

# Dracula



# Dracula

## BOOK 1

WARREN PUBLISHING COMPANY

145 E. 32nd Street

New York City, N. Y., 10016

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Anónima de Ediciones", San Sebastián  
Published and sold in the U.S. and Canada  
exclusively by WARREN PUBLISHING COMPANY,  
James Warren, President,  
145 E. 32nd Street  
New York City, N. Y. 10018  
0123 033-6090  
Printed in Spain D. L. NA. 1366-1970

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# WOLFF

The Path  
of  
the Dead



AFTER THE "DAY OF DOOM" HAD COME TO A NEW ERA, YESTERDAY'S WORLD HAD DESTROYED ITSELF WITH ARMS. THOSE FEW LEFT ALIVE WERE "TOUGH"—THEY HAD TO BE. THE CHANGE HAD BEEN SO TOTAL THAT A WHOLE NEW RACE OF EVILS HAD TO BE FACED. MAGIC, SORcery AND NEGMANTIC EVIL WERE ROUTINE. HORRORS, MYTH BECAME INCARNATE AND REALITY BROKE THE BOUNDS OF THE MOST FEYERED MIND. WOLFF WAS ONE OF THE CHILDREN WHO HAD SURVIVED THE "DAY" AND WHO SURVIVED THE NIGHTMARE STAGE TO BECOME A LEADER OF MEN. THE NEW WORLD HAD SO MANY HORRORS... BUT IT ALSO HAD UNEXPECTED PLEASURES. HE LOVED WITH WOMEN OF UNUSUAL BEAUTY AND HE FOUGHT IN A THOUSAND BLOODY AND SANGRY BATTLES TO PROVE HIS RIGHT TO LIFE. IN THE WORLD OF TOMORROW, THERE WAS NO MAN OR WOMAN WHO COULD MATCH WOLFF FOR STRENGTH AND CUNNING.

WOLFF WAS HOME, THROUGH DAYS OF HARD SHIP HE HAD SEARCHED FAR FOR FOOD. HIS PEOPLE RELIED ON HIS SKILL TO BRING THEM MEAT IN A LAND RAVAGED BY FAMINE. WHY WAS THERE NO ONE TO GREET HIM? NO SOUND BROKE THE SILENCE OF DEATH. ONE MAN WAS LEFT ALIVE. ONE OLD, OLD MAN WITH HIS TALE OF TRAGEDY.

LEAVE THE DEAD TO BURY THEMSELVES, WOLFF. THERE IS NOTHING LEFT HERE FOR YOU, NOTHING!

IN GROM'S NAME, WHAT HAPPENED, OLD MAN?

FOUR NIGHTS SINCE, THE WITCHES CAME, BRINGING DEATH TO OUR VALLEY. THEY SOUGHT NEW BLOOD AND THEY TOOK ONLY THE YOUNGEST AND THE MOST FAIR. WOLFF, I - I GAZED INTO THE VERY MAW OF HELL ITSELF, THEY ARE GONE - ALL GONE.

WOLFF'S HOWL OF MENTAL AGONY INTERRUPTED THE OLD MAN AND SWIRLED AND ECHOED SOUND THE NARROW VALLEY.

DAMN THEIR INVOKED SOULS! MY SWORD WILL NOT SLEEP LONG IN ITS SCATH, AND MY WIFE AND THE CHILDREN & BRUMA!

WE THOUGHT WE WERE SAFE BUT THE FIENDS FOUND EVEN OUR DEEPEST CAVES.

THE OLD MAN SAT AND WAITED PATIENTLY FOR THE GIANT WARRIOR'S GRIEF TO TEAR ITSELF DOWN, THEN HE WENT ON...

IT WAS THEIR SORCEROUS SKILLS THAT BEAT US. YOUR WARRIORS FOUGHT BUT THEIR STEEL WAS NO DEFENSE FOR THE WITCHES' ARTS, THEY FELL. WOLFF, ALL FELL! THE WOMEN AND, AND BRUMA... THEY TOOK THEM ALL, WOLFF. BRUMA WENT WITH THE OTHERS. THEY HAD NO CHANCE.

WOLFF! WHAT TOMB-SERPENT EYE THREATENS THE ONES YOU LOVE MOST?



FLY THIS CHAIR-  
NELL-HOUSE BEFORE THE  
SPELL OF DEATH FALLS ON  
YOU! IF YOU SURV, THEY WILL  
HAVE YOU A SLAVE THROUGH  
ETERNITY, FLEE!



A SOFT VOICE TUGGED AT THE  
EDGES OF WOLFF'S MIND, A  
GENTLE, MUSICAL, SENSUAL  
VOICE. A VOICE FROM HIS  
PAST, A LAMENT, A CRY FOR  
HELP, A PLEA FOR AID, EVEN  
BEYOND THE GRAVE.

# WOLFF..

IT'S NOT BRUMA,  
WOLFF! LISTEN FOR  
THE SAKE OF CROM!  
IT'S NOT YOUR WIFE,  
FLEE...



HOW YOU BLIND  
OLD FOOL! YOU DON'T  
KNOW, YOU CAN'T SEE US!  
I CAN! IT'S HER, IT'S MY  
BELOVED BRUMA! SHE'S  
ALIVE! ALIVE!



IT'S NO  
ILLUSION!  
I MUST...  
I MUST  
FIND  
HER.

I SAW HER DIE,  
SHE FELL DEAD, IT'S  
NOT HER CALLING ME,  
WOLFF, IT'S A CREATION  
OF THOSE FEARS WHO  
PLOT YOUR DEATH,  
AND DEATH.

I, WOLFF, SWEAR THAT  
I WILL TEAR DOWN YOUR  
MAGIC POWERS, AND SEND YOUR  
BOOKS, WITH THESE HANDS,  
I WILL DESTROY YOUR BOOKS  
AND SOULS UNTIL YOUR SUB-  
STANCE NO LONGER POLLS  
THIS EARTH!

THE SKY ABOVE HEARD THE  
TERRIBLE OATH THAT WOLFF  
SCREAMED, AND IT TORE  
INTO THUNDERING FRAG-  
MENTS OF CHAOS.





TO SEEK HIS EVIL ADVERSARIES,  
WOLF RAN THROUGH NIGHTS  
AND BETWEEN SHADOWS IN A  
WORLD OF CHILLING UNREALITY.  
BRUMA'S IMPLORING VOICE  
DROVE HIM ON AND HIS  
HUNTING SKILLS GUIDED HIM  
FORWARD.



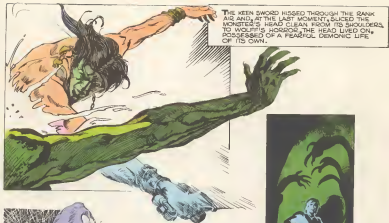
IN THE MIDDLE OF A DROWNING  
DESERT, THERE WAS THE  
COLOSSAL WRECK OF A  
MONSTROUS IDOL.

HOLDING HIS BREATH  
AGAINST THE CHARNEL  
STENCH, WOLF  
ENTERED THE  
ANCIENT TEMPLE.



SUDDENLY, HE SENSED A  
FEIGHTFUL FRIEND TRODGING  
SOFTLY BEHIND HIM.





THE KEEN SWORD HISSED THROUGH THE RANK AIR AND, AT THE LAST MOMENT, SLICED THE MONSTER'S HEAD CLEAN FROM ITS SHOULDERS. TO WOLFF'S HORROR, THE HEAD LIVED ON, POSSESSED OF A FEARFUL DEMONIC LIFE OF ITS OWN.



A SING-TER SORT LAUGH TREMBLED AROUND HIM AND DARK SHADOWS HEMMED HIM ROUND.



HORRORS OF THE DAMNED! THE HEAD OF THE DEMON BEGAN TO CHANGE INTO THE FACE OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, THEN, AND ONLY THEN, DID WOLFF COMPREHEND THE FULL POWER OF HIS ENEMIES. WHAT CHANCE DID HE HAVE AGAINST THE SHADES OF DEATH?

MAN MAY WALK ON THE FACE OF THE MOON YET THESE ARE STILL DARK SHADOWS AT THE EDGE OF REASON. WHOSE HE MAY FEAR TO TREAD, MANKIND NOW GREATLY FEARS THESE SIGNS OF NIGHT IN THE LAST CENTURY WHEN SCIENCE WAS YOUNG AND ONLY FAITH KEPT MAN FROM THE POWERS OF EVIL.



TO CHALLENGE THE UNKNOWN, ENGLAND PRODUCED A RACE OF EXPLORES AND JOURNALISTS WHO WOULD WRESTLE WITH THE DEVIL AND CONSIDER THE GAME WELL WORTH IF KNOWLEDGE ADVANCED BY JUST A FEW STEPS. SUCH A MAN WAS SIR LEO WOODLOCK, HEIR OF A NOBLE FAMILY WHO RESTRICTED SOCIAL POSITION AND MILITARY HONORS TO DEDICATE HIMSELF TO CHALLENGING THE MYSTERIES OF THE KNOWN AND UNKNOWN WORLD. AS THE CENTURY NEARED ITS END, HE TRAVELED THE GLOBE SEARCHING OUT THE BURGLES AND THE UNEXPLAINED.



## Sir Leo

The Thing from the Lake



HAS YOUR HONOR COME TO VISIT US TO SEE OUR FAMOUS BLACK LAKE? THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL COME FOR.

OBVIOUSLY, BUT TELL ME, WHY IS IT THAT THE VERY NAME OF THE LAKE INSPIRES SUCH TERROR IN THOSE MOUTHS? WAS IT THAT ACCIDENT THE OTHER DAY?



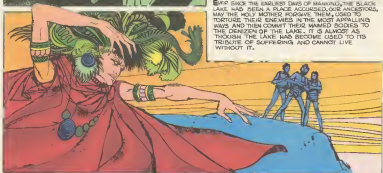
IT'S HARD EVEN TO IDENTIFY THE REMAINS, IT'S SO MUTILATED IT'S ALMOST AS THOUGH SOME BEAST FROM THE DARKEST CIRCLE OF HELL HAD COME TO SAVAGE AND KILL. IT CAN ONLY BE THE WORK OF SOME MADMAN. THE MOON MUST HAVE GIVEN HIM INCREDIBLE STRENGTH.

IT'S POOR OLD PATRICK, I CAN RECOGNISE HIM BY HIS BOOTS, THAT'S ALL. HE MUST HAVE GOT DOWN LAST NIGHT AND PLUNGED DOWN HERE ONTO THESE ROCKS.



I CAN ASSURE YOU, SIR LEO, THAT IT WAS NO ACCIDENT. THESE WERE SACRIFICES ON THE SHORE OF A MOST FEARFUL STRAGGLE AND BESIDES, THERE HAVE BEEN TOO MANY DEATHS, ALL FOLLOWING THE SAME DREADFUL PATTERN, THERE MUST BE SOMETHING, SOME THING, IT'S NOT A GESTURE OF THE GOOD LORD SO IT CAN ONLY BE A CREATION OF THE DEVIL, PERHAPS YOU...

GO ON, TEM- (LETOR), GO ON, I CONFESS THAT YOU ARE BEHAVING TO INTEREST ME MORE THAN SOMEWHAT, TELL ME MORE ABOUT YOUR PRECIOUS LAKE AND ITS STRANGE PHANTASMS.



EVER SINCE THE EARLIEST DAYS OF MANKIND, THE BLACK LAKE HAS BEEN A PLACE ACCURSED, OUR ANCESTORS, MAY THE HOLY MOTHER FORGIVE THEM, USED TO TORTURE THEIR ENEMIES IN THE MOST APPALLING WAYS AND THEN COMMIT THEIR MANNED BODIES TO THE DENIZON OF THE LAKE. IT IS ALMOST AS THOUGH THE LAKE HAS BECOME USED TO ITS TRIBUTE OF SUFFERING AND CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT IT.



BLESSED SAINTS... SIR LEO, I SHOULD NEVER HAVE LET YOU PERSUADE ME TO MAKE THIS HAZE-BOUND VISIT TO THE LAKE. IT'S AT ITS MOST DANGEROUS AT THIS TIME WHEN THAT MASHIC HAZE CREEPS FROM ITS SURFACE. IT'S TOO QUIET, BRADLEY, WHAT WAS THAT?


I CAN'T SEE A HAZED THING, MY EYES DON'T SEEM TO MAKE ANY IMPRESSION ON THE MIST, WHAT THE...? WHAT WAS THAT? LET'S GO BACK NOW WILL THERE'S STILL TIME, WHAT EVER IS ASLEEP DOWN THERE, I DON'T WANT TO BE THE ONE TO WAKE IT.

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, THE AIR ITSELF GREW STILL. THEN CAME A MOIST BREEZE WHICH JUST STIRRED THE LEAVES AROUND THEIR FEET, THEN THERE WAS STILLNESS AGAIN - BUT THIS TIME IT WAS DIFFERENT. IT WAS THE QUIET THAT PRECEDES AN ATTACK. THEY COULD ALL FEEL MOST SENSIBLY SOMETHING WAITING. TEMPLETON AND SIR LED SHONE THEIR TORCHES THROUGH THE GLOOM. BRADLEY, THEIR GUIDE, WAS TOO TERRIFIED TO GO AND TOO TERRIFIED TO STAY.

IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR YOU, SIR, YOU ARE YOUNG AND BRAVE, BUT ME... I'M NOT YOUNG OR BRAVE. I CAN FEEL THE EVIL. IT'S TOO QUIET, PLEASE, SIR, THIS PLACE IS ACCURSED!

YOUR INNKEEPER IS RIGHT, THESE DARK WATERS MUST HOLD ENUMERABLE SCORNS OF DEATH AND HORROR. THESE IS STILL TIME, COME ON!

THE ANCESTORS OF SIR LED HAD FOUGHT IN INDIA AND IN ANCIENT TIBET, CROSSED SWORDS WITH THE DEVIL, WARRIORS OF GENOSHI'S KHAN, BATTLED FOR THE GRAL IN THE HOLY LAND. BUT THIS... THIS WAS AN ENEMY NONE OF THEM COULD EVER HAVE ENCOUNTERED. THIS WAS PURE HORROR!



THE SILENCE WAS BROKEN BY A HORRIBLE ROAR AND THE CREATURE REARED OUT OF THE DARK WATERS, COVERED IN SCALES AND MONSTROUSLY VILE. AS ITS FOetid BREATH REACHED OUT TO HIM SIR LEO SAW, WITH A MOMENT OF STARK TERROR, THAT THE THING HAD THE EYES OF A MAN.



HOLY MARY, IT'S SATAN HIMSELF COME TO TAKE US, OH GOD, HELP THIS POOR SINNER! HELP ME!



IT'S A CREATURE FROM HELL, A MONSTER FROM THE DEPTHS, SIR LEO, LOOK, IT... IT'S CHANGING.



THE BLASPHEMOUS ENTITY CHANGED ITS SHAPE A HUNDRED TIMES, THEIR EYES WERE DAZZLED BY THE PHANTASMAGORIA OF HORROR WHIRLING BEFORE THEM. IN JUST A FEW BRIEF SECONDS, IT BECAME A MASS OF GLEAMING JELLY, FROM THE MOST OF THAT NAMELESS MONSTROSITY CAME COSMIC SUBLING SOUNDS, LIKE NOTHING EVER HEARD BY THE TORTURED EARS OF HUMAN MEN.



AT LAST, A REAL MYSTERY, THIS THING THAT ROTS AND LIVES AND PULSES BEFORE MY EYES, IT CANNOT BE ALIVE, YET... IT LIVES.

IT IS NOT DIFFICULT FOR MORTAL MAN TO FACE AN ADVERSARY OF FLESH AND BLOOD, ONE ONLY NEEDS ORDINARY COURAGE, PLUS BELIEF, AND A LITTLE SKILL IN FIGHTING. THIS TIME, SIR LEO NEEDED ALL THOSE AS WELL AS LUCK, THIS WAS AN OPPONENT FROM HADES.

V.M. B&A



THE THING FROM THE  
LAKE CONTINUED ITS  
GRABBLE, SLOOMERING  
APPROACH TOWARDS  
THEM.

“COWARDLY DOGS!  
STAY WHERE YOU  
ARE, WE MUST STOP  
IT NOW WHILE  
WE HAVE A  
CHANCE.”

“TALK SENSE,  
HOW CAN WE STOP IT?  
OUR WEAPONS ARE  
POUNY TOYS AGAINST  
THAT CREATURE. IF  
WE STAY, WE MUST  
SOBERLY PERISH,  
THINK OF OUR  
IMMORTAL SOULS,  
SIR.”

“IN GOD’S NAME,  
WELL, FORGET YOUR  
DAMNED CURIOSITY  
AND LET’S SAVE OUR-  
SELVES, THAT BEAST IS  
FROM THE JAWS OF  
HELL, NOTHING CAN  
STAND AGAINST IT,  
WE WILL ALL  
PERISH!”

“ANGELS AND MIN-  
ISTERS OF GRACE  
DEFEND US, WE ARE  
DAMNED!  
THE THING IS COMING  
CLOSER, CLOSER,  
CLOSER! SAVE US!!  
SAVE US!!!



“GET OUT OF  
THE WAY, YOU  
DAMNED FOOL! MOVE!  
THIS GUN WILL KILL  
ANY THING THAT LIVES,  
WHEN THESE BULLETS  
HIT THAT MONSTER,  
WE’LL BE SAFE,  
NOW!”



**BAM**

AGAINST THIS VISION OF MADNESS, THIS CREA-  
TURE FROM BEYOND TIME AND SPACE, SIR  
LRO WOOLDRICH STOOD ALONE, ARMED ONLY  
WITH A HAND GUN, A SLENDID RECIPE OF  
NINETEENTH CENTURY ENGINEERING THAT HE  
KNOW SHOULD STOP ANY CREATURE LYING, YET  
HIS SHOTS HIT NOTHING, WAS IT REALLY  
POSSIBLE? COULD A LEAD BULLET DESTROY A  
LEGEND OF THE PAST?

# Agar-Agar

Rendezvous  
with Aquarius



IN THE GALAXY OF ASTRUMENTE, KANADU IS ONLY ONE OF THE SMALLEST STARS. IT IS INHABITED BY A RACE OF FRIENDLY ELVES AND SPIRITS. THEY LIVE ONLY FOR LOVE, TECHNOLOGY ADVANCES IN THE YEAR 2000, BUT THE INHABITANTS OF KANADU DO IGNORE IT.



THE POPULATION IS INCREASING TOO FAST & SOON, SOME OF US MUST LEAVE OUR HOMES AND GO TO LIVE ON ANOTHER STAR.



THE BEAUTIFUL AGAR-AGAR DREAMS OF THE WEDDING OF HER CHIEF, WORTH A NEW WORLD, NEW STARS, NEW RACES, NEW LOVERS!

Salvador



MY DARLING, MY ONLY BELIEVED ONE, YOU CAN BE THE ONE TO ACCOMPANY ME ON THIS VOYAGE TO NEW HOPE.

BUT, FIRST, THERE IS SOME FORCE OF EVIL THAT IS TRYING TO THwart MY DREAMS. WE MUST FIND OUT WHAT IT IS AND STOP IT.



YOU KNOW THAT ALL OF OUR ENERGY COMES FROM...



FROM THE SATELLITE, MORE, BUT SOMETHING IS GOING WRONG!







FROM THE ENERGY GENERATED BY MORG, EVERY INHABITANT OF XANADU HAS BEEN ABLE TO KEEP HIS MAGIC POWERED THROUGH THE SUN'S POWER, WHICH CAN BE TRANSMITTED THROUGH MAGIC SQUARES.

OUR IMPERIAL CHIEF, NIGORON, HAS GIVEN ME INSTRUCTIONS TO SEEK OUT THE CAUSE OF THE ENERGY DISTURBANCE ON MOOR.

SOMETHING HAS GRIPT THE DELICATE BALANCE OF THE GENERATING BRAIN, WAIT, I CAN FEEL SOMETHING, SOME KIND OF MAGIC FORCE THAT IS OPPOSING ME.

THAT SPIRIT IS AS BEAUTIFUL AS SHE IS NOBLE! HER PATHETIC POWERS WILL BE OF SOME USE AGAINST THE WIND OF AQUARIUS.

I CAN FEEL THE PRESENCE OF A SUPERIOR BEING! I CAN ALMOST FEEL THE WARMTH OF HIS BREATH AGAINST MY CHEEK.



I WAS RIGHT, THERE IS A SPELL LAID AGAINST THE BRAIN OF OUR GENERATOR, WITH THE RIGHT SPELL AND THE USE OF MY WAND I SHOULD BE ABLE TO COUNTER IT.



THE BEING RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DAMAGE IS A VERY RARE AND MALICIOUS SPIRIT NAMED AQUARIUS. A MERE 15,000 YEARS OLD, SINCE HE ONLY HAS CYCLIC POWER, EVERY 500 YEARS, HE ISN'T NORMALLY MUCH OF A DANGER.

SHE REALLY IS RATHER PRETTY, IF ONLY I WASN'T IN SUCH A HURRY, BUT I HAVE NO TIME. IN A FEW HOURS MY POWERS WILL DESERT ME AND I WILL BE HELPLESS TO INFLECT HARM FOR ANOTHER 500 YEARS. I MUST MAKE HASTE.



I HOPE THESE SHORT CIRCUITS DON'T HAVE ANY LASTING EFFECT ON ME. WHOEVER MY ADVERSARY IS, HE CERTAINLY HAS A FINE FOR CAUSING A FEEL MESS-UP.



I AM AQUARIUS. IT IS FUTILE TO TRY AND ESCAPE ME, YOU ARE A MERE TOY IN MY HANDS.

AQUARIUS! YOU! THE MOST MALICIOUS SPIRIT IN OUR GALAXY. ALL OF MY COUNTRY'S URBENS TALK OF YOU AND DESCRIBE YOU AS BEING TOTALLY EVIL AND HORRIBLE, YET I FIND YOU...



PLEASE, MY DARL, DON'T TRY TO TRY YOUR OUT-SIDE THINKING WILLS ON ME. I HAVE EXPERIENCED THEM, AND THEY DO NOTHING TO ME.



WITH INFINITE CUNNING THE MALICIOUS AQUARIUS WEAVED A MAGIC WEB OF WINDS AND FLOODS THAT HELDS HIS VICTIMS HELPLESS AS IF SHE WERE TRAPPED IN THE WEB OF SOME GIANT SPIDER.



NOW, SHE ISN'T WHAT A TENDRETTY THAT ONE SO BEAUTIFUL, WOULD DIE, BUT, I AM AQUARIUS, AND I CANNOT LET HER LIVE... BUT...



AGORUS HAS NO BOND OF KNOWING THAT THE CONJURER ALAR AGARUS HAS CREATED A DOUBLE OF HIMSELF AND IT IS THIS DOUBLE THAT HE HAS CAUGHT IN HIS MAGIC NET... SODDENLY, HE REALIZES HIS MISTAKE AND BEGINS TO CREATE A FRIGHTENING MONSTER.

COME O DREAD ZAGOR, ATTACK THE SPIRIT AND FINISH HER PLANS FOR ALL ETERNITY DO YOU UNDERSTAND FOR EVER.

BECAUSE I AM ESSENTIALLY GOOD, I CANNOT DESTROY EVEN SOMETHING AS EVIL AS ZAGOR, BUT I CAN CONVERT HIM. NOW HE IS A FLYING DRAGON, OBLIVIOUS TO MY NEAREST WHIM.

PERDITION! YOU ARE AS WISE AS YOU ARE LOVELY, IF ONLY I WERE NOT AN EVIL SPIRIT WHOSE FATE IS TO BE THOROUGHLY SAD THEN I MIGHT...

ZAGOR, A CREATOR FROM THE MESS OF ANTIQUITY, THERE IS ONLY ONE SPELL THAT MAY SAVE ME...



AQUARIUS REALIZES THAT SHE CAN POSSIBLY USE HER MEDIUMSHIP WISDOM TO AID THE INFERRED SPIRIT. AS SHE BOUNDS THE SPELL, SHE WATCHES THE MASCULINE FACE SOFTEN AND BECOME MORE GENTLE.

MAY MY LOVE AND NEURONOMIC SKILL CHANGE NOT ONLY YOUR FACE BUT ALSO YOUR HEART AND SOUL. BELIEVE ME THAT THERE IS NOT ONLY HATRED IN THE UNIVERSE—THERE IS LOVE AS WELL.

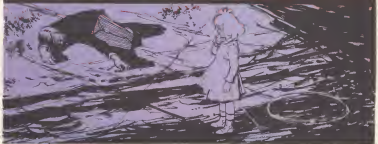
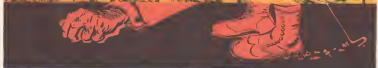
NOW AQUARIUS CAN TRULY FULFILL A NEW DESTINY. HE ALIKES INSTEAD OF DESTROYING, LOVING AND BEING LOVED INSTEAD OF SPREADING HATRED THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY.

THIS IS A NEW FEELING, A FEELING OF FREEDOM, LIGHT, LAUGHTER AND SECURITY IN THE ARMS OF AQUARIUS. THOUGH HE WAS LOST, HE IS NOW FOUND. HE WILL BRING ME TO NEW ADVENTURES AND TO NEW SENSATIONS. NOT JUST WITHIN SPACED-OUT THROUGHOUT SPACE, THE WHOLE UNIVERSE IS MINE!

AQUARIUS! SEE, YOU'VE CHANGED. COME WITH ME, HELP ME IN MY QUEST. THEN, IF YOU WANT... THERE IS NOTHING THAT I WOULD NOT LET YOU DO!!

ENRIC SIÓ  
**eleonor**













# WOLFF

The World  
of the Witches

WOLFF, the author of the best-selling novel "The Wolf" and the screenwriter of the film "The Wolf of Wall Street," has now written a new book, "The World of the Witches." The book is a collection of stories and essays about the world of witches and magic. It is a must-read for anyone who is interested in the occult and the supernatural.





BRUMA!  
WHERE ARE  
YOU & IT'S ME  
WOLFF?

FOR A BRIEF  
MOMENT, HE SAW A  
TERRIBLE VISION. IT WAS  
HIS WIFE, THE MOTHER OF  
HIS CHILDREN, ABOUT TO  
BE DEVoured BY SOME  
DREAD MONSTER FROM  
THE WORLD OF NIGHT.  
FOR A MOMENT IT WAS  
CRYSTAL CLEAR, HIS  
DARLING NEAR TO  
A WEDDUS DOOM-THEN  
ALL WAS BLACK!



HELL-SRAWN!!  
THOSE DAMNED ENCHAN-  
TRESSES! YOU WILL NEVER  
MAKE ME MAD, I WOLF! I STAND  
HERE AND CHALLENGE YOU TO BRING  
FOUR YOUR BEST MAN AND I  
WILL UTTERLY CRUSH HIM, ONE  
COMWARDS, COME AND  
FIGHT!



AGAIN HE SAW BRUMA, HELPLESS, PREPARED FOR SOME GROSSER SACRIFICE BY THE WYCHES, THEN THE POOL OF DARKNESS OPENED AT HIS FEET AND HE DROVE INTO IT. MOMENTS—OR DAYS—PASSED. HE SAW A BLIND OF LIGHT NEAR THE BACK OF THE TEMPLE. BLADE IN HAND, HE STALKED TOWARDS IT.



THE HEAT BECAME SUFFOCATING AND THE STENCH OF DEATH CLUNG IN HIS NOSTRILS TILL HE THOUGHT TO VOMIT. CORPSES LAY AROUND HIM, BUT HE FOUGHT ON. NOTHING SEEMED TO DETER HIM.



A MONSTROUS WORM FELL, HEADLESS, BENEATH HIS SWORD, A SHADOW RAGED BETWEEN HIM AND THE SUN AND AN ELDRITCH CRY SPLIT THE HEAVENS.

BEFORE HIS AMAZED GAZE, THERE APPEARED A HUGE BIRD, RIDEN BY A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN WIELDING A LONG WHIP.



WITH EFFORTLESS EASE THE GIRL LASHED HIS SWORD FROM HIS HAND, WHILE WOLFGI COVERED HELPLESSLY, THE BIRD SWOOPED OVER HIM AGAIN AND AGAIN, EACH TIME THE WHIP HISSED AND BIT AT HIS BODY, LEAVING BLOODY WOUNDS ACROSS HIS SHOULDERS AND CHEST.





A RED FOG SWAM ABOUT HIS EYES AND THE AIR PUNED MORE SLOWLY IN HIS TORTURED LUNGS. HE PLUNGED FROM THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF AND FELT HIMSELF FALLING, FALLING, THEN, STRANGELY, FLOATING AND RISING!!!



THE LOVELY SADWA, MISTRESS OF THE LASH AND TENDER ADMIRATOR OF THOU SAND UNMARRIABLE TORTURES, HAS LOST HER VICTIM TO ANOTHER... WHO CAN IT BE?



WHAT'S HAPPENING? THE PAIN! TEARINGS, SIPPING AT MY FLESH! NOW I CAN BREATHE AGAIN AND... I AM FLOATING UPWARDS, AWAY FROM THIS WORLD OF EVIL... THE PAIN IS GOING... MY WOUNDS ARE HEALING.




IT IS I WHO WOULD SAVE YOU, WOLFF. I AM THE SORCESSOR OF THE RED MIST. I HAVE NEED OF A MAN TO FIGHT FOR ME AND WHEN I SAW YOU BATTLING THAT SHE-DEVIL I KNEW THAT YOU COULD BE THE MAN FOR ME. SO I AM BONDING YOU TO MY DOMAIN. COME TO ME, WARRIOR!

I MUST BE CRAZY, WOLFF. PERHAPS I AM DEAD. ARE YOU A SHELDONIAN? COME TO ESCORT ME TO THE BANQUET OF HEROES (WHO EVER YOU ARE)! FEEL YOUR PRESENCE COMING NEARER.

THE SORCESSOR OF THE RED MIST! HER BEAUTY HAD LURED MEN TO AN AGONIZING ANELOWLY DEATH FOR COUNTLESS YEARS. THE SORCESSOR OF THE RED MIST, NOW THE POWER OF HER TERRIBLE LOVE HAD ATTRACTED WOLFF AND SAVED HIM FROM A VILE DEATH BY THE WHIP AND NOW DRAWED HIM TOWARDS HER FOR HER OWN SATANIC PASSION.

# Sir Leo

The End  
of a Legend

A man in a red tuxedo and a black bow tie is firing a pistol. Behind him, a man in a yellow suit and a top hat looks on. The background shows palm trees.

SIR LEO FIRED AGAIN AND AGAIN AT THE MONSTER FROM THE MURKY DEPTHS OF THE BLACK LAKE. THE CREATURE KEPT CHANGING ITS SHAPE, MAKING IT IMPOSSIBLE TO DO IT ANY HARM. FINALLY, HE RAN OUT OF BULLETS.

TEMPLETON, THE INN-KEEPER, IS A MAN FAMILIAR WITH EVIL. THE GOON, BRADLEY, IS REPORTED TO HAVE KILLED HIS FIRST WIFE. BOTH MEN TREMBLE WITH A PANIC FEAR. IF IT HAD BEEN A CREATURE OF FLESH AND BLOOD, THEY COULD HAVE RACED IT. BUT THIS... THIS THING FROM THE EDGES OF THE WORLD, THIS AGE-OLD BEING!

HELP!  
SIR!

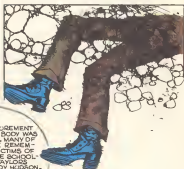
IN THE NAME OF GOD,  
SAVE ME!  
I CAN'T BREATHE!  
IT'S SUFFOCATING  
ME WITH ITS  
TENTACLES!  
HEEEHELP!

A man in a blue suit and a top hat is being suffocated by a large, yellow, tentacle-like creature. The creature has many long, yellow tentacles with circular patterns on them. The man is lying on the ground, looking up in distress. The background is a blue sky with some clouds.



THE DISFIGUREMENT OF THE NEW BODY WAS TRULY AWFUL. MANY OF THE TOWNSFOLK REMEMBERED OTHER VICTIMS OF THE TERROR: THE SCHOOL-TEACHER; THE TAYLORS' LITTLE BOY; PADDY HUDSON, WHO WAS NEARLY A HUNDRED; PATRICK WHO LOVED THE FRENCHWOMAN. ALL DEAD...

BY THE FIRST LIGHT OF DAWN THE THREE MEN WERE SAFE BACK IN THE TOWN. IT WAS BARELY AN HOUR LATER THAT A GROUP OF WORKMEN FOUND A NEW AND HORRIBLY-DISFIGURED CORPSE BY THE BLACK LAKE.



...ALL OF THEM WERE EVIL IN SOME WAY, EVEN THE LITTLE BOY WHOSE GREAT PLEASURE WAS TO TORTURE THOSE WEAKER AND SMALLER THAN HIMSELF, AND THE OTHERS, ABNORMAL, PERVERTED MEN AND WOMEN, PEOPLE WHO SHUNNED GOD'S GOOD SUNLIGHT AND WENT ABOUT THEIR LIVES BEHIND DRAWN CURTAINS. NOW, THE THING HAD CLAIMED THE INN-KEEPER, TEMPLETON, THE MAN OF FEAR.

AS EVENING SLUNK INTO THE TOWN THE PEOPLE BEGAN TO BAR AND LOCK THEIR HOUSES. AS NIGHT DARKENED, THE PLACE WAS UNDER A SIEGE. BUT WHAT WAS THE BESIEGER?







HERE I KNEW IT. THE NECRONOMICON CONFIRMS IT. THE DWELLERS BEYOND SPACE. BUT, THEY CAN ONLY MATERIALISE THROUGH THE EVIL IN THE MIND OF MEN.

THE BLASPHEMOUS IDEAS IN THE RARE EDITION OF THE NECRONOMICON - THE FOUNT OF ALL EVIL LAW, BOUND IN HUMAN SKIN, COLLECTED BY THE MAD ARAB, ABOL ALHAZRED, ALL HINTED AT THE CONCEPT OF EVIL BECOMING FLESH, FEEDING ON MAN'S GREEDS AND LUSTS.



THAT FOUL MASS OF PUTREFACTION THAT DWELT IN THE BLACK LAKE. IT COULD ONLY EXIST BY FEEDING ON THE EVIL SOULS AND THEN THE EVIL BODIES OF THE PEOPLE IN THE TOWN, WORTHY OF THE VILEST NIGHTMARE OF POE. IT WAS A HUMAN CREATION. SIR LEO CONSULTED TWO OF HIS FRIENDS, PROFESSORS HAINING AND JAMES, BOTH EXPERTS IN THE FORSIDEN ARTS OF DEMONOLOGY, TO TRY AND FIND THE TRUTH.

PERFECT



ALL DIABOLIC BEINGS, MY DEAR JAMES, ARE THE PRODUCT OF MAN'S EVIL, AND CAN THEREFORE BE DESTROYED BY MAN. I DISTRUST PURE EXORCISM. I PREFER A MIXTURE OF TRADITION AND TECHNOLOGY.

I STILL BELIEVE THAT HOLY WATER IS AS EFFICACIOUS AS ANY OF YOUR ALCHEMIST'S TRICKS, BUT THIS SEEMS A LITTLE UNUSUAL. I AGREE WITH YOU, HAINING. I'LL WRITE TO YOUNG LEO AT ONCE.

HIS MIND WAS MADE UP, HE, AND HE ALONE, WOULD MAKE A LAST STAND AGAINST THE CREATURE OF THE BLACK LAKE. TONIGHT, IF HIS AIM WAS TRUE, BUT, WHAT IF IT WAS NOT? WHAT THEN? HE HAD SEEN TWO OF THE CORPSES, SO HE KNEW WHAT TO EXPECT.

TONIGHT THERE WILL BE A DEATH BY THE LAKE. IF I COME BACK, IT WILL ONLY BE WHEN I HAVE RUN AN END, FOR ALL ETERNITY, TO THE MONSTER.



TAKE CARE, YOUR HONOR. DON'T LET THAT SPAWN OF HELL GET HIS TEETH INTO YOU!





AT LAST!  
COME ON! COME!  
I'M ALL ALONE.  
FACE TO  
FACE.  
COME ON!

A SLIGHT BUBBLING IN  
THE FORTIO MOO... A  
SLIGHT, ALMOST  
IMPERCEPTIBLE  
WHISTLING... AND...



ALL OF THE  
EVIL THAT THIS LAKE  
HAS SEEN IN THE LAST  
CENTURIES HAS SOAKED  
AND SEEPED INTO THIS  
WATER TO PRODUCE  
YOU, AN ABSTRACT  
YOU, WITH A  
PHYSICAL BODY.



A CLEAN END  
FROM THIS SILVER  
BULLET, A CLEANER  
END THAN ANY OF  
YOUR POOR VICTIMS.  
DIE, DIE AND TAKE  
ALL YOUR HELLISH  
EVIL WITH YOU.



THE MONSTER FROM THE BLACK LAKE EMBO-  
DIED EVERY BEASTLY ACT THAT HAD EVER  
BEEN, ATTRACTED BY THE WICKEDNESS IN THE  
MINDS OF ANY WHO VISITED THE LAKE. IT WAS  
ABLE TO GROW AND THUS OVERWHELM THEM.

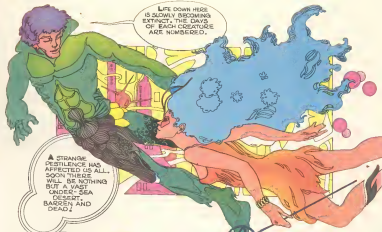
LIKE STEEL AND A  
MAGNET, THE THING FOUND  
ITS EVIL RIGHT HERE IN THIS  
TOWN. IT ATTRACTED ALL  
MALEFACTORS AND WRONG-DOERS,  
AND BROUGHT THEM TO THEIR DOOM.  
NOW THERE CAN BE PEACE. PEOPLE  
CAN AGAIN BE HAPPY AND ENJOY  
THIS LOUGH. NEVER AGAIN CAN  
THERE BE A THING IN THE  
LAKE!

# Agar-Agar

The Village  
in the Sea

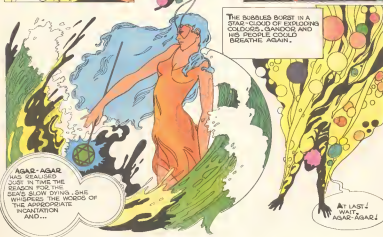








SHE IS RIGHT! ON THE SURFACE A TANKER CARRYING A FULL LOAD OF OIL HAS GONE AGROUND AND THE CARGO HAS RUN INTO THE OCEAN, TO AVOID POLLUTING BEACHES, THE GOVERNMENT HAS BEEN USING WILD DOSES OF DETERGENT, THEY AVOID ONE TYPE OF POLLUTION AND MAKE A WORSE ONE.





THE SUBMARINE CITY QUICKLY RETURNS TO NORMAL LIFE, FREED FOR EVER FROM THE MENACE OF DEATH BY POLLUTION. THE PEOPLE LEARN HOW TO LIVE AGAIN.



I FEEL REBORN A NEW PERSON, FOR YOU, AGAR-AGAR, I SWEAR THAT I WOULD GIVE UP A THOUSAND MERMAIDS!!

STAY WITH US HERE, WE OWE EVERYTHING TO YOU.

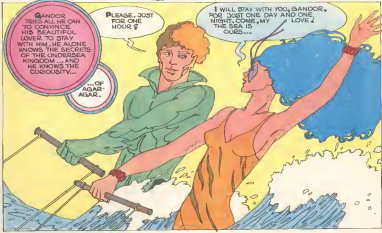
I AM NOT A CONSTANT NYMPH, BUT, PERHAPS...



GANDOR TRIES ALL HE CAN TO CONVINCE HIS BEAUTIFUL LOVER TO STAY WITH HIM, HE ALONE KNOWS THE SECRETS OF THE UNDERSEA KINGDOM... AND HE KNOWS THE CURIOSITY...  
...OF AGAR-AGAR.

PLEASE, JUST FOR ONE HOUR?

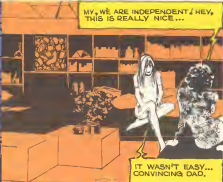
I WILL STAY WITH YOU, GANDOR, FOR JUST ONE DAY AND ONE NIGHT, COME, MY LOVE, THE SEA IS OURS...





ERIC SIO

# krazy



MY, WE ARE INDEPENDENT ♪ HEY,  
THIS IS REALLY NICE...

IT WASN'T EASY...  
CONVINCING DAD.



OOOH! NO!


SURPRISE! ♪ I'VE  
BROUGHT YOU THE  
FOR A PRESENT...



WELL, THERE ARE SO  
MANY CATS ON THE ROOF,  
THAT ONE MORE...



HEY! YOU'VE REALLY TAK-  
EN TO EACH OTHER.



I MUST SAY, I REALLY DON'T QUITE SEE THIS THING YOU HAVE FOR CATS.

PUBLIC  
SIB



MAYBE... I DON'T KNOW... BUT THIS ONE IS BEAUTIFUL.



MMM, AND THEY REALLY ARE FAITHFUL.



AREN'T YOU OVER DOING IT A BIT ♀



WELL, LOVE, I MUST GO. I'LL PICK YOU UP TOMORROW AT ABOUT ELEVEN.



MORE SO THAN MEN, ANYWAY.



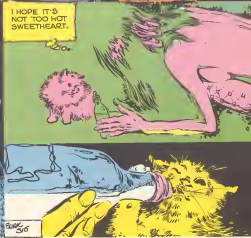
COME ON DARLING : LET'S GO TO SLEEP.



OH ↓ OF COURSE . YOU HAVEN'T HAD YOUR LITTLE SUPPER . HAVE YOU ?

HURRY - UP . MUMMY . GET THE BOTTLE READY ↓

MEOW W



I HOPE IT'S NOT TOO HOT SWEETHEART.

BARK 306

PLEASANT DREAMS,  
MY LITTLE TREASURE



WAKE UP, BEAUTIFUL! YOU'RE NOT...



ERIC SIO



# WOLFF

The Sorceress  
of the red Mist



WOLFF FOUND HIMSELF BEFORE THE GATES OF A DESERTED CITY, BAWAGED BY WIND AND SAND. HE MOUNTED THE HORSE HE FOUND WAITING FOR HIM.

ALONE IN THE ANTIQUE LAND OF HIS ENEMIES, WOLFF COULD ONLY GO FORWARD.



AS HE DISAPPEARED OVER THE SLOPE OF THE HILL THERE WAS A STIRRING IN THE VEGETATION, CHANGING ITS COLOUR TO AVOID BEING SEEN, THE NAMELESS CREATURE BEGAN TO CREEP AFTER THE UPRIGHT FIGURE OF THE FEARLESS BARBARIAN.



YAAAAHHH

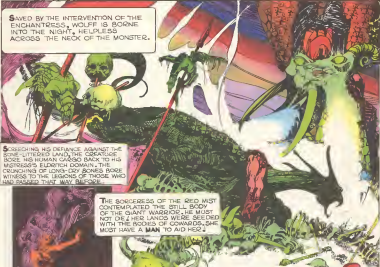


A POWER FROM THE CLOSED ROOMS OF RACE MEMORY, THE MONSTER LOCKED WOLFF'S NECK IN ITS POWERFUL TAIL AND SHOOK HIM AS A TERROR SHAKES A RAT.

AS THE GRIP TIGHTENED AND THE BLOOD AND OXYGEN WERE CUT OFF FROM HIS BRAIN, WOLFF'S MIND BEGAN TO SLIP AWAY FROM HIM, A DREADFUL WEARINESS SPREAD THROUGH HIM AND HE SANK INTO DARKNESS. A VOICE, MURMURED IN HIS EARS—THE SOFT VOICE OF THE SORCERESS OF THE RED MIST.


WOLFF! MY DARLING! DON'T DIE— LIVE FOR EVER IN MY ARMS.





SAVED BY THE INTERVENTION OF THE ENCHANTRESS, WOLFF IS BORNE INTO THE NIGHT, HELPLESS ACROSS THE NECK OF THE MONSTER.

SCORCHING HIS DEFIANCE AGAINST THE SILENT-LITLED LAND, THE CREATURE BORE HIS HUMAN GUEST BACK TO HIS MISTRESS'S ELDRITCH DOMAIN. THE CRUNCHING OF LONG-DRY BONES BORE WITNESS TO THE LEGIONS OF THOSE WHO HAD EARNED THAT WAY OF LIFE.



THE SORCERESS OF THE RED MIST CONTEMPLATED THE STILL BODY OF THE GIANT WARRIOR. HE MUST NOT DIE; HER LANDS WERE SEEDED WITH THE BONES OF COWARDS. SHE MUST HAVE A MAN TO AID HER!



AS HIS BODY TOUCHED THE DARK STONES OF THE TEMPLE FLOOR, WOLFF OPENED HIS EYES.



WOLFF, WAKE UP! RAKAH BROUGHT YOU HERE. FOOL! TO IMAGINE THAT YOU MIGHT DEFEAT THE INVULNERABLE RAKAH, HE OBEYS ONLY ME.



OPEN YOUR EYES AGAIN, LOOK UPON ME, WOLFF, YOU ARE IN MY DEMESNE. NOW, YOU ARE IN THE POWER OF THE SORCESSER.

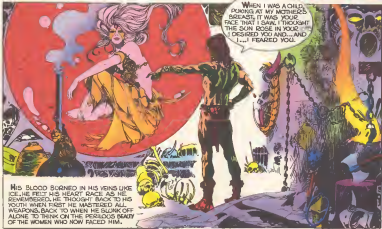


LOOK AT ME, GAZE AT MY LIPS, MOST WITH DESIRE FOR YOU, MY ARMS REACH OUT FOR YOU, I AM VENUS, I AM IN THE SUN AND THE MOON AND THE WEST WIND, I AM NOW AND ALWAYS, I OFFER YOU MY LOVE. WHAT SAY YOU?



THE LEGEND OF RED-TAH IS TRUE, MISTRESS, YOU ARE INDEED A BEAUTY AMONGST BEAUTIES.

WHEN I WAS A CHILD, PEEKING AT MY MOTHER'S BREAST, IT WAS YOUR FACE THAT I SAW, I THOUGHT THE SUN ROSE IN YOUR I DESIRED YOU AND... AND I... I FEARED YOU.



HIS BLOOD BURNED IN HIS VEINS LIKE ICE, HE FELT HIS HEART RACE AS HE REMEMBERED, HE THOUGHT BACK TO HIS YOUTH WHEN FIRST HE MASTERED ALL WEAPONS, BACK TO WHEN HE SLUNK OFF ALONE TO THINK ON THE PERILOUS BEAUTY OF THE WOMEN WHO NOW FACED HIM.

NOW SHE WAS THERE, HIS DREAM MADE FLESH, MORE WONDROUS AND MORE FEARFUL THAN IN ANY OF HIS WILDEST DREAMS. SO PERFECT!

IF YOU TRULY KNOW EVERYTHING, TELL ME WHETHER MY QUEST WILL BE SUCCESSFUL..

WILL I FIND MY PEOPLE?

WILL I EVER AGAIN SEE MY DEAR WIFE, BRUMA?

A MAN ALONE IS NOTHING. A MAN ALONE HAS NO VALUE, WOLFF HAD BEEN ALONE FOR TOO LONG.

FOR A MOMENT, THE SORCESS OF THE RED MIST ALLOWED HIM TO SEE HIS TRIBE. WOLFF COULD SCARCELY BELIEVE THE NIGHTMARE HE SAW.

WOUNDS OF CROM! THE COAST OF DEATH! THEY ARE IN THE SWAMPS OF GINZA!



BUNGO WITH RAGE, WOLFF STRUCK OUT WILDLY WITH HIS MACE.



WOLFF SOBBED HELPLESSLY AS HIS ENEMIES MOCKED HIM.



THE WITCH WATCHED HIM IMPASSIVELY, LETTING HIS ANGER BURN ITSELF OUT. WITH IMMORTAL CALM, SHE GAZED AT THE MAN SHE DESIRED.



THE CREATURES OF DARKNESS HAD NO NEED TO APPEAR TO HIM—THEY SENT THEIR EMISSARY.



WOUNDS OF SET!!  
Noooooo!



A CREATURE OF BONE AND A SWORD OF LIVING FIRE.



WHATEVER IT MIGHT BE, LIVING, DEAD... NEITHER, AT LEAST IT WAS VISIBLE. AT LEAST IT MOVED AND COULD BE STRUCK. WOLFF ATTACKED FERCELY, PANTING AND GROWLING DEEP IN HIS THROAT.



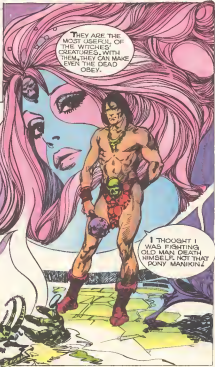
AT THE BACK OF THE NECK, WOLFF, IT'S THE ONLY PLACE. NOW!!

I HAD EXPECTED YOU IN SOMARRA, BUT NOT HERE. AND, NOT YET!

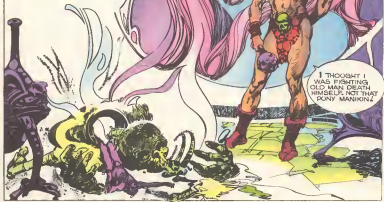


THEY ARE THE MOST USEFUL OF THE WITCHES' CREATURES, WITH THEM, THEY CAN MAKE EVEN THE DEAD OBEY.

AS THE LIVING SKELETON COLLAPSED INTO DRY SHARDS OF BONE, A TINY HOMINGULUS CREEPT OUT OF THE SHATTERED SKULL.



I THOUGHT I WAS FIGHTING OLD MAN DEATH HIMSELF, NOT THAT PONY MANIKIN!



AS A CHILL WIND TUMBLED AWAY THE DUSTY REMAINS OF THE LIVING SKELETON, WOLFF GAZED AGAIN ON THE FACE OF THE SORCESS, IN THE MISTY CRYSTAL VAPOUR, HER FACE APPEARED EVEN MORE SERENE AND UNWORLDLY.

PLEASE, IS THERE NO WAY A MORTAL CAN COME INTO YOUR WORLD?



WOLFF, MY DEARLY BELOVED, THERE IS NOW NOTHING THAT CAN STAND AGAINST US OR BETWEEN US. COME MY LOVE! COME!!!

NOW THE CURSE OF TIME HAD BEEN BROKEN BY ONE MAN'S COURAGE, SHE WAS NO LONGER ISOLATED IN HER OWN LONELY, COLD WORLD.

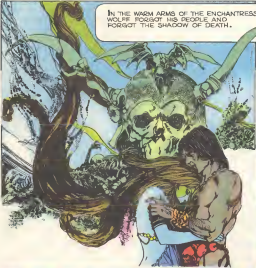
MISTRESS, I SEE YOU, AND YET, I STILL CANNOT BELIEVE THAT THE GREAT ENCHAN TRESS IS MORE THAN JUST A SHADOW OF FEAR AT THE CORNER OF MEN'S MINDS.



I AM A WOMAN. CAN YOU NOT FEEL MY HAND ON YOUR BODY? YOU ARE NOT DREAMING, WOLFF.

A HEARTBEAT! I CAN FEEL YOU TREMBLING IN MY ARMS, MY DEAREST. I KNEW, ALWAYS KNEW, THAT SOME DAY, SOME ... NOW!






IN THE WARM ARMS OF THE ENCHANTRESS,  
WOLFE FORGOT HIS PEOPLE AND  
FORGOT THE SHADOW OF DEATH.



THREE DAYS HAVE  
PASSED SINCE YOU  
FIRST ENTERED MY  
REALM. I WOULD HAVE  
YOU WITH ME THROUGH  
ALL ETERNITY, BUT THE  
GREATER GODS WOULD  
NOT HAVE IT SO.

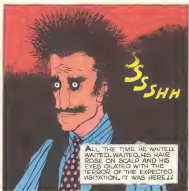


I MUST FOLLOW  
MY PEOPLE. EVER SINCE  
I LED THEM IN OUR FLIGHT  
TO THE BLUE MOUNTAINS  
AND IN EVERY  
BLOODY BATTLE SINCE,  
THEY HAVE  
TRUSTED ME.  
I CANNOT DESERT  
THEM NOW.



IN ONE LOST MOMENT, THE COOL BOOZE  
OF MORNING, PLUCKED AT THE EDGES OF  
THE RED MIST, AND IT WAS GONE,  
AND SHE WAS GONE, GONE.

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, AS PART OF AN UNALTERABLE ROUTINE, JEREMY HARKNETT WOULD READ JUST FOUR PAGES OF A BOOK, BEFORE RETIRING TO HIS BED, ANY BOOK.



## THE SNAKE







HELP! SAVE ME!  
IT'S SUFFOCATING  
ME.  
HEEEELP!!  
I'M CHOKING!!

JEREMY'S ANGUISHED SCREAMS ECHOED  
ROUND THE HUGE HOUSE, REACHED THE  
COMMUNAL DINING-ROOM.



POOR OLD  
HASKNETT, SAME  
THING EVERY DAMNED  
NIGHT, SAME OLD DREAMS  
ABOUT THE SAME OLD  
SNAKE. IT'S GETTIN'  
TO BE A FRIGHTFUL  
BORE.



YOU DON'T  
UNDERSTAND...IT'S  
...IT'S...EVERY NIGHT  
THE SNAKE IS THERE  
IN MY ROOM, WAITING,  
AND THEN  
IT...

FOR  
GOODNESS' SAKE,  
MAN, PULL YOURSELF  
TOGETHER. THAT SNAKE  
ONLY EXISTS IN YOUR  
MIND. WE'VE EVEN  
SEARCHED YOUR ROOM  
FOR YOU. THERE'S  
NOTHING  
THERE.

IT'S JUST A  
DREAM. NOW, BE A  
GOOD CHAP. TRY NOT  
TO MAKE SUCH A  
FUSS ABOUT A DAMNED  
SILLY DREAM ABOUT A  
DAMNED NON-EXISTENT  
SNAKE. GOODNIGHT.



THE NIGHT ISN'T EVEN OVER WHEN HIS FRIENDS RETURN AGAIN TO TRY AND QUIETEN HIM.

THEY DON'T BELIEVE ME, BUT I'VE SEEN IT. GOD, I'VE FELT IT. IT WON'T GO AWAY. IT'LL BE BACK & SOON.



WHEN HE FINALLY TURNED OUT HIS LIGHT, THERE WAS A RUSTLING AND THE FANTEST OF HISSES!

SSSHHH

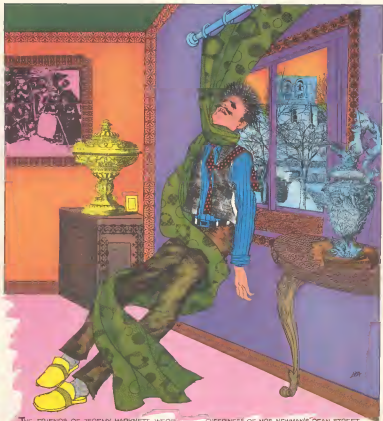


THIS TIME, HIS CRIES DID NOT DISTURB HIS FRIENDS. HE COULD NO LONGER CRY OUT. HE COULD NO LONGER EVEN BREATHE.



I THINK HE'S FINALLY DROPPED OFF, ABOUT TIME TOO. LET'S HOPE WE NEVER HEAR ANY MORE ABOUT HIS SNAKE, EVER AGAIN.





THE FRIENDS OF JEREMY HARKNETT WERE, OF COURSE, RIGHT. THERE AGENT ANY SNAKES IN LONDON FLATS, THE ROOMS ARE TOTALLY INNOCUOUS EVEN DULL, SAME OLD CHAIRS, BEGS, WARDROBES, PICTURES, CARPETS AND... CURTAINS. YOU ONLY FIND SNAKES IN MALAYA OR AFRICA, PERHAPS IN THE DARK VALLEYS OF THE AMAZON BUT, NOT IN LONDON, NOT IN THE CHINTZY

CHEERINESS OF MRS. NEWMAN'S DEAN STREET APARTMENT, NEVER. ALL HIS FRIENDS SAID SO: OCEIL, TONY, ROGER AND CHRISTOPHER: THEY ALL SAID SO, AND THEY WERE NEVER WRONG. NOT IN MRS. NEWMAN'S. SHE WAS TOO HOUSE-PROUD, TOO CAREFUL OF HER ROOMS: THE FURNITURE, THE CARPETS, THE CURTAINS, SLEEP WELL JEREMY HARKNETT, NOW YOUR FRIENDS HAVE SOMETHING TO EXPIATE - A PETTINESS.

Eloise

SIX MONTHS, MY DARLING, THEY LIED WHEN THEY SAID TIME WOULD EASE MY PAIN.

I HAVEN'T GOT ANYTHING WITHOUT YOU

ELOISE  
6-V-1948!

ELOISE,  
MY LOVE...

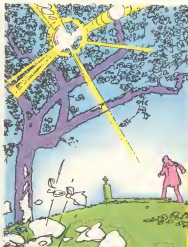
I WOULD GIVE MY LIFE TO BE WITH YOU AGAIN.

AN HOUR, THAT'S ALL ONE HOUR, LIKE IT WAS.

AS THY WILL, SO MOTE IT BE. THOU SHALT LIVE WITH THY BELOVED FOR THE SPACE OF ONE HOUR.

IN RETURN... THY LIFE SHALL BE FORFEIT.





PETER! MY DARLING.

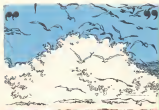


ELOISE! IT'S TOO MUCH. I CAN'T BELIEVE IT.



DON'T EVEN TRY TO TALK, MY DEAREST. TO SEE YOU AND HOLD YOU, YOUR HAIR, YOUR EYES, YOUR BODY, OH, MY SWEETEST LOVE.





MY LOVE, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?



ELOISE ! ELOISE !!  
IT CAN'T BE, ALREADY,  
AN HOUR.

NO, NOTHING HAS CHANGED  
GOD, IT'S WORSE.



MAYBE I'M GOING MAD.  
MAYBE IT NEVER HAPPENED



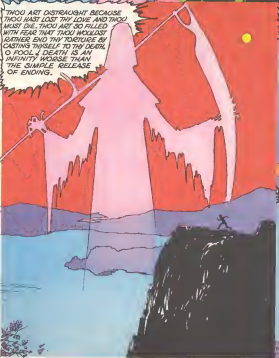
IT DOESN'T MATTER. I'M  
STILL ALONE - I'VE  
LOST HER FOR  
EVER.



THERE'S ONLY DEATH.  
MAYBE IT WASN'T A DREAM.  
MAYBE HE'LL CLAIM ME.



THOU ART DISTRAUGHT BECAUSE  
THOU HAST LOST THY LOVE AND THOU  
MUST DIE. THOU ART SO FILLED  
WITH FEAR THAT THOU WOULDST  
RATHER END THY TORTURE BY  
CASTING THYSELF TO THY DEATH.  
O FOOL, DEATH IS AN  
INFINITY WORSE THAN  
THE SIMPLE RELEASE  
OF ENDING.



THOU WILT NOT FALL. THOU  
SHALT SEE THESE ROCKS  
THROUGH AN ENDLESS ETER-  
NITY BUT THEY SHALL NEVER  
BOURSE THY FLESH.



AH, THOU WILT TRY, BUT  
IT IS VAIN.





THOU WILT TRY TO SHUT OUT THIS LANDSCAPE  
THAT SURROUNDS THEE. THOU CANST NOT. FOR  
EVER, THERE WILL BE NO CHANGE IN THESE ROCKS  
OR IN THEE. THE TIME WILL COME TO THEE WHEN  
IT WILL ALL BECOME NECESSARY. AT THAT MOMENT  
THOU WILT COMPREHEND THE MAJESTY OF  
ETERNITY.

THEN THERE WILL BE DARK. THOU WILT  
WISH TO LOSE ALL THY SENSES RATHER  
THAN ENDORE. BUT, THOU WILT EN-  
DURE. FOR THERE WILL BE NO  
CHOICE.

FOR EVER, THOU WILT FEEL DESOLATION.  
THOU WILT BE ALONE, ONE LAST THOUGHT.  
I WILL NOT EVEN GIVE THEE THE  
PLEASURE OF GOING MAD, FARE  
THEE WELL.

ELOOOOIIIS EEEEE!!

# WOLFF

## The Night of the Werewolf

THE SORCESSRESS HAD DISAPPEARED BACK INTO THE RED MIST WHICH HAD GIVEN HER LIFE. IN THE BLASPHEMOUS MANUSCRIPT OF ZEPHYRUS IT IS SAID OF HER: "SHE LIVES IN THE PLAINS OF THE WITCHES AND IS A WOMAN OF UNDISBURSED BEAUTY, BEING BOTH MERRY AND FIERE, FROM HER DEMESNE HAS NO TRAVELLER RETURNED, THOSE WHO HOPE TO SEE THE SUN RISE IN HER ARMS ARE BUT DUST AND BONES BENEATH THE SOLES OF HER FEET." WOLFF, WARRIOR AND LEADER OF MEN HAD SEEN THREE DAWNS WITH HER, AND YET LIVED.



NOW IT WAS COLD NIGHT AND THE WARMTH OF HIS EMBRACES LAY FAR BEHIND HIM. A CHILL WIND WHISPERED THROUGH THE TREES.



DROMS! IN THIS PLACE, BLOOD OF DROM, IT MUST BE THE WOLF CULT.



THE BOOK OF LONG-DEAD REP-TAN MENTIONED THE FOUL CULT OF WOLVES AS AN ABERRATION OF A DISTANT PEOPLE, AWFUL BEYOND HUMAN THOUGHT.

A SCREAM! I HEARD THE CRY OF A WOUNDED DEER, NOW THERE IS NOTHING.



TANIT, HIGH-PRIESTESS OF THE CULT, RAISED THE DAGGER HIGH AND WAITED FOR THE MOON TO UNVEIL HERSELF.





AS IT ROSE, THE BEAMS SOFTENED FOR A TRANSIENT MOMENT THE CRUEL LINES OF HER FACE. THEN THE KNIFE SWEEPED DOWN AND THERE WAS SILENCE.



AS ON EVERY FULL MOON, TANTU SAID THE GOD THE DOG WHICH WAS HIS, THE OFFERING OF SEGNAR.

A CARELESS STEP AND MY HEART WILL ALSO SERVE AS A SMOKING SACRIFICE TO THESE BASTARD GHOULS. I WOULD KEEP MY HEART FREE WITHIN ME.



HE COULD NOT TEAR HIS EYES AWAY AS THE WOLF-MEN CELEBRATED THEIR HEEDOUS RITUAL.



I SENSE AN OUTSIDER!!

COME THEN, BEASTS. I SEE WHETHER THE TASTE OF GOOD CLEAN STEEL WILL COOL YOUR VENOM!

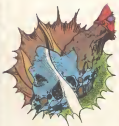


BUT, TANIT WAS READY.  
SHE PLUNGED HER OWN  
DAGGER TWICE INTO  
HER OWN STOMACH  
BEFORE HE COULD  
REACH HER. THEN...



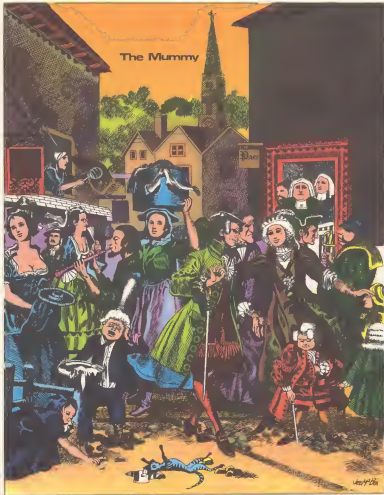


HIS STEEL FINGERS CLOSED AROUND THE NECK OF THE SERPENT, LOCKED TOGETHER. HE FORCED THE CREATURE'S HEAD TOWARDS THE SACRED FIRE, AND...AND HEARD THE LAMENTING VOICE OF THE PRIESTESS, TANIT!



THE SECOND'S HESITATION WAS FATAL. FOR WOLFF, HE GROWLED AS HIS ENEMY SLIPPED AWAY. HE DID NOT YET REALIZE THAT TANIT WAS REVENGED. HE WAS A WOLFMAN!

# The Mummy





LONDON, 1750.

THE HENCHBACK, CORNELIUS, LOOKED FEARFULLY AT HIS MASTER, THE TORCH TREMBLING IN HIS DEFORMED HANDS.

FOR ALL HIS EFFORTS, HE WAS BARELY ABLE TO MOVE THE GIANT SLAB FROM THE SARCOPHAGUS. HIS MASTER, THE SATANIC LORD WARDINGTON, BECAME IMPATIENT WITH HIS TARDINESS.



FASTER, IMBECILE - CAN YOU DO NOTHING FASTER?

AAARGH!

FINALLY, THE SLAB IS OPENED AND A STALE OODOR OF ANTIQUE DEATH AND DECAY OZZES OUT. THE MILLENNIC VISION IS REACHED, FROM EGYPT TO LONDON AND NOW...



THE BONS OF TIME DO NOT SEEM TO HAVE AFFECTED THE MUMMY OF NEFER, NATURAL SON OF CLEOPATRA AND MARK ANTONY.



THE FACED CEREMENTS ARE STILL INTACT!

QUICKLY, FOOL, ON YOUR SHOULDER WITH IT AND LET'S AWAY FROM THIS ACCURSED PLACE!



UNSEEN BY ANY MORTAL MAN, THE EVIL RESURRECTION NESTS STEAL THROUGH THE MIST TO THE WAITING CARRIAGE.



THE VOYAGE OF NEFER HAS ENDED. CONCEIVED IN SWEETERING LUST, REJECTED BY HIS FATHER, VICTIM OF THE VENGEANCE AND HATRED OF HIS MOTHER, CLEOPATRA, IGNORED TOTALLY BY HISTORIANS, HE NOW COMES TO HIS LAST DESTINY.

THE NEXT DAY, LONDON IS  
AMUZZ WITH TALK OF THE  
MACABRE ROBBERY.



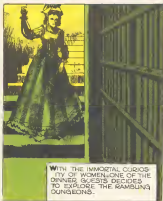
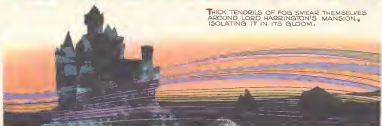
BUT, MY DEAR  
FRYBARGER, HOW CAN  
THEY POSSIBLY BE INTERESTED  
IN A ROTTING OLD BODY OF  
THE EGYPTIAN PRINCESS?  
THEY LEFT THE GOLD SARCOPHAGUS  
BEHIND.

TRULY, LORD  
VICTOR, I CAN THINK OF  
MANY USES WHICH I  
MIGHT FIND FOR A LIVING  
BODY, BUT, A DEAD  
ONE? UGH!



WHEN A BODY HAS  
BEEN EMBALMED BY  
THE EGYPTIANS, IT IS  
PERFECTLY PRESERVED.  
CERTAIN ORGANIC  
SUBSTANCES ACTUALLY  
CONTROLLED THE  
CHEMICAL  
PROCESSES OF  
DEATH.







WELL, CORNELIUS, THE FATES ARE INDEED ON OUR SIDE. NOW WE HAVE FRESH MATERIAL TO AID US.



WE WILL INJECT THE LIFE-FORCE FROM THE INQUISITIVE SLUT INTO THE PRECIOUS MUMMY.



KEEP HER BODY SAFE. IF THIS EXPERIMENT WORKS, THEN I MAY BE ABLE TO ATTEMPT THE REVERSE PROCESS.



THEN WE WILL SEE IF IT SHOWS ANY SIGN OF THE LIFE THAT WAS BEING WASTED IN THAT PRETTY, MINDLESS BODY.



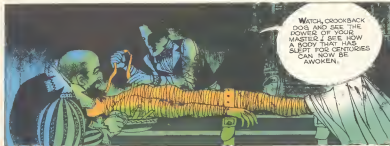


SOON MY CREATURES  
WILL WALK ABROAD  
THROUGH THE WORLD  
AND ALL MEN WILL  
SEE AND ACKNOWLEDGE  
MY GENIUS. I WILL  
BE MASTER OF BOTH  
THE LIVING AND THE  
DEAD.

I WILL BE CAREFUL WHO I  
CHOOSE FOR MY SERVANTS.  
ONLY THE MOST WORTHY WILL  
BE ALLOWED THE HONOUR  
OF SERVING ME THROUGH  
ETERNITY.

IF I WISHED, I... I COULD  
EVEN CONQUER THE WORLD.  
HOW COULD THEY STAND  
AGAINST MY ARMY?  
AN ARMY THAT COULD  
NOT BE KILLED.





LORD HARRINGTON HAD SUCCEEDED IN RETURNING LIFE TO THE MUMMY, AND NOW HE WAS FINDING THE REWARD. NO MORTAL FORCE COULD NOW PREVENT WHAT HE HAD BEGUN, SO SAD THAT HE COULD ENJOY HIS TRIUMPH FOR SO BRIEF A TIME!





ERIC SIO

**ALICE**

DAMN THAT FLOOR!  
ALWAYS CRACKING  
AND CREAKING.

WHAT WAS THAT & IT  
SOUNDED LIKE SOMETHING  
FALLING.

**CRACK!**



**CRACK**



**CRACK**

**CRACK!**

**CRASH!**



HOW COULD THAT POSSIBLY HAVE  
FALLEN & UNLESS... I'M  
BEGINNING TO GET SCARED.

CRACK



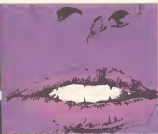
GOD, I REALLY MUST  
PULL MYSELF TOGETHER.

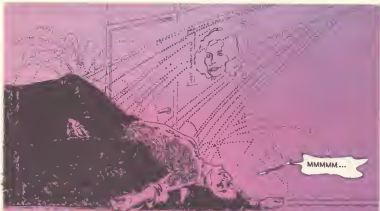
CRACK  
CRACK



CRACK!







OUR SECRET  
PALACE.  
JEAN.



JEAN, MY LOVE,  
ALICE IS AFRAID.



JEAN, ALICE LIKES  
BEING AFRAID, LIKES  
IT.



SMIFF

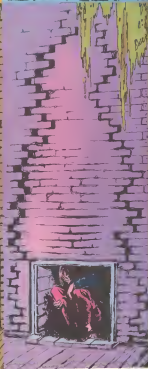
**KLUNK!**



**THE FIREPLACE!**



I'LL BE  
SAFE IN  
HERE!!



**CRASH!**  
**ASH!**



LIKE A DUPPET WITH SACKEN STRINGS, THE MAN WANDERED HELPLESSLY IN THE WILDERNESS. ONLY THE BASIC INSTINCT OF SURVIVAL KEPT HIM MOVING.

# WOLFF

## The Lady of the Wolves



AS THE BLOODY DISC OF THE SUN ROSE HEAVILY IN THE EAST, THE MAN RELL, AND LAY STILL.

THE NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON WAS OVER, SLOWLY, THE FEATURES OF THE UNCONSCIOUS MAN BECAME HUMAN AGAIN. FREED FROM THE SPELL OF THE MISTRESS OF NIGHT, WOLFF WAS NO LONGER A LICANTHROPE - A WEREWOLF, BUT, FOR HOW LONG?

IN ONE OF THE MOST AMBIGUOUS PASSAGES OF THE LOST MANUSCRIPT OF THE DAMNED NECROMANCER, REP-TAH, IT IS WRITTEN: "SEGNAK, FATHER OF ALL WOLVES, WHOSE FOLLOWERS OFFER SHAKING WOMAN HEADS AS TOKEN OF HEALTHY MAD AUGHTER BORN OF HIS DINKLY UNION WITH THE SHEWOLF LAMMA, THE CHILD DISAPPEARED ON THE FIRST DAY AFTER THE "DAY OF DOOM" AND HAS SINCE BEEN BELIEVED TO BE DEAD. THE NAME OF THE GIRL WAS ROLAH."

**ROLAH!!**  
THE LONG-LOST DAUGHTER OF SEGNAK, WOLFF SHUDDERED AS HIS MIND REALIZED HE HAD SEEN A LEGEND BECOME INCARNATE.



WOLFF SHUDDERED AS HIS MIND REALIZED HE HAD SEEN A LEGEND BECOME INCARNATE.

SHE HAD SURVIVED THE "DAY OF DOOM" AND THE GIRL OF THOSE AWFUL YEARS HAD BECOME A WOMAN.

HEY, KOLL, ALMOR, BRAN! MEAT, MY BEAUTIES. EAT WELL, MY LITTLE ONES. HUMAN MEAT.



ROLAH LOOKED DOWN UPON THE HELPLESS FIGURE AT HER FEET, KNOWING IT TO BE A MAN A MAN LIKE THE OTHERS SHE REMEMBERED.



NONE OF THE WOLVES WOULD TOUCH THE BODY, INTRIGUED BY THIS UNPRECEDENTED ACTION, ROLAH BORE HIM TO HER DEN.

WHERE AM I? IN CROM'S NAME, WOMAN! WHO ARE YOU?



I KNOW THAT MY NAME WAS ONCE ROLAH, NOW I AM JUST CALLED OLD LADY OF THE WOLVES. I HAVE HAD NONE OTHER, BUT THEY AS MY COMPANIONS FOR FIFTEEN YEARS.

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL, THERE WERE MANY MEN LIKE KOLL. THEY TALKED MUCH. MANY WERE FAT AND WITHOUT HAIR, THEN THIS WAS A GREAT GOODNESS AND I WOKE ALONE.







ROLAN, THE LADY OF THE WOLVES, HAD THOUGHT OF NOTHING DURING THAT LONG TIME BUT THE NEED FOR FOOD, THE DESIRE TO KEEP HERSELF AND HER COMPANIONS FROM DEATH.

YOU ARE A MAN, SOMETHING LIKE THOSE I REMEMBER, BUT YOU ARE NEITHER, BALD NOR FAT. WHY WOULD MY WOLVES NOT EAT YOU? WHY MUST I GAZE AT YOU IN THIS WAY?

I CAN TELL YOU ABOUT ME... ABOUT LIFE... ABOUT LOVE... ABOUT EVERYTHING. DON'T BE AFRAID, TRUST ME.



IN THE WARM, SOFT DARKNESS OF ROLAN'S BED CHAMBER, THE DAYS AND NIGHTS HAD RUN INTO EACH OTHER AND THEY HAD LIVED OUTSIDE TIME.

TONIGHT IS THE NIGHT WHEN... WHEN... NO, I CANNOT TELL YOU, BUT YOU MUST LEAVE. FLEE THIS PLACE!

WAS IT POSSIBLE SHE COULD BE SO IN LOVE AND YET STILL WANT TO REJECT THE MAN SHE LOVED? WHY WAS ROLAN SO FEARFUL FOR WOLFF'S LIFE IF HE STAYED? WHAT DID THE NIGHT MEAN?



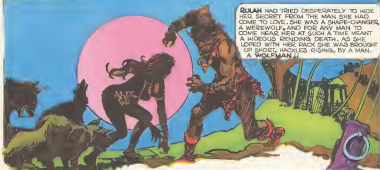
MY DARLING, IN THE TIME YOU HAVE BEEN WITH ME I HAVE LEARNED TO LIVE. DON'T EVER LEAVE ME. BUT... NO... YOU MUST GO. I HAD FORGOTTEN. TONIGHT IS...

WHAT...? WHAT IS THIS? WHY? ROLAN! TELL ME!

WHEN WOLFF WOKE FROM HIS SUDDEN SLEEP, HE FOUND HIMSELF CAGED BY THE WOMAN HE HAD LOVED.

ASK ME NOTHING BELIEVED FOR TONIGHT IT IS BETTER THAT YOU DO NOT SEE ME... AT LEAST FOR THIS ONE NIGHT WHEN THE MOON...

IGNORING THE CRIES OF THE IMPRISONED WARRIOR, THE WEeping ROLAH WENT WITH HER BEASTS INTO THE COLD LIGHT OF THE FULL MOON.



ROLAH HAD TRIED DESPERATELY TO HIDE HER SECRET FROM THE MAN SHE HAD COME TO LOVE. SHE WAS A SHAPE-CHANGER, A WEREWOLF, AND FOR ANY MAN TO COME NEAR HER AT SUCH A TIME MEANT A HORRIBLE PAINFUL DEATH. AS SHE LOPED WITH HER PACK SHE WAS BROUGHT UP SHORT, HACKLES RISING, BY A MAN - A WOLFMAN!!

THE FIGHT WAS SAVAGE AND BLOODY. SUDDENLY, ROLAH REALIZED THAT HER ATTACKING WOLF, HIMSELF CHANGED BY THE MOON INTO A CRUEL, VULNERABLE BEAST, IT MIXED INTO THE RHYTHM OF THE FIGHT Merged INTO THE RHYTHM OF LOVE-MAKING. THE PACK OF WOLVES WATCHED SILENTLY AS THEIR MISTRESS JOINED HERSELF TO THE MAN SHE LOVED, THE NIGHT WAS ENDLESS!





## Invasion

THE BODY OF MAN, A COMPLEX UNIVERSE OF HUMAN TISSUE, AFTER MANY CENTURIES, MAN IS AT LAST BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND SOME OF THE MYSTERIES OF HIS OWN BODY. A WORLD OF INNER SPACE, INHABITED BY A HOST OF CREATURES OF INFINITESIMAL SIZE, BOTH BENIGN AND MALIGN, THE ENDLESS PROCESS OF BIRTH, PROCREATION AND DEATH ALL IN A MICROSCOPIC WORLD, THAT IS THE BODY OF MAN.



THERE WERE NO PROBLEMS AT ALL. OUR SHIPS TRANSCENDED ALL BARRIERS OF TIME AND SPACE PERFECTLY.



THE INHABITANTS OF THIS UNIVERSE ARE PHYSICAL GIANTS, BUT THEY APPEAR DEVOID OF INTELLIGENCE. WE WERE UNABLE TO COMMUNICATE WITH THEM, AS YOU CAN SEE, THEY HAVE A SUPREMEY SOPHISTICATED ORGANIC SYSTEM, IDEAL FOR OUR LIFE-SUPPORT METHODS.



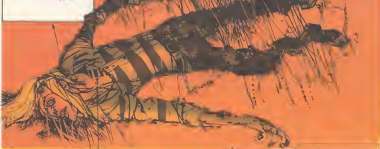
I ORDERED SOME OF OUR SCOUT UNITS TO PENETRATE INTO THEIR UNIVERSE.



ONCE WE HAD DISPOSED OF OUR ENEMIES, I GAVE THE ORDERS FOR THE REST OF OUR SHIPS TO BE ABANDONED AND THE EXPEDITION TO BEGIN TO SPREAD OUR CULTURE THROUGH THE NEW UNIVERSE.



EVERY NOW AND THEN SOME OF OUR PEOPLE HAD TO CHANGE THEIR POSITION.



THERE WAS BUT LITTLE RESISTANCE FROM THE INHABITANTS. SOME SMALL CELLS OF PRIMARY VALUE OPPOSED OUR ATTACK. THEY WERE EASY TO DEAL WITH.



NEVERTHELESS, WE NOTICED SOME DECREASE IN THE EXISTENTIAL COEFFICIENTS OF SOME INDIVIDUALS.

IN A SMALL NUMBER OF SEVERE CASES, A FEW UNITS WERE TRAPPED.



WHEN THE FAILURE OF THEIR ENVIRONMENTS WAS SUDDEN THERE PROVED TO BE INSUFFICIENT WARNING FOR THEM TO MOVE.



WE MADE EVERY EFFORT TO ESTABLISH TELEPHONIC COMMUNICATION WITH SOME OF THE STATIONS, BUT THEY WERE ALL DEAD.



THEY SEEMED TO BE AWARE OF US, BUT THEY DID NOT SEEM TO MAKE ANY EFFORT TO GET INTO CEREAL CONTACT WITH US.



THERE IS NO OTHER DANGER FOR US.

NO, OUR FIRST EXPEDITION HAS FOUND NO MAJOR PROBLEMS.

IN THAT CASE,  
I THINK WE CAN  
PROCEED WITH  
THE NEXT  
PHASE.

I CAN SEE  
NO OBSTACLE  
AT ALL.

I DON'T  
SUPPOSE YOU  
MANAGED TO TRAN-  
SLATE THE SPEECH  
OF ANY OF THE  
PRIMITIVES?

YEEES...THERE  
IS ONE THING. IT  
APPEARS THAT  
THEY HAVE A NAME  
FOR US. THEY  
CALL US  
**CANCER!**

FOR A MOMENT, THE QUESTION  
HANGS LIMPOLY IN THE CABIN  
OF THE ALIEN SHIP.



## The Viyi

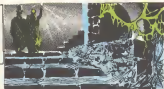
THE VIYI IS A MAGNIFICENT CREATION OF POPULAR FOLK LORE. THE COSSACKS GIVE THIS NAME TO THE KING OF THE UNDERWORLD WHOSE EYES CAN PIERCE EVEN THE DEEPEST GLOOM OF THE DARKEST GRAVE.

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WRAPPED IN A MUSTY SILENCE, THE TWO MEN CONTINUE TO THE PLACE OF DEATH.



KEEP CLOSE. SHE TOLD ME TO DO IT THIS WAY. SHE SAID 'TIEDER, DON'T LET THEM GET ME IN THE GROUND WITH FLOWERS, GET AN EMBALMER.'

WHAT BEAUTY! WHEN I HAVE FINISHED, THE WORLD WILL WONDER AT HER. THEY WILL WAIT FOR HER TO WAKE.

THE WORDS HUNG LIMPLY IN THE AIR, SOMETHING SLUMBERED IN THE CRYPT, WHILE THE BATS DREAMED OF A FEAST OF ROTTING FLESH.



A SHODDER RAN THROUGH HIS VEINS. THE BODY BEFORE HIM WAS THAT OF A WOMAN OF UNEARTHLY BEAUTY. SHE OSSIED AS IF SHE WERE STILL ALIVE. BUT SOMETHING IN HER FACE WAS OUT OF PLACE. AS THOUGH SOMEONE HAD GIGGLED AT A FUNERAL.





WHEN THE FATHER  
HAD LEFT HIM, HE  
BEGAN HIS WORK. THE  
GIRL WAS SO LOVELY,  
THAT HE FOUND IT  
INDISCERNIBLY  
DIFFICULT TO  
CONCENTRATE. HE COULD  
NOT SHAKE OFF THE  
UNEASY FEELING THAT  
SHE WAS NOT DEAD,  
AND THAT SHE WATCHED  
HIM FROM BEHIND  
LOWERED  
LIDS.




WHAT WAS THERE  
TO FEAR? ♀  
WAS HE NOT A  
COSSACK, AND WERE THE  
COSSACKS NOT THE  
BRAVEST OF MORTAL MEN? ♀  
BUT WHAT IF SHE IS NOT  
MORTAL? ♀  
WHAT IF SHE...  
THE DEAD GIRL  
SLOWLY OPENED  
HER EYES.





TERRIFIED, THE YOUNG EMBALMER DREW A HASTY PENTAGRAM AROUND THE LIVING CORPSE AND WITH A HALTING VOICE HE MUMBLED HIS EXORCISMS.

SHE ROSE TO HER FEET AND BEGAN TO WALK ABOUT THE CHAMBER OF DEATH AS THOUGH SHE SOUGHT SOMETHING, OR SOMEBODY, ALTHOUGH HER FOOT BRUSHED THE LINE OF HIS PENTAGRAM, SHE COULD NOT CROSS IT.



IN A VOICE CRAWLING WITH THE SOUNDS OF THE FIT, THE CORPSE BEGAN TO TALK, HORROR-STROCK, THE YOUNG MAN REALISED IT WAS THE BEGINNING OF AN INCANTATION.



THE WINDOW OF THE CRYPT WAS BATTERED BY LEATHY WINGS, A LEGION OF FOUL CREATURES FROM THE MAW OF HELL SCRATCHED THEIR TALONS AT THE MAGIC CIRCLE, SHOWING TO BREAK IT.



THE DEMONS CHEERED AND MOUNTED AS THEY SOUGHT THEIR VICTIM. THEN THE STARE OF THE SHROUDED GIRL BECAME MORE FEROCIOUS. SHE RAISED HER HANDS, BRINGING ME VIVV-GO, BRINGING VIVI!



THEN SHE RODE ABOVE THE DARKNESS, OVER THE HASTILY-GIVEN DEFENCE AND PLUNGED DOWN UPON THE MAN, WHO STOOD DUMB AND HELPLESS, AWAITING HIS FATE. HE WAITED BUT A LITTLE TIME.!!



# karen

ENRIC 510





ONE DAY I'LL BE GLAD THAT I'VE GOT THIS.

YOU... YOU OLD SWINE,  
YOU GOT AWAY WITH IT.



IF YOU REALLY CARE, KAREN,  
YOU MUST TRY.



TWO YEARS... YOUR FATHER...  
...WHY DID YOU OBEY HIM?



MARK, I CAN'T.  
I'LL BE AWAY FOR TWO MONTHS.



IT JUST DOESN'T MAKE SENSE.  
THIS OBSESSION WILL HAVE  
TO STOP.






BE CAREFUL, MIND THE FURNITURE!



DON'T WORRY, SQUIRE. NOT A MARK ON IT.

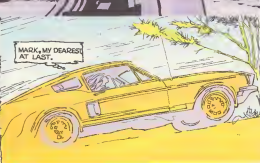


MOVING HASN'T DONE ANY GOOD AT ALL. WHAT A WASTE OF TIME. IT'S USELESS.

5:40c Sid



MARK, MY DEAREST AT LAST.



WHY WAS IT, KAREN? WERE YOU SCARED? WAS THAT IT? NO!! YOU NEVER LOVED ME AT ALL AND I KEPT WAITING.



THESE CLOTHES,  
THE PICTURES,  
THEY...THEY'RE  
MINE...OH,  
GOD!!



NO, KAREN, ACTUALLY, I HAVEN'T HAD  
A DRINK AT ALL.





MARK, DON'T BE SILLY.  
WE LOVE EACH  
OTHER.

YOU DON'T COUNT ANY MORE..I WANT  
TO STAY IN LOVE WITH MY  
DREAM.

AND THIS GAME, KAREN,  
HAS ONLY GOT ONE  
PLAYER. ME!

MARK!!

NO MORE!!  
NO MORE!!

STOP!!!

NO, NO!!

NOW, MARK,  
NOW!

YOU DON'T  
DESERVE IT... KAREN!

KAREN!

MY LOVE! FOR EVER

ERIC SIE

AT FIRST LIGHT, THE MALIGN SPELL WAS BROKEN.

I FOUND YOU, TOON AND BLESSED. SCORCH DID BY A POCK OF WIND, CAME ACROSS THE MUTILATED BODY OF A LOVELY ADELPH, WHO ASK YOU?

I WAS HUNGRY AND I FED AND NOW I WISH ONLY TO FORGET WHO ARE YOU?

I AM CALLED GALADRA OF THE MOON, AND I MUST LIVE FOR EYES HIDDEN FROM THE WITCHES, FOR MY FLESH HAS ONCE KNOWN THEIR POWER. I HAVE KNOWN THEM ONCE AND, SO, I KNOW FEAR.

I ESCAPED FROM THEM, MITRA KNOWS NOW, AND MY LIFE HAS BECOME A HUNT WITH ME THE GUARD, HELP ME.

I FEAR NO MAN LIVING, NOR NO THING OF FLESH. MY SWORD WILL SLICE THROUGH ANY WITCH OR WERD.

FOOLISH MAN, YOUR PRIDE AND VANITY WILL BRING YOU LOW BEFORE THEM, YOU DO NOT EVEN HAVE THE MANUSCRIPT!

# WOLFF



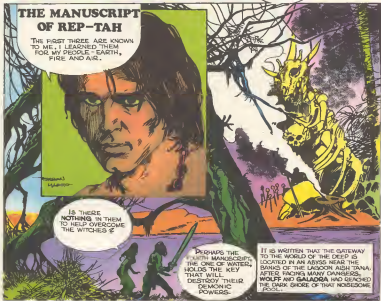
## THE MANUSCRIPT OF REP-TAH

THE FIRST THREE ARE KNOWN TO ME, I LEARNED THEM FOR MY PEOPLE - EARTH, FIRE AND AIR.

IS THERE NOTHING IN THEM TO HELP OVERCOME THE WITCHES?

PERHAPS THE FOURTH MANUSCRIPT, THE ONE OF WATER, HOLDS THE KEY THAT WILL DESTROY THEIR DEMONIC POWERS.

IT IS WRITTEN THAT THE GATEWAY TO THE WORLD OF THE DEAD IS LOCATED IN AN ABYSS NEAR THE BANKS OF THE LAGOON AISH TANA. AFTER FACING MANY DANGERS, WOLFF AND GALADRA HAD REACHED THE DARK SHORE OF THAT NOISESOME POOL.





GALADRA AND WOLFF PLUNGED INTO THE UNKNOWN DEPTHS OF THE LAKE.



ALL AROUND THEM LAY THE WONDERS OF THE UNDERWATER WORLD.



BUT, THEY WERE NOT UNOBSERVED !!





**HIS SWORD LEFT  
 ON THE EDGE  
 OF THE LAGOON,  
 WOLFF MUST  
 FACE HIS ENEMY  
 WITH HIS BARE  
 HANDS.**

**IT WAS A BLOODY  
 BATTLE WITH  
 EVERYTHING IN FAVOUR  
 OF THE AQUATIC  
 CREATURE.**



**ALTHOUGH HIS FINGERS  
 SLIPPED ON THE WET  
 SCALES OF HIS  
 ADVERSARY, THE BARBA-  
 RIAN NEVER SLACKENED  
 HIS HOLD FOR A  
 MOMENT.**



**AS THE MONSTER SANK TO THE  
 SLIME, WOLFF AND GALADRA  
 SWAM FOR THE SURFACE,  
 LONGER SURVIVING.**



BREATHLESS FROM THE STRUGGLE THEY  
LAY PANTING IN AN UNDERWATER  
CAVERN OF TOTAL SILENCE.

IT'S FANTASTIC!  
IT'S SO QUIET.  
EVEN OUR VOICES  
FALL DEAD  
WITHOUT ECHO.

THERE'S A  
TIME FOR TALK  
AND A TIME FOR  
QUIET. I CAN'T STAND  
CHATTERING WOMEN.  
DON'T YOU  
KNOW ♀

WOLFE, YOU'RE  
STRONG AND CORNING.  
I'M SORRY I WAS SO  
HARD ON YOU. YOU'RE  
NEITHER PROUD NOR  
WAIN. YOU ARE TRULY  
A MAN WITH WHOM A  
WOMAN CAN FEEL  
SAFE.

GALADRA!  
LOOK DOWN  
THERE! BY CRON  
AND MITRA,  
LOOK!

LEGEND SAID THAT THE  
FOURTH MANUSCRIPT LAY  
IN THE WORLD OF DEEP  
WATER, BUT WHERE ♀  
WOLFE AND GALADRA  
WALKED FEARFULLY  
THROUGH THE STRANGE  
AND TOTAL SILENCE.

FINALLY AND HORRIBLY,  
THE WORLD OF THE LAGOON  
REVEALED ITS DREAD  
SECRET TO THE WARRIOR  
AND THE MAIDEN. IT WAS  
THE MOTHER OF ALL  
WATER, CREATOR AND  
GIVER OF LIFE.

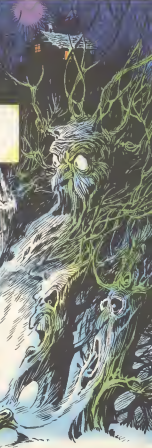
INTRUDERS!  
WHO ART THOU? THOU  
ART NOT OF MY MAKING.  
LITTLE PEOPLE, WHAT  
DOST THOU DO IN THE  
WORLD OF LIFE & WHAT  
DOST THOU  
SEEK?

MOTHER OF  
WATERS!!  
SHE IS HUGE AND  
FRIGHTFUL! YET, SHE  
IS... SHE IS  
BEAUTIFUL!!

*Crestings Excellency:  
Due to the strange and  
unexplainable disappearance  
of my envoys, my best  
mail bear, this to you.*

## The Messenger

*As you know, my lord,  
the havoc of insects and  
my departure is based  
on our proud host that  
we always believe  
letters entrusted to us.  
Whatever the hazard,  
whatever the danger,  
We never fail!!*













# AGAR-AGAR The Harem of Bacchus



GOODBYE GAMER!  
WITH YOU, NIGHT  
AND DAY ARE  
ONE.

FAREWELL,  
AGAR-AGAR.  
YOU WILL BE MY  
LOVE FOR  
EVER.

AGAIN THE LOVELY SPRITE IS FREE OF A  
LOVER. AGAIN SHE CAN SEEK A NEW  
SITUATION.



WHERE ARE YOU  
TAKING ME &  
HEEEELP!

TAKE  
HER!

SHE IS  
NOT OF  
OUR  
PEOPLE.

ALL THE BETTER,  
SHE IS A  
MAGNIFICENT  
TROPHY!



WHAT A  
STRANGE THING  
LOVE IS. IT FADES  
AWAY LIKE THE  
MORNING  
DEW.

WHAM. WHAT A  
STRANGE AND  
ENCHANTING  
CREATURE!

BWARE LADY, FAYONS ARE INFAMOUS FOR THEIR LUSTS.



INSOLENT BEAST!  
TOUCH ME AGAIN WITH  
YOUR GREAT HOOVES  
AND I'LL GELD YOU.

YOU MAY BE TOUGH  
OUTSIDE, BUT I'LL  
WAGER YOU'RE SOFT  
INSIDE.



THEY ARE HORRID.  
ALL FLABBY!  
WHO WILL HELP ME &

AFTER A LONG AND UNCOMFORTABLE JOURNEY, AGAR-AGAR REACHED THE CITY OF THE PAGANS.



HOW LOVELY!  
A CITY SET IN  
THE MIST OF A  
FOREST.

IT IS THE HOME OF OUR  
LORD AND  
MASTER.

CLIMB THE  
STAIRS AND MEET  
YOUR DESTINY,  
OUR LORD,  
BACCHUS!



THE GOD,  
BACCHUS!!!

RARE BIRDS AND EXOTIC VINES DECORATE THE THRONE OF BACCHUS.



WINE AND  
WOMEN I  
THOUGHT  
AS MUCH!

WHAT A PRETTY  
LITTLE DOVE!

THE GROSS GOD GIVES A SHARP OBBE



BATHE HER!  
PERFUME HER!  
GARLAND HER WITH  
WILD FLOWERS!  
AND THEN.....

WHAT A PRETTY  
BAUBLE!  
GIVE IT  
TO ME!

LITTLE  
MINK! GIVE  
IT BACK!  
IT'S MY  
WAND.





THEY'VE STOLEN MY WAND AWAY!

KEEP QUIET! DON'T MAKE TROUBLE, YOU HAVEN'T YET MET OLERI.



WHO CAN OLERI BE? WELL, I SUPPOSE A PERFUMED BATH MIGHT RID ME OF THE STINK OF SALT.

THE HANDMAIDENS ADORN AGAR AGAR WITH FINE FLOWERS AND CLOTHES OF BRUN SILK, AS THOUGH FOR A WEDDING ... OR A SACRIFICE!



MY FATE IS WRITTEN IN THE STARS. I HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR.



OH! WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

OLERI WILL TAKE YOU LIKE HE TAKES ALL THE OTHERS.

LUCKY MAN! HE GETS ALL THE FRESH FRUIT TO PLUCK.

EVERY STEP BRINGS OUR HEROINE CLOSER TO THE POOL, DOMAIN OF OLERI.



OLERI!!

LEAVE HER TO ME. GO!

A TIME OF HUMILIATION AND TORTURE BEGINS FOR THE LOVELY SPRITE.



ACCURSED SUIII! TOMORROW YOU WILL BEG FOR DEATH AS A RELEASE FROM YOUR SUFFERING.

YOU WILL NOT HEAR ME WHIMPER FOR MERCY, PERVERTED ANIMAL!

CAME THE DAWN! IN SILENCE AND PITY, SOMEONE WATCHED.



WRETCHED GIRL! WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP YOU?



ENDYMION, THE CENTAUR, A LOSE REBEL.



ALL OF BACCHUS' FAVOURITES SLEEP IN THE HAREM.



HAVING DELIVERED THE WAND TO THE SPIRIT, THE CENTAUR VANISHES.



BACCHUS SENDS FOR AGAR-AGAR, WHO HE THINKS BROKEN BY THE NIGHT OF TORTURE.



COME MY LITTLE  
BACCHUS-MADE, COME  
MY TINY PIGLET, COME  
DRINK WITH ME TO  
CELEBRATE OUR NOCTURNALS

PIGLET INSIDE,  
WE'LL SEE WHO'S  
THE GREAT TALL OF  
LARD.



HER WAND  
FLASHED AS SHE  
CASTS THE  
SPELL..



PIG!! THAT'S WHAT  
YOU WILL BE FOR  
ALL ETERNITY, YOU  
AND YOUR OTHER  
FOUL ANIMALS.

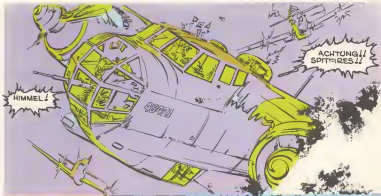
AGAR-AGAR LEAVES THE CREATURE THAT WAS ONCE THE  
GOD, BACCHUS, AND SEEKS THE LONELY ENDYMION.



NOT ALL WOMEN  
ARE LIKE THOSE  
TRICKS IN BACCHUS/  
HAGEN, NOT ARE ALL  
MEN LIKE OBLEL AND  
THE FACTS, I WILL  
PROVE IT TO YOU,  
MY LOVE..

IT'S STRANGE,  
YOUR HANDS STILL  
BURN ME, BUT  
NOW I FIND IT  
PLEASANT.





ENRICH SIO  
**Squadron  
—Leader  
Braddock**  
THAT'S A FEW LESS BOOCHES,  
NOW FOR HOME.



CHRIST! WHAT THE HELL IS  
THIS LIQUID?





THE CONTROLS ARE MELTING!

IT CAN'T BE. I'M GOING MAD!!



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RED LEADER TO BASE!  
TO BASE!

IT'S A NIGHTMARE. IT MUST BE!!

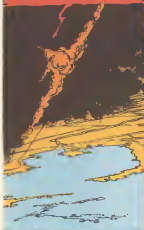
ALL THE METAL IS GOING SOFT!

RED LEADER TO BASE. RED LEADER TO BASE. DO YOU READ ME?



RED LEADER!

CAN'T ANYONE HEAR ME ♀  
CAN'T YOU SEE ME ♀  
JOHNNY! PETE!!



MUSTN'T PANIC. HAD  
IT IF I DO.



ERIC SIO



GOD! THIS LIQUID  
BURNS!

SOFT... MELTING...  
BURNING... NOOO!!



IT'S...IT'S LIKE FLESH!!



MY FEET ARE BURNING  
UP!!



MY PARACHUTE. THAT'S MY  
ONLY CHANCE. NOW!

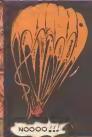


JUMP! GOT TO JUMP! GET  
AWAY. JOOUMP!



ERIC  
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