

THE MIDDLE AGES



AND SO HE GOES...



HOW ART THOU, MY LADY?

BROKEN. BUT CONTENT. WHAT IS IT THEY SAY? "TIS BETTER TO HAVE LOVED AND LOST..."

WHILE MY DEALINGS WITH SIR ASHLEY WERE CERTAINLY OF A LESS...*ROMANTIC* VARIETY, I CAN NO MORE DENY HIS EFFECT ON ME THAN YOU OR ANYONE ELSE WITHIN THESE WALLS.

AYE. BY HIS *CURIOUS* HAND, WE WERE ABLE TO VANQUISH THE DEADITE ARMY...



BUT THERE ARE OTHER EVILS IN THIS WORLD-- EVILS *NOW* EMBOLDENED BY THE NECRONOMICON'S INFLUENCE.

IF WE ARE TO SURVIVE, WE MUST BE PREPARED!

AND HOW DO WE DO THAT, MY LORD? ASH'S WAS A UNIQUE SOUL, WITH A SPIRIT ALL HIS OWN. THERE ARE NO MEN LIKE HIM.

NOT YET. BUT WITH YOUR HELP, WE WILL RAISE A BATTALION, AND ARM THEM WITH THE KNOWLEDGE AND THE STEEL OF THE PROMISED ONE--



QUITE LITERALLY.



GOD'S NAME... AN ARMY OF ASHES?

INDEED, MY LADY...

WILL YOU LEAD THEM?



1432 AD.

THE PROPHECIES HAVE TAUGHT US THAT THE PROMISED ONE *WILL* RETURN, BUT UNTIL THEN, WE MUST MAKE OUR OWN STAND AGAINST THE DARKNESS.



1610 AD.

HELL IS EMPTY--

AND THE DEVILS ARE HERE!



1692 AD.

KLAATU... VERADA... WAIT, DOES ANYONE REMEMBER THE FINAL WORD?!





1776 AD.



1888 AD.



1942 AD.





TODAY. ALAN SHEPARD HIGH.

...A CLANDESTINE ORDER OF HIGHLY-SKILLED MEN AND WOMEN DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF EVIL IN ALL ITS SUPERNATURAL FORMS, BUT MOST ESPECIALLY THOSE RELATED TO THE *NECRONOMICON EX MORTIS*--THE BOOK OF THE DEAD.

THAT'S WHO WE ARE.

THERE. ANSWERED YOUR QUESTION BEFORE YOU HAD TO ASK.

NOW WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

OH, I'LL TELL YOU WHO I AM, LADY!

I'M THE GUY--

IT'S ALMOST SUNRISE, **COMMANDER**. NECROMANTIC ENERGY'S DROPPING TO **STANDARD BACKGROUND LEVELS**.

HEY, I WAS--

PERIMETER'S SECURE. NO SIGN OF THE BOOK, MA'AM.

"NO SIGN?" WHAT DO YOU--

LOCAL NEWS HAS ALREADY BEEN ALERTED. WE GAVE 'EM THE *GAS LEAK* STORY AGAIN.





NOW HOLD ON JUST A DAMN MINUTE--

SIR, YOU NEED TO DROP YOUR--YOUR WEAPON...

JUST ANSWER THE COMMANDER'S QUESTIONS, SIR!



THE HELL I WILL.

IN FACT, THE ONLY QUESTION ANYBODY NEEDS TO BE ASKING IS HOW FAST CAN WE GET OUTTA THIS PLACE BEFORE SOME CHALKBOARD COMES TO LIFE AND TRIES TO EAT OUR SOULS.



COMMANDER DIGGES, HIS HAND.

I SEE IT, CORPORAL.

NOW, I REALIZE YOU'VE ALL BEEN THROUGH QUITE AN ORDEAL THIS EVENING, BUT OUR SENSORS SHOW THAT THE INFLUENCE OF THE NECRONOMICON IS FADING--



YEAH, RIGHT THERE, YOU'RE GONNA WANT TO HIT THE PAUSE BUTTON, SISTER...

I ALREADY KNOW ALL ABOUT THE DAMN BOOK.

HOW THE HELL DO YOU?



THAT'S... NOT IMPORTANT.

WHAT HAPPENED HERE TONIGHT IS OVER. MY MEDICAL TEAM WILL CHECK EACH OF YOU OUT, AND THEN WE CAN SEND YOU HOME. YOU WON'T EVER HAVE TO THINK ABOUT THIS AGAIN.

IT'LL BE LIKE IT WAS ALL A BAD DREAM.



GOT SOME SOUR NEWS FOR YOU, RAMBO--