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After the "Day of Doom" mankind came to a new era. Yesterday's world had destroyed itself with apathy. Those few left alive were tough—they had to be. The change had been so total that a whole new range of evils had to be faced. Magic, sorcery and necromantic evil were routine horrors. Myth became mundane and reality broke the bounds of the most fevered mind. Wolff was one of the children who had survived that day and who survived the nightmare ethos to become a leader of men. The new world had new horrors—but it also had unexpected pleasures. He loved with women of unnatural beauty and he fought in a thousand bloody and savage 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 hardship. 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.

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 gazed into the very maw of Hell itself, they are gone... All gone.

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 defence 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-spawned evil threatens the ones you love most?
Flee this charnel-house before the spell of death falls on you. If you stay they will make 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...

No! You blind old fool! You don't know. You can't see like I can. It's her. It's my beloved Bruma. She's alive. Alive.

I saw her die. She fell dead. It's not her calling you. Wolff. It's a creation of those fiends who plot your and death.

I, Wolff, swear that I will tear down your Gic powers and rend bodies, with these hands will destroy your bodies and souls until your substance no longer pollutes this earth!

The sky above heard the terrible oath that Wolff screamed, and it tore into thundering fragments of chaos.
To seek his evil adversaries, Wolff 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 midst of a decaying desert, there was the colossal wreck of a monstrous idol.

Holding his breath against the charnel stench, Wolff entered the ancient temple.

Suddenly, he sensed a frightful fiend treading 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 sinister laugh trembled around him and dark shadows hemmed him round.

Wolff... Wolff... Wolff... 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?
To challenge the unknown, England produced a race of explorers and scientists who would wrestle with the devil and consider the game well lost if knowledge advanced by just a few steps. Such a man was Sir Leo Woolrich, heir of a noble family who rejected social position and military honours to dedicate himself to challenging the mysteries of the known and unknown world. As the century neared its end, he travelled the globe seeking out the strange and the unexplained.

Sir Leo
The Thing from the Lake

"His your honour come to visit us to see our famous Black Lake & that's what they all come for."

"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 ravage and kill. It can only be the work of some madman, the moon must have given him incredible strength.

"Of course, but tell me why is it that the very name of the lough inspires such terror hereabouts? Was it that accident the other day?"
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 maimed bodies to the denizen 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 hare-brained visit to the lake. It's at its most dangerous at this time when that insidious haze creeps from its surface. It's too quiet, Bradley, what was that?

I can't see a damned thing, my rich doesn't seem to make any impression on the mist, what the... what was that? Let's go back now while there's still time. What ever is asleep down there, I don't want to be the one to wake.
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 almost sense something waiting. Templeton and Sir Leo shone their torches through the gloom. Bradley, their guide, was too terrified to go and too terrified to stay.

The ancestors of Sir Leo had fought in India and in ancient Tibet, crossed swords with the devil—warriors of Genghis Khan battled for the grail in the Holy Land. But this was an enemy none of them could ever have encountered. This was pure horror.
The silence was broken by a hideous roar and the creature reared out of the dark waters, covered in scales and monstrously vile. As its poeitio 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 looked... it... it's changing.

The blasphemous entity changed its shape a hundred times. Their eyes were dazzled by the phantasmagoria of horror swirling before them. In just a few brief seconds, it became a mass of gleaming jelly, from the most of that nameless monstrosity came obscene, bubbling 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... it lives.

It is not difficult for mortal man to face an adversary of flesh and blood. One only needs ordinary courage, plus intelligence and a little skill in fighting. This time, Sir Leo needed all those, as well as luck. This was an opponent from Hades.
The thing from the lake continued its inexorable, slobbering 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 if our weapons are puny toys against that beast. If we stay we must surely perish. Think of our immortal souls, sir.

Angels and ministers of grace defend us. We are damned.

The thing is coming closer, closer, closer. Save us! Save us!

In God's name man, forget your damned curiosity and let's save ourselves. That beast is from the jaws of hell. Nothing can stand against it. We will all perish.

Against this vision of madness, this creature from beyond time and space, $12 Leo Woolrich stood alone, armed only with a hand gun. A splendid piece of nineteenth century engineering that he knew should stop any creature living. Yet his shots hit nothing. Was it really possible if could a lead bullet destroy a legend of the past?
In the galaxy of Agrame, Xanadu is only one of the smallest stars. It is inhabited by a race of friendly beings and spirits, they live only for love. Technology advances in the year 2000, but the inhabitants of Xanadu ignore it.

IN THE GALAXY OF AGRAME, XANADU IS ONLY ONE OF THE SMALLEST STARS. IT IS INHABIT BY A RACE OF FRIENDLY BEINGS AND SPIRITS. THEY LIVE ONLY FOR LOVE. TECHNOLOGY ADVANCES IN THE YEAR 2000, BUT THE INHABITANTS OF XANADU 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 HER CHIEF, NICRON. A NEW WORLD, NEW STARS, NEW RACES, NEW LOVERS!**

MY DARLING, MY ONLY BELOVED 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 PLANS. 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.
Our imperial Chief, Nicron, has given me instructions to seek out the cause of the energy disturbance on Mohr.

Something has upset the delicate balance of the generating brain. Wait! I can feel something. Some kind of magic force that is opposing me.

That sprite is as beautiful as she is noisome. Her pathetic powers will be of scant use against the might 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 young and malicious spirit named Aquarios. A mere 18,000 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 inflict harm for another 500 years. I must make haste.

Aquarios! You, the most malignant spirit in our galaxy. All of my country’s legends talk of you and describe you as being totally evil and horrific. Yet, I find you...

I am Aquarios, it is futile to try and escape. You are a mere toy in my hands.

With infinite conniving and maliciousness, Aquarios weaves a magic web of vines and flowers that holds his victim helpless as if she were trapped in the web of some giant spider.

Now, she is mine! What a tragedy that one so beautiful must die. But, I am Aquarios and I cannot let her live...
Aquarius has no way of knowing that the cunning Maragar has created a double of herself and it is this double that he has caught in his magic net. Suddenly, he realizes his mistake and begins to create a frightening monster.

Come o dread Zagor, attack the sprite 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, obedient to my merest whim.

Zagor, a creature from the mists of antiquity, there is only one spell that may save me....

Perdition! You are as wise as you are lovely, if only I were not an evil spirit whose fate is to be thoroughly bad, then I might....
Agar realizes that she can possibly use her benevolent magic to aid the tortured spirit. As she begins the spell, she watches the malign face soften and become more gentle.

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.

May my love and necromantic 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, healing 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 bear me to new adventures and to new sensations, not just within Yanaru but throughout space, the whole universe is mine.
The World of the Witches

Wolff, Mightiest of Wagers, realised that the enemies who had stolen his beloved wife, Beima, were not of this world. Perhaps not even his great strength would avail him against his unearthly foes, the witches. Possessed of power and knowledge far beyond that of a mortal man, they could even influence his thoughts.
FOR A BRIEF MOMENT, HE SAW A TERRIBLE VISION. IT WAS HIS WIFE, THE MOTHER OF HIS CHILDREN, ABOUT TO BE DEVORSED BY SOME DREAD MONSTER FROM THE WORLD OF NIGHT. FOR A MOMENT IT WAS CRYSTAL CLEAR; HIS DARLING, NEAR TO A HIDEOUS DOOM—THEN ALL WAS BLACK.

HELL-SPAWN!! THRICE DAMNED ENCHANTRESSES, YOU WILL NEVER MAKE ME MAD. I, WOLFF! STAND HERE AND CHALLENGE YOU TO BRING FORTH YOUR BEST MAN AND I WILL UTTERLY CRUSH HIM, COWARDS! COME AND FIGHT!
Very well, if that is your desire, then so shall it be. Look once more upon your mate, barbarian. It will be the last.

Again he saw Bruma, helpless, prepared for some gruesome sacrifice by the witches. Then the pool of darkness opened at his feet and he dived into it. Moments—days—passed. He saw a glint of light near the back of the temple. Blade in hand, he stalked toward 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 passed between him and the sun and an eldritch cry split the heavens.
Before his amazed gaze, there appeared a huge bird, ridden by a beautiful woman wielding a long whip.

With effortless ease the girl lashed his sword from his hand. While Wolff cowered helplessly, the bird swooped over him again and again. Each time the whip hissed and bit at his body, leaving bloody welts across his shoulders and chest.
The source of the bed mist did not cease. Her beauty had lured men to an agonising and lonely death for countless ages. The sorceress 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 dragged him towards her for her own satanic passion.
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 guide, Braden, is reputed 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 faced 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. HEEEEEELP!
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 hideously disfigured corpse by the Black Lake.

Get a hold of yourself, man, the creature's gone, as soon as I stopped firing, it vanished, we are safe...

The disfigurement of the new body was truly awful. Many of the townsfolk remembered other victims of the terror, the schoolteacher, the tailor's little boy, Paddy Hudson, who was nearly a hundred; Patrick who loved the Frenchwoman, all dead...

...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 light and went about their lives behind drawn curtains. Now, the thing had claimed the innkeeper, Templeton, the man of fear.

Templeton's death had a deep effect on Sir Leo. It had only been a couple of hours before that they had all faced the creature.

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, bound in human skin, collected by the mad Arab, Abdul Alhazred, all hinted at the concept of evil becoming flesh, feeding on man's greed 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 forbidden arts of demonology, to try and find the truth.
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.

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.

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 put an end, for all eternity, to the monster.

Take care, your honour. Don't let that spawn of hell get his teeth into you!
AT LAST! COME OUT! I'M ALL ALONE. FACE TO FACE. COME ON!

A SLIGHT BUBBLING IN THE FOETO MOD... 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 EVIL WITH A PHYSICAL BODY.

BLAM!

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 EMBODIED 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 OVERTWIST 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 LAUGH. NEVER AGAIN CAN THERE BE A THING IN THE LAKE.
Agar-Agar

The Village in the Sea

Again I must return to the zone of twilight, it will be centuries before I can see you again.

Beloved Aquarius! I cannot promise to wait for you, for we sprites are too fickle, too fragile, like butterflies.

Take my Armpytron, I won't be needing it for a long, long time.

I like it, my darling, even if it is last year's model.

Fare thee well, Aquarius. I will never forget this one night together, your picture will always be in my thoughts.

Take this snail's shell, if ever you need me, wake me with it and I will fly to the ends of the galaxy to be at your side.

Take care, Agar-Agar, trust no-one.

Goodbye, you know I will always be here.

I am entering the domain of the God Neptune, I can hear the singing of his handmaidens.

Trusting only in herself and the power of her magic wand, Agar-Agar descends to the unlimbed bed depths of the ocean.
WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THE WATER -- EVEN HERE IN THESE ABYSMAL DEEPS -- EVEN HERE.

A PLACE FOR THESE YOUNG CHILDREN TO PLAY FREELY, BUT, THE WATER, IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THEY CANNOT BREATHE PROPERLY.

WHO ARE YOU?

I AM OLYSSES' SON.

I AM THE CHILD OF HERA AND VOLCAN.

I AM CALLED GANDOR. I AM ONE OF THE THOUSANDS WHO LIVE IN THAT SUBMARINE CITY.

I STILL FEEL ILL. THE WATER SEEMS THICK AND I CAN HARDLY BREATHE.

OUR GRANDFATHER NEPTUNE GAVE US SOME ALGAE CAKE...

BUT WE CAN'T EAT IT. WE'VE BOTH LOST OUR APPETITES...

YOU BEAUTIFUL INTRUDER. WHAT IS YOUR NAME? WHOEVER YOU ARE THERE IS NO HELP FOR US. GO AWAY AND LEAVE US TO OUR SLOW DOOM.

THOSE WHO LOVE ME CALL ME AGAR-AGAR, WHICH MEANS LOVE.

ONCE AGAIN, THE Fickle GODS OF DESTINY PLACE AGAR-AGAR RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF ANOTHER ADVENTURE.
Life down here is slowly becoming extinct, the days of each creature are numbered.

A strange pestilence has affected us all. Soon there will be nothing but a vast under-sea desert, barren and dead.

It all started quite recently. At first we didn't worry too much. The children thought...

...that it was snowing, large white flaks fell all about us. Imagine it! It was really quite amusing until the bubbles started rising...

You can see for yourself. Everything that touches these accursed bubbles either rots or corrodes.

Bubbles!

But, there are always bubbles rising under the sea, then what?

I know what you mean. I still feel weak myself, but let us go on.
Help me!! I am dying... they are attacking me!!

The bubbles burst in a star-cloud of exploding colours... Gandor and his people could breathe again.

Agar-Agar has realised just in time the reason for the sea's slow dying. She whispers the words of the appropriate incantation and...

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.

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

IT WASN'T EASY... CONVINCING DAD.

Oooh! No!

SURPRISE! I'VE BROUGHT YOU THIS FOR A PRESENT...

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

HEY! YOU'VE REALLY TAKEN TO EACH OTHER.
I must say, I really don't quite see this thing you have for cats.

Maybe... I don't know... but this one is beautiful.

 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 SOPPER, HAVE YOU?

HURRY-UP, MUMMY. GET THE BOTTLE READY!

I HOPE IT'S NOT TOO HOT SWEETHEART.
PLEASANT DREAMS,
MY LITTLE TREASURE
WAKE UP, BEAUTIFUL! YOU'RE NOT...

Nooooooo......
Wolff found himself before the gates of a deserted city, ravaged 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 brow 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.

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.

A power from the closed rooms of race memory, the monster locked Wolff's neck in its powerful tail and shook him as a terrier shakes a rat.

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.

Screeching his defiance against the bone-littered land, the creature bore his human cargo back to his mistress's eldritch domain. The crunching of long-dry bones bore witness to the legions of those who had passed that way before.

The sorceress of the red mist contemplated the still body of the giant warrior. He must not die! Her lands were seeded with the bodies of cowards. She must have a man to aid her.

As his body touched the dank stones of the temple floor, Wolff opened his eyes.
Wolff, wake up! Rakah brought you here, fool! To imagine that you might defeat the invincible Rakah, he obeys only me.

Look at me, gaze at my lips, moist with desire for you. My arms reach out for you. I am Venus, I am the sun and the moon, and the west wind. I am now and always, I offer you my love. What say you?

Open your eyes again. Look upon me, Wolff. You are in my demesne now. You are in the power of the sorceress.

The legend of Rep-tah is true, mistress, you are indeed a beauty amongst beauties!

When I was a child, poking at my mother's breast, it was your face that I saw. I thought the sun rose in your breast and 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, Broma?

A man alone is nothing, a man alone has no value, Wolff had been alone for too long.

For a moment, the sorceress 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!
Blind with rage, Wolff struck out wildly with his mace.

The witch watched him impassively, letting his anger burn itself out. With immortal calm, she gazed at the man she desired.

Wolff sobbed helplessly as his enemies mocked him.

Wounds of Set!!

Nooooo!

The creatures of darkness had no need to appear to him. They sent their emissary.
A creature of bone and a sword of living fire!

Whatever it might be, living, dead, or...neither. At least it was visible. At least it moved and could be struck. Wolff attacked fiercely, 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!
As the living skeleton collapsed into dry shards of bone, a tiny homunculus crept out of the shattered skull.

They are the most useful of the witches' creatures. With them, they can make even the dead obey.

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 sorceress. In the misty crystal vapour, her face appeared even more serene and unworldly.

**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 enchantress 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 one lost moment, the cool breeze of morning plucked at the edges of the red mist, and it was gone. Gone.

In the warm arms of the enchantress, Wolff 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.
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.

All the time he waited, waited, waited, his hair rose on scalp and his eyes dilated with the terror of the expected visitation. It was here!!

THE SNAKE
Jeremy’s anguished screams echoed round the huge house, reached the commonal dining-room.

**Poor old Harknett! 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...

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 faintest 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 aren't any snakes in London flats. The rooms are totally innocuous even dull. Same old chairs, beds, 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: Cecil, 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.
Six months, my darling. They lied when they said time would ease my pain.

Eloise, my love...

I haven't got anything without you.

El... 6-V-1949!

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.

NOOOOOO.

I CAN'T FACE ANYTHING ANYMORE.

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 ETERNITY BUT THEY SHALL NEVER AROUSE THY FLESH.

AVE, 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 ENDURE. BUT THOU WILT ENDURE. FOR THERE WILL BE NO

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.

BLOOOOOO! EEEEE!!
The sorceress had disappeared back into the red mist which had given her life. In the blasphemous manuscript of Red-Tan it is said of her: "She lives in the plains of the witches and is a woman of unsurpassed beauty, being both honey and fire. From her demesne has no traveller returned, those who hoped 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 her embrace lay far behind him. A chill wind whispered through the trees.

Dooms! In this place, Blood of Crom, it must be the Wolf Cult.

The book of Long-Dead Rep-tah 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 swept down and there was silence.

A careless step and my heart will also serve as a smoking sacrifice to these pagan ghouls. I would keep my heart free within me.

As on every full moon, Tanit paid the wolf god the due which was his. The offering of Segnar.

He could not tear his eyes away as the wolfmen celebrated their hideous ritual.

I sense an outsider...

Come then, beasts. I see whether the taste of good clean steel will cool your venom!
My blade will seek out your entrails.

Again and again Wolff plunged his smoking sword into the convulsing bodies of the wolfmen.

Battling through their corpses, Wolff came at last to the high altar, stained dark with a thousand evil sacrifices.

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 creatures 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 supped away. He did not yet realise that Tanit was revenged. He was a wolfman!
For all his efforts, he was barely able to move the giant slab from the sarcophagus. His master, the satanic Lord Harrington, becomes impatient with his tardiness.

"At last, my little Cornelius, we've found it!"

London, 1750

The hunchback Cornelius looked fearfully at his master, the torch trembling in his deformed hands.

"Faster, imbecile! Can you do nothing? Faster!"

Finally, the case is opened and a stale, odour of antique death and decay oozes out. The millenic vision is reached. From Egypt to London and now..."
The eons of time do not seem to have affected the Mummy of Nefer, natural son of Cleopatra and Mark Antony.

The faded cemements are still intact!

Quickly, fool, on your shoulder with it and let's away from this accursed place.

Onseen by any mortal man, the evil resurrectionists steal through the mist to the waiting carriage.

The voyage of Nefer has ended. Conceived in sweltering 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 abuzz with talk of the macabre robbery.

But, my dear Fawbert, how can they possibly be interested in a rotting old body of an Egyptian prince? 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.
LORD HARRINGTON, YOU SEEM TO KNOW MUCH OF DEATH.

MADAM; I KNOW MORE THAN YOU COULD POSSIBLY IMAGINE.

AS A SPECIALIST IN AFFAIRS OF MEDICINE, I HAVE BEEN LED TO CERTAIN DEDUCTIONS ON THE VERY NATURE OF DEATH ITSELF. I AM CONVINCED THAT ACTION AT THE RIGHT TIME AND IN THE RIGHT WAY CAN ACTUALLY HALT THE PROCESS OF DECOMPOSITION.

AT FIRST I INJECTED DRUGS INTO THE BLOOD TO TRY AND INDUCE A FORM OF NATURAL HIBERNATION. ALTHOUGH THE TISSUE WAS KEPT ALIVE, THE BODY DIED.

THEN I DISCOVERED THAT THE EGYPTIANS, THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO, HAD POSSESSED THE SECRET WHICH I WAS SEEKING, NOW I AM READY FOR THE SECOND STEP—REANIMATION.
But, surely that's impossible! In death the spirit is separated from the body. How can you be sure and link the soul back to the right body?

Spirit, madam? Soul, madam? Outdated nonsense. There exists only matter and the energy that animates it.

Thick tendrils of fog smear themselves around Lord Harrington's mansion, isolating it in its gloom.

Harrington is nothing special, I think. He seems so involved in his foolish experiments, perhaps...

With the immortal curiosity of women— one of the dinner guests decides to explore the rambling dungeons.

The heavy door swings back and the hunchback leaps on his prey and curiosity is finally stilled.
WELL DONE, 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.
Watch, Crookback.
Dog, and see the power of your
Master. I see how
a body that has
slept for centuries
can now be
awoken.
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!
ALICE

Damn that floor! Always cracking and creaking.

What was that? It sounded like something falling.

CRACK!

Crack!

Crash!
HOW COULD THAT POSSIBLY HAVE FALLEN? UNLESS...I'M BEGINNING TO GET SCARED.

GOD, I REALLY MUST PULL MYSELF TOGETHER.

CRACK!

CLICK

SPLASH
OUR SECRET PALACE, JEAN.

JEAN, MY LOVE. ALICE IS AFRAID.

JEAN, ALICE LIKES BEING AFRAID. LIKES IT.

SNIFF
KLUNK!

THE FIREPLACE!

I'll be safe in here!!
LIKE A PUPPET WITH BROKEN 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 ORB OF THE SUN ROSE HEAVILY IN THE EAST, THE MAN FELL AND LAY STILL.

In one of the most ambiguous passages of the lost manuscript of the damned necromancer, Red-Fang, it is written: "Segnar, father of all wolves, whose followers offer smoking human hearts as token of fealty, had a daughter born of his unholy union with the She-Wolf Lamia. 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 Rulah.

Rulah, the long-lost daughter of Segnar, Wolff shuddered as his mind realised 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: Kull, Almur, 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.

I know that my name was once Rolah, now I am just called Our 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 you. They talked much. Many were fat and without hair. Then there was a great redness and I woke alone.

Where am I? In Crom's name, woman, who are you?
ROLAH, 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?

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

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

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... IS THIS? WHY ROLAH TELL ME?

WAS IT POSSIBLE SHE COULD BE SO IN LOVE AND YET STILL WANT TO REJECT THE MAN SHE LOVED? WHY WAS ROLAH SO FEARFUL FOR WOLFS LIFE IF HE STARVED? WHAT DID THE NIGHT MEAN?

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

I CAN TELL YOU ABOUT ME... ABOUT LIFE... ABOUT LOVE... ABOUT EVERYTHING, DON'T BE AFRAID... TRUST ME.
Ignoring the cries of the imprisoned warrior, the weeping Rolah went with her beasts into the cold light of the full moon.

Rolah! I'll follow you. I'll snap these bars. Wait!

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 hideous, rending 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 realised that her antagonist was Wolf, himself changed by the moon into a cruel, feline figure. It mattered not; the ritual of the fight merged into the ritual of love-making. The pack of wolves watched silently as their mistress joined herself to the man she loved. The night was endless.

Golah had toed 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 hideous, rending death. As she loped with her pack she was brought up short; hackles rising, by a man—a wolfman.
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.
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 supremely sophisticated organic system, ideal for our life-support methods.
I ordered some of our scout units to penetrate into their universe.

There was but little resistance from the inhabitants. Some small cells of primary value opposed our attack. They were easy to deal with.

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.

Nevertheless, we noticed some decrease in the existential coefficients of some individuals.

Every now and then some of our people had to change their position.
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 telepathic communication with some of the giants, but they were too stupid.

They seemed to be aware of us, but they did not seem to make any effort to get into cerebral 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 translate 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 limpidly in the cabin of the alien ship.
The Viyi

The Viyi is a magnificent creation of popular folklore. The Cossacks give this name to the King of the Underworld, whose eyes can pierce even the deepest gloom of the darkest grave.
Was it you who sent for me? Who is it that needs my services? Is it you?

Wrapped in a musty silence, the two men continue to the place of death.

The words hung limply in the air, something slumbered in the crypt, while the rats dreamed of a feast of rotting flesh.

A shudder ran through his veins; the body before him was that of a woman of unearthly beauty. She rested as if she were still alive, but something in her face was out of place, as though someone had giggled at a funeral.

Keep close. She told me to do it this way. She said, Father, don't let them put me in the ground with proverbs, get an embalmer.

What beauty! When I have finished, the world will wonder at her, they will wait for her to wake.
When the father had left him, he began his work. The girl was so lovely, that he found it indescribably 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 croaking with the sounds of the pit, the corpse began to talk. Horrified, the young man realized it was the beginning of an incantation.

The window of the crypt was buffeted by learned wings. A legion of foul creatures from the maw of hell scratched their talons at the magic circle, striving to break it.
Then she rose above the darkness, over the hastily-drawn defence, and plunged down upon the man, who stood dumb and helpless, awaiting his fate. He waited but a little time.

The demons crepted and muttered as they sought their victim. Then the stare of the shrouded girl became more fierce. She raised her arms. Bring me Vivi! Go, bring Vivi!
LOOK! A BRIDE.
WHAT A BEAUTY!

NO, MARK, NO.
MARK, YOU MUST
STOP WRITING
TO ME.
MY FATHER...

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

IF YOU REALLY CARE, KAREN, YOU MUST TRY.

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

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

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

EXEC 516

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.
MARK. MAAARK!

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

WHAAAT?

MARK, HAVE YOU BEEN DRINKING? DARLING, I'M BACK WITH YOU, THIS TIME, IT'S FOR EVER.

THIS TIME, IT'S FOR EVER...

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

NO DARLING KAREN. NO LOVING THIS, HAS BEEN SO MUCH BETTER THAN HOW YOU ARE.

ON THE OTHER HAND, WHEN YOU WERE REAL... HOWSad THOSE FEW TIMES REALLY WERE.
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!!!
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 DEEP 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 NOISOME POOL.
WATER. I REMEMBER. I HAD NOT SEEN ANY SINCE "THE DAY OF DOOM," WHEN THE SKY TURNED RED.

WAY THINK BACK? YOU WERE A BABY AND I AN UNFLEDGED BOY.

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 OBSERVED!!
His sword left on the edge of the lagoon, Wolff most face his enemy with his bare hands.

It was a bloody battle with everything in favour of the aquatic creature.

As the monster sank to the slime, Wolff and Galadra swam for the surface, lungs bursting.

Although his fingers slipped on the wet scales of his adversary, the barbarian never slackened his hold for a moment.
Breathless from the struggle, they lay panting in an underwater cavern of total silence.

Wolff, you're strong and cunning. I'm sorry I was so hard on you. You're not proud nor vain. You are truly a man with whom a woman can feel safe.

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. Didn't you know?

Galadra! Look, down there! By Crom and Mitra, look!
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!
Greetings Excellency:
Due to the strange and inexplicable disappearance of the envoy, it's best
mail be addressed to you.

The Messenger

As you know, my lord,
the safety of myself and
my department is based
on our proud boast that
we always deliver
letters entrusted to us.
Whatever the hazard,
whatever the danger.
We never fail!!
AGAR-AGAR
The Harem of Bacchus

GOODBYE GANDOR WITH YOU, NIGHT AND DAY ARE ONE.

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

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

Mmmm... WHAT A STRANGE AND ENCHANTING CREATURE.

BEWARE LADY, FAUNS ARE INFAMOUS FOR THEIR LUSTS.

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

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

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

WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME? HEELLLLLP!

TAKE HER!

SHE IS NOT OF OUR PEOPLE.

ALL THE BETTER. SHE IS A MAGNIFICENT TROPHY.

THEY ARE HORRID. ALL FLABBY! WHO WILL HELP ME?
After a long and uncomfortable journey, Agar-Agar reaches the city of the fauns.

Climb the stairs and meet your destiny, Our Lord, Bacchus?

The god, Bacchus!!!

Rare birds and exotic vines decorate the throne of Bacchus.

What a pretty little dove!

The gross god gives a sharp order.

What a pretty bauble! Give it to me!

Bathe her! Perfume her! Garland her with wild flowers, and then.....
The handmaidens adorn Agar with fine flowers and clothes of spun silk, as though for a wedding... or a sacrifice!

Oh! Where are you taking me?

Every step brings our heroine closer to the foul domain of Oleri.

Who can Oleri be? Well, I suppose a perfumed bath might rid me of the stink of salt.

Oleri will tame you like he tames all the others.

Lucky man! He gets all the fresh fruit to pluck.

My fate is written in the stars, I have nothing to fear.

The handmaidens adorn Agar with fine flowers and clothes of spun silk, as though for a wedding... or a sacrifice!

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.

Oleri will tame you like he tames all the others.

Lucky man! He gets all the fresh fruit to pluck.

My fate is written in the stars, I have nothing to fear.

Accursed slut! Tomorrow you will beg for death as a release from your suffering.

A time of humiliation and torture begins for the lovely sprite.

Leave her to me, go!

You will not hear me whimper for mercy, perverted animal.

Wretched girl! What can I do to help you?
I am the only pure person in the den of pornographers.

Endymion, the centaur, a lone rebel.

You can help me, but you must be quick!

They've stolen my magic wand.

It was the nymph called Hilaria. Do you know her?

All of Bacchus' favourites sleep in the harem.

Love is a sin and women are the tools of corruption!

Having delivered the wand to the sprite, the centaur vanishes.

You must not touch me! Your hands born me.

Thank you, my dear Endymion, but you must learn not to reject me.

This must be the wand now, if only they'll stay asleep.
BACCHUS SENDS FOR AGAR-AGAR, WHO HE THINKS BROKEN BY THE NIGHT OF TORTURE.

COME MY LITTLE BROOD-MARE, COME MY TINY PIGLET, COME DRINK WITH ME TO CELEBRATE OUR Nuptials.

PIGLET INDEED! WE'LL SEE WHO'S THE PIG, YOU GREAT BALL OF LARD.

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

HER WAND FLA'ASHED AS SHE CASTS THE SPELL.

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

NOT ALL WOMEN ARE LIKE THOSE TROLLS IN BACCHUS' HAREM. NOR ARE ALL MEN LIKE OLERI AND THE FACONS. I WILL PROVE IT TO YOU, MY LOVE.

IT'S STRANGE... YOUR HANDS STILL BURN ME, BUT NOW I FIND IT PLEASANT.
ENRIC SIÓ
Squadron - Leader
Braddock
THAT'S A FEW LESS BOCHES, NOW FOR HOME.

THIS IS RED LEADER. THIS RED LEADER. BACK HOME BOYS.

CHRIST! WHAT THE HELL IS THIS LIQUID?

EH!!
THE CONTROLS ARE MELTING!

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

RED LEADER 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.

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. JUMP!
THANK GOD I'M SAFE.

AAAAAGHH!!