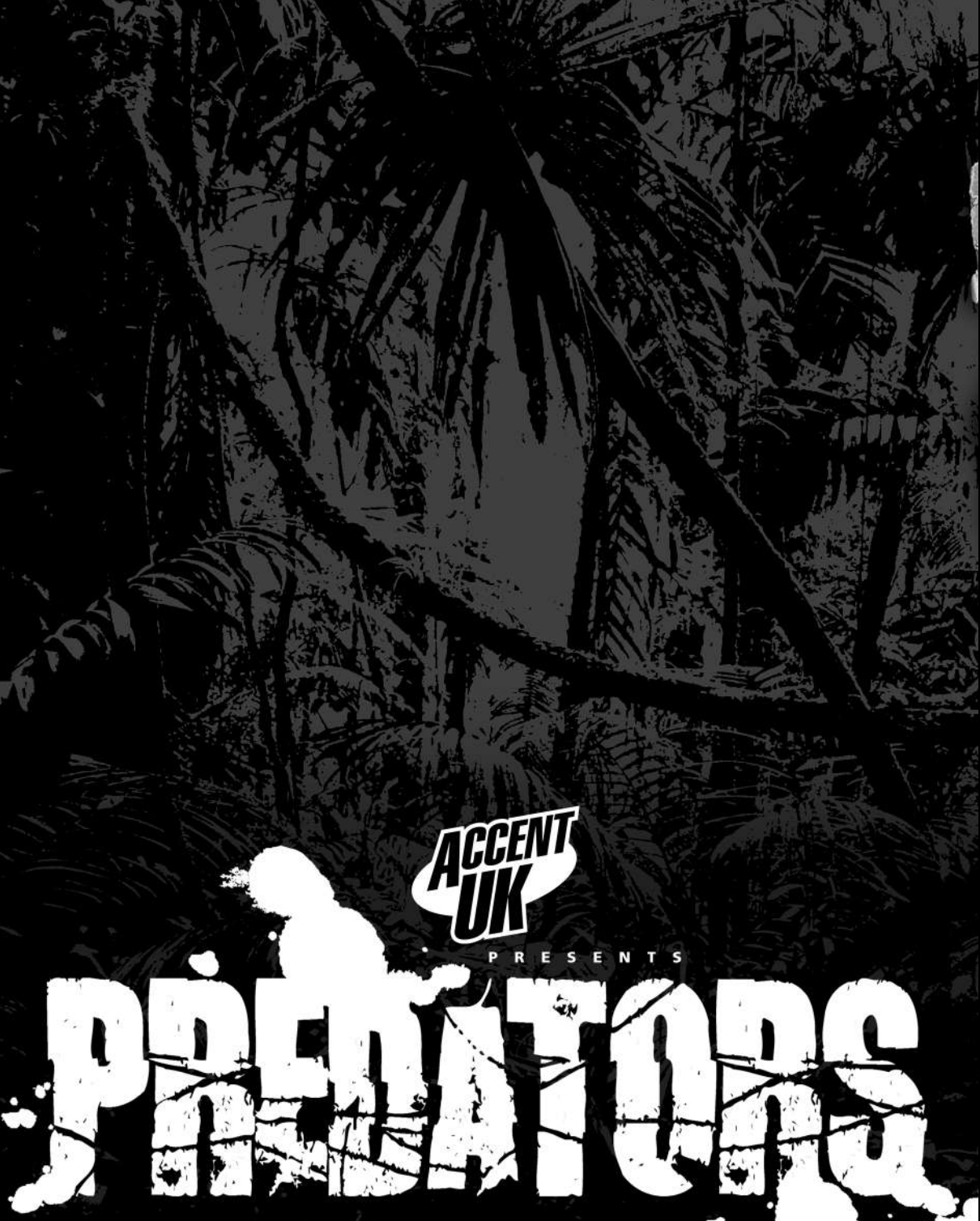
# PREDATORS



ACCENT UK

ANTHOLOGY




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EDITORS

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DESIGN & PRODUCTION

KEV MULLINS
COVER ART

# Main Courses


**DEAD AND CURRIED**
Story by Martin Hayes, Art by Lonny Chant

**LUFTWAFFE 46**
Story by Michael Burness, Art by Steven Howard

**HELL NO, KITTY**
Story and art by Andy Forber

**A SHEPHERD TENDS HIS FLOCK**
Story and art by Douglas Noble

**WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE**
Story by Paul Stafford and Craig Shields,
Art by Lee Lightfoot

**FIENDS REUNITED**
Story and Art by Dave West

**THE GLADIATOR**
Story by Jon Ayre, Art by Martin Flink

**SHARKS SWIM IN HOLY WATER**
Story and art by Douglas Noble

**STEPPIN' RAZOR**
Story and Art by Will Kirkby

**PREDATORS / PREY 1**
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**FIRST KILL**
Story by Steve Tanner, Art by Andy Dodd

**GENERATIONS**
Story and Art by Dave West

**THE BEAST WITHIN**
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**A GOOD DAY**
Story by Steve White, Art by James McKay,
Lettering by Benjamin Dickson

**PREDATORS / PREY 2**
Story and Art by David Baillie

**TOP OF THE FOOD CHAIN**
Story by Darren Ellis, Art by Roland Bird

**ALWAYS CHASED**
Story by Martin Fisher, Art by Javier Reyes

**PREDATORS / PREY 3**
Story and Art by David Baillie

**THE EXTERMINATOR**
Story by David Hailwood, Art by Tony Suleri

**MISE EN SCENE**
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**JUST LIKE YOU**
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**SPIDER**
Story by Alexi Conman, Art by Crispian Woolford
Greytones by Steve Howard, Lettering by Andy Bloor

**THE MUMMY RETURNS**
Story and Art by Dave West

**CLEAN**
Story by Paul L Mathews, Art by Pedro Lopez

**IN THE OLD FASHIONED WAY**
Story by Jonathan Baylis, Art by David Beyer Jr

**THE EVIL ONE**
Story and art by Kev Mullins

**GREEDY FISH**
Story by Tony Hitchman, Art by Leonie O'Moore

**MADAME MOTHRA'S GENO PETS**
Story by Valentin Lerena and Pablo Lizalde,
Art by Pablo Lizalde

**THE LURE**
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**LAST SUPPERS**
Story and art by Jay Eales

**THE DRILL**
Story, Script and Inks by Morgan Pielli,
Script and Pencils by Jon-Mikel Gates

**AND WE'LL LICK THE PLATTER CLEAN**
Story and art by Natalie Sandells

**EARTH TO EARTH**
Story by Stephen Michael Lowe,
Art by Marleen Starksfield Lowe

**Z-GIRL AND THE 4 TIGERS:**
**SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN**
Story by Jeff Marsick, Art by Kirk Manley

**SKIN DEEP**
Story by Mo Ali, Art by Andy Bloor

**GALLERY**
Featuring art by Mo Ali, Andy Bloor and Steve Howard, Federico Combi, Indio, Kirk Manley, James McKay, Debbie Ogden, Caroline Parkinson and Matthew Zucker




**It always amuses me when I hear that.**

Put a gun in a man's hand and then pit him against a Tiger and if he knows what he's doing then he should come out on top. Put the same weapon in the hands of your typical city dweller and my money's on the Tiger. Put the talented hunter in the middle of the ocean and the same rifle, so effective against the Tiger, will be of no use at all against a Shark or Killer Whale with a taste for the exotic. And what about all these new strains of flu virus that kill more people than any Tiger or Shark?

The truth is, man likes to think of himself as the top predator on the planet, it helps him sleep at night.

If we ever manage to get off of this planet and explore new worlds, then what will we find there? Creatures who have had millions of years to evolve into that world's top predator, perfectly adapted to the environment. How would we fair against such a creature?

Like all of our anthologies, this one collects a diverse set of stories from Independent comic creators and allows them the creative space to explore this theme. All work is creator owned and whilst some of the names will be familiar, especially if you've read any of our earlier collections, hopefully some will also be new. Getting the work of new creators in front of readers across the globe is what these anthologies are all about, and if you want to know more about their work then there are up to date creator details on the Accent UK website, as well as a summary at the back of this book itself.

The anthology to follow this will be a follow up to our 'sold out' **ZOMBIES** anthology, **2OMBIES**, and then **VICTORIANA**. Should you want to read any of our previous books then they can be ordered through your comic stores or directly from our website.

Hope you enjoy the read.

**Dave West** and **Colin Mathieson**
Editors Accent UK, 2011

Art by **Shane Oakley**

# DEAD AND CURRIED

STORY/MARTIN HAYES ART/LONNY CHANT




MBBAAAHH!!!
MMMBA AAAAAAAHHH!!!
HELL NO!
NOT ON MY
GODDAMN WATCH!!!




BOOM BOOM
AAAIIIEEEE!!
AAAAHHHH! JESUS!!
CHOMP
CHLUUUUURHLP
CHLOOOMP


WHERE IS SEÑOR LEAHY . . . HE SHOULD SEE THIS.
I TELL HIM . . . IS EL CHUPACABRA. BACK IN MY VILLAGE, IT EAT MY UNCLE . . BOOTS AND ALL . . . NOTHING LEFT BUT BONES.
HE WAS GONE BEFORE I WOKE UP. PROBABLY WENT INTO TOWN FOR THOSE ENGINE PARTS HE WAS TALKING ABOUT.
OHH HECTOR, I'M SURE IT WAS JUST COYOTES.


SEÑOR LEAHY IS NOT BACK YET?
NO. BUT YOU KNOW WHAT HE'S LIKE WHEN HE GETS YAKKING TO OLD BILL MELVILLE IN THE HARDWARE STORE.
SÍ. SÍ.
WHAT IS THAT YOU ARE COOKING?
WELL, I THOUGHT THAT IT WOULD BE A SHAME TO WASTE ALL THAT FRESH MEAT. A LOT OF IT WAS PERFECTLY ALL RIGHT.
DO YOU LIKE SPICY FOOD?
THE END

IN THE CLOSING YEARS OF THE WAR THE GERMANS PUT FORWARD MORE AND MORE PROTOTYPES FOR JET AIRCRAFT.

IN LATER YEARS THEY'RE TO BE KNOWN AS THE 'SQUADRON 46' AIRCRAFT.

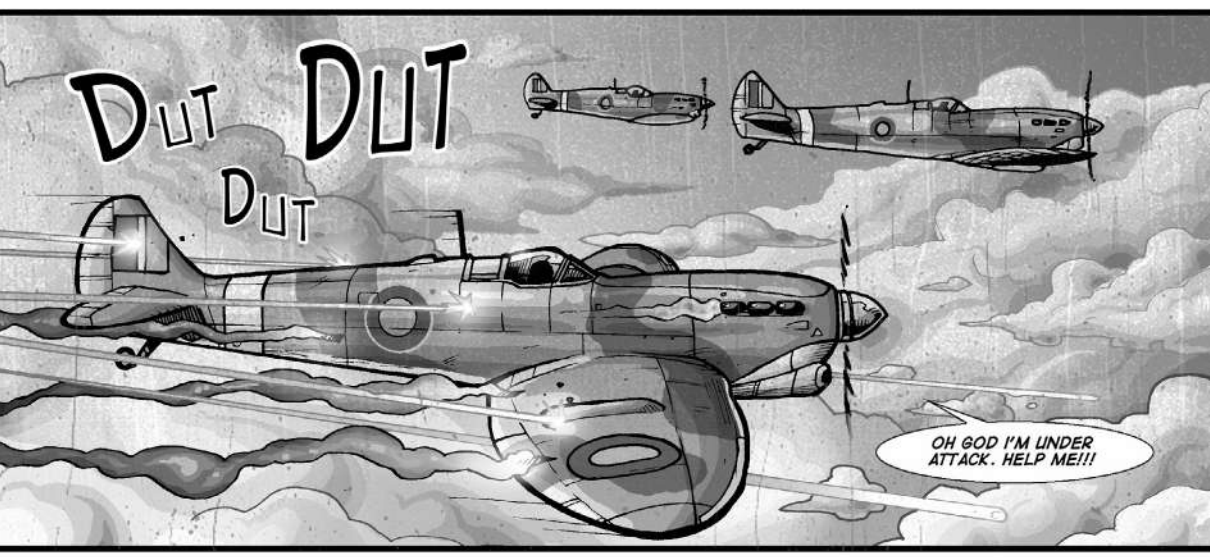


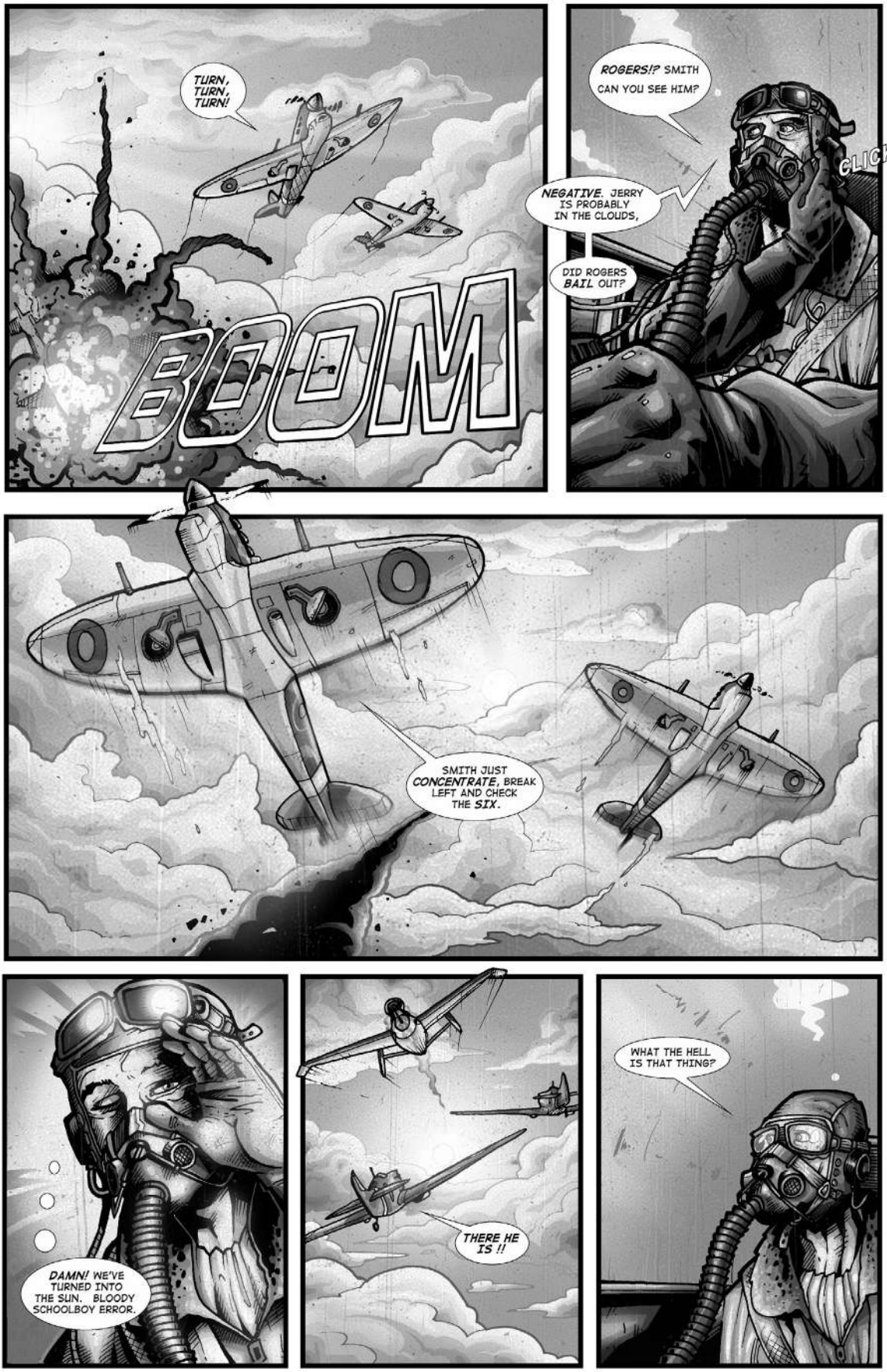
# Luftwaffe46

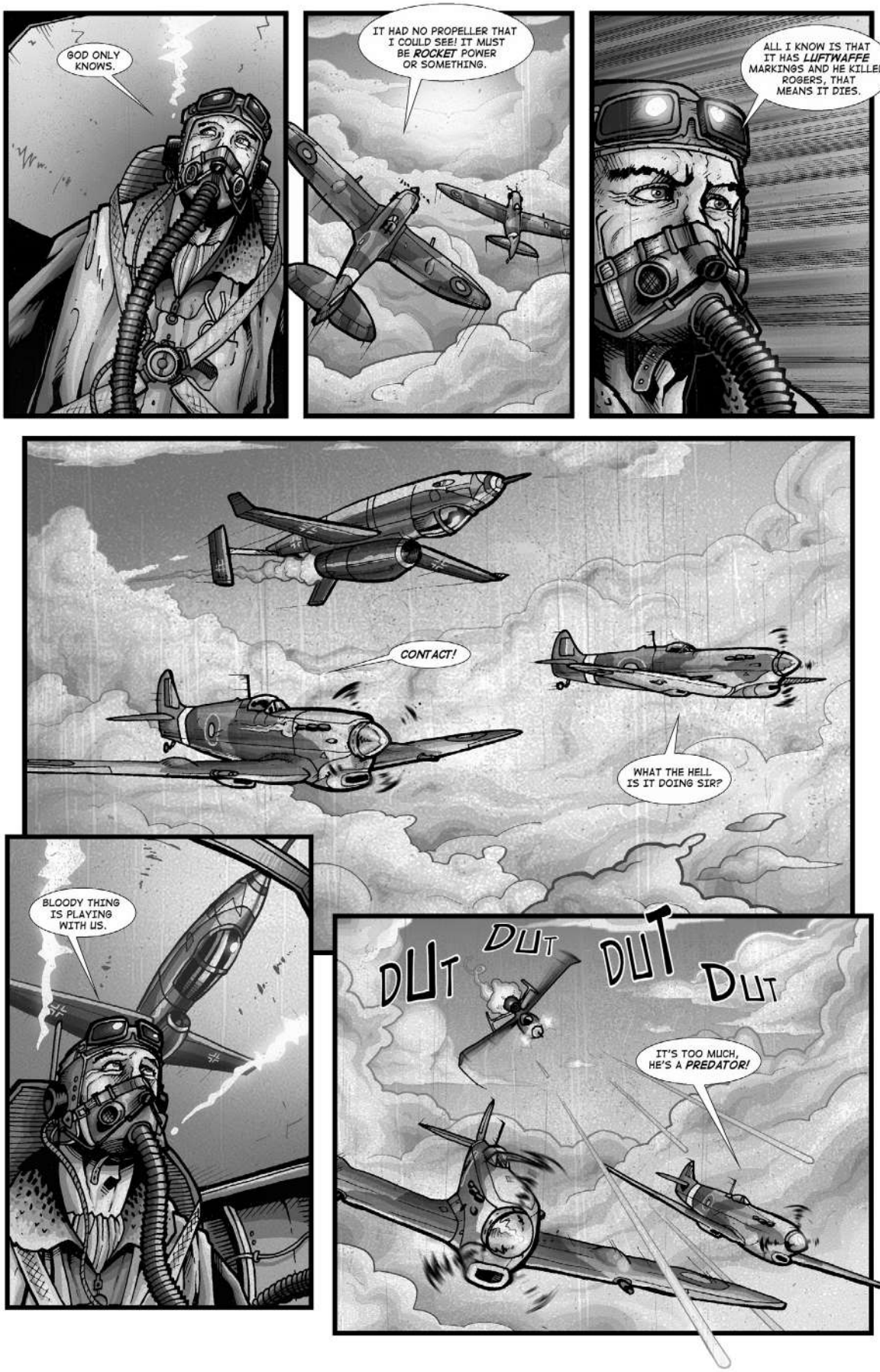
SCRIPT – MICHAEL BURNESS

ARTWORK – STEVE HOWARD


OKAY LADS KEEP A TIGHT FORMATION ON ME AND WE'LL BEGIN SOME PRACTICE RUNS.
DID YOU ROGER, ROGERS?
VERY FUNNY SMITHY OLD BOY.
KEEP IT DOWN SMITH.
ROGERS PULL IT A BIT TIGHTER IN THE FORMATION.
YES SIR.
WE'LL GET ANOTHER FOUR MILES OUT AND THEN WE'LL BEGIN OUR DOG FIGHT PRACTICE.


DUT DUT
DUT
OH GOD I'M UNDER ATTACK. HELP ME!!!

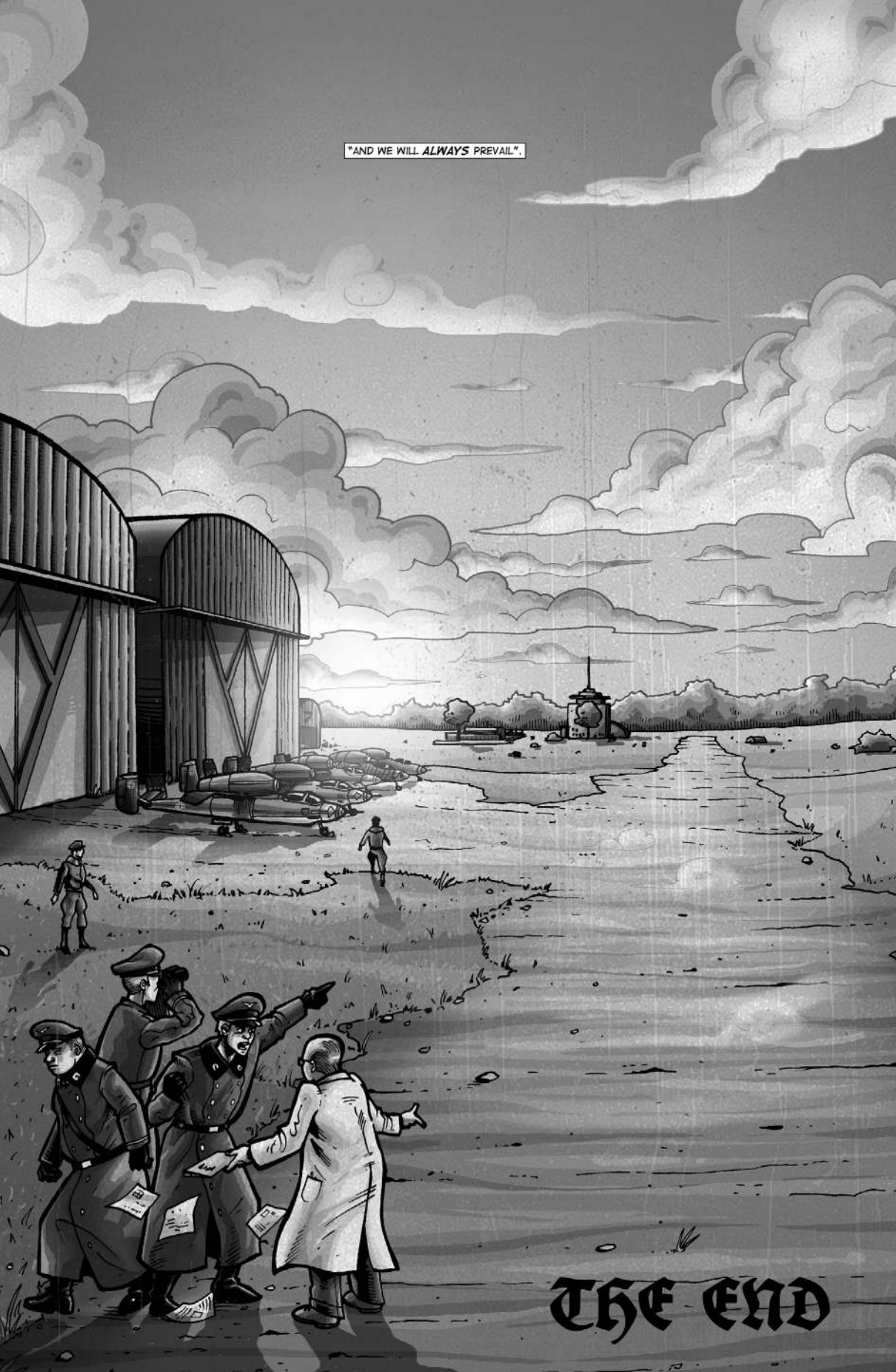

TURN, TURN, TURN!
BOOM
ROGERS!? SMITH CAN YOU SEE HIM?
CLICK
NEGATIVE. JERRY IS PROBABLY IN THE CLOUDS,
DID ROGERS BAIL OUT?
SMITH JUST CONCENTRATE, BREAK LEFT AND CHECK THE SIX.
DAMN! WE'VE TURNED INTO THE SUN. BLOODY SCHOOLBOY ERROR.
THERE HE IS !!
WHAT THE HELL IS THAT THING?


GOD ONLY KNOWS.
IT HAD NO PROPELLER THAT I COULD SEE! IT MUST BE ROCKET POWER OR SOMETHING.
ALL I KNOW IS THAT IT HAS LUFTWAFFE MARKINGS AND HE KILLED ROGERS, THAT MEANS IT DIES.
CONTACT!
WHAT THE HELL IS IT DOING SIR?
BLOODY THING IS PLAYING WITH US.
DUT
DUT
DUT
DUT
IT'S TOO MUCH, HE'S A PREDATOR!


NO SMITHY YOU FOOL...
...DON'T...
...DIVE!
DUT
DUT
DUT
DUT
HE'S ON MY SIX! I'M TAKING DAMAGE!
KEEP IT TOGETHER SMITH. I'M ON HIM NOW.
DUT
DUT
DUT
DUT
DUT
JUST A FEW MORE SECONDS.


IT'S CLEARLY TESTING ITSELF IN COMBAT! CHRIST CAN YOU IMAGINE A SQUADRON OF THESE?
THRASH
J... JUST GET THIS SOD OFF ME!
HOW THE HELL? THE ROUNDS ARE BOUNCING OFF!
PING
PING
MY GUNS ARE LOCKED. I'M GOING TO NEED YOU TO BANK LEFT ON MY MARK.
RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-CLICK-CLICK
NOW SMITH! TURN NOW!
A MESSAGE NEEDS TO BE SENT TO THE HUN. THAT THIS NEW PLANE THEY HAVE IS NO GOOD.
WITH MY GUNS GONE IT LEAVES ME ONLY ONE OPTION.


DUT DUT DUT
DUT DUT
"THIS'LL LET THEM KNOW..."
"...THAT NO MATTER WHAT, NEW TECHNOLOGY THEY HAVE."
KA-BOOM
"WE WILL LEARN AND ADAPT"


"AND WE WILL ALWAYS PREVAIL".
THE END


VLÁ & MOG
in
"HELL NO KITTY"
Andy09


GROWL
GGRRRRR


SAME THING EVERY NIGHT...
SHOULD'A GOT A DOG!

# a shepherd tends his flock

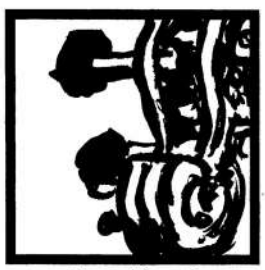
You wouldn't notice him watching from behind the trees. He was always a very quiet man. Gentle, even. A soft footfall. Not even the cracking of a branch.





At the concert he would close his eyes, the music filling him up, swirling around inside him. Just like everyone else there.





Coming home, queuing at the chip shop, how would you know? Haddock and chips, twice, for him and the wife. No pickled onion, he says.





He's on everyone's lips again. Names cracking over radio waves and scrawled on the back of bus seats. Sidelong glances at strangers.





Or at the zoo, the man leaning in close to the cages, laughing at the otters with a slow chuckle. You'd forget his face before you looked away.



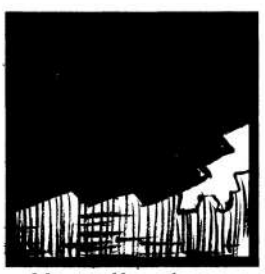


In the railway station, in his hat and his boots, his footsteps echoing along with the great march toward the engine. His case the same as the man to his left.



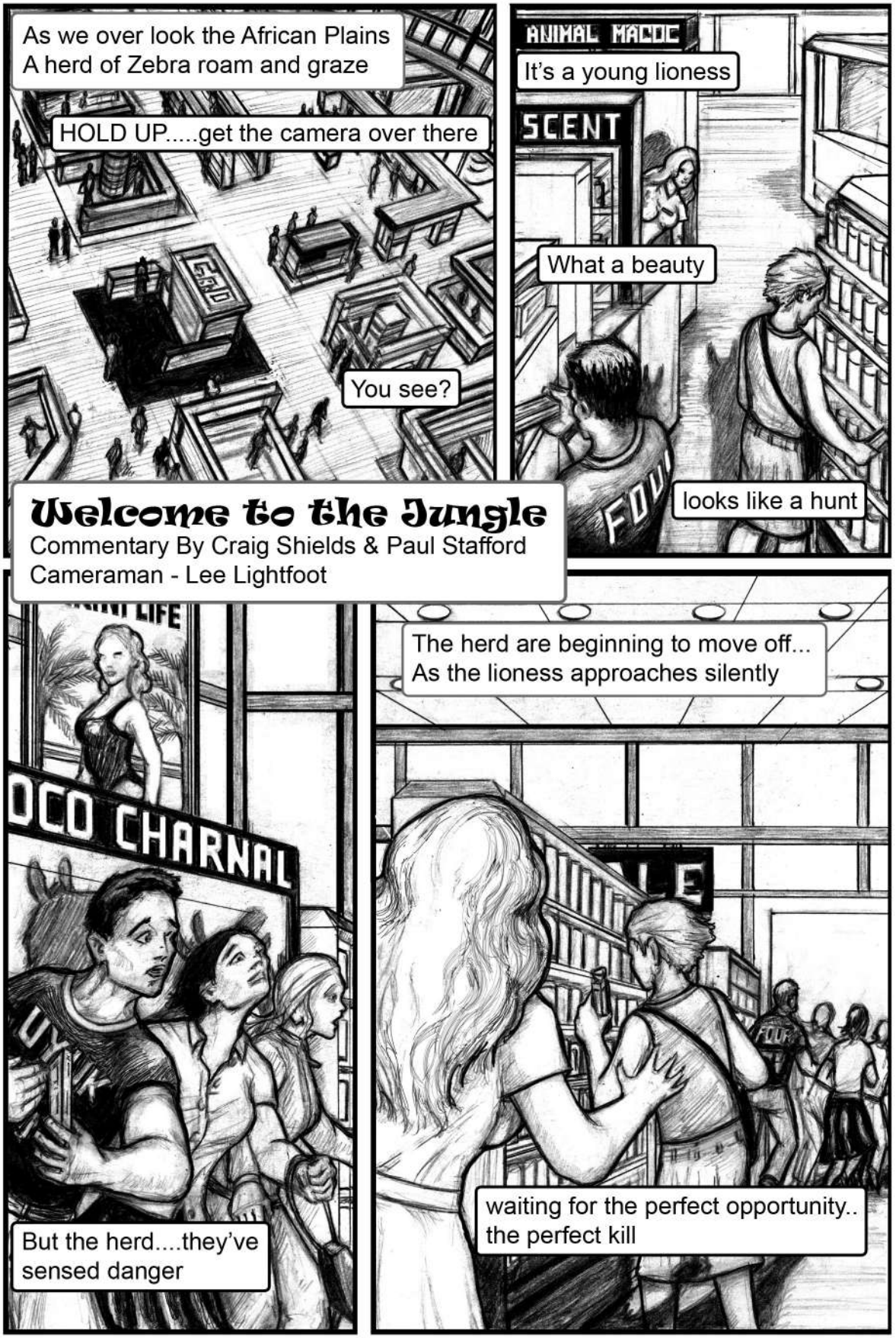


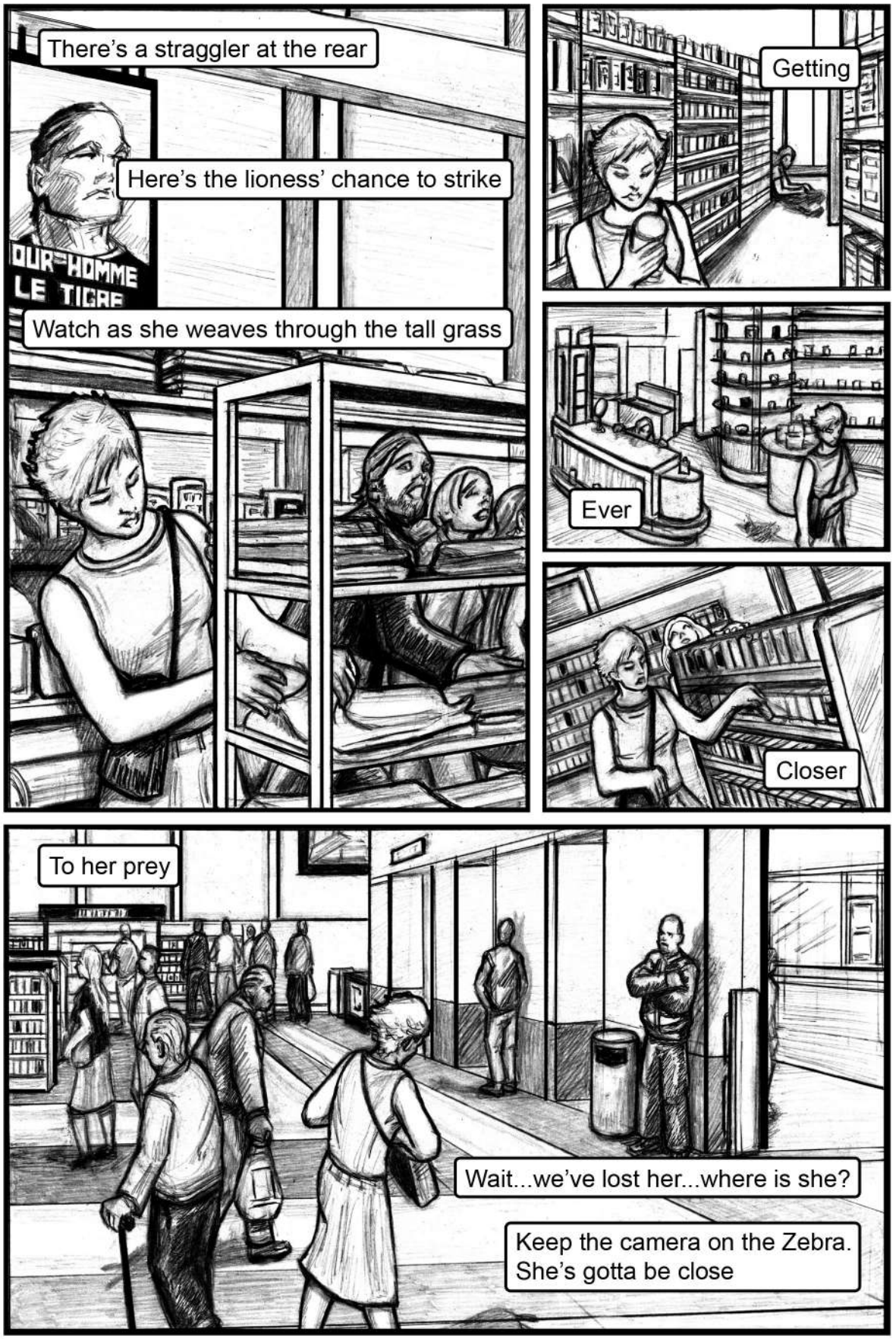
Clouds come in and night falls again. Statues crumble in blue moonlight.

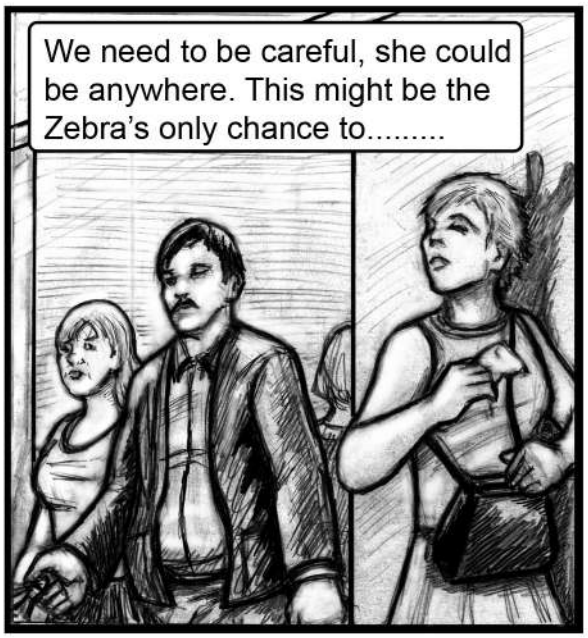




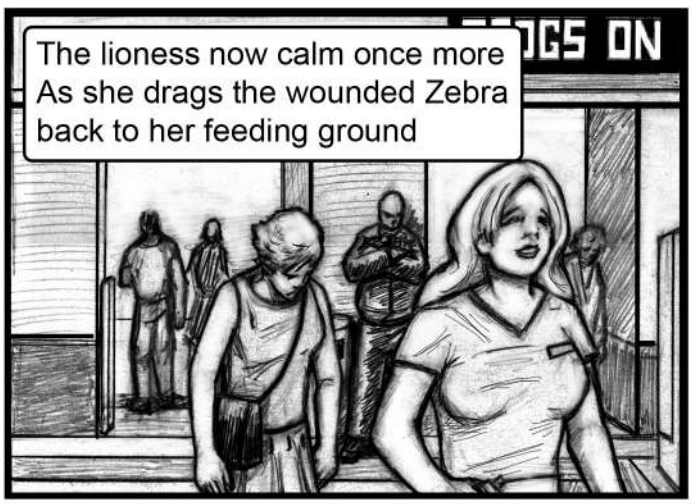
He walks along a cliff path, or through leaf-shaded museum gardens. They step in his footprints and whisper. They look. He watches.


As we over look the African Plains
A herd of Zebra roam and graze
HOLD UP.....get the camera over there
You see?
ANIMAL MACOC
It's a young lioness
SCENT
What a beauty
looks like a hunt
Welcome to the Jungle
Commentary By Craig Shields & Paul Stafford
Cameraman - Lee Lightfoot
LIFE
OCO CHARNAL
But the herd....they've sensed danger
The herd are beginning to move off...
As the lioness approaches silently
waiting for the perfect opportunity..
the perfect kill

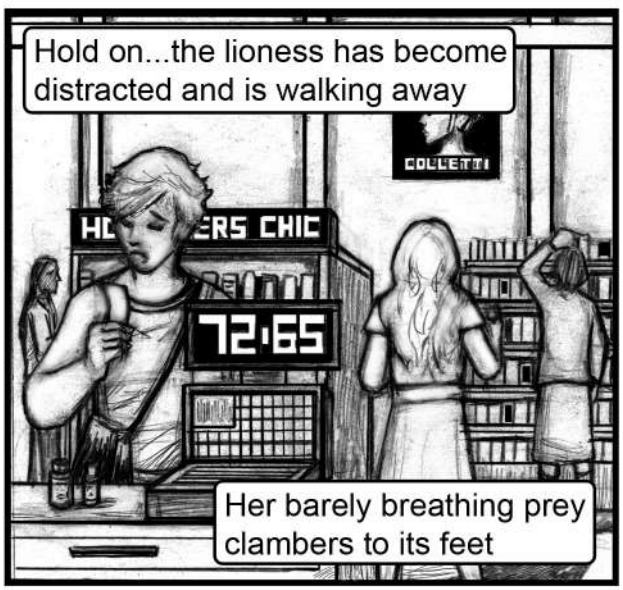

There's a straggler at the rear
Here's the lioness' chance to strike
Watch as she weaves through the tall grass
Getting
Ever
Closer
To her prey
Wait...we've lost her...where is she?
Keep the camera on the Zebra. She's gotta be close

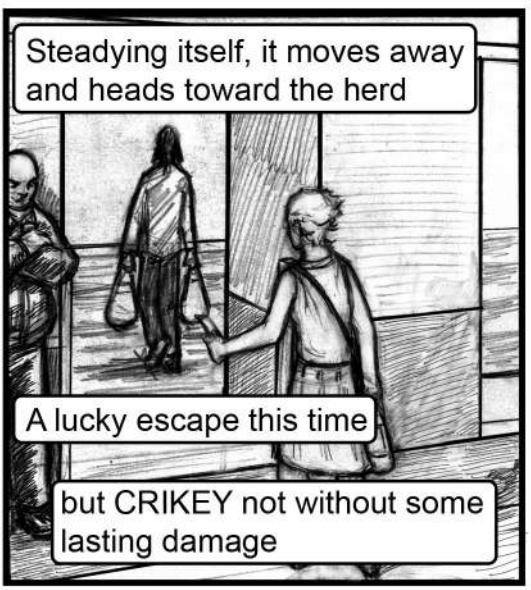

We need to be careful, she could be anywhere. This might be the Zebra's only chance to.....


OH MY GOD...she came out of nowhere...the Zebra...
the Zebra is down

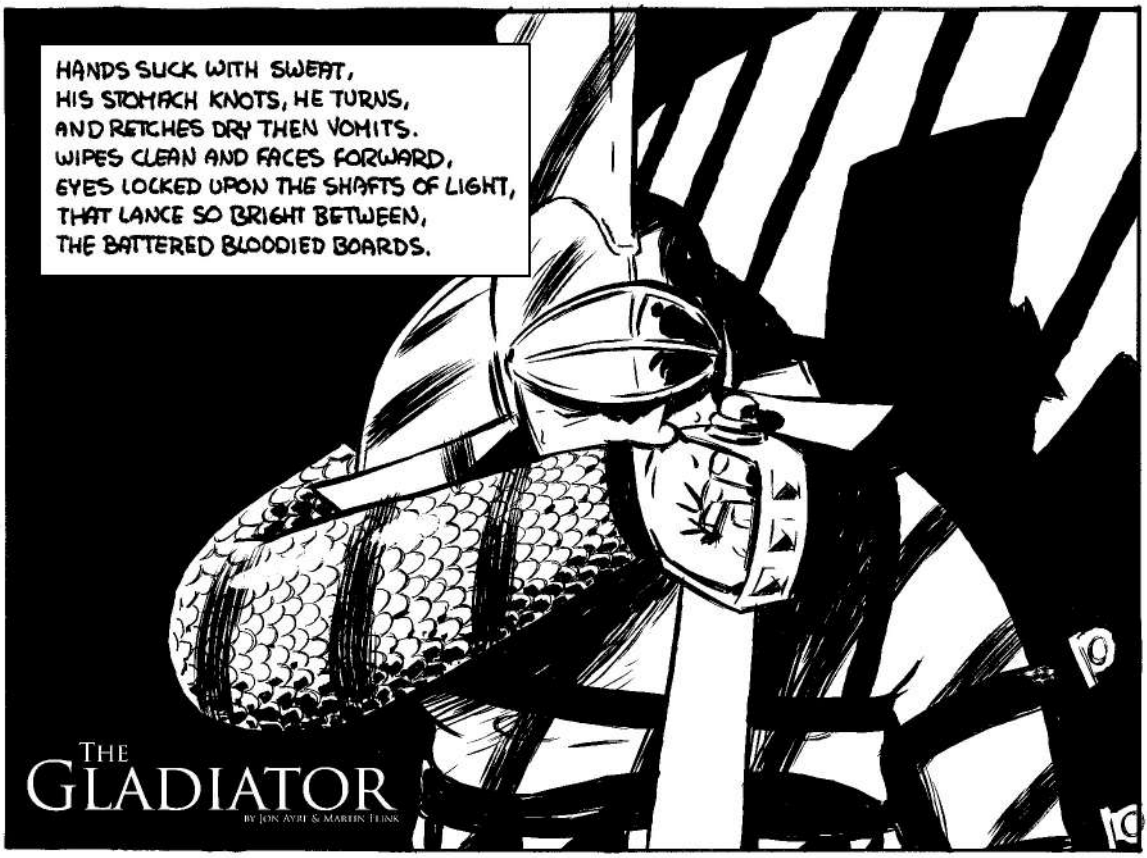

The lioness now calm once more As she drags the wounded Zebra back to her feeding ground


Now in the shade, she feeds

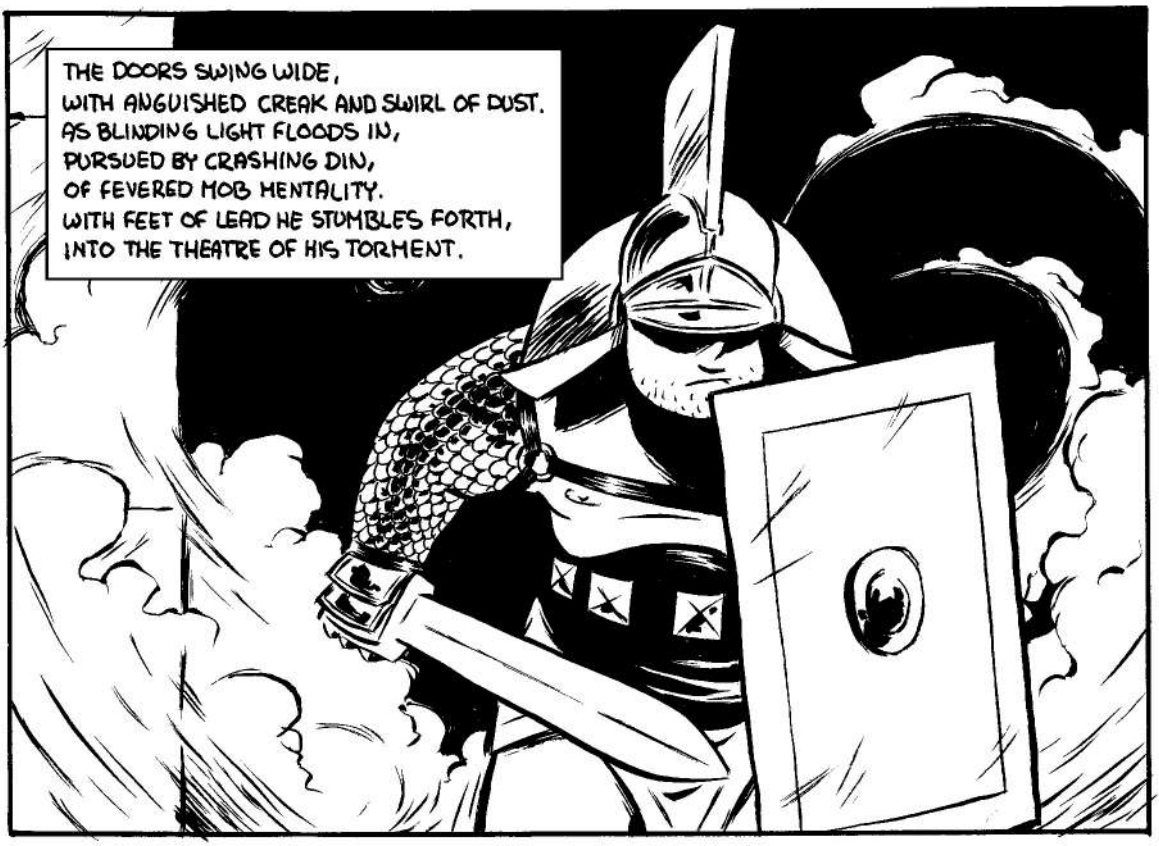

Hold on...the lioness has become distracted and is walking away
COLLETTI
72.65
Her barely breathing prey clambers to its feet

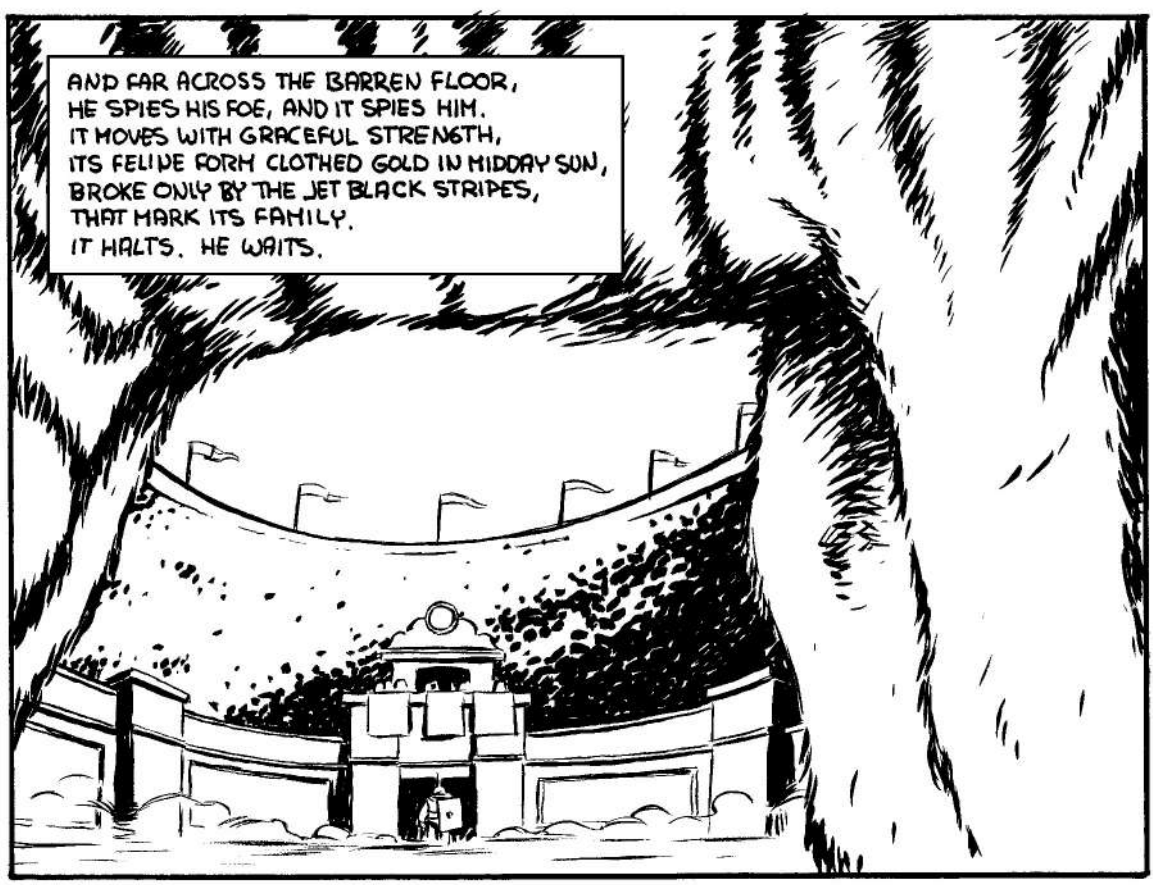

Steadying itself, it moves away and heads toward the herd
A lucky escape this time
but CRIKEY not without some lasting damage

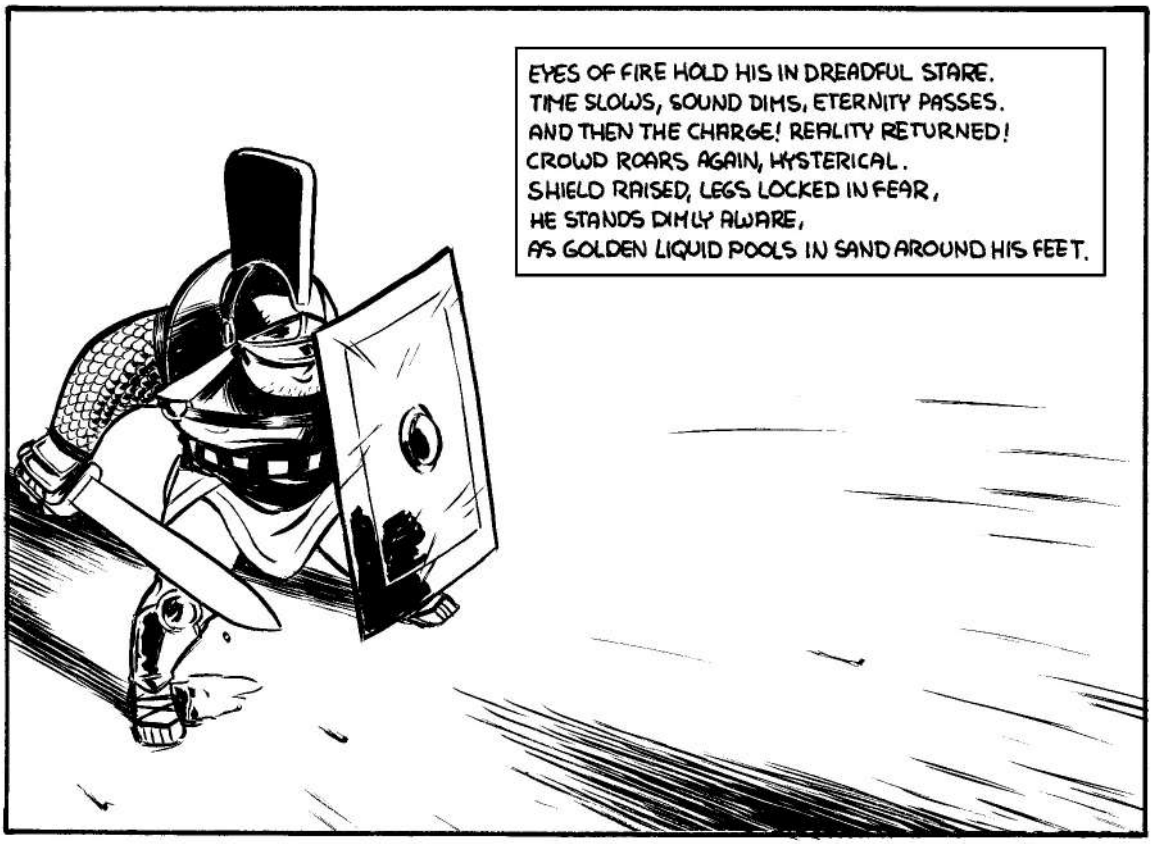

IT JUST WASN'T THE SAME ANYMORE.
HE HADN'T REALLY ENJOYED HIMSELF SINCE 1943.
MORE THAN 60 YEARS AGO.
MAYBE IT WAS TIME HE TRIED SOMETHING NEW.
PUT THIS NEW FANGLED TECHNOLGY TO USE.
HE PREFERRED THE OLD WAYS ...
BUT SOMETIMES YOU JUST HAVE TO MOVE WITH THE TIMES.
BIJG!
AND HOPE TO BE PLEASANTLY SURPRISED.
THANKS BE TO THE MOON ABOVE FOR
FIENDS REUNITED


HANDS SUCK WITH SWEAT,
HIS STOMACH KNOTS, HE TURNS,
AND RETCHES DRY THEN VOMITS.
WIPES CLEAN AND FACES FORWARD,
EYES LOCKED UPON THE SHAFTS OF LIGHT,
THAT LANCE SO BRIGHT BETWEEN,
THE BATTERED BLOODIED BOARDS.
THE
GLADIATOR
BY JON AYRE & MARTIN TUNK

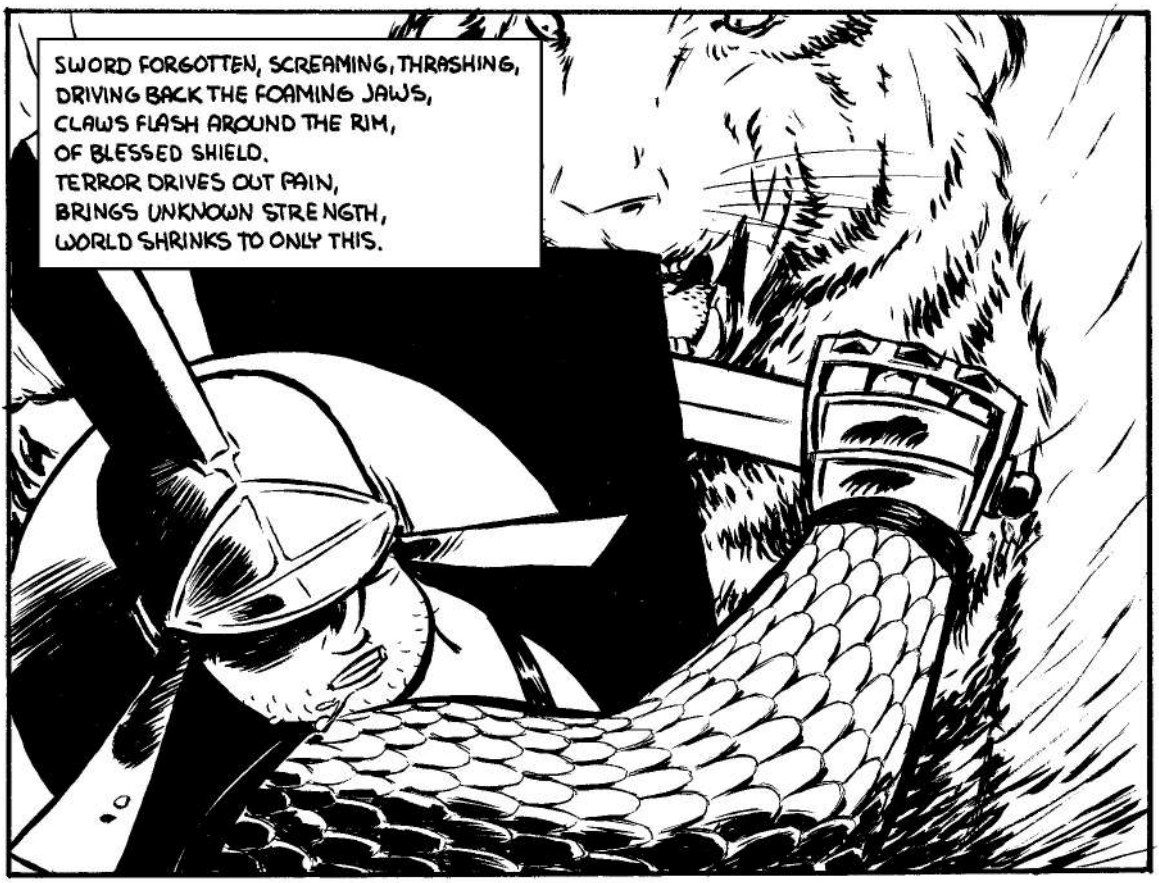

IN DUSTY GLOOM HE WAITS,
AS FROM BEYOND THOSE TIMBERED DOORS,
THE DISTANT AND DEMENTED CROWD,
CALL STRAIGHT INTO HIS HEART,
AND RIP IT FROM HIS CHEST.
NOW IS THE MUCH FEARED TIME,
NOW IS THE NIGHTMARE MOMENT.


THE DOORS SWING WIDE,
WITH ANGUISHED CREAK AND SWIRL OF DUST.
AS BLINDING LIGHT FLOODS IN,
PURSUED BY CRASHING DIN,
OF FEVERED MOB MENTALITY.
WITH FEET OF LEAD HE STUMBLES FORTH,
INTO THE THEATRE OF HIS TORMENT.


AND FAR ACROSS THE BARREN FLOOR,
HE SPIES HIS FOE, AND IT SPIES HIM.
IT MOVES WITH GRACEFUL STRENGTH,
ITS FELINE FORM CLOTHED GOLD IN MIDDAY SUN,
BROKE ONLY BY THE JET BLACK STRIPES,
THAT MARK ITS FAMILY.
IT HALTS. HE WAITS.

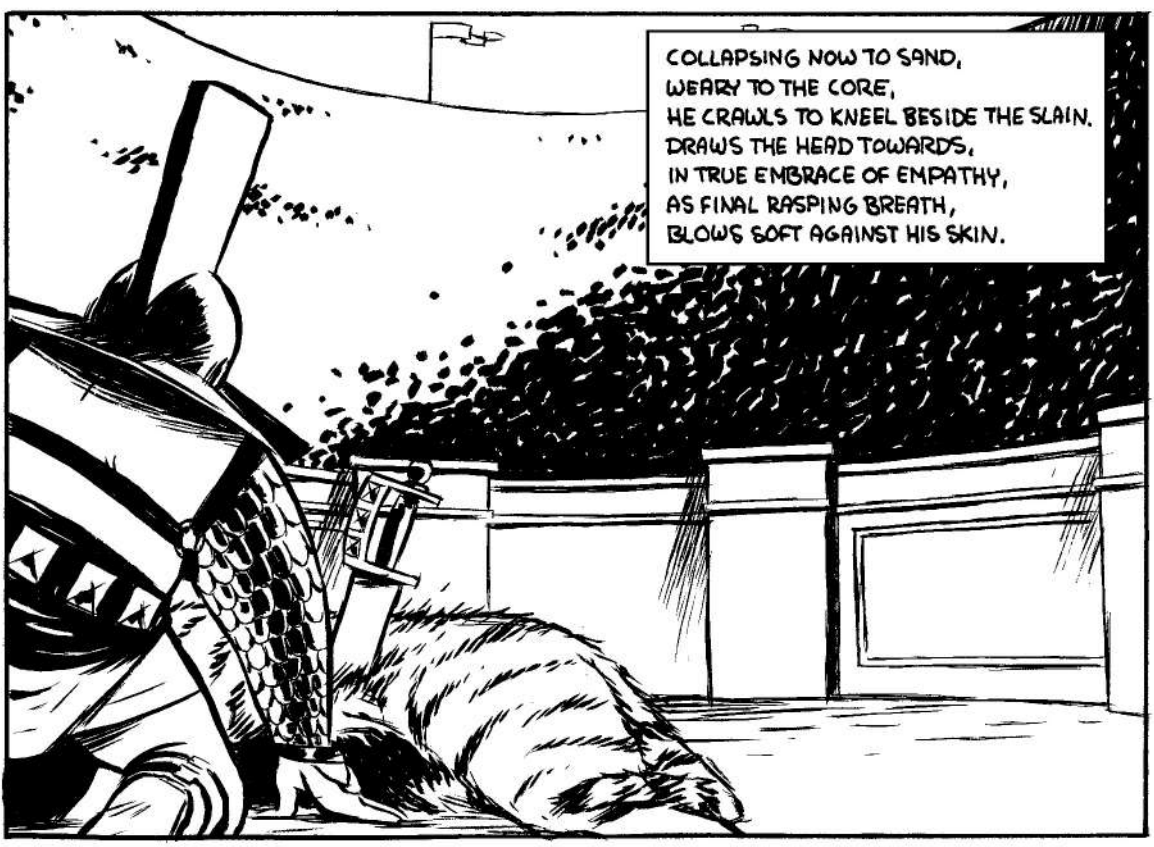

EYES OF FIRE HOLD HIS IN DREADFUL STARE.
TIME SLOWS, SOUND DIMS, ETERNITY PASSES.
AND THEN THE CHARGE! REALITY RETURNED!
CROWD ROARS AGAIN, HYSTERICAL.
SHIELD RAISED, LEGS LOCKED IN FEAR,
HE STANDS DIMLY AWARE,
AS GOLDEN LIQUID POOLS IN SAND AROUND HIS FEET.


A BLUR. THE TEETH, THE CLAWS, THE BLOW.
SHIELD ARM NUMB, SHOULDER BURNS,
LIQUID OF A DIFFERENT HUE FLOWS NOW,
PROBE, BUT STILL ALIVE!
AND THEN THE HEAT, THE CRUSHING WEIGHT,
BARES DOWN ON COWERING FORM,
TEETH CLOSE ON SHIELD.


SWORD FORGOTTEN, SCREAMING, THRASHING,
DRIVING BACK THE FOAMING JAWS,
CLAWS FLASH AROUND THE RIM,
OF BLESSED SHIELD.
TERROR DRIVES OUT PAIN,
BRINGS UNKNOWN STRENGTH,
WORLD SHRINKS TO ONLY THIS.


RAZOR TALONS RIP AT FLESH,
AND SUDDEN AGONY BRINGS PRIMAL DEFENSE.
HANDS REACH AND GOUGE, FIND PLIANT FLESHY ORB,
AND WITH A ROAR THE WEIGHT IS GONE.
TO FEET! UP! RISE! MIND SCREAMS,
AND MUSCLES STRIVE TO SERVE.
AND THERE IT STANDS WITH BLOODIED FACE.


WITH BEASTIAL CRY, UNWARNED IT SPRINGS,
AND THERE THE SWORD,
HELD TIGHT IN TREMBLING HAND,
MEETS COMING FOE AS IF BY CHOICE.
STEEL RIPPED FROM HAND,
EMBEDDED DEEP,
FELINE GRACE TURNED SWIFT TO STONE.


COLLAPSING NOW TO SAND,
WEARY TO THE CORE,
HE CRAWLS TO KNEEL BESIDE THE SLAIN.
DRAWS THE HEAD TOWARDS,
IN TRUE EMBRACE OF EMPATHY,
AS FINAL RASPING BREATH,
BLOWS SOFT AGAINST HIS SKIN.


WITH NOBLE FELINE HEAD,
UPON HIS BLOODY KNEE,
LIFE'S LAST BREATH DESERTED.
NOW THE FIGHTER UNDERSTANDS,
THE BEAST IS HIM, HE IS THE BEAST,
AND SO HIS DAILY SUFFERING SHALL CONTINUE,
FOR ONLY ONE IS THERE THIS SWEET RELEASE.

# SHARKS SWIM IN HOLY WATER

THE ENDURING CHURCH OF CHRIST'S TRUE LOVE WAS MERGED INTO THE FIRST CHURCH OF LIGHT.

THE FIRST CHURCH OF LIGHT WAS AMALGAMATED INTO THE HOLY GATHERING OF EQUAL SOULS.




THE HOLY GATHERING OF EQUAL SOULS WAS DEVOURED BY THE NEW FREE BROTHERHOOD OF CHRIST.




THE NEW FREE BROTHERHOOD OF CHRIST WAS ENGULFED BY THE JULIATIAN REJOICING FELLOWSHIP.




THE JULIATIAN REJOICING FELLOWSHIP WAS FOLDED INTO THE UNITED THEOLOGICAL COUNCIL.




THE UNITED THEOLOGICAL COUNCIL WAS EATEN UP BY THE ATLANTIC FELLOWSHIP TRUST.




THE ATLANTIC FELLOWSHIP TRUST WAS BOUGHT OUT BY RESTON PETROLEUM INTERESTS.




RESTON PETROLEUM INTERESTS WERE SWALLOWED BY THE NEW TRUE LOVE PLC.




DOUGLAS NOBLE




WWW.STRIP-FOR-ME.COM

My lips are on fire, the flavour of the Supermalt I've been knocking back all day is mixing with the liquorice papers on my tobacco.

Tastes like dirty electricity and brimstone.

IN THE SOUTH LONDON NEIGHBOURHOOD OF PECKHAM

# STEPPIN RAZOR

BY WILL KIRKBY

I guess Peckham has always tasted like that to me.





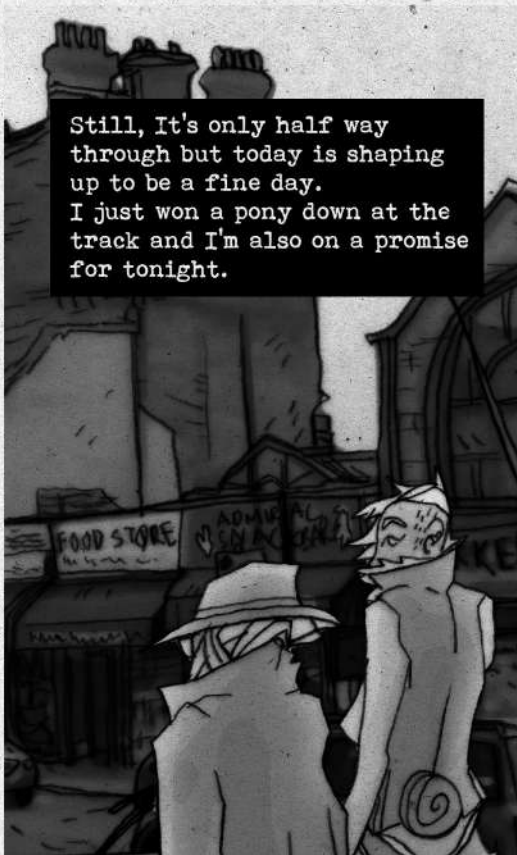



It's the tension in the air, it spills over, like the sharp acidic intake of breath you take before hitting someone.





Still, It's only half way through but today is shaping up to be a fine day.
I just won a pony down at the track and I'm also on a promise for tonight.




No not her. Though she is the best part of my day.
You see, today I get to show my daughters kid the tricks of the trade. Yes sir, today's going to be mighty fine.
JESUS, GRANDDAD DO YOU EVER STOP DRINKING THAT STUFF?
I MEAN IT'S JUST NOT HEALTHY.
ORIGINAL
HUSH UP NOW LITTLE BEE, WE'RE ABOUT TO GET TO WORKING.
WE GOT A CALL ABOUT A DUPPY. A REAL MEAN CUSS, ALL TOOTH AND CLAW, A REAL PREDATOR. SO NO MATTER WHAT YOU DON'T FLINCH WHEN THE ACTION STARTS.


YOU WALK INTO THAT SHOP A STEPPIN RAZOR. YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A FIGHT AND HE'S JUST THERE TO GIVE YOU ONE.
SO. I GET A WEAPON RIGHT?
YOU GET THIS.
BLENHEIN GROVE
LONDON BOROUGH OF SOUTHWARK
THIS? A MARKER?
Sharkie
PERMANENT MARKER
AYE, NOW FOLLOW ME.
NO WAIT...BUT.


ONE POUCH OF GOLDEN VIRGINIA WHEN YOU'RE READY, OH AND A PACK OF LIQUORICE SKINS IF YOU HAVE THEM.


ANYTHING ELSE?




YOU CAN STOP LYING TO ME BULL BUKKA MY EYES AIN'T BEING TRICKED BY NO DUPPY.


GRANDDAD, WHAT THE HELL? GET OFF HER!


WHAT SAY YOU BUKKA?
I THINK YOU'RE GETTING OLD, TIME WAS YOU'D HAVE SLAPPED ME RIGHT OUT OF THIS KIND LADY.
MIGHT BE... BUT I STILL SEE YOU PRAYING ON THESE FOLK.
NOW FELON, BE CALM, I'M DOING NOTHING BUT RIDING.
AYE RIDING AND TAKING. YOU'RE A CANCER EATING AWAY AT PEOPLE.
YOU DO ME WRONG, THEY HAVE BEEN ASKING FOR ME, SAYING "BULL BUKKA, OH PLEASE BULL BUKKA, TAKE MY PAIN AWAY" SO I DOES JUST THAT.
I ONLY ASK THEM FOR A TASTE.


TASTE YOU SAY. I SEE A SHARK UNDER HER SKIN AND YOU SAY TASTE. YOU'RE A TWICE DAMNED KILLER AIN'T NO 'TASTE' GOING TO FEED WHAT YOU ARE.
I GUESS SO OLD MAN.
OH SHIT.
HOW ABOUT YOU LITTLE GIRL? CAN OL' BULL BUKKA HAVE A LITTLE TASTE?


OH SHIT.
BEE! THE MARKER!


THOK
SIGH
TAKE THE MARKER AND DRAW A PENTAGRAM ON HER...
OH....


AND THEN SIGN IT AND HE'LL BE SEALED AWAY.
THIS IS FAR FROM OVER LITTLE GIRL.
GOOD, CAUSE I'M A STEPPIN RAZOR AND I'M ALWAYS READING FOR A FIGHT.
CRUNCH
AND ARE YOU GOING TO PAY FOR THAT!?
HELL NO.
A fine day Indeed.

# PREDATORS PREY

Starring : Boy/Girl and Hunter/Bear





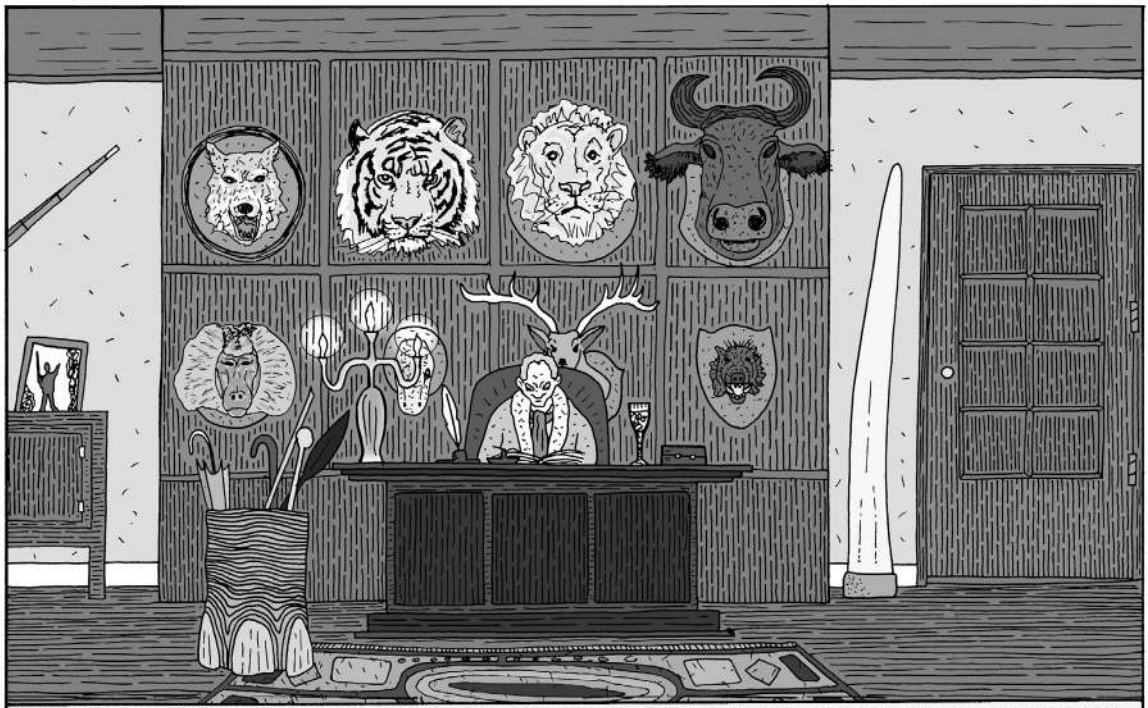

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FIRST KILL
STEVE TANNER and ANDREW DODD
MANY DAYS I HAVE WALKED THROUGH THE WHITE FOLLOWING MY PREY.
MY WEAK, STUPID, PREY THAT WILL BE MY FIRST KILL.
IT MAKES NO ATTEMPT TO HIDE ITSELF. IT DOESN'T KNOW IT'S BEING HUNTED.
IT LEAVES A SMELL THAT HANGS IN THE AIR.
IT LEAVES TRACKS THAT ARE EASY TO SEE.
STUPID, WEAK, PREY.


THE ELDERS ARE WATCHING ME. THEY ALWAYS WATCH FIRST KILL.
THEY NEED TO SEE THE KILL IS MINE AND AND THAT I AM READY TO STAND AT THEIR SIDE.
AT NIGHT I SLEEP LIGHTLY, JUST IN CASE THE PREY DECIDES TO MOVE AGAIN.
IT DOESN'T. IT NEVER DOES. IT IS TOO STUPID AND WEAK.
AND IF I AM NOT READY, IF I FAIL THEN -
- NOBODY HELPS WITH FIRST KILL.


I SENSE THE TIME HAS COME. I NEED TO SHOW THE ELDERS I AM READY.
THE PREY IS STUPID AND WEAK, BUT NOT FOR MUCH LONGER.


IT LOOKED AT ME WITH SUCH SURPRISE AT THE END. SUCH STUPID, WEAK SURPRISE.
THE ELDERS FINALLY COME FORWARD TO TELL ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW.
I AM NO LONGER A CUB.
I HAVE MADE FIRST KILL.
END.



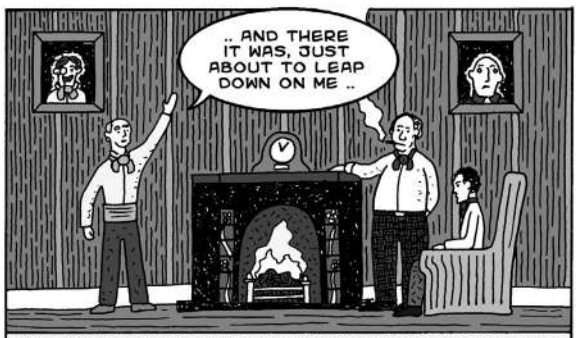
AS THE 19TH CENTURY CAME TO A CLOSE, SO TOO DID THE HUNTING INTERESTS OF SIR WILLIAM WELLESBY. HE HAD TOO MUCH RESPECT FOR THE CREATURES HE HUNTED TO PIT HIMSELF AGAINST THEM WITH ANYTHING LESS THAN PERFECT EYESIGHT AND STEADY HAND. HIS LAST HUNT HAD SEEN HIM CLOSE TO BECOMING FOOD FOR THE BENGAL TIGER THAT NOW ADORNS HIS WALL.

# GENERATIONS.

BY DAVE WEST.




AND SO HE RETIRED FROM HUNTING BIG GAME AND TOOK TO OTHER PLEASURES, HE DID HAVE AN INHERITANCE TO PASS ON, AFTER ALL.




OF COURSE THAT DIDN'T MEAN THAT HE HAD TO STOP TELLING OF HIS EXPLOITS, AND HE HAD SO MANY TALES TO TELL.



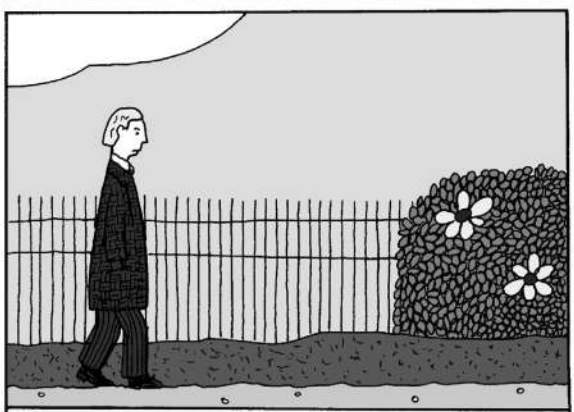

HE TURNED HIS ENERGIES TO OTHER, LESS DANGEROUS, OUTDOOR PURSUITS. BUT THE THRILL WAS NEVER THE SAME.



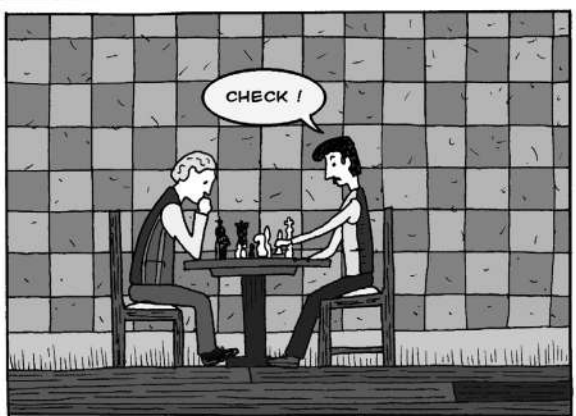
AND SO IT WAS THAT DEATH FOUND HIM NOT AT THE CLAW OF SOME FEROCIOUS BEAST, BUT AS HIS OWN BODY JUST RAN OUT OF STEAM.



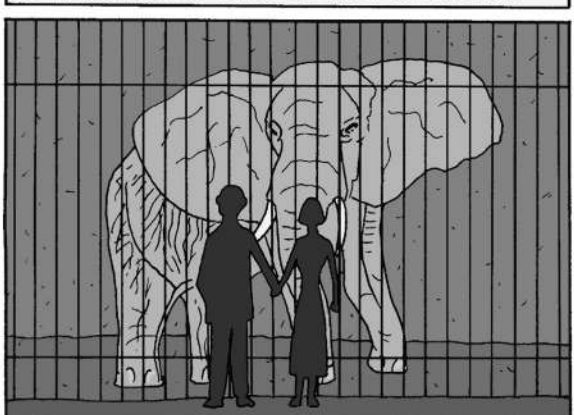

HIS SON, SIR SAMUEL WELLESBY, WAS CUT FROM A DIFFERENT CLOTH. READING HIS FATHER'S JOURNAL YEARS LATER SAMUEL WAS IN AWE OF HIS FATHER'S ACHEIVEMENTS. HE HAD PITTED HIS ABILITIES AGAINST THOSE OF PREDATORS THAT SAMUEL HAD NEVER EVEN HEARD OF, AND IT WAS CLEAR FROM THE JOURNAL THAT HIS FATHER HAD A LOT OF RESPECT OF THEIR ABILITIES.



MANY HAD EXPECTED SIR SAMUEL TO FOLLOW IN HIS ILLUSTRIOUS FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS. TO GO IN SEARCH OF DANGER AND ADVENTURE.




BUT SAMUEL MUCH PREFFERED THE CEREBRAL CHALLENGE OF MEETING HIS ADVERSARY ACROSS A CHESS BOARD.



THE CLOSEST HE CAME TO THE BEASTS MENTIONED IN HIS FATHER'S JOURNAL WAS AT THE ZOO, AND EVEN THERE THEY SCARED HIM.



AND SO IT WAS OF LITTLE SURPRISE THAT HIS PASSING WAS AS QUIET AS HAD BEEN HIS LIFE.



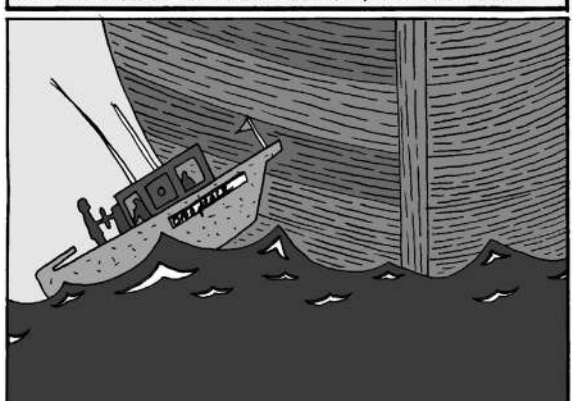

RUPERT WELLESBY WAS QUITE FRANKLY APPALLED BY THE EXPLOITS OF HIS GRANDFATHER. HOW SOMEBODY COULD TAKE PLEASURE FROM THE DEATH OF SUCH NOBLE CREATURES WAS BEYOND HIM AND HE FAILED TO SEE ANY FAIRNESS BEHIND THIS BARBARIC PAST TIME. THE FACT THAT HIS GRANDFATHER SAW EACH HUNT AS A CONTEST BETWEEN TWO PREDATORS WAS LOST ON HIM.



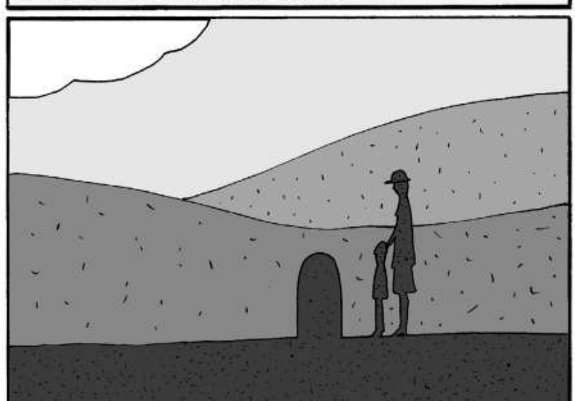

IT WAS A TIME OF LOVE FOR ALL CREATURES, AND RUPERT TURNED HIS ENERGIES, AND SOME OF HIS FINANCIAL RESOURCES, TO THIS END.



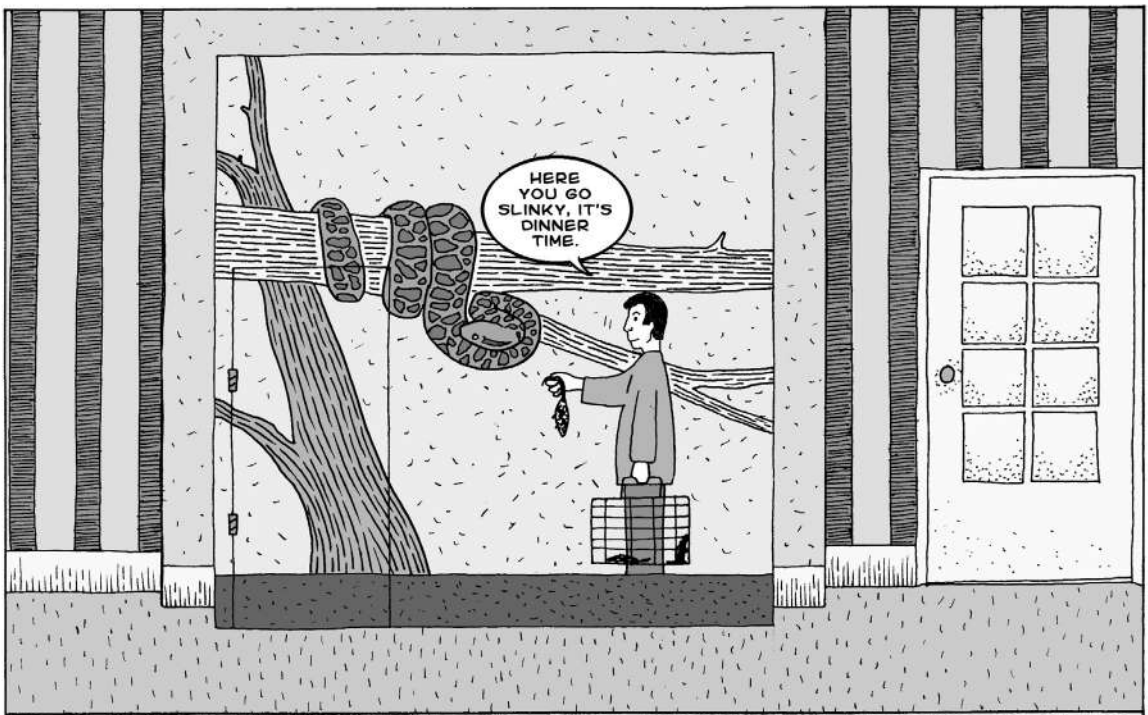

AVOIDING THE PRIVILEGES OF HIS BIRTHRIGHT HE DROPPED OUT OF SOCIETY SEARCHING FOR SOME WAY TO MAKE AMENDS.



FINALLY HE FOUND HIMSELF IN A SMALL BOAT TRYING TO STOP THE ACTIVITES OF A WHALING VESSEL IN THE COLD ATLANTIC OCEAN,



AND MET HIS END WITH LIKE MINDED FRIENDS. LEAVING BEHIND A WIFE AND SON WHO HAD FEW MEMORIES OF THE MAN THEY HAD LOST.



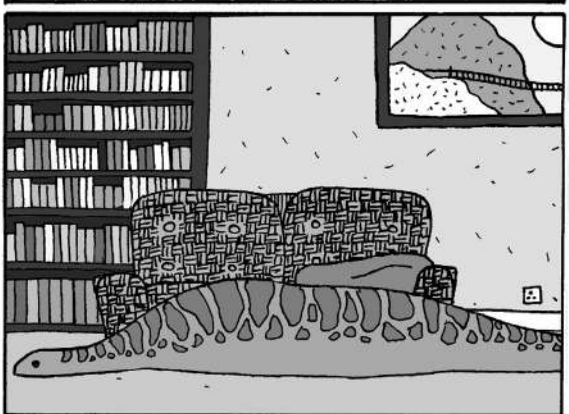

AS THE 20TH CENTURY CAME TO A CLOSE, SO DID ALL PERSPECTIVE WITH REGARDS THE NATURAL ORDER OF THINGS. EVERY HOME BECAME A POTENTIAL ZOO FOR CREATURES BOTH EXOTIC AND DANGEROUS. JONATHAN WELLESBY KNEW NOTHING OF HIS GREAT GRANDFATHER'S EXPLOITS, HIS FATHER HAD SEEN TO THAT, AND TOOK TO KEEPING AN ANACONDA AS A PET.



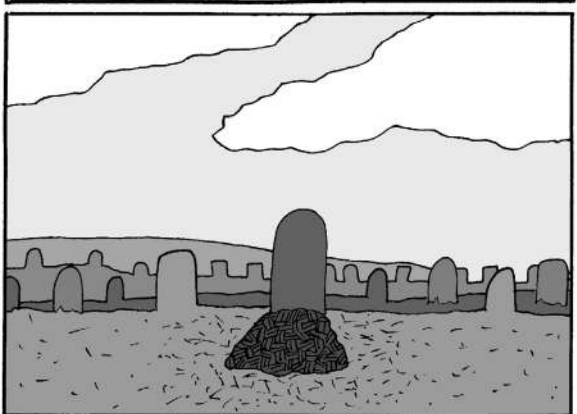

SLINKY THE SNAKE WASN'T VERY POPULAR WITH JONATHAN'S FRIENDS, AND DID CRAMP HIS STYLE A BIT, BUT HE STUCK WITH HIS PET.



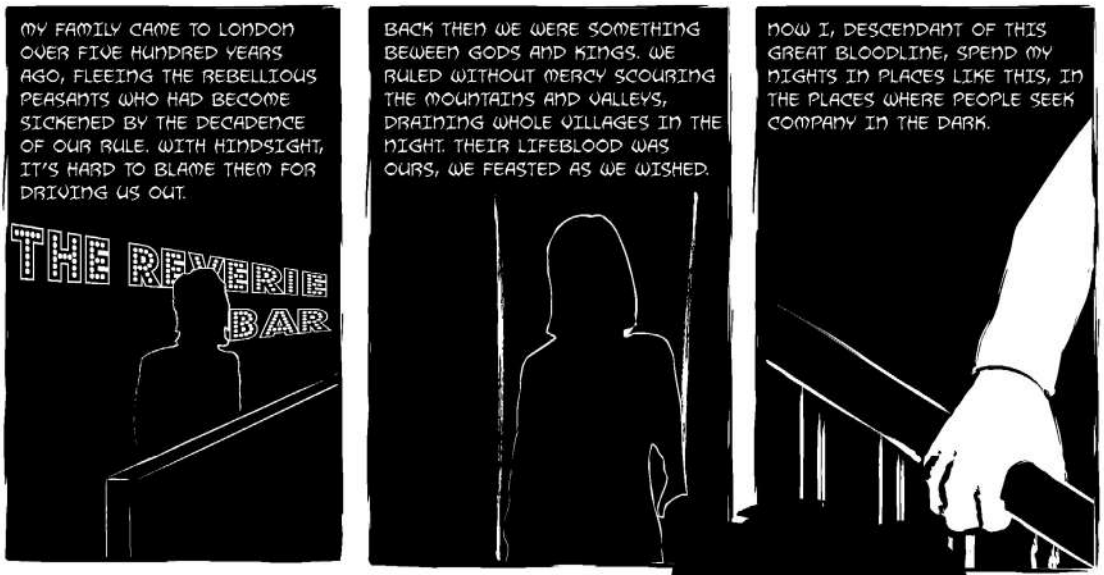

HE LOVED THE WAY THAT SLINKY LAY BESIDE HIM AS HE WATCHED TV INTO THE EARLY HOURS. BUT SLINKY DIDN'T SEE HIMSELF AS A PET



SLINKY WAS A PREDATOR AND EVERY NIGHT HE WOULD MEASURE JONATHAN UNTIL HE WAS BIG ENOUGH TO EAT THE PREY, WHICH HE THEN DID.



MANKIND MIGHT WELL CHANGE ITS NATURE FROM ONE GENERATION TO THE NEXT, BUT THIS WASN'T THE CASE FOR ALL OF NATURE'S CREATURES.




EVEN IF THEY DON'T CONSCIOUSLY KNOW WHAT I AM, THEY REACT THE SAME. LIKE CATTLE THEY ARE, THEY RECEDE SLIGHTLY, AFRAID BUT TOO MEEK TO FLEE.

THEY'RE CAUSTIOUS, BUT FASCINATED. THEY KNOW THERE'S MORE TO ME THAN THE SURFACE REVEALS. THEY WANT TO SEE, BUT ARE AFRAID TO UNLEASH...

# THE BEAST WITHIN

SCRIPT

Mark Clapham

ART

Kenny Jeffery


THEY SETTLE AS I ORDER A DRINK, SHOW THAT I AM THERE AS A SIMPLE CUSTOMER, AT LEAST FOR NOW.
ONCE THEY ARE RELAXED, I CAN SURVEY THE ROOM.
AND THEN I SEE HER.
SHE HOLDS MY GAZE, FEARLESS.
WHATEVER IT IS SHE SEES WITHIN ME, SHE HUNGERS FOR IT.
FOR MY PART, I AM CAPTIVATED. I WANT TO TASTE HER VITALITY, HER YOUTH.


WE ORBIT EACH OTHER ALL NIGHT.
CAUTIOUS, SHE APPROACHES, BUT IN SPITE OF HER TREPIDATION SHE CAN NEVER QUITE CONCEAL HER DESIRE.
SHE SURVEYS ME, PUSHES ME. SHE WANTS TO BE SURE I AM WHAT I SEEM TO BE.
EVENTUALLY, DOUBT AND CAUTION GIVE AWAY.
SHE WANTS ME.
SHE WANTS TO BE LIKE ME.
AS THE NIGHT ENDS, SURRENDER. WE LEAVE TOGETHER, OUR INTENT CLEAR.
SHE INVITES ME IN, DROPS HER GUARD.


MORNING IS A CRUEL REINTRODUCTION TO REALITY.


MY ANCESTORS HAD GREAT POWER. BUT ALL BLOODLINES ARE VULNERABLE TO DILUTION.


I HAVE INHERITED A LITTLE OF WHAT THEY HAD, BUT I AM NEITHER GOD NOR MONSTER.


WHAT WAS ONCE THE ABILITY TO CONQUER HUMAN WILL IS NOW A GIFT FOR BASIC PERSUASION.


WHAT WAS ONCE IMMORTALITY IS NOW JUST A TENDENCY TO LOOK A LITTLE YOUNGER THAN MY AGE.

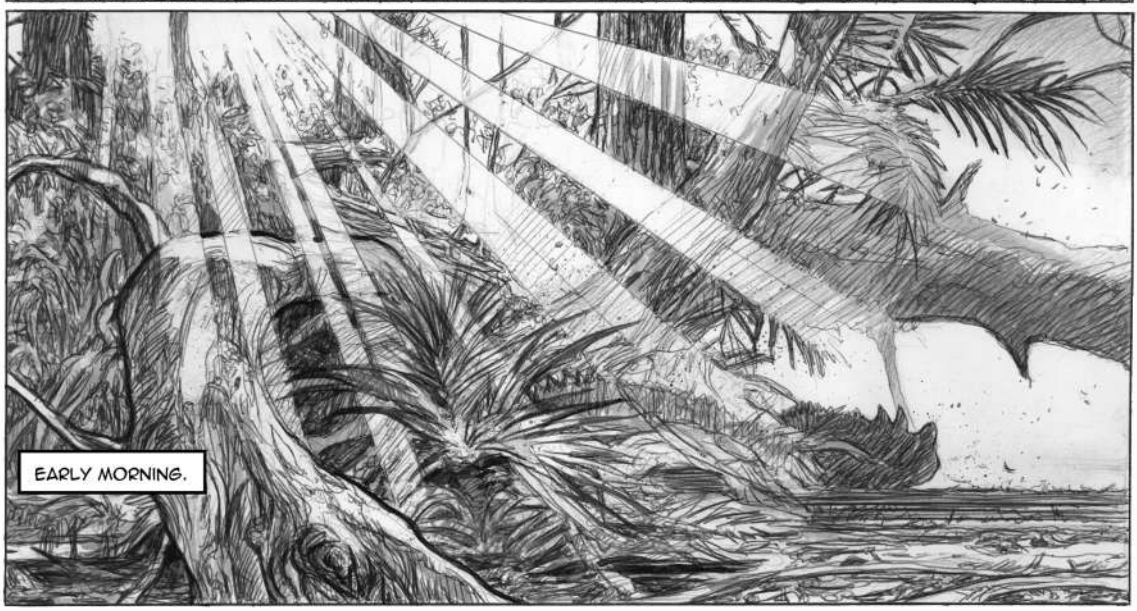

EVEN OUR OLD WEAKNESSES ARE NOW JUST IRRITATIONS AND ALLERGIES.


AS FOR BEING ABLE TO GIVE SUPERPOWERS WITH A BITE - FORGET IT.


NONETHELESS, NOW AND THEN, WE CAN STILL BRING OUT...

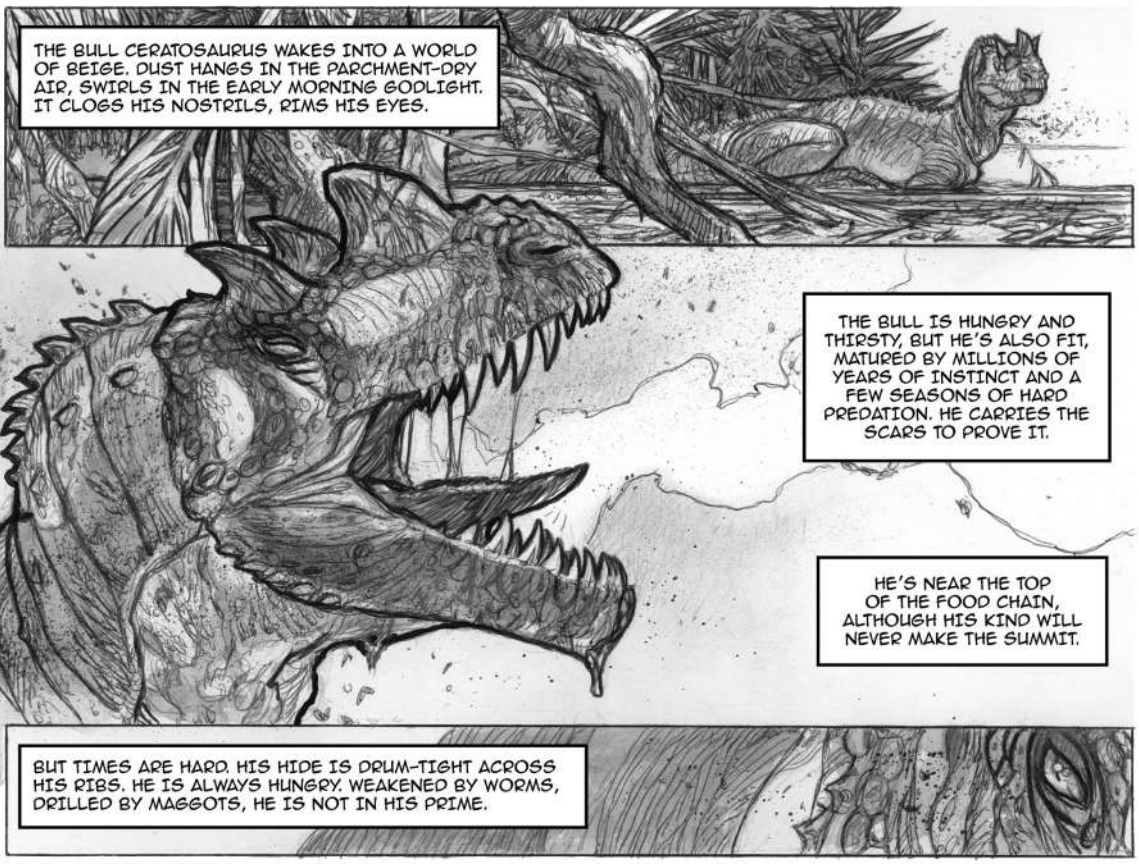

...THE BEAST WITHIN.

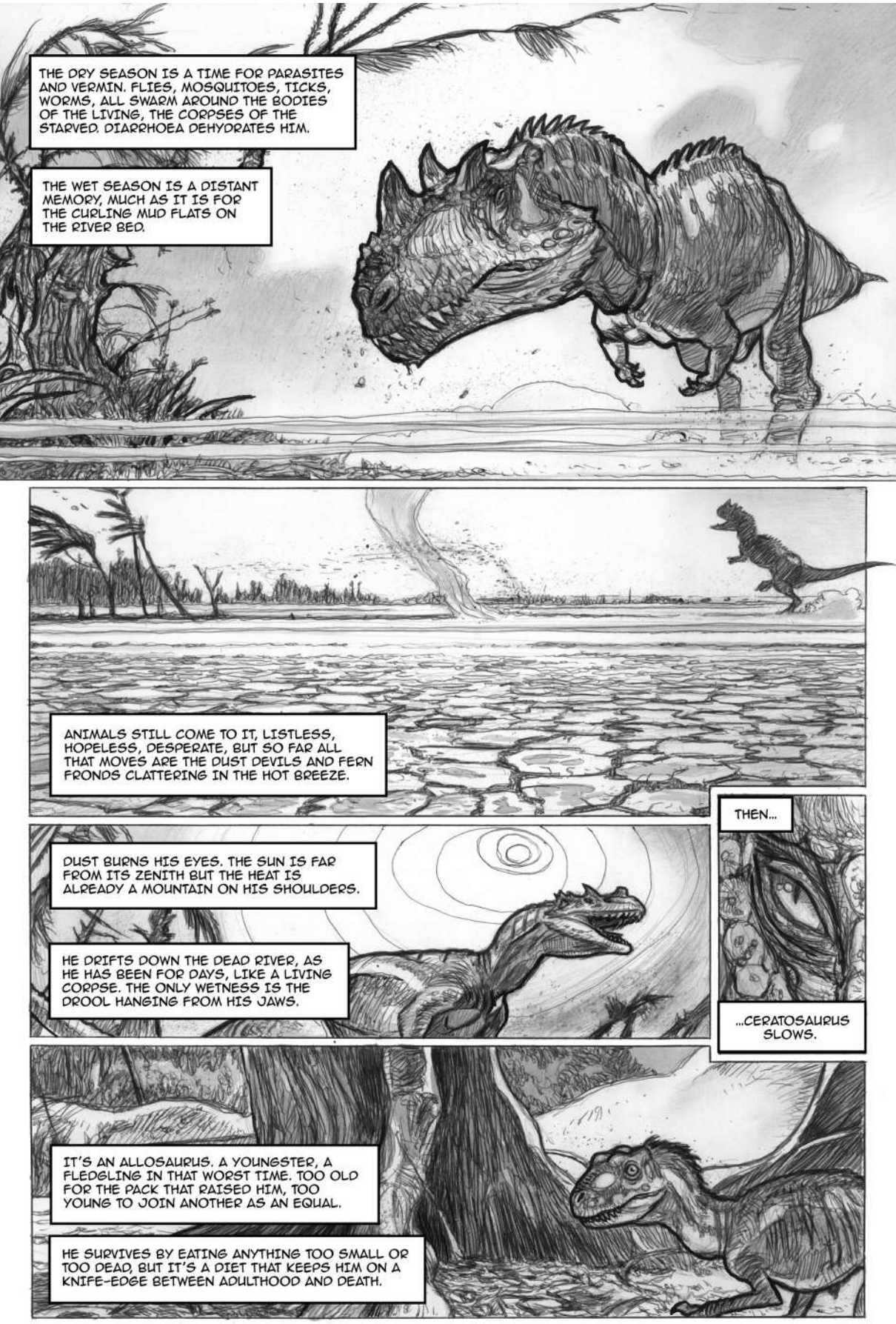



# A GOOD DAY

SCRIPT: STEVE WHITE ART: JAMES MCKAY LETTERING: BENJAMIN DICKSON

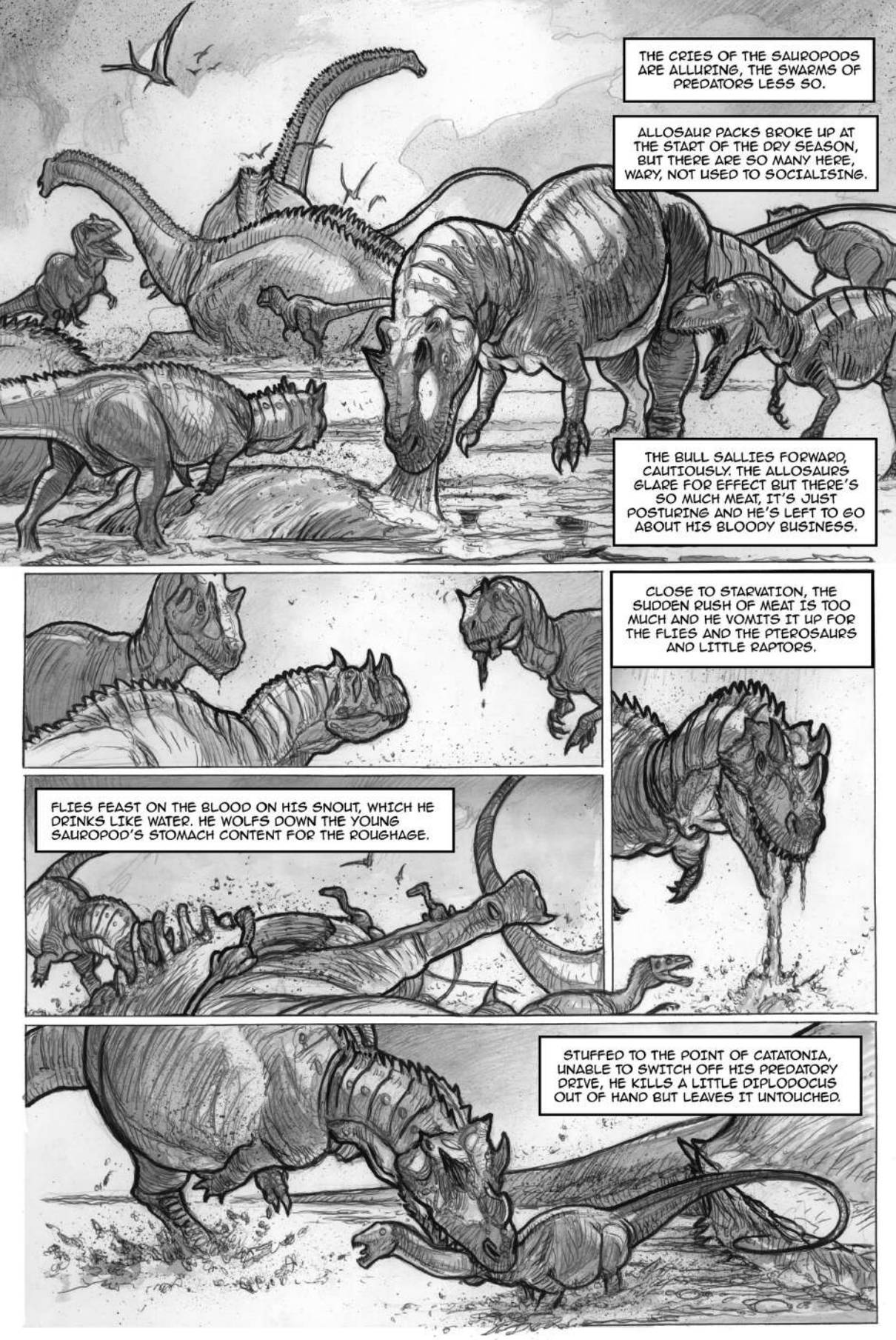


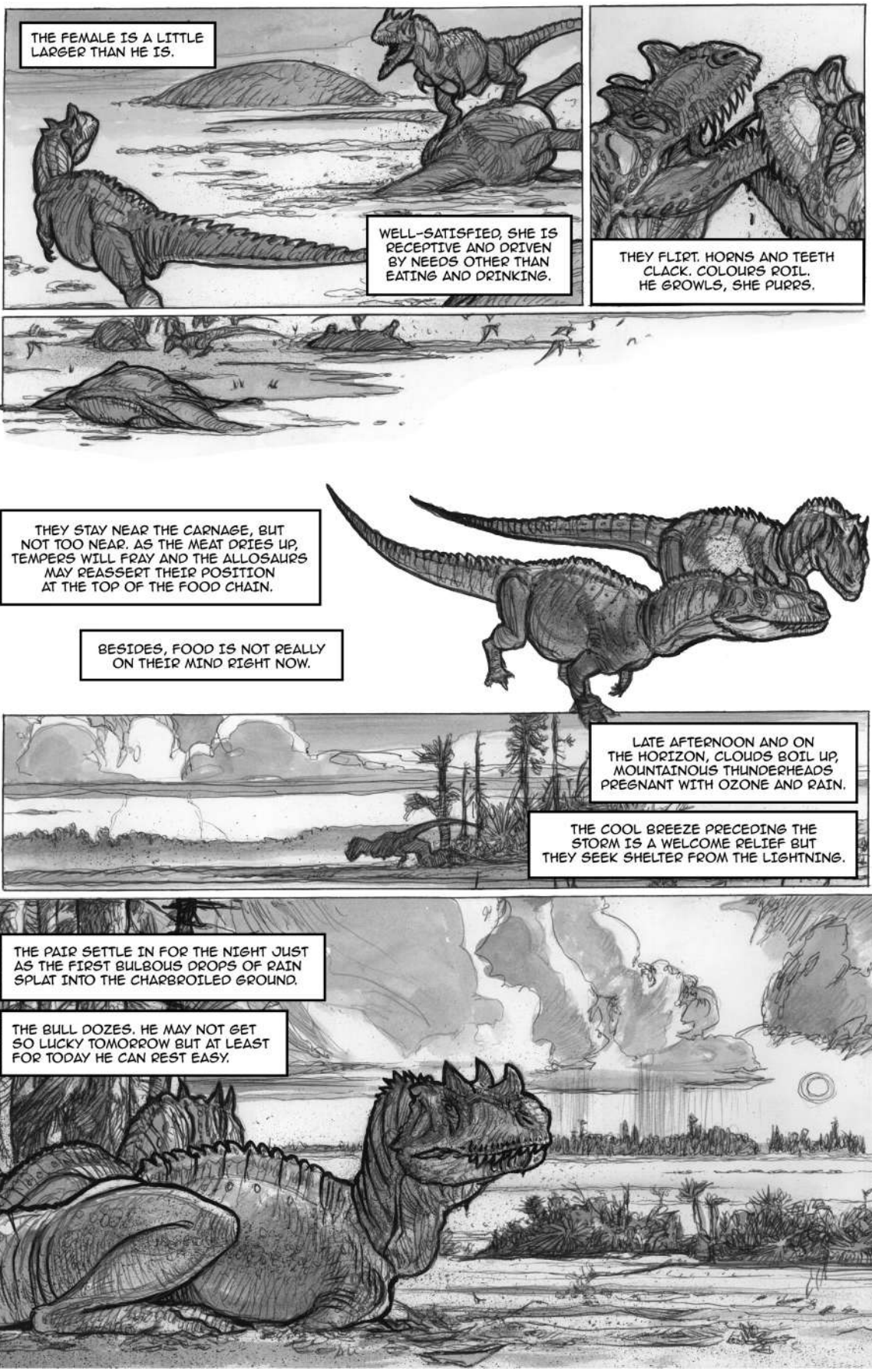

THE DRY SEASON IS A TIME FOR PARASITES AND VERMIN. FLIES, MOSQUITOES, TICKS, WORMS, ALL SWARM AROUND THE BODIES OF THE LIVING, THE CORPSES OF THE STARVED. DIARRHOEA DEHYDRATES HIM.
THE WET SEASON IS A DISTANT MEMORY, MUCH AS IT IS FOR THE CURLING MUD FLATS ON THE RIVER BED.
ANIMALS STILL COME TO IT, LISTLESS, HOPELESS, DESPERATE, BUT SO FAR ALL THAT MOVES ARE THE DUST DEVILS AND FERN FRONDS CLATTERING IN THE HOT BREEZE.
THEN...
...CERATOSAURUS SLOWS.
DUST BURNS HIS EYES. THE SUN IS FAR FROM ITS ZENITH BUT THE HEAT IS ALREADY A MOUNTAIN ON HIS SHOULDERS.
HE DRIFTS DOWN THE DEAD RIVER, AS HE HAS BEEN FOR DAYS, LIKE A LIVING CORPSE. THE ONLY WETNESS IS THE DROOL HANGING FROM HIS JAWS.
IT'S AN ALLOSAURUS. A YOUNGSTER, A FLEDGLING IN THAT WORST TIME. TOO OLD FOR THE PACK THAT RAISED HIM, TOO YOUNG TO JOIN ANOTHER AS AN EQUAL.
HE SURVIVES BY EATING ANYTHING TOO SMALL OR TOO DEAD, BUT IT'S A DIET THAT KEEPS HIM ON A KNIFE-EDGE BETWEEN ADULTHOOD AND DEATH.


THIS SMALL MALE IS ALREADY TOO SMALL FOR HIS AGE. NOW HE'S STARVED, SICKLY, SLOW.
IT'S NOT MUCH OF A CHASE.
THERE IS A HATE IN THE CERATOSAUR FOR ALLOSAURS, THE SORT OF HATE THAT PREDATORS RESERVE ONLY FOR ONE ANOTHER.
IT IS NOT ABOUT COMPETITION OR TERRITORY. IT'S IRRATIONAL AND SAVAGE.
STARVING, HE DOESN'T EVEN EAT IT. HE LEAVES THE BODY TO LESS CHOOSY CARNIVORES.
NOON.
HE FINDS A POND.
WELL, THAT COULD BE DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR FOR THIS HOLE FILLED WITH MUD.
BUT IT'S COOL AND WET, AND THE CERATOSAUR IS CONTENT.


THE MUD CAKING HIS MUZZLE IS DRY WHEN THE BULL SMELLS CHARNEL ODOURS.
SOMETHING IS CRYING WITH ALARM AND PAIN. SOMETHING SMELLS OF BLOOD.
NOT SOMETHING.
MANY THINGS.


A DIPLODOCUS HERD, MAINLY INEXPERIENCED YOUNGSTERS, HAS COME DOWN TO THE RIVER.
HERE, THE GROUND LOOKS FIRM BUT IS JUST A SUN-WITHERED CRUST BAKING OVER THICK MUD.
THE BIGGER ONES HAVE MUSCLED THROUGH AND THE SMALLEST WERE LIGHT ENOUGH NOT TO SINK...
...BUT THOSE IN BETWEEN ARE CAUGHT IN A QUAGMIRE...


THE CRIES OF THE SAUROPODS ARE ALLURING, THE SWARMS OF PREDATORS LESS SO.
ALLOSAUR PACKS BROKE UP AT THE START OF THE DRY SEASON, BUT THERE ARE SO MANY HERE, WARY, NOT USED TO SOCIALISING.
THE BULL SALLIES FORWARD, CAUTIOUSLY. THE ALLOSAURS GLARE FOR EFFECT BUT THERE'S SO MUCH MEAT, IT'S JUST POSTURING AND HE'S LEFT TO GO ABOUT HIS BLOODY BUSINESS.
CLOSE TO STARVATION, THE SUDDEN RUSH OF MEAT IS TOO MUCH AND HE VOMITS IT UP FOR THE FLIES AND THE PTEROSAURS AND LITTLE RAPTORS.
FLIES FEAST ON THE BLOOD ON HIS SNOUT, WHICH HE DRINKS LIKE WATER. HE WOLFS DOWN THE YOUNG SAUROPOD'S STOMACH CONTENT FOR THE ROUGHAGE.
STUFFED TO THE POINT OF CATATONIA, UNABLE TO SWITCH OFF HIS PREDATORY DRIVE, HE KILLS A LITTLE DIPLODOCUS OUT OF HAND BUT LEAVES IT UNTOUCHED.


THE FEMALE IS A LITTLE LARGER THAN HE IS.
WELL-SATISFIED, SHE IS RECEPTIVE AND DRIVEN BY NEEDS OTHER THAN EATING AND DRINKING.
THEY FLIRT. HORNS AND TEETH CLACK. COLOURS ROIL. HE GROWLS, SHE PURRS.
THEY STAY NEAR THE CARNAGE, BUT NOT TOO NEAR. AS THE MEAT DRIES UP, TEMPERS WILL FRAY AND THE ALLOSAURS MAY REASSERT THEIR POSITION AT THE TOP OF THE FOOD CHAIN.
BESIDES, FOOD IS NOT REALLY ON THEIR MIND RIGHT NOW.
LATE AFTERNOON AND ON THE HORIZON, CLOUDS BOIL UP, MOUNTAINOUS THUNDERHEADS PREGNANT WITH OZONE AND RAIN.
THE COOL BREEZE PRECEDING THE STORM IS A WELCOME RELIEF BUT THEY SEEK SHELTER FROM THE LIGHTNING.
THE PAIR SETTLE IN FOR THE NIGHT JUST AS THE FIRST BULBOUS DROPS OF RAIN SPLAT INTO THE CHARBROILED GROUND.
THE BULL DOZES. HE MAY NOT GET SO LUCKY TOMORROW BUT AT LEAST FOR TODAY HE CAN REST EASY.

# PREDATORS PREY

Starring : Boy/Girl and Hunter/Bear






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THIS ROUND, IT'S OVER.
THE PRIZE IS MINE FOR THE TAKING.
THIS ROUND, I PUT HIM DOWN.
PREDATOR
PRED
IT'S MINE
TOP OF THE FOOD CHAIN
WRITTEN BY DARREN ELLIS
ART/LETTERING ROLAND BIRD
GROWL ALL YOU WANT, BIG MAN, IT DOESN'T MEAN YOU'RE A LION
YOU AIN'T THE LION.
ESPN
YOU'RE THE MEAT.


HE'S DOWN FOR TEN ALREADY BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW IT.
EVERLONG
EVERLONG
COACH DiMAGGIO SAYS IT'S ALL ABOUT THE FOOTWORK
IT'S A DANCE. HE SAYS.
WRONG.
IT'S NEVER BEEN A DANCE WHEN I'VE BEEN TRAINING. WITH THE CIRCLING.
THE WAITING.
THE TESTING. THE INCHING FORWARDS, LOOKING FOR WEAKNESSES. THE FOCUS AND PATIENCE.
I'VE BEEN TRAINING FOR A HUNT.

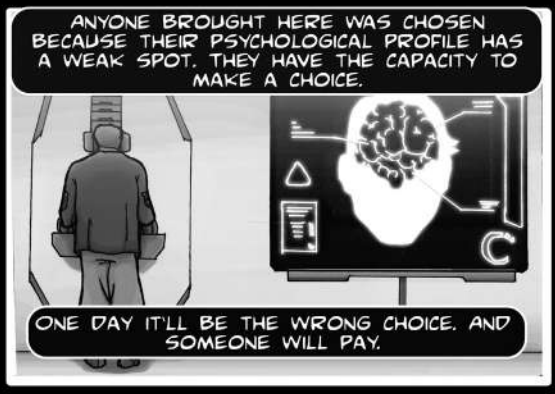

THAT'S THE THING ABOUT HUNTING.
YOU CAN'T JUST LEARN THE STEPS.
EVERLONG
YOU'VE GOT TO IMPROVISE.
AND TAKE ADVANTAGE OF MISTAKES.

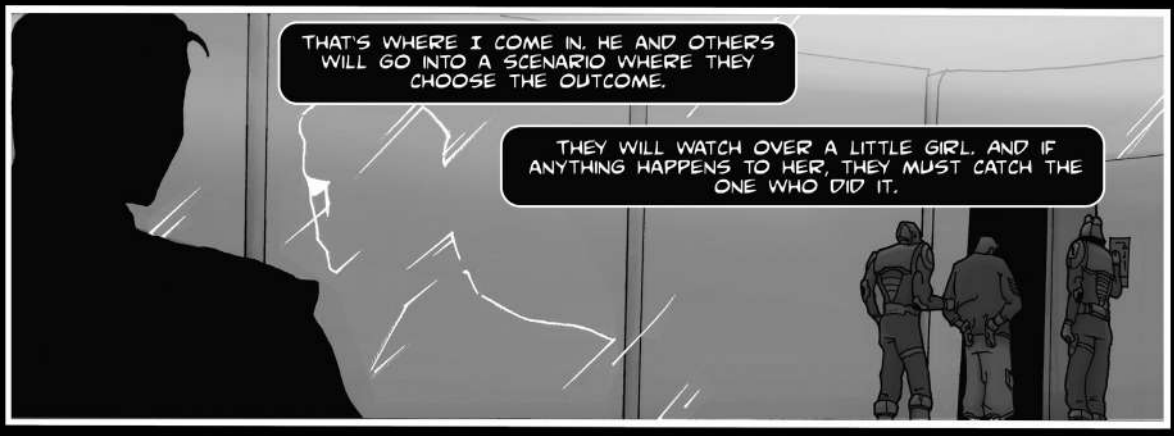

CAPITALISE WHEN YOU CAN...
EVERLONG
BUT OVERCONFIDENCE CAN GET YOU HURT.
EVERLONG
PREDATOR
ESPECIALLY IF YOUR PREY IS BIGGER THAN YOU.
PREDATOR
YOU CAN BE THE BADDEST LION IN THE WORLD, BUT ANY BUFFALO CAN FLATTEN YOU, ANYTIME.
EVERLONG
AND YOU CAN COME OFF WORSE THAN YOUR QUARRY.


YOU HAVE TO BE RESILIENT.
AND KNOW YOUR FOE.
KNOW WHERE TO LAY THE TRAPS.
AND WHEN TO SPRING THEM.
EVERLON
EVERLON


AND LIKE THAT, IT'S OVER.
HE'S DOWN AND I WIN.
I TAKE THE TROPHY.
IT'S A FAKE, AND IT'S HOLLOW, BUT I TAKE IT GRACIOUSLY, AND HE FEELS NO DISRESPECT.
BUT THE TROPHY ISN'T THE PRIZE
THE PRIZE IS THE VICTORY. THE CHASE.
THE HUNT
END




EVERY TIME I SEE HER IT ALL COMES BACK TO ME. THAT IMAGE BURNED INTO MY MIND, EVEN WHEN SHE'S NOT THERE.



I ENVY THESE PEOPLE. THEY CAN GO BACK TO THEIR LIVES AND PREVENT THINGS LIKE THIS HAPPENING TO THEIR FAMILIES.

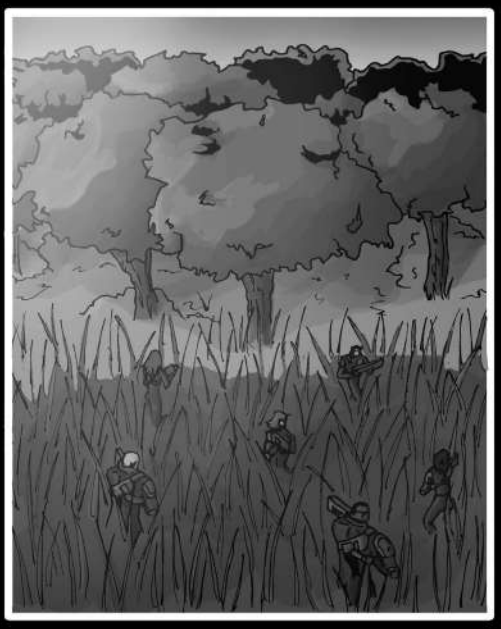



I DON'T KNOW WHO I AM.
I DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM OR HOW I GOT HERE.
THERE, I SEE HER!
HURRY, BEFORE SHE GETS AWAY!
BUT I KNOW THESE PEOPLE WANT TO KILL ME.
BUT I DON'T KNOW WHY.


I HAVE TO SURVIVE.




SOMETHING IS DRIVING ME TO LIVE.




AND I'LL HAVE SOME ANSWERS BEFORE THE DAY IS OUT.


AAHHHH!!!!!!!
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE'S GORDON?
WHAT'S GOING ON? WHY DO YOU WANT TO KILL ME?


MUST... MUST CATCH HER...
CATCH WHOM? CATCH ME?
THE MURDERER...
YOU'VE GOT THREE SECONDS TO START MAKING SENSE, OR I'LL PULL THE TRIGGER.
ONE... TWO... THR...
KABLAM!!!!
AAAGGHHHHHH!!!!!!
--JUST TELL ME... WHAT YOU WANT... I... CAN'T HURT YOU...
SHOULD I SHOOT HER? SHOULD I
NO...
IT WASN'T HER WHO DID IT. IT WAS ANOTHER WOMAN THAT GOT AWAY. LIKE ME, YOU MADE AN ASSUMPTION. AND THIS IS WHAT YOU'VE DONE.
JUST LOOK AT HER... SEE THE PAIN THAT SHE'S IN... AND YOU'LL UNDERSTAND WHAT I'VE ENDURED FOR THE LAST TWENTY YEARS.--




YOUR NAME IS SAM. WE WERE MARRIED, WE HAD A LIFE, MY BUSINESS WAS BOOMING, WE WERE COMFORTABLE, RESPECTED AND WE HAD A DAUGHTER CALLED DAISY.



EVERYTHING WAS SO PERFECT FOR US.




MY EMOTIONS WERE SHREDDED, ALL I WANTED WAS REVENGE.
PLEASE... HENRY, IT WASN'T ME...


I FOUND HER LIKE THAT. I PANICKED... I THOUGHT I SAW SOMEONE... I RAN.
WHY WOULD I WANT TO KILL OUR DAUGHTER... OUR LITTLE DAISY... WHY???


PUT THE GUN DOWN... HENRY YOU HAVE TO BELIEVE ME...
PLEASE JUST PUT THE...


I LATER LEARNED IT WAS ANOTHER WOMAN, FROM A RIVAL COMPANY, WHO KILLED OUR DAUGHTER. I COULDN'T SEE BEYOND ANYTHING ELSE AT THAT MOMENT. MY OWN CHILD'S LIFE, TAKEN JUST TO GET AT ME. I THOUGHT I'D DONE THE RIGHT THING.
ONE INNOCENT LIFE HAD BEEN LOST, AND I'D JUST TAKEN ANOTHER.
THIS IS THE ETERNAL PUNISHMENT I WAS GIVEN. NONE OF YOU MUST EVER ALLOW THIS TO HAPPEN IN YOUR OWN LIVES.


I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MOMENT. JUST HEAD BACK TO THE CAMPSITE.


I'VE NEVER FORGIVEN MYSELF. I KNOW YOU'RE NOT HER, BUT I JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT I'M SORRY.
I'M SO SORRY FOR EVERYTHING. IF ONLY YOU COULD KNOW...
CAN YOU FORGIVE ME?


YOU'RE A MONSTER. YOU... KILLED ME BECAUSE IT DIDN'T MATTER TO YOU WHO... SUFFERED AT THE TIME.
I'LL NEVER FORGIVE YOU.


AND I CAN'T STOP UNTIL YOU DO. WE'LL TALK AGAIN SOON.


RE-SET PROGRAM AND WIPE ADAPTIVE MEMORY.


LATER
IT BEGINS AGAIN.
SHE PREYS ON ME EVERY DAY.
THERE, I SEE HER!
HURRY, BEFORE SHE GETS AWAY!
I CAN NEVER BE FREE OF THIS SENTENCE.
UNTIL SHE FINALLY FORGIVES ME.
THE END

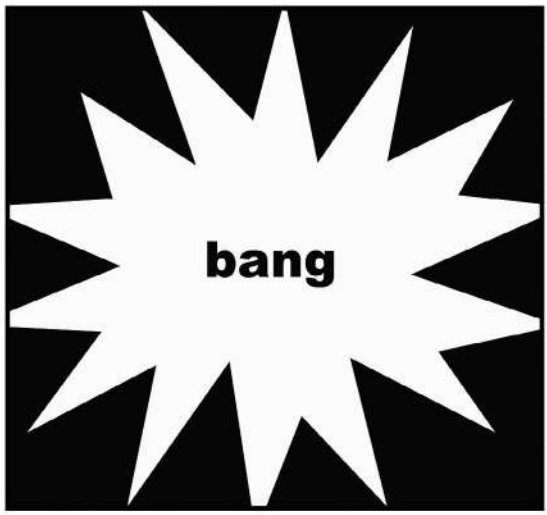
# PREDATORS PREY

Starring : Boy/Girl and Hunter/Bear





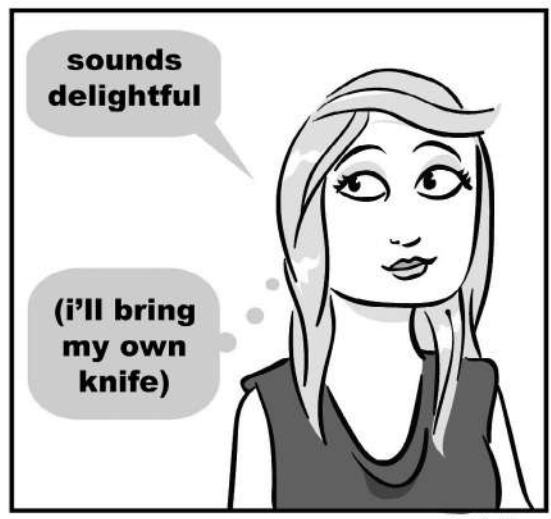










# THE EXTERMINATOR

**WORDS: DAVID HAILWOOD PICTURES: TONY SULERI**




HEY SPINDLE. YOU THINK THAT WAS ONE OF THEM DANGEROUS PREDATORY ALIENS TRANQUIL TOURS CONTRACTED ME TO OBLITERATE?
SADLY NOT, SIR.
THE CREATURE'S LIKELY TO BE MORE PROMINENT IN THE BIG TEETH AND FLESH RENDING CLAW DEPARTMENT
BIG TEETH, YOU SAY?
FLAAK!
HOO-YA! THE PLANET IS SAFE AT LAST!
C'MON! TWITCH, YOU BUGGER! WANT SOME MORE? HUH? WANT SOME MORE?
BEEN A PLEASURE SERVING YOU, SIR.


WHAT THE HELL..? SPINDLE! GET BACK HERE! SEEM TO HAVE GOT MYSELF SNAGGED ON SOMETHIN'.
AFRAID I WASN'T BUILT WITH A SUICIDE FUNCTION. LET ME KNOW HOW IT TURNS OUT.
INCASE YOU'RE WONDERING SIR, THAT'S ONE OF THEM PREDATORY ALIENS.
WHAT?
AH, CRAP!
GUESS I'M GONNA HAVE TA CUT MYSELF FREE.
SLIIIISH!
STAB!


Sliiish!
HA! IT'S WORKING! ALMOST-
FREE...
DAMN!
SCREEEEEE!
EATEN!
HATE IT WHEN THIS HAPPENS!
SPLOSH!
NOW I'M ANNOYED!
HUNGRY, FELLA?
SNKT!
EAT THIS!
TICK TICK TICK...
HOPE THIS WORKS.
'CAUSE I SURE AINT GOIN' OUT THE BACK WAY!
FWOOOOOOOM!


THAT'S THE LAST TIME I EAT SUSHI, THAT'S FER GODDAMN SURE!
I DON'T THINK YOU'RE OUT OF THE WOODS YET, SIR.
SCREEEEEEEEEEEE
AH, DANG!
SIR..?
GOTTA RUN! GOTTA HIDE!


WHAT THE-?
WELL THERE'S A STROKE OF LUCK, SIR. WE APPEAR TO HAVE RUN ACROSS THE BURROW OF A DOCILE MANARA WORM!
AS IS CLEARLY INDICATED BY THE SOFT CHANNELLING MUD GROOVES AND-
SAVE THE ZOOLOGY LESSONS AND GET FLAPPIN' THEM ARMS, BUD.
SIIIIIIIRRR!!!
I'VE GOT ME A NEW PLAN!
SURE HOPE YOU LIKE YOUR MEALS HOT AND SPICY FELLAS...


SCREEEEEE
CLICK!
KRRZT! SHIP SELF DESTRUCT MECHANISM ACTIVATED. COUNTDOWN BYPASSED. HAVE A NICE DAY!
BADOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMM!


WEEKS LATER...
ONCE AGAIN, THANK YOU FOR CHOOSING TRANQUIL TOURS - THE PREMIER SIGHT SEEING AGENCY IN ALL OF THE GALAXY!
IF WE PUSH ON THROUGH THE UNDERGROWTH WE SHOULD COME FACE TO FACE WITH SOME OF NATURES FINEST CREATIONS!
UUUURP!
OH M-MUH!
MY GOD! YOU KILLED THEM!
SURE DID, PAL. I DON'T THINK THEM DANGEROUS PREDATORY CREATURES ARE GONNA BE CAUSING YOU MUCH TROUBLE AGAIN.
FIVE THOUSAND SPECIES OF PROTECTED WILDLIFE AND YOU KILLED THEM!
NO NEED TO LOOK SO GLOOMY, FRIEND.
BWWAAAAAAAHHH!
HAVE A SLICE OF MANARA WORM. THAT'LL PUT A SMILE BACK ON YER FACE!
THE END


THE VILLAGE OF KURRNOBUL.
ON THE FRONTIER PLANET OF LYSIA
MISE EN SCENE
STORY
ZAKARYA AAWAR
ART
JAY RAINFORD
HUFF-- HUFF--
TOO MUCH C-COVER
TOO VULNERABLE HERE.
NEED TO FIND
OPEN GROUND.
SSSSS

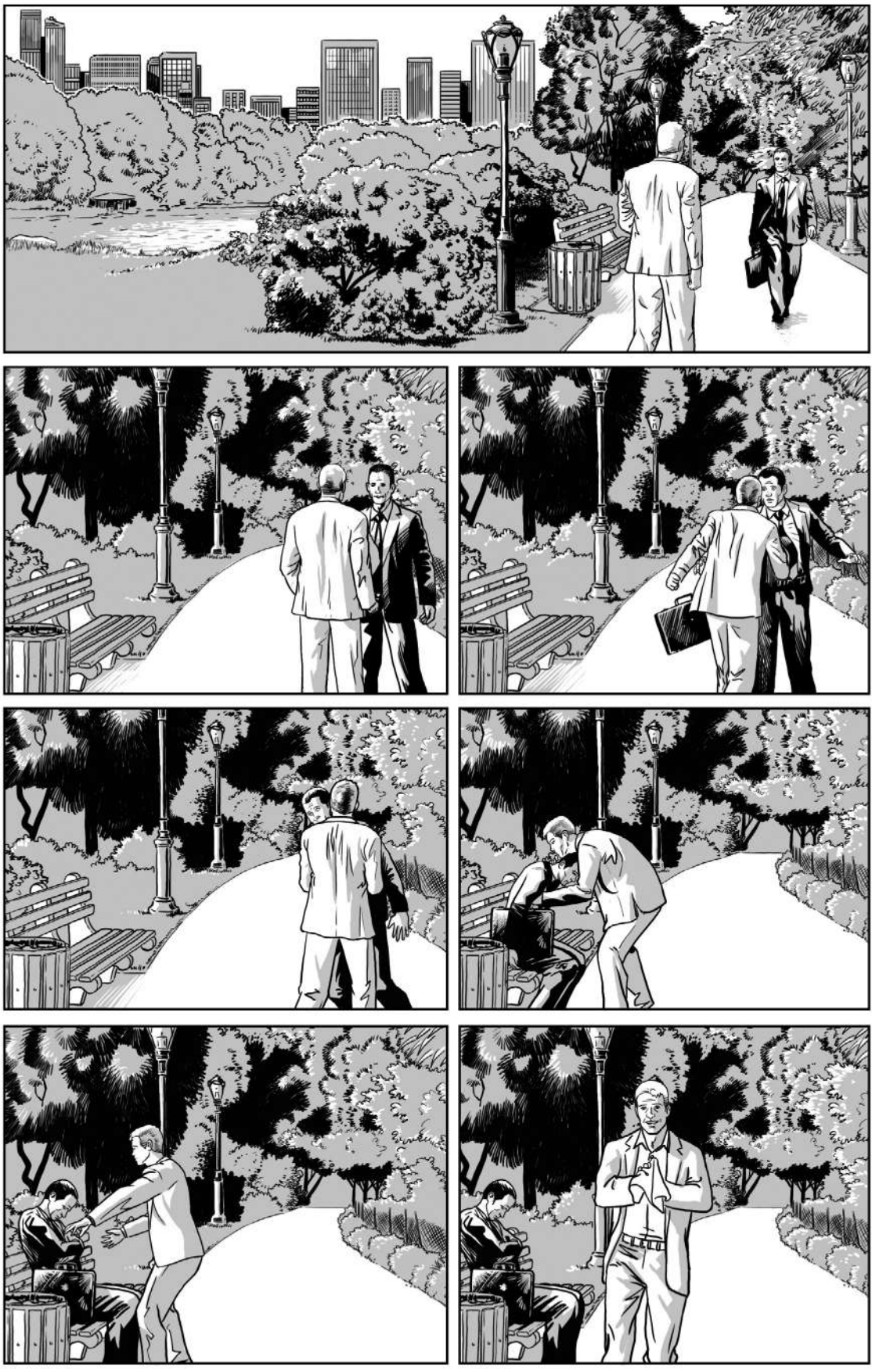

RAAAGH!!!
CHOOMCHOOM
CHOOMCHOOM
THEY'RE THE WALLS, THEY'RE THE ROCKS--
THEY'RE EVERY GODDAM THING IN THE VILLAGE.
TOLD SARGE THIS WAS A SUICIDE MISSION
CHOOMCHOOM
I TOLD HIM ! !


DOESN'T LOOK GOOD.
THIS WILL HAVE TO DO.
AAAAAAAAARGH!!!


SSSSSSS...
CHOOM
CHOOM
OH..
SSSSSSSSSSSS....
END!!!


No.
No.
Maybe.
No.
N-- OH, HI!
DIDN'T SEE YOU THERE.
YOU KNOW, I'M SUPPOSED TO BE READING FROM THIS.
JUST LIKE YOU
Story: Lee Robson
Art: Bryan Coyle
BUT I'M NOT GOING TO BE. NOT TODAY, ANYWAY.
TODAY...
...I'M GOING TO KILL SOMEONE.

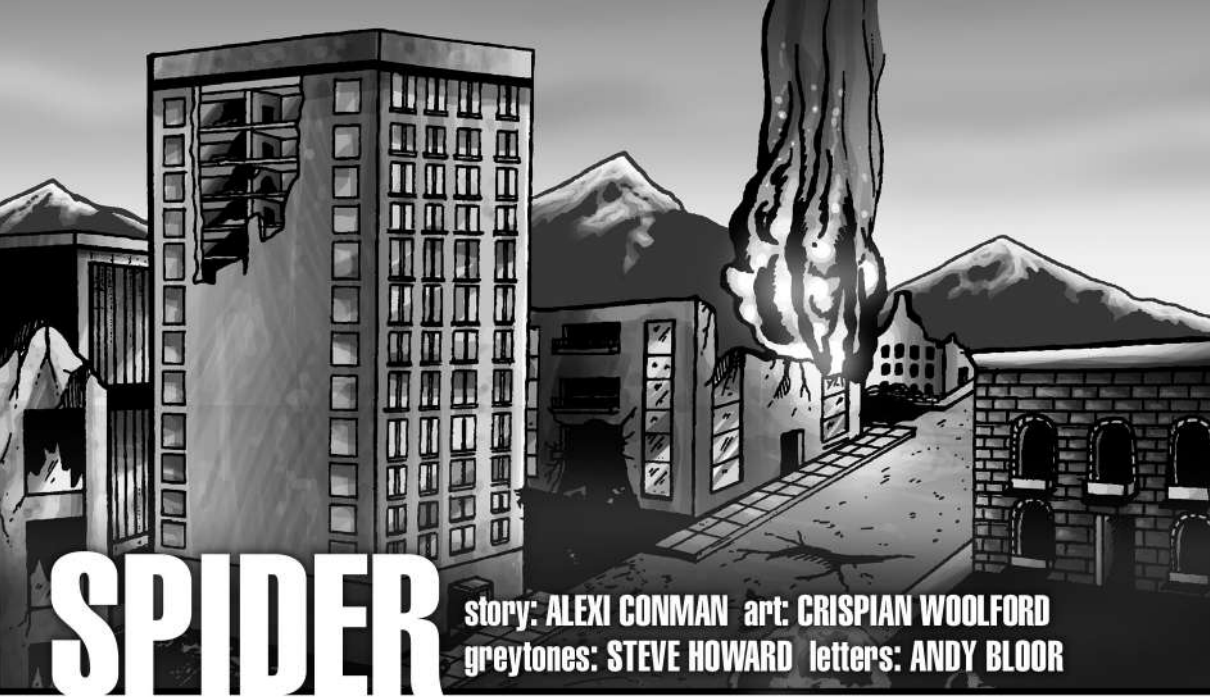

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING.
"KILL SOMEONE? THIS IS A JOKE, RIGHT?"
I ASSURE YOU, IT'S VERY TRUE. IT MIGHT EVEN BE MORE THAN ONE, DEPENDING WHETHER THE MOOD TAKES ME.
AND IT WON'T BE THE FIRST TIME.
NO, NO.
I'VE KILLED... A LOT OF PEOPLE.
LET ME POINT OUT HERE, THOUGH, THAT I'M HAPPILY MARRIED WITH...
Um...
EXCUSE ME FOR A MOMENT.




SORRY ABOUT THAT.
AS I WAS SAYING, I'VE GOT TWO GREAT KIDS, A GOOD JOB...
...A NICE HOUSE, A GOOD CAR...
YOU, uh...
...YOU SHOULD IGNORE THAT.
IT'S NOTHING.
COME ON.


THE COUNT'S AROUND... TWENTY- THREE NOW. BODIES, I MEAN.
THAT'S FAIRLY MODEST, I FEEL. I KNOW PEOPLE WHO HAVE DONE FAR MORE.
YOU'D PROBABLY CALL THEM - AND ME, I SUPPOSE - SERIAL KILLERS.
BUT A SERIAL KILLER USUALLY HAS A MOTIVE, A... PREFERRED WAY OF... TAKING SOMEONE'S LIFE. THEY HAVE A CERTAIN... TYPE THEY GO FOR, AND A WAY OF DOING THE DEED. HENCE THE TERM SERIAL KILLER. BUT WITH ME...
WELL, IT'S ANYONE THAT I FEEL LIKE, FRANKLY.
ALL THE YEARS I'VE BEEN DOING THIS, I'VE NEVER BEEN CAUGHT, NEVER EVEN BEEN SUSPECTED.
HOW?
COME ON... LOOK AT ME.
DO I LOOK LIKE A MURDERER?
A TEENAGE GANGSTA FROM THE HOOD?
A LOOSE MENTAL PATIENT?
NO, I COULD BE YOUR NEIGHBOUR, YOUR WORKMATE, THE GUY YOU SEE ON THE BUS IN THE MORNINGS.
I'VE...GOTTEN AWAY WITH SO MANY BECAUSE I'M NOT WHAT YOU EXPECT A KILLER TO BE. I'M NOT WHAT THE MEDIA HAS TRAINED YOU TO BELIEVE A MURDERER SHOULD LOOK LIKE.
I DON'T... FIT ANY OF THE STANDARD PROFILES THAT THE EXPERTS LIKE TO USE. I WASN'T ABUSED AS A CHILD AND I'M NOT A QUIET LONER -- IN FACT, I HAVE QUITE A LARGE SOCIAL CIRCLE
THERE'S PROBABLY MORE PEOPLE OUT THERE LIKE ME THAN YOU'D THINK. IT'S A WHOLE SIX DEGREES OF SEPERATION THING.
YOU MIGHT BE SITTING NEXT TO ONE NOW.
NO, SHE DOESN'T KNOW. MY WIFE, I MEAN.
I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT TELLING HER, OF COURSE, BUT...
...NO.
I LOVE HER TOO MUCH.


SEE? I'M NOT A MONSTER. AND I'M NOT OUT TO... CHALLENGE ANY PERCEPTIONS YOU MAY HAVE, OR MAKE ANY KIND OF STATEMENT.
THIS RIGHT HERE: IT'S WHO I AM.
THERE'S NO...DARK BEAST THAT HAS TO BE SATED WITH DEATH. I DON'T HAVE VOICES BABBLING IN MY HEAD, TELLING ME WHAT TO DO. THERE'S NONE OF THAT. I'M AS SANE AND AS BALANCED AS...
LET ME TELL YOU A LITTLE SECRET.
THERE'S NOTHING SPECIAL ABOUT ME.
I'M JUST LIKE YOU.
STOP LOOKING FOR ANSWERS. YOU WON'T FIND ANY. NOT EASY ONES, ANYWAY. I DO THIS BECAUSE... I CAN.
I MADE THE CHOICE TO DO IT -- I CHOSE TO BE THE PREDATOR RATHER THAN REMAIN THE PREY.
CALL IT... CALL IT THE NATURAL ORDER OR SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST, OR... WHATEVER. JUSTIFY IT HOW YOU WANT. BUT IT WON'T CHANGE THE FACT THAT IF I'M LIKE YOU, THEN YOU CAN BE JUST LIKE ME.
YOU COULD MAKE THE CHOICE I MADE, BUT YOU WON'T. YOU'LL STAY AS ONE OF THE HERD AND GO ABOUT YOUR DAILY ROUTINES. I CAN SEE IT WRITTEN ALL OVER YOU: YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT COULD EVER BE SO SIMPLE.
LOOK, I HAVE TO GO. MAYBE WE'LL MEET AGAIN. MAYBE... UNDER DIFFERENT CIRCUMSTANCES.
IF WE DO, HOPEFULLY, YOU'LL UNDERSTAND THAT IT'S NOTHING PERSONAL. YOU WERE JUST A... FACE IN THE CROWD.
SEE YOU AROUND.
Who was that you were talking to?
No-one important.



# SPIDER

story: ALEXI CONMAN art: CRISPIAN WOOLFORD
greytones: STEVE HOWARD letters: ANDY BLOOR













GFFMFFUGGN. TOO COLD. STUPID GODDAMN ROOM... HEH, YOU'RE STILL HERE.


VERY PRODUCTIVE. AT LEAST THAT'S ONE OF US.


YOU'RE STUPID THOUGH. THERE'RE NO FLIES UP HERE.
BUT EVERYTHING IS STUPID. WHOLE STUPID MISSION...


OKAY, YOU GOT SUPPLIES, SO DON'T LEAVE FOR ANYTHING. IT WON'T BE LONG TILL THE BASTARD ENEMY SWINE TURN UP HERE.
DO YOUR DUTY. WE'LL BE BACK FOR YOU LATER.


"DO YOUR DUTY". HUH.


AH!
"WE'LL BE BACK FOR YOU LATER". HUH..
10
11
12
13
16
17
18
19
23
24
25

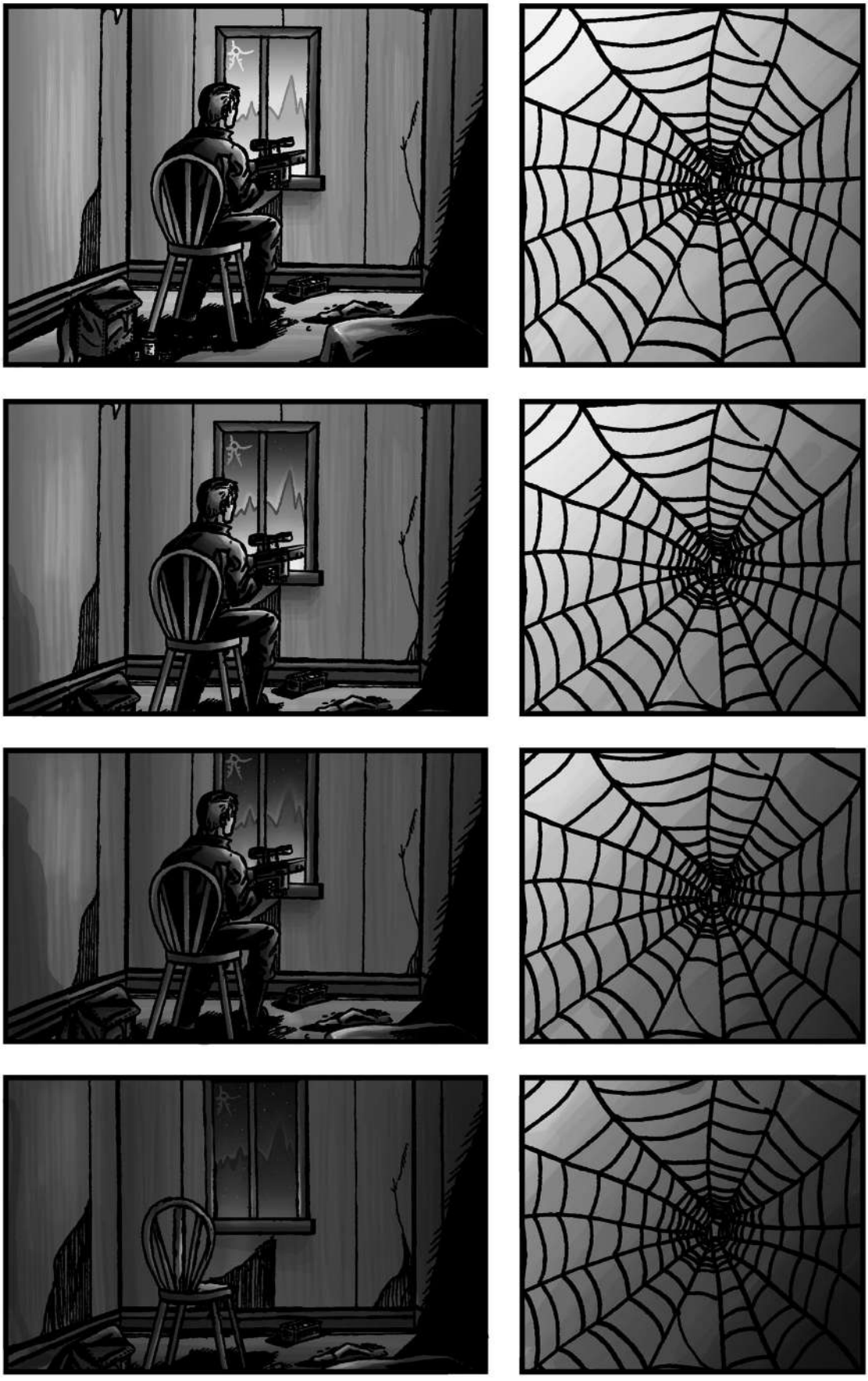

AH!
AH!

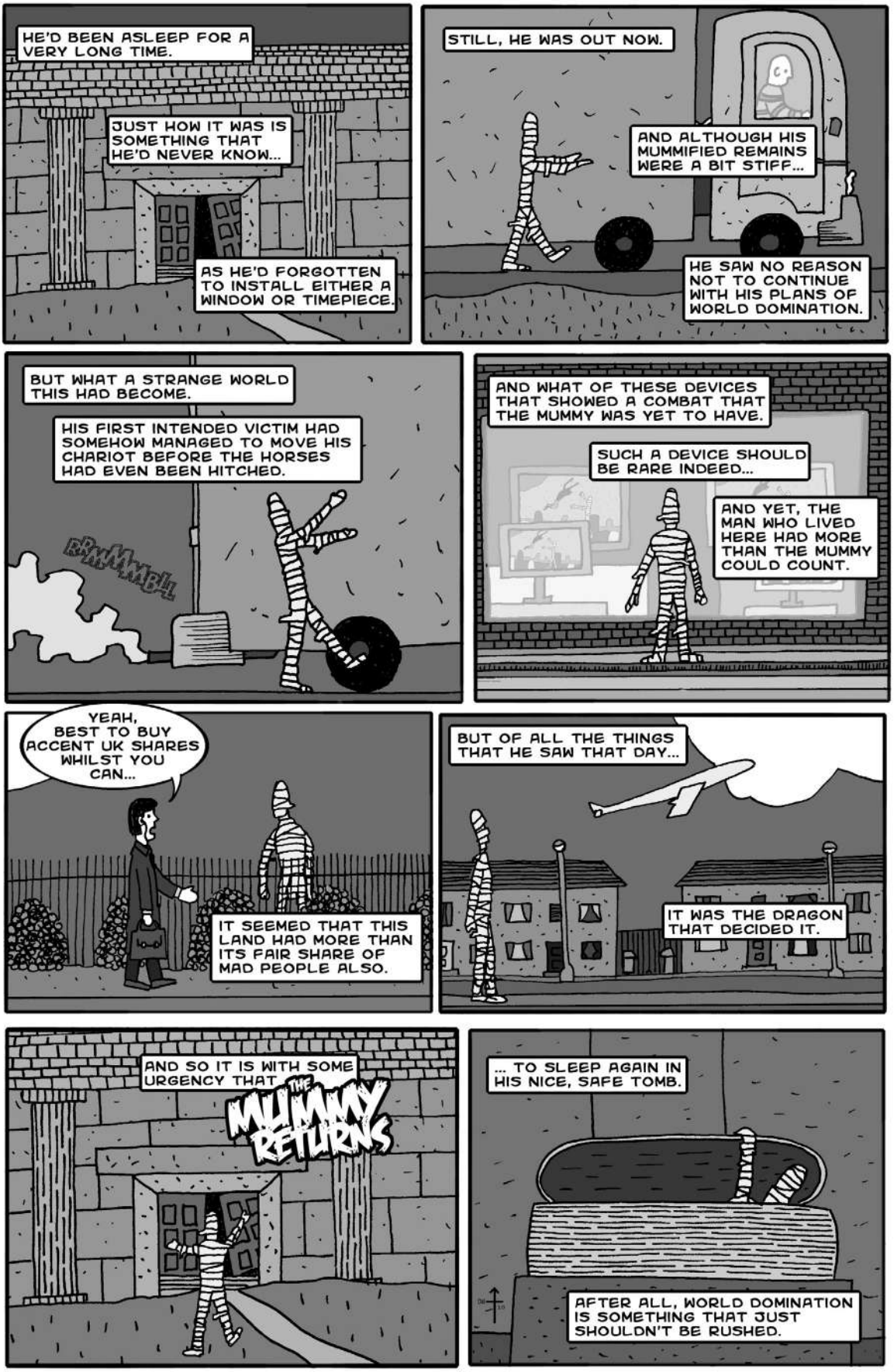







HEY, LITTLE FRIEND...
OH.
GONE, EH?
HUH.




HE'D BEEN ASLEEP FOR A VERY LONG TIME.
JUST HOW IT WAS IS SOMETHING THAT HE'D NEVER KNOW...
AS HE'D FORGOTTEN TO INSTALL EITHER A WINDOW OR TIMEPIECE.
STILL, HE WAS OUT NOW.
AND ALTHOUGH HIS MUMMIFIED REMAINS WERE A BIT STIFF...
HE SAW NO REASON NOT TO CONTINUE WITH HIS PLANS OF WORLD DOMINATION.
BUT WHAT A STRANGE WORLD THIS HAD BECOME.
HIS FIRST INTENDED VICTIM HAD SOMEHOW MANAGED TO MOVE HIS CHARIOT BEFORE THE HORSES HAD EVEN BEEN HITCHED.
BRAMMMBL
AND WHAT OF THESE DEVICES THAT SHOWED A COMBAT THAT THE MUMMY WAS YET TO HAVE.
SUCH A DEVICE SHOULD BE RARE INDEED...
AND YET, THE MAN WHO LIVED HERE HAD MORE THAN THE MUMMY COULD COUNT.
YEAH, BEST TO BUY ACCENT UK SHARES WHILST YOU CAN...
IT SEEMED THAT THIS LAND HAD MORE THAN ITS FAIR SHARE OF MAD PEOPLE ALSO.
BUT OF ALL THE THINGS THAT HE SAW THAT DAY...
IT WAS THE DRAGON THAT DECIDED IT.
AND SO IT IS WITH SOME URGENCY THAT
THE MUMMY RETURNS
... TO SLEEP AGAIN IN HIS NICE, SAFE TOMB.
AFTER ALL, WORLD DOMINATION IS SOMETHING THAT JUST SHOULDN'T BE RUSHED.

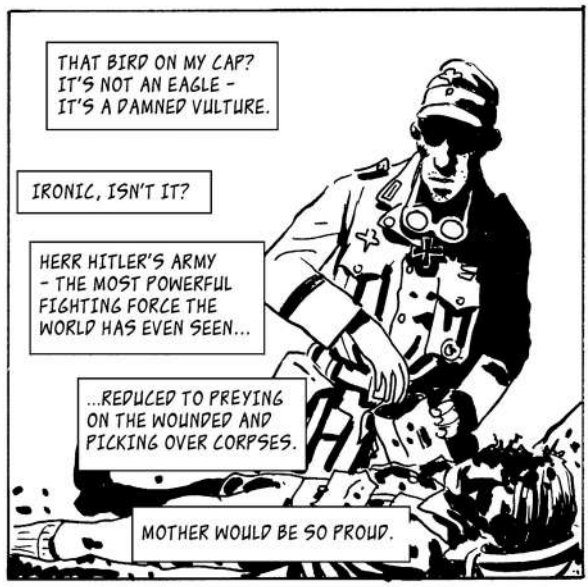
# CLEAN

Story by Paul L Mathews
Illustrated by Pedro Lopez
















ONCE WE'VE STRIPPED THE TOMMIES BARE, WE MOVE ON, SHELTERING FROM THE DESERT'S BITTER COLD BEFORE PUSHING ON TOMORROW.
I LET THE REST OF THE CREW RELAX AND EAT.
ME?
I'M TREATING MYSELF TO A SHAVE.
THE REST OF THE CREW HATE IT HERE, BUT YOU CAN SAY WHAT YOU WANT ABOUT THIS DESERT, AT LEAST IT'S CLEAN.
CLEAN. HOW MANY YEARS DID MOTHER TEACH ME "ONLY CLEAN PEOPLE GO TO HEAVEN"? HOW MANY HOURS DID SHE SPEND SCRUBBING ME IN THE BATHTUB?
AND HOW MANY TIMES DID I HEAR HER CRYING IN THE TUB WHEN SHE CAME BACK FROM "WORK", TRYING TO SCRUB THE DIRT AWAY?
HOW MANY TIMES? EVERY NIGHT THAT I CAN REMEMBER.
UNTIL, OF COURSE, THE NIGHT SHE DIDN'T COME HOME AT ALL.
YOU CAN SAY WHAT YOU WANT ABOUT THIS DESERT, AT LEAST IT'S CLEAN. NO DIRTY STREETS. NO DRUNKEN SAILORS.
NO WHOREHOUSES.


THE FOLLOWING MORNING, AND WE'VE MOVED OUT.
WE LOST TIME YESTERDAY, SO I DECIDE TO CUT THROUGH THE VALLEY OF GORUM AL HASA.
IT IS, AS HERMAN IS KEEN TO POINT OUT, AN IDEAL PLACE FOR THE TOMMIES TO AMBUSH US.
HERMAN, YOU SEE, HAS A WIFE AND CHILD TO GO HOME TO. HE WANTS TO LIVE, AND THAT MAKES HIM CAUTIOUS.
ME? I DON'T CARE, AND THAT MAKES ME...
WHAT ON EARTH?!?!
DAMN IT! A MINE!
THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN GET PASSED.
WE'RE STUCK.

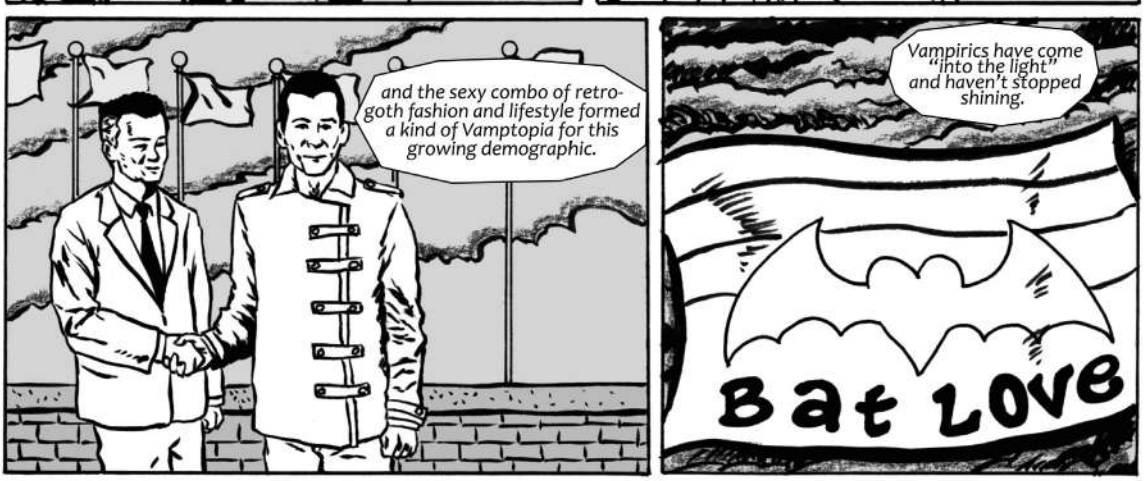

RATATATATA
RAKATATATA
TATATA
AN AMBUSH! LOOKS LIKE HERMAN WAS RIGHT.
BLAM
BLAM
I SHOULD HAVE LISTENED. WE'RE SITTING DUCKS.
BRAK
THAT NOISE!
A BROWNING! THE DAMN TOMMIES HAVE A BROWNING!
THE BROWNING RIPS THROUGH MY TANK'S ARMOUR LIKE IT WERE TISSUE...
...PUNCTURING THE FUEL CELL AND IGNITING THE CONTENTS.
SEEING WHAT'S COMING NEXT, HERMAN PUSHES PASSED ME AS HE ABANDONS THE TANK.
CHOOM
BOOM


THE PANZER IS LOST. ULF, HANS AND TIMO ARE DEAD...
...AND I'LL BE DEAD IF I DON'T GET OUT OF HERE.
NGGG
THE SOUND OF THE BATTLE WASHES OVER ME, BUT I DON'T HEAR THEM. MY SENSES ARE BESIEGED BY PAIN.
NNNN
RATATATATATATATATA
MY GOD! THE PAIN!
PL-ARGH
AS I SMOTHER THE FLAMES I HEAR HERMAN DIE. HE FIGHTS TO THE LAST, AS I ALWAYS KNEW HE WOULD.
THEN LEAD RAKES THE SAND...
...AND I'M RIVEN.


YOU CAN SAY WHAT YOU WANT ABOUT FIRE, BUT AT LEAST IT'S CLEAN.
IT BURNS AWAY ALL VICES.
AND THAT'S THE FINAL IRONY, ISN'T IT?
"ONLY CLEAN PEOPLE GO TO HEAVEN, AND ONLY DIRTY PEOPLE GO TO HELL," MOTHER USED TO SAY.
AND SO, AS I DIE, I FEEL STRANGELY CALM. ELATED ALMOST.
BECAUSE NOW, AFTER ALL THIS TIME STRUGGLING TO KEEP UNSULLIED AMONGST A SEA OF WAR, OIL, AND BLOOD...
...I'M FINALLY CLEAN.
THE END


It's been one hundred years since they "staked their claim" in today's society.
IN THE...
OLD FASHIONED WAY
Story by Jonathan Baylis
Art by David Beyer Jr.


To our great surprise, beings once thought fictional, were as they say, more human than human.
The perfect storm of the near-elimination of bigotry with the moral and technological advances in cloning...


and the sexy combo of retro-goth fashion and lifestyle formed a kind of Vamptopia for this growing demographic.
Vampirics have come "into the light" and haven't stopped shining.
Bat Love


Here to talk with us today is the man most responsible for the mainstreaming of Vamps through blood-cloning, Brad Teepes.


Well, blood-cloning's not the only reason we can stroll out safely at night, Wally.
It didn't hurt that we backed you during the Franco-Zombo Invasion of Ought-Nine.
CERVEAUX...
Ha, of course!
I don't buy it!
♪ it beats for you, it bleeds for you ♪
Shed
We've even given the economy a little boost by stepping out.
With the high blood tax?
If they can accept the rights of sex workers and pot smokers, why not blood suckers?
Small price to pay for acceptance.
Right you are...


not for one second, Whitey...
I don't think this paper needs your kind of slanted expose right now. Vamp dollars are buying up the advertising.
But you've gotta admit there's a connection between the disappearance of the homeless and the emergence of these...
night-walkers.
I think it's all in your head. Peace and quiet might be boring right now, but I wouldn't trade it. Don't rock the coffin.
Well, I don't care, I'm checking out that blood factory!
Taste a few flavors for me.
Oak barrel, earth infused, my ass!

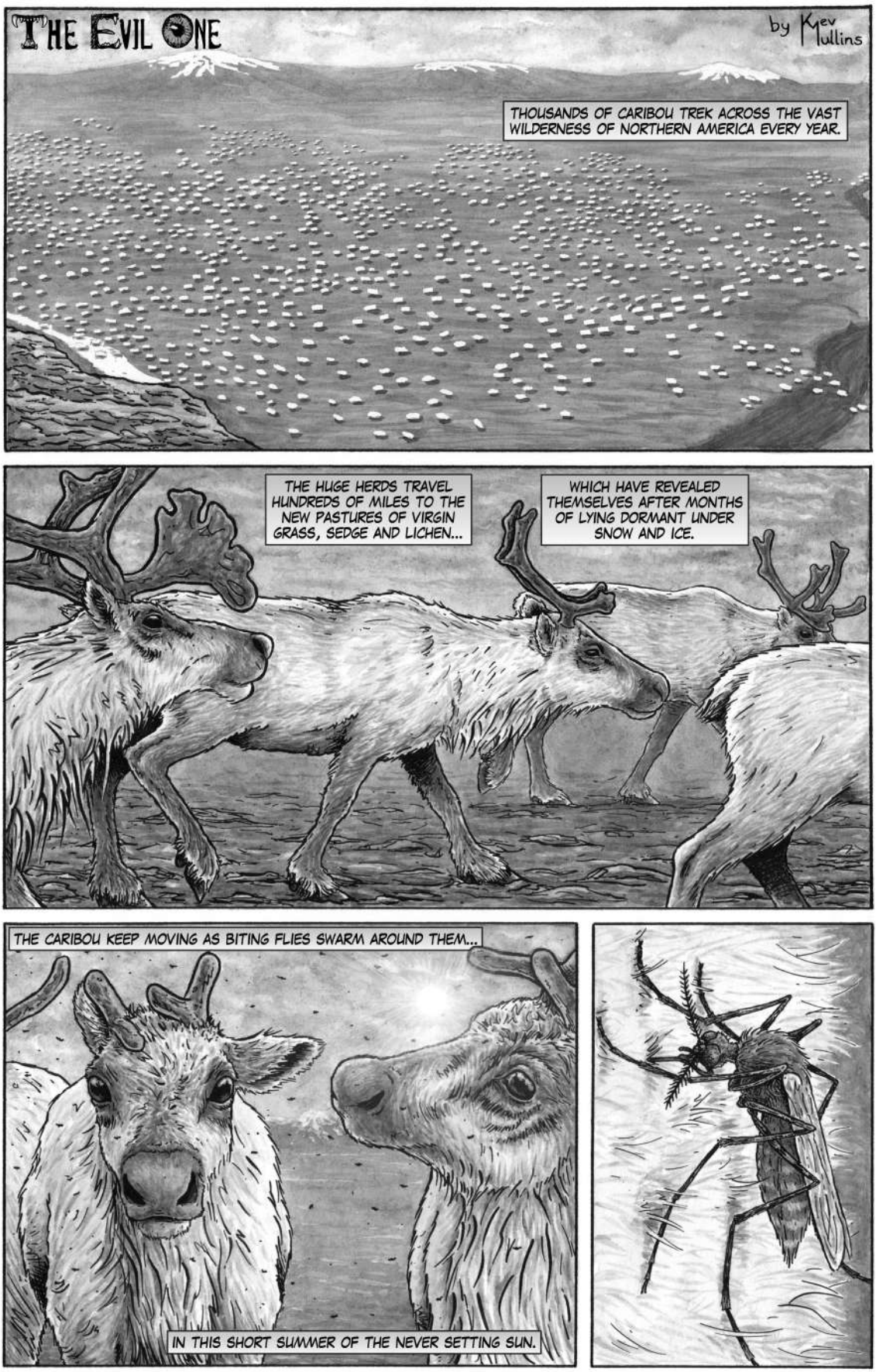

THE BLOOD SHED
THE BLOOD SHED
hrmm...
Paying a visit? Would you like a tour?
We get so few guests.
Why's that?
Legal acceptance doesn't guarantee personal acceptance.
We might dispel some myths for you today.


Once we received federal approval and acknowledgement under our Independent Party leadership...
it didn't take long at all for society to accept the Vamps since we **clone** our own blood supply...
and we integrated seemlessly into modern society.
Hell...
We've even given the economy a boost since they tax the **shit** out of **blood**. Just like wine.
Vamps can get blood with a taste of oak barrel, or cherries, or caramel. One brand even outsold the most popular Merlot last year.
The creation of jobs was unprecedented and homelessness is virtually non-existent.
But this **homeless** thing is what really set you off, isn't it...
And you don't really buy a **thing** I'm **saying**, do you... No matter...


You're quite helpless now.
Homeless solution...

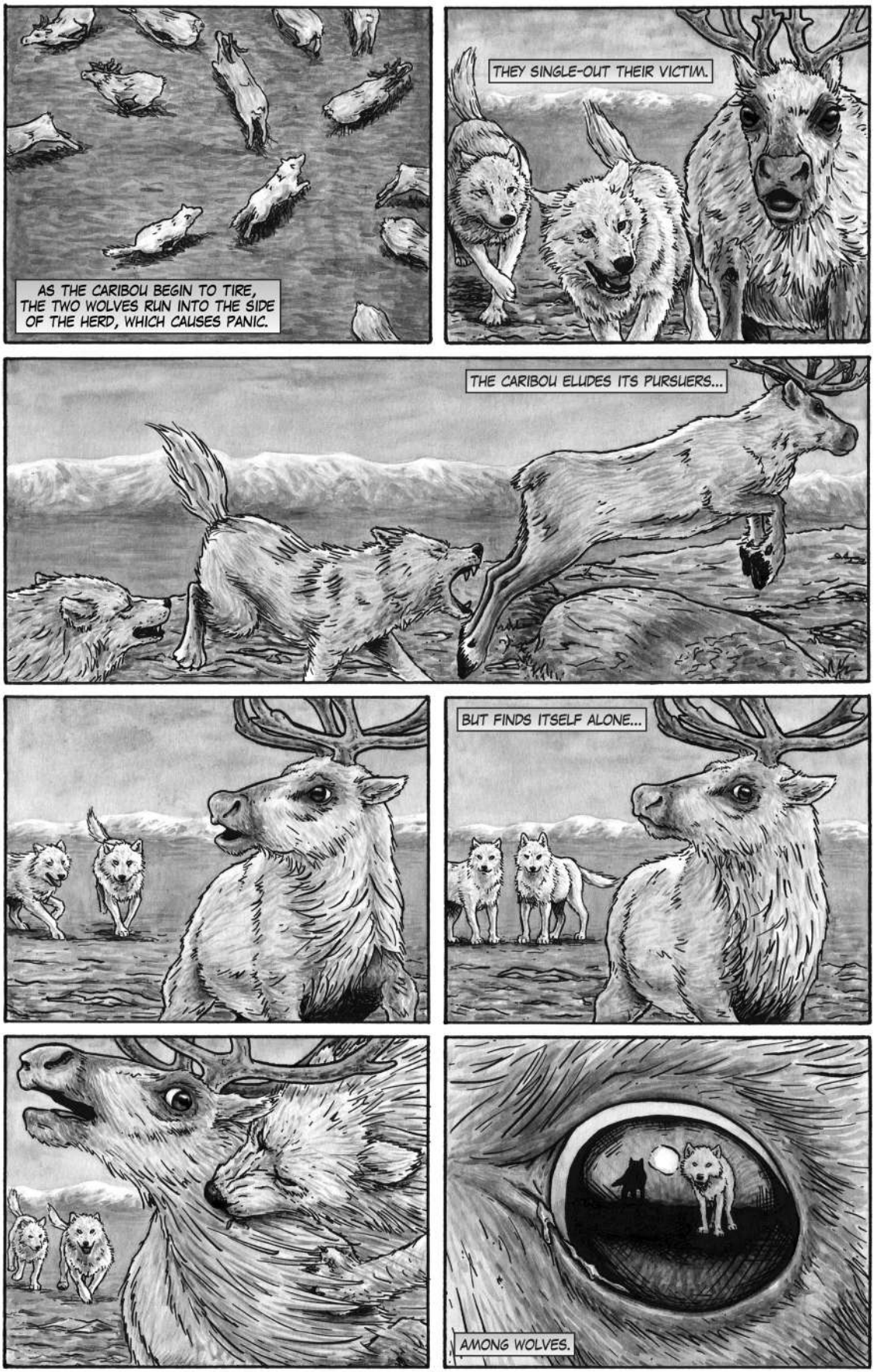

No painkillers...
Ruin the flavor...
O
AB
...enlarged spleens...
...higher blood content...

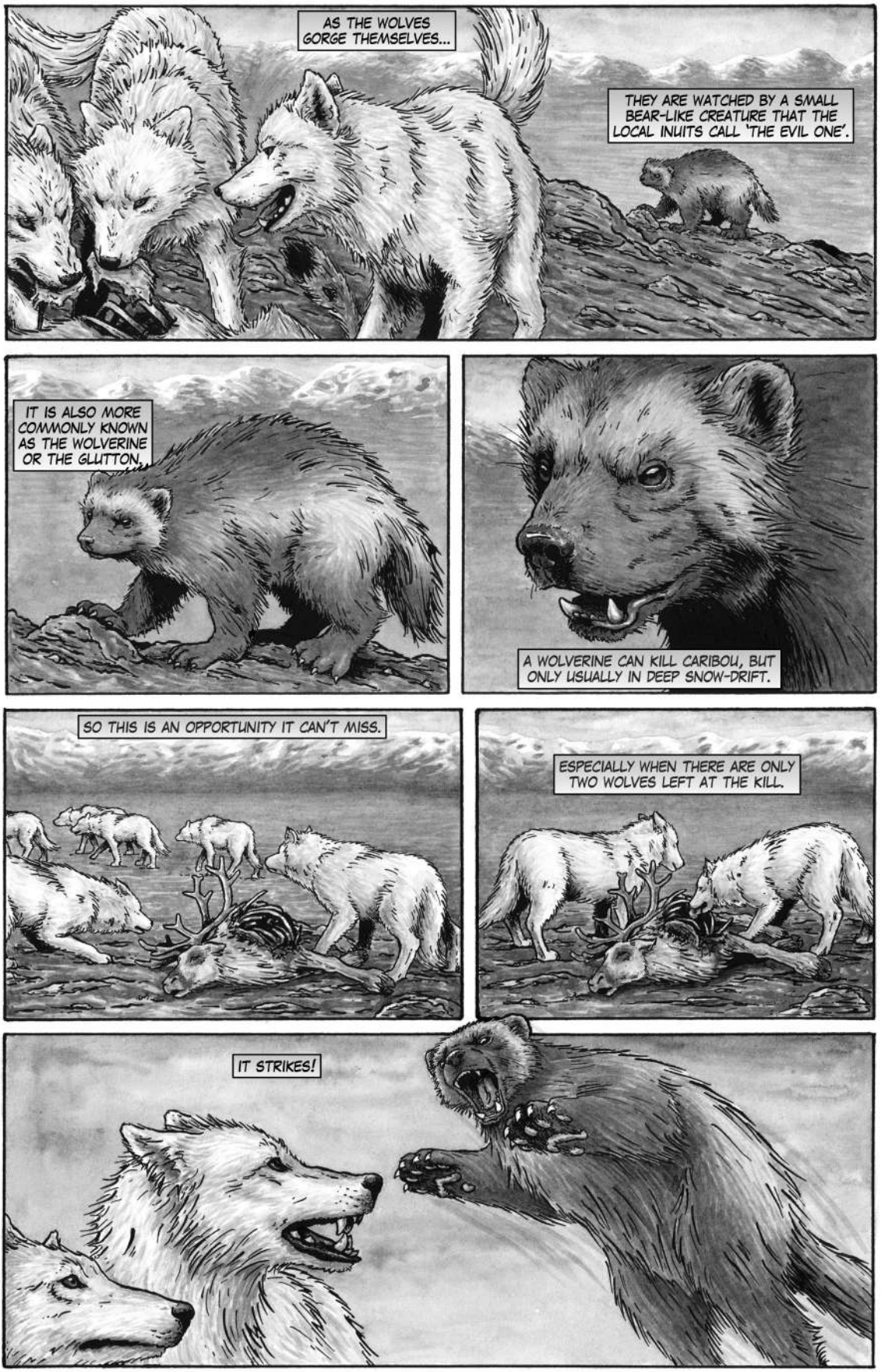

Blood cloning.
We don't know
FUCK... ALL...
about cloning!
Unfortunately, this ruse must end. We're running out of these... vagrants since we can't keep them alive forever.
But no matter, our army is now plentiful and strong.
And me? I always liked things...
...the old fashioned way.


THE EVIL ONE
by Kev Mullins
THOUSANDS OF CARIBOU TREK ACROSS THE VAST WILDERNESS OF NORTHERN AMERICA EVERY YEAR.
THE HUGE HERDS TRAVEL HUNDREDS OF MILES TO THE NEW PASTURES OF VIRGIN GRASS, SEDGE AND LICHEN...
WHICH HAVE REVEALED THEMSELVES AFTER MONTHS OF LYING DORMANT UNDER SNOW AND ICE.
THE CARIBOU KEEP MOVING AS BITING FLIES SWARM AROUND THEM...
IN THIS SHORT SUMMER OF THE NEVER SETTING SUN.

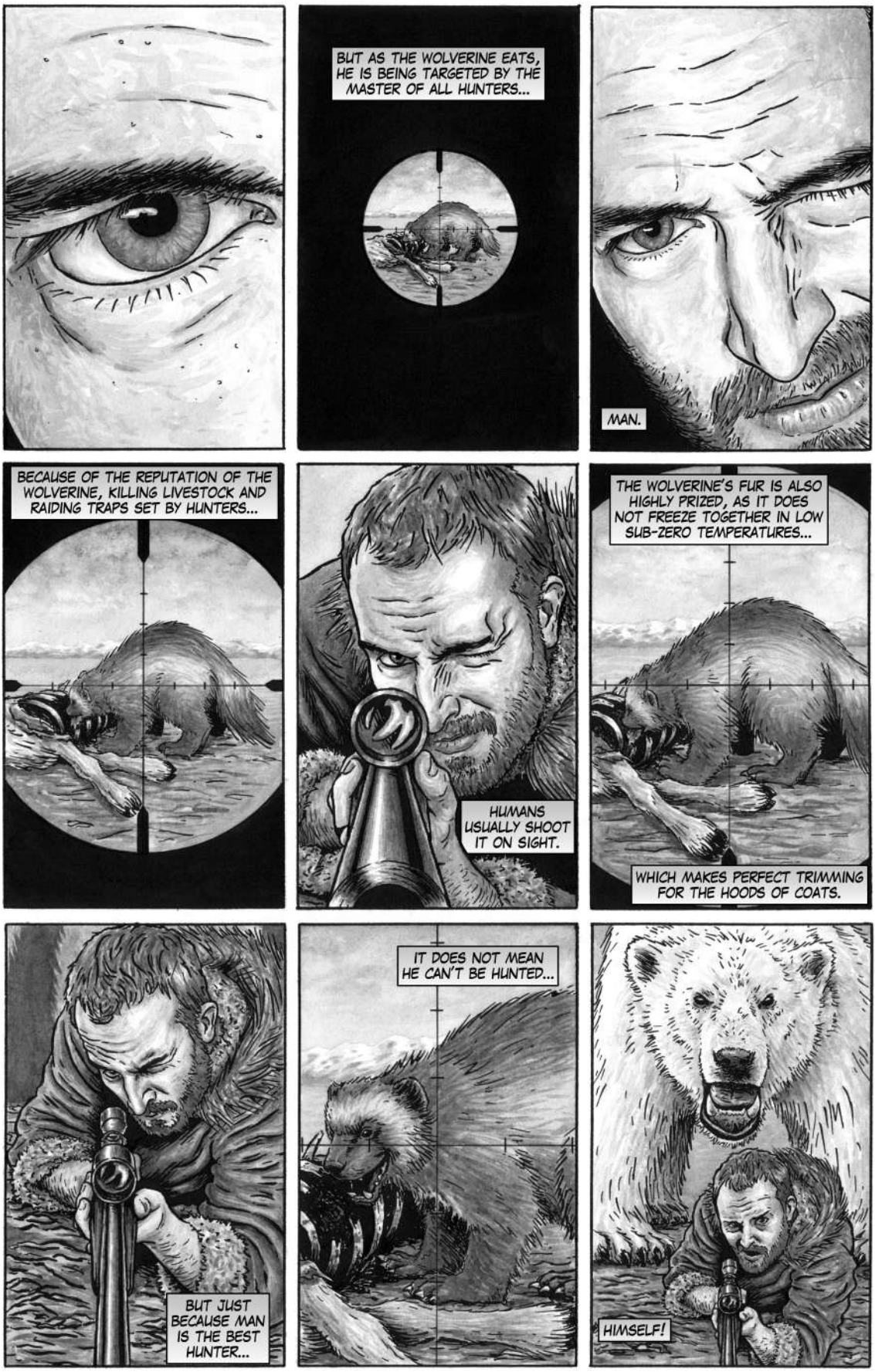

BUT BITING FLIES ARE NOT THE ONLY UNWANTED GUESTS ON THIS LONG JOURNEY ACROSS THE BOUNDLESS TUNDRA.
THERE IS A FOE THAT IS FAR MORE DEADLY...
AND SINISTER...
ARCTIC WOLVES.

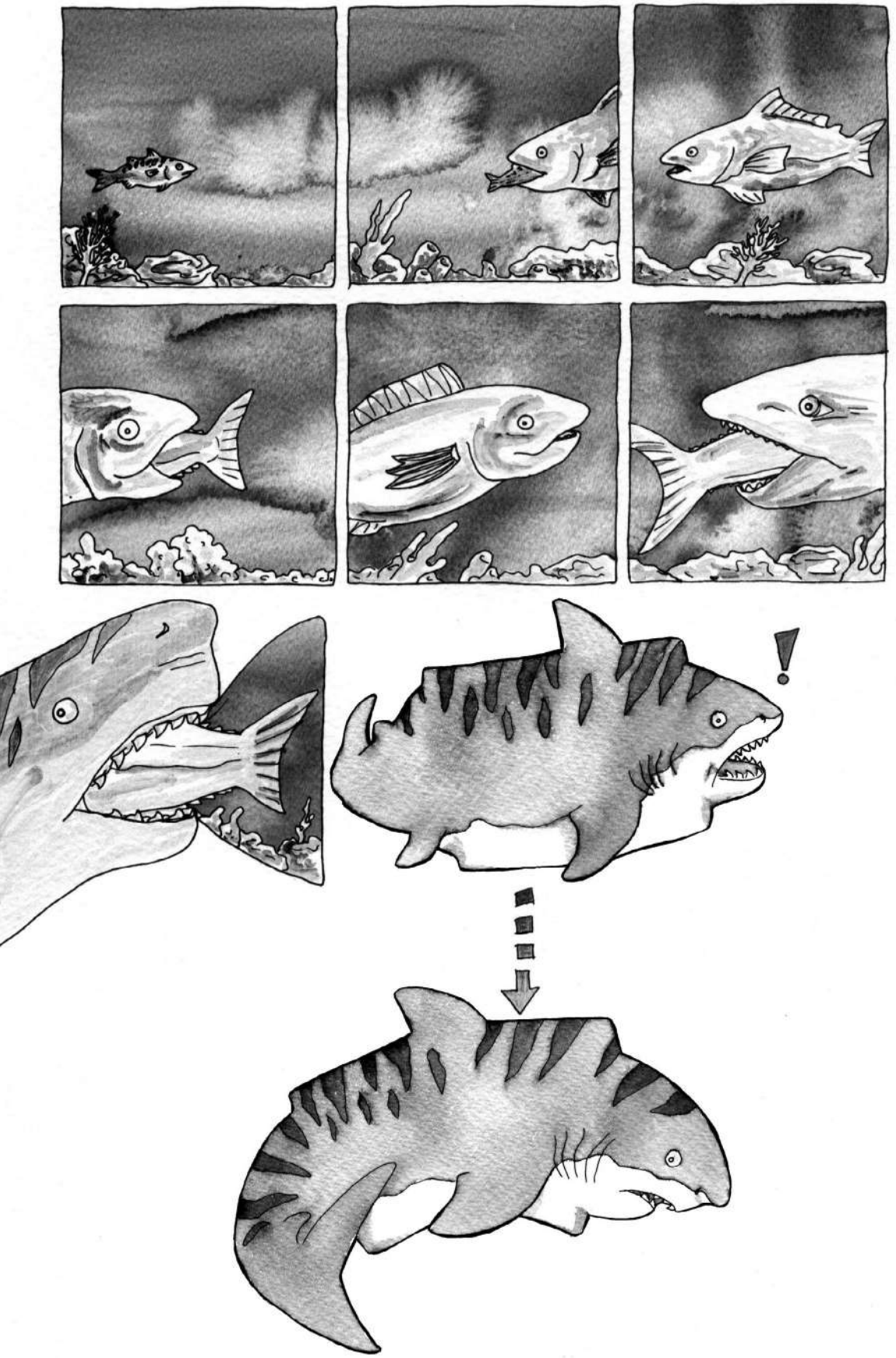

THREE OF THE PACK RUN STRAIGHT AT THE HERD...
STARTING THE HUNT.
THE WOLVES AND THE CARIBOU HAVE GREAT ENDURANCE.
IT IS A MATTER OF WHICH ONE HAS THE BETTER STAMINA...
OR STRATEGY!
UP AHEAD TWO WOLVES RUN ALONG THE FLANKS OF THE HERD.


AS THE CARIBOU BEGIN TO TIRE, THE TWO WOLVES RUN INTO THE SIDE OF THE HERD, WHICH CAUSES PANIC.
THEY SINGLE-OUT THEIR VICTIM.
THE CARIBOU ELUDES ITS PURSUERS...
BUT FINDS ITSELF ALONE...
AMONG WOLVES.


AS THE WOLVES GORGE THEMSELVES...
THEY ARE WATCHED BY A SMALL BEAR-LIKE CREATURE THAT THE LOCAL INUITS CALL 'THE EVIL ONE'.
IT IS ALSO MORE COMMONLY KNOWN AS THE WOLVERINE OR THE GLUTTON.
A WOLVERINE CAN KILL CARIBOU, BUT ONLY USUALLY IN DEEP SNOW-DRIFT.
SO THIS IS AN OPPORTUNITY IT CAN'T MISS.
ESPECIALLY WHEN THERE ARE ONLY TWO WOLVES LEFT AT THE KILL.
IT STRIKES!


WITH THE WOLVES NOW DEFEATED...
THE WOLVERINE GLUTS DOWN THEIR MEAL.


BUT AS THE WOLVERINE EATS, HE IS BEING TARGETED BY THE MASTER OF ALL HUNTERS...
MAN.
BECAUSE OF THE REPUTATION OF THE WOLVERINE, KILLING LIVESTOCK AND RAIDING TRAPS SET BY HUNTERS...
HUMANS USUALLY SHOOT IT ON SIGHT.
THE WOLVERINE'S FUR IS ALSO HIGHLY PRIZED, AS IT DOES NOT FREEZE TOGETHER IN LOW SUB-ZERO TEMPERATURES...
WHICH MAKES PERFECT TRIMMING FOR THE HOODS OF COATS.
BUT JUST BECAUSE MAN IS THE BEST HUNTER...
IT DOES NOT MEAN HE CAN'T BE HUNTED...
HIMSELF!




Madame Mothra's
Geno pets
CHIBI WALKS DOWN THE SORDID STREETS OF THE CITY, WONDERING IF SHE WOULD HAVE A BITE TO EAT TONIGHT.
THE BUFFETS ARE OPENED, THE TRICKY SHOPKEEPERS SHOW THEIR TRINKETS.
CHIBI IS COLD, BUT SHE DOESN´T GIVE IN, AND IMAGINES HOW GOOD SHE´LL FEEL WITH FOOD IN HER BELLY.
Madame Mothra's
Geno pets
script
Valentin Lerena
Art
Pablo Lizalde
BUT HER THOUGHTS ARE INTERRUPTED...
...AND A FRIEND IS FOUND.


BEHIND THE COLD GLASS, SOME LITTLE EYES RETURN HER GAZE AND GIVE HER CONFIDENCE.
BUT THIS ILLUSION ONLY LASTS A MOMENT.
HER SURVIVAL INSTINCT SCREAMS DANGER, A PERVERTED STALKER HAS FOLLOWED HER THROUGH THE CROWD.


RUN CHIBBI!
TOOOD
THERE´S A SUBWAY ENTRANCE CLOSE TO HER.
ITS DARKNESS OFFERING HER A SAFE PLACE TO HIDE.


FOR ONCE THERE´S A TRAIN THERE WHEN YOU NEED IT, BUT NO FRIENDS OR WITNESSES TO HELP.
SHE FEELS SAFE AT LAST...
... BUT THE FEELING IS SHORT LIVED.


CONFIDENT IN HIS POWER OVER HER, THE HUNTER INTRODUCES HER...
...TO THE SPLENDOR OF HIS SILVER FANG.
AND SHE SCREAMS KNOWING THAT NOBODY WOULD HEAR THEM.


Madame Mothra's
Geno pets
THE SHOPS AND RESTAURANTS ARE ALL CLOSED NOW.
TONIGHT IT´S A COLD NIGHT, BUT CHIBI DOESN´T CARE.
HER STOMACH IS FULL AND HER NECK WARMED BY HER NEW FUR.
IT´S QUITE LATE ALREADY, AND A FRIEND WILL BE WAITING FOR HER.
TO WISH HER A GOOD NIGHT ... A GOOD HUNT.


BORED.
BORED!
BORED!
BORED!
BORED!
BORED!
THE LURE
BY GARY CRUTCHLEY
BORED!
I AM SOOOO BORED.
SUDDENLY!!
WHAT THE..
OH MY!!


WOW!
THAT IS SO AMAZING!
STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE.
'CAUSE, I'LL BE DOWN IN A SEC.
I'M JUST GOING OUT TO PLAY, MUM.
PROMISE I WON'T GET DIRTY.
SEE YOU LATER.
HEY!
WHATEVER YOU ARE..
WHERE'VE YOU GOT TO?
I'M NOT GONNA HURT YOU!
I PROMISE.
OH.. THERE YOU ARE!
tee heee heee.
MY NAME IS NATHAN.
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
DO YOU EVEN HAVE ONE?
CAN YOU TALK?
WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?
DO YOU BELONG TO ANYONE?
...OR ARE YOU LOST?
I JUST DON'T BELIEVE IT.
WAIT 'TIL I TELL SCOTT!
...HE'S MY BEST MATE.
'COURSE WHEN HE SEES YOU HE'LL WANT YOU ALL FOR HIMSELF!


..BUT HE'S NOT HAVING YOU.
NOPE!
'CAUSE YOU BELO..
HEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
OH!
YOU WANT TO PLAY.
I DUNNO.
MY MUM WOULDN'T LIKE IT IF I JUST GO OFF.
SHE'D WANT TO KNOW WHERE WE WERE GOING AND STUFF.
THEN TELL ME I COULDN'T GO.
BUT...
...IF I DON'T TELL HER, THEN SHE WON'T KNOW. AND IF SHE DOESN'T KNOW. SHE CAN'T STOP ME FROM COMING WITH YOU, CAN SHE?
YOU TALKED ME INTO IT!
"LET'S GO!"
HUFF HUFF!!
HEY! NOT..
HUFF HUFF!!
..SO FAST!
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
...'CAUSE I DIDN'T THINK WE'D BE GOING THIS FAR.
MY MUM FINDS OUT ABOUT THIS, I'M GONNA BE IN SOME SERIOUS TROUBLE!
PROBABLY BE GROUNDED FOR YEARS!
ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT...
... I'M COMING, BUT JUST FOR A LITTLE BIT MORE, OKAY?


OH...ER.. HELLO.
I DIDN'T REALISE THAT SHE BELONGED TO ANYONE.
TRIXIEBELLE?
OH YESSS! TRIXIBELLE BELONGS TO ME.
AND SHE'S ALWAYS BRINGING ME NEW FRIENDS FOR DINNER!


OH..
I'M SORRY, BUT I CAN'T STAY FOR DINNER.
MY MUM'LL BE EXPECTING ME HOME, SOON
IS THAT SO, BOY...
THEN I WILL INSIST THAT YOU STAY!!!
NNOO!?
MUMMEEE!
MUMMY CAN'T HELP YOU NOW, BOY!
NO ONE CAN!!
BUT DON'T WORRY...
...YOU'VE GOT PLENTY OF COMPANY IN MY SACK!!
VERY GOOD MY PRETTY ONE.
ONE MORE I THINK. THEN WE'LL CALL IT A DAY!
I'M GETTING HUNGRY!
"NOTHING LIKE A GOOD DAY'S FISHING TO WORK UP AN APPETITE!!"

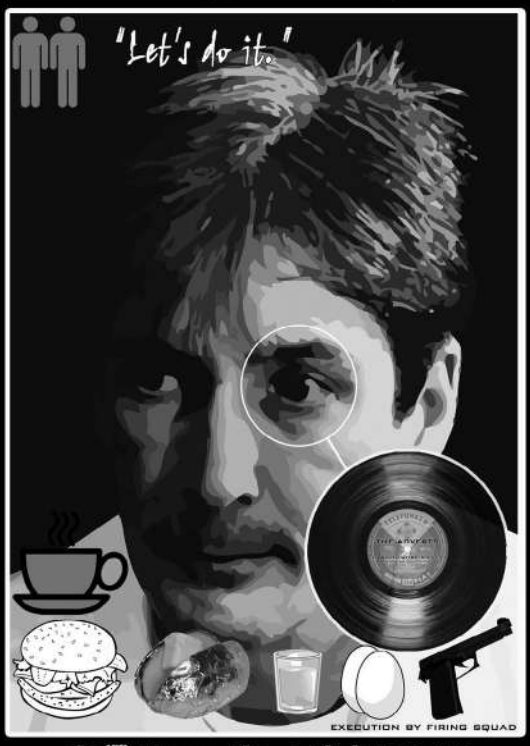
# Last Suppers

Menu lovingly prepared by Jay Eales



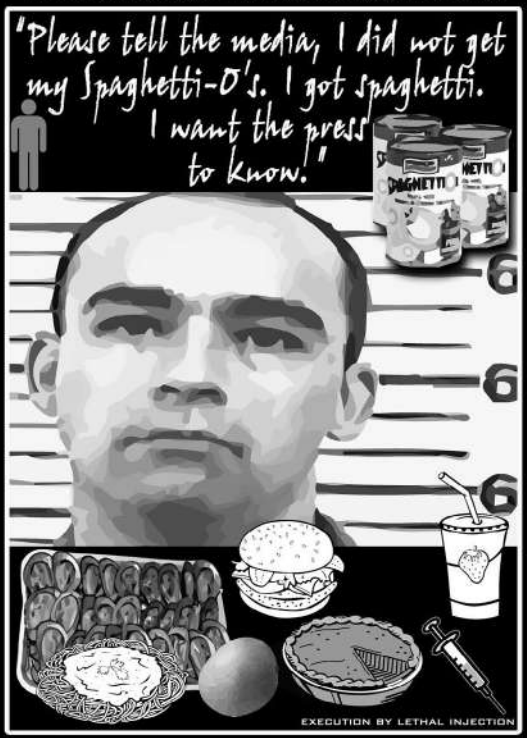

## JOHN WAYNE GACY

a bucket of fried chicken, a pound of fresh strawberries, a dozen fried shrimp, french fries




## GARY GILMORE

several cups of coffee, a hamburger, a baked potato, three shots of whiskey, two hardboiled eggs




## THOMAS GRASSO

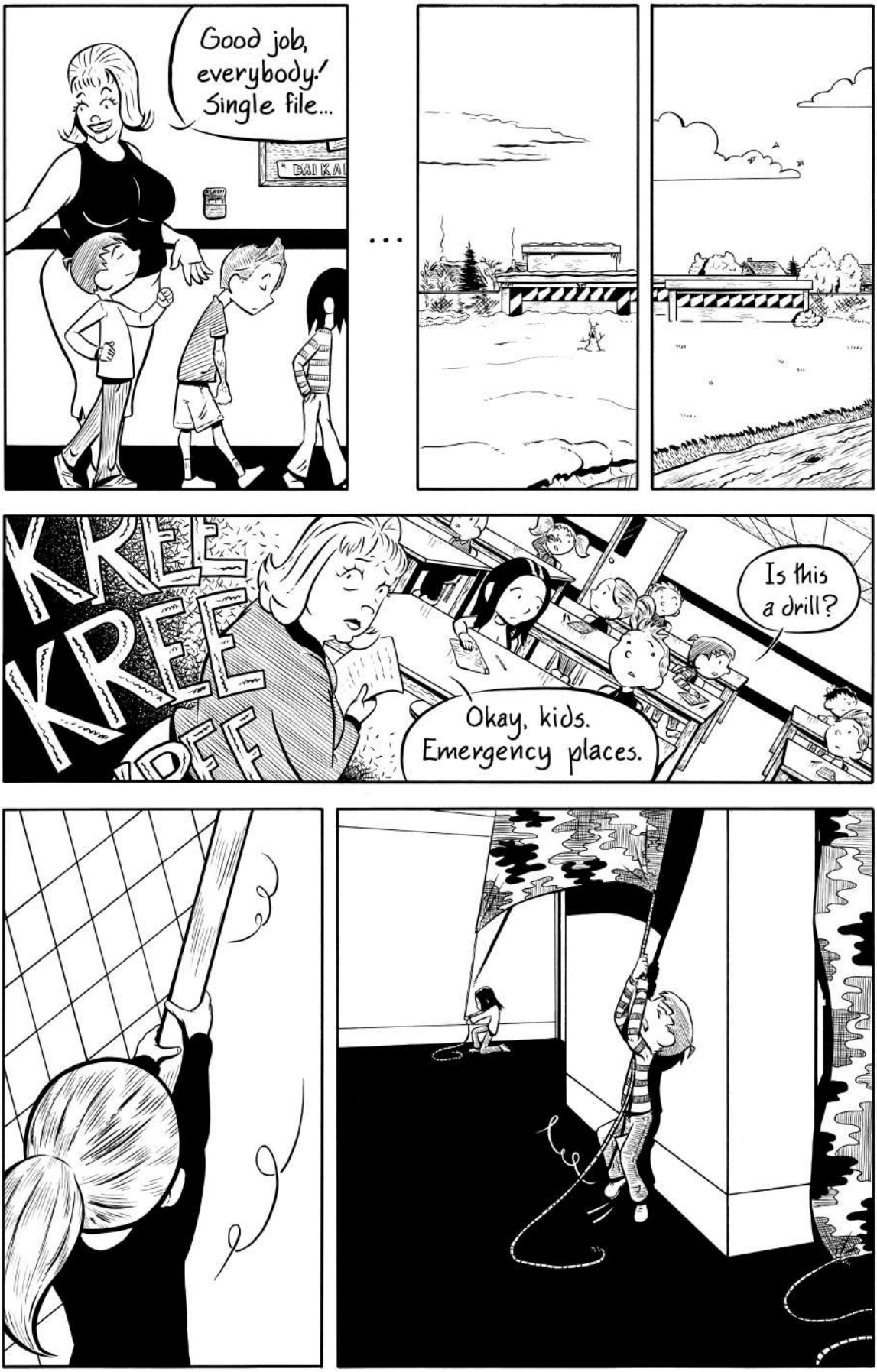
a dozen steamed mussels, spaghetti & meatballs, a double cheese burger, a mango, half a pumpkin pie, a strawberry milkshake

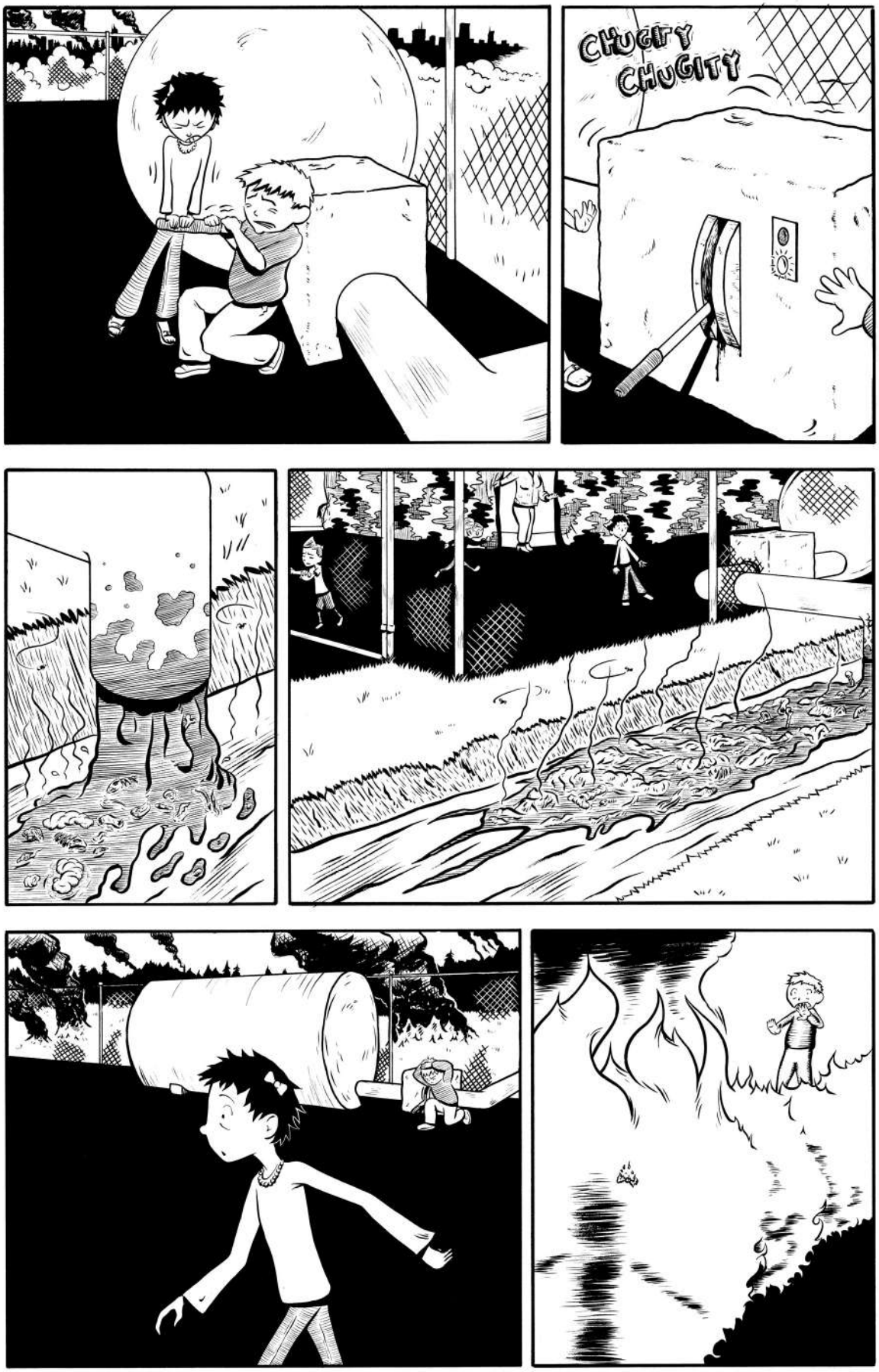


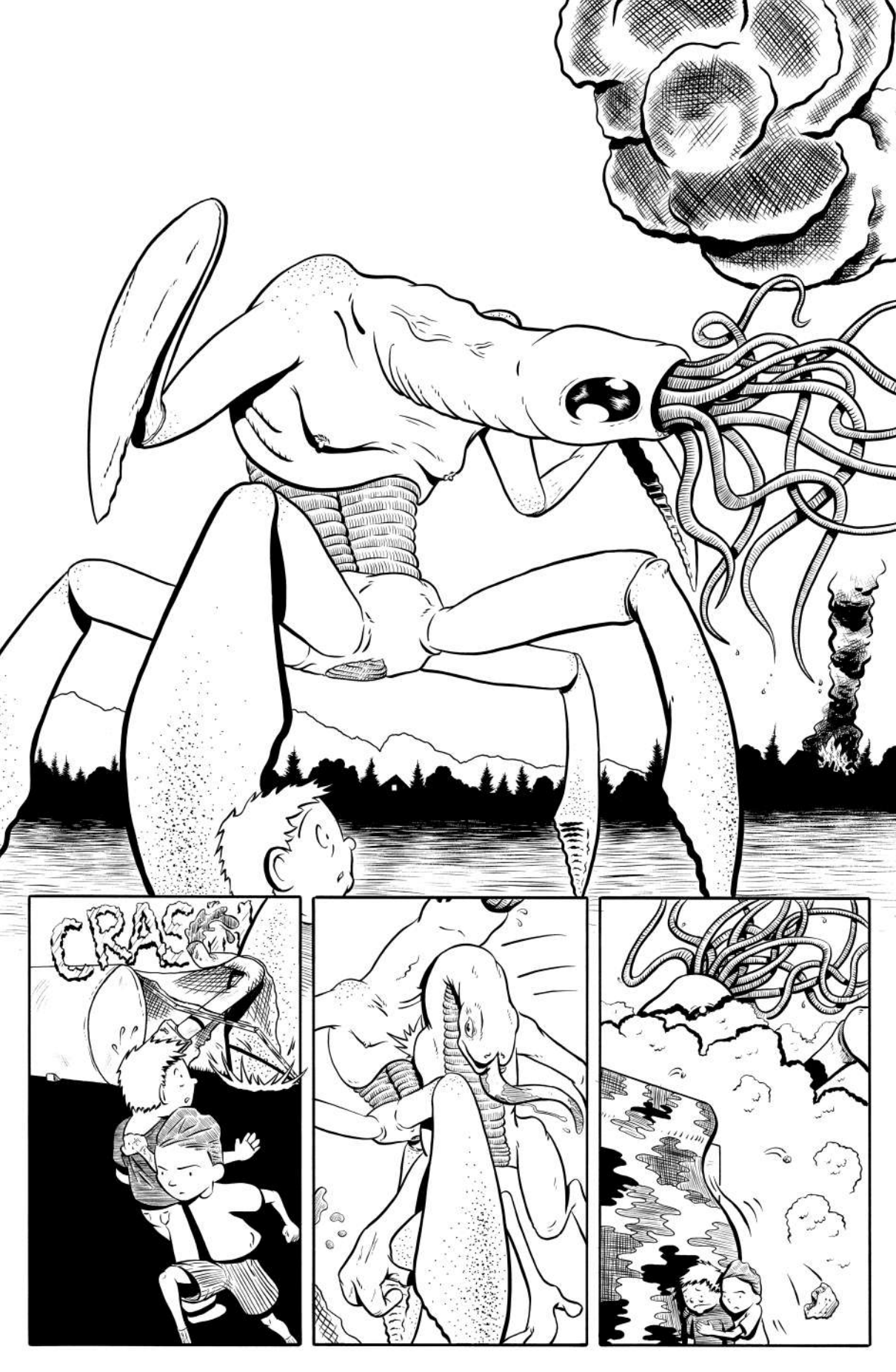

## TIMOTHY MCVEIGH

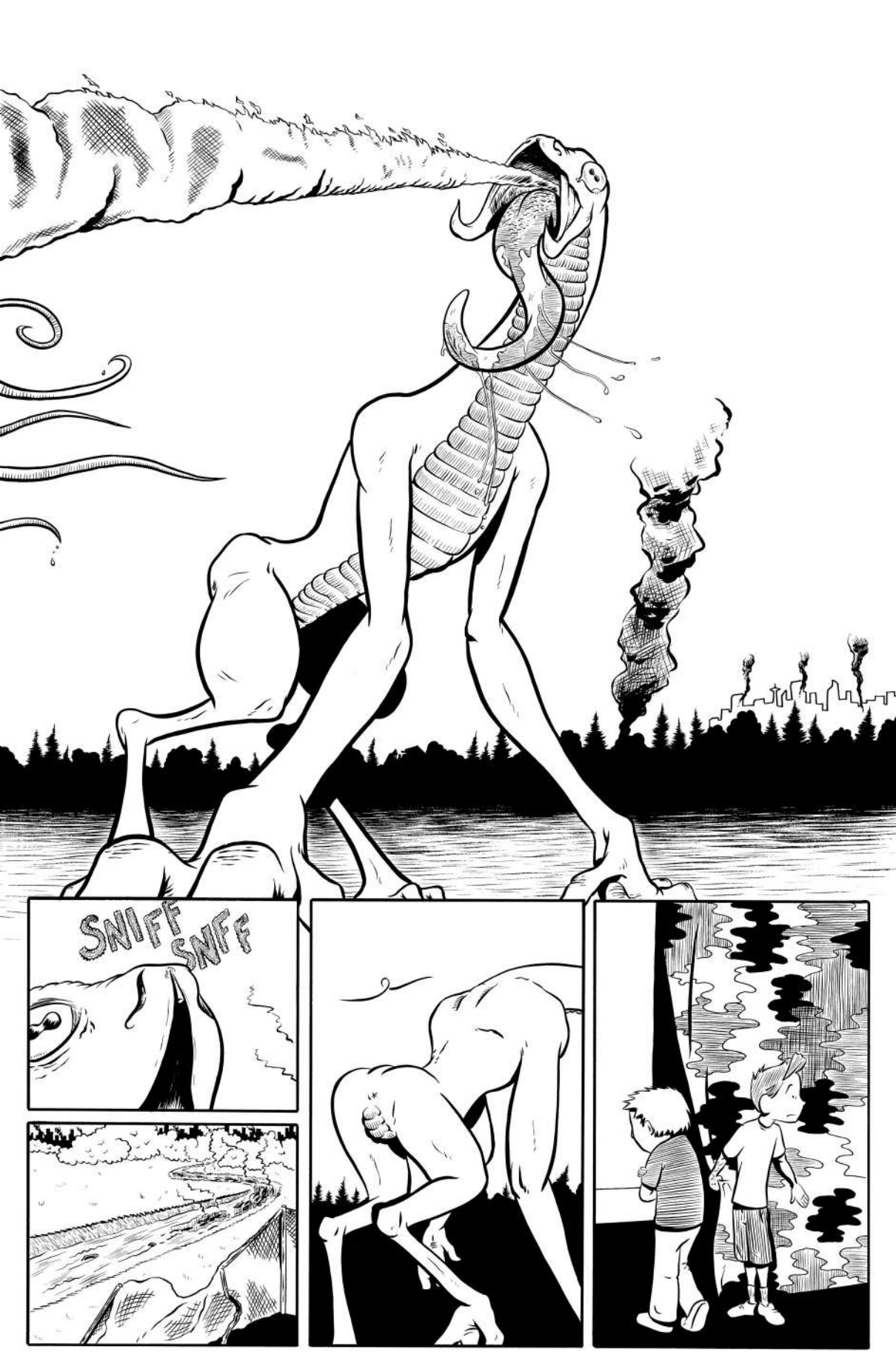
two pints of mint ice cream


Does everyone know their job?
1 Open the camouflage
the hill
by Morgan Pielli + Jon-Mikel Gates
2 Close the gates
3 Release the slurry

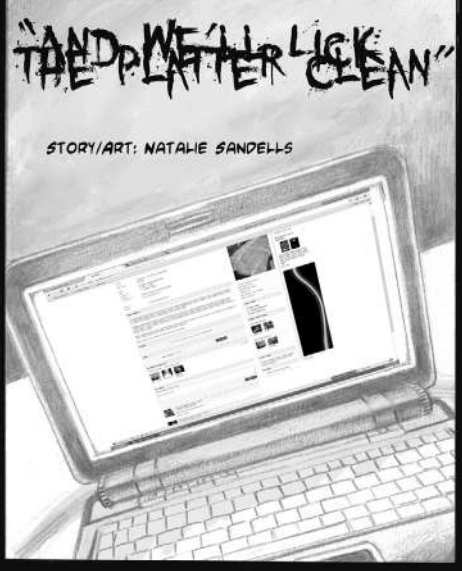

Good job, everybody! Single file...
DAI KA
...
KREE KREE
DEE
Is this a drill?
Okay, kids. Emergency places.


CHUGITY
CHUGITY


CRASH


SNIFF
SNIFF

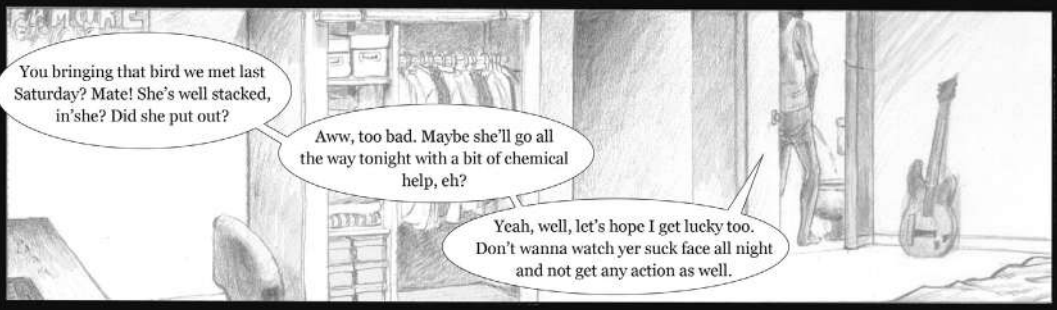

Everyone stay with your partn
CRASH
SHELTER









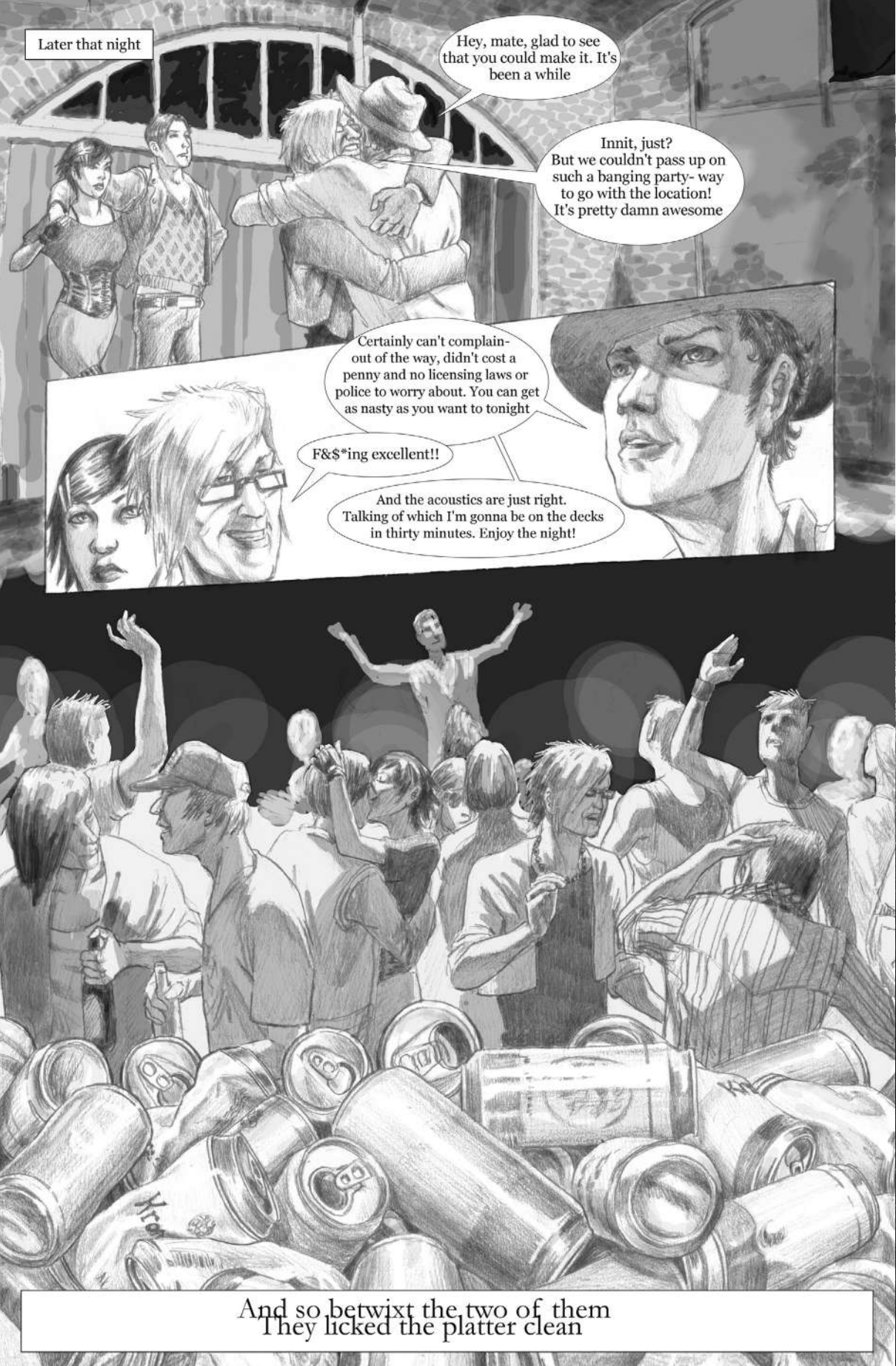










Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean


Later that night
Hey, mate, glad to see that you could make it. It's been a while
Innit, just? But we couldn't pass up on such a banging party- way to go with the location! It's pretty damn awesome
Certainly can't complain- out of the way, didn't cost a penny and no licensing laws or police to worry about. You can get as nasty as you want to tonight
F&$*ing excellent!!
And the acoustics are just right. Talking of which I'm gonna be on the decks in thirty minutes. Enjoy the night!
And so betwixt the two of them
They licked the platter clean


*CLICK*
Ladies and gents, I think you'll agree we've had a stonking night tonight, but there's one more treat left to go before it's all over.
London's a fantastic place- so full of people from all sorts of backgrounds and circumstances. So many people without close family ties and friends
So many outcasts on the edges of the herd
And the acoustics in this place are perfect. The sound just doesn't trrrrravel much beyond these chamberrrrrs
Jack ate all the lean,
Joan ate all the fat.




The bone they picked it clean,
Then gave it to the cat




# Earth to Earth

Words by Stephen Michael Lowe
Pictures by Marleen Starksfield Lowe



















Excuse me. It's just that the harsh weather has left me a little parched and I'm not as sprightly as I used to be.
Would you like a glass of water?
That's most kind of you.


But Father we'll be late for the appointment with Mr. Wilson.
I have every faith that you can deal with him on your own Sister. Go on ahead, I'll be along shortly.


Very well Father.




Thank you my Son, I'll only trouble you for a moment.
It's no trouble. My lodgings are through there; if you'll take a seat I'll bring you some water, Father.


My word, it's warm in here...
Sorry, my plants don't like the cold.
Who does?






Here you go Father.
Thank you.


They're fascinating little things aren't they?
You like them? They're Dionaea Muscipula – Venus Fly Traps.


I've never seen their like.


They're indigenous to the New World but I've grown these from seedlings.
A keen horticulturalist eh?


I wouldn't go that far, a little green-fingered maybe.

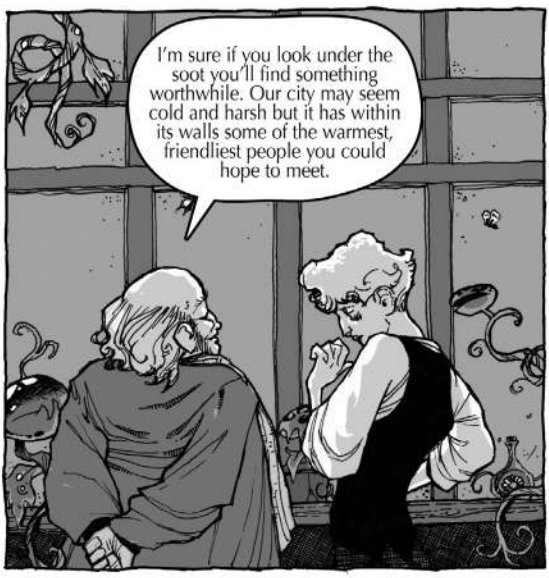

They look after themselves mostly...
...you see they attract insects with their bright colours before closing in around them.


Why on Earth would they want to do that?
For food; they're flesh eaters.
They eat insects? How frightful.
...but they do at least add a dash of colour to the room.
Aye, they do. Mind you there's not much else to look at.
It is a little sparse. I suppose the extortionate rent Mrs. Harper charges doesn't allow you to buy many frivolities.
I may be a man of God George but I am not naive; not all of my flock has clean wool. Mrs. Harper's sin of avarice is no secret in the parish.
The rent is a little high. At least she took me in though, most other people slammed the door in my face.
Good Samaritans are few and far between, there aren't many who would allow a stranger into their home.
She may have exploited your situation for material gain, but Mrs. Harper is at heart a Christian, which counts for a lot.
I'm sure you'll agree once you've settled down a little.
I hope so, I've only been here a month. It's still a little overwhelming.


The city can be a daunting place to begin with. What brought you to London? Dreams of finding fame and fortune no doubt?
If there were dreams I woke with a start.


I'm not sure why I'm here if I'm honest; looking to put down roots I suppose.
Like your plants eh?


So have you found the streets paved with gold?
Not unless gold looks like soot, no.


I'm sure if you look under the soot you'll find something worthwhile. Our city may seem cold and harsh but it has within its walls some of the warmest, friendliest people you could hope to meet.


Have you made many friends since you arrived?
I've met a few people Father, but no friends.


Other than my plants of course.
Ghastly plants are no substitutes for friends George.
You're a handsome young man in need of good company.
I tell you what, why not come to my church this evening?
You'll be welcomed with open arms and I'm sure you'll make as big an impression on them as you have me.
What, me and my ghastly plants?
I'm sorry?
You will be.


AAAAAAAAAAAA

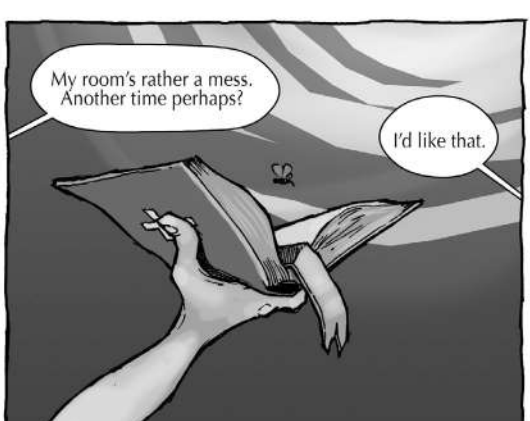

Hello, is that George? It's Sister Mary. I called earlier with Father Pattison.
I remember; hello.


Father Pattison didn't return to the rectory and I was hoping he might have mentioned something to you earlier, perhaps an appointment or a meeting he neglected to mention to me.
Sorry, no.


Oh...
It's not like him you see, I'm beginning to get worried.
I'm sure he's fine. In fact I'm glad you're here, he left his bible; would you mind returning it?


Of course I will. What's that?
Sorry, it's plant food. I got a little over zealous earlier and made a bit of a mess.


You keep plants? I'd be interested to see them, I'm a keen gardener.


My room's rather a mess. Another time perhaps?
I'd like that.


You and I both.
...to be continued in
VICTORIANA


ZOMBIES!
THIS CAME FROM THE PHONE CAMERA OF A CUYA OIL REP, ONE OF FOUR INVESTIGATING A PIPELINE EXPLOSION IN LAGOS.
THEY DISAPPEARED THREE DAYS AGO.
AIRGUARD OVERFLIGHT CONFIRMS
THEY'RE CONTAINED TO THE ONE VILLAGE.
TO PREVENT ANOTHER SOMALIA, WE'LL SEND IN A PAIR OF F-7S WITH ROCKETS TO WIPE OUT EVERYTHING THAT MOVES.
ACTUALLY, IT'S MORE LIKE MUMBAI.
AND NO, YOU WON'T.
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?


U.S. DEPARTMENT OF IRREGULAR WARFARE.
NAME: WALLACE
CALL SIGN: BLACK TIGER
WE SPECIALIZE IN SITUATIONS LIKE THIS.
ORDO AB CHAO
DIW
DEPARTMENT OF WHAT?
GOOGLE IT. AND CHECK OUT THE INFORMATIVE BLOG.
THIS IS AN EXECUTIVE ORDER GRANTING DIW AUTHORITY IN THIS RESCUE MISSION.
TOP SECRET
SEE, WE'VE GOT SOMEONE IN THAT VILLAGE AND WOULD APPRECIATE IT VERY MUCH IF YOU DIDN'T INCINERATE THEM JUST YET.
YOU HAVE SOMEONE ON THE INSIDE. OF THAT?
I'LL GET YOU A BODYBAG. NO WAY HE'LL SURVIVE.
UNLESS HE'S HALF-ZOMBIE.
ACTUALLY....


"SHE... is ALL-zombie."
NAME: UNKNOWN/CLASSFIED
CALL SIGN: ZOMBIE GIRL
Z-GIRL AND THE 4 TIGERS
SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN
Created & Written by:
Jeff Marsick
Created & Illustrated by:
Kirk Manley
Z-GIRL & THE 4 TIGERS ARE © COPYRIGHT & ™ 2010 KIRK MANLEY AND JEFF MARSICK


BLUE TIGER, NO SIGN OF THE MISSING LAMBS. FOUND SOME SHREDDED REMAINS THAT MIGHT BE THEM, BUT CAN'T CONFIRM.
COPY THAT, Z. FOLD UP AND COME HOME.


UGH. I HATE ZOMBIES.
SO...YOU HATE YOURSELF?
WELL, DR. FREUD, MAYBE I'M A GIRL WITH ISSUES.


452:
WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON OVER THERE?
12°NT
24356 AHDC:UJG48920
ABHSSS
SOMETHING'S OFF HERE, BLUE.
SHUFFLERS DON'T MAKE ME HUNGRY, BUT IF I KEEP SALIVATING, I'M GONNA NEED A BIB.
IT'S AS IF THESE AREN'T—WHOA!
CHK CHAK!
?
HEY!
HEY, LITTLE MAN. YOU SHOULDN'T BE HERE, IT'S NOT SAFE.
COME HERE. IT'S OKAY. I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU.
OH, RIGHT. I LOOK FUNNY, YEAH? I'M NOT— I'M NOT ONE OF THOSE... THINGS.
HERE, YOU WANT SOME CHOC--
AAAAIIIIIIEEEEEEEE!!!!



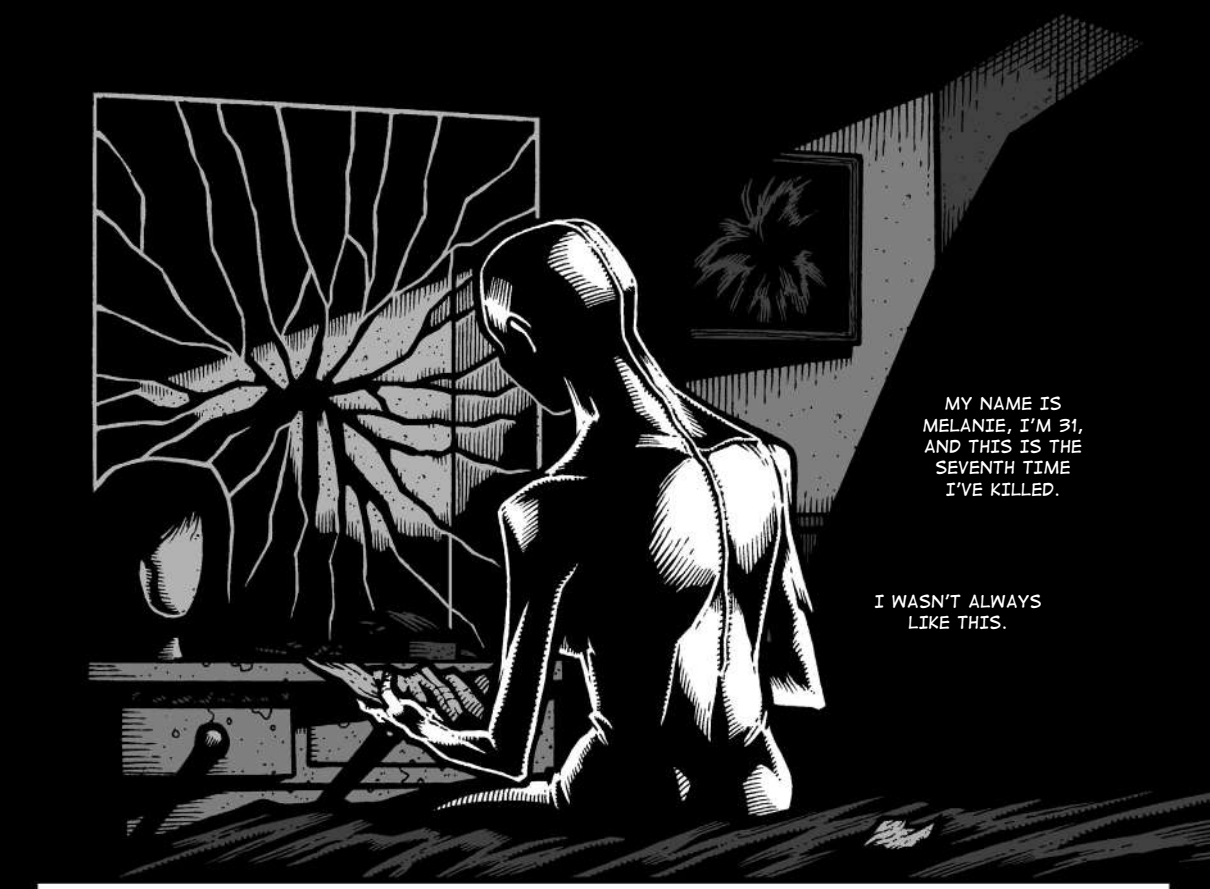







Nooooooo!
SHUNK!
WELL, THAT WASN'T SO–
–BAD.
Morning
NAME: TAYLOR, ERIC
CALL SIGN: BLUE TIGER
COME ON, Z. WE'RE DONE HERE.
SOME STICHES, A LITTLE PRIMER, GRAY CONCEALER, I'LL BE FINE.
YOU GOT PRETTY BANGED UP THIS TIME.
HERE.
A MAGIC STONE FOR THE WEIRD BOYS TO EXAMINE.
HEY, BLUE? WHAT'S IT MEAN IF I DON'T HAVE A SOUL?
THAT YOU CAN SLEEP IN ON SUNDAYS. AND VOTE REPUBLICAN. WHY?


I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE ACCOMPLISHED HERE, BLUE.
SURE, WE MADE CHILDREN A LITTLE BIT SAFER. HELL, MAYBE SAVED NIGERIA, TOO.
BUT WHAT IF THE WITCH WAS RIGHT? WHAT IF HIS IS THE ONLY DEFINITION OF LIFE A CHILD HERE CAN ASPIRE TO?
I DON'T KNOW, BLUE.
I HAVE A FEELING WE'LL BE COMING BACK.
THE END
Z-GIRL AND THE 4 TIGERS
MORE @
www.zgirl.org


MY NAME IS MELANIE, I'M 31, AND THIS IS THE SEVENTH TIME I'VE KILLED.
I WASN'T ALWAYS LIKE THIS.


ONCE UPON A TIME THINGS WERE GOOD, AND TOMORROW DIDN'T MATTER...


...THEN DAD GOT ILL AND DIED ON MY 13TH BIRTHDAY, AND EVERYTHING FELL APART....INCLUDING MY SKIN.


MUM FREAKED OUT, COULDN'T HANDLE IT ALL, SO I LEFT.
BEFORE I GOT CARTED AWAY, I GUESS.
BY STUPID MEN IN THEIR STUPID WHITE COATS...THOSE SAME STUPID MEN THAT LET DAD DIE.

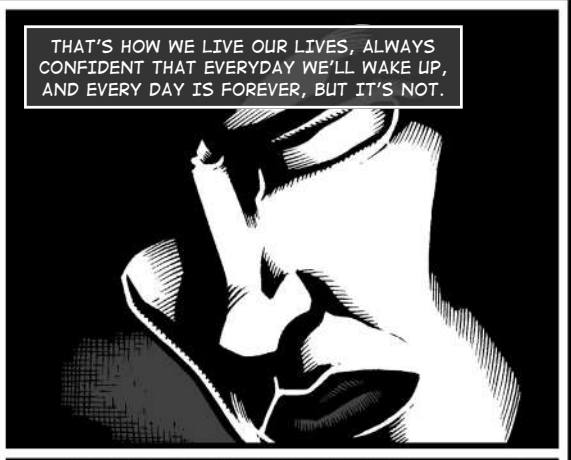

I COULDN'T TELL YOU *WHY*, IF I HAD TO EXPLAIN IT.
INSTINCT.
NATURE.
I DON'T KNOW.


BIOLOGY
THE NEW SKIN LASTED A WHILE. IT BONDED, BECAME A PART OF ME BUT IT WASN'T RIGHT.
I KNEW IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE IT WOULD NEED REPLACING.
TIME BEFORE I WOULD HAVE TO TAKE ANOTHER LIFE.
JUST THREE YEARS.


AND A *LIFE* IS EXACTLY WHAT I TOOK.
SKIN. CLOTHES. *IDENTITY*.
THAT'S HOW I LIVED. FOR THREE YEARS AT A TIME I FELT WHOLE.
NORMAL.
ONCE I'D PUT IT ON, IT WOULDN'T COME OFF. IT WOULD BE MINE AS IF IT HAD BEEN ALWAYS. *MY* SKIN.
BUT EVENTUALLY IT WOULD DECAY LIKE BEFORE AND I WOULD DO IT... *HAVE* TO DO IT ALL OVER AGAIN.
A NEW START AND A NEW...IDENTITY.


THE PROBLEM IS, WHEN YOU KEEP DOING SOMETHING, OVER TIME YOU BECOME GOOD AT IT, CONFIDENT.
*OVER* CONFIDENT.

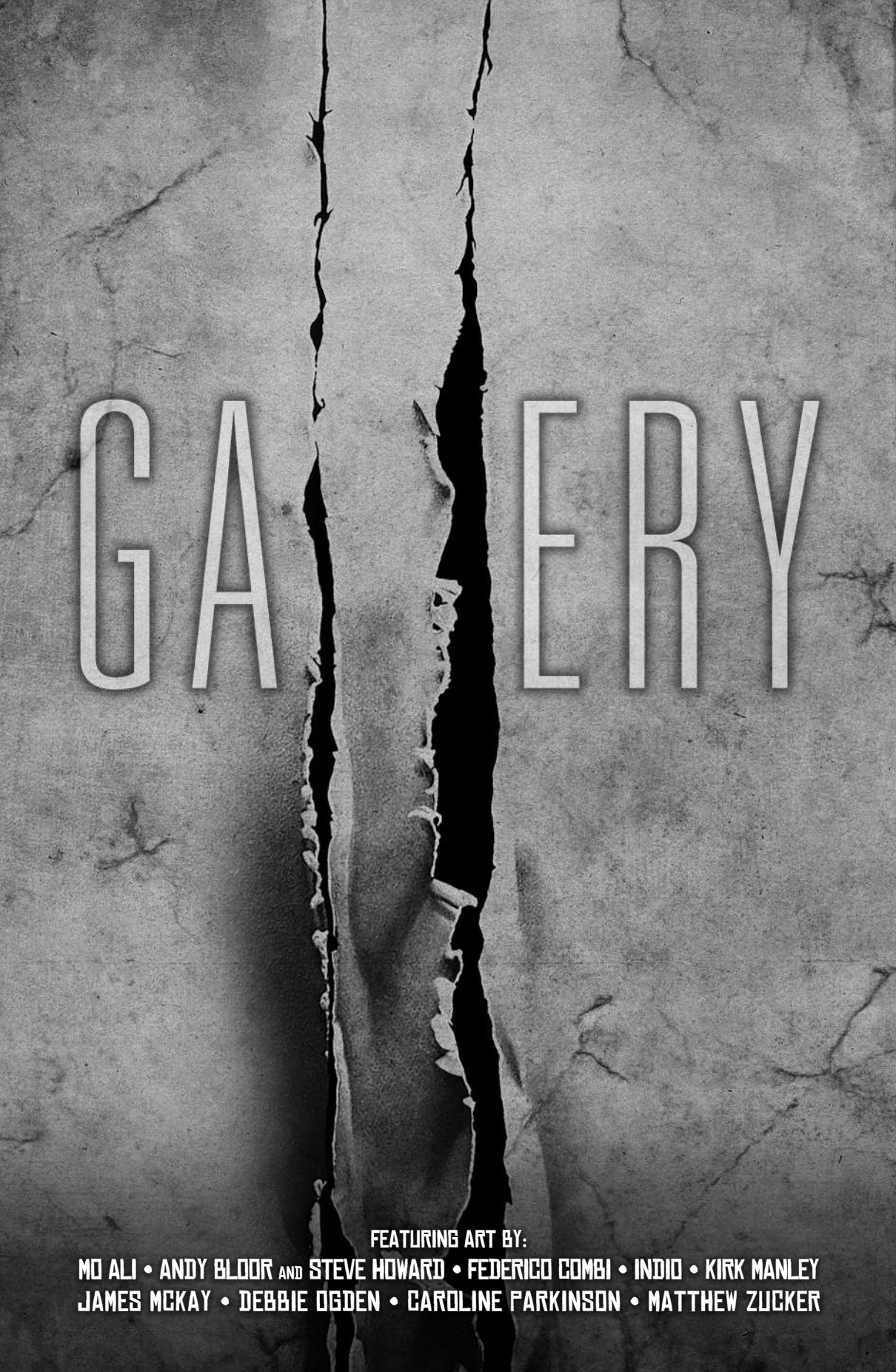

"...and we regret to inform you that the test results now indicate late stage Merkel cell cancer, the tumours are wide-spread throughout your skin and have metastasized much quicker than..."


THAT'S HOW WE LIVE OUR LIVES, ALWAYS CONFIDENT THAT EVERYDAY WE'LL WAKE UP, AND EVERY DAY IS FOREVER, BUT IT'S NOT.


IT'S JUST NOT.


SOONER OR LATER THERE HAS TO BE...


AN END.
SKIN DEEP
words: MO ALI
pictures: ANDY BLOOR


GALLERY
FEATURING ART BY:
MO ALI • ANDY BLOOR AND STEVE HOWARD • FEDERICO COMBI • INDIO • KIRK MANLEY
JAMES MCKAY • DEBBIE OGDEN • CAROLINE PARKINSON • MATTHEW ZUCKER




THEY'LL MAKE YOU AN OFFER YOU CAN'T REFUSE...
GANGSTAURS




©09


COR'ELLO LITTLE GURLDOYER WANNA....
A) PLAY WITH MY PUPPIES?
B) EAT SOME SWEETIES?
CIRCLE WHERE APPLICABLE
NOT FIT'S VISION
HELP!
A LEGAL MATTER
JELLY RABIES
SMELLY GENES
ALL HORRIFIED


KIRK MANLEY
Z-GIRL & The 4 TIGERS ©™2010
KIRK MANLEY & JEFF MARSICK









# BIOSCANS

## MO ALI
Mo Ali was born in a haunted hospital. You really shouldn't need to know more than that but if you do then why not visit his blog at:
**moknowchrome.blogspot.com**

## ZAKARYA ANWAR
Zakarya Anwar has contributed stories to numerous small press and independent comic books in the UK and US.

## JON AYRE
Jon Ayre's comic output to date has been two stories about zombies, but he is co-creator and co-writer of the upcoming Stephenson's Robot for Accent UK.

## DAVID BAILLIE
David Baillie is the creator of Tongue of the Dead, The Final Adventures of RocketBoy, Mindy/Pool and Kwot. You can find out what he's not been up to at: **www.davidbaillie.net**

## JONATHAN BAYLIS
Jonathan Baylis writes auto-biographical comics, following internship at Marvel Comics, Valiant/Acclaim Comics, and a stint as an Associate Editor at Topps Comics. To date his comics have been published locally in New York City in Free Comics NYC, The Comical Magazine, & The Comedians Magazine. You can follow Jonathan's progress at:
**www.sobuttons.com**

## DAVID BEYER JR
David Beyer Jr is a Milwaukee, WI based cartoonist that has been publishing his mini-comic 'Worthless Comix' since 2000. His comic strip 'The Twisted Adventures of Stinko' runs monthly in the Riverwest Currents. Check out more of his work at:
**dascbejr.livejournal.com**

## ROLAND BIRD
Roland Bird has produced artwork for Accent UK's Zombies, Robots and Western books, and a number of works featuring Wraith for Trinity Comics.

## ANDY BLOOR
Andy Bloor's is co-creator of Accent UK's The Wolfmen, providing art for both issues, The Wolfmen and the sequel Fall Of The Wolfmen. He also contributed two pages of art to Image Comics' Phonogram. As well as contributing to the Accent UK anthologies, Andy is the Chief Designer for Accent UK, bringing a clear identity to our books. Andy's online presence can be found at:
**andrewbloor.blogspot.com**

## MICHAEL BURNESS
Michael Burness co-founded Unico Comics with Steve Howard and has seen numerous stories of his in print. Always working on a number of projects you can keep up with Michael at:
**uniquemick.blogspot.com**

## LONNY CHANT
Lonny Chant's work appears in numerous anthologies across the globe. To find out what Lonny is working on at the moment access his blog at
**lonnychant.blogspot.com**

## MARK CLAPHAM
Mark Clapham has written and co-written a number of books, including novels for the BBC's DOCTOR WHO range, his comic work has appeared in ACCENT UK's WESTERN and ROBOTS anthologies. His blog can be found at **markclapham.wordpress.com**

## FEDERICO COMBI
Federico Combi is a technician in arts, who is dedicated full time to different kinds of illustrations, from graphic novels to diverse illustrations. The artist's blog is:
**fedecombi.blogspot.com**

## ALEXI CONMAN
Alexi Conman has written stories for a number of independent publishers in the UK. For an up to date view on what he's doing, go to:
**alexiconman.blogspot.com**

## BRYAN COYLE
Bryan Coyle is the artist of Babble, to be published by Com.X in the near future. he has also contributed artwork to British indy anthologies MangaQuake, Solar Wind and Something Wicked, and Accent UK. His artwork can be found at:
**mongoosemacloud.deviantart.com**

## GARY CRUTCHLEY
Gary Crutchley is a prolific artist contributing to numerous titles in the UK. Always a man with more projects on the go than a normal person can count, you can attempt to keep up at:
**gcrutchley.blogspot.com**

## BEN DICKSON
Ben Dickson is best known for his excellent graphic novel Falling Sky, but has contributed many stories and art to numerous independent comic publishers in the UK.

## AMDY DODD
Andy Dodd illustrated a number of titles for Time Bomb Comics, including Dick Turpin And The Restless Dead.

## JAY EALES
Jay Eales is one half of the driving force behind Factor Fiction and has seen his work appear in titles from that company and Negative Burn, The Mammoth Book of Best Manga, Zarjaz and the UK DVD of American Splendor. You can find out more at:
**www.factorfictionpress.co.uk**

## DARREN ELLIS
Darren Ellis has had his stories pulished in anthologies from Accent UK and Futurequake Press.

## MARTIN FISHER
Martin Fisher has had comic stories appear in the anthologies Layer Zero, Alterna Tales, Dark Horrors 2 and Something Weird. He has recently written Battle Amongst the Stars, a prequel mini-series to the Roger Corman produced film Battle Beyond the Stars, which was his first licensed comic work.

## MARTIN FLINK
Martin Flink is the Danish creator of the The Man Of Glass, the first full colour comic published by Accent UK, see the trailer and more at
**homepage.mac.com/flink/TheManOfGlass/index.html**

## ANDY FORBER
Andy Forber's first published artwork appeared in Accent UK's WESTERN, which was only appropriate for such a big fan of the genre.

## JON-MIKEL GATES
Jon-Mikel Gates lives and works in the Pacific Northwest of the United States. He can be reached through his website:
**www.cowboyorange.com**

## DAVID HAILWOOD
David Hailwood writes scripts for situation comedy and comic books. When not busy doing either of these he turns his hands to animation or championing independent comics on mobiles through his **www.rokcomics.com** website.

## MARTIN HAYES
Martin Hayes has had numerous short stories published as well as writing tales for a number of comic publishers. You can find out more about Martin at:
**www.paroneiria.com**

## TONY HITCHMAN
Tony Hitchman is a regular contributor to the Accent UK anthologies and can often be found helping out behind the Accent UK tables at UK conventions.

# BIOSCANS

## STEVE HOWARD
Steve Howard co-founded Unico Comics with Michael Burness but this is his first contribution to an Accent UK anthology. Steve is currently illustrating an Accent UK one shot, written by Dave West. You can view Steve's artwork at: **stejam13.deviantart.com**

## INDIO
INDIO has contributed to a number of Accent UK anthologies and is currently hard at work on the comic mini-series Stephenson's Robot, which he has co-created with Jon Ayre and Dave West.

## WILL KIRBY
Will Kirkby is the creator of the ongoing comic saga 'The Sea' and regular contributor to the BirdSong anthology. You can find more of his work at his comics blog at: **chamonkee.livejournal.com**

## KENNY JEFFERY
Kenny Jeffery graduated from the Arts Institute at Bournemouth in 2007, this is his first contribution for Accent UK, but his body of work can be viewed at: **www.klj3.com**

## VALENTIN LERENA
Valentin Lerena is an Argentinian artist whose work can be found at: **varucard.deviantart.com**

## LEE LIGHTFOOT
Lee Lightfoot is a Fine Arts graduate from Leeds University, this is his first published work. Follow his work on **leelightfoot.blogspot.com**

## PABLO LIZALDE
Pablo Lizalde is an Argentinian artist who teaches comic and drawing workshops. His first work for Accent UK appeared in ROBOTS and he is artist on The New Mankind from Saturday Morning Comics. Found out more about Pablo at: **pablolizalde.blogspot.com**

## PEDRO LOPEZ
Pedro Lopez is a Danish illustrator and comic artist. He has contributed to American comic anthology Graphic Classics, as well as Danish and Swedish anthologies. Find out more about Pedro and his work on his website: **www.pedrolopez.dk**

## MARLEEN LOWE
Marleen Lowe's first artwork was TERUO, in the Accent UK Robots anthology, she then went on to illustrate the 2010 Eagle Award winning, 'Whatever Happened To The World's Fastest Man?' which she co-created with Dave West and is at the moment working on a follow up book called 'Has Kane Mesmer Lost His Magic Touch?' Marleen's work can be found at: **www.redroom.me.uk**

## STEPHEN MICHAEL LOWE
Stephen Michael Lowe produced his first stage play in 1999 and co-founded KOBAL Theatre Company with Mark Distin in 2001. KOBAL's, "Dave & Jeff Versus the Crazed Corpse-loving Consultant from Cardiothoracics" premiered at Manchester's 24:7 Theatre Festival 2008 and proved so popular that it returned as part of "Four of the Best of 24:7" at the Bolton Octagon in the Autumn. For information on Stephen and KOBAL visit: **www.kobaltheatrecompany.co.uk**

## KIRK MANLEY
Kirk Manley is the co-creator of Z-Girl and the 4 Tigers with Jeff Marsick. You can see more of his work at: **www.studiokm.com**

## JEFF MARSICK
Jeff Marsick is the co-creator of Z-Girl and the 4 Tigers with Kirk Manley.

## COLIN MATHIESON
Colin Mathieson is one of the co-founders of Accent UK. His works reflect his great passion for the period in history that included the Zulu wars and his planned future work will follow this theme.

## JAMES MCKAY
James McKay loves to draw great dinosaurs. You can see just how great they are over at: **www.bugpowder.com/andy/james.mckay**

## KEV MULLINS
Kev Mullins' work can be seen in Accent UK's ROBOTS and WESTERN anthologies, as well as TRIPWIRE Annuals. His online presence can be found at: **www.wix.com/kevmullins/art** and **www.kevmullins.deviantart.com**

## DOUGLAS NOBLE
Douglas Noble is another very busy UK comic creator, you can see just how busy he is over at: **www.strip-for-me.com**

## SHANE OAKLEY
Shane Oakley was artist on Albion for Wildstorm, which saw him collaborate with Leah Moore and John Reppion, and more recently Channel Evil with Alan Grant. To keep up to date with Shane's work visit his blog at: **www.shaneoakley.blogspot.com**

## DEBBIE OGDEN
Debbie Ogden is a sculptor who was unfortunate enough to end up in the same day job as Dave West, who then cajoled her into producing a pin-up for this anthology.

## LEONIE O'MOORE
Leonie O'Moore is a freelance illustrator, designer, writer and champion of independent comics in the North East of England. You can follow Leonie's activities over at: **www.lomoore.com**

## CAROLINE PARKINSON
Caroline Parkinson has produced a number of independent titles, details of these and more of her work can be found at: **www.carolineparkinson.co.uk**

## MORGAN PIELLI
Morgan Pielli, a founding member of the Rare Bits Comics Collective, lives and works in Vermont. To learn more about his work visit: **www.morganpielli.com**

## JAY RAINFORD-NASH
Jay Rainford-Nash has seen his first published comic artwork in this anthology, but expect to see his work in future Accent UK titles.

## JAVIER REYES
Javier Reyes plans to study sequential art in order to takes his work to the next level. This is his first work for Accent UK.

## LEE ROBSON
Lee Robson's work has appeared in several of the Accent UK anthologies, as well as FutureQuake, Something Wicked, and the 2000AD fanzines Dogbreath and Zarjaz. His graphic novel Babble (**www.babblecomic.com**) is to be published by Com.X in the near future. You can find Lee's blog at: **www.imaginarystories.co.uk**

## NATALIE SANDALLS
Natalie Sandalls contributed artwork to a number of independent titles in the UK, among them Accent UK's ZOMBIES anthology. Her work can be seen at: **members.multimania.co.uk/leech_2**

## CRAIG SHIELDS
Craig Shields' first published comic story, co-written with Paul Stafford, appeared in Accent UK's WESTERN, look out for more of his work in future Accent UK anthologies.

## PAUL STAFFORD
Paul Stafford's first published comic story, co-written with Craig Shields, appeared in Accent UK's WESTERN, look out for more of his work in future Accent UK anthologies.

**ACCENT UK** comics are available from:
**www.accentukcomics.com** & **www.forbiddenplanet.co.uk**

## TONY SULERI

Tony Suleri's artwork is most often seen in connection with ROK Comics (www.rokcomics.com/) these days, but he has contributed to the UK Independent comic scene for many years.

## STEVE TANNER

Steve Tanner is Time Bomb Comics. When not publishing independent comic books in the UK, he turns his hand to writing stories and has seen his work published by Fleetway, Atomeka and Murky Depths, to name a few. Find out more about Time Bomb Comics over at: **www.timebombcomics.com**

## DAVE WEST

Dave West is one of the co-founders of Accent UK. He wrote 2010's EAGLE winning Whatever Happened To The World's Fastest Man? and the Wolfmen comics. Whilst both of these were illustrated by more accomplished artists his own doodles can be found on the weekly Strange Times webcomic at: **www.accentukcomics.com** To keep up with Dave's projects pop over to: **strangestoftimes.blogspot.com** every now and then.

## STEVE WHITE

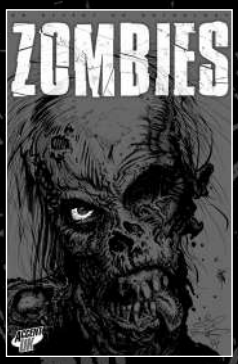
Steve White's career in comics began in the 1980s at Marvel UK in London, where he worked in various roles on titles like The Real Ghostbusters, Transformers, Knights of Pendragon and The Sleaze Brothers. He has co-authored work with Dan Abnett, of Majestic fame. He is currently a senior editor at Titan Magazines. Find out more at: **steve-white-thunderlizard.blogspot.com**

## CRISPIAN WOOLFORD

Crispian Woolford's first comic work was the small press title Sundown (co-created and illustrated by Andy Bloor). He illustrated Karakuri in Accent UK's ROBOTS and a pin-up in WESTERN. You can find out more about Crispian at: **crispianwoolford.blogspot.com**

## MATTHEW ZUCKER

Matthew "Maz Adams" Zucker studied at the world renowned Joe Kubert School of Cartoon and Graphic Art, you can check out some of his work at: **mazadamsart.deviantart.com**




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2011• TBC pages




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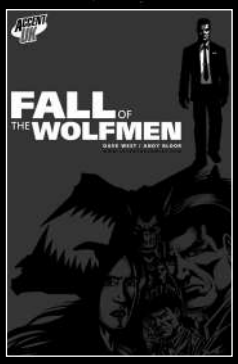

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ACCENT UK
EXCLUSIVE PREVIEW
FALL OF THE WOLFMEN
DAVE WEST / ANDY BLOOR
WWW.ACCENTUKCOMICS.COM


IT'S EASY TO BECOME COMPLACENT.
WHERE IS HE? HE'S 30 MINUTES LATE ALREADY!
TO EXPECT THINGS TO PLAY OUT AS THEY ALWAYS HAVE.
NOT TO CONSIDER EVEN THE POSSIBILITY OF CHANGE.
IT'S A SIMPLE DAMN COLLECTION.
AND THEREFORE TO MISS THE LITTLE SIGNS.
AH... HERE HE COMES. BETTER LATER THAN NEVER I SUPPOSE.
UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE.
GOOD TO SEE HE'S PUTTING HIS BLOODY FOOT DOWN AT LEAST.


ALL THOSE LITTLE DIFFERENCES WARNING THAT SOMETHING IS WRONG.
HEY... THIS AIN'T RIGHT...!
IT'S GOING TOO DAMN FAST!
THE SOUND OF A DOOR OPENING, HARD TO HEAR OVER THE SOUND OF AN ENGINE.
THE VAN ACCELERATING WHEN IT SHOULD BE SLOWING DOWN.
A SHADOWY FIGURE ROLLING FROM THE BACK OF THE VAN...
I CAN'T SEE DANIELS IN THERE!
IT'S GONNA CRASH!
...AND MERGING WITH DARKER SHADOWS.


AS THE VAN TRIES ITS BEST TO MERGE WITH A WALL.
KRAASH!!
AND JUST AS WITH ANY MAGICIAN'S TRICK...
DAMN! IT'S EMPTY... WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?
THE DISTRACTION STEALS THEIR ATTENTION.
WHAT THE...? GREY?!
CAUSING THEM TO MISS THE PERSON MOVING FROM ONE SHADOW TO ANOTHER.
UNTIL THE MOMENT WHEN AS IF BY MAGIC, HE APPEARS AMONGST THEM.
BLAM!
IN THE FLESH.
FALL OF THE WOLFMEN
IS AVAILABLE TO BUY NOW!

