
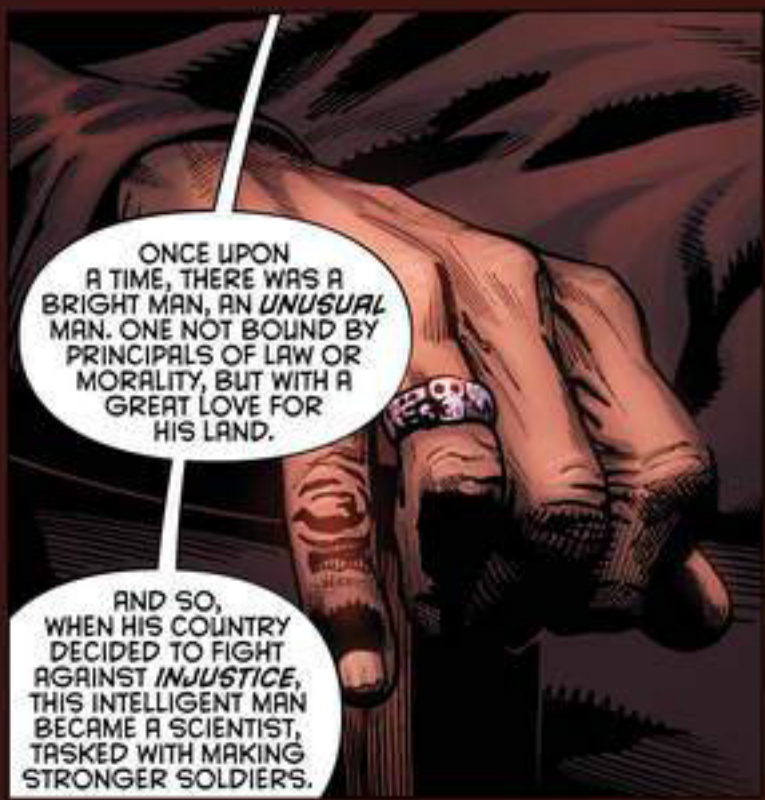


"ONCE UPON A TIME..."




YES. THAT IS THE PERFECT PLACE TO START, ISN'T IT? *ONCE* IN A MOMENT OF TIME? A SINGLE POINT ON THE INFINITE LINE.




ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WAS A BRIGHT MAN, AN *UNUSUAL* MAN. ONE NOT BOUND BY PRINCIPALS OF LAW OR MORALITY, BUT WITH A GREAT LOVE FOR HIS LAND.

AND SO, WHEN HIS COUNTRY DECIDED TO FIGHT AGAINST *INJUSTICE*, THIS INTELLIGENT MAN BECAME A SCIENTIST, TASKED WITH MAKING STRONGER SOLDIERS.



AND THE SCIENTIST MADE BETTER MEN. *UNKILLABLE*. MEN WHOSE SNORTING THREW OUT FLASHES OF LIGHT. WHOSE EYES WERE LIKE THE RAYS OF DAWN.

BUT THEY WERE NOT ENOUGH. THE FORCES OF INJUSTICE WERE TOO STRONG, BURSTING AS THEY WERE WITH IDIOT IDEALS AND IGNORANCE. THE WAR WAS LOST.



THE SCIENTIST, HOWEVER, WAS NOT. A UNION OF FRIGHTENED MEN ASKED HIM TO PROTECT THEM FROM THESE "*SUPERMEN*," WHO WERE NOW OVERFLOWING FROM LABS ACROSS THE WORLD. TO KILL THEM.

MAKE THEM. MURDER THEM. ANOTHER POINT ON THE LINE. A REVERSAL. SPINNING AROUND ITSELF LIKE A VORTEX.



AND SO THE SCIENTIST CREATED AN EVER-EXPANDING WEB CALLED *SPYRAL*...

"...AND ENSNARED  
GODS IN ITS STICKY  
THREADS."

NEAR SPANDAU, GERMANY. NOW.

C'MON,  
ROBO-SPIDERS!  
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD OF  
ME? I'M **LADYTRON!**  
I'M ONE OF YOU! SAVE  
IT FOR THE FLESHIES!  
WHERE'S YOUR  
**CYBER-DARITY?**

HEY, TIGER!  
Nhh! AREN'T THESE  
SPYRAL-ISSUE  
SECURITY  
DRONES?

Ah, SO YOU  
HAVE DONE MORE  
THAN SIMPLY CHASE  
SHORT SKIRTS,  
AGENT 37. YES. THEY  
ARE. WHICH BEGS  
THE QUESTION...

# A GHOST FROM THE TOMB PART 2

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"...WHY THE HELL ARE THEY ATTACKING US?"

Hm. THESE INTRUDERS INTERRUPTED MY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. GRIEVOUS. SECURITY?

HOW MAY I HELP YOU TODAY, MISS NETZ?

CAN YOU PROVIDE ME WITH SOME AUDIO? PIPE IN THE SOUND COMING FROM MY LAB.

SCREAMS MAKE SUCH AN EXCELLENT SOUNDTRACK FOR WALKING.

KANN ICH IHNEN NOCH ETWAS?

JUST THE CHECK.

I'VE DONE MY GOOD MIDNIGHTER DEED FOR THE DAY. WHAT'S THE BEST BAR IN TOWN?