



DYLAN  
DOG

ZED

BONELLI  
COMICS

Slavi  
Brindisi

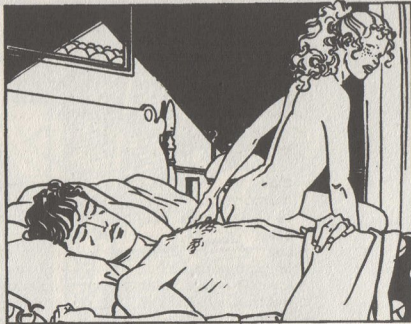
# DYLAN DOG

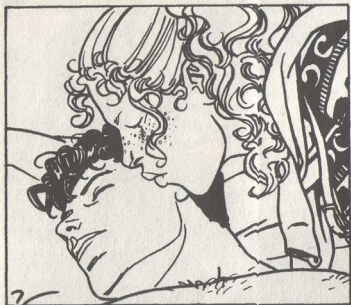
## Zed

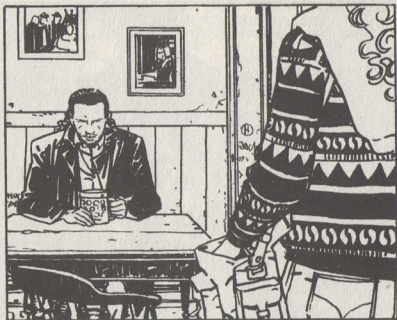



# ZED

SCLAVI & BRINDISI










STAY RIGHT  
BEHIND ME. DON'T  
LET ME OUT OF  
YOUR SIGHT...

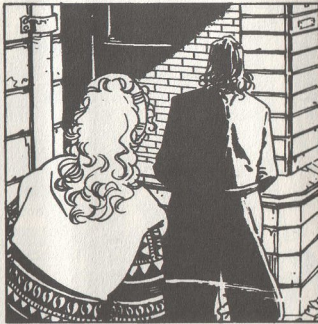
PFT! YOU AFRAID I'LL  
GET LOST? I KNOW THIS  
PLACE LIKE THE BACK  
OF MY HAND.



HEY, I'M IN CHARGE  
HERE. SHUT UP AND DO  
WHAT I TELL YOU.



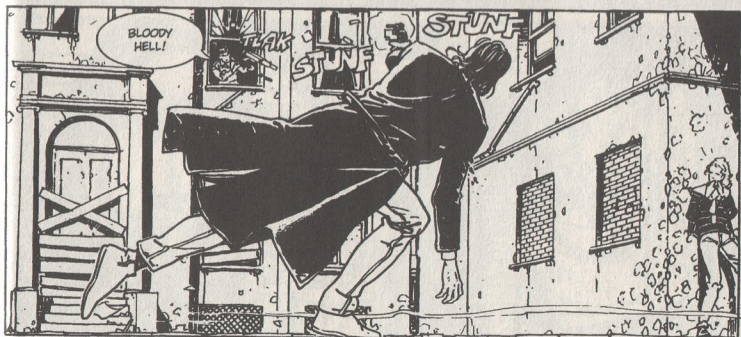
O-O-KAY,  
SCOUT...



KEEP YOUR  
EYES OPEN.











SCOUT!  
ARE YOU  
OKAY?!



YOU SAID  
THERE'D BE NO  
VIOLENCE!

NO, I SAID NO ONE WOULD GET KILLED.  
I SHOT ONE IN THE SHOULDER  
AND HIT THE OTHER  
GUY'S GUN.



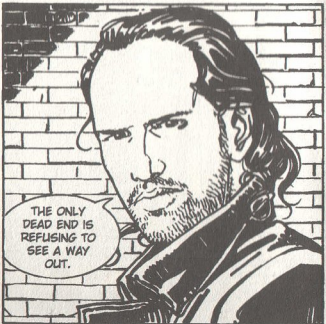
THEY WON'T BOTHER US FROM HERE ON.  
THOSE GUARDS ARE A JOKE. I  
REMEMBER WHEN THERE WAS  
A WHOLE ARMY DEFENDING  
THAT SQUARE.



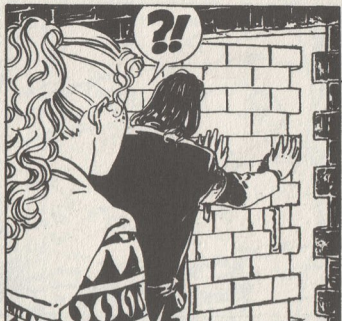
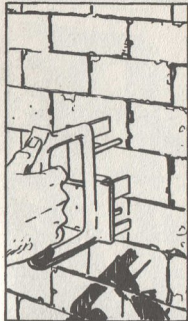
WHAT?!

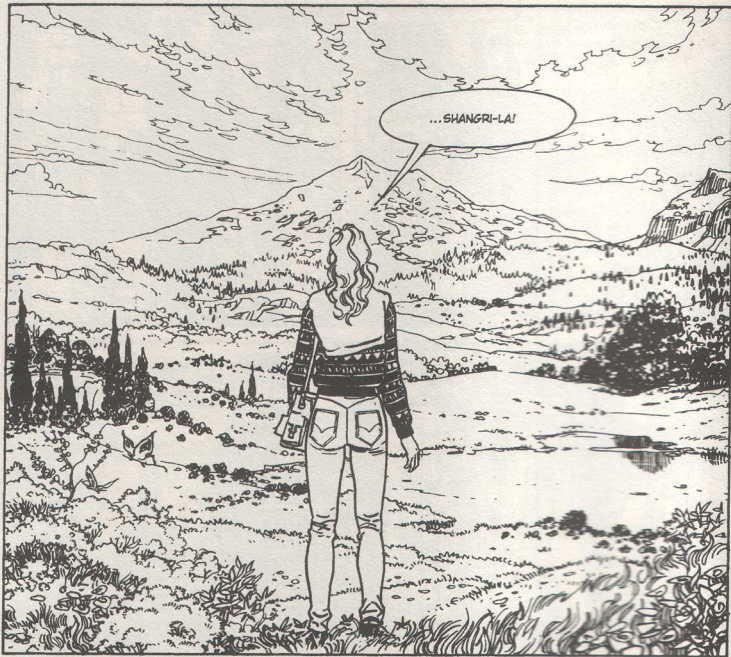


THIS IS A  
DEAD END  
STREET!

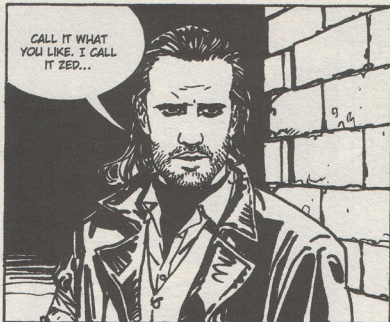


THE ONLY  
DEAD END IS  
REFUSING TO  
SEE A WAY  
OUT.





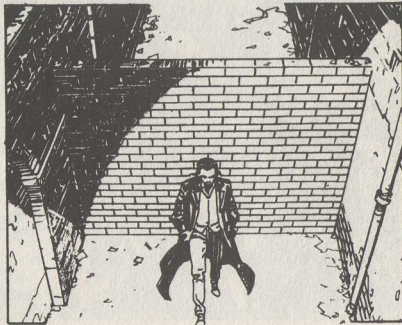
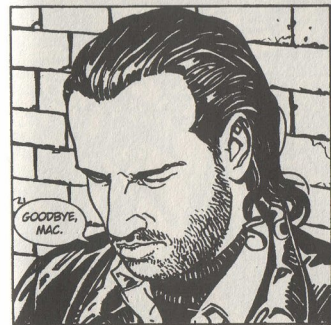
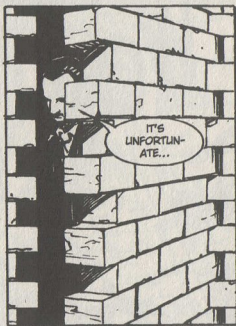
...SHANGRI-LA!

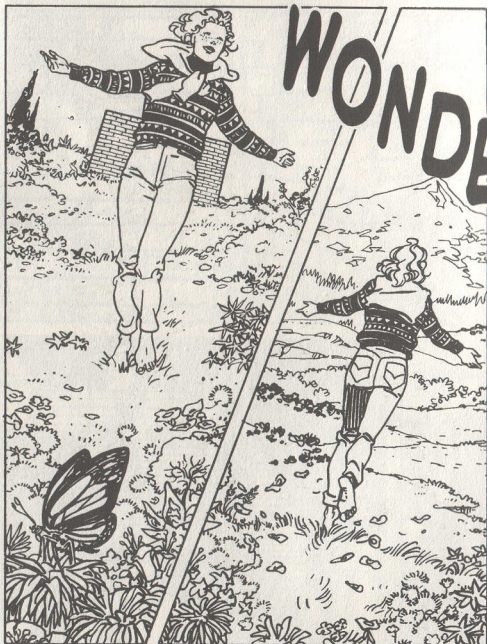
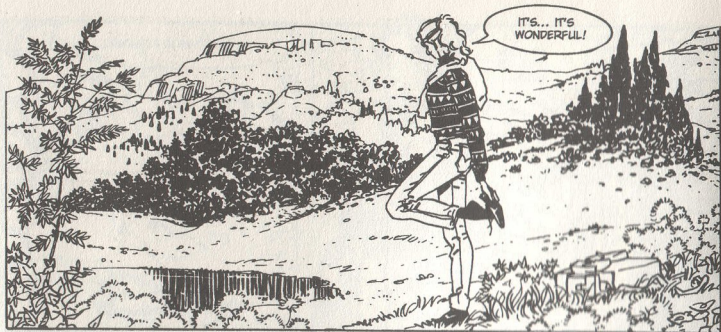


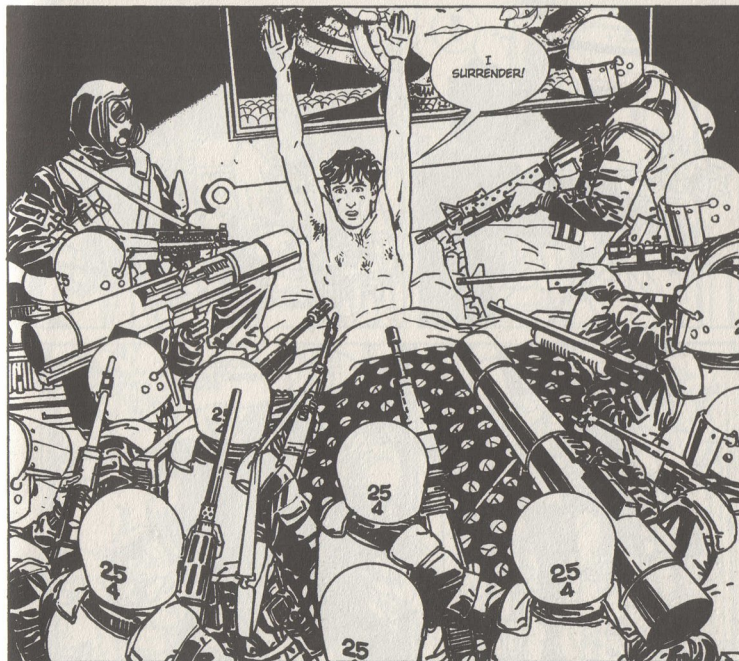
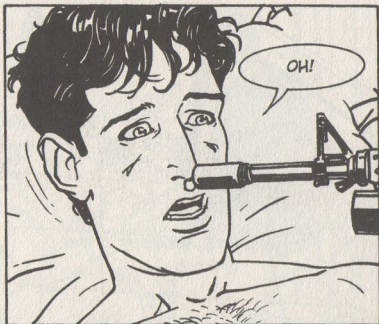
CALL IT WHAT  
YOU LIKE. I CALL  
IT ZED...

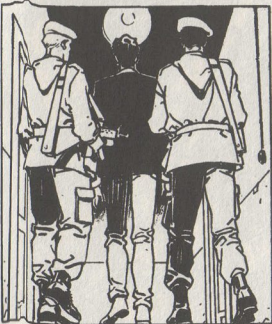
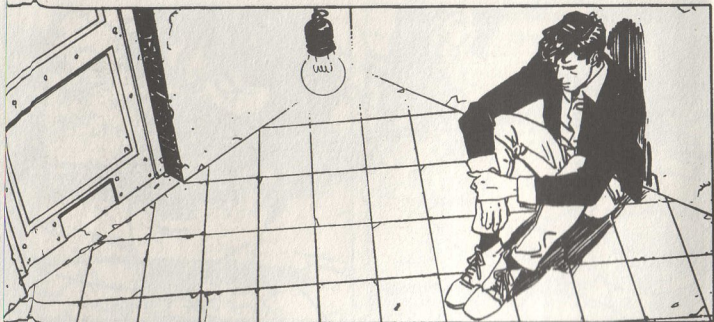


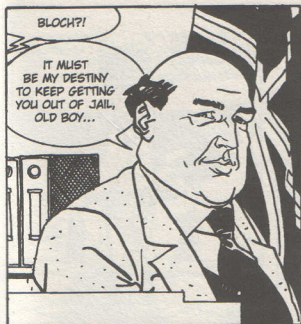
...OR  
FOREVERLAND,  
IF YOU PREFER.









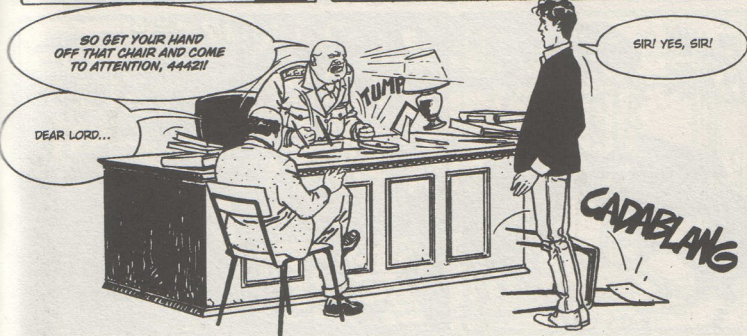


BLOCH?!

IT MUST  
BE MY DESTINY  
TO KEEP GETTING  
YOU OUT OF JAIL,  
OLD BOY...



NOT SO FAST, INSPECTOR...  
YOUR WORD IS IMPORTANT, BUT  
FOR NOW THIS MAN SHALL  
BE ADDRESSED AS  
PRISONER 44421.

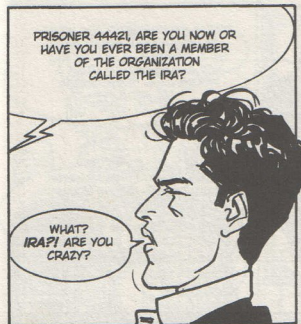


SO GET YOUR HAND  
OFF THAT CHAIR AND COME  
TO ATTENTION, 44421!

SIR! YES, SIR!

DEAR LORD...

**CADABLANG**



PRISONER 44421, ARE YOU NOW OR  
HAVE YOU EVER BEEN A MEMBER  
OF THE ORGANIZATION  
CALLED THE IRA?

WHAT?  
IRA? ARE YOU  
CRAZY?



THAT'S ANOTHER  
FOUR YEARS HARD LABOR  
FOR INSUBORDINATION!  
NOW ANSWER THE  
QUESTION, 44421!

GENERAL,  
I ALREADY TOLD  
YOU... DYLAN DOESN'T  
KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT  
THE IRA. HE DOESN'T  
EVEN CARE ABOUT  
POLITICS...



WELL I SURE AS HELL CARE NOW! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS! WHERE'S THE PHONE? I'M GOING TO CALL MY ATTORNEY AND...

GUARD!

...GET SENT BACK TO YOUR CELL.

LUMPH!

CLINK  
CLANK

!

CONSIDER YOURSELF LUCKY! HIS SON IS A BIG FAN OF YOURS. HE CONVINCED HIS OLD MAN TO LET ME TAKE YOU BACK TO SCOTLAND YARD FOR INTER-ROGATION.

?!  
?

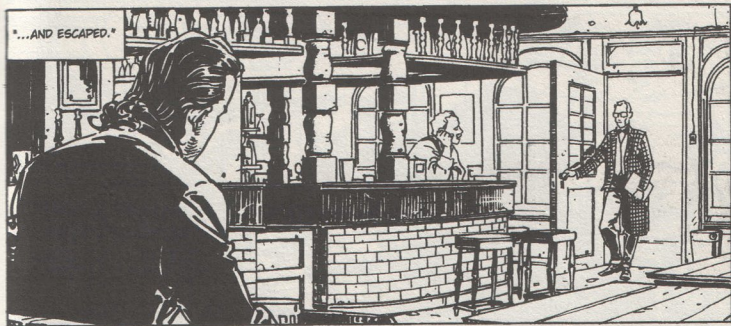
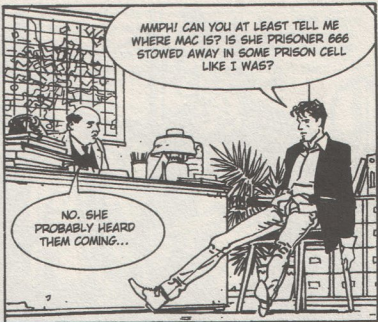
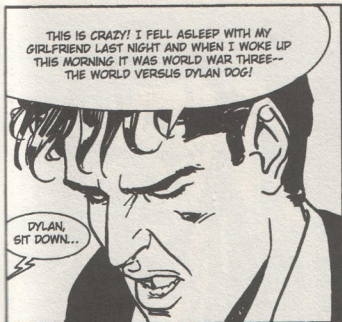
JOEY MACFARRIS? MY MAC... AN IRA SOLDIER?

YES. AND SINCE YOU HANG AROUND WITH HER...

NEW  
SCOTLAND  
YARD

THIS IS CRAZY! SO IF SHE WERE A PLUMBER THAT WOULD MAKE ME A PLUMBER AS WELL?! WHY NOT ACCUSE HER OF BEING A PARANORMAL INVESTIGATOR, LIKE MYSELF?!

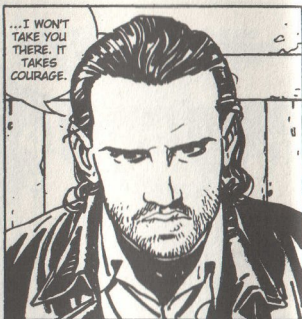
WHAT YOU'RE SAYING IS LOGICAL, DYLAN. UNFORTUNATELY LOGIC ISN'T STANDARD WHERE THE MILITARY IS CONCERNED...





WHAT? BUT... YES, I AM! HERE ARE MY DOCUMENTS.

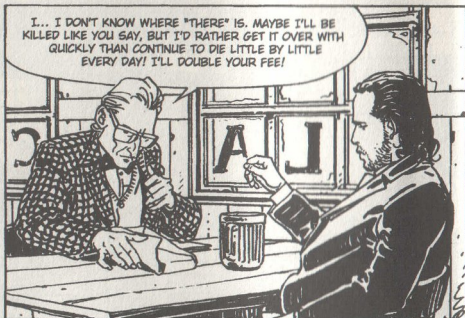
I MEANT NO...



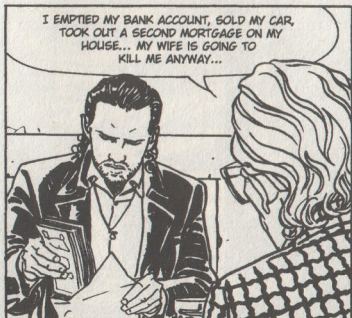
... I WON'T TAKE YOU THERE. IT TAKES COURAGE.



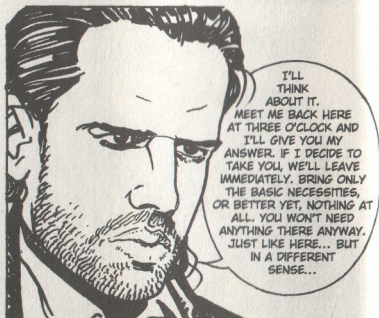
YES, BUT IF I HAD COURAGE I WOULDN'T ASK YOU TO TAKE ME THERE. I'D PUT UP WITH MY WIFE, MOTHER-IN-LAW, AND MY JOB...



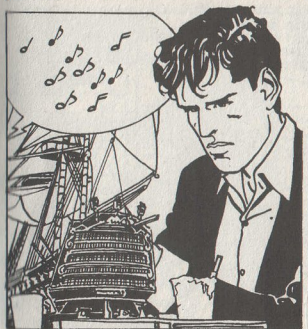
I... I DON'T KNOW WHERE "THERE" IS. MAYBE I'LL BE KILLED LIKE YOU SAY, BUT I'D RATHER GET IT OVER WITH QUICKLY THAN CONTINUE TO DIE LITTLE BY LITTLE EVERY DAY! I'LL DOUBLE YOUR FEE!



I EMPTIED MY BANK ACCOUNT, SOLD MY CAR, TOOK OUT A SECOND MORTGAGE ON MY HOUSE... MY WIFE IS GOING TO KILL ME ANYWAY...



I'LL THINK ABOUT IT. MEET ME BACK HERE AT THREE O'CLOCK AND I'LL GIVE YOU MY ANSWER. IF I DECIDE TO TAKE YOU, WE'LL LEAVE IMMEDIATELY. BRING ONLY THE BASIC NECESSITIES, OR BETTER YET, NOTHING AT ALL. YOU WON'T NEED ANYTHING THERE ANYWAY. JUST LIKE HERE... BUT IN A DIFFERENT SENSE...



THE ENTIRE BLOODY ARMY WAS IN HERE AND YOU DIDN'T HEAR A THING?

THE ARMY? I SLEEP WITH EARPLUGS IN. IF THE ROYAL AIRFORCE FLEW BY I WOULD THINK IT WAS A MOSQUITO!

OH, BY THE WAY. THEY'VE PROCLAIMED OUR HOUSE A "THEATER OF OPERATIONS." BUT I DON'T SEE HOW THAT'S POSSIBLE, WE DON'T EVEN HAVE AN ANESTHESIOLOGIST.

UMPH!

WHICH REMINDS ME, I REMEMBERED THE ONE ABOUT A BEAUTIFUL GIRL WHO HAS TO HAVE HER APPENDIX REMOVED. SHE ASKED THE SURGEON IF ANYONE WOULD SEE THE SCAR AND HE SAID, "WELL, THAT DEPENDS ON YOU."

SPEAKING OF BEAUTIFUL GIRLS, WHAT HAPPENED WITH MAC?

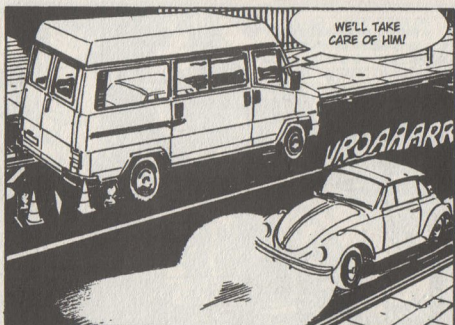
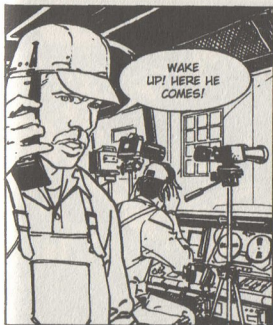
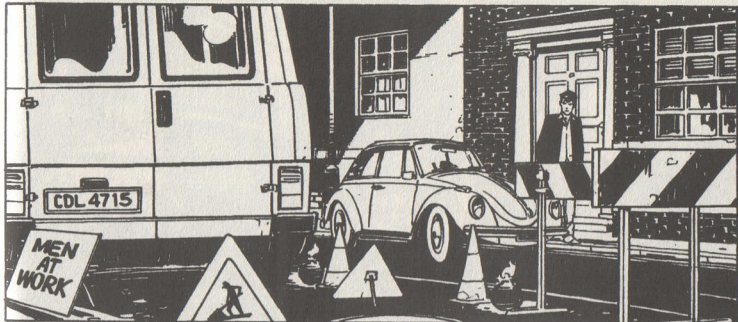
MAC! SHE'S THE ONLY THING IN THIS WHOLE MESS THAT I CARE ABOUT! THIS ALWAYS HAPPENS... I'M IN LOVE WITH HER AND I COULDN'T CARE LESS IF SHE BELONGED TO UNICEF OR THE INTERNATIONAL FOOTBALL FEDERATION, LET ALONE THE IRA!

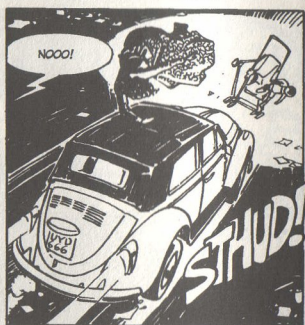
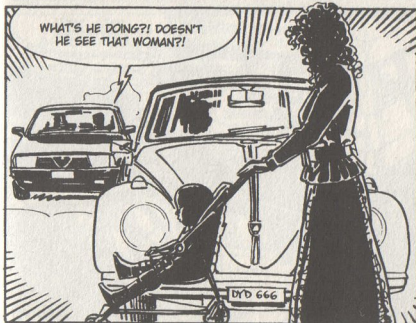
JKZ  
HMM...

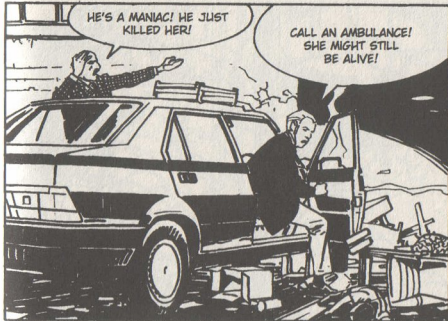
IDIOTS. THEY THINK I DON'T KNOW THEY'RE FOLLOWING ME.... THAT DRAIN HAS BEEN CLOSED FOR YEARS!

FELIX, I HAVE A JOB FOR YOU...

THANKS, BUT I ALREADY HAVE A JOB. I'M YOUR ASSISTANT, REMEMBER?

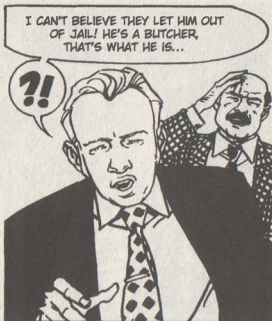






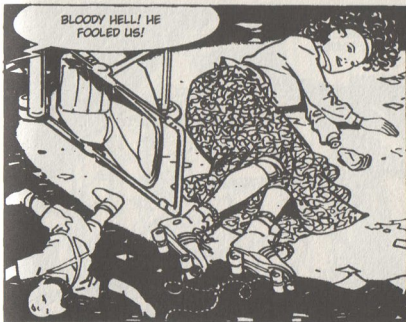
HE'S A MANIAC! HE JUST KILLED HER!

CALL AN AMBULANCE!  
SHE MIGHT STILL BE ALIVE!

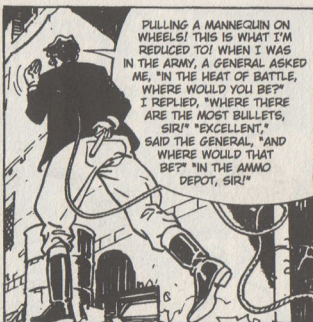


I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY LET HIM OUT OF JAIL! HE'S A BUTCHER, THAT'S WHAT HE IS...

?!



BLOODY HELL! HE FOOLED US!



PULLING A MANNEQUIN ON WHEELS! THIS IS WHAT I'M REDUCED TO! WHEN I WAS IN THE ARMY, A GENERAL ASKED ME, "IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE, WHERE WOULD YOU BE?" I REPLIED, "WHERE THERE ARE THE MOST BULLETS, SIR!" "EXCELLENT," SAID THE GENERAL, "AND WHERE WOULD THAT BE?" "IN THE AMMO DEPOT, SIR!"

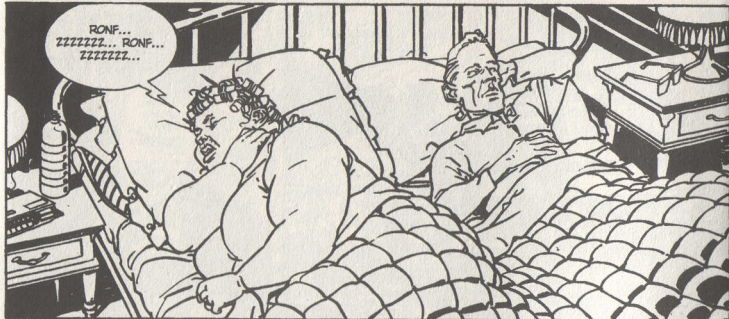


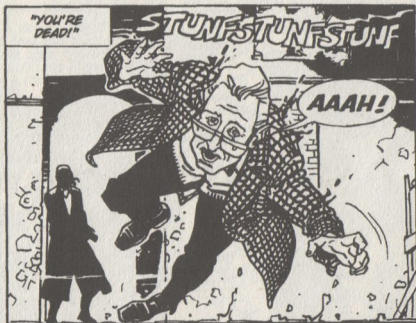
THEY KNOW WHAT CAR I'M DRIVING, I'VE ONLY GOT A FEW MINUTES...

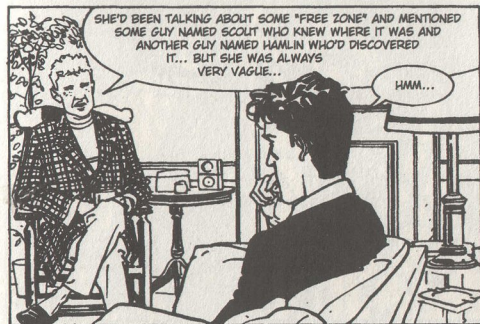


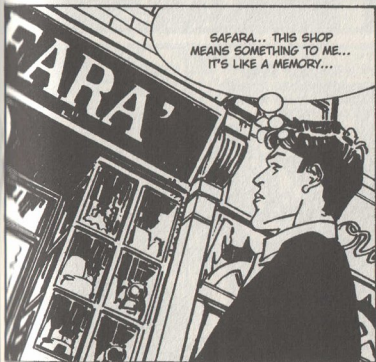
I HOPE I CAN MAKE IT. AT LEAST I HAVE THE SATISFACTION OF MAKING FOOLS OUT OF THEM.











SAFARA... THIS SHOP MEANS SOMETHING TO ME... IT'S LIKE A MEMORY...



IT'S LIKE WALKING INTO SOME OTHER DIMENSION. BUT HOW DO I KNOW THAT THE OWNER'S NAME IS...



...HAMLIN?

GOOD MORNING!  
WHAT CAN I DO  
FOR YOU?



BEST GET RIGHT TO THE POINT...

WHAT CAN YOU TELL  
ME ABOUT SCOUT AND  
THE "FREE ZONE"?

HMMM.  
MAYBE WE SHOULD  
GO IN THE BACK, WHERE  
WE CAN TALK. BUT I  
SHOULD WARN YOU IT'S  
GOING TO COST A LOT,  
DYLAN DOG!



HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME?

WE'RE OLD FRIENDS!



OLD FRIENDS? BUT I'VE NEVER...

YES... I HAVE. IT'S LIKE WE WERE OLD FRIENDS... NOT HERE, BUT ON ANOTHER PLANET...

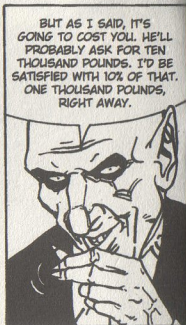
CLEAR OFF THAT CHAIR AND HAVE A SEAT. I'M SORRY ABOUT THE MESS, BUT I RECENTLY HAD TO MOVE RATHER HURRIEDLY.



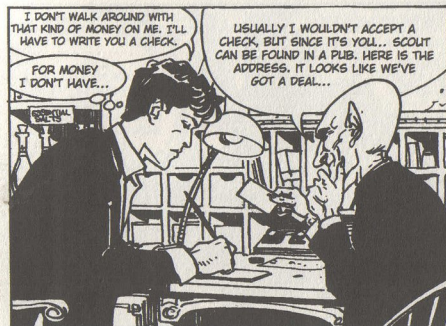
MOVE? WHERE FROM? LISTEN, HAMLIN, I WANT TO KNOW... I WANT TO REMEMBER WHEN WE MET!



THAT'S A DIFFERENT STORY. I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO HEAR ABOUT SCOUT. I KNOW WHERE YOU CAN FIND HIM...



BUT AS I SAID, IT'S GOING TO COST YOU. HE'LL PROBABLY ASK FOR TEN THOUSAND POUNDS. I'D BE SATISFIED WITH 10% OF THAT. ONE THOUSAND POUNDS, RIGHT AWAY.



I DON'T WALK AROUND WITH THAT KIND OF MONEY ON ME. I'LL HAVE TO WRITE YOU A CHECK.

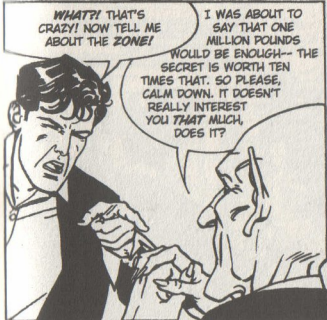
FOR MONEY I DON'T HAVE...

USUALLY I WOULDN'T ACCEPT A CHECK, BUT SINCE IT'S YOU... SCOUT CAN BE FOUND IN A PUB. HERE IS THE ADDRESS. IT LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT A DEAL...



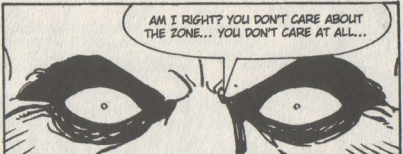
IT DOESN'T SEEM THAT WAY TO ME. I WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT THE "FREE ZONE" AS WELL. IF YOU DON'T TELL ME, YOU DON'T GET THE CHECK.

OH, I'M AFRAID THAT WILL REQUIRE A SMALL ADDITIONAL FEE... ONE MILLION POUNDS...



WHAT?! THAT'S CRAZY! NOW TELL ME ABOUT THE ZONE!

I WAS ABOUT TO SAY THAT ONE MILLION POUNDS WOULD BE ENOUGH-- THE SECRET IS WORTH TEN TIMES THAT. SO PLEASE, CALM DOWN. IT DOESN'T REALLY INTEREST YOU THAT MUCH, DOES IT?



AM I RIGHT? YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT THE ZONE... YOU DON'T CARE AT ALL...



Y-YES... YOU'RE RIGHT... I DON'T... I DON'T CARE...



COME SEE ME AGAIN SOME TIME. IT'S ALWAYS A PLEASURE DOING BUSINESS WITH YOU!

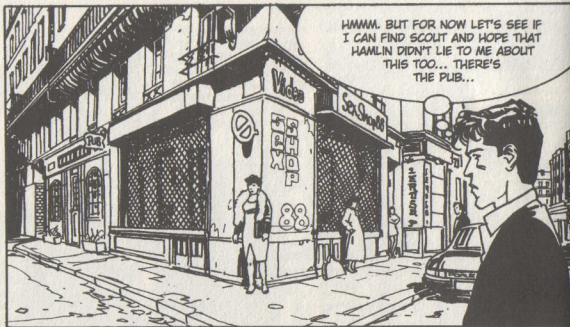
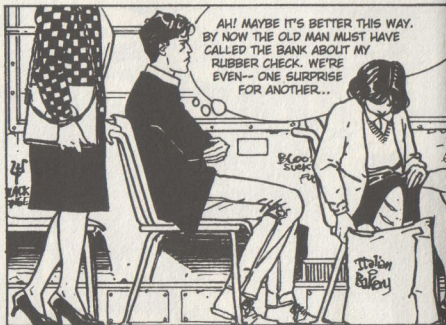
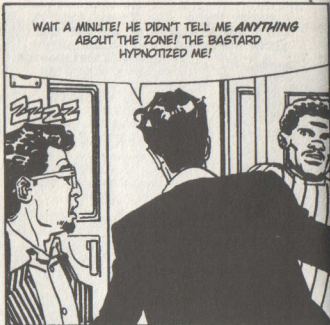
Y-YES... THANK YOU...



IT'S TOO BAD I HAD TO LEAVE MY CAR AT PAT'S, BUT OTHERWISE THEY'D HAVE CAUGHT ME. NOW I'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE TRAIN ALL THE WAY TO THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN.



I DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD BE SO EASY FINDING THE SECRET OF THE ZONE...



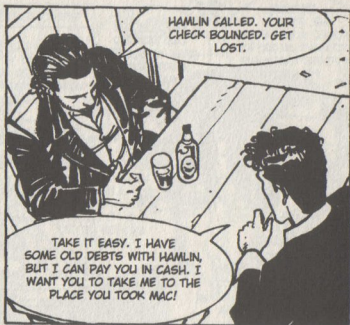


WELL, BUSINESS SURE IS BOOMING AROUND HERE. HOW AM I EVER GOING TO FIND SCOUT IN THIS CROWD? FORTUNATELY, MY SIXTH SENSE TELLS ME IT'S THE GUY SITTING AT THAT TABLE OVER THERE...



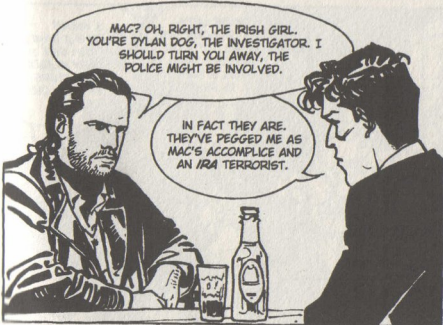
MAY I?

MY NAME'S DYLAN AND YOU MUST BE SCOUT...



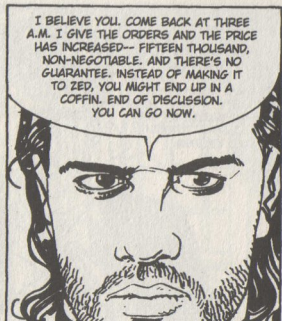
HAMLIN CALLED. YOUR CHECK BOUNCED. GET LOST.

TAKE IT EASY. I HAVE SOME OLD DEBTS WITH HAMLIN, BUT I CAN PAY YOU IN CASH. I WANT YOU TO TAKE ME TO THE PLACE YOU TOOK MAC!



MAC? OH, RIGHT, THE IRISH GIRL. YOU'RE DYLAN DOG, THE INVESTIGATOR. I SHOULD TURN YOU AWAY, THE POLICE MIGHT BE INVOLVED.

IN FACT THEY ARE. THEY'VE PEGGED ME AS MAC'S ACCOMPLICE AND AN IRA TERRORIST.



I BELIEVE YOU. COME BACK AT THREE A.M. I GIVE THE ORDERS AND THE PRICE HAS INCREASED-- FIFTEEN THOUSAND, NON-NEGOTIABLE. AND THERE'S NO GUARANTEE. INSTEAD OF MAKING IT TO ZED, YOU MIGHT END UP IN A COFFIN. END OF DISCUSSION. YOU CAN GO NOW.



ZED. SO THAT'S WHAT HE CALLS THE ZONE. IT'S LIKE SOME KIND OF DRUG. NOW I HAVE TO GO, OR AT LEAST TRY... MAYBE SCOUT HYPNOTIZED ME AS WELL. ANYWAY, HE SEEMS LIKE A NICE GUY. MY ONLY PROBLEM IS, WHERE WILL I FIND THE MONEY?



EXCUSE ME, FELIX... WOULD YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE AN EXTRA FIFTEEN THOUSAND POUNDS?

?!

HEY, I'M THE ONE AROUND HERE WHO'S NOT SUPPOSED TO MAKE ANY SENSE!



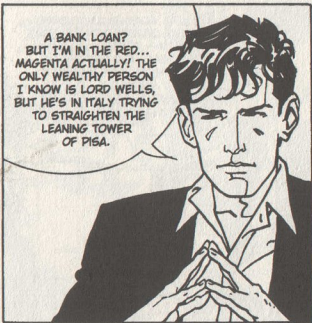
TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

...AND THAT'S IT. I HAVE TO GO TO ZED. FOR MAC'S SAKE... AND FOR MINE!

HM. I COULD ASK MY BOSS FOR AN ADVANCE ON MY RETIREMENT... YOU COULD GIVE ME FIFTEEN THOUSAND POUNDS AND THEN I COULD GIVE IT TO YOU.



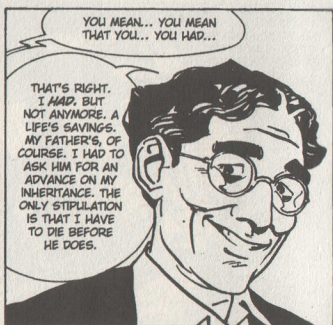
A BANK LOAN? BUT I'M IN THE RED... MAGENTA ACTUALLY! THE ONLY WEALTHY PERSON I KNOW IS LORD WELLS, BUT HE'S IN ITALY TRYING TO STRAIGHTEN THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA.



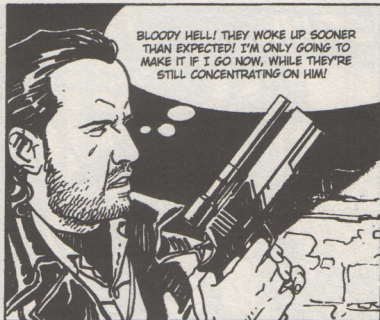
BAH! LET'S PUT ON SOME SAD MUSIC... IT'S THE PERFECT THING WHEN SITUATION IS GRIM.

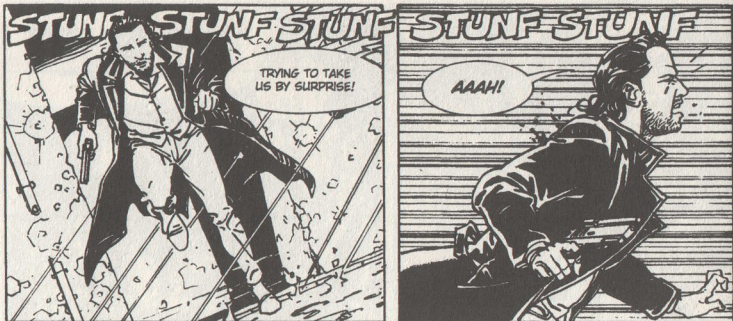
I KNOW! I'LL ROB A BANK, THEN I CAN GIVE YOU THE MONEY IN ABOUT FIFTEEN YEARS AFTER I GET OUT OF JAIL.

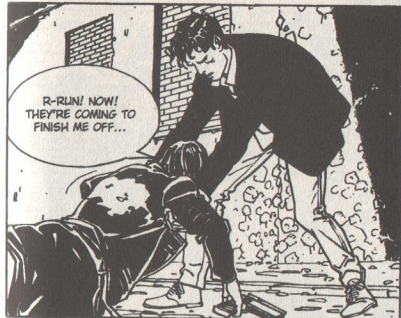












TO HELL WITH YOU! NOT THIS TIME!  
YOU AREN'T GETTING INTO THAT DAMN  
ALLEY! I'LL FOLLOW YOU...



**STUNF  
STUNF  
STUNF**



...TO... TO HELL...



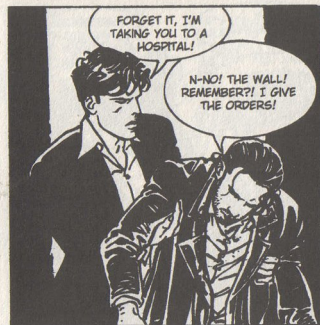
PHEW...



D-DYLAN...  
QUICK... GET ME TO THE  
WALL...OR IT WILL...BE  
TOO LATE...FOR  
ME...

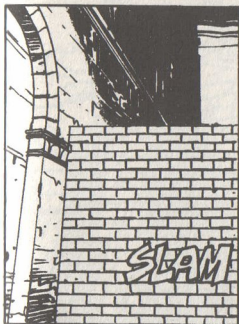
FORGET IT, I'M  
TAKING YOU TO A  
HOSPITAL!

N-NO! THE WALL!  
REMEMBER?! I GIVE  
THE ORDERS!

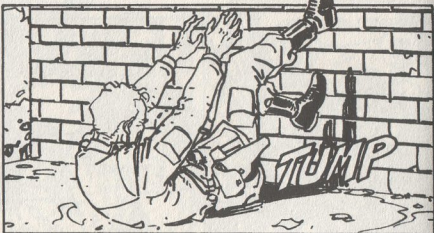
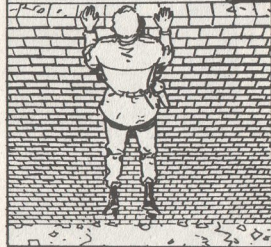


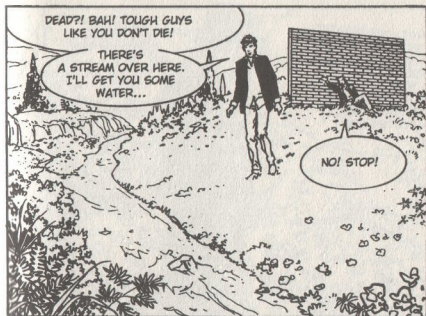
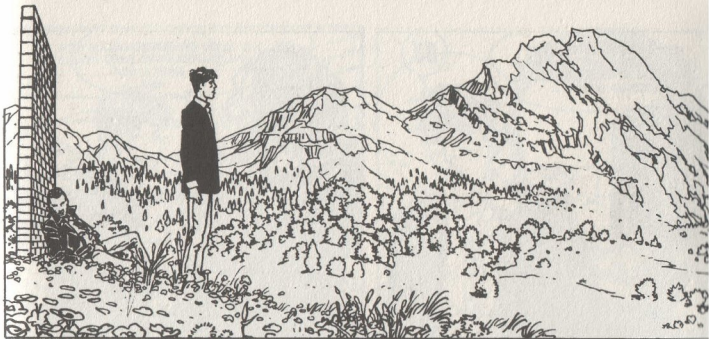
**CLANK**

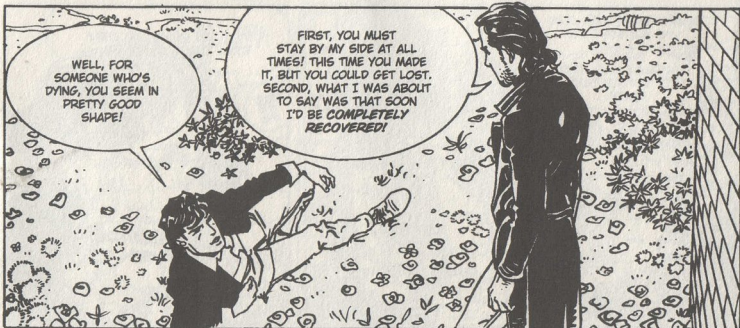
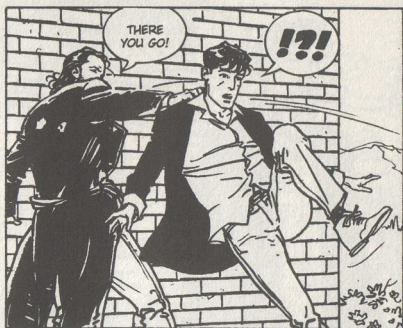






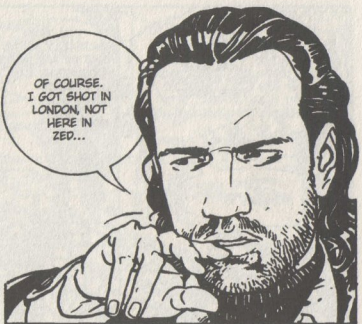




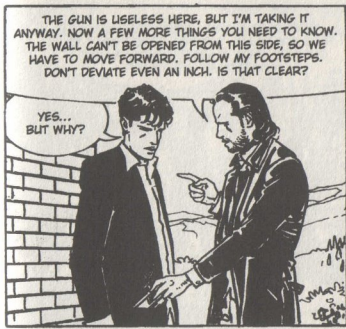




MY GOD! YOUR WOUNDS ARE GONE! AND THE BULLET HOLES IN YOUR RAINCOAT ARE GONE TOO!

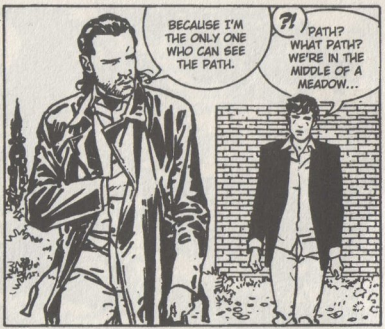


OF COURSE. I GOT SHOT IN LONDON. NOT HERE IN ZED...



THE GUN IS USELESS HERE, BUT I'M TAKING IT ANYWAY. NOW A FEW MORE THINGS YOU NEED TO KNOW. THE WALL CAN'T BE OPENED FROM THIS SIDE, SO WE HAVE TO MOVE FORWARD. FOLLOW MY FOOTSTEPS. DON'T DEVIATE EVEN AN INCH. IS THAT CLEAR?

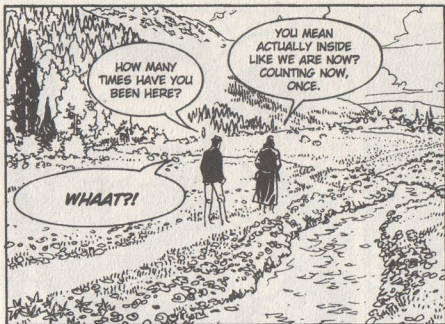
YES... BUT WHY?



BECAUSE I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN SEE THE PATH.

? PATH? WHAT PATH? WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF A MEADOW...

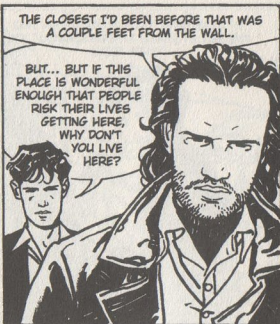




HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU BEEN HERE?

YOU MEAN ACTUALLY INSIDE LIKE WE ARE NOW? COUNTING NOW, ONCE.

WHAAT?!



THE CLOSEST I'D BEEN BEFORE THAT WAS A COUPLE FEET FROM THE WALL.

BUT... BUT IF THIS PLACE IS WONDERFUL ENOUGH THAT PEOPLE RISK THEIR LIVES GETTING HERE, WHY DON'T YOU LIVE HERE?



MOST PEOPLE COME HERE TO GET AWAY FROM SOMETHING. THE ONLY THING I WANT TO GET AWAY FROM IS MYSELF. NOT EVEN ZED CAN HELP ME WITH THAT!



WHO... WHO ARE YOU, SCOUT?

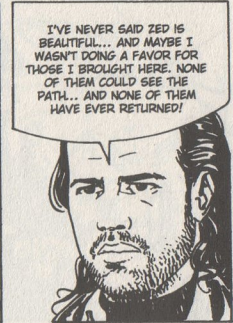
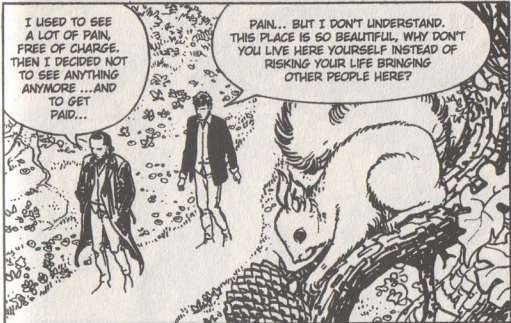


I'M A SEER... A MEDIUM, IF YOU LIKE...

I USED TO SEE A LOT OF PAIN, FREE OF CHARGE. THEN I DECIDED NOT TO SEE ANYTHING ANYMORE ...AND TO GET PAID...

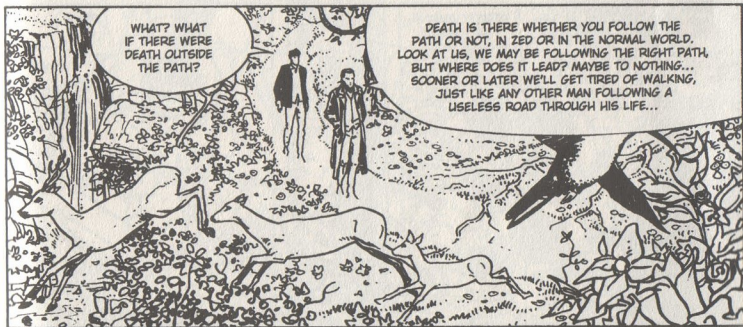
PAIN... BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND. THIS PLACE IS SO BEAUTIFUL. WHY DON'T YOU LIVE HERE YOURSELF INSTEAD OF RISKING YOUR LIFE BRINGING OTHER PEOPLE HERE?

I'VE NEVER SAID ZED IS BEAUTIFUL... AND MAYBE I WASN'T DOING A FAVOR FOR THOSE I BROUGHT HERE. NONE OF THEM COULD SEE THE PATH... AND NONE OF THEM HAVE EVER RETURNED!



WHAT? WHAT IF THERE WERE DEATH OUTSIDE THE PATH?

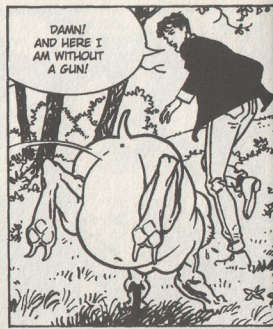
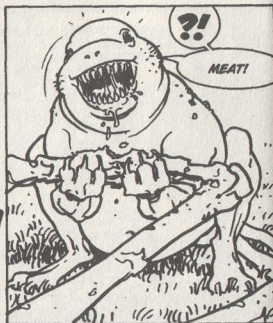
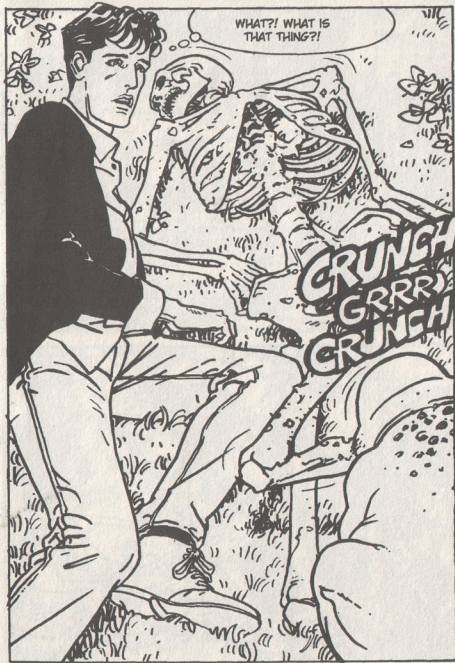
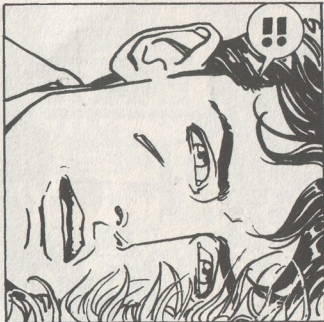
DEATH IS THERE WHETHER YOU FOLLOW THE PATH OR NOT, IN ZED OR IN THE NORMAL WORLD. LOOK AT US, WE MAY BE FOLLOWING THE RIGHT PATH, BUT WHERE DOES IT LEAD? MAYBE TO NOTHING... SOONER OR LATER WE'LL GET TIRED OF WALKING, JUST LIKE ANY OTHER MAN FOLLOWING A USELESS ROAD THROUGH HIS LIFE...



...BUT ENOUGH TALKING! DON'T... DYLAN!

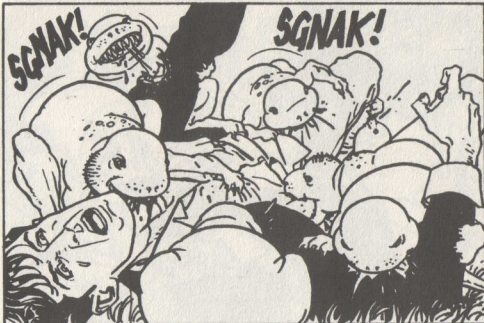
NO!

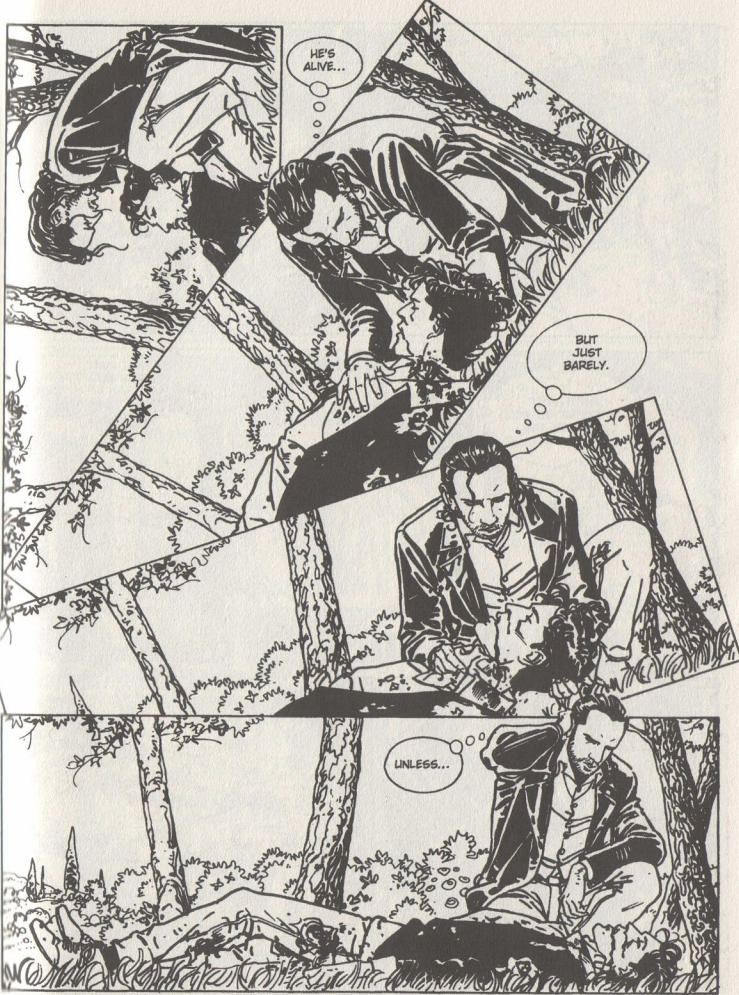








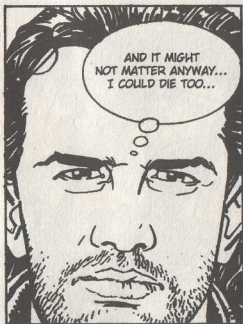
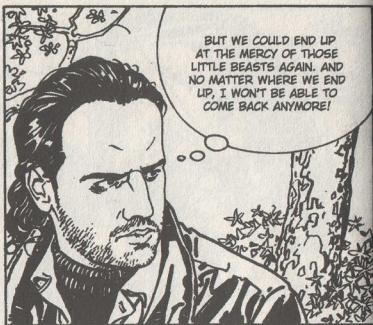


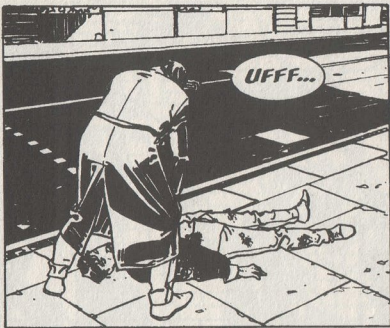


HE'S ALIVE...

BUT JUST BARELY.

UNLESS...







BLOODY HELL!

AFAR

DM  
DM

AFARA

TUMP

OUCH!

WHAT THE--?!

SO NOW YOU'RE TRYING TO DEMOLISH LONDON WITH YOUR SHOULDER?

DYLAN?! WH-WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?!

FUNNY, I WAS ABOUT TO ASK THE SAME QUESTION... WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE?

NO, I MEAN WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON YOUR FEET?!

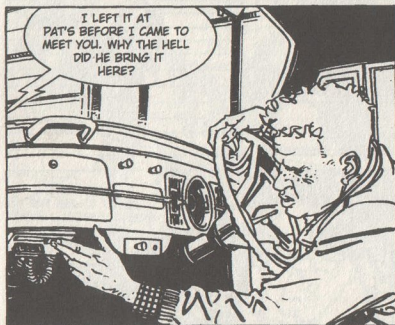
WELL, THEY USUALLY DON'T PLUT CHAIRS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD...

VROOAAA



YOU WERE DYING, BUT NOW... THIS CAN'T BE A PRESENT FROM HAMLIN. HE DOESN'T DO ANYTHING FOR FREE. SO IT MUST HAVE BEEN OUR PASSING INTO ANOTHER PART OF ZED THAT CURED YOU. LIKE WHAT HAPPENED TO ME WHEN WE FIRST CAME IN...

LOOK, YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT THINGS I DON'T REMEMBER AT ALL. BUT I DO REMEMBER THAT'S MY CAR RIGHT THERE!

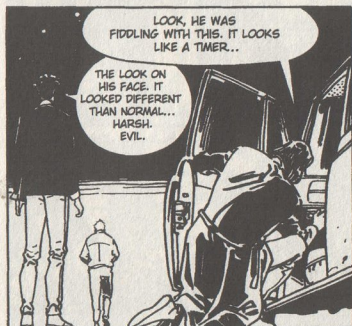


I LEFT IT AT PAT'S BEFORE I CAME TO MEET YOU. WHY THE HELL DID HE BRING IT HERE?



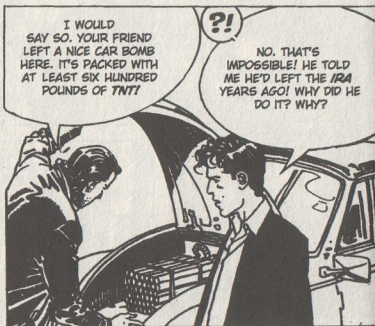
PAT! HEY, PAT! IT'S ME, DYLAN! WHAT THE-- ?!

HE CAN'T SEE YOU OR HEAR YOU. WE'RE HERE IN ZED, HE'S IN REALITY. DIMENSIONS HERE CHANGE EVERY COUPLE OF YARDS.



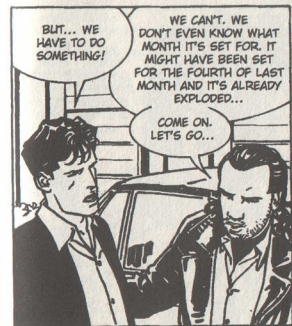
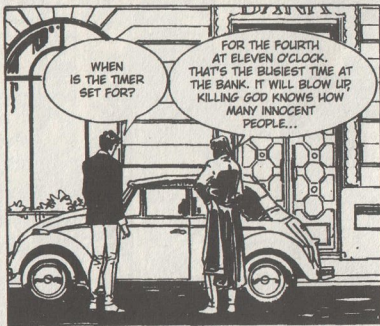
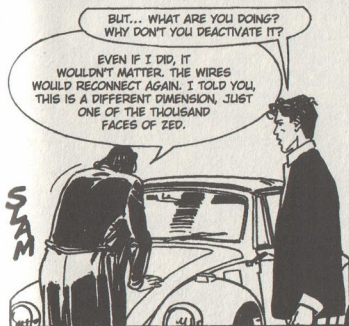
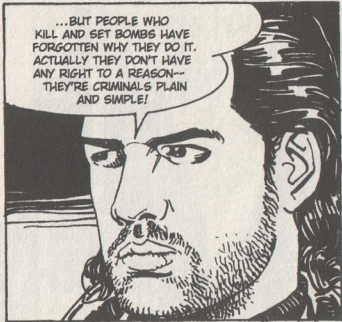
LOOK, HE WAS FIDDLING WITH THIS. IT LOOKS LIKE A TIMER...

THE LOOK ON HIS FACE. IT LOOKED DIFFERENT THAN NORMAL... HARSH. EVIL.



I WOULD SAY SO. YOUR FRIEND LEFT A NICE CAR BOMB HERE. IT'S PACKED WITH AT LEAST SIX HUNDRED POUNDS OF TNT?

NO. THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! HE TOLD ME HE'D LEFT THE IRA YEARS AGO! WHY DID HE DO IT? WHY?

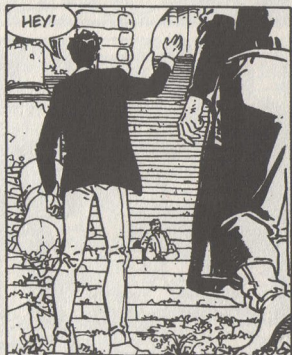
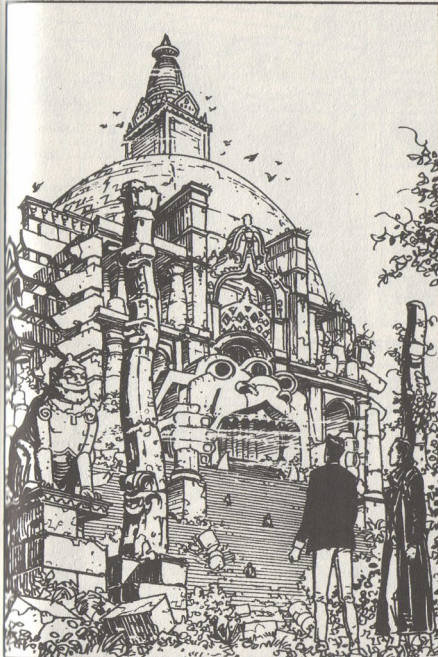


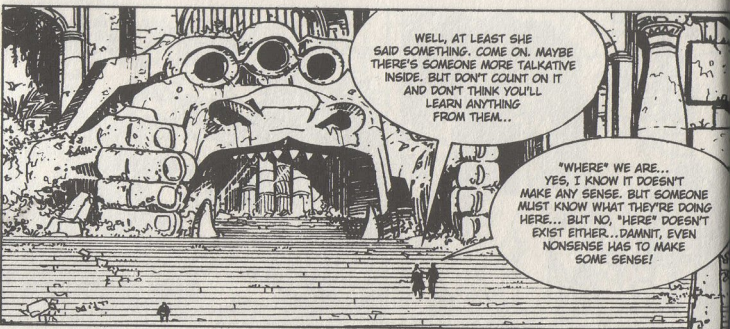
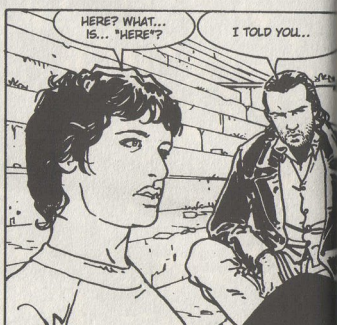
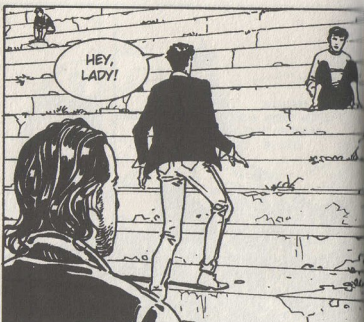
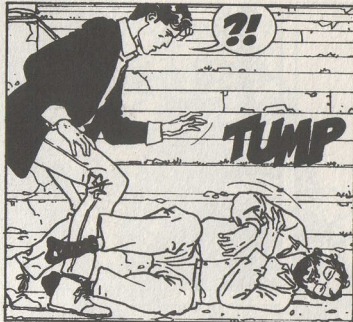


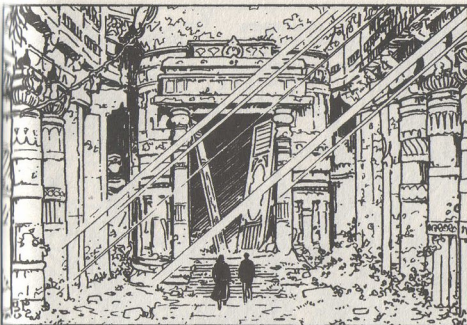


WE HAVE TO FIND THE PATH AGAIN, BUT IT'S GOING TO BE ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE. IT COULD BE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT STREAM ON OUR LEFT, OR A COUPLE OF INCHES TO OUR RIGHT, OR HUNDREDS OF MILES BEHIND US...

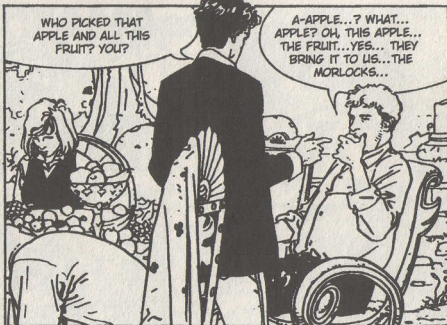








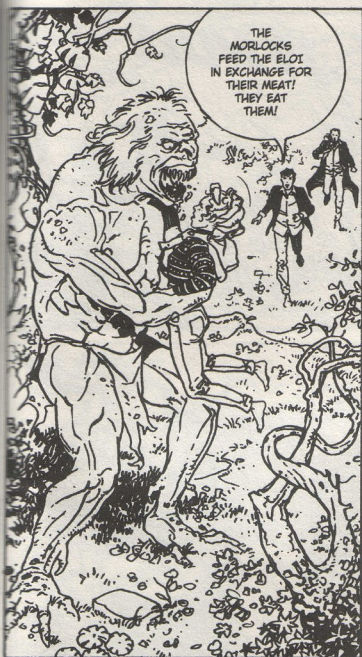
LET'S TRY SOME  
EASIER QUESTIONS...



WHO PICKED THAT  
APPLE AND ALL THIS  
FRUIT? YOU?

A-APPLE...? WHAT...  
APPLE? OH, THIS APPLE...  
THE FRUIT...YES... THEY  
BRING IT TO US...THE  
MORLOCKS...





THE MORLOCKS FEED THE ELOT IN EXCHANGE FOR THEIR MEAT! THEY EAT THEM!

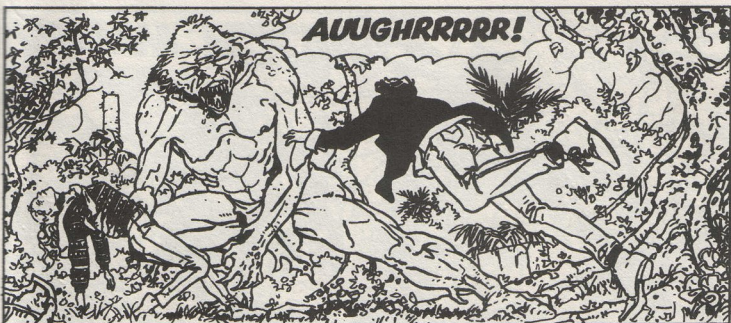


STUN  
STUN

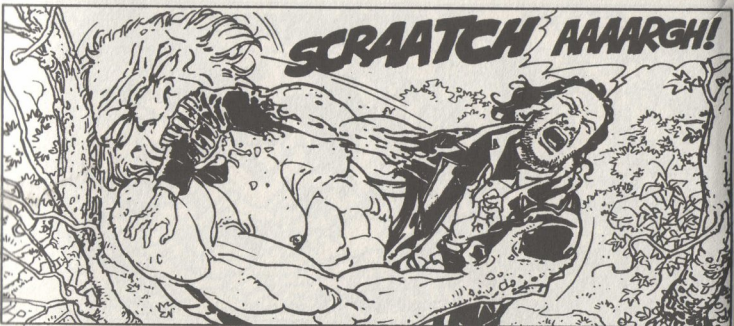
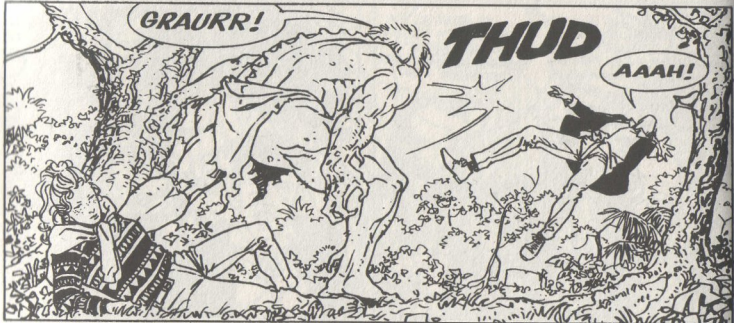


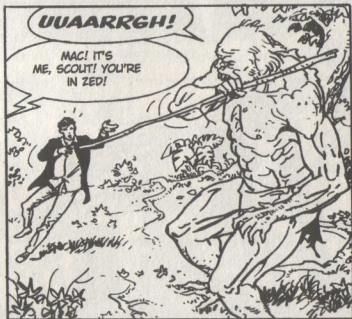
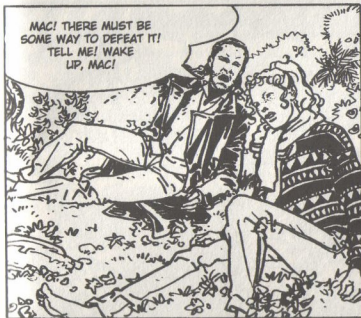
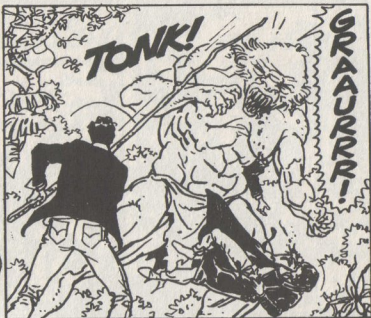
UHRRR?

THE BULLETS BOUNCE RIGHT OFF HIM!

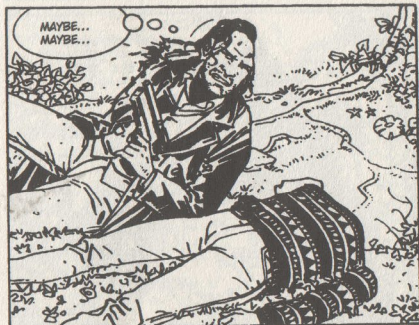


AUUGHRRRR!











**GRAURRRRRR**

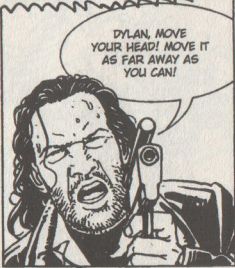
ONLY ONE BULLET LEFT...

AAGH!  
IT'S GOING TO KILL ME!

**UAAAAUUURRRRGHH**



MUST AIM AT THE ROAR...



DYLAN, MOVE YOUR HEAD! MOVE IT AS FAR AWAY AS YOU CAN!

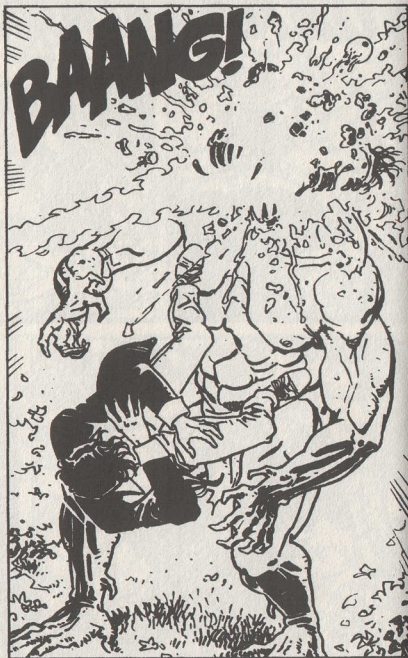
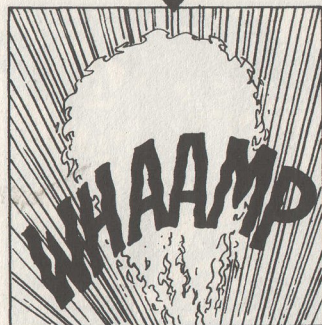
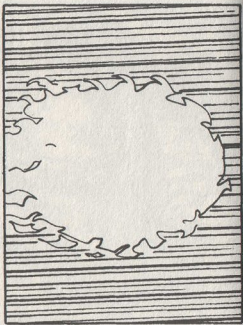
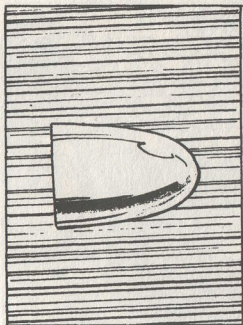


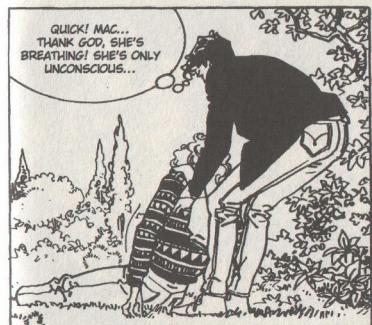
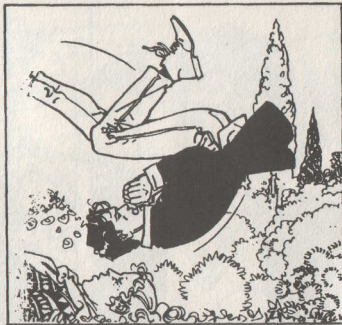
GO TO HELL!

**AAUURGH!**  
**THUD!**

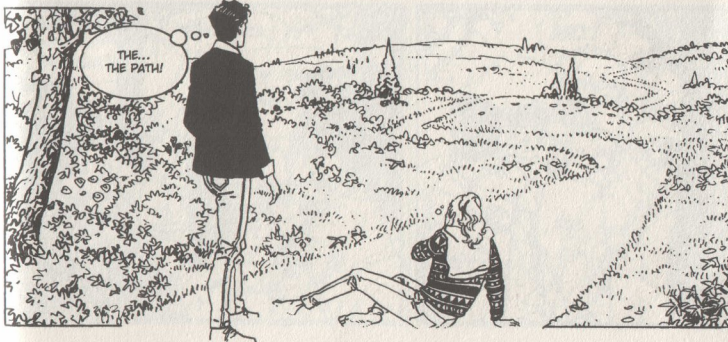
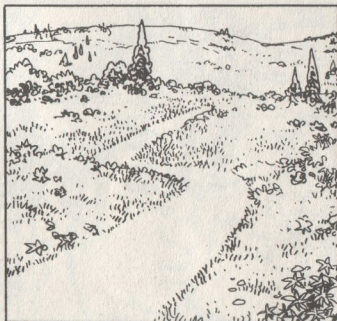
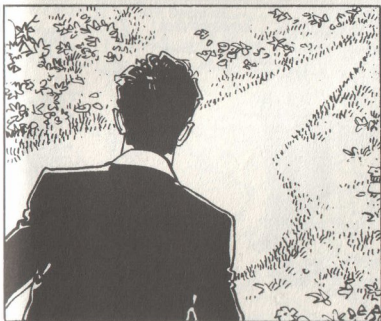


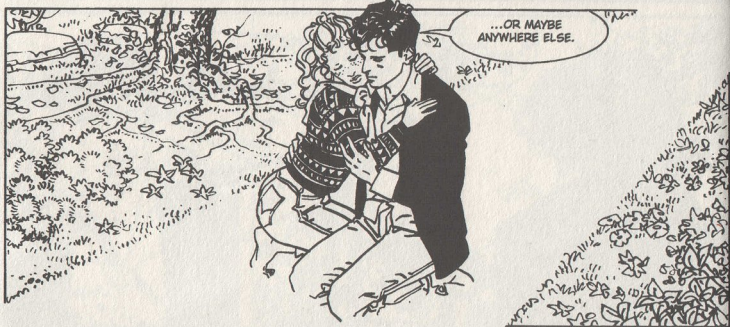
**STUNNF**













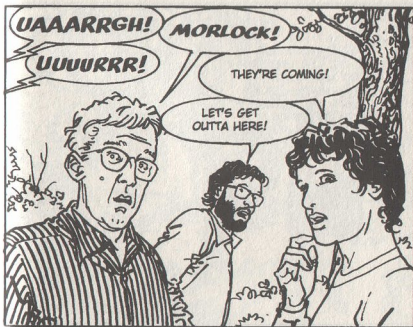
HE...  
HE'S DEAD!



THAT MEANS THE MORLOCKS  
AREN'T INVULNERABLE. THEY  
CAN BE DEFEATED!



AND WE... WE'RE GUILTY OF THE WORST  
SIN OF ALL-- RESIGNATION.



UAAARRGH!  
MORLOCK!

UUUURRR!

THEY'RE COMING!

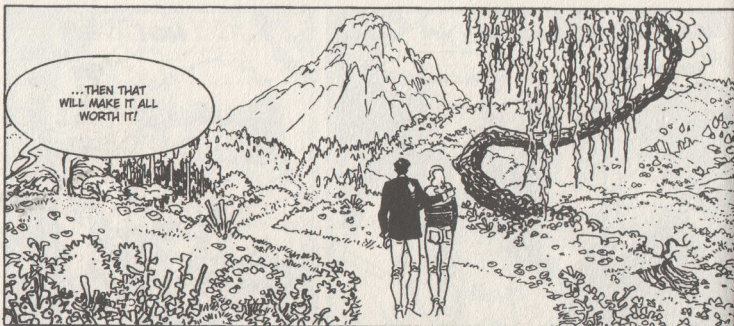
LET'S GET  
OUTTA HERE!

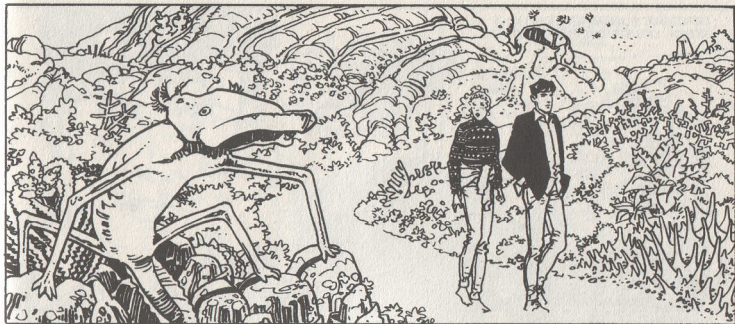


NO!

?!  
?!  
!







WHERE DOES THE PATH LEAD?

I DON'T KNOW... EVEN SCOUT DIDN'T KNOW. BUT MAYBE HE KNOWS NOW... THE ONLY OTHER PERSON WHO COULD TELL US IS A NASTY OLD MAN WHO--



BY THE WAY... DID YOU KNOW THAT YOUR FRIEND PAT O'FLANNERY MADE MY CAR INTO A BOMB?

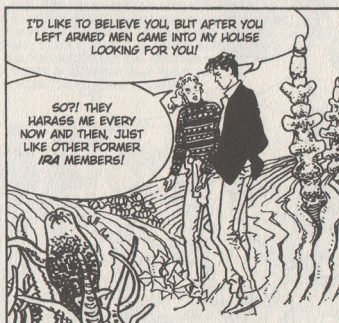
?!

PAT? FRIEND? WHAT CAR BOMB?



DON'T PRETEND YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!

NO, IT'S YOU WHO DOESN'T UNDERSTAND! I'M NOT A TERRORIST, I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT BOMBS, AND I WAS THROUGH WITH PAT WHEN I FOUND OUT HE WAS IN FAVOR OF AN ARMED STRUGGLE!



I'D LIKE TO BELIEVE YOU, BUT AFTER YOU LEFT ARMED MEN CAME INTO MY HOUSE LOOKING FOR YOU!

SO? THEY HARASS ME EVERY NOW AND THEN, JUST LIKE OTHER FORMER IRA MEMBERS!

ESPECIALLY IF THERE ARE RUMORS OF AN ATTACK, LIKE THE ONE PLANNED BY PAT...

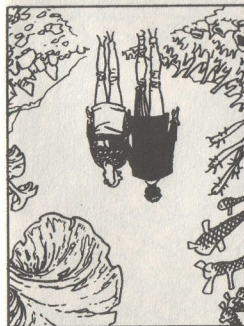
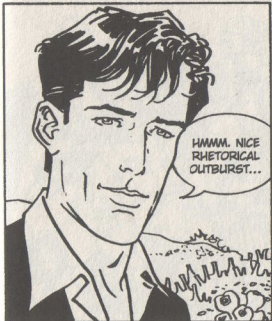
WAIT A MINUTE! HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT? IT MEANS YOU... CAME BACK! HOW DID YOU DO IT?!

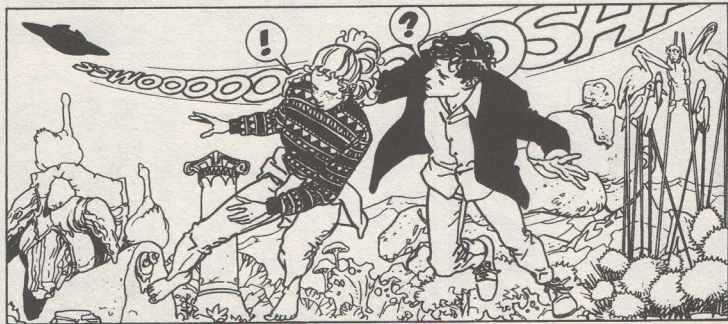
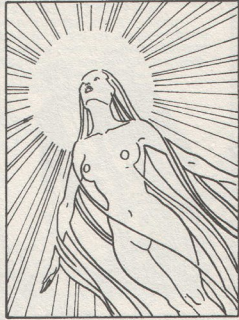
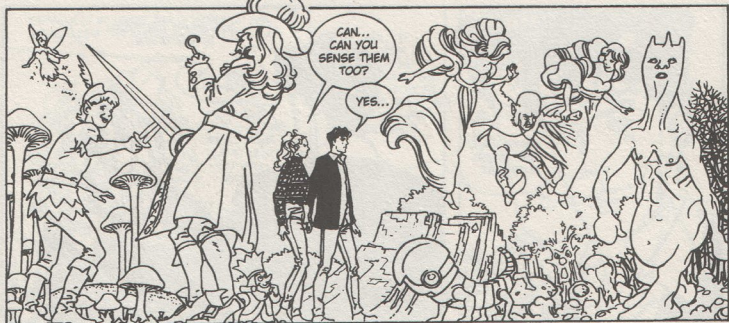
NO... IT WAS JUST AN OVERLAPPING OF DIMENSIONS... WHY DID YOU WANT TO COME HERE, MACT? WHY RUN IF YOU WERE INNOCENT?

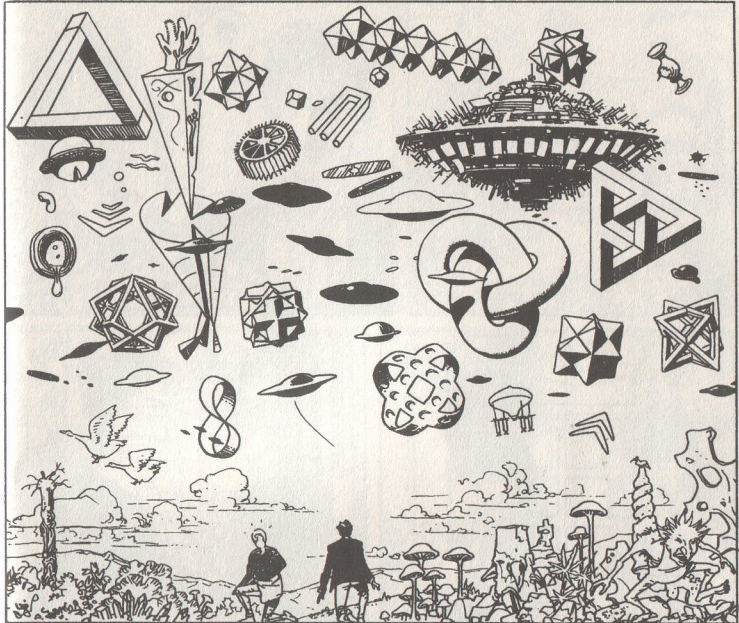
BECAUSE...

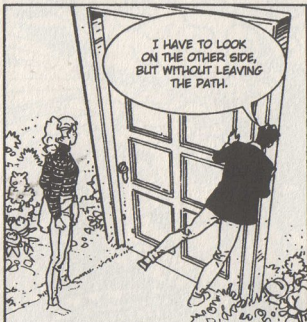
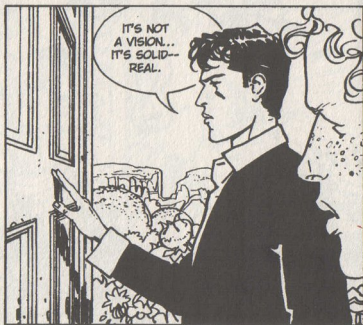
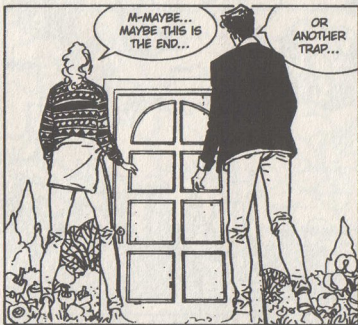
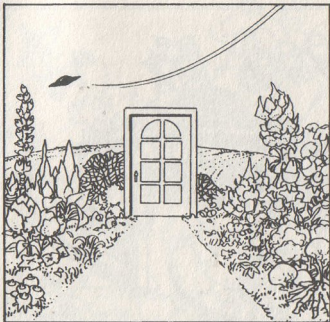
WHY WOULD I STAY? WHY STAY IN A WORLD WHERE INNOCENT PEOPLE END UP IN JAIL OR ABUSED? WHERE MONEY RULES A WORLD OF DISCRIMINATION, INJUSTICE, AND RACISM? A WORLD WHERE THE ONLY IDEALS LEFT ARE CONSUMERISM AND INDIFFERENCE?

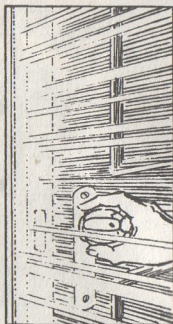
A WORLD WHERE THEY'VE KILLED THE HOPE OF EVER CHANGING THINGS, BECAUSE CHANGE HAS BECOME PART OF THE "SHOW". THEY TALK ABOUT IT FOR A DAY OR SO ON TV AND THEN FORGET ABOUT IT UNTIL A NEW CHANGE COMES. BUT THAT DOESN'T CHANGE ANYTHING SINCE ALL THAT REALLY MATTERS ARE THE DETERGENT AND DIAPER COMMERCIALS. THE ONLY THING THAT MATTERS IS PROFIT, NOT THINKING FOR YOURSELF... WHICH IS ACTUALLY A CRIME...



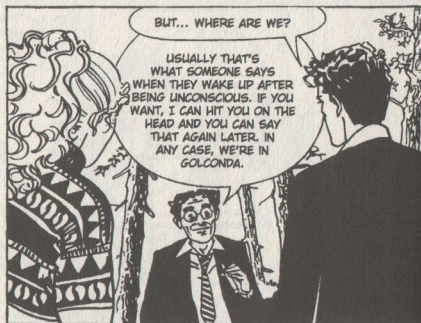
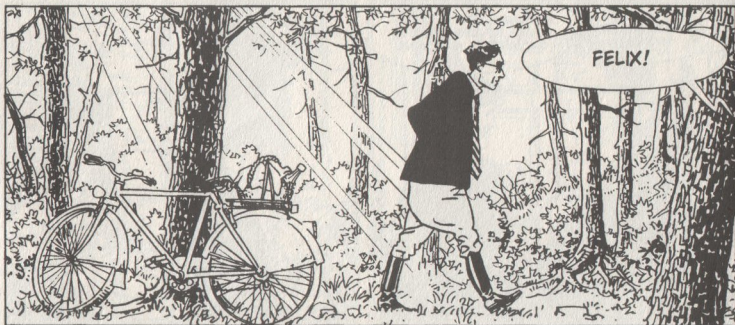


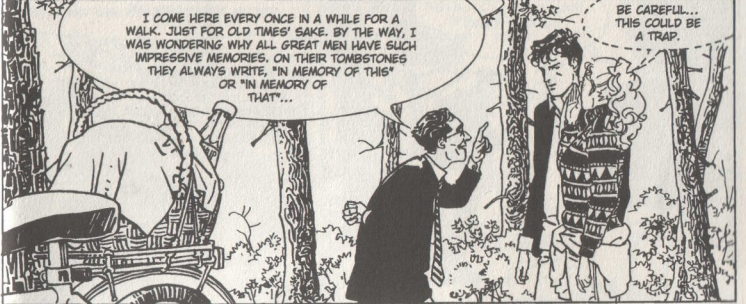












I COME HERE EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE FOR A WALK. JUST FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE. BY THE WAY, I WAS WONDERING WHY ALL GREAT MEN HAVE SUCH IMPRESSIVE MEMORIES. ON THEIR TOMBSTONES THEY ALWAYS WRITE, "IN MEMORY OF THIS" OR "IN MEMORY OF THAT"...

BE CAREFUL... THIS COULD BE A TRAP.

FELIX... ARE YOU REAL?

OF COURSE NOT! HOW DARE YOU? I WOULD NEVER PLAY SOCCER FOR REAL MADRID, WHILE LIVING IN THE COUNTRY THAT INVENTED THE SPORT!

HMMM. THAT SEEMS LIKE FELIX. I DON'T THINK SOMEONE IN ZED WOULD BE CAPABLE OF THIS LEVEL OF NONSENSE!

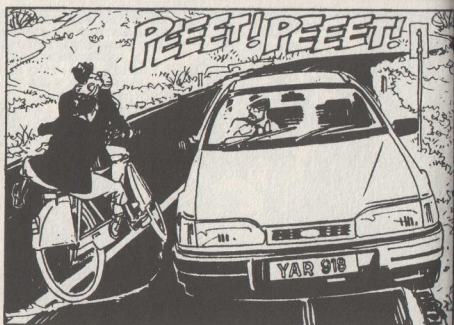
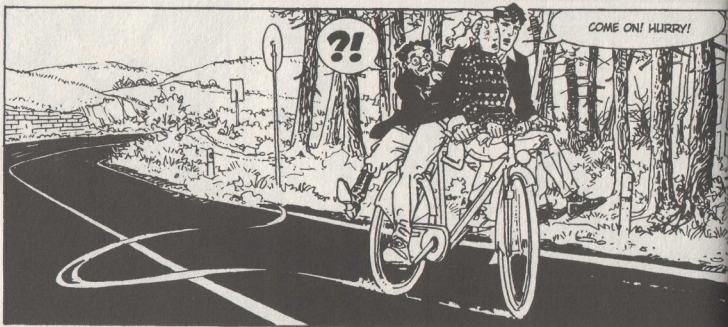
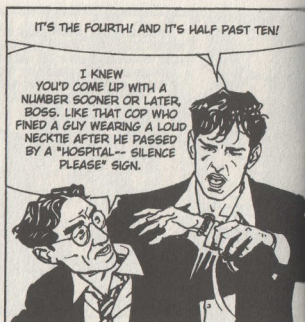
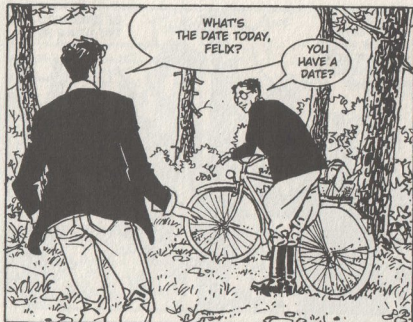
BUT... THEN... THAT MEANS...

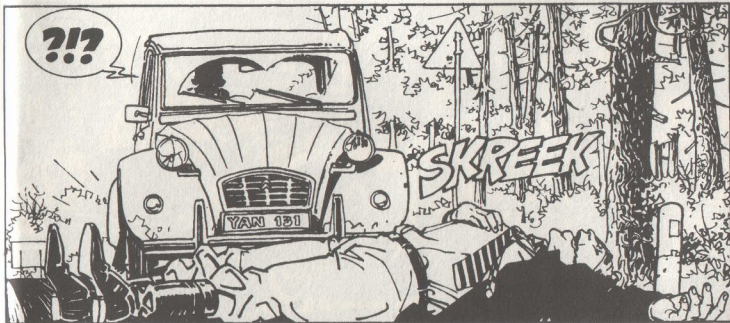
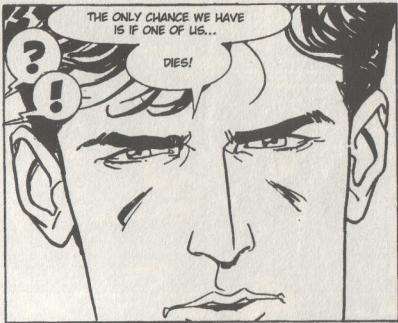
...THAT WE'RE OUT!

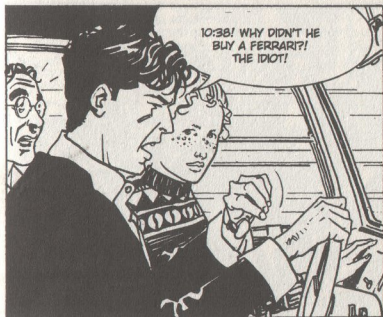
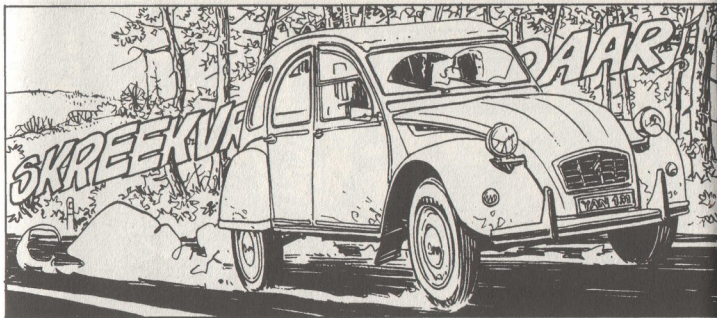
OUT OF YOUR MIND, OBVIOUSLY. JUST LIKE THE GUY WHO WAS SUFFERING FROM DIARRHEA, HIS DOCTOR ASKED HIM, "HAVE YOU TRIED A LEMON?" AND HE REPLIED, "YEAH, I DID, BUT WHEN I TOOK IT OUT IT STARTED AGAIN!"

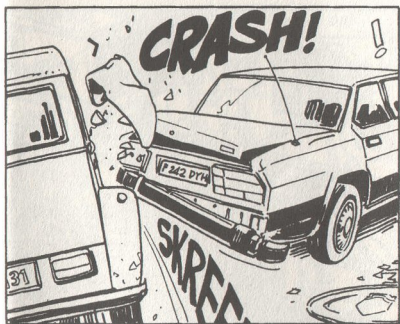
HEY! WAIT A MINUTE!

?!

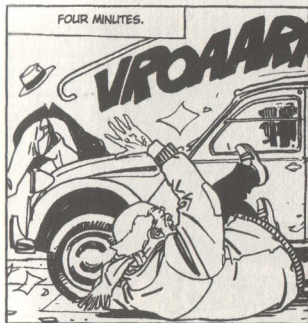








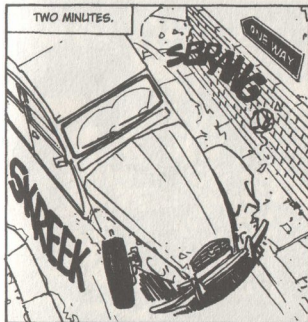
FOUR MINUTES.



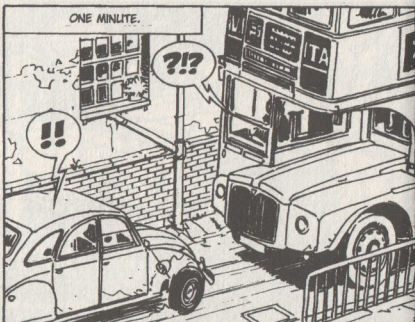
THREE MINUTES.



TWO MINUTES.

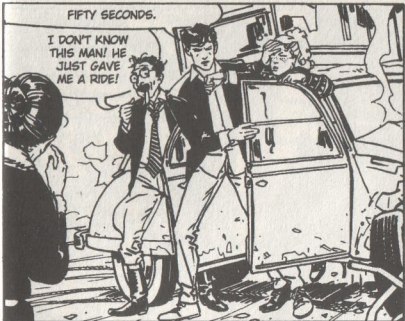


ONE MINUTE.



FIFTY SECONDS.

I DON'T KNOW THIS MAN! HE JUST GAVE ME A RIDE!



THIRTY SECONDS.

HEY, YOU! STOP!



FIFTEEN.



NINE.

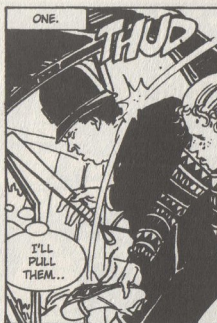
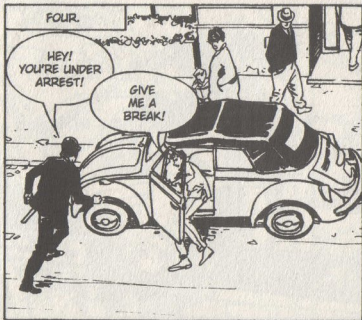
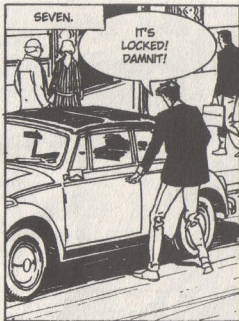


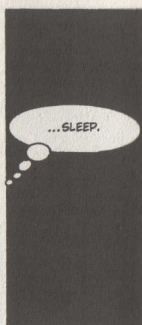
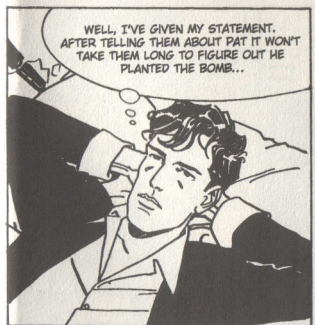
EIGHT.

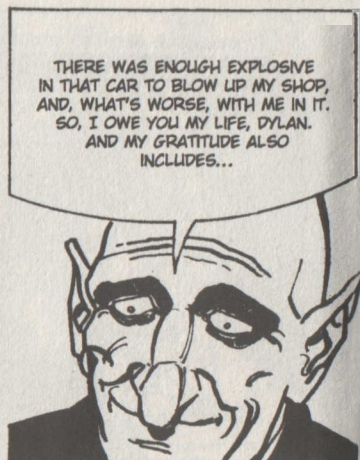
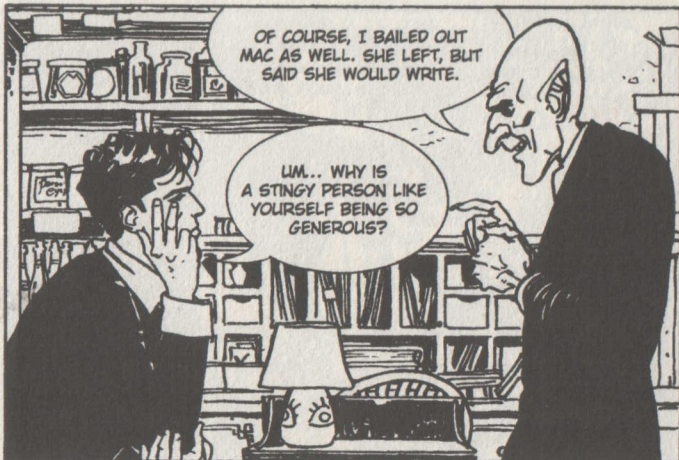
THERE IT IS!











"...AN EXPLANATION OF ZED!"

OBVIOUSLY, I'LL HAVE TO SIMPLIFY A LOT... YOU MAY BE FAMILIAR WITH EINSTEIN'S THEORY OF A CURVED UNIVERSE. ACCORDING TO HIM, SPACE ISN'T "STRAIGHT," SO TO SPEAK. LIKE THIS...

BUT IT'S CURVED, LIKE THIS... LET'S SAY A SPACESHIP THINKS IT'S TRAVELING IN A STRAIGHT LINE FROM A TO B...

A<sup>x</sup> ————— B

...BUT ACTUALLY IT'S FOLLOWING A CURVE.

A<sup>x</sup> ————— B<sup>y</sup>

NOW, IF THERE WERE A WAY TO ACTUALLY PASS FROM A TO B, OUR SPACESHIP MIGHT MOVE IN SPACE AND MAYBE IN TIME. IT WOULD BE IN SO-CALLED HYPERSPACE WITH MUCH GREATER SPEED.

THIS WORKS FOR GREAT DISTANCES IN SPACE, OF COURSE, BUT LET'S SUPPOSE THAT THE THEORY IS ALSO APPLICABLE TO SHORT DISTANCES HERE ON EARTH.

FROM LONDON TO THE GOLCONDA FOREST, FOR EXAMPLE?

YES, EVEN WITHOUT THE SWERVING YOU MUST HAVE DONE IN ZED, YOU WOULD HAVE ARRIVED IN GOLCONDA IN A FRACTION OF A SECOND, EVEN THOUGH YOU THOUGHT IT TOOK A NORMAL AMOUNT OF TIME. BY THE WAY, WHAT HAPPENED TO SCOUT?

HE'S DEAD.

HMMM. I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT. HE WAS THE LAST TO KNOW THE WAY AND HAVE THE KEY TO ZED.

BUT WHY WERE THERE SNIPERS AT THE ENTRANCE?

OH, IT'S THE SAME OLD STORY. YOU FIGHT WHAT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. THE GOVERNMENT, WITHOUT UNDERSTANDING ITS IMPORTANCE, HAS KNOWN ABOUT ZED FOR A LONG TIME. ONCE THERE WERE MANY GUIDES LIKE SCOUT...

...AND THERE WAS A DANGER OF A MASS EXODUS FROM THIS BLEAK WORLD TO WHAT SCIENTISTS CONSIDERED TO BE AN EXTRADIMENSIONAL SHANGRI-LA. WHICH BELONGED TO THE STATE!

IT WAS A TOP SECRET. AND A USELESS ONE AT THAT SINCE PARLIAMENT HAS NEVER APPROVED THE FUNDS TO STUDY IT. THEY ONLY APPROVED FUNDS TO PROTECT IT. IN THE BEGINNING THERE WAS HALF AN ARMY BLOCKING THE WAY TO ZED.

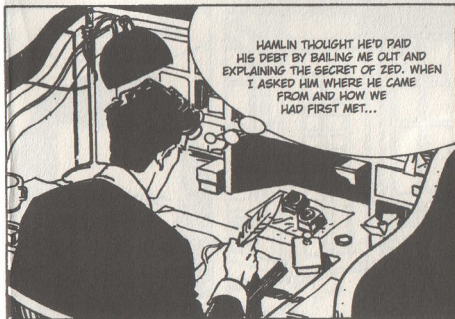
THE GUIDES DIED ONE BY ONE AND THE SURVEILLANCE BEGAN TO DIMINISH. EVENTUALLY THOSE TWO SNIPERS WERE ALL THAT WAS LEFT. SCOUT ALMOST ALWAYS MANAGED TO TRICK THEM.

AND THAT ALSO PARTLY EXPLAINS THE DISAPPEARANCE OF SO MANY MISSING PERSONS, ESPECIALLY YOUNGER ONES. THE POLICE ARCHIVES ARE FULL OF REPORTS OF PEOPLE WHO HAVE DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR. MANY OF THEM ARE IN ZED, FAR AWAY FROM THE REAL WORLD WHERE INNOCENT PEOPLE ARE JAILED, CIVIL RIGHTS ARE IGNORED, WHERE MONEY RULES, AND THE ONLY IDEALS LEFT ARE CONSUMERISM AND INDIFFERENCE.

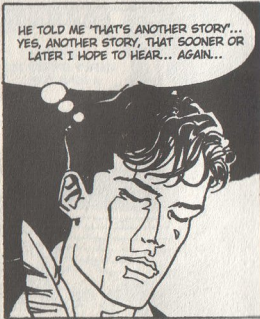
I INTERRUPTED HIM. I HAD ALREADY HEARD THAT SPEECH. BY THE WAY... MAC WROTE ME A LETTER. SHE RETURNED TO IRELAND AND DECIDED TO DEDICATE HERSELF TO THE POLITICAL STRUGGLE-- POLITICAL AND PACIFIST.



HAMLIN THOUGHT HE'D PAID HIS DEBT BY BAILING ME OUT AND EXPLAINING THE SECRET OF ZED. WHEN I ASKED HIM WHERE HE CAME FROM AND HOW WE HAD FIRST MET...



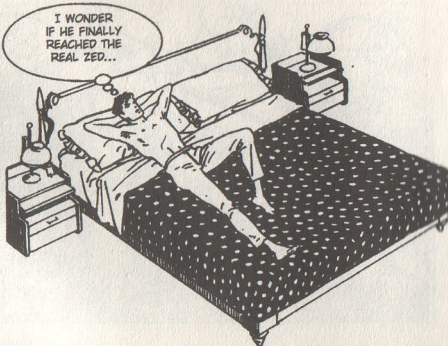
HE TOLD ME 'THAT'S ANOTHER STORY'... YES, ANOTHER STORY, THAT SOONER OR LATER I HOPE TO HEAR... AGAIN...

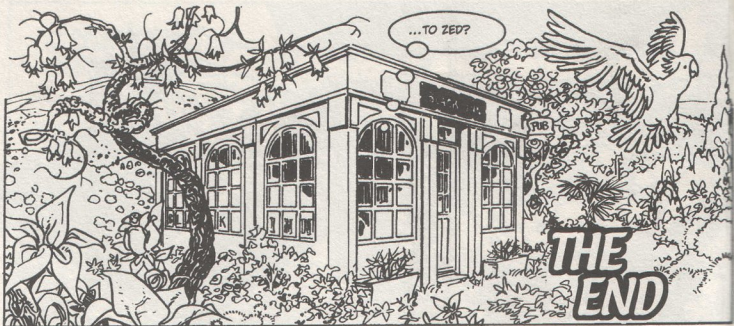
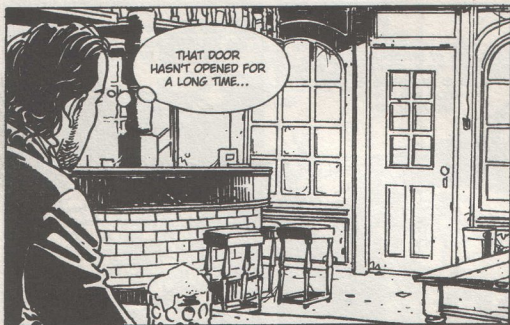
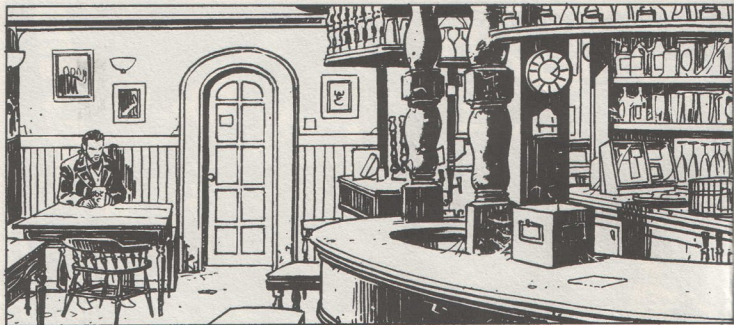


I WONDER ABOUT SCOUT...



I WONDER IF HE FINALLY REACHED THE REAL ZED...





**THE  
END**