TO GARY-- WHAT CAN I SAY! YOU BELIEVED IN ME FIRST...AND STRONGEST! I OWE A LOT OF IT TO YOU! WELCOME BACK TO THE COMICS BUSINESS! BEST,

ROB LIEFELD


SPECIAL THANKS TO ERIK LARSEN & IMAGE COMICS, LARRY SHELL AT HEROES WORLD & BILL MAUS.

Back in 1987, there was a terrible glut in the comic book marketplace, and I was part of it. MEGATON had helped create the black and white boom back in 1982, and by 1987 there was so much product out that it was almost impossible to get noticed.

Instead of persevering with the single MEGATON title, I opted to expand the line. We had some high quality books planned: Color MEGATON and VANGUARD series, YOUNGBLOOD by Rob Liefeld, a DR. WEIRD special by Jim Starlin, Grass Green's hilarious WILDMAN and the truly offbeat RAMM title.

The MEGATON X-MAS SPECIAL was intended as a showcase for all of our characters and talent. All of the stories were supplied with something: A story, pin-up, prose piece, etc. It was fun.

Unfortunately, nobody cared. There was just too much stuff out there, and we were adding to it. The planned "MEGATON EXPLOSION" was abandoned. Sales dropped to nothing and I dropped out of comics.

Somewhere there exists two unpublished VANGUARD issues, half of a MEGATON story, another issue of RAMM, part of the original YOUNGBLOOD book (write to Rob and beg him to print it someday) and a big chunk of stuff intended for X-MAS.

I've tried to stay close to the original blueprint, but only have 40 pages instead of 64, so it isn't exact. The WILDMAN and RUBBERBOY story done for X-MAS was eventually printed in an issue of GRASS GREEN/WILDMAN. They're hard to find. Try writing to GRASS GREEN, PO Box 13181, Ft. Wayne, Indiana 46976-3181 to see about buying one.

The YOUNGBLOOD piece intended for X-MAS was never finished, but Rob Liefeld graciously has let us print it in color for the first time ever the gorgeous wrap-around cover to the long-lost 1987 YOUNGBLOOD book. Thanks Rob!

A wild RAMM prose piece and an ETHRIAN pin-up were the other casualties this time around.

Finally, I'd like to thank Don Chin for publishing this book, Erik Larsen for letting me use VANGUARD away from Image, Kelley Jones for the MEGATON card, Clark Hawbaker for the front cover, and especially all of the guys who waited so long to see their work in print.

Happy holidays!

Gary S. Carlson

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BY JACKSON GUICE, KEN MCFARLANE, S. CLARKE HAWBAKER, ANGEL MEDINA, TWIN DEZON, ERIK LARSON, FRANK FOSCO, GARY THOMAS WASHINGTON.
MEGATON

This is KROQ Weather Watch with Brucie Waverman. Stay close to your pool today folks, as temperatures continue to climb. In this, the hottest December in LA history, doctors urge senior citizens and anyone with respiratory problems to remain indoors and use air conditioners!

Why can’t you do your Christmas shopping at the last minute like everyone else, Matt? It’s got to be ninety degrees out here!

It sure doesn’t feel like the week before Christmas, does it, Christie?

And now, the Ramones’ classic version of White Christmas!

Christmas in the Sahara desert, maybe. Look, Matt, are you almost finished?

It won’t be too much longer. Hey, how about an ice cream cone in the meantime?

Sounds great! Let’s go!

All I can think of is diving into your nice, cool swimming pool to beat this heat.

Er, can I borrow a few dollars? All I have on me is this plastic money I borrowed from Oscar.
MATT, WHY IS IT THAT YOU'RE SO FULL OF THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT WHEN THIS HEAT WAVE HAS TURNED THE REST OF US INTO A BUNCH OF SCROOGES?

THE EXPERIMENT THAT INCREASED MY METABOLISM ALSO MADE MY BODY NEARLY IMPERVIOUS TO TEMPERATURE EXTREMES. BESIDES, YOU'VE GOT TO REMEMBER THAT I SPENT THE LAST FIVE YEARS IN THE HOSPITAL. I'VE GOT A LOT OF CATCHING UP TO DO.

I'M SORRY, MATT. I DON'T MEAN TO BE SUCH A GROUCH.

IT'S JUST THAT I'M USED TO SPENDING CHRISTMAS WITH MY DAD AT HIS PLACE IN COLORADO. WE USED TO GO SKIING AND SNOWMOBILING...

AND NOW HE'S DEAD AND IT'LL NEVER BE LIKE THAT AGAIN.

I'M SORRY, MATT. I'M OKAY NOW. THIS HEAT IS MAKING ME CRAZY. I GUESS.

WHAT THE--?!!

WE TOOK SLEIGH RIDES AND USED TO BUILD COZY FIRES AND MAKE POPCORN...
OH MY GOD!

LIKE HO-HO-HO, DUDES I AIN'T THIS HEAT A BITCH?

THAT DOES IT! I CAN'T TAKE THIS ANY MORE! LET'S GO, MATT!

WHAT'S HER PROBLEM?

PUT THIS ON.
WHERE WE GOING?

SOMEPLACE WHERE WINTER IS REAL!

LIKE TWIN ROCKETS THEY FLY EASTWARD.

BEYOND THE SANDY WASTELANDS TO...

...GREEN FOOTHILLS OF THE SIERRA NEVADAS.

NOW YOU GET THE PICTURE, CALIFORNIA BOY, AND THAT DOWN THERE IS CALLED SNOW.

HEY, IT'S STARTING TO GET COLD!

I HAVEN'T SEEN SNOW SINCE I LIVED IN MILWAUKEE WHEN I WAS FOUR YEARS OLD!
ELEVATION APPROXIMATELY 14,000 FEET.

THAT'S RIGHT. HONEST TO GOODNESS, PURE-WHITE SNOW. AND LOOK AT YOUR BREATH, MATT.

MY WHA... HEY! I CAN SEE IT!

WILD, ISN'T IT?

THIS IS GREAT! IT'S NOTHING LIKE THE PICTURES I'VE EVER SEEN...

MATT! DON'T! IT'S NOT...

OOF!

...SOLID!

YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN YOUR FACE! GOD, BUT IT WAS SO FUNNY!

GEE, THANKS FOR THE WARNING!
Alright! Alright! I give!

Ha-ha... ULP.

Ha! What a wimp!

Wimp?!

Now, Matt, I was just kidding!

Matt!

You just bit off a mouthful!

How's that for a wimp!

Oooh, it's cold!
NOT BAD FOR YOUR VERY FIRST SNOWMAN.

I NEVER REALIZED THIS COULD BE SO MUCH FUN, CHRISTIE. WHAT I'VE BEEN MISSING ALL THESE YEARS.

ALL TOO QUICKLY THE DAY PASSES, AND SOON UNDER A CURTAIN OF STARS, MATT AND CHRISTIE SHARE THE WARMTH OF A CAMP FIRE.

THIS IS WHAT CHRISTMAS WAS LIKE GROWING UP IN COLORADO. WINTERS WERE ALWAYS FUN FOR US.

I CAN SEE WHY. MY MOM USED TO TELL ME STORIES ABOUT OUR DAYS IN MILWAUKEE! I WISH I COULD REMEMBER THEM TOO.

WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF THE KIDS IN LA COULD HAVE THIS KIND OF FUN.

IT SURE WOULD! IMAGINE SNOW IN LA!

THEN LET'S DO IT!

DO WHAT?

BRING THE SNOW TO LA!

IT WOULD BE FANTASTIC!

THAT'S CRAZY! HOW COULD WE DO IT? WHERE WOULD WE PUT IT?

ONE THING AT A TIME. ON THE WAY OVER HERE WE PASSED A TRAIN YARD...
This is Traffic-Eye calling home base! You guys are not going to believe this.

Looks like old ore cars, at least a hundred of them, all filled with snow being towed by Megaton and Ultragirl!

And it looks like they are heading straight for LA. This is totally amazing!
This is Kimberly Clarke reporting live from the main entrance to Dodger Stadium where, as you can see over my shoulder...

Children from all over the greater Los Angeles area have turned out to take advantage of Megaton and UltraGirl’s most unusual Christmas present!

"A giant 80 ft. snowman made up of tons of snow, which Megaton and UltraGirl delivered late this afternoon. Although stadium officials were earlier reported as being highly upset with this unorthodox event..."
...they were quick to join the mayor in his public applause of Megaton's gift to the children of L.A.

Oh, Billy, that was a great ride, let's do it again.

You got it, sis.

Thanks, Christie, I couldn't have done it without you.

I know that, it was fun.

Merry Christmas, Matt.

Mmmm!

Yay clap clap clap clap!
Y'know, Berzerker, we've been with Megaton Comics since issue #1 and neither one of us has a story in the X-Mas special.

At least you got a pin up, Etherian.

Hmph!

I'm still waiting for any Acro-Jester story to be told!

What about Crusader and Ultraman? Thanks to the wonders of retroactive continuity, we're the greatest heroes of the '60s in the Megaton universe. Do we get X-Mas stories??

No!

Well, Gee, Sparky, you can't have an X-Mas story! You grew up to be the Sentinel and were brutally murdered.

Oh.

Yeah.

Yeah, me too.

Christmas?? Bah! Humbug!
"TWAS THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS AND ALL THROUGH CHICAGO~

I STILL THINK IT'S AWFUL TO KILL A TREE--
ESPECIALLY TO USE IT AS A DECORATION!

WELL, THEY'RE NOT EXTINCT HERE ON EARTH!

TREES ARE PRACTICALLY EXTINCT ON MY HOME PLANET, KALYPTUS!

BESIDES, SOMEONE ELSE "KILLED" THIS TREE! NO SENSE IN LETTING IT DIE IN VAIN!

Story: GARY CARLSON
Pencils: STEVE ADAMS
Inks: W.C. CARANI
Letters: GRASS GREEN
Well, here we are—Home Sweet Apartment!

Oh, gosh! Is that tree going to fit through this revolving door?

I don't mean to be such a Grinch, Roxanne...

With such severe shortages of natural resources on Kalyptus, you Earthlings seem so... so wasteful to me, sometimes!

Believe it or not, there are a lot of people here who feel the same way as you!

Just give me a little warning next time!

Eighteenth floor! Everybody off!

Thanks for the—upp—lifts!

Tough luck—you just missed "A Very Brady Christmas"!

Hey—Welcome back!

But you're just in time for "Mars Needs Eggnog"!
IT IS BEAUTIFUL—LIKE A PRIVATE SHRINE!

OH, VAN—YOU'RE SO SILLY!

WE HAVEN'T EVEN DECORATED IT, YET!

CHRISTMAS STUFF

DECORATED?

HOW CAN YOU IMPROVE ON PERFECTION?

WELL, WE'RE GOING TO TRY!

I'LL PUT LIGHTS ON THE TREE—YOU STRING THE POPCORN WE MADE THIS MORNING!

STRING? POPCORN?

BURP!

OKAY—you put up the lights—

AND I'LL POP SOME MORE POPCORN!

—AND DON'T EAT THE LIGHTS!
Later

Here we are! Fresh, hot—

Popcorn?

Help!

Kachash!

Gee, Van—

I thought you were supposed to decorate the tree!

It is an improvement, though!

Watch it or I’ll ‘peck’ you, Wally!
Gee, Roxanne—I'm sorry! I didn't mean to spoil everything!

Ooh, Van—Sniff!

This is the first time I've had these decorations out since college six years ago!

Oh—That star goes on top of the tree?

Like this?

That's it?

You were right, Van—that tree was already perfect!
WHAT--?

THAT'S ANOTHER CHRISTMAS TRADITION-- IT'S CALLED MISTLETOE!

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO KISS ANYONE YOU CATCH STANDING UNDER IT!

MERRY CHRISTMAS, WALLY!

I HOPE MY KISS Didn'T OFFEND YOU, VANGUARD! FOR ALL OF OUR SIMILARITIES, WE ARE OF A DIFFERENT SPECIES!

WOOHOO! WOOHOO!

WHAT? -- OH, NO... IT'S NOTHING LIKE THAT!

"I JUST GOT TO THINKING ABOUT MY MOM AND SISTER -- MY FRIENDS IN THE WAR--"

I BOUGHT THIS FOR MY NEPHEW -- BUT I THINK THAT YOU'LL APPRECIATE IT MORE!

BESIDES, I GOT HIM LOTS OF OTHER STUFF!

AND THAT THERE WAS SOME WAY TO TELL THEM I'M WELL!
- BUT I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING FOR YOU!

"IT'S BETTER TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE!"

BESIDES, YOU'VE GIVEN ME THE BIGGEST STORY OF MY BROADCASTING CAREER!

HURRY UP—OPEN IT!!

OH, WOW! WE WATCH HIM ON TV ALL THE TIME!!

I DID BUY SOMETHING FOR YOU TOO, WALLY—but it's not exactly a present!

IT'S NOT EVEN WRAPPED!

THANKS!

THAT'S OKAY—I'M EASY!

YA-HOO! THERE REALLY IS A SANTA CLAUS AND SHE'S A BEAUTIFUL REPORTER IN CHICAGO!

I CAN'T WAIT TO SCAN THIS INTO THE SHIP'S COMPUTERS!

THANK YOU, ROXY—FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART—ER, HEAD!
Much, much later:

(Yawn-y)

I'd better be getting to bed!

I told mom I'd be over early to help with the turkey!

Thanks for everything, Roxanne!

We've had a wonderful time!

We'll get going, then!

Santa Claus?

'Course, I never used to believe in aliens, either!

Maybe I should give Santa another chance, too!

I stopped believing in Santa Claus a long time ago!

Roxanne, thanks for sharing your gift magic with us. Merry Christmas, Roxanne.

Merry Christmas to all—and to all a good night!
Dear Santa

Hi! My name is [Name]. Is it cold at the north pole or is it warm here? Could you get me something special for Christmas? All I want is a warm holiday.

You dufsus! Don'tcha know there ain't no Santa Claus?

FERAL in Christmas

RUSH

by Ken Mayer J. 87
YOU BOYS QUIET DOWN AND BE CAREFUL. NEAR THAT TREE OR LOOISE WILL HAVE TO GO HOME.

YER SUCH A BABY. ALWAYS DRAWING THAT FERAL BOOGER—BETCHA EVEN BELIEVE IN HIM!

MOOOOM! NOW LOOIE SAYS THERE'S NO FERAL AND NO SANTA CLAUS!

OH, YEAH?

WELL HOWCUM THERE'S ONLY PRESENTS FROM YOUR MOM AND UNCLE? HUH? HUH?

OH NO!

I FORGOT BENNY'S PRESENT!

MOM, THERE'S STILL TIME, RIGHT? RIGHT?

WE'LL SEE, BENNY.

MAYBE SANTA CAN PAY THIS ELECTRIC BILL FOR ME WHILE HE'S AT IT.

HEY, WATCH OUT, BALONEY-BREATH!
Boy, I better get going!

Gotta have a few bucks left from that logo I did... yeah, here it is.

Dunno how I'll get in, but I should at least be able to get there faster this way...

Click

Oh hell!

Now what?

Waitaminnit, there's a huge toy store downtown. Maybe...

All the stores are closed now!
WELL, I'M HERE. NOW WHAT DO I DO? I CAN'T JUST BREAK IN, CAN I?

WOW!

LOOK AT ALL THE TOYS. THERE'S GOTTA--

UMMFF! SO MUCH FOR CAT-LIKE GRACE.
God, this is embarrassing, I'm glad no one is here to see--

Hey!

This.

Hey.

Puuuude.

Leveling his piece at the balloon guy, he said, you know...

Like, I've got you totally covered, Puuuude!

Can't let this great white dummy recognize me. There's got to be a way out of here!

Man, you're in some major trouble. Puuuude, you--

Whoozat? Freeze or you're totally...

...wasted.

This should cover any expenses...

ROWRR!

Giddemoffame!

Giddemoffame!

Giddemoffame!

Giddemoffame!

Better get outta here before I cause any more damage. I guess this surprise gift'll have to do.

OOOH! Nice dummy!
Nothing special
All I want is
bet my hero Feru
Could you tell him
me? And maybe a
starman set?
Bye now
Esteban!

Well, baby,
I'll do my
best.

O.K. David,
You artistic
guy, don't
let me
down!

Hey, with a
little work
this could
turn out to
be the perfect
gift after all.

Christmas morning!

Mooom-
Look! Look!

I recognize the
sloppy handwriting,
so you're an elf
now, David?

Such a mature,
responsible boy.
I wonder what
the heck he's
doing now?

Dear E
Santa
I'm an elf
Do I
Giftman says

Feliz
Navidad!
DOCTOR WEIRD

IT CAME UPON A MIDNIGHT FEAR!

MICHAEL!

VROOOOM VROOOOM!

PICK UP YOUR TOYS NOW! TIME FOR BED!

I'M SPEAKING TO YOU, YOUNG MAN! IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU, YOU'D BETTER ANSWER ME!

I SAID IT'S TIME FOR BED!

I DON'T WANT TO GO TO BED! I WANT TO WAIT FOR DADDY!

NO!

STILL, HIS REFUSAL MAKES HER FURIOUS!

YOUR FATHER'S NOT COMING HOME!

THAT TOMORROW IS CHRISTMAS DAY DOES NOT CONSOLE MARGARET JOHNSON. HER HUSBAND WALKED OUT THREE NIGHTS AGO, AND SHE HASN'T SEEN HIM SINCE!

HER SON'S DEFINANCE HAS BEEN UNBEARABLE — DOESN'T HE KNOW SHE'S WORRIED ABOUT HIS FATHER TOO?!
I WANT MY DADDY!

MOMMY HATES ME!
SHE MUST HAVE MADE DADDY GO 'WAY!

I WISH SHE WERE DE--

NO!!

SHE CAN’T HELP BUT WONDER WHAT SHE’S TURNING INTO--

“SUCH WORDS CAN ONLY INVITE EVIL!”

~GO AWAY! WHO ARE YOU?

I AM...
A FRIEND.

YOU MUST BE STRONG, MI-CHAEL, YOUR PARENTS ARE IN GREAT DANGER! THEY NEED YOU!

EVIL HAS TOUCHED THIS HOUSE. ITS TENDRILS HAVE WORMED THEIR WAY INTO THE SOUL OF ONE VICTIM--IT WON’T BE SATISFIED UNTIL ALL IN THIS HOUSE HAVE SUCCumbed!
IS THAT WHY MOTHER'S MAD AT ME ALL THE TIME? DOES THE EVIL MAKE HER MEAN?

I BELIEVE SO!

I FEEL A CORRUPTION HERE THAT MUST BE Fought. I AM DR. WEIRD -- AND TO FIGHT EVIL IS WHY I HAVE COME!

THAT'S MY DAD'S STATUE! HE PUT IT UNDER THE TREE A COUPLE DAYS AGO -- JUST BEFORE HE LEFT.

WE DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS....

WHERE DID HE GET THE FIGURINE?

MICHAEL HEARS A DOOR OPEN UPSTAIRS. IN THAT SPLIT SECOND, DR. WEIRD Chooses TO VANISH.

I WAS...

BUT DR. WEIRD WAS NOT QUITE CORRECT WHEN He SAID THE FIGURINE WAS EMPTY. ESCAPED EVIL HAS BEEN REPLACED BY IMPRISONED HUMANITY!

FROM MY UNCLE JIM, IN A PLACE CALLED TURKEY. HE'S LIKE AN EXPLORER. HE SENT THE STATUE TO MY DAD AS A PRESENT.

MICHAEL? IS THAT YOU DOWNSTAIRS? WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO?

I WAS JUST GETTING A DRINK OF WATER!

THOUGH CONTORTED IN A SILENT, AGONIZING SCREAM, THE FEATURES HAVE BECOME WHAT MICHAEL WOULD RECOGNIZE AS HIS FATHER'S!
AND SO, AS MIDNIGHT APPROACHES, A FRENZIED POUNDING AT THE FRONT DOOR CAN MEAN ONLY ONE THING TO MICHAEL—

DADDY’S HOME!

AS MICHAEL BOLTS DOWN THE STAIRS, A SENSE OF DANGER OVERWELMS MARGARET JOHNSON!

D-DADDY?

MERRY CHRISTMAS MICHAEL!

MICHAEL!

I’VE BROUGHT PRESENTS FOR YOUR MOTHER AND YOU!

~NO!!

DON’T GO DOWN THERE!!

IT’S DADDY! HE’S COME BACK!!

YOUR DADDY’S BEEN A BAD BOY, FIGHTING ME THE PAST 3 DAYS—HE DIDN’T WANT ME TO DELIVER MY GIFT...

DADDY, WHAT’S WRONG? YOU’RE SCARING ME—!

THE GIFT OF DEATH!
But first I must—

—but I must be destroyed!

Where is it? What have you done with it?

Seek not to thwart me, nameless spirit!

I have a name!

You can tell your master it was Dr. Weird who sent you back to Hades!

But Doc Weird soon realizes that his words mean nothing...

And perhaps, his superior!

Millenia ago the master set me on the trail of three men who would lead me to the child prophet.

There I would pay my respects, and deliver the master's gifts...

“Death to the mother, father and infant!”

But my presence was felt! And such was their wisdom that they were able to cage me within stone.

Thus I was unable to complete my task.

...But now, nothing shall prevent me from visiting my hatred upon this family!
DADDY, PLEASE DON'T HATE US! LOOK, I GOT YOU A CHRISTMAS PRESENT!

M-Monkey?

THOUGH IT BE MY FINAL ACT...

...YOU SHALL BRING NO HARM TO THIS FAMILY!

NOW I AM FREE! UNDILUTED BY HUMAN CONSCIENCE!

I AM HATE UNFETTERED!!

FOOL!

YOU COULD NOT DEFEAT ME IN MY HUMAN HOST--NOW I AM STRONGER THAN EVER! --NO POWER ON EARTH CAN STOP ME!!

DR. WEIRD KNOWS THE TRUTH IN THE DEMON'S WORDS! HE FEARS HIS ERROR WILL COST HIM HIS EXISTENCE, AND THE JOHNSONS THEIR LIVES!

THEN THERE IS LIGHT, AND A SINGING AS OF A HEAVENLY CHORUS! THE TOP OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE SHINES BRIGHTLY AS CELESTIAL PORTALS SWING WIDE!

STOP IT!

THIS IS NOT MY DOING, DEMON --!
THOUGH THERE MUST ALWAYS BE EVIL LOOSE IN THIS WORLD, THERE SHALL ALWAYS BE GOOD TO OPPOSE IT!

TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO, YOUR PUNISHMENT WAS MERCIFUL —

THIS NIGHT, YOU WILL KNOW NOT MERCY BUT VENGEANCE!!

IN THE SILENCE THAT follows, DR. WEIRD’S VOICE ECHOES IN THEIR HEADS...

"YOUR NIGHTMARE IS ENDED. MY WORK HERE IS FINISHED."

"COME MORNING, YOU WILL REMEMBER LITTLE OF WHAT HAS PASSED."

"AND UNDERSTAND EVEN LESS."

FAREWELL.