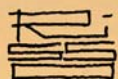


CARLOS TRILLO

EDUARDO RISSO

VAMPIREBOY

2 THE
CURSE



SAP
COMICS

CARLOS TRILLO

EDUARDO RISSO

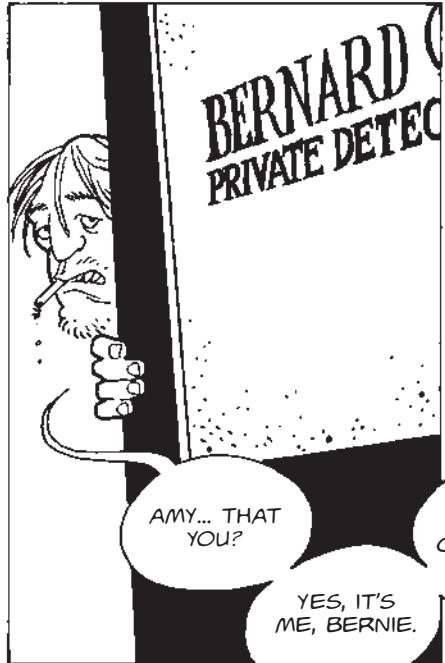
VAMPIRE BOY

2 THE CURSE



SAT
COMICS





AMY... THAT YOU?

YES, IT'S ME, BERNIE.

CAN I COME IN?

SURE, YEAH, I GUESS...



SORRY ABOUT THE MESS. I WASN'T EXPECTING VISITORS...

DIRT AND DISORDER TURN ME ON, BERNIE.



WOULD YOU LIKE A DRINK? I THOUGHT...

... I'D NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN.



I KNOW THAT I CAN'T GIVE YOU THE LIFE YOU DESERVE, THAT OUR LOVE IS IMPOSSIBLE, BUT...

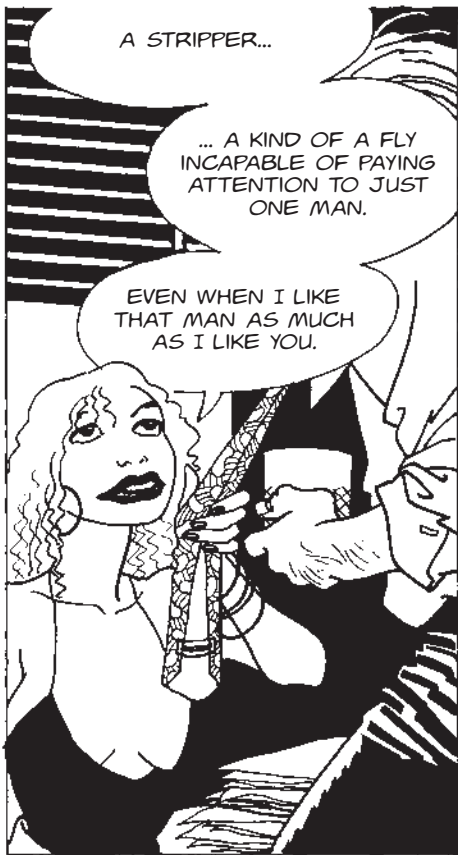
... BUT I JUST CAN'T FORGET YOU.



NOT THIS SAME OLD SONG AGAIN, BERNIE...

I'VE TOLD YOU A THOUSAND TIMES...

I'M A WHORE THROUGH AND THROUGH...



A STRIPPER...

... A KIND OF A FLY INCAPABLE OF PAYING ATTENTION TO JUST ONE MAN.

EVEN WHEN I LIKE THAT MAN AS MUCH AS I LIKE YOU.

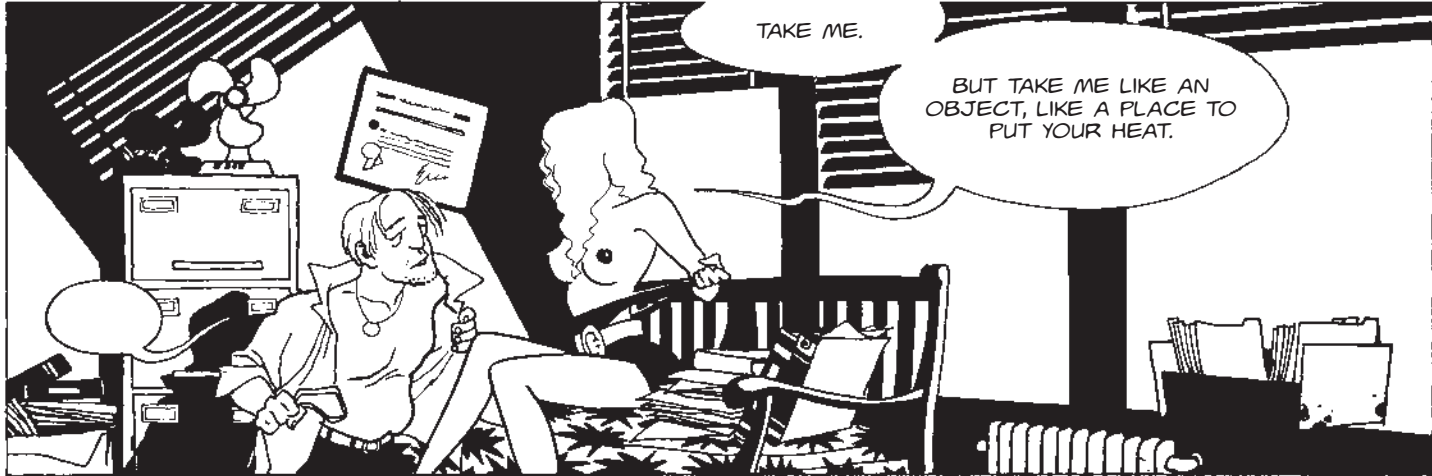


I'M NOT A STEADY-RELATIONSHIP TYPE.

... I'M MORE OF A ONE-NIGHT-STAND WOMAN.

WHY CAN'T YOU JUST ACCEPT THINGS FOR WHAT THEY ARE?

AMY...



TAKE ME.

BUT TAKE ME LIKE AN OBJECT, LIKE A PLACE TO PUT YOUR HEAT.



AMY...



AMY...



AMY





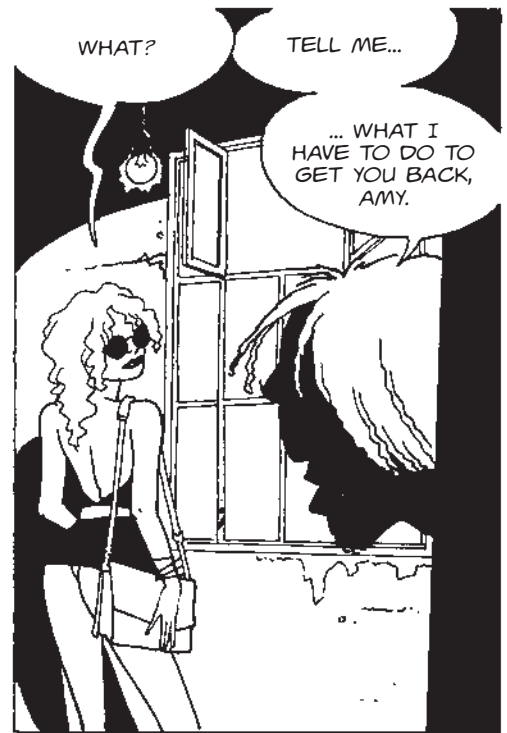


THAT'S AWFUL. I WAS TRYING TO FORGET YOU AND NOW...

GOODBYE.



WAIT!!!



WHAT?

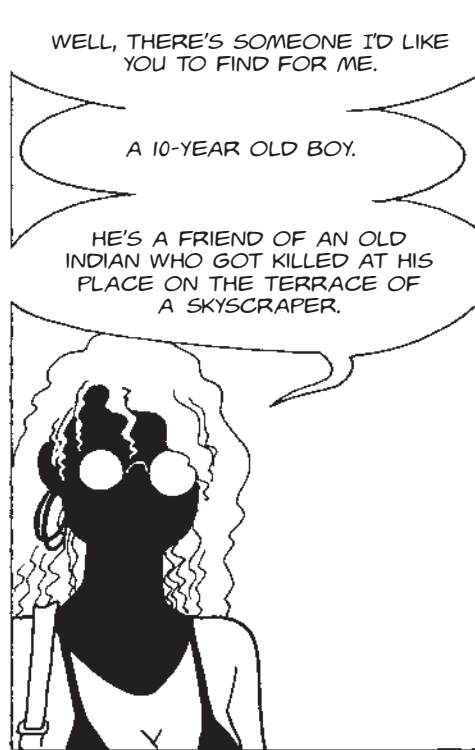
TELL ME...

... WHAT I HAVE TO DO TO GET YOU BACK, AMY.



MAYBE...

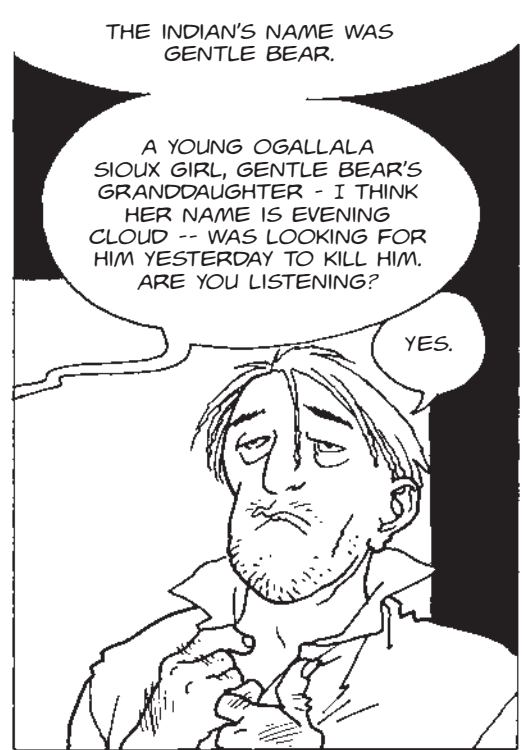
WHAT?



WELL, THERE'S SOMEONE I'D LIKE YOU TO FIND FOR ME.

A 10-YEAR OLD BOY.

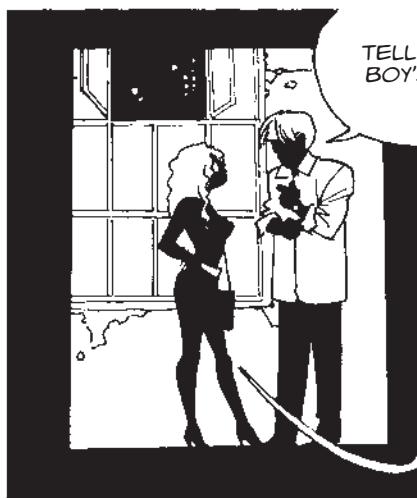
HE'S A FRIEND OF AN OLD INDIAN WHO GOT KILLED AT HIS PLACE ON THE TERRACE OF A SKYSCRAPER.



THE INDIAN'S NAME WAS GENTLE BEAR.

A YOUNG OGALLALA SIOUX GIRL, GENTLE BEAR'S GRANDDAUGHTER - I THINK HER NAME IS EVENING CLOUD -- WAS LOOKING FOR HIM YESTERDAY TO KILL HIM. ARE YOU LISTENING?

YES.



TELL ME THE BOY'S NAME.

HE DOESN'T HAVE A NAME OR A PAST; IT'S AS IF HE DIDN'T EXIST. A GHOST FROM THE PAST WHO SUDDENLY APPEARED IN THE CITY.

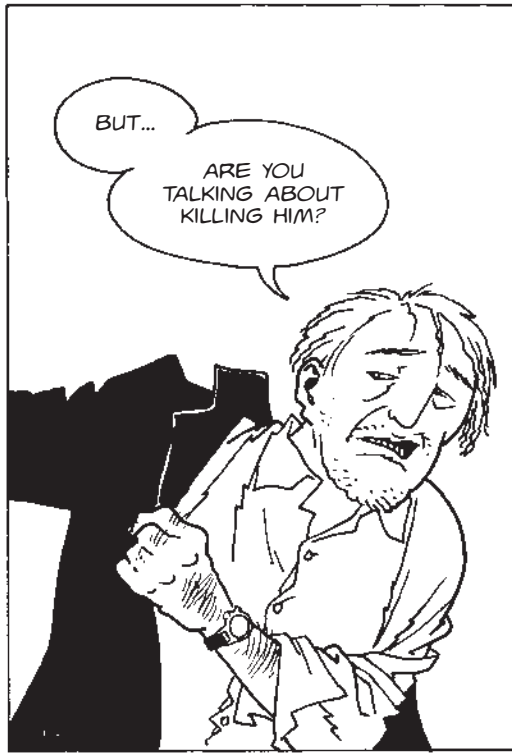


OKAY. THEN LET ME SUGGEST SOMETHING ELSE. IF YOU FIND HIM AND HELP ME FINISH HIM OFF, I'LL GIVE YOU A WHOLE MONTH.



BUT...

ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT KILLING HIM?

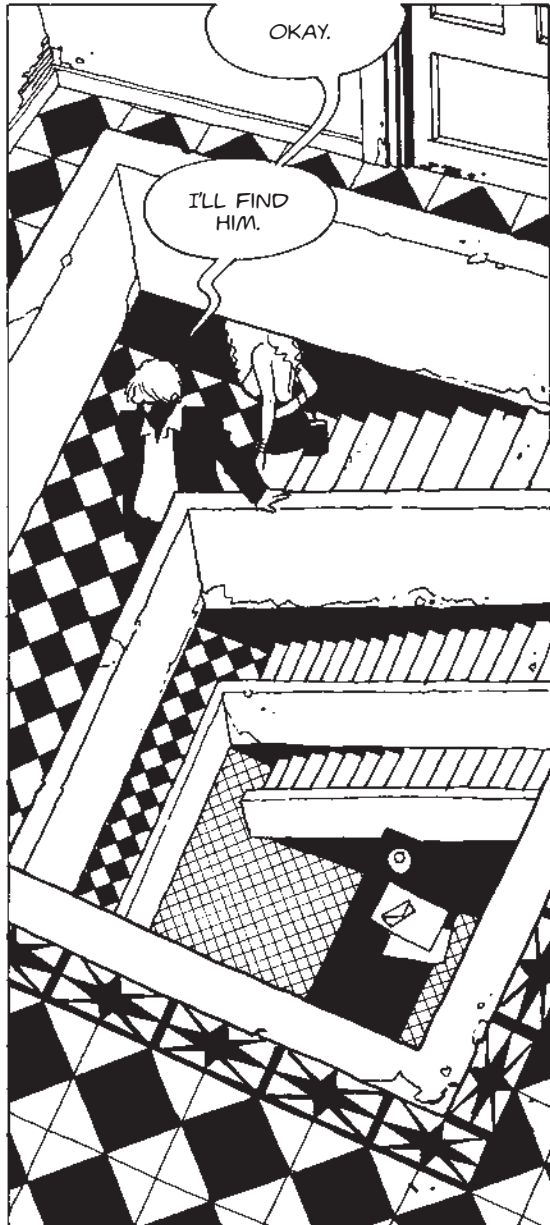


I'M TALKING ABOUT GIVING MYSELF TO YOU, BODY AND SOUL, FOR THIRTY DAYS.



OKAY.

I'LL FIND HIM.

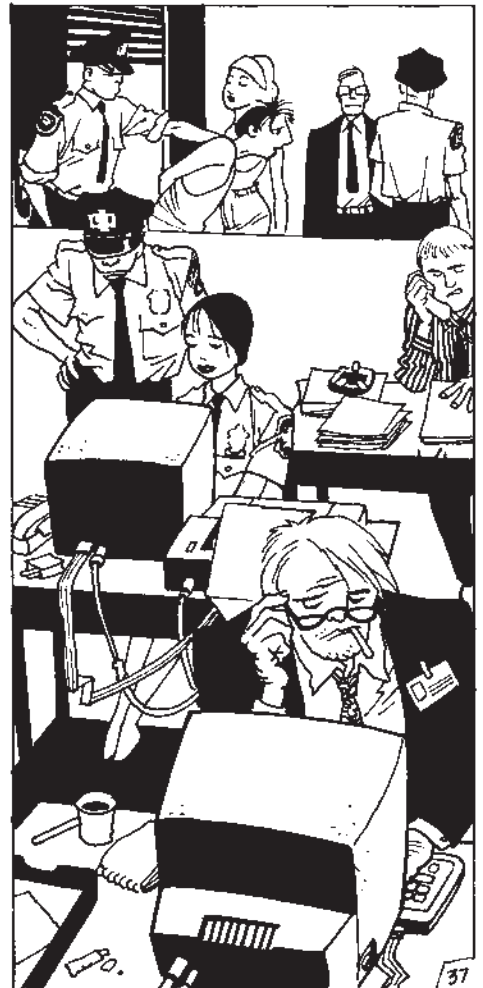


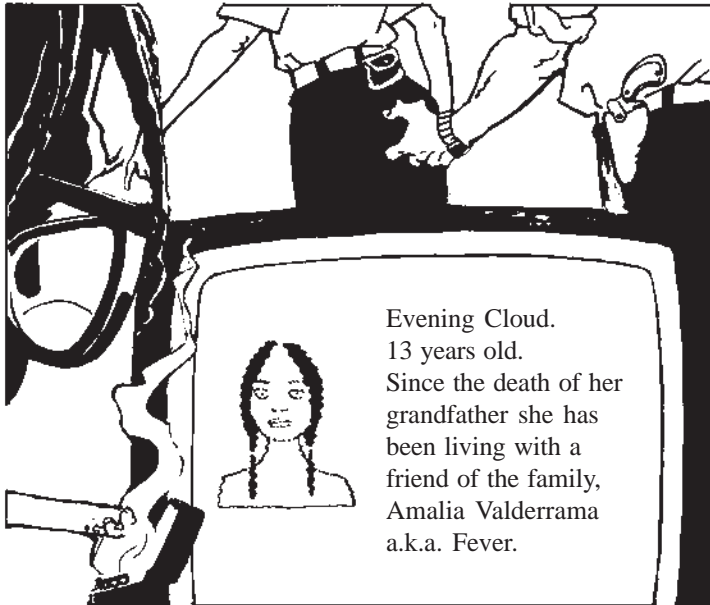
BRING NEWS TO ME AT MY OFFICE.



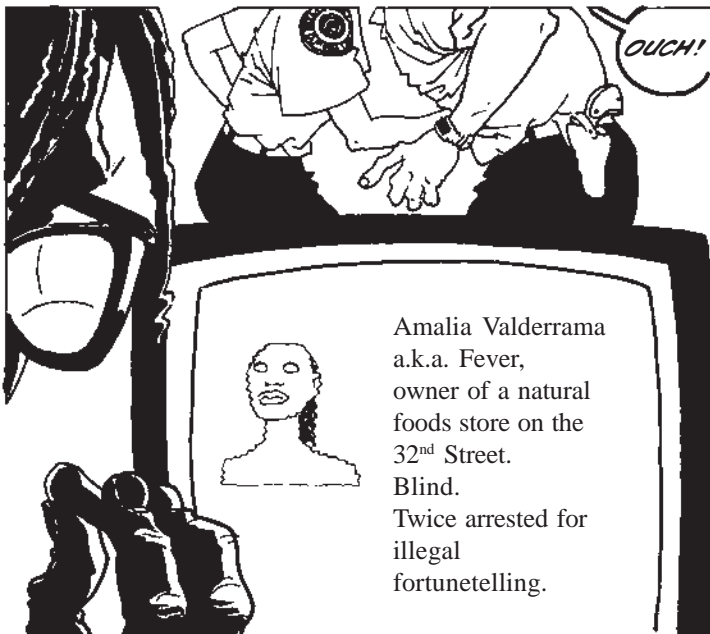
OFFICE? MY GOD, SHE CALLS THAT PEEP SHOW HER OFFICE!?





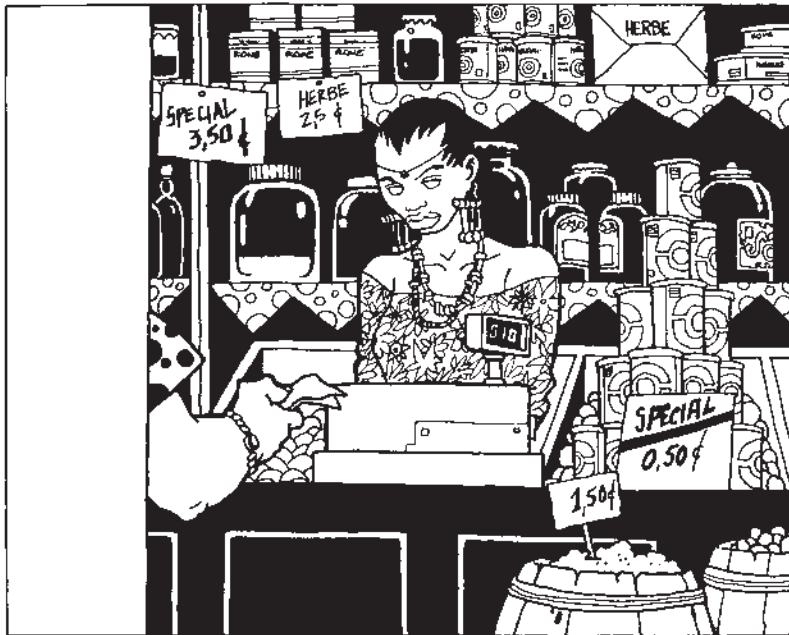


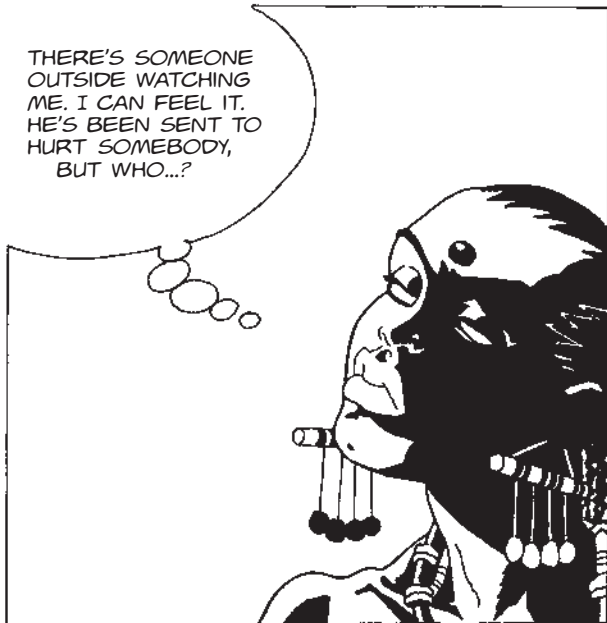
Evening Cloud.
13 years old.
Since the death of her
grandfather she has
been living with a
friend of the family,
Amalia Valderrama
a.k.a. Fever.



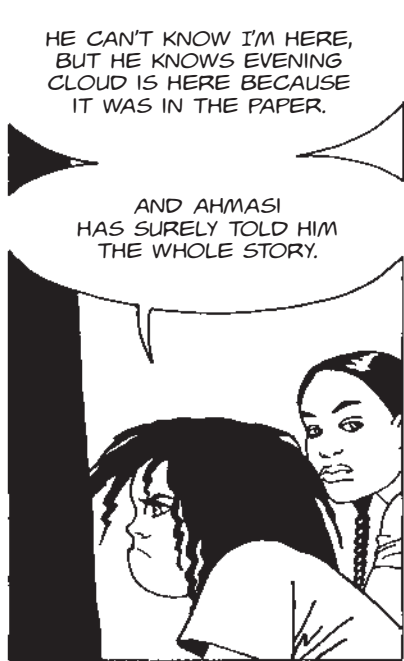
Amalia Valderrama
a.k.a. Fever,
owner of a natural
foods store on the
32nd Street.
Blind.
Twice arrested for
illegal
fortunetelling.







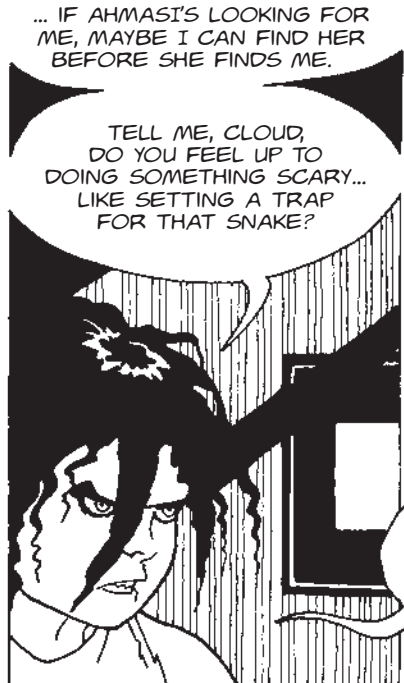
SHE'S BEEN LOOKING FOR ME FOR CENTURIES.



AND AHMASI HAS SURELY TOLD HIM THE WHOLE STORY.



... THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA...



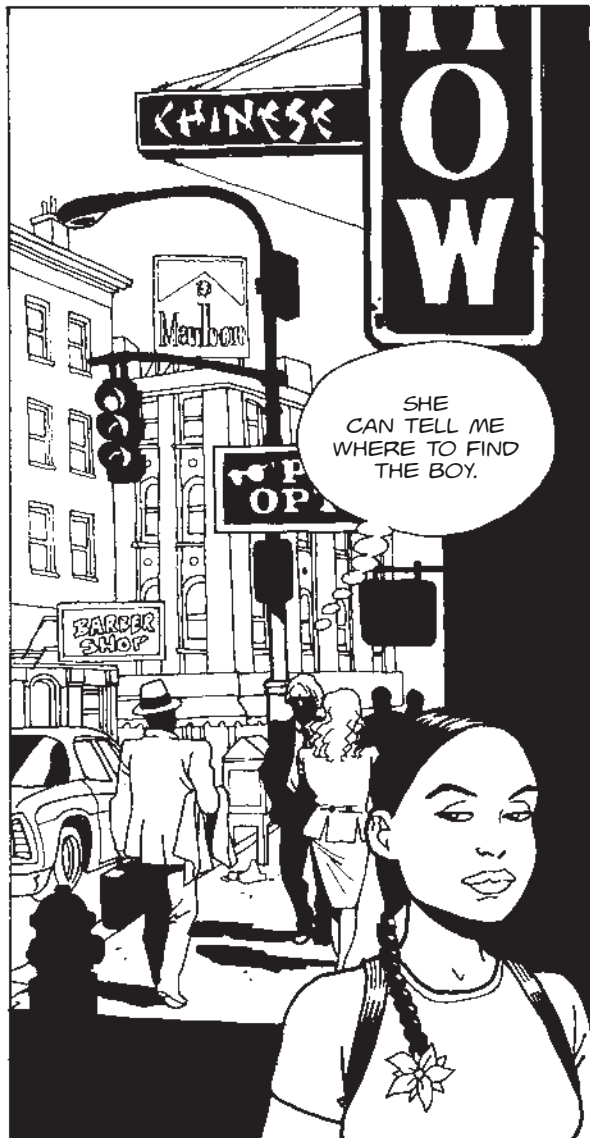
TELL ME, CLOUD, DO YOU FEEL UP TO DOING SOMETHING SCARY... LIKE SETTING A TRAP FOR THAT SNAKE?



ANYTHING YOU SAY, RUNNING WIND.

I'LL DO ANYTHING TO HELP YOU GET MY GRANDFATHER'S MURDERER.

OKAY, THEN LISTEN...



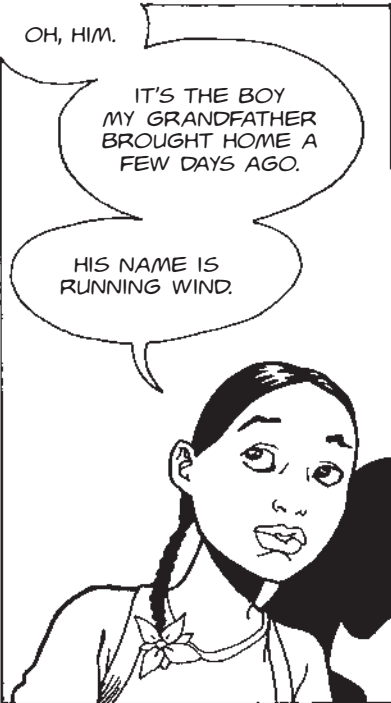


I... I ALREADY TOLD THE POLICE EVERYTHING I KNOW.

I'M SURE YOU DIDN'T TELL THEM EVERYTHING.



YOU KNOW HIM. WHO IS HE? WHERE CAN I FIND HIM?



OH, HIM.

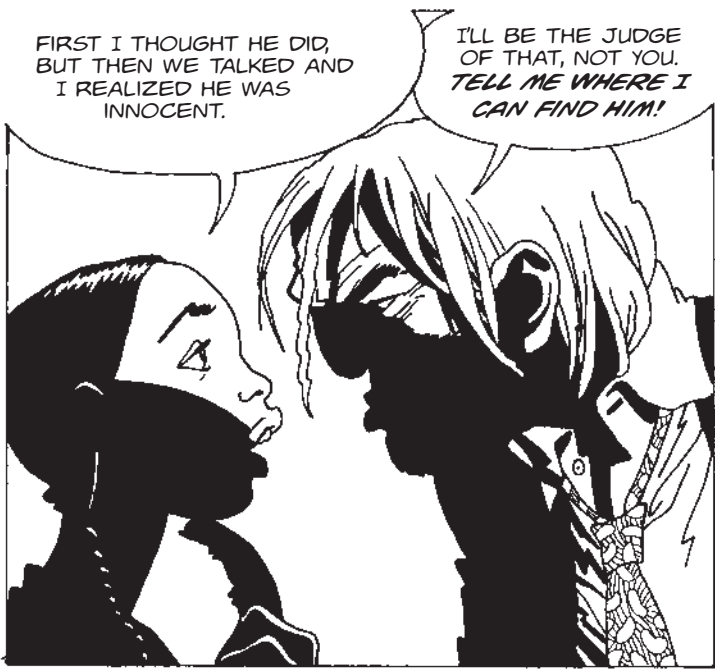
IT'S THE BOY MY GRANDFATHER BROUGHT HOME A FEW DAYS AGO.

HIS NAME IS RUNNING WIND.



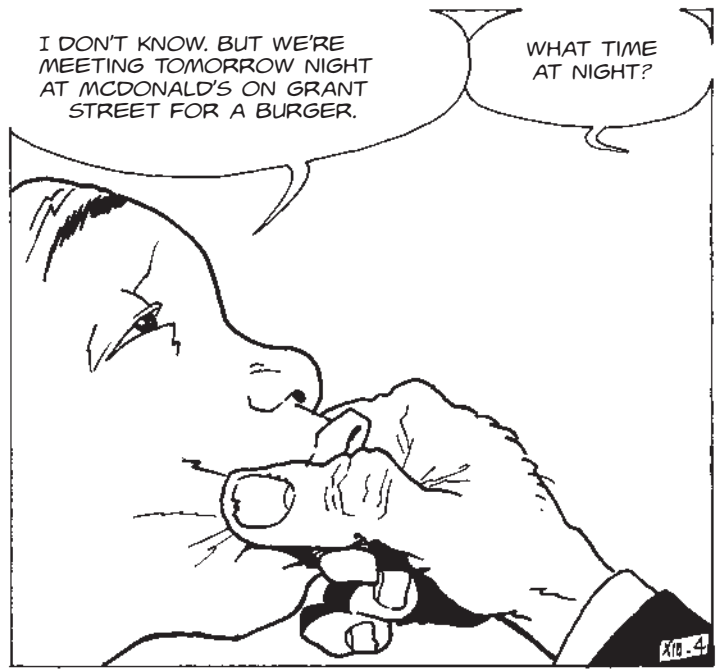
BUT HE DIDN'T KILL HIM.

HOW DO YOU KNOW?



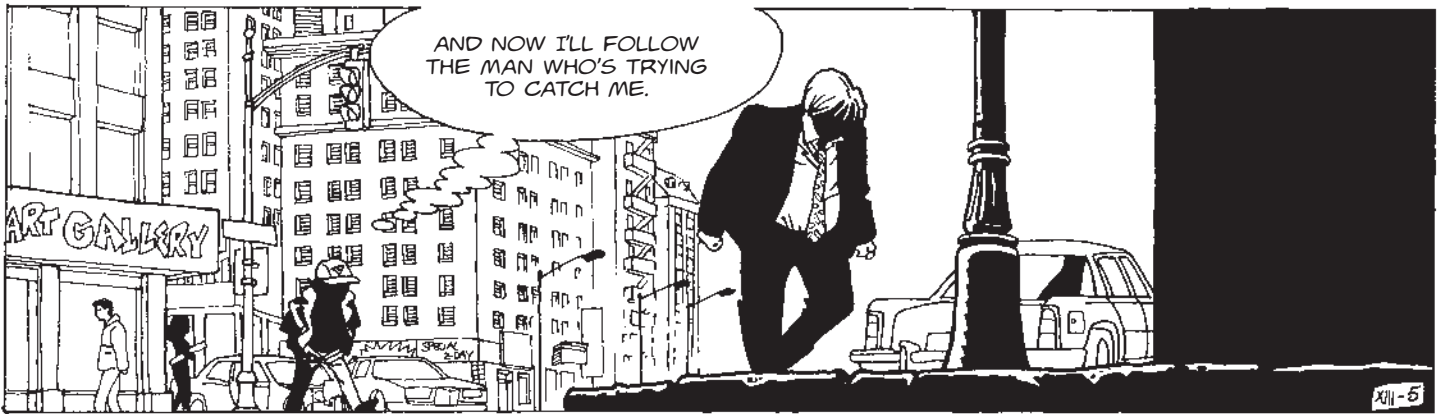
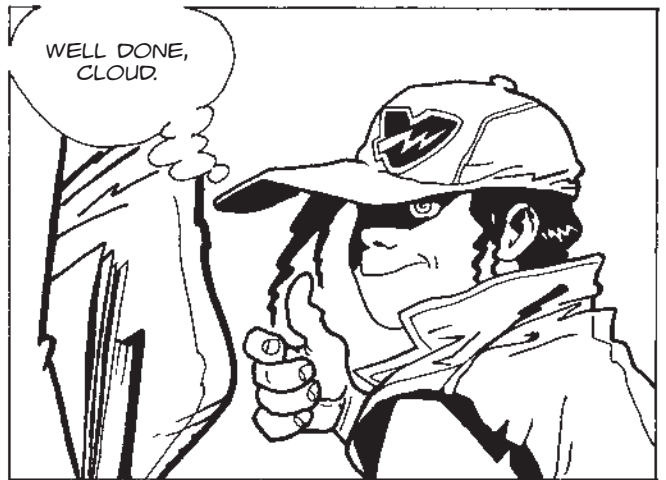
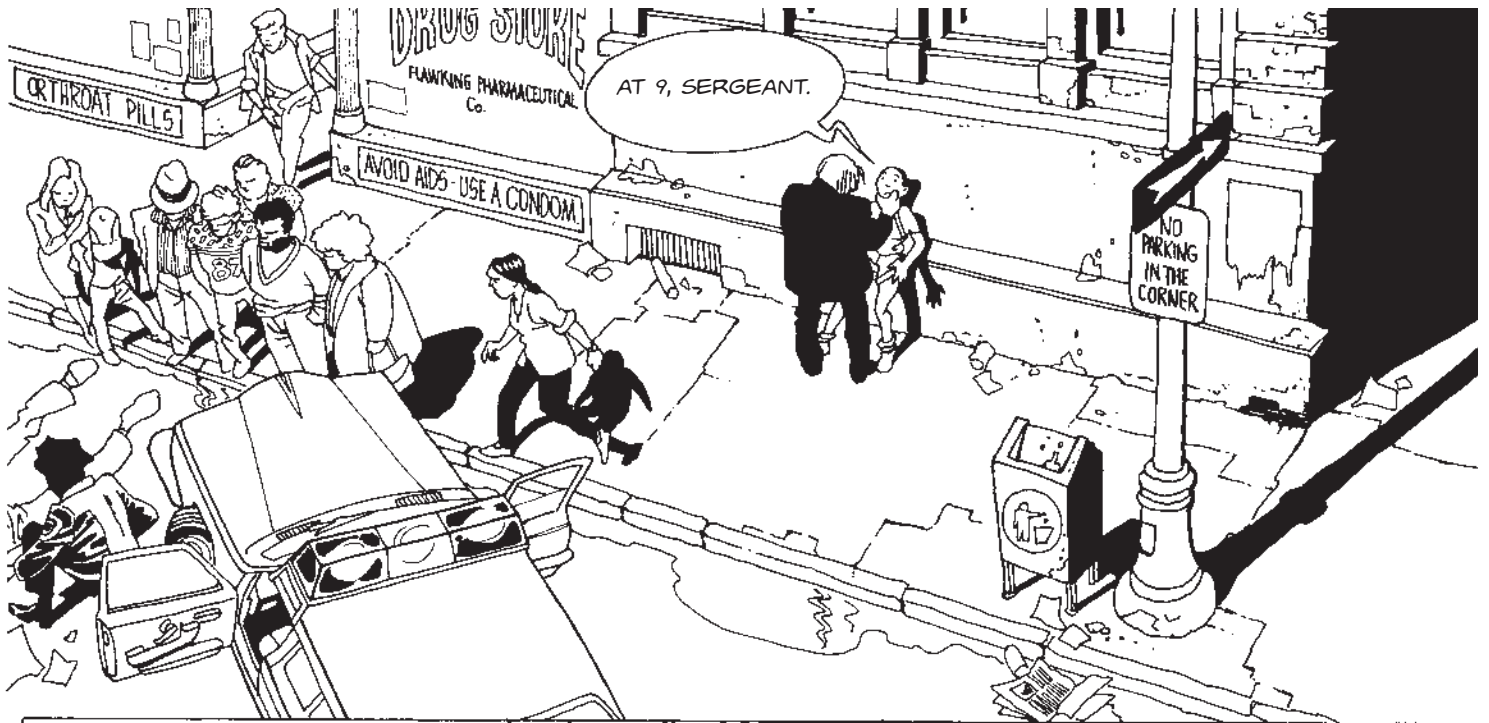
FIRST I THOUGHT HE DID, BUT THEN WE TALKED AND I REALIZED HE WAS INNOCENT.

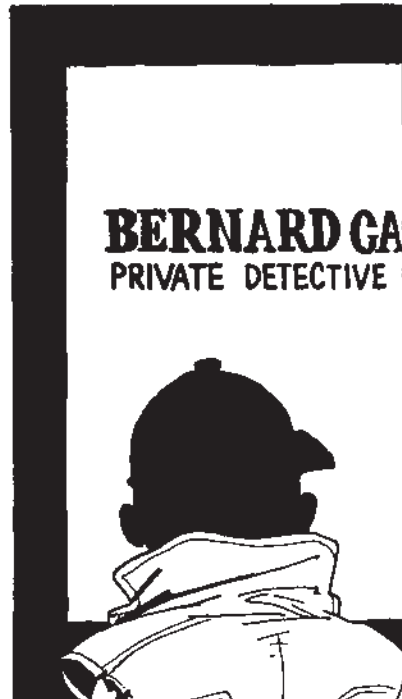
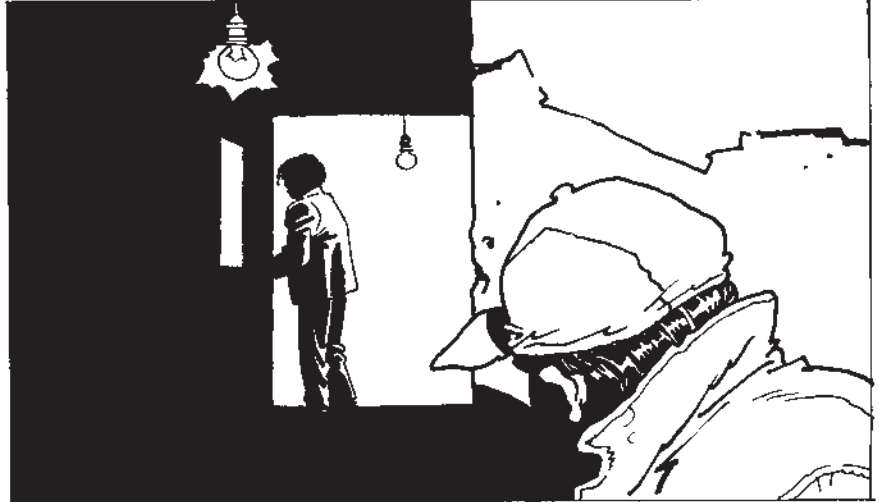
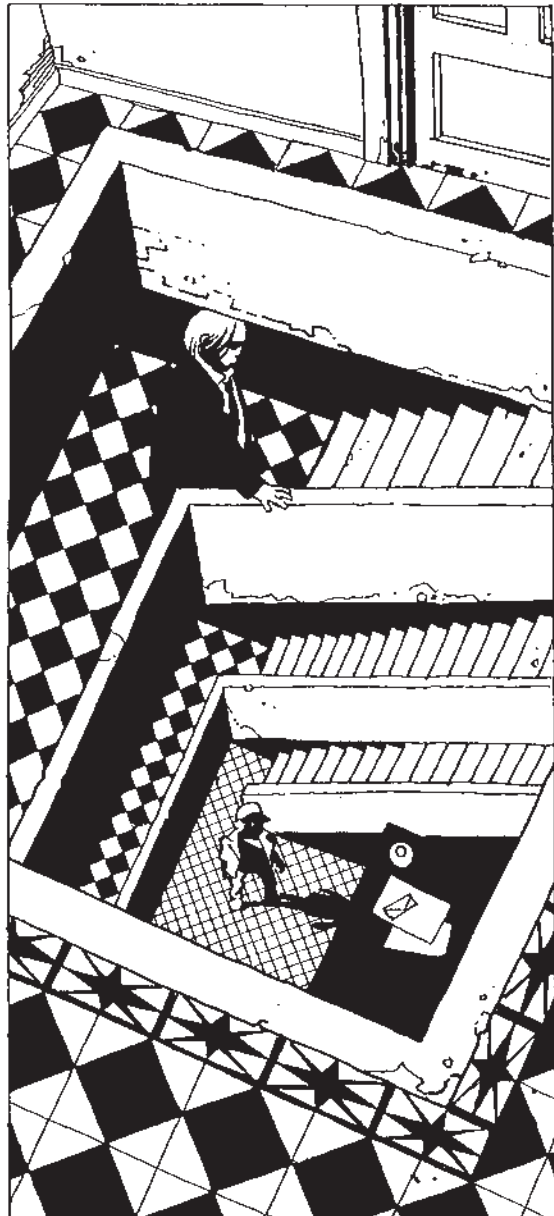
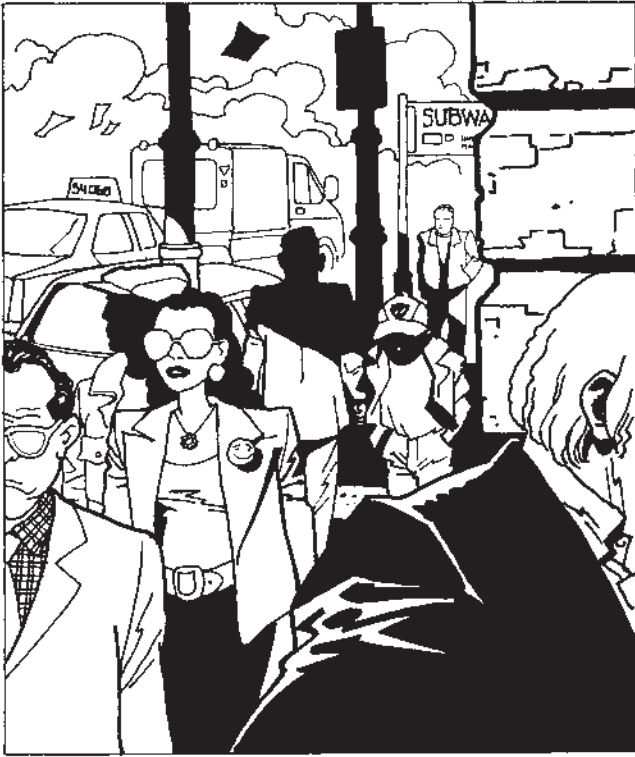
I'LL BE THE JUDGE OF THAT, NOT YOU. TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND HIM!

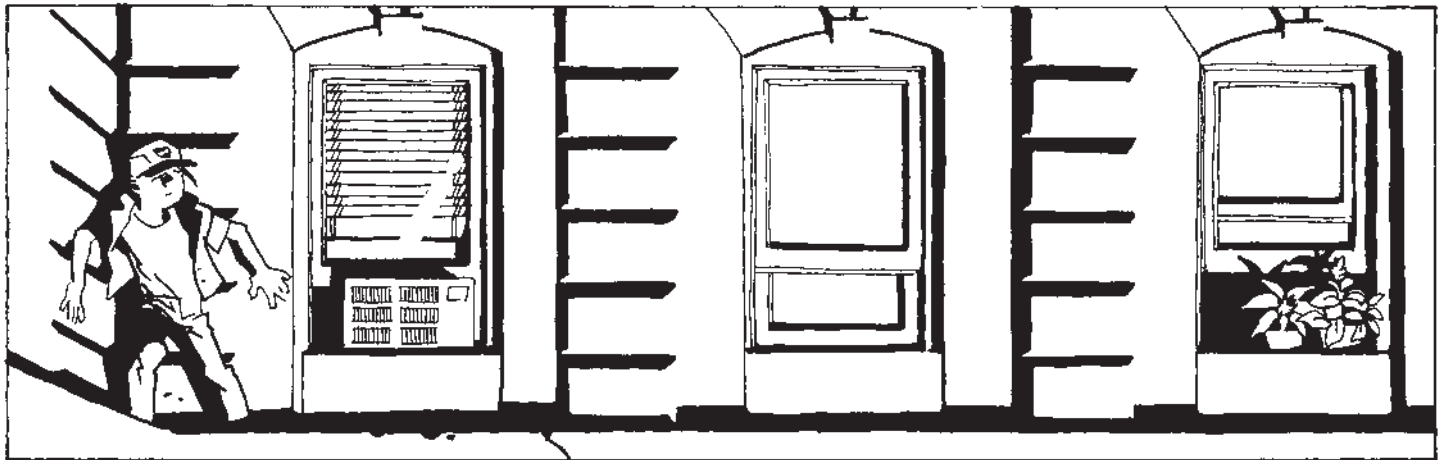


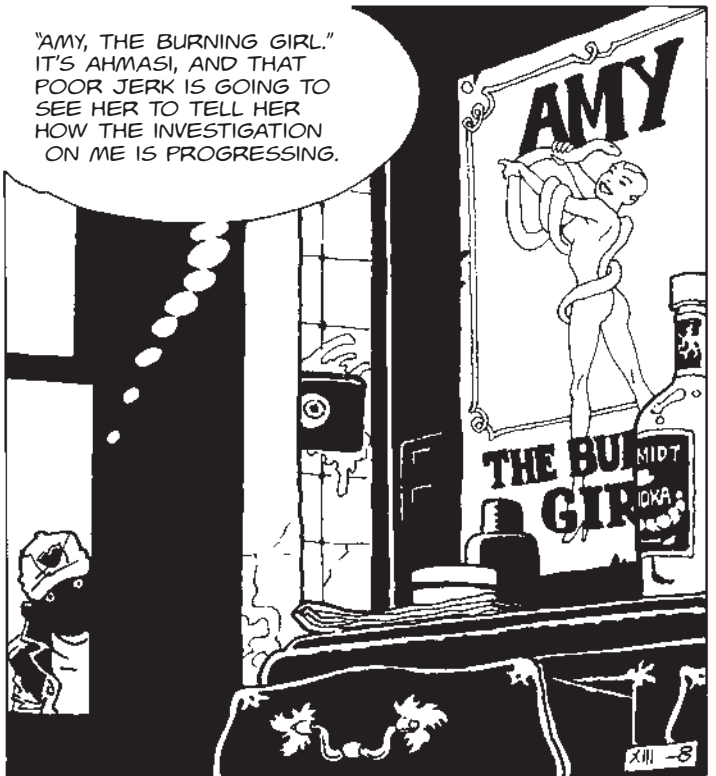
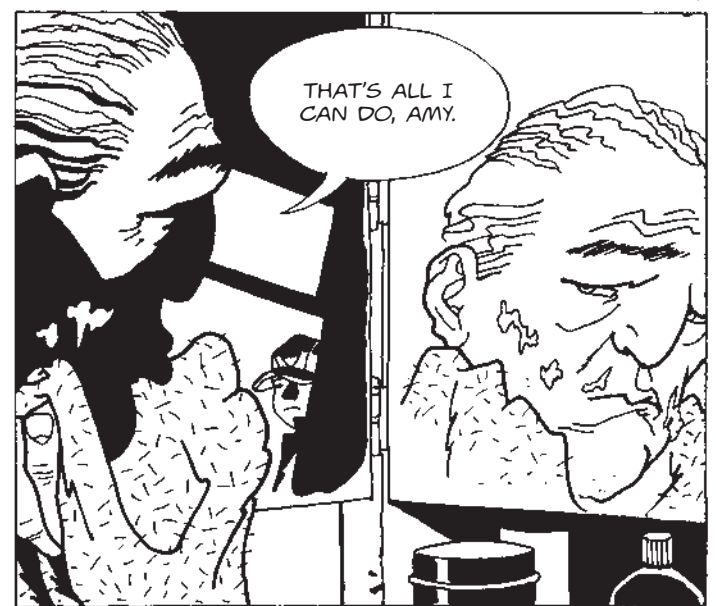
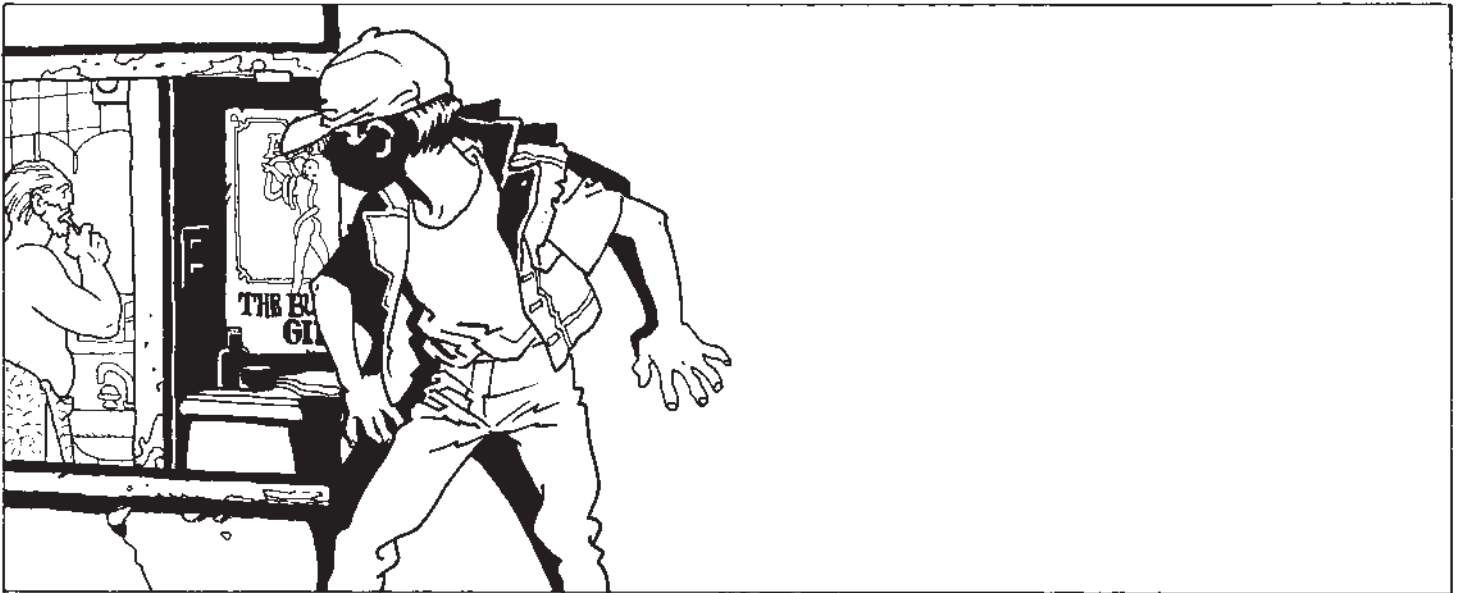
I DON'T KNOW. BUT WE'RE MEETING TOMORROW NIGHT AT MCDONALD'S ON GRANT STREET FOR A BURGER.

WHAT TIME AT NIGHT?

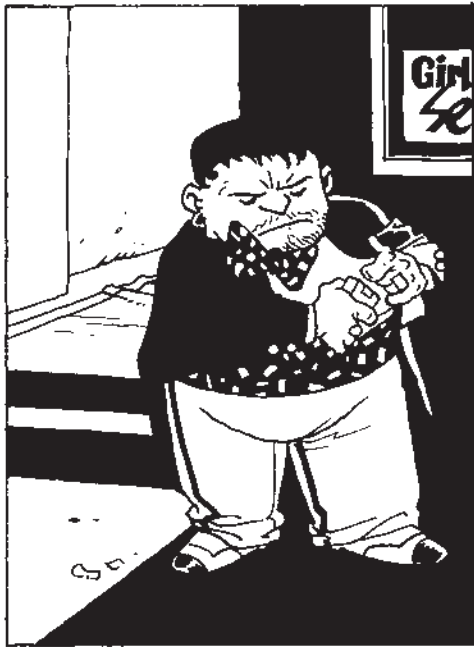
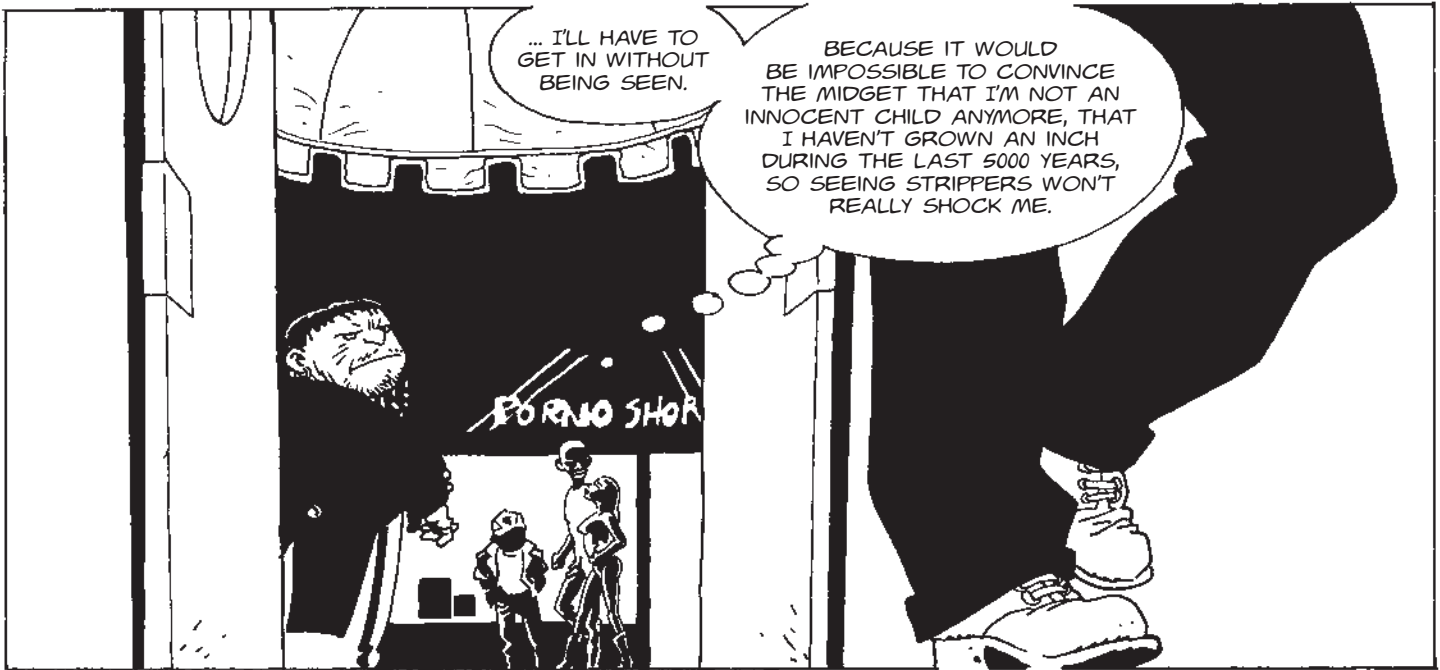


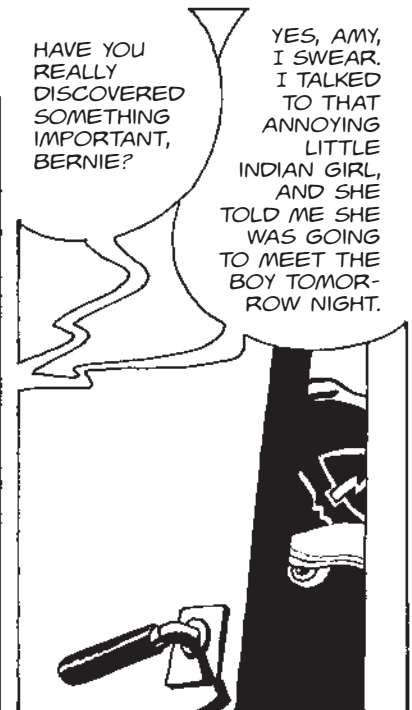




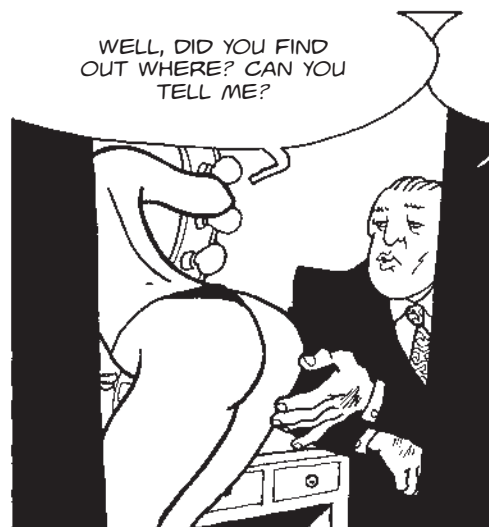


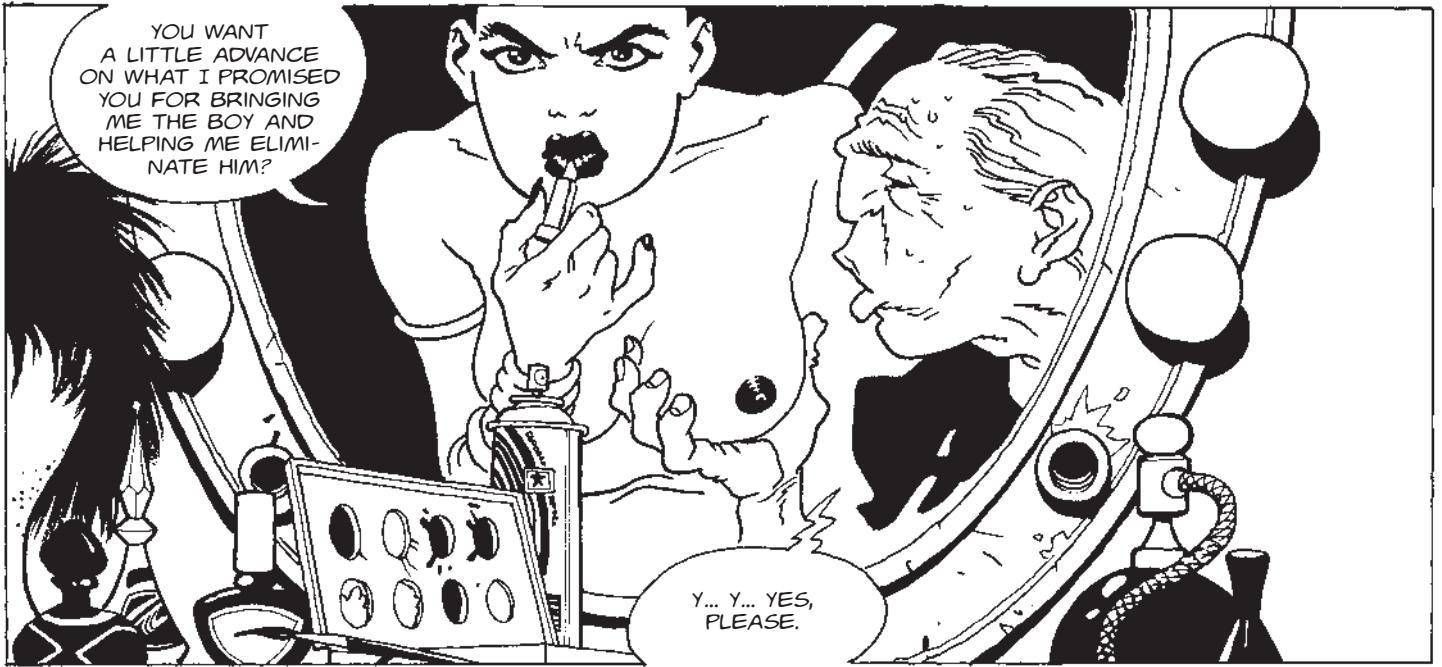






YES, AMY, I SWEAR. I TALKED TO THAT ANNOYING LITTLE INDIAN GIRL, AND SHE TOLD ME SHE WAS GOING TO MEET THE BOY TOMORROW NIGHT.





YOU WANT A LITTLE ADVANCE ON WHAT I PROMISED YOU FOR BRINGING ME THE BOY AND HELPING ME ELIMINATE HIM?

Y... Y... YES, PLEASE.



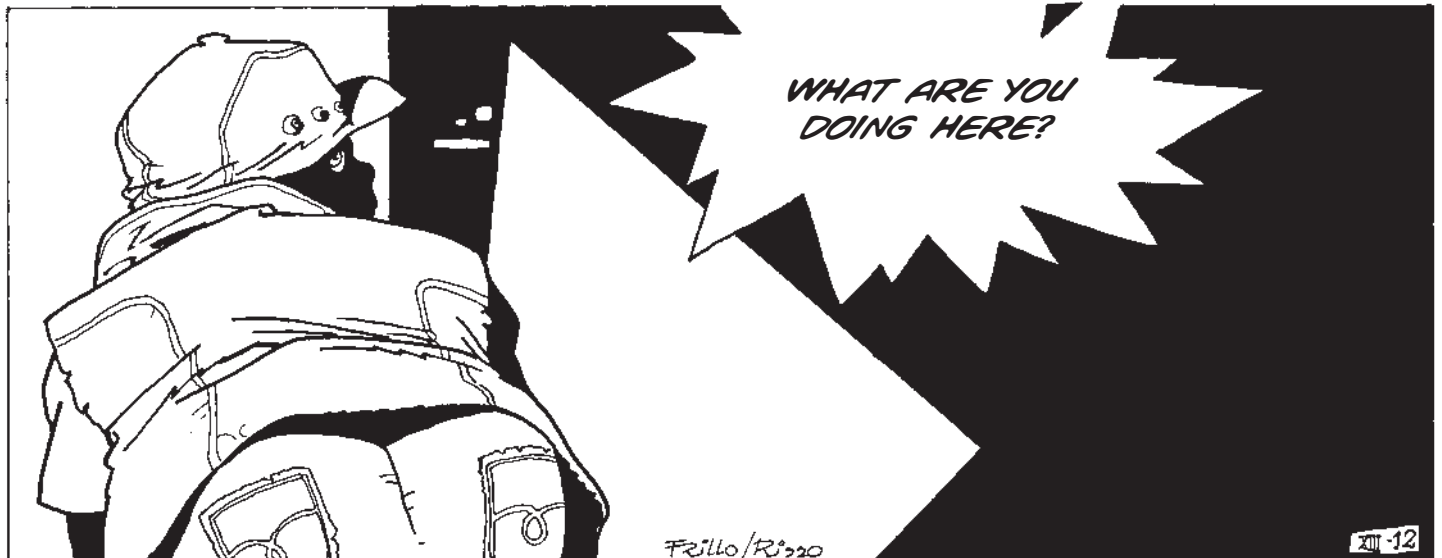
YOU KNOW I'M CRAZY ABOUT YOU, AND I WANT YOU TOO MYSELF.

OKAY...



BUT WE'LL HAVE TO BE QUICK. I'VE GOT CLIENTS WAITING.

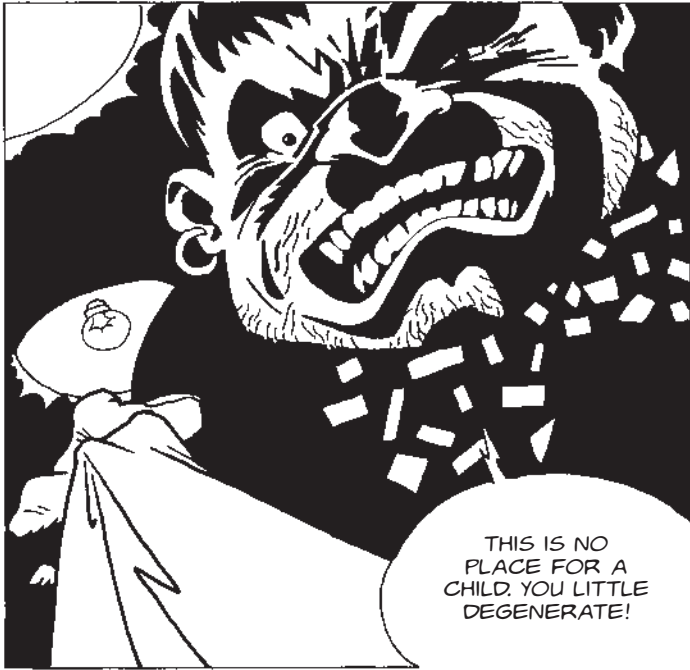
YES, YES... ANYTHING YOU SAY, AMY, MY LOVE.



WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

Fallico/Rizzo

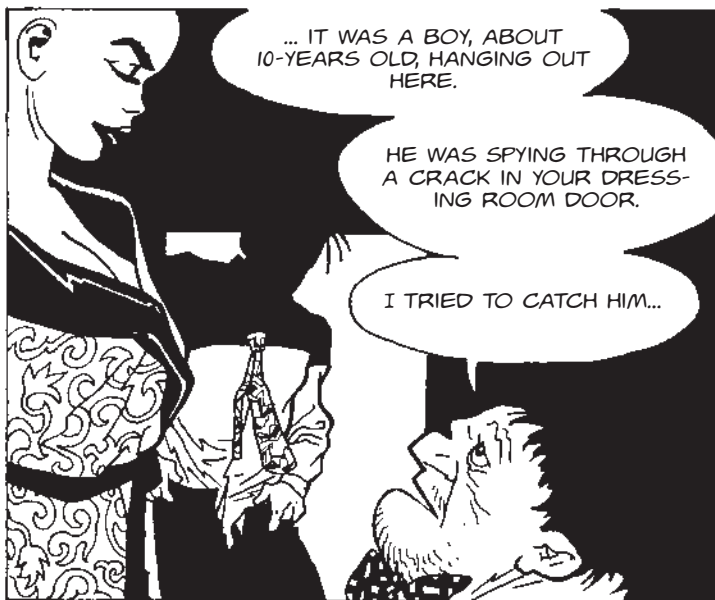
XII 12





WHAT HAPPENED
HERE, BIGGO? I HEARD
A NOISE, SHOUTING...

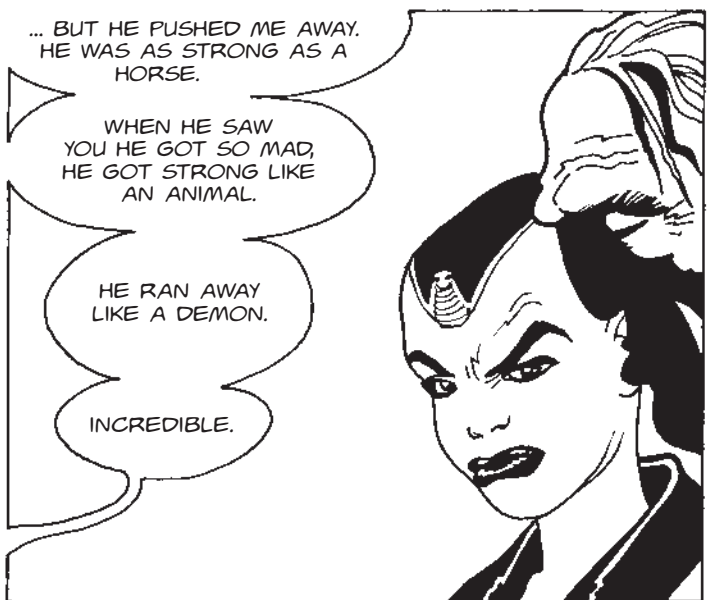
OUCH. MISS
AMY...



... IT WAS A BOY, ABOUT
10-YEARS OLD, HANGING OUT
HERE.

HE WAS SPYING THROUGH
A CRACK IN YOUR DRESS-
ING ROOM DOOR.

I TRIED TO CATCH HIM...



... BUT HE PUSHED ME AWAY.
HE WAS AS STRONG AS A
HORSE.

WHEN HE SAW
YOU HE GOT SO MAD,
HE GOT STRONG LIKE
AN ANIMAL.

HE RAN AWAY
LIKE A DEMON.

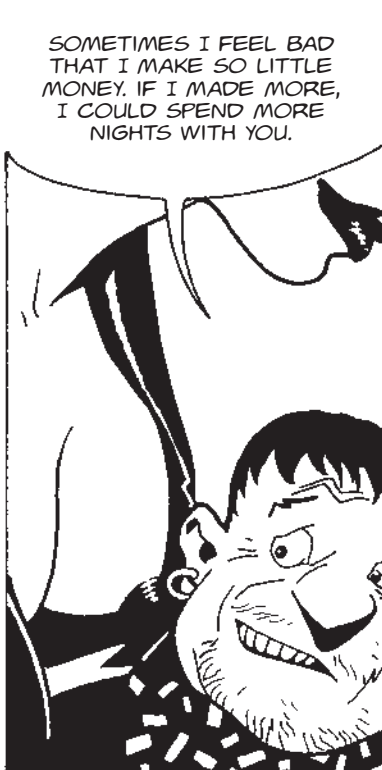
INCREDIBLE.



WELL, AT LEAST YOU SCARED HIM. THIS IS
NO PLACE FOR LITTLE ONES.

THE ONLY LITTLE
PERSON WHO CAN TO DO
ANYTHING THEY WANT
HERE IS YOU.

THANK YOU,
MISS AMY.



SOMETIMES I FEEL BAD
THAT I MAKE SO LITTLE
MONEY. IF I MADE MORE,
I COULD SPEND MORE
NIGHTS WITH YOU.



YOU'RE A LOVE, BIGGO.

YOU'RE MY FAVORITE...
YOU KNOW THAT.

OH, THE THINGS
YOU SAY, MISS...

XIV-2



AND YOU, COME WITH ME, SO WE CAN FINISH WHAT WE STARTED.

MOVE IT.



SLAM!



SHE'S A GREAT PROFESSIONAL... NEVER STOPS HUMPING IN THE MIDDLE OF A JOB.

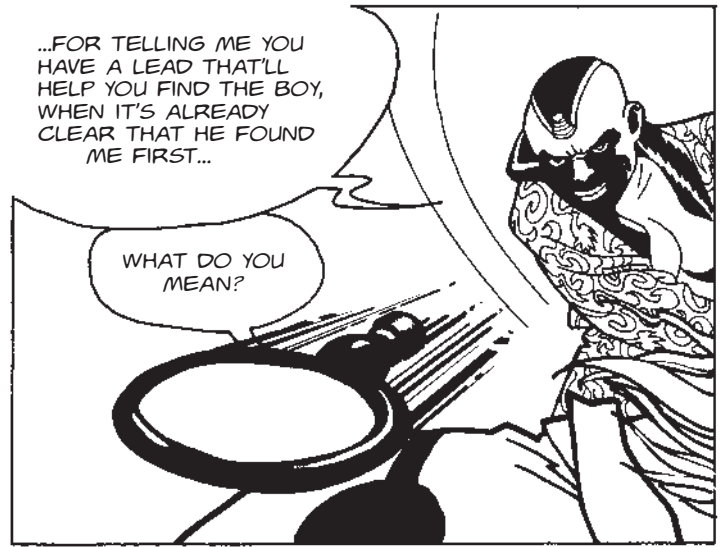
WHAT A WOMAN!

AMY



AMY... FOR THE LOVE OF HEAVEN, DON'T TELL ME THAT YOU DO IT WITH THAT... WITH THAT BIGGO?

WHY DOES THAT SHOCK YOU? HE'S A GRATEFUL MAN WHO ONLY WANTS ME FOR A LITTLE WHILE. YOU, ON THE OTHER HAND, ARE AN IDIOT...



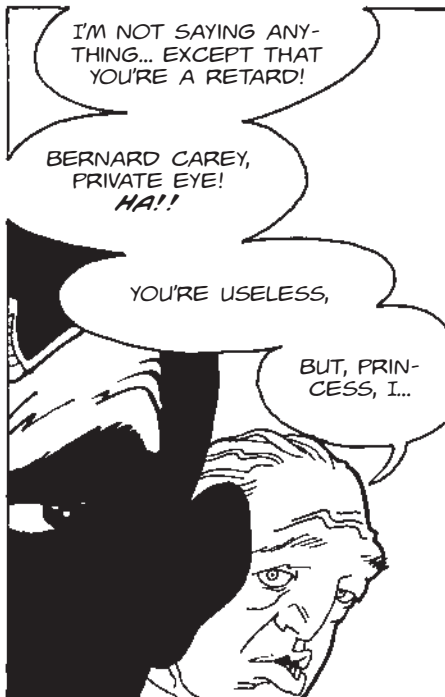
...FOR TELLING ME YOU HAVE A LEAD THAT'LL HELP YOU FIND THE BOY, WHEN IT'S ALREADY CLEAR THAT HE FOUND ME FIRST...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



I MEAN, THE ONLY 10-YEAR-OLD BOY STRONG ENOUGH TO THROW A MIDGET AGAINST THE WALL IS HIM.

ARE YOU SAYING THAT THE INDIAN GIRL SET ME UP?



I'M NOT SAYING ANYTHING... EXCEPT THAT YOU'RE A RETARD!

BERNARD CAREY, PRIVATE EYE!
HA!!

YOU'RE USELESS,

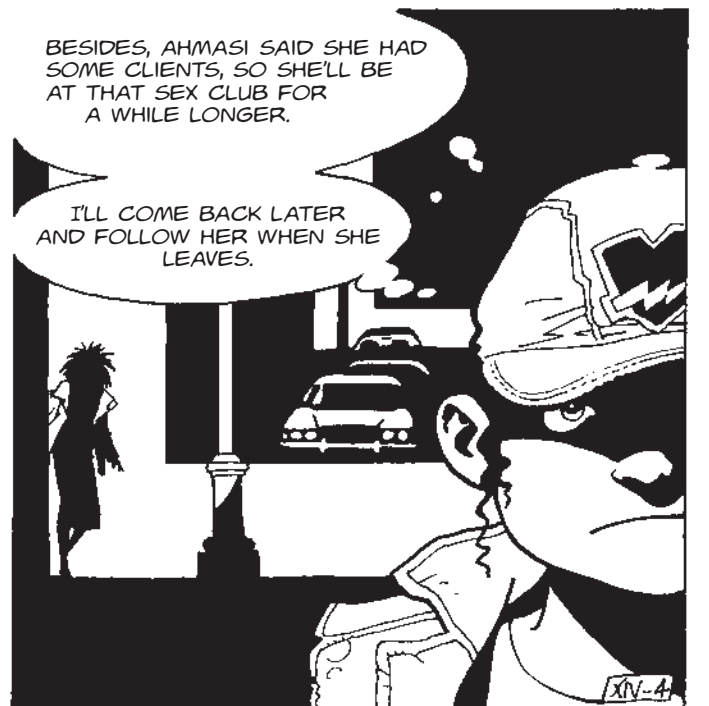
BUT, PRINCESS, I...

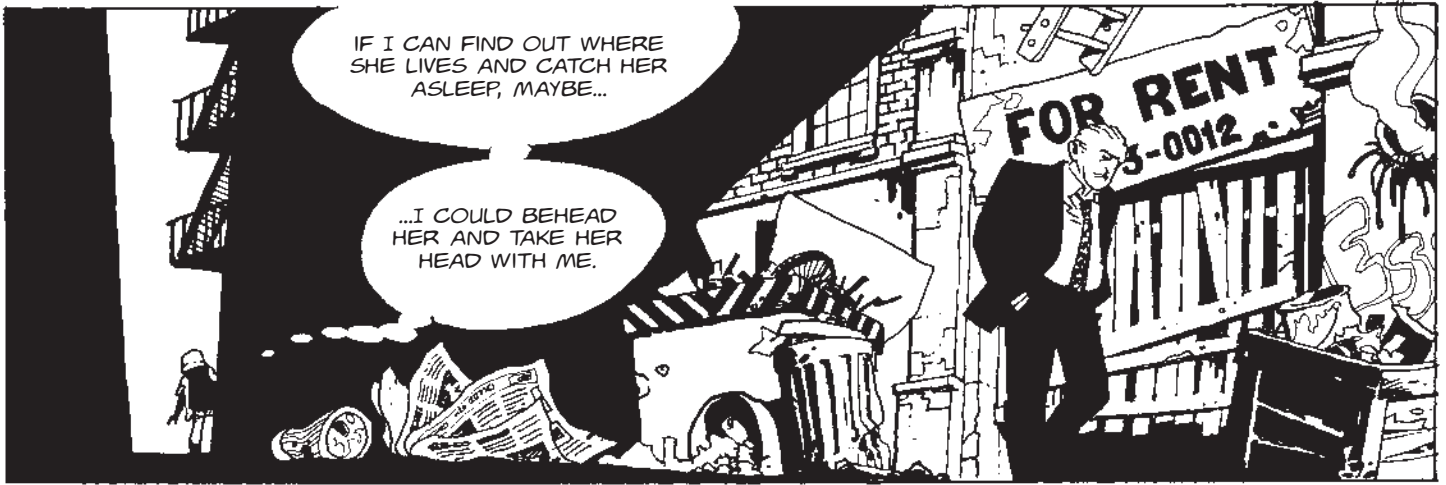


SILENCE! THERE'S STILL SOMETHING WE CAN DO.

LISTEN CAREFULLY AND TRY NOT TO RUIN EVERYTHING, PLEASE.

XIV-3

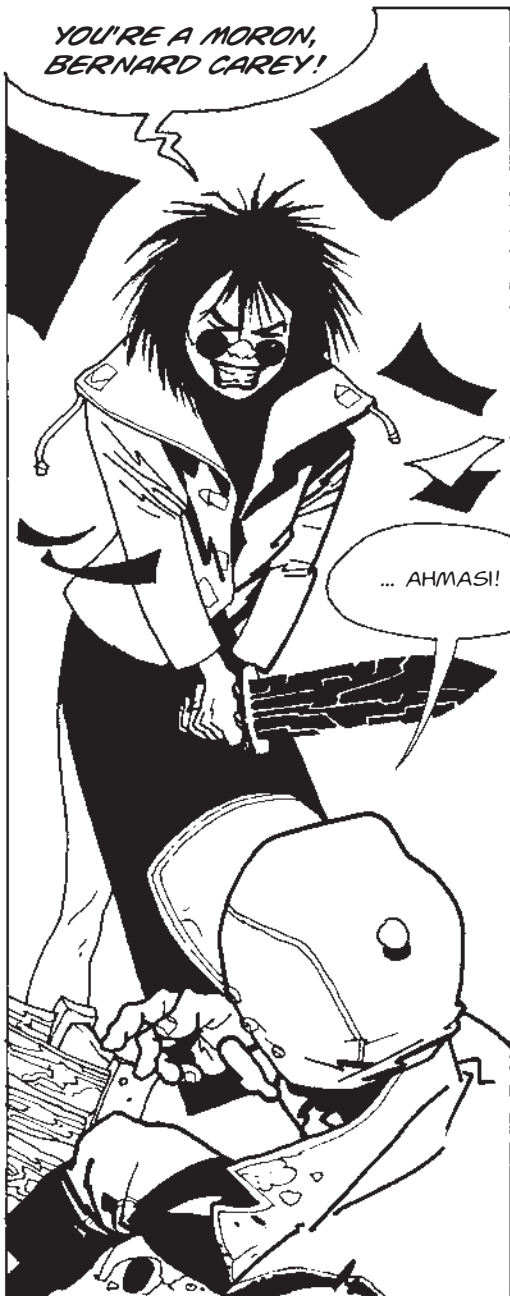






WHAT...?

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, AMY?

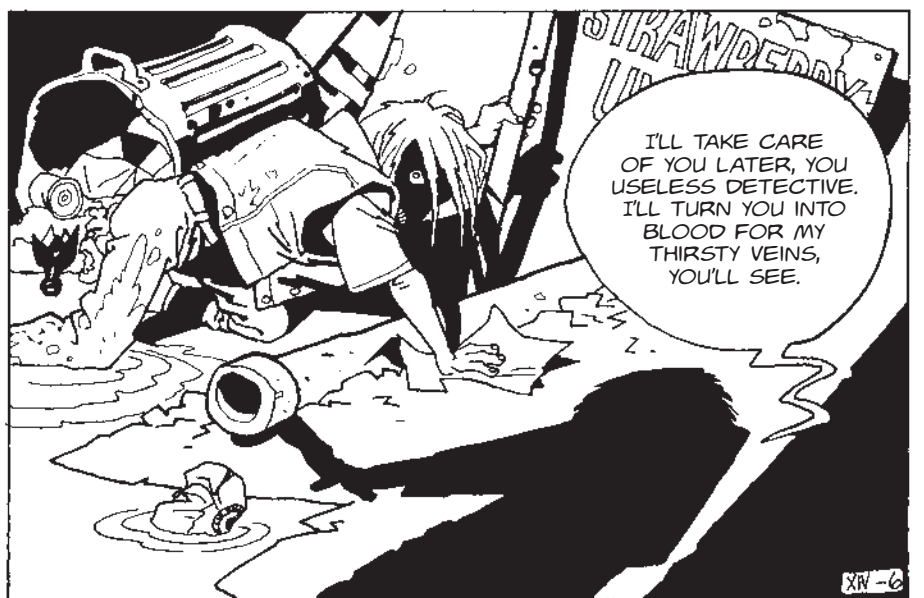


YOU'RE A MORON, BERNARD CAREY!

... AHMASI!

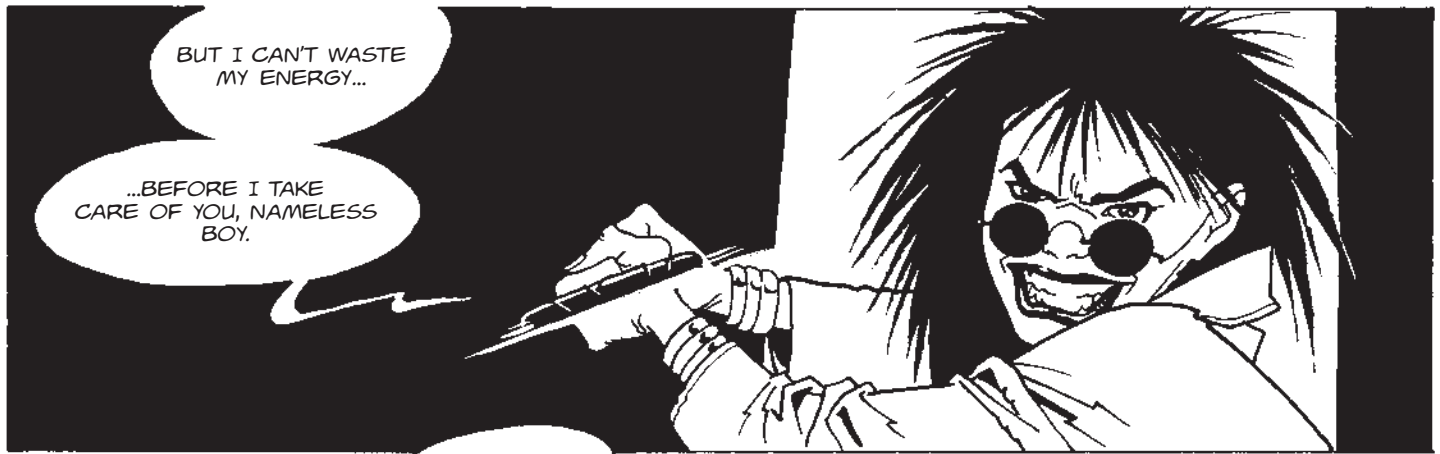


YOU WARNED HIM!
YOU WARNED THIS WORM, YOU IDIOT!



I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU LATER, YOU USELESS DETECTIVE. I'LL TURN YOU INTO BLOOD FOR MY THIRSTY VEINS, YOU'LL SEE.

XIV-6



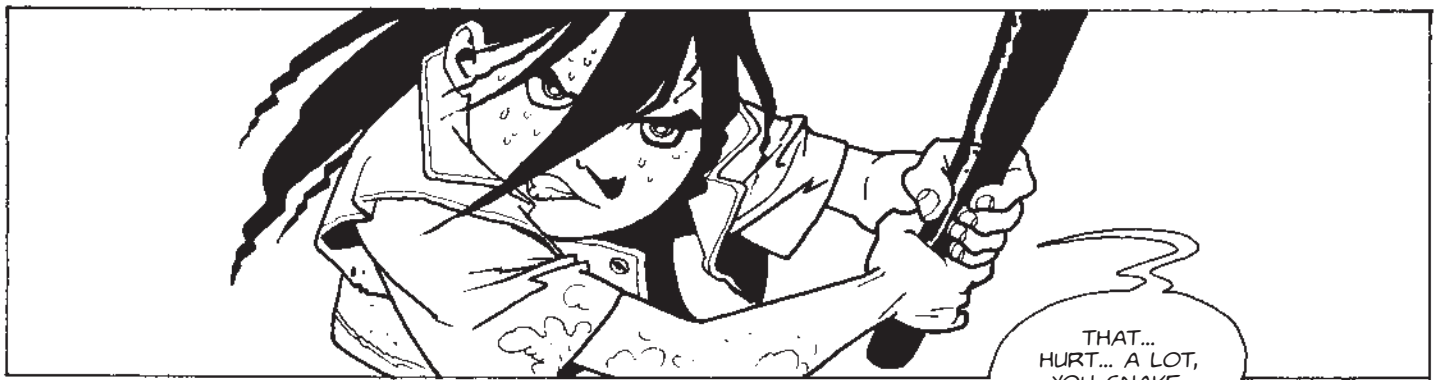
BUT I CAN'T WASTE MY ENERGY...

...BEFORE I TAKE CARE OF YOU, NAMELESS BOY.

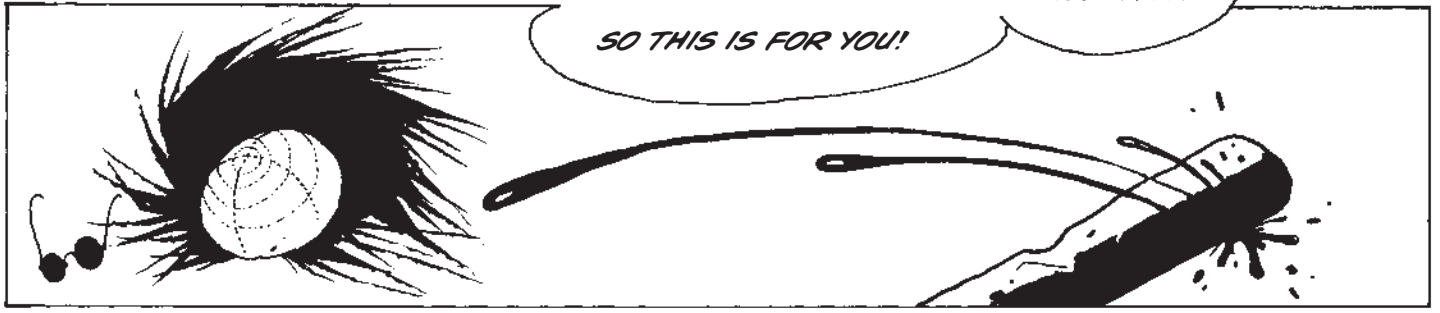


TAKE THIS!

GH.



THAT... HURT... A LOT, YOU SNAKE.



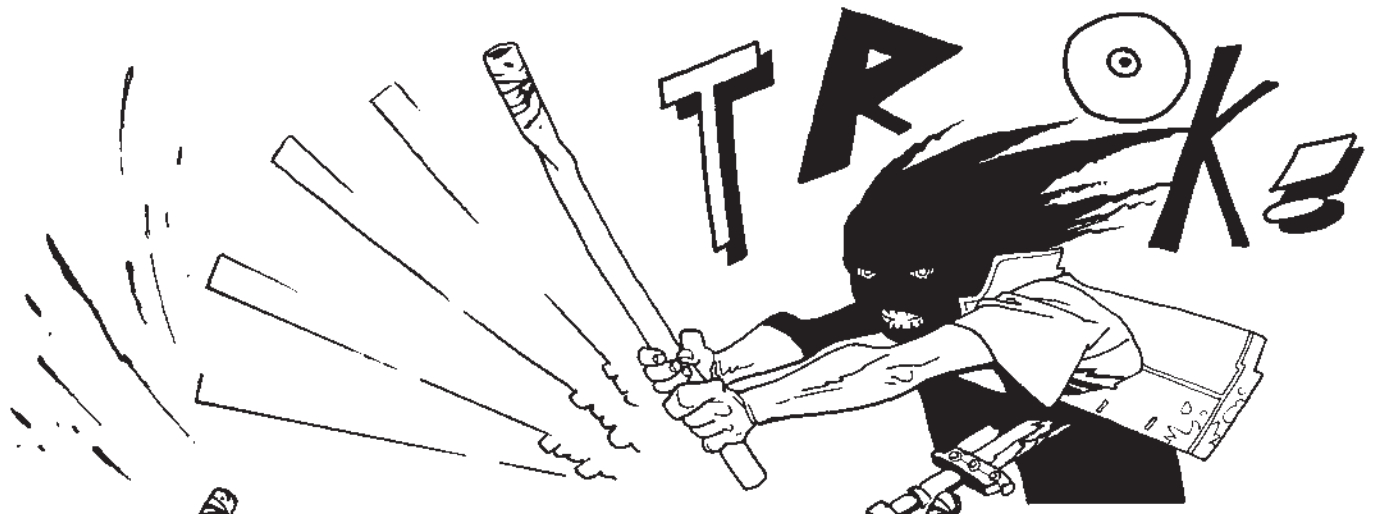
SO THIS IS FOR YOU!

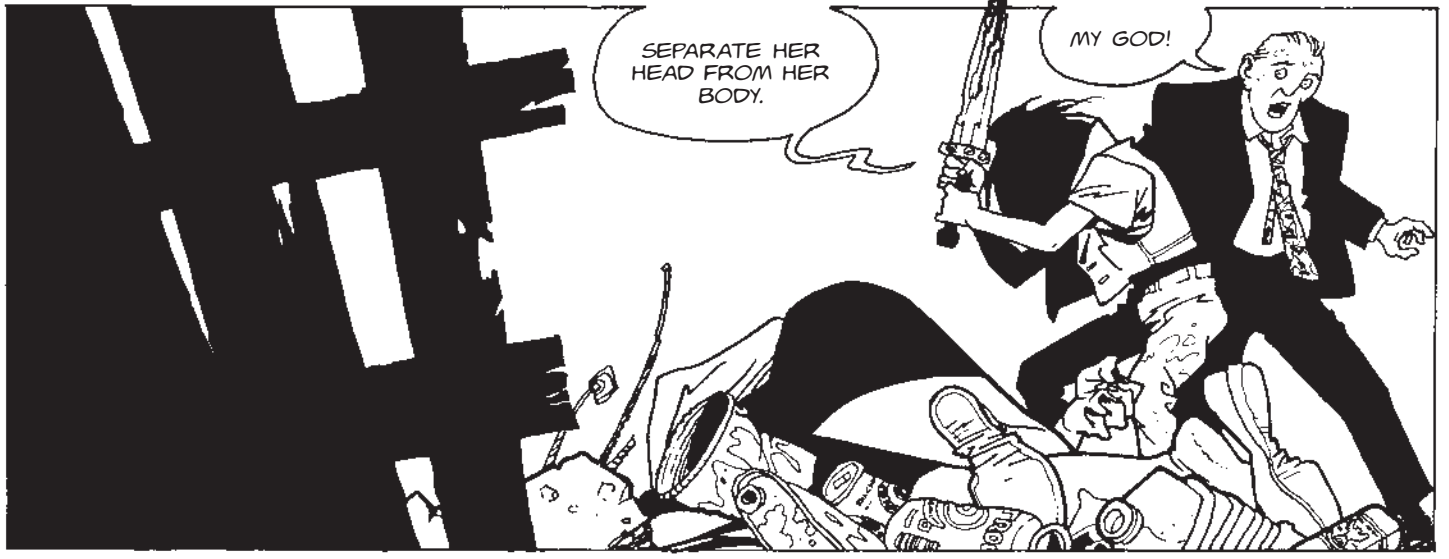


YOU BLINDED ME, SON OF A BITCH!

AND I'LL DO MORE...

XIV-7





SEPARATE HER HEAD FROM HER BODY.

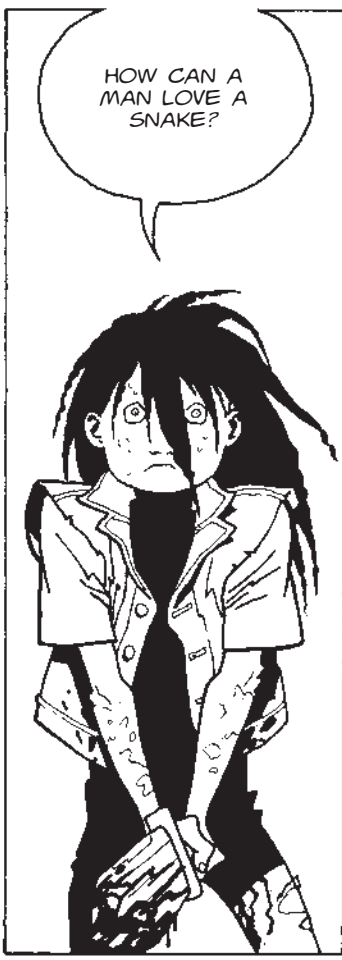
MY GOD!



DON'T DO THAT. I...

... I LOVE HER.

YOU LOVE HER?



HOW CAN A MAN LOVE A SNAKE?



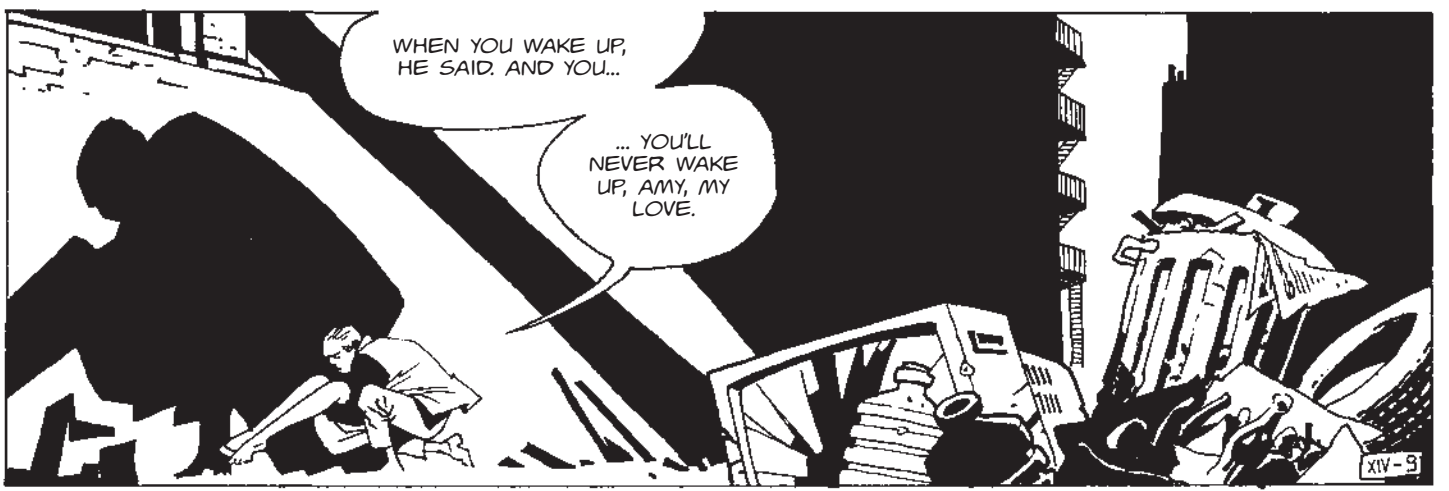
I'D BETTER LEAVE.

WHEN SHE WAKES UP, TELL HER THAT I'M NOT IN THIS CITY ANYMORE.

TELL HER NOT TO LOOK FOR ME, BECAUSE WE'LL NEVER SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN.



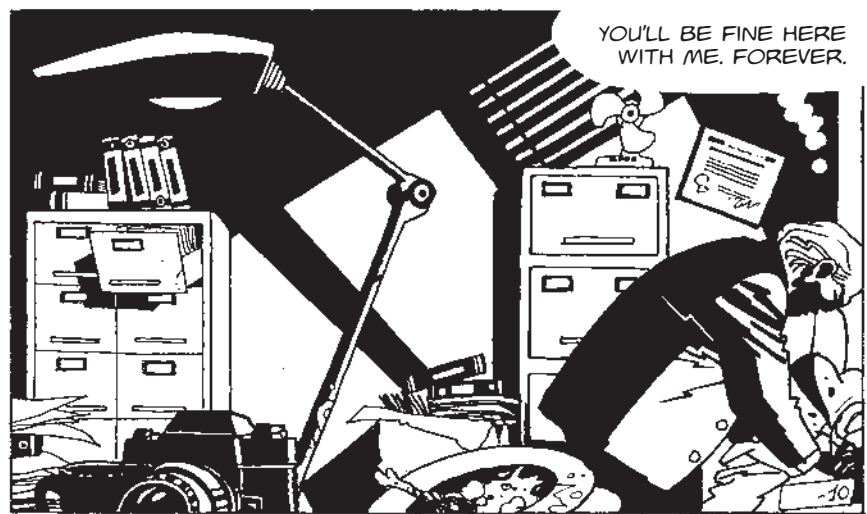
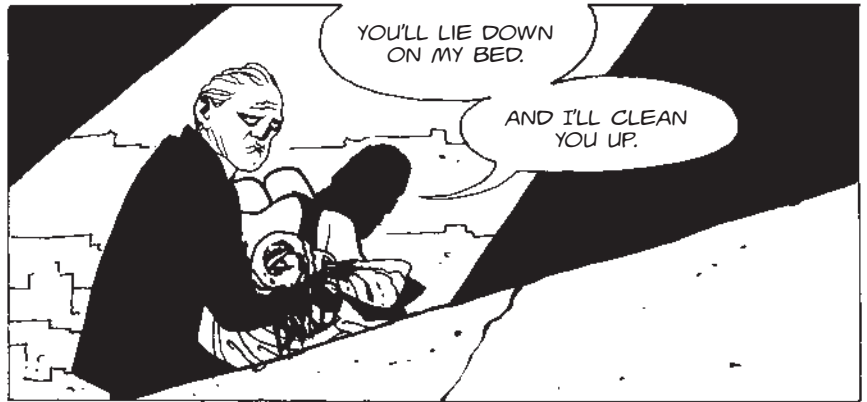
NEVER.

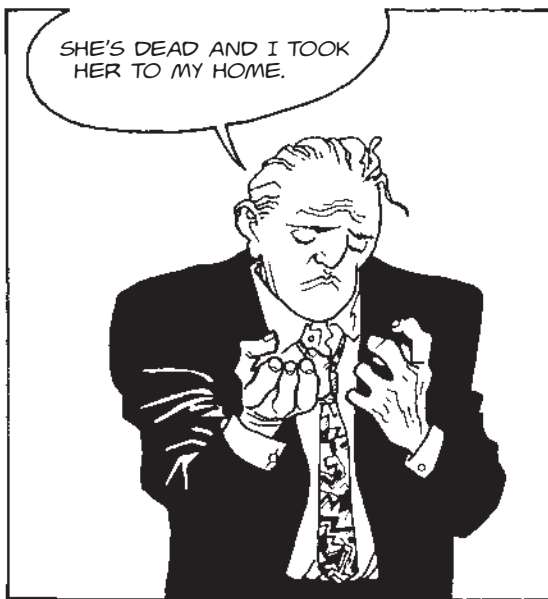
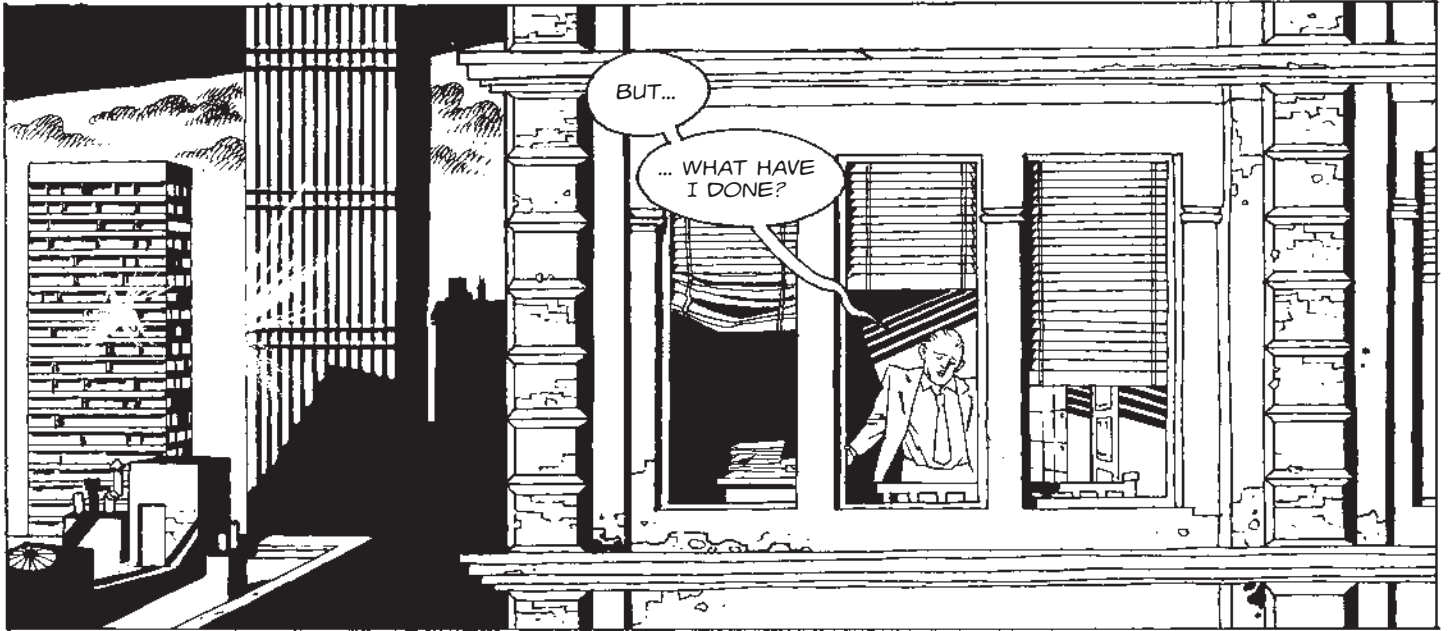


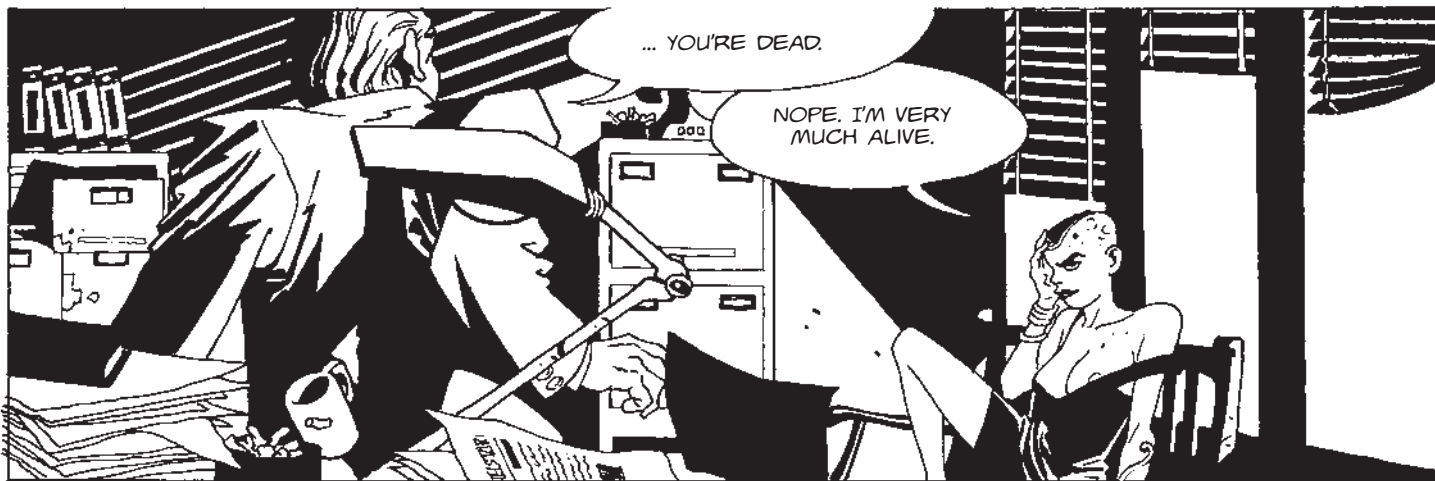
WHEN YOU WAKE UP, HE SAID. AND YOU...

... YOU'LL NEVER WAKE UP, AMY, MY LOVE.

XIV-9

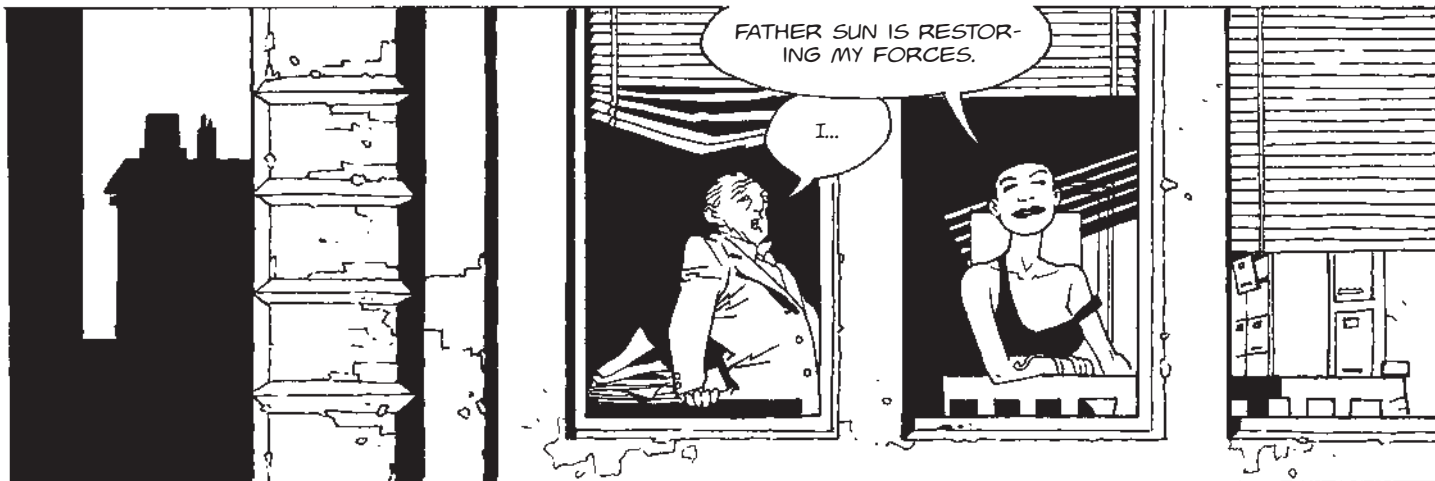






... YOU'RE DEAD.

NOPE. I'M VERY MUCH ALIVE.



FATHER SUN IS RESTORING MY FORCES.

I...



... I'D BETTER LEAVE. THIS... IS IMPOSSIBLE.

DON'T MOVE, BERNIE.

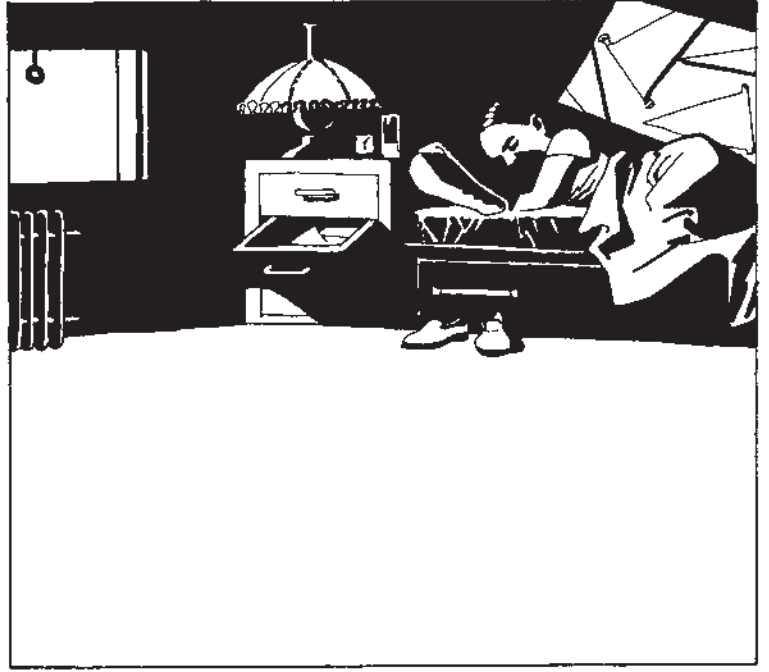
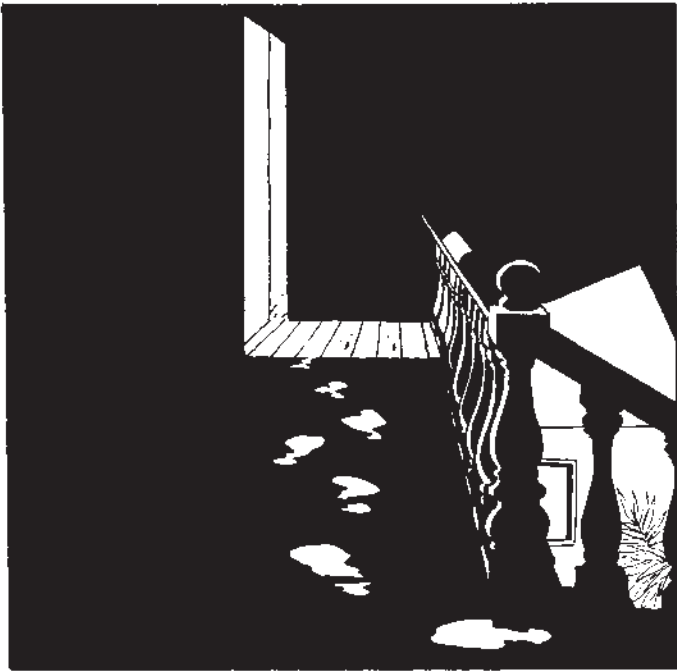


WE HAVE SO MUCH TO TALK ABOUT.

ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TONIGHT.

AND ABOUT WHAT IS GOING TO HAPPEN, MY DEAR BERNIE.

XIV-32



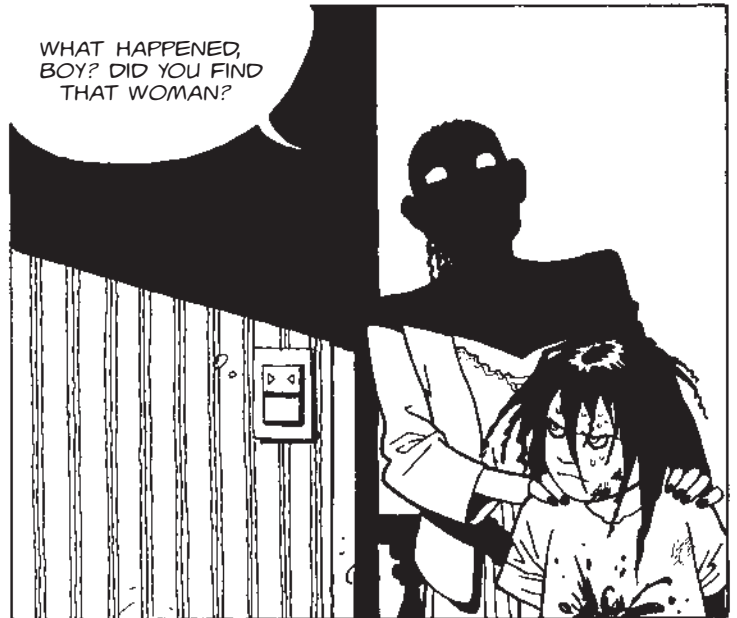
BUT...

YOU'RE HURT,
RUNNING WIND!

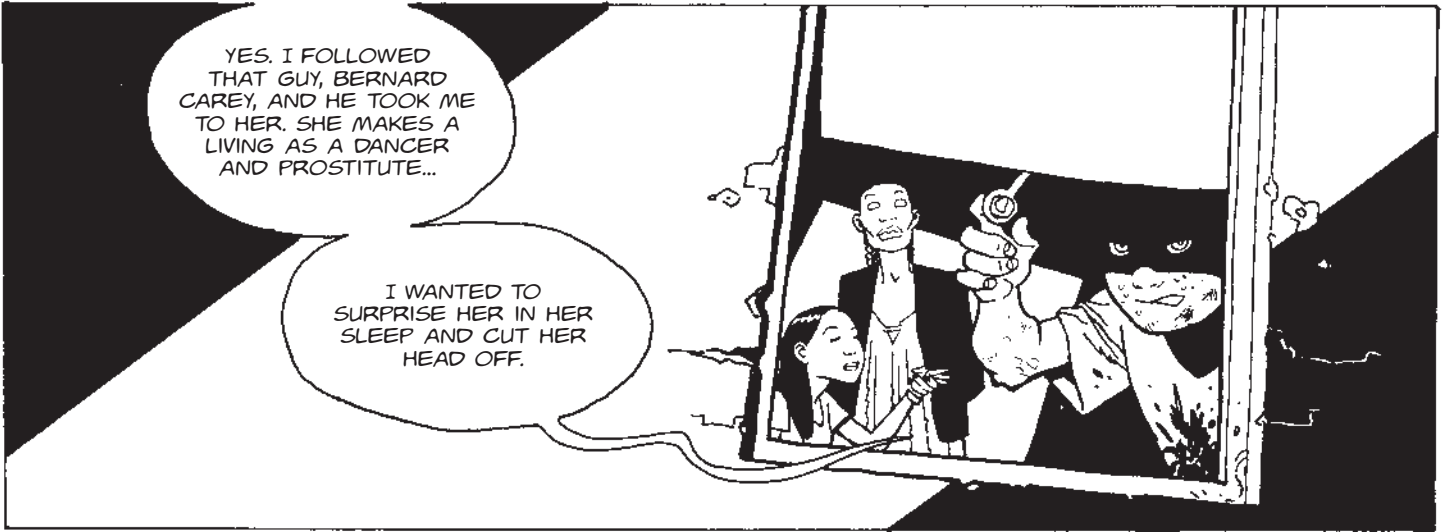


IT'S NOTHING.

IN A FEW MINUTES THE
SUN WILL RISE AND MAKE
ME WELL.

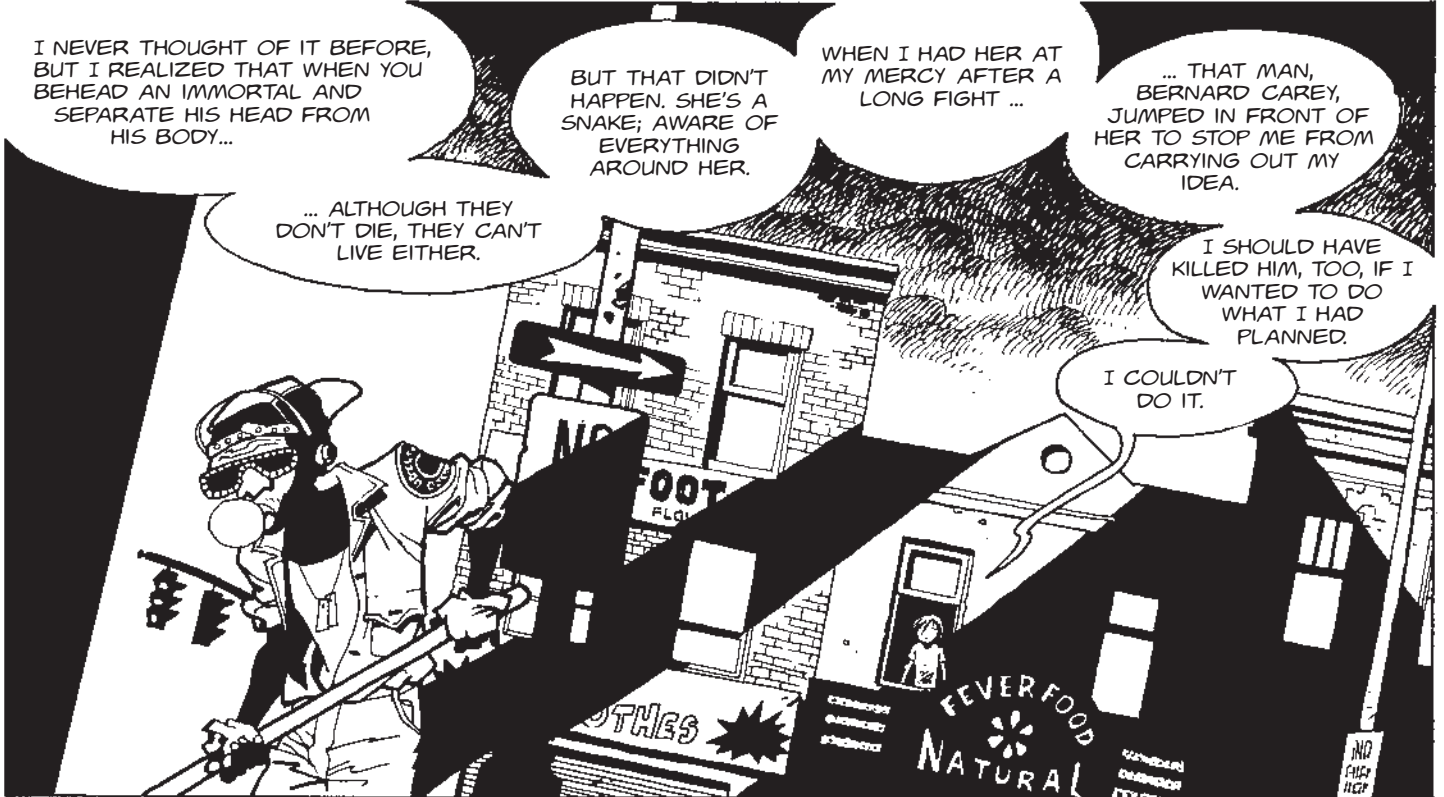


WHAT HAPPENED,
BOY? DID YOU FIND
THAT WOMAN?



YES. I FOLLOWED THAT GUY, BERNARD CAREY, AND HE TOOK ME TO HER. SHE MAKES A LIVING AS A DANCER AND PROSTITUTE...

I WANTED TO SURPRISE HER IN HER SLEEP AND CUT HER HEAD OFF.



I NEVER THOUGHT OF IT BEFORE, BUT I REALIZED THAT WHEN YOU BEHEAD AN IMMORTAL AND SEPARATE HIS HEAD FROM HIS BODY...

BUT THAT DIDN'T HAPPEN. SHE'S A SNAKE; AWARE OF EVERYTHING AROUND HER.

WHEN I HAD HER AT MY MERCY AFTER A LONG FIGHT ...

... THAT MAN, BERNARD CAREY, JUMPED IN FRONT OF HER TO STOP ME FROM CARRYING OUT MY IDEA.

... ALTHOUGH THEY DON'T DIE, THEY CAN'T LIVE EITHER.

I SHOULD HAVE KILLED HIM, TOO, IF I WANTED TO DO WHAT I HAD PLANNED.

I COULDN'T DO IT.



MORTALS HAVE SO LITTLE TIME, THEY'RE SO EPHEMERAL.

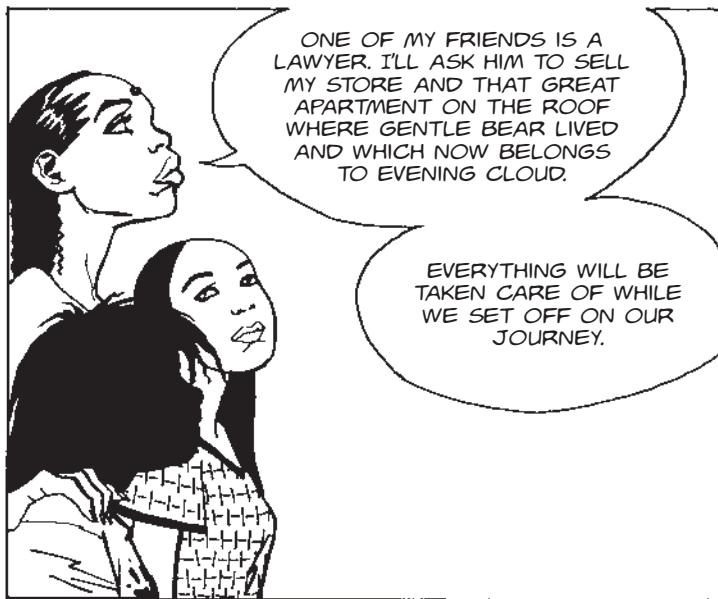
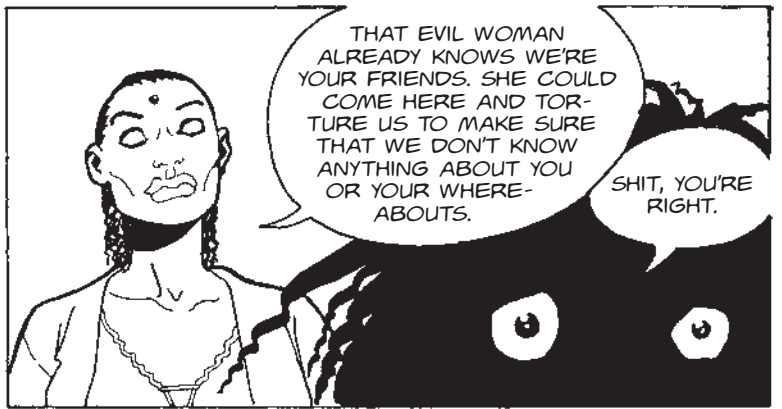
IT MAKES ME SO SAD.

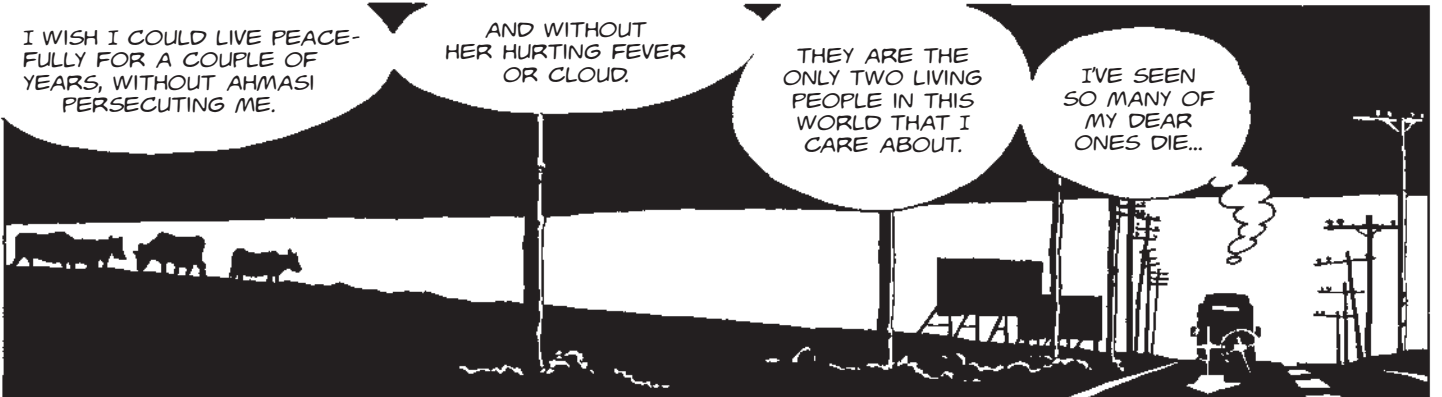
SO NO ONE IS GOING TO AVENGE MY GRANDFATHER?



CALM DOWN, CLOUD. IT'S NOT GOOD FOR SUCH A YOUNG SOUL TO BE FILLED WITH SO MUCH HATE.

LET IT GO.





I WISH I COULD LIVE PEACEFULLY FOR A COUPLE OF YEARS, WITHOUT AHMASI PERSECUTING ME.

AND WITHOUT HER HURTING FEVER OR CLOUD.

THEY ARE THE ONLY TWO LIVING PEOPLE IN THIS WORLD THAT I CARE ABOUT.

I'VE SEEN SO MANY OF MY DEAR ONES DIE...

HEROL, THE SOLDIER WHO LOVED ME MORE THAN HIS OWN SON, TAUGHT ME HOW TO USE A BOW AND ARROW.

ANTONIO DE BERNA, THE MONK WHO TAUGHT ME TO READ LATIN BOOKS THAT MEDIEVAL LIBRARIES WERE FULL OF.

AND POOR JOAN...

...WHO MADE HISTORY AS JOAN OF ARC...

...I WAS HER CONFIDANTE, AND ONE NIGHT SHE ASKED ME TO SUCK HER TEATS SO SHE COULD EXPERIENCE MATERNAL FEELINGS.

LIKE POOR AMARNA. SHE WET-NURSED ME WHEN I WAS A BABY, SO THAT MY MOTHER, AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS, COULD KEEP HER BREASTS IN PERFECT CONDITION.

RUNNING WIND...
RUNNING WIND...

...I TOLD HIM THAT STORY ABOUT THOSE TWO YOUNG LOVERS FROM VERONA.

AND OLD WILLIAM WHO WROTE HIS PLAYS AS IF HE WAS CRAZY...

Filho/Rizzo



... ARE YOU CRYING?



YES, BUT DON'T BE SAD.

IT'S A RELIEF FOR ME TO CRY.



I THINK IT'S BEEN A CENTURY SINCE THE LAST TIME.



EXPLAIN IT TO ME, AMY. HOW IS IT POSSIBLE THAT THE SUN BROUGHT YOU BACK TO LIFE? I DON'T GET IT; ARE YOU BEWITCHED OR SOMETHING?

SOME-THING LIKE THAT, BERNIE, SOMETHING LIKE THAT.



IS THAT THE STORE OF FEVER, THAT BLIND WOMAN?

YES. THE INDIAN GIRL LIVES THERE.



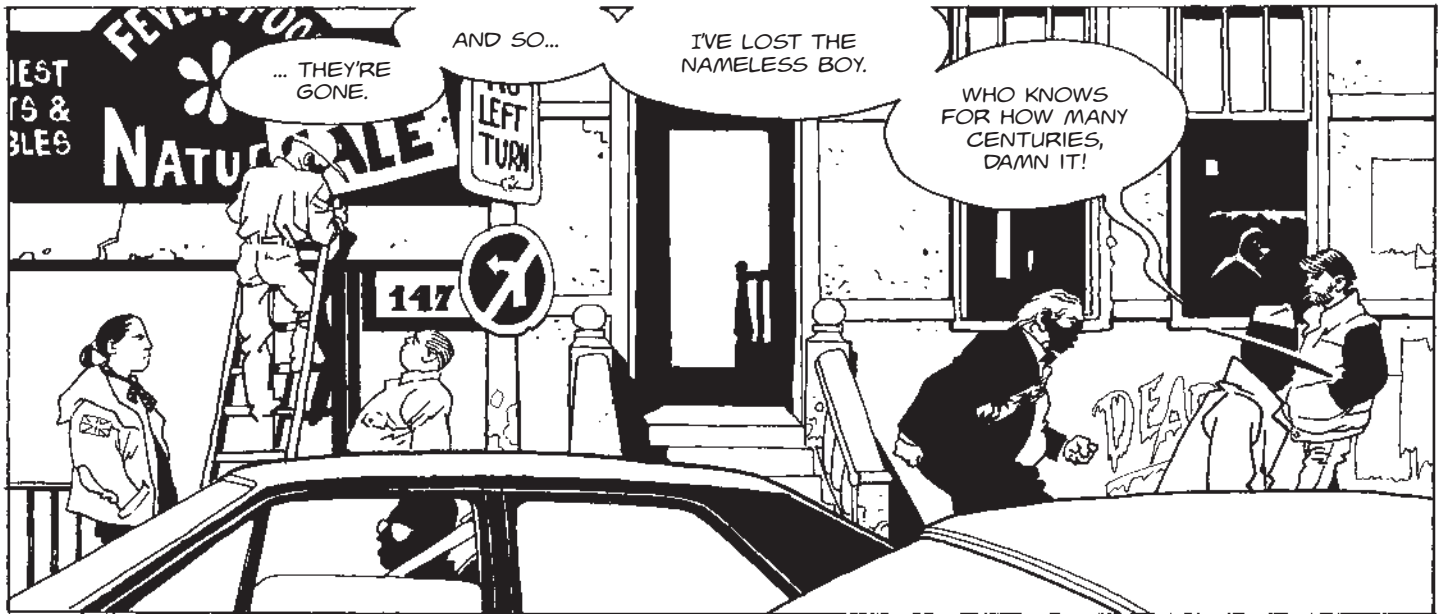
BUT...



... THIS PLACE IS FOR SALE.

DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT...

FOR SALE

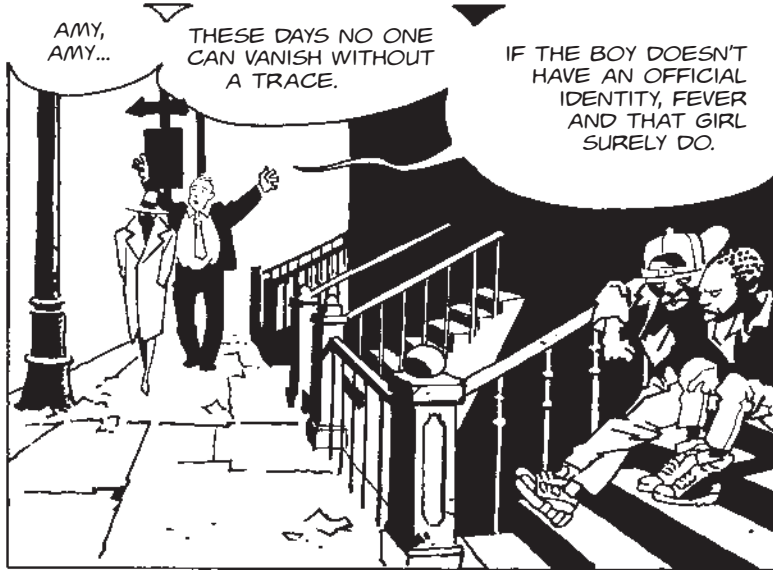


... THEY'RE GONE.

AND SO...

I'VE LOST THE NAMELESS BOY.

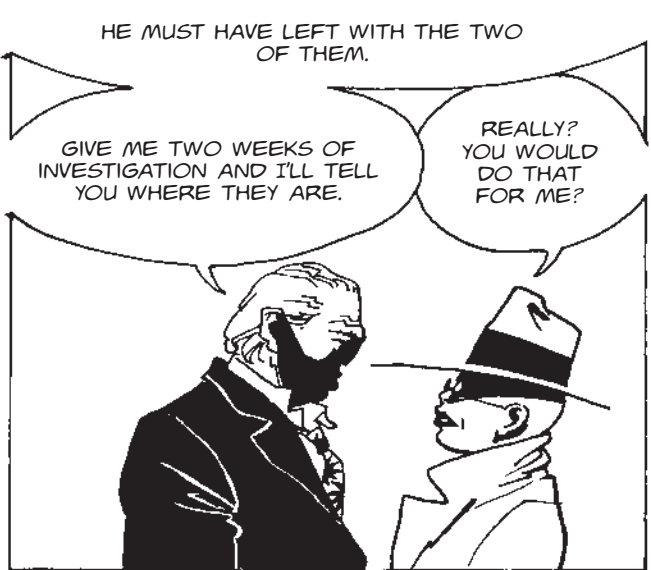
WHO KNOWS FOR HOW MANY CENTURIES, DAMN IT!



AMY, AMY...

THESE DAYS NO ONE CAN VANISH WITHOUT A TRACE.

IF THE BOY DOESN'T HAVE AN OFFICIAL IDENTITY, FEVER AND THAT GIRL SURELY DO.



HE MUST HAVE LEFT WITH THE TWO OF THEM.

GIVE ME TWO WEEKS OF INVESTIGATION AND I'LL TELL YOU WHERE THEY ARE.

REALLY? YOU WOULD DO THAT FOR ME?



I HAVE ACCESS TO THE POLICE FILES. I HAVE GOOD CONNECTIONS BUT...

... THERE IS ONE THING. THE ONLY THING I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU AS AN ADVANCE ON ONE YEAR OF HAVING SEX WITH ME WITHOUT MESSING AROUND WITH OTHER MEN...



...IS ONE HOUR OF YOUR TIME TODAY.

HE'S SUCH A JERK, BUT I CAN MAKE USE OF HIM AND...



SURE. BUT LET'S DO IT RIGHT AWAY; I'LL BE BUSY LATER.

COME.





WHAT ARE YOU STARING AT? NEVER SEEN A COUPLE MAKING LOVE?



LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, BERNIE.

YES, YES.



THESE DAYS THEY CALL JUST ABOUT ANYTHING "LOVE"...

CRICHT CRACHT



I'LL WAIT HERE TO HEAR FROM YOU, BERNIE.

CAN'T YOU SKIP WORK FOR A FEW DAYS? YOU CAN STAY IN MY APARTMENT. I HAVE A TV AND LOTS OF BEERS IN THE REFRIGERATOR...



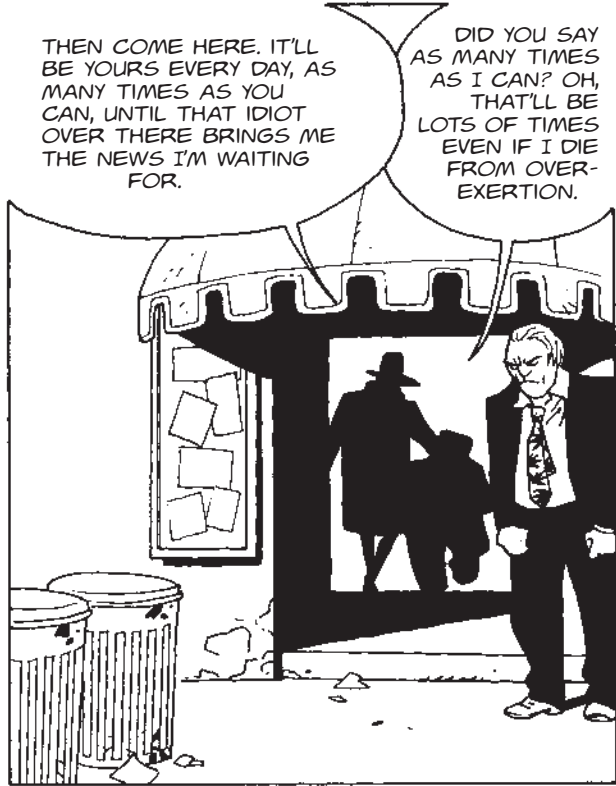
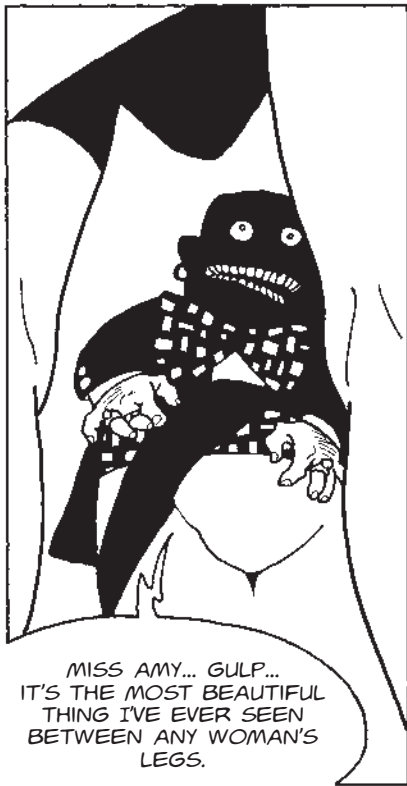
NO, BERNIE. I SAID "HERE," AND I'LL BE HERE.

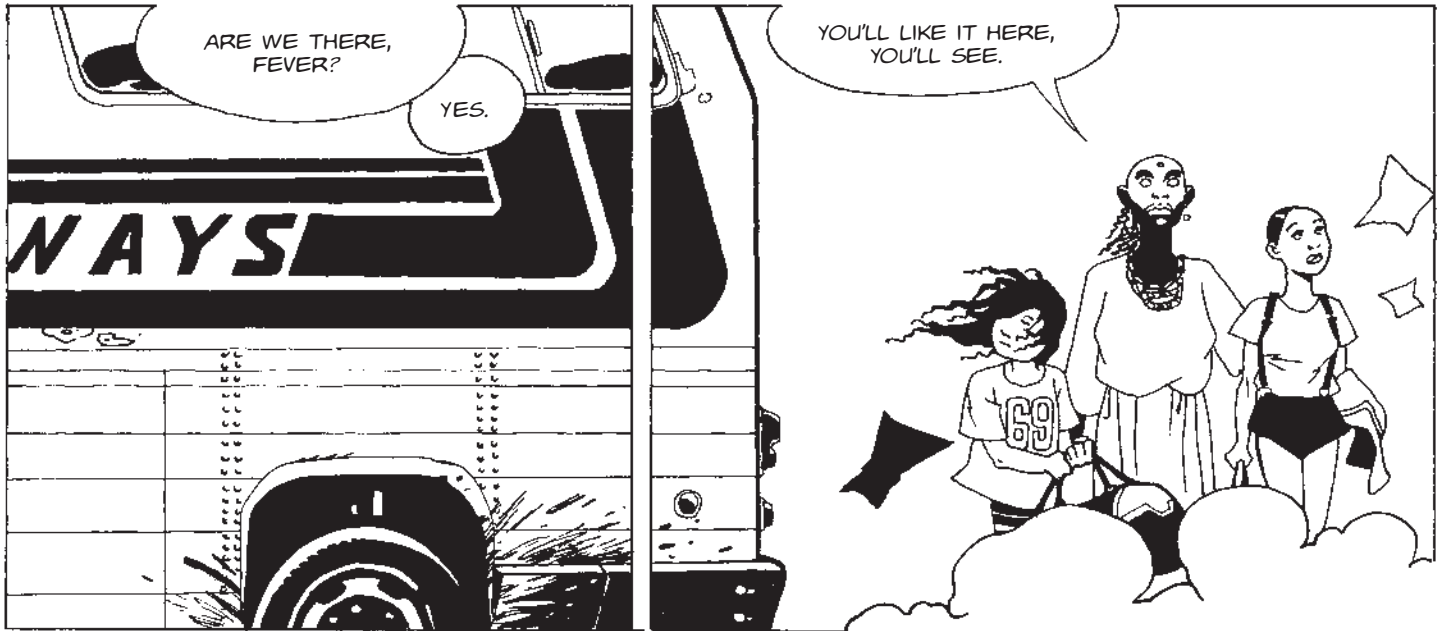
HELLO, BIGGO.

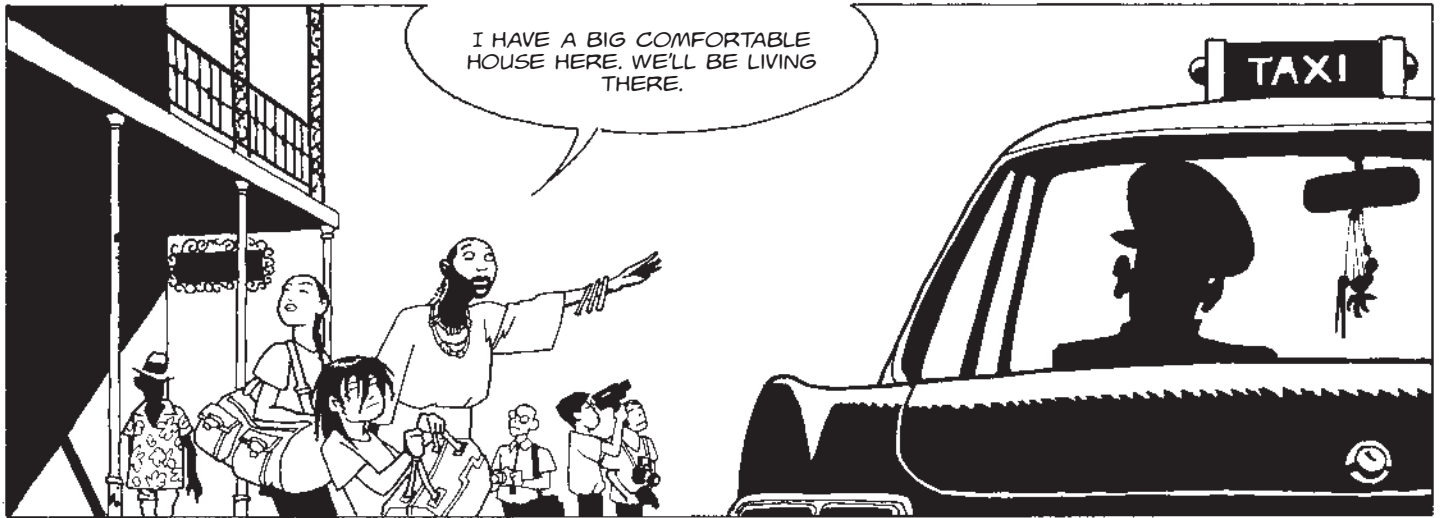


AT LEAST DON'T KISS THAT LITTLE MONSTER, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

OH, NO?







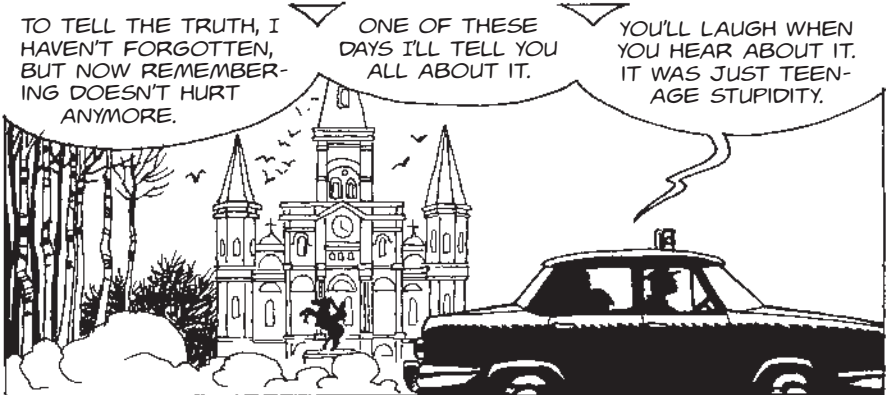
I HAVE A BIG COMFORTABLE HOUSE HERE. WE'LL BE LIVING THERE.

TAXI



IF YOU HAVE A HOUSE LIKE THAT, WHY DID YOU LIVE IN SUCH A LOUSY PLACE BACK EAST?

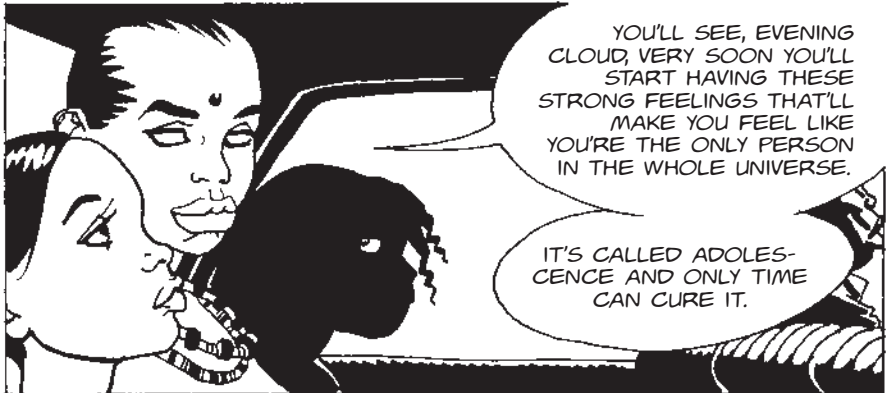
SOMETHING UNPLEASANT HAPPENED TO ME HERE AND IT TOOK ME YEARS TO FORGET ABOUT IT.



TO TELL THE TRUTH, I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN, BUT NOW REMEMBERING DOESN'T HURT ANYMORE.

ONE OF THESE DAYS I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT.

YOU'LL LAUGH WHEN YOU HEAR ABOUT IT. IT WAS JUST TEEN-AGE STUPIDITY.



YOU'LL SEE, EVENING CLOUD, VERY SOON YOU'LL START HAVING THESE STRONG FEELINGS THAT'LL MAKE YOU FEEL LIKE YOU'RE THE ONLY PERSON IN THE WHOLE UNIVERSE.

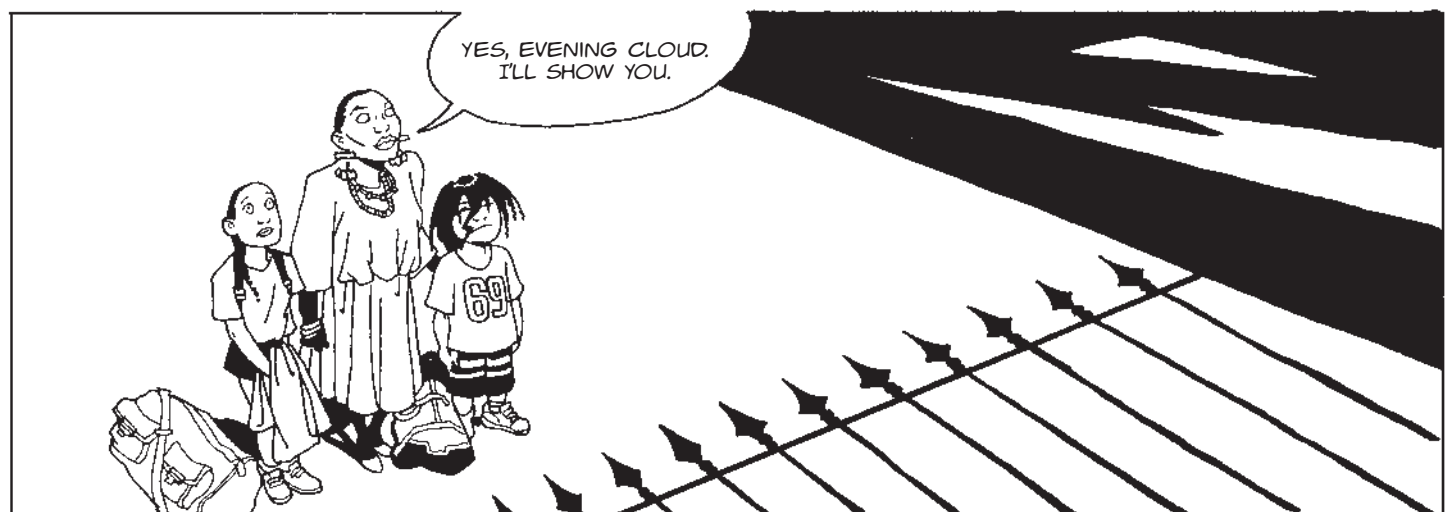
IT'S CALLED ADOLESCENCE AND ONLY TIME CAN CURE IT.



OH, I'M SORRY.

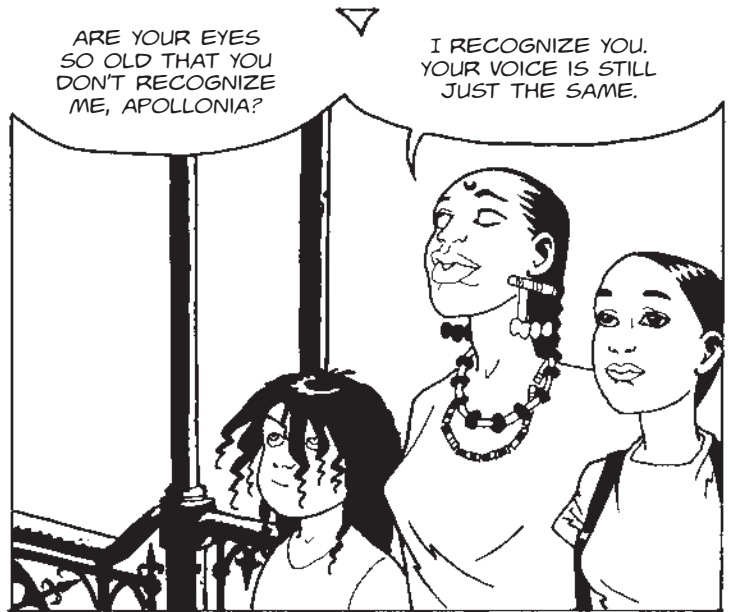


I FORGOT THAT YOU WON'T EVER HAPPEN TO YOU, NAMELESS BOY. I DIDN'T MEAN TO BE CRUEL, PLEASE FORGIVE ME.





WHO ARE YOU?



ARE YOUR EYES
SO OLD THAT YOU
DON'T RECOGNIZE
ME, APOLLONIA?

I RECOGNIZE YOU.
YOUR VOICE IS STILL
JUST THE SAME.



FEVER! MY BABY!
YOU'RE BACK!

YES, AND I'M
HERE TO STAY,
APOLLONIA.
HA, HA, HA.



I BROUGHT TWO
LITTLE FRIENDS
WITH ME.

WHOA...



AN ORPHAN CARRYING A
HEART RAW FROM RECENT
DEATHS...



... AND A BOY
WITH...

... WITH...



... A SPIRIT THAT HAS LIVED A THOUSAND LIFETIMES IN THIS BODY WITHOUT CHANGING.

... WITH A SPIRIT THAT...

IT CAN'T BE!

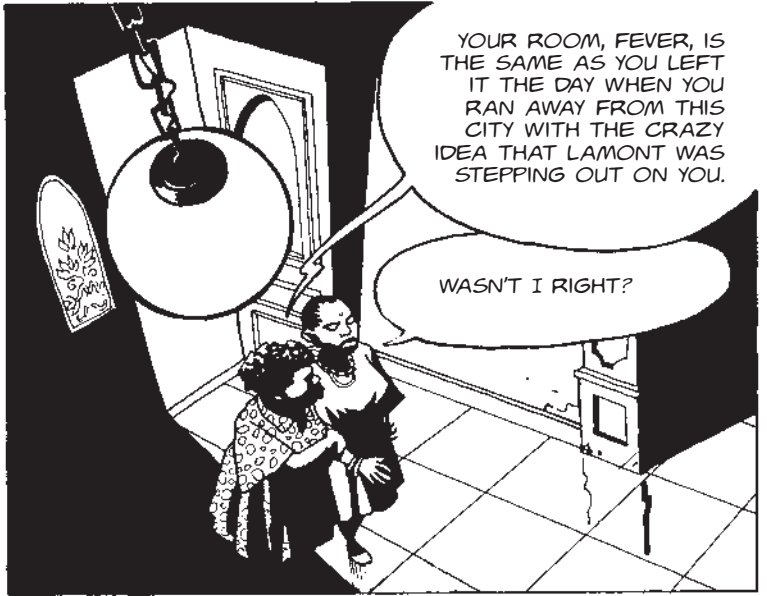
I THINK ...



I THINK MY PERCEPTIONS HAVE GOTTEN OLD WITH THE YEARS, FEVER MY DEAR.

APOLLONIA IS LIKE A DOG. SHE SNIFFS PEOPLE BEFORE SHE DECIDES WHETHER TO TRUST THEM.

BUT COME ON NOW. YOU HAVE TO GET OUR ROOMS READY.



YOUR ROOM, FEVER, IS THE SAME AS YOU LEFT IT THE DAY WHEN YOU RAN AWAY FROM THIS CITY WITH THE CRAZY IDEA THAT LAMONT WAS STEPPING OUT ON YOU.

WASN'T I RIGHT?



DO YOU REMEMBER THE LETTERS I SENT YOU, TELLING YOU HE LOVED ONLY YOU?

YOU THOUGHT THOSE WERE LIES THAT I WROTE JUST TO CONVINCE YOU TO COME BACK TO NEW ORLEANS.

BUT NOW THAT YOU'RE BACK OF YOUR OWN FREE WILL, I'LL SAY IT AGAIN: LAMONT JOHNSON HAS LOVED ONLY YOU.

I NEVER TOLD HIM WHERE TO FIND YOU, FEVER, JUST LIKE YOU ASKED.

BUT YOU MADE HIM SUFFER A LOT WITH YOUR ADOLESCENT CRAZINESS.

SO MUCH THAT HE KNEW HE'D NEVER BE ABLE TO FALL IN LOVE AGAIN. HE DECIDED TO BUY AND SELL WOMEN.

!?

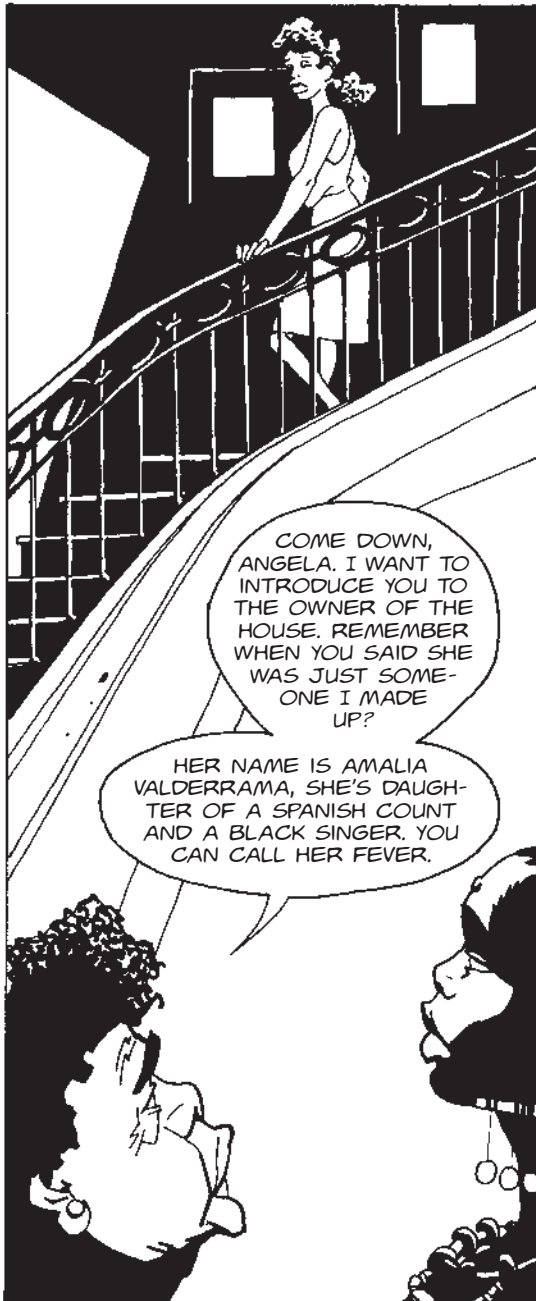
YES. LAMONT HAS BECOME AN IMPORTANT MAN; THE BIGGEST PROCURER IN NEW ORLEANS.

THEY SAY HE'S HAD EVERY ONE OF HIS TEN THOUSAND WOMEN.

WAIT...

... I'LL CALL THE GIRL THAT HELPS ME TAKE CARE OF THIS MANSION.

ANGELA!



COME DOWN, ANGELA. I WANT TO INTRODUCE YOU TO THE OWNER OF THE HOUSE. REMEMBER WHEN YOU SAID SHE WAS JUST SOMEONE I MADE UP?

HER NAME IS AMALIA VALDERRAMA, SHE'S DAUGHTER OF A SPANISH COUNT AND A BLACK SINGER. YOU CAN CALL HER FEVER.

HOW DO YOU DO, MA'AM?

CAN YOU STILL SEE SOMEBODY'S STORY IF YOU HOLD THEIR HAND WHILE THEY TELL IT?

YES. YOU KNOW THAT I ONLY HAVE EYES IN OTHER PEOPLE'S MEMORIES, APOLLONIA.

TELL MISS FEVER ABOUT LAMONT JOHNSON.

LAMONT...

SEVENTEEN YEARS AGO, A YEAR AFTER YOU LEFT, I WAS JUST A GIRL.

... A YOUNG GIRL WHO WAS MISTREATED BY EVERYONE.

MY MOTHER'S MAN, WHO GOT DRUNK ALMOST EVERY DAY, MADE ME LAY WITH HIM. WHEN HE DIDN'T HAVE MONEY FOR ALCOHOL...



... AND WHEN MY MOTHER'S BODY WASN'T FRESH ANYMORE, HE GAVE ME TO HIS FRIENDS TO USE FOR A FEW DOLLARS.



THEN, MR. JOHNSON SHOWED UP.



I WANT TO BUY THAT GIRL FROM YOU. HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT FOR HER?

TWO THOUSAND.



IN HER CONDITION, SHE ISN'T WORTH A QUARTER OF THAT, BUT I'M NOT GOING TO ARGUE WITH YOUR SORRY EXCUSE FOR A BRAIN.

HERE YOU ARE.



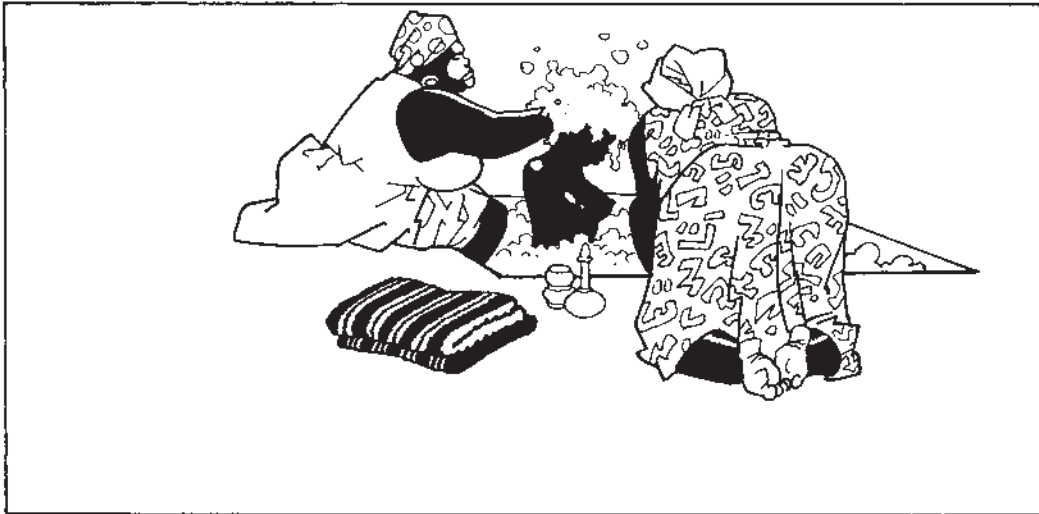
LET'S GO, FOLLOW ME.



XVI-4

AND I FOLLOWED HIM. FROM THAT MOMENT ON I KNEW THAT HE HAD COME TO SAVE ME.

HE LEFT ME TO THE CARE OF TWO WOMEN WHO SCRAPED THE FILTH OFF ME AND PERFUMED MY BODY.



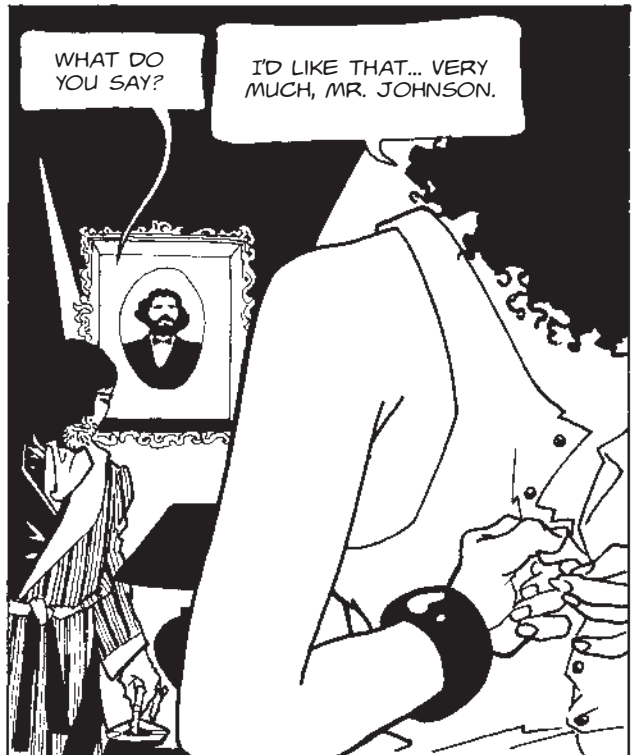
SOME OTHERS VISITED ME AND TAUGHT ME TO MOVE A LITTLE MORE FLOWERY, LIKE A LADY, BUT MORE SO.

THEN HE CALLED ME AND TALKED TO ME IN A DEEP, EDUCATED VOICE.



YOU'LL BE ONE OF MY PROSTITUTES. YOU'LL GO TO BED ONLY WITH GENTLEMEN WHO'LL TREAT YOU WELL, OR MY MEN WILL BREAK THEIR TEETH.

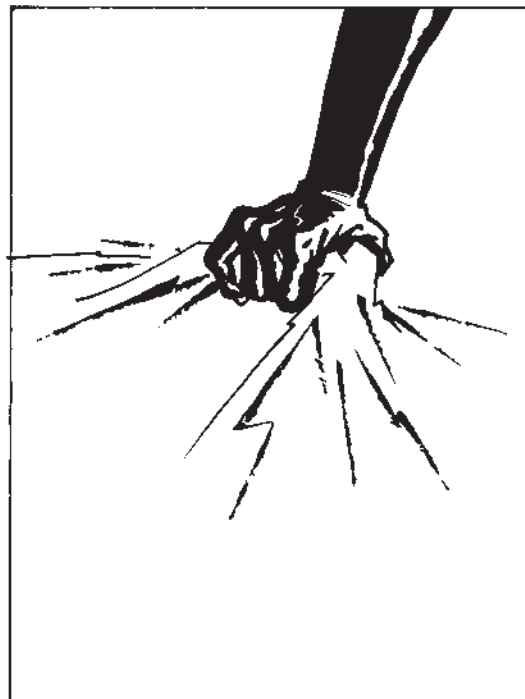
I'D LIKE TO BE THE FIRST ONE TO TRY YOU, BUT I WON'T PAY. I'LL ONLY DO IT WITH YOUR CONSENT.



WHAT DO YOU SAY?

I'D LIKE THAT... VERY MUCH, MR. JOHNSON.

AND I DID. A LOT.



I DON'T THINK I'LL EVER FORGET THAT NIGHT. I KNOW I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO DESCRIBE IT EXACTLY AS IT WAS, BECAUSE I DON'T HAVE THE WORDS.



AH!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MISS FEVER?



YOUR MEMORIES BURN, ANGELA.

I KNOW. I WAS MR. JOHNSON'S AFTER ONE TIME, AND I WILL BE FOREVER.



LATER I ONLY WORKED FOR HIS ORGANIZATION.

AND I THANKED GOD EVERY DAY FOR HAVING ESCAPED FROM HELL.

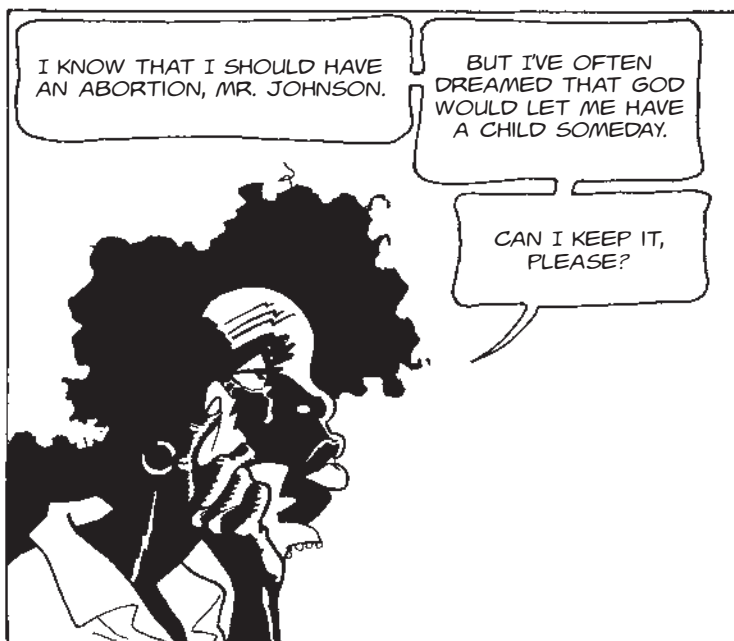
GIVE ME YOUR HAND AGAIN.

I WANT TO SEE WHAT HAPPENED NEXT, ANGELA.



THEN I GOT ACQUAINTED WITH SILK SHEETS, CHAMPAGNE, AND MANY NIGHTS I ONLY HAD TO GIVE SOME PLEASURE TO FINE GENTLEMEN.

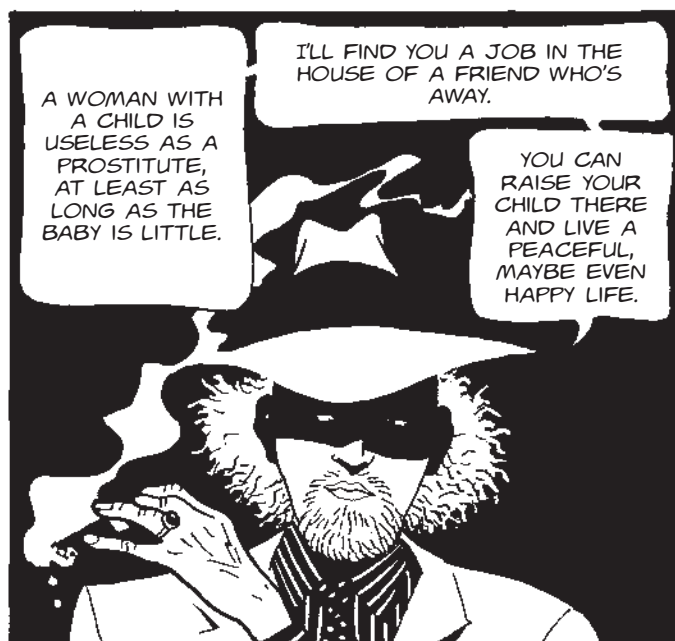
UNTIL A YEAR LATER, OUT OF PURE DISTRACTION, I GOT PREGNANT.



I KNOW THAT I SHOULD HAVE HAD AN ABORTION, MR. JOHNSON.

BUT I'VE OFTEN DREAMED THAT GOD WOULD LET ME HAVE A CHILD SOMEDAY.

CAN I KEEP IT, PLEASE?



A WOMAN WITH A CHILD IS USELESS AS A PROSTITUTE, AT LEAST AS LONG AS THE BABY IS LITTLE.

I'LL FIND YOU A JOB IN THE HOUSE OF A FRIEND WHO'S AWAY.

YOU CAN RAISE YOUR CHILD THERE AND LIVE A PEACEFUL, MAYBE EVEN HAPPY LIFE.

LIKE ME, ALL WOMEN WHO WORKED FOR LAMONT JOHNSON SPENT ONE UNFORGETTABLE NIGHT OF PASSION WITH HIM.

IT WAS ALWAYS THEIR FIRST...

... AND ONLY NIGHT WITH HIM.



AND ALL THESE YEARS HE'S BEEN SO HELPFUL.

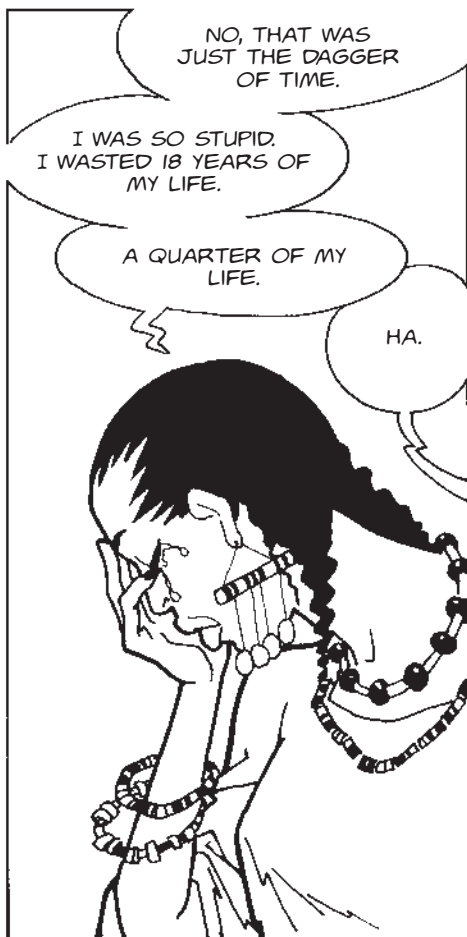
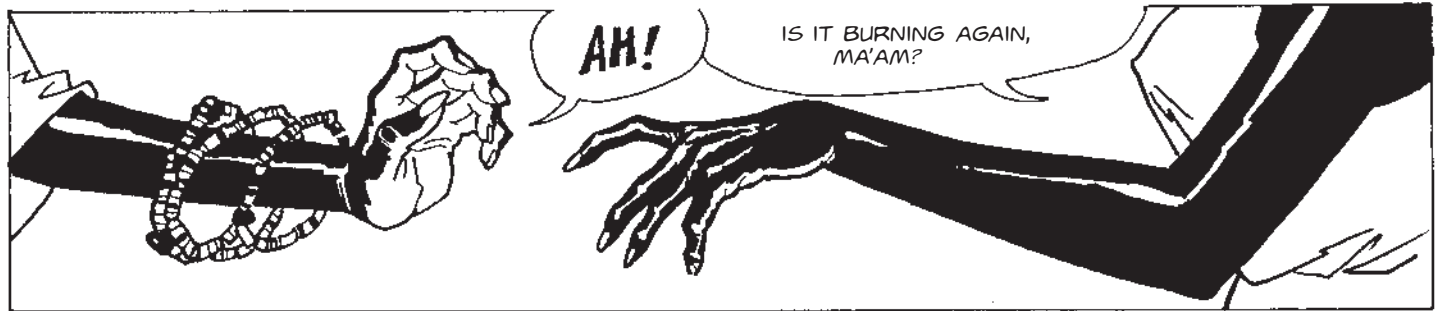
TELL FEVER ABOUT LAMONT'S HABIT OF GOING TO BED WITH EACH WOMAN FOR THE FIRST NIGHT ONLY.

WHEN IT WAS MY TURN, I ASKED HIM SOMETHING.





NO, AND NOT BECAUSE OF SOMETHING YOU'VE DONE. NOTHING LIKE THAT.





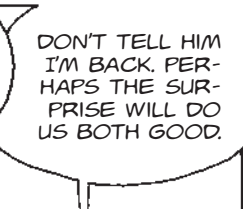
THE PAST IS PAST,
MY GIRL.

BUT NOW YOU'RE
HERE.

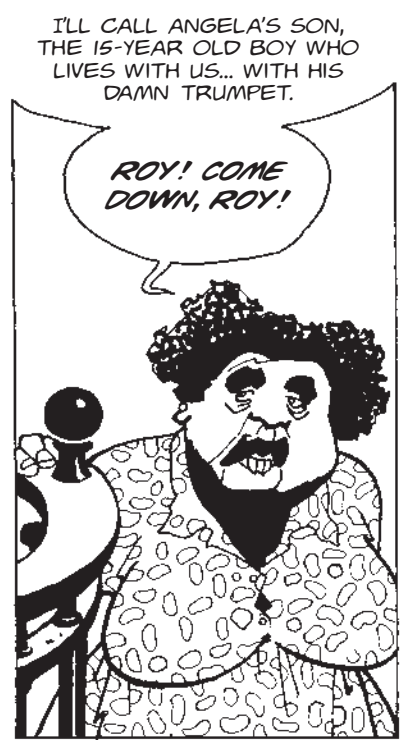
AND SO IS
LAMONT.



DO YOU WANT
ME TO SEND
FOR HIM? TO
ASK HIM TO
COME OVER?



DON'T TELL HIM
I'M BACK. PER-
HAPS THE SUR-
PRISE WILL DO
US BOTH GOOD.



ROY! COME
DOWN, ROY!



YES, MISS
APOLLONIA.

OH, I'M
SORRY.

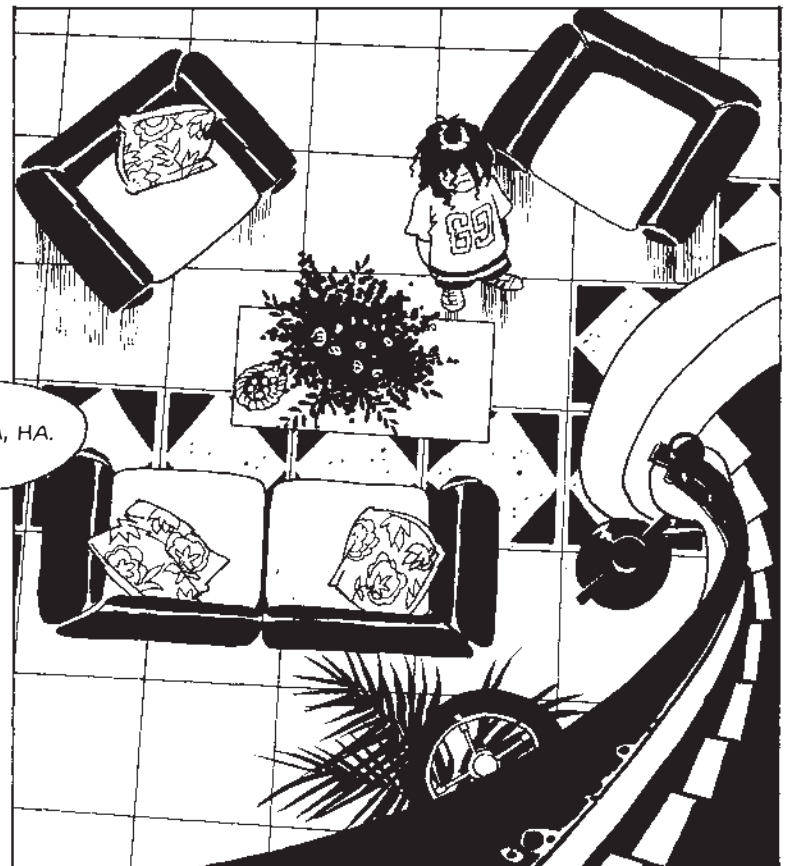
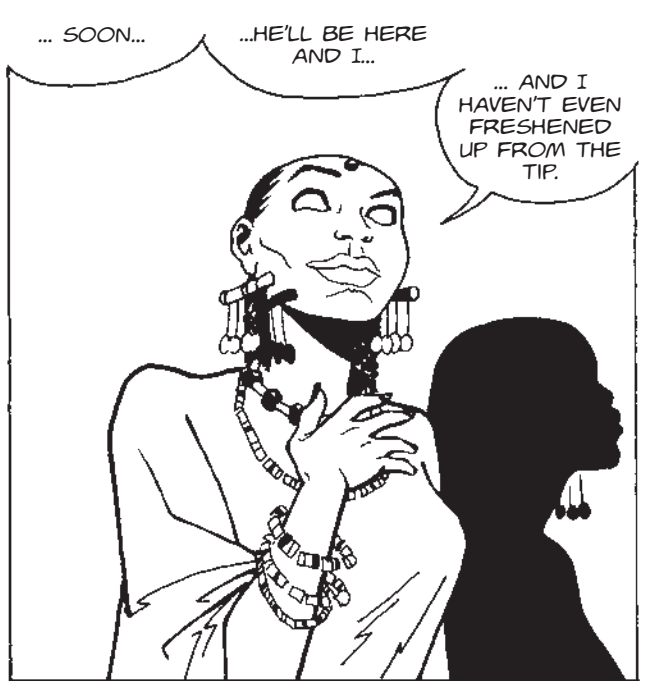
Friello/Rizzo

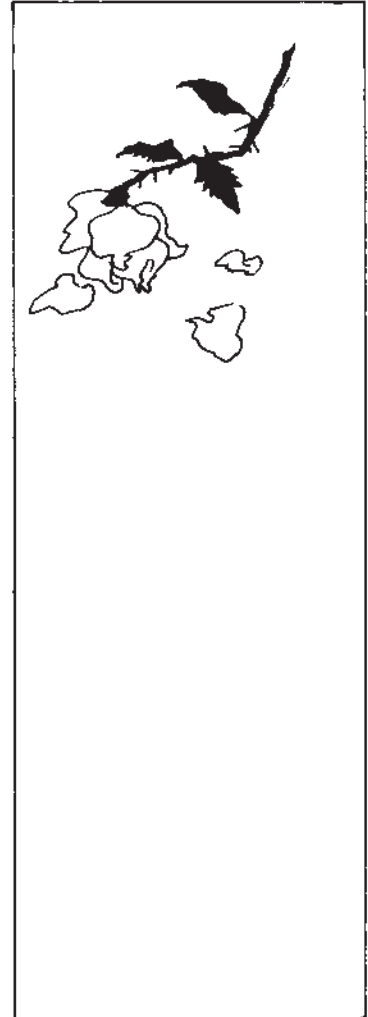


I DIDN'T
KNOW YOU HAD
VISITORS.

THIS IS FEVER.
SHE IS THE OWNER
OF THIS HOUSE.





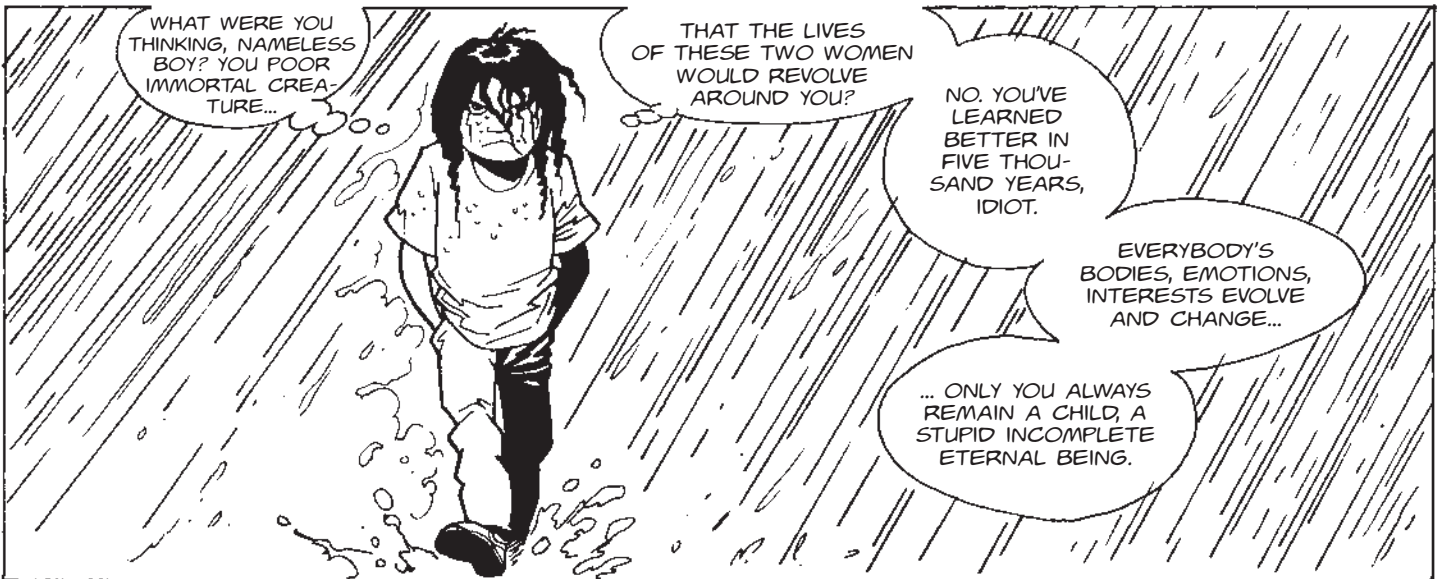




EVERYTHING HAS CHANGED.

SINCE WE GOT HERE NOTHING IS LIKE I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE.

912
ROYAL STREET



WHAT WERE YOU THINKING, NAMELESS BOY? YOU POOR IMMORTAL CREATURE...

THAT THE LIVES OF THESE TWO WOMEN WOULD REVOLVE AROUND YOU?

NO, YOU'VE LEARNED BETTER IN FIVE THOUSAND YEARS, IDIOT.

EVERYBODY'S BODIES, EMOTIONS, INTERESTS EVOLVE AND CHANGE...

... ONLY YOU ALWAYS REMAIN A CHILD, A STUPID INCOMPLETE ETERNAL BEING.

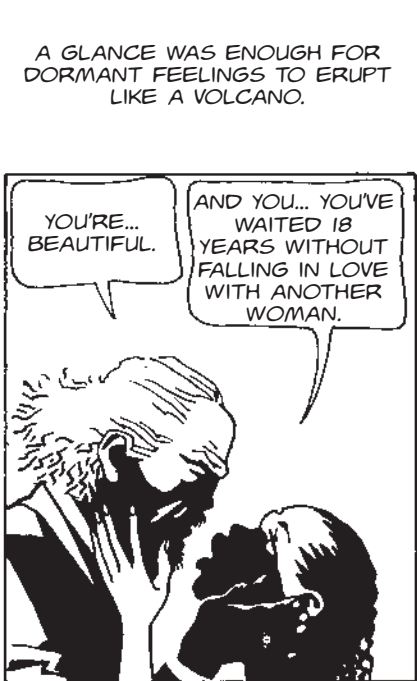


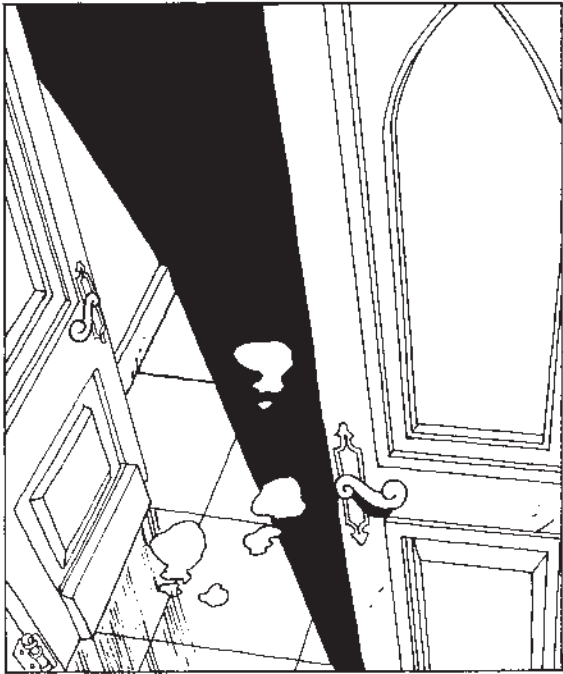
SHIT! IT REALLY SUCKS THAT I'LL NEVER GROW AND NEVER HAVE SEX; I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FALL IN LOVE.

SHIT, SHIT, SHIT. I'D DO ANYTHING TO KNOW IT FEELS, WHEN YOUR WHOLE BODY FALLS IN LOVE.

IT HAPPENED TO FEVER...

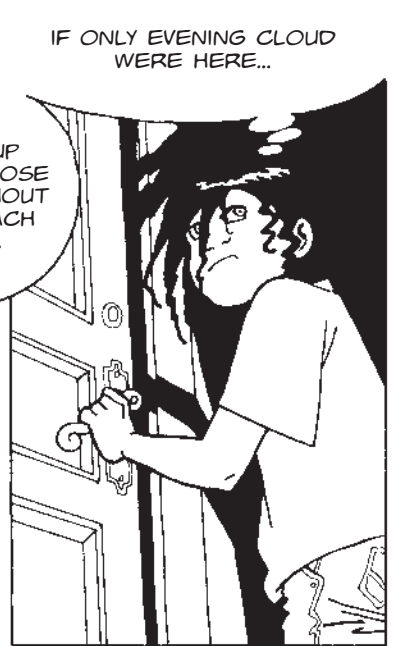
SHE ESCAPED FROM THIS PLACE JUST TO FORGET THIS LAMONT JOHNSON GUY.





PEOPLE ALWAYS GIVE COOKIES TO THOSE WHO WON'T GROW...

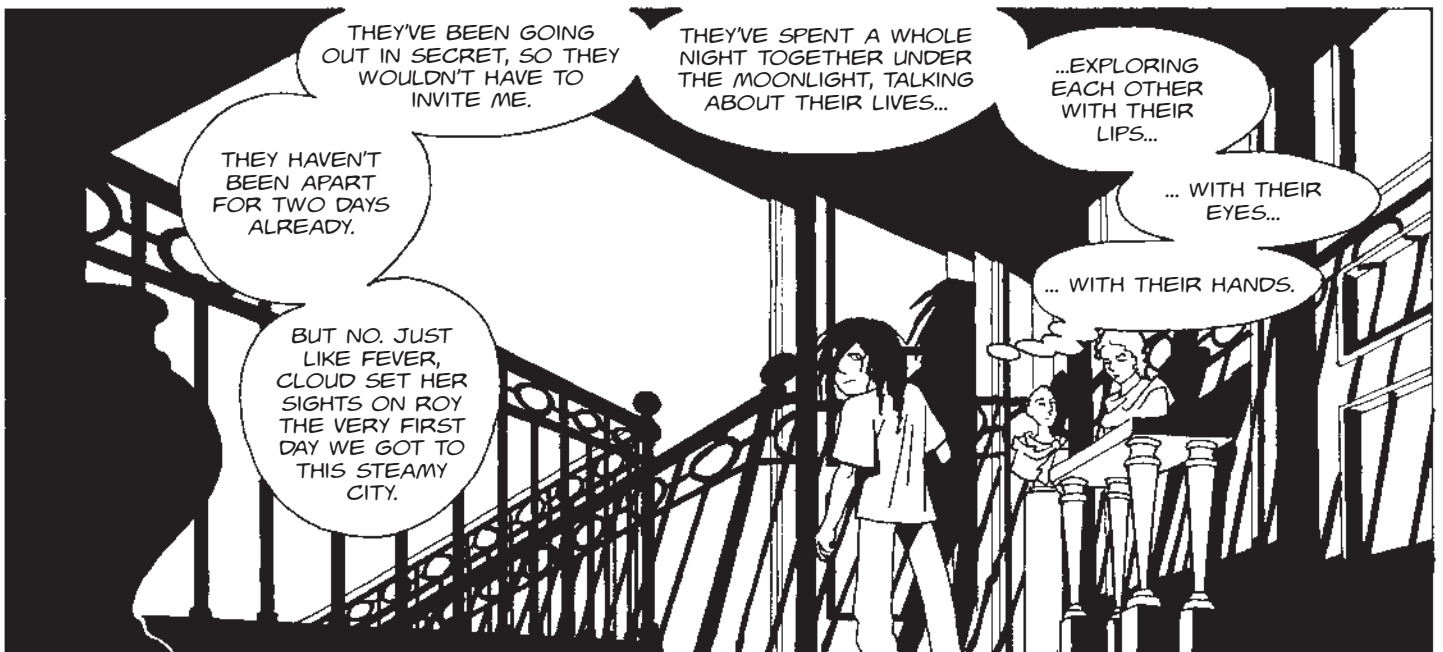
SHIT...



IF ONLY EVENING CLOUD WERE HERE...

MAKING UP FOR ALL THOSE YEARS WITHOUT SEEING EACH OTHER...

THEY'VE BEEN REDISCOVERING THEIR BODIES AGAIN FOR THE LAST TWO DAYS.



THEY'VE BEEN GOING OUT IN SECRET, SO THEY WOULDN'T HAVE TO INVITE ME.

THEY'VE SPENT A WHOLE NIGHT TOGETHER UNDER THE MOONLIGHT, TALKING ABOUT THEIR LIVES...

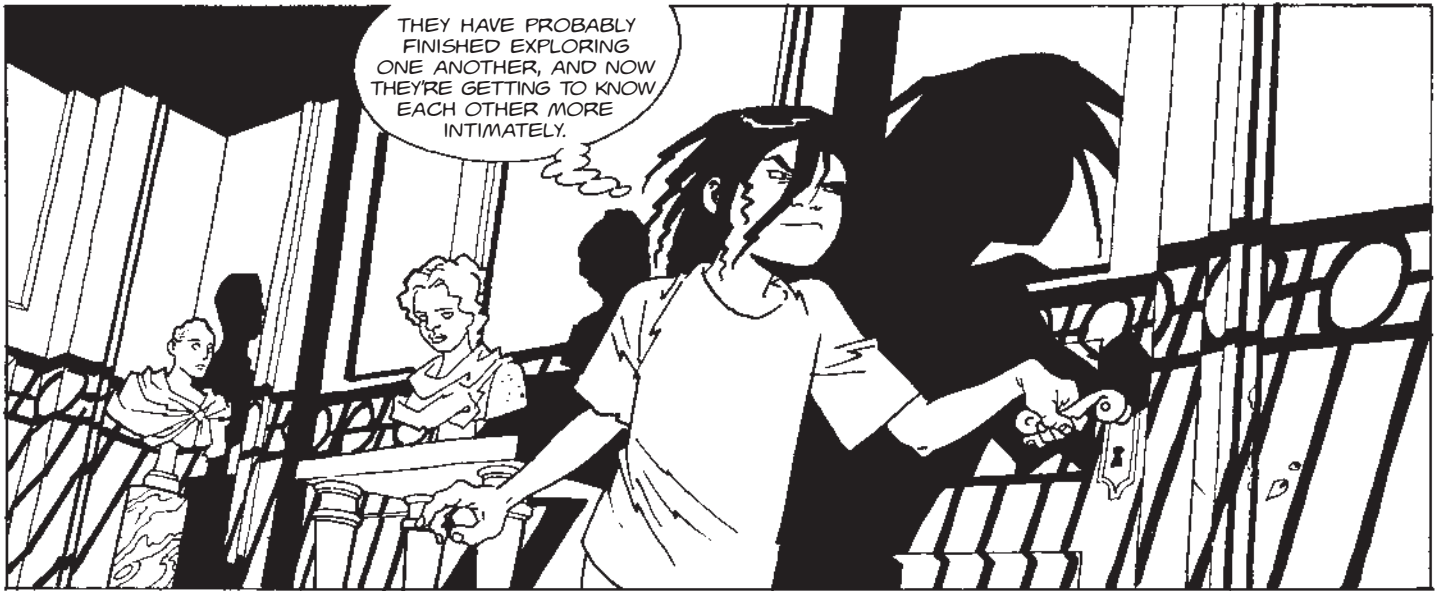
...EXPLORING EACH OTHER WITH THEIR LIPS...

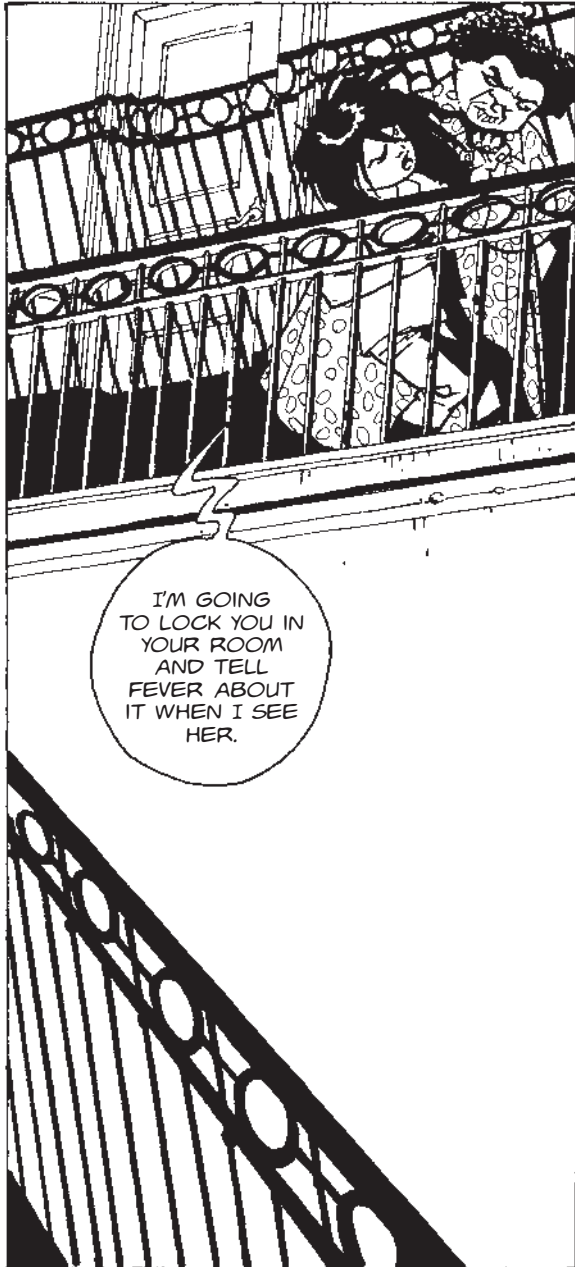
THEY HAVEN'T BEEN APART FOR TWO DAYS ALREADY.

... WITH THEIR EYES...

BUT NO. JUST LIKE FEVER, CLOUD SET HER SIGHTS ON ROY THE VERY FIRST DAY WE GOT TO THIS STEAMY CITY.

... WITH THEIR HANDS.





I'M GOING TO LOCK YOU IN YOUR ROOM AND TELL FEVER ABOUT IT WHEN I SEE HER.

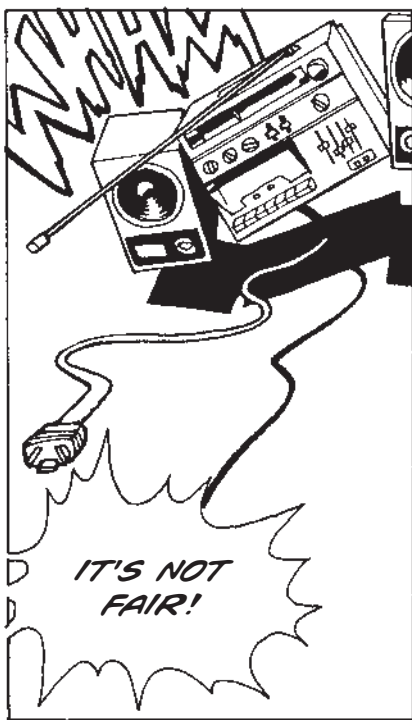


I'M SURE YOU'LL GO WITHOUT DINNER.

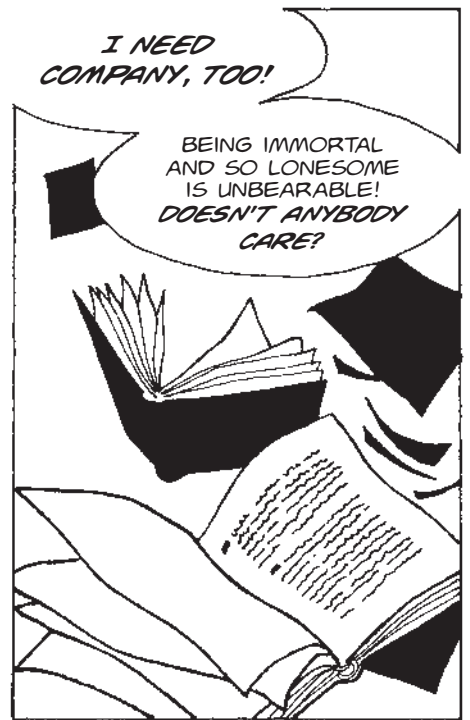
AND JUDGING BY HOW MUCH YOU USUALLY EAT, THAT'S GOING TO HURT.



NOT ONLY DO THEY LEAVE ME ALONE HERE, THEY PUNISH ME TOO.



IT'S NOT FAIR!



I NEED COMPANY, TOO!

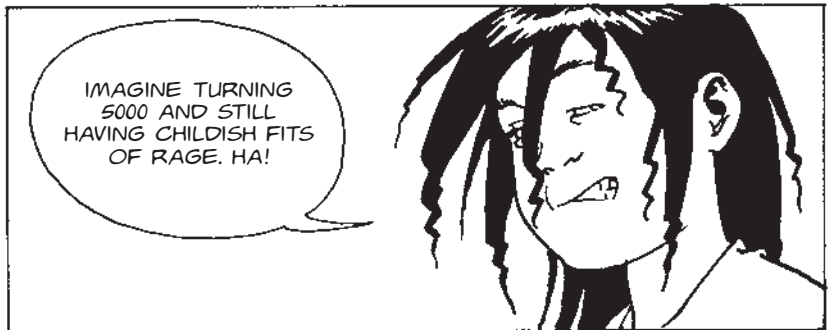
BEING IMMORTAL AND SO LONESOME IS UNBEARABLE! DOESN'T ANYBODY CARE?



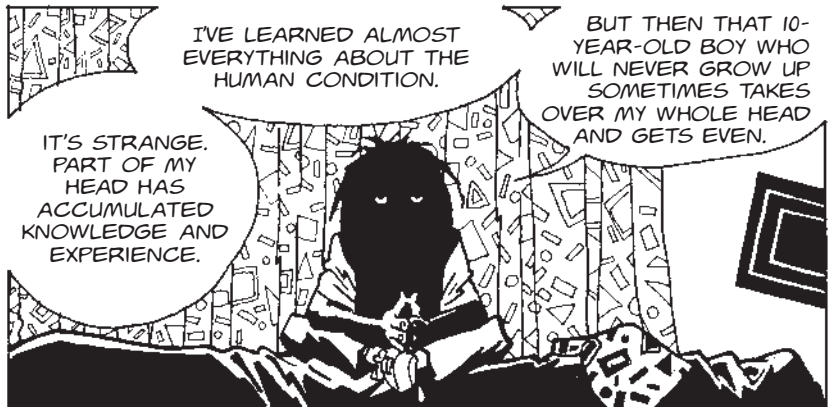
PHEW.



BACK IN EGYPT, WHEN I WAS A REAL CHILD, AND WHEN I USED TO DO THINGS LIKE THIS, SLAVE AMARNA, WHO TOOK CARE OF ME, USED TO SAY THESE WERE CHILDISH FITS OF RAGE.



IMAGINE TURNING 5000 AND STILL HAVING CHILDISH FITS OF RAGE. HA!



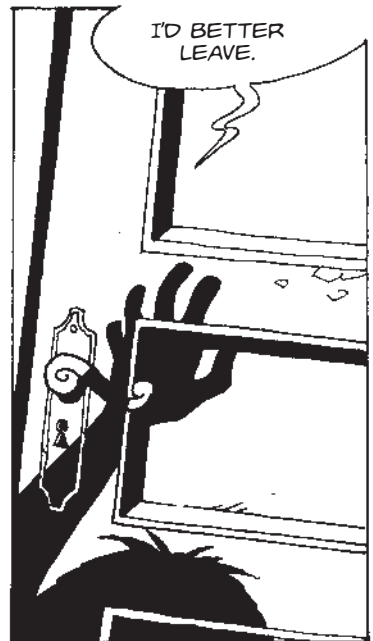
I'VE LEARNED ALMOST EVERYTHING ABOUT THE HUMAN CONDITION.

BUT THEN THAT 10-YEAR-OLD BOY WHO WILL NEVER GROW UP SOMETIMES TAKES OVER MY WHOLE HEAD AND GETS EVEN.

IT'S STRANGE. PART OF MY HEAD HAS ACCUMULATED KNOWLEDGE AND EXPERIENCE.



WHAT CAN I DO HERE ALONE?



I'D BETTER LEAVE.



IT WON'T BE EASY,
BUT I MUST FIND A
PLACE TO STAY.



GOODBYE,
FEVER.

GOODBYE,
EVENING CLOUD.

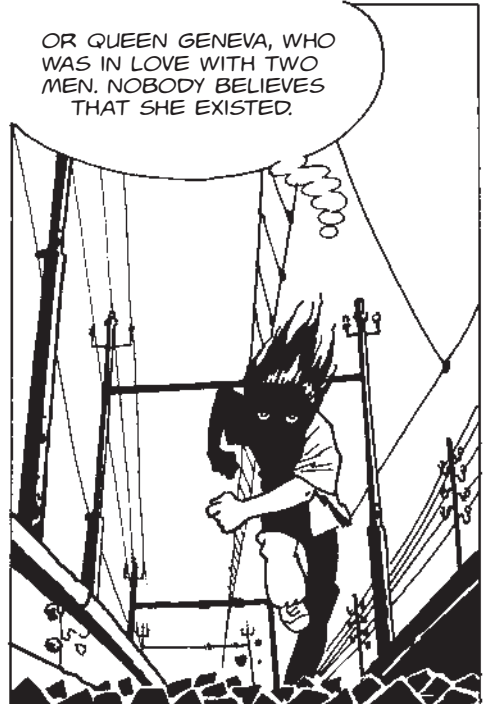
I'LL ALWAYS
REMEMBER YOU.
AND WHEN I SAY
ALWAYS, I MEAN
ALWAYS.



I'LL KEEP
THE MEMORY OF
THEM WITH THAT
OF FRAGILE JOAN
WHO WAS LATER
CALLED JOAN
OF ARC.



AND ELERA,
THE NORWEGIAN
COUNTRYWOMAN
WHO LIVED DUR-
ING THE BLACK
PLAGUE.



OR QUEEN GENEVA, WHO
WAS IN LOVE WITH TWO
MEN. NOBODY BELIEVES
THAT SHE EXISTED.



HOW MANY MEMORIES
CAN I KEEP ADDING? DOESN'T
THE MEMORY OF A 5000-
YEAR-OLD BOY HAVE
ANY LIMITS?

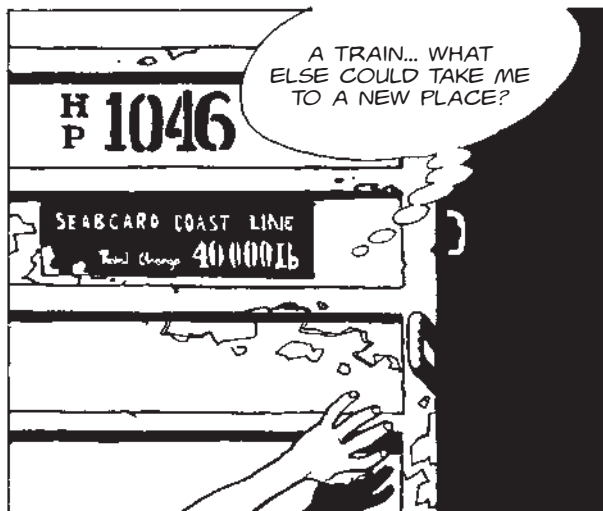
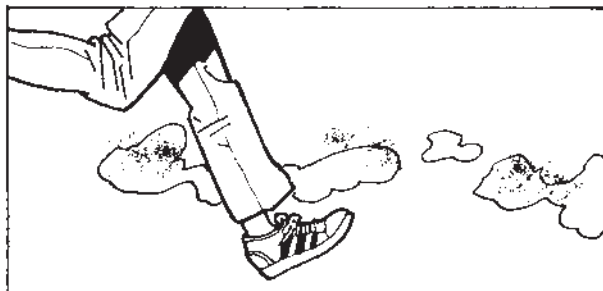
WHERE SHOULD
I GO NOW?

10000
10000
10000



TOOT TOOT

A TRAIN...
WHAT BETTER
WAY TO GET
AWAY FROM
HERE?



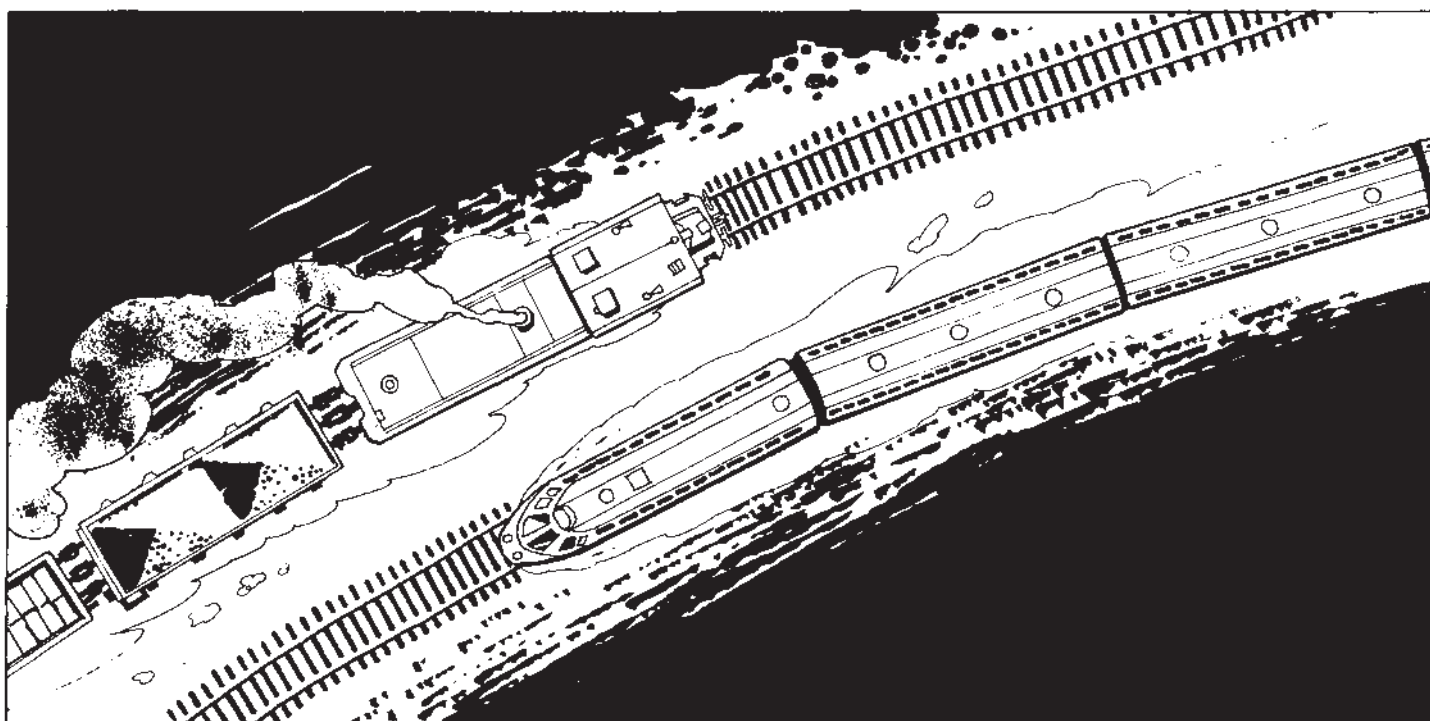
A TRAIN... WHAT
ELSE COULD TAKE ME
TO A NEW PLACE?



GOODBYE,
FEVER,
GOODBYE,
CLOUD



GOODBYE,
NEW
ORLEANS.

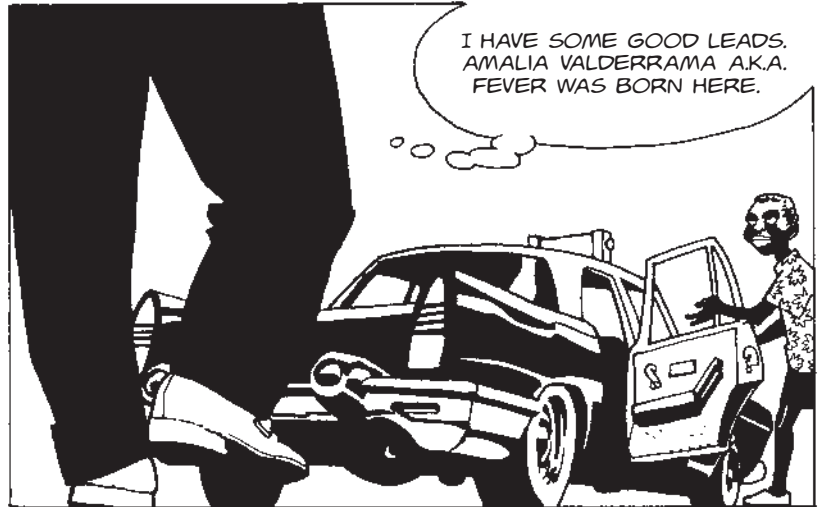




HELLO,
NEW ORLEANS.



I THINK THIS IS
WHERE I'M GOING TO
FIND THE BOY AND
THE TWO WOMEN
I'M LOOKING FOR.



I HAVE SOME GOOD LEADS.
AMALIA VALDERRAMA A.K.A.
FEVER WAS BORN HERE.



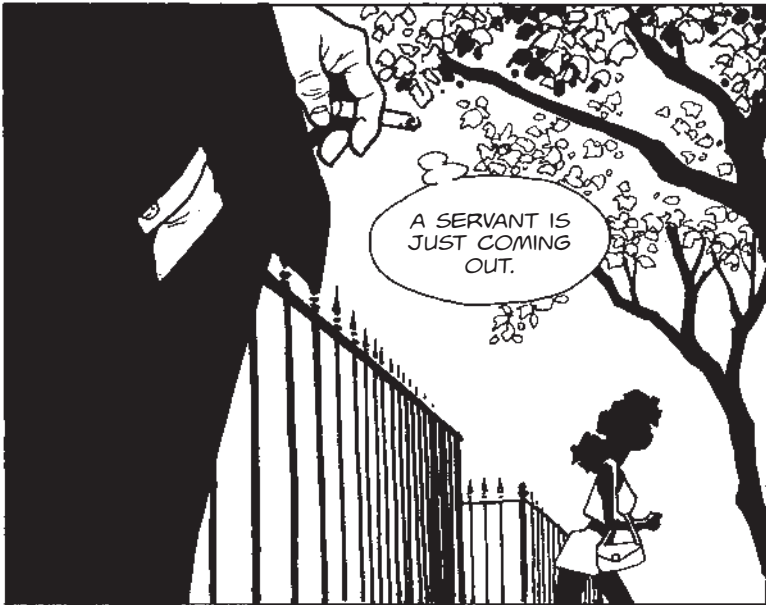
SHE'S THE DAUGHTER OF A SPANISH NOBLEMAN AND A BLACK SPIRITUAL SINGER.

HER FATHER LEFT HER A FORTUNE.

AND A BIG HOUSE IN A CLASSY NEIGHBORHOOD.



THIS ONE.



A SERVANT IS JUST COMING OUT.



I'LL TRY TO GET SOME INFORMATION FROM HER.

EXCUSE ME, MA'AM. MAY I ASK YOU A QUESTION?



I'M IN A HURRY. I HAVE TO BUY BREAD FOR DINNER. WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I ONLY NEED A MINUTE OF YOUR TIME. I WAS WONDERING, THIS HOUSE, DIDN'T IT USE TO BELONG TO COUNT VALDERRAMA?



YES. YOU SAW IT IN ONE OF THOSE NEW ORLEANS ARCHITECTURE BOOKS, RIGHT?

UHM, OF COURSE. IS ANYONE LIVING THERE NOW? IT'S NOT A MUSEUM, IS IT?

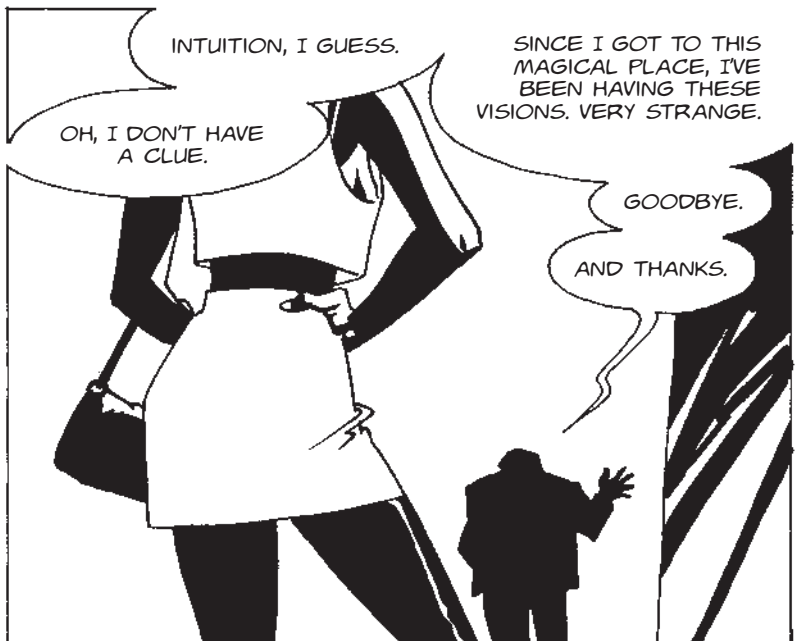


NOTHING LIKE THAT. IT BELONGS TO THE COUNT'S DAUGHTER. SHE JUST CAME BACK A FEW DAYS AGO WITH SOME FRIENDS.

A 10-YEAR OLD BOY AND A SIOUX INDIAN GIRL OF 13 OR 14?



AND HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT?



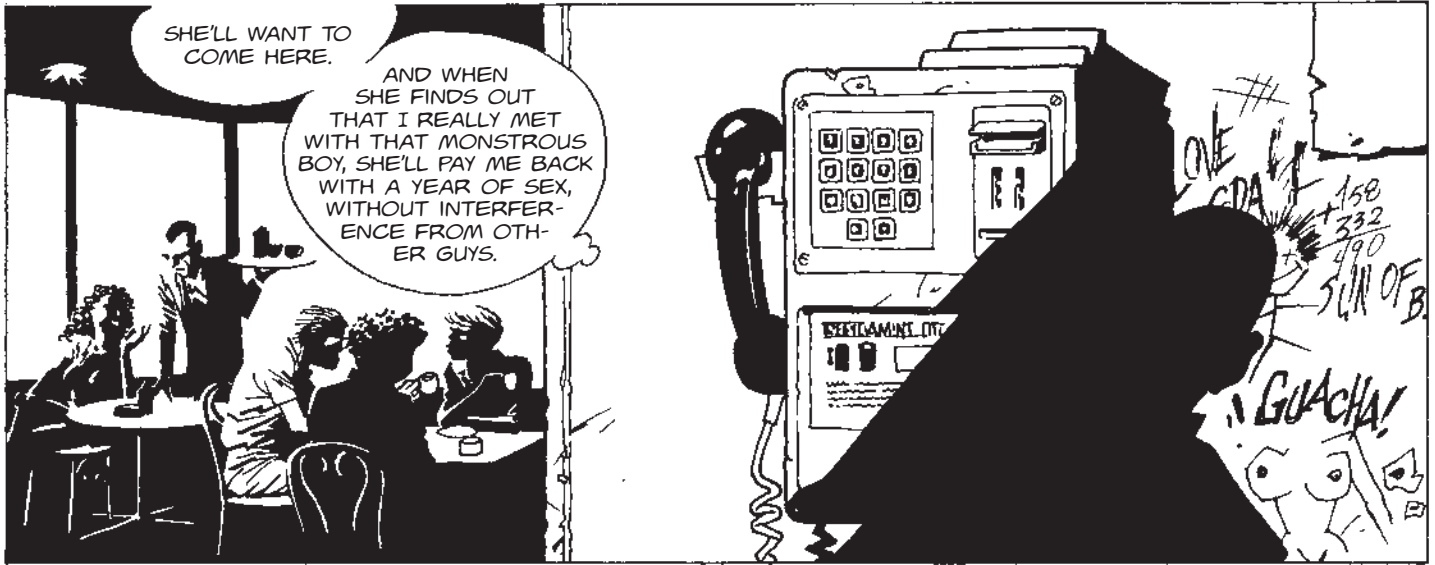
INTUITION, I GUESS.

OH, I DON'T HAVE A CLUE.

SINCE I GOT TO THIS MAGICAL PLACE, I'VE BEEN HAVING THESE VISIONS. VERY STRANGE.

GOODBYE.

AND THANKS.



SHE'LL WANT TO COME HERE.

AND WHEN SHE FINDS OUT THAT I REALLY MET WITH THAT MONSTROUS BOY, SHE'LL PAY ME BACK WITH A YEAR OF SEX, WITHOUT INTERFERENCE FROM OTHER GUYS.



TNNNN TNNNN

WHAT NOW?



HELLO?



IT'S FOR YOU.

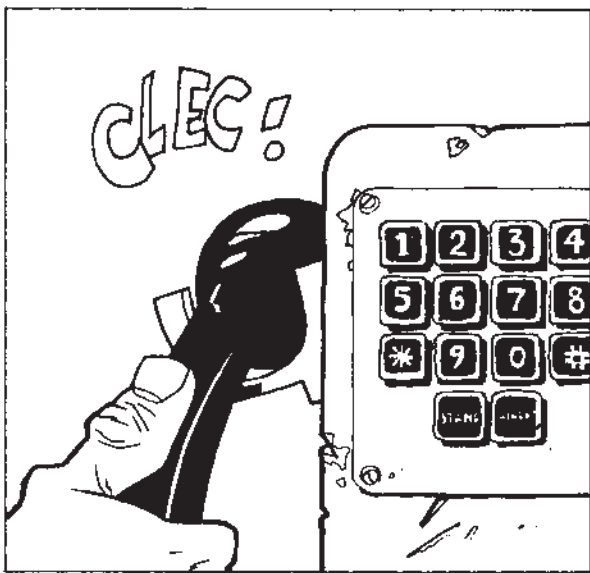


ARE YOU STILL WITH THAT MIDGET? WHY? DO YOU REALLY HAVE TO DEBASE YOURSELF LIKE THIS JUST TO MAKE ME JEALOUS?

LISTEN UP, YOU STUPID DETECTIVE, HAVE YOU FOUND ANYTHING OUT YET? THAT'S THE ONLY WAY YOU GET THE RIGHT TO WATCH OVER ME, IDIOT. YOU KNOW THE DEAL.



I FOUND THEM, AMY. I FOUND THEM. THE BOY AND THE TWO WOMEN ARE IN NEW ORLEANS.





I'M READY. GOOD-BYE, NEW ORLEANS. GOODBYE, FEVER. GOODBYE, CLOUD.

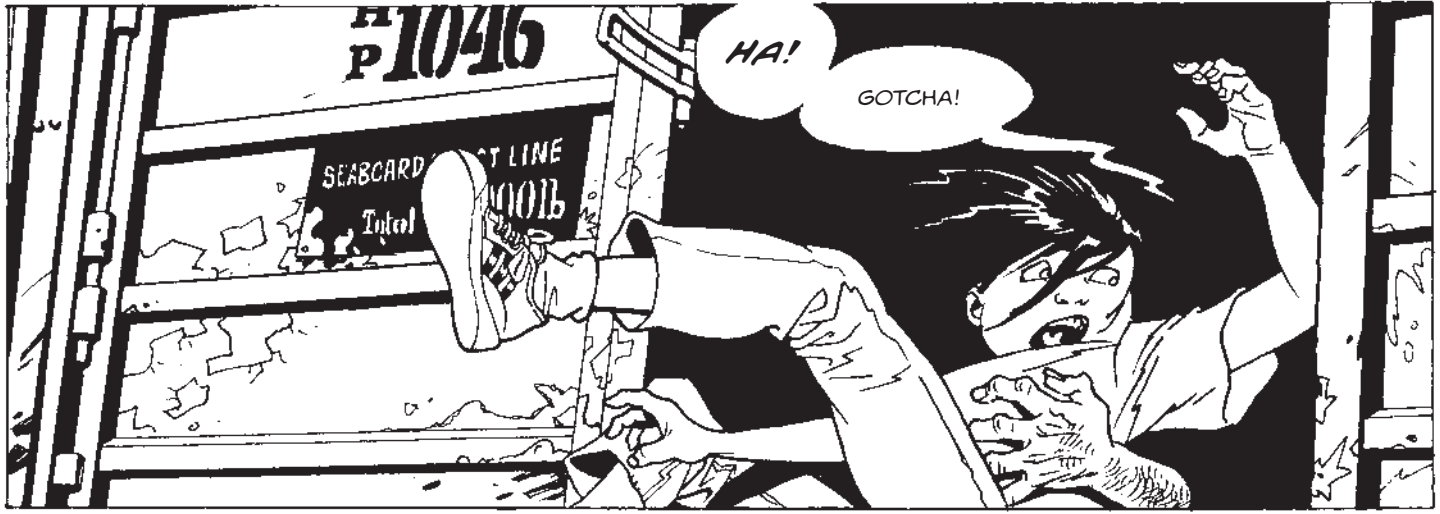
I'LL NEVER BE BACK AGAIN.



YOU STAY WITH LAMONT AND ROY, THE TWO MEN FOR WHOM YOU'VE LOST YOUR MINDS.

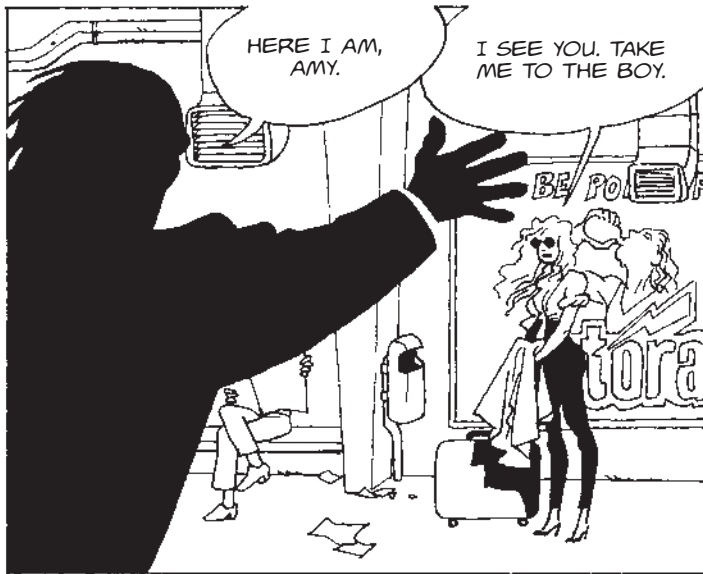


I PREFER TO BE ALONE WATCHING THE COUNTRYSIDE AND SPOTTING TRAINS GOING GOD KNOWS WHERE THAN BEING ALONE IN THAT HORRIBLE MANSION COMPLETELY NEGLECTED.



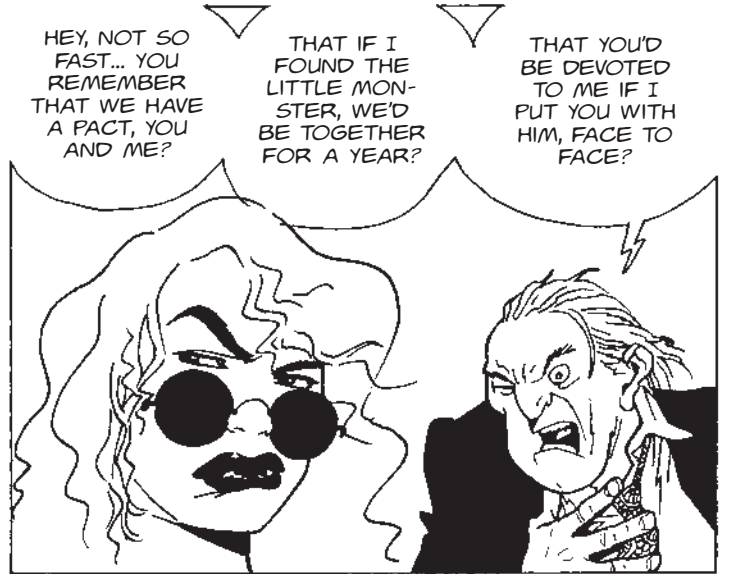
HA!

GOTCHA!



HERE I AM, AMY.

I SEE YOU. TAKE ME TO THE BOY.



HEY, NOT SO FAST... YOU REMEMBER THAT WE HAVE A PACT, YOU AND ME?

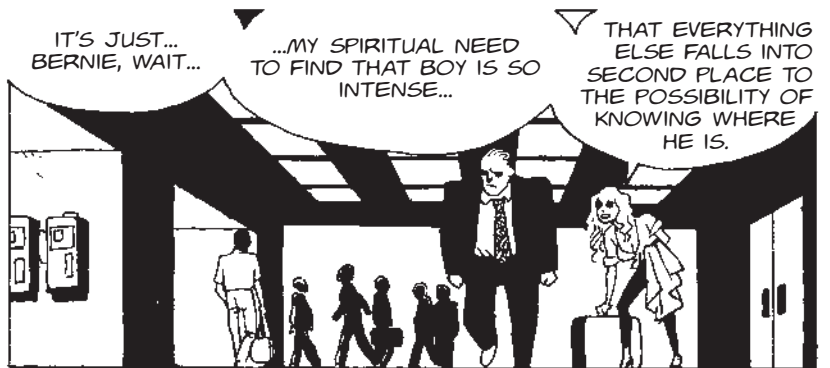
THAT IF I FOUND THE LITTLE MONSTER, WE'D BE TOGETHER FOR A YEAR?

THAT YOU'D BE DEVOTED TO ME IF I PUT YOU WITH HIM, FACE TO FACE?



OF COURSE I REMEMBER.

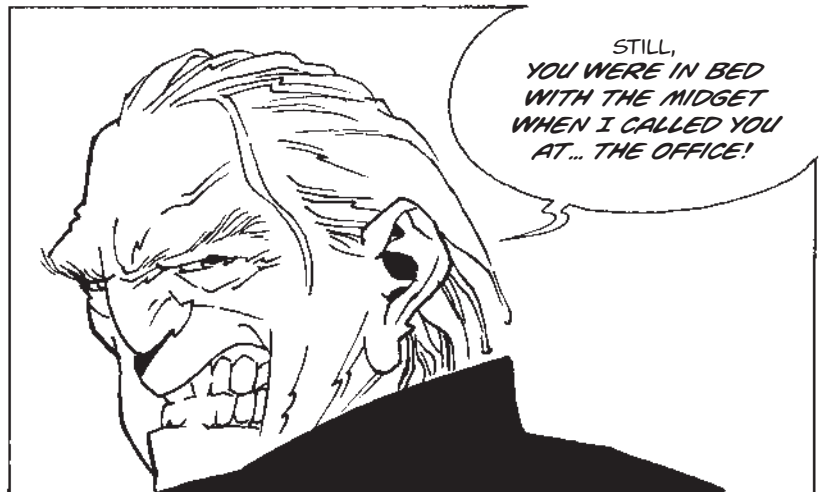
IT DOESN'T SEEM LIKE IT, FROM THE COLD SHOULDER YOU'RE GIVING ME.



IT'S JUST... BERNIE, WAIT...

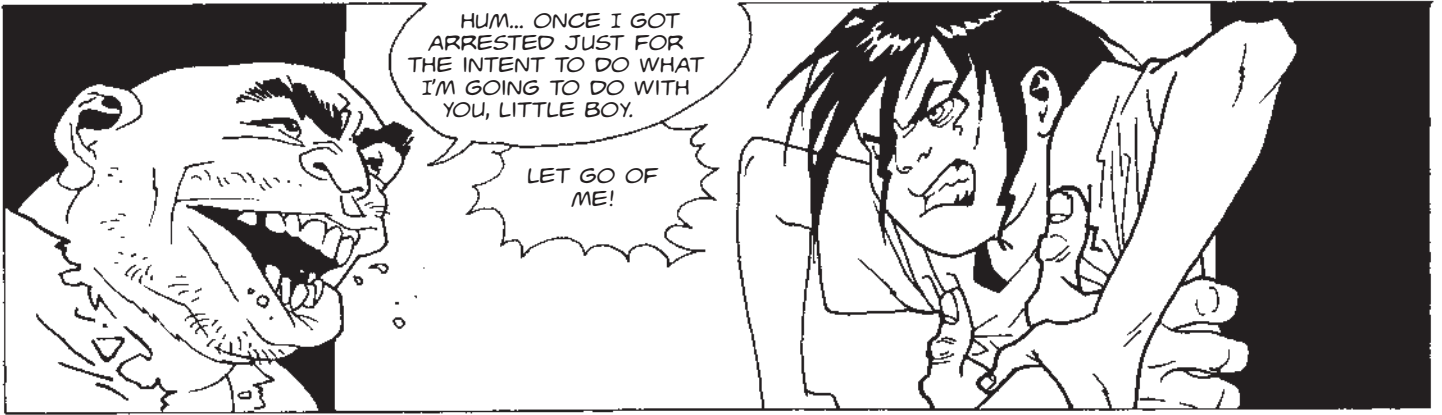
...MY SPIRITUAL NEED TO FIND THAT BOY IS SO INTENSE...

THAT EVERYTHING ELSE FALLS INTO SECOND PLACE TO THE POSSIBILITY OF KNOWING WHERE HE IS.



STILL, YOU WERE IN BED WITH THE MIDGET WHEN I CALLED YOU AT... THE OFFICE!





HUM... ONCE I GOT ARRESTED JUST FOR THE INTENT TO DO WHAT I'M GOING TO DO WITH YOU, LITTLE BOY.

LET GO OF ME!



I LIKE SKIN LIKE YOURS, NO WRINKLES OR WHISKERS...

YOU CAN SCREAM AS MUCH AS YOU WANT; NO ONE WILL HEAR YOU OUT HERE.



I TOLD YOU TO LET GO OF ME! I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU, YOU IDIOT!

HOW CAN YOU HURT ME, SILLY?



FILTHY PERVERT.

I WARNED YOU ...



BUT...



... YOU CAN'T BE SO STRONG.

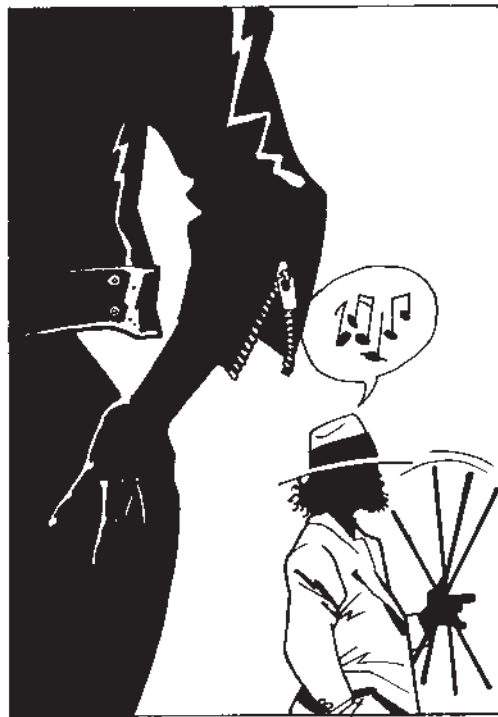
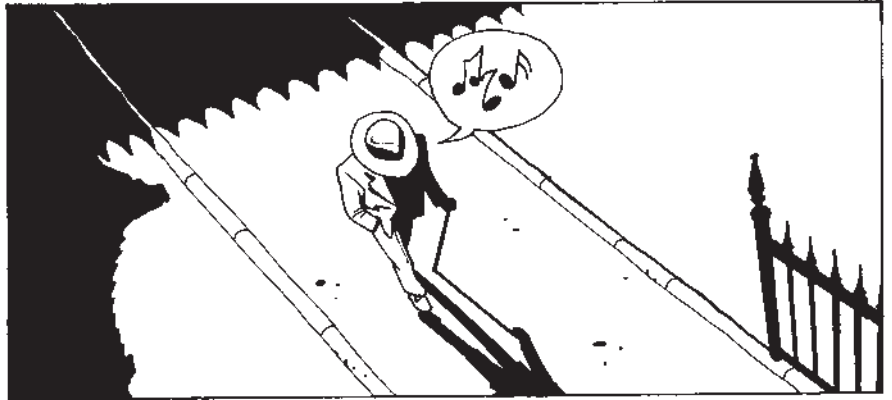
YOU... YOU... OH... YOU'RE NOT...



YOU'RE NOT HUMAN!

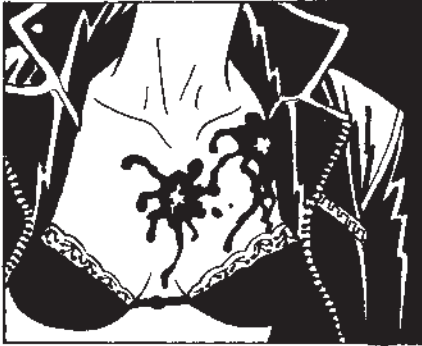


YOU'RE RIGHT. MAYBE I'M NOT.





PAW
PAW



OH!



I ASKED YOU IF THERE WAS A BOY IN THE HOUSE. HE'S DARK-HAIRED, WITH HAZY EYES LIKE MINE. ANSWER ME!

I DON'T... UNDERSTAND, BUT...

... YES, THE LITTLE BOY, RUNNING WIND, AN INDIAN, I THINK HE LIVES HERE WITH FEVER.



WELL, YOU'VE GIVEN A COMPREHENSIVE RESPONSE.

AHHH...



HOW MANY PEOPLE ARE IN THE HOUSE NOW?

AAAGH!

THE... THE LITTLE BOY, A TEENAGE INDIAN GIRL, TWO BLACK SERVANTS AND ONE OF THEIR SONS...



... AND FEVER, THE LADY OF THE HOUSE?

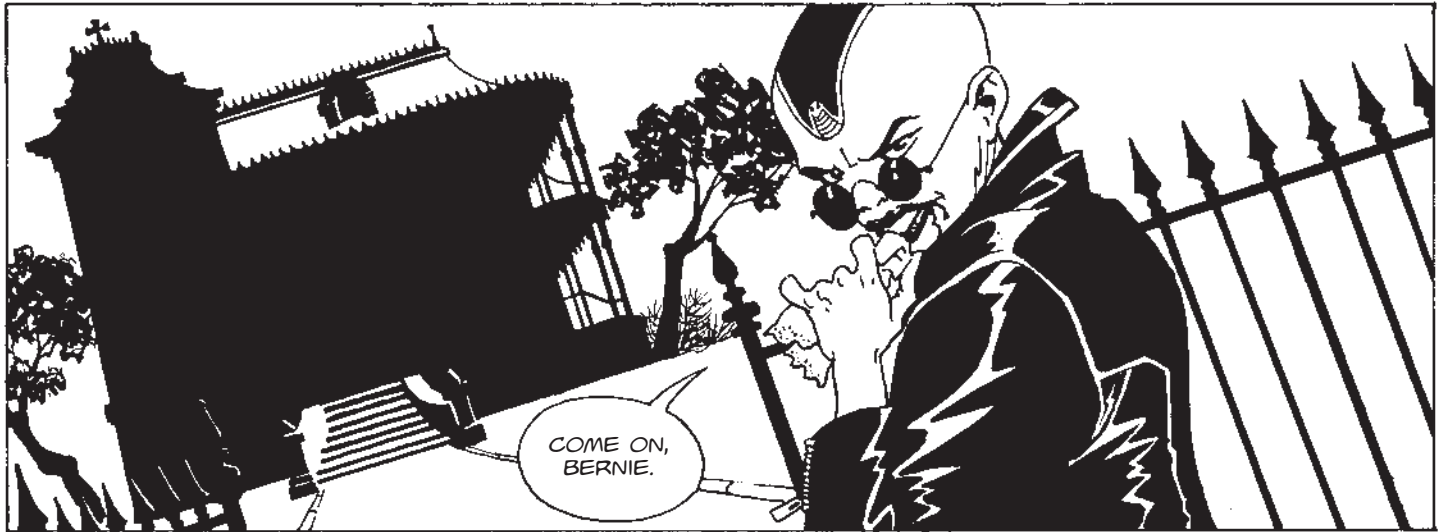
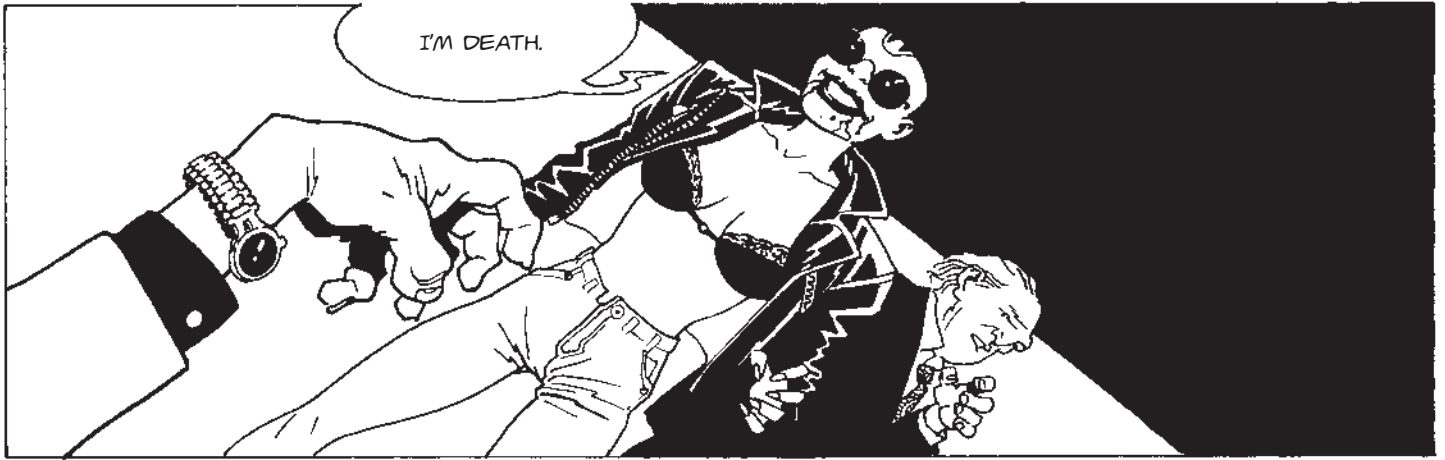
YOU... YOU BROKE MY ARM. WHO ARE YOU? BEELZEBUB?



HA, HA, HA. WORSE THAN THAT.

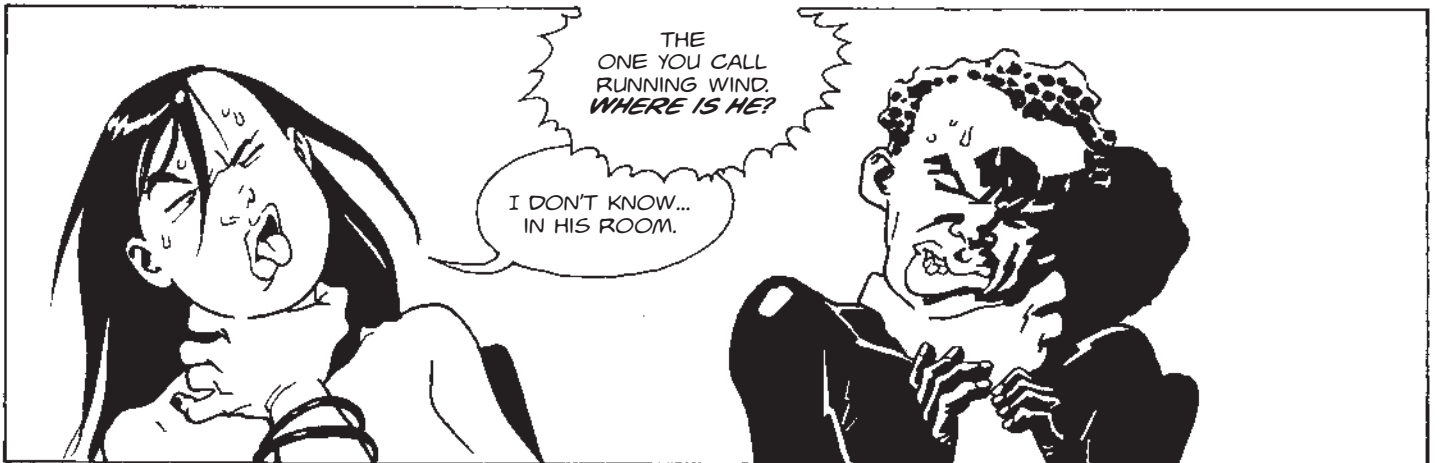


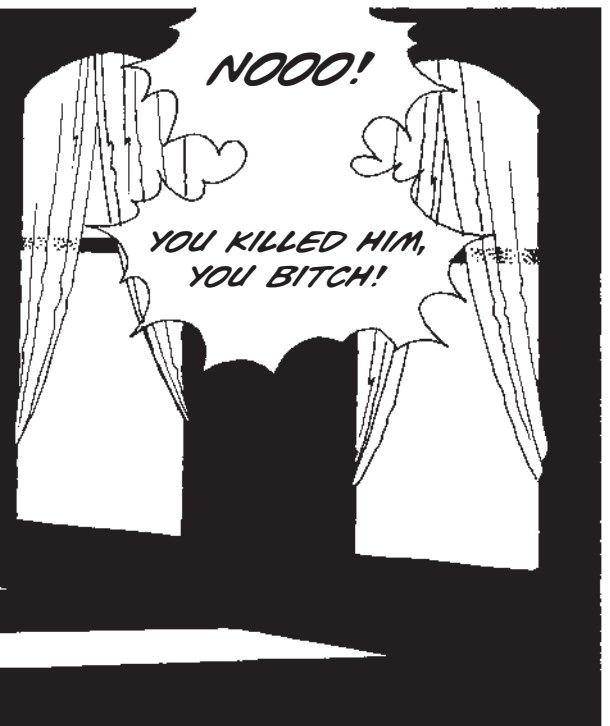
AAAAHHH!!!













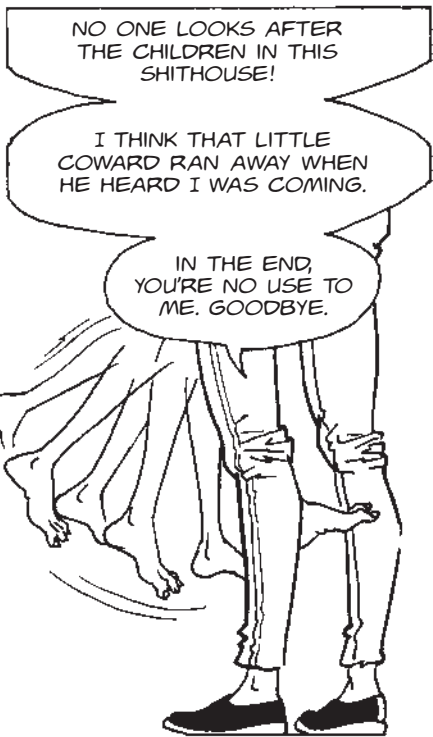
TALK OR YOU'LL END UP LIKE THAT LITTLE NIGGER.

HELP ME!
SHE'S CRAZY!



WILL YOU TELL ME WHERE THE BOY IS, YES OR NO?

I DON'T KNOW! HE'S PROBABLY IN HIS ROOM AND...
AND IF HE ISN'T, I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE COULD BE!



NO ONE LOOKS AFTER THE CHILDREN IN THIS SHITHOUSE!

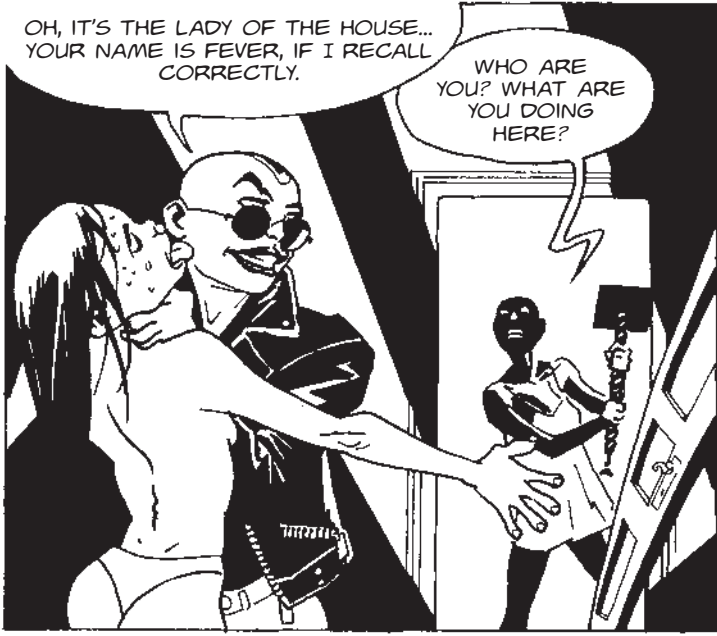
I THINK THAT LITTLE COWARD RAN AWAY WHEN HE HEARD I WAS COMING.

IN THE END, YOU'RE NO USE TO ME. GOODBYE.



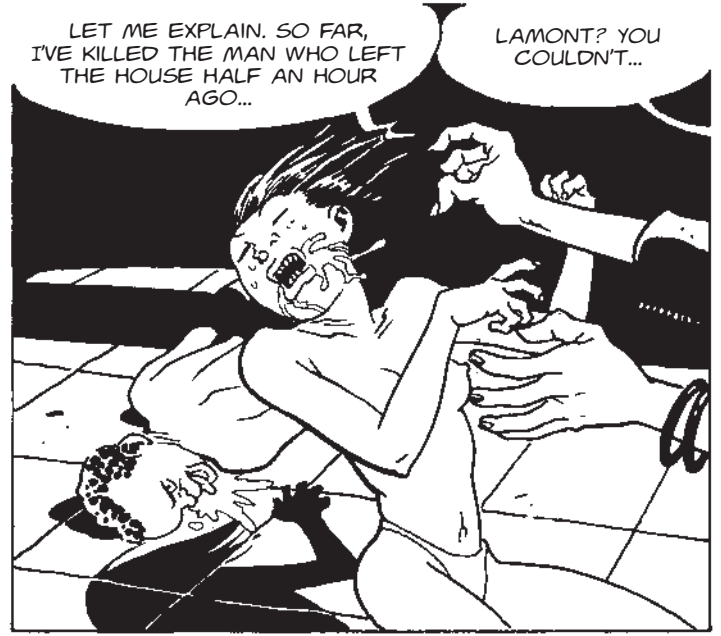
GGGHHH...

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?!



OH, IT'S THE LADY OF THE HOUSE... YOUR NAME IS FEVER, IF I RECALL CORRECTLY.

WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?



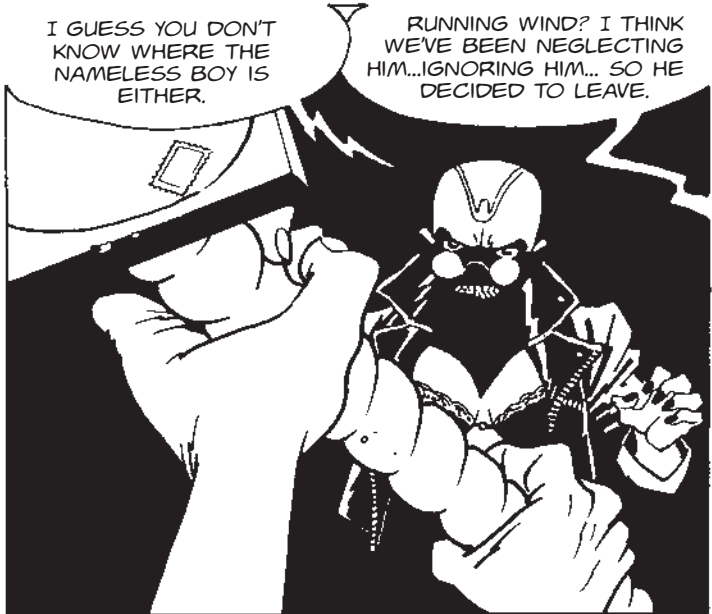
LET ME EXPLAIN. SO FAR, I'VE KILLED THE MAN WHO LEFT THE HOUSE HALF AN HOUR AGO...

LAMONT? YOU COULDN'T...



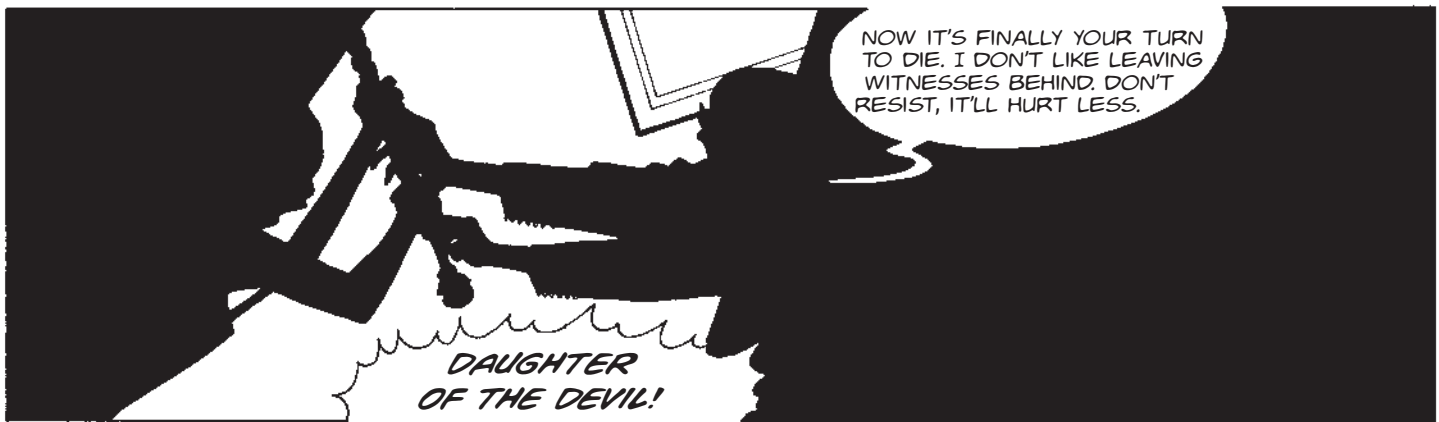
OH, I COULD. I'VE ALSO KILLED THE TWO SERVANTS, THE LITTLE BLACK BOY AND IF YOUR EYES WORKED YOU COULD HAVE SEEN THIS GIRL DIE IN MY HANDS...

NO... NO...



I GUESS YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE THE NAMELESS BOY IS EITHER.

RUNNING WIND? I THINK WE'VE BEEN NEGLECTING HIM...IGNORING HIM... SO HE DECIDED TO LEAVE.



NOW IT'S FINALLY YOUR TURN TO DIE. I DON'T LIKE LEAVING WITNESSES BEHIND. DON'T RESIST, IT'LL HURT LESS.

DAUGHTER OF THE DEVIL!



TAKE THIS!

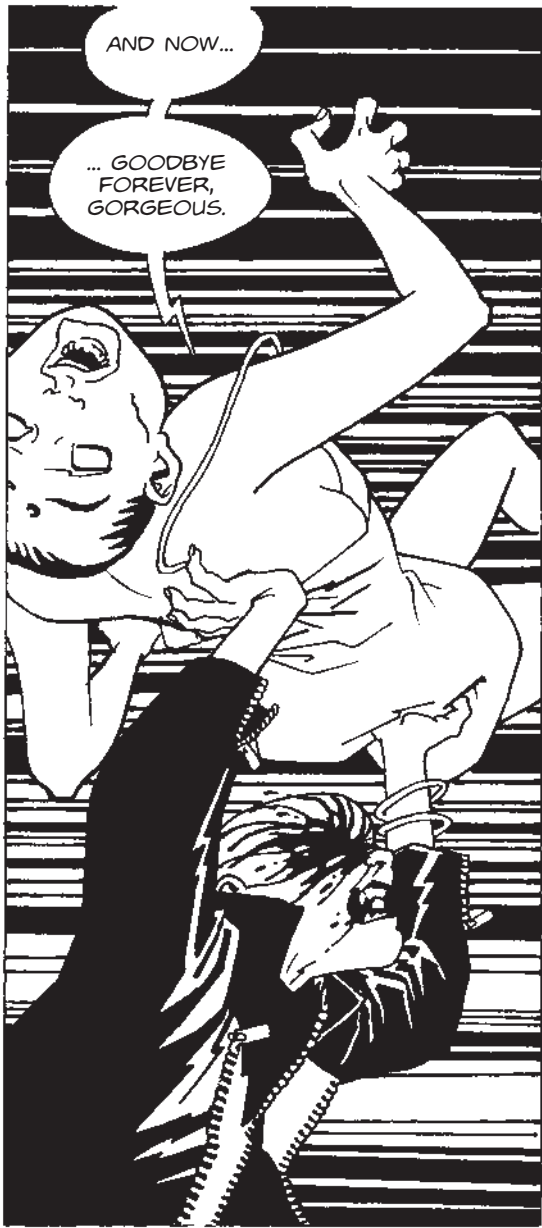


YOU'VE MADE ME BLIND UNTIL SUNRISE, STUPID! NOW WE'RE EQUAL. COME HERE.

HELP!



OH!
I'VE GOT YOU, FEVER.

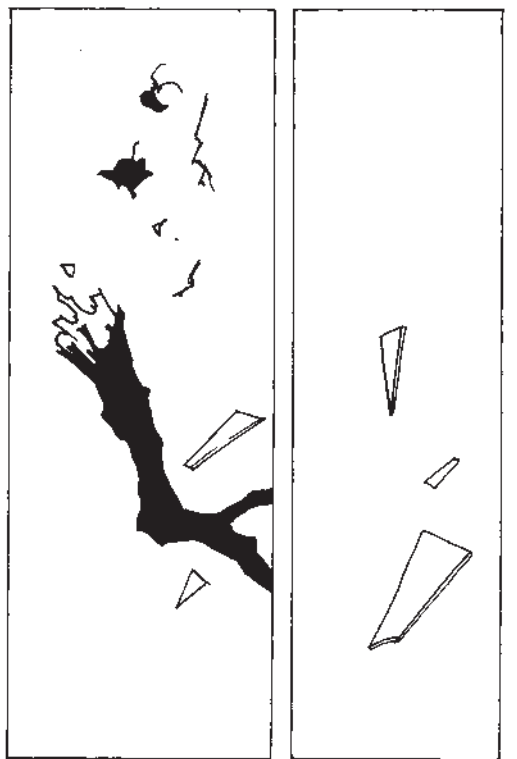


AND NOW...

... GOODBYE FOREVER, GORGEOUS.



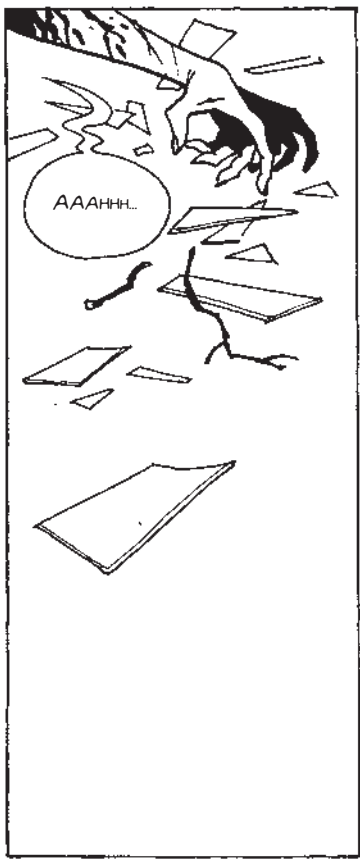
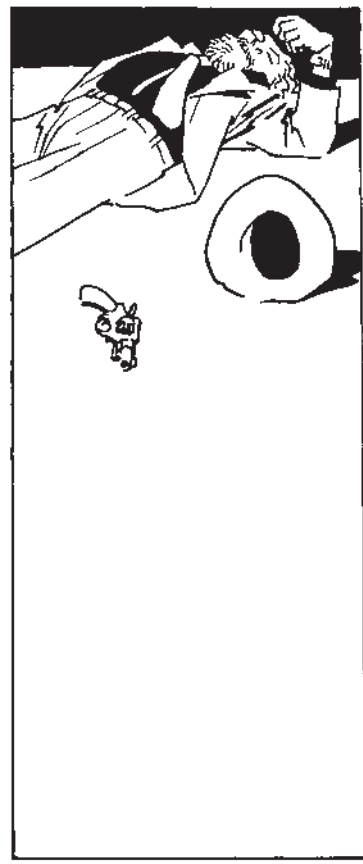
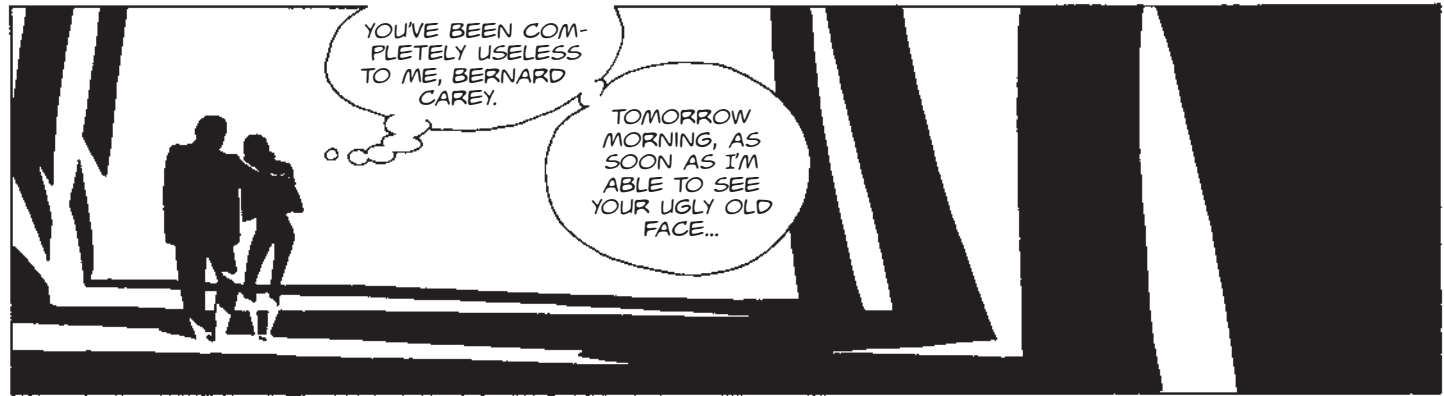
KRASH!



BERNIE! COME AND HELP ME, YOU IDIOT! I CAN'T SEE!

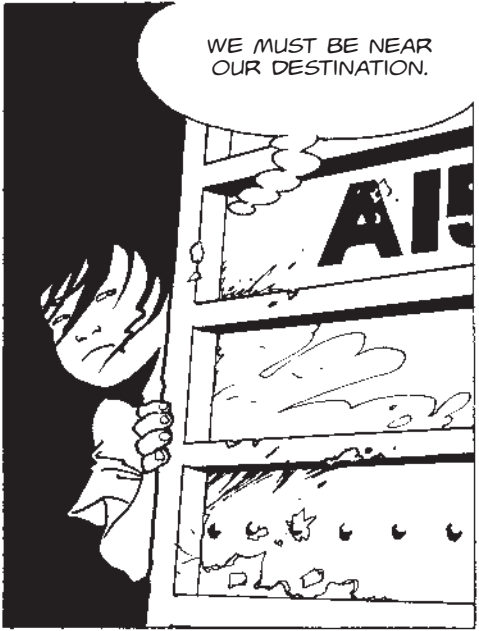


I'M COMING, AMY.

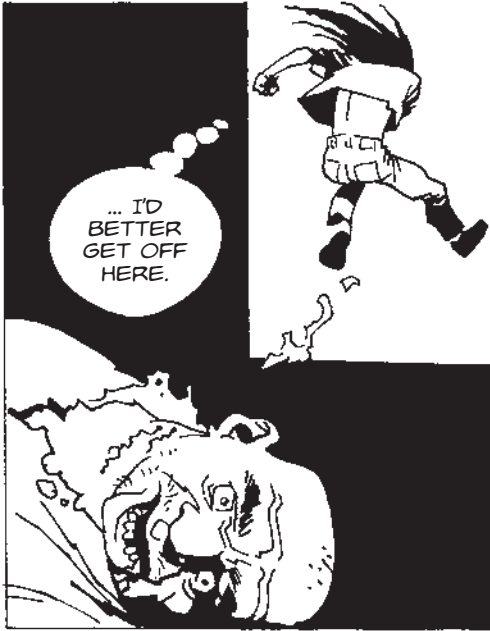




THE TRAIN IS SLOWING DOWN...



WE MUST BE NEAR OUR DESTINATION.



... I'D BETTER GET OFF HERE.



HUM... LET'S SEE...

I HAVE THE MONEY THAT FEVER GAVE ME FOR MY EXPENSES...



I CAN GET SOMETHING TO EAT WITHOUT HAVING TO STEAL IT.

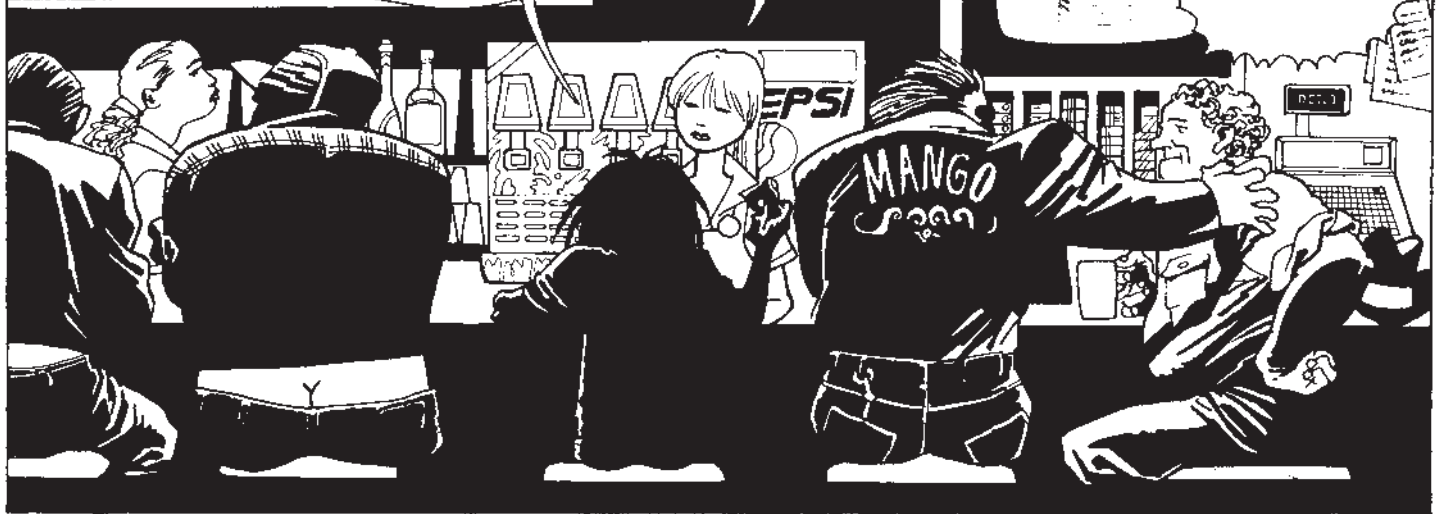
BACON BURGER	2.00
CHEESE BURGER	2.00
CHICKEN BURGER	3.00
FRENCH FRIES	1.50
ONION FRIES	1.50

HOW MANY BACON BURGERS CAN I GET WITH THIS?

UMM... AT LEAST TEN.



AND NOW, CPO 23 NEWS.



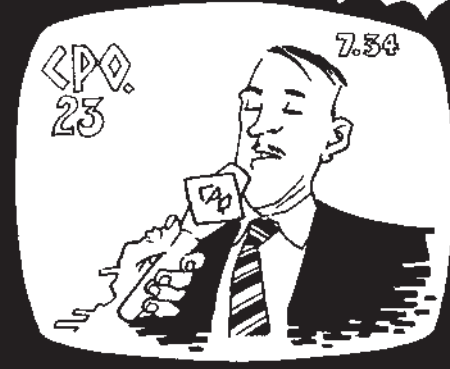
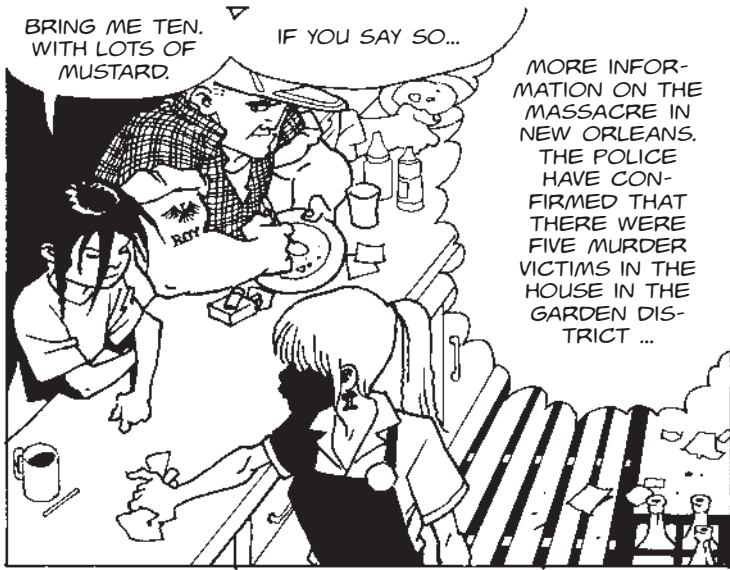
BRING ME TEN. WITH LOTS OF MUSTARD.

IF YOU SAY SO...

MORE INFORMATION ON THE MASSACRE IN NEW ORLEANS. THE POLICE HAVE CONFIRMED THAT THERE WERE FIVE MURDER VICTIMS IN THE HOUSE IN THE GARDEN DISTRICT ...

HERE'S A STATEMENT FROM COMMISSIONER SILVERBERG.

THIS HORRIBLE MASSACRE HAS ALL THE HALLMARKS OF A RITUAL MURDER, OF SATANIC RITES LIKE THE MURDER OF SHARON TATE, IF YOU RECALL.



LUCKILY, ONE PERSON HAS SURVIVED. HER CONDITION IS CRITICAL -- SHE IS IN SHOCK AND HAS SUFFERED MASSIVE INTERNAL WOUNDS. IT'S MRS. FEVER VALDERRAMA.

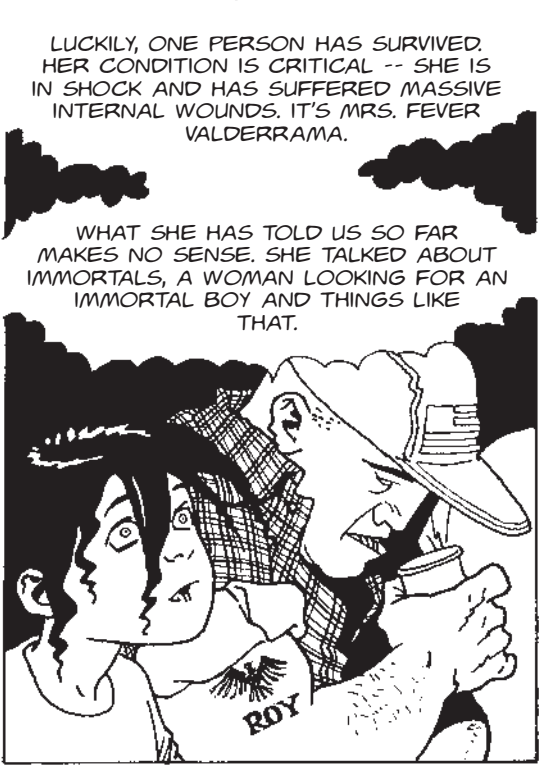
WHAT SHE HAS TOLD US SO FAR MAKES NO SENSE. SHE TALKED ABOUT IMMORTALS, A WOMAN LOOKING FOR AN IMMORTAL BOY AND THINGS LIKE THAT.

HERE ARE YOUR HAMBURG--

... BUT...

I KNEW NO ONE COULD EAT THAT MANY BURGERS. THAT LITTLE BASTARD PULLED A PRANK ON ME AND RAN AWAY!

THE NEW ORLEANS PD IS THOROUGHLY INVESTIGATING THE HORRIBLE MURDERS AND IS DETERMINED TO FIND THE...





THANK YOU, FATHER SUN.



I'D BETTER GO NOW.

I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT IT, AND I THINK I'D BETTER GET BACK TO WORK AT THE PEEP SHOW.



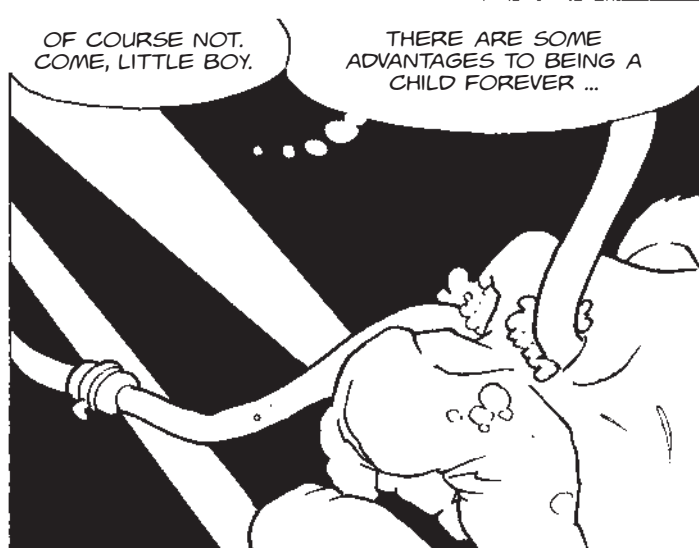
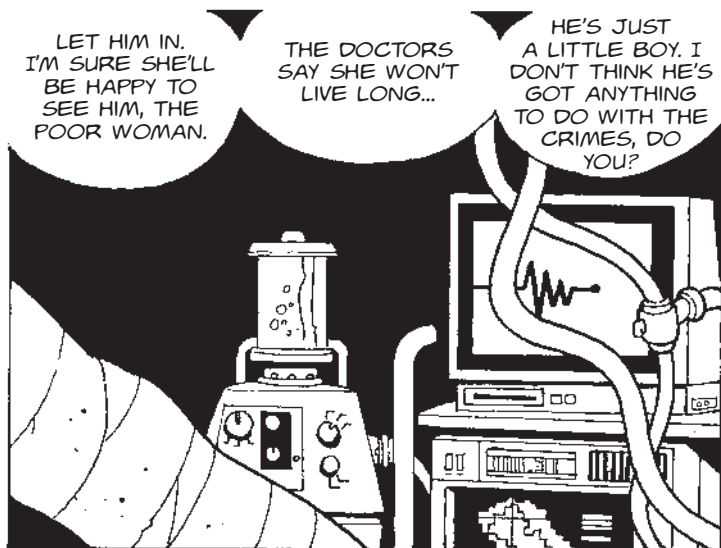
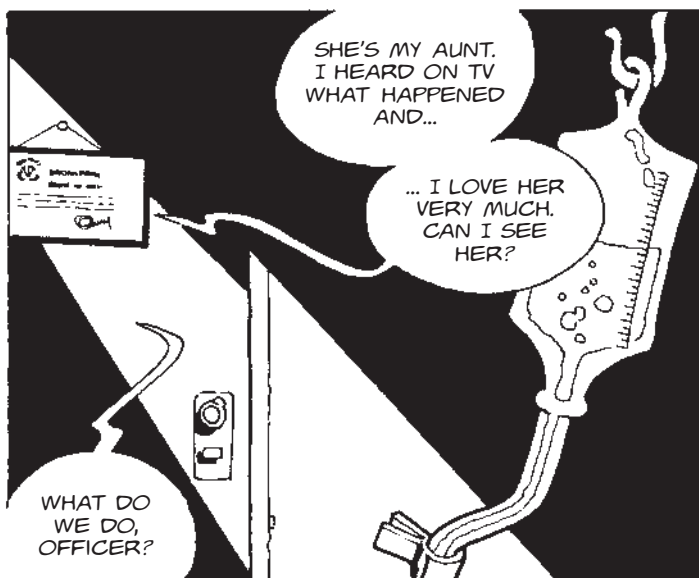
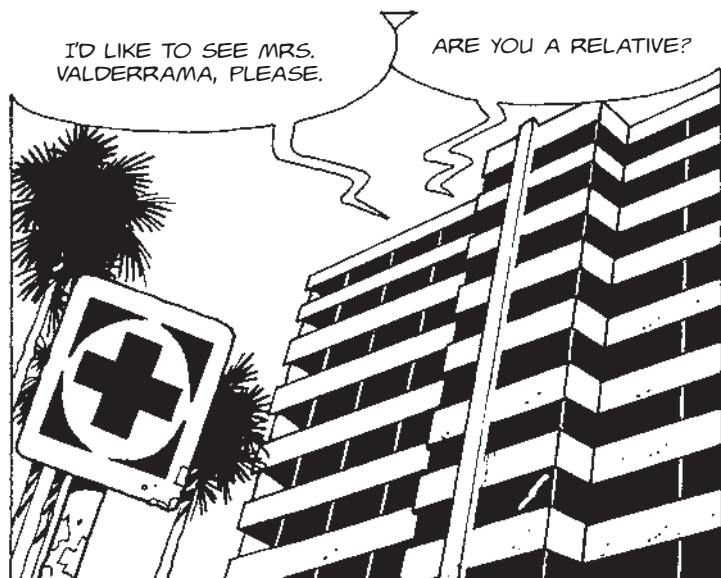
THE PRESS AND THE TV STATIONS MUST HAVE SPREAD THE NEWS ABOUT LAST NIGHT'S DEATHS...

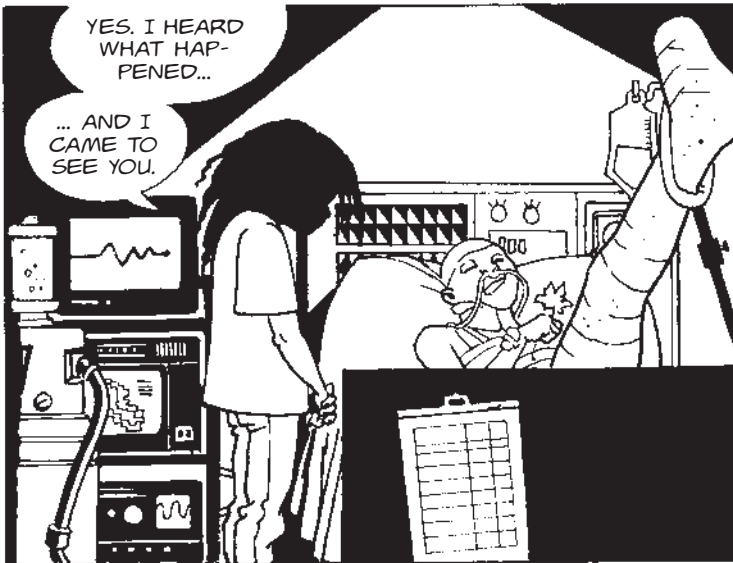
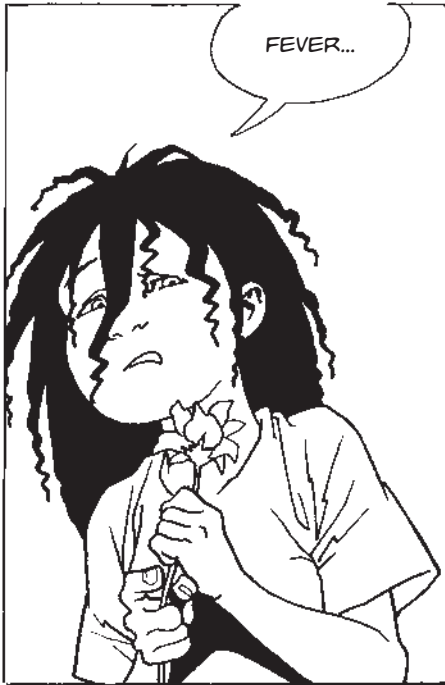
HE HAS TO KNOW IT WAS ME. HE'S GOING TO FEEL RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE STUPID MORTALS...



MAYBE HE'LL COME LOOKING FOR ME FOR A FINAL FIGHT.

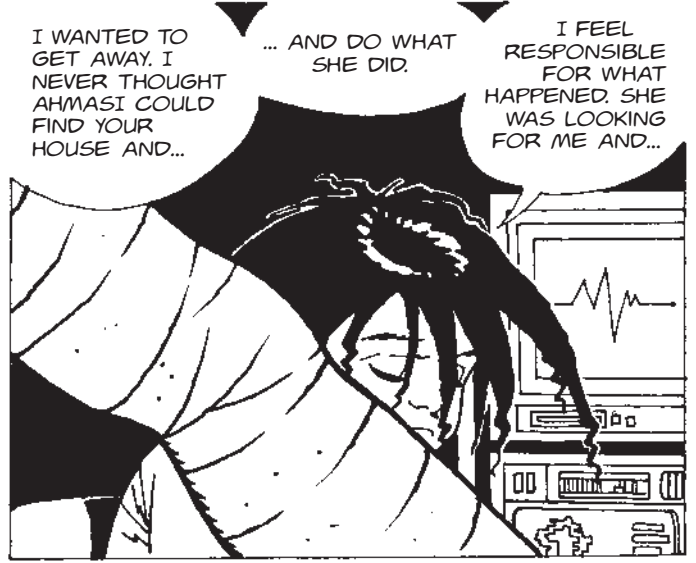
I HOPE.





YES. I HEARD WHAT HAPPENED...

... AND I CAME TO SEE YOU.



I WANTED TO GET AWAY. I NEVER THOUGHT AHMASI COULD FIND YOUR HOUSE AND...

... AND DO WHAT SHE DID.

I FEEL RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT HAPPENED. SHE WAS LOOKING FOR ME AND...



... AND I LEFT LIKE A STUPID HURT BRAT. YOU AND CLOUD COULDN'T SEE ME, YOU WERE BOTH IN LOVE.

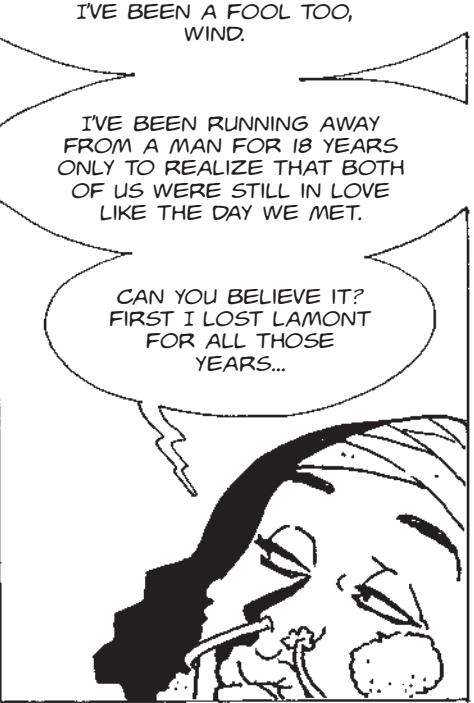
I'M SORRY, I ACTED LIKE A CHILD.



I GUESS PART OF ME WILL ALWAYS BE A CHILD.

A POOR 10-YEAR-OLD BOY WHO'S SCARED OF BEING ALONE...

WAIT, LISTEN... LET ME TALK, FOR JUST A MOMENT. I DON'T HAVE MUCH BREATH...



I'VE BEEN A FOOL TOO, WIND.

I'VE BEEN RUNNING AWAY FROM A MAN FOR 18 YEARS ONLY TO REALIZE THAT BOTH OF US WERE STILL IN LOVE LIKE THE DAY WE MET.

CAN YOU BELIEVE IT? FIRST I LOST LAMONT FOR ALL THOSE YEARS...



AND NOW I'VE LOST HIM FOREVER.

FORGIVE ME, FORGIVE ME.



IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT, NAMELESS BOY. YOU'RE NOT THE DEMON WHO KILLED HIM AND APOLLONIA AND ANGELA AND ROY AND EVENING CLOUD.

IT WAS THAT WOMAN.

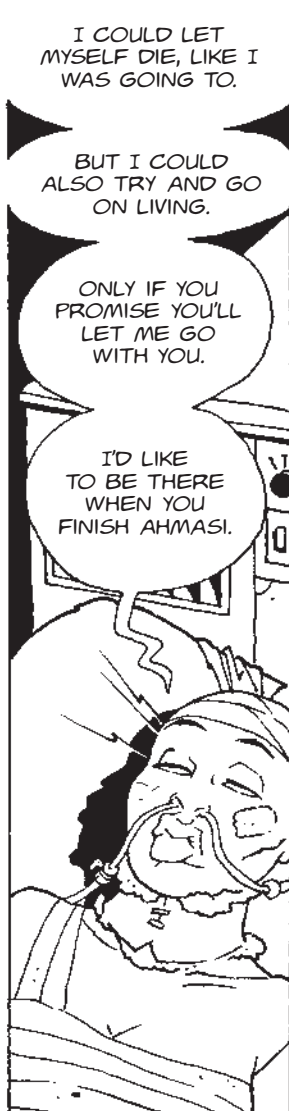
HER!



I SWEAR RIGHT NOW...

... THIS TIME I'LL FIND HER AND FINISH HER ONCE AND FOR ALL.

LET ME SUGGEST ONE THING...

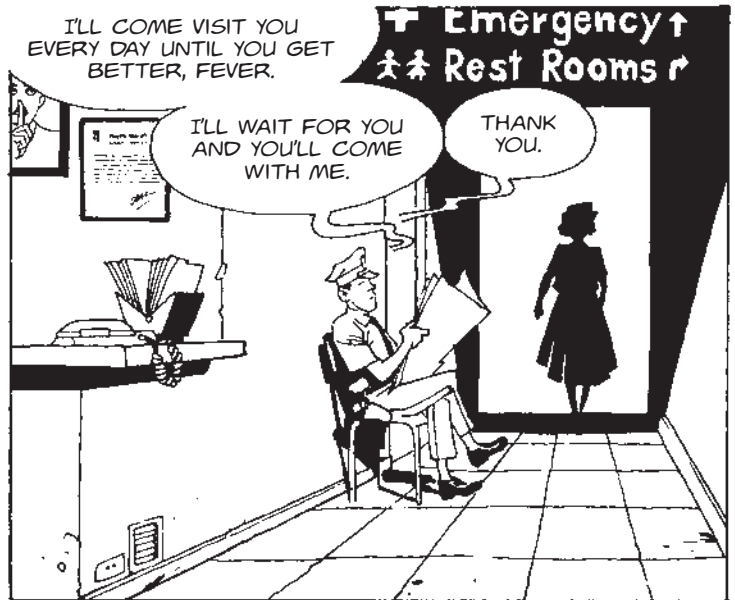


I COULD LET MYSELF DIE, LIKE I WAS GOING TO.

BUT I COULD ALSO TRY AND GO ON LIVING.

ONLY IF YOU PROMISE YOU'LL LET ME GO WITH YOU.

I'D LIKE TO BE THERE WHEN YOU FINISH AHMASI.



I'LL COME VISIT YOU EVERY DAY UNTIL YOU GET BETTER, FEVER.

I'LL WAIT FOR YOU AND YOU'LL COME WITH ME.

THANK YOU.

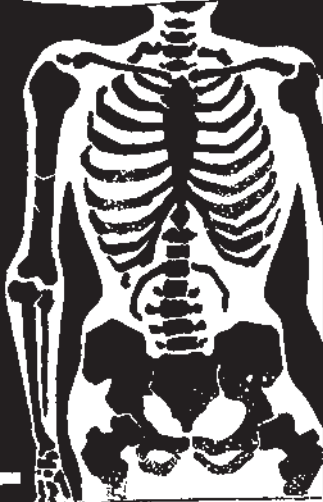
Emergency ↑
Rest Rooms ↑



YOU WON'T HAVE TO WAIT LONG.

ARE YOU SURE THIS IS FEVER VALDERRAMA'S X-RAY?

YES. IT'S INCREDIBLE. HER INJURIES ARE HEALING LIKE A MIRACLE.



AS IF SOME SUPERNATURAL POWER COMPELLED HER TO LIVE.

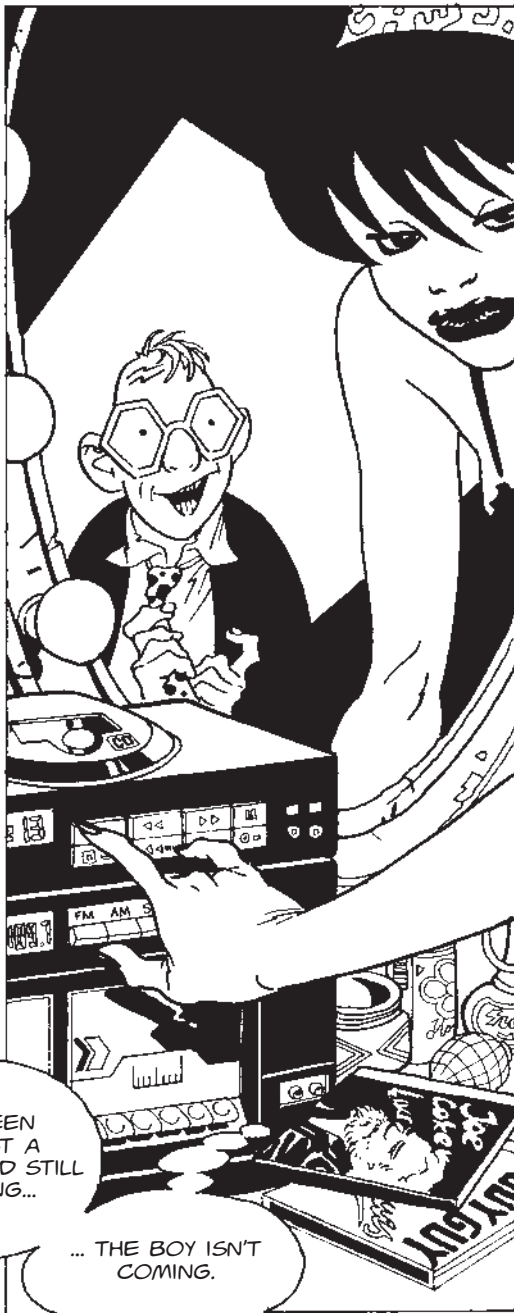


COME IN, DEAR; IT'S YOUR TURN.



IT'S BEEN ALMOST A MONTH AND STILL NOTHING...

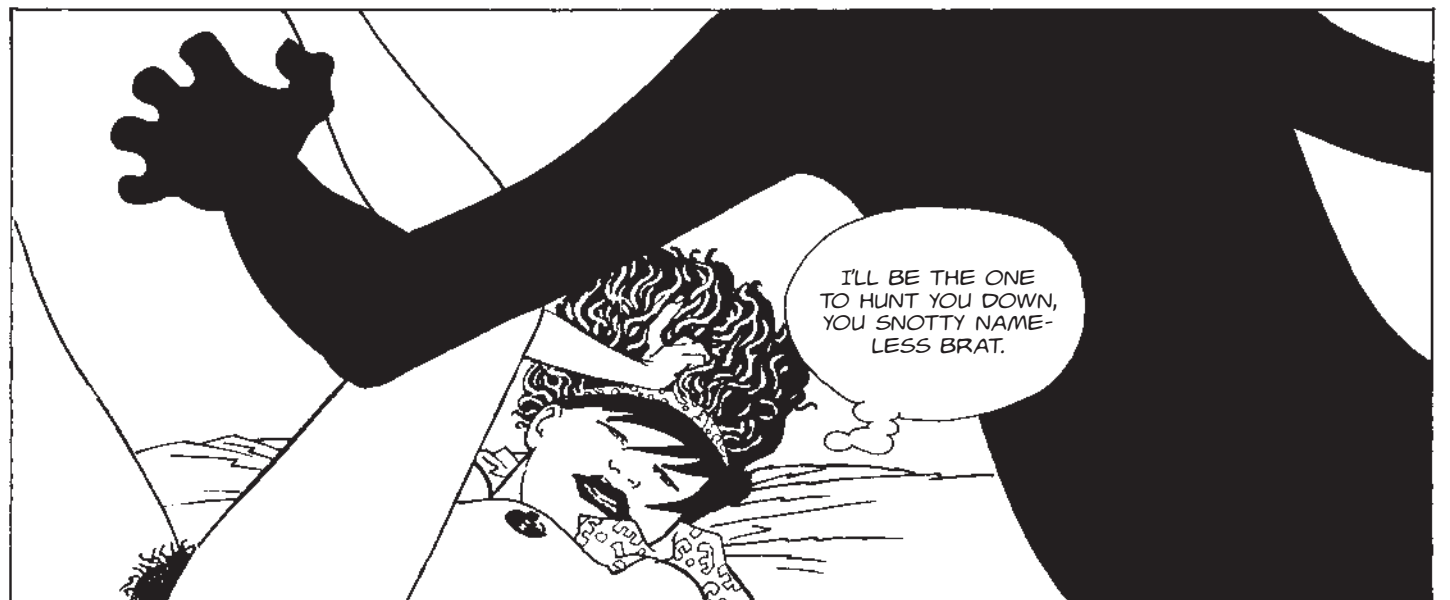
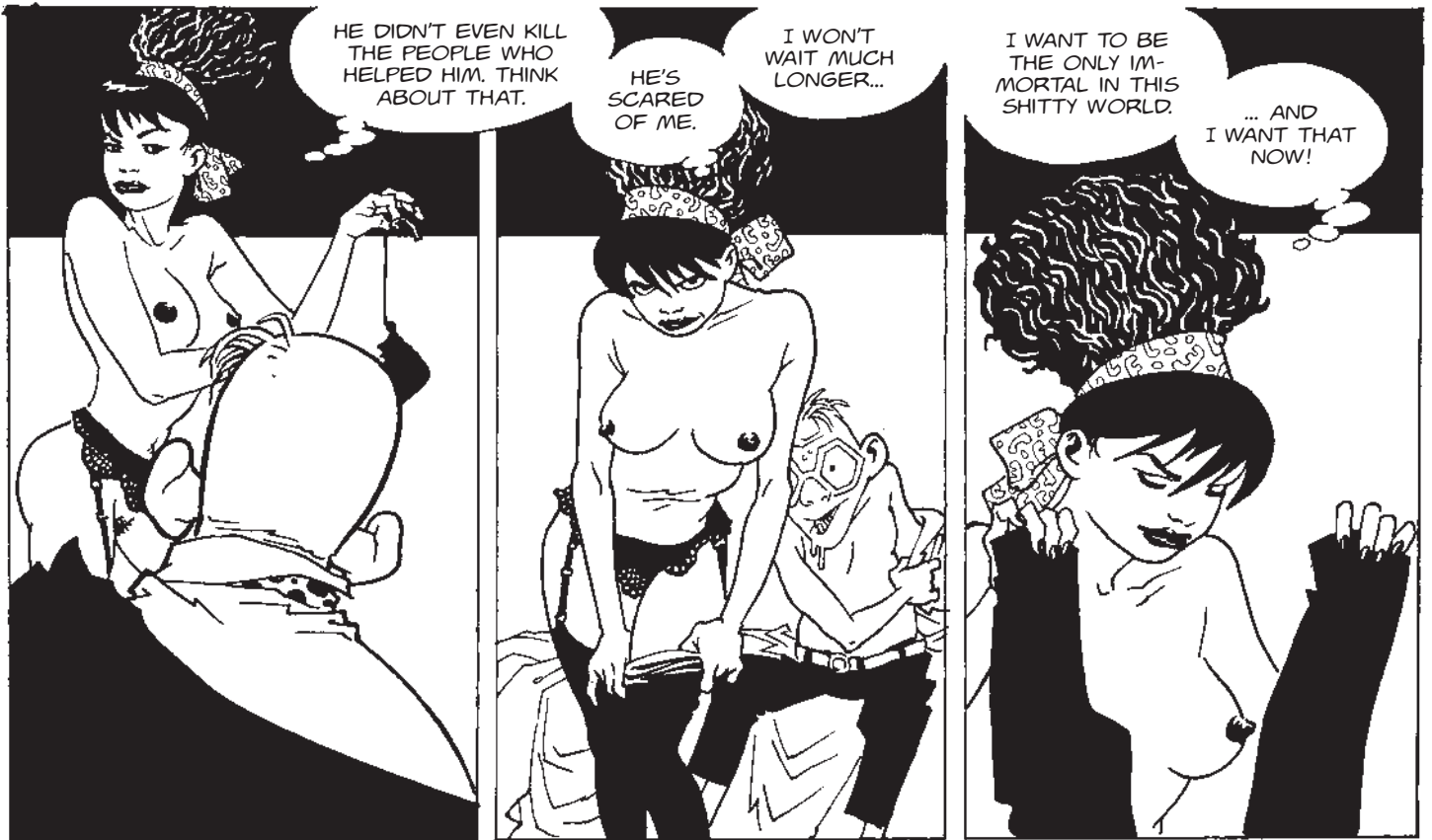
... THE BOY ISN'T COMING.



I THINK I MISJUDGED HIM.

HE'S MORE OF A WORM THAN I THOUGHT.

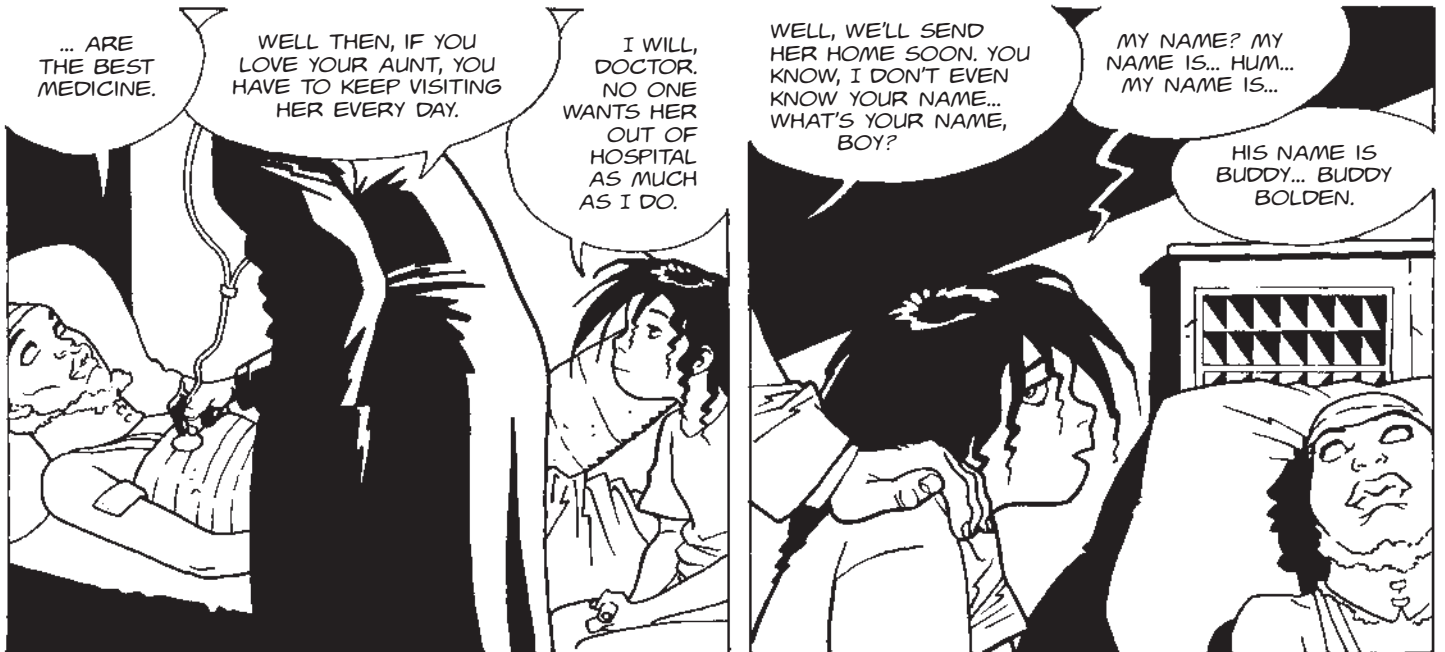






YOUR AUNT'S RECOVERY IS AMAZING, KID.

SEEING MY... AHEM... NEPHEW HAS BEEN SO COMFORTING, DOCTOR. HIS VISITS AND THE STORIES HE TELLS ME...



... ARE THE BEST MEDICINE.

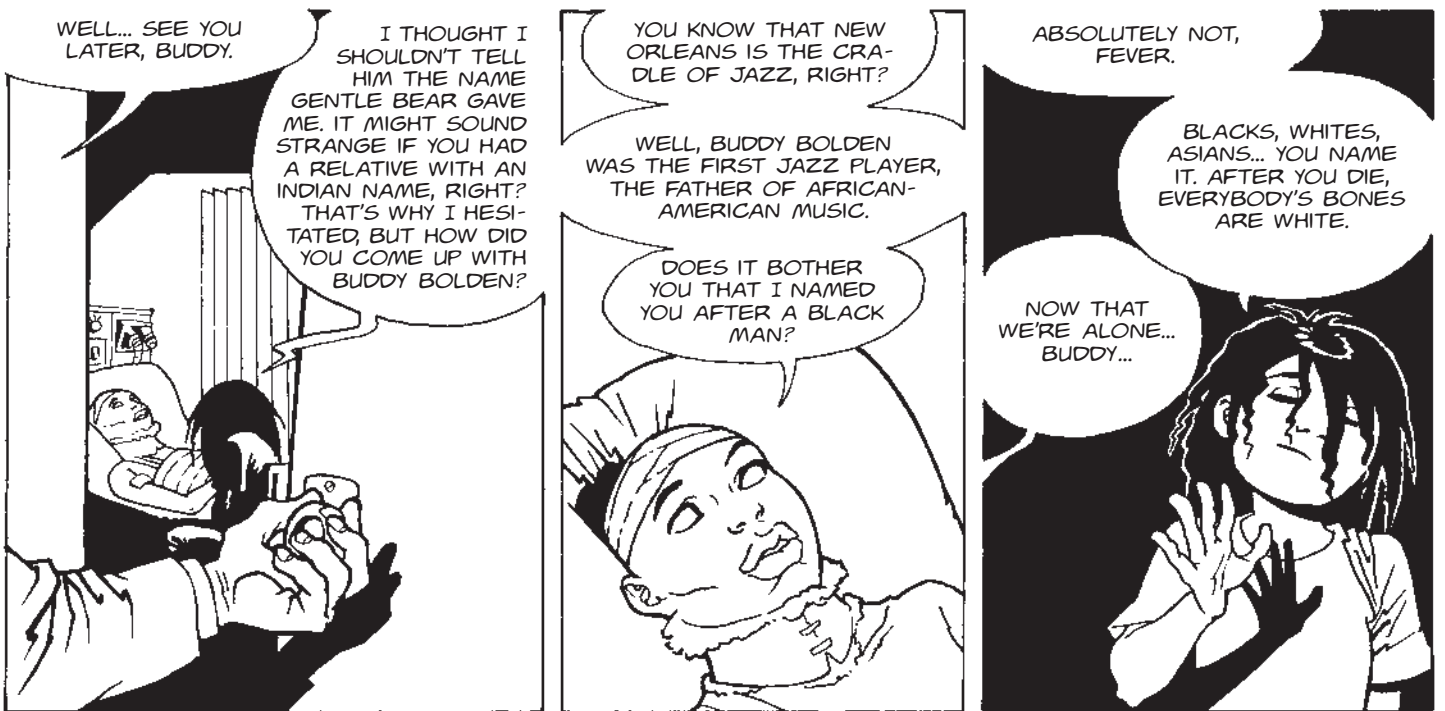
WELL THEN, IF YOU LOVE YOUR AUNT, YOU HAVE TO KEEP VISITING HER EVERY DAY.

I WILL, DOCTOR. NO ONE WANTS HER OUT OF HOSPITAL AS MUCH AS I DO.

WELL, WE'LL SEND HER HOME SOON. YOU KNOW, I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOUR NAME... WHAT'S YOUR NAME, BOY?

MY NAME? MY NAME IS... HUM... MY NAME IS...

HIS NAME IS BUDDY... BUDDY BOLDEN.



WELL... SEE YOU LATER, BUDDY.

I THOUGHT I SHOULDN'T TELL HIM THE NAME GENTLE BEAR GAVE ME. IT MIGHT SOUND STRANGE IF YOU HAD A RELATIVE WITH AN INDIAN NAME, RIGHT? THAT'S WHY I HESITATED, BUT HOW DID YOU COME UP WITH BUDDY BOLDEN?

YOU KNOW THAT NEW ORLEANS IS THE CRADLE OF JAZZ, RIGHT?

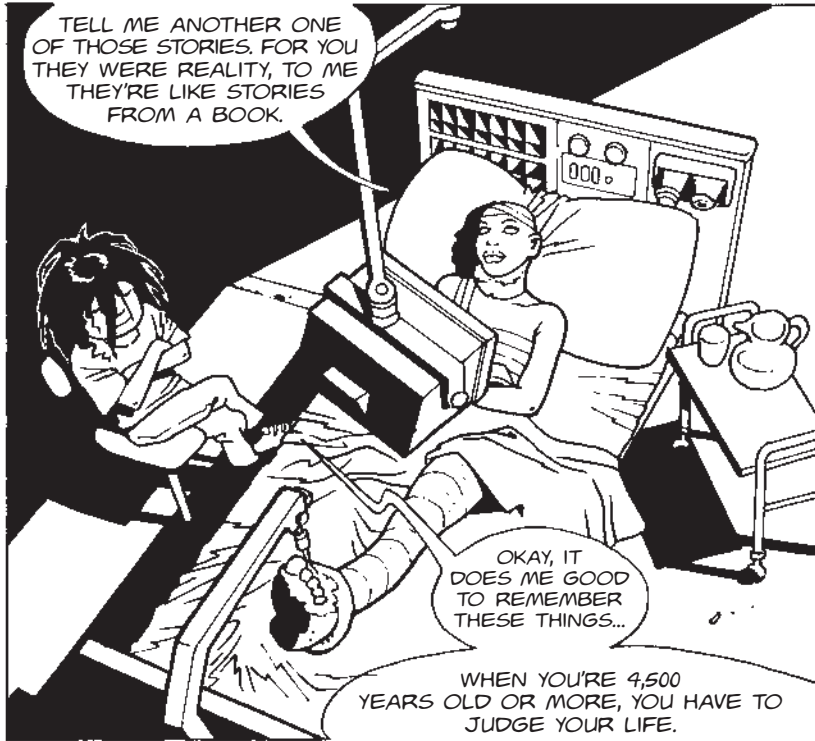
WELL, BUDDY BOLDEN WAS THE FIRST JAZZ PLAYER, THE FATHER OF AFRICAN-AMERICAN MUSIC.

DOES IT BOTHER YOU THAT I NAMED YOU AFTER A BLACK MAN?

ABSOLUTELY NOT, FEVER.

BLACKS, WHITES, ASIANS... YOU NAME IT. AFTER YOU DIE, EVERYBODY'S BONES ARE WHITE.

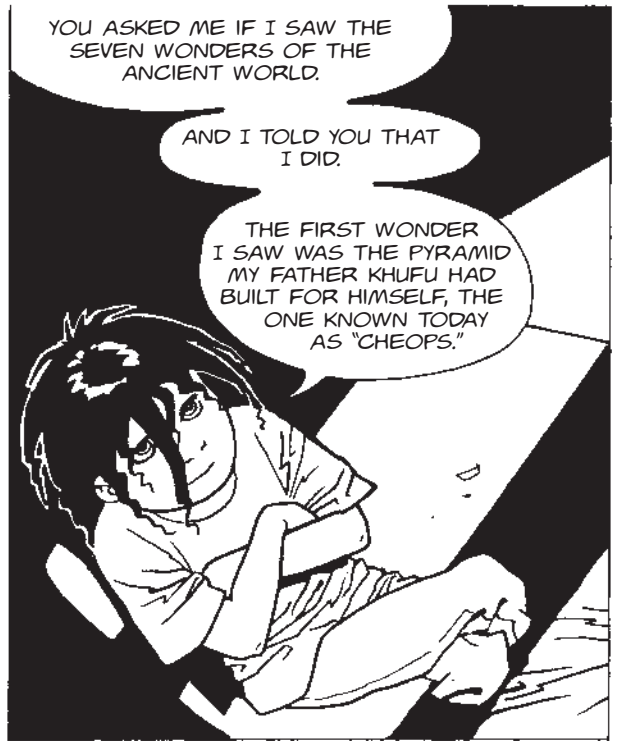
NOW THAT WE'RE ALONE... BUDDY...



TELL ME ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE STORIES. FOR YOU THEY WERE REALITY, TO ME THEY'RE LIKE STORIES FROM A BOOK.

OKAY, IT DOES ME GOOD TO REMEMBER THESE THINGS...

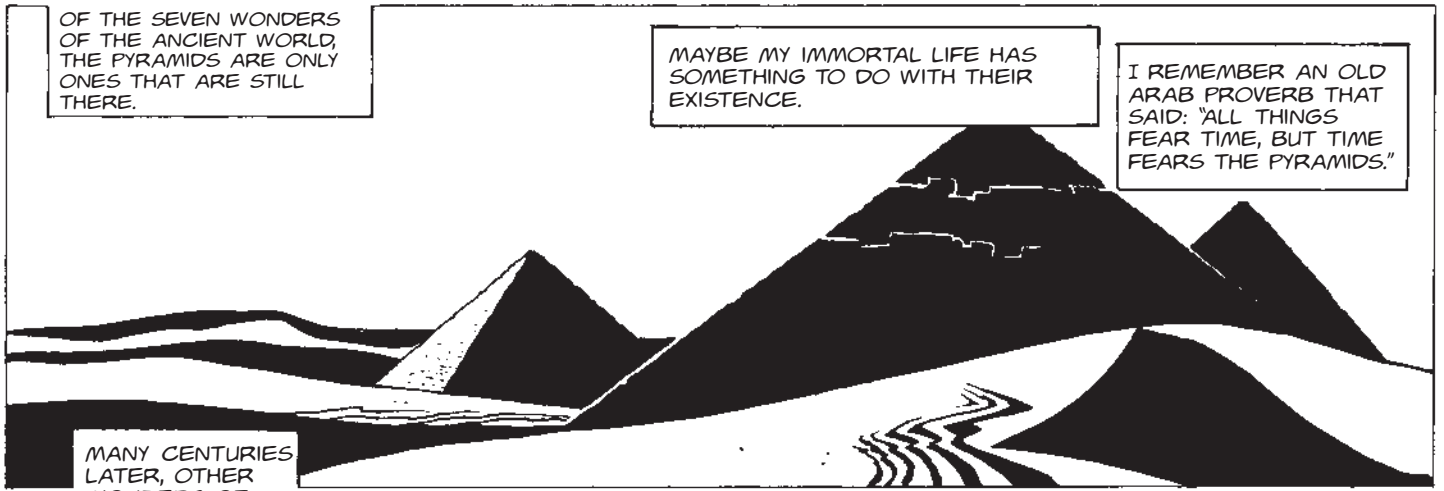
WHEN YOU'RE 4,500 YEARS OLD OR MORE, YOU HAVE TO JUDGE YOUR LIFE.



YOU ASKED ME IF I SAW THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE ANCIENT WORLD.

AND I TOLD YOU THAT I DID.

THE FIRST WONDER I SAW WAS THE PYRAMID MY FATHER KHUFU HAD BUILT FOR HIMSELF, THE ONE KNOWN TODAY AS "CHEOPS."



OF THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE ANCIENT WORLD, THE PYRAMIDS ARE ONLY ONES THAT ARE STILL THERE.

MAYBE MY IMMORTAL LIFE HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THEIR EXISTENCE.

I REMEMBER AN OLD ARAB PROVERB THAT SAID: "ALL THINGS FEAR TIME, BUT TIME FEARS THE PYRAMIDS."

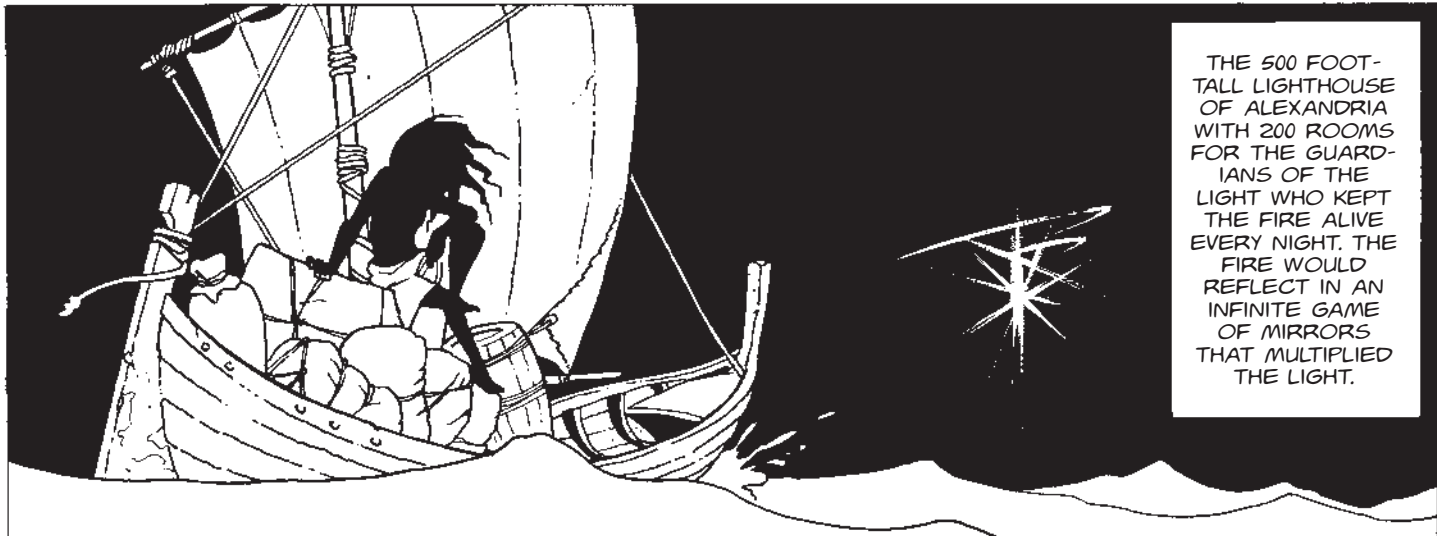


MANY CENTURIES LATER, OTHER WONDERS OF THE ANCIENT WORLD WERE CONSTRUCTED.

I SAW THEM ALL.

THE MAUSOLEUM AT HALICARNASSUS, BUILT BY ARTEMISIA IN HONOR OF HER BROTHER AND LOVER, KING MAUSSOLLOS, INVINCIBLE WARRIOR IN NUMEROUS BATTLES.

IT WAS HER OBSESSION WITH THE SUPERNATURAL THAT STIRRED HER TO BUILD THE GRANDEST TOMB IN HISTORY, WHICH WAS DESTROYED IN AN EARTHQUAKE FIFTEEN CENTURIES LATER.

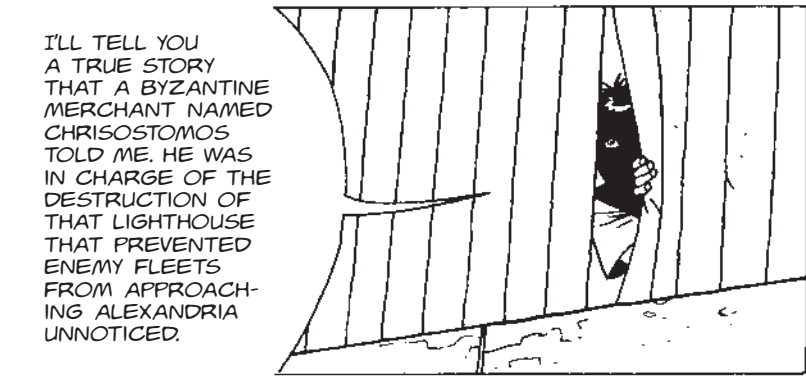


THE 500 FOOT-TALL LIGHTHOUSE OF ALEXANDRIA WITH 200 ROOMS FOR THE GUARDIANS OF THE LIGHT WHO KEPT THE FIRE ALIVE EVERY NIGHT. THE FIRE WOULD REFLECT IN AN INFINITE GAME OF MIRRORS THAT MULTIPLIED THE LIGHT.



THEY SAY THAT THE LIGHTHOUSE WAS DESTROYED IN AN EARTHQUAKE, TOO.

THROUGHOUT THE HISTORY, HUMANS HAVE OFTEN BLAMED NATURE FOR THEIR GREED.



I'LL TELL YOU A TRUE STORY THAT A BYZANTINE MERCHANT NAMED CHRISOSTOMOS TOLD ME. HE WAS IN CHARGE OF THE DESTRUCTION OF THAT LIGHTHOUSE THAT PREVENTED ENEMY FLEETS FROM APPROACHING ALEXANDRIA UNNOTICED.



CHRISOSTOMOS TALKED WITH AL WALID, THE CITY CALIPH...



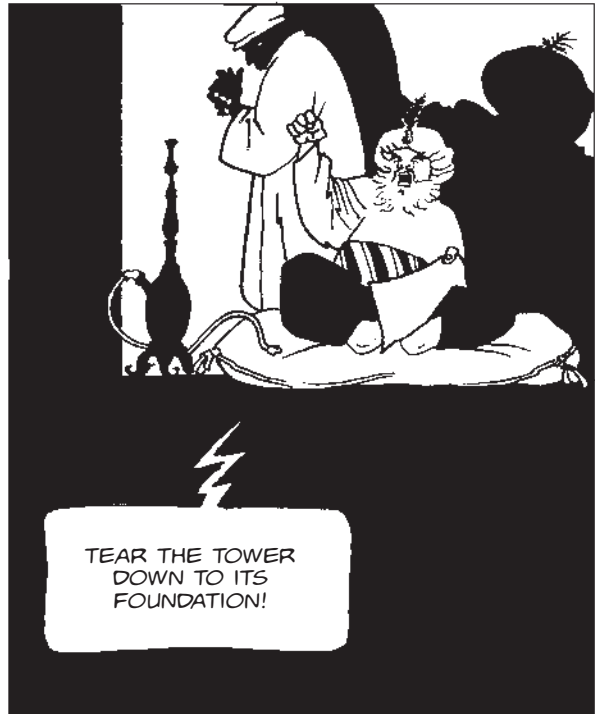
HEAR MY STORY, GREAT CALIPH. THESE DOCUMENTS IN THE HAND OF SOSTRATUS, THE ARCHITECT WHO BUILT THE LIGHTHOUSE, PROVE IT.

IT'S INCREDIBLE. NO ONE HAS SUSPECTED IT FOR CENTURIES.



BUT WHAT IS WRITTEN HERE MUST BE TRUE.

THE FOUNDATION OF THE LIGHTHOUSE IS MADE OF GOLD, BECAUSE GOLD IS THE ONLY METAL SEA WATER CANNOT CORRODE.



TEAR THE TOWER DOWN TO ITS FOUNDATION!

AND THE LIGHTHOUSE
FELL.

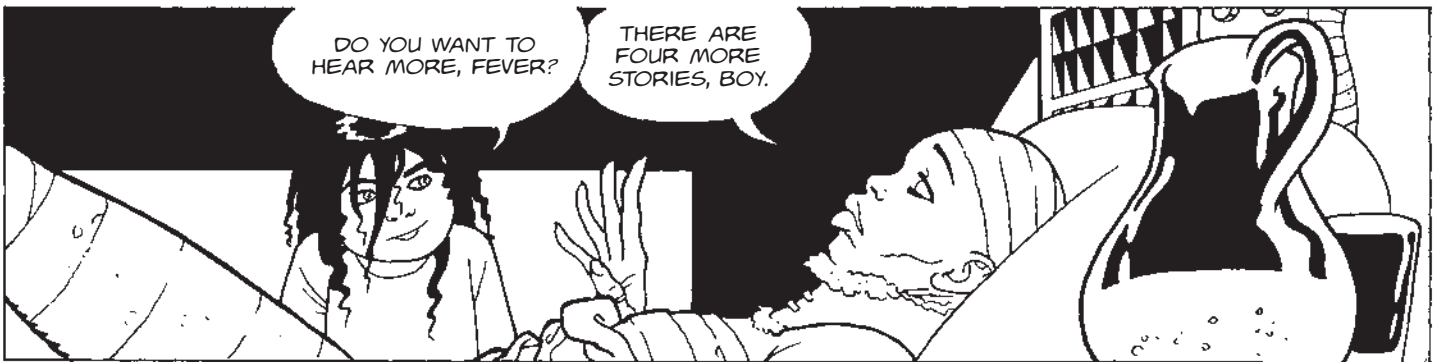
BUT THE FOUNDATION
WAS ONLY BUILT OF
GLASS AND STONE.

CHRISOSTOMOS
WAS ALREADY
FAR AWAY WHEN
THE ENRAGED
CALIPH SENT HIS
MEN TO TORTURE
AND KILL HIM.



DO YOU WANT TO
HEAR MORE, FEVER?

THERE ARE
FOUR MORE
STORIES, BOY.

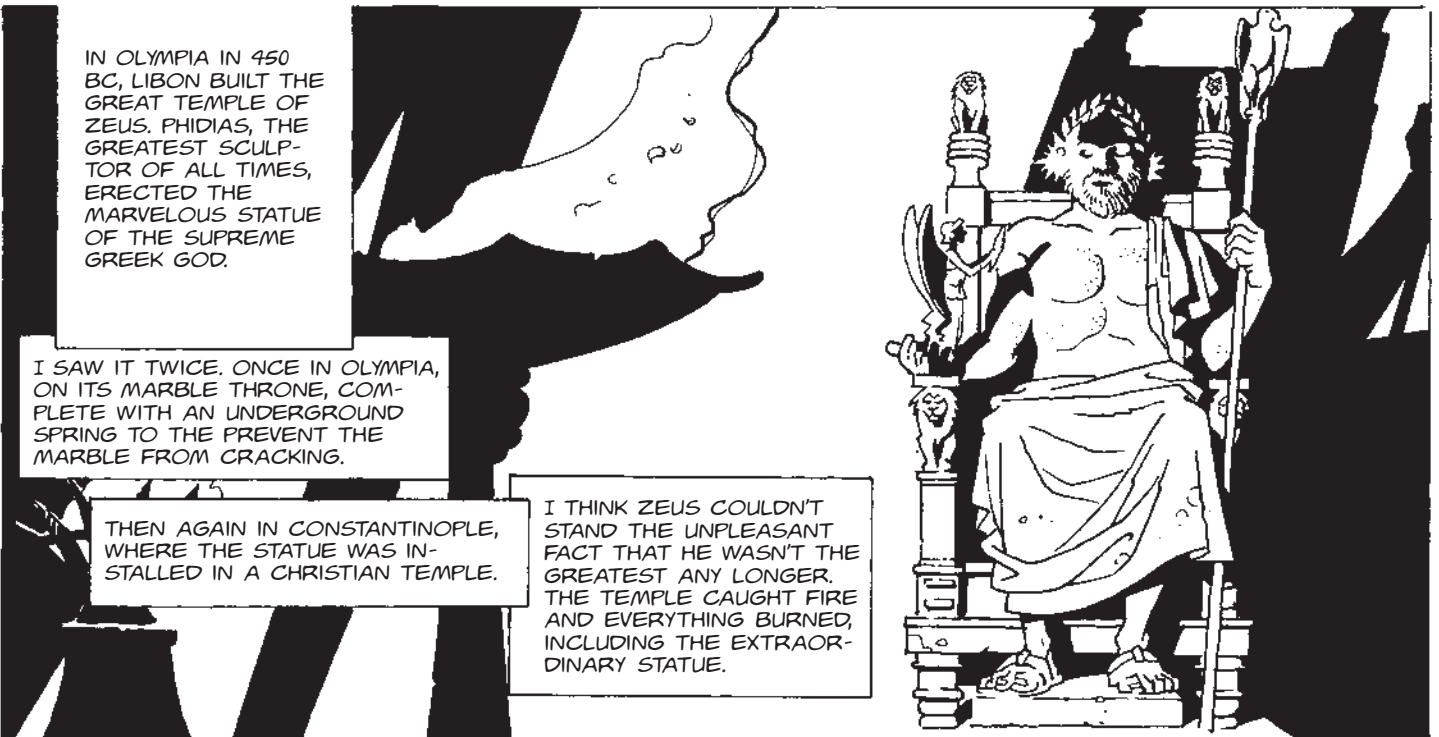


IN OLYMPIA IN 450
BC, LIBON BUILT THE
GREAT TEMPLE OF
ZEUS. PHIDIAS, THE
GREATEST SCULP-
TOR OF ALL TIMES,
ERECTED THE
MARVELOUS STATUE
OF THE SUPREME
GREEK GOD.

I SAW IT TWICE. ONCE IN OLYMPIA,
ON ITS MARBLE THRONE, COM-
PLETE WITH AN UNDERGROUND
SPRING TO PREVENT THE
MARBLE FROM CRACKING.

THEN AGAIN IN CONSTANTINOPLE,
WHERE THE STATUE WAS IN-
STALLLED IN A CHRISTIAN TEMPLE.

I THINK ZEUS COULDN'T
STAND THE UNPLEASANT
FACT THAT HE WASN'T THE
GREATEST ANY LONGER.
THE TEMPLE CAUGHT FIRE
AND EVERYTHING BURNED,
INCLUDING THE EXTRAOR-
DINARY STATUE.



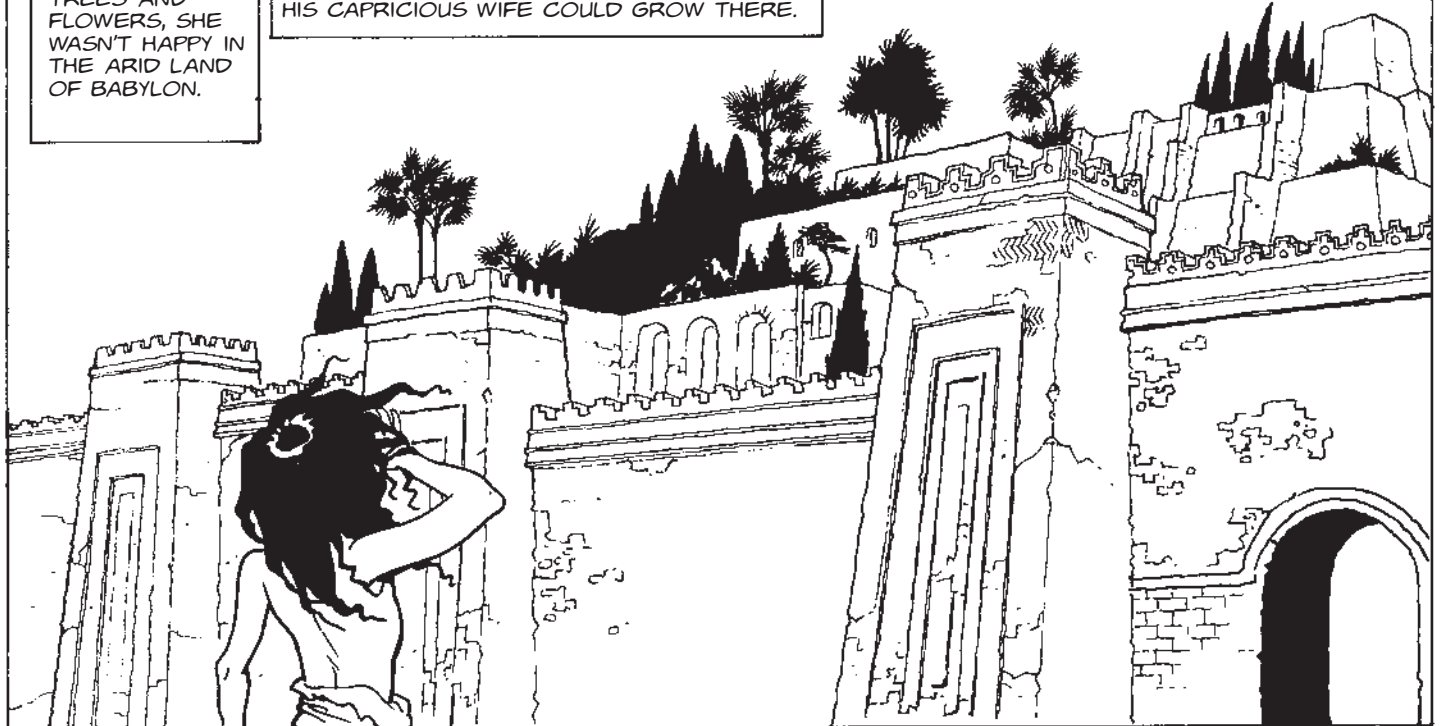
THE PASSION OF LOVE, WHICH I HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO FEEL, LED TO THE CREATION OF ANOTHER WONDER: THE HANGING GARDENS OF BABYLON.

KING NEBUCHADNEZZAR II, THE ONE MENTIONED IN THE BIBLE, MARRIED AMYTIS, A BEAUTIFUL MEDE PRINCESS HE WAS MADLY IN LOVE WITH.



BUT REMEMBERING HER FERTILE HOMETLAND, FULL OF TREES AND FLOWERS, SHE WASN'T HAPPY IN THE ARID LAND OF BABYLON.

SO THE KING ORDERED THE CONSTRUCTION OF A SERIES OF MARBLE TERRACES, SOME MORE THAN TWO HUNDRED FEET HIGH, AND HAD THEM FILLED WITH FERTILE SOIL AND IRRIGATION TUBES SO PLANTS WORTHY OF HIS CAPRICIOUS WIFE COULD GROW THERE.



AND THERE WERE TWO MORE WONDERS, NEITHER OF WHICH LASTED TO TODAY.

ONE WAS THE COLOSSUS OF RHODES, MADE OF BRONZE FROM THE WEAPONS OF THE MACEDONIAN INVADERS WHO HAD BEEN DEFEATED BY THE ARMIES OF RHODES.



THE POOR SCULPTOR WAS OFF IN HIS CALCULATIONS. HE KNEW HOW TO GET 300 TONS OF HOLLOW METAL TO STAND 75 FEET HIGH, BUT HE COULDN'T FIGURE OUT HOW TO MAKE THE COLOSSUS LAST FOREVER.



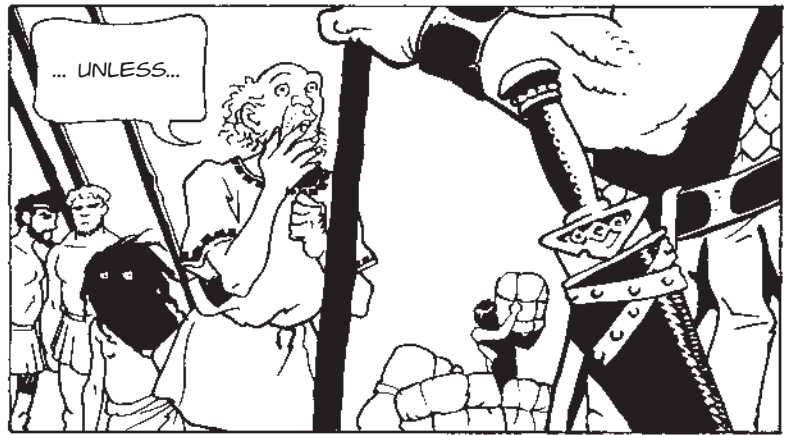


IT WON'T LAST...

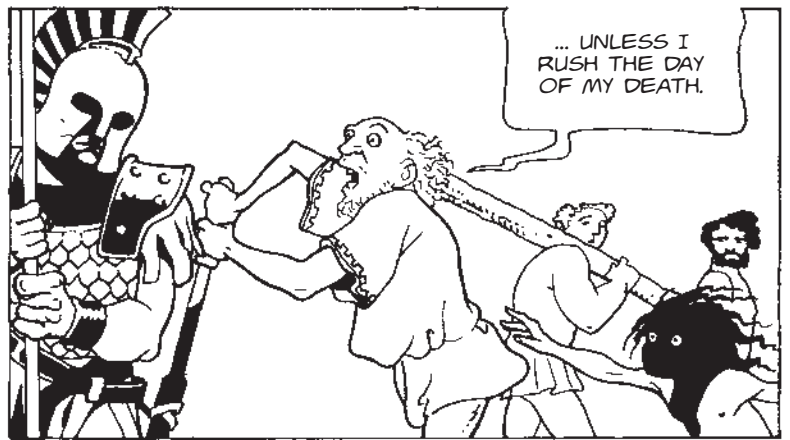
... MY MASTERPIECE WON'T LAST...

... I'M LOST...

IT WON'T EVEN SURVIVE MY LIFETIME.



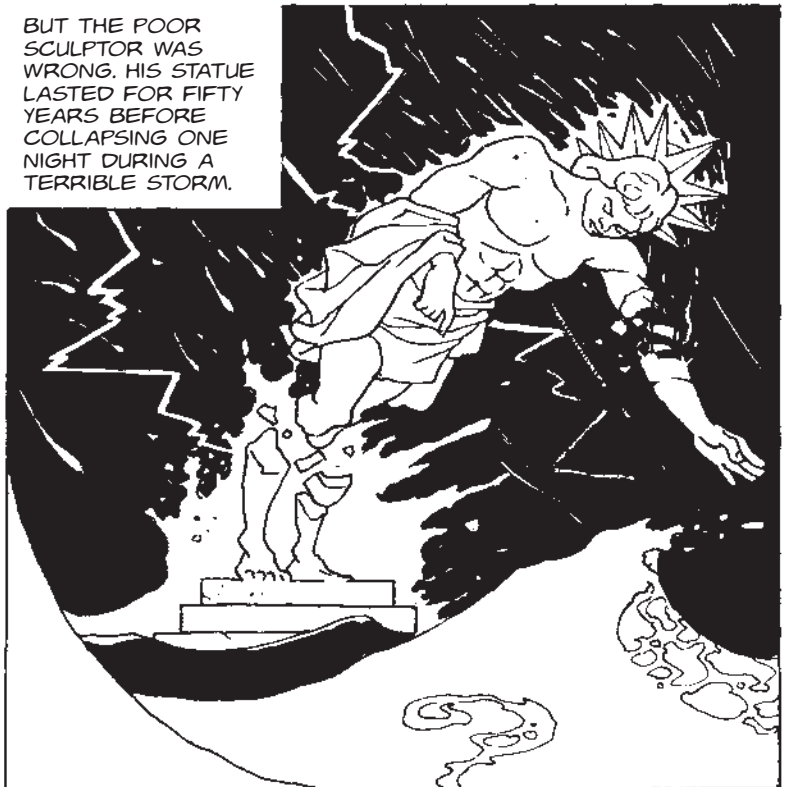
... UNLESS...



... UNLESS I RUSH THE DAY OF MY DEATH.



GH!



BUT THE POOR SCULPTOR WAS WRONG. HIS STATUE LASTED FOR FIFTY YEARS BEFORE COLLAPSING ONE NIGHT DURING A TERRIBLE STORM.

EVEN AFTER ITS COLLAPSE IT WAS A BIG ATTRACTION, WITH ENORMOUS PIECES PEAKING OUT OF THE WATER. UNTIL AN ARAB INVADER WITH AN APTITUDE FOR COMMERCE SOLD ITS REMAINS TO A JEWISH MERCHANT...

... WHO CUT THE 300 TONS OF BRONZE INTO PIECES AND TOOK THEM TO THE ORIENT ON A CARAVAN OF A THOUSAND CAMELS.



TELL ME, FEVER...

YES, BUDDY?

HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF HEROSTRATUS?

NO.



I MET HIM IN EPHESUS.

IT WAS IN A STRANGE PERIOD OF MY LIFE, 350 YEARS BEFORE CHRIST.

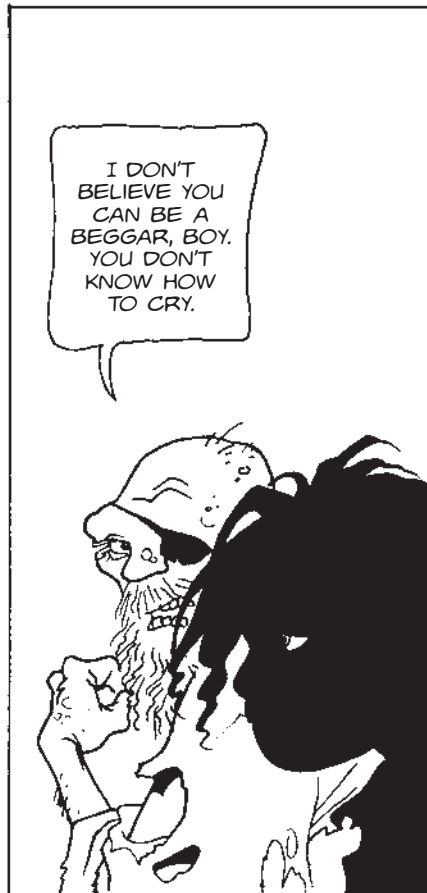
I WAS HIDING OUT AS A BEGGAR AND HEROSTRATUS WAS MY TEACHER.



THANK YOU FOR YOUR GIFT, SIR.

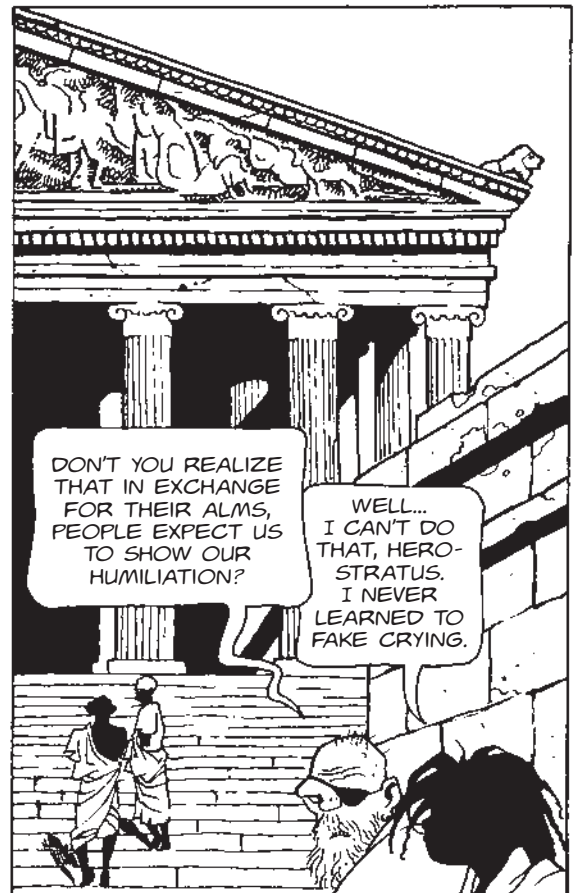


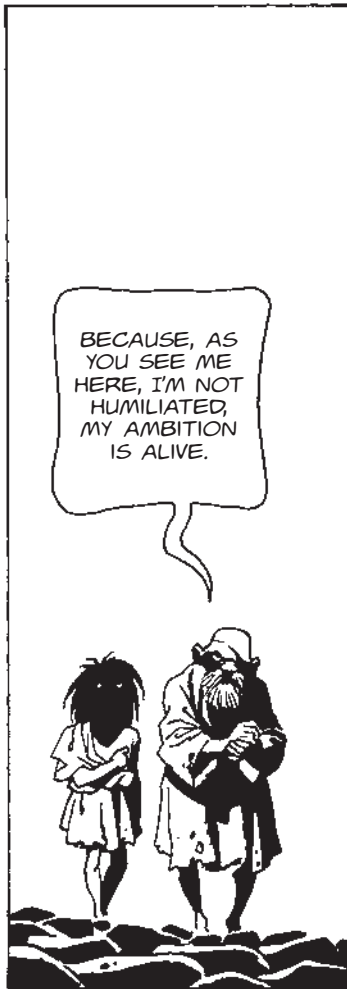
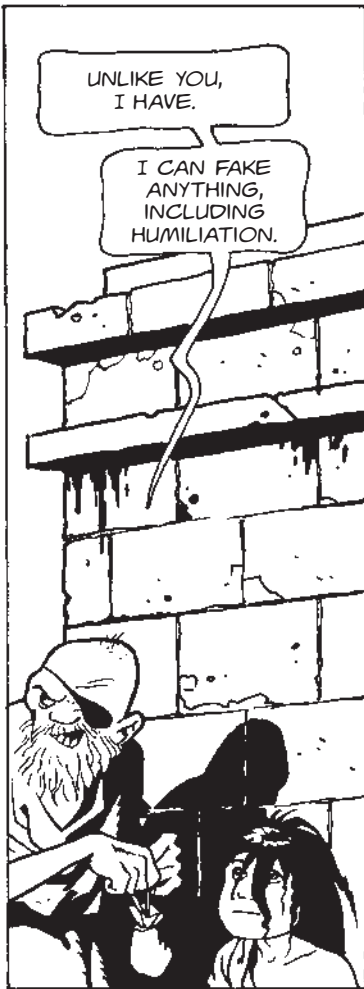
I DON'T BELIEVE YOU CAN BE A BEGGAR, BOY. YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO CRY.



DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT IN EXCHANGE FOR THEIR ALMS, PEOPLE EXPECT US TO SHOW OUR HUMILIATION?

WELL... I CAN'T DO THAT, HEROSTRATUS. I NEVER LEARNED TO FAKE CRYING.





CURIOSITY IS THE ONLY THING THAT RELIEVES THE TERRIBLE BOREDOM OF BEING IMMORTAL.

SO I WENT.

HEY, HERO-STRATUS, ARE YOU HERE?



YES, COME AND TAKE A LOOK.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

BECOMING A PART OF HISTORY. HA, HA, HA.

PART OF HISTORY, KIDDO.



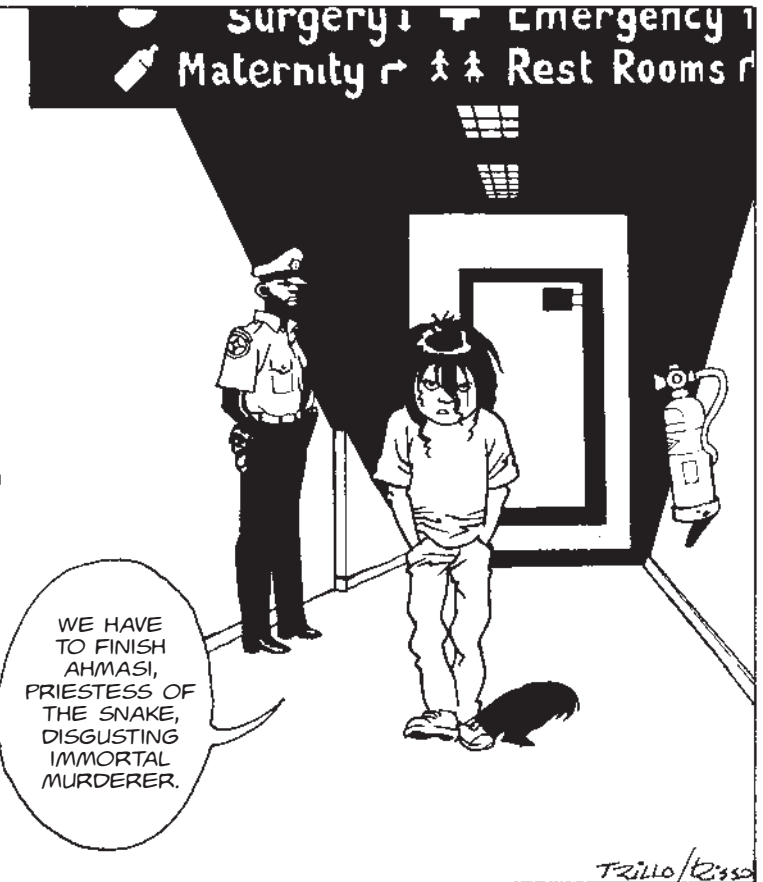
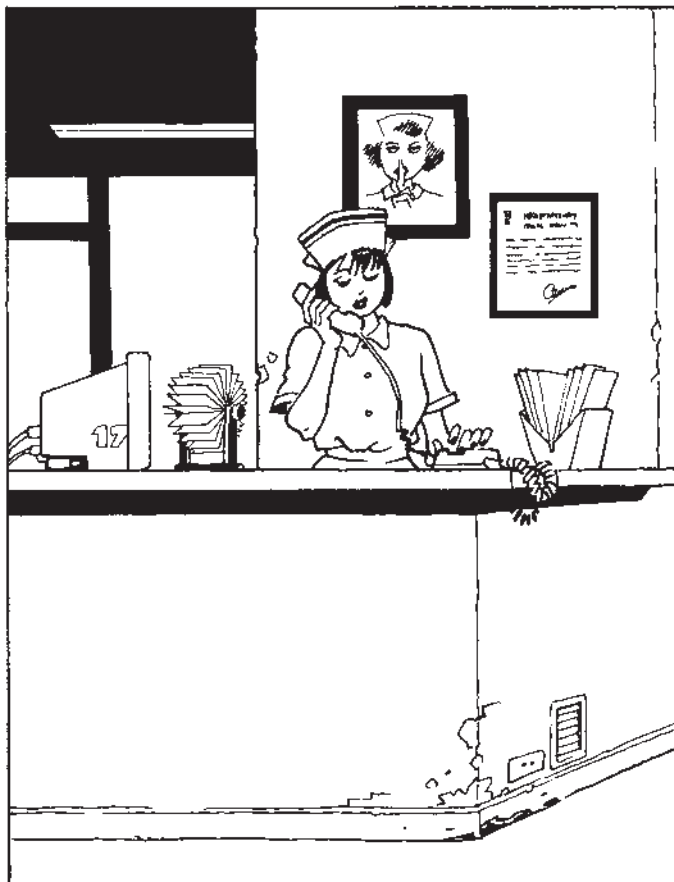
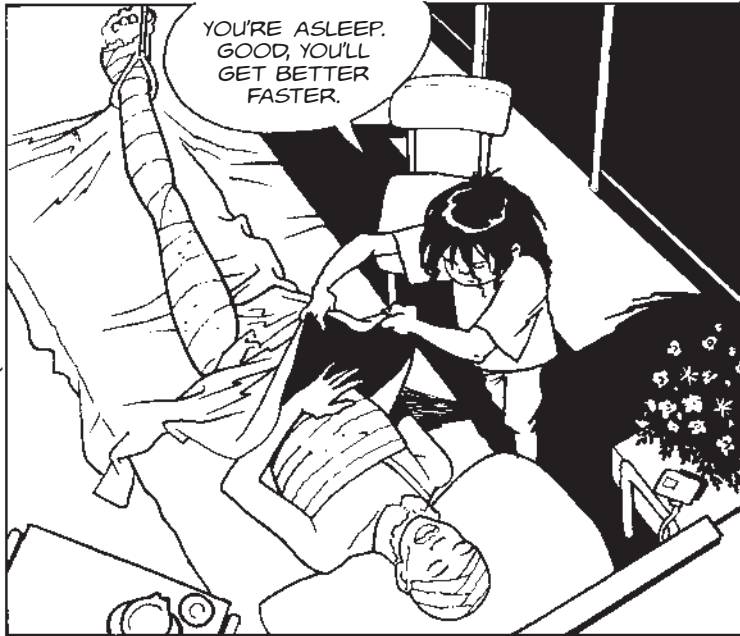
FOR ALL TIME, I'LL BE HEROSTRATUS, THE MAN WHO DESTROYED THE MOST BEAUTIFUL TEMPLE EVER BUILT BY MAN...

GOODBYE, TEMPLE OF ARTEMIS!!



AND IF YOU LOOK IN THE HISTORY BOOKS, FEVER, YOU'LL SEE THAT ON JULY 21, 350 BC A HALF-CRAZY BEGGAR NAMED HEROSTRATUS SET THE TEMPLE OF ARTEMIS ON FIRE IN ORDER TO BECOME PART OF HISTORY.

HE SUCCEEDED.



Tzillo/12330

I REMEMBER THAT LONG PERIOD OF HAPPINESS. PRIEST KAI WAS BESTOWED THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE ESSENCE OF IMMORTALITY AS A GIFT FROM AMEN, THE SUPREME GOD.

KAI GAVE ME SHELTER IN HIS TEMPLE AND I LET HIM KILL ME EVERY NOW AND THEN, AND PRETEND THAT I CAME BACK TO LIFE AGAIN THANKS TO HIS POWERS.



FOUR HUNDRED YEARS HAD PASSED SINCE THE ACCIDENT THAT LEFT ME A CHILD FOREVER.

FOR ALMOST TWO HUNDRED YEARS I HADN'T HEARD OF AHMASI. I THINK I HAD BEGUN TO FORGET ABOUT HER.



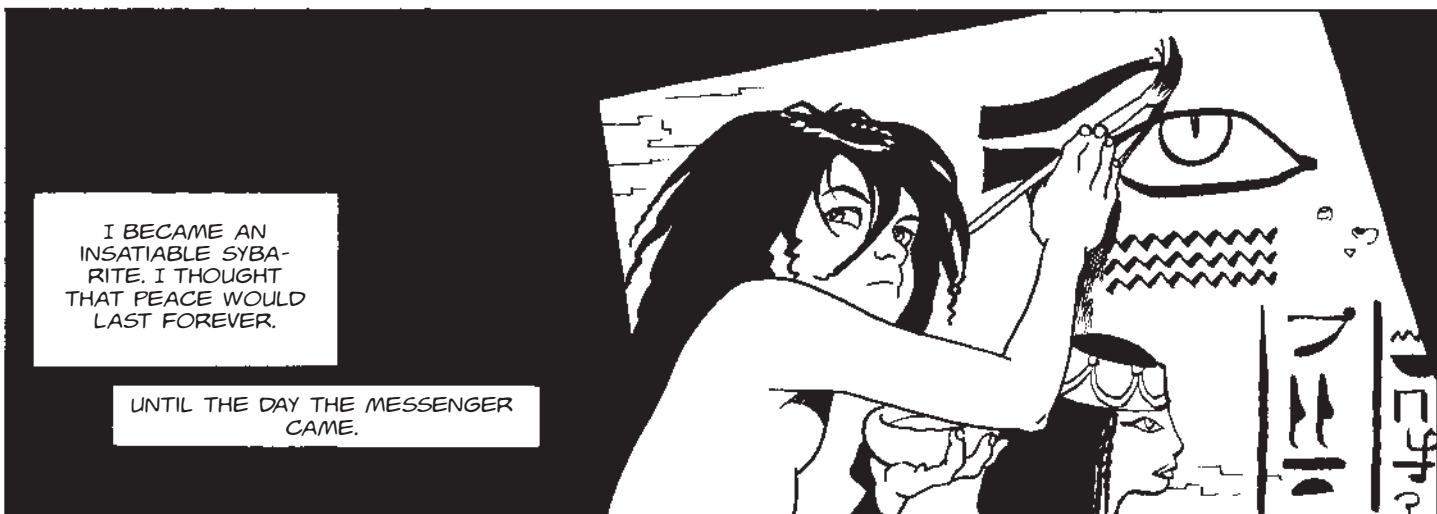
THE TEMPLE WAS MY HOME AND DURING THAT TIME THE ONLY WORRY I HAD WAS THE FEELING I ALWAYS GOT AROUND THE MORTALS: HOW FAST MY BENEFACITOR KAI GREW OLD!

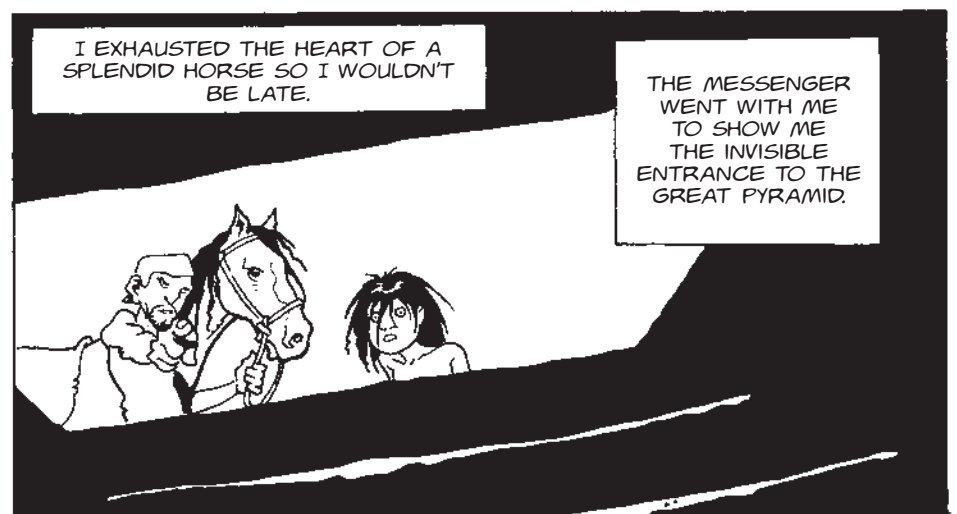
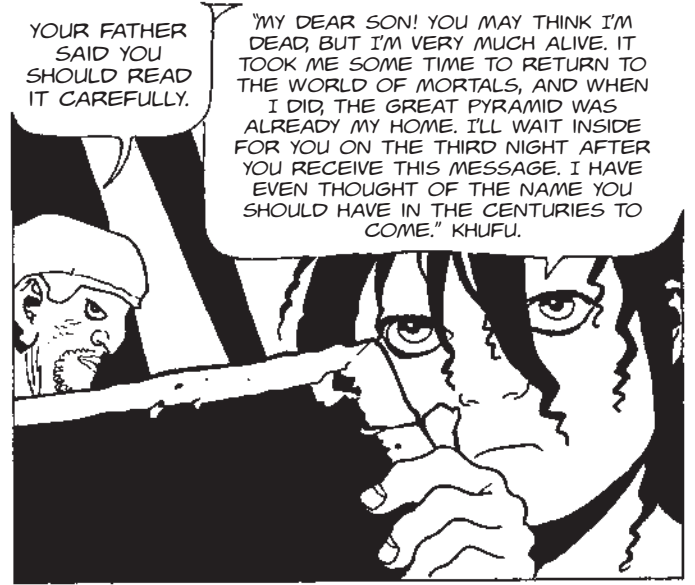
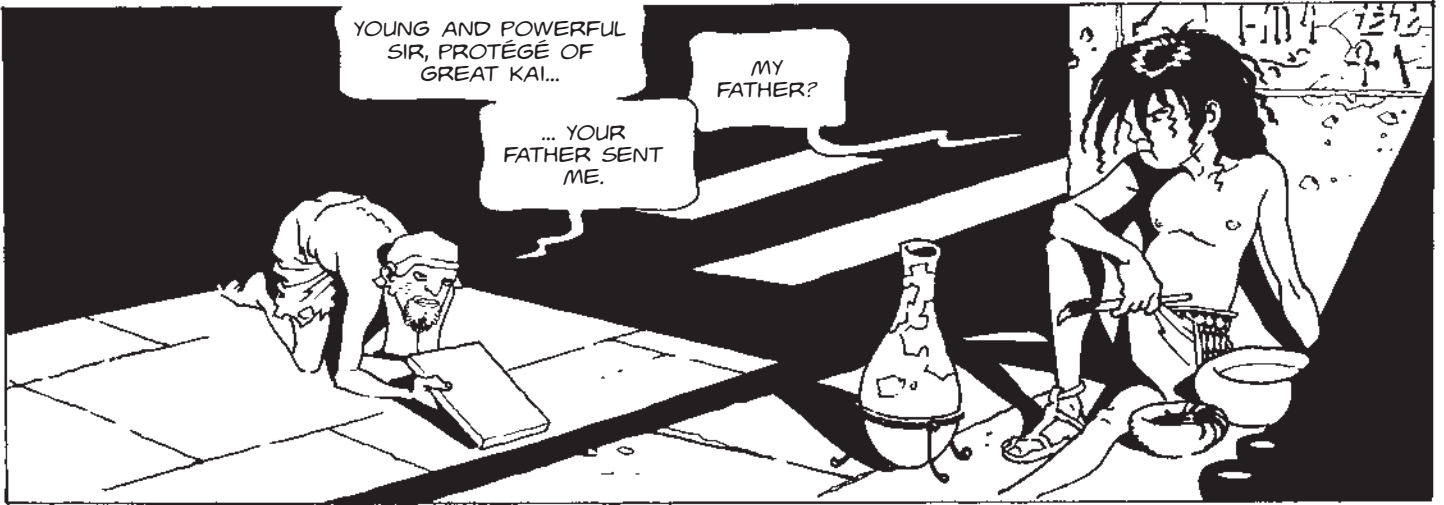
MY BELLY WAS STRETCHED TIGHT AS A DRUM FROM SO MUCH TO EAT.



I BECAME AN INSATIABLE SYBARITE. I THOUGHT THAT PEACE WOULD LAST FOREVER.

UNTIL THE DAY THE MESSENGER CAME.







I DIDN'T SUSPECT A THING AS I WAS APPROACHED THE ENTRANCE.



I WAS EAGER TO SEE MY FATHER.

EVERY CHILD NEEDS A FATHER, EVEN IF THAT FATHER IS A PHARAOH WHO THINKS HE IS A GOD.

OF COURSE...

SOMEONE ELSE WAS WAITING FOR ME INSIDE THE PYRAMID.

YOU ARE PUNCTUAL, STUPID NAMELESS BOY.



IT WAS AHMASI! THE PRIESTESS OF THE SNAKE!

IT TOOK ME AGES TO FIND YOU, REPULSIVE BOY.

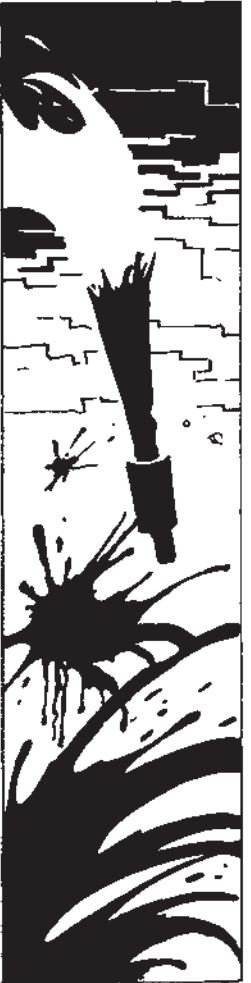
BUT NOW I KNOW HOW TO MAKE YOU DIE FOREVER...



I'LL MAKE SURE YOU NEVER SEE THE SUN AGAIN.



THAT'S WHY I CHOSE THIS SPOT.



... BECAUSE NO ONE WILL EVER DISCOVER ITS SECRETS AGAIN.

IT WAS BUILT TO BE SEALED FOR ALL ETERNITY.

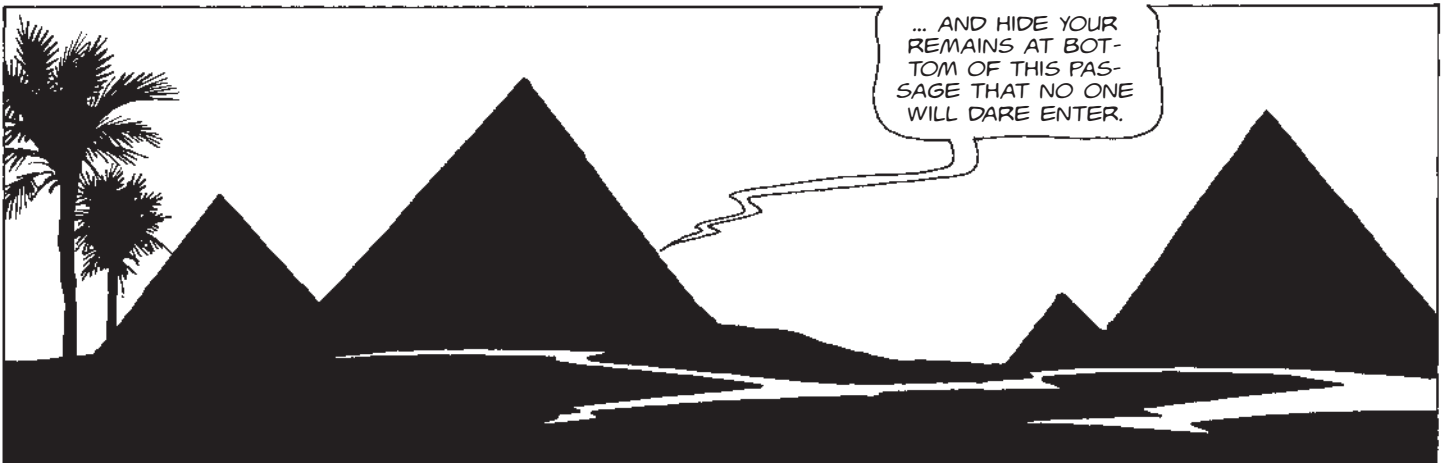


I CHECKED THE PASSAGEWAYS OF THE GREAT TOMB. I'LL WRAP YOU IN SHEETS EMBROIDERED IN GOLD AND...

...I'LL CARVE OUT YOUR EYES AND REPLACE YOUR EYEBALLS WITH TWO PRECIOUS STONES...



... AND HIDE YOUR REMAINS AT BOTTOM OF THIS PASSAGE THAT NO ONE WILL DARE ENTER.



THAT DAY I FOUND OUT THAT IF THE BODY OF AN IMMORTAL IS DEPRIVED OF SUNLIGHT, IT WOULD NEVER BE BROUGHT TO LIFE AGAIN.



I ALSO FOUND OUT THAT NO ONE IN THIS WORLD REMAINS FOREVER WITHOUT THE LIGHT AND THE HEAT OF THE SUN.

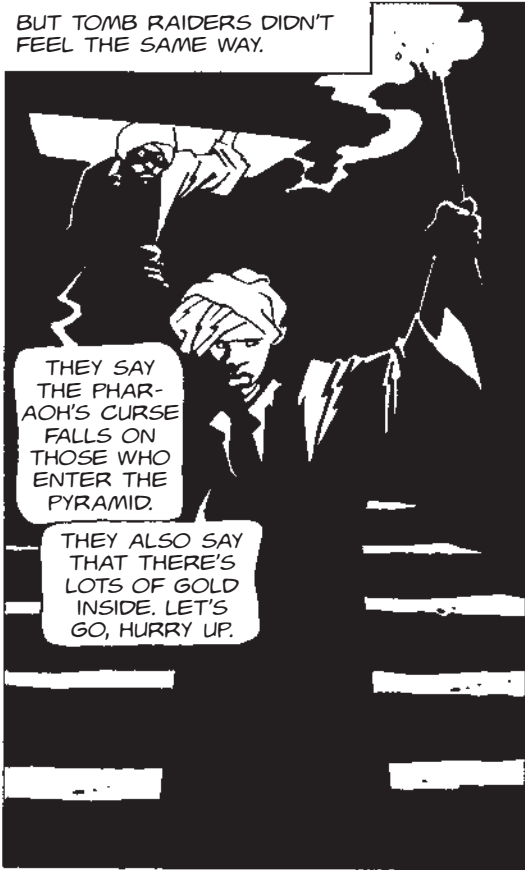
SURE, THERE ARE DINOSAURS THAT WERE BURIED HUNDREDS OF FEET IN THE GROUND FOR CENTURIES, AND NOW YOU CAN SEE THEIR BONES AT MUSEUMS.



ACCORDING TO AHMASI, THE PYRAMID WAS A GOOD PLACE FOR MY REMAINS.



BUT TOMB RAIDERS DIDN'T FEEL THE SAME WAY.



THEY SAY THE PHARAOH'S CURSE FALLS ON THOSE WHO ENTER THE PYRAMID.

THEY ALSO SAY THAT THERE'S LOTS OF GOLD INSIDE. LET'S GO, HURRY UP.



THERE'S A PASSAGEWAY HERE. WE CAN CLIMB DOWN BY STEPPING IN THE HOLLOW IN THE WALL.

BRING THE TORCHES CLOSER. IT'S VERY DARK.



SOMETHING IS SHINING OVER THERE.



LOOK! A JEWELLED MUMMY.

LET'S TAKE IT OUTSIDE AND GET A GOOD LOOK.

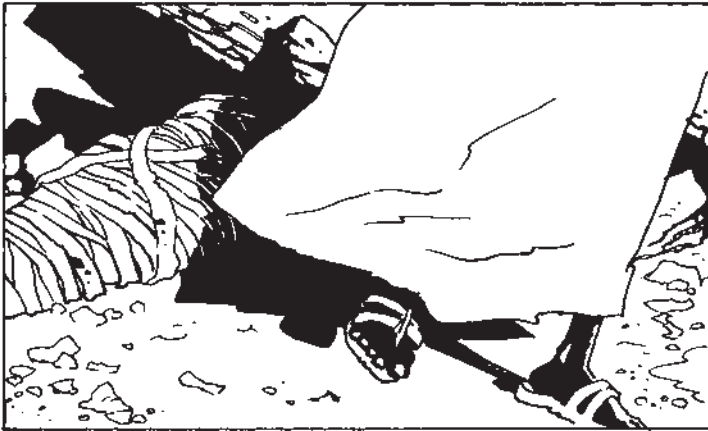


HE'S WEARING A TUNIC WITH GOLDEN INCRUSTATIONS. IT'S WORTH A FORTUNE.

THE MUMMY MIGHT BE WORTH MORE. IT HAS AMETHYST EYES, HA HA.

LET'S GO BACK INTO THE PYRAMID. I'M SURE THERE'RE MORE VALUABLE THINGS INSIDE.





COMING BACK TO LIFE HURTS. YOU DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH.

IT'S LIKE SOMEBODY INJECTED HOT LIQUID METAL INTO YOUR BONES.

LIKE SOMEBODY SQUEEZED YOU LIKE AN ORANGE AND THEN BLEW YOU UP LIKE BALLOON.

LIKE SOMEBODY WOKE YOU FROM A DEEP SLEEP BY BEATING YOU.

EVERY TIME I CAME BACK FROM THE DEAD IT WAS THE SAME, I COULDN'T BELIEVE I WAS BACK IN THIS WORLD.

YOUR HEAD JUST DOESN'T UNDERSTAND THAT YOU'RE ALIVE AGAIN.



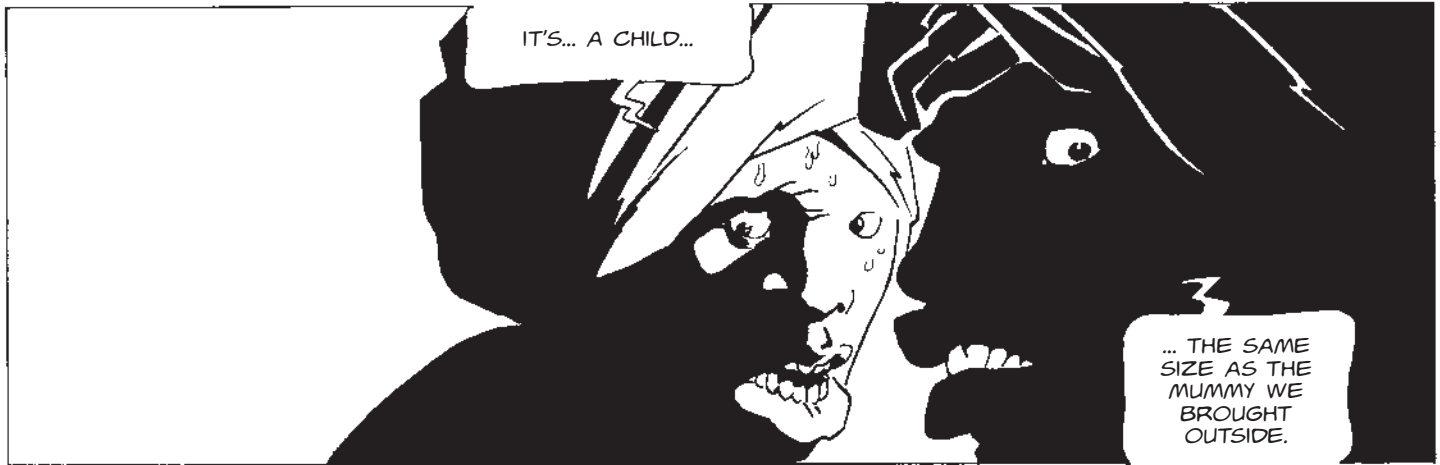
AND, YOU'RE HUNGRY, YOU'RE LIKE A BABY WHO NEEDS TO CRY, PURE FEELING, INSTINCT WITHOUT REASON.

INSTINCT THAT LEADS YOU, WITHOUT FAIL. THERE HAS TO BE A SOURCE OF NOURISHMENT.



WHAT WAS THAT?

SOMEBODY'S COMING, MOANING LIKE HIS THROAT HAS BEEN CUT WITH A KNIFE.



IT'S... A CHILD...

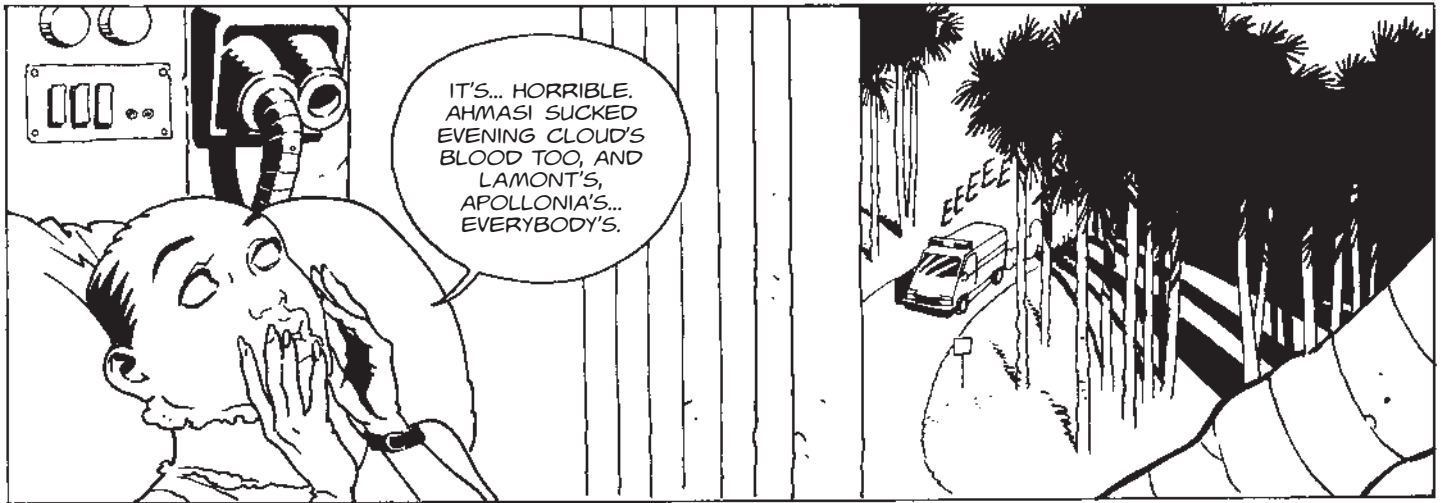
... THE SAME SIZE AS THE MUMMY WE BROUGHT OUTSIDE.



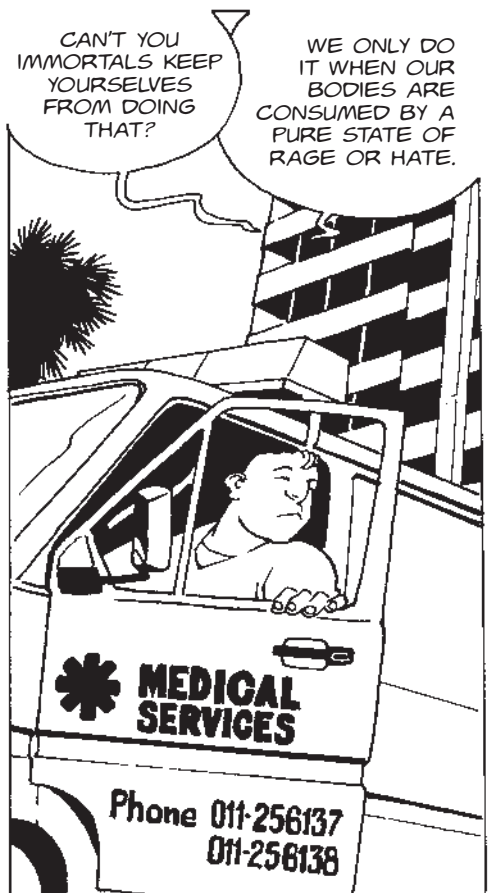
DON'T COME ANY CLOSER. THERE'S A BUNCH OF US HERE AND WE'RE STRONGER THAN YOU. WE COULD...



... HURT YOU.

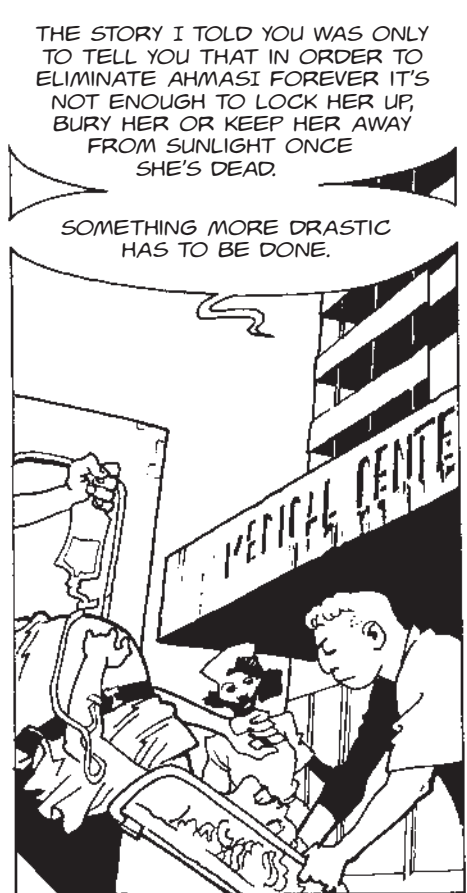


IT'S... HORRIBLE. AHMASI SUCKED EVENING CLOUD'S BLOOD TOO, AND LAMONT'S, APOLLONIA'S... EVERYBODY'S.



CAN'T YOU IMMORTALS KEEP YOURSELVES FROM DOING THAT?

WE ONLY DO IT WHEN OUR BODIES ARE CONSUMED BY A PURE STATE OF RAGE OR HATE.



THE STORY I TOLD YOU WAS ONLY TO TELL YOU THAT IN ORDER TO ELIMINATE AHMASI FOREVER IT'S NOT ENOUGH TO LOCK HER UP, BURY HER OR KEEP HER AWAY FROM SUNLIGHT ONCE SHE'S DEAD.

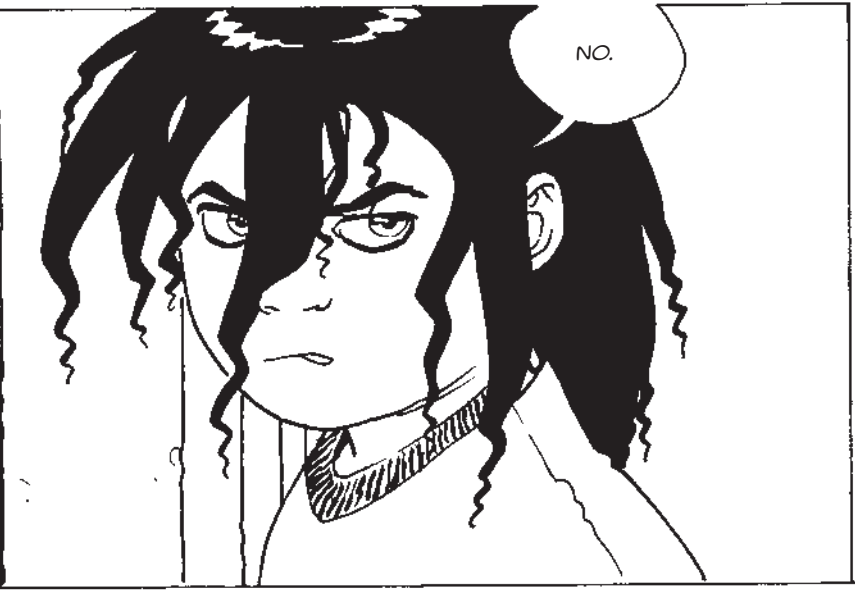
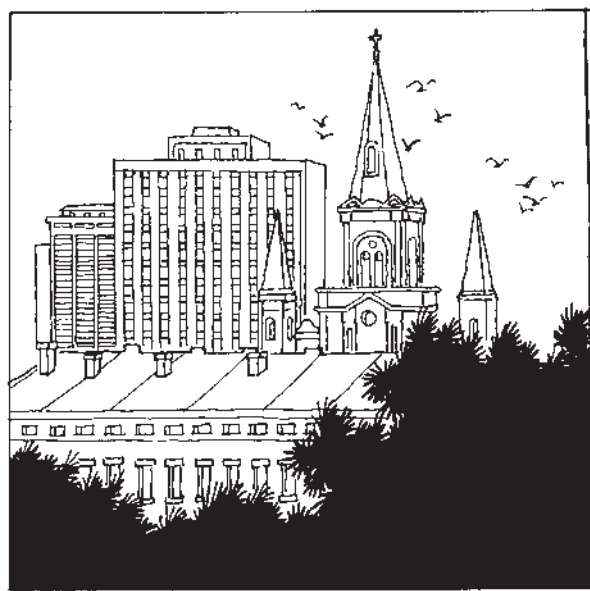
SOMETHING MORE DRASTIC HAS TO BE DONE.



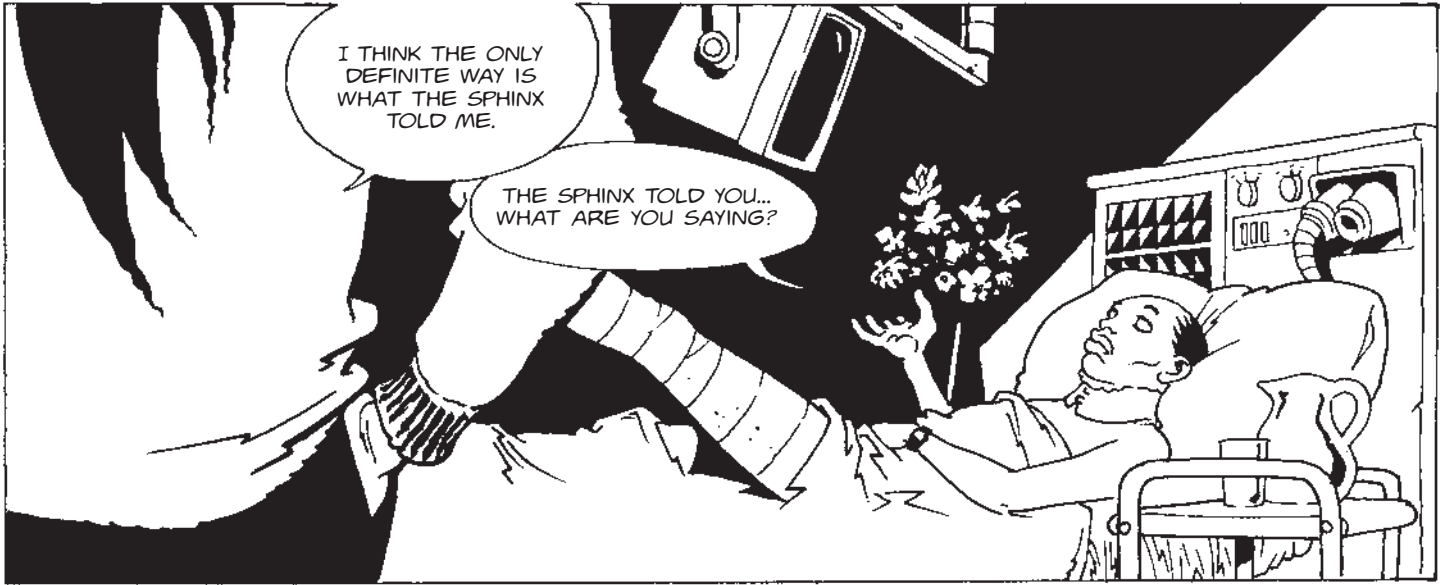
WE HAVE TO BEHEAD HER...

... AND THEN CUT HER TO PIECES, SO THEY CAN NEVER UNITE IN A WHOLE AGAIN.

ARE YOU SURE THAT WILL BE ENOUGH?

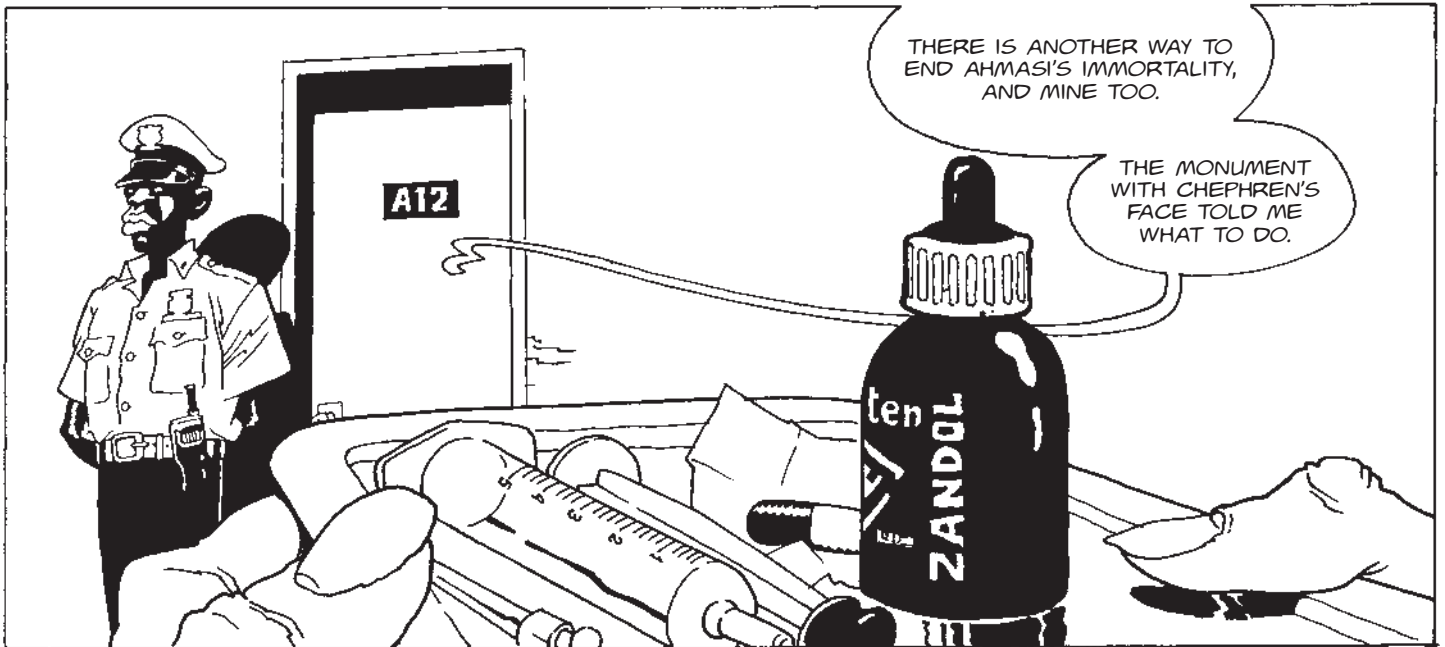


NO.



I THINK THE ONLY DEFINITE WAY IS WHAT THE SPHINX TOLD ME.

THE SPHINX TOLD YOU... WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?



THERE IS ANOTHER WAY TO END AHMASI'S IMMORTALITY, AND MINE TOO.

THE MONUMENT WITH CHEPHREN'S FACE TOLD ME WHAT TO DO.



I'LL TELL YOU THE STORY BECAUSE IT IS A CONTINUATION OF WHAT YOU'VE ALREADY HEARD.

WAIT THE NURSE WILL BE HERE SOON AND YOU'LL HAVE TO LEAVE, SO I CAN GET SOME REST.



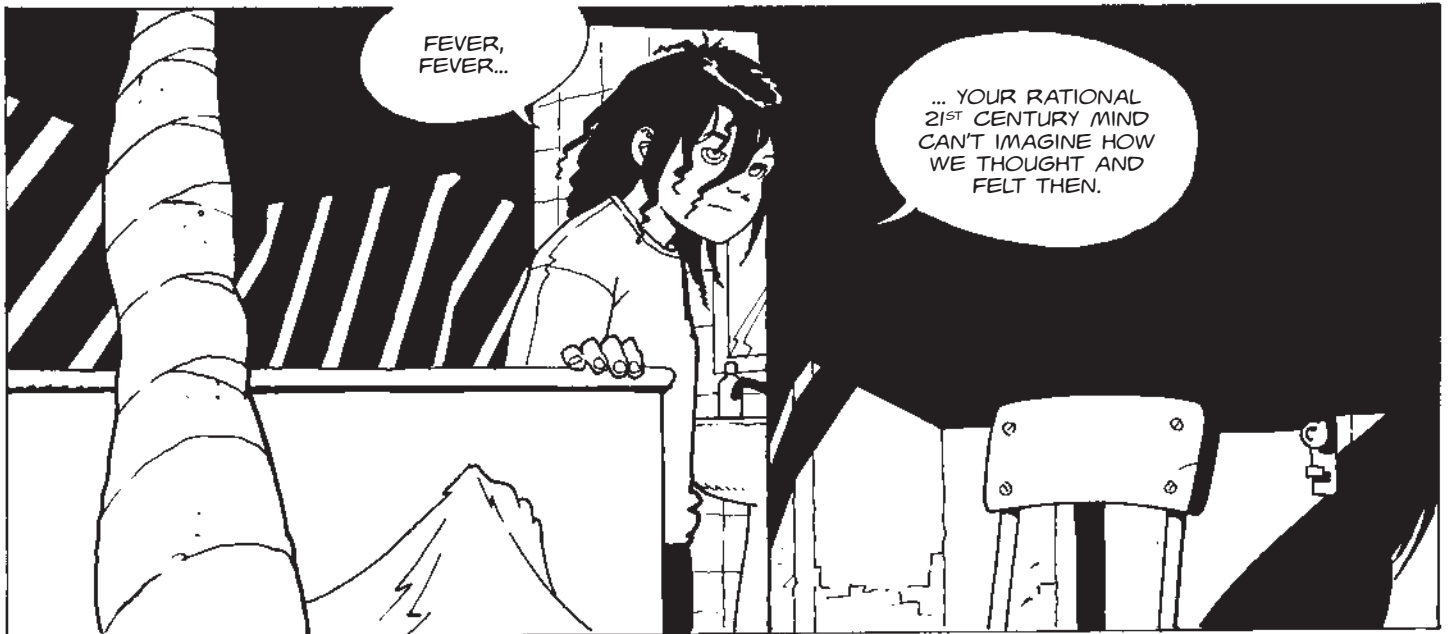
TELL ME THE REST TOMORROW.

I JUST HAVE ONE QUESTION FOR YOU NOW.

I HAVE SEEN AND HEARD SO MANY WEIRD THINGS, NOTHING CAN SURPRISE ME ANYMORE.

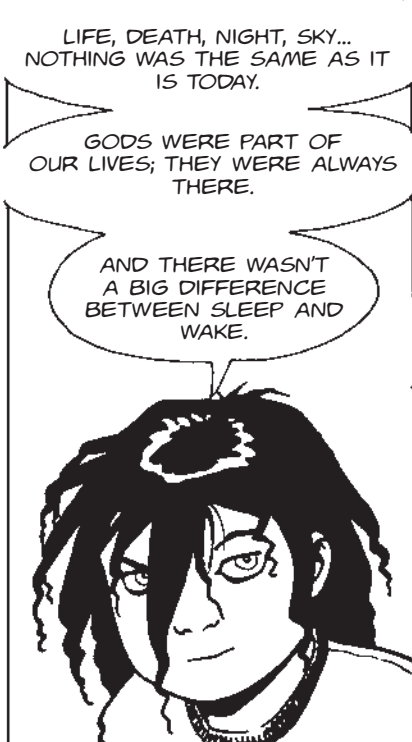


DID YOU REALLY TALK WITH THE SPHINX?



FEVER,
FEVER...

... YOUR RATIONAL
21ST CENTURY MIND
CAN'T IMAGINE HOW
WE THOUGHT AND
FELT THEN.



LIFE, DEATH, NIGHT, SKY...
NOTHING WAS THE SAME AS IT
IS TODAY.

GODS WERE PART OF
OUR LIVES; THEY WERE ALWAYS
THERE.

AND THERE WASN'T
A BIG DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN SLEEP AND
WAKE.



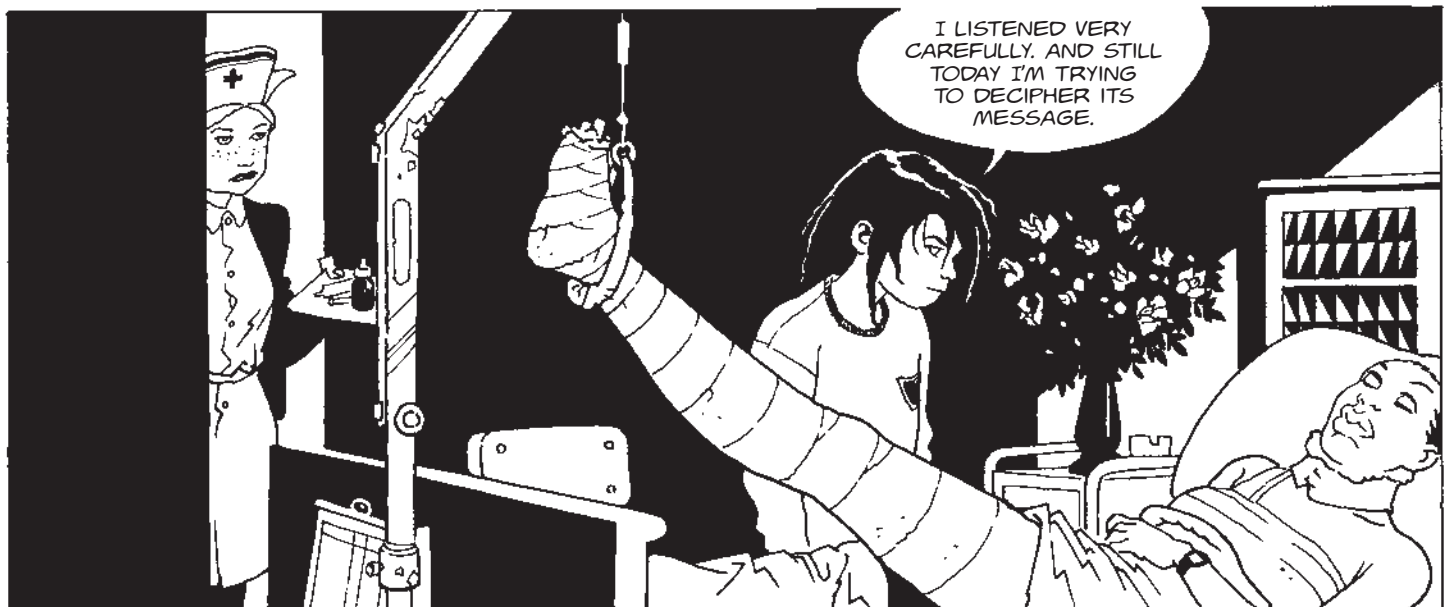
BACK THEN, THE EYES USED TO SEE
DIFFERENTLY; THERE WERE MORE
GHOSTLY SHADES; SCIENCE AND
CHIMERAS WALKED TOGETHER...

... REALITY WAS
DIFFERENT...

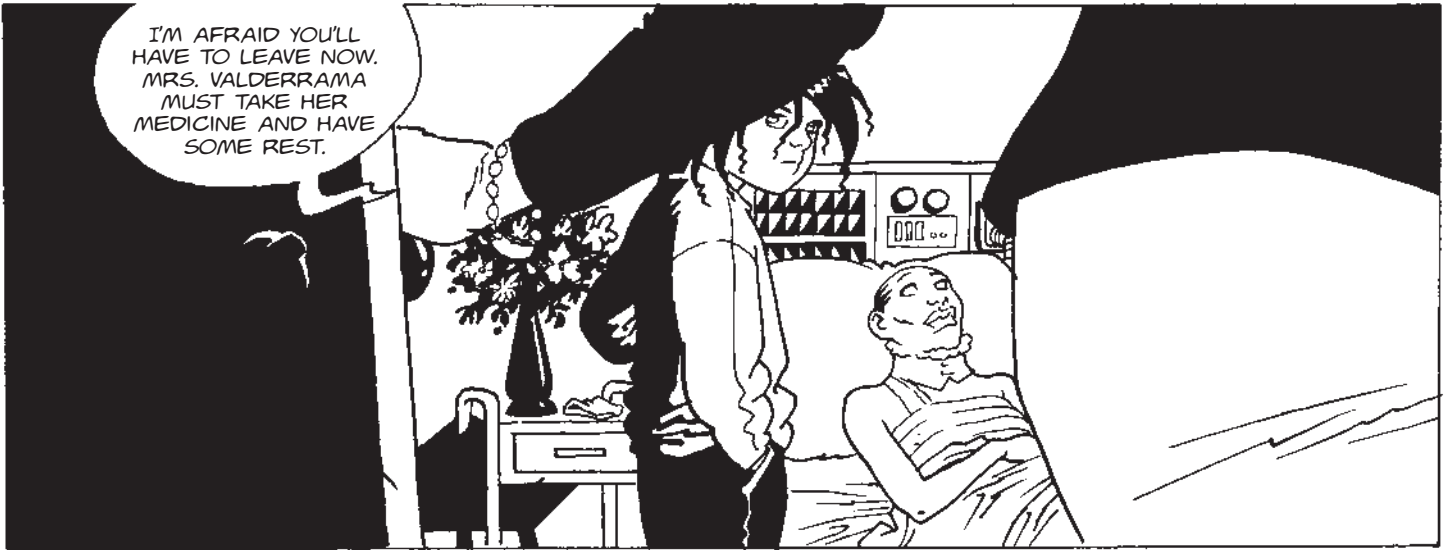


IN THOSE TIMES GODS
WERE SENT US CONCRETE
MESSAGES LIKE THEY
BROADCAST NOW ON
THE NEWS.

AND THE SPHINX
SPOKE TO ME IN
THAT CONTEXT.



I LISTENED VERY
CAREFULLY, AND STILL
TODAY I'M TRYING
TO DECIPHER ITS
MESSAGE.

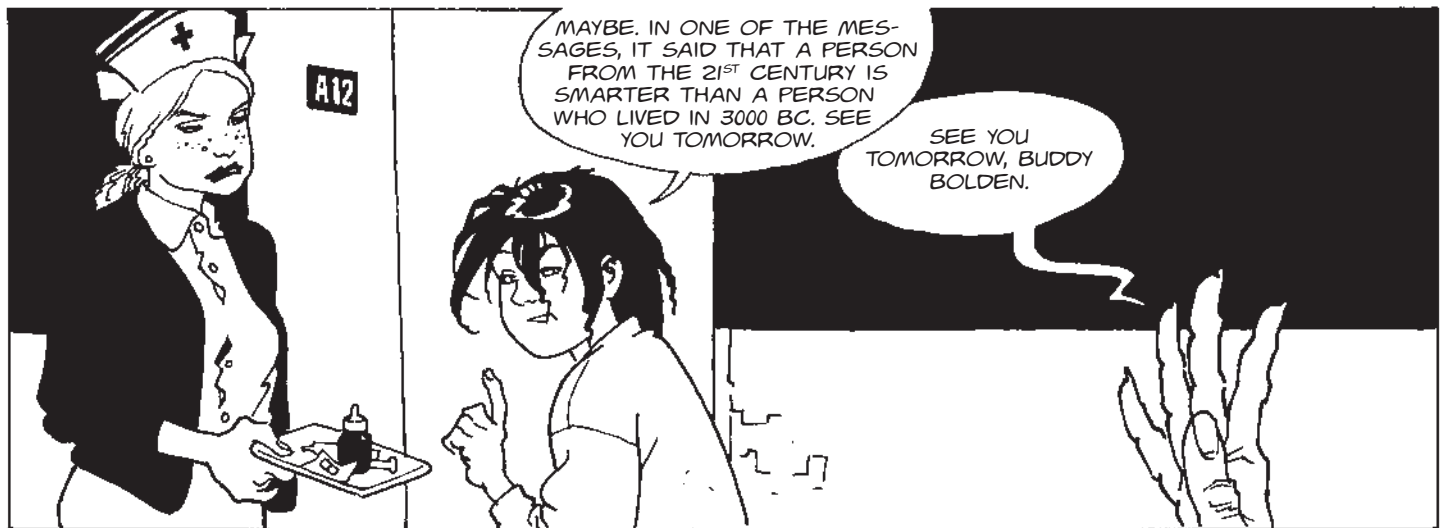


I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO LEAVE NOW. MRS. VALDERRAMA MUST TAKE HER MEDICINE AND HAVE SOME REST.



GET WELL SOON, FEVER.

DO YOU THINK I MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP YOU UNDERSTAND THE MESSAGE OF THE SPHINX?



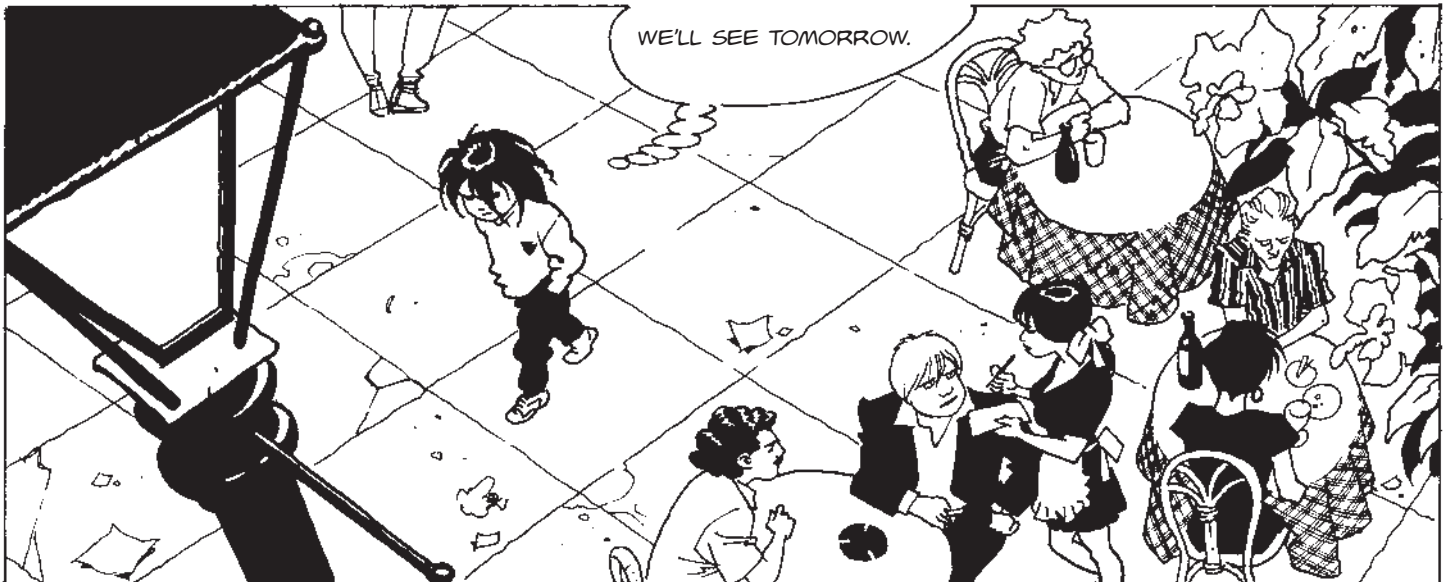
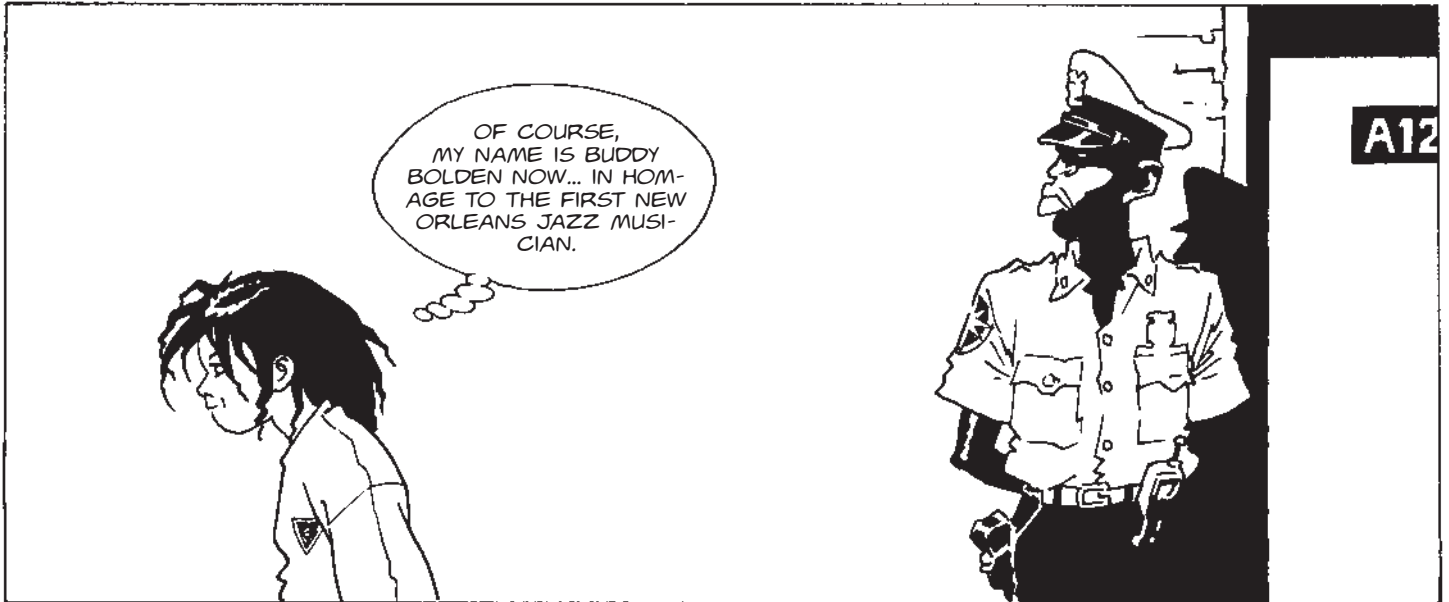
MAYBE. IN ONE OF THE MESSAGES, IT SAID THAT A PERSON FROM THE 21ST CENTURY IS SMARTER THAN A PERSON WHO LIVED IN 3000 BC. SEE YOU TOMORROW.

SEE YOU TOMORROW, BUDDY BOLDEN.



WHAT ON EARTH ARE THEY TALKING ABOUT? ARE THEY DELIRIOUS?

Filho/Risso





I USED TO THINK THAT IMMORTALITY
COULD SAVE YOU FROM BOREDOM.

OF COURSE, WHEN SOMEONE
NOTICES THAT TIME JUST GOES BY
ON HIS WAY TO DEATH, BOREDOM
SIGNALS THAT IT'S A SHAME NOT
TO PROVOKE THINGS THAT KILL
THE DAILY ROUTINE.



BUT NO...

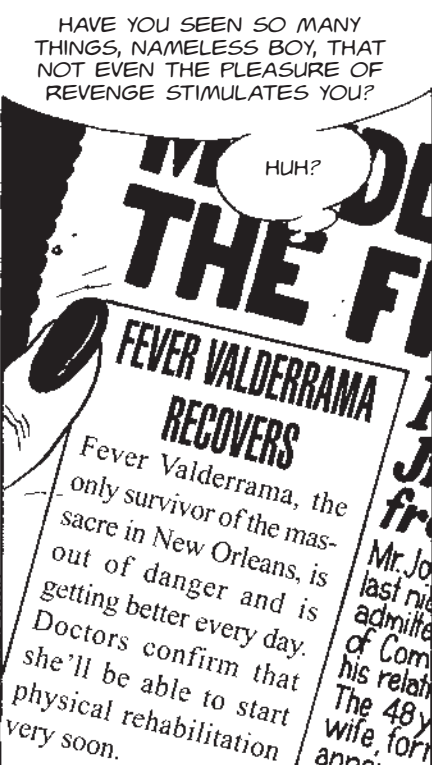


I'M IMMORTAL AND I'M
STILL BORED.



OH!







HELLO, NURSE CARSON.

HOW ARE YOU, KID? YOU'RE VISITING YOUR AUNT LIKE EVERY AFTER-NOON?



YOU'RE A GOOD BOY...

DRRR RRRING



HOSPITAL.

YES, MRS. VALDERRAMA BEING TREATED AT THIS HOSPITAL.



SHE'S GETTING BETTER QUICKLY. SHE'S LUCKY, CONSIDERING THE EXTENT OF HER INJURIES.



YOU'RE HER NIECE FROM CHICAGO AND YOU WANT TO COME SEE HER?

WELL YES, SHE'LL BE IN REHAB FOR AT LEAST ANOTHER FIFTEEN DAYS.

NO, NOT MANY PEOPLE VISIT HER.



SHE HAS AN ANGEL OF A NEPHEW, 9 OR 10 YEARS OLD.

HE VISITS HER EVERY DAY.



I BEG YOUR PARDON? YES, THAT'S HIM.



... HE'S A CUTE DARK-HAIRED BOY WITH VERY LIVELY EYES.

IT'S HIM.



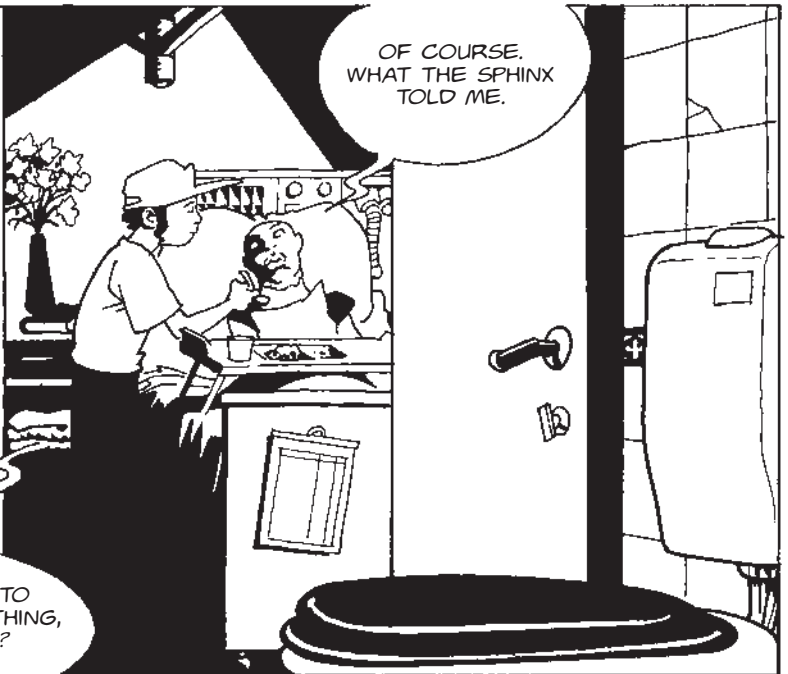
I WAS WAITING FOR HIM HERE, AND ALL THE TIME HE WAS THERE WITH THAT STUPID MORTAL.



I'M COMING, LITTLE ONE. I'VE BEEN TRYING TO LIQUIDATE YOU FOR FIVE THOUSAND YEARS, AND I THINK THIS TIME, IF I'M CAREFUL, I'LL GET YOU.



YOU WANTED TO TELL ME SOMETHING, REMEMBER?



OF COURSE, WHAT THE SPHINX TOLD ME.



MAYBE YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU GO THROUGH WHEN YOU'RE BEING REBORN...

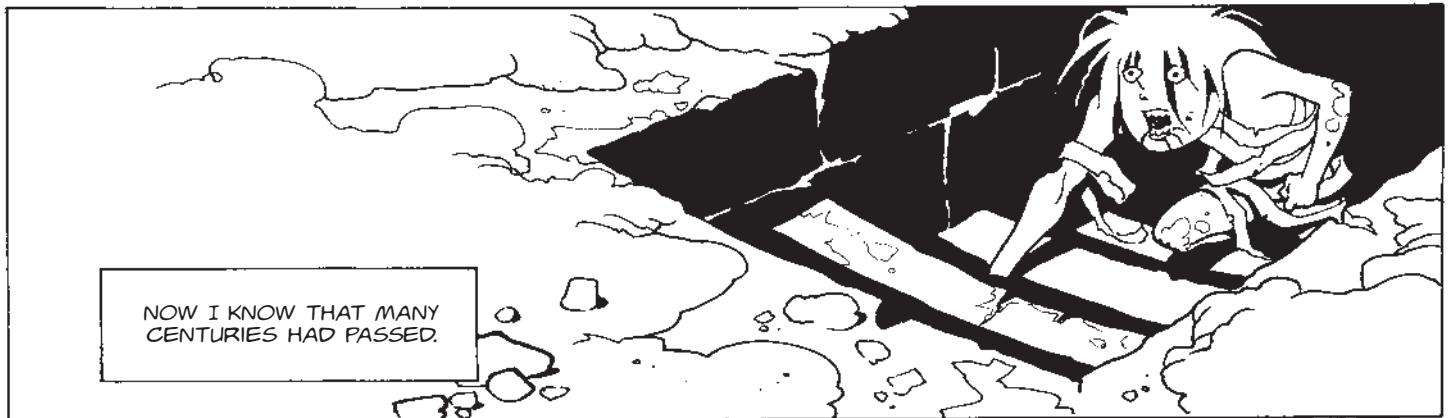
... WHEN YOUR BONES GET FILLED WITH MARROW, WHEN YOUR MUSCLES REGENERATE OUT OF NOTHING AND YOUR BRAIN...

... YOUR ROTTEN BRAIN REGAINS ITS VITAL CIRCUITS.



THE RAIDERS OF THE BIG PYRAMID REVIVED ME, AND I KILLED THEM FOR GOOD.

I RAN AWAY STAINED WITH BLOOD, WITHOUT KNOWING, WITHOUT REMEMBERING WHAT KIND OF CREATURE I HAD BEEN.



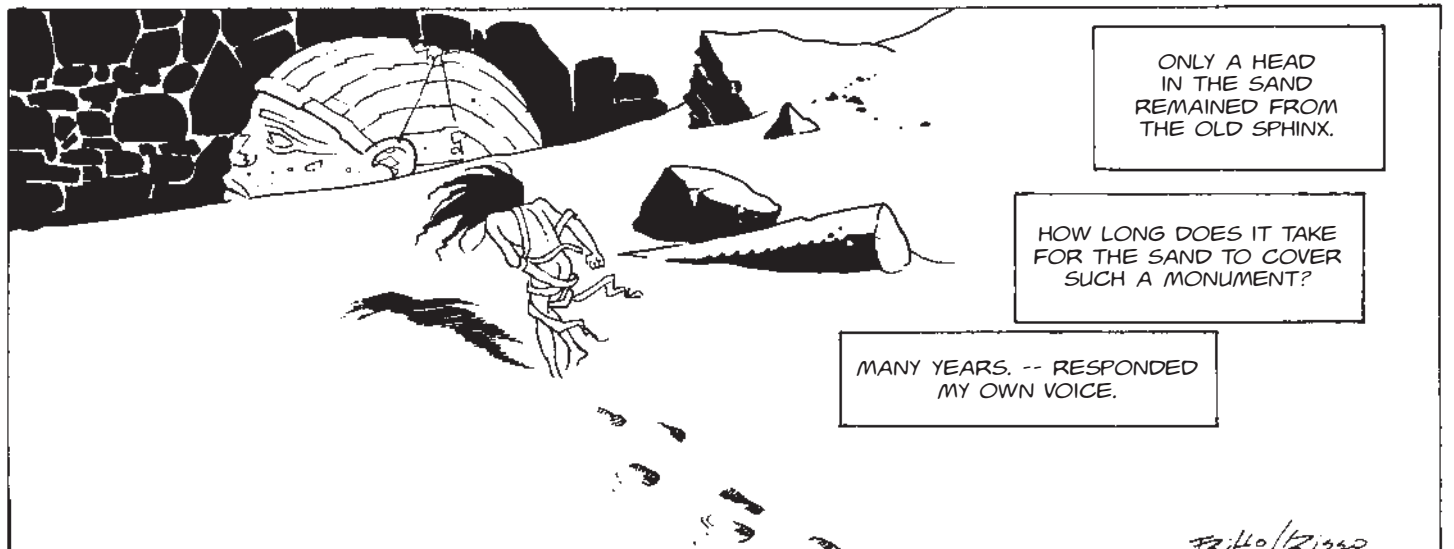
NOW I KNOW THAT MANY CENTURIES HAD PASSED.



AND THAT WHILE I WALKED OVER THAT FAMOUS DESERT, SOME FIFTEEN HUNDREDS YEARS WERE TO PASS BEFORE THAT JEW CALLED JESUS STARTED A NEW ERA.

I DIDN'T KNOW WHERE TO GO. LITTLE BY LITTLE, I REALIZED THAT THE LANDSCAPE HAD CHANGED.

A LOT HAD CHANGED.



ONLY A HEAD IN THE SAND REMAINED FROM THE OLD SPHINX.

HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE FOR THE SAND TO COVER SUCH A MONUMENT?

MANY YEARS. -- RESPONDED MY OWN VOICE.

FILLO/12/92



AND THEN I FELT VERY ALONE.

MY FATHER HAD DIED OVER ONE THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

ENTIRE HISTORICAL CYCLES HAD TRANSPIRED.

THE DYNASTIES DISAPPEARED LIKE THE SAND BETWEEN ONE'S FINGERS.



I COULD TELL YOU TODAY THAT THE CAPITAL WAS NOT MEMPHIS ANYMORE, AND THAT AFTER THE INVASION OF THE HIKS, FOR THE SECOND TIME ALREADY THE PHARAOH WAS RULING FROM THEBES.

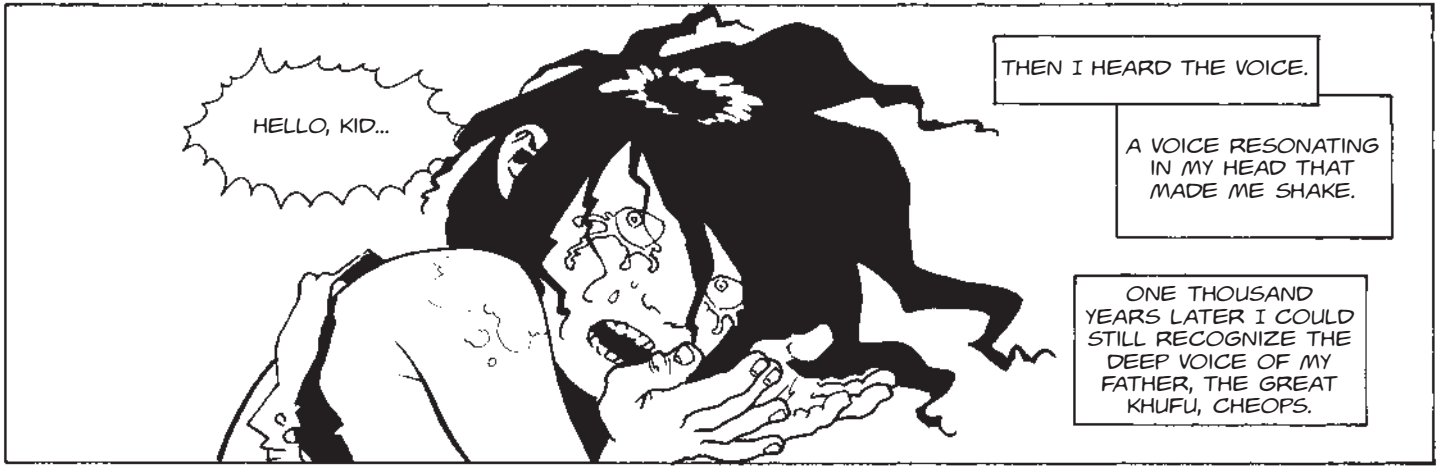
BUT AT THAT MOMENT I THOUGHT (OR I FELT, BECAUSE I BELIEVE THAT ANCIENT PEOPLE DIDN'T THINK) THAT EGYPT -- WHICH I HAD ALWAYS THOUGHT TO BE THE ONLY PLACE IN THE WORLD WHERE ONE COULD LIVE -- DIDN'T EXIST ANYMORE.



I REMEMBER I CRIED FOR THE BURIED SPHINX.

BUT IN FACT I WAS CRYING FOR MYSELF.

I WAS A CHILD THAT WOULD NEVER GROW UP, SOME KIND OF IMMATURE IMMORTAL BEING, A PERSON WHO WOULD NEVER BE COMPLETE.

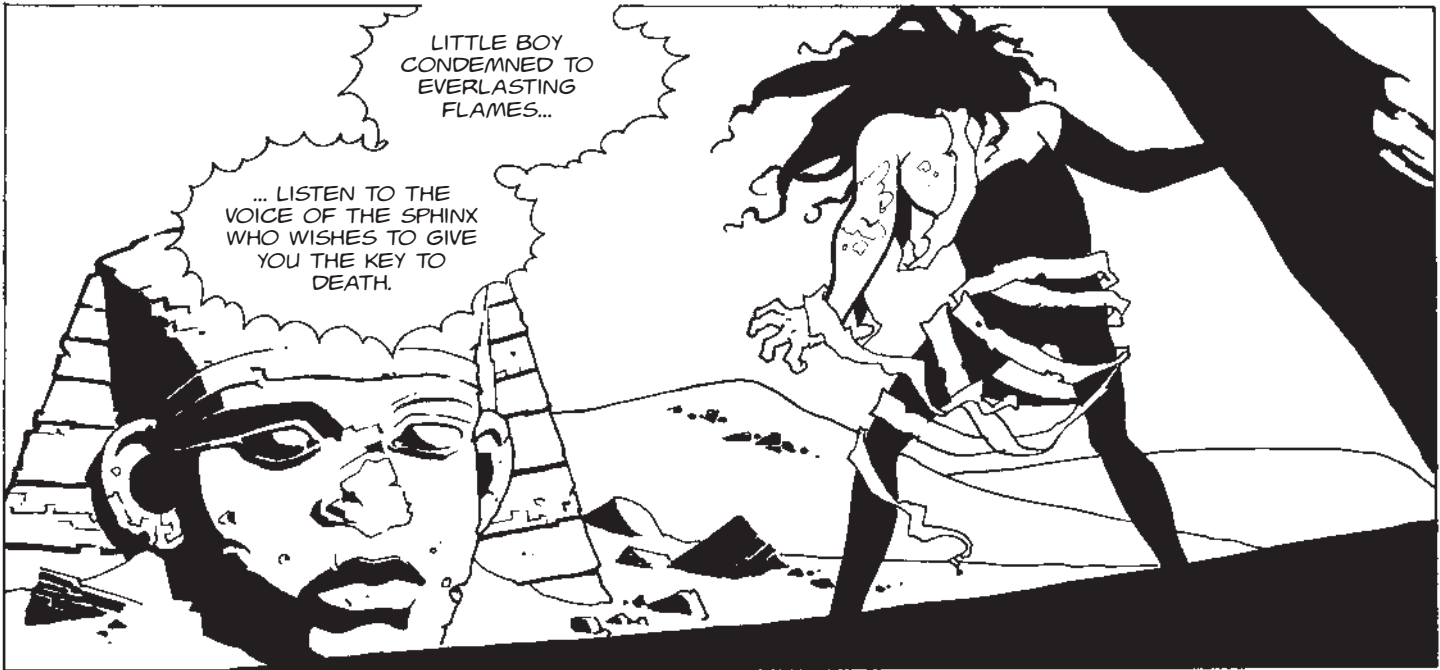


HELLO, KID...

THEN I HEARD THE VOICE.

A VOICE RESONATING IN MY HEAD THAT MADE ME SHAKE.

ONE THOUSAND YEARS LATER I COULD STILL RECOGNIZE THE DEEP VOICE OF MY FATHER, THE GREAT KHUFU, CHEOPS.



LITTLE BOY CONDEMNED TO EVERLASTING FLAMES...

... LISTEN TO THE VOICE OF THE SPHINX WHO WISHES TO GIVE YOU THE KEY TO DEATH.



BECAUSE ETERNITY IS VERY, VERY DIFFICULT.

ONE DAY YOU'LL WISH TO DIE. OR, TO KILL AN IMMORTAL LIKE YOURSELF AND NEUTRALIZE HER HATRED FOR YOU UNTIL THE LAST OF DAYS SHALL ALSO BE THE FIRST.



I'LL TELL YOU HOW.

THE FORMULA THAT THE YOUNG PHARAOH WILL TAKE TO GRAVE WITH HIM IS ALREADY WRITTEN. IT WILL BE PROFANED AND WILL REVEAL THE SECRETS OF THE PHARAOHS TO HISTORY.



WHEN YOU GROW WEARY OF IMMORTALITY, EITHER THAT WOMAN'S OR YOUR OWN, LOOK FOR THE TEXT THAT DECIPHERS LIFE IN THE TOMB OF THE DAMNED, OF THE THIEVES WHO WON'T LET THE DEAD REST.



LOOK FOR THAT TEXT AND READ IT ALOUD.



THAT'S WHAT THE SPHINX TOLD ME, OR MAYBE I JUST DREAMED IT.

I NEVER UNDERSTOOD WHAT IT WAS ABOUT.

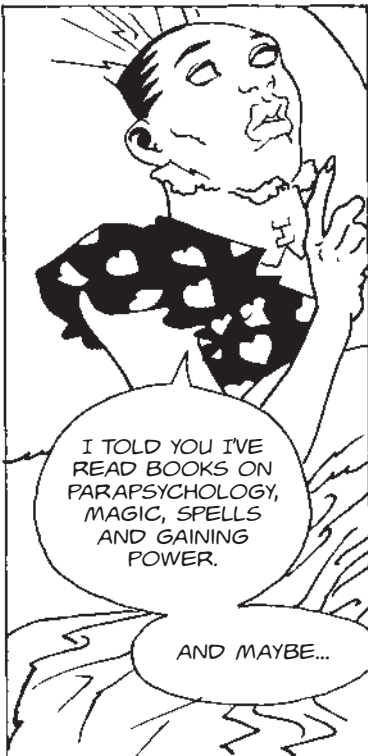
I WISH I COULD UNDERSTAND IT NOW, SO I COULD ELIMINATE AHMASI FOREVER.



LISTEN...

MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING MORE EFFICIENT THAN BEHEADING HER AND THROWING HER HEAD FAR FROM HER BODY.

MAYBE THERE'S A SPELL THAT CAN MAKE HER BONES ROT, A DIVINE ACID OR AN ARROW MADE BY SOME GOD.



I TOLD YOU I'VE READ BOOKS ON PARAPSYCHOLOGY, MAGIC, SPELLS AND GAINING POWER.

AND MAYBE...



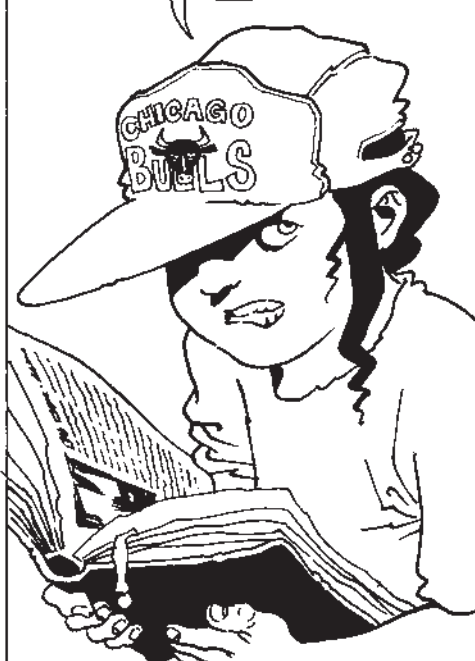
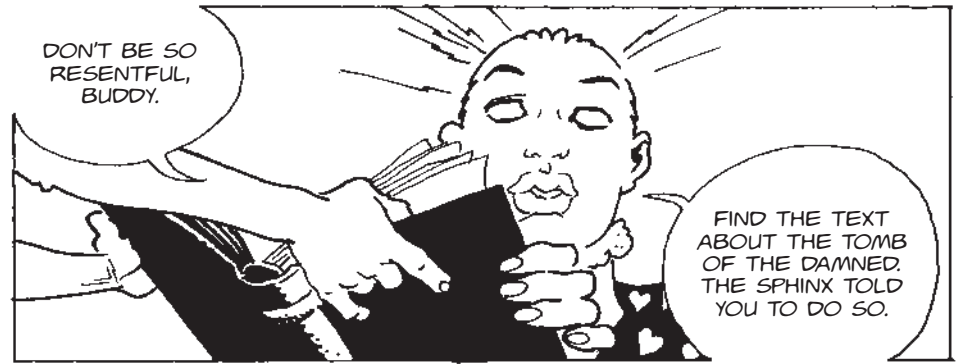
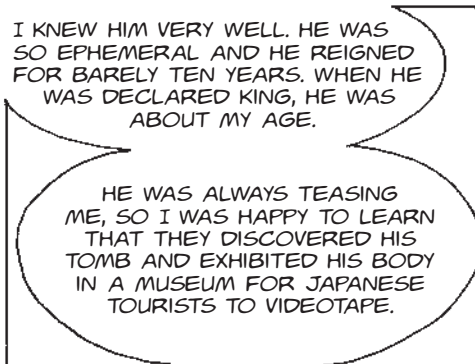
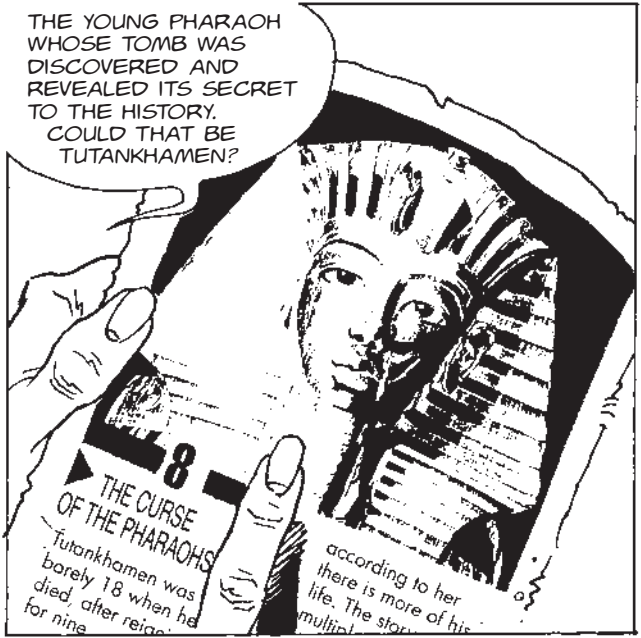
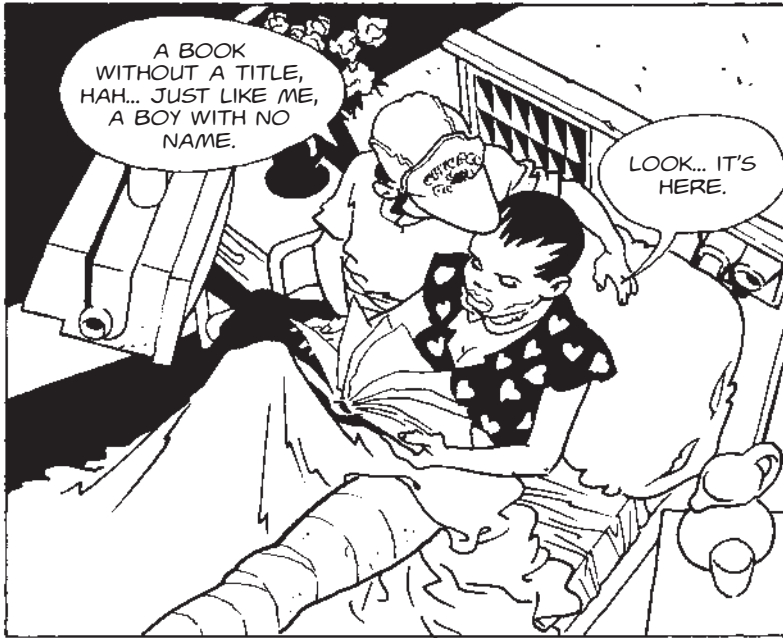
... MAYBE THE MESSAGE OF THE SPHINX MAKES SENSE, BUDDY.

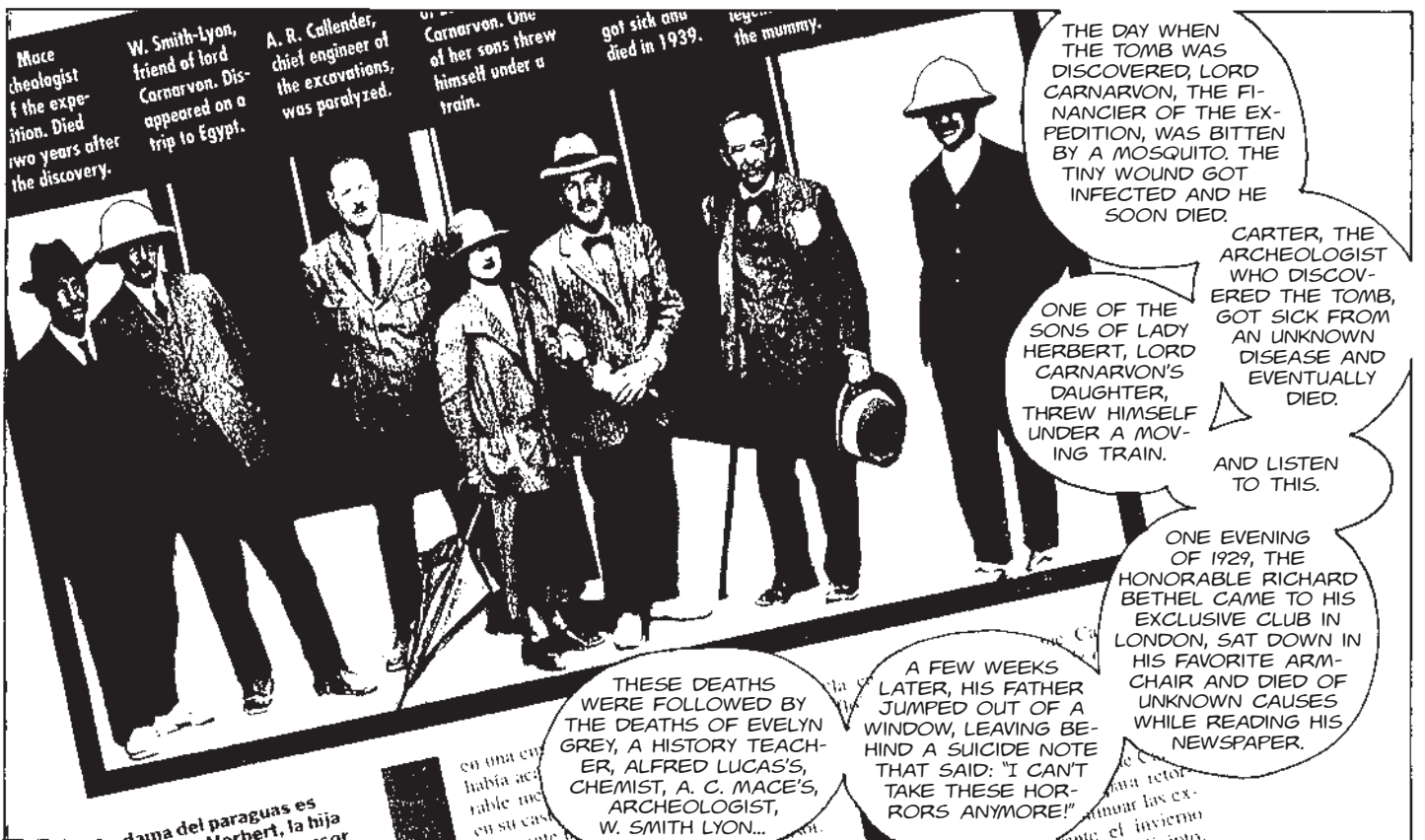
HAND ME THAT BOOK.



WHAT KIND OF BOOK IS IT? IT DOESN'T EVEN HAVE A TITLE.

IT'S A TREATISE ON CURSES, A BOOK THAT IS DAMNED ITSELF, SO MUCH SO THAT ITS AUTHOR REFUSED TO SIGN IT AND LEFT IT WITHOUT A TITLE.

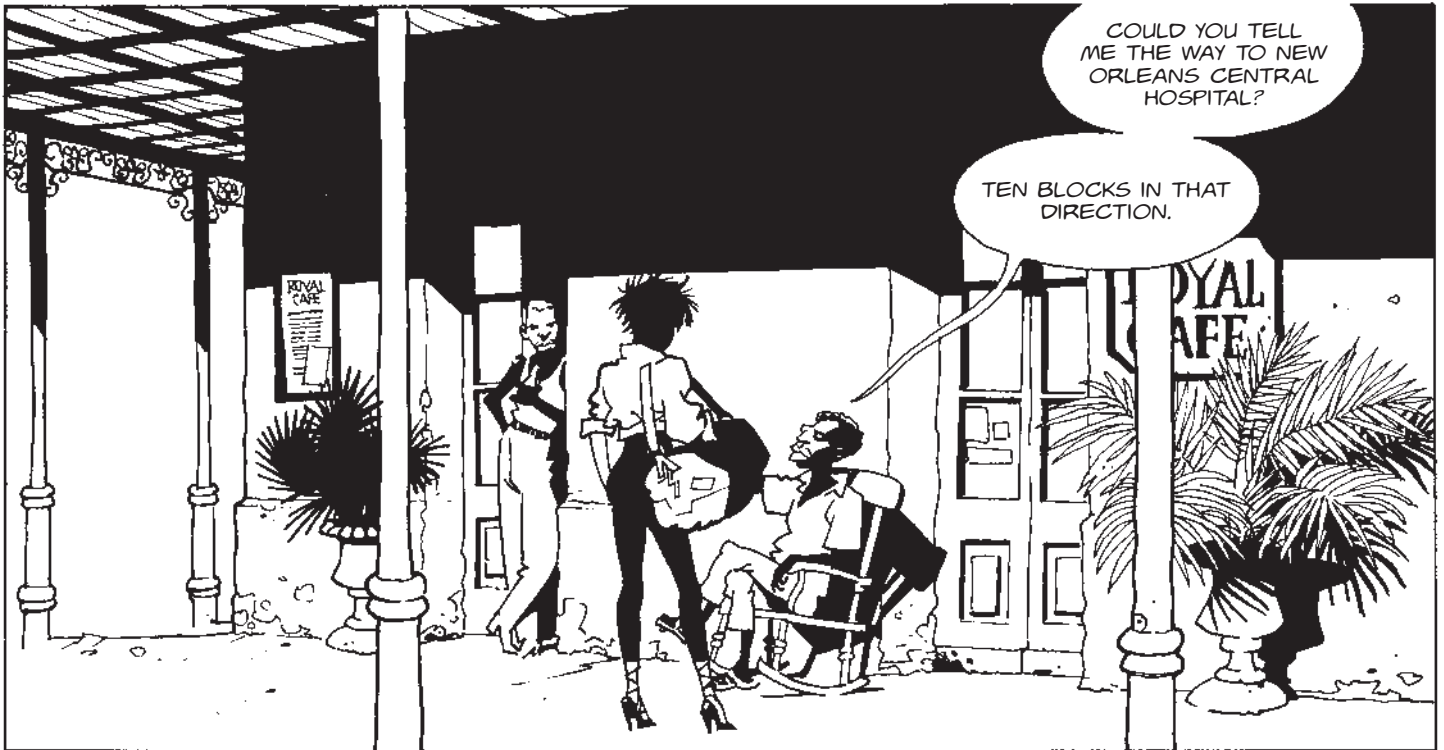






DON'T YOU GET IT? THESE PEOPLE WERE ALL CONNECTED TO THE DISCOVERY OF THE TOMB.

SO WHEN THE SPHINX TOLD YOU TO FIND THE TEXT THAT KILLS THE IMMORTALS AND TAKE IT FROM THE GRAVES OF THE TOMB RAIDERS AND THIEVES WHO WON'T LET THE DEAD REST...



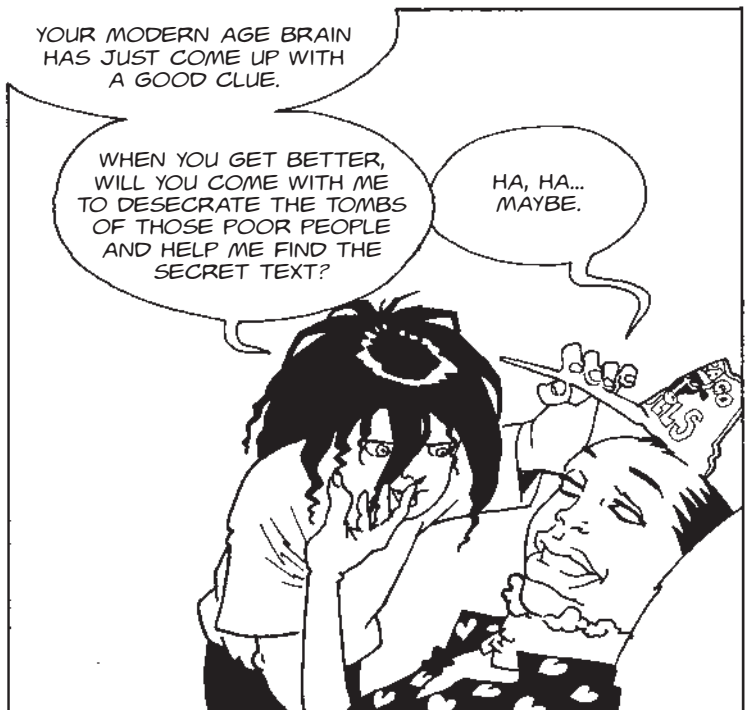
COULD YOU TELL ME THE WAY TO NEW ORLEANS CENTRAL HOSPITAL?

TEN BLOCKS IN THAT DIRECTION.



...WASN'T IT REFERRING TO THOSE I JUST MENTIONED?

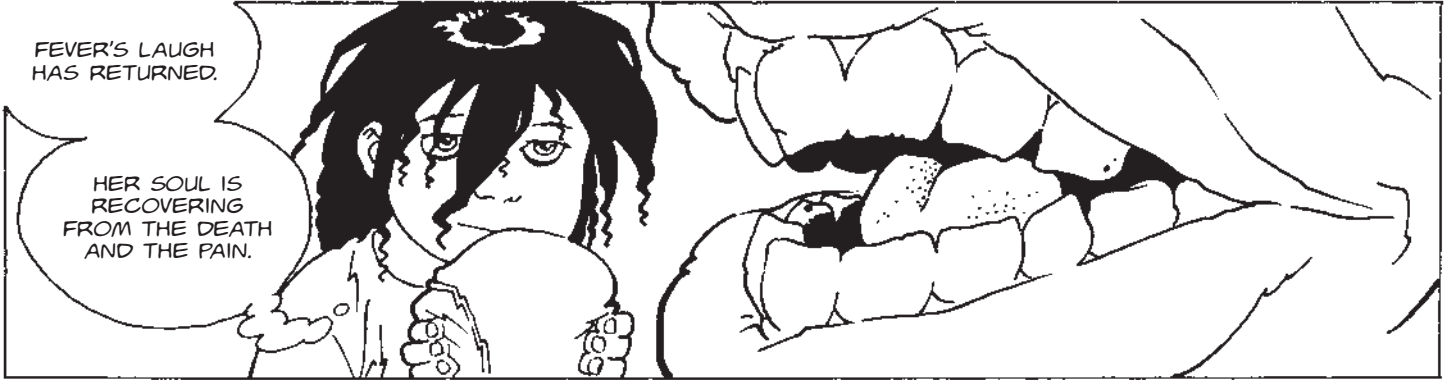
HUM, MAYBE SO. I NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT IT THAT WAY.



YOUR MODERN AGE BRAIN HAS JUST COME UP WITH A GOOD CLUE.

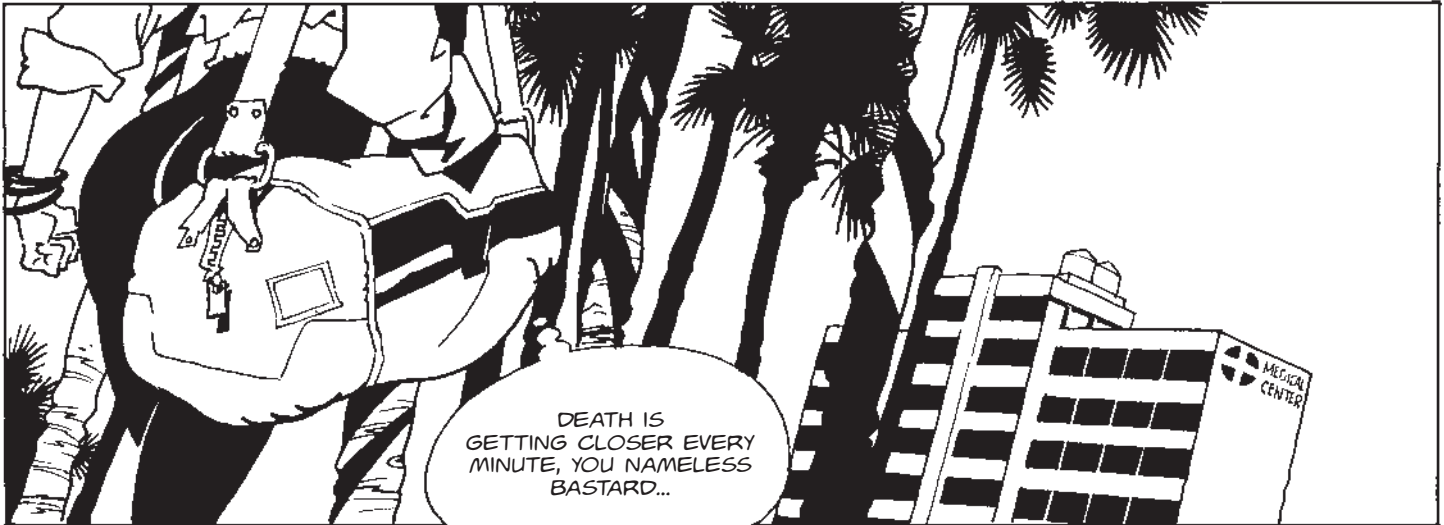
WHEN YOU GET BETTER, WILL YOU COME WITH ME TO DESECRATE THE TOMBS OF THOSE POOR PEOPLE AND HELP ME FIND THE SECRET TEXT?

HA, HA... MAYBE.



FEVER'S LAUGH HAS RETURNED.

HER SOUL IS RECOVERING FROM THE DEATH AND THE PAIN.



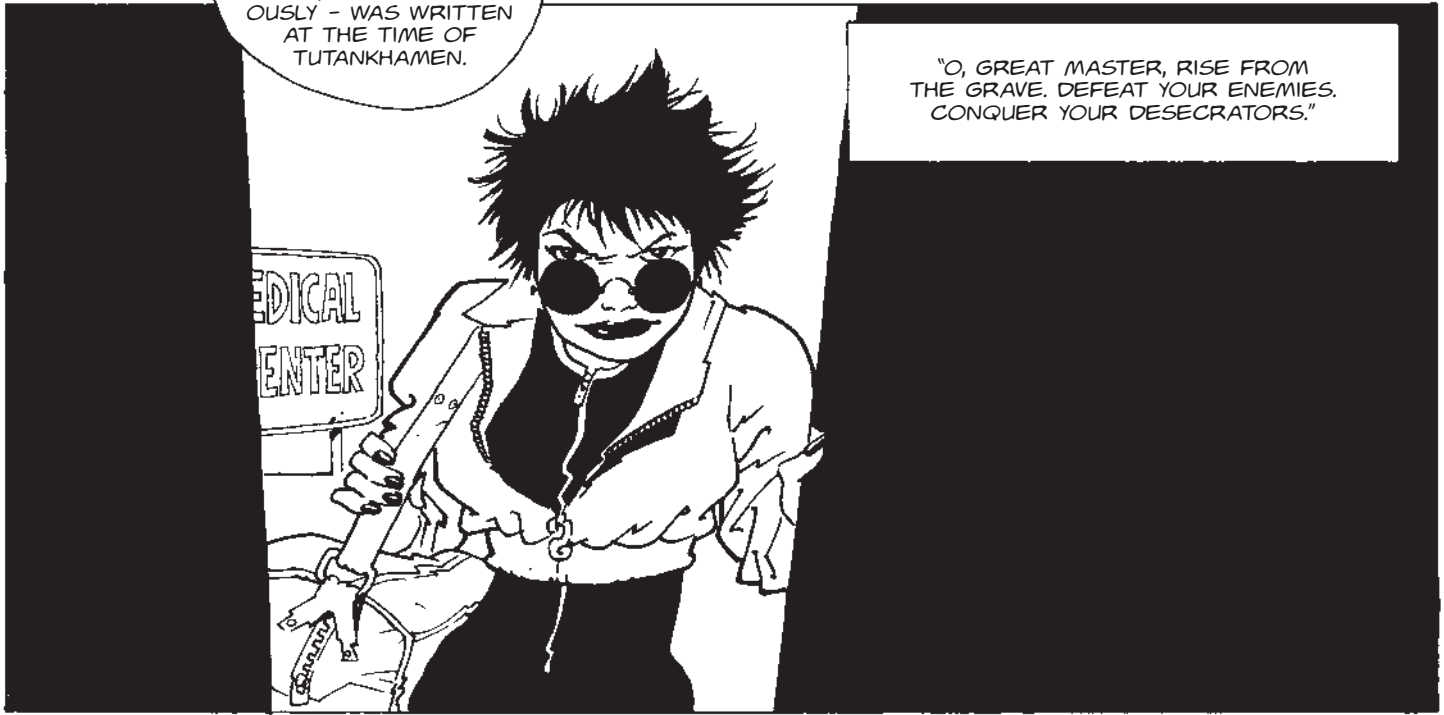
DEATH IS GETTING CLOSER EVERY MINUTE, YOU NAMELESS BASTARD...



I GUESS THERE WON'T BE ANY TIME LEFT TO GO TO THE CEMETERIES OF LONDON AND FIND THE FORMULA.

I FEEL THAT AHMAZI IS CLOSE.

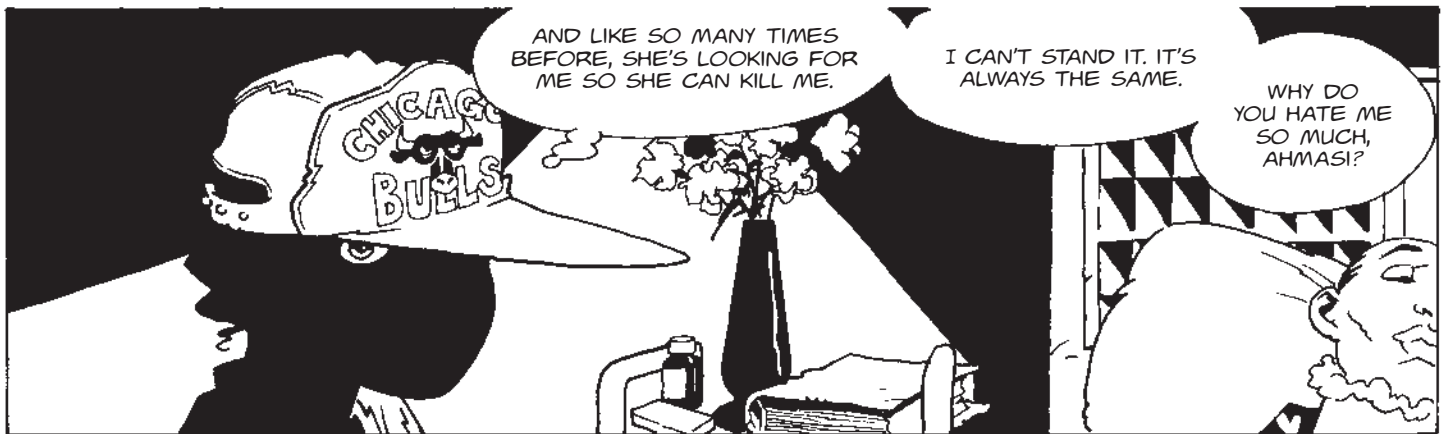
... AND WHENEVER SHE'S AROUND, I THINK OF A SENTENCE FROM THE BOOK OF THE DEAD, WHICH - CURIOUSLY - WAS WRITTEN AT THE TIME OF TUTANKHAMEN.



"O, GREAT MASTER, RISE FROM THE GRAVE. DEFEAT YOUR ENEMIES. CONQUER YOUR DESECRATORS."



I FEEL HER... AHMASI IS SO CLOSE, TOO CLOSE...



AND LIKE SO MANY TIMES BEFORE, SHE'S LOOKING FOR ME SO SHE CAN KILL ME.

I CAN'T STAND IT. IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME.

WHY DO YOU HATE ME SO MUCH, AHMASI?





I'VE ASKED MYSELF THAT QUESTION MANY TIMES.

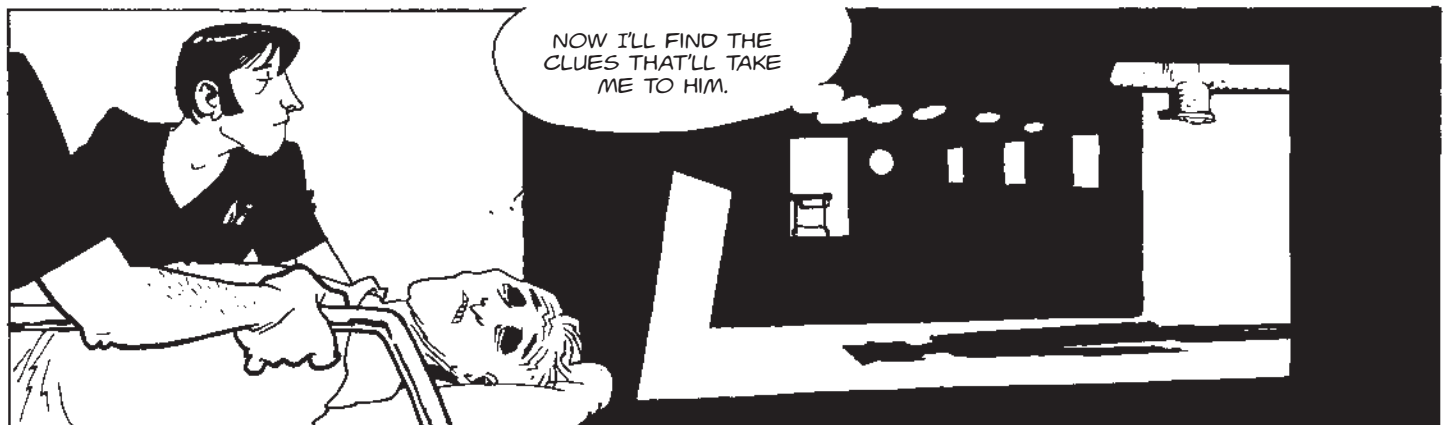
WHY DO I HATE THAT BOY SO MUCH?

AND WHY IS MY HATRED SO ALIVE AFTER THOUSANDS OF YEARS?

IT'S SIMPLE. BECAUSE MY ONLY WISH IS TO BE IMMORTAL.

BECAUSE THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE IN CHARGE, ONE DIVINITY.

AND IN THIS WORLD ONLY ONE PERSON SHOULD BE IMMORTAL.



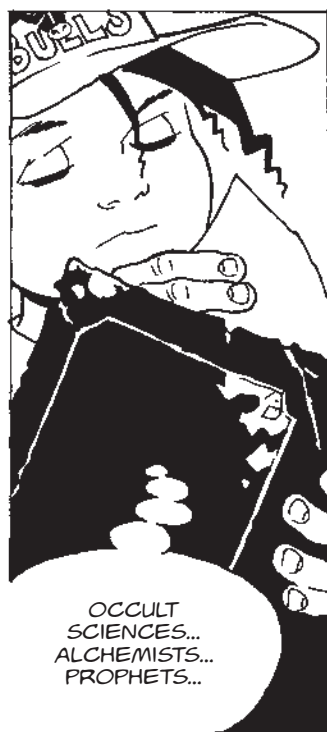
NOW I'LL FIND THE CLUES THAT'LL TAKE ME TO HIM.



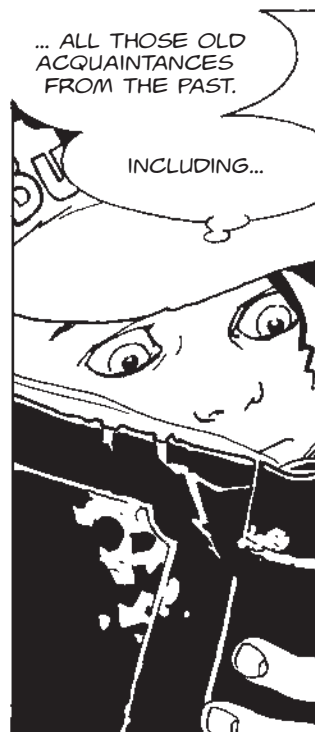
HUM... IT'S FEVER'S WEIRD BOOK WITHOUT A TITLE.

THE TREATISE OF CURSES...

LET'S SEE.



OCCULT SCIENCES...
ALCHEMISTS...
PROPHETS...



... ALL THOSE OLD ACQUAINTANCES FROM THE PAST.

INCLUDING...



THE WITCHES...

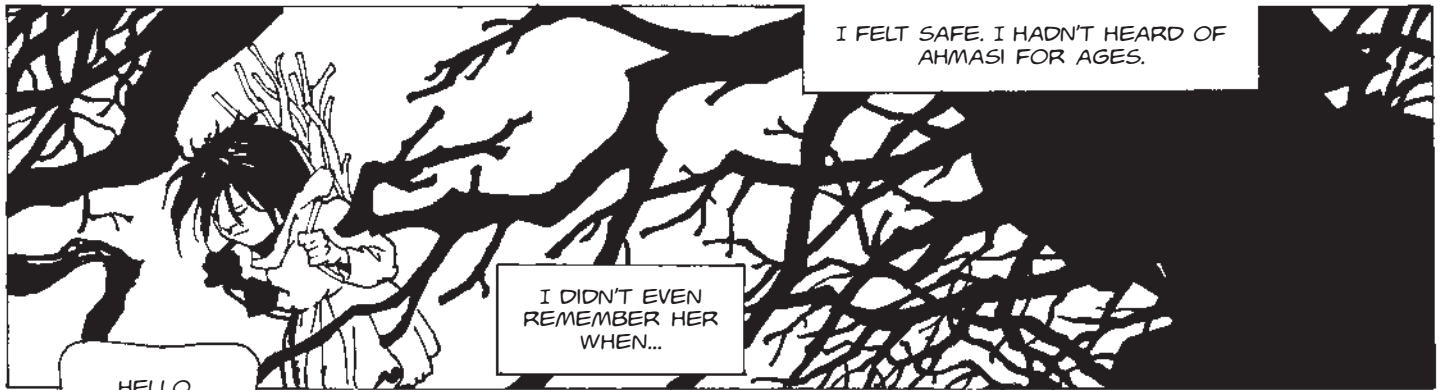


I LIVED THROUGH THE BLACK PLAGUE...

... THE PERIOD THAT FOLLOWED WAS CALLED THE MIDDLE AGES, BEFORE THE ADVENT OF THE MODERN AGE.

I WAS A COUNTRY BOY SOMEWHERE IN EUROPE.

I HAD A GOOD LIFE AND I EVEN FORGOT TO THINK.



I FELT SAFE. I HADN'T HEARD OF AHMASI FOR AGES.

I DIDN'T EVEN REMEMBER HER WHEN...

HELLO. IT'S ME AGAIN.

CAN YOU GUESS WHY I'M HERE?



I SEE YOU CAN.

HELP!

YOU'RE SQUEALING LIKE A STUCK PIG.

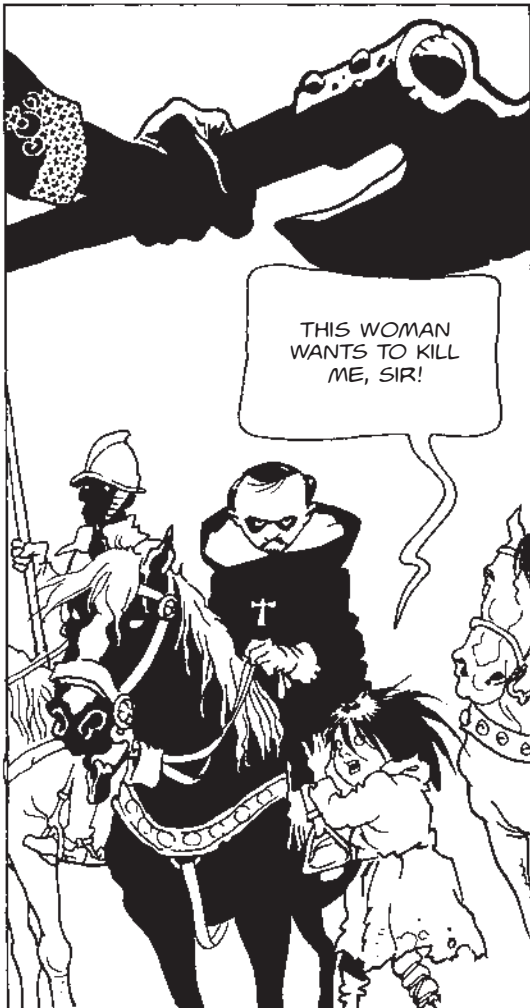


SHE DIDN'T REALIZE IT, BUT MY SCREAMS...



... WERE LOUD ENOUGH TO GET THE ATTENTION OF MY MASTER, THE INQUISITOR.

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?



THIS WOMAN WANTS TO KILL ME, SIR!

DETAIN HER! SHE'S CRAZY!



DON'T COME NEAR ME OR...!

OH, YOU STUPID WOMAN...



... I'LL KILL YOU ALL!

YOU KILLED GUY!
YOU WILL DIE!



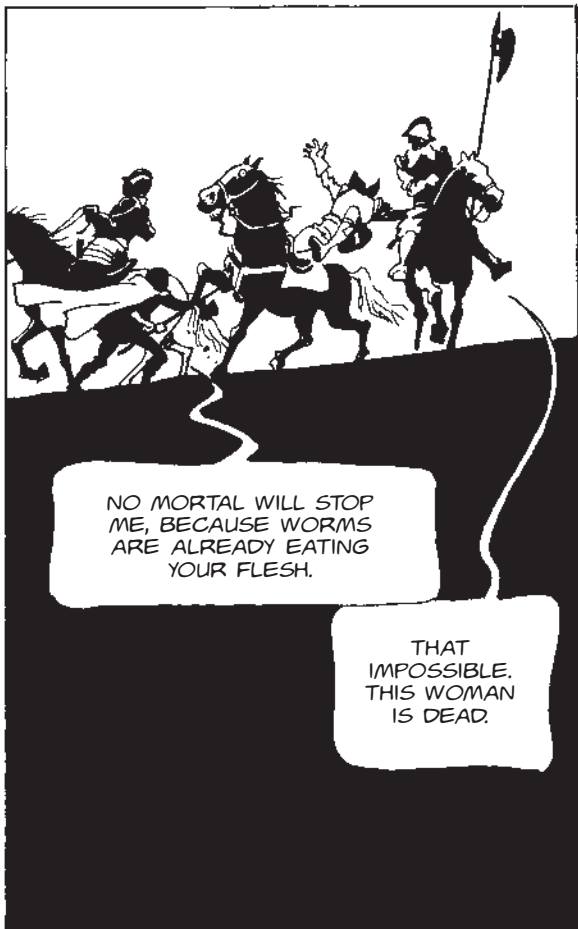
NOOOOO!

JUST WHEN I
HAD MY HANDS ON
THAT WORM...



WHY DID YOU
COME TO
BOTHER ME?

...IDIOTS!



NO MORTAL WILL STOP
ME, BECAUSE WORMS
ARE ALREADY EATING
YOUR FLESH.

THAT
IMPOSSIBLE.
THIS WOMAN
IS DEAD.



IT'S YOU
WHO'S DEAD,
WRETCH!

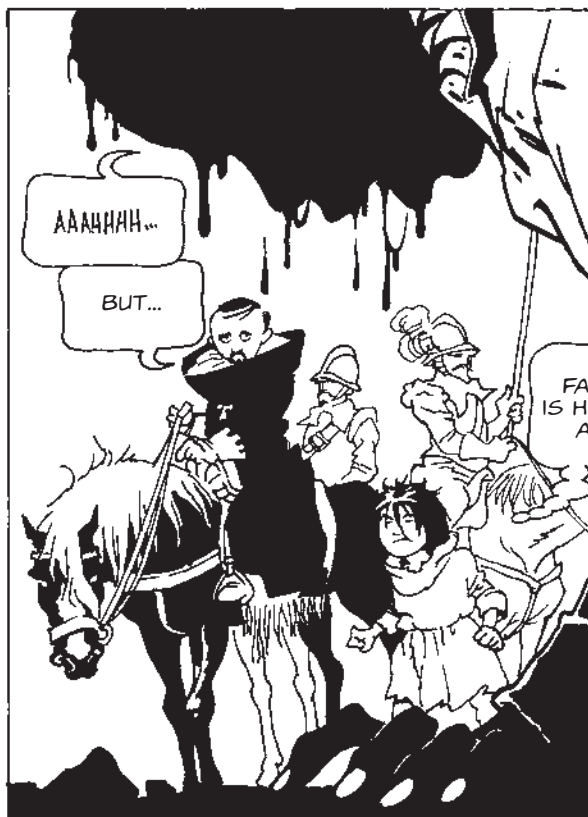


NOW!



SHE'S NOT BREATHING, IS SHE?

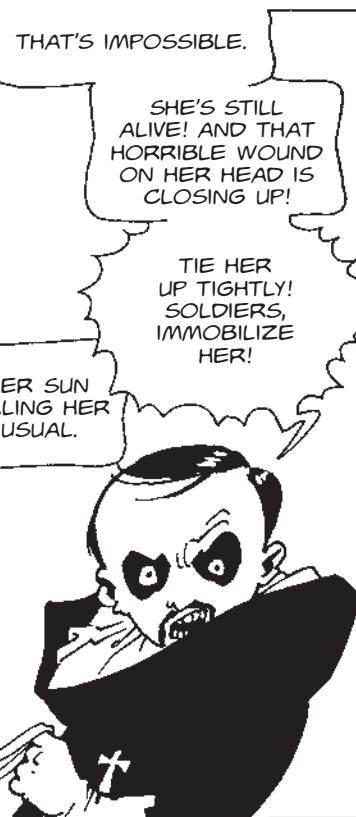
IF THE SPEAR COULDN'T FINISH HER, YOUR STONE MUST HAVE, BOY.



AAAAHHH...

BUT...

FATHER SUN IS HEALING HER AS USUAL.



THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE.

SHE'S STILL ALIVE! AND THAT HORRIBLE WOUND ON HER HEAD IS CLOSING UP!

TIE HER UP TIGHTLY! SOLDIERS, IMMOBILIZE HER!



THAT DAMN BOY HAS HAD IT HIS OWN WAY.

ONCE AGAIN HE MANAGED TO STAY ALIVE.



TALK, LITTLE ONE. TELL YOU MASTER WHAT HAPPENED.

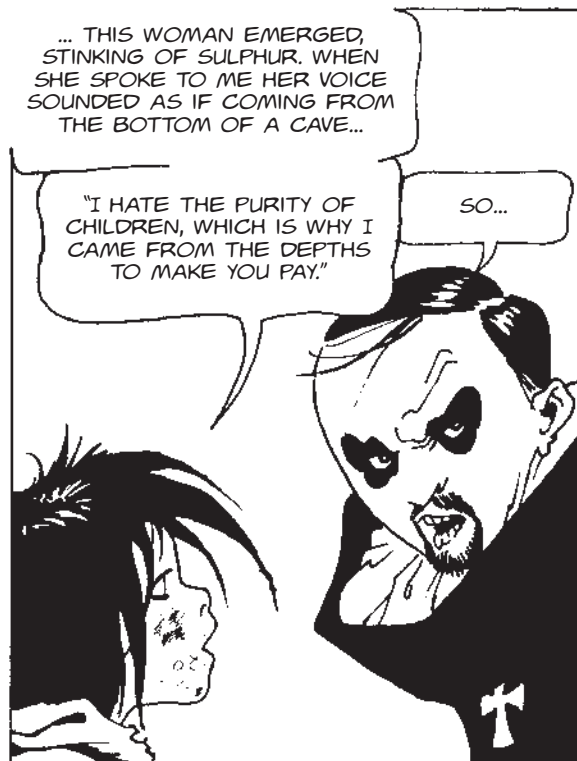
YES, SIR.



THIS WILL BE YOUR END, AHMASI.

IT WAS TERRIBLE. I WAS COLLECTING FIREWOOD WHEN...

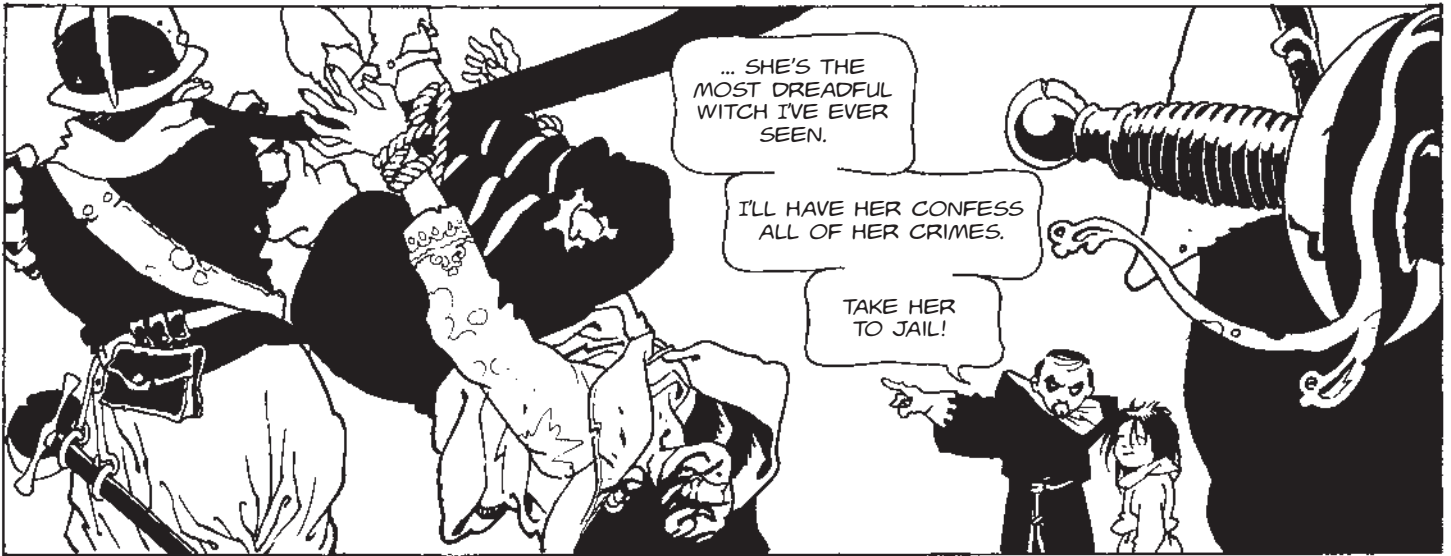
... THE EARTH SUDDENLY OPENED AND...



... THIS WOMAN EMERGED, STINKING OF SULPHUR. WHEN SHE SPOKE TO ME HER VOICE SOUNDED AS IF COMING FROM THE BOTTOM OF A CAVE...

"I HATE THE PURITY OF CHILDREN, WHICH IS WHY I CAME FROM THE DEPTHS TO MAKE YOU PAY!"

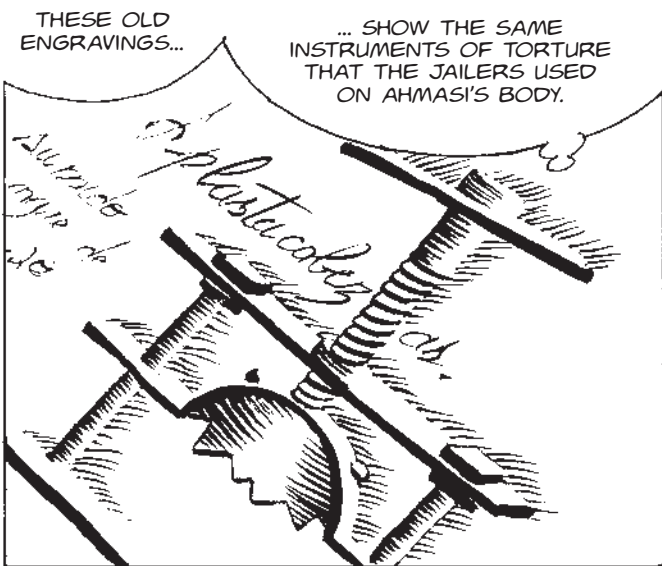
SO...



... SHE'S THE MOST DREADFUL WITCH I'VE EVER SEEN.

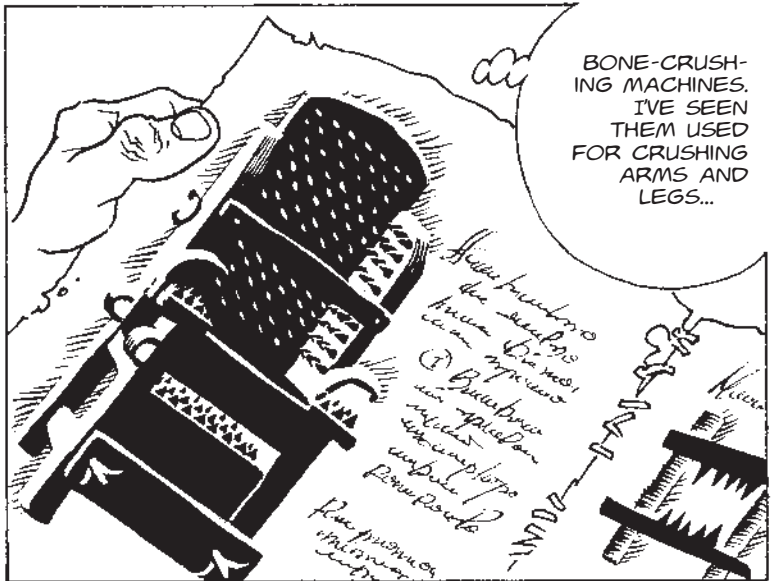
I'LL HAVE HER CONFESS ALL OF HER CRIMES.

TAKE HER TO JAIL!

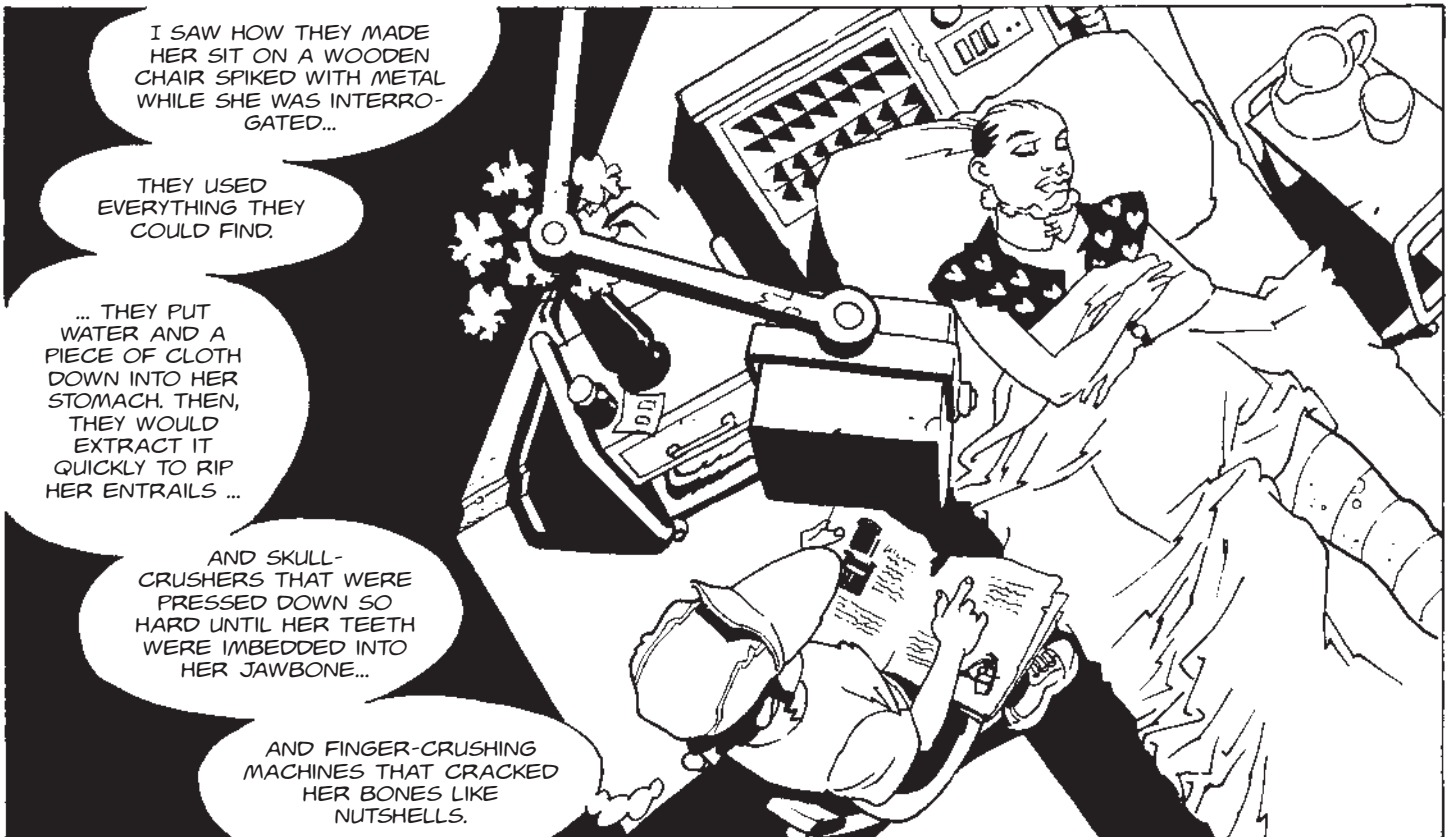


THESE OLD ENGRAVINGS...

... SHOW THE SAME INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE THAT THE JAILERS USED ON AHMASI'S BODY.



BONE-CRUSHING MACHINES. I'VE SEEN THEM USED FOR CRUSHING ARMS AND LEGS...



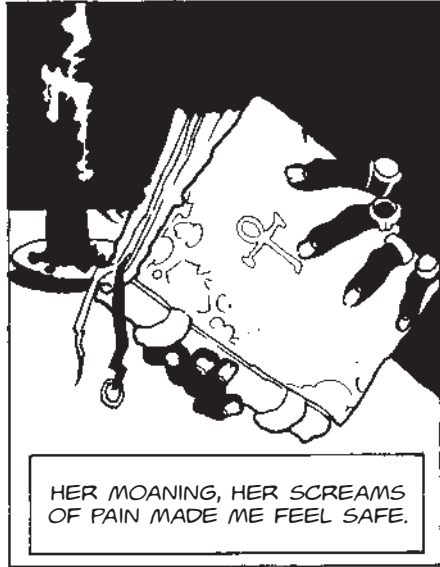
I SAW HOW THEY MADE HER SIT ON A WOODEN CHAIR SPIKED WITH METAL WHILE SHE WAS INTERROGATED...

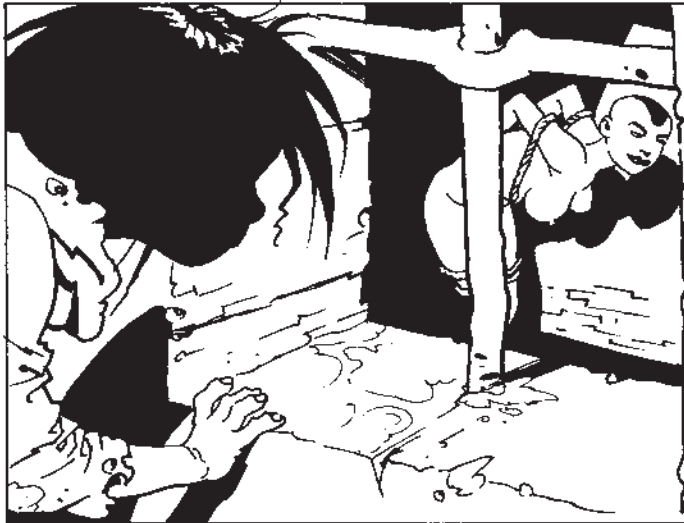
THEY USED EVERYTHING THEY COULD FIND.

... THEY PUT WATER AND A PIECE OF CLOTH DOWN INTO HER STOMACH. THEN, THEY WOULD EXTRACT IT QUICKLY TO RIP HER ENTRAILS ...

AND SKULL-CRUSHERS THAT WERE PRESSED DOWN SO HARD UNTIL HER TEETH WERE IMBEDDED INTO HER JAWBONE...

AND FINGER-CRUSHING MACHINES THAT CRACKED HER BONES LIKE NUTSHELLS.





WHETHER I'M A WITCH OR NOT, YOU CAN'T CRUSH ME LIKE YOUR OTHER VICTIMS, THOSE THAT YOU TORTURED EXACTLY LIKE YOU'RE TORTURING ME NOW, ENJOYING AS YOU WATCHED THEIR BODIES FALL APART.



AND DO YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY IT DOESN'T WORK ON ME?

WHY?



BECAUSE I'M IMMORTAL.

ONLY GOD, OUR FATHER, IS IMMORTAL.

IF YOU SET ME FREE, MAYBE I'LL SHARE THE SECRET OF IMMORTALITY WITH YOU.



WOULDN'T YOU LIKE BE A GOD?



AT THAT MOMENT I KNEW THAT AHMASI HAD WON AGAIN.

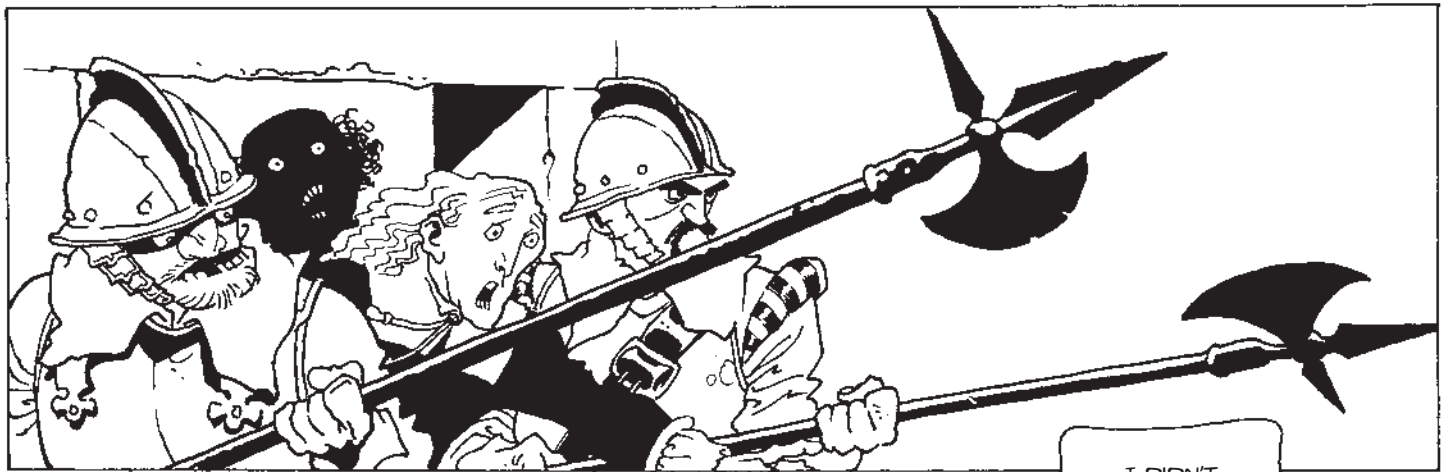
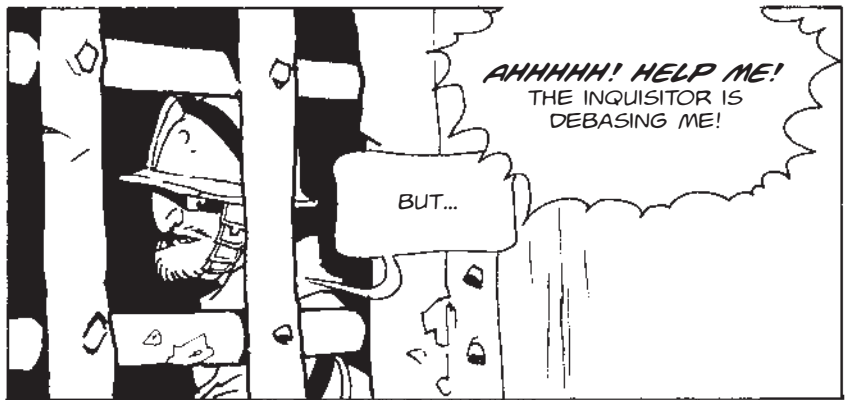
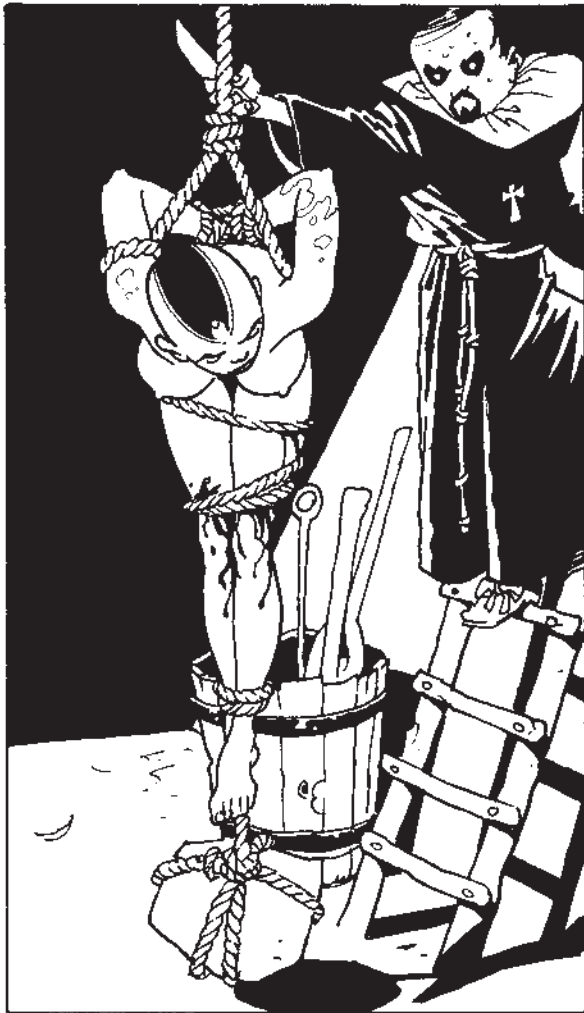


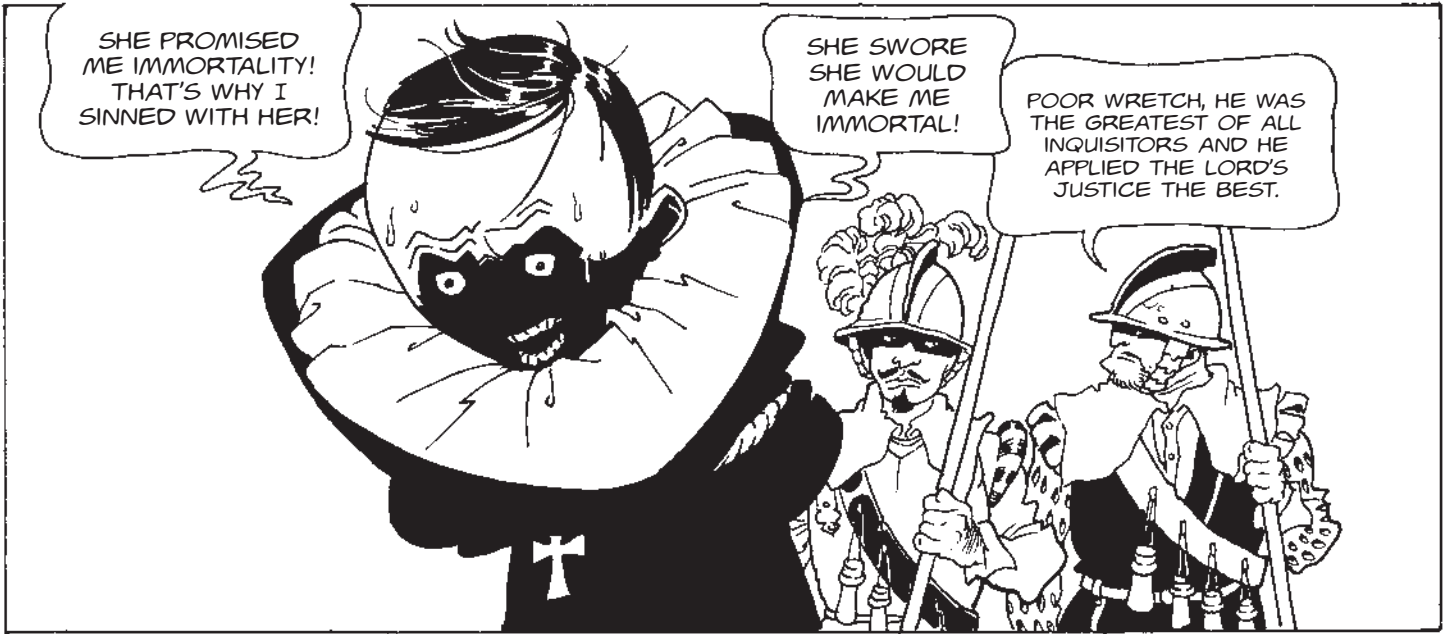
HUM... WHAT WOULD I HAVE TO DO?



TO BECOME IMMORTAL ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO MAKE LOVE WITH ANOTHER IMMORTAL.

OR DON'T YOU LIKE IT?

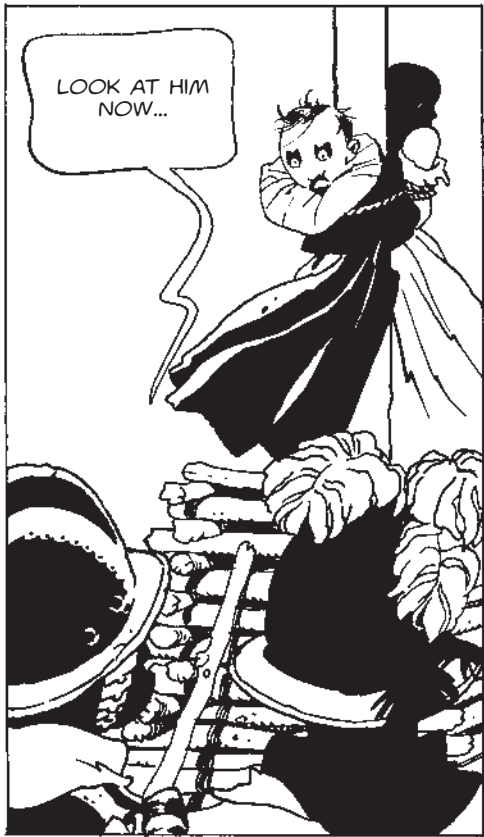




SHE PROMISED ME IMMORTALITY!
THAT'S WHY I SINNED WITH HER!

SHE SWORE SHE WOULD MAKE ME IMMORTAL!

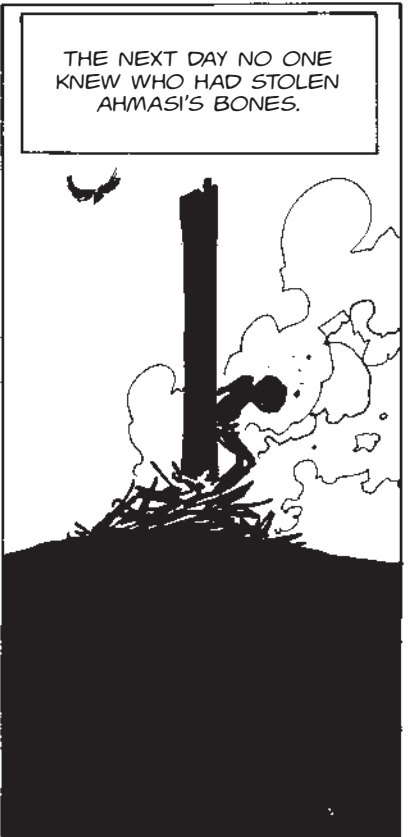
POOR WRETCH, HE WAS THE GREATEST OF ALL INQUISITORS AND HE APPLIED THE LORD'S JUSTICE THE BEST.



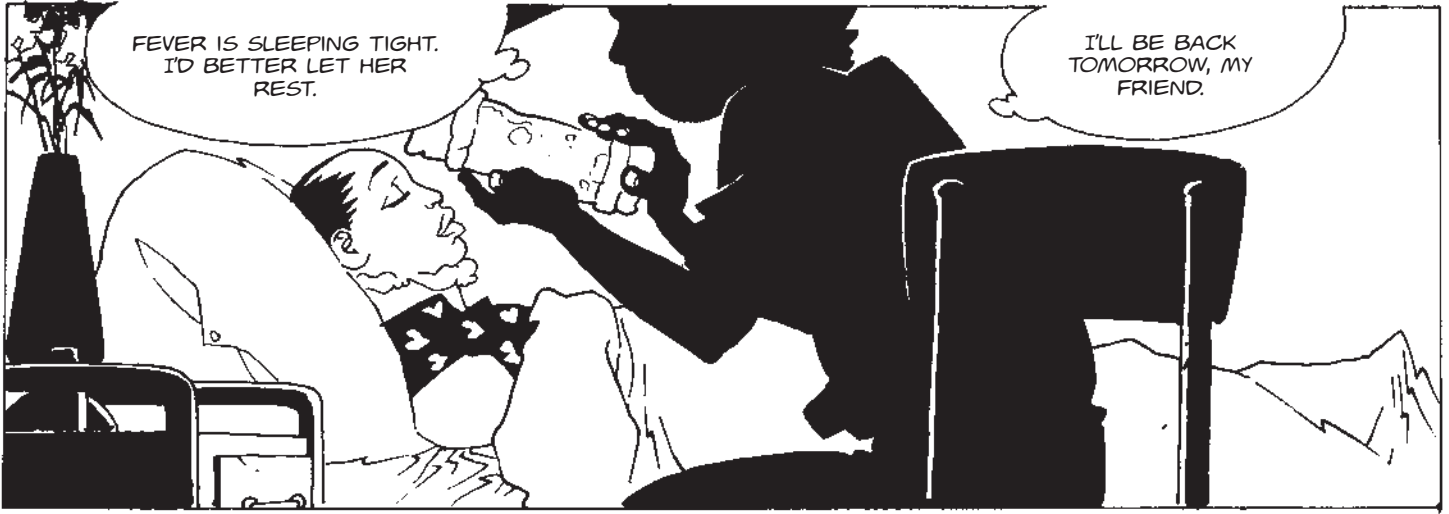
LOOK AT HIM NOW...



BURNING AT THE STAKE WITH THE WITCH WHO TURNED HIM TO SIN.

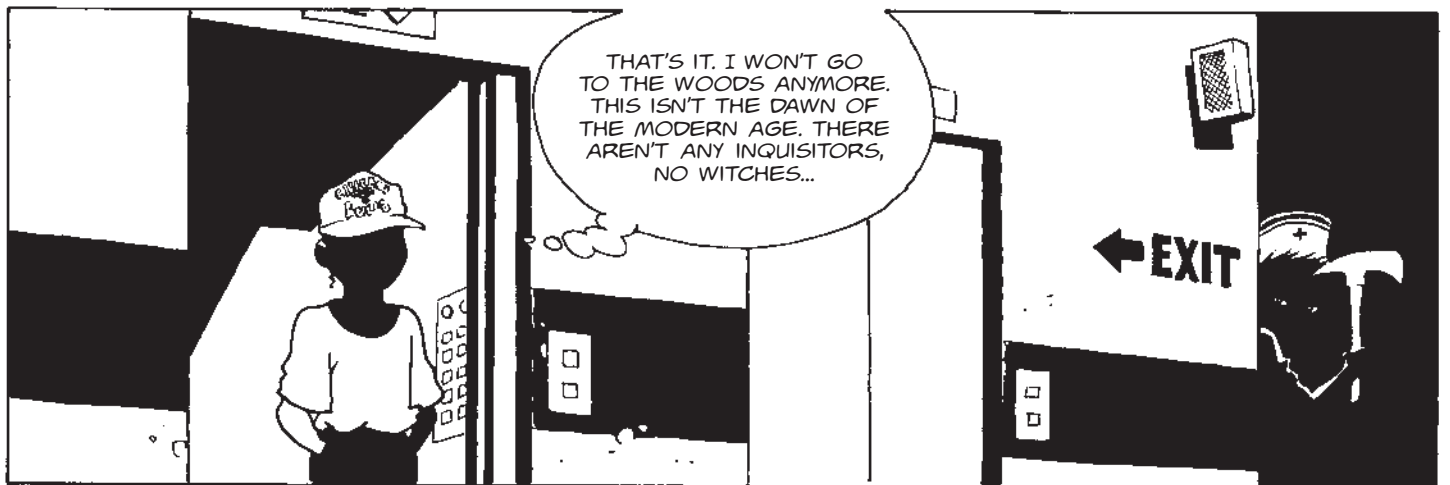
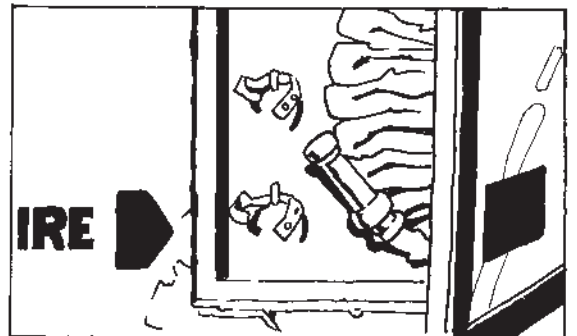
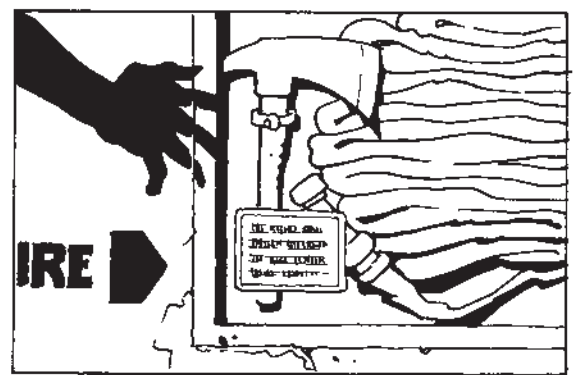


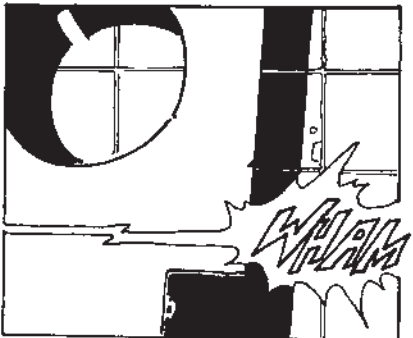
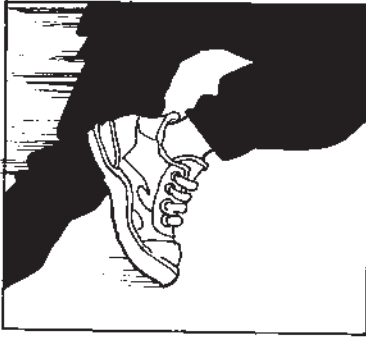
THE NEXT DAY NO ONE KNEW WHO HAD STOLEN AHMASI'S BONES.

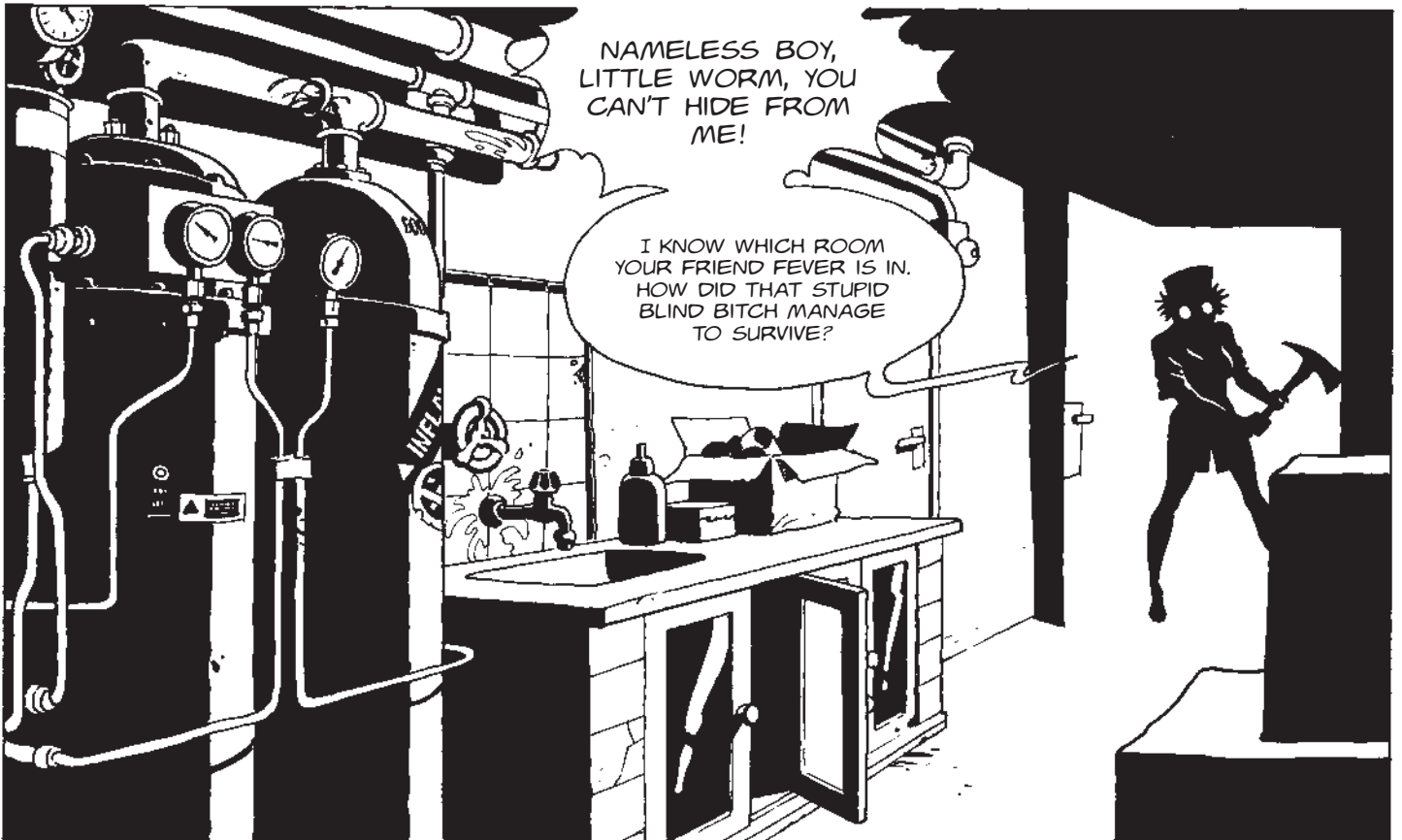
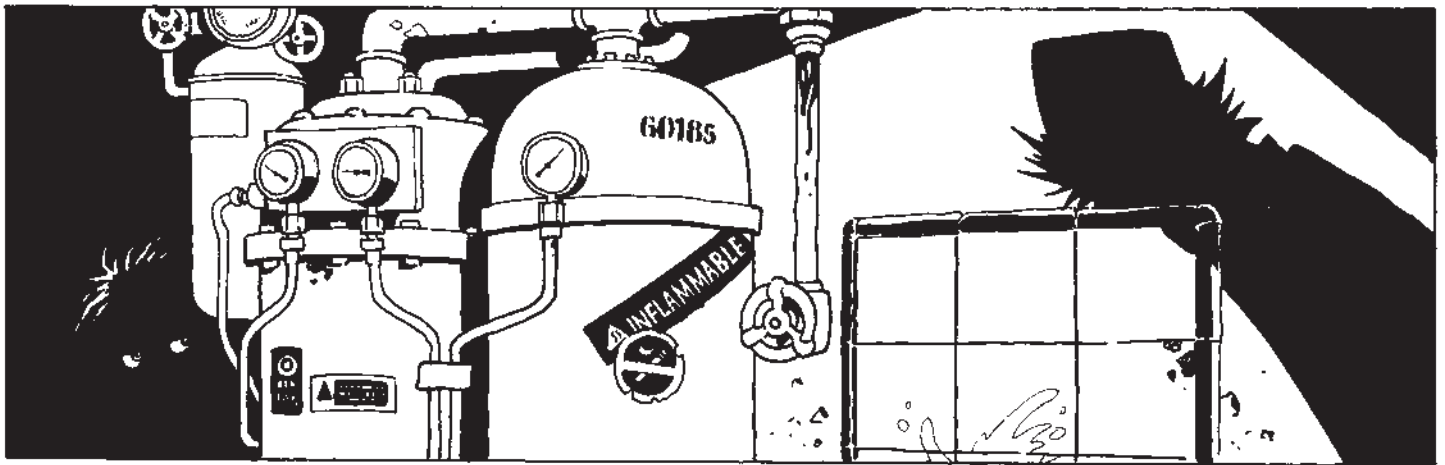
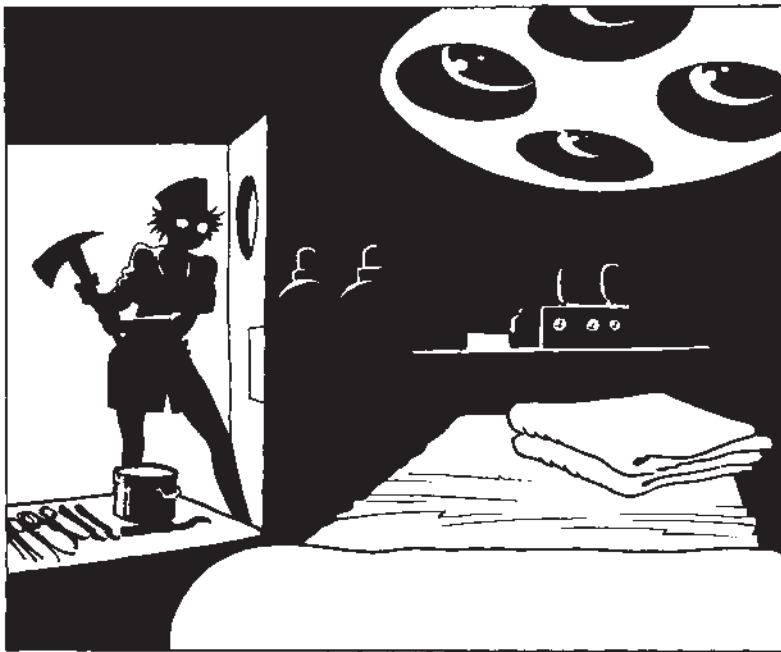


FEVER IS SLEEPING TIGHT. I'D BETTER LET HER REST.

I'LL BE BACK TOMORROW, MY FRIEND.







I'LL COUNT TO THREE.
IF YOU DON'T SHOW
UP, I'LL GO UP AND
KILL HER.

ONE...

... TWO...

... AND THR--

EMPLOYEES
ONLY

HERE I AM,
YOU SNAKE.

AT LAST, AT LAST, AT LAST!

AT LAST, I HAVE YOU IN
FRONT OF ME!

PREPARE TO DIE,
INSECT.



YOU'VE BEEN RUNNING FROM ME FOR CENTURIES, BUT NOW I'VE GOT YOU!

PUFF.

THIS TIME YOU WON'T GET AWAY!

PUFF.

I'LL MAKE SURE THAT YOU'RE BURIED UNDER A MOUNTAIN OR THROWN TO THE BOTTOM OF AN OCEAN IN A LEAD BARREL.

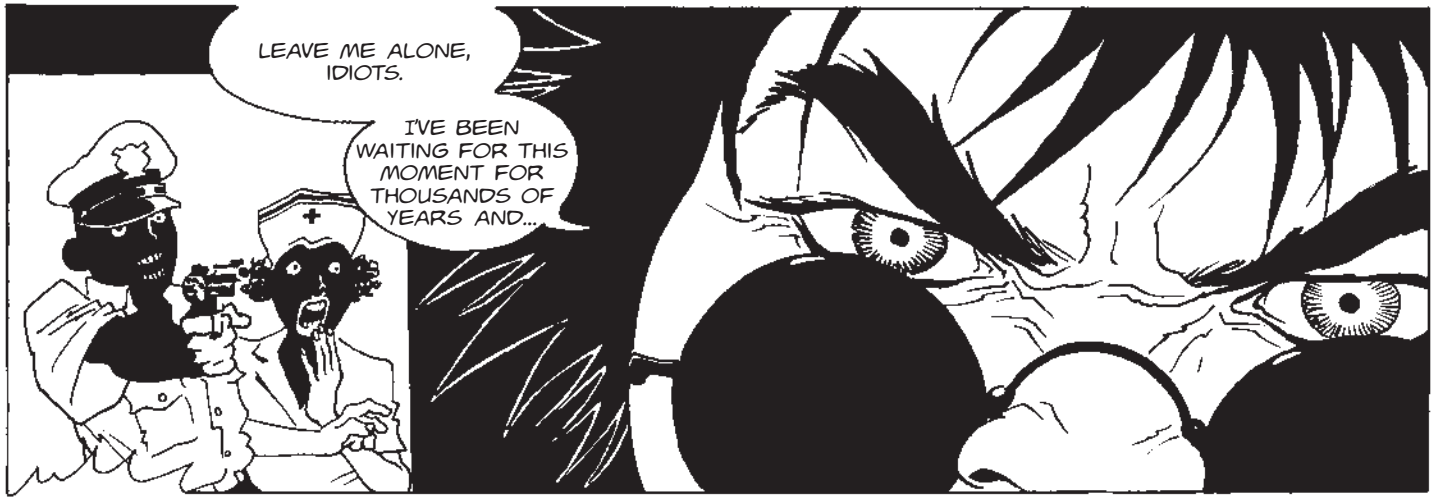
PUFF.

... SO THE SUN WILL NEVER BRING YOU TO LIFE AGAIN. EVER!

HANDS UP! LEAVE THE BOY ALONE!!

SHE'S CRAZY!

HEY, YOU! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



LEAVE ME ALONE, IDIOTS.

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS MOMENT FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS AND...



STOP!



AH!

THAT... THAT...



POK!



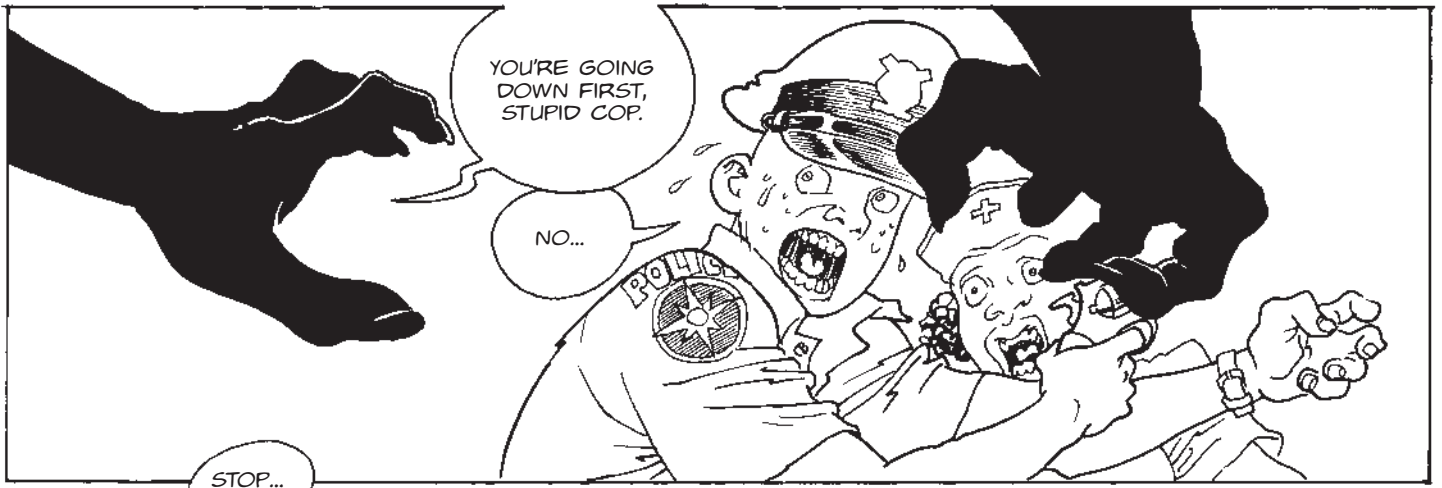
... HURT.

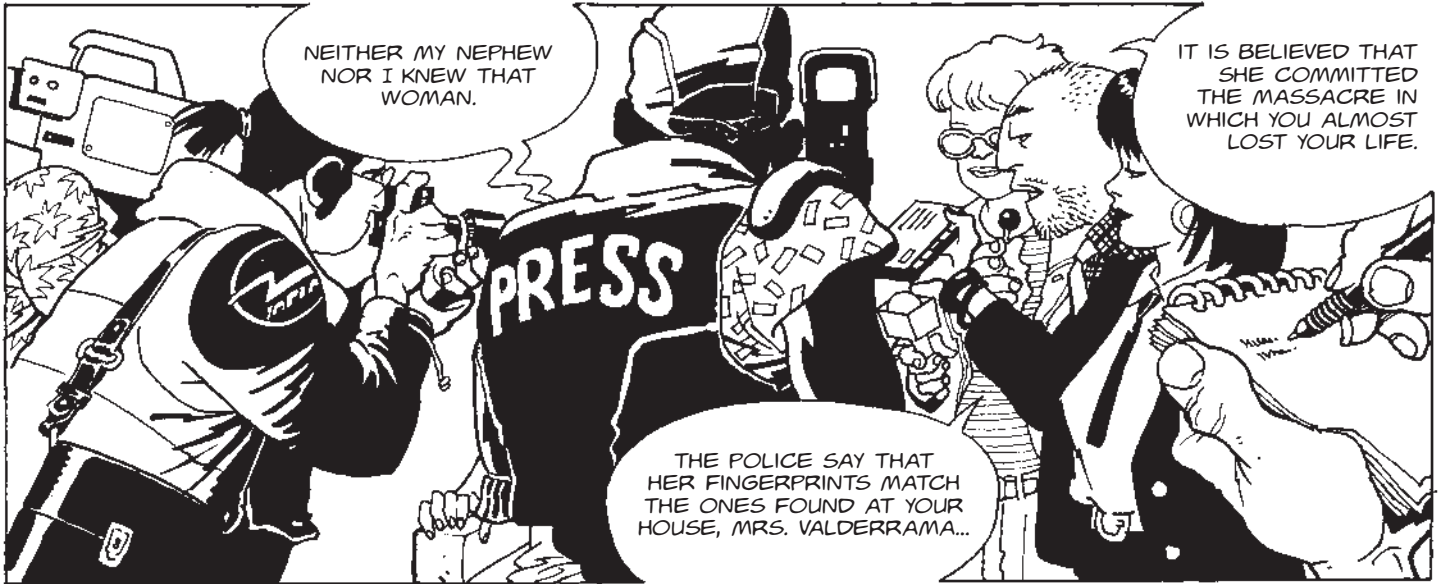
WHY DID YOU HAVE TO COME AND ANNOY ME, YOU MORTAL IDIOT?



NOW YOU'LL DIE AND FOREVER.

BUT... SHE DIDN'T FALL.

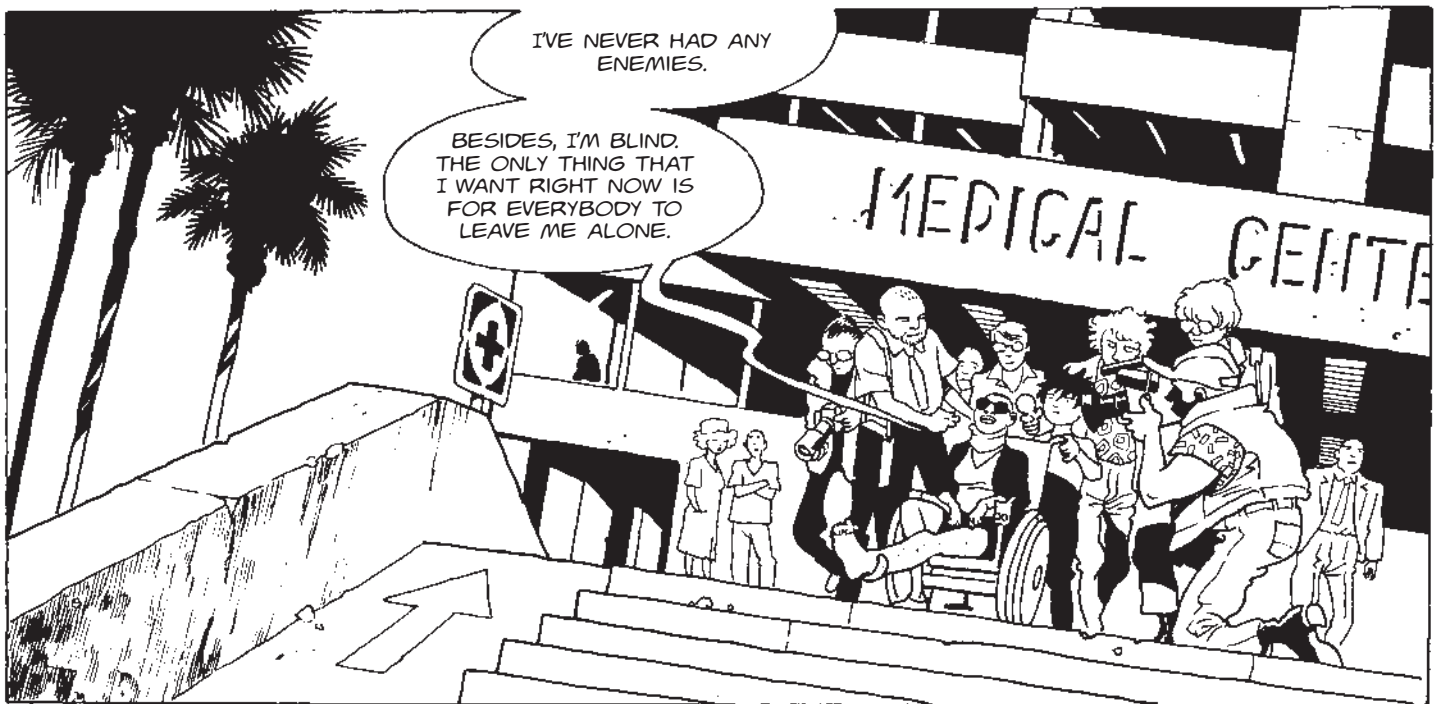




NEITHER MY NEPHEW NOR I KNEW THAT WOMAN.

IT IS BELIEVED THAT SHE COMMITTED THE MASSACRE IN WHICH YOU ALMOST LOST YOUR LIFE.

THE POLICE SAY THAT HER FINGERPRINTS MATCH THE ONES FOUND AT YOUR HOUSE, MRS. VALDERRAMA...



IVE NEVER HAD ANY ENEMIES.

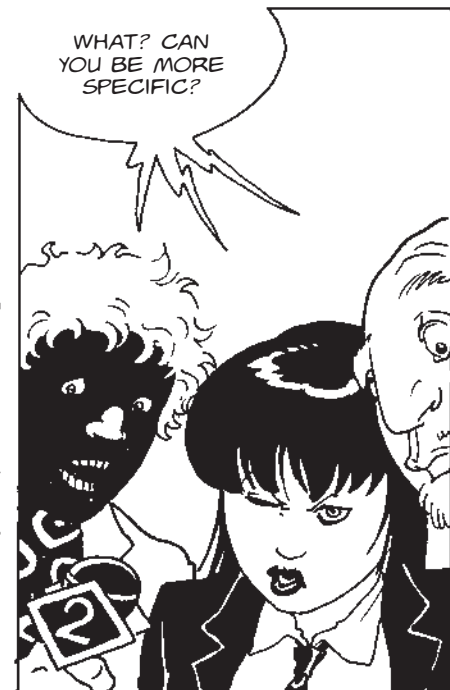
BESIDES, I'M BLIND. THE ONLY THING THAT I WANT RIGHT NOW IS FOR EVERYBODY TO LEAVE ME ALONE.



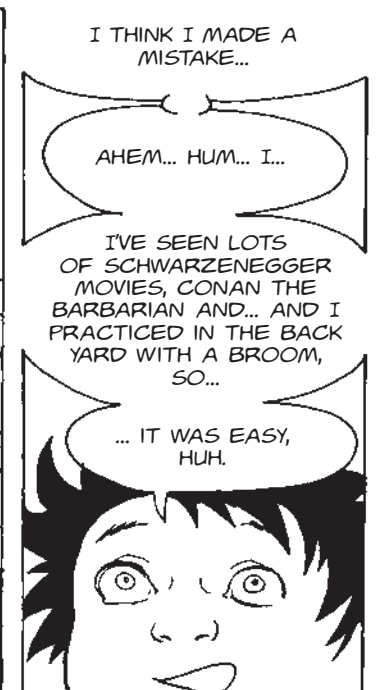
I HAVE A COUPLE OF QUESTIONS FOR THE LITTLE HERO. MAY I?

HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO GET THE AXE WHEN SHE WAS ABOUT TO KILL THE POLICEMAN?

HUM... THAT WAS EASY... I'M USED TO STUFF LIKE THIS.



WHAT? CAN YOU BE MORE SPECIFIC?

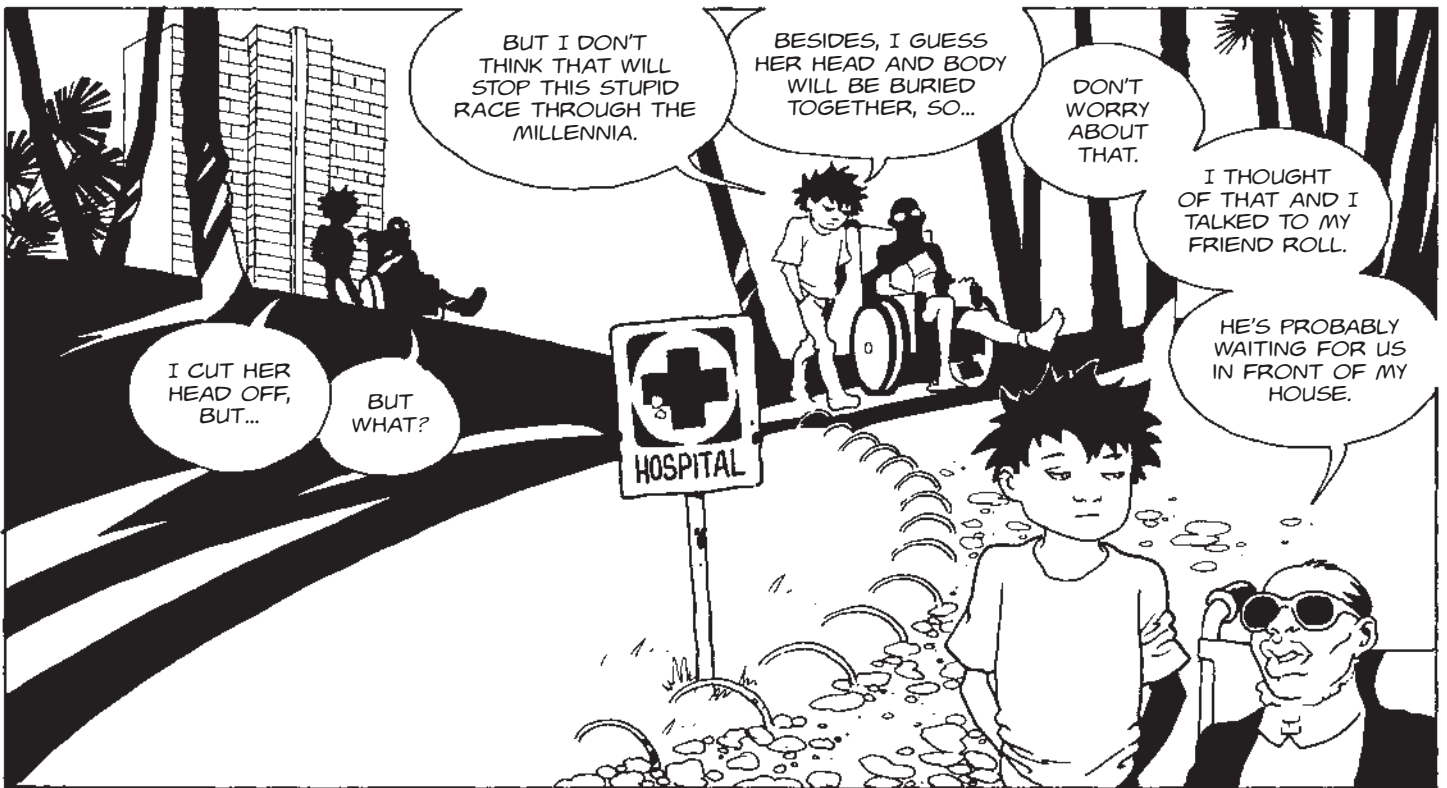


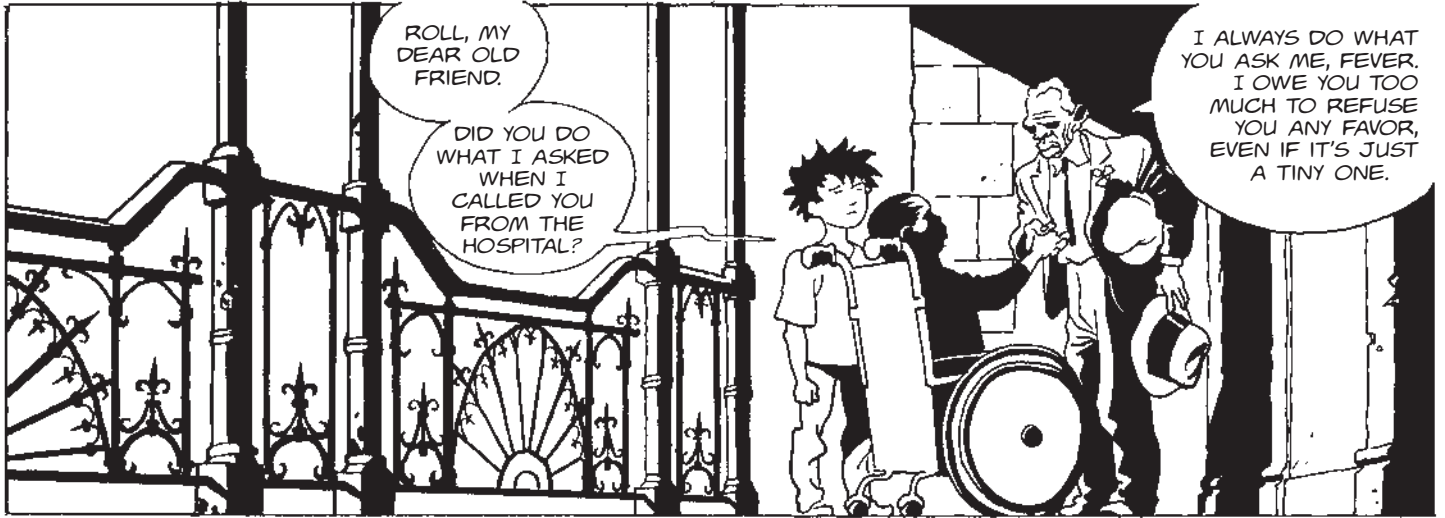
I THINK I MADE A MISTAKE...

AHEM... HUM... I...

IVE SEEN LOTS OF SCHWARZENEGGER MOVIES, CONAN THE BARBARIAN AND... AND I PRACTICED IN THE BACK YARD WITH A BROOM, SO...

... IT WAS EASY, HUH.





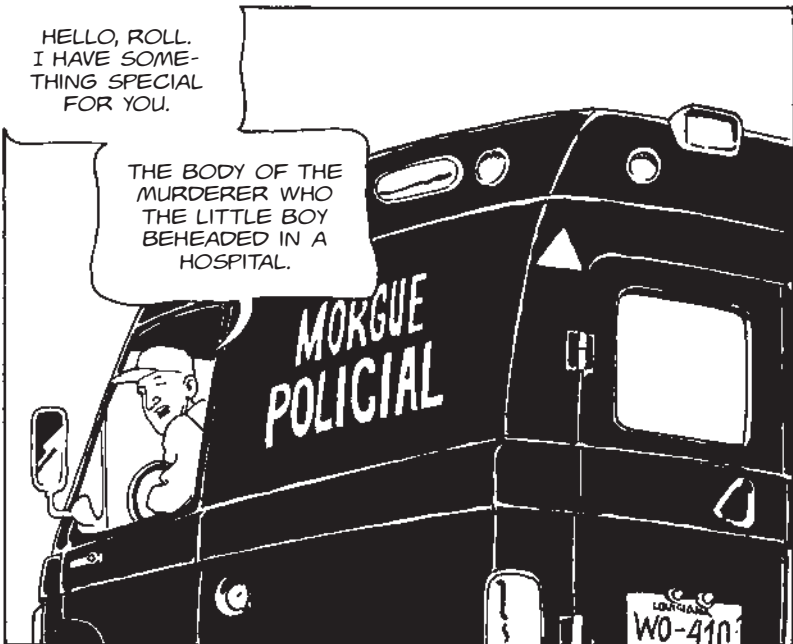
ROLL, MY DEAR OLD FRIEND.

DID YOU DO WHAT I ASKED WHEN I CALLED YOU FROM THE HOSPITAL?

I ALWAYS DO WHAT YOU ASK ME, FEVER. I OWE YOU TOO MUCH TO REFUSE YOU ANY FAVOR, EVEN IF IT'S JUST A TINY ONE.



RIGHT AFTER YOU PHONED ME, THE BLACK VAN FROM THE POLICE MORGUE ARRIVED.



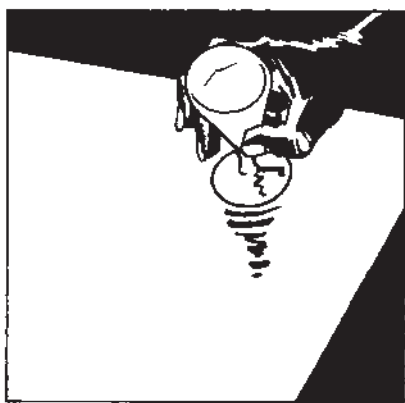
HELLO, ROLL. I HAVE SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR YOU.

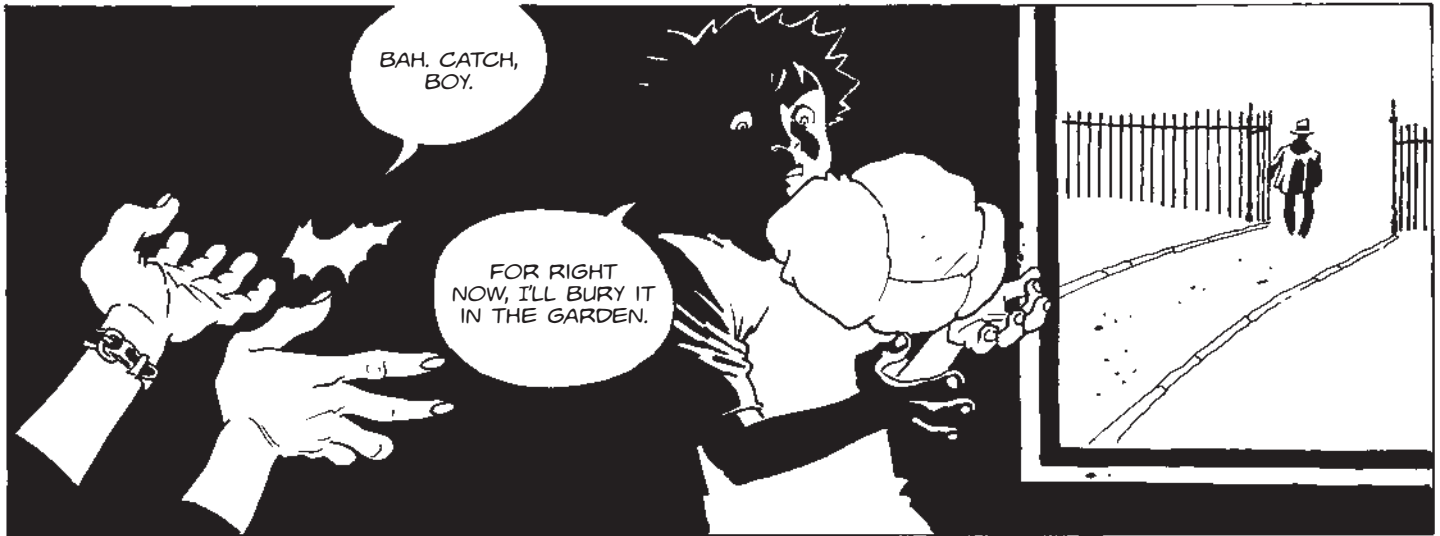
THE BODY OF THE MURDERER WHO THE LITTLE BOY BEHEADED IN A HOSPITAL.



WE DIDN'T KNOW WHERE TO PUT THE HEAD, SO I PUT IT IN THIS BAG, HA HA.

MAYBE YOU COULD PUT IT ON HER LAP WHEN YOU PUT THE BODY IN THE CASKET... LIKE IT WAS A CROWN.





BAH. CATCH, BOY.

FOR RIGHT NOW, I'LL BURY IT IN THE GARDEN.



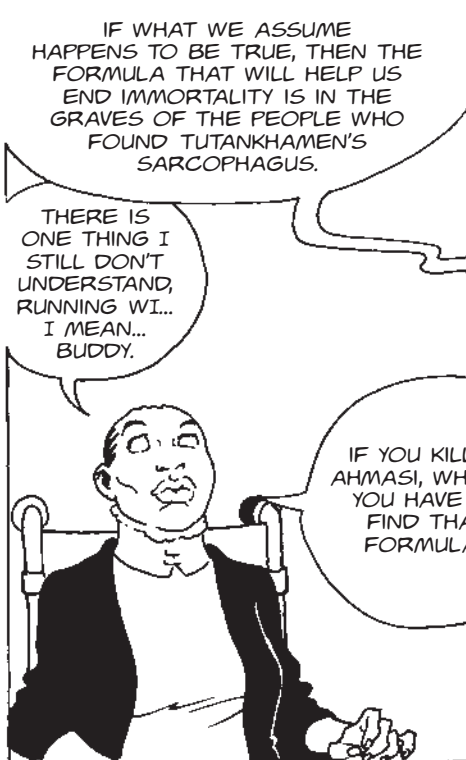
AFTER ALL THIS, YOU DON'T WANT TO LIVE HERE ANYMORE?

OUR FLIGHT LEAVES FOR LONDON TONIGHT.



LUCKILY YOU HAVE MANY FRIENDS HERE, FEVER.

THIS FAKE PASSPORT THAT YOU GOT FOR ME IN THE NAME OF BUDDY BOLDEN PROVES THAT I'M A NORMAL PERSON WHO CAN TRAVEL THE WORLD.



IF WHAT WE ASSUME HAPPENS TO BE TRUE, THEN THE FORMULA THAT WILL HELP US END IMMORTALITY IS IN THE GRAVES OF THE PEOPLE WHO FOUND TUTANKHAMEN'S SARCOPHAGUS.

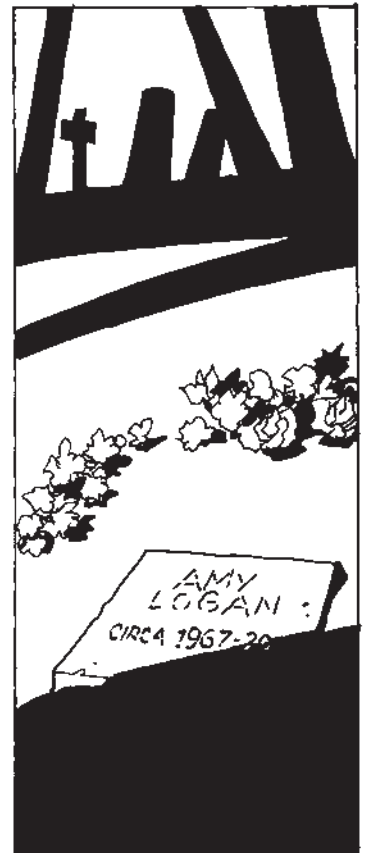
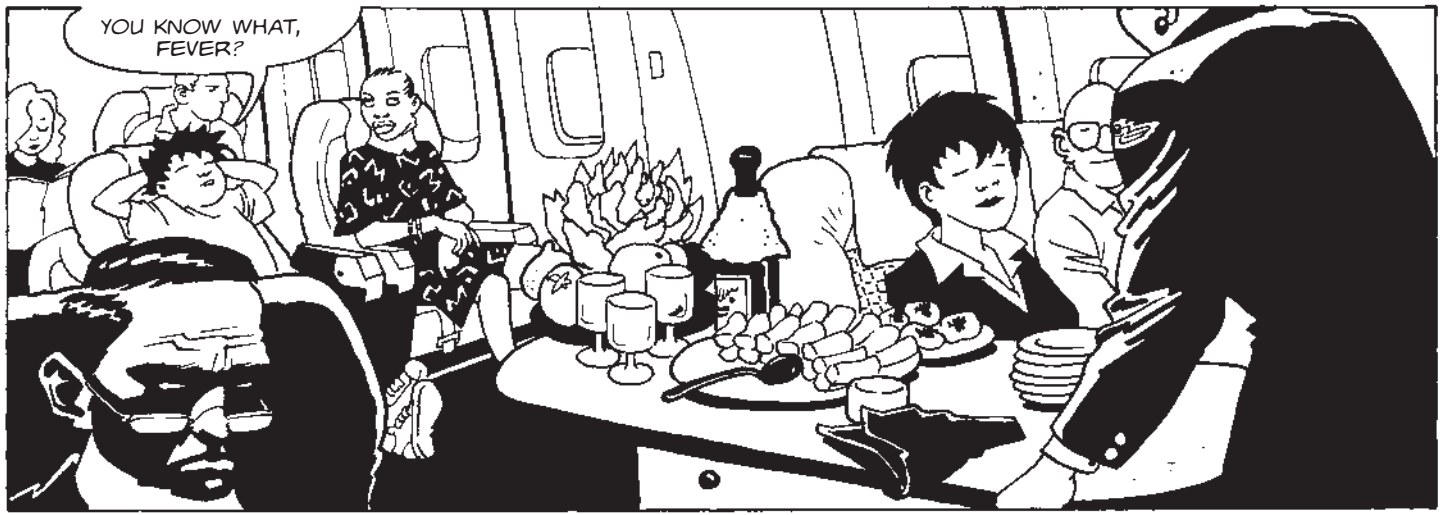
THERE IS ONE THING I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND, RUNNING WI... I MEAN... BUDDY.

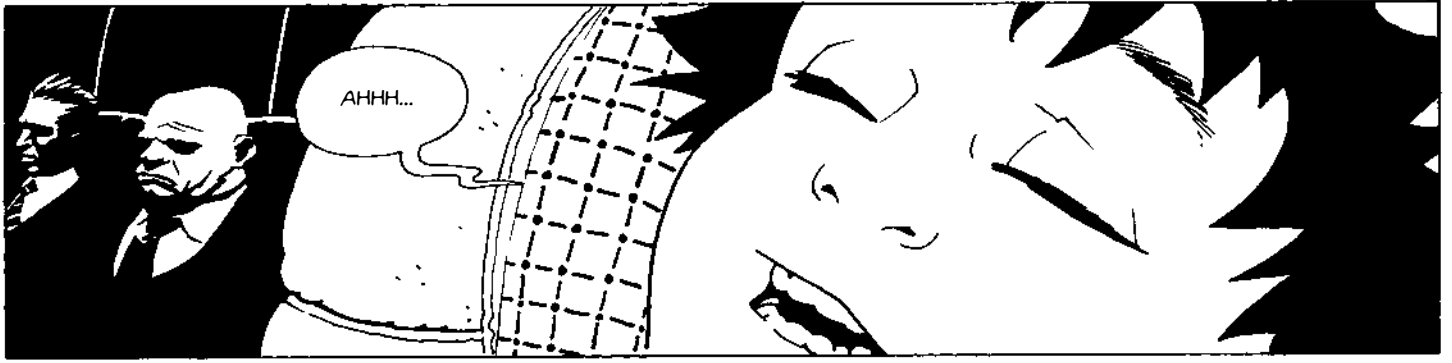
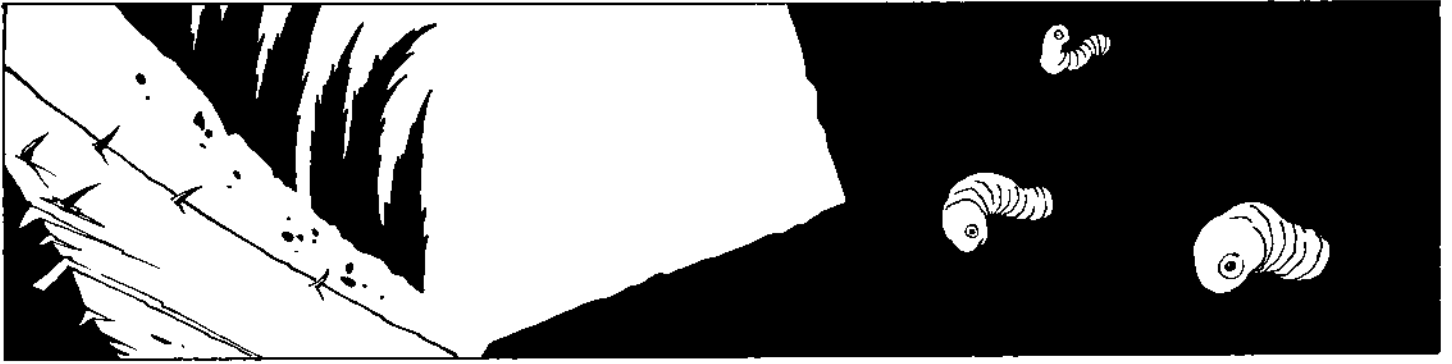
IF YOU KILLED AHMASI, WHY DO YOU HAVE TO FIND THAT FORMULA?



CAN'T YOU GUESS?







VAMPIRE BOY #2 - The Curse

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