



"OH, WE LABOUR IN THE VINEYARDS OF THE SEVEN,
WE ARE WORKERS IN THE SERVICE OF THE LIGHT!
WE DEDICATE OUR BODY'S STRENGTH TO HEAVEN!
OUR FREELY GIVEN TOIL TO WHAT IS RIGHT!"

"THE WORD IS ALL, THE TRUTH, THE WAY, THE FIRE
THAT POURS ITS BLESSED BOUNTY FROM ABOVE,
TO PURGE AWAY THE FOUL WEEDS OF DESIRE,
AND FILL THE EMPTY SPACE WITH GODLY LOVE!"

"OH WE WORK, WE WORK, WE WORK TO BUILD A GARDEN
IN THE BARREN, BLASTED WASTELAND OF MAN'S SOUL!
NEVER WEAKEN, NEVER FALTER, NEVER PARDON,
FOR THE SEVEN BLESS OUR TOOLS AND LAUD OUR GOAL!"

"WE WILL TAKE THE SCYTHE AND SWORD TO UNBELIEVERS,
WITH A MIGHT AND WILL THAT CANNOT BE WITHSTOOD!
AND WHEN WE DIE THE SEVEN WILL RECEIVE US..."

"...AT THE NEVER-ENDING
BANQUET OF THE GOODDDDDDD!"

THE ENEMY IS
VANQUISHED, SIR.

LOUD
HOSANNAS!

WAIT! ANOTHER
VESSEL HAS JUST
MATERIALIZED
SEVEN UNITS OUT.





ALL THIS HARDWARE ON MY ACCOUNT? I'M OVERWHELMED.

NOW DOES ANYONE HERE HAVE A WIBLEY QUARTER-WRENCH?

WHO ARE YOU?



I'M BARBARELLA.



AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN COMBAT ZONE 17? ANSWER ME.

MY NULL-D REGULATOR FAILED ME, AND I DROPPED INTO NORMAL SPACE TO FIND MYSELF IN A DEBRIS FIELD.

NONE OF THE WRECKAGE WAS ORGANIC, SO YOU WERE FIGHTING UNMANNED DRONES, BUT STILL...



...YOU GENTLEMEN APPEAR TO HAVE HAD YOURSELVES A TIME.

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED.



PREBEND GLAXIFAR. SEARCH THIS WOMAN'S SHIP FROM STEM TO STERN.

ITEMIZE ITS CONTENTS DOWN TO THE LAST DUST MOTE.



THERE'S REALLY
NO NEED FOR--
SCANNING,
SIR.



SHIP IS
CLEAN.
PROCEEDING TO FULL
BODY SCAN, IN THEIR
SEVENFOLD NAME.



NO WEAPONS
OR COMMS TECH,
CARRIED OR
EMBEDDED.

I'M NOT SURE I
APPRECIATE THIS
LEVEL OF SCRUTINY.

PING
PING PING

NO PROSCRIBED
ARTIFACTS OR--

PING!



OH THREE TIMES TWO
PLUS ONE! SIR, SHE'S
CARRYING CONTRABAND.

BIO-CONTRABAND!
SHE--SHE HAS A--



BELAY THAT
WORD, PREBEND.

BIO-CONTRABAND?
WHAT DOES THAT
EVEN--?

NOTIFY THE CONSISTORY
COURT. SCRAMBLE A
SHUTTLE. TAKE HER
PLANET-SIDE.

LET THE
GODS DECIDE
HER FATE!





LIGHT SHUTTLE ESPERANCE TO
GROUND DEFENSES. PLEASE
ALLOW FREE PASSAGE.

WE BRING A HARLOT
AND BIO-SMUGGLER
TO STAND TRIAL.



HARLOT? SMUGGLER? IF YOU'RE
SO SURE OF THE *OUTCOME*,
WHY BOTHER WITH A TRIAL?

PRaise THEIR NAMES
PRaise THEIR NAMES
PRaise THEIR NAMES
PRaise THEIR NAMES
I CAN'T HEAR
YOU HARLOT
PRaise THEIR NAMES
PRaise THEIR NAMES...

...THEIR NAMES PRAISE
THEIR NAMES PRAISE
THEIR NAMES...

YOU ARE CLEAR TO LAND,
ESPERANCE. SEVENFOLD
BLESSINGS, OVER.

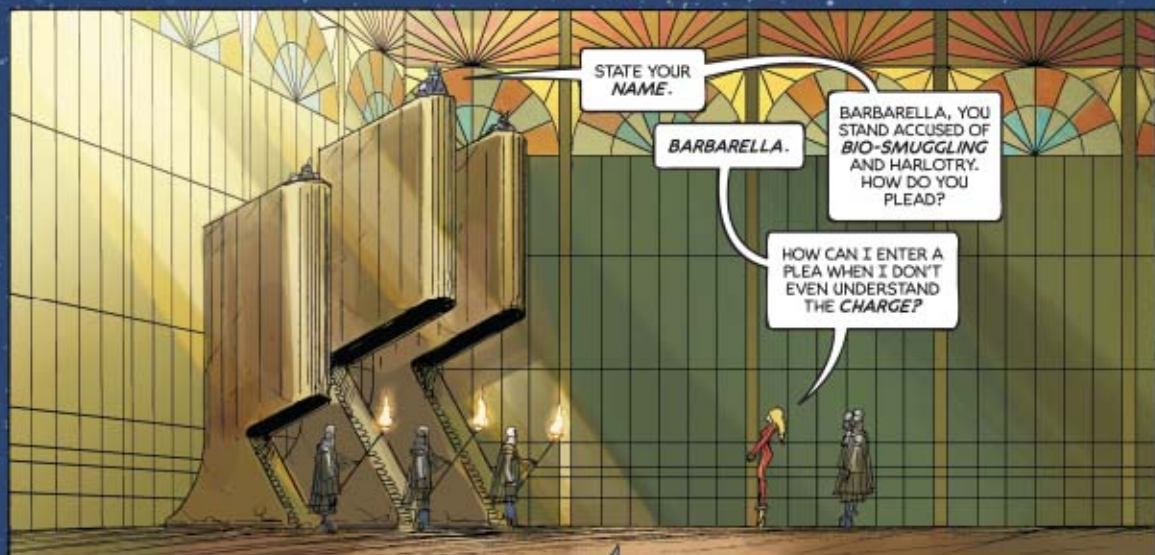


ONLY SEVEN
THOU PLACES

ONLY THE
WORD CAN
SET YOU
FREE

YOU BELONG
TO THE SEVEN.
DON'T MESS WITH
THEIR PROPERTY

WARFARE IS
PRAYER -
ENLIST IN THE
PAROSIAN ARMY



STATE YOUR NAME.

BARBARELLA.

BARBARELLA, YOU STAND ACCUSED OF **BIO-SMUGGLING** AND **HARLOTTRY**. HOW DO YOU PLEAD?

HOW CAN I ENTER A PLEA WHEN I DON'T EVEN UNDERSTAND THE **CHARGE**?



DEACON, HAVE YOU SUITABLE **AMMUNITION**?

A **SERMON**, HOLINESS?

NOT THAT. AN **EXPLANATION**. FOR THE LAITY, OF **COMMANDMENT 289-73**.



YES, HOLINESS.

Greetings. This holy missive is being beamed direct to your **sansorium** by conceptual rifle PTX-WF3-1G. Please **like** this content if it brings you grace and/or enlightenment.

Since desire is the foremost root of sin, and since the body's urges put the soul in peril, it has seemed pleasing to Mother Church to amend the body for the soul's sweet sake.

With the development of sex-cell harvesting and industrial capacity **nutri-wombs**, the act of physical love became obsolete.

Consequently, the removal of desire became a practical goal.



UFFF!



This was achieved by the removal of the organs that embody and channel desire. The rest of the human template, being holy and beautiful, remains unaltered.

The offending parts are edited out using painless genetic weave technology.

You may now enter a plea.

A--A PLEA? I HAVE A FULLY FUNCTIONAL VAGINA. THAT'S NOT A CRIME.

THE CRIME IS WHAT YOU DO TO YOUR OWN CITIZENS!

VERY WELL.. BY YOUR OWN **ADMISSION**, YOU HAVE ATTEMPTED TO SMUGGLE BIO-CONTRABAND ONTO THE HOLY GROUND OF **PAROSIA**.

A HEINOUS SIN WHICH ADMITS OF NO **DEFENCE** IN LAW.

MY BODY IS MY **OWN** CONCERN! NOT YOURS.

IT'S THE CONCERN OF THE **GODS**, AND OF ALL RIGHT-THINKING MEN.

I SENTENCE YOU TO FIFTY YEARS' **DETENTION**, WITHOUT REMISSION.

HOLINESS, WHAT OF THE HARLOT'S... UMM... **ANATOMY**?

HER ANATOMY? WHY, TAKE HER TO THE BODY LOOMS AND CONFISCATE IT!

AND THEN HAVE THE LOOM **OPERATOR** FAST AND PRAY FOR TWELVE HOURS.

I HAVE RIGHT OF FREE PASSAGE UNDER GALACTIC LAW. LET ME GO!

PRaise their names
PRaise their names
PRaise their names
PRaise...

SEVENFOLD BLESSING
SEVENFOLD BLESSING
SEVENFOLD BLESSING...



WHY IS THIS TAKING SO LONG?

I SELDOM HAVE TO WORK WITH ADULTS.

IT'S A CHALLENGE TO ERASE AND OVERWRITE FULLY DEVELOPED ORGANS WITHOUT DAMAGING THE SURROUNDING TISSUE.



SHE CAME TO ME BEAUTIFUL BUT FLAWED.

SHE LEAVES MY HAND PERFECT, WITHOUT BLEMISH.



THE TIME I TAKE IS JUSTIFIED BY THE RESULTS.

BEHOLD!



YOU KNOW I DIDN'T GIVE MY CONSENT TO THIS PROCEDURE?

YOUR CONSENT WAS NOT REQUIRED.

AND WHAT ARE THESE?

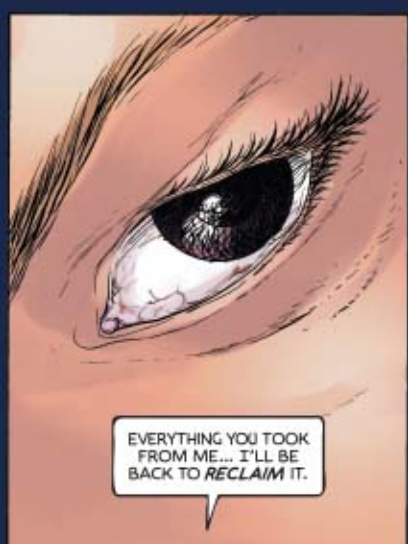
YOUR PRISON UNIFORM. THE LOOM WORKS ON ALL MOLECULES, NOT JUST ORGANIC ONES.



YOU'VE STOLEN PART OF MY BIRTHRIGHT!

REMADE MY BODY AGAINST MY WILL.

Barbarella HARLOT



EVERYTHING YOU TOOK FROM ME... I'LL BE BACK TO RECLAIM IT.





HO, NEW BLOODS! RIGHT WELCOME!

GOOD TO SEE YOU, NEW BLOODS!

LONG MAY YOU LABOR!



WHY ARE THEY SO HAPPY TO SEE US?

NEW INTAKE STARTS AT THE BOTTOM. HARD, DIRTY JOBS.

EVERYONE ELSE GETS BUMPED UP A NOTCH.



EQUIP YOURSELVES WITH GOGGLES, GLOVES, BOOTS, AND A SET OF KNIVES.

OUR WORK INVOLVES CUTTING, THEN?

YOUR WORK INVOLVES MANY THINGS.



SHOULD WE PRAY, DO YOU THINK?

MAKE IT A SHORT ONE.

ANYONE WHO'S LATE ON THE SHIFT CHANGE WILL GET A FLOGGING.



BLESSED SEVEN, PUNISH ME FOR MY SINS OF LOOSE AND SPITEFUL TALK. BREAK ME, THAT YOU MAY MEND ME AGAIN. AMEN.

THAT'S NOT A HEALTHY ATTITUDE.

NO. BUT YOU'LL SEE IT A LOT. THE CHURCH SHAPES THESE PEOPLE FROM THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE.



YOUR TIME
IS UP.

YOU MUST
REPORT FOR
WORK.



TANNING?

LEATHER JACKETS, FOR
OFF-WORLD EXPORT.
PAROSIA NEEDS THE
XENO-DOLLARS.

OF
COURSE.



YOUR FIRST SHIFT
IS FINISHED.

YOU HAVE TWENTY MINUTES
TO INGEST **FOOD** AND EXPEL
BODILY WASTE.



WE ARE
INGESTING
THE **FOOD**,
RIGHT?

NOT THAT
EASY TO
TELL.

MORTIFICATION OF THE
FLESH LIFTS THE **SOUL**
TOWARDS HEAVEN.



FOR THE NEXT THREE CYCLES
YOU WILL DIG DITCHES AND
FILL THEM IN AGAIN, AS AN
AID TO CONTEMPLATION.

YOU MAY SING HYMNS
IF YOU WISH.



OH WE LABOR IN
THE VINEYARDS
OF THE SEVEN...

DON'T MAKE
ME **KILL** YOU,
LITTLE ONE.