



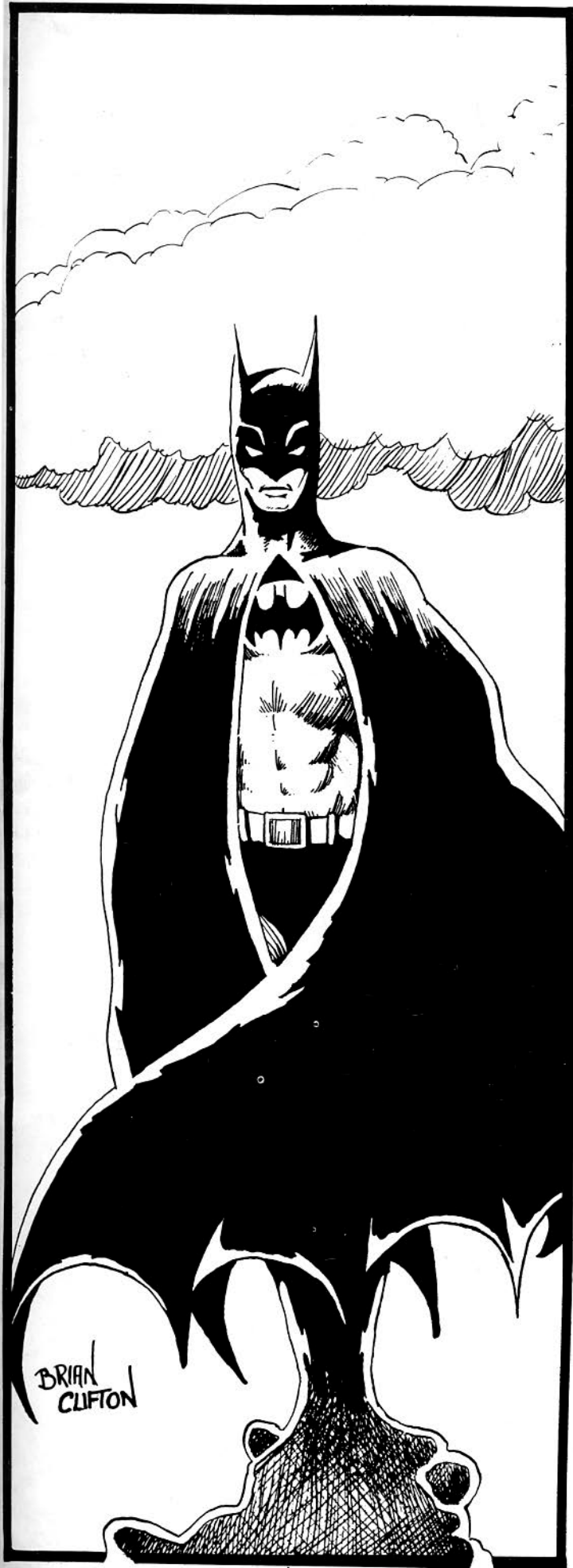
CHRONICLE

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Charles Pitts - Newton Burdham



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GEORGE STEPHEN BREO

Publisher

WINDY CITY ENTERPRISES

Associate Editors

STANLEY CHUDZIK
JOHN M. FULLER
WILLIAM McMICHAEL

Cover

BRUCE D. PATTERSON

Artists

BRENT ANDERSON
BILL BARON
NEWTON BURCHAM
JOHN L. BYRNE
BRIAN CLIFTON
GENE DAY
CHARLES DIXON
JOHN M. FULLER
ROBERT LAYTON
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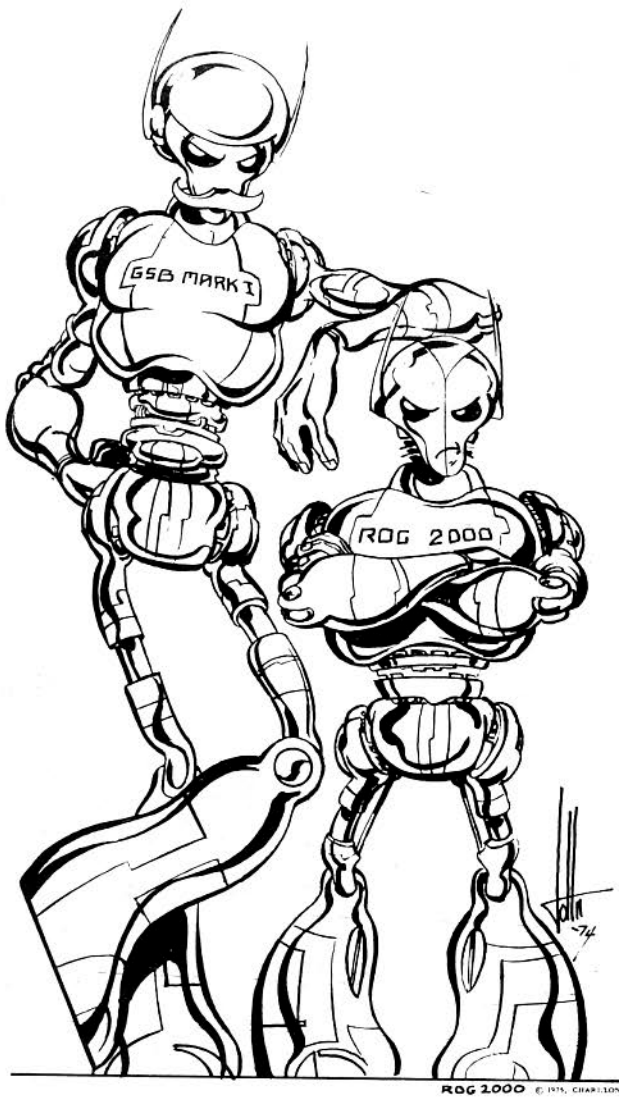
Writers

BILL BARON
JOHN L. BYRNE
CHARLES DIXON
STANLEY SAKAI
J. ALAN TYLER
GEORGE S. BREO

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SAVRINA
THE MAN
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EDITORIAL



Greetings and Welcome to our Fifth and Finest Issue! This issue is an offering of the purest form of Graphic Fantasy, an inevitable progression from past issues and an experiment in entertainment. A Passport to the Future, the Past, and even another Dimension. Science Fiction, Sword and Sorcery, Comedy, Action and Adventure, all this and much more awaits you in the next pages. Need I say more? Enjoy!!!!

This issue is dedicated to all the people who made it possible with special thanks to John Fuller

My Congratulations to Don Newton on his new endeavor "BARON WEIRWOLF'S HAUNTED LIBRARY" (a Charlton Publication). Don's talents are unlimited, his style is flexible and adapts to any theme be it Science Fiction, Horror, Western, Super Hero, or just about anything. His talent is immeasurable as are his horizons.

My Congratulations also to John L. Byrne His "ROG 2000" Feature (the backup in E-MAN Comics, another Charlton Publication) has caused a major sensation among comic book circles. And if by some slight chance you haven't made Rogie's acquaint-

tance yet (is that possible?), that's him beaming down at you from the top of the page, along with John's latest creation, GSB Mark I (now I wonder why he looks so familiar?). Because of technical problems GIDEON will not appear this issue. Ah, but don't slit your wrists yet, Chronicalite (Doesn't that have a familiar ring to it, True Believer?) because John has done his best to prove he is as multi-talented as ever. Lo and behold there is QWORPH!!!!!!

Highlights of this issue include DANTE, who comes to life in a dynamic adventure skillfully illustrated by Bill Baron. Chuck Dixon's "MYSTERY MAN" returns in a story that asks the question "What is important in Life, if not Life itself?" Sword and Sorcery comes into view with "A TALE OF THE ULTERIAN AGE" by J. Alan Tyler and Brent Anderson. "SAVRINA", another Chronicle First, conception and plot outline by yours truly with superb artwork by Brian Clifton. And last but not least, Stanley Sakai presents a look at a "Possible Tomorrow" in "THE MAN". Plus artwork by Anderson, Baron, Burcham, Byrne, Clifton, Day, Fuller, Pitts, Rice, Sakai and Wimbish.

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5:00 IN LONDON BUT NOT THAT ANCIENT CITY ON THE THAMES ... BUT A NEW ONE ... MANY LIGHT YEARS FROM THE BRITISH ISLES...

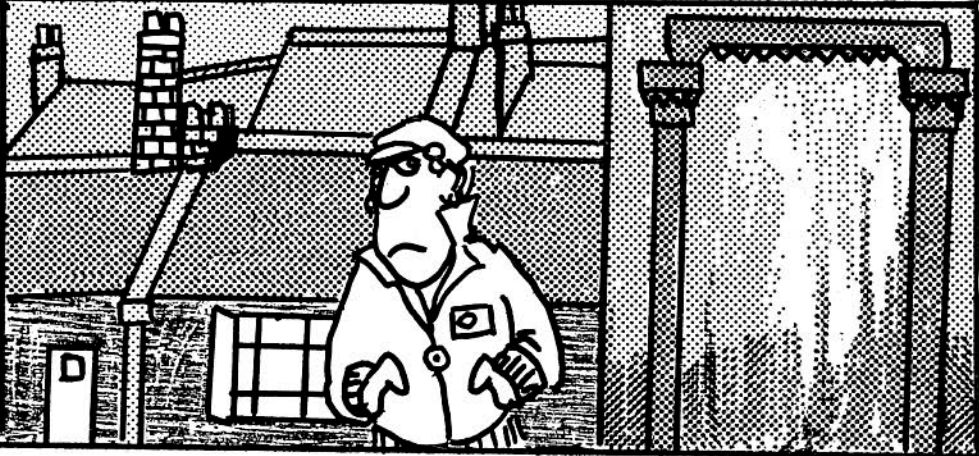
ON A PLANET CALLED THE NEW BRITISH UNION

PATRICK DODSON HEADS HOME FOR THE "NIGHT"

FOR GOLD AND COUNTRY

C DIXON

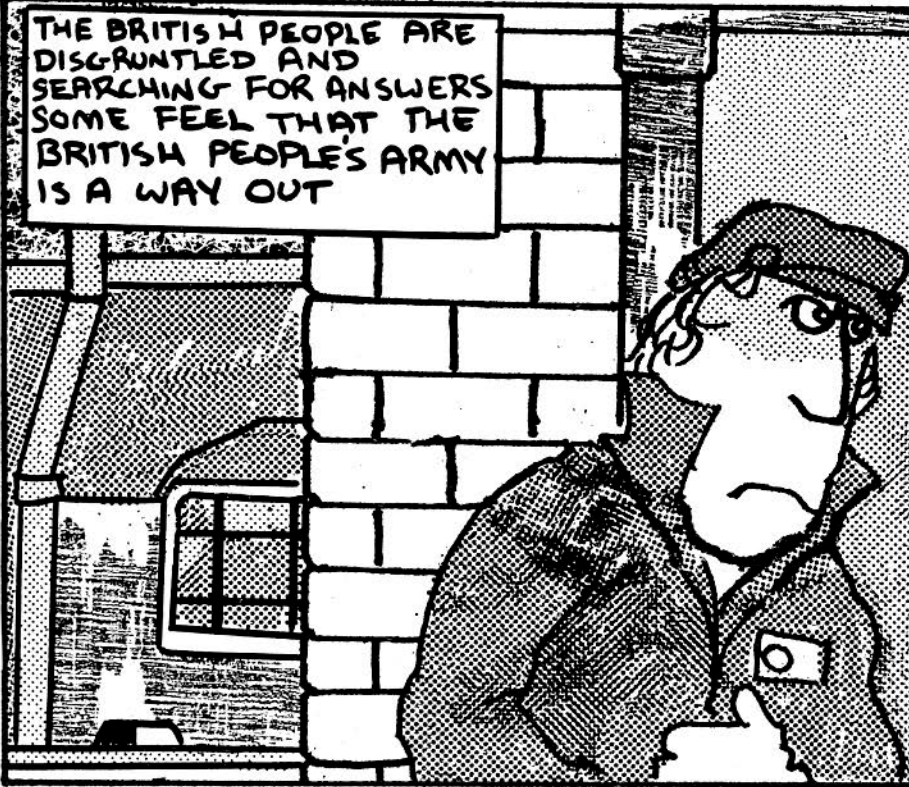
NIGHT ON THIS PLANET IS 3 MONTHS LONG BUT IT IS ALWAYS DARK DUE TO THE MYRIAD FACTORIES AND MINES THAT SCAR AN ALREADY UGLY PLACE. A CRUSHING DEPRESSION ALSO LENDS IT'S OWN HUE TO THE GLOOMY ATMOSPHERE.



THE BRITISH PEOPLE ARE DISGRUNTLED AND SEARCHING FOR ANSWERS SOME FEEL THAT THE BRITISH PEOPLE'S ARMY IS A WAY OUT

FOYLE'S

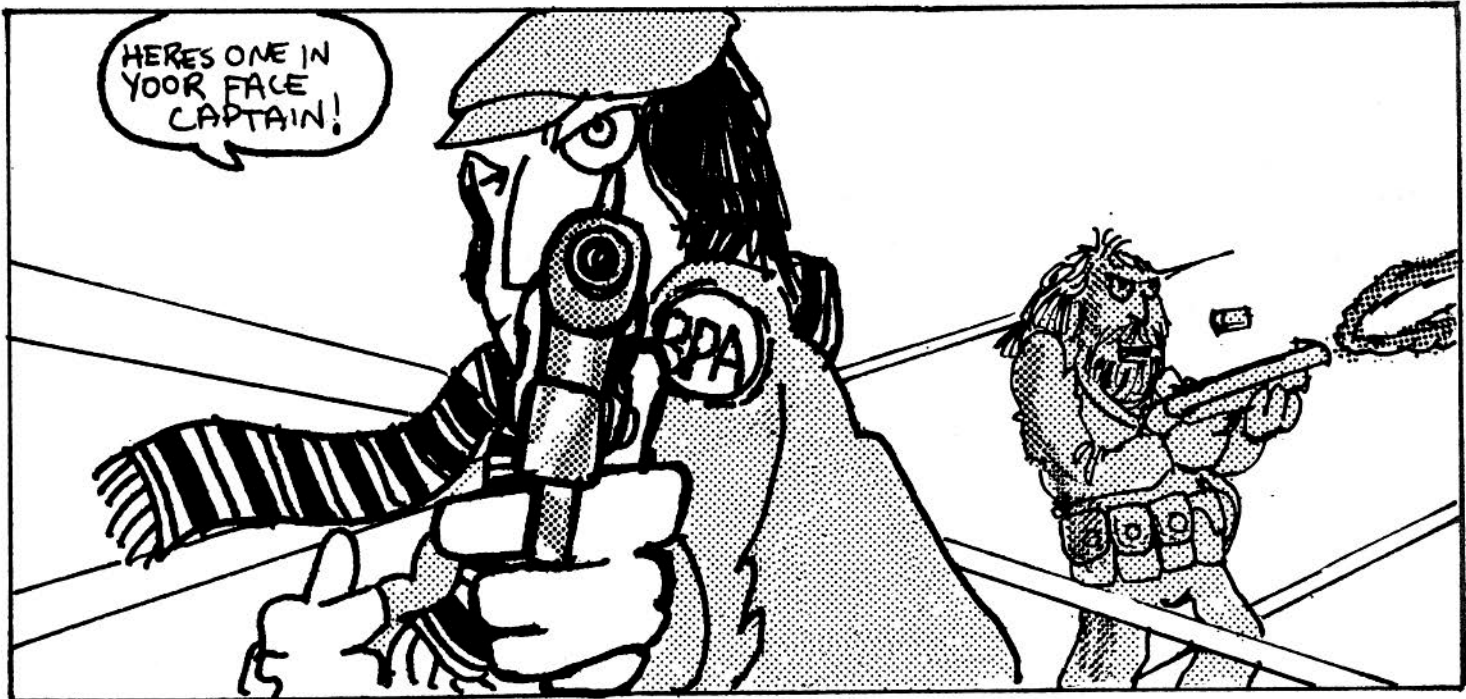
FOR BOOKS

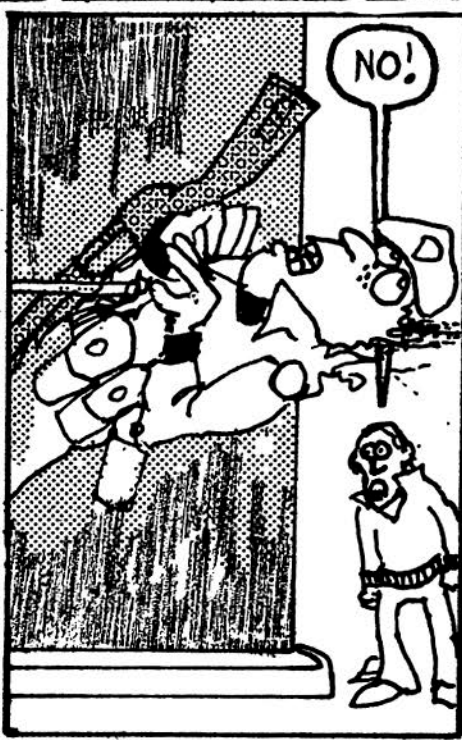
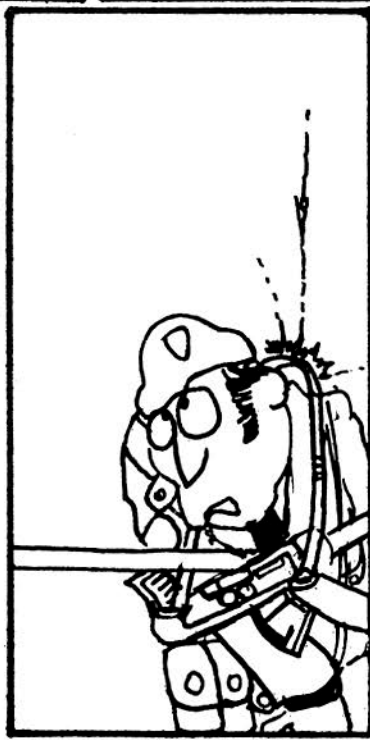
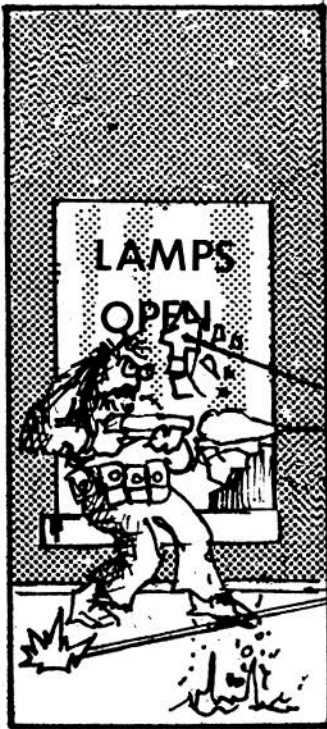


WANTED;

REWARD: £25,000





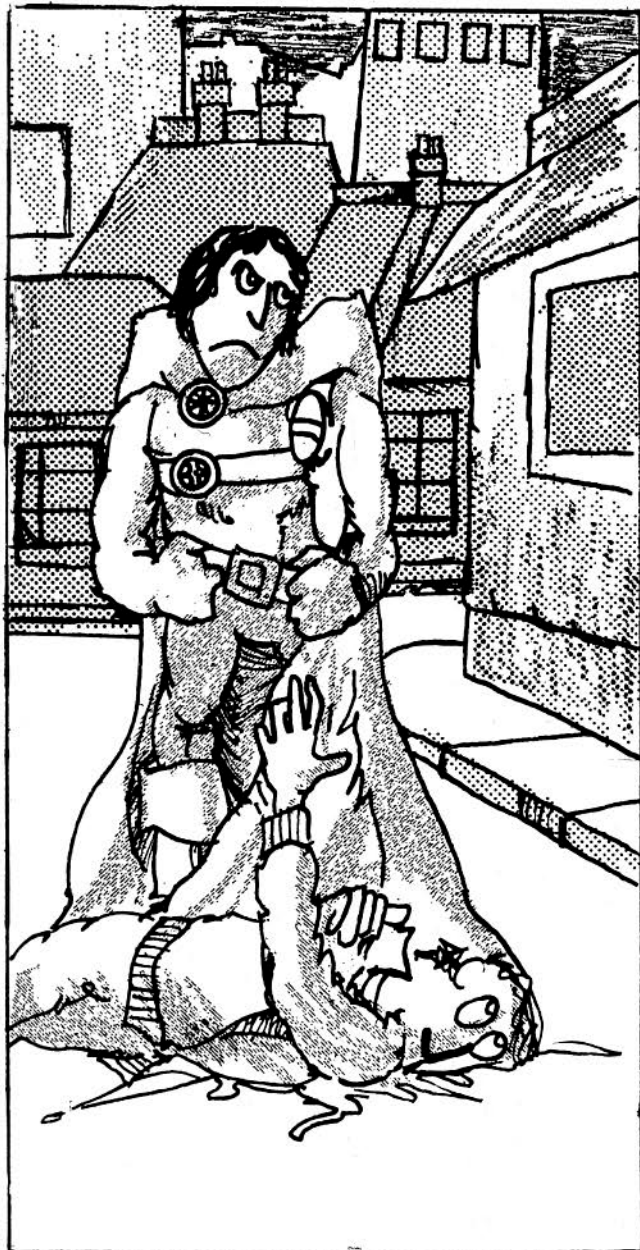
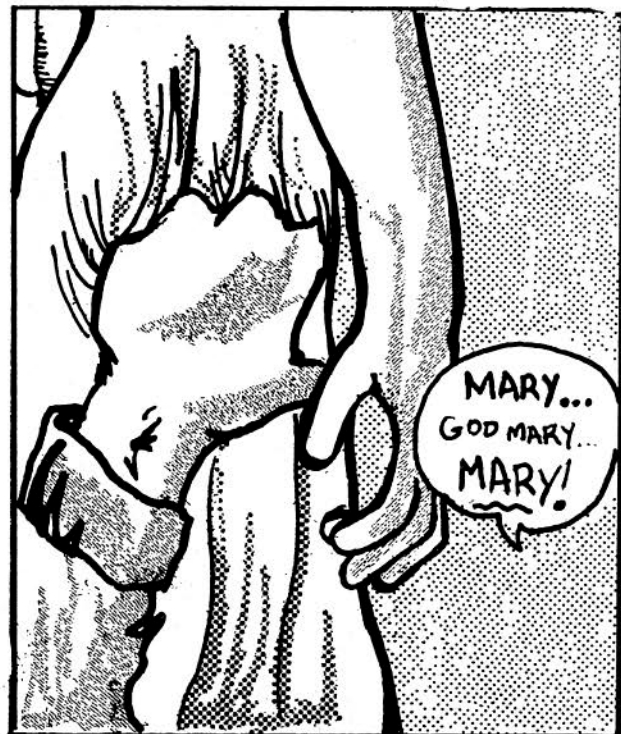


HAD YER HANDS FULL EH?

JUST A BOY JUST A E.

SHUT UP YOU SILLY ASS AN GET MOVING!



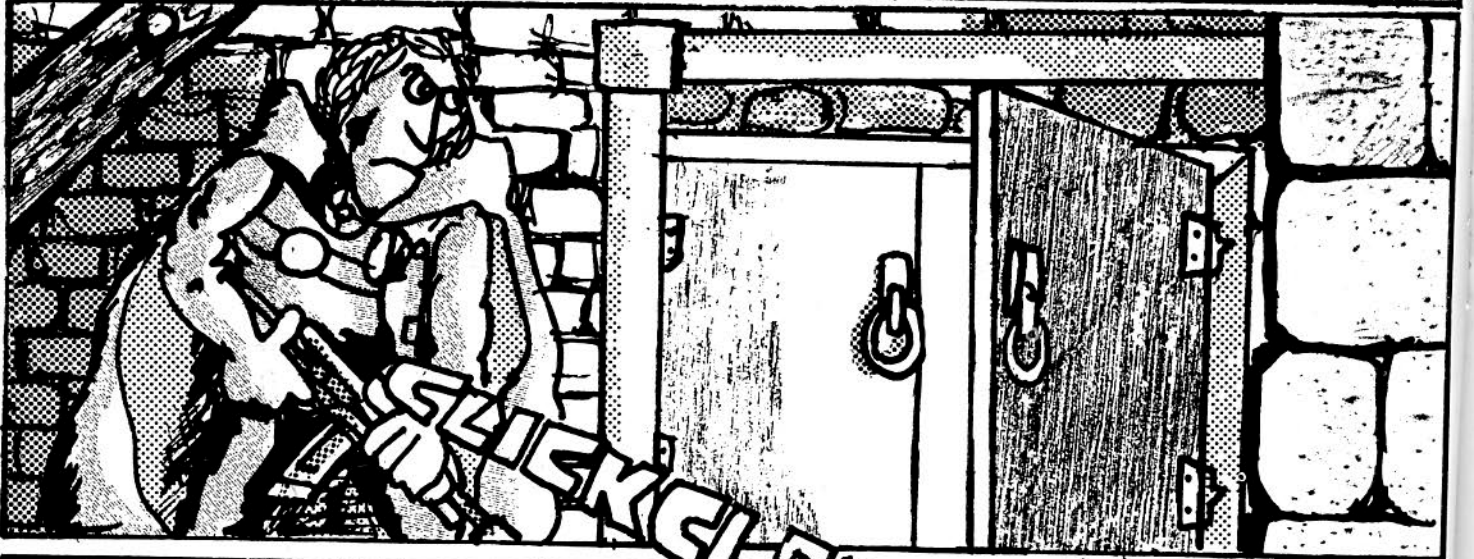


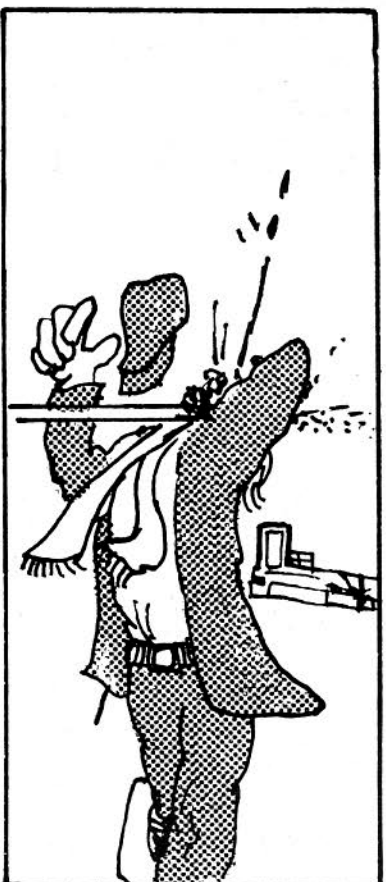
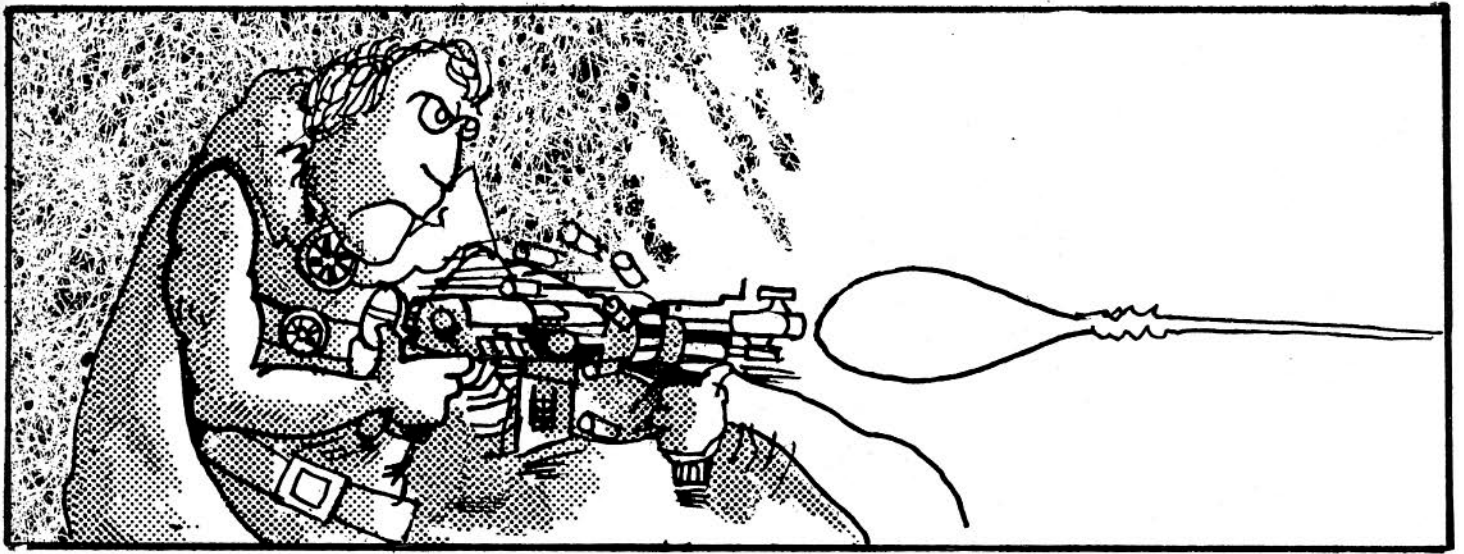
HOURS PASS...

WE SPLIT THE MONEY AND LEAVE THE UNION.

ME AN' DAVELL GO TOGETHER.

AWRIGHT RAY THEN WE MEET YOU ON LIMBO.





SIRENS WAIL HOARSELY.
WHIRLING MECHANICAL VOICES
DRONE ON. THE SOUNDS OF
DEATH SCREAM THROUGH THE
STREETS.

FIVE MEN ARE DEAD. THEIR
DREAMS, ASPIRATIONS, AND
SINS TURN TO MEAT. THIS IS
THE RESULT OF MAKING LOVE
WITH DEATH.

— C.F. GEORGE







DANTE

GENE
DAY

LET'S GET OUT BEFORE THAT THING BLOWS!

DANTE

THE BETELGUESE FACTOR

DON'T WORRY!
I SET THE FUSE
FOR 60 SECONDS!

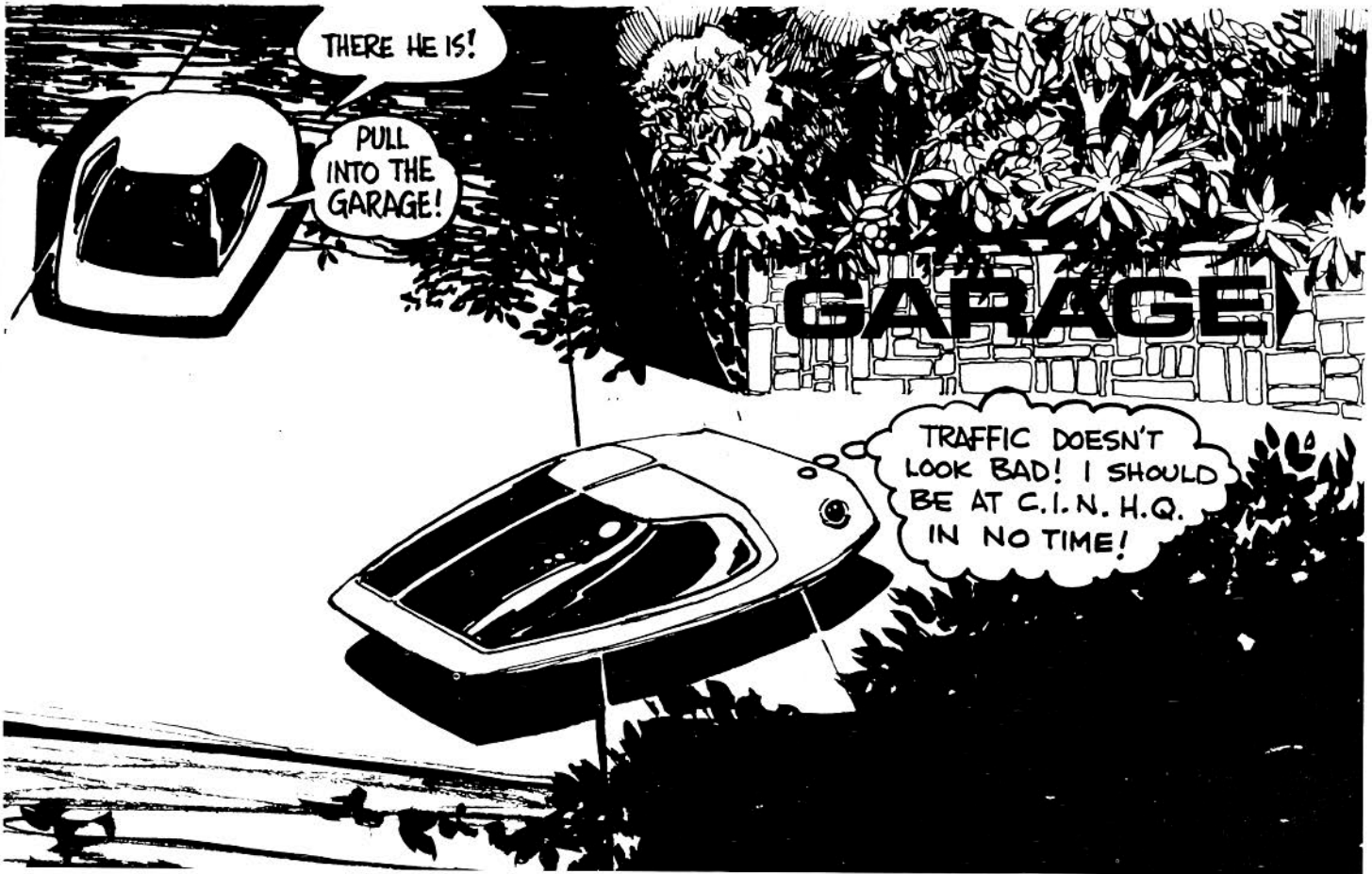
ZEEP!
ZEEP!
ZEEP!
ZEEP!



UNNNH!

BARON





THERE HE IS!

PULL INTO THE GARAGE!

GARAGE →

TRAFFIC DOESN'T LOOK BAD! I SHOULD BE AT C.I.N.H.Q. IN NO TIME!



STRANGE! I SENSE SOMETHING IS NOT RIGHT! AH!!! IT MUST BE ANXIETY ABOUT THE SUMMONS!

... SOON, DANTE ARRIVES AT THE CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE NETWORK'S MAIN HEADQUARTERS....



EXIT YOUR VEHICLE, 5036... PROCEED TO CHECK POINT ON FOOT!

ROGER, SENTRY!

CIN







I'M REFERRING TO MY ABDUCTION AND RESCUE, EFFECTED BY YOU! I'M SURE I COULD NOT HAVE HELD UP TO THEIR MIND PROBES! IF YOU HADN'T RESCUED ME, THE CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE NETWORK WOULD BE DEFUNCT... TOTALLY INOPERABLE! IF THIS HAD HAPPENED THE WHOLE FEDERATION WOULD BE IN JEAPORDY!

... AND WE'RE NOT OUT OF THE WOODS YET, DANTE! THE FEDERATION IS IN SERIOUS TROUBLE!

TWO MONTHS AGO, AN INBOUND SUPPLY SHIP RECEIVED A DISTRESS SIGNAL IN THE GENERAL AREA OF THE BETELGUESE SYSTEM. THE CAPTAIN ZEROED IN ON THE SIGNAL AND PICKED UP A LONE SURVIVOR IN A SHUTTLE CRAFT!

THIS SURVIVOR WAS UNCONSCIOUS... ACTUALLY IN A COMA! THE SUPPLY SHIP'S MEDICAL OFFICER KEPT HIM ALIVE! WHEN THEY ARRIVED BACK HERE OUR MEDICS GOT HIM INTO OPERABLE SHAPE!

WHEN HE WAS STRONG ENOUGH TO INTERROGATE, WE FOUND HE WAS A MINER ON BETELGUESE THREE! THE MINING COLONY THERE, ACCORDING TO THE SURVIVOR, HAD BEEN INVADED! MOST OF THE COLONY WAS DESTROYED... ONLY THE TECHNICIANS, SUPPORT EQUIPMENT AND ROBOTS WERE LEFT INTACT! WE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO ESTABLISH CONTACT WITH BETELGUESE THREE ON SUBSPACE RADIO!

SOMETHING DOESN'T ADD UP! ...TOO MUCH LEFT TO CHANCE!

WHEN WAS THIS INTERROGATION COMPLETED? HAVE ANY OF OUR PATROL CRAFT INVESTIGATED? THE MINING COLONY ON BETELGUESE THREE DOESN'T ACCOUNT FOR ENOUGH OUTPUT TO EFFECT OUR ECONOMY OR DEFENSE SYSTEM... WHO WOULD WANT IT, AND WHY?

THAT'S WHY I'M RINGING YOU IN ON THIS THING! I FEEL IT'S A SET-UP TO INVOLVE OUR ATTACK FLEET IN AN INTERGALLACTIC "INCIDENT"! HERE'S THE CLINCHER... THE SURVIVOR COMMITTED SUICIDE THIS MORNING!

I'M KEEPING ALL PATROL CRAFT OUT OF THAT SECTOR! I DON'T WANT THEM GOADED INTO A CONFRONTATION!

...AND YOU WANT ME TO INFILTRATE AND GET THE STRAIGHT STORY, EH?

CORRECT! DANTE, I FEEL SOMETHING BIG IS IN THE WORKS!

IT MUST BE BIG IF YOU HAD A SUICIDE SQUAD MEMBER USED ONLY AS "BAIT"!

I WANT YOU TO DO THE INFILTRATION AND RECONNAISSANCE! YOU WILL ALSO COMMAND A THREE CRUISER ATTACK FLEET THAT WILL BE WAITING IN THE WINGS! I HOPE TO HELL YOU DON'T HAVE TO USE THEM!

YOU AND DIXON WILL HAVE TO TAKE A RAIN CHECK ON LUNCH! YOU'LL HAVE JUST ENOUGH TIME TO PACK!

I'LL HAVE A SHUTTLE ON YOUR ROOF PORT IN ONE HOUR!

GREAT! GIVE DIXON MY REGRETS!

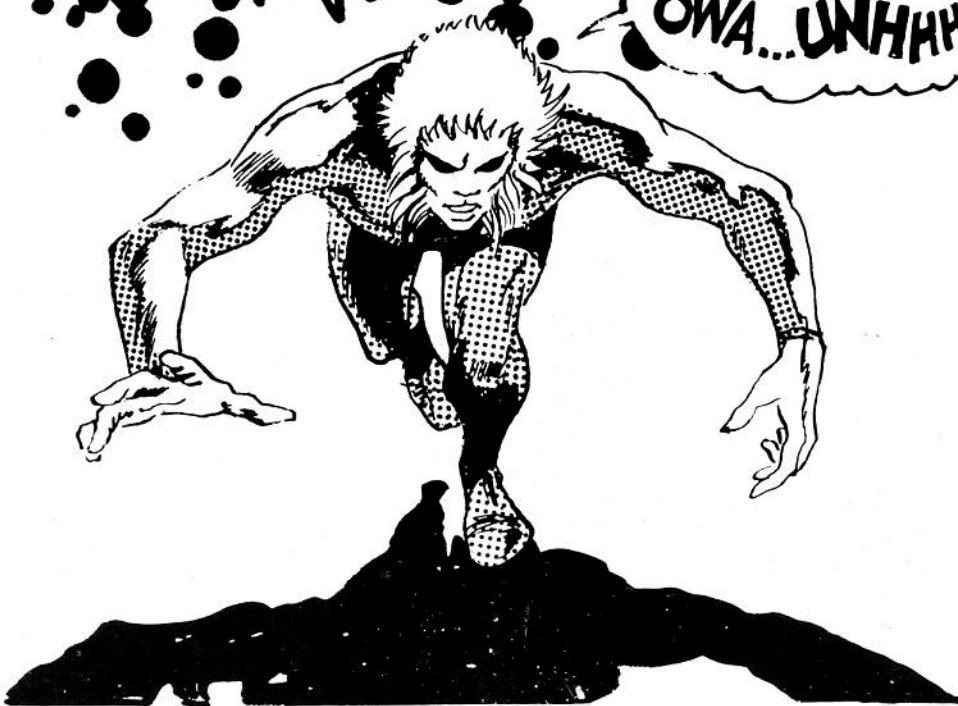
I'M GOING TO USE THIS REAR ENTRANCE! SEE YOU AT THE STAGING SATELLITE!

DRIVING HOME, DANTE FORMULATES TENTATIVE PLANS, WEAPONS USE, BACK UP EQUIPMENT AND SUCH! HE PULLS INTO HIS GARAGE AND TAKES THE LIFT TO HIS FLOOR! HE FUMBLES FOR HIS ENTRANCE CARD, IN HIS EXCITEMENT FORGETTING MOMENTARILY, HIS TRAINING! HE BURSTS INTO HIS APARTMENT ONLY TO BE GREETED BY A TOTALLY DIS-CONCERTING SIGHT!



WHACK!

OWA... UNHHH!



LET'S GET OUT BEFORE THAT THING BLOWS!

DON'T WORRY! I SET THE FUSE FOR 60 SECONDS!

ZEEP!
ZEEP!
ZEEP!
ZEEP!

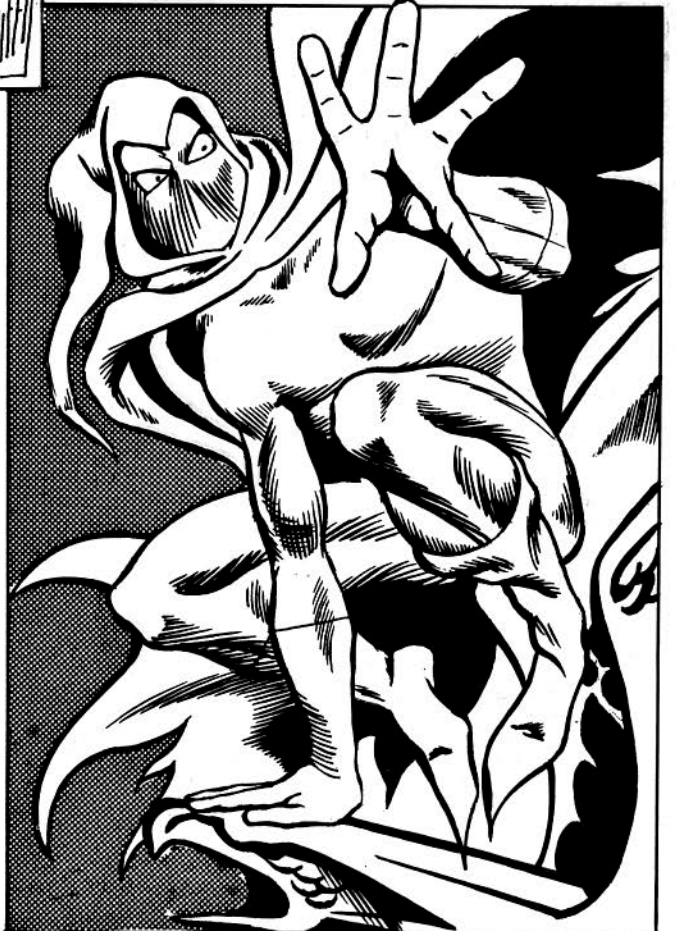
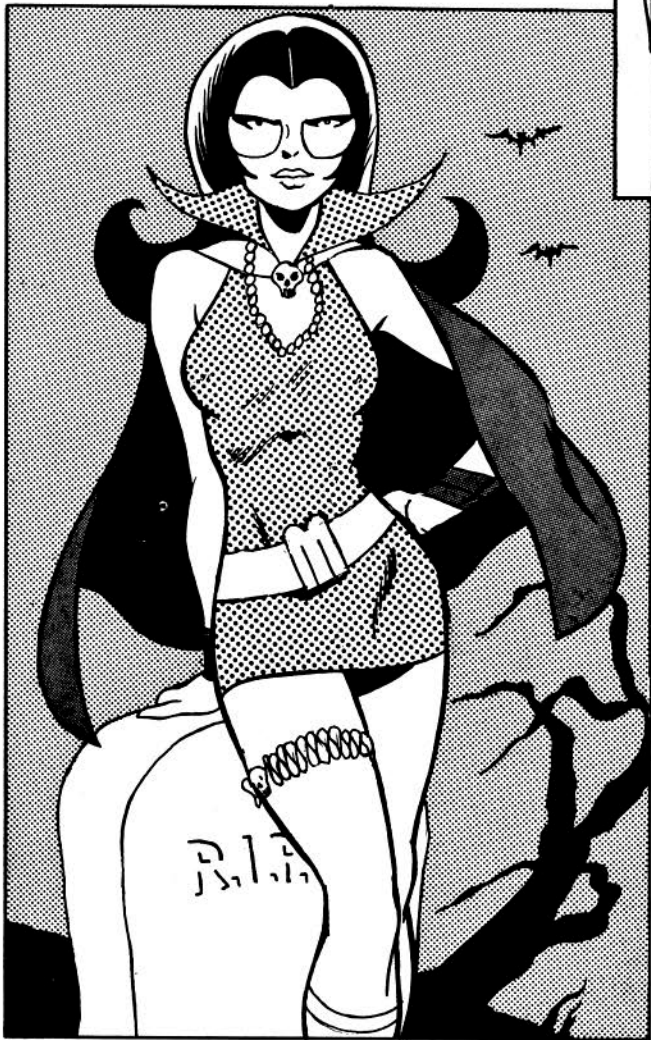
UNNNH!

TO BE CONTINUED IN PART II OF, THE BETELGUESE FACTOR!



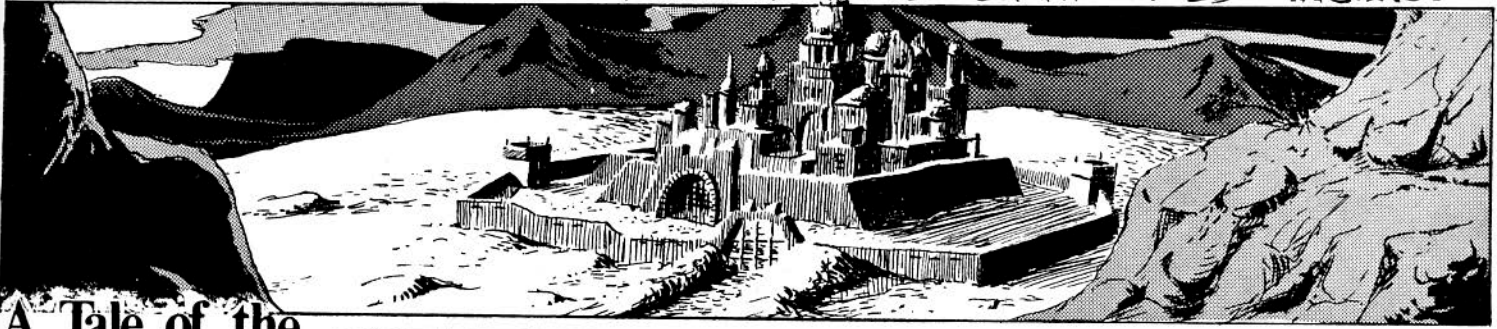


VO
VO
VO





WITHIN THE VALLEY OF ULTERIA, BENEATH THE ARGUS MOUNTAINS, LIES THE ANCIENT CITY OF EXORDIUM; A CITY OF BRILLIANCE AND WONDER, AND ON THIS PARTICULAR NIGHT, A CITY OF MYSTERY AS WELL, FOR AN OUTLANDER HAD BEEN CALLED TO THE CHAMBERS OF THE WIZARD TEDIO. A DARK-HAIRED OUTLANDER WHO IS ABOUT TO EMBARK ON A QUEST MORE DANGEROUS THAN HE CAN IMAGINE. A MERCENARY NAMED ZINGARO.



A Tale of the

ULTERIAN AGE

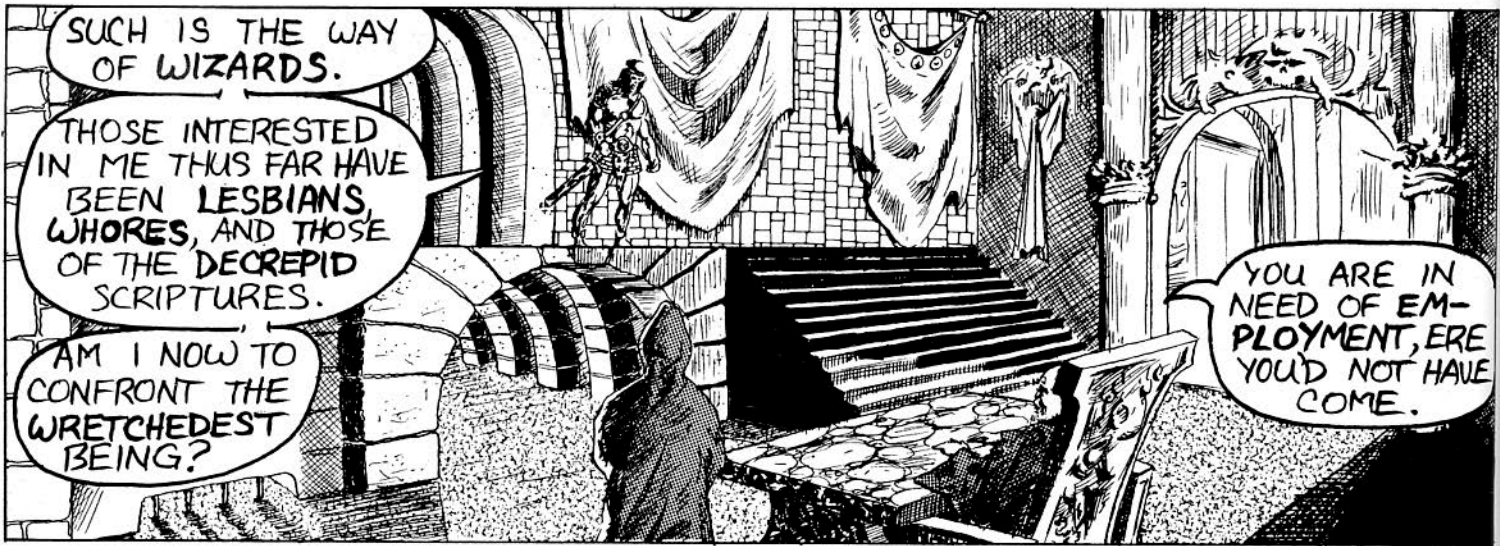
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I HAVE NEED OF A MERCENARY. THE TASK IS NOT AN EASY ONE, BUT YOU WILL BE PAID WELL.

story
J. ALAN TYLER

art
BRENT ANDERSON



SUCH IS THE WAY OF WIZARDS.

THOSE INTERESTED IN ME THUS FAR HAVE BEEN LESBIANS, WHORES, AND THOSE OF THE DECREPID SCRIPTURES.

AM I NOW TO CONFRONT THE WRETCHEDDEST BEING?

YOU ARE IN NEED OF EMPLOYMENT, ERE YOU'D NOT HAVE COME.

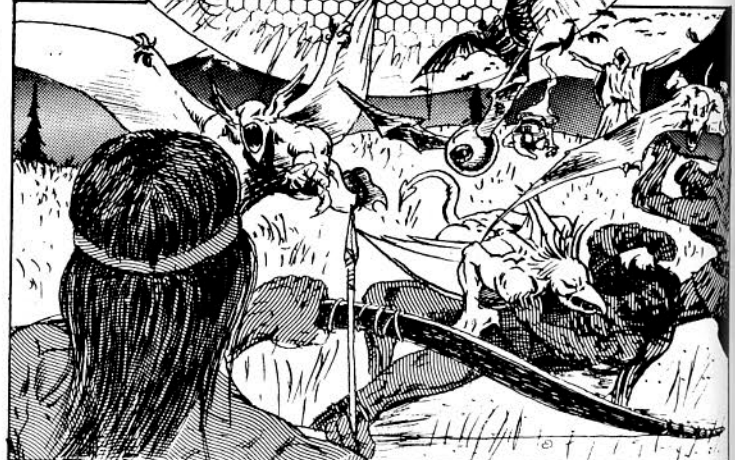
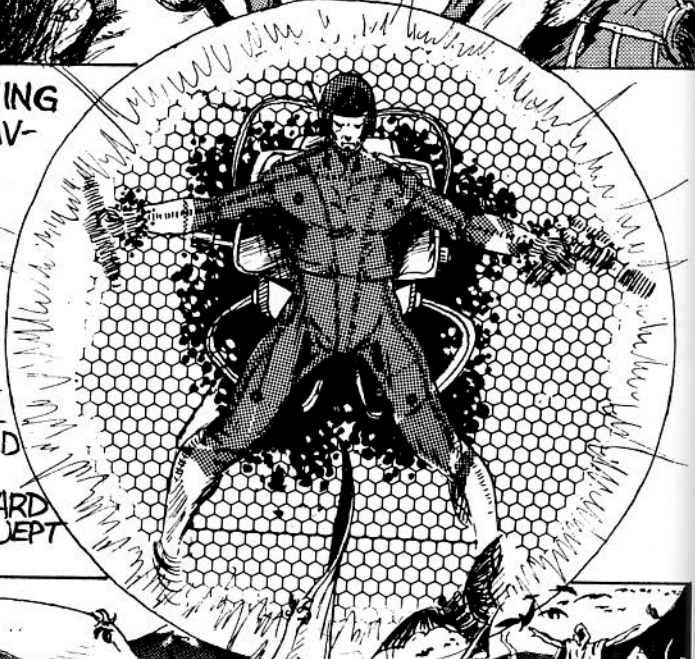


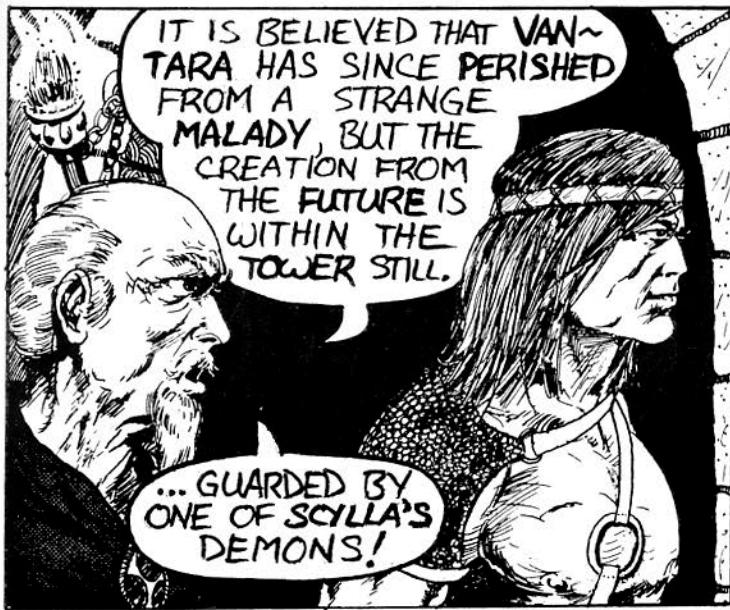
"A TWELVEMONTH AGO, A HUNTING PARTY OF THE EMPEROR VORACI GASTRON ENCOUNTERED A STRANGE PRESENCE UPON A HILLCREST OF THE ARGUS MOUNTAINS!"



"FROM WITHIN A BURNING KNOVA STEPPED A TRAVELER. A BEING WHO CLAIMED TO BE OF A FUTURE AGE."

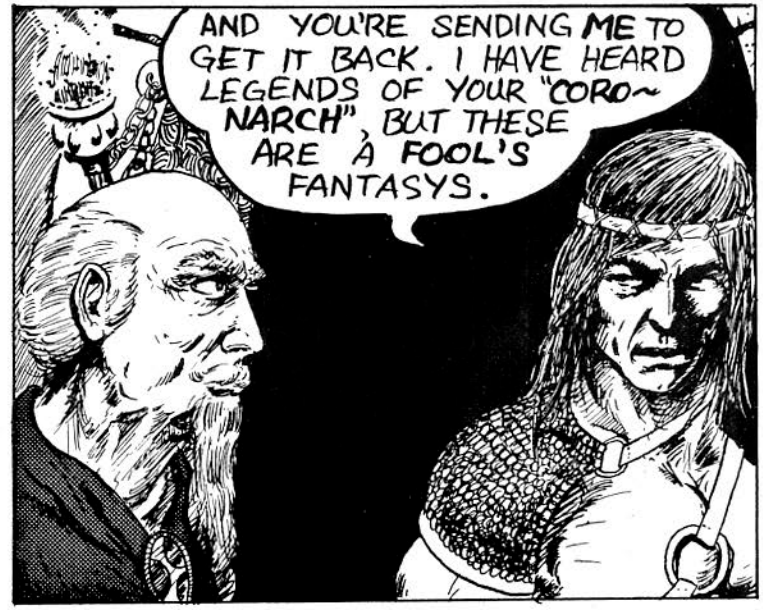
"HIS NAME WAS HADJI VANTARA AND HE SHRIEKED MADNESS. WITHIN HIS GRASP HE CLAIMED WAS THE FINAL CREATION OF MAN. AN ULTIMATE MAGIC; THE OWNER OF WHICH COULD CONTROL THE WORLD AND BEND THE UNIVERSE TO DO HIS BIDDING. HE HELD THE PARTY SPELLBOUND AND, BEFORE THEY COULD MOVE, THEY WERE SET UPON BY A HOARD OF HELLISH DEMONS; DEMONS OF THE DARK WIZARD SCYLLA. SCYLLA ABDUCTED VANTARA AND SWEEP HIM OFF TO THE TOWER OF OCVLUS, WITHIN CORONARCH: THE CITY OF DARKNESS."



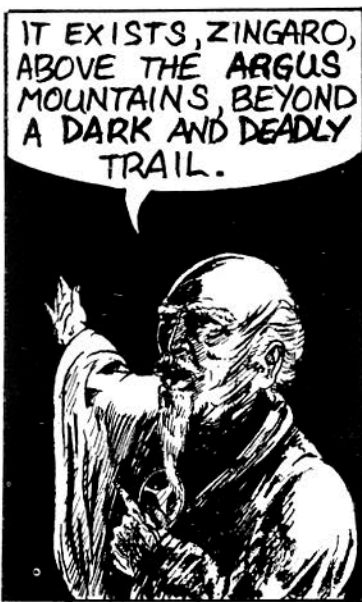


IT IS BELIEVED THAT VAN-TARA HAS SINCE PERISHED FROM A STRANGE MALADY, BUT THE CREATION FROM THE FUTURE IS WITHIN THE TOWER STILL.

... GUARDED BY ONE OF SCILLA'S DEMONS!



AND YOU'RE SENDING ME TO GET IT BACK. I HAVE HEARD LEGENDS OF YOUR "CORONARCH", BUT THESE ARE A FOOL'S FANTASYS.



IT EXISTS, ZINGARO, ABOVE THE ARGUS MOUNTAINS, BEYOND A DARK AND DEADLY TRAIL.



FEAR NOT, OUTLANDER! YOU'LL NOT FARE THE JOURNEY ALONE!

I AM SKULLK: I AM TO ACCOMPANY YOU.



DID YOU THINK GASTRON WOULD SEND A FOREIGNER ON A MISSION WITHOUT ASSURANCE OF HIS RETURN?



OR IS IT I WHO SHALL HOLD YOUR HAND?!

I REQUIRE A GUIDE, TEDIO...

PORTICO LOST HIS TONGUE AT THE HANDS OF ONE FROM CORONARCH. HE SHALL TAKE YOU AS FAR AS THE CITY'S GATES BUT NO FURTHER. I VALUE HIS SERVICE.



AND I VALUE MY TIME; IT IS NOT TO BE WASTED. HAVE YOUR MANSERVANT PREPARE US HORSES AND SUPPLIES. WE LEAVE AT DAWN.



AND WHAT BREED OF SAVAGE ARE YOU TO COMMAND THIS MISSION?!

AN EQUESTRIAN! AND "SAVAGE" ENOUGH TO SPLIT YOUR SKULL IF YOU CROSS ME!!

THERE IS MUCH TO BE READED THIS NIGHT. YOU'D BEST KEEP MY PACE OR I'LL LEAVE YOU BEHIND!



SO, THE PROUD UTERIAN TAKES HIS LEAVE, EH? TELL ME MORE, WIZARD.

YOU'VE TOLD ME WHERE THIS MAGIC THING LIES, BUT WHAT OF IT'S SIZE AND SHAPE?

I CAN TELL YOU NO MORE THAN THAT IT IS OF AN ULTIMATE KNOWLEDGE BROUGHT BACK FROM THE FUTURE..

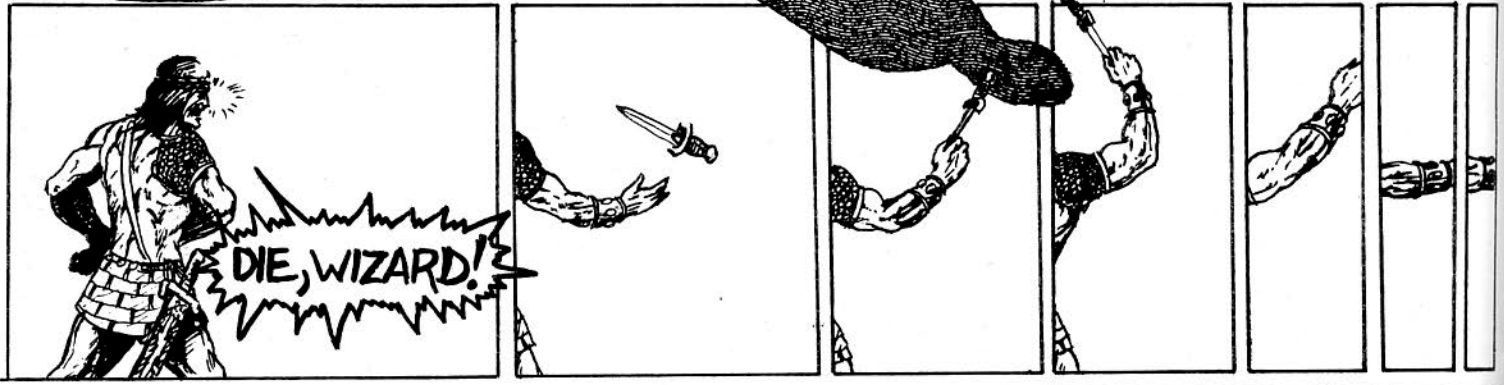
BAH! YOU SPEAK OF THE FUTURE AS A PATH THAT CAN BE WALKED. THESE ARE BUT FABLES FOR A WOMAN! NO ONE MAY TRAVEL FROM THE FUTURE..

BUT ONE OF A POWERFUL MIND MAY KNOW THE FUTURE. THE POWER OF KNOWLEDGE..

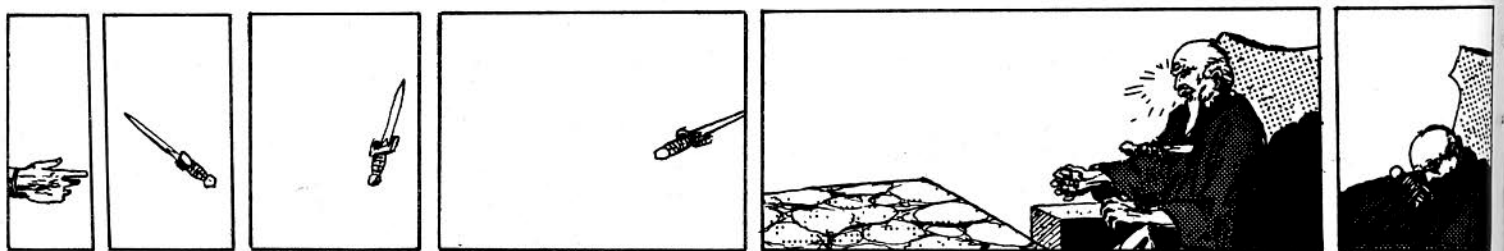
THE POWER OF KNOWLEDGE??! THE BLASPHEMY OF MAGIC!! A LEARNED WIZARD HAS NO POWER 'ERE YOU'D NOT HAVE ASKED THE SERVICE OF A GO-LIATH THIS EVE'. THE FORCES OF MAGIC AND TRUE POWER SHALL NEVER JOIN!

MINE IS TRUE STRENGTH AND I NEED SERVE NO ONE BUT MYSELF!

WHEN VANTARA'S TOY IS IN MY CLUTCHES, I SHALL SELL IT TO THE EMPIRE OF THE HIGHEST PRICE! AND NO MERE WIZARD SHALL STAND IN MY WAY!!



DIE, WIZARD!



WITHIN A BREATHSPAN, ZINGARO WAS HIMSELF AGAIN. HE SAW NO REASON FOR KILLING TEDIO... HE HAD FELT NO HATRED FOR THE MAN HIMSELF... BUT ZINGARO WAS A MAN OF PRINCIPLES, AND TEDIO WAS, AFTER ALL, ONLY A WIZARD ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

IT HAD BEEN A LONG RIDE FOR THE THREESOME. SCAVENGERS TRACKING THE SAME CARCASS MAKE BAD TRAVEL PARTNERS AND ZINGARO'S PATIENCE HAD INDEED BEEN STRETCHED.



LO, SO THAT'S YOUR DRED CITY OF CORONARCH, EH?

LOOKS PRETTY DEAD TO ME!

MANY HAVE PERISHED WITHIN IT'S WALLS, BARBARIAN~ JUST AS WE WELL MIGHT!

BAH!

YOU MAY RETURN TO YOUR MASTER, PORTICO. WE REQUIRE YOUR SERVICE NO LONGER.

PORTICO WATCHES MOURNFULLY AS THE TWO RIDE THROUGH THE CITY'S GATES AND HE WISHES THAT HE HAD A TONGUE TO SPEAK.

FOR IF HE BUT COULD, HE WOULD REMIND ZINGARO OF WHAT TEDIO HAD SAID EARLIER...

... FOR THE CITY OF CORONARCH DOES INDEED LIE "ABOVE THE ARGUS MOUNTAINS"!

THE TOWER OF OCULUS. NO PORTALS...



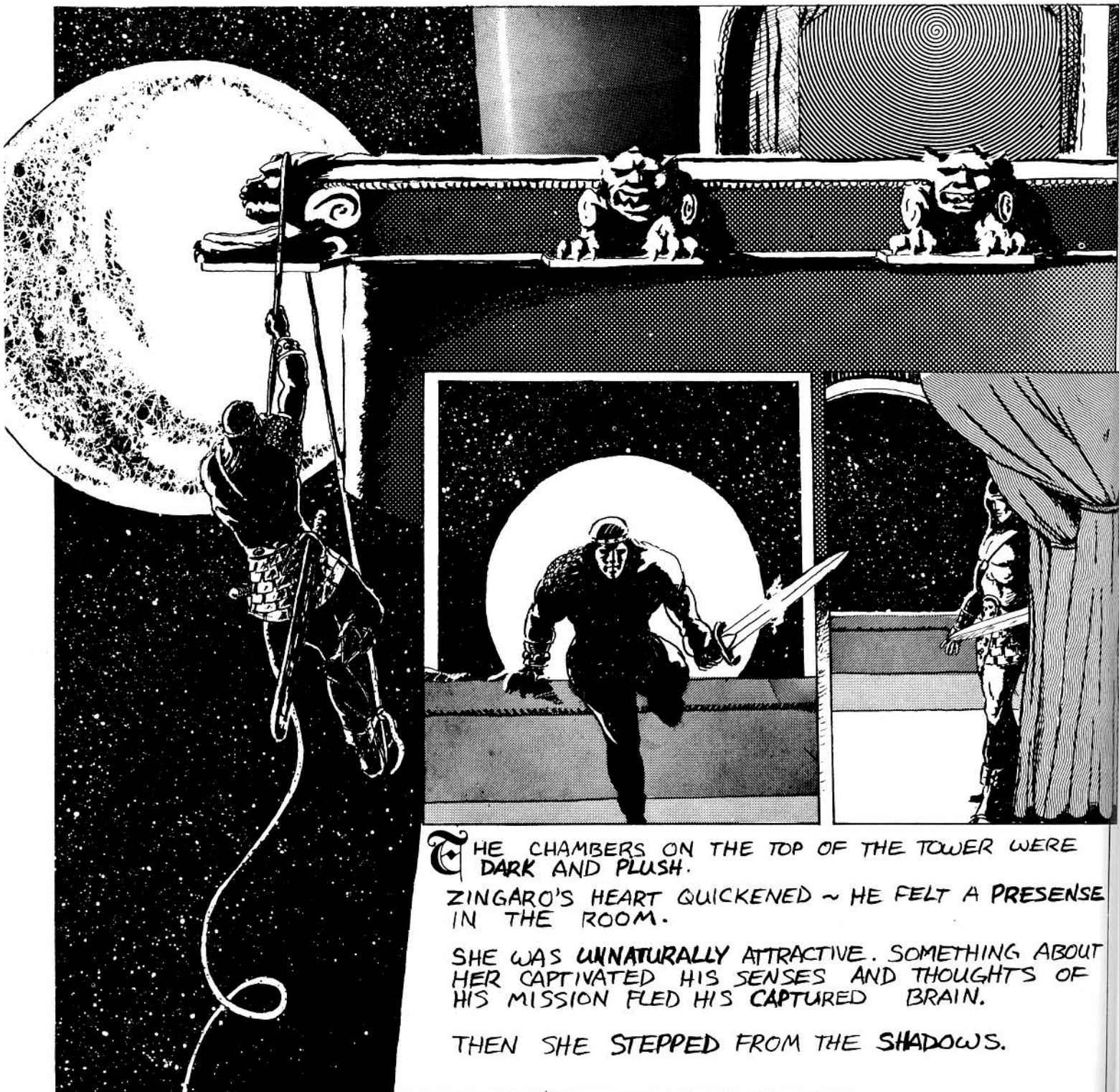
...NO ENTRANCE SAVE ONE IN FRONT~ NO DOUBT FURNISHED WITH A GUARD OF SOME SORT.

A DEMON.

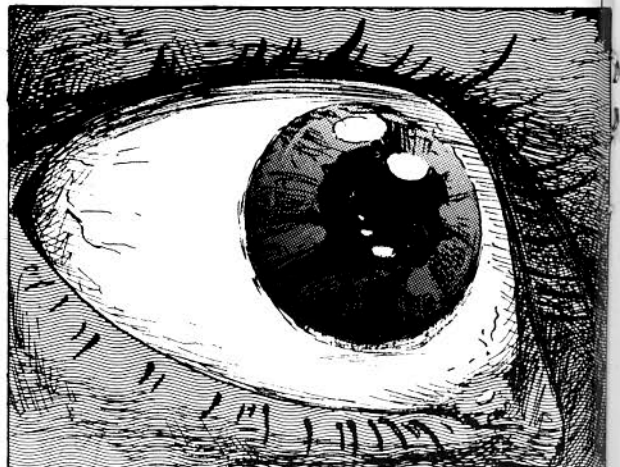
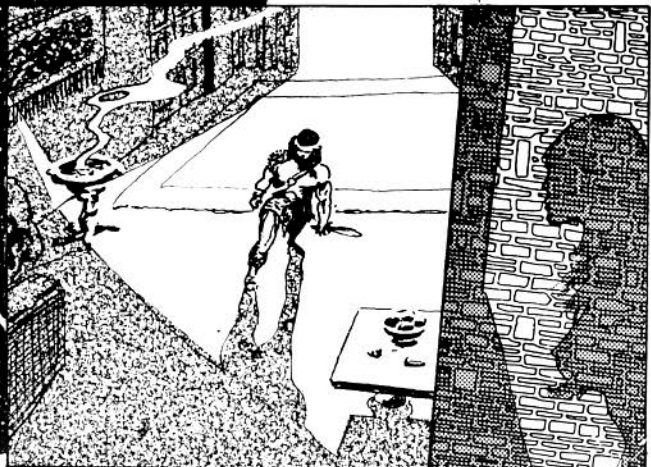
DEMONS IN A DEAD CITY. THESE COURTYARDS ARE NO DOUBT GUARDED BY MAGGOTS!

YOU MAY SHIVER WHERE YOU STAND, WOMAN~

---I SHALL CLIMB.



THE CHAMBERS ON THE TOP OF THE TOWER WERE DARK AND PLUSH. ZINGARO'S HEART QUICKENED ~ HE FELT A PRESENSE IN THE ROOM. SHE WAS UNNATURALLY ATTRACTIVE. SOMETHING ABOUT HER CAPTIVATED HIS SENSES AND THOUGHTS OF HIS MISSION FLED HIS CAPTURED BRAIN. THEN SHE STEPPED FROM THE SHADOWS.





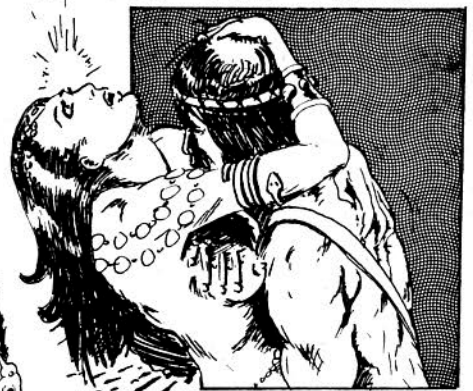
I AM CALLED~~~
AZRAEL.



COME~~~

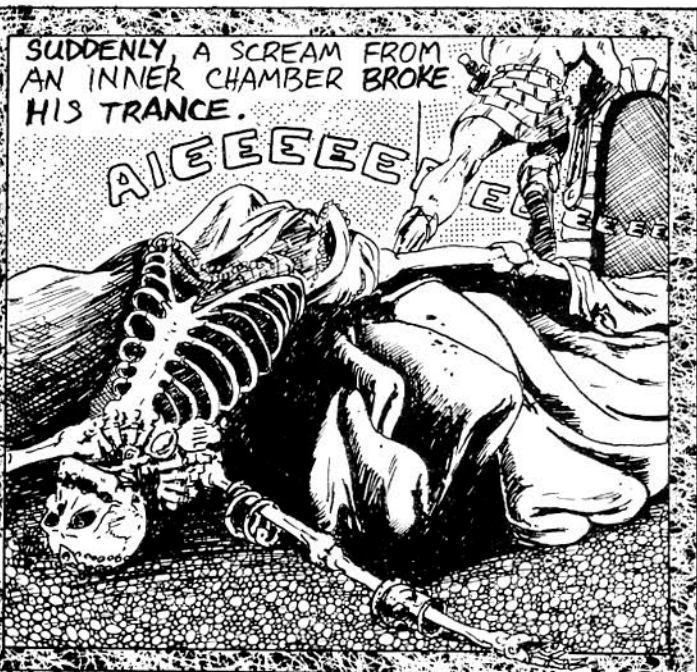


AS ZINGARO DREW CLOSE, HE SENSED THE STRANGENESS OF THE GIRL. HIS CLOUDED MIND RECALLED THAT A DEMON LURKED ATOP THE TOWER. AND IN A PUZZLED MOMENT~ HE SENSED THE TRAP!



ZINGARO HAD PREPARED HIMSELF FOR ALL FORMS OF HORROR~~~ BUT THAT WHICH HIS EYES BEHELD STILL FILLED HIM WITH TERROR. HE HAD NEVER BEFORE SEEN~~~ A SIREN!





SUDDENLY, A SCREAM FROM AN INNER CHAMBER BROKE HIS TRANCE.

AIEEEEE

SKULLK ~ SO IT'S YOU. BUT HOW...

A TUNNEL... FROM BELOW...

BUT HURRY... I FEAR WE HAVE BEEN DISCOV~~

SKULLK'S MESSAGE WAS CUT SHORT AS HIS BODY WAS SPLIT ASSUNDER BY A RAMPAGING FIRE BOLT!

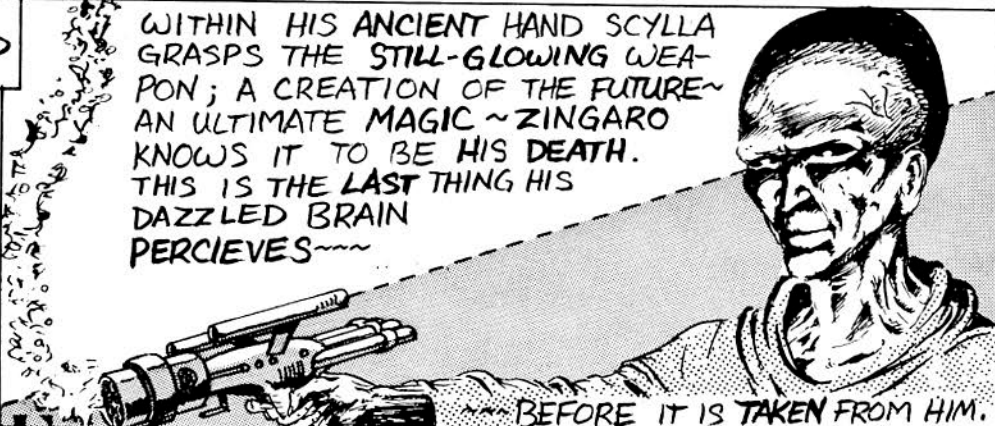


ZINGARO'S EYES LIFT FROM SKULLK'S SHATTERED CORPSE...



...AND HE BEHOLDS SCYLLA; THE FABLED WIZARD OF DEATH!

WITHIN HIS ANCIENT HAND SCYLLA GRASPS THE STILL-GLOWING WEAPON; A CREATION OF THE FUTURE~ AN ULTIMATE MAGIC ~ ZINGARO KNOWS IT TO BE HIS DEATH. THIS IS THE LAST THING HIS DAZZLED BRAIN PERCIEVES

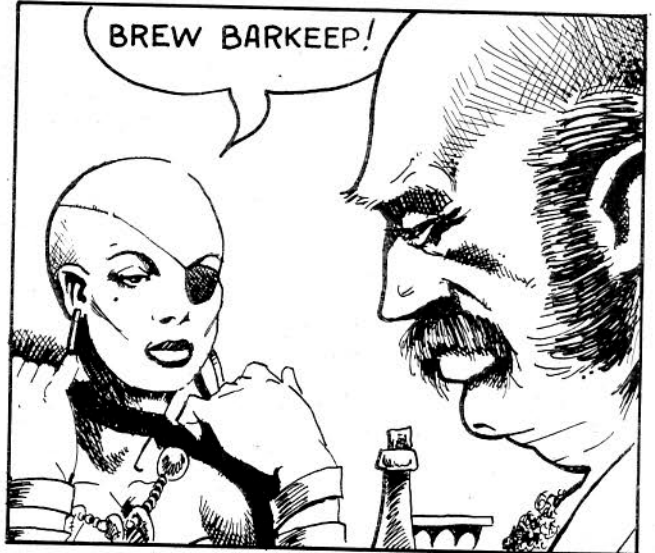


BEFORE IT IS TAKEN FROM HIM.

PILOGUE: MAN; THE COMPLEX BEING. WITHIN THE MIND THAT'S DESTINED TO BRIDGE THE VOIDS OF TIME AND SPACE, LIES ANIMAL INSTINCTS. INSTINCTS NECESSARY FOR SURVIVAL ON EARTH. AMONG THESE IS THE BASIC INSTINCT TO HAVE AND PROTECT TERRITORY. WHEN MAN HAS FINALLY LIMITED HIMSELF TO A SIMPLIFIED EXISTANCE ON AN OVER-POPULATED WORLD, OR TO LIFE IN THE CRAMPED LIVING QUARTERS OF OUTER-SPACE, HE MUST CROSS THAT FINAL BRIDGE IN HIS JOURNEY TOWARDS PERFECTION. HE MUST CEASE TO ACT INSTINCTIVELY OR DESTROY HIMSELF LIKE THE HUMAN ANIMAL THAT HE IS.

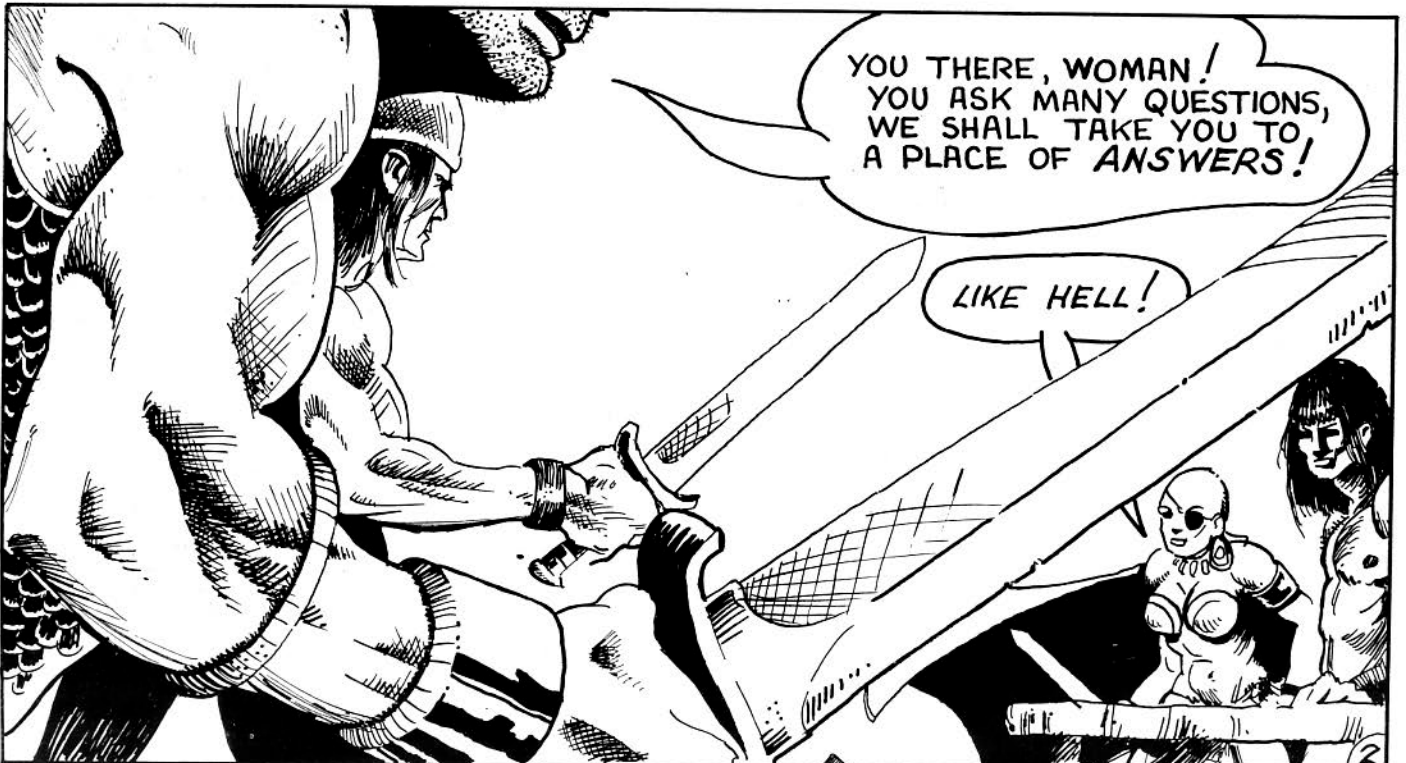
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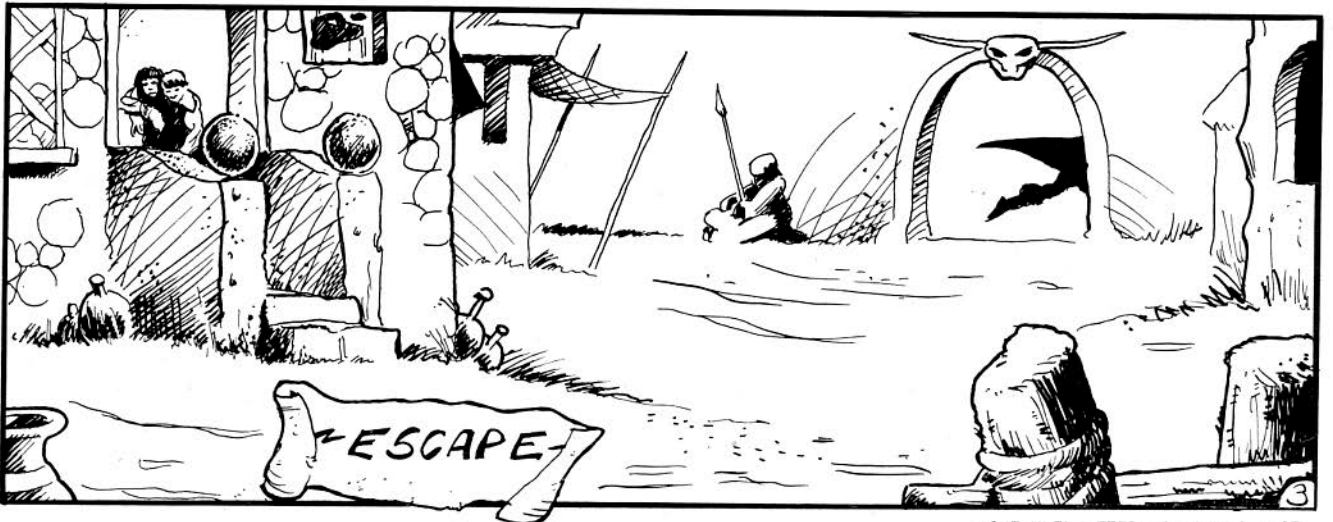
Savrina





S AVRINA LOOKS AT HIM FEELING COMPASSION AND A KINSHIP SHE CANNOT EXPLAIN.





COLLECTORS BUTTONS



TARZAN ONE by Hal Foster depicts Edgar Rice Burroughs' famous character on a full color, three inch pinback button of top quality. It is the first in a series featuring Tarzan artists. The art on this button comes from an early 1930s Sunday page before artist Foster moved on to gain fame as the creator of Prince Valiant. \$1.25



The TARZAN SPECIAL is a large six inch button by Burne Hogarth. It is also full color. The back folds out to allow the button to stand on a bookshelf or desk top. It can be hung on the wall as a plaque. This is dynamic Tarzan action at its best by a master. For the size involved, this button is your best buy. \$2.95



TARZAN TWO is a match in size and color to the first button. It features art by Frank Frazetta and is limited in number. Our supply is dwindling and the button will not be reprinted. \$1.25

DEALERS: Liberal discounts may be had on quantity purchases of any or all buttons. Write for rate scale if interested.



ALLEY OOP, one of the longest running of the adventure strips, is by creator V. T. Hamlin on a three and one-half inch button. Oop, the cave man time traveler, is one of the greatest! \$1.50



FLASH GORDON and Ming the Merciless as drawn by Alex Raymond. This button is three inches in diameter and printed in full color. Flash is an all time comic favorite. \$1.50

NEW

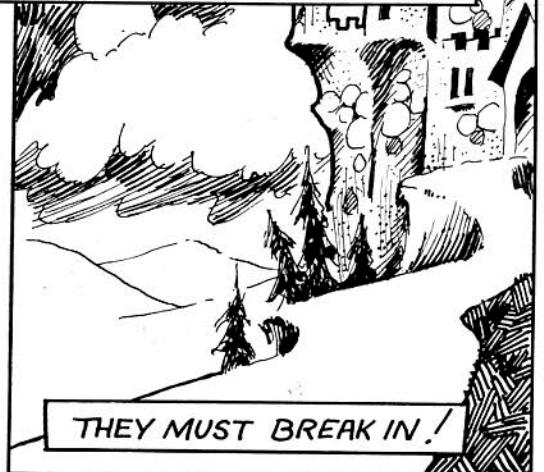
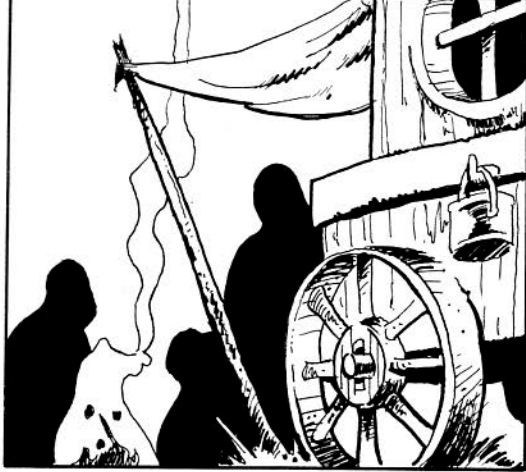


CONAN, the blood and thunder character from the pulps by Robert E. Howard, is featured on this full color button in a three inch size. This button was produced from art done especially for this project with color by the artist, Clyde Caldwell. \$2.00

Collector's Buttons

Box 728, La Crosse, Kansas 67548

THE TWO FUGITIVES HIDE IN THE CAMP OF OXE'S MOTHER! THE GNARLED OLD GYPSY TELLS SAVRINA OF THE CASTLE AND OF THE ATROCITIES PERFORMED BY ITS RULER AND HIS HENCHMEN!



THEY MUST BREAK IN!





THROWN INTO THE DUNGEON BY THE EVIL KROGAS, THEY ARE GREETED BY THE WIZARD TOLANN!



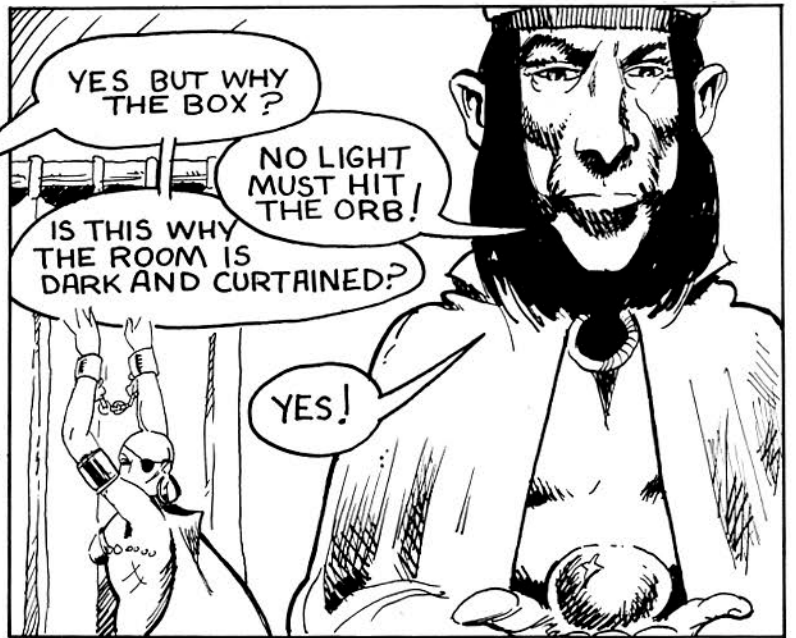
O GREAT TOLANN, I KNOW YOU HAVE GREAT POWER OVER WOMEN, I MYSELF FEEL WEAK!



COME MY DEAR, WE SHALL SEE THE ORBS' POWER TOGETHER!



YOU MAY LEAVE US GUARD!







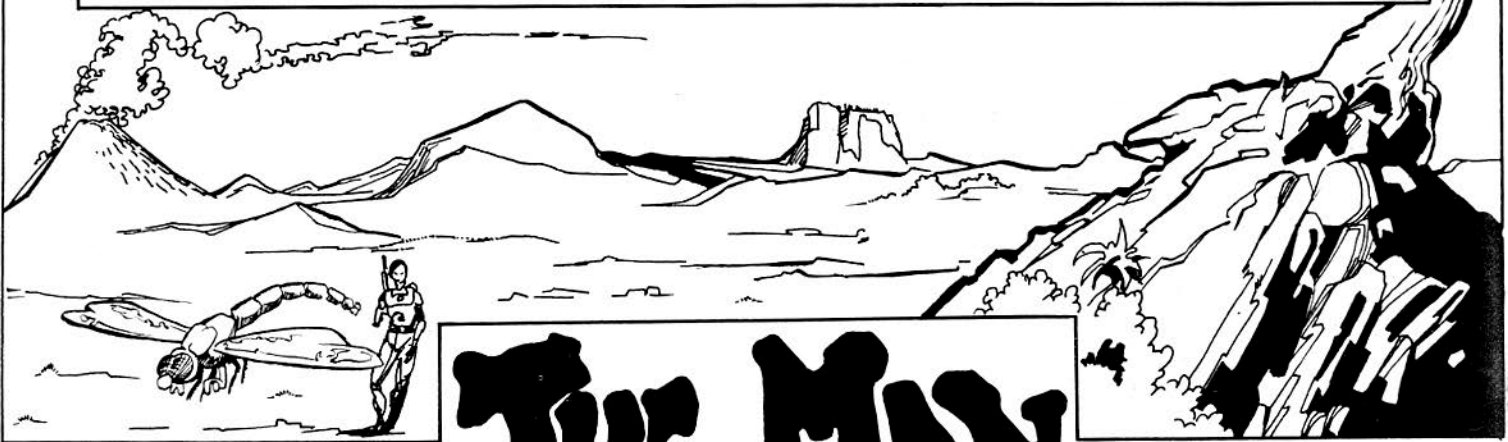


THIS IS THE FUTURE, OUR FUTURE! A FUTURE OF BARREN DESERTS AND EMPTY CANYONS. A FUTURE OF ERODED ROCKS AND DEVASTATING RADIATION STORMS. YES, THIS IS MAN'S WORLD NOW STERILE BECAUSE OF HIS IGNORANCE.

FOR CENTURIES MAN HAD POLLUTED HIS SKIES, LAND AND WATER WAYS. AND FOR CENTURIES WAR HAD LAID WASTE TO HIS WORLD CLIMAXING WITH THE THREAT OF THE THIRD GREAT WAR WHICH WAS NARROWLY AVERTED WITH THE SIGNING OF THE GREAT "PEACE PACT".

THEN THE YAMS CAME. YAMS—INTERSTELLAR INVADERS BENT ON COLONIZING MAN'S WORLD. MAN'S TECHNOLOGY WAS HELPLESS BEFORE THESE SUPERIOR BEINGS AND SOON THE YAMS CONQUERED.

NOW ONLY SMALL BANDS OF MEN CARRY ON THE WAR THAT ENDED YEARS AGO ON BATTLEFIELDS ONCE OCCUPIED BY HUGE ARMIES.



THE MAN

IN THE DESERT THAT WAS ONCE THE STATE OF NEVADA, A RADIATION STORM BREWS THEN EVENTUALLY SUBSIDES. IN ITS GRIM AFTERMATH, A LONE FIGURE TRUDGES WEARILY THROUGH THE DUST OBLIVIOUS TO ALL SAVE THE PARCHNESS OF HIS THROAT AND THE EMPTINESS OF HIS BELLY.

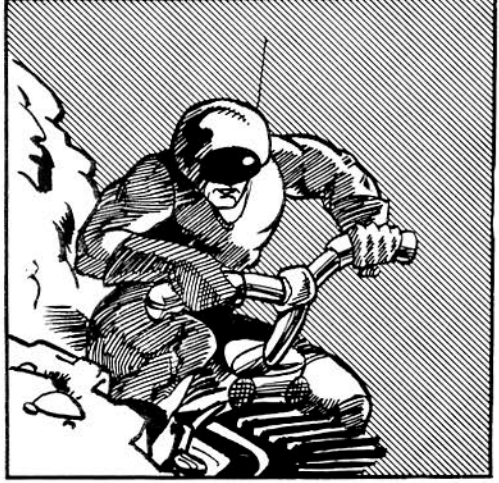
THE MAN CLIMBED TO THE SUMMIT OF A HILL AND SURVEYED THE DESOLATION THAT WAS ONCE LAS VEGAS. AS IS USUAL AFTER A RADIATION STORM, THE AIR IS HOT AND DRY AND ONLY INCREASED HIS THIRST.



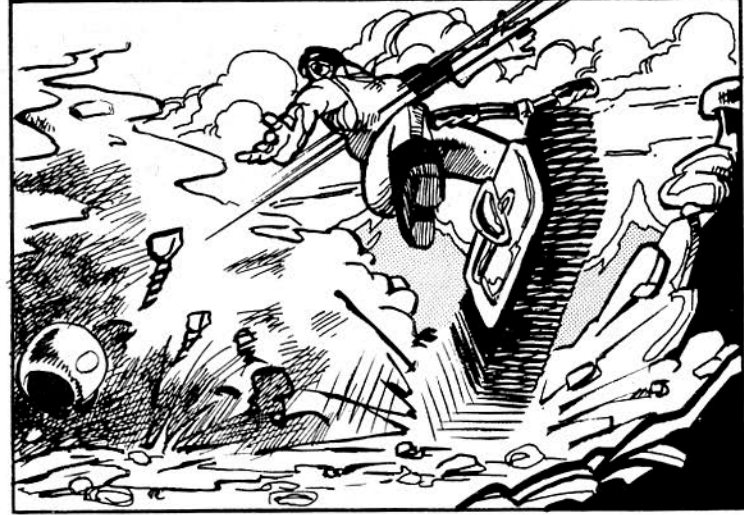
HE SCANNED THE AREA FOR SIGNS OF A WATER HOLE WHEN FROM THE DISTANCE CAME A SOUND FOREIGN TO THIS DESOLATE ENVIRONMENT—THE ROAR OF AN ENGINE!



"PEBBLE-RIDER!" THE WORD HISSED IN HIS MIND LIKE A CURSE AS THE YAM MOUNTED ON THE STRANGE VEHICLE ROARED ON TOWARDS THE MAN...



THREE STEEL PROJECTILES ENTERED THEN EXITED THE ALIEN'S BODY FORCING "HIM" OFF THE STRANGE VEHICLE TO LAND IN A CRUMPLED HEAP ON THE SUN-CRACKED GROUND...



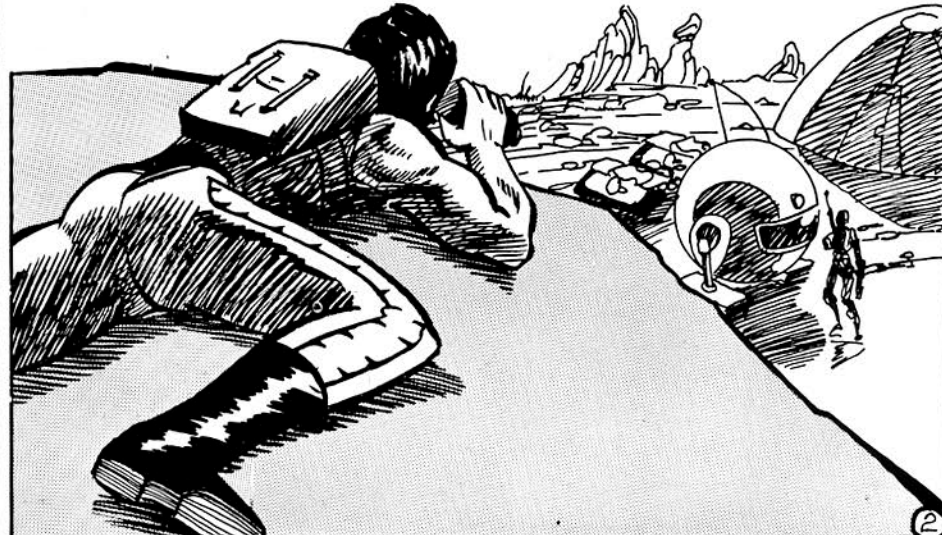
THE RIDERLESS VEHICLE BOUNCED THREE TIMES THEN CRASHED ON THE SIDE OF THE HILL FROM WHICH THE SNIPER HAD SHOT EXPLODING IN A FIREBALL OF FLAMING SHARPNEL AND SMOKE.



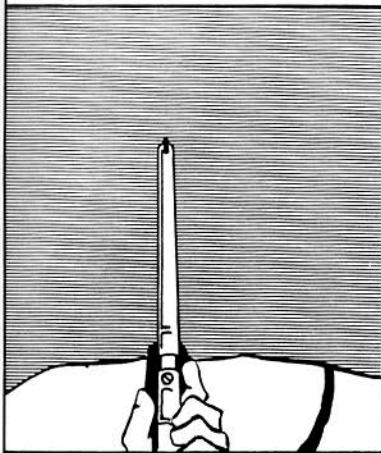
THE MAN SCRAMBLED DOWN THE SIDE OF THE HILL TO WHERE THE BODY OF THE YAM LAID. HE STOOD EYEING THE CORPSE FOR A FEW MINUTES THEN LEFT THINKING THERE WAS NOTHING WORTH LOOTING.



THE SUN HAD BEGUN TO SET WHEN THE MAN CAME UPON A YAM CAMPSITE. "YAM BALL AND PEBBLE-RIDERS— FOUR AT LEAST." HE THOUGHT. HE HAD NOT EATEN ALL THAT DAY AND HERE WAS AN OPPORTUNITY FOR FOOD.



HE UNSTRAPPED HIS RIFLE AND TOOK CAREFUL AIM AT ONE OF THE TWO YAMS OUTSIDE THE SHELTER. "DEAD MEAT!" HE THOUGHT TO HIMSELF.



HE SQUEEZED THE TRIGGER AND THE YAM CRUMPLED BACKWARDS.



FROM THE "SITE TENT" RUSHED TWO MORE YAMS ONLY TO HAVE ANOTHER VICTIM FALL BEFORE THE MAN'S UNERRING AIM!



AT THE FIRST SOUND OF RETURN GUN FIRE, THE MAN CIRCLED AROUND...



TO A POSITION BEHIND THE YAMS!



THE MAN CAREFULLY ENTERED THE YAM "SITE TENT" RIFLE AT READY. PREPARED FOR ALMOST ANYTHING



BUT NOT FOR WHAT HE FOUND!



ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE TENT HUDDLED A YAM FEMALE AND IN HER ARMS, A CHILD OF ITS KIND!!



NO PLEASE NOT TO KILL THIS ONE... NOT TO HURT CHILD!



TO THE MAN THE YAM'S WORDS WERE UNDECIPHERABLE GIBBERISH BUT THE SCENE LAID OUT BEFORE HIM BROUGHT FORTH A WAVE OF PAIN AND UNWANTED MEMORY!



A MEMORY OF DAYS ALMOST FORGOTTEN. OF DAYS BEFORE THE "GREAT DEATH". HAPPY MEMORIES!

"AND DOES MOMMY LOVE JOHNNY?"
"YES DEAR, VERY, VERY MUCH. WITH ALL MY HEART."
"JOHNNY LOVE YOU TOO MOMMY."



"IS IT NICE TO BE LOVED, MOMMY?"
"OF COURSE DARLING, ITS SAD NOT TO BE LOVED, JOHNNY. YOU NEED SOMEONE... ALWAYS."



J-J-JOHNNY! NAME...
JOHNNY! L-L-LOVE...
LOVE JOHNNY! PLEASE
LOVE ME!



NOT UNDERSTAND; PLEASE TO GO AWAY; NOT TO CHILD HARM; LEAVE ONE!

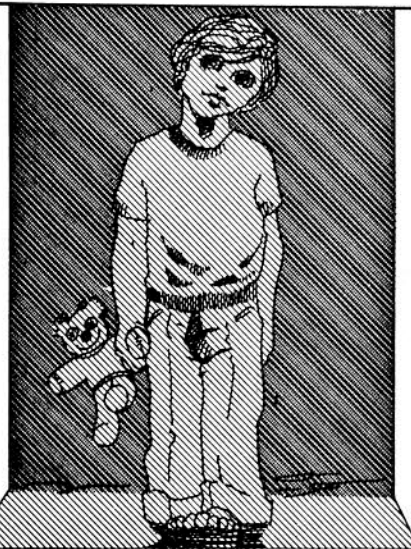


THE YAM'S RESPONSE WAS HARSH, GLUTTERAL AND TOTALLY UNINTELLIGIBLE.



THEN FRAMED IN THE DOORWAY BEHIND THE MAN STOOD A CHILD TWENTY-ONE YEARS AGO. A CHILD WHO STOOD IN STUNNED DISBELIEF WHEN HE CAME UPON THE RAPED AND BEATEN BODY OF HIS MOTHER KILLED BY A BEING FAR DIFFERENT FROM HIMSELF. A CHILD WHOSE NAME WAS JOHNNY.

THE MAN CRIED LONG INTO THE NIGHT.



THIS IS THE FUTURE, OUR FUTURE. A FUTURE OF BARREN SOULS AND EMPTY HEARTS. A FUTURE OF GREAT PAIN AND EVEN GREATER HOPE. YES, THIS IS MAN'S WORLD...



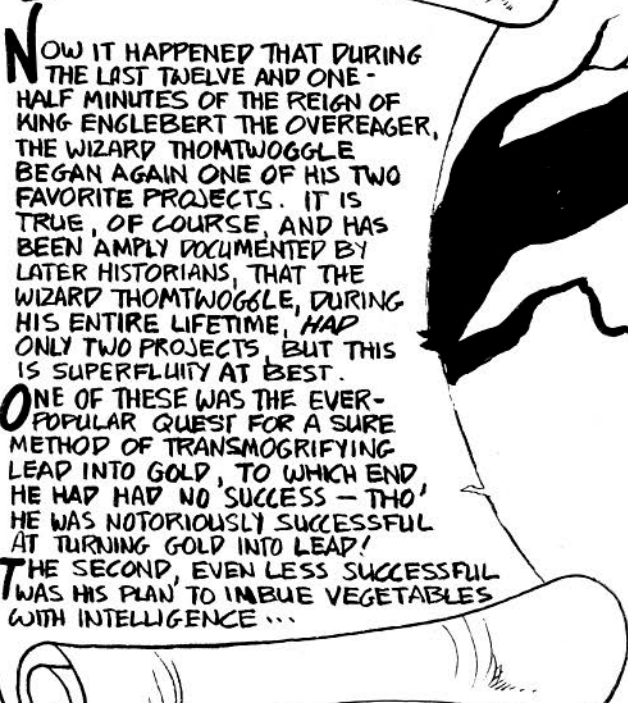






E. LANCELOT WRIMPLE'S

MOORPH



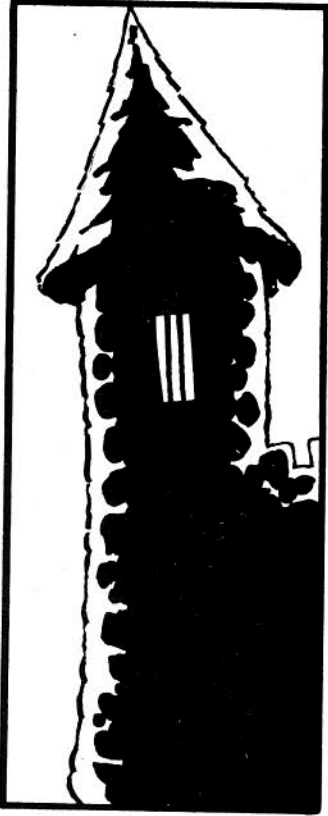
Now it happened that during the last twelve and one-half minutes of the reign of King Englebert the Overeager, the wizard Thomtwoggle began again one of his two favorite projects. It is true, of course, and has been amply documented by later historians, that the wizard Thomtwoggle, during his entire lifetime, had only two projects, but this is superfluity at best.

One of these was the ever-popular quest for a sure method of transmogrifying lead into gold, to which end he had had no success — tho' he was notoriously successful at turning gold into lead!

The second, even less successful was his plan to imbue vegetables with intelligence ...



ALL THIS IS OF NO SIGNIFICANCE, HOWEVER, AS WE SHALL NOT SEE THOMTWOGGLE AGAIN AFTER THIS PAGE ...



WHAT IS OF SIGNIFICANCE, HOWEVER - OF MOST VITAL SIGNIFICANCE IN FACT, IS THAT ON THIS PARTICULAR OCCASION THOMTWOGGLE HAD SELECTED AS THE SUBJECT OF HIS EXPERIMENT AN ESPECIALLY LARGE AND DECIDEDLY OVER-RIPE ONION ...



NOW, UNFORTUNATELY FOR THOMTWOGGLE - THO' FORTUNATELY FOR YOUR AUTHOR, OR THIS CHRONICLE WOULD END HERE - THE WIZARD WAS IN THE HABIT OF CELEBRATING HIS SUCCESSSES RATHER IN ADVANCE OF ATTAINING THEM ...



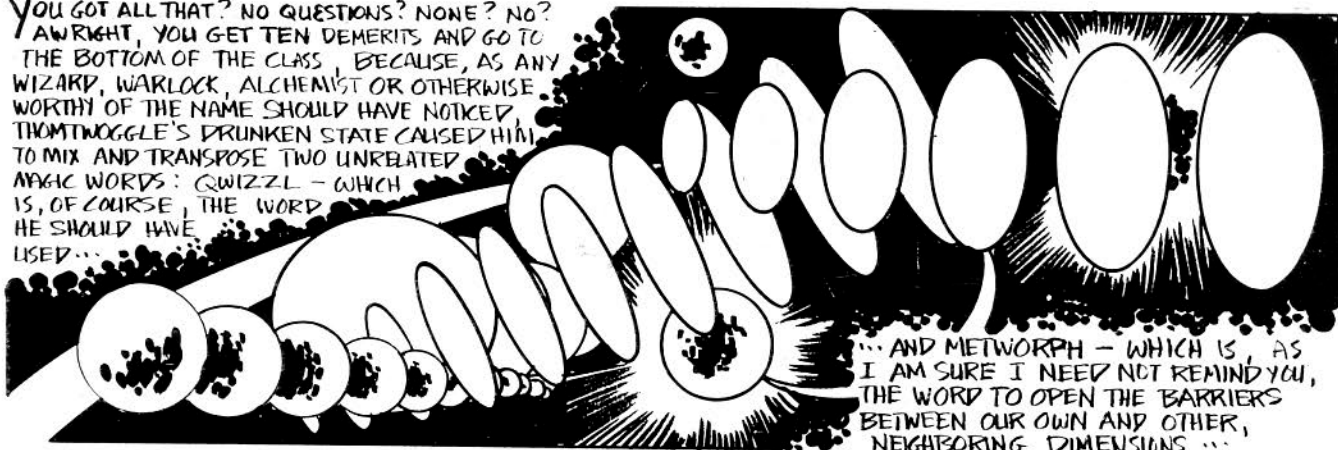
SO IT WAS THAT, IN A STATE KNOWN (FOR THE PROTECTION OF OUR READERS OF MORE TENDER YEARS) AS "THREE SHEETS TO THE WIND", AND BEING, AS IT WERE, THE RECEPTACLE OF A FEW TOO MANY TANKARDS OF FAERIE ALE, THOMTWOGGLE ENTERED HIS LABORATORY ...



AND LITTERED THE MAGIC WORD ...



YOU GOT ALL THAT? NO QUESTIONS? NONE? NO?
 AWRIGHT, YOU GET TEN DEMERITS AND GO TO
 THE BOTTOM OF THE CLASS, BECAUSE, AS ANY
 WIZARD, WARLOCK, ALCHEMIST OR OTHERWISE
 WORTHY OF THE NAME SHOULD HAVE NOTICED,
 THOMTWOGGLE'S DRUNKEN STATE CAUSED HIM
 TO MIX AND TRANSPOSE TWO UNRELATED
 MAGIC WORDS: QWIZZL - WHICH
 IS, OF COURSE, THE WORD
 HE SHOULD HAVE
 USED...



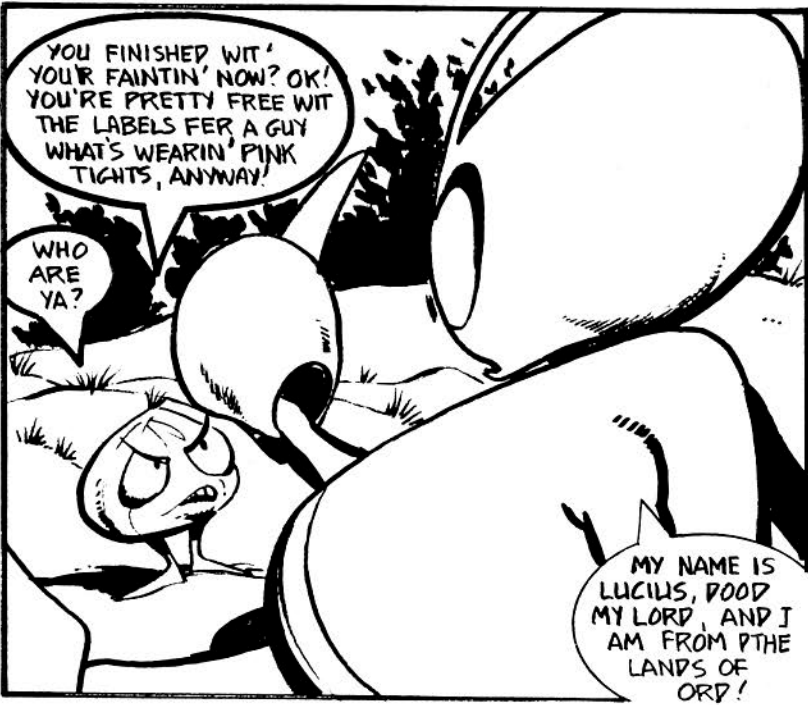
... AND METWORPH - WHICH IS, AS
 I AM SURE I NEED NOT REMIND YOU,
 THE WORD TO OPEN THE BARRIERS
 BETWEEN OUR OWN AND OTHER,
 NEIGHBORING DIMENSIONS ...



POODNESS
 DWACIOUS ME!
 WHAT IN PTHE
 WORLDS CAN PTHIS
 PTHING BE !?



VEGETABLE?



YOU FINISHED WIT'
 YOU'R FAINTIN' NOW? OK!
 YOU'RE PRETTY FREE WIT
 THE LABELS FER A GUY
 WHAT'S WEARIN' PINK
 TIGHTS, ANYWAY!

WHO
 ARE
 YA?

MY NAME IS
 LUCIUS, POOD
 MY LORD, AND I
 AM FROM PTHE
 LANDS OF
 ORD!



OH, GEEZ! A
 POETRY MAJOR NO
 LESS! AWRIGHT
 USELESS, TELL YA
 WHAT I'M GONNA
 LETCHA DO!

I'M GONNA
 LETCHA SHOW ME
 THIS FUNKY "ORD"
 OF YOURS, AN' IF I
 LIKE WHAT I SEE
 MAYBE I'LL...

HOLD!
 NOT SO HASTY
 LITTLE ONE!



HUH?

THOU ART NEW HERE, SMALL ONE, SO CANST BE EXCUSED THY IGNORANCE, THIS ONCE!

NONE MAY ENTER OR LEAVE THIS LAND OF CENTAURS WITHOUT DOING SERVICE TO THE QUEEN



PTHESE WORDS HE SPEAKS ARE PERFECT! PTRUE! PTIS JUST SUCH SERVICE I MUST DO!

YA KNOW SUMPTIN USELESS? GIVEN A SECOND TA WORK ON IT I COULD GET GOOD AN' SICK OF YOU, PAL!



OK, TRIGGER, I'LL PLAY YOUR LI'L GAME. SUPPOSE I DON'T WANNA SERVE HER?



THOU ART ONCE AGAIN IN ERROR, SMALL ONE. 'TIS AGREAT HONOR TO SERVE THE QUEEN.

SWASH!

THOU ART NOT BEING OFFERED A CHOICE!

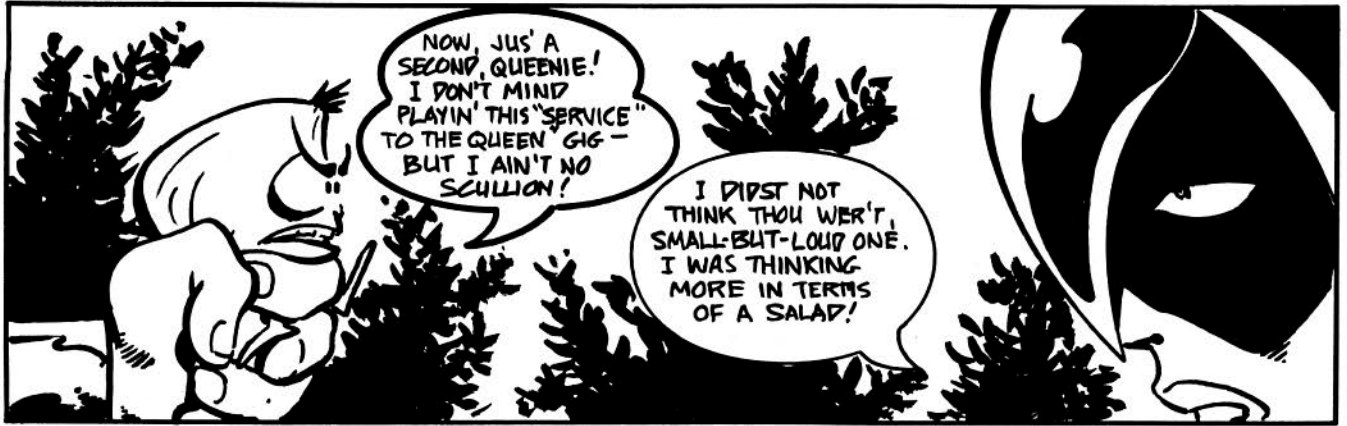


NOW, BE YOU STILL, FOR YONDER IS THE QUEEN!

HO BOY!! SUDDENLY I THINK I'M GONNA LIKE DIS PLACE!



SWAT





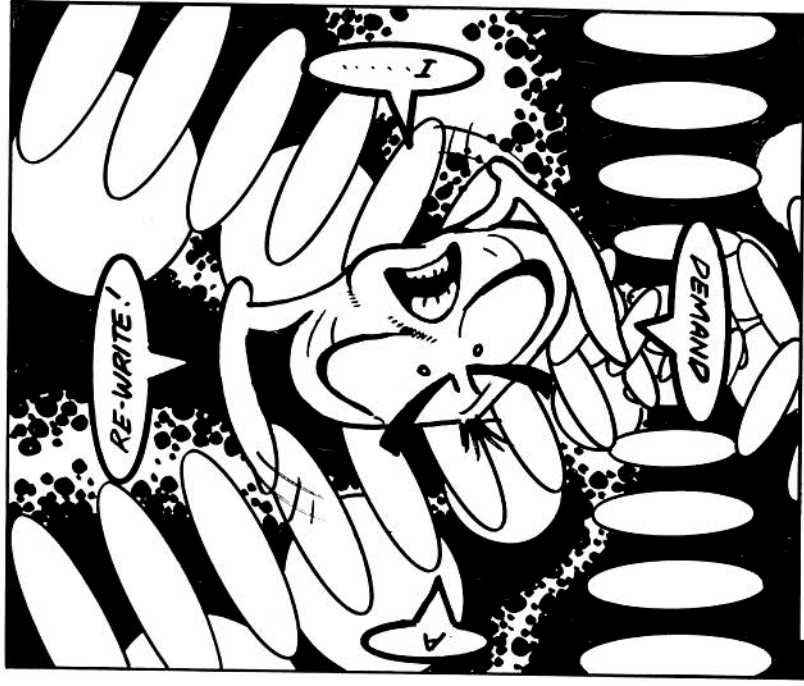


FORGIVE ME MY IGNORANCE, MY LITTLE ONE, BUT BY FAITH I DO NOT SEE HOW ALL YOU HAVE BEEN DOING SINCE WE CAME ABOARD WILL AID OUR ESCAPE! MUCH MORE AND SURE COME MORNING WE'LL BOTH BE TOO EXHAUSTED!



MY NAME? ER..AH... SURE! THAT'S EASY! IT'S...

QUORPH!



AND SO IT WAS THAT OUR HERO, THE ANIMATE-ONION KNOWN AS "QUORPH" DISCOVERED HE CANNOT UTTER HIS OWN NAME WITHOUT CONJURING THE SAME MAGIC WHICH BIRTHED HIM - AND THERE-BY LAUNCHING HIMSELF ON ANOTHER JOURNEY TO WE KNOW NOT WHERE! ONE THING OF WHICH WE CAN BE SURE, HOWEVER, IS THAT WITH HIS READY WIT, HIS NATIVE CHARM, AND HIS GENERALLY UNDERWHELMING PERSONALITY, HE WILL SURELY MAKE ENEMIES WHEREVER HE GOES!







NEXT:



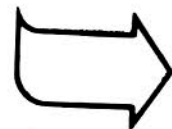
JACK KNIFE fights the forces of Supernatural Evil in "THE IBIS MURDERS"



DANTÉ, Part II of 'THE BETELGUESE FACTOR'- Danté discovers the reason for the invasion of Betelguese III is the Knowledge Spheres of ANDOR, one of the greatest treasures of the Galaxy, each are one of a kind and irreplaceable.



GIDEON'S REVENGE Chapter III- Will our hero survive his ordeal in space? Is this the end of GIDEON? Tune in NEXT Issue and find out.

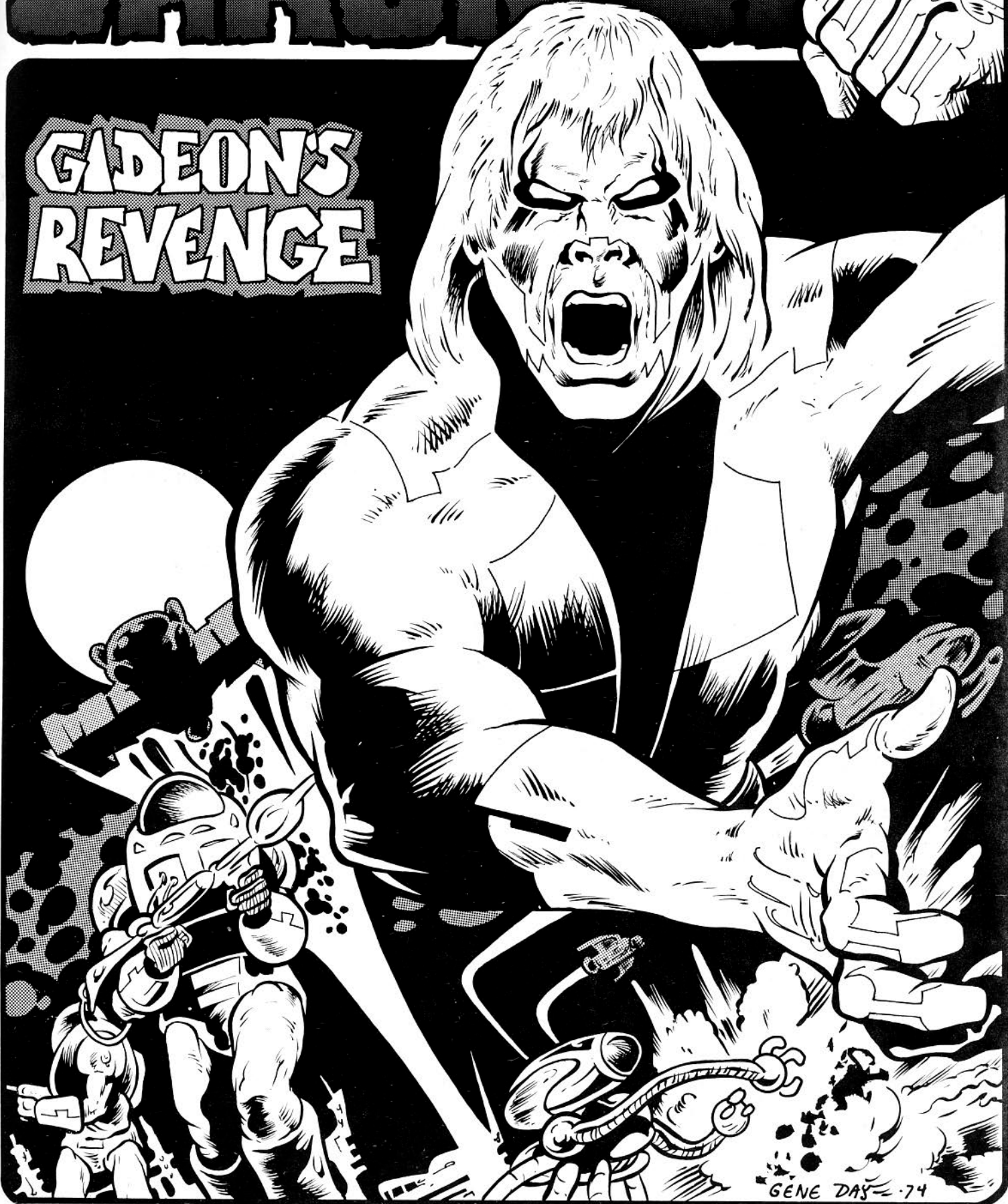


ALL THIS, AND MUCH, MUCH MORE IN
CHRONICLE #6!



CHRONICLES

GIDEON'S REVENGE



GENE DAY - 74

THE SHADOW



CHARLES PITTS - 1974

