



JAZZ LEGEND

LACEK • DUARTE • DUBOURG



If Miles Davis had been the one to fall down the rabbit hole in *Alice in Wonderland*, you would have had something closely resembling the bizarre and turbulent world of *Jazz Legend*.

There's a peculiar new drug on the streets of Motocity. Its effects are unlike any other—an immersive psychedelic dreamcape with visions of animalistic abominations and god-like humanoids.

This is bad news for Martin Comity, who lives for two things: playing jazz and getting his next fix. As Martin's fascination with the drug turns to obsession, his loosening grip on reality becomes more evident by the day. An eccentric writer, the reclusive Benjamin Way, takes an odd interest in Martin's predicament after experiencing visions of his own: A phantom specter with a single cryptic message—wake Martin to the nature of his "true" self, and quickly, or bear witness to the unraveling of that which bonds space and time.

"AN UNCOMPROMISING BLAST"

Newsarama

"A TRUE STANDOUT"

Reading With A Flight Ring

"A RIDE WORTH HOPPING ON"

DoomRocket

"LEAVES YOU WANTING MORE"

Comic Watch

"WOULD DO HP LOVECRAFT PROUD"

Comics Heating Up

"YOU'LL HAVE A BLAST 10/10"

The Daily Fandom

"A DELICIOUS MIND-TRIP OF A TALE"

Atomic Fangirl

"AN ENGROSSING, CLEVER READ★★★★"

Fandom Spotlight

JAZZ LEGEND is a neo-noir meets cosmic fantasy inspired by the lives and works of jazz great Miles Davis, and the father of beat literature, William S Burroughs.



JAZZ LEGEND

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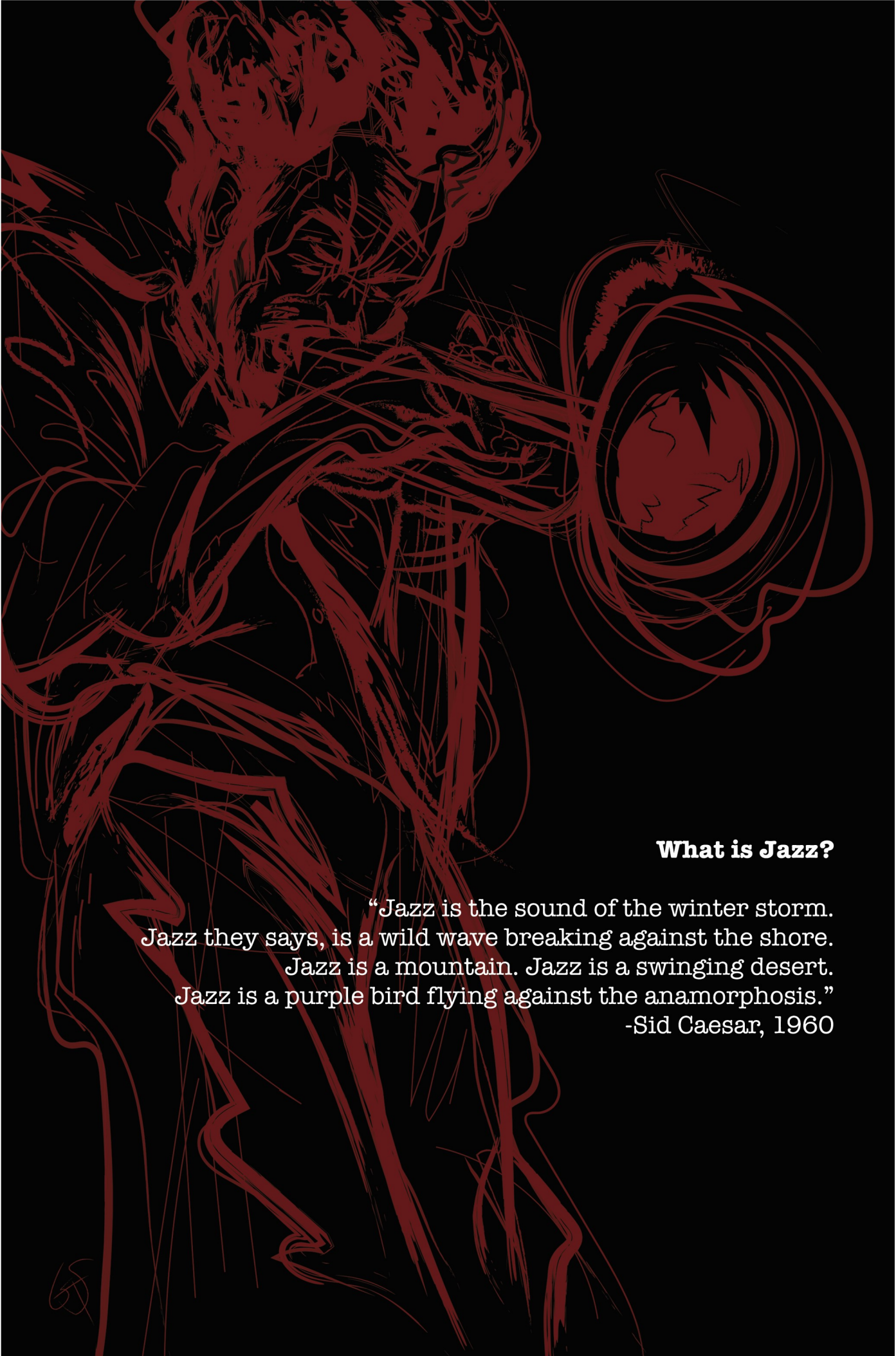
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Editing
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An abstract red line drawing on a black background. The drawing consists of numerous overlapping, expressive, and somewhat chaotic lines. On the right side, there is a circular, swirling form that resembles a face or a head in profile, looking towards the left. The rest of the image is filled with dense, tangled lines that create a sense of movement and depth. The lines vary in thickness and direction, giving the impression of a quick, gestural sketch.

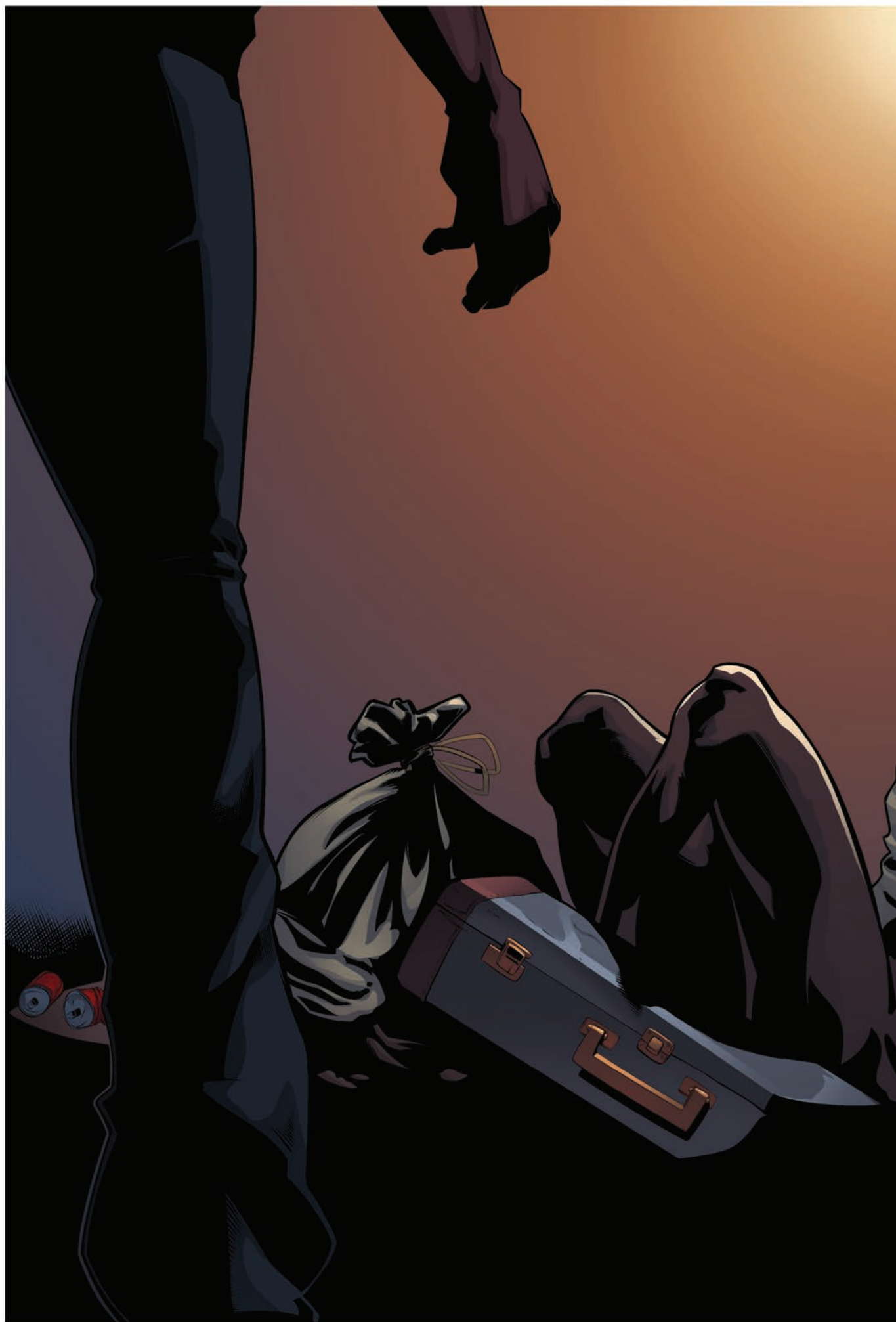
What is Jazz?

“Jazz is the sound of the winter storm.
Jazz they says, is a wild wave breaking against the shore.
Jazz is a mountain. Jazz is a swinging desert.
Jazz is a purple bird flying against the anamorphosis.”
-Sid Caesar, 1960

CHAPTER ONE

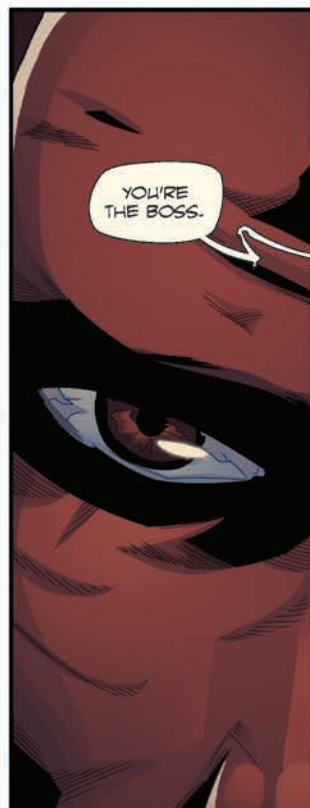
Writer JC Lacek
Illustration Vasco Duarte
Colors Patrick Gama
Inks & Letters Cristian Docolomansky





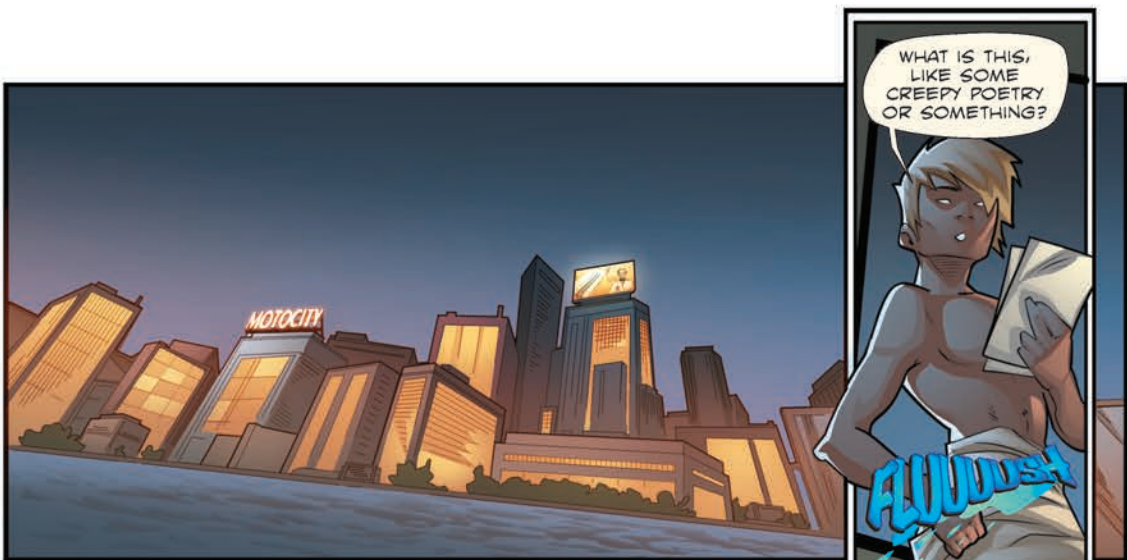














WHO AM I AND WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE, YOU ASK? TO BE FRANK, I DON'T MUCH HAVE THE ENERGY FOR DISHING OUT LIES AT THE MOMENT, SO I'LL SAY THIS. YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS ANY. I MEAN, MY NAME IS BENJAMIN WAY, I'M A WRITER, I KNOW THAT, OR AT LEAST I THINK. AS FAR AS THE OTHER STUFF, WELL... THIS IS WHAT I CAN TELL YOU.



AT SOME POINT, SOMETHING
PUCKING BIG HAPPENED.
SOMETHING DIRTY.

THE COSMIC TODDLER,
CONSTIPATED AND
CRANKY, FINALLY
RELIEVED HIMSELF,
GRACING US WITH THIS
UNHOLY, BITTERSWEET
PRISON WE NOW REFER
TO AS TIME AND SPACE.



AT SOME POINT, THIS
BARREN ROCK WE NOW
CALL HOME, UP AND
SPROUTED MINDLESS
MACHINES OF MUSCLE
AND TISSUE.

SOME SAY IT WAS
GOD-MAGIC. OTHERS
SMUGLY POINT TO
SCIENCE. I'D ARGUE
IT LANDS SOMEWHERE
CLOSER TO ROTTEN
LUCK.



EVENTUALLY, THE BIG
BRAINS CAME ALONG WITH
THEIR HATEFUL GODDAMNED
TOOLS AND A NEW CONCEPT:
MINE.

THAT'S WHEN
THE PARTY
REALLY GOT
STARTED.





AND LIKE ANY PARTY
THAT'S WORTH A DAMN...
THERE'S THE ESSENTIALS.

YOU'VE GOT YOUR
HUMBLE HOST...

OF COURSE THE FUN
LOVING GUESTS...

THEN
FINALLY... THE
ENTERTAINMENT.

AND THE AWFULEST PART
ABOUT IT...

...THIS PRETTY MUCH
BRINGS US UP TO PRESENT
DAY.

AFTER THE LAST GREAT WAR, MOTOCITY
STARTED PUTTING THEIR BOMB SHELTERS
ON THE AUCTION BLOCK, HOPING FOR A
QUICK BUCK.

WILLIS MIKS, A "BUSINESSMAN" FROM THE WESTSIDE,
SAW A PERFECT OPPORTUNITY TO FINALLY LEGITIMIZE.
A SPACIOUS AND ACOUSTICALLY SOUND VENUE DEEP
UNDER THE HEART OF THE CITY, HIS FOR THE TAKING.

WILLIS TRANSFORMED THAT
CONCRETE CAVE INTO WHAT
WOULD BECOME THE CITY'S
BADDEST BLACK OWNED JAZZ
CLUB.

SMACK DAB IN THE
WHITEST PART OF
TOWN.

A FEW DAYS AFTER WILLIS
ANNOUNCED HE WAS OPENING...
A TUGBOAT OPERATOR SPOTTED
HIS BLOATED CORPSE IN THE
RIVER.

DAMN SHAME.

LUCKILY, WILLIS HAD AN HEIR, HIS...
"SWEETPEA." WILLIS HAD TAUGHT HER
WELL. SHE HAD LAWYERS HARD AT WORK AT
HER OWN FATHER'S WAKE, TRANSFERRING
OWNERSHIP OF THE CLUB ...



...AND SUITINGLY
NAMED IT,

THE WAR ROOM...

...BECAUSE SHE HAD
A SECRET WEAPON.

ONE SERIOUS SON OF
A BITCH... A HORN
PLAYER, GOES BY
MARTIN COMITY.



LOOK, MARTIN,
YOU'RE AN
ARTIST. I GET IT.

SWEETY,
LOOK
... I-



SHUT YOUR
GODDAMNED
MOUTH!

LET THE
LADY SPEAK.



LISTEN
GOOD. I AIN'T
YOUR MOMMA. YOU CAN
FUCK EVERY SLUT IN MOTOCITY.
STAY HIGH OFF YOUR ASS NIGHT AND DAY.
THAT'S YOUR BUSINESS, MARTIN.

BUT WHEN WE
GOT TO HUNT YOU
DOWN TO MAKE SURE
YOU'RE READY TO GO TO
WORK, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT,
WELL... YOU UNDERSTAND,
THAT'S WHEN THIS BULLSHIT
BECOMES MY
BUSINESS.



I
HEAR
YOU.
I
DO.

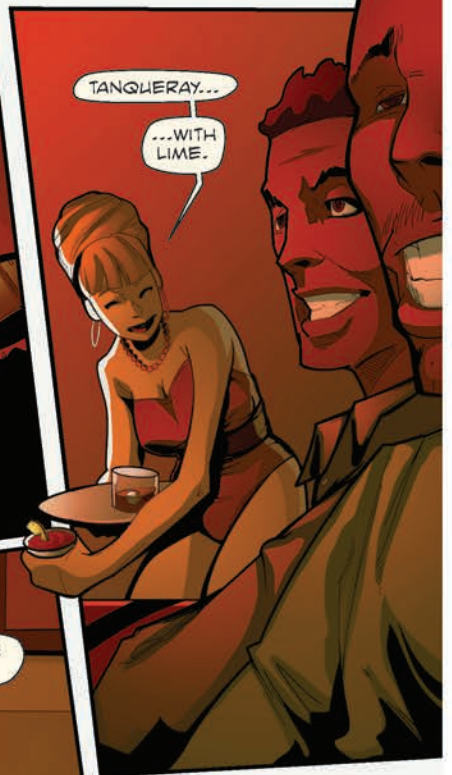
BUT I GOT
THIS. NO NEED
TO WORRY. THE
WAR ROOM'S
MY HEART.



I KNOW IT
IS, HONEY.
I DO.

I JUST
HOPE YOU'RE
KEEPING TRACK
OF WHERE YOU
BEGIN AND THE
BOTTOM OF
THAT BOTTLE
ENDS.









I'M NOT SURE HOW THE FUCK YOU KEEP GETTIN' BACK HERE, FELLA... BUT I'M GETTIN' SICK OF LOOKING AT YOUR SMUG FACE, EYEBALLIN' ME LIKE YOU WANT SOMETHING!



IT'S THAT DAMN WRITER AGAIN. JUST TAKE CARE OF IT.

YOU ONE OF THEM FUNNY BOYS? IS THAT IT? WELL, I CAN TELL YOU THAT UNLESS YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR A BEATDOWN, YOU START TAKIN' THAT SHIT ELSEWHERE AND LEAVE ME THE FUCK ALONE!



WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU? YOU NUTS?
SAY SOMETHING!
THIS GUY BUGGIN' YOU?



COME ON, YOU!
THERE'S A DARKNESS THAT FOLLOWS YOU! I'VE SEEN IT!
HAVE YOU?



OH, GOD. WHO... WAS THAT?

WHAT?

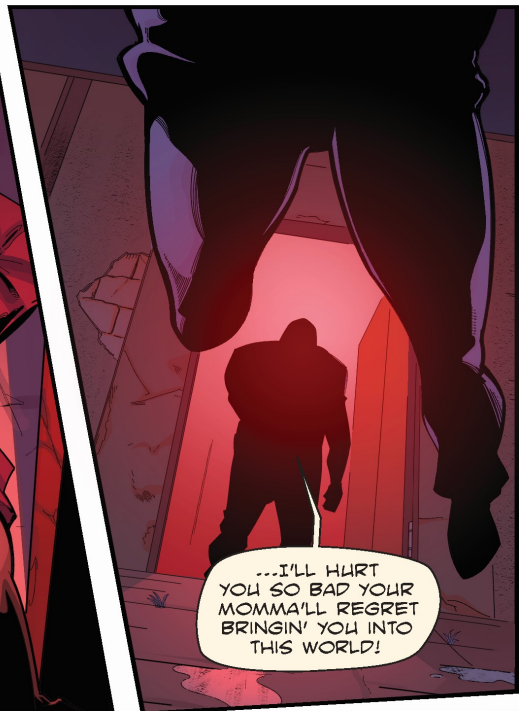
WAIT... WHAT THE FUCK YOU JUST SAY?



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... WE WELCOME BACK TO THE STAGE ONCE AGAIN... THE MARTIN COMITY BAND!

I...?

I GOTTA GET BACK TO WORK.



IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN. IT'S NOT LIKE I PURPOSELY SET OUT TO WRITE MARTIN'S STORY. IT'S MORE LIKE HIS STORY, IN SOME WEIRD WAY, CALLED OUT TO ME... BROUGHT ME TO THIS... PLACE. AT FIRST, I THOUGHT I WAS GOING INSANE, UNTIL I REALIZED...



MARTIN WAS
SENSING IT
TOO.

MAYBE
HE CAN'T
SEE IT...

...BUT HE KNOWS
IT'S THERE.

WAITING.
WATCHING.

HE TRIES TO PUT IT
OUT OF HIS MIND...

...HE PLAYS THE HELL
OUT OF THAT HORN CLOSE
TO SEVEN NIGHTS A WEEK.

HE DRINKS LIKE A
GODDAMNED HAITIAN
SAILOR.

HE'LL FUCK EVERY PAIR OF
SMILING TITS THAT COMES
BOUNCING BY...

...AND...

...WHEN ALL THAT STOPS
DOING THE TRICK...

...LIKE CLOCKWORK...

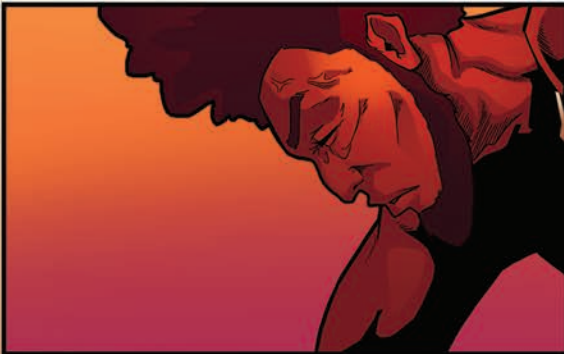
...HE GOES OUT INTO THE
NIGHT LOOKING FOR A...

...LET'S SAY...

THE HELL
IS THIS?

...MORE EXOTIC
PACIFIER.





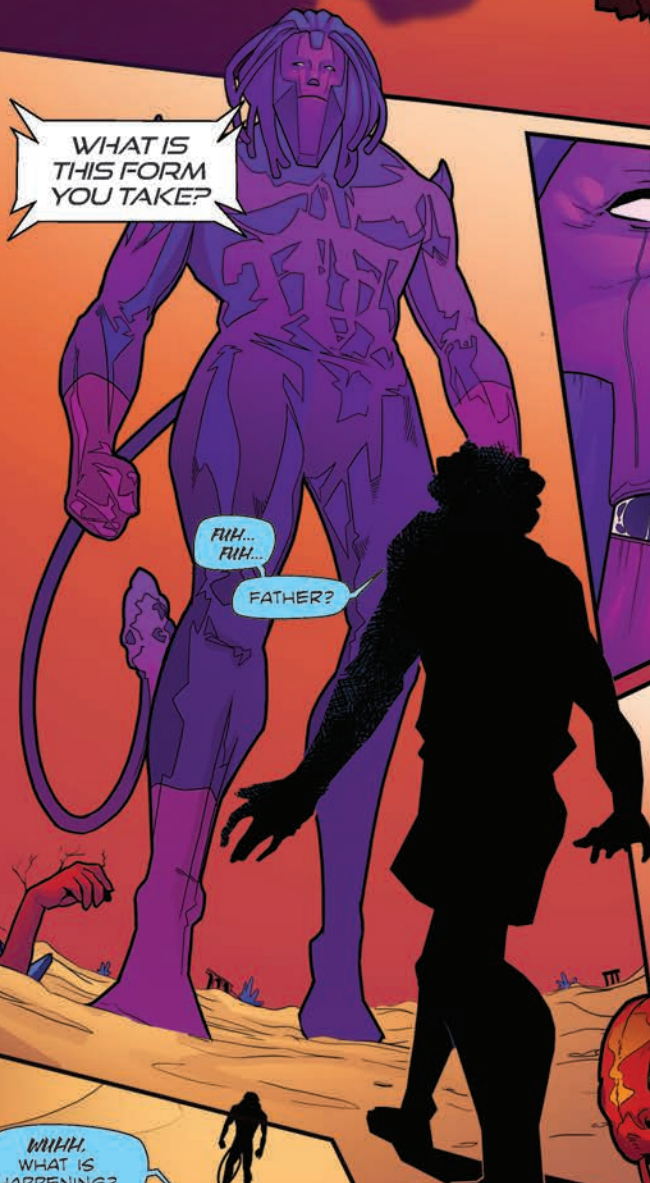


FATHER?

WHAT IS
THIS FORM
YOU TAKE?



YOUR
SHADOW
RETURNS
WITH YOU,
FATHER.



FUH...
FUH...

FATHER?

GROWL



WUHH.
WHAT IS
HAPPENING?
WHERE AM I?

HSSS

SKREEE







THIS ISN'T REAL.
I'M JUST HIGH. I GOT
TOO... TOO HIGH.
THAT'S ALL!

WHAT THE
FUCK DID
I TAKE?

FUCK! WAKE
UP, MARTIN!
WAKE UP!



RUMMMB



FATHER!
WE ARE OUT
OF TIME.

LISTEN
TO WHAT
I SAY!

RUMMMBLE



YOU HAVE NOTHING
TO FEAR FROM
THE STORYTELLER.



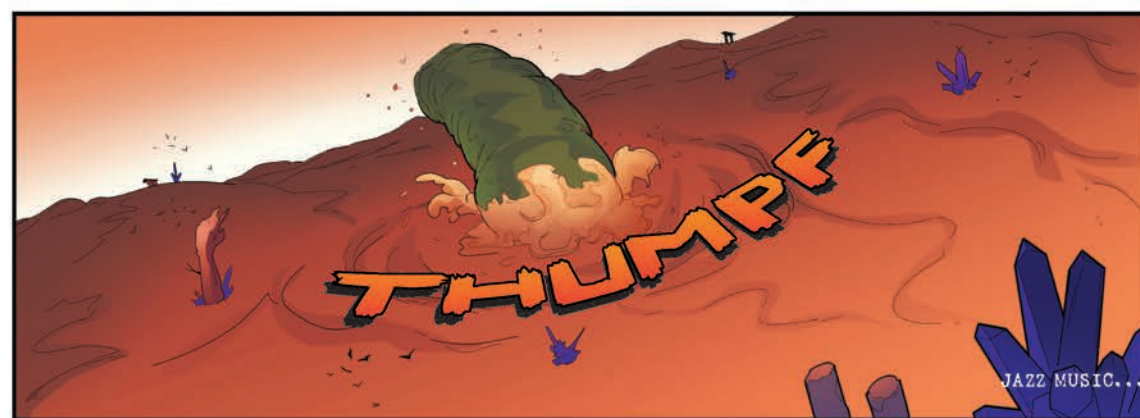
ALWAYS
REMEMBER...



YOU'RE NOT MERELY
A CHARACTER
IN HIS STORY.



YOU ARE
THE STORY.



THUMPE

JAZZ MUSIC...

AHHHH!

...FOR MOST
REGULAR
FOLKS...

...IT GOES
IN THROUGH
THE EARS.

BUT NOT
MARTIN.

Huff.
Huff.
Huff...

FOR HIM,
JAZZ IS,
WELL...

...MORE
LIKE A WORM
THAT ENTERS
THROUGH THE
KIDNEYS...

...BURROWING ITS
WAY THROUGH THE
NERVOUS SYSTEM...

...ANGERED AND
UNAPOLOGETIC.

LIKE A DISPLACED
REFUGEE...

...OR A MOTHER PRANTI-
CALLY SEARCHING FOR
AN ESTRANGED CHILD.

THE MUSIC WILL NOT AND CANNOT QUIT
TILL IT REACHES THAT FINAL DESTINATION
WITHIN MARTIN...

the brain.

Tak Tak Tak Tak





CHAPTER TWO

Writer JC Lacek

Illustration Vasco Duarte

Colors Patrick Gama

Inks & Letters Cristian Docolomansky





DON'T FRET,
FRIENDS, FOR IT'S
MERELY A MIRAGE.

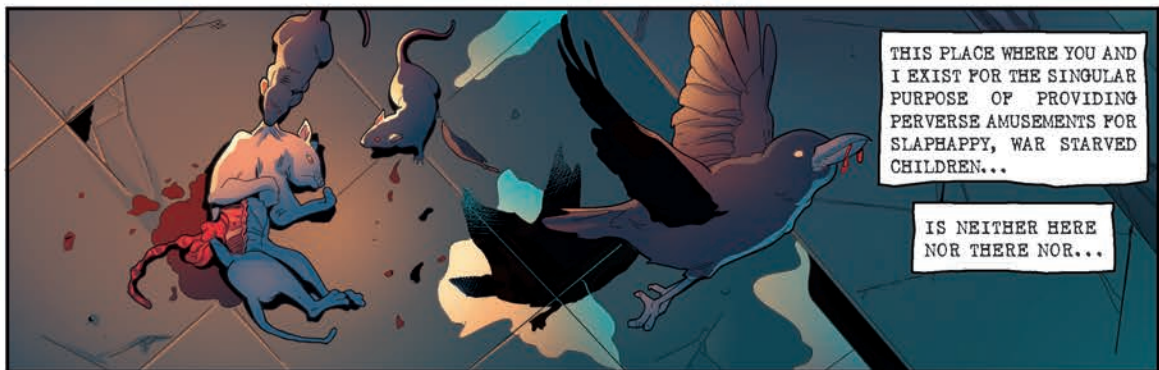


OUR CITY...

...WHERE
GHOSTS AND
JUNKIES DO
BATTLE WITH
THE GODS...



...AND THEIR
ANIMAL ANGER.



THIS PLACE WHERE YOU AND
I EXIST FOR THE SINGULAR
PURPOSE OF PROVIDING
PERVERSE AMUSEMENTS FOR
SLAPHAPPY, WAR STARVED
CHILDREN...

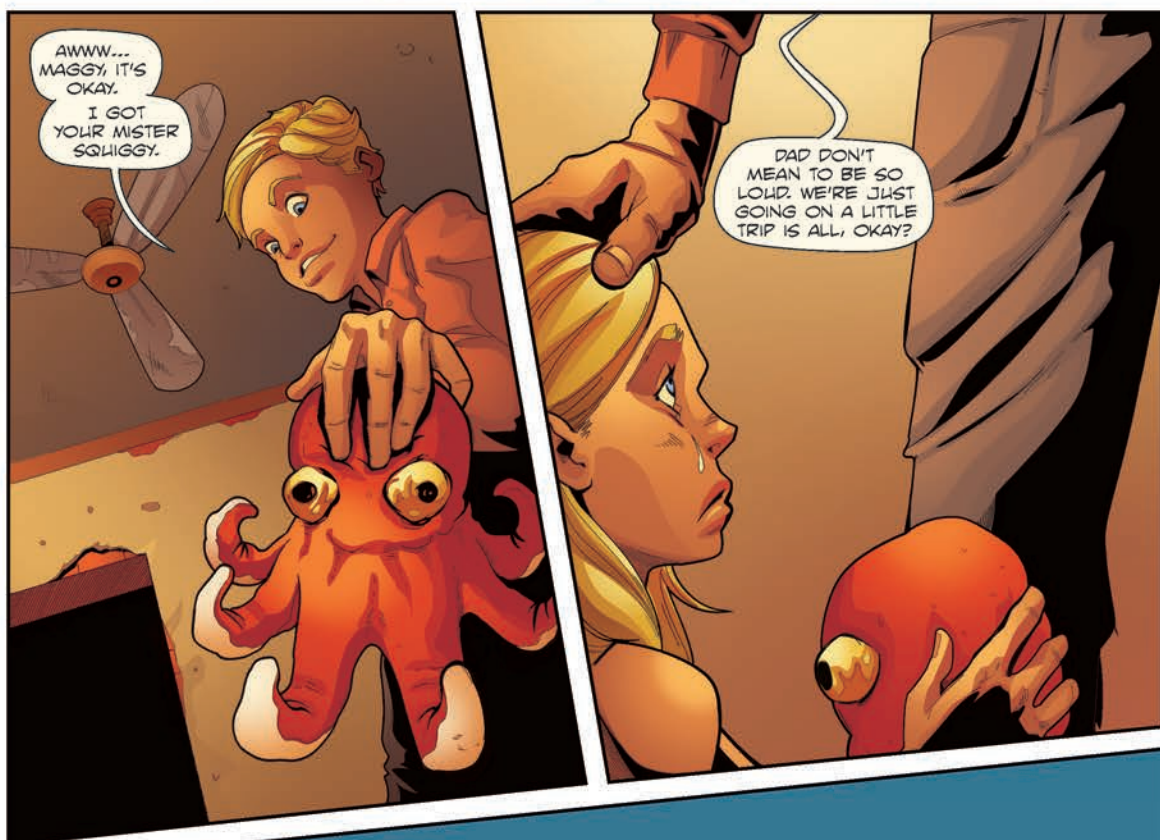
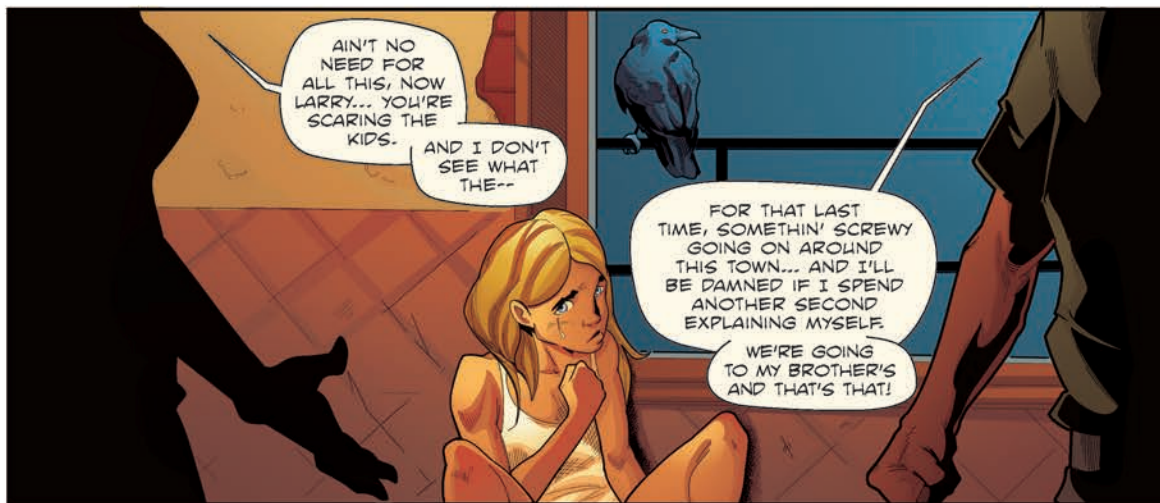
IS NEITHER HERE
NOR THERE NOR...

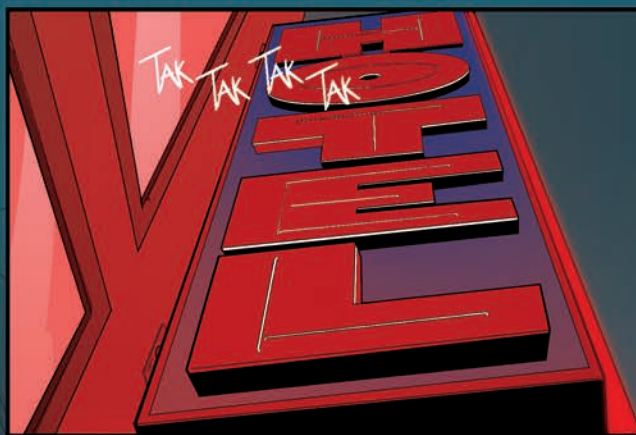


...ANYWHERE.

LOUISE, I'M
NOT GOING TO
SAY IT AGAIN!

STOP GIVING ME
LIP WOMAN AND GET
TO PACKING THE
GODDAMNED BAGS!





DO NOT PRET... DO NOT GIVE YOURSELF
OVER TO DREAD OR ENTERTAIN FEARS.

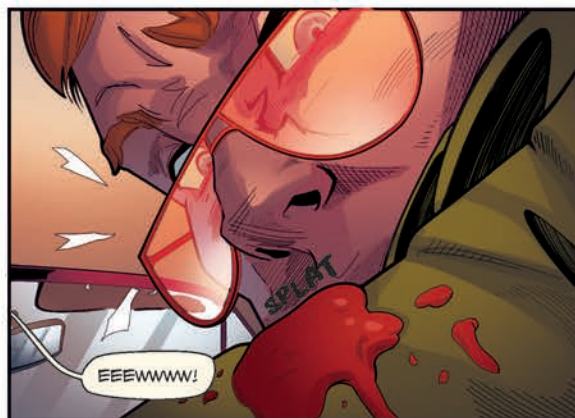
FOR IT IS MY PRIVILEGE TO INFORM YOU,
THE PLAYER OF THE HORN HAS ARRIVED.

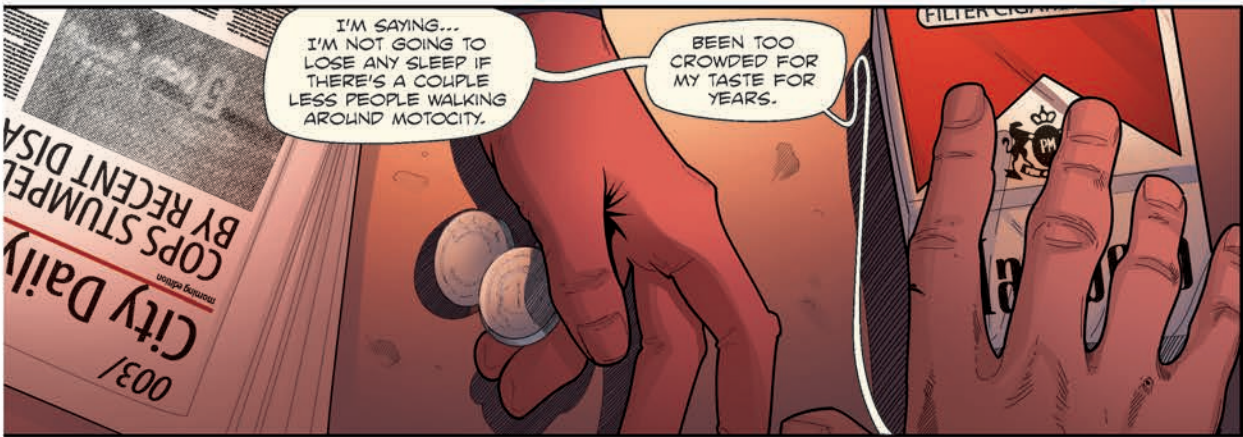


AND SO HAS HIS
GIFT FOR MAKING
THE BULLSHIT...



...DISAPPEAR.













I WON'T LIE,
THE FIRST
TIME...

...IT'S GONNA
KNOCK YOU
ON YOUR ASS.



WHATEVER
HAPPENS...



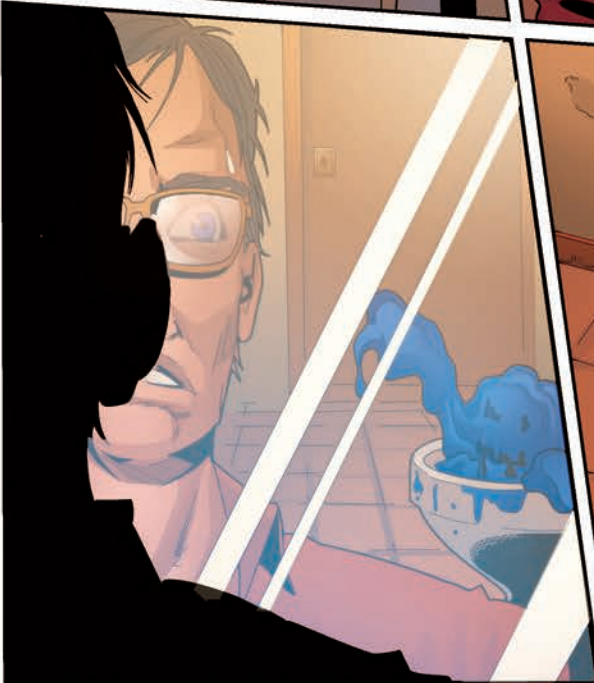
MUH...
MARTIN?



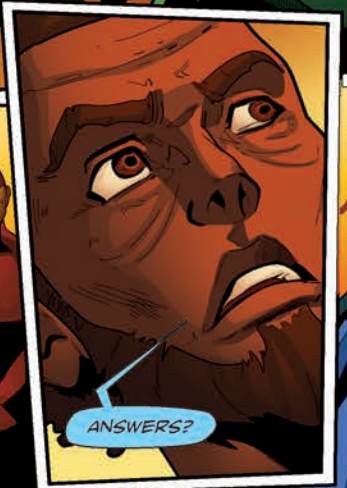
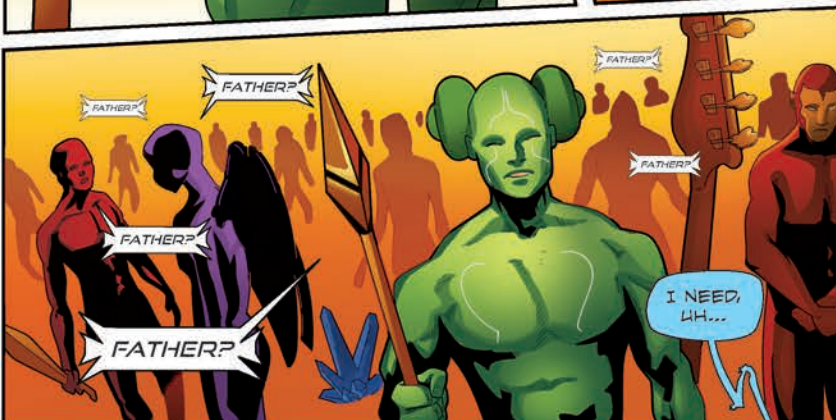
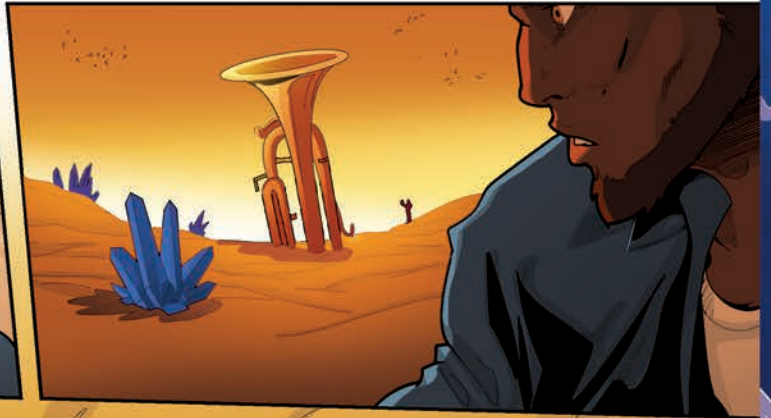
SHIT!

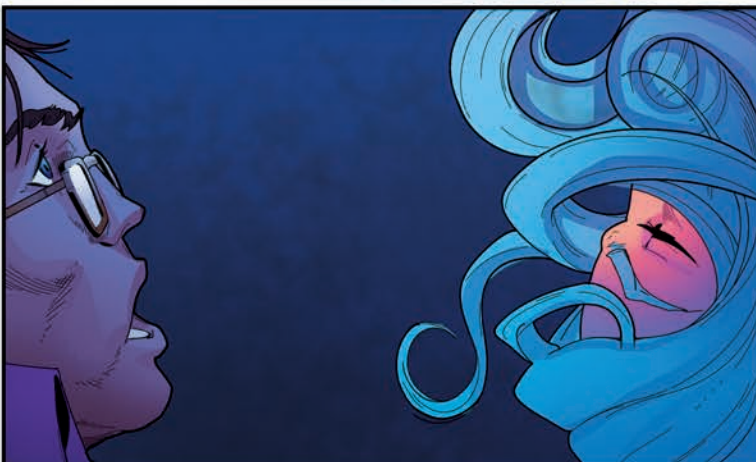
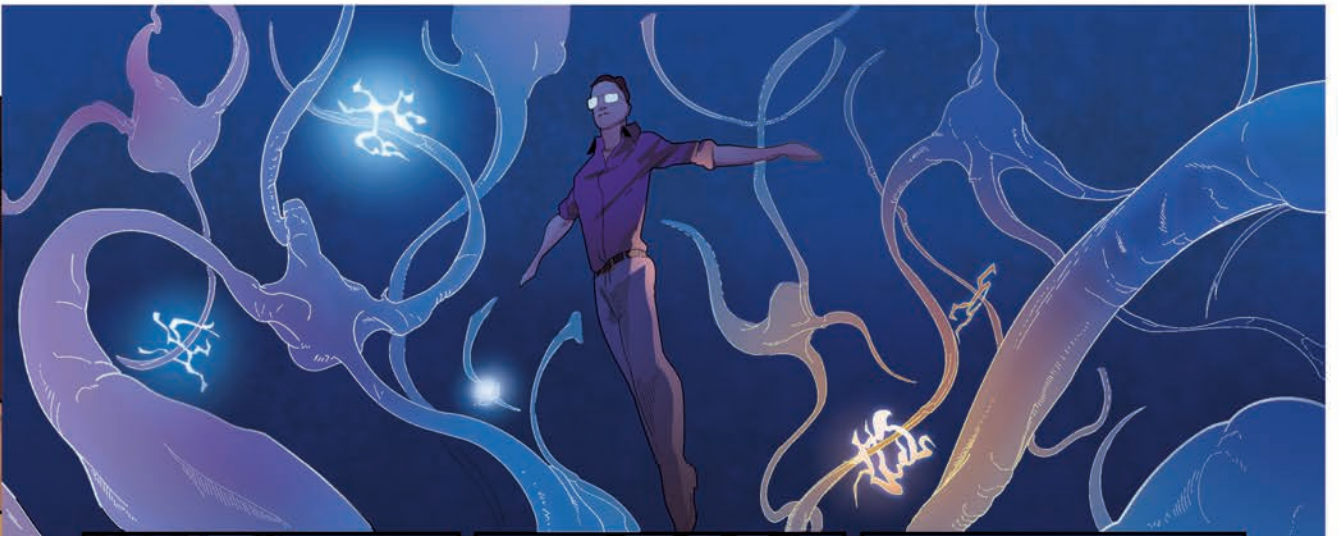


















A single
being...

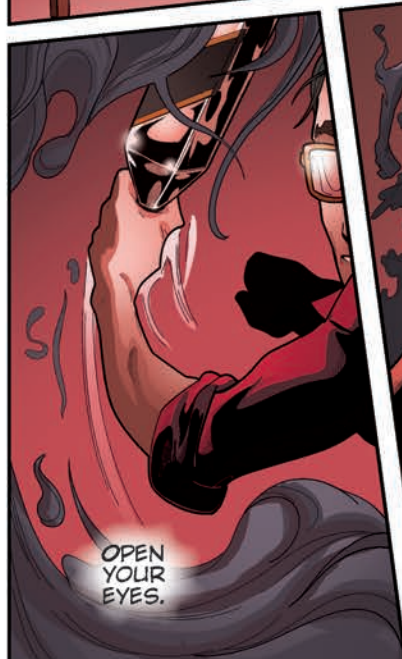
At war with
himself.

Creation married
to chaos.

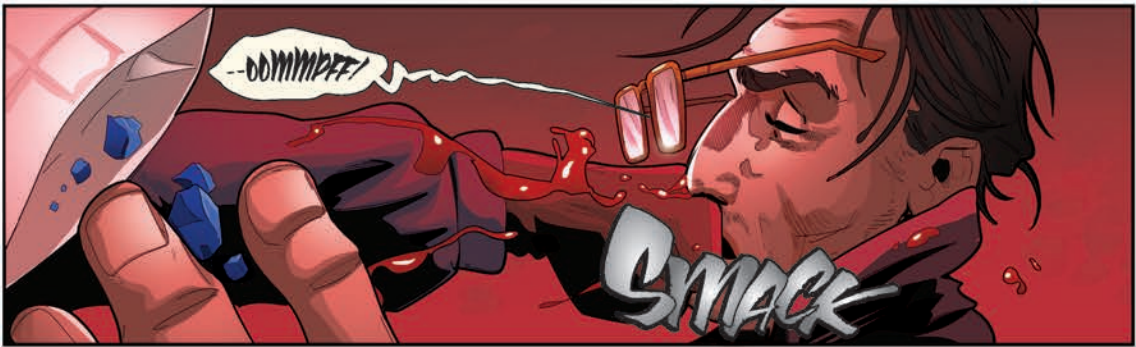
Representative of the essence
which is required to bond
the delicate fabric
of all known realities.













WHAT?

WHAT ARE YOU
DOING, MARTIN?

I GOT A SHOW
TO GET TO.

THAT
HORN AIN'T
GONNA BLOW
ITSELF.



CHAPTER THREE

Writer JC Lacek

Illustration Vincent Dubourg

Colors Max Araujo

Inks and Letters Cristian Docolomansky

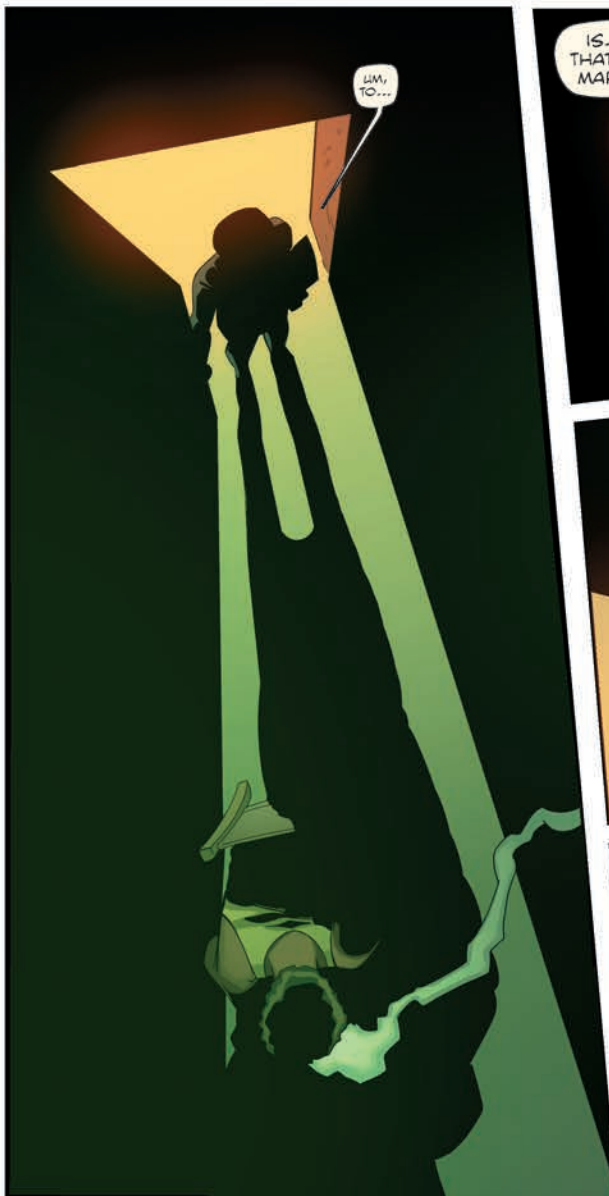


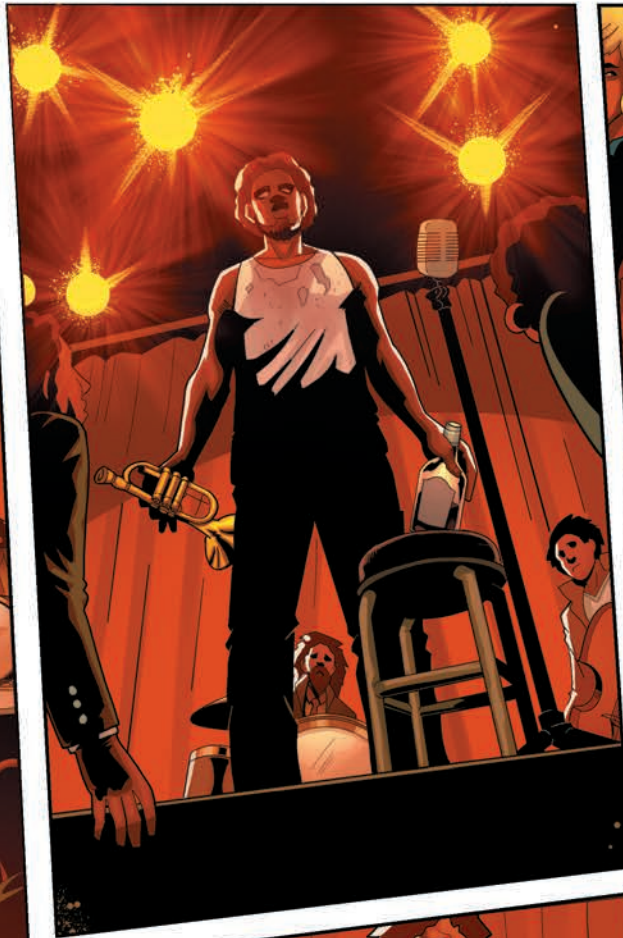
HOW YOU
DOIN' THERE,
FELLA'S.
CAN I GET
YOU--

OUT
THE WAY,
AUNT
JEMIMA!









WHAT THE HELL'S HE DOIN'?

THIS BEST BE SOMEBODY'S IDEA OF A JOKE!

I'M ON IT!



YOU GOTTS TO BE KIDDIN' WITH THIS SHIT, REGGIE?



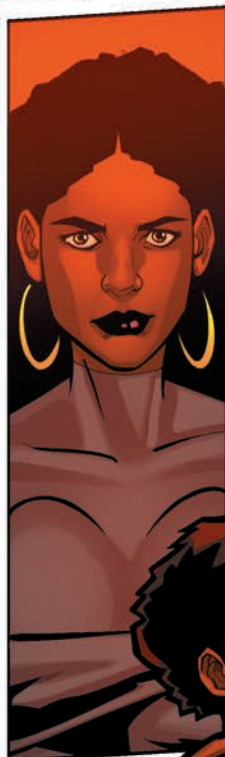
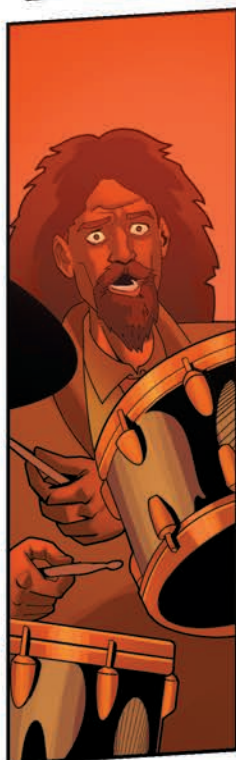
FOOL'S DONE WENT AND FLIPPED HIS LID.

JUST START PLAYIN'!

BUT, UM... REG--



I SAID PLAY THOSE FUCKIN' INSTRUMENTS, GODDAMMIT!













BARELY MORE THAN FRIGHTENED,
FEEBLE-MINDED BULLIES...

OUT THE
WAY!

LEAVE HIM
BE, REG. GET THAT
STAGE CLEANED UP,
WE GOTTA GET ON
THE NEXT ACT,
NOW!

MARTIN,
WHAT THE
--PUNK!!--

ENGAGED IN A SEEMINGLY ENDLESS
HAM-FISTED CIRCLE JERK OF NARCISSISM
AND BRUTALITY.

I MUST SAY, THE
RUMORS ABOUT YOUR
MAN THERE, WHAT'S HIS
NAME, MARTIN? HE REALLY
IS SOMETHING ELSE,
NOW ISN'T HE?

THANKS
FOR YOUR
TIME,
MS. MIKS.

IT'S AN UNFORTUNATE STATE OF AFFAIRS WE'VE FOUND
OURSELVES, BUT ONE THAT IS SELF-EVIDENT, ONE THAT
WE ALL FEEL DEEP DOWN IN OUR BONES...

WHAT'S
THE PLAY,
SWEETY?

DO
YOUR
THING,
RED!

EVENТУALLY.



PULL IT TOGETHER. PULL YOUR SHIT TOGETHER, MAN.

WHAT IN THE HELL WAS THAT, MARTIN?

IT'S AN UGLY THOUGHT, I KNOW; THAT'S PART OF THE REASON WHY IT'S SO HARD TO ACCEPT.



YOU CLEARED OUT HALF THE FUCKING CLUB.

IF YOU THINK SWEETY'S GONNA LET THAT SLIDE, YOU GOT--

FUCK SWEETY.



I DON'T THINK SO! COOL YOUR JETS, SON, BEFORE SOMEONE GETS--

LIKE ANY OTHER ANIMAL IN THE WILD, WHEN PRESSED TOO HARD ON THE MATTER...

CLUKK--



CRACK

HUUURRT DOMINATE??

MEN ENTER THEIR NATURAL STATE...



AND WHILE I'M AT IT...

...FUCK YOU TOO, REG.

SNAP

SIMPLY PUT, THE HUMAN BRAIN IS HARDWIRED TO INSTINCTIVELY REJECT SUCH REALIZATIONS OUT OF PURE SELF PRESERVATION.

YOU DO REALIZE YOU'RE OFF YOUR DAMNED ROCKER?

OUT THE FUCKING WAY!



OH BOY, OH BOY...

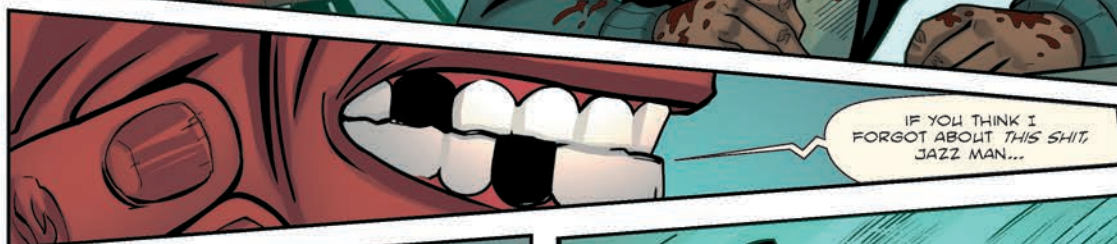
OF FLIGHT...

HAVE I BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS!

...OR FIGHT.

CRUNCH



















TELEPHONE

TALK.

FOLLOWED
HIM TO AXIOM.

MMM
HMM...

I KNOW THIS...
SOMETHING SCREWY GOIN' ON.
WHATEVER IT IS THAT CREEP WE
KEEP THROWIN' OUT THE CLUB,
THAT UH, WRITER, HE'S CAUGHT
UP IN IT FOR SURE.

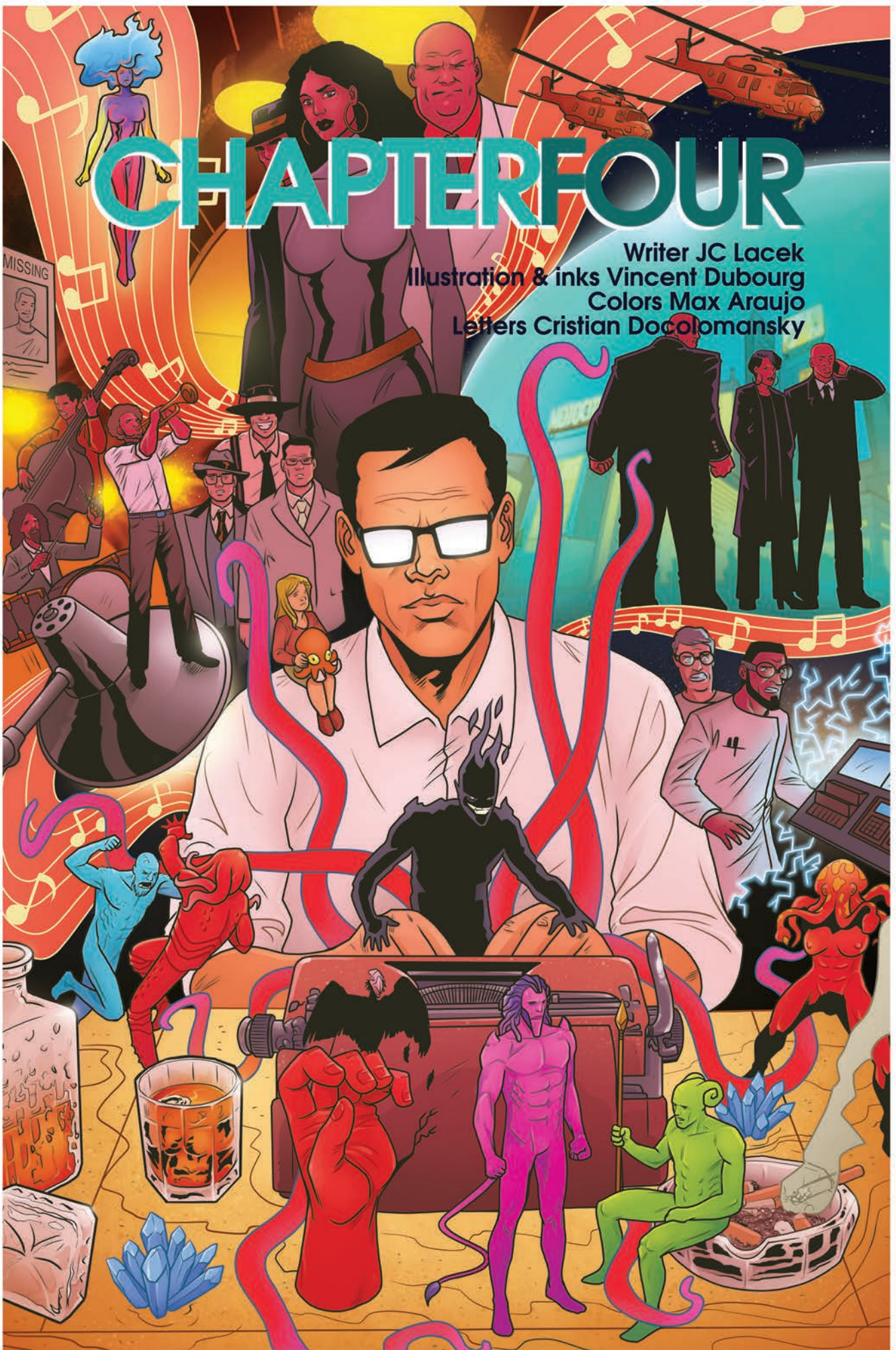
WHAT'S
THE
PLAY?

KEEP
AT HIM.

YOU FIND OUT HE'S THE
CAUSE OF THIS MESS, MAKE
IT SO HE CAN'T WRITE ANOTHER
WORD FOR THE REST OF HIS
NATURAL FUCKING LIFE.

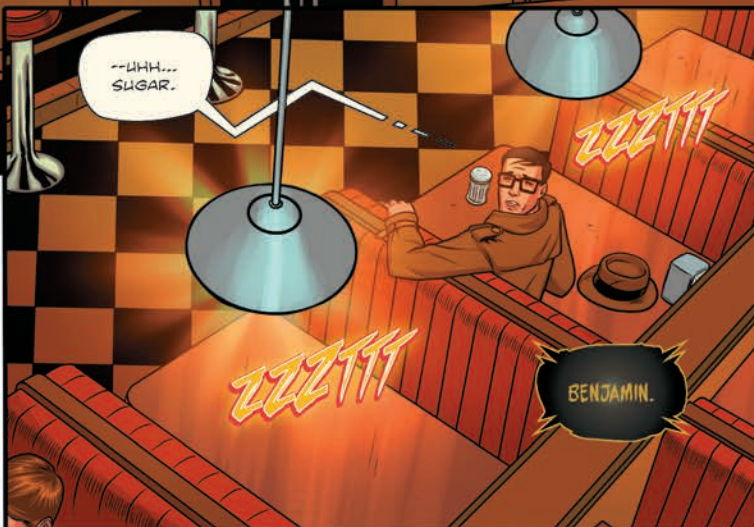


Letters Cristian Docolomansky

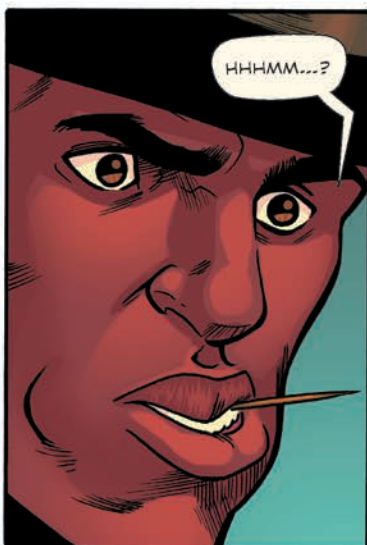












TELL ME
THIS, BENJAMIN...



WHAT EARTH
YEAR IS IT?



WHEN
WAS THE LAST
TIME YOU SAW A
SUNSET...

...OR BETTER
YET, THE SUN
AT ALL?

CAN YOU RECALL
THE LAST TIME YOU FELT A
BREEZE OR THE RAIN?



WH...
WHAT?!

ANSWER THE
QUESTIONS.



THAT'S
RIDICULOUS.

IT'S,
UH...
I, UH...



I CAN'T
REMEMBER!



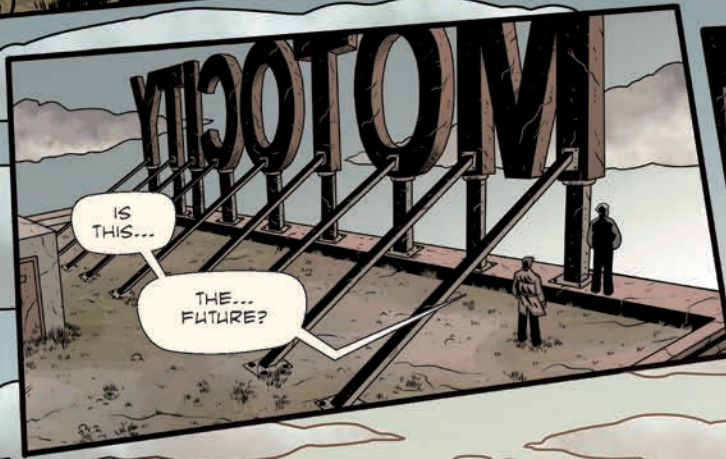
IT IS
TIME.

WAIT,
WHAT THE
FUCK ARE
YOU--



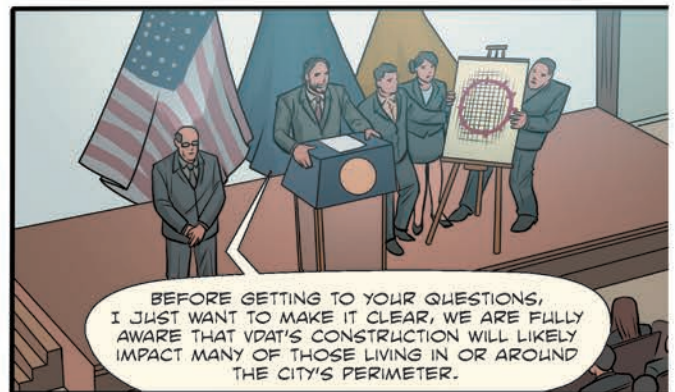
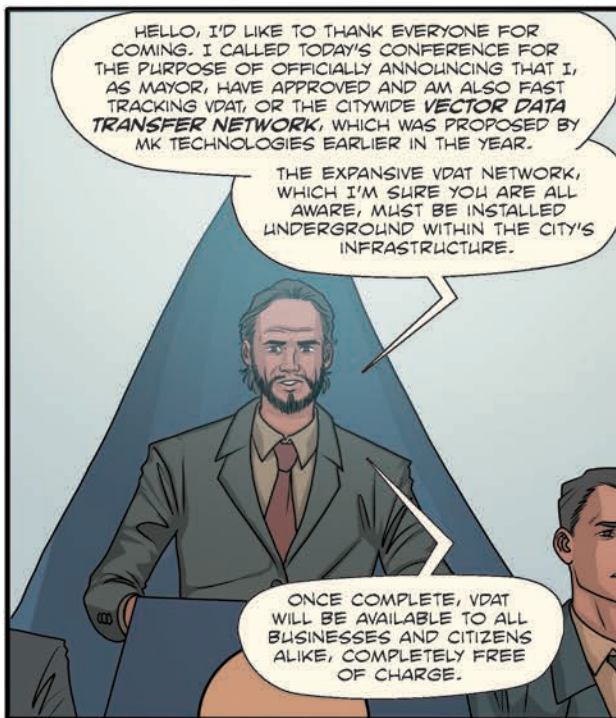
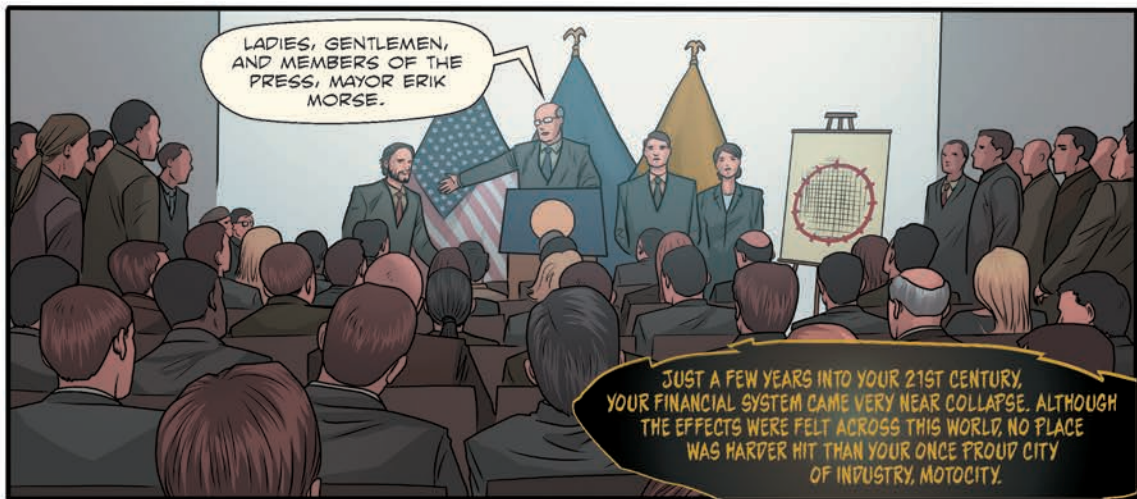
ZZZZTTT





...IS CLOSER TO YOUR WORLD'S PRESENT.





BARBARA CONNER,
NORTH CITY TIMES.

MR. MAYOR, WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY TO VDAT'S CRITICS CLAIMING THE NETWORK WILL BRING IN THOUSANDS OF OUT OF STATE WORKERS...

...RATHER THAN CREATING JOBS FOR THE DESPERATE UNEMPLOYED POPULATION OF MOTOCITY.

MISS CONNER, AS I'M SURE YOU ALREADY KNOW, VDAT IS POISED TO BE THE FIRST OF ITS KIND; THE FASTEST CLOSED NETWORK DATA TRANSFER SYSTEM ON EARTH.

WILL TECH COMPANIES FROM AROUND THE COUNTRY, EVEN AROUND GLOBE, BE CLAMMERING TO SET UP OFFICES HERE? YES MA'AM, THAT'S EXACTLY THE POINT.



IT'S PLAIN TO SEE THAT IF SOMETHING ISN'T DONE TO TURN OUR ECONOMY AROUND SOON, WE WILL BECOME THE LARGEST GHOST IN UNITED STATES HISTORY.

SO TO THESE CRITICS, MISS CONNER, I SAY I AM MORE THAN CONFIDENT THAT VDAT IS *THAT* SOMETHING WE NEED. MORE COMPANIES MEANS MORE JOBS, PERIOD. NEXT QUESTION.

BENJAMIN WAY, MOTOCITY EXAMINER.

MAYOR MORSE, CAN YOU ADDRESS CONCERNS SURROUNDING THE VDAT CONTRACT'S SECRECY? FOR EXAMPLE...

WH-UM?

OUR RESEARCH SHOWS THAT MK INDUSTRIES HAS ZERO HISTORY DEVELOPING LARGE SCALE DATA NETWORKS, MUCH LESS CONSTRUCTING ONE OF THE SIZE PROPOSED.

ALSO, MANY MEMBERS OF THE SCIENTIFIC COMMUNITY HAVE ACCUSED MK TECHNOLOGIES OF ENGAGING IN CRACKPOT PSEUDOSCIENCE.

THAT'S... THAT'S ME.

WITH THIS INFORMATION IN MIND, MR. MAYOR, CAN YOU PLEASE EXPLAIN WHY SUCH A COMPANY IS *BEING TRUSTED* WITH MOTOCITY'S FUTURE AND ALSO WHERE THE BUDGET IS COMING FROM TO AFFORD SUCH AN EXPANSIVE AND RISKY ENDEAVOR.

I KNOW THIS IS HARD FOR YOUR MIND TO COMPREHEND, BUT YOU HAVE MY WORD, BENJAMIN. THERE IS NO TRICKERY AT PLAY HERE.

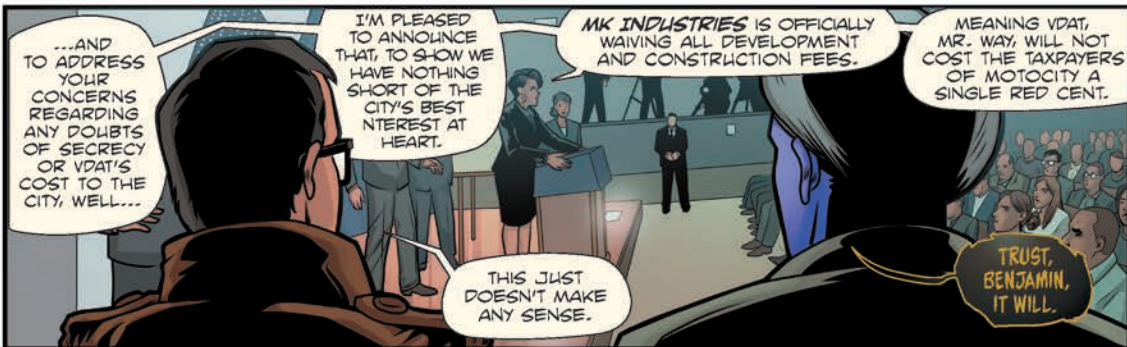
MR. WAY, I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW--

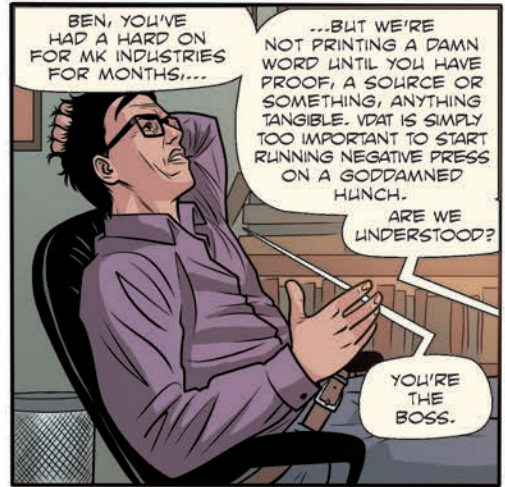
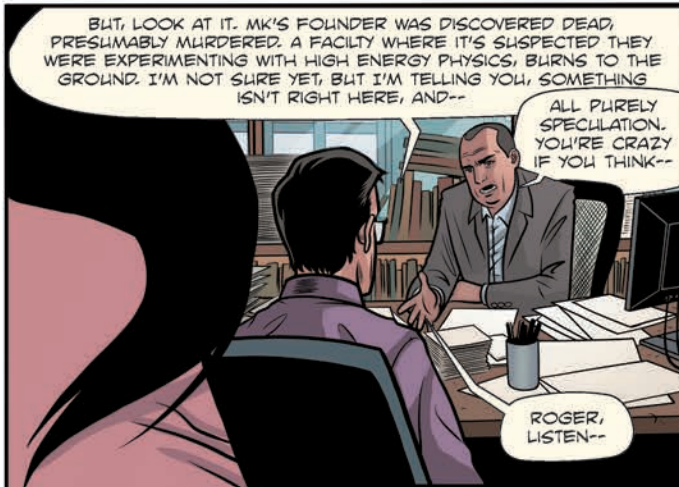
MAYOR MORSE, IF YOU DON'T MIND...

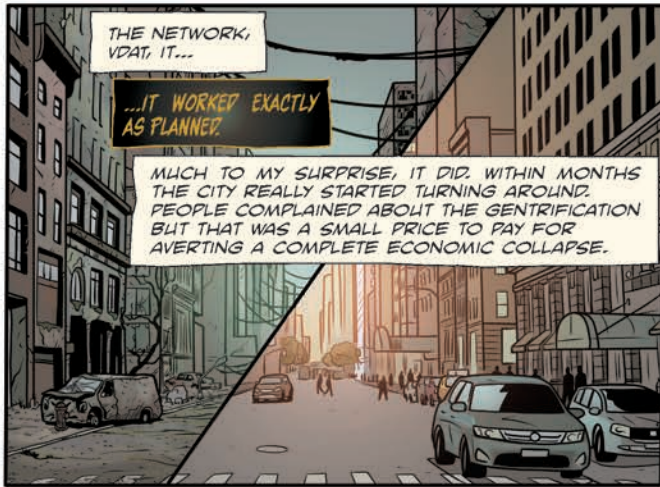
OF COURSE. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MK INDUSTRIES CEO, SUZANNE MIKS.

SWEETY!?









I'VE GOT A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS, SUZANNE. JUST SAY THE WORD AND I'LL HAPPILY ERASE THIS SNEAKY PRICK.

THAT'S ENOUGH OF THAT, RED.

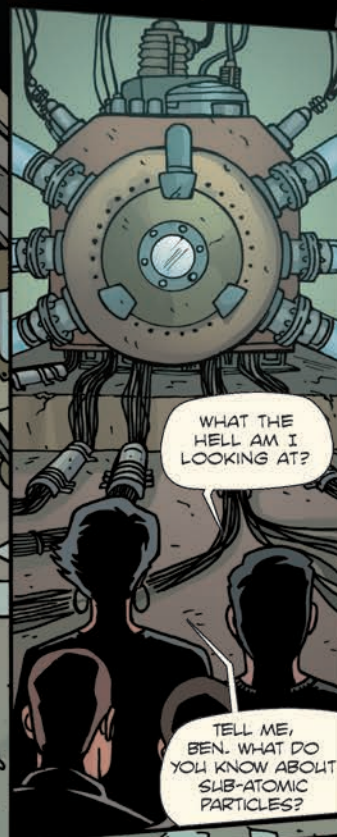
JUST IGNORE HIM. I MAY BE A LOT OF THINGS BUT A MURDERER ISN'T ONE OF THEM.

THE WAY I SEE IT, AS LONG AS YOU'RE PUTTING YOUR NOSE WHERE IT DOESN'T BELONG, MIGHT AS WELL USE IT TO BOTH OF OUR ADVANTAGE.



YOU WANTED THE TRUTH, MR. WAY?

WELL, HERE YOU GO.



WHAT THE HELL AM I LOOKING AT?

TELL ME, BEN. WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT SUB-ATOMIC PARTICLES?

WHAT IF I TOLD YOU THERE WAS AN ENDLESS WELL OF CLEAN ENERGY AVAILABLE TO THE HUMAN RACE? AN UNTAPPED ENERGY SOURCE, NAKED TO THE HUMAN EYE, CAPABLE OF POWERING ALL OF MANKIND'S CREATIONS FROM NOW TILL THE END OF TIME...

...AND ALL THAT WAS NEEDED WAS FOR SOMEONE TO REACH OUT THEIR HAND, OPEN THE DOOR...

...AND JUST ...TAKE IT.



REGARDLESS OF WHAT YOU THINK YOU KNOW, THE TRUTH IS, MY FATHER, WILLIS MIKS, WAS TAPPED INTO AN UNDERSTANDING OF OUR REALITY UNLIKE ANY MAN BEFORE HIM.

THAT'S QUITE THE CLAIM.

WALK WITH ME.

HE THEORIZED THAT THERE ARE PLANES OF EXISTENCE, SEPARATE YET CONNECTED TO OUR OWN, WHICH COULD HOLD THE KEY TO GLOBAL ENERGY INDEPENDENCE.

WILLIS BELIEVED THAT ALL WE NEEDED WAS TO FIND A WAY TO BRING EVEN A MICROSCOPIC AMOUNT OF MATTER FROM ONE OF THESE "OTHER" PLACES INTO OUR OWN.

NO OFFENSE, BUT THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE DELUSIONS OF A CRACKPOT.

YOU SEE, FATHER HAD THE VISION BUT LACKED THE NECESSARY TECH. CALL HIM A CRACKPOT, BUT ALL HE EVER TRULY WANTED WAS TO FREE THIS WORLD OF THE CHAINS OF WAR AND POVERTY ORCHESTRATED BY THOSE WHO MONOPOLIZE OUR QUICKLY EVAPORATING ENERGY RESOURCES.

THE MACHINE YOU SEE BEFORE YOU IS THE ACTUALIZATION OF THAT VISION.

YOU NEEDED MORE POWER.

VDAT WAS JUST A COVER TO PLUG INTO THE CITY'S POWER GRID? DOES THE MAYOR KNOW?

HE KNOWS THAT WE GAVE MOTOOTY BACK ITS FUTURE AND THAT IF WE'RE SUCCESSFUL, HE'LL BE KNOWN AS THE MAYOR WHO HAD A HAND IN GIVING OUR PLANET A FUTURE AS WELL.

THIS IS INSANE!

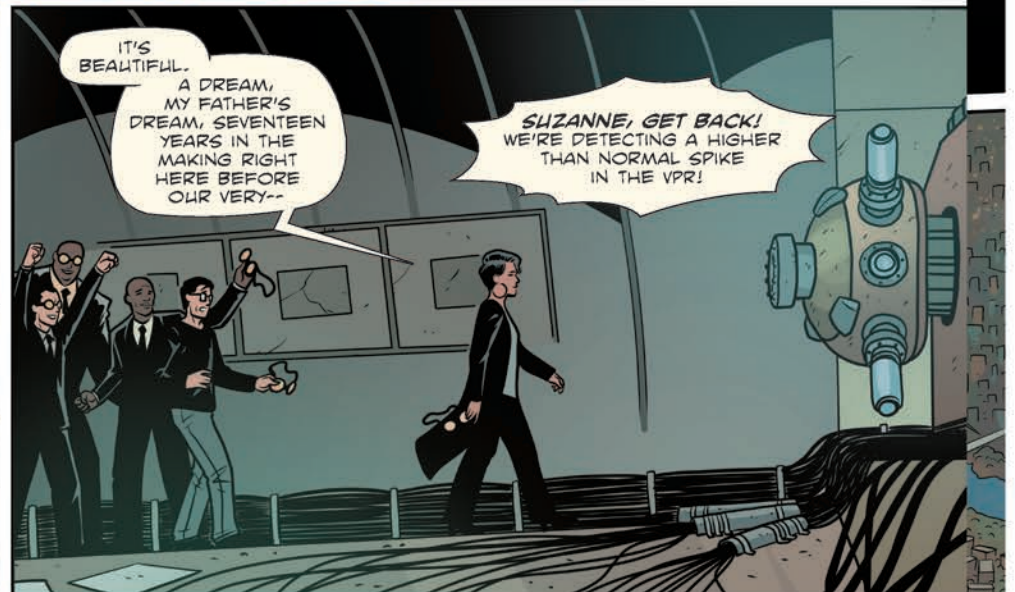
FOR ALL YOU KNOW THIS THING IS NOTHING MORE THAN A FUCKING BOMB.

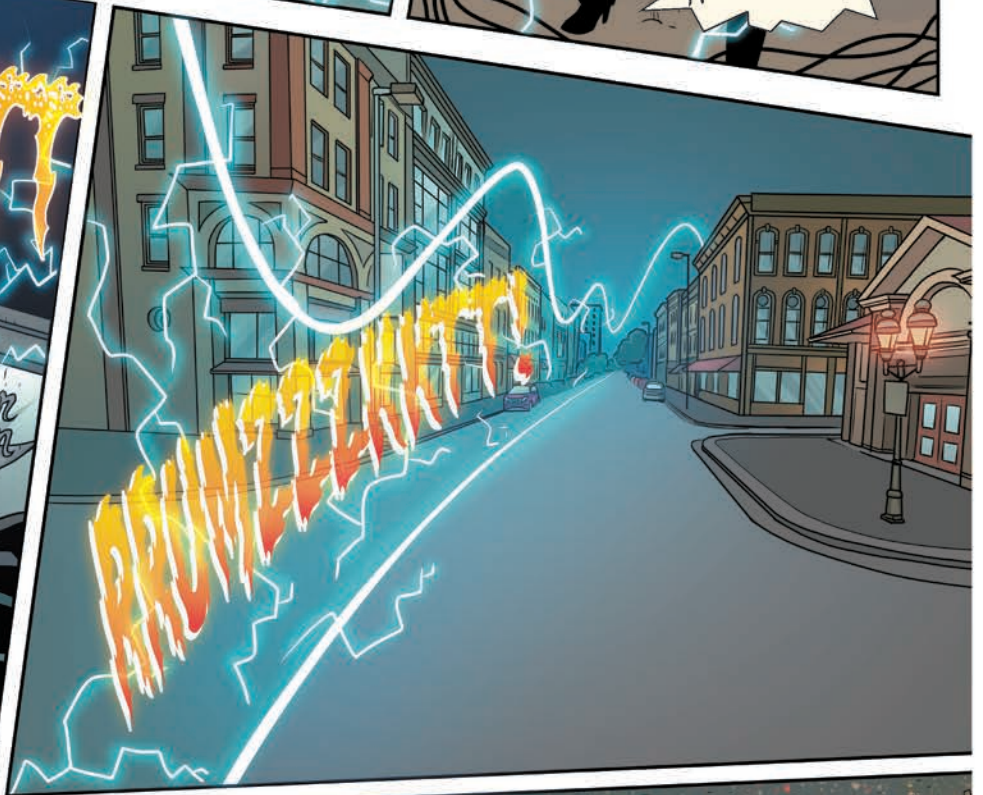
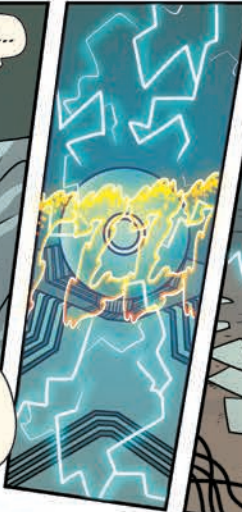
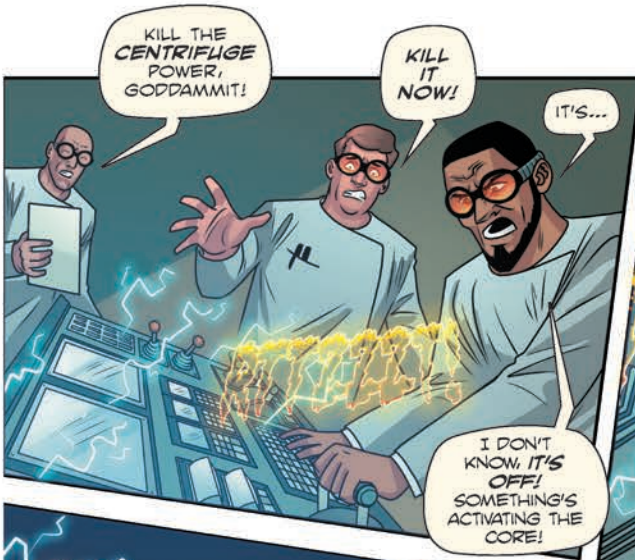
WELL, I GUESS YOU'RE ABOUT TO FIND OUT.

WHAT, YOU'RE DOING THIS... NOW? YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS.

T-MINUS THIRTY SECONDS TO INITIATION.

TO YOUR PLACES EVERYONE.







AND JUST LIKE THAT, THE
BRIDGE WAS COMPLETE.

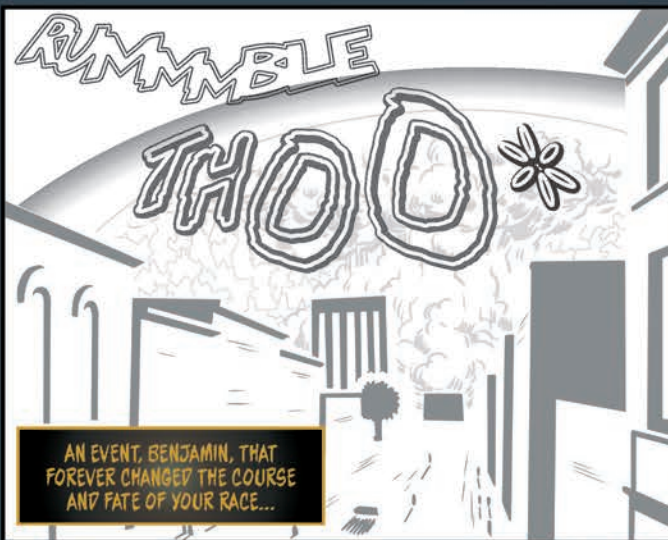


AN EVENT UNLIKE ANYTHING
BEFORE IN YOUR WORLD'S
KNOWN REALITY.



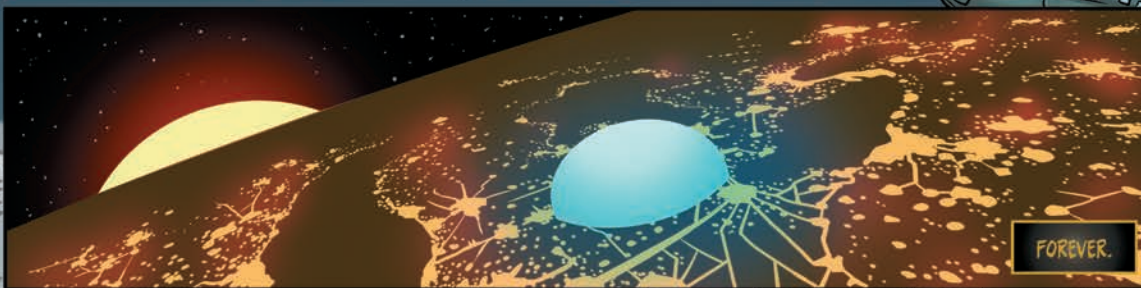
THOO*

AN EVENT, BENJAMIN, THAT
FOREVER CHANGED THE COURSE
AND FATE OF YOUR RACE...



FOREVER.

YOU'RE SAYING, SWEETY, UM,
I MEAN, SUZANNE MIKS, CREATED
A PORTAL? SOME KIND OF....
...TIME PORTAL?



NO, BENJAMIN WAY.

NOT EXACTLY.

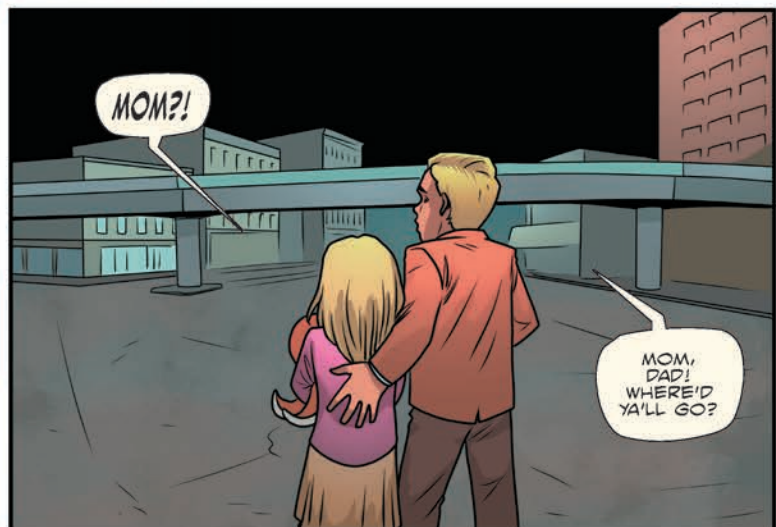
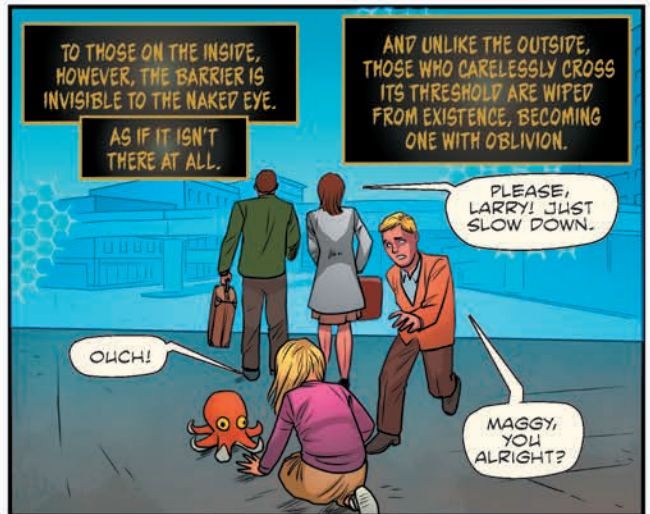
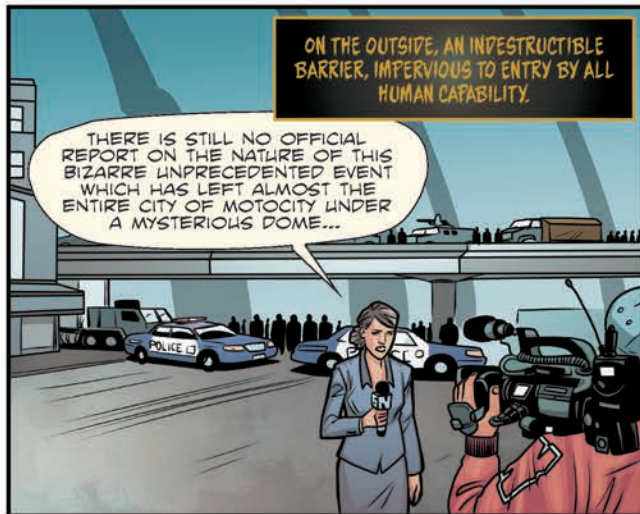




ALL LIVING THINGS WITHIN THE ENERGY FIELD CREATED BY THE MACHINE ARE STILL VERY MUCH EXISTING IN YOUR MODERN WORLD, THEY ARE JUST NOT AWARE OF IT.



THEIR AWARENESS, THEIR VERY EXISTENCE BECAME MERGED WITH THAT OF A REALITY MANY YEARS PAST.





WAIT.



WHY SHOULD I BELIEVE ANY OF THIS? WHY SHOW ME?

FOR ALL I KNOW THIS IS JUST THAT HORRIBLE DRUG.

NOTHING MORE THAN A TRICK. THE QUANN... THE QUANN WARNED ME--

YOU SIMPLE MINDED CREATURE!



YOU SPEAK OF THE QUANN!

DON'T BE A FOOL, BENJAMIN!

THE SO-CALLED "KEEPERS" OF INTERDIMENSIONAL ORDER ARE NOTHING MORE THAN WARLORDS. THE VERY ARCHITECTS OF THIS CATASTROPHE YOUR WORLD NOW FACES.



AND THIS "DRUG" AS YOU CALL IT.

IMPERIALITE. ONE OF THE RAREST MINERALS IN ALL KNOWN REALITIES. ITS PROPERTIES RENDER FECIT DOCILE AND A PRISONER TO THE PLANET OF STATERA, WITH ITS IMPERIALITE CORE.



THE QUANN HAS KEPT FECIT THERE FOR EONS. A SLAVE, UNKNOWNLY AMASSING GREAT ARMIES FOR THE QUANN TO USE AS THEY SEE FIT.

WHY SHOULD I BELIEVE ANY OF THIS?

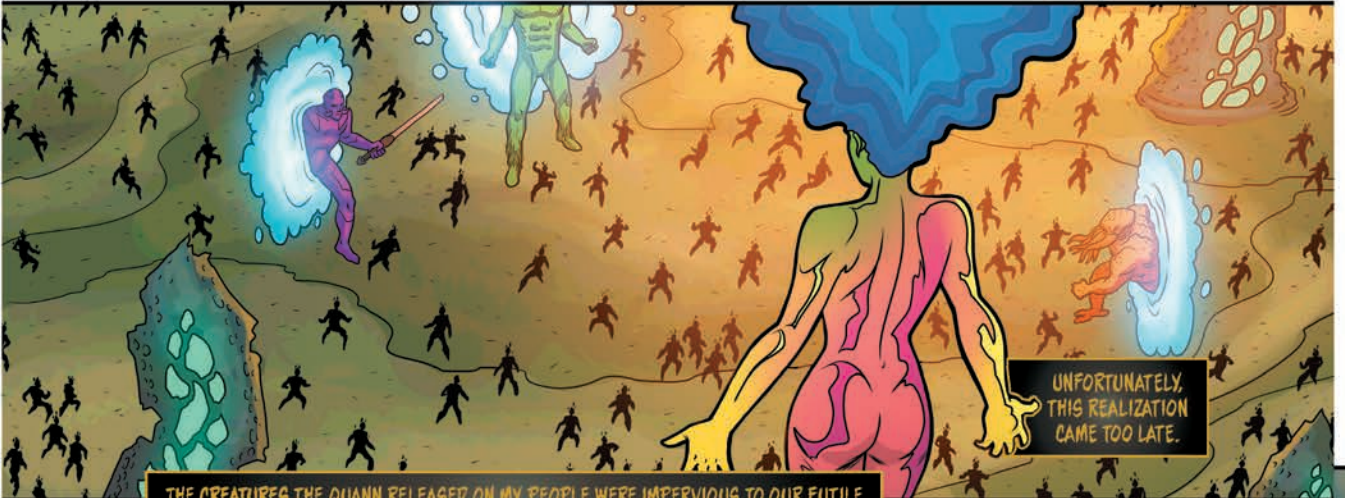
WHAT YOU CHOOSE TO BELIEVE, BENJAMIN, IS BEYOND MY CONTROL. I CAN ONLY REVEAL EVENTS AS THEY HAPPENED, NOTHING MORE.



THEY APPEARED ON MY WORLD
OF JABITTA UNPROVOKED AND
COMPLETELY WITHOUT WARNING.

FROM THE MOMENT THEY ARRIVED, IT WAS OBVIOUS
THEY POSSESSED POWERS OF THE MIND SIMILAR
TO OUR OWN. TRY AS WE MIGHT, OUR ATTEMPTS
AT COMMUNICATION WERE IGNORED.

THEIR SILENCE
SAID ALL WE
NEEDED TO KNOW.



UNFORTUNATELY,
THIS REALIZATION
CAME TOO LATE.

THE CREATURES THE QUANN RELEASED ON MY PEOPLE WERE IMPERVIOUS TO OUR FUTILE
ATTEMPTS OF MENTAL CONTROL, AS IF THEY DIDN'T EVEN HAVE MINDS OF THEIR OWN,
BUT MORE DRIVEN BY A SINGLE INSTINCT.

WAR.



A CONCEPT MY RACE
FORGOT EXISTED
AND WAS TOTALLY
UNPREPARED FOR
HOW TO NAVIGATE.

AND WHAT WAS ESPECIALLY ODD...
THESE CREATURES WEREN'T ATTACKING
US, BUT EACH OTHER.



THEN IT
BECAME CLEAR.

AS QUICKLY AS THE HAD APPEARED,
THEY WERE AGAIN, GONE.

THE QUANN NEEDN'T LIFT A FINGER TO
ANNIHILATE THE INHABITANTS OF JABITTA...

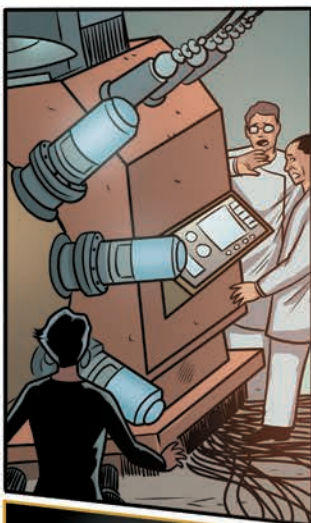
...THESE MINDLESS MONSTERS,
SIMPLY FOLLOWING THEIR BASE
INSTINCT, DID IT FOR THEM.



UNFORTUNATELY, YOUR SPECIES TECH WAS VASTLY INFERIOR, CENTURIES AWAY FROM I NEEDED, SO I HAD NO OTHER CHOICE BUT TO...

SPEED UP THE PROCESS.





I ACCOUNTED FOR SOME DEGREE OF ERROR, AS IT IS AN UNFORTUNATE PART OF YOUR SPECIES' NATURE. THE FLUX IN YOUR DIMENSION'S SPACE TIME, HOWEVER, I DID NOT FORSEE.



...BUT FORTUNATELY, ONE WHICH CAN EASILY BE UNDONE.



MARTIN, LIKE MOST HUMAN MEN, IS A SHALLOW, SELF SERVING CREATURE, GIVING INTO ALL FORMS OF BASE DESIRE.

MY HOPES WERE THAT IF HE INGESTED TRACE AMOUNTS OF THE IMPERIALITE IT WOULD "JUMP START" HIS MEMORY, SO-TO-SPEAK, ALLOWING THE REALIZATION THAT HE IS INDEED FECIT, TAKE HOLD.



IMPERIALITE?

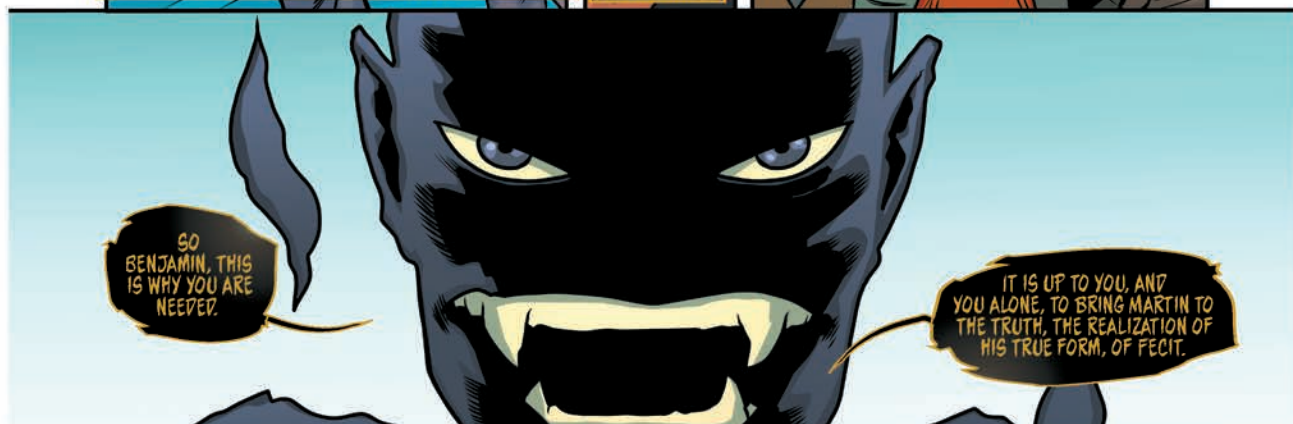
YOU MEAN THE... DRUG, THE NEW BLUE?

THAT'S RIGHT, BENJAMIN.



REGRETTABLY, THE NEW BLUE ADDED TO HIS CONFUSION. UNABLE TO TELL THIS EARTH REALITY FROM THAT OF STATERA, MARTIN HAS PLUNGED INTO A DANGEROUS TAILSPIN. A TAILSPIN THAT, IF NOT CORRECTED SOON...

WILL RESULT IN UNFATHOMABLE DESTRUCTION.



SO BENJAMIN, THIS IS WHY YOU ARE NEEDED.

IT IS UP TO YOU, AND YOU ALONE, TO BRING MARTIN TO THE TRUTH, THE REALIZATION OF HIS TRUE FORM, OF FECIT.



ME?!

WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO? YOU'RE THE ONE THAT CHANGES SHAPES AND GETS INTO PEOPLE'S HEADS. JUST DO WHATEVER THIS IS YOURSELF.

I DARE NOT.

FOR REASONS THAT ARE BEYOND MY COMPREHENSION, YOU, BENJAMIN, ARE INTRINSICALLY BOUND TO MARTIN, AND HIM TO YOU. YOU'VE CLEARLY FELT IT.

THIS INTEREST YOU HAVE IN MARTIN, WHICH HAS LEAD YOU TO FILL PAGE AFTER PAGE, IS DRIVEN BY MORE THAN JUST A MERE ODD CURIOSITY. IT'S A CONNECTION.

THE TIME HAS COME FOR YOU TO SERVE YOUR PURPOSE, BENJAMIN WAY. BE THE CONDUIT THAT FECIT REQUIRES. FREE HIM OF THESE OF THESE SHACKLES OF MEAT AND BONE.

AND WHAT...

THIS CAN ALL BE OVER?

HA HA HA HA!

I'M AFRAID THAT WILL NOT BE POSSIBLE. THERE IS SOMETHING YOU MUST UNDERSTAND.

FECIT WILL FINALLY, AFTER COUNTLESS MILLENNIA, BE FREE OF THE QUAMN. THE FURY HE WILL MOST CERTAINLY UNLEASH UPON THIS DIMENSION WILL LIKELY LEAVE THIS WORLD INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM ANY OTHER BARREN ROCKS FLOATING LIFELESS AMONGST YOUR STAR SYSTEM.

AN UNFORTUNATE, YET NECESSARY SACRIFICE, I'M AFRAID.

THAT'S INSANE!
HELP FECIT DESTROY EARTH? TELL ME, YOU UNDERSTAND HOW CRAZY THAT SOUNDS?
HOW ABOUT THIS? I DON'T HELP YOU COMMIT GLOBAL EXTINCTION AND JUST GO BACK TO ACTING LIKE NONE OF THIS EVER HAPPENED?



A WISE CHOICE, BENJAMIN, YES, BUT SADLY, NOT AN OPTION.

ONE BY ONE THE OCCUPANTS OF THIS TINY BUBBLE WILL UNKNOWINGLY UNDO THEIR OWN EXISTENCE...



...UNTIL YOU ALONE WILL BE ALL THAT REMAIN.



THEN I'LL HELP THE QUANN RETURN FECIT TO THAT...
STATERA.

DON'T BE SO NAIVE!

THERE ARE THINGS FAR WORSE THAN EXTINCTION, BENJAMIN. THE MOMENT THE QUANN REGAINS CONTROL, THEY WILL FIND EARTH AND MAKE IT A BRUTAL HELLSCAPE.

THOSE NOT LUCKY ENOUGH TO BE FORCED INTO SLAVERY WILL SPEND THEIR REMAINING TIME IN CONSTANT FEAR OF AN UNSTOPPABLE HORDE.

YOUR OPTIONS ARE LESS THAN DESIRABLE. I UNDERSTAND THIS MUST BE HARD TO COMPREHEND.

I CAN SAY, HOWEVER, BY HELPING ME FULFILL MY MISSION, YOU WILL FINALLY FREE FECIT FROM HIS PRISON AND HIS CAPTORS, THE QUANN, WILL FINALLY RECEIVE THEIR RETRIBUTION FOR MILLENNIA OF INTERGALACTIC GENOCIDE.



THAT'S IT! I'VE HEARD ENOUGH!

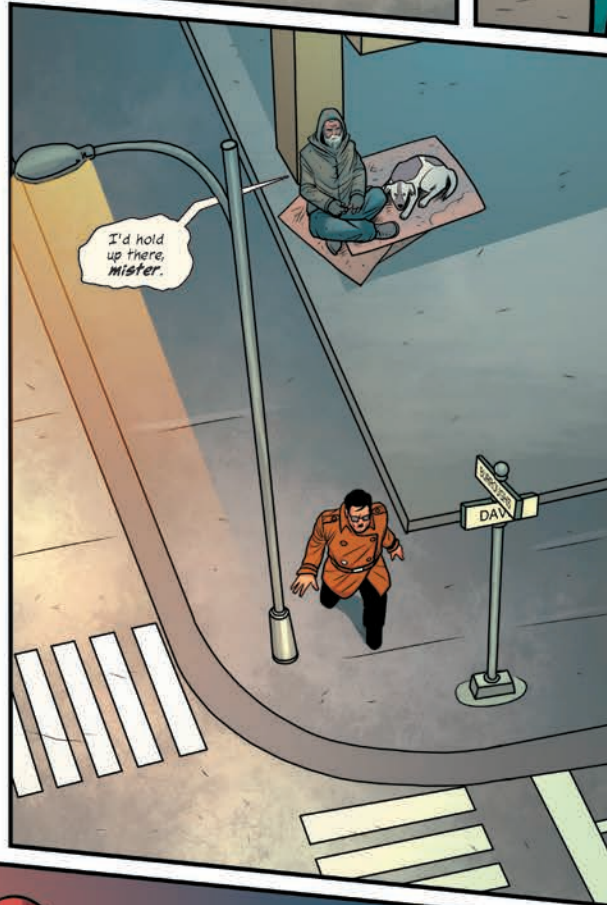


UHH...



HEY, WATCH WHAT YOU'RE DOING!

APOLOGIES, MISTER. MUST HAVE ZONED OUT THERE FOR A SECOND. SO SORRY.







CHAPTERFIVE

Writer JC Lacek

Illustration Vincent Dubourg

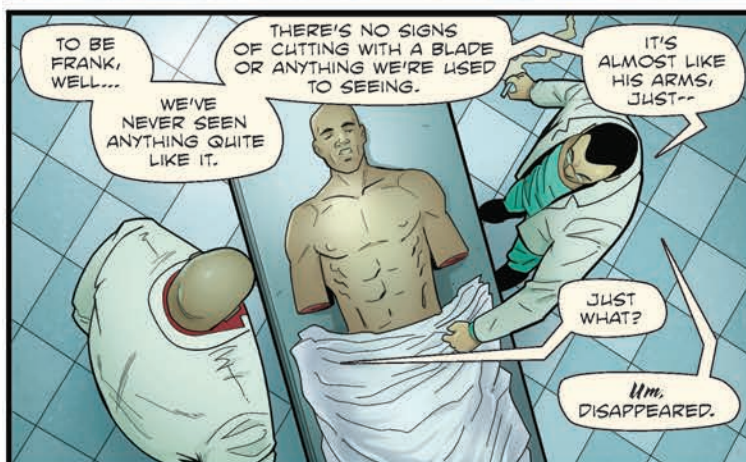
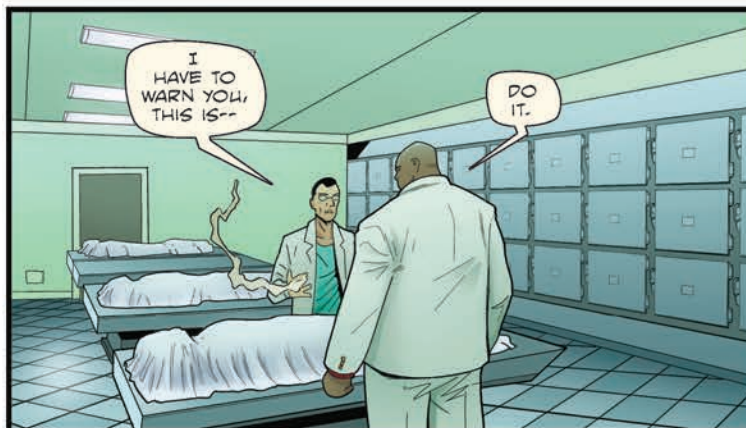
Colors Justin Woods

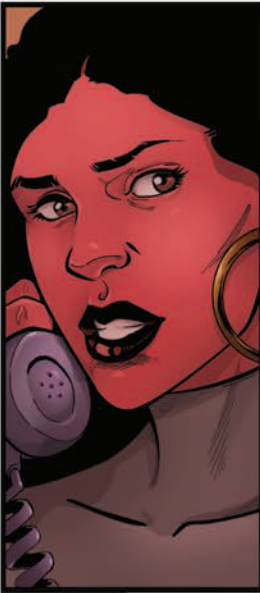
Inks & Letters Cristian Docolomansky













TRUST
ME, I
KNOW HOW
ALL THIS
SOUNDS.

LIKE
YOU'RE OFF
YOUR FUCKING
NUT?

TO
PUT IT
KINDLY,
BEN.

THAT'S
EXACTLY
WHAT THIS
SOUNDS
LIKE.

IN THIS
LINE OF WORK,
OVER THE YEARS,
I TRULY THOUGHT
I'D HEARD AND
SEEN IT ALL.

BUT THIS,
ALIEN GODS, PEOPLE
DISAPPEARIN' IN PORTALS
ON DAVIS ST?

MAYBE
I HAVE LOST
MY MARBLES.
I'M HONESTLY
NOT SURE IF
I CAN TELL
ANYMORE.

I'M...
I'M SORRY,
LEONARD.
I'LL GET
OUT OF YOUR--

THAT'S
SOME
WEIRD SHIT,
BENJAMIN.

I
SAID YOU
SOUND
INSANE.
I DIDN'T
SAY YOU
WERE.



I'LL BE STRAIGHT WITH YOU. THESE LAST COUPLE WEEKS, I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO SHAKE THIS FEELING, LIKE AN EMPTINESS.

IT'S STRANGE. IT'S LIKE I CAN ALMOST SMELL IT IN THE AIR.

THERE'S BEEN NO DOUBT IN MY MIND..



SHIT AIN'T RIGHT.



FUNNY THING IS, WITH ALL THE FOLKS THURNIN' UP MISSIN' LATELY, I'D BE LYING IF I TOLD YOU I HADN'T QUIETLY ENVIED THEM.

TO BE FREE OF THIS TOWN, THIS LIFE... FUCK MAN, THAT SEEMS LIKE A DEAL FROM WHERE I'M STANDING.



SO TELL ME, BEN... WHAT IS IT YOU PLAN TO DO?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



SOUNDS TO ME LIKE THAT *THING* GAVE YOU LITTLE OPTION WITH THIS MARTIN PERSON? WE'RE EITHER FUCKED IF YOU HELP OR FUCKED IF YOU DON'T. DOES THAT--

YEAH... THAT, THAT PRETTY MUCH SUMS THINGS UP.

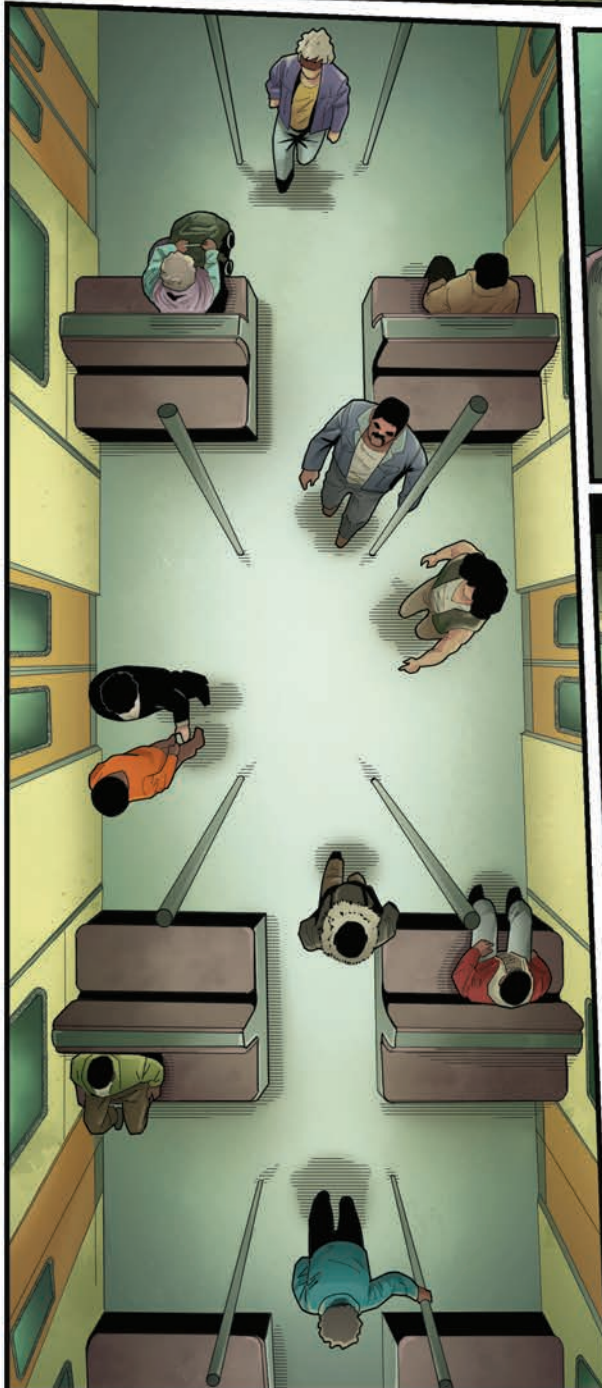


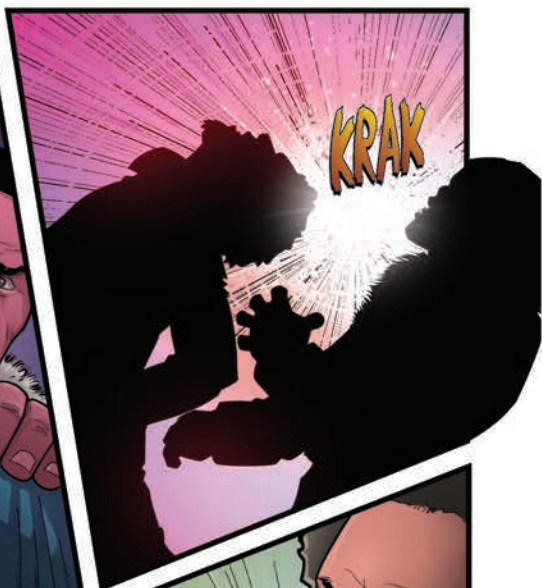
WELL, IN THAT CASE, THERE'S REALLY ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO SAY...



GOOD LUCK AND GODSPEED, BENJAMIN WAY.



















We have been trying to find a way to reach you for some time. You have nothing to fear. Let these words soothe you. Let them bring you calm.

Simply... relax.

The time has come for you to return to us.

To return to your true home.

LIES!

KRAUWWWWGCK

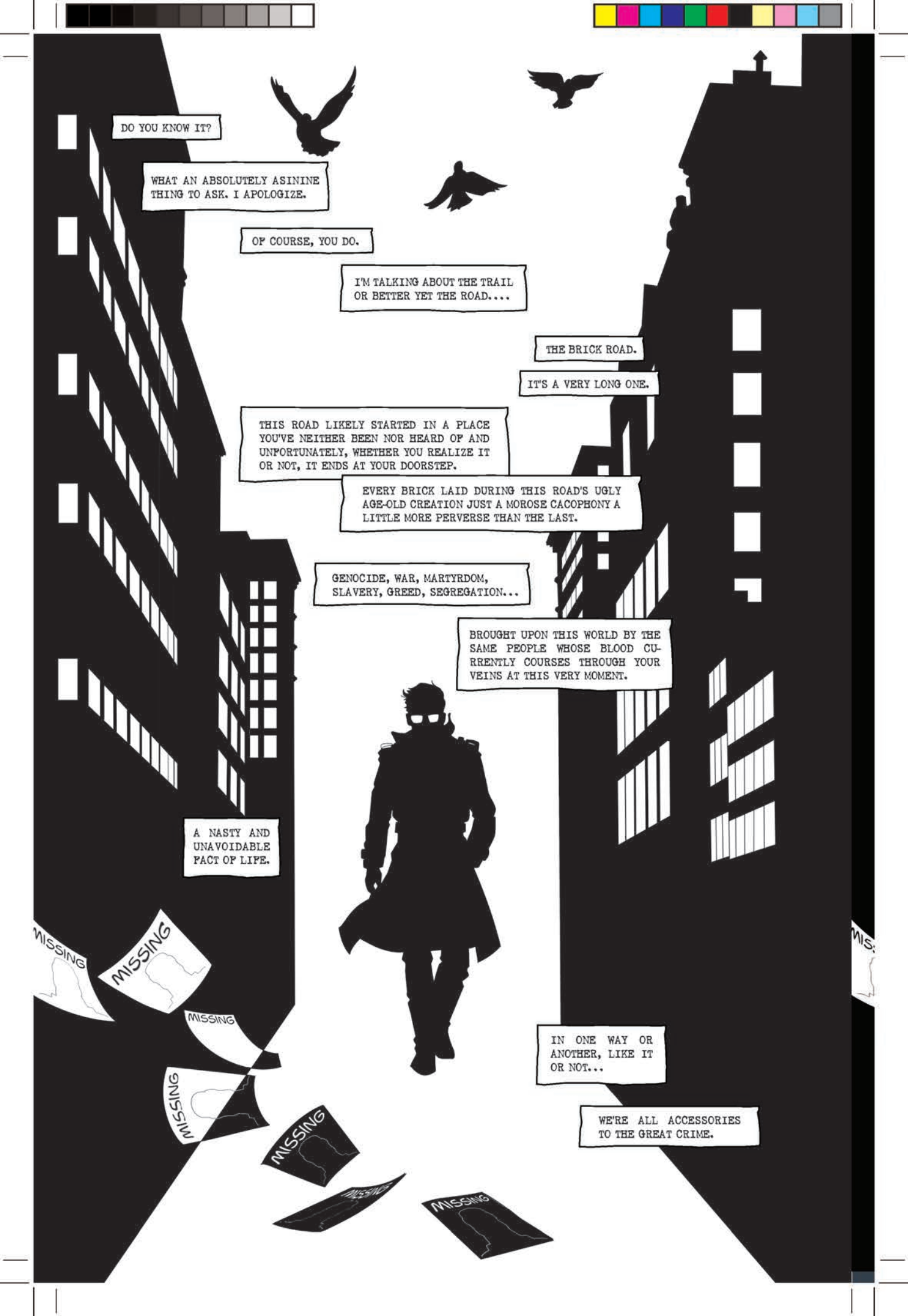
Noooo!

TANTHOM STATION.

AAAAHHHHH!!!

WHAT THE...

GOOD GOD!



DO YOU KNOW IT?

WHAT AN ABSOLUTELY ASININE
THING TO ASK. I APOLOGIZE.

OF COURSE, YOU DO.

I'M TALKING ABOUT THE TRAIL
OR BETTER YET THE ROAD....

THE BRICK ROAD.

IT'S A VERY LONG ONE.

THIS ROAD LIKELY STARTED IN A PLACE
YOU'VE NEITHER BEEN NOR HEARD OF AND
UNFORTUNATELY, WHETHER YOU REALIZE IT
OR NOT, IT ENDS AT YOUR DOORSTEP.

EVERY BRICK LAID DURING THIS ROAD'S UGLY
AGE-OLD CREATION JUST A MOROSE CACOPHONY A
LITTLE MORE PERVERSE THAN THE LAST.

GENOCIDE, WAR, MARTYRDOM,
SLAVERY, GREED, SEGREGATION...

BROUGHT UPON THIS WORLD BY THE
SAME PEOPLE WHOSE BLOOD CU-
RRENTLY COURSES THROUGH YOUR
VEINS AT THIS VERY MOMENT.

A NASTY AND
UNAVOIDABLE
FACT OF LIFE.

IN ONE WAY OR
ANOTHER, LIKE IT
OR NOT...

WE'RE ALL ACCESSORIES
TO THE GREAT CRIME.

MISSING

MISSING

MISSING

MISSING

MISSING

MISSING

MISSING

MIS

JUST LIKE THE LONG LINE OF WARLORDS
AND HYPOCRITES WHO CAME BEFORE, WE'VE
CONFUSED EXISTENTIAL WORTH WITH
BLIND SELF-SERVING GLUTTONY.



WE ARE
MADE OF
ANGER.



EXCESS.



COMPLACENCY.



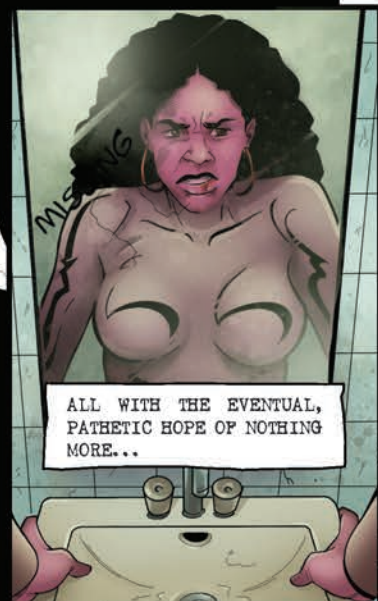
SHAME.



TRIVIALITY.



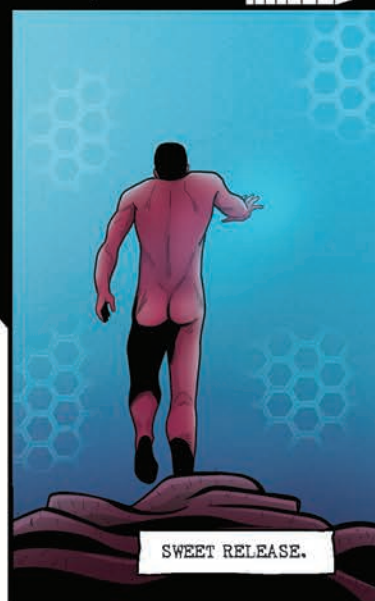
AND MOST IMPORTANTLY,
DELUSION.



ALL WITH THE EVENTUAL,
PATHETIC HOPE OF NOTHING
MORE...



THAN A SIMPLE...



SWEET RELEASE.



YOU KNOW,
IT'S FUNNY.



THE WORLD OVER, EACH
RELIGION KNOWS; THEIR
GOD IS THE TRUE GOD.

EVERYONE ELSE'S GOD, WELL... THEY MUST
BE HERETICS, PANATICS OR SAVAGES.



EVERYONE'S RIGHT WHILE
EVERYONE ELSE IS WRONG...



AND THEY'RE MORE THAN HAPPY TO BURN
THIS FUCKER TO THE GROUND BEFORE
CONSIDERING OTHERWISE.

IT'S A SHAME, BECAUSE,
TRUTH IS, THEY ARE WRONG.

CLICKT

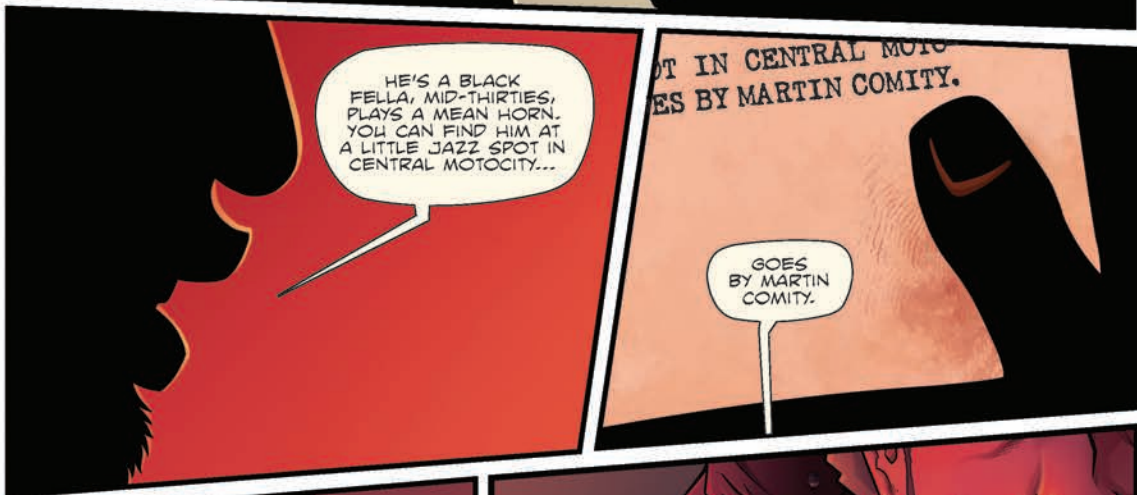
ALL OF THEM.



AS SILLY AS IT SOUNDS, I'LL TELL YOU RIGHT NOW...

YOU WON'T FIND GOD UP IN THE CLOUDS.

YOU WON'T FIND HIM IN YOUR HEARTS.



HE'S A BLACK FELLA, MID-THIRTIES, PLAYS A MEAN HORN. YOU CAN FIND HIM AT A LITTLE JAZZ SPOT IN CENTRAL MOTOCITY...

NOT IN CENTRAL MOTOCITY.
GOES BY MARTIN COMITY.

GOES BY MARTIN COMITY.



SO YOU KNOW, MOTHER-FUCKER.

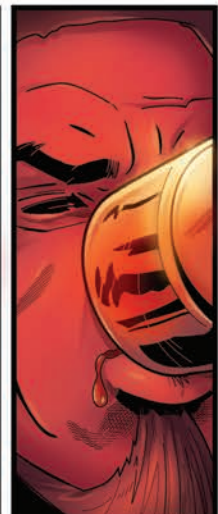


I'VE NO MORE PATIENCE FOR CRYPTIC BULLSHIT OR GAMES.

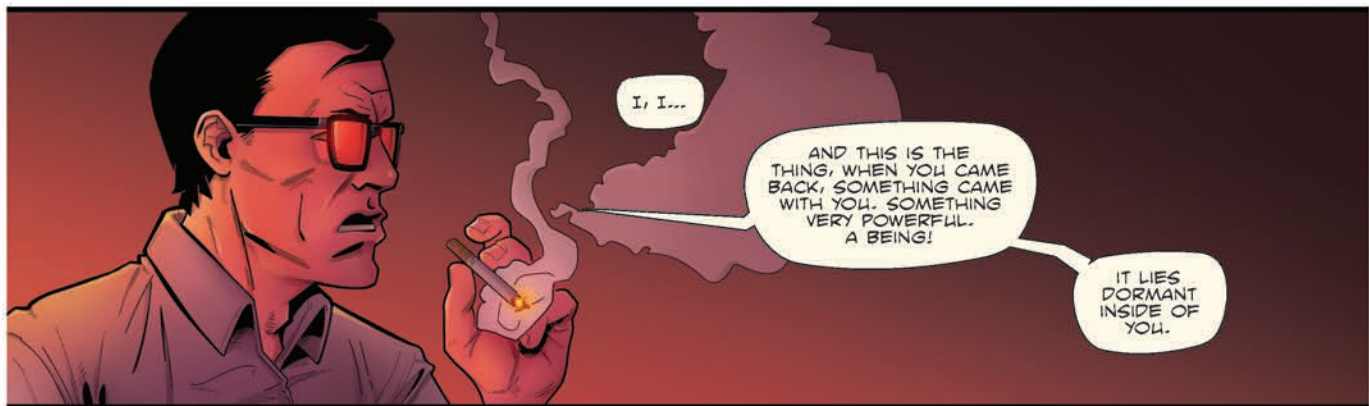
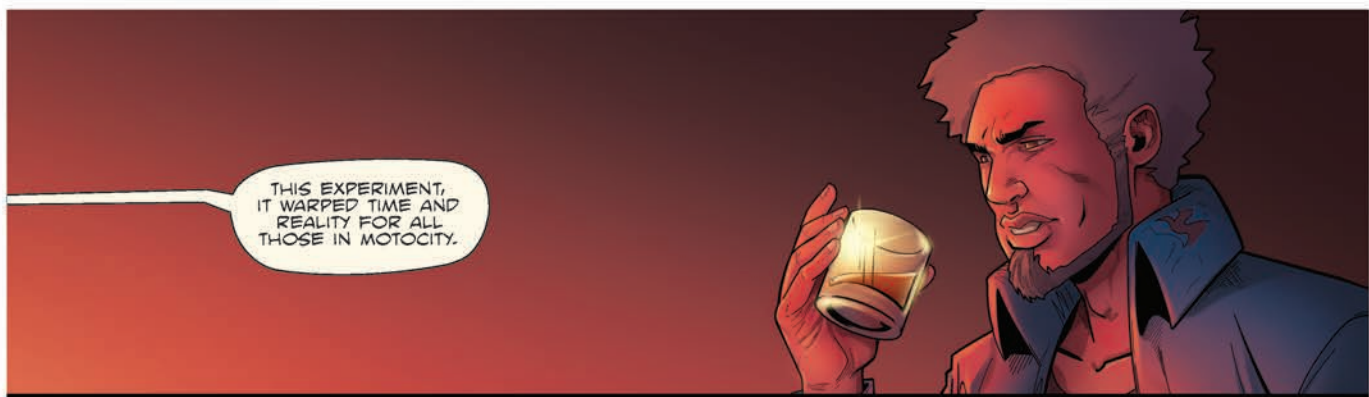
I'LL SAY IT LIKE THIS. YOU NEED EITHER USE THAT THING...



OR IT'S TIME YOUR CREEPIN' CRACKER ASS EXPLAINS WHAT THE FUCK IS HAPPENING TO ME!















CHAPTER SIX

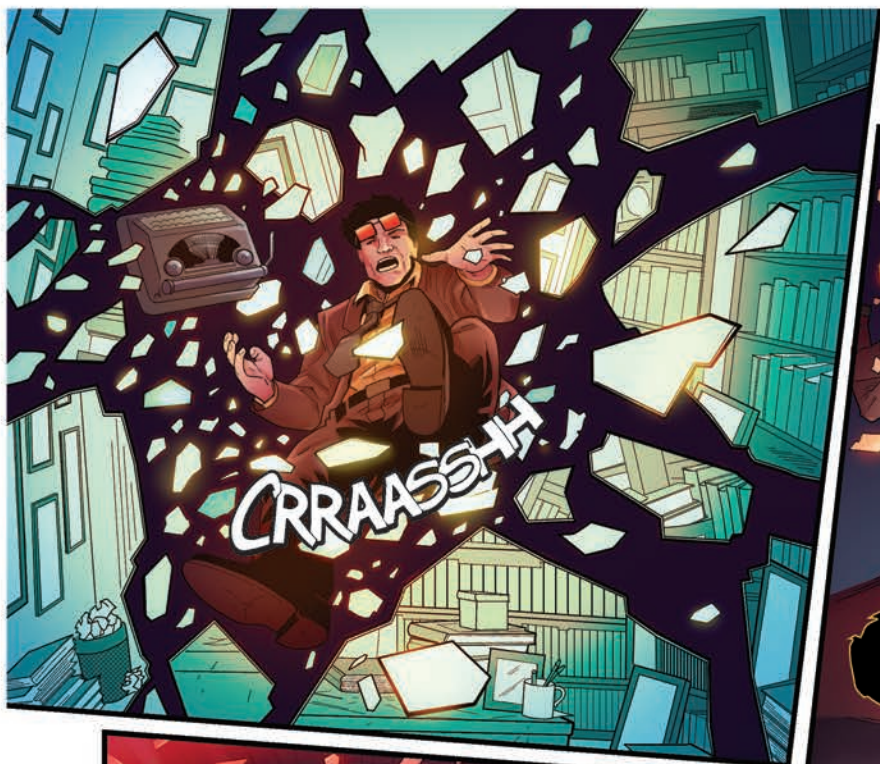
Writer JC Lacey

Illustration Vincent Dubourg

Colors Justin Woods

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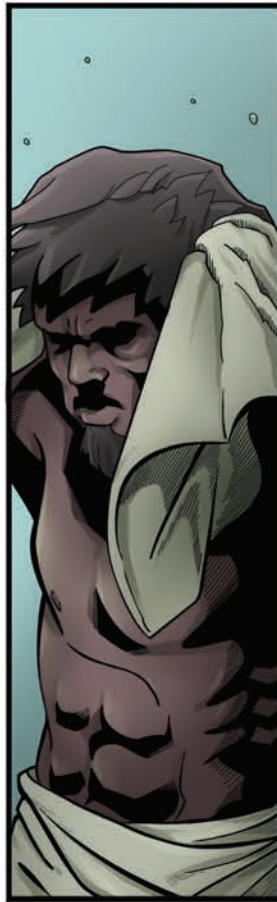










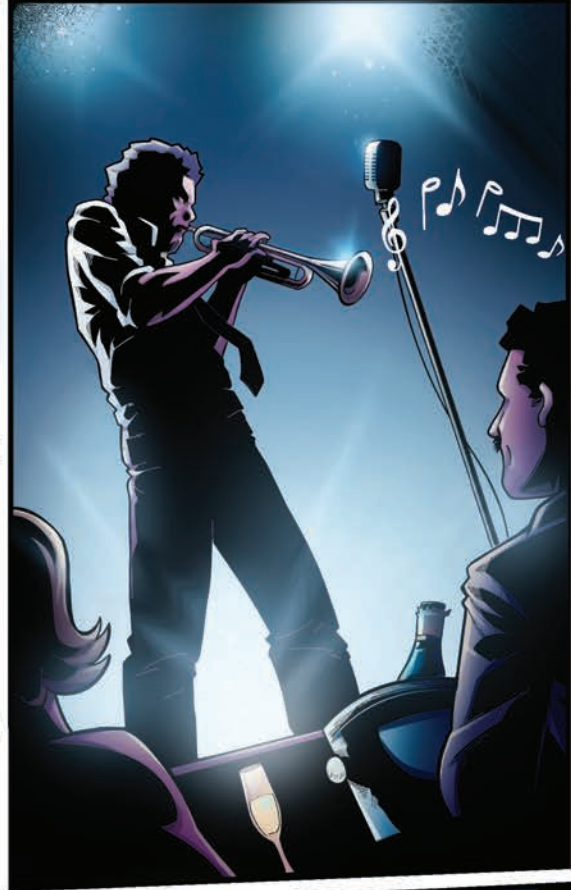
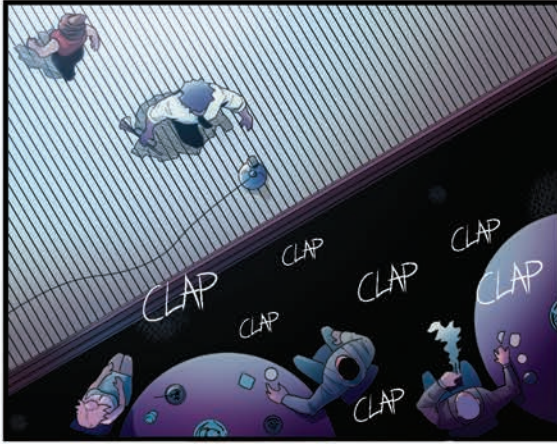






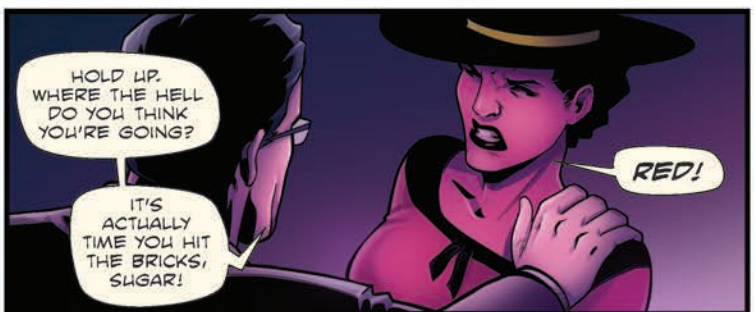
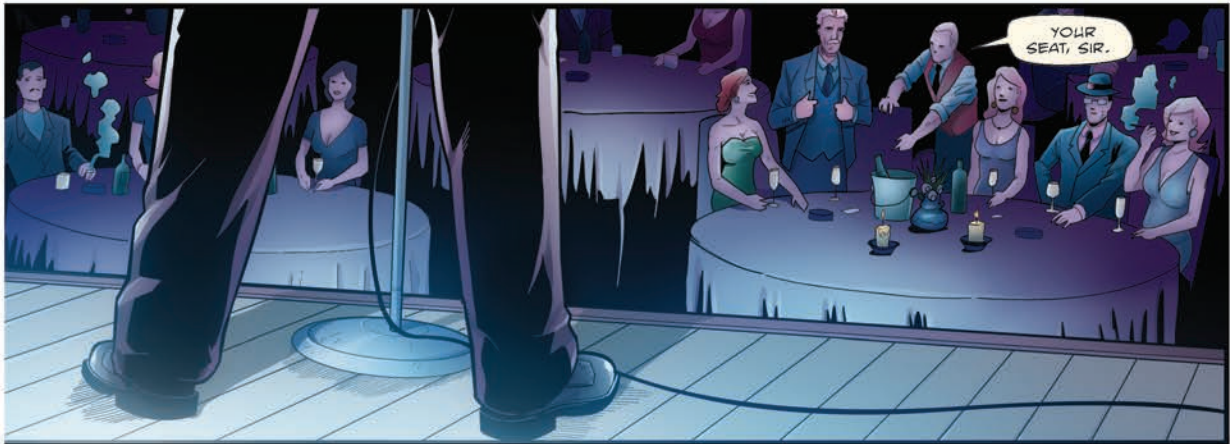








SWEETY, YOU COOL?



RED!



