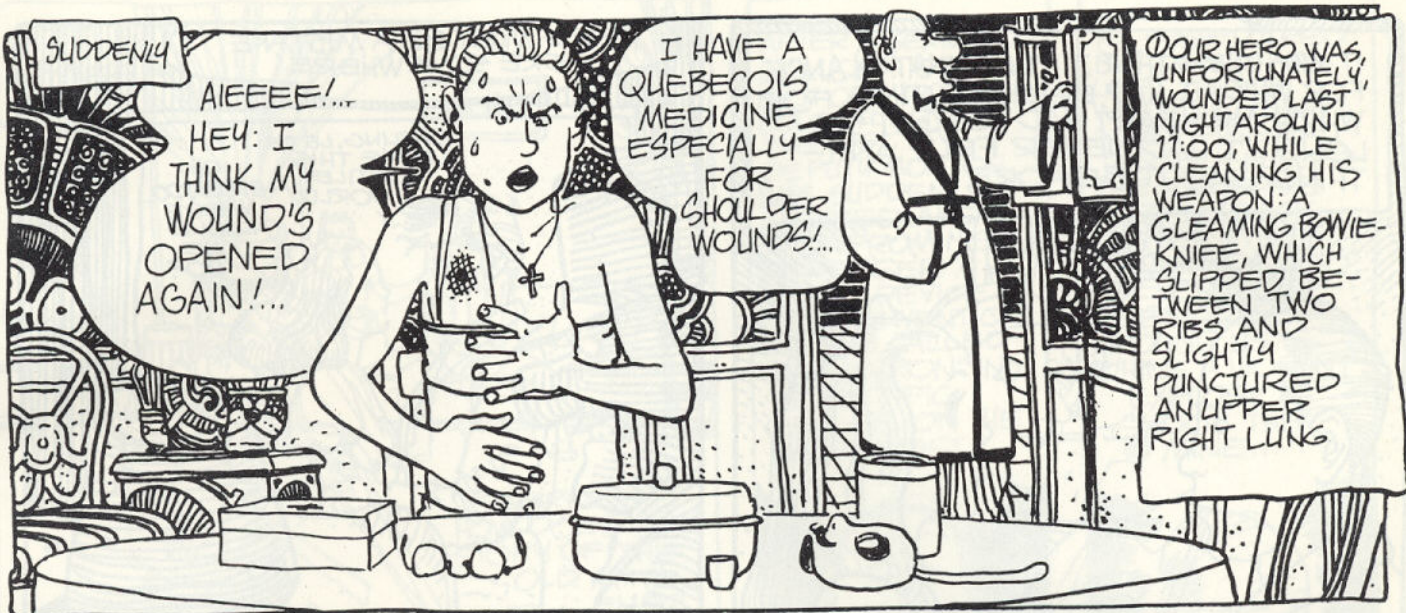
THUD

WE BEHELD A MOST INCREDIBLE SIGHT

WELL! COME IN OR GET OUT, BUT CLOSE THE BLOODY DOOR FOR THE LOVE OF GOD

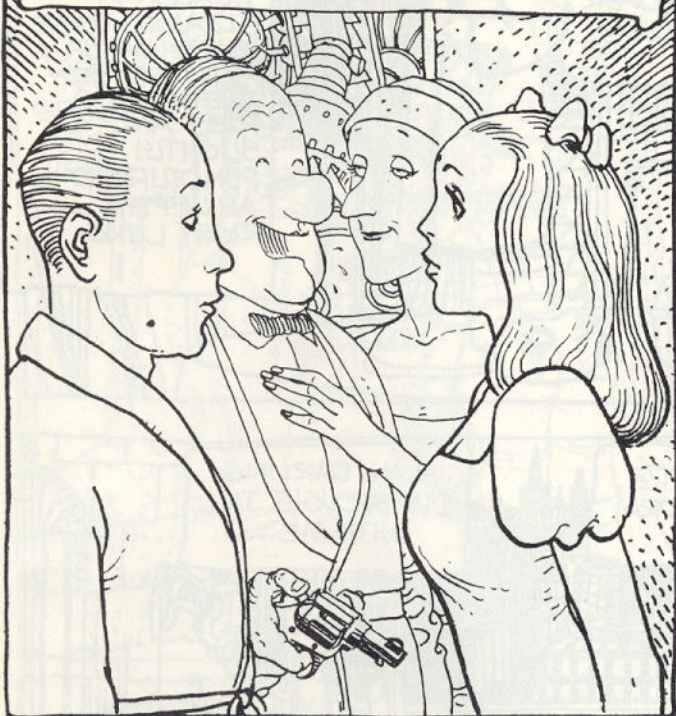
MOEBIUS  
Vili







IT WAS THEN THAT I FELT THAT GLANCE  
FOR WHICH I HAD BEEN WAITING, FOR  
WHICH MY HEART HAD SOUGHT SO  
LONG... I HAD NEVER FELT ANY-  
THING LIKE IT BEFORE...



THERE MUST BE A MISTAKE  
HERE SOMEWHERE.

DARLING, LET'S  
LEAVE THIS  
HOSTILE  
WORLD!

OH,  
EDUARDO...  
WHERE  
COULD  
WE  
GO?

I  
MUST BE  
DREAMING





LATER...  
SUMMER



ONE  
MOMENT,  
FOLKS!...

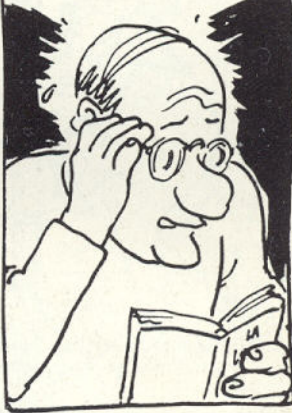
SO, BRIGGS,  
HOW DOES THE  
STORY OF THE  
OLD MINE  
END?



AFTER A SERIES OF  
HALLUCINATIONS,  
EACH ONE MORE  
COLORFUL THAN  
THE LAST, MY  
DEPUTY MORTON  
WAS SUDDENLY  
INSPIRED, AND  
TOOK FROM HIS  
DERRINGER A  
LITTLE DEVICE  
OF HIS INVENTION,  
WHICH IS CALLED  
"MAXILIOTRON" IN  
SCIENTIFIC  
CIRCLES ON THE  
WEST COAST...



HE PUSHED A RED  
BUTTON WITH HIS  
LEFT THUMB  
WHILE HIS RIGHT  
INDEX FINGER  
TENSELY PULLED  
THE RELEASE  
CORD: A BLACK  
SCREEN THEN  
DESCENDED TO  
PREVENT OUR  
SEEING ALL  
AROUND US,  
WHILE A VIOLENT  
EXPLOSION  
SHOOK THE  
MINE...



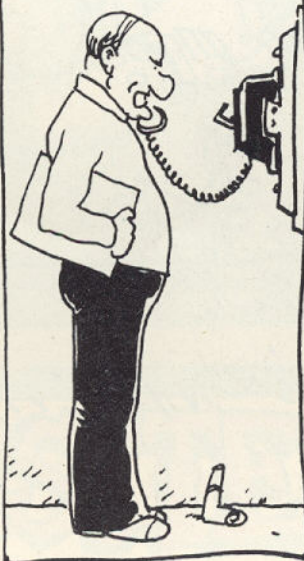
A RAGING TIDAL WAVE  
SWEEPED THE DARK PASS-  
AGES... CHASING  
ARMIES OF HUGE  
BLACK RATS!... GREAT  
TONGUES OF FIRE  
CRACKLED, AN ENOR-  
MOUS STREAM OF  
LAVA ROSE AND ROSE,  
WHEN A VOICE CRIED  
OUT...

RIIIIIIIINNGGG

AH...  
THE  
TELE-  
PHONE



HELLO! YESS...  
THAT'S ME... YES, YES,  
WHAT? WHAT??  
THREE THOUSAND  
PLAYPENS HAVE  
DISAPPEARED  
BETWEEN ABILENE  
AND BATON ROUGE?  
...I'M RUINED!...



I'M REALLY SORRY ABOUT  
WHAT'S HAPPENED, BUT  
ALAN HAS BEEN SO DELI-  
CATE EVER SINCE THAT  
EPISODE OF THE OLD  
MINE... DO COME BACK  
ANOTHER TIME...

O.K.,  
WE'LL  
GIVE IT  
SOME  
THOUGHT,  
MY DEAR!...

HEMHEM

RUINED!...  
SOB! THERE'S  
NOTHING  
LEFT TO DO  
BUT DIE!...

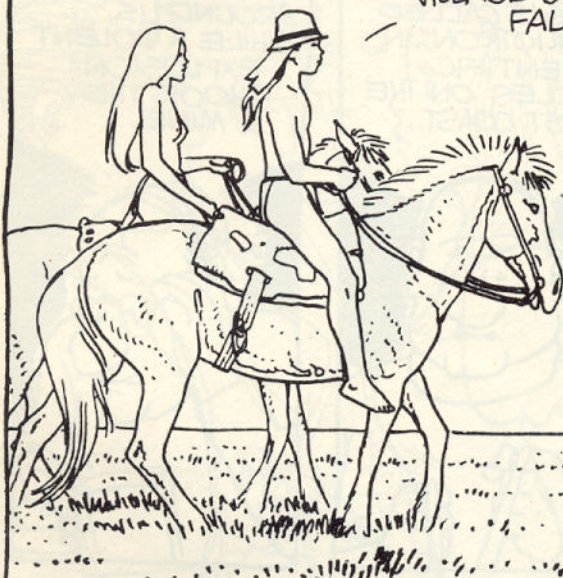




THE YEARS PASSED...

WHAT A SWEET-SMELLING  
BREEZE, ALL OF A SUDDEN...  
BRIGGS NEVER UNDER-  
STOOD THE SECRET OF  
THE OLD MINE IN  
DEATH VALLEY...

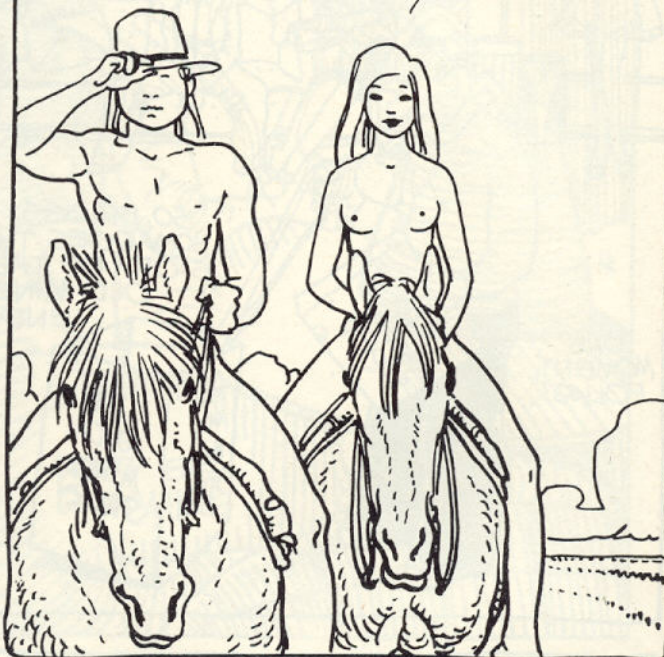
BAH!...  
HE MISSED  
THE REAL CLUE!...  
• WE'LL BE AT THE  
VILLAGE BY NIGHT-  
FALL...



CENTURIES, PERHAPS...

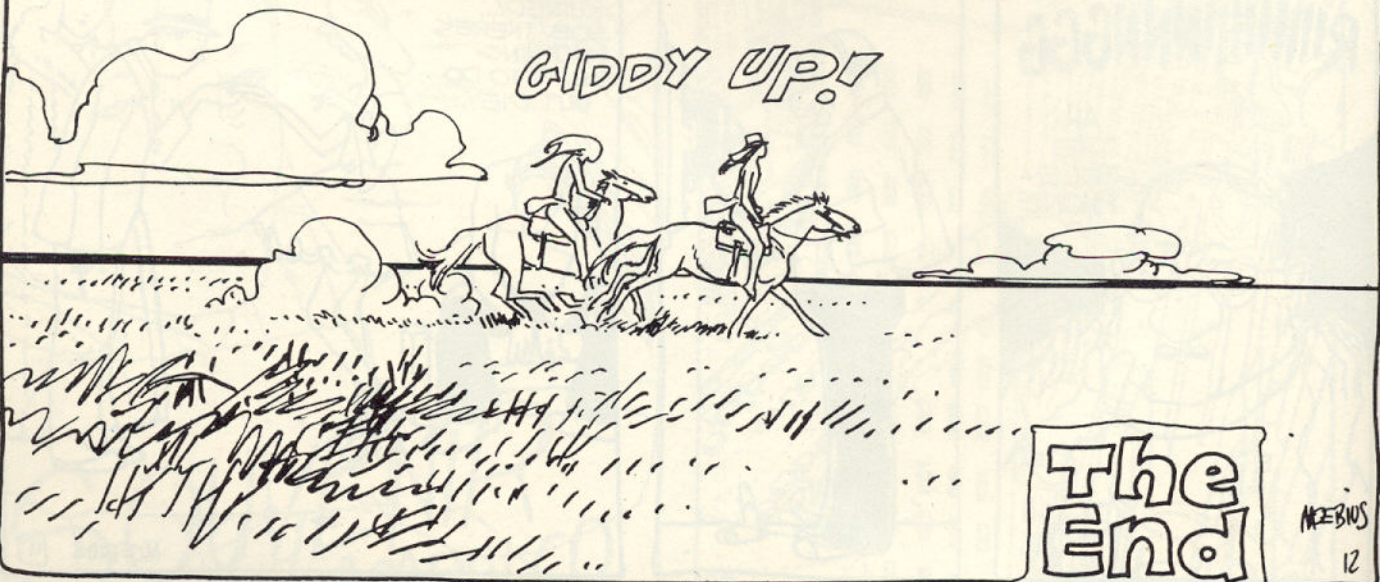
JILL! HOW DO  
YOU LIKE THIS  
WILD AND  
RAMBLING  
LIFE?...

I KEEP  
TRAVELIN'  
ON, THE  
MAN I LOVE  
IS A  
HIT  
MAN



ANYWAY, FOR NOW... WE HAVE NO MORE INFORMATION TO COMMUNICATE ON THE  
SUBJECT OF EDUARDO HAMMER, ALIAS EDUARDO SCHWANKRISNER, ALIAS ED  
McLYNN...

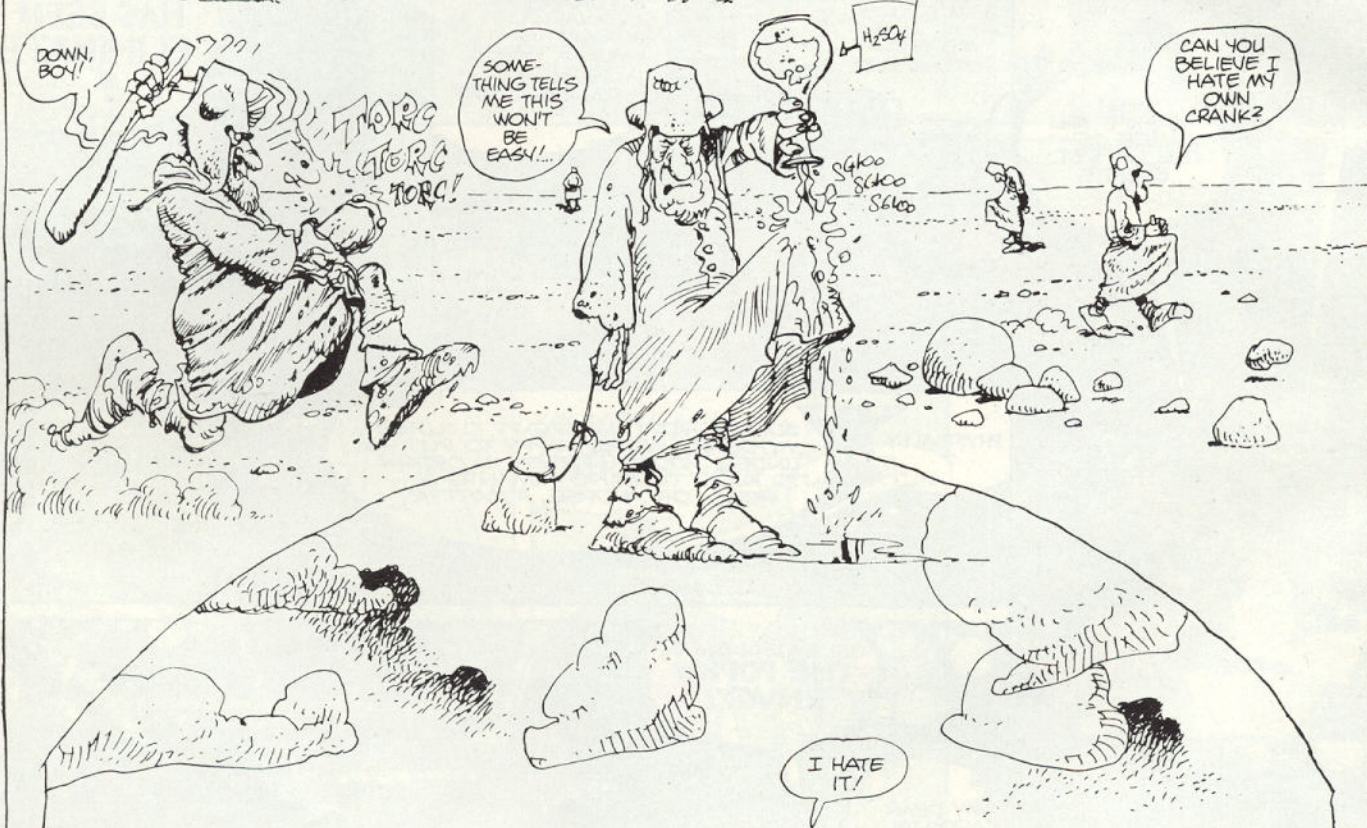
GIDDY UP!



The  
End

MEBIUS



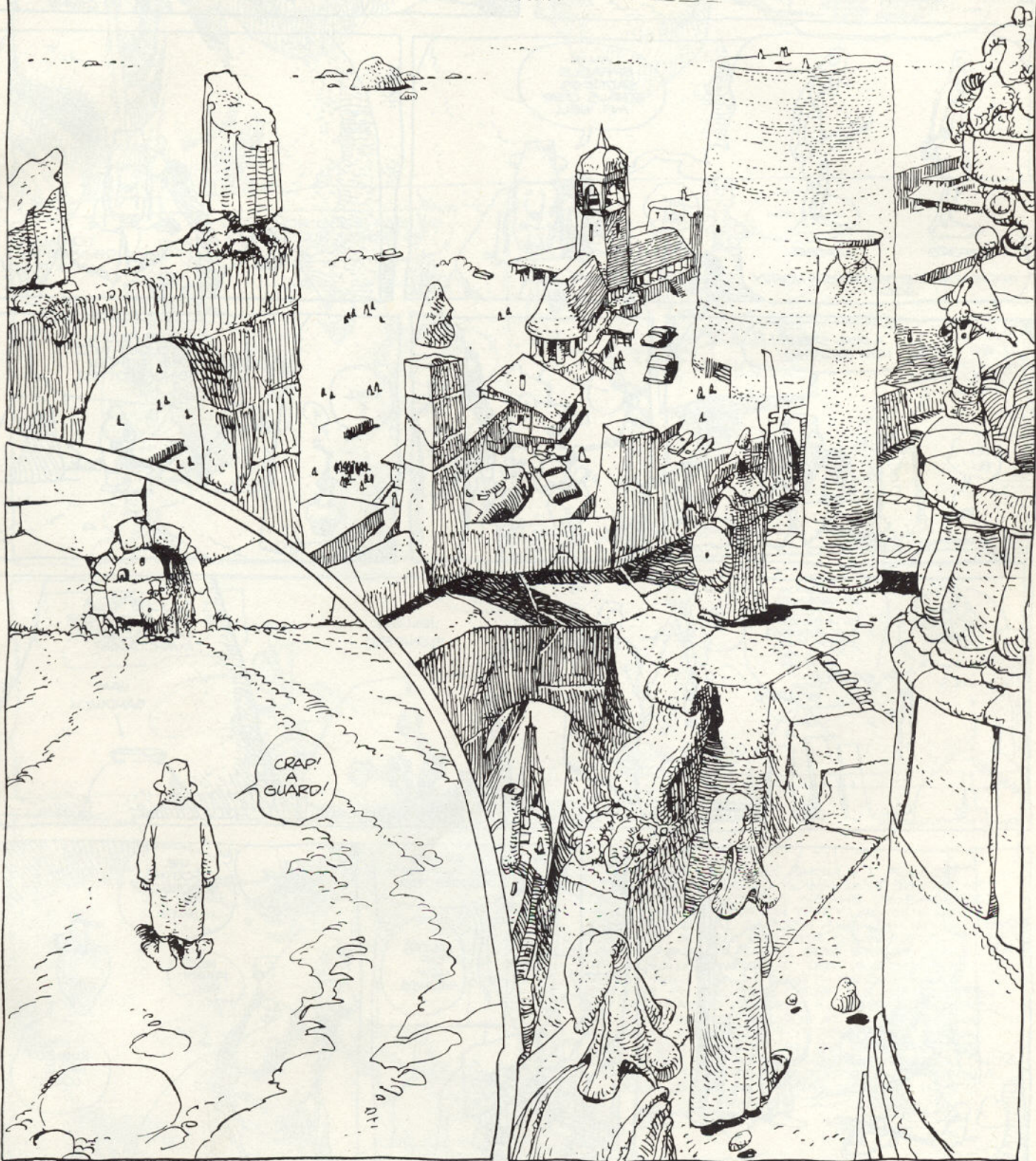


# THE HORNY GOOF

BY MOEBIUS

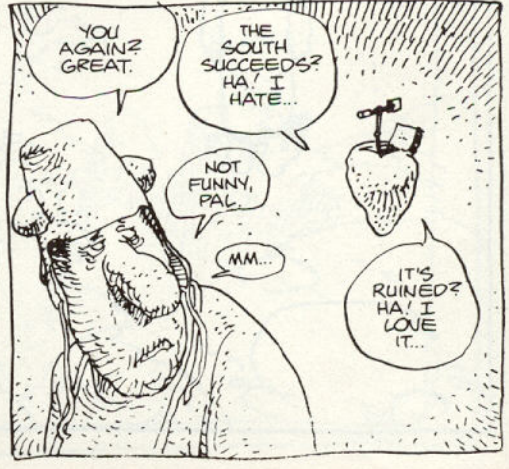
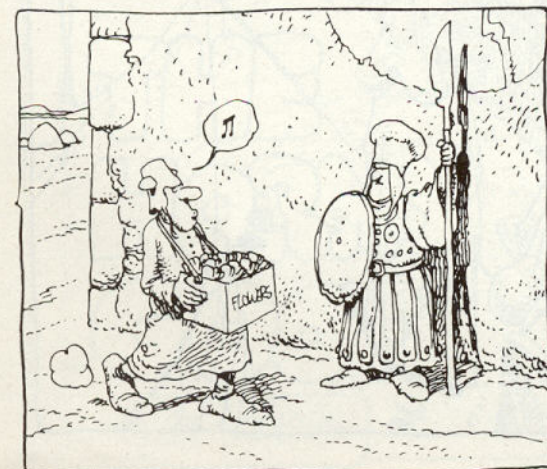
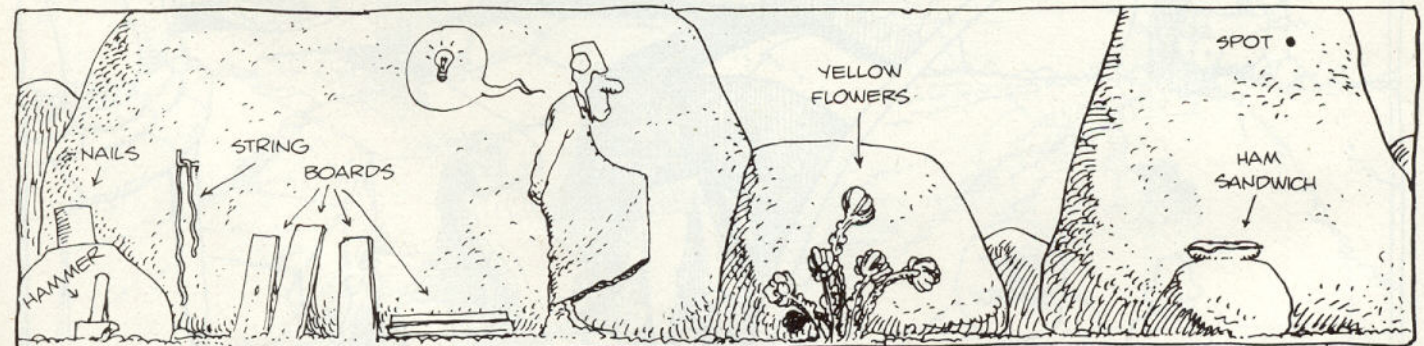
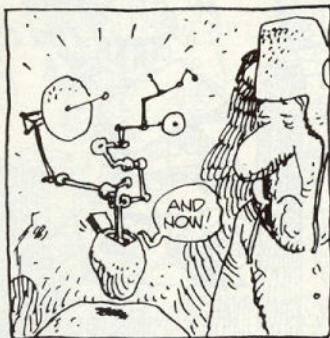
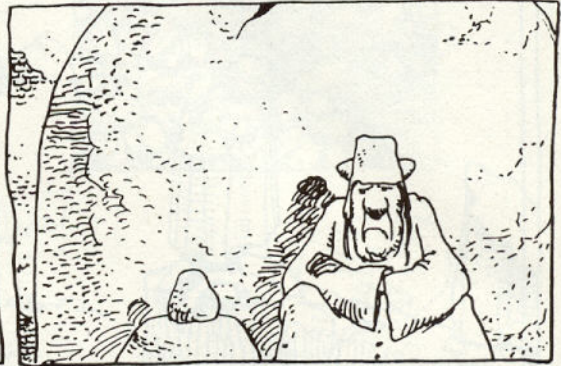
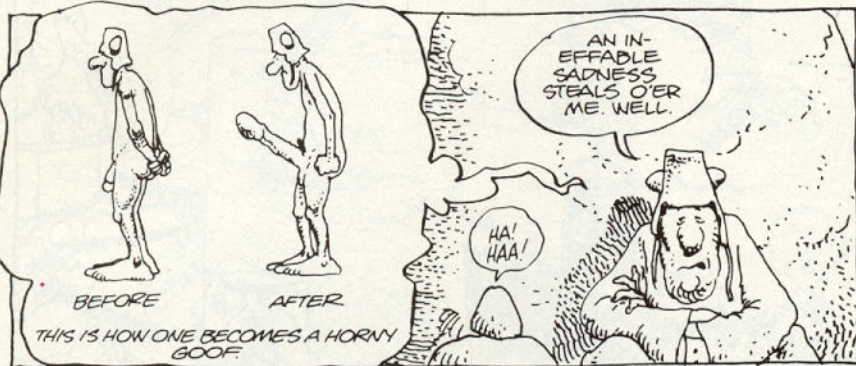
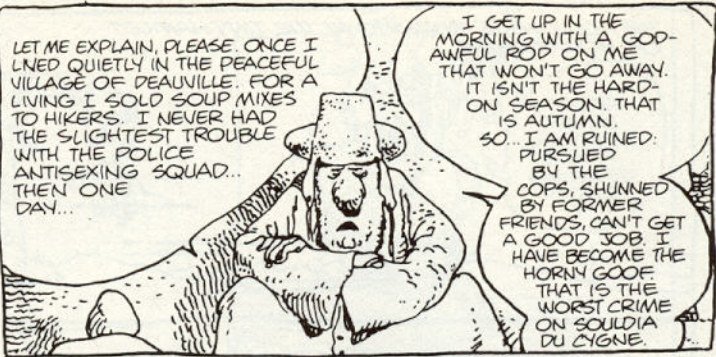
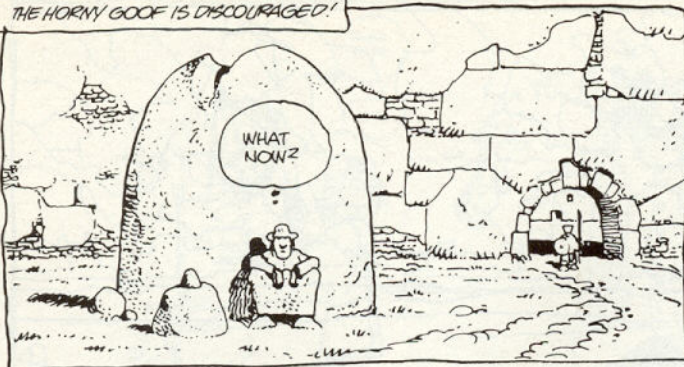


THE FOLLOWING MORNING AT THE TINY HAMLET  
OF BORMOCHES...

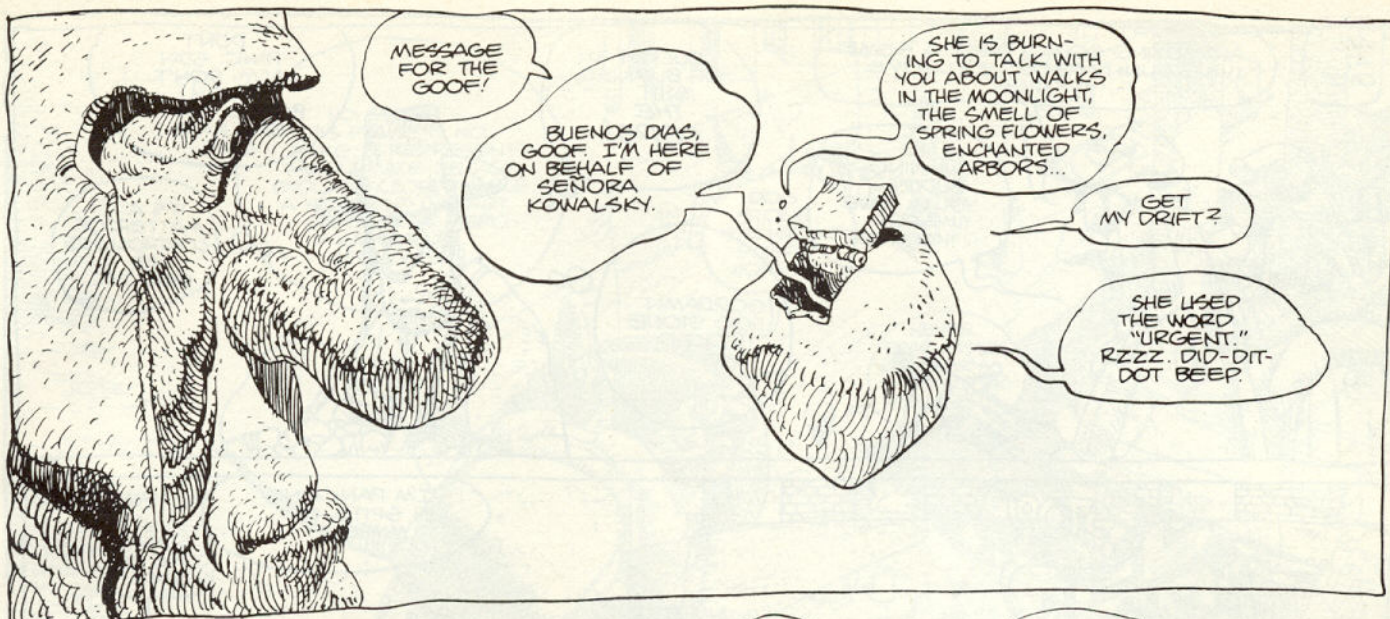




THE HORNY GOOF IS DISCOURAGED!







MESSAGE FOR THE GOOF!

BUENOS DIAS, GOOF. I'M HERE ON BEHALF OF SENORA KOWALSKY.

SHE IS BURNING TO TALK WITH YOU ABOUT WALKS IN THE MOONLIGHT, THE SMELL OF SPRING FLOWERS, ENCHANTED ARBORS...

GET MY DRIFT?

SHE USED THE WORD "URGENT." RZZZ. DID-DIT-DOT BEEP.



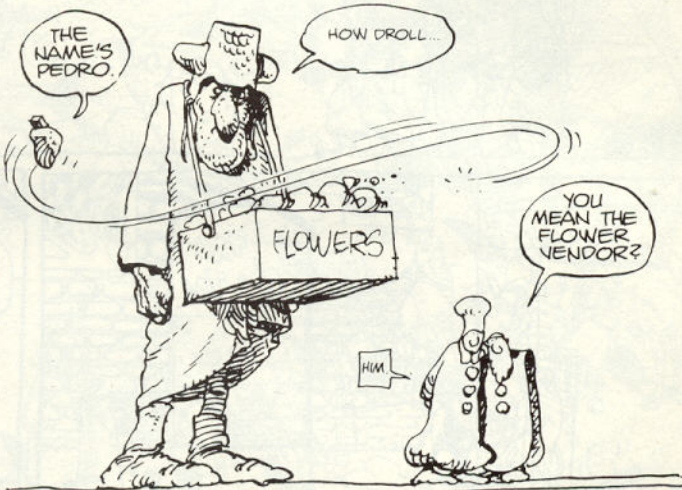
I AM NOT IMPRESSED. NOT AT ALL, PAL.

SEÑOR GOOF, HAVE WE LOST OUR SENSE OF HUMOR?

LOOK AT THAT...

THE MAN TALKING TO THE DOG STONE?

THAT'S THE ONE.



THE NAME'S PEDRO.

HOW DROLL...

YOU MEAN THE FLOWER VENDOR?

HIM

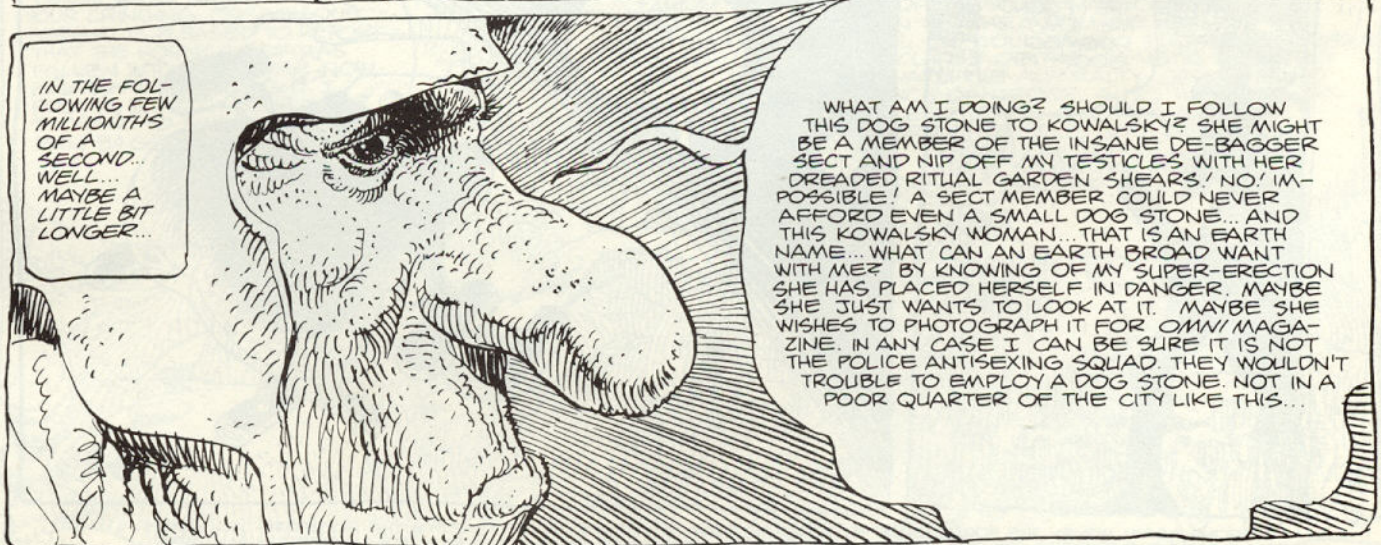


CRAP. SHOULD I BUG THOSE TWO ID-IOTS... LET ME THINK... HMM...

SHALL WE?

FOR A MOMENT HE REMINDED ME OF LLOYD BRIDGES IN HIS FABULOUS TELEVISION SERIES "SEA HUNT," WHICH IS, ALAS, NO MORE.

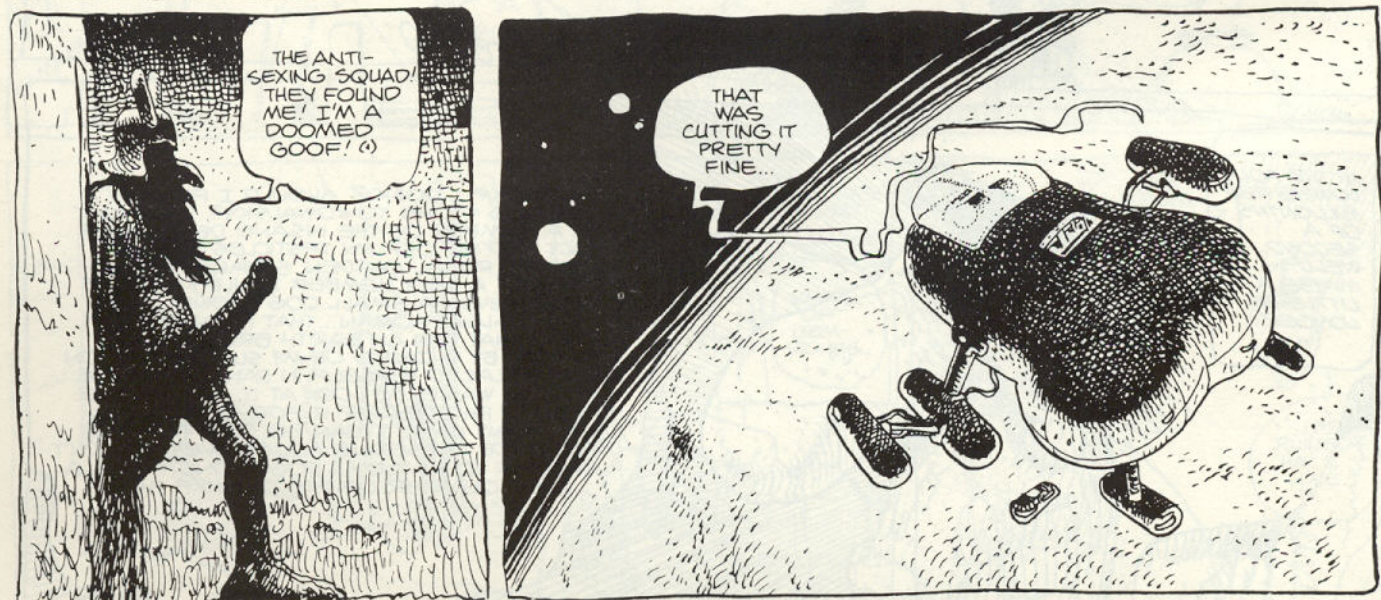
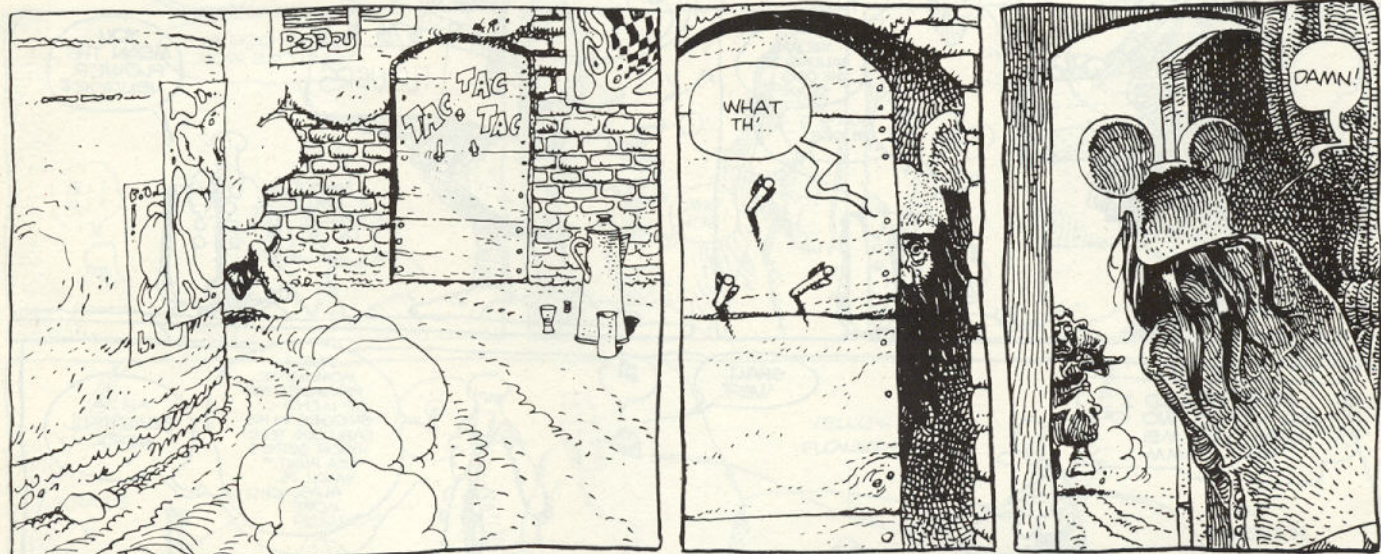
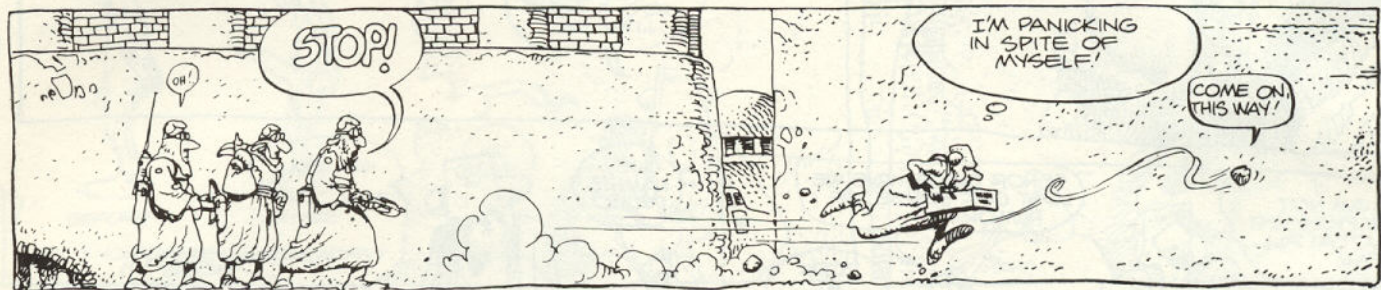
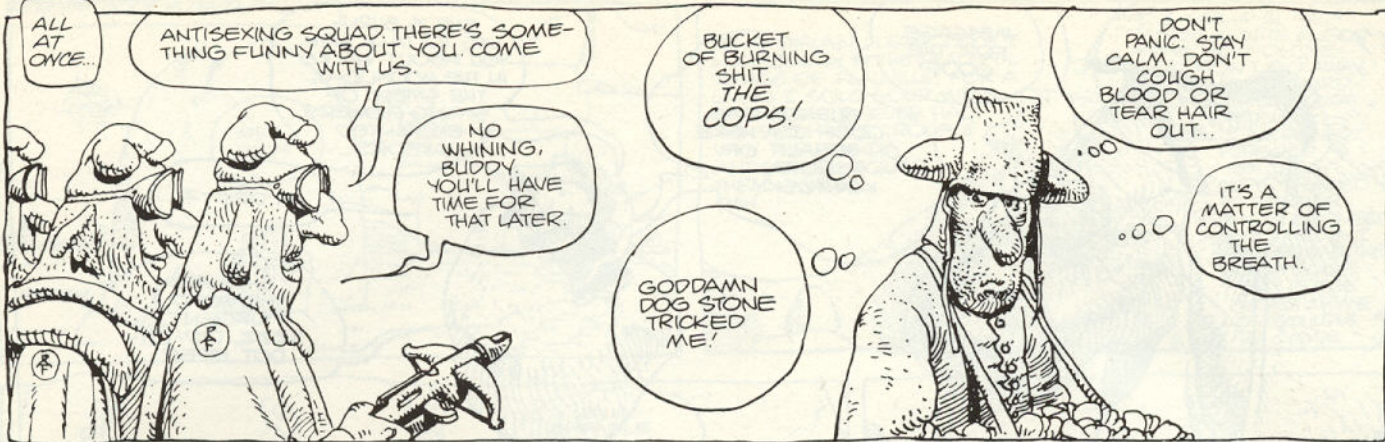
AH... A BEAUTIFUL WORK.



IN THE FOLLOWING FEW MILLIONTHS OF A SECOND... WELL... MAYBE A LITTLE BIT LONGER...

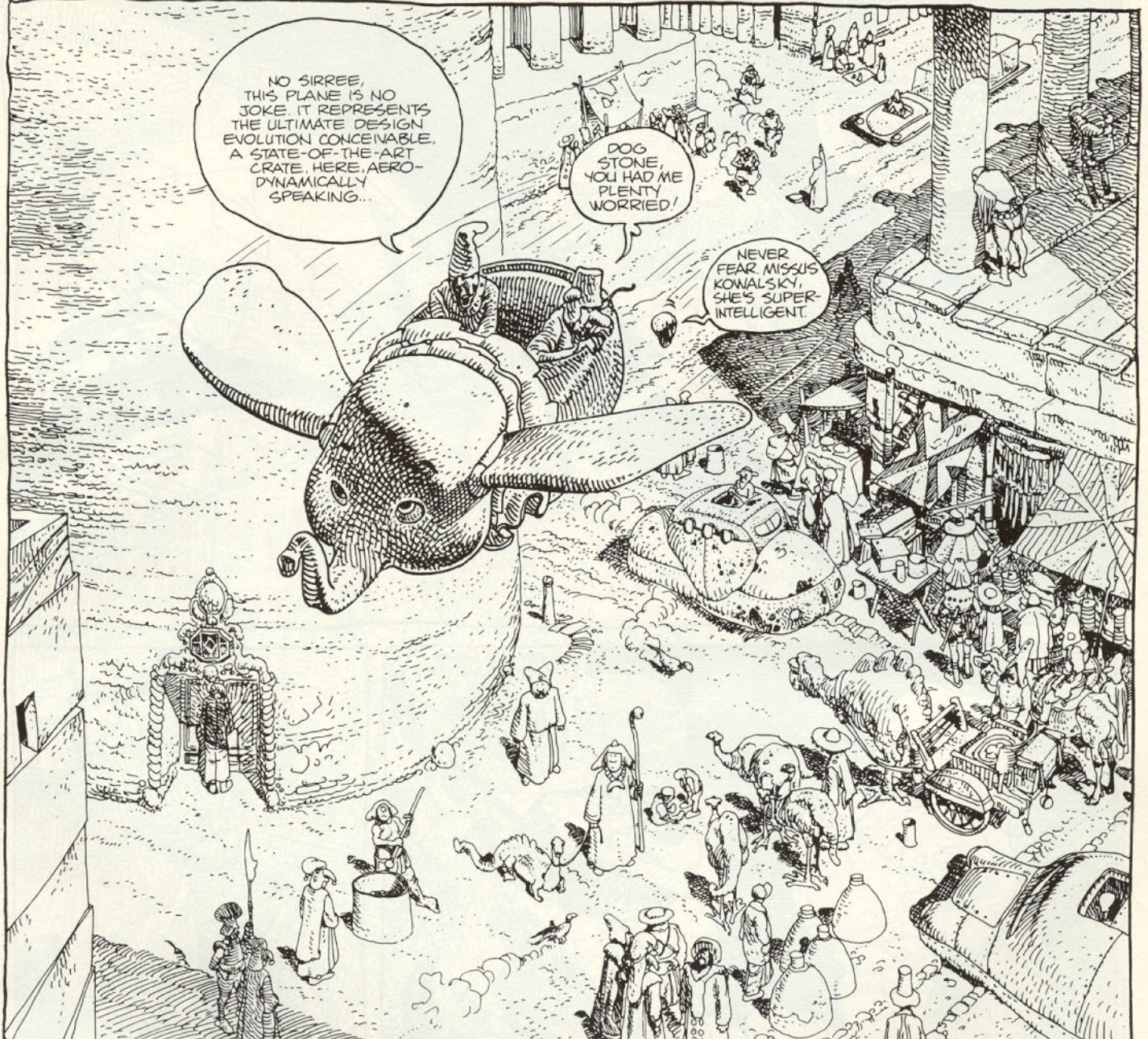
WHAT AM I DOING? SHOULD I FOLLOW THIS DOG STONE TO KOWALSKY? SHE MIGHT BE A MEMBER OF THE INSANE DE-BAGGER SECT AND NIP OFF MY TESTICLES WITH HER DREADED RITUAL GARDEN SHEARS. NO! IMPOSSIBLE! A SECT MEMBER COULD NEVER AFFORD EVEN A SMALL DOG STONE... AND THIS KOWALSKY WOMAN... THAT IS AN EARTH NAME... WHAT CAN AN EARTH BROAD WANT WITH ME? BY KNOWING OF MY SUPER-ERECTION SHE HAS PLACED HERSELF IN DANGER. MAYBE SHE JUST WANTS TO LOOK AT IT. MAYBE SHE WISHES TO PHOTOGRAPH IT FOR OMNI MAGAZINE. IN ANY CASE I CAN BE SURE IT IS NOT THE POLICE ANTISEXING SQUAD. THEY WOULDN'T TROUBLE TO EMPLOY A DOG STONE. NOT IN A POOR QUARTER OF THE CITY LIKE THIS...





(1)WRONG AGAIN, HONEY. THE HORN GOOF IS GOING TO ESCAPE IN THE NICK OF TIME, VIA THE ROOFTOPS. ALL SORTS OF STRANGE ADVENTURES WILL THEN ENSUE; FINALLY HE WILL DIE IN CIRCUMSTANCES OF UTMOST MISERY ON ANOTHER PLANET. IN ANOTHER TIME, AND IN ANOTHER MAGAZINE.





NO SIRREE,  
THIS PLANE IS NO  
JOKE. IT REPRESENTS  
THE ULTIMATE DESIGN  
EVOLUTION CONCEIVABLE.  
A STATE-OF-THE-ART  
CRATE. HERE, AERO-  
DYNAMICALLY  
SPEAKING...

DOG  
STONE,  
YOU HAD ME  
PLENTY  
WORRIED!

NEVER  
FEAR, MISSUS  
KOWALSKY,  
SHE'S SUPER-  
INTELLIGENT.

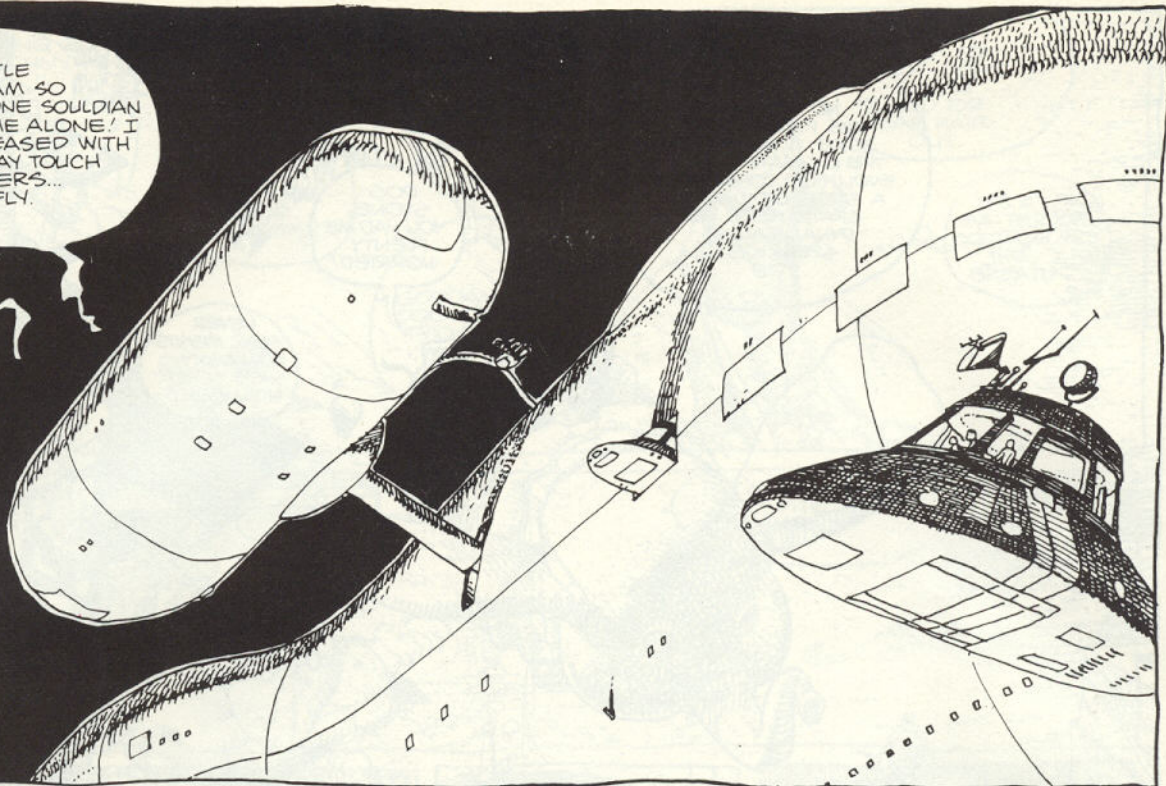
GREAT DAME KOWALSKY,  
YOUR CRINGING, OBSEQUIOUS  
SERVANT IS PLEASED TO REPORT  
THAT THE HORNY GOOF HAS  
FALLEN INTO YOUR TRAP. NOW,  
PLEASE, MADAM, MIGHT I  
FOOL A BIT WITH YOUR TITS?  
I CRAVE TO SUCK THOSE  
FUN BAGS...

NO, LITTLE CHOPIN, NOW IS NOT THE TIME  
FOR NURSING. THE HORNY GOOF, WHOSE  
ENORMOUS TALLYWHACKER YOU HAVE SPOKEN  
TO ME OF, MUST BE SMUGGLED INTO THE  
STATION OF THE ADOUANE... IF NOT, THE  
COUNCIL OF SOULDIA WILL INVOKE THE FAMOUS  
FIRST CLAUSE OF THE GENETIC EMBARGO  
ACT. WARN THE ADMIRALTY, CAVALRY, AND  
COUNCIL OF ORDER, ALSO THE BLUE-RAT-  
FACED STATION CHIEFS AND THE  
BREATH PEOPLE OF HAZUL. YOU  
KNOW HOW THEY ALL HATE  
ME SINCE THE AFFAIR OF  
SACRED GAZUL.



AH, LITTLE  
CHOPIN, I AM SO  
IMPATIENT! ONE SOULDIAN  
GOOF, FOR ME ALONE! I  
AM WELL PLEASED WITH  
YOU... YOU MAY TOUCH  
MY HOOTERS...  
BRIEFLY.

WONERS



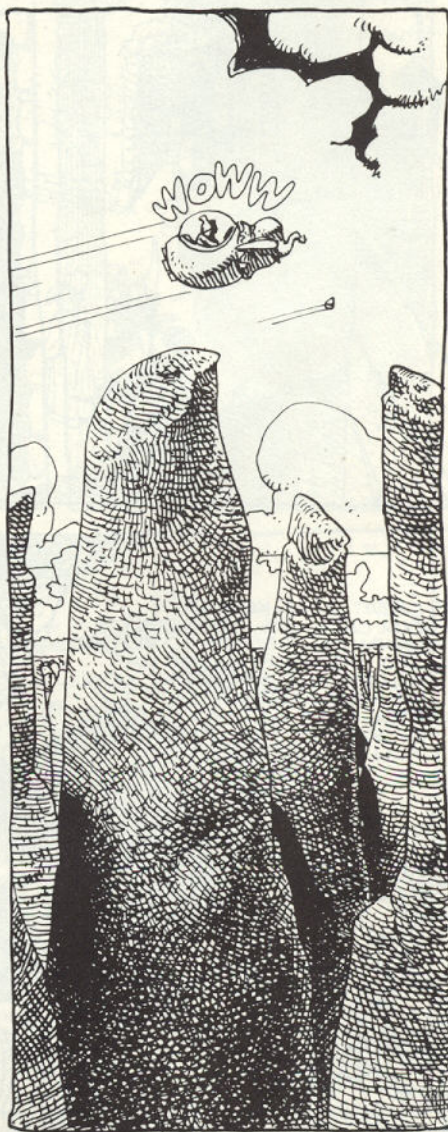
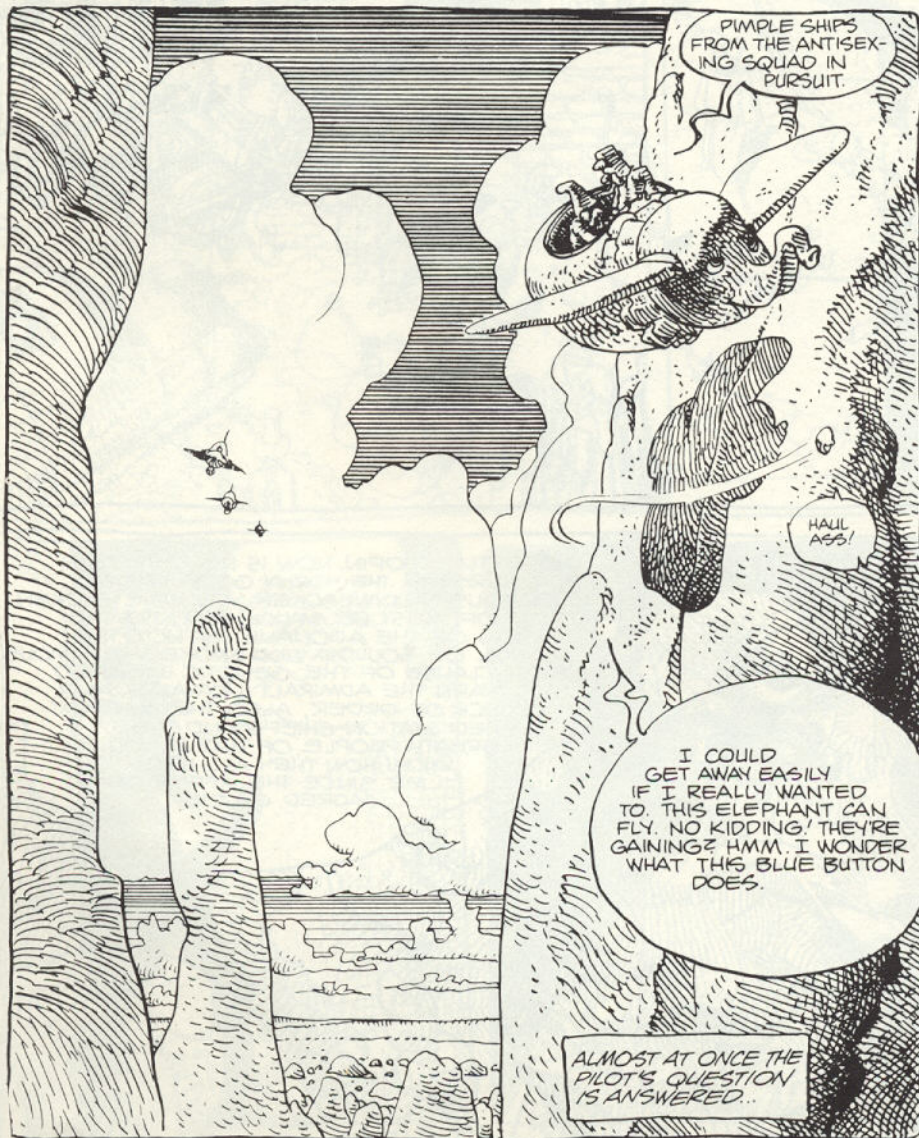
PIMPLE SHIPS  
FROM THE ANTISEX-  
ING SQUAD IN  
PURSUIT.

HAUL  
ASS!

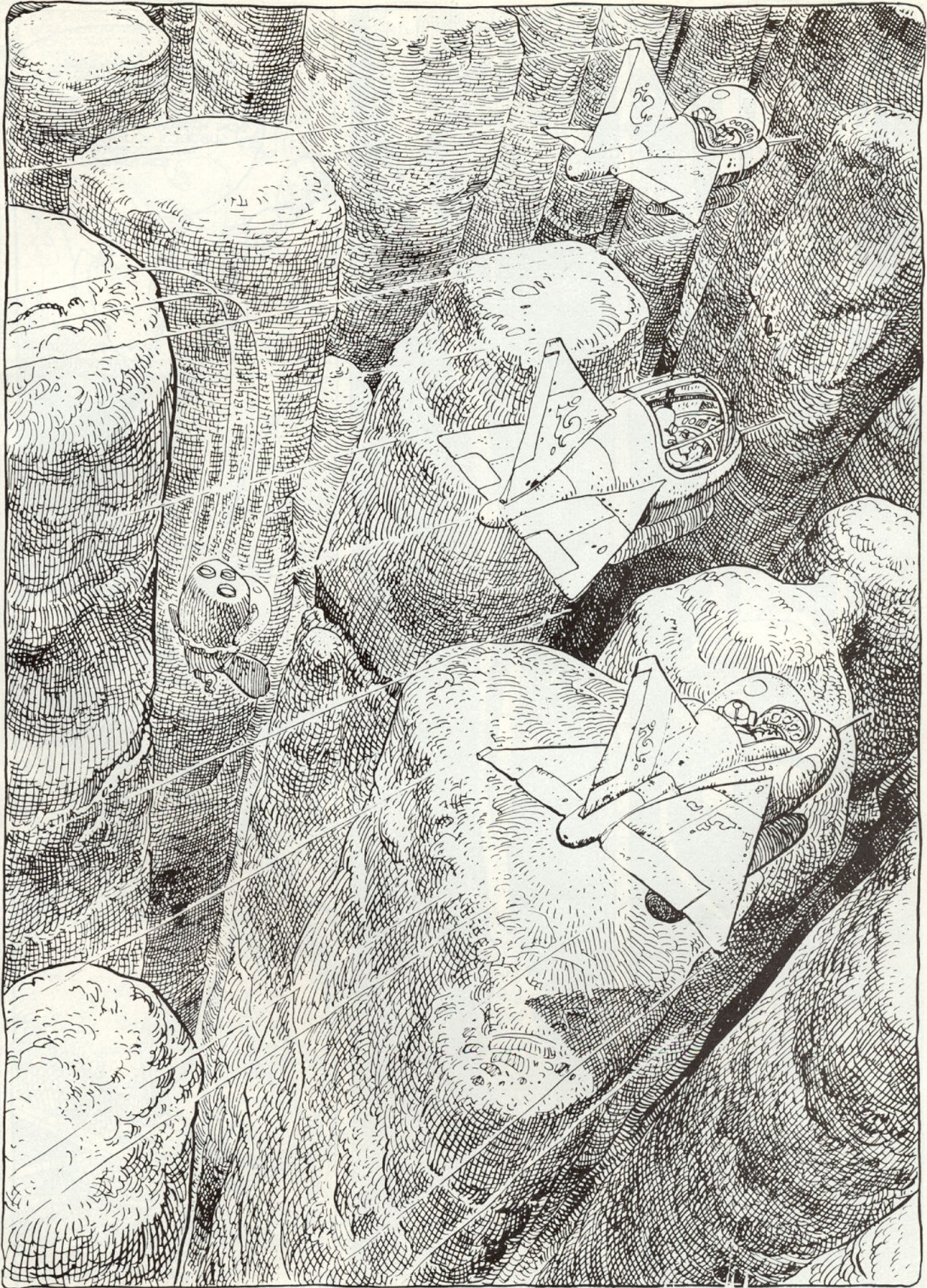
I COULD  
GET AWAY EASILY  
IF I REALLY WANTED  
TO. THIS ELEPHANT CAN  
FLY. NO KIDDING! THEY'RE  
GAINING? HMM. I WONDER  
WHAT THIS BLUE BUTTON  
DOES.

ALMOST AT ONCE THE  
PILOT'S QUESTION  
IS ANSWERED...

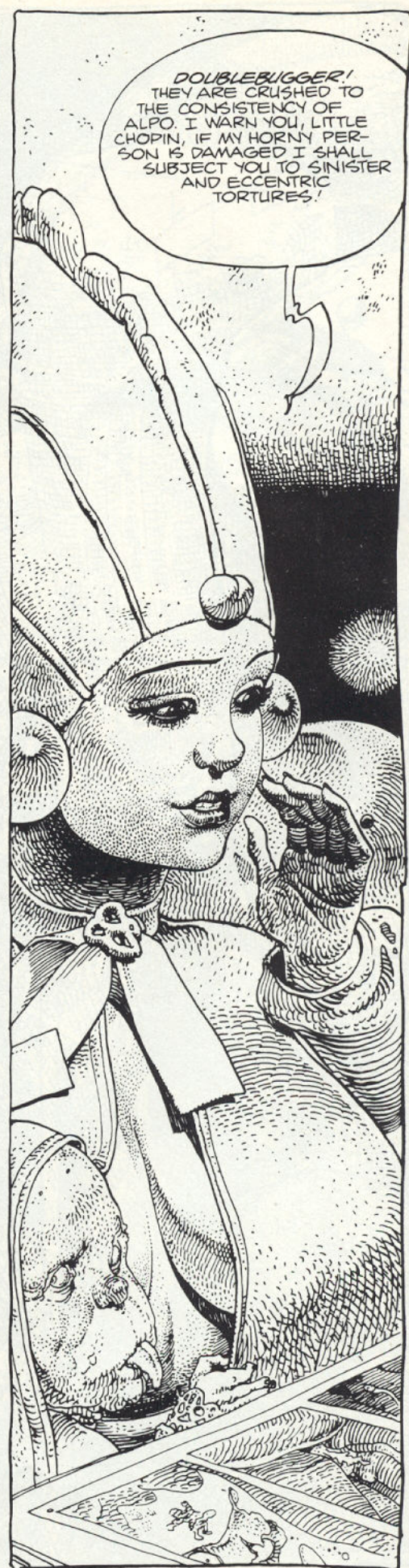
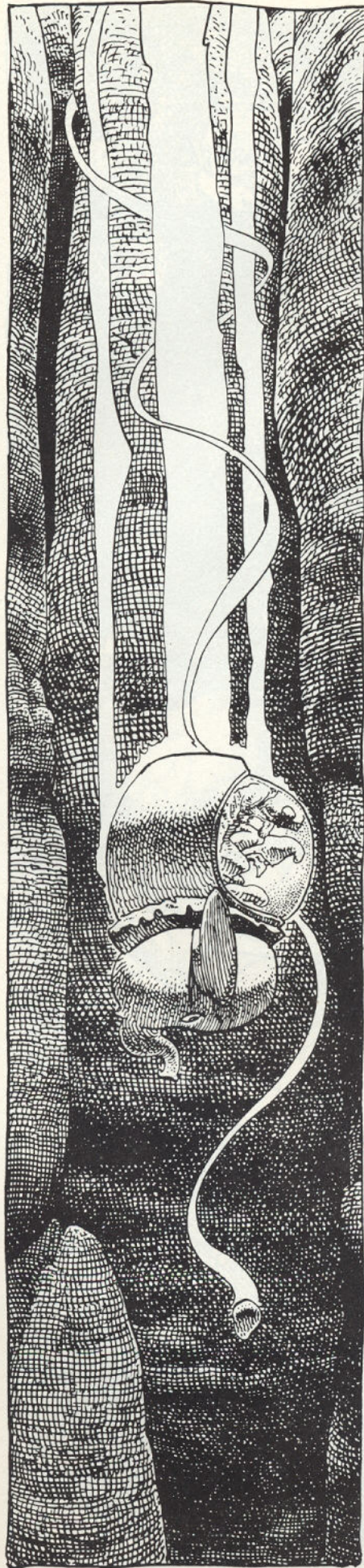
WOWW



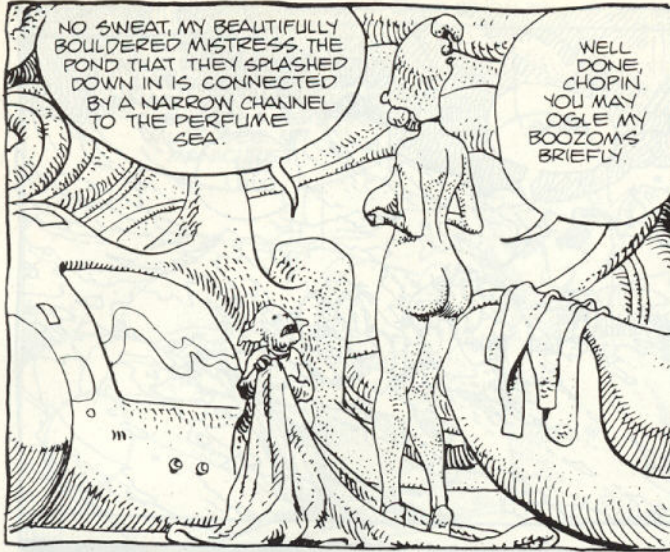






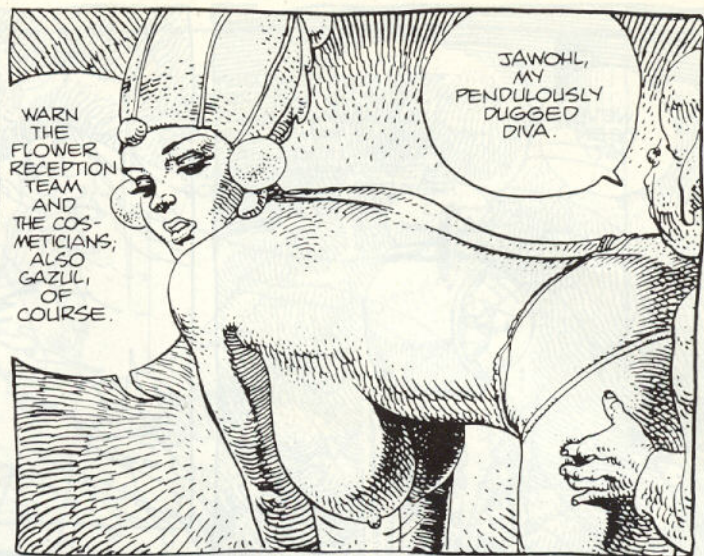






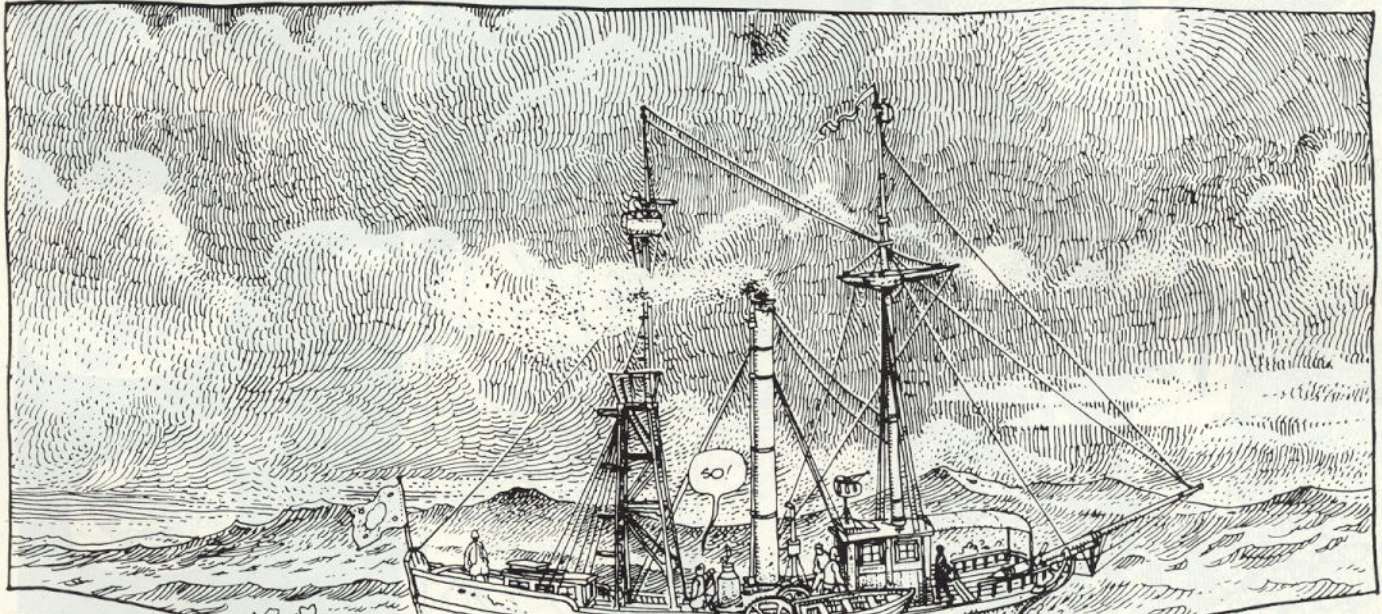
NO SWEAT, MY BEAUTIFULLY BOULDERED MISTRESS. THE POND THAT THEY SPLASHED DOWN IN IS CONNECTED BY A NARROW CHANNEL TO THE PERFUME SEA.

WELL DONE, CHOPIN. YOU MAY OGLE MY BOOZOMS BRIEFLY.

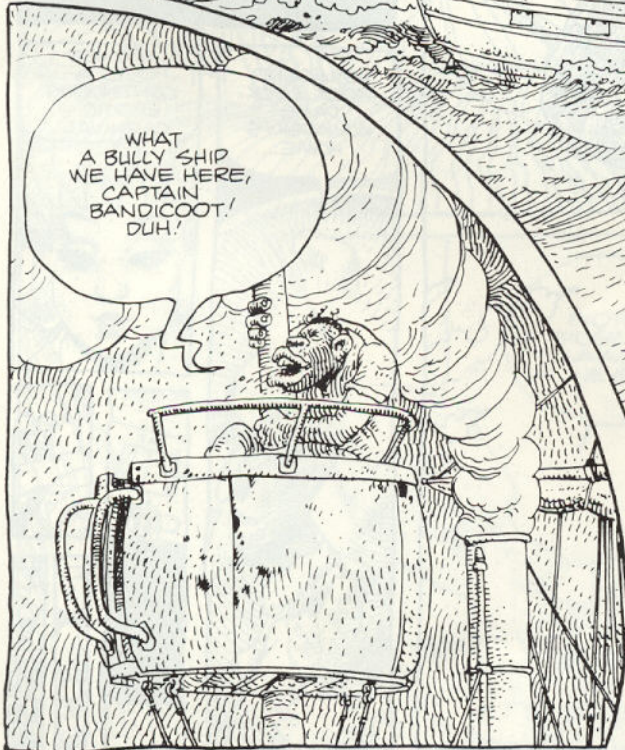


WARN THE FLOWER RECEPTION TEAM AND THE COSMETICIANS, ALSO GAZUL, OF COURSE.

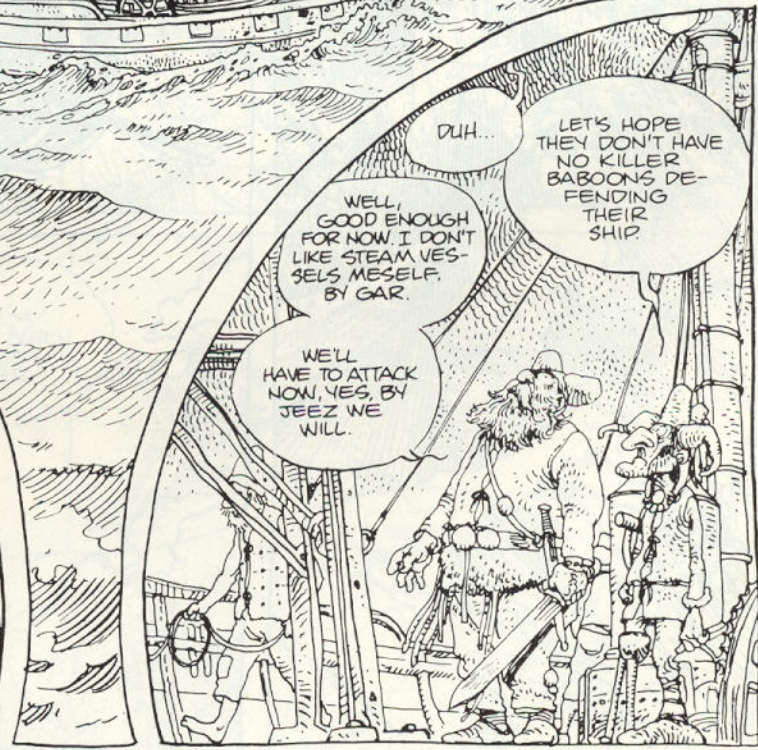
JAWOHL, MY PENDULOUSLY DUGGED DIVA.



SO!



WHAT A BULLY SHIP WE HAVE HERE, CAPTAIN BANDICOOT! DUH!



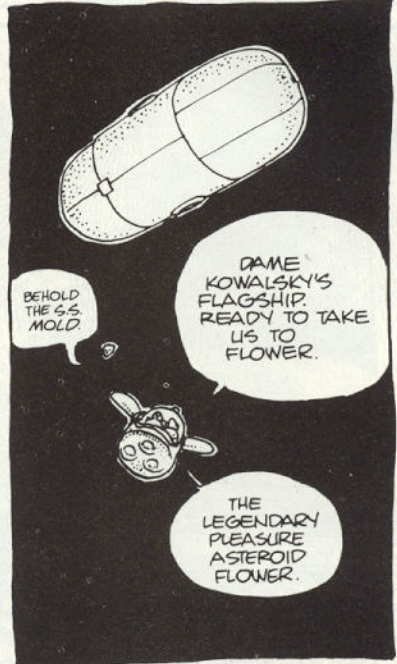
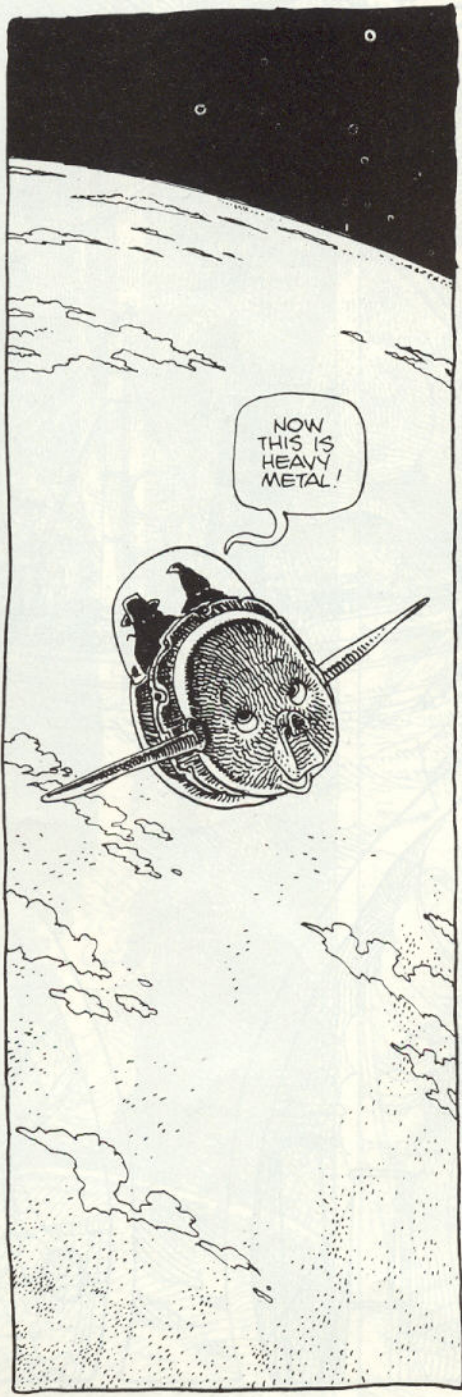
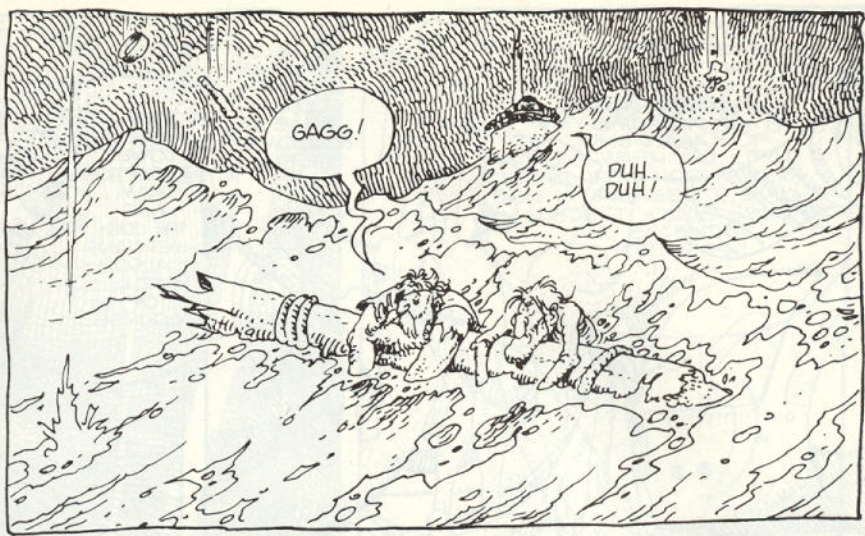
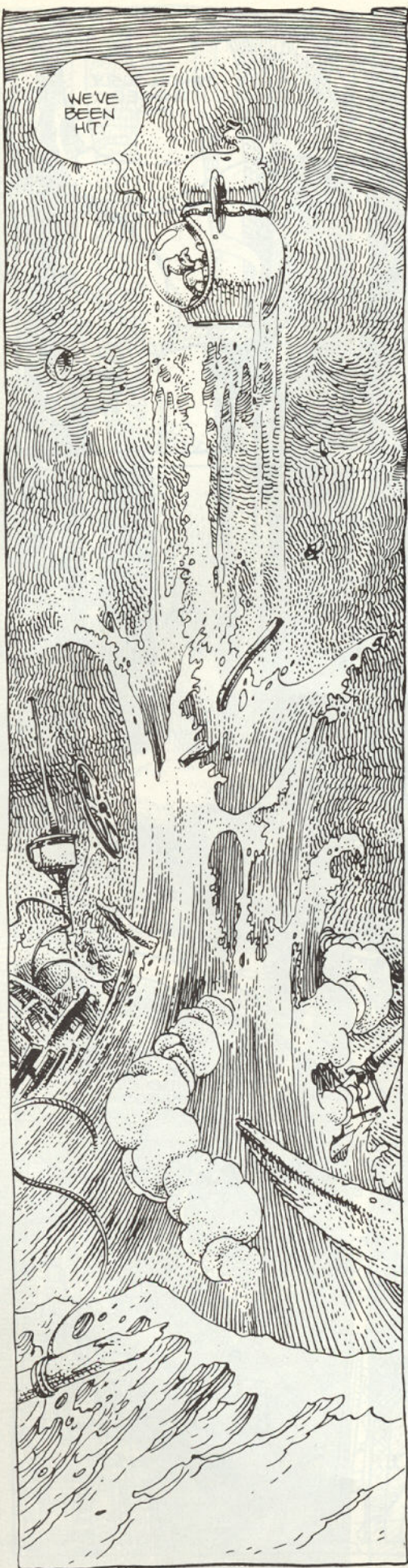
DUH...

LET'S HOPE THEY DON'T HAVE NO KILLER BABOONS DEFENDING THEIR SHIP.

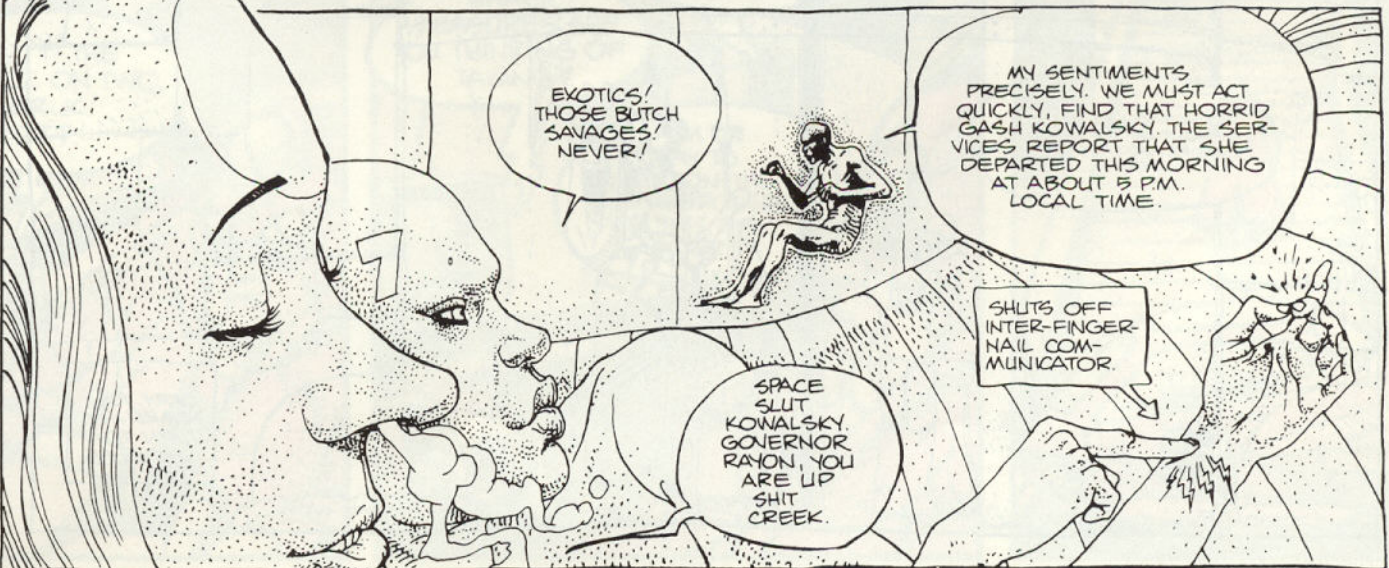
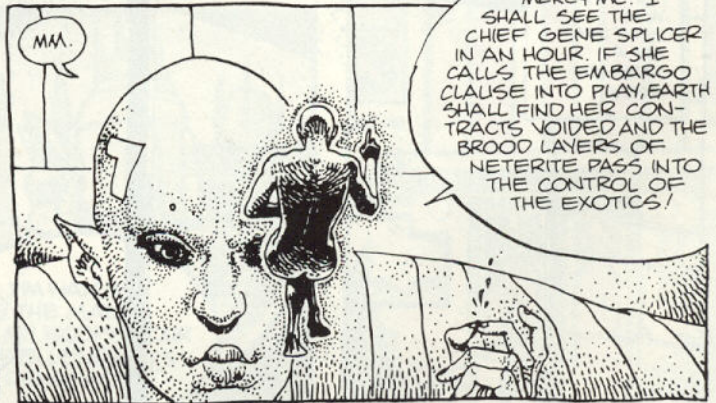
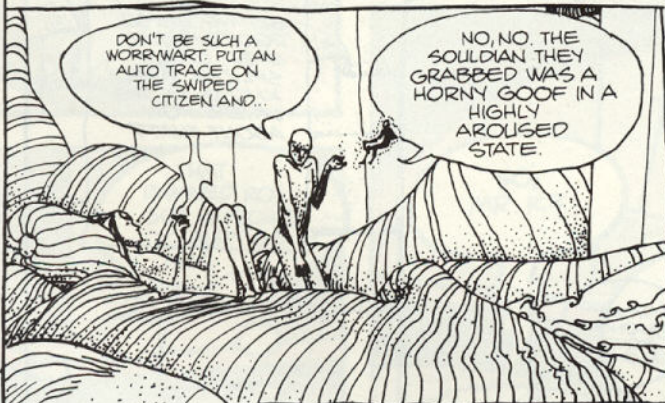
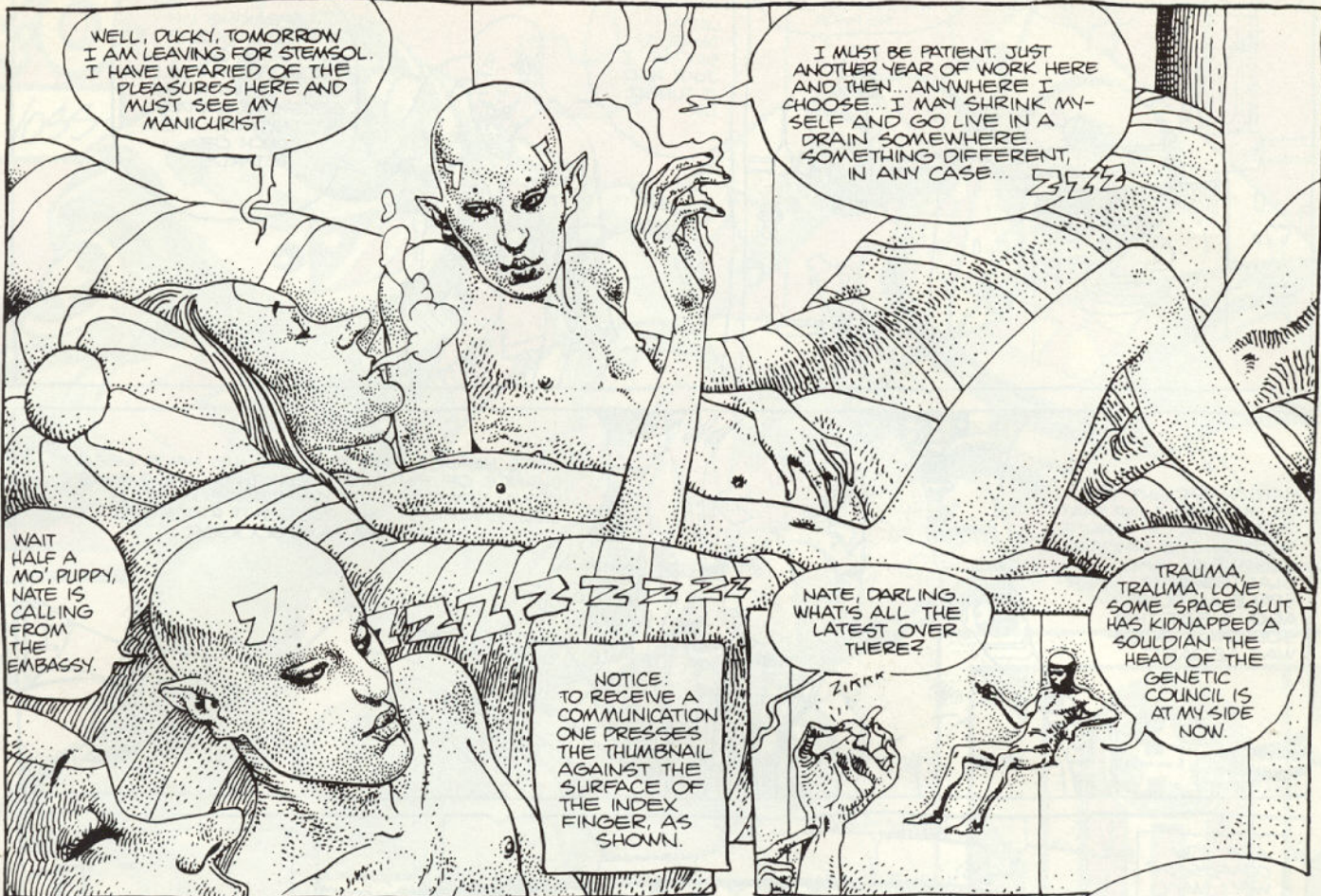
WELL, GOOD ENOUGH FOR NOW. I DON'T LIKE STEAM VESSELS MESELF, BY GAR.

WE'LL HAVE TO ATTACK NOW, YES, BY JEEZ WE WILL.

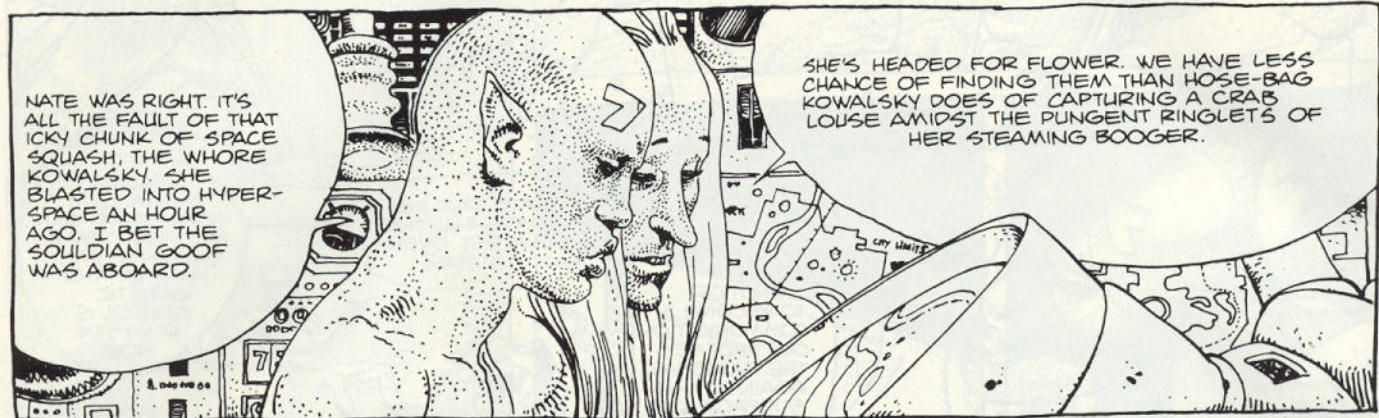
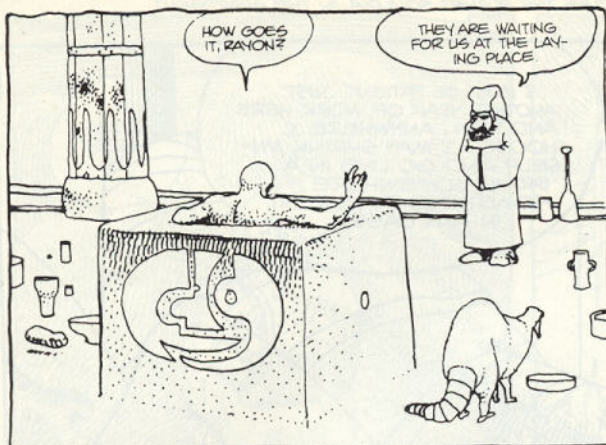












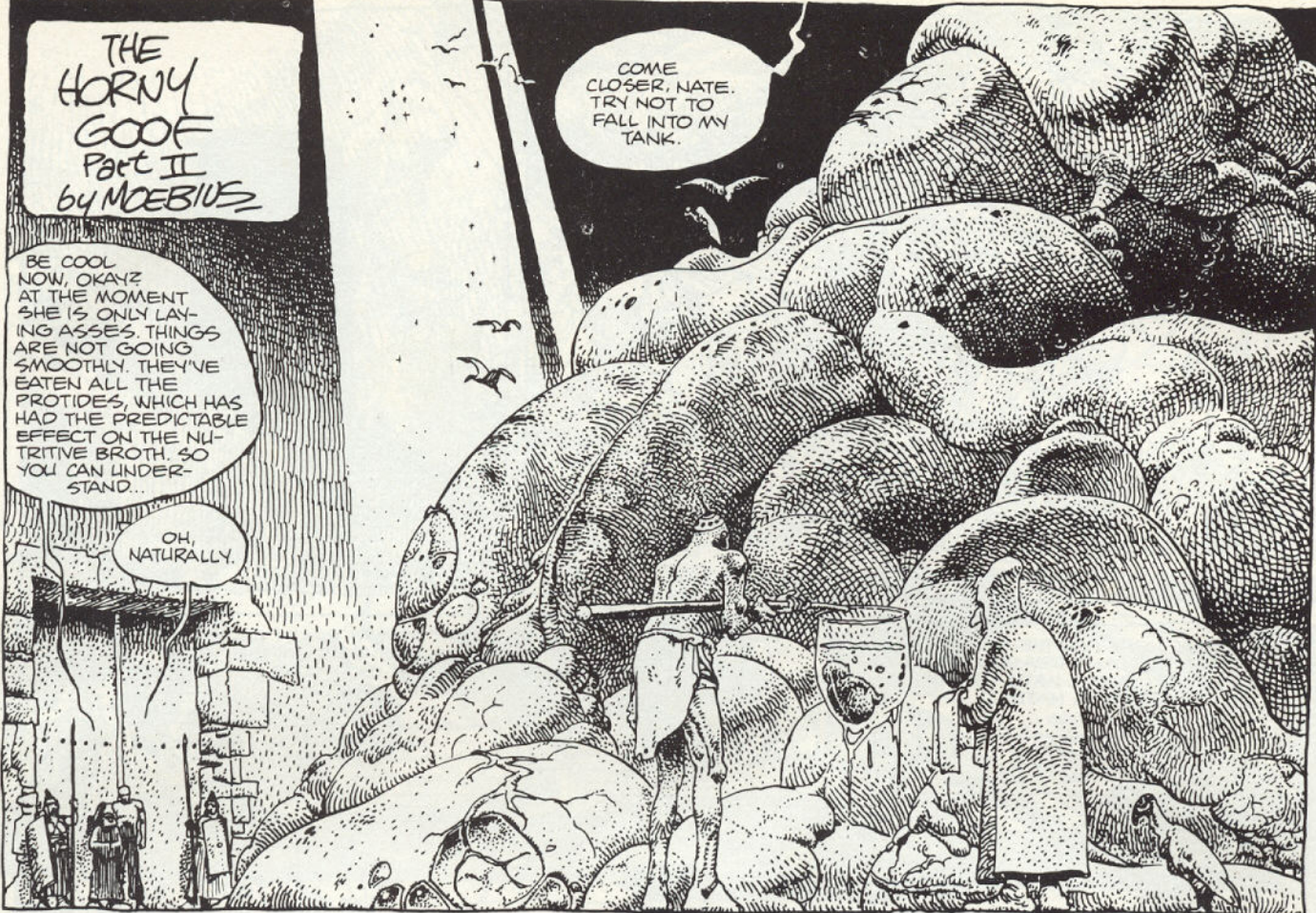


# THE HORNY GOOF Part II by MOEBIUS

BE COOL  
NOW, OKAYZ  
AT THE MOMENT  
SHE IS ONLY LAY-  
ING ASSES. THINGS  
ARE NOT GOING  
SMOOTHLY. THEY'VE  
EATEN ALL THE  
PROTIDES, WHICH HAS  
HAD THE PREDICTABLE  
EFFECT ON THE NUTRI-  
TIVE BROTH. SO  
YOU CAN UNDER-  
STAND...

OH,  
NATURALLY.

COME  
CLOSER, NATE.  
TRY NOT TO  
FALL INTO MY  
TANK.

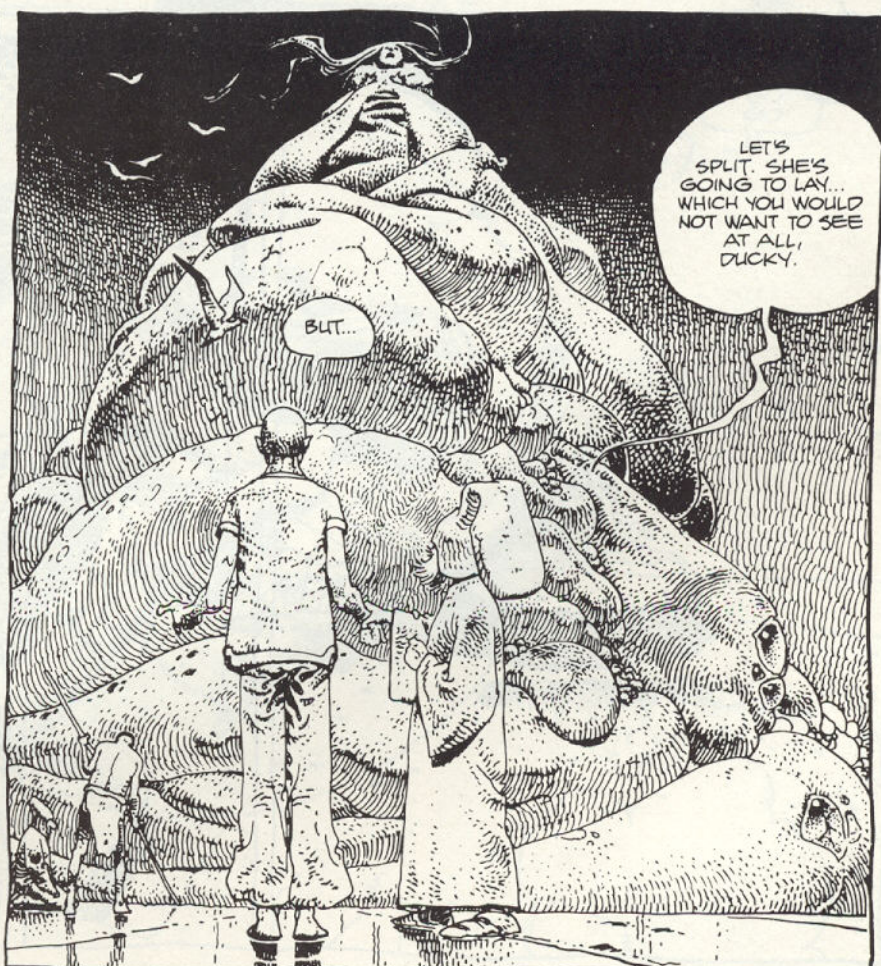


YOUR PINK  
SKIN DISGUSTS  
ME. FOR TWO  
CURRENCY UNITS  
I WOULD BLOW  
MY SMOTHERING  
LUNCH ALL OVER  
YOU. BUT FOR  
THE MOMENT  
YOU ARE  
NEEDED.

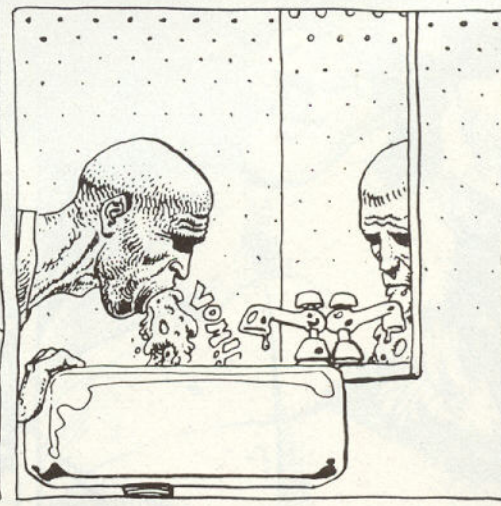
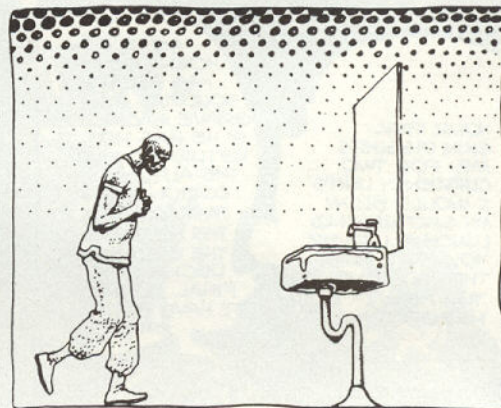
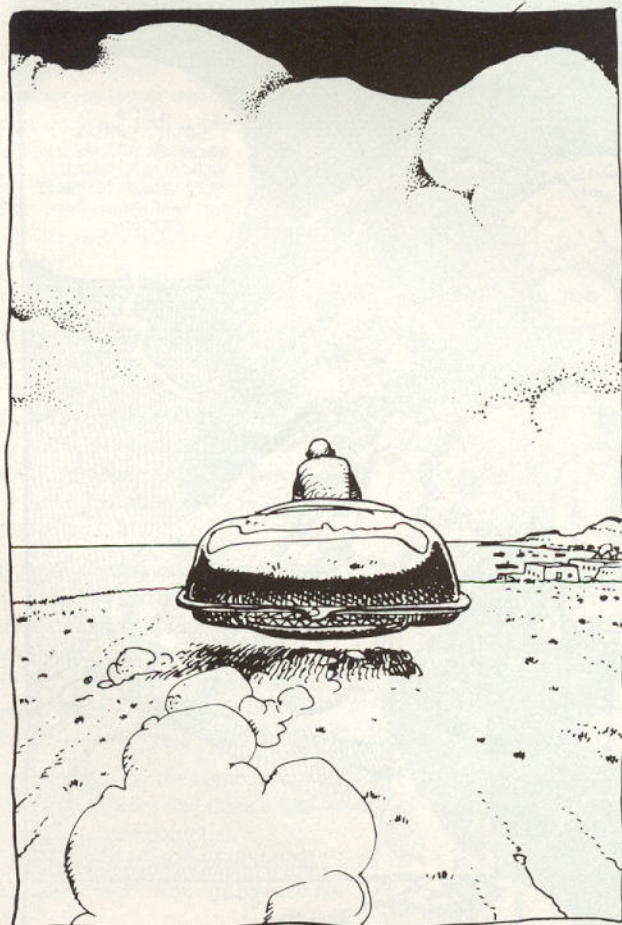
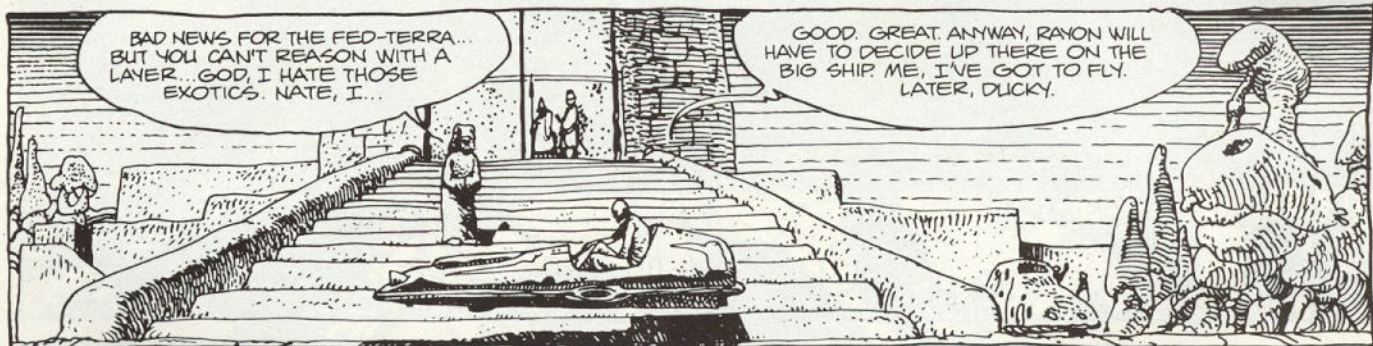
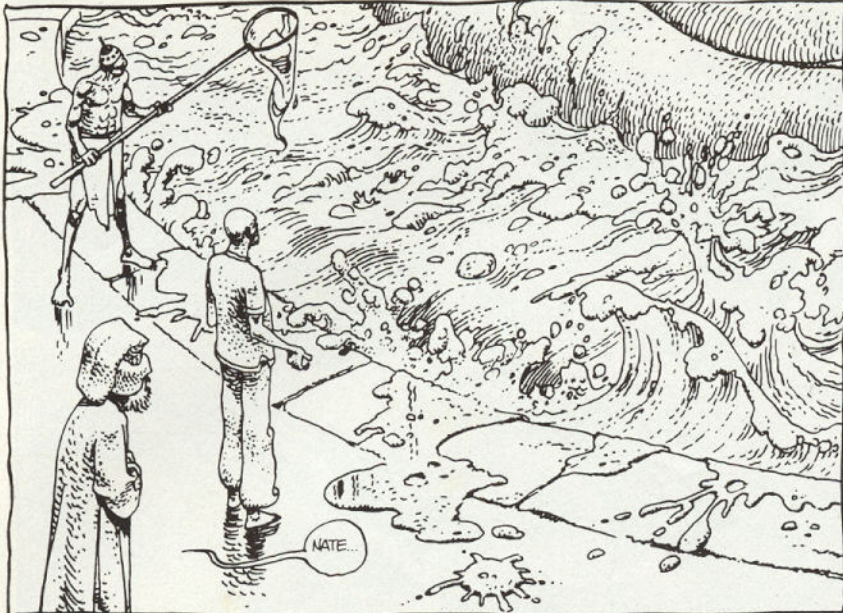
SO! A  
HORNY GOOF  
HAS ESCAPED  
SOULDIA! A  
GRAVE SACRILEGE!  
IF HE HAS NOT  
RETURNED FOR  
THE AUTUMN  
COITION, I SHALL  
PASS CONTROL OF  
THE NETERITE TO  
THE EXOTICS. MY  
DECISION IS  
FINAL. NOW LEAVE,  
I HAVE BIRTH  
PAINS...

BUT...

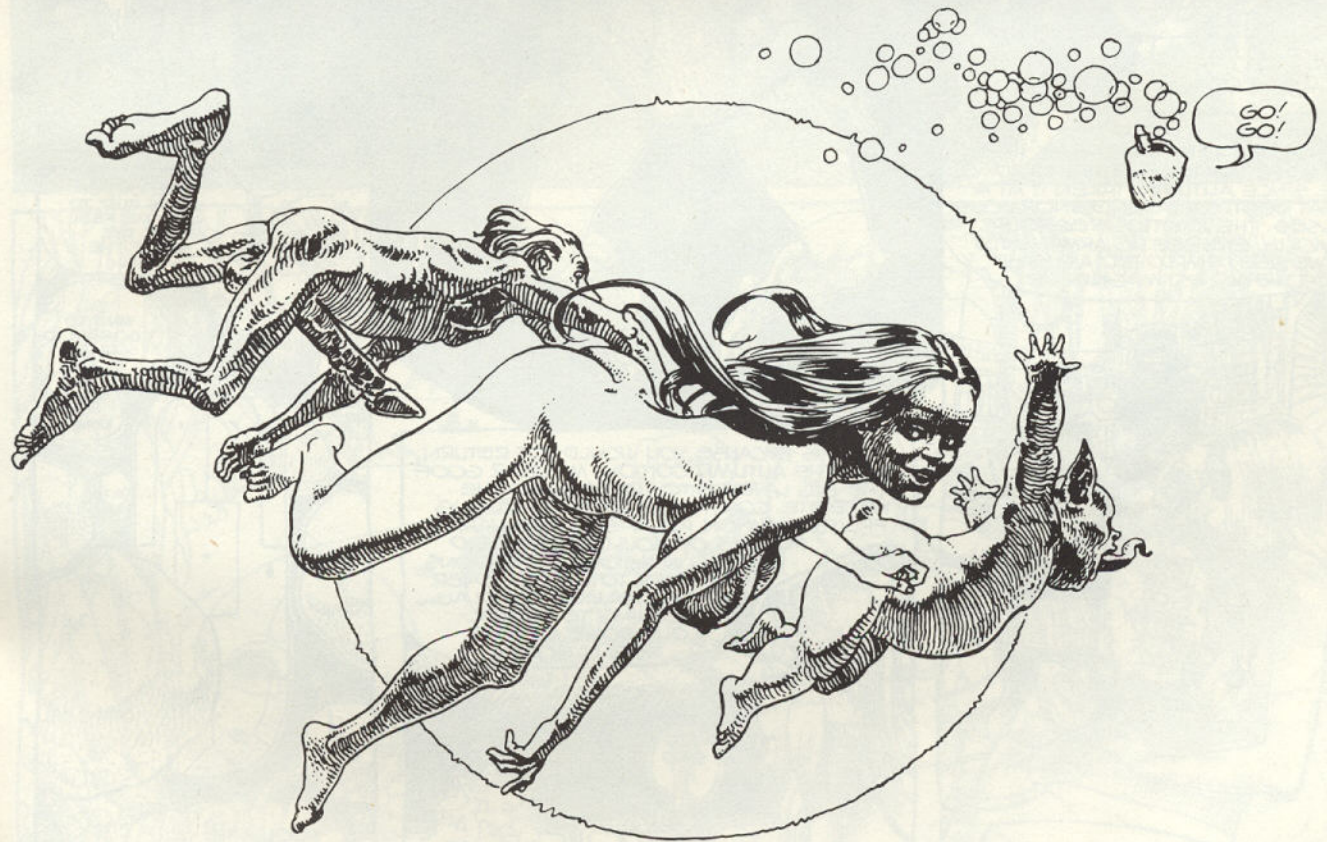
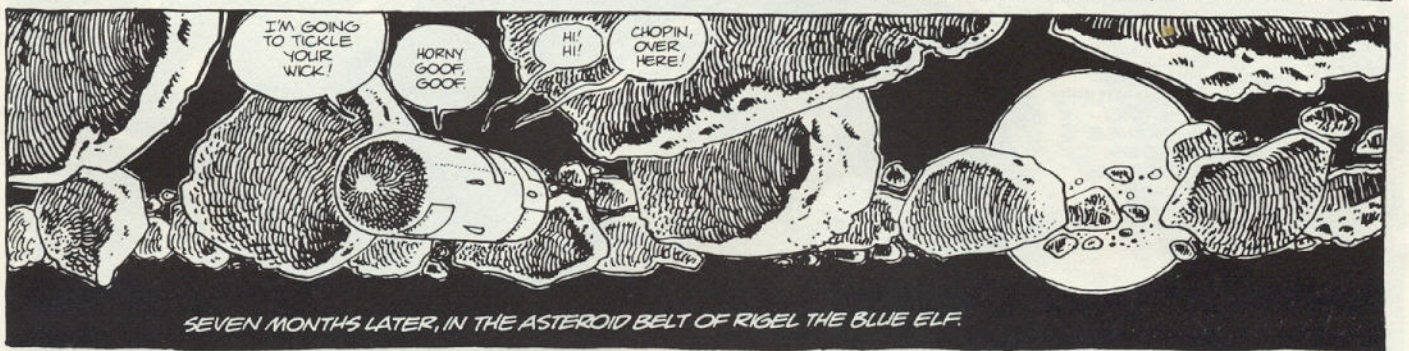
LET'S  
SPLIT. SHE'S  
GOING TO LAY...  
WHICH YOU WOULD  
NOT WANT TO SEE  
AT ALL,  
DUCKY.



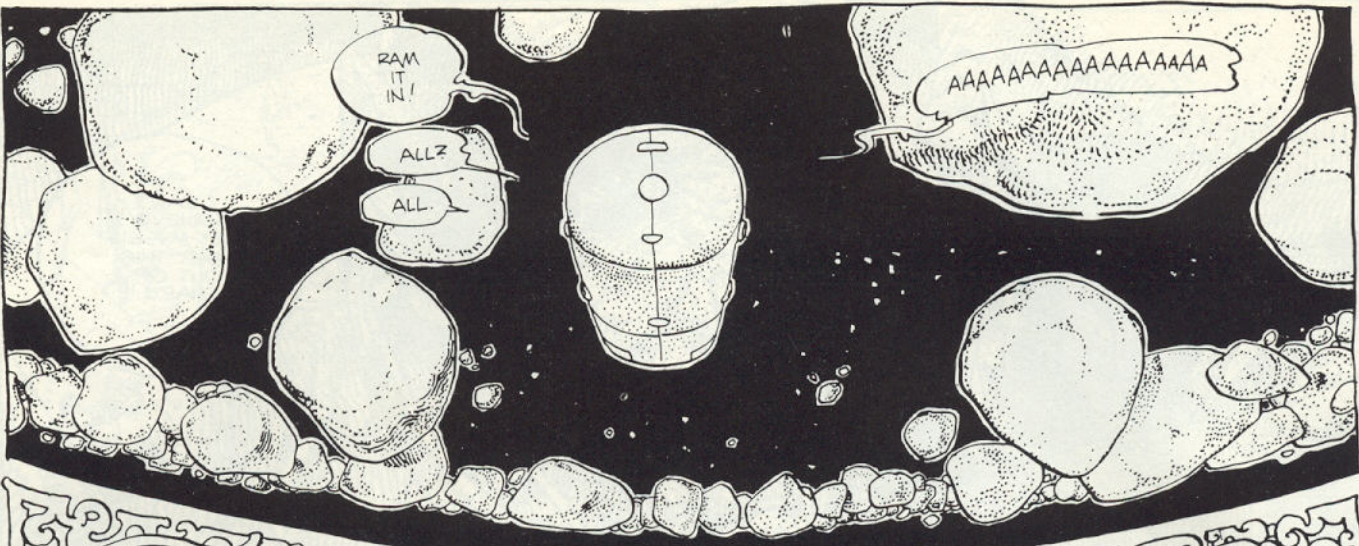










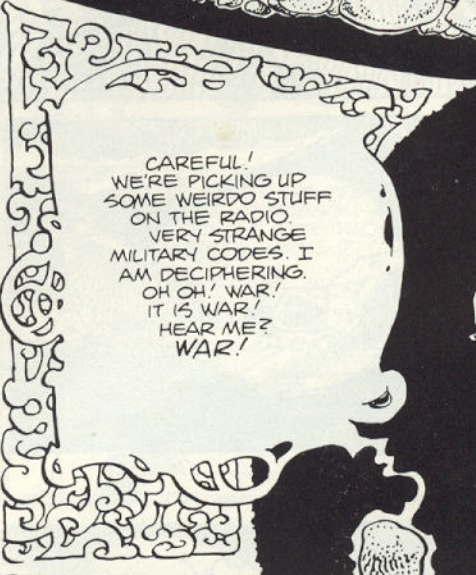


RAM  
IT  
IN!

ALLZ

ALL

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA



CAREFUL!  
WE'RE PICKING UP  
SOME WEIRDO STUFF  
ON THE RADIO  
VERY STRANGE  
MILITARY CODES. I  
AM DECIPHERING.  
OH OH! WAR!  
IT IS WAR!  
HEAR ME?  
WAR!

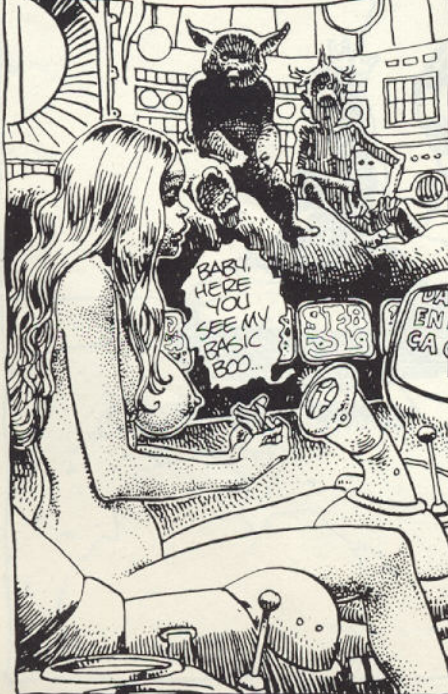


AHHHH...  
NO RUSH.  
I THINK I'LL  
REST IN  
STASIS FOR  
A BIT.



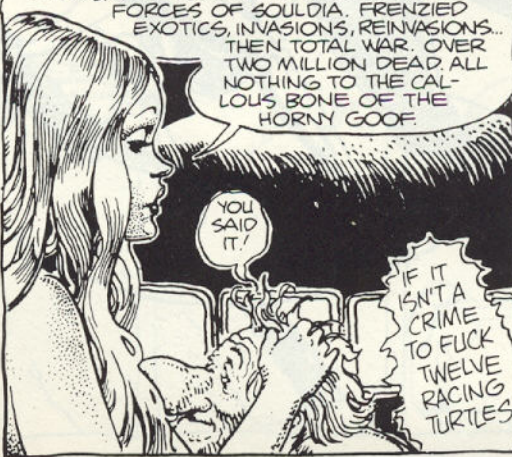
STASIS=  
ECSTASY

SOULDIA IS BURNING, MY  
FRIENDS. THE TERRAN FORCES HAVE  
TAKEN THE PLANET FOR THE THIRD  
TIME SINCE AUTUMN. TAKEN IT AT A  
GREAT COST, SUSTAINING ENORMOUS  
LOSSES. THE EXOTICS REGROUP  
QUICKLY; ENERGETIC ARMAMENTS  
HAVE BEEN EMPLOYED. A FUCKUP  
OF THE HIGHEST MAGNITUDE



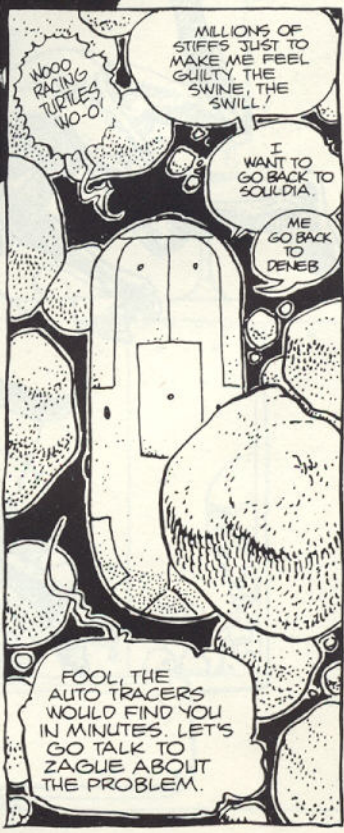
BABY,  
HERE  
YOU  
SEE  
MY  
BASIC  
BOO...

ALL THIS BECAUSE YOU WOULD NOT RETURN  
FOR THE AUTUMN COTION, MY DEAR GOOF.  
THE BIG LAYER BITCH RESCINDED THE  
NETERITE CONTRACT AND THAT FLAMING  
FRUITBAR RAYON RELEASED THE WAR  
FORCES OF SOULDIA. FRENZIED  
EXOTICS, INVASIONS, REINVASIONS...  
THEN TOTAL WAR. OVER  
TWO MILLION DEAD. ALL  
NOTHING TO THE CAL-  
LOUS BONE OF THE  
HORNY GOOF.



YOU  
SAID  
IT!

IF IT  
ISN'T A  
CRIME  
TO FUCK  
TWELVE  
RACING  
TURTLES



MILLIONS OF  
STIFFS JUST TO  
MAKE ME FEEL  
GUILTY. THE  
SWINE, THE  
SWILL!

I  
WANT TO  
GO BACK TO  
SOULDIA.

ME  
GO BACK  
TO DENEBS

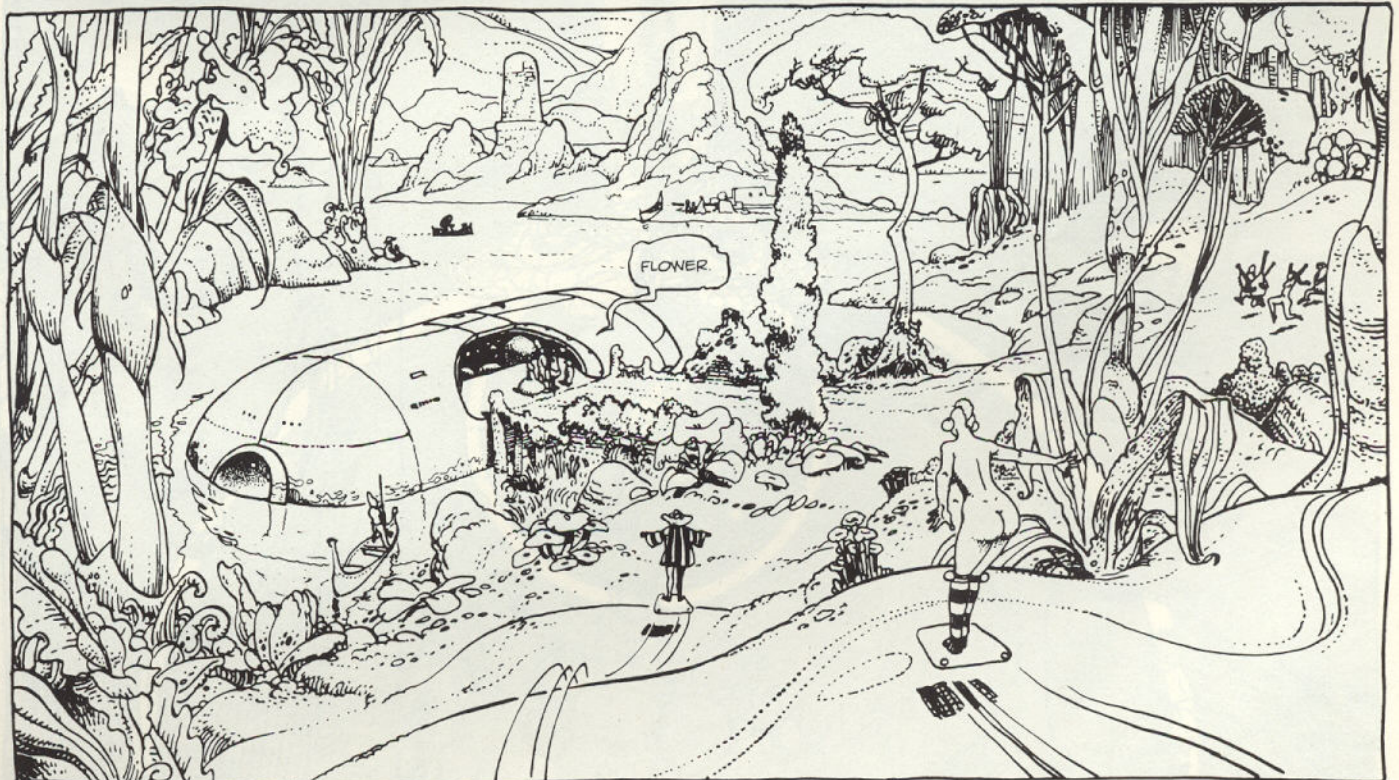
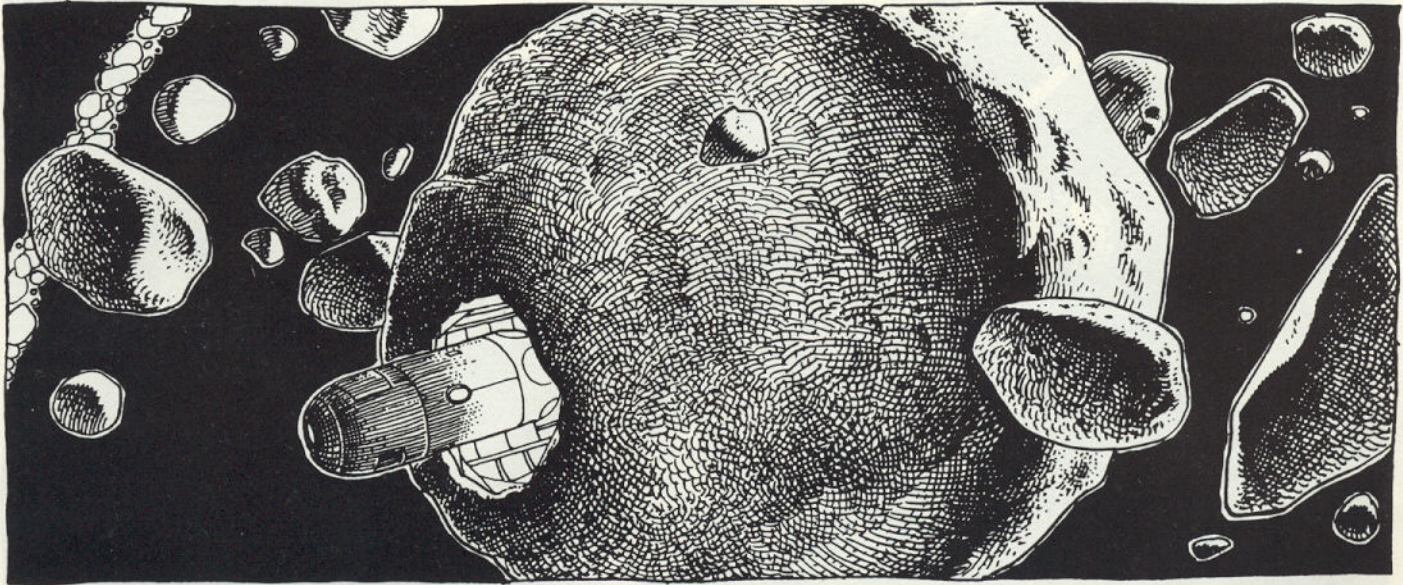
FOOL, THE  
AUTO TRACERS  
WOULD FIND YOU  
IN MINUTES. LET'S  
GO TALK TO  
ZAGUE ABOUT  
THE PROBLEM.



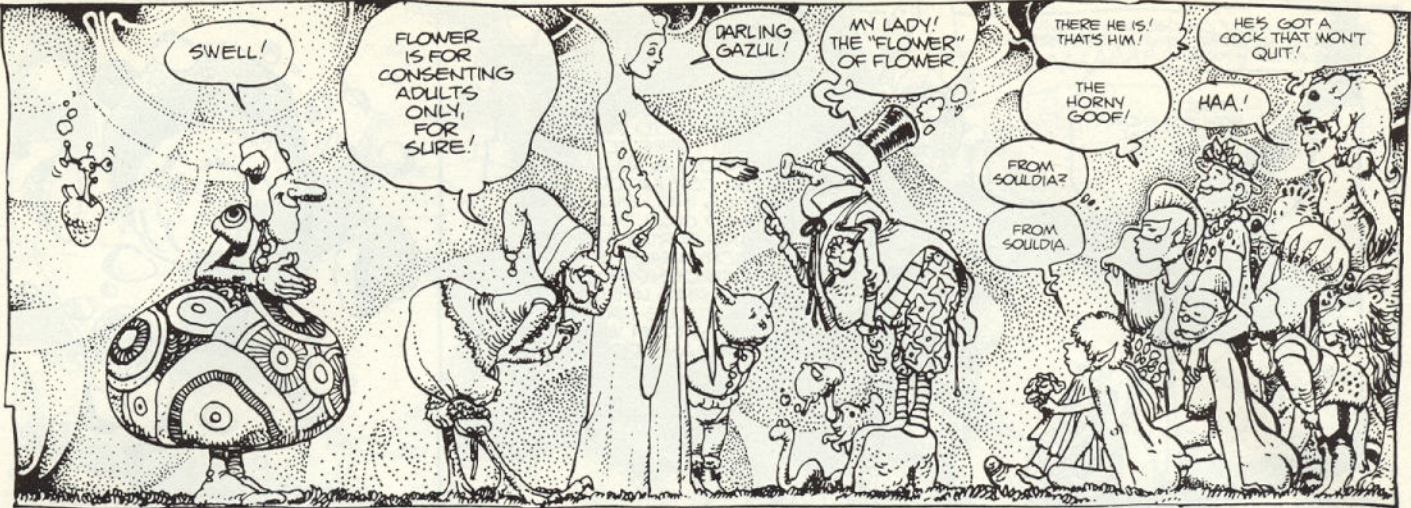
ZAGUE, THE PILOT OF THE SHIP MOLD,  
IS A THREE-HUNDRED-YEAR-OLD BOUSBAG  
WITH CLIPPED WINGS.

WELL,  
NOW YOU KNOW  
THE SITUATION.  
WHAT DO YOU  
ADVISE,  
ZAGUE?

IN MY OPINION, OUR  
BEST COURSE IS TO  
RETURN TO FLOWER  
AND THERE TO DALLY,  
ENJOYING ALL MANNER  
OF COPULATORY ACTIV-  
ITIES INCLUDING ANAL  
AND ORAL PLEASURES  
AND PARTAKING OF  
RICH MEALS IN PLUSH  
SURROUNDINGS AND  
STAYING UPSIDE DOWN  
HALF THE DAY AND  
NIGHT ON WHISKEY  
AND DOPE.







SWELL!

FLOWER IS FOR  
CONSENTING  
ADULTS  
ONLY,  
FOR SURE!

DARLING  
GAZUL!

MY LADY!  
THE "FLOWER"  
OF FLOWER.

THERE HE IS!  
THAT'S HIM!

HE'S GOT A  
COCK THAT WON'T  
QUIT!

THE  
HORNY  
GOOF!

HAA!

FROM  
SOULDIA?

FROM  
SOULDIA



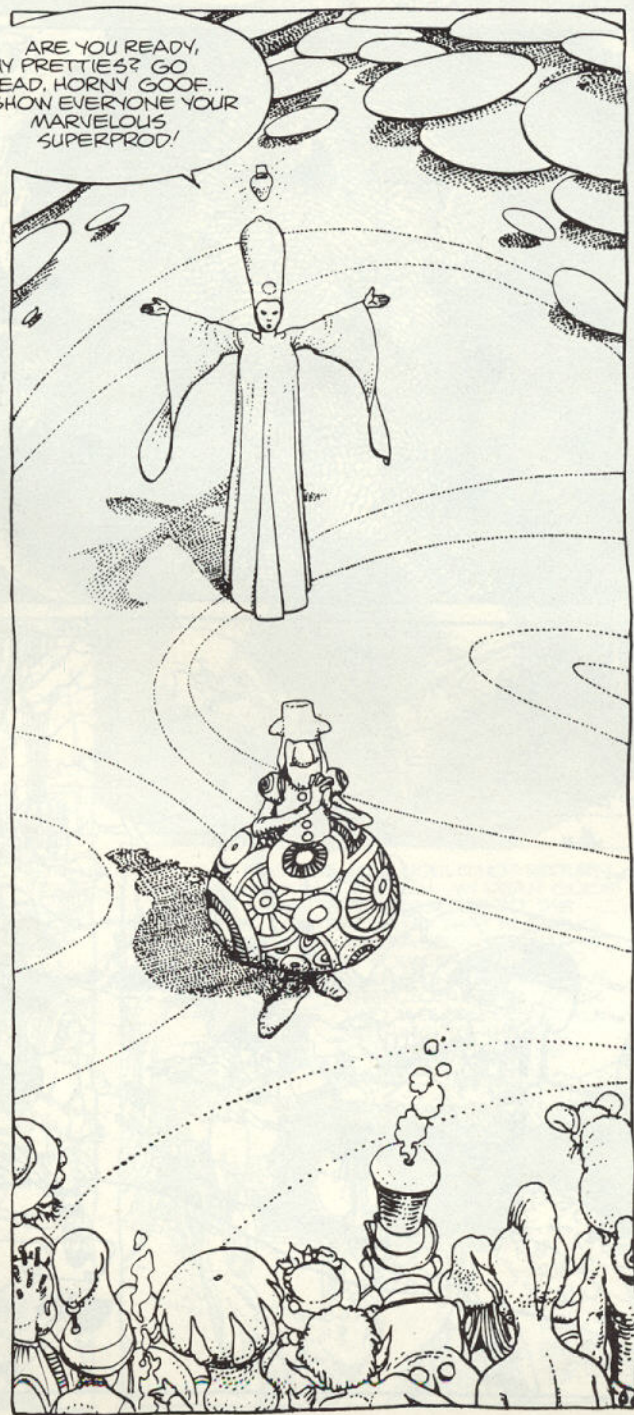
ARE YOU READY,  
MY PRETTIES? GO  
AHEAD, HORNY GOOF...  
SHOW EVERYONE YOUR  
MARVELOUS  
SUPERPROD!

THE SEX-  
ING WILL BE  
ON VIDEO... (1)

LET'S  
GO TO THE  
WOODS

I'M  
SORT OF  
CHICKEN...

DON'T  
BE.



GAWRSH...

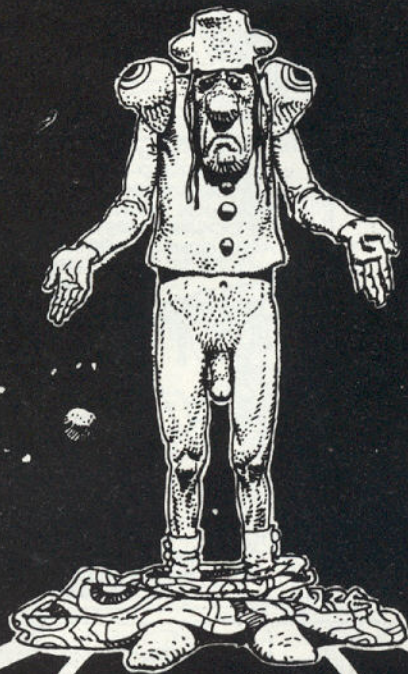
LOOK...

HA!

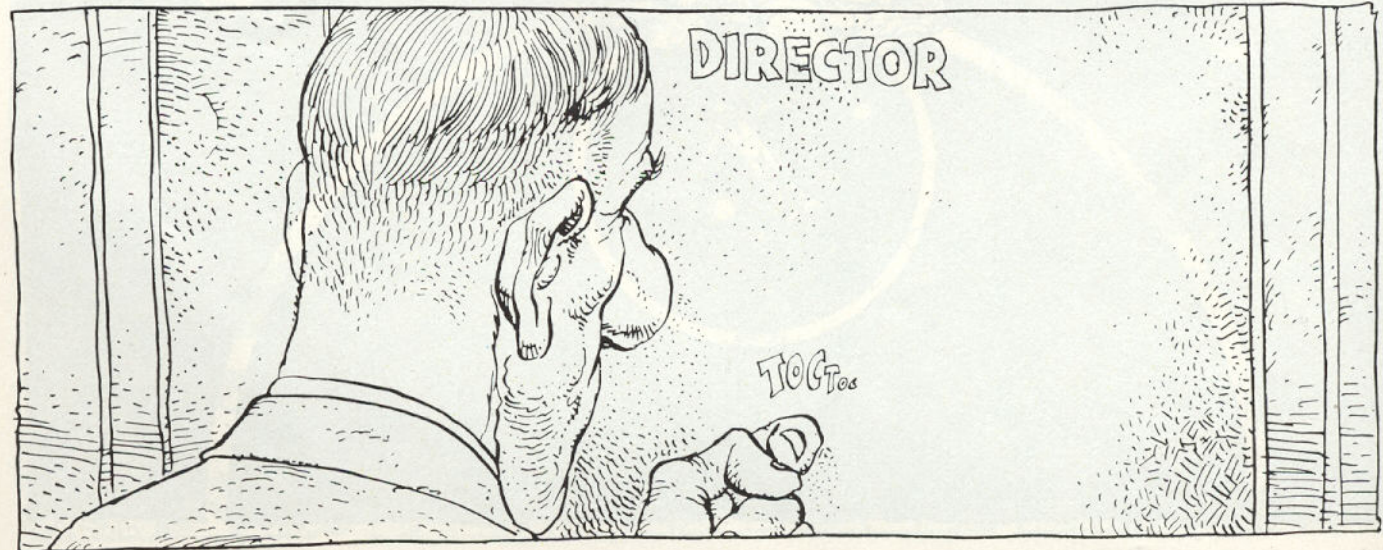
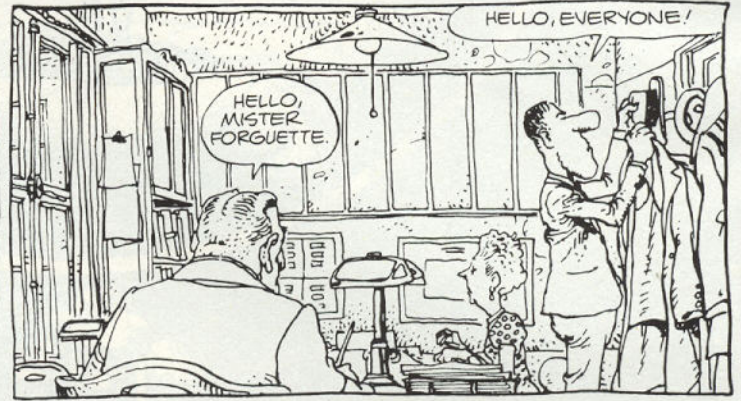
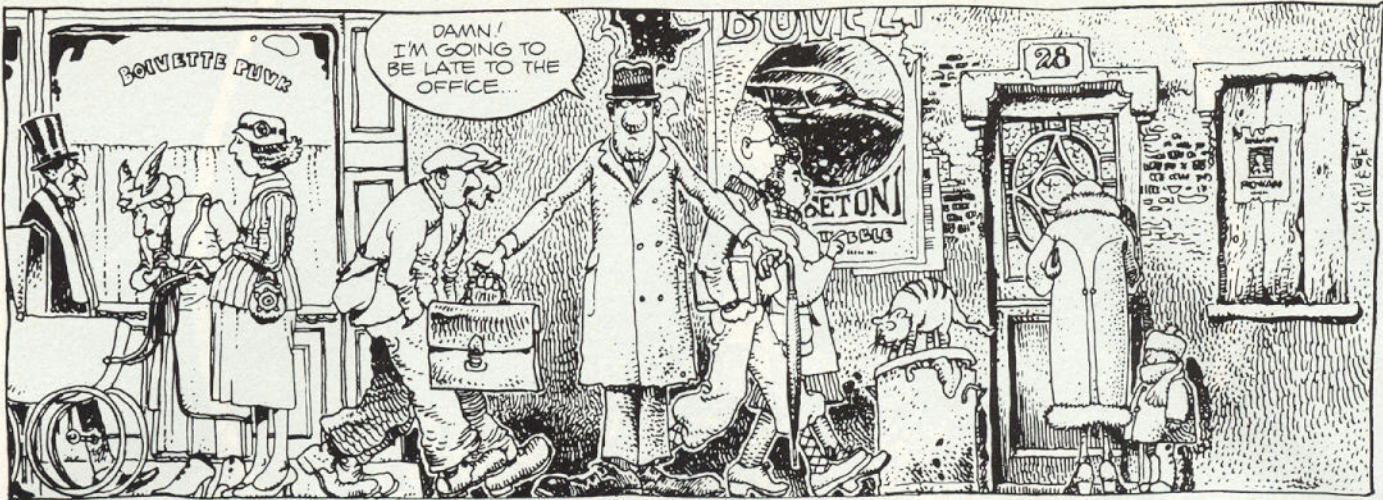
HEH!  
HEH!

(1) 3D VIDEO, OF COURSE!

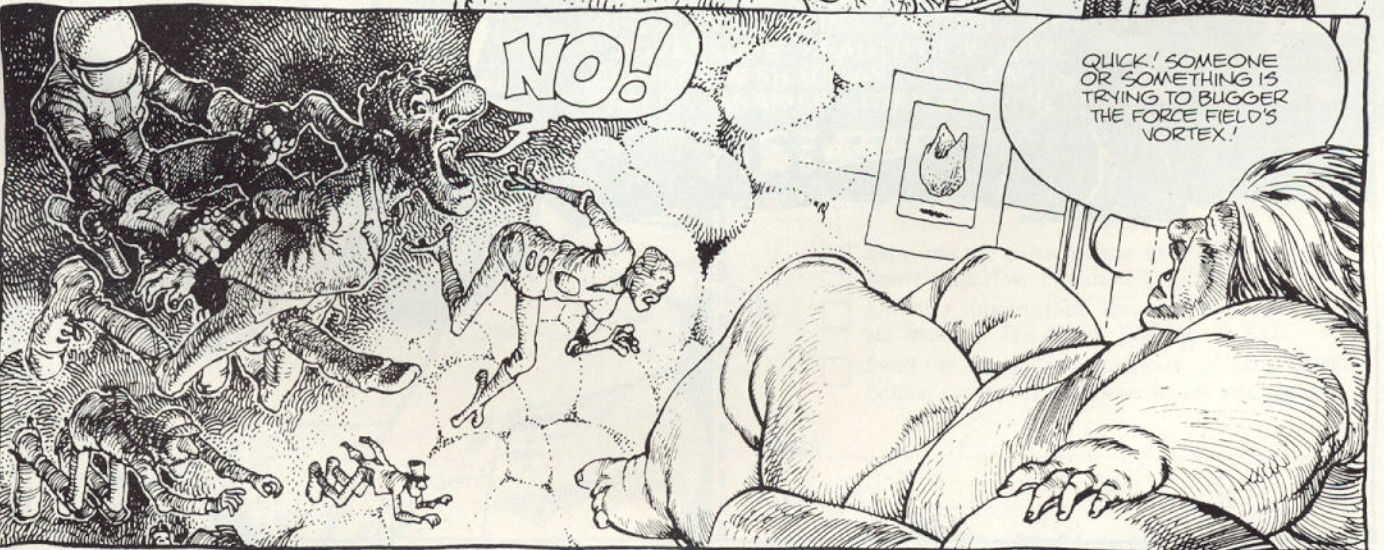
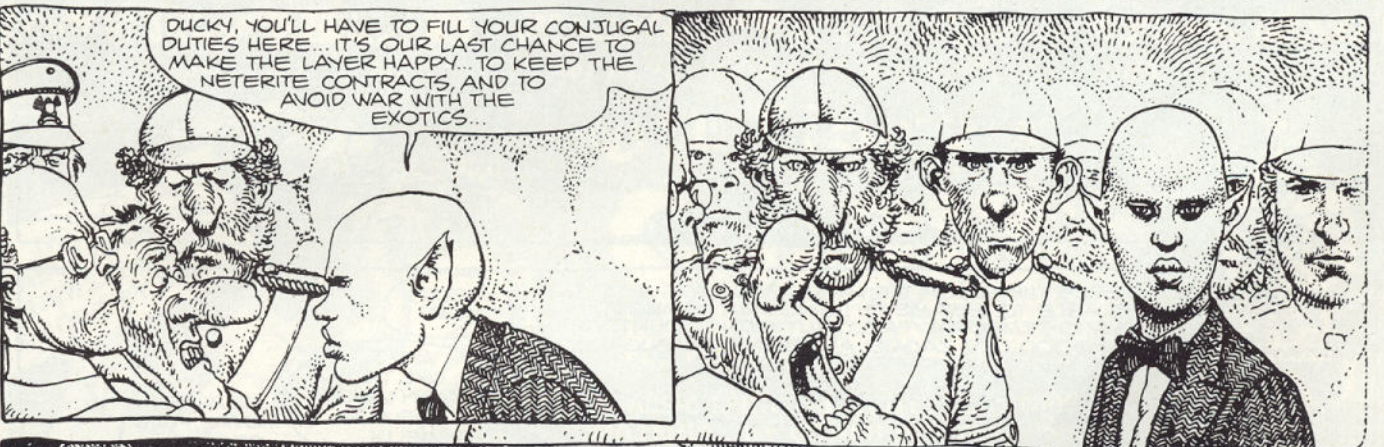
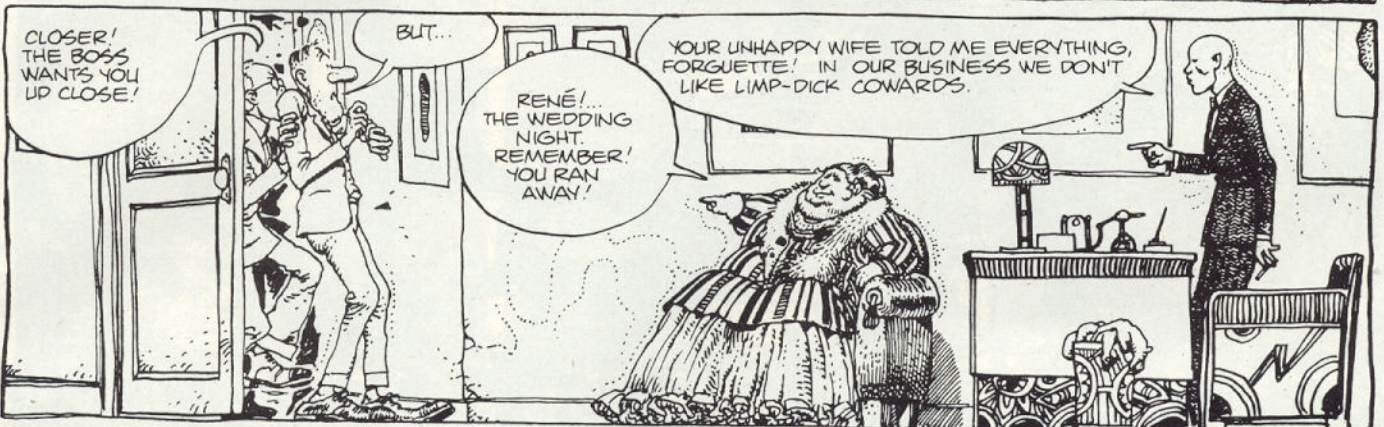
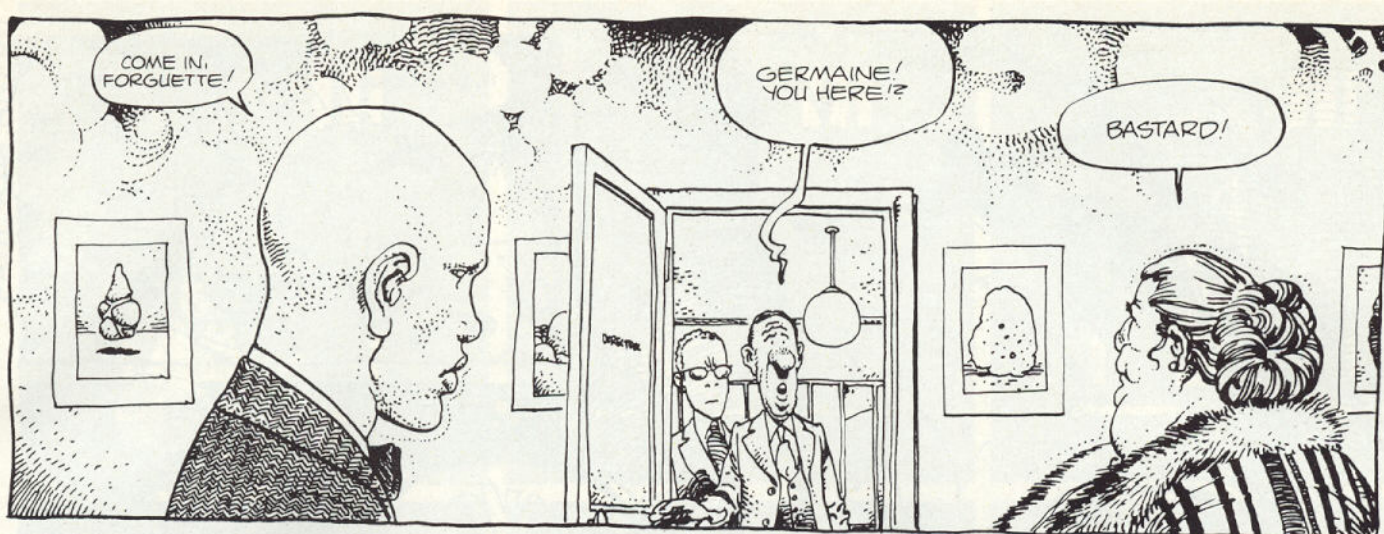




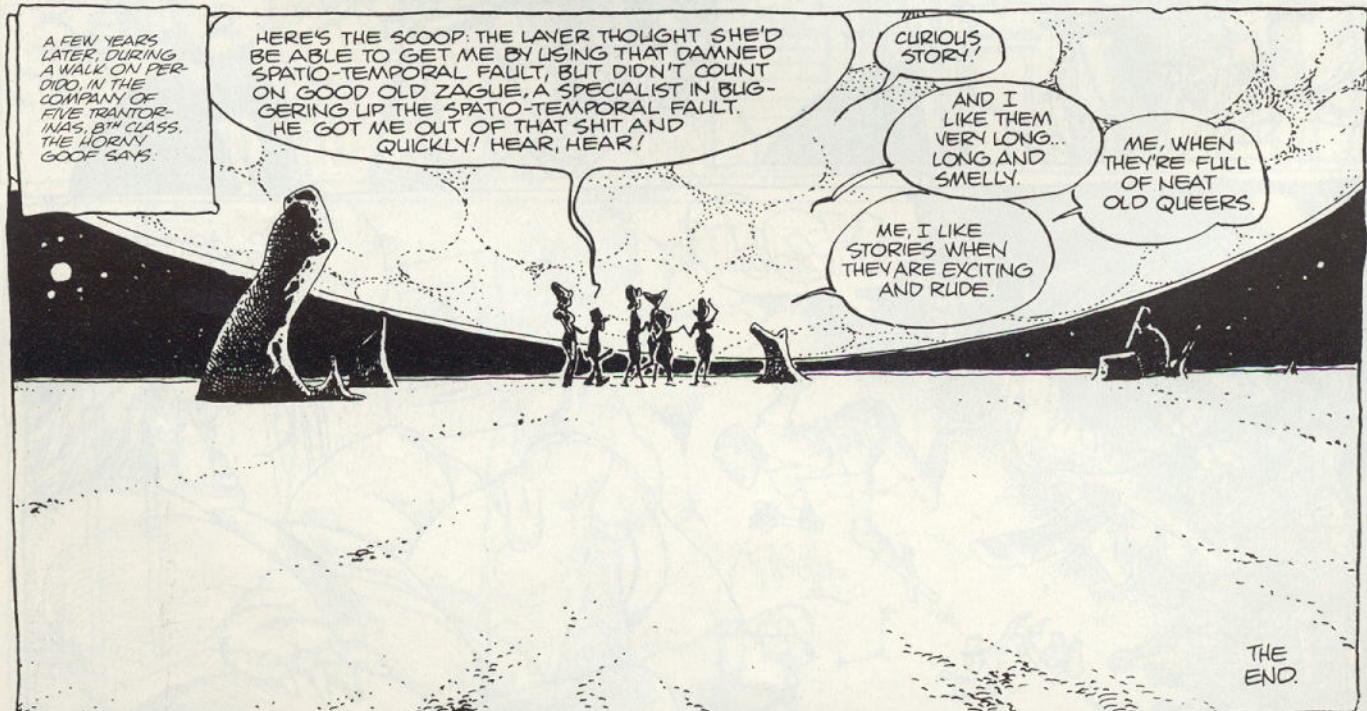
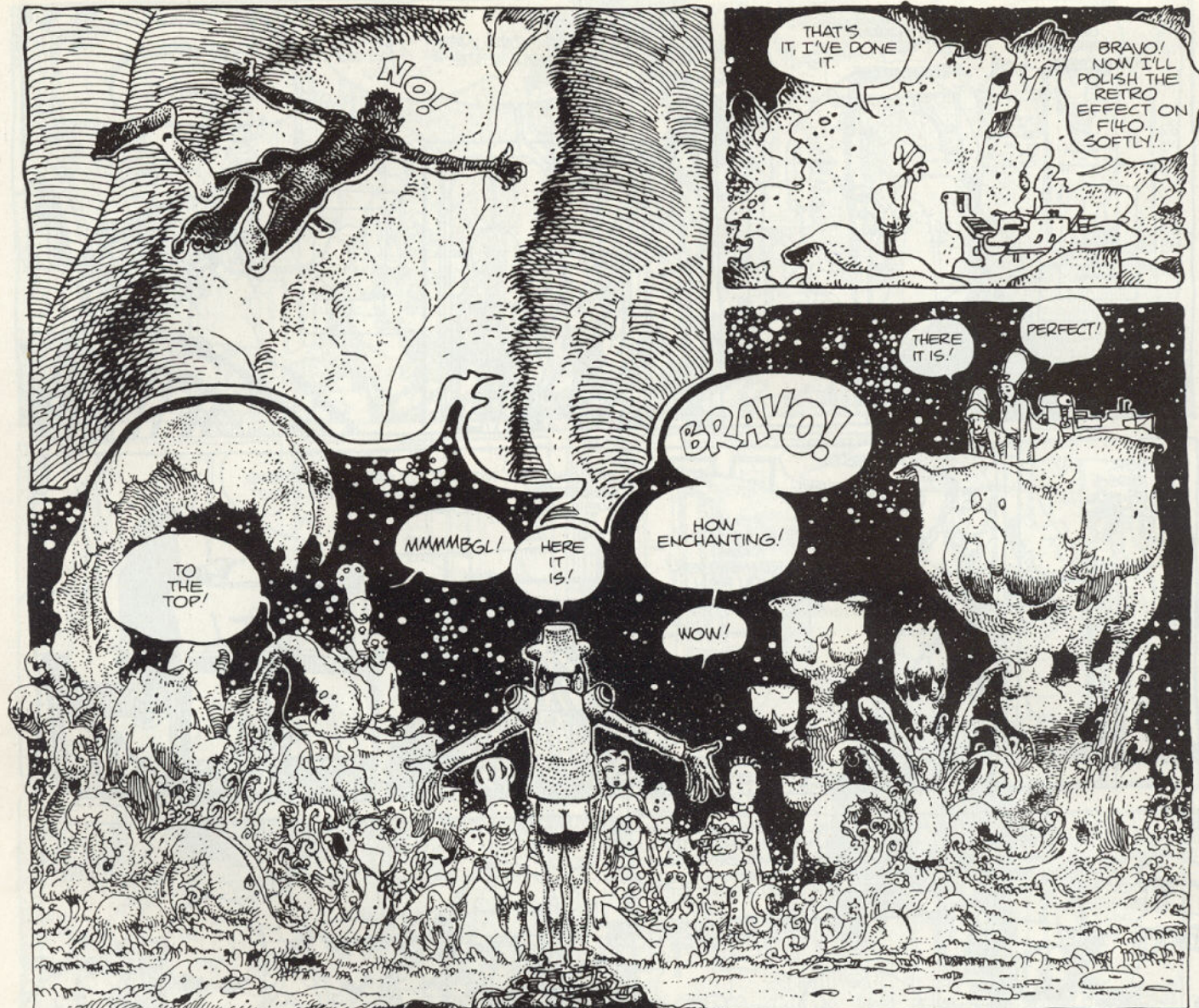












A FEW YEARS LATER, DURING A WALK ON PER DIDO, IN THE COMPANY OF FIVE TRANTOR-INA'S, 8TH CLASS, THE HORN GOOF SAYS:

HERE'S THE SCOOP: THE LAYER THOUGHT SHE'D BE ABLE TO GET ME BY USING THAT DAMNED SPATIO-TEMPORAL FAULT, BUT DIDN'T COUNT ON GOOD OLD ZAGUE, A SPECIALIST IN BUGGERING UP THE SPATIO-TEMPORAL FAULT. HE GOT ME OUT OF THAT SHIT AND QUICKLY! HEAR, HEAR!

CURIOUS STORY!

AND I LIKE THEM VERY LONG... LONG AND SMELLY.

ME, WHEN THEY'RE FULL OF NEAT OLD QUEERS.

ME, I LIKE STORIES WHEN THEY ARE EXCITING AND RUDE.

THE END.



# KTULU

## PROLOGUE:

THE TIME: THE  
END OF THE SECOND  
MILLENNIUM...  
THE PLACE: A FAMOUS  
PALACE AT THE  
END OF THE WEST,  
WHOSE HORRIBLE  
SECRET WE ARE  
ABOUT TO REVEAL...

## LOGUE:

BEWITCHED  
BY THE OBSCURE  
POWERS THAT RUN  
RAMPANT IN THE  
DEEPEST ZONES  
OF HIS BEING,  
THE PRESIDENT  
SEEMS TO  
PRESIDE, IN FACT...

## DIALOGUE:

GENTLEMEN,  
THE LAST MINISTERIAL  
COUNCIL BEFORE THE  
EASTER VACATION HAS  
NOW CONCLUDED.  
...MAY I TAKE THIS  
OCCASION TO WISH  
YOU ALL...

HAVE A  
NICE  
HOLIDAY  
YOURSELF,  
MR.  
PRESIDENT...

FASTER...  
FASTER...

THANK YOU,  
MR. PRESIDENT,  
FOR...

...HE AWAITS WITH  
IMPATIENCE THE HOUR  
OF KTULU



HE MUST STILL SHAKE THE HANDS OF SEVERAL NOTABLES...

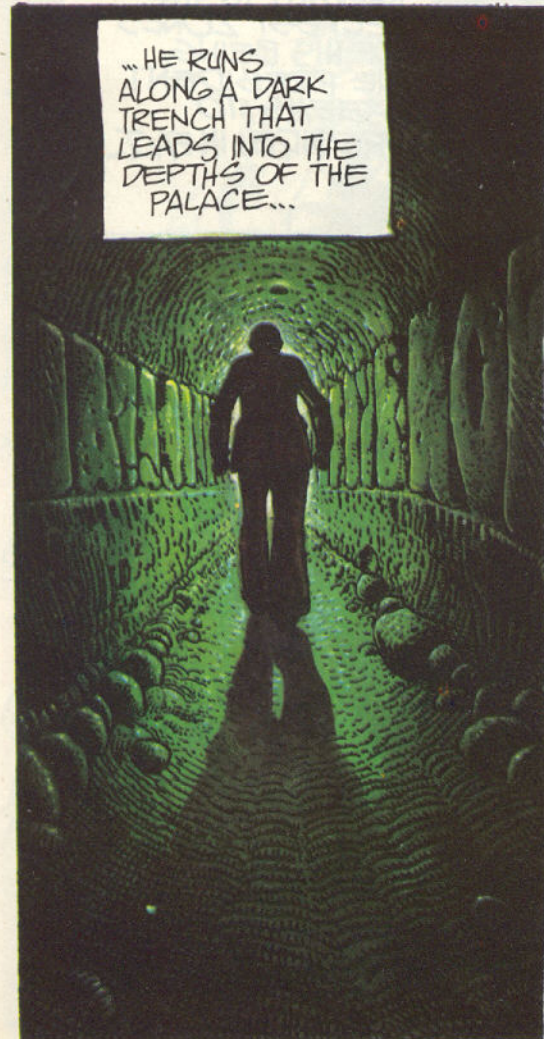


AT LAST!  
THEY'VE  
GONE!

ALL OF A  
SUDDEN...  
HE  
REACHES  
A SECRET  
DOOR...



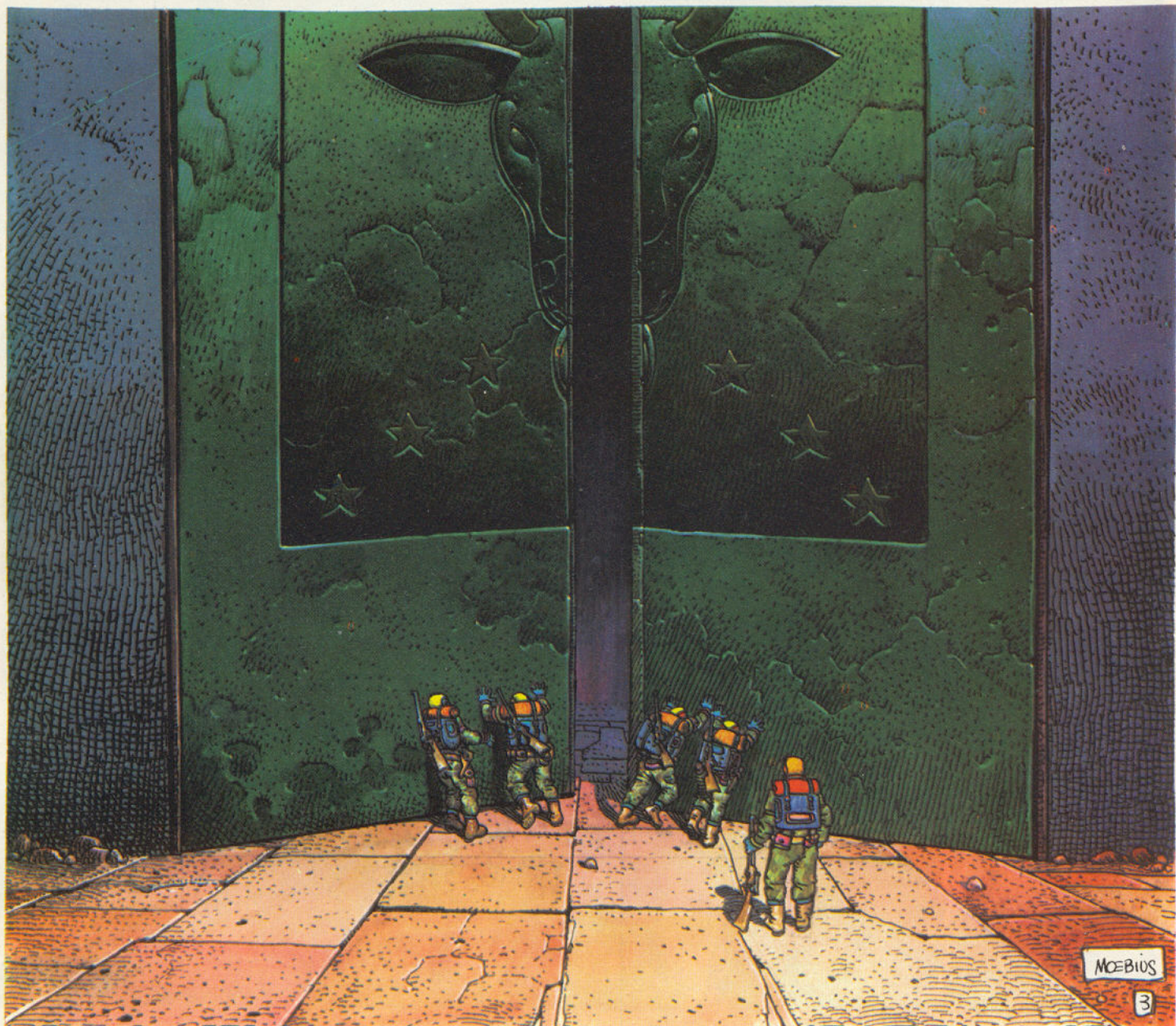
...HE RUNS  
ALONG A DARK  
TRENCH THAT  
LEADS INTO THE  
DEPTHS OF THE  
PALACE...



...UNTIL HE  
COMES TO A  
SECRET ANTE-  
CHAMBER IN  
FRONT OF THE  
DOOR TO THE  
INTERIOR  
TERRITORIES...









THE FIVE MEN ENTER A  
GIGANTIC CAVERN...

GOOD DAY,  
LOVECRAFT,  
I AM THE  
PRESIDENT,  
AND I WISH  
TO HUNT  
THE  
KTULU!...

SO THERE YOU ARE,  
YOU LITTLE COCKROACH  
OF A PRESIDENT,  
YOU MAD, CRUEL,  
HYPOCRITICAL PRES-  
IDENT. YOU COME  
CLAIMING BLOOD,  
YOUR SHEEP'S  
FACE CLOTTED WITH  
THE SHIT ON YOUR  
DUMB SKULL.

O.K. O.K.... IT'S IN THE  
RULES... WE, H.P.  
LOVECRAFT, HAVE  
SIGNED A PACT THAT  
BINDS US WITH THE  
HUNTERS OF THIS  
PALACE... YOU WILL  
FIND A KTULU 3000  
YEARS OLD TO THE  
NORTH OF THE LAVA  
FIELD NEAR THE TWO  
FIG TREES....

PLEASE, GREAT  
LOVECRAFT!...  
SPARE ME YOUR  
INSULTS, AND GIVE ME  
A KTULU!...



SEVERAL  
DAYS LATER  
AT THE  
DESCRIBED  
SPOT...

THE  
KTULU!...

HEL...

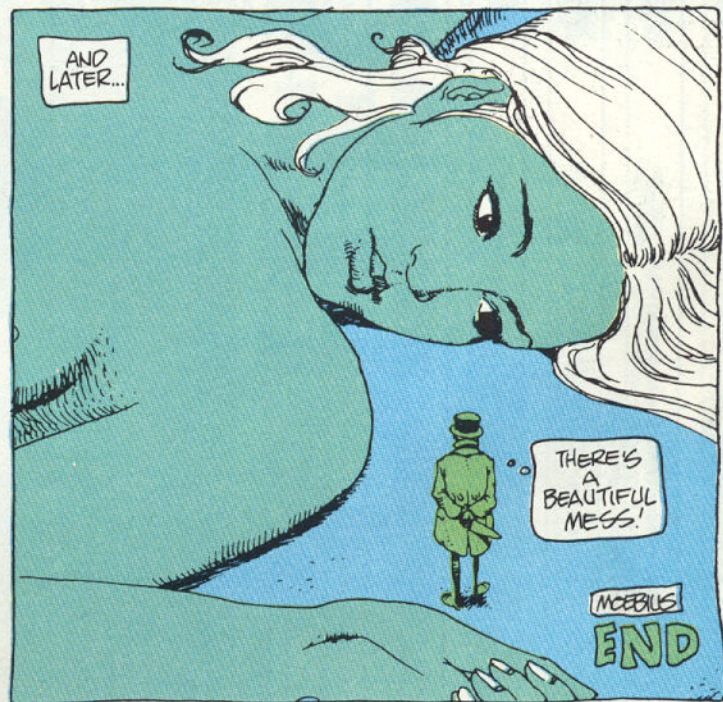
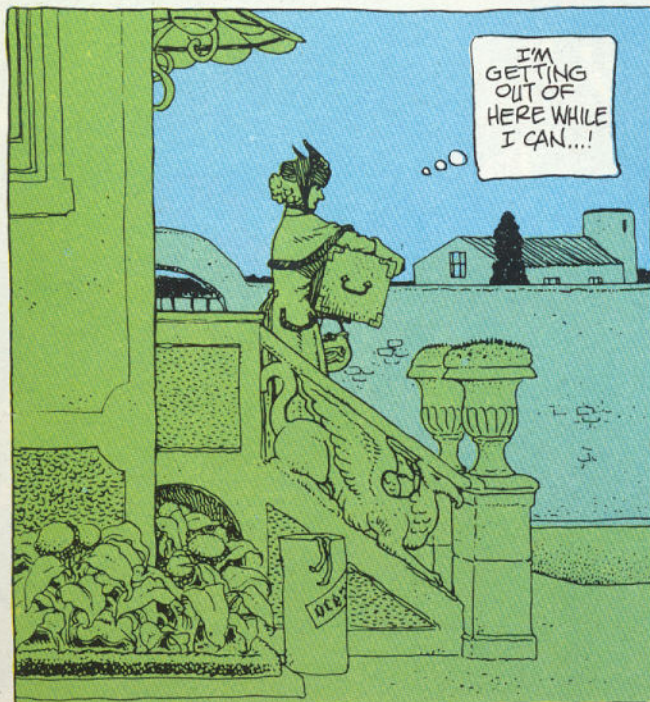
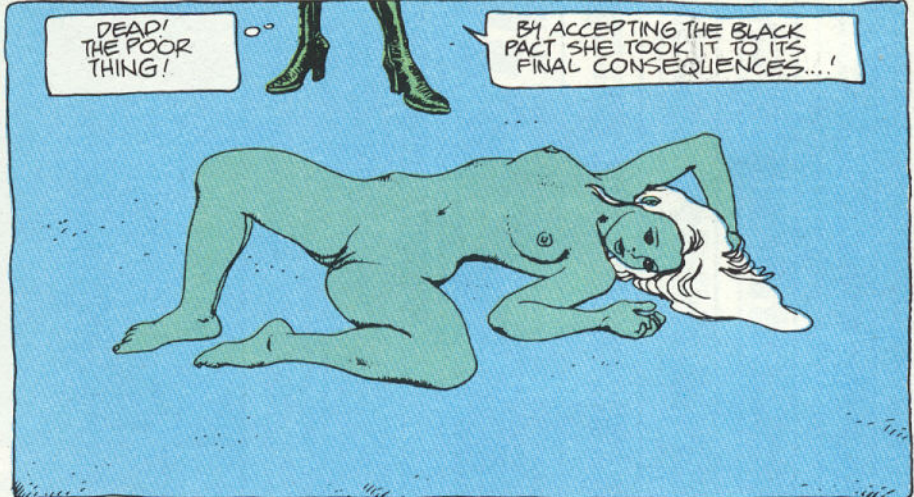
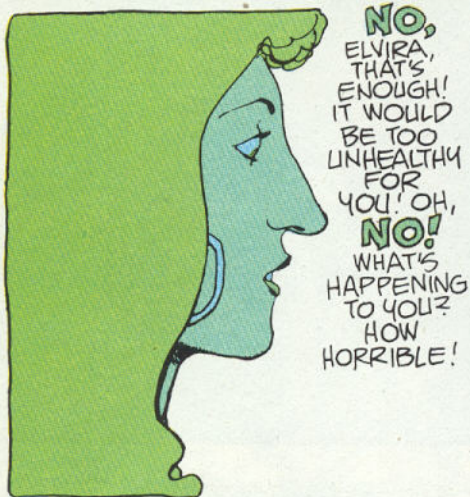
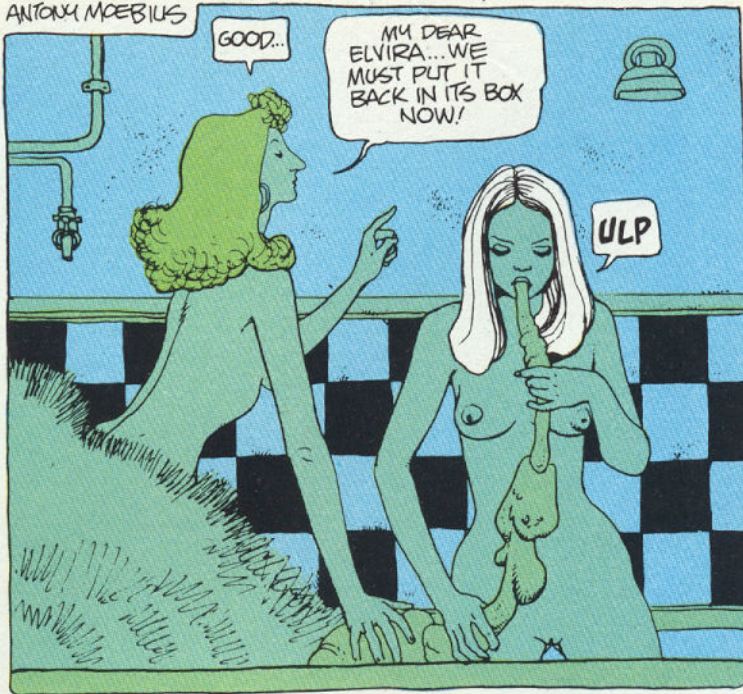
BLAM

EPilogue:~

SO, DEFYING  
JUSTICE, THE PRESIDENTS  
KILL OUR SACRED  
ANIMALS!...  
OH LORD!... HOW  
LONG WILL THIS  
CRIME GO  
UNPUNISHED?...

MOEBIUS. END







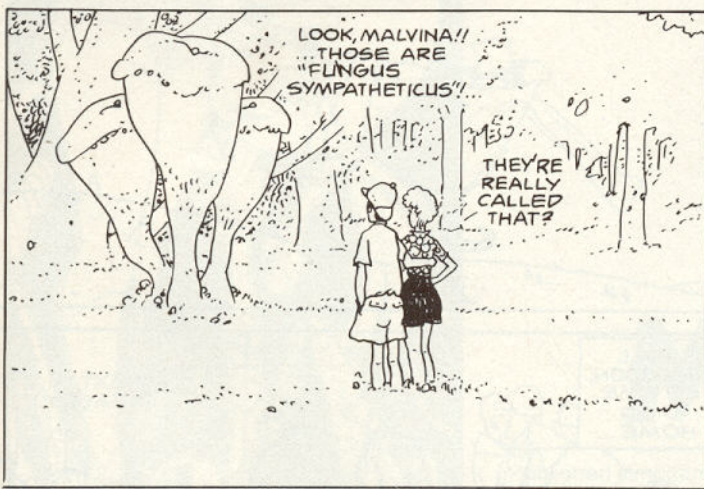
# THE FLORA OF PARADISE 9

BY  
MOEBIUS



THE HILLS OF MAYHANI ON P.9 ARE COVERED WITH AN INFINITE VARIETY OF FLORA... TIME AFTER TIME, THE TOURISTS FERTILIZE THE GENTLY ROLLING FIELDS BY MEANS OF THEIR CONSTANT COMINGS AND GOINGS.

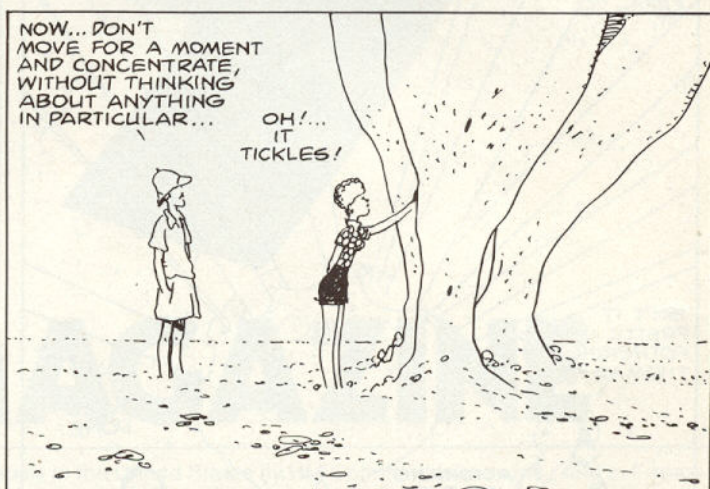
AFTER TOURISTS SMELL THE FLOWERS, THEY EXHALE THE POLLEN, THUS CREATING YET MORE SWEET-SMELLING BLOSSOMS... EACH GROUP IS ENCOURAGED TO PLUCK AND SCATTER, FOR PARADISE 9 IS TRULY A PLANET OF FLOWER POWER.



LOOK, MALVINA!!  
...THOSE ARE  
"FLUNGUS  
SYMPATHETICUS"!

THEY'RE  
REALLY  
CALLED  
THAT?

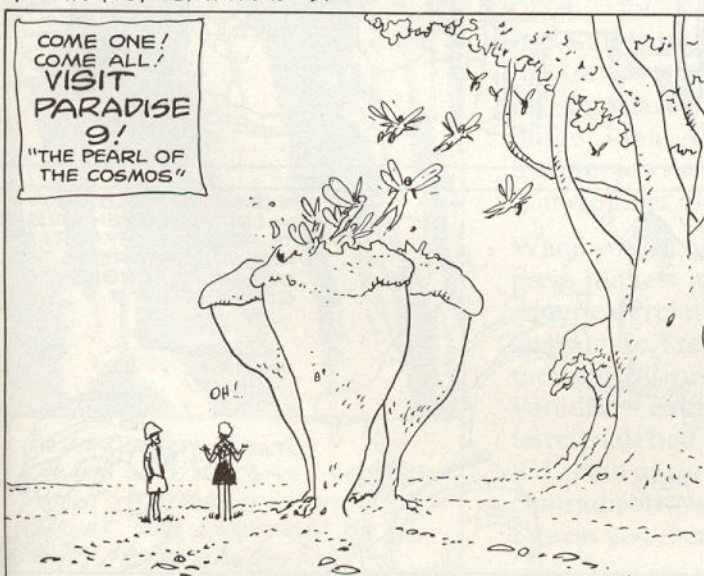
IN THE FOREST, FURTHER TO THE EAST, THERE ARE MYSTERIOUS GIANT MUSHROOMS... IN MY OPINION, THE GREATEST ENIGMA OF ALL THE FLORA ON PARADISE 9.



NOW... DON'T  
MOVE FOR A MOMENT  
AND CONCENTRATE,  
WITHOUT THINKING  
ABOUT ANYTHING  
IN PARTICULAR...

OH!...  
IT  
TICKLES!

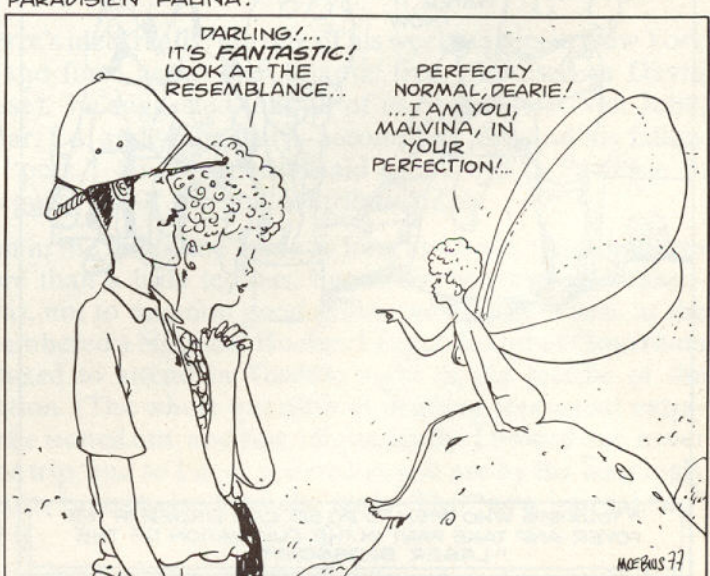
HERE ARE TWO TOURISTS WHO AREN'T GOING TO MISS MAKING USE OF THE MARVELOUS POWER OF THESE FINE SPECIMEN OF PARADISIEN FAUNA.



COME ONE!  
COME ALL!  
VISIT  
PARADISE  
9!  
"THE PEARL OF  
THE COSMOS"

OH!

THEN, THE FLUNGUS OPENS, RELEASING A RESONANT, COLORED CLOUD... THE "EPHEMERALS" OF PARADISE 9... THEY MELT INTO THE NEARBY FOREST.



DARLING!...  
IT'S FANTASTIC!  
LOOK AT THE  
RESEMBLANCE...

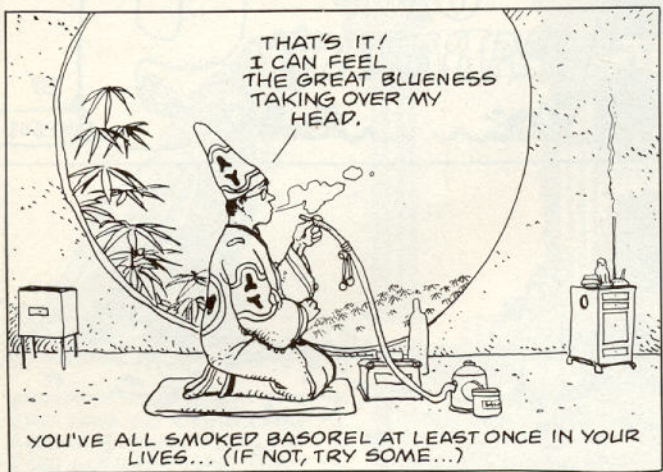
PERFECTLY  
NORMAL, DEARIE!  
...I AM YOU,  
MALVINA, IN  
YOUR PERFECTION!...

IMAGINE THE DELIGHTED SURPRISE OF A TOURIST ON HEARING THE PRATTLE OF THESE DELICATE, IMPERTINENT CREATURES.

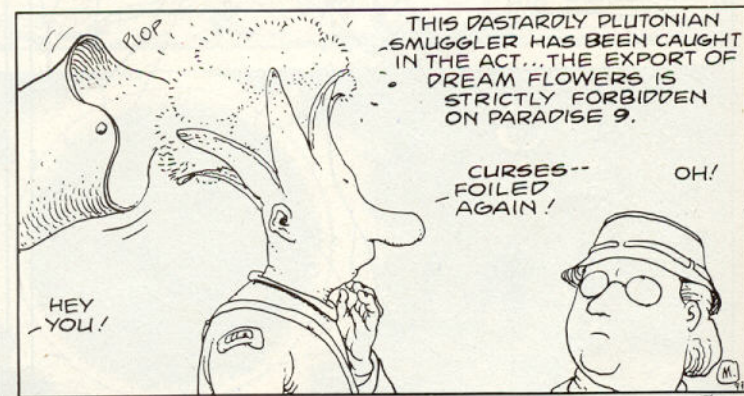
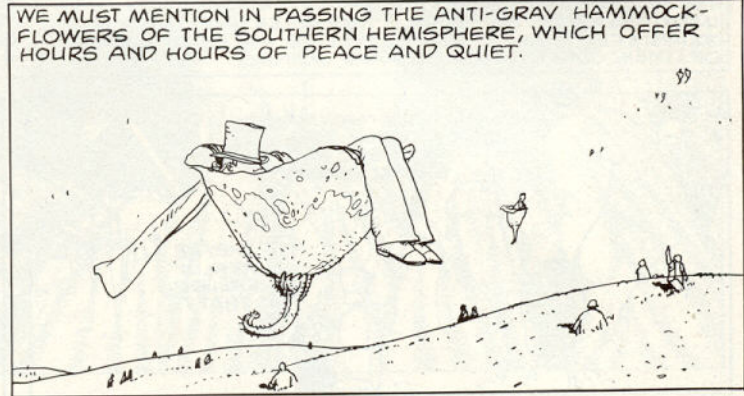


# PARADISE NINE'S STRANGE FLOWERS

CONTINUATION

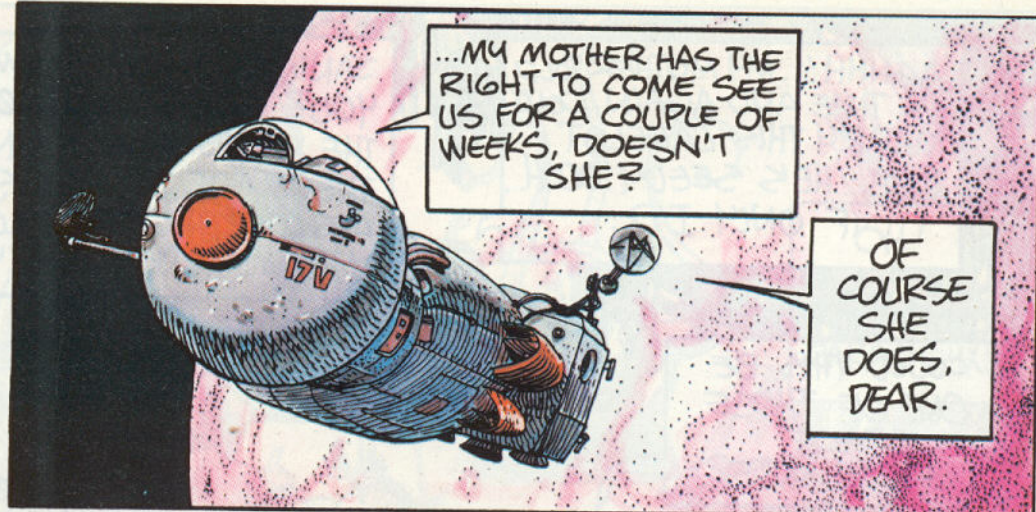


\*ALL ONE NEEDED WAS A PURE HEART(RED)



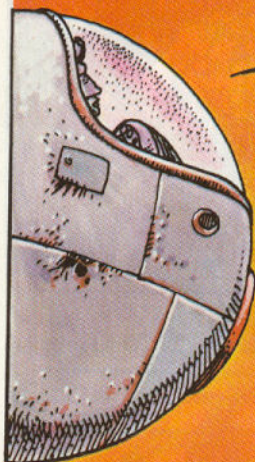


THE STAR SWALLOWER, AN OUT-OF-DATE, ELECTRICALLY POWERED COASTING VESSEL, SAILS TOWARD PHENIXON, A SMALL YELLOW PLANET IN THE AREA OF XERES.



...MY MOTHER HAS THE RIGHT TO COME SEE US FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS, DOESN'T SHE?

OF COURSE SHE DOES, DEAR.



I DON'T LIKE THE TONE OF YOUR VOICE!

...WHAT TONE?

IT'S A TONE YOU GET THAT DISPLEASES ME.



I JUST DON'T WANT TO ARGUE AGAIN, DEAR. PLEASE... LET'S TURN OFF THIS DISCUSSION UNTIL LATER...

YOU ALWAYS WANT TO "PUT OFF" WHAT YOU DON'T AGREE WITH. WHY PUT

OFF UNTIL TOMORROW WHAT YOU CAN DO TODAY?

COME. LOOK HOW PRETTY IT IS DOWN BELOW, HMM?...  
PFF

There **IS** a  
PRINCE  
CHARMING  
on Phenixon

BY MOEBIUS



AGHHH!... MY MOTHER TOLD ME TIME AND AGAIN, "DON'T MARRY THIS CAMELOT TYPE... HE'S SEEDY! OOOH... IF ONLY I'D..."

JANINE, BE QUIET A MINUTE, WILL YOU? GOOD, NOW ACCORDING TO THE XERES INDEX, ON PHENIXON THERE ARE TOC-TOC SKINS WHICH ARE WORTH QUITE A LOT ON VARLOP ON-SWAN!... NOW, THAT'S COMMERCE!

COULD THIS BE ONE OF THOSE SPACE MERCHANTS?

FINALLY, WE'LL BE ABLE TO GET RID OF THOSE DAMNED TOC-TOC SKINS THAT ARE MAKING THIS PLACE STINK...

PEOPLE OF PHENIXON, HELLO!

HELLO, SPACE MONSTER!

IF THE LADY SO DESIRES... A LITTLE WALK ON SNAILMASSOPHANT?

SHOW US YOUR WARES!

DON'T GO TOO FAR OFF, JANINE... BE CAREFUL!

TAKE CARE OF THOSE TOC-TOC SKINS!

OH... AND THAT ONE!

IT'S SO PRETTY!...

AND THE BIG ONE... IN GREEN... WITH DOTS...

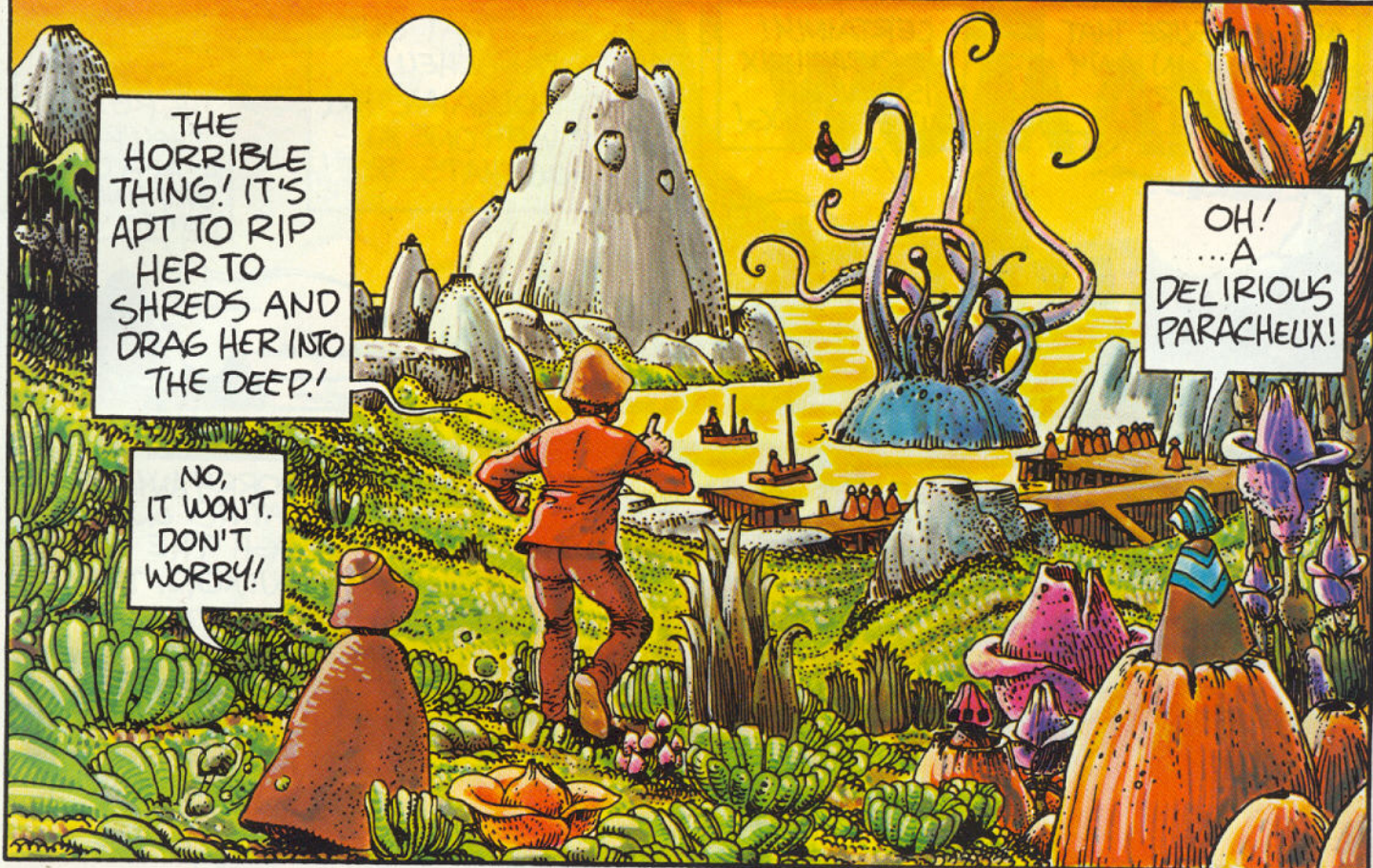
CAREFUL... I DON'T GIVE CREDIT!

HEY!... ER... SIR! THE WOMAN HAS MET UP WITH A PARACHEUX! SHE NEEDS YOUR HELP!

MMM... THE BLUE ONE!

HOW MUCH IS THIS ONE?

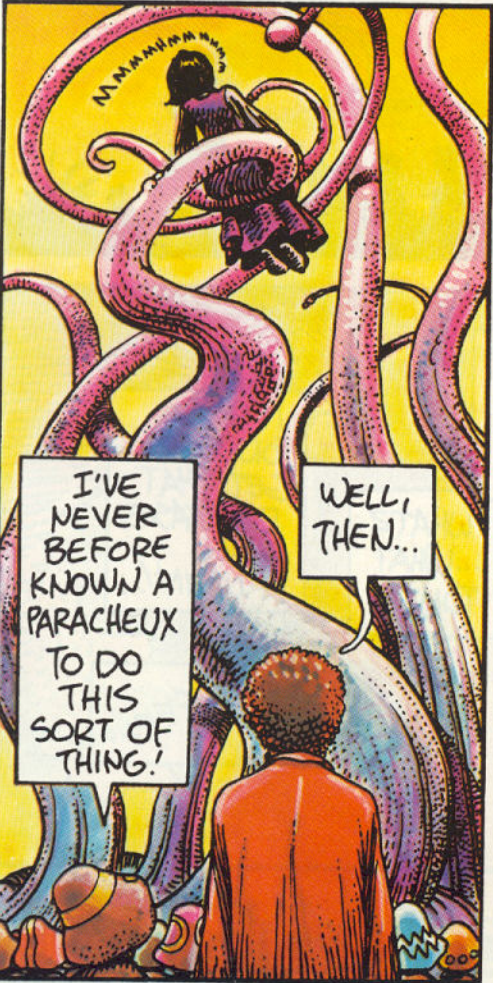




THE HORRIBLE THING! IT'S APT TO RIP HER TO SHREDS AND DRAG HER INTO THE DEEP!

NO, IT WON'T. DON'T WORRY!

OH! ...A DELIRIOUS PARACHEUX!



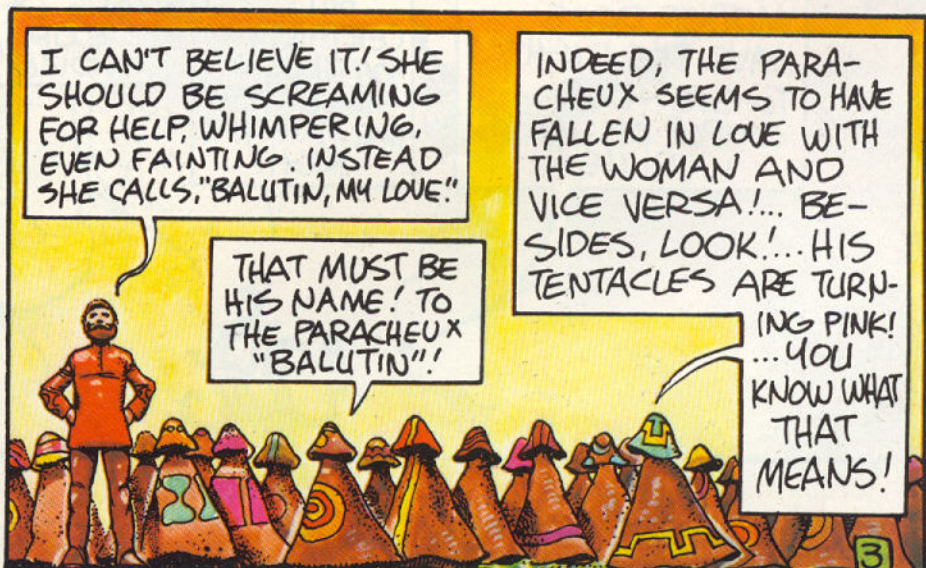
I'VE NEVER BEFORE KNOWN A PARACHEUX TO DO THIS SORT OF THING!

WELL, THEN...



JANINE!... CAN I DO ANYTHING FOR YOU?

HEAVENS!... MY HUSBAND!... OOH... BALUTIN, MY LOVE, SAVE ME!



I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! SHE SHOULD BE SCREAMING FOR HELP, WHIMPERING, EVEN FAINTING. INSTEAD SHE CALLS, "BALUTIN, MY LOVE!"

THAT MUST BE HIS NAME! TO THE PARACHEUX "BALUTIN"!

INDEED, THE PARACHEUX SEEMS TO HAVE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH THE WOMAN AND VICE VERSA!... BESIDES, LOOK!... HIS TENTACLES ARE TURN-

ING PINK! ... YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS!



ARE YOU SURE THAT SHE ISN'T IN ANY DANGER?...

CERTAINLY! THE PARACHEUX IS A VERY SWEET BEING!

IT IS SAID THAT ONE DAY, A PARACHEUX AND A BOULAINNE FELL IN LOVE WITH ONE ANOTHER. NOW, THAT'S TRUE!

LOOK THERE!... THEY'RE ALREADY DRIFTING OUT TO SEA.

SO MY JANINE HAS FLOATED OFF WITH A PARACHEUX! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT. I'LL NEVER GET USED TO IT... HM... THE MOST DIFFICULT THING WILL BE EXPLAINING ALL THIS TO THE AUTHORITIES... AND TO HER MOTHER!

GOOD-BYE, MAN... AND DON'T WORRY ANYMORE ABOUT THE WOMAN. SHE'S FLOATING ON THE WINGS OF LOVE NOW, THROUGH THE GOLDEN OCEANS OF PHENIXON. THE WOMAN WILL BE THE HAPPIEST OF WOMEN AND THE PARACHEUX WILL

BE THE HAPPIEST OF PARACHEUX! GOOD-BYE!

SO BE IT... WELL, GOOD-BYE.

BUT BALUTIN... EVEN SO, MY MOTHER DOES HAVE THE RIGHT TO SPEND A COUPLE OF WEEKS WITH US!

BUT... CERTAINLY... YOU UNDERSTAND! IT'S HER MATERNAL RIGHT!

I DON'T LIKE THE TONE OF YOUR VOICE!

WHAT?... WHAT TONE?...

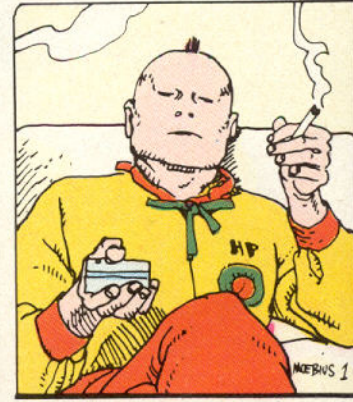
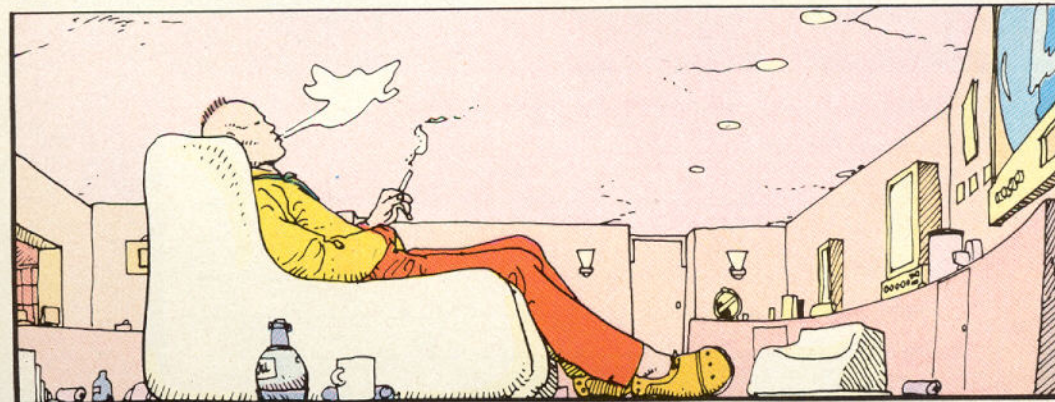
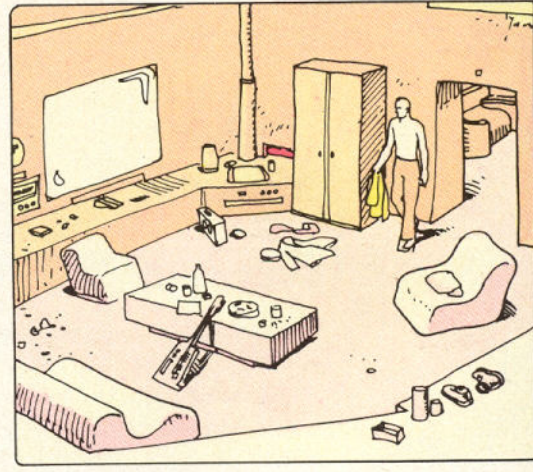
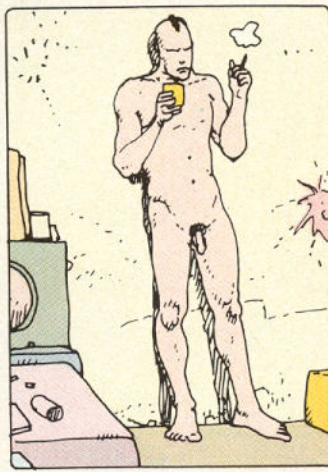
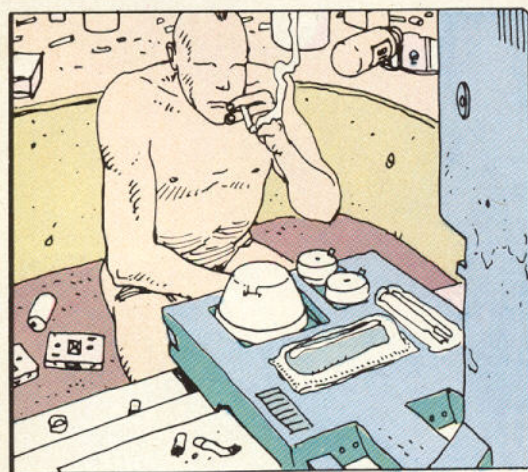
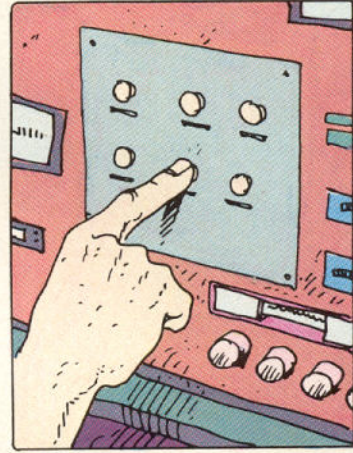
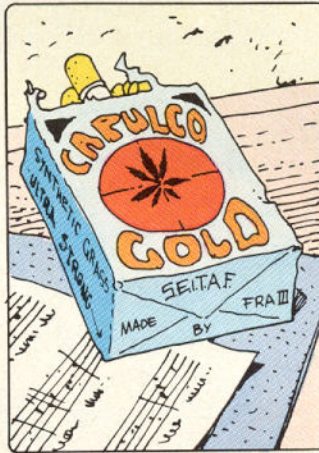
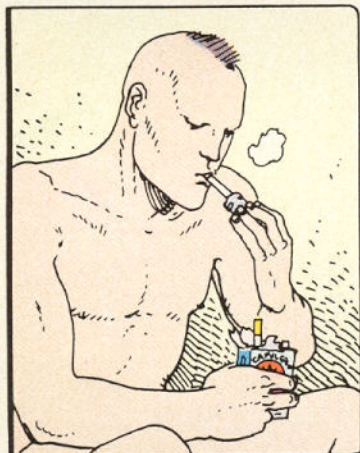
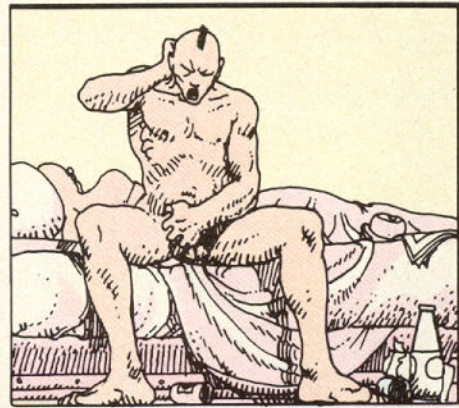
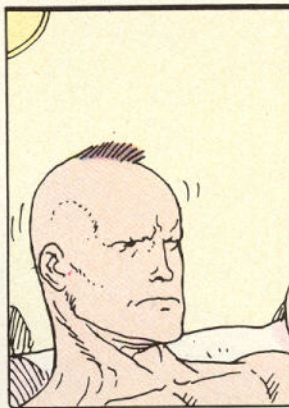
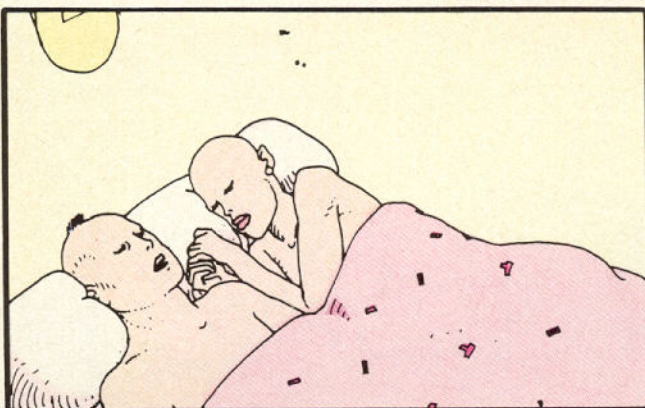
IT'S A TONE YOU GET THAT DISPLEASES ME, BALUTIN!...

PFFF...

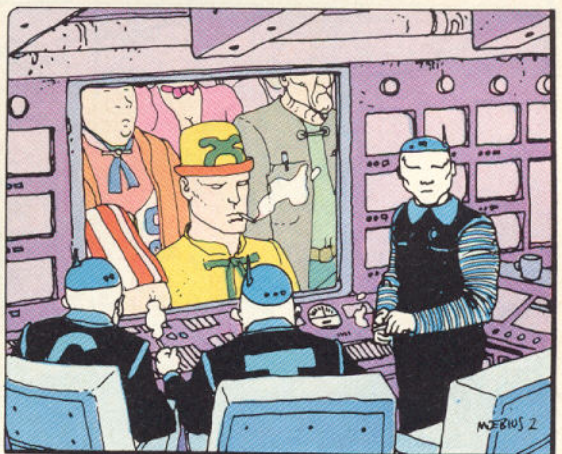
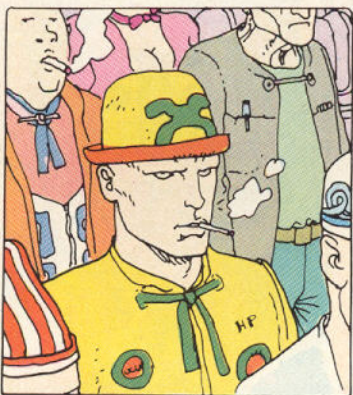
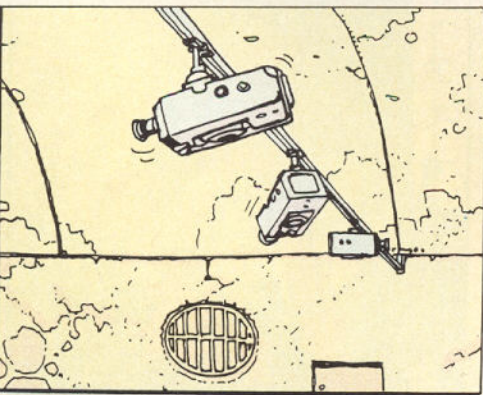
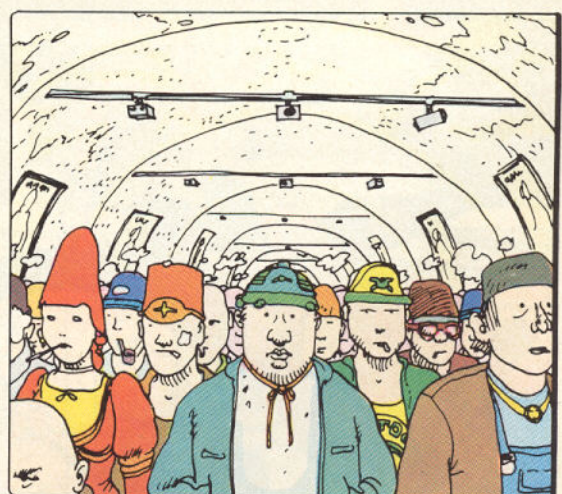
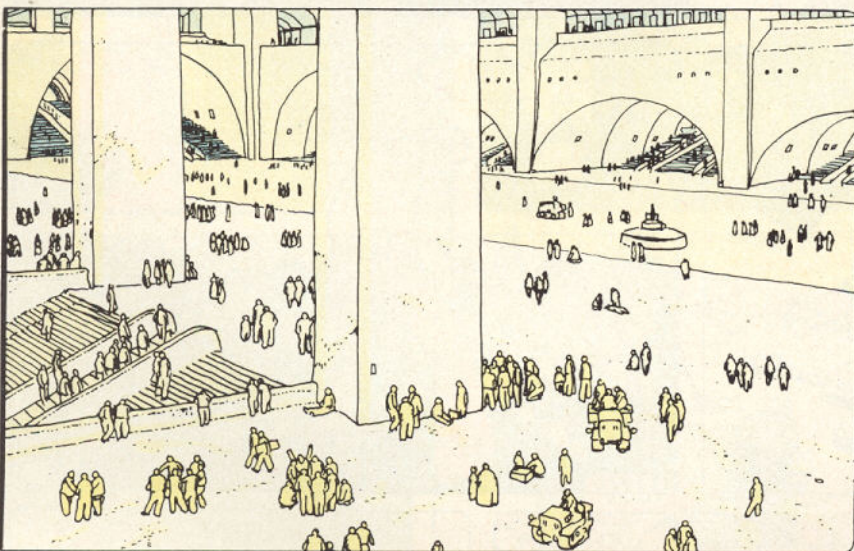
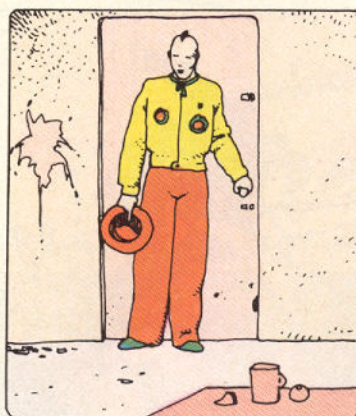
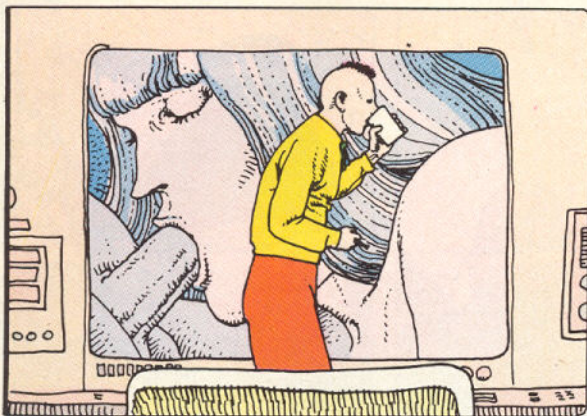
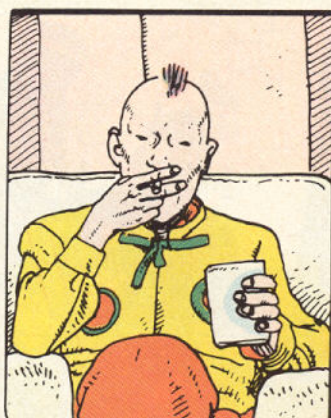
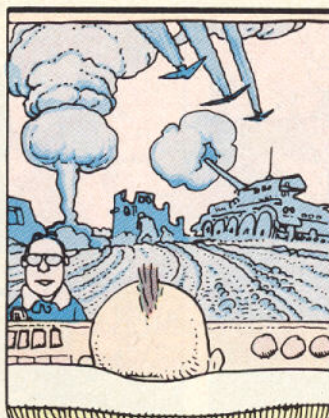
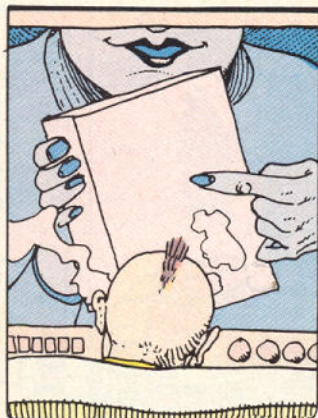
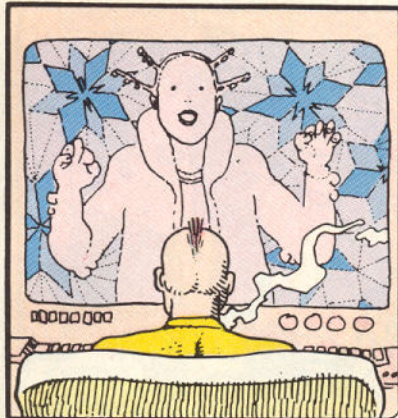
END



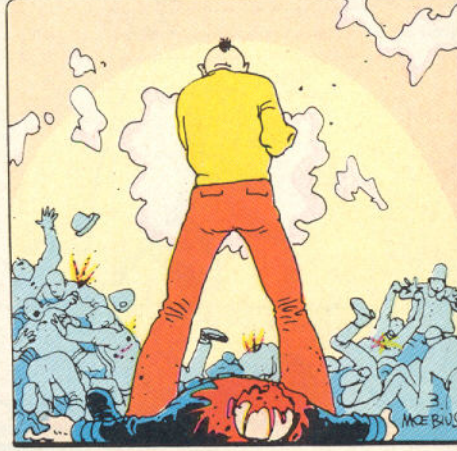
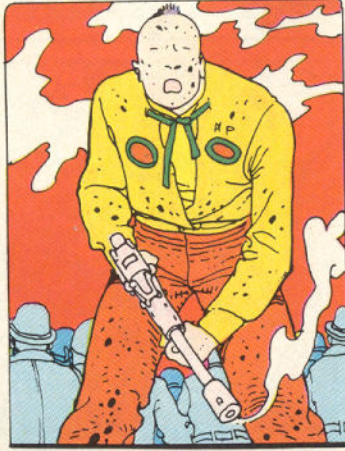
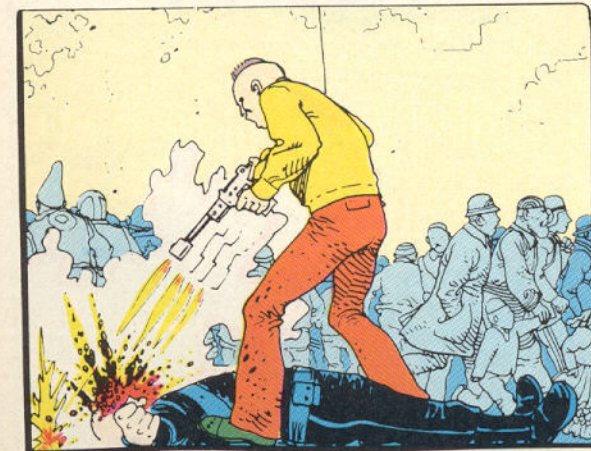
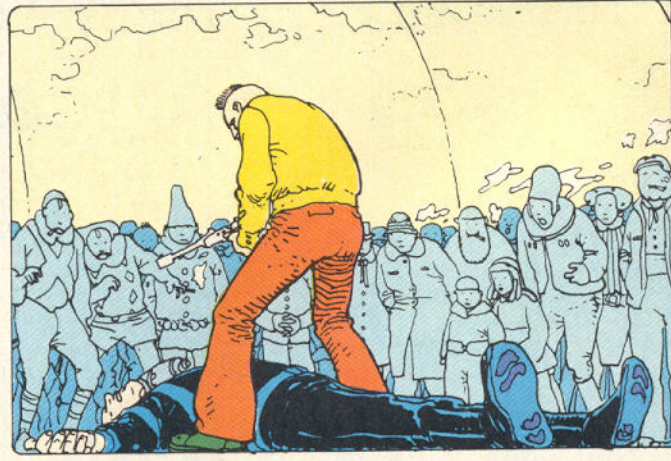
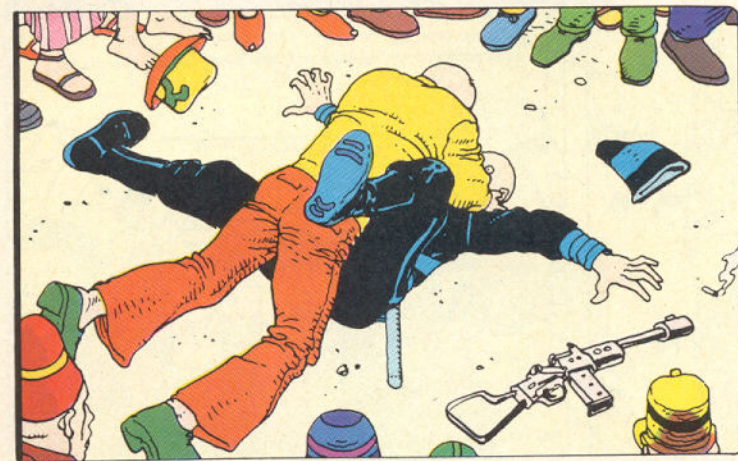
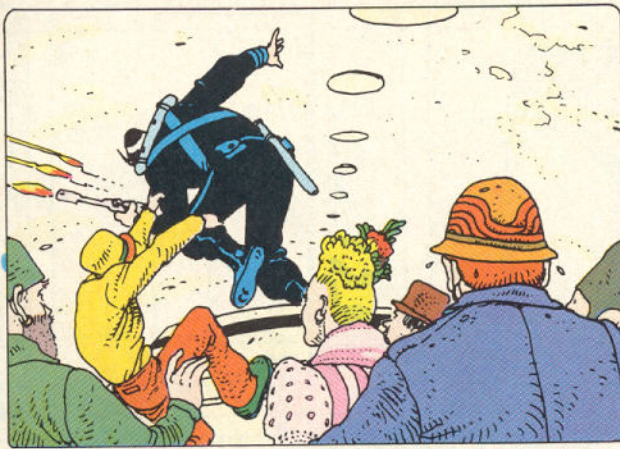
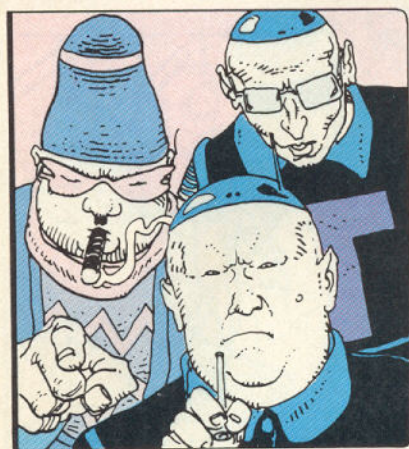
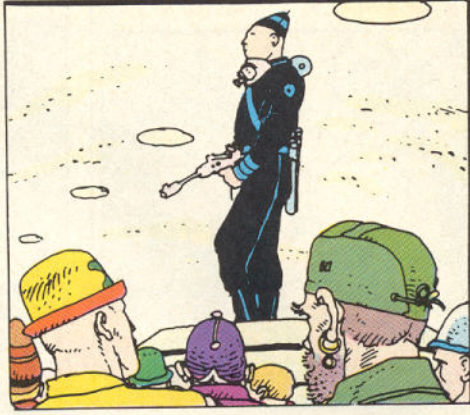
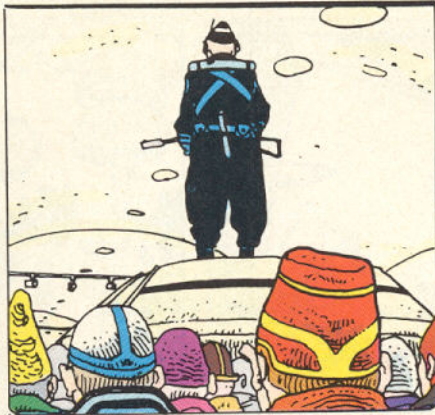
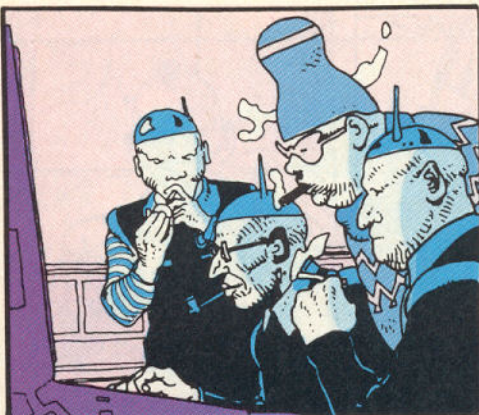
# ROCK CITY



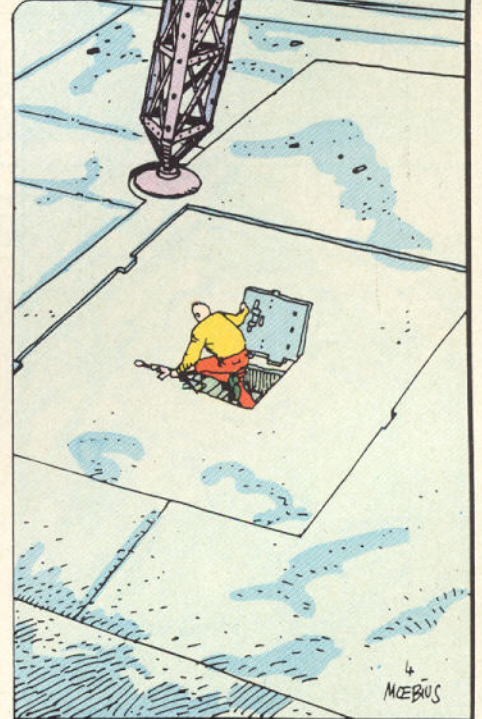
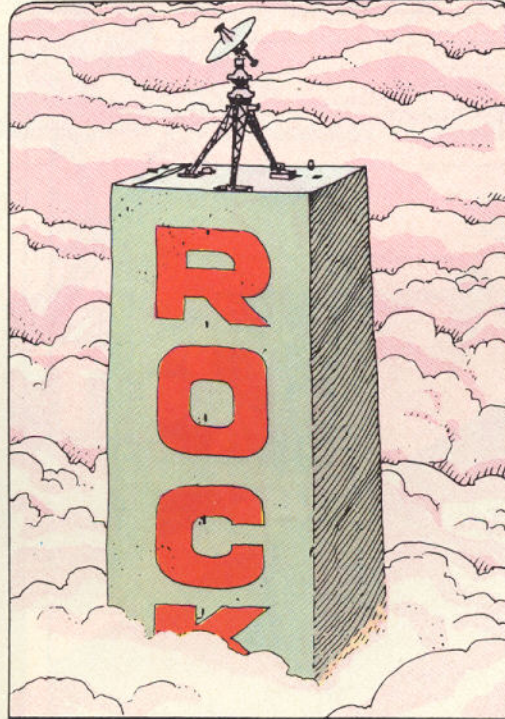
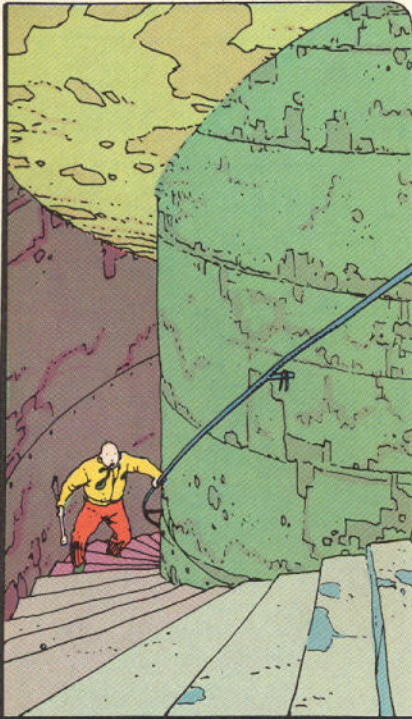
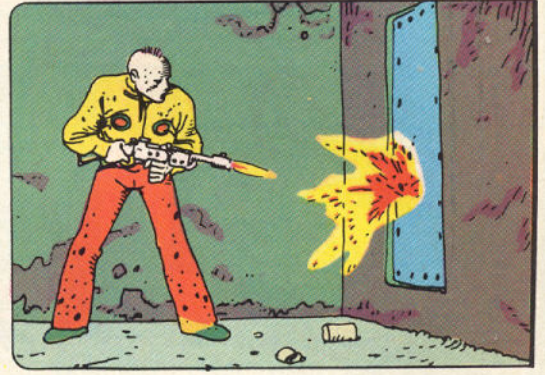
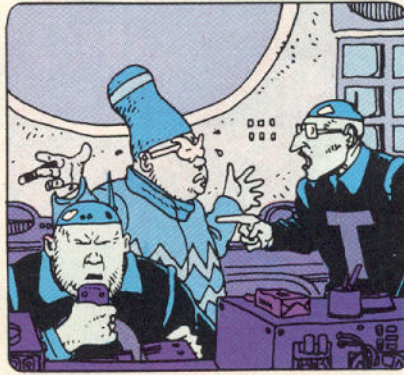
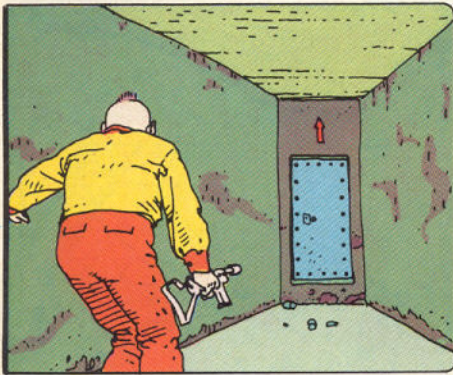
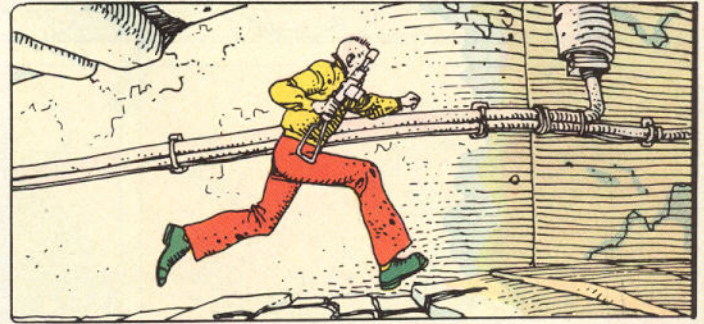
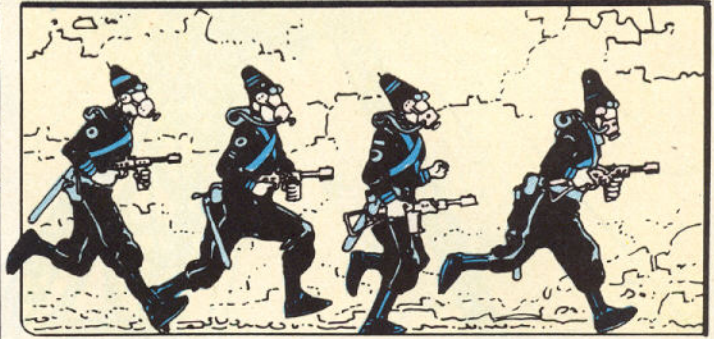
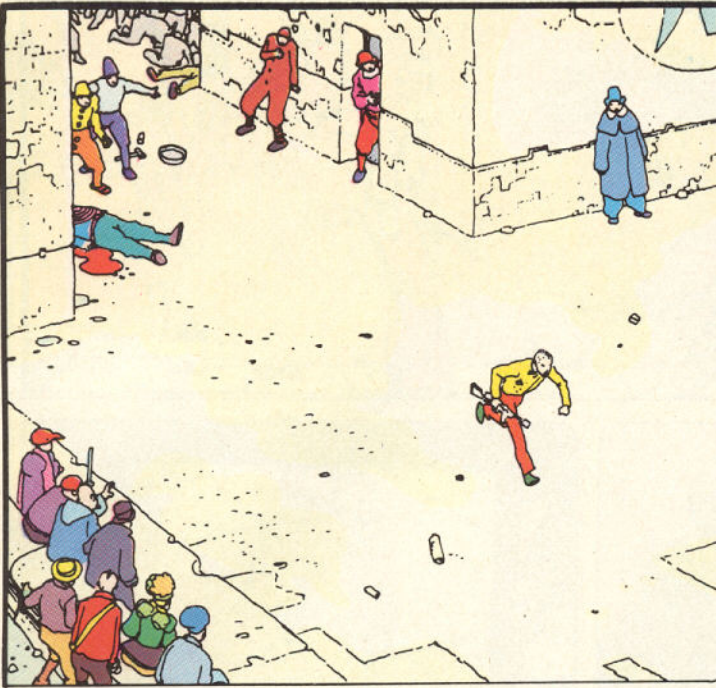




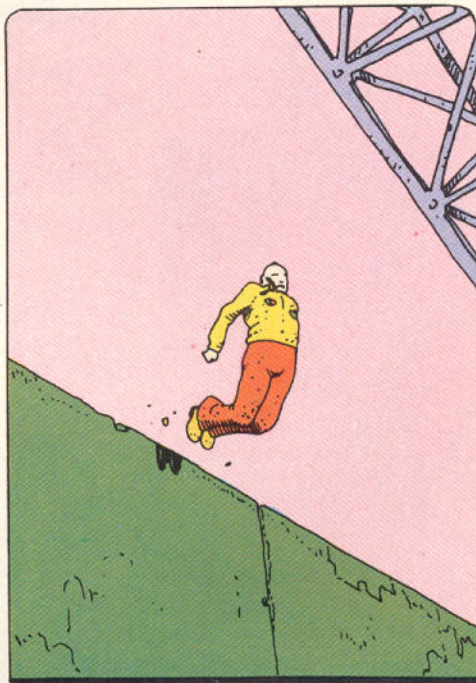
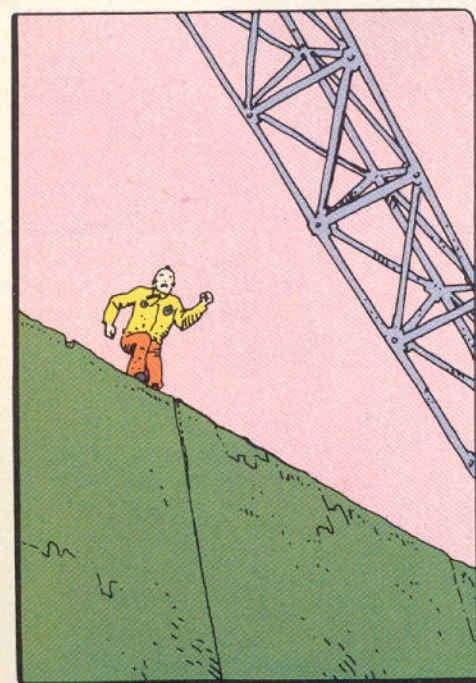
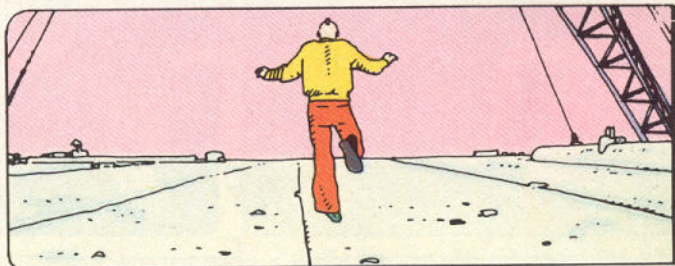
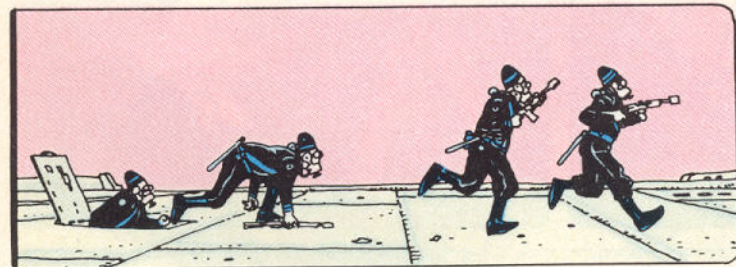
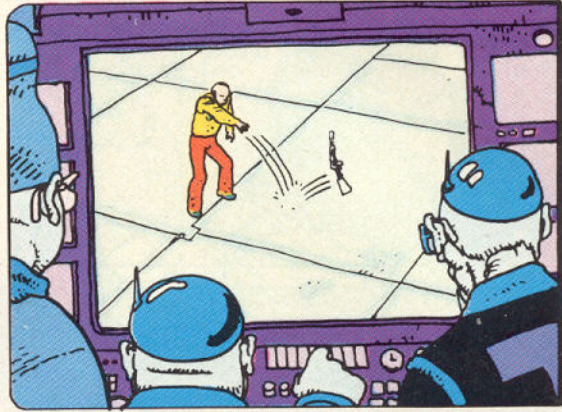
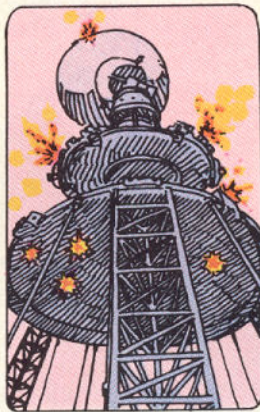
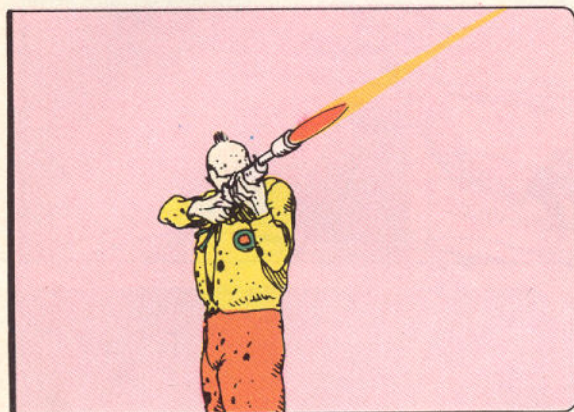
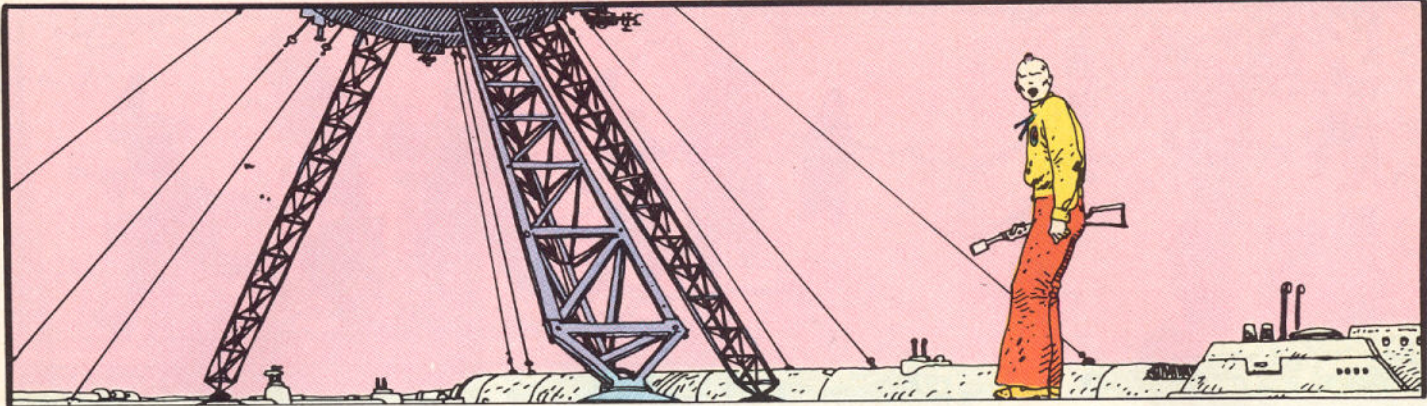




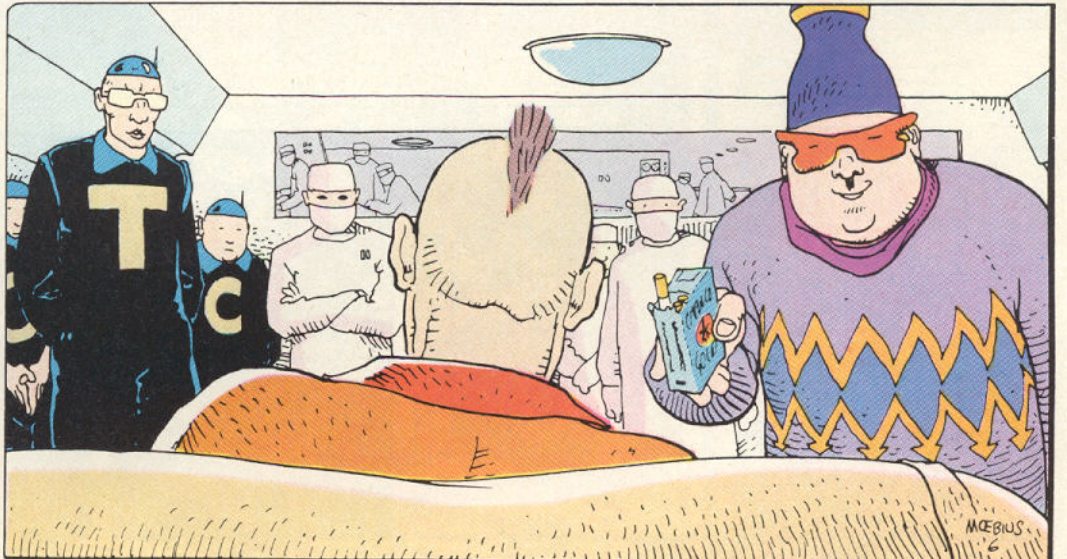
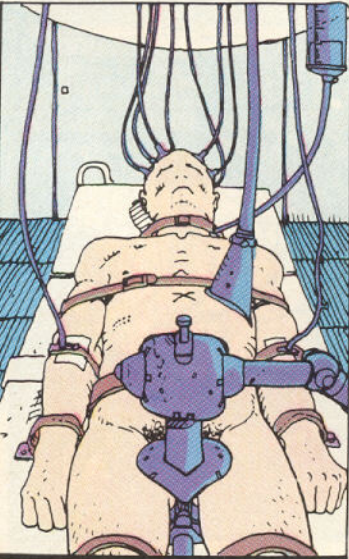
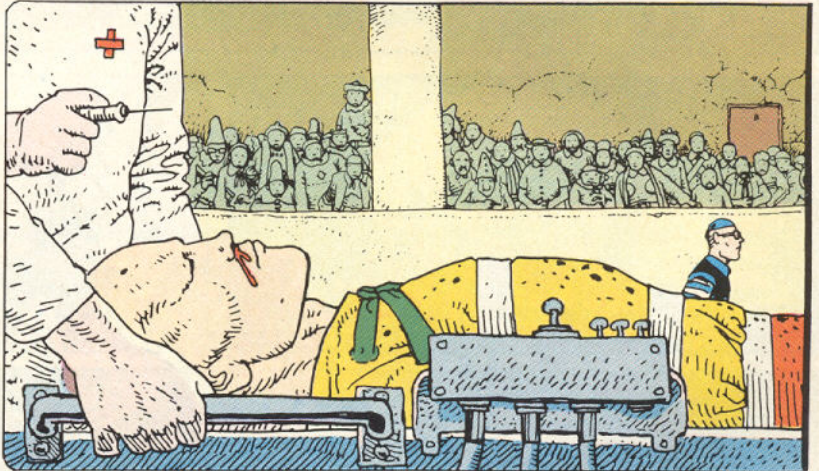
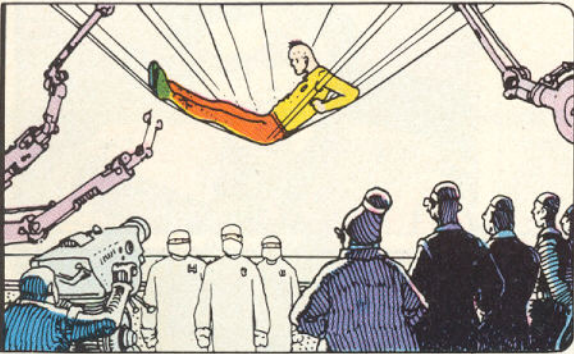
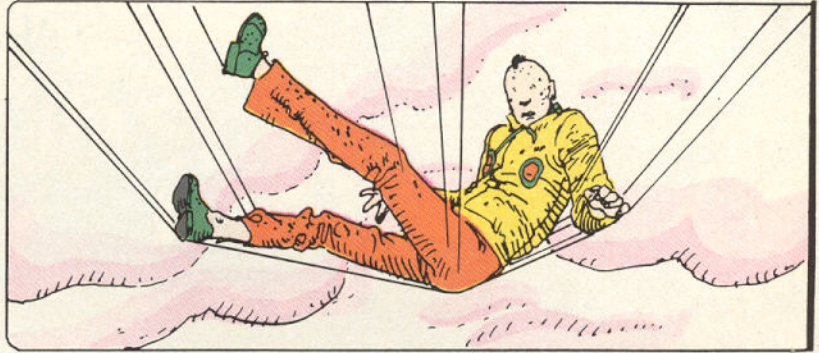
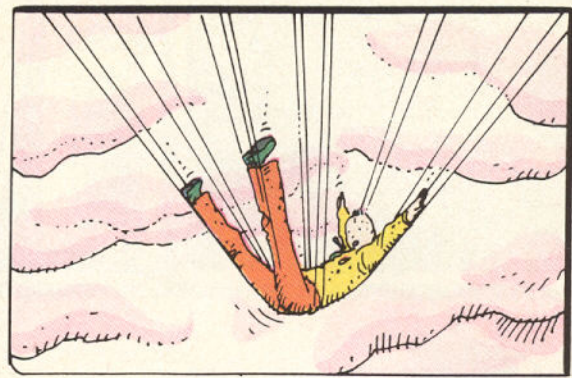
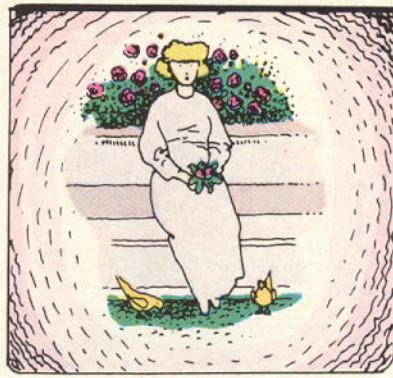
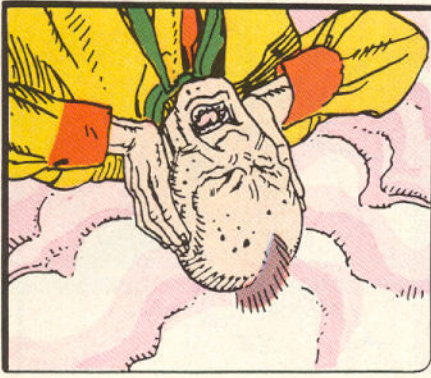




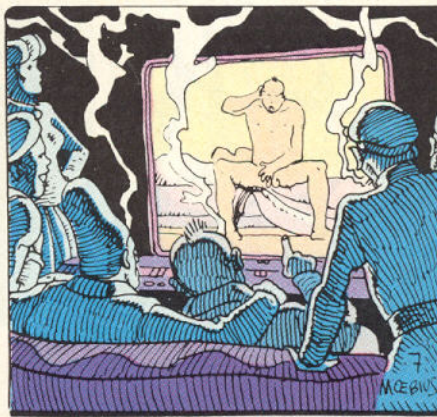
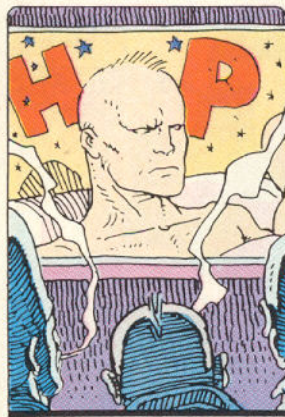
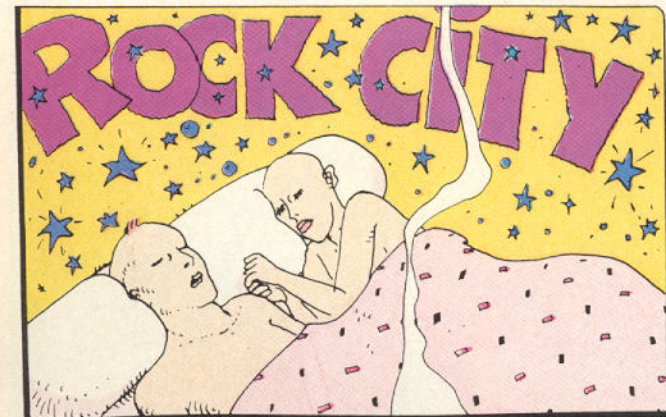
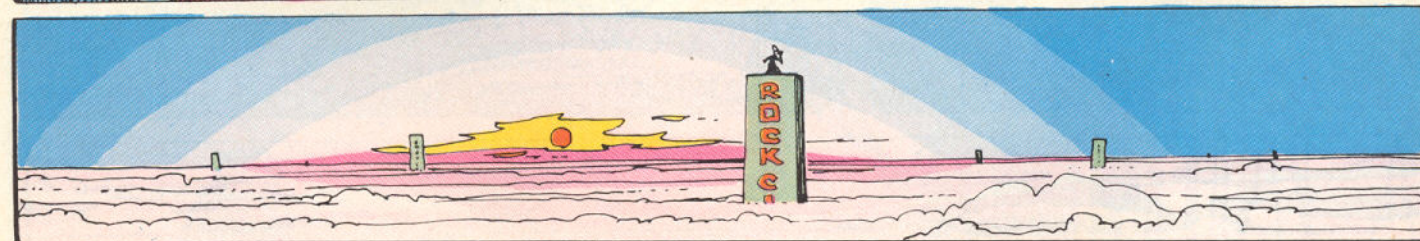
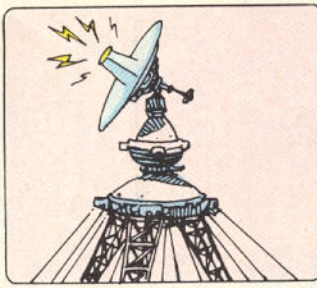
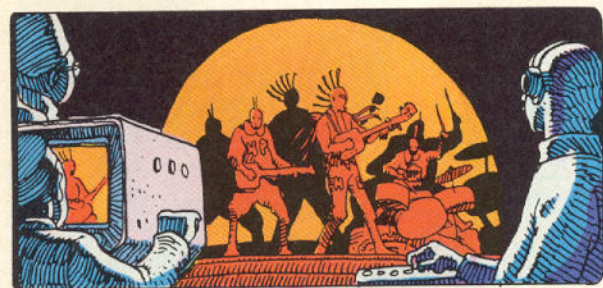
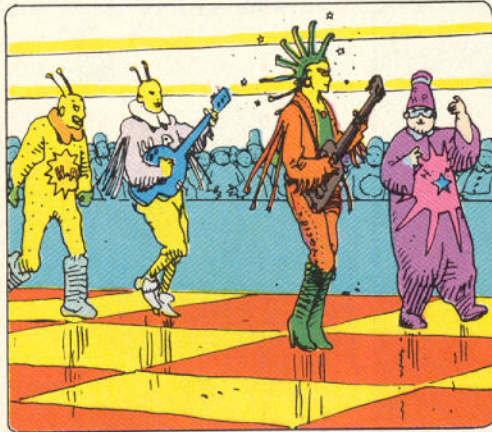
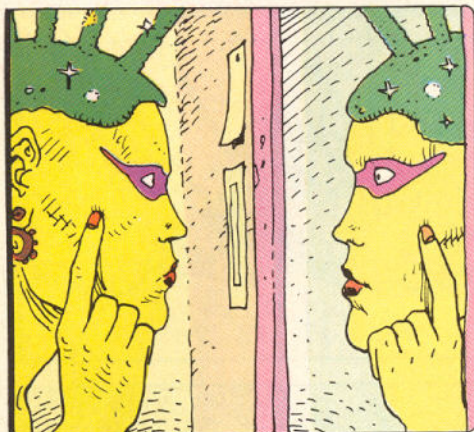
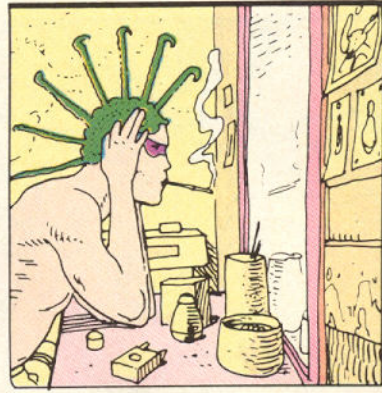
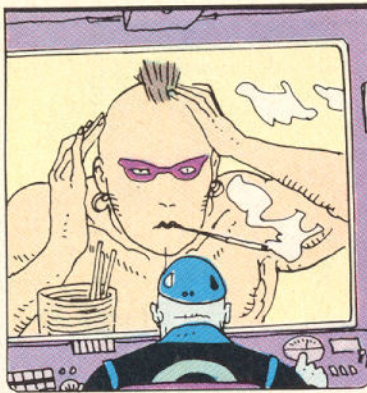
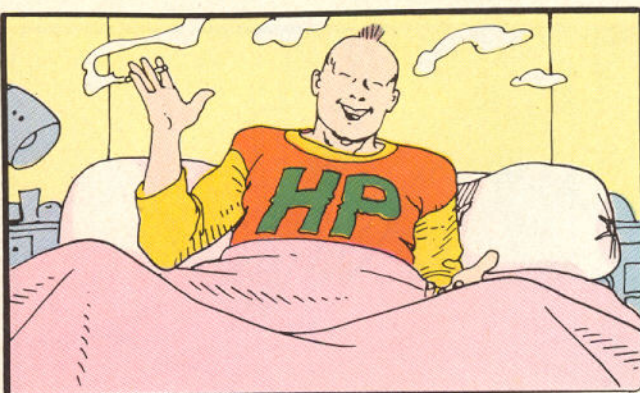










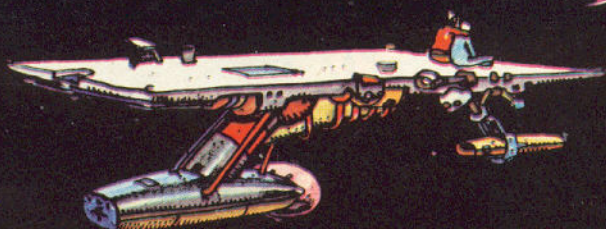


FIN.

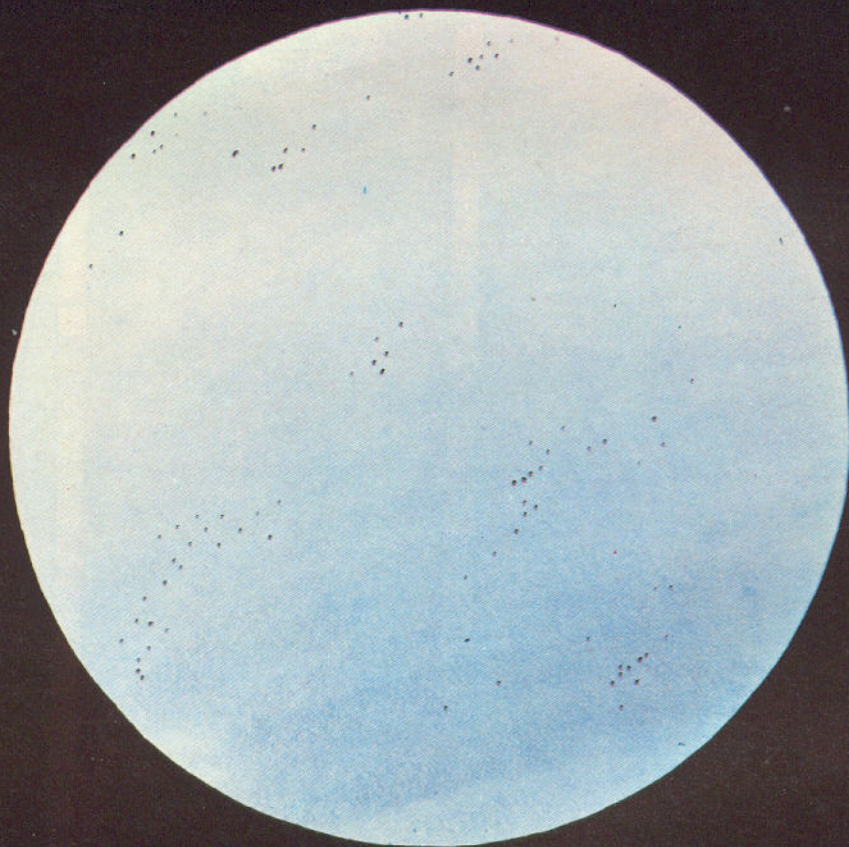


# *It's a Small Universe*

FANTASTIC! IT'S  
EXACTLY THE TYPE  
OF PLANET WE'VE  
BEEN LOOKING  
FOR!



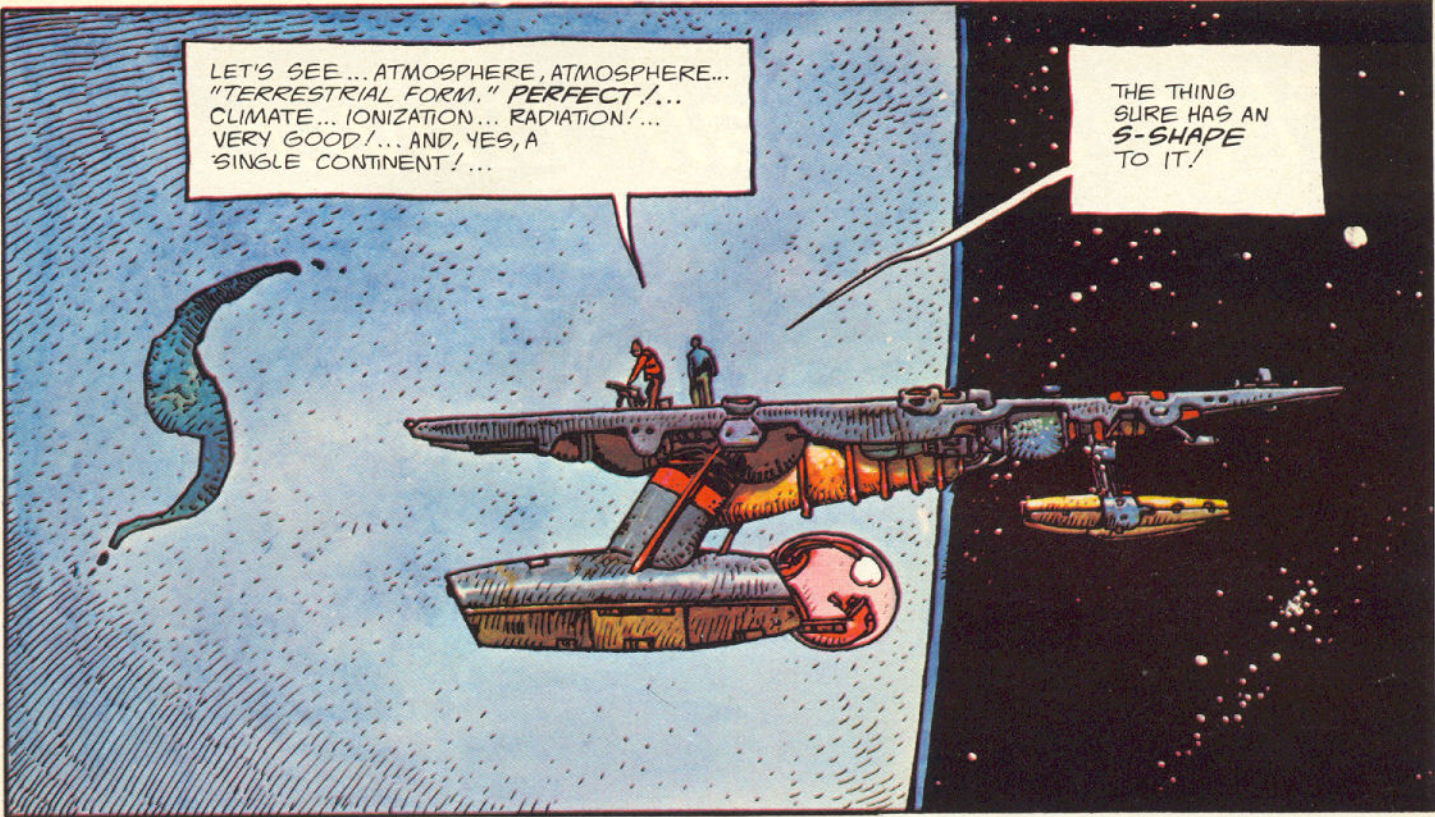
WHAT  
DOES THE  
**SONAR**  
SAY,  
HONEY?...  
...



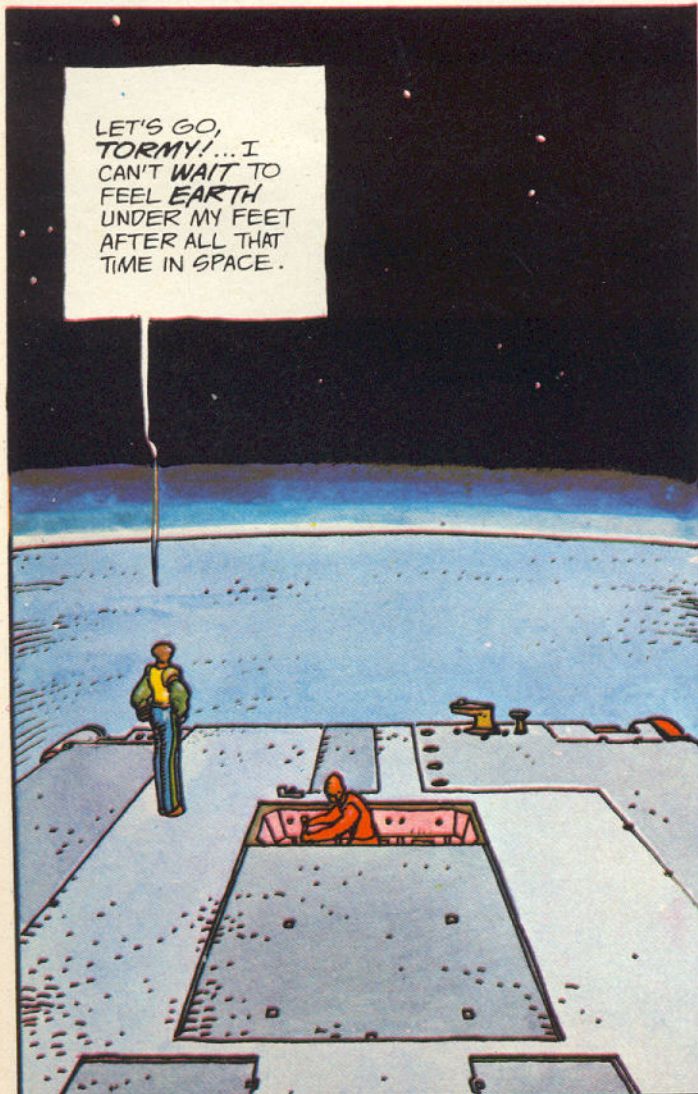


LET'S SEE... ATMOSPHERE, ATMOSPHERE...  
"TERRESTRIAL FORM." *PERFECT!*...  
CLIMATE... IONIZATION... RADIATION!...  
VERY GOOD!... AND, YES, A  
SINGLE CONTINENT!...

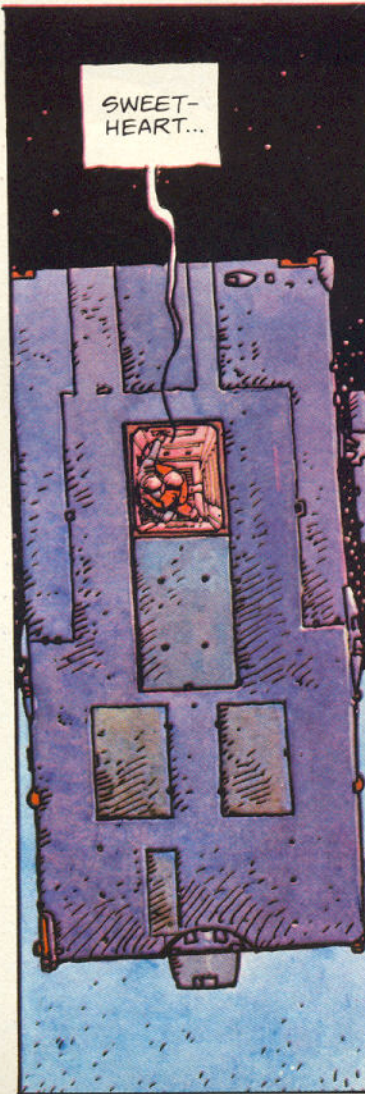
THE THING  
SURE HAS AN  
*S-SHAPE*  
TO IT!



LET'S GO,  
*TORMY!*... I  
CAN'T *WAIT* TO  
FEEL *EARTH*  
UNDER MY FEET  
AFTER ALL THAT  
TIME IN SPACE.

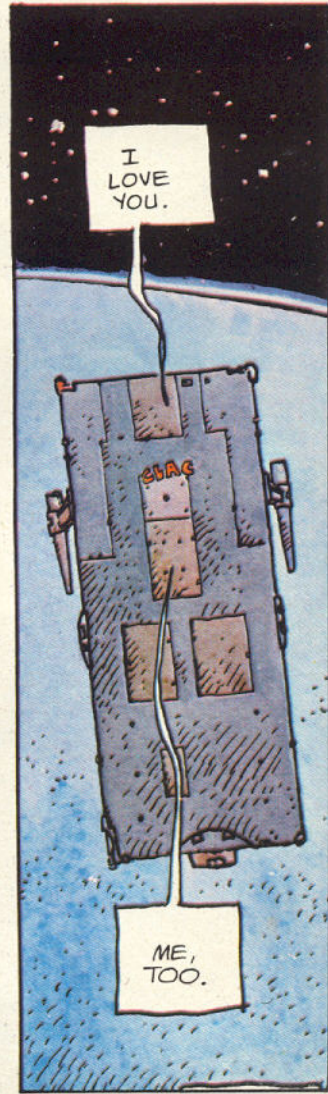


SWEET-  
HEART...

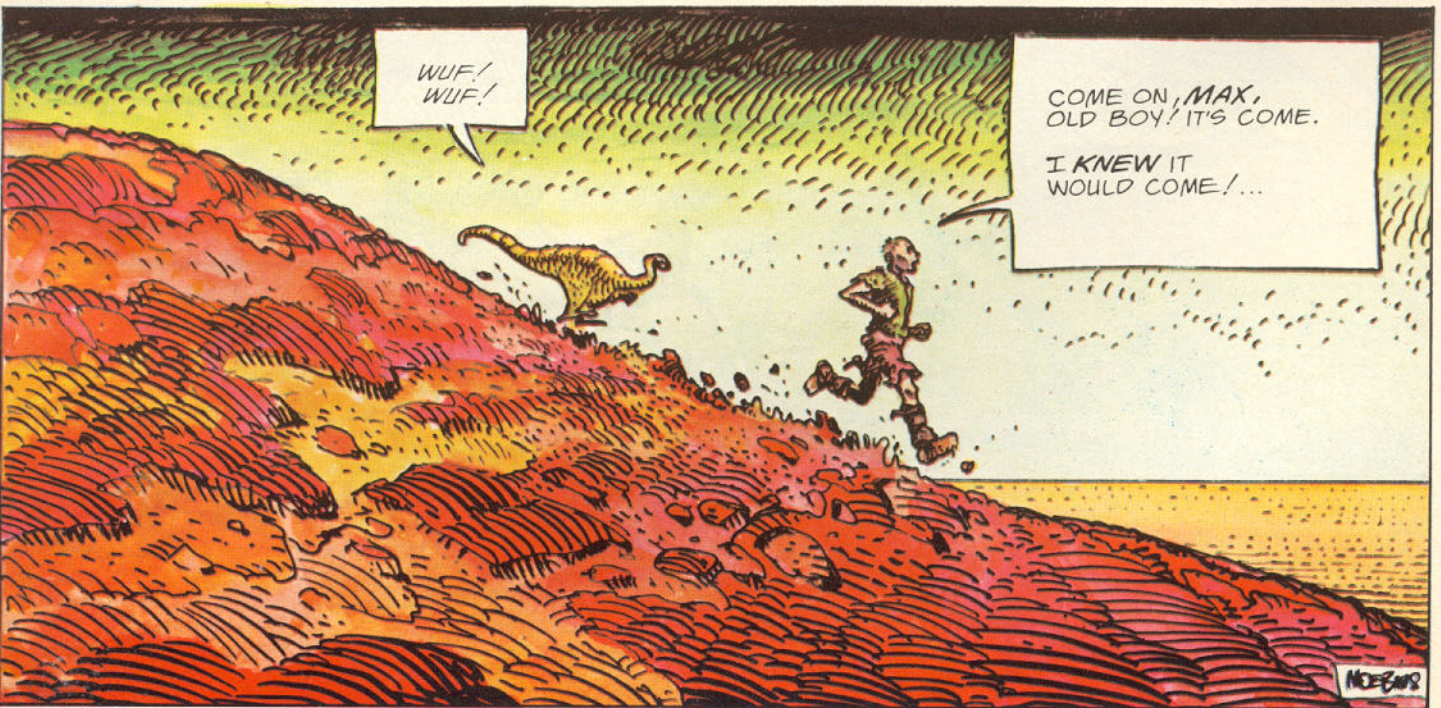
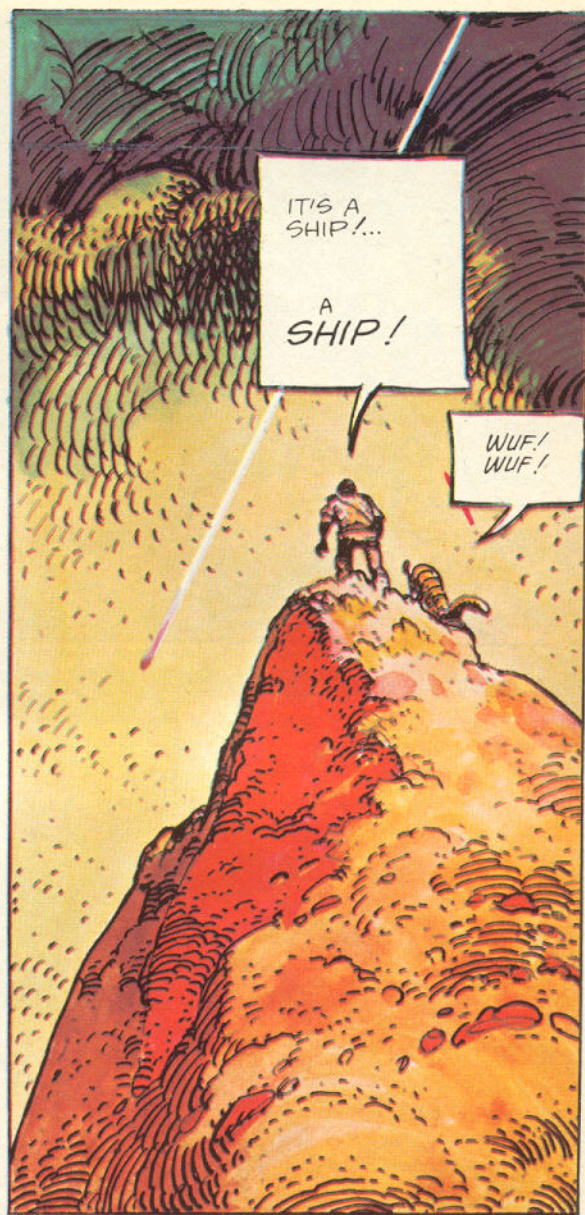
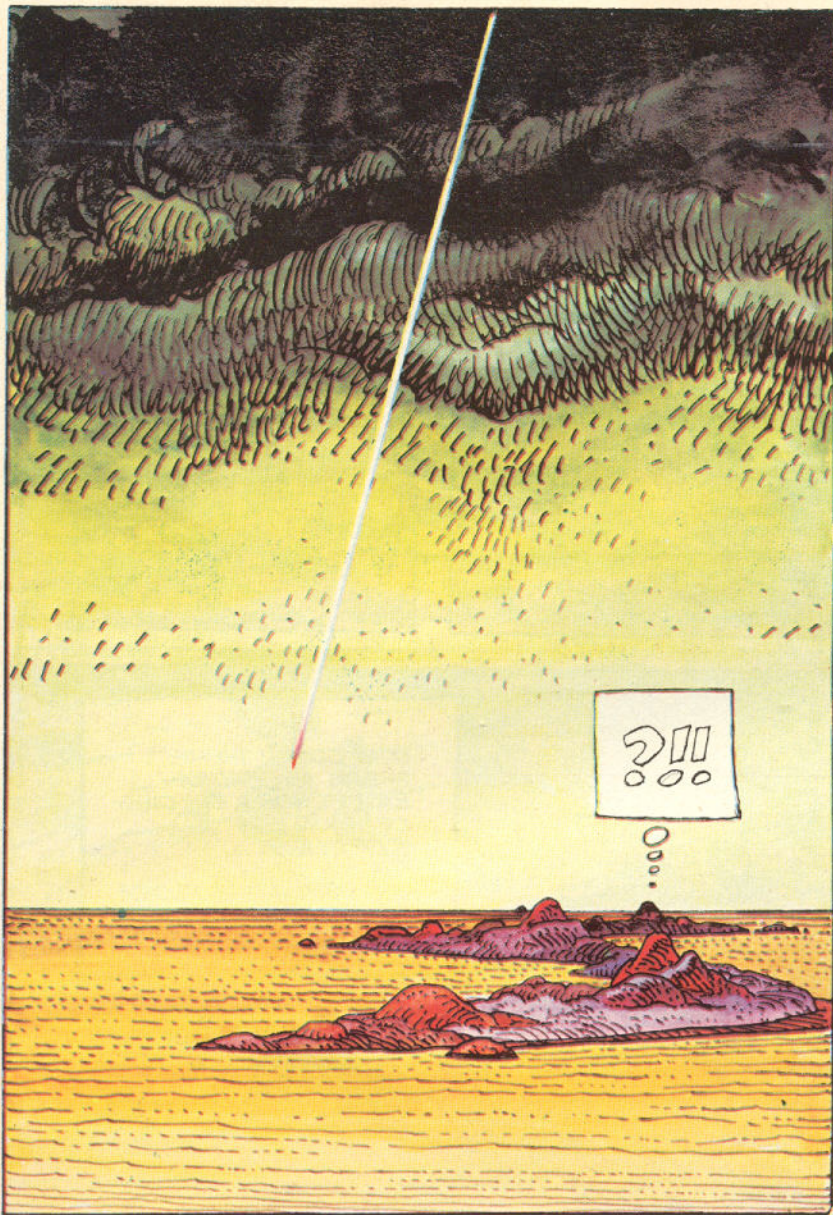


I  
LOVE  
YOU.

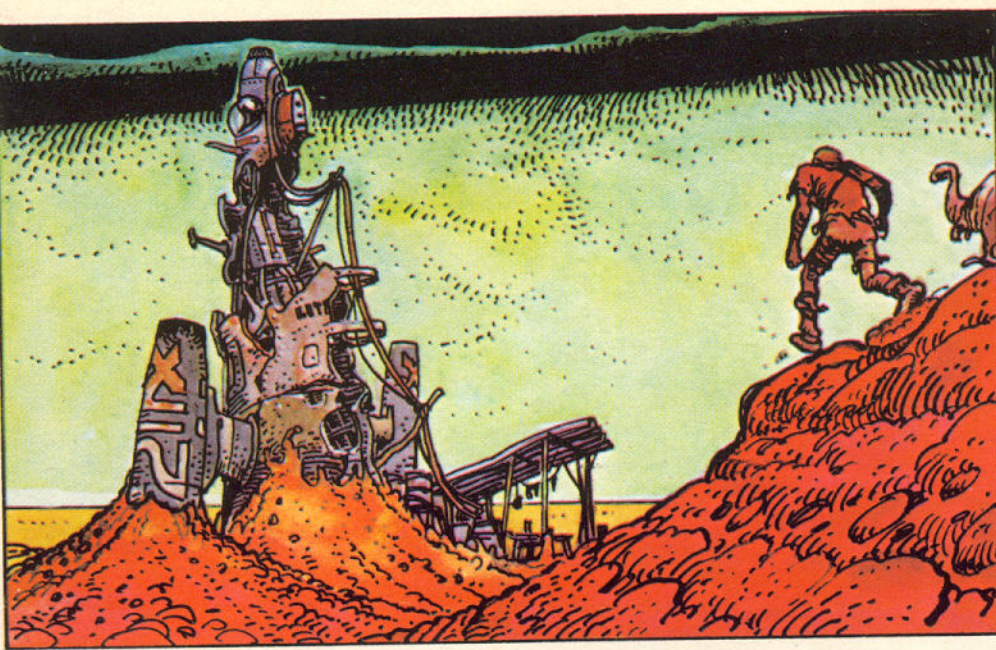
ME,  
TOO.



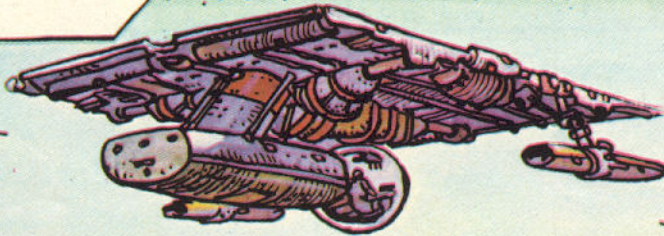






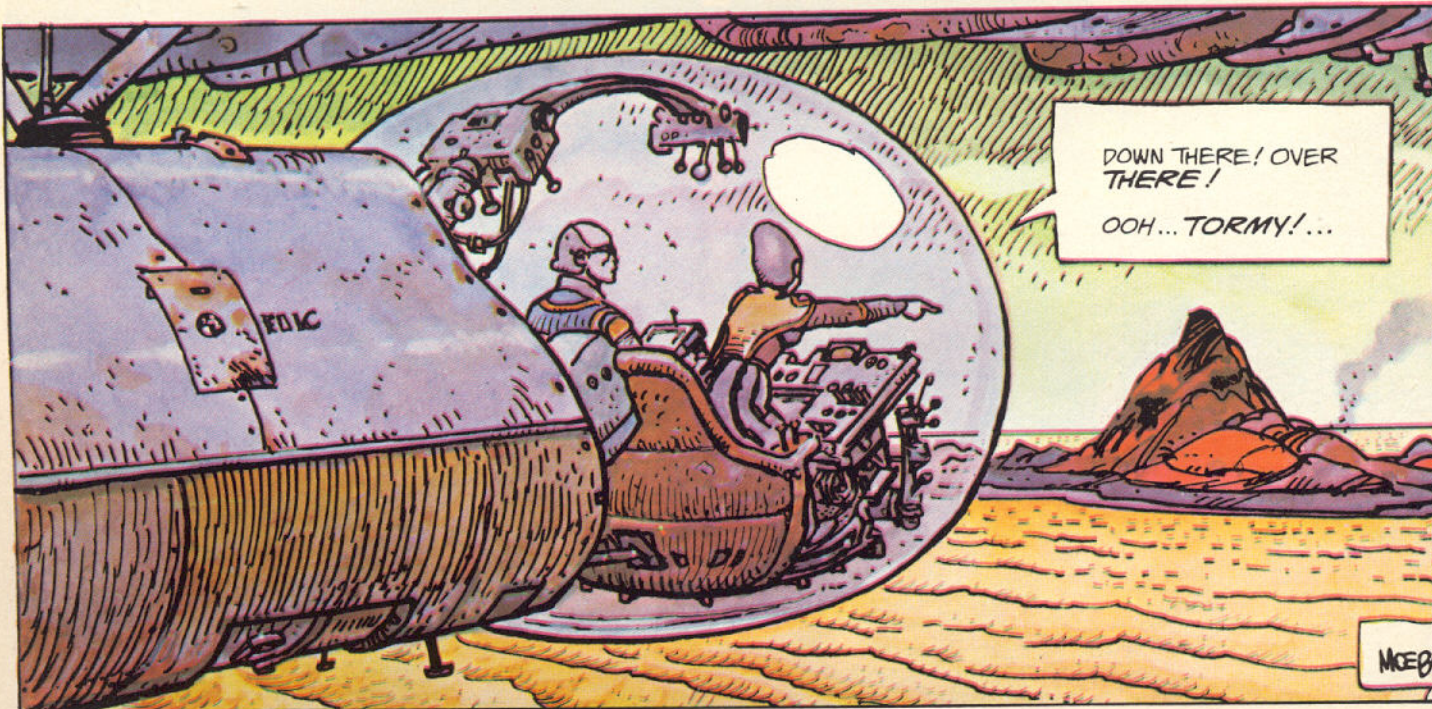


I HOPE THERE WON'T  
BE SOME BAD-  
TEMPERED  
INHABITANT...



STAY COOL! THERE  
AREN'T ANY *FAUNA*  
EXCEPT FOR A SPECIES  
OF HARMLESS  
*REPTILES*...

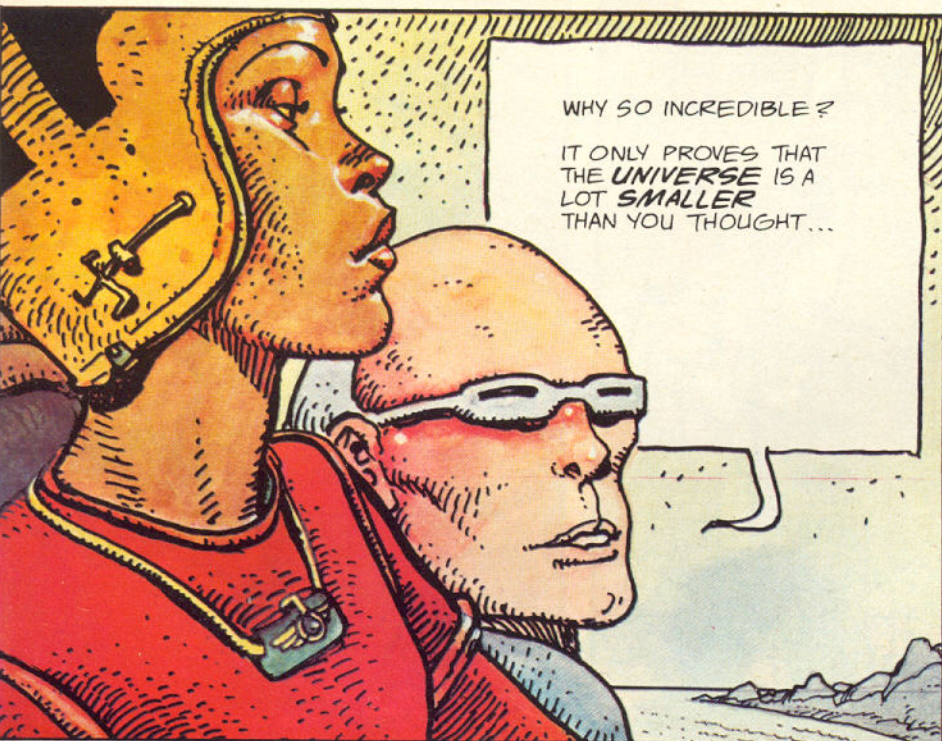
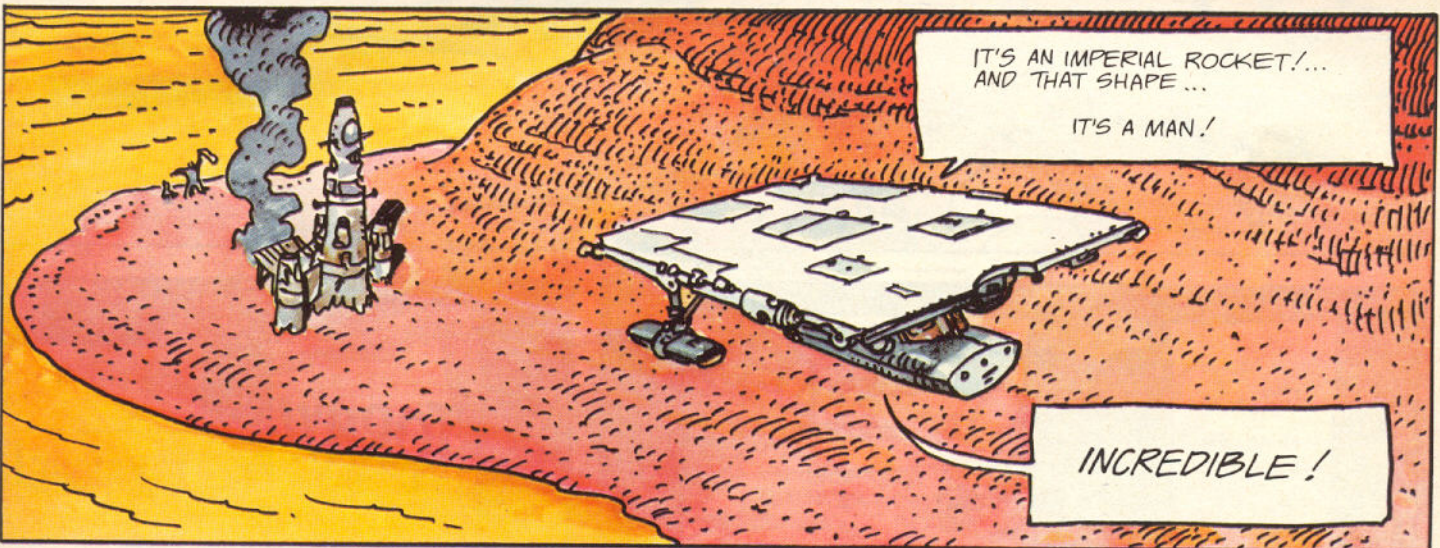
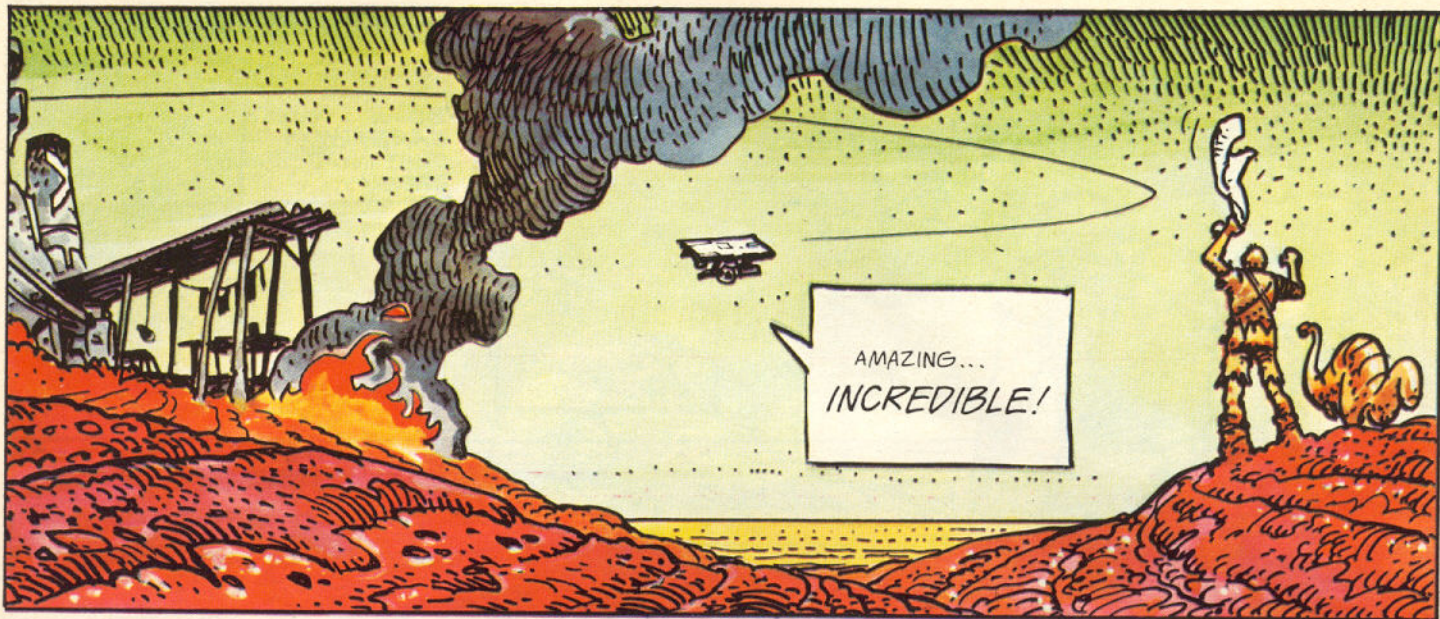
AND AS FOR THE *FLORA*,  
IT'S PRACTICALLY...



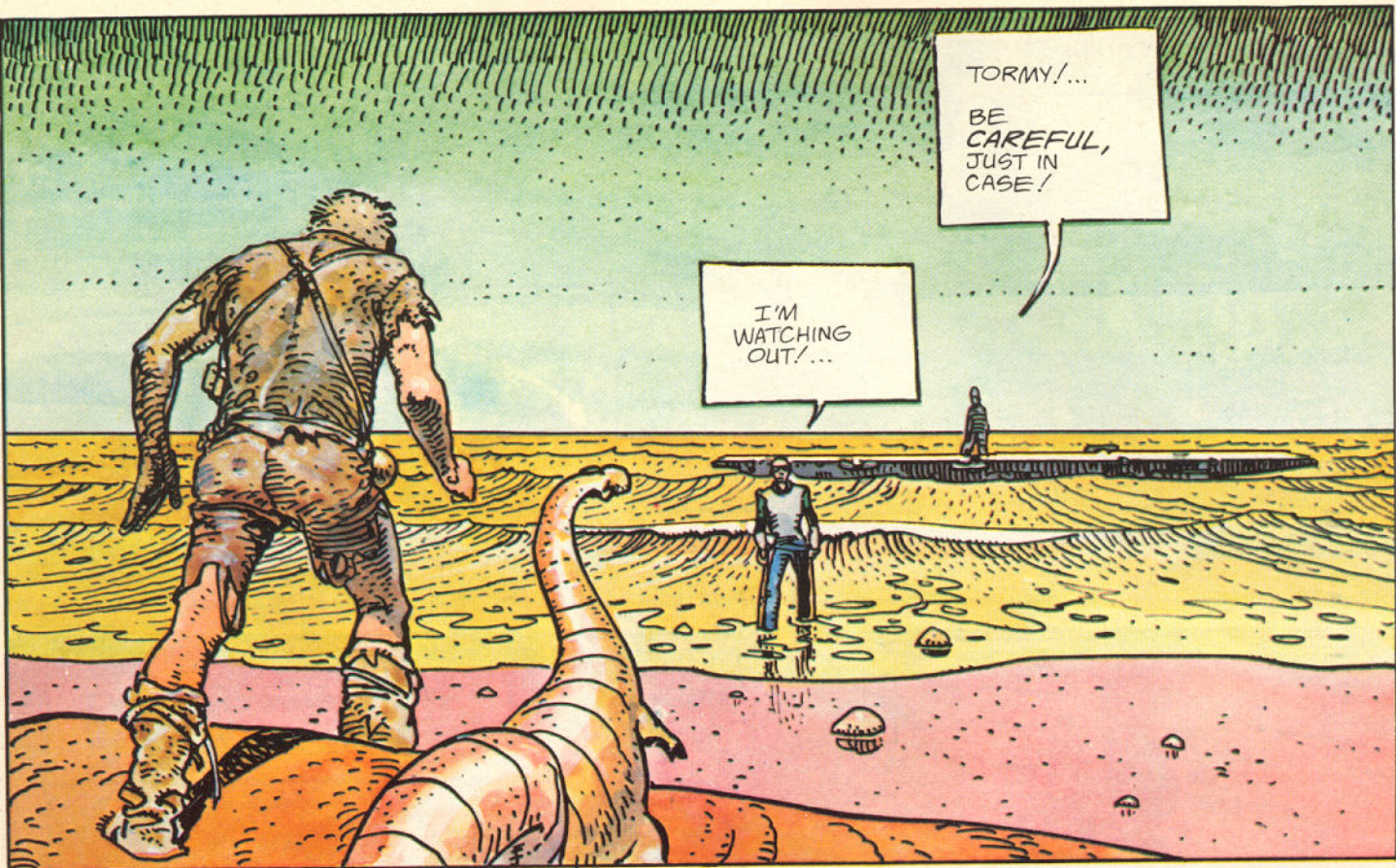
DOWN THERE! OVER  
THERE!

OOH... *TORMY*!...









TORMY!...

BE  
CAREFUL,  
JUST IN  
CASE!

I'M  
WATCHING  
OUT!...



IT'S ...  
IT MUST  
BE ...  
OH,  
NO!

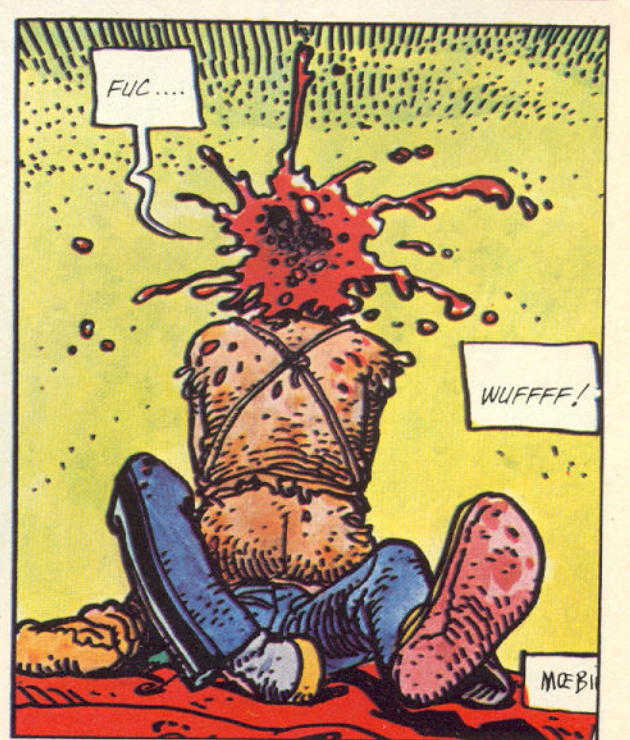
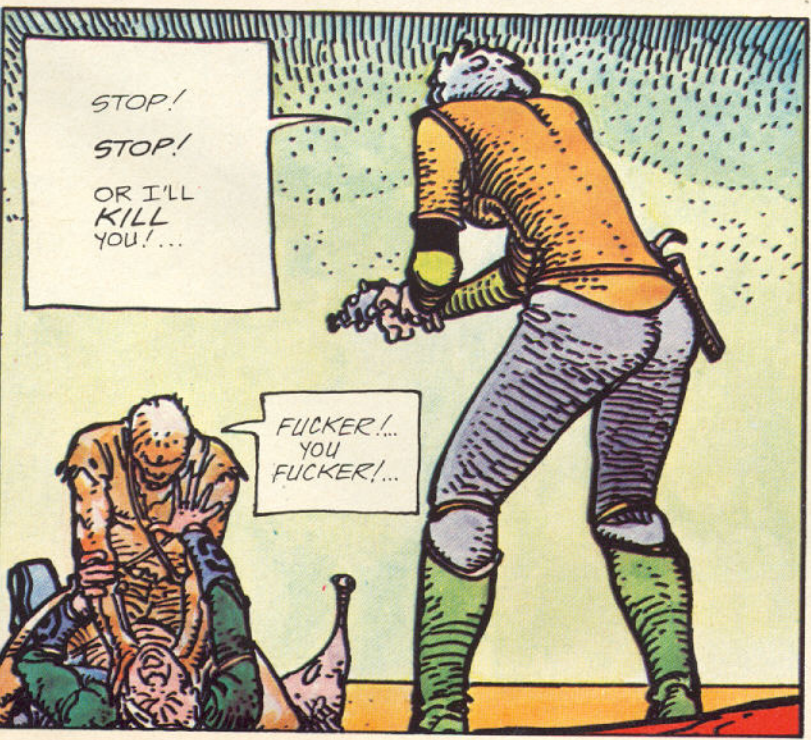
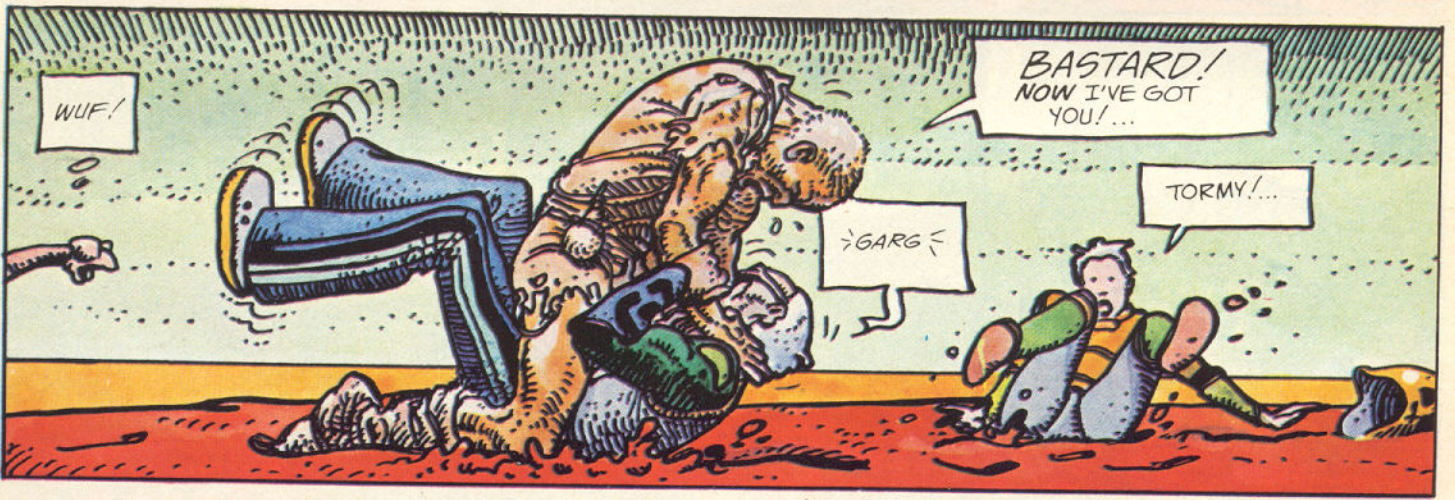
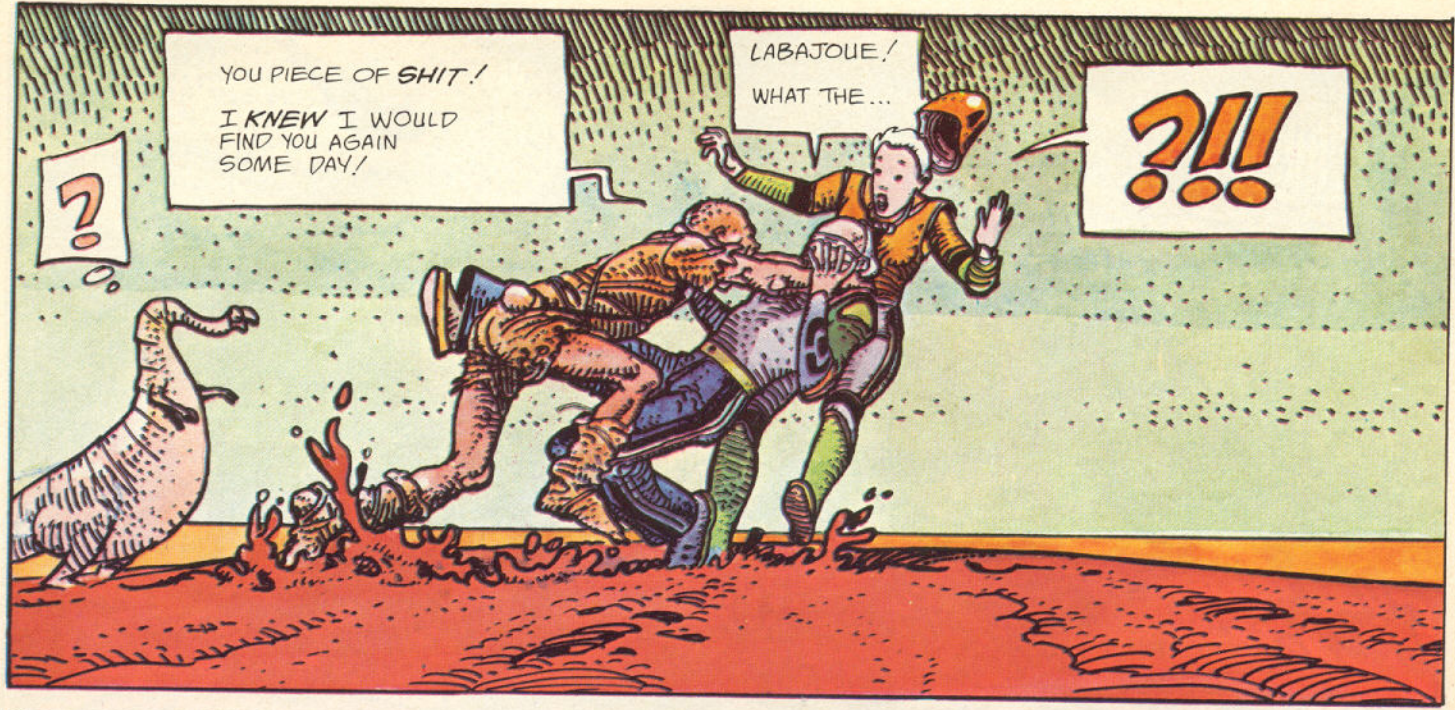
WE'RE VERY ...  
HAP... YOU'RE ...  
IT'S STRANGE,  
BUT YOU REMIND  
ME OF...



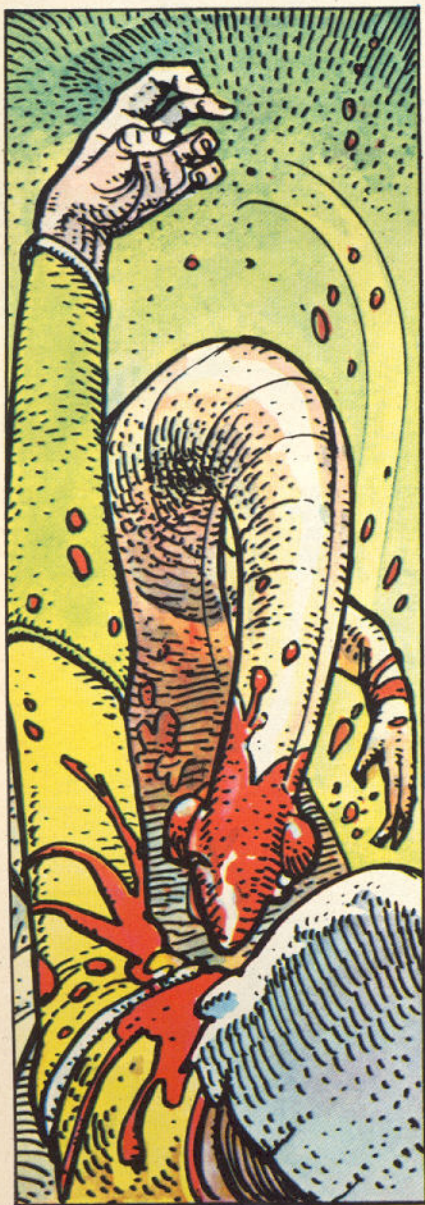
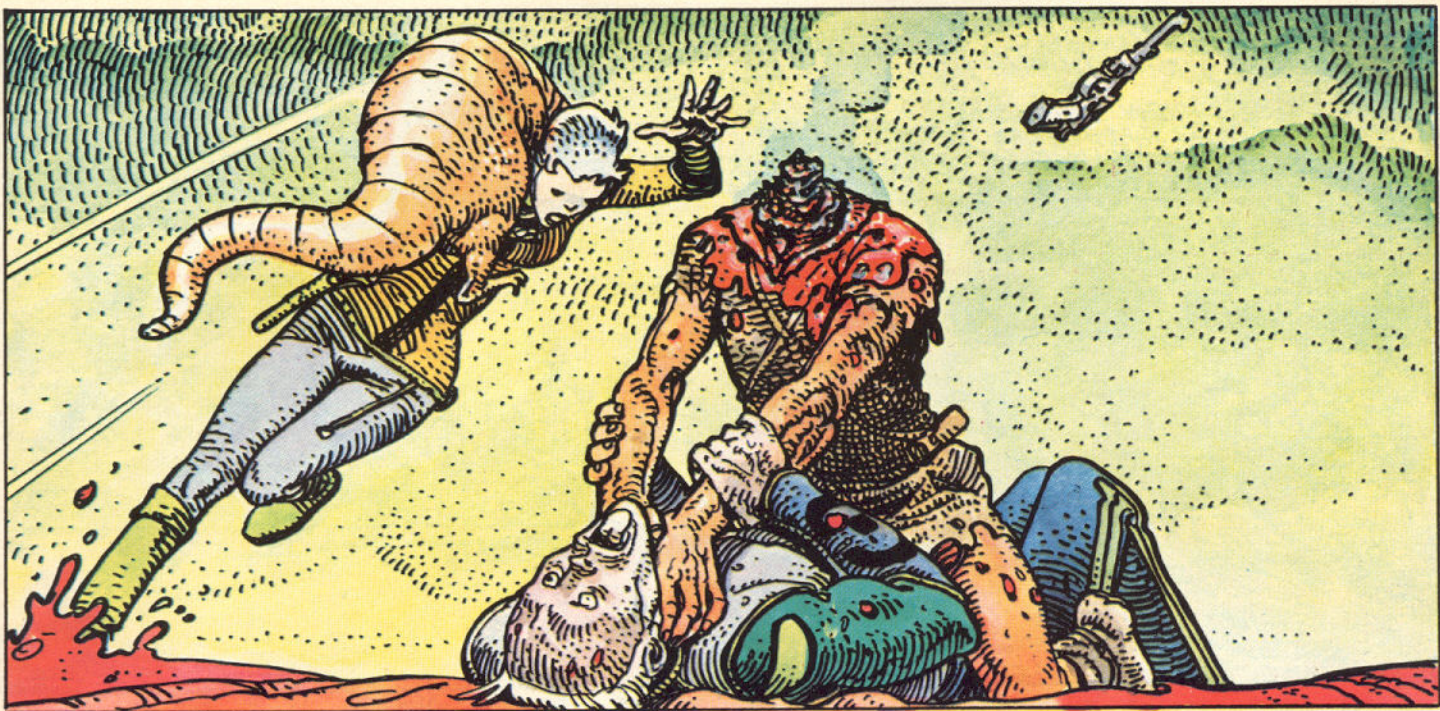
**TORMY!**

**LABAJOUÉ!**







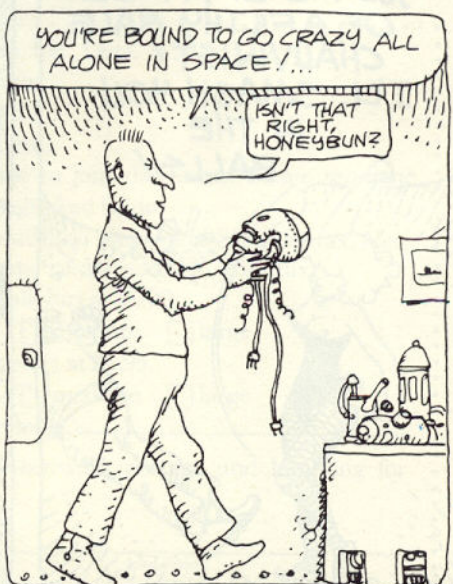
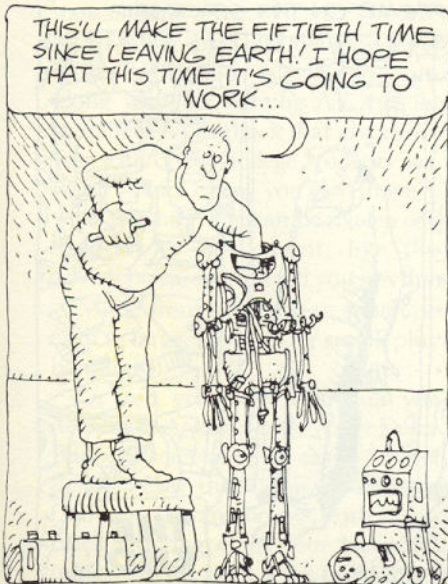
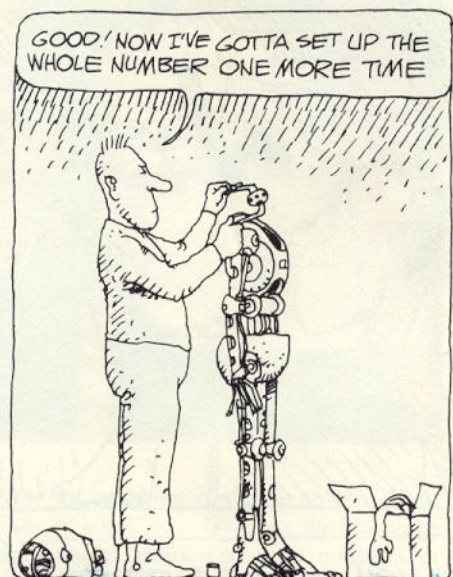
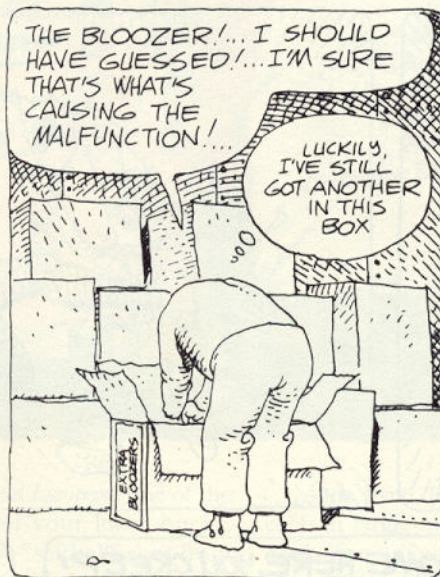
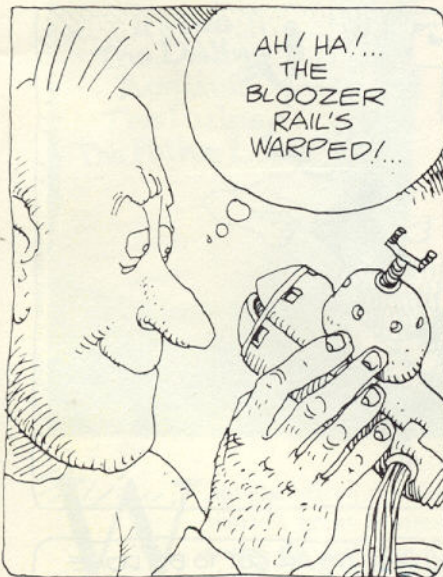
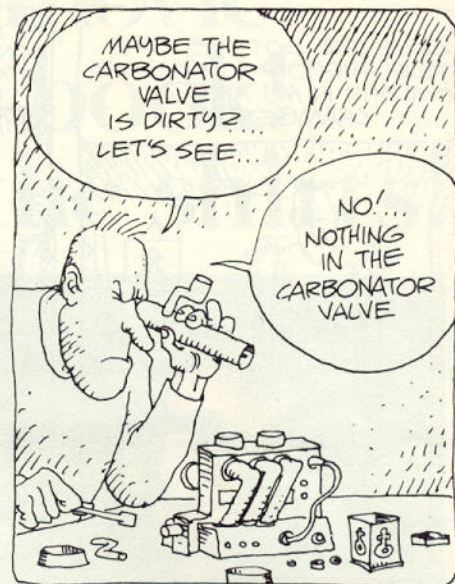
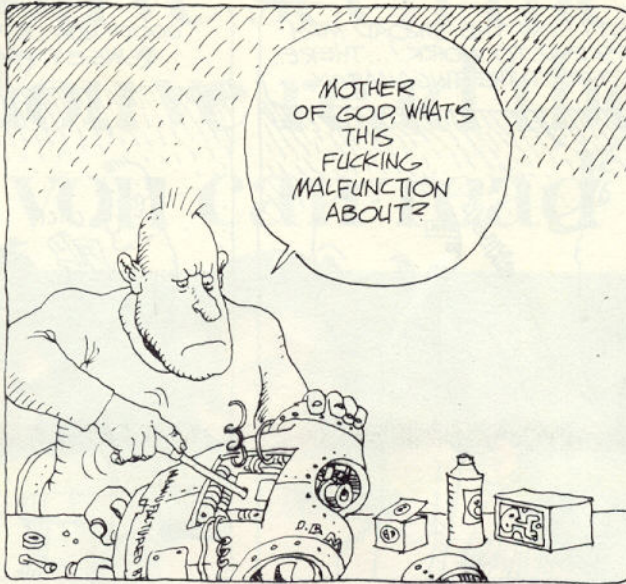




# SPIT

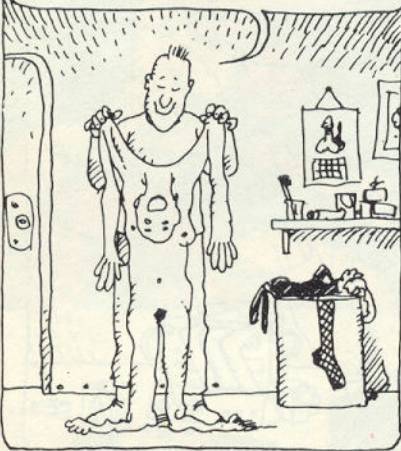
## THE LITTLE SPACE PIONEER

by MOEBIUS

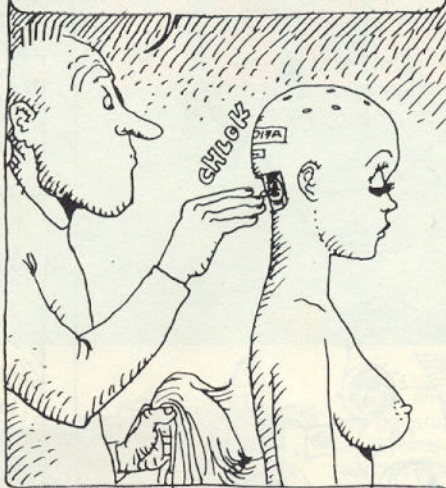




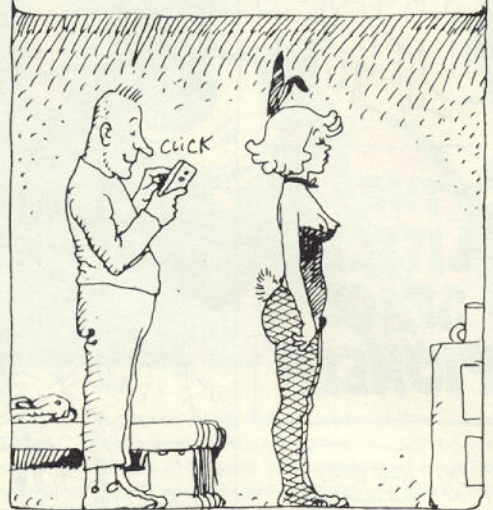
LUCKILY, I'VE GOT THIS CUTE  
LITTLE ANDROID TO KEEP ME  
COMPANY IN MY ANTI-G  
CHAMBER!...



AT LAST! NOW THE BROAD MAY  
CONDESCEND TO WORK!... THERE...  
LET'S CONNECT THE TINGAMABOX.

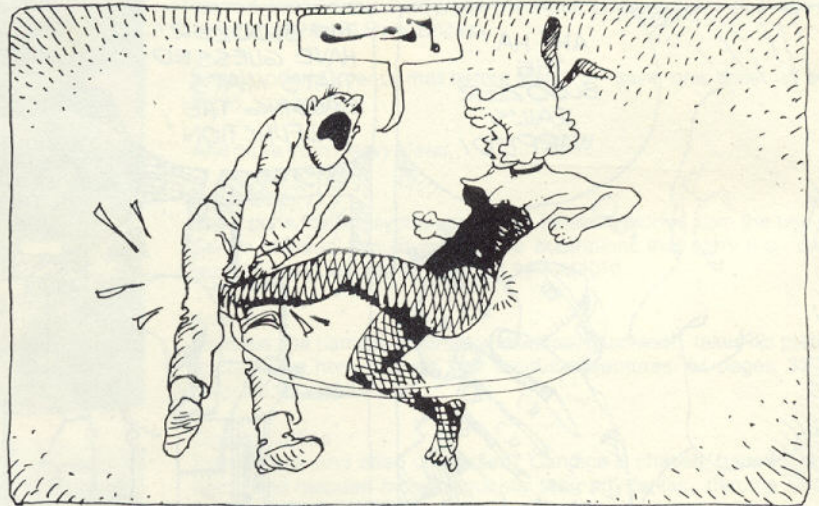
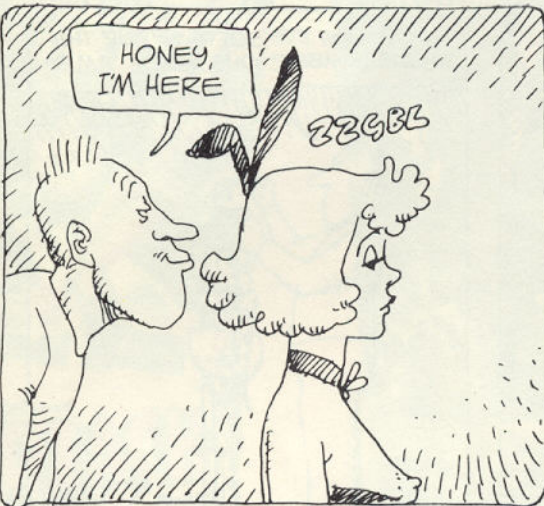


GOOD! NOW LET'S SET IT AT  
"SWEET PASSION."

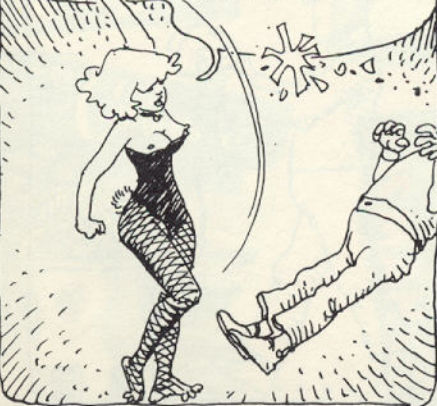


HONEY,  
I'M HERE

226BL



YOU PIG OF A PRICK  
OF A FILTHY MALE  
CHAUVINIST!  
I'LL SMASH YOU  
IN THE  
BALLS!



COME HERE, YOU CREEP!



TOO BAD... IT'S ALL GOT TO BE DONE  
AGAIN... JERKING OFF STILL REIGNS  
SUPREME ON THIS SPACESHIP

