

CTHULHU

TALES OMNIBUS MADNESS

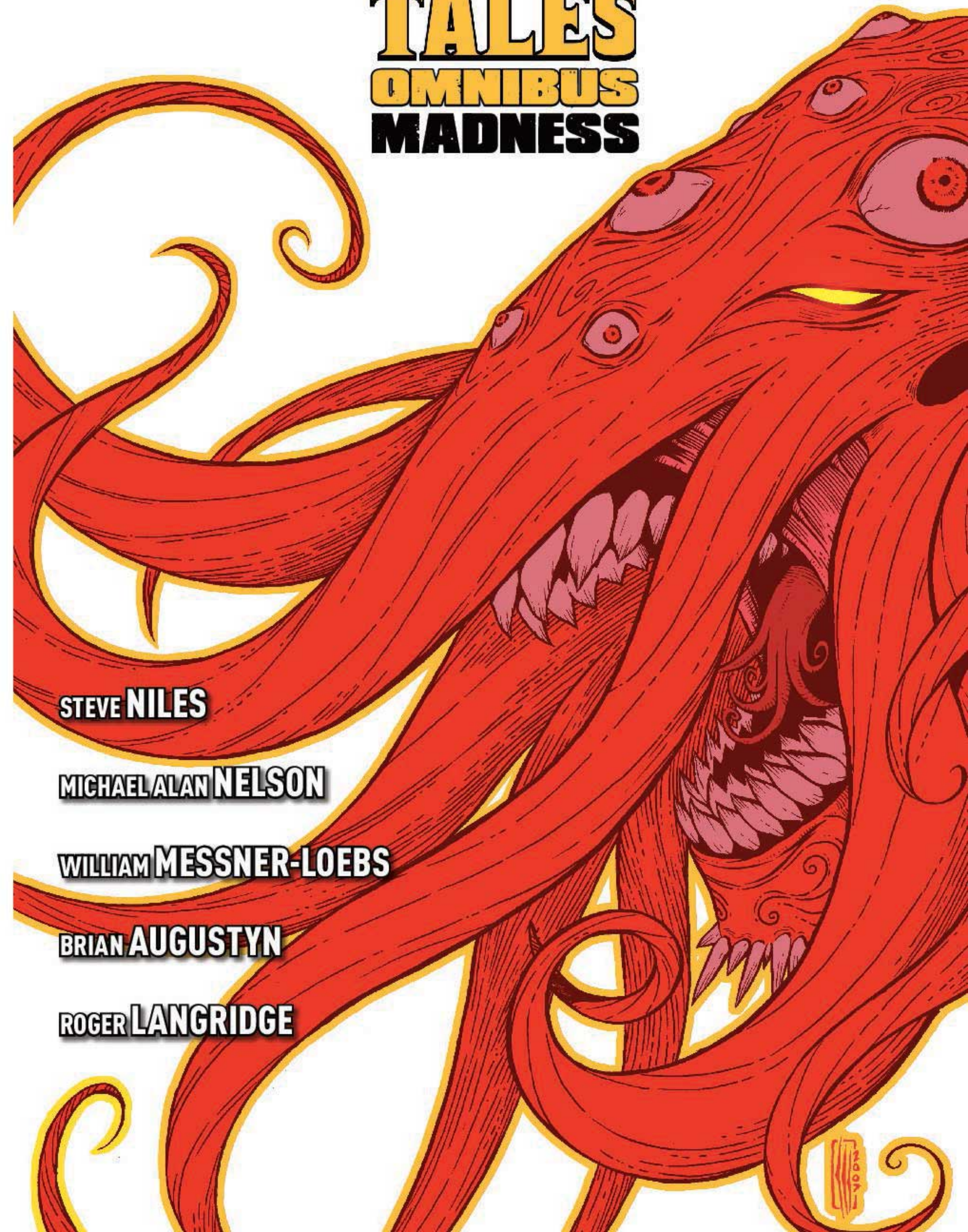
STEVE NILES

MICHAEL ALAN NELSON

WILLIAM MESSNER-LOEBS

BRIAN AUGUSTYN

ROGER LANGRIDGE





CTHULHU

**TALES
OMNIBUS
MADNESS**





ULTIMATE

TALES

OMNIBUS

MADNESS

THE DOORMAN

STORY: **MICHAEL ALAN NELSON**

ART: **MATEUS SANTOLOUCO**

LETTERS: **MARSHALL DILLON**

1

CTHULHU HOUSE

STORY: **WILLIAM MESSNER-LOEBS**

ART: **DREW RAUSCH**

COLORS: **DREW BERRY**

LETTERS: **MARSHALL DILLON**

13

A STRANGER COMES TO NIGHT HILL

STORY: **JOHN R. FULTZ**

ART: **MARK DOS SANTOS**

COLORS: **ANDREW DALHOUSE**

LETTERS: **MARSHALL DILLON**

19

ONE OF THOSE DAYS

STORY: **GLEN CADIGAN**

ART: **CHEE**

COLORS: **RENATO FACCINI**

LETTERS: **MARSHALL DILLON**

27

EMPIRE OF ANTS

STORY: **BRIAN AUGUSTYN**

ART: **MILTON SOBREIRO**

COLORS & LETTERS **FELIPE SOBREIRO**

33

THE ELITE

STORY: **CHRISTINE BOYLAN**

ART: **AXEL MEDELLIN MACHAIN**

COLORS: **ANDREW DALHOUSE**

LETTERS: **MARSHALL DILLON**

45

THEATER OF THE EMPTY EYE

57

STORY: **MATTHEW MCLEAN**

ART: **DREW RAUSCH**

COLORS: **DREW BERRY**

LETTERS: **MARSHALL DILLON**

THE ZOO

65

STORY: **RAVEN GREGORY**

ART: **SERGIO CARRERA**

COLORS: **DREW BERRY**

LETTERS: **MARSHALL DILLON**

IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOMETHING YOU ATE

73

STORY: **SAM COSTELLO**

ART: **AXEL MEDELLIN MACHAIN**

COLORS: **DIGIKORE STUDIOS**

LETTERS: **MARSHALL DILLON**

FACE OF THE COMPETITION

81

STORY: **ROBERT TINNELL**

ART: **MILTON SOBREIRO**

COLOR & LETTERS: **FELIPE SOBREIRO**

COMEBACK TOUR

89

STORY: **JEFF LESTER**

ART: **CHEE**

LETTERS: **MARSHALL DILLON**

V

RITE TO LIFE

99

STORY: **MARK RAHNER**

ART: **UNAI**

COLORS: **DIGIKORE STUDIOS**

LETTERS: **MARSHALL DILLON**

WHERE AM I?

105

STORY: **MICHAEL ALAN NELSON**

ART: **ARITZ EIGUREN**

COLORS: **DIGIKORE STUDIOS**

LETTERS: **MARSHALL DILLON**

INCORPORATION

117

STORY: **CHRISTOPHER SEQUEIRA**

ART: **W. CHEWIE CHAN**

COLORS: **DIGIKORE STUDIOS**

LETTERS: **MARSHALL DILLON**

THE INVENTION

125

STORY: **CHRISTINE BOYLAN**

ART: **MILTON SOBREIRO**

COLORS & LETTERS: **FELIPE SOBREIRO**

CHOCOLATE SAMPLER COPYWRITER

134

STORY: **LUKE BURNS**

ART: **ROGER LANGRIDGE**

ARKHAM: SVU

137

STORY: **WILLIAM MESSNER-LOEBS**

ART: **ANDREW RITCHIE**

LETTERS: **MARSHALL DILLON**

A WHISTLE FOR THE DEEP

147

STORY: **SHANE OAKLEY**

ART: **DAVID HITCHCOCK**

LETTERS: **MARSHALL DILLON**

SEED OF CTHULHU

157

STORY: **CHRISTOPHER E. LONG**

ART: **ANDY BENNETT**

COLORS: **S. STEVEN STRUBLE**

LETTERS: **TERRI DELGADO & MARSHALL DILLON**

I HEAR THE CALL

165

STORY: **JAMES ANTHONY KUHORIC**

ART: **JEAN DZIALOWSKI**

COLORS: **SUNDER RAJ**

LETTERS: **TERRI DELGADO & MARSHALL DILLON**

WHAT LIES BENEATH

173

STORY: **JAMES ANTHONY KUHORIC**

ART: **DAN PARSONS**

COLORS: **MALAKA STUDIO**

LETTERS: **MARSHALL DILLON & TERRI DELGADO**

THERE WILL BE BLOOD

181

STORY: **MARK SABLE**

ART: **SERGIO CARRERA**

COLORS: **ANDREW DALHOUSE**

LETTERS: **MARSHALL DILLON**

THE EYES OF MADNESS

191

STORY: **STEVE NILES**

ART: **CHEE**

COLORS: **WHITE RABBIT**

LETTERS: **MARSHALL DILLON**

BOOM!

OMNIBUS MADNESS



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TALES

COVER: **MATEUS SANTOLOUCO**

ORIGINAL SERIES EDITORS: **ROSS RICHIE**
MARK WAID
MATT GAGNON
IAN BRILL
ED DUKESHIRE
MARSHALL DILLON

ASSISTANT EDITOR, COLLECTION: **ADAM STAFFARONI**

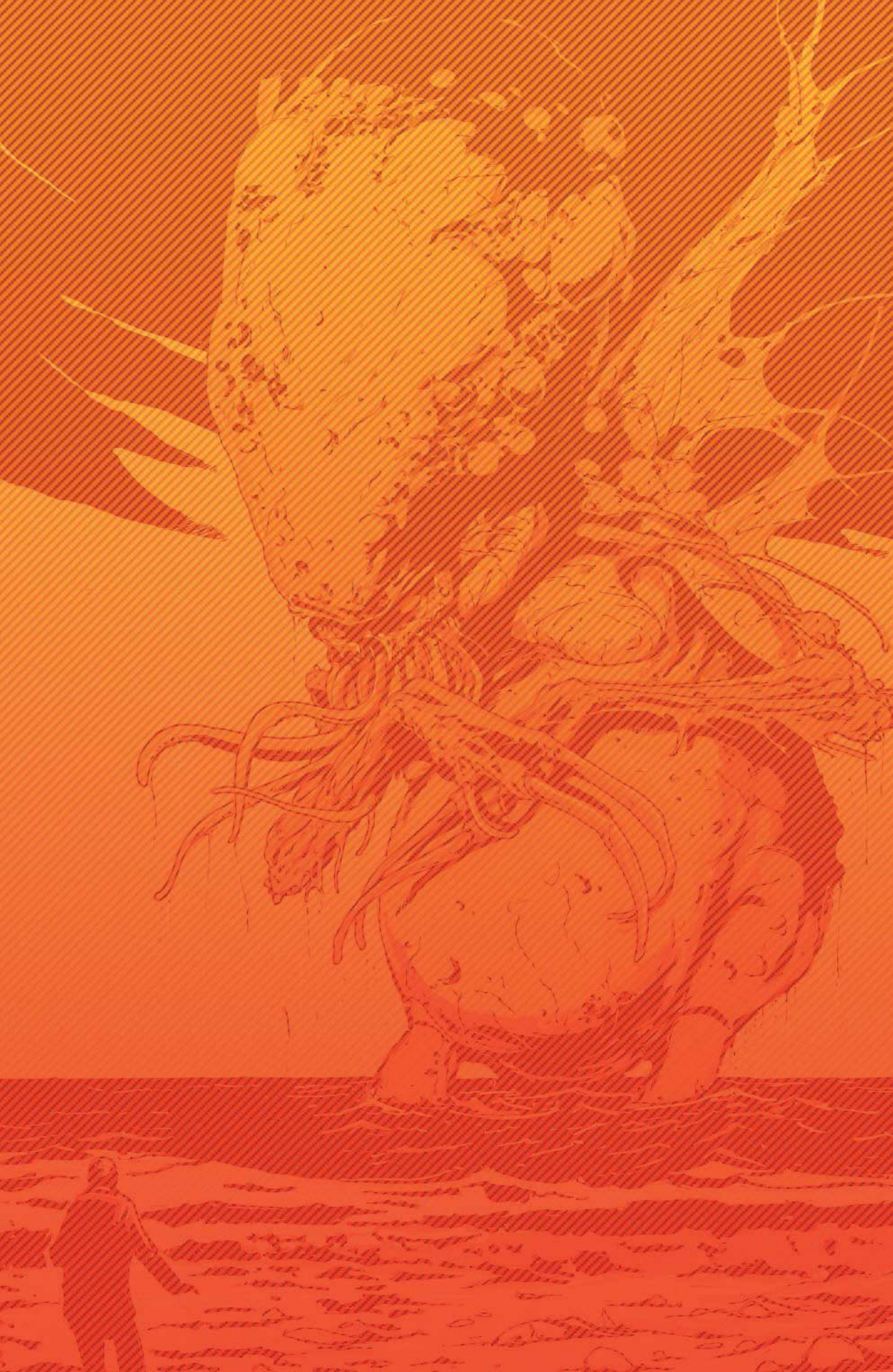
TRADE DESIGN: **DANIELLE KELLER**

Prima

WALL

TALES

**OMNIBUS
MADNESS**





IT'S THE
THIRD HOUSE
ON THE
LEFT.

ARE YOU
SURE?

YEAH, THAT'S
IT. DEFINITELY.



WHERE
IS IT,
TOBY?

UPSTAIRS
BEDROOM,
SOUTH
WALL.

ALL RIGHT.
LET'S HOPE
WE'RE NOT
TOO LATE.

WHAM







OH GOD,
DID I GET THE
WRONG HOUSE? IT'S
SUPPOSED TO BE
ON THE SOUTH
WALL!

IT IS.



IS THAT
POSSIBLE?

IT'S RARE,
BUT YES. A DOOR
IS A DOOR.

GET
READY.



IT'S LOCKED!
STRANGERS
CAME AND...

ALICE IS IN
THERE!

MOVE
BACK!



KA-
KLACK



OH NO.
VIC! THERE'S
A GIRL UNDER
THE BED!



WHAT? COVER
HER EYES!
HURRY!

WE HAVE
TO GET HER
OUT OF
HERE!

THERE'S
NO TIME!

THE DOOR IS
OPENING.

THREE WEEKS
LATER...

RICK!
HOW NICE TO
MEET YOU.

MR. JONES,
IT'S A
PLEASURE.

PLEASE,
CALL ME BORIS.
MAY I OFFER
YOU A DRINK?

NO,
THANK YOU,
SIR.

RICK, DO YOU
KNOW WHY I
ASKED YOU HERE
TODAY?

WELL, NOT
TO PUT THE CART
BEFORE THE HORSE,
BUT I ASSUME IT'S
TO OFFER ME
A JOB.

ONLY,
I HAVE NO
IDEA WHAT THE
JOB IS.

I APOLOGIZE
FOR KEEPING THINGS
VAGUE, BUT IT'S
NECESSARY WHILE
WE WEED OUT THE
UNDESIRABLES.

THE FAMILY OF A
BOYHOOD FRIEND OF
MINE RAISED DRAFT
HORSES. THEY WERE
MASSIVE, BEAUTIFUL
ANIMALS.

BUT BEFORE HIS
PARENTS WOULD EVER
LET MY FRIEND COME
OUT TO PLAY, HE HAD
TO FINISH HIS CHORES.
SO, I WOULD HELP
HIM.

ONE OF THOSE
CHORES WAS CALLING
THE HORSES IN FROM
THE FIELDS AND INTO
THE BARN.

BUT THE
HORSES WERE
A FICKLE BUNCH.
THEY WOULD ONLY
GO INTO THE BARN
IF THE FRONT BARN
DOOR WAS
OPEN.



THE PROBLEM, HOWEVER, WAS THAT THE HORSES LIKE TO JUST WALK OUT OF THE BARN AND OFF THE FARM.

SO IT WAS MY JOB TO STAND IN THE OPEN DOORWAY AS A DETERRENT.

I'M SORRY, YOU WANT TO HIRE ME...TO STAND IN A DOORWAY...TO KEEP HORSES FROM LEAVING THE BARN?

NO.



THAT'S MY JOB.



RICK MASTIFF, THIS IS VICTOR GANTZ. OUR DOORMAN.

YOU'VE GOT SOME PRETTY BIG SHOES TO FILL, RICK. I HOPE YOU'RE READY.



TOBY O'KEAFE, THE MAN YOU'RE REPLACING, WAS SHOT AND KILLED IN THE LINE OF DUTY A FEW WEEKS AGO. WE WERE ALL VERY FOND OF HIM.

I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT.

BUT, I STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE HIRING ME TO DO.



LIKE VICTOR SAID. IT'S HIS JOB TO STAND IN THE BARN DOORS.

JUST NEED YOU TO FIND THEM.





FIGURE IT OUT YET?



NO. I JUST DON'T GET IT. THE ANSWER IS RIGHT HERE, BUT I JUST CAN'T FIND IT.

DO YOU KNOW WHY?

SIGHE NO, WHY?



IT'S BECAUSE YOU DON'T BELIEVE.



ALIEN GODS, DIMENSIONAL DOORWAYS, BEINGS THAT DRIVE YOU MAD JUST BY LOOKING AT THEM.

ALL OF THIS IS FANTASY TO YOU, AND YOU'RE HERE JUST FOR THE SEVEN-FIGURE SALARY.



TOBY,
THE GOOD MAN THAT
YOU REPLACED, WAS SHOT
AND KILLED BY A MAN
WHO THOUGHT HE WAS
GOING TO HURT HIS
DAUGHTER.

BUT HE
WAS SAVING HER.
FROM THESE
THINGS THAT ARE
VERY, **VERY**
REAL.

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT BORIS SAW
IN YOU WHEN HE
GAVE YOU THE
JOB.

WHAT
DO YOU WANT
ME TO SAY, VICTOR?
I'VE BEEN AT THIS FOR
MONTHS, AND I'VE
SEEN NOTHING TO
CONVINCE
ME.

I KNOW ALL THE FORMULAS,
ALL THE REFERENCES, ALL
THE HISTORY, AND I STILL
CAN'T FIND THESE
"DOORWAYS."

AND EVERY
TIME I LOOK
AT THIS DAMN
BOOK...

OH MY GOD.
I SEE IT. THAT'S
WHY I HAVEN'T BEEN
ABLE TO FIND THE
ANSWERS.

THE
BOOK KEEPS
CHANGING!

BUT...
THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE...
IT'S...

CONVINCED
NOW?



THAT'S THE ONLY COPY OF THE BOOK WE HAVE, SO TRY NOT TO GET--

...SICK ON IT.

IS THIS WHOLE PUKE-AFTER-A-GIG THING GOING TO BECOME A HABIT WITH YOU?

HRWWARFF



MY GOD...THE SOUNDS...

TOO BAD YOU CAN ONLY CLOSE YOUR EYES, HUH?



MAN, THIS IS EMBARRASSING.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. I DID MORE THAN PUKE MY FIRST TIME.

HOW DO YOU DO IT? THE SOUNDS ARE HORRIFYING ENOUGH, BUT TO STAND THERE AND LOOK AT THEM...

WHERE DID YOU LEARN TO DO THAT?

IT'S NOT SOMETHING YOU LEARN, RICK. I'M JUST ONE OF THE VERY FEW PEOPLE WHO CAN DO WHAT I DO AND NOT DIE OF FRIGHT.



THERE HAS TO BE SOME SKILL TO IT. I MEAN, YOU STAND IN THESE DOORWAYS AND SCARE OFF THINGS THAT WOULD DRIVE ANYONE ELSE INSANE.

IS THAT WHAT YOU THINK I DO?



I DON'T SCARE ANYTHING. THESE THINGS CAN'T BE SCARED.

I STAND IN THE DOORWAY SO THEY WON'T NOTICE THE HOLE BETWEEN DIMENSIONS AND COME THROUGH.



WAIT, YOU MEAN THAT IF SOMETHING WANTED TO COME THROUGH A DOORWAY, YOU WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO STOP IT?

HELL NO. IT'D BE LIKE AN ANT TRYING TO STOP A HURRICANE. THE SIZE OF SATURN.



SO, WE KEEP PLUGGING THE HOLES AND HOPE THEY DON'T GET CURIOUS.

GOT ANY RELISH?

AND IF THEY COME THROUGH?

HUMANITY SPIRALS INTO AN APOCALYPTIC NIGHTMARE OF MADNESS AND CHAOS.



KIND OF MAKES YOU WISH YOU'D BECOME A DENTIST, DOESN'T IT?

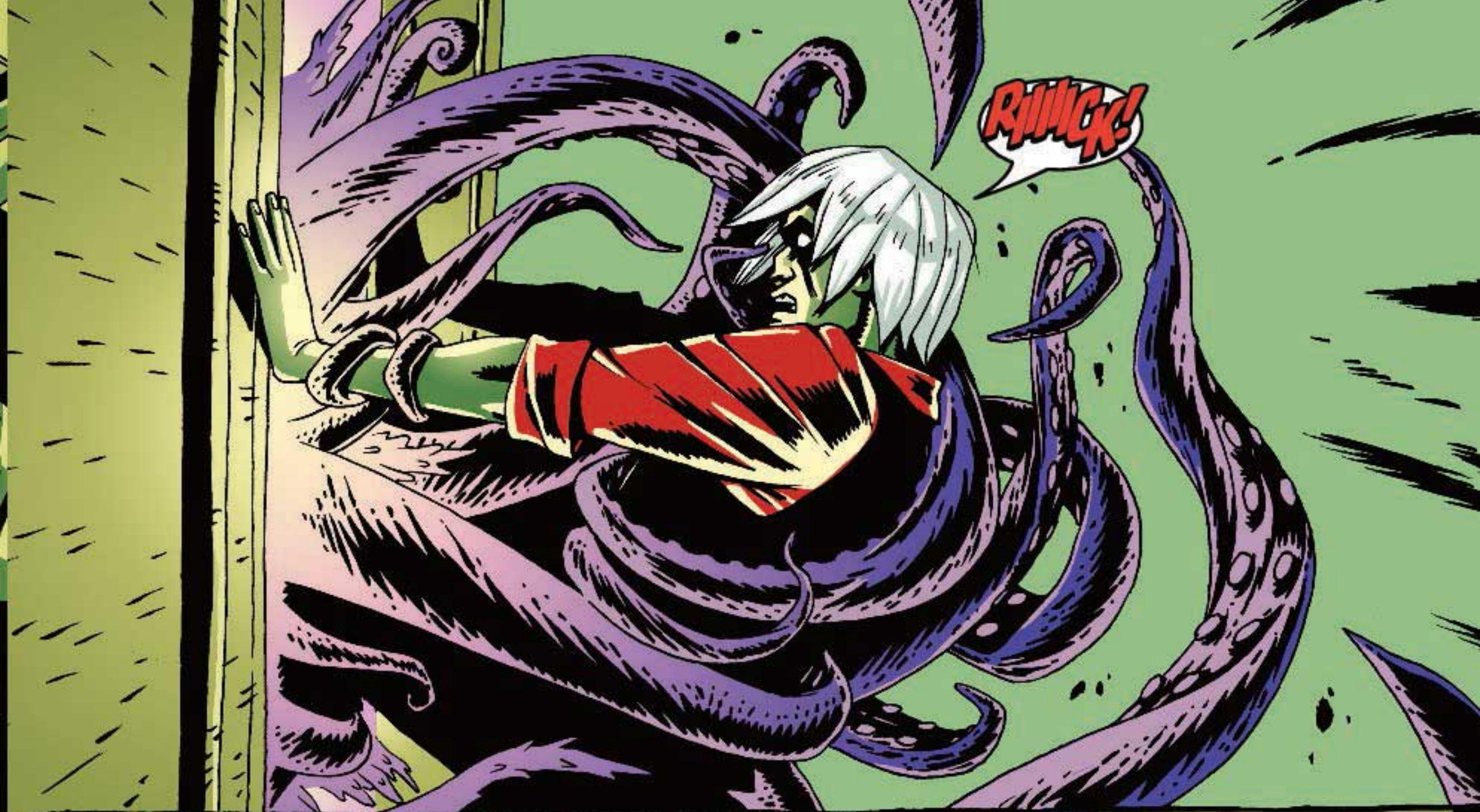
HEY, VIC,
HOW MANY
HOTELS DOES
THIS MAKE IN
THE PAST
YEAR?

SEVEN.
EIGHT, IF YOU
COUNT THE
HOURLY MOTEL
DOWN ON
FAIRFAX.

OH, I DON'T
WANT TO REMEMBER.
SOME OF THOSE
TENANTS WERE SCARIER
THAN YOUR DOORWAYS.

OKAY, GET READY.
THE DOOR'S
OPENING.







WHERE ARE THEY?

INSIDE.



VICTOR...
OH NO...



RICK?
IS THAT YOU?
BUT...WHERE'S
VICTOR?

HE'S GONE.
SOMETHING PULLED
HIM THROUGH.
I HAD TO...
...I STOOD
IN THE
DOORWAY.



AND YOU
SURVIVED!

YOU KNOW
WHAT THIS
MEANS?

YEAH...



I'M THE NEW
DOORMAN.

DOORMAN

WRITER:
MICHAEL ALAN NELSON

ARTIST:
MATEUS SANTOLOUCO

LETTERER:
MARSHALL DILLON

CTHULHU HOUSE

WILLIAM MESSNER-LOEBS—STORY

DREW RAUSCH—ART

DREW BERRY—COLORS

MARSHALL DILLON—LETTERS

FROM THE DAWN OF HISTORY, HUMANS HAVE WANTED POWER TO REACH THE SOURCE OF ALL KNOWLEDGE AT THE CORE OF CREATION.

FROM EVERY CORNER OF OUR NATION, CONTESTANTS HAVE COME TO LIVE TOGETHER, TO CONTACT THE ELDER GODS, AND FEEL BETTER ABOUT THEMSELVES.

THESE ARE THE PEOPLE OF CTHULHU HOUSE—STRIVERS, DREAMERS, IDEALISTS. THEY INCLUDE A PROFESSIONAL SNOWBOARDER, A STOCKBROKER AND SIX UNDERWEAR MODELS.

KELLY, FRANZ, CLEO, MICHAEL, JESSICA AND PAUL—TEAM SQUAMISH. STEVE, J.J., JESSICA, BRIAN, TODD AND DEVON—TEAM NYALATHOTEP.

THE FIRST WEEK, TEAM SQUAMISH SEEMED TO TAKE A STRATEGIC LEAD, USING THE PNAKOTIC MANUSCRIPTS TO CONTACT VARIOUS ELEMENTAL FORCES...

AS IT TURNED OUT, AN OFFICIAL ELIMINATION CEREMONY WASN'T NECESSARY THAT WEEK.

WHEN FRANZ,
CLEO AND JESSICA
BURNED TO DEATH, I
FELT, LIKE, RILLY,
RILLY SAD...

UNTIL
I REALIZED
OUR TEAM WAS
AHEAD.

THE SECOND WEEK, BOTH
TEAMS TOOK A TRIP TO
THE PICTURESQUE VILLAGE
OF INNSMOUTH.

THEY INTERVIEWED COLORFUL
LOCAL CHARACTERS...

VILLAGE OF
INNSMOUTH

..THEY ENGAGED IN DNA
TESTING AND COLLECTED
FAMILY HISTORIES ...

...AND, SADLY, TWO
OF THEM WERE EATEN
BY GIANT LEECHES.





SO WE WERE ALL REALLY BUMMED OUT.

PLUS, WE WERE REALLY PISSED AT BRIAN 'CAUSE HE WAS SPENDING ALL HIS TIME AT THE LIBRARY INSTEAD OF HELPING WITH THE CHORES!



HEY, GUYS! LOOKIT WHAT I FOUND! IN THE RESTRICTED SECTION OF THE MISKATONIC LIBRARY--



--THE NECRO-NOMICON!

WE CAN GET ELDER GODS TO LISTEN TO US AND WE DON'T GOTTA BE STRUCK BY LIGHTNING OR NOTHING!



SO HOW DO WE DO IT, BRIAN?

YEAH, 'CAUSE I JUST GOT MY HAIR DONE AND I DON'T WANT LEECHES IN IT!

OR BLOOD.

OR BLOOD, OR CATCH ON FIRE.



THAT'S THE GENIUS PART. ALL WE GOTTA DO IS CHANT ...

CTHULHU RIALLY



CTHULHU RIALLY...



AL... UGH



ULLK ...



Wow.





A STRANGER COMES TO
NIGHT HILL

John R. Fultz, story Mark Dos Santos, art
Andrew Dalhouse, colors Marshall Dillon, letters





THEY KNOW I'M
NOT ONE OF
THEM...



DO THEY KNOW
I'VE COME HERE
TO PUT AN END
TO THEIR
ABOMINATIONS?



DO THEY FEAR
ME? MAYBE THEY
WILL TRY TO
MURDER ME
TONIGHT.



I AM ALONE,
BUT I'M NOT
AFRAID.



THE DECREPIT LODGING
HOUSE SMELLS OF PISS,
BLOOD, AND SWEAT.

DON'T GET
MANY STRANGERS
'ROUND HERE.

NO SIR...
NOT MANY
AT ALL...



I SIT AMONG THE DUST
AND MOLD... QUIET...
ALERT... CALM.

WAITING FOR THE APPROACH
OF MIDNIGHT... AND THE
TOLLING OF AN IRON BELL.



NOW IS THE
TIME WHEN THEY
GATHER...



HERE IS THE TEMPLE WHERE
THEY HOLD THEIR UNHOLY
CEREMONIES... THEIR HOUSE
OF COMMUNAL DEPRAVITIES.



MY SKIN CRAWLS AS I
CROSS THE THRESHOLD.



WHAT HORRORS DO
THESE DECAYING
WALLS HIDE?

THE OLD MAN'S FACE IS HIDEOUS
IN THE CANDLELIGHT...HIS EYES
SWIM WITH TERRIBLE SECRETS.



WELCOME,
FRIEND. YOU COME
HERE TO LEARN
ABOUT THE *ONE*
ABOVE ALL.

THE
END OF THE WORLD
IS COMING SOON, FRIEND...
BUT YOU NEED NOT BE
AFRAID. GIVE YOURSELF
TO THE *BLOOD*, AND YOU
WILL BE *SPARED*...



HIS DISCIPLES STARE
AT ME WITH A
BOTTOMLESS HUNGER.

THEY WANT NOTHING
LESS THAN TO MAKE
ME ONE OF THEM.





LEAVE YOUR
WORLDLY SORROW
BEHIND, FOR ONLY
THE *BLOOD* CAN
SAVE YOU.

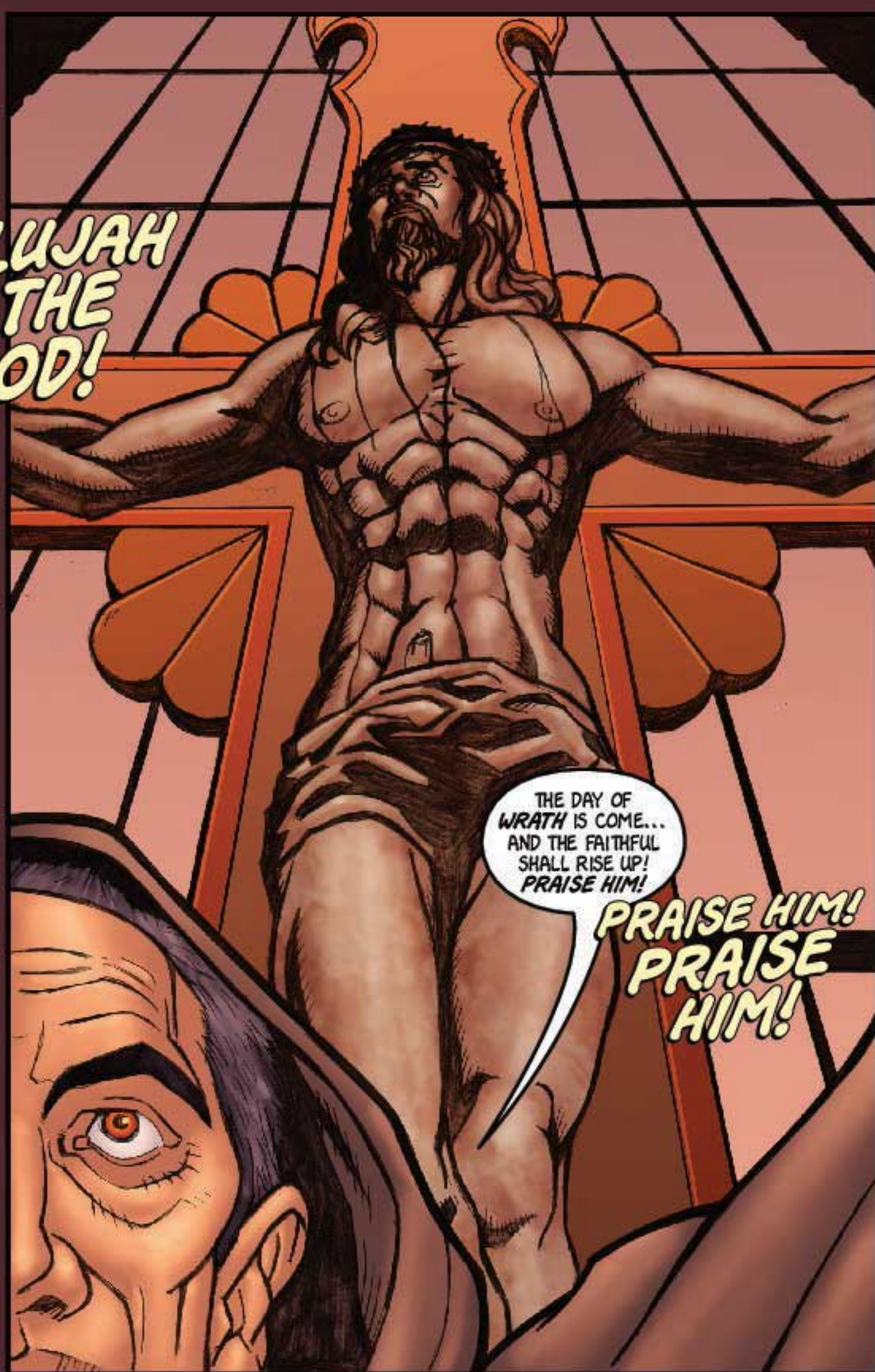
A
JOYOUS DAY
APPROACHES...
JOIN US IN
GLORY...



AND THE SEAS WILL TURN
CRIMSON, AND STORMS AND
PLAGUES WILL SCOUR THE
WICKED EARTH!

HALLELUJAH
FOR THE
BLOOD!

**HALLELUJAH
FOR THE
BLOOD!**



THE DAY OF
WRATH IS COME...
AND THE FAITHFUL
SHALL RISE UP!
PRAISE HIM!

**PRAISE HIM!
PRAISE
HIM!**






NOW THEIR BLASPHEMY
COMES TO AN END...



THEIR WEeping,
BLEEDING GOD CAST
DOWN FOREVER.



THERE IS ONLY THE ONE
TRUE FAITH. ALL
OTHERS MUST FALL
BEFORE THE FAITHFUL.

TONIGHT WE PREPARE
THE WORLD FOR THE
DREAMING LORD,
WHO DOES NOT WEEP
OR BLEED.

**IA, IA! CTHULHU
FHTAGN!**

YOU EVER HAVE ONE OF
THOSE DAYS WHERE IT
SEEMS LIKE EVERYTHING
GOES WRONG?

YOU TRY AND TRY, BUT
NO MATTER WHAT YOU
DO, THINGS JUST
DON'T WORK OUT?

I'M HAVING
ONE OF THOSE
DAYS TODAY.

ONE OF THOSE DAYS

GLEN CADIGAN - WRITER
CHEE - ARTIST
RENATO FACCINI - COLORIST
MARSHALL DILLON - LETTERER

IT STARTED
INNOCENTLY
ENOUGH, WITH
THE USUAL
PROBLEMS.

WHAT'S
WRONG NOW,
SAMANTHA?

I DON'T
KNOW. IT JUST
STOPPED
WORKING.

WHAT
DID YOU
DO?

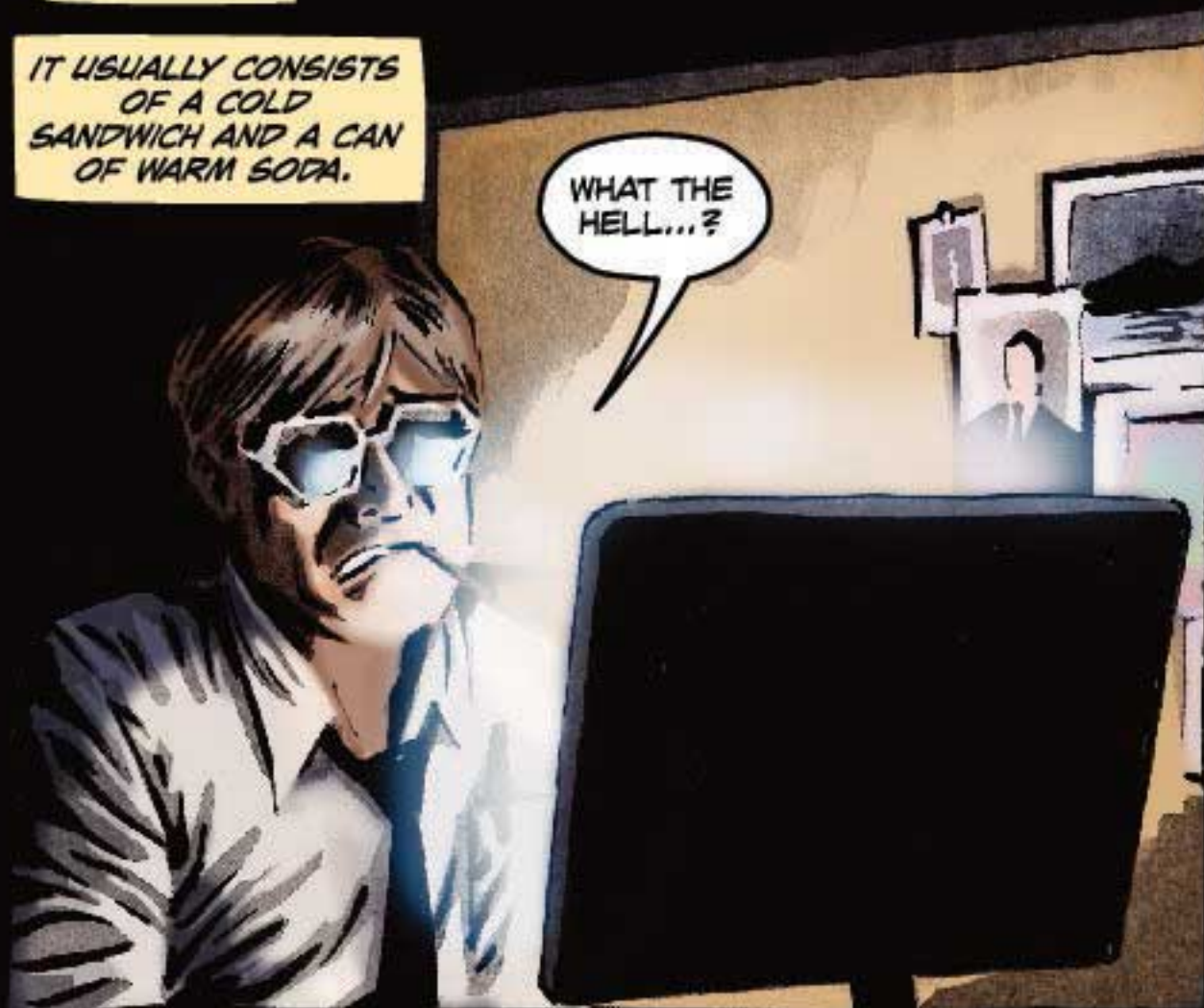


FACT:

LUNCH HOUR
IS A MYTH.

IT USUALLY CONSISTS
OF A COLD
SANDWICH AND A CAN
OF WARM SODA.

WHAT THE
HELL...?



Operating System Script Error



Script:
C: Users\SAMANTHA\AppData\Local\IXP00.TMP\run.dll
Line: 42
Char: 66
Error: Permission denied
Code: 80996660A6667
source: Microsoft Script runtime error

OK

FACT:

THINGS ARE
NEVER AS BAD
AS THEY SEEM.

THEY'RE
USUALLY
WORSE.

User name: *****
Password: *****
☐ Remember password

OK

Cancel

SO AFTER RECHECKING THE
FIREWALL AND LOGGING IN AT
A DIFFERENT WORKSTATION,
I FOUND THE PROBLEM:

WE HAD
A VIRUS.



IT TURNS OUT THAT
SAMANTHA'S NIECE
WAS MORE DEVIOUS
THAN I THOUGHT.

IT HAD FOUND ITS WAY
BACK TO THE SERVER,
AND NOW THE ENTIRE
NETWORK WAS INFECTED.



I USED MY CELLPHONE
TO MAKE A SECURE
CONNECTION WITH THE
OUTSIDE WORLD, AND
THE NEWS WASN'T GOOD.

THIS WAS A NEW ONE,
AND THAT MEANT THAT
I WAS ON MY OWN.



ALL I HAD
WAS ITS
NAME.

WHAT KIND
OF NAME IS
CTHULHU?



I TOOK THE USUAL PRECAUTIONS, BUT THEY WEREN'T ENOUGH.



BY THE END OF THE DAY, HALF THE NETWORK WAS DOWN, AND MANAGEMENT WANTED MY HEAD.

IT WASN'T UNTIL EVERYONE WENT HOME THAT I HAD AN IDEA.



WHAT IS A VIRUS BUT A COMPUTER PROGRAM?



AND WHY DOES A COMPUTER FREEZE?

BECAUSE IT'S OUT OF MEMORY.

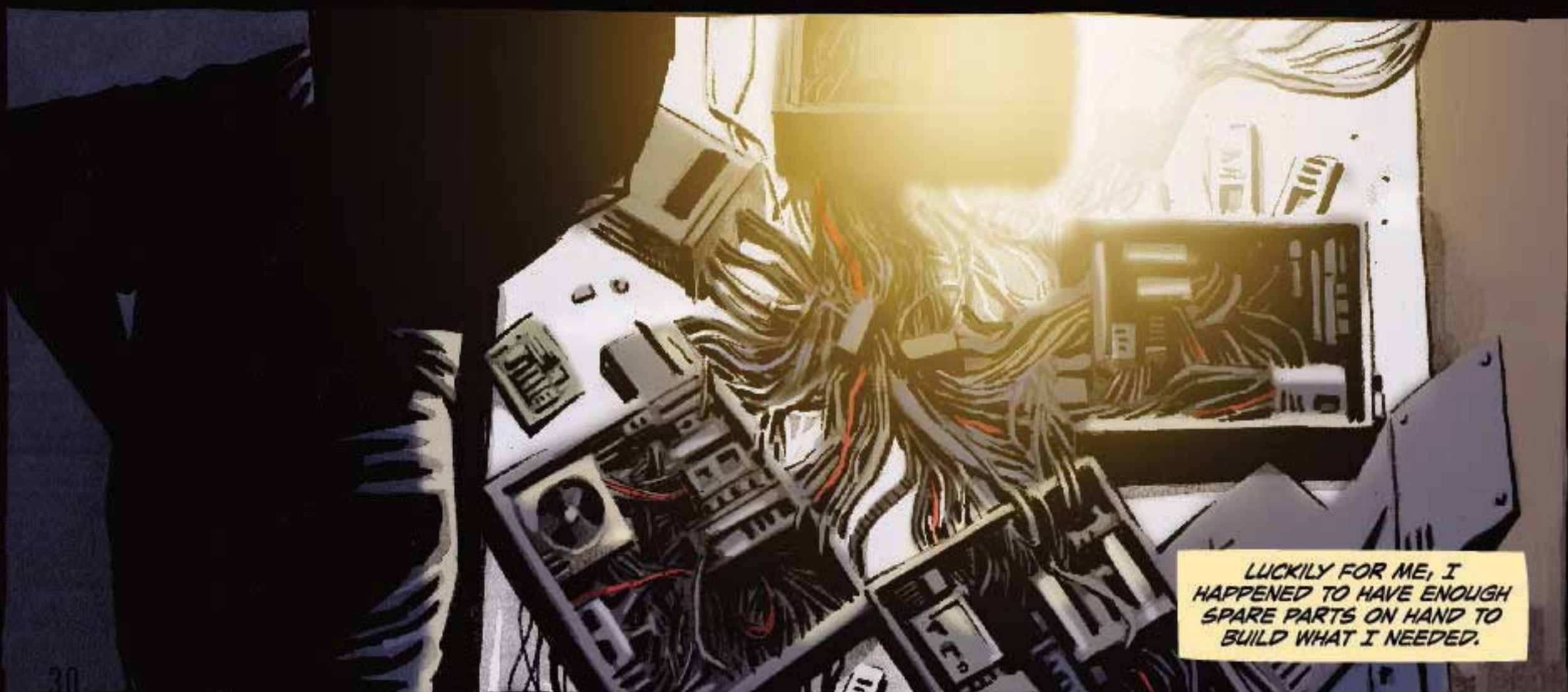


THE PROBLEM WITH CORPORATIONS IS THAT THEY ONLY SPEND MONEY WHEN THEY HAVE TO.

ALL OF THE COMPUTERS HERE SHOULD HAVE BEEN UPGRADED YEARS AGO. IF YOU WANT POWER, YOU'VE GOT TO GO SOMEWHERE ELSE, OR MAKE A SUPER-COMPUTER YOURSELF.



LUCKILY FOR ME, I HAPPENED TO HAVE ENOUGH SPARE PARTS ON HAND TO BUILD WHAT I NEEDED.



I DISCONNECTED MY
NEW NETWORK FROM THE
EXISTING ONE, AND
HOOKED IT UP TO A
COMPUTER THAT I KNEW
WAS CONTAMINATED.

I WORKED PAST DARK,
AND DIDN'T EVEN
BOTHER TO TURN ON
THE LIGHT.

IT TOOK SOME DOING,
BUT I WAS FINALLY
ABLE TO LOCATE THE
VIRUS AND ACTIVATE IT.

I WASN'T READY
FOR WHAT I SAW
WHEN I DID.

WORDS FLEW BY IN A
LANGUAGE I DIDN'T
UNDERSTAND, AND
IMAGES FLASHED
BY EVEN FASTER.

IT WAS LIKE FAST
FORWARD ON
STERIODS.

EVENTUALLY,
IT BECAME
CLEAR.

WHAT THE
HELL...

CTHULHU.




YOU EVER HAVE ONE OF
THOSE DAYS WHERE
NOTHING GOES RIGHT?



I'M HAVING
ONE RIGHT
NOW.



END



Journal of Lt. Col.
Henry Dinsmore Boothby,
3rd Bombay Light Cavalry,
April 4, 1887.

Thanks to an uprising at
yet another bloody backwater,
the main road to Ranipur has
been closed for three weeks.

Her Majesty's
Forces at the Port at
Kandama need basic
stores, and soon.

Thus, I find
myself leading a
supply caravan
on a little-used
rural road to get
those goods through.
I will wonder later
which battalion
commanders I
have offended.

Blast these
heathens! The British
Empire brings them the light
of modernity, and they spend
every second biting our
generous hand!

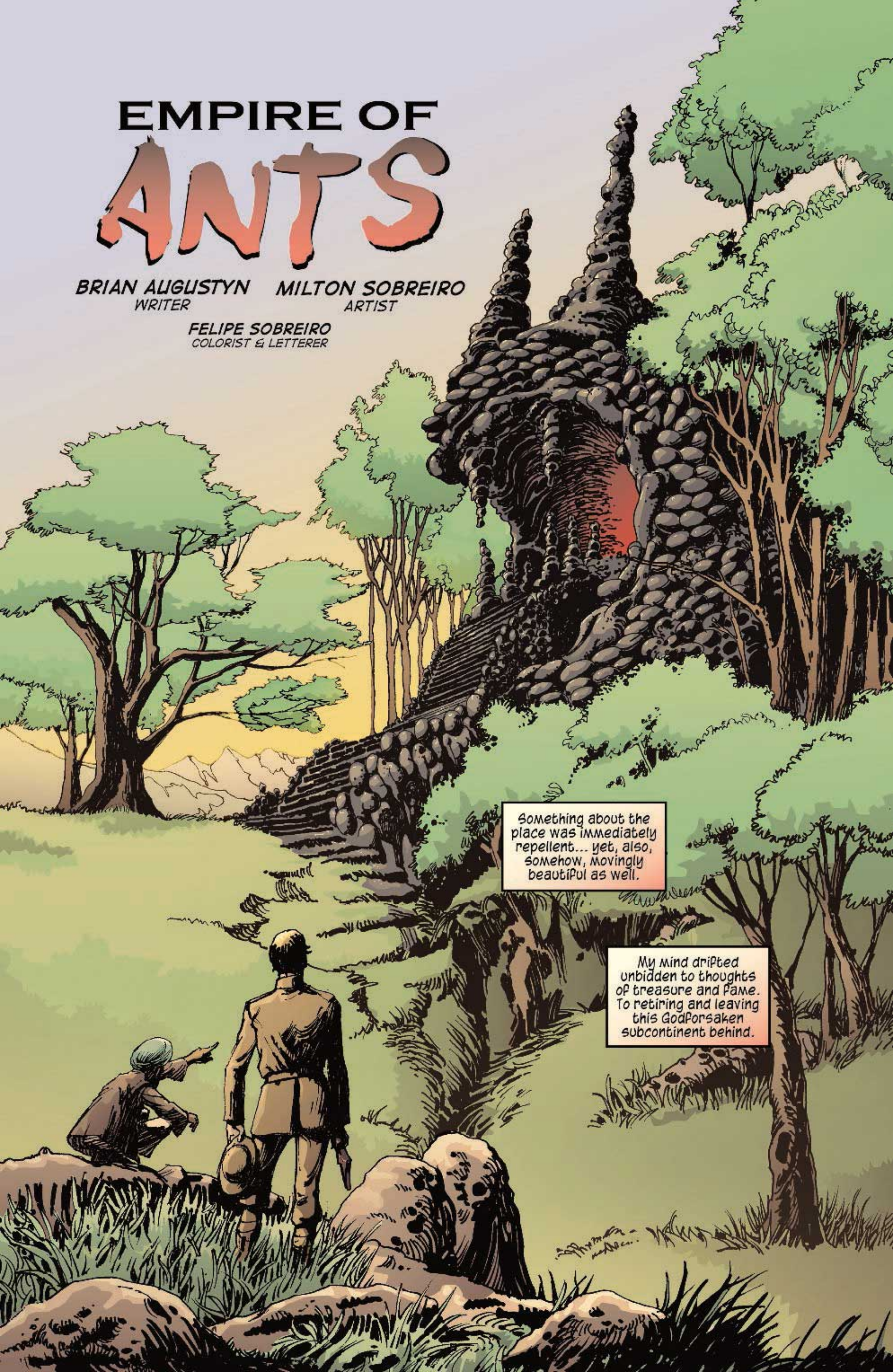


EMPIRE OF ANTS

BRIAN AUGUSTYN
WRITER

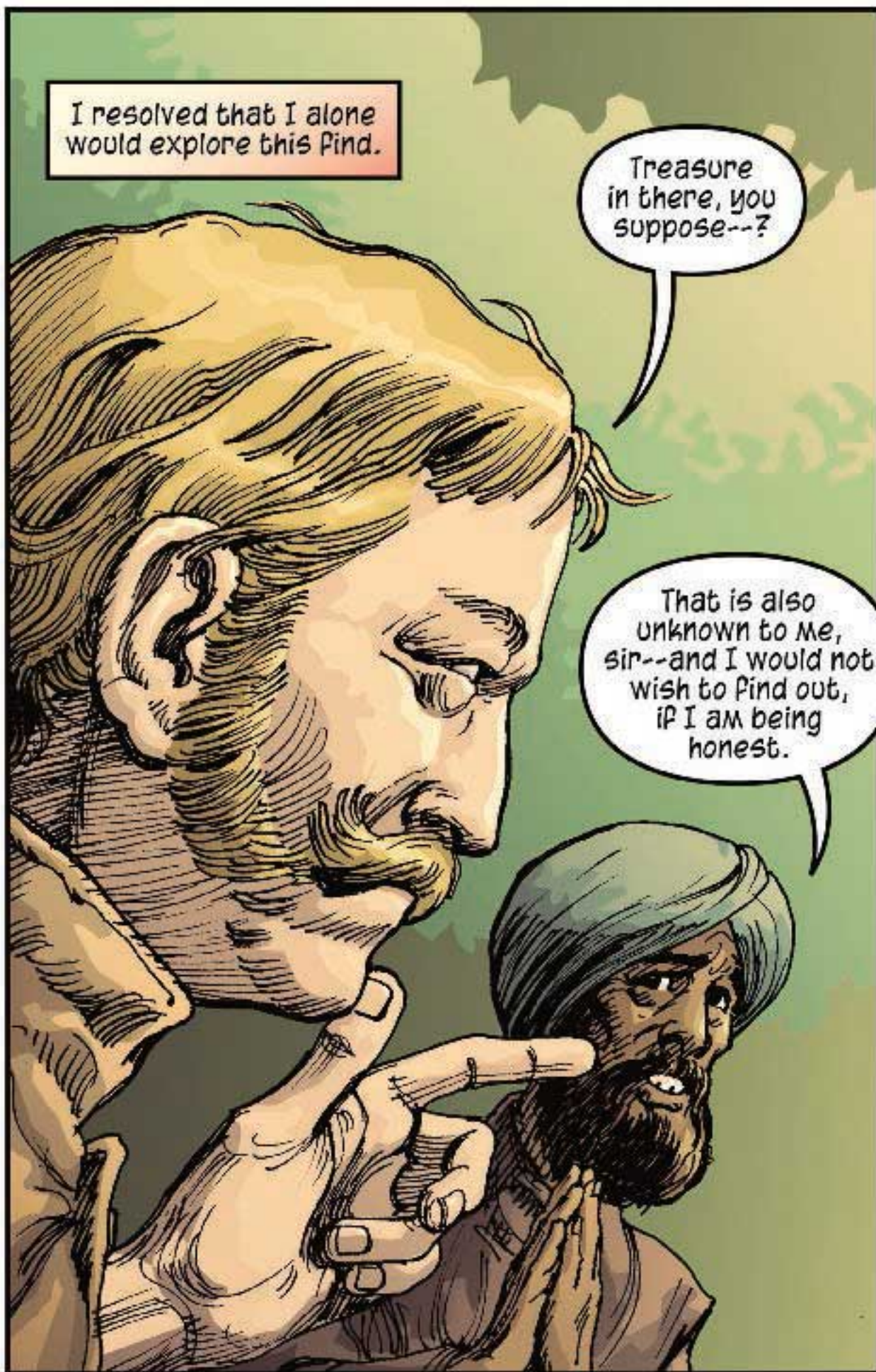
MILTON SOBREIRO
ARTIST

FELIPE SOBREIRO
COLORIST & LETTERER



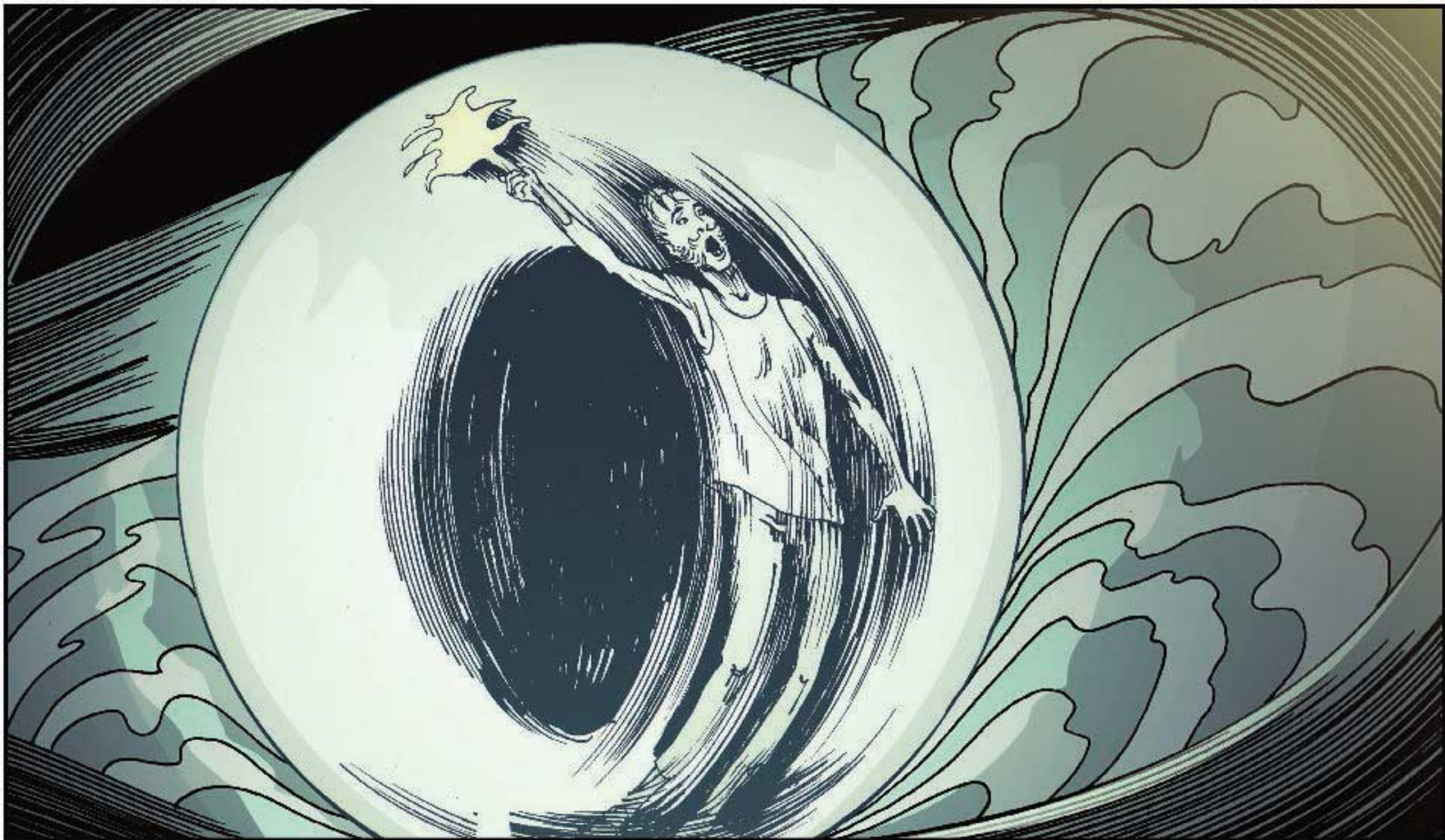
Something about the place was immediately repellent... yet, also, somehow, movingly beautiful as well.

My mind drifted unbidden to thoughts of treasure and fame. To retiring and leaving this Godforsaken subcontinent behind.










It was... colder than anything I had ever felt. And more... warmly sensuous than I can explain...



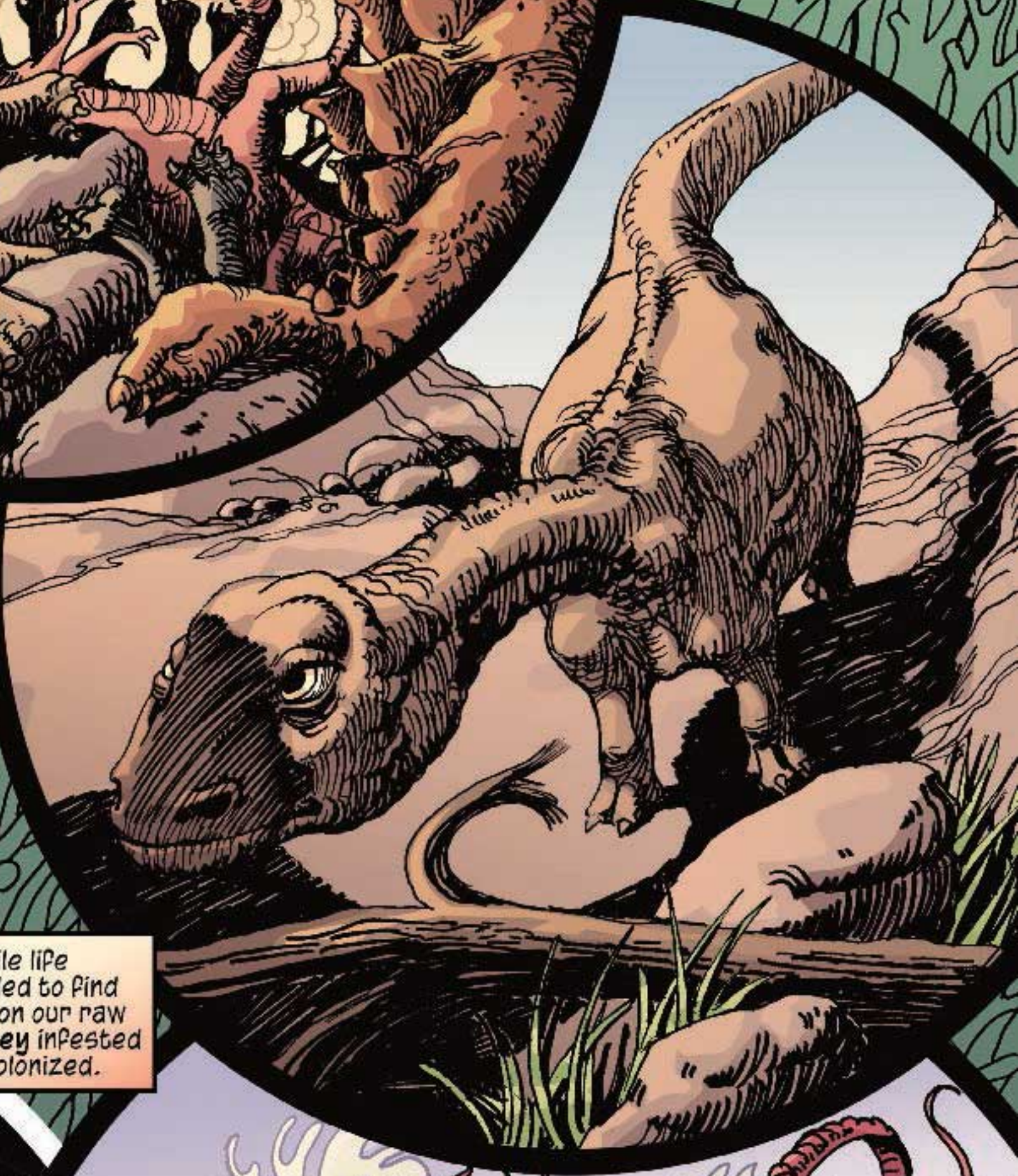
I was elsewhere. I have no other words for it.



Before man,
they were here...
having come from a
cold hell somewhere
in the Heavens.

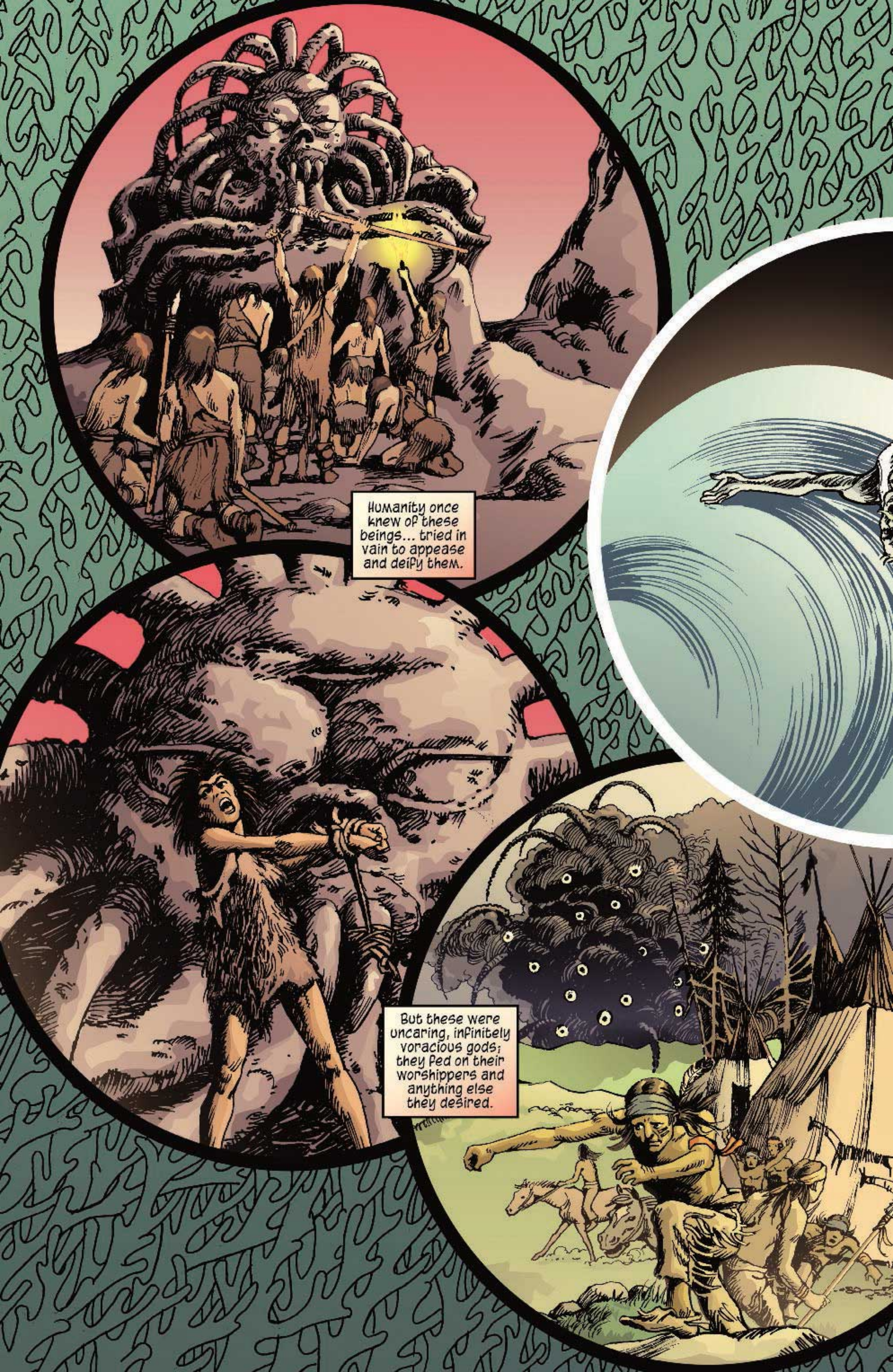


By the time
man made his late
appearance, they
were in control. We
never had a chance.



While life
struggled to find
footing on our raw
world, they infested
and colonized.





Humanity once
knew of these
beings... tried in
vain to appease
and deify them.

But these were
uncaring, infinitely
voracious gods;
they fed on their
worshippers and
anything else
they desired.



Glimpsed only in nightmares, we never knew they were here. For their part, they didn't care that we were here.

As humanity gained some ground, the creatures retreated, but only from sight. They learned subtlety, the better to continue their conquest.



They are here still...
unseen, unknown, but
complete masters
of this world.



We think we are
the conquerors.
We jest ourselves that
we have dominion
over this planet.

We have nothing.
We are nothing.

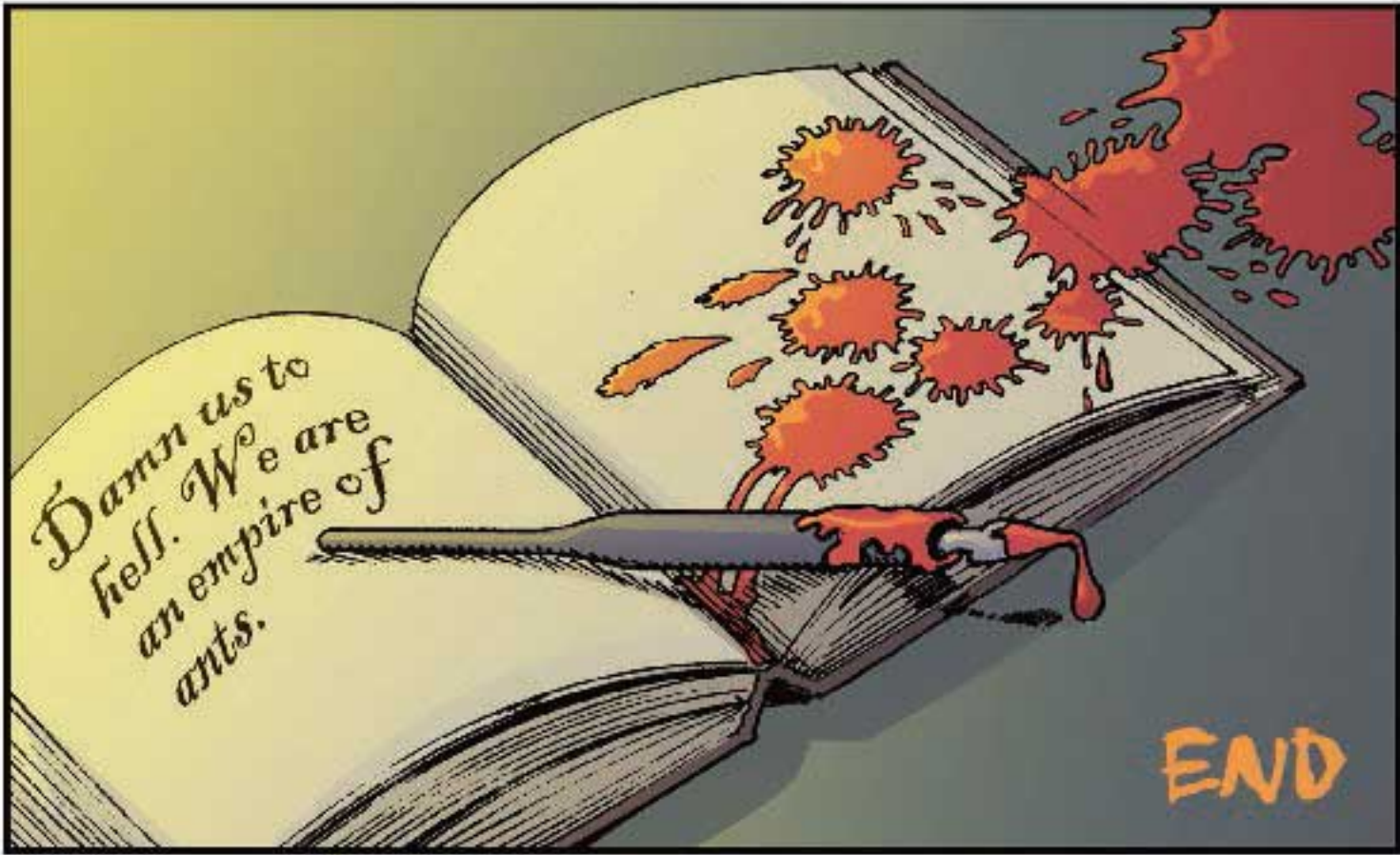


They are here.
They always
have been.



BLANGG

We live beneath
their notice, as
unimportant
as insects.



Damn us to
hell. We are
an empire of
ants.

END



THE ELITE

CHRISTINE BOYLAN -- STORY
AXEL MEDELLIN MACHAIN -- ART
ANDREW DALHOUSE -- COLORS
MARSHALL DILLON -- LETTERS

I DON'T
HAVE TO TELL
YOU IT'S ROUGH
COUNTRY.

YOU
DON'T.

A BIT
FLOWERY.

"FIVE
ACRES OF GREY
DESOLATION,"
NEWSPAPERS
CALLED IT.

YOU PUNNING?
NOTHING GROWS
THERE. ANIMALS MUTATE
AND DIE. PEOPLE LOSE
THEIR WITS AND
DISAPPEAR.

I KNOW THE
HISTORY.

BUT DO
YOU KNOW THE
STORY?

THESE THINGS ALWAYS
BEGIN AND END WITH
A STRANGER TELLING
A TERRIBLE STORY.

JUNE.
1882.

"A METEORITE FALLS
FROM THE SKY ONTO
THE FARM OF ONE
NAHUM GARDNER.

"THE LOCAL UNIVERSITY SENT
SCIENTISTS. THE LOCAL PAPERS
SENT REPORTERS. INTEREST WAS
PIQUED, BUT NO CONCLUSIONS
WERE REACHED.

"SUMMER WAS GENTLE ON
EVERYONE, BUT IT SCORCHED
THE GARDNERS' FARM, KILLING
THE GRASS, TURNING THE
APPLES TO VINEGAR AND
THE PEARS RANCID.

"AFTER A BARREN HARVEST,
THE WINTER WAS ASHEN."

"AND THAT
WINTER UNDOID
THE GARDNERS."



"FIRST, MRS.
GARDNER LOST
HER MIND."



"THEN HER SONS WENT
MAD AND DROWNED
IN THE WELL."



"ONE BY ONE,
THEY ALL DIED."





...SAID THE OLD MAN. AND HE WOULD GO NO FURTHER.



NO WITCHES HERE, THOUGH I KNOW WHAT FORTUNE THEY'D TELL.









OFFICIALLY, THE BIO-CONTAMINANT IN THIS AREA WAS NEUTRALIZED FIVE YEARS AFTER THE INCIDENT.

AND YET.

AND YET.



THIS CREATURE IS ALIVE STILL.

YOU BELIEVE IN IT.

ZELLA ANDREWS, PH.D. IN ANTHROPOLOGY FROM HARVARD, YOUNGEST OXFORD VISITING PROFESSOR IN SOCIAL SCIENCES, LED SEVENTEEN ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITIONS ACROSS NORTH AMERICA. YOU'RE A SCIENTIST. WHY DO YOU GIVE A FLYING FRIG WHAT I BELIEVE?



BECAUSE BELIEF CONCERNS THE LIVING.

AND THAT THING'S STILL DOWN THERE. IT'S IN THE SOIL--

THERE'S NO SOIL. IT'S CRUST AND ASH. IT'S A FIVE-ACRE PATCH OF NUCLEAR WINTER HERE.

IF IT'S HERE, AND IT'S SURVIVING, IT ISN'T-- HEALTHY.

AND NEITHER ARE YOU.



I'M NOT DOING
ARCHAEOLOGY OUT
HERE. I'M DOING
BIOLOGY.



IT WANTS YOU
TO STOP WHAT
YOU'RE
DOING.

THE
THINKING.

THE
THINKING IS
WHAT GETS YOU
JIGGERED.



I KNOW
WHO YOU ARE!
GARDNER!



YOU'RE THE
ONLY LIVING
GARDNER.

IT ISN'T
TALKING---

ARE YOU
COMMUNICATING
WITH IT?

IT WANTS TO
KNOW IF YOU'RE HERE
FOR REVENGE. I THINK
NOT, BUT PLEASE TELL
US. WE HAVE A BET
GOING.

REVENGE?
FOR PEOPLE I'VE
NEVER EVEN MET? DOES
IT KNOW HOW MANY
YEARS IT'S BEEN
HERE?



SHH. NO. IT'S LIKE
A CHILD. IT
DOESN'T...**GET**
TIME.

BUT IT
KNOWS EVERYTHING
ELSE. ALL THE GAPS IN
HUMAN KNOWLEDGE,
FILLED.

EVERYTHING WE'VE
FORGOTTEN, REMEMBERED.
EVERYTHING WE HAVEN'T
FIGURED OUT YET...
EXPLAINED. IN
TECHNICOLOR.







END

THEATER OF THE EMPTY EYE

MATTHEW McLEAN -- STORY
DREW RAUSCH -- ART
DREW BERRY -- COLORS
MARSHALL DILLON -- LETTERS

WHEN THE MILLIMETRON PROJECT WAS LAUNCHED, IT WAS NOTICED BY FEW.

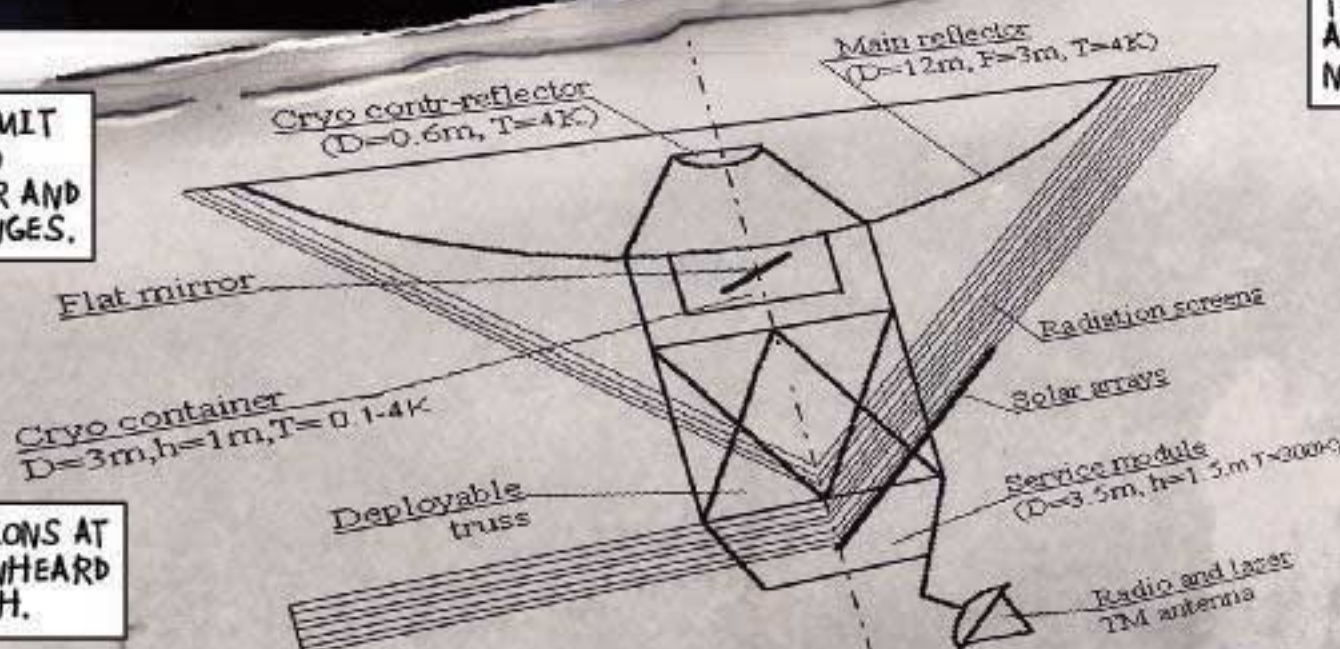
BUT IT WAS THE BEGINNING OF A JOURNEY TO A PLACE MAN WAS NOT MEANT TO GO.

ALTHOUGH I HAVE NO DIRECT EVIDENCE OF THIS, MY FRIEND'S DEATH IS ALL THE PROOF I NEED.

THE PROJECT WAS TO LAUNCH AN ORBITAL OBSERVATORY NOT UNLIKE HUBBLE.

BUT THE MILLIMETRON WOULD PERMIT PHYSICISTS AND ASTRONOMERS TO OBSERVE THE STARS IN MILLIMETER AND SUB-MILLIMETER WAVELENGTH RANGES.

THIS ALLOWED FOR OBSERVATIONS AT A LEVEL OF SENSITIVITY UNHEARD OF PREVIOUS TO ITS LAUNCH.



WHEN WE LOOKED THROUGH IT, A FAR BIGGER DISCOVERY WAS MADE THAN ANYONE EXPECTED.

IT SEEMED THAT SOME BLACK HOLES WEREN'T, IN FACT, BLACK HOLES. PROPPED OPEN BY A NEGATIVE MASS, THESE LACKED THE DESTRUCTIVE PROPERTIES OF THEIR BROTHERS.

THESE WERE WORMHOLES, CAPABLE OF PASSING MATTER THAT ENTERED ONE END INSTANTLY TO SOMEWHERE ELSE.

WHEN THE NEWS GOT OUT, THE REACTION WAS UNBRIDLED ENTHUSIASM.

FINALLY, ONE OF THE GREAT DREAMS OF SCIENCE FICTION WAS REALIZED.

THE SCIENTIFIC COMMUNITY BEGAN TO REFER TO THESE APERTURES AS "EYES."





OF COURSE, THIS DISCOVERY
BEGGED THE QUESTION: TO
WHERE, EXACTLY, DID THE
WORMHOLES GO?

I WAS ONE OF THE
LUCKY ONES SELECTED TO
WORK ON THE PROJECT.



IT WAS THERE THAT
I MET THE COSMONAUT
ALEXANDER SHATISKIY.

TOWNSEND,
LOOK AT THIS
SPECTRUM GRAPH FOR
HIGH GALACTIC
LATITUDES.

TAP TAP
TAP TAP
TAP



ALEXANDER WAS A BIG
MAN, AND BRILLIANT.

HE, LIKE I, WAS THRILLED
TO SEE THE PROJECT YIELD
SUCH UNEXPECTED FRUIT.

I ADMIRER
HIM GREATLY.



HAD I BEEN A BRAVER MAN,
I MIGHT HAVE USED MY ADVANCED
DEGREES TO BECOME AN ASTRONAUT
LIKE HIM, BUT I PREFERRED
THE SAFETY OF MY DESK.



THE FIRST QUESTION ABOUT
THE EYES THAT NEEDED ANSWERING
WAS HOW TO GET TO ONE.

THE CLOSEST WORMHOLE
WAS IN THE HEART
OF OUR GALAXY.

IN THIS, TOO, THE
MILLIMETRON PROJECT
PROVIDED THE ANSWER.



IT REVEALED THAT THE NEGATIVE MASS, WHICH WE CAME TO CALL PHANTOM MATTER, ALSO CREATED STREAMS THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY.

THESE CREATED A REPULSIVE EFFECT WHICH COULD BE "FLOWN".



THE CLOSEST OF THESE PHANTOM STREAMS EXITED THE SOLAR SYSTEM NEAR PLUTO.

SOME OF MY COLLEAGUES THEORIZED THIS WAS THE REASON FOR THE DWARF'S ODD ORBIT OR THAT IT WAS EVEN POSSIBLY RESPONSIBLE FOR ITS CREATION.

AFTER THE EVENTS OF THE EXPLORATORY LAUNCH, I FEAR THEY MAY BE RIGHT.



THE ENTHUSIASM FOR THE PROJECT TOOK AHOLD OF EVERYONE.

WE STOOD AT THE THRESHOLD OF BEING ABLE TO EXPLORE NOT JUST THE GALAXY... BUT THE UNIVERSE.



ONLY BASIC PRECAUTIONS WERE TAKEN BEFORE PLANS FOR A MANNED LAUNCH WERE UNDER WAY.

ANY WARNINGS SIGNS THAT MAY HAVE BEEN PRESENT WERE, IN OUR EAGERNESS, IGNORED.

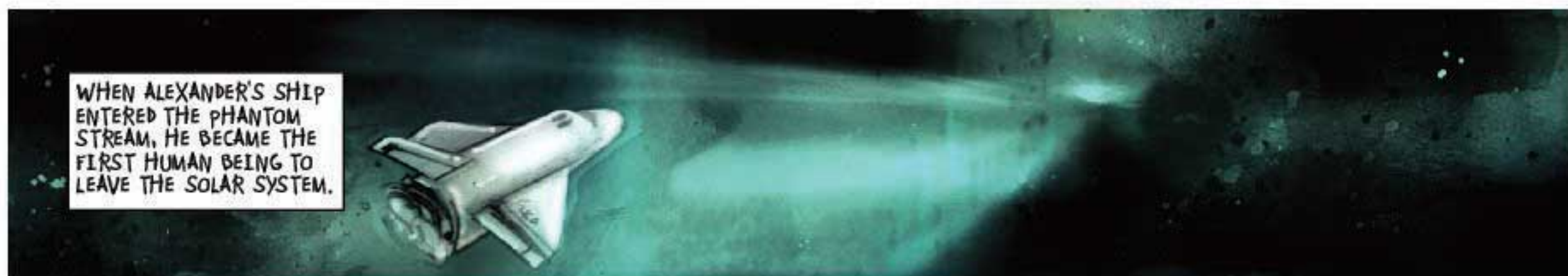


NATURALLY, WHEN THE TIME
CAME, ALEXANDER WAS CHOSEN.



EVERYTHING WENT
AS PLANNED.

AS IF SOME HIGHER
POWER WATCHED OVER US.



WHEN ALEXANDER'S SHIP
ENTERED THE PHANTOM
STREAM, HE BECAME THE
FIRST HUMAN BEING TO
LEAVE THE SOLAR SYSTEM.



ON APRIL 30TH,
HE BECAME THE
FIRST MAN TO LEAVE
THE MILKY WAY.

HE WAS GONE
FOR 45 MINUTES
AND 37 SECONDS.



DURING THIS TIME, COMMUNICATIONS
GAVE ONLY A STRANGE FEEDBACK THAT
SOUNDED OF DISTANT FLUTES.

THE NOISE WAS UNSETTLING
AND HAD BEEN RECORDED BY
NONE OF THE TEST PROBES.

IT WAS THEN THAT WE ALL
KNEW SOMETHING HAD
GONE HORRIBLY WRONG.

GOD KNOWS WHAT
ALEXANDER SAW THERE
IN THAT THEATER OF
THE EMPTY EYE.





WHEN HIS CAPSULE
CAME BACK THROUGH,
ALL COMMUNICATIONS
WERE LOST.

NATURALLY, WE
ASSUMED THE WORST.

GROUND-SIDE NAVIGATION
WAS ENGAGED, AND CONTROL
TOOK THE STEPS TO BRING
THE SHIP BACK.



BUT WHAT FOLLOWED IS THE
REASON THAT I AM CERTAIN THAT
WE HAD STIRRED SOMETHING
BETTER LEFT IN THE BLACKNESS
BEYOND OUR SPACE.



ON THE LAST LEG OF
THE TRIP BACK TO EARTH,
THE ONBOARD SYSTEMS
REACTIVATED.

WITHOUT REESTABLISHING
COMMUNICATIONS, ALEXANDER
SOMEHOW OVERRODE
GROUND-SIDE NAVIGATION AND
CHANGED HIS TRAJECTORY.



FROM THERE, WITHOUT SAYING
A WORD, MY FRIEND AND COLLEAGUE
DROVE HIS SHIP INTO ONE OF
THE MOST ISOLATED AND DESOLATE
PIECES OF SIBERIA.



THE DESTRUCTION
WAS HORRIFIC.









OH,
YEAH.



SPACE, FABRIC,
BLAH, BLAH...
HOW DO I SHUT
YOU OFF,
AWREADY...?



SPLUURCH

FSSSS

HOLY-1



...HELL
WAS IT?

DUNNO. I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT IT A LOT...
'BOUT WHAT I SAW THROUGH THAT HOLE IN
THAT SPLIT-SECOND IT OPENED...AND I GOTTA
TELL YOU, THE BEST I CAN COME UP WITH...

...I MEAN...
WELL...
Y'KNOW WHEN
YOU'RE
WALKIN' ALONG
AND YA HOCK
A BIG, FAT
LOOBY?

YEAH?

WELL...



"OH, THIS IS A
RIOT. SO
WHAT DID YOU
DO?"











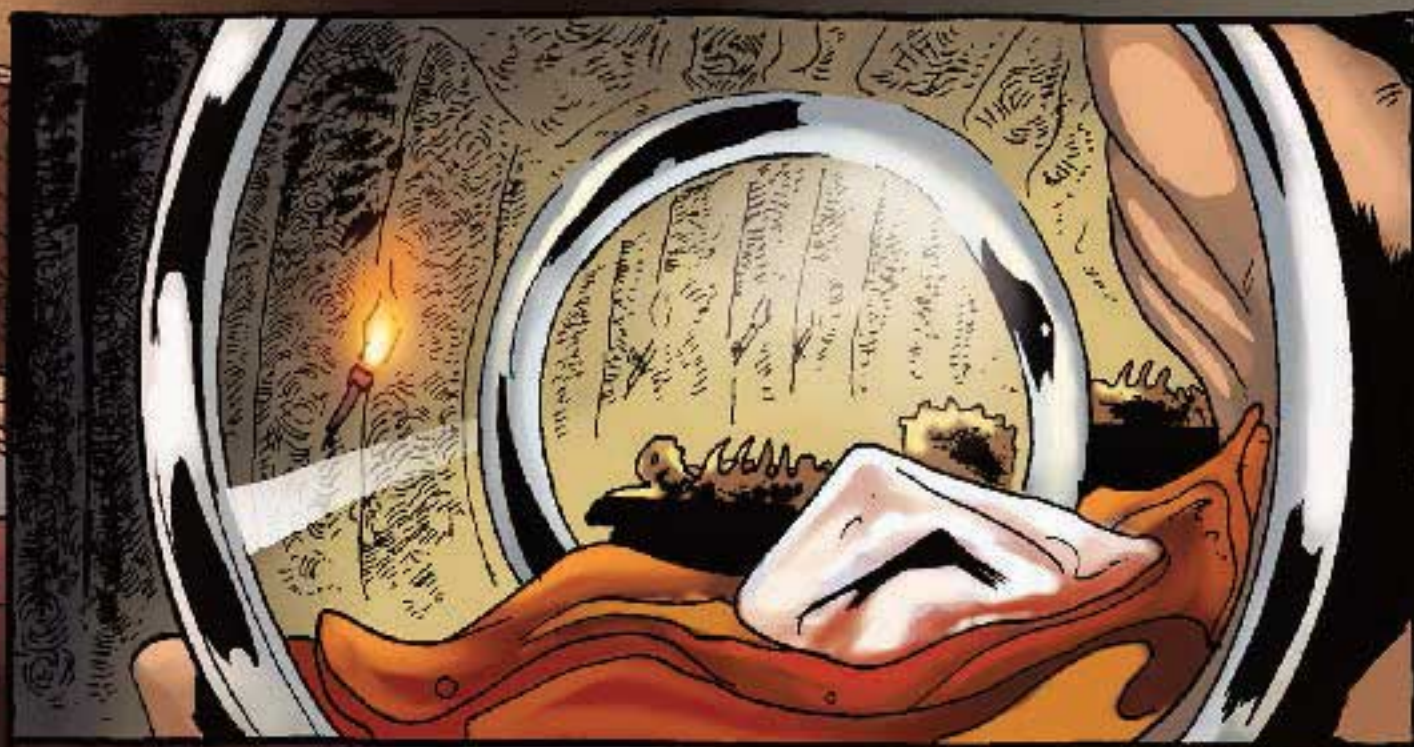


It Must Have Been Something You Ate

Written by: Sam Costello
Drawn by: Axel Medellin Machain
Colored by: Digikore Studios
Lettered by: Marshall Dillon

SSSSSSSSSS





-- TO THE
DELIVERY
ROOM.



A DREAM.
JUST A
DREAM.







WHA -- WHAT HAPPENS?



YOU'VE GOT ABOUT TWO DOZEN EGGS MATURING IN YOU. THEY USE THEIR TENTACLES TO BURROW THROUGH YOUR PORES. THAT'S WHY YOU'RE BLEEDING.



IN ABOUT A DAY, THE JUVENILES WILL DRIVE THEIR TENTACLES THROUGH YOUR SKIN AND TEAR IT APART AS THEY EMERGE.



IT'S TERRIBLY PAINFUL, I'M SORRY TO SAY. I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT -- FROM THE LOOK OF IT, AT LEAST -- THAT THERE'S NOTHING SO AGONIZING ON THIS PLANET.



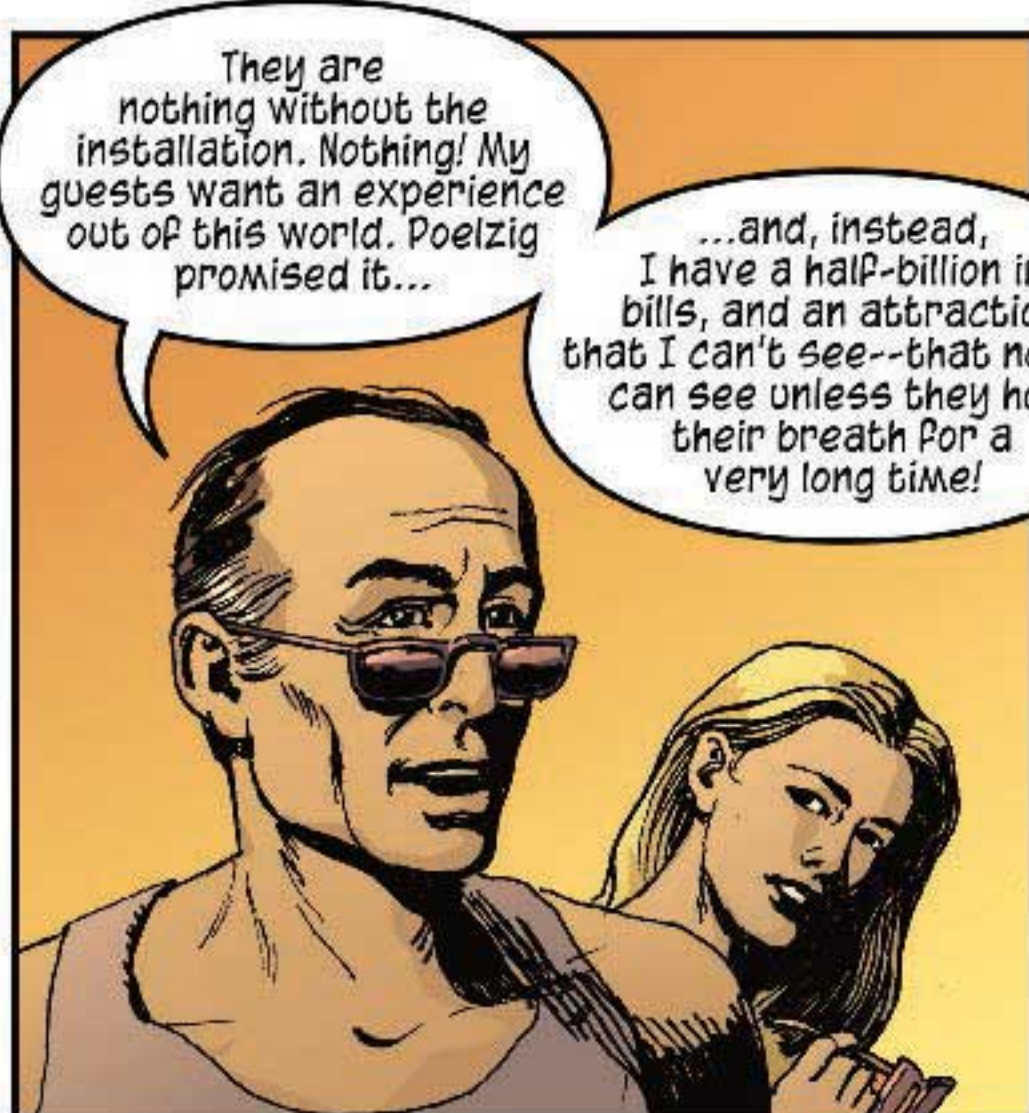
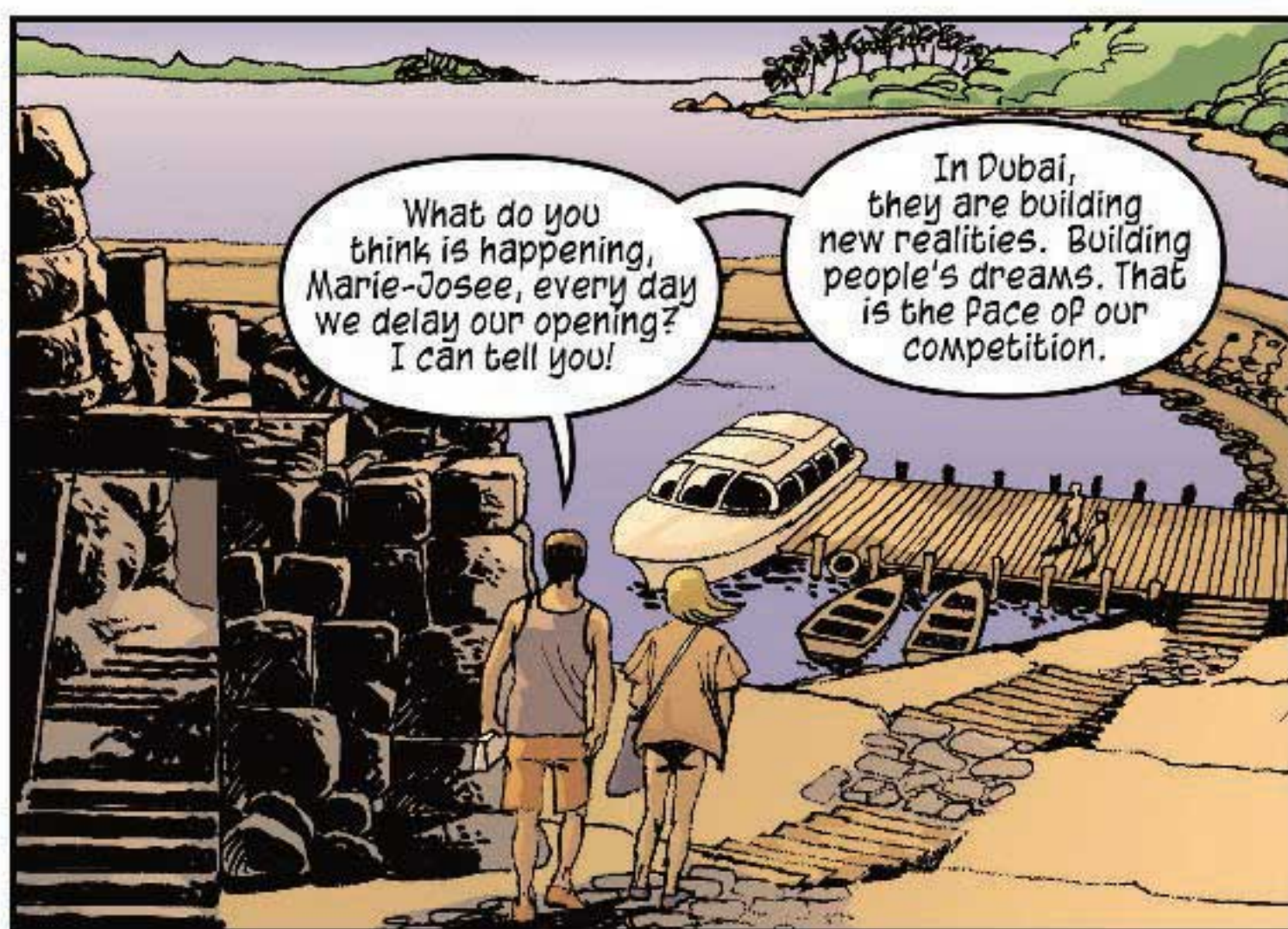
THE OLD ONES APPRECIATE YOUR SACRIFICE. AND DON'T WORRY: I'LL BE WITH YOU THE ENTIRE TIME.

WHU-WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?



WE'RE GOING TO THE DELIVERY ROOM.

**THE
END**





Mr. Baudrillard.

To the devil with your contracts and non-disclosure clauses, Poelzig. I'm going down there.

Or would you like to try and stop me?

Because I'd enjoy that.



I wasn't born rich. I came up hard and earned every bit of my money. I don't mind getting my hands dirty. Or bloody.

Hardly necessary for threats.

Hardly--? You coward, I'll--

The work is completed, sir. I'd just gone to your office to inform you. They told me I'd find you here.



After all this time, that's it? Just like that? You suddenly have no objection?

Quite the contrary. I could not permit you to see what I've done until it was complete in every detail.

Now it is, and I very much wish you to inspect it personally.

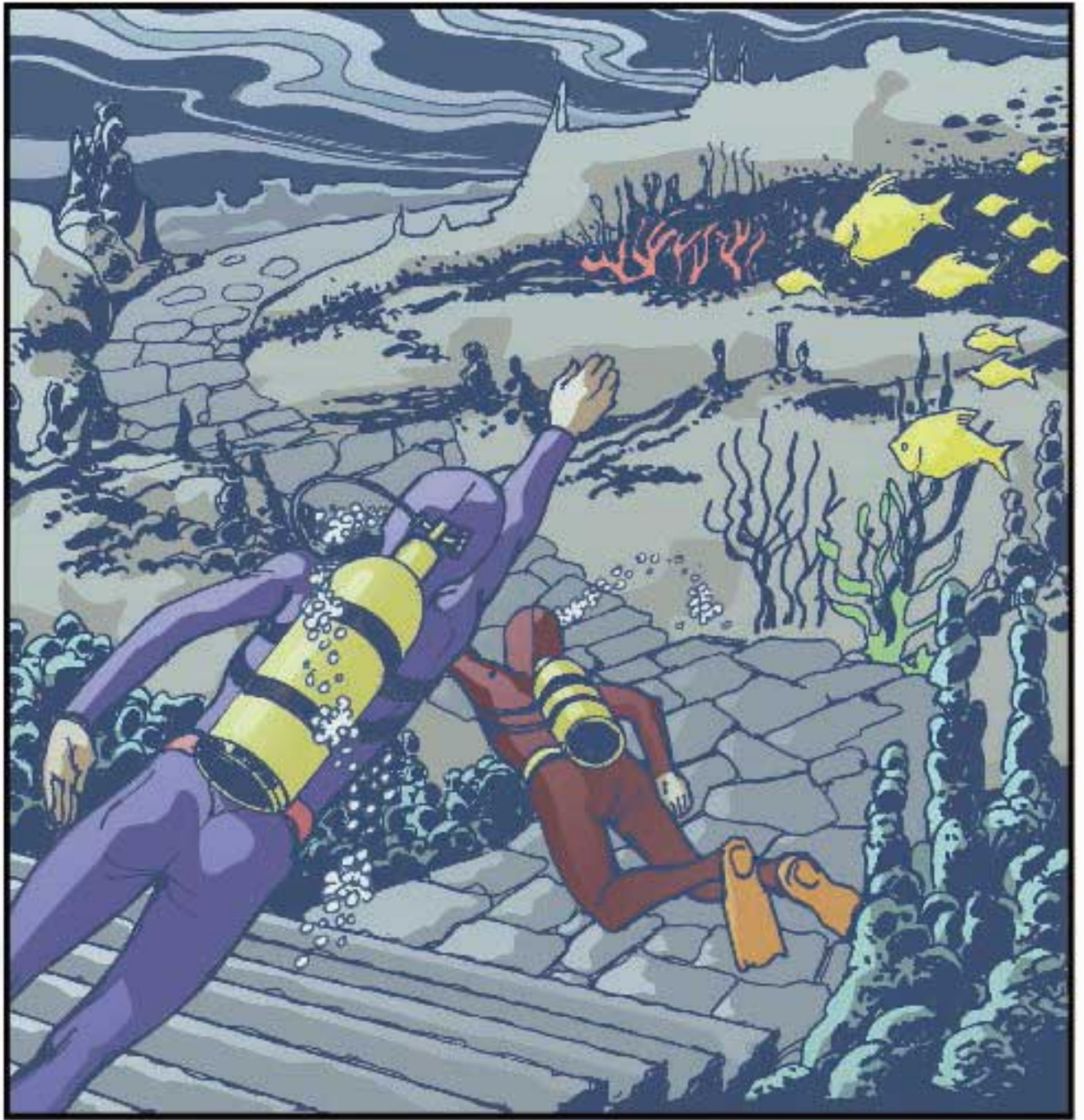


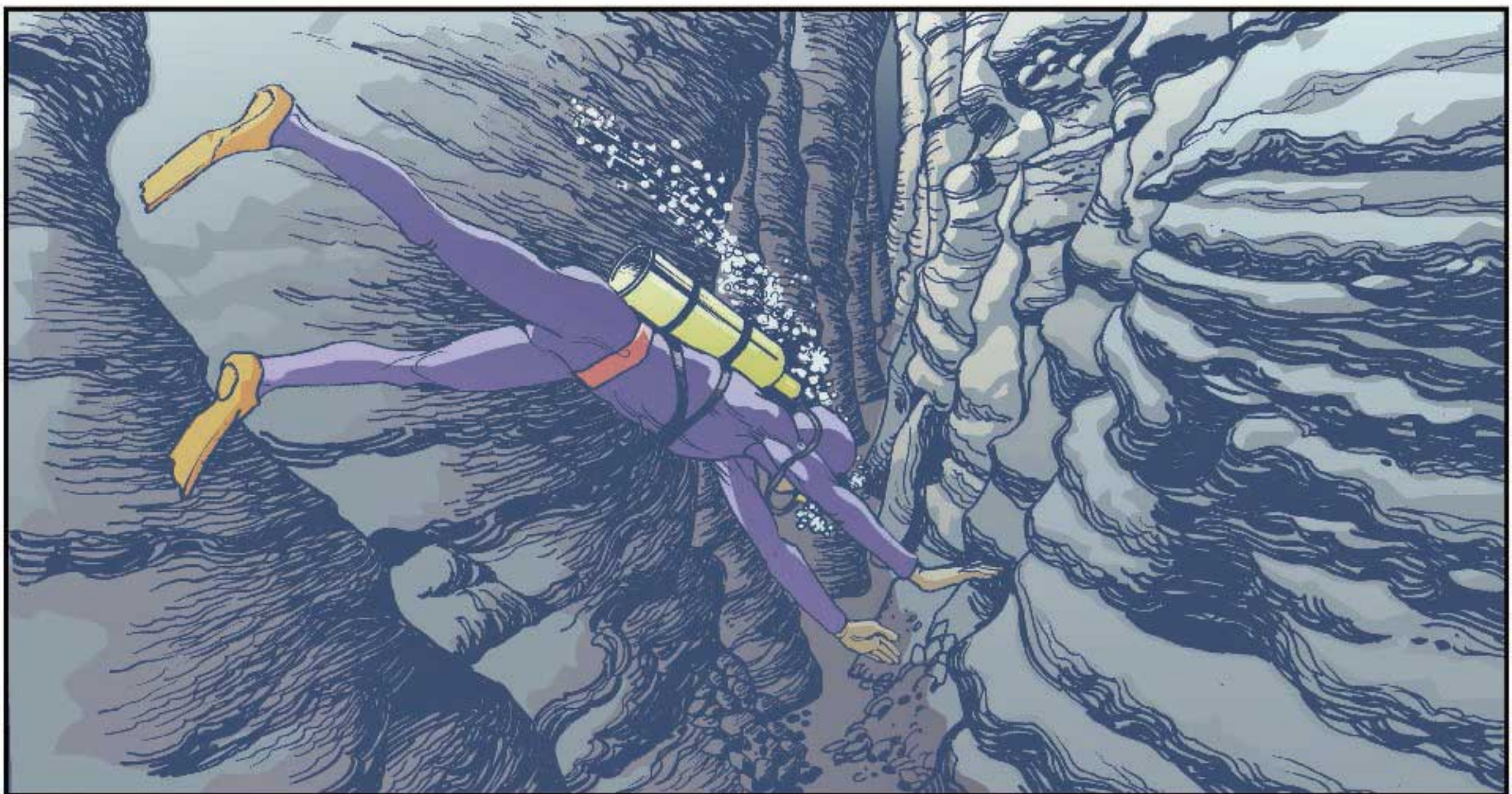
Oh, I intend to. And understand... if I go down there and find nothing more than some Disney knock-off of an ancient, underwater ruin--

You'll find more than that. I promise you.

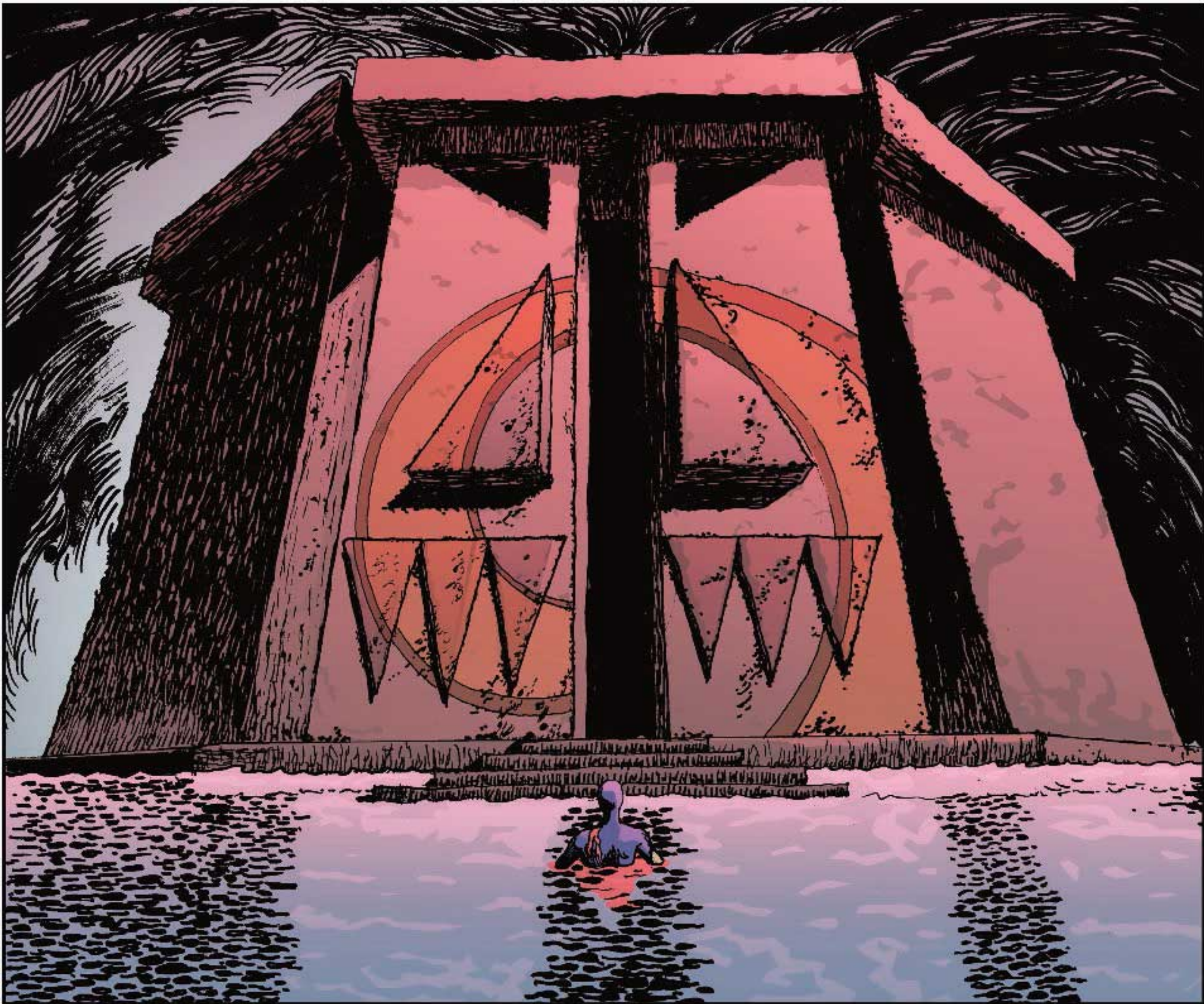


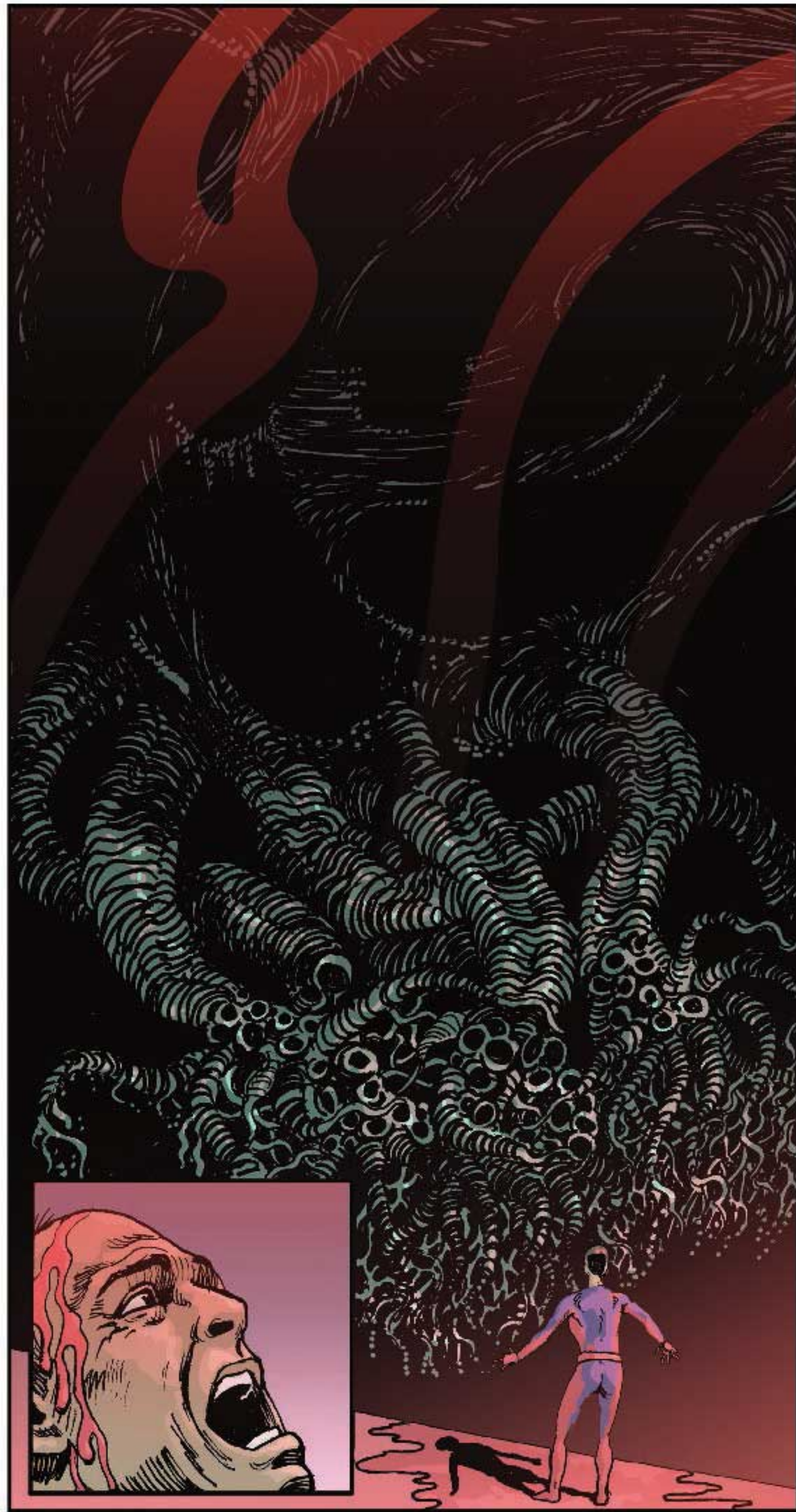
Much more.













END

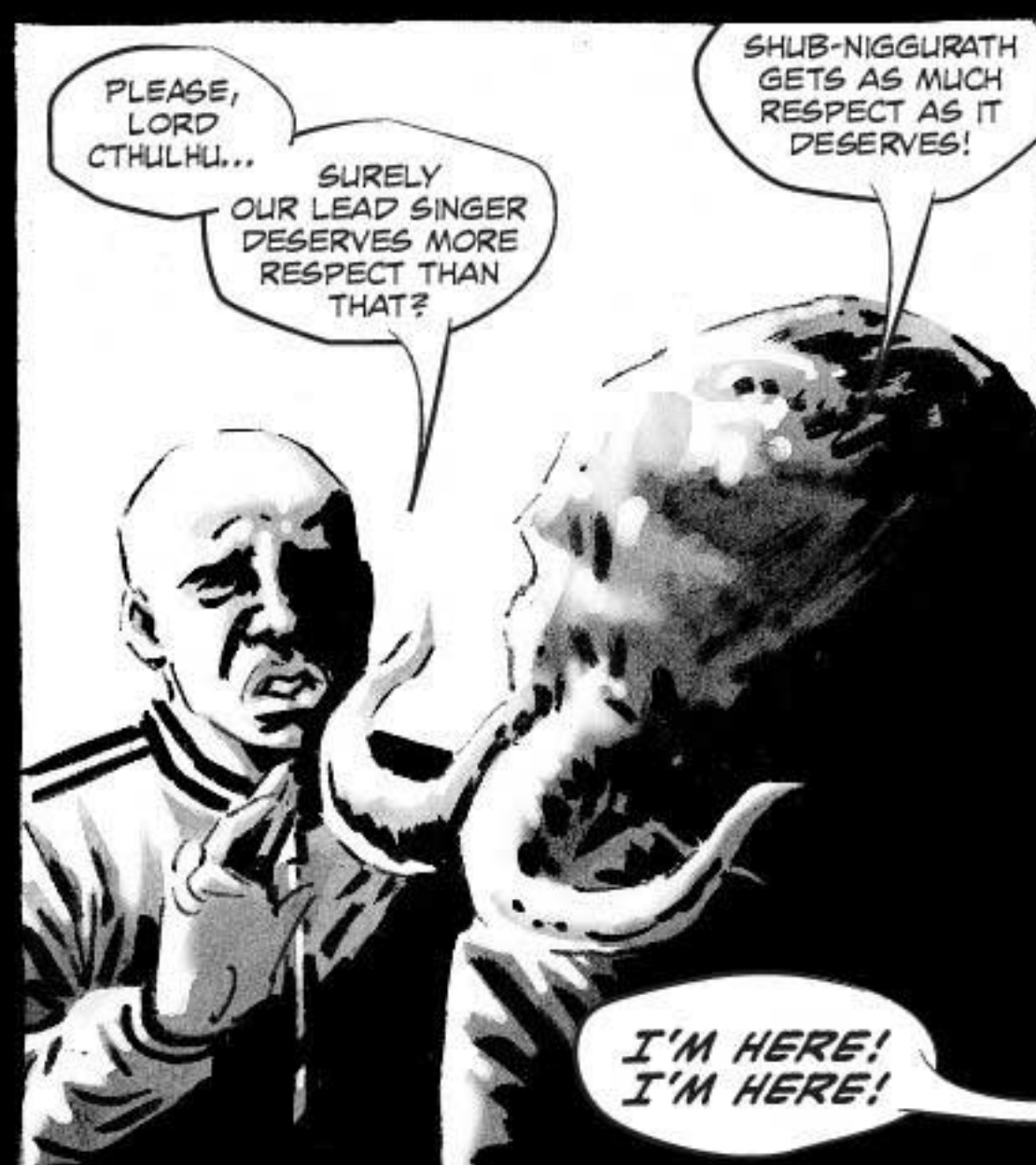
Comeback TOUR

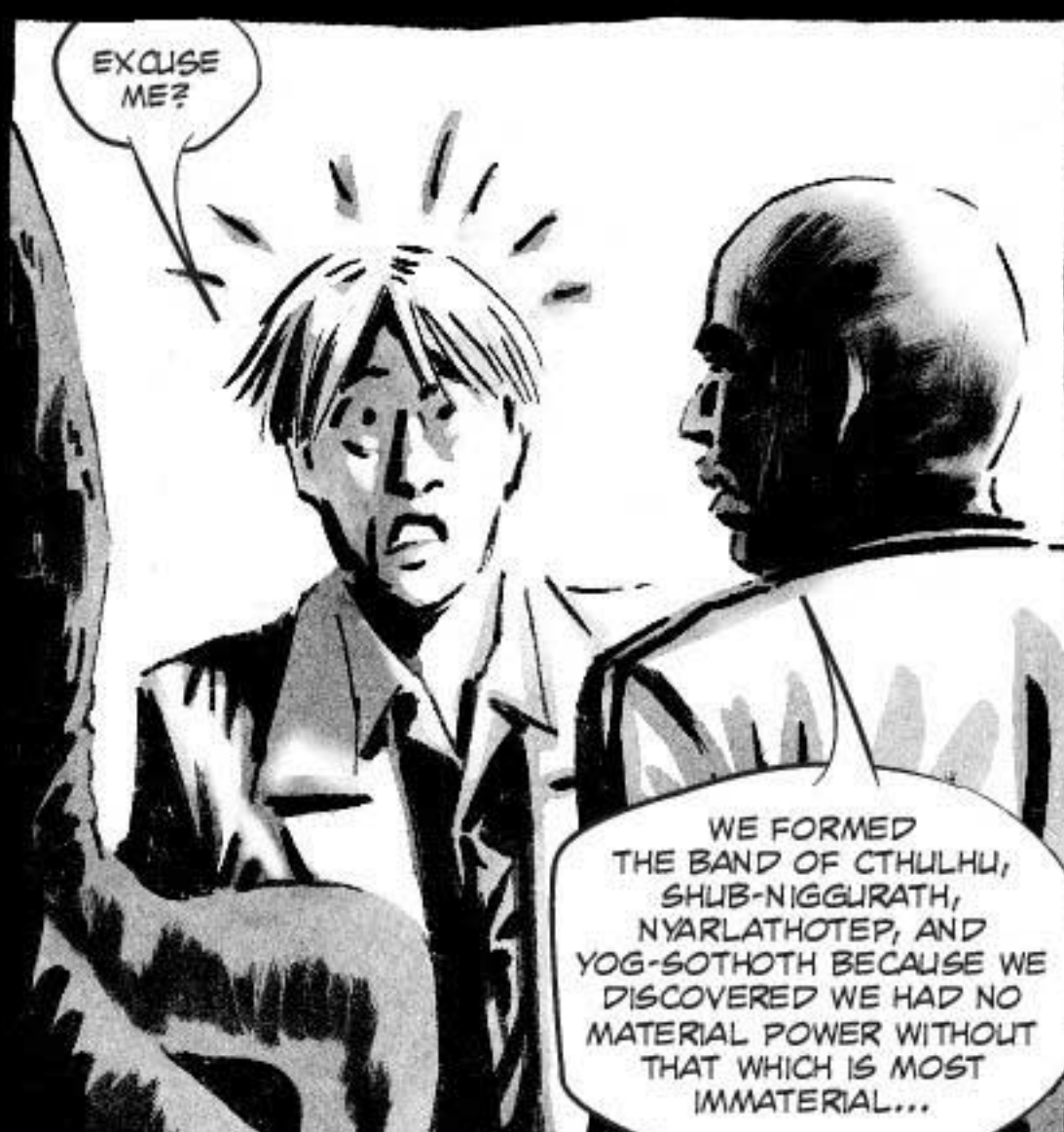
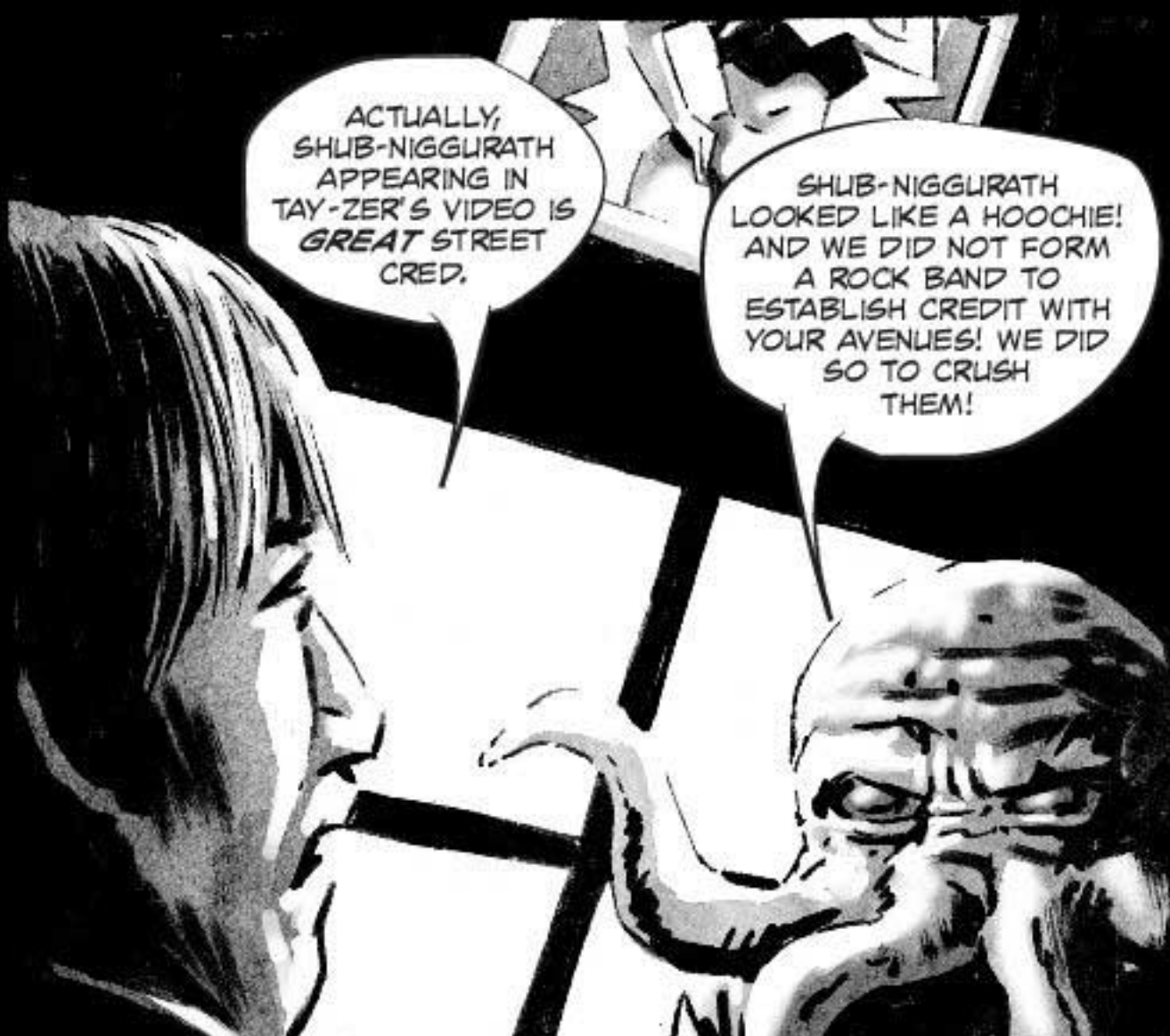
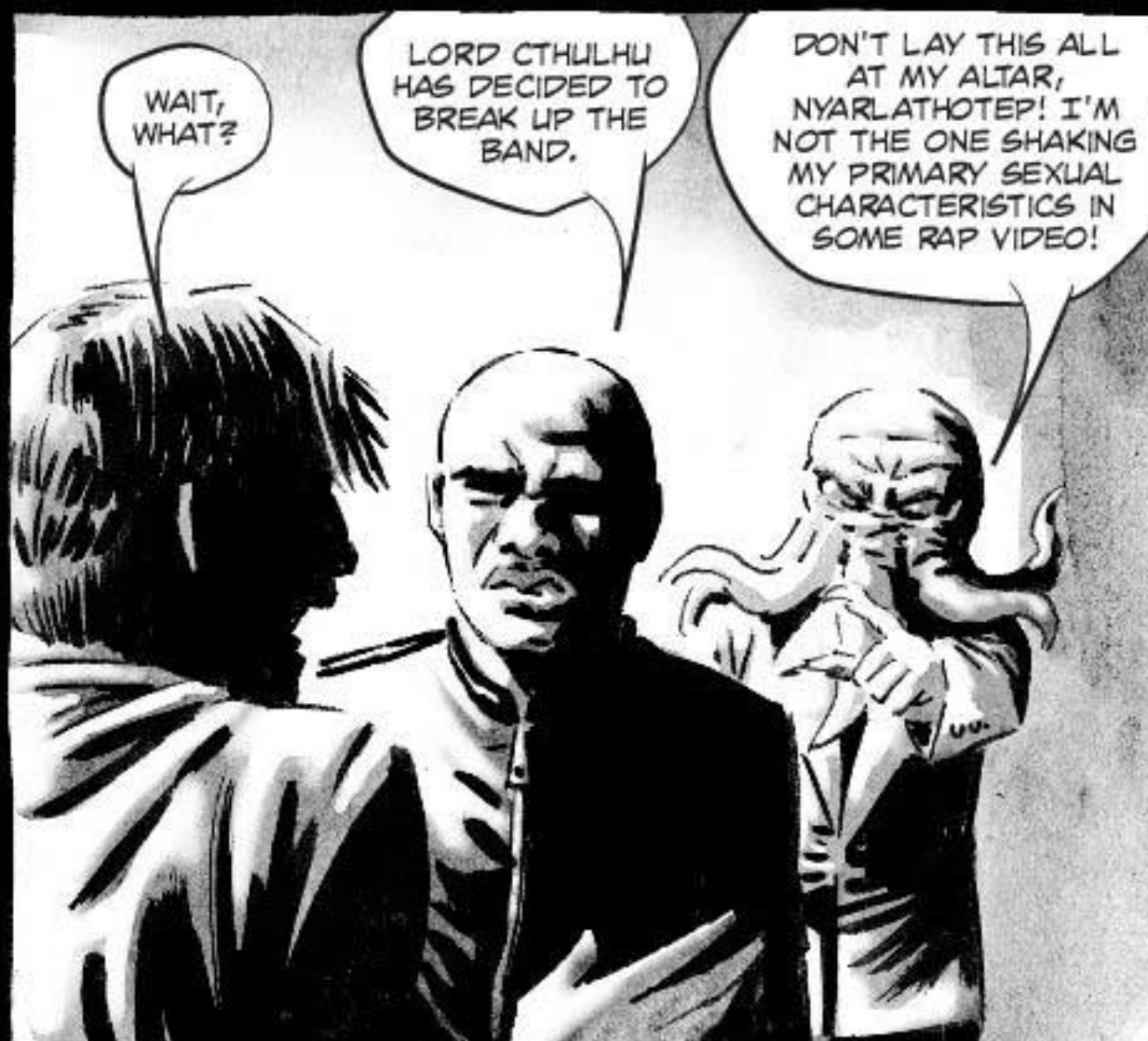
**JEFF LESTER - CHEE
MARSHALL DILLON**

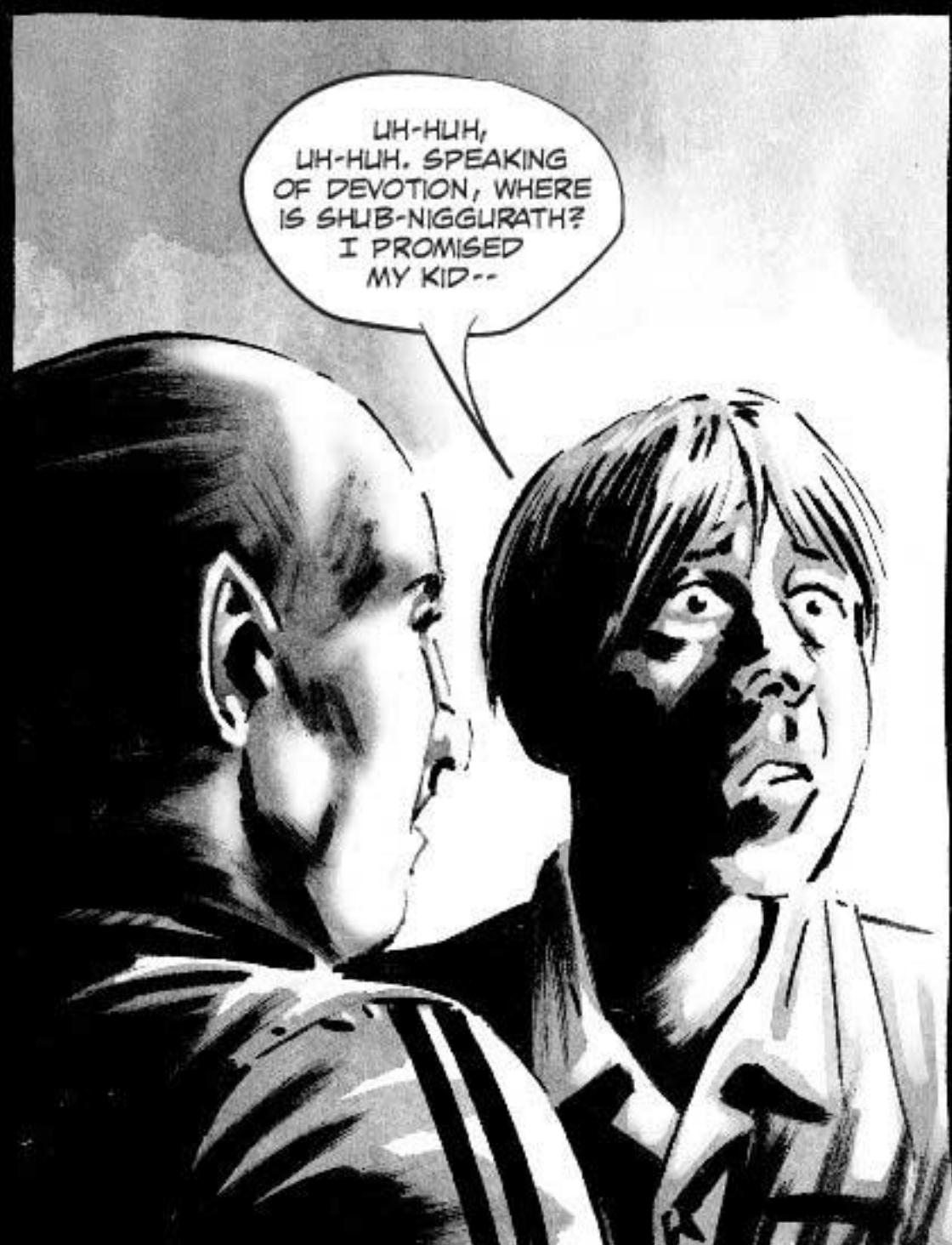
THOSE FOOLS...
CREATURES OF
THE BASEST
IGNORANCE...

THEIR
nescience, the way
they glimpse but the
merest sliver of the
world through their
infantine slits, inspires
in me the deepest
loathing.











YOU SPEAK
AS IF YOU DID
NOT BREAK US UP
TWENTY MINUTES
AGO.

LORD CTHULHU,
DO YOU TRULY
DESIRE THE BAND
BE ENDED?



I... IT IS
NOT MY
DESIRE, YOU
KNOW THAT.

WHEN I DECIDED
ON THIS COURSE
FOR OUR RETURN, I
DEDICATED MYSELF,
NYARLATHOTEP.

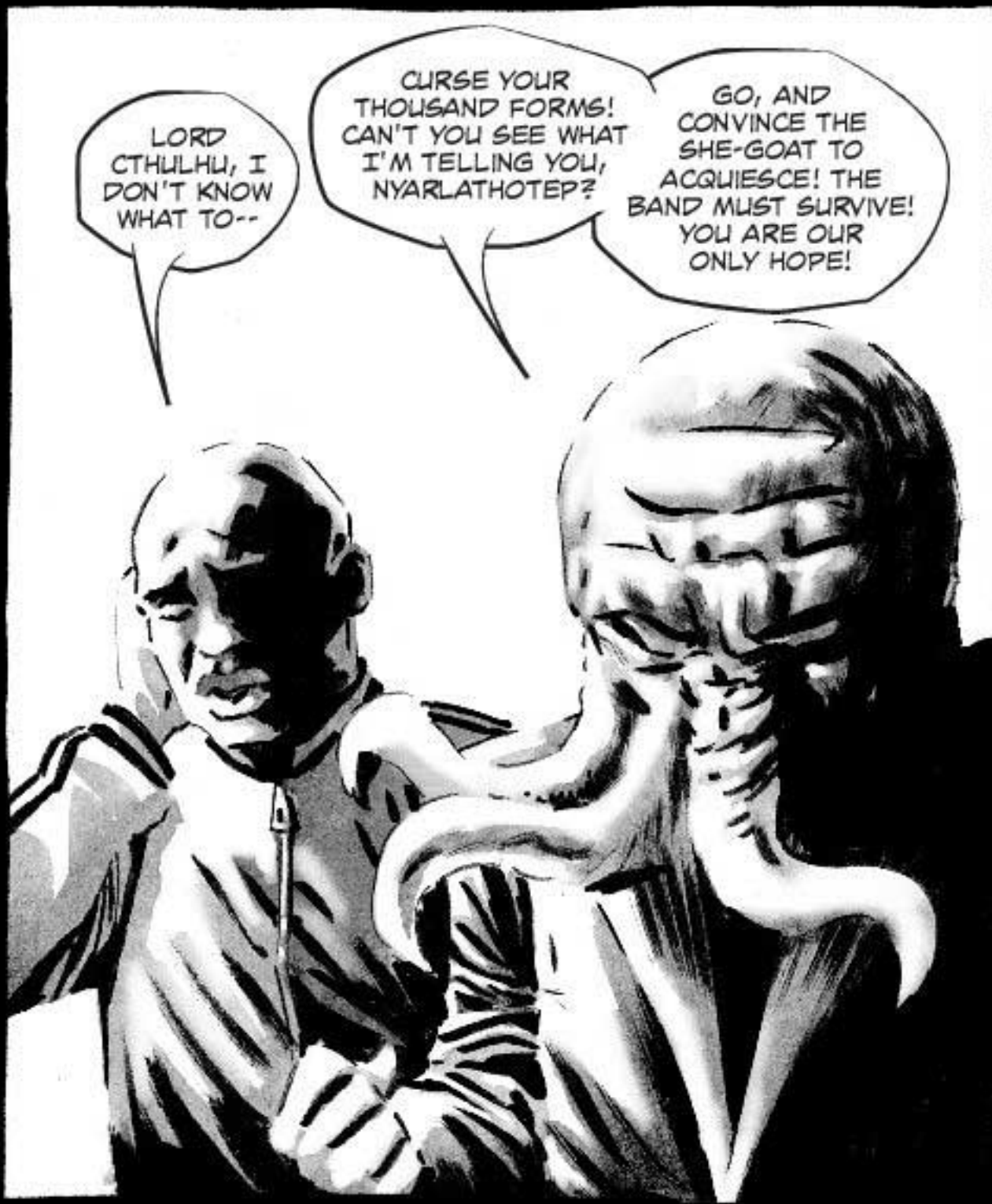
TO THE
GUITAR. TO THE
KEYBOARD. TO THE
UKULELE. TO ALL
THE THINGS THAT
BRING THE
ROCK.

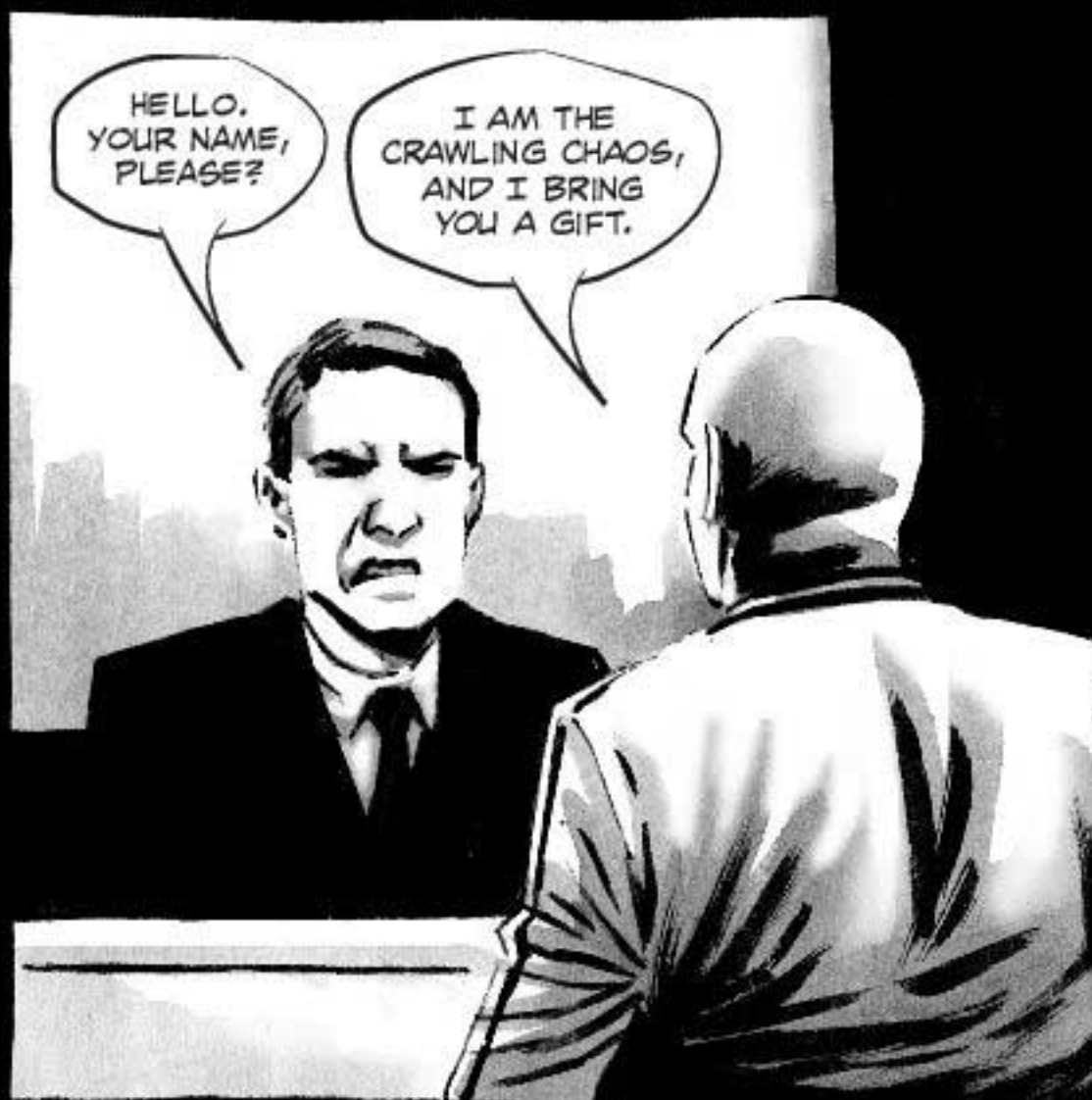
BUT
SHUB-NIGGURATH CARES
NOT ABOUT THE ROCK,
ABOUT THE THINGS THAT
ENDURE, LIKE THE DARK
AGONY OF THE POWER
CHORDS.

NO, LIKE ANY
EFFICIENT RUTTING THING,
SHUB-NIGGURATH IS
FICKLE. LIKE *THEY* ARE
FICKLE. GUEST-RAPPERS.
COWBELLS. PRODUCTION
GIMMICKS!



I ♥ SHUB
NIGGURATH







I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND WHY YOG-SOTHOTH ALWAYS DOES THAT.

WELL, HE *IS* THE LURKER IN THE THRESHOLD. HE TAKES THE TITLE VERY SERIOUSLY, I SUPPOSE.



YOU'RE HERE TO SPEAK ON LORD CTHULHU'S BEHALF, I TAKE IT?

IS THERE NOTHING THAT CAN BE DONE TO SAVE THE BAND, O BLACK GOAT? CAN YOU AND OUR LORD NOT GET ALONG?



HOW CAN WE? LORD CTHULHU CARES NOT FOR MY IDEAS OR AUDIENCE, NOR I FOR HIS.

ROCK IS DULL! GUITAR SOLOS STULTIFY! WHAT IS WRONG WITH POP'S EFFERVESCENCE?



BUT HE WILL HAVE NONE OF IT, AND WHEN I GO ELSEWHERE TO EXERCISE ANY CREATIVITY, HE ACTS BETRAYED!

THEN SHAMES ME FOR TRYING TO MAKE US POPULAR! HOW CAN WE GET ALONG, I ASK YOU?



GAH!
GAH!



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, SINCE OUR EXISTENCE IS BUT A TINY LIGHTED SHOAL SURROUNDED BY AN INFINITELY DARK SEA, FILLED WITH HORRORS WE CANNOT IMAGINE... WE'LL BEGIN BOARDING IMMEDIATELY.

PH'NGLUI
MGLW'NAFH
CTHULHU R'LYEH
WAGAH'NAGL
FHTAGN!



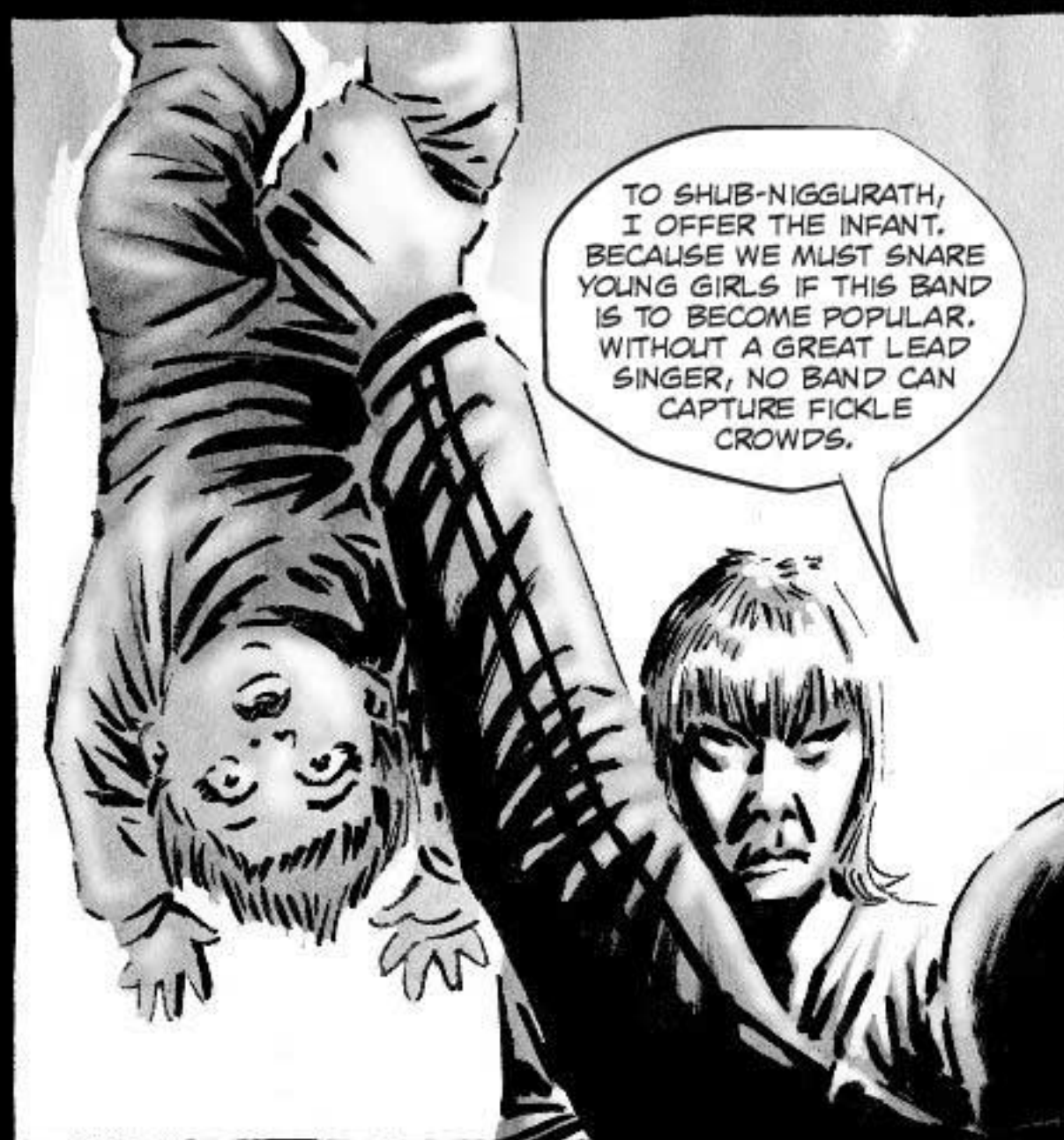
I'M ACTUALLY IN THE LOUNGE UNDER A TV WITH A BROKEN SPEAKER, NYARLATHOTEP, BUT I APPRECIATE THE SENTIMENT.



SHUB-NIGGURATH.



LORD
CTHULHU.



TO SHUB-NIGGURATH,
I OFFER THE INFANT.
BECAUSE WE MUST SNARE
YOUNG GIRLS IF THIS BAND
IS TO BECOME POPULAR.
WITHOUT A GREAT LEAD
SINGER, NO BAND CAN
CAPTURE FICKLE
CROWDS.



TO CTHULHU,
I OFFER THE OLDER
SIBLING. BECAUSE WE
MUST TRAP YOUNG MEN IF
THIS BAND IS TO BECOME
LEGENDARY. WITHOUT A
SUPERIOR LEAD GUITARIST,
NO BAND CAN KEEP THE
DEVOTION OF THE
FAITHFUL.

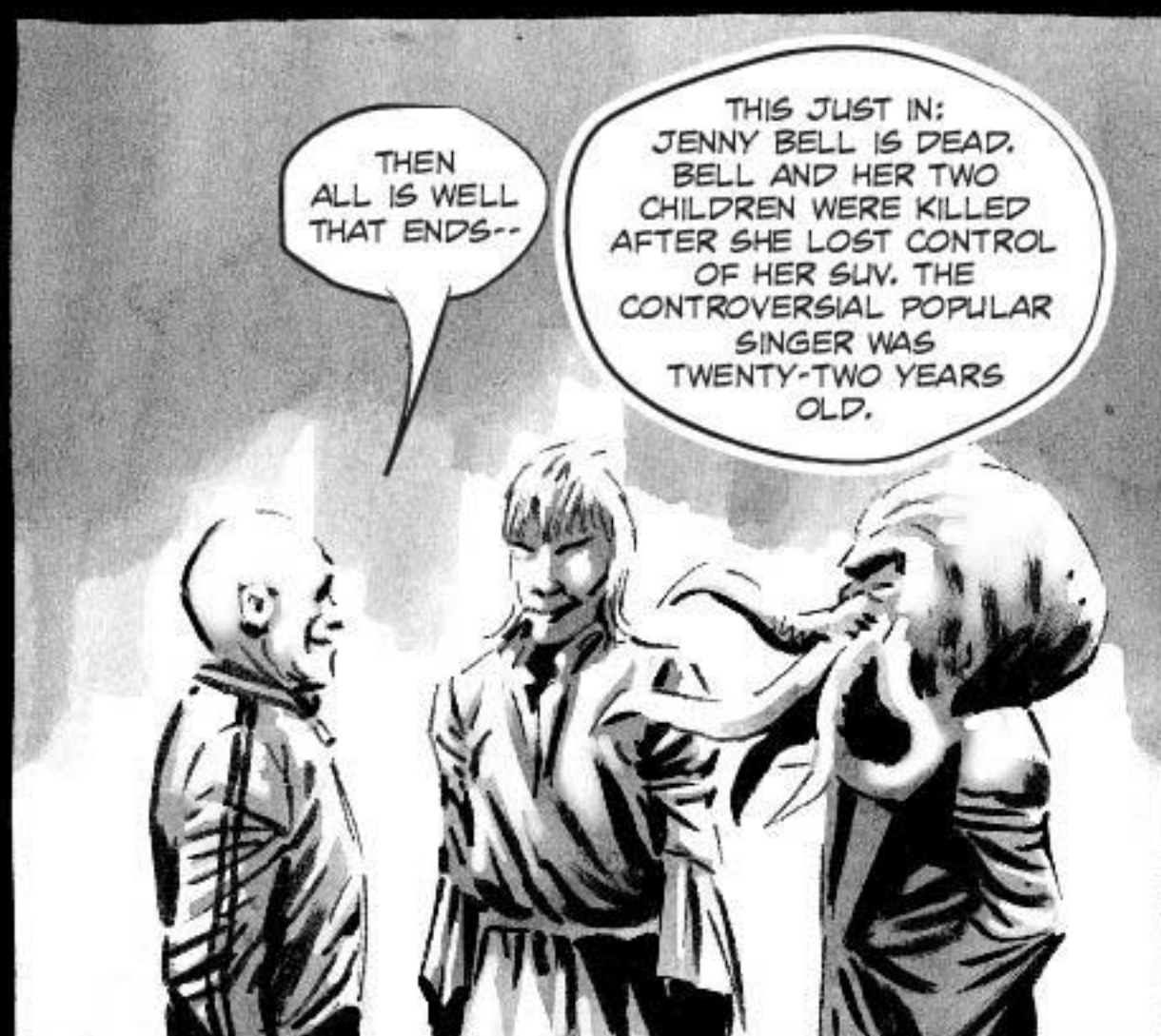


IF THESE SACRIFICES SATISFY,
THEN COME TOGETHER, GREAT
OLD ONE AND OUTER GOD, SO
WE MAY ATTAIN POWER AND
PRESTIGE. SUCH THAT THIS
WORLD MIGHT KNOW THE
HORROR OF OUR DARK AND
UNENDING REIGN.



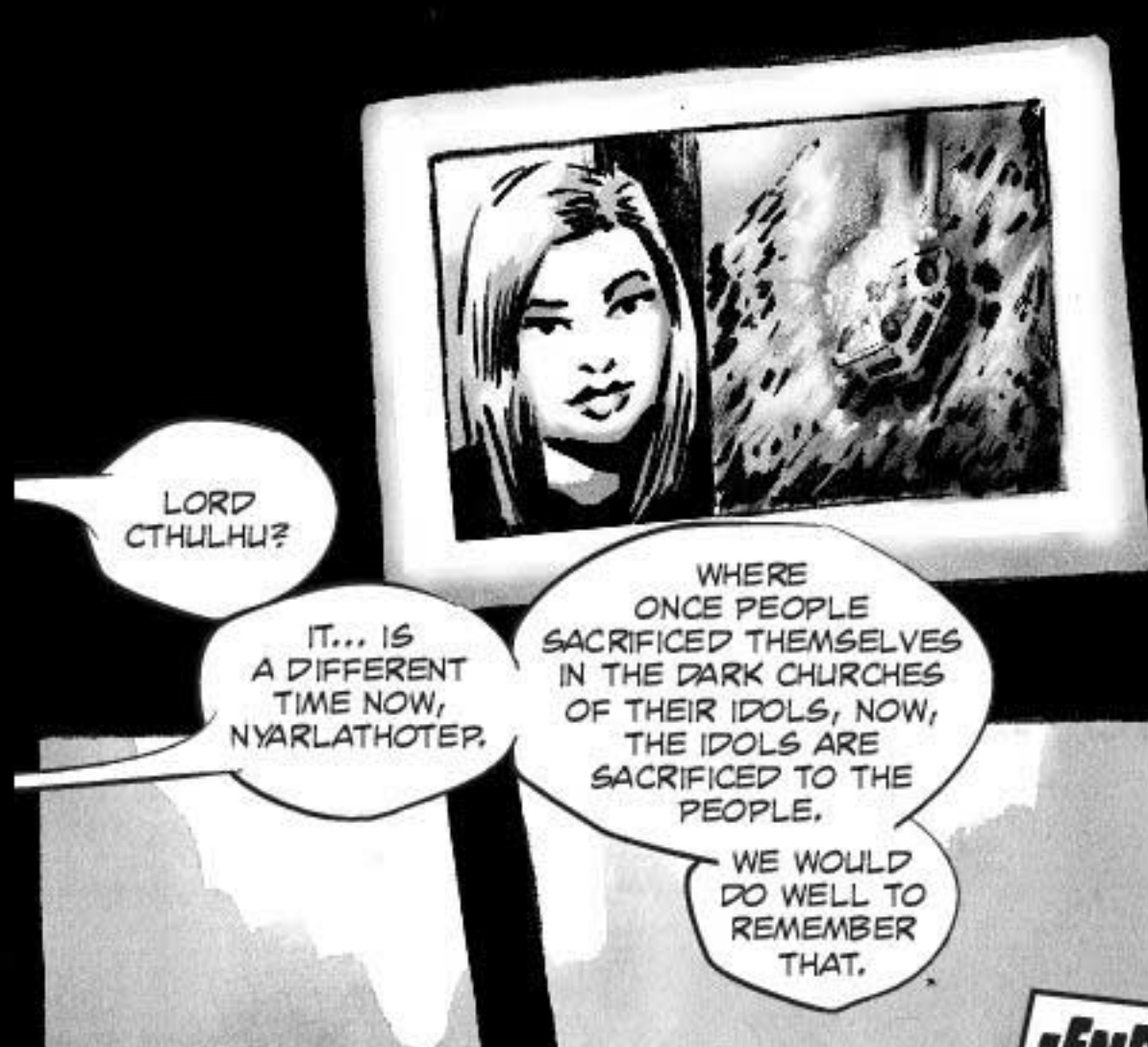
I ACCEPT THIS
SACRIFICE, O MIGHTY
MESSENGER, AS THE
SEEDS OF DARKENED
WISDOM ARE SOWN
WITHIN.

MMMM.
DELICIOUS
BABY!



THEN
ALL IS WELL
THAT ENDS--

THIS JUST IN:
JENNY BELL IS DEAD.
BELL AND HER TWO
CHILDREN WERE KILLED
AFTER SHE LOST CONTROL
OF HER SUV. THE
CONTROVERSIAL POPULAR
SINGER WAS
TWENTY-TWO YEARS
OLD.



LORD
CTHULHU?

IT... IS
A DIFFERENT
TIME NOW,
NYARLATHOTEP.

WHERE
ONCE PEOPLE
SACRIFICED THEMSELVES
IN THE DARK CHURCHES
OF THEIR IDOLS, NOW,
THE IDOLS ARE
SACRIFICED TO THE
PEOPLE.

WE WOULD
DO WELL TO
REMEMBER
THAT.

-END-

RITE TO LIFE

MY NAME IS MILO FLETCHER, AND I'M A WASHINGTON STATE CHILD PROTECTIVE SERVICES EMERGENCY CASEWORKER. DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME. YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE NOW.

GOT AN ALLEGATION OF POSSIBLE CHILD ABUSE, LAMPREY BAY. WENT WITH POLICE TO INVESTIGATE.

WHO'S THE NEIGHBOR THAT CALLED THIS IN? THERE ISN'T NO NEIGHBORS.

SAID HIS NAME WAS RANDOLPH CARTER.

GOOD LUCK FOLLOWING UP WITH HIM.





COME ON, BUDDY, AT LEAST TELL ME YOUR NAME SO I CAN FILL THIS OUT, OR I'LL GET IN TROUBLE.

AND YOUR AGE -- 36? IF YOU'RE 40, YOU ARE MOISTURIZING --

... CTHULHU FTAGN ...



PARENTS DECLINED TO ANSWER QUESTIONS, ACTED SUSPICIOUSLY.

I KNOW FROM PUBLIC RECORDS THAT YOUR NAME IS VICTOR MARSH, BUT IF YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TALK TO ME ...

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO HIM?

NOTHING. LEAVE US.



YEAH, YOU SAID THAT. I WILL LEAVE YOU, THEN, WITH THE BOY, UNTIL I CAN ENSURE THAT HIS HEALTH AND WELL-BEING ARE NOT IN QUESTION.

NO!

STAY BACK, SIR.



PROTECTIVE CUSTODY, MR. MARSH. FEEL FREE TO CALL AN ATTORNEY. IF YOU'LL ANSWER SOME QUESTIONS WHEN I COME BACK TOMORROW, I'M SURE YOU'LL HAVE HIM BACK HOME SOON. IT'S ALWAYS THE STATE'S GOAL TO REUNITE FAMILIES. EVEN --

YOU CANNOT TAKE HIM! HE MUST BE HERE TOMORROW NIGHT!



WHY TOMORROW?

A SPECIAL ... FAMILY DAY. GUESTS ARE COMING. FAMILY.

I CAN'T GUARANTEE THAT, SIR. BUT I'LL BE BACK IN THE MORNING, AND WE'LL START GETTING THINGS SORTED OUT.



... CTHULHU ...

LEFT THE BOY WITH
FOSTER CARE ...

... THEN INVESTIGATED
THE MEANING OF THE
CHILD'S MANTRA ...

... AND THE
PARENTS'
BACKGROUND.

NEVER HEARD OF THE
PLACE. ANYTHING FROM
INNSMOUTH C.P.S.
OR P.D.?

NO,
BECAUSE THERE
HASN'T REALLY BEEN A
TOWN THERE SINCE THE
GOVERNMENT RAIDED
IT - IN 1928.

THIS IS
SCARY STUFF, MILO.
THESE ARE BAD
PEOPLE. IT WAS SOME
KIND OF CULT.

HEY -- I'M FROM SPOKANE,
ALL RIGHT? DIOCESE THERE'S
BANKRUPT FROM CHILD
MOLESTERS. AND THOSE
CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS WITH
THE SICK KID LAST
YEAR?

FAR AS I'M
CONCERNED, ONE
CULT'S JUST AS
BAD AS THE
NEXT.

DJANGO TAKIN' A SHINE
TO YOU, KIDDO. TELL HIM
WHAT IT MEANS. YOU CAN
WHISPER IT TO
HIM.

CTHULHU
FTAGHN ...

YEAH, RIGHT, "IN HIS HOUSE AT R'LYEH,
DEAD CTHULHU WAITS DREAMING."
WHO'S CTHULHU, WHERE'S R'LYEH,
AND WHAT'S IT GOT TO DO WITH YOU,
MISTER BROKEN RECORD?
AND ... GO!

PH'NGLUI
MGLW'NAFH
CTHULHU RL'YEH
WGAH'NAGL
FHTAGNI!





JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU LIKE TO EAT AND I'LL MAKE IT FOR YOU, SWEETHEART.



THE BOY WAS INTENDED TO BE A PART OF SOME TYPE OF CULT RITUAL. HIS FAMILY APPEARS TO SEE HIM AS A KEY, A GATEWAY, AND CAN'T COMPLETE THEIR PLANS WITHOUT HIM. HE CAN'T BE RETURNED HOME ...



... WITHOUT MORTAL CONSEQUENCES.



I CAN UNDERSTAND ONE, BUT CREEPING OUT TWO SETS OF FOSTER PARENTS IN ONE NIGHT? COME ON, KIDDO. LOOKS LIKE I NEED TO TAKE CARE OF YOU.

CTHULHU--



YEAH, I KNOW, MISTER BROKEN RECORD, CTHULHU FTAGN. IF WE HAD MORE TIME, YOU'D BE SAYING "NINTENDO WII." SORRY, KID.

BUT I JUST CAN'T LET THIS HAPPEN.



DID WHAT I HAD TO
DO WITH THE BOY.



HOPE YOU'LL
UNDERSTAND.



DIDN'T KILL HIM.
NONE OF THIS IS HIS FAULT.



CALLED IN A FAVOR. HE'S
WITH A WITH A GOOD FAMILY.

WHAT THEY'LL DO TO ME
TO GET ME TO TALK ...

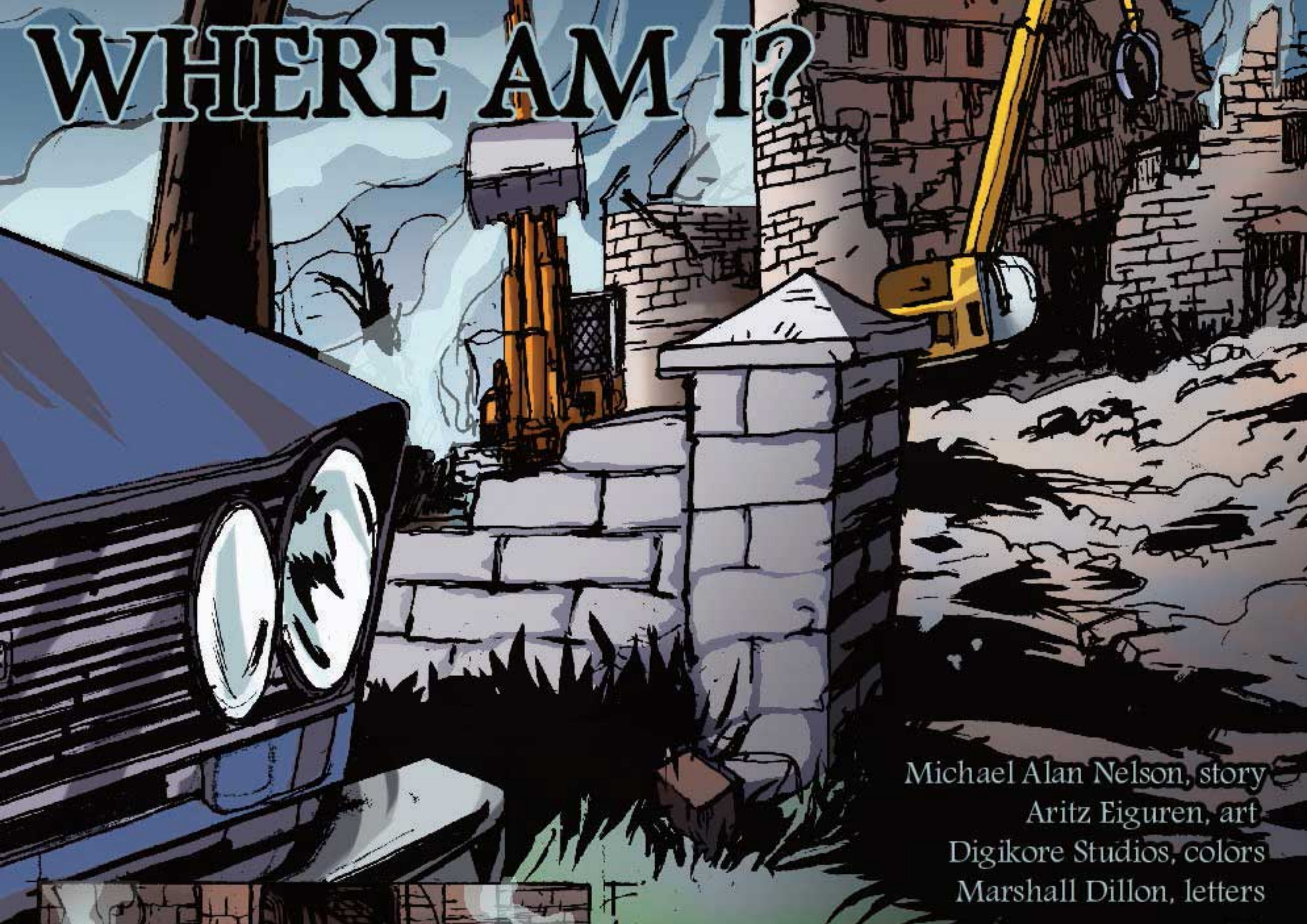
DAMN IT,
NOTHING TO
DRINK.



BUT I'LL NEVER TELL THEM.
OR IF I DO, IT WON'T BE IN
TIME FOR WHATEVER THEY
NEED HIM FOR. YOU -

BULLETPROOF
PLEXIGLASS

WHERE AM I?



Michael Alan Nelson, story
Aritz Eiguren, art
Digikore Studios, colors
Marshall Dillon, letters





WOULDN'T THIS BE SOMETHING BETTER SUITED FOR THE POLICE?



I CALLED 'EM ALREADY, BUT THEY'VE GOT THEIR HANDS FULL. SHERIFF DIRK SAID I SHOULD TALK WITH YOU, THAT YOU'D KNOW WHAT TO DO.



WE'VE BEEN CLEANING UP PLACES LIKE THIS ALL OVER TOWN. I KNOW IT'S CRUEL TO SAY, BUT THE RIOTS SURE WERE GOOD FOR BUSINESS.

WARS DO HAVE THAT EFFECT SOMETIMES.



HUH?

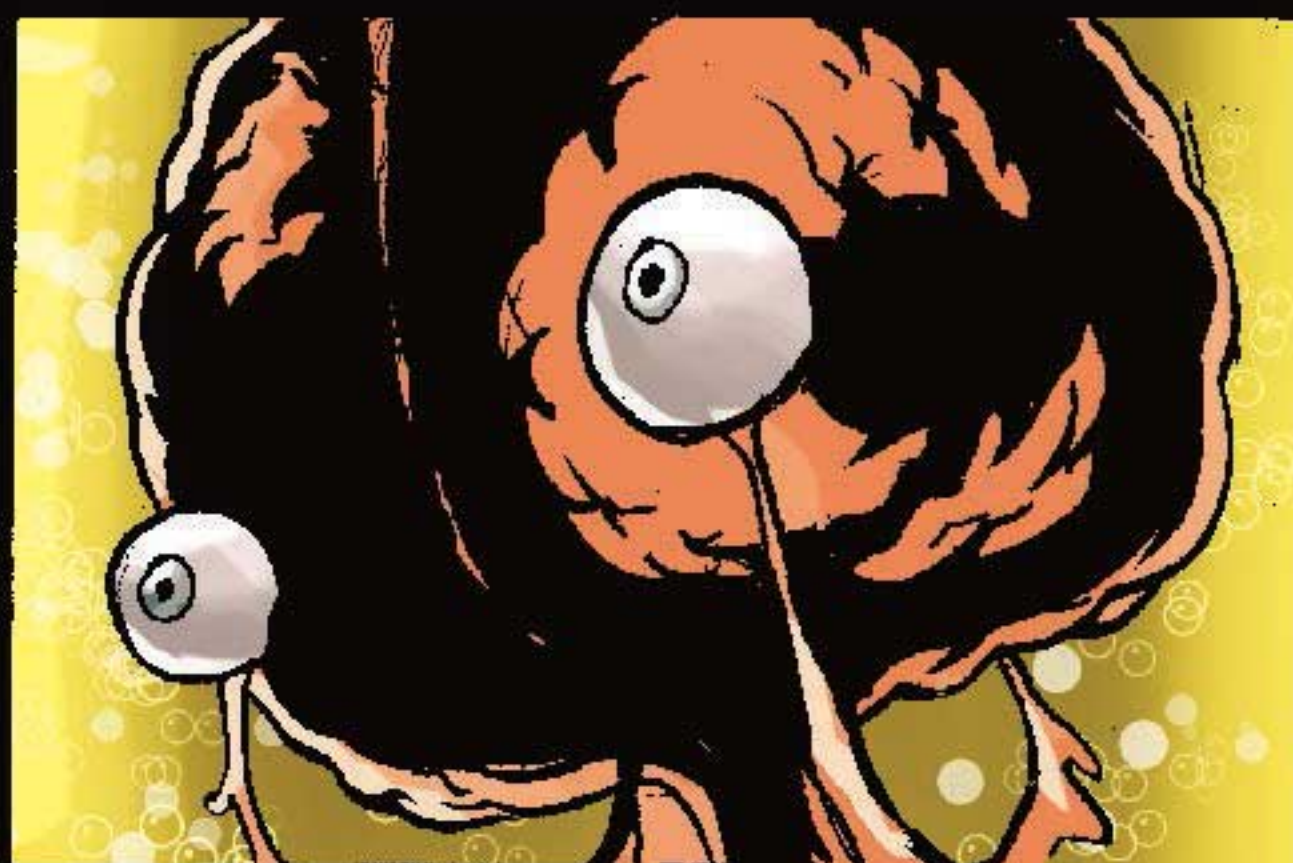
NEVER MIND. PLEASE CONTINUE.



ANYWAY, WE COME ACROSS SOME WEIRD THINGS IN THIS LINE OF WORK. THINGS PEOPLE USUALLY DON'T WANT THE PUBLIC TO SEE.

I'M FAMILIAR WITH THE PRURIENT UNDERBELLY OF HUMANITY, JACK. YOU DIDN'T BRING ME HERE TO LOOK AT SOMEONE'S MIDGET PORN COLLECTION, DID YOU?

NO.





I HAVE SERIOUS RESERVATIONS ABOUT THIS, HADLEY. YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW IF IT'S CONSCIOUS.



I REALIZE THAT, LILIAN. BUT CAN YOU THINK OF ANOTHER WAY? HOW ELSE COULD IT COMMUNICATE WITH US?

THE PUPIL RESPONSE COULD BE PURELY REFLEXIVE AND DIVORCED FROM ANY CONSCIOUS THOUGHT. WHAT YOU'RE PROPOSING IS UNETHICAL.



AND HOW ETHICAL WOULD IT BE IF IT WERE CONSCIOUS AND WE DID NOTHING? IMAGINE THE HORROR IT MUST BE EXPERIENCING IF IT WERE AWARE IT WAS IN A JAR.

IT WOULD BE UNETHICAL TO DO NOTHING.

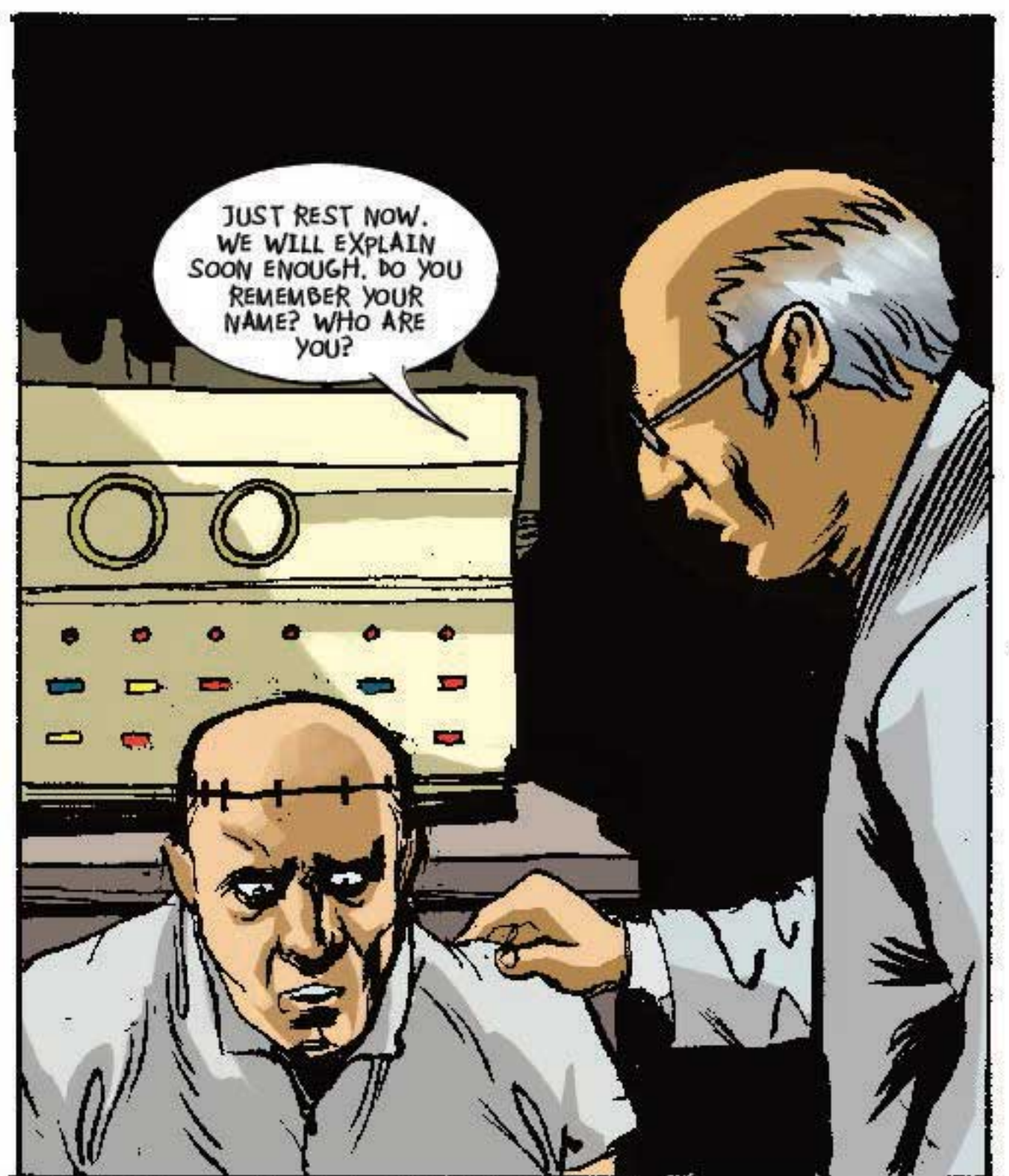
ETHICAL ISSUES ASIDE, DON'T YOU THINK THERE ARE BETTER USES OF YOUR TIME? WE JUST SURVIVED A GODWARI SHOULD'N'T WE BE TRYING TO LEARN HOW?

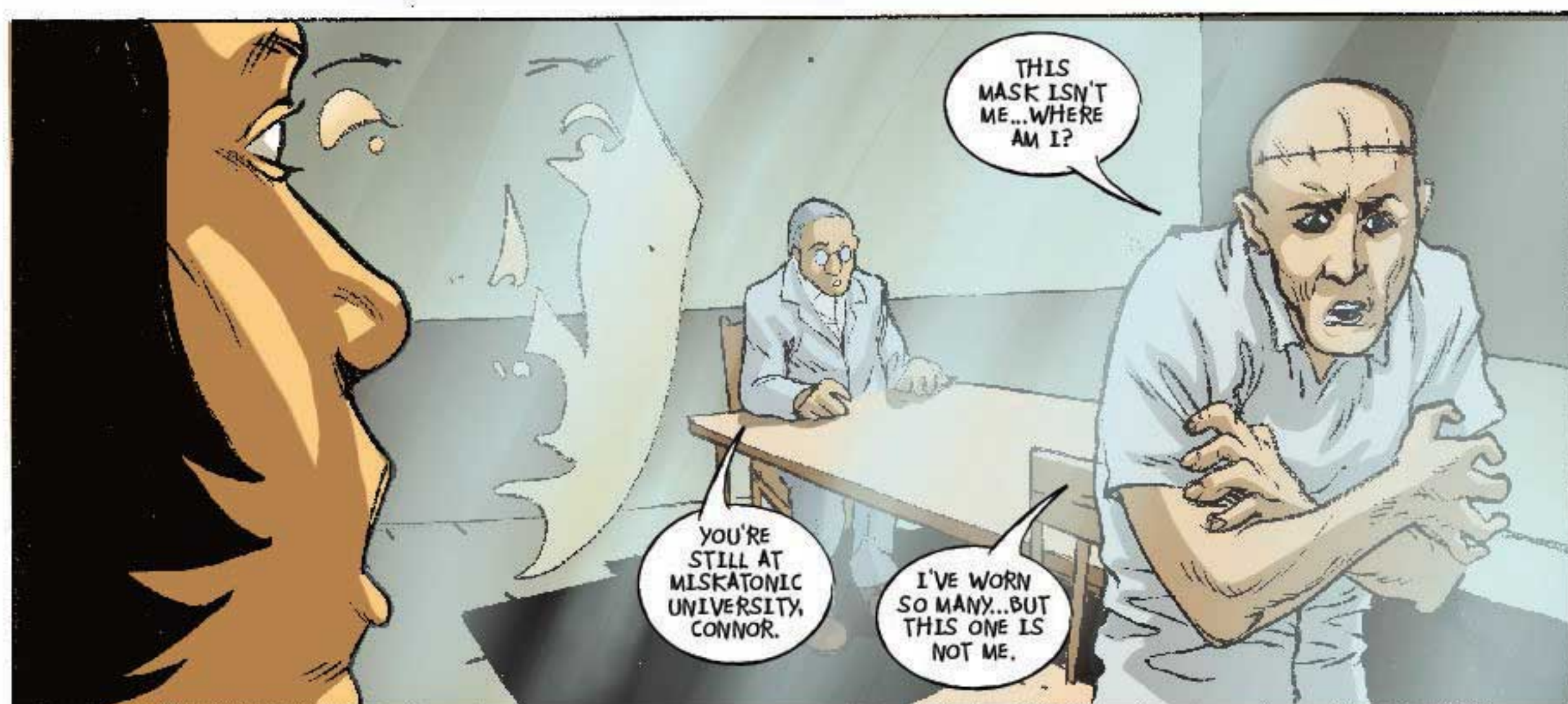
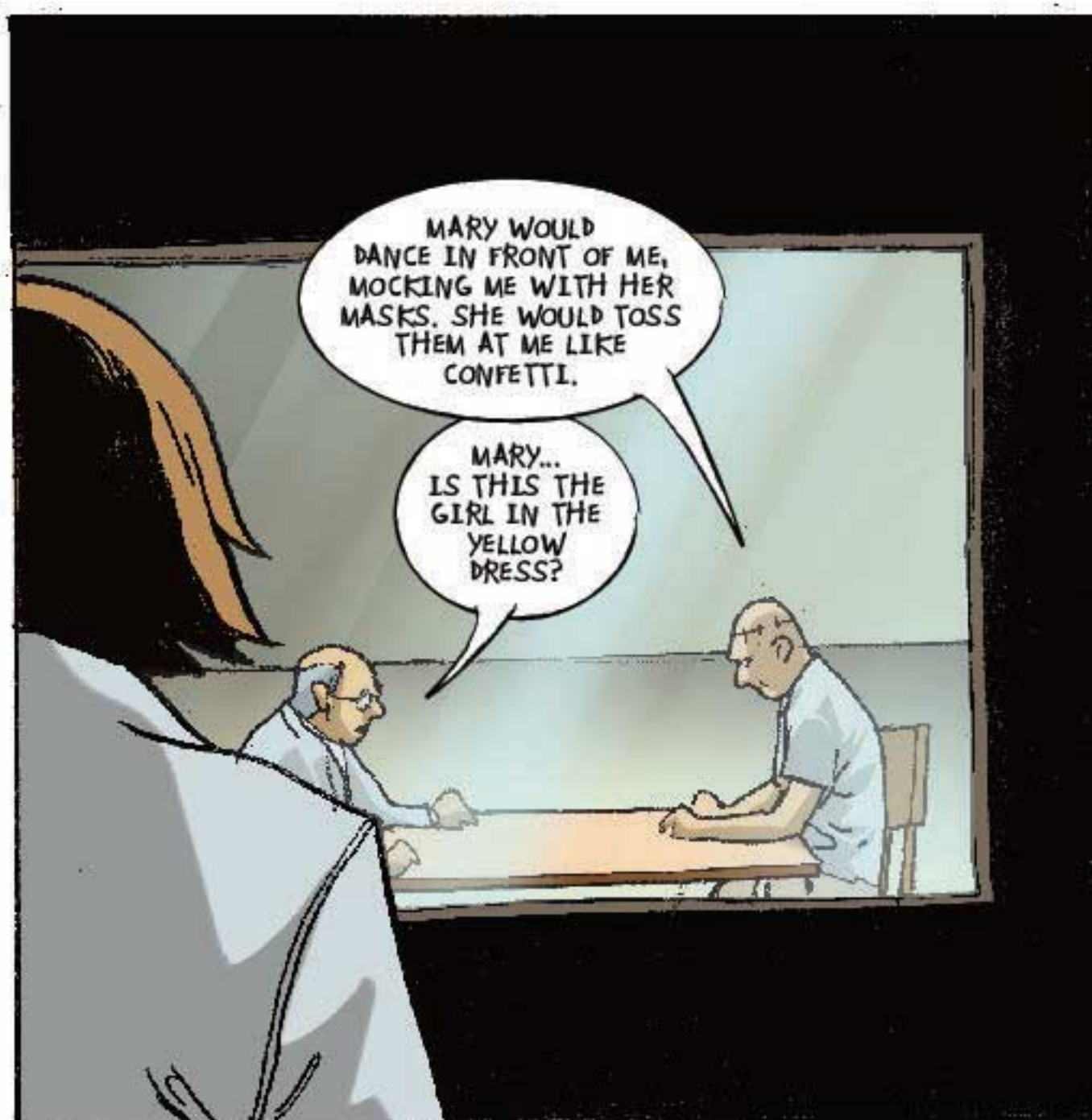


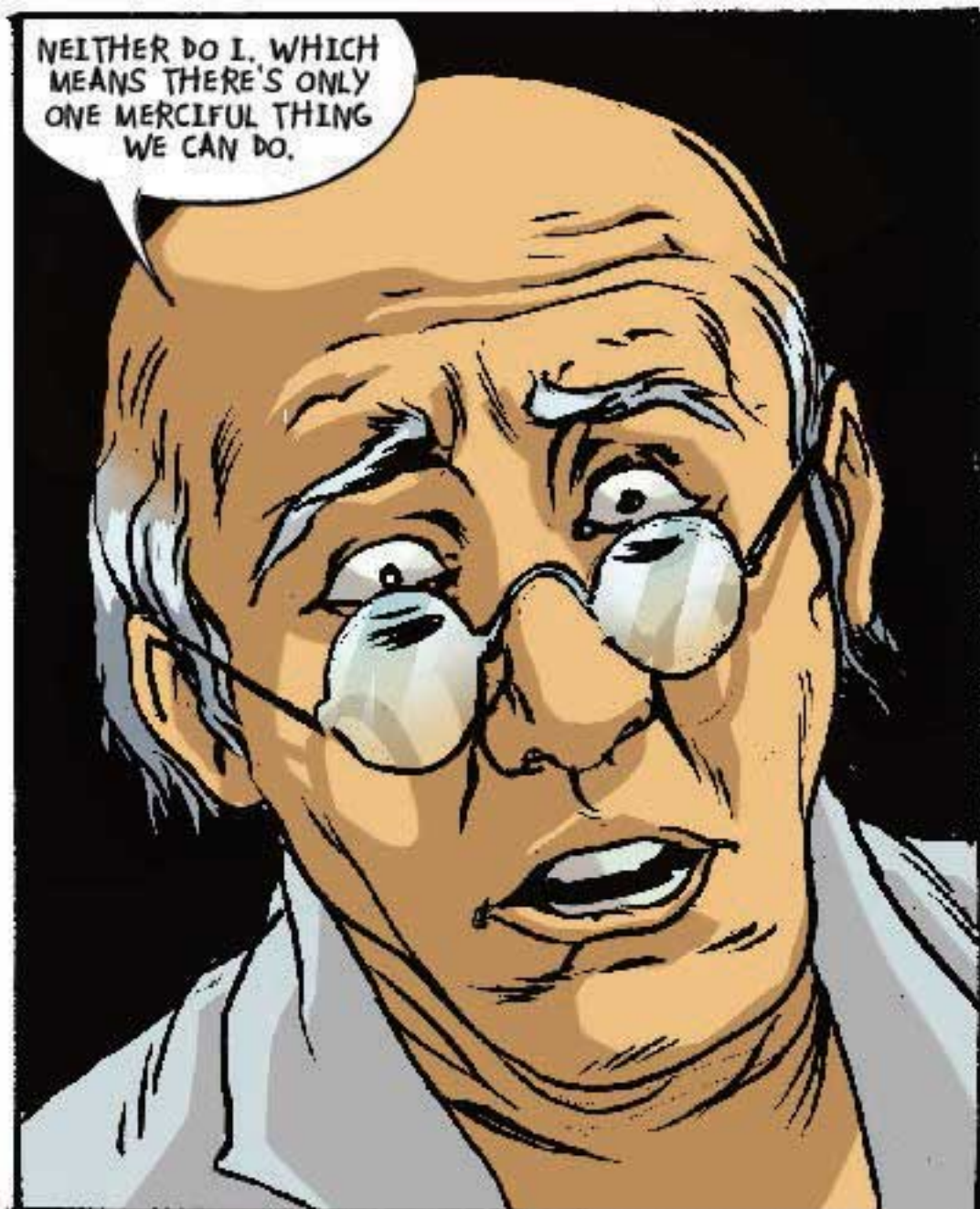
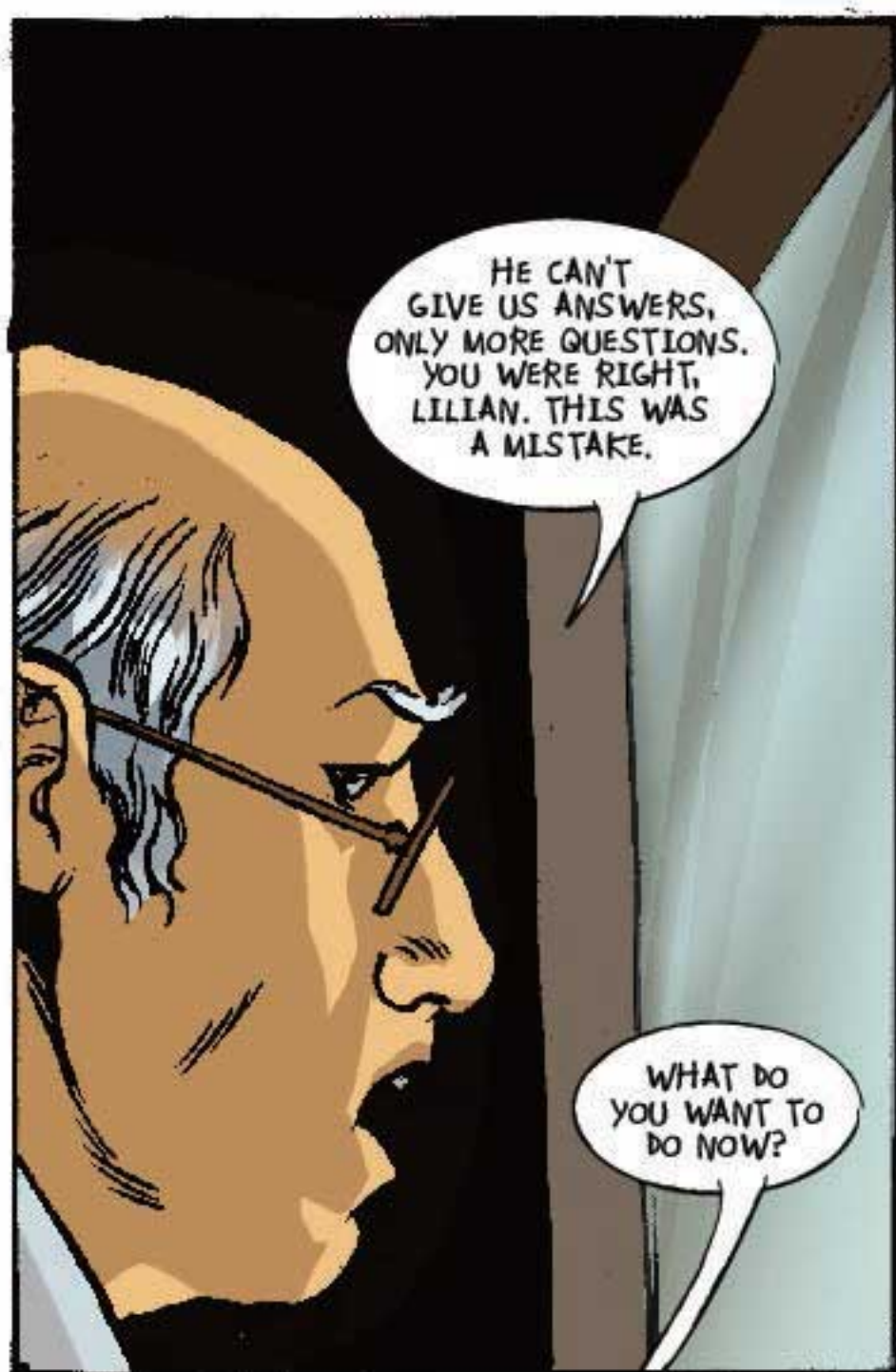
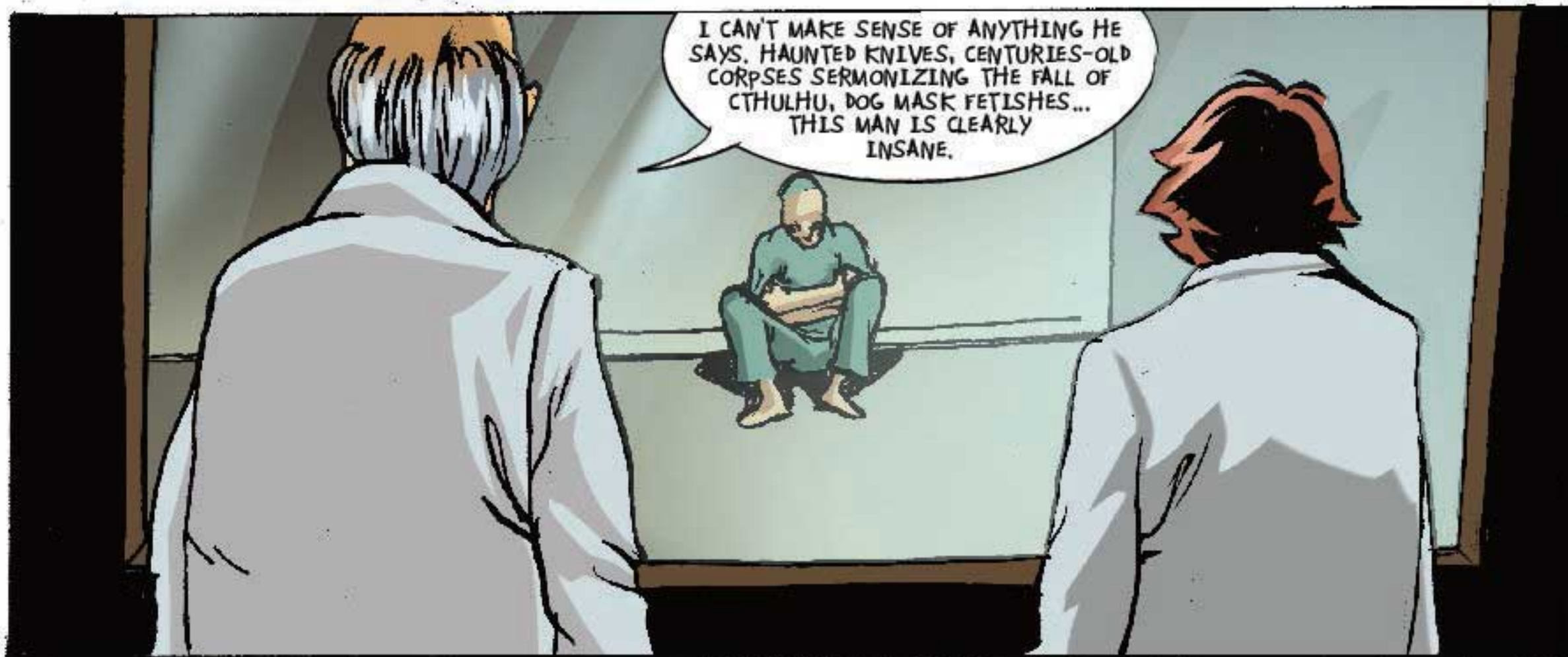
THIS WAS FOUND IN THE ARKHAM BOARDING HOUSE, A BUILDING OWNED BY NYARLATHOTEP'S HUMAN GULSE. IF WHAT WE HAVE LEARNED IS TRUE, HE WAS THE ONE WHO ORCHESTRATED THE WAR BETWEEN NODENS AND GREAT CTHULHU.













I'LL BE FINE.
I JUST FEEL...
WOOZY. I'VE NEVER
BEEN HIT THAT HARD
BEFORE. I'M SURPRISED
HE DIDN'T KILL
US.



HE PROBABLY
WOULD HAVE IF HE
KNEW HE COULDN'T
OVERPOWER US
SO EASILY.



WHAT ARE
YOU DOING.

I'M GOING
TO CALL THE
POLICE.

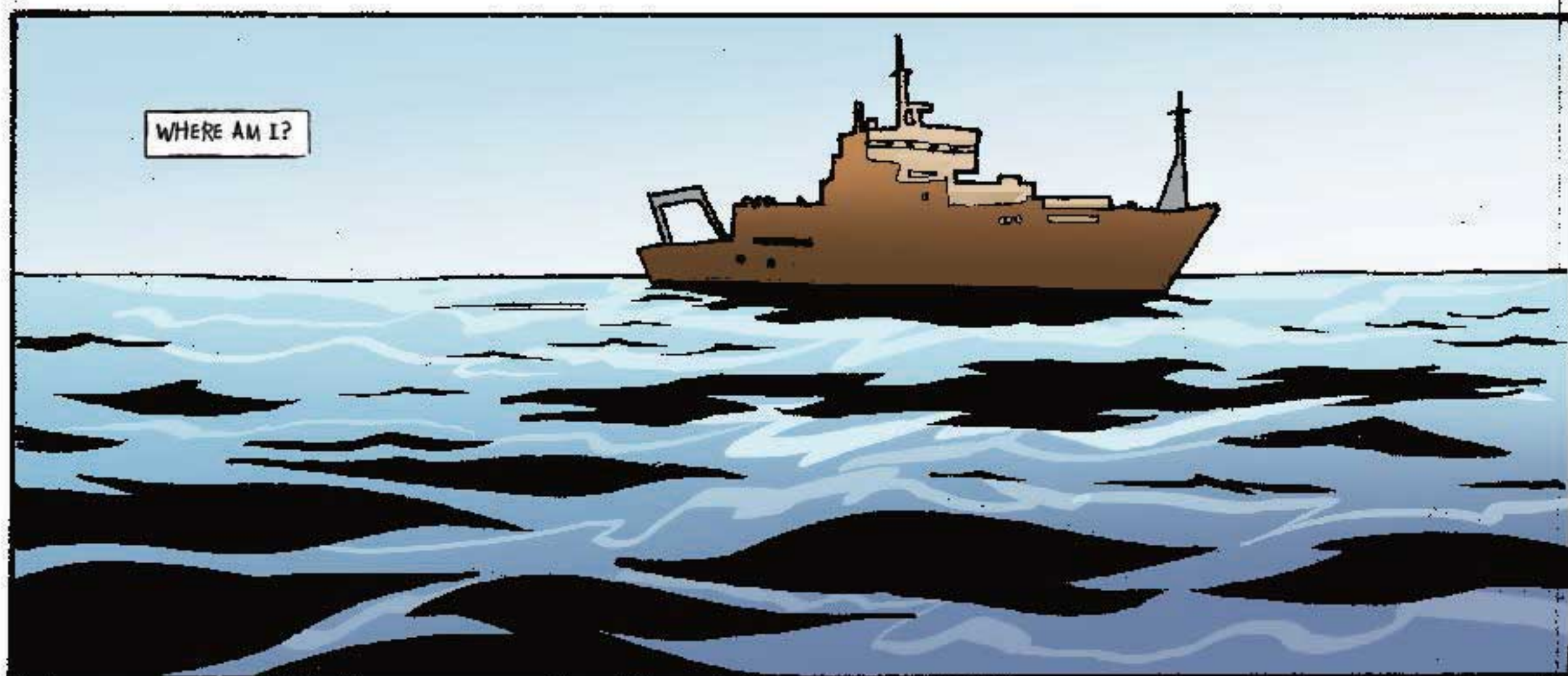


AND TELL THEM
WHAT? OUR PLOT TO
MURDER AN INSANE
TEST SUBJECT
FAILED?

... I
SEE YOUR
POINT.



THE ONLY THING
TO DO NOW IS CLEAN
UP THIS MESS. THEN
PURGE ANY FILES
RELATED TO THIS
EXPERIMENT.



WHERE AM I?



I CAN FEEL MY BODY OUT THERE, SOMEWHERE IN THE DEEP. CALLING TO ME.

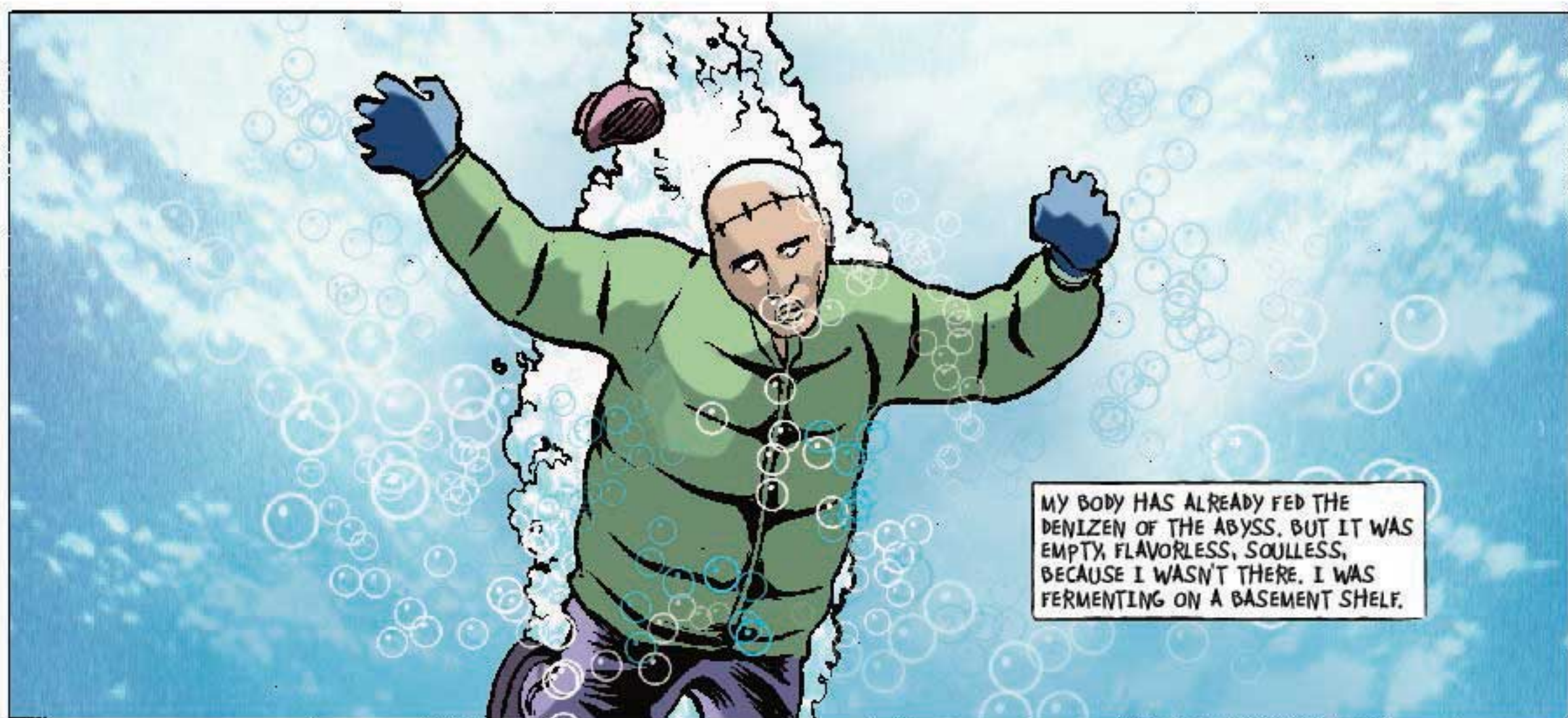
IT WANTS TO BE WHOLE AGAIN. I WANT TO BE WHOLE AGAIN. BUT IT SHOULDN'T BE THAT WAY.



WHO I AM, MYSELF, MY SOUL, ISN'T IN MY BODY, BUT MY BRAIN. MY THOUGHTS DEFINE MY EXISTENCE. IT IS THE THOUGHTS THAT MAKE ME. SO HOW CAN MY BODY PULL ME BACK?



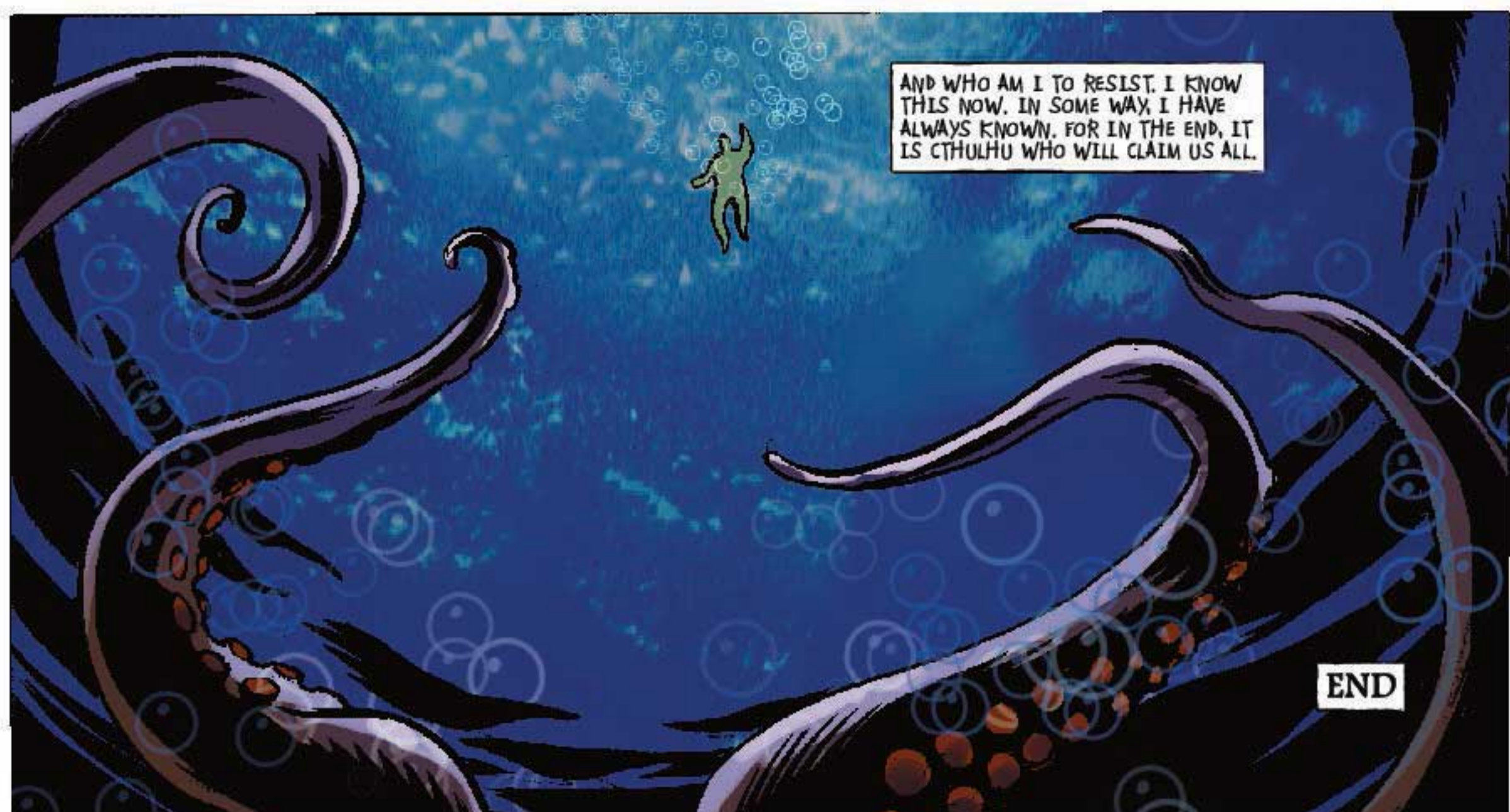
BUT IT ISN'T MY BODY THAT PULLS ME. THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE CALLING TO ME.



MY BODY HAS ALREADY FED THE
DENIZEN OF THE ABYSS. BUT IT WAS
EMPTY, FLAVORLESS, SOULLESS,
BECAUSE I WASN'T THERE. I WAS
FERMENTING ON A BASEMENT SHELF.



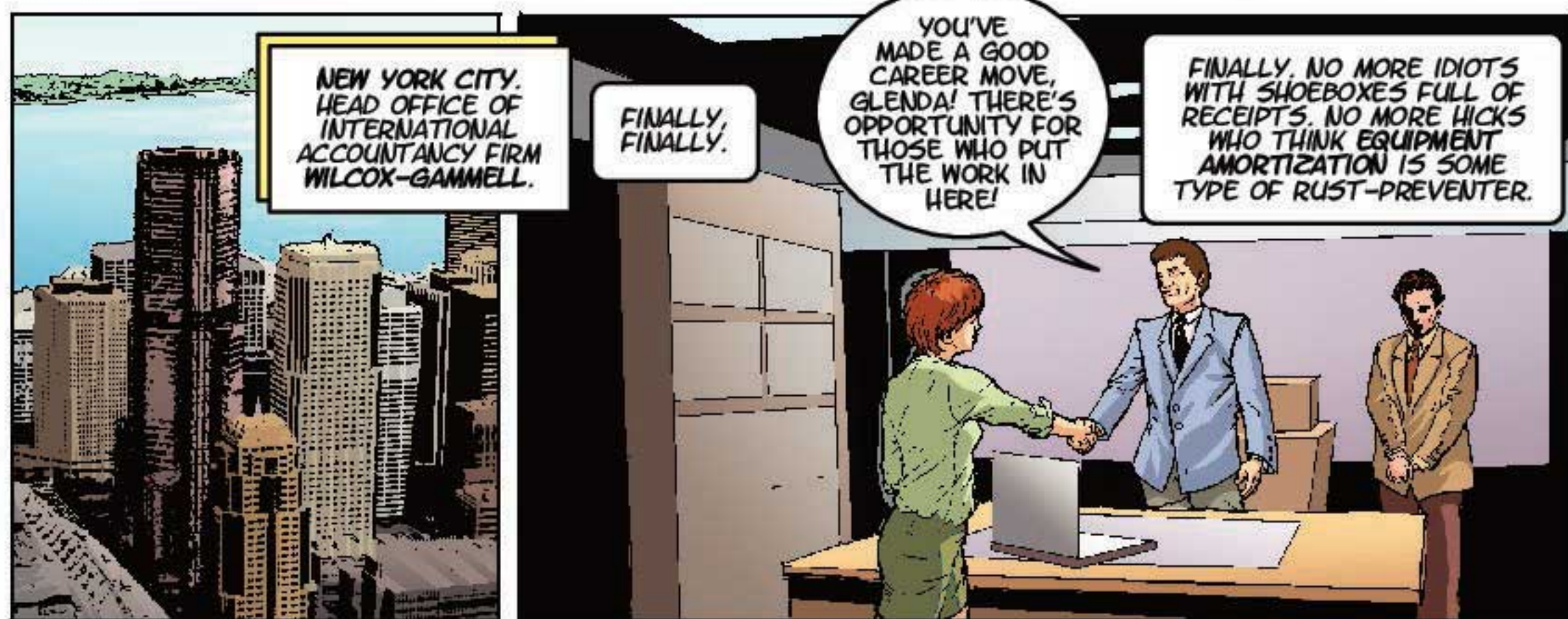
BUT NOW I AM HERE. AND IT
HUNGERS FOR ME. FOR IT IS
WEAK FROM ITS STRUGGLE.



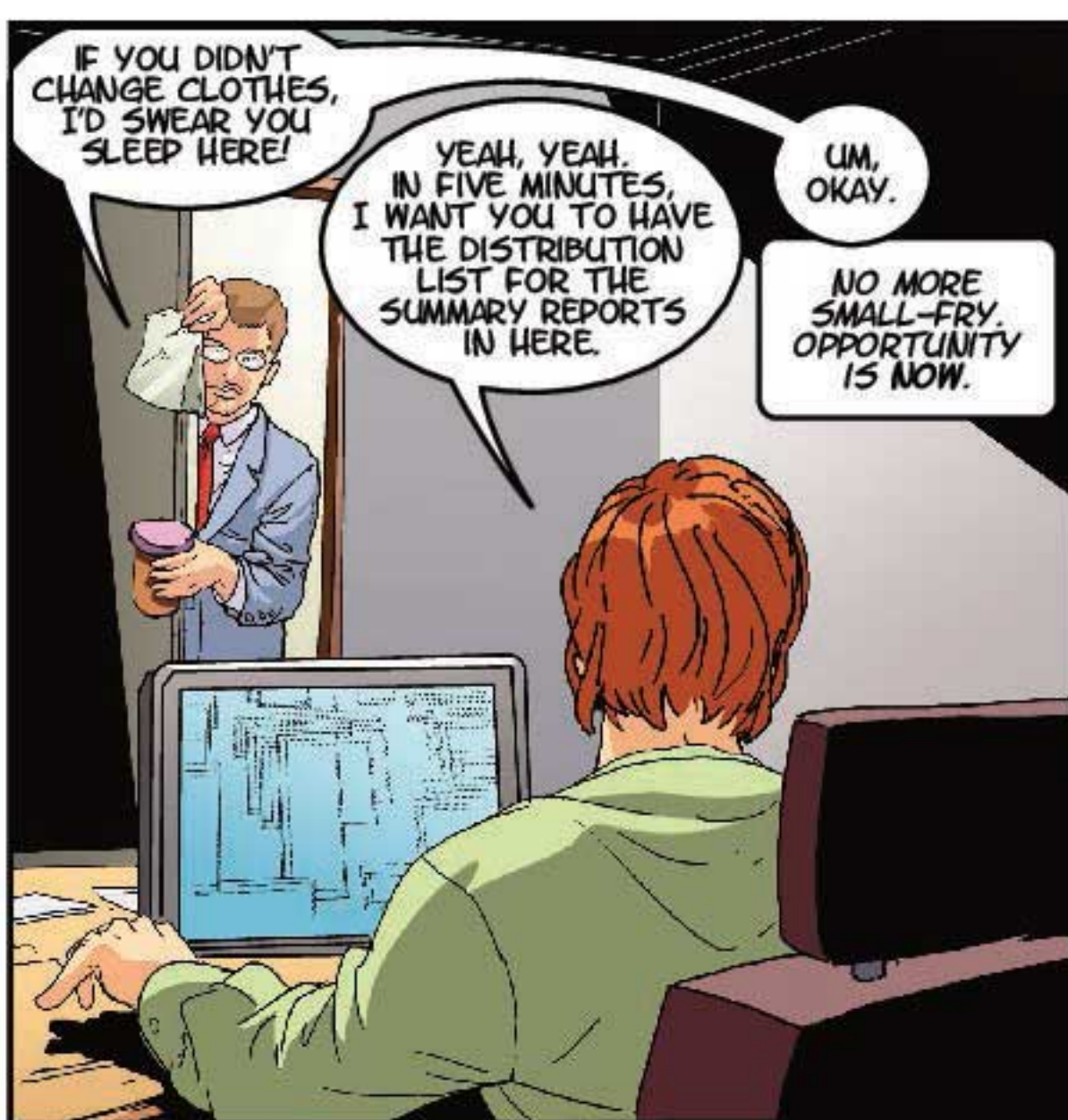
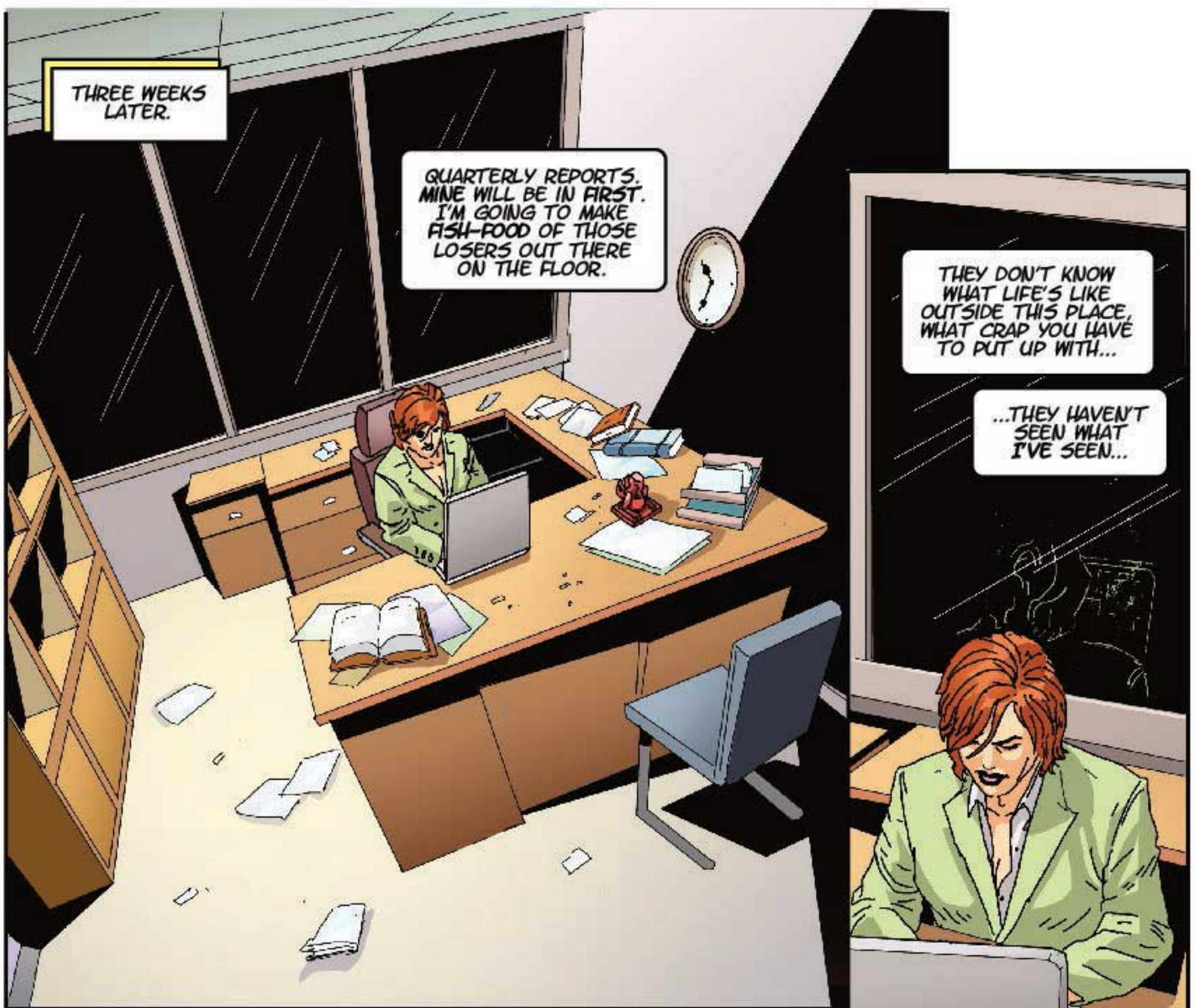
AND WHO AM I TO RESIST. I KNOW
THIS NOW. IN SOME WAY, I HAVE
ALWAYS KNOWN. FOR IN THE END, IT
IS CTHULHU WHO WILL CLAIM US ALL.

END

INCORPORATION



Story: Christopher Sequeira Art: W. Chewie Chan Colors: Digikore Studios Letters: Marshall Dillon





THAT RETURN
YOU FILED WAS
EXCELLENT,
GLENDA.

THANK GOD!
THEN
WHAT---

I'VE BEEN
WATCHING YOU,
ALTHOUGH YOU
MAY NOT
REALIZE HOW
CLOSELY...

OH, GOD HELP ME,
IF YOU TELL ME
YOUR WIFE DOESN'T
UNDERSTAND YOU
OR GRAB MY ASS,
I WILL SUE...



...AND I BELIEVE
YOU CAN BE
TRUSTED TO HANDLE
OUR MOST...COMPLEX
ACCOUNTS. YOU
HAVE DILIGENCE AND
ATTENTION TO
DETAIL, WHICH SOME
CLIENTS DEMAND
ABOVE ALL ELSE...

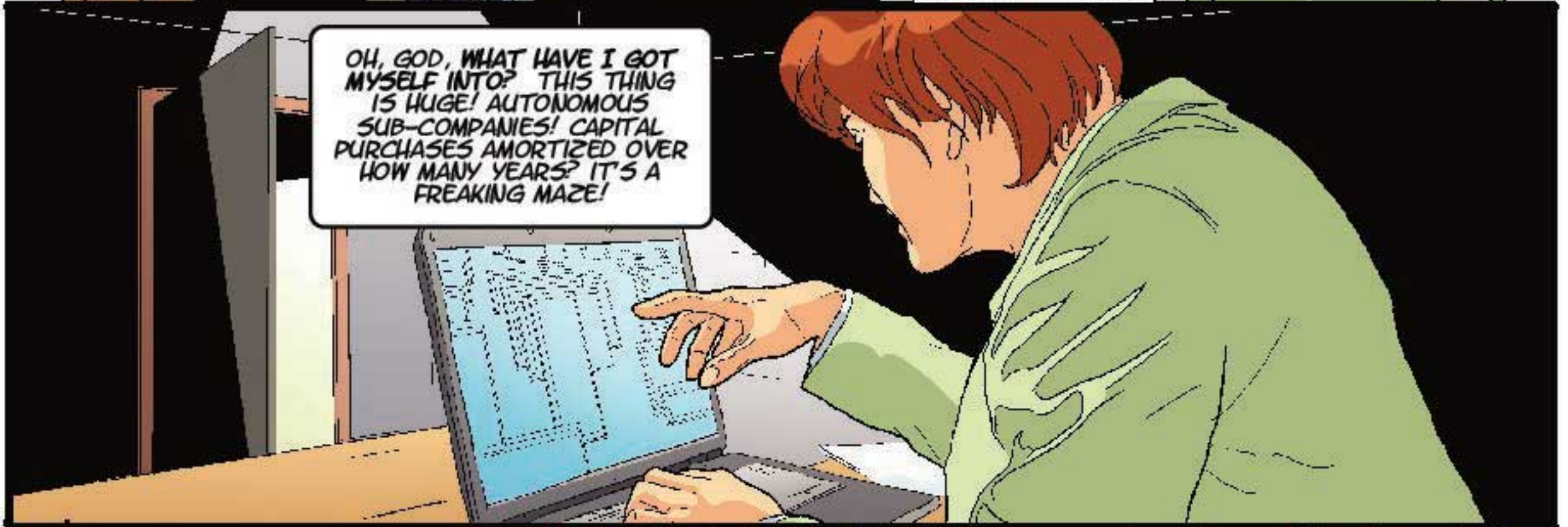
WHEW!

...SO I'D
LIKE YOU TO DO
A PROFITABILITY
ASSESSMENT AND
EXPENDITURE
ANALYSIS BASED
ON THE FIGURES
ON THE DISK. COME
UP WITH SOME
RECOMMENDATIONS.

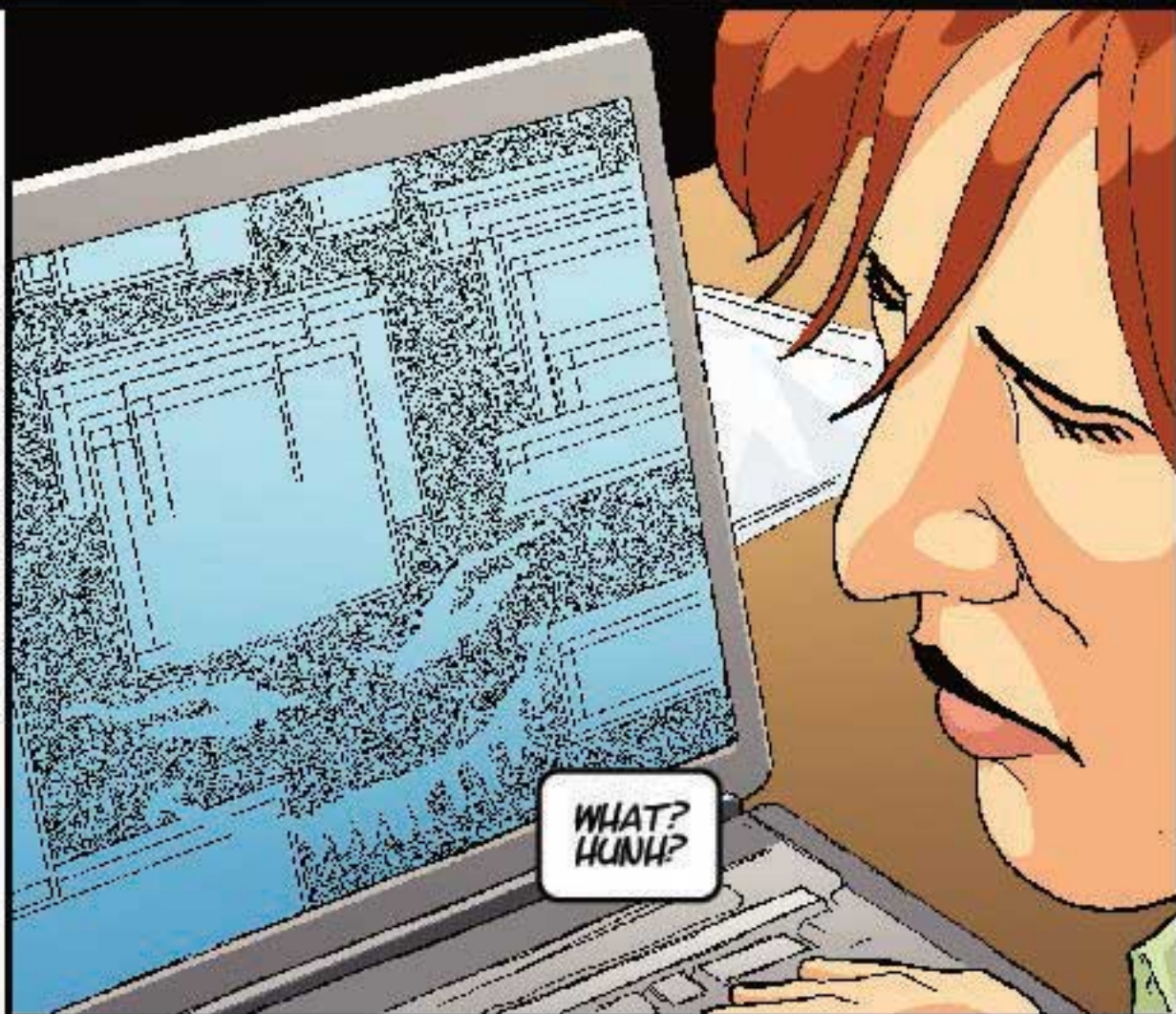


DO A GOOD
JOB WITH THIS
ONE, GLENDA, THIS
JOB IS BEING
REPORTED ON AT
THE NEXT BOARD
MEETING.

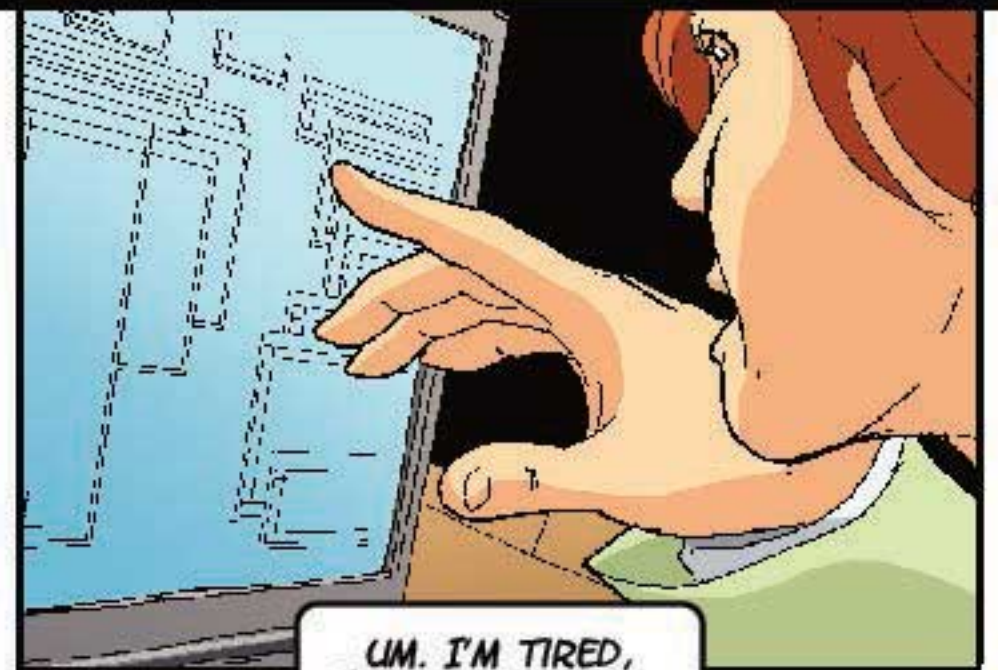
DON'T CHOKE!
DON'T CHOKE!
THIS IS THE
BREAK!



OH, GOD, WHAT HAVE I GOT
MYSELF INTO? THIS THING
IS HUGE! AUTONOMOUS
SUB-COMPANIES! CAPITAL
PURCHASES AMORTIZED OVER
HOW MANY YEARS? IT'S A
FREAKING MAZE!



WHAT?
HUNH?

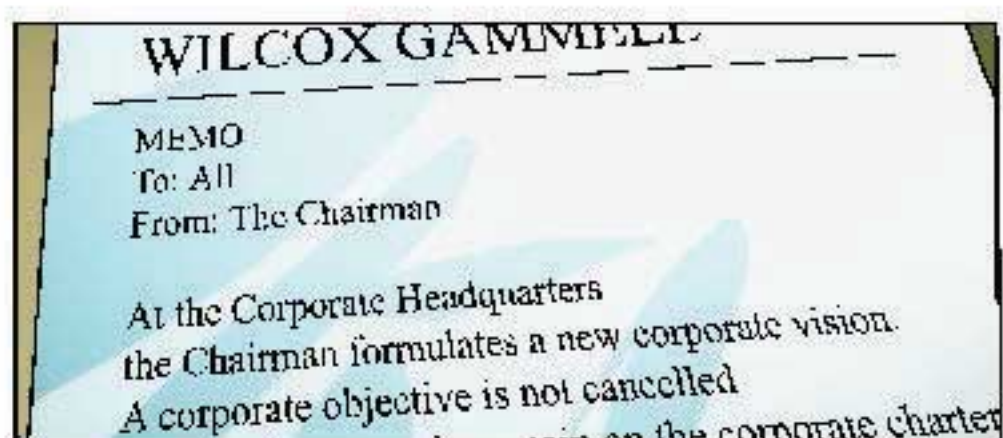


UM, I'M TIRED,
I GUESS. SOON...
SOON I'LL BE ON
TOP OF THINGS...



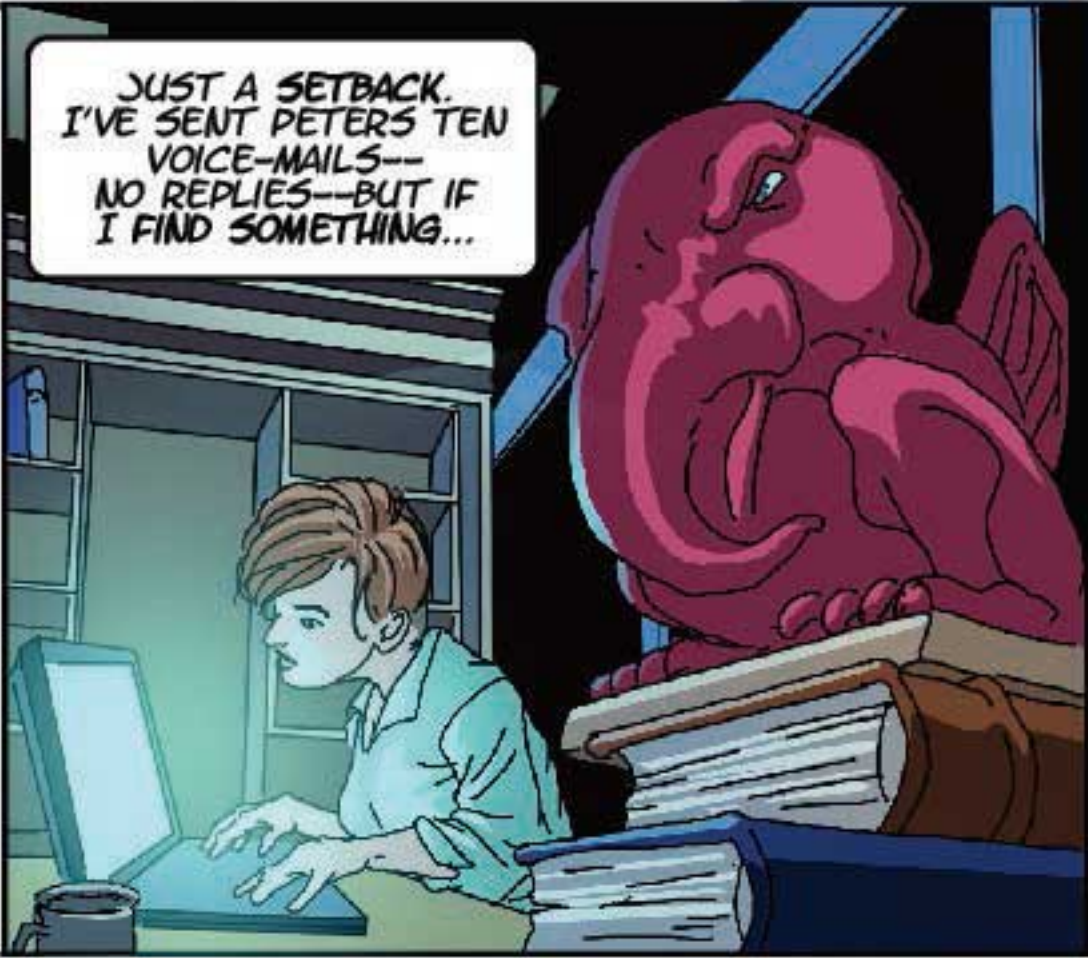
MEMO
To: All
From: The Chairman

At the Corporate Headquarters
the Chairman formulates a new corporate vision.
The vision is then cancelled.





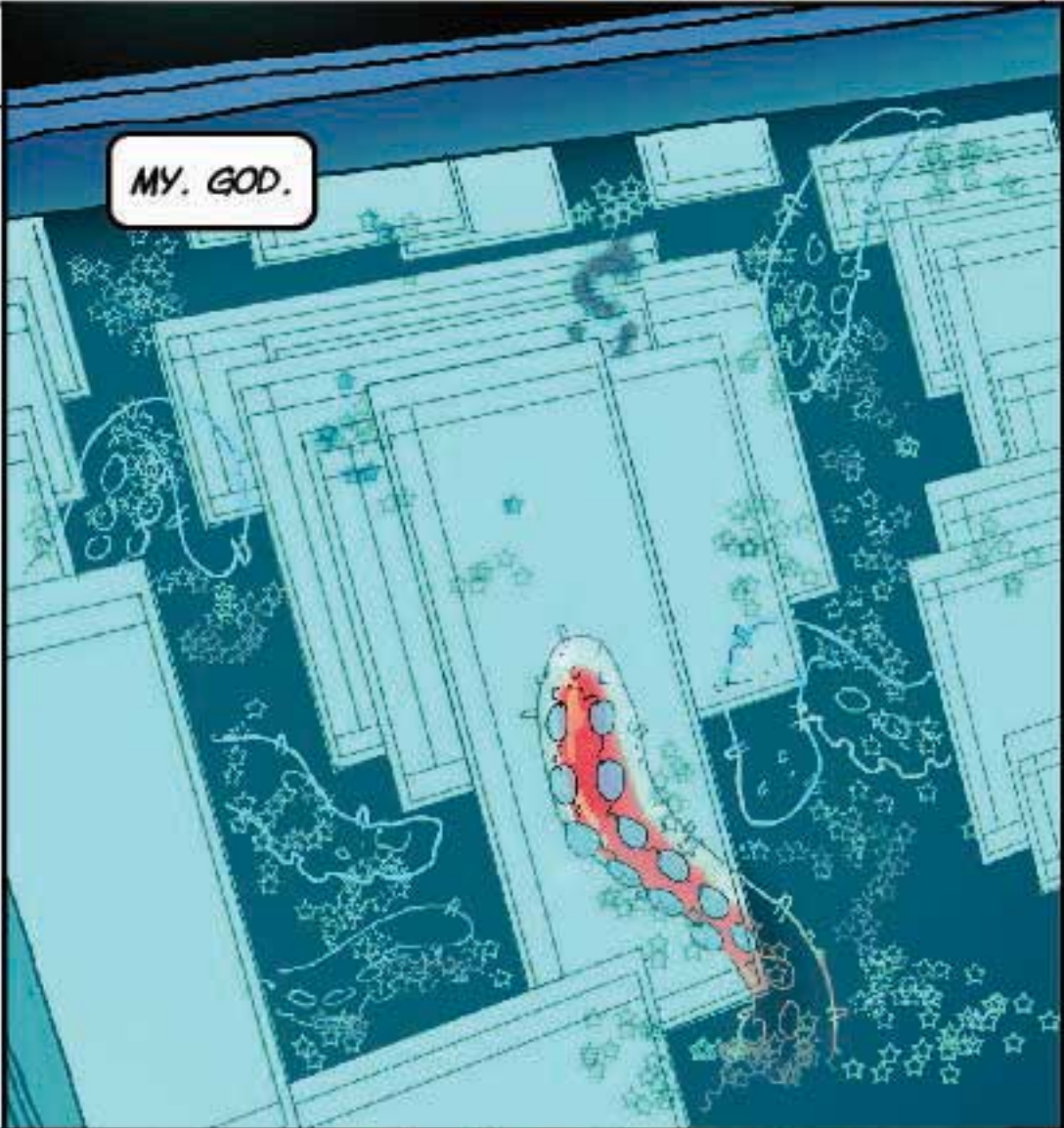
JUST A SETBACK, THAT'S ALL.
GOT TO KEEP LOOKING--SEND THAT
REPORT BACK TO THE BOARD--
MUST BE SOMETHING ELSE IN THIS
DAMN THING--ANALYSIS--MORE
SAVINGS, INVESTMENT
OPPORTUNITY--TAX WRITE-OFF,
GOTTA BE...



JUST A SETBACK.
I'VE SENT PETERS TEN
VOICE-MAILS--
NO REPLIES--BUT IF
I FIND SOMETHING...



FIND? WHAT'S THAT,
WHAT'S--OH.



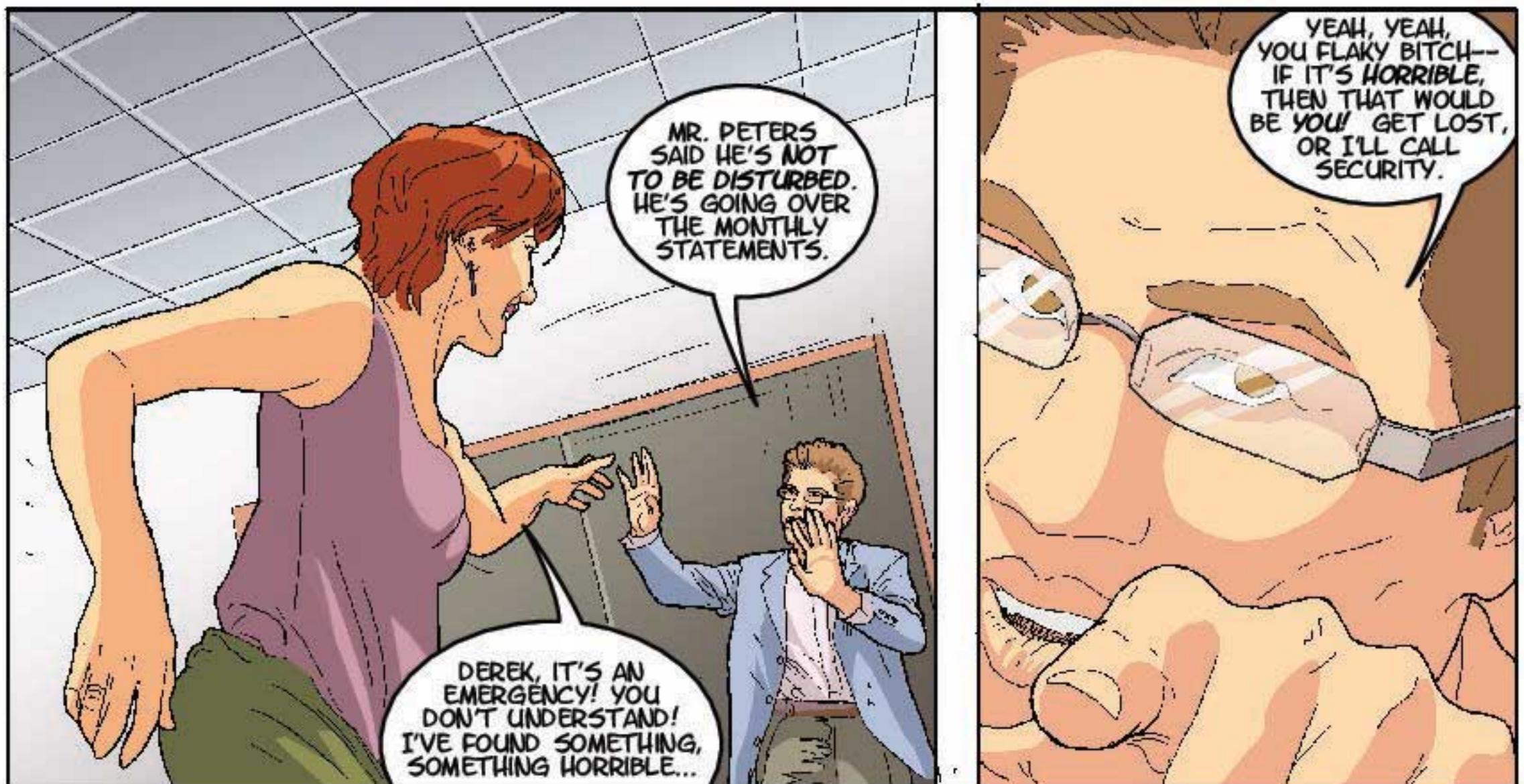
MY. GOD.

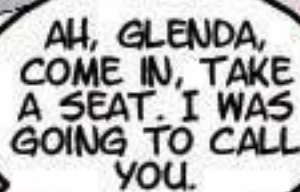


AAAAAHHHHH!

To: All
From: The Chairman

At the Corporate Headquarters
the Chairman formulates a new corporate vision.
A corporate objective is not cancelled
if it can permanently remain on the corporate charter,
that over the course of an





THE BOARD
WILL BE
IMPRESSED.

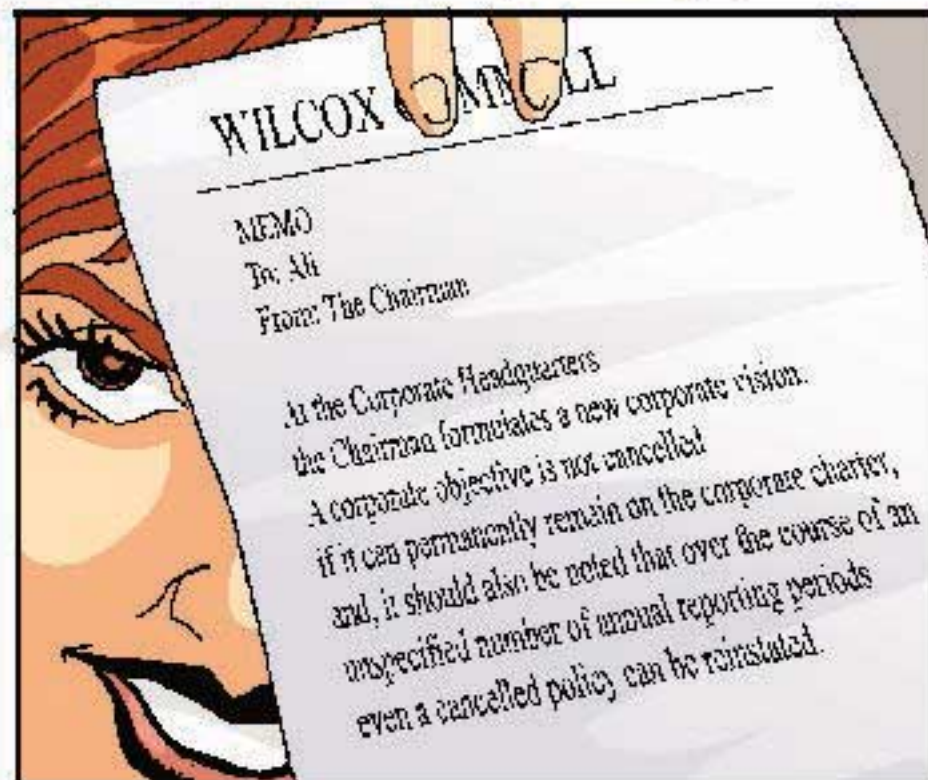
TIME TO
BALANCE THE
LEDGERS...



A corporate objective is not cancelled if it can permanently remain on the corporate charter, and, it should also be noted that over the course of an unspecified number of annual reporting periods even a cancelled policy can be reinstated.



AND THE ACOLYTES OF THE DEBITS AND CREDITS THAT ARE MEASURED IN SOULS, NOT CURRENCY, KNOW THE TIME OF FINAL, AWFUL ACCOUNTING IS NEAR, SO, SO NEAR...



HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA



Hold still!

Stop talking, Ben.

I need to cough!

Do you know how cold I am, holding my damn jacket open?

Don't you dare!

We're almost there, guys.



I'm not going to complain about the view, Kerri.

Shut up, you friggin' Midget!

Keep it together.



I learned that crying would get me what I wanted. So I invented vulnerability.



We have it. We have it. We--

THE INVENTION

CHRISTINE BOYLAN
STORY

MILTON SOBREIRO
ART

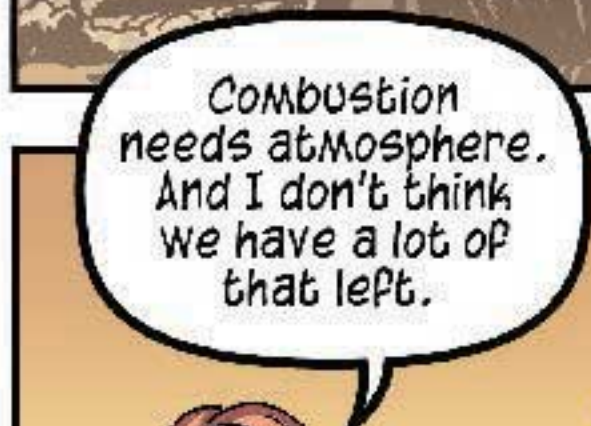
FELIPE SOBREIRO
COLORS & LETTERS





Why can't we use your oxygen tank to light it up?

Because it would explode. That's not going to sustain us, Kerri. You want warmth, not combustion.



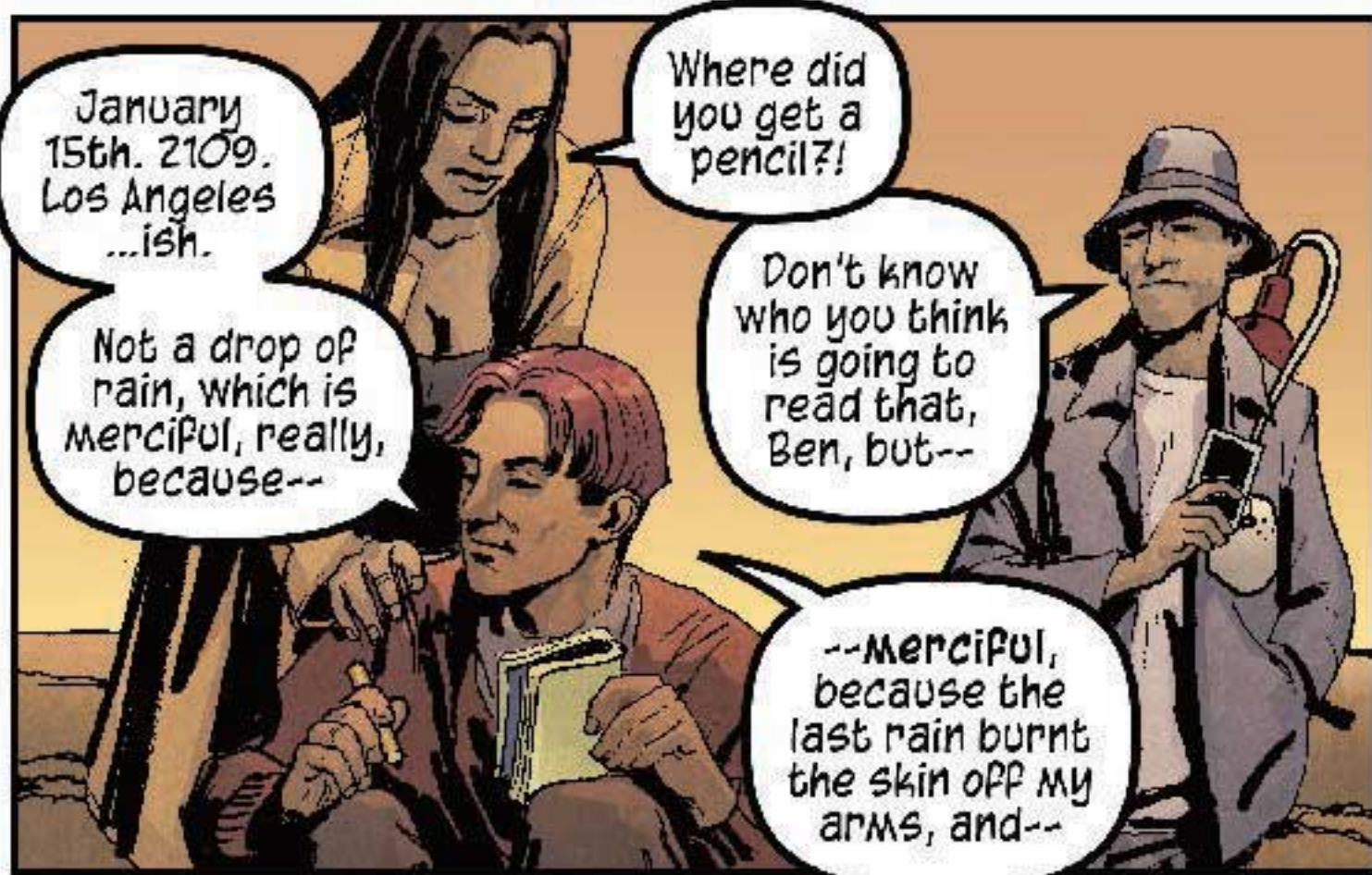
Combustion needs atmosphere. And I don't think we have a lot of that left.



That last pirate network's gone. I've got nothing, now.

We're alone?

I learned that pain is good for the psyche. So I invented masochism.



January 15th. 2109. Los Angeles ...ish.

Not a drop of rain, which is merciful, really, because--

Where did you get a pencil?!

Don't know who you think is going to read that, Ben, but--

--merciful, because the last rain burnt the skin off my arms, and--



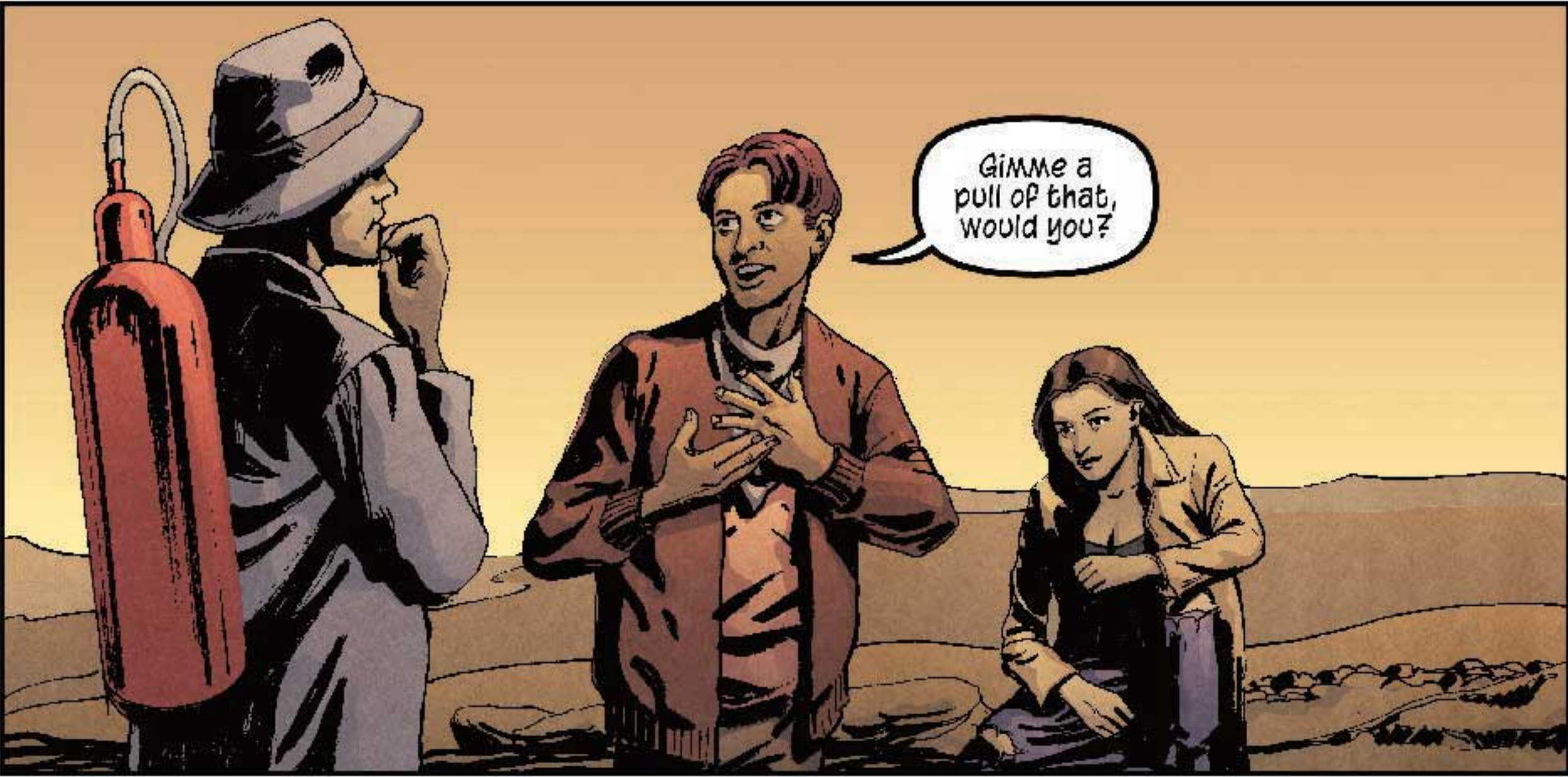
Let me see that.



What were you doing out unprotected?

I ran out after Lucy.

Lotta good that did, right?



Gimme a pull of that, would you?



I learned that too much pain could make me go mad, so I invented destruction.



You can have a drag, too.

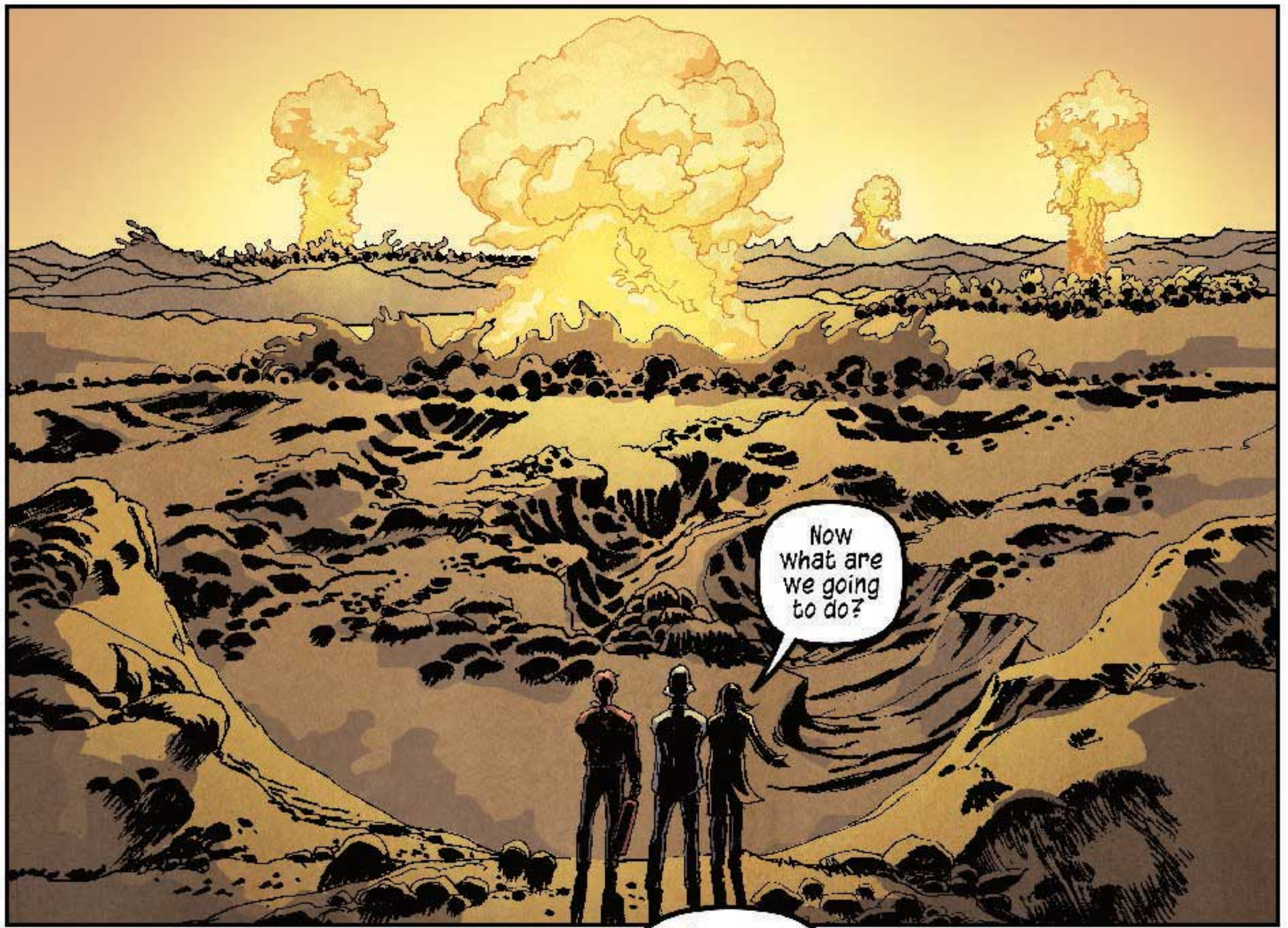
I know I can.

You feeling guilty?



No.

Good. 'Cause we don't have time for that.





There's
no left-hand
path, there's no
right-hand path!
There's no path
anymore!



I'm not a
religious man.
I believe in
what I see.

And now
that I see
the end of
the world,
I believe
in it.



Now you got
religion, HP.

Do it.



Brought your
apple, Eve?

Why does
the woman
always have
to carry the
knowledge?



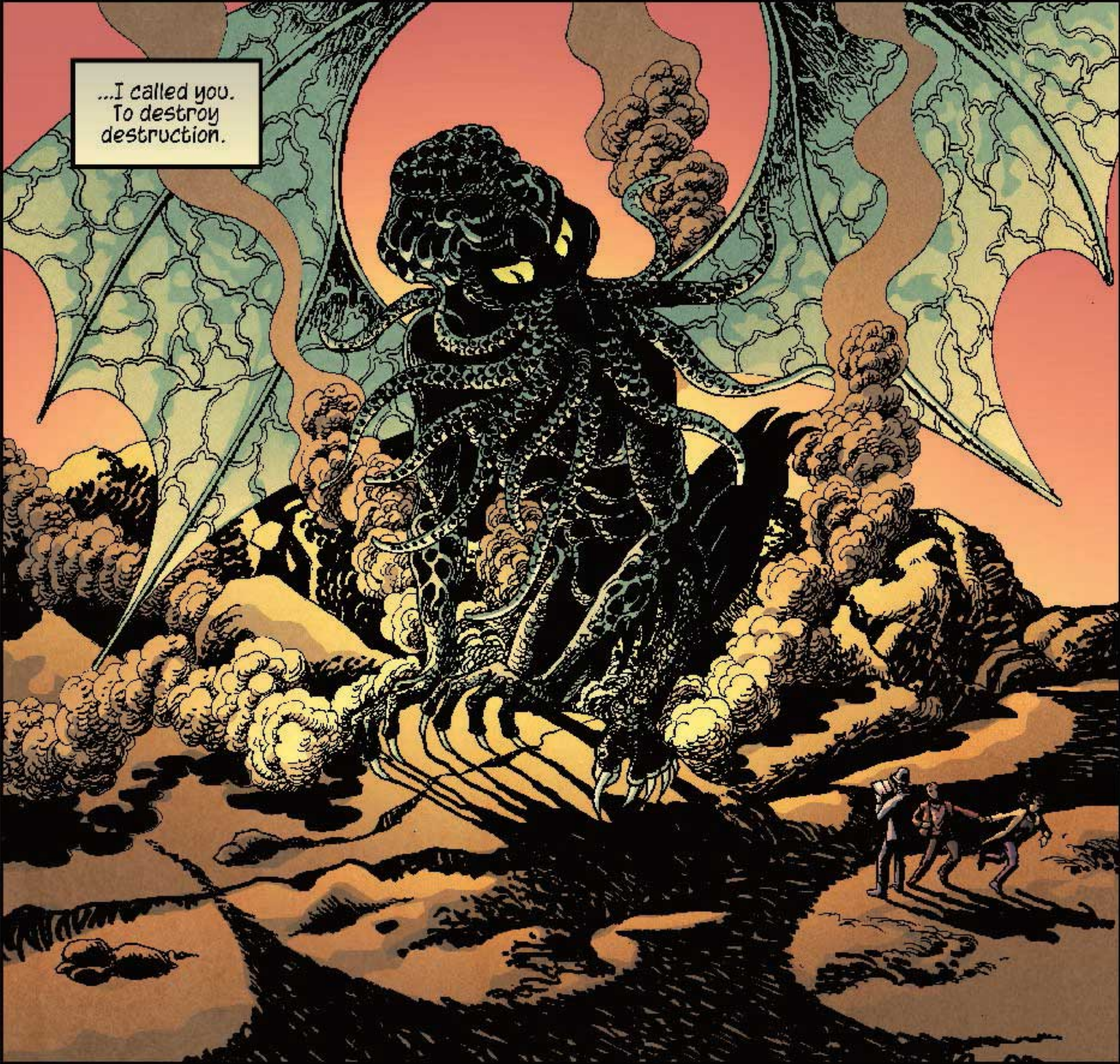
But you
need a man
to put it into
action.

What
does that
make you,
Ben?


A sniveling,
sad excuse for
a human?

But
alive, Ben.
We're all still
alive.



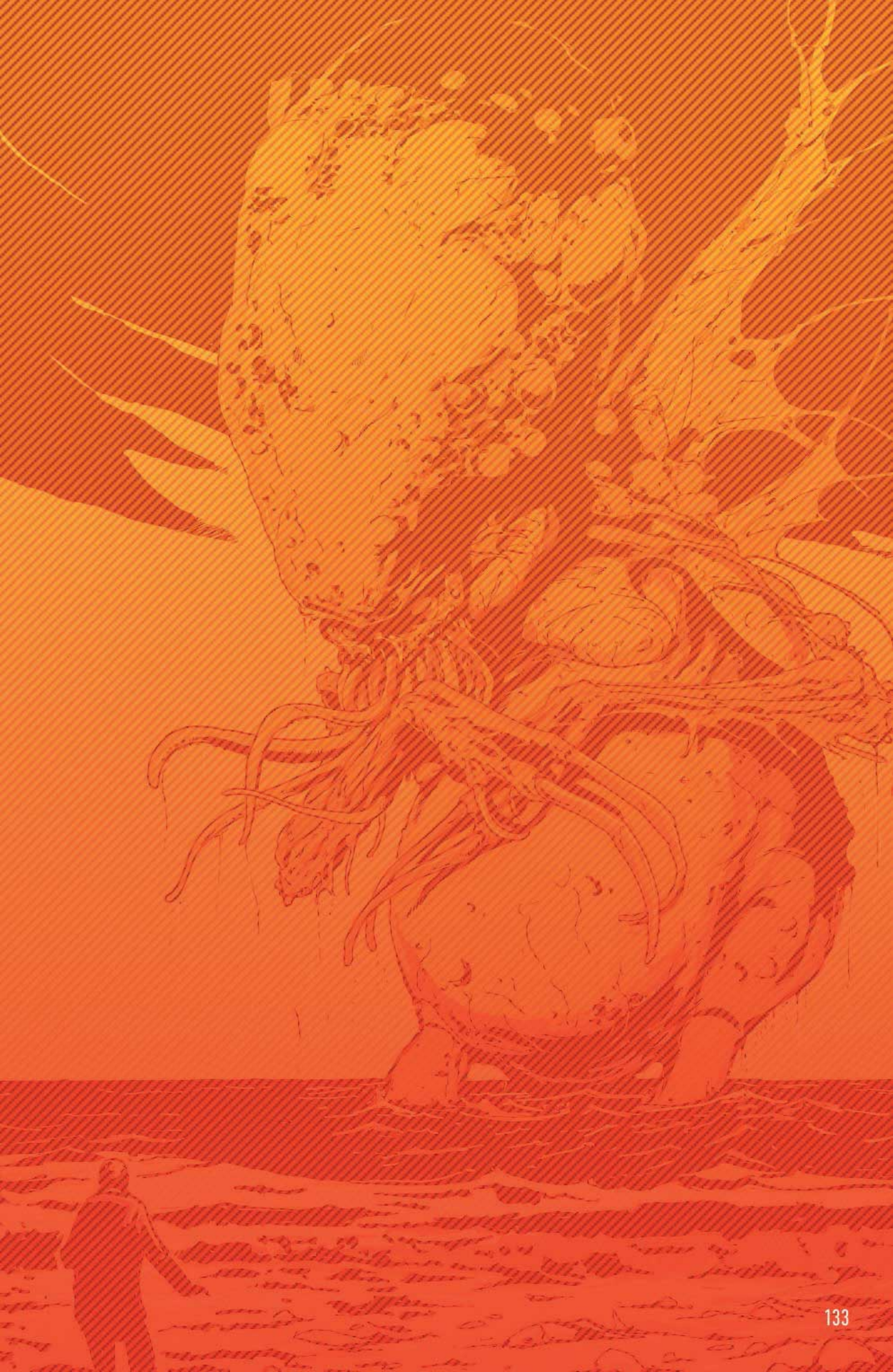


...I called you.
To destroy
destruction.



Because
I invented
you, too.

END



SELECTIONS FROM H. P. LOVECRAFT

CHOCOLATE SAMP

WHITE CHOCOLATE TRUFFLE

WHAT BLACK ARTS COULD HAVE STRIPPED THIS CHOCOLATE OF ITS NATURAL HUE? THE HORROR OF THE UNEARTHLY, CORPSELIKE PALLOR OF THIS TRUFFLE'S COMPLEXION IS ONLY OFFSET BY ITS FIENDISH DELICIOUSNESS.

COCONUT CREME SWIRL

THEY SAY THAT THE COCONUT CREME SWIRL SLEEPS. BUT IF THE DREAD COCONUT CREME SWIRL SLUMBERS, SURELY IT MUST ALSO DREAM. IT IS CERTAIN THAT WHILE IT DOZES THE COCONUT CREME SWIRL IS ABSORBED BY TERRIFYING VISIONS OF EXACTING ITS CREAMY TROPICAL VENGEANCE UPON MANKIND! CONSUME THE COCONUT CREME SWIRL BEFORE IT AWAKENS TO CONSUME YOU!

NUT CLUSTER CRUNCH

THIS EERIE CANDY WILL TEST THE SANITY OF ALL BUT THOSE WHO POSSESS THE STRONGEST OF CONSTITUTIONS. STRANGE CONGERIES OF ALMONDS, WALNUTS, AND PISTACHIOS DANCE HYPNOTICALLY WITHIN, PROMISING TO REVEAL THEIR ELDRITCH SECRETS TO ANYONE FOOLISH ENOUGH TO TAKE A BITE OF THESE ANCIENT NUT CLUSTERS!

DARK CHOCOLATE FUDGE

DARK! ALL-ENCOMPASSING, ETERNAL DARKNESS! HUMAN EYES CANNOT PENETRATE THE STYGIAN BLACKNESS OF THIS UNHOLY CONFECTION!

WRITER: LUKE BURNS
ARTIST: ROGER LANGRIDGE

CRAFT'S BRIEF TENURE AS A...

PLER COPYWRITER

PEANUT BUTTER CUP

IN 1856, A FISHERMAN FROM A TINY HAMLET ON THE NEW ENGLAND COAST MADE A TERRIBLE PACT WITH SERPENTINE BEASTS FROM BENEATH THE SEA, THAT HE MIGHT CREATE THE MOST DELICIOUS SWEET SEEN UPON THE EARTH SINCE THE DAYS OF THE GREAT ELDER RACE. THUS WAS FORGED THE SATANIC PACT BETWEEN PEANUT BUTTER AND CHOCOLATE THAT RESULTED IN THE MUTANT OFFSPRING YOU SEE BEFORE YOU!

CHOCOLATE CHERRY CORDIAL

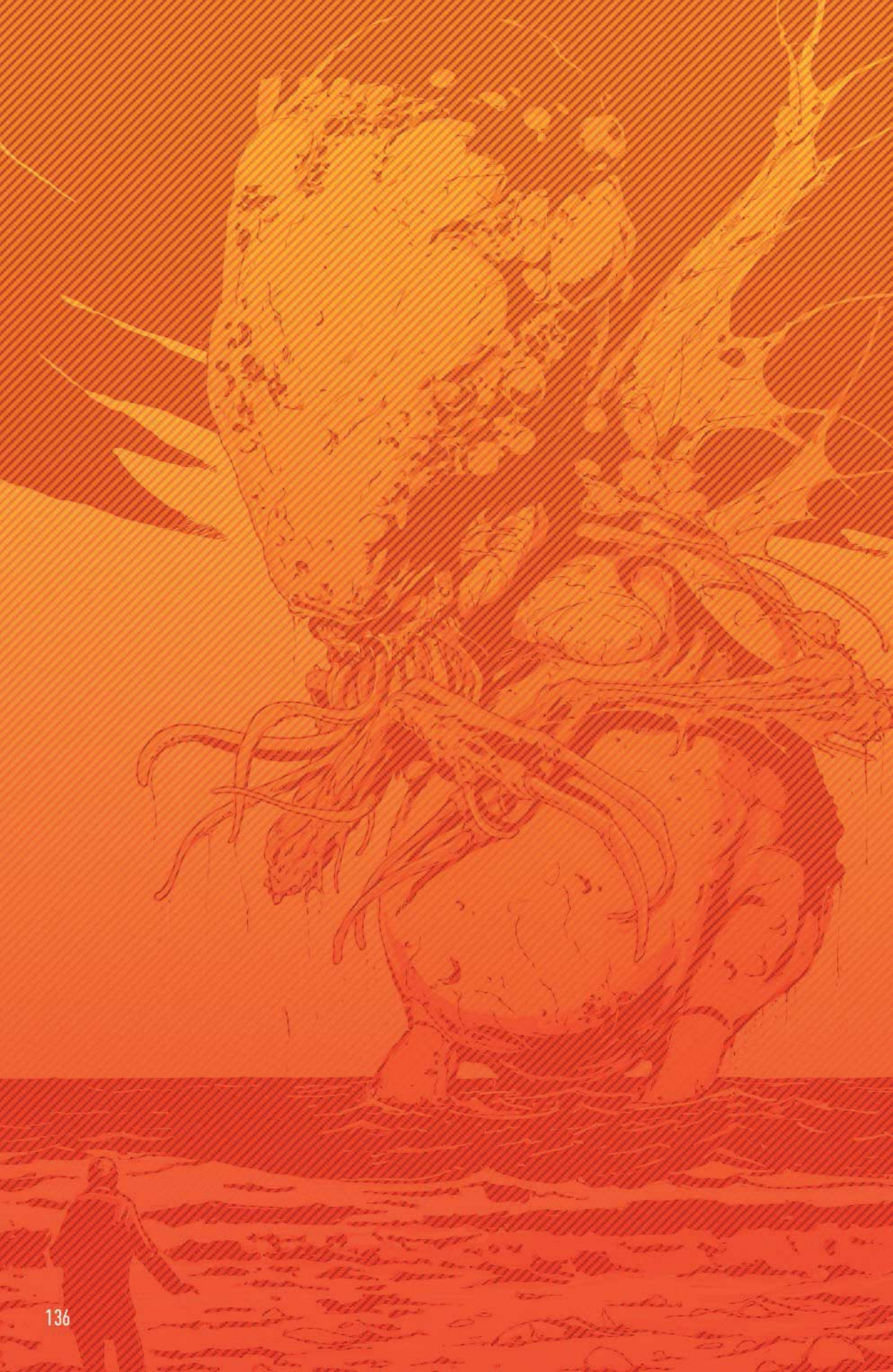
YOU MUST NOT THINK ME MAD WHEN I TELL YOU WHAT I FOUND BELOW THE THIN SHELL OF CHOCOLATE USED TO DISGUISE THIS BOMBON'S TRUE FACE. YES! HIDDEN BENEATH ITS RICH EXTERIOR IS A HIDEOUSLY MOIST CHERRY CORDIAL! WHAT DERANGED ARCHITECT COULD HAVE ENGINEERED THIS NON-EUCLIDEAN ABERRATION? I DARE NOT SPECULATE.

CARAMEL CHEW

THERE IS A DIMENSION RULED BY A BLIND CARAMEL GOD-KING WHO SITS ON A VAST, CYCLOPEAN MILK-CHOCOLATE THRONE WHILE HIS MINDLESS, GOOEY FOLLOWERS DANCE TO THE PIPING OF CRAZED FLUTES. IT IS SAID THAT THERE ARE GATEWAYS IN OUR WORLD THAT LEAD TO THIS CARAMEL HELL-PLANET. THE DELECTABLE CARAMEL CHEW MAY BE ONE SUCH PORTAL.

TOFFEE NUGGET

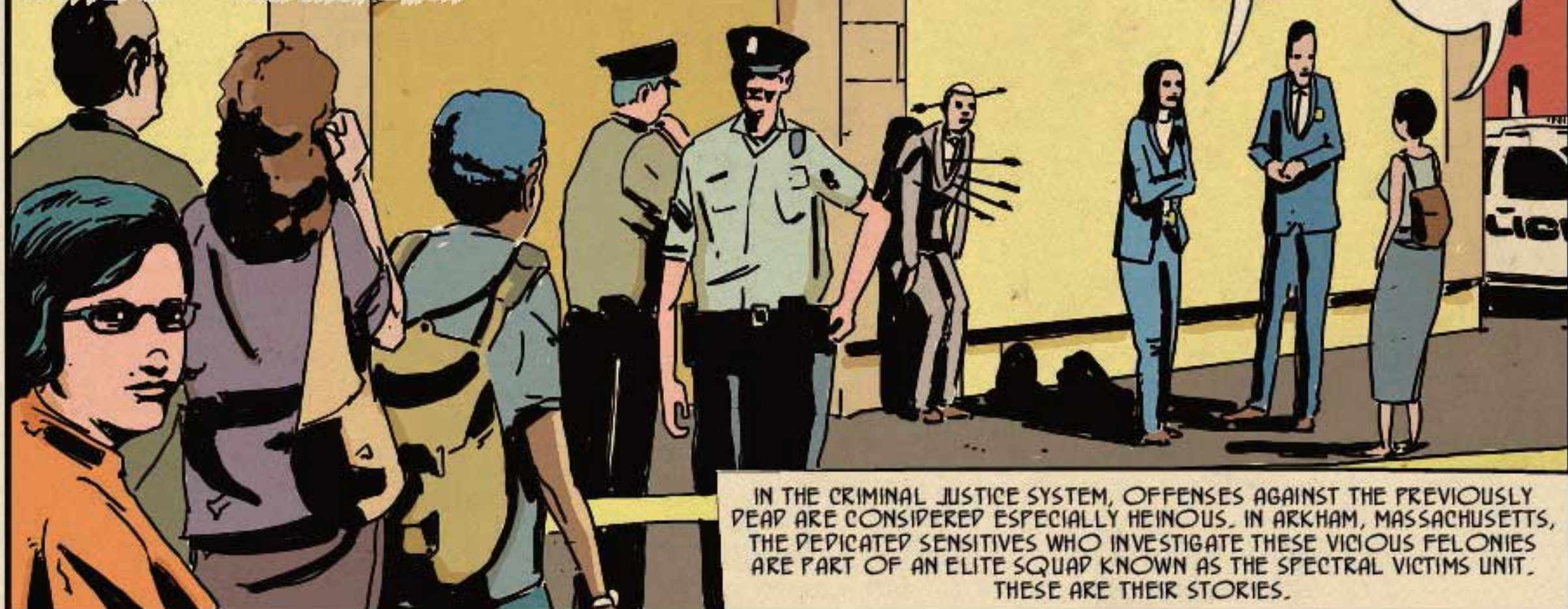
FEW MEN DARE ASK THE QUESTION "WHAT IS TOFFEE, EXACTLY?" ALL THOSE WHO HAVE INVESTIGATED THIS SUBSTANCE ARE NOW EITHER DEAD OR INSANE.





ARKHAM: SVU

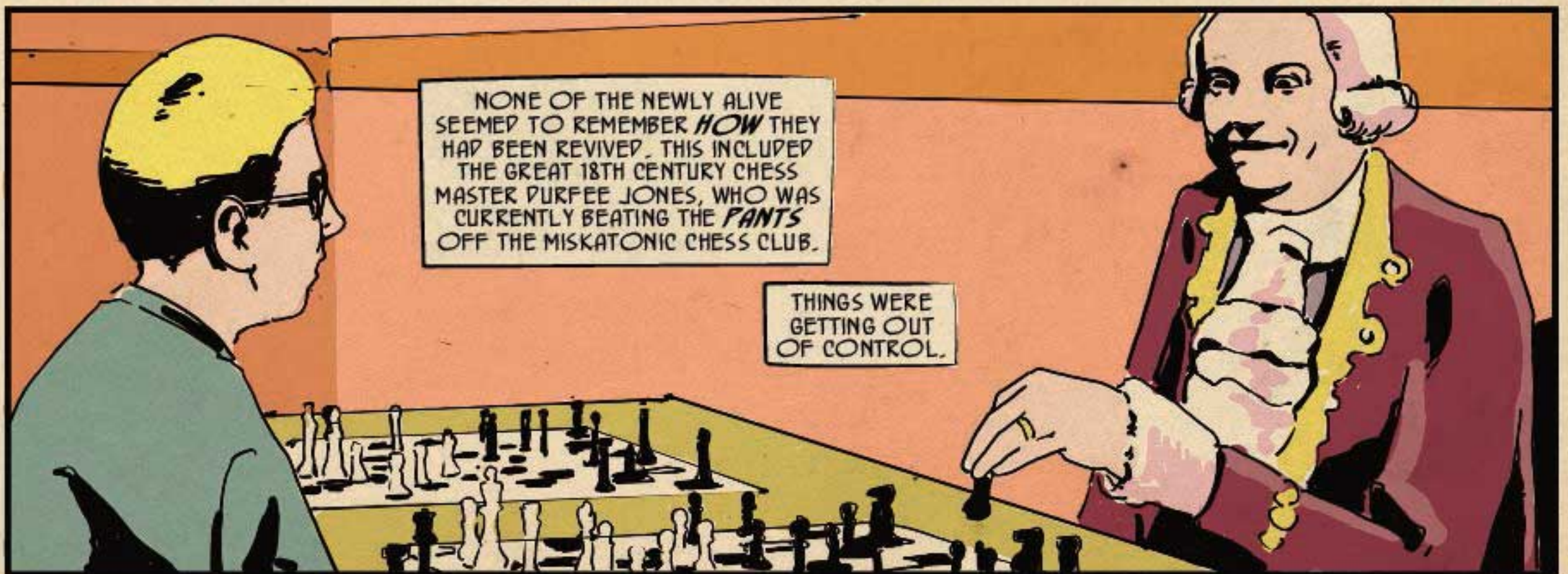
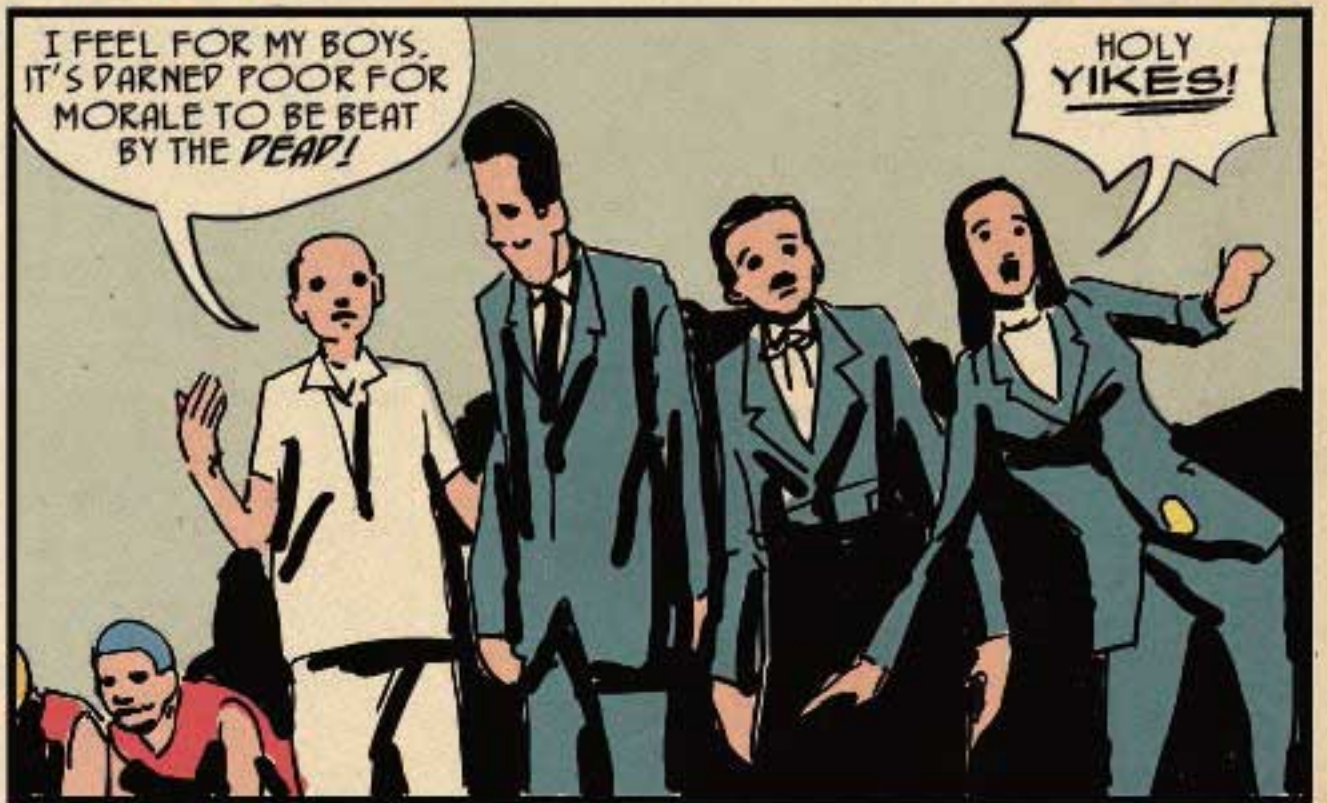
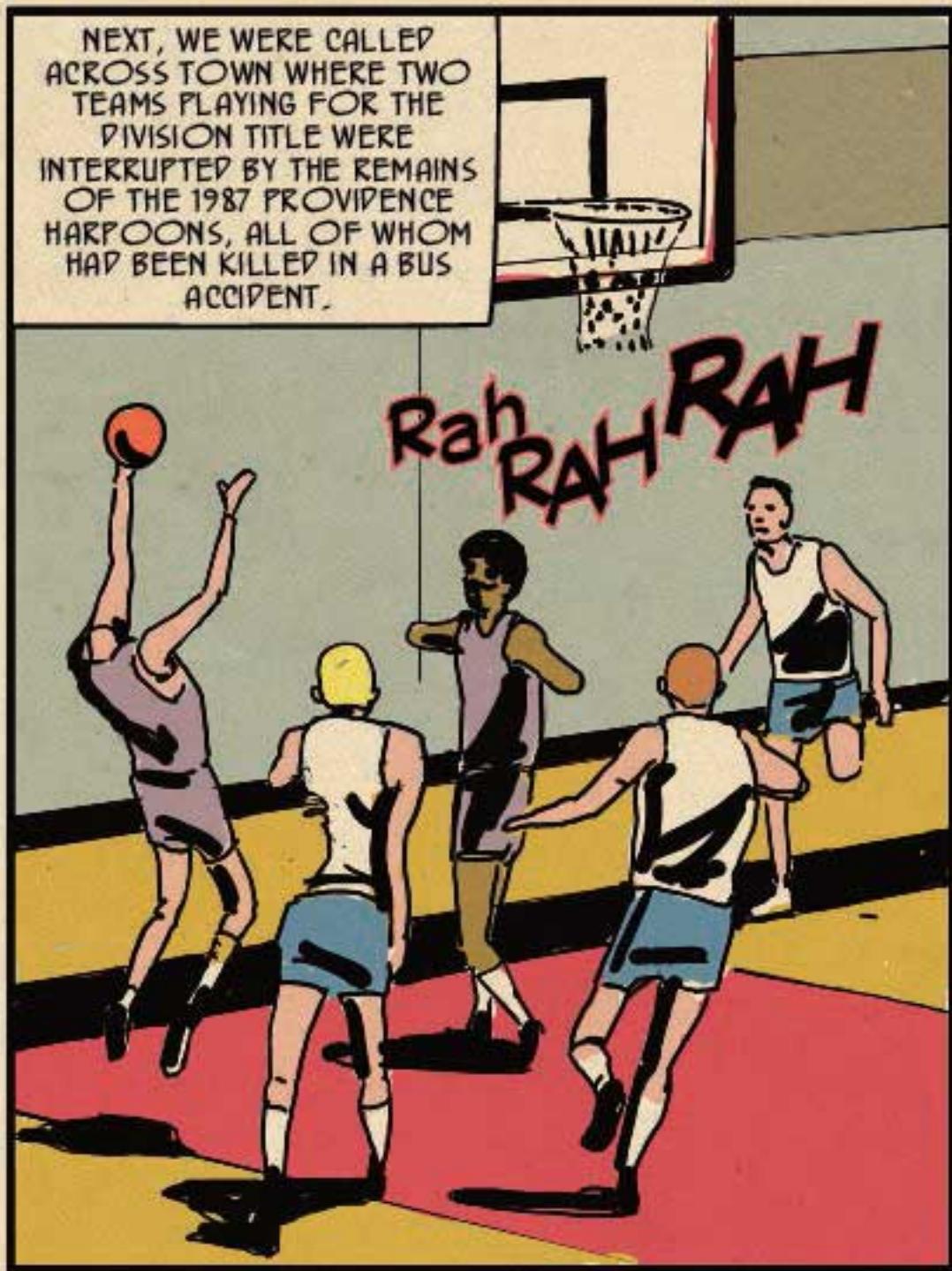
Writer -- Bill Messner-Loebs
Artist and Colorist -- Andrew Ritchie
Letterer -- Marshall Dillon

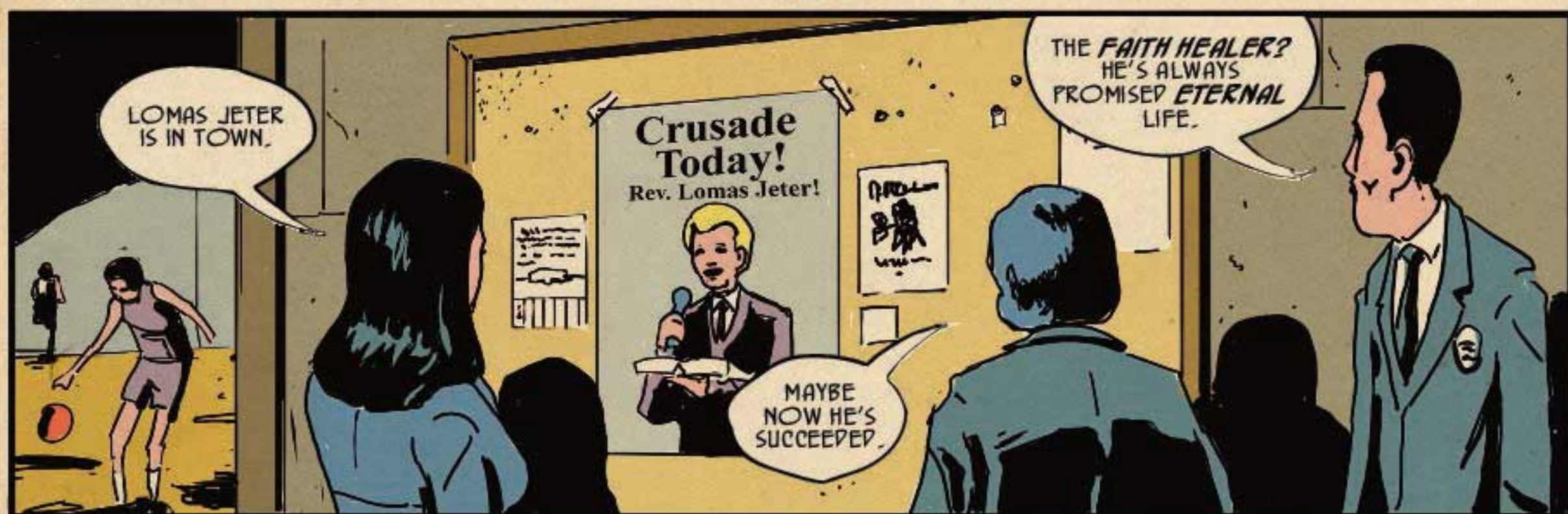


IN THE CRIMINAL JUSTICE SYSTEM, OFFENSES AGAINST THE PREVIOUSLY DEAD ARE CONSIDERED ESPECIALLY HEINOUS. IN ARKHAM, MASSACHUSETTS, THE DEDICATED SENSITIVES WHO INVESTIGATE THESE VICIOUS FELONIES ARE PART OF AN ELITE SQUAD KNOWN AS THE SPECTRAL VICTIMS UNIT. THESE ARE THEIR STORIES.



















tarrleton beach,
cornwall.
1910

THIS IS WHERE
IT WAS SEWN.

IN THE
SAND.

UNDER THE
MOON.

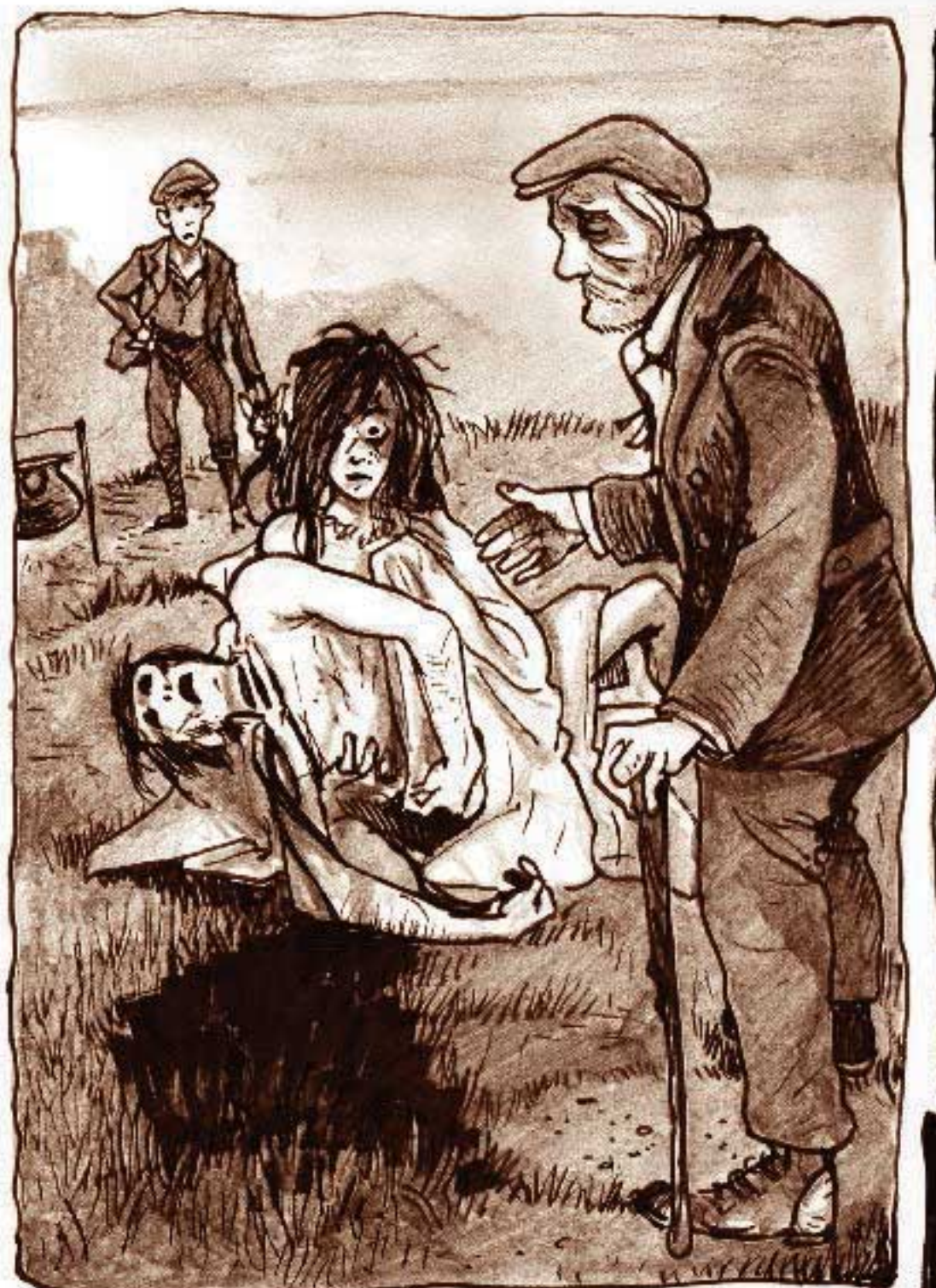
IN BLOOD.

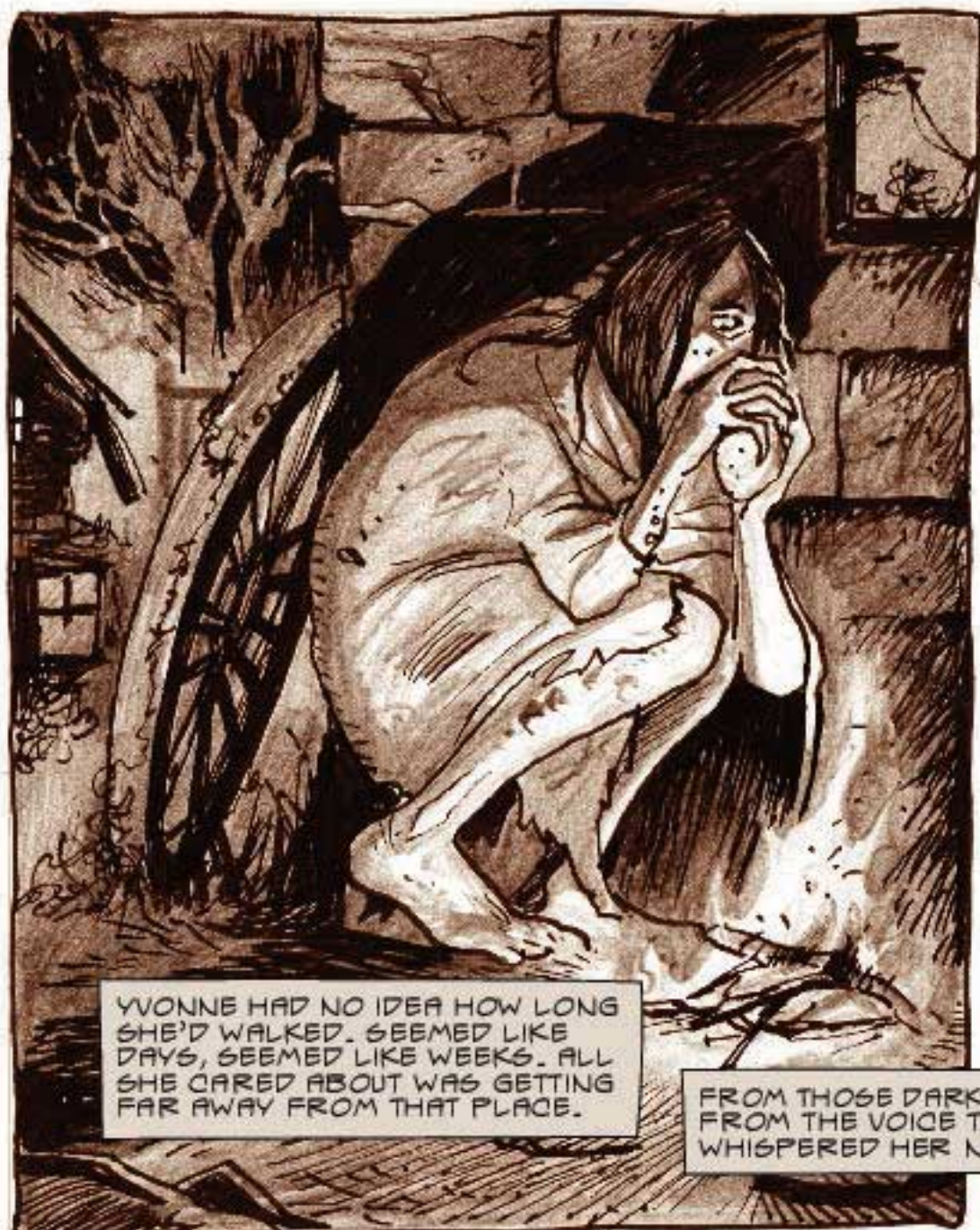
"a whistle for the deep"

STORY: SHANE OAKLEY
ART & COLORS: DAVID HITCHCOCK
LETTERS: MARSHALL DILLON

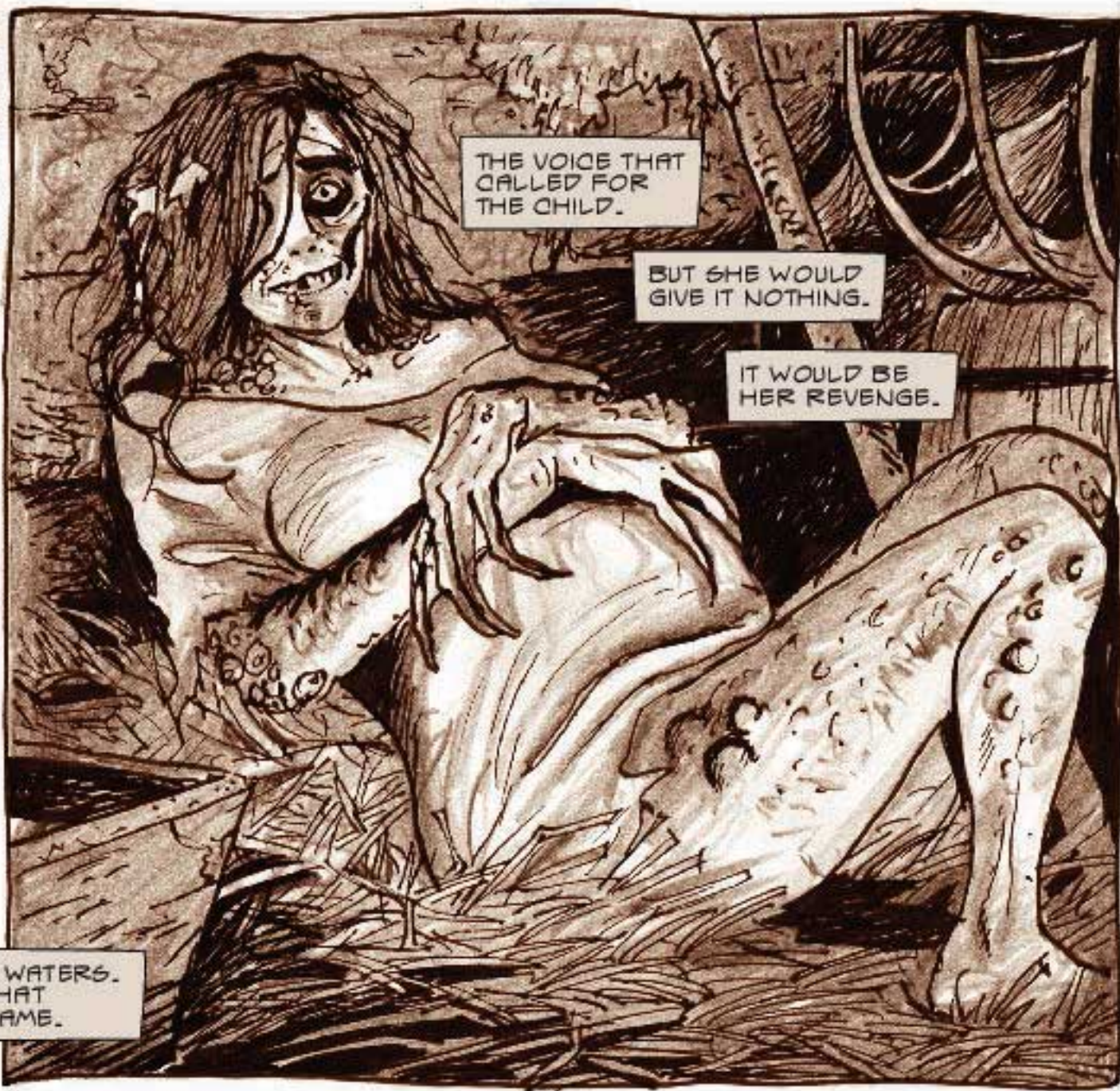








YVONNE HAD NO IDEA HOW LONG SHE'D WALKED. SEEMED LIKE DAYS, SEEMED LIKE WEEKS. ALL SHE CARED ABOUT WAS GETTING FAR AWAY FROM THAT PLACE.



THE VOICE THAT CALLED FOR THE CHILD.

BUT SHE WOULD GIVE IT NOTHING.

IT WOULD BE HER REVENGE.

FROM THOSE DARK WATERS. FROM THE VOICE THAT WHISPERED HER NAME.



BABY WON'T COME

HURT

STOP HURT

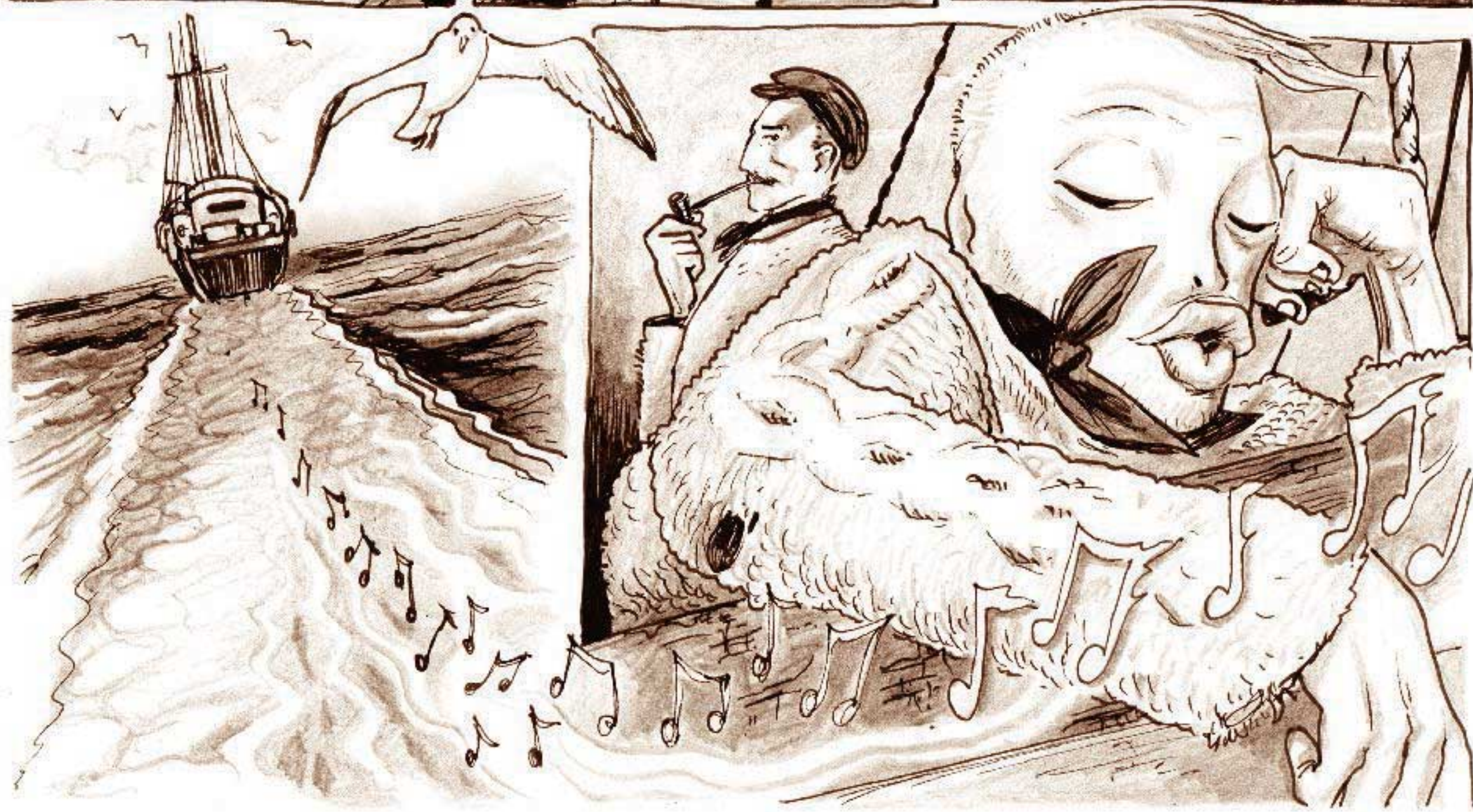
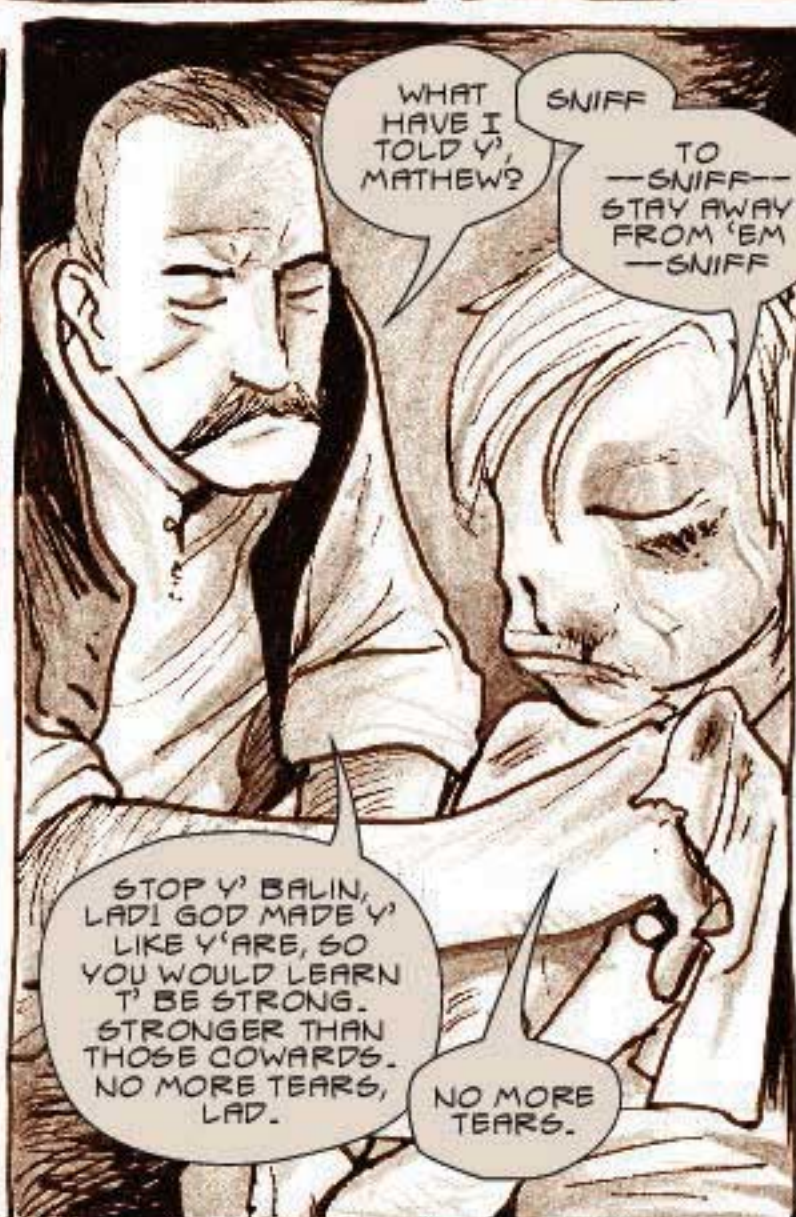
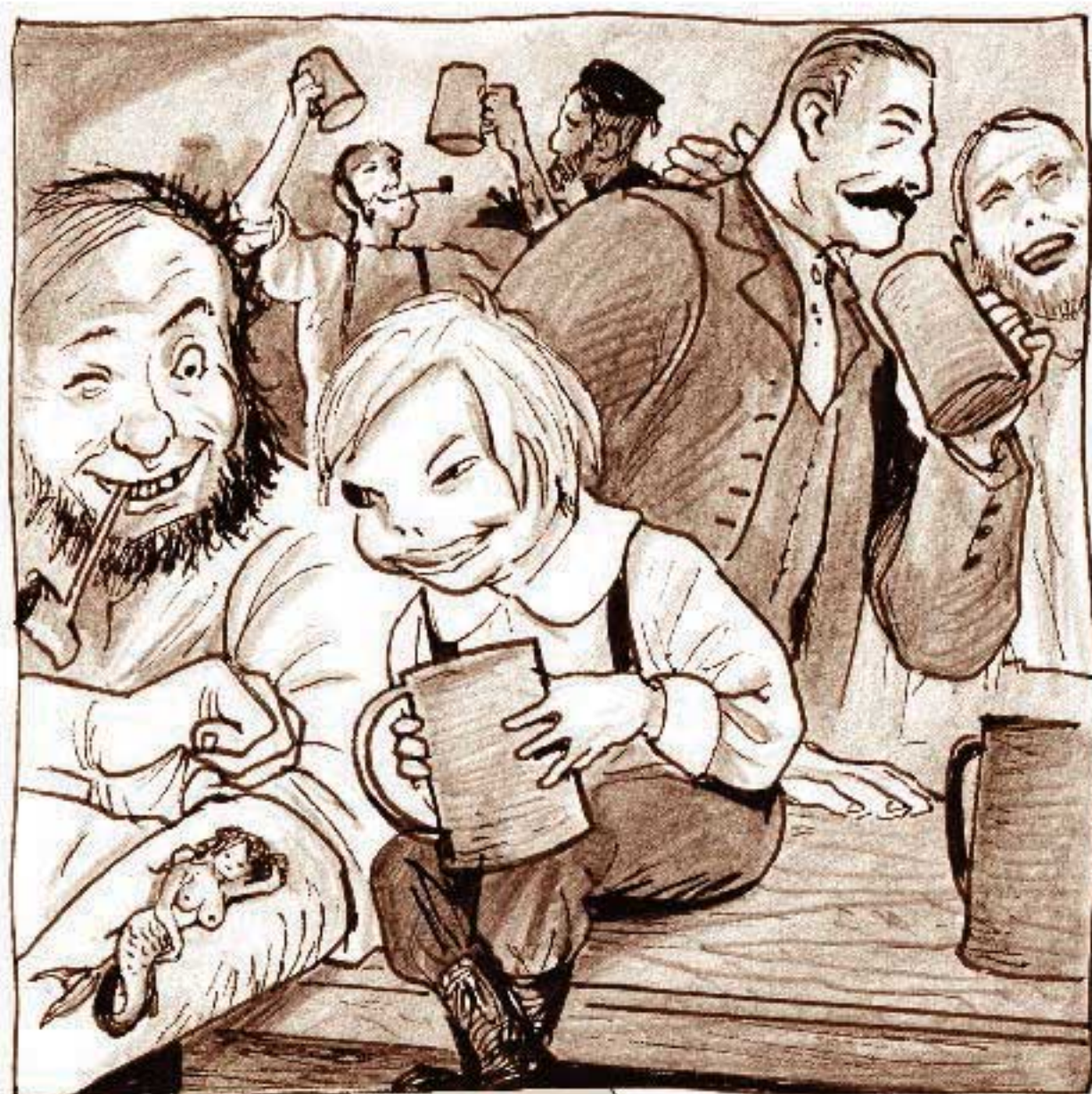


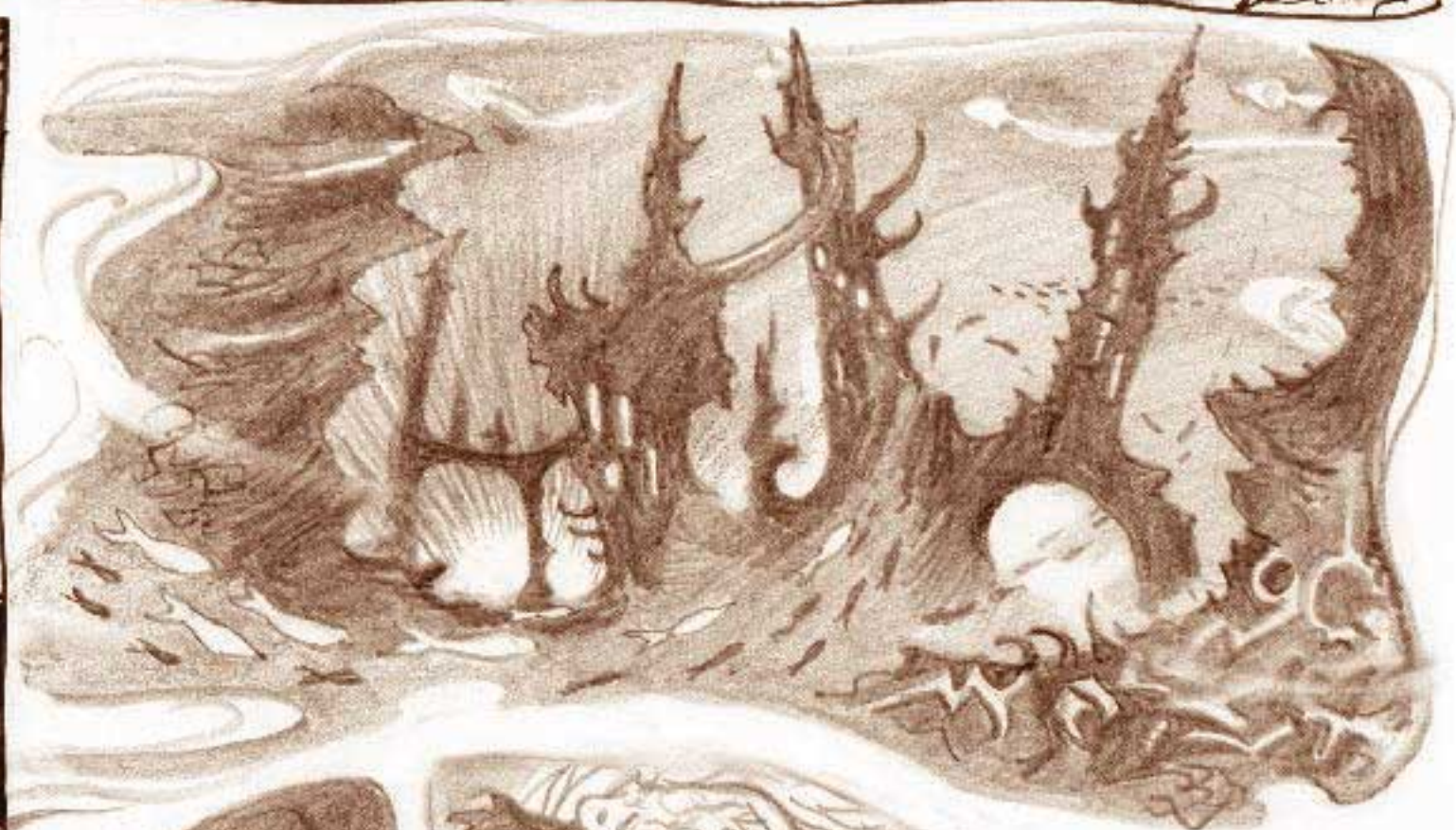
BABY WON'T COME, MAKE BABY COME



NEVER BLESSED WITH THEIR OWN, LOCAL VILLAGERS WILLIAM AND DOROTHY POTTS, TOOK IN THE CHILD.

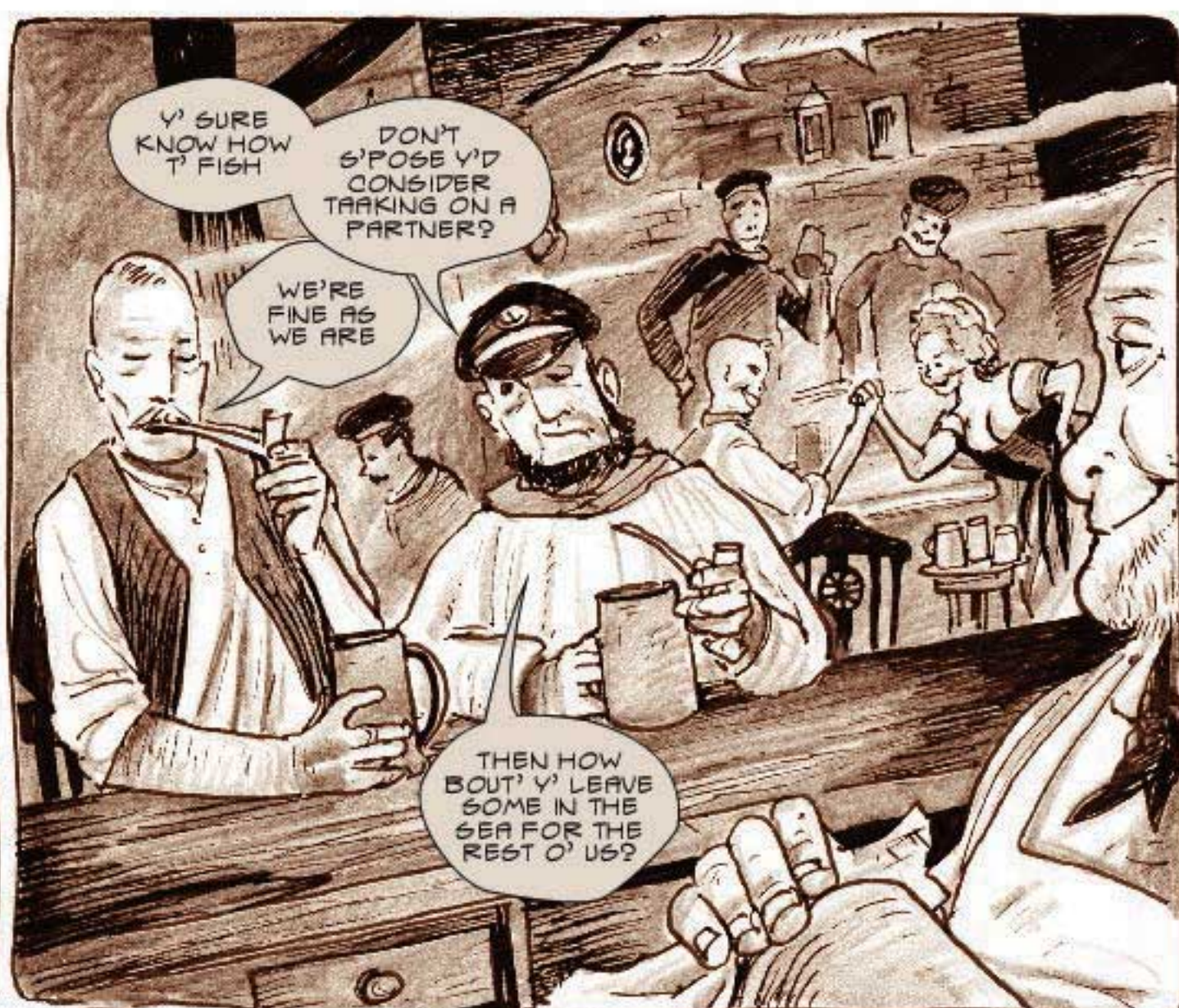








A FINE TUNE,
SON, BUT
WE NEED US
A BIGGER
BOAT!



Y' SURE
KNOW HOW
T' FISH

DON'T
S'POSE Y'D
CONSIDER
TAKING ON A
PARTNER?

WE'RE
FINE AS
WE ARE

THEN HOW
BOUT' Y' LEAVE
SOME IN THE
SEA FOR THE
REST O' US?



THERE'S
PLENTY O'
FISH IN THE
SEA

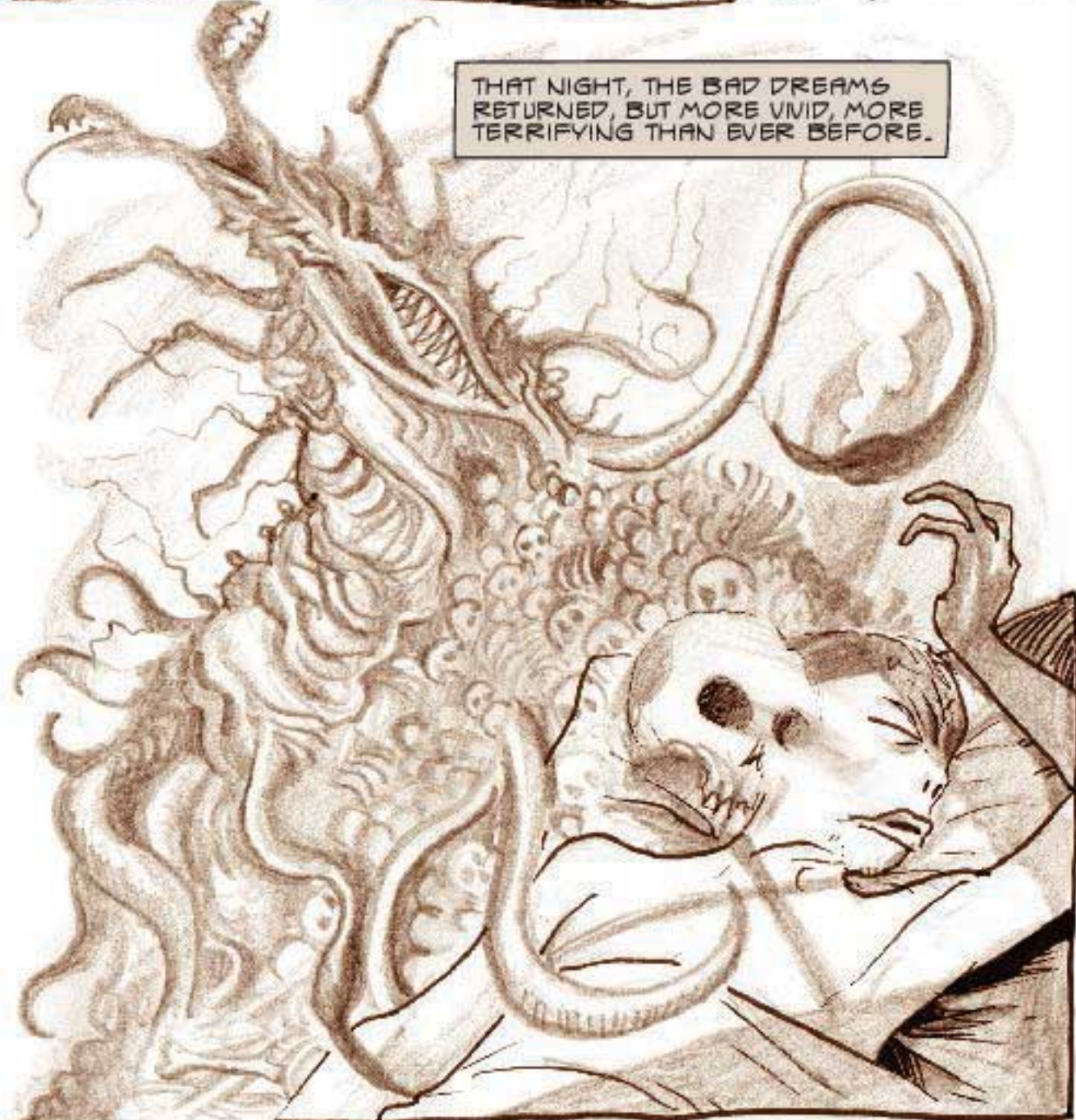
Y' TAKE
MORE THAN
Y' FAIR SHARE,
TAKE MONEY
FROM ME
POCKET, YEW
AND THA' UGLY
BAST—

UGH!!



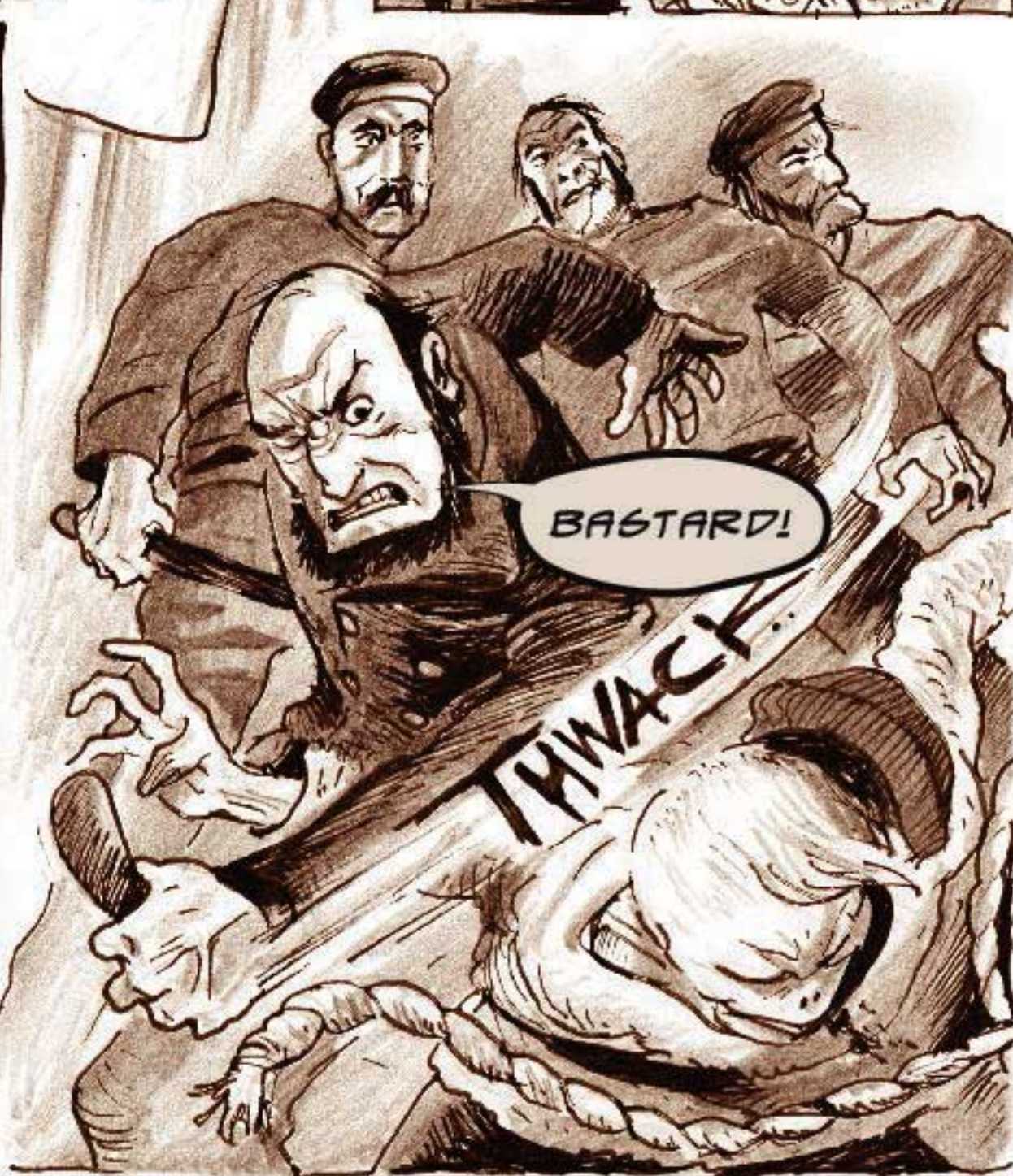
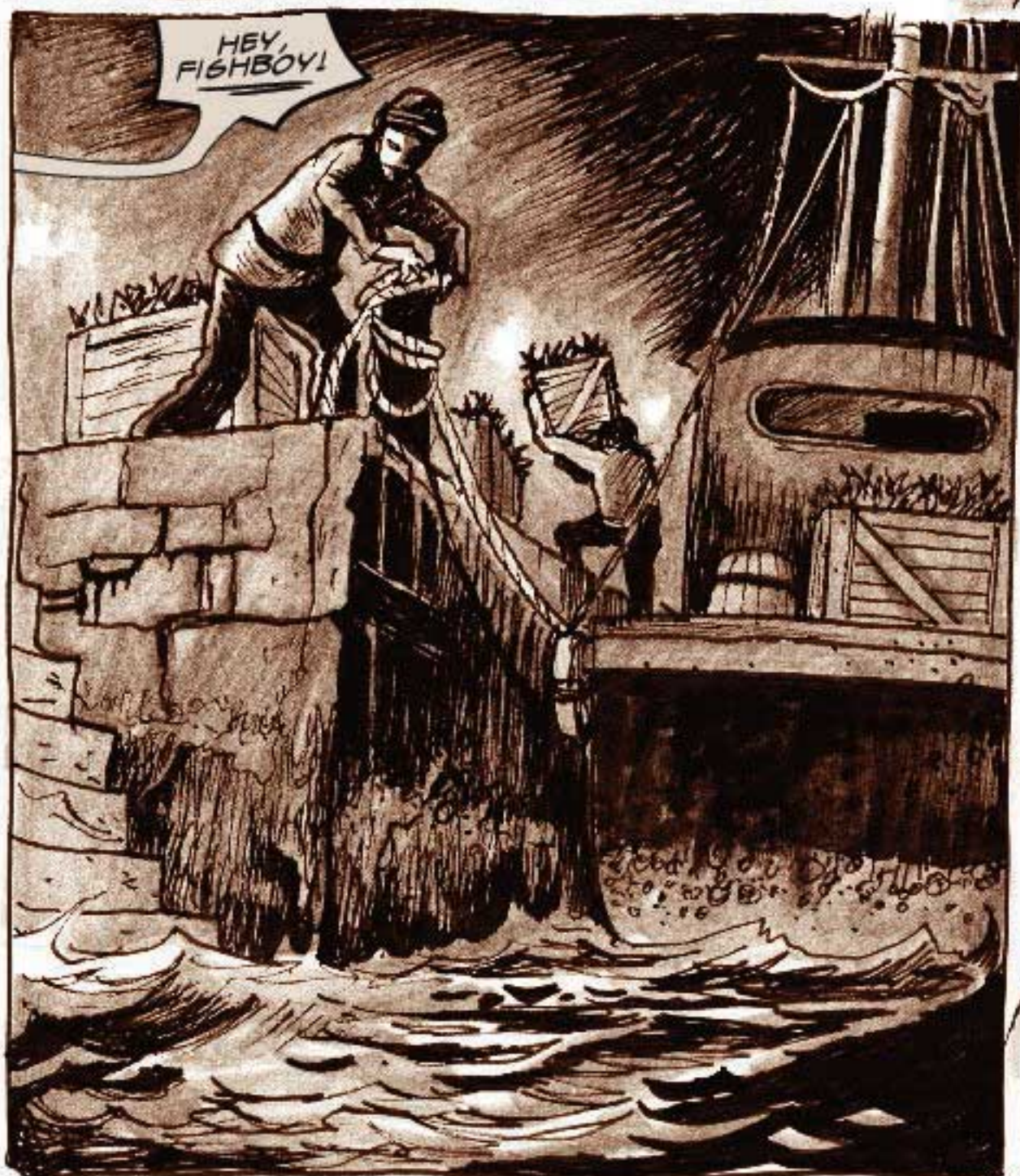
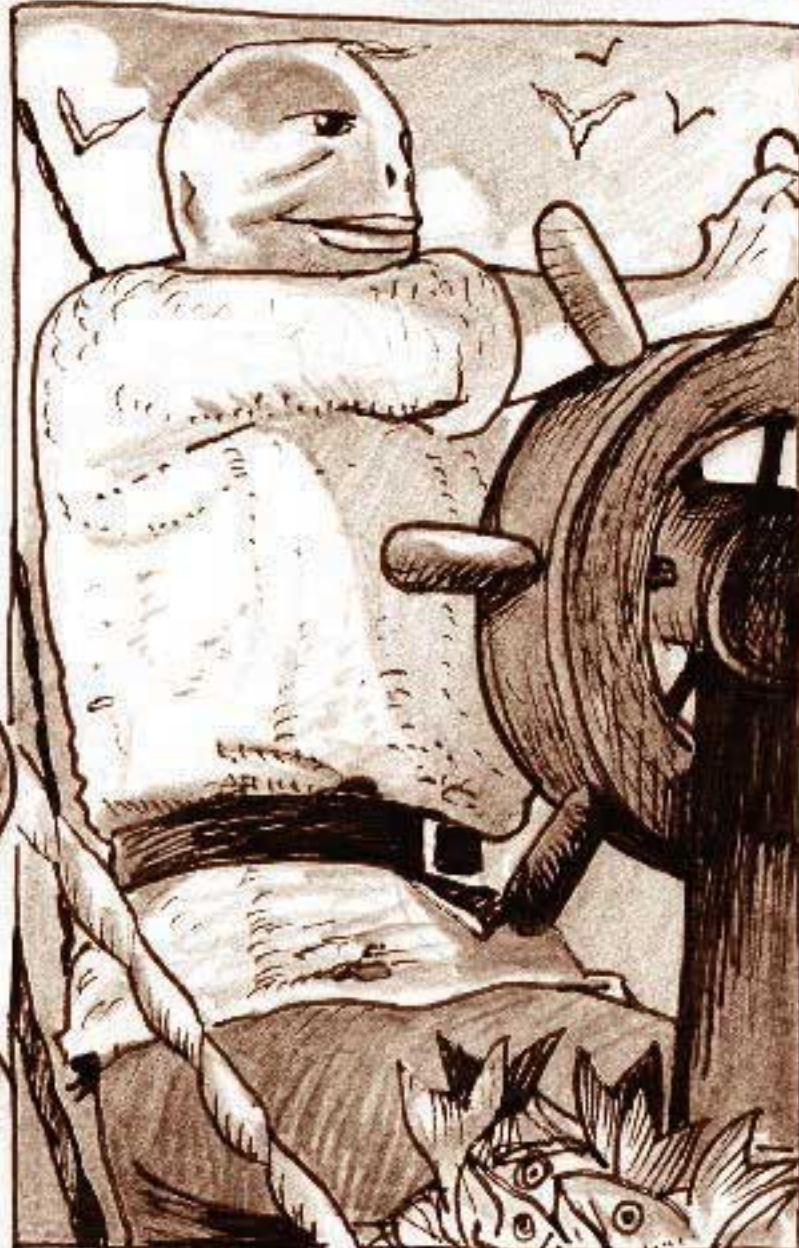
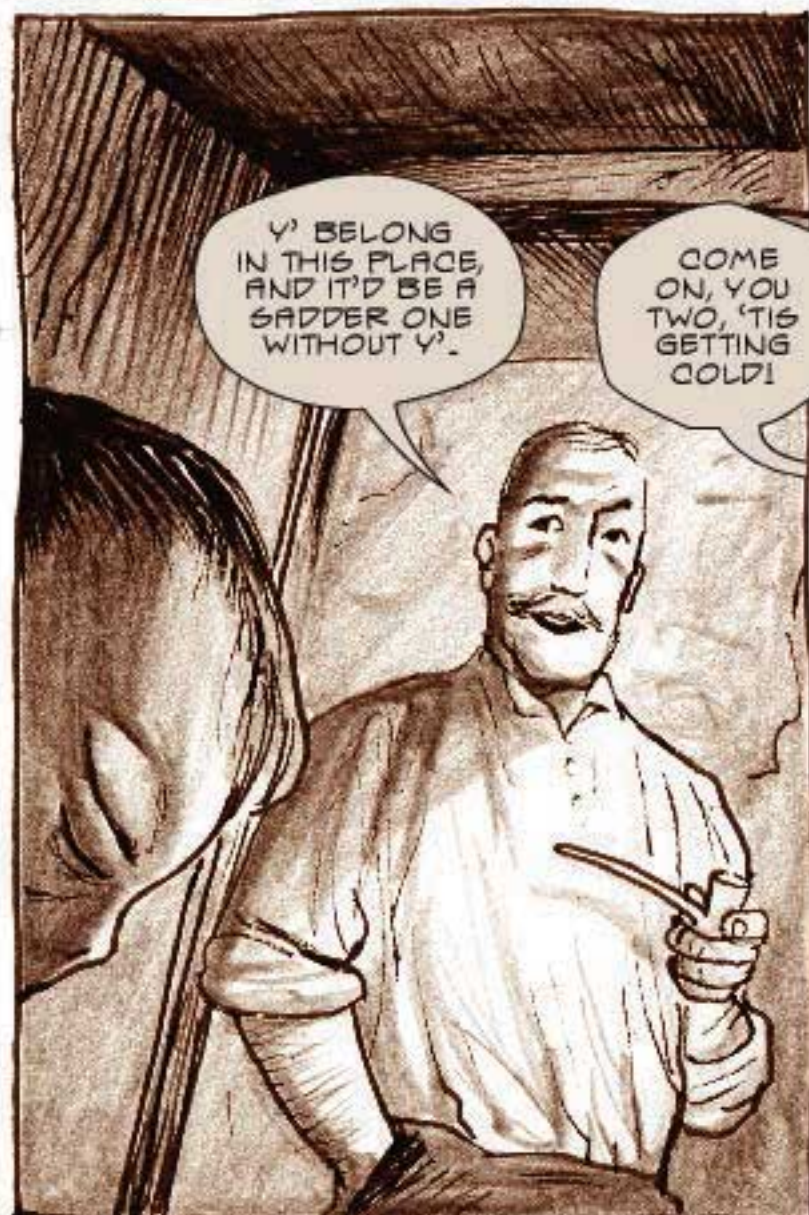
GET UP 'N'
GET OUT OR
I'LL CRACK
OPEN Y'
SKULL!

COUGH!
Y' ALL THINK
IT, DON'T Y'I
'E AIN'T NORMAL,
'E AIN'T ONE OF
US, E'S
TAINTED—



THAT NIGHT, THE BAD DREAMS
RETURNED, BUT MORE VIVID, MORE
TERRIFYING THAN EVER BEFORE.







MOJAVE DESERT
YESTERDAY

SEED OF CTHULHU

WRITTEN BY
CHRISTOPHER
E. LONG

ART BY
ANDY BENNETT

COLORS BY
S. STEVEN STRUBLE

LETTERS BY
TERRI DELGADO
& MARSHALL
DILLON



SONA, THIS GUY
SNUCK UP BEHIND
ME AND CLOBBERED
ME OVER THE HEAD
WITH A SHOVEL!

IS THAT
TRUE?

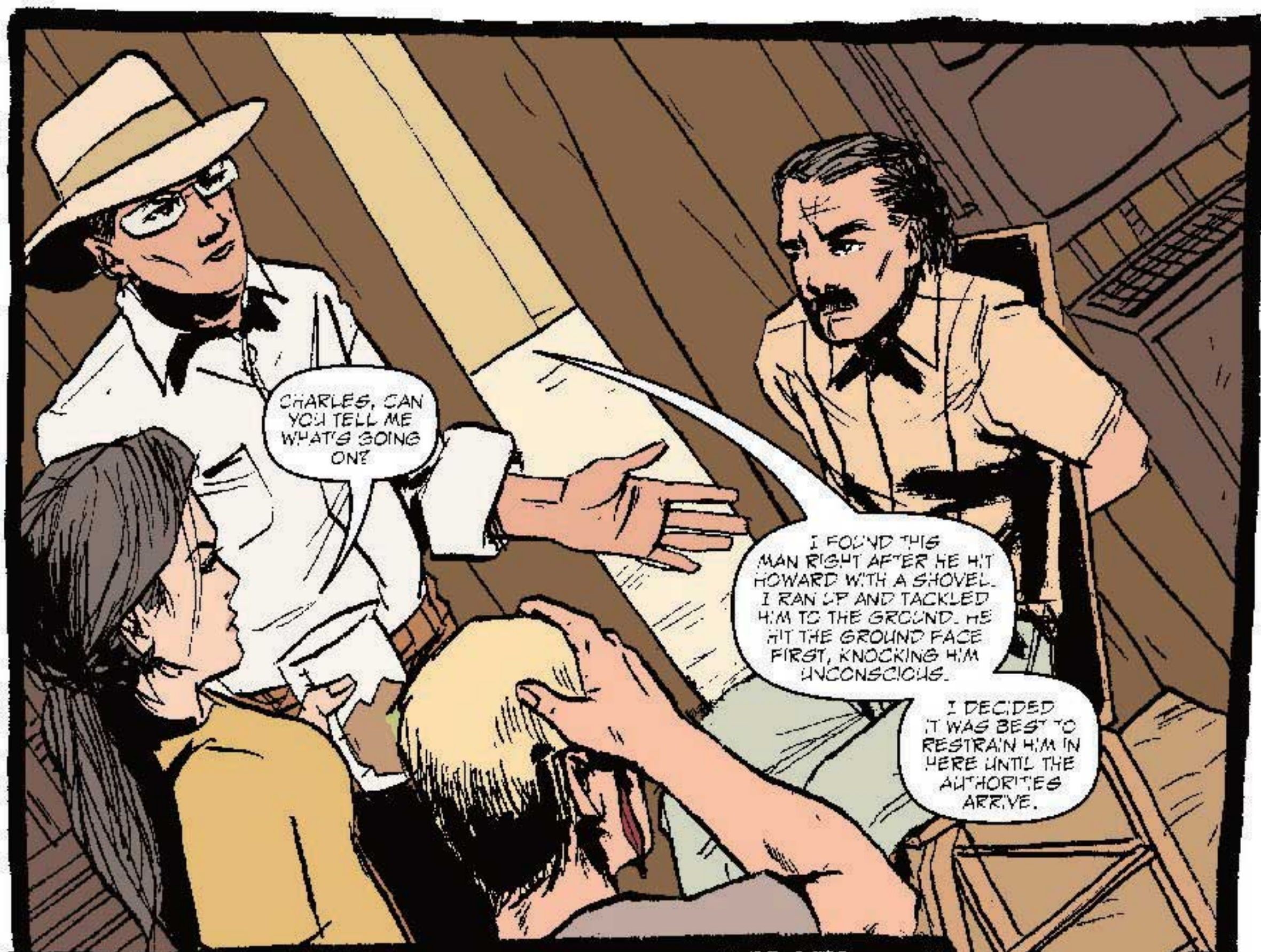
THERE ISN'T
MUCH TIME...
WE MUST
HURRY!

THERE ISN'T
MUCH TIME FOR
WHAT?

TO DESTROY THE
METEORITES!

WHAT DOES
CLUBBIV ME LIKE
A BABY SEAL HAVE
TO DO WITH
ANYTHING?!

I SAW YOU
PACKING UP THE
CANISTERS WITH THE
METEORITES INTO YOUR
TRUCK... I HAD TO STOP
YOU... I DIDN'T KNOW
WHAT ELSE TO DO.



CHARLES, CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON?

I FOUND THIS MAN RIGHT AFTER HE HIT HOWARD WITH A SHOVEL. I RAN UP AND TACKLED HIM TO THE GROUND. HE HIT THE GROUND FACE FIRST, KNOCKING HIM UNCONSCIOUS.

I DECIDED IT WAS BEST TO RESTRAIN HIM HERE UNTIL THE AUTHORITIES ARRIVE.



THE COPS ARE ON THEIR WAY, BUB! AND YOU BETTER BELIEVE I'M GONNA PRESS CHARGES!




WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME ... WE HAVE TO DESTROY THE SEEDS!



SEEDS? I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.




ALL OF HUMANITY IS IN GRAVE DANGER.




I DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU THINK IS GOING
ON HERE, BUT WE'RE JUST
SCIENTISTS RECOVERING
THE METEORITES FROM
LAST MONTH'S METEOR
SHOWER.

YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND
WHAT'S GOING
ON HERE.




WELL,
ENLIGHTEN
ME, THEN.




I'M A MEMBER
OF THE SH'ED
P'UEOF...AN
ANCIENT SECT
DATING BACK TENS
OF THOUSANDS
OF YEARS.


MY LINEAGE
HAS KEPT THE ANCIENT
TEXT OF THE AVOD
D'ELRESTO...THE HISTORY
THAT DOCUMENTS THE
ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT
OLD ONES.



542 MILLION YEARS AGO,
THE STARS OPENED UP AND
ROCKETED THE GREAT OLD
ONES TO EARTH.




WHILE THE WORLD
WAS STILL CLOAKED IN
DARKNESS, THEIR SEEDS
WERE PLANTED.




THEY GREW OUT OF
NOTHING TO CLAIM THIS
WORLD FOR THEIR OWN.




THEY WATCHED AS THE
FIRST SINGLE-CELLED
ORGANISM FORMED IN
THE PRIMORDIAL
COZE.



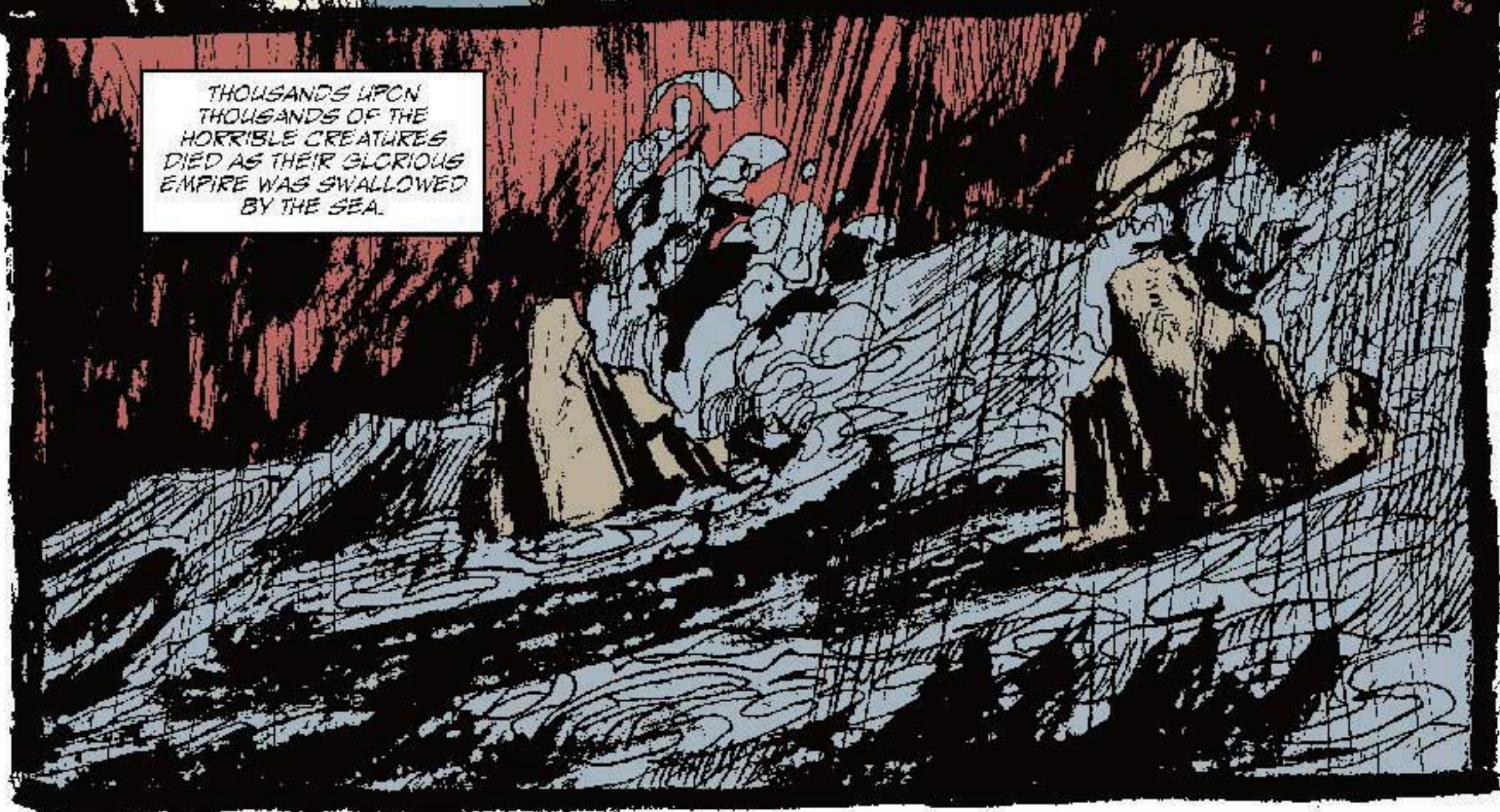
THEY BUILT MONUMENTS
TO THEMSELVES. THEY
BASKED IN THEIR
GREATNESS, REVELING
IN THEIR GLORY.



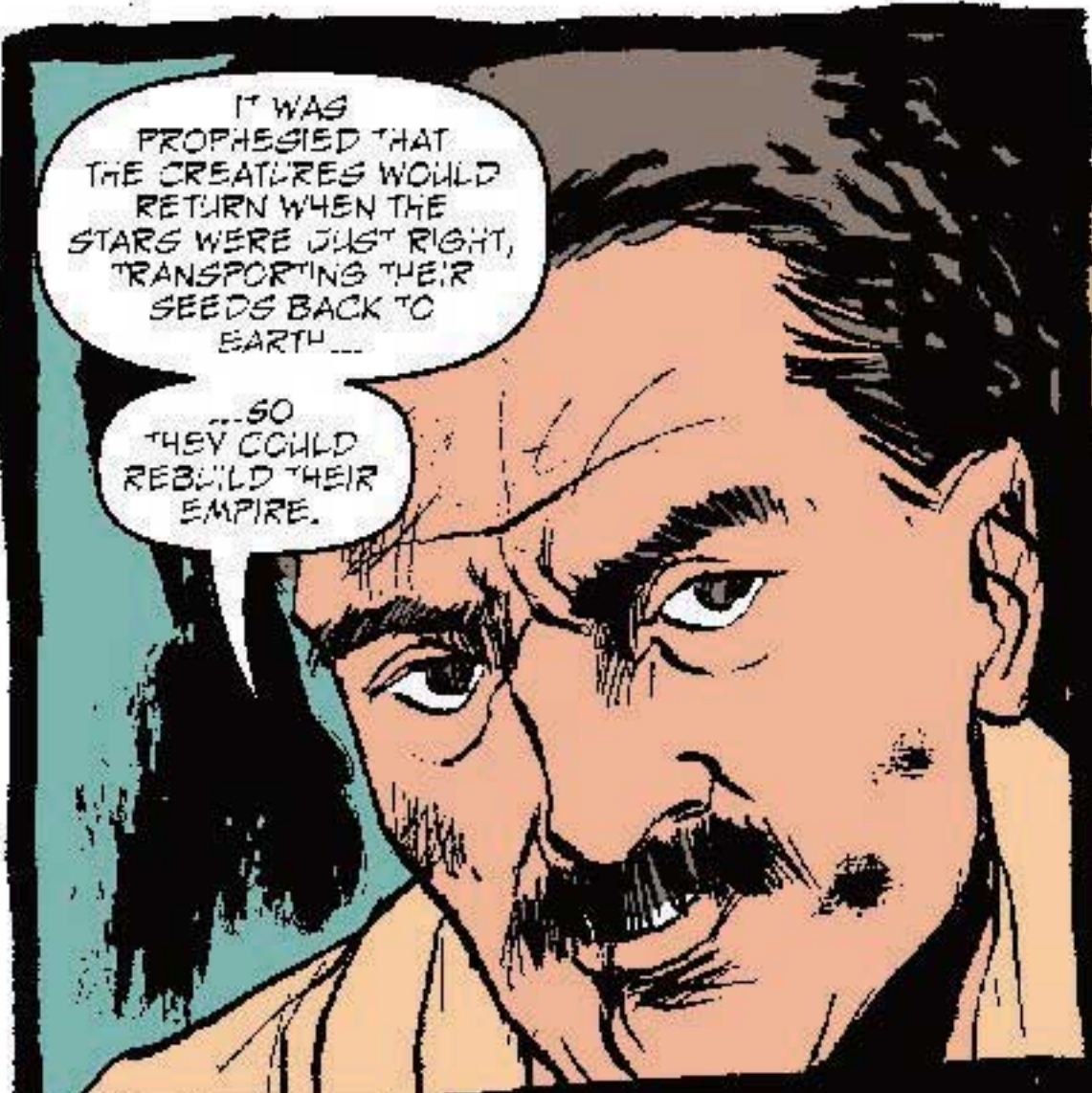
BUT THE EARTH WAS IN
ITS INFANCY, AND IT WAS
STILL MATURING. THE
GREAT OLD ONES' NEW
HOME WAS UNSTABLE.



THE HEART OF THEIR
THRIVING CIVILIZATION WAS
SEPARATED FROM THE
PANGAEA CONTINENT...

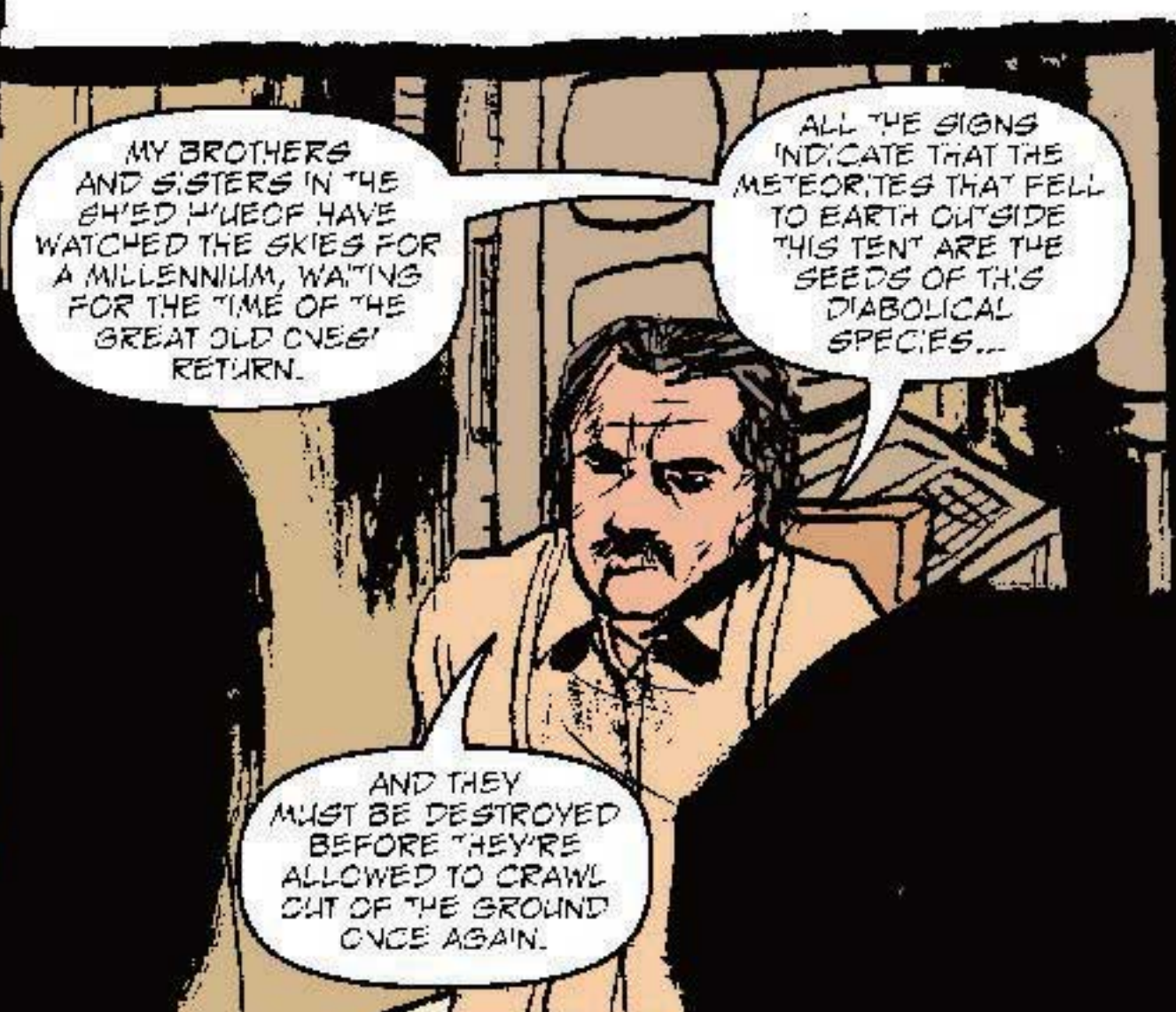


THOUSANDS UPON
THOUSANDS OF THE
HORRIBLE CREATURES
DIED AS THEIR GLORIOUS
EMPIRE WAS SWALLOWED
BY THE SEA.



IT WAS
PROPHESED THAT
THE CREATURES WOULD
RETURN WHEN THE
STARS WERE JUST RIGHT,
TRANSPORTING THEIR
SEEDS BACK TO
EARTH...


...SO
THEY COULD
REBUILD THEIR
EMPIRE.



MY BROTHERS
AND SISTERS IN THE
SH'ED H'UEOF HAVE
WATCHED THE SKIES FOR
A MILLENNIUM, WAITING
FOR THE TIME OF THE
GREAT OLD ONES'
RETURN.

ALL THE SIGNS
INDICATE THAT THE
METEORITES THAT FELL
TO EARTH OUTSIDE
THIS TENT ARE THE
SEEDS OF THIS
DIABOLICAL
SPECIES...

AND THEY
MUST BE DESTROYED
BEFORE THEY'RE
ALLOWED TO CRAWL
OUT OF THE GROUND
ONCE AGAIN.



I'VE
HEARD ENOUGH
OF THIS MUMBO-
JUMBO. BE QUIET
UNTIL THE COPS
SHOW UP!



ARGHHH!



THE
END

I SLIT THEIR THROATS AND
WATCHED THEM DIE.

THE SHOCK OF PAIN.
THE KNOWLEDGE OF
IMPENDING DEATH. THE
LOOK OF PERPLEXED
BEWILDERMENT ON
THEIR FACES.

HRMPH

IT WAS INTOXICATING.
I SUCKED IN THE POWER LIKE A
RIPE FRUIT DRIPPING FROM THE
FIRST BITE OF ITS TORN FLESH.
AS THEIR DOCTOR I HAD THE
POWER TO EXTEND THEIR LIVES
OR END THEM. IT GAVE ME THE
POWER OF A GOD OVER THEM.

THE FACTS OF MY CAPTURE
ARE TOO IRONIC TO DISMISS AS
COINCIDENCE. THEY WERE FATED
TO FIND ME AND TRY TO STRIP ME
OF MY DEIFICATION. BUT I AM
ABOVE THEIR POWER AND THIS
"PENANCE" IS MERELY A TRIAL
ON MY PATH OF IMMORTALITY.

I HEAR THE CALL

WRITTEN BY
JAMES
ANTHONY
KUHORIC

ART BY
JEAN DZIALOWSKI

COLORS BY
BLVDER RAJ

LETTERS BY
TERRI DELGADO
& MARSHALL
DILLON

THEY HAVE OFTEN SAID THAT A LEARNED
MAN MAKES THE MOST DANGEROUS OF
SOCIOPATHS. IT IS THE KNOWLEDGE OF
THE HUMAN CONDITION, THE BETRAYAL
OF THE OATH, AND THE FEAR OF
INTELLIGENCE USED FOR GAIN INSTEAD
OF SOCIALISM THEY FEAR.





MY PLAN IS SIMPLE BUT THAT IS THE BEAUTY OF IT. USE MY KNOWLEDGE OF THE SCHIZOPHRENIC CONDITION TO HIDE AMONG THE LOST SOULS OF THIS HUMAN PIG STY UNTIL THE OPPORTUNITY TO ESCAPE PRESENTS ITSELF. AND IF I'M LUCKY...



I'LL BE OUT OF HERE IN TWENTY FOUR HOURS.

AS THE STORM RAGES OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF THE INSTITUTION, A DEEP RHYTHMIC DRUMMING BEGINS TO POUND OUT A CADENCE OF THE OCEAN FURY AMID THE ROCKS FAR BELOW THE CLIFF.

THE FOUNDING AGITATES THE UNFORTUNATE INMATES OF THE FACILITY. IT SPEAKS TO THEM, TOUCHING A SPARK OF FEAR LOST DEEP INSIDE THE QUAGMIRES OF THEIR MINDS.

THEY HEAR THE CALL OF THE OCEAN IN THE INCESSANT POUNDING.

CHOOM-
CHOOM-
CHOOM!

THE CALL OF THE THINGS THAT LIVE BELOW THE SURFACE OF SANITY.

CHOOM
DOOM-
CHOOM!

THE CALL OF THE UNNATURAL THINGS THE OCEAN HAS BIRTHED AND KILLED.

KA-DOOM
KA-DOOM
DOOM

DAMN STORM WILL HAMPER MY ESCAPE, BUT IT WILL MAKE IT EXPONENTIALLY HARDER FOR THEM TO TRACK MY PROGRESS AS WELL. ITS FATE, OF THAT I HAVE NO DOUBTS.

KAK-
KROOM!

SIMPLE
LOCKS.

EASILY BYPASSED
WHEN THE TIME
COMES.

HELLO
MR. SULLIVAN.
WELCOME TO
HOWARD ASYLUM.
YOU MAKE QUITE
AN INTERESTING
CASE STUDY.

THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT THE OCEAN THAT INFLUENCES EVERYTHING WE DO HERE. IN A WAY WE ARE ALL PART OF ITS CYCLES. WE ARE MOVED BY ITS CONSTANT EBB AND FLOW AND BOUND BY ITS POWER OF LIFE AND DEATH.

KRAKA-
KOOOM!



WE HEAR THE CALL OF THE OCEAN HERE, MR. SULLIVAN. BUT YOU'LL SEE THAT SOON ENOUGH.



I'LL EAT IT ALL. I'LL EAT IT ALL. EAT IT UP.

THIRTY THREE. THIRTY THREE. THIRTY THREE.



FLAY HIM.

SKIN HIM.



WHAT DID YOU SAY?



CHOOM-CH DOOM-BOOM!

KILL HIM. EAT HIM. DEVOUR HIM.



WHAT THE HELL?



I'LL EAT THEM ALL. I'LL EAT THEM ALL.

THIRTY FOUR. THIRTY FOUR. THIRTY FOUR.



JUST A TRICK OF THE LIGHT
COMBINED WITH LACK OF SLEEP
AND THAT DAMNED BEATING OF
THE WAVES BELOW. NEED TO
REFOCUS ON THE TASK AT HAND.
GODHOOD WAITS FOR NO MAN.





THIS ISN'T REAL.
THIS CAN'T BE REAL!
I JUST NEED TO GET
AWAY. CLEAR MY HEAD
AND GET AWAY AND BACK
TO THE PLAN.

CHOOM



NOT REAL.
NOT REAL.
NOT REAL.



CHOOM

STOP
THE DAMNED
DRUMS! STOP
IT! STOP IT!

CHOOM
CHOOM

IT'S ALRIGHT
MR. SULLIVAN. YOU
JUST HAVE TO LISTEN
TO HEAR WHAT THE
OCEAN IS SAYING.
IT SPEAKS TO ALL OF
US IN DIFFERENT
WAYS.



CHOOM
CHOOM
CHOOM



MR. SULLIVAN. THOSE
AREN'T DRUMS, IT'S
THE OCEAN TALKING
TO US.

LET GO!
DON'T TOUCH
ME...DON'T...




NO, GET AWAY...
I DON'T WANT TO
HEAR...I DON'T
WANT TO...






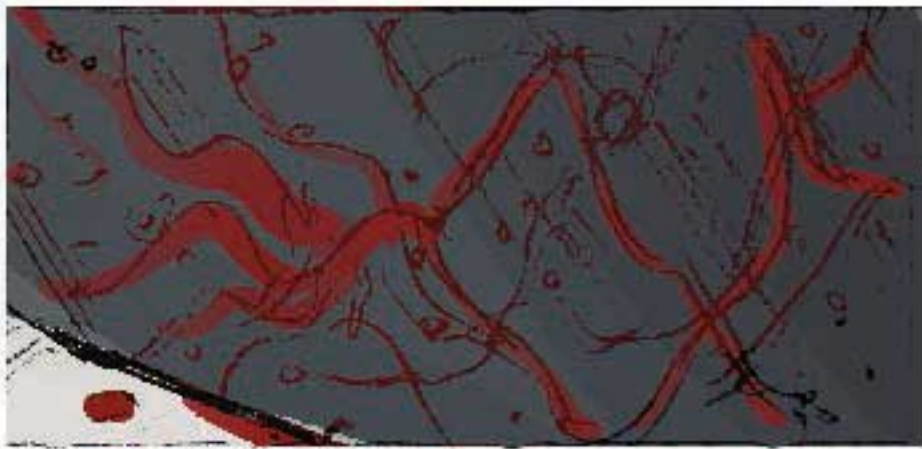
BOOM





...HEAR.



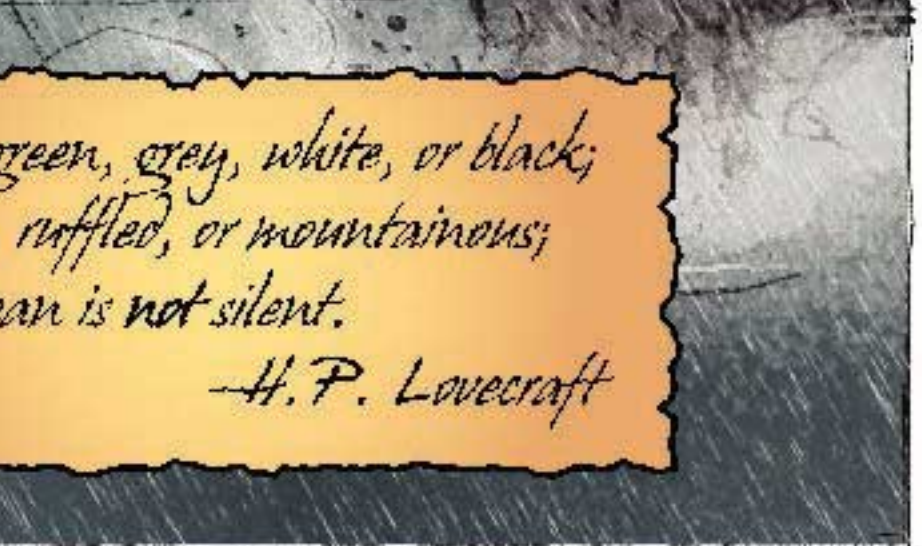


I HEAR THE
CALL.



HEAR THE
CALL HEAR THE
CALL HEAR
THE CALL...



...AND I
OBEY.



Blue, green, grey, white, or black;
smooth, ruffled, or mountainous;
that ocean is not silent.

H. P. Lovecraft

1929. BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.
INNSMOUTH FISHING PORT.

THERE ARE THINGS THAT
LURK BELOW THE
SURFACE OF REALITY.
JUST BENEATH THE
FRAGILE FABRIC OF
HUMAN SANITY IS A
WORLD WE DARE
NOT IMAGINE.

FOR TO KNOW THE
ALIEN MINDS THAT LURK
BELOW THE PLACID
ILLUSION OF LIFE IS TO
KNOW MADNESS.

HURRY,
BOY,
STORM ES
A COMIN'!

REEK-KA

RELEASE THE
NETTING.

SLUFFOOSH

CRIMNEY,
THEY ALL
DEAD.

T'AIN'T
NATURAL.

WHAT LIES BENEATH

WRITTEN BY JAMES KUHORIC - DRAWN BY DAN PARSONS
COLORED BY MALAKA STUDIO - LETTERED BY MARSHALL DILLON
& TERRI DELGADO



GUNNAH,
LOOK AT THIS.
SOME KIND
OF SQUID OR
SOMETHIN' IS
IN HERE.



GET IT
OUT! GET
IT OUT
NOW!



WHAT'S THE
PROBLEM? IT
SEEMS HARMLESS
ENOUGH.



SMACK!

DAMN
FOOL!

IT'S A
CURSE, AN OMEN
OF COMING
DISASTER TO
HAVE THE EYE OF
THE SEA UPON
YOU.



CRAZY
OLD MAN.



YOU ONLY SEE
THE SURFACE,
YOUNG'IN.

THE SEA
AIN'T LIKE THAT.
ITS DEEP AND YOU
NEED TO LOOK
BENEATH THE SURFACE
TO UNDERSTAND ITS
TRUE NATURE.



"THE DEAD CATCH WILL
COST US DEARLY."

"THERE'LL BE NO COIN IN
OUR POCKETS TONIGHT."



REEK-
REEK-
REEK-

"SO THE OLD BASTARD
DIDN'T PAY YOU AT ALL?"



NOT A CENT. A FULL
DAY'S WORK
AND NOTHING
TO SHOW
FOR IT.

SHOULD HAVE
TAKEN MY PAY
OUT OF HIS
WRINKLED HIDE.



NOT A
DAMNED
PENNY.



THERE'S
GOT TO BE
A BETTER
WAY...



KIAK
KOOM



WHISKEY.



I CAN NOT
CHANGE THIS,
CAP'N.

KEEP
IT. JUST
LEAVE THE
BOTTLE.

SKRITCH



GOLD,
MICHAEL.
THAT'S OUR
CHANCE.

A FEW
OF THOSE COINS
'LL CHANGE OUR
FORTUNES.



GLUB!



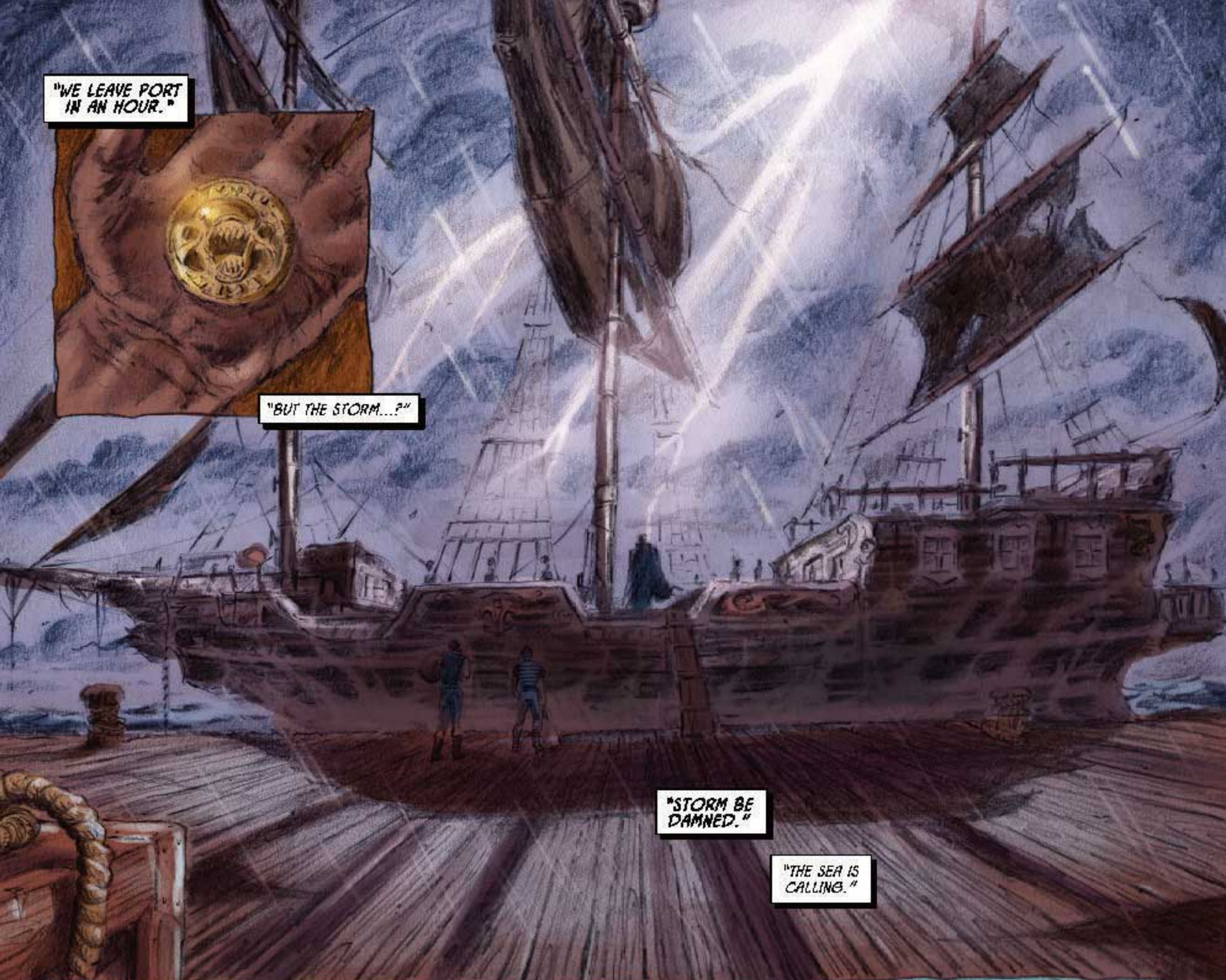
'OY, CAPTAIN.
MY FRIEND AN'
ME ARE STRONG
SEA HANDS.

WE'RE FOR
HIRE IF YOU'RE
AS FREE WITH WAGE
AS YOU ARE WITH
YOUR DRINKIN'
COIN.



YE DON' KNOW
IF I'M A PIRATE OR
A PILGRIM, BUT YE
OFFER YOUR BACKS
TO MY CAUSE?

IF YE CAN
FOLLOW ORDERS
AND DON'T ASK
QUESTIONS, WE
HAVE A DEAL.




"WE LEAVE PORT
IN AN HOUR."

"BUT THE STORM...?"

"STORM BE
DAMNED."


"THE SEA IS
CALLING."



YOU SURE
'BOUT THIS,
ALLAN?



ONLY
THE MONEY
MATTERS. A WEEK
ON THIS SHIP
SHOULD PAY FOR
A MONTH AT
THE PUB.



YOU WILL
BOTH MAN
THE DECK.

I HAVE
ONLY ONE
RULE UPON
MY SHIP.



NO ONE GOES BELOW DECK BUT ME.



WHAT LIES BENEATH IS MINE.

FROM THE SEA IT CAME AND TO THE SEA IT STILL BELONGS.



GET US READY FOR SAIL.

"FROM THE SEA AND TO THE SEA." WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT ABOUT?



"DOESN'T MATTER AS LONG AS WE GET THE COIN WE WERE PROMISED."



KRAKA-

THOOM!

"SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT HERE, ALLAN."



WHERE'S THE REST OF THE CREW?

I DON'T KNOW BUT THERE HAVE TO BE MORE MUGS THAN JUST THE CAPTAIN ABOARD.



BUT IF THIS IS A FISHING BOAT, WHERE ARE THE NETS?

WHY ARE WE SAILING INTO THE STORM?

CALM DOWN, MICHAEL.



IT'S ALL
WRONG,
ALLAN!

I'M
GETTING
OFF OF
THIS SHIP.

WAIT!
YOU'LL RUIN
THIS FOR
THE BOTH
OF US.



DON'T GO
DOWN THERE,
THE CAPTAIN...

TO HELL
WITH THE
CAPTAIN,
I'M...



I TOLD
YOU NOT TO
COME DOWN
HERE.



THE THINGS
BELOW THE SURFACE
ARE NOT MEANT
TO BE DISTURBED
BY YOUR PRYING
EYES.

NO, HELP
ME! ALLAN,
DON'T LET IT
GET MEEEE!!
YAAAAA!!




SCROOCH
PLOPP





Ahhh!
MICHAEL...



FOR BENEATH THE BLACK
UNKNOWN DEPTHS THE
OLD ONES HUNGER AND
PLOT AND PLAN.

WHEN THE CREATURES OF THE DEEP
RAISE THEIR BEFOULED HEADS FROM
THEIR LONG DARK SLEEP THEY CAN PEEK
INTO THE BRITTLE WORLD OF MAN.

THE PRISONS THAT BIND THEM
ARE WEAK AND WHEN THE EYE OF
THE SEA IS UPON YOU THE ONLY
POSSIBILITIES ARE DEATH...

...AND MADNESS.



NO!
THIS CAN'T
BE! IT'S NOT
REAL!

IT'S
NOT REAL!
HAHAHAHAHA

WHAT HAS RISEN MAY SINK, AND WHAT
HAS SUNK MAY RISE. LOATHESOMENESS
WAITS AND DREAMS IN THE DEEP, AND
DECAY SPREADS OVER THE TOTTERING
CITIES OF MEN...H.P. LOVECRAFT.



LET'S TRY
THIS AGAIN.
WHO ARE
YOU?



WHAT
DO YOU
DO?

I AM
HASSAN
ALHAZRED.

AS I'VE TOLD
YOU A HUNDRED
TIMES, I AM A
CURATOR AT
THE NATIONAL
MUSEUM OF—



I'M TIRING
OF THIS.



CTHULHU TALES:

There Will Be Blood

WRITTEN BY MARK SABLE DRAWN BY SERGIO CARRERA COLORED BY ANDREW DALHOUSE LETTERED BY MARSHALL DILLON

I AM NOT LYING
TO THEM. I AM A
CURATOR. THAT IS
MY PROFESSION,
WHAT I AM PAID
TO DO.



IRAQI MUSEUM
OF HERETICAL
ANTIQUITIES.
BAGHDAD 2003.

I AM, HOWEVER, THE
BEARER OF A SACRED
TRUST FAR MORE
IMPORTANT THAN WHAT
MY PAYCHECK WOULD
LEAD YOU TO BELIEVE.



THOOM

A PAYCHECK
I SHAMEFULLY
DREW FROM
A HORRIBLE
REGIME.



KRAKOOM

**KOOM
KOOM**



«LET
US TAKE WHAT
WE WANT AND
YOU WON'T
GET
HURT.»*





WHEN I AWOKE
AND SAW
THE AMERICANS,
I THOUGHT
THEY WERE
MY SAVIORS.



IF NOT
OF MY
LIFE...



...THAN OF
THAT WHICH I
HAD SWORN
TO PROTECT
WITH IT.

I WAS WRONG ON
BOTH COUNTS.



KAFF-
KAFF



LET'S TRY
ANOTHER
QUESTION.
WHAT IS THE
NAMELESS
CITY?

SOMETHING
YOU WOULD
NOT
UNDERSTAND.

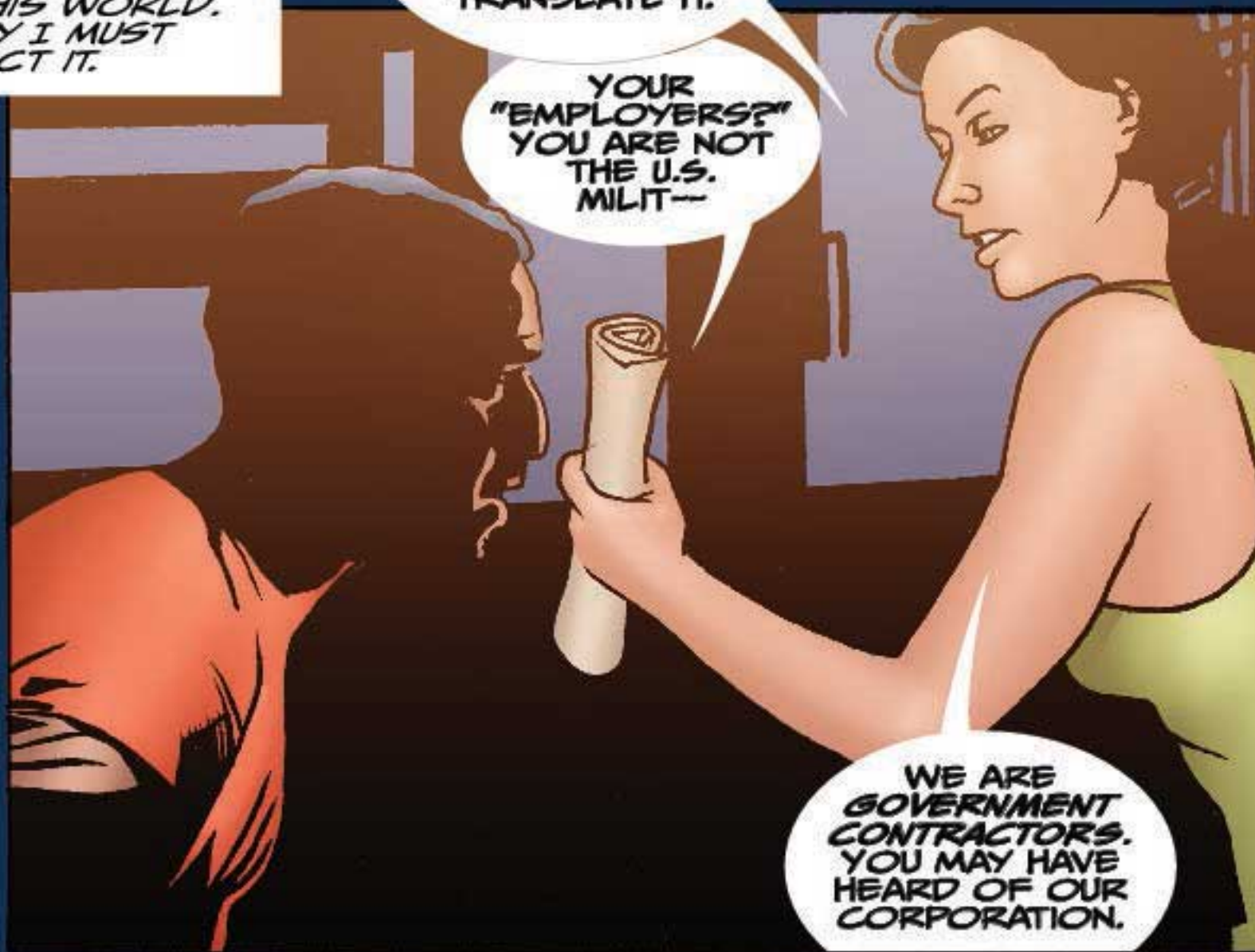
YOU
THOUGHT
WE COULDN'T
READ
THIS?



A PAGE FROM THE
NECRONOMICON. A TOME
WRITTEN BY MY ANCESTOR
ABDUL ALHAZRED MILLENNIA
AGO. HIS WRITINGS HAVE
BROUGHT NOTHING BUT
SHAME TO MY FAMILY AND
THREAT TO THIS WORLD.
THIS IS WHY I MUST
PROTECT IT.

IT'S IN AN
ANCIENT DIALECT,
TO BE SURE. BUT
MY EMPLOYERS
PAID HANDSOMELY
FOR SOMEONE TO
TRANSLATE IT.

YOUR
"EMPLOYERS?"
YOU ARE NOT
THE U.S.
MILIT—



WE ARE
GOVERNMENT
CONTRACTORS.
YOU MAY HAVE
HEARD OF OUR
CORPORATION.

NEAR IREM, THE
"EMPTY" QUARTER
OF ARABIA. CIRCA
730 A.D.



"OUR NAME
IS STRIKINGLY
SIMILAR TO THE,
AND I QUOTE, 'DARK,
PRIMORDIAL OOZE
THAT FLOWS LIKE
WATER' IN THIS
'NAMELESS CITY'
BELOW ARABIAN
SANDS.



"THE ONE
YOUR ANCESTOR,
THE SO CALLED
'MAD ARAB'
CLAIMS TO HAVE
VISITED.



"BUT IT
DIDN'T TAKE A MAD
ARAB OR A HIGHLY
PAID TRANSLATOR FOR
ME TO FIGURE OUT
WHAT THE SUBSTANCE
THAT BUBBLES UP
FROM THIS BURIED
CITY'S BOWELS
IS.



"OIL.

"THAT'S
WHY WE'RE
HERE.



"AND
YOU'VE GOT
ONE MORE
CHANCE TO TELL
US WHERE
IT IS."





Y'HA-NTHLEI
AFRASIAB
CHALDEA...

...SARNATH
MURLOC
KU-TOAN
DAGON!

THEIR WORDS MAY SOUND UNFAMILIAR TO YOU. IN FACT, I PRAY THAT THEY DO, FOR WERE YOU TO TRULY UNDERSTAND THEIR PORTENT, YOU WOULD NO DOUBT BE DRIVEN MAD, AS SO MANY HAVE BEFORE YOU.

BUT FOR NOW, SUFFICE TO SAY, THEY CALL OUT FOR REVENGE.



I TRY TO RESIST THEIR CALLS, FOR VENGEANCE HAS AN AWFUL PRICE.

STUBBORN
SON OF
A...

IT'S NO MATTER. WE'LL WORK THE "IREM" ANGLE; GOD KNOWS WE'VE GOT PLENTY MORE PAPERS TO SIFT THROUGH, AND MORE CURATORS TO-

...Y'HA-NTHLEI
...
DAGON!

BUT I CANNOT.



HURRIGH
...



WHAT THE-

IT IS NOT
THAT I AM
WEAK.



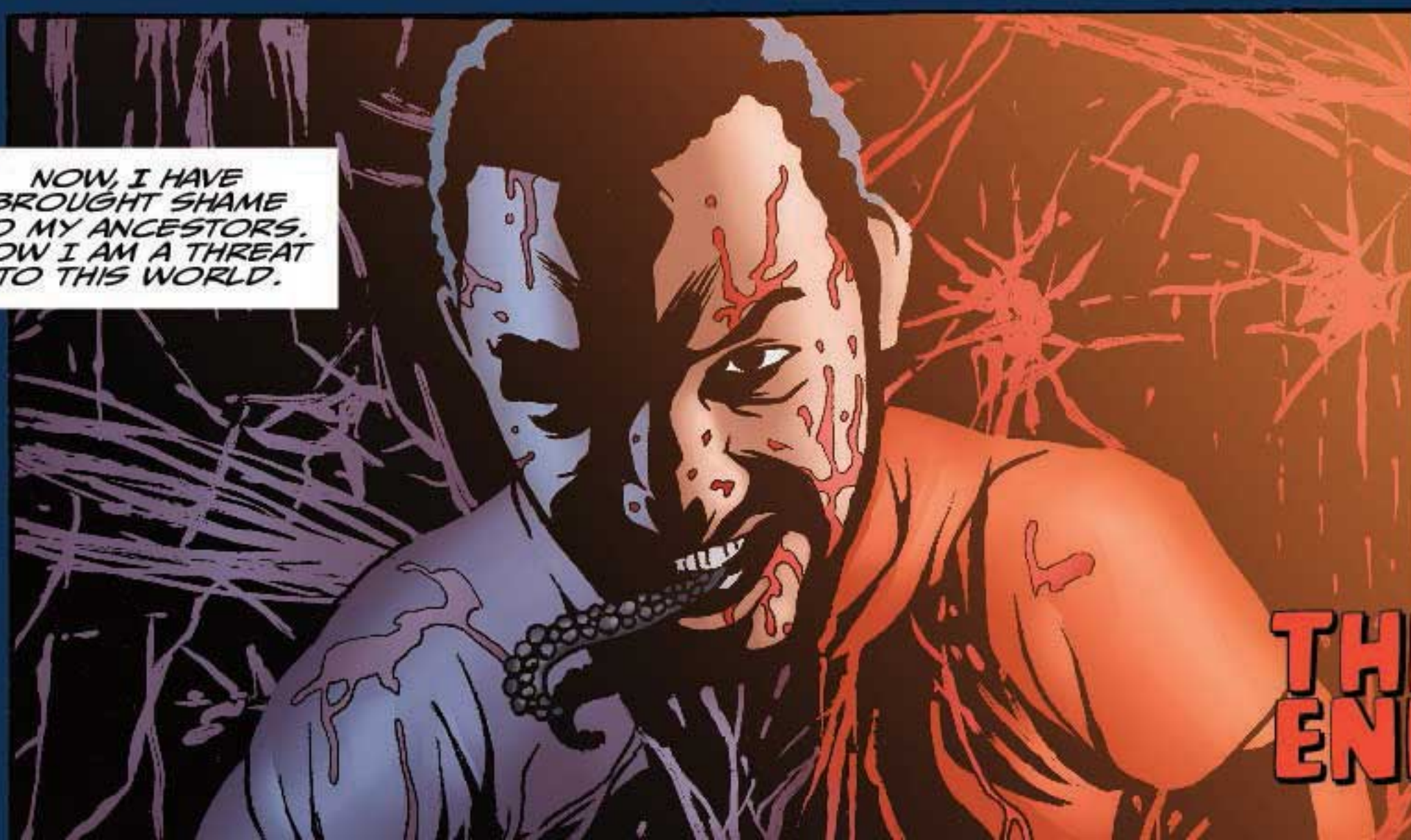
BUT I MUST UPHOLD MY
OATH. KEEP THE
SECRETS MY FAMILY HAS
PROTECTED FROM MINDS
THAT CAN'T COMPREHEND
THEIR DANGERS.

EVEN AT THE
PRICE OF MY
OWN LIFE. MY
OWN SOUL.

SPLOOK!



NOW, I HAVE
BROUGHT SHAME
TO MY ANCESTORS.
NOW I AM A THREAT
TO THIS WORLD.



THE
END

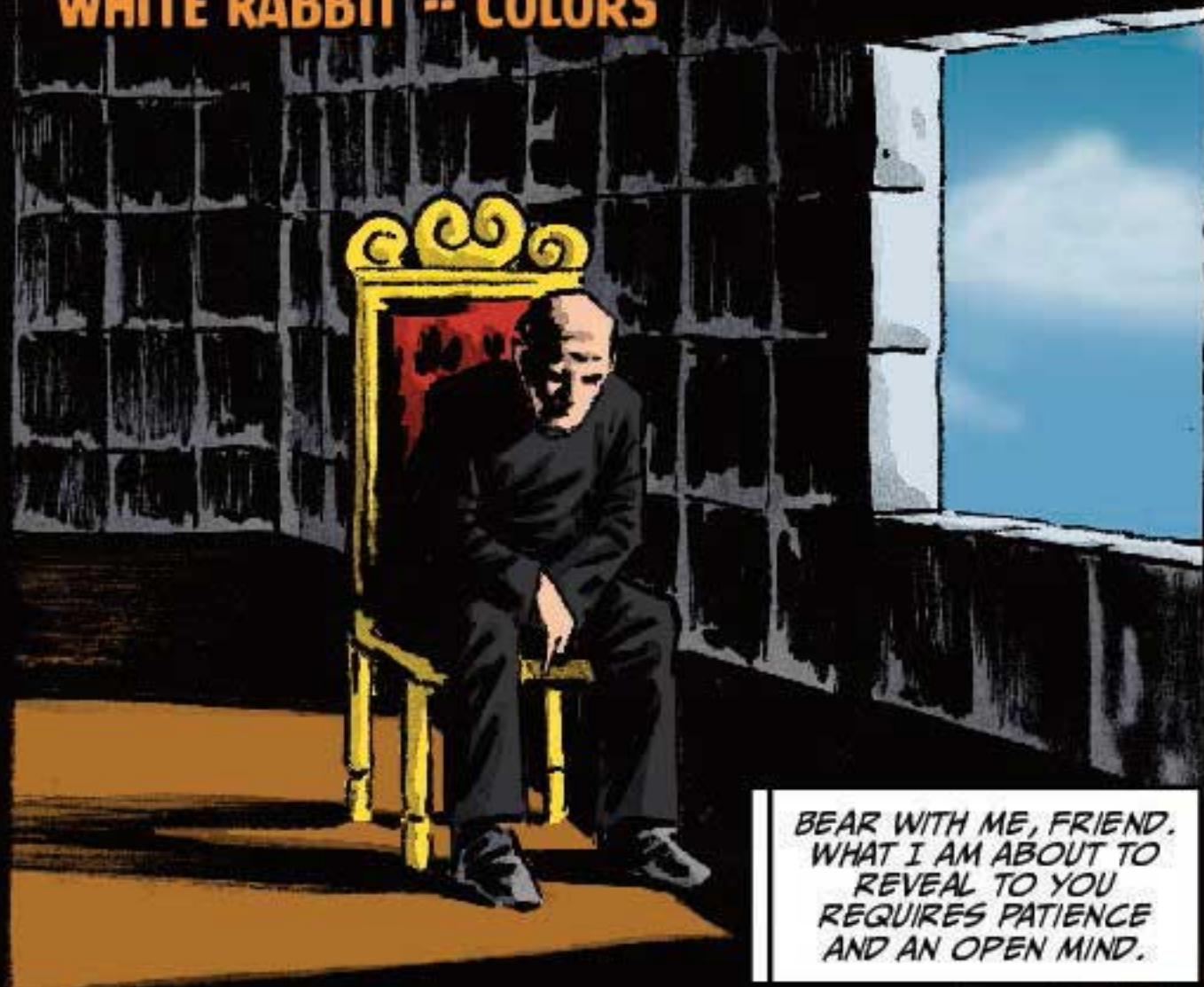
THE EYES OF MADNESS

STEVE NILES -- STORY

CHEE -- ART

MARSHALL DILLON -- LETTERS

WHITE RABBIT -- COLORS



BEAR WITH ME, FRIEND.
WHAT I AM ABOUT TO
REVEAL TO YOU
REQUIRES PATIENCE
AND AN OPEN MIND.



YOU MAY THINK ME AS MAD AS THE
PEOPLE OF THE TOWN WHERE I
LIVED, BUT I ASSURE YOU, ONCE
YOU HAVE DISTILLED THE FACTS
FROM THE FANTASY, YOU WILL KNOW
THAT MY WORDS ARE TRUE AND MAY
EVEN SAVE YOUR LIFE ONE DAY.



I HAVE SEEN THE
FEAR, AND I AM
HERE TO TELL YOU
THAT THIS WORLD IS
NOT WHAT IT SEEMS.



MY NAME IS FATHER
MARTIN BLAIR. I WAS,
AND REMAIN, A MAN
OF FAITH.



IT IS WHAT I NOW
HAVE FAITH IN THAT
HAS CHANGED.



I HAVE LIVED MY ENTIRE LIFE IN A SMALL NEW ENGLAND TOWN CALLED MASON.



I TENDED A SMALL FLOCK OF DEVOTED FOLLOWERS, HELD MASS EVERY SUNDAY.



FOR ALL PRACTICAL PURPOSES, I WAS A HAPPY MAN.



MYSELF AND ALL OF THE CITIZENS OF MASON WERE FINE AND CONTENT LIVING UNDER THE WATCHFUL, LOVING EYE OF GOD.



IT WAS A GOOD LIFE.



SO GOOD, IN FACT, THAT MAYBE I WAS A FOOL TO EVER BELIEVE IT WAS REAL.

IT ALL BEGAN TO FALL APART WHEN THE MAN WITH THE MILKY EYES CAME TO TOWN.

HIS NAME WAS SAMUEL. HE CAME TO MASON IN THE FALL OF 1913. HE WAS BLIND, AND HIS EYES HAD A MILKY COATING LIKE MOLD GROWN OVER THEM.



BEING THE TOWN HOLY MAN, I GREETED THE AWKWARD STRANGER WITH OPEN ARMS...



...AND WELCOMED HIM INTO MY FLOCK.



THERE WERE MANY UNUSUAL THINGS ABOUT SAMUEL.



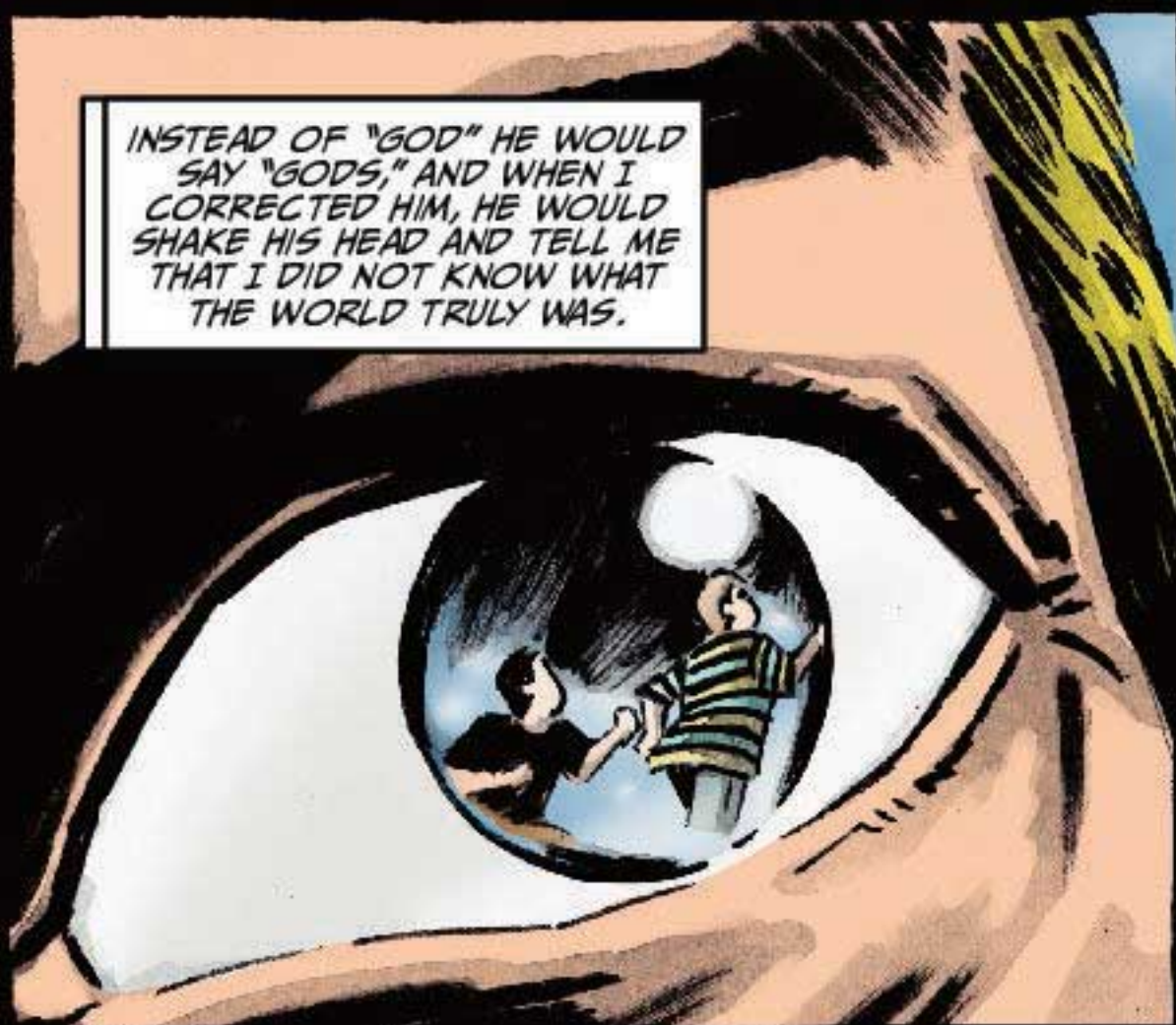
FOR A BLIND MAN, HE SEEMED TO LOOK ABOUT MORE THAN ONE WOULD THINK.



HE DID NOT SPEAK OFTEN, BUT WHEN HE DID, HE WOULD SAY THE STRANGEST THINGS.



INSTEAD OF "GOD" HE WOULD SAY "GODS," AND WHEN I CORRECTED HIM, HE WOULD SHAKE HIS HEAD AND TELL ME THAT I DID NOT KNOW WHAT THE WORLD TRULY WAS.



DON'T YOU MEAN "GOD," SAMUEL, THE SINGLE GOD THAT SHINES IN THE HEAVENS ABOVE?

I BELIEVED THAT ONCE, BUT...



AND HE WOULD SAY NO MORE.

BUT I HAVE NEVER BEEN ONE TO QUIT EASILY, SO I WOULD ALWAYS ASK HIM...

WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO HEAR YOUR CONFESSION?

NO, FATHER. I WOULD NOT.



ONE CHILLY NIGHT IN OCTOBER, I HEARD A FRIGHTFUL SOUND COMING FROM THE CENTER OF TOWN.

AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!



I ROSE FROM MY BED AND RAN INTO THE STREETS WEARING ONLY A ROBE, AS DID MANY CITIZENS WHO HEARD THE CRIES THAT NIGHT.

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!



AND WHAT WE
DISCOVERED WAS
ALMOST TOO
HORRIBLE TO BEAR.

THEY WERE
NOT YOUR CHILDREN
ANYMORE! THEY WERE
DISCIPLES OF THE
GREAT OLD
ONES!

SAMUEL WAS ARRESTED AND,
WITHOUT TRIAL, SENTENCED
TO HANG THE NEXT DAY
DESPITE MY APPEAL TO
THE TOWNSFOLK.

THEY WANTED NO TRIAL.
SAMUEL HAD BEEN CAUGHT
WITH THE BLOOD OF CHILDREN
ON HIS HANDS, AND FOR THAT
ALONE HE SHOULD DIE.

NOBODY EVEN STOPPED TO
CONSIDER THAT IT WAS NEXT
TO IMPOSSIBLE FOR A BLIND
MAN TO KIDNAP AND MURDER
A DOZEN CHILDREN IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.

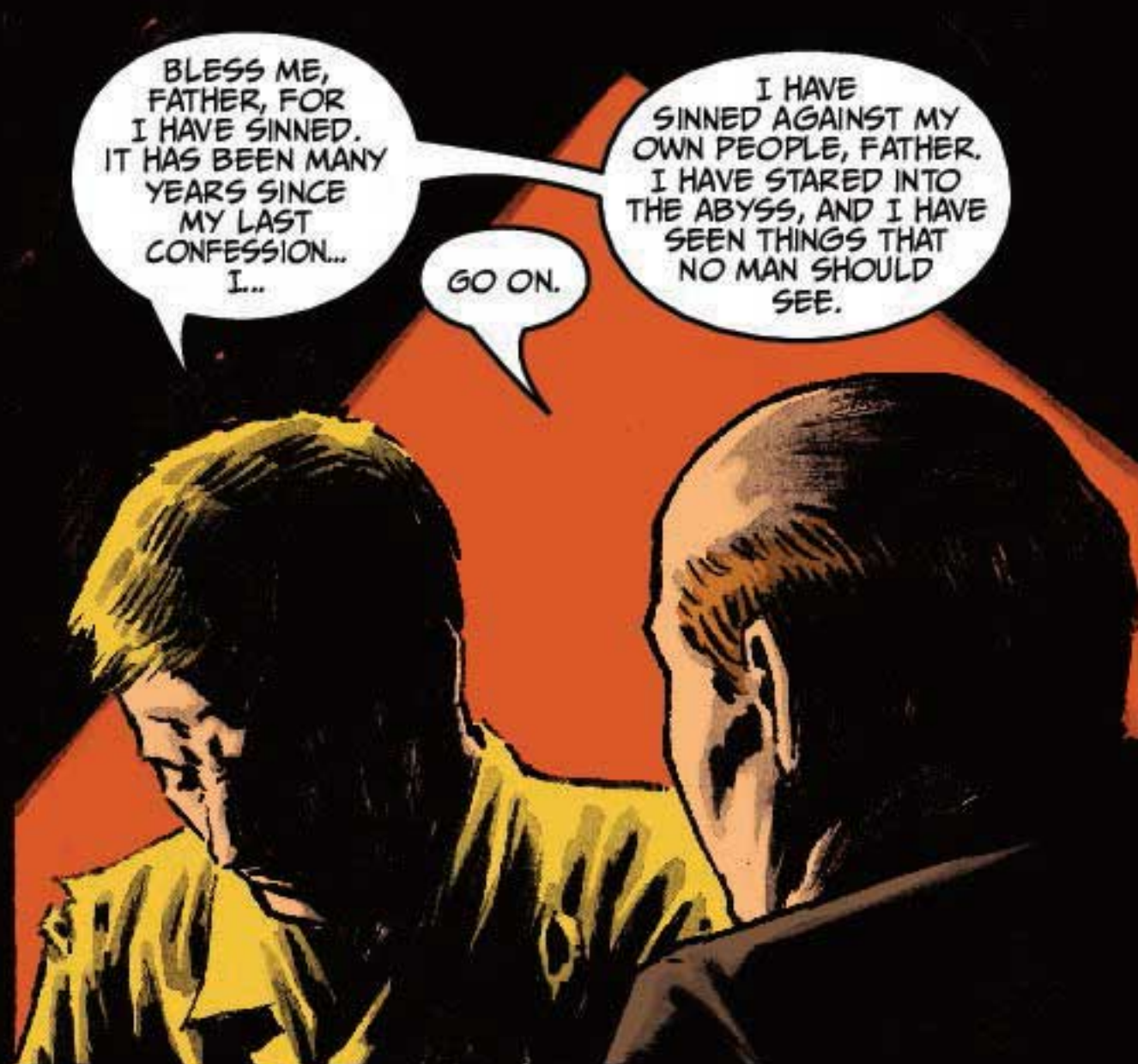
I VISITED SAMUEL
IN HIS CELL THE
NIGHT BEFORE
HE WAS TO HANG.

THIS TIME
HE SAID...

YES. YES,
FATHER, I WOULD...
AND THEN I MUST
GIVE YOU SOME-
THING.

GO AHEAD,
SAMUEL.

TOMORROW,
YOU DIE. WOULD
YOU LIKE ME
TO HEAR YOUR
CONFESSION?



BLESS ME, FATHER, FOR I HAVE SINNED. IT HAS BEEN MANY YEARS SINCE MY LAST CONFESSION... I...

GO ON.

I HAVE SINNED AGAINST MY OWN PEOPLE, FATHER. I HAVE STARED INTO THE ABYSS, AND I HAVE SEEN THINGS THAT NO MAN SHOULD SEE.



SAMUEL, NO!

IT DOESN'T HURT, FATHER.



TAKE THESE, FATHER, AND CAST THEM INTO THE AIR WHEN I DIE...AND YOU WILL SEE WHAT I SAW.



YOU WILL SEE THE WORLDS AROUND US, AND YOU WILL SEE THE SIGHT THAT DESTROYED MY EYES!



BUT MOST OF ALL, FATHER, YOU WILL SEE, AS I HAVE SEEN, ALL OF THE DECEIVERS IN OUR MIDST. ALL OF THOSE AROUND US, LIKE THOSE DAMNED CHILDREN, WHO ARE DEMONS IN DISGUISE, WAITING TO HELP DESTROY US ANY WAY THEY CAN!





THAT SUNDAY.

I HAVE SEEN
THINGS THAT NO
MAN SHOULD
EVER SEE.



LEARNED
THINGS THAT
WE WERE
NEVER MEANT
TO KNOW.



AND I STILL TEND
TO MY FLOCK,
KEEPING A CAREFUL
EYE, AS SHOULD
YOU, DEAR READER.

LOOK HARD AT THE
PERSON SITTING NEXT TO
YOU. IF YOU THINK YOU ARE
LOOKING AT ANCIENT EVIL,
DO NOT BE TOO UNSURE.

THAT IS WHAT I
HAVE FAITH IN NOW.

EVIL IS TRUE
AND REAL AND
LIVING ALL
AROUND US.

AND MUST BE
STOPPED AT
ALL COSTS.

PREVIEW:

CTHULHU

**TALES
OMNIBUS
DELIRIUM
ON SALE NOW!**





KEN...
I THINK YOU
SHOULD HAVE
A SEAT.

ON THE WAGON

WRITTEN BY MICHAEL ALAN NELSON
DRAWN BY EDUARDO FERIGATO
COLORED BY PABLO QUILIGOTTI
LETTERED BY MARSHALL DILLON



OH, GOD.
ARE YOU KIDDING
ME WITH THIS
CRAP?

KEN, PLEASE.
JUST SIT AND
LISTEN TO WHAT
WE HAVE
TO SAY.



DAMMIT,
PHIL, YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND.
I NEED A
DRINK.

NO,
YOU DON'T.
YOU'RE SICK, KEN.
WHAT YOU NEED
IS HELP.

WE'RE NOT
HERE TO JUDGE
YOU OR CONDEMN
YOU. WE ALL LOVE
YOU AND WANT YOU
HEALTHY AGAIN.



WHAT'S
SHE DOING
HERE?

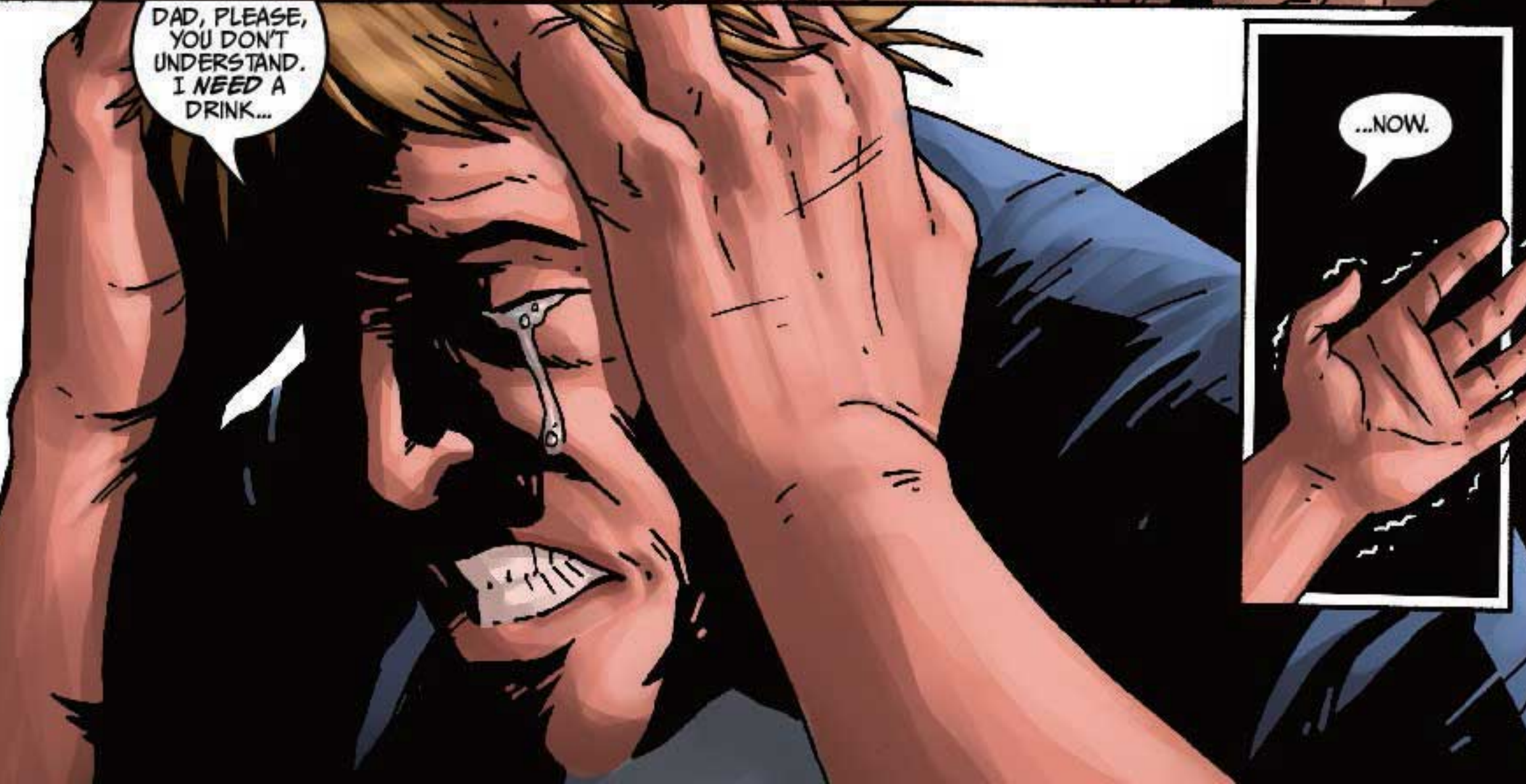
I'M HERE
BECAUSE I CARE
ABOUT YOU.

REALLY?
THEN WHY'D
YOU LEAVE
ME?



WE ARE
ALL HERE
BECAUSE WE
LOVE YOU.

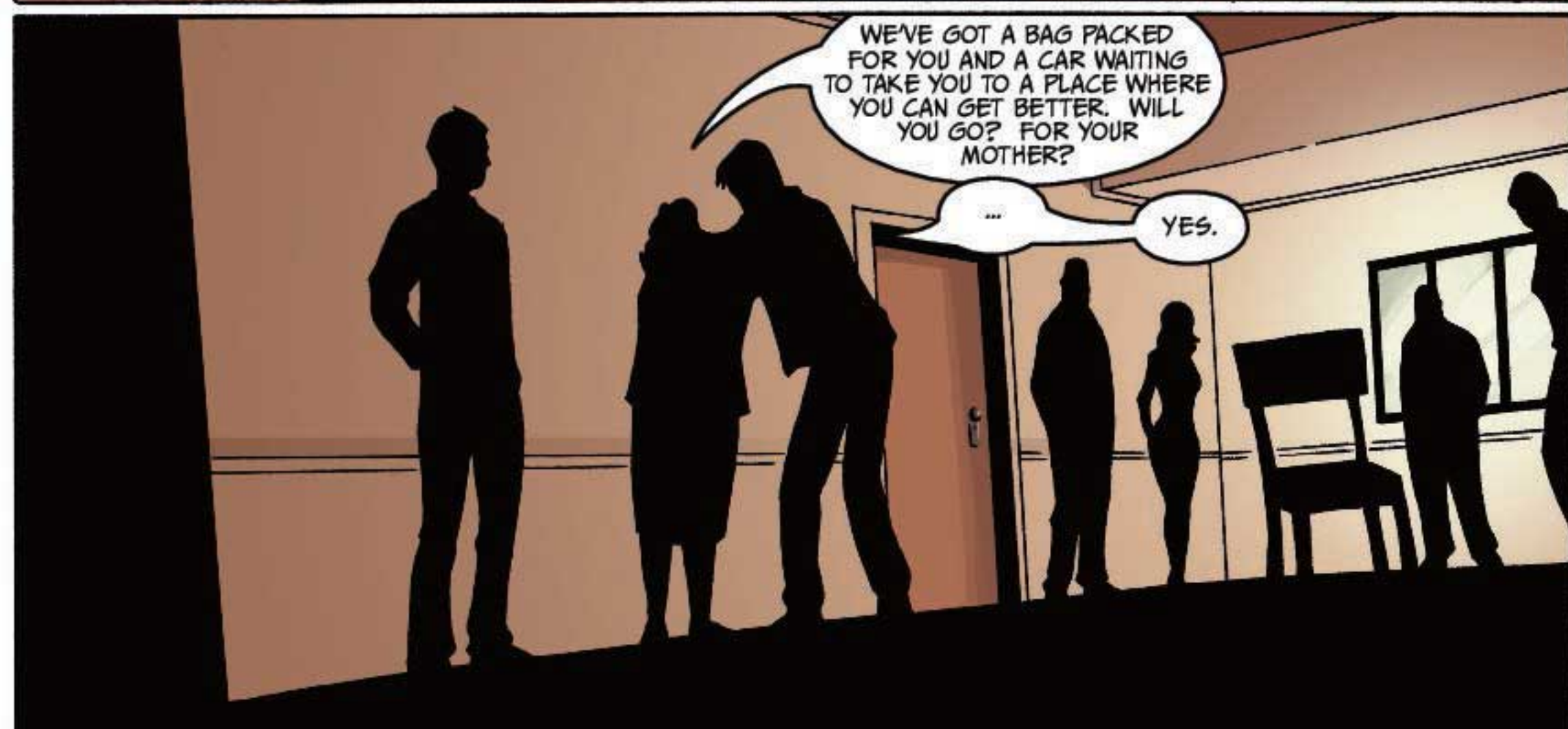
AND, SON, THIS AIN'T SOME
TOUCHY-FEELY HOLLYWOOD
INTERVENTION. YOU DON'T GET
TO CHOOSE WHETHER OR NOT
TO ACCEPT OUR HELP. YOU'RE
GOING TO SIT THERE AND
LISTEN TO WHAT WE
HAVE TO SAY.

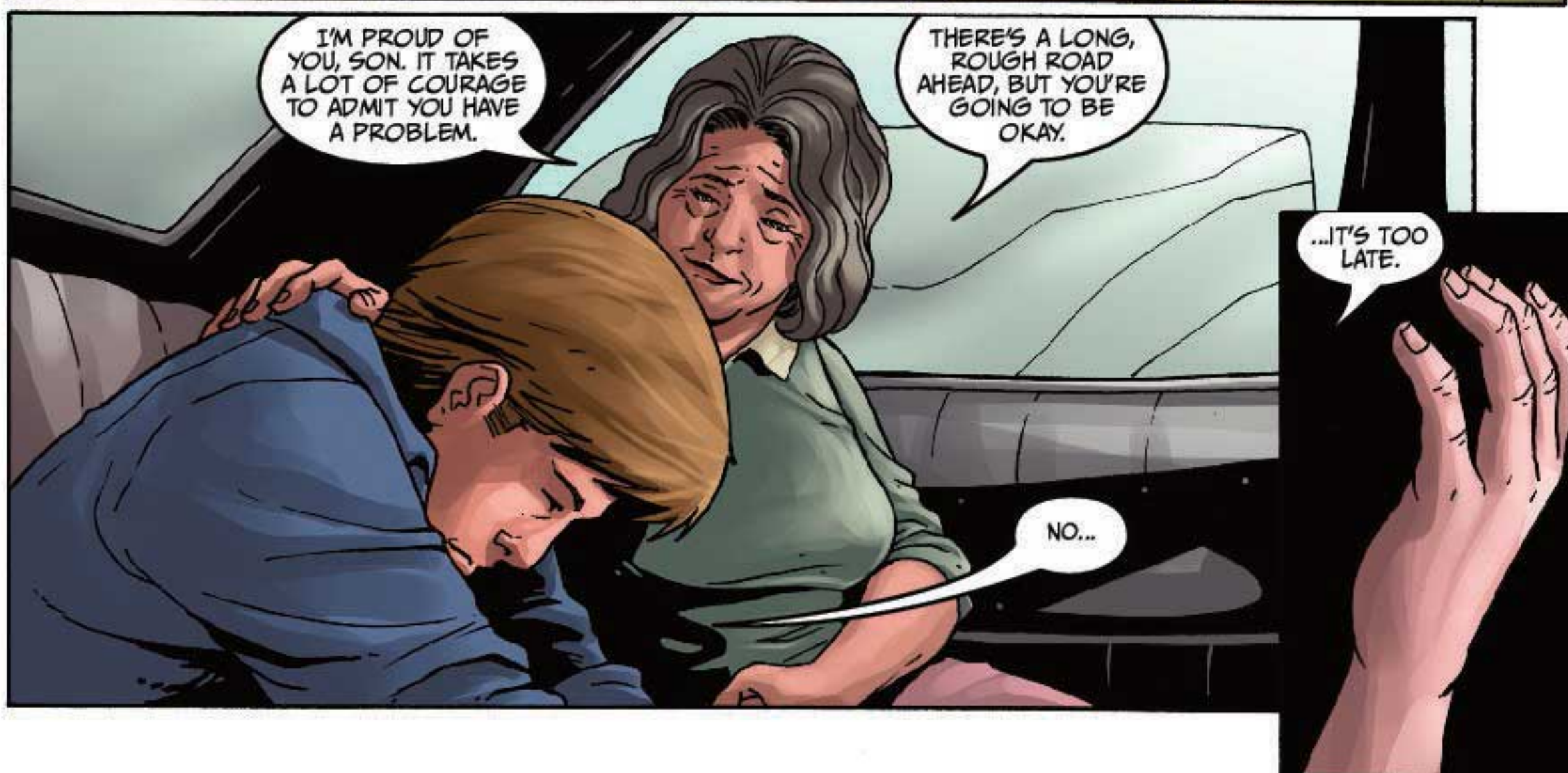
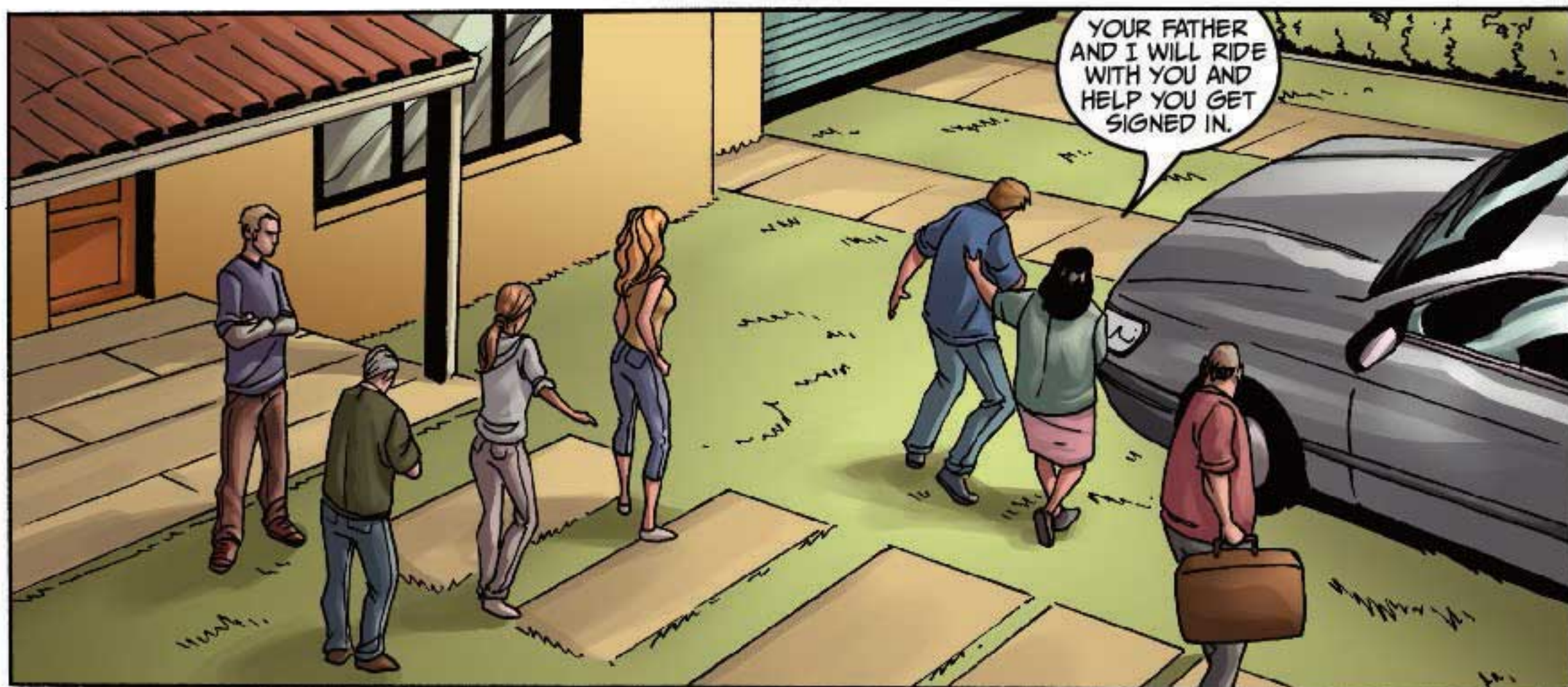


DAD, PLEASE,
YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND.
I NEED A
DRINK...

...NOW.













HELL



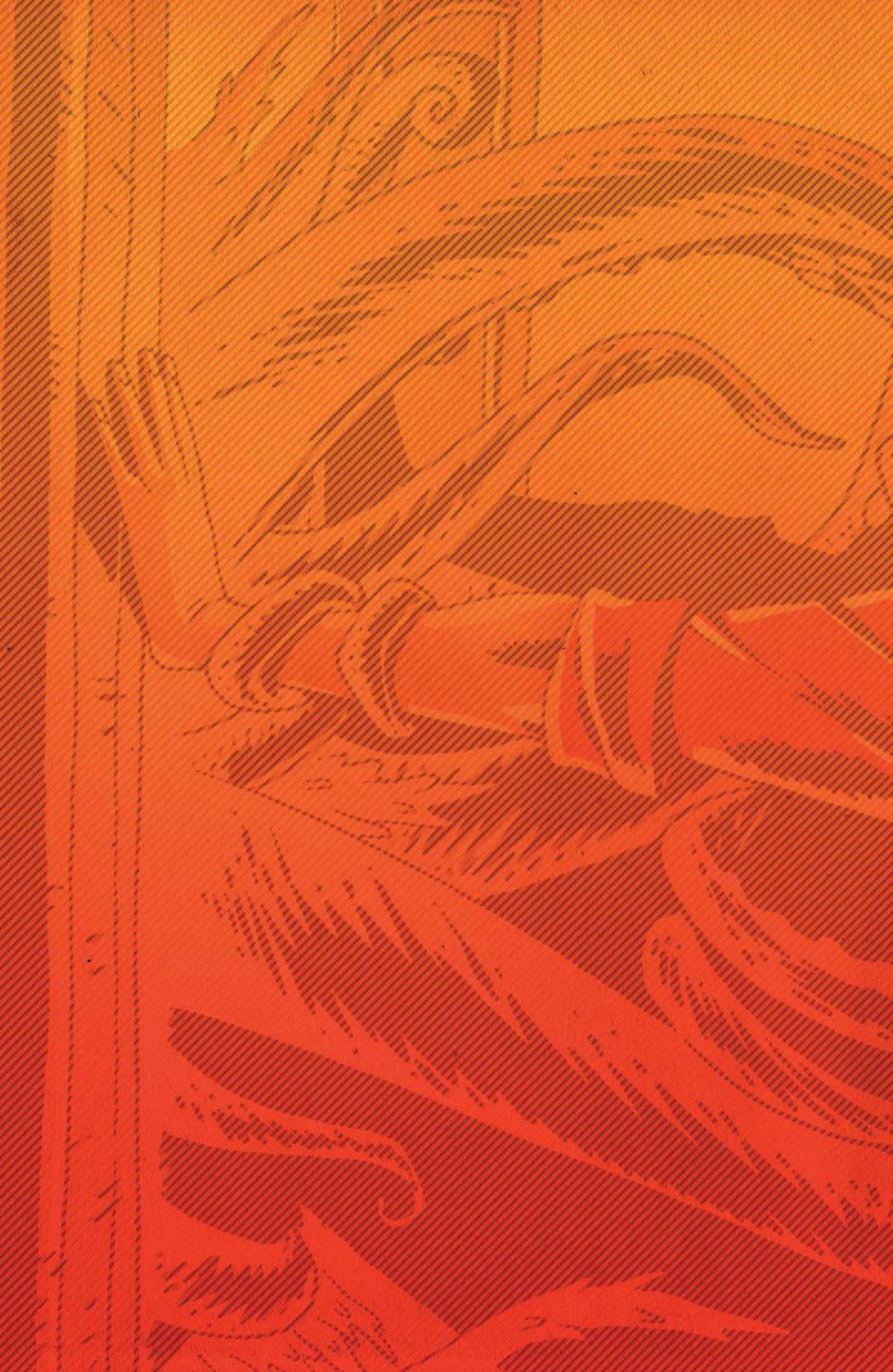
TALES

OMNIBUS

MADNESS



100%



HEED THE CALL

A fun, wild, inventive, and often scary anthology horror series that takes the familiar literary tradition of the Lovecraft-influenced short story and introduces it to comics. These Lovecraftian chronicles will delight and terrify as they take you on a rollercoaster ride through lands where only the most ancient and horrible of creatures reside.

Featuring comic book superstars Steve Niles (30 DAYS OF NIGHT), William Messner-Loebs (THE FLASH, NECRONOMICON), Brian Augustyn (GOTHAM BY GASLIGHT), Michael Alan Nelson (28 DAYS LATER), Christine Boylan (LEVERAGE), Jeff Lester (SAM & MAX ONLINE), Mark Sable (TWO FACE: YEAR ONE), and Roger Langridge (FRED THE CLOWN, THE MUPPET SHOW COMIC BOOK). Follow the Old Ones of myth from ancient times and into the modern age, where even Cthulhu joins a rock band!



ROOM!
STUDIOS

"This one needs to be remembered when it's time for award nominations."

— Ain't It Cool News

"...a fine collectible for any Cthulhu fan."

— PopMatters

"...delivers the chilling supernatural sure to give readers nightmares..."

— Fandomania