

NO. 5

\$1.25

# ANDROMEDA



WALTER.M.MILLER

# THE BIG HUNGER



After a couple of months of delays we're finally able to bring you the fifth issue of *Andromeda*. Response has been very heartening, both from you, our readership and from the professional community.

Hopefully, we will soon be able to bring you original stories by some of the top Science Fiction/Fantasy authors as well as adaptations of their previous works.

There are, as always, a lot of people responsible for what you now hold in your hands. They know who they are . . . Thanks!

**THE BIG HUNGER** by Walter M. Miller, adapted by b.p. nichol, illustrated by Tony Meers . . . . . **2**

When I first read this story with thoughts of adapting it to comics format I was a little hesitant. When b.p. came back with the script things started to look better. Now you can see the final result, handled so admirably by Tony. Judge for yourself. It's a strange story . . . or is it just a story?

**KLANG-KLANG** by Derek Carter . . . . . **27**

Chances are that if you've not seen Derek's work at some time, you've at least heard his thick accent thundering through the streets of Toronto. Derek has been with us from the beginning, waiting in the wings, as it were. Grumbling, and kicking at the dirt. Both *Andromeda* and the Canadian comic book community owe a great deal to Mr. Carter — and we are proud to present, at last, "Klang-Klang".

**THE VISIT** by Don Marshall . . . . . **31**

Don has become quite a regular with us. Here he presents a two-page short story from his future history "The Targan Terror". More episodes will be appearing in upcoming issues of *Andromeda*.

**THE BELLERSON VERSION** by b.p. nichol, illustrated by Tom Nesbitt . . . . . **33**

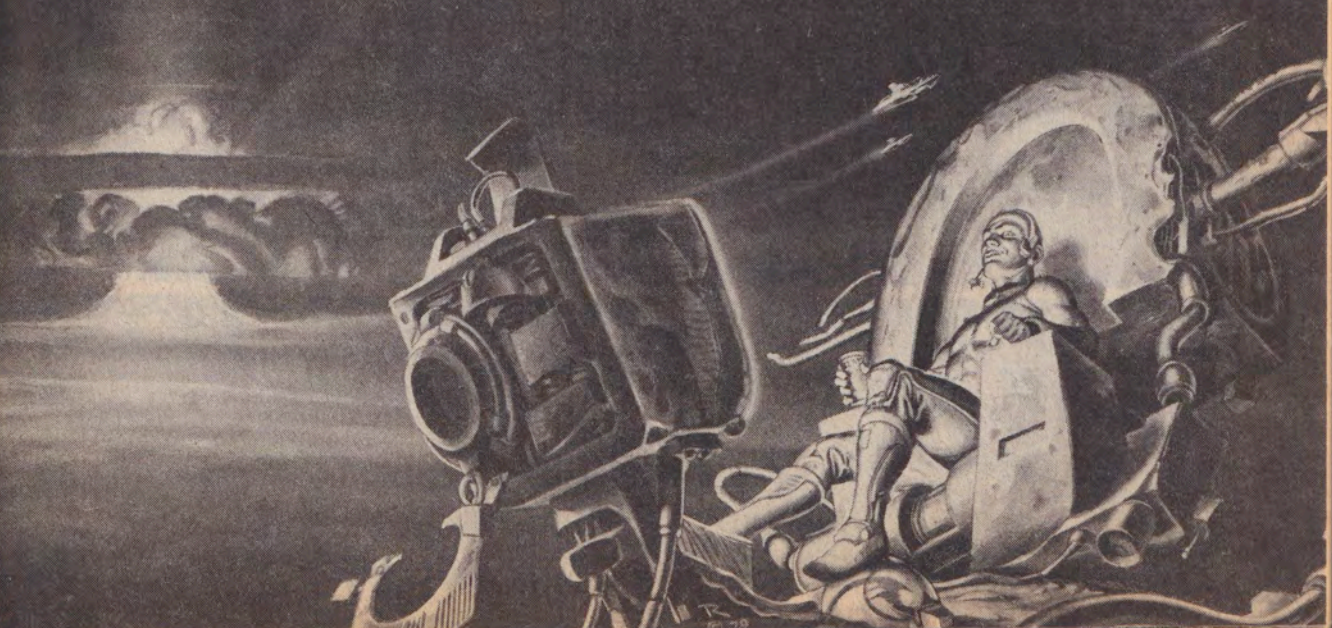
Messrs. Nichol and Nesbitt have once more combined their awesome talents to bring us this fascinating, if somewhat familiar tale. Quiz time: Original story by a) Hans Christian Anderson B) The Brothers Grimm C) Other.

**ANDROMEDA** Vol. 2, No. 5 June 1979. Published by *Andromeda Publications*, owned and operated by Silver Shell Comics, Ltd., 321 Queen Street West, Toronto, Ontario M5V 2A9. Dean Motter and Ron Van Leeuwen, associate editors. Cover © 1979 John Allison. Frontispiece © 1979 Robert MacIntyre. *The Big Hunger* © 1979 Walter M. Miller used with the kind permission of his agent Harold Matson Company, Inc. Illustration © 1979 Tony Meers. *Klang-Klang* © 1979 Derek Carter. *The Visit* © 1979 Don Marshall. *The Belleron Version* © 1979 b.p. nichol and Tom Nesbitt. All Rights Reserved. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. No actual persons, living or dead, are intended or should be inferred. Founding publisher: Bill Paul. Distributed by Firefly Books, 2 Essex Avenue, Unit 5, Thornhill, Ontario, Canada. Printed in Canada.

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Frontispiece by Robert MacIntyre

Contents Page by Paul Rivoche



I AM **BLIND**, -YET I KNOW THE ROAD TO THE STARS.

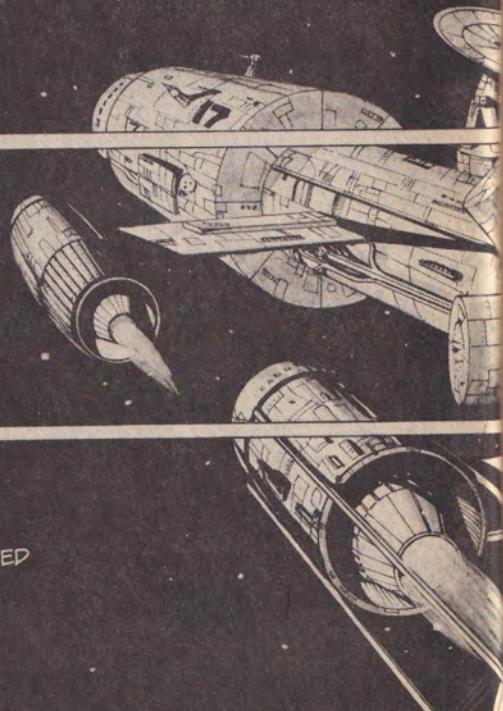
SPACE IS MY HARP, AND I TOUCH IT LIGHTLY  
WITH MY FINGERS OF STEEL... **SPACE SINGS.**

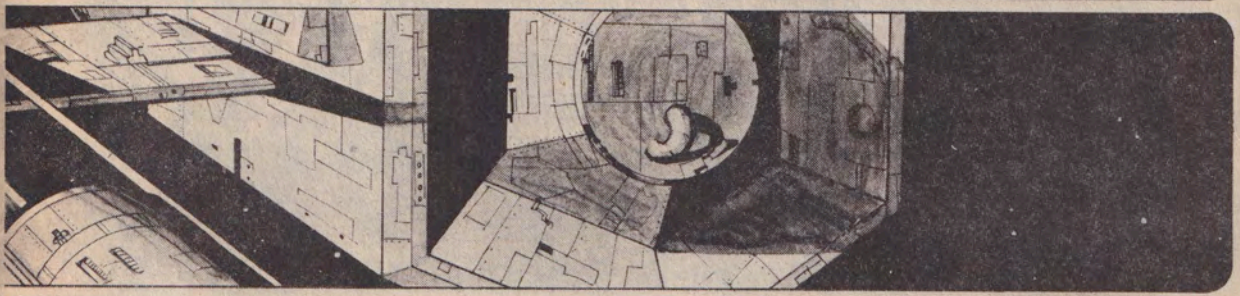
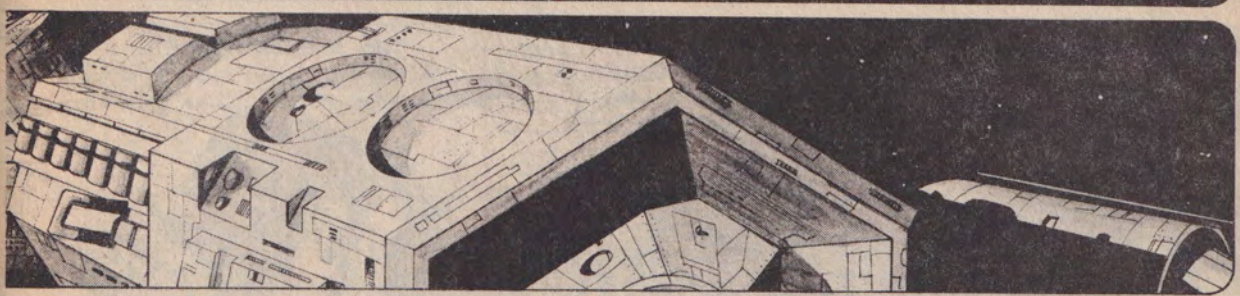
ITS MUSIC QUIVERS IN THE FLUX PATTERNS,  
COMES CREEPING ALONG THE TWITCH OF A  
POSITRON STREAM, COMES TO WHISPER IN  
GLASS EARS. I HEAR. AIEE!

THOUGH I AM WITHOUT EYES, I SEE THE STARS TANGLED  
IN THEIR FIELD-WEBS, TANGLED INTO ONE.

I AM THE SPIDER WHO RUNS OVER THE WEB.

I AM THE SPIDER WHO SPINS, SPINNING A SPACE WHERE NO STARS ARE.

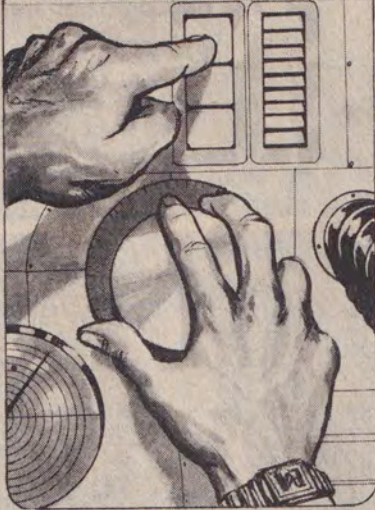




AND I AM HARPIST TO A PALE, PROUD MASTER.



HE BUILDS ME, AND FEEDS ME THE FUEL I EAT...



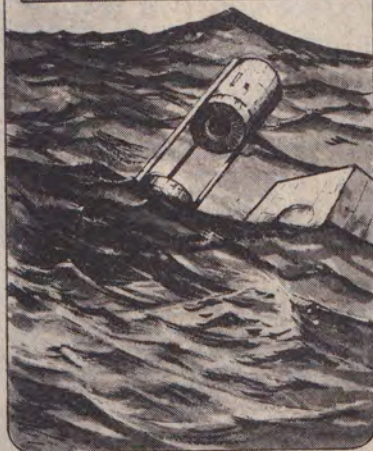
... AND LEADS ME RIDING THROUGH THE SPACE I MAKE, TO THE GLARE OF ANOTHER SUN.



AND WHEN HE IS DONE WITH ME, I LIE RUSTING IN THE RAIN.



MY METAL ROTS WITH AGES AND THE SEA COMES WASHING OVER LAND TO TAKE ME WHILE I SLEEP.



THE MASTER FORGETS.



THE MASTER CHIPS FLINT FROM A STONE, LEAVING A STONE-AXE.



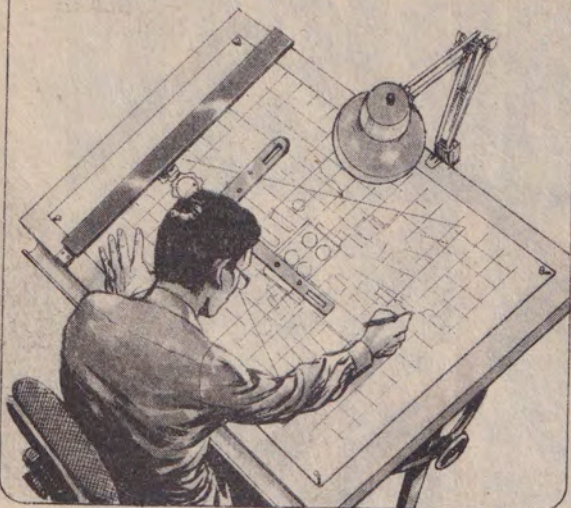
HE BUSIES HIMSELF WITH DRUMS AND BLOODY ALTARS.



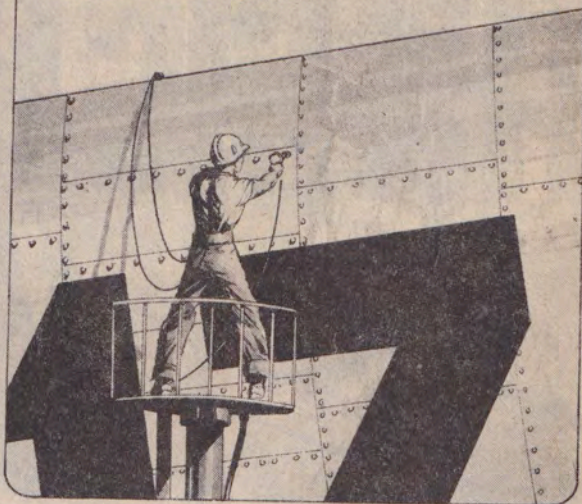
HE DANCES WITH A WRITHING SNAKE IN HIS MOUTH, CONJURING THE RAIN.



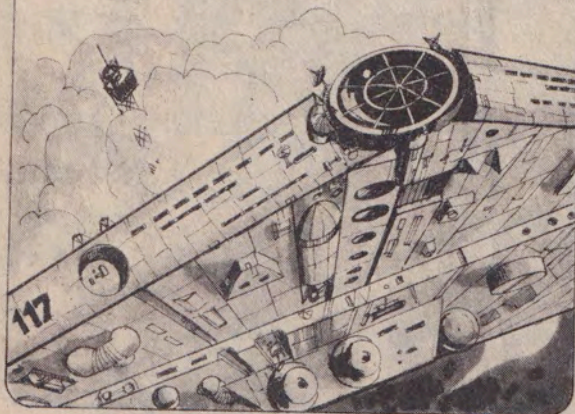
THEN - AFTER A LONG TIME - HE REMEMBERS.



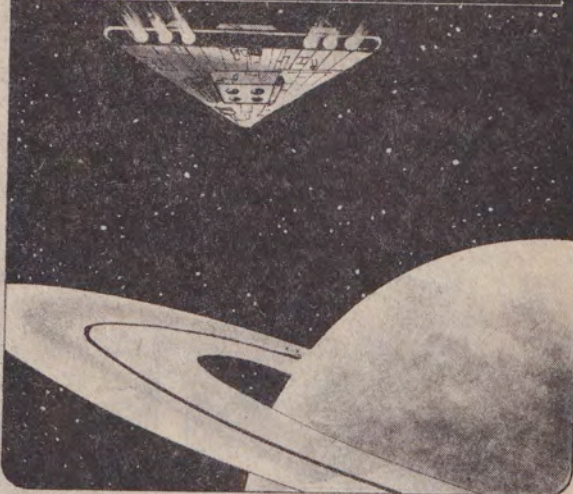
HE BUILDS ANOTHER OF ME,  
AND I AM THE SAME.



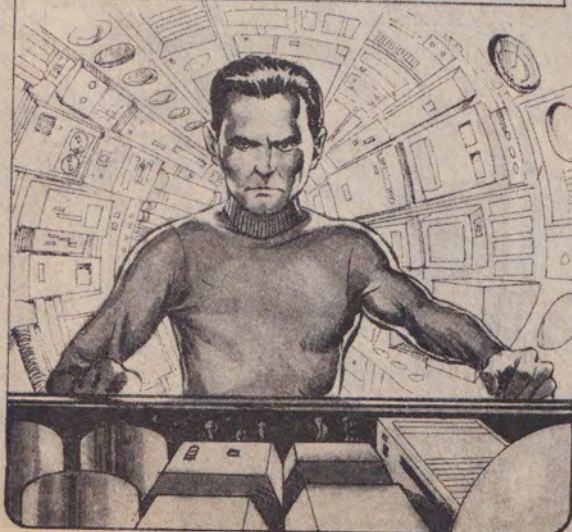
FOR LIKE THE SOUL OF HIM WHO BUILDS ME,  
MY PRINCIPLE LIES BEYOND PARTICULAR FLESH.



WHEN MY PRINCIPLE IS CLOTHED IN STEEL,  
WE GO WANDERING AGAIN.



I AM THE MINSTRAL, WITH MAN THE KING.

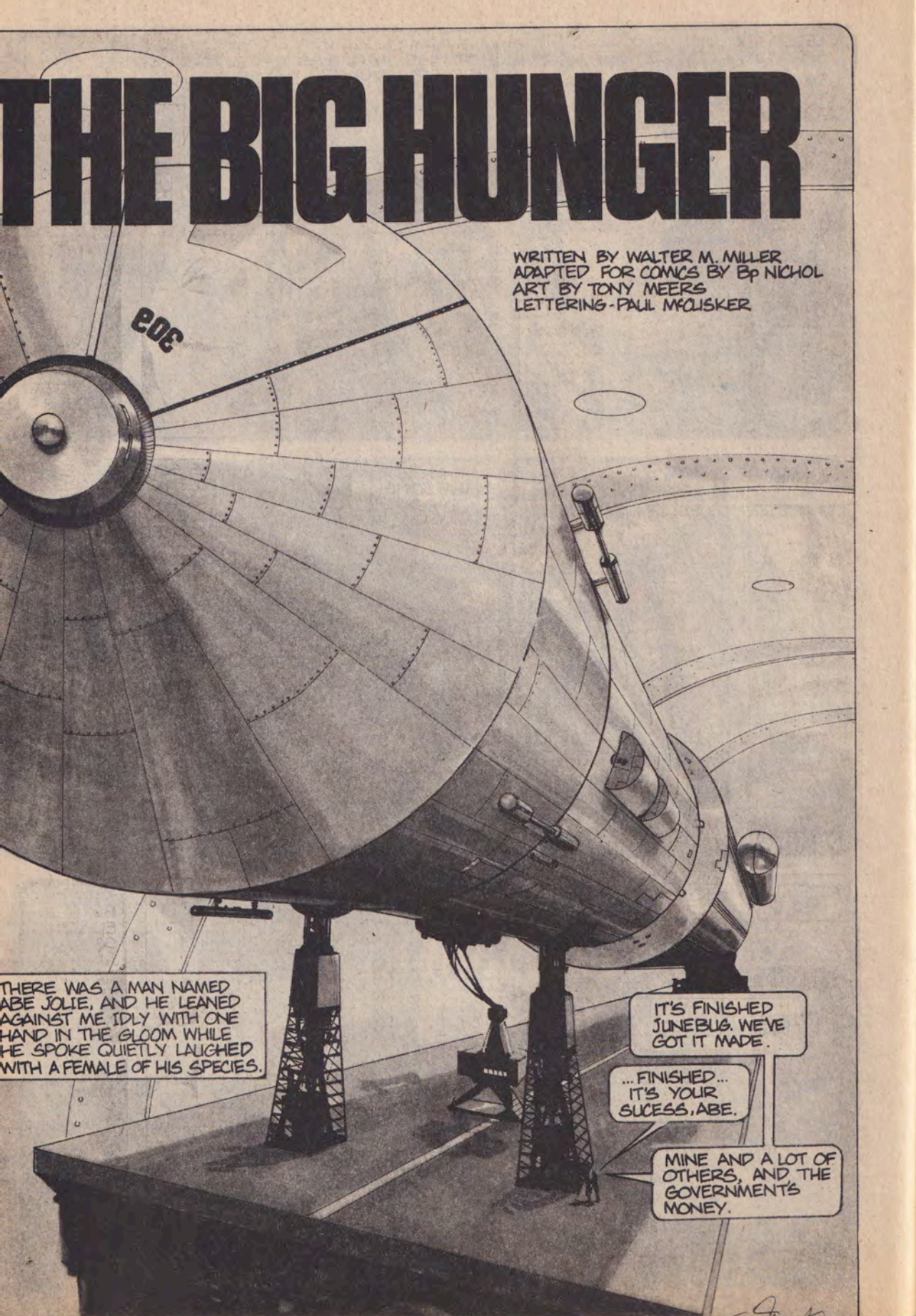


HEAR THE SONG OF HIS HUNGER THE  
SONG OF HIS ENDLESS THIRST.



# THE BIG HUNGER

WRITTEN BY WALTER M. MILLER  
ADAPTED FOR COMICS BY Bp NICHOL  
ART BY TONY MEERS  
LETTERING - PAUL MCCLISKER



THERE WAS A MAN NAMED  
ABE JOLIE, AND HE LEANED  
AGAINST ME IDLY WITH ONE  
HAND IN THE GLOOM WHILE  
HE SPOKE QUIETLY LAUGHED  
WITH A FEMALE OF HIS SPECIES.

IT'S FINISHED  
JUNEBUG. WE'VE  
GOT IT MADE.

...FINISHED...  
IT'S YOUR  
SUCCESS, ABE.

MINE AND A LOT OF  
OTHERS, AND THE  
GOVERNMENT'S  
MONEY.



LET'S STEAL IT  
AND RUN AWAY.



SSSHH.



THEY CAN SHOOT YOU  
FOR LESS THAN THAT.  
THE S.P. DOESN'T  
HAVE A  
SENSE OF  
HUMOUR.



ABE-



WHAT?



KISS ME.



WHEN IS  
THAT GOING  
TO BE  
ILLEGAL  
TOO.



AS SOON AS THE  
EUGENIC LAWS ARE  
PASSED, ABE. ABE  
JOLIE, WHO BUILT THE  
SPACEDRIVE...



A GENETIC  
UNDESIRABLE.

DONT



WELL,



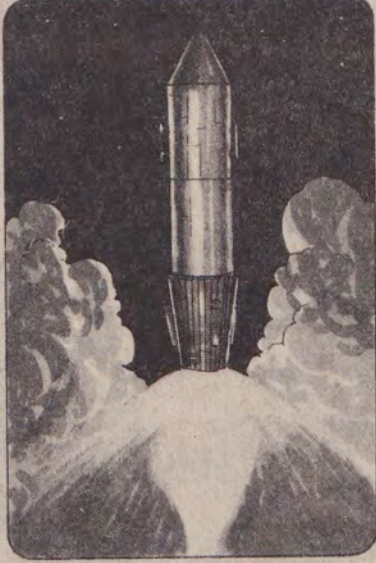
MEET ME  
HERE AT  
ELEVEN  
O'CLOCK,  
JUNEBUG.



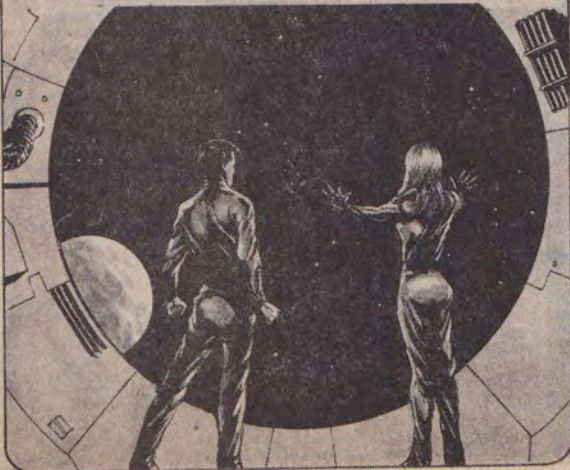
AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK, A LION  
ROARED IN THE HANGAR.

GROWRRR

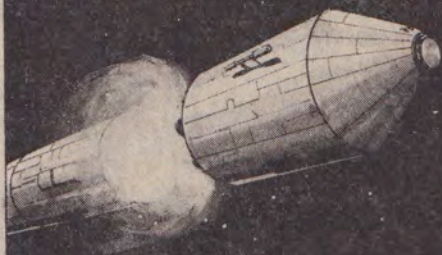
BDOOM!!



WHEN WE WERE ALONE IN THE AIRLESS,  
STAR-STUCCO, SUN-TORN BLACKNESS, I  
STROKED THE WEB OF SPACE AND  
LISTENED TO THE MUTED NOTES.



WHEN THE TUNE IS MEMORIZED, I SPEAK.  
I CONTRADICT. I REFUTE THE UNIVERSE. WE  
LIVED IN A SPACELESS SPACE  
BEYOND THE STARS.



THE MAN AND WOMAN HAD GONE,  
BUT THE PLAN REMAINED ON EARTH.

MY PRINCIPLE REMAINED  
ON THE DRAWING BOARDS,  
AND IN THE DREAMS OF MEN.

STOP THE LIBERAL  
GIVEAWAY !!

GIVE US THE  
BIG FREEDOM  
GIVE US  
SPACE!

END  
WAR!

OF  
THE  
FIGHTING

OF  
THE  
WAR

THE POD OF EARTH OPENED,  
SCATTERED ITS SEED SPACEWARD.  
IT WAS THE TIME OF THE GREAT  
BURSTING, THE GREAT  
BIRTH-GIVING. THE WORLD  
SEETHED, AND EMPIRES  
TOPPLED, AND NEW EMPIRES  
AROSE WHOSE PURPOSE  
IT WAS TO BUILD THE  
SKY-CHARIOTS.

THEY BUILT ME AGAIN, THESE  
PALE PROUD BIPEDS, THESE  
CHILDREN OF AN APE-PRINCE  
WHO WALKED LIKE A GOD.

YOUNG MEN, YOUNG  
WOMEN, CLAMoured AT THE  
GATES OF LAUNCHING FIELDS, AND  
THEY CLIMBED ABOARD IN  
THROGS AND DESERTED EARTH.  
MAN WAS A STARWARD WIND,  
A MUSTARD SEED,  
A WISP OF BRAHMA'S BREATH  
BREATHED ACROSS SPACE.

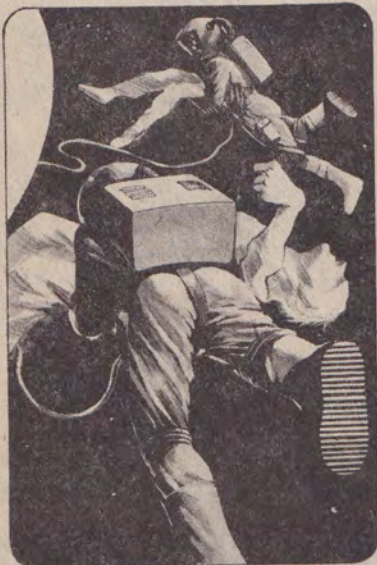
THEY FOUND TWO CORPSES  
IN AN ORBIT ABOUT ARCTURUS.



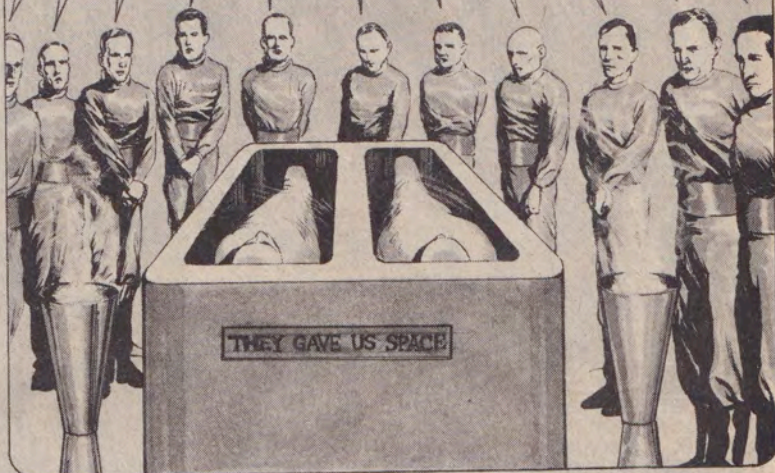
THE CORPSES WERE FROZEN  
AND THE ICE WAS SLOWLY  
SUBLIMATING INTO SPACE-VAPOR.



ENGINEERS UNION  
MEMBER ABE JOLIE



KYRIE, KYRIE, KYRIE.

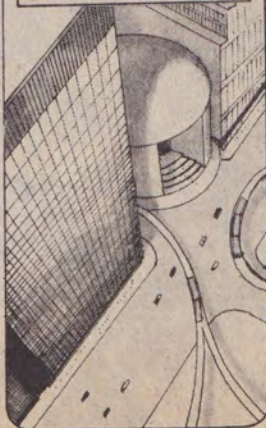


THEY GAVE US SPACE

I AM  
THE  
RESUR-  
RECTION  
AND THE  
LIFE ...



THERE WERE THOSE  
WHO REMAINED  
BEHIND, WHO MADE  
EARTH THEIR  
BUSINESS AND  
STAYED HOME.



THEY WERE  
SOMEHOW  
DIFFERENT  
FROM  
THE SPACERS.



EVENTUALLY  
THEY  
ABOLISHED  
GOVERNMENT.



AND FOR THE FIRST  
TIME IN ANYONE'S  
MEMORY, THERE WAS  
PEACE ON EARTH  
AND GOOD WILL  
TOWARDS MEN.



MY MASTER WAS HUNGRY FOR LAND.  
MY MASTER SOUGHT NEW WORLDS  
AND WE FOUND ONE NEAR A YELLOW  
SUN IN SERPENS CALLED 27 LAMBDA.



WE CAME DOWN ON  
TONGUES OF LIGHTNING  
FROM THE CLEAR SKY..



TO SET JET-FIRES IN  
THE GRASSY PLAIN  
NEAR A RIVER

MAN WAS A  
SEED REPLANTED.



HOUSES OF LOGS AND  
STONE GREW UP ON  
THE HILLSIDES...



... AND  
CRUMBLLED  
SLOWLY  
INTO RUIN.



I LAY  
RUSTING  
IN THE  
RAIN.



A MAN WEARING A FUR ROBE  
CAME AND BUILT AN ALTAR AT  
MY FEET.



HE BURNT HIS ELDEST  
DAUGHTER ON IT WHILE HE  
SANG A BATTLE SONG AND  
DANCED A VICTORY UNDER A  
STRANGE SKY.



THE SONGS OF MEN MOLDED  
CLAY AND CHIPPED ARROWHEADS.  
AND THE OLD MEN TOLD THEM  
STORIES OF A SPACE-GOING  
GOD, AND THE STORIES  
BECAME THEIR LEGENDS.



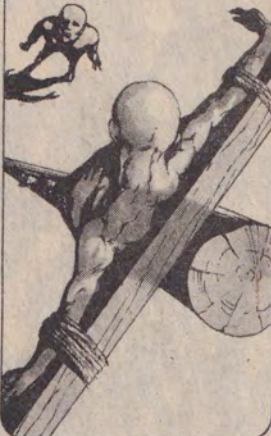
A GLACIER CAME  
AND GROUND ME  
INTO DUST.  
MILLENIUMS PASSED  
AND EACH PROPHET  
HAD HIS HAZAR.



ONE OF THE  
PROPHETS WROTE  
AN ENERGY  
EQUATION.



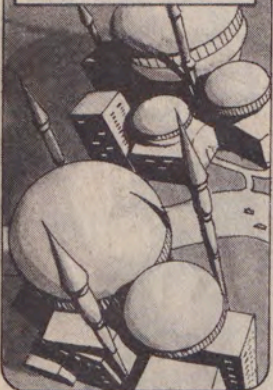
MEN CRUCIFIED AN  
AGITATOR ON A  
TELEPHONE POLE.



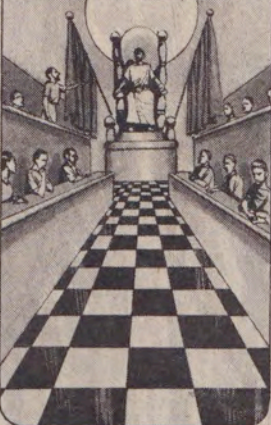
THEY REFASHIONED A  
BODY FOR MY LIFE-  
PRINCIPLE FOR THE  
TENSOR TRANSFORMERS  
THAT CONSTITUTE  
MY SOUL.



MEN DEPARTED FOR  
OTHER STARS, BUT  
AFTER A THOUSAND  
YEARS MANY  
REMAINED ON THE  
PLANET OF THEIR  
BIRTH.



WHEN THE RESTLESS  
ONES WERE GONE  
THE PARLIMENTS  
VOTED THEMSELVES  
OUT OF EXISTANCE.



THERE WAS PEACE ON  
THE THIRD PLANET OF  
27 LAMBDA  
SERPENTIS



THEY MADE LOVE AND  
STUDIED SOCIOLOGY  
UNDER A FRIENDLY SUN  
UNDER A PLEASANT  
BLUE SKY FOREVER.



ON THE ROAD AROUND SPACE, MY  
MASTER HUNGRED FOR LAND.



AND THERE WAS A YELLOW SUN  
IN THE REGION OF THE SCORPION  
THEY NAMED BA'LAGAN, A LITTLE  
SOUTH OF THE SERPENS, A  
LITTLE NEARER THE GALACTIC  
NUCLEUS. THEY NAMED ITS  
PLANETS ALBRASSA AND NYNFI,  
AND THEY WERE TWINS.

ALBRASSA WAS ALREADY POPULATED BY A CLAN OF HAIRY INTELLECTUALS WHO LIKED THE FLAVOR OF MAN-FLESH.

MAN CAME DOWN ON SKY LIGHTNING TO WALK ON THE LAND AND OWN IT.

I LAY RUSTING IN THE RAIN.

MAN TAUGHT HIS GRANDSON TO HAMMER VIRGIN COPPER INTO A VICIOUS BATTLE-AX...

AND THE MYSTIC RECIPE FOR ROASTING A HAIRY INTELLECTUAL.

MAN'S GRANDSON WAXED STRONG AND MALICIOUS. HE COMMITTED GENOCIDE ON THE FURRY NATIVES.

HE BUTCHERED AN OLD MAN WHO MADE THE SILLY SUGGESTION THEY SACRIFICE A HEALTHY YOUNG VIRGIN TO THEIR GOD.

MAN ASSURED HIMSELF THAT HE WAS THE CHOSEN CHILD OF THE MOST HIGH. CENTURIES WANDERED BY AND THERE WAS A WAR WITH NYNFI BETWEEN THE WORLDS.

AND ROCKETS HEAVED SKYWARD BEARING MY BODY AND THE BODIES OF MY MASTERS AND MEN WERE STEEL-JACKETED MOTES OF FLESH, SCURRYING AMONG THE STARS, THEIR EYES ON HERCULES AND THE FAR-DISTANT GLOBULAR CLUSTERS.

HE PAUSED AT NU LUPI AND IS  
SAGITTEA AND A NAMELESS  
YELLOW SUN IN OPHIUCHUS  
WHERE HE MET A NATIVE RACE...



...WHO PARED  
TO BE BIPEDS.

HE CRUSHED  
THEM  
QUICKLY.

THERE WERE ALWAYS  
THOSE WHO REMAINED  
BEHIND.



I WATCHED AND SAW THE  
LUST GO OUT OF THEM, THIS  
I HAVE NEVER  
UNDERSTOOD.



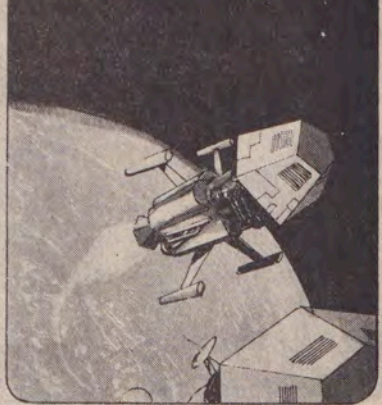
I THE MACHINE, THE SPACE-  
SPIDER CANNOT UNDERSTAND.  
BUT I HAVE SEEN IT-THE  
EXODUS OF THE HUNGRY,  
THE SETTLING OF PEACE OVER  
THOSE WHO CHOSE TO LINGER.



EVER DEEPER PRESSED THE  
STAR-SHIPS, DEEPER INTO  
SAGITTARIUS AND SCORPIUS  
AND LUPUS, OPHIUCHUS  
AND SAGITTA.



NOW AND THEN THEY PAUSED  
TO COLONIZE AND CONQUER.  
ONCE MORE, THEY DARTED  
HEAVENWARD, LEAVING  
RELUCTANT BROTHERS  
IN PEACE.



THEY WROTE A SONG CALLED  
"TEN PARSECS TO PARADISE"  
AND SANG IT AS IF THEY  
BELIEVED IT. THIS I HAVE  
NEVER UNDERSTOOD.



IT WAS ALWAYS TEN OR  
TWELVE PARSECS TO ANOTHER  
SUN WITH A CLASS B SPECTRUM  
WITH A PLANET CHASTELY CLAD  
IN GREEN FOREST AND  
WHITE CLOUD.



THERE HE LANDED TO REBUILD,  
TO FLURRY THE EARTH,  
TO ROCK ON HIS PORCH, TO  
THOUGHTFULLY STARE AT THE  
STARS WHILE HIS GRAND-  
CHILDREN ROMPED ON  
THE COOL LAWN.





HE HAD FORGOTTEN EARTH, THIS OLD MAN, BUT HE KNEW THE STAR-GOING CYCLE.



HE KNEW THESE THINGS BECAUSE MAN HAD LEARNED TO KEEP A LITTLE OF THE PAST INTACT.



BUT THE OLD MAN WAS SAD WHY MUST HIS SEED FLING ITSELF STARWARD? HE KNEW THAT IT MUST-BUT HE LACKED A REASON.



GRAMPS GOT STAR-CRAZE! LOOK AT GRAMP MENTING! NYAHH!

GRAMPS GOT STAR-CRAZE!



WHAT WEIGHTY MATTER WORRIES YOU, NARI?



WHY IS THERE STAR-CRAZE GRAMP?



WHY ARE THERE MEN TO FEEL IT?



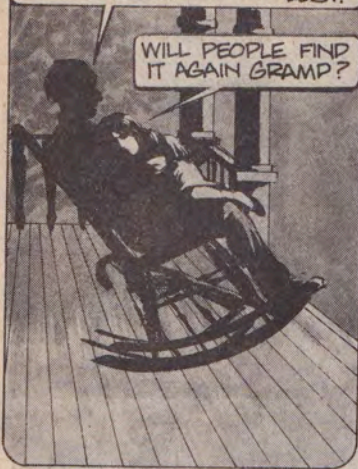
I ONLY KNOW WHAT THE PRIEST SAY NARI. THEY SAY THAT MAN ONCE OWNED A PARADISE PLANET, AND THAT HE RAN AWAY IN SEARCH OF A BETTER ONE.



THEY SAY HE MADE THE LORD BION ANGRY AND THE LORD HID THE PARADISE...

... AND CONDEMNED MAN TO WANDER FOREVER, TOUCHED HIS HEART WITH ETERNAL HUNGER FOR THE PLACE HE LOST.

WILL PEOPLE FIND IT AGAIN GRAMP?



NEVER- SO THE PRIEST SAY... THE HUNGER IS ON HIM NARI.



IT ISN'T FAIR!

WHAT ISN'T MY CHILD?

STAR-CRAZE.



LAST NIGHT I SAW A LADY CRYING. SHE WAS JUST STANDING THERE CRYING AT THE SKY.



WHERE?

ON THE STREET WAITING FOR A MOTOR-BUS

HOW OLD WAS SHE?



IT WAS KIND OF DARK.



I'LL BET SHE WASN'T OVER FOURTEEN.



WON'T I GET TO GO?

NOT EVER, NARI.



THE OLD MAN DIDN'T KNOW WHY THE ROAD HAD TO BE TRAVELLED NOR DID HE REALLY CARE.

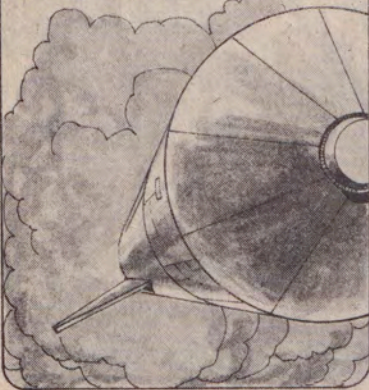


SURELY THERE WAS SOMETHING MORE THAN DESPAIR AT THE END OF IT.



THE OLD MAN GREW OLDER AND DIED PEACEFULLY AND HIS ASHES WERE SCATTERED ACROSS THE FIELDS HE HAD TILLED SINCE BOYHOOD.

HIS CHILDREN AND HIS GRAND CHILDREN FOLLOWED IN HIS PATIENT STEPS, AND THEIR ASHES WERE MINGLED WITH HIS OWN BEFORE THE FIRST GLEAMING SKY-CRAFT BURST STAR-FIRE IN THE NIGHT.



WE'LL DO IT AGAIN!  
WE'LL REPOPULATE  
AND DO IT AGAIN.

BUT I NOTICED A SUBTLE  
DIFFERENCE IN THOSE WHO  
LINGERED BEHIND. THEY  
NO LONGER LINGERED  
OF THEIR OWN CHOOSING.

BUT THE BITTERNESS OF  
THEIR FLIGHT WAS UPON  
THEM. THEY FOUGHT  
SAVAGELY AMONG THEM-  
SELVES WHILE THE  
STAR-WARD WAVE RECEDED.



I AM THE ACOLITE OF  
THE SPACE-PRIEST, THE  
SERVER OF THE  
PALE, PROUD BIPED

I HAVE TAKEN HIM ONWARD ACROSS THE VOID,  
TO THE HERCULES CLUSTER, AND BEYOND IT  
TO THE UNCHARTED REGIONS PAST THE DUST  
CLOUDS OF THE GREAT RIFT. INTO THE  
STAR-PACT HEARTLAND WHERE OTHER RACES  
WERE TESTING THEIR SPACE WINGS AND  
TASTING OF THE GREAT FREEDOM.

I HAVE WATCHED HIM,  
AND HAVE FELT THE  
LIFE-AURA OF HIS  
LONGING.

AND I HAVE WONDERED. WHAT IS HIS GOAL?  
WHERE IS AN ANSWER TO HIS HUNGER?

MY NEURAL  
CIRCUITS ARE  
NOT OF FLESH.  
MY CIRCUITS ARE  
OF GLASS  
AND STEEL.  
MY THOUGHT  
IS A FANNING  
ELECTRON  
STREAM.

BUT I HAVE PRAYED. I, THE SPIDER WHO  
BUILDS AROUND SPACE, HAVE PRAYED TO  
THE GODS OF THE BIPED, I SERVE. I  
HAVE PRAYED TO THE GOD OF THE NORTH  
END OF SPACE. I HAVE ASKED,  
"WHERE IS HIS PEACE?"

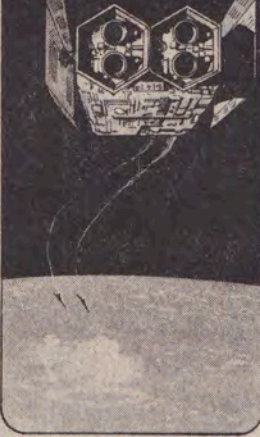
NO  
ANSWER  
CAME!

I HAVE SEEN  
MY MASTER  
CHANGE.

HE BIPED WAS THUNDER ACROSS THE GALAXY. THE BIPED WAS A SWIFT AND STEEL-CLAD SPEAR HURLING RUTHLESSLY ONWARD.



HE MADE NO FRIENDS FOR HE CAME AS A BEING WHO OWNED THE STARS, AND HE TOOK WHAT HE WANTED ALONG THE WAY.



HE LEFT HIS SEED TO GROW ANEW, A CREATURE OF FIERCE PRIDE AND FIERCER LONGING.



HE TRAMPLED HATELESSLY SUCH RACES AS HE ENCOUNTERED. CRUSHED THEM OR HARNESSSED THEM TO HIS PLOW.



HE SOMETIMES FOUGHT AGAINST HIS OWN RACE.



MEN WHO HAD TRAVELLED OTHER ROUTES TO THE GALACTIC HEARTLAND.

WHEN MEN BATTLED AGAINST MAN, THEY FOUGHT WITH HATRED AND CRUELTY AND BITTERNESS- BUT NEVER WITH CONTEMPT. HE SAW A RIVAL KING IN MAN.



HE TOOK THE PLANETS OF THE YELLOW SUNS- DEEP IN THE GALACTIC HEARTLAND,



INHABITING EACH PLANET FOR A FEW GENERATIONS.

THEY REPOPULATED AFTER AN EXODUS, REBUILT, LAUNCHED A SECOND FLIGHT, AND A THIRD- UNTIL THOSE WHO REMAINED AT HOME WERE THOSE WHO LACKED THE INCENTIVE OF THE BIG UNSEEN.



MY MASTER IS THE NOMAD, TALL AND GALANT. MY MASTER GRITS HIS TEETH IN STARING AT THE STARS, AND HIS EYES GO NARROW AND MOIST.



I HAVE MIRRORRED HIS HUNGER, HAVE ALLOWED HIS LIFE-AURA TO SEEP INTO THE COLD STEEL AND HOT GLASS OF ME, HAVE REFLECTED HIS THOUGHTS IN MY CIRCUITS.

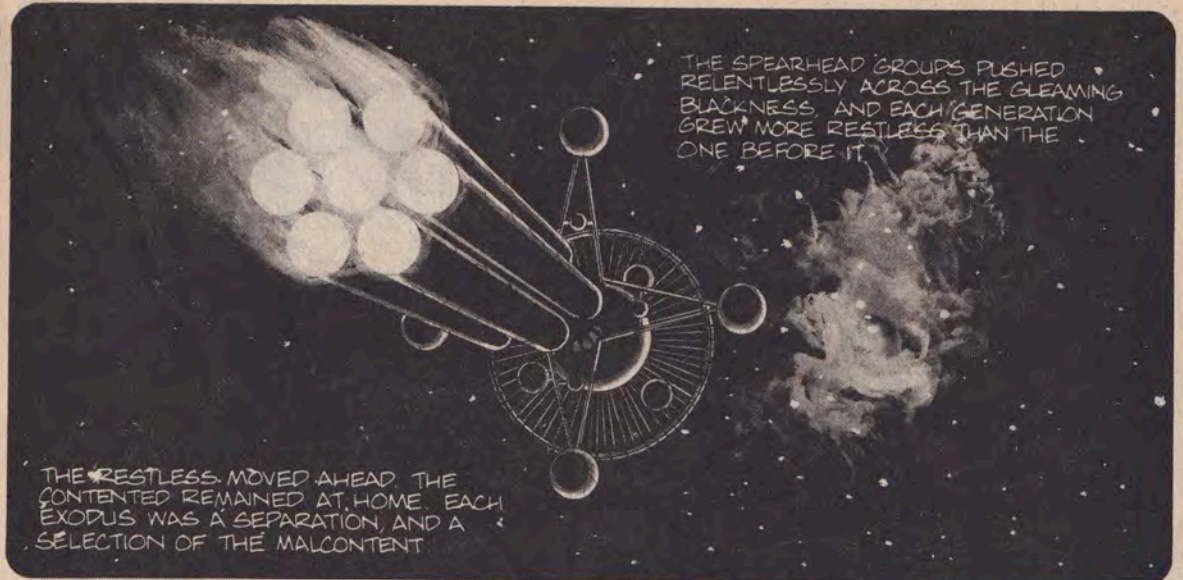


SOMETIMES HE WONDERS IF I AM ALIVE, BUT THEN HE REMEMBERS THAT HE BUILT ME. HE BUILT ME TO THINK, NOT TO BELIEVE.



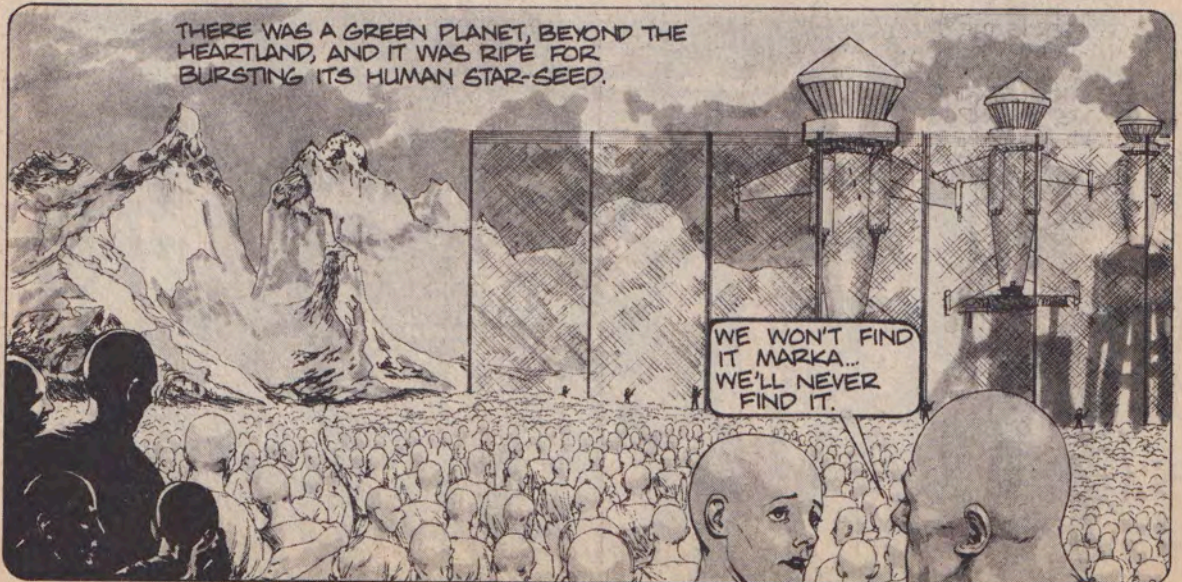
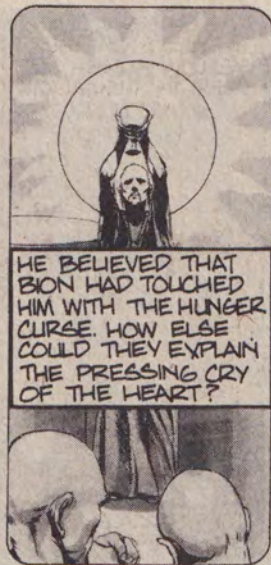
PERHAPS I AM NOT ALIVE BUT ONLY A MIRROR THAT CATCHES A LITTLE OF MY MASTER'S LIFE. I HAVE SEEN HIM CHANGE.

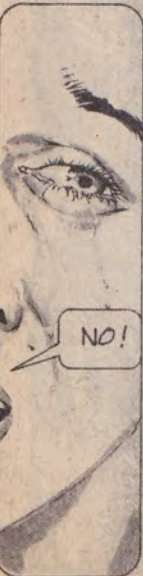
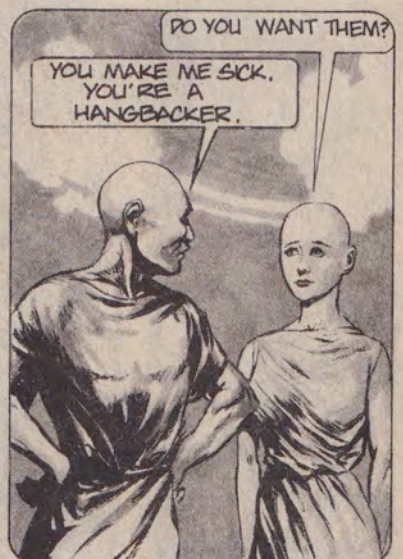
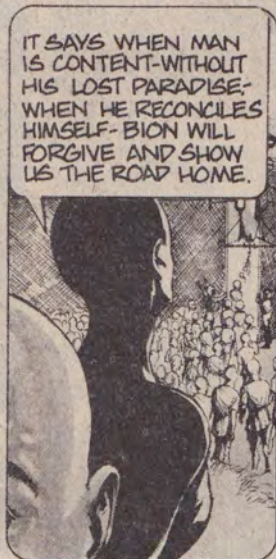
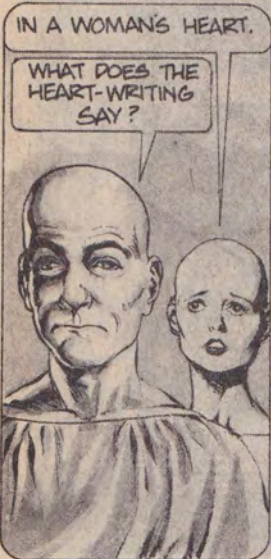


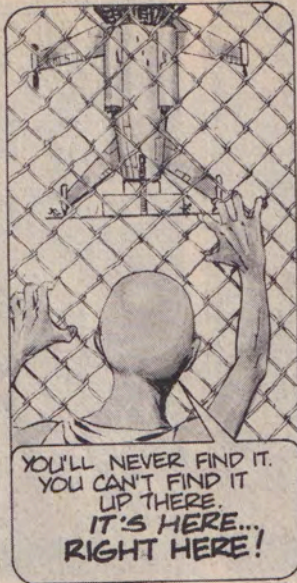
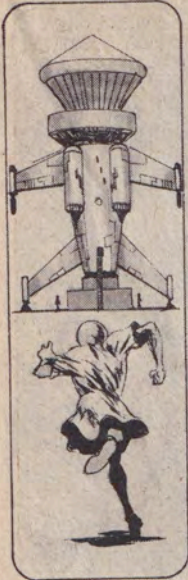


THE SPEARHEAD GROUPS PUSHED  
RELENTLESSLY ACROSS THE GLEAMING  
BLACKNESS, AND EACH GENERATION  
GREW MORE RESTLESS THAN THE  
ONE BEFORE IT.

THE RESTLESS MOVED AHEAD, THE  
CONTENTED REMAINED AT HOME. EACH  
EXODUS WAS A SEPARATION, AND A  
SELECTION OF THE MALCONTENT.



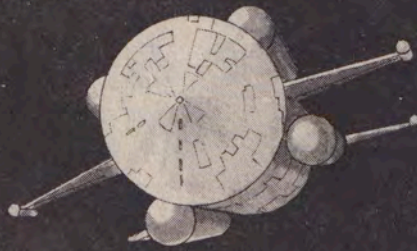




YOU'LL NEVER FIND IT.  
YOU CAN'T FIND IT  
UP THERE.  
IT'S HERE...  
RIGHT HERE!



I AM THE WEAVER OF SPACE. I SERVE  
THE BIPED WHO BUILT ME, THOUGH  
HIS HEART BE STEEPED IN HELL.



AND THE BIG HUNGER  
PUSHED HIM ON-  
ON TOWARDS THE  
ENDS OF SPACE.

HE ENCOUNTERED  
WORLDS WHERE HIS  
ANCESTORS LIVED, AND  
WHERE HIS PEACEFUL  
COUSINS STILL DWELT  
IN SYMBIOSIS WITH  
THEIR NEIGHBOURS.

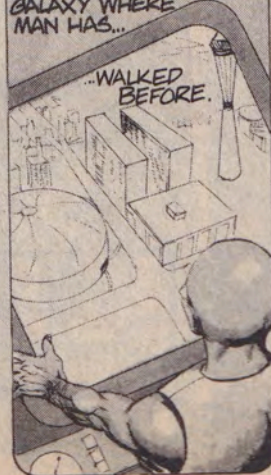


SOME OF THE WORLDS  
WERE CIVILIZED,  
SOME BARBARIC,  
AND SOME WERE...



ARCHAEOLOGICAL  
GRAVEYARDS!

MY NOMADS THEY WORE  
HALUNTED FACES AS  
THEY RE-EXPLORED THE  
FRINGES OF THE  
GALAXY WHERE  
MAN HAS...



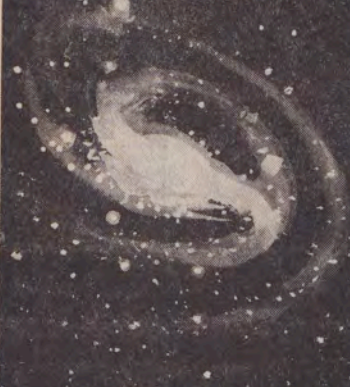
...WALKED  
BEFORE.

THE GALAXY WAS  
FILLED.



...WHERE  
COULD HE  
GO NOW?

ACROSS THE GREAT  
EMPTINESS TO THE  
ANDROMEDA GALAXY?



TOO FAR FOR THE  
SHIPS TO GO.

OUT TO THE  
MAGELLANIC CLOUDS?



ALREADY VISITED.

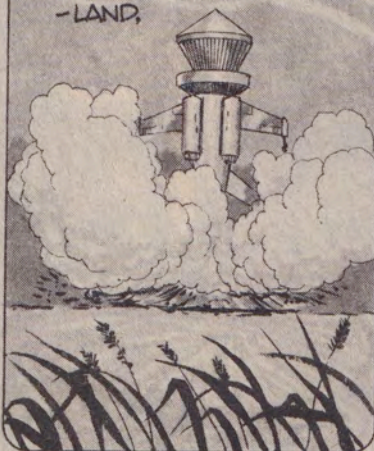
WHERE THEN?

HE GROPED BLINDLY, THIS  
BIPED. HE HAD FORGOTTEN  
THE TRAIL BY WHICH HIS  
ANCESTORS HAD COME  
AND HE KEPT RECREASING  
IT, FINDING IT  
WINDING EVERYWHERE.



HE COULD ONLY PLUNGE  
AIMLESSLY ON, AND WHEN HE  
REACHED THE LAST LIMITS OF  
HIS FIELD--

-LAND,

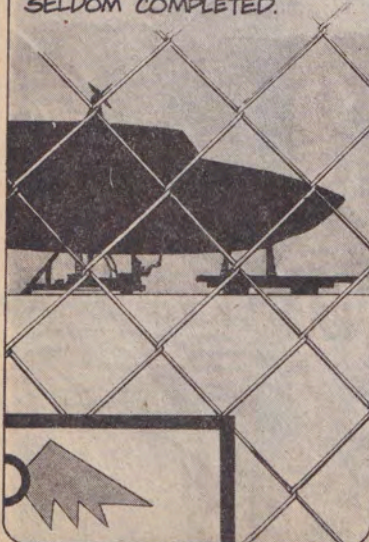


IF THE NATIVES COULD NOT  
PROVIDE THE FUEL, HE STAYED,  
AND TRIED TO PASS ANOTHER  
CYCLE OF...



STARWARD GROWTH  
ON THE ALREADY  
INHABITED WORLD.

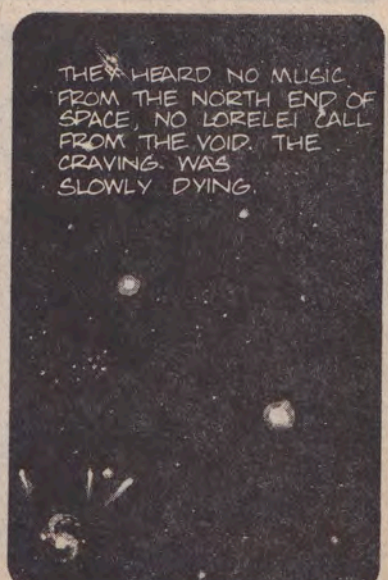
BUT A CYCLE WAS  
SELDOM COMPLETED.



THE NOMADS INTERMARRIED  
WITH THE LOCAL PEOPLE AND  
BUILT SHIPS FOR ECONOMIC  
PURPOSES-- BUT NEVER FOR  
THE "HYSTERICAL"  
STARWARD SWEEP.



THEY HEARD NO MUSIC  
FROM THE NORTH END OF  
SPACE, NO LORELEI CALL  
FROM THE VOID. THE  
CRAVING WAS  
SLOWLY DYING.





THEY CAME TO A PLANET THE NATIVES CALLED "EARTH," AND DEPARTED AGAIN IN COLD FRIGHT.



THE COMMANDER BLEW OUT HIS BRAINS TO BANISH THE MEMORY

THEY FOUND ANOTHER PLANET THAT CALLED ITSELF EARTH.



AND ANOTHER...



AND ANOTHER!



THEY COULD NOT CONSIGN THEMSELVES TO ITS ULTIMATE EMBRACE. THEY HAD FOUGHT TOO LONG TO SURRENDER WILLINGLY TO EXTINCTION. BUT THE CUP OF THEIR LIFE WAS BROKEN, AND TO THE LAND'S LAST LIMIT THEY CAME.

THEY NO LONGER SANG THE OLD SONGS OF A FORGOTTEN PARADISE. THEY LOOKED BACK AT THE MILKY WAY, AND IT HAD BEEN THEIR ROYAL ROAD. THEY LOOKED AHEAD, WHERE ONLY SCATTERED STARS SEPARATED THEM FROM THE GALACTIC WASTELAND—AN OCEAN OF EMPTINESS AND DEATH.

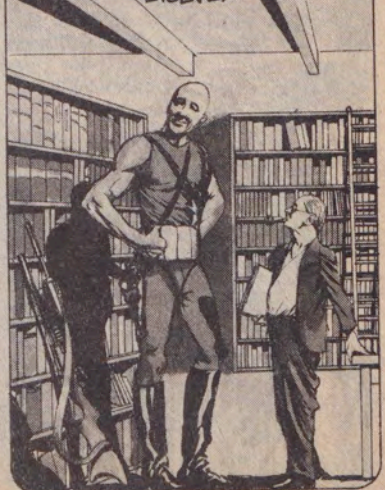
THEY FOUND A PLANET WITH A SINGLE MOON.



THEY LANDED. THEY SMILED WHEN THE NATIVES CALLED THE PLANET "EARTH." LOTS OF PLANETS CLAIMED THE DISTINCTION OF BEING MAN'S BIRTH-PLACE!



AMONG THE NATIVES THERE WAS A DUMPY LITTLE PROFESSOR—STILL HUMAN, THOUGH SLIGHTLY EVOLVED.

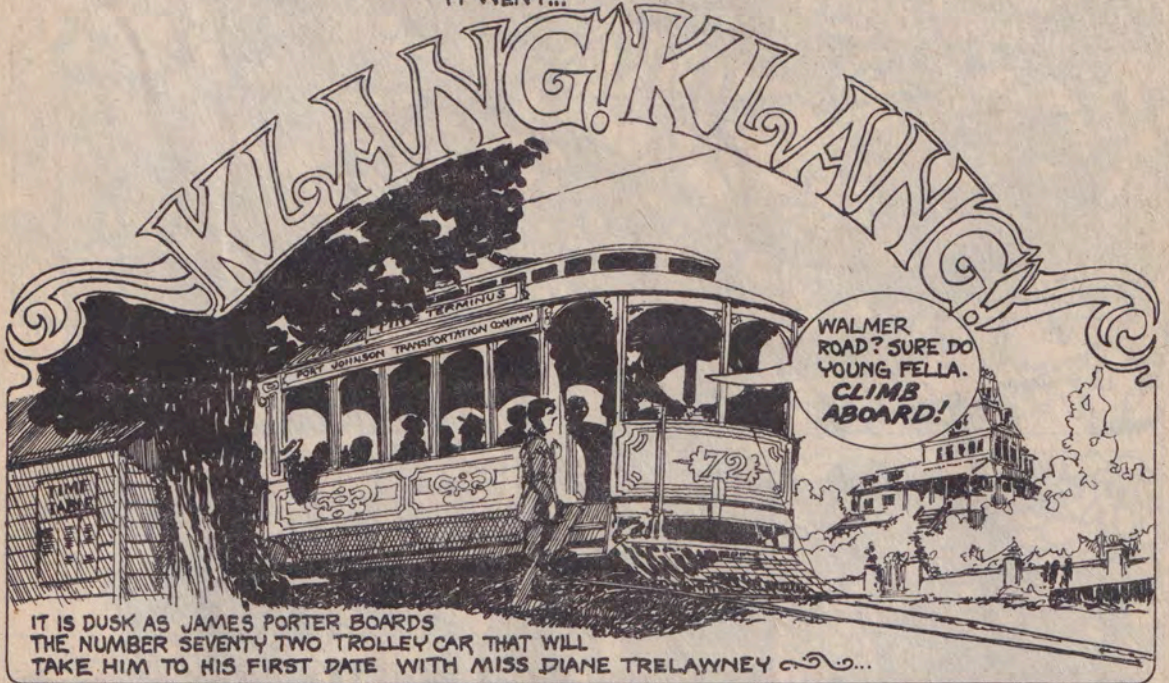


I AM THE SPIDER WHO WALKED AROUND SPACE.  
I, HAPDIST FOR A PALE PROUD MASTER HAVE SEEN  
THE BIG HUNGER, HAVE TASTED ITS RED GLOW  
REFLECTED IN MY CIRCUITS.  
STILL I CANNOT UNDERSTAND.

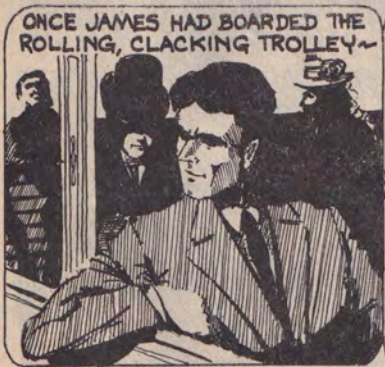
BUT I FEEL THERE ARE SOME  
WHO UNDERSTAND. I HAVE SEEN  
THE PRIDE IN THEIR FACES.  
THEY WALK LIKE KINGS.



ARE YOU GOING ON A JOURNEY?  
 BY PLANE, BY TRAIN OR BY BUS?  
 OR ARE YOU GOING A LITTLE  
 BACK IN TIME AND GOING  
 ON A TROLLEY CAR?  
 REMEMBER THE TROLLEY?  
 IT WENT...



IT IS DUSK AS JAMES PORTER BOARDS THE NUMBER SEVENTY TWO TROLLEY CAR THAT WILL TAKE HIM TO HIS FIRST DATE WITH MISS DIANE TRELAWNEY...



ONCE JAMES HAD BOARDED THE ROLLING, CLACKING TROLLEY...



ITS STEADY MOTION SOON...

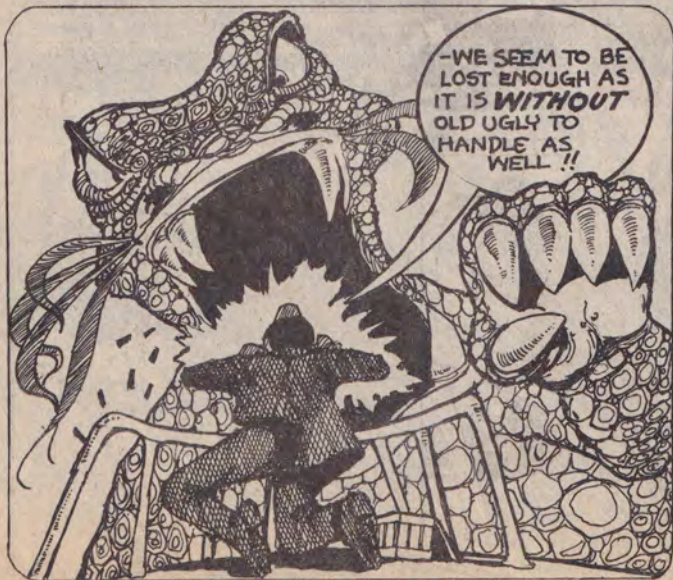
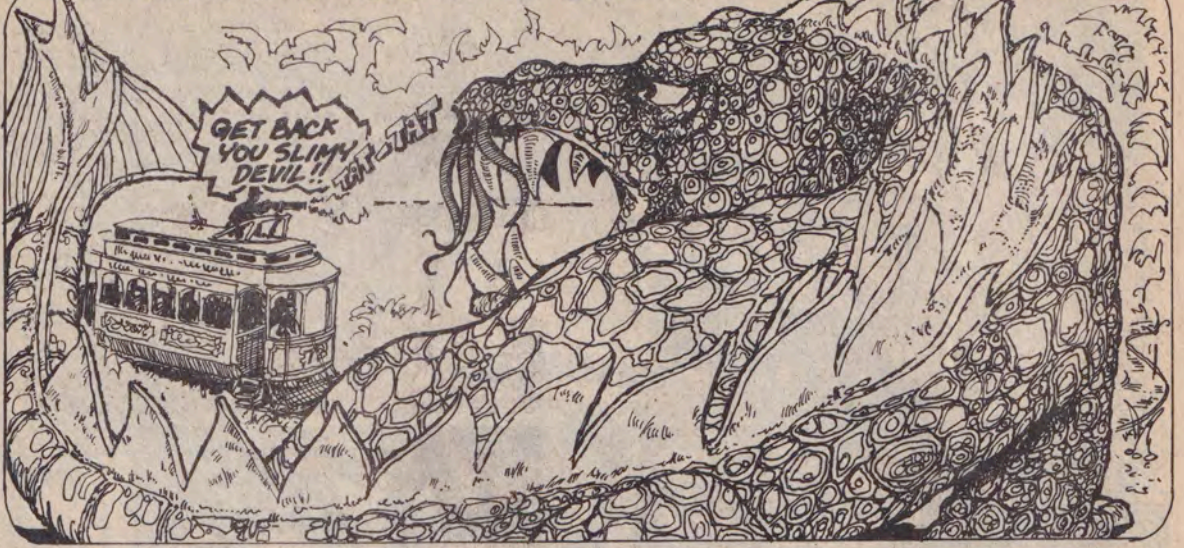


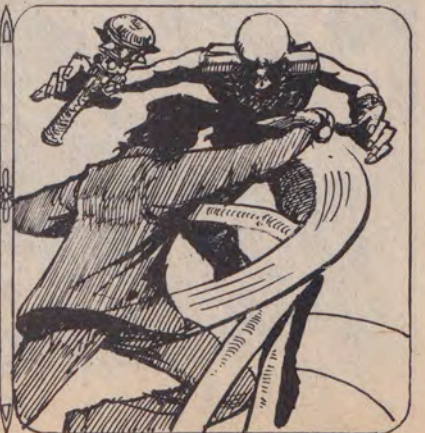
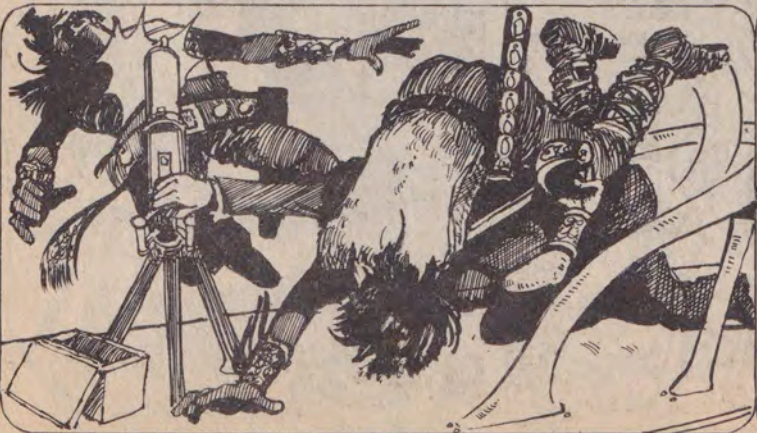
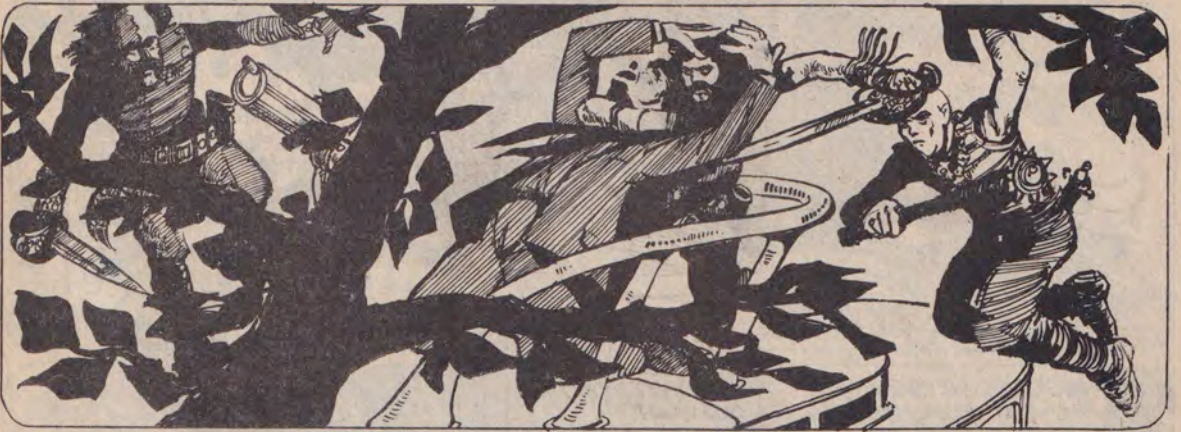
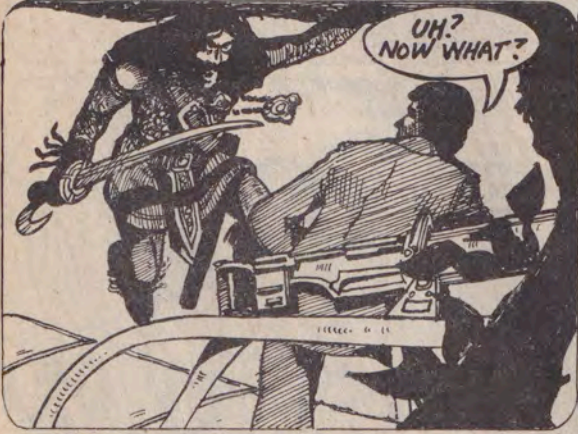
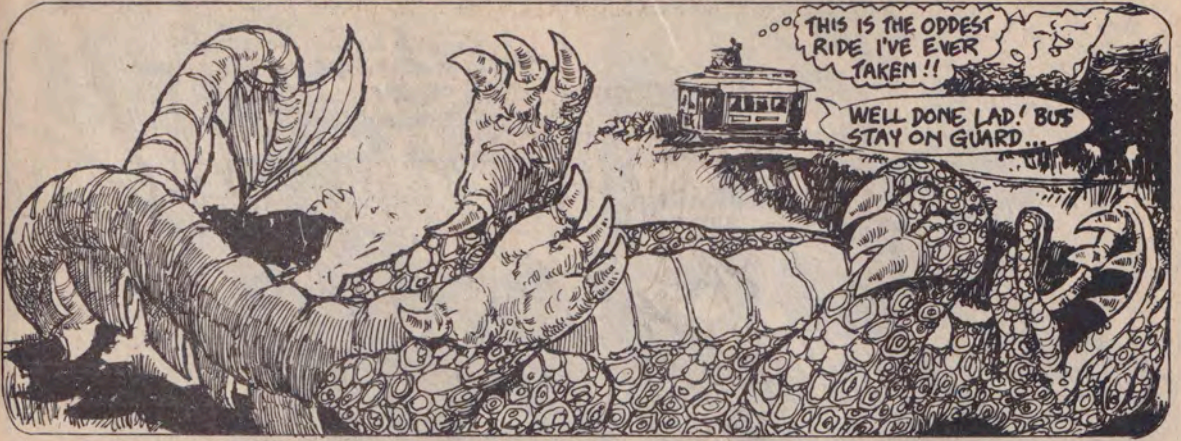
HAD HIM DOZING IN HIS SEAT.

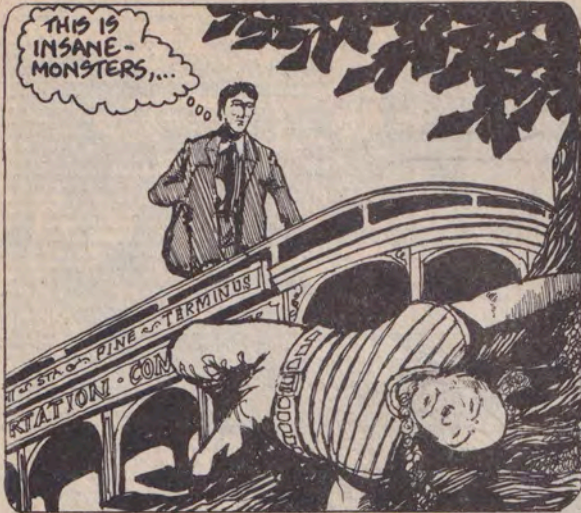
BUT HE HAD A VERY RUDE AWAKENING FROM HIS SLEEP!!!



THE TROLLEY IS RIDING A WEIRD ROAD IN A WEIRD LANDSCAPE TOWARDS A WEIRD MONSTER







THIS IS INSANE-MONSTERS,...



... BARBARIAN WARRIORS... WHAT KIND OF TROLLEY ROUTE IS THIS? I MUST BE DREAMING... HECK, I KNOW...



... I'LL DREAM MYSELF BACK TO SLEEP!!

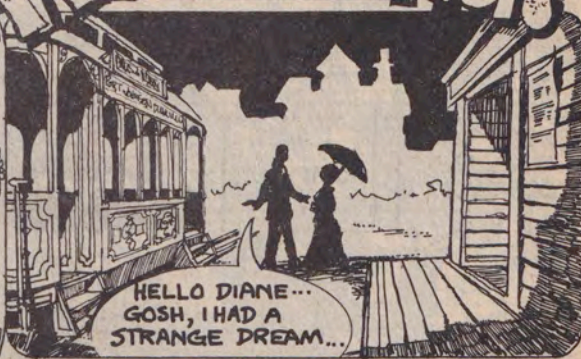


CLANG! CLANG!

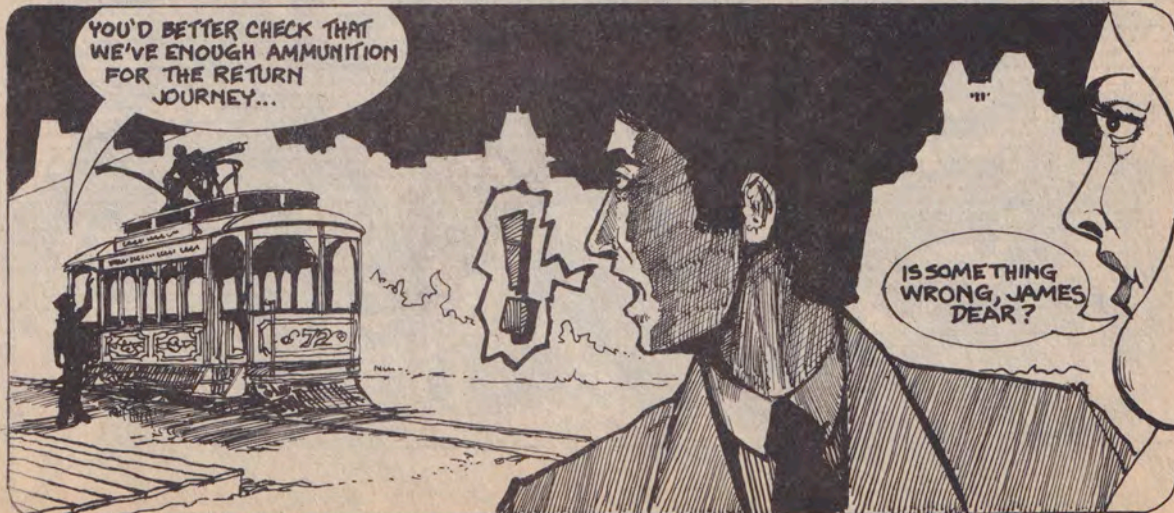


WAKE UP, SIR... END O' THE LINE!!

UH? OH- THANKS- I MUST HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP...



HELLO DIANE... GOSH, I HAD A STRANGE DREAM...



YOU'D BETTER CHECK THAT WE'VE ENOUGH AMMUNITION FOR THE RETURN JOURNEY...

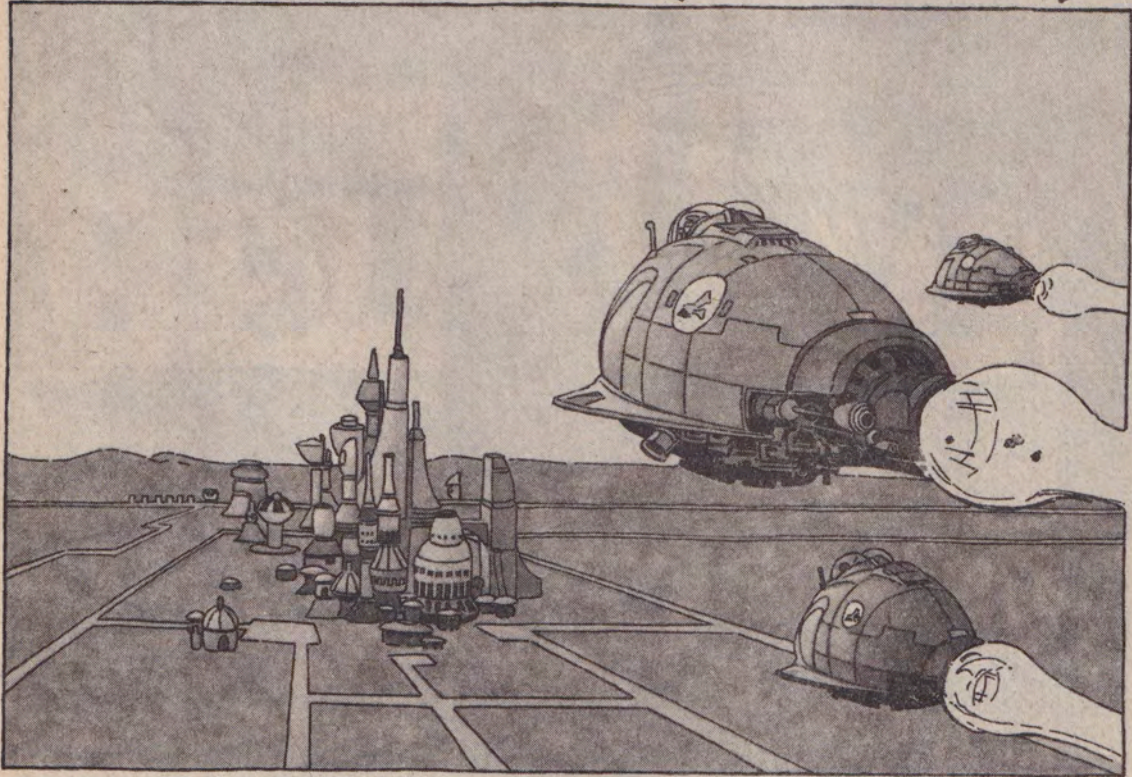
IS SOMETHING WRONG, JAMES DEAR?

# VIBIT

ONE DULL  
AFTERNOON  
IN THE 52<sup>ND</sup>  
YEAR OF THE  
EMPIRE ...

LOOK!!  
BEAUTIFUL CITY!  
EVER SEE SUCH  
BIG, BRIGHT TOWERS?

NACH, NEVER  
COMMANDER!  
WE GOING IN?

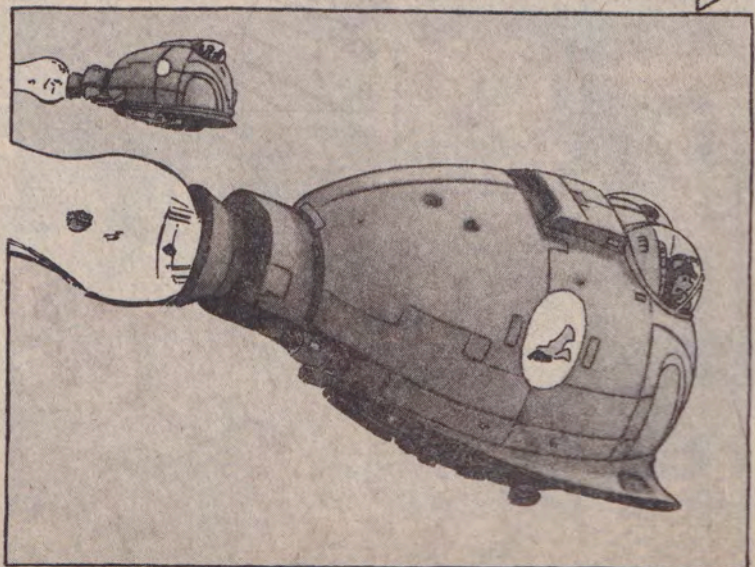
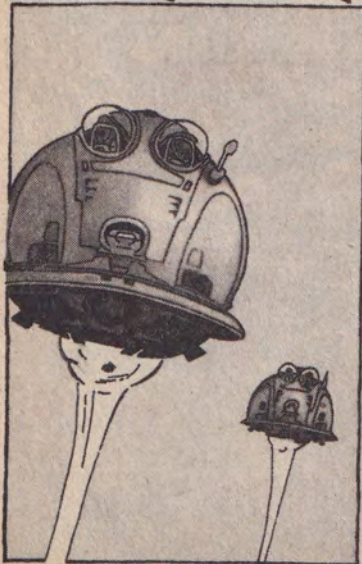


YOUSE  
BETCHA!!  
ARM YOUSE  
CANNONS!

ARMED  
AN'  
READY!

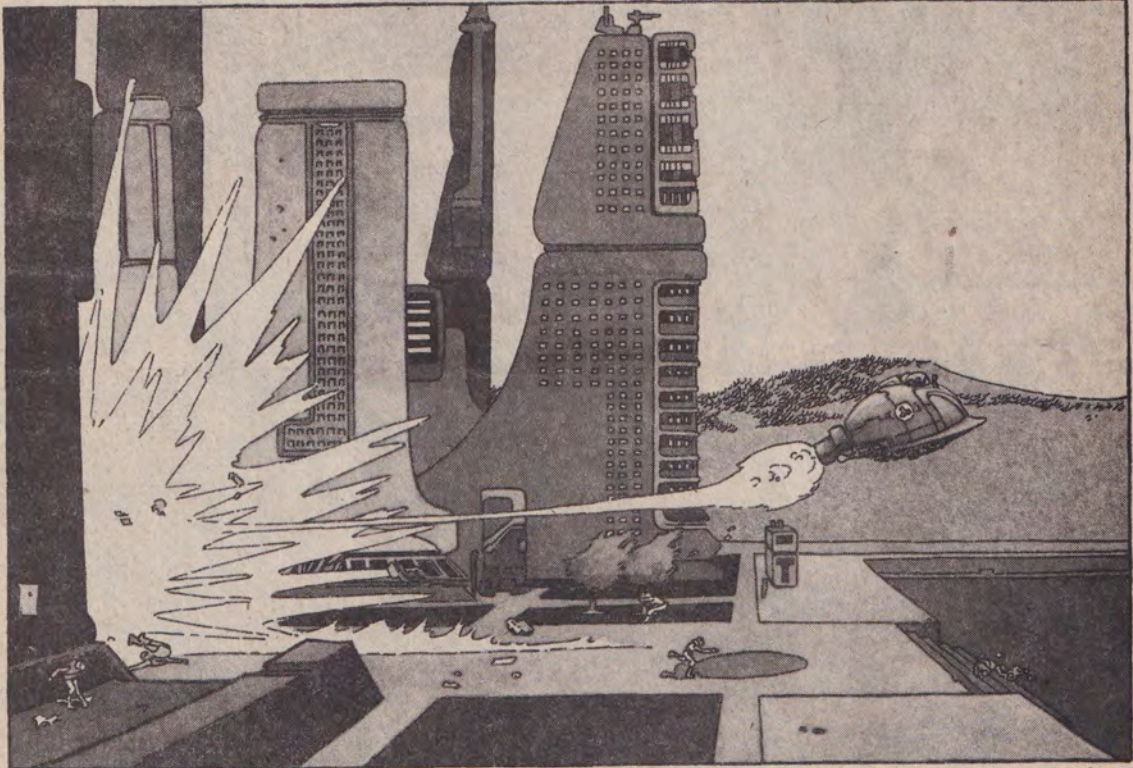
**VOOOOSH!!**  
**RUM RUM RUM RUM**

WA! WOO!  
HERE WE  
GO!!



**BA-BOOM DOOM BUMP!**  
**WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!**

HOW WAS DAT!?  
 DAT!?



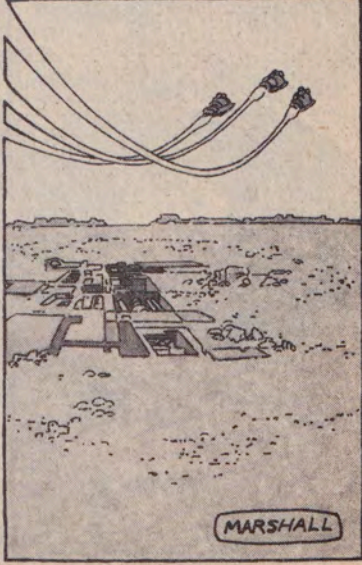
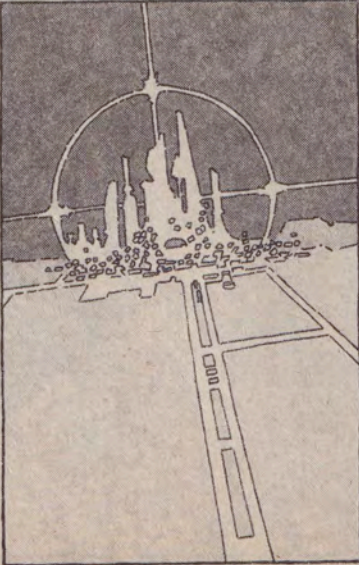
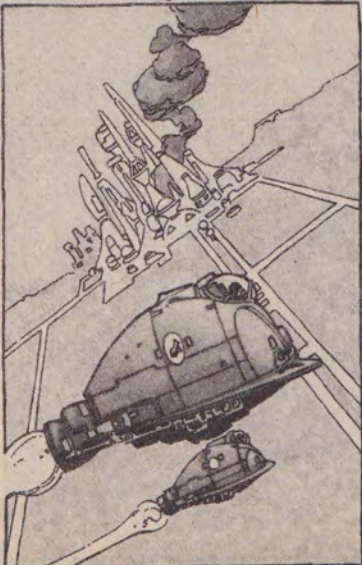
DAT WAS  
 REAL GOOD!  
 NOW WE GET  
 DA TOWERS!

**CLIK  
 CAK!  
 CLIK**

**BOOM!**

**OOH!**

DAT SURE  
 WAS A  
 NICE PLACE.



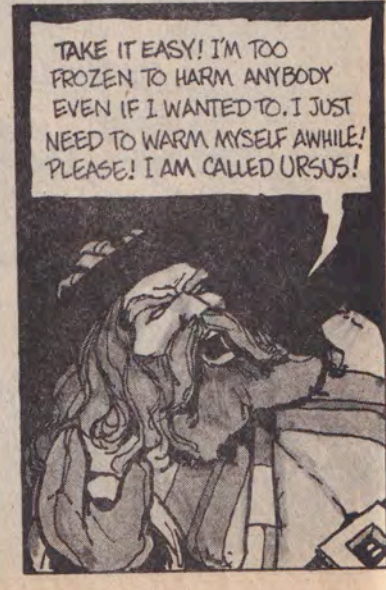
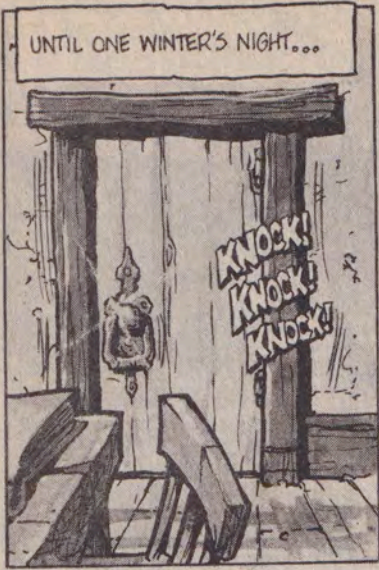
MARSHALL

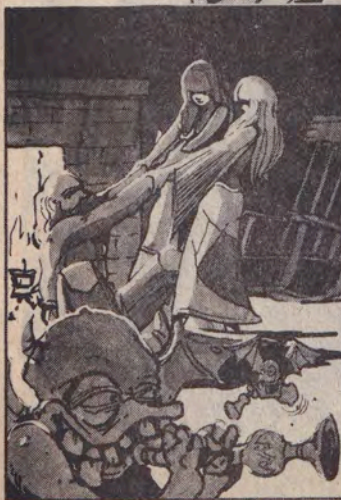
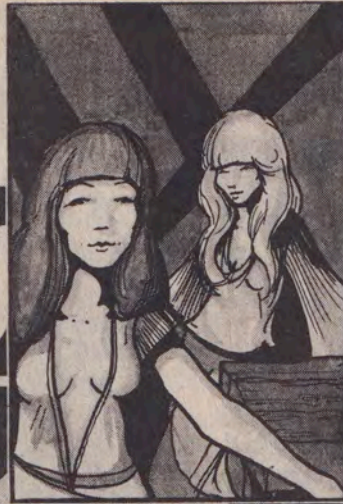


"HOW VARIANTS APPEAR IS A PUZZLE,  
BUT EACH IS DISTINGUISHED BY  
ITS FAITHFULNESS TO ITS PLACE AND TIME"  
RAWL CASTZ FROM  
THE JOURNAL OF INTERGALACTIC MYTHOLOGY

# THE BELLERGON VERSION









YOU CAN SLEEP BY THE  
HEARTH FRIEND, AND THAT  
SHOULD WARM YOU THROUGH!



THE NEXT MORNING, URSUS  
HEADED OFF INTO THE FOREST  
AS THE TWO GIRLS  
WAVED GOODBYE!

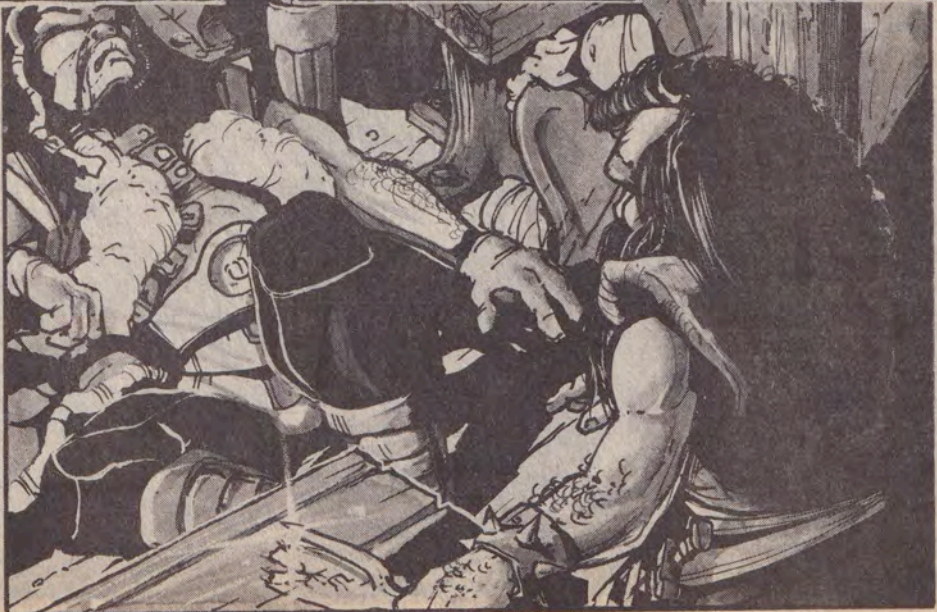


NEXT EVENING HE  
WAS BACK AGAIN.



AND SO IT WENT THE  
REST OF THE WINTER.

WHEN SPRING  
CAME HOWEVER...



THESE ASTEROID BARS AREN'T THE EASIEST PLACES TO TALK, ARE THEY?

YOU'RE TELLING ME! I REMEMBER THE TIME ON CULTIPHA-

SAVE CULTIPHA! TELL ME MORE ABOUT URSUS!

WELL, HE LEFT! SEEMS HE HAD TO GUARD HIS SUPPLIES AND VALUABLES FROM THE KRULTK!

"THE KRULTK WERE SENTIENT BEINGS THAT LOOKED VAGUELY LIKE A CROSS BETWEEN A MAN AND A GEEDLE, THEY WERE MEAN CLEAR THRU AND THE ONLY GOOD THING YOU COULD SAY ABOUT THEM WAS THAT THEY SLEPT ALL WINTER. THEY WERE ALSO THE ONLY CREATURES THAT THE TWO GIRLS HAD NO EMPATHIC BOND WITH."

YOU KNOW HOW THE KRULTK ARE! THEY STEAL EVERYTHING THEY CAN AND HOARD IT! THEY'RE AT THEIR WORST IN THE SPRING!

ZAK!

ZOOK?

I'M NOT INTERESTED IN TRACKING THEM TO THEIR CAVES. I'VE TRIED, BUT I NEED TO PROTECT THE FEW BELONGINGS I HAVE LEFT.

DON'T WORRY ALORRA, I'LL RETURN.

GAK!

A FEW DAYS LATER THE WIDOW SKRITZ SENT HER DAUGHTERS TO THE FOREST TO GATHER FIREWOOD.



ALLORA, LOOK!



'UNH!  
URK!  
GRUNT!



GURK!  
GURK!  
GURK!



WHY ARE YOU JUST STANDING THERE?!  
COME AND HELP ME!!

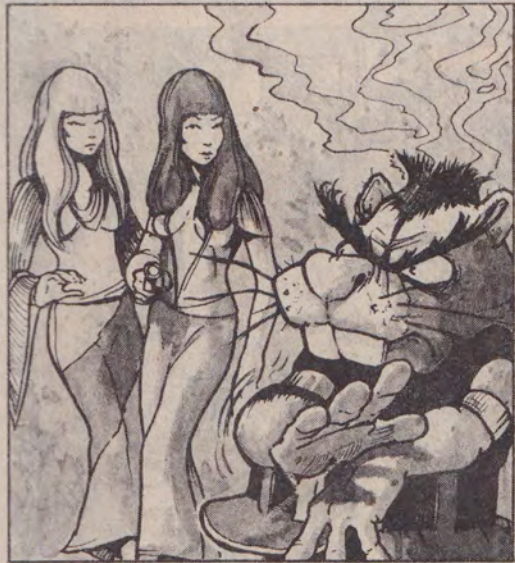


I'LL HAVE TO GO  
GET SOME HELP!





HELP! THERE ARE ALREADY TWO TOO MANY OF YOU! THINK OF SOMETHING!!

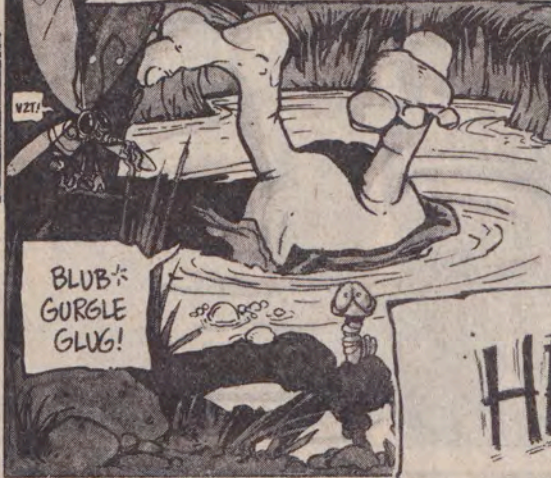


SLICING MY HAIR WITH A BLASTER! THE GRINK AND HIS BROTHERS TAKE YOU BOTH!



ACTUALLY IT WAS THE TREE'S IDEA. HE SEEMED TO THINK IT WAS QUITE FUNNY!

FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS IT SEEMED EVERYWHERE THE GIRLS WENT THEY WERE RESCUING THE KRULTK FROM ONE DILEMMA AFTER ANOTHER...



BLUB GURGLE GLUG!

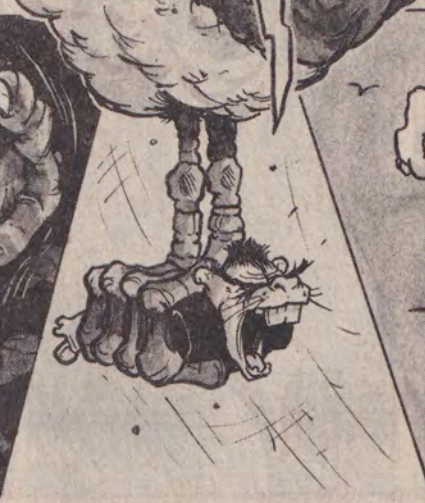


GRRRRR!!!!

HELP!



I REALLY DON'T NEED THIS...



THIS IS GETTING A BIT MONOTONOUS.

...AND ALWAYS WITH THE SAME RESULT...



COULDN'T YOU HAVE BEEN MORE CAREFUL? YOU'RE BOTH TERRIBLY IRRESPONSIBLE!

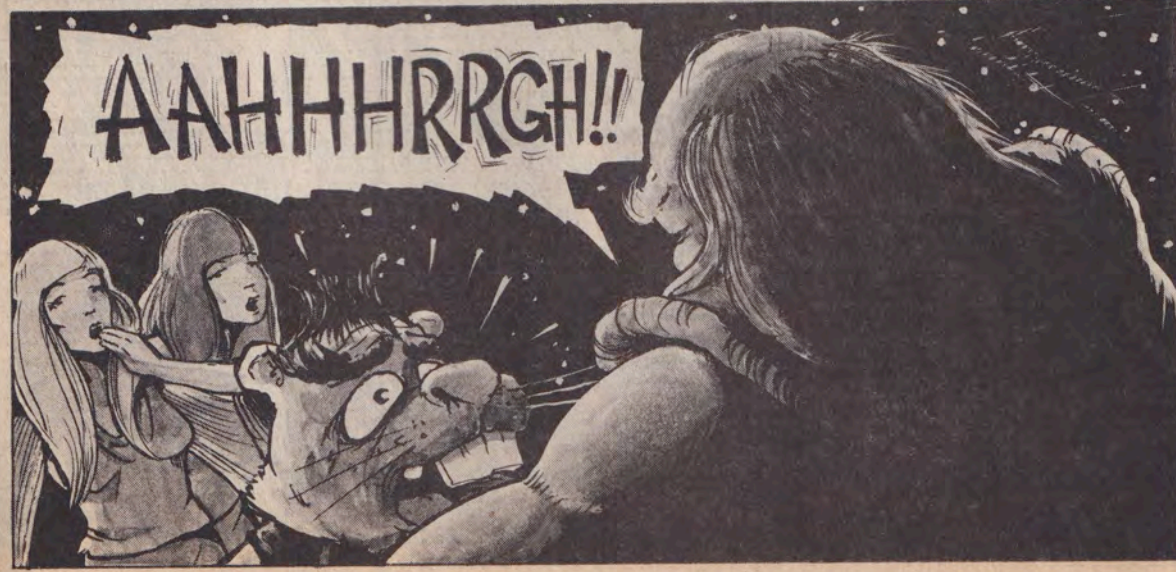


... EACH TIME GATHERING UP ANOTHER OF HIS SEEMINGLY ENDLESS BAGS OF TREASURE!

BUT THE GIRLS NEVER BEGRUDGED THE HELP THEY GAVE HIM AND GREW USED TO HIS THANKLESSNESS.

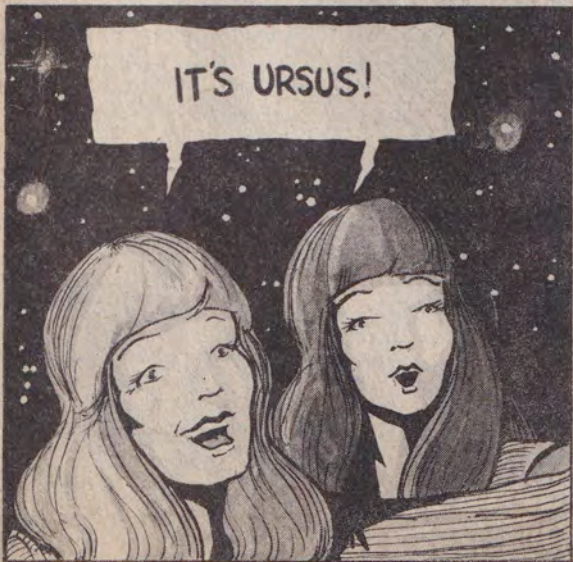
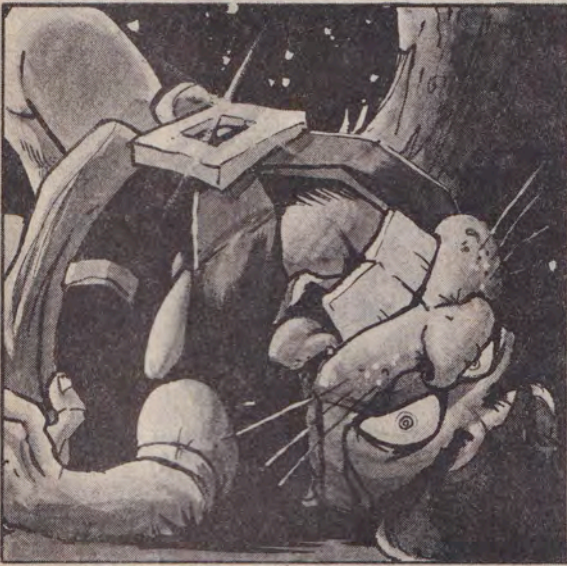


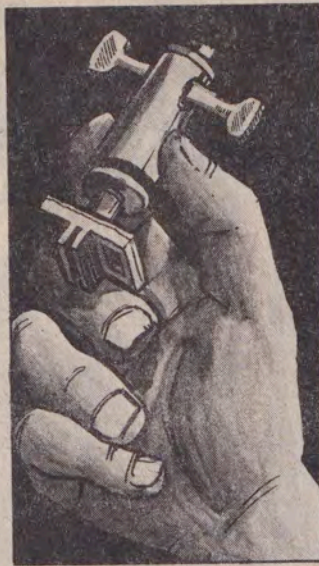






OH MY FORDLE! SPARE ME!  
PLEASE! YOU CAN HAVE ALL  
THESE JEWELS!—AND THE  
GIRLS! A REAL CATCH!  
JUST SPARE ME!

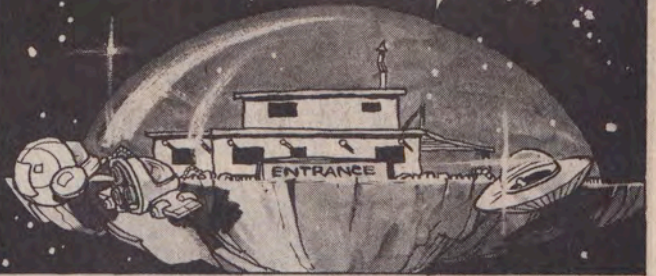




SO WHAT HAPPENED?!



WELL, SEEMS THAT URSUS, WHOSE REAL NAME WAS PRINCE KITAI TARKLANTAN OF THE PLANET SRIDANCH, HAD BEEN IMPRISONED IN THAT SUIT AND FED, THRU TINY NEEDLES BUILT INTO THE SUIT, A CONTINUAL DOSE OF CDNR, THE SELECTIVE CENSORING DRUG.



THE SUIT PREVENTED HIM ACTIVATING HIS SPACE SHIP BY DISTORTING BOTH HIS VOICE AND HIS FINGERPRINTS, THE MEANS BY WHICH ACCESS TO HIS SHIP WERE CONTROLLED, AND THE CDNR PREVENTED HIM TELLING ANYONE ABOUT HIS DILEMMA. ONCE HE WAS OUTSIDE THE SUIT HE WAS OKAY. THE KRULTK HAD ROBBED HIM BLIND AND LOOKED HIM IN THAT SUIT AS A KIND OF SICK JOKE, ANYWAY THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT WAS HE FELL IN LOVE WITH ALLORA AND MARRIED HER AND HIS TWIN BROTHER MARRIED LURANA.



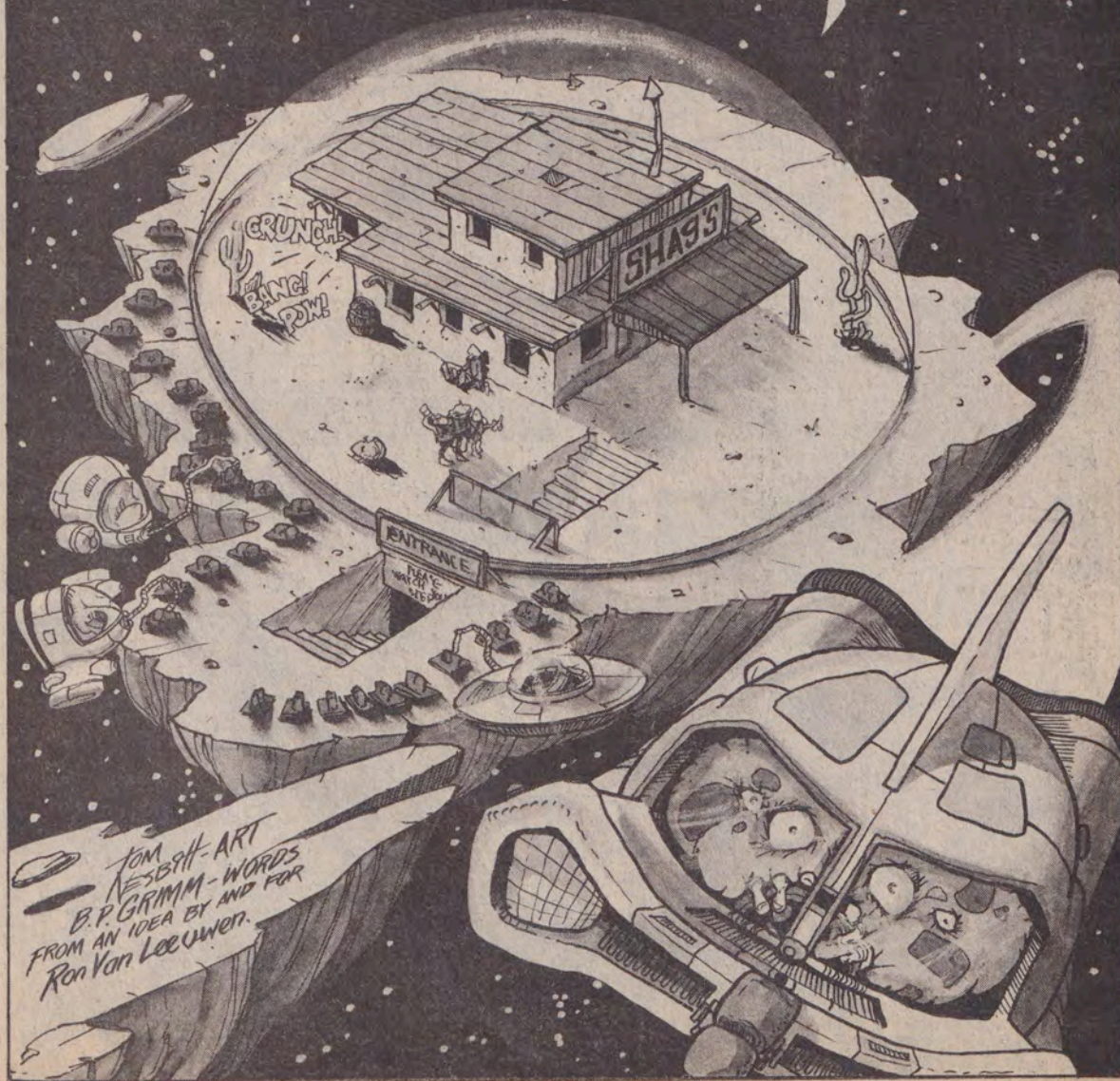
URP!  
SCUSE  
ME!

SOUNDS A LITTLE  
TWISTED TO ME!

WELL, THAT'S THE WAY MY  
MOTHER TOLD IT TO ME!  
AND IF YOU'RE IMPLYING  
SHE WAS TWISTED—!

NOW HOLD ON A  
MINUTE! NOTHING  
PERSONAL! YOU UNDERSTAND!

HOW ABOUT A LITTLE  
KNUCKLE JUST TO EMPHASIZE  
THE POINT I'M MAKING?!

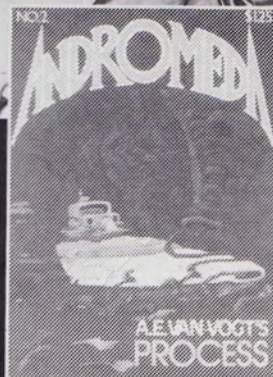


TOM NESBITT - ART  
B.P. GRIMM - WORDS  
FROM AN IDEA BY AND FOR  
Ron Van Leeuwen.

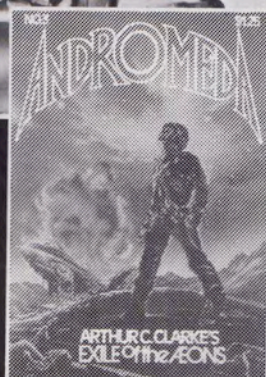
# ANDROMEDA



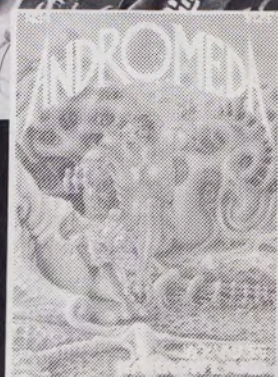
No. 1 | James Tiptree Jr.  
The Man Who Walked Home  
1.25 | Illustrated by John Allison and Tony Meers



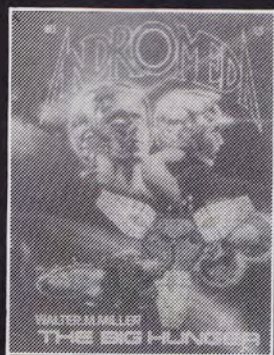
No. 2 | A.E. Van Vogt  
Process  
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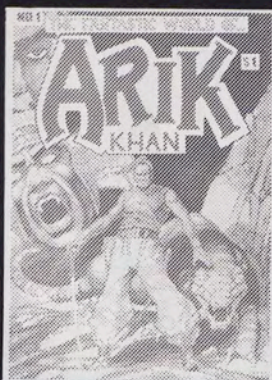
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