No. 2
DEC. 1978
Fandom Circus

WE OFFER YOU A CHANCE TO BE PUBLISHED

Yawn

FOR MORE INFO. LOOK INSIDE!

B.C. Boyer
EDiTORiAL

One of the first things that have to be considered is a form, in which contributions can be viewed before they are proposed for publication. The cost of printing and mailing of this book is high and the utmost care must be used in utilizing it to its fullest potential. My main concern is to avoid common mistakes, such as misspelled words, badly constructed sentences and in some cases, to strengthen plots, artwork, etc. With a multitude of contributors, there will be a good portion who'd benefit from this type of procedure, and it would help in establishing a higher quality for the magazine. The easiest way to comply, would be to send xeroxes of your penciled pages.

To accommodate all writers and artists to a maximum level, it is requested that newly submitted stories be no more than four (4) pages in length. Some might feel that it is a bit restrictive to do a story in so few pages, but all I can say is that I'm trying to cater to as many people as possible. If that means cutting the page count to include more participation per issue, I'm all for it. Besides, a good writer will make effective use of the space allotted. Hopefully, FC will be a stepping stone to many folks out there. Fan magazines are plentiful, and it wouldn't be unlikely that many of you will have work appearing elsewhere, perhaps in some of the more professional magazines, but that's in the future.

Writers who wish to write stories are asked to send in a script. The script should break down each comic page panel by panel, along with its dialogue and/or narration. Artists who'll be doing the writing as well, need not bother with a script. Instead xeroxes of penciled pages should be sent. The art must be done in black ink, in the dimensions of 10 by 13 inches. Feel free to deal in any area you wish, but under no circumstances will material of a pornographic nature be accepted. Spot illustrations, like the one above are needed as page fillers. They can be of varying lengths but should be five inches in width. In almost all cases, these pieces will be cut and fitted into the layout page. This means that your original will not return in the exact condition as received.

Rich Lisiura
Box 843
Clifton, N.J. 07015

Dear friends,

Welcome to the second issue of Fandom Circus. It's been quite a while since our first issue, and I'd like to thank all the people who so patiently waited. This issue represents only a fraction of what we can accomplish if we all pull our energies together. I'd like to thank all the writers and artists for their firm support. A special thanks go to B.C. Boyer, Mark Lampert and Garry Hardman, who flooded me with contributions. A warm handshake goes to Gene Kurylo, who not only spent weeks in designing the FC logo, but who also took the time to proof read some of the stories in this issue.

Fandom Circus' primary goal is to offer an outlet to people who'd like to do their own comics. It's not a commercial book, where one would be limited or directed to what they can do. What I hope FC will become, is sort of a workshop, where creativity and technique would be analyzed as well as enjoyed for the artform that it is. For now, I'd like to hear from anyone who'd be interested in participating. Any suggestions and criticisms concerning this project, would be appreciated.
ODDS & ENDS

Issue one is still available at $1.00.

With issue three, we will be featuring a lengthy letters column. Be sure to let us know what you think.

Advertising is available. Our print run is 2000. Special rates are being offered to anyone who is interested in promoting his/her fanzine. These ads would also be helpful for anyone looking to collaborate with a writer or artist. Full page ads are only $20. They can be of any proportional size. Other page sizes are available at great savings. This includes classified ads at $1 for six typed five inch lines. For more info write to:

Rich Lisiura
P.O. Box 843
Clifton, N.J. 07015

I'm sure you have a lot of questions, so I'll try to run down everything that comes to mind. All original will be returned if return postage is included. Names and addresses should be on the back of all art. Scripts should also be addressed so that there would be no problems in returning material. No money is paid for material, but free copies will be sent to all those who participate in that issue. I'm going to try to keep FC on a bi-monthly schedule, so don't hesitate in sending in your material. If you have any more questions, feel free to write. Be sure to include a Self-Addressed Stamped Envelope. This saves time as well as the added expense for postage stamps.

Speaking of money, I hope that everyone will do their part in promoting this worthwhile project. Much time and money is being put into it, and my only hope is that I come close to breaking even. Subscription rates are $4 for 4 issues. Single copies will be available at $1.25 each.

Well that's about it for now. Enjoy the rest of this issue and be sure to send your comments about everything.

Best,

Rich

Rich Lisiura

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Once upon a time in the land called Dandy
There lived a rolly-polly man whose name was Andy
He was short and stout and had a hanging fanny
Because he always got a spanking from his mommy.

Now Andy was neither Hobbit nor Elf.
And not a midget thinking only of himself.
He was not a dwarf but really instead,
He was what you would call a nice little Trid.
Now all the Trids are really humble folks.
They laugh and sing and tell funny jokes.
Their whole life is really so joyful.
They take in happiness by the bowlfull.

Each has his own occupation that they prefer.
There's the Cobbler and Smith and the local Janitor.
But there's one job that's special and that's no lie.
It's the Office of mayor-Sheriff served by the Rabbi.

The Trids go to him whenever something's wrong.
And he's glad to help from dusk until dawn.
This time was no different, for just up on the hill,
Stood a horrible looking creature ready to kill.

He stood six-feet six with his jaws a drooling.
He was the most feared of all, the hated Guamon.

At night he would snore louder than thunder.
Tearing the soul from the inside out.

At day it was no better, in fact it was worse.
He would start yawning with a bellow and a burst.

His breath was so bad it would sicken them all.
The Trids would choke, suffocate and fall.

Yawn

Kk Kk Kk Kk Kk
The Guamulen made life so unbearable, that Andy decided to stop that mean Scoundrel. He climbed the mountain fast and quick, only to encounter the Guamulen's Kick.

That's why Andy and all the townspeople stood before the Rabbi, sad and needful. To hear of his plan to save them all. The Rabbi said send ten Trids. He's bound to fail.

They were all eager to stop the monster. Assembling like cops facing a mobster, the Trids raised their clubs in order to scare the terrible creature away from his lair.

But then the creature raised his feet to the sky, daring them to come forth, daring them to try. Their only mistake was to take up his offer. For he quickly kicked them off their rocker.

Now this made the Rabbi quite perplexed. He thought maybe this Guamulen was heked. He said, this terrible guy plays dirty. I know what I'll do. I'll send up thirty.

Thirty Trids climbed the mountain to pillage the Guamulen's lair to protect their village. They gathered together with clubs in hand to defeat the creature molesting their land.
But the Gwamulen was waiting for their charge.
They did not have even a chance by and large.
They were kicked, beaten, thrashed and subdued.
And it continued this way up until noon.

When it was over, the Trids lay scattered about.
"What do we do now?" they began to shout.
"Oh please, Rabbi! You'll have to protect us.
Every time we get near him, he kicks us!"

So the Rabbi then calmly picked up a club.
He walked up to the Gwamulen and said, "Come on, bub!"
The Gwamulen stood shakily in his boots.
He didn't expect this. He frightfully said, "OOPS!"

He then took off like greased lightning.
The whole situation looked really frightening.
The Rabbi was surprised how the Gwamulen ran.
He looked like a showgirl doing the can-can.

But the race was over even before it started.
The Rabbi shifted, ran, jumped and darted.
He clattered the beast and knocked him asunder.
But when it was over, he began to wonder... :

How was he able to win while the Trids couldn't?
So he asked the monster whom he had just caught.
"Why'd you spare me but gave the rest some heads?"
The Gwamulen said, "Silly Rabbi, kicks are for Trids!"

SMASH!

THE END!
Our mission was almost complete. We had met our comrades with the other half of the team. Now all we had to do was transport it all to Kannara where our mission would be a complete success. We decided to celebrate a little.

I am Rex, one of Gorgar's men, not one of your expert Swordman. I'd say... But I get my chances...

Little seeing who my new comrades were, there was one who caught my eye very sharply...

She was Lora, sitting quietly, painting her nails. She was so... attractive, that I could not leave my eyes from her...

Yes, I noticed her eyes, since, and very deep... She must have been close... Our worst enemies...

...why was she here?

Rex!

Who calls...?

It is I, Lora!

Lora! I ought to see you since the happenings!

What are you doing here among these dogs?

These are your men?

I have become a leader of this group...

She was a childhood friend... We had met each other in a fleeting memory... Now she is the leader of a group of Swordman and women... including Lora...

Yes, I guess my feeling did something for me after all...

It is... What was that?

It was the Rogans! I knew right away what they wanted...

An ambush!

The Tarki...

But we had to fight for it...

I had noticed that only up! And the Rogans, Lora, were making me look foolish...

Could she have been a traitor to the Rogans?
WE Fought till THE last Rogan was fallen...
IT had ended pretty quickly...

WE LOST TWO MEN AND A WOMAN...

AND THE TOWN was GONE...

ROGANS! THEY WERE ROGANS! THEY STOLE THE TARKI WHILE WE Fought! THE battle isn't over yet brothers and sisters!
TONIGHT THERE Shall BE ROGAN BLOOD ON METALLIUM SWORDS!

THEIR CAMP Was NOT hard TO find... THEY figured we Would all be dead... BUT they were wrong...
WE ATTACKED WITH THE IMPACT OF A NEVADIAN WHO...

I HAD TO FACE A HORRIBLE LOOKING SCOUNDREL...
COME ON, YOU COWARDSLY DEVIL!

HA! You METALLIUMs ARRe ALIVE, ALL SMITHD AND no powER!
UHH!

NOW SIMMER...

TELL MY... DOULYYYY!

PLEASE LORA, NOT My UNARMED MAN...

DO NOT WORRY, I NEVER KIlLEd DEFIANCELESS Man...

A KICK TO THE AUXILIARY IS SUFFICIENT...
THAT ONLY GIVES ME THE ADVANTAGE TO...

... DO THIS!

... YEEwwww....

AY, BEFORE I COULD EVEN LIFT MY SWORD...

THE BATTLE HAD ENDED EVEN QUICKER THIS TIME...

LORA, A TRUE METALLIUM WOMAN... ALWAYS GIVES HER MEN WHAT THEY DESERVE!

"METALLIUM, SHE SAIEd, BUT SHE LOOKED... HER EYES..." I THOUGHT TO MYSELF...

I THOUGHT IT BEST TO ASK LORA...

WE HAD RETURNED TO CAMP WITH OUR PRECIOUS SAFE...

LOL! I'VE BEEN WAITING TO ASK YOU...

YES, BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW? THAT IS THE QUESTION OF ALL WHO FIRST FOUND THAT LORA IS METALLIUM...

WHAT'S THAT AGAIN?

YOU ARE NOT THE FIRST ROGANABEL! IT ALL STARTED SEVERAL YEARS AGO...

IN THE DAYS OF BIRIAM... "YOU MERE THE GREAT ROGAN CONQUEROR?"

"THE SAME... LORA AND I WERE THERE... SHE WAS 12, I WAS 21..."

PART II
Dr. Jinar... I've had the most terrible nightmare... It was horrible...

"It's all right..."

It is better this way! Now we can really be together... forever...

No one can ever take you away from me, Marra... we shall always be one...

Tina! She froze, staring with her newly-opened eyes...

Frightened, just like the first time...

Then...

She fell...

And that was all...

When she came out of the tent, she had seen me...

I didn't have to ask about the eyes... she saw it in mine...

She just sank her head down and covered her face... and that was all...

We returned to our camp... everything was explained... everyone understood...

"Since then she has become one of the best all around swordsmen of all time..."

I wonder if I shall ever see her again!

Oh, you'll see her... whatever you do, you are bound to see her again!

FIN.
EARTH. 2147. A WORLD STRANGELY DIFFERENT FROM THAT OF CENTURIES PAST, A WORLD WITH A HISTORY OF METAMORPHOSIS AND TRANSITION. A WORLD ALTERED BY DREAMS AND NIGHTMARES.

A WORLD STRANGELY DIFFERENT, WHERE NONETHLESS, CERTAIN THINGS HAVE REMAINED THE SAME.

IS THERE REALLY A MAN IN THE MOON?

INDEEED THERE IS, SON. HIS NAME IS ALEXANDER MOLTKE.

I ALWAYS THOUGHT HE WAS JUST A MAN LIKE EVERYONE ELSE. MY EDUCATIONAL PRECEPTOR SAYS HE LEFT IN A SHIP FOR THE MOON, AND HAS BEEN THERE EVER SINCE.
THEIR INCOMPETENCE IS GALACTIC.
NO, SON, THAT’S NOT HOW IT WENT.
THE ONLY PEOPLE ON THE MOON
ANymORE ARE THE DESCENDANTS
OF THE ORIGINAL COLONISTS AND
THOSE WHO MIND THE WAY
STATIONS.

THEN HOW CAN
ALEXANDER MOLTKE
BE THE MAN IN
THE MOON?

IT’S A LONG STORY,
WITH LOTS OF
SCIENTIFIC
TERMINOLOGY
AND DO-DADS
YOU COULDN’T
UNDERSTAND.
BUT I’LL TRY
TO KEEP IT
SIMPLE
FOR YOU.

"YOU SEE, ALEX MOLTKE WAS ONE OF THE WEALTHIEST
MEN IN OUR GALAXY, BUT THE ONE THING HE COULDN'T
BUY WAS HIS NAME ON THE MOON."

"IN OLDER TIMES, THE MOON'S PLAINS, CRATERS, AND SUCH WERE NAMED AFTER FAMOUS
MEN WHO HAD MADE CONTRIBUTIONS TO SCIENCE, A SORT OF HONOR ROLL OF MANKIND."

Planck

Galileo

Einstein

Archimedes

Euclid

"MOLTKE HAD NEVER ACCOMPLISHED
ANYTHING OF MERIT TO DESERVE HAV-
ING A CRATER NAMED AFTER HIM, DES-
PITE HIS GREAT WEALTH AND HOLDINGS.
THIS SET RATHER POORLY WITH HIS
EGO, SO HE VOWED TO GO TO THE
MOON HIMSELF AND LIVE THERE."
"Now he knew how to pilot your standard ship but he had to have the best. The ship he acquired was the latest model, for that time, containing a crude time travel mechanism which hadn't been perfected yet."

"So on his way to the moon, Moltke pushed a few wrong buttons, and ended up going back in time several hundred thousand years."

"He landed right in the center of a nova, and that was it for poor Alexander."

"His atoms and molecules mixed right in with those of that exploding star, and he was a part of that newly formed nebula."
DO YOU KNOW HOW STARS ARE FORMED?

SURE. EVERYONE LEARNS THAT BY THIRD LEVEL.

THE GASSES COMpress AND PRODuCE HEAT. PROTONS SMASH THROUGH THERE POSITIVE ELECTRIC CHARGE AND INTO EACH OTHER, WHERE SOMETHING CALLED A NUCLEAR STRONG FORCE TAKES PLACE.

THE PROTONS FUSE INTO HELIUM, AND THE NUCLEAR FIRE IS IGNITED, AND THERE’S YOUR STAR.

SOUNDS LIKE YOU MEMORIZED YOUR TAPES, BUT THAT’S IT IN A NUTSHELL. AND PLANETS AND OTHER SATELLITES ARE JUST SMALLER CHUNKS OF THIS SAME GAS AND DUST. THEIR COMPRESSED MASS ISN’T SUFFICIENT TO LEAD TO A NUCLEAR FIRE, SO THEY EVENTUALLY COOL INTO PLANETS.

NOW PAY CLOSE ATTENTION, SON, FOR THIS IS HOW ALEXANDER MOLTKE GOT TO BE THE MAN IN THE MOON. IN THE SPACE BETWEEN STARS ARE MOLECULES OF AMMONIA, HYDROGEN, CYANINE, FORMALDEHYDE, AND WATER, WHICH FORM THE CHEMICAL ELEMENTS OF LIVING MATTER, PRODUCING AMINO ACIDS, THE BUILDING BLOCK OF LIFE, WHEN SUBJECTED TO ELECTRICAL CHARGES. OLE ALEXANDER’S MOLECULES WERE AMONG THESE OTHERS, WHICH WERE MIXED WITH THE GASSES LEFT FROM THE NOVA MOLTKE BLUNDERED INTO.
"These gases eventually formed what is now our solar system, and Moltke's molecules were in the batch that formed the moon."

And that's how Alexander Moltke became the man in the moon.

"But how can you know all this?"

Since Moltke's time, we've ironed out the bugs in our time travel mechanisms. We can place ourselves anywhere and anytime with acute accuracy. Plus our observatory equipment is highly sophisticated, enough so we now know the fate of Ole Alexander.

"I guess you're right."

"I can almost see him."

The End.
LANCE LUSH HAD A PROBLEM:
I HAVE TO DRINK TO STAY SOBER!

LANCE HAD DIFFICULTY KEEPING A JOB.
DRINKING ON THE JOB, EH LUSH? YOU'RE FIRED!

PROHIBITION WAS A DIFFICULT TIME FOR LANCE.

ONE DAY, IN A BAR....
I CAN OUT-DRINK ANYONE IN THE ROOM!
HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT TO BET?

LANCE DID VERY WELL IN DRINKING CONTESTS FROM THAT DAY ON...

HE MADE PLANS FOR THE FUTURE:
I'LL RETIRE TO A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD AND LIVE OFF MY WINNINGS.

REAL ESTATE SALES
OPEN

LANCE MOVED IN.

BUT THE NEIGHBORS DIDN'T LIKE HIM.
THAT LUSH HAS GOT TO GO! HE MAY INFLUENCE THE CHILDREN.

LANCE LOOKED THROUGH HIS WINDOW.

ALCOHOL + FIRE!
COUGH COUGH COUGH COUGH

BUT INHALING SMOKE FROM THE FIRE CURED LANCE.
I NO LONGER HAVE TO DRINK IN ORDER (COUGH) TO REMAIN SOBER.

NOW I HAVE TO SMOKE TO STAY HEALTHY!
Tears will flow and rightly so. Read these pages of optimistic pages. Please sit down and stay. Enjoy my tale called.

A COSMIC TALE WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY BUD PERKINS

Angela, Angela... the engines are out! I'll try to guide the ship towards this primitive world. Strap yourself in!

Honey... I love you...

The resonant explosions can be heard for miles.
They are heard by the ears of Angus McAnnels, a retired trapper.

Being the man Angus is, he immediately sets off in the direction of the crash, thinking it was a plane.

After fifteen minutes of hard climbing through sharp thistles, he enters a clearing.

What? Life on this backwater planet!!

There, leaning against almost toppled tree, is a human being with a gun poised to commit suicide!

No!! Wait!! Stop!!

The alien faints.
A SHORT WHILE LATER, AFTER SOME BREAKFAST AND A SLIGHT CHANGE OF CLOTHES...

I COME FROM A PLANET THAT EXISTS CREATURES FROM ALL SECTIONS OF THE KNOWN UNIVERSE.

MY CRASH WAS RETURNING FROM GATHERING THE LAST OF SOME NEW SPECIMENS. WE CRASHED. MY WIFE WAS KILLED.

SEEING THAT SPACESHIP YOU WORE NEARLY CONVINCED ME YOU SPEAK THE TRUTH.

A HOT LATER...

AHHHHHRRRRRR... WHAT MADE THAT CRAZY NOISE?

ONLY ONE CREATURE CAN MAKE THAT SOUND... WE'D BEST HURRY BACK.
APPARENTLY OUR SPACEMAN WASN'T THE ONLY ONE WHO SURVIVED THE DISASTROUS LANDING.

TRACY!! RUN FOR THE HOUSE!

SMACK!

THE MONSTER KNOCKS OUR SPACE TRAVELER AN EASY 30 FEET, SMASHING HIM TO THE GROUND...

BLEEDING...
WELL MONSTER, LET'S SEE HOW YOU LIKE A TASTE OF BOTH BARRELS!!

OH, JESUS... GIVE ME STRENGTH.

BONES CRUSHED, BLEEDING INTERNALLY, HE CRAWLS TOWARD THE BLASTER. EACH INCH IS DIRECTLY PROPORTIONAL TO THE EXCRUCIATING PAIN.

ALRIGHT YOU... HORROR!!

HE FALLS TO THE GROUND DEAD, HIS SOUL ALREADY RACING TOWARDS HEAVEN.

"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS: THAT A MAN LAY DOWN HIS LIFE FOR HIS FRIENDS..."

JOHN 15:13

YOU ARE WITNESSING A HERCULEAN EFFORT. WOBBLY, DIZZY, HE JUST MANAGES TO SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER. THEN...

END
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NAME
ADDRESS

How you got this flyer:
The twilights sun has begun to set; very few minutes remain until the night prevails forth to aid the evil.

With each prevailing step my heartbeat increases with anticipation. As I open the gate to the dead, the rust of many lives rubs against my hand combining with sweat.

Across the field of past remembrances lies the crypt of terror. It seems ironic that such evil should seek shelter during the day, on such hallowed ground.
A repugnant smell of mold and fungus fill my lungs with disgust. The damp floor makes sparks from my torch fizzle on contact.

As I reach the anti-chamber a multitude of rats scurry off of the forbidding wooden casket, wrenched with death.

At last I have found him, he has darkened the ivory virgins with his blood of poison turning them into his own.
No more shall he prey on our souls. I take my instruments from their case, a blunt mallet, a thick wooden stake and cross.

I emit a small gasp as I unhinge the lid. The fiery eyes of red stare unwillingly upon me. The day is falling.
With great courage the cross is placed on the monster's forehead, which burns its impression into him, his lips move slightly.

Time is short, as his fingers grow clenched, his mouth snarls. I lift the mallet to drive the stake through the evil.

A swift blow brings the stake down. Blood spurts freely from the wound and his mouth, his arms reach for the stake, hideously.
Another blow, bringing a cracking of two or three ribs. Agony encircles his face as he knows death, this, his second time.

A full moon graces the sky tonight. At last, the evil that was beset with us these long nights has disintegrated away...

The flesh and blood melt from his bones, leaving a pitiful skeleton. Bloodied as I am, I disconnect the head from the body.
SKEETRA
AND THE GANG

AH, SWEET LIFE!
BUT THERE MUST
BE MORE TO
THEE THAN MY
METAPHYSICAL
MEANDERINGS...?

*SEE: HEINLEIN, R.

METAPHYSICAL
MEANDERINGS?

*SEE: VONNEGUT, K. (TR.)

E'MONY LAIR
WAKE UP?

BY THIS, THEN
HE MUST MEAN

*SEE: SPILLANE, M.

THAT: THAT WHICH WE PERCEIVE TO SEE (IS TRULY (NEVER) SEEN

*SEE: MAN, THE I.

HOW YOU GUYS
LIKE MY NEW
OUTFIT?

WHAT?

BUT THERE'S
NOTHING
There!

CRAY CRAY AS AS
THE PROVERBIAL
LOON, IF YOU
ASK ME!

I DON'T GET IT...

AND A GOLFPALL AIN'T A GOLFPALL
TILL IT LIES UPON THE GREEN

HEY, HELL!

THANK YEW

AND A KINGDOM COULD BE CONQUERED
BY AN OVERZEALOUS QUEEN...

SEZ YOU!

*SEE: NIXON, R.M.

*SEE: POPEYE THE SAILOR

AND EVEN IF YOU'RE
BIG*
AND IF YOU'RE
BAD**
AND IF YOU'RE
MEAN***

* SEE: LEROY BROWN
** SEE: 1bd
***SEE: 1bd

YOU'RE STILL JUST
ONLY HUMAN IF
YOU'RE JUST A...

HUMAN BEAN
the end
THE SAVAGE SORCERER in

MINDWORM

THE UNIVERSE WITHOUT END...

MOUTH SWALLOWS TAIL. TAIL IS END OF MOUTH.

THE WORM BURROWS WITHIN ITSELF.

WRENCHED BY POWERFUL FORCE...
CAUGHT ME UNAWARE...
STILL CROGGY—

REASON RETURN!

BALANCE
GOOD VERSUS EVIL. THE ETERNAL BATTLE, RIGHT VERSUS WRONG, ALWAYS BALANCING. MATERIAL EVIL CANNOT EXIST WITHOUT A LITTLE GOOD, MATERIAL GOOD CANNOT EXIST WITHOUT A LITTLE EVIL. WHEN EVIL IS OVERCOME WHAT DOES MAKE GOOD?

WELCOME TO RAFRISBEC, MORTAL. I AM THE LORD GOD OF THIS MEGAVERSES

OH OMNIPOTENT ONE, I BEG TO LEARN OF THE DOOR OF TRANSITION.
I LIKE NOT THE ATTITUDE OF THIS DEMI-GOD!

OF ALL THE GODS THAT EXIST, I ALONE KNOW THAT I IS THE MOST HANDSOME AND BENEVOLENT!

BUT, I ALSO BE A VENGEFUL GOD, TRESPASSER, YOU SHALL FEEL THE HAMMER OF HEAVEN FOR THIS INSOLENCE!

MINIONS OF ZHACTEC FLY TO MY AIDE: BUILD A BARRIER THAT EVIL CAN'T PERVADE!

HEH?

DON'T UNDERSTAND.

CRASH!

DID HE SAY CRASH?

MORTAL, YOU ARE A SORCERER!

YES... NOW THE MATTER OF MY FREEDOM...

MORTAL, SINCE I CAN'T... TRANSPOSE YOUR... BARRIER, WE SHALL HAVE A LITTLE CONTEST TO DECIDE YOUR FATE.

YOU WILL GO FREE IF YOU WIN, OF COURSE.

WHY... YOU DYE!

AND IF I LOSE?

WHAT IF I DO NOT PLAY THE CONTEST?

THE CHICKEN OR THE EGG?

THEN YOU WILL STAY HERE FOR ETERNITY! NO, I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D CHOOSE THAT...

WE ARE GOING TO PLAY A LITTLE GAME I CALL...

"WE ARE THE GODS, AND WE MAKE AND SEND OUR CREATIONS (THE 'DOGS') TO OBLITERATE EACH OTHER, WITH IN A 5-SECOND TIME LIMIT. AFTER THAT TIME BOTH UNITS WILL CEASE TO EXIST. SO BE SURE OF YOUR CHAMPION: LET THE CONTEST BEGIN!"

GODS DOG
"By the golden rite of tantra. May spell be built on spell. Weave a warrior to my aid from the pits of hell."

"Operator, get me Cleveland. Call collect, if you please. Connect me with Yog-Sothoth Dan. He'll bring this jerk to his knees."

"Come here, Booby."
IN A MILLENNIUM
I HAVE NEVER
LOST...!

BUT YOU HAVE,
AND MY FREEDOM
IS MINE FOREVER!

YOU ARE GOING TO FOLLOW
THE RULES, AREN'T YOU?

OF COURSE,
THE RULES MUST
NOT BE FORGOTTEN!

OH MORTAL,
BEFORE YOU LEAVE,
DON'T FORGET...

I MAKE THE
RULES!

I AM THE
SINGER
OF DEATH
INCARNATE!

I AM THE
CENTER OF THE
UNIVERSE!

MASTER OF ALL,
WITHOUT MY PRESENCE
LIGHT WILL NOT SHINE!
MORTAL, YOU HAVE FACED THE POWER INCARNATE!!! I AM A GOD TO YOUR FUNEY MIGHT!

SOMEBWHERE IN TIBET A LAMA IS LAUGHING AS IF TO A COSMIC JOKE.

FUTURE, FUTURE, WHAT KNOW YOU OF SOMETHING YOU HAVE NOTHING OF!!?

A FINE GAME YOU WEAVE, MORTAL, A GAME OF SALVATION!

STOP! I BEG YOU TO STOP, I REMEMBER THE FUTURE!!

THO’ I BE MORTAL, THERE ARE THINGS BEYOND YOUR CLOSED KEN. THERE BE NIGHTMARES THAT EXIST EVEN TO GODS!

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!

—FOREVER!

I TIRE OF YOUR RUTUKE ATTEMPTS TO SHIFT YOUR DESTRUCTION!

I RELEASE WITH A SHOUT!

CREATURES THAT FLY IN THE SKY AND BURROW IN THE EARTH, THAT LIVE A LIFE AND DIE WITH SADNESS AND MIRTH, GRANT ME YOUR STRENGTH, MAY BODY AND SOUL BE FIRM, HEIGHT BECOMES LENGTH.

YOU ARE FOOLING YOURSELF, MORTAL, ONLY I HAVE THE POWER TO SUMMON THE DREADED ONE.
Death a million miles away, filling the sky...

Forever...
Stars of Love
Stars of Death!

NEVER DID LIKE THESE THINGS, BUT THE IMAGE MUST BE KEPT UP, YOU KNOW.

IT DISTURBS THE PATIENTS WHEN THEY FIND OUT PSYCHOANALYSTS DON'T ALL SMOKE PIPES.

PLEASE, DOCTOR, THIS IS IMPORTANT. TIME IS RUNNING OUT, AND MR. SORG IS STILL AS MUCH A PROBLEM AS EVER.
Evacuation procedures can't be held up for one man, and he can't be left behind.

So he must be convinced to leave. I know that, major.

Bad publicity, and folks are reluctant enough to leave the planet as it is.

But you must understand, Mr. Sorg has some sort of aversion towards stars—a fear, actually. If he goes right now, the mental imbalance could well destroy him.

He stays on the planet, and the nova will burn him with the rest of the solar system. The planet we have mapped out for us is an exact copy of ours.

He'll never know the difference.

But the idea of going out among the stars is what terrifies him. That's what I'm working on.

Now if you'll excuse me, Mr. Sorg is waiting outside.

Sure thing, doc. Just remember, there's not much time left.

You'll hear from me, major.

Come in and sit down, Mr. Sorg.

May as well get started.
TODAY WE'RE GOING TO TRY TO DISCOVER WHAT LIES BEHIND YOUR FEAR OF STARS. CAN'T WE TALK ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE?

WE CAME SO CLOSE LAST TIME, IT SEEMS A SHAME YOU'RE IN A TRANCE, SO NOT TO PURSUE IT FURTHER.

NOW JUST BREATHE DEEPLY AND RELAX. UNTENSE YOUR MUSCLES.

LET YOUR MIND WANDER. CAN YOU STILL HEAR ME?

SURE THING, DOCTOR.

MARRY.

IT'S MARY AGAIN.

...SO PRECIOUS, YOU CAN'T KNOW HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU.

PLEASE DON'T TALK, LOVER.
YOU CAN'T EVER LEAVE ME.

I LOVE IT WHEN IT'S LIKE THIS. THE STARS SHINE SO PRETTY, I COULD WATCH THEM FOREVER.

MY LOVE FOR YOU IS LIKE THE STARS.

BURNING FOREVER, AND NEVER CEASING. BURNING HOT AND BRIGHT. YOU'RE SUCH A ROMANTIC. THE YEAR 2018, AND YOU STILL COME UP WITH THOSE CORNBALL LINES.

YOU TALK LIKE THAT, I FEEL OBLIGATED—LIKE I OWE YOU SOMETHING. I WON'T BE A PUPPY DOG FOR YOU. I AM A WOMAN.

BUT MY LOVE IS AS EVERLASTING AS THE STARS.

THERE YOU GO AGAIN.

I WON'T BE TREATED LIKE A PET.

I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN WHEN YOU CAN TREAT ME WITH SOME RESPECT.

DON'T TALK LIKE THAT.

YOU'RE NOT SHAKESPEARE.

THE STARS... FOREVER...

YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME!

HOW CAN YOU?
THE STARS--IT'S THEIR FAULT!!

THE STARS TOOK MARY AWAY!!

THOSE GODDAMN STARS!!

MR. SORG, WAIT--

SORG, YOU'RE GETTING CARRIED AWAY, EQUATING STARS WITH A SPOILED AFFAIR.

NO, THE STARS STOLE HER LOVE FROM ME!

IT'S ALL BECAUSE OF THOSE STARS!

UGH-NHH!!
ALL RIGHT, I'M COMING. WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED OVER THERE? OH, IT'S YOU, MAJOR. SORG'S RUNNIN' AROUND DOWN HERE LIKE A MANIAC, YELLING AT THE STARS. HOW LONG WAS I OUT?

QUITE A WHILE. TOO LONG A WHILE, IN FACT. YOU MUST HAVE SLEPT THROUGH ALL THE REPORTS. THE SUN'S FLARING UP SOONER THAN WE EXPECTED, AND WE'RE LOADING THE SHIPS NOW. YOU BETTER GET DOWN HERE.

LIKE A MANIAC, I SAID. WE'RE TRYING TO SUBDUE HIM NOW, BUT HE'S AS STRONG AS AN ARMY. WHAT HAPPENED, ANYWAY?

HE'S LOVESICK!

HUH? SIR?

HAVE YOU GOT SORG YET? NO SIR. GET HIM!

HE'S SCREWING UP BOARDING PROCEDURES SOMETHING FIERCE. MANY DELAYS, WE'LL ALL BURN WITH THE PLANET.

DOC'LL BE HERE IN A FEW MINUTES, SO LET'S GET SORG OFF THE FIELD AND INTO THE SHIP.
THERE HE IS, HEADING TOWARDS THE PEOPLE GETTING ON BOARD.

DON'T GET ON THOSE SHIPS, THEY'LL TAKE YOU TO THE STARS.

THE STARS TOOK HER AWAY FROM ME.

I HAVE HIM IN MY SIGHTS, SIR.

DON'T SHOOT HIM, YOU SCREWBALL.

YES SIR, WELL DO IT.

GET AWAY, I WON'T GO TO THE STARS.

JUST GET HIM ON THE SHIPS.

THE STARS TOOK HER FROM ME.

HERE COMES THE DOC.

LET ME TALK TO HIM.

LISTEN TO ME, YOU NEEDN'T BE AFRAID MR. SORG, TO GO OUT AMONG THE STARS, IN FACT, IT'S BETTER IF YOU DO.
A nova is a star, too, and it expands. It'll grow bigger and eat up this planet.

If you stay here, if you don't go with us, you'll be in a star.

Don't you see it's better to go with us, away from the nova, from the star?

Get me away from that star.

OK, we're the last to board, so let's get going.

Say doc, that was some trick you pulled back there.

No trick, major. It's all in the mind.
Hey, you guys!!!

Look what I found! A big black box!

Hans! We better get back home! It's getting late!

WOW! This place is neat! Must've been a real big explosion to have done all this!

Ziggy! Come here! This box has a bunch of buttons on it!

Mother's going to give us a licking if we don't get home!

Who do you think lived here, Hans?

I don't know! But if he was here when this building was messed up, he's probably dead by now!

What do you say we pull one of these switches and see what happens!
NO! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN!
OH GRETAL! YOU'RE NO FUN!
STOP OR I'M GONNA TELL!
YOU BETTER GO AHEAD, HANS!

LET'S SEE.
HERE! WELi TRY THIS ONE!

CLiCK!

WO, MY BROTHER, AND BEHOLD! YOUR GREAT COMMANDER AND LEADER Commends YOU!
YOUR BRETHREN HAIL. YOUR MAGNIFICENT VICTORY IN CONQUERING YOUR PLANET EARTH!

WHAT THE??
GET BACK!
AAIIEE!!

WHERE'D HE GO?
I FELL BACK ON THE SWITCH AND HE DISAPPEARED!

WE ARE...
POOF!
HEY! WHAT HAPPENED?

I KNOW WHAT THAT WAS! I SAW IT IN THE MOVIE 'STAR WARS'! I THINK IT'S CALLED A Hologram!

ARE YOU KIDDING?
YOU'RE RIGHT!

WE ARE PROUD OF YOUR ACCOMPLISHMENT, AGENT 13! TAKING OVER EARTH WAS INDEED A GREAT TASK!

ALTHOUGH THIS IS A PRERECORDED MESSAGE, WE KNOW WHAT YOUR MISSION WAS AND YOU WOULD NOT BE CONSULTING THIS ASSIGNMENT BOX UNLESS YOU FULFILLED IT.

IT DOES LOOK KINDA QUEER!
BUT IT'S SO REAL! YEA!
BUT IT'S JUST A PROJECTION!
LET'S GO HOME!

WHO'S HE TALKING TO?
PROBABLY THE GUY WHO LIVED IN THIS BUILDING!

THIS IS FUN!

48
I am the messenger of the assignment box which you've activated, Agent Thirteen! I am here to inform you of another task you must fulfill, as we Ballitoids command you!

But first, sit back and relax! Let us reveal to you your origin!

Let us show you how you came to be a conqueror of your planet earth. Let us reveal to you how you came to represent the greatest power in all the universe!!

He sure is a dramatic fellow! Wouldn't you say!

You better believe it! He gives me the willies!!

We are the Ballitoids! The most feared race of warlike people in all existence!!

We conquer, kill, mutilate and destroy!!

Nothing exists that can ever hope to stop us! We are the rightful rulers of everything that lives!

And you, Agent Thirteen, are a part of those plans!

You are the Chief Agent in this section of the galaxy! You, in fulfilling your mission of conquering earth, shall become Monarch of all the solar systems in your area to the glory of the Ballitoid empire!

Now look, Agent Thirteen! Gaze long and hard upon the primary section of the galactic empire wherein lies the star system of your newly adopted race.
"And now, the image which stands before you is your king! The living commander who is behind all the governments of the galaxy!"

"He is Jacktorro, which means Death Dealer! He is the first and foremost ball of fire ever to go beyond just the conquering of his own star systems. He has reached almost to the ends of the universe. And with his own discovery of the cell rejuvenation process, he has become immortal!"

"Nothing can stand in his way!"

"Everyone bows down to him in fear, respect, or complete awe! No one can resist his majestic stature. Those who have tried no longer live!"

"His longest battle, lasting only ten light years, was waged against the Vascor people. They put up a good fight, but eventually, they were nothing compared to our king and his forces."

"He conquers stars, planets, and solar systems with the ease of breathing air! Every sort of creature comes to know Jacktorro and shivers with the mention of his name!"

"But there are still more frontiers in the starry heavens which have yet to be traversed by Jacktorro, which brings us to you, Agent Thirteen! It was decided one day after the subjugation of the Kreunin galaxy that the pace of taking over other planets was going to slow! It was at this time that Jacktorro held a meeting!"

"Gentlemen! We've got to figure out some way to conquer the remaining parts of the universe in a more expedient manner."

"Our present progress is too slow!"

"But the nearest star system we have yet to conquer is millions of light years away!"

"We don't have the technology to travel that far!"
"Gruum spoke up in answer to Jacktorlo's request. Gruum is the greatest scientist of all the Ballitoids, and his response to the problem served to further heighten one's respect for him. The solution is quite simple, My Lord!"

"But how does this help us to conquer planets presently beyond our reach? One man can't conquer a world!"

"We'll use one of their own people! We'll kidnap and brainwash him! We'll teach him the techniques of the Ballitoids, and then send him back!"

"Right! And when we do finally arrive there, hell hand over the leadership to us!"

"And so it was decided that fateful day to begin a new era in the continuing advancement of the Ballitoid rule. Although the power of transporter was quite awesome...

"When it came to transportation, over millions of light years, it's capabilities were limited!"

"It would be hundreds of years before we even began to improve its systems! So, in the meantime, planting agents throughout the universe would be the next best thing!"

"These agents would take over their own world and prepare the way for when we would arrive years later."

"You, agent thirteen are the first installment of the Ballitoids' great plan to take over the universe!"

"Another inhabited planet has been discovered in sector 2-19. SIR radio waves confirm this!"

"They refer to themselves as the planet Earth!

"Very well! Begin plan b!"

"To land on your planet Earth..."
"You were to be kidnapped away from your home planet so that we could transform you into an agent of the Ballitoid Empire!"

"You were the most perfect specimen for our project, Agent Thirteen, because already instilled in you was a hatred for your fellow man.

"C'mon, Mason! Put up your Dukes!"

"I am! But why do you want to fight me? I'm your teacher!"

"Because I don't like your looks!!!"

"The transporter beam surrounded you and then..."

"Took you to the Imperial home of the Ballitoids."

"Jacktorro himself supervised your capture. Handle him carefully, you fools!"

"He is our key to conquering Earth!"

"Maybe so!"

"And so that's how it started, Agent Thirteen! You were taken into the laboratory..."

"They sure are ugly creatures!"

"His face is so disgustingly smooth!!"

"But he's still going to be an agent of the Ballitoid government after we brainwash him!!!
AND THEN BRAINWASHED TO THE FULLEST EXTENT!

"INSTILLED IN YOU WERE ALL THE DEBASED IN- 
INSTINCTS OF A BALLITOID; 
HATRED, VICIOUSNESS, AND 
RUTHLESS CUNNING!"

"THROUGH THESE WERE THE QUALITIES NEEDED TO BE A MERCILESS 
DICTATOR."

THEN YOU WERE DRAINED OF ANY NORMAL 'HUMAN' QUALITIES, YOU WERE TAKEN OFF THE BRAINWASHING DEVI... "AND TRANSPORTED BACK TO YOUR PLANET EARTH.

AND SO THAT'S YOUR ORIGIN, AGENT THIRTEEN!

WOW! THAT WAS A GREAT STORY!

I THINK IT WAS MORE THAN JUST A STORY, HANS!

AND NOW, AGENT THIRTEEN, YOU HAVE BUT ONE MORE ASSIGNMENT TO FULFILL - TO COMPLETE.

YOU MUST SIGNAL US WITH THE ASSIGNMENT BOX! TH WILL TELL US THAT YOU HAVE INDEED SUCCEEDED IN CONQUERING EARTH! WITH THIS DONE, WE WILL THEN ARRIVE TO TAKE OVER YOUR GOVERNMENTAL OPERATIONS!
Otherwise, it will be light years before we come to this planet Earth!

So you know what to do, agent thirteen! We look forward to hearing from you!

Hail the Ballitoid Empire!

He's gone! Not quite! What are you going to do?

There's only one thing left to do!

Good! I'm glad! Now let's go home.

No! I guess not! Do you think any of it was real?? Why take chances?

I wonder who that agent thirteen guy was?

Who knows?

Who cares? He's probably dead by now!

Why'd you destroy it?? You wouldn't want anyone to accidentally signal any of the Ballitoid people, would you?

Adolf Hitler
PROLOGUE

TIME: THE FUTURE
PLACE: ANYWHERE ON EARTH

MAN HAS CONQUERED THE PLANET
AND LIVES IN GLEAMING CITIES
EVENLY SPACED ACROSS
THE COUNTRYSIDE.

ALL HAVE JOBS. ALL
HAVE HOMES.

EQUALITY
REIGNS.
THE
EGALITARIAN
IDEAL HAS
BEEN
ACHIEVED.

ONE WORLD
LANGUAGE,
ONE WORLD
NEWSPAPER,
ONE WORLD
EVENING
NEWSCAST.

THE WORLD GOVERNMENT
HAS ELIMINATED WAR,
CRIME, HUNGER,
DISEASE...

AND
FREEDOM.

ALL MEN ARE EQUALLY
HAPPY. ALL ARE EQUALLY
MISERABLE. EVERYONE
KNOWS IT.
BUT A FEW DISAGREE.

MOST OF
THOSE
LEAVE
QUIETLY
LIKE AN
AGING
SHARK
SINKING
TO THE
BOTTOM.

BUT
NOW AND
THEN...

CLICK...

THERE'S ONE WHO
INSISTS ON MAKING WAVES
THE ANARCHIST!

An aberrant personality has been located in the lowlands outside the world capital. He refuses to rejoin his fellow citizens in the city, world representatives Marsk and Stocker have decided to personally supervise operations to control him.

Story by F. Paul Wilson
Art by Jack Bertram

We must put an end to this quickly and quietly, Stocker!

I agree. Irresponsible individualists like him threaten the ideal. We cannot allow it!

I don’t want your city. I’ve worked this land for five years and I’m not leaving.

Blast him out of there!
WE HAD NO CHOICE. I KNOW... BUT STILL, IT DISTURBS ME.

HE THREATENED THE HARMONY AND EQUALITY WE'VE STRUGGLED SO LONG TO ACHIEVE. HE HAD TO GO.

LOOK AT THIS! BOOKS ON FREEDOM AND INDIVIDUALISM! BAH! I THOUGHT WE'D TAKEN THOSE OUT OF CIRCULATION LONG AGO.

HE WAS A DINOSAUR! WE'RE ALL BETTER OFF WITHOUT HIM!

THE RAINS COME, SOFTENING THE PULPY PAGES OF OLD BOOKS AND WASHING THEM INTO THE GROUND ALONG WITH THE SPILLED BLOOD OF THE RUINED CABIN'S FORMER OCCUPANT.
SOON...

I AM JEFFERSON. I AM TUCKER. I AM STIRNER. I AM NOCK! I AM SPOONER, PAINE, VON MISES AND BLACK! I AM GALT. I AM DE LA PÁZ!

I LIVE.

AND I LIVE AT LAST!

GLEAMING, STERILE; ANTISEPTIC CITY, I BESMIRCH YOUR PAVEMENTS!
I SHOCK YOUR CITIZENS!

Bureau of Vital Statistics

I CONFRONT THE DATA BANKS WHERE THEIR LIVES ARE KEPT ON FILE!

HEY! WHAT'S GOING----!

LIVES WAITING TO BE FED INTO THE COMPUTERS!

JOHN AND JANE DOE'S OF THE WORLD...

I GIVE YOU BACK YOUR LIVES!
...who never robbed the rich!
that is a calculated distortion
of the legend!

No! He robbed the
king's tax collectors...

And returned the money
to those who toiled for
it!

Ah! The purveyors
of pap to the
masses!
BY ALL MEANS, DO NOT DISTURB THEIR EUPHORIA!

Proscribed Literature

CRASH

THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT OF UNFETTERED MINDS!

THE LAST SURVIVING EDITIONS OF ALL BOOKS ON FREEDOM AND INDIVIDUALISM!

THEY'VE BEEN HIDDEN AWAY TOO LONG!

THEY NEED THE LIGHT OF DAY TO SPARK THE MIND AND THE SPIRIT!
Broadcast Center

Due to circumstances beyond your control, this show is cancelled!

And suddenly a strange face appears and even stranger words echo across the world.

Cut him off!

I can't! It's been jammed somehow!

Listen to me! All of you!
I thought I could spark your stifled minds, but I see that is a fool's errand! You present me with the one obstacle I cannot overcome—apathy!

You're no longer victims—-you've become accomplices in your own degradation!

But I warn you! Someday your children will realize what you have done...

...and they will murder you in your sleep!

What was that all about?

I dunno.
EPILOGUE

LATER THAT DAY AT THE HOME OF WORLD REPRESENTATIVE MÅRSK...

CAN YOU EXPLAIN WHAT HAPPENED TODAY, MÅRSK?

NO, STOCKER, AND I COULD CARE LESS.

WE TEACH THEM VERY CAREFULLY IN THE STATE SCHOOLS. THEY'RE GOOD LITTLE CITIZENS WHEN THEY COME OUT.

WE HAVE ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO FEAR.

GOOD LORD!

WHAT'S WRONG?

THAT PART ABOUT THE CHILDREN FRIGHTEN'S ME!

FORGET IT! WE CONTROL ALMOST EVERYTHING THEY SEE AND HEAR DURING THEIR FORMATIVE YEARS!

WANNA SEE MY PICTURE, DADDY?