A MAN OF PASSION—AND POWER!

THE FIRST BLOW SMASHES THE CLOSER OF THE TWO RAPISTS—

A CO-PRODUCTION OF THE SAVAGE PRESS AND MATT BUCHER

“RAGE” CO-CREATED WITH MATT BUCHER
But the second stands his ground!

Honky asshole!

But at the sight of the knife the man called Rage goes mad!

His beating of the man is brutal—

The man is out—

No more...
JUST AS HORRIBLE, IN ITS OWN WAY, AS THE RAPE WAS. WITH AN EFFECT JUST AS BAD.

THE OTHER ONE! HE'S ESCAPING!

WOMAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

NO!

PLEASE.

HE'S MY HUSBAND.
ELSEWHERE THIS NIGHT, TRACEY GOODBODY SLEEPS, OR TRIES TO. HER SLEEP IS TROUBLED, AND SHE TOSSES FITFULLY IN THE GRIP OF RECURRENT DREAMS...

THE DREAMS ARE NIGHTMARES.

SHE MOANS SOFTLY, LIKE VELET...

AS IN HER MIND SHE IS AGAIN PURSUED BY A ONE-EYED SEARCHING DEMON. HIS NAME IS KARNEVIL.

SO YOU KNOW HOW WILD RICHARD HAS BEEN LOOKING. AND NOW IT'S COST US HIS JOB. I MEAN, HE'S NOW SO CREEPY, WHO'D WANT HIM FOR A P.R. JOB? I CAN'T BLAME THEM. I FEEL SO SORRY FOR HIM, THOUGH.

HE'S JUST DOING HACK LABORATORY ASSISTANT STUFF NOW. IT'S A HARD BLOW...

LATER STILL, AT THE MID-TOWN APARTMENT OF THE DAVIDSON'S-

YOUR RICHARD IS A PROUD MAN. THIS IS KILLING HIM AS MUCH AS THOSE STRANGE DRUGS IN HIS BODY ARE! AND HE'S GOING TO GET MORE AND MORE ANGRY.

GOD SAVE-

I'M HOME, SARAH.
YOU LOOK DEPRESSED.

AS USUAL.

I AM.

AND IN HER SYMPATHY THE WHOLE STORY OF RAGE AND THE ESCAPED RAPIST COMES OUT... PAINFULLY. THE MAN DAVIDSON TEETERS ON EDGE—

AND SHE WAS MORE AFRAID OF ME THAN THOSE CREEPS!

YOUR MAN'S IN TROUBLE.

YOU SHUT YOUR DIRTY MOUTH GIRL.

NO SHIT MOM

AND BOTH OF YOU COME WITH ME.
AND LATER—

MISTER OZZIE
SPIRITUALIST
PALM READER
MEDIUM
TAROT READING

A SPIRITUALIST!?!?

COME ON, GET SERIOUS.

MOTHER SWORES BY THIS GUY—

HELLO. MAY I HELP YOU?

WHY ME?

BOTH OF YOU SHUT UP.
SEVERAL MINUTES OF CONTRIVED EXPLANATION LATER, THE SEANCE BEGINS.

STUPID... 200

HEEEAR ME, OHH SPIRIT... NNNNGUGGA-

"YOU ARE ANGRY, RICHARD DAVIDSON, POSSESSED OF A HATRED, A... MAD DEMON... OF VIOLENCE... THAT WHAT YOU DID TO YOURSELF... BOUND HIM TO THE CHEMICALS IN YOUR BLOOD... THIS... CAN BE..."

"AG!"

"WHAT THE HELL?"  "AMM..."

"HE'S AFRAID!"

PURGED... BY A JEWEL OF JUDGEMENT... A CRYSTALIC EYE... A GEM... OF POWER... WITH IT YOU... CAN..."

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE WITH: KARNEVIL
"Mistress, a report from our forward scouts! Karnevill has entered the Jurassic System Delta!"

A co-production of the Savage Press and Matt Bucher. Thanks to Brad Foster for his logo design.
She showed up all glitter and gold on the bridge of the Star Dreadnought. The languid inquisitress, knight of the Galactic Catholic Church! It was she who had been charged by Pope Excalibur himself to hunt down the greatest threat to the galaxy-spanning Church. She knew and feared his strange power. This—dare she say it?—Angel? This Karnevil, all of the vast armies of the Papacy feared his great strength, and speed, and weapon—the Eye of Judgment! With it he had decimated fleets and destroyed whole worlds! And there were rumors... that this eye would pre-ordain in the Pope's death. So she, the greatest keeper of the faith, was sent to exterminate this Karnevil for God and the Church! She's been at it for two years, and she's set another trap...
THE FATHER MONITOR (PRIVATE THIRD CLASS) REPORTS: "HE IS NOW ALMOST PLANET-SIDE. THE TRAP HAS WORKED. OUR RADIATING CRUCIFIX ATTRACTION HIM — THE SHEER BLASPHEMY OF IT ALL REACHED OUT TO HIM! AND WHEN HE LANDS OUR MASSIVE BATTERIES OF PSYCHIC INHIBITERS WILL DESTROY HIM!"

"BUT SURELY FIRST HE WILL ATTACK OUR OUTPOST THERE, SINCE IT WAS THEY, WHO INVERTED THE CROSS."

"AT LAST."

"AT YOUR ORDERS, OF COURSE, OH INQUISITRESS."
The highest-ranking brother monitor reports that the current computer-tactical appraisal of this battle situation is that the Church shock-troopers have a -100% chance of stopping Karnevil. Then the inquisitress smiles. She knows of all that, of course. The troopers are just to make this look good.
HE'S THERE!

HE'S GRABBING THE CROSS!

FIRE!
HE STAGGERS FOR A MOMENT AS IF HE WOULD SHAKE OFF THE POWER OF THOSE AWESOME PSYCHIC BATTERIES—THEN KARNEVIL SCREAMS!
THE ENERGY SWIRLS, GROWS, AND ENGULFS THE HAMMER OF GOD...

AND KARNEVIL STILL SCREAMS.

NEXT ISSUE: KARNEVIL STRIKES BACK!
THE WHITE-HOT GLOW OF PSYCHIC ENERGY MOMENTARILY PARTS TO SHOW A DEMI-GOD BROUGHT LOW, AND STILL, KARNEVIL SCREAMS!

A CO-PRODUCTION OF MATT BUCHER AND THE SAVAGE PRESS.
OUR TRAP WORKED!

OF COURSE.

DID YOU DOUBT ME?

No.

IT'S A GOOD THING.

The inquisitress smiled with each scream. After years of hunting, Karnevil—the host of the dreaded Eye of Judgement and living wrath of God—at last would pay for his sins against the Catholic Empire.
Then, without any warning, all the screens go blank.

A never-ending white.

Until Karnevil re-appears.

Except for the mad humming!

Karnevil alone.

And all hell breaks loose!
MOMENTS LATER, THE INQUISITRESS WARPS BACK, BACK TO SOME PLANETARY ASH AND A FEW BONES.

SENSORS INDICATE ONLY ONE ORGANIC READING IN THE ENTIRE SECTOR. THE POWER READINGS WERE OFF THE SCALES, MY LADY!
KARNEVIL FLOATS STILL IN SPACE... DREAMING THE SURREAL FANTASIES OF ONE DEEP IN COMA. HE IS FREE OF THE EVIL PSYCHIC TRAP—

BUT AT WHAT A PRICE!

HIS PASSION... HIS PARASITE... HIS CURSE... HIS PRICELESS EYE OF JUDGEMENT... IS GONE!
LIVING IN THE PAST, CENTURIES BEFORE THE EYE OF JUDGEMENT WINKS OUT AND AWAY... TRACEY GOODBODY HAS HER SECOND DREAM OF THE ONE-EYED ANGEL. HE IS SEARCHING...

THE DREAM IS A NIGHTMARE. SHE IS VERY SCARED.

RETURN TO THE 20TH CENTURY WITH: OMNIMAN.
LAST FRIDAY IN CINCINNATI—

GOD, WHAT A HANGOVER!

URP! I'M GONNA THROW UP!

IT'S LATE IN THE AFTERNOON WHEN KEITH STEVENS (RESEARCH THEORIST AND MYSTERY-MAN SUPER-HERO OMNIMAN.)

A CO-PRODUCTION OF MATT BUCHER AND THE SAVAGE PRESS. OMNIMAN CREATED AND © 1981 MATT BUCHER.
Hung-over and burnt out. It's a normal enough happening. But Keith Stevens is not a normal man. A little over a year ago, a lab explosion of unknown substance changed him. Now, against his will, he is a master of bio-magnetics. He has since used this power as the hero Omniman. But this is a savage and very painful life. He has lost his father. He has killed. He has been wounded. But, with the love of his lady Kathy, and Adams he was able to rise above all this. Until now. For, less than a week ago, he fought for someone who was an ally of his dead father. But he was wrong. He was helping a lie. He was a pawn.

For the gory details see Omniman #9, still on sale for 60¢ from Matt Bucher, 2550 Windgate Road, Bethel Park, PA., 15102.
AND AS A PAWN, HE Fought AND NEARLY KILLED A MAN CALLED SLAUGHTER. KEITH FOUND OUT THE TRUTH BEFORE IT WAS TOO LATE, BUT STILL... IT HURT. THE MEMORY OF HIS VIOLENCE AND HIS LATE FATHER GNAWED AT HIM. HE COULD NOT TURN TO KATHY, SHE WAS DOING HER JOB AS A STEWARDESS ON AN AROUND-THE-WORLD FLIGHT. KEITH HAD TO GET AWAY, FROM HIS CITY AND HIS ALTER-EGO. SO HE CAME AWAY ON VACATION TO CINCINNATI, TO STAY FOR A WHILE WITH HIS COUSIN ALMA. WHICH WAS ITS OWN PROBLEM, AS SHE THOUGHT HE WAS DEAD, BUT... SHE TOOK HIM IN WITHOUT ANY QUESTIONS. ALMA WAS A SPACE-CHASE, BUT LOVING AND TRUSTING. SHE WOULD TALK WITH HIM, AND SOOTHE HIM, AND PARTY WITH HIM. GOD, COULD SHE PARTY.

OOGOOOOGH.

URP!

ZZZZZZZZ
MY POWER!

AHHH... MUCH BETTER.

IT IS A MUCH-IMPROVED KEITH STEVENS WHO LATER STROLLS THROUGH BURNET WOODS, TAKING A RELAXING WALK NEAR THE HEBREW UNIVERSITY...

WELL! AND WHAT HAVE WE HERE?

USING HIS EXACT CONTROL OF BIO-MAGNETISM, KEITH TURNS HIS POWER INWARD... FINDING THE ALCOHOL IN HIS BODY AND BREAKING IT DOWN, STIMULATING HIS GLANDS TO CLEAR HIS SYSTEM AND UN-FOG HIS MIND. IT TAKES ONLY A MINUTE.
IT IS DOCTOR TRACEY GOODBODY.

NICE.

"BUT WHY IS HER ATTACHE CASE CUFFED TO HER WRIST?"
OUTTA THE WAY, CREEP!

WHO ARE THESE ASSHOLES?
QUICKLY SLIPPING INTO SOME NEARBY BUSHES-

THOSE JERKS MUST THINK THAT THEY'RE REAL TOUGH.

BUT THAT SUITS ME JUST FINE!

NEXT: THE WRATH OF OMNIMAN!
HEY! SHE'S CUFFED THE CASE TO HER WRIST!

STUPID BITCH. WE'LL JUST HAVE TO CUT IT OFF!

A CO-PRODUCTION OF MATT BUCHER AND THE SAVAGE PRESS. "OMNIMAN" CREATED BY AND © 1981 BY MATT BUCHER.
ENDOWED AGAINST HIS WILL WITH BIO-MAGNETIC POWERS, KEITH STEVENS SEeks THRILLS AS-

OMNIMEN

1993-1994

A LARGE STATIC ELECTRICITY SHOCK WILL DO FINE-

FZAP!

FAAAAAAG!

OoOH God!
The two creeps will spend a week each in the hospital. Then, a few years in the workhouse.

Now to check on the girl, and find out what this was all about.

I recognize him! He's omniman from New York!

Her hysterics soothed by a mild magnetic trance, Dr. Tracey Goodbody sobs, then speaks long and softly to the very understanding hero...
I've been on staff here for years, but only recently returned from an archeological dig in Israel. Ever since I got off the plane in New York, I've been attacked a number of times. It's horrible!

They always want the few artifacts I uncovered. I don't know why—although they're interesting from a biblical view, they have no value in terms of money. It's strange to me.

It's making me a nervous wreck!

I've been magnetically monitoring her pulse while she's been giving me this song and dance, and something very screwy.

Er, can I see some of these relics you've found?
SURE.

JUST A COUPLE OF IDOLS, BONES, AND-

THIS. IT'S A JEWEL LIKE NONE I'VE EVER SEEN. IT'S MADE OF MICA, I THINK.

HMMMM...
LOOK, THE POLICE ARE NO HELP IN PROTECTING ME FROM THESE HOODS. I'M SCARED. DO YOU THINK YOU COULD HELP ME? I'D PAY—

I DEFINITELY WOULD LIKE TO KEEP AN EYE ON THIS LYING WOMAN. THIS IS A CHANCE—

NO MONEY, BUT GIVE ME YOUR LOCKET FROM YOUR NECK.

O.K., BUT IT ISN'T WORTH MORE THAN—

HERE, I'VE ATTUNEIT TO MY MIND. IF YOU EVER NEED MY HELP, SMASH THE JEWEL UP HARD.
I'LL PICK UP THE VIBRATIONS AND COME RUNNING. ~BYE!

I DON'T TRUST HER.

DURING THAT NIGHT, TRACEY GOODBODY CONTINUES HER NIGHTMARES OF THE SEARCHING KARNEVIL.

THE MYSTERY CONTINUES NEXT ISSUE IN "INTERLUDE"!
He stares hard at the great stained glass crucifix, here at Cincinnati's Church of St. George. Don Spinoza Grimaldi has always been a devout Catholic despite his leadership of the Newport mobs. At times, he worries about his sins, and seeks to atone for them.
THE CONFESSIONAL BOOTH WAS SMALL AND CRAMPED, BUT GRIMALDI DIDN'T MIND. HE WANTED TO SUFFER.

"FORGIVE ME FATHER, FOR I HAVE SINNED. I HAVE AGAIN FAILED TO GAIN FOR THE HOLY MOTHER CHURCH THAT WHICH SHE NEEDS, AND I SWARE TO OBTAIN."

"AHH, SPINOZA," PURRED THE SHADOWY PRIEST, "YOU HAVE DOZENS OF HARD MEN AT YOURbeck AND CALL. I KNOW THAT YOU'VE TRIED TO GET THE GEM AT LEAST SIX TIMES. WHY DO YOU FAIL YOUR CHURCH?"

"MY MEN REPORT THAT MY LATEST ATTEMPT WAS SPOILED BY THE EVIL INTERFERENCE OF A NEW YORK HERO CALLED OMNIMAN. I DO NOT KNOW AT PRESENT WHY HE IS HERE IN CINCINNATI. HOWEVER, WHAT I'VE HEARD OF HIM FROM THE JACOB'S MOB BACK EAST MAKES ME THINK HE'LL BOTHER US AGAIN."

THE FATHER WAS QUIET, AND SPINOZA THOUGHT HE HAD HEARD A CLICKING SOUND, LIKE... TERMINALS CLOSING?

"FEAR NOT, MR. GRIMALDI. I HAVE PRAYED AND I KNOW I WILL BE ANSWERED. TOMORROW YOUR MEN WILL RECEIVE GIFTS FROM GOD. WITH THESE, YOU SHOULD TRY AGAIN."

"THANK YOU FATHER, BUT I'VE A QUESTION?"

"YES!"

WELL, I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW---
Just what this jewel looks like, exactly.

Here.

Thank you, Father.

Spinoza Grimaldi then goes on to confess other sins, (murder, masturbation, and the like), then leaves. He feels relieved and has a renewed sense of purpose.

When he is gone, the Shadow-Father talks for some time into an alien machine.
ACROSS TOWN...

SHE FEELS THE TENSION START TO GROW WITHIN HER, PAINFULLY, LIKE SOMETHING IN HER, LIKE SOMETHING IN HER, LIKE SOMETHING IN HER, LIKE SOMETHING IN HER.

SHE HAD COME TO THIS CITY TO SEEK A MAN—A SPECIAL MAN. SHE PRAYED SHE WOULD FIND HIM BEFORE THIS HAPPENED.

SANCTUARY WAS A JOKE. THE SPASMS PITCHED HER FORWARD AS INVLUNTARILY, HER HANDS WITCHED AND GRASPED AND TORE AT HER CLOTHES. SHE HOWLED...

WELTS AND CANKERS SHOT OUT OF HER BODY, AS SHE VOMITED UP STRANGE BILE. TENTACLES EMERGED OUT OF HER PRIVATE PARTS, SHE SOBRED TEARS OF BLOOD.

AS SHE SURRECTED, THE CRUEL PARASITE LIVING IN HER CREEW.

THEN IT AGAIN ASSUMED ITS PARTIAL CONTROL, AND ONCE AGAIN THE SLYPH HUNTED THE STREETS OF MANKIND.

HER VISIT WOULD HAVE TO WAIT IF IT HAPPENED AT ALL. HER PAIN SWELLED INSIDE HER WOMB.

CHOKING, SHE STAGGERED INTO A SIDE-STREET, LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO HIDE.

BY MORNING THE CINCINNATI POLICE ARE SHOCKED BY A RASH OF OVER A DOZEN MAD MURDERS. THE VICTIMS ARE ALL PARTLY EATEN...
HE SITS QUIET AND PASSIVE. SOON, WITHIN 48 HOURS, TWO WILL COME TO HIM, FOR KNOWLEDGE. AND THE MASTER SORCERER WILL IMPART IT ALL: THE WAR FROM THE FAR FUTURE, THE JEWEL FROM ALL TIMES, SATAN, CHRIST, THE COSMIC BALANCE AND CUHULU. HE IS VERY CONCERNED.
DREAMERS

DREAM IN FEAR

AND COMA

WITH TERROR

AND STONY SILENCE

AND THEY

BOTH ARE

SO VERY, OH SO

COLD.

11-15-81 TML
STATE AWAY, BESEERK NATURE ATTACKS NEW YORK IN A SAVAGE DISPLAY OF WIND AND ELECTRICITY, A RAIN OF ELEMENTAL ANGER. THROUGHOUT IT ALL, RAGE HOWLS AT THE GALE LIKE A RABID DOG. HE IS.

NEXT: POPE EXCALIBUR AND SLAUGHTER ARE "DREAMERS."
TO REACH THE WORLD CALLED VATICAN 600, YOU MUST PASS BY AN ARMADA OF HUGE DREADNOUGHTS AND ORBITAL DEFENSE SATELLITES.
ON THE SURFACE, EVERY INCH, ARE TOWERING PALACES
AND SHINY TOWERS, POPULATED BY DIPLOMATS, BISHOPS,
ADMIRALS, PROSTITUTES, PHILOSOPHERS AND WARRIORS.

IN ITS BOWELS ARE BROTHELS, CATACOMBS, AND DARK
DUNGEONS, FILLED WITH PROTESTANTS, HERETICS,
ALIENS, THE DISCONTENT, AND THE DAMNED.
IT IS A MILLION MILLION TOMORROWS FROM TODAY...
IT IS THE TIME OF THE GREAT TERROR! THE UNIVERSE
KNOWN TO MEN IS UNDERGOING THE MOST HORRIBLE
UPHEAVALS EVER RECORDED. THE RULING CATHOLIC
CHURCH IS ROTTEN WITH BLACK MAGIC AND CORRUPTION.
The Rim Worlds are at war as the Church stamps
out the Protestant Armies. And on the far frontier,
Battles are reported between hosts of Angels
And Demons. Witnesses say the Demons win! The
Collective Race of Mankind Trembles...
AND MOST OF THEM TREMBLE IN FEAR OF THIS MAN. HE HAS RULED THE GALAXIES WITH AN IRON FIST, SHORN OF THE VELVET GLOVE. AT HIS ORDER, ENTIRE RACES AND WORLDS HAVE DIED. HE HAS LIVED FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS, AND EXPERIENCED EVERY DEGRADATION AND EVIL IMAGINABLE. FOR TO FIGHT IN, YOU MUST KNOW IT. AND HE IS GOD'S RIGHT-HAND MAN IN THE PLANES OF REALITY, ISN'T HE? OF COURSE, HE IS POPE EXCALIBUR, DEFENDER OF THE CATHOLIC FAITH AND RUMOURED CONFIDANT OF GOD HIMSELF! RIGHT NOW, HE IS SLEEPING, TAKING A DESERVED NAP FROM RULING THE UNIVERSE. AND HE DREAMS. HIS DREAMS ARE EVIL...

SIRE, WAKE UP.

THIS NUN, BY THE WAY, WAS A PROTESTANT SPY
I HAVE THE MORNING TACTICAL REPORTS FOR YOU, MY LORD.

FIRST, THE 12TH FLEET HAS DESTROYED THE CAMBRIA SYSTEM, AND PURGED LEXIX AS PROTESTANT FORCES.

THEN, CARDINAL TOD HAS BEEN POISONED, CALIGULA'S FORCES REPORT NOT BEING ABLE TO CATCH AN ANGEL YET.

BUT THE INQUISITRESS HAS CONFIRMED THE CAPTURE AND APPARENT COMA OF KARNEVIL, SIR.

OH. GOOD. PROCEED, THEN.
WHAT?!
THEN PERHAPS
THE IMAGE NO
LONGER WILL
STAND!

B-BUT-
YOUR AGENT,
CALIGULA—

SNAP!! ALL SCANS OF
NEITHER DIMENSIONS GIVE
STATUS UPDATE IN 5
STANDARD MINUTES!

FORGET
CALIGULA!

POP! E
SCIENCE TOWER
AND OFFICERS
NOW ON FULL
PAPAL ALTER.
CODE RED.

CLICKS
CODE DELTA 24
11:00-18:45
ACTIVATED.
WIDGET
ONE EN ROUTE AT
HEADING #3065

11-24-81:772
The official papal travel widget flashes through top priority airspace.

Towards a looming, malevolent, tower.

Deep within the research installation is the one thing this cunning and evily wise man fears. It is but an image.
IT IS AN IMAGE THAT HAS MADE HIS SOUL NUMB FOR OVER TWO YEARS. THE BLAZING IMAGE OF THE MYTHIC AND DREADED COSMIC BALANCE! IN THE HAND IS THE SPHERE OF FATE, AND WITHIN THE GLOBE THE FACE OF DEATH—KARNEVIL!!

AND A COMPUTER-ENHANCED IMAGE OF A REFLECTION OF THE EYE OF DEATH WITHIN KARNEVIL SHOWED HE WHOSE TIME HAS COME: EXCALIBUR!
“Wheeze!”

His time is almost up. His two-month killing spree is nearly over. He can slash and murder any sexy girl or nurse.

—but not this shadow!

He’s been running for blocks.

A shadow of death... violence!
SLAUGHTER IS PLAYING WITH THE MAD BLADE-MAN!
HUNTING HIM DOWN WAS CHILD'S PLAY, THOUGH THE COPS
WERE TOO INCOMPETENT TO DO IT THEMSELVES. WHEN
THE DEATHS STARTED, SLAUGHTER Didn'T CARE—

YOU CAN
RUN ALL YOU WANT,
ASS-WIPE! I KNOW WHO
YOU ARE! I KNOW WHERE
YOU LIVE! I KNOW WHERE YOU
LIKE TO HIDE! YOU'VE CUT UP
YOUR LAST BROAD AND I'M
GOING TO CUT UP YOU!
NOTHING CAN SAVE
YOU!

HE HAD MORE ENTERTAINING PEOPLE TO RUB OUT.
BUT WHEN THE FOOL SLICED A FRIEND OF HIS
BELOVED VANESSA, HER SORROW SPURRED HIM
TO HIS FRANTIC HUNT OF VENGEANCE.
IN FULL PANIC, TOMMY-THE-JERK RUNS FAST.

MOM, WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE ABOUT?

I WON'T DIE ALONE!

AAAAAAAA!

IN OTHER TIMES, SLAUGHTER WOULD IGNORE THE KID FOR HIS PREY.

MOMMA...

IT HURTS...

BUT SLAUGHTER CAN FIND TOMMY ANY TIME. EASY. SO HE LIFTS UP THE POOR BOY—
The hospital staff are afraid of him. He's sure they've called the police, who have many bones to pick with him. But they take the boy, and he bullies the child's condition from them, easy.

Nurse Station 12

The boy's other kidney is bad. With the one stabbed, he needs a transplant. Bad.

Please don't hurt me.

No sweat. I'll have a kidney for you in 1/2 hour.

With an evil laugh slaughter hits the rooftops.

11.20.87.
TOMMY PANTS OUT HIS STORY AT HIS GIRL'S APARTMENT. HE'S PARANOID. SHE'S NOT. SHE'S ALSO VERY STUPID.

OFF THE PIGS!

NUKE THE WHALES
IT'S SAFE IN HERE. DON'T CRY-

NO!
I'LL STOP HIM!!
DON'T BE A MORON, CHICKIE-BABY.

SWAT!

YOU LIKE TO USE BLADES, DON'T YOU, FUCKWAD? WELL, THEN-

I HOPE YOU APPRECIATE WHAT I DO-

NOOOGH

1/2 HOUR LATER THE HOSPITAL GETS ITS KIDNEY, THE BOY LIVES.
That night... later... Slaughter has a dream. Not about blood, death, or kidneys... these things don't bother him. This is a dream he has had four times before. In it, he is confronted by a huge gem... it bespeaks of a coming terror. It wakes him up. Others would worry and brood. But not Slaughter. He acts on his fears...

In the morning, Slaughter will see a man about a dream...

Next—join us and learn the origin of the Eye of Judgement!