

**Michal Suchánek**

**Ondřej Neff**

# HORRIFYING DELIGHTS



**SAT**  
COMICS

**Michal Suchánek**

**Ondřej Neff**

# **HORRIFYING DELIGHTS**



Tomorrow for an Awful Happiness





ATTENTION!  
TO ALL CITIZENS OF  
CONFEDERATION: IN CASE  
YOU BECOME WITNESSES TO  
STELOSEXUAL INCIDENT, WE ASK  
YOU TO NOT TOLERATE THIS  
SERIOUS LAW OFFENCE AND  
NOTIFY THE APPROPRIATE  
AUTHORITIES  
IMMEDIATELY.







梁鳳

DWNTN







AH!

AAAHH!!

AAAHHHH!!!



...



GOOD?

GREAT, ACTUALLY.



TELL ME, DOCTOR, WHAT CONCLUSIONS DO YOU DRAW FROM THIS EXPERIMENT?

HMM, I DON'T WANT TO RUSH, I'D RATHER CONTINUE THE RESEARCH.

ALTHOUGH, IN FIFTEEN MINUTES AT EARLIEST.



IT'S PITY WE LEAVE IN THE MORNING. IT WAS A NICE WEEKEND.

AND YOU STILL HAVEN'T TOLD ME HOW YOU LIKE THIS NEW RED.



YOU KNOW THE COLOUR DOESN'T MATTER TO ME. I LIKE YOU FOR WHAT YOU TRULY ARE. BUT IF YOU'RE ASKING FOR EXPERT'S OPINION, THEN YEAH, I THINK IT'S QUITE COOL.



I JUST THINK OUR LIVES WOULD BE MUCH EASIER IF WE DIDN'T HAVE TO HIDE OUR LITTLE SECRET ALL THE TIME.



BECAUSE THESE NICE MOMENTS ARE ALWAYS RUINED BY AWKWARD OPPRESSIVE FEELING WHEN I REALIZE WHAT COULD HAPPEN TO US.



YEAH, IT'S SCARY. BUT EXCITING AT THE SAME TIME.

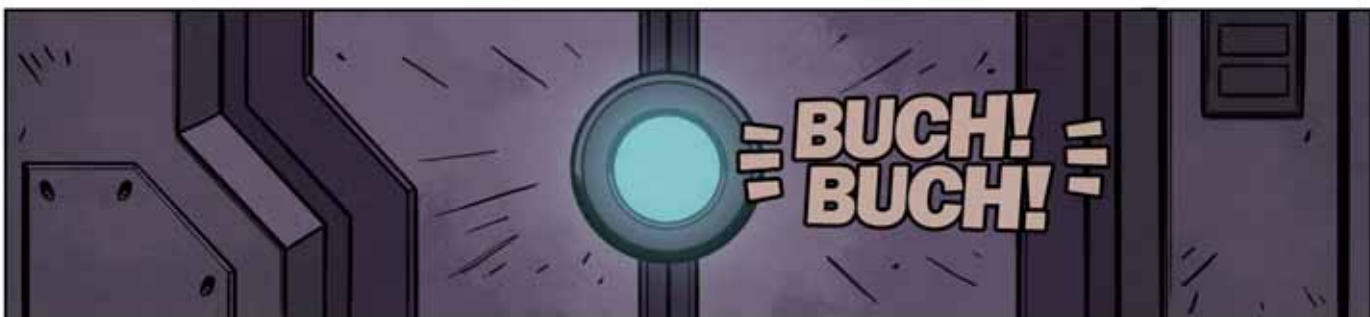
EXCITING? I DON'T KNOW. I'M JUST AFRAID I MIGHT LOOSE YOU.



I'M AFRAID BECAUSE I CAN'T IMAGINE MY LIFE WITHOUT YOU ANYMORE.

COME HERE, SILLY.







DAMN, WHO THAT MIGHT BE?

ARMAND, WAIT!



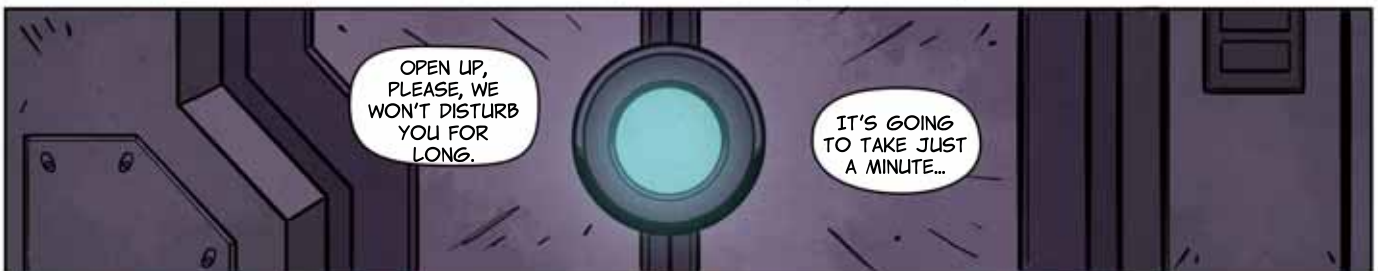
HALLO, THIS IS NIGHT SERVICE, OPEN UP, PLEASE.



EMM, WE ARE SORRY TO WAKE YOU UP, BUT WE...EMM... WE ARE CHECKING AIR CONDITIONING.

TWO GUESTS ON THIS FLOOR COMPLAINED ABOUT IRREGULAR RUNNING

DON'T GO THERE!



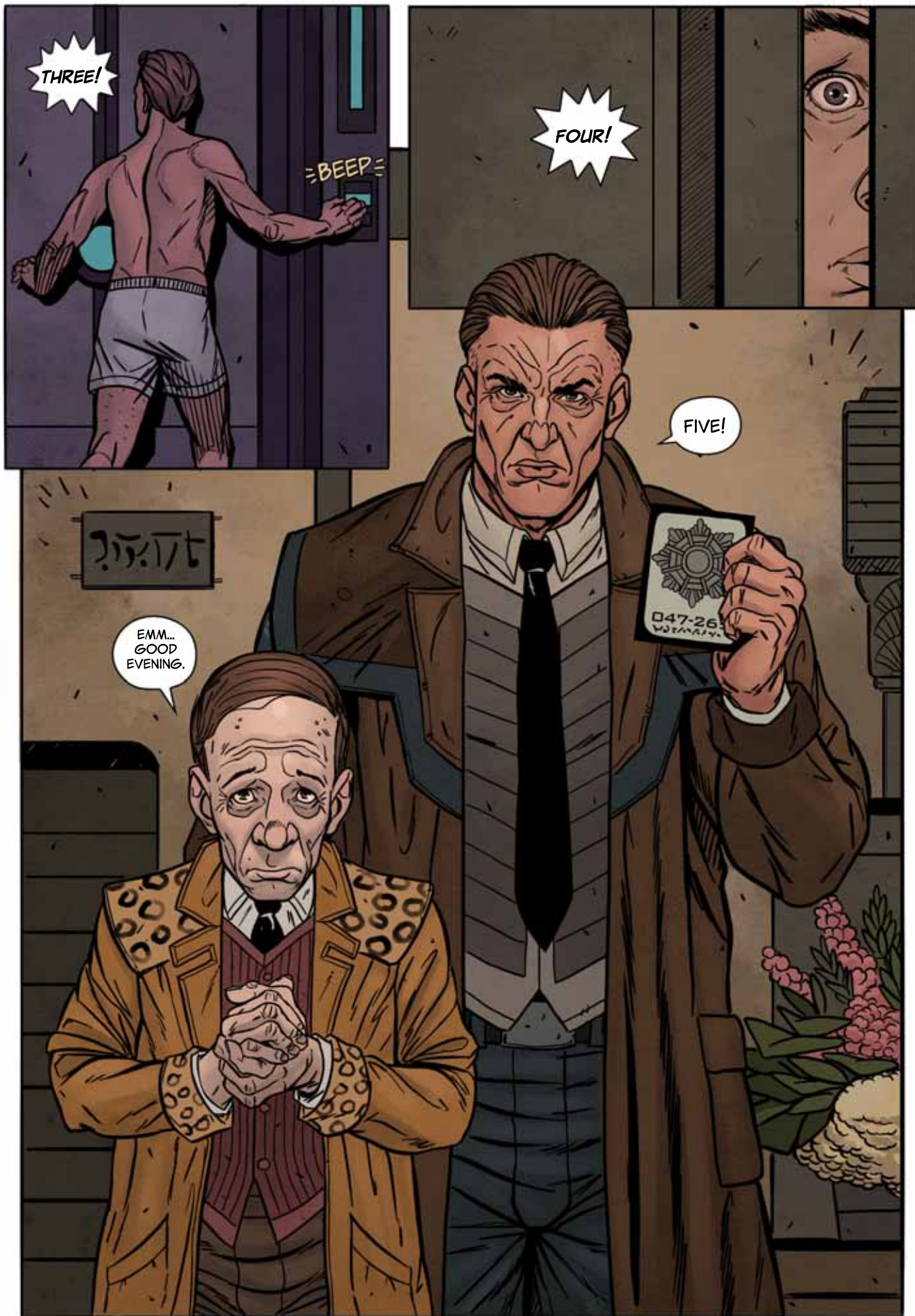
OPEN UP, PLEASE, WE WON'T DISTURB YOU FOR LONG.

IT'S GOING TO TAKE JUST A MINUTE...



IT WORKS OK HERE.





THREE!

=BEEP=

FOUR!

FIVE!

EMM...  
GOOD  
EVENING.

047-26  
WIMMAY

בית מדרש



PLEASE, COME INSIDE, LIEUTENANT. LET'S NOT CAUSE ANY FUSS.

WHY?  
ARE YOU AFRAID THAT PEOPLE WILL FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENS IN THIS LITTLE HOTEL OF YOURS?



GOD, WHAT A STENCH!



WHO IS THAT?



THAT'S MS. ODONA BURLUCKA, BORN ON 16TH OF FRUCTAL TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY SIX IN EUROPE ON EARTH.



THAT'S WHAT YOU SAY!

I SAY THAT THIS THING ON BED IS FILTHY STENCHER AND YOU ARE THE BIGGEST FUCKING STENCHER-LOVER I HAVE EVER SEEN IN EIGHTEEN YEARS OF SERVICE!



I AM SICK OF YOU TWO!



HEY, YOU!

ME?



GET THAT BLANKET OFF HER!

PLEASE, DON'T ASK ME TO DO THAT. I LOATHE STENCHERS.



BUT YOU LET THEM INTO YOUR HOTEL, RIGHT?

I...



I... I MEAN, THEY PAPERS LOOKED ALL RIGHT AND MS... EMM... STENCHER LOOKED LIKE A HUMAN.





ODONA!

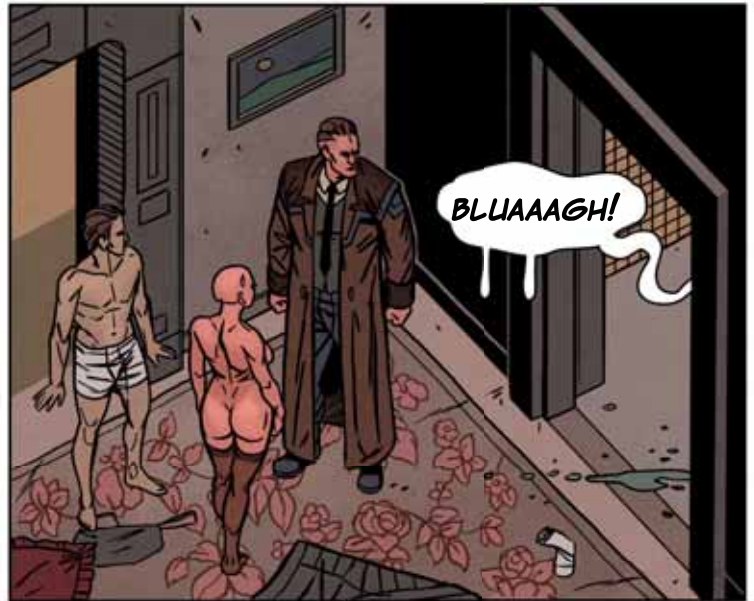


JESUS,  
WHAT A  
STENCH!

TFUU!







ONE  
MONTH  
LATER.





COME WITH ME, PLEASE.



MOST OF THE STELOSEXUALS ENDS HERE ON SIX. WE HAVE EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN AND WOMEN HERE, CURING FROM AFFECTION FOR INHABITANTS OF GUZMAN, SI, CHUNCHA, SANTAR, ARR, DIETZEVELI, BILVED OR LUMA.

THERE ARE FIFTY THOUSAND DOCTORS AND NURSES TAKING CARE OF THEM.

**GATE 23**



THERE ARE ALSO THIRTY THOUSAND CURED WHO DON'T WANT TO RETURN TO WORLDS OF CONFEDERATION.



THEY ARE AFRAID THEY MIGHT MEET THE OBJECTS OF THEIR PREVIOUS AFFECTION.



WE USE MOST OF THE FORMER PATIENTS WHO DECIDED TO STAY FOR THE MAINTENANCE OF THIS COMPLEX.

THEY LIVE EXEMPLARY HEALTHY LIVES, WHICH INCLUDES ALSO DAILY DOSES OF HATRED FOR EXTRATERRESTRIAL INTELLIGENT LIFEFORMS THEY FORMERLY LOVED.

THOSE LITTLE BITCHES ARE EVERYWHERE AGAIN.



I SEE WHOLE DAMN FAMILY UP THERE!

DON'T WORRY, BOSS.

WE WILL GET THEM ALL.



THIS CAN STRETCH FURTHER THAN YOU'D THINK.

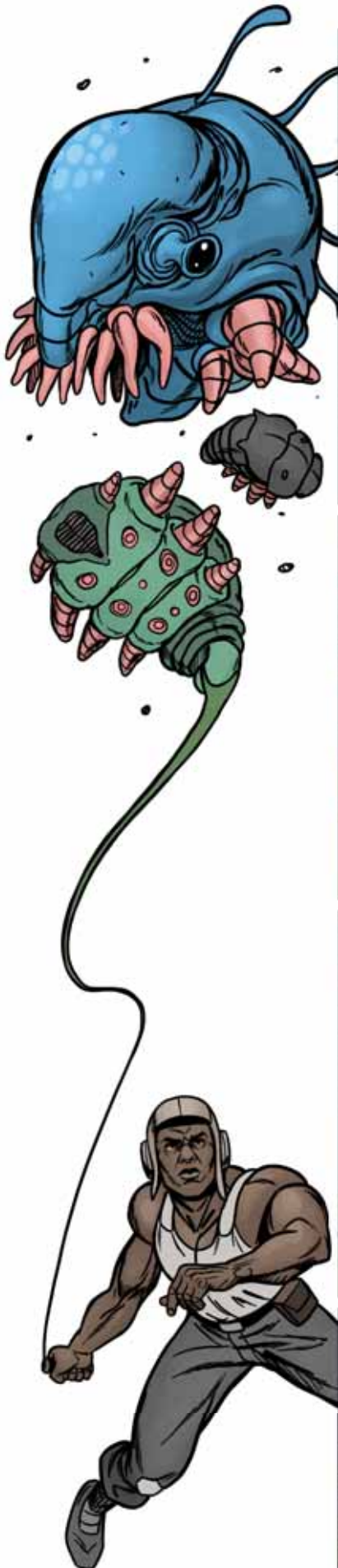
I HOPE SO.



YOU JUST HAVE TO AIM PRECISELY.



EEEK











WHAT?  
YOU ARE...  
ALSO?

EXCUSE  
US, WE DIDN'T  
CATCH YOUR  
NAME.



VALISKO,  
SITIM  
VALISKO.

I KNOW MOST OF THE  
PEOPLE LOATHE BAROOSAS,  
BUT I LIKE THEM.

ESPECIALLY ONE OF THEM.

WHEN I RECALL HER  
TINY LEGS WHIRLING  
AROUND ME, MY KNEES  
ARE WEAK!



I SIGNED FOR FIVE PERIODS  
BECAUSE I THOUGHT I WOULD  
MEET LOTS OF THOSE...  
DELIGHTFUL BEAUTIES HERE.

I SAID TO MYSELF:  
WHY TO RISK, I WILL GO  
DIRECTLY TO THE SOURCE.  
BUT GUESS WHAT...







I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES!



YOU WILL BE INJECTED AND THEN THEY FORCE YOU TO MAKE LOVE TO YOUR PARTNER.



BUT WHEN IT ENDS...

...YOU ARE SICK, YOU VOMIT, YOU FEEL LIKE YOU ARE GOING TO DIE



NEXT DAY ONCE AGAIN, AND AGAIN, AND AFTER TWO AND A HALF CYCLE YOU ARE PERFECT PERFUMER.

IN THAT CASE WE SHOULD WASTE NO TIME.



BUT I TELL YOU, MS. ODONA STAYS HERE UNTIL YOU COME BACK WITH MY EMPLOYMENT CONTRACT.



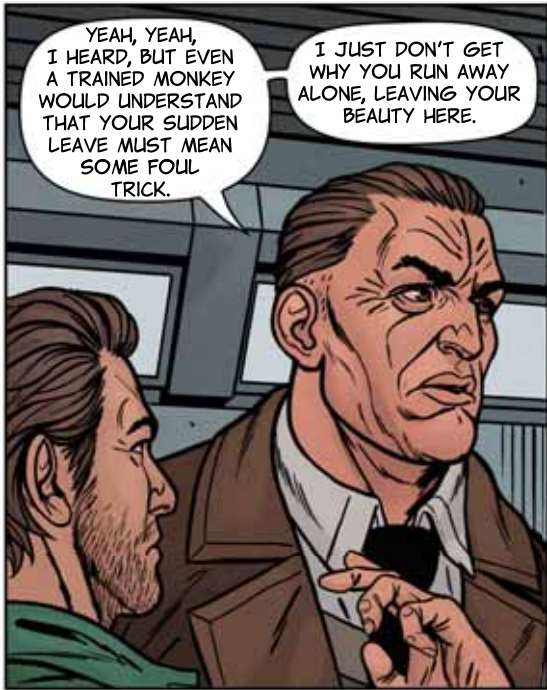


















YEAH, I PROBABLY KNOW HIM.

AGENT ROTHSTEIN, HE HATES DEVIANTS AS DOGS HATE CATS. THIS COULD GET A LITTLE BIT COMPLICATED.



COMPLICATED? YOU SAID THERE'S NOTHING I SHOULD WORRY ABOUT!



I KNOW, I KNOW. BUT WHO COULD HAVE GUESSED YOU WILL RUN ON HIM?

SO, DID YOU PAY HIM?



GOD, OF COURSE NOT! WHERE SHOULD I GET SO MUCH MONEY?



**DAMN!**



THAT'S WHY I'M CALLING, VALISKO. SON OF A BITCH WAS THREATENING ME THAT SOMETHING COULD HAPPEN TO ODONA. THAT PERFUMERS COULD DO SOMETHING TO HER.



DO SOMETHING? THIS ALREADY HAPPENED FEW TIMES HERE.

AND NONE OF THE GIRLS WAS ABLE TO TALK ABOUT IT. NOBODY EVEN ASKED.



IT WOULD BE THE SAME AS ASK THE MEAT HOW WAS THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE.

ODONA...



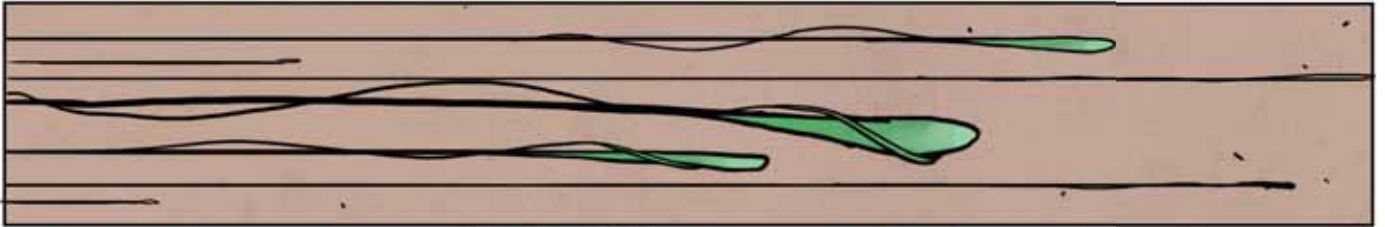


JESUS  
CHRIST!













...

SHIT, WHAT A  
MESS AGAIN!

...SARGE, TAKE CARE  
OF THESE PEOPLE...

...





...

...WE'VE GOT THAT GIRL, SIR...

**IS SHE DEAD?!**

... ..

CHECK THEIR  
RECORDS,  
I WANT TO KNOW...



HE'S WAKING UP, SIR.



W-WHAT ...AUCH!

YOU GOT BEATEN UP REAL GOOD.

I WARNED YOU, ROOKIE.



ARMAND KERALA, ACCORDING TO PRISON REGULATIONS, I SENTENCE YOU TO PERSONALITY DESTRUCTION.

PUNISHMENT WILL BE EXECUTED TOMORROW AT 5 A.M.



THE SAME PUNISHMENT APPLIES TO YOUR ACCOMPLICE, CITIZEN OF GUZMAN, ODONA BURUCKA.



SARGE, TAKE THEM BACK TO THE CELL.







WHY NOT?!

BECAUSE IT'S NOT FUCKING FAIR! AFTER ALL WE'VE GOT THROUGH.

WE BOTH KNEW WHAT WE RISKED.



I JUST DON'T GET HOW YOU COULD BE SO AWFULLY CALM.

ARMAND, THERE IS NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT.



NO. SUPPOSE NOT.



THESE DOORS WILL OPEN IN FEW HOURS, THEY WILL TAKE US AND EXECUTE.



WE CAN SIT HERE AND CRY THAT THE FATE IS NOT FAIR.



OR WE CAN ENJOY THESE LAST MOMENTS AND FORGET ABOUT HORRIBLE THINGS THAT AWAY US.







IT'S ALL RIGHT, WE ARE OUT OF THE WOODS!



COUNCIL LEGALIZED STELOSEXUALITY.

WHAT?



THAT'S RIGHT, JUST IMAGINE! THEY WERE IN SESSION WHOLE NIGHT AND AS OF TODAY, STELOSEXUALITY IS LEGAL.

WHAT A RELIEF, WHEN YOU FINALLY DON'T HAVE TO PRETEND.



CONGRATULATIONS, MR. KERALA AND MS. LA.

UH... THANKS.

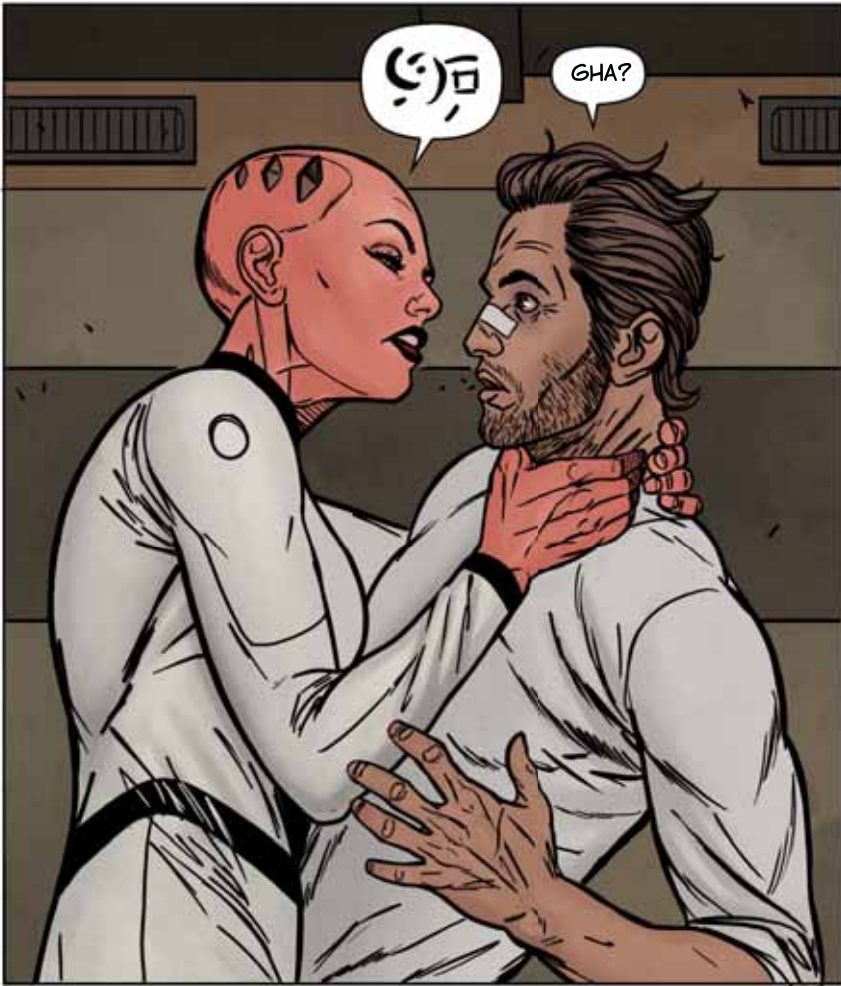


BEFORE I GO, I WANT TO GIVE YOU THIS KEY CARD. YOU CAN USE IT TO LEAVE IMMEDIATELY. TAKE IT AS A FAREWELL GIFT FROM AN OLD FRIEND.



GOODBYE, MAYBE WE WILL MEET AGAIN.





THAT'S JUST MY NATURE. I REALLY HATE IT WHEN I HAVE TO RENOUNCE MY AWFUL HAPPINESS.



THE END



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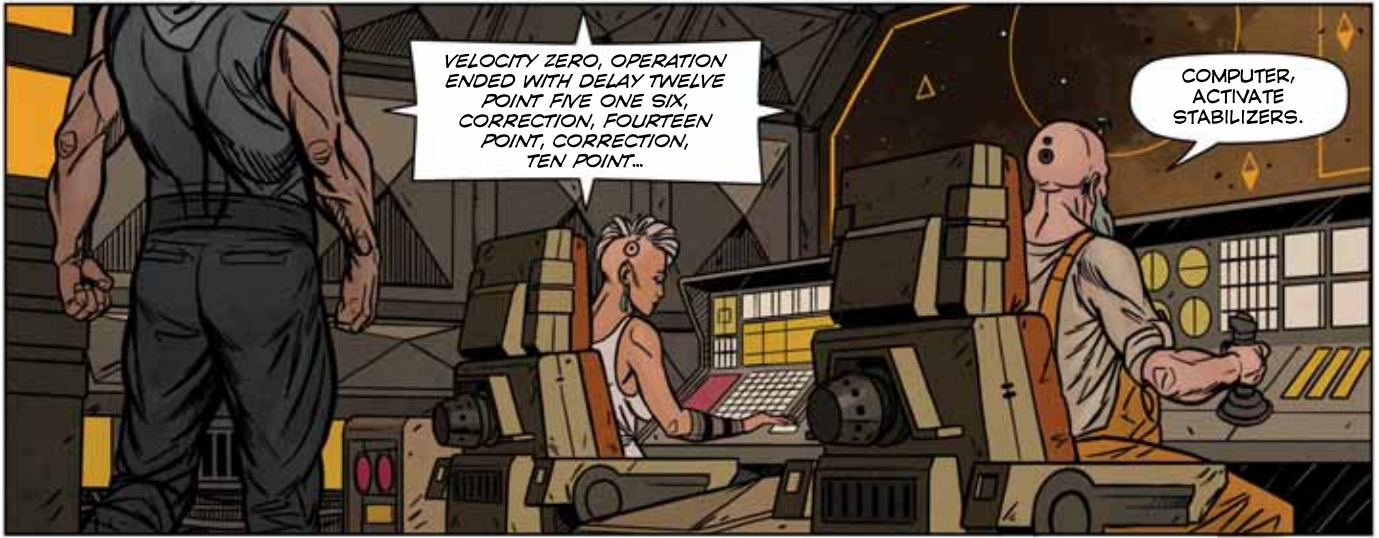
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Million Dollar Idea







VELOCITY ZERO, OPERATION ENDED WITH DELAY TWELVE POINT FIVE ONE SIX, CORRECTION, FOURTEEN POINT, CORRECTION, TEN POINT...

COMPUTER, ACTIVATE STABILIZERS.



WE DID IT!

WE ARE HERE.



I'LL BE DAMNED.



MY FRIENDS, YOU ARE LOOKING AT THE MOST BEAUTIFUL COSMIC DUMP YOU CAN IMAGINE.



MORE THAN THREE HUNDRED THOUSANDS OF TONS OF MICROPROCESSORS, CRYPTO-CIRCUITS AND PULSE BLOCKS. THOUSANDS OF KILOMETERS OF SUPER-CABLES. IT'S VIRTUALLY A TREASURE IN OUR REACH.

WE WILL COLLECT WHAT WORKS A GET OUT OF HERE.



BRILLIANT IDEA, ISN'T IT?

YES, A MILLION DOLLAR IDEA.

I HOPE WE GET CAUGHT BY PATROL AND END UP BACK IN PRISON.

THERE IS NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF, MISS ZOE.



ACCORDING TO CALCULATIONS, THE NEAREST PATROL SHIP IS IN SECTOR FOURTEEN.



BEFORE COPS GET HERE, WE ARE LONG GONE WITH CARGO.

DAMN IT, I ALMOST SEE IT. THE VILLA, THE POOL, THE GRAVO IN GARAGE. I DREAM ABOUT IT ALL MY LIFE AND NOW IT'S HERE RIGHT UNDER MY NOSE.



WARNING!

RECEIVING RADIO SIGNAL OF UNKNOWN SOURCE...



BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP

PATROL!



SHIT!

I KNEW IT WOULD GO TO HELL!

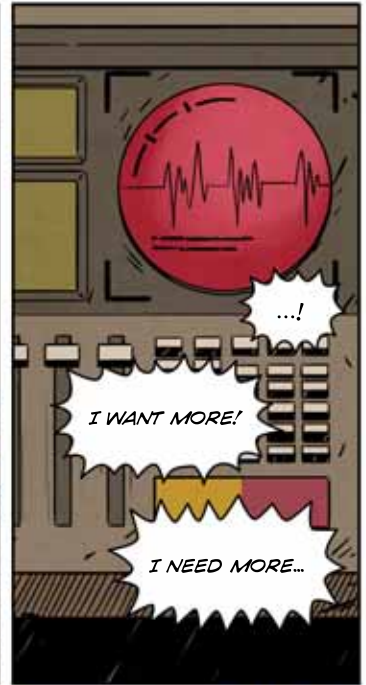
HEY, CALM DOWN A LITTLE. WE DON'T KNOW THAT YET.



COMPUTER, REPRODUCE THE SIGNAL.

IT WILL REPRODUCE MY ASS! IT'S SO OLD THE HALF OF THE CIRCUITS IS GONE.

STUPID SHIT DIDN'T NOTICE PATROL.



...!

I WANT MORE!

I NEED MORE...



WHAT THE FUCK...

KEEP SEARCHING!

QUEEN DOES NOT TOLERATE FAILURE!



IT'S PROBABLY A RECORDING FROM AN OLD TELE-COMMUNICATION SATELLITE.



I MEAN, THERE ARE LOTS OF THINGS IN THIS DUMP. IT'S GRAVITATIONAL ANOMALY; THAT WILL SUCK ALMOST ANYTHING. IT COULD BE SOME BEDTIME STORY OR SOMETHING.



RIGHT.

SUIT UP, WE ARE GOING OUT. AND HURRY, I DON'T WANT TO STAY HERE ANY LONGER THAN NECESSARY.



I YEARN FOR CLEAN MACHINE! FOR UNSPOILED TECHNOLOGY!

I LOATH THE FLESH!



FLESH MAKES MISTAKES, FLESH ROTS!

I TAKE IT BACK, THIS IS NO BEDTIME STORY.



LOOK, THERE MUST BE A LOT OF PERIPHERAL AGGREGATES IN THIS MESS. THAT'S WHY WE ARE HERE, YOU FOOLS.

WHAT WE HEAR IS PROBABLY JUST A JABBER OF SOME CONFUSED COMPUTER.



I SUGGEST WE MAKE SURE WHAT'S GOING ON. IF THERE IS A WORKING COMPUTER IN THIS DUMP, THERE MIGHT BE SOME ACTIVE ANTI-METEORIC SHIELDS.

I WOULD HATE TO BE BLOWN UP BY SOME SENILE ROCKET LAUNCHER.



HMM, THAT MAY SLOW US DOWN A LITTLE, BUT IT SOUNDS REASONABLE...

OK, LET'S CHECK IT OUT.



COMPUTER, I WANT HOLO-SCAN OF SURROUNDING SPACE IN EXTENT OF GIVEN COORDINATES.

WHAT ARE THE PREFERENCES?



RUN A DETECTION OF WORKING COMPUTER SYSTEMS AND LOCALIZE ACTIVE ANTI-METEORIC SHIELDS.



PROCESSING REQUEST...

GOD, NOW WE CAN WAIT TILL CHINESE NEW YEAR.



SEARCHING...

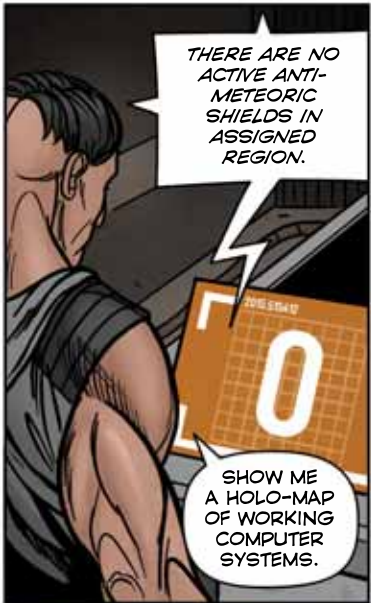


IMPORTING RETRIEVED DATA.



DONE!





THERE ARE NO ACTIVE ANTI-METEORIC SHIELDS IN ASSIGNED REGION.

SHOW ME A HOLO-MAP OF WORKING COMPUTER SYSTEMS.



HALLELUJAH!



I'LL... BE... DAMNED!



#320 454 8745  
#540 415 4875  
#326 265 1234



UNBELIEVABLE, IT SEEMS MOST OF THE COMPUTERS ARE STILL ACTIVE!



BUT... BUT WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

IT MEANS WE ARE INSANELY RICH!

THIS IS FUCKING BIG GOLD MINE!



AND THERE IS NOTHING STANDING IN OUR WAY.

SO, ENOUGH TALKING, LET'S GO!



AH, I SEE YOU,  
SMALL ONE.  
WELCOME TO  
MY REALM.

WELCOME TO  
THE KINGDOM  
OF IMMORTAL  
TECHNOLOGY.

I FEEL YOUR  
SIGNALS RUNNING  
THROUGH MY  
SYSTEMS. I FEEL  
YOUR POTENTIAL.

YES!

YOU ARE EXACTLY  
WHAT I NEED. I WILL  
USE ALL OF YOUR  
TECHNOLOGICAL  
ESSENCE.

BY DECONSTRUCTION  
OF YOUR MATERIAL  
SHELL, I WILL START  
YOUR TRANSFER TO  
WHOLE NEW LEVEL  
OF EXISTENCE.





BUT THERE ARE MORE THAN ENOUGH SPARE PARTS ON A DUMP!



AND SOME OF THE REPAIRING AUTOMATS ARE ABLE TO MOVE IN COSMIC SPACE.

HMPH!



I THINK THAT THING WE HEAR IS CONTROLLING THEM.

IT INCORPORATES EVERY NEW WRECKAGE DRAWN BY GRAVITATIONAL ANOMALY TO ITS BODY.

IT CREATED ITS OWN PROGRAM FOR THINKING AND WORKING.



IT WANTS NEW POSITRONIC CIRCUITS, MORE PULSE BLOCKS, CRYPTO-CIRCUITS AND AGGREGATES.

BUT THAT MEANS THAT...



IT WANTS OUR SHIP!

target locked

x: 234 145 789  
y: 154 515 354  
z: 454 516 487



I HAVE NO OTHER EXPLANATION.

FUCK, I DON'T LIKE THIS. I SUGGEST WE GET OUT OF HERE.



**NO!**

ALL THIS THEORY IS JUST A BULLSHIT!



YEAH? CAN YOU GUARANTEE THAT THAT THING OUT THERE CAN ONLY COMMUNICATE ON RADIO? WHAT IF IT REALLY CONTROLS ROBOTS? OR MILITARY WEAPONS?

JESUS, DO YOU EVEN LISTEN TO YOURSELF?



IT'S JUST A VOICE OF DISCARDED COMPUTER. AND YOU ARE BOTH SHITTING YOUR PANTS BECAUSE OF IT.



TRY TO THINK. HERE LIES A HEAP OF MONEY. WE JUST HAVE TO PICK IT UP.

FUCK YOU WITH THAT!



**BUCH RICH RICH RICH**

WE AGREED WE WILL GET OUT IF IT WOULD NOT BE SAFE.

AS IT SEEMS, I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO THINKS THIS IS FAR FROM BEING SAFE!



TWO VOTES AGAINST ONE, WHICH MEANS IT'S SETTLED.

WE GO BACK!



I CANNOT ALLOW THAT, ZOE.

WHAT?



SHIT, LET ME GO!



I WANT THAT MONEY! I'M NOT GOING BACK WITHOUT THEM!



GO FUCK YOURSELF!

I'M NOT GOING TO RISK MY NECK!



I WILL INPUT RETURN COURSE AND YOU WILL NOT STOP ME!



I DISAGREE!



I AM GIVING FUCKING ORDERS ON MY SHIP!



HEH!  
BUT THIS FUCKING SHIP IS NOT YOURS. YOU STOLE IT, IDIOT.



THAT'S RIGHT, I STOLE IT. WHY DO YOU THINK I DREW YOU TWO OUT OF PRISON? BECAUSE OF YOUR BEAUTIFUL EYES?

NO SHIT! YOU ARE HERE JUST BECAUSE YOU HELPED ME TO GET THIS STOLEN SHIP ACROSS BOARDERS.

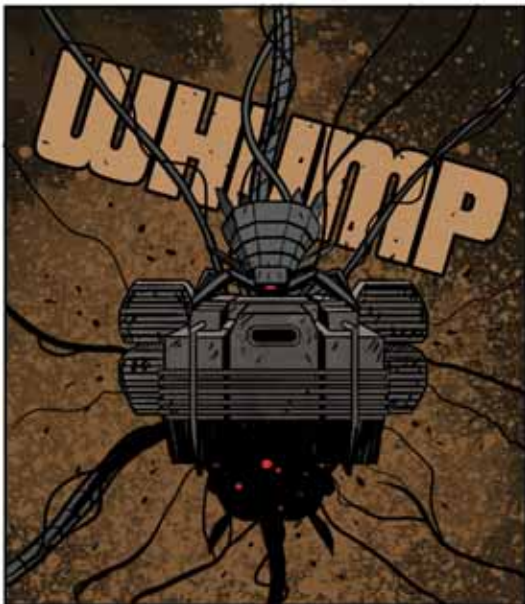


I THINK THIS GUN WILL EASILY OVERRULE YOUR VOTES. SO SHUT UP AND DO AS YOU ARE SAID, OR ELSE!

JESUS, BYRON, YOU ARE EXACTLY THAT FUCKING BASTARD AS THEY SAY.



THUD







JACOB, THIS FUCKING TERMINAL DOESN'T WORK!

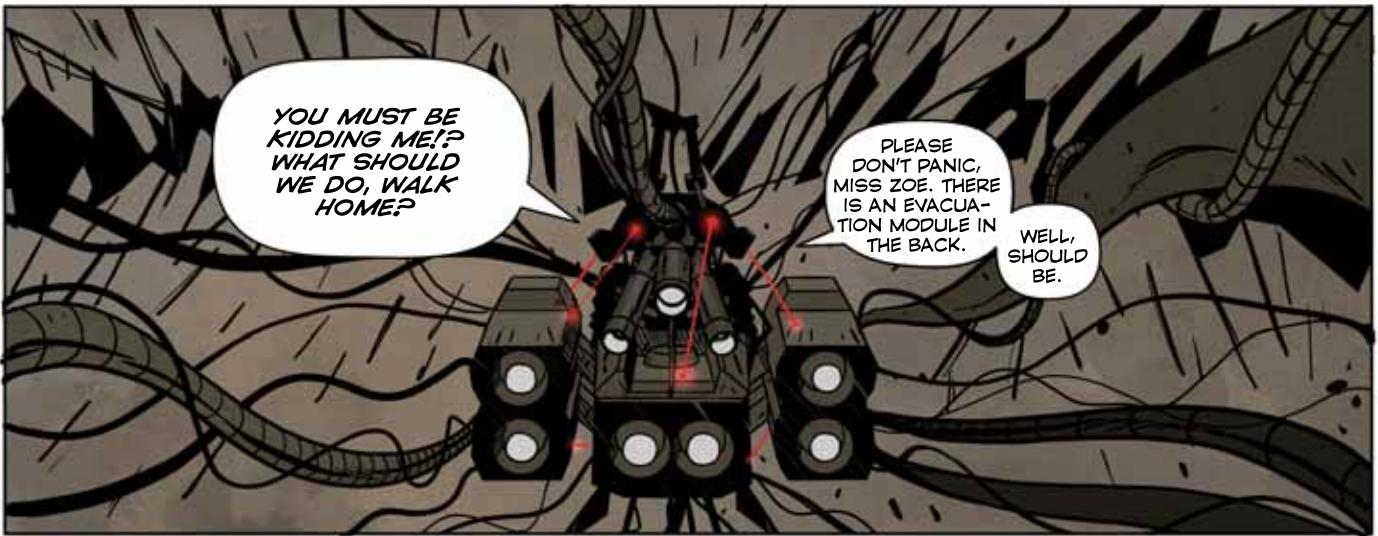
WARNING, DETECTING THE DAMAGE TO CONTROLLING SYSTEMS.

CONTROLLING UNIT IS DONE! I CAN'T MOVE THIS STUPID SHIP, NOT A BIT!



WARNING, DAMAGE TO THE OUTER HULL REACHED CRITICAL LEVEL!

EXPECTED TIME FOR BREAKDOWN OF OUTER HULL FIVE MINUTES TWENTY SECONDS. CORRECTION, TWO MINUTES FIVE SECONDS. I RECOMMEND IMMEDIATE EVACUATION.




YOU MUST BE KIDDING ME!? WHAT SHOULD WE DO, WALK HOME?

PLEASE DON'T PANIC, MISS ZOE. THERE IS AN EVACUATION MODULE IN THE BACK.

WELL, SHOULD BE.





SHIT, THAT  
WAS REALLY  
CLOSE.

IT WAS.

WHAT ARE  
WE GONNA DO  
NOW, JACOB?

NOTHING.  
WE WILL JUST  
WAIT FOR  
PATROL.

FUCKING  
GREAT,  
REALLY!

THE END



All is Well That Ends Well





THE WINNER OF FIRST PRIZE FOR PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHERS IN THE 2102 HAAG WORLD PRESS PHOTO COMPETITION, IN THE CATEGORY OF HISTORICAL STORY, IS PAUL SMELEY FROM THE MAGNUM AGENCY FOR HIS PIECE CALLED THE ROAD.

I AM PLEASED TO HAVE PAUL HERE IN THE STUDIO WITH US TODAY.



HI, PAUL.

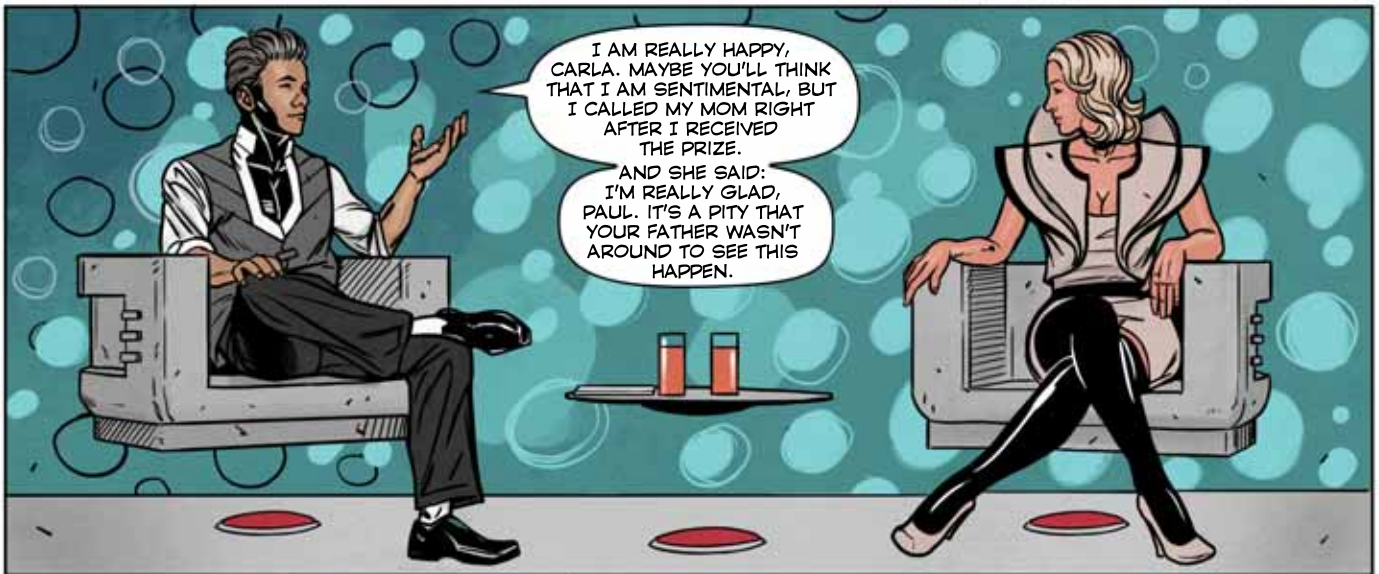
HI, CARLA.



THANK YOU FOR INVITING ME. IT IS A GREAT HONOR.



LET ME GET RIGHT TO THE POINT. ARE YOU HAPPY THAT YOU WON?



I AM REALLY HAPPY, CARLA. MAYBE YOU'LL THINK THAT I AM SENTIMENTAL, BUT I CALLED MY MOM RIGHT AFTER I RECEIVED THE PRIZE.

AND SHE SAID: I'M REALLY GLAD, PAUL. IT'S A PITY THAT YOUR FATHER WASN'T AROUND TO SEE THIS HAPPEN.



AND SHE STARTED TO CRY.



I WAS SO MOVED THAT I SHED A TEAR AS WELL.

LOOK AT ME, HERE I GO AGAIN. SORRY...



YOU ARE VERY SENSITIVE, AM I RIGHT, PAUL? CAN I CALL YOU THAT?



I'M SORRY, CARLA, BUT FOR YOU I'M PAUL. ONLY MY MOTHER CALLS ME PAULI.

IF I LET YOU CALL ME THAT, I WOULD FEEL LIKE I'M TAKING AWAY SOMETHING FROM HER, YOU KNOW?



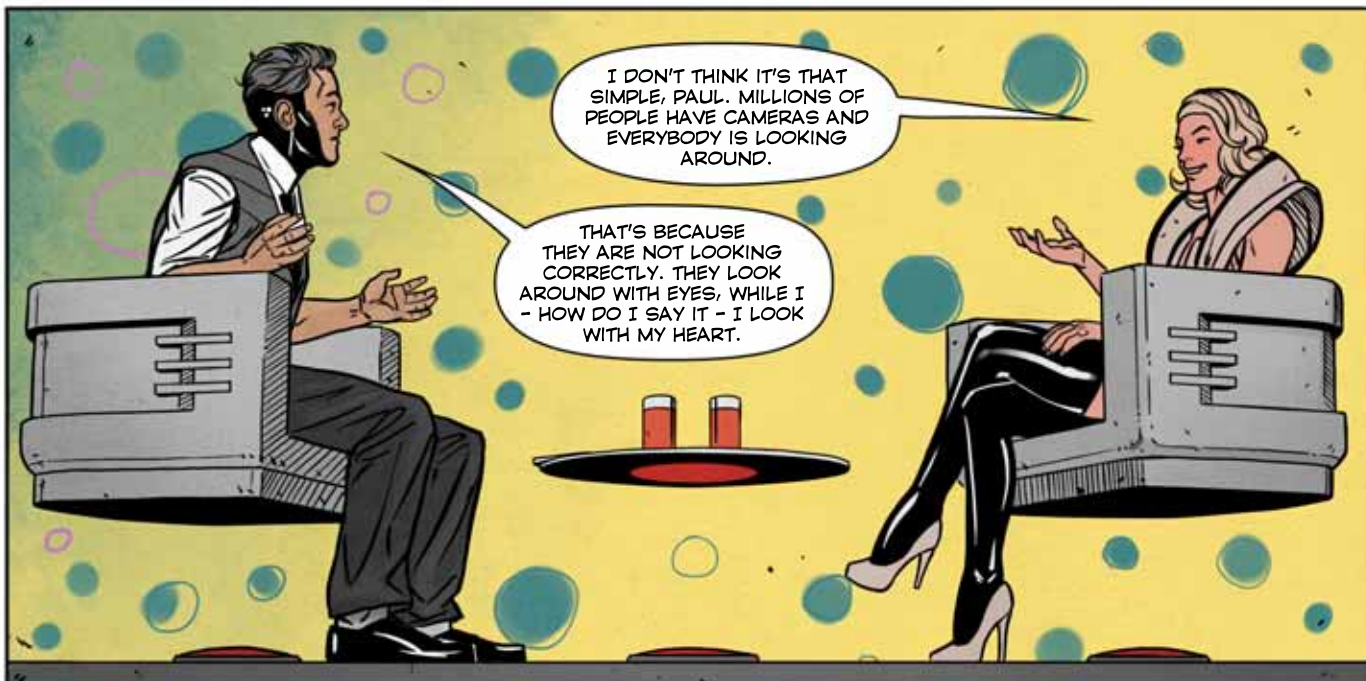
AM I CORRECT IN ASSUMING THAT ONE NEEDS A STRONG EMOTIONAL CENTER TO DO THIS KIND OF WORK?

YOU HIT THE NAIL ON THE HEAD, CARLA. I MUST CONFESS, I WAS AFRAID YOU'D THINK ME TOO SENTIMENTAL. BUT I'M NOT. BEING SENSITIVE IS NOT THE SAME AS BEING SENTIMENTAL.



WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE, PAUL?

WELL... YOU GOT ME! I GUESS I AM NOT ABLE TO EXPRESS IT IN WORDS, I JUST FEEL IT. MAYBE THAT'S WHY I BECAME A PHOTOGRAPHER. I LOOK AROUND AND I SHOOT WHAT I SEE. THAT'S ALL.



I DON'T THINK IT'S THAT SIMPLE, PAUL. MILLIONS OF PEOPLE HAVE CAMERAS AND EVERYBODY IS LOOKING AROUND.

THAT'S BECAUSE THEY ARE NOT LOOKING CORRECTLY. THEY LOOK AROUND WITH EYES, WHILE I - HOW DO I SAY IT - I LOOK WITH MY HEART.



AND YOU CLAIM YOU ARE NOT ABLE TO SPEAK, TO EXPRESS YOURSELF. YOU COULD NOT HAVE EXPRESSED IT BETTER!

THIS SENSE, OR HEART, AS YOU SAY, HELPED WIN YOU FIRST PRIZE IN THE WORLD PRESS PHOTO COMPETITION.

BUT THERE ALSO MUST HAVE BEEN A REASON FOR DOING THE PIECE YOU DID.



OF COURSE. BUT REASON IS NOT ENOUGH. LOOK AT IT THIS WAY: THERE IS A TIME MACHINE FOR EVERYBODY.

THESE DAYS, ANYBODY CAN PACK AND TRAVEL WHEREVER THEY WANT. YOU JUST PICK FROM THE CATALOGUE AT A TRAVEL AGENCY.







BUT YOU NEED THIS HEART, THIS SENSE, TO COME UP WITH THE THEME OF YOUR PHOTO SPREAD. I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN ATTRACTED TO THE ROAD. IT FEELS REAL, YOU KNOW? WE ARE ALL ON THE ROAD.

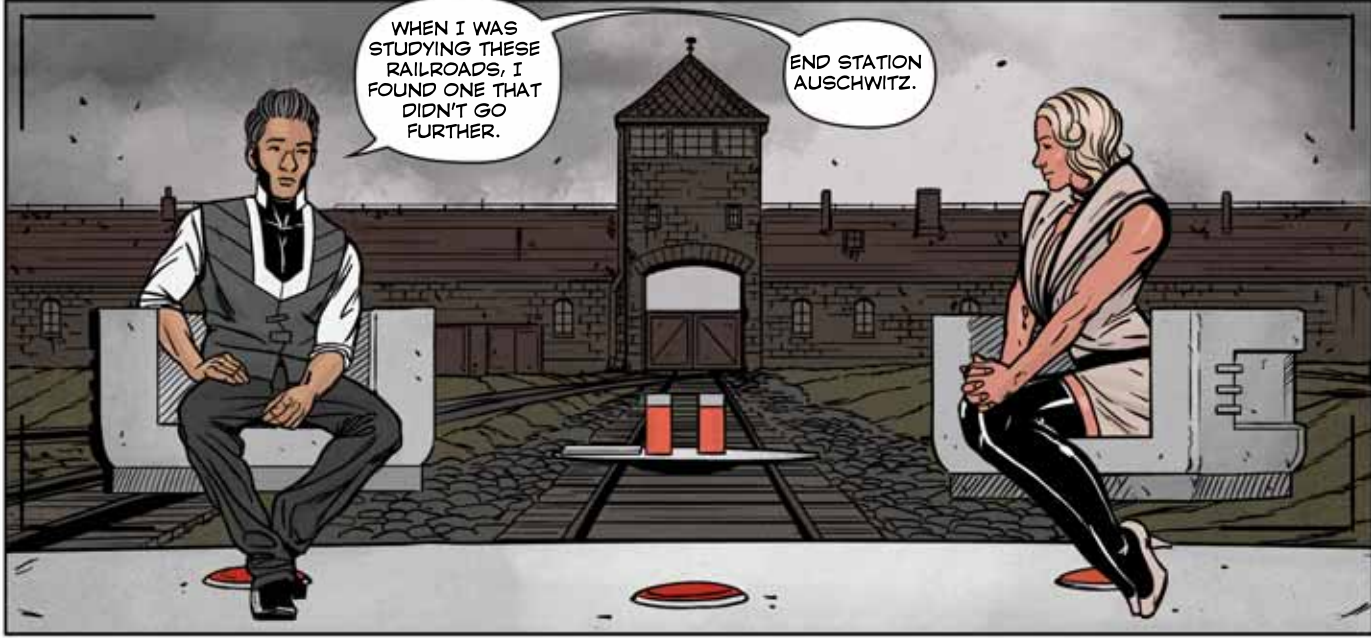
WE ASK OURSELVES: WHO ARE WE? WHERE DO WE COME FROM? WHERE DO WE GO?

ONCE YOU GET USED TO ASKING THESE KINDS OF QUESTIONS, YOU ARE MUCH CLOSER TO YOUR HEART THAN BEFORE AND THAT IS A ROAD OF ITS OWN KIND.



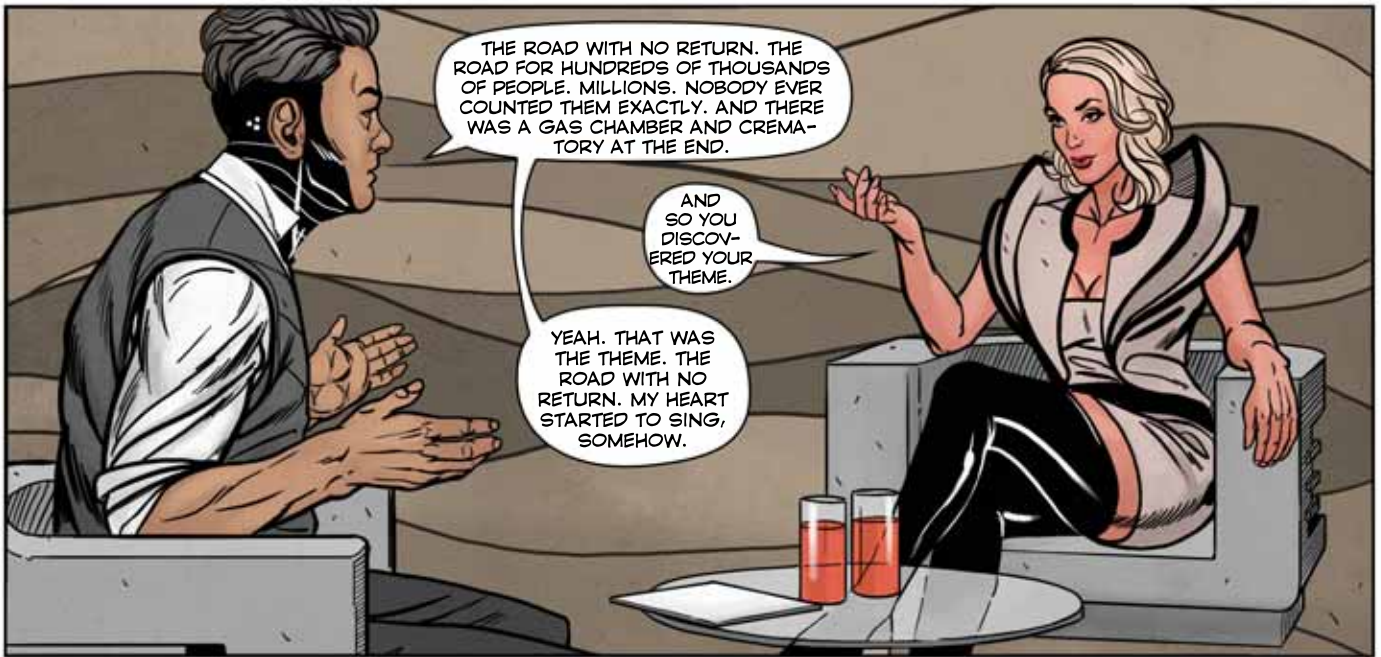
TAKE THE RAILROADS. IT'S A PITY THEY ARE NOT USED ANYMORE.

'RAIL ROAD', YOU GET IT? YOU CAN'T TURN AWAY. IT GOES FROM POINT A TO POINT B. IF YOU WANT TO GO TO POINT C, YOU NEED TO SWITCH.



WHEN I WAS STUDYING THESE RAILROADS, I FOUND ONE THAT DIDN'T GO FURTHER.

END STATION AUSCHWITZ.



THE ROAD WITH NO RETURN. THE ROAD FOR HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE. MILLIONS. NOBODY EVER COUNTED THEM EXACTLY. AND THERE WAS A GAS CHAMBER AND CREMATORY AT THE END.

AND SO YOU DISCOVERED YOUR THEME.

YEAH. THAT WAS THE THEME. THE ROAD WITH NO RETURN. MY HEART STARTED TO SING, SOMEHOW.



WERE YOU AFRAID OF THE THEME?

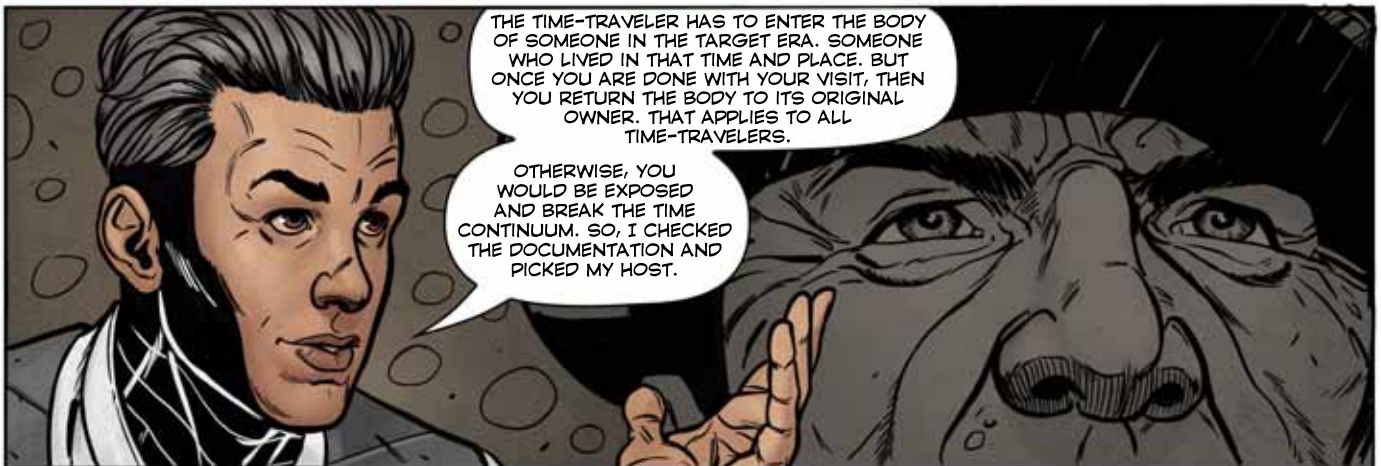
NO. OTHERWISE I COULDN'T DO THIS JOB.



EXPLAIN TO OUR VIEWERS HOW YOU PREPARED FOR THIS WORK. NOT EVERYBODY IS FAMILIAR WITH TIME TRAVEL.



FOR A HISTORICAL STORY, YOU NEED TO CHOOSE AN EMBODIMENT.



THE TIME-TRAVELER HAS TO ENTER THE BODY OF SOMEONE IN THE TARGET ERA. SOMEONE WHO LIVED IN THAT TIME AND PLACE. BUT ONCE YOU ARE DONE WITH YOUR VISIT, THEN YOU RETURN THE BODY TO ITS ORIGINAL OWNER. THAT APPLIES TO ALL TIME-TRAVELERS.

OTHERWISE, YOU WOULD BE EXPOSED AND BREAK THE TIME CONTINUUM. SO, I CHECKED THE DOCUMENTATION AND PICKED MY HOST.

SS OFFICER  
UWE JUNGSMANN.

HE WAS THE COMMANDER  
OF GUARDS. HE HAD ACCESS  
EVERYWHERE; STATION PLATFORMS,  
THE OFFICE OF DOCTOR MENGELE,  
THE GAS CHAMBERS, THE  
CREMATORY.

THAT WAS  
REALLY  
IMPORTANT  
FOR ME.

OF COURSE, I ALSO  
CONSIDERED PICKING A  
JEW TO SERVE AS A HOST.

BUT IN THE END I REALIZED  
I WOULD LOSE CONTROL  
OVER THE EVENTS, I WOULD  
JUST BE PUSHED AROUND.

I WANTED TO  
HAVE SOME  
DISTANCE.





ANYWAY, I HAD PROBLEMS.

THE TRAIN JUST ARRIVED, IT COULD HAVE BEEN CARRYING TWO THOUSAND JEWS. THERE WERE SOLDIERS WITH MACHINE GUNS AND BATONS ALL AROUND.



I THOUGHT I WAS PERFECTLY PREPARED FOR THE SITUATION, BUT I WAS WRONG.



I WALKED BACK AND FORTH OVER THE PLATFORM IN MY HOST BODY, LOOKING CONFIDENT, BUT I WAS REALLY DESPERATE INSIDE.





THERE WERE MORE AND MORE PEOPLE COMING OUT OF THOSE RAILWAY CARS AND I FELT LIKE I WAS LOSING MY GRASP.



IT WAS NOT ENOUGH TO WALK AROUND AND SHOOT EVERYTHING.



I NEEDED TO FORCE SOME ORDER INTO THAT CHAOS, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW HOW.



SIMPLY PUT, IT WAS F-UH!

I MEAN, IT WAS NOT AS IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN.



OF COURSE, I WAS TAKING PICTURES. CONSTANTLY.



NICE STUFF, BUT ROUTINE. GRAY, MUNDANE, ROUTINE.



JUST THE NORMAL PICTURES THAT WOULD FLASH THROUGH THE MEDIA AT 3 P.M. ON CHANNEL TEN.



NOTHING THAT WOULD BLOW PEOPLE'S MINDS.

THEN, I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY, I DECIDED TO FOLLOW THIS GROUP OF PEOPLE THAT MENGELE SENT TO THE GAS CHAMBER.

I NOTICED ONE WOMAN WITH A CHILD IN HER ARMS.



I SMILED AT THE HIM AND THE BOY SMILED BACK AT ME.



THAT WAS PROBABLY THE LAST MOMENT WHERE I FELT I COULD DO SOMETHING GREAT, WITH SENSE, WITH HEART.







THE GAS CHAMBER.

EVERYBODY HAD TO UNDRESS HERE.



THE GUARDS WALKED AMONG THE PEOPLE, GIVING THEM SOAP.



THAT WOMAN WAS NOT STUPID, SHE UNDERSTOOD WHAT WAS ABOUT TO HAPPEN.



ONE SOLDIER NOTICED HER. HE STARTED TO YELL THAT SHE MUST UNDRESS HERSELF AND HER CHILD QUICKLY.



SHE KNEW IT WAS THE END FOR BOTH OF THEM, SO SHE WAS NOT IN A HURRY, OBVIOUSLY.



SHE HELD HER BOY, REFUSING TO ACCEPT THE HORRIBLE FATE THAT WAS WAITING FOR THEM BEHIND THE DOOR OF THAT GAS CHAMBER.



AND THEN, MY HEART SPOKE, MY SENSE OF HUMANITY.

I GESTURED THAT I WANTED HER TO HAND ME THE CHILD.



THERE WAS HOPE FLARING IN HER EYES.

SHE BELIEVED THIS WAS THE ONLY WAY TO SAVE HIM.



NOW I KNOW IT COULD HAVE FAILED.

BUT I WAS THERE. IT WAS JUST COINCIDENCE. AS A PHOTOGRAPHER, YOU DON'T HAVE CONTROL OVER EVERYTHING ON A SET.



HE'S ESCAPING!



DESPERATION.



DISMAY.



HORROR.



HATE.

ALL OF THAT WAS IN HER EYES AND I MANAGED TO CATCH IT...



...ONE MOMENT BEFORE SHE WAS SWALLOWED BY THE DARKNESS OF THE GAS CHAMBER.



ONCE THE DOOR WAS CLOSED...



...AND THE BOYS ON THE ROOF STARTED TO POUR BLUE CRYSTALS OF ZYKLON B INSIDE, I KNEW MY ASSIGNMENT WAS A SUCCESS.



ALL IS WELL THAT ENDS WELL.



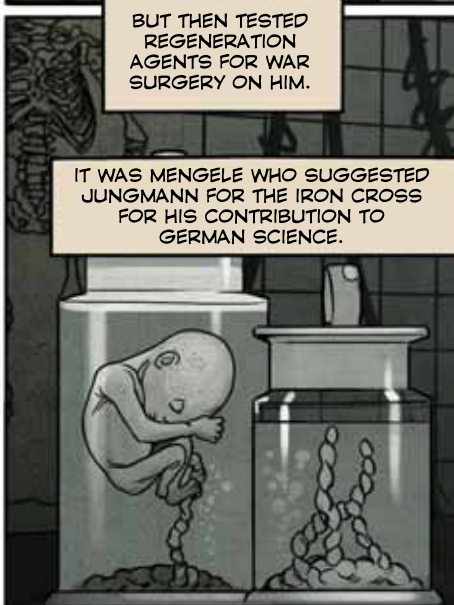


HE SURVIVED!

ONCE YOU LEFT HIS BODY, JUNGSMANN YANKED THE INJURED BOY FROM THE DOGS.



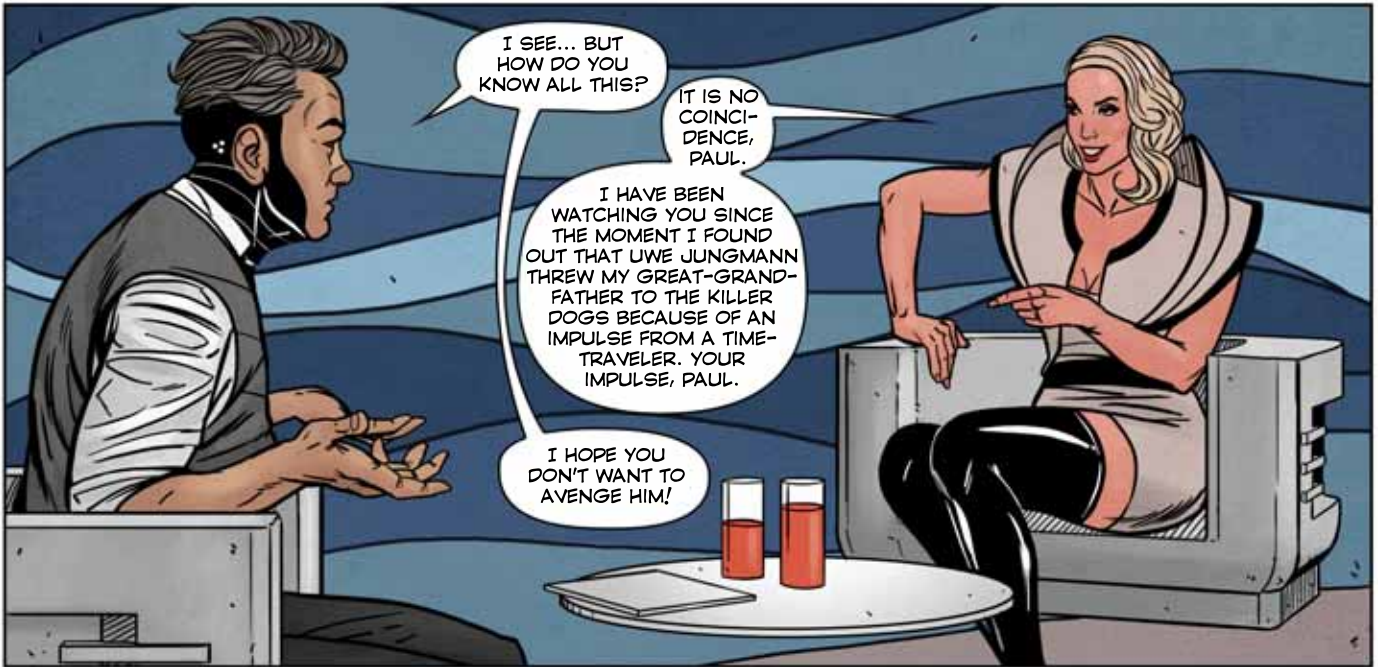
HE TOOK HIM TO DOCTOR MENGELE WHO CURED HIM.



BUT THEN TESTED REGENERATION AGENTS FOR WAR SURGERY ON HIM.

IT WAS MENGELE WHO SUGGESTED JUNGSMANN FOR THE IRON CROSS FOR HIS CONTRIBUTION TO GERMAN SCIENCE.





I SEE... BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW ALL THIS?

IT IS NO COINCIDENCE, PAUL.

I HAVE BEEN WATCHING YOU SINCE THE MOMENT I FOUND OUT THAT UWE JUNGSMANN THREW MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER TO THE KILLER DOGS BECAUSE OF AN IMPULSE FROM A TIME-TRAVELER. YOUR IMPULSE, PAUL.

I HOPE YOU DON'T WANT TO AVENGE HIM!



ME? AVENGE? WHAT A THOUGHT. NO, I WILL JUST MAKE YOU PAY A SMALL FINE FOR INAPPROPRIATE LANGUAGE IN FRONT OF OUR TV VIEWERS.

I WILL SEND YOU BACK IN TIME. HAPPY?



THAT'S NICE OF YOU. I LIKE TIME-TRAVEL. THE HOST IS VERY IMPORTANT THOUGH. IT SHOULDN'T BE SOMEBODY DULL. WITH A BORING FATE...



DON'T BE AFRAID. I FOUND A HOST WITH A VERY DRAMATIC FATE. LOOK ON THE SCREEN, PAUL.



WH-WHAT KIND OF NONSENSE IS THIS?





AS THE ONLY COMPLAINER, I HAVE A RIGHT TO CHOOSE THE PUNISHMENT. THAT IS THE LAW.



THIS IS NOT POSSIBLE! DON'T DO THIS! YOU ARE FORGETTING SOMETHING!



WHAT DID I FORGET?  
THERE CAN BE NO GAPS IN THIS STORY, THE STAKES ARE VERY HIGH.



WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF I DID NOT ENTER THE BODY OF UWE JUNGMANN?



JUNGMANN WOULD NOT THROW A CHILD TO MAN-EATING DOGS, THAT WOULD NOT HAPPEN, PAUL.



AND YOU WOULD NEVER BE BORN, BECAUSE YOUR GREAT-GRANDAD WOULD HAVE BEEN SMOKE COMING THROUGH THE CHIMNEY AND SOME OTHER WOMAN WOULD BE SITTING HERE TODAY!



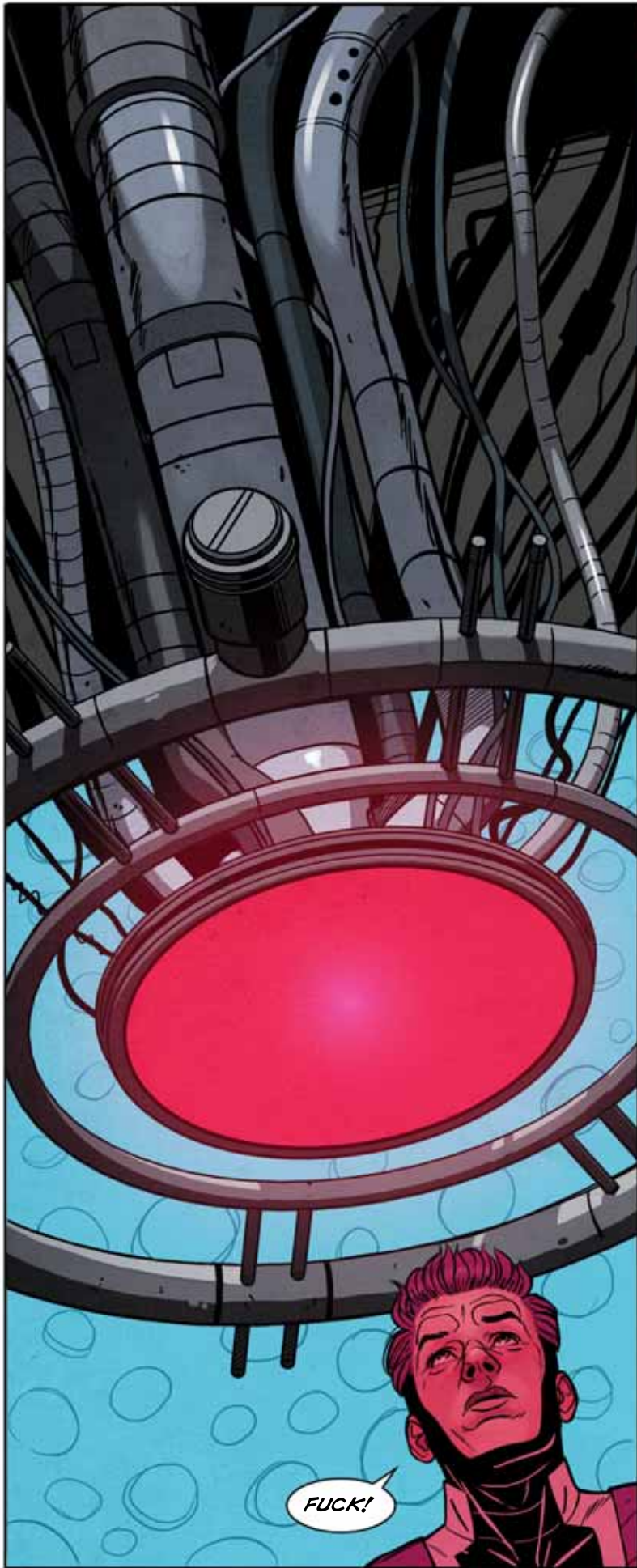
I HAVE NOT THOUGHT OF THAT.  
YOU ARE RIGHT, PAUL. I OWE YOU MY LIFE, ACTUALLY.



YOU SEE, CARLA? YOU CONSIDER YOURSELF A HIGH AND MIGHTY INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST, BUT IN REALITY, YOU ARE JUST A STUPID BITCH!



SO LONG, PAUL!







AND THAT IS ALL FOR TODAY, DEAR VIEWERS. NEXT TIME WE WILL HOST MISTER JOHN, THE FIRST MAN IN THE WORLD WITH AN IMPLANTED HORSE PENIS.

ANCHORWOMAN CARLA BIERMANN RECEIVED THE PULITZER PRIZE FOR HER INTERVIEW WITH PAUL SMELEY. THE JURY APPRECIATED HER DEEP SENSUAL INVESTMENT AND MORAL APPEAL, AS WELL AS HER PROFESSIONAL PREPARATION FOR THE SHOW, WHICH ALSO INCLUDED QUICK-WITTED IMPROVISATION.

SO, REALLY - ALL IS WELL THAT ENDS WELL!

# SKETCHBOOK

PRELIMINARY SKETCHES OF CHARACTERS  
AND UNUSED DRAFTS



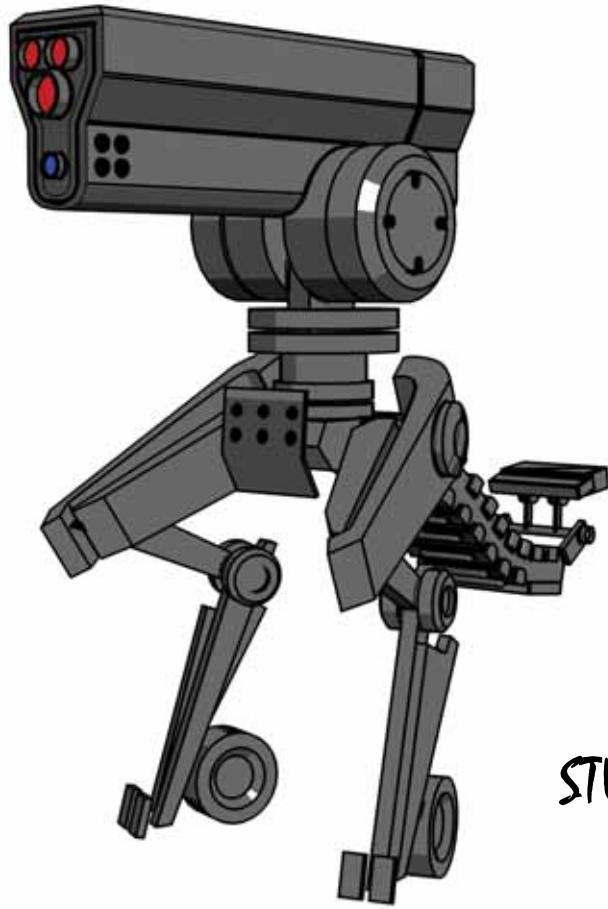
**CARLA -**  
first drafts



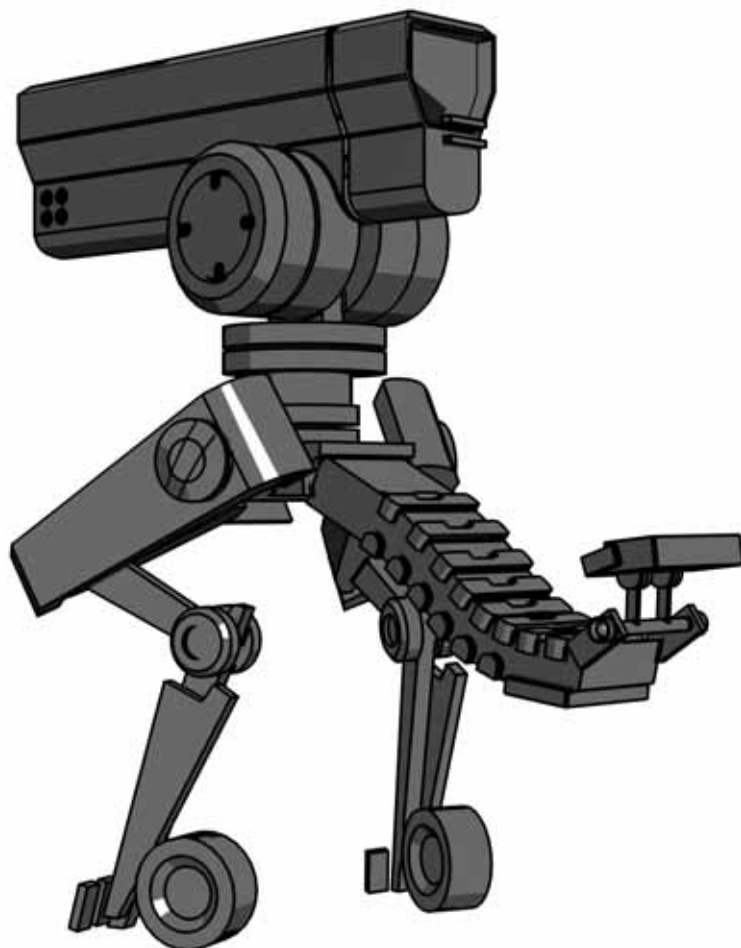
Original draft  
for the chair



**PAUL -**  
evolution



STUDIO CAMERA -  
final draft





Original draft for the scene  
where Carla sends  
Paul back in time



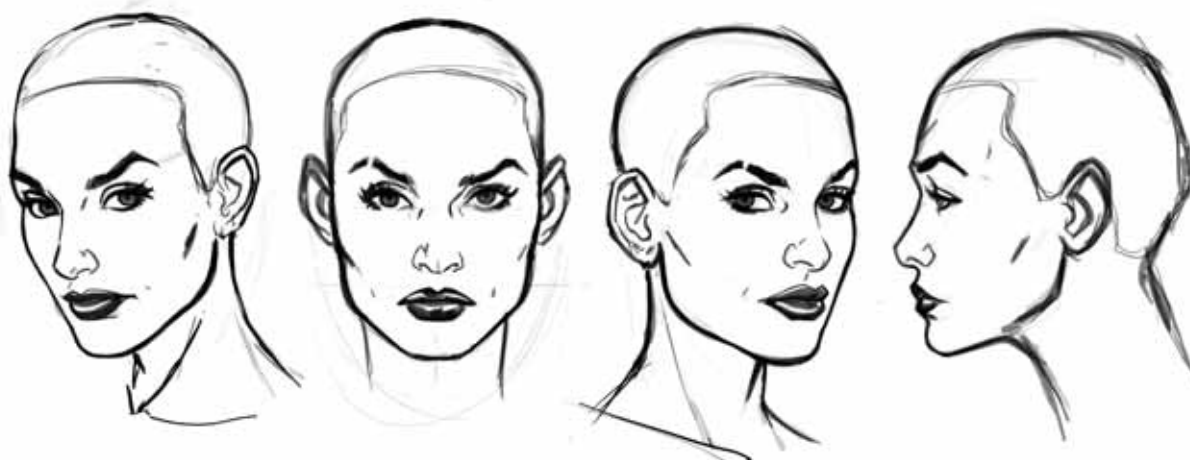
ODONA



# AGENT ROTHSTEIN

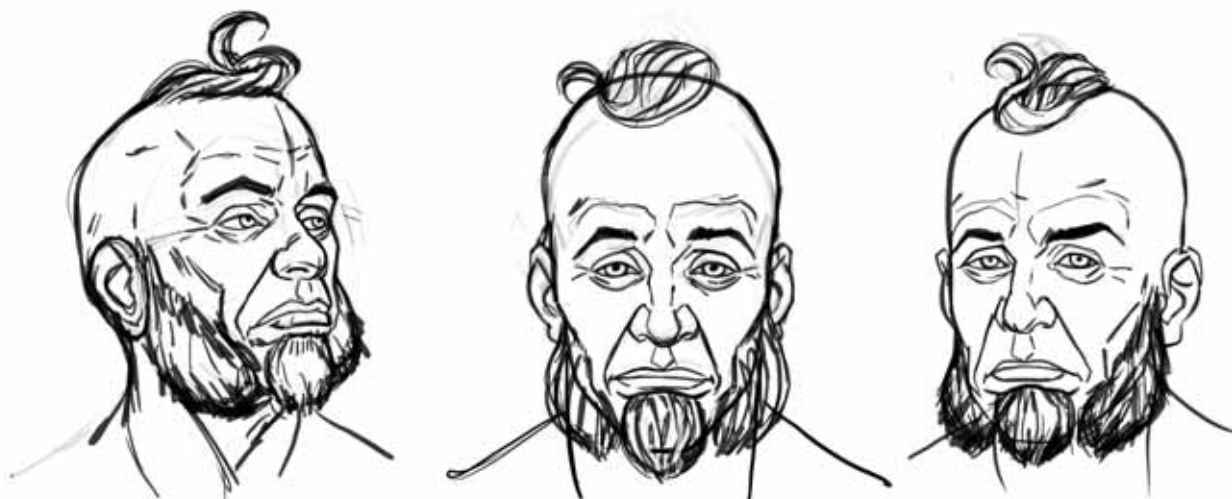


Million Dollar Idea  
First drafts of characters



ZOE

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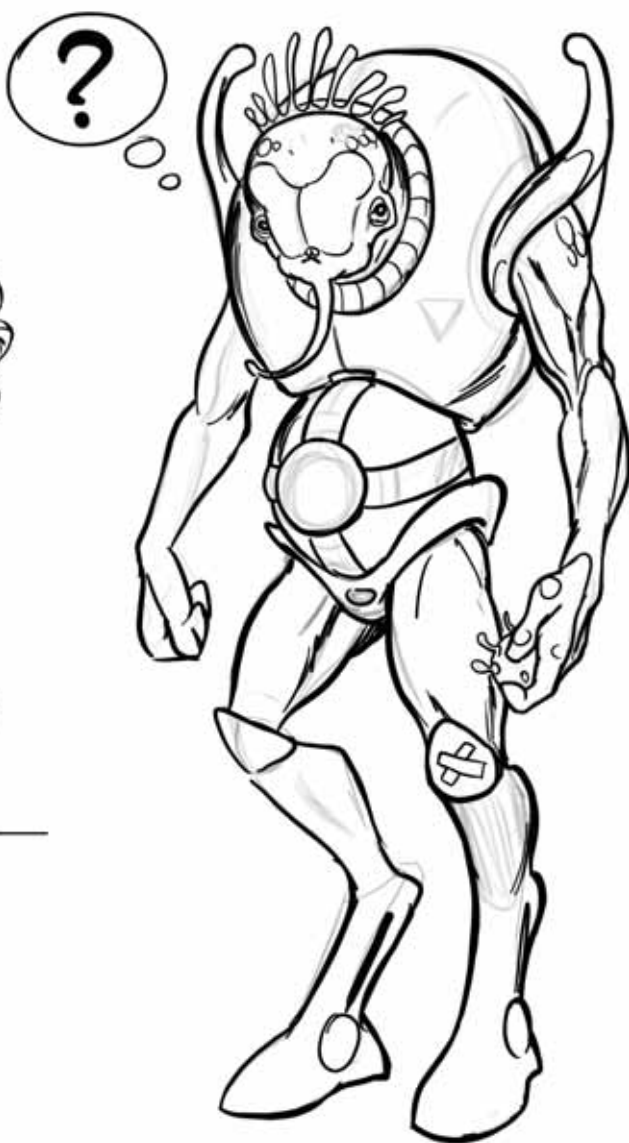
JAKOB

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BYRON

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Unused drafts



Alternative draft of cover for Tomorrow for an awful happiness

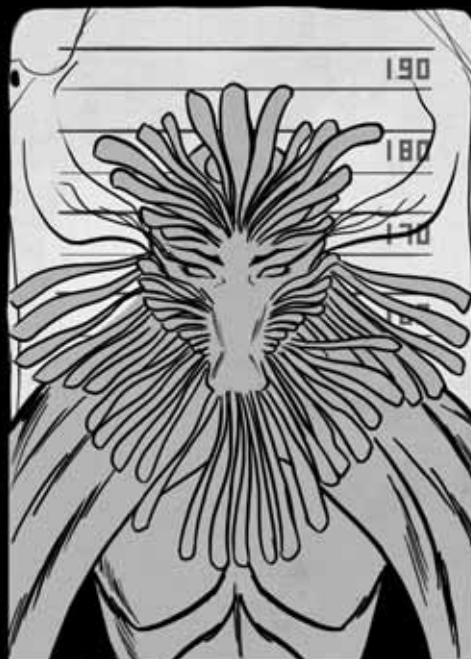
190  
180  
**GALLERY OF  
CRIMINALS**  
→  
140  
130

180  
170  
160  
150  
140  
130



A mugshot of a bald humanoid with a high-collared uniform. The character has a serious expression and is standing in front of a height chart.

190  
180  
170  
160  
150  
140



A mugshot of a creature with a large, spiky, fan-like headpiece. The creature has a stern expression and is standing in front of a height chart.

210  
200  
190  
180  
170



A mugshot of a creature with a large, pointed, flame-like headpiece. The creature has a stern expression and is standing in front of a height chart.

210  
200  
190  
180  
170



A mugshot of a creature with a large, star-shaped headpiece and multiple eyes. The creature has a stern expression and is standing in front of a height chart.

250  
240  
230  
220  
210



A mugshot of a human with a punk-style jacket and a hand sign. The character has a serious expression and is standing in front of a height chart.

160  
150  
140  
130



A mugshot of a creature with a large, bushy, mustache-like headpiece. The creature has a stern expression and is standing in front of a height chart.

190  
180  
170  
160  
150

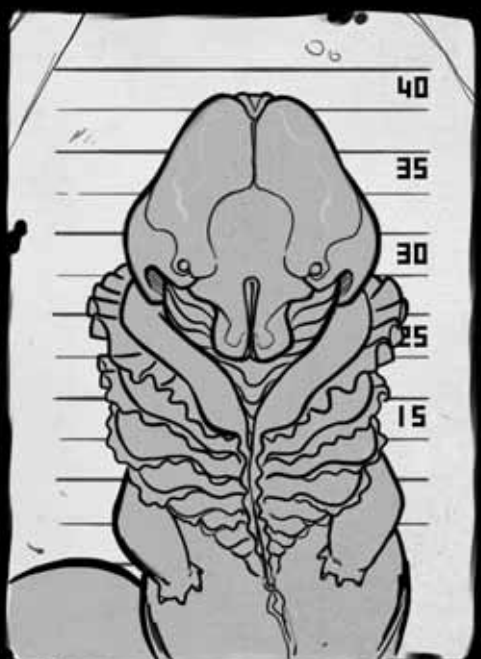


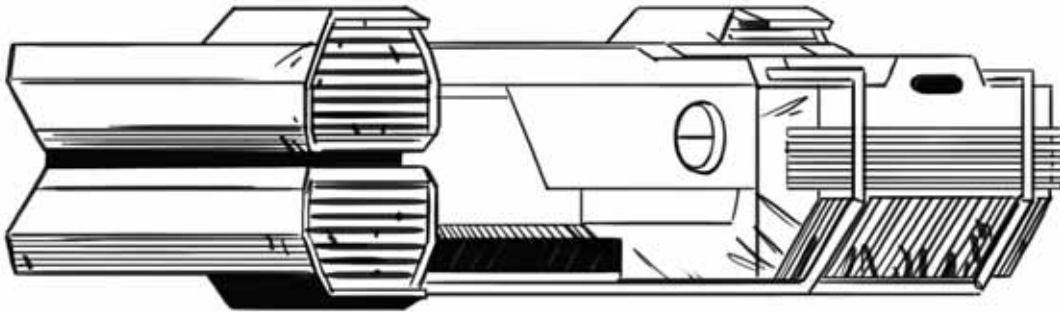
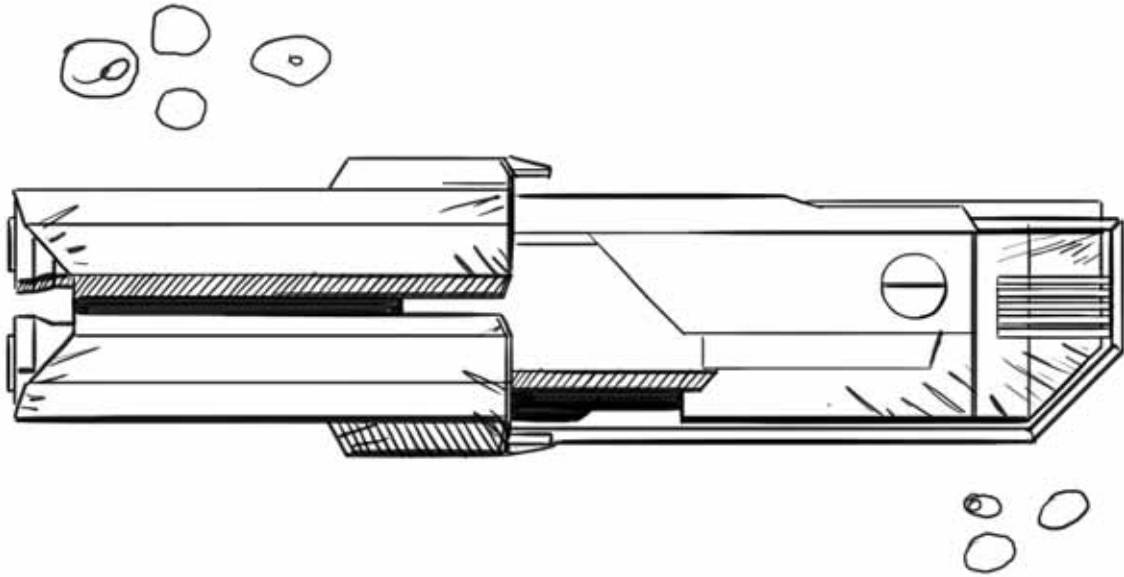
A mugshot of a humanoid with a large, ornate headpiece. The character has a serious expression and is standing in front of a height chart.

210  
200  
190  
180  
170



A mugshot of a humanoid with a large, rectangular headpiece. The character has a serious expression and is standing in front of a height chart.





AVIA PX-216





## **HORRIFYING DELIGHTS**

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