EDITORIAL

Because of the tremendous delay with this issue, I felt the need to re-write the editorial and discard my original one.

The reason this is delayed so falls into many hands, including my own. I hope you will enjoy the book and both stories. I, for one, feel that the stories are the best ever to appear in UZ-S.

Because of layout problems and confusion, the Rage story continues on the back page. I don't know how it'll look after it's printed up, but if it looks bad I apologize.

This issue begins some special things. For one, both stories are exceptionally good. The Rage story is an experiment on graphic storytelling and one that I think was well done.

As for news, next issue will be the last issue of UZ-S. Yes, cancellation. Don't feel too bad about it, Omniman will continue to appear elsewhere. He is currently appearing in SUPERHERO TERROR, available for 35¢ a copy from: Rick McCollum/2315 Chickasaw St. #1/Cincinnati, Ohio 45219.

Also, Omniman has just appeared in THE ULTIMATE TEAM UP #1 (a team up of Omniman and Herman J. Winkle) that's 50¢ from Clayton Park/3700 Densmore Ave. No./Seattle, WA 98103. Both of these fanzines are very highly recommended.

And, if FAN SPECTACULAR 1982 ever comes out (and it may not), you can be sure Omniman will be among the ranks.

As I said, next issue will be the last issue. It will be out in September and will feature an Omniman/Slaughter team up by Rick McCollum. It will also feature the last chapter of the Johnny Comet saga (maybe). The reason I say "maybe" is because not too many fans like it and unless some of you really want to see it, I won't run it. Let me know your thoughts on it...do you want it or not? Anyway, the price of #9 will be 60¢ and it definitely will be out in September.

The Omniman/shotgun plot has been scrapped jointly by myself and Bill Anderson.

In February 1982 I will be publishing OMNIMAN SPECTACULAR, a 30 page story headlining the issue. This very special story will probably be the best Omniman story of all time. It features (among other things) the return of Heinrich Jacobs, the return of the aliens from UZ-S #5, the return of the madman from UZ-S #6, secrets on Omniman's father all revealed, and the end of Omniman's career!! Got your curiosity up? It will be a blockbuster, I assure you of that. It'll sell for 75¢ ppd. and will feature a story by Matt Bucher (myself) with a little help from Jeff Roberts, and artwork by Willie Peppers, Rick McCollum, Bill Anderson, and Mark Heike!! Definitely not to be missed, limited supply, so order now. The price may eventually rise to $1.00.

STARSLAYERS #4 is out now for 40¢ ppd. Back issues of #1, #2, & #3 all sell for the same price.

In case I failed to mention it (and I know I did), Rage is also appearing in SUPERHERO TERROR along with Slaughter, Omniman, and Karnevill. At 35¢ a shot, it's well worth it.

Out in September is "STARSLAYERS, PART ONE" which will feature the reprinting of Starslayers 1-5 and will feature a brand new cover (wrap around). It will sell for $1.25 ppd.

ULTRAZINE NEWSLETTER #7 will be out in September for two 18¢ stamps. It features many updates and such.

Bill Anderson has published BITS 'N' PIECES #1, an XLNT fanzine only 50¢ from Bill Anderson/26 Swan Street/Green Island, NY 12183. Buy it!
"HERO!"

Throughout history, the hero has possessed certain qualities. A hero is strong. He is brave. He is willing to risk his own life for another's without question.

Get out of here!!

Those who are glorified as heroes usually are not. They feign strength. They mimic bravery. They are selfish with their lives. They are just in the right place at the right time to appear to be heroes.

The real heroes -- the strong, brave men who are unafraid of self-sacrifice are somewhere else.

--- The real heroes are dead! ---

Conceived by: Matt Bucher
Written by: Jeff Roberts
Lettered & illustrated by: Willie Peppers
MY GOD, HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN AT THIS?

I CAN'T HOLD THIS BEAM UP MUCH LONGER! IT'S STARTING TO BURN THROUGH MY GLOVES!

OMNIMAN TURNS QUICKLY TO SURVEY THE ROOM -- AND AS HE DOES ---

HE PUSHES THE BEAM AWAY FROM HIMSELF WITH GREAT EFFORT.

THE HEAT IS BECOMING UNBEARABLE IN HERE, BUT I CAN'T LEAVE UNTIL I'M SURE EVERYONE IS CLEARED FROM THIS FLOOR!

AGGH! TOO MUCH MOVING AROUND! I'VE REOPENED THE WOUND IN MY SHOULDER!

I CAN'T TAKE THE TIME TO HAVE IT LOOKED ABOUT NOW.

HEROES MUST SOMETIMES ASK THEMSELVES THE QUESTION: "WHO IS GOING TO SAVE ME?"

I'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE THAT NO ONE IS IN DANGER ON THIS ---

...FLOOR.
OUTSIDE, HEROES OF A DIFFERENT KIND GO SWIFTLY ABOUT THEIR JOBS.

-- IT'S GETTING WORSE! THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN SAVE THE BUILDING, ALL WE CAN DO IS TRY TO GET EVERYONE OUT OF THE UPPER FLOORS BEFORE THE FIRE SPREADS!

-- UNIT 471, CONFIRM REPORTS OF A COSTUMED MAN INSIDE THE BUILDING.

-- SIMMONS! PAN THE SEARCHLIGHT OVER THE UPPER FLOORS, SEE IF YOU CAN SPOT ANYONE IN THE WINDOWS!

-- UNIT 471, PLEASE CLARIFY: IS THERE A PROBLEM?

WHAT THE HELL--?

-- UNIT 471! PLEASE CLARIFY: IS THERE A PROBLEM?

-- WE'LL CHECK IT OUT AFTER WE'VE EVACUATED THOSE IN IMMEDIATE DANGER! -- 471 OUT. ---

HIGH ABOVE THE FIREMEN, A FELINE FIGURE GLIDES ACROSS THE ROOF OF THE BURNING BUILDING. THERE IS FEAR IN ITS EYES. FEAR HAS MADE HIM CARELESS. HE WAS ALMOST SPOTTED!

He sniffs the air, smells the smoke. Fear becomes panic, panic in turn becomes rage. Animal instincts scream at him to flee the oncoming fire, yet human judgment tells him that he would be captured the instant he made it to the ground. He is trapped!! ---
Omnimann feels fear! Fear becomes panic, and panic becomes --action!! --

--what did i--?
I've never been able to do that before!! ---

That aura of magnetic force around my hand was like an ultra-strong laser! It cut through that beam like a razor through shaving cream!!

I've always been unsure of the extent of my powers. Maybe I've had the ability to do this since the beginning!

--i've been unsure about too many things lately! I couldn't explain to kathy why I had a bad feeling about meeting her parents. I didn't want to hurt her feelings because she'd set dinner up between the four of us two weeks in advance! --

--nervous, keith? --

Nervous? yes kathy-- i am. i'm sure your parents are nice people --

--but i didn't think that today was the best time to meet them for the first time. i couldn't help but act ---
4GH! WHY DO SO MANY PEOPLE USE THE TERM NICE TO DESCRIBE THINGS? THAT WORD SHOULD BE BANNED FROM THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

I THOUGHT I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE THE HEAVY THINKER AROUND HERE---

--OKAY---I'M SURE YOUR PARENTS ARE GENTLE PEOPLE, BUT---

I'M NOT SURE GENTLE IS THE RIGHT WORD EITHER. WELL, FOR MOM IT IS. SHE'S KIND, BUT SHE WON'T TAKE ANY LIP.

DAD IS A BIG MAN, TALLER AND MORE MUSCULAR THAN YOU. HE USED TO BOX, DID I EVER TELL YOU THAT? HE'S GRUFF, AND DOESN'T CARE TO SPEAK HIS MIND. HE USED TO HAVE A TENDENCY TO GET PHYSICAL, BUT NOT ANYMORE.

HE'S BECOME MORE MELLOW AS HE'S GROWN OLDER.

HE USED TO HIT YOU?

WELL---YES.

UH OH, KEITH, I KNOW THAT LOOK IN YOUR EYES. YOU'RE READING BETWEEN THE LINES. I WASN'T AN ABUSED CHILD!

I SUPPOSE I DESERVED WHAT I GOT. AND HE NEVER STRUCK ME UNLESS I MADE HIM ANGRY.

BUT---

BUT NOTHING! HOW DO YOU JUSTIFY PUNCHING SOMEONE OUT WHEN YOU'RE WEARING THAT BIG "O" ON YOUR CHEST?
USUALLY IT'S HIM OR ME!

USUALLY, BUT NOT ALWAYS.
GIVE DAD A CHANCE. I THINK
YOU'LL LIKE HIM, AND HE SHOULD
LIKE YOU.

HE RESPECTS SOMEONE
WITH STRENGTH. JUST DON'T SHOW OFF
YOUR MAGNETIC POWERS WHILE YOU'RE
THERE. HE'LL GET SUSPICIOUS.

-- SO I WENT, BUT I WENT RELUC-
TANTLY. IT WAS A PLEASANT DRIVE FROM MY
APARTMENT TO NEW YORK CITY, AND THE TIME
WENT QUICKLY.

-- KATHY'S PARENTS LIVED
IN A LARGE HOUSE IN A QUIET SEC-
TION OF TOWN.

I WAS BEGINNING TO FEEL I REALLY KNEW HER
PARENTS. I LIKED THEM, AND I FELT ASHAMED
OF MY UNEASINESS IN MEETING THEM, UNTIL-

WE SPENT AN HOUR IN IDLE TALK, TRYING TO GET TO
KNOW EACH OTHER BETTER. KATHY'S MOM SERVED
DINNER, AND AFTERWARDS WE SAT DOWN TO TALK
SOME MORE.

WHAT DO YOU DO FOR A
LIVING, KEITH?

WELL, I USED TO BE
A COMPUTER PROGRAMMER.

OH, COME ON! GET UP
ON YOUR FEET AND LET'S GO.
MY MOM USED TO COOK IN A FRENCH
RESTAURANT IN N.Y.C., SO SHE SHOULD HAVE
A FANTASTIC DINNER READY.

MOM, DAD, THIS IS
KEITH STEVENS.

I'M PLEASED TO MEET
YOU, KEITH.

HOW ARE YOU,
MR. ADAMS?

AS WELL AS CAN BE
EXPECTED.
DO YOU SAY YOU USED TO BE A COMPUTER PROGRAMMER? WHAT DO YOU DO NOW?

I DO EXPERIMENTAL WORK IN MAGNETICS AND ATOMIC POWER. I DO OCCASIONAL WORK WITH THE NUCLEAR REACTOR IN THE PLANT UPSTATE.

I DON'T SEE WHY YOU'D HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THOSE DAMNED PLACES, AS DANGEROUS AS THEY ARE!

THEY'RE NOT AS DANGEROUS AS YOU MIGHT THINK, MR. ADAMS.

THEN WHAT ABOUT THREE MILE ISLAND?

-- MY GOD, WHY DID HE HAVE TO BRING THAT UP?

THREE MILE ISLAND WAS A FREAK ACCIDENT!

THAT FREAK ACCIDENT COULD HAVE KILLED THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE!

BUT IT DIDN'T! IT WAS CORRECTED IN TIME! DO YOU DRIVE A CAR?

WHY DON'T YOU COMPLAIN TO THE CAR COMPANIES FOR MAKING POTENTIALLY DANGEROUS MACHINES? MORE PEOPLE WERE KILLED IN CAR ACCIDENTS LAST YEAR THAN WERE EVER KILLED IN NUCLEAR ACCIDENTS!

YES, BUT WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH ANYTHING?

NUCLEAR POWER IS THE SAFEST, CLEANEST FORM OF ENERGY YET DISCOVERED BY MAN!
I don't care what you say, I think it's dangerous! Nuclear power should be banned! Anyone having anything to do with it should be thrown in prison!

---VICTOR---

Be quiet, Kathleen! I thought that Keith was a nice man when I first saw him, but now I don't think---

Dad, you don't know what you're saying!

Like hell I don't! And why are you hanging around with him when I've tried so hard to teach you that this---This nuclear power is deadly?

Dad, you can't tell me what to do! I love Keith, and I'm going to---

You're going to what? Who are you trying to side with, some stranger off the streets or your parents?

He's no stranger to me! And if I want to see him---I will!

Kathy, I haven't done this in quite a while, but now I think you deserve it!

No she doesn't.

Wha--?
WHO ASKED YOU TO INTERFERE, DAMN YOU? GET OUT OF MY WAY!!

SWIFTLY, KEITH CATCHES ADAMS’ FIST IN HIS FREE HAND. THE TWO STAND DEADLOCKED FOR LONG MOMENTS. VICTOR ADAMS SHUDDERS, BUT HIS STRENGTH CANNOT BREAK KEITH’S GRIP.

WHEN ADAMS RELAXES, KEITH RELEASES HIS GRIP, BUT REMAINS TENSED, READY FOR A RENEWED ATTACK. WHEN VICTOR ADAMS SPEAKS AGAIN, IT IS IN SLOW, CONTROLLED TONE S.

KEITH, YOU’RE A STRONG MAN, AND APPARENTLY YOU DON’T CARE TO SHOW IT. I ADMIRE THAT IN A MAN ----

WHAT COULD I SAY? I HAD INTERFERED IN A FAMILY MATTER, SOMETHING WHICH I SHOULD NEVER HAVE DONE. KATHY WASN’T ANGRY, SHE SAID SHE THOUGHT HER FATHER DESERVED WHAT I DID TO HIM, BUT I CAN’T HELP BUT THINK I’VE MADE AN ENEMY FOR LIFE!

BOTH OF YOU GET OUT OF MY HOUSE. I HAVE SOMETHING TO THINK OVER. KATHY, I’LL CALL YOU NEXT WEEK.

HELP! MY GOD, HELP!

WITH SUPER-POWERED SWIFTNESS, OMNIMAN MOVES THROUGH THE BURNING BUILDING ----

WHAT?

WAKE UP, STEVENS! YOU’VE STILL GOT WORK TO DO!
--Helping those in need. Rescuing those incapable of saving themselves. Risking his life as a hero would.

This is the top floor. I saw the fire department evacuate a lot of people, but I'd better make a quick check and get out of here before I suffocate.

Hello? Hello, is someone out there? Help us, please!

Hello? Hello, is someone out there? Help us, please!

Someone is in there! Stand away from the door. I'm coming in!

My God, they're just kids!

We're okay, but my sister, Kof! She's passed out from the gas. Smoke. Mister, I'm scared!
I know, my friend. I am too. But I'll get you out of here.

--- I don't know why they didn't hear us yelling. The smoke started coming under the door, and my sister panicked and tried to open the door. She started coughing and fell down here. She hasn't moved since!

Mister, I think she's dying.

Keep her right there! I'm going to make a hole in the roof! It'll make it easier for you to breathe!

--- He emerges unhurt and as he lands on another portion of the roof, he sees smoke begin to pour out of the hole!

I'll be back for you! The hole I'm going to make will make it easier for me to get you out!

--- Their sister should come out first! See? Aaaahh!!!
WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT? I'VE BEEN CUT -- I CAN FEEL THE BLEEDING!

WHO COULD HAVE --

--LINNFF!--
WHO IS THIS GUY?

--AND WHAT'S HE DOING UP HERE ON THE ROOF?--

WHO ARE YOU? WHY DID YOU ATTACK ME?

I AM THE PANTHER! I KNOW YOU -- BUT I DON'T KNOW YOU! I FORGET!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! SKYLARK AND I Fought THE PANTHER JUST A WHILE BACK--

--WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, PANTHER?

--WHO ARE YOU? FIRE! FIRE!
Doing? Live here, or used to, till—fire, my god, fire—thought putting on costume would help, but now I can't go down or I'll be caught by the police—fire!

Who are you?

He's out of his mind with fear of the fire!

I'm Omniman, Panther! Remember me?

Remember Omniman? Fire!—you put me in stinking prison, where I couldn't run with my animal brothers!

Fire, must flee fire! It will kill—

I remember you Omniman!—kill you Omniman!

Captain! What's going on up there?
I can't tell, Simmons. It looks like that costumed guy that was helping out with the rescue--

--He's fighting another costumed guy!

They'd better get done quick!

The flames have already reached the top floor! The rest of the building is only going to last a few more minutes!

Captain!

Someone reports four kids still trapped on the top floor!

Captain, we won't be able to--

Four... oh, my God!!

I know, Simmons--
"MY GOD, I KNOW!"

WHERE'S THE MAN IN THE COSTUME? HE SAID HE'D BE BACK TO HELP US.

---WHERE ARE YOU, MISTER?---

---"WHERE ARE YOU?"---

PANTHER'S STRONG, AND HIS FEAR HAS MADE HIM JUST THAT MUCH STRONGER!

SIS! SIS, YOU'VE GOT TO WAKE UP! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE---

WHAM!

PANTHER ISN'T GOING TO LET ME BACK INSIDE THE BUILDING!

I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF HIM QUICK!

THE FIRE HAS SPREAD TO THE TOP FLOOR ALREADY!

I HATE TO DO THIS, PANTHER. IF I GET THEM OUT IN TIME, I'LL BE BACK AFTER YOU!
-- THE BLOW DIDN'T HAVE ANY EFFECT ON HIM! HE'S ON HIS FEET --
GGGNNNG!

-- Omniman -- Fire! Got to get away, can't or get caught by police, fire, death what can I do?

-- He's out of his mind!

-- Mister, help us! There's fire coming under the door!
The heat -- it's starting to hurt!

-- But I can't do anything now, I've got to --

-- My god!! They're going to die if I don't get down there!
PANTHER, YOU CAN FEND FOR YOURSELF, I'VE GOT TO SAVE SOME KIDS!

OmniMan's good intentions are cut short by the renewed attack of the Panther! The Panther's momentum carries both men away from the hole!

FROM DOWN BELOW, COMES A LOUD CRASH AND THE SCREAMS OF THREE YOUNG SOULS, TORmented by fire! OmniMan has never heard a sound to compare to the sound of the dying children! It is a sound that will haunt him until the day he dies! ---

GOOD GOD, NO!!

--- NO ---

... OH, NO...

PANTHER, YOU'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE! THE ROOF IS GOING TO ---

OMNIMAN-- KILL!
OMNIMAN, SHUT UP! I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING! FIRE! -- FLEE! --

THE PANTHER SRIEKS ONCE -- A LONG CAT-LIKE WAIL THAT PIERCES TO THE DEPTHS OF OMNIMAN'S MIND!

BLINDLY, OMNIMAN RISES FROM THE ROOF AND GLIDES AWAY, NOT KNOWING WHERE HE IS GOING.

-- HE LANDS IN THE SUBURBS IN A QUIET GROVE OF TREES --
-- NO ONE CAN SEE HIM. NO ONE CAN HEAR HIM ----
EVEN IF THEY DID, THEY WOULD NOT FEEL DISDAIN
FOR OMNIMAN. EVEN HEROES CAN FEEL ---- GRIEF!

EVEN IF THEY DID, THEY WOULD NOT FEEL DISDAIN
FOR OMNIMAN. EVEN HEROES CAN FEEL ---- GRIEF!

EVERYONE FACES PROBLEMS IN THEIR LIVES, RARELY DO THEY HAVE TO DO WITH LIFE OR
DEATH SITUATIONS ----

A HERO MUST DEAL WITH THESE SITUATIONS
CONTINUOUSLY, DAY AFTER DAY, NIGHT AFTER
NIGHT ----

--- A HERO IS MORE EQUIPPED TO DEAL WITH
THE RESULTS OF THESE SITUATIONS THAN
ANYONE ELSE, HIS ROUGH, HARD EXTERIOR
HIDES A QUESTION FROM VIEW, A QUESTION
AS HAUNTING AS THE SCREAMS OF THE DYING!
---HOW DOES A HERO CONFRONT---

--His own soul?

LATE AFTERNOON APARTMENT FIRE CLAIMS LIFE OF FOUR CHILDREN AND ONE UNIDENTIFIED ADULT MALE!

DISTRICT FIRE CHIEF AND LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICIALS SUSPECT ARSON

$1.49
THE ODD ORIGIN OF RAGE

BITTER AND TWISTED

The frenzy was growing, he had looked for a crime all evening. He had found none. No pushers to beat, no street-punks to be smashed. No scum who deserved to be hurt... and hurt some more...

EDITED AND CO-CREATED BY MATT BUCHER. STORY + PENCILS BY ROB McCOLLUM. INKED BY BILL ANDERSON.
Then, his hackles rise. He hears the growling...

Rage drops from the burnt-out shell of a ghetto house. He will stalk the sound—

That primal sound strikes a responsive chord in him.

And maybe hurt it.

Elsewhere that night, at the modest apartment of Sarah and Richard Davidson—

Look, honey, I know you’re depressed and I know it’s about Richard. Something’s wrong with him, I can tell. I don’t know anything about him. Nobody does! You went and married this stranger, and look how unhappy you are! I... sometimes think he’s not... rational. Why don’t you tell me about you and him? What’s Richard’s problem?

Tell me, Sarah... you can trust me.

So you want to know? You really do?

You’ll regret it, momma.
"I met him while I was a lab assistant at school. He was my supervisor. I worked on his research."

"It was strange."

"He studied anger."

"And he was well-qualified. He was a full doctor in medicine and psychology as well as biochemistry and pharmacology. He was a very respected and important man."

"He wanted to find out the exact part of the brain that controls anger. I mean, to the exact micron! And when he found it, he wanted to control it."

"He wanted to use it in prisons and hospitals. Think of how this could help criminals or the insane!"

"He needed me. He was driven."

"It was not too long before I discovered—"

"That I cared for him."

"He had exhausted all known science."

"He studied the Viking berserkers."

"He needed to know: what made men mad?"

"So he sought the unknown."

"He investigated mystics, fakirs, exotic rituals and strange, even spooky things."

"He took outlandish drugs and potions never heard of."

"He investigated mystics, fakirs, exotic rituals and strange, even spooky things."
Today: Rage is drawn, at last, to his prey, something bad... Evil, deserving by its crimes of his anger.

A dog?

Yesterday: "The longer he studied and researched, the more far-out Richard got. He started getting... metaphysical. Cosmic. He wanted to get into a state of essential anger. A primal scream, sort of."

He would use hypnosis on himself; he spent hours in an isolation tank. Then he experimented with LSD, PCP, MDA, STP, and cocaine. In secret. If the medical school administration had ever found out—! But... I helped him. I'd taken some of the drugs too. Was I crazy? I don't know, momma."
AT LAST HE CAME TO HIS CLIMATIC EXPERIMENT. HE FIRST PUT HIMSELF DEEP WITHIN A KIND OF SELF-HYPNOTIC TRANCE. THEN I STRAPPED HIM IN HIS CHAIR, ALL PLUGGED UP WITH ELECTRODES AND SENSORS. THE INJECTIONS OF SECRET DRUGS—EVEN I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THEY WERE!—THEN FOLLOWED, WITH A MOAN, HE OPENED HIS EYES AND STARED AT THE SCREENS. SO I WENT UP TO OUR CONTROL ROOM AND STARTED THE TAPES.

"I WENT UPSTAIRS TO THE OBSERVATION BOOTH/CONTROL ROOM AND STARTED THE TAPES."

"THEM PLAYED FOR 4,7532 MINUTES."

"THEN HE SCREAMED!"

"AND EVERYTHING BLEW UP!"

"THEY WERE TAPES OF ALL SORTS OF HORROR: MURDER, RAPE, CRIME, ALL KINDS OF OUTRAGES WHICH WOULD PROVOKE ANGER IN ANY MAN! RICHARD WAS GOING TO COMMUNE WITH THE INTER-HUMAN RACIAL OVER-MIND! THEN HE WOULD TAP INTO THE COLLECTIVE ANGER OF EVERY PERSON WHO EVER LIVED; HE WAS CRAZY. I LOVED HIM!"

KA-BLAM!
—AND THE EXPLOSION AND THE VIOLENCE ON GOD THE ANGER AS HE EXPANDED IN THE FROTH OF THE MULTITUDE OF HUMANITIES ENDLESS HEAT AND PASSION TO RIP OUT AND TEAR ACROSS A VOID WHICH COULD BE WITH NO IMAGINATION AT ALL THE FACE OF ANY AND ALL THE SINNERS AND SWINE AND SCUM WHICH ARE ALWAYS THERE TO BE SMASHED AND FORCED TO DINE ON THE ENTRAILS AND VOMIT OF INDIGNITIES THAT THEY'VE NEVER STOPPED SPREADING WITH A TROWEL AS THEY LAUGH, LAUGH, LAUGH, LAUGH—
“I rushed down to the laboratory as fast as I could! And coming out of the smoke and debris, I saw him. He was muttering under his breath in a husky animal voice about all sorts of strange things... like how all mankind could do was to stand up and fight against all the things that made humanity soft and weak... and how I knew the heart of millions of mothers of dead song—and knew our races sick, frustrated, and angry hate. He’d become bigger, more massive, yet more graceful and, above all, feral! He was the collective racial anger of mankind! He was indeed the angriest man alive! *Rage!* The experiments and secret drugs had taken their toll, and what drugs they were— I later learned, for example that the main ingredient in the last injection I gave him was from the brain of a rabid dog.”

Creeps, slabs, fools, idiots, morons, cretins, assholes...
Rage stopped short, quivering... He closed his eyes... and then his mouth foamed.

In his mind, in his anger, he reached out—and somehow, became one with the passion of this foul dog...

He knew all of the dog's pain, and hunger... he knew of its solitude, its frustration. He knew all about the little ghetto girl who had laughingly reached over to pet it... and how the dog ate her hand. He knew every person the cur had ever bit. Every cat it had killed, every rat it had devoured. He knew who it hated, and he knew who hated it. He knew!

Then, with a scream—

In the past—

Rage attacked!
I know...you more than you could ever think. I know...somehow...every foul thing you've done in your life...Sarah.

Every betrayal, no matter how minor, every lie, every hate, every hurt you have ever inflicted, Sarah.

And it makes me mad!

For a second there I really thought he'd kill me. If he was as strong then as he is today, he probably would have. But he was strung out by the drugs and the explosion.

So he collapsed at my feet.

"The university wanted to know why their multi-million dollar biochemistry lab blew up. Of course, I never told them about Richard's change, or attack, or subsequent return to his normal (damn) self. We lied as best we could but investigators found several kinds of illegal drugs in the ruins. At the hearings, Richard lost his certificate to practice, and the medical school threw him out. He was lucky not to go to jail. And so was I, Momma."
TODAY—

**GOD! HOW CAN YOU STAND TO LIVE WITH HIM, SARAH?**

HE'S LIKE AN ANIMAL.

I... I NEED... YOU... SARAH... I...

I... I KILLED IT.

**I REALLY DO THINK—**

**HUT? THE DOOR?**

**DAMN IT—** DESPITE WHAT YOU THINK, MOMMA, HE'S NOT AN ANIMAL.

I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE REALLY IS. I WISH I DID.

BUT HE NEEDS MY HELP.

AND I LOVE HIM.

ALL THROUGH THE LONG NIGHT, SARAH DAVIDSON SEEMS TO HEAR SOME KIND OF ANIMAL... OUTSIDE... FAR AWAY... BUT HOWLING... IN RAGE.

_R-KMcGl/Nov 5 23 81_

_Bill Anderson 7/1/81_